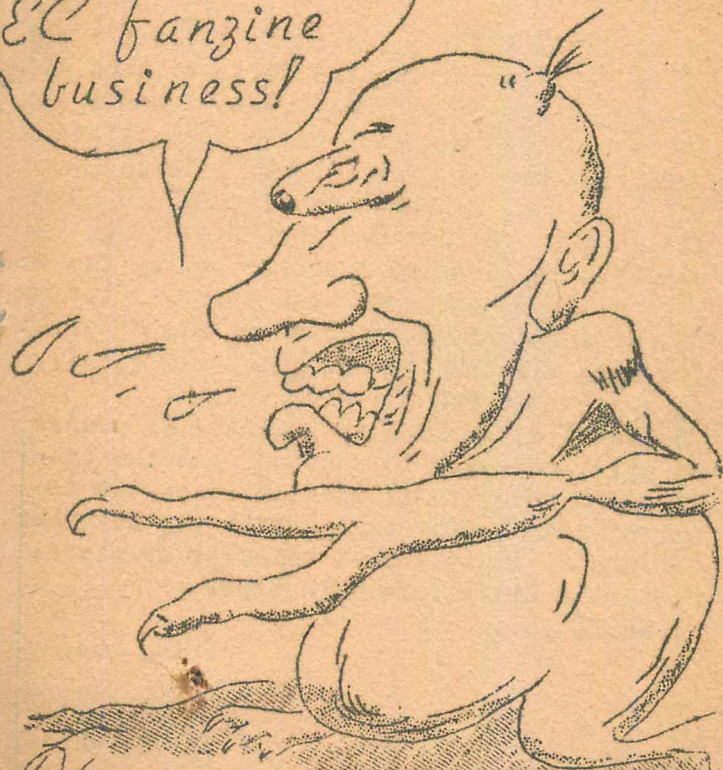


# POTRZEBIE

Oh, no!! Stewart  
is back in the  
EC fanzine  
business!

No. 1



Harner

POTRZEBIE is published by Ted E. White at  
1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia.  
5¢ the copy; 6/25¢.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE: : : : : : : : : : : :

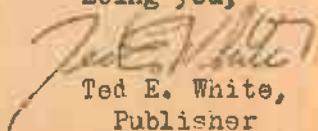
I was quietly typing the fifth edition of  
THE FACTS BEHIND SUPERMAN, when I heard the  
postman. Hookah, I said, maybe the stuff's  
come from Stewart for ZIP #5. I looked, and  
there it was, an envelope with 2ND CLASS scribbled all over it. How does Stewart get away with it, I asked myself. Opening the envelope, I was showered with paper. After two hours, I had collected most of it; material for both ZIP and the new POTRZEBIE (gad!), plus a letter Bob had scuggled in.

So now I am putting four zines. If you're at all interested in knowing what the others are, I'm sure you'll find an ad or two describing them and begging that you buy them.

Enough of this! I must remember my place.  
Stewart & Stark rule THIS zine.

I shall go...

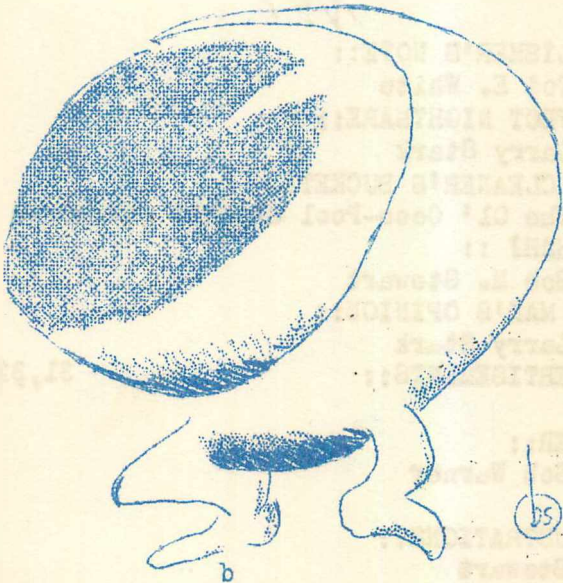
ECing you,

  
Ted E. White,  
Publisher

## PERFECT NIGHTMARE

f  
o  
r

Nancy Seigel

y  
STARK

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# POTRZEBIE

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SOUND: FADE IN A GENERAL HUBBUB OF CONVERSATIONS, ETC., FROM ACROSS MR. LEE'S OFFICE, PERHAPS THE HOWL OF A SOUL IN MORTAL TORMENT (IN REALITY H. KURTZMAN TRYING TO VERBALIZE THE MATING-CALL OF A SUBMARINE BELL-HORN), PROMINENT CLACKING OF SHINLEY'S TYPEWRITER, AND THE ON-MIKE VOICES OF MR. G. AND MR. F. CREATING A "NEW" EPIC LIKE SO:

Al: So, there's these two partners, see—  
make 'em coal-mine owners...

Bill:—who prefer to save money by not using safty equipment.

Al: Exactly. An' a rabble-rouser's trying to fire up the men to start organized Union methods, wants 'em to walk out because anybody with half a mind wouldn't send men onto the lower east diggings so soon after the cave-in last week...

Bill:—that buried poor ol' Harry and his accor-deen.

Al: Jus' then up pops these two partners, makin' fun of the whole idea about—

Bill: The Haunted Shaft. Write that down, looks like a good title. "I never ordered anyone to do anything I wouldn't do myself."

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

Al: An' so they-- they--

Bill: Oh, hi Larry. What brings you around?

Larry: Just killing time for an appointment

cross-town— Thought I'd bring the 'Crypt' review in person. Keep right on throttling each other, I don't want to interfere.

Bill: That's what this place needs, Al: some critics with Courage!

Al: A few more with Courage and we're out of business. Ah— Was delivering a review all you stopped in for, Larry?

Larry: Well,—— I thought maybe— That is, I'd expected,——

SOUND: TYPING STOPS.

Shirley (With a smile in her voice): She's in the Stock Room, Larry.

Larry: Thanks, Shirley. I'll file a report on my progress on the way out. (Fading)

Bill: About the third date in a month, isn't it?

Al: Fourth— IF he makes it. Well, anyway, these two partners...

(FADE)

SOUND: GENERAL B.G. OF STOCK ROOM AND ADDRESSING ENVELOPES. DISTANT HOWL OF A SOUL IN MORTAL TORMENT (J. DEE TRYING VALIANTLY BUT VAINLY TO RECREATE THE ENTIRE BROOKLAND NAVY YARD WELCOMING HOME THE "Franklin", ORCHESTRATED FOR SOLO VOICE)

Larry: Nancy.....?

Nancy: Huh? Oh, Larry. Hi.

Larry: Like the aid of a male right arm on that thing? Here— I'll crank and you feed.

Marie Severin (Detaching herself from low B.G. and floating on-mike): Say, there he

is now! (on) Since when do critics enter this office without bowing to everyone?

J. Powers Severin: Hi, Larry.

Larry: Hi, Johnny. Now, Marie, you know I'd get to you eventually.

Marie: A left-handed compliment at best, but accepted. (remembers) Oh, say! Here's that original 'Hey Look' you wanted me to steal from Harvey.

Larry: Great. — Uh, could you file it in the note-pad? I seem to be rather occupied.

Nancy: And you're getting good at it, too, with all this practice.

Johnny (picking up an EXIT cue): Well, we have some.

Marie: Oh, say, I've got the plates for the new MAD yarns by Woody and this poor brute here. I'll let you—

J. P.: 'S a story set in Cave Man Days, Larry. You know—when if a man wanted a woman removed—well, he just...

Marie (slightly screaming): Johnny! John-EEE, put me down!

J. Severin: See you later, Larry.

Nancy & Larry: FADE OFF—MIKE BUT PROMINENT, LAUGHING. J.P. AND SISTER STAY ON—MIKE THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING.

Marie: JOHN-EEEEEE!

Johnny: There!

Marie (rallying a counter-attack and angry): Johnny Severin, if you ever do that to me again, I'——

Johnny: Listen, sister dear, can't you get it

thru your empty head that there are times when the conversation of THREE people becomes just a bit superfluous?

Marie: Huh??

Johnny: Oh, for gosh sakes, listen then!

Marie (the dawn comes up like thunder): Oh, you mean——?

Johnny (A Born Evesdropper): Ssh!!

Larry (Low and slightly off-mike): I did have a bit more in mind than practice turning cranks, Nancy.

Nancy: And what might that be? (KEEP THESE TWO OFF-MIKE)

Al (ON-MIKE): What's going on out here?

Bill: Holding a caucass?

Marie (whispers): Sssh. Just listen.

Larry: The stock opening, I suppose, is 'Are you doing anything tonight?'

Shirley (coming on, full): Is she——?

Evesdroppers (FOUR!): Sssshh!

Snirley (whispers): —hooked yet?

Nancy: Well, I had planned to stay at home and relax tonight. It's been a rough week.

Harvey (Up): Is anything the ——

Marie(whisper): Ssh! We can't hear. And YOU be quiet, too!!

Jerry (Whispers): But I didn't SAY anything!

Larry: Can't I change your mind? This may be my last chance for a while—— And I promise you'll be back before midnight this time. Word of honor.

Nancy (Tactful, but unwilling): I— I don't think so, Larry, I——

Marie (arguing, full up, unable to keep silence any longer): Why not?

Nancy (startled): What??

Marie (Cheerleading before the aggregation): She's been out with him before, right?

Staff: Right!

Marie: And admitted she enjoyed herself?

Staff: Right.

Marie: And hasn't dated anyone else since?

Staff: Right.

Marie: Then why not tonight?

Bill: Good idea, Nancy. You've seen enough of him on office time, how about buttering up the critics afterwards?

Sen. John P. Severin: Madam Chairman, I request a poll of the delegation!

Marie: All those in favor of Nancy Seigel giving Larry a date tonight say 'Aye.'

Staff: A Y E

Larry: Well Nancy?

Nancy (Overwhelmed by the onslaught, but laughing): Okay, I know when I'm voted down-- Aye. But I was outnumbered!

STAFF: BREAKS INTO DISJOINTED CHEERING, SNAKE-DANCES OFF-MAKE TO WAKE UP JOHNNY CRAIG AND REPORT THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION.

Marie: I'll expect my usual fee in the morning's mail, sir.

Nancy: Can't a gal even try a bit of feminine wiles around here?

Marie: When we need a satisfied critic, never!!

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE. FADES INTO

SOUND: "DESERTED" STREET JUST OFF WASHINGTON SQUARE, WHERE THE SILENCE IS "DELICIOUS," THE STREET LIGHTS "DIM OUT OF COURTESY," AND THE SIDEWALKS NARROW ENOUGH TO "EM- AND COZINESS. FRENCH HEELS AND MALE BROGANS, SLOW AND "DREAMY AND THOUGHTFUL, AS IF STILL UNDER THE SPELL OF SOMETHING VERY BEAUTIFUL. SERVE AS RHYTHM SECTION FOR

Nancy (Whispers softly, almost inaudibly, breathing the words into existence as if not daring to spoil what memory is recreating): Roses love sun shine.

Violets love dew.

Angels in heaven—

SOUND: "DEEP, SELFSATISFIED, LUSCIOUS SIGH.

Nancy (breathless): Oh, gee, but that was beautiful!

Larry: I'm glad you liked it.

Nancy (still captured): Such— such power! I still don't see how they did it on that little stage. It— It was beautiful!

Larry: Thomas Bouchet could have played a little better, tho. I've seen—

Nancy (amused): The Eternal Critic!! Oh, but even with the rough spots, it was my favorite.

Larry: My favorite, too. And one reason I wanted to take you out tonight. It's the last performance of 'Down In The Valley' this season, and— and I wanted you to see it. I feel so happy you liked it.

Nancy: It was wonderful... This whole Even-

ing's been wonderful; the dinner, and then that impossible little nightclub! Larry, how on earth did you find a real "The Crypt" in New York?

Larry: Professional secret. What did you think of Maestro Romoff?

Nancy: You mean at the Campaign Room? Oh, he was priceless. But why didn't you tell me he played at the theatre, too?

Larry: And spoil the effect? Oh, no. I've had more fun just watching you tonight than you did.

Nancy: Well, it's been a perfect evening. Still is! (Gentler, leaning closer to mike) Just cool enough to be cozy...and look. Even a full moon! Did you arrange that too?

Larry: Not that. If it'd been left up to me we'd never see a full moon together. Besides, I promised you'd be home by midnight, and it must be close to that now.

Nancy: But why so early? I didn't mind last time, really.

Larry: Oh, hasn't anyone told you that yet. Every full moon-lit night at midnight I grow fangs and turn into a wolf.

Nancy (REAL close, softly, smiling): I'd say your fangs show a little bit already!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS HALT ABRUPTLY. THREE SECONDS DEEP, ECSTATIC SILENCE. FINALLY BROKEN BY

Nancy: Sigh.

Larry (heavy whisper, in close): Mind very

much if I say I love you?... because it looks like I do.

Nancy: It— It looks like I do, too...

SOUND: ABSENCE OF SAME. ANOTHER DISCREET, POINTED SILENCE, ENTER IN THE USUAL WAY, AND FOOTSTEPS RESUME, MUCH SLOWER, AIMLESSLY.

Nancy: I— I didn't think it'd happen this way, so soon, so unexpected—

Larry: Not unexpected. I should have guessed the first time I talked to you, how wonderful it made me feel. That's why I had to be with you tonight—no matter what. I want you involved and connected with everything that I've ever thought perfect or beautiful in my life.

Nancy: Like 'Down In The Valley'?

Larry: That especially—a sweet, breath-taking tragedy of love.

Nancy: It's so powerful and emotional. —I almost cried a couple of times.

Larry: I think I did, the first time I saw it. —A privilege I pay for when purchasing the seat.

Nancy: (amused): Row six, on the aisle—

Larry: —Critic's Seats.

Nancy: Oh, I'm so glad I came tonight. And remember—I almost didn't!

Larry: Remind me to find the staff the biggest box of candy in all creation.

Nancy: Such a wonderful night! Oh, I wish it'd never end. It's— I've never felt like this before.

Larry: I wish it'd last forever, too, but it looks like it can't last too much longer. How about giving my wrist back so I can see the time.

Nancy: Oh, no! Not— Not yet. Can't we forget about time for a while? I don't want anything to spoil this.

Larry: I wouldn't want to for the world, Nancy, but—— Well, it can't be helped. I— I took a big chance for this night—a big chance. (sincere) And it's been worth it, really. But, if I don't——

Nancy: Chance? What do you mean?

Larry: It's—— It's something I can't explain. You'll have to trust me, just this once. There'll be other nights—other perfect nights for us both. But it must be way past eleven already, and——

Nancy: But what's so important about midnight?

Larry: Nancy, listen to me. I— I love you more than I ever believed I could love anyone in the world. You're the most precious thing that's ever been given me in my life, and I'll let nothing— Nothing harm you.

Nancy (impressed & uncomfortable): Why—Why, Larry. Of course, if it means so much, . .

Larry: We'd better find a cab before——

SOUND: DIM, LOW, BUT AUDIBLE CHIMES IN SOME FAR-OFF TOWER.

MUSIC: VERY LOW AND ALMOST UNNOTICEABLE, AN

OFF-BEAT CHOR<sup>d</sup>, STRIDENT, HARSH AND BITING.

Larry (shocked, in discomfort): What's that?  
Wha—

Nancy (amused & relieved): There! It's twelve already, and nothing horrible's happened! Now let's forget this silly—

Larry: Twelve? Oh, no, not yet! Dear God in Heaven, not yet!!

Nancy: Wha—?

SOUND: CHIMES HAVE CONTINUED.

MUSIC: SECOND CHOR<sup>d</sup>, SIMILAR, PYRAMIDED,  
FULL STRINGS, A BRASS OR TWO, DIFFERENT  
MINOR KEY.

Larry (Frantic): Come on! I— I've GOT to find a cab! There MUST be a cab somewhere!

SOUND: BEGINS HURRYING ALONG STREET.

Nancy: Larry: What's come over you?

SOUND: CHIMES ARE FINISHING.

MUSIC: FINAL FULL-ORCHESTRA CHOR<sup>d</sup>, LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF Danse Macabre, VERY HARSH, SUSTAINS.

Larry: The subway, then— Hurry! Run, Nancy! In God's Name, run, before it's too late! RUN!

Nancy (completely bewildered): Are— Are you hurt? Larry, if I can— Larry. Oh, Larry!

Larry (labored breathing, in desperation): You— You should never have come. I didn't... want this to happen... I... I don't want to hurt you, Nancy! Dear God, I WANT to hurt you! But... at mid-

night...

MUSIC: HIGH MINOR CHORD, MOSTLY BRASSES, SOCK-CUE.

Nancy (Screams!): LARRY!!!

Larry (deliberate, demoniacal, possessed): At midnight... I... turn into... a... wolf!!

SOUND: VICIOUS SNARLING ROAR FROM LARRY, BLEND'N' AND MIX'N' WITH A STOCK RECORD OF A LARGE BRONX-ZOO-TYPE LION DEFENDING HIS LEFT HIND ZEBRA-LEG FROM ALL COMERS. GROWS SWIFTLY ON MIKE, SUSTAINS THROUGH

Nancy: S H R I E K S ! ! ! ! !

SOUND: n

E

A

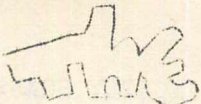
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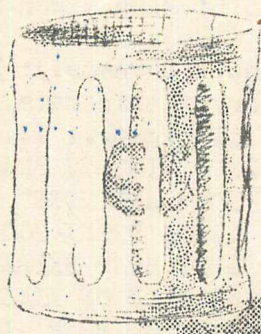
SILENCE.

Well, kiddies, that's our boy Stark for you! Always ready with a surprise for the girls! Bet Nancy was a little surprised. Hear she was a little late for work the next morning. More of Stark in ZIP #s 5 and 6; 5¢ apiece...

*The Great Post Office*



  
 Cleaners  
 Bucket



Yep, this here is the Ol' Cess-Pool Cleaner's corner and the reader's colyum, more comonly known as the letter column.

Well you can see how many letters we have for this first ish!

Actually, I look worse than Bob Warner's portrait depicts me. If YOU want to get a four-color, printed photo of ME, just send 25¢, and your entire EC collection. (You DON'T throw them OUT, do you???)

If you're interested ina fan type comic mag, same size as this thin you can get TWO copies for only 5¢! (One copy for 2~~5~~¢!) The name is GLZAP!. We still have some copies of #1 lying around, and #2 will be out shortly.

Speaking of letters, we do have one, entitled

# HOOHAA!

by Bob Stewart

Without the wrenetic subscription collecting and advance ballyhoos that accompanied my first attempt at an EC fanzine, we present POTRZEBIE! Yop, I'm back...in all my splendor. This time however, I'm not alone. Along for the ride are Ted White who is operating the mimeograph and 21 year old Larry Stark, EC's most fanatic fan, who is doing most of the writing for this zine.

POTRZEBIE's main purpose in life is to present the criticism of Stark to all you fan sans censorship. You rarely get to peruse his monstrous prose other than a few sentences in the EC letter columns. ONE MAN'S OPINION consists of the same opinions that Larry expresses in his letters to EC. EC values his opinions so much that Gaines has given Larry a lifetime subscription to all the EComics on the condition that he will write EC a letter about each issue telling them what he liked and didn't like about it. Now you'll know too! Thru POTRZEBIE.

In this first issue Larry has dipped his pen in ink and stabbed THE NEW TWO-FISTED TALES with the pen-point. Surely,

judging from the letters in T-FM, there must be plenty of you fanadicts who don't quite see things as Larry does. Well don't remain silent by any means. If you'll send me a well-written, carefully thought-out article defending the NEW TWO-FISTED, we'll gladly print it. Or, if you don't consider mentally equipped to write an article, just a paragraph in a letter will do. We'll print that too! Before you know it, you'll be deep in an argument with Stark! And as someone once phrased it, "Nothing livens up a letter column like a good controversy."

We plan on starting a letter column next issue. In case you haven't heard, it is a bit easier to have a letter column when there are letters. They help muchly. So let's see 'em, if you please.

The word "potrzebie", you know, originated when a fan asked what "fushlugginer" means and Kurtzman replied, "It means the same as potrzebie." Actually, tho, from the usage of both words, they don't mean the same. "Fushlugginer" is a sort of clean dirty word; "potrzebie" has absolutely no meaning, being worked into the pictures of each panel. It has been said that the best fanzine titles are meaningless words which is why I chose POTRZEBIE. (However, the way I pronounce it, it has an implied meaning. My pronunciation of it sounds too much like "pot recipe". I'd be

interested in hearing how you've been pronouncing it. (( I pronounce it "pot-reez'-bie" ...TC-PC)) Say, Harv, how do you pronounce it?). Besides being hard to pronounce, it is also hard to type ((You're not kidding ...TEW)) and rather lengthy so it needs to be abbreviated (the name of this mag, that is). And we have chosen the obvious abbreviation— POT. (without the period.)

Since quite a few names on our mailing list were acquired from Mike May (editor of The EC Fan Journal), I suppose most of you read his zine. But if you don't, and if you want to read every installment of ONE MAN'S OPINION, then you'd better subscribe to his mag too. Stark's output is so prodigious that it takes both of us working double-time to print all of it. Mike's sub rates are a quarter for six issues, and his address is 9428 Hobart St., Dallas, Texas.

Now there is the matter of subscriptions to POT. Most of you are receiving this as a sample copy—free. But unless you get some money rolling into headquarters you won't be seeing any more issues. Our rates like Mike's, are two bits for six issues; but unless you get your money in within the next month it's gonna cost you five issues for a quarter. You can send the money to either Ted White ((Yeh, me... The guy who pays for the stencils and ink...))

r yours truly. Put something in the POT,  
oy.

And we want material also. We'd like  
cartoons and artwork. How about it, Spicer?  
Barber?... McGill...? Colvin...? And news  
Richard Lederer...? Snowden...? Juliet Ma-  
on...? Jukovsky...? Langlois...? And fic-  
ion (and satires)... Reynolds...? Spicer.  
...? And articles. Anybody.....??? Of exa-  
se, we'd also like material from those of  
ou whose names were not hopefully mention-  
d as the above were...

By the way, I'm really sorry that I did-  
n't return the money left on the sub of  
ou few fanatics who were subscribers  
o THE EC FAN BULLETIN. Your subscriptions  
ill be continued in POTRABIE. I'm really  
wfully sorry, and I offer no alibi. You  
ave my permission to call me a chisler.  
o make up for it tho, all whose sub money  
asn't returned will get an extra ish of  
OT added to their sub free.

And that's the end of this fursluggin-  
r mess...

B. B. 1987

And here, now, is POT's \*\*\*\* column....

# ONE MAN'S OPINION *by STARK*

## A COLUMN OF CRITICISM

The day's Mail has added two more new zines to my pile, I've just finished getting thru them, and so here comes another opinion, fresh and probably due for a change to the better the longer the zines 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" #38 as a springboard for half a dozen pages of attack against Collin Campbell, its new editor. I think I could make a fairly good case for the opinion that the first three issues of this zine have built for it the reputation of 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 Campbell. So far as I can see, Collin has been trying to remedy an "evil" that made Harvey's war-zines lose money: They were aimed too high in the I.Q. department. The readers didn't care whether or not the North DID have a gray-clad regiment operational at First Bull Run or not, they

hadn't heard of Fletcher Pratt, and they didn't know from philosophical concepts. When the No'th Marched by, they shouldn't oughtta mix the kiddies up by their uniforms; that would be too much like School: you'd have to THINK to read the story.

Well, Collin has certainly personified a reaction from intellectuality from the word Go. He presents stereotypes, formula-plots, hackneyed B-picture plots and characters, and as little imagination as necessary. His casts of characters read like a list of Hollywood has-beens and old-time pulp-standards. Ed Coffey is a low-budget Edward G. Robinson, somehow meshed in with 1939 spy-stories a-la E. Phillips Oppenheimer. Kefauver never even noticed this boy, and we're supposed to believe in this issue that Ike Likes Coffey! 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 ractionism. Coffey in #38 starts as a clairvoyant Superman, and ends on a note of eternity that seems to prove him, like Superman, here eternally despite Insurmountable obstacles to surmounted each issue. The cowhand and the Indian look about as perennial, too. As far as I know, this is the first time (exclud-

ing Melvin) that EC has ever continued anything. Kurtzman and Feldstein were content to tell their tales in six to eight pages and come to a resolution before the final panel. Campbell, while adding the invincibility of melodrama's heroes, has to drag the things out interminably.

Of course, Campbell is only partially responsible for the contents this issue. I'm pretty sure that Jerry Dee wrote BULLETS. 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 it has all too little separation from the Patrick Tubridy series) but it's just a simple gimmick yarn with a highly forced set of circumstances providing the setting in which the snapper plunks off rather dully.

Also, it's a good bet that Johnny Severin at least collaborated on the Indian epics he's drawn; Johnny likes Indians very much, and knows more about them than any other artist or writer in the business...and yet has never succeeded in giving us either a REALISTIC or a NOBLE 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 writers or collaborators, haven't enough story-sense. Invariably, they

end up with stock, laborious melodrama and scripts that get dull while you're reading them for the first time. Cheyenne Hawk, except for the headdress, 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 T-FT contains without a doubt the best collection of Severin art anywhere. Without Elder doing the inking, J.P. sometimes shows faults, but since the first issue these faults have been dropping, and this last is a proud piece of work. Johnny has improved upon the elements of his own style just as every EC artist has in the past, and now that he isn't 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 zine at all. THE NEW TWO-FISTED isn't intended for the fans of Harvey's war mags. Those fans have nothing to read now. Instead, THE NEW T-FT has been put on the stands to impress and to abuse the extreme youth of the comic audience. Why else present Gene Autrey, Cowboys-and-Indians, and the Staurday-Matinee-gangster? Since the "audience" for FRONTLINE COMBAT was proving itself too young or too ignorant to

recognize its art, Collin Campbell was directed to put out a zine aimed at the intelligences 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. However, as a guy with an opinion, I'd like to say I don't want to hate Mr. Campbell... But I do.

Well, now that the diatribe is over, let's see if I can't sound a little more pro-EC. I think THE HAUNT #25 will serve to do it. Feldstein, freed of the responsibilities for eight yearly science mags and six yearly VAULTS, has kept steadily rising in quality. For horror, if this is typical, is still much below the SuspenseStory 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 on the better side this issue...INCLUDING THE TEXT!! I've been castigating or ignoring texts for a long time in letters to Bill, but I never really hoped for better quality. Is Dee back on them??? Certainly this isn't 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 texts go, it's amazing...almost

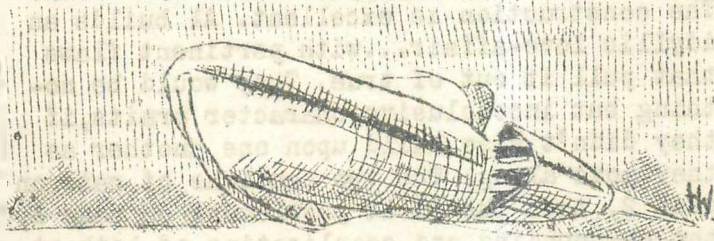
a GOOD one!

THE NEW ARRIVAL begins well, looks okay for about the first two 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, that Al was going to go metaphysical on us and give us some real horror. What really develops is a better-than-average playback of a standard suspense plot. The 3-D movie, THE MAZE used ractically ((That is a beautiful word, Larry. Unfortunately, its meaning is not listed in any of my dictionaries...BS)) ((I rather think it's supposed to be 'practically'...TW)) the same hackneyed formula...tho a hell 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 sounds logical and human.

But the house 'shuddering' and deciding to cave in... but partially, you understand... is over-produced. As it opens, I can almost hear the serenity of age and the tranquillity of decay in that voice, but all too soon it gets as unreal and funny as the same gimmick would if used by Hollywood, and humor and horror don't work to the same ends.

I call INDIPOSED 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 he'd just committed", at the beginning of page 2 been eliminated, and the suspense carried that much farther. Any reader guesses the situation as per page one, but withholding the exact deed would tantalize and create more



interest. It's very good as it is, almost dancing around the real story, as it were, for so long, but I like to quibble.

The ending is the usual gimmick-snap, but something's been done to it. The mention of a well looks honest and logical, and is the subtlest of set-ups. The mention of Henry's unfamiliarity with the appliance on page 5 is just a whisper too, instead of the usual screaming signpost. And lastly, the "flash-back" is introduced through what seems a very logical occasion for musing. IT isn't

forced, either.

OUT COLD I'd call a close second, because it hasn't so much reality implicit, and because it seems less smooth. NO reason I can finger for it BEING less smooth, except perhaps less affluent captioning, but the impression remains to influence the opinion.

The construction is excellent. Al builds an idyllic love-affair...with pertinent flaws that pull it out of true. They would be nothing but inconclusive character traits, if they didn't also build upon one another as they move along. The two mentions of cats on page 2, then the first puzzlement on page 3, the compounding and complicating of both at the end of three. All of them are exceptionally good pieces of work, especially in this overworked field of horror. They lead off into too many house-plots: Lycanthropy, Witchcraft, etc. And, true to his imagination, Al uses none of them. Even to panel 5 on page 5 Al could have a real witch-stepmother in mind.

Final EXCELLENT touch is the top of page 6, when Al gives in a played-down pair of captions the perfect death-blow to the True—Love gimmick that usually ruins this kind of yarn. And, at last, the horrific-humorific ending, so typical of the EC office. It's a "happy" ending...EC style!

The last yarn suffers from unbelievability and over emphasis. The discovery of the whale-oil's disappearance and that of the candles' disappearance are far too similarly done; the convenient discovery of the candles, then of the animal fat, is evidence of contrivance and overly-single-mindedness,

But, except for those confusions, the characters appear extremely human. Their inflexible single-mindedness makes them very shallow but they're not the standard cardboard-cut-outs that have been our horror-characters in the past.

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

As a last piece of criticism, I'd like to give a rave notice to Evans for this interpretation of *INDISPOSED*. (A good title, by the way, for a change!) Compare the wife's face in panel 3, page 4 with panel 1, page 6 for a beautiful revelation of character.

But, as always, I have a quarrel. On page 6, last panel proves that Henry CAN smile.

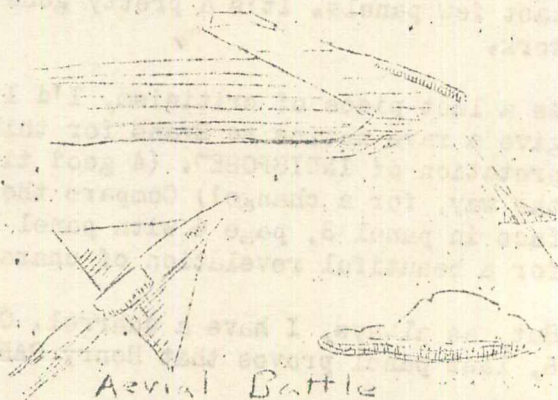
WHY. George, isn't that smile showing on his face on page 5, especially panel 5? Seems to me it ought to be. Incidentally, Henry's character, judging by clothes, habits, and backgrounding in panels using him, is well-done, too.

A great piece of work, I think, is panel 6 , page 2. The faces in turn both illustrate the ballooning, and as they progress from left to right add an interpretation of their own to the general situation. Oh, and while I'm making compliments, let's not forget Ghastly and Marie for . . . the first three pages of THE NEW ARRIVAL. That lightning-scene done in blues and stark-whites is really excellent.

Cheers,

Larry

J.G.



Last minute news notes & corrections : : :

On page 14, at the bottom please read: "Dear God, I don't WANT to hurt you!"

Larry would like to make it clear that PERFECT NIGHTMARE was intended as a radio script, not a comic script. Still, there is the type of script you're supposed read. Confusing isn't it?

With next issue we will be large size. Ditto our companion, ZIP.

'?' becomes GLZAP with the second issue. We consider MARTIAN MAGGOT (written by Stewart) one of the funniest things in fandom.

EC is being investigated by the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee. We'll probably have something on this by Stark nextish. All I can say is, they picked the wrong guy to investigate. EC is the finest company in the business. Still, that Commie thing in CRYPT...

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I'll lay ya odds. Dat ZIP #4 is pretty hot!

Yeh, yeh, that it is... But! White&Stewart also put out.



...and it's better, It only costs  $2\frac{1}{2}\phi$  a copy. ZIP is 5¢. Oh, well, why not try both?



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DO PEOPLE LAUGH AT YOU FOR READ-  
ING The EC Fan Journal? THEN READ  
*potrzebie*--IT'S SO LITTLE, YOU  
HIDE IT UNDER YOUR FINGER NAIL!!

