

number 15



design: richard corben

From Over The Fence...

By Mike Friedrich

Continuing the further adventures of a journalist on assignment, wherein the quest for artistic interviews leads him to the desk of the man he calls "Boss-man" (As well as other things better left unprinted).

However, this guy's desk is anywhere he happens to sit down--half of his brilliant ideas are hashed out in the coffee-room, elevator, or production room. In this case, after seeing him every time I was at National's offices I pinned him down at the SCARP fan convention last summer for the basic questions--the rest has come out over the months since then. I present then the profile of...

DICK GIORDANO

QUESTION: When did you get started in comics?

ANSWER: I suppose most artists can trace it all back to a childhood experience. I was a pretty sick kid for awhile and there was literally little to do. So I started tracing my favorite comics strips from the papers, you know--for me it was "The Little King". Then I started making my own drawings of him. The interest has lasted ever since.

Q: How old were you then?

A: About seven.

Q: What about your professional work?

A: Well, in March of 1951 I went to work for Jerry Iger--that was my first professional work. Nine months later I was at Charlton, where I worked off and on until 1967. I was free lance until 1957 when I became assistant to Pat Musulli, I was really doing the major part of the comics directing then, though I didn't really have any power. I'm the kind of guy who gets uneasy in a situation like that, so I went free-lance again in 1959. But then in 1965 they offered the job of full editor, which I undertook until Dec. 1967, when I came to National.

Q: Who do you think has been an influence on your work?

A: A lot of different people for different things that they do... Frank Robbins, Alex Raymond of course, Alex Toth...

Q: Did you go to art school?

A: Yeah, the School of Industrial Design here in New York. My major was advertising and illustration! Come to think of it, I don't know anyone who's in comics that went there that majored in cartooning!

Q: Do you think it's better for someone to break into this business through art school or as someone's assistant?

A: Art school--then find the right contacts.

Q: Any other "words of wisdom" for the prospective artist?

A: That's kind of a hard question, since as an editor I work with a lot of diff-

erent strips. I personally feel more comfortable drawing high adventure, science-fiction and fantasy.

Q: Do you like to ink as well as pencil?

A: Actually I prefer inking.

Q: Who do you think has inked your pencils best?

A: Sal Trapani.

Q: Have you ever worked with someone as a team like "Simon and Kirby?"

A: I suppose so--Vince Alascia and I worked as a team at Charlton for something like five years. You can tell how famous we became!

Q: Any idea what direction comic art will take?

A: Probably more sophisticated in all respects.

Q: Any new and exciting directions?

A: A lot of optical effects.

Q: What kind of materials do you use working?

A: A #4 Windsor brush almost exclusively.

Q: What do you consider your goal in comics?

A: To produce the best--to innovate.

Q: What's been the best example of your work?

A: Sarge Steel has always been a big favorite of mine.

Q: What's the best relationship between a writer and an artist?

A: Again, I have to answer with my editor's hat on. The job of the editor is to blend the two together well. If the relationship is good, the stories come on time and there's a better end result. If they don't mix, a lot of time is wasted, with each one going off on his own idea. Actually, the jobs of writer and artist overlap to a great extent. They each have to be aware of what the other has to go through.

Q: As an editor, then, how do you handle writers and artists?

A: I try to get the best people working for me and then let them do their own thing. I figure that writing is a writer's bag and the same for an artist. I point them in the direction I want to take, of course and continue to guide them, but other than that I leave them alone. If they produce badly then they either do it over or stop working for me. That sounds rather harsh--it isn't as bad as it sounds--the whole thing is a team project really. It's just that I believe the major work of writing should be done by the writer and the artist should be working in his style, not someone else's.

Q: As an artist, would you rather handle the writing end yourself?

A: Not necessarily. I find it difficult to go through the tedious plotting.

Q: About how fast do you work?

A: Depending of course on what has to be drawn, about two hours a page penciling, then two more inking. This is just a rough average.

Q: Do you work at the office or at home?

A: Well, for me it's both. I do a little drawing here in the city besides my editorial position and then the rest is done in a studio up home in Conn.

Q: What's your impression of comics fandom?

A: Very favorable. I think the publicity of fandom helps the business.

Q: Age?

A: I was born here in New York City in July, 1932--you figure it out.

Q: Any other interests?

A: Sports... my family (note: a gorgeous wife and two daughters--Mike)

Next ish: Who knows what evil? Maybe another interview or perhaps I'll write something significant? How'd I ever get to interviewing artists? What do they know?



ILLUSTRATED BY: JOE ORLANDO

MONSTERS RULE

NO 6



AGENT 429, ABOUT TO SHOOT AN UNFRIENDLY NATIVE, SUDDENLY FINDS HIS TARGET DISMOUNTED BY A SPEAR. HE APPROACHES THE RIDER WHO IS STUNNED BY THE FALL.

RC

PRIMITIVE HUMANS APPEAR AROUND HIM AND BEGIN TO CLOSE IN.



THEIR ATTENTION IS CENTERED ON THE FALLEN OFFICER... ONE RUSHES UP...



DAMN YOU! I WANTED TO QUESTION HIM!



THE FIRE SHARPENED SHAFT DROVE DEEP INTO ALVIN'S BACK, NARROWLY MISSING A LUNG!



FIGHTING DESPERATELY TO REMAIN CONSCIOUS HE REMEMBERED THAT IF NO VITAL ORGANS WERE DAMAGED, HIS SELF HEALING TREATMENTS WOULD REPAIR THE DAMAGE WITHIN 24 HOURS.



THE LEADER APPARENTLY DETECTED LIFE IN 429'S BODY AND HE RIGGED A CARRIAGE.



DESPITE THE TORTURCHS JOHURN- EY THE AGENT FELT THE BLOOD COAGULATE ON HIS WOUND AND THE TORN FLESH BEGIN TO PUSH TOGETHER... AFTER HOURS OF WALKING, THEY CONTINUE ON A RAFT... RATHER A FLOATING STONE.



ALTHOUGH THE INHABITANTS OF 413-3 ARE COMPLETELY ISOLATED FROM THE SURFACE THEY STILL HAVE LIGHT! SOME OF THOSE ROCKS ARE GLOWING! THE LIGHTING FIXTURES IN THE CITY MUST BE OF THE SAME MATERIAL.



GOK-TUN NH GOT GO BE-BUN!

BE-BUN?...
BEBUN...
BEE...BUN!

BE-BUN!
COULD THAT BE A DISTORTION OF...
LEE-BRUN?
BE-BUN, LIBRUN!



THE CRAFT WAS PULLED ASHORE AT THE SITE OF A CRUDE VILLAGE...



LIBRUN!

WELL MY GOODNESS!... I BET YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE FEROCIOUS FEDERATION AGENTS!



©1964

MONSTERS RULE

RC No. 7


YOU FEDERATION AGENTS HAVE A REPUTATION FOR GETTING YOUR MAN, DONT YOU?... BUT THIS TIME I'M AFRAID IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND!
... I'M WORKING ON SOMETHING TOO IMPORTANT TO LET YOU INTERFER. STOP WORRYING ABOUT THAT DAMN POLITICAL AGENCY LONG ENOUGH TO REALIZE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

LOOK AT THE INHABITANTS OF THIS VILLAGE! THEY'RE **HUMAN BEINGS!** THEY'RE OPPRESSED HUMAN BEINGS STRUGGLING TO OVERTHROW THE TYRANNY OF THOSE... **MONSTERS!**

I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO TRY TO **JUSTIFY** YOUR CRIME TO ME!



HARDLY, MISTER AGENT. I WAS HOPING TO PERSUADE YOU JOIN THIS NOBLE CRUSADE!... BUT I SEE YOU ARE A BRAINWASHED ROBOT. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THESE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE ARE YOUR **BROTHERS?**



THE RULING SPECIES TREATS THEM AS ANIMALS! THEY ARE KEPT IN CAGES AND FORCED TO LABOR IN THE GRAIN FIELDS!



THE RUTHLESS OVERLORDS EVEN PUT THESE INNOCENT CHILDREN INTO A HATED ARENA! THERE THEY ARE MAIMED AND KILLED!



WERE THEY ALWAYS IN THIS POSITION OF INFERIORITY?

THE **KREE** AS THEY CALL THEMSELVES MIGRATED TO THIS PLANET WHEN THE PEOPLE WERE BARELY ENTERING A STONE AGE. THEY ARRIVED IN SPACECRAFT THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN USED SINCE!



WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

NOW THAT SOUNDS MUCH BETTER! WHEN I ARRIVED I USED ALL THE RESOURCES OF MY SHIP TO AID THE PEOPLE IN THEIR BATTLE AGAINST THE MONSTERS.



I MUST HAVE KILLED OR WOUNDED ABOUT 500 OF THE SCUM,... MY HELPERS FINISHED THE WOUNDED! ... **BUT** WITH A FEDERATION STARSHIP, WE COULD WIPE THEM OFF THE PLANET!



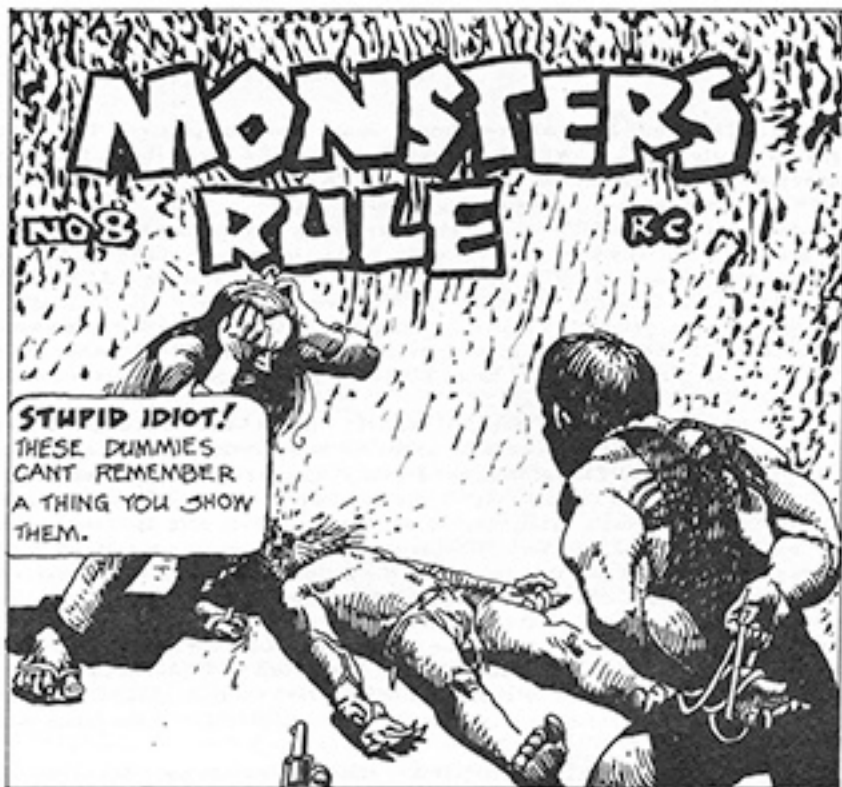
BAM



THUD



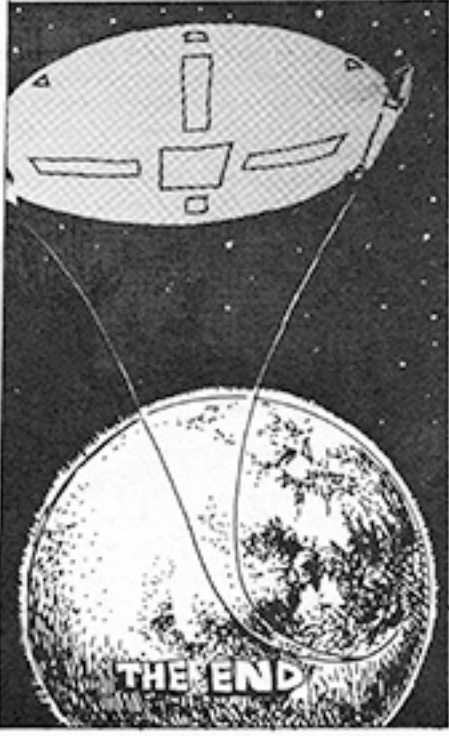
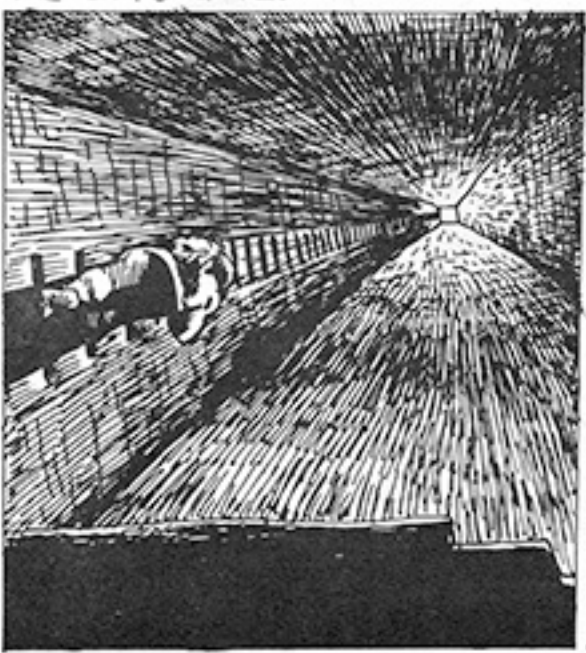
CONTINUED



NARLA, THE KREE GIRL, HAD GIVEN 429 MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION INCLUDING THE LOCATION OF A PASSAGEWAY TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE NEAR THE CITY'S GATE.

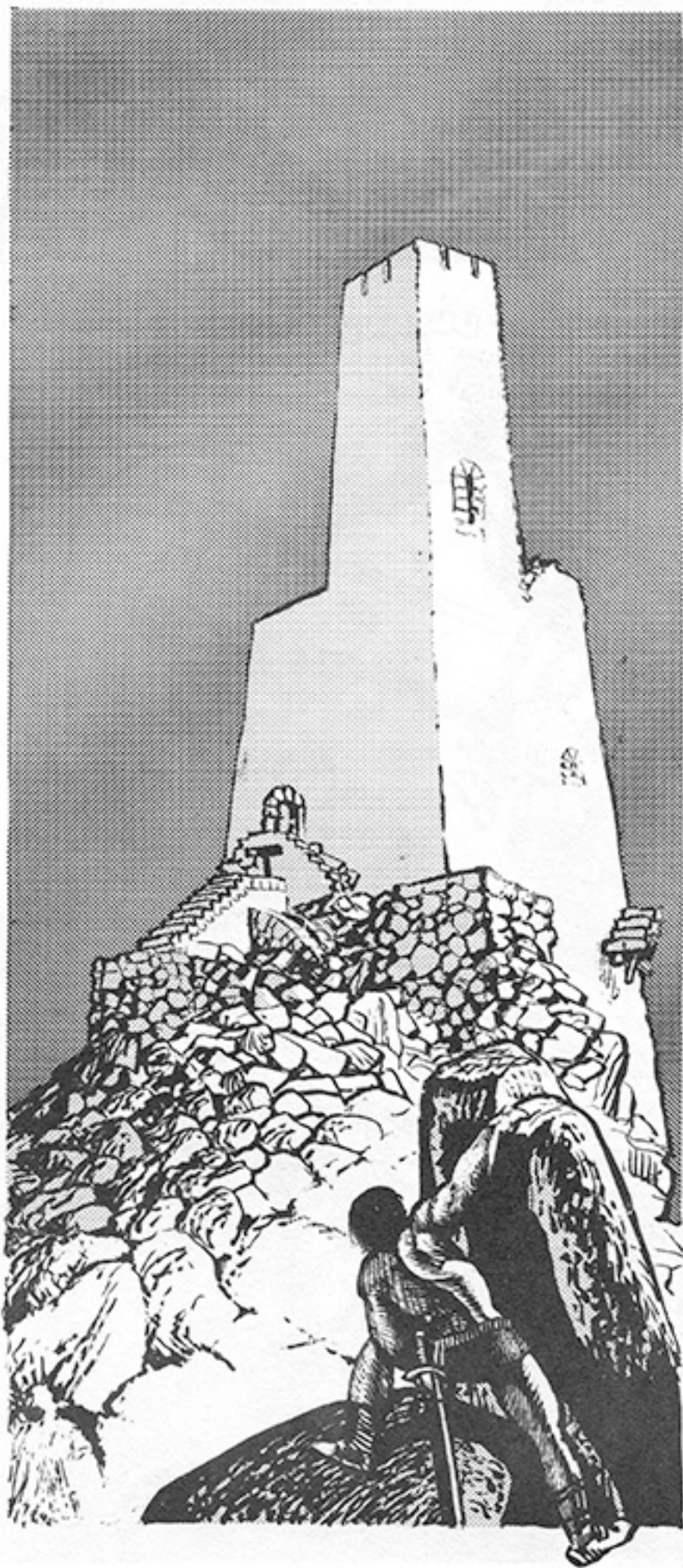
LUCKILY, THE AGENT'S SHIP WAS VISIBLE FROM THE TUNNELS EXIT.

HE TOOK WITH HIM THE MEMORY OF THE GIRL AND WONDERED IF HE WOULD EVER RETURN.

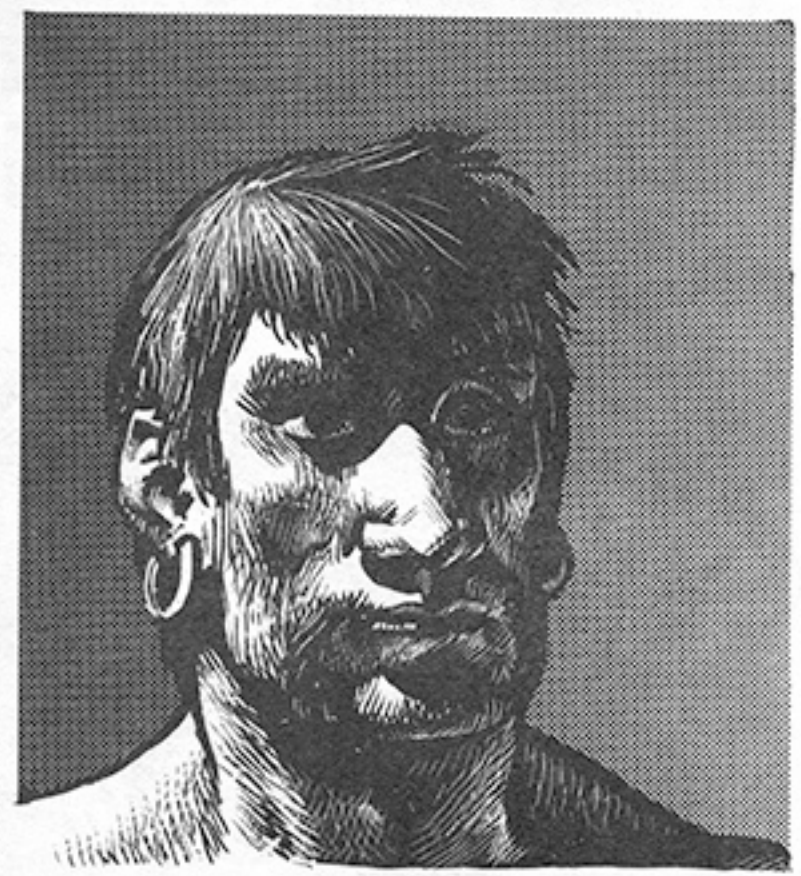


RAWTH TRAVELS IN A LAND THAT THE HISTORY BOOKS HAVE MISSED... A LAND WHERE SORCERORS RULE, AND LAW IS MADE BY THE SWORD!

THE LURE of the TOWER



AN UNEARTHLY GLOW LIGHTS THE TOWER OF MAWRG AS RAWTH CREEPS SILENTLY TOWARD HIS GOAL...



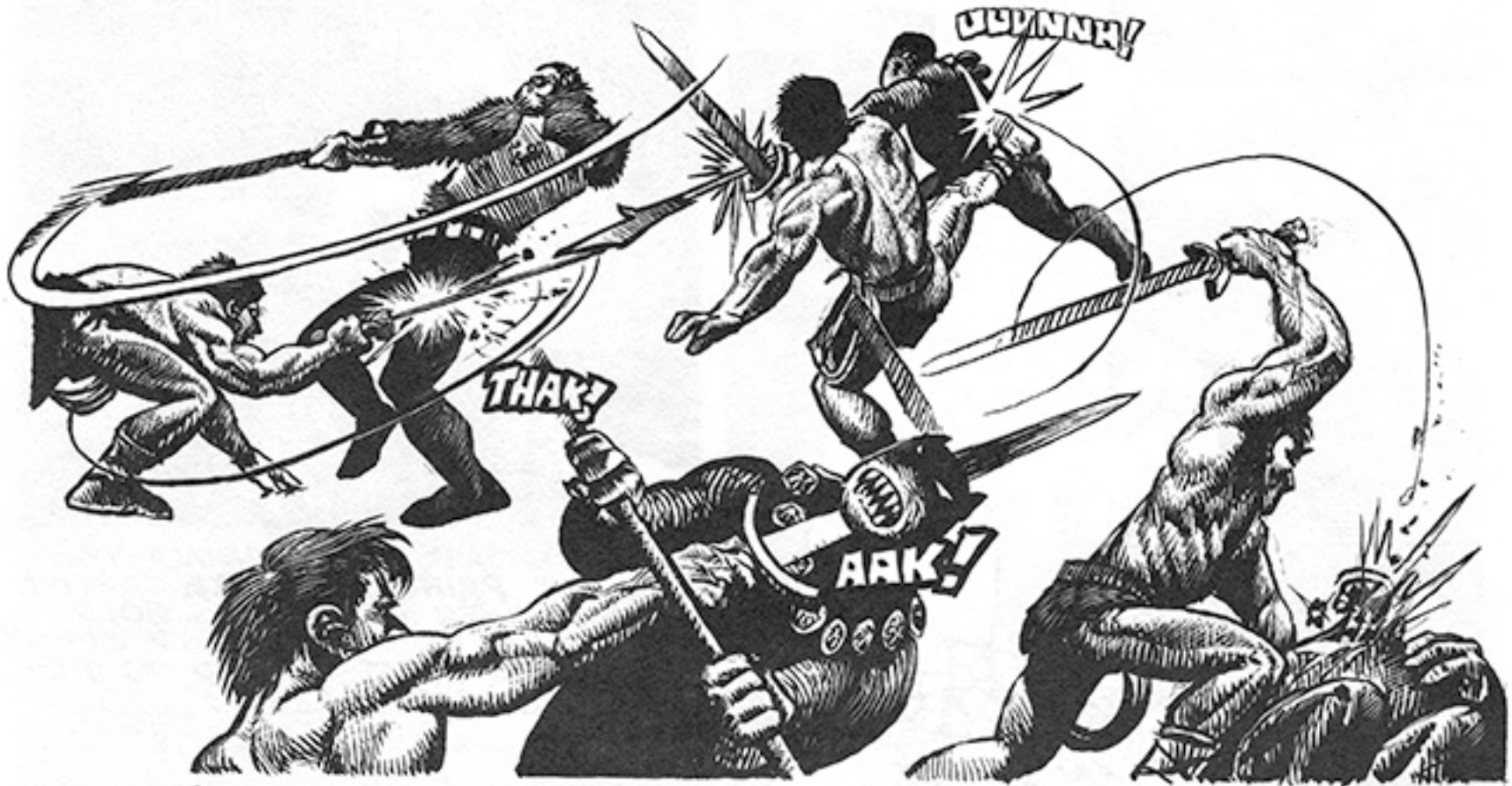
IT WAS SAID, THE EVIL MAWRG HELD THE PRINCESS YARA CAPTIVE ... WITH HER FORTUNE IN GOLD AND JEWELRY. SHE WOULD SURELY BESTOW A GREAT REWARD TO THE ONE WHO FREED HER...



AS HE GAINED THE LOWER WALL, RAWTH'S ANIMAL SENSES BECAME AWARE OF...



MAWRG'S DEMONS!



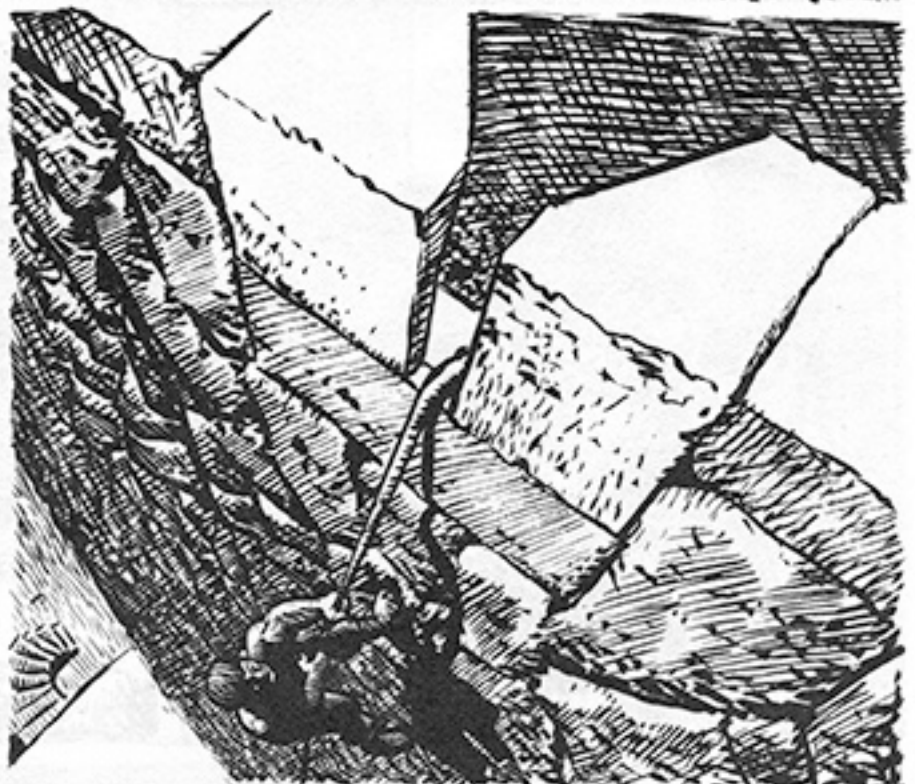
THOTH! WHAT A STENCH! SURELY THESE AREN'T THE ONLY GUARDS!



YES, THERE ARE MORE, YOU POOR FOOL! RUSH ON TO DISASTER!



PREPARED FOR THE
NEXT OBSTACLE
RAWTH SWUNG THE
GRAPLING HOOK.



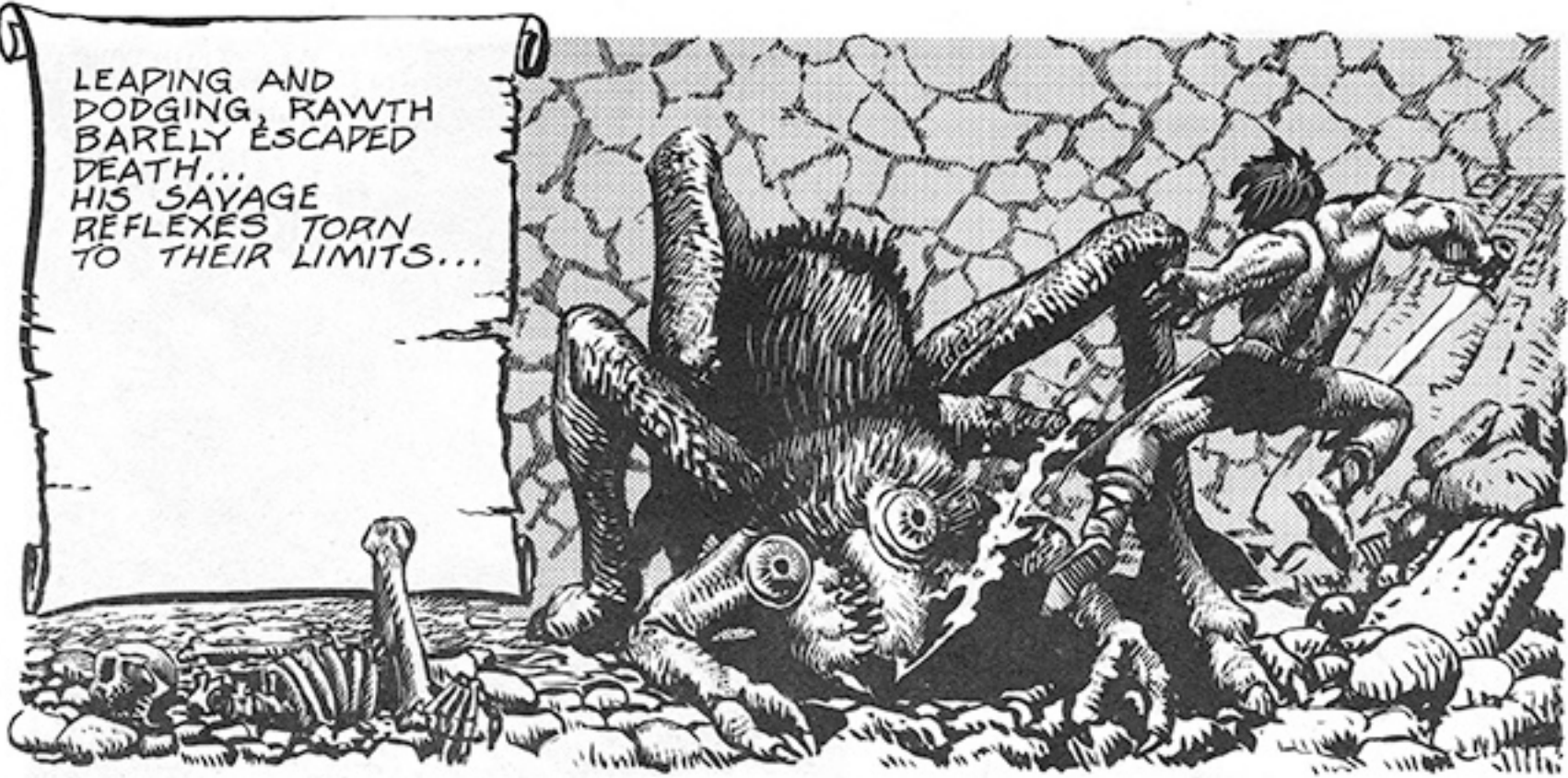
MAWRG IS GETTING CARLESS
TO HAVE LET ME GET THIS
CLOSE!



THOTH'S BLOOD!



LEAPING AND
DODGING, RAWTH
BARELY ESCAPED
DEATH...
HIS SAVAGE
REFLEXES TORN
TO THEIR LIMITS...



CONTACT WITH THE
BEASTS POISONOUS
VENOM PROVED
PAINFULL...



NARROWLY MISSING THE MONSTERS
TALONS, RAWTH SWUNG AT ITS
HEAD... BUT IT LEAPED AWAY
SWINGING ON ITS CORD...



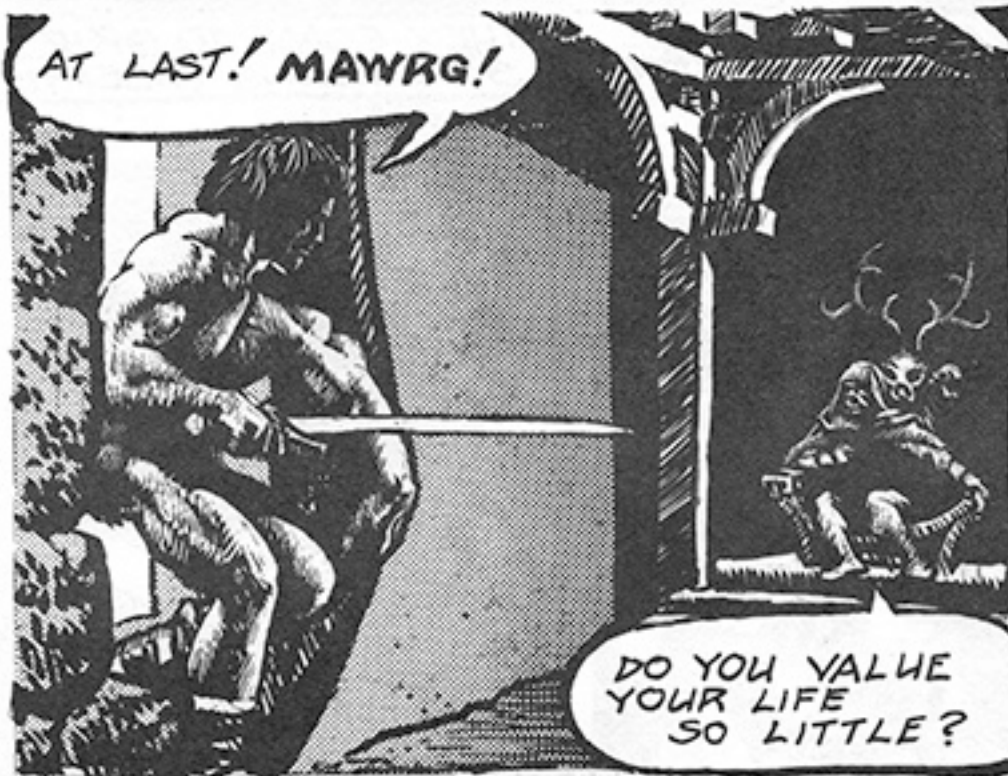
LOOKING ABOUT, RAWTH SAW THE WINDOW TO MAWRG'S FORBIDDEN CHAMBER...



HURRY RAWTH!
OH GREAT WARRIOR!



AT LAST! MAWRG!

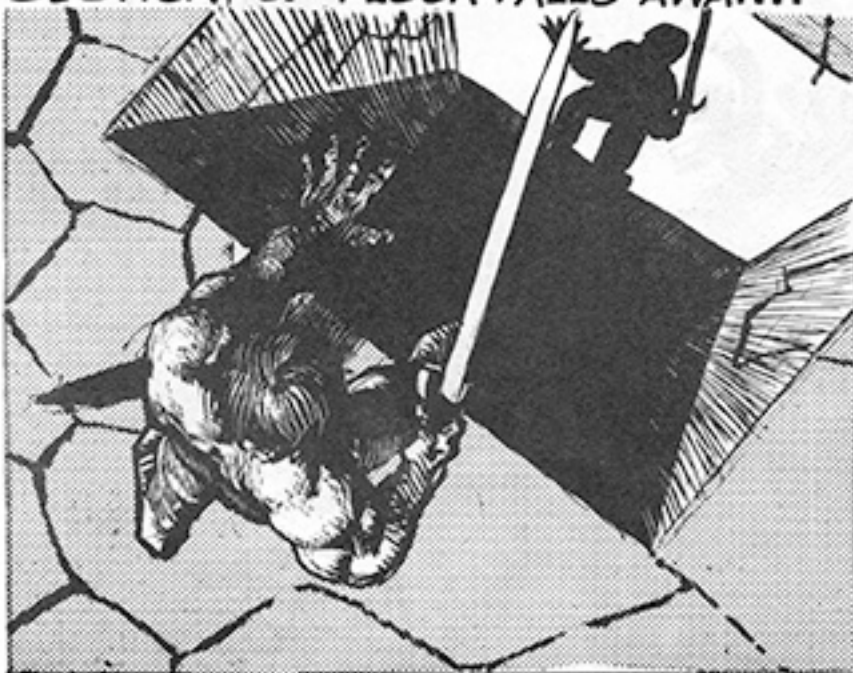


DO YOU VALUE
YOUR LIFE
SO LITTLE?

COME RAWTH!
FEEL THE WRATH
OF MAWRG THE
TERRIBLE!



A MOVEMENT OF MAWRG'S HAND HALTS RAWTH... JUST IN TIME, AS A SECTION OF FLOOR FALLS AWAY...



MAWRG'S FACE TWISTED WITH... WAS IT FEAR... OR EXPECTATION?...





FINISH THE DEVIL RAWTH!
...FOR THE PAIN HE'S
CAUSED!



RAWTH PAUSED...
MY LIFE MATTERS NOT;
I SEEK ONLY RELEASE;
BUT BE WARNED!...



SHE SHALL DRAW YOUR
YOUTH FROM YOU. YOU
WILL BE AS AGED AS
ME... WITHIN DAYS!



I'LL SILENCE YOUR
LYING MOUTH!



MAWRG LEAPED UP TO
AVOID THE SPEAR... TOO
LATE... **WUNN!**



THE FIEND WAS
TALKING TO SAVE
HIS OWN CORR-
UPTED LIFE!



YARA'S IRRESISTIBLE
GAZE PULLED AT RAWTH'S
SUBCONSCIOUS; HIS
WILL POWER DISSOLVED.



A QUIVERING FORM
RISES...



MY HERO,
YOU'VE
WON...

...A GREAT HONOR-WHAT?



FOR A VITAL MOMENT RAWTH HESITATED... A MOMENT THAT MEANT LIFE OR DEATH. WAS MAWRG'S WARNING THE TRUTH OR A TRICK?



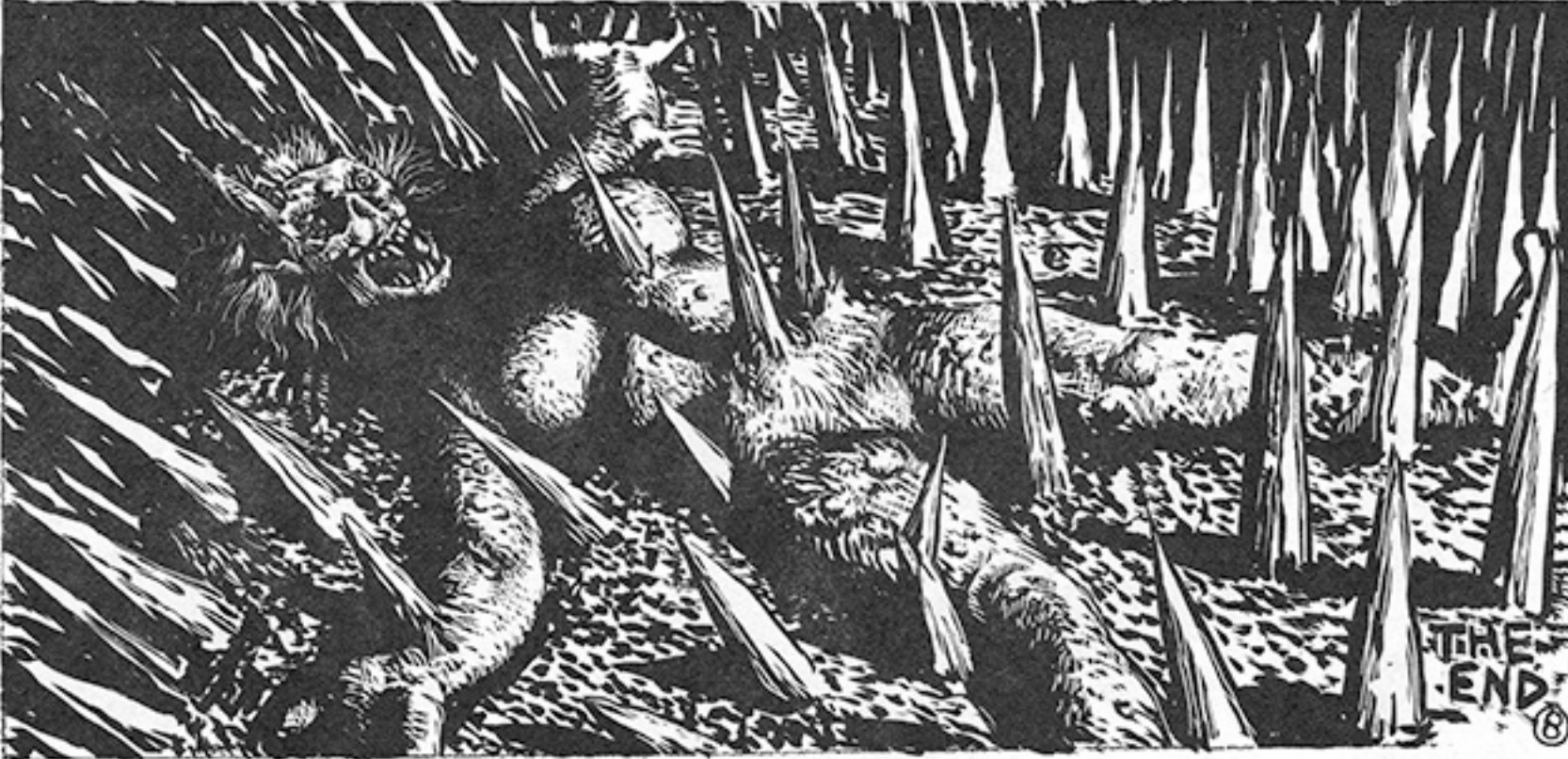
THE AGILE PRINCESS HAD ESCAPED MAWRG'S GRIP BUT WAS TOTTERING AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT...



MAWRG COLLAPSED... DEAD WITH A LOOK OF INSANE TRIUMPH ON HIS FACE.



DID RAWTH ALLOW AN INNOCENT GIRL TO BE KILLED? HE HELD A TORCH OVER TO SEE...



THE END 8