

# 741.5

# HAUNTED HISTORICALS

OCTOBER 2025 NO. 148

MATT WAGNER  
STEVEN T. SEAGLE  
GUY DAVIS

# SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE



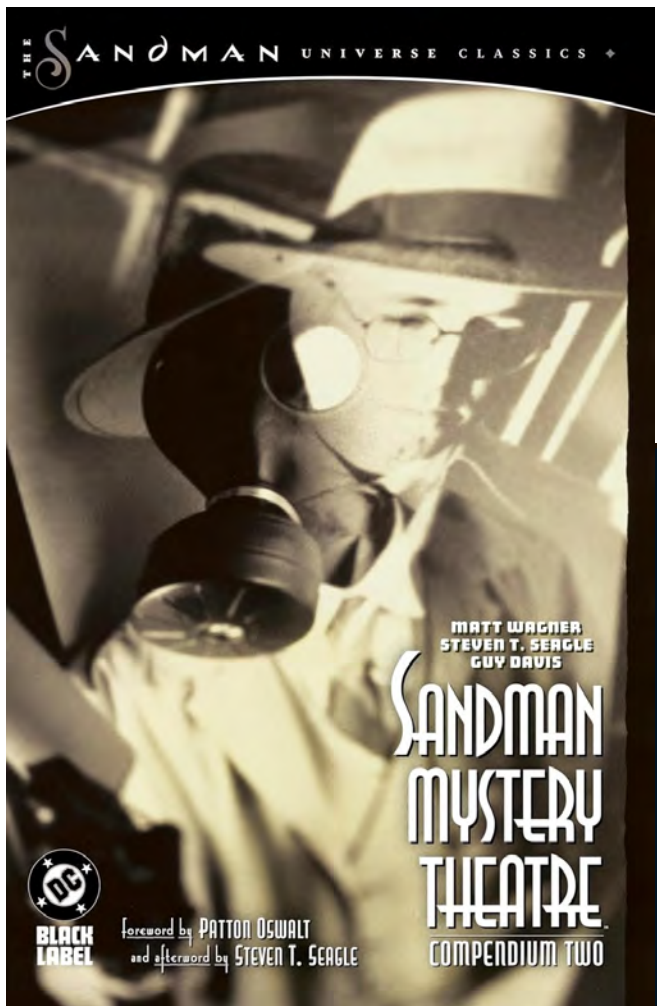
foreword by PATTON OSWALT

The Comics & Graphic Novel Bulletin of

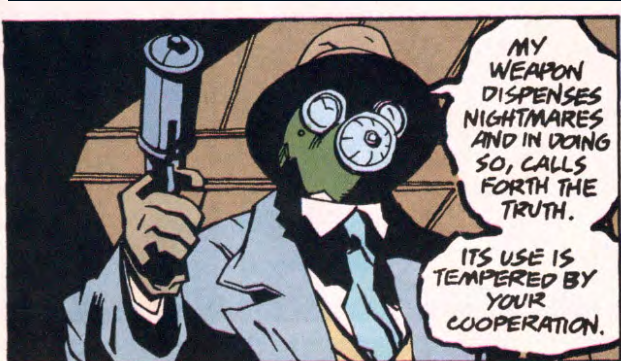
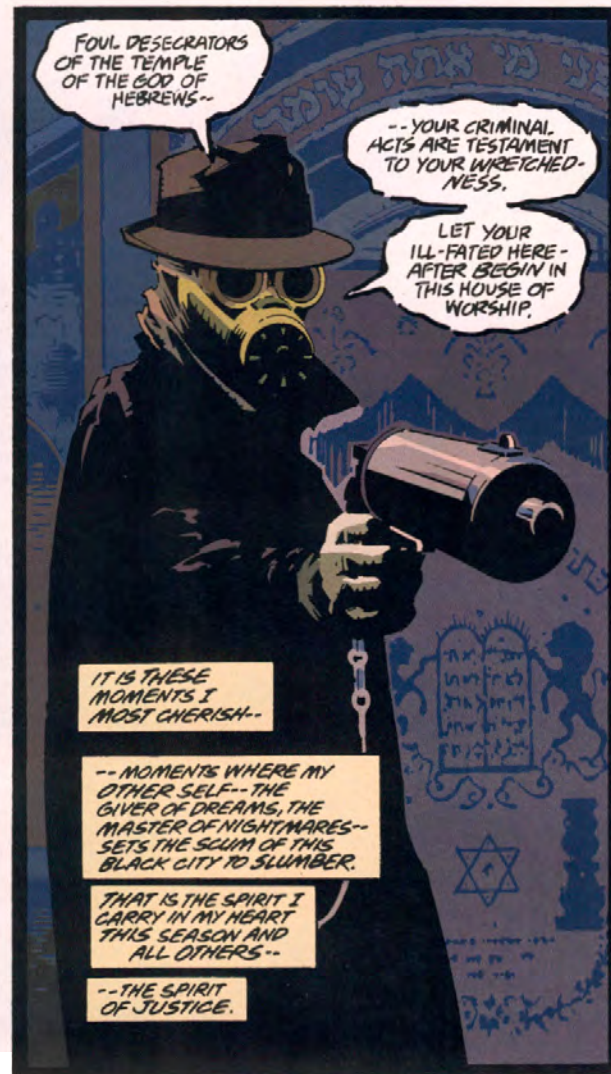


Lexington Public Library  
*Reading Is Just the Beginning!*

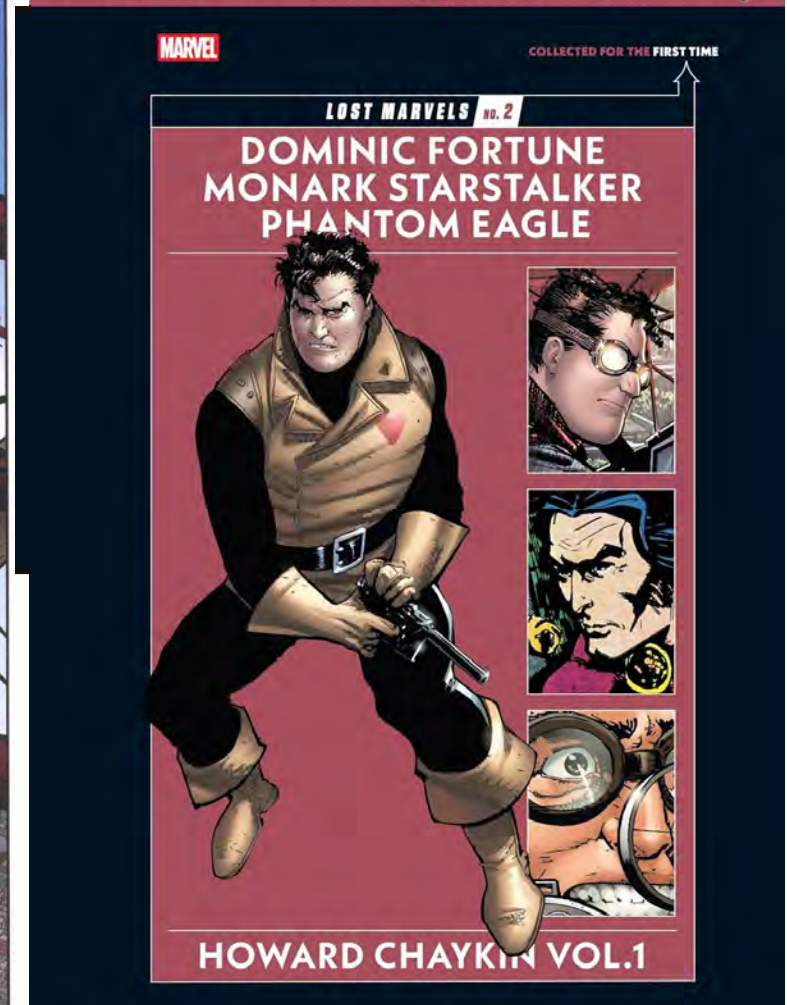




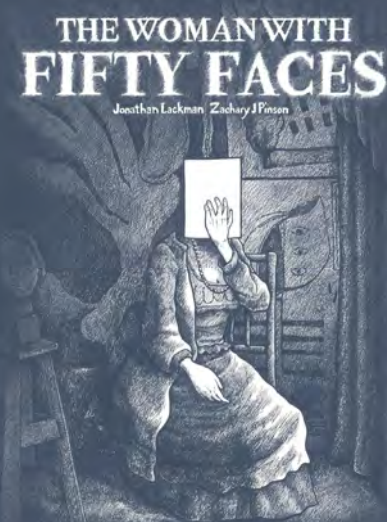
The bohemian bastard child of DC, Vertigo was a bitter apple that didn't fall far from the tree. The line's roots in the DC Universe were exposed in such titles as *Black Orchid*, *Kid Eternity* and especially *Sandman Mystery Theatre*. Writer Matt Wagner used the early career of DC's primordial mystery-man, the Sandman, to delve into the dark origins of the Golden Age. As the world rushes toward cataclysm, poor little rich boy Wesley Dobbs keeps having the most awful dreams. In Compendium One, these visions drive Dobbs (far right, bottom) to take up the mask of the Sandman and pursue the living nightmares of the Depression. In Compendium Two, the Sandman is joined by other heroes, masked or not, such as Blackhawk, the Cannon, the Hour-Man and the Crimson Avenger. Sadists, mobsters, child abusers, Nazis and other malefactors (including comic book publishers!) summon the Sandman at Central and Tates Creek!



Howard Chaykin was one of the ambitious youngbloods like Barry Smith and Craig Russell who came into the comics industry in the 1970s. Like those artists, Chaykin brought to his work influences rarely seen in comic books. His peers swiped from fine art movements like Art Nouveau and the Pre-Raphaelites. Chaykin looked closer to home: the commercial illustrators of the early 20th Century, particularly JC Leyendecker. Chaykin's "Arrow Shirt" period is well represented in the second volume of the Fantagraphics series devoted to *Lost Marvels*. *Monark Starstalker* (top right) was Chaykin's one-shot farewell to the inky sci-fi noir of his early career. His Depression Era freebooter *Dominic Fortune* (top left) meets a lot of naked dames while fighting homegrown Nazis, so hide the kids! Marvel's obscure WWI aviator, the *Phantom Eagle*, learns WAR IS HELL in Chaykin's typically hard-boiled historical that does not flinch from the facts of life...and death. Get *LMV2* at Central and Marksbury!



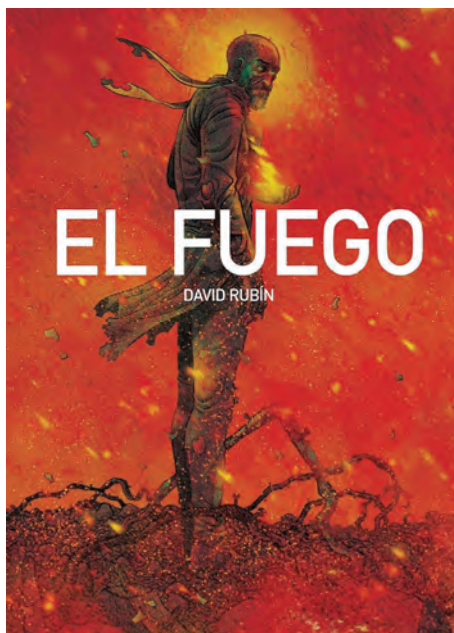
1928. Europe between the Wars. Maria Lani arrives with her husband in Paris, France, at the twilight of Modernism. She charms the cream of bohemia, especially her #1 fanboy, Jean Cocteau (left). With his help, Lani becomes the new muse for a new age. She poses for fifty works of art meant for the greatest exhibit ever mounted, and



the Hollywood film based on that show. Then Maria and her husband disappear. The art is never seen again. The movie never existed. This astonishing tale of true crime took 20 years to research and 5,000 hours to draw. A sprawling, scrawling history of a volatile age, *The Woman with Fifty Faces* is available at Eastside and Northside.







Roku went out, so I had Comet TV on for background while I cleaned up my living room. It was a made-for-tv movie called *Meteor*. No, not the 1979 one with **Sean Connery**, but the 2009 one with **Jason Alexander**, playing an Important Scientist who looked like he was mere seconds away from exclaiming "These pretzels are making me thirsty!" Both films shared the same gimmick: Bigass-Asteroid-Gonna-Hit-Earth. Oddly enough, I had just finished reading a graphic novel about that very thing. *El Fuego* is written and drawn by **David Rubin**, artist on *Cosmic Detective* and *The Ether*. It, too, stars an Important Scientist. But Alexander Yorba isn't saddled with the task of saving Earth. Nah, that old nag's doomed as doomed can be. Best get everybody who's anybody and hightail it to the spanking new moon colonies ol' Alexander's building. Or is he? Alex ain't feeling so good, physically, mentally or morally. As the world begins to fall apart in the shadow of cataclysm, so does Alexander. But could the source of his downfall be the solution to Earth's?



## MEANWHILE

**Rubin's** twisty plot is matched by his intensely physical drawing and psychedelic coloring. See how the Europeans do the end of the world at Beaumont, Marksbury and Northside. If your name is something like Dallas Salt or Wapiti Touche or Marble Lesson, you're either a rock star, a professional wrestler or a **Barry Gifford** character. Like other diarists of the demimonde such as **William S. Burroughs** and **Harry Crews**, **Gifford** uses colorful monikers to set his protagonists apart from the average people through whom they move like wolves among an unknowing flock. Super-villains too dirt poor to afford a fancy costume, **Gifford's** *Night People* wreak havoc, whether driven by self-sanctified depravity or captured by self-engendered fate. Drawn by diverse hands that ably capture the down and dirty humanity of even the most wicked characters, **Chris Condon's** script keeps the notoriously perverse **Gifford**, author of *Wild at Heart* and *Lost Highway*, this side of legal. Still, it's a rough ride, so caveat lector at



*lexpublib.org*. It's indicative of the problems suffered by Warren Magazines during what comics historians call "the Slump" that the letters page of *Eerie* #47, the first issue appearing in the tenth volume of the Dark Horse reprint series, is filled with complaints about the stories, the artwork, and the slow but sure shift away from horror to heroic fantasy and science fiction. Fortunately fans of *Eerie* and its big brother *Creepy* kept buying, because things were about to get better. **Jim Warren** found a new right-hand man in writer/editor **Bill Dubay**, who brought in fresh scripters such as **Steve Skeates** and **Doug Moench**, long before they became essential contributors to Marvel and DC during the Bronze Age. Meanwhile, the slick and sexy art of **Esteban Maroto** introduced American readers to a sophisticated school of Spanish cartoonists such as **Jaime Brocal** and **Martin Salvador**. And in response to the growing trend of horror heroes, *Eerie* began running more continuing series, such as *Dax the Warrior*, *The Mummy* and *Marvin the Dead-thing*. Get your gruesome on with *Eerie* V10 at Central, Beaumont and Marksbury. *The*

ALL ITEMS SHOWN IN 741.5 INCLUDING COVERS ARE COPYRIGHT & TRADEMARKED © +



*Nice House by the Sea* is brought to you by the same folks who brought you *The Eisner Award-winning Nice House On the Lake*. That is, DC Vertigo, writer **James Tynion III**, artist **Alvarez Martinez Bueno**, colorist **Jordie Bellaire**, and, oh yeah, the aliens who burned the rest of planet Earth to the bedrock. We met their representative Walter and his gang of chums he chose to save from the Big Burn in the first House. Fellow alien Max picked her bunch of survivors from the best and the brightest. Unfortunately, being smart doesn't equal being wise, and things begin to fall apart at Central, Northside and Tates Creek. Simulacra of long-lost worlds can be problematic. Even a perfect imitation is still a phony. It was ballsy of Oni Press to try reviving the EC imprint for a modern audience. Decide yourself whether it's working or not after reading the first comp of the sci fi comic, *Cruel Universe*, the 21st Century version of *Weird Science! Spa fon, bae!*



Back issues of 741.5 are available at [www.lexpublib.org](http://www.lexpublib.org) under the READING SERVICES tab!