It has been frequently observed that the comic art media, when well written and well drawn, is an extremely sophisticated one. One which in the past few years has taken enormous strides. More significant, however, is the tremendous increase in its popularity and reaching a new, and more sophisticated audience. Its vast potential is finally being realized.

It is not easy to precisely define the ingredients or formula for material that we term as "sophisticated." The term is usually reserved for selections dealing principally with the evocation of mood and the revelation of character. By this standard, work, for example, which would fit into the category of "underground comix" would be said to be in a special genre which employs basically primitive techniques to achieve limited aesthetic effects.

It is not the business of this book to try to render a definite judgement. The media, to me, seems sufficiently flexible to accommodate both. That shall be the editorial direction of this publication.

The present collection attempts to give the reader a representative view of all aspects of imagination from the minds and hands of some of the most talented people in the business.

Here then is Imagination No. 1. May it entertain you, and may it once again prove that fantasy, when well written and drawn, bears one of the most honorable names in literature.

What is planned for the future is to say the least amazing. We sincerely wish that we could reveal our intentions at this time; no doubt it would greatly benefit our advanced order department. However, due to some legal red tape, we must refrain from any mention of them. Suffice it to say that the content of future issues should set milestones for the entire industry.

Our financial state at this time is not good. Subscribers will give us the capital we need to continue on a steady basis. We are also encouraging dealerships with a standard discount of 40% (25% foreign).

If you can’t afford to subscribe, order as many issues in advance as you can and subscribe when possible. The next issue is scheduled for July.

Now that you’ve read an issue, let us know what you think of Imagination. Send your letters of comment to the address below.

To merely say that I enjoyed the experience of publishing a magazine would be damning it with faint praise. As the first issue reaches the printing stage I feel, as if in the theater when the curtain is dropping, regret that I can’t stay on for at least another act.

Sincere thanks to all involved, especially Al Schuster (our printer), Bill Stillwell, Allan Asherman, Alan Fleisig, Ken Barish, and Steve Englehart (who had worked on a story which, due to an unfortunate accident, could not appear). It was their inspiration and encouragement that has set our high standards and higher goals.

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SATURN PROBE HERE. TITAN IS NOW BEHIND...

ROGER, SATURN, WE COPY YOU. HOW DOES IT LOOK FROM THERE? OVER...

LIKE A DREAM. I'LL TAKE READINGS HERE. OUT.

FANTASTIC! WE WERE RIGHT! ORE. INCREDIBLY RICH ORE. RADIOACTIVE. EMANATING FROM SATURN. NOW WE HAVE POWER TO REACH THE STARS! DO YOU READ ME, SATURN CONTROL. OVER...

WE READ YOU, CHASE. GOOD NEWS. CAN YOU TAKE EXACT RECORDINGS FROM THERE?

NO, SOME DISTURBANCE. MAYBE FROM TITAN. I'LL MOVE CLOSER. OUT...

WE COPY. OUT.
The engine erupted and hurtled chase toward the wonder of the solar system.

Then silence. Some immense magnetic field stilled the proxime heavens. Dead silence.

I'm going in now. Closer. I want to get an accurate reading. Maybe I can get beyond the interference.

Saturn control, I'm falling. Over... Saturn control, this is Saturn Probe I, do you read me? Click... click... Hello... Hello...
OUT THERE... NO... IT'S... IT'S...

THE RINGS.
the catalonian chapel

It was a dream that moved beyond all other dreams, further into her past, which called her into hiding one dark afternoon. She couldn't place it; it could have sprung from the towers of the minarets, where the singing holy men called five times each day, and each Moslem man closed a door and prayed, his face towards Mecca, the Holy Land. Perhaps the holy men had been calling at that moment, in a distant Moslem land, and Penumbra had heard their call echo in that dark cavern of her memory.

Or perhaps it sprang from the sermon heard in a sterile green-carpeted Protestant church when the minister spoke of the belief of a disciple; that each man must pray silently, privately in his own room away from other men to the God he knows in his heart.

In any case, the call came, and Penumbra felt as one in a trance, called into the tiny church in some foreign land, and they had lifted the frescoes from the walls and brought the sanctuary there. The room recalled a cave scooped out of volcanic ash, tuffa, on the walls of which early Christian men had painted their stylized interpretations of the Last Supper and sweet Jesus with fish and loaves.

There was a recording of medieval sacred music being piped into the little room, and the time set-up was solely for the purpose of cultural experience. Penumbra wept in the small room as she recalled the years before. It was a mixture of guilt over long-forgotten prayers; “Our Father who art in Heaven...”, and the pain of a cracked faith.

She recalled those religious years, inspired by the near tragedy of her father's attempted suicide. He had lived, survived the gas with only emotional scars, no brain damage, and she had prayed to God the first night and later seen a halo around a church spire. The God she knew was gentle and yet terrifying, for he had refused her supplications that he prove his existence. And yet she had prayed untritionally and felt the spiritual exhilaration only allotted those who have gone insane or have enshrined a small patch of sanity. The question was which had been her source, and the question to that day had been unanswered.

She relived, too, three grotesque chants to God, the responses to the Prayer of Invocation and the innocent voices of the Junior Choir. The vision of those young uplifted faces and the blonde hair of all the singers toyed with her uncertainty.

She recalled, in contrast, the kissing backstage in the Community House when she should have been in church. The first time she had done that, her menstrual cramps of the following evening had been of such intensity that she had writhed and screamed in agony. The doctor had been called and she had been given a sedative.

The memories came in sequences, a series of flashes of smell, sound, and scene; until at last the painted Christ bore down on her, his huge stylized eyes widening threateningly above her head, and she ran half-sobbing from the sanctuary.

Peter met her outside the door of the room and took her hand, leading her away from the music and the Christ who waited in the dark sanctuary with his disciples, waited for the Crucifixion and for Penumbra's return.
MR. JASON WANTS TO TALK TO YOU TOMORROW, BARNEY. I THINK HE WANTS TO THANK YOU FOR THE JOB YOU'VE DONE THIS LAST MONTH. YOU'VE SAVED HIM A GOOD HUNK OF MONEY...

NO... SAY IT ISN'T SO!

BARNABY... BARNABY PEAKE YOO-HOO BARNEY!

MISS JASON, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A STUMBLE-FOOTED LIGHT-HEADED FEMALE. IF YOUR FATHER FOUND OUT YOU WERE UP HERE...

IS IT SO TERRIBLE TO HAVE A GIRL CHASING YOU AROUND ALL THE TIME?

THAT'S NOT THE POINT! YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

POOR BARNEY.

HOWARD! LOOK OUT! BE-

HOLD HIM! HOLD HIM!

WHAT'S GOING ON... BARNEY HOLD HIM, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
Nothing like having an engineer for a brother. I'll get that construction problem worked out before dinner.

Hold him, Barney, hold him!

I'll get him with this rope.

Then well... what?

I can't hold on, Barney! I can't hold on!

Howard, just a little longer.

Howard!

Noooooo

Ah... now if I can just get under him...

Moments later...

Jeff! Jeff! Good boy! How is he?

He seems O.K., Barney. Good thing you held him so long.

Barney Peake, and you, Jeff... you saved my... my... well... anyway... thanks. I won't forget this... never... I won't forget.
YOUR FRIEND, HOWARD. GOT SO EMOTIONAL. IT WAS EMBARRASSING.

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. SOMETIMES I THINK MY SHARE OF EMOTIONS WERE GIVEN TO BROTHER CHADWICK. ACHTUNG! ...HUH? OH...HI, FELLAS.

MEANWHILE, FAR REMOVED...

HIS LIFE WAS JUST HANDED TO HIM. I THINK EVEN YOUR EMOTIONS MIGHT BE SHAKEN AT SUCH A TIME, JEFF.

ALL RIGHT, OUTSIDE OF MY BEING LATE AND YOU TWO CONSPIRING TO RUIN MY LOVE LIFE, WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

NOT MUCH, CHAD... BURNED MY TONGUE ON COFFEE AT LUNCHE TIME.

UH-HUMMM, FOR ALL OF YOU. THIS ONE FOR YOU LOOKS LIKE A CHECK, SON.

ALL RIGHT, OUTSIDE OF MY BEING LATE AND YOU TWO CONSPIRING TO RUIN MY LOVE LIFE, WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

HI, POP. ANY MAIL?

AH-HAH, MAIL THIEF! GOTCHA!

UH? HEY, YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL INSECURE?

DON'T THINK SO BARNEY. I'M PROBABLY TRYING TO CONVINCE MYSELF I'LL BE ABLE TO DO FOR MY LEGS WHAT I'VE DONE FOR MY ARMS.

from an unpublished syndicated daily strip by Neal Adams (c) 1971
JOHNNY... YOU KNOW
I LOVE YOU, DON'T YOU?

MMMPH!

OKAY JOHNNY... I
WON'T HASSLE YOU.
IT'S OVER, ISN'T IT?

...

SOB! SOB!

JOHNNY... YOU SAID
YOU LOVED ME... WHY?
... I MEAN JUST TELL
ME WHY... PLEASE....

OKAY, BABY! STRAIGHT TALK!
IT'S JUST LIKE THE OTHER GUYS
SAY — YOU'RE A FAIR LAY, BUT
YOUR CONVERSATION ROTS!
TAKE IT LIGHT, BABE!

SLAM!

... AND SO JOHNNY WALKED
OUT OF MY LIFE LIKE THE
OTHERS HAD. SUDDENLY, I
DECIDED THAT IT HAD HAPPENED
ONCE TOO OFTEN... I RE-
MEMBER TAKING THE PILLS....

OHNNN... JOHNNY...
...AND I REMEMBER THE SLOW DRIFT TOWARD OBLIVION... LIKE SINKING INTO COTTON....
PEACE... ENFOLDING ME... FOREVER....

SO EASY... BUT IT NEVER ENDED... I JUST FLOATED FOR AN AGE, ADrift IN A LIMBO
OF NIGHT. CONTENTMENT YIELDED TO DESPAIR, AND THE PEACE I'D KNOWN
FLED WITH THE THOUGHT... LEAVING
MY HEART TO BE CHILLED BY THE DARK....

TErrOR WELLED WITHIN MY BREAST... THE DARKNESS
DREW ME... AND I WAS FALLING... FALLING... AND
I KNEW I'D FALL FOREVER... THE LONELINESS...
FEAR... CAST ASIDE AGAIN, EVEN BY DEATH...
THE ANGUISH OVERWHELMED ME, AND FROM THE
DEPTHS OF MY SOUL, MY CRY RIPPED OUT ACROSS
ETERNITY — "OH GOD! I DIDN'T KNOW...
DIDN'T WANT THIS. NOT THIS. I ONLY
WANTED TO BE LOVED... IS THAT SO WRONG?....

OH JESUS!
HELP ME !!!
PLEASE....

As though in answer to my plight,
a blaze of brilliance ripped the
night
and then an arm thrust through
the light
and saved my soul from endless
night....
And when I to my senses came, 
My life was nevermore the same. 
A young man smiled into my eyes; 
He seemed a god in mortal guise...

His eyes held laughter, bold and free; 
A 'David' clothed in light was he...

He laughed at my initial shame; 
Said he, "Are we not all the same? 
Cast out those foolish fears within. 
Where beauty lives there is no sin."

He smiled at me, and in my breast, 
My fear and guilt were set to rest.

And then he rose, gave me his hand, 
And said to me, "Come see my land."

So laughing gaily, running free, 
Eden's innocents were we... 
A strange good feeling grew inside— 
One I'd always had to hide....
How wonderful, this man who dared
To show a woman that he cared!
A lion’s majesty had he—
And yet, he showed gentility...

He showed me glens wherein elves sing—
The moon-enchanted fairy ring....

And here approached a unicorn,
Whose back had only virgins borne...

A magic, sylvan silvered glade
Where great and pagan loves were made;
Where forest nymphs and water sprites
With faerie’s lords took their delights....

“Alas,” I wept, “I am not pure!”
But he said gently, “Be not sure...”
“For purity is more,” said he,
Than fools’ high-priced virginity....

“A girl whose maidenhead is torn
Should not feel she from grace is shorn.
Such fancies earn a real man’s scorn;
He knows that’s how the woman’s born!”
And as I turned, he kissed my lips;  
His hands caressed my breasts and hips.  
Then, smiling sweetly, soft, he said,  
"Or we earth's sweet mantle for our bed..."

We kissed again, and then he said,  
"With love, I'll take your maidenhead;  
This time, no tears when blood flows red,  
A woman you'll become instead!"

I flushed, then felt desire rise;  
His manhood pressed between my thighs...  
Then, as he gently entered me,  
I saw the art that love could be...

How matchless strong, yet tender kind...  
A swift, sweet pain then brought to mind  
How sweet is first love's majesty,  
When borne of love, as it should be!

My heart was pounding, lungs afire,  
And still he quickened my desire....
A blend of beauty, truth and love, together now we soared above, surpassed the summit of delight, exploded in a blaze of light!

And that was but the first that night, Oftain we shared love's ancient rite...

And yet, once more; one last release...

And then...I slept the sleep of peace....

...AGES LATER, I AWOKE IN MY OWN BED, IN MY OWN WORLD..."WHAT AN ODD DREAM," I THOUGHT, "IT WAS SO VERY...REAL!" AND, STRANGELY ENOUGH, I FELT... NEW... YES... NEW AND CLEAN, LIKE A WOMAN AT LAST! "ODD, HE SEEMED... SO REAL," I THOUGHT. "SO VERY...."

BUT I NEVER FINISHED THE THOUGHT... BECAUSE THAT MOMENT WAS WHEN I FIRST SAW THE BLOOD SPOTS ON THE BED....
A Trace of Nature...

The glass seemed different today, almost opaque, as Marthe led the first Child, pale and wide-eyed, into the high-ceiled windowless observation room, with walls of glittering white porcelain. Concealed lamps flooded it with a cold light. The wheels were already in motion on the other side, and the soft whirring and clicking could be heard through the glass. Marthe looked around the room to see that everything was in order, then down at the small hand in hers, the soft round face of the child, and the eyes, the eyes again--

Rule 9 - never enter into any relationship whatsoever with Specimen.

Marthe motioned quickly for the Child to sit in the small cold metal chair in the center of the room facing the glass, and withdrew her hand. The Mentor came in on the other side, and Marthe left. The Child sat motionless in the chair, its eyes staring into the clouded glass before it. Marthe reappeared on the other side. The Child trembled.

At the signal the lights began to fade slowly, then went out completely. The wheels turned faster now, and one small light directly above the Child clicked on. Still seated, its eyes now red and swollen, the small body trembled, and its white hands gripped the edges of the seat with all the strength it could find. The glass remained black, and the infant strained to see through it, but it could not.

Suddenly the glass became a screen, on which a warm golden sunrise was taking place above the blue-green of a morning sea.

Rule 4—never, at any time, watch the visions which appear on the teleglass screen.

Marthe stared at the hands, which didn’t seem to belong to her, in her lap. (The Child’s sobs faded, and the trembling subsided,) but the two small hands remained as fastened to the incredible visions before it.

Over the water flew two smooth white seagulls, diving first toward the waves, then arching back into the sky. The wheels clicked angrily on the other side. It didn’t seem to hear them any more.

the picture changed to a field, green and rippling in the wind, dabbed with yellow and orange flowers. The small fingers loosened and the color came back to them. The whirring of the wheels turned to throbbing, and the picture on the screen disappeared as quickly as it had appeared just a few minutes before. The lights in the room gradually brightened to their original intensity, and the screen once again became a wall of glass. No one was behind the glass now and the wheels were still, as jurors after passing judgement. The door opened and Marthe came in carrying a small white cloth gown, which she hurriedly slipped over the child’s head and fastened in the back. Taking her hand, she led the infant to the door, resisting the urge to look down once again at the soft face—

Rule 12—any Specimen, having been tested and observed to have a trace of Nature, shall be disposed of as a threat to the stability of the Society.
EMPIRE IV HAD NOT YET RISEN; THE WARLORDS WERE KEPT AT HOME FOR THE TILLING OF THE FIELDS, AND THE SECOND COMING OF MOST MESSIAHS WENT UNNOTICED BY ALL BUT A FEW. IT WAS A TIME OF HIGH ADVENTURE AND MANY A MAN WAS STRUCK BY THE WANDERING MUSE.... THE OCHRE SUN SHONE BRIGHT AND HOT ON THE FAIR CITY OF SHAHKR. THE PIMPS, THEIR STABLES OF WHORES FOLLOWING BEHIND, PASSED AMONG THE MERCHANTS AND BUYERS HUSTLING BUSINESS ON WHAT ALREADY PROMISED TO BE A SLOW DAY. THE TWO THIEVES HAD NONE OF THIS ON THEIR MINDS HOWEVER...

WELL PETRON, BY THIS TIME TOMORROW WE'LL BE SEVERAL MILLION GILDERS RICHER, AND ABOARD A STARLINER HEADED FOR WEALTHIER PORTS O'CALL. AYE, AND WHAT COULD BE SIMPER THAN ROBBING A NUNNERY?

I'M OFF THEN, I'LL MEET YOU AT THE RED LION AT FIRST MOON-RISE.
THE DAY PASSED QUICKLY AND WHEN RANDALL ARRIVED AT THE INN, HE FOUND PETRON AMUSING THE BAR GIRLS WITH SMUTTY LIMERICKS AND SLEIGHT OF HAND....

AND SEE — IT'S GONE! AH, THERE YOU ARE, RANDALL... READY?

AS ALWAYS, MY MINSTREL FRIEND, COME... LET'S GET TO IT!

THEY TOOK TO THE ROOFTOPS AND ALLEYS, AND IN GOOD TURN, ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION....

THIS IS IT, CORNER, AVENUE OF SOULS AND STREET OF SAINTS. LOTS OF CONFESSORS LINED UP IN THE STREET. MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD WEEK FOR SINNERS.

COME RANDALL! LOOK AT THIS!

SISTER, WE ARE NOT HERE TO HURT ANYONE, WE JUST WANT THE EMERALD... SO LEAD US TO IT AND WE'LL LEAVE QUIETLY!

PETRON, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU. PEEPING IN WINDOWS AND AT NUNS NO LESS! COME, LET US ENTER AND COP THE STONE!
CONVENT? ARE YOU MAD? THIS IS MISS BUTLER'S — THE CHEAPEST WHOREHOUSE IN THE WESTERN QUARTER!

ALL WE WANT IS THE STONE THAT THE SISTERS OF THIS CONVENT HAVE BEEN...

WHAT ARE YOU CHATTERING ABOUT? WHO IN HELL ARE YOU AND WHAT EMERALD? YOU'RE RAVING!!

WELL, I'LL BE GOD-DAMNED!

THEY LOOKED ABOUT THE ROOM. ALL OVER THE FLOOR WERE SCATTERED RATHER UNSISTERLY UNDERGARMENTS...

I SHOULD SAY SO!!!
Suddenly, Randall grabbed the girl. Instinctively she wrapped her arms around him...

However, when she recalled she was still on duty, her sensibilities returned...

Rape!
Giorgio, rape!

As the eunuch bouncer entered, Randall drove a blow to his jaw... toppling him!

With a flourish, the two thieves escaped into the night...
WELL, PETRON. THIS SHOULD TEACH YOU NOT TO LISTEN TO A BISHOP WHEN HE'S STONE DRUNK!

...YES... WELL, NOTHING VENTURED — NOTHING GAINED!

OH, I DON'T KNOW... SHE HAD QUITE A ROLL OF BILLS HELD 'TWEEN HER LEGS... I KNOW A FEW TRICKS MYSELF!!!

RANDALL, YOU AMAZE ME! — WITH ALL THAT WOMAN-FLUSH IN YOUR HANDS YOU STILL REMEMBER YOUR INNATE GREED!

PLAY ON PETRON! PLAY ON!
Tanganyika

The cars point their soot covered snouts ahead on the black streaming highway, follow the rays of light that emerge from their nostrils, thrust their lean metallic bodies into the streamlined, screamed night. The madly wild Moon, the wildly mad Moon, hides shy, hides lucking behind an electrified tree, hides waiting and watching and listening to the splashing of the cars onto the smooth concrete, and Moon thinks now of better days, when people gasped at her cold, space-cold, love-old cold-dead face. Then they respected her withered corpse, and celebrated it in sad, tearful ballads and quatrains. Now she is gouged by the paws of man, worm-eaten, analyzed, measured, stepped-on, stripped of her secrets, and sung of in a new poetry of numbers and machines.

“Too late,” Moon murmurs.
“Not too late,” Heart murmurs.

What—a heart in this linear ocean? The streetlights glare down, craning their giraffe metal necks, searching for the culprit, piercing with their whiteness into the nightness of the black. Found!

Atop a coffin, atop an upright, greenish, glassy coffin with a black, dog-eared device in it, sits a girl. She is sliding watermelon water coloring onto her nails.

“Tanganyika,” cries the loony Moon, the moony loon in joyful recognition. “You have come back, my little crater. Is it time again, is it time?

Her empty eyes gaze up at the Moon, her laugh shatters against the sky, and scatters into one more fragment than forever.

“Mad Moon, listen. Yes, dear face without a body—the time has come again. And for them,” she waves one languid hand toward the roaring, surging ocean, “and for these too,” and she points her tiny, naked feet at a pile of numbered, worded papers laying beside her lap.

“When?” guffawed the old, wrinkled Moon, and he cries stars in his laughter. “I must witness the time of the purpose smell, the hour of the eaten rainbow, the touched sorrow.”

Tanganyika laughs with her empty eyes at him. “When I finish doing my nails,” she says. Moon giggles and screams with delight; and turns three somersaults and a cartwheel on his axis to celebrate.

That night, the world smelled purple, and ate rainbows, and touched sorrow. Whatever went up, stayed there; and bodies moving in a certain direction and at a certain speed kept on moving even when an atom bomb politely came up to them and asked them to stop, please.

That night, the dead rose out of their graveyards and went into the neighborhood deli for a frankfurter and went shopping for a scratchy, new lace dress; they even tried to get a taxi to visit their living relatives. Students with math homework to do found a sine of 7, and the division of zero, and that one who sat on her precarious perch for her avenging deed.

Moon starts to speak, then looks; but there, only, is her shadow where a girl with empty eyes once painter her nails with watermelon water.

The shadow points a languid, flowing hand towards the sea of sooty, snouted cars, sloshing their way down the highway.

Swimming in violet, violent dream blood, hands torn by a vicious logarithm, Tanganyika lies drowned till yesterday, by the ocean of metal beasts.

Moon sobs a sorrowed star.
THE LIFE-MASK

My Love, I have something to tell you:
Remember that big brown bag I was carrying around,
the one that had BOHACK printed in red on it?
Well,
In that bag I had your life-mask.
A heavy white plaster life-mask.
I used to carry it around
and
when I was alone
I used to take it out of that bag
kiss its unresponsive lips
touch its face mouth and eyes—
You never let me touch you anymore.

My Love, You know what I did today?
I went downtown.
I went to the top of one of those new buildings—one of the tall ones
with a featureless face of glass—and I went out onto the roof.
I took the life-mask out of the bag
and put it on the roof.
I took the BOHACK bag and tore it into little pieces.
I took the pieces, confettiied them over the side
onto the unknowing parade
and screamed "hooray!"
Then I took that goddamn life-mask,
flung it off the roof
and watched the white shatter
on the black pavement.

ME AND MY MAGIC CALENDAR

The calendar fell off the wall
and the day I had circled hit me in
in the eye.

Jumping up: "Today's the day—
wake up—wake up"
I remembered I was alone
and I was embarrassed

"A hurried meal tastes hurried" I noticed
sitting at my tea & toast
up and out on to the street

"Bus drivers are getting surly" I noted to myself
as he stared at me
& my hair
& handed me 50 dimes— change for a ten

onto the subway alone
with the city
was squeezed out at 59th
I was going to 53rd but today's the day
so I'll walk

Into the office
at the desk next to mine
and first checked by the desk
next to that

clock hand crawled to crawled to 12
and fell over
to 1 where it stopped—
ROTH

She stopped, opened her eyes, and asked me:

"What did they do with all the padded seats they took out of the subways the buses the libraries and all the other places we used to be comfortable in?"

And all I could say was:

I really don't know but would you love me just the same as if I did?

It is midnight. The sky is yellow. Smiling with the power of blackness. Under the skirts of love, in the mouth of blackness. I welcome anything that comes creeping like a dark lizard. Yellow stretches around the midnight, black as holes in the teeth...

almost and exploding at 5 out onto 53rd downstairs to the subway again met the city again up the stairs turned the door and was home

"canned dinner tastes like cans" I noticed as I sat in front of it

and after dinner I took my book (up to page 30-590 to go)

and waited and read and waited and when the clock hit ten I put in the bookmark (page 42) got up brushed my teeth & put on my pajamas

I set my alarm and took my red magic marker out of my desk

picked the calendar up off the floor circled tomorrow and hung it back on the wall
BOO! NNNN!... HIYA, KIDS, HIYA, HIYA, HIYA... THIS IS YOUR HORRIFIC HOST IN HEATHER HOPPIN' HORROR, THE GREMLIN FROG... FRESH-CRAWLED FROM MY BED OF BILEOUS BARF-SLIME TO BEND YOUR EAR WITH A BONE-BREAKING BIT OF BAD BEDLAM. SO, PULL UP THAT POT OF PUTRESCENT PIG-PARTS WHILST I DESTROY YOUR MIND WITH THIS LITTLE PORTION OF PUCE CALLED...

CONJURE WOMAN

THE OLD WOMAN, STIRRING HER STEAMING CAULDRON WITH ALL THE CARE OF A MIDWIFE, COUGHED AND CHUCKLED AMIDST HER TOMES AND BOTTLES AND JARS, THEIR DARK TREASURES LOOKING ON APPROVINGLY... THE MYSTERIOUS CONTENTS OF HER GLOWING KETTLE POPPED AND BUBBLED, SWIRLED ABOUT IN EVER-CHANGING PATTERNS, AND THE GREASY BLACK FUMES ESCAPED THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ROOF OF HER ANCIENT NOVEL, STAINING THE DANK SWAMP AIR WITH THEIR OBSCENE COLOR...
SO, MY CHILD OF DARKNESS... 
YOU AWAKEN AT LAST! RISE, SON 
OF NEWT'S EYES AND BAT WINGS 
AND FROG'S TOADS... 

...RAISE YOURSELF 
FROM YOUR VAT OF 
LIFE AND DO MY 
BIDDING!!

LONG YEARS HAVE 
I LABORED... 
WAITING FOR 
THE VILE INGREDIENTS 
THAT MAKE UP YOUR 
BEING TO GEL INTO 
ONE WHOLE... 
AND, NOW, YOU 
ARE BORN... 

GO, MY SON!! 
GO OUT AND 
WRECK OUR 
JUST HAVOC 
ON AN ALL-
TOO DESERVING 
WORLD!!
SSPLAATT!!
"In The Dark Hour of NovaChristus..."

"O. Saving Grace."

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