out of his own vanity. Such is the tangle of
good and evil among men. On the
other hand, he is also willing to sacrifice
their pleasure and peace of mind in behalf
of their ‘dignity’ and ‘nobility’ – is this a
good decision for them, or is it a hard and
godlike decision that is requiring them to
be something more than the human
beings that they are?” The demon felt he
was getting across to his jury. He
attempted a brief summation. “Curiously,
when we put all this in perspective, we
see that the man, in spite of equivocation
and indecision, does either good or evil in
a direct sense, for its own sake and as an
end in itself; whereas the aliens do evil
incidentally and out of indifference, in
the course of doing something benevolent
for themselves.”

Malthrusar was beginning to feel
watched. He wondered what the aliens
were thinking, whether they knew why
he was now hurrying toward the city and
why he was going to sabotage its power
plant in an apparently arbitrary way. He
wondered if they would see through the
surface irrationality of his actions and
detect the deeper intention. He did not
know for sure, until the entire planet
erupted in a brilliance of electrical and
chemical and radiant energy-fields, that
they hadn’t.

“You all know,” the demon con-
tinued, “this event, since the entire
perished population of that planet caused
a housing crisis here in hell. But probably
you have not, before now, tried to think
through what led up to the event. In
conclusion, I call your attention only to
the fact that the man, in sabotaging the
alien’s human ‘power-conduit,’ created an
uncontrollable factor which, at the time
of the conjecture, led to a massive feed-
back and reaction, eventuating in the
destruction of the entire planet, aliens as
well. Again, note this outcome,
although it is more just in that it embroils
the perpetrators of the evil in the conse-
quences of their own action, has nonetheless
brought on a numerically greater evil
than that which it sought retribution for.
Due to the confusion of the last hours in
the man’s mind, no detection of his per-
sonal motive is possible. We cannot tell
whether he spitefully accepted the greater
evil, or whether he knew for certain at all
what the real outcome would be. In a
sense that would be beside my point, even
if we did understand this man’s
intentions. I want only to demonstrate
the indeterminacy of moral concepts
among human beings, the damnable
power of interpretation that they have,
which continually interferes with our
own desire to make them feel that their
punishment is indeed punishment, since
of course their suffering is diminished
when they do not get the point that this
suffering is meant for them and is meant
to be insufferable. They tend to take the
deck off the suffering when they do not
see that it will be interminable. It is in the
light of all this that I have fallen to
dereliction of duty, to dreaming and con-
ception of things moral. I can only
request your clemency for this inexcus-
able failure."

After the jury had silently filed out, the little demon took to remembering his grand dream, the recapitulation of a civilization. Only the re-entry of the jury, some hours later, awoke him.

"Nabden Profratica," the foreman addressed him. He arose to face his sentence. But the foreman digressed. "Lest the defendant misunderstand our verdict, we have decided to depart from custom and explain the verdict beforehand. Old Professor Prosthcodigides has argued, very eloquently, that quite the contrary of what the defendant has claimed, mere suffering, not understood by the sufferer, is not diminished by its not being understood. He finds your attitude undemonic in the extreme, in that there is a reason why no other demons have speculated about the history of hell's patients: to think about their history is to think about the reasons for their suffering, and that is the same as understanding why their suffering is just. But, he says, to consider suffering just is to mitigate its pain—it does not bite as much as it would if it were undeserved and arbitrary. He finds your position, therefore, to be directly wrong and subversive."

The demon started to break out in a green sweat, but he was relieved, for an instant, as the foreman continued.

"I report this minority opinion on the jury for your edification. The rest of us jurors have found no merit in either of the two opposed positions. In fact we haven't understood a damn thing that was said since this trial began, although we did enjoy the color movies and particularly the big holocaust at the end. The majority opinion of the jury is that you are guilty of being boring and obscure. Although it isn't undemonic of you to be this way, since this method of psychological torture is as valid as any other, still it is quite demonic of us to be irritated with it."

The judge coiled his forked tail in salacious anticipation and banged his gavel: "Seventy-two millennia of corporal punishment!" was the sentence.

Four guardian devils stepped forward and thrust their sharp-pointed tridents into Nabden Profratica's paunch.
DIDJA EVER WONDER WHAT TYPE OF PERSON CONCOCTS THESE BIZARRE
ADVENTURES YOU READ HERE AND IN THE COMICS? WELL, THE FORTITUDE
OF TOM SUTTON HAS! SO WE GIVE YOU...

The Comic Book Freak!

The formative years of the comic book freak are
of utmost importance
as they form the
foundation for an
amazing life style.

Look! It's a bird!
It's a plane!
It's...

...It's just my crazy ol' brother,
Melvin Mednik,
Jumpin' off the
barn roof agin!

MELVIN! STOP
READIN' THEM
DUMB COMIC BOOKS
AN' COME WATCH
TELEVISION!

AH! LET HIM ALONE
IT AIN'T HIS
FAULT HE'S
GOT NO TASTE
PER KULTURE!

YOUR WORK IS INDICATIVE OF A
PROMISING CAREER, MEDNIK---

...IN PLUMBING!

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A GOOD EDUCATION IS VERY IMPORTANT TO THE ASPIRING COMICS WRITER... AN EDUCATION IN COMICS THAT IS...

DAWNS THE GREAT DAY WHEN ARMED WITH THE ADDRESSES FROM THE INSIDE COVERS OF HIS COMIC BOOKS, THE NOVICE LAYS SIEGE TO THE BIG CITY PUBLISHERS!

HMMPH! WELL, KID, I GOT AN OPENING FOR AN 'ERASER' WITH A GOOD CHANCE FOR PROMOTION TO PANEL INKER!

SMUDGE COMICS WHAT A BREAK!

S O O N, HOWEVER, OUR LITERARY LUMINARY FINDS A PLACE FOR HIMSELF AMONG THE GUIDING LIGHTS OF COMICDOM...

HOW'S THIS FOR A GREAT IDEA SAL? THERE'S THIS SCIENTIST, SEE, AN HE GETS ZAPPED BY SOME WEIRD RAYS SEE, AN HE TURNS INTO THIS BIG GREEN HULKING MONSTER, SEE, AN...

NO GOOD, MEDNIK! THE FANS'LL NEVER GO FOR IT!

DAWNS THE SECOND GREAT DAY! OUR SHOOK-UP SHAKESPEARE GETS HIS OWN MAG TO WRITE!

MEDNIK! YOU'RE TEN PAGES BEHIND THE ARTIST!

BUT HOW CAN THE ARTIST DRAW THE STUFF BEFORE I WRITE IT?! DON'T QUIBBLE, MEDNIK! CATCH UP!

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO MEDNIK? HE HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND FOR MONTHS!

OH, HE'S HERE ALRIGHT! LOOK!

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE A MEDNIK FACING A DEADLINE, SO IN NO TIME AT ALL...

C'MON MEDNIK! ONLY A FEW MORE AND YOUR FIFTEEN BOOKS FOR THIS MONTH WILL BE FINISHED!

THEN YOU CAN HAVE THIS NICE LIVERWURST-ON-RYE I HAVE HERE!

THE END? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'!
YESTERDAY'S RAIN

YESTERDAY'S RAIN BRINGS TOMORROW'S PAINS FALLING 'ROUND MY HEAD
THOSE FEELINGS I DREAD...
LOVE HAS LOST.
YOU'LL PAY THE COST OF A BROKEN DREAM.
AND STILL IT SEEMS I CAN'T GET OUT FROM UNDER
MY CLOUD AND SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY.

YESTERDAY'S RAIN FALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND MAKES
ME FEEL THE WORLD'S NOT REAL.
YESTERDAY CAME JUST TO BRING ME MISERY 'TIL I CAN'T SEE.

RUNNING THROUGH THE TREES, MY HANDS ABOVE MY HEAD,
TRYING TO ESCAPE THE RAIN.
YESTERDAY'S RAIN BRINGS TOMORROW'S PAIN FALLING 'ROUND MY HEAD.

THE FREEDOMS ARE DEAD.
YOU'LL PAY THE COSTS.
YESTERDAY'S RAIN FALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN...

Stray Shot in Drug Raid
Kills Father Holding Infant
OVER MY HEAD THE DARKNESS SPREAD 'TIL MORNING LIGHT THAT BREAKS IN THE NIGHT COMES DOWN AROUND ME, TEARS FALLING LIKE THE BIRTH OF RAIN SPINNING TO THE GROUND...

HEARING NOT A SOUND, THOUGHTS INSIDE MY HEAD GOING 'ROUND AND 'ROUND, FRIENDS ALL AROUND ME AND I'M STILL ALL ALONE.
AND YESTERDAY'S RAIN FELL ALL THAT NIGHT AND INTO NO TOMORROW...
THE WAY HAD BEEN LONG AND HARSH--
AND THE SILVER-MANED BARBARIAN WHO
WAS KALVIN THE BOLD HAD GROWN TIRED
OF THE QUEST. THE FOREST THAT NOW
FORMED A CANOPY ABOVE HIS HEAD WAS
MADE OF QUIETER STUFF--AND HAD IT NOT
BEEN FOR THE SOFT MOANING HE HEARD
DRIFTING THRU THE TREES, HE MIGHT WELL
HAVE FOUND HIS WAY HOME--IN PEACE...

HOLD, FERRET--YOU INCORRIGIBLE
NAG--YOUR MASTER WOULD
SEEK THE CAUSE OF
YONDER SOUND!

FORCEING HIS WAY
THRU THE
TANGLED
UNDERBRUSH,
KALVIN
BURST
INTO THE
PERIMETERS
OF A SMALL
CLEARING,
WHERE HE
DISCOVERS...

HO! AND WHAT HAVE
WE HERE? A PAIR OF
COMELY WENCHES
THESE WEARY EYES HAVE
NOT SEEN FOR A
GOODLY SPELL!

GREETINGS,
FAIR MAIDS! WHAT
DO YOU HERE IN
THIS MISBEGOTTEN
WILDERNESS?

I PRAY THEE,
BRAVE WARRIOR...;
SAVE US! OUR
PEOPLE HAVE
LEFT US HERE
IN SACRIFICE
TO THE FIERCE
DRAGON WHO
DOETH TERRORIZE
OUR VILLAGE!

AYE NOBLE
SIR! IF YOU
DOETH NOT
RESCUE US
SOON, 'T'LL
BE TOO LATE!

THE DRAGON
RETURNS
WITH HASTE!

AH--SO IT DOES!
BUT IT RETURNS
FOR NAUGHT,
BUT DEATH!
IT LUMBERS FORWARD SLOWLY. THIS GHASTLY BEHEMOTH FROZE A TIME LONG DEAD... IT CRUSHES THE SOFT EARTH FLAT BENEATH ITS TALONED TREAD AND TURNS ITS GRIME-ENCRUSTED HEAD TO STUDY THE PUNY LITTLE CREATURE THAT OPPOSES IT...

HAH, DRAGON... YOU'VE NEED MOVE FAR SWIFTER THAN THAT TO SINK YOUR FOUL TEETH INTO KALVIN THE BOLD!

I SHALL MAKE THIS SWIFT MONSTER... THERE ARE TWO FAIR MAIDS YONDER WHO AWAIT MY PLEASURE!

FAREWELL, DRAGON--ENJOY YOUR STAY IN HELL!

The ponderous dragon does not even pause as it turns to the two young females whose screams slice like sword-blades thru the forest air...

The diamond-shaped skull completes its turn at last... and the sweet air is rent with the sickening smell of charred and burning flesh...

And Kalvin the Bold joins the other charred patches in the lush green clearing...
A VIEW FROM WITHOUT

BACKGROUND DATA
A. Extreme view of (1) territoriality and (2) spheres of influence guide all political, personal and religious conflicts. Personal ego plays little part in conflict except when it involves (1) and (2). Personal honor no longer seems to hold sway in decision making reinforcing Rycroft's "structure of alien culture" theory. According to the theory this change could be either good or bad.

B. Advances in communications make it impossible for a powerful nation to dominate acquired territory without making some sort of excuse or alibi. (Colloq.)

EXAMPLE: One large country (A) protects a smaller country (B) from a third country (C). Meanwhile, country (A) does not pay import taxes in country (B) and gets first crack at its exports. (Sometimes called the "protection racket". (Colloq.)

KALEN TO RFPKKKWWWMMMAC
**KLIK** READJUSTMENT COMPLETED... SUBSIDIARY REPORT NO. 3645666... SUBJECT EARTH... COORDINATES FOLLOW... PURPOSE... DETAIL STUDY... ASSIGNMENT C-QUOTIENT TESTING... PROSPECT RATING... QUESTIONABLE... UNDESIRABLE!... GENERAL PURPOSE... TO PROVIDE COMPLETE REPORT TO I. F. O. C. P. FOR CONSIDERATION. SPECIFIC PURPOSE: UNKNOWN TO FIELD PERSONEL - FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACQUIRING AN UNBIASED VIEW. DETAIL REPORT FOLLOWS.
C. In the case of Vietnam, a large country (a Confederated Union of States called simply, the United States) many hundreds of miles away, has provided military armament and manpower to assist the 'recognised' government of South Vietnam in a war against a rebel uprising which is supported by North Vietnam (North and South once been United).

D. To defend its position the large country presents two positions. (1) At home it insists that the Vietnamese must be protected from the godless (?) Communists. (2) To a less parochial world it insists that South Vietnam was attacked by North Vietnam and by treaty this country was asked to step in. (Curiously enough all of the fighting seems to be taking place in the South. In support of the rebellion theory.)

E. A large number of citizens of this United States apparently find difficulty in justifying this war. Perhaps world communications is having some effect in stopping this war. (This subject covered in length in addendum report.) Various individuals in this United States depend on this war for their profits. Curiously enough, they are the ones who scream loudest about 'godless' Communists. (In an enlightened society we realize that it is advisable to cut down on profits and that the optimum is to give more than we receive.)

This background data was supplied so as to make clear portions of what you are about to see...the location of the village of one Nai-Binh-Chu geographically is unimportant except to say that it is situated in a neutral zone between the two warring factions.
THE FAMILY OF NAI-BINH-CHU IS COMMITTING A FAIRWELL RITUAL TYPICAL TO THE PLANET. THE YOUNGEST SON, HAI DING, PLAYFULLY GRABS AT HIS FATHER'S NOSE.

HIS WIFE JOKES AT HOW LARGE HER HUSBAND'S NOSE IS, THAT IS SHOULD ATTRACT THEIR SON'S PLAYFUL ATTENTION, "LIKE AN AMERICAN'S", SHE SAYS.

EVEN AN OUTWORLDER CAN SENSE THE UNDERLYING SADNESS OF CHU'S FAIRWELL. ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER HAS CONVINCED HIM THAT THEIR CAUSE IS JUST.

IN CHU'S CASE IT WAS THE VIET CONG, AND ON THIS DAY HIS JOB IS TO AMBUSH AN ENEMY PATROL. IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER HE REALLY KNOWS WHY HE'S FIGHTING.

BUT FIGHT HE DOES AND POORLY THIS DAY. PERHAPS BECAUSE THE AMERICANS ARE SO WELL TRAINED. PERHAPS BECAUSE HIS THOUGHTS ARE OF HIS SON, HAI.

IF SO, IT WAS A TRAGIC THOUGHT, FOR THE NOSE HIS SON SO GLEEFULLY GRASPED MOMENTS BEFORE HAS BEEN SHATTERED AND SPLINTERED BEYOND RECOGNITION BY A STEEL-JACKETED PROJECTILE.
THE AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO ENDED CHU'S LIFE HAS PAUSED. I READ REGRET AND REVULSION ON HIS FACE.

WHILE BACK AT CHU'S VILLAGE NAKED FEAR SHADOWS THE FEATURES OF ITS PEOPLE. THE DRONE OF AIRCRAFT SO LONG FAMILIAR IS NOW OMINOUSLY CLOSE.

AND WITH THIS CALLOUS, USELESS WARNING THE BOMBS AND ROCKETS HURL THEMSELVES UPON THE SOFT FLESH AND TINDERBOX HOMES OF THIS SMALL VILLAGE. THE HOME OF THE NOW DEAD NAIBINH-CHU IS STRUCK FIRST!

AN ADMIXTURE CALLED NAPALM HAS ENDED THE LIVES OF CHU'S FAMILY EXCEPT HIS WIFE WHO TAKES A FINAL BREATH OF LIVING FIRE AS SHE HURLS A SMALL PRECIOUS PACKAGE FROM THE HUT.
The smoldering "package" bounces and rolls to a stop. So resilient are human babies with layers of fat and flexible bones...

Having few desires, wanting only food and the enfolding protecting warmth of its mother.

So....he cries....and his cries are lost in the screams, explosions, death cries and moans of a hundred other victims.

His tears burn his eyes, as he seeks to wipe them away a small part of his pained senses wonders why the futile rubbing pains him all the more.

Nearly blinded by the cauterized flesh of his arm, he struggles upward...

A woman with an already dead child rushes by and knocks hai over....if only she knew..........perhaps she would pause...
The initial shock must have worn off by this point. Hai shrieks all the louder in confusion and pain. Over and over he calls for his mother.

Once again he struggles up but shrieks now each time he touches anything with his right arm.

He walks... no, stumbles... in the smoke... the rubble, he seems to be looking for... anything... anything familiar... anyone... who will... hold him... warm him... comfort him.

But since Hai is just a baby... he... doesn't recognize the drainage ditch, since he's a baby... his coordination isn't developed enough to stop his mutilated body from plunging headlong into the only sewerage system his village has.
Since he's a baby, and since he's at war, and since he's a threat to all brave men who love freedom everywhere... he tumbles unnoticed into ten inches of water.

I have edited the record here as you might have noticed. It took a full two minutes for the baby to drown in those... ten... inches of water... ah... excuse me... end of report.

Click

Greetings:
THANKS —
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SCHEDULE OF PUBLICATION — Phase
will appear at the very end of each year;
and to keep us busy for the rest of the
year we'll be publishing numerous other
surprises — far too many to list.
So keep your eyes open and your wallet
ready!

CONTRIBUTIONS — We'd really like to
see your stuff but, before you send
anything — take a good look at what's in
here; then, if you decide you could put
a few of 'em outta business — accompany
all manuscripts or art with a stamped
self-addressed envelope; or preferably,
send stats or Xerox copies which do not
need to be returned.

CORRESPONDENCE — We'd appreciate
any comments on this issue and sugges-
tions for our future projects; if you wish
to be answered, you must enclose an
S.S.A.E.

All Contributions and Correspondence
to be sent to Phase, P.O. Box 218, Vander-
veer Station, Brooklyn, New York
11210.

FALSE ADVERTISING DEPT. — What
ever happened to that previously an-
nounced cover by the one and only Jim
Steranko? We decided against it.
How come?
Because it was a western, and as such
would've been too misleading a cover
topic for an anything goes mag like Phase.
Also, we thought it too dark and dull-
toned to be reproduced as an exterior of
striking brillianice.
So, for these reasons, in spite of Mr.
Steranko's benevolent gesture, we chose
Ken Barr as our cover artist and hope-
fully, you'll enjoy his delineation as
much as we did.

HEY LOOK — If you want to see an
enlarged reprint of Comes the Grey
Dawn, well it's in Monster Times, by
permission of Phase.

Production and Design by Sal Quartuccio