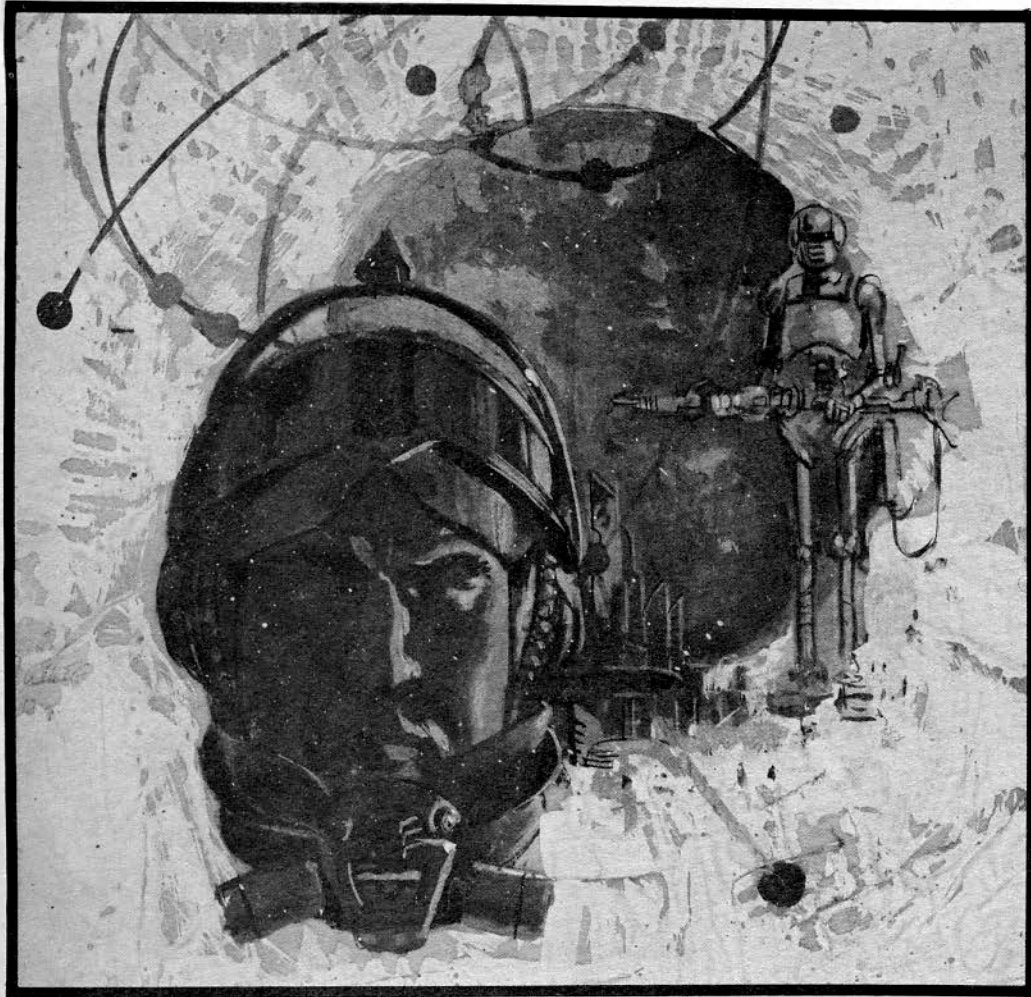


Imagination

no.1





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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NEXT ISSUE:

A Sci-Fi "Classic"



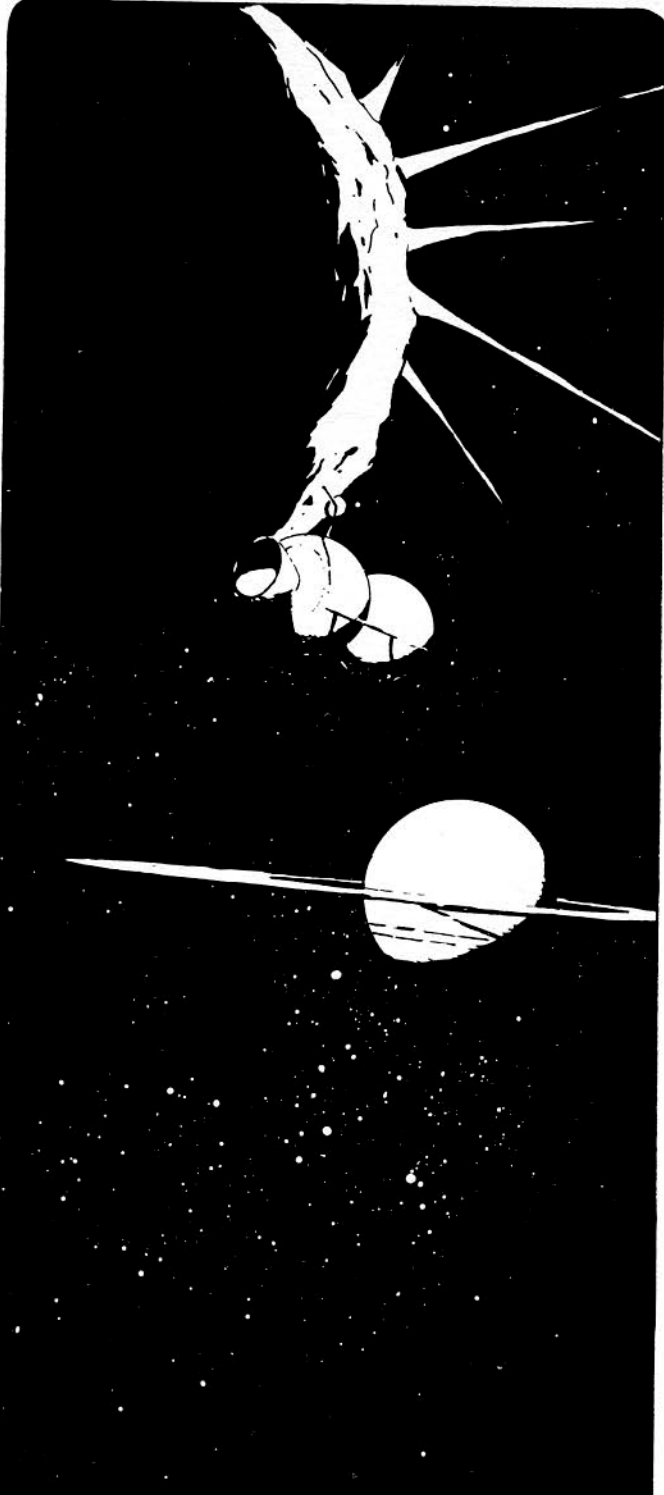
by Neal Adams

Phillips ©1970

EXPLORED

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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.



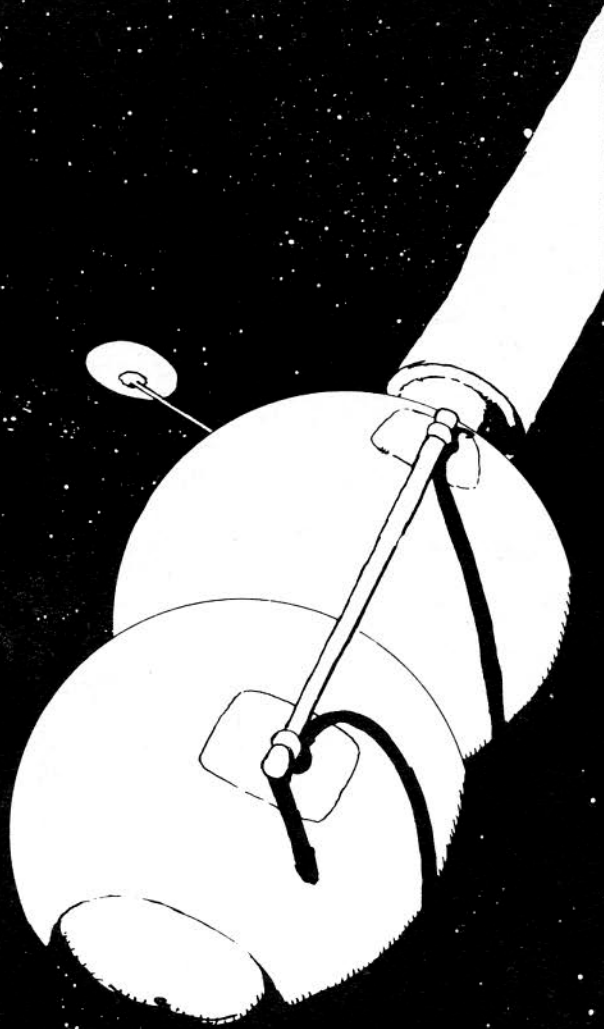
FANTASTIC! WE WERE RIGHT! ORE. INCREDIBLY RICH ORE. RADIOACTIVE. EMINATING FROM SATURN. NOW WE HAVE POWER TO REACH THE STARS! DO YOU READ ME, SATURN CONTROL. OVER. . .

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

NO. SOME DISTURBANCE. MAMBE FROM **TITAN** . I'LL MOVE CLOSER. OUT. . .

WE COPY. OUT.

THE ENGINE ERUPTED AND HURTTLED
CHASE TOWARD THE WONDER OF THE
SOLAR SYSTEM.



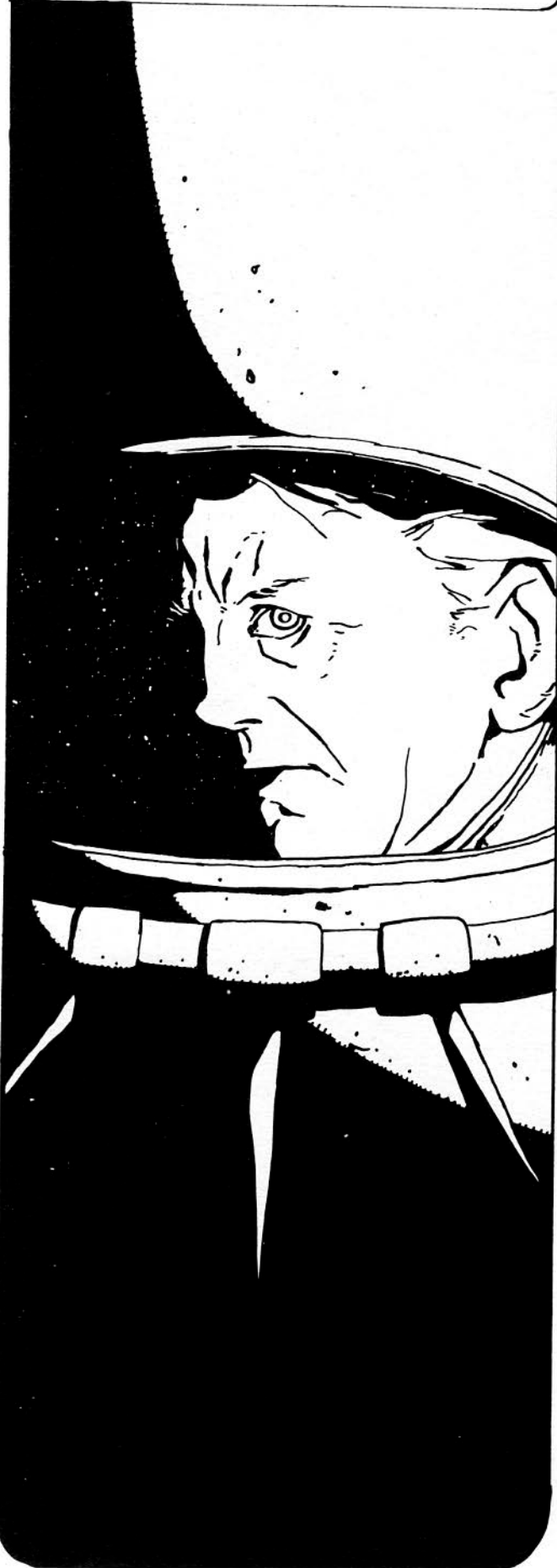
I'M GOING IN NOW. CLOSER. I WANT TO GET
AN ACCURATE READING. MAYBE I CAN GET
BEYOND THE INTERFERENCE.

THEN SILENCE. SOME IMMENSE MAGNETIC
FIELD STILLED THE PROXIME HEAVENS.
DEAD SILENCE.



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 untiringly 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 gro-

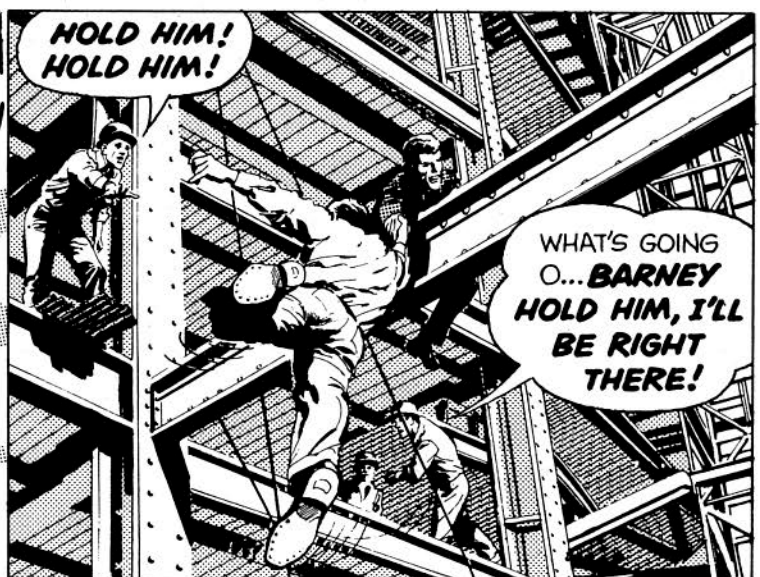
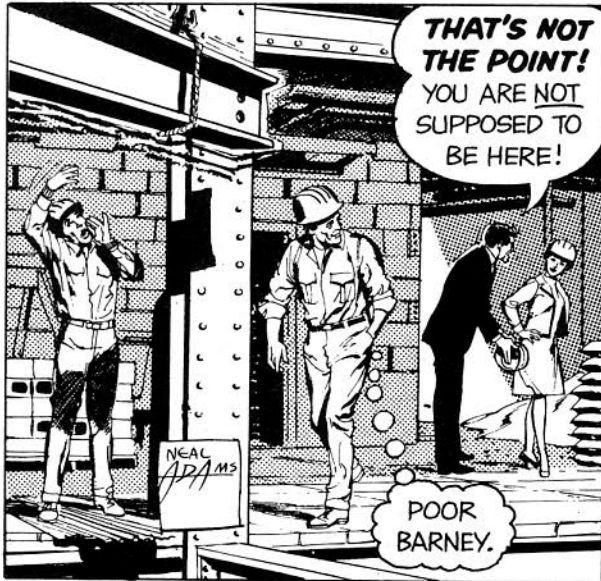
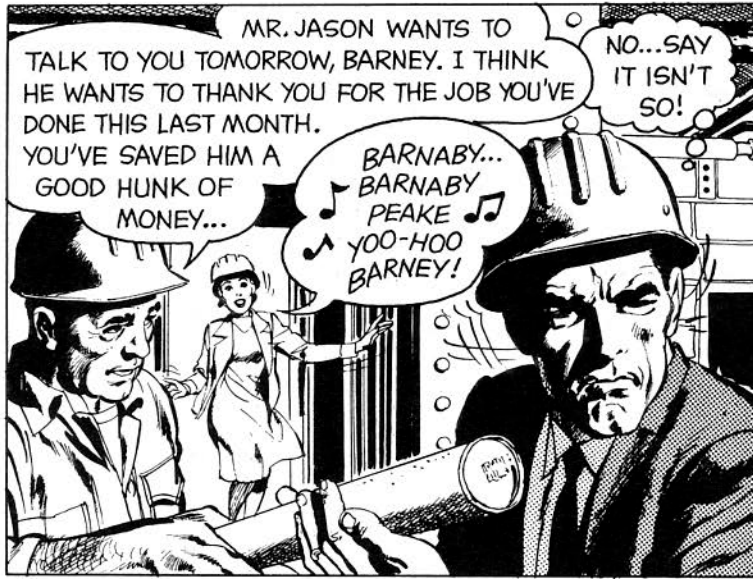
tesque chants to God, the responses to the Prayer of Invocation and the innocent voices of the Junior Choir. The vision of those young uplifted faces and the blonde hair of all the singers toyed with her uncertainty.

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 eyeswidening 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.

TANGENT: by Neal Adams

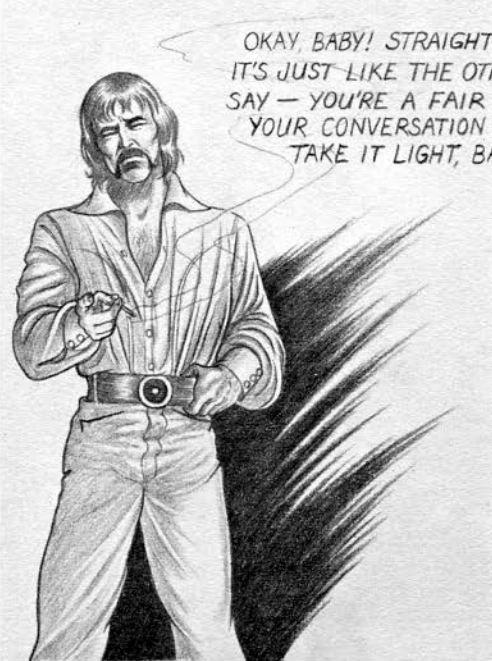






A Gift of Love

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



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....



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 foots' high-priced virginity...."



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



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



"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!"



*Fear not your past, for I can see
The virgin within that ever shall be!*



*And as I turned, he kissed my lips;
His hands carressed my breasts and hips.
Then, smiling sweetly, soft, he said,
"We've 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 yet, once more; one last release...



And that was but the first that night;
Again we shared love's ancient rite....



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....



The End

A Trace of Nature...

The glass seemed different today, almost opaque, as Marthe led the first Child, pale and wide-eyed, into the high-ceilinged 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 Speciman.

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 re-appeared 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, dabbled 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.

Lady Madonna

ERIC PAVE / Stillwell

WELL PETRON, BY THIS TIME TOMORROW WE'LL BE SEVERAL MILLION GILDERS RICHER, AND ABOARD A STARLINER HEADED FOR WEALTHIER PORTS O' CALL.

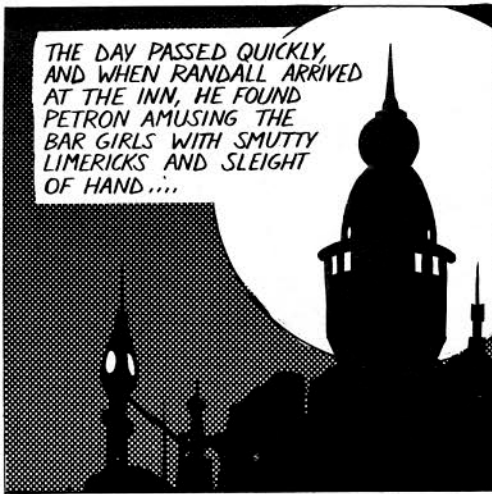
AYE, AND WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER THAN ROBBING A NUNNERY?

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 SHAKHR. 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...

IF THAT EMERALD IS HALF AS BIG AS THE BISHOP SAID, WE COULD BUY THIS PLANET FOUR TIMES OVER.

I'M OFF, THEN. I'LL MEET YOU AT THE RED LION AT FIRST MOON-RISE.



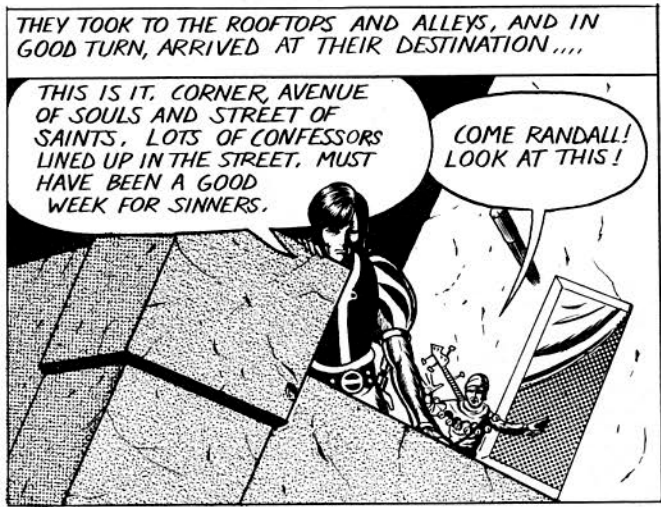


THE DAY PASSED QUICKLY, AND WHEN RANDALL ARRIVED AT THE INN, HE FOUND PETRON AMUSING THE BAR GIRLS WITH SMUTTY LIMERICKS AND SLEIGHT OF HAND....



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

AS ALWAYS, MY MINSTREL FRIEND, COME... LETS 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!



PETRON, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU. PEEPING IN WINDOWS AND AT NUNS NO LESS! COME, LET US ENTER AND COP THE STONE!



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

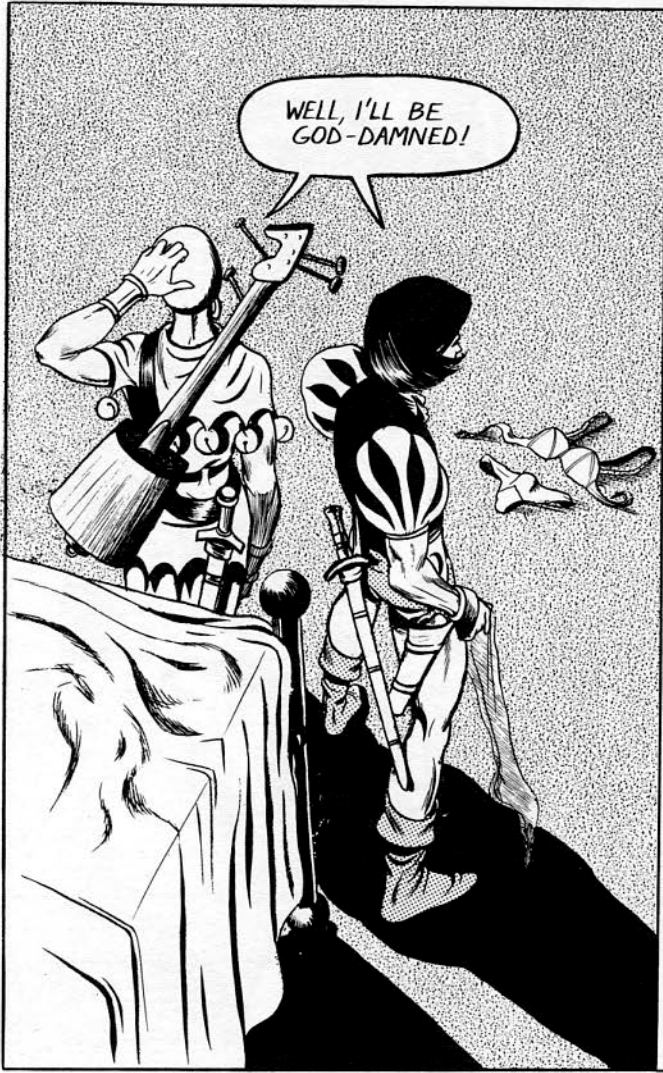


WHAT ARE YOU CHATTERING ABOUT? WHO IN HELL ARE YOU AND WHAT EMERALD? YOU'RE RAVING!!!

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



CONVENT? ARE YOU MAD? THIS IS MISS BUTLER'S — THE CHEAPEST WHOREHOUSE IN THE WESTERN QUARTER!



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...



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-FLESH IN YOUR HANDS YOU STILL REMEMBER YOUR INTRINSIC 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, scream-lined 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 painted 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, confettied 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—

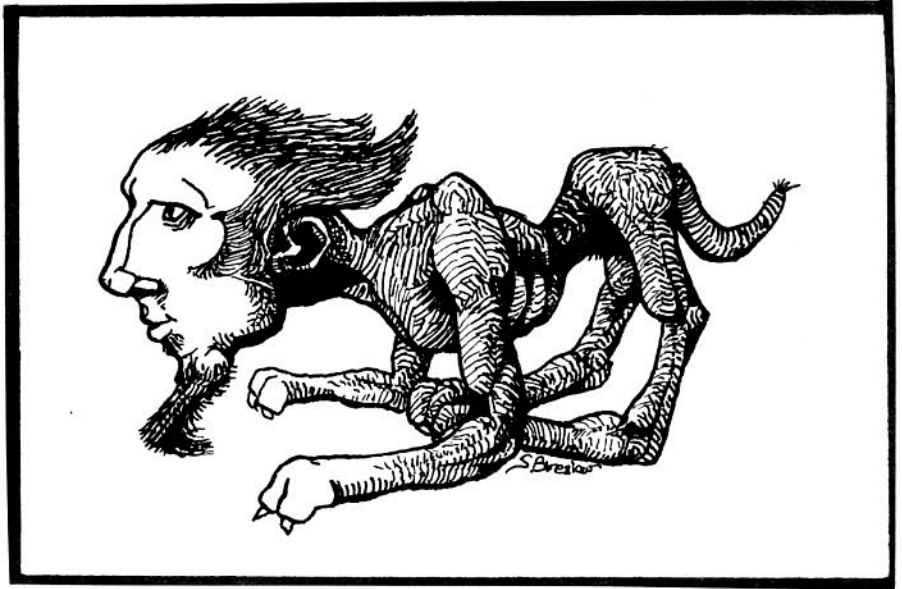
ROTH

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
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

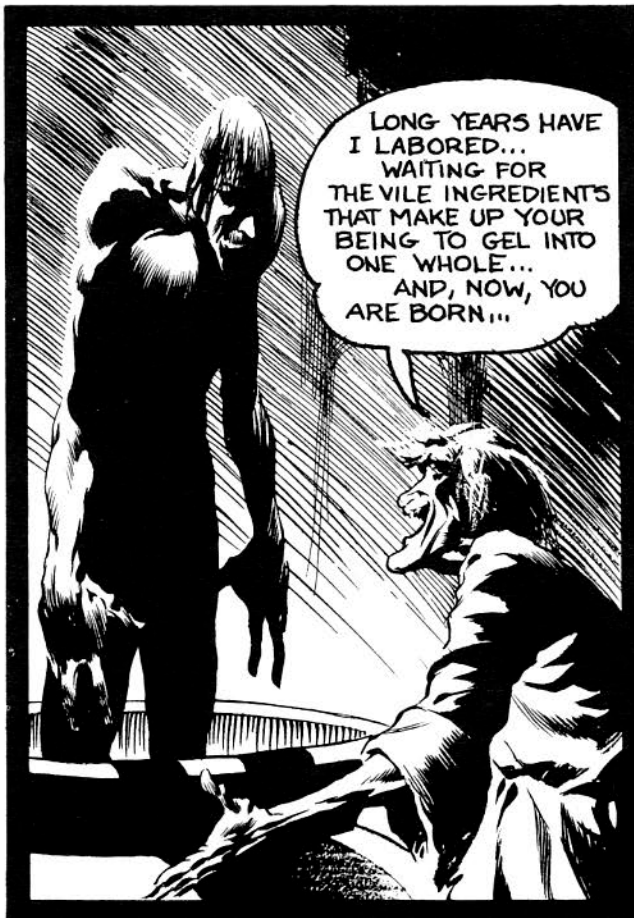


BOIIINNG!!... HIYA, KIDS, HIYA, HIYA, HIYA... THIS IS YOUR HOR-
RENDOUS HOST IN HEATHER HOPPIN' HORROR, THE GREMLIN FROG...
FRESH-CRAWLED FROM MY BED OF BILEOUS BARF-SLIME TO BEND
YOUR EAR WITH A BONE-BREAKING BIT OF BAD BEDLAM. SO, PULL UP
THAT POT OF PUTRESCENT PIG-PARTS WHILST I DESTROY YOUR
MIND 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 HOVEL, STAINING THE DANK SWAMP
AIR WITH THEIR OBSCENE COLOR...

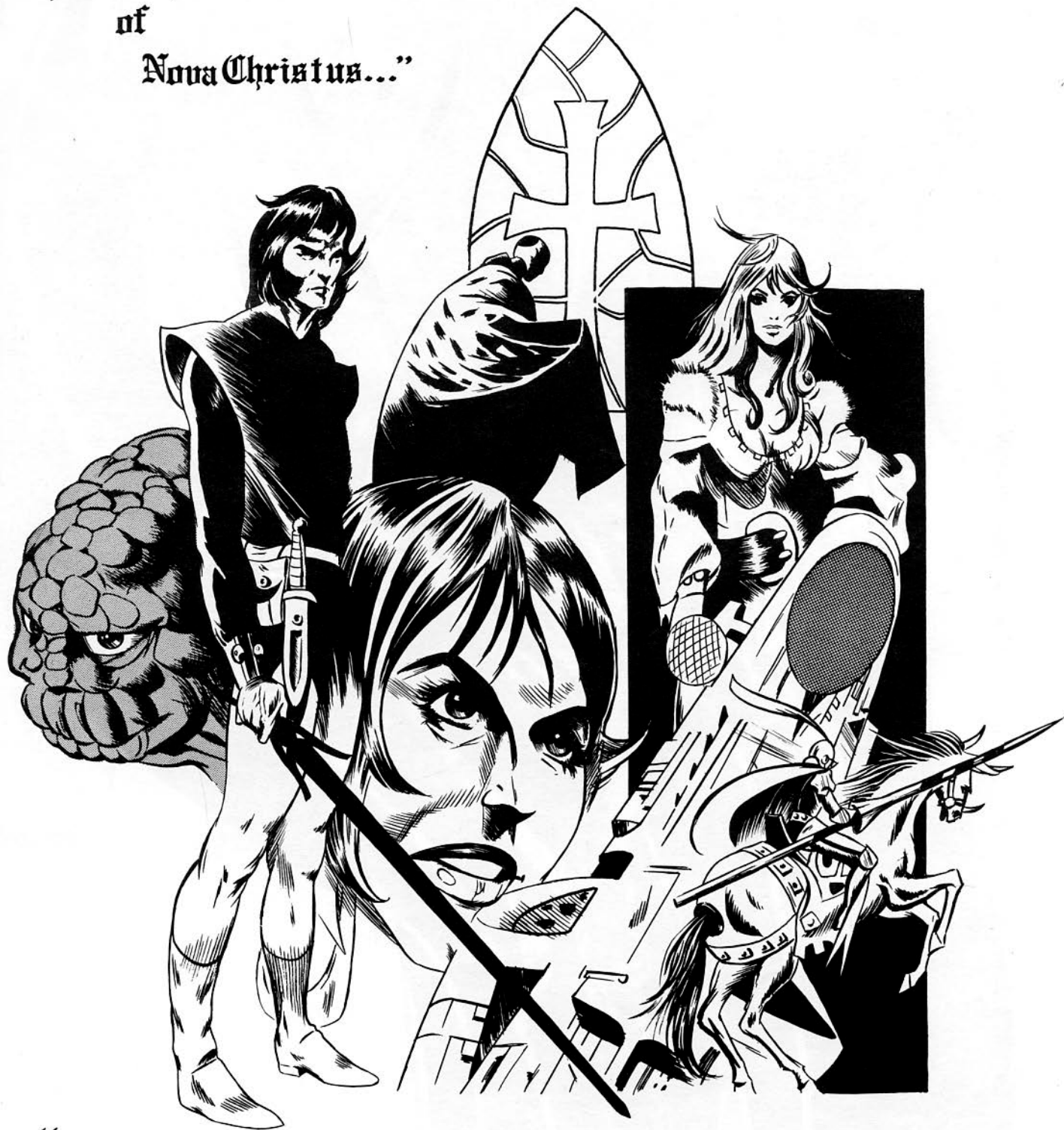






SSPLAATTT!!

"In The Dark Hour
of
Nova Christus..."



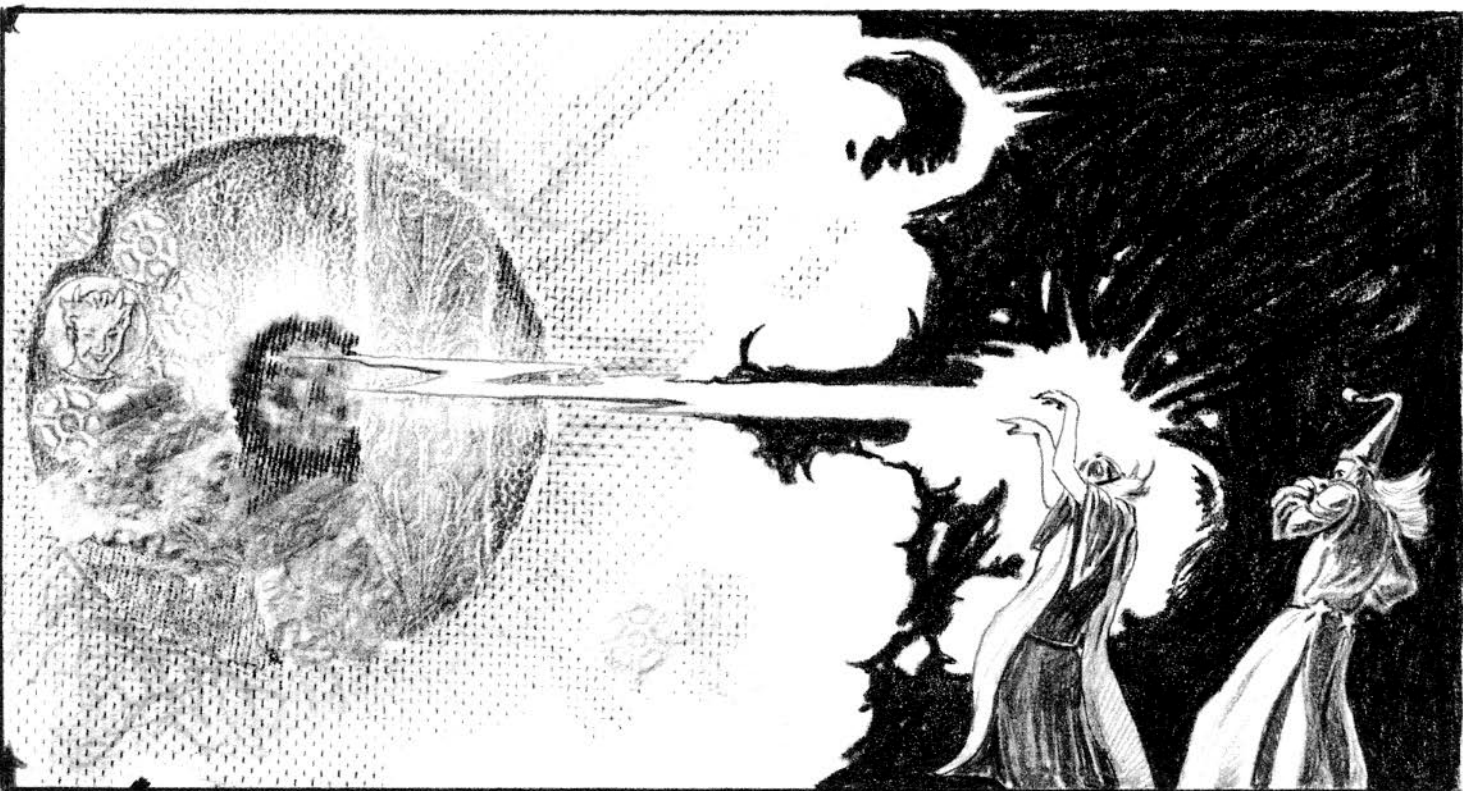
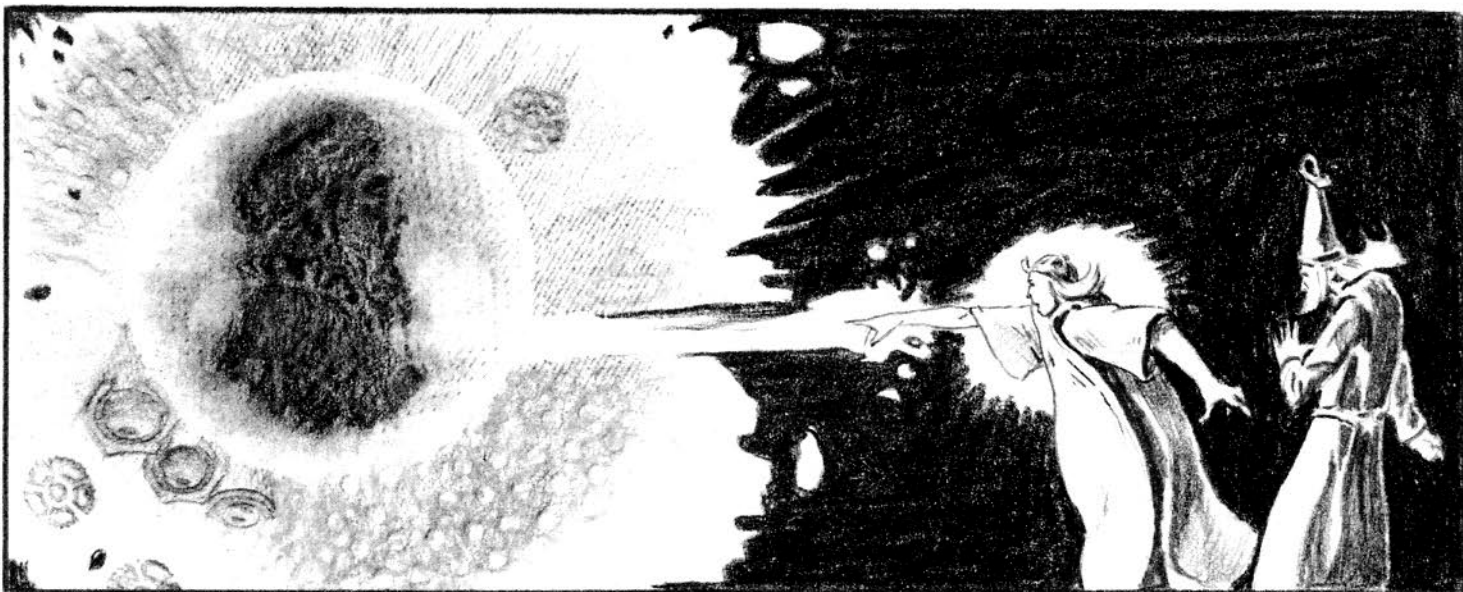
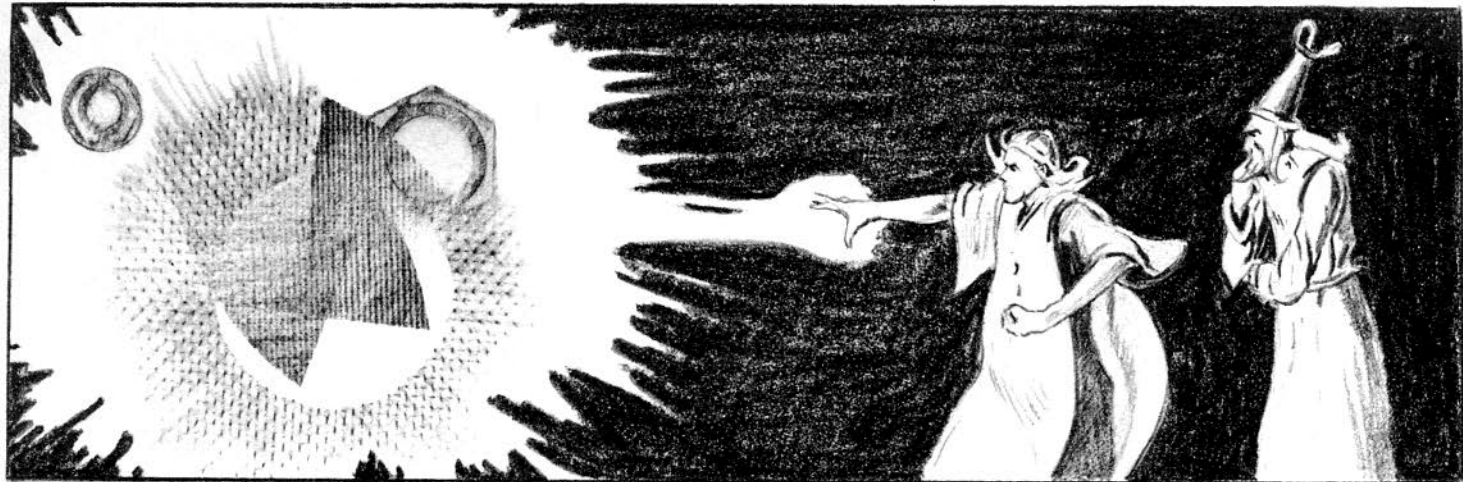
"O,
Saving Grace."

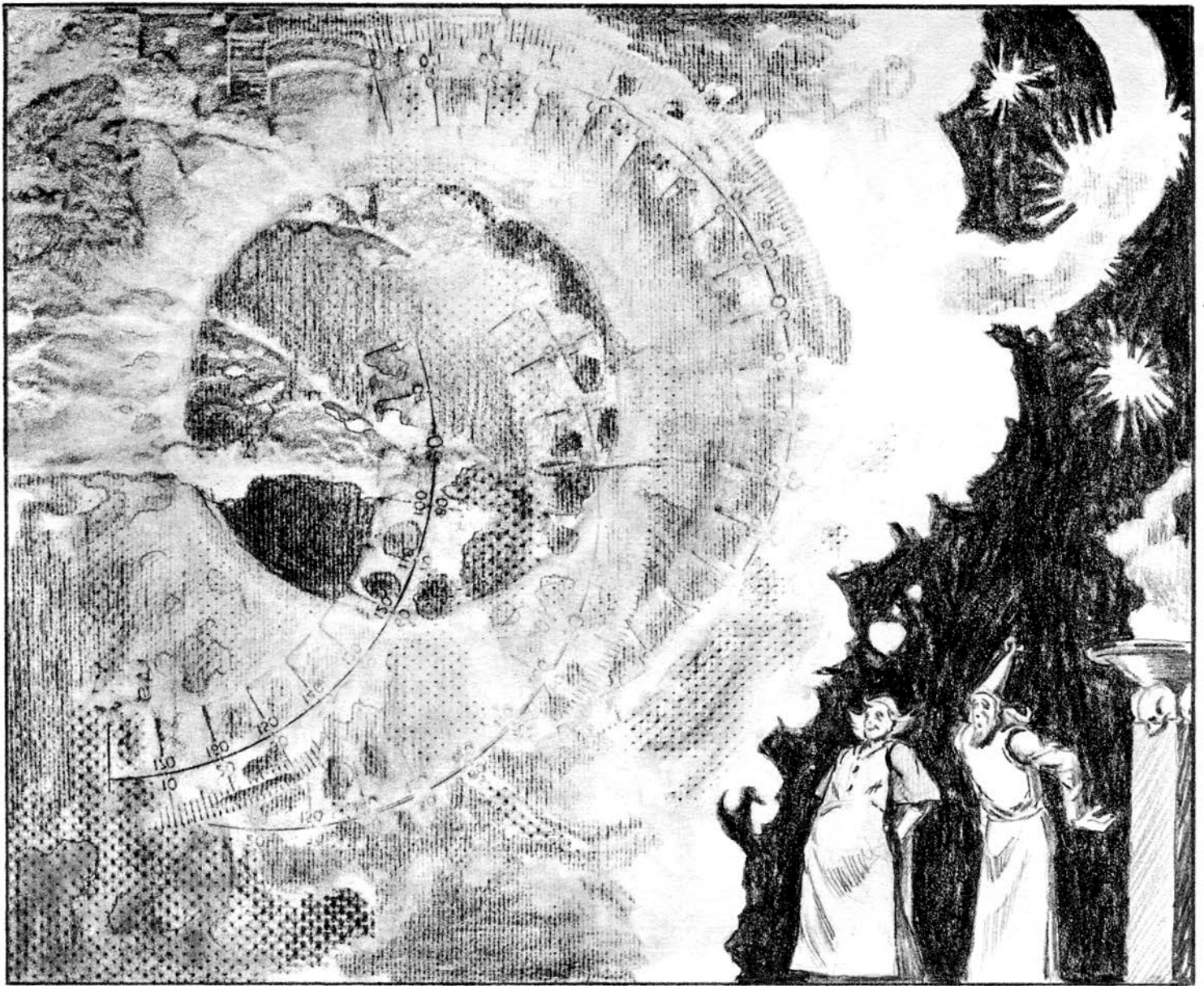
A PREVIEW:











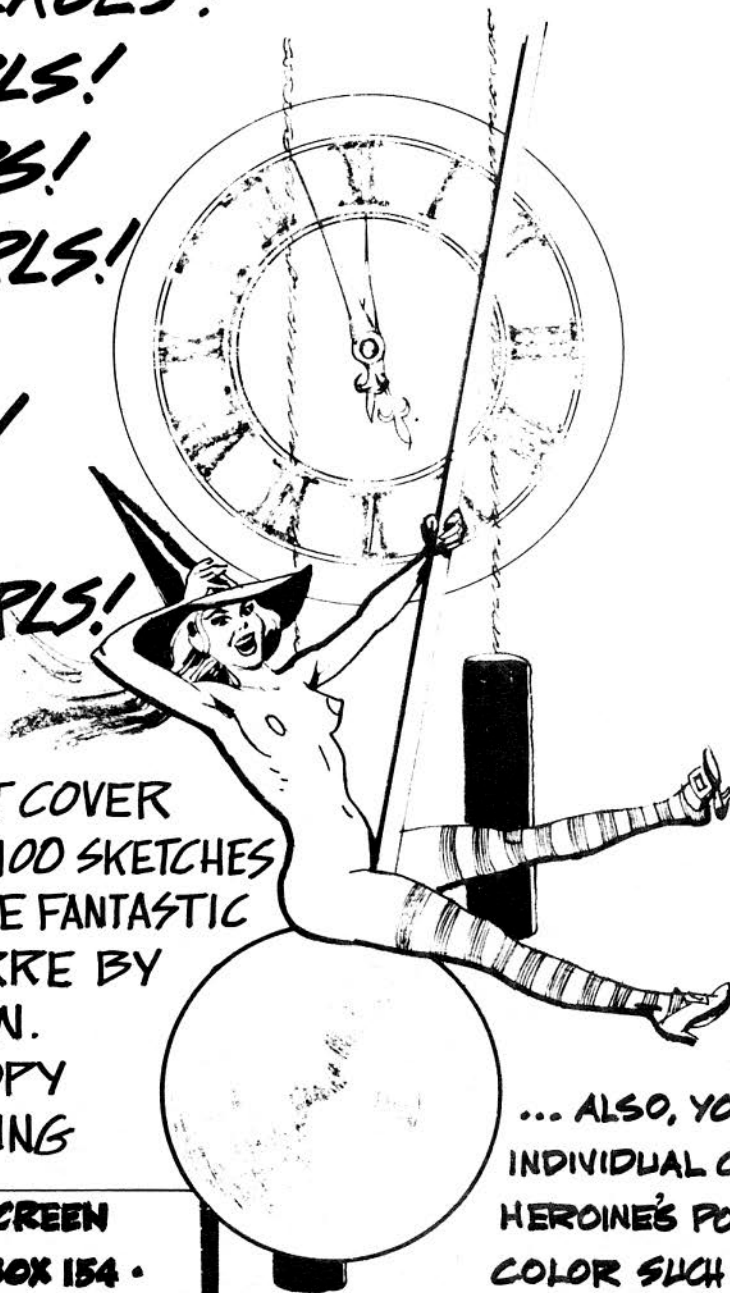
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