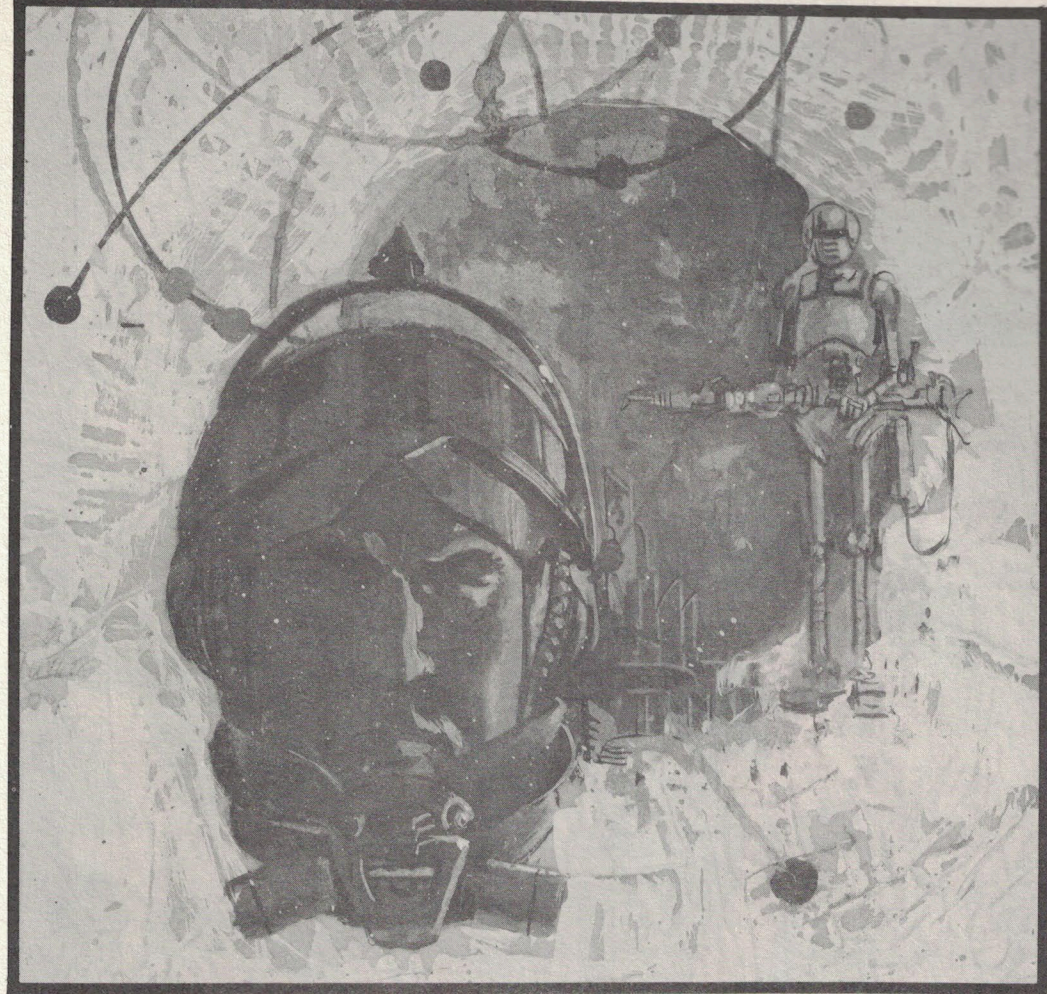


Imagination

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.

Imagination is published three times a year by Imagination Publishing Co.

Editor & Publisher: David Jablin
Offices: 138-06 78th Road
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NEXT ISSUE:

A Sci-Fi "Classic"



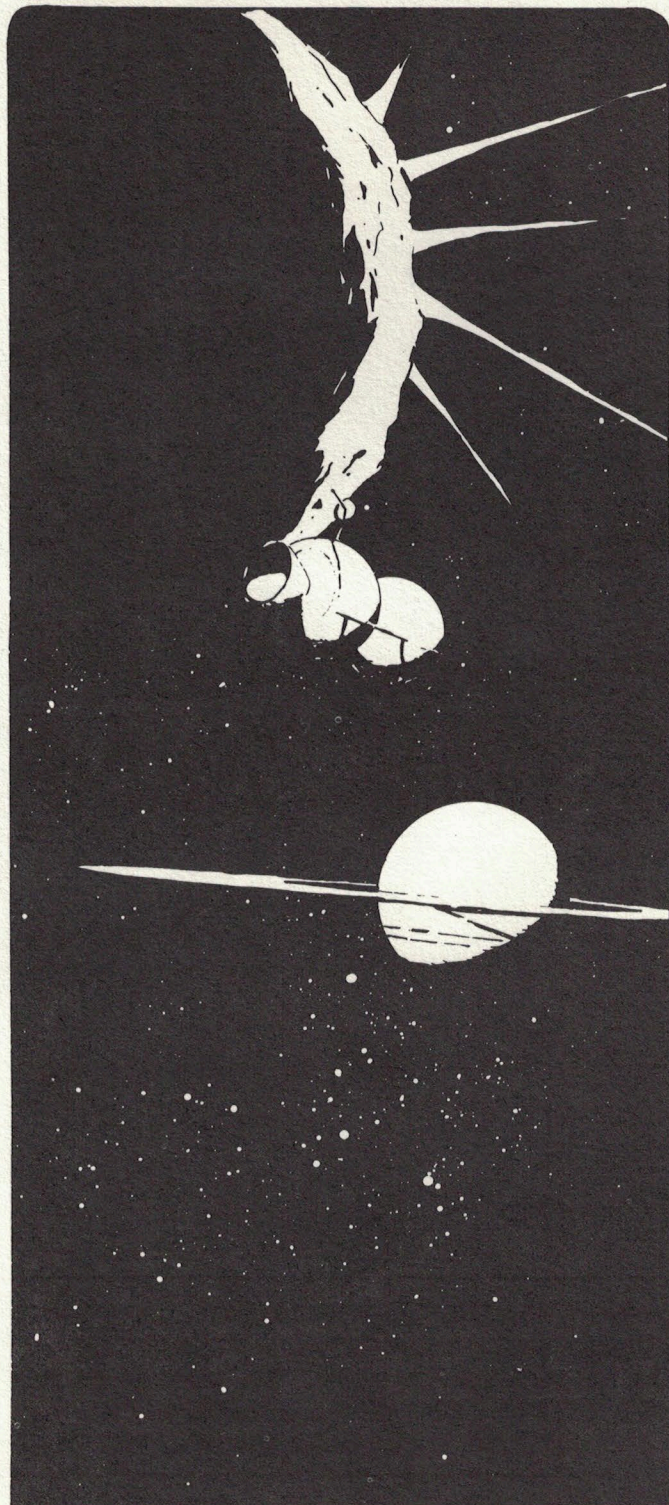
by Neal Adams

Stillell ©1970

EXPLORED

©1970 JEFF JONES

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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.



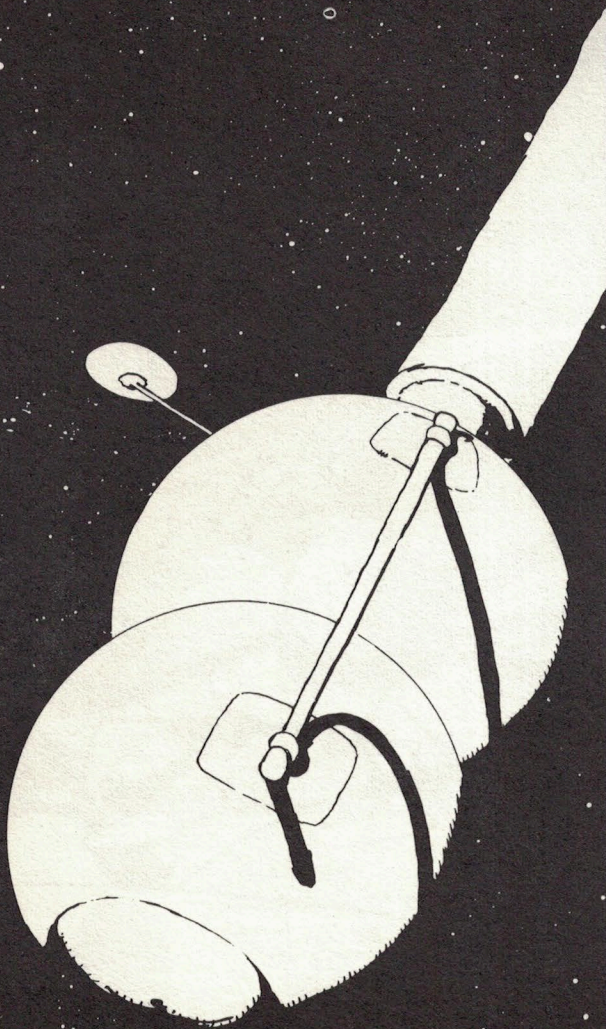
FANTASTIC! WE WERE RIGHT! ORE. INCREDIBLY RICH ORE. RADIOACTIVE. EMINATING FROM SATURN. NOW WE HAVE POWER TO REACH THE STARS! DO YOU READ ME, SATURN CONTROL. OVER. . .

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

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

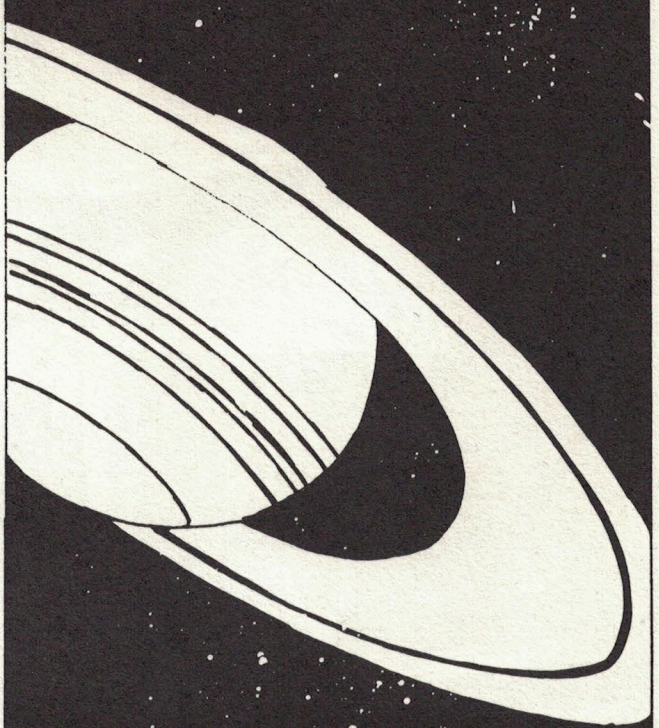
WE COPY. OUT.

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



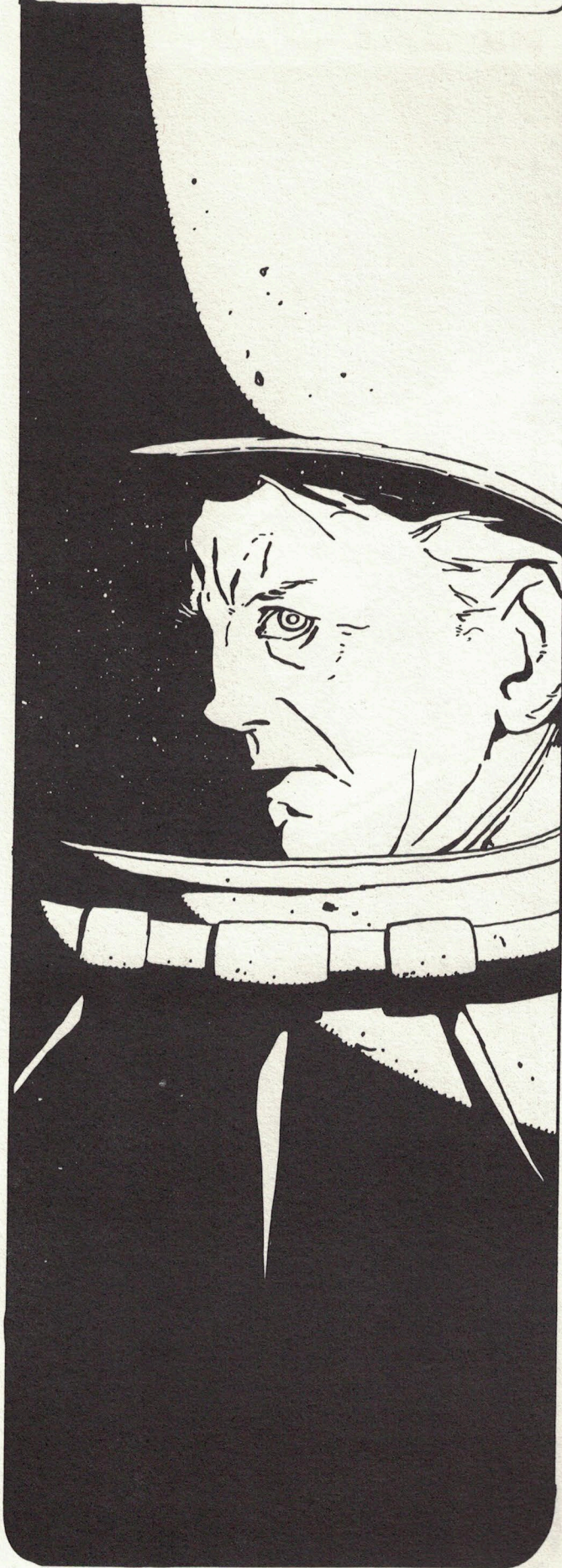
I'M GOING IN NOW. CLOSER. I WANT TO GET
AN ACCURATE READING. MAYBE I CAN GET
BEYOND THE INTERFERENCE.

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...

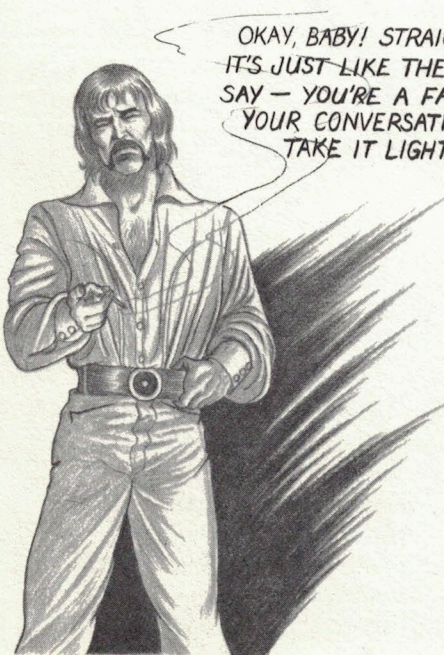
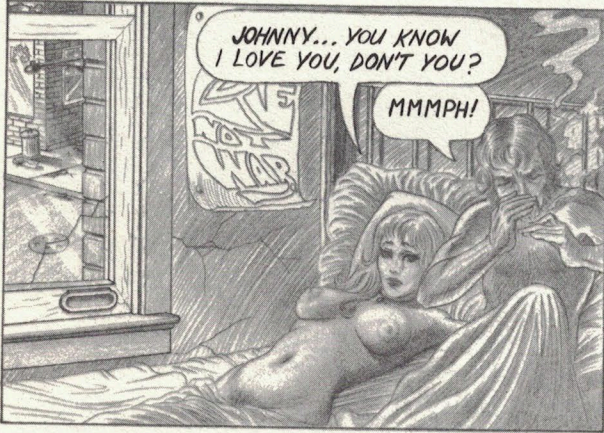


THE RINGS.



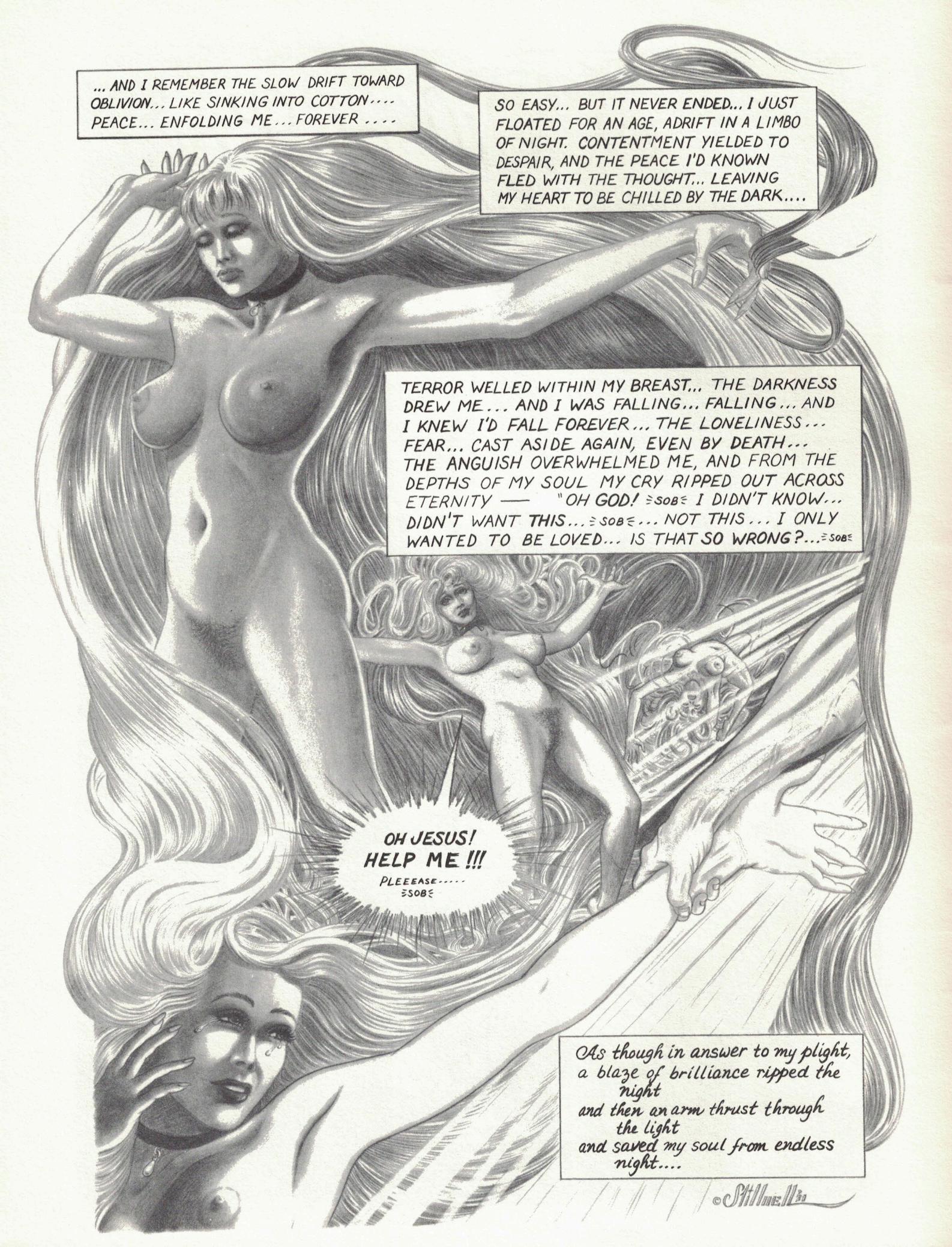
A Gift of Love

1971 © WILLIAM T. STILLWELL - ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



... 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 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! ≡sob≡ I DIDN'T KNOW...
DIDN'T WANT THIS... ≡sob≡... NOT THIS... I ONLY
WANTED TO BE LOVED... IS THAT SO WRONG?... ≡sob≡

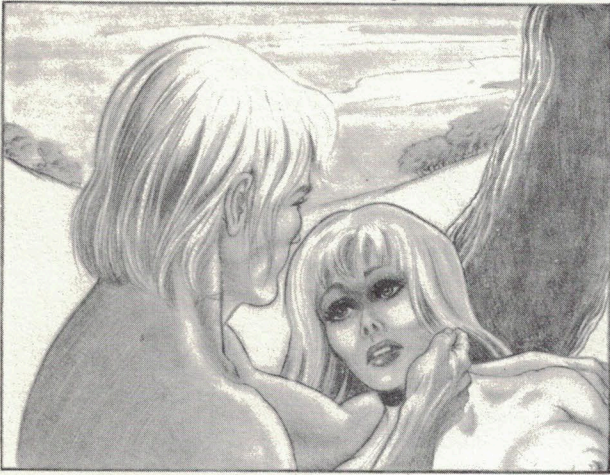
OH JESUS!
HELP ME !!!

PLEASE.....
≡sob≡

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....

© Stillwell

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....



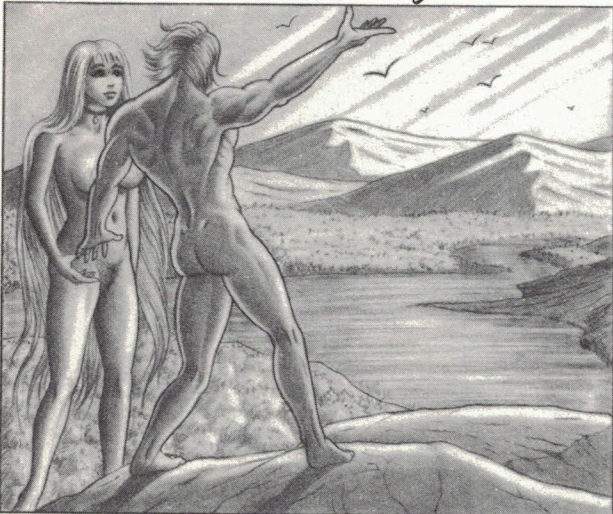
He laughed at my initial shame;
Said he, "Are we not all the same?
"Cast out those foolish fears within.
"Where beauty lives there is no sin."



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



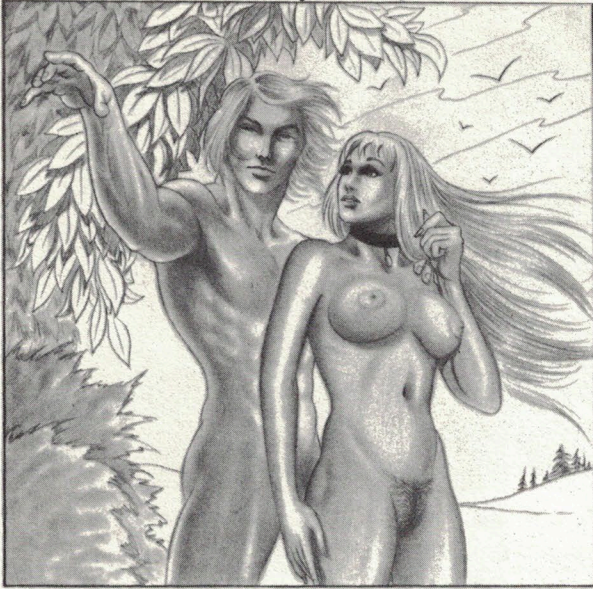
And then he rose, gave me his hand,
And said to me, "Come see my land."



So laughing gaily, running free,
Eden's innocents were we....
A strange good feeling grew inside—
One I'd always had to hide....



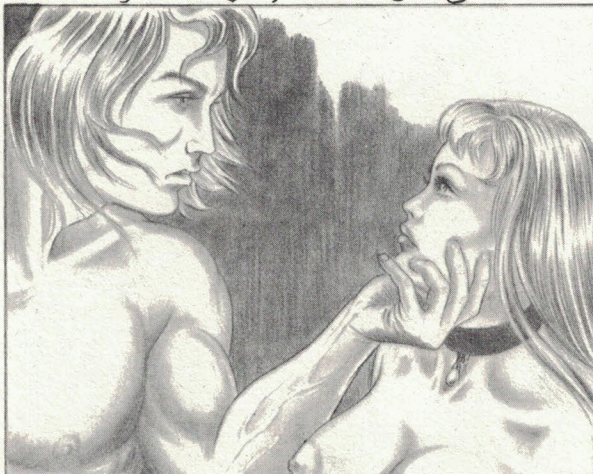
How wonderful, this man who dared
 To show a woman that he cared!
 A lion's majesty had he —
 And yet, he showed gentility....



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....



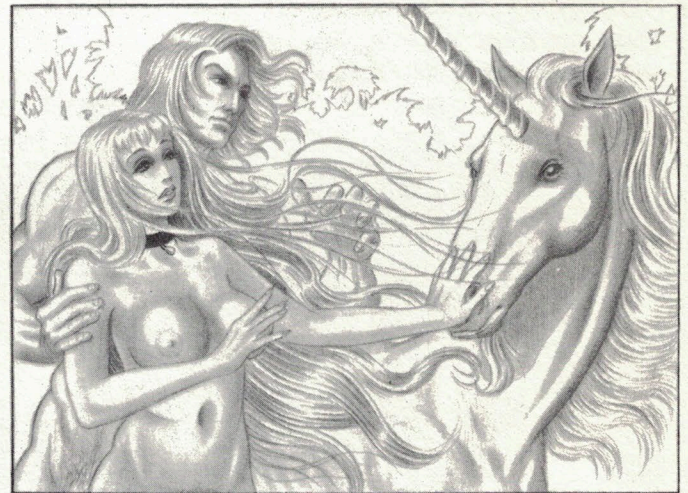
"Alas," I wept, "I am not pure!"
 But he said gently, "Be not sure..."
 "For purity is more," said he,
 "Than fools' high-priced virginity...."



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



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



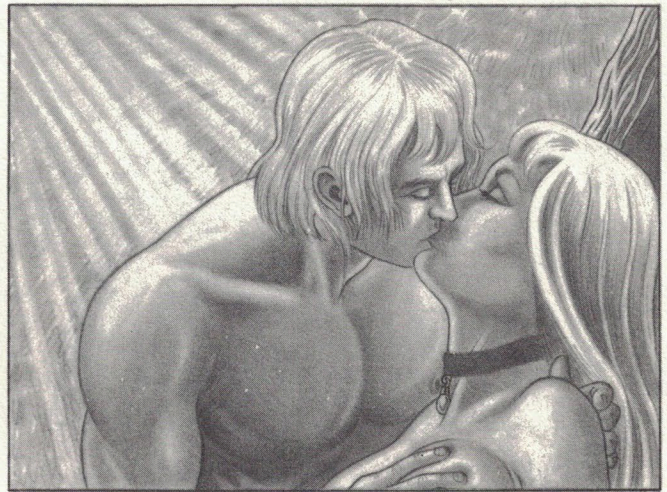
"A girl whose maidenhead is torn
 Should not feel she from grace is shorn.
 Such fancies earn a real man's scorn;
 He knows that's how the woman's born!"



*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!"*

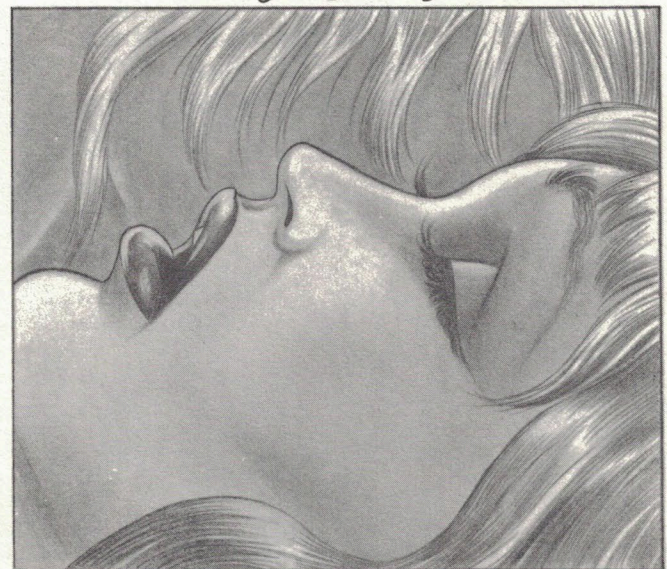


*I flushed, then felt desire rise;
His manhood pressed between my thighs....
Then, as he gently entered me,
I saw the art that love could be...*



*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....



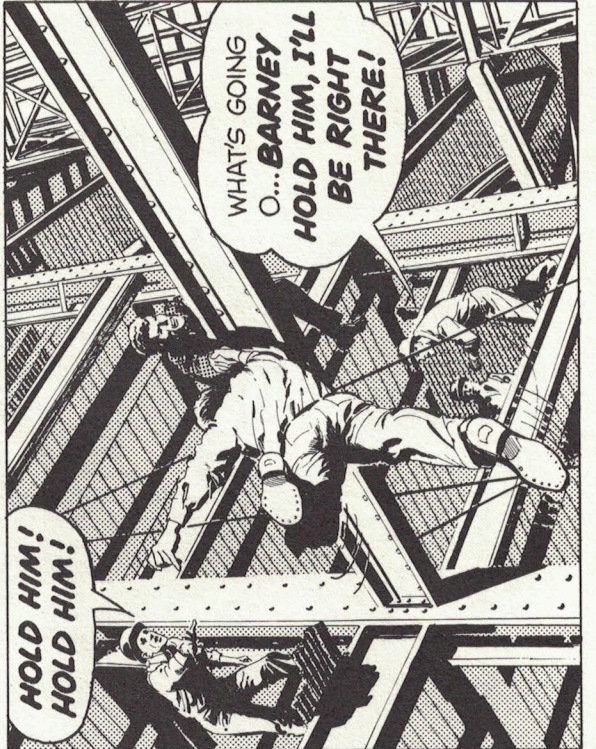
... AGES LATER, I AWOKE IN MY
OWN BED, IN MY OWN WORLD... "WHAT
AN ODD DREAM," I THOUGHT. "IT WAS SO
VERY... REAL!" AND, STRANGELY ENOUGH, I
FELT... NEW... YES... NEW AND CLEAN, LIKE
A WOMAN AT LAST! "ODD, HE SEEMED...
SO REAL," I THOUGHT. "SO VERY...."

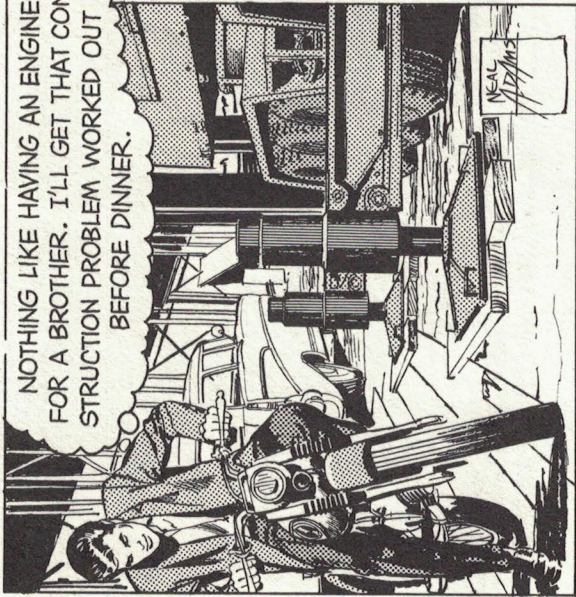
BUT I NEVER FINISHED THE THOUGHT...
BECAUSE THAT MOMENT WAS WHEN I
FIRST SAW THE BLOOD SPOTS ON THE BED....



The End —

TANGENT: by Neal Adams





NOTHING LIKE HAVING AN ENGINEER FOR A BROTHER. I'LL GET THAT CONSTRUCTION PROBLEM WORKED OUT BEFORE DINNER.

NEAL ADAMS



HOLD HIM, BARNEY, HOLD HIM!

I DON'T THINK I CAN HOLD ON BARNEY.

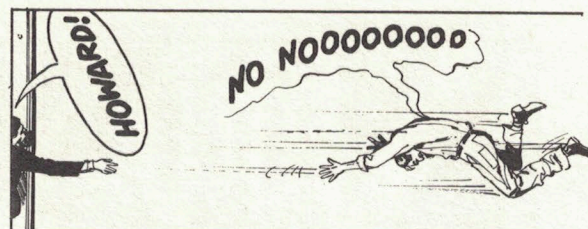
I'LL GET HIM WITH THIS ROPE.

THEN WE'LL... WHAT?



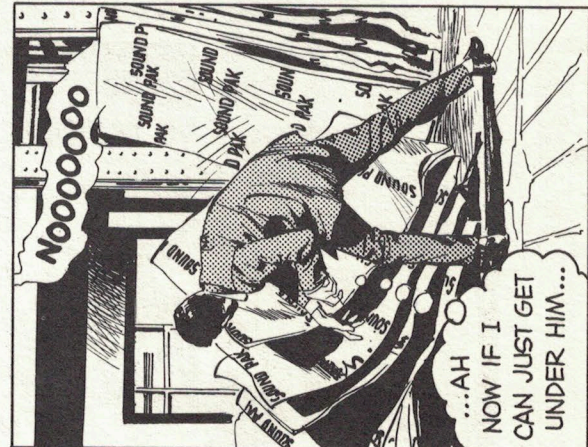
I CAN'T HOLD ON, BARNEY! I CAN'T HOLD ON!

HOWARD, JUST A LITTLE LONGER.



HOWARD!

NO NOOOOOOOO



...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.

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



MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. SOMETIMES I THINK MY SHARE OF EMOTIONS WERE GIVEN TO BROTHER CHADWICK.

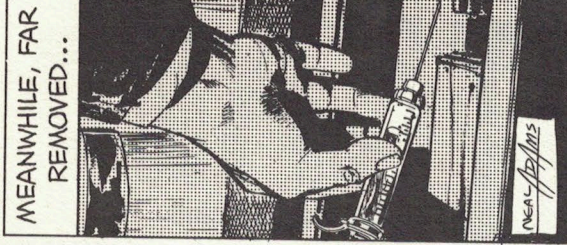
ACHTUNG!

...HUH? OH...HI, FELLAS.



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 LUNCHTIME.



MEANWHILE, FAR REMOVED...



HI, POP. ANY MAIL?

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



AH-HAH, MAIL THIEF! GOTCHA!



UHE HEY, YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL INSECURE?

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



INTERB...
RAPID TR...
DOWN

WAY

NEAL ADAMS

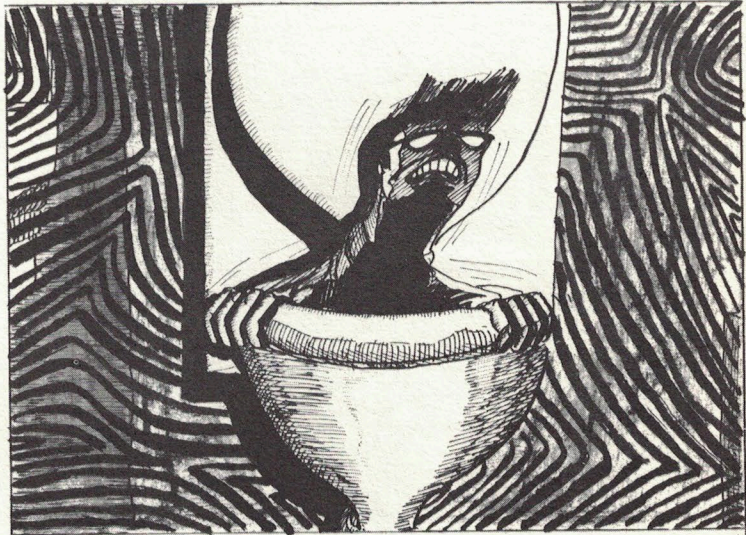
NEAL ADAMS

NEE (OUT)

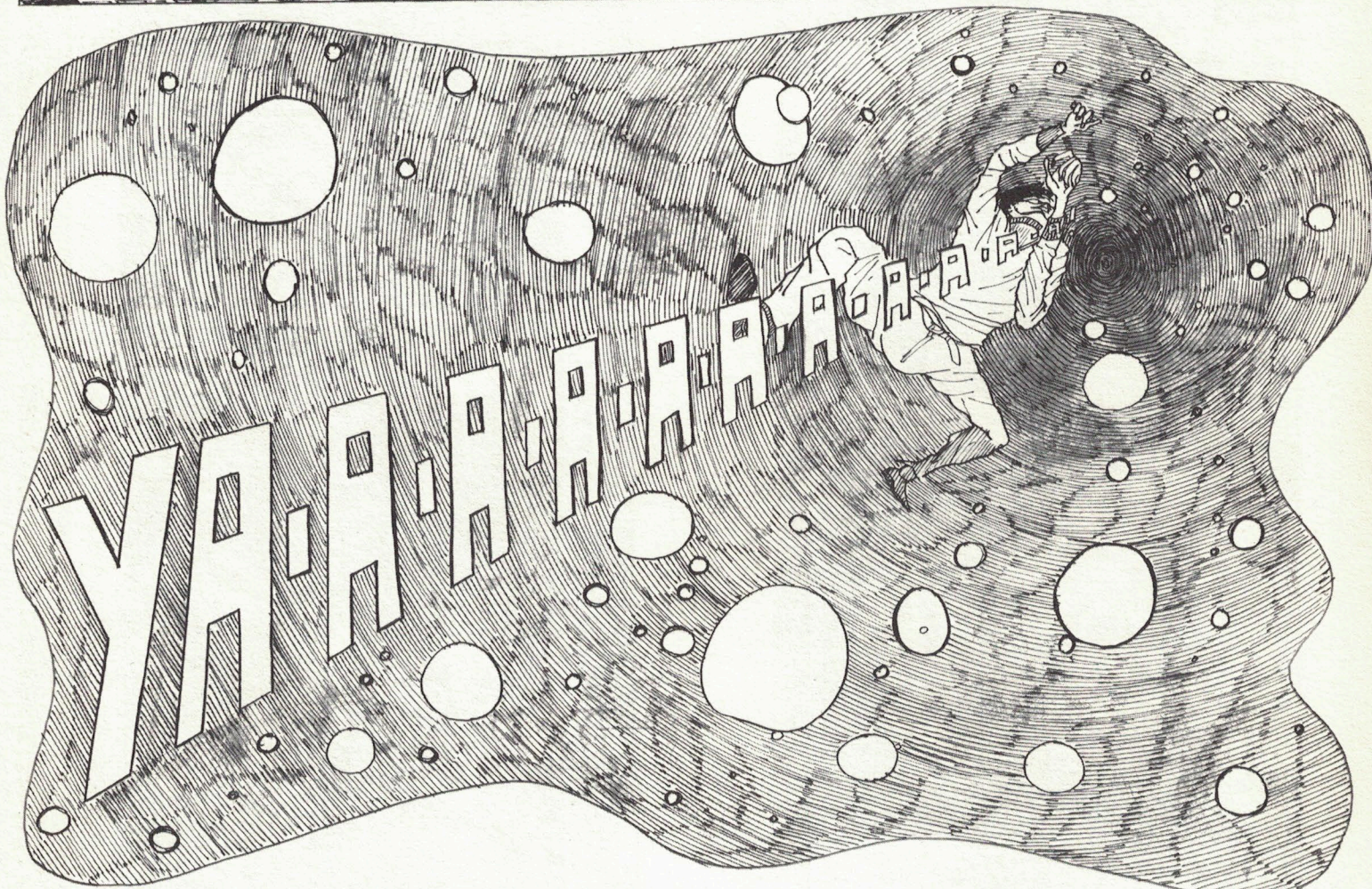
"AL IN TOILET LAND!"

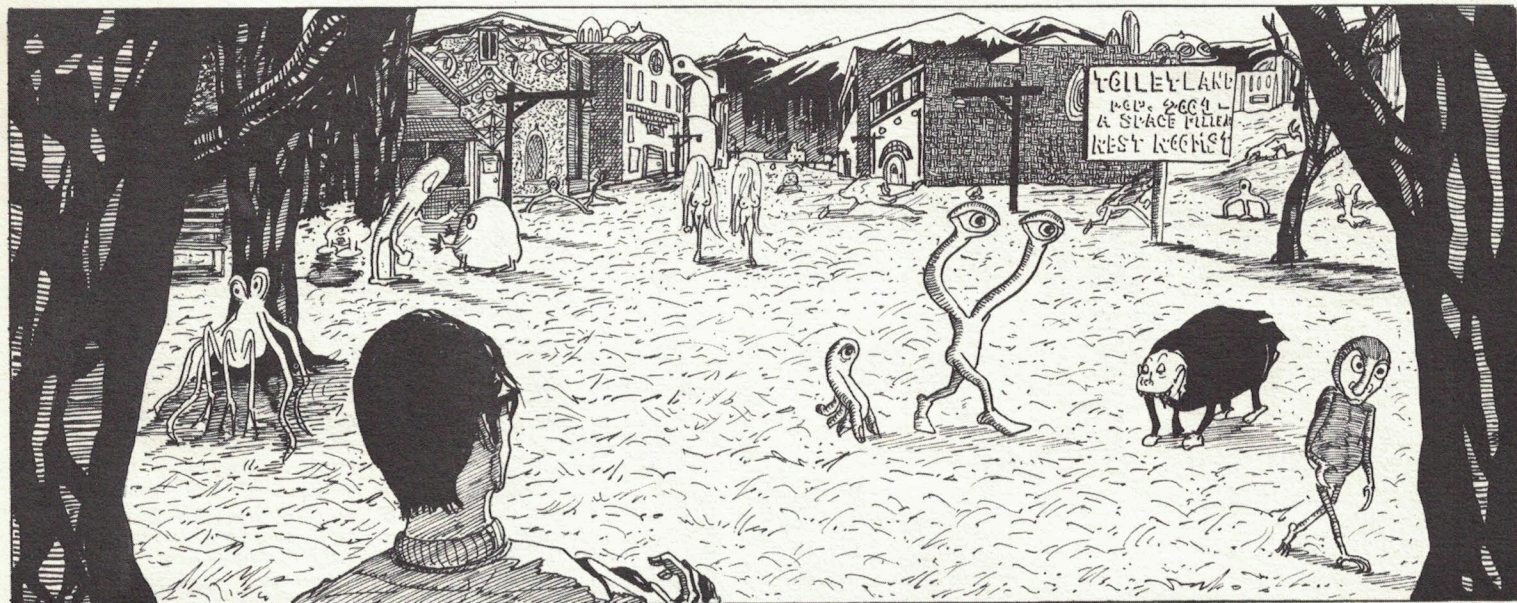
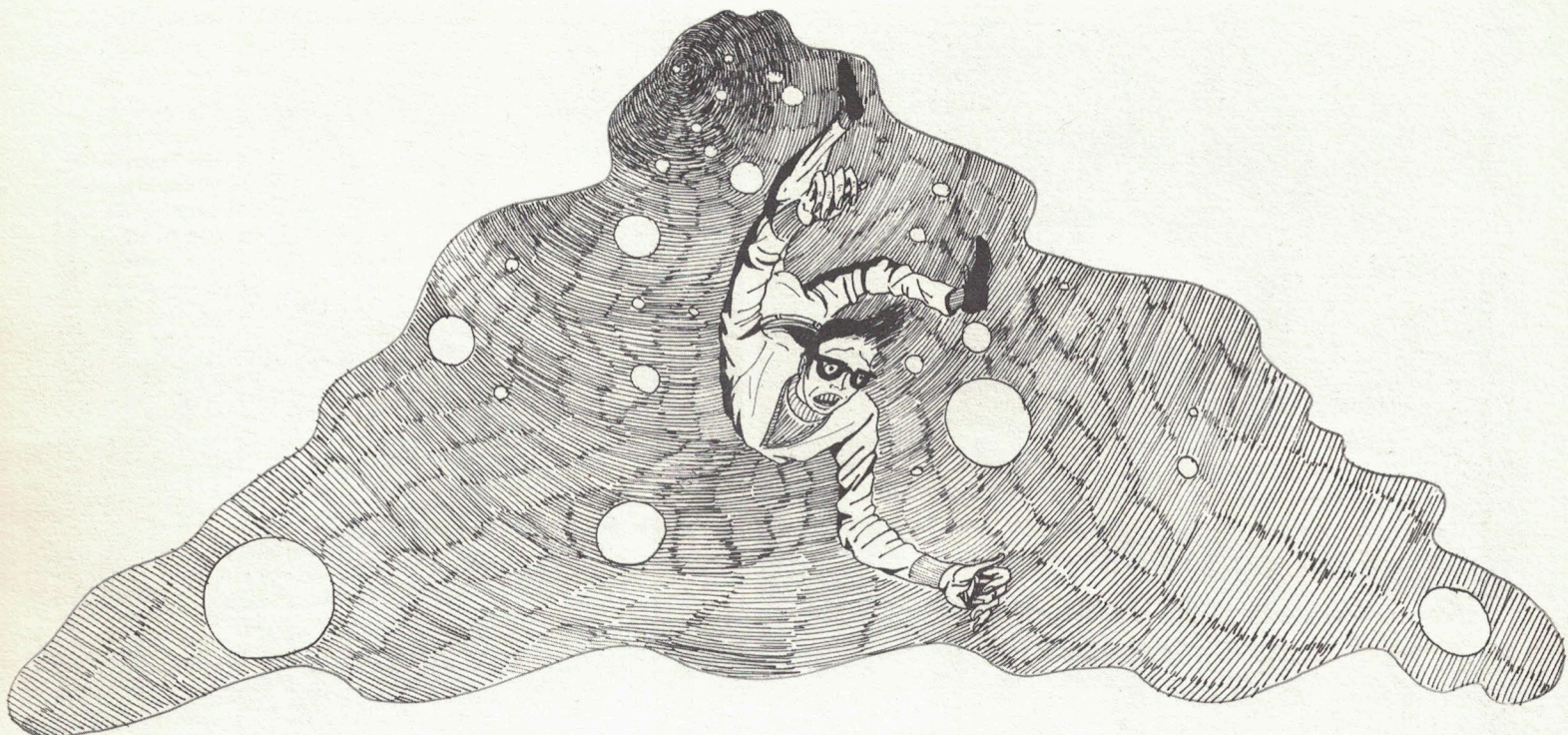
by Dan Recchia

IT BEGAN ONE DAY WHEN AL WAS FULFILLING AN "URGENT BIOLOGICAL NEED"



SUDDENLY, AS HE FLUSHED THE TOILET, HE FELT A TREMENDOUS SUCTION PULL HIM DOWN INTO THE TOILET, AND THEN...







HELLO!

HELLO!

THIS IS WILD ... I'VE BEEN ACCIDENTALLY FLUSHED DOWN THE TOILET BOWL AND I WIND UP IN SOME WEIRD PLACE CALLED TOILETLAND ... EH?



I'M DIAH.

AND I'M RHEA. WE READ YOUR THOUGHTS AND WE'D LIKE TO HELP YOU! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

WHO ARE YOU?

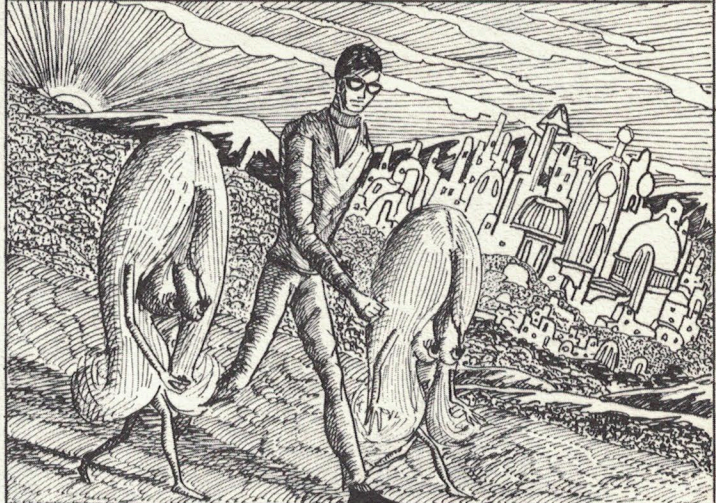
WELL, YOU CAN TAKE ME TO WHOEVER IS IN CHARGE OF TOILETLAND!



THAT'S THE PRESIDENT - LYNDON, SON OF A JOHN. HOWEVER, HE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU. I SUGGEST WE GO TO ...

... DR. CHRISTIAN BARNYARD, THE BRILLIANT SCIENTIST WHO HAS MADE GREAT BREAKTHROUGHS IN NAVAL TRANSPLANTS. MAYBE HE CAN FIND A WAY TO GET YOU BACK HOME.

SO AL, FLANKED BY HIS NEW FRIENDS, DIAH AND RHEA, START ON THEIR WAY TO SEE DR. BARNYARD, THE ONLY PERSON IN TOILETLAND WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP AL RETURN HOME!



THE TRIO WALK ABOUT TWO MILES WHEN, SUDDENLY ...

WHOOSH!

LOOK OUT! DUCK!

EEEEEEK!



WHAT WAS THAT?

ONE OF THE DEADLY STINK BOMBS USED BY THE URINEANS AND THE EXCRETINS!

THE WHAT?

THE URINEANS AND THE EXCRETINS. THEY USE THE BOMBS TO KILL EACH OTHER. ONCE YOU'RE HIT BY A STINK BOMB THE CONCENTRATED SMELL WILL SUFFOCATE YOU INSTANTLY!

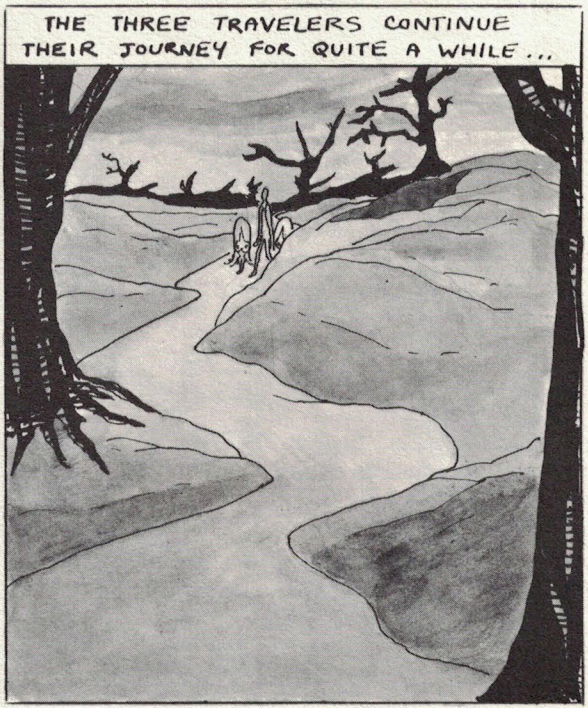


BUT WHY DO THEY FIGHT EACH OTHER?

NOBODY REALLY KNOWS. THEY'VE BEEN AT IT FOR CENTURIES NOW AND THERE'S NO END IN SIGHT, ALTHOUGH ONLY RECENTLY THE EXCRETINS HAVE BEEN CLAMORING FOR EQUAL RIGHTS!



WELL, LET'S MAKE A BREAK FOR IT WHILE WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE!

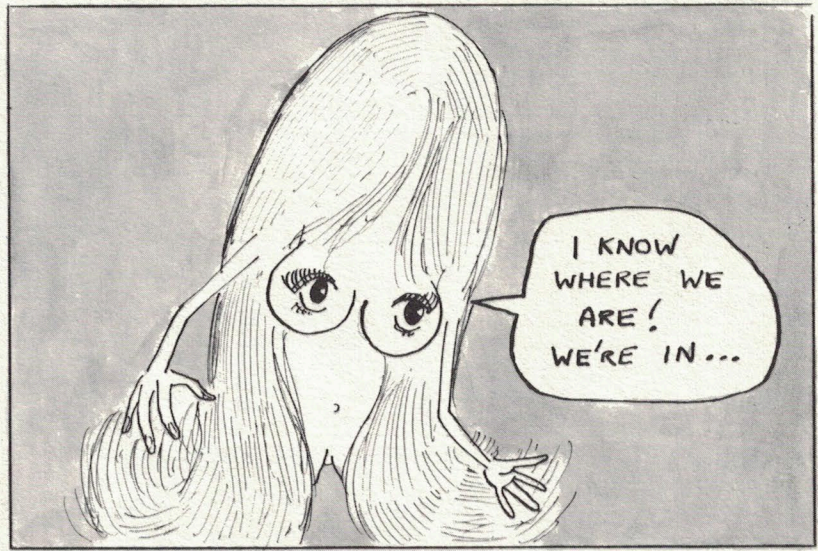


THE THREE TRAVELERS CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY FOR QUITE A WHILE...

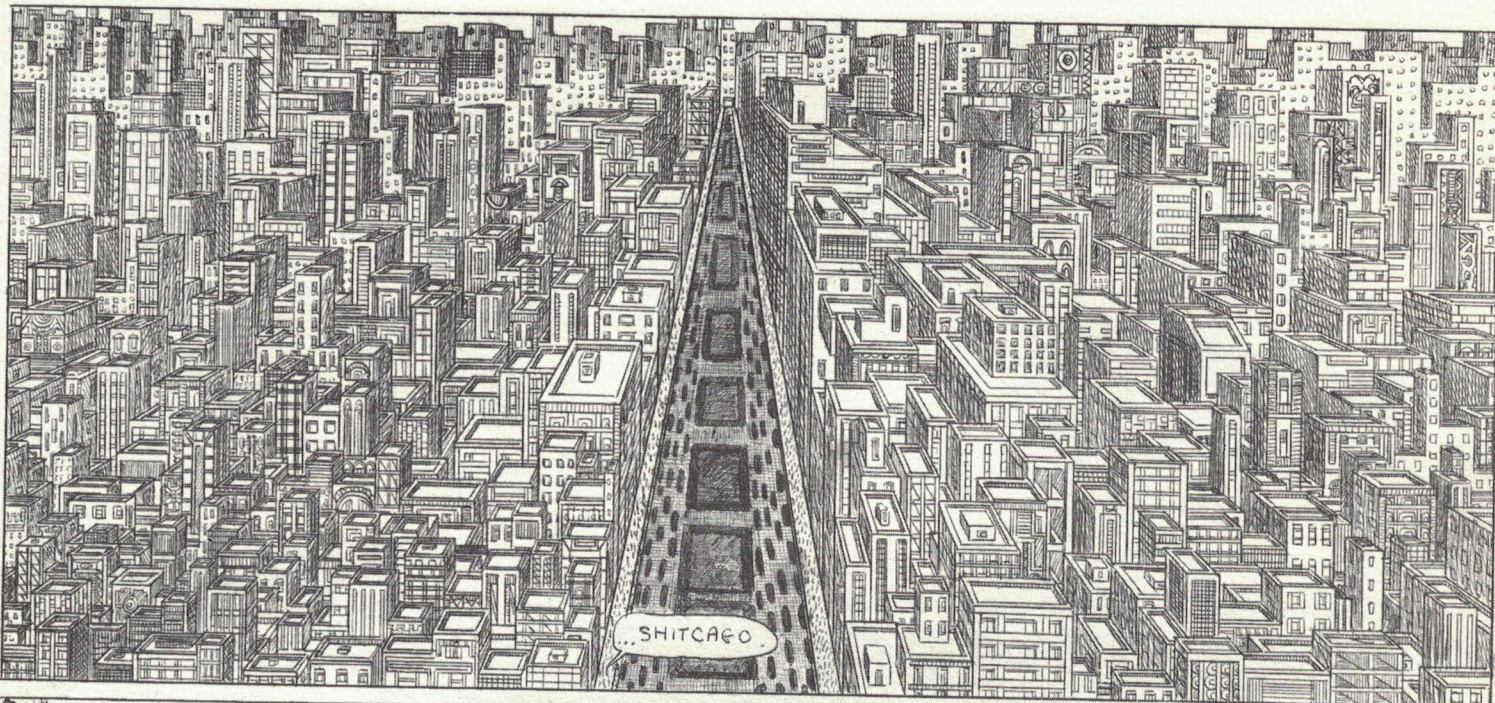


UNTIL...

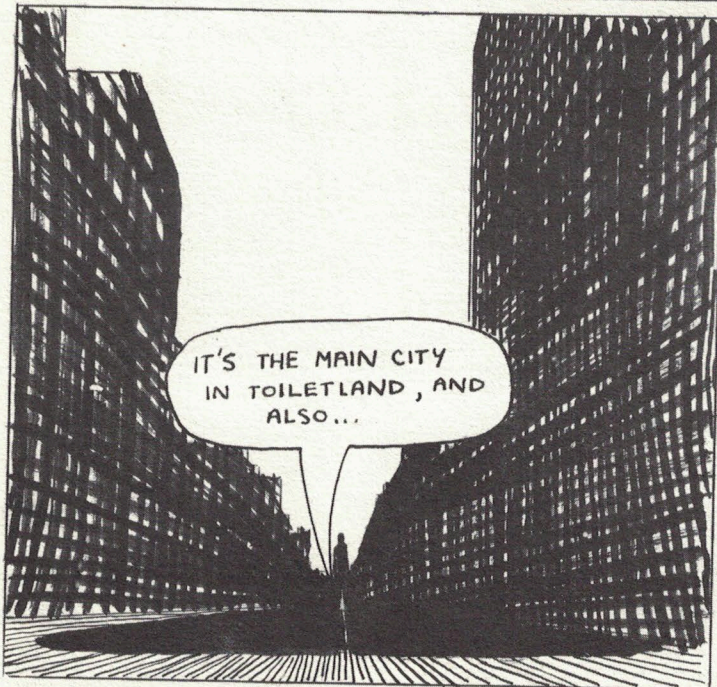
WAIT... I SEE SOMETHING AHEAD OF US IN THE CLEARING!



I KNOW WHERE WE ARE! WE'RE IN...



...SHITCAHO.



IT'S THE MAIN CITY
IN TOILETLAND, AND
ALSO...



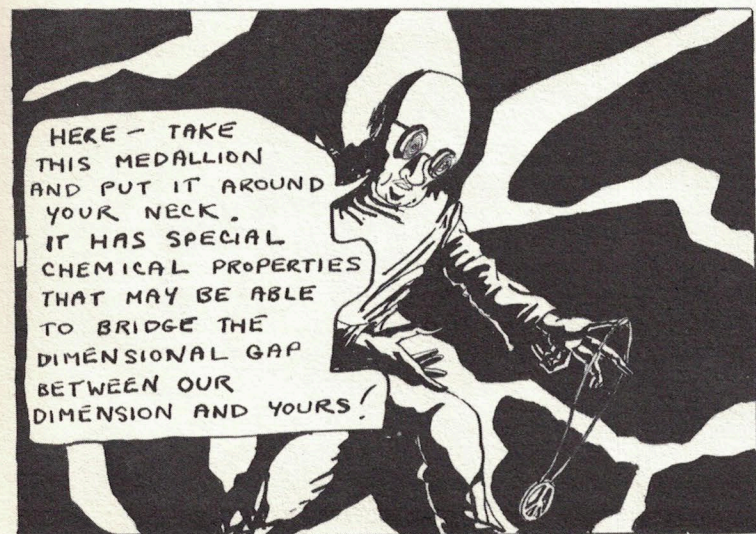
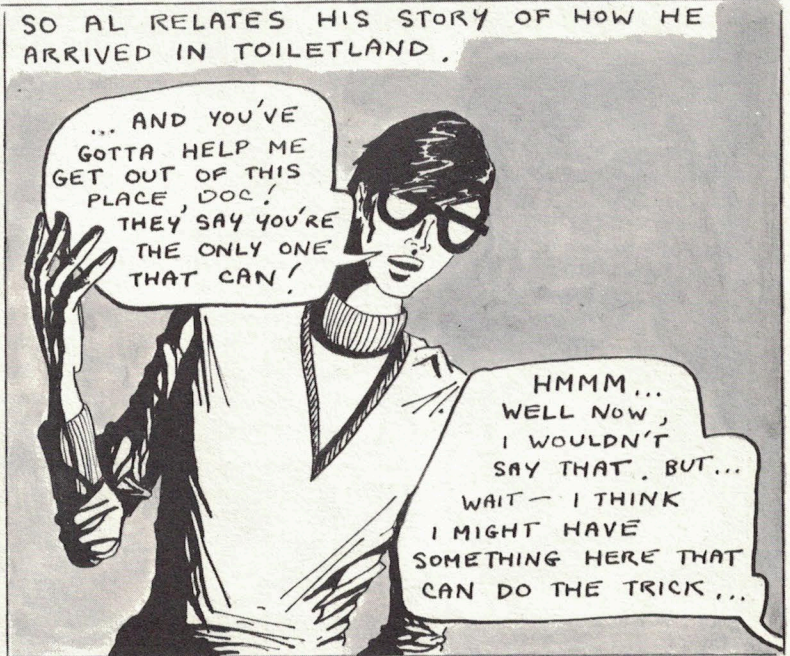
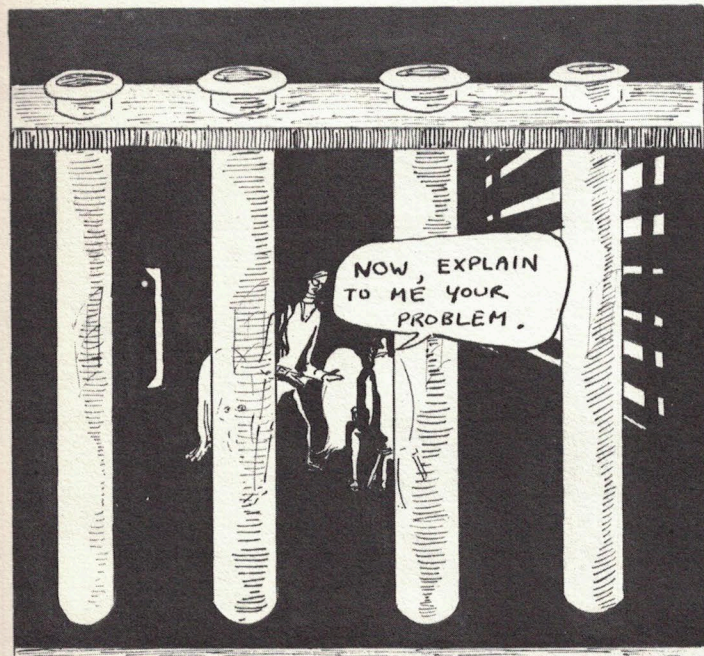
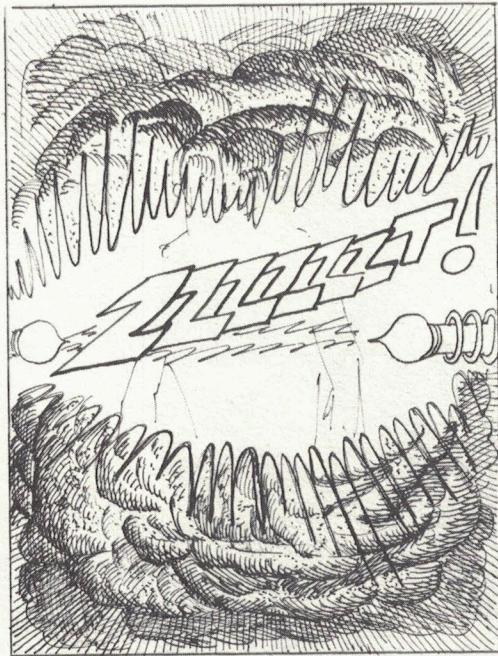
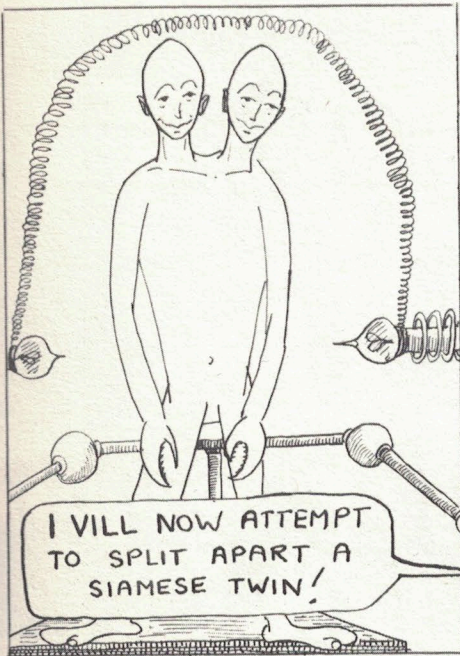
... THE HOME OF
DR. BARNYARD!

DR. CHRISTIAN BARNYARD
M.D. • B.S. • PH.D. S.O.B.
TRANSPLANTS
APPENDECTOMIES
NOTARY PUBLIC



DR. BARNYARD,
I PRESUME? I...

QVIET, PLEASE!
I UM JUST ABOUT TO
PERFORM A VERY
IMPORTANT OPERATION!





CRASH!

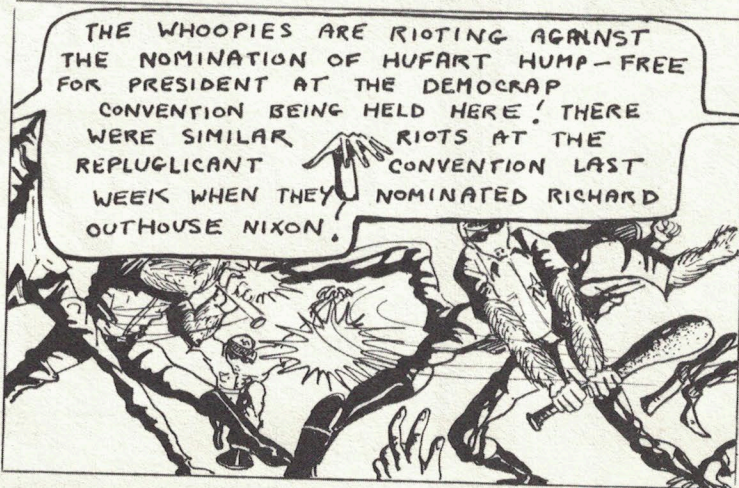
SOMEONE THREW A BRICK THROUGH THE WINDOW.

WHAT WAS THAT?

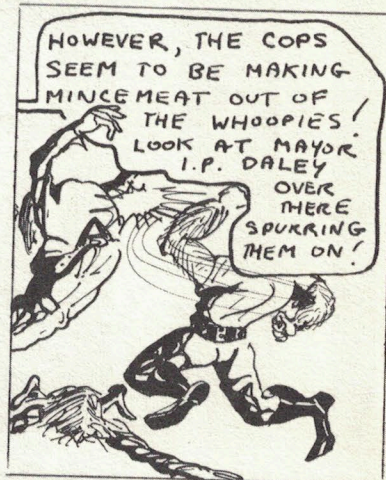
I'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



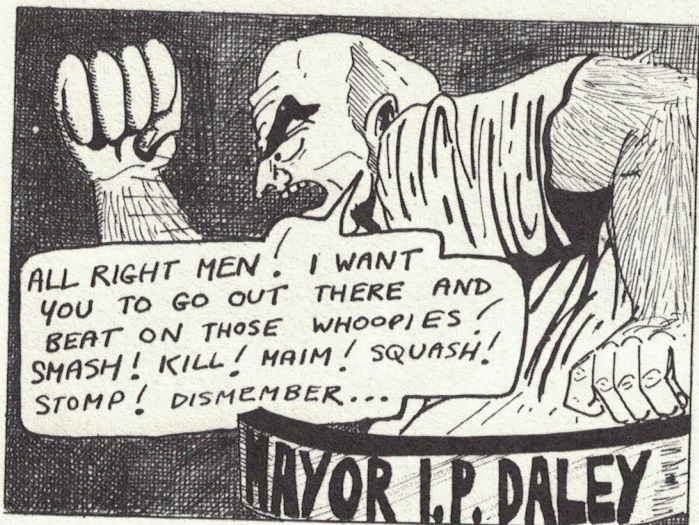
HEY - WH-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



THE WHOOPIES ARE RIOTING AGAINST THE NOMINATION OF HUFART HUMP-FREE FOR PRESIDENT AT THE DEMOCRAP CONVENTION BEING HELD HERE! THERE WERE SIMILAR RIOTS AT THE REPLUGLICANT CONVENTION LAST WEEK WHEN THEY NOMINATED RICHARD OUTHOUSE NIXON.

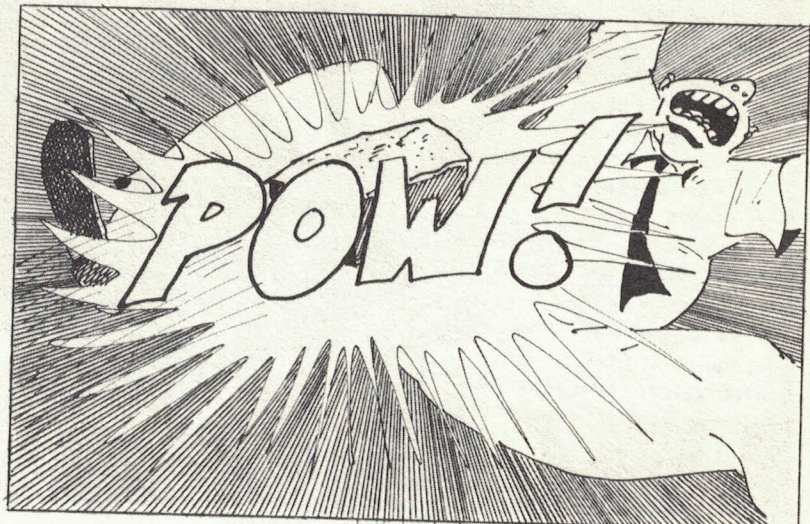


HOWEVER, THE COPS SEEM TO BE MAKING MINCEMEAT OUT OF THE WHOOPIES! LOOK AT MAYOR I.P. DALEY OVER THERE SPURRING THEM ON!

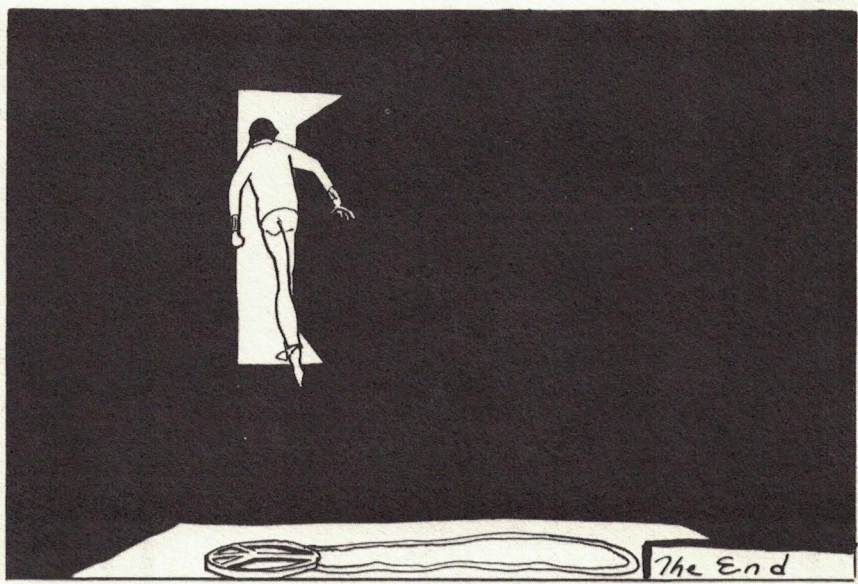
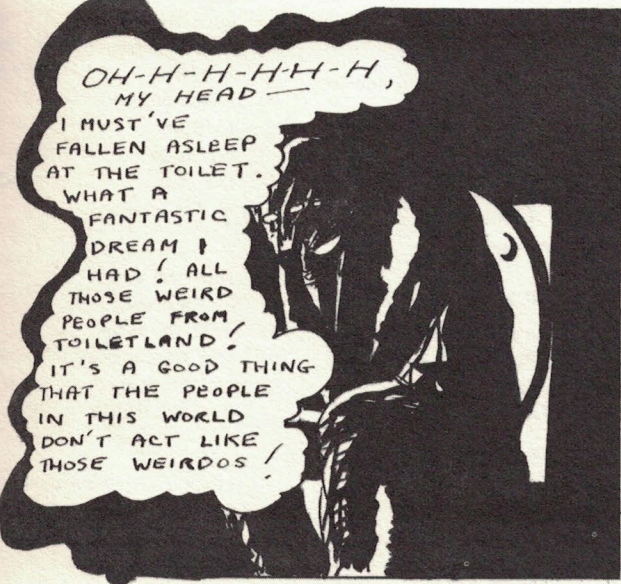
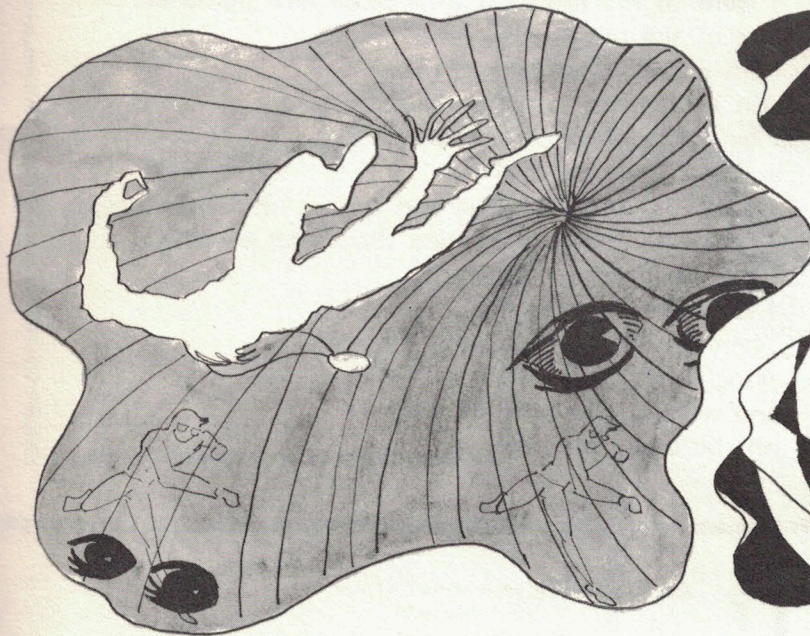


ALL RIGHT MEN! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE AND BEAT ON THOSE WHOOPIES! SMASH! KILL! HAIM! SQUASH! STOMP! DISMEMBER...

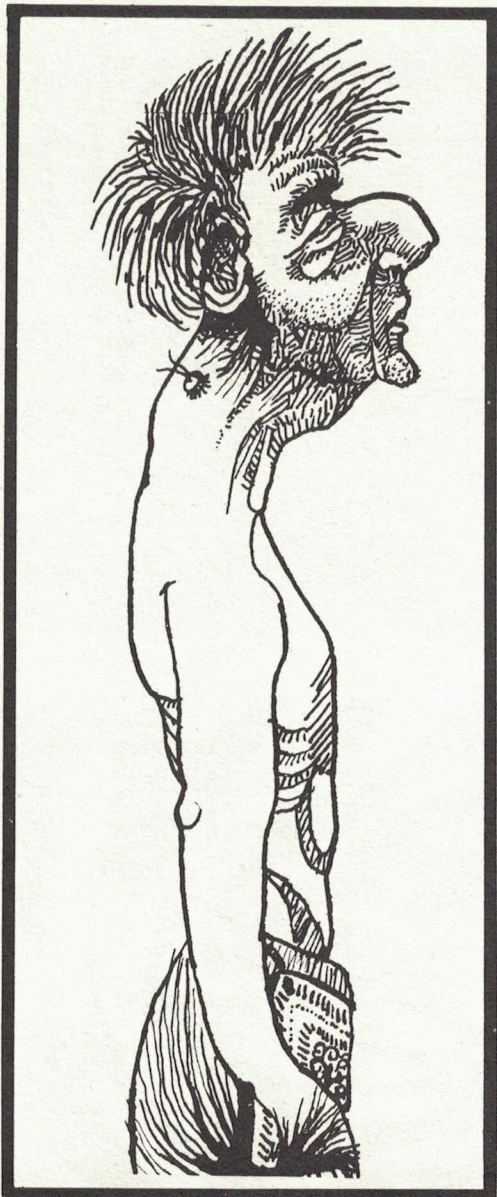
MAYOR I.P. DALEY



POW!



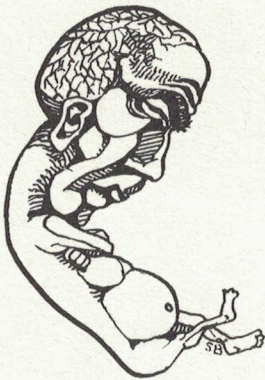
The End



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
 12
 and fell over
 to 1 where it
 stopped—

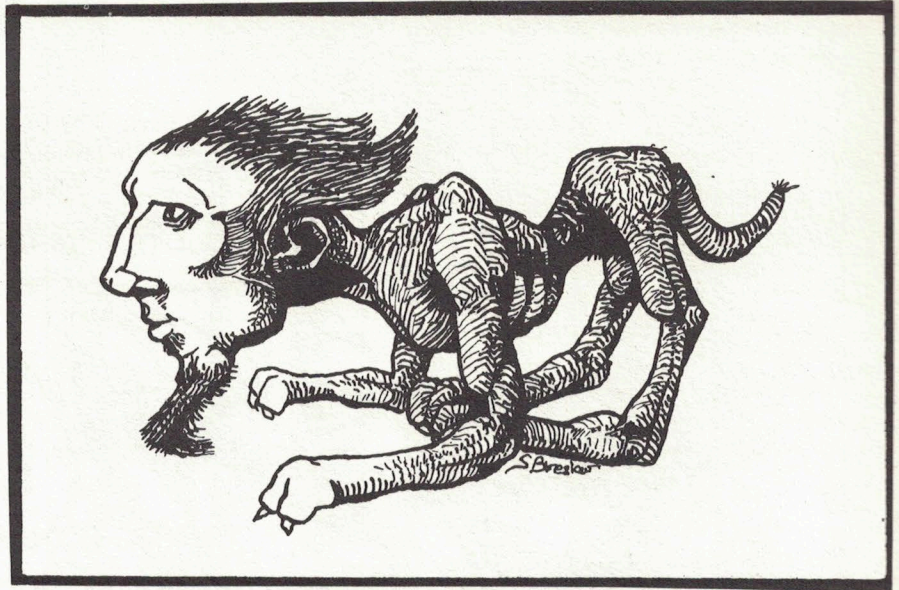
ROTH

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

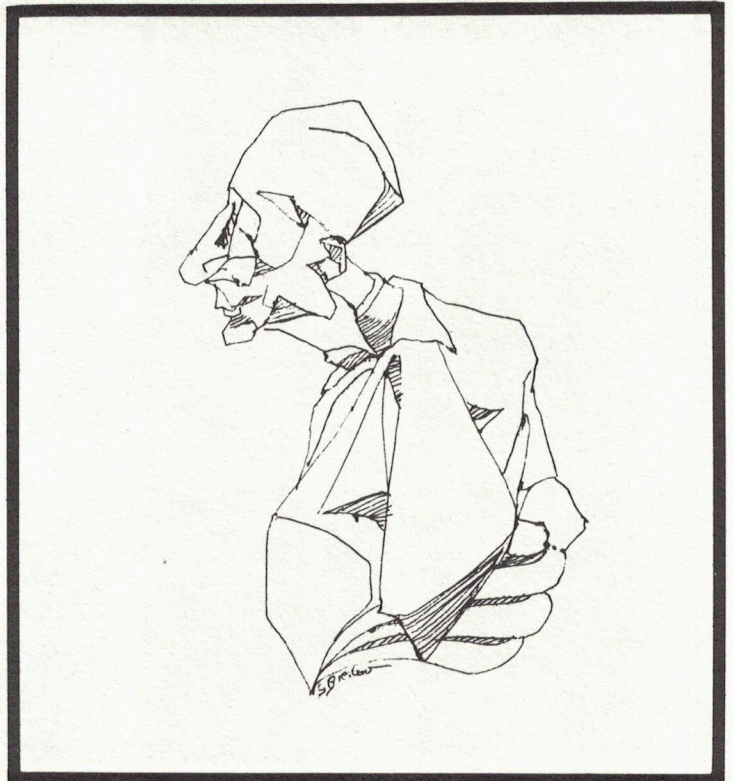
"canned dinner tastes like cans"
I noticed
as I sat in front of it

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

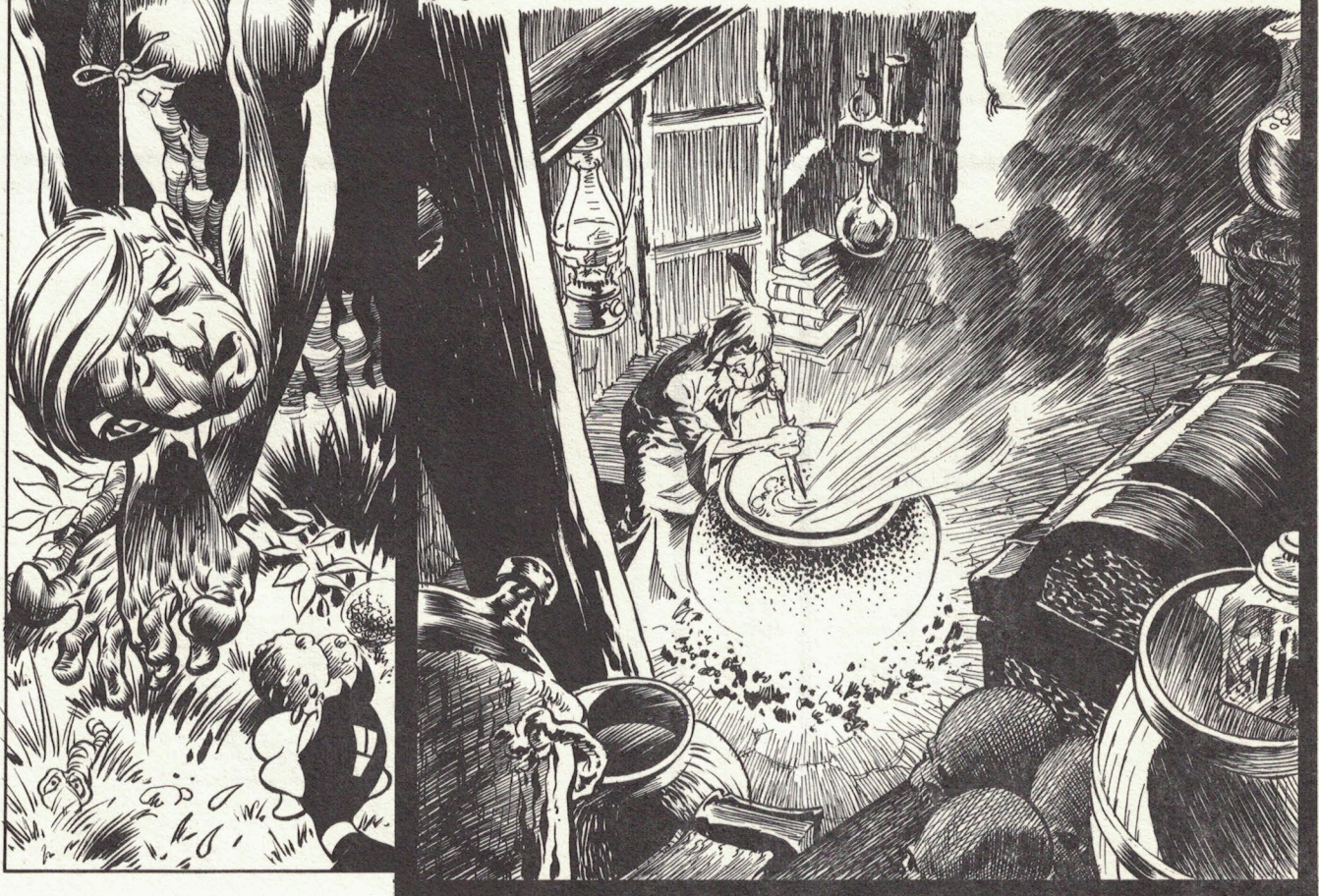
picked the calendar
up off the floor
circled tomorrow
and hung it back
on the wall



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...

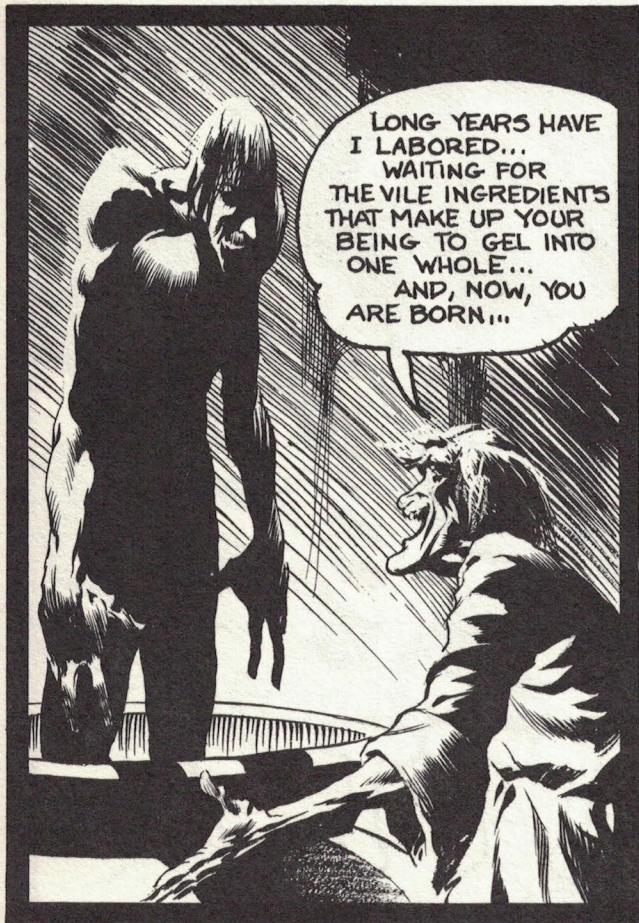




SO, MY CHILD OF DARKNESS...
YOU AWAKEN AT LAST! RISE, SON
OF NEWT'S EYES AND BAT WINGS
AND FROG'S TOADS...



...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...

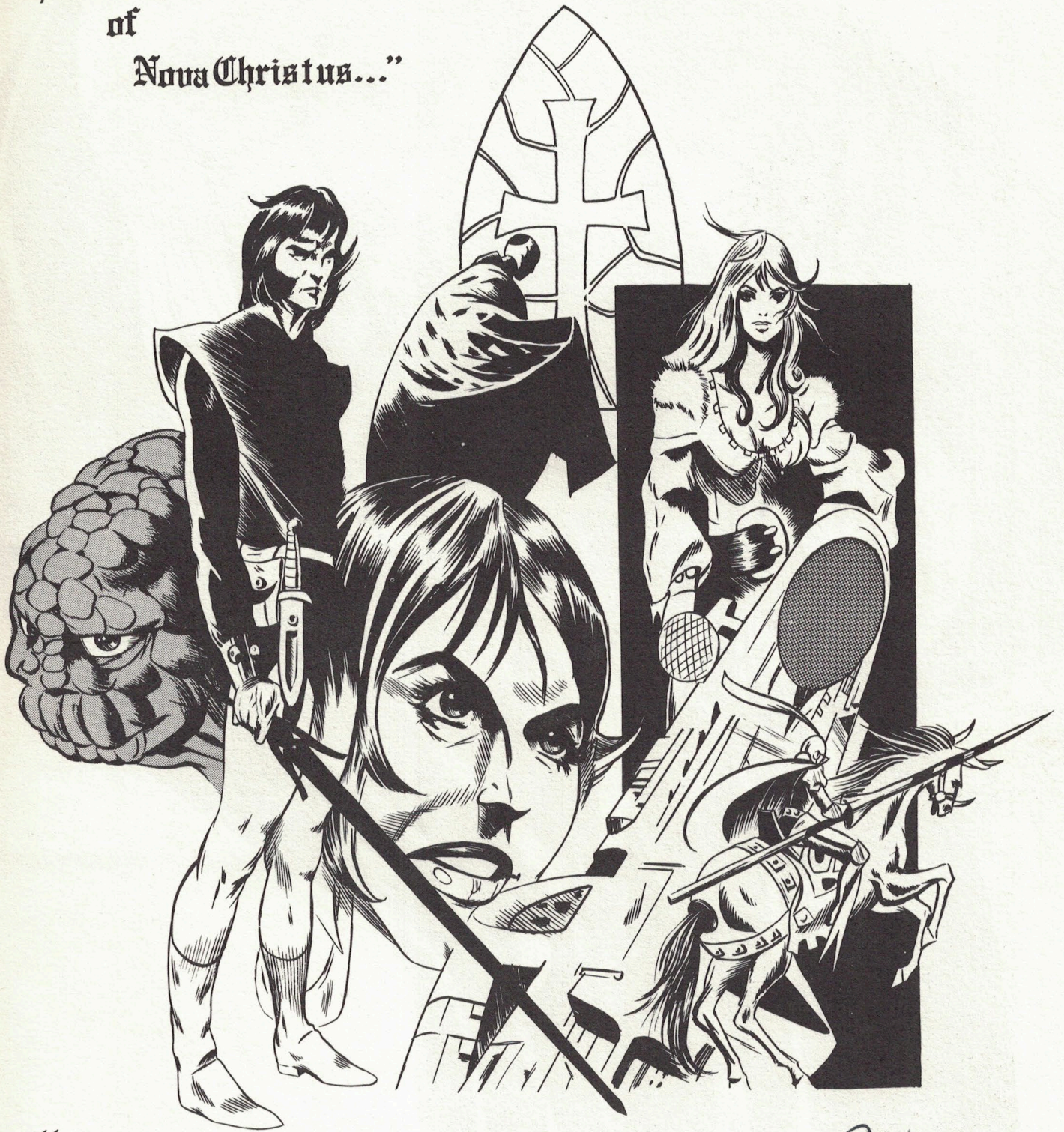


GO, MY SON!!
GO OUT AND
WREAK OUR
JUST HAVOC
ON AN ALL-
TOO DESERVING
WORLD!!



SSPLAATTT!!

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

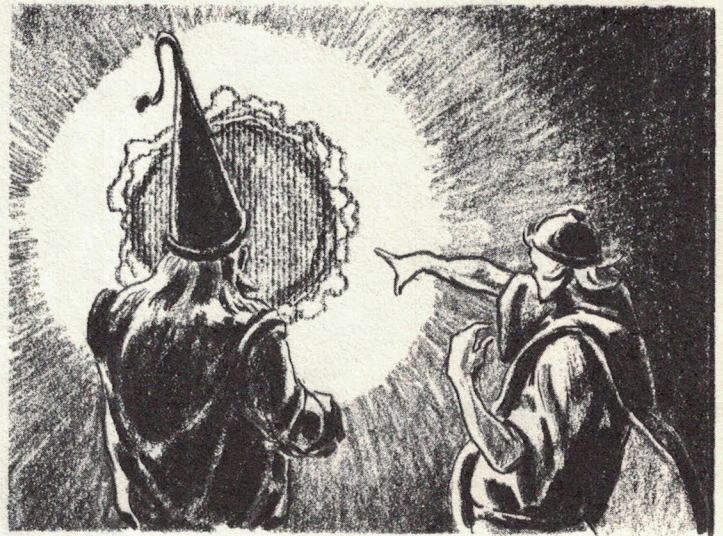


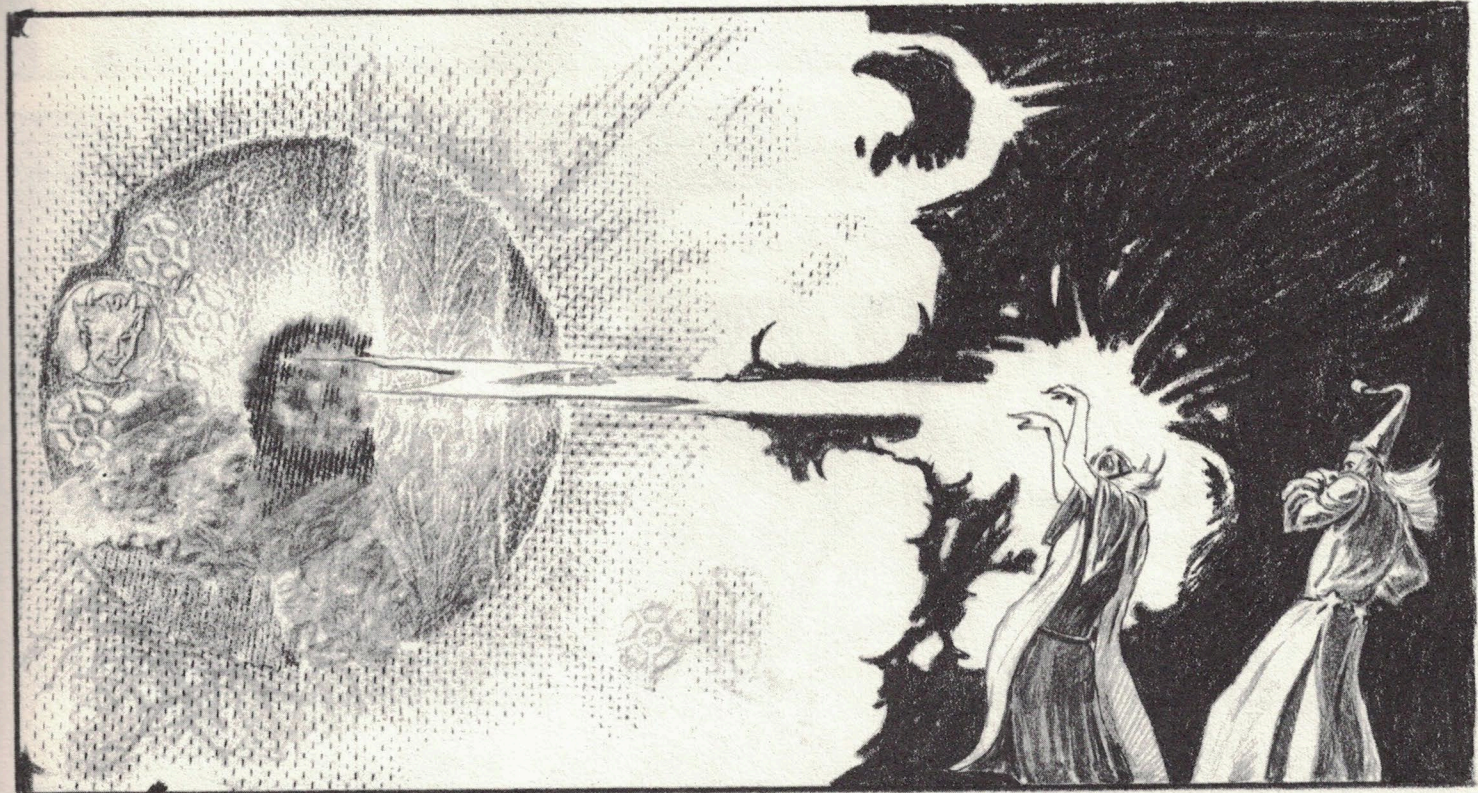
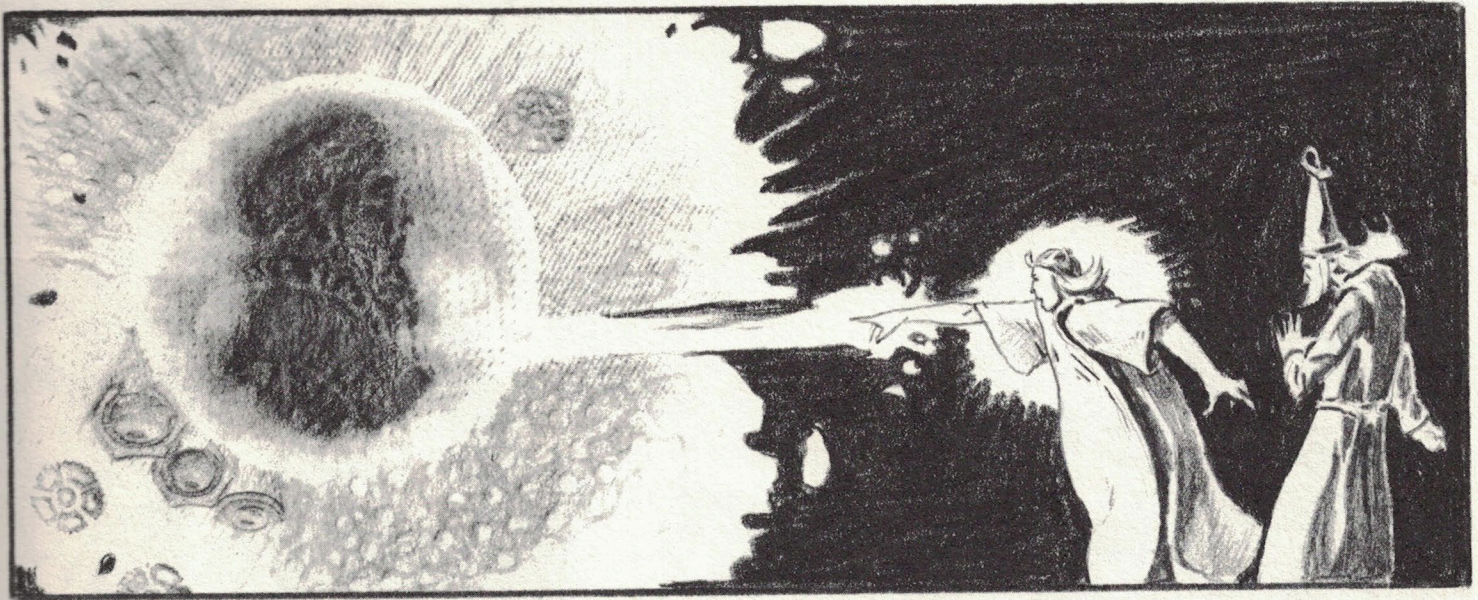
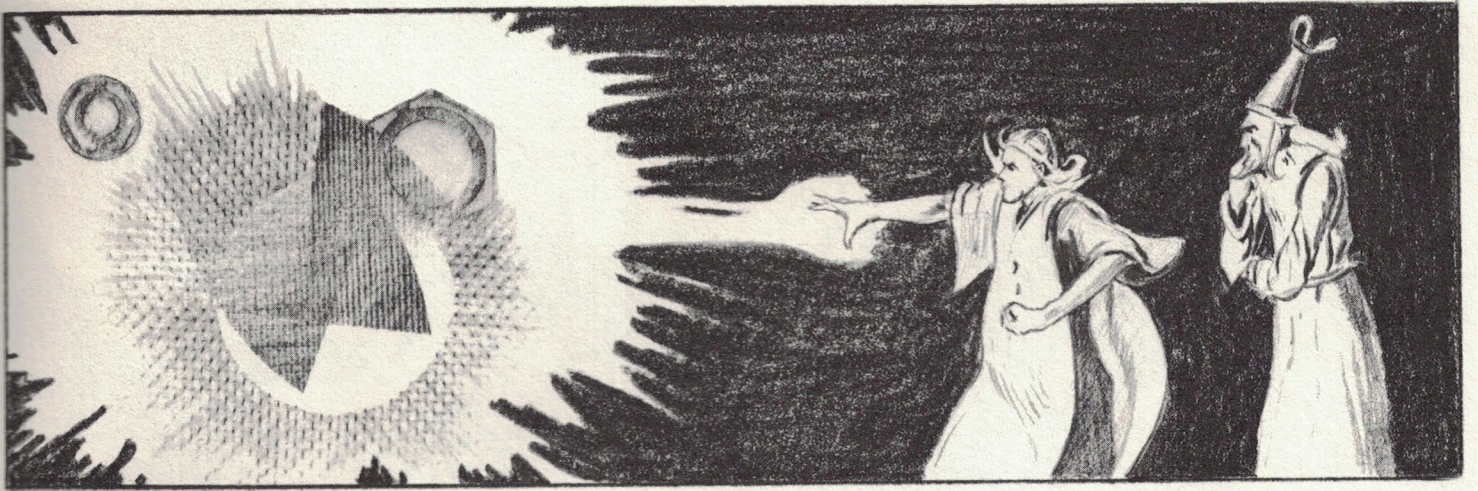
"O,
Saving Grace."

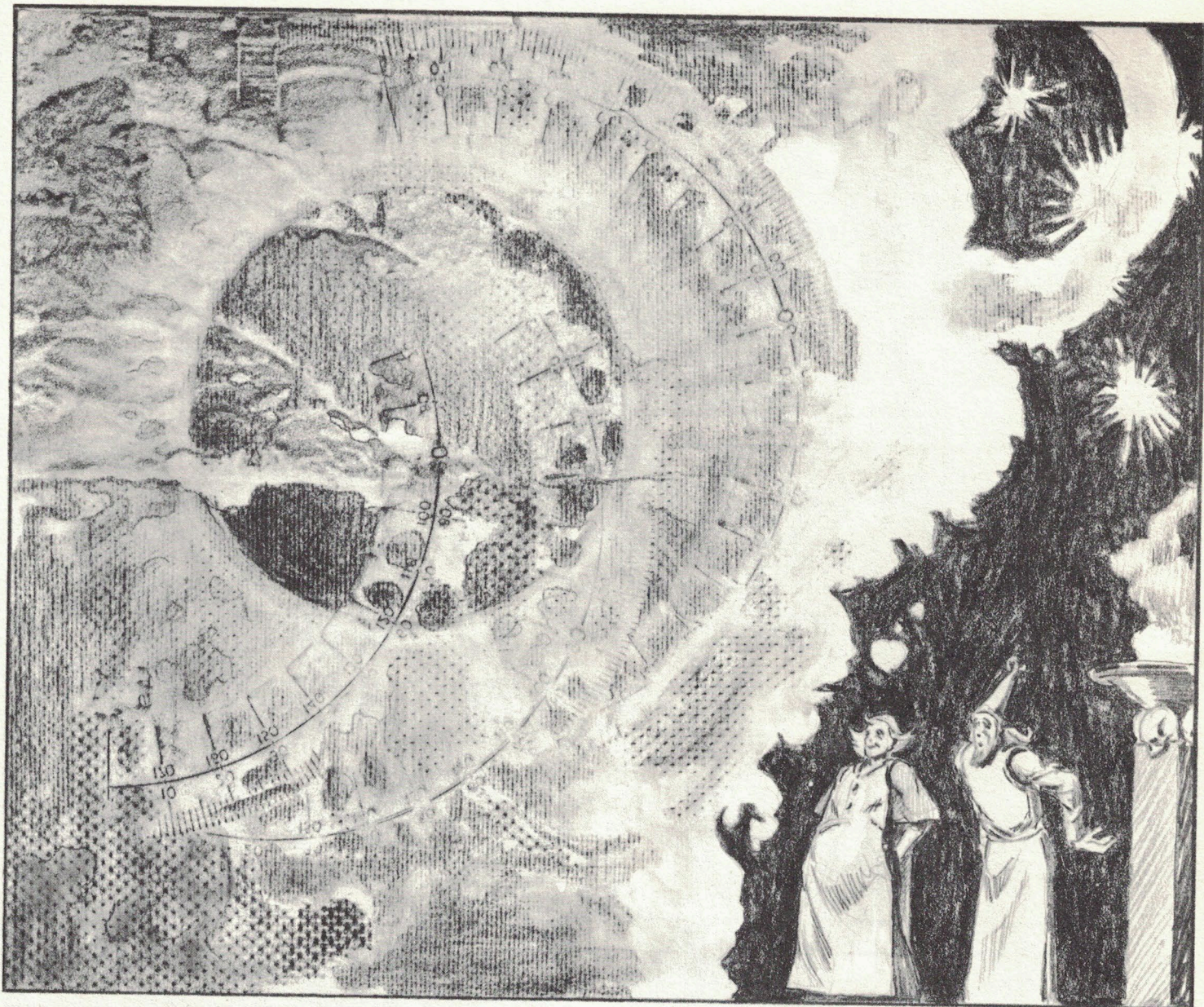
A PREVIEW:











finis-

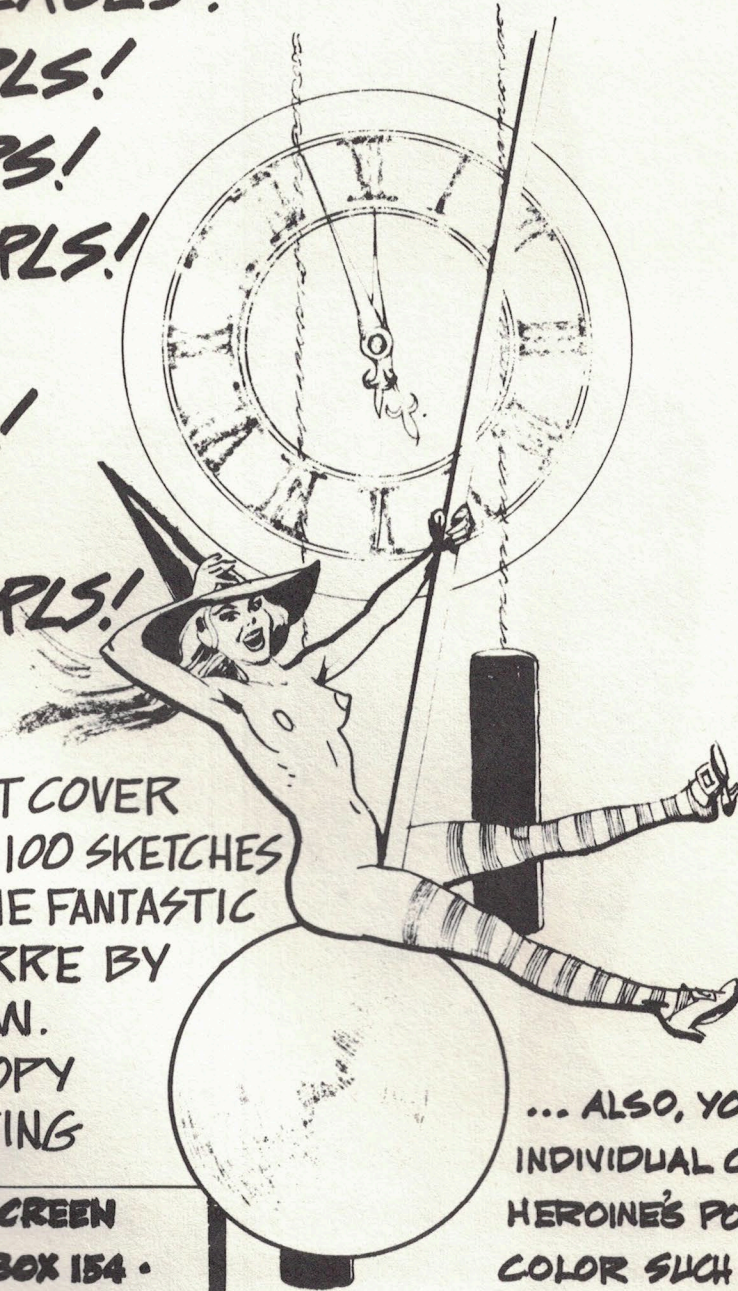
enter the

ARK

DOMAIN

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