

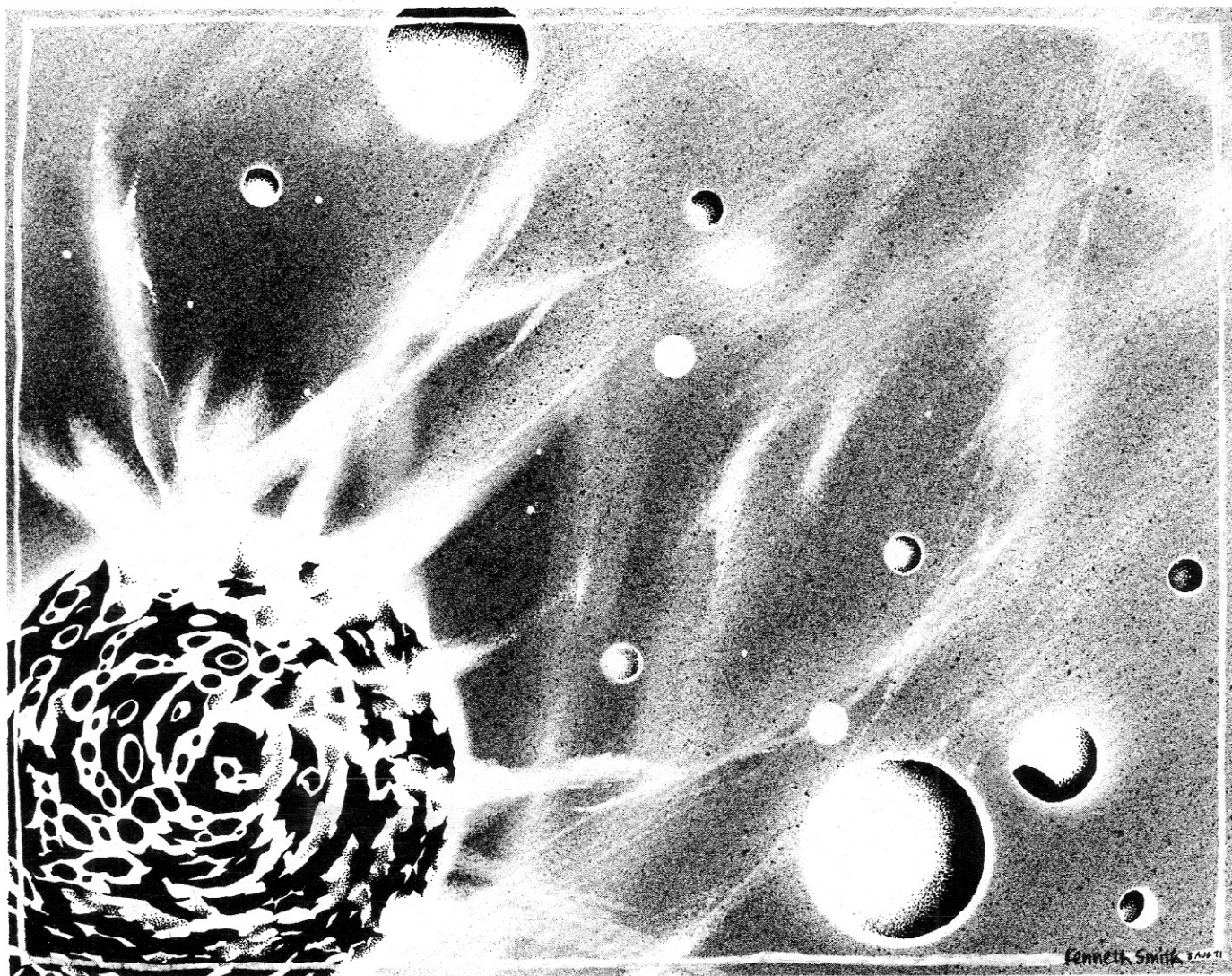
out of his own vanity. Such is the tangle of good and evil among men. On the other hand, he is also willing to sacrifice their pleasure and peace of mind in behalf of their 'dignity' and 'nobility' — is this a good decision for them, or is it a hard and godlike decision that is requiring them to be something 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."

Malthusar 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 continued, "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 feedback and reaction, eventuating in the destruction of the entire planet, aliens as well. Again, note that this outcome, although it is *more just* in that it embroils the perpetrators of the evil in the consequences 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 personal 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 edge 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 conception 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 Prosthcodgides 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.”

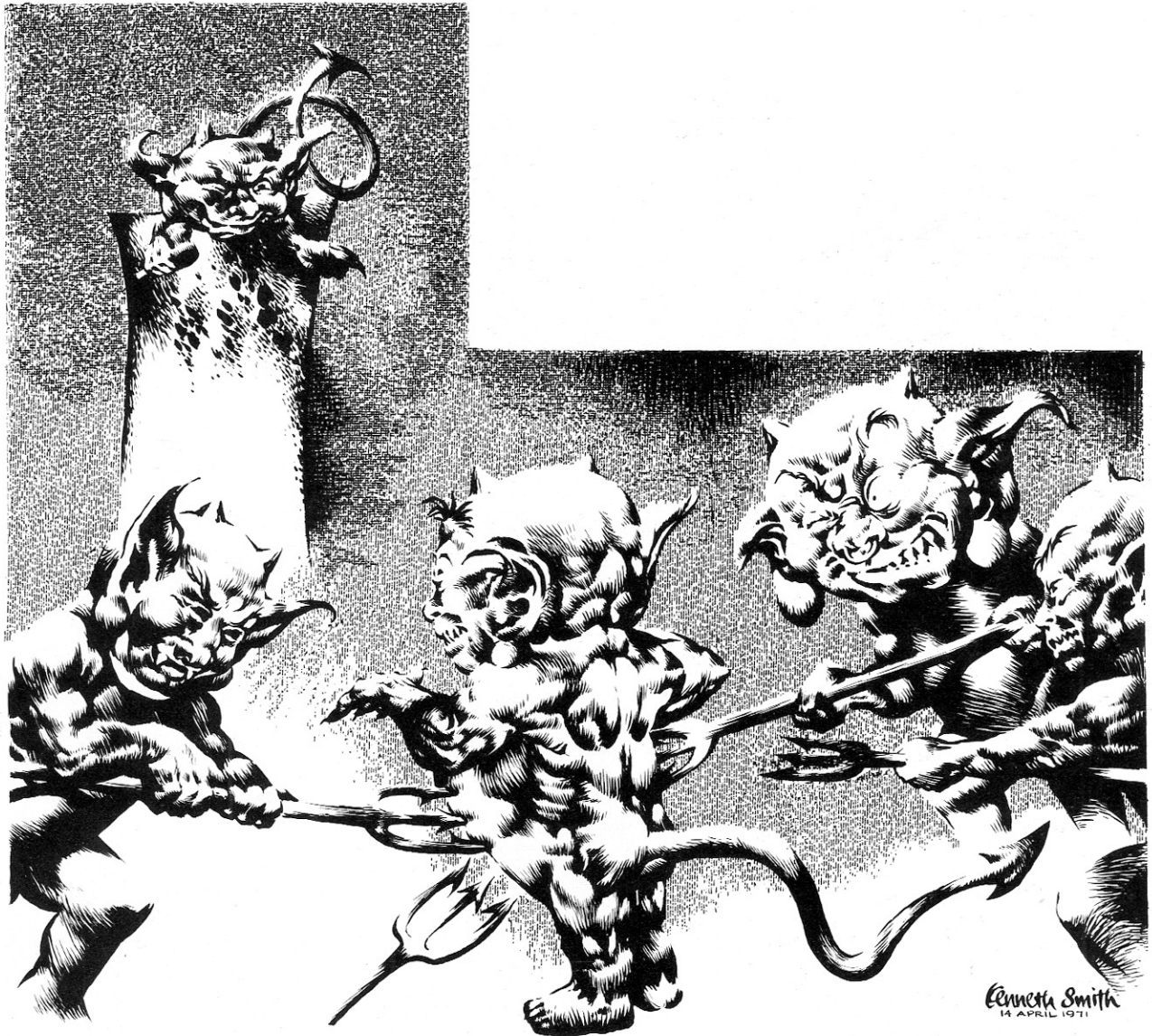
The demon started to break out in a green sweat, but he was relieved, for an instant, as the foreman continued.

“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.





RECCHIA



DID JA' 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!

(... AND YOU CAN HAVE HIM!)

THE FORMATIVE YEARS OF THE COMIC BOOK FREAK ARE OF UPMOST 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 AG'IN!



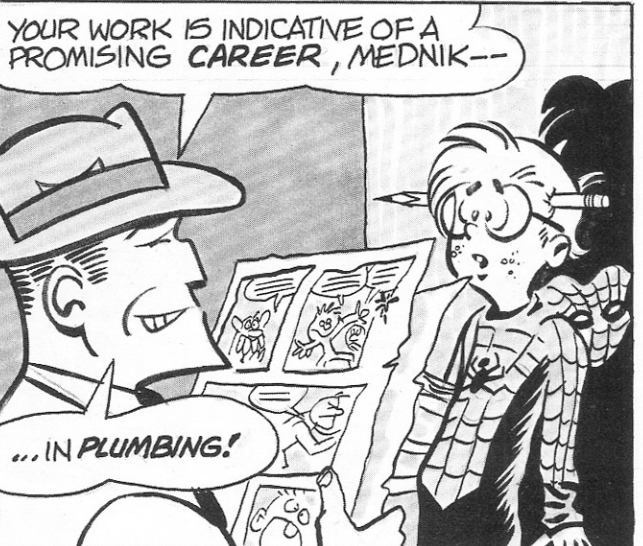
MELVIN! STOP
READIN' THEM
DUMB COMIC BOOKS
AN' COME WATCH
TELEVISION!

AH! LET HIM ALONE
IT AINT HIS
FAULT HE'S
GOT NO TASTE
FER KULTURE!

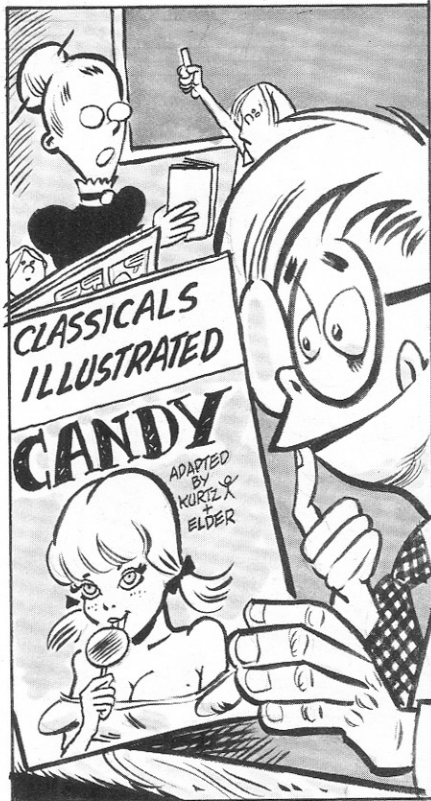


JUST READING COMICS WASN'T ENOUGH...
MELVIN COMENCED TO MAKE HIS OWN!

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



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!**



SOON, HOWEVER, OUR LITERARY LUMINARY FINDS A PLACE FOR HIMSELF AMONG THE GUIDING LIGHTS OF **COMICDOM...**



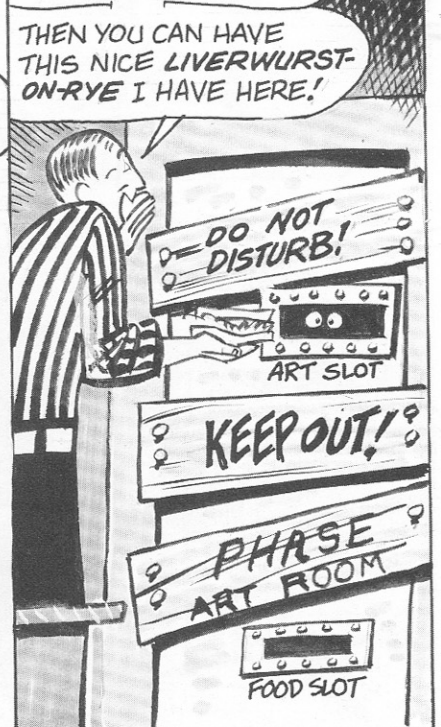
DAWNS THE SECOND GREAT DAY! OUR SHOOK-UP **SHAKESPEARE** GETS HIS OWN MAG TO WRITE!



NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE A MEDNIK FACING A **DEAD-LINE**, SO IN NO TIME AT ALL...



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



THE END? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'!

YESTERDAY'S RAIN!!

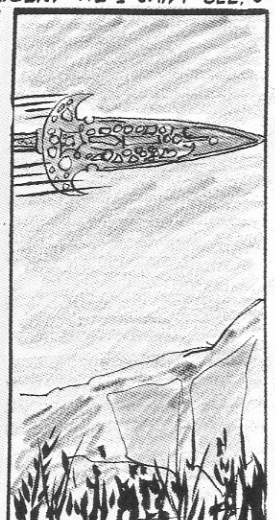
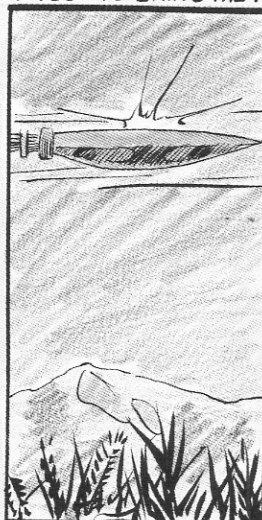
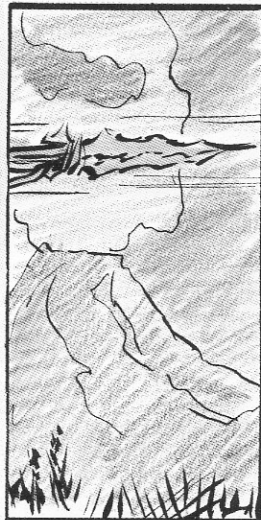
YESTERDAY'S RAIN BRINGS TOMORROW'S
PAINS FALLING 'ROUND MY HEAD
THOSE FEELINGS I DREAD...
LOVE HAS LOST.





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.



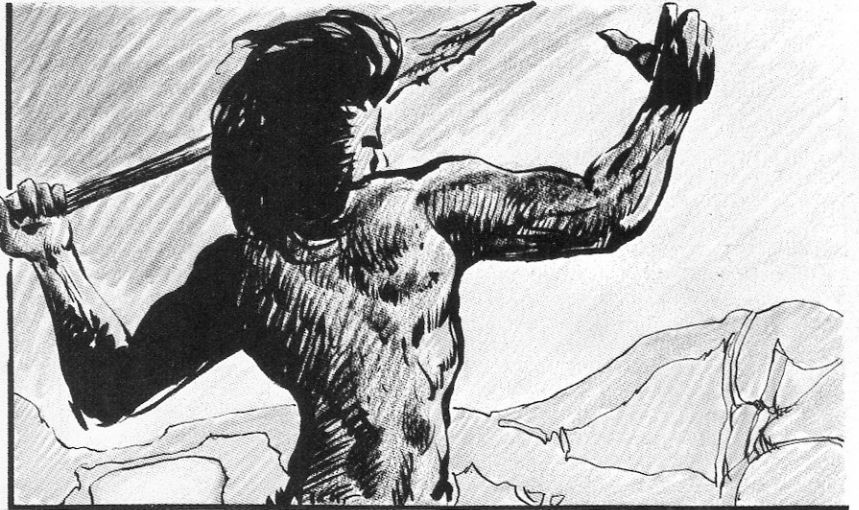
RUNNING THROUGH THE TREES, MY HANDS ABOVE MY HEAD,
TRYING TO ESCAPE THE RAIN.

YESTERDAY'S RAIN BRINGS TOMORROW'S PAIN FALLING 'ROUND MY HEAD. YESTERDAY'S RAIN FALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN...

THE FREEDOMS ARE DEAD.
YOU'LL PAY THE COSTS.

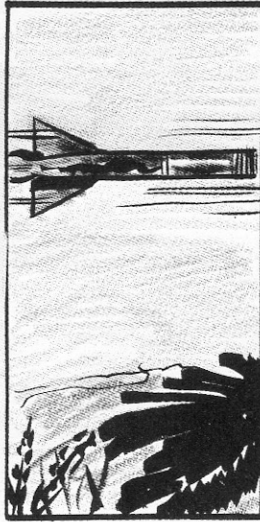
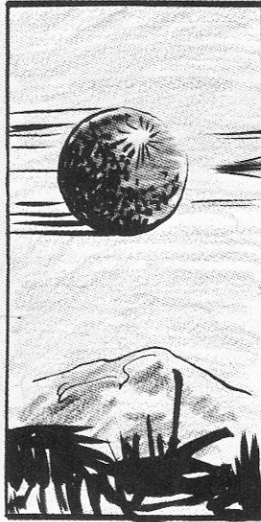
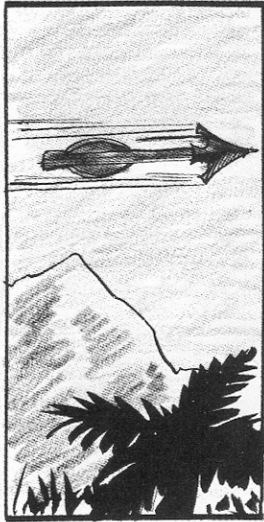
Stray Shot in Drug Raid Kills Father Holding Infant

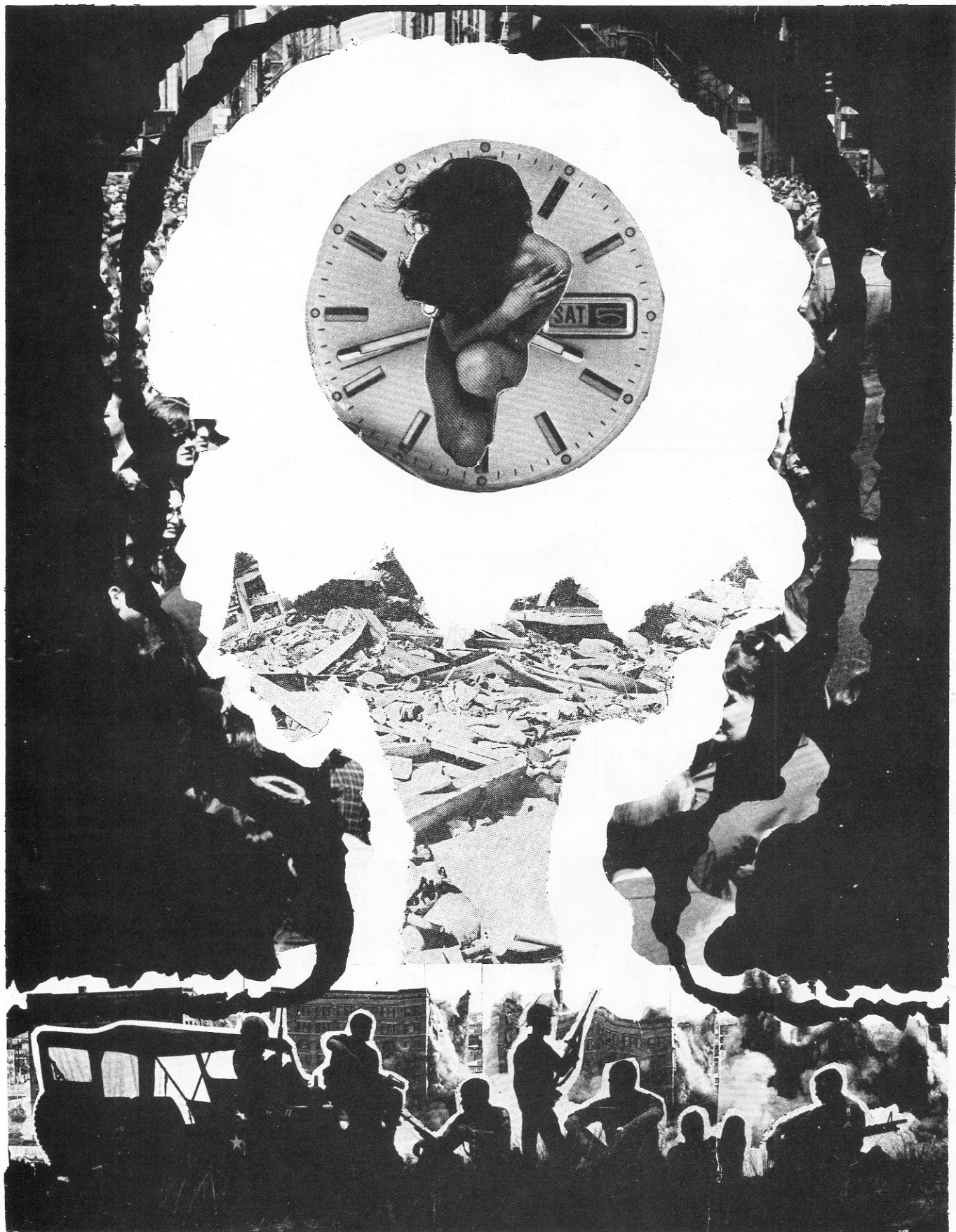




OVER MY HEAD THE DARKNESS SPREAD 'TIL MORNING LIGHT THAT
BREAKS IN THE NIGHT COMES DOWN AROUND ME,
TEARS FALLING LIKE THE BIRTH OF RAIN SPINNING TO THE GROUND...

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...



foley
12/69



DRAGON SLAYER

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!

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

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

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

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

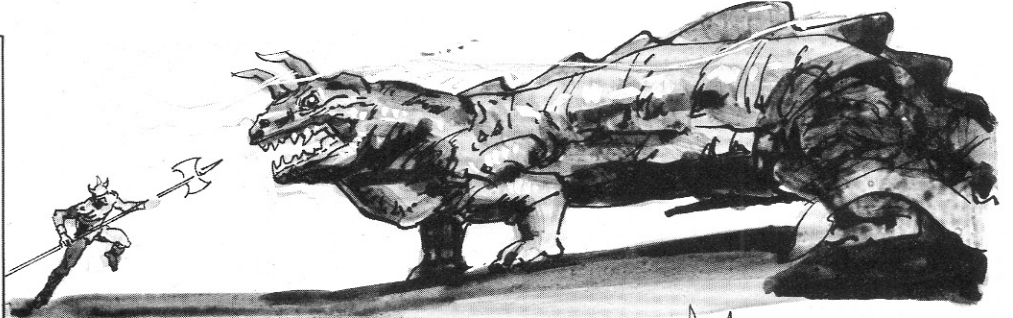
AYE NOBLE SIR! IF YOU DOTHT NOT RESCUE US SOON, 'T WILL BE **TOO LATE!**

THE **DRAGON** RETURNS WITH HASTE!

AH--SO IT DOES! BUT IT RETURNS FOR NAUGHT BUT **DEATH!**

COPYRIGHT 1971 BY
LEN WEIN AND TONY DE ZUINIGA
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

IT LUMBERS FORWARD SLOWLY, THIS GHASTLY BEHEMOTH FROM 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'D NEEDS 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!**



WTHRRROOSH

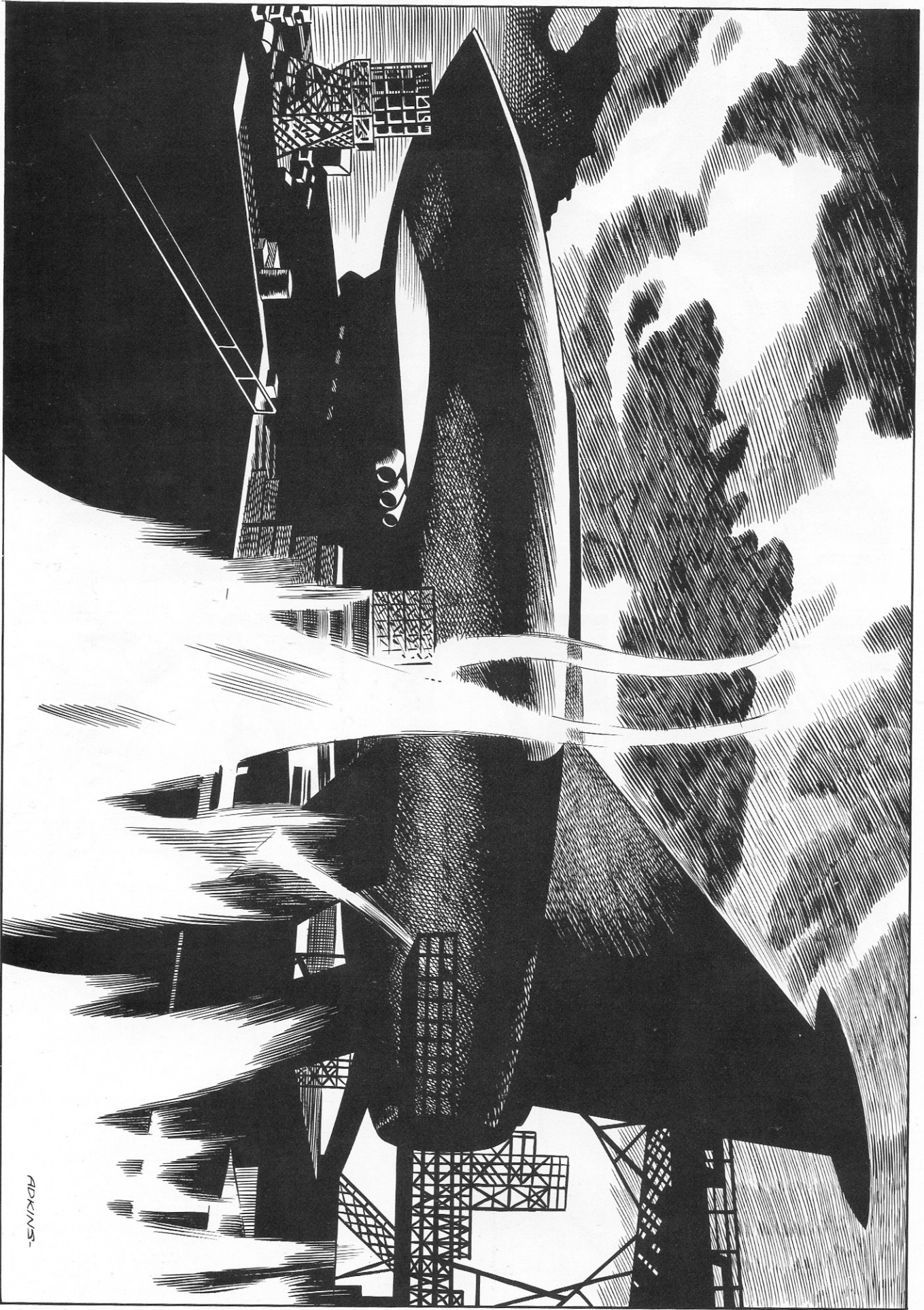
THE DIAMOND-SHAPED SKULL COMPLETES ITS TURN AT LAST... AND THE SWEET AIR IS RENT WITH THE SICKENING SMELL OF CHARRED AND BURNING FLESH...



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...



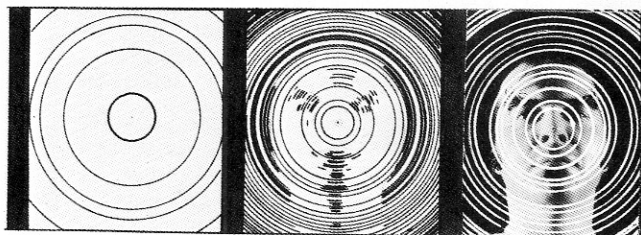
AND **KALVIN THE BOLD** JOINS THE **OTHER** CHARRED PATCHES IN THE LUSH GREEN CLEARING...



ADKINS-

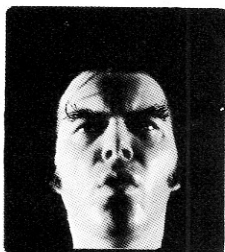
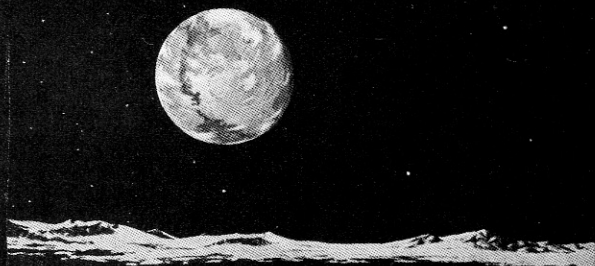


A VIEW FROM WITHOUT....



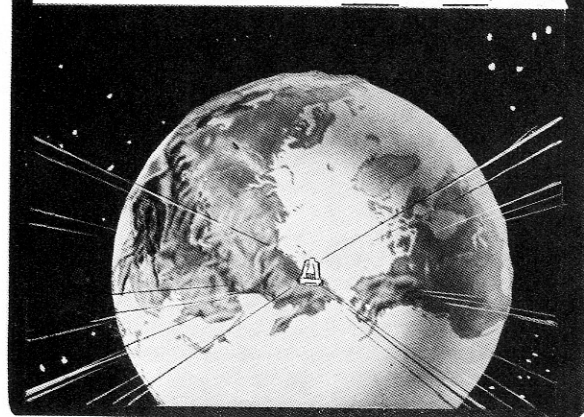
KALEN TO RFPKKK'WWW'WMMM
 **KLIK* READJUSTMENT COMPLETE... SUBSIDIARY REPORT NO. 3645666... SUBJECT EARTH... COORDINATES FOLLOW'... PURPOSE... DETAIL STUDY... ASSIGNMENT C-QUOTIENT TESTING... PROSPECT RATING... QUESTION-

ABLE TO UNDESIRABLE!... GENERAL PURPOSE... TO PROVIDE COMPLETE REPORT TO I. F. O. C. P. FOR CONSIDERATION. SPECIFIC PURPOSE: UNKNOW'N TO FIELD PERSONEL - FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACQUIRING AN UNBIASED VIEW. DETAIL REPORT FOLLOWS.



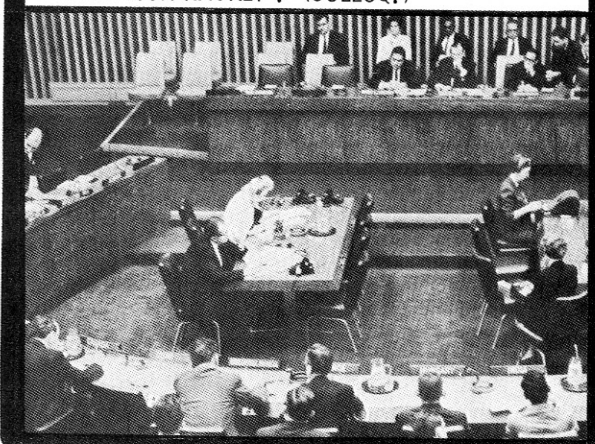
BACKGROUND DATA
 A. EXTREME VIEW OF (1) TERRITORIALITY AND (2) SPHERES OF INFLUENCE GUIDE ALL POLITICAL, PERSONAL AND RELIGIOUS CONFLICTS. PERSONAL

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 RYCRIMNOOS "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) DOESN'T PAY IMPORT TAXES IN COUNTRY (B) AND GETS FIRST CRACK AT ITS EXPORTS. (SOMETIMES CALLED THE "PROTECTION RACKET". (COLLOQ.)





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.

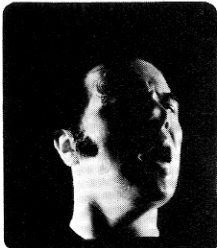





THE AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO ENDED CHU'S LIFE HAS PAUSED. I READ REGRET AND REVULSION ON HIS FACE.



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 NAI-



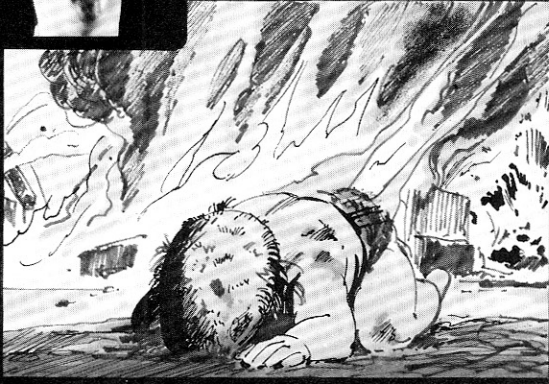
AN ADMIXTURE CALLED NAPALM HAS ENDED THE LIVES OF CHU'S FAMILY EXCEPT HIS WIFE WHO TAKES A FINAL BREATH OF LIVING FIRE AS SHE HURLS A SMALL PRECIOUS PACKAGE FROM THE HUT.

BINH-CHU IS STRUCK FIRST!

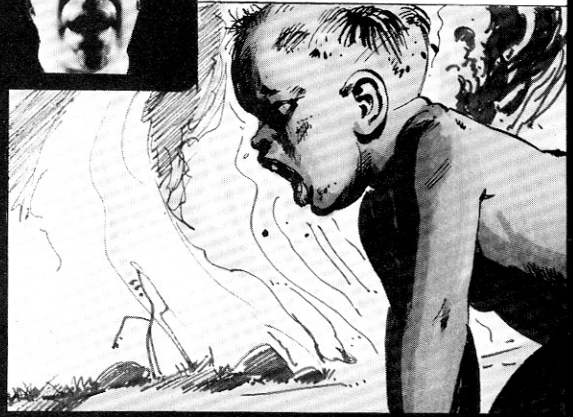




THE SMOLDERING "PACKAGE" BOUNCES AND ROLLS TO A STOP. SO RESILIENT ARE HUMAN BABIES WITH LAYERS OF FAT AND FLEXIBLE BONES...



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...

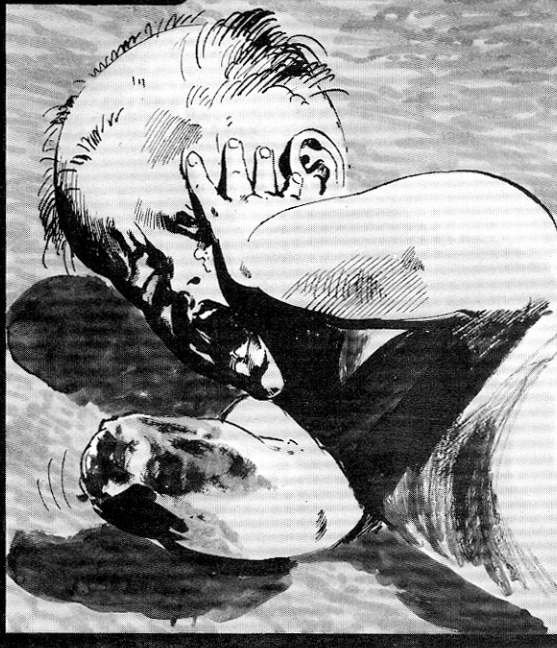


A WOMAN WITH AN ALREADY DEAD CHILD RUSHES BY AND KNOCKS HAI OVER.... IF ONLY SHE KNEW..... PERHAPS SHE WOULD PAUSE...





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.



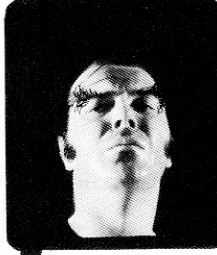
BUT SINCE HAI IS JUST A ... BABY... HE... DOESN'T RECOGNIZE THE DRAINAGE DITCH. SINCE HE'S A BABY... HIS COORDINATION ISN'T DEVELOPED ENOUGH TO STOP HIS MUTILATED BODY FROM

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 —

Billy Graham, for creating the title *Phase*.

Ken Barr, for designing the logo.

Ralph Abrahams, for about a ton of production advice.

Tony De Zuniga, for those great drawings we're using for ads and such nonsense.

Phil Seuling, for all his proofreading, lettering on the *Hero*, his script, and most of all — his friendship.

Jean Izzo, for lettering *Yesterday's Rain*, *Dragon Slayer*, *Soul Food*, and *Comes the Grey Dawn*.

Cory Adams, for lettering *A View from Without*.

And a special thanks to the following people for their help in publicizing Phase 1:

Bill Black, Lamar Blaylock, Joe Brancatelli, Gary Brown, Bob Cosgove, Mark Feldman, Mark Frank, Bob Gerstenhaber, Marty Greim, Gary Groth, Bob Gustaveson, Scott Harris, Larry Herndon, Alan Light, John McLaughlin, Neal Pozner, Phil Seuling, Kenneth Smith, Greg Theakston, Mark Wheatley and Bill G. Wilson — and we'd appreciate it if you'd support their efforts.



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 suggestions 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, Vanderveer Station, Brooklyn, New York 11210.

FALSE ADVERTISING DEPT. — What ever happened to that previously announced 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 brilliance.

So, for these reasons, in spite of Mr. Steranko's benevolent gesture, we chose Ken Barr as our cover artist and hopefully, 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.