

VERTIGO

ESSENTIAL VERTIGO

DC COMICS

THE  
**SANDMAN**

DREAM COUNTRY

Calliope

by NEIL GAIMAN

KELLEY JONES & MALCOLM JONES III

DIRECT SALES



01711 >



17 · DEC 97 \$1.95 US \$2.75 CAN  
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

OBI



MAY, 1986.

I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA.

SO WHAT IS IT? IT SMELLS QUITE DISGUSTING.

IT'S WHAT YOU WERE ASKING FOR. IT'S A BEZOAR.

HANG ON, I THOUGHT THEY WERE LIKE, PRECIOUS STONES?

MOST OF THEM ARE.

THIS IS A TRICHINOBEZOAR-- IT'S MADE OF HAIR. I CUT IT OUT OF A YOUNG WOMAN'S STOMACH THIS AFTERNOON. LOVELY LONG HAIR SHE HAD. TROUBLE WAS, SHE'D BEEN SUCKING IT, CHEWING IT--SWALLOWING THE HAIRS.

MUST'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS.

TECHNICALLY THAT'S KNOWN AS THE RAPUNZEL SYNDROME. ANYWAY, IT'S A BEZOAR. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

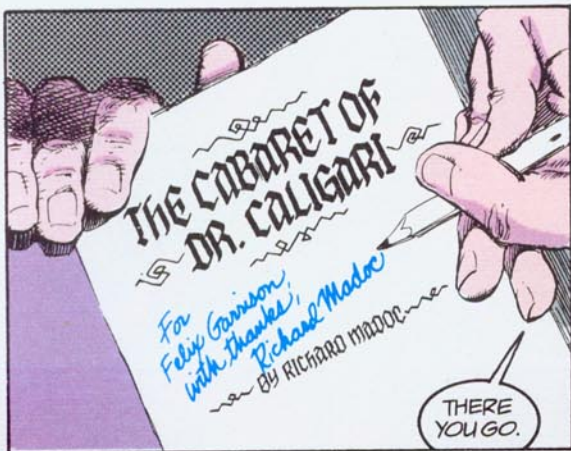
IT'S DISGUSTING. BUT THANKS. WHAT DO I OWE YOU, FELIX?

OH, NOTHING. IT WOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN INCINERATED, OR POPPED INTO A JAR FOR STUDENTS TO STARE AT. JUST DON'T TELL ANYONE WHERE YOU GOT IT.

AND, UM, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D SIGN THIS FOR ME?

SURE. NO PROBLEM.



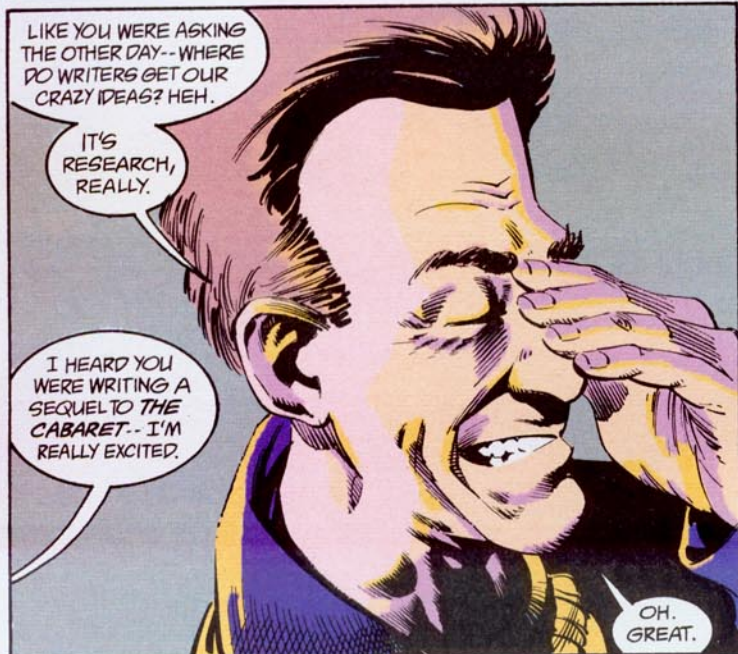


THERE YOU GO.



THIS IS GREAT. IT'S A REAL THRILL FOR ME, TO, YOU KNOW, BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING FOR ONE OF MY HEROES. I LOVED THE BOOK. AMAZING STUFF.

SO, UM, WHAT DO YOU NEED THE BEZOAR FOR?



LIKE YOU WERE ASKING THE OTHER DAY-- WHERE DO WRITERS GET OUR CRAZY IDEAS? HEH.

IT'S RESEARCH, REALLY.

I HEARD YOU WERE WRITING A SEQUEL TO THE CABARET-- I'M REALLY EXCITED.

OH. GREAT.



UH, THAT'S THE PHONE. LISTEN, THANKS AGAIN FOR THE THING.

NO PROBLEM. I KNOW HOW BUSY YOU ARE. I'LL JUST LET MYSELF OUT, THEN. 'BYE.

BREEP BREEP



HELLO? RICHARD MADOC SPEAKING.

OH. HI, HARRY.

RICK? IT'S HARRY. LISTEN, WE HAVE TO TALK. YOUR PUBLISHERS WERE ONTO ME AGAIN TODAY.



LISTEN, THE NOVEL'S ALMOST NINE MONTHS OVERDUE, AND THEY'RE THREATENING TO CAUSE TROUBLE. YOU'RE IN BREACH OF CONTRACT, RICK. IS IT FINISHED YET?

NEARLY FINISHED.

WELL, HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT TO GO?



IT'S ALMOST FINISHED, HARRY. YOU CAN'T RUSH THESE THINGS. ANOTHER COUPLE OF WEEKS, MAYBE, OKAY?

LISTEN, I'M REALLY BUSY. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU. OKAY?





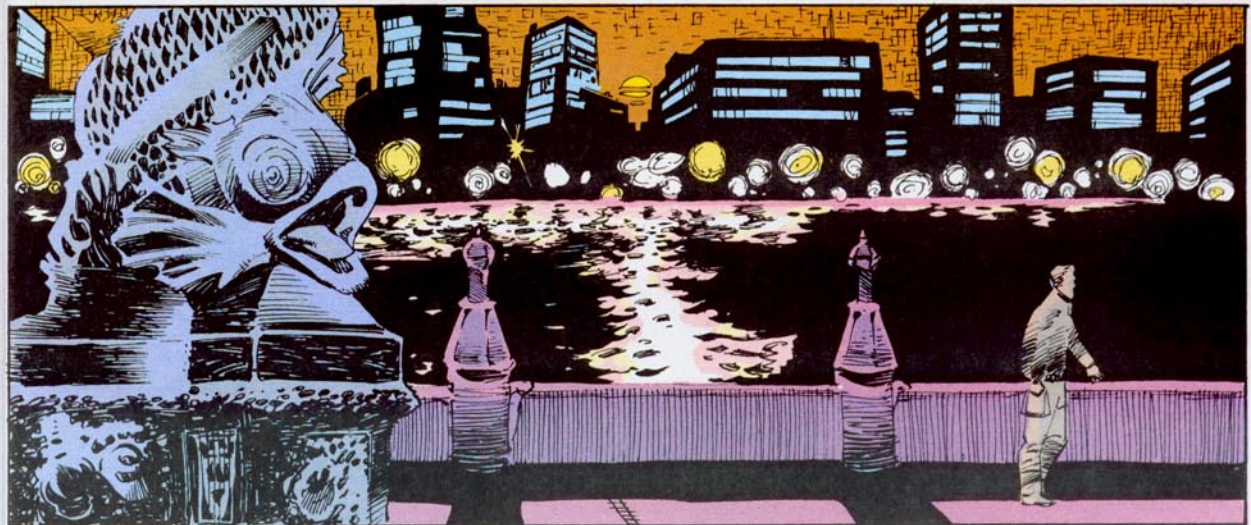
HOW MUCH OF THE NOVEL HAVE I WRITTEN? HONESTLY?



NOTHING.



NOT A WORD.



WHO IS IT?

RICHARD MADOC, TO SEE ERASMUS FRY.

I'LL BE STRAIGHT DOWN.



ARE YOU ALONE?

YES. IT'S JUST ME. I'VE GOT IT.

WELL, COME IN, DEAR BOY. COME IN.



I'M NOT SORRY THAT I'M NOT DRESSED FOR VISITORS, WHEN YOU GET TO MY AGE, YOU DON'T GIVE A TOSS WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE. HEH.

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, COME IN.





HOW ARE YOU, M'BOY? WRITTEN ANYTHING PROFOUND AND STIRRING RECENTLY?

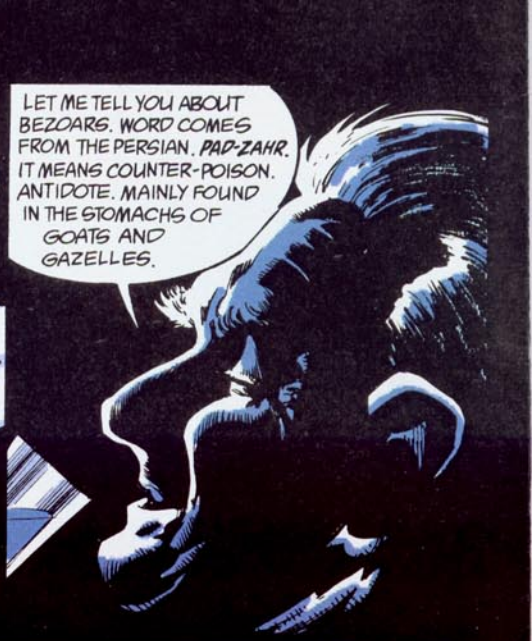
YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T, MR. FRY.

NO. WE'LL GO INTO MY STUDY, AND YOU CAN SHOW ME MY PRESENT.

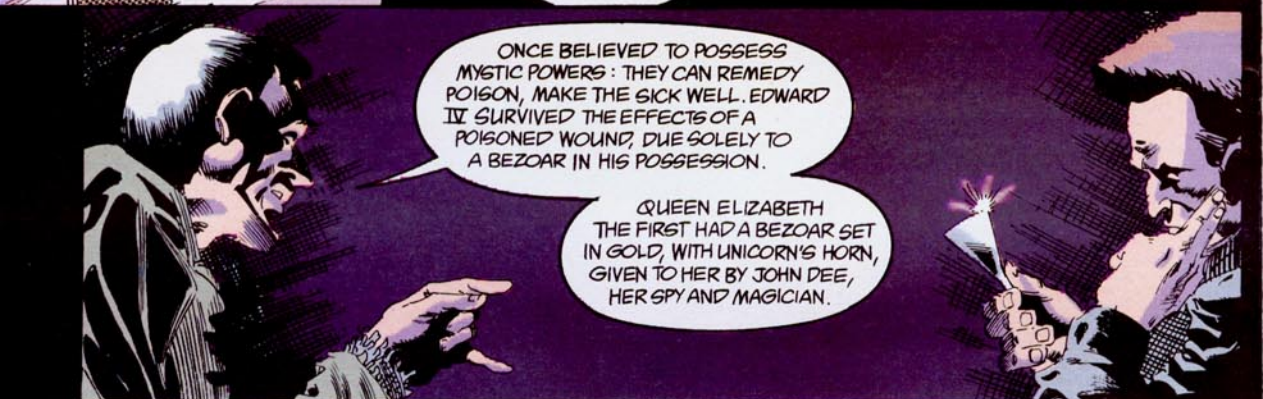


AH-- AN EXCUSE FOR A SHERRY.

CHEAP STUFF, OF COURSE. I'M NOT WASTING THE GOOD STUFF ON A LITTLE SHIT LIKE YOU.



LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT BEZOARS. WORD COMES FROM THE PERSIAN. PAD-ZAHR. IT MEANS COUNTER-POISON. ANTIDOTE. MAINLY FOUND IN THE STOMACHS OF GOATS AND GAZELLES.



ONCE BELIEVED TO POSSESS MYSTIC POWERS: THEY CAN REMEDY POISON, MAKE THE SICK WELL. EDWARD IV SURVIVED THE EFFECTS OF A POISONED WOUND, DUE SOLELY TO A BEZOAR IN HIS POSSESSION.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST HAD A BEZOAR SET IN GOLD, WITH UNICORN'S HORN, GIVEN TO HER BY JOHN DEE, HER SPY AND MAGICIAN.



FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE, APOTHECARIES WOULD LEND OUT BEZOARS AT EXTORTIONATE RATES, FOR A WEEK, OR A FORTNIGHT...



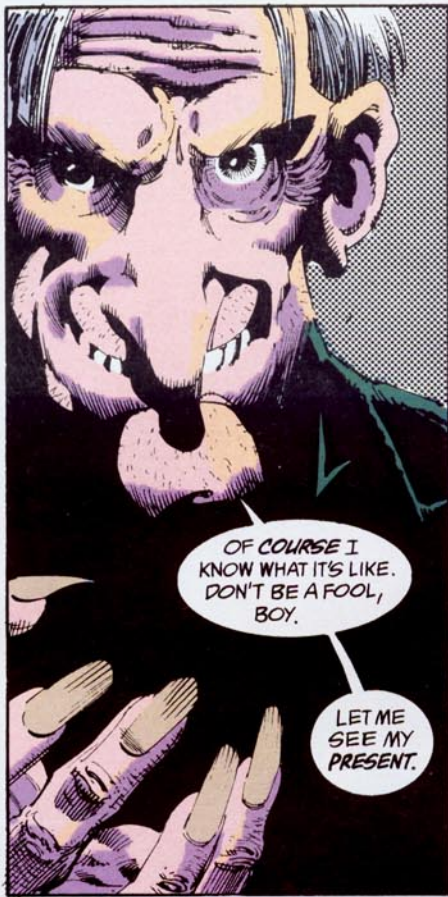
WILL YOU SHUT UP? I HAVEN'T WRITTEN A WORD IN A YEAR--NOTHING I HAVEN'T THROWN AWAY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE?

WHEN IT'S JUST YOU, AND A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER?



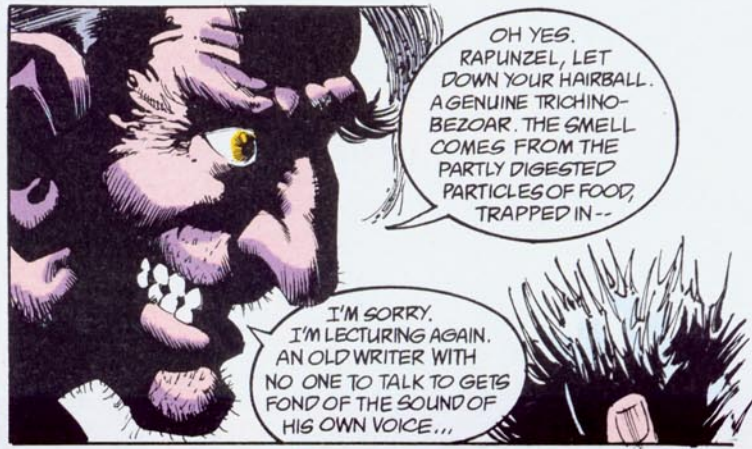
WHEN YOU CAN'T THINK OF A SINGLE THING WORTH SAYING, A SINGLE CHARACTER THAT PEOPLE COULD BELIEVE IN, A SINGLE STORY THAT HASN'T BEEN TOLD A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE...





OF COURSE I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE. DON'T BE A FOOL, BOY.

LET ME SEE MY PRESENT.



OH YES. RAPUNZEL, LET DOWN YOUR HAIRBALL. A GENUINE TRICHINO-BEZOAR. THE SMELL COMES FROM THE PARTLY DIGESTED PARTICLES OF FOOD, TRAPPED IN--

I'M SORRY. I'M LECTURING AGAIN. AN OLD WRITER WITH NO ONE TO TALK TO GETS FOND OF THE SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE...



I WILL PUT THE BEZOAR WITH THE REST OF THEM. I SUPPOSE THAT YOU WANT HER NOW.

DID YOU BRING ANY CLOTHES?

CLOTHES? I DIDN'T KNOW I...

NEVER MIND. I HAVE AN OLD COAT YOU MAY USE.



I CAUGHT HER ON MOUNT HELICON, YOU KNOW. 1927. GREECE. I WAS 29. I'LL BE 87 NEXT YEAR.

SHE WAS BATHING IN A SPRING, AND I CAUGHT HER AND BOUND HER WITH MOLY--SORCERER'S GARLIC, AS IT'S SOMETIMES CALLED--AND WITH CERTAIN RITUALS.



THE HARDEST PART WAS GETTING HER BACK TO ENGLAND.

I DON'T NEED HER ANY MORE, MADOC. AND YOU DO.

THEY SAY ONE OUGHT TO WOO HER KIND, BUT I MUST SAY I FOUND FORCE MOST EFFICACIOUS...

HERE SHE IS.

AFTER ALL, I GOT THE FAME AND THE GLORY. I CREATED THE NOVELS, THE POEMS, THE PLAYS...



HER NAME'S  
CALLIOPE.

# C A L L I O P E



*NEIL GAIMAN*  
WRITER

*KELLEY JONES*  
GUEST PENCILLER

*MALCOLM JONES III*  
INKER

*ROBBIE BUSCH*  
COLORIST

*TODD KLEIN*  
LETTERER

*TOM PEYER*  
ASSIST. EDITOR

*KAREN BERGER*  
EDITOR

FEATURING CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY  
GAIMAN, KIETH & DRINGENBERG





WHAT WOULD YOU WITH ME NOW, ERASMUS? AM I NOW TO PERFORM FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT? IS THIS MAN TO BE OUR AUDIENCE?



DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP, CALLIOPE.

NO, THIS IS RICHARD MADOC. HE'S A NOVELIST--OR AT LEAST, HE'S WRITTEN ONE EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL FIRST NOVEL, AND HAS FOUND HIMSELF QUITE UNABLE TO WRITE ANYTHING ELSE.



RICHARD, THIS IS CALLIOPE. THE YOUNGEST OF THE NINE MUSES. SHE WAS HOMER'S MUSE, SO SHE OUGHT TO BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

CALLIOPE, I'M GIVING YOU TO RICHARD. YOU'RE HIS NOW.



BUT YOU SAID-- YOU TOLD ME, YOU PROMISED THAT YOU WOULD FREE ME BEFORE YOU DIED. YOU SAID I COULD HAVE MY FREEDOM...

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES, MY DEAR.

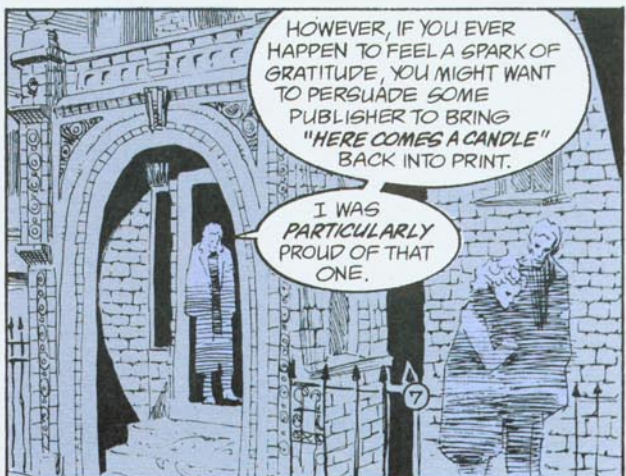


NOR IN AN AGING AUTHOR WHO HAS NEVER BEEN WHAT ONE MIGHT CALL A SHINING EXAMPLE WHEN IT CAME TO KEEPING HIS WORD...

WRITERS ARE LIARS, MY DEAR. SURELY YOU HAVE REALIZED THAT BY NOW?




TAKE THE LITTLE COW AWAY, MADOC. I NEVER WANT TO SEE EITHER OF YOU AGAIN.




HOWEVER, IF YOU EVER HAPPEN TO FEEL A SPARK OF GRATITUDE, YOU MIGHT WANT TO PERSUADE SOME PUBLISHER TO BRING "HERE COMES A CANDLE" BACK INTO PRINT.

I WAS PARTICULARLY PROUD OF THAT ONE.






AND MADOC TOOK CALLOPE BACK TO HIS HOME, AND LOCKED HER IN THE TOPMOST ROOM, WHICH HE HAD PREPARED FOR HER.



HIS FIRST ACTION WAS TO RAPE HER, NERVOUSLY, ON THE MUSTY OLD CAMP BED.

SHE'S NOT EVEN HUMAN, HE TOLD HIMSELF. SHE'S THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD. BUT HER FLESH WAS WARM, AND HER BREATH WAS SWEET, AND SHE CHOKED BACK TEARS LIKE A CHILD WHENEVER HE HURT HER.

IT OCCURRED TO HIM MOMENTARILY THAT THE OLD MAN MIGHT HAVE CHEATED HIM: GIVEN HIM A REAL GIRL. THAT HE, RICK MADOC, MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG, EVEN CRIMINAL ...



BUT AFTERWARDS, RELAXING IN HIS STUDY, SOMETHING SHIFTED INSIDE HIS HEAD.

HE SWITCHED ON THE WORD PROCESSOR TO WRITE IT DOWN BEFORE IT FLED.

CHAPTER THREE.  
"AND SOME IN VELVET GOWNS"

"Your face," he said to her. "What have you done to your face?"

Marion shrugged. "I wanted to look on the outside like I do on the inside," she said simply, not putting down the knife.

HE HAD BEEN WRITING FOR THREE HOURS BEFORE HE SURFACED ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT HE HAD BEGUN HIS SECOND NOVEL.



GRACIOUS LADIES, MOTHER OF THE CAMENAE, HEAR MY PRAYER.

MELETE, MNEME, AIODE, ATTEND MY SUPPLICATION.

IT IS I, YOUR DAUGHTER CALLOPE, WHO CALLS YOU, AS I HAVE CALLED YOU A THOUSAND TIMES. I...

I IMPLORE YOU, LADIES, DELIVER ME FROM THIS PLACE AND THIS TIME.

TO WHOM CAN I SPEAK, IN MY GRIEF? I WHO AM LADEN WITH WRETCHEDNESS. LADIES OF MEDITATION, REMEMBRANCE AND SONG...

...HEARKEN TO ME.

ALL RIGHT. ENOUGH, BEAUTIFUL VOICE. WHY DO YOU CALL US?

WE FEEL YOUR PAIN, DAUGHTER, BUT WE CANNOT HELP YOU.

YOU WERE SNARED UPON HELICON ACCORDING TO THE MYSTERIES. YOU ARE LAWFULLY BOUND.

BUT IT IS NOT JUST, MY MOTHERS. I CAN BEAR THIS BURDEN NO MORE.

IS THERE NOTHING YOU CAN DO? NO ONE WHO CAN INTERCEDE ON MY BEHALF?

THERE ARE FEW OF THE OLD POWERS WILLING OR ABLE TO MEDDLE IN MORTAL AFFAIRS IN THESE DAYS, CALLOPE.

HEHH. ONLY THE ENDLESS WILL NEVER DIE --AND EVEN THEY ARE HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME OF LATE.

MANY GODS HAVE DIED, MY DAUGHTER; WHILE ASPECTS OF OTHER GODS HAVE BEEN LOST FOREVER.

STILL, EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS, AS THE OLD WOMAN SAID WHEN SHE PISSED IN THE SEA.





THE *ENDLESS*--  
NOW, THERE'S A THOUGHT.  
AFTER ALL, THE DREAM-KING  
AND CALLIOPE WERE CLOSE,  
LONG AGO. FOR A SHORT  
WHILE. WEREN'T YOU,  
MY PET?

BUT SHE  
DID BEAR HIS  
CUB.

THAT BOY-  
CHILD WHO WENT  
TO HADES FOR HIS  
LADY-LOVE, AND  
DIED IN THRACE,  
TORN APART BY  
THE SISTERS OF  
THE FRENZY, FOR  
HIS SACRILEGE.

NOT FOR LONG,  
AND REMEMBER, SISTER-  
SELF, THEY DID *NOT*  
PART ON THE BEST  
OF TERMS.

NOT HIM. NOT AFTER  
WHAT HE *DID* TO ME. HE  
HATES ME FOR THAT, AND I  
DESPISE HIM. I *WOULD*  
NOT ACCEPT HIS  
HELP.



FOOLISH CHILD. ONEIROS IS  
IN NO POSITION TO HELP YOU, EVEN  
IF HE *WISHED* TO-- WHICH IS  
UNLIKELY, TO PUT IT MILDLY.

YOU SEE, JUST  
LIKE YOU, CALLIOPE, YOUR  
ONE-TIME ADMIRER HAS  
BEEN ENSNARED BY  
MORTALS.

AND WHILE  
*YOU* ARE IMPRISONED  
IN YOUR TOWER, HE IS  
IMMURED BENEATH  
THE GROUND.

I AM *SORRY*, MY  
LITTLE ONE. YOUR PRAYERS  
WERE WASTED. THERE IS  
NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR  
YOU, AND NOTHING *YOU*  
CAN DO BUT HOPE.



NO--PLEASE, COME BACK,  
PLEASE. THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING*,  
THERE MUST BE *SOMEONE* WHO  
CAN FREE ME...




PLEASE... SEND  
*SOMEONE*...  
ANYONE...



EVEN ONEIROS.





IT HAD BEEN HER OWN FAULT.

SPRING, 1927. MOUNT HELICON.

SHE HAD ONLY RETURNED FOR A BRIEF TIME, LURED PERHAPS BY NOSTALGIA...


SHE HAD LAID DOWN HER SCROLL, AND WAS BATHING IN A CLEAR POOL, REMEMBERING THE LOST, GOLDEN DAYS: WHEN THE NINE WERE STILL SOUGHT AND WOODED AND NEEDED...

WHEN THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES STILL ECHOED IN MORTAL SOULS.



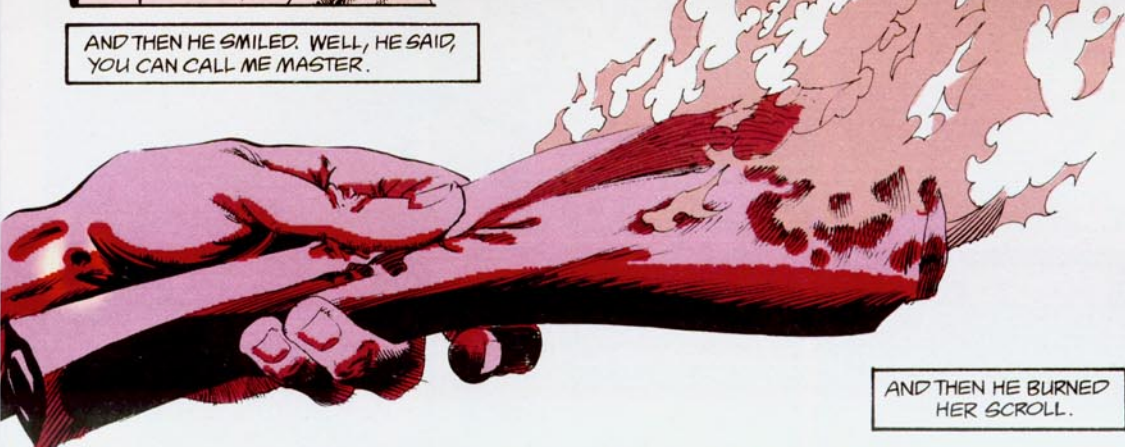
IN ONE HAND HE HELD MOLY FLOWERS, THAT HAD POWER OVER HER KIND, AND IN HIS OTHER HAND HELD HER SCROLL.

WHICH ONE ARE YOU? HE HAD ASKED HER.




CALLIOPE, SHE TOLD HIM.

KALL-I-OH-PEE, HE HAD ECHOED, AS IF HE WERE TASTING HER NAME.




AND THEN HE SMILED. WELL, HE SAID, YOU CAN CALL ME MASTER.

AND THEN HE BURNED HER SCROLL.




HEY! GREAT NEWS! I'VE FINISHED THE NOVEL. IT'S CALLED "MY LOVE SHE GAVE ME LIGHT." TWO DRAFTS IN FIVE WEEKS. AND IT'S ALL GOOD STUFF.

I AM PLEASED FOR YOU. NOW WILL YOU LET ME GO?



ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. COME HERE, GORGEOUS. LET'S MAKE TWO AND A HALF MINUTES OF SQUELCHING NOISES.

PLEASE, MADOC. LET ME GO. STOP FORCING ME TO DO THESE THINGS.

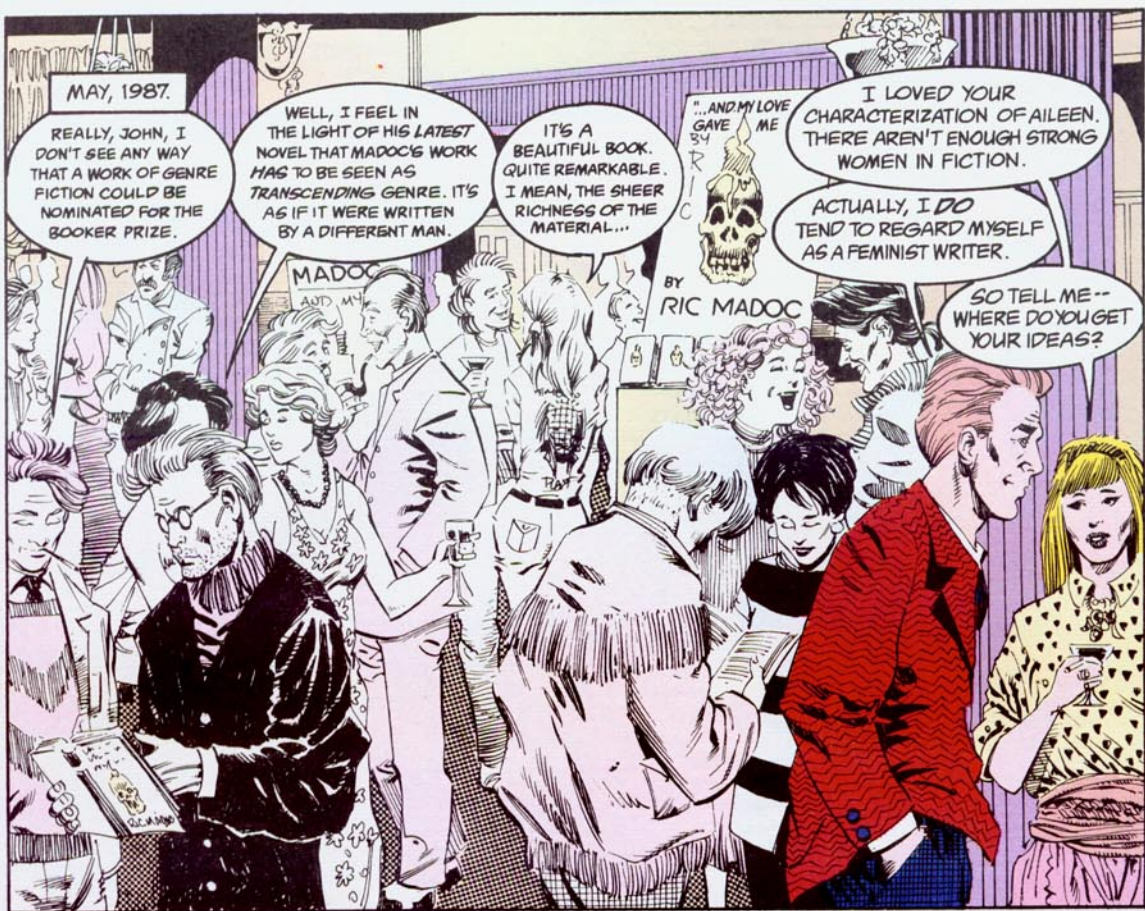


LISTEN. YOU'RE MY POSSESSION, UNTIL I TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE FREE. DON'T FORGET IT.

YOU'RE MY PERSONAL MUSE, SWEETHEART. NOW.

LET'S PARTY.





MAY, 1987.

REALLY, JOHN, I DON'T SEE ANY WAY THAT A WORK OF GENRE FICTION COULD BE NOMINATED FOR THE BOOKER PRIZE.

WELL, I FEEL IN THE LIGHT OF HIS LATEST NOVEL THAT MADOC'S WORK HAS TO BE SEEN AS TRANSCENDING GENRE. IT'S AS IF IT WERE WRITTEN BY A DIFFERENT MAN.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL BOOK. QUITE REMARKABLE. I MEAN, THE SHEER RICHNESS OF THE MATERIAL...

...AND MY LOVE GAVE ME

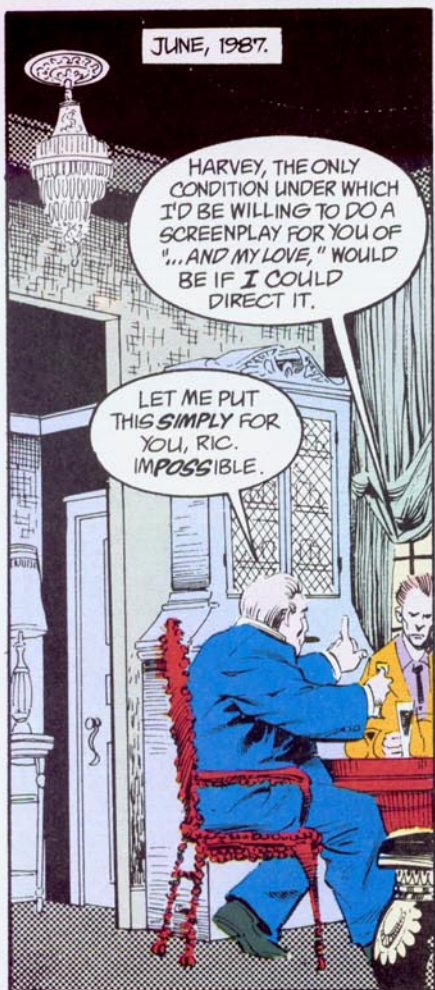
I LOVED YOUR CHARACTERIZATION OF AILEEN. THERE AREN'T ENOUGH STRONG WOMEN IN FICTION.

ACTUALLY, I DO TEND TO REGARD MYSELF AS A FEMINIST WRITER.

SO TELL ME-- WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?

MADOC

BY RIC MADOC



JUNE, 1987.

HARVEY, THE ONLY CONDITION UNDER WHICH I'D BE WILLING TO DO A SCREENPLAY FOR YOU OF "... AND MY LOVE," WOULD BE IF I COULD DIRECT IT.

LET ME PUT THIS SIMPLY FOR YOU, RIC. IMPOSSIBLE.



MARCH, 1988.

WHEN THEY SAID IN THE TLS THAT YOU COULD BE CONSIDERED THE GREATEST EPIC POET SINCE BYRON--

IT SURPRISED THE HELL OUT OF ME. I SAW "THE SPIRIT WHO HAD HALF OF EVERYTHING" AS A LIGHTWEIGHT PROJECT BETWEEN REAL BOOKS...

I WAS HONESTLY SURPRISED WHEN MY PUBLISHER AGREED TO TAKE IT.



OCTOBER, 1988.

LOOK, HARRY, IT'S NOTHING THAT YOU'VE DONE. IT'S JUST THAT THE WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY CAN LOOK AFTER MY INTERESTS BETTER. THEY'VE GOT CONTACTS YOU HAVEN'T.

BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT THE FIRST THREE NOVELS AND THE POETRY COLLECTION TO HANDLE...

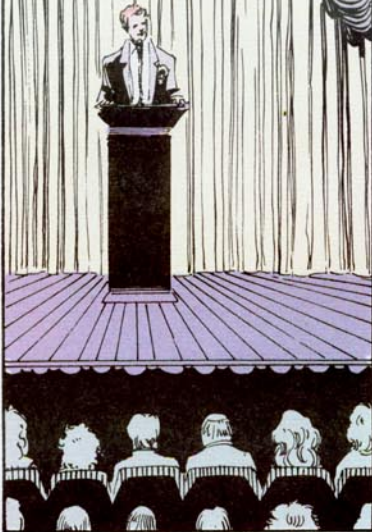
DON'T BE LIKE THAT, HARRY.



FEBRUARY, 1989.

THANK YOU, ALL OF YOU, SO MUCH. YOU KNOW, WHEN I FIRST TOLD MY AGENT I WAS PLANNING TO WRITE A PLAY, HE SAID RIC, YOU'RE CRAZY.

SO I GOT A NEW AGENT. HA HA HA.



APRIL, 1989.

...WE'VE BEEN ACTIVELY DISCUSSING YOUR ORIGINAL OFFER TO WRITE A SCREENPLAY, IF WE LET YOU DIRECT. I'M PLEASED TO TELL YOU THAT--



HARVEY, IT'S TOO LATE. I'VE ALREADY SIGNED A THREE-FILM DEAL IN THE U.S. BUT THANKS, Y'KNOW.

MAY, 1989.



RIC MADOC BUYS A NEW HOUSE, IN CHELSEA. HE'S BUSY ON PRE-PRODUCTION FOR THE FILM, AND MOST OF THE MOVING IS DONE FOR HIM.

HE MOVES HIS MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION HIMSELF, THOUGH, LATE ONE SPRING NIGHT.

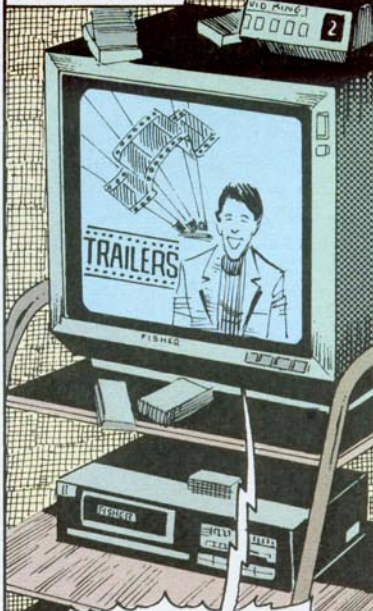
SEPTEMBER, 1989.

NO. NO, I LIKE HOLLYWOOD WELL ENOUGH, BUT I'M REALLY PLEASED TO BE GOING HOME. TWO MONTHS AWAY IS ENOUGH FOR ME.



HI! IN CASE YOU'VE JUST TUNED IN, I'M TALKING TO RIC MADOC, WRITER, POET AND SOON-TO-BE FILM DIRECTOR, ABOUT HIS NEW EPIC NOVEL, "EAGLE STONES".

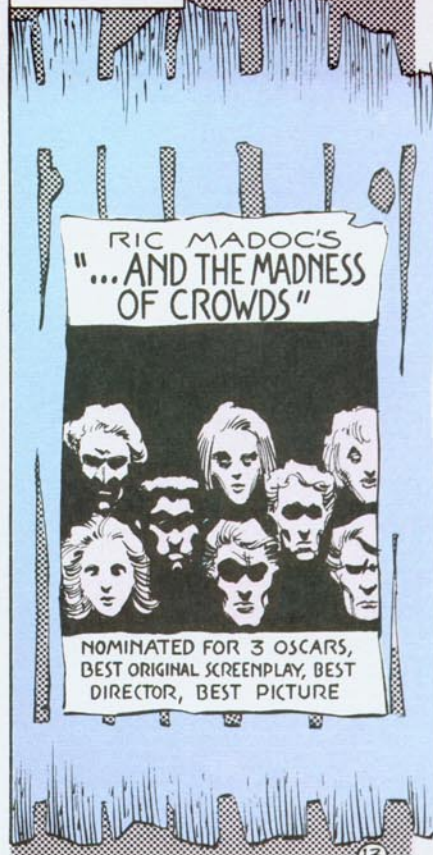
OCTOBER, 1989.



...WRITER OF THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL, "EAGLE STONES," TALKED TO US ABOUT HIS EXTRAORDINARY NEW FILM, "...AND THE MADNESS OF CROWDS," AND WE'LL BE SHOWING SOME EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE.

THAT'S ALL ... AFTER THIS SHORT BREAK.

MARCH, 1990



RIC MADOC'S  
"...AND THE MADNESS OF CROWDS"

NOMINATED FOR 3 OSCARS,  
BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY, BEST DIRECTOR, BEST PICTURE





OH. IT'S YOU.



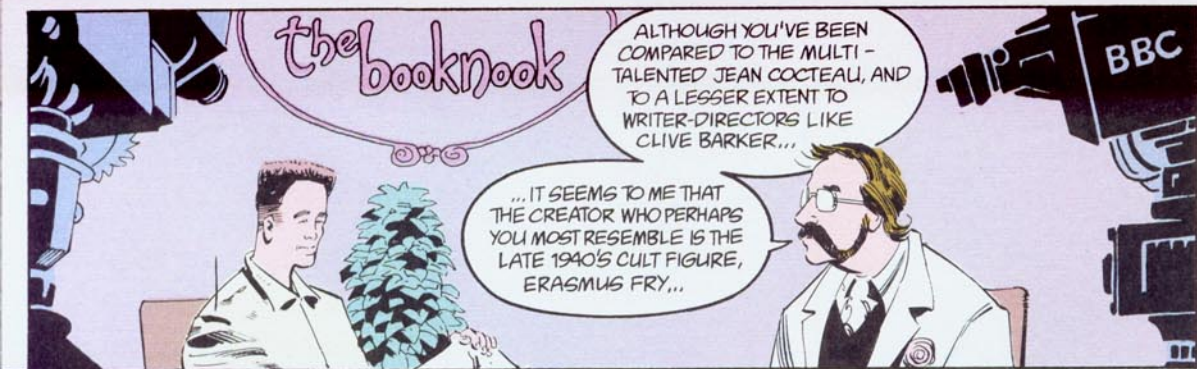
THEY... THEY TOLD ME THAT YOU HAD BEEN IMPRISONED. JUST LIKE ME.

They spoke the truth. I was imprisoned. But, as you can see, I am free now.



THEN PLEASE -- BY THE LOVE I ONCE HAD FOR YOU, BY -- WHATEVER YOU FELT FOR ME. PLEASE.

MAKE HIM GIVE ME MY FREEDOM. MAKE HIM LET ME GO.



the booknook

BBC

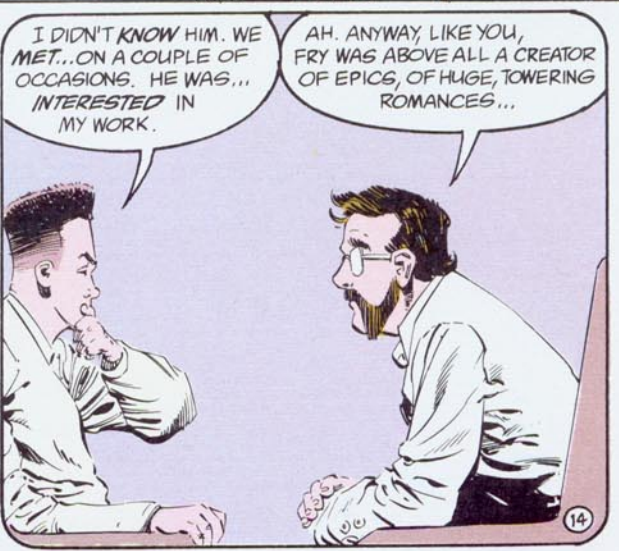
ALTHOUGH YOU'VE BEEN COMPARED TO THE MULTI-TALENTED JEAN COCTEAU, AND TO A LESSER EXTENT TO WRITER-DIRECTORS LIKE CLIVE BARKER...

...IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE CREATOR WHO PERHAPS YOU MOST RESEMBLE IS THE LATE 1940'S CULT FIGURE, ERASMUS FRY...



EXCUSE ME -- YOU SAID "THE LATE." HE'S DEAD?

LAST SUMMER. DID YOU KNOW HIM?



I DIDN'T KNOW HIM. WE MET... ON A COUPLE OF OCCASIONS. HE WAS... INTERESTED IN MY WORK.

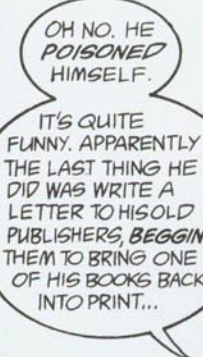
AH. ANYWAY, LIKE YOU, FRY WAS ABOVE ALL A CREATOR OF EPICS, OF HUGE, TOWERING ROMANCES...





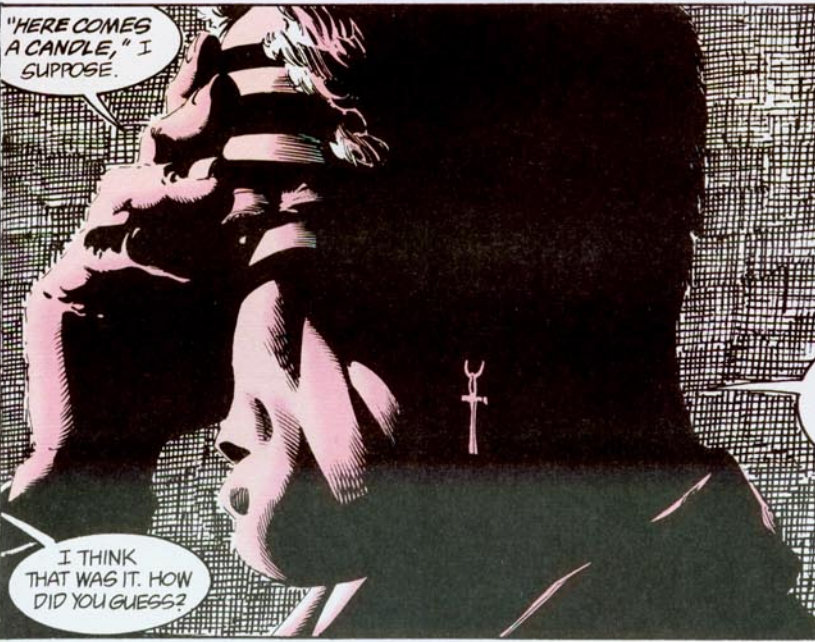
...WENT VERY WELL, I THOUGHT. IT'LL BE BROADCAST IN JUNE--WE'LL LET YOU KNOW THE EXACT DATE.

THANKS. I SUPPOSE FRY MUST HAVE DIED WHILE I WAS SHOOTING IN THE U.S. OLD AGE, I SUPPOSE. HE MUST'VE BEEN ALMOST NINETY.



OH NO. HE POISONED HIMSELF.

IT'S QUITE FUNNY. APPARENTLY THE LAST THING HE DID WAS WRITE A LETTER TO HIS OLD PUBLISHERS, BEGGING THEM TO BRING ONE OF HIS BOOKS BACK INTO PRINT...



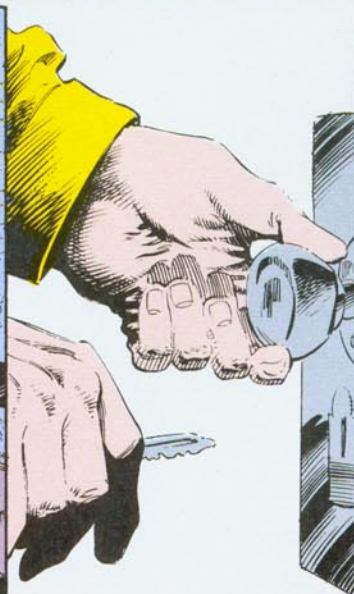
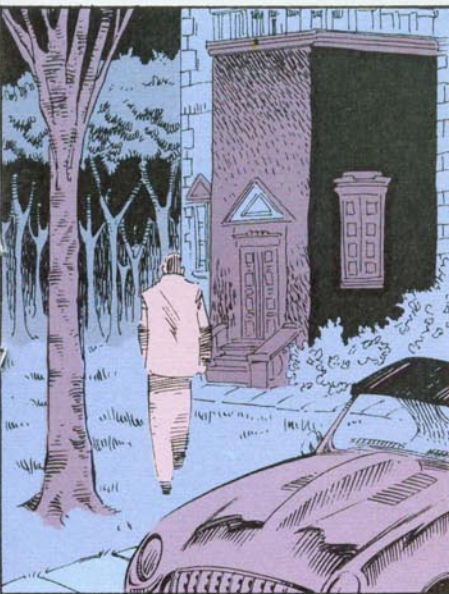
"HERE COMES A CANDLE," I SUPPOSE.

I THINK THAT WAS IT. HOW DID YOU GUESS?

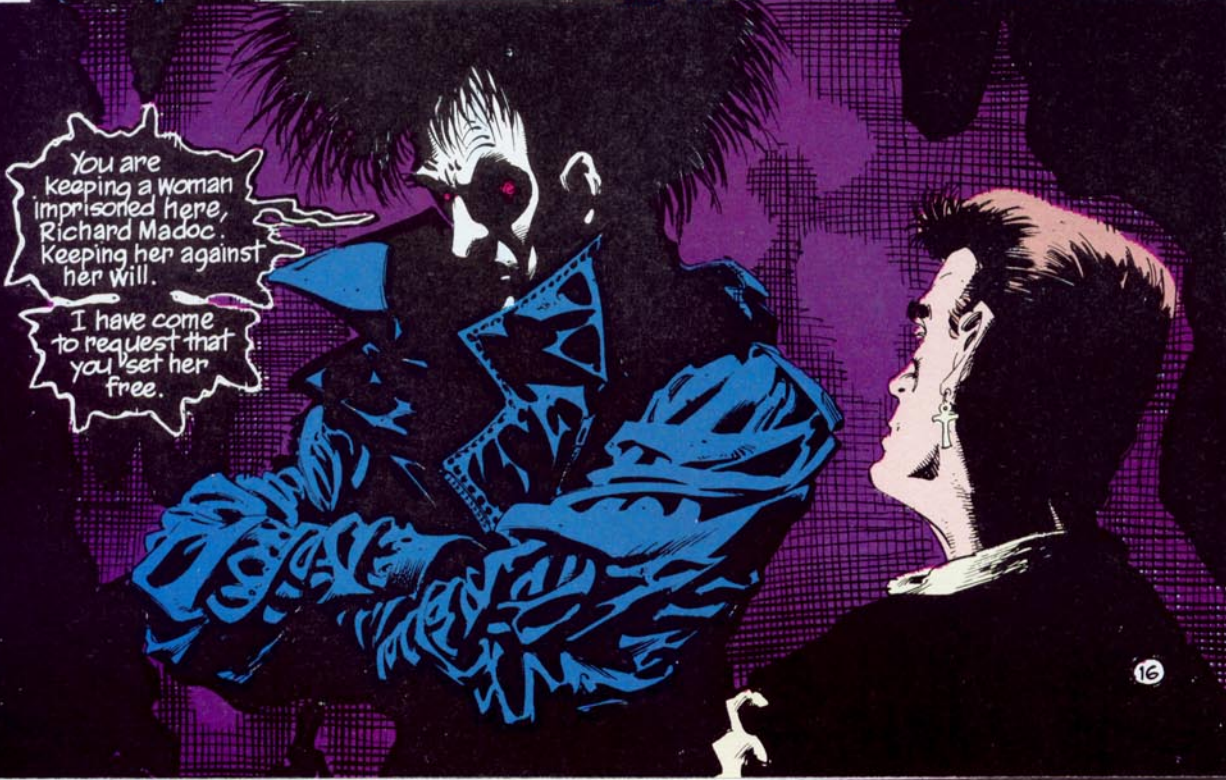


IT WAS A GOOD BOOK. PERHAPS MY FAVORITE BOOK, WHEN I WAS GROWING UP. VERY MOVING, AND HONEST, AND STRANGE.

POOR OLD GOD.









ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? THERE'S NO WOMAN HERE. NOW GET OUT OF HERE! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? THERE--THERE'S A LAW AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE YOU!



ARE YOU GOING TO CALL THE POLICE? IS THAT IT?



No, I will not call any human agency. Just let her go.



BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- I NEED HER. IF I DIDN'T HAVE HER, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO WRITE. I WOULDN'T HAVE IDEAS.



I CAN'T FREE HER YET, NOT NOW. MAYBE IN A YEAR OR SO.

-LOOK, I HAVE MONEY--AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY--AND...

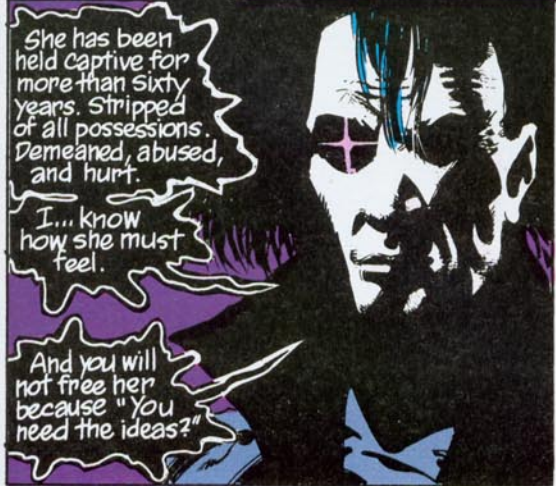
Hold your tongue.



She has been held captive for more than sixty years. Stripped of all possessions. Demeaned, abused, and hurt.

I... know how she must feel.

And you will not free her because "You need the ideas?"



You disgust me, Richard Madoc.

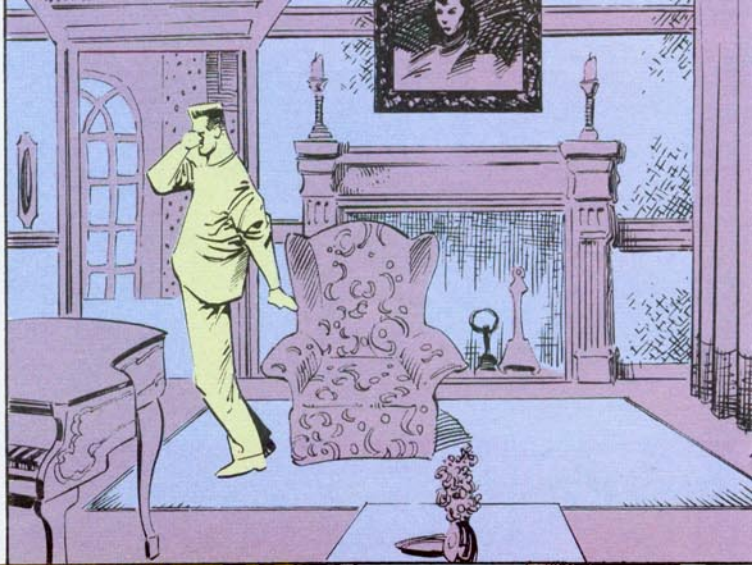
You want ideas? You want dreams? You want stories?

Then ideas you will have. IDEAS IN ABUNDANCE.





UHHHNN.



I JUST HAD THIS WEIRD DREAM...WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? HUH? ARE YOU DOING THAT? GIVING ME NIGHTMARES?

ARE YOU DOING IT?



TELL ME!

TELL ME, OR GO HELP ME, I'LL, I'LL...



NO, I AM NOT DOING IT, RICHARD MADOC.

YOU HAVE MET ONEIROS, WHOM THE ROMANS CALLED THE SHAPER OF FORM.

HE WAS ONCE MY LOVER, AND HE WAS THE FATHER OF MY SON.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D EVER HAD A SON.



YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME, RICHARD MADOC.

I AM REAL, RICHARD. I AM MORE THAN A RECEPTACLE FOR YOUR SEED, OR AN INSPIRATION FOR YOUR TALES.



STILL, IT IS TOO LATE NOW TO LET THAT CONCERN YOU.

GOODBYE, RICHARD MADOC. ENJOY YOUR PARTY.



A TIME OUT, PLEASE. AND A STANDARD.

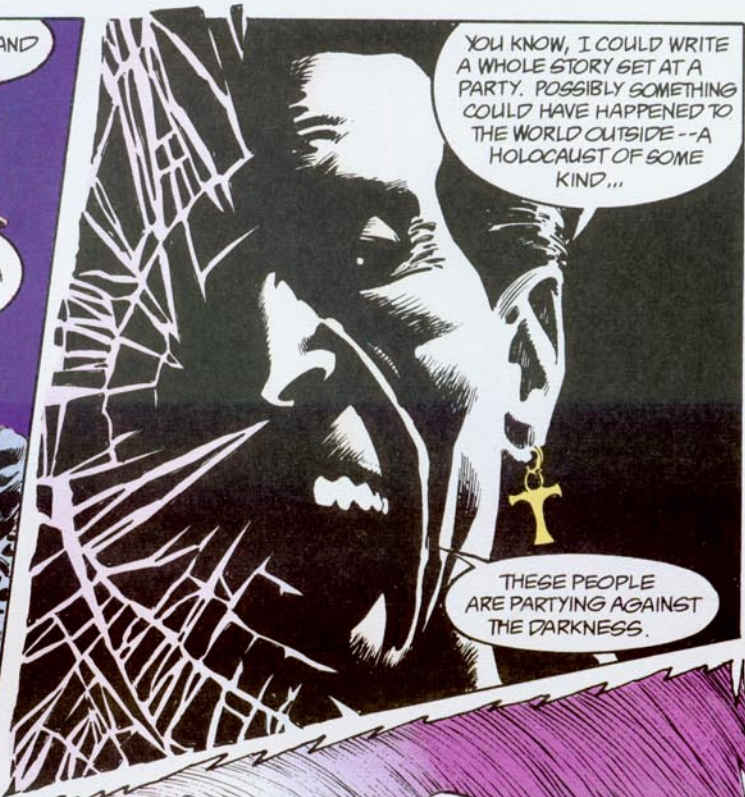
RIGHT-HO. SAW YOU ON THE TELLY THE OTHER NIGHT. I SAID TO MY WIFE, HE BUYS PAPERS FROM ME. SHE SAID, HE NEVER, I SAID, HE DOES. ONE TWENTY, PLEASE.

AH... I'M GOING TO A PARTY...



YOU KNOW, I COULD WRITE A WHOLE STORY SET AT A PARTY. POSSIBLY SOMETHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE -- A HOLOCAUST OF SOME KIND...

THESE PEOPLE ARE PARTYING AGAINST THE DARKNESS.



HERE! MISTER MADOC! THAT'S ONE POUND TWENTY YOU OWE ME!

THE FRATERNITY OF CRITICS. IN REALITY A DARK BRETHREN, LINKED BY PROFANE RITES AND BLOOD VOWS. TO DESTROY AN AUTHOR THEY SACRIFICE A CHILD AND PERFORM A CRITICAL MASS...

A CITY IN WHICH THE STREETS ARE PAVED WITH TIME.

A TRAIN FULL OF SILENT WOMEN, PLOWING FOREVER THROUGH THE TWILIGHT.

HEADS MADE OF LIGHT. A SMALL PIECE OF BLUE CARDBOARD. A PLUM, SWEET AND TART AND COLD. A WERE-GOLDFISH WHO TRANSFORMS INTO A WOLF AT FULL MOON.

TWO OLD WOMEN TAKING A WEASEL ON HOLIDAY.

GRYPHONS SHOULDN'T MARRY. VAMPIRES DON'T DANCE.

A MAN WHO INHERITS A LIBRARY CARD TO THE LIBRARY IN ALEXANDRIA.

A ROSE BUSH, A NIGHTINGALE, AND A BLACK RUBBER DOG-COLLAR.





A MAN WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH A PAPER DOLL.

THE SUN SETTING OVER THE PARTHENON. SHARK'S TEETH SOUP.

IS SOMETHING WRONG? I'M A DOCTOR. STAND BACK, PLEASE.

GOOD GRIEF--RICHARD MADOC!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD FELLOW?

I'M JUST HAVING IDEAS. SO MANY...

AN OLD MAN IN SUNDERLAND WHO OWNED THE UNIVERSE, AND WHO KEPT IT IN A JAM-JAR IN THE DUSTY CUPBOARD UNDER HIS STAIRS...

MY HOME IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. LEAN ON ME. DO YOU REMEMBER ME--FELIX GARRISON?

IT'S THE IDEAS. WHERE WE GET THEM FROM. A SESTINA ABOUT SILENCE, USING THE KEY WORDS DARK, RAGGED, NEVER, SCREAMING, FIRE, KISS.

FELIX GARRISON  
F. R. C. S.

COME ON INSIDE. YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER. SOON HAVE YOU FEELING BETTER.

GOD--WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOUR HANDS?

A BIOGRAPHY OF KEATS, FROM THE LAMIA'S VIEWPOINT...

ALL THE PICTURES IN MY HEAD. I HAD TO GET THEM DOWN, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY PAPER, OR INK. SO I USED THE WALL.

AND MY FINGERTIPS.





ALL THE IDEAS, INSIDE. ALL THE PICTURES AND POEMS AND TALES AND SONGS AND PLAYS AND SPEECHES AND FRAGMENTS... THEY'RE ALL COMING OUT. YOU MUST HELP ME.

I'LL GIVE YOU A SEDATIVE, AND BANDAGE THOSE FINGERS.

NO! NO... I'M SORRY. NOTHING LIKE THAT.

IT'S HER REVENGE, YOU SEE. OR HIS REVENGE. I SAID I NEEDED THE IDEAS-- BUT THEY'RE COMING SO FAST, SWAMPING ME, OVERWHELMING ME...

YOU HAVE TO MAKE THEM STOP.



HERE-- THIS WILL CALM YOUR NERVES.

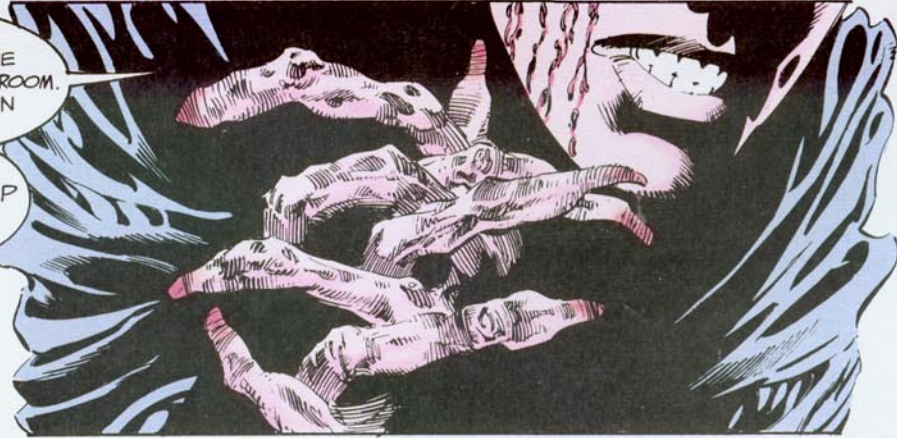
NO! I TOLD YOU.

LOOK-- GO TO MY HOUSE. THE KEYS ARE IN MY POCKET IF-- IF YOU CAN TAKE THEM OUT FOR ME. I DON'T THINK I CAN USE MY HANDS ANYMORE.



GO UPSTAIRS. AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE THERE'S A ROOM. THERE'S A WOMAN IN THERE.

LET HER OUT. SHE'S LOCKED UP IN THERE, YOU SEE.



TELL HER-- TELL HER SHE CAN GO. THAT I FREE HER. MAKE HER LEAVE. MAKE HER GO AWAY.

I SIGNED A BOOK FOR YOU ONCE, DIDN'T I?

OH GOD. PLEASE.

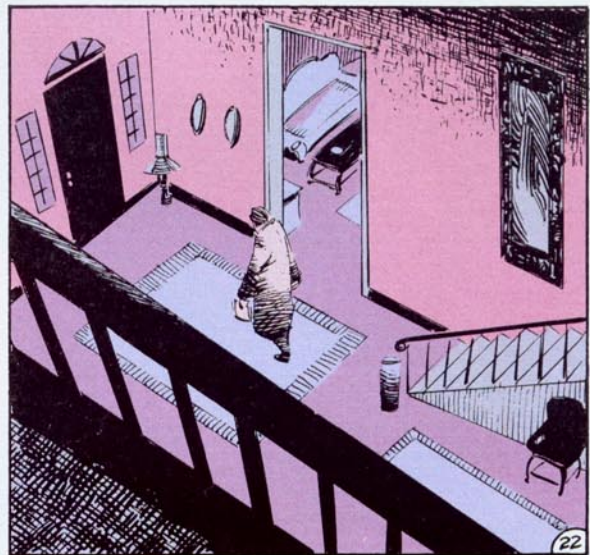
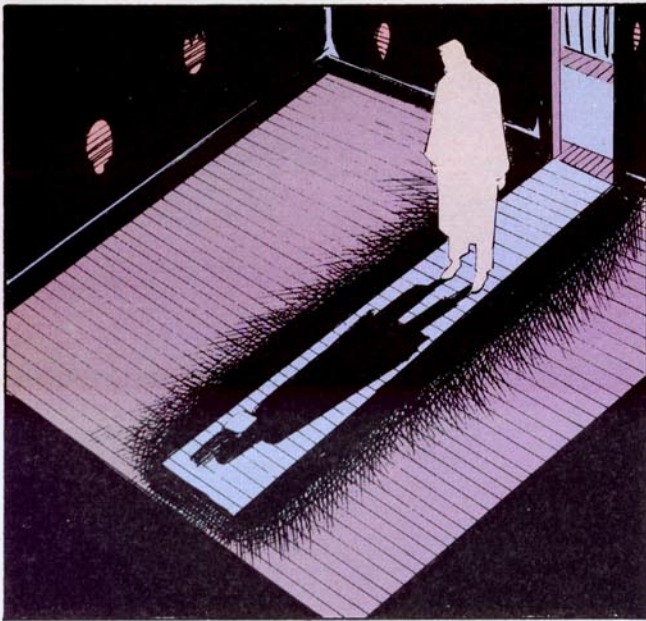
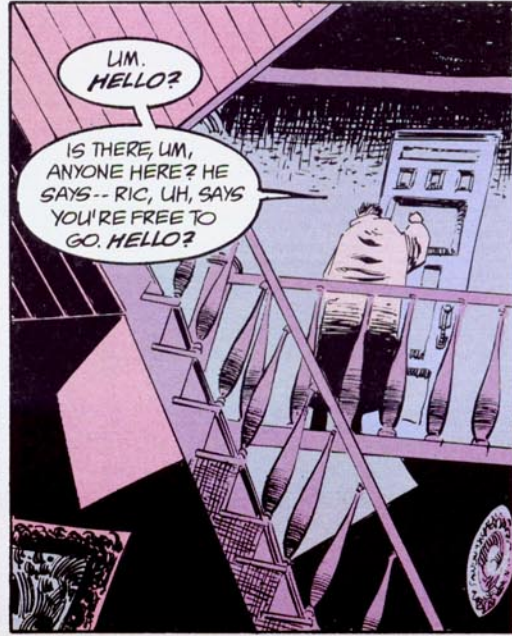
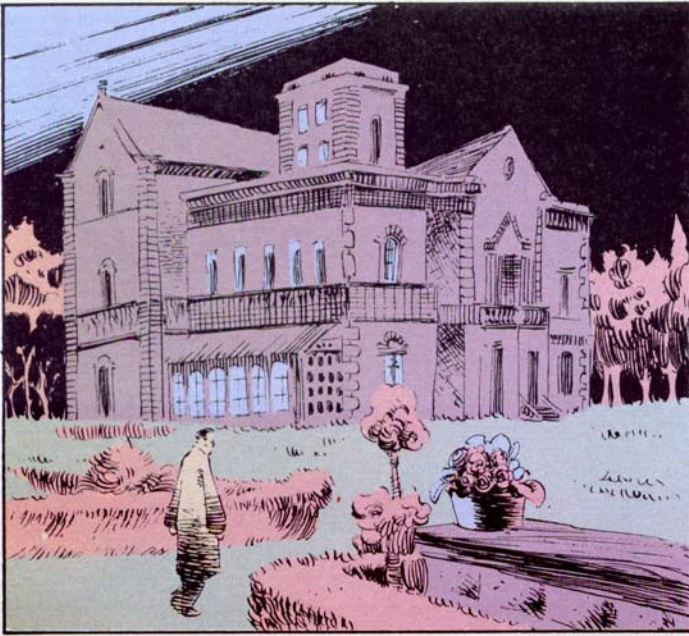
ALL RIGHT. STAY HERE. I'LL BE BACK SOON.

MAKE IT STOP. TELL HER I'M SORRY.

MAGICAL AND ALCHEMICAL TRADITIONS SEEN AS A CARGO CULT; AUREOLUS THEOPHRASTUS BOMBASTES PARACELSUS AND RAYMOND LULLI WERE THE SAME MAN.











SO. IT'S OVER.  
THANK YOU.

What will  
you do now,  
Calliope?

I DON'T KNOW.  
RETURN TO THE MINDS  
OF HUMANITY, I  
SUSPECT. MY TIME  
IS OVER, AND  
THIS AGE OF  
THE WORLD IS  
NOT MY AGE.



YOU HAVE  
CHANGED, ONEIROS.  
IN THE OLD DAYS,  
YOU WOULD HAVE  
LEFT ME TO ROT  
FOREVER, WITHOUT  
TURNING A  
HAIR...

DO YOU  
STILL HATE  
ME? FOR  
WHAT I  
DID?



No. I no longer hate you,  
Calliope. I have learned much  
in recent times, and...

No matter. I do  
not hate you,  
child.

I THINK YOU  
SHOULD RELEASE  
THE MORTAL NOW.  
HE HAS SET ME  
FREE...

If that is  
what you wish,  
it is done.



MAYBE...

MAYBE I  
COULD VISIT  
YOU, IN THE DREAM  
REALM? IT WOULD  
BE NICE TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN.  
PROPERLY.  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK?



I do not think that  
would be a good idea,  
Calliope.

NO. NO,  
PERHAPS IT  
WOULDN'T.

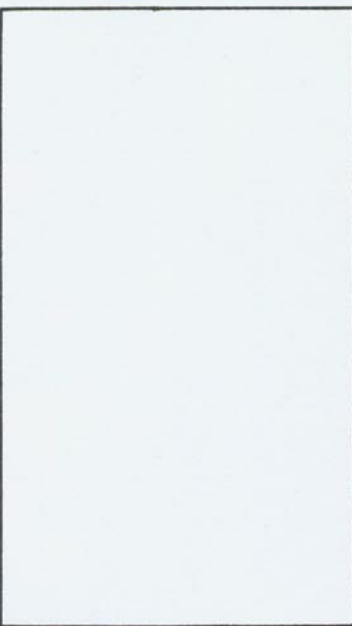
THANK YOU  
ANYWAY, ONEIROS.  
I WILL NOT FORGET  
THIS.



FARE YOU  
WELL, ONEIROS.  
FORTUNE GO  
WITH YOU.

Goodbye,  
Calliope.





NEXT...



A DREAM OF A THOUSAND CATS