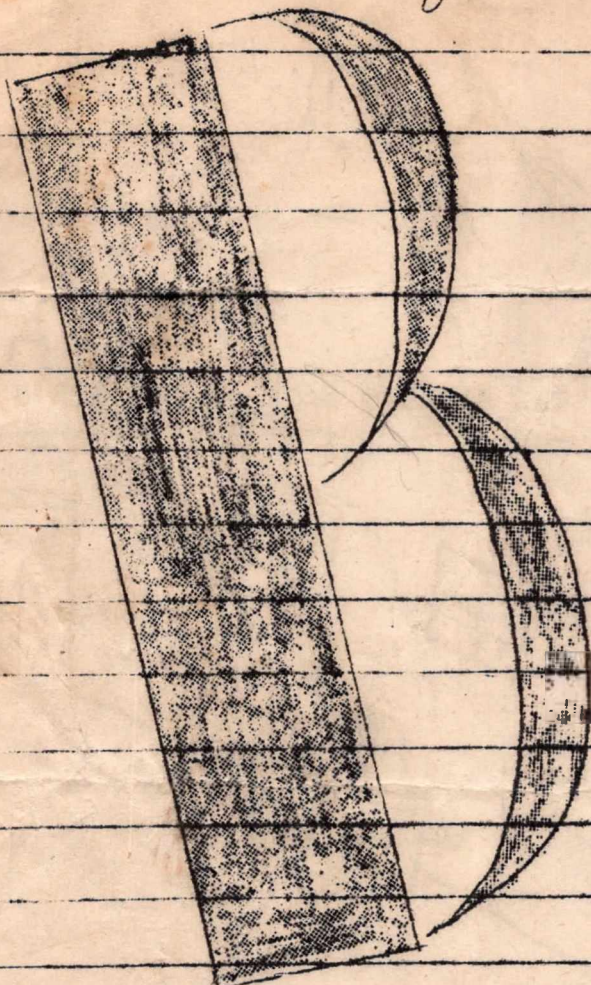


featuring The PURPLE SAP



LUE

EM

BLUE BEN COMICS,

the mag that shouldn't happen to  
a dog

COMICS

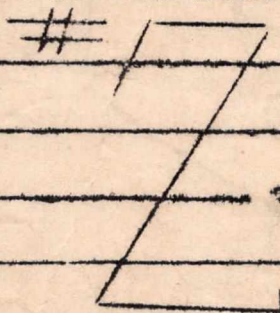
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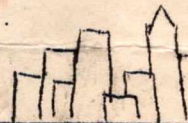
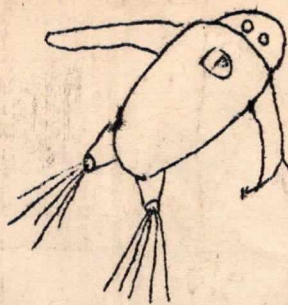




PRESENTING -

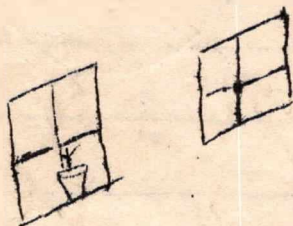
# THE SAP

BY VOMBURGER

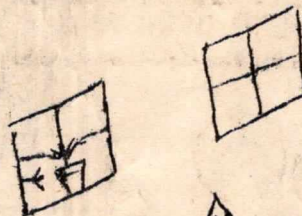


THE BLAZING SAGA OF ONE MAN'S  
FIGHT AGAINST JUSTICE!

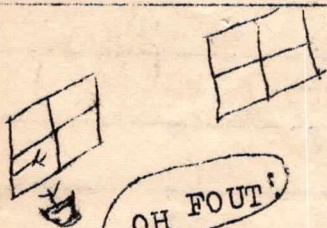
IT ALL STARTED ONE DAY WHEN...



JOE SCHAUMBURGER, PENNILESS FAN  
HUDDLED IN A DESERTED ALLEY

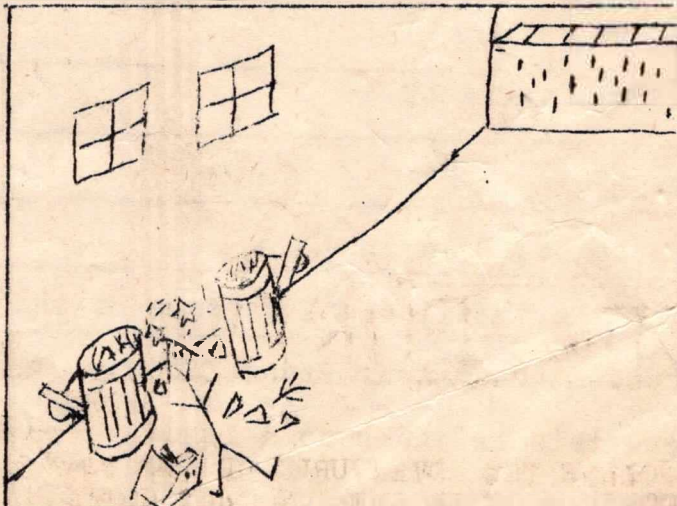


HE NOTICED AN OLD BOOK IN A  
NEARBY GARBAGE CAN, AND DUG IT OUT



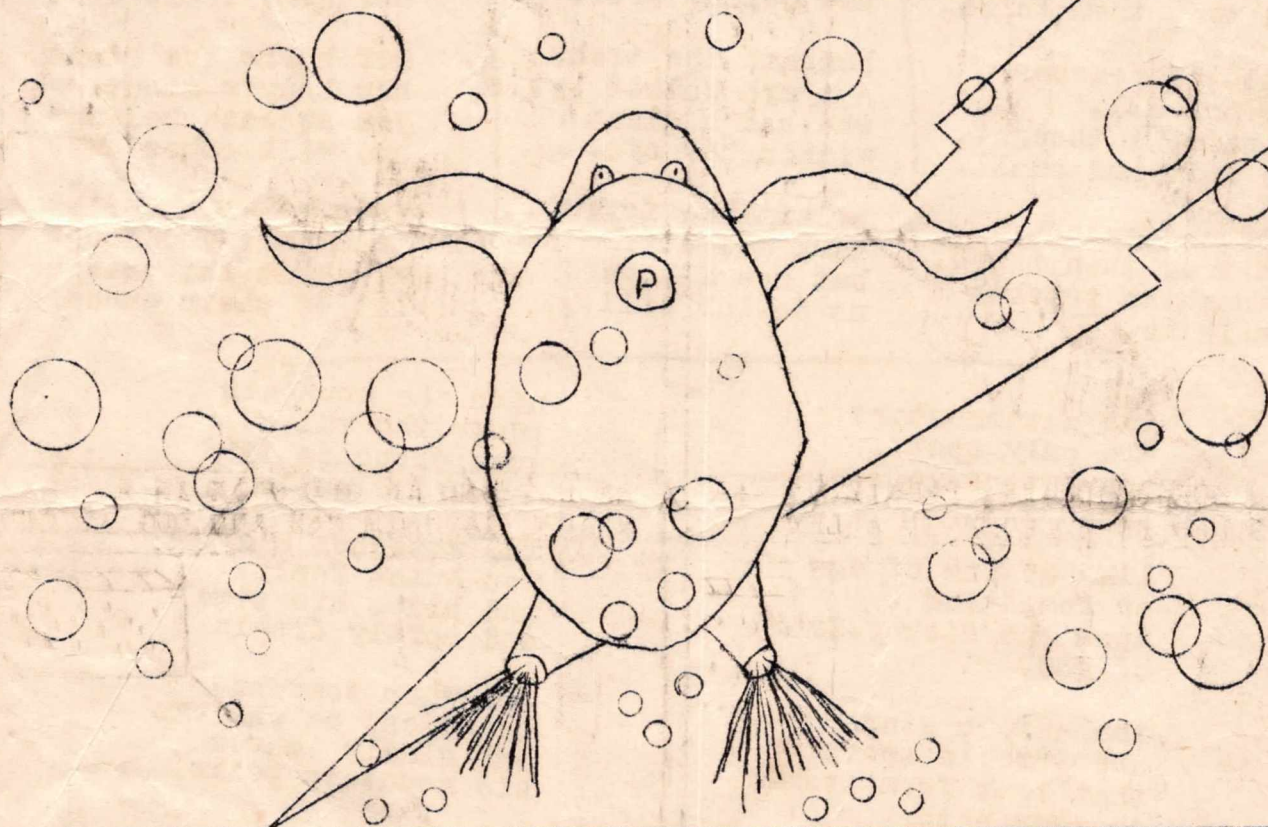
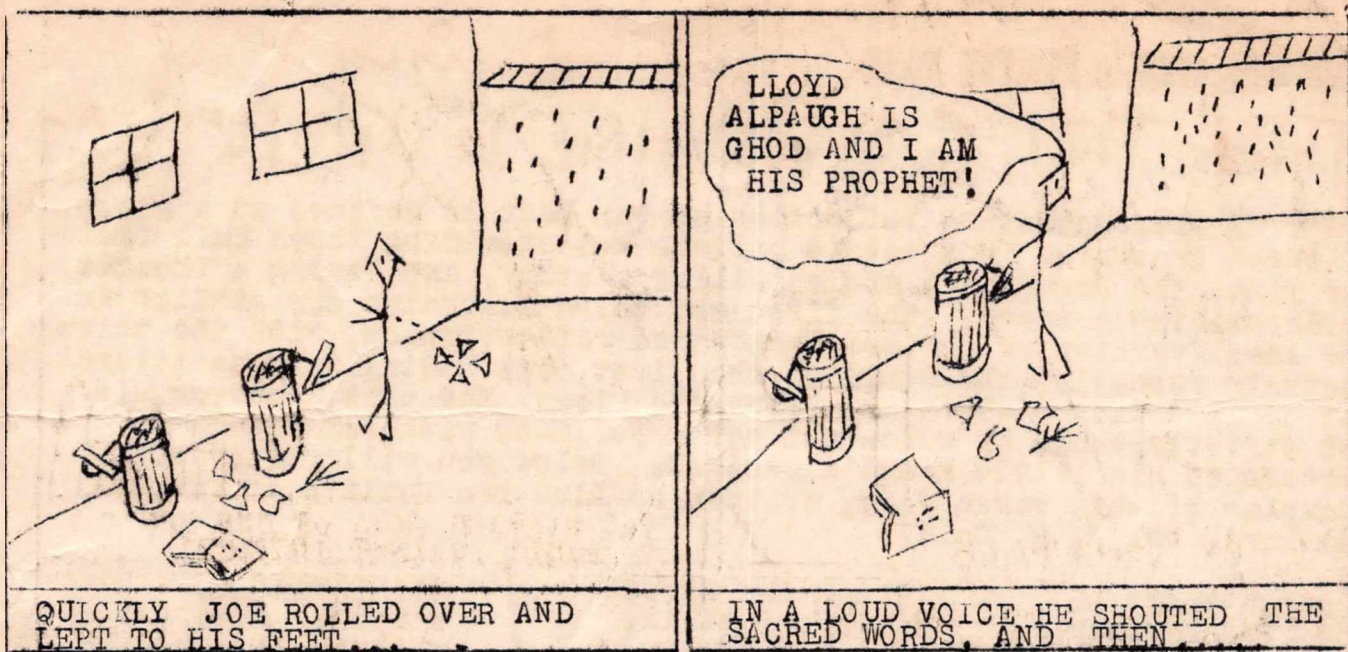
OH FOUT!

IT WAS CALLED "THE NECRONOMICON"  
AND IT CONTAINED STRANGE SPELLS



JOE WAS STRUCK WITH AN IDEA!





THE PURPLE SAP IS BORN!

THE END

\*\*\*

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# Introducing THE TRI-QUATRAINED REFLECTION-ISM

NOTE: A tri-quatrained reflectionism can best be defined as a group of three quatrains in a metric pattern not exceeding three full feet per line, the group as a whole telling a story, expressing a thought, or describing a scene. The first and third quatrains are similar in the ideal version of the tri-quatrained reflectionism, with the third quatrain repeating the sense of the first, but adding some additional bit of information which completes the idea. The poet, however, is not strictly bound by rules and may experiment with variations of the pattern to his little heart's content. Below you will notice some examples of this verse form, written by Blue Bem Comix's staff poet and bard, Mr. J. H. Caley:

a peach grows on  
a tall, green tree.  
i ate one peach,  
then two, then three.

i ate the peaches  
pits and all.  
the pits, i thought,  
were soft and small.

i ate one peach,  
then two, then three.  
and now the peaches  
grow in me.

i saw the forest  
dark and still.  
i had a crisp  
new dollar bill.

beneath the trees  
a nymph walked by.  
she had a gleam  
within her eye.

i left the forest  
dark and still  
but now i have  
no dollar bill.

the bovine is  
a noble beast.  
when she looks west  
her hind looks east.

her horns are blunt,  
her body's stout.  
you squeeze below  
and milk comes out.

when we drink milk  
from bovine udders  
we cheat the calves  
out of their mudders.

the autumn stars  
are only spots,  
are button-yellow  
polka dots

like stains of egg  
or fetid cod  
upon the dickey-front  
of god.

the autumn stars  
are dribble spots  
that leak from cosmic  
chamber pots.

upon the mountain  
peaks the vul-  
ture crouches like  
a vampire gull.

who wateches o'er  
yon human fools  
and bides his time  
and softly drools

and when some hu-  
man dies, he shrieks  
and gladly leaves  
his mountain peaks.