

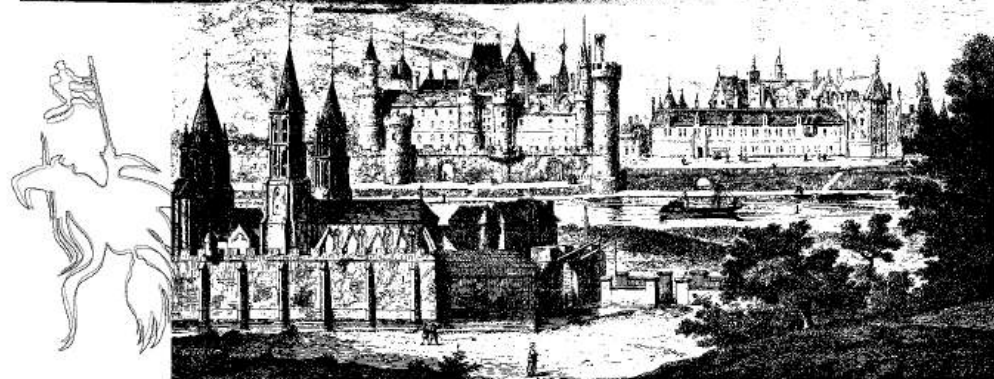
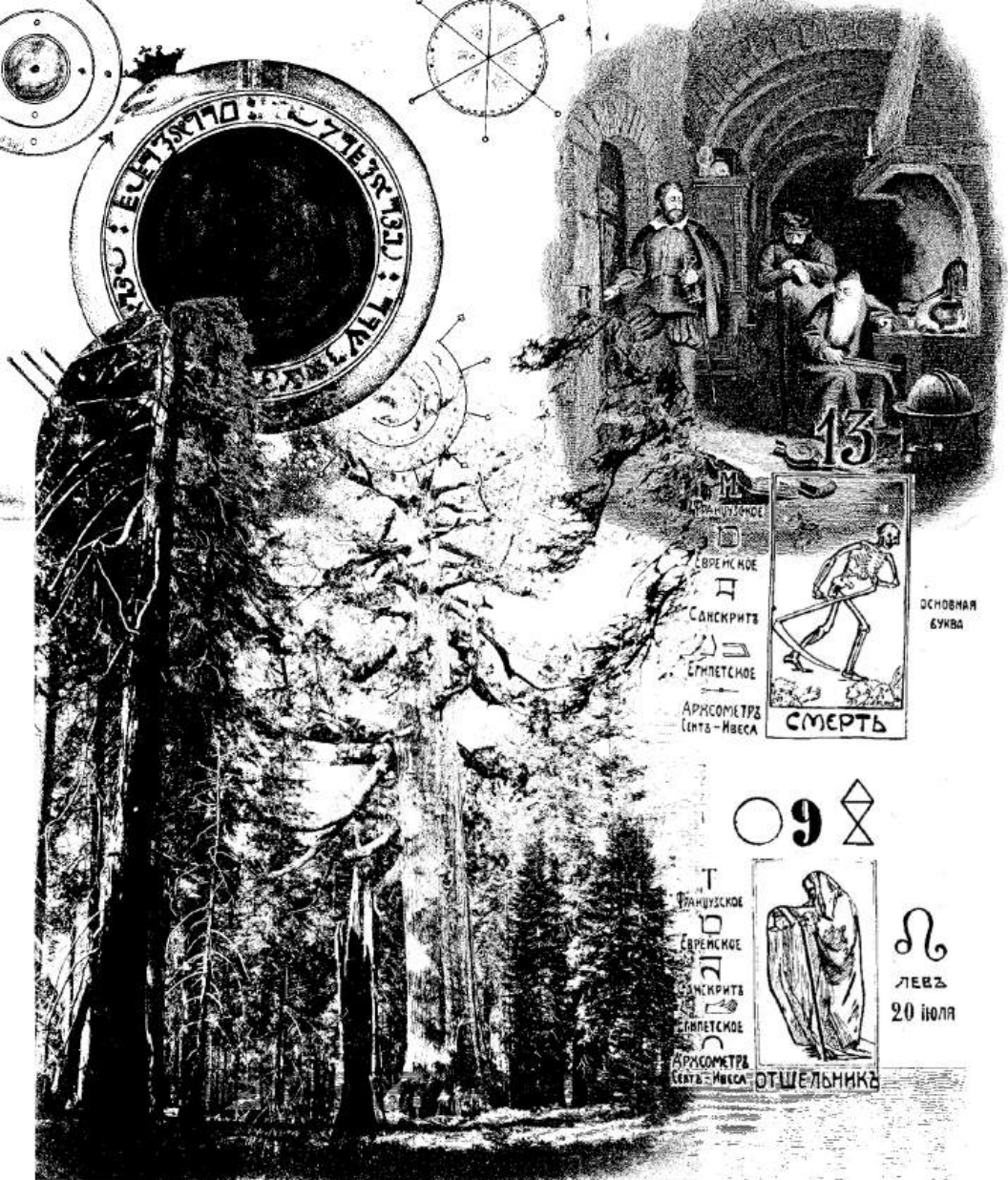
Wizard of Oz



Magic Oz









We have studied the arcane
for so many years
This orb is something different!

THESE CREATURES ALL AROUND US
CLIMBED OUT
FROM THE GLOOP
A VISCIOUS MYSTERY!

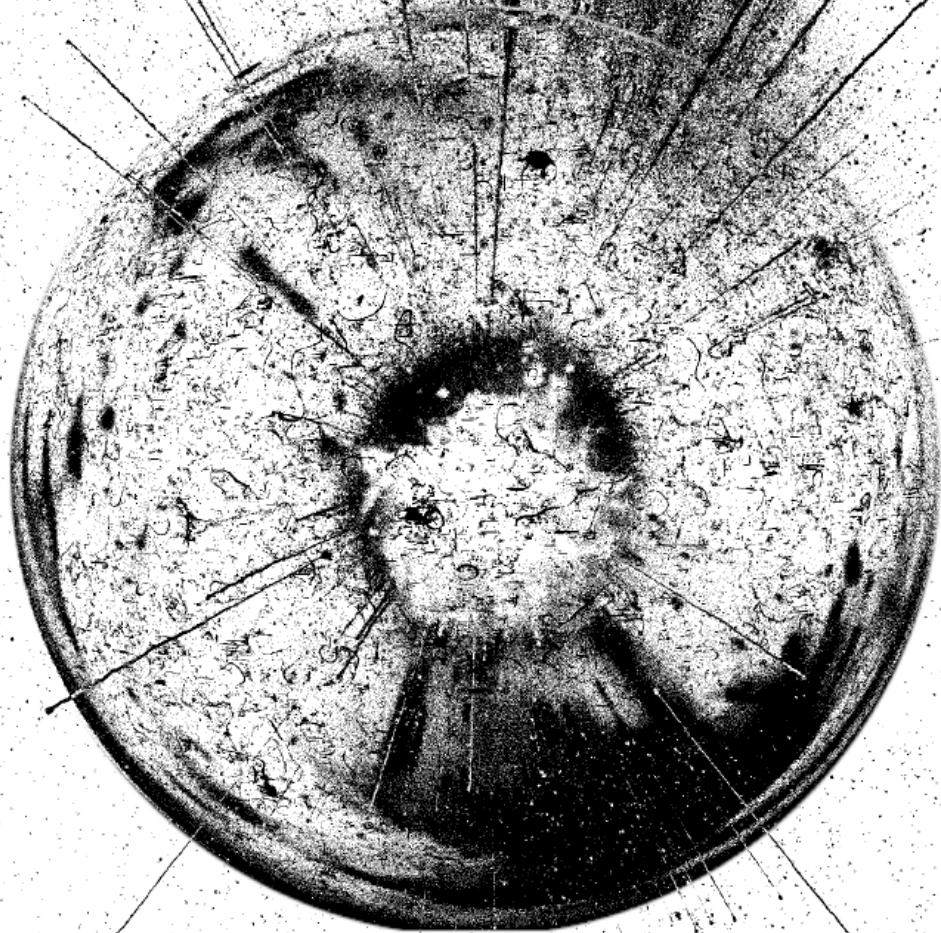
The gloop brings life

THEIR FORMS ARE NUMEROUS
AND THEIR TALES ARE TALL
LISTEN TO OUR STORY!

Magic Orb



Behold its



Wonder











The a LOOP
binds ALL
The a LOOP
Lives LONG
The a LOOP
is the thing
we all
come from





DO NOT TRUST THE GNOMES





THE Familiar Book Opened!

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF

JOHN ALBERT, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN HAMBURGH,

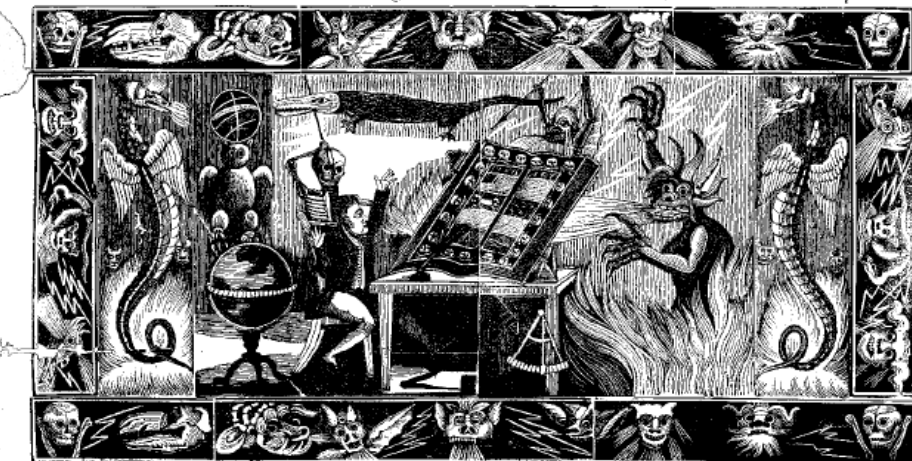
WHO BY THE CONSTANT STUDY OF

The Works of Friar Bacon and Doctor Faustus,
AND OTHER BOOKS OF MAGIC AND ASTROLOGY,

HAD ACQUIRED AN AWFUL KNOWLEDGE OF CABALISTICS,

NECROMANCY, and the BLACK ART;

Shewing how he obtained access to the Study of Anthony Cornel, a noted Professor of the Black Art, and having locked himself in, began to read a most Horrible Book, which lay open upon the Table, the Letters of which were written in Human Blood, and the Leaves of Dead Men's Skins; when a dreadful clap of Thunder alarmed him, the door was broken open with great violence, and in came the TERRIBLE ONE, the Chief of the Powers of Darkness, attended by a host of Griffins and other Monsters of most hideous appearance, vomiting Sulphur and Fire! "What wouldst thou with me?" cried the Demon; and on his repeating it the third time, struck the affrighted Youth with his dreadful Claws, and killed him on the spot!



ONCE a dead necromancer, one Cuzard of old,
Hark'ning round the Black Art his study, we're told;
He the stars and the planets pretended to rule:
No fortune he learned, at least not a fool.
Thereas fortune, money, and was after known to smile;
Till his death, most unhappily, he bent as with toil:
Whoasoreer approached him, were struck with fear;
His wife only spoke to him once in the year.
And that was such year, on the eve of St. Mark,
Then he hid from his studio, at you set, when dark,
With pale lagged look! and the dew on his cheek,
Spoke plainly, the countenance plainly can speak.
His wife heard his usual terrible charge,
At her from his closet at night did emerge:
Observed with my words, but approach not the door,
Hehold! here's the key—and of this be you sure:
Twas wrought in a cavern, 'midst sulphurous flame!
This spell-bound, by magical, mystical name!
Therefore, most well my words, nor speak 'fore your
death!
To neglect them, were awful and horrible doom!
Shouldst thou dare to ask you my chamber to see,
Their life of no value, better twice a pin's fee:
Whosoever may beg, or entreat, or implore,
Let no living creature enter that door!
She faithfully swore his command to obey,
Then forth to the church-yard he wended his way,

Saying, dare not look back, neither left nor the right,
And expect my return when the bell tolls midnight.
She followed in order the portal to close,
When she felt that resistance did strongly oppose:
For in rush'd a youth quite determined to see
The student's room, who secreted from her the key.
Then the magical key he applied to the lock—
The door opened wide with a terrible shock!
And such sights met the eye, protest as from evil!
Chill numbs to the stroke who's initiated to the deed!
'Mongst horrible ridges of dead men's black'd bones,
'Midst terrible visages, 'midst shrieks, and 'midst groans,
Gaping skulls, grinning skeletons, ghosts at their
 gambols,
Aye, this and much more,—'tis not my name rubbles.
There lay on a table-top a magical book,
The which once had Cornel but 'er dared to look,
Furnished full of blood-writ in symbols within;
And the leaves were all made of a murderer's skin!
Except these of magic letters horrible doom,
On which strange hieroglyphs numbered were seen,
Which would have strike all who were daring to
 behold
Such sights as unsightly, not it to be told.
Inself his fate, the youth view'd it again!
His source could proceed, yet it could not refrain:

Once entangled in the, 'tis most hard to retreat,
He'd have given all the world to have been in the street.
He opened the book, when the magical spell
Was broken, and (sworn) was a horrible yell!
A fierce fiend-like sun, quite envelop'd in flame,
Rush'd into the chamber, and below'd his name!
Two hideous horns he beheld on his head,
Like two bars of iron when heated to red.
The breath of his nostrils was sulphurous and fire,
And his serpent-like tail he had'd round him with ire.
With hideous laugh, he cried out "Thou art mine!"
I am come at thy call—thou art mine—I am mine!
His hair like the porcupine's quills stood upright,
While deep pines trembling youth shook with fear and
affright.
"What wouldst thou with me?" cried the author of
ill!
The poor wretch was silent and powerless still,
"What wouldst thou with me?" again the fiend roared,
And flame from his lightnings flashed forth from his eyes!
A storm as such, he never saw before,
He heard his griffin-like den in the air,
Then his tore out his heart, which he erid for his
 prey,
And his chamber and lightning smothered away!

Certain authors on Cornelius, account it next to death for
an illiterate person to rise as Friar Spirit; for by means of his
agency he knoweth not how to die; and they give
various accounts of attempts to force a Golem to appear.
If the necromancer be surprised, or much the better for him that
such is, for then he shall only have trouble for his pains, be-
cause such creatures obey not but upon compulsion of a real
master, or through his art, unless by a necromancer, who may
have power for his trouble; as Cornelius did with the Golem,
(as brother), which he could not have obtained if he had not
perfectly discovered the nature of the creature; as would make
the Golem appear, but which he could not say again, because he
knew not the form.
The necromancer in the Black Art say, if you cause an Angel, Spirit,
and do not desire him quickly, or fully appear, he will fly you
his eyes, he will be your master instead of your servant,
and he will harm you or slay you. Yet if you readers require
information from my own knowledge, or experience here, I
have none to give them; except that power both necromancers
deserve my master, and so I have been under the domination of
an evil spirit, and suffered accordingly; as most every one who
desires to be ruled by that which is ought to control.
There is a wonderful creature of a Golem, which is a substituted
man who lived some years ago. The myth that see Cornelius

because acquainted in Egypt with a necromancer named Cornelius,
who had resided twenty years in the infernal sciences,
where he learned the art of making a Golem, and follow his
mode, telling him that they should not be in want of assistance
to work upon them; and as it happened, for when they came
to any labors, Cornelius would take a wooden pin, or stick, or a
ball, or any such like thing, and clasp it; and then he would
repeat a verse over it, and so, by enchantment, it would melt,
and appear a man to every one. And the necromancer would go
about as a servant, and prepare their supper, and lay the
cloth, and wait upon them right carefully, and always do
as they desired. And when they had not occasion for such
services, then Cornelius would repeat another verse, and it would
become a pin, a ball, or a stick, or whatever it was before it
had been enchanted. Cornelius, seeing this, desired to perform
the like wonder, but Cornelius would not acquaint him with the
same, yet again took advantage of his presence. And so
Cornelius remained servant until, one day, he laid himself in
a cloth upon his stomach, thinking himself alone, and the
other was a pin, which thereupon became a living man. And
the next day, when Cornelius had gone to the marketplace,
Cornelius remembered the work, and required that over a stick
which he dreamed up; and thereby he converted the stick into

a like creature, which, to keep it supplied with the necessaries
required, he was obliged to feed it with, and (as he said) he
in a few days, and when it had brought a full year, he
said "Stop!" drew on more water, but he a slight again; the
it heated him not, and wanted of obeying him, it went in and
and drawing and bringing in water till it almost filled the house.
Then Cornelius found the nature of Cornelius, but he should be
destroyed; and he was also afraid of the coming of so many
water, and tried to perill on the pin to break off, but he
not only, for, as though he had been dead, he kept on to bring
from the house to the well, drawing jars full of water out, but he
ing them, that all Cornelius his good, fear, and being afraid,
he kept the destruction of the man walking about which
had made, he suddenly came a basket, and said: "I, too, master
of the being destroyed, the two years (before) he became
Golem, and such taking a jar no more water, as he had
come out and the water, and he had his hair, and he was very
and standing the matter, he presently started the Golem, by saying
a verse that damned him both hair and eyes of most
anger, as they were under the incantation. This is a thunders-
Clap of a Latin writer called Lucius, whose words you must
loosely read; and if you recollect them, and be of a right
mind, the person that stand you in good stead.



WANTED: GNOMES



these guys ARE up to no good!

**GROWING FROM THE GLOOP
THEY ARRIVE IN TROOPS**



**IN YOUR
GARDEN HOME
YOU FIND GARDEN GNOMES**



**I'M TELLIN' YA YOU GOTTA DO
SOMETHIN' ABOUT THESE
FUCKIN' GUYS**





16

КОЗСРОГЪ
20-ДЕКАБРЯ

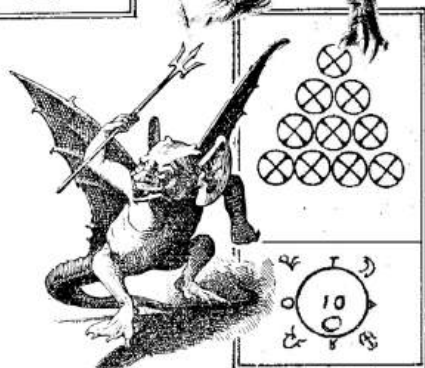
ТЬЛЬНЯ





halves gobins
trolls and
ghouls

ALL
ARISING
FROM THE
GLOOP





THESE GUYS HAVEN'T DONE
SHIT TO GNOME-PROOF
THEIR FUCKIN' GARDEN









The spire of the temple
rises from the water
History repeated
The priestess of the gloom
returns these little monsters
to another realm

WE ARE BUT THE SEEKERS
OF OBSCURE ARCANES SECRETS
AND KEEPERS OF THE STORIES

How you know our fable
And our occult secrets
Will you be ready when
it's your time?





Wizards of Odd





zine by ethan jahn

wizardz of odd is brody mcelwain

and ethan jahn

special thanks to

- mellow honey
- mango safari
- dance off productions
- simple spoon photography
- the garage, boyds, md
- adel and erin
- all the gnome homies

Wizardz Of Odd

2024

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