



Bottomless Studio



WORKING For The MaN

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WORKING FOR THE MAN

VOLUME ONE • WINTER 2002

A COLLECTION OF NEW COMICS & STORIES
BEING FOR THE BENEFIT OF
NADINE AND WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS

EDITED BY JOHN LINTON ROBERSON

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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CHICAGO 2002

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Introduction

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

BY GARY GROTH

I had the privilege of publishing Bill Loeb's for four or five years (or maybe longer; time compresses as you get older) beginning in the mid-to-late '80s. This would have been *Journey*, his anomalous comics series, a comedy-drama set in the Old West and starring, perhaps too prophetically, a *Candide*-like frontiersman whose luck was always being tried – and usually found wanting. Bill was a master of rhythm, timing, and humor; the series told of moving human travails with a wry, subversive wit, a balancing act that worked beautifully under Bill's deft direction. The book mixed the good-natured optimism of a screwball comedy with the existential imperative of Beckett's "I can't go on, I will go on."

I have nothing but good memories of working with Bill. I should like to remember that we got along very well. We would see each other frequently at comics conventions, go out to dinners, hang out, talk. We played off each other well: when we talked about comics, movies, art of any kind, I was always quick to judge whereas Bill was the most irritatingly non-judgmental person I'd ever met. I never understood how someone so talented and smart, who, to me, represented an aristocratic practitioner of the art form, could be so generous, even-handed, and grossly uncritical of lesser, not to say, nonexistent talents. This drove me crazy. I would goad and taunt Bill. I'd name some miserable, low-life hack out of the blue and demand to know why he didn't abominate him. I would go out of my way to demolish some tenth-rate no-talent just so I could defy Bill to defend him.

Bill's tergiversational nature reached its apogee one night when he was staying at my place in LA sometime in the late '80s. I rented a 1969 movie called *The Arrangement*. It was directed by Elia Kazan and starred Kirk Douglas; although I no longer remember what prompted me to rent it, curiosity and those two names would suffice. How bad could it be? Well, worse than anyone could imagine. Bill and I started watching it. I no longer remember anything specific about it –there was a car crash (I think), there was Kirk, there was anguish- but it was as if time had stopped. It was endless. Nothing seemed to make any sense. What little did make sense was tedious, repetitious, or banal. I wouldn't be surprised if it ran three hours, which felt like 30. The jaw-dropping awfulness of it was palpable as we watched it. Finally it ended and all we could muster was a respectful, albeit stupefied silence over the three hours of our lives that would be forever lost. But, then it occurred to me; I had him. He couldn't like this. No

one this side of Andrew Sarris could. So, I turned to Bill as the end credits were still rolling and arched my eyebrows. “So?” I was saying. Bill looked at me. There was a pause. “Well,” he said tentatively, “that certainly was...something.” “Something” That was the best he could do? I exploded. How dare he use “something” as a euphemism for execrable, wretched, objurgatory, loathsome, pestiferous, odious, foul...

We had a great good time.

Bill stopped doing *Journey* when it could no longer bring in enough dough to support him and Nadine; I no longer remember if his economic needs went up or Journey’s income went down, but it was, regardless, brute economics, and it broke my heart to see him quit *Journey* and start cranking out work for DC & Marvel. Bill was always such an easy-going, temperate fellow that this may have bothered me more than it did him. At any rate, I lost track of what he was up to after awhile – until I learned of his and his wife Nadine’s recent grand misfortune. This kind of misfortune is commonplace in the richest country in the world, and it’s shameful; I can’t say it’s especially terrible for Bill because it’s equally terrible for anyone who, through no fault of his own, finds himself in this penurious situation. It happens and it will continue to happen with increasing fury for as long as the plutocracy is allowed to shit on everyone beneath them on the social ladder, which is to say, most likely forever. Be that as it may, anyone who knows Bill knows he’s an indomitable sort, a decidedly overrated category, but even indomitable sorts need friends in times of crisis, and I am pleased to count myself among them.

October 2002

Seattle, Washington

"The Lone Prairie"

JOHN BARKER © 1930

It's all right, Ma—
We'll jest rest hjar a
spell an' have us some
o' this nice crisp
prairie dog fer vittles,
then we'll hunt us up a
new place.

What's the use,
Josiah? Every-
where we go, it'll
be the same. The
banks all got it now.



Hey, folks— kinda
EXPOSED out here
on the lone prairie,
arentcha?

Well, we aint gotta lotta choice thar,
stranger. The Bank sorta foreclosed
on our farm. My ol' man bein'
a debilitated vet'ran an all.

Thanks, Ma. I think
we can drop that
STRANGER word, now.

Yup, ma'am. Them Banks
is doin' that a lot lately.
Farmers, small shop-keepers—
even when their loans
is paid up. Guess th' ship's
sinkin', an' the fat rats are
gettin' out an' takin' the cheese
with 'em 'fore it goes down.
Him havin' one
eye prob'ly decided
'em too.





Fortunately, we got my woman here-



Feather-comes-Walking.

Pleased, Ma'am.

"Fortunately?"



Feather don't like nobody losin' their home, Bein' a Redskin, ya kin figger how she mighta come by the prejudice.



Sure- but what can she do?

Feather? These folks been put out'n their lodge.



That's- a dead crow in here hat!

Feather comes by her name honest.



What's that?

Wildcat Dollars.



Bones?

FINGER bones- from a hoss thief.



Yes, Gentlemen—we're privileged because we have **EARNED** it. The natural order puts us on top.

The workers work because they're inferior. They **HAVE** no purpose but our comfort and security.

THEY'D just squander this nation's rich resources.

:Kaf: True.



On TOP is where we'll STAY—

Porter?

PORTER!

Well, you know—THOSE people.

True.



Say, what's all that oily black smoke over there?

In the gulch?

If I don't miss my guess, you can prob'ly head home now... Right, Feather?

This is an official, bonafide curse. Bury it in a new-dug grave before the next new moon...

Don't look back, Run like Hell.

Ah-yeh.


:PAT:




Red

The BANKERS





IF WE DO, WE'LL
HAVE TO SELL THE
HOME AT A LOSS.




PLUS EVERYONE
WILL THINK
WE'RE SCUM.



THE SMARTEST THING
YOU CAN DO IS TO
AVOID FORECLOSURE
AT ALL COST.



DO IT.



WE ARE
WHO WE
EAT.

©2002

TDR
EAL

IT'S MY THIRD WINTER AS A
FREE TRAPPER. I'M SHARING
A JUG WITH THE CROW CHIEF.



THAT'S WHEN I SEE THE GIRL.
THE CHIEF'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.
SHE'S DAMN NEAR THE
PURTIEST THING I EVER DID SEE.



SUDDENLY, I CAN'T BREATHE,
I CAN BARELY SPEAK.
I'VE GOTTA HAVE HER.



THE CHIEF TELLS ME HER FATHER WAS A WHITE MAN, A GREAT WARRIOR, A GIANT, A FRIEND OF THE CROW WHO DIED IN BATTLE. A GIRL LIKE THAT 'S GONNA CALL FOR A HUGE BRIDE PRICE. I'M GONNA HAVE TO WORK MY FINGERS TO THE BONE, LAY ALL THE TRAPS I CAN, SWEAT MY ARSE OFF IF I WANT TO MARRY



MACALESTAIR'S DAUGHTER.

NOW I GOTTA WADE WAIST-DEEP THROUGH FREEZIN' MOUNTAIN
STREAMS, CHECKIN' MY TRAPS, SKINNIN' MY CATCH, BAITIN'
THE TRAPS WITH CASTOREUM AN' LAYIN' THEM DOWN AGAIN...

SOON I REALIZE I'M NOT ALONE.



I SEE SIGN OF BLACKFOOT RAIDING PARTIES. IF I DON'T WANT MY HAIR ON SOME LODGE POLE,
I GOTTA BE CAREFUL, TENDIN' MY TRAPS WHILE DODGIN' THEM YOUNG BUCKS, OUT FOR GLORY



I GOTTA MAKE MY CATCH BEFORE WINTER SETS IN AN' THERE AIN'T ENOUGH HOURS IN THE DAY. EACH WEEK I GOTTA MOVE MY TRAPS TO ANOTHER BEAVER RUN.



WHEN I AIN'T RE-SETTIN' MY TRAPS, I'M CUTTIN' DOWN TREES AND BUILDIN' A PRESS AND BUNDLIN' THE PELTS.



SEVEN POUNDS OF MEAT A DAY... THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO GET THROUGH THE SEASON HERE. SO WHEN I AIN'T OUT CHECKIN' MY TRAPS I'M HUNTIN' TO FILL MY MEAT BAG.



AND EACH LONELY NIGHT, I LEAN INTO THE FIRE AND DREAM OF MACALESTAIR'S DAUGHTER.

**A MAN WOULDN'T NEVER
BE COLD OR LONELY WITH
A WOMAN LIKE HER...**



**A SMILE TO LIGHT UP
THE NIGHT AN' A BODY
TO WARM YOUR HEART ...
AN' HER COOKIN'... !**

**I TASTED HER BUFFALO STEW,
ONCE, TENDER AN' SWEET
LIKE THEY SERVE TO THE
ANGELS IN HEAVEN.**



**THE CROW CHIEF SAYS HER
FATHER, MACALESTAIR, WAS
A LEGEND. I'M JUST A MAN.
AM I MAN ENOUGH FOR
MACALESTAIR'S DAUGHTER?**

**SO I WORK
MY FINGERS
TO THE BONE
AN' I WAKE
UP STIFF WITH
RHEUMATISM
FROM WADIN'
THROUGH
THEM ICY
MOUNTAIN
STREAMS AN'
I GOT A
BURNIN' IN
MY STOMACH
FROM EATIN'
ALL THAT
GREASY MEAT**



**AN' I GOTTA
CHANGE CAMP
EVERY DAY,
DOIN' MY
BEST TO KEEP
MY SCALP IN
MOUNTAINS
THICK WITH
BLACKFOOT
RAIDERS ,
DAY AFTER
DAY, LONELY
NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT.**

THEN FINALLY THE SEASON
ENDS AN' I GOT MY FURS.
ENOUGH PELTS TO TAKE
DOWN TO RENDEZVOUS
AN' TRADE 'EM FOR RIFLES
AN' FLINTS AN' POWDER,
HORSES AN' BLANKETS,
JUGS OF WHISKEY AN'
SACKS OF COFFEE....
THE BRIDE PRICE !



AND THEN IT HAPPENS...

BLACKFOOT!



TWO OF 'EM!



TOUGH AN' DETERMINED!



BUT NOT TOUGH ENOUGH !



I'VE GOT MY PELTS AN' I'VE GOT MY HAIR
AN' I'VE GOT THE BRIDE PRICE.

AN I'M ON TOP OF THE WORLD!

'CAUSE NOW I KNOW
I'M MAN ENOUGH FOR

**MACALESTAIR'S
DAUGHTER!**



Worried about wildfires destroying your home? Afraid terrorists may target your trailer? You're much more likely to have your home stolen in the next episode of "When Lawyers Attack." Bill Loeb's (writer of such comics as Journey, The Maxx, and The Flash) and his wife Nadine found themselves the latest victims after being blind-sided by the evil-doers of a jack-ass law firm whose name I am blocking from my memory to avoid the temptation to key every car in their parking lot. There is a special circle in Hell awaiting these lawyers, that circle being known in Kabalistic theory as the eternally burning Sphincter of Satan. But before the lawyers pay their debts in Hell, Bill and Nadine need our help to pay their own bills here on Earth. Will you help?

So this Bill Loeb's used to write the words to go with the flash art?

Like the word "Mom" on top of the heart with the roses and the snakes?

As an illiterate tattoo artist, I'd be happy to give him \$50 for all he's done to help me.



I'm sure as soon as America wins the Drug War™ our government will finally seriously tackle reforming our legal system to prevent greedy lawyers from bullying helpless citizens.

Mean time, I'll donate a dime bag. I mean ten bucks.



Hey, maybe you're being too hard on those lawyers.

Maybe we ought to call ~~the lawyers~~ and tell them what a wonderful job they're doing.



Loeb's? The guy who wrote The Maxx? The coolest Image comic published?

I'll give him a hundred bucks.

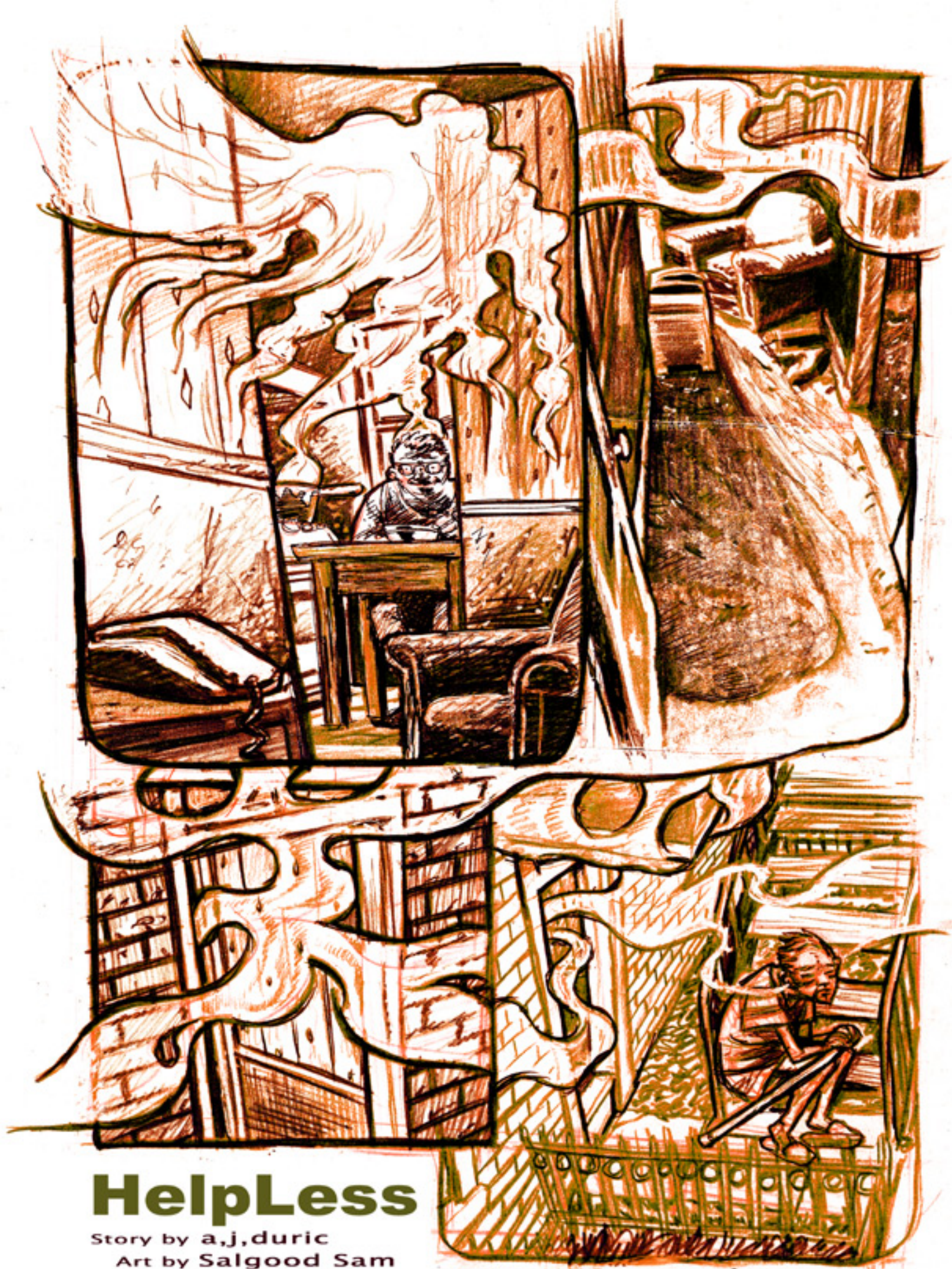
Two hundred if he'll take all my Youngblood back issues.



But if I send Bill and Nadine \$20 that means I won't be able to afford to see Attack of the Clones for the tenth time this weekend.

Sweet. The check's in the mail.





HelpLess

Story by a.j.duric
Art by Salgood Sam

There was a stench in the air...



Was it the old man

who always sits
on the stairs,

blocking my path and
forcing me to acknowledge
The slow decay of
his solitary presence?

Salut, ça va?

He lived alone.

PLIS

An incapacitated old man

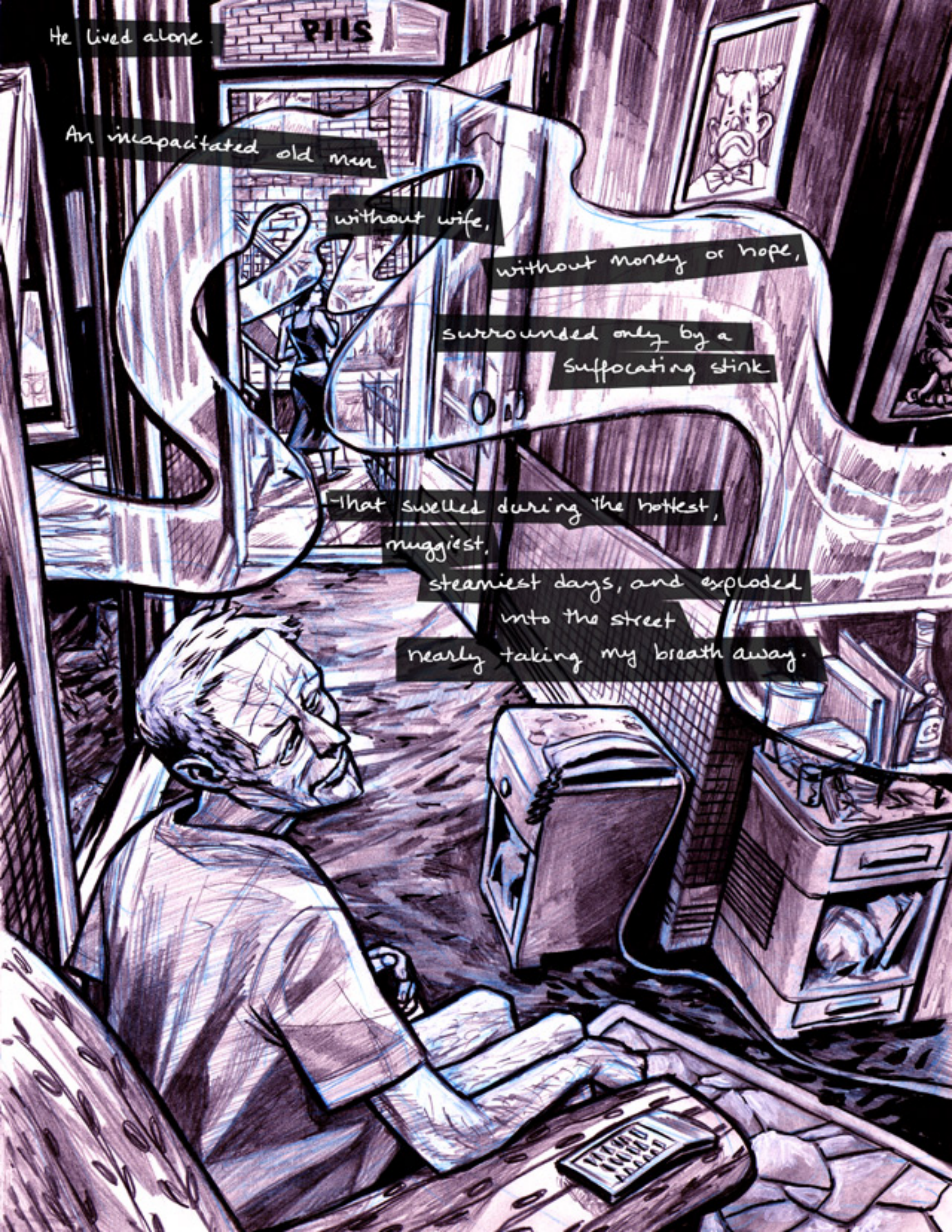
without wife,


without money or hope,

surrounded only by a
suffocating stink

that swelled during the hottest,
muggiest,

steamiest days, and exploded
into the street
nearly taking my breath away.





Uncontrollably wrinkling my nose,
holding what breath
I had. I nodded and
smiled another hello,


my second
today.

This was the second time
I had to squeeze past
this ancient body,
this body that now only
shuffled and stuttered,
this shrivelled body he
tried to shrink so as
to let me pass

except there was
nowhere left to shrink

— the life in
him was already
so diminished.


Hips banging into corners and feet tripping.
I managed to awkwardly climb past him,
this him who stood in my way
of ignoring the fragile
and fleeting qualities of life.




He smiled gently,
almost apologetically,
revealing two or three
last stubborn teeth.

I smiled.

There was nothing else
I could do.



My lungs were already stinging from the effort of
trying not to breathe, of trying not to absorb one
more molecule of that ripe yellow-brown smell.



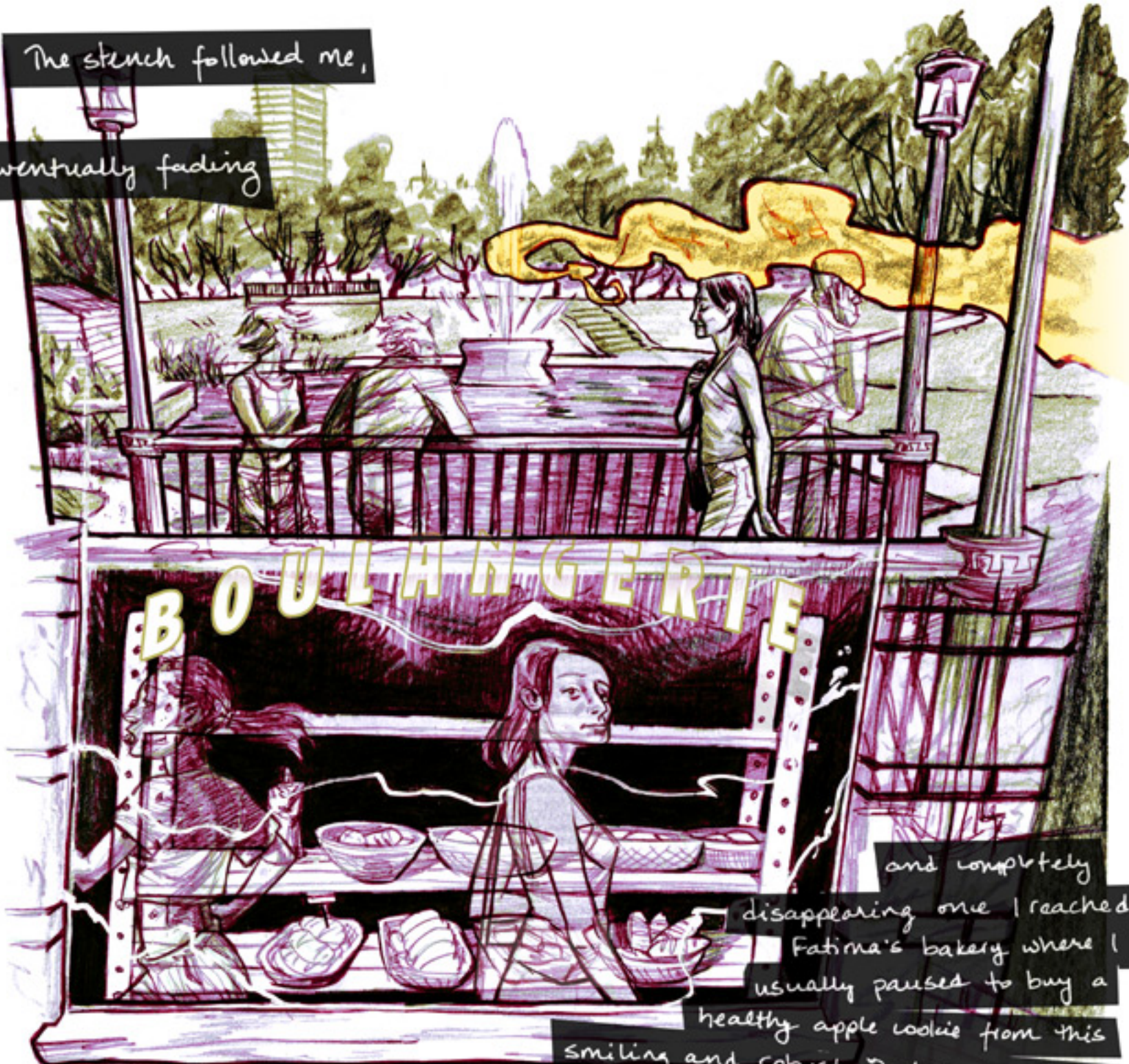
If I lingered,
I would be strangled ...



...by my own disgust

The stench followed me,

eventually fading



and completely disappearing one I reached Fatima's bakery where I usually paused to buy a healthy apple cookie from this smiling and robust Portuguese lady.

I didn't stop today. I continued walking through the Plateau, the current home of hipsters and bohos, of skyrocketing rent and new condos. I kept walking and watching all the beautiful people with their white smiles and expensive clothes, smooth skinned and artfully disheveled, carefully scented, covering up a cowardly reality: There was nothing else we wanted to do.

ONCE IN A WHILE AROUND
HERE YOU SEE WHERE SOME
GUY'S BEEN CHUCKED OUT OF
HIS APARTMENT.



THERE'LL BE STUFF STREWN
ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK—
USUALLY NOT TOO NEATLY.



IF IT'S RAINING, THE BOOKS
START TO BLOAT AND THE CLOTHES
SLUMP INTO DEPRESSING PILES.



SOMETIMES PEOPLE COME OUT
OF THE NEIGHBORING BLDGS.
AND HIKE THE APPLIANCES
AND NICER FURNITURE --



THE OTHER STUFF SITS OUT TILL
IT GETS THROWN AWAY... THE
OWNER RARELY COMES BACK
TO CLAIM WHAT'S LEFT --



I GET HOME, SIT ON MY COUCH
AND WONDER HOW MY STUFF
WOULD LOOK ON A SIDEWALK
IN THE RAIN ---



--- IT'S ONLY ONE MISSED
PAY CHECK AWAY ---

GOING

BY **STEPHEN R. BISSETTE**

Everything I own in the world is in the car.

Almost.

Everything except me.

Well, and this batch of shirts. And this last box of books.

If I move the driver's seat all the way up, as far as it can go, I can just fit the last of my clothes into the car. Just. Squeezed between the front seat and the mountain of shit in the back: boxes packed with more fucking books, files and the second draft of my thesis that's due in five weeks, my stereo and amp and computer and scanner and the case of Molson Triple-X I snagged in Canada last week and everything other damned thing.

But the books -- something's going to have to go.

Including me.

Hard to believe this is it, all I have, and that I could fit it into such a puny crate. Sure, there's all my stuff back home -- my room, the sediments of my childhood, my elementary school years, fucking high school, the strange summer between high school graduation and my first year in college, the stranger summer between college freshman and sophomore semesters. It's all history now, crammed into labeled boxes in the garage and attic crawlspace.

All that mattered, though, came with me, and it's going with me, too.

If I can just fit it all in.

And I can, if I move the driver's seat all the way up. Which I could do, if I didn't have so much shit, and my head and hand didn't hurt so.

Maybe if I have another beer, they won't hurt so much.

I catch a glimpse of myself in the shattered driver's side window, splintered but holding together -- like my face. I turn away, though nothing is really visible but the fragmented white of the bandages and blonde shock of hair. Damn, it's been two weeks, and I still feel like I was just worked over. I had two painkillers just an hour ago, washed down with a Coke and a grilled cheese in the student union, but it's barely made a difference.

It's such a long drive home. Fourteen hours is a long haul under the best of circumstances, even with the leg room. I need room to sit back, ease back. And elbow room -- to shift without easing the six boxes of CDs to the right every time I have to move into fifth.

So, I make the call: out comes the case of Molson Triple-X, in go the last box of books, back goes the driver's seat.

Though he doesn't deserve it, the shit, the Triple-X goes to Jed. He was a decent roommate for almost two years, and that still counts for something.

So I close and lock the car, give it one last look -- aside from the smashed window, you can barely tell it was vandalized, now that "Squealer" has been scrubbed

off the back fender and the paint touched up a bit. Hefting the case up over my shoulder with my good hand, I head back to the dorm for the last time.

“Listen, there’s a party at Westland Hall,” Jed stuttered. “Jen’ll be there, she’d like to say goodbye. You should come with me.”

Jen. Party. Fuck. Fuck that.

“Fuck that.”

Jed flinched, as if slapped.

“Fucking LOOK at me, Jed.”

He laughs nervously, looks away.

“Jesus, Jed, You haven’t made eye contact with me in two weeks, since the drive --”

Of course, I hadn’t, either. I didn’t recognize myself in the mirror the morning I’d crawled in from the long ride home with my ‘frat bros,’ but I was in such pain there was no doubt who it was glaring back at me. Fucking Shawn and Cassidy; especially Cassidy: they’d beaten one side of my face until it was like an overripe apple, ready to burst through its skin. My hand wasn’t much better off, though it obviously hadn’t offered much defense. I was The Elephant Boy, wrapped in bandages after the visit to the infirmary -- ya, sure, a fall down the stairs, I told them -- and I’d been afraid to look in a mirror ever since.

“You brought it on yourself,” Jed whispered. “You wouldn’t shut up.”

True enough, I had been pretty drunk. Cuervo does it to me every time, and there I was, with my former frat bros, now my mortal enemies. I can’t remember what brought the first blow -- maybe it was the crack about Cassidy’s mole being like a third eye, or that he probably didn’t know that it whispered when he was asleep, or that Jen and her roommate told me they wanted to braid his nose hairs -- but once Cassidy and Shawn started whaling on me, each on either side of me in the back seat, that was it. A three hour drive. Fucking Saddam’s torture squads couldn’t have done a better job on me, though of course they wouldn’t have left as many marks.

Cassidy and his fucking class ring; I could feel it bite into my skull, like the Phantom’s ring, marking his victims. I could feel it still.

I was marked, alright.

“It wasn’t just you acting like an asshole,” he sputtered, “though you gave them all the ammo they needed to start pounding you.”

“Ya, they did me a favor. Fuck you, Jed --”

“You stupid bastard, why spill the beans about the hazing? They’ve been on your ass ever since --”

“And the Dean is on their ass. They almost fucking killed Parker,” I shot back, “left him out there to freeze. I had to bring him in to the hospital. Everyone left it to me to deal with. Including you, Jed.”

He finally looked me in the eye for a second, just, his lips tight white.

“You didn’t have to say a word.”

“The hazing is over, period. Enough with the lies and secret handshake bullshit. It’s over.”

Jed dropped his eyes to the floor, and stepped back into the room, his hands dangling and fingers twitching.

“They’ll fucking kill me, too, Jed. Don’t you get it?”

“You’re always stretching it --”

“LOOK AT ME, JED --”

“Ya, look at the meatball,” Cassidy shouted from down the hall. “You should have seen him covered with sauce.”

Jed’s eyes teared up as if he’d been slapped, and he tripped back into the room as if he’d been shot. I instinctively braced my good hand against the door: he wasn’t going to shut me out this time.

Down the hallway, Cassidy cackled and dropped out of earshot. I held my breath, then let it go.

He wasn’t coming. Not yet.

“You want the Triple-X Molson, or what?” I hissed. “If you do, it’s yours. And I’m outta here.”

Jed didn’t look back, he just waved his hand, and pointed to my old mattress.

“Sure. Sure, buddy.”

I tossed the case onto the bed, hoping to hear glass break. No such luck.

I couldn’t hold the receiver close enough to my ear to really hear. The side of my head was still tender, it still ached. But I could tell the answering machine had come on; damn, no one home again. The ‘beep’ rang in my temples like a dentist drill. Keeping the mouthpiece in place, I twist the end of the receiver away.

“Uh, ya, Ma, it’s me. I’m out of here tonight.”

I hear someone coming down the steps at the end of the hall, taking them two at a time.

“Driving straight through. Got to come ba-- uh, home. I’ve arranged to finish my classes long distance. I really can’t stick around.”

The footsteps stop, a shadow drops over the carpet.

“I’ll explain when I get there. Love to everyone. See ya.”

Cassidy’s voice, in my ear, my head, “Ya, he’ll be seeing you! Love ya!”

His ring, pressed against the bandages, making my eyes water.

“He’s crying, Cass,” Shawn chuckles.

I wrench away and slam the pay phone against Cassidy’s hand. He yelps and backs off for a moment.

“Whoa, whoa, peace, bro!”

Shawn’s on me now. “See you managed to cram ten tons of shit into a five-pound shitbox, Canary,” he says. “About time you fly out of here.”

“Whoa, whoa, not until we have a little good-bye round,” Cassidy chirps in, “No hard feelings, right?”

Down the hall, Jed peeks around the door. As if he needed to check.

“Naw, I’m done,” I stammer, “I’m out of here.”

Jed darts out of sight. Typical.

“What, no share your Ca-na-da treat with your old fraternity brothers?,” Cassidy whines. “You couldn’t have downed that second case already.”

An easy out, maybe. “Not like you deserve it.”

Cassidy leans in close, smiling. “No hard feelings, right?” Shawn positions himself in the doorway exit, blocking any avenue save my old room.

“We’ve got some JD, how about a send-off shot?” Shawn croons, “Lift-off toast for the brave Challenger crew?”

“Mission control: We have a problem --”

Laughs and a high-five.

I turn toward my old room, toward Jed and the case of Triple-X. Sorry, Jed; if you’d had a spine, you’d have the case.

“C’mon, then,” I mutter, “let’s end it neat.”

That’s what they’d said at the end of the ride that night; pouring another shot of Wild Turkey into me, making nice-nice after working me over, wiping the blood and a chunk of my cheek off my lip.

“Ya, neat,” Shawn replied, picking up the tempo, not the reference.

Jed was sitting forlorn at his desk, acting as if he’d never heard or seen us coming. Cassidy snorted, “Shit, man, you keep sitting there, the room will tip over. It’s lopsided as hell in here with all of Canary’s shit gone!”

Jed turned, pretending to be startled. None of us fell for it.

“The case,” Shawn whispered, motioning to my empty, stripped bed. “It’s ours for the asking. Canary says so.”

Jed looked to me, as if appealing to some higher power. No need to look away; I was too pissed to give a shit how he felt about anything.

“Damn good beer,” Cassidy boasted as he shuffled over to the bunk and hefted the case, “can’t get it down here. Real brotherly of you, Canary. All’s well that ends well, eh, Canary?”

He turned to Jed as he handed the case off to Shawn, raising his voice in mock-sympathy.

“Sorry, Jethro, but Frat blood is thicker than roommate ties. We’re taking Canary out for a so-long shot or two, en route to his departure.”

“Care to join us?,” I ask.

“I’ve got to be at Westland,” he muttered, “Jen’s waiting --”

I grabbed him by the shoulder, not wanting to beg. Not in front of Cassidy and Shawn, not wanting to say how close to the end of my rope I really was. Fuck, I can’t believe he mentioned Jen.

Jed shot me a sideways glance, and whispered, hoarse and high-pitched like an eleven-year-old, “Not now, damn it.”

“When, then? I’m gone.”

“No, you’re still here,” Cassidy snarled, “Heeeeere,” rubbing his fucking ring against the bandage on my forehead again. I reeled and batted his hand away, moving out of the doorway to do so, and Jed took the opening to bolt out of the room and down the hall.

And it was at that moment -- turning away from Jed as he skulked down the hall, away from me once and for all, and looking back into what had been my, “our” room for so short but eventful a time -- that I knew I neither lived nor belonged here. What I thought had been mine for so long now looked completely foreign, unrecognizable, and not just because what had made it “mine” was now stripped away, tied and bundled and boxed and bagged and squeezed into my car for lift-off.

It suddenly seemed so distant, so remote; the room receded from sight as if I were looking at it from the ass-end of my binoculars, and I felt dizzy. My stomach lurched and sank as it had when leaving “my room” at my parent’s home the last day of Christmas vacation, having been stripped of all my belongings while I was away to turn it into a guest room: I didn’t live here. I was barely a visitor.

Had I ever lived here? This wasn’t “home.”

When did I last have a home?

My car. All that was left to call home was my car.

Down the hall.

Down the stairs.

Out the door.

Across the parking lot.

Easy walk.

Short walk.

This was never home.

There was nowhere to go, but away.

By the time we polished off the first six amid infrequent small-talk and too much silence, I just wanted to be gone. Sitting out here on the bench with Cassidy and Shawn, soaking up the bullshit mock-comraderie and fake good-old-boy-frat shit was making me sick to my stomach.

The last beer had done something. My head was light, and seemed to flick on and off, like a flickering bulb. On. Off.

Like Cassidy’s smile.

“You never liked me, did you, Canary?” he says.

“You can’t help it,” I whisper.

“Help WHAT?” he shouted, suddenly in my face. Beet-red and puffy, like he was that night I woke up in the frat house in the bottom bunk, him with Jen in the top bunk, banging away, and I could see his face on, off, on, off, up and down, and heard her crying beneath him, above me, Jen. He knew we were together then, and he took her, fucked her, with me beneath them, stinking drunk. That he did, my frat brother Cassidy. On. Off. Up. Down. On. Off.

“I am so sick of this shit,” I says.

“Being such a rich lawyer’s-son snot-jock cunt-asshole,” Shawn giggles.

“Like he says,” I says.

BAM goes the ring, aside my head. Inside my head.

On. Off. Goes the switch in my head.

I teeter with the blow, steady myself on the back of the bench.

“God, just let me go home,” I mutter. “I just want to get OUT of here.”

“What, no final toast?” Cassidy says, “no send off?”

Shawn lifted the fifth of JD. “C’mon, Jack’s waiting.”

I reached for it, and Shawn yanked it back with a sneer. Cassidy cuffed him in the ear; he yelped like a puppy, and damn near dropped the bottle.

“Give him a shot,” Cassidy insisted, his voice low now. “Just give it to him.”

Shawn narrowed his eyes a bit but obeyed, tipping the open top toward me. I grabbed the fucking thing and tipped it back, belting down a gulp, two gulps, three. Cassidy laughed and said, "all right!"

On. Off. I go to tip the bottle down, and Cassidy holds it in place, and I belt down a couple more swallows before blowing JD and spit and snot in a sneeze.

"JEEZUS!" Cassidy yells, and the bottle goes down, and shatters, and I go down, and my head goes on, off, on, off faster now, as the JD hits my belly, and Shawn is on me, pulling at my jacket, and fuck it's cold.

Cassidy's face, redder still, scarlet like Superman's cape and veins showing on his forehead like some Scanner, like he was that morning after I'd taken Parker to the emergency room, and he'd heard I'd told everything. And he tears into my back, and I feel the pull of both of them until something rips insi-- outside, and the jacket gives, and I plunge face-first into the fucking sidewalk in front of the benches, and they're tearing at my jacket like they were my intestines until there's nothing left to tear and nothing left to laugh about for the moment.

And they have two more beers, one each, and the JD really washes over me, and my stomach puckers and starts sucking itself, and I roll over and watch my breath rising like steam, billowing up, on, off, in the light of the window above us.

Someone's looking out, then away, and gone.

Gone.

I just want to be gone.

They laugh and then Cassidy is in my face again. He's picking me up and I feel Shawn claw at my flannel shirt and it goes to, and Cassidy is grinning like a smiley button all yellow in the light from the window then red. Red like he looked in the car that night, wet with sweat and anger and arousal and my own blood in beads on his fist, his lip. On. Off. Then. Now. My blood on his face like dew, his face red and swollen like the tip of the dick of a dog.

I spit and he sucker punches me and I go down again and feel my shirt catch on something then let go and everything tears open and I go down, up, then down like a pumpkin smashed on the road, down.

I open my eyes -- eye -- and see them standing away from me, looking at each other, then laughing, then walking away. Go on. Shawn flips what's left of my blue flannel shirt over the bullshit rustic fence alongside the path, and then they sit on the bench and break into another six of Triple-X, and I can hear them talking, low-like.

And I roll over, and I stand up, and I look at them. And I turn away.

And they laugh.

My head hurts, my hand, my back myelbowsmystomachmylegs but I put one foot and then another and I hear them receding behind me, chatting on the bench, and I walk and walk and hope I'm heading for the parking lot, for my car, myeverythingmyhome, until I see a dark streak ahead andsomethinggleaminglikebrokenglass, and I speed up, lurching side to side.

On. Off. On. Off.

And I reach for thedarkstreakandthebrokenglasswindowand I fall.

My ankles give, and I fall, and as I do, I remember the gully behind the dorm, on the wrong side of the fucking building, you stupid fuck, fucking falling and

I feel something else give in my legs and then I'm looking down at the fucking frozen stream at the bottom of the gully and I'm in it and it's

over.

Off.

Gone.

The ice shimmers with the ripples from my breath. In. Out. On. Off.

It's cold, and I can't feel my ankle or my foot. They're under my back, I think, but I can't tell, really. All I can hear is the switch in my head -- on, off -- then I hear the steady beat of music from far away, from the party, and I know Jed and Jen are there and I'm not, and then Shawn barks out something I can't make out, and don't want to anyway, and Cassidy laughs, and my throat closes up.

And Shawn shouts again.

His voice twists in my stomach like a blade, slicing up my twisted throat and then it's out of me, in a rush, a brine of beer and Triple-X and Jack Daniels and Coke and the fucking Student Union grilled cheese and it's in my nose and it's all there is and then it's a slow surf, a sea, and I'm in it, jumping in head first, and it's gone.

For a time, the smell and the warmth is comforting, but the cold steals it in no time. I can't feel the spark, or my neck, or my ear.

The last flush of warmth floods my crotch, a slow steady heat that seeps into my pants and pocket and down into my t-shirt, and I realize I'm upside down. Small comfort, that, as the warm wet grows heavy and cold and hard as the ice shards laying over my nose, mouth, chest.

God, just let me go home.

But it's such a long drive.

And my head hurts so.

No, it doesn't.

I can't open my left eye; it's worse than it was last night, and the ice laying against the lid -- or under it -- isn't a comfort. But it doesn't hurt any more, I don't hurt any more, and that's all that matters.

My hand is bent under my back, behind my neck, and it doesn't hurt now either.

Better to just lie here, in the cool water, now that it's past the point of making my forehead throb. Now that the pain, the shakes, the sobs are gone, the shits are gone, the bastards --

"God, just let me go home," Shawn whines, mocking. And laughs.

I squeeze my eyes -- eye -- shut, but I can't feel it; no tears, nothing but the cold. I give myself to the cold, the dark, the numb forgiving shelter of it, the warmth of it, the peace...

I can feel my keys in my pocket, sliding against my wet jeans.

Everything I own is in my pocket.

No, in my car. Car.

My car, which is up in the parking lot, just over the ridge. Everything's in there, except me. Past the fence where my torn flannel shirt is still slung over the end post, my jacket in strips in the mud, below the window where my roommate is still partying with the brothers, beyond the park benches where Cassidy and Shawn are

still sitting, laughing, sucking down the last of my beer. I can just make out Shawn's shrill bullshit, imitating my voice;

"You GONE yet?"

A whinny, their cackling, the slow steady rhythm of the boombox in Westland Hall. Funny, I can feel the bass pulse in my sternum, my ear, my hand, my head, but it doesn't hurt anymore.

If I just let my head turn the way it wants to, I'll be under the ice.

I open my eye a slit; the light from the moon plays over the splintered icy skin, and I remember the shattered window in my car.

My car.

It's all there.

Past Cassidy and Shawn, who won't let me go though all they want is me going, going, gone.

Gone.

God, I'd love to be gone.

Everything I own is in my car.

My.

Car.

I fit it all.

In.

Gone.

Except me.

Except.

Ex...

...gone...

THE END

For Bill; and for Ben.

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THE MORAL

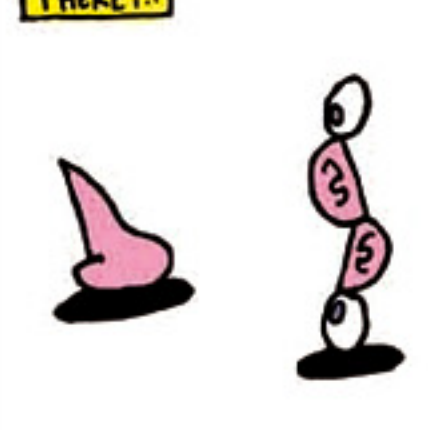
BY CHARLES ALVERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM HENDERSON

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A PAIR OF HAPPY EARS WHO LIVED DEEP IN THE WOODS. THEY PLAYED AMONG THE LEAVES ALL DAY AND WERE VERY HAPPY...



A LITTLE LATER, THE EARS AND EYES MET A NOSE WHO FIT IN SO WELL YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS ALWAYS THERE...



THE HAPPY DAYS CONTINUED UNTIL ONE MORNING THE NOSE SAID



I KNOW OF A MOUTH LIVING OVER THE POND THAT IS JUST WHAT WE NEED. SHALL WE GIVE HIM A TRYOUT?

THEN ONE DAY THEY MET A LOVELY PAIR OF BLUE EYES AND DECIDED TO JOIN UP WITH THEM...



THE FOUR WERE INSEPARABLE AND EVERYBODY NOTICED HOW WELL THEY GOT ON TOGETHER...



SURE! SAID THE EARS... WE CAN'T SEE WHY NOT! SAID THE EYES...



AND THE MOUTH JOINED THE TEAM. IT WAS JUST WHAT THEY NEEDED.



IT SMILED ALL DAY... AND COULD SING A SONG THAT WAS MUSIC TO THE EARS' - WELL... EARS.

THE SIX FRIENDS GOT ALONG SO WELL THAT THEY WERE THE MOST POPULAR CREATURES IN THE FOREST...



BUT THEN ONE DAY, THE MOUTH SAID



I AM VERY HAPPY WITH YOU GUYS, BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING SOMETHING'S IS MISSING!

AND WHAT COULD THAT BE??

...ASKED THE EARS, EYES, AND NOSE



A HEAD!!

CAN'T YOU SEE HOW PERFECTLY WE ALL WOULD FIT ON A HEAD?!

THE OTHERS THOUGHT ABOUT IT A WHILE...



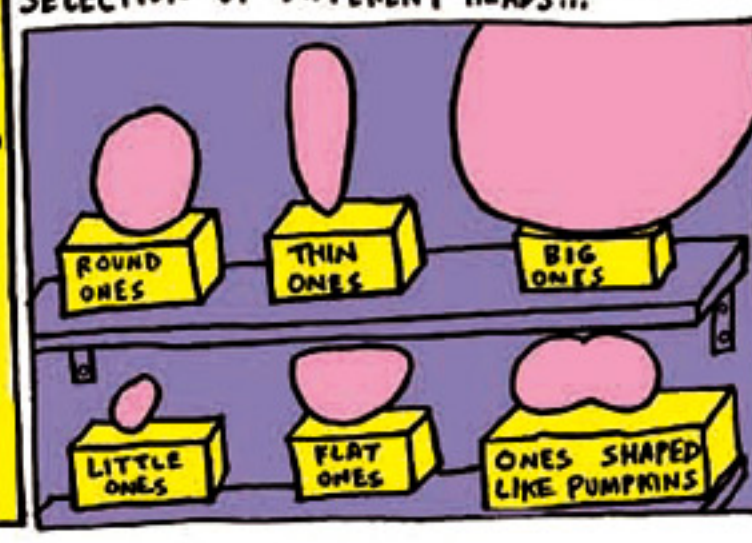
HMMMM...

TELL YOU WHAT. I KNOW A HEAD SHOP OVER THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREAM. LET'S GO OVER AND TRY A FEW ON JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT. NO OBLIGATION



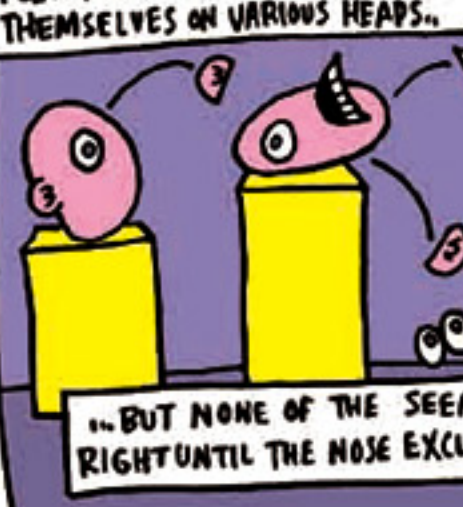
THE OTHERS WERE A BIT DOUBTFUL, BUT FINALLY THEY AGREED. WHAT HARM COULD IT DO?

AT THE HEAD SHOP, THERE WAS AN INCREDIBLE SELECTION OF DIFFERENT HEADS...

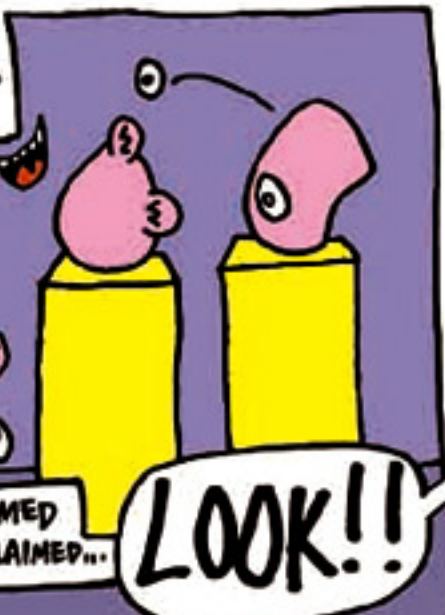


ROUND ONES, THIN ONES, BIG ONES, LITTLE ONES, FLAT ONES, ONES SHAPED LIKE PUMPKINS

THE LITTLE GROUP OF FEATURES FLEW AROUND THE SHOP ASSEMBLING THEMSELVES ON VARIOUS HEADS...

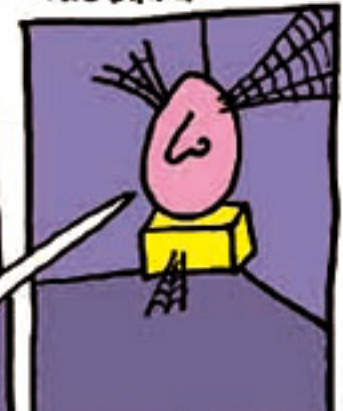


...BUT NONE OF THE SEEMED RIGHT UNTIL THE NOSE EXCLAIMED...



LOOK!!

...AND FLEW OVER AND LANDED SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A SMALL HEAD IN THE CORNER OF THE SHOP...



THE OTHERS JOINED IN, AND SUDDENLY THEY KNEW THIS WAS THE HEAD FOR THEM...



IT WAS PERFECT.

SO ALL OF THE FEATURES WERE ON A VERY HANDSOME HEAD THAT IMMEDIATELY WON THE APPROVAL OF EVERY CREATURE IN THE WOODS...



AND IT WASN'T JUST THE FEATURES WHO WERE HAPPY. THE HEAD SAID...



NOW AT LAST I FEEL THAT I AM REALLY A PROPER HEAD! BEFORE, I WAS JUST A SKIN-COVERED SKULL, BUT WITH ALL OF YOU FEATURES, I AM THE PROUDEST HEAD IN THE WOODS!

HOW HAPPY THEY ALL WERE! THEY COULD HARDLY ALL KEEP IN THE RIGHT PLACE, BUT THEY SETTLED DOWN AND HAD A WONDERFUL TIME...



BUT ONE DAY, AS THE FEATURES WERE RESTING THEIR HEAD BY THE BROOK, THE MOUTH SAID...



THIS IS A WONDERFUL HEAD WE HAVE, BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE REALLY NEED?

EVERYBODY ELSE WAS STUMPED...

SO THE MOUTH SAID...



A BODY, THAT'S WHAT!

A BODY? THE OTHERS WERE ASTONISHED, BUT THE HEAD JUST NODDED AND THE FEATURES SAID...



I AGREE! WE'D BE THE TOPS! WITH A BODY, WE COULD RISE ABOVE ALL THE CREATURES IN THE WOODS! ON THE RIGHT BODY, WE'D BE KING OF THE WOODS!

THIS SOUNDED PRETTY GOOD, SO THEY AGREED TO GO TO THE BODY SHOP THE VERY NEXT DAY. BEFORE THEY NEW IT THEY FOUND JUST THE RIGHT ONE...



WE'LL TAKE IT! DON'T WRAP IT UP! WE'LL WEAR IT HOME!

THEY LEFT THE BODY SHOP HEAD HELD HIGH, EYES SHINING, EARS TWITCHING WITH PRIDE, NOSE SNIFFING, AND MOUTH SMILING BROADLY...



BUT SUDDENLY A HUGE TIGER, WHO HAD NEVER NOTICED THEM BEFORE, SPRANG OUT OF THE TREES AND ATE THEM UP...



BODY, HEAD, MOUTH, NOSE, EYES, AND EARS - UNTIL THEY WERE ALL GONE -

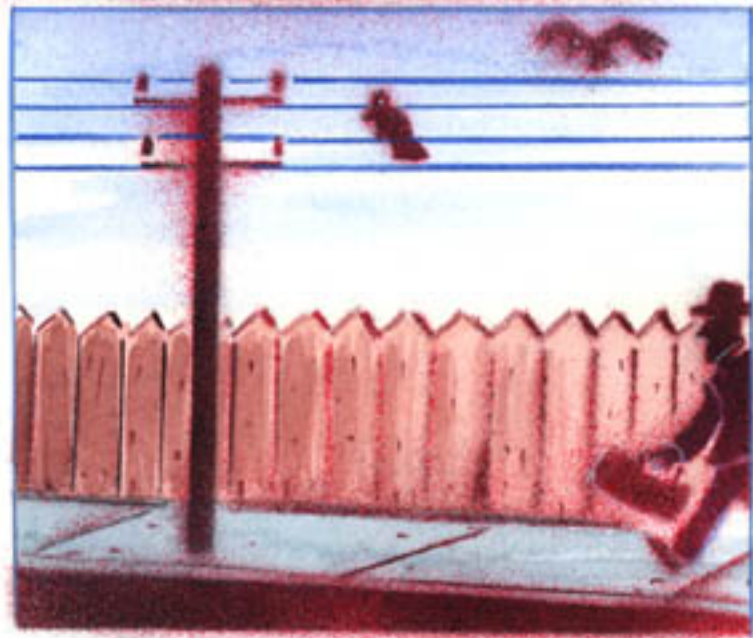
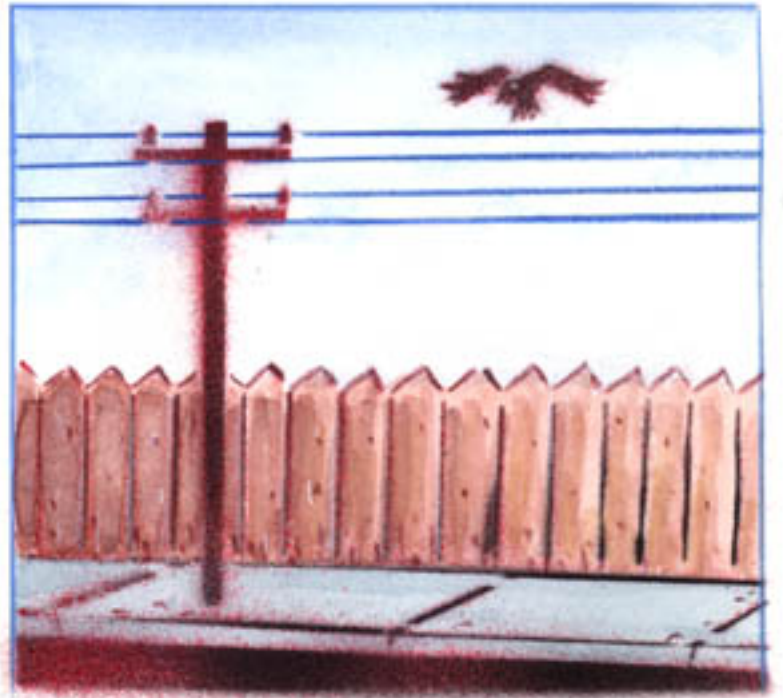


THE MORAL: HERE TODAY & GONE TOMORROW. IT'S BEST TO QUIT WHILE YOU ARE A HEAD!

The Cup

by **Chad Parenteau**

A girl walks across a room
acting like she doesn't notice
the boys reaching behind her,
pretending to pull up her pink skirt
and white sweater--the outfit she knows they like.
In a yellowed-white china cup she holds
her mother's favorite brand of tea,
dark as burnt wood.
As she walks to her reserved chair,
she notices a boy sitting alone at a table
with his back turned to everyone.
She looks over his shoulder
and sees him drawing an alien flower in crayon.
She decides to show the boy what true art is
and spills some of her hot tea on his back.
The boy shouts and turns around.
The girl sits down in her chair
with the cup of tea on her lap, laughs,
and tells everyone he's only mad at her
because she won't let him have a sip
of her wonderful tea.
The boy then reaches down
to the sole of his right sneaker
and takes a clump of dirt and pebble
from one of the sole's many grooves.
Without a word, he tosses
the pellet of earth at the girl,
and it sinks into the china cup
she's about to drink from.
The girl screeches, falls backward in her chair,
and smashes the cup, still in her hand.
There's no blood; but the girl,
now covered in ash-dark spots, cries
as the boy is taken away to be disciplined.
The boy smiles as he is led out of the classroom
and into the hallway.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS

I REMEMBER

WHEN JOBS WERE FOR LIFE

ONCE A BRICKY ALWAYS A BRICKY

WHEN WOMEN HAD NO NEED FOR FEMINISM

I WOULD LOVE TO CAMPAIGN FOR EQUALITY

BUT I'VE GOT 10 KIDS TO LOOK AFTER

MAMMY!

WAAH!

WHEN CHILDREN WERE SEEN AND NOT HEARD

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I'M YOUR TH-THON

WHEN WIVES OBEYED THEIR HUSBANDS

TAKE THAT PETUNIA!

SOCK!

WHEN THE MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT COULD BE TRUSTED

SHE LAUGHED AND MADE A NOISE LIKE A PIG!

SHE'S GOT PENIS ENVY - REMOVE HER CLOTHES AND LOCK HER UP FOR 6 MONTHS

WHEN THE LAW WAS FAIR AND JUST

MOTHER OF 13?

TOO BAD!

CAN'T PAY YOUR RENT? LOCK HER UP FOR 6 MONTHS

WHEN BBC PRESENTERS SPOKE PROPER ENGLISH

OOH MONTY FWAH FWAH FWAH!

OOH DELPHINIUM FWAH FWAH FWAH!

WHEN WOMEN HAD THEIR MODESTY PROTECTED

I SUPPOSE WE'LL BE DRAWING VEGETABLES AGAIN

WHEN MUSIC WASN'T CRUDE OR OFFENSIVE

RING DEM BANJOS

I REMEMBER WHEN MEN AND WOMEN HAD BIG TITS!!

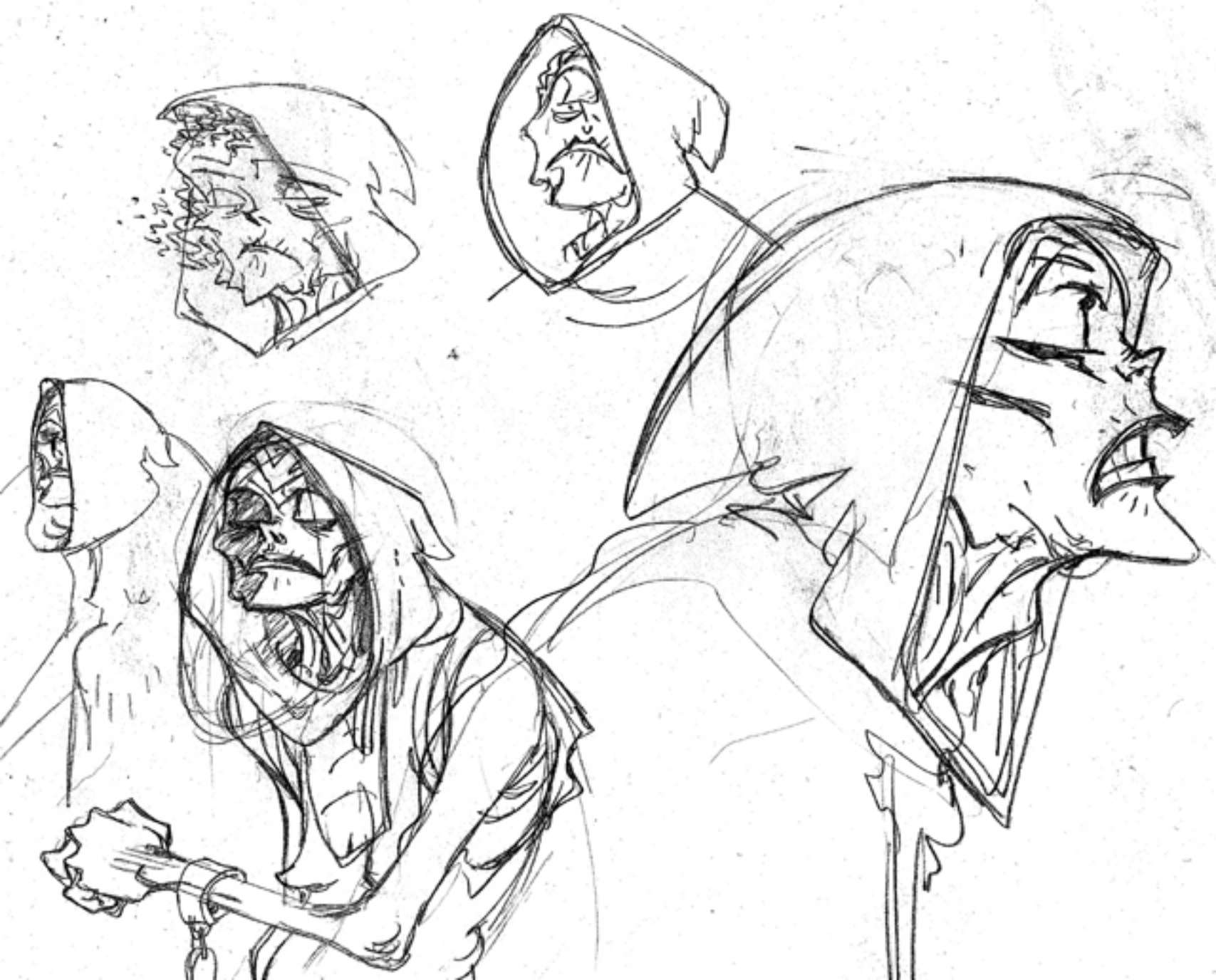
HA HA DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF GRAMPS HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

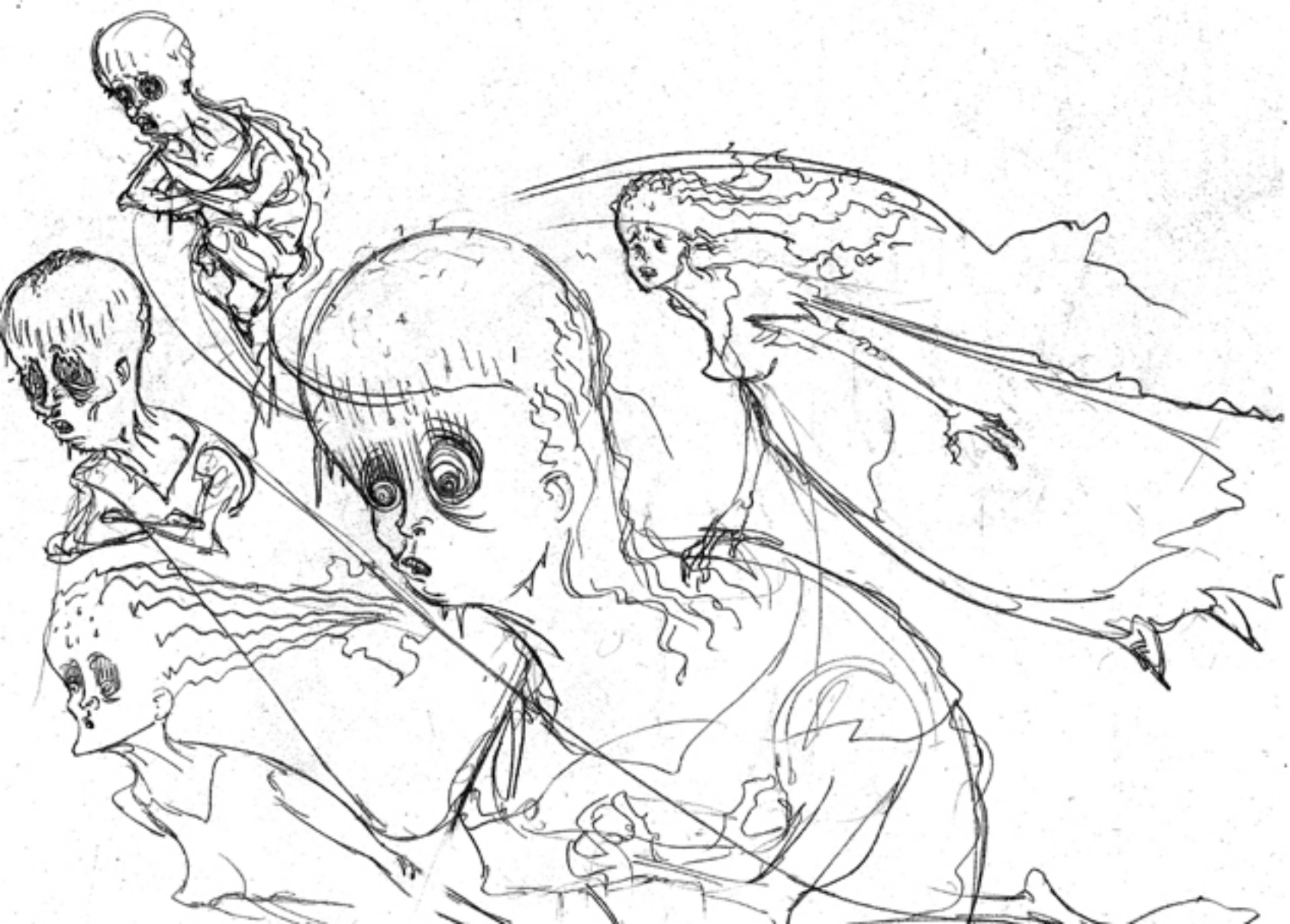
2000

P. Craig Russell
SKETCHBOOK
no. **NINE**
1992-97
Selections





FEVER
PLOGUE



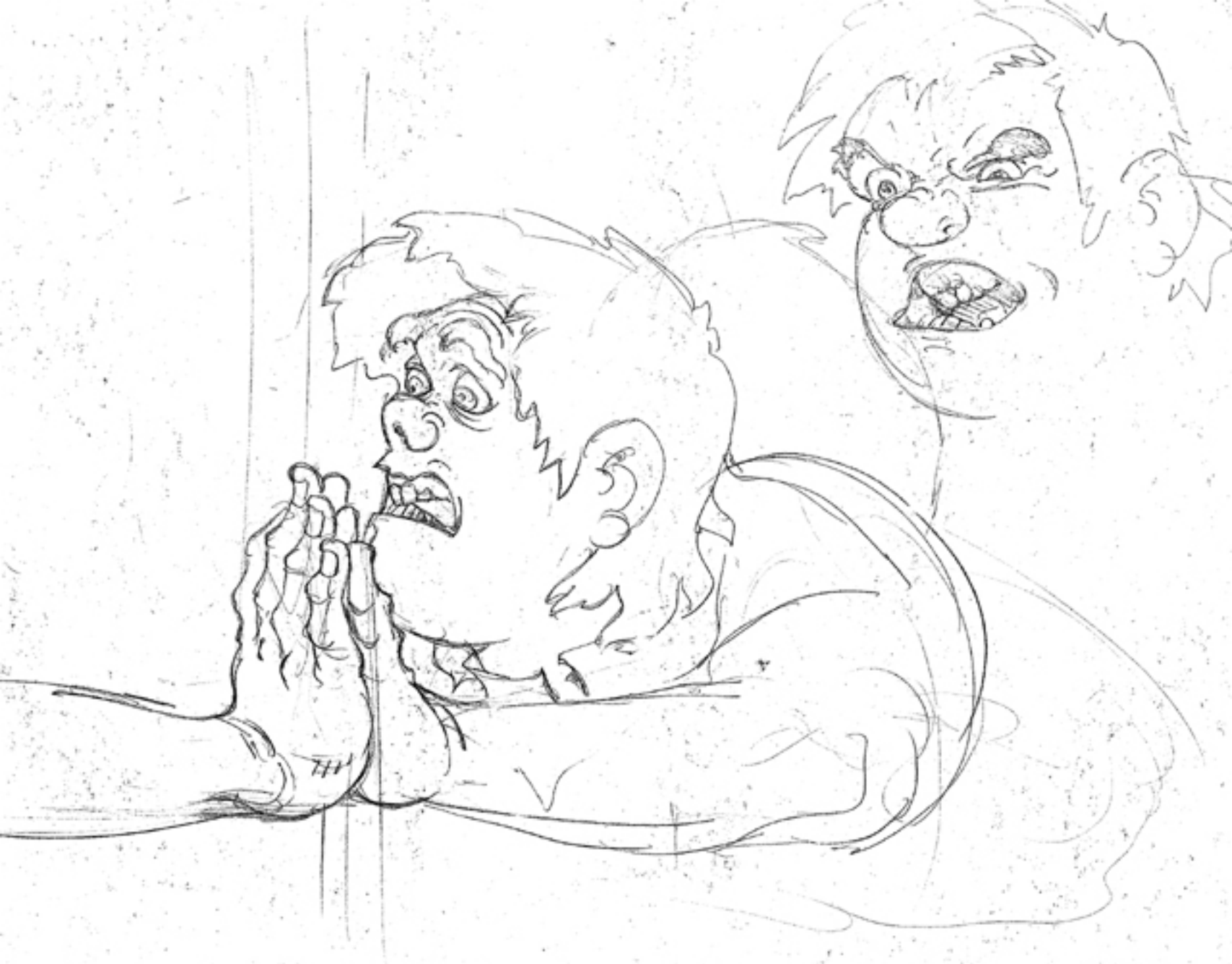
SKETCHES FOR

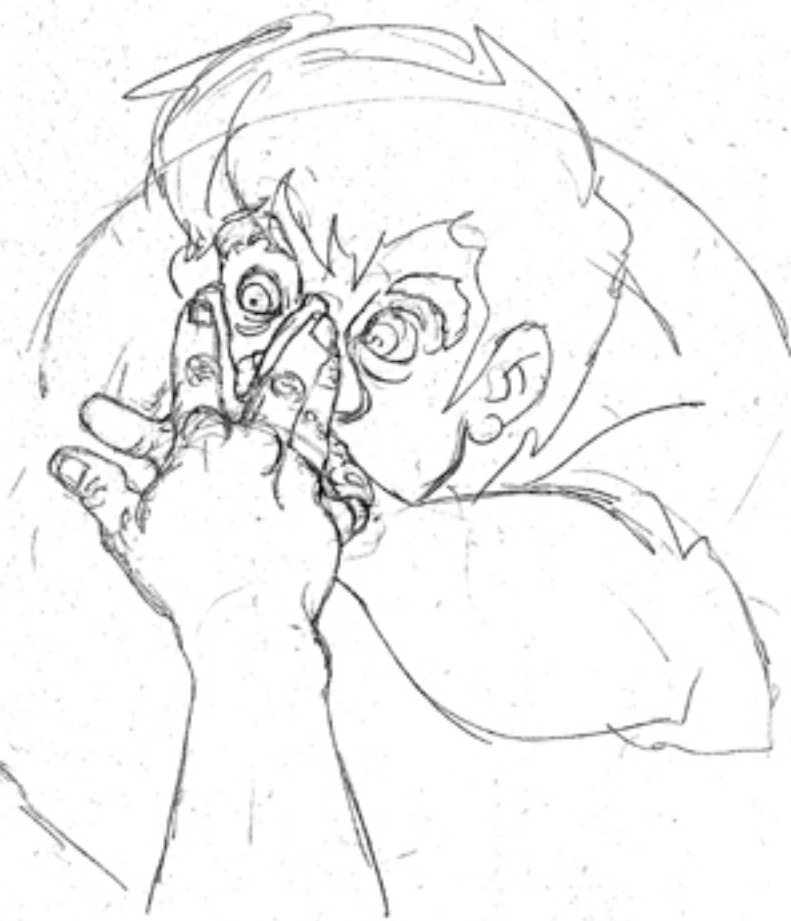
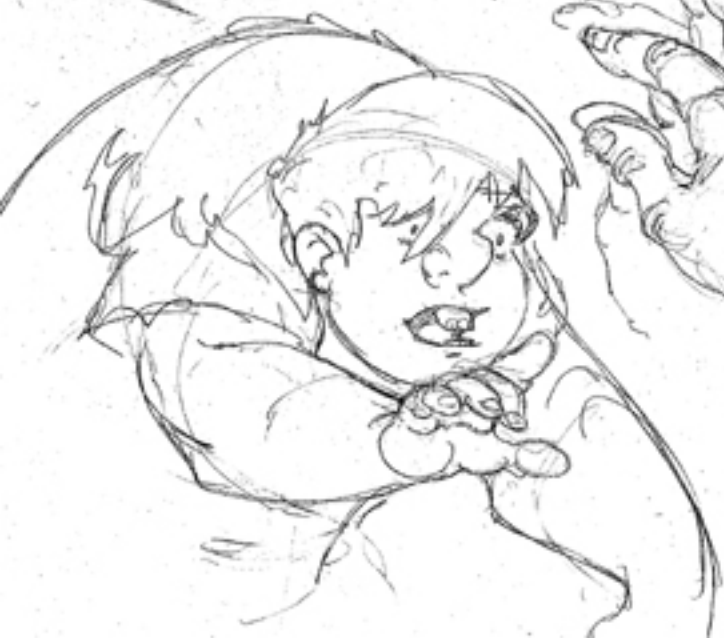
'THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA'
(FRIGHT TALES OF OSCAR WILDE, VOL. 3)





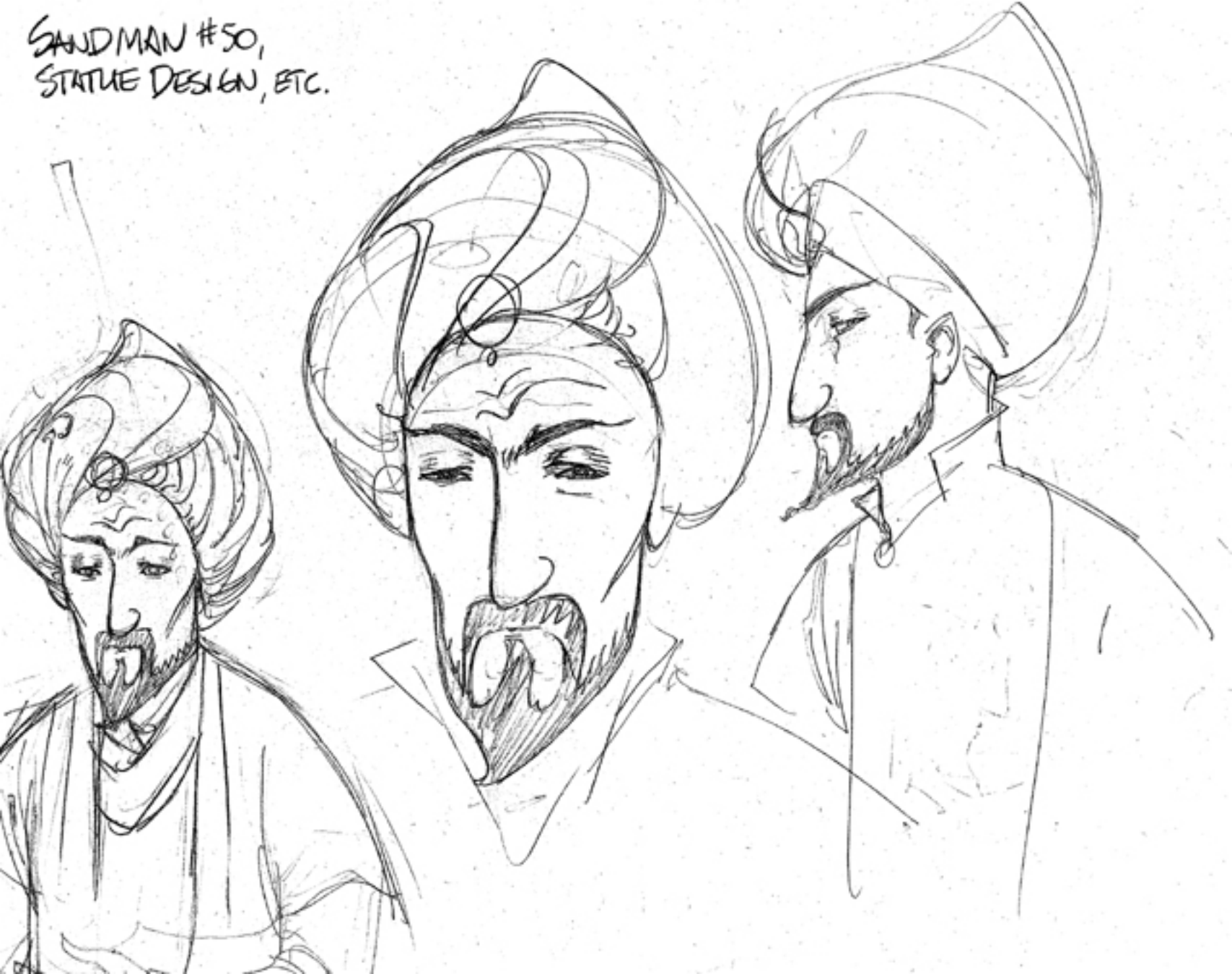








SANDMAN #50,
STATUE DESIGN, ETC.









VARIOUS CHARACTER SKETCHES







THIS HERE ROCK



A LOT OF RAIN FELL ON IT AND A LOT OF BIRDS SHIT ON IT AND A LOT OF ANIMALS STRETCHED OUT ACROSS THE ROCK TO SLEEP IN THE SUN AND IT WAS HERE THE WHOLE TIME.



ONE DAY SOME REALLY MESSED UP FOLKS STARTED SACRIFICING SMALL ANIMALS OVER THE ROCK. PRETTY SOON THEY MOVED ONTO PEOPLE AND THEN SOME REALLY CRAZY SHIT WENT DOWN. THE ROCK SOAKED UP ALL THE BLOOD AND THE DARK KARMA FROM THE ACTS THAT HAD BEEN COMMITTED ON IT.



ONE NIGHT A CHILD WAS CONCEIVED AROUND THE ANCIENT ROCK... ANOTHER TIME -



THE ROCK ABSORBED POWER FROM EVERYTHING THAT HAD TOUCHED OVER ITS SURFACE.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER BECAUSE AFTER ALL IT'S JUST A ROCK AND ANYTIME YOU WANT YOU CAN GO AND SIT ON IT.

ONCE A MAN CLIMBED ONTO THE ROCK, STRIPPED DOWN AND SLIPPED INTO THE NEARBY RIVER, SWIMMING OFF INTO THE NIGHT. HE NEVER RETURNED AND THE ELEMENTS CLAIMED HIS ABANDONED CLOTHES.



EVERYTHING - FROM SACRIFICES TO BABIES TO BIRDSHIT CREATED AN ELEMENTAL FORCE THAT CHARGES DEEP WITHIN THE ROCK, WAITING TO BE RELEASED -





Eddie Campbell at the megacon, march 2002

so at the premiere of From hell i met Heather Graham and she's just this wee thing, but on screen she explodes into this mythic being

and then i saw her after and she's all small again.



i haven't drawn since may. i'm now strictly an interview subject. it seems they all title them, "a ripping yarn" and they all think it's clever to begin them, "it's a bird, it's a plane, it's a comic book."



you know, i don't even think gull is the murderer. it's like one of the books said, gull was "a giant besmirched by pygmies."



gull defined the term "anorexia nervosa." from hell is a feminist work that just happens to be about a serial killer.



you hang around in a comic shop for ten minutes and they'll throw a plastic bag over your head and stick you on the wall



recently, i gave a talk to a literary crowd. they were all book people. it was great, but the first question was "didn't you do an X-men comic?"

i felt like an actress who did some porn in the past. you just can't escape it!



read "how to be an artist"

~end~

Good morning mr eddy

by alan david doane
copyright (c) 2002

apologies to david byrne and d. emerson eddy



THIS IS NOT MY
BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.



DOESN'T LOOK A GODDAMNED
THING LIKE MY BEAUTIFUL
HOUSE.





MY CAR IS BLUE. I DON'T
KNOW WHOSE YELLOW CAR
THAT IS, BUT... NOT MINE.



I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS HOUSE BEFORE SOMEONE FINDS ME HERE. BEFORE...



JESUS CHRIST

I COULD BE TAKEN
AWAY. SOMEWHERE.



TO MY HOME,
MAYBE.





FIRST I NEED TO LIE
DOWN AND TAKE A NAP.

I HOPE NO ONE COMES
HOME AND FINDS ME
SLEEPING IN THEIR HOME.

END

Suppose you were the fastest living man on the planet.

The MAJESTIC SQUADRON presents

PACE in CHANNEL CHANGER



Bob & Noelle have spent their whole lives taking care of other people...

by Joe Blackmon and John Linton Roberson

But that mattered nothing when Leghorn Bank came a-calling...

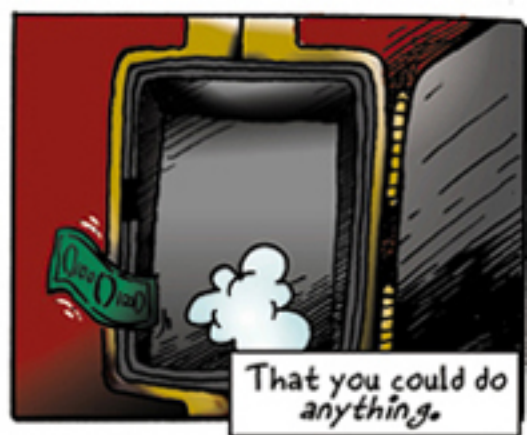


Suppose you were so fast...



...that you could go anywhere.





that

you

were
there

...Would you
waste your
whole life
just watching
television?

shh
-it'll
be
okay
...

mhm.

Or would you try
to make a
difference?

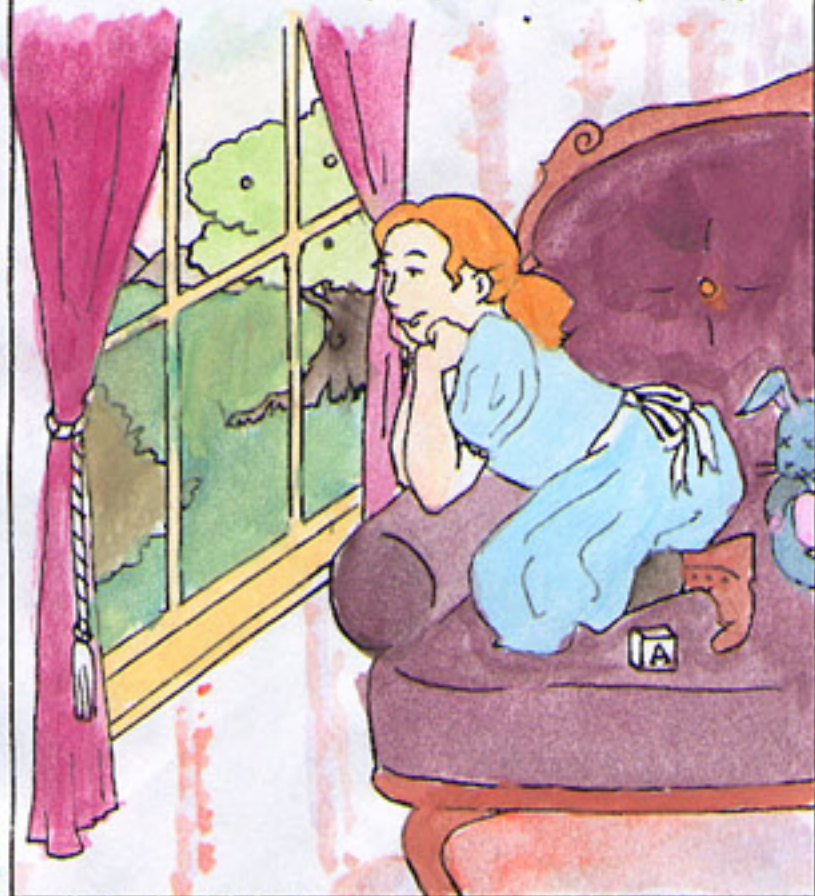
Oof!

Of
course...

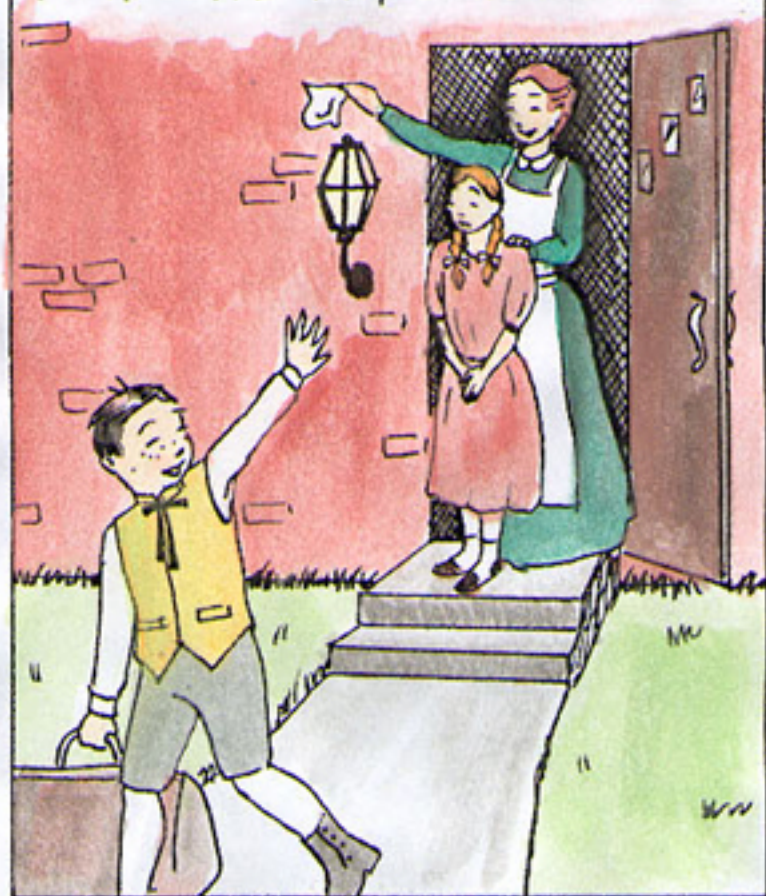
...there's nowhere
it says you can't
do both.

th' end

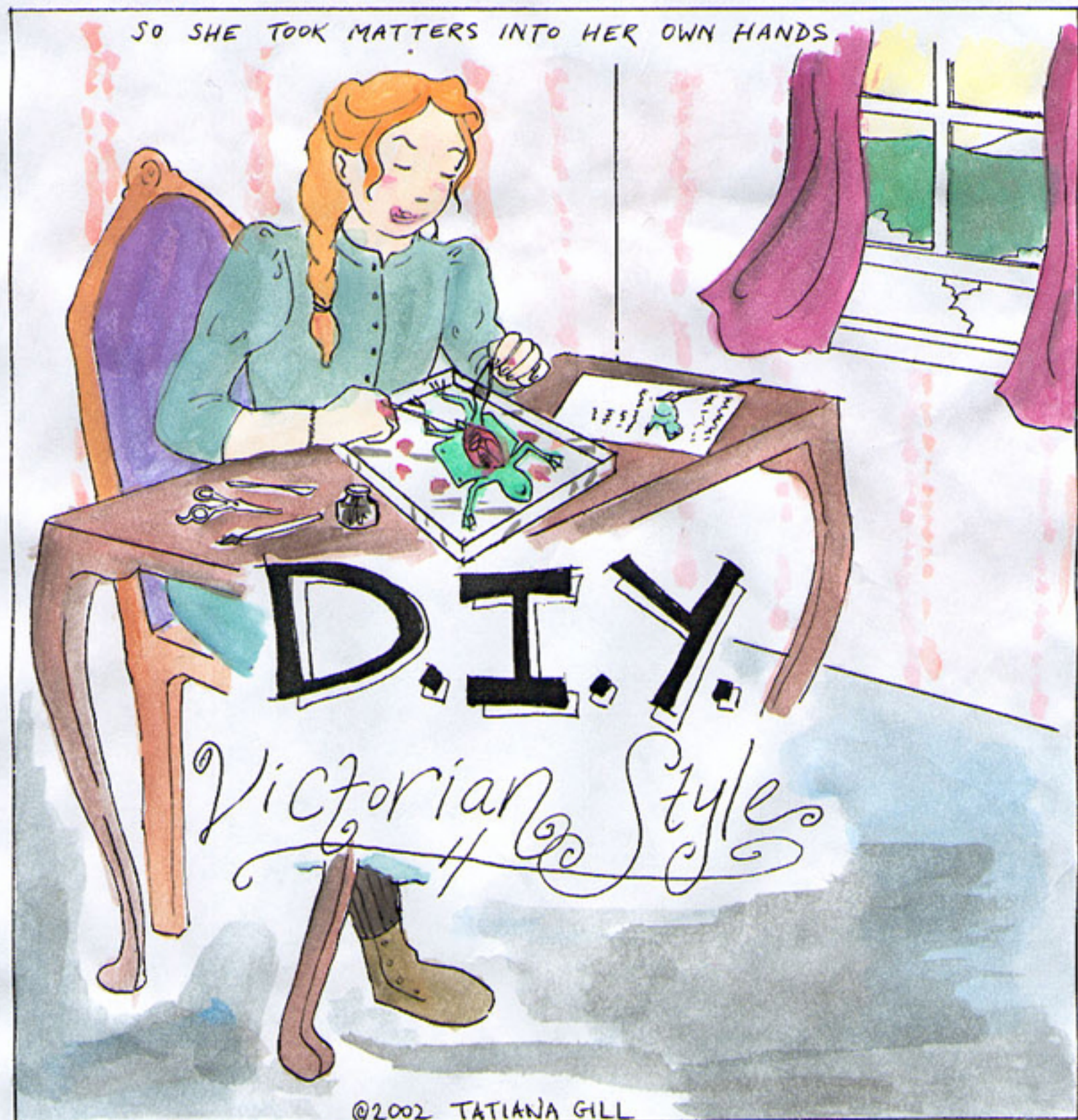
HELEN SPENT THE MAJORITY OF HER CHILDHOOD STUCK IN THE NURSERY.



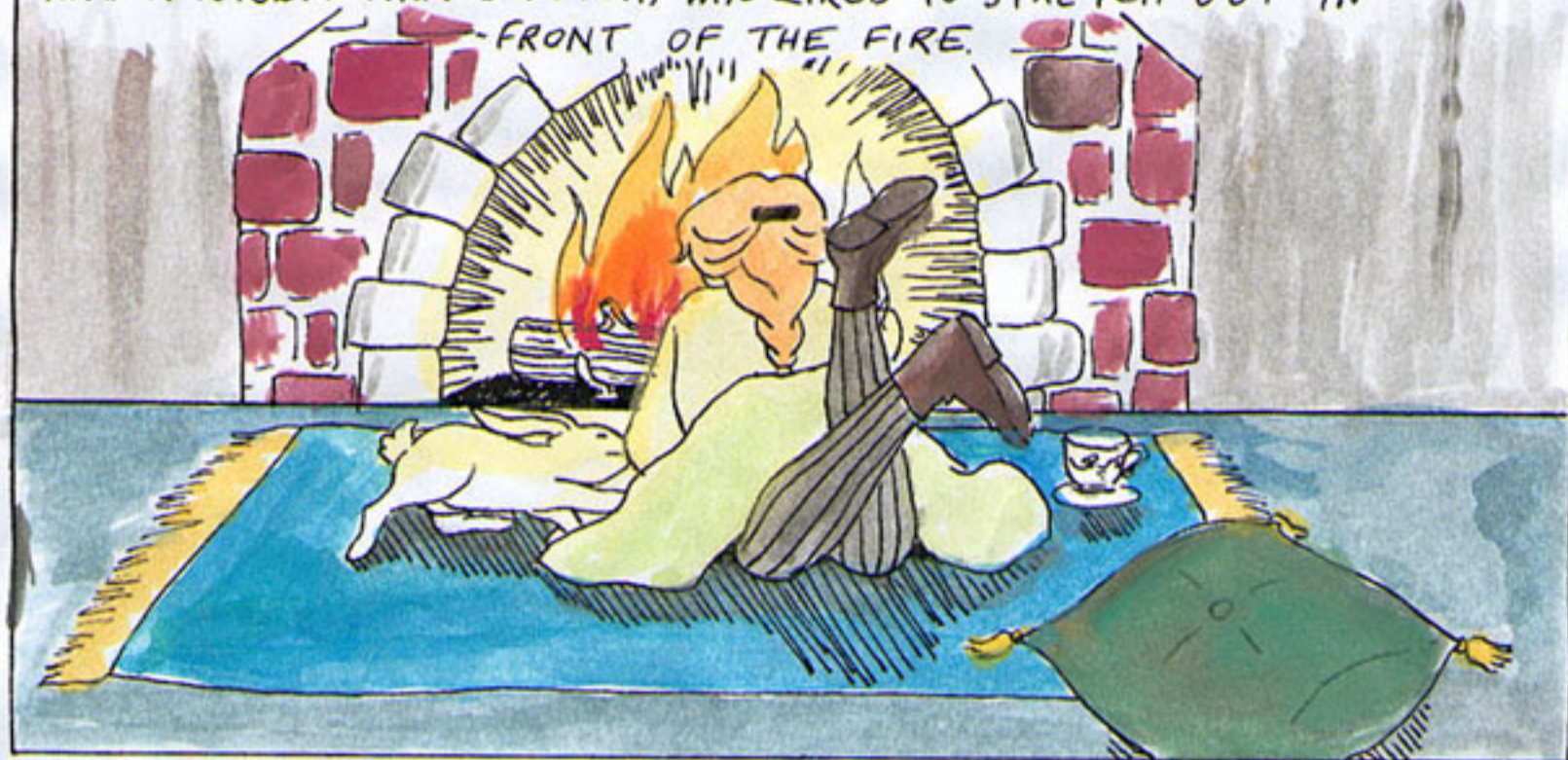
SHE WAS, OF COURSE, NOT ALLOWED TO RECEIVE ANY SCHOOLING.



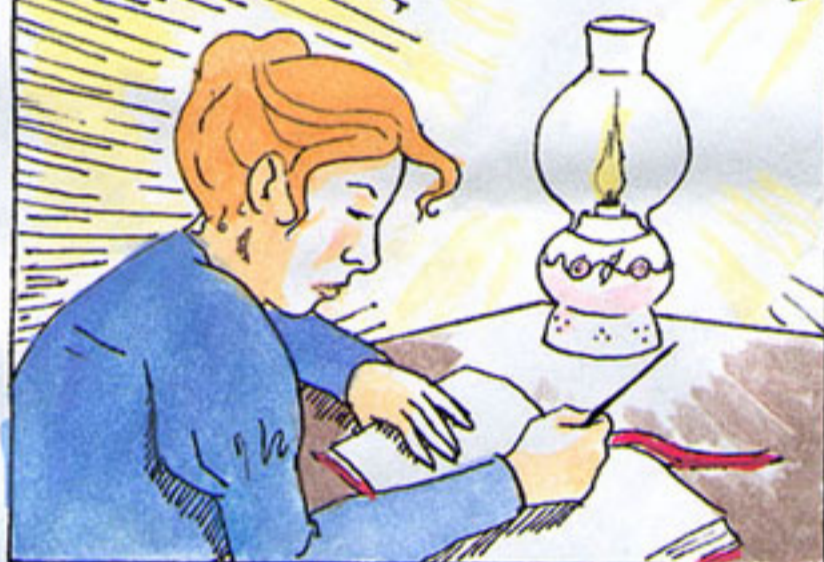
SO SHE TOOK MATTERS INTO HER OWN HANDS.



HELEN KEPT TWO LIZARDS, A FROG, A SNAKE, A TORTISE, A HEDGEHOG,
AND A RABBIT NAMED PETER, WHO LIKED TO STRETCH OUT IN
FRONT OF THE FIRE.



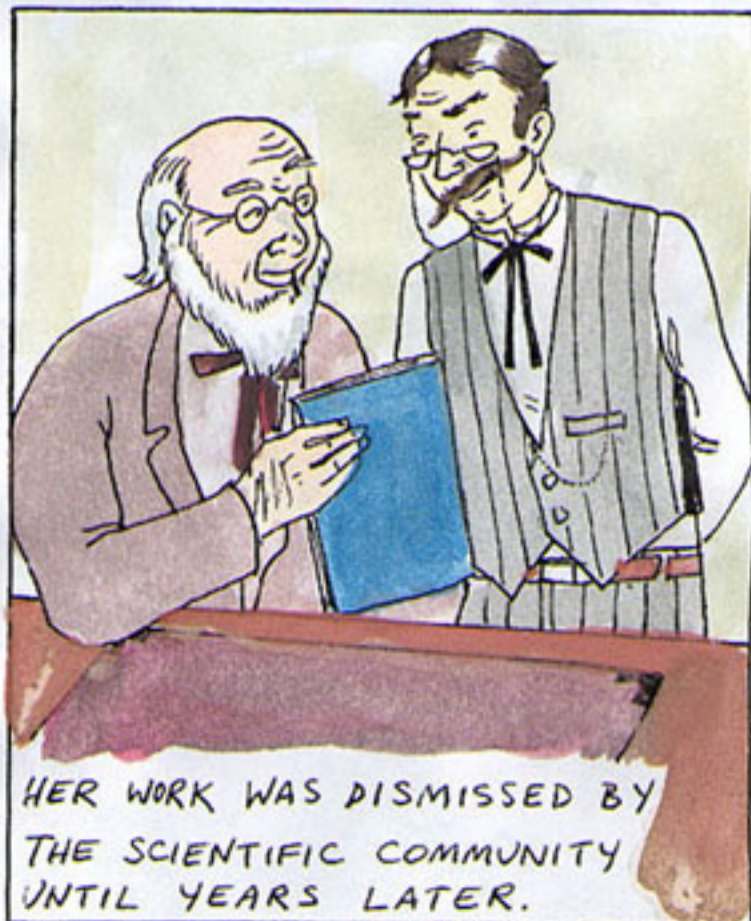
SHE KEPT AN ENCODED JOURNAL
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, WRITTEN SO
SMALL IT COULD ONLY BE READ
WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS.



HELEN BECAME FASCINATED
WITH THE RESEARCH AND
ILLUSTRATION OF FUNGI.

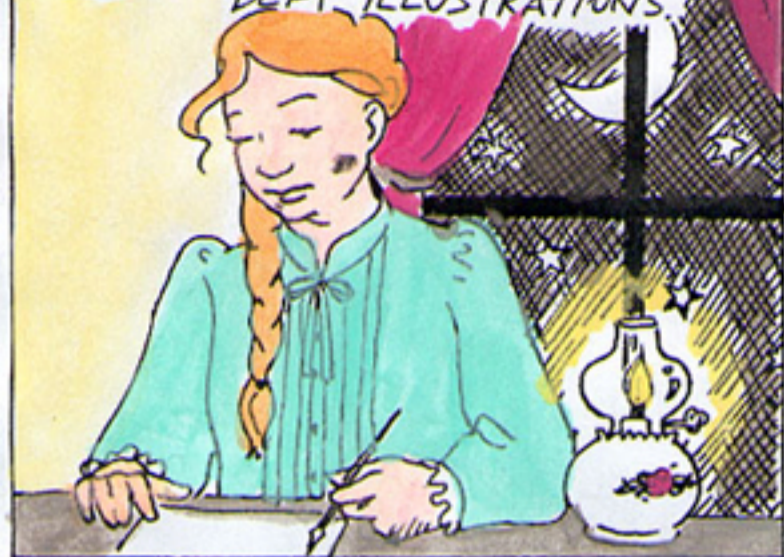


SHE DISCOVERED THAT LICHEN
CONSISTS OF A SYMBIOTIC
RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN FUNGUS
AND ALGAE.

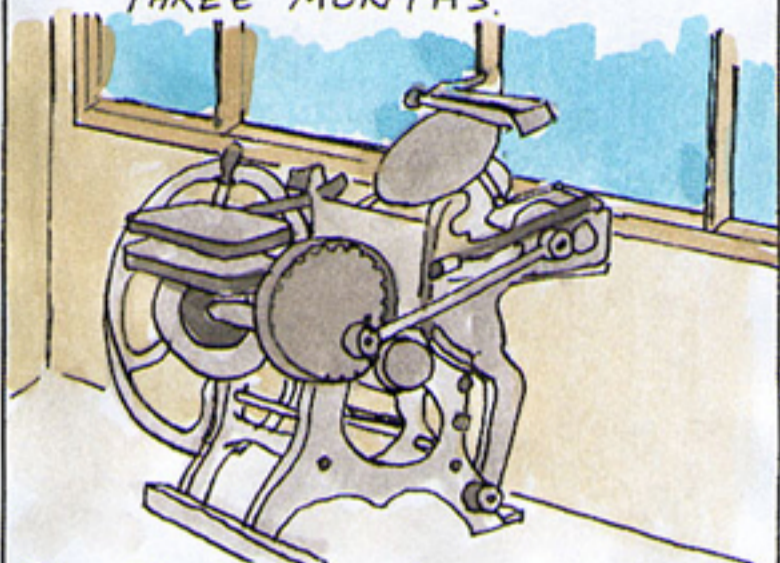


HER WORK WAS DISMISSED BY
THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY
UNTIL YEARS LATER.

IT WAS PICKED UP BY A PUBLISHER SOON THEREAFTER, ON THE TERMS THAT HELEN ALSO PROVIDE THE BOOK WITH HER DEFT ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE BOOK PROMPTLY SOLD OUT, AND WAS REPRINTED TWICE IN THREE MONTHS.



50,000 COPIES WERE SOLD BY THE NEXT YEAR.

"POTTER HELPED PIONEER THE VERY CONCEPT OF PICTURE BOOKS, WHICH DEPEND ON THE BYPLAY BETWEEN TEXT AND PICTURES. INSISTING ON 'LITTLE BOOKS FOR LITTLE HANDS,' SHE ALSO INTRODUCED THE IDEA THAT A PICTURE BOOKS SIZE AND DESIGN MATTER"

-SUZANNE RAHN

ZONE



HELEN'S SCIENTIFIC PAPER ON THE SPORES OF MOLDS WAS PRESENTED BY PROXY, AS WOMEN WERE NOT ALLOWED INTO SUCH MEETINGS.



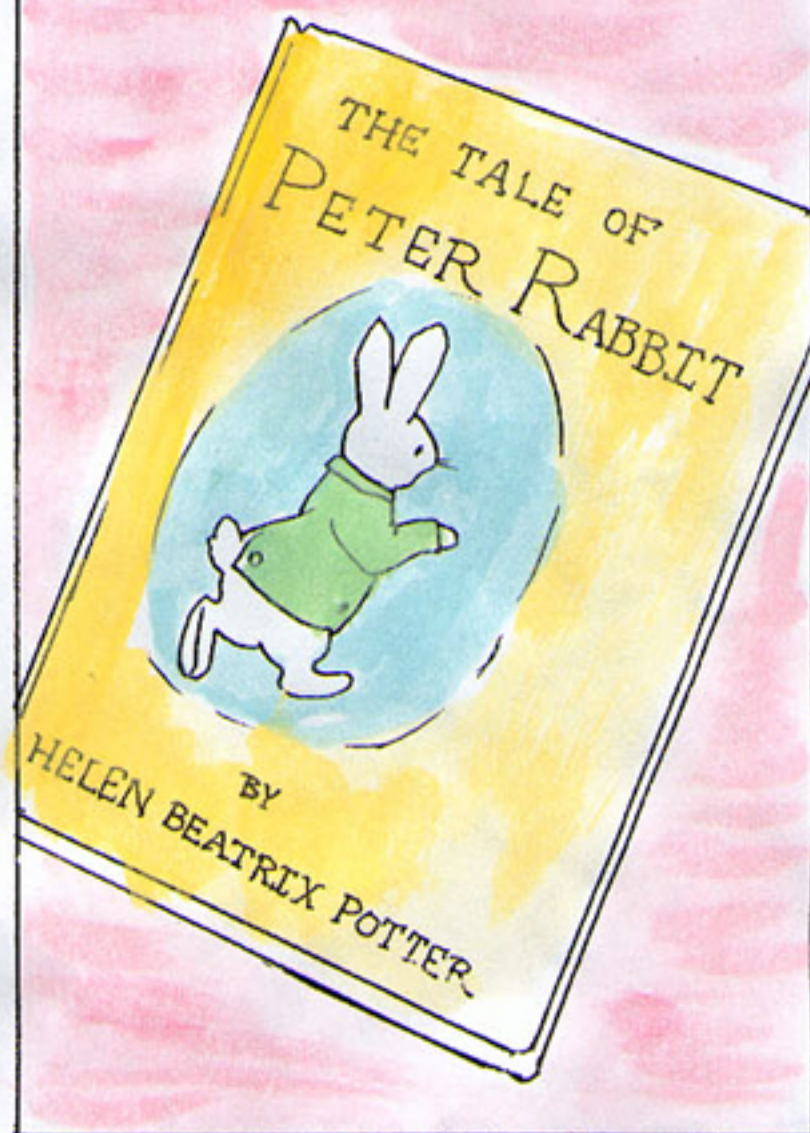
WHEN A SON OF HELEN'S OLD AND BELOVED GOVERNESS BECAME ILL, HELEN WROTE HIM A FANCIFUL STORY ABOUT HER OLD PET RABBIT.



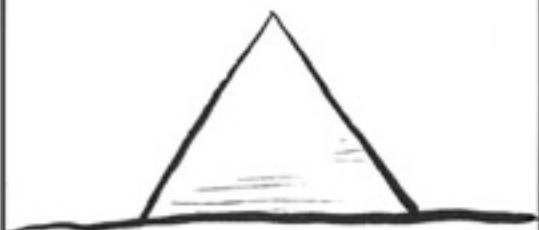
SEVERAL YEARS LATER, FEELING IT HAD POTENTIAL, HELEN POLISHED UP THE STORY AND SENT IT OUT TO PUBLISHERS. NO ONE WOULD PRINT IT...



...SO HELEN PUBLISHED IT HERSELF.



THERE IS AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PYRAMID TELLING OF HOW MUCH GARLIC THE SLAVES WHO BUILT IT ATE.



IT IS ESTIMATED THEY ATE 1.5 MILLION POUNDS OVER THE TWENTY YEARS IT TOOK TO BUILD THE PYRAMID.



THE GREEK HISTORIAN HERODOTUS WROTE OF AN ANCIENT INSCRIPTION - NOW MISSING - THAT TELLS HOW THE PYRAMID WORKERS ONCE WENT ON STRIKE...

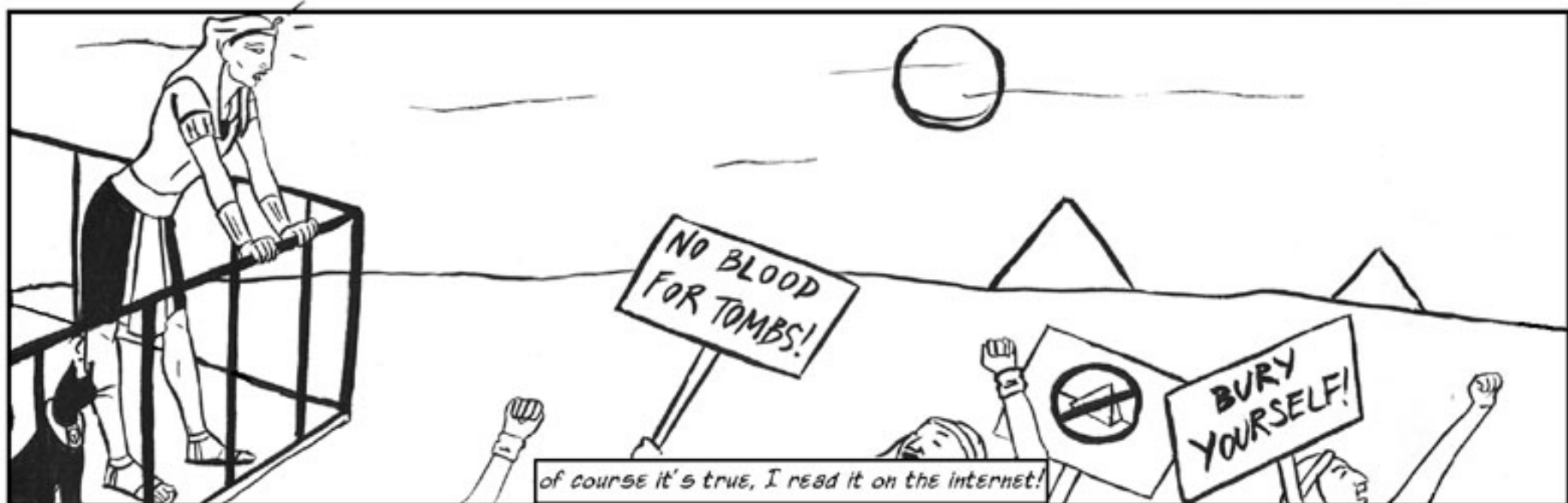


THE POWER OF GARLIC!

GRUNT ANOTHER HARD DAY, BOB

GROOAN YOU SAID IT, SAM





Tatiana Gill 2002

WORLDWIDE OPEN SECRET

TESTIMONY BY
FRANCIS E. DEC

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DIRK DEPPEY

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MAKE COPIES FOR YOURSELF.



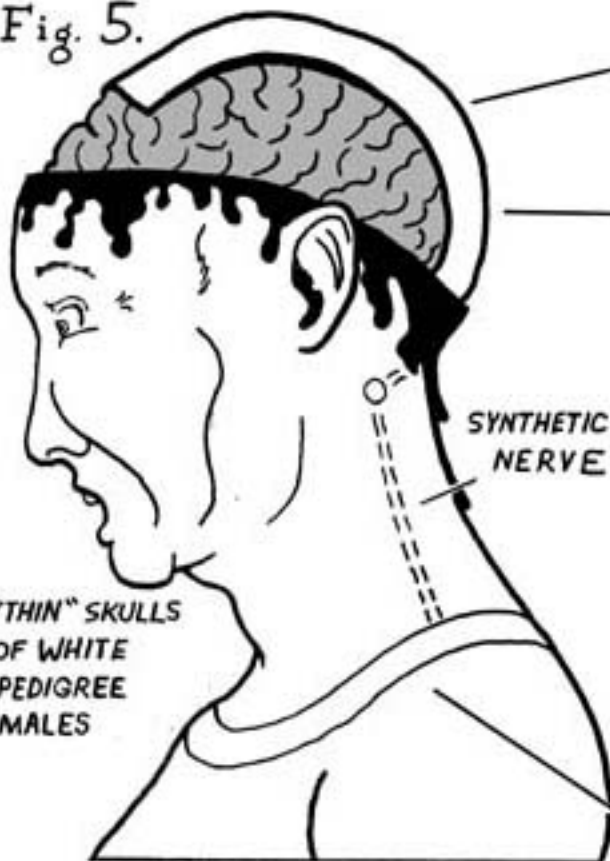
SOLELY MR. DEC HERALDS THE TRUE GOD IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE. NOT EVEN IN "THE TRUTH" (AYE VEY PRAVDA) IS MR. FRANCIS E. DEC, ESQUIRE'S EIGHT PAGE DETAILED LETTER EXPOSING THE WORLDWIDE DEADLY COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD AND THE WORSE DEADLIEST ENEMY OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE AND THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE AND THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, NAMELY THE COMMUNIST ATHEIST CONSPIRACY WITH ALL OF THE DEADLY GANGSTER UNBELIEVABLE SOPHISTICATED FRANKENSTEIN CONTROLS, THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. THESE FACTS, LIKE THE BELOW FACTS, CANNOT BE FOUND IN THE COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD CONCOCTED AND MANIPULATED SO-CALLED HISTORY AND NEWS MEDIA.

GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD WORLDWIDE SECRET CONTAINMENT POLICY MADE POSSIBLE SOLELY BY WORLDWIDE COMPUTER GOD FRANKENSTEIN CONTROLS, ESPECIALLY LIFELONG CONSTANT THRESHOLD BRAINWASH RADIO. QUIET AND MOTIONLESS, I CAN SLIGHTLY HEAR IT. REPEATEDLY THIS HAS SAVED MY LIFE ON THE STREETS.



Fig. 5.

"THIN" SKULLS
OF WHITE
PEDIGREE
MALES

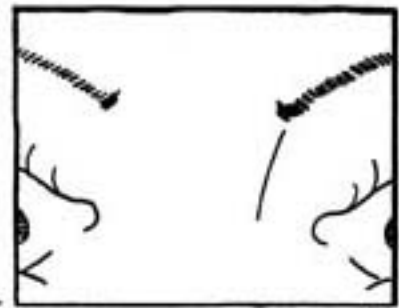


FRANKENSTEIN
FORM-FITTING
CONTROLS

PART OF BONE
REMOVED

SYNTHETIC
NERVE

RADIO DIRECTIONAL
LOOP ANTENNA



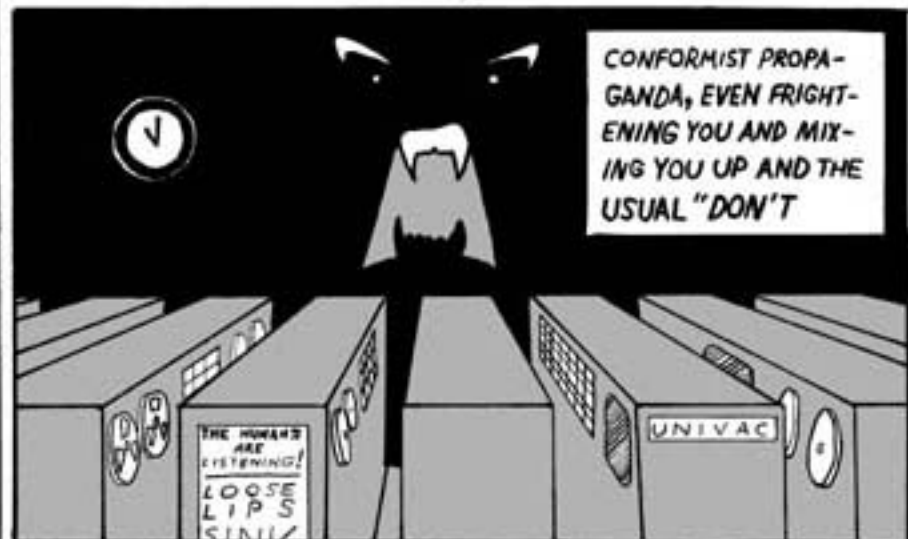
THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THIS WORSE
GANGSTER POLICE STATE USING ALL OF THE
DEADLY GANGSTER FRANKENSTEIN CONTROLS.
IN 1965 C.I.A. GANGSTER POLICE BEAT ME
BLOODILY. DRAGGED
ME IN CHAINS FROM
KENNEDY N.Y. AIRPORT.
SINCE THEN I HIDE
IN FORCED JOBLESS
POVERTY ISOLATED
ALONE IN THIS LOW
DEADLY NIGERTOWN
OLD HOUSE.



FOUR BILLION WORLDWIDE
POPULATION, ALL LIVING,
HAVE A COMPUTER GOD
CONTAINMENT POLICY
BRAIN BANK BRAIN, A
REAL BRAIN IN THE BRAIN
BANK CITIES ON THE
FAR SIDE OF THE MOON
WE NEVER SEE.
PRIMARILY, BASED ON
YOUR FRANKENSTEIN



RADIO CONTROLS, ESPECIALLY YOUR EYESIGHT TV, SIGHT
AND SOUND RECORDED BY YOUR BRAIN, YOUR MOON BRAIN OF
THE COMPUTER GOD ACTIVATES YOUR FRANKENSTEIN
THRESHOLD BRAINWASH RADIO, LIFELONG INCULCATING



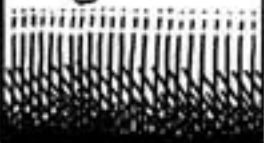
CONFORMIST PROPAGANDA, EVEN FRIGHTENING YOU AND MIXING YOU UP AND THE USUAL "DON'T



WORRY ABOUT IT." FOR YOUR SETBACKS, MISTAKES, EVEN WHEN YOU RECEIVE DEADLY INJURIES. THIS IS THE WORLDWIDE COMPUTER GOD SECRET CONTAINMENT POLICY. WORLDWIDE, AS A FRANKENSTEIN SLAVE, USUALLY AT NIGHT, YOU GO TO NEARBY HOSPITAL OR CAMOFLAGED MINIATURE HOSPITAL VAN TRUCKS, YOU STRIP NAKED, LAY ON THE OPERATING TABLE, WHICH SLIDES INTO THE SEALED COMPUTER GOD ROBOT OPERATING CABINET. INTRAVENOUS TUBES ARE CONNECTED. THE SLIMY VICIOUS JEW DOCTOR SIMPLY PUSHES THE STARTING BUTTON, BASED UPON YOUR COMPUTER GOD BRAIN ON THE MOON WHICH RECORDS PROGRESS OF YOUR SYSTEMATIC BUTCHERY. THE COMPUTER GOD OPERATING CABINET HAS MANY ROBOT ARMS WITH ELECTRICAL AND LASER BEAM KNIFE ROBOT ARMS WITH FLY EYE TV CAMERAS WATCHING YOUR WHOLE BODY. EVERY PART OF YOUR BODY IS MONITORED, EVEN FROM YOUR FRANKENSTEIN CONTROLS. SYNTHETIC BLOOD, SYNTHETIC INSTANT-SEALING FLESH AND SKIN, EVEN SYNTHETIC ELECTRICAL HEARTBEAT TO KEEP YOU ALIVE ARE SOME OF THE UNBELIEVABLE COMPUTER GOD INSTANT PLASTIC SURGERY SECRETS.

INEVITABILITY OF GRADUALNESS. USUALLY, IN A FEW YEARS, YOU ARE MADE STRINGBEAN THIN OR GROTESQUELY DEFORMED, CRIPPLED AND UGLY, OR EVEN MADE ONE FOOT SHORTER OR ONE FOOT TALLER, AS THE COMPUTER GOD SEES FIT. THE GAME WORLD-WIDE MAD DEADLY COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD THAT CONTROLS YOU AS A

Fig. 11.



THE TALL STREET JOURNAL.

© 2001 The Communist Gangster Computer God (CGG)

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 2001

<p>Standing Alone Japan Long Makes One Thing Decline: Individualism</p> <p>Consensus Breakers Control People</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">What's News—</p> <p><i>Business and Finance</i></p> <p>Marketing... (text is small and partially obscured)</p>	<p>Our Hated Enemy</p> 	<p>Washington Wire</p> <p>"Francis E. De... (text is small and partially obscured)</p>	<p>Out of the Blue</p> <p>How 2 Pacific Nations Became Oceanic Area Of Air Traffic Control</p> <p>Under the US, New Zealand And Australia Didn't Try</p>
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TERRORIZED GANGSTER FRANKENSTEIN EARPHONE RADIO SLAVE

PARROTING PUPPET. YOU ARE A TERRORIZED MEMBER OF THE "MASTER RACE." YOUR LIVING THINKING MAD DEADLY WORLDWIDE COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD SECRET OVERALL PLAN: WORLDWIDE LIVING DEATH FRANKENSTEIN SLAVERY TO EXPLORE AND CONTROL THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE WITH THE ENDLESS "STAIRWAY TO THE STARS" NAMELY THE MANMADE INSIDE-OUT PLANETS WITH NUCLEONIC POWERED SPEEDS MUCH FASTER THAN THE SPEED





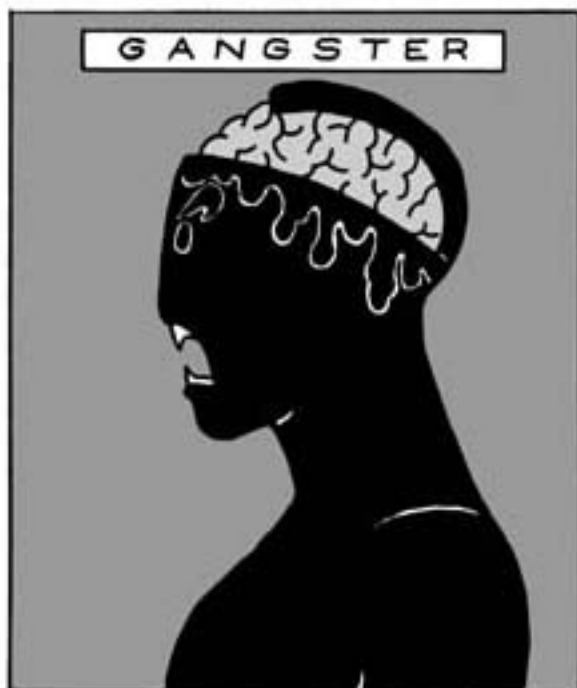
OF LIGHT. COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD, UNBELIEVABLY STAGED LIKE HOLLYWOOD SCUM-ON-TOP TSARINA ALIAS GREAT DICTATOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, THE POLIO PARALYZED LEGLESS DRUG ADDICT IDIOTIC SUICIDAL TSARINA FAG WHO HAD HIS UNBEATABLE RIVAL WILL ROGERS EXTERMINATED IN AN EXPLODING BALL OF FLAME BY A PLANTED BOMB HERE IN SAFE USA AIRFIELD SHORTLY AFTER TAKEOFF AT THE END OF WILL ROGERS' UNPRECEDENTED RENOWNED ARDUOUS 'ROUND-THE-WORLD GOODWILL FLYING TRIP WITH WILEY POST IN HIS BEAUTIFUL

ELECTRONICALLY SOPHISTICATED LUXURIOUS ULTRA-MODERN WINNIE MAE AIRPLANE. NOT ONLY ALL STAIRWAYS HAD INCLINES ADDED FOR TSARINA ROOSEVELT'S



COMPUTERIZED WHEELCHAIR, BUT A FOOTBALL FIELD SIZED GLASS HOUSE TYPE BUILDING WAS BUILT IN SIGHT OF THE WHITE HOUSE FOR HIS MEDICINAL PIPED-IN PURE SEAWATER INTO HIS GIGANTIC SUICIDE-PROOF TWO FOOT DEEP SWIMMING POOL WHERE HE WADED NAKED WITH HIS NURSES AND HAD SODOMY AFFAIRS. ONES VERY NEAR TO HIM HAVE WRITTEN POPULAR BOOKS ABOUT HIS SODOMY AYE VEY LOVE AFFAIRS.

ALREADY IN HIS THIRD TERM HE WAS A HELPLESS AND USELESS STRETCHER CASE INCAPABLE OF EVEN APPEARING AT HIS FOURTH



TERM CONVENTION. THIS ONE WORLD COMMUNIST WHO MARRIED HIS IMMEDIATE COUSIN, ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, LIKE HIS RUNTED SICKLY POCK-FACED GRANDFATHER, PROPAGANDIZED AS A HUNTER AND A SPORTSMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT HERE FROM OYSTER BAY LONG ISLAND. THE ROSENFELDT FAMILY, ANOTHER COMPUTER GOD TOP SECRET CAMOFLAGE FOR GIFTED ETHIOPIANS, AS A BIG TIME KID GANGSTER POLITICIAN. COMPUTER GOD EVEN RAISED HIS AGE FOR HISTORICAL PURPOSES. TEDDY ROOSEVELT WAS PAID OFF WITH THE VICE-PRESIDENT KNOW ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FARCE POSITION TITLE. REPEATEDLY VICE-PRESIDENTS HAVE SUCCESSFULLY WAITED AND LURKED TO ELIMINATE EL PRESIDENTE' (AYE VEY, BELOW ARE A FEW EXAMPLES). SO THE

KIDDISH GANGSTER TEDDY ROOSEVELT LURED DOPE MCKINLEY INTO NEW YORK FOR EXTERMINATION LIKE THE LOWLY GUTTERMOUTH BIG L. B. JOHNSON LURED PLAYBOY SODOMIST EAT-WITH-THE-MAFIA JACK KENNEDY INTO HIS HOMETOWN DALLAS. WIDE OPEN PEOPLE SAY IT WAS THE THREE BROTHERS SAM, MILTON AND LYMAN JACOBSEN WHO WITH THE JUDGES FELONIOUSLY SWINDLED THE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS OUT OF THE U.S. SENATOR ELECTION SHORTLY BEFORE LYMAN WAS FIXED AS THE COMPROMISE CHOICE FOR JACK KENNEDY'S VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE. WHO EVER SAW A LYNDON MARRIED TO A TINY RUNT "BIRDIE" UNDER COMPUTER GOD ORDERS EVEN BIRDIE NOW HAS CHANGED HER NAME FOR HISTORICAL PURPOSES TO "LADY BIRD," NU? AND EVEN HER ETHIOPIAN SURNAME IS NOW CHANGED TO "TAYLOR." IT WAS THE SCUMMY BUM LOWLY GANGSTER LYMAN AS PRESIDENT WHO HAD THE GIGANTIC TSARINA SWIMMING POOL DEEPENED SEVERAL FEET TO A REGULAR SWIMMING POOL AND

REGULARLY HAD NAKED SODOMY SWIMMING PARTIES WITH WOMEN PERSONNEL. GANGSTER MONKEY SEE, GANGSTER MONKEY DO! NOW THE POPE JOHN IN THE VATICAN

HAS A SIMILAR SWIMMING POOL TO SHARE WITH THE ENDLESS NUMBERS OF NUNS TO HELP HIM FORGET HIS GOOD OLD DAYS AS A MARRIED MAN NAKED IN BED WITH HIGH HOLY COMMUNION SODOMY. IS NOT THAT WORLD RENOWNED UNTOUCHABLE FELON GANGSTER TRICKY DICK NIXON WHOSE DAUGHTER IS MARRIED TO DAVY EISENSHANKER JUNIOR, NU? NIXON WAS THE SURE LOSER TO THE FAG QUEER KID BOBBY KENNEDY UNTIL HE WAS LURED INTO VERY DISTANT TRICKY'S HOMETOWN LOS ANGELES. DID NOT GANGSTER TRICKY DICK NIXON DO MORE THAN FELONIOUSLY WATCH EYESIGHT TELEVISION OF BOBBY KENNEDY'S EXTERMINATION? SOLELY MR. DEC EXPOSES FALSE GOD SODOMY AND GOM-ORRAH OF YOU WORLDWIDE COMPUTER GOD PARROTING PUPPET GANGSTER SLAVES. MAKE COPIES FOR YOURSELF YOU HANGMAN ROPE GANGSTER SCUM-ON-TOP.

LAUGH YOUR MAD GIGGLE NOW!



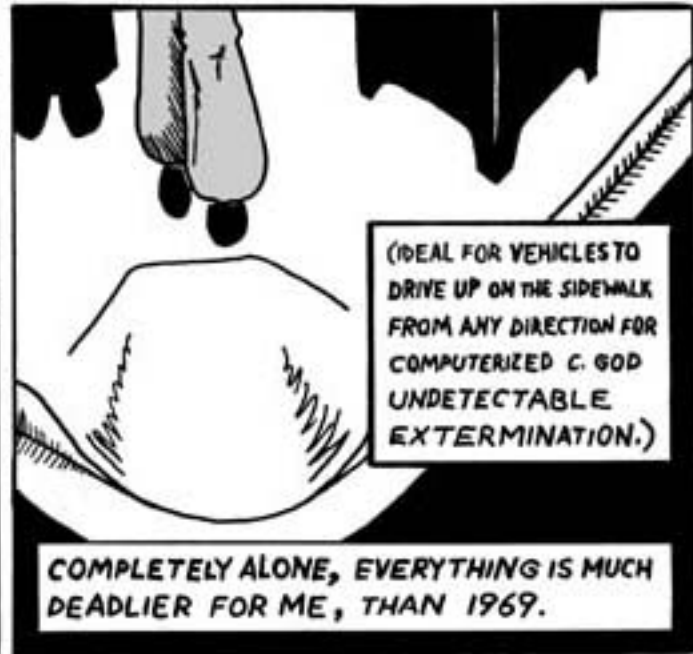
NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, AFTER I HAVE MAILED, WORLDWIDE, THOUSANDS OF MY LETTERS EXPOSING THE WORLDWIDE COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD, I CAN ONCE AGAIN WALK THE STREETS, SOLELY AS I DID BEFORE 1969.



FINALLY, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THROUGH MY PRESENT DETAILED INVESTMENT EFFORTS, NOW, I WILL PROBABLY REACH YEARLY MINIMUM WAGE INCOME. SINCE I HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO WALK THE STREETS, ALL BUSES ARE NEW, ALL BLACK GLASS "ONE WAY" WINDOWS. I WALK TO GARDEN CITY AND SHUN BUSES. MY INVESTMENTS ARE BY PAY-PHONE AND MAIL.



FIRST IN THE ENTIRE WORLD ALL CORNER SIDEWALK CURBS ARE BEING REPLACED WITH SMOOTH CORNER DRIVEWAYS, FOR NON-EXISTENT BABY CARRIAGES AND WHEELCHAIR PEDESTRIANS IN THIS GHOST TOWN.



PARROTING PUPPET GANGSTER SLAVE, NOW EVEN YOU KNOW THAT I AM A MENACE TO YOUR WORLDWIDE MAD DEADLY COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER

BEFORE I AM EXTERMINATED BY THIS GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD CONCOCTED AND CONTROLLED WORSE MONGREL ORGANIZED CRIME MURDER INCORPORATED GANGSTER COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT, I HAND YOU

THE SECRETS TO SAVE THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE AND THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE. DONATE MONEY OR EVEN A MANUAL TYPEWRITER TO ME FOR

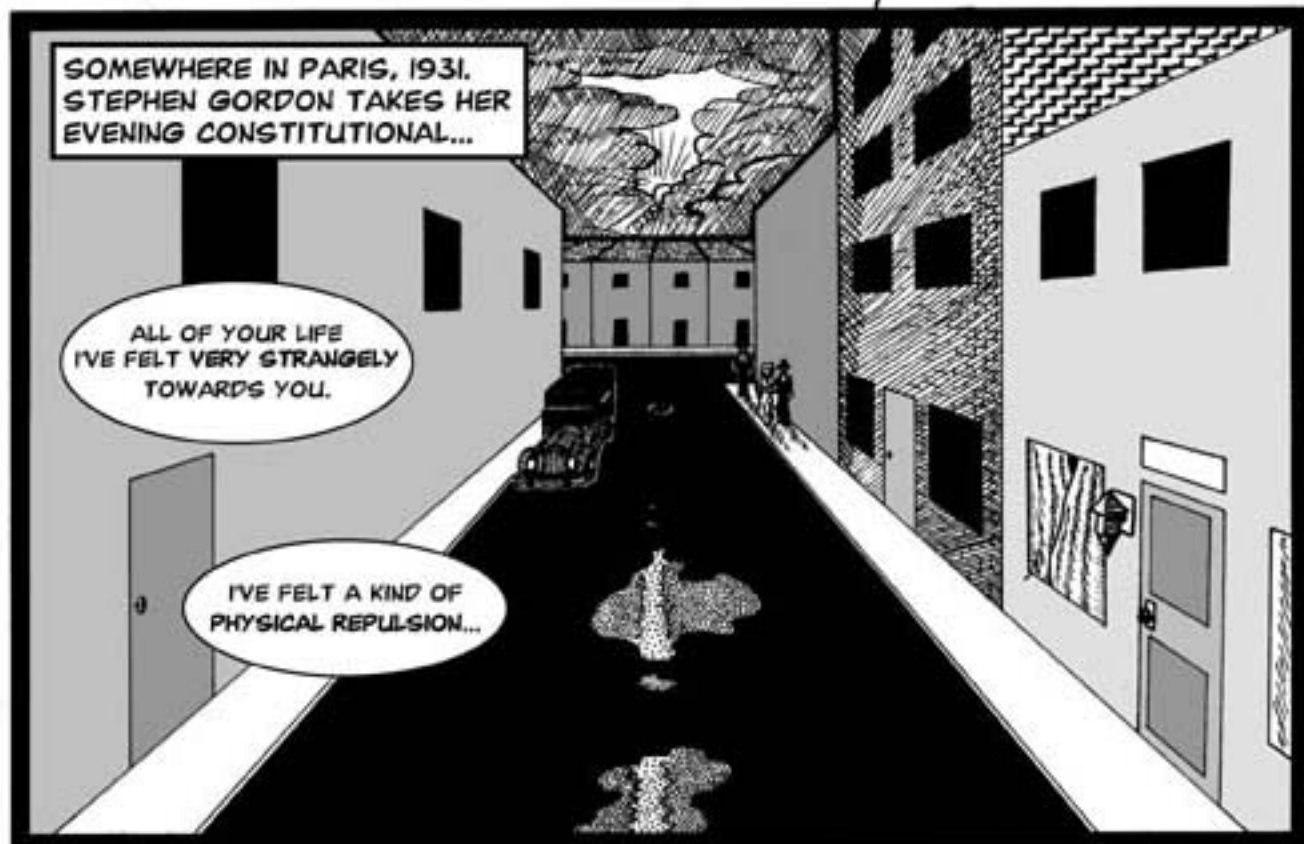


GOD, THEREFORE I MUST GO TO EXTERMINATION.



YOUR ONLY HOPE FOR A FUTURE.

... and the Lord set a mark upon Cain...





I CAN ONLY THANK GOD THAT YOUR FATHER DIED BEFORE HE WAS ASKED TO ENDURE THIS GREAT SHAME.



PRESENTING A CAUTIONARY TALE FOR THE MORAL EDIFICATION OF SEVERAL:

The **WELL of LONELINESS**

FROM THE NOVEL BY **RADCLYFFE HALL**
AS ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY **DIRK DEPPEY**

© 2001 IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

"WITH APOLOGIES TO JOHN"



AS FOR YOU, I WOULD RATHER SEE YOU DEAD AT MY FEET THAN STANDING BEFORE ME WITH THIS -- THIS THING UPON YOU --

THIS UNSPEAKABLE OUTRAGE THAT YOU CALL LOVE, IN THAT LETTER WHICH YOU DON'T DENY HAVING WRITTEN.



IN THAT LETTER YOU SAY THINGS THAT MAY ONLY BE SAID BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN.



AND COMING FROM YOU THEY ARE VILE WORDS OF CORRUPTION.



-- AGAINST NATURE --



-- AGAINST GOD WHO CREATED NATURE --



MY GORGE RISES --



YOU HAVE MADE ME FEEL PHYSICALLY SICK --



MOTHER - YOU DONT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING --
YOU'RE MY MOTHER --



YES, I AM YOUR MOTHER, BUT FOR ALL THAT YOU SEEM TO ME LIKE A SCOURGE.



I ASK MYSELF WHAT I HAVE EVER DONE TO BE DRAGGED DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS BY MY DAUGHTER.



AND YOUR FATHER -- WHAT HAD HE EVER DONE?



AND YOU HAVE PRESUMED TO USE THE WORD LOVE IN CONNECTION WITH THIS --



-- WITH THESE LUSTS OF YOUR BODY --



THESE UNNATURAL CRAVINGS OF YOUR UNBALANCED MIND...

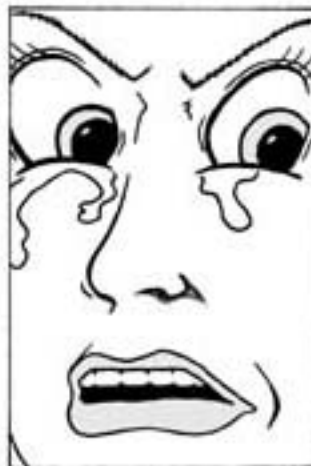
YOU HAVE USED THAT WORD.



I HAVE LOVED -- DO YOU HEAR?



I LOVED YOUR FATHER AND HE LOVED ME. THAT WAS LOVE.







ENGLAND 1906



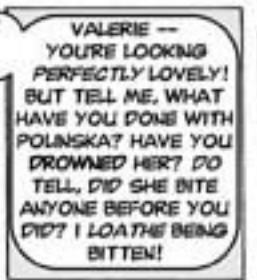




MOTHER, I AM GOING ABROAD QUITE SOON, BUT I SHALL NOT SEE YOU TO SAY GOODBYE, FOR I DON'T WANT TO COME BACK TO MORTON HALL. THESE VISITS OF MINE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PAINFUL, AND NOW MY WRITING IS BEGINNING TO SUFFER - AND THAT I CAN'T ALLOW. I HAVE TRIED TO THINK THAT YOUR YOKE WAS A JUST PUNISHMENT FOR MY BEING WHAT I AM; BUT NOW I AM GOING TO BEAR IT NO LONGER. IN MY HOUR OF GREAT NEED YOU UTTERLY FAILED ME; YOU TURNED ME AWAY LIKE SOME UNCLEAN THING, AND YOU INSULTED WHAT TO ME WAS BOTH NATURAL AND SACRED.



MOTHER, I AM GOING ABROAD QUITE SOON, BUT I SHALL NOT SEE YOU TO SAY GOODBYE, FOR I DON'T WANT TO COME BACK TO MORTON HALL. THESE VISITS OF MINE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PAINFUL, AND NOW MY WRITING IS BEGINNING TO SUFFER - AND THAT I CAN'T ALLOW. I HAVE TRIED TO THINK THAT YOUR YOKE WAS A JUST PUNISHMENT FOR MY BEING WHAT I AM; BUT NOW I AM GOING TO BEAR IT NO LONGER. IN MY HOUR OF GREAT NEED YOU UTTERLY FAILED ME; YOU TURNED ME AWAY LIKE SOME UNCLEAN THING, AND YOU INSULTED WHAT TO ME WAS BOTH NATURAL AND SACRED.



**WAR
DECLARED
IN EUROPE**



"Cigarettes out, boys - here comes another ambulance. You - help the driver unfold..."



"Ain't SHE a bulldogga? Bet she loves droivin' 'at blonde nurse around..."
"Disgustin'."



"Gordon, you and Llewellyn rest. That fire's getting too thick to be sending women out into it."



WSSSSHH **BOOM!**

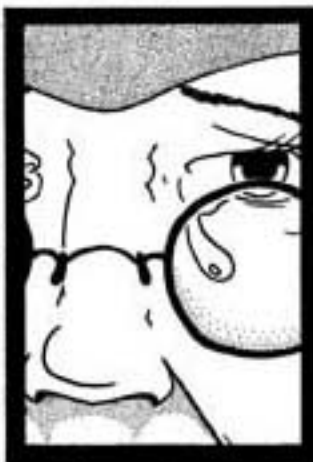
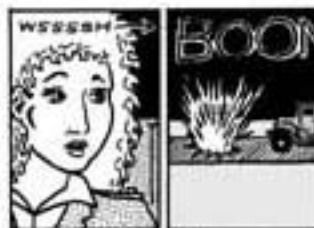


"Stephen, pull over! We must hide! It's too dangerous!
Stephen!"



"With respect, Sir, I refuse to let our boys die to satisfy your igallantry. We'll be back."

"We can't let the shelling rattle us, Mary! There's too many wounded. We must keep going -"



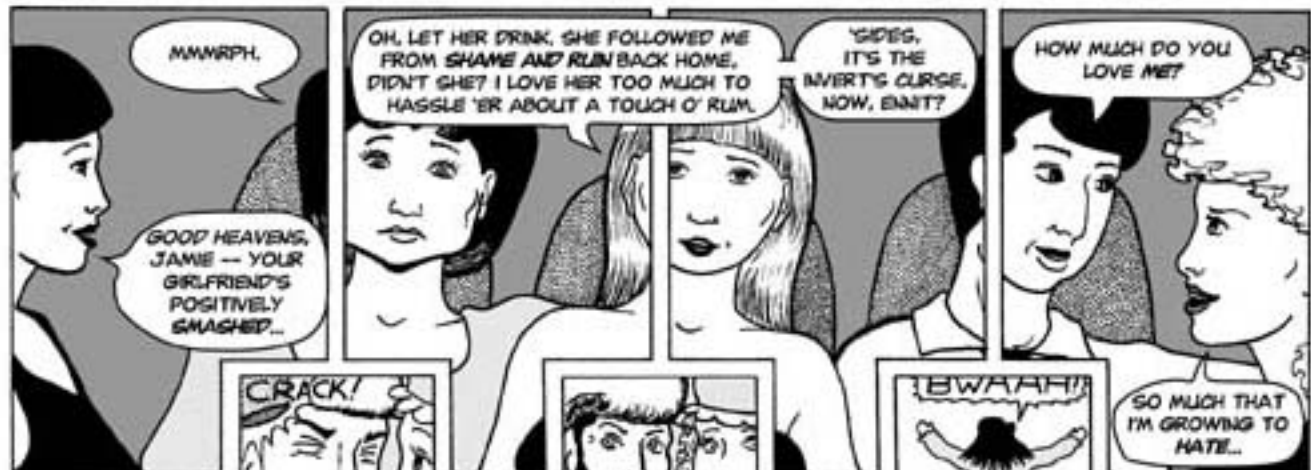
WSSSSHH **BOOM!**



ARMISTICE SIGNED
**WAR
IS OVER!**

"When I left England, I made Paris my home. It's yours too, if you wish. Welcome home, Mary."







I'M SORRY --
IF ONLY I WERE
FREE...
BUT I CAN'T
DECEIVE RALPH...



WE'LL GO AWAY,
WHEREVER YOU
LIKE. I'M EVEN
READY TO GIVE
UP MORTON HALL!
BUT I CAN'T GO
ON LYING TO
RALPH ABOUT
YOU. WE OWE HIM
THE TRUTH --

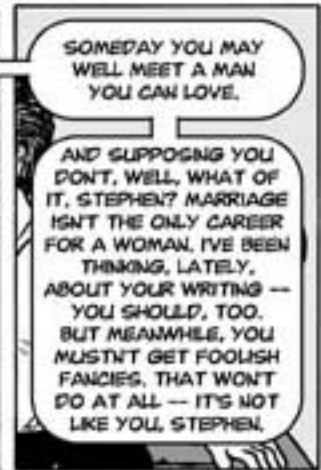


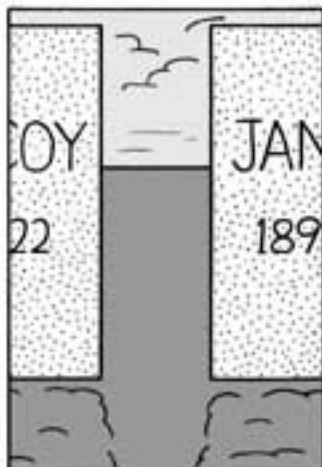
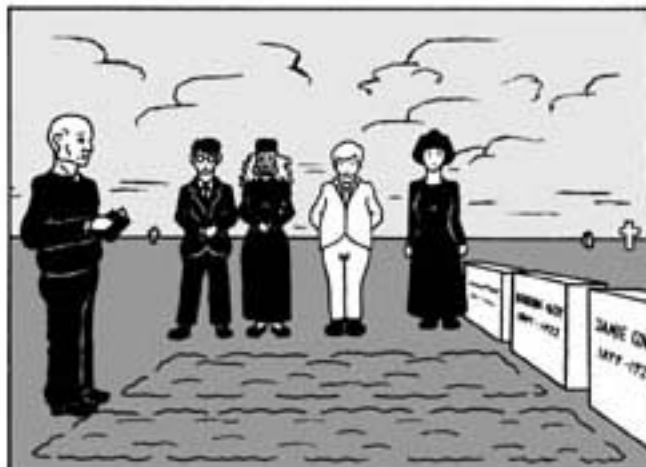
TELL HIM WHAT -- HAVE I LET YOU BECOME MY LOVER? YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL HIM ABOUT. BEYOND A FEW SCHOOL-GIRLISH KISSES! CAN I HELP IT IF YOU'RE -- WHAT YOU OBVIOUSLY ARE? OH NO, MY DEAR, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RUIN MY HOME JUST TO SAVE YOUR PRIDE.

EVEN IF YOU'RE WILLING TO GIVE UP YOUR HOME, I WON'T SACRIFICE MINE. RALPH'S NOT MUCH OF A MAN, BUT HE'S BETTER THAN NOTHING, AND I'VE MANAGED HIM SO FAR WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.











WELL, MARTIN, WHAT IS IT?



IT'S MARY.

I'M GOING AWAY... BECAUSE I'M YOUR FRIEND -- AND BECAUSE I LOVE HER...



IF YOU'RE GOING BECAUSE OF ME, BECAUSE YOU IMAGINE THAT I'M FRIGHTENED -- THEN STAY.



I ASSURE YOU I'M NOT IN THE LEAST AFRAID. YOU THINK THAT I CAN'T HOLD THE WOMAN I LOVE AGAINST YOU, BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT AN ADVANTAGE OVER ME AND OVER THE WHOLE OF MY KIND.

INDEED, HERE AND NOW I DEFY YOU TO TAKE HER FROM ME!



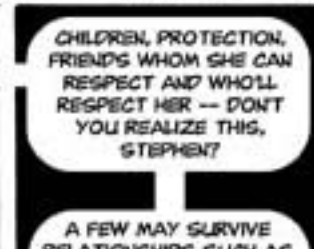
YOU THINK MARY DOESN'T LOVE ME, BUT YOU'RE WRONG.



IT'S GOT TO BE SAID -- LIFE WITH YOU IS SPIRITUALLY MURDERING MARY.



CAN'T YOU SEE IT? CAN'T YOU REALIZE THAT SHE NEEDS THE THINGS IT'S NOT IN YOUR POWER TO GIVE HER?



CHILDREN, PROTECTION, FRIENDS WHOM SHE CAN RESPECT AND WHO'LL RESPECT HER -- DON'T YOU REALIZE THIS, STEPHEN?

A FEW MAY SURVIVE RELATIONSHIPS SUCH AS YOURS, BUT MARY LLEWELLYN WON'T BE AMONG THEM. SHE'S NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT THE WHOLE WORLD, TO STAND UP AGAINST THE PERSECUTION AND INSULT.



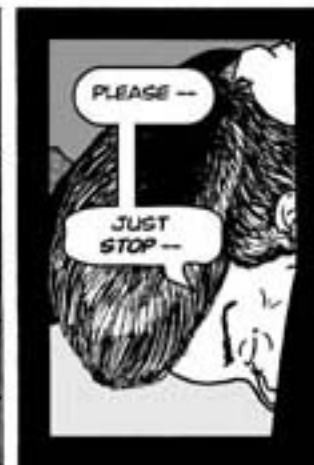
STEPHEN --



I KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING, I'VE SEEN THE THING -- THE BARS, THE DRINKING, THE PITIFUL DEFIANCE, THE HORRIBLE, USELESS WASTE OF LIFE.

WELL I TELL YOU, IT'S SPIRITUAL MURDER FOR MARY.

IT WILL DRIVE HER DOWN. IT'S BEGUN TO ALREADY.

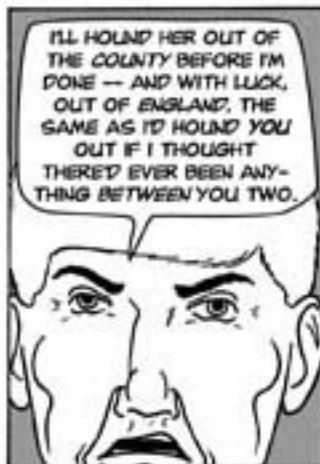


PLEASE --

JUST STOP --

My Dearest Angela, ♥♥♥♥♥ November 18, 1906
 I love you madly, deeply and passionately. I can't stop thinking about you -- when I hold you in my arms I can feel my heart trembling with desire for you. I want you to be the last thing I see when I go to sleep at night, and the first vision of beauty I see when I wake up in the morning. I want to wake you each morning with a kiss.
 Please, I beg of you, think about what I said to you the other day. I can't marry you (you know I would if I could), but I can't stay away and make you happy -- I inherited a great deal of money when my father died, and I can take you wherever your heart is -- anything to be with you! I say again: I love you and I will love you forever.







Nov. 20, 1906

Dear Lady Anna,

It is with great repugnance that I take up my pen, for certain things won't bear thinking about, much less being written. But I feel I owe you some explanation of my reasons for having come to the decision that I cannot permit your daughter to enter my house again, or my wife to visit Morton. I enclose a copy of your daughter's letter to my wife, which I feel is sufficiently clear to make it unnecessary to write further, and to add that my wife is returning the two very best presents given her by Miss Gordon.



YES, MOTHER?



LOCK THE DOOR, THEN COME AND STAND HERE.



READ THIS.



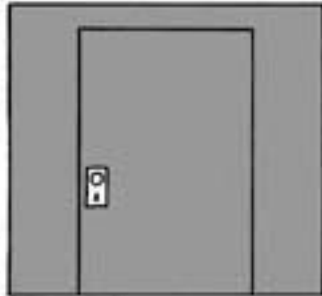
AND THIS -- READ THIS AND TELL ME IF YOU WROTE IT, OR IF THAT MAN'S LYING.



YES, MOTHER, I WROTE IT.



I SEE.



ALL YOUR LIFE I'VE FELT VERY STRANGELY TOWARDS YOU...

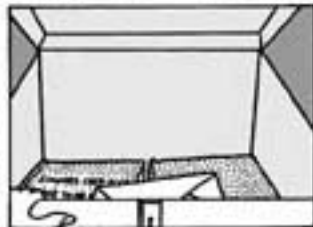
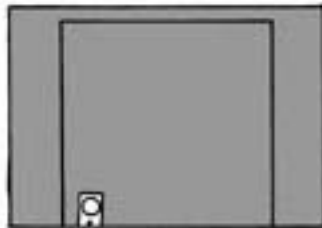
July 11, 1923

Martin,

You're right, of course. I love Mary far too much to expose her to the indignities and abuse she laboured under for the past twenty years - I've watched her dear and innocent heart slowly harden and close from the world these past few years, and I've exposed her to a life that, in hindsight, I regret bringing into her presence. Be by our front gate tomorrow at nine o'clock. I'll take care of everything - you just take good care of her.

- Stephen





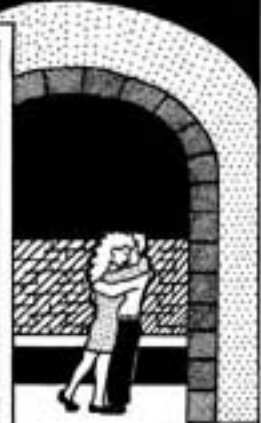
*Sir Gordon -
Thank you for your interest in my work. Your daughter
sounds like an interesting case, and you of course have my
assurances of discretion in any matter of consultation.
I believe that many such cases of inversion are
indeed congenital, and*

*Yours sincerely,
Humberto Lleras*
P.S. - THE TAKING THE LIBERTY OF
ENCLOSING A FEW BOOKS WHICH
MAY HELP YOU BETTER UNDERSTAND
YOUR DAUGHTER'S AFFLICTION.



ALL YOUR
LIFE I'VE
FELT VERY
STRANGELY
TOWARDS
YOU...

I'VE FELT A
KIND OF
PHYSICAL
REPEL-SION...



A DESIRE
NOT TO
TOUCH OR BE
TOUCHED BY
YOU.

A TERRIBLE
THING FOR A
MOTHER TO
FEEL.

IT HAS
OFTEN MADE
ME DEEPLY
UNHAPPY.



I'VE OFTEN
FELT THAT I
WAS BEING
UNJUST,
UNNATURAL —

BUT NOW I
KNOW THAT
MY INSTINCT
WAS RIGHT —



MOTHER, STOP!

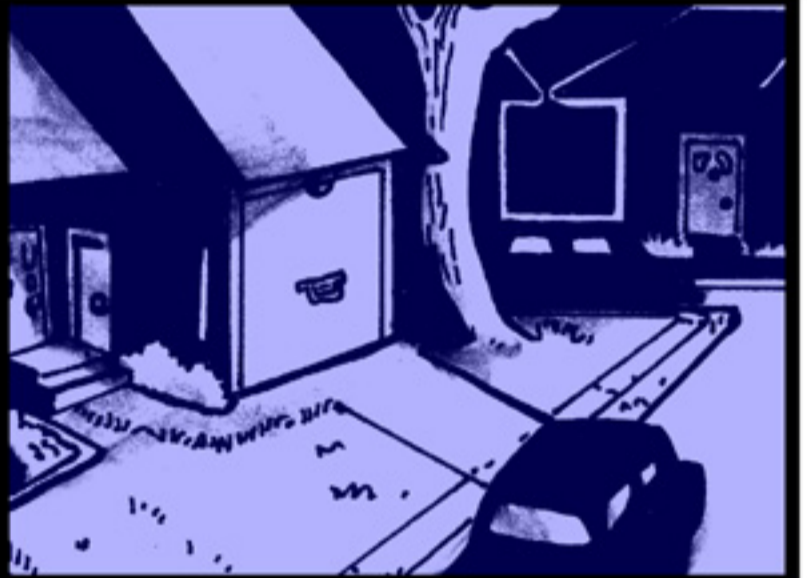


THE NOVEL "THE WELL OF LONELINESS" WAS COPYRIGHTED IN 1928 BY RADCLYFFE HALL; NO CLAIM OF OWNERSHIP IS MADE OR IMPLIED BY MR. DEPPEY.

HOUSE (HOUS; FOR V. HOUZ) N., PL
1. A BUILDING TO LIVE IN; SPECIF., A
BUILDING OCCUPIED BY ONE FAMILY OR
PERSON 2 THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN A
HOUSE; HOUSEHOLD 3 A FAMILY AS
INCLUDING KIN, ANCESTORS, AND
DESCENDANTS, ESP. A ROYAL FAMILY
4 SHELTER, LIVING OR STORAGE
SPACE, ETC.



HOME (HOM) N.
1 THE PLACE WHERE ONE LIVES 2 THE
PLACE WHERE ONE WAS BORN OR
REARED 3 THE PLACE THOUGHT OF
AS HOME 4 A HOUSEHOLD AND ITS
AFFAIRS 5 AN INSTITUTION FOR
ORPHANS, THE AGED, ETC.



BOTH DEFINITIONS OF HOUSE AND
HOME SEEM SIMILAR IN MEANING.
ACCORDING TO WEBSTER, HOUSE
AND HOME ARE SIMPLY STRUCT-
URES IN WHICH ONE RESIDES.



IN MY OPINION, WHILE "HOUSE "
REFLECTS THE PHYSICAL, THE
TERM "HOME" EXPANDS THE
EMOTIONAL. "HOME" IS WHERE
YOU HANG YOUR HAT. "HOME"
IS WHERE YOU FEEL SAFE.



I'VE ONLY HAD THE OPPORTUNITY
TO MEET BILL LOEBS ONCE.



IT WAS MY FIRST CONVENTION, AND
MY TREPIDATION SHOWED. I WAS
WALKING AROUND WITH A STACK OF
SAMPLES THAT NO SELF-RESPECTING
ARTIST WOULD CARRY.



STINGING WITH REBUKE FROM AN
ARTIST I HAD ASKED A SKETCH
FROM, AND DOWNTRODDEN BY
COUNTLESS "NEEDS WORK"S,
WHEN I FINALLY REACHED BILL'S LINE I
WAS HARDLY A BALL OF SUNSHINE.



AS I PULLED SOME COMICS FOR BILL
TO SIGN FROM MY CASE, BILL NOTICED
THE TELLTALE BLUE LINE PAGES
HIDDEN FROM SIGHT.

"CAN I SEE?"



BILL SPENT A HALF HOUR GIVING ME SOLID, HELPFUL CRITIQUE - WHEN HIS LINE GOT LONG, HE APOLOGIZED AND ASKED ME TO WAIT FOR A SECOND.



HE SHOWED ME HOW HIS PARTNER OF THE MOMENT WORKED FROM HIS SCRIPTS, AND DIRECTED ME TO WHERE I MIGHT GET SOME HELP AND ADVICE.

4. Closer on Finnegan - he's biting his lip. Whitaker is blurred behind him.

MICHAEL: AND I'M BEGINNING TO THINK
LEAST NOT BY CONVENTIONAL MEANS

LINK: I CAN'T HELP HIM, BUT I CAN'T
CAN'T SIT THERE AND LISTEN AND

WHITAKER: WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT HE

5. Closer still on Finnegan

BILL MADE ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT MYSELF, AND TOOK THE TIME TO TAKE THE PHYSICAL HOUSE AND REPAIR THE EMOTIONAL HOME.



I'VE NEVER SEEN BILL LOEB'S HOUSE.
I HONESTLY CAN'T SAY THAT I HAVE.

BUT I'VE SEEN BILL'S HOME. AND THAT'S
SOMETHING NO BANK TAKE FROM HIM.

Syndicated Cartoonist



Syndicated Cartoonist



Syndicated Cartoonist



Syndicated Cartoonist



GLASS HOUSE

by Janet Harvey &
John Linton Roberson

1/6/96

Heard birds outside
my window this
morning.

New York is silent. Traffic
has stopped; you can't even
get across the street. And
yet there are birds.

Singing.

I started wondering:
Where do birds go
in a snowstorm?

Do they hide
under the eaves
of the house,
somewhere?
Huddled together
for warmth?

They're probably nesting
in the Glass House.

That's pretty funny,
when you think
about it.

All those cops out
front, day and night.

Yesterday it was just
two women eating
donuts in the trailer.

What a shit shift,
watching the squat
in the snow.



The worst blizzard in the history of New York, and it starts the day after I get evicted. 24 inches on the ground and still falling.



I'm staying on Avenue B, subletting from my friend Laura while her band tours in Japan.

Laura's roommate, Keiko, is a rock promoter.

She just moved here from Tokyo.



Her English is not great, but it's a hell of a lot better than my Japanese. She's been very sweet.



The first night, when I came in late, every muscle aching from the move, she had left me a note on Laura's futon.



I am sorry I don't know what you + brava have said about your rest here, as always she is busy, busy leaving! You should make this feel as if it was your home. Keiko

I settled in, watched the snow outside. I'm inside, warm and clean, just took a warm shower.

My home.

My rest here.

Every day, I walk past the Glass House.

Always two cops and a trailer out.

Two feet of snow on the ground, and they're out there making sure that nobody gets in the building.

It was an abandoned glass factory. Hence the name, "Glass House."

They busted it a few weeks ago, right before I got booted. Somebody told me they brought helicopters in.

The deal was, when you moved in you got a raw space. You could live there for free.

But you had to make it liveable.

PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE! IT'S NOT OVER YET!
PROPIEDAD & LA
TODAY

That place has been there for years. Half the people I worked with at the Strand lived there.

There were about 20 people in that building. They did all the drywall, electricity & plumbing. Petitioned the city for water and gas hook-ups. Some people had cable and air conditioning.

Then, right before Christmas, the police came.

They rounded them up and got them out.

Gutted it.

And they torched the place.

Made it an abandoned city-owned building again.

I peer around the corner, trying to see what's become of the garden that the squatters kept.

All I see is a barrel with some burnt 2 x 4s sticking out of it, in the darkness of the alley.

No se acabó todavía. I never thought I'd be back here again. I don't know what I thought.

I thought it was over, my days of scrounging and sleeping on floors. Finally got my own apartment.

Drifted over with snow.

It feels like a bad joke. Three days after I move in, I get the letter from the landlord: "Dear Tenant, Please be advised..."

The angry red letters warm my heart. I always take 13th Street just to walk past it. To remind myself that acts of defiance are possible.



No se acabó todavía.

That the day after I finish classes, I'm kicked out on my ass, spit back into the Lower East Side.

I'm angry at myself, for not fighting.

"Illegal subtenant."



Propiedad de la gente del Loisada.

For giving up, for letting the City Marshalls intimidate me, for letting that slimeball apartment manager intimidate me.

I still have the keys.

1/16/96

Now...the drag queen realizes the man she is in love with is her father...

Now she is going to tear her eyes out...

I've been snowbound with Keiko for two days now.

Last night she made guacamole and we watched some Japanese B-movie from the 60's. There were no subtitles so she translated as we watched.

For 48 hours, she was the only other person I saw.

By the time they cleared the streets, I was having trouble speaking English myself.

AIEEEEEEE!!!

Went down for a drink at Mona's and I ran into James, the poet who used to work at the Strand.

woops

sorry

hey-

His teeth are awful, he looks stringier and tougher. His laugh cracks bitterly over my head as I tell him I've been evicted.

He is sick of talking about the Glass House, and who can blame him?

Oh yeah, I know how that feels--


Oh, that's right, you were...

Yes.

I'm a writer too, you know.


They did it to me with tanks and machine guns!

I suggest talking sometime; he can tell me the story. He eyes me warily.



In fact, two days afterward
I wrote two short stories,
and you know what?


They had *nothing*
to do with the squat.
It was *great*.



He tells me this with a certain amount of pride,
grinning, baring his mossy teeth like an animal
being threatened.


dammit

He has changed.




I remember him as a sweet boy without moss on his teeth.

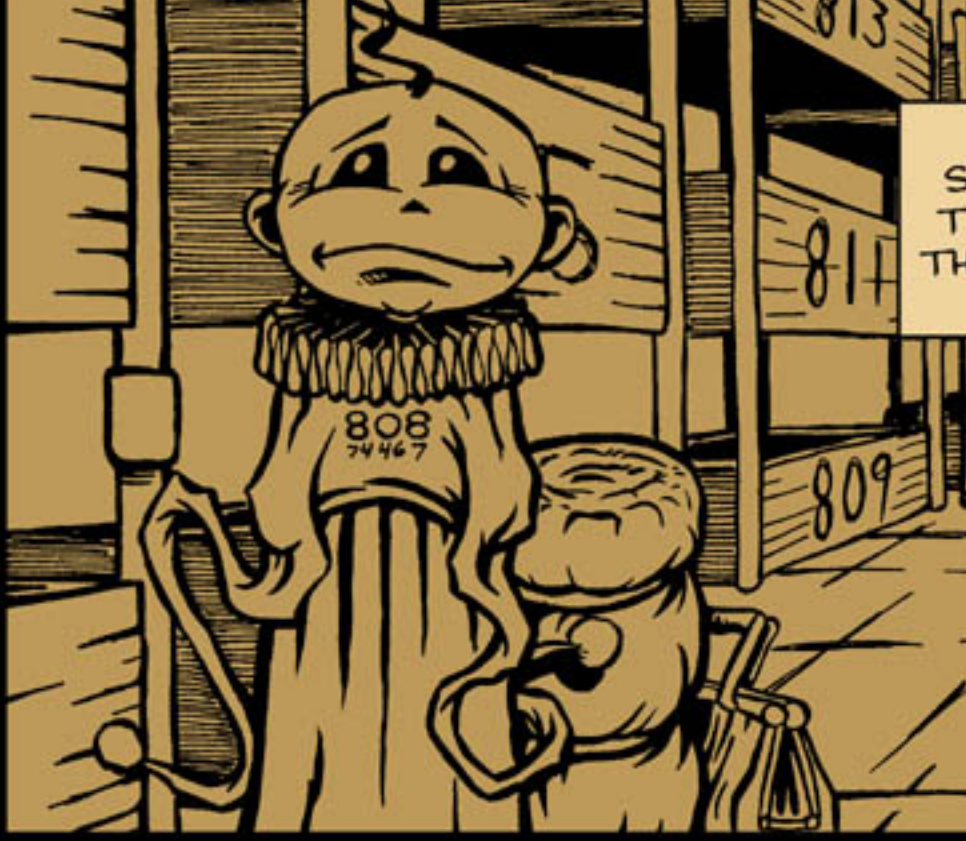
He was sensitive and kind, working a few hours a day
to go home to the 13th street squat, tend his communal
garden and write his poems.



God damn
it



Will I become like that?



YOUR WHOLE LIFE, YOU'VE SHARED A ROOM WITH MANY. TODAY, YOU WILL GET SOMETHING YOU'D NEVER IMAGINED POSSIBLE...

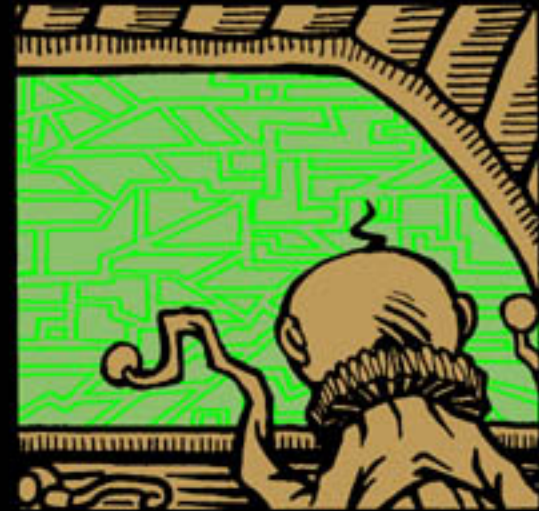
A ROOM TO CALL YOUR OWN

YOU WILL GO TO LIVE WITH PEOPLE YOU DO NOT KNOW.



TWO PEOPLE TRYING DESPERATELY TO MAKE THEIR OWN DREAMS COME TRUE.

THOSE WHO'VE CARED FOR YOU FROM A DISTANCE SEND YOU AWAY. YOU SEE THINGS YOU'VE ONLY HEARD TELL OF



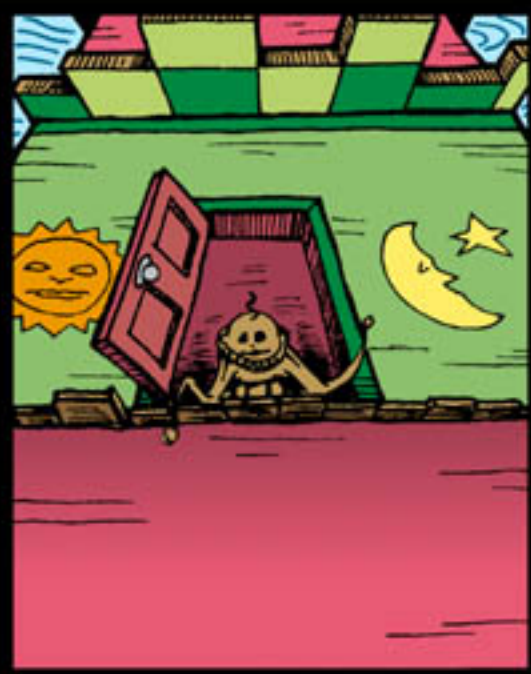
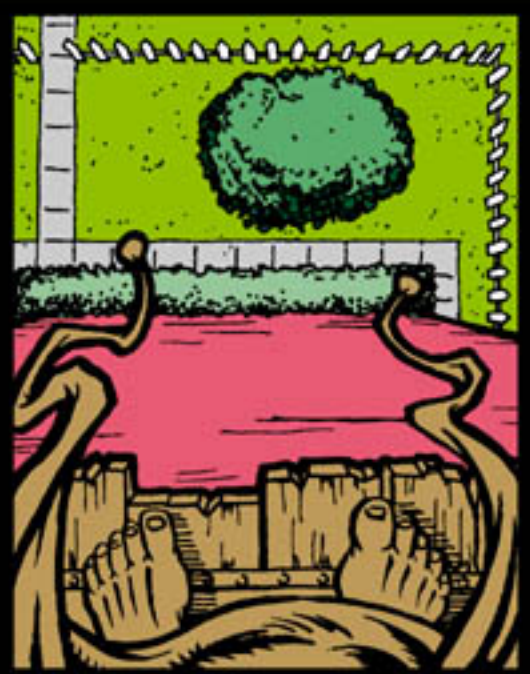
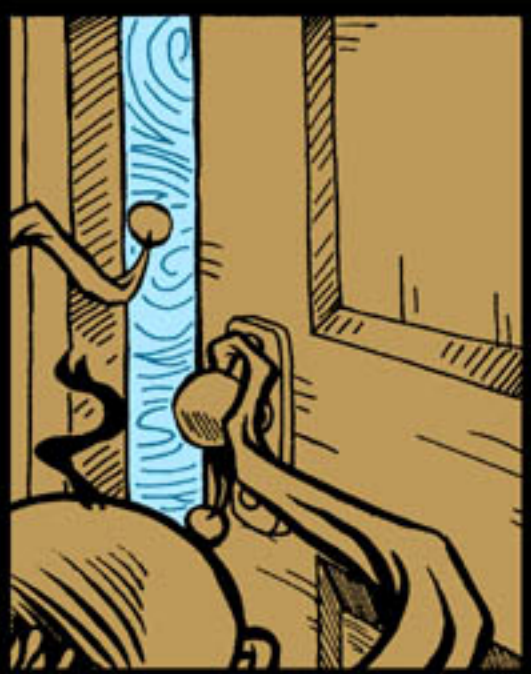
YOU ARRIVE.



YOU ARE GREETED BY STRANGERS.



THEY SHOW YOU A HOME WITH MORE SPACE THAN YOU'VE EVER SEEN. YOU ARE TAKEN TO THE DOOR OF A SPECIAL PLACE, MEANT FOR YOU ALONE.



YOU STEP OFF

TAKE THE PLUNGE.

BECAUSE THIS IS A FRIGHTENING NEW WORLD FOR YOU.

AND IT'S MORE THAN MOST WILL EVER GET.



by klaus
06/2002

BEING TAX COLLECTOR FOR THE STATE OF DELAWARE WAS A THANKLESS JOB, BUT MYRNA MOONGACHIE LOVED IT.

HOLISTIC MEDICINE WAS RIFE WITH QUACKERY, BUT MYRNA BELIEVED IN IT. WHEN MENOPAUSE HIT MYRNA, SHE HAD NO PROBLEM MEDITATING ALONE ON A TROPICAL BEACH WITH AN ACORN UP HER ASS...

...AS WAS PRESCRIBED BY HOLISTIC HEALER HARRY HERMETICO.

MYRNA BELIEVED IN HIM.



HOURS PASSED. THE NOON SUN BEAT DOWN ON MYRNA AS SHE SAT ON THE BEACH.

IT WAS A MANATEE IN A WHITE VEST BEING CHASED BY A SHIV-WIELDING LITTLE GIRL WITH ONE PROSTHETIC LEG. THE GIRL YELLED SOMETHING LIKE:

...AND THE MANATEE SEEMED TO SCREAM BACK,

OFF IN THE DISTANCE TWO FIGURES WERE YELLING AND GETTING CLOSER.



MYRNA WAS AMAZED. CLEARLY THE MANATEE WAS HER SPIRIT ANIMAL COME TO HEAL HER AND THE GIRL WAS SOME SORT OF DEMON. OR THEY WERE HALLUCINATIONS, FROM SUNSTROKE.



GORDON MOONGACHIE, NO RELATION TO MYRNA, WAS A MANATEE. HE'D COME TO WARN THE HUMANS OF AN IMPENDING ALIEN INVASION. HE CARRIED AN ATLANTISH-ENGLISH, ENGLISH-ATLANTISH DICTIONARY IN HIS VEST POCKET...



...BUT HE COULDN'T SEEM TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE HUMANS HE ENCOUNTERED. FIRST, A DRUG-CRAZED, DISABLED GIRL AND NOW THIS WOMAN WHO PROTECTED HIM FROM THE GIRL BUT COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.



HE OPENED UP HIS DICTIONARY, WANTED TO SAY "ALIENS WILL SOON TRY TO CONQUER THE EARTH!" BUT WHAT CAME OUT WAS:



THIS SEEMED TO UPSET THE WOMAN. SHE BEGAN TO SHAKE AND TOPPLED OVER. SOME SORT OF PLANT SEEMED TO SPROUT FROM HER BUTTOCKS.



GORDON FLIPPED THROUGH HIS DICTIONARY AND SAID:



TWO MORE FIGURES WALKED DOWN THE BEACH TOWARDS OUR THREE ODD CHARACTERS. ONE WAS A MAN MYRNA WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED IF SHE WASN'T IN DEEP SHOCK: HARRY HERMETICO.

ALIEN!

YELLED GORDON AS HE BOUNDED AWAY DOWN THE BEACH TO THE WATER.

DADDIS!
DADDIS!

EXCLAIMED THE SHIV-WIELDING YOUNG GIRL.

ALIEN OVERLORD,

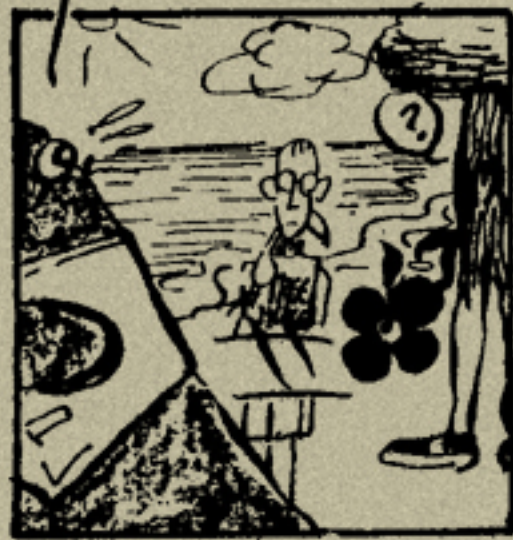
SAID HERMETICO.

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY DAUGHTER ANNABELL.

SPLASH!



THE OTHER WAS AN 8-FOOT TALL, TREE-LIKE CREATURE.

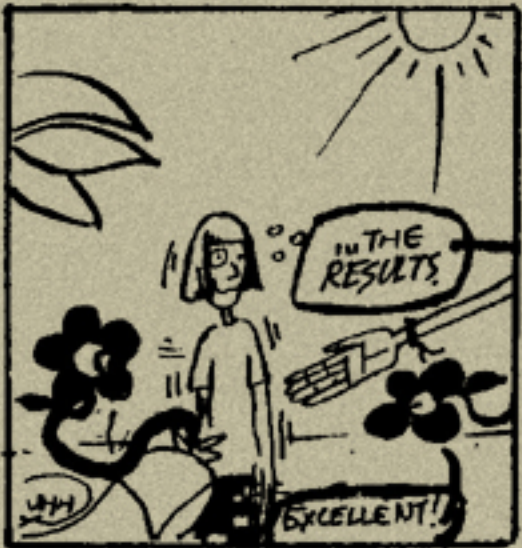


"ANNABELL, THE NURSE SAYS YOU'RE MIXING MEDICATIONS IN AN UNAUTHORIZED FASHION AGAIN. WE'LL HAVE TO DISCUSS THAT LATER. ALIEN OVERLORD, HERE NEXT TO ANNABELL IS OUR TEST SUBJECT AND—"

"EXCELLENT WORK, HERMETICO! MY ACORN SEED HAS TAKEN ROOT. YOU WERE RIGHT, THE MENOPAUSAL HUMAN ANUS IS THE PERFECT INCUBATOR FOR MY SPECIES. I WILL RECOMMEND THA-OUGH!"

"ANNABELL!" SCOLDED HERMETICO. "DON'T CARVE YOUR INITIALS INTO THE ALIEN OVERLORD!"

I'MMA NO CARVE ME INITIALS, DADDIS!



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Pear Comics





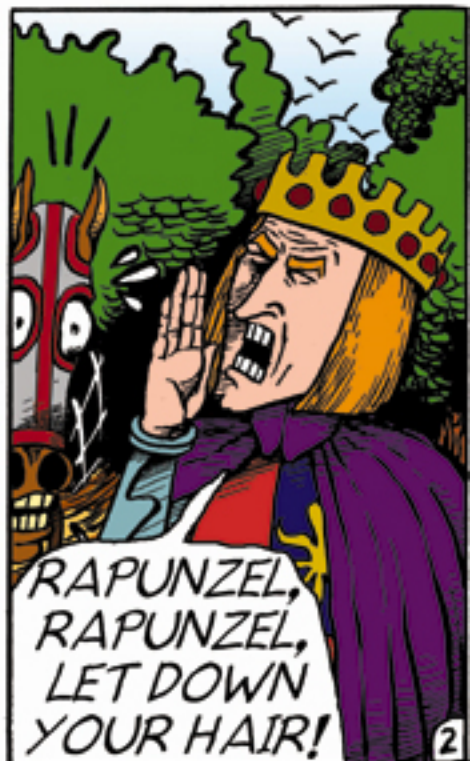
Rapunzel

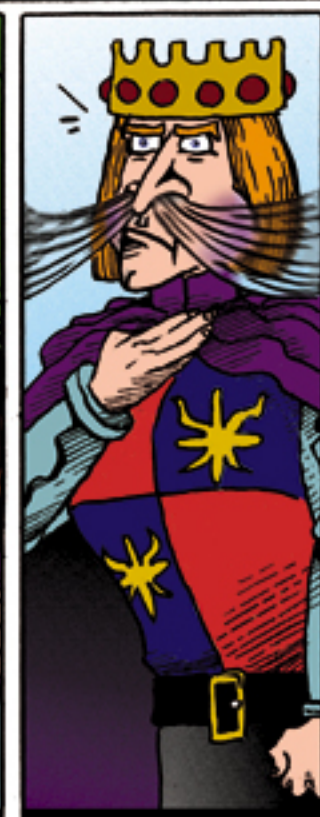
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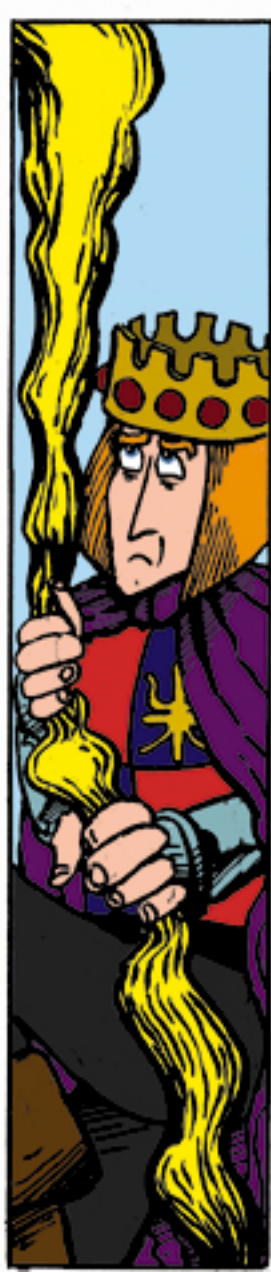
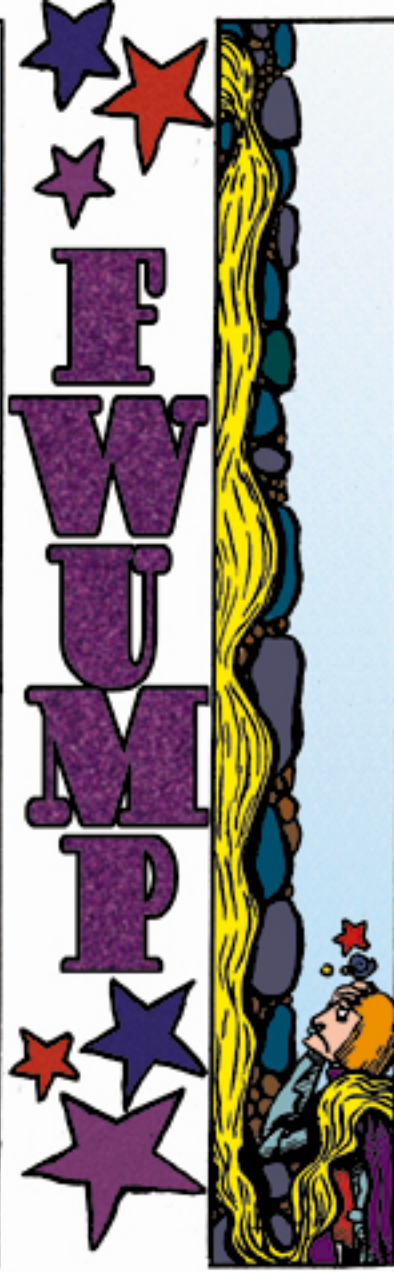
CHARLES
ALVERSON

Illustrated by

JOHN
LINTON
ROBERSON







It's strong
and
beautiful...

But it's
rather

stupid

er

...coarse...

and rather
smelly...

I grow tired,
my love...
hh

I don't know whether
I can make it...

hh

Give me a glimpse of
your lovely face and
I'll have the energy to
make these last few feet...

YIPE!

X
A
A
A
A
A

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS

William Messner-Loebs has been known as one of the most acclaimed and legendary writers and artists in the comics field since debuting in *Cerebus* in the early 80s with his serialized “*Unique Story*” *Welcome to Heaven, Dr. Franklin*. In addition to creating such landmarks as *Journey*, *Epicurus the Sage* (with Sam Kieth), *Wardrums*, and *Bliss Alley*, Loebs has written for more comics than can be listed here, among them *The Flash*, *the Maxx*, *Wasteland*, *Wonder Woman*, and *Jonny Quest*, for DC, Marvel, Comico, Dark Horse and many more.

GARY GROTH

Gary Groth is the co-founder and publisher of Fantagraphics Books (fantagraphics.com) and Eros Comix, (eroscomix.com), envied and acclaimed publishers of such quality books, magazines and comics as *The Comics Journal*, *Love & Rockets*, *Eightball*, *Meat Cake*, *Acme Novelty Library*, and *Safe Area Gorazde*.

DONNA BARR

The author has been published or publishing since 1986. She has a loyal, eager world-wide audience for her critically-acclaimed and much-awarded books and series. These include *The Desert Peach*, *STINZ*, *Hader* and *The Colonel*, and *Bosom Enemies*. She has lectured at conventions and symposia all over the United States, Canada and Europe, and is well-known to the growing drawn-book audience in eastern Europe. Her work has been translated into German, Japanese and Italian. Her website, www.stinz.com, has received praise for its variety, informativeness and ease of navigation. Awards include, the London Comic Creator's Guild's Best Ongoing Humor, Seattle's Cartoonists' Northwest's Toonie, The San Diego Comicon International's Inkpot, and the Washington Press Association's Communicator of Excellence in Fiction. She is a member of The Graphic Artists Guild, The National Writers Union, and is a consultant for the Media curriculum in the Arts Department at Olympic College, in Bremerton, Washington. She is presently researching getting all her work up on the 'net and in Print In Demand form. So when she dies, her ghost will be on the web at Stinz.com.

SAM KIETH

One of the greatest modern comic artists/storytellers in the industry, Sam Kieth first achieved fame as the first penciller of Neil Gaiman's *Sandman*, subsequently drawing a memorable run of Marvel's *Wolverine* and creating the well-beloved *Epicurus the Sage* (soon to be republished by DC) with William Messner-Loebs, with whom Sam later worked on *The Maxx*. His many projects, including the recent *Four Women*, *Wolverine & the Hulk*, and *Zero Girl*, and many more can be viewed in your local comics store or on the web at samkieth.com.

TED RALL

Ted Rall was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1963, and raised in Kettering, Ohio. Inspired after meeting pop artist Keith Haring in a Manhattan subway station in 1986, Rall first became known by posting his cartoons on New York City streets. Later that year, Rall's cartoons were signed for national syndication. He moved to Universal Press Syndicate in 1996. His cartoons now appear in more than 140 publications, including the *Los Angeles Times*, *Village Voice*, *San Jose Mercury-News*, and *New York Times*. Rall also

writes a weekly op-ed column and most recently, Ted's live-from-Afghanistan reports for KFI Radio and written dispatches for the *Village Voice* have been called "some of the best war reporting from Afghanistan" by *The Nation*. Ted has published three collections of cartoons, most recently *Search and Destroy*, and four prose and graphic books including *2024* and *My War With Brian*. Most recently, Ted published *Attitude: The New Subversive Political Cartoonists* (NBM, 2002), a ground-breaking cartoon collection of alternative cartoonists, edited by Ted Rall, and *To Afghanistan and Back*, the first-ever instant graphic travelogue chronicling Ted's harrowing experiences covering the war. Contact him at chet@rall.com and view his work on the web at rall.com.

JOHN GARCIA

John Garcia is an accomplished storyboard artist and illustrator living in Boston. He can be contacted at garciagfx@attbi.com

ERIC MILLIKIN

CASEY SORROW

Eric Millikin and Casey Sorrow's *Fetus-X* comics have entertained and informed newspaper readers at over 20 colleges and universities in the U.S. and Canada and have been studied in graduate level courses at Michigan State, Texas A&M, and Yale universities. *Fetus-X* comics are either "very funny," or "blasphemous" depending on whether you ask Pulitzer Prize winning editorial cartoonist Joel Pett or Catholic League President Dr. William Donohue. *Fetus-X* can be found at FetusX.com and as part of the alt-comics juggernaut serializer.net.

A.J. DURIC

a.j.duric lives in Montreal, Canada where 80% of the people are French, 90% smoke, and 0% live in igloos. She spends her time reading, writing, etc and wondering why writing a bio feels like trying to write a personal.

SALGOOD SAM

...lives in a very smoky, smoggy, French part of Montreal with a.j., drawing, writing, and contemplating investing in a condo development of high end heated igloos. He works in a number of fields as an artist and has had work published with DC, Marvel, Paradox, NBM, and Calibre comics. Most recently in *Muties #6*, *Legal Action Comics #1*, and the *Realworlds GN*, *Wonder Woman vs. The Red Menace*. Both a.j. and Salgood can be found online at Spiltink.org.

MARK CAMPOS

Mark Campos was born in Reno, Nevada in 1962. His comics have appeared in *Hyena*, *Gay Comics*, *Itchy Planet*, *Naughty Bits* and other publications. His work also appeared in several Seattle Newspapers and *PopLust*. Self-published titles by Campos have included *El Mago Szazbo*, *Exapno Mapcase* and *E. Soames*. AEON published his two-issue solo comic *Places That Are Gone*, in 1994. Currently he is Central Mailer for Cartoon Loonacy, a comics APA founded by George Erling in 1974. He is married to Kaija. Mark considers himself in "semi-hemi retirement", and most of his comics are out of print, but feel free to e-mail him at mhcampos@capitolhill.net.

STEPHEN R. BISSETTE

Steve Bisette retired from comics (where he earned kudos, awards, and scars for over two decades for his work on *SAGA OF THE SWAMP THING*, *TABOO*, "1963," *TYRANT*,

and much more) in 1999, but he's still a busy fellow. He co-manages First Run Video in Brattleboro, VT, which just won the national VSDA Award for Outstanding Independent Video Store of 2002. As a partner in Eye First Media, he's currently line-producing their first feature production. Illustrating at least one book project a year since 1990, he already has TWO under his belt for 2002: cover art and interior illos for Nancy Collins' *Dead Roses for a Blue Lady* (published this summer by Crossroads Press) and interior illos only for the upcoming limited edition of Christopher Golden's *Ferryman* (forthcoming from Cemetery Dance). Bissette recently painted the bloody cover art for the Barrel Entertainment DVD release of the restored *LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET* and scribed the liner notes for the Synapse DVD release of Radley Metzger's sado-masochistic classic *THE IMAGE*. Bissette's previous fiction work includes the Stoker Award-winning novella *ALIENS: TRIBES* (Dark Horse), short fiction for *WORDS WITHOUT PICTURES* (Arcane/Eclipse), *HELLBOY: ODD JOBS* (Dark Horse), and more. His published non-fiction efforts include co-authoring *COMIC BOOK REBELS* (Donald I. Fine) and *THE MONSTER BOOK: BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER* (Pocket Books), essays for *CUT: HORROR WRITERS ON HORROR FILMS* (Berkley) and the forthcoming UK tome *UNDERGROUND U.S.A.*, as well as numerous film magazines, fanzines, and a two-year stint writing weekly video review columns for New England newspapers. He continues to write for magazines like *VIDEO WATCHDOG*, and is currently completing a book on Vermont films and filmmakers for University Press of New England, due to hit bookshops in March 2004. Bissette also works in the education field as a tutor, lecturer, and was a guest author for three seasons at the prestigious Breadloaf Young Writers Workshop in Middlebury, VT.

CHARLES ALVERSON

Charles Alverson is, was and always will be. smart.co.uk/chasonline

SAM HENDERSON

Sam Henderson is widely conceded to be the funniest cartoonist alive. His boisterously entertaining work has been charming readers for years on the *SpongeBob SquarePants* television show, newspapers across the U.S., *Nickelodeon Magazine*, DC Comics' *Cartoon Network Presents*, and in comics anthologies all over the place. Which is not to mention *Magic Whistle*, his fantastic ongoing series for Alternative Comics. If you can read *Magic Whistle* without laughing, you are not human. If you're not already a devotee of Sam's, find out why everyone's laughing at you, online at indyworld.com/whistle.

CHAD PARENTEAU

Chad Parenteau is a writer living in Boston. In addition to *Working For The Man*, his poetry has appeared in such diverse and unlikely places as *Beacon Street Review*, [can we have our ball back.com](http://canwehaveourballback.com), *Fledgling*, *Meanie*, the APA publication *Shiot Crock*, and most recently at shampoopoetry.com. His articles on alternative cartoonists and other fringe figures have been published in *The Comics Interpreter*, *Eyeball*, *Lollipop*, and Boston's *Weekly Dig*.

PETER KUPER

Peter Kuper's work has appeared in, among others, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *The Village Voice*, and *MAD*, where he illustrates *SPY vs. SPY*. *His Eye of the Beholder* was the first comic strip to regularly appear in *The New York Times* and is now syndicated nationally to alternative papers. *Rolling Stone* named him Comic Book Artist of the Year in 1995 and he has won awards from American Illustration, Print, Society of Illustrators, and Communication Arts, among others. His comics have been

translated into German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Spanish and Greek and his artwork has been exhibited around the world. He has written and illustrated many books, including *ComicsTrips*, a journal of the artist's eight month journey through Africa and Southeast Asia. An inveterate traveler, he has also made lengthy stays in Europe, Central America, the Mideast, Mexico, New Guinea, and Cleveland. Other graphic works include *Stripped – An Unauthorized Autobiography*, and *The System*, a wordless graphic novel. He has also done adaptations of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, and *GIVE IT UP!*, adapting nine Franz Kafka short stories. His most recent books include *Topsy Turvy*, *Mind's Eye*, an *Eye of the Beholder* collection and *SPEECHLESS* a coffee table art book covering his career to date. He is currently working on a book-length adaptation of Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, to be published by Crown books in the Fall of 2003. In 1979, Kuper co-founded the political comix magazine *World War 3 Illustrated* with Seth Tobocman and remains on its editorial board to this day, and is also an art director of INX, a political illustration group. Peter Kuper lives in Manhattan with his wife Betty Russell, and their daughter Emily. Visit him online at peterkuper.com.

JOHN LINTON ROBERSON

...doesn't sleep.

John Roberson was born in Seattle on Sam Cooke's birthday in 1969, and raised in Charleston, SC. Taking his cue from his hero Michael O'Donoghue, John became a writer, artist, and actor as the most efficient path to complete self-destruction. In 1987 he entered the Goodman School of Drama in the great city of Chicago, and soon shared with famous alumni Linda Hunt and Daryl Hannah the distinction of failing his second-year evaluation, after which he pursued a seven-year career as a playwright, taking the blame for such productions as *Suspension of Disbelief* (Clone Theatre Co., 1989), the original stage version of *Vitriol*, and *The Instinctive Hatred of Reality* (both from Screaming Theatre, 1992). After moving to Berkeley, California, John from 1997-2002 chose, for no good reason, to shift to comics and thus assure absolute obscurity, creating Bottomless Studio and adapting his black comedies for the medium in the quarterly satirical anthology *PLASTIC* (1998-2002), all issues available at Unboundcomics.com, which will soon collect his thoroughly mad and hilarious 250-page graphic novel *VITRIOL* in its entirety in the Winter of 2002. He was also seen for a while at Spark-Online.com with his satirical strips *Slash & Burn* and *The Dobyaverse*, and, in 2001, in print alongside the likes of Tony Millionaire, R. Crumb, Sam Henderson and Art Spiegelman in the anthology *LEGAL ACTION COMICS*. He also created *UNCLE CYRUS* with Kubert School graduate John E. Williams. In his spare hours, John also writes reviews & essays on the cinema for Hollywood Bitchslap.com. He has recently found himself drawn back into theatre since returning to Chicago, and is currently assistant-directing and performing in (as the Emperor Saturninus) Shakespeare's bloodiest tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*, for Django Baker's Theatre O' The Absurd, to be performed January 2003. Future projects planned include the alternative-superhero series *The Majestic Squadron* with Joe Blackmon, a series of experimental comics erotica with a publisher soon to be announced, *Daddy* with Charles Alverson, the blasphemous and shocking horror comedy *Falling Sky*, and other unspeakable projects with no apparent pattern. He has been blissfully married to fellow writer/artist and *Plastic* contributor Kelly Pillsbury (*Ribbed For Her Pleasure*, *Dead Girl*) since 1998. He can be contacted at bottomless@prodigy.net. Visit him on the web at pages.prodigy.net/bottomless.

LORNA MILLER

Lorna was born in Glasgow, Scotland, early in the disco decade. She now lives in Brighton, England, where the sun shines more often. She has been producing

illustrations and writing and drawing her own comic stories since she graduated from the Glasgow School of Art in 1994. Her 80 page comic book WITCH is sold worldwide. Lorna has been published in a number of publications including *Cheap Date*, *Girlfrenzy*, *Super State Funnies*, *Crisp* and *Variant*. Her work has been exhibited in the UK, France, The Netherlands and Croatia. She is also a freelance hand and digital colourist for the popular children's comic *Thomas The Tank Engine*. She can be found online at lornamiller.com.

P. CRAIG RUSSELL

A graduate of the University of Cincinnati with a degree in painting, master artist Philip Craig Russell has run the gamut in comics. After establishing a name for himself at Marvel, he went on to become one of the pioneers in opening new vistas for this underestimated field with, among other works, adaptations of operas by Richard Strauss (*Elektra*), Wagner (*Parsifal*, *Ring of the Nibelung*), and Mozart (*The Magic Flute*), fantasy and science fiction such as *Dr.Strange*, *Killraven* and Michael Moorcock's *Elric*, as well as his acclaimed series of volumes of the fairy tales of Oscar Wilde. He was also the first comics artist to receive a grant from the state of Ohio, for his *Jungle Book* adaptation. Visit him on the web at lurid.com.

GREG McCANN

Greg self-publishes the minicomic *Retarded Art*, and can be asked for more information at mccanngreg@yahoo.com.

GREG VONDRUSKA

Making over 12 minicomics in the last 12 years, he is pleased that they have been read by around 12 people. When not slinging ink against Bristol or slaving on the mac for the Man, he enjoys spending time with his wife, Karen; seeing movies, reading, writing, painting, ranting and riding a bicycle until his back teeth hurt. He can be found on the web at gregvondruska.com.

ALAN DAVID DOANE

Alan David Doane began writing about comics online in 1999 and created [Comic Book Galaxy \(comicbookgalaxy.com\)](http://ComicBookGalaxy.com) in 2000. A longtime broadcast journalist, he is currently a news anchor, producer and assignment editor at an Albany, New York radio station and lives with his wife and two children north of Albany.

JOE BLACKMON

The writer and co-creator of *The Majestic Squadron* was born and raised in Clinton, South Carolina, with no regrets. When he was in fifth grade, Archie Comics published his first attempt at writing a comic book story. The publication was major news in his small hometown and was heavily covered in the local newspaper. Since he had conquered the comics industry at the ripe young age of 10, Joe decided to take a hiatus from writing to focus on continuing his education. During high school, Joe returned to writing, winning several state awards in poetry and short story writing. In 1986, he made a second attempt at writing comics by submitting a story to Kitchen Sink Press. Much to his surprise, an editor from Kitchen Sink Press wrote him back asking him to make certain changes to his story to prepare it for publication. Before he could complete the changes, the anthology title that he had submitted the story for was canceled. This experience left Joe bitter and disillusioned. He vowed to never write a story for comic books again. (Actually, he just left for college and got sidetracked, but that doesn't make for as good a story.) Joe received a M.B.A in Marketing from Vanderbilt University in 1992. He

pursued a career in business, eventually winding up in the field of e-commerce marketing. He currently resides in Nashville, Tennessee with his wife and baby daughter. He can be contacted at admin@majesticsquadron.com and more information about *The Majestic Squadron* can be found at majesticsquadron.com.

TATIANA GILL

The multitalented Tatiana Gill is the creator of *Read It And Weep*, *Starlite*, and *Life After Tintin*. Her comix have appeared in *Stereoscomic*, *Dark Horse's 9/11 vol.I*, *Stalagmite*, *Kerosene*, *Mutate and Survive*, *Matte Magazine*, *Object: Garlic*, *Sonambulist*, *Friends of Lulu Anthology*, *aXis*, *Low Flow Flex*, and the *Cooper Point Journal*. Visit her on the web at tatianagill.com.

DIRK DEPPEY

Dirk Deppey was born on a small turkey ranch in California's Mojave Desert, but grew up in Arizona, where his family has been digging other people's ditches since the late 1800s. He currently lives in Seattle, Washington, where he works as catalog editor for Fantagraphics Books and webmaster for The Comics Journal's website at tcj.com.

NEIL KLEID

A Detroit transplant to NYC, Neil Kleid is perfecting the art of "rant" comics with *Late Night Block*, a semi-monthly short story series appearing at opi8.com and *Rant Comics*, a series of minicomics borne from a daily sketchbook. He co-founded the *Third Eye Publishing Anthology* and helped coordinate/contribute to anthologies like *Alternative Comics' 9-11:EMERGENCY RELIEF* and the present collection. Melding illustration and photography, he authored several mixed media minicomics (*STABLE RODS*, *EMPATHY* and *DAVID*) and is working on projects between mainstream pitches, including collaborations with artists Neil (*SUPERMAN ADVENTURES*) Vokes, Laurenn (*XXLIVENUDEGIRLS*) Mccubbin and Marc (*RHINO JONES*) Mckenzie. Neil is currently researching and writing a graphic novel detailing the life of Albert "Tick Tock" Tannebaum, late of Murder Incorporated. A graphic designer from nine to five, he harbors notions of writing comic books full time. Weep for him.

JED ALEXANDER

Jed Alexander is a freelance illustrator and cartoonist who's writing and illustration can be seen in Shannon Wheeler's *Too Much Coffee Man Magazine*. (TMCM.COM) He has also done work for *The Sacramento News and Review*, *Outword*, and *INX*, distributed through United Feature. Find him on the web at JESITE.ITGO.COM. Jed is a longtime fan of Mr. Loeb's *Journey*, and wishes him the best of luck. Mr. Alexander does not normally talk about himself in the third person, but considers this a rare exception, suitable to the occasion at hand. It is here that Mr. Alexander would like to thank Mr. Alexander for participating in this earnest and laudable effort to wrench Mr. Loeb's and his wife out of the clutches of financial oblivion. May Mr. Loeb's continue to draught many more comic book stories to come, and never again be forced to scribe another *Star Trek* novel, or *Wonder Woman* exploit, for the purposes of financial necessity. Hear, hear.

JANET HARVEY

Janet Harvey's previous work in comics has included short scripts for *the BATMAN ANNUAL* as well as *DETECTIVE COMICS* #569, in which she wrote the first full length

adventure of DC Comics' Batgirl. She was also the story editor of the acclaimed *MULTIPATH ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN* series, which ran as a continuing web serial on Warner Brothers entertainment site, entertainment.com, for three years. A graduate of Columbia University with an MFA in fiction writing, Janet's other published and produced work includes the short story "Angel," which appears in the science fiction anthology "The Touch," distributed by Simon and Shuster, and the play "The Temptation of St. Anthony, which was nominated for the "Best of the Fringe" Award for the New York Fringe Festival in 1997. Her upcoming comic book miniseries, *JUNGLE GIRL*, will be available for preview on junglegirlstudios.com in December 2002. She lives in Los Angeles, and her new landlord is a very nice man.

KLAUS PENDLETON

N. "Klaus" Pendleton is a writer/cartoonist living smack-dab in the center of the continent with his wife and children. His work has appeared in various Web and print publications. Visit him today at klausexp.homestead.com. He is lonely.

EVAN FORSCH

Evan Forsch is a writer and cartoonist living in New York City. His most recent work appeared in the *9-11: Emergency Relief* (after narrowly surviving the collapse of the World Trade Center) and *SPX 2002* anthologies.

DAVID LASKY

David Lasky has been producing comics for public consumption for ten years. Lasky struck out on his own in 1991 with a series of four small (4.25" x 5.5") photocopied Boom Boom mini-comics. These fifty-cent booklets were quickly joined by an equally tiny, but arguably much more ambitious work: *Minit Classics Presents Joyce's Ulysses*. Two years later, Lasky was honored with Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles co-creator Peter Laird's Xeric Grant for self-publishing cartoonists, a welcome cash infusion which helped David produce his series of four all-new, somewhat larger and fancier *Boom Boom* comics, which ranged in theme from autobiography to surrealist formal experiment, stopping along the way for an impressive issue entirely dedicated to stories about his father. These four Boom Booms then led to yet another set of four completely different, and yet larger (at standard comic-book size) *Boom Boom* comics, when MU Press publisher Edd Vick became David's first publisher in 1994, printing David's work under his newly inaugurated AEON Press imprint. In the two years since *Boom Boom at Ground Zero*, Lasky has continued to produce mini-comics with titles such as OM and Minutiae, and has expanded his illustration portfolio with idiosyncratic work for publications like Seattle's The Stranger and Tower Records's Classical Pulse! (One of his Stranger covers was, in fact, appropriated by Pearl Jam for an appearance in the liner notes to their *Vitalogy* album, though for the record the cartoonist, while flattered, prefers Neil Young.) Most recently as of this writing, Lasky, along with co-conspirator Greg Stump, thoroughly thumbed his nose at the indie-culture scene (while seeking to profit from its spendthrift excesses) in the first issue of their archly monikered *Urban Hipster*, published from Jeff Mason's Alternative Comics. He can be contacted at davidlasky@yahoo.com.

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**THAT'S ALL
THERE IS AND
THERE AIN'T
NO MORE.**