

Why do I like LULU – an adaptation of two 19<sup>th</sup> century plays by German playwright, Frank Wedekind, which I am not ashamed to say I have never read?

Well first, without John Linton Roberson's dedication to the task of realising these stories in a graphic format, it is unlikely I would have encountered the work at all. So I'm grateful he took the trouble.

And it's obvious that trouble was considerable. And deserving of recognition.

I don't know if John was tempted to slip a couple of zombies into the plot. Such a move might have increased its chances of achieving that recognition. But he has refrained. There are no superheroes either. No fey elves or fairies. Or any ultra-violence.

Lulu is a serious work. But one in no way pompous. The story explores the power dynamic of sex and gender. Dark undercurrents pervade it. It requires and assumes emotional intelligence of its reader – and an understanding of the medium skilfully employed to tell it.

It does have some tits and ass, and a degree of fucking. The portrayal of these elements is neither coy nor prurient. John has imbued his eponymous heroine with a naive, almost gauche, sexuality which I for one find curiously seductive. Lulu's relationship to the world that contorts her is intriguing. I trust John to elucidate her further in future volumes. I look forward to learning from them.

Generally these days most comic books fail to enthuse me. It's not the medium it's the message. More power to John Linton Roberson for ploughing his deviant furrow. Long may his thankless toil continue.

Jamie Delano – April 2013