



THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF

CULT COMICS

EDITED BY ILYA

hummingbird

by gregory benton



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**CULT
COMICS**
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ROBINSON



RUNNING PRESS
PHILADELPHIA - LONDON

ROBINSON

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In loving memory of Andy Roberts
(1963–2005) and Steve Whitaker (1955–2008).
And for my dear brother, Simon (1963–2014),
with undying love – Ed.

Author and editor ILYA's comic strip stories
have been published internationally – in
America (Marvel, DC, Dark Horse), Japan
(Kodansha) and throughout Europe. Recent
book titles include the graphic novel
Room for Love, his daring adaptation of
Manga Shakespeare's *King Lear*, and noir
anthology *It's Dark in London* (all titles from
SelfMadeHero). Between 2006 and 2008
he masterminded three volumes of the
groundbreaking *Mammoth Book of Best
New Manga*. His virtual Rolodex bulges with
contacts from the world of comics, manga
and illustration.

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INTRODUCTION

The main purpose of this compilation is archival. The small press or independent comics scene – formerly an adjunct or alternative to the so-called “mainstream” but now existing largely in its own right – has been flourishing since the 1980s (earlier manifestations are largely referred to simply as “underground” or “comix”). What makes for a Cult Comic? Honest, heartfelt, homemade – self-published, stapled pamphlets, more often than not bundles of black and white photocopies with, if really pushing the boat out, handcoloured covers; or else short-run small and independent press printings, anywhere from a handful to a few thousand copies at one time.

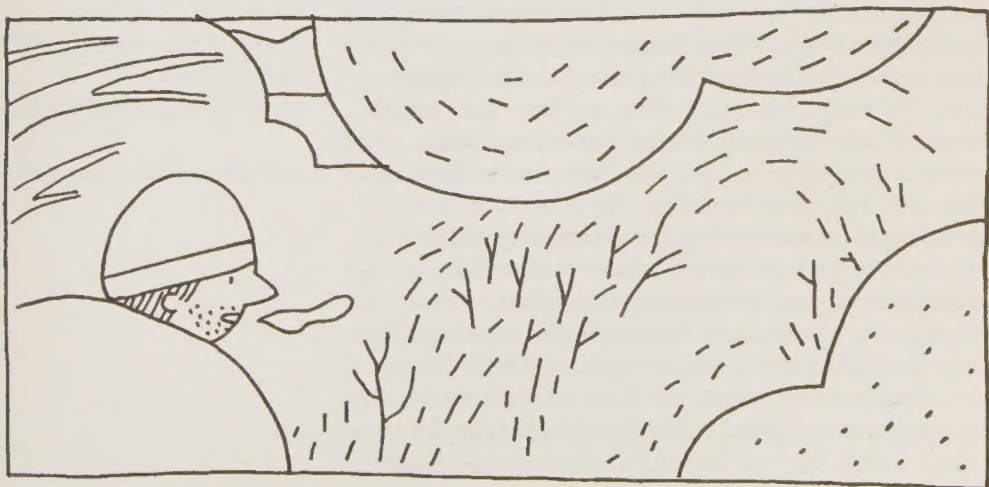
These humble beginnings have nowadays morphed into a fantastic array of virtual art objects – sometimes literally so. Full-colour covers with black and white interiors, four-colour printing, two-colour, or by some other means colour throughout: lithographic, serigraphic (screen-printed), risographic; limitless variations of paper-stock and drop-ins and foil stamps and other special features to make them properly collectible and infinitely cherishable print artefacts. And then, at the opposite end of the scale, there's cyberspace – webcomics, be they one-off funnies or serials, available as downloadables, regularly posted and updated, or streaming direct to your choice of mobile device. Yes, excuse me if I yawn – these days we are spoilt for choice.

It wasn't always so.

Down to the limited circumstances of their first and often only appearances, many of the strips featured here

are lost masterpieces that might otherwise never have seen the light of day again. And that would be too great a shame. As it is, many of the talented creators whose work fills these pages have long since moved on and no longer make comics. Even more sadly, a couple of them are no longer with us. Quite possibly, you won't have heard of many or any of them. This, of course, is no reflection at all on the merits of their work. By the nature of the form – small press, most often self-published – there exist no official records, few traces. When and where they do survive, these original publications are in the hands of private collectors. A few enthusiasts and aficionados may keep the flames alive in their online bulletins and listings (let us immediately refer you to: www.comics.edpinsent.com). But even among the proliferating numbers of independent creators that nowadays make this their trade or art form, awareness of what has come before is not always so very high. Fair enough, perhaps – more small-press “cult” comics are being made today than ever before, and of a high median quality. Still, if you have any interest in seeing where this wealth of activity all began – the wellspring it originates from – whether you want to relive some of the heights of the form or just to read some damn fine comics, here they are.

The following selection is, of necessity, confined to works first presented in the English language, when of course Cult Comics exist all over the world; fuel aplenty for further publications. As it is, within these pages we





are proud to represent gems from creators based in the United States of America, the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Australia, and even Bosnia.

As with any gatherum of this type, there are of course notable exceptions. Many creators of Cult Comics have gone on to forge their own mainstream – Daniel Clowes, Craig Thompson, Gene Luen Yang, and their like – talents whose efforts have won them great recognition and success, and rightly so. They now have the chance to blaze their own trail. Gavin MacInnes, who once detailed myriad sexual misadventures within the photocopied pages of *Pervert*, went on to become founder of trendsetting Vice.com and its associated magazine; others work on, largely as independents to this day, leaders and legends: John (*King Cat*) Porcellino*, John (*Epoxy, Sublife*) Pham, Joe (*Silly Daddy*) Chiappetta – and you would do best to seek them out and show your support directly for their wares. Others, for whatever reason, have simply fallen away beyond record or recollection.

*The astute simplicity of Porcellino's stripped-back line artwork acts as a hotwire to the brain's storytelling centre, or narrative cortex. Proto-comics, or pure, clear and vital communication?

(Above and on previous page)

www.johnporcellino.blogspot.com

Female creators are not so very present. There simply weren't as many around back then as there are now. Annie Lawson, Lorna Miller, Rachael Ball, Kate Charlesworth, Myra Hancock, Megan Kelso, Cool Cheese, honourable mentions all, but for whatever reason not included here. I'd like to make particular note of Carol Swain, whose work absolutely would be represented were it not for the wide format of her pages. A more current snapshot of the scene would rightly reflect a ratio close to half. For that better sense of the current and future gender mix we refer you to a more prospective title, *The Mammoth Book of Best New Manga* (volumes one through three). Our content, meanwhile, necessarily and functionally dates back to before such enlightened and enriched times. As a gesture towards looking slightly ahead, however, we do round off with a few relatively more modern pieces, by Julia Gfrörer and Tom K, to indicate the state of play within this same Cult Comic arena now.

Other changes or trends that we simply could not track? Large-format newsprint comics, starting perhaps with Sirk's *Storeyville* in the US and David Hitchcock's *Whitechapel Freak* in the UK, and spreading like a rash ever since: *Ocular Anecdotes*, *Kuti Kuti*, *Cold Heat*, *Comics Comics*, *The Comic Reader*, *Adapt*, *Peter Arkle News*, and on and on. What's the attraction? To be determinatively different, most likely – something suggestive of "obsolescent" format or print technology, unreproducible in any other way; a hark back to the "funnies" of yore perhaps – a truly immersive large-scale reading experience that meanwhile, perversely, acknowledges the "throwaway" heritage and nature of the medium.

So what else can the past tell us? And what does the future hold?

There's much more use of colour now – rising stars Joe Sparrow, Robert Ball, Michel Fiffe with *Copra* and Tom Scioli with his subversive *Satan's Soldier* are all making work that very much relies on it as a crucial ingredient for impact. For this reason, among many others, the distinction of "mainstream" no longer really applies [at the same time negating "alternative" – alternative to what?].

The expectation might formerly have been that excellence in craft or notional popularity within a small-press incarnation would lead inexorably to offers of publication as a "proper" comic, or a publishing deal with the big boys – "selling out" in more ways than one. Equally so, much of the independent scene came into being not only in spite of mainstream comics, but explicitly so, to spite them, with an aesthetic approach and manner all their own. Such distinctions – perhaps, happily – hardly matter anymore. On the downside, at least in English language and culture, all comics these days can be termed "cult" – of limited, if feverish and enlightened, appeal.

Everybody is fringe nowadays, at least by the old standards. In music, art, television, books, comedy, philosophy, as in comics, the mass fractures into endless smaller pieces, the audience dividing and sub-dividing. The "mainstream" of comics has traditionally been taken to mean superheroes – even so, Marvel and DC superheroes. Despite conquering the cinema they nowadays subsist and glory within a ghetto of their own making. Truer mainstream appeal, appeal to the main flow of society, including any concomitant commercial potential, properly rests with the type of narrative found within these pages – whether introspective, ground level, meta-phorical, metaphysical, (ironically!) comical, romantic, horrific; even many or all of these things at once.

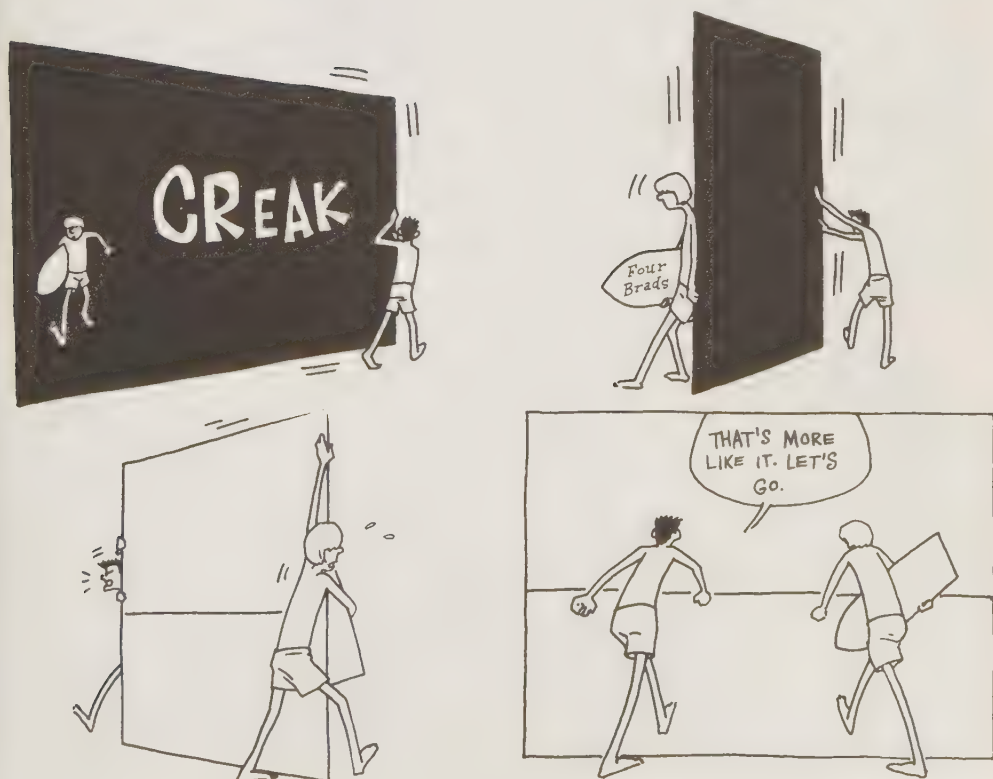
As with so many aspects of a properly popular comics culture, Japan shows us one possible future. Over there, a convention-style "Comic Market" (Comiket) is held twice a year, every August and December. The products sold there are Dojinshi – self-published – much of it fan fiction (unofficial versions of the most popular characters and series) but also wholly original manga, novels and graphic novels, games, fan-books, essays, dolls, etc. The first Comiket was held back in 1975. Thirty-two groups had their stalls and about 700 visitors came. By the winter 2008 Comiket 35,000 groups now had their stalls and about 560,000 visitors came to the summer 2009 event (held across three days). From 700 to over half a million, that's exponential growth by anyone's count (thanks to Kutsuwada Chie for the report on figures).

It begins to happen elsewhere – year by year, shows

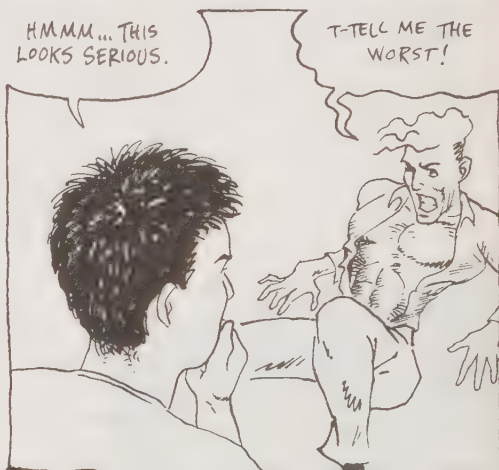
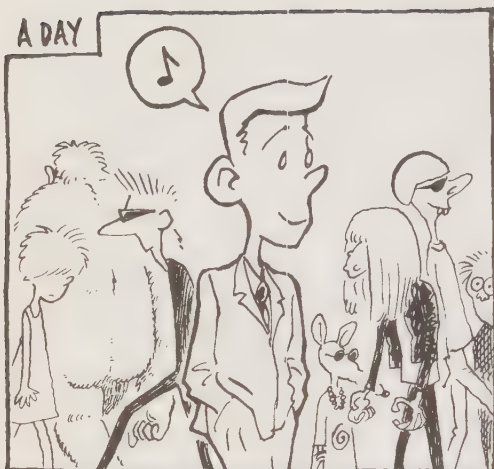
such as Thought Bubble in the UK, and APE and MoCCA in the US, are expanding largely thanks to the presence of the latest Cult Comics and their creators, as well, of course, as the new hold that superheroes and their fantasy brethren have on popular culture. And, when it comes to fan fiction, especially slash fiction, sometimes they even come together. At one such recent gathering *Avengers* star Mark Ruffalo – screen alter ego of Marvel's Kirby Kreation The Incredible Hulk – was shown a series of drawings of his character getting it on with Robert Downey Jnr's Iron Man/Tony Stark (Kirby again). His reported response was, "I endorse [this art] 100 per cent. You know what it is? It's open-source creativity."

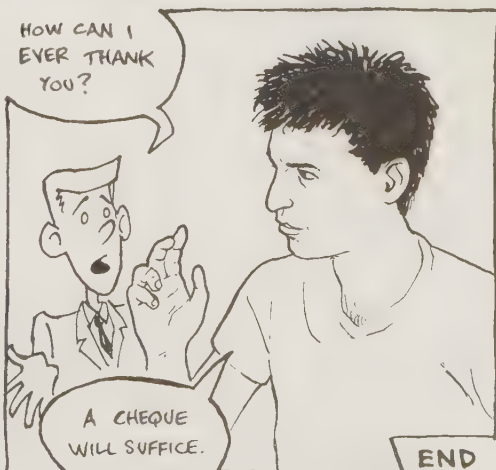
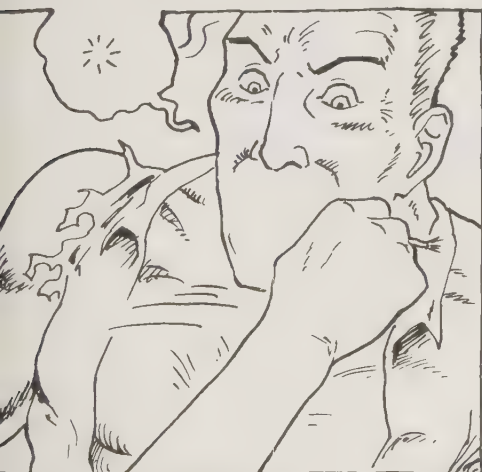
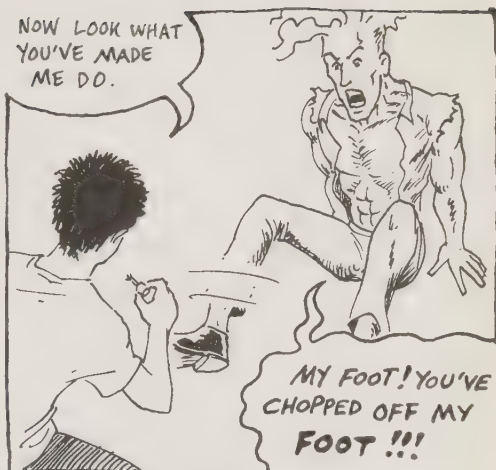
So there you have it. The playing field is very much levelled. Culturally speaking, everything and everyone is fair game. If we sell enough copies of this book to win a second volume, my aim is to prove that point with some stuff we didn't get to include this time . . .

ILYA, editor,
The Mammoth Book of Cult Comics (volume one)



A DAY





STAY AWAY FROM THE MAINSTREAM AND YOU SHOULD REMAIN STABLE...



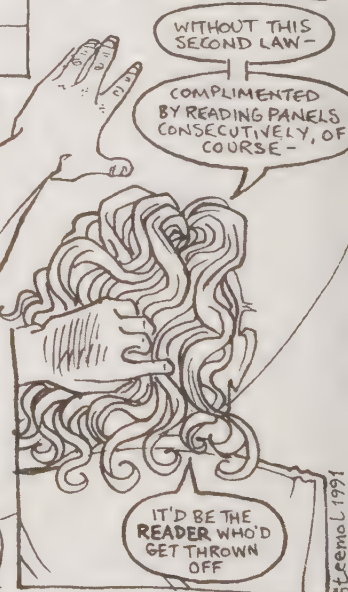
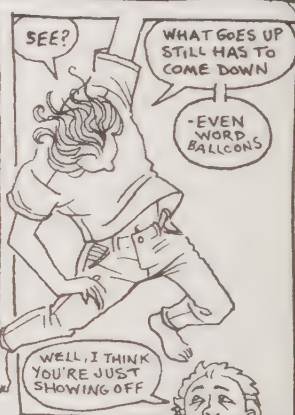
IN SPITE OF OUR VIRTUAL 2 DIMENSIONALITY WE HAVE TO **APPEAR** TO CONFORM TO CERTAIN NATURAL LAWS - GRAVITY FOR EXAMPLE



FIRST - THERE'S NEWTON'S LAW WHICH, WHEN CONTROVERTED, RESULTS IN YOUR BEING FLUNG FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH BY OFFICERS OF THE CENTRIFUGAL POLICE FORCE.

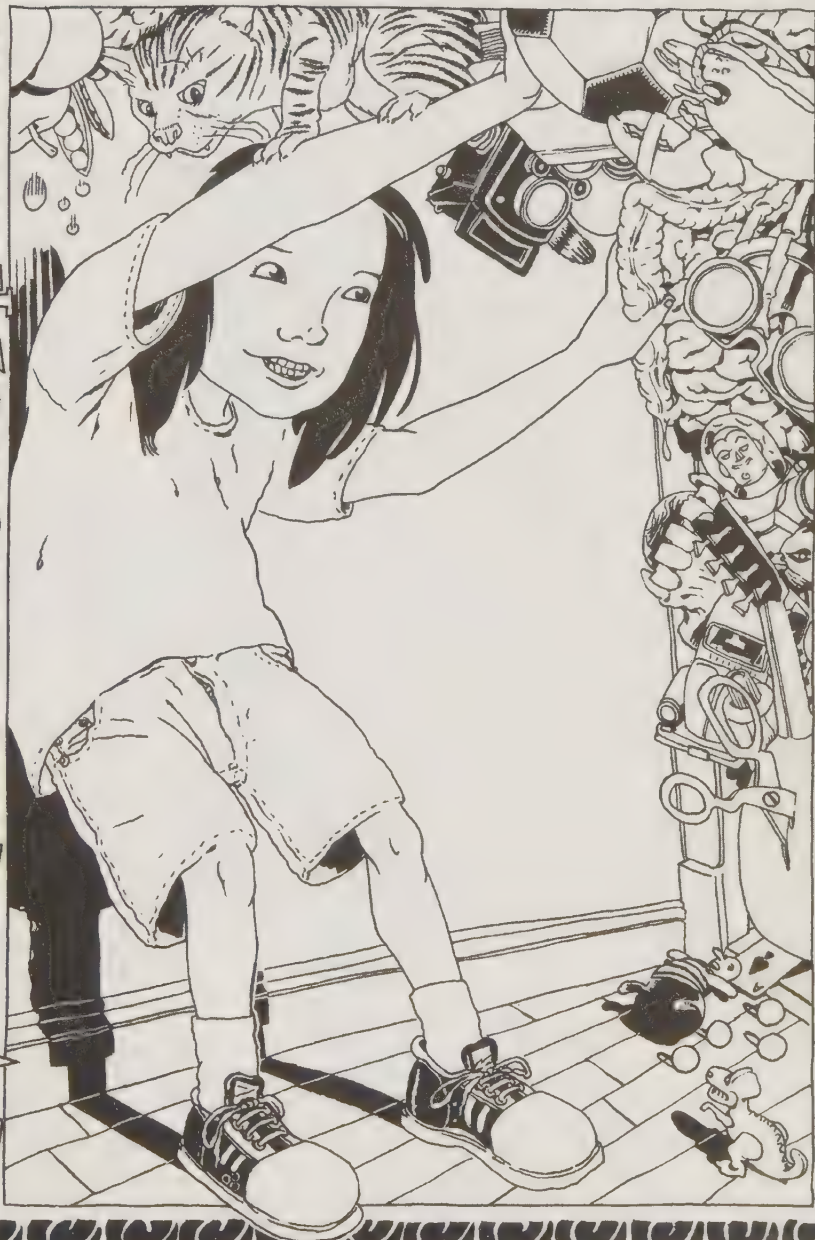


SECONDLY - THERE'S THE PRINCIPLE WHICH ALLOWS THAT I'M NOT POINTING AT MY THIRD WORD BALLOON HERE



HUMMINGBIRD®

STAFF LABOR GRAPHICS



Gregory Benton

HUMMINGBIRD

Slave Labor Graphics, 1996

Gregory (Gory) Benton has been making comix since 1993. He cut his teeth on the political anthology *World War 3*, moving on to writing and drawing stories for Nickelodeon, Vertigo/DC Comics, *Disney Adventures*, Watson-Guptil and *Entertainment Weekly*, also contributing to numerous alternate-press comix anthologies.

This comic book was intended to be the first in a continuing series about a young girl reconciling with her estranged father in an unpredictable and violent world. It explores the universal theme of a child's realization that parents can be flawed and unreliable guardians. Pre-orders for a second issue were deemed not strong enough and the series was scrapped. Only the cover from issue two survives.

In April of 2013 Gregory's book *B+F* was awarded the Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art's inaugural Award of Excellence at MoCCA Fest 2013, an expanded version since published by Adhouse Books (USA) and Editions ça et là (France). He is currently working on the next volume, to be released early 2015. Additionally, Gregory is co-founder of Brooklyn NYC's Hang Dai Editions alongside fellow artist/writers Dean Haspiel, Seth Kushner and Josh Neufeld.

www.gregorybenton.com



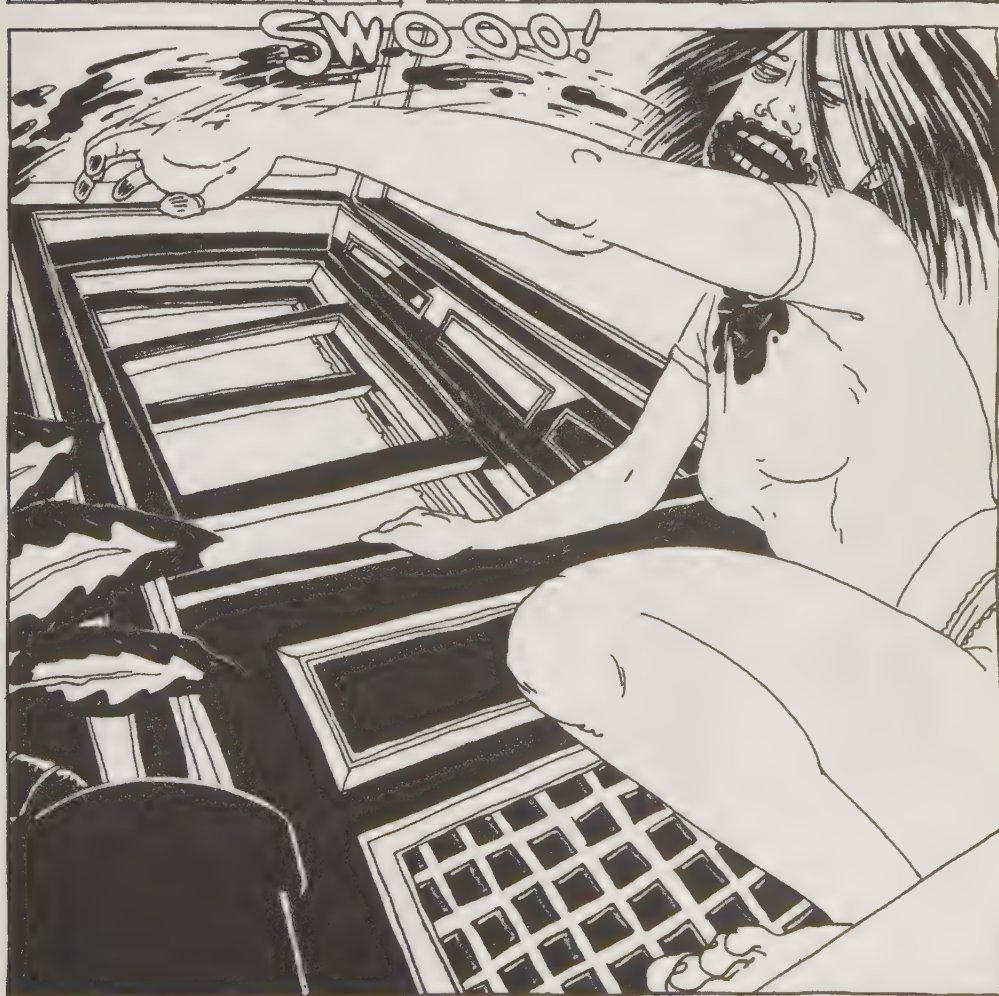
hummingbird™

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BROOKLYN
8:30 AM

CHAPTER 1:
TROUBLE

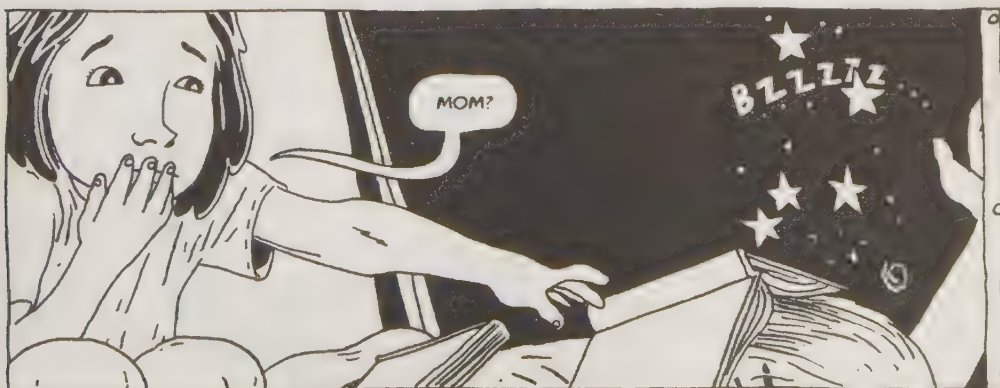


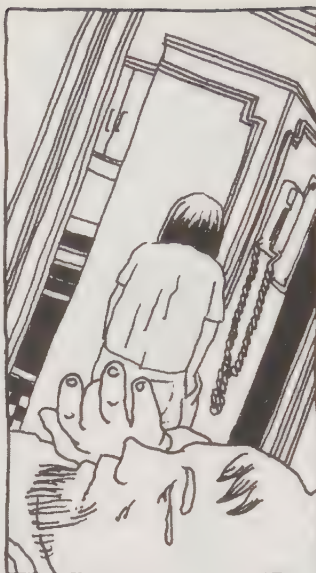




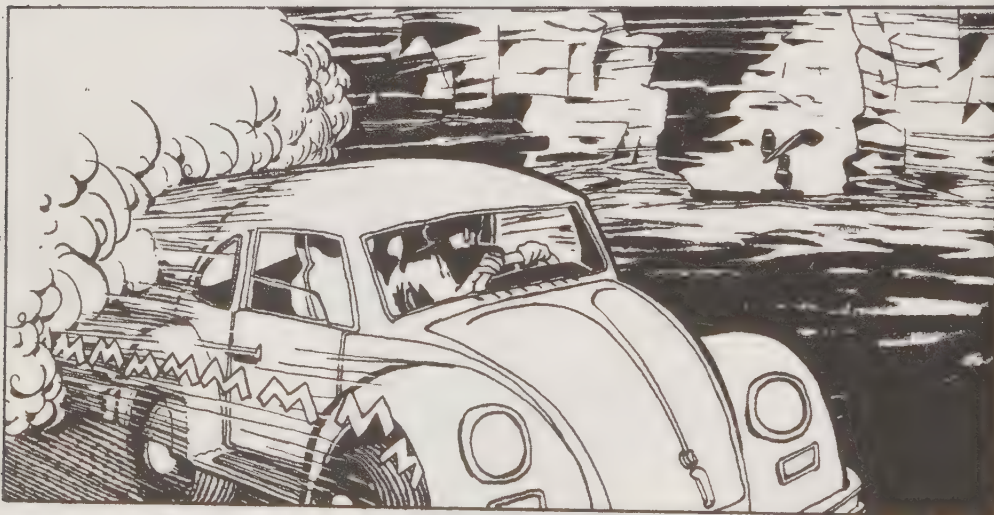


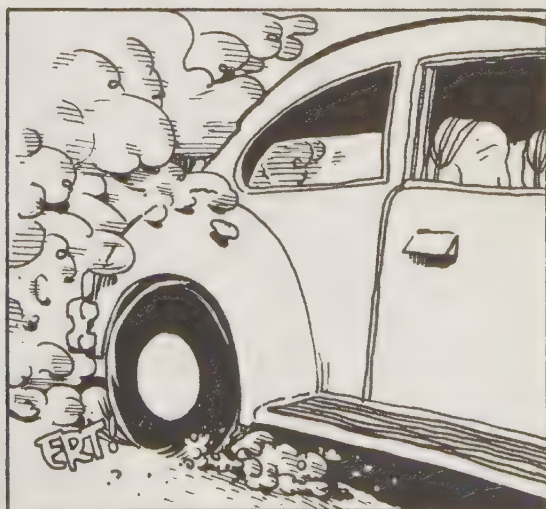
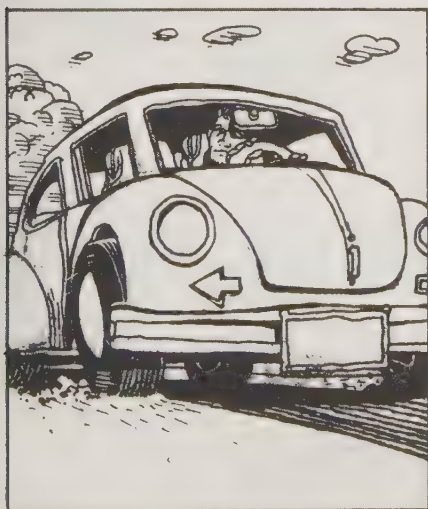
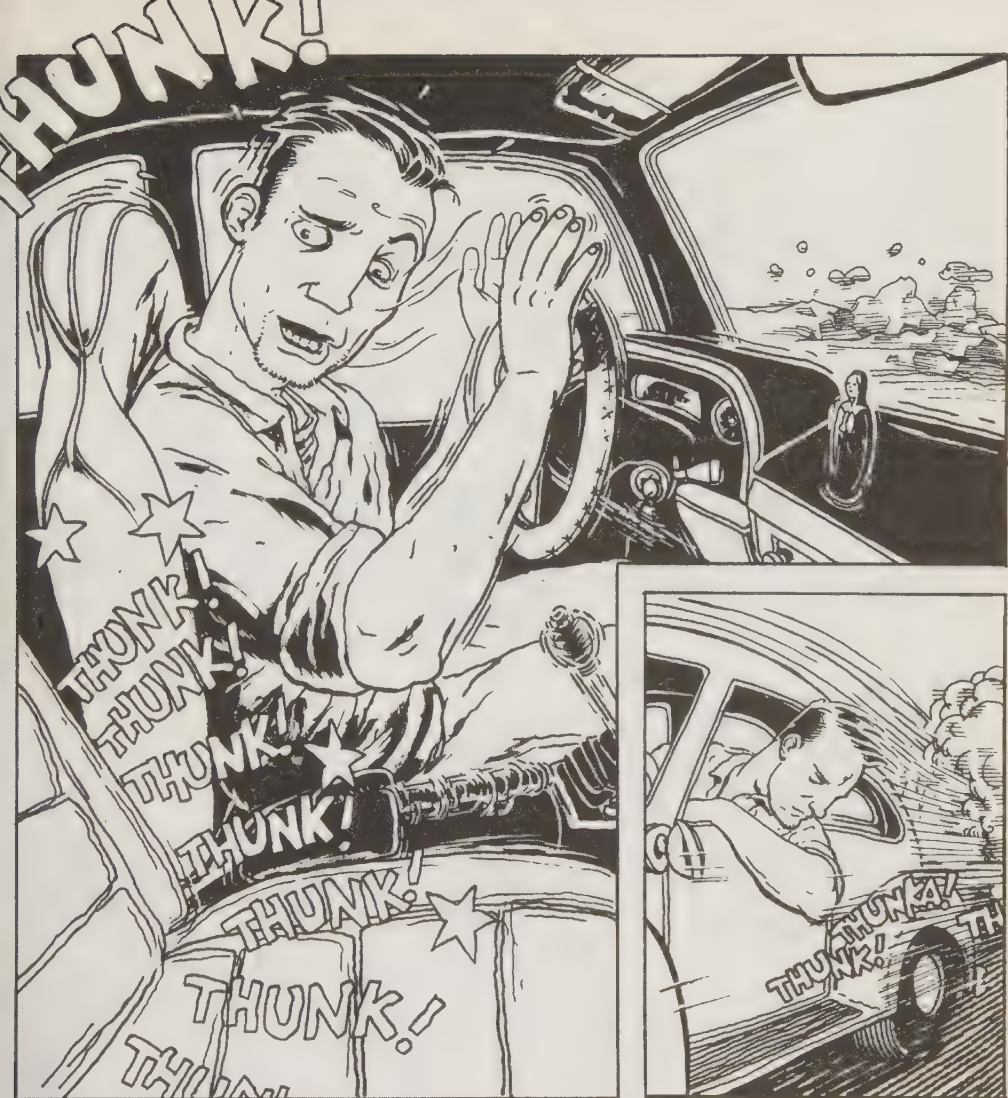


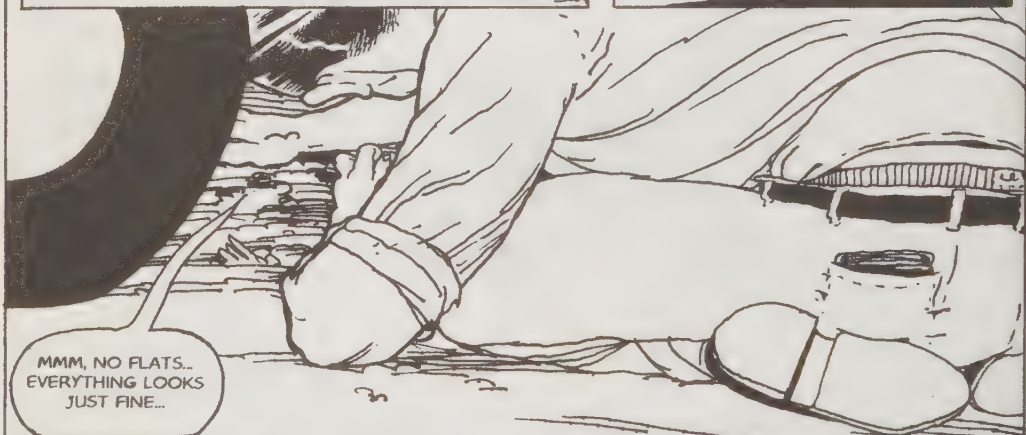
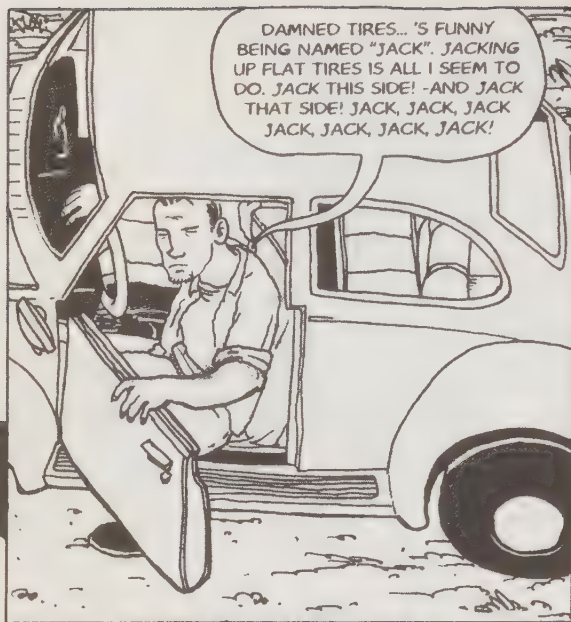




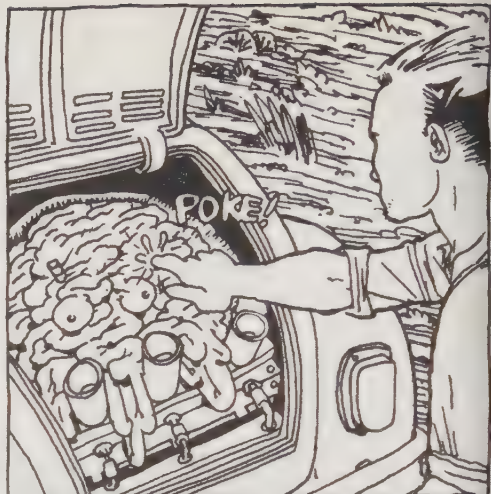


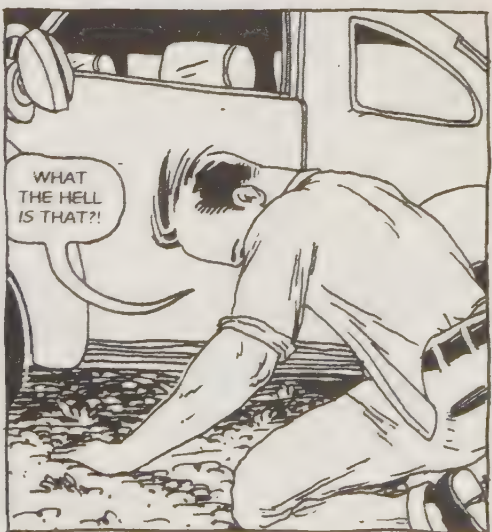
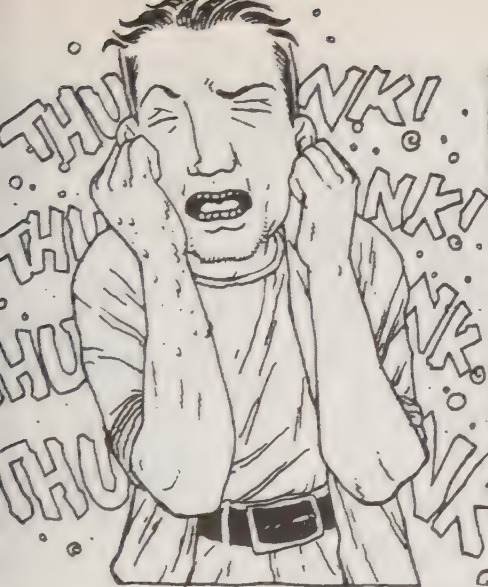


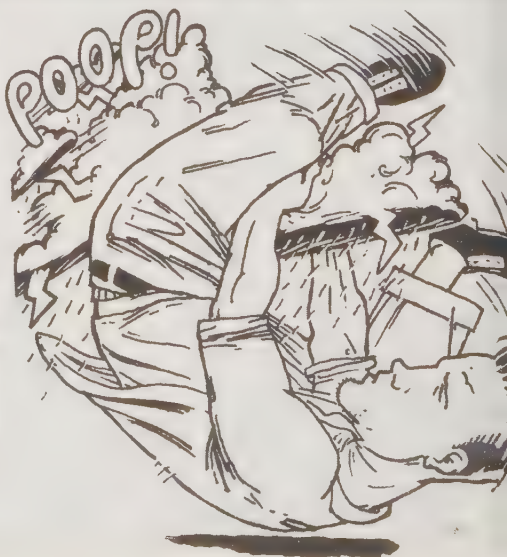
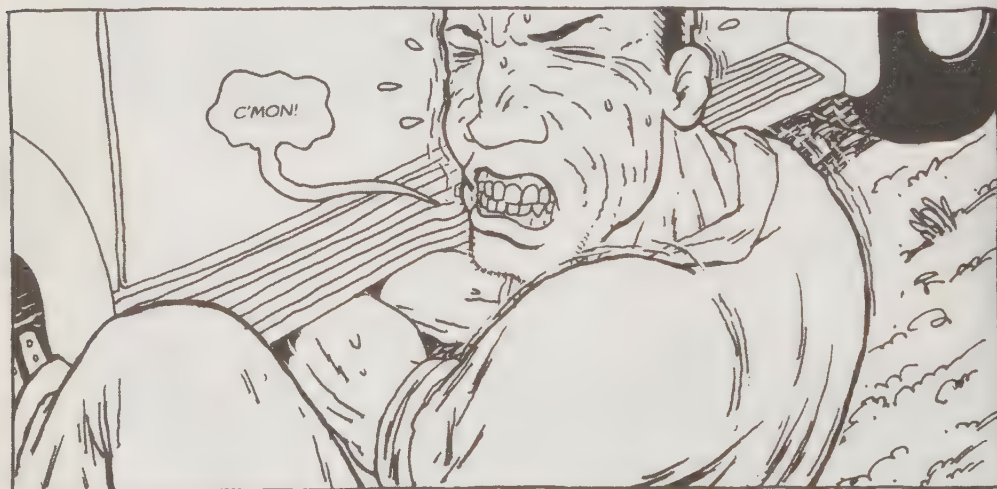
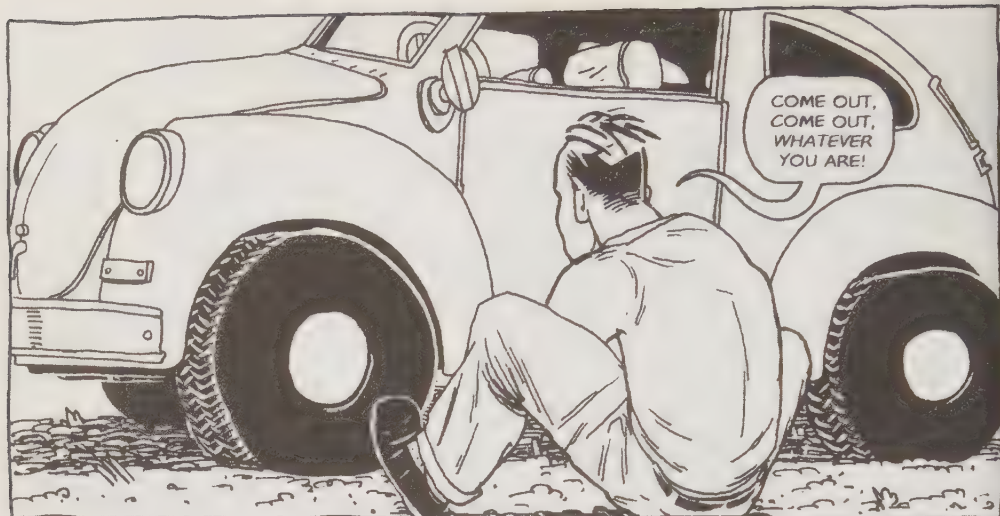


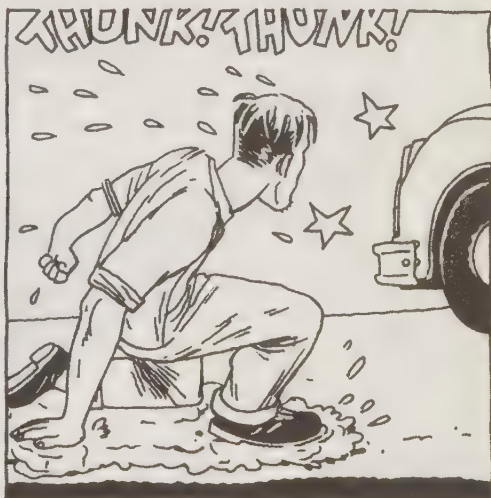


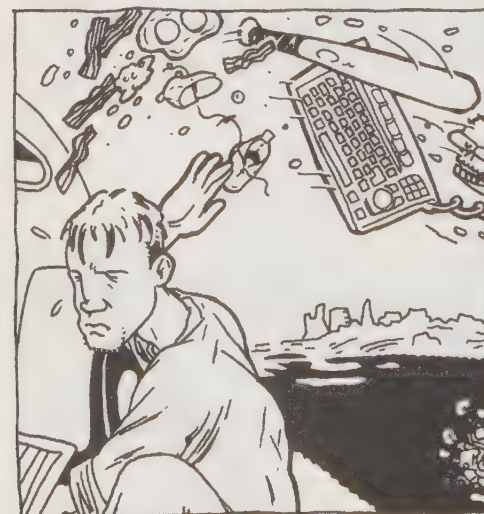


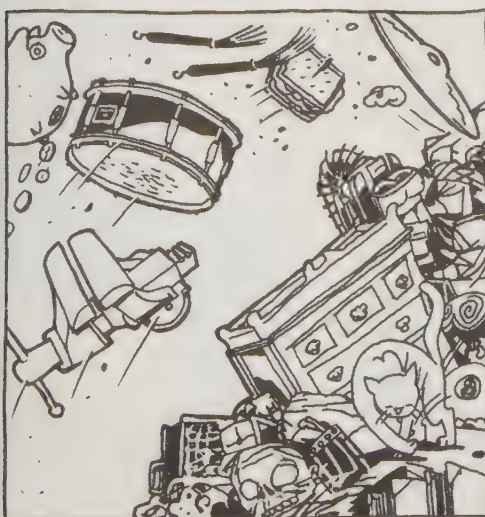
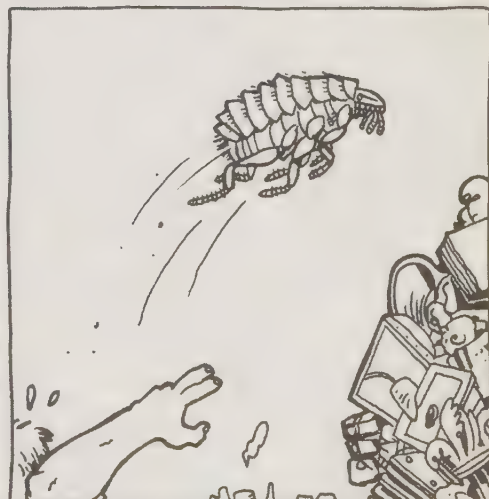
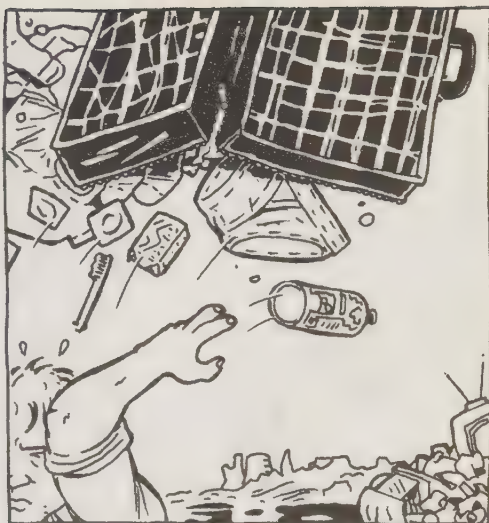
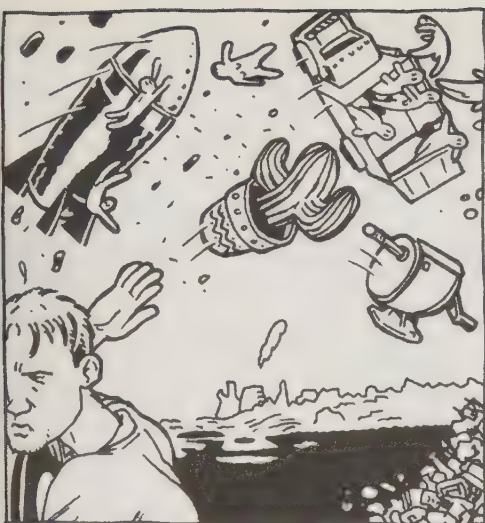






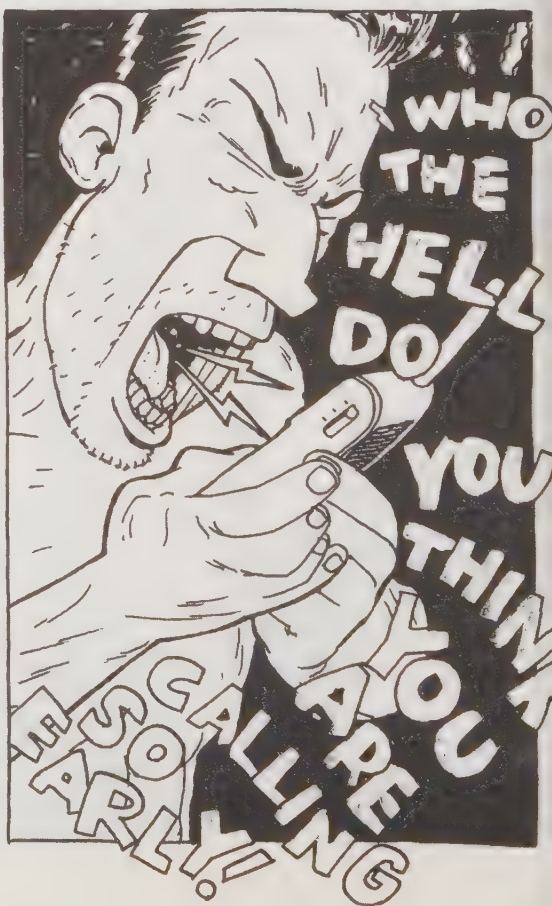


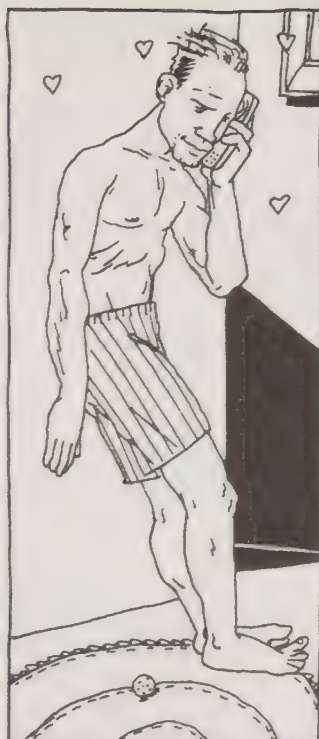
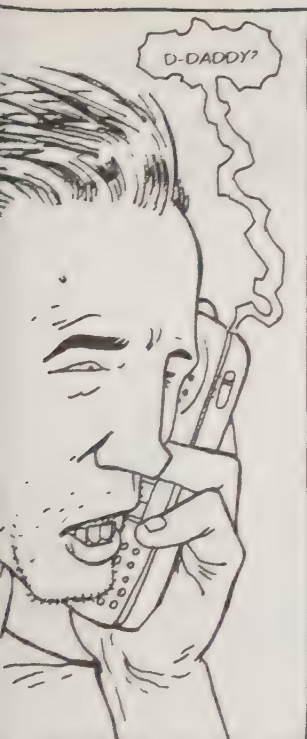










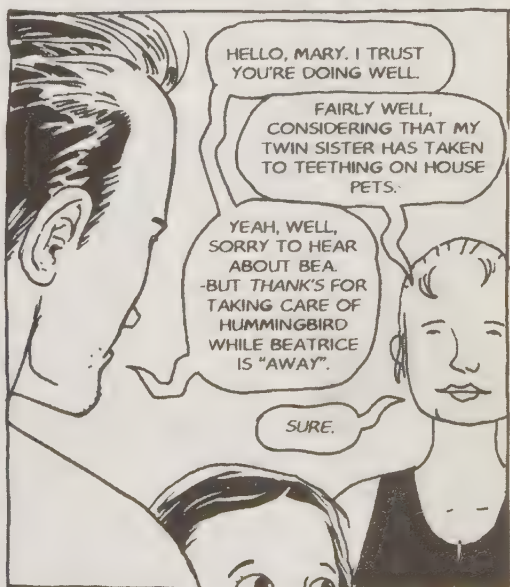
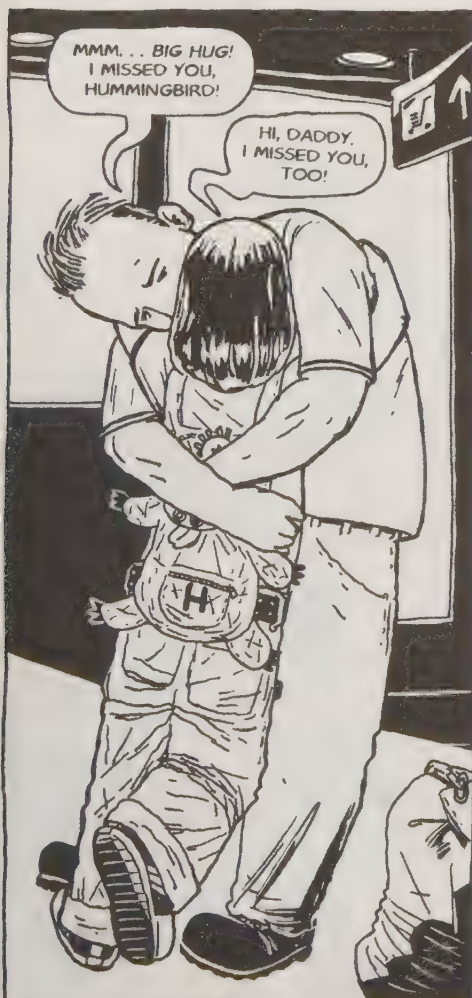
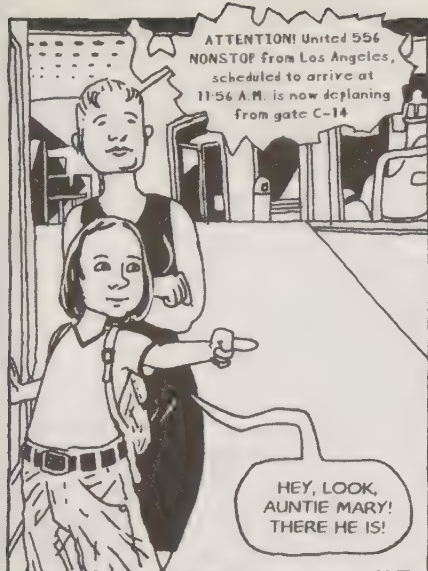


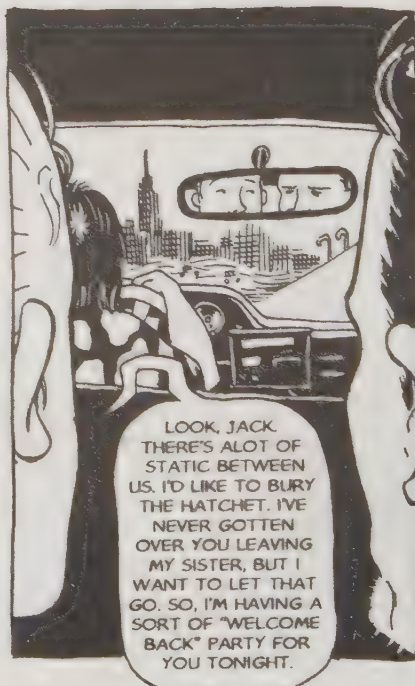
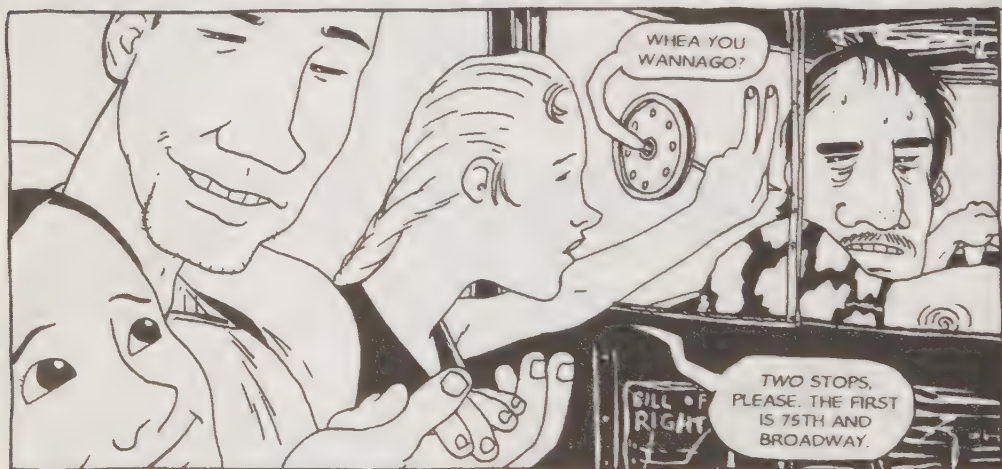
CHAPTER 3: WELCOME BACK.

(NOW, FUCK OFF)



LAGUARDIA
AIRPORT, NYC





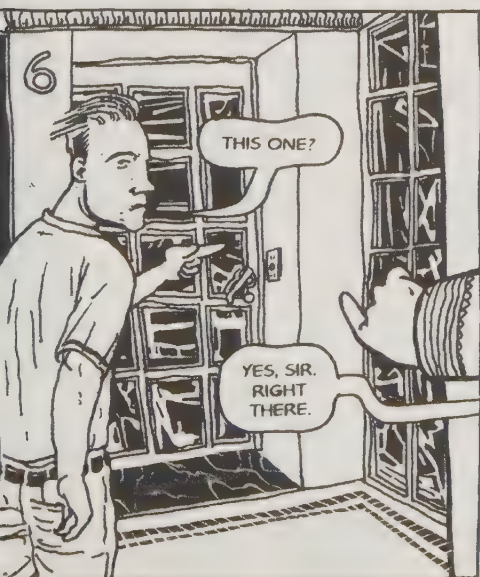




CHAPTER 4: DEATH OF THE PARTY

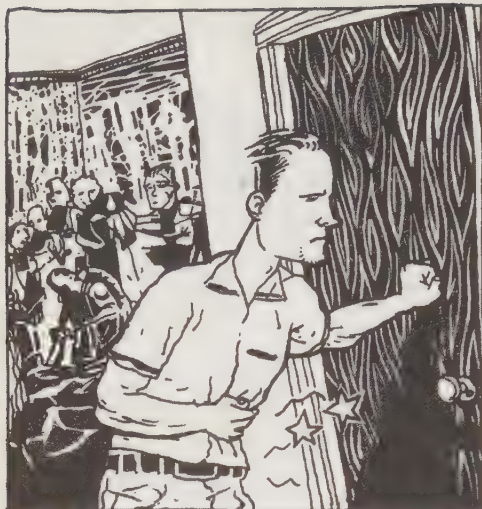


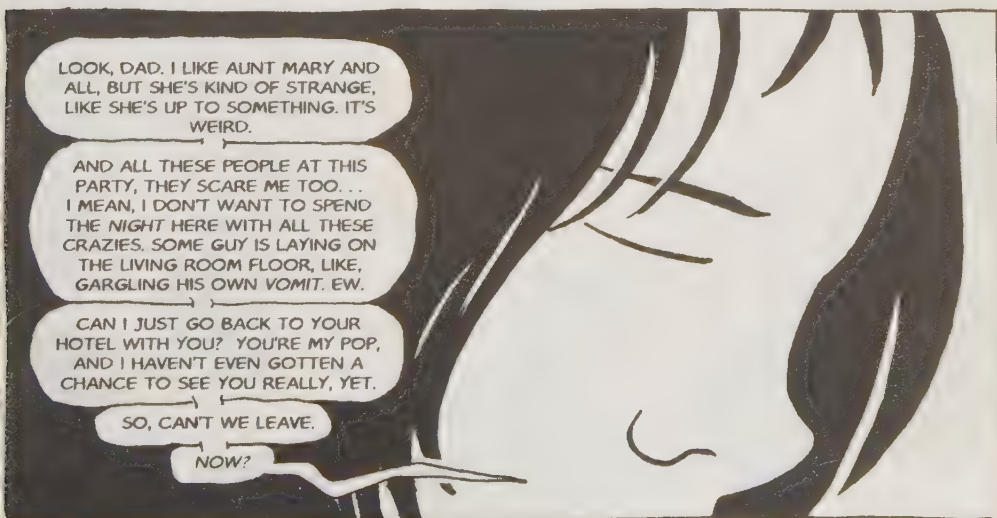


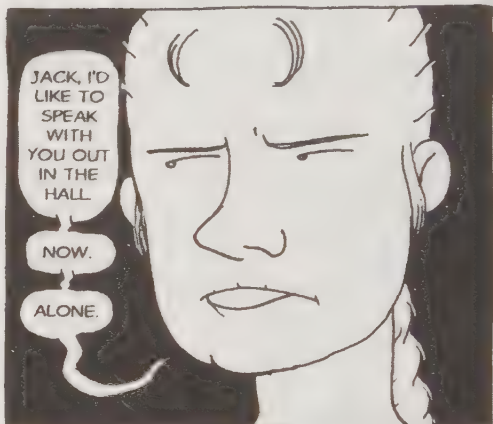


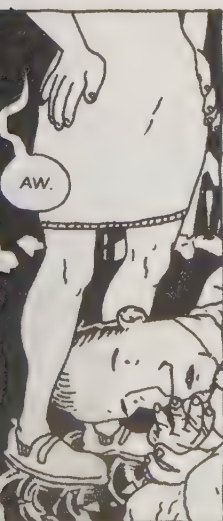
















YOU KNOW, JACK,
BOTH BEATRICE
AND I CARED FOR
YOU VERY MUCH.

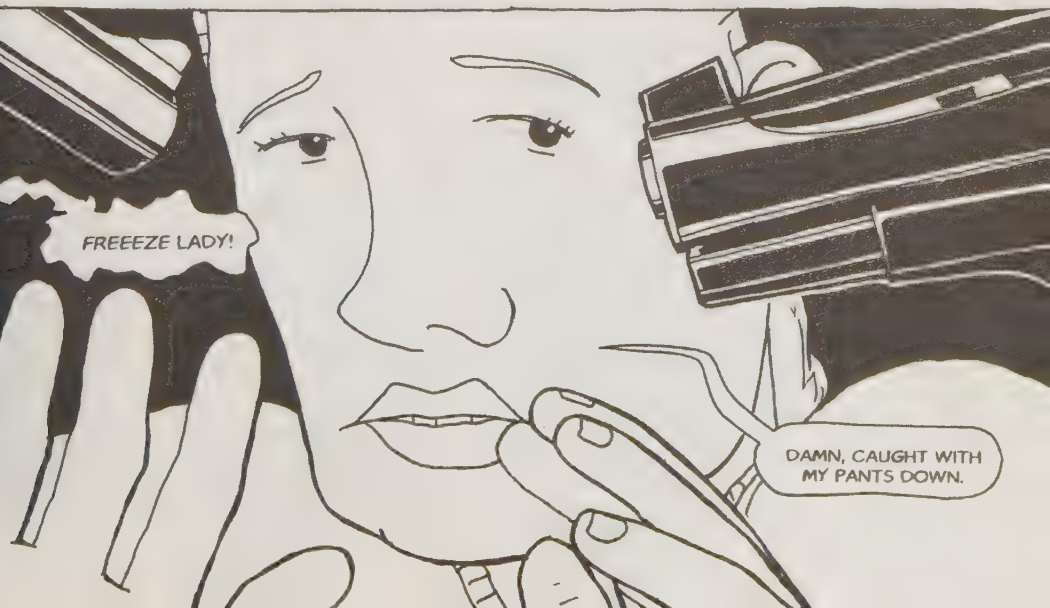


I CARE
FOR YOU
NOW.
HERE.



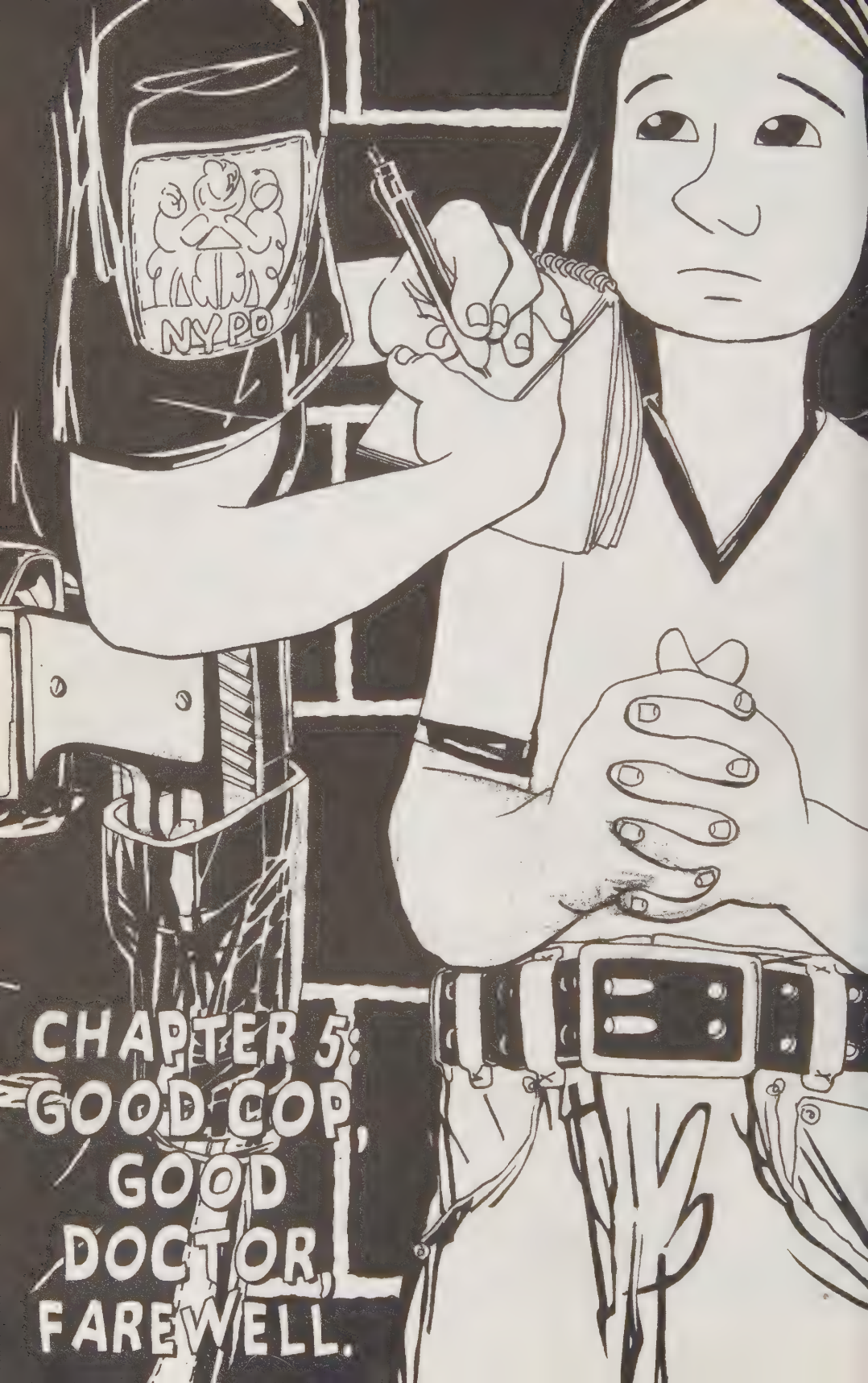
YES, I CARE.

I CARE TO
PISS ON YOU!



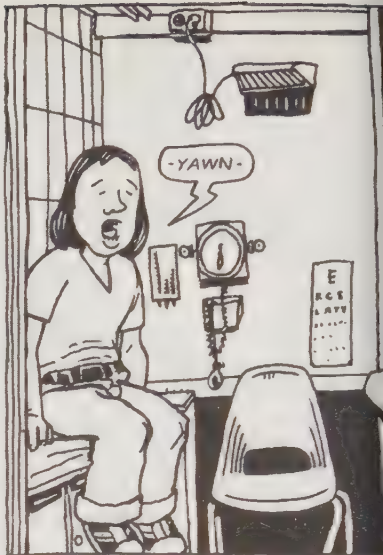
FREEZE LADY!

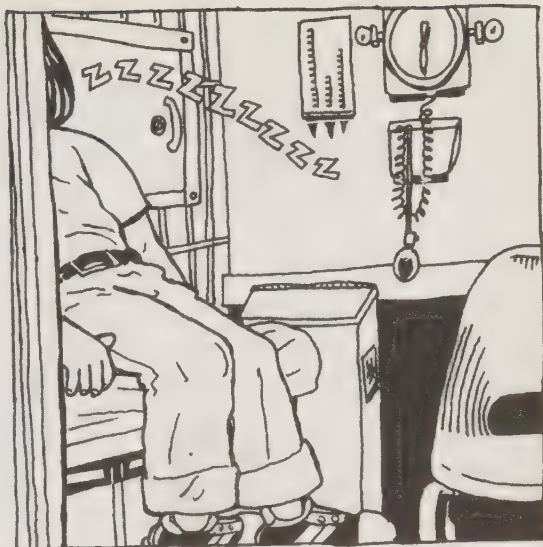
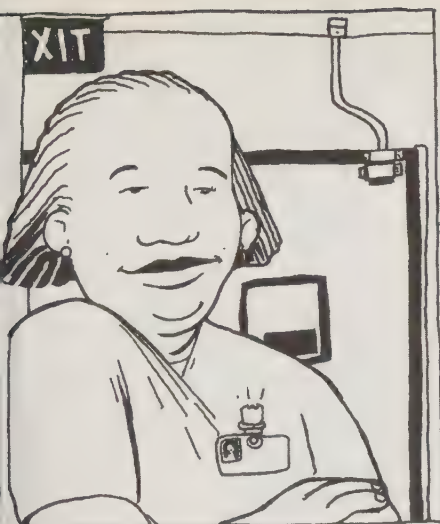
DAMN, CAUGHT WITH
MY PANTS DOWN.

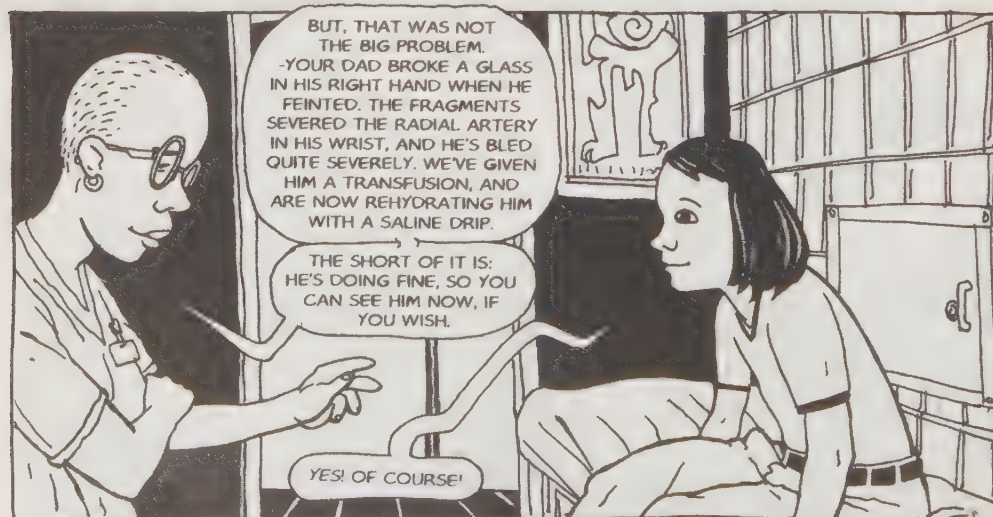
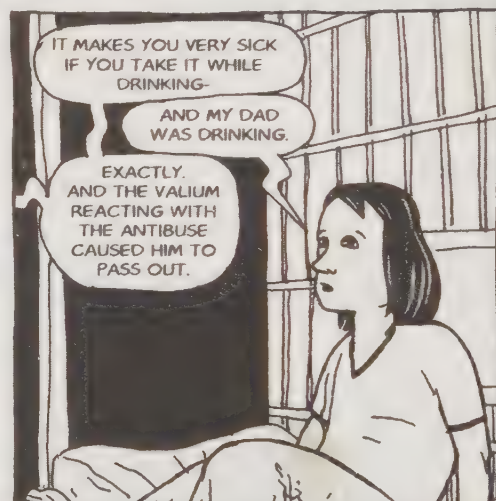
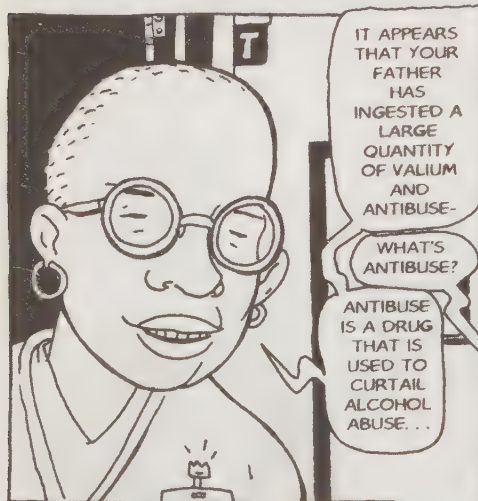
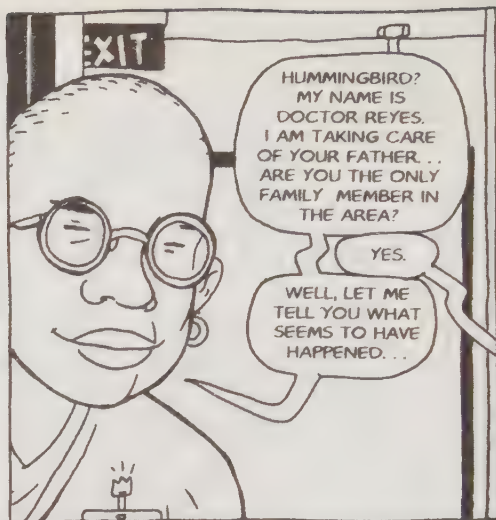


CHAPTER 5:
GOOD COP,
GOOD
DOCTOR,
FAREWELL.

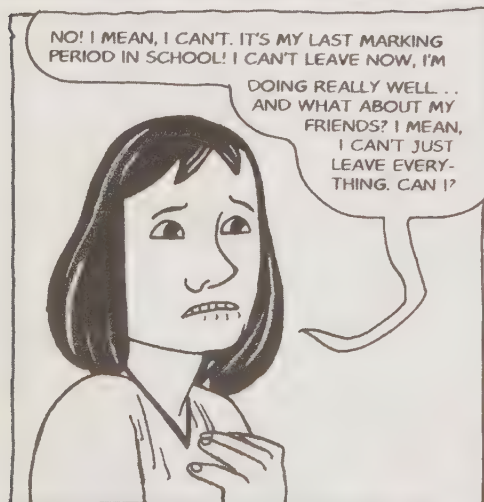














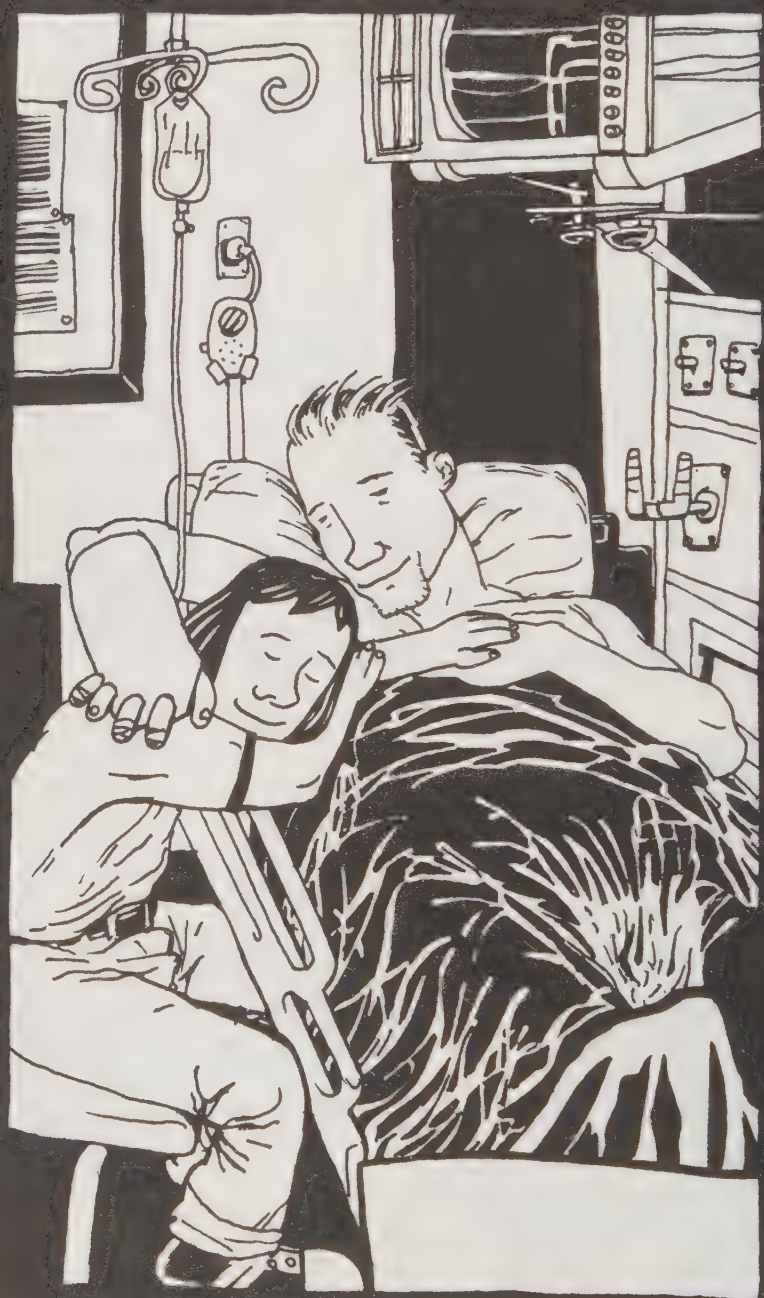
BUT, IF YOU COULD
WAIT 'TILL THE SUMMER,
THEN I WOULD LOVE TO GO
TO LOS ANGELES...

SURE! WE COULD GET A
LITTLE PLACE IN YOUR
BROOKLYN NEIGHBORHOOD.
AND I'LL SEND FOR ORCA.
-AND THEN YOU CAN VISIT
YOUR MOM...



WHEN SUMMER COMES,
WE'LL HOP IN A CAR AND
DRIVE CROSS-COUNTRY
BACK TO L.A.

I CAN'T WAIT!
EVERYTHING'S GONNA
BE ALRIGHT!



THE END

GENCOMICS



blues

Eddie Campbell

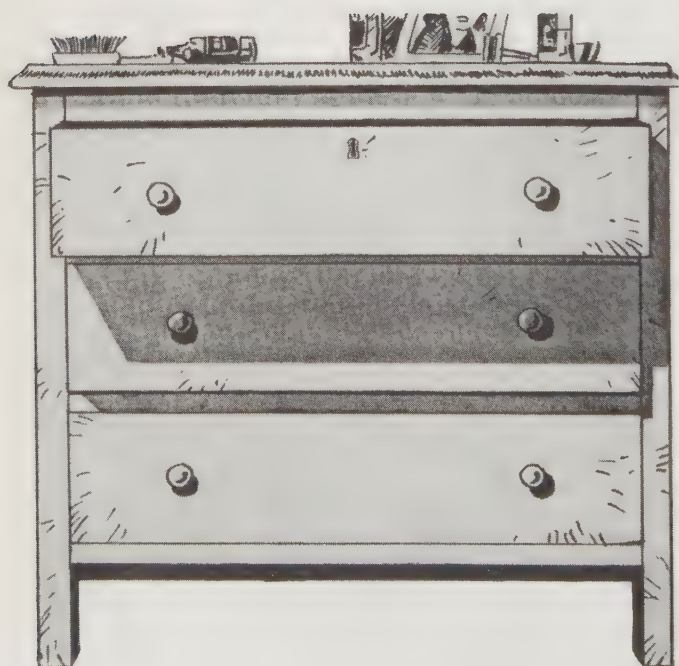
BLUES

Gencomics #2, Co-publication with Ed Hillyer, 1983

"Jeezis, thirty-one years! Where did that go? And how did I get this far without substantially amending my masterplan? From doing this little very personal comic and getting yer current editor Ed Hillyer* to help me hand colour the cover of the booklet in which it first appeared, to the tune of 300 copies, I have managed to stick to my guns. If it tickles your fancy there's a huge big 600-page book of similar stuff titled *Alec: The Years Have Pants* (Top Shelf Comics, 2009). I'm tired now. I'm having a rest." – EC

**aka ILYA. Don't ask, it gets confusing!*

www.eddiecampbell.blogspot.com



066 072

Blues

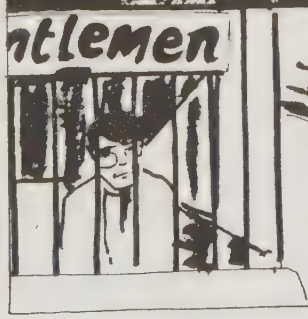
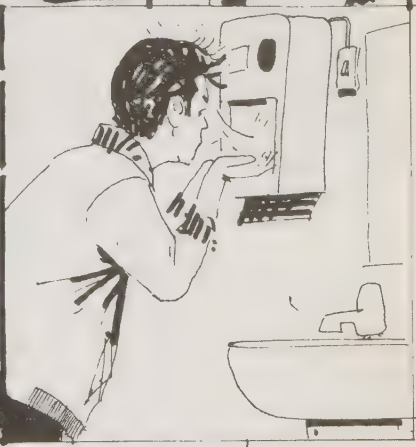
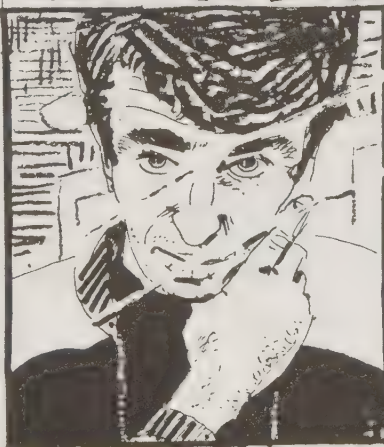
Eddie Campbell JAN '83

BLUES
BLUES

The
main
thing
is to
keep
busy
~
don't stop
to think

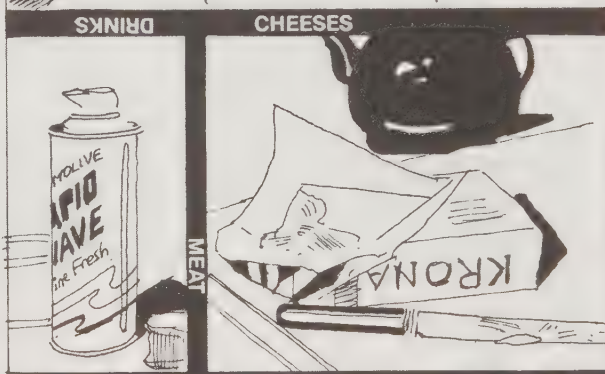
I'm seeing
familiar
faces
in greasy
beerpuddle
down street
drain
all in one
gulp

Whining
at shoes
and tyres
because
my
little
blonde
lover
walks
out after
two
years -

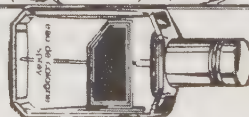


Just
to
confuse
the
situation
that's
my
mood
the
night
of
ring
George-

Maybe
you've
met
George



she
gets
about.

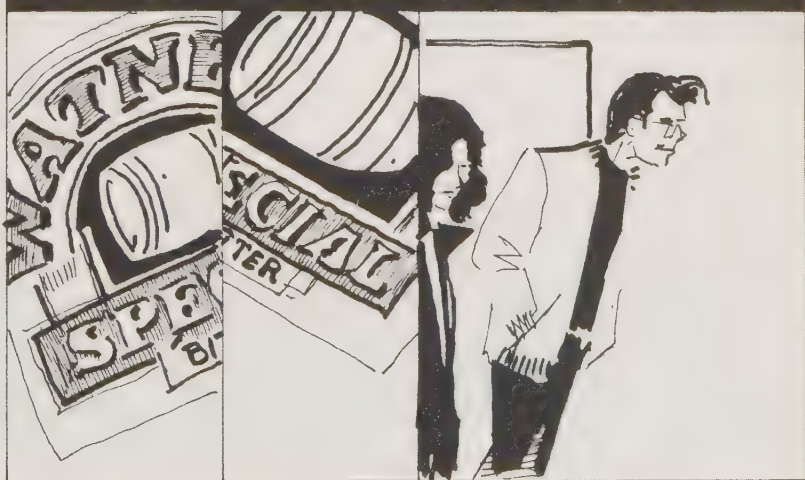


In
this
manner
I lurch
into one
lazysituation the
details of
which I'll
tell
you some
other
time.

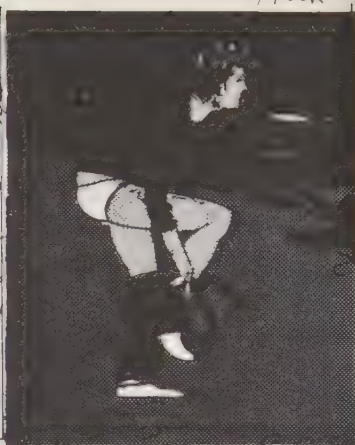
This guy's
no
longer
me,
this
scheloin
mptthroat

Sort
of
person

blunt
head
into
the
wind

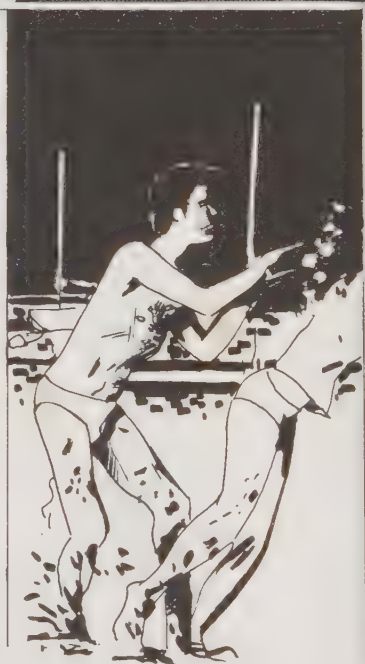


George
wants
to
swim-
&
me, I want
to
bury
my
penis
in the
mud -



Give
Mother
Earth
one,

So
to
speak



(longway
from
that first
night
Georgie
showed
me the
Kittens
in the
box under
the stair.
She was
thirteen then)



The
main thing,
as I
said

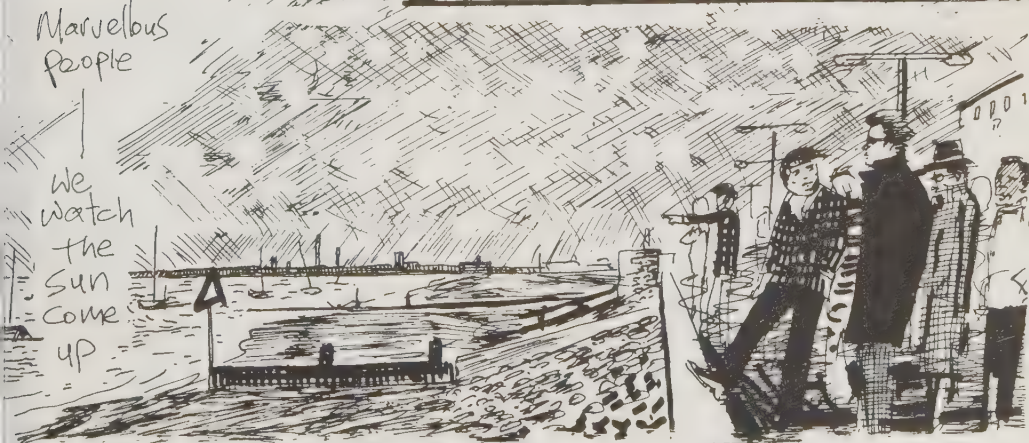
Saturday
into
Easter Sunday
I camp
in a
Baptist
church
following
a youth
passion
theatrical
event

having
introduced
myself - (stagedoor Johnnie)



Marvelous
people

We
watch
the
sun
come
up



Sunday
Afternoon,
then
hitch-
hiking
from A
to B
I cross
her
scent.

Track
her down
at the
folk
club

Night of
soulless
thrashing
about
that'll
come to
worse than
nothing

My mouth is
a paper bag





The House

Amir Ibrizović

Amir Idrizovic

THE HOUSE

Forum Ljubljana, 2000

Born in Sarajevo, Bosnia, in 1975, Amir is a graduate of the Sarajevo School of Applied Arts, and Art Academy.

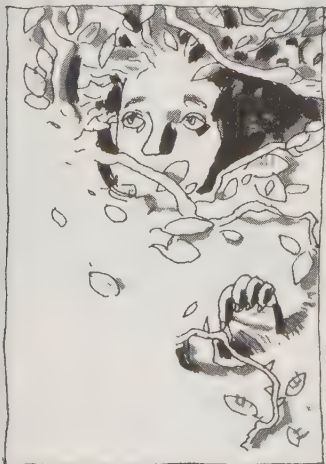
The House first saw publication as part of *Miniburger* [Stripburger 28] – one of twelve mini-comics from different regional authors, printed separately and collected in a neat cardboard box. As with other *Stripburger* issues having international distribution, it was printed in English. Exhibited as part of *Traits Contemporains!* at 2002's Angouleme Festival, the strip subsequently appeared – translated into French – in *Bananas* magazine (2006).

It was something I had started doing for myself primarily. Finished over the course of several months, it was an engaging and relaxing project, one of those you feel good about.

"Since that time I've spent years in advertising, mainly commercial animation, storyboarding and illustration. Until only recently comics were no longer a part of my work life, but I'm currently developing two separate graphic novels. One of these, in collaboration with a good friend I made at the Big Torino 2000 arts biennale in Turin, Italy, will be *Dog Eat Dog*. Watch for it!" – Al

IT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO, WHILE I WAS WITH MY GROUP ON AN EXCURSION. ONE DAY, I SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS AND STARTED MY OWN LITTLE EXPEDITION.

AND JUST WHEN I STARTED TO GET LOST, I CAME BY A STRANGE HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST. IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THERE BECAUSE THEY TOLD US NOBODY WAS LIVING IN THE FOREST.

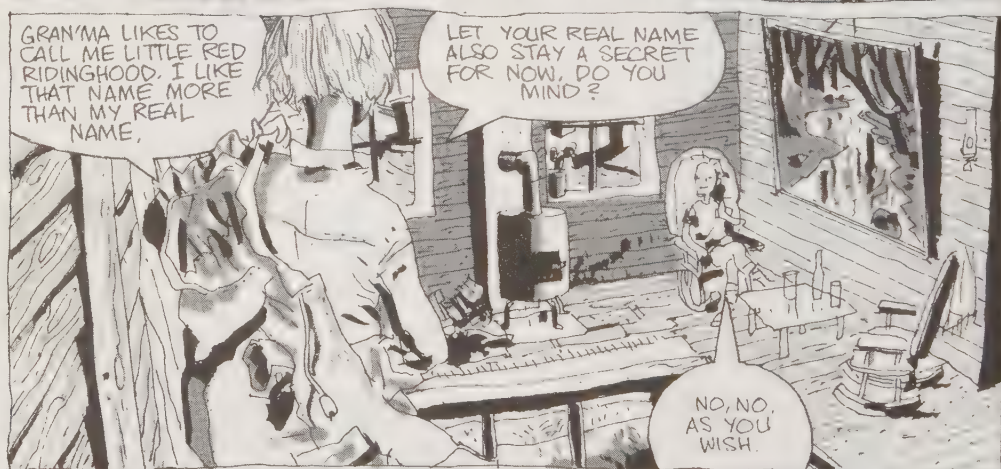








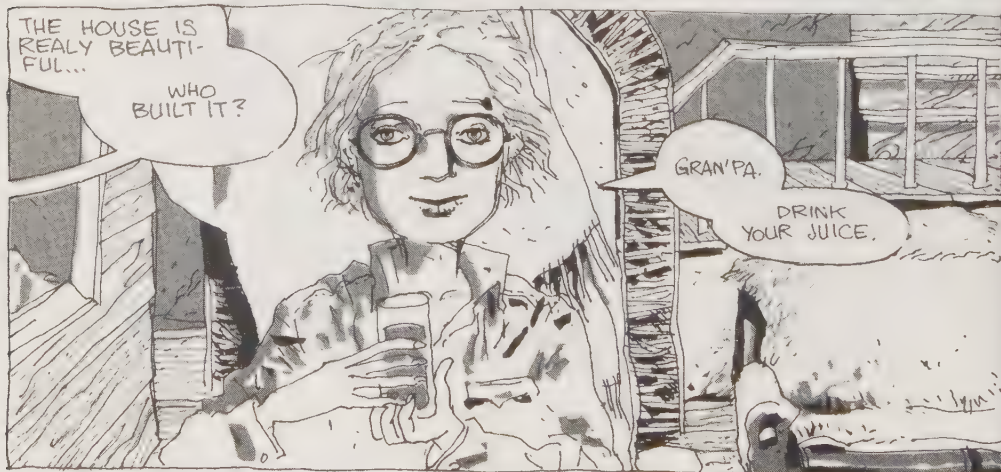
GRAN'MA
IS SLEEPING.
WE CAN SIT AND
TALK IN PEACE.



GRAN'MA LIKES TO
CALL ME LITTLE RED
RIDINGHOOD. I LIKE
THAT NAME MORE
THAN MY REAL
NAME.

LET YOUR REAL NAME
ALSO STAY A SECRET
FOR NOW. DO YOU
MIND?

NO, NO,
AS YOU
WISH.

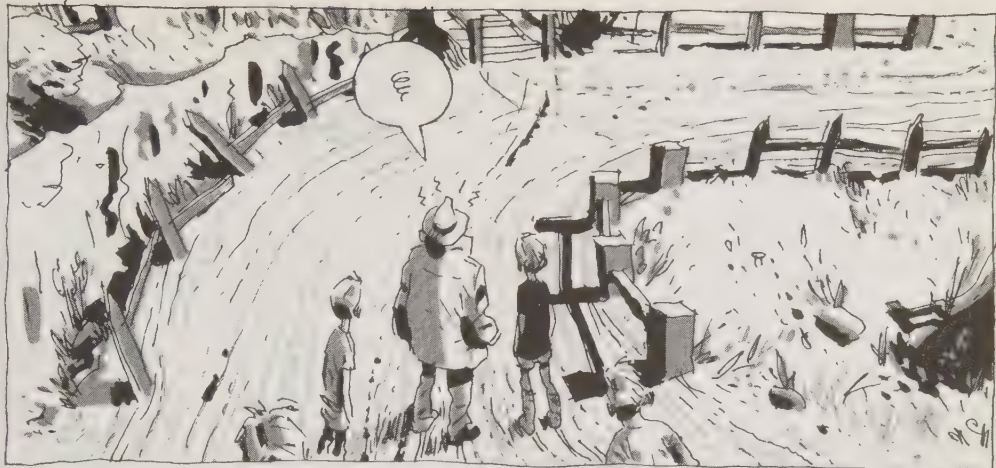


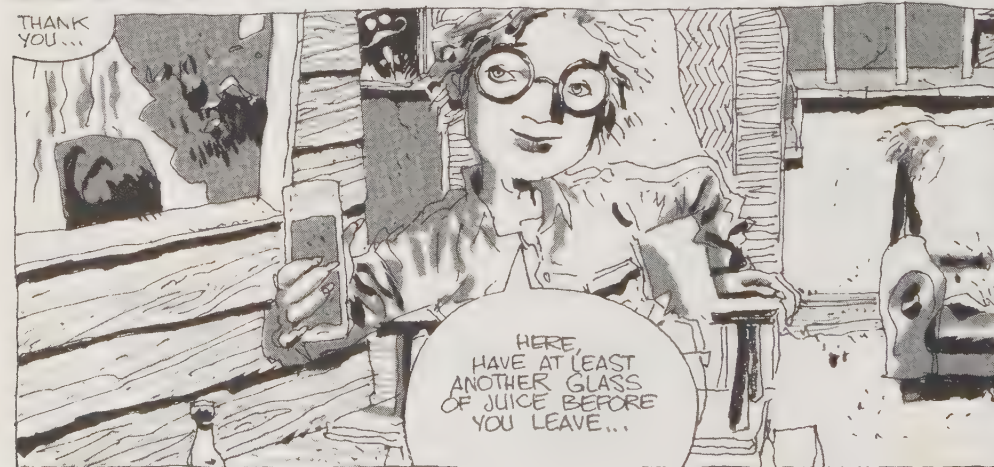
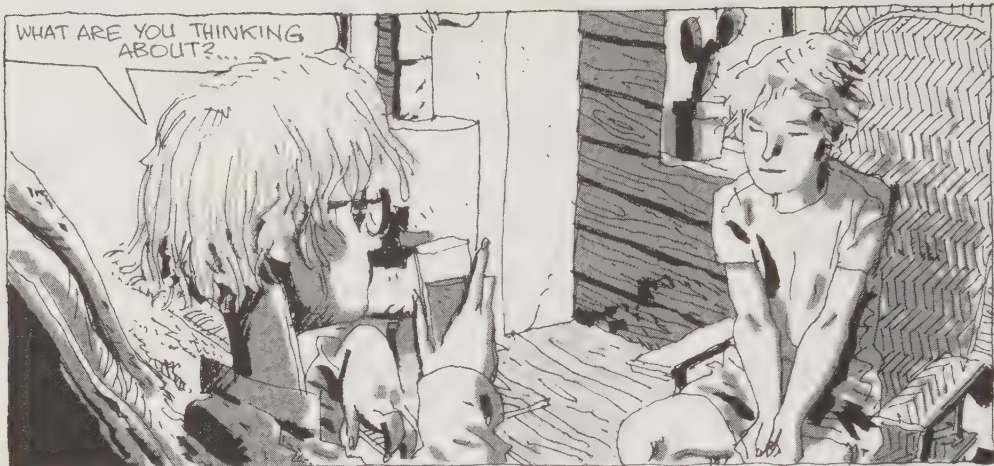
THE HOUSE IS
REALLY BEAUTI-
FUL...

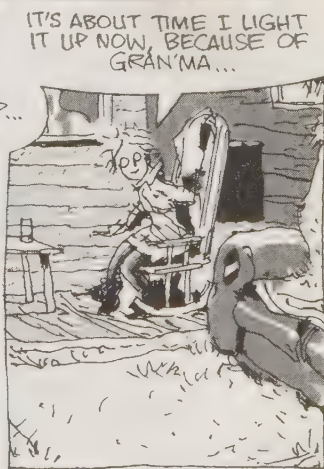
WHO
BUILT IT?

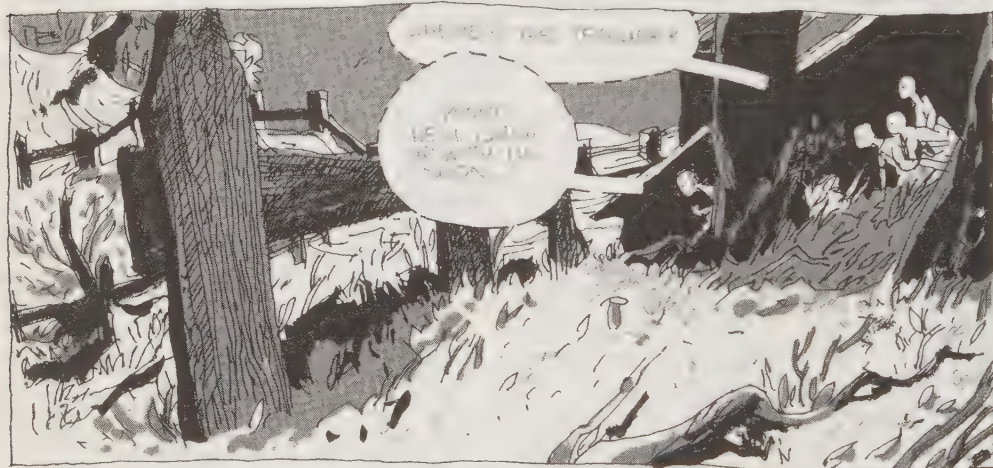
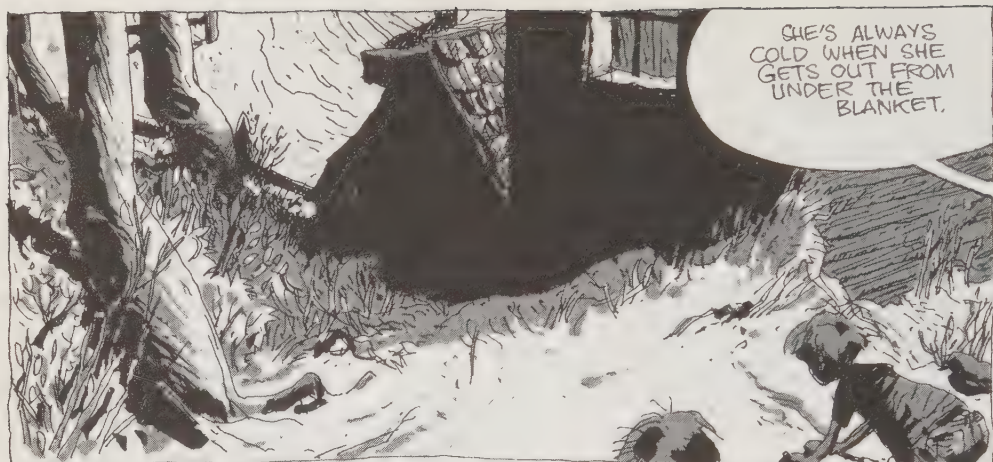
GRAN'PA.

DRINK
YOUR JUICE.

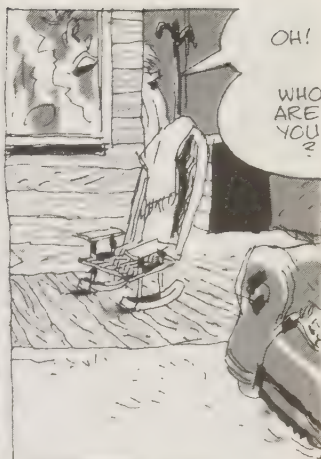
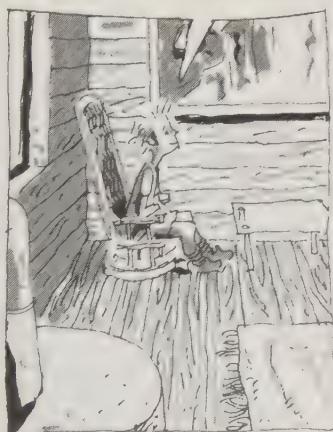


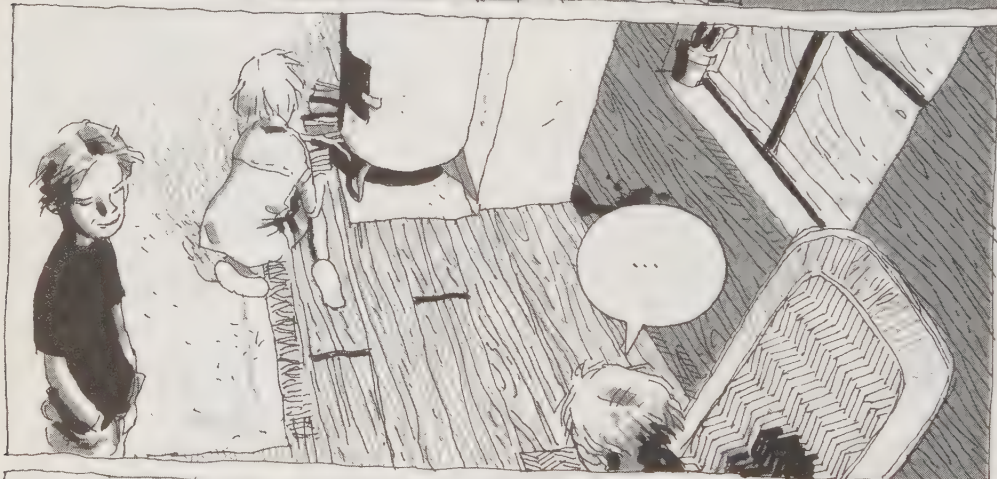
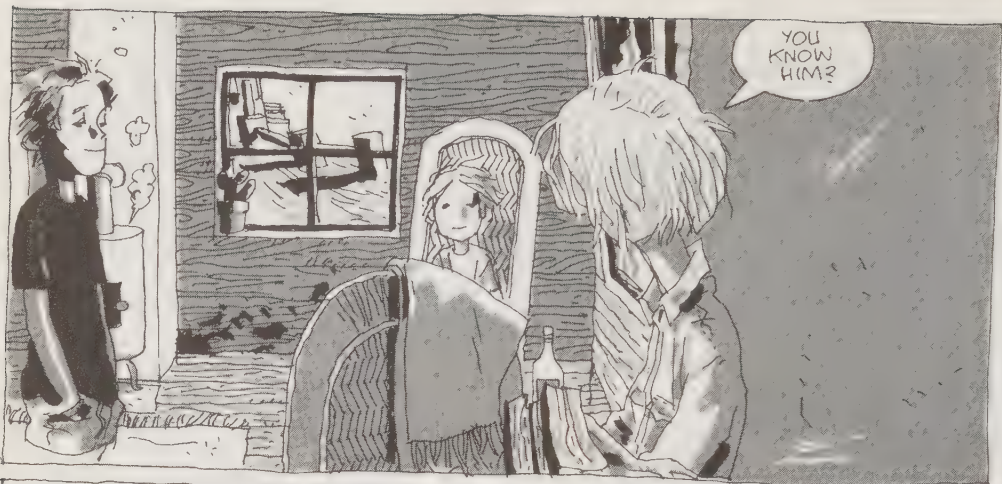




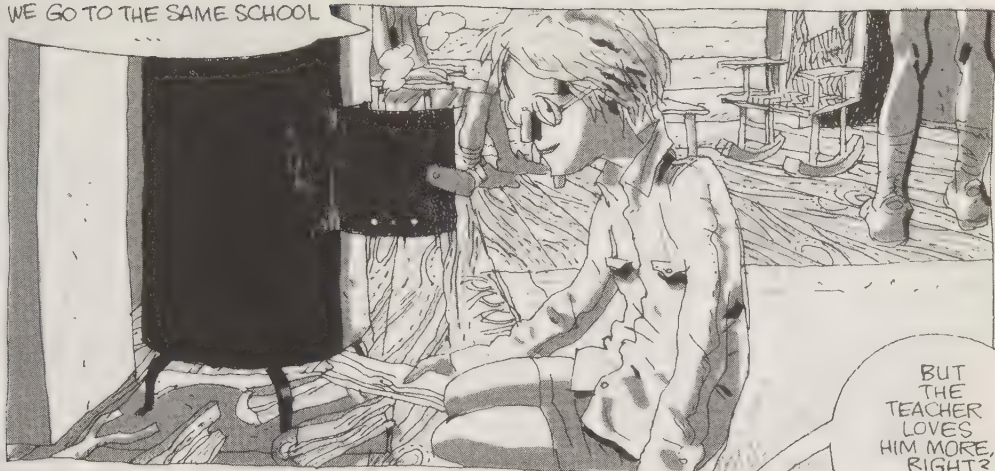


NO, I WON'T GO ANYWHERE...





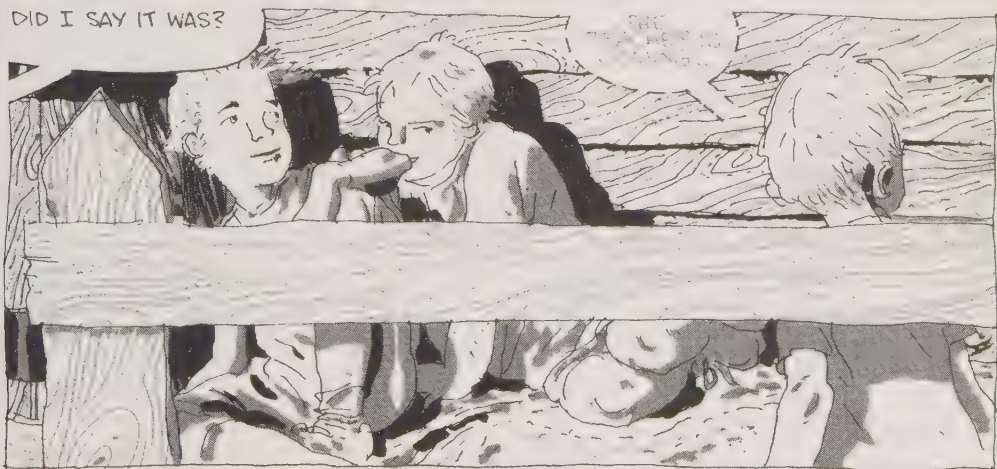
WE GO TO THE SAME SCHOOL

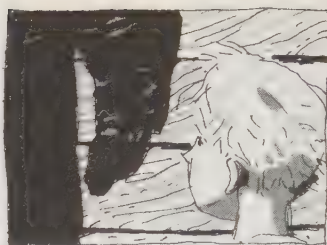


IT'S NOT MY FAULT



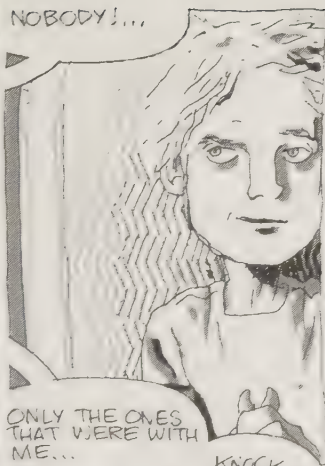
DID I SAY IT WAS?







WHO KNOWS
THAT I'M HERE
?...



NOBODY!...

ONLY THE ONES
THAT WERE WITH
ME...



MAYBE ONE
OF THEM
RETURNED
?...

AND TOLD
THE TEACHER
?...



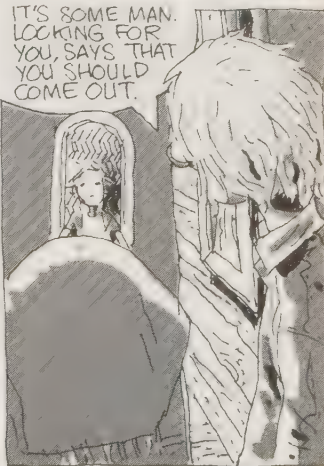
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

ALL
RIGHT!

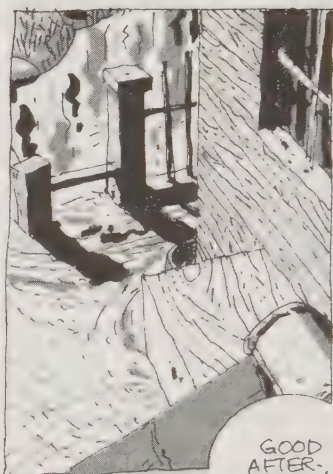
WHOEVER
YOU ARE, IF
YOU WAKE MY
GRAN'MA !!!...



ALL RIGHT!



IT'S SOME MAN.
LOOKING FOR
YOU, SAYS THAT
YOU SHOULD
COME OUT.



GOOD
AFTER-
NOON!

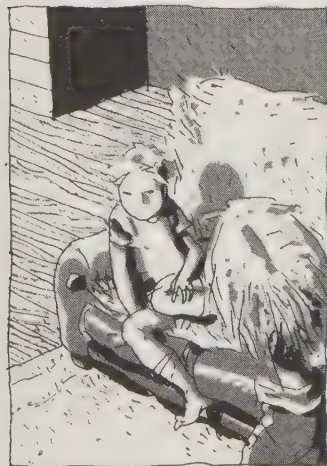
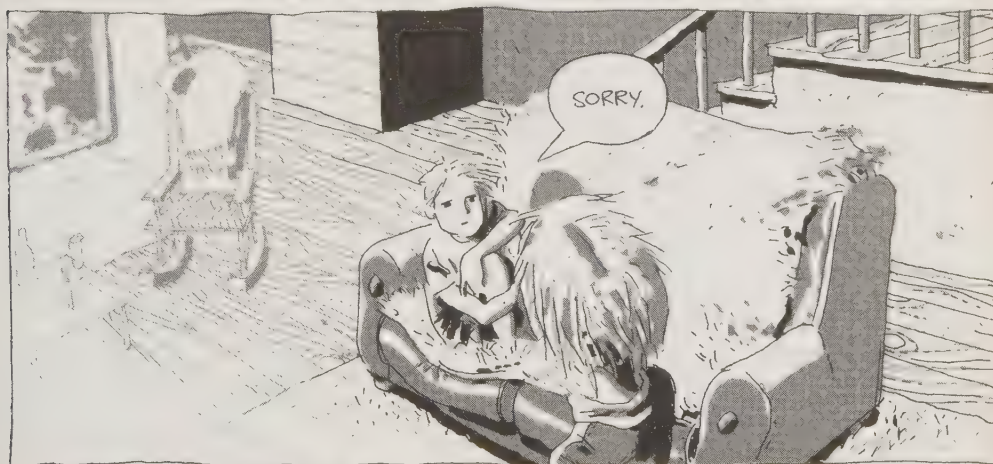


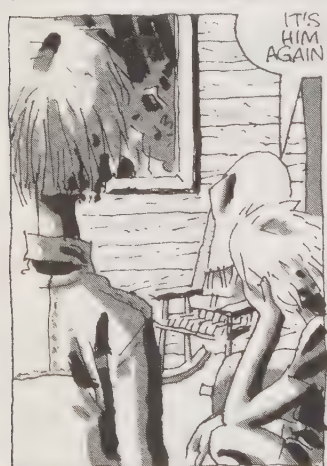
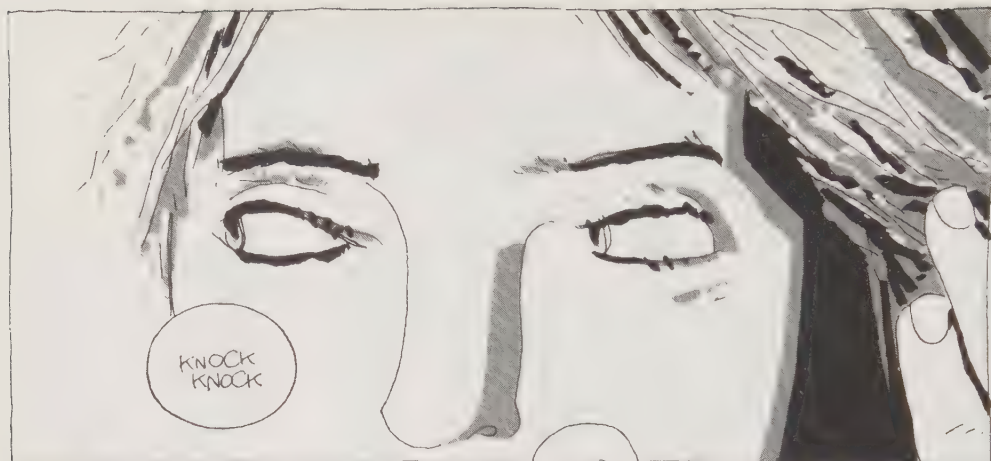
YOU HAVE
DISAPPOINTED
ME...





IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF
YOU HAD THOUGHT ABOUT IT.



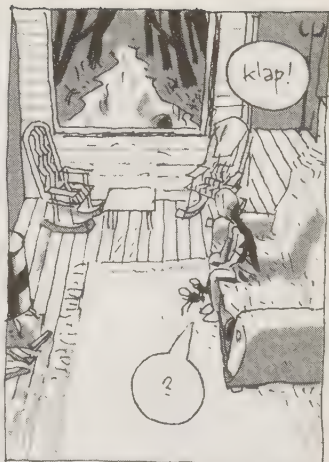




WE WILL BE
IN TROUBLE WHEN
HER GRAN'MA GETS
DOWN,



WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

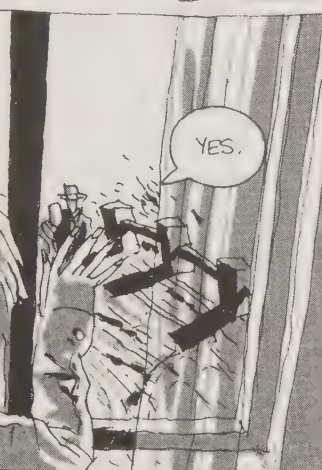


klap!

?



ARE THEY
STILL HERE
?



YES.



WHY DON'T
THEY LEAVE? WHY
DON'T THEY LEAVE
HIM ALONE?

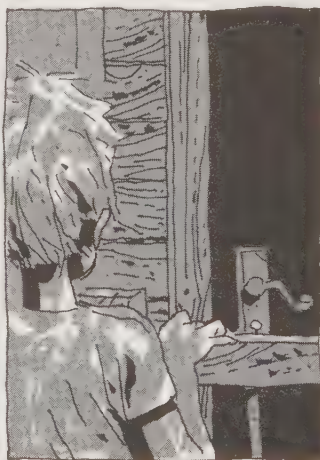
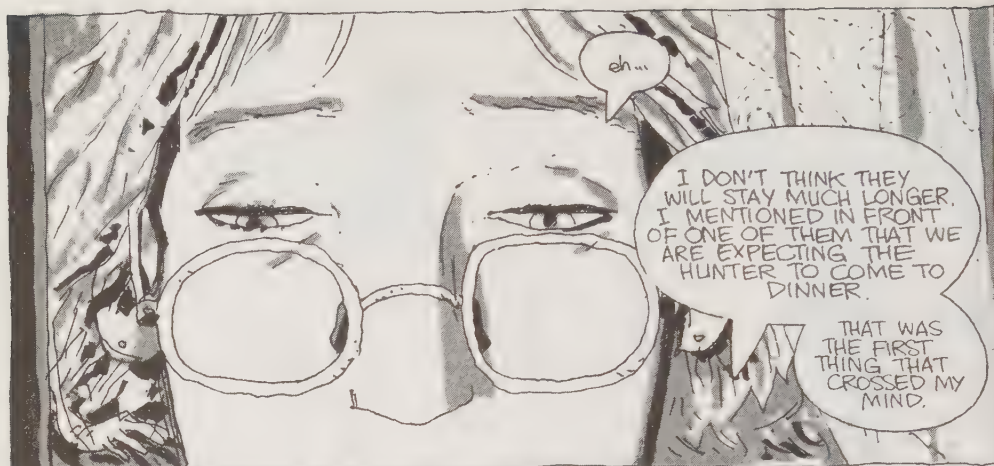
AS FAR AS I UNDERSTAND
THE BOYS ARE NO PUPILS,
AND HE IS A TEACHER
EVEN LESS.

WHEN THIS TEACHER
GUY KNOCKED, I'VE
OPENED, HE POLITELY
INTRODUCED HIMSELF
AND OFFERED ME HIS
HANDSHAKE...

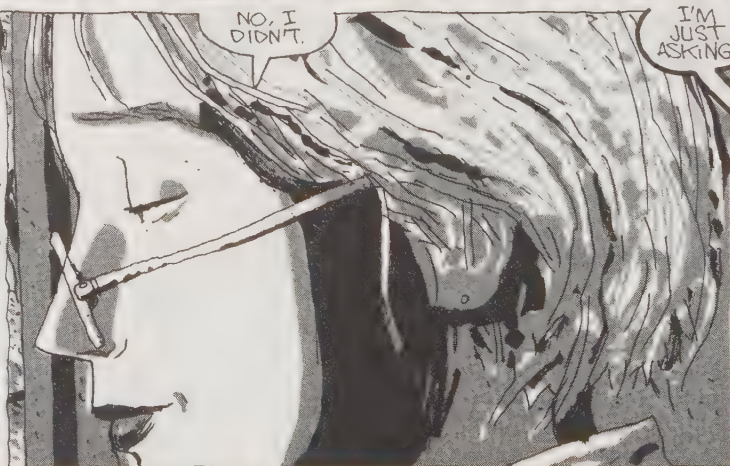
WHEN I RETURNED
INSIDE, I DIDN'T HAVE
MY WATCH ON MY
HAND ANYMORE.

HE STOLE
IT VERY SKIL-
FULLY, I DIDN'T
FEEL A THING.

THEFT, HE IS THE
TEACHER AND THEY
ARE HIS STUDENTS ALL
RIGHT, BUT HE IS NOT
TEACHING THEM THE
THINGS WHICH YOU NOR-
MALLY LEARN IN SCHOOL.



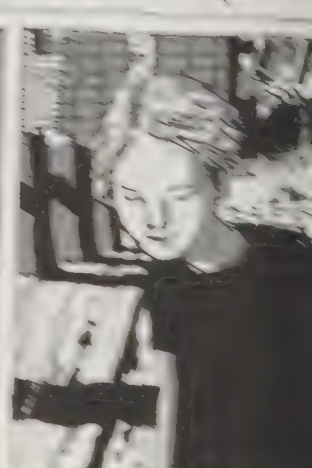
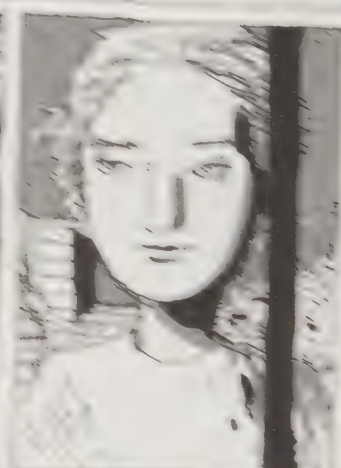
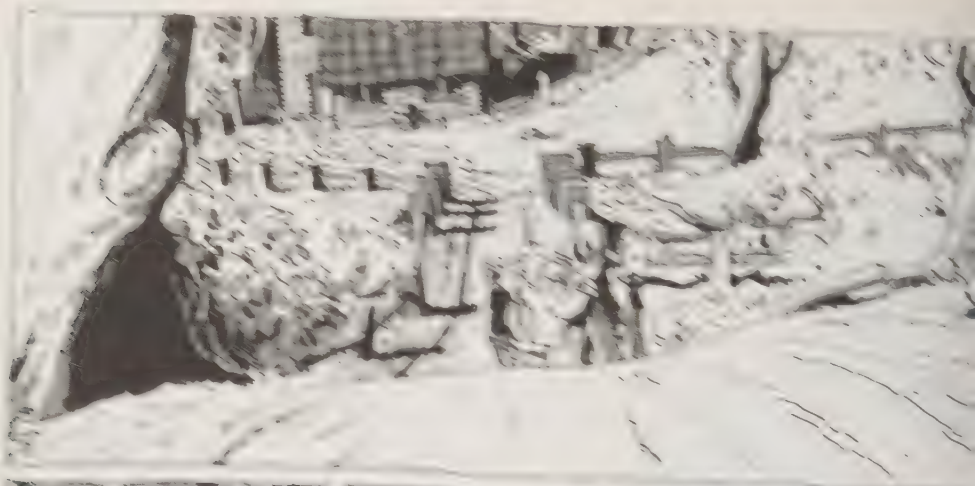
AND THAT FIRST BOY?
DID YOU SHAKE HANDS
WITH HIM TOO?

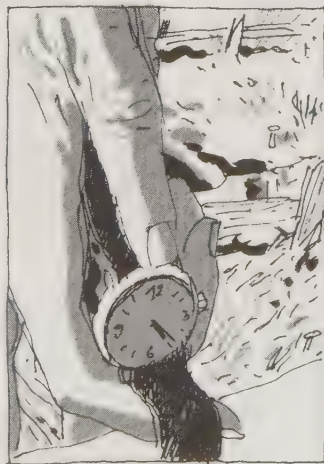
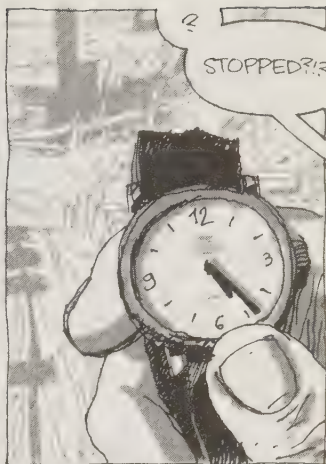
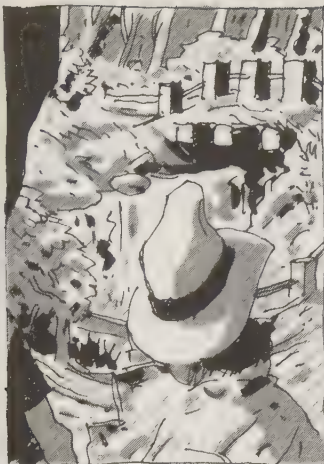




AND THE BOY?



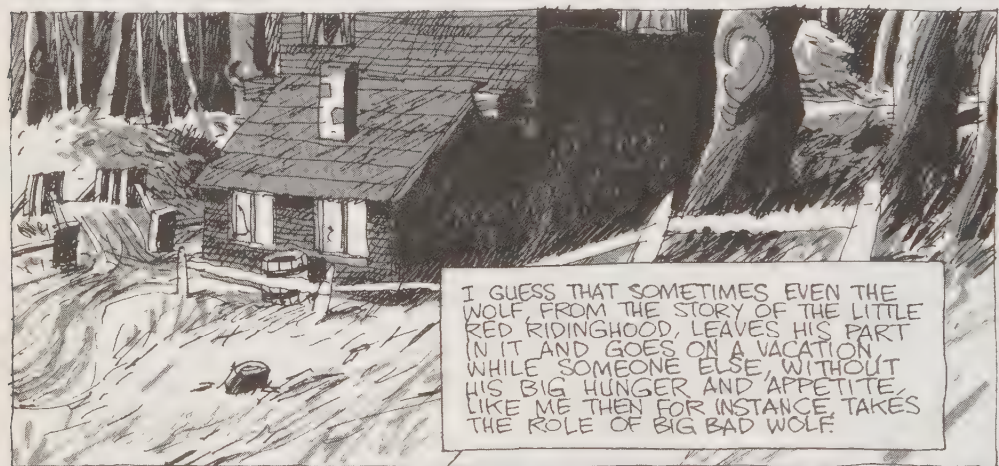






I TOOK THE
WATCH, CAME
BACK INSIDE...

AND STAYED...



I GUESS THAT SOMETIMES EVEN THE
WOLF FROM THE STORY OF THE LITTLE
RED RIDINGHOOD, LEAVES HIS PART
IN IT AND GOES ON A VACATION
WHILE SOMEONE ELSE, WITHOUT
HIS BIG HUNGER AND APPETITE,
LIKE ME THEN FOR INSTANCE, TAKES
THE ROLE OF BIG BAD WOLF.



AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, I GUESS,
THE WHOLE STORY CHANGES...

a m t f

Through the Habitrails

by Jeff
Nicholson

\$9.95
\$13.50 in Canada
£5.95 in the UK



Jeff Nicholson

THROUGH THE HABITRAILS

Bad Habit, self-published, 1989-92

Nicholson was a major force in the so-called "B&W boom" of self- and small-press publishing in the 1980s, first with *Ultra Klutz*, and much later with his all-ages piratical adventure series *Colonia*. In between came the epic story you are about to read only highlights of – but *oh, what highlights!*

The job, the jar, the gerbils ... [shudder]

"When *Through the Habitrails* hit the scene in 1991 everything changed for me. In the late 1980s I had made a tenuous living from comics, but I had a cult audience and the general disdain of the comics press. This new work got me talked about and supported by the likes of comics greats Dave Sim, Stephen R. Bissette and Alan Moore. The audience grew, and ultimately good press happened as well. The tenuous living was still a reality but on those other levels I had 'made it'.

"The irony is that if my earlier work had been just a tiny bit more successful, I would not have had to take the day job that became the fuel for [my story], which then took me up a notch and let me quit the job that bore it. So take heart if your life imposes on your art: it will come back to serve you." – JN

www.fatherandsontoon.com

INCREASING THE GERBILS

Story and Illustration
Jeff Nicholson

Lettering
Chad Woody

WE LIVED IN A HOUSE TO THE RIGHT OF OUR WORKPLACE.



AN EARLIER STAFF HAD LIVED THERE
WITHIN THE OFFICES, BUT IT WAS
FELT SUCH PROXIMITY TO THE
WORK AREA WAS UNHEALTHY.



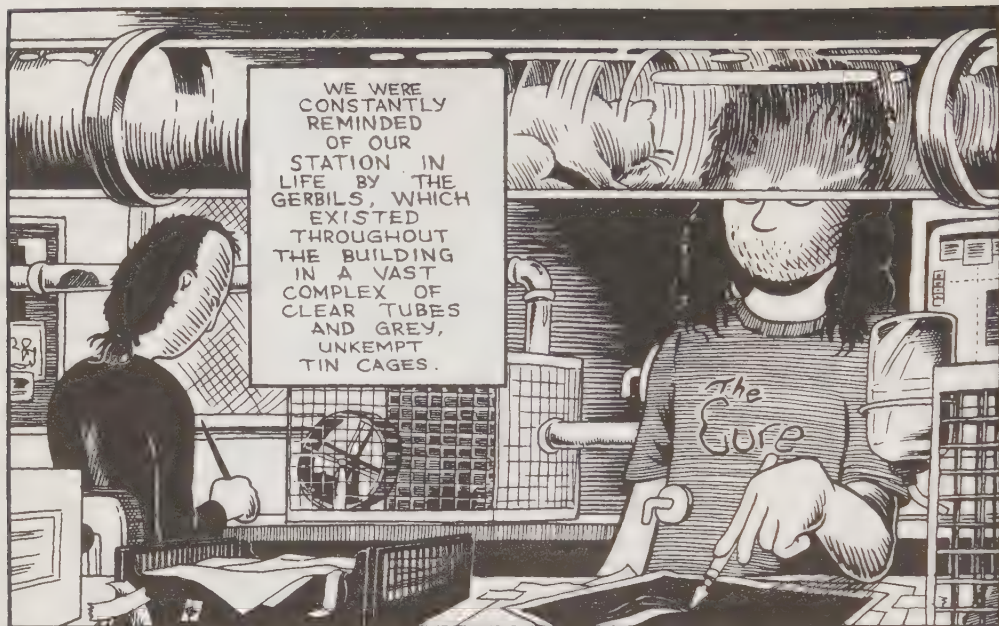
FROM SECOND FLOOR PRODUCTION,
YOU COULD SEE A BIT OF A
VIEW THROUGH THE SIDE OF
THE LARGE, ENERGY SAVING
WINDOW-BLOCKS. SOME TREE
LIFE COULD BE SEEN DIRECTLY
FROM MY DESK.



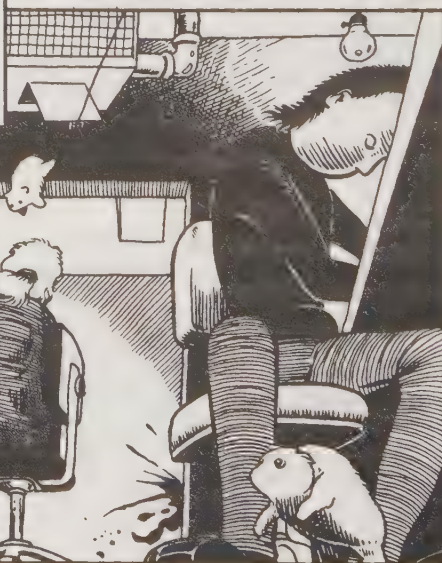
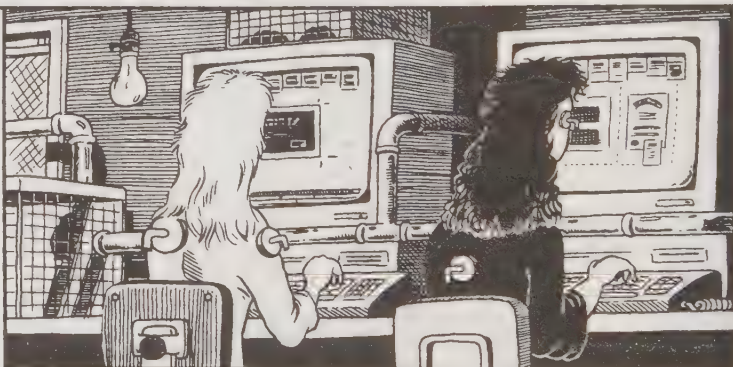
CLEANLINESS AND POLISH WERE NOT REQUIRED OF OUR SURROUNDINGS,
SO LONG AS WE COMPLETED OUR TASKS WITH REASONABLE QUALITY.



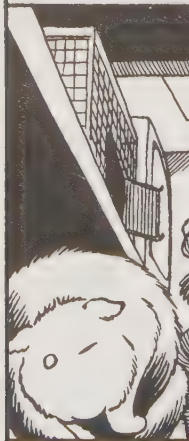
OURS WAS A PROGRESSIVE CORPORATION.



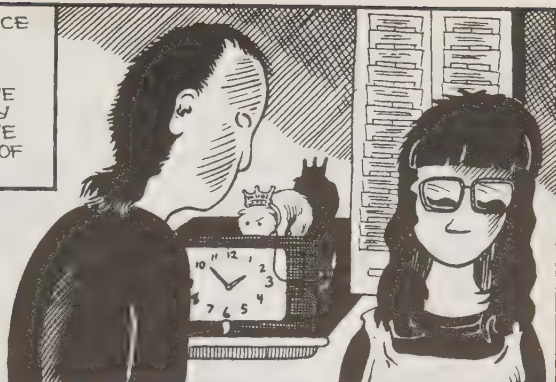
THE GERBILS
WERE A LIVING
SYMBIOSIS
BETWEEN OUR
EMPLOYERS AND
OURSELVES.
WHILE THEY
REMINDED US
OF THE
FUTILITY OF
LIFE OUTSIDE
THE COMPANY,
THEY WERE
ALSO RELEASED
REGULARLY
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF
THE STAFF.
AFTER YEARS
OF SUCH
SPECIALIZED
DOMESTICATION
THEY HAD
BECOME EMPATHS
OF STRESS
AND DESPAIR.



THE GERBILS
WOULD ATTEMPT
TO FLEE, AND
DISPLAY
UNCONTROLLED
CRINGING AND
SCHIZOPHRENIA.
THE DESTRUCTION
OF GERBILS WAS
NOT FROWNED
UPON, AS THEIR
LIFE SPAN WITHIN
THE OFFICE
WOULD NOT
EXCEED THREE
WEEKS DUE TO
THE BOMBARDMENT
OF MISERY.
THE GERBIL
INDUSTRY WAS
MASSIVE, AND
THE SUPPLY
COULD ALWAYS
BE INCREASED.



IT WAS KNOWN THAT INTER-OFFICE ROMANCE WAS UNWISE, BUT CONTACT WITH THE GREATER CITY WAS BRIEF AND SUPERFICIAL. WE WOULD FORM LOVE AFFAIRS WHICH WOULD QUICKLY CRASH TO A HALT OR DISSOLVE INTO EMPTINESS. THE SUPPLY OF GERBILS WOULD BE INCREASED.



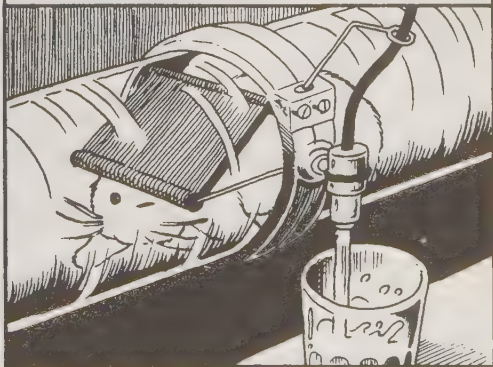
DRUGS WERE ALLOWED, BUT WE WERE DETERRED FROM HEAVY ADDICTION. WE WERE ENCOURAGED TO INDULGE IN OUR DRUG NOT-OF-CHOICE. AS AN ALCOHOLIC, I WOULD SMOKE MARIJUANA IN THE EVENINGS, TO GIVE MYSELF SOME FORM OF ALTERATION WITHOUT DESTROYING MYSELF ON LIQUOR.



I DIDN'T ENJOY THE HIGH, WHICH CREATED A NEW FORM OF STRESS, BUT THE SUPPLY OF GERBILS COULD ALWAYS BE INCREASED.

I WAS ALLOWED MY DRUG IN EXTREME SITUATIONS. WHEN DEADLINES WERE SEVERE AND THE BUDGET LOW, I WOULD BE ADMINISTERED ONE SHOT OF GIN PER ILLUSTRATION PRODUCED AS INCENTIVE.

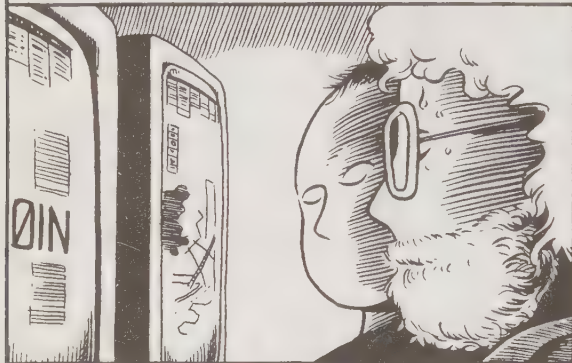
BUT THE ADMINISTRATOR'S TIME WAS BEST SPENT ELSEWHERE, SO A DEVICE WAS FASHIONED TO DELIVER MY DOSAGE AUTOMATICALLY, TRIGGERED BY THE PASSAGE OF A GERBIL THROUGH THE TUBE.



I SPENT MORE TIME TRYING TO COAX THE GERBILS TO SCURRY ALONG THE TUBE THAN ACTUALLY ILLUSTRATING, SO THIS INCENTIVE PLAN WAS ABANDONED.



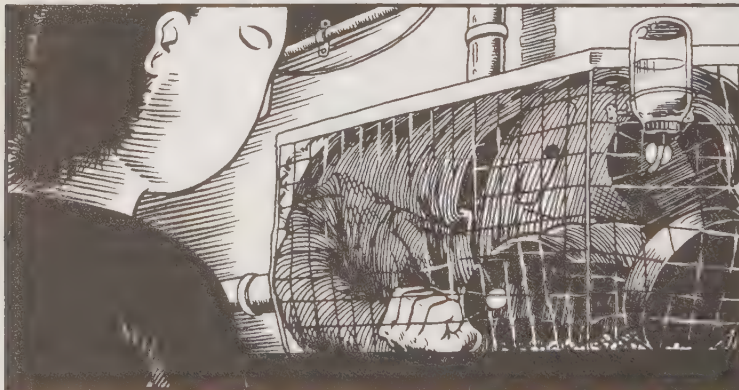
ONE OF MY CO-WORKERS CONTINUED USING HIS DRUG OF CHOICE, LSD, EVEN WHILE ON THE JOB. HE CLAIMED AFTER THREE DAYS IN A ROW HE NO LONGER FELT ANY EFFECT AND CONTINUED ONE DOSE PER DAY FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, APPARENTLY UNALTERED.



HE BEGAN SLEEPING THERE IN THE OFFICE RATHER THAN IN THE HOUSE.

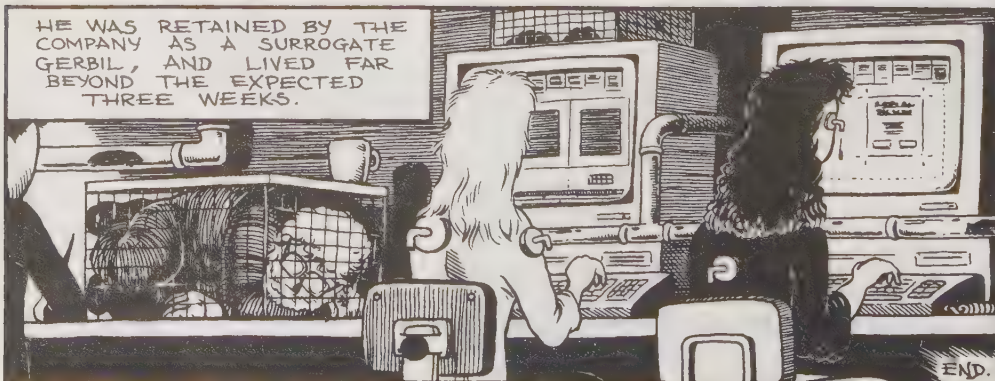


I COULD NOT ENDURE THE HOUSE MYSELF ONE NIGHT AFTER DISCOVERING A LOVE-QUADRANGLE, AND RETURNED TO THE BUILDING IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.



OVER NIGHT MY CO-WORKER HAD SOMEHOW COMPRESSED HIMSELF INTO ONE OF THE TIN CAGES. HE SEEMED ONLY REMOTELY AWARE OF HIS SURROUNDINGS, AND HAD LOST THE ABILITY TO SPEAK ANY WORKABLE LANGUAGE.

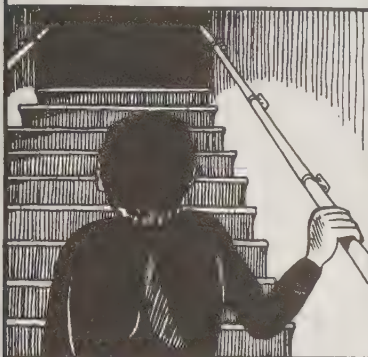
HE WAS RETAINED BY THE COMPANY AS A SURROGATE GERBIL, AND LIVED FAR BEYOND THE EXPECTED THREE WEEKS.



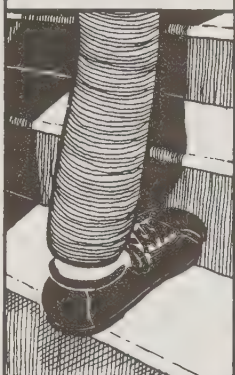
END.

IT'S NOT YOUR JUICE

"IT ISN'T YOURS," I FUTILELY THOUGHT AS I RETURNED TO SECOND FLOOR PRODUCTION.



"YOU CAN'T HAVE IT," YET I KEPT UP THE STAIRS.



AT LUNCH I GOT MAIL THAT GAVE ME JUICE. I JUST WANTED TO TAKE IT HOME. USE IT SPARINGLY ON SOMETHING WONDERFUL.



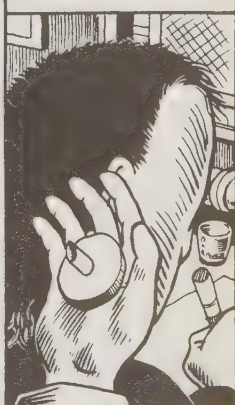
THE SALES PEOPLE BEGAN TAPPING ME RIGHT AWAY.



THEIR TAPS ARE SMALL, BUT THE JUICE RUNS THROUGH THEM QUICKER THAN THE LARGER ONES.



I CAN NEVER SEE WHO IT IS WHO DOES MY TEMPLE.



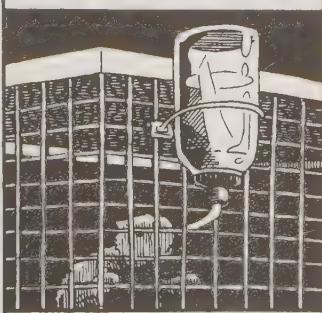
IT DOESN'T DRAIN TERRIBLY FAST. I JUST FIND IT INSULTING.



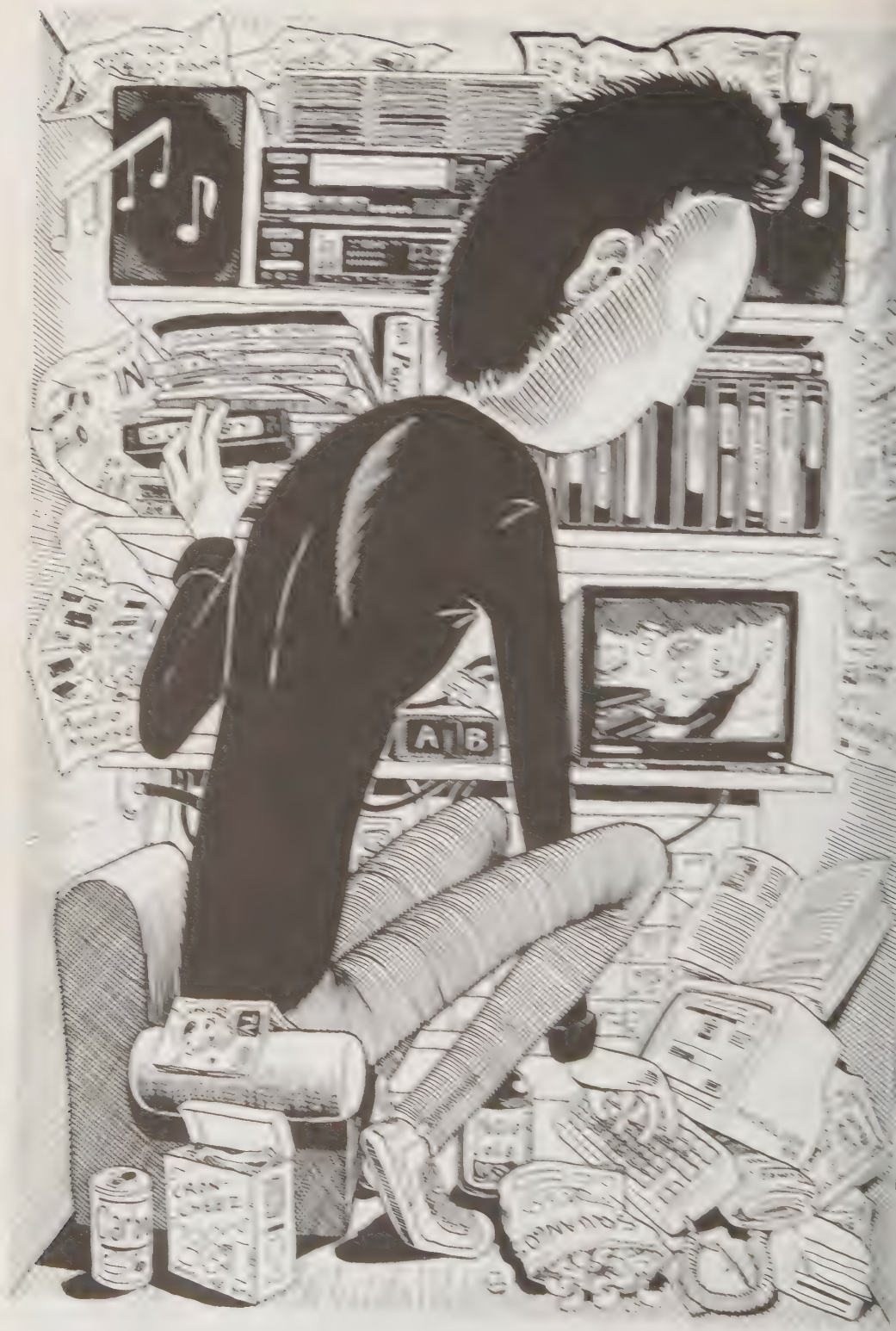
AT NIGHT I DRINK A DIFFERENT JUICE TO SEAL THE PUNCTURES.



WHILE THAT WHICH WAS TAKEN FROM ME IS FED TO THE GERBILS.



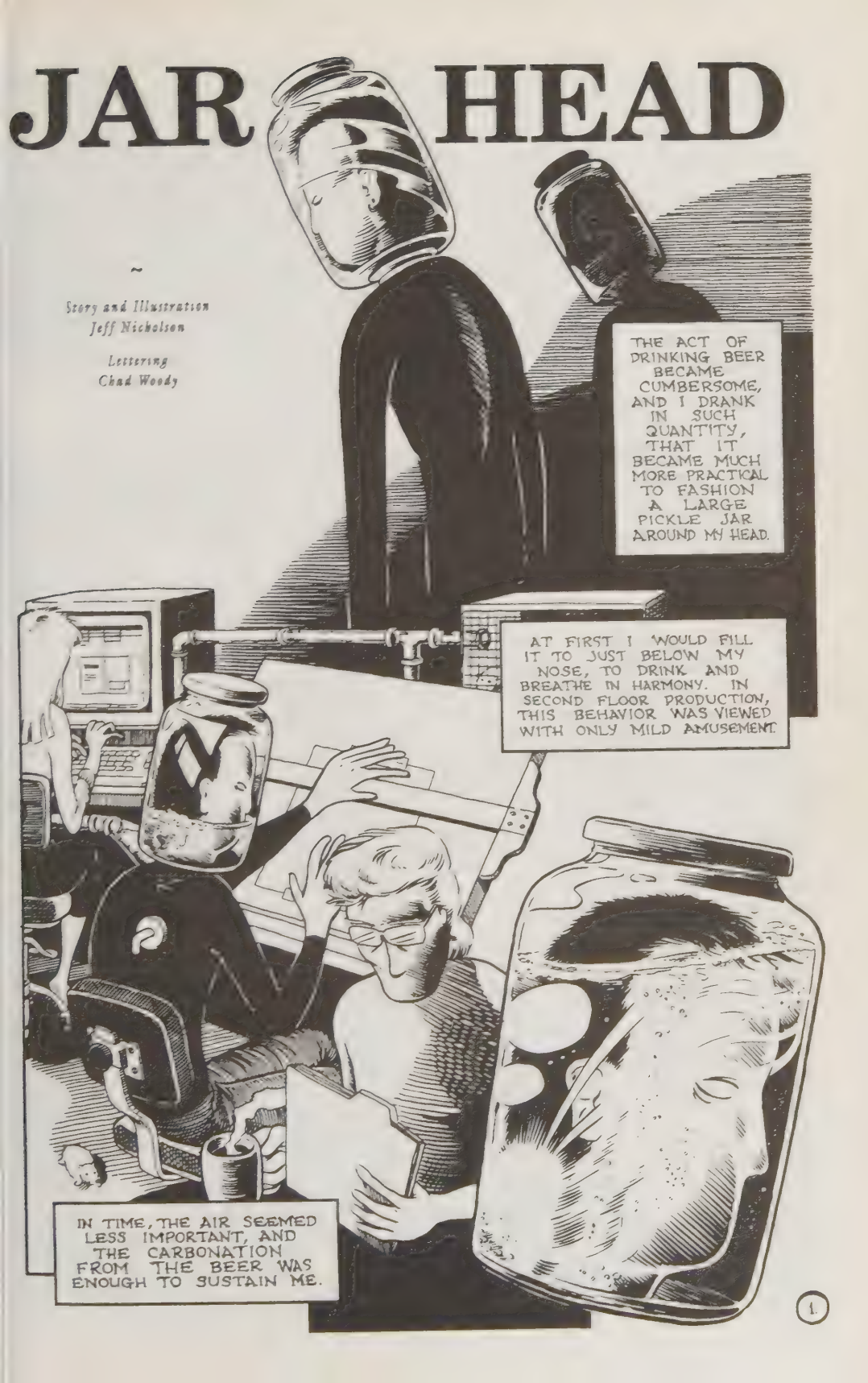
BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY...



JAR HEAD

Story and Illustration
Jeff Nicholson

Lettering
Chad Woody



THE ACT OF
DRINKING BEER
BECAME
CUMBERSOME,
AND I DRANK
IN SUCH
QUANTITY,
THAT IT
BECAME MUCH
MORE PRACTICAL
TO FASHION
A LARGE
PICKLE JAR
AROUND MY HEAD.

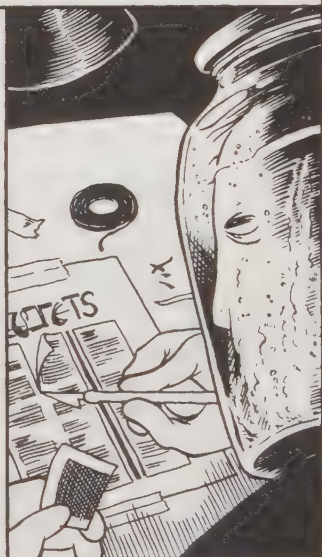
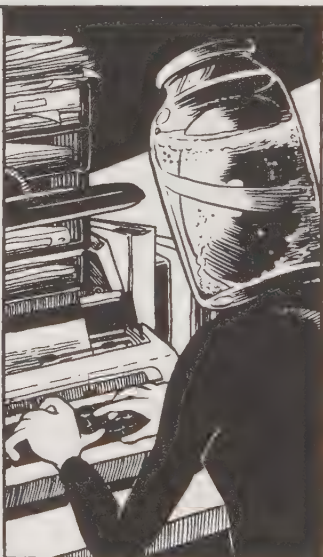
AT FIRST I WOULD FILL
IT TO JUST BELOW MY
NOSE, TO DRINK AND
BREATHE IN HARMONY. IN
SECOND FLOOR PRODUCTION,
THIS BEHAVIOR WAS VIEWED
WITH ONLY MILD AMUSEMENT.

IN TIME, THE AIR SEEMED
LESS IMPORTANT, AND
THE CARBONATION
FROM THE BEER WAS
ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN ME.

EVENINGS AT HOME SAW MORE WORK, MY OWN SELF-IMPOSED INDUSTRIOUS VIGIL. THE WORK WAS MINE TO ENJOY, BUT WITH THE HANDICAP OF HAVING BEEN TAPPED BY THE DAY. THE COMPANY WON TWO-THIRDS OF MY LIFE, AND DRAINED THE JUICES FROM MY DRIVEN FLESH FOR ITS OWN NEEDLESS PRODUCT.



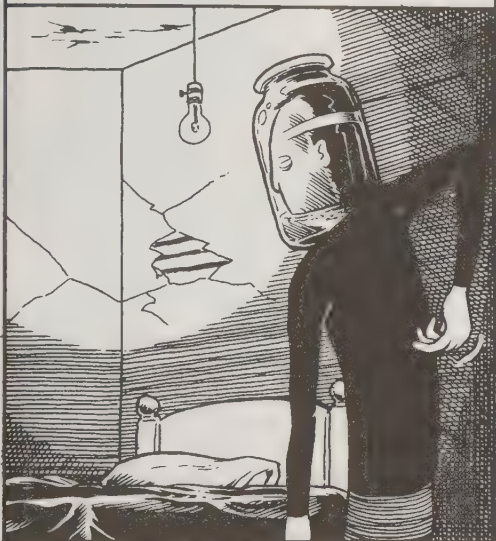
THE JAR WAS KEPT FULL. I COULD EASILY WORK ON MY PROJECTS IN THIS STATE OF INCREASING DRUNKENNESS, BY DOING TASKS OF DECREASING COMPLEXITY AS THE NIGHT PROGRESSED.



WHEN COORDINATION WAS BEYOND ME, I SLIPPED INTO THE FINAL HOUR. A WARM, SAFE CAPSTONE TO MY DAY. RECREATION. SUSTENANCE. OBLIVION.



AS I SAID, I USED CAUTION AT SOME POINT IN THE PAST. WHEN FIRST HIRING ON WITH THE CORPORATION, I THINK. IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER. I LET THE JAR RUN NEARLY OUT BY THE END OF THE NIGHT. NO NEED FOR EXCESSIVE BEHAVIOR.

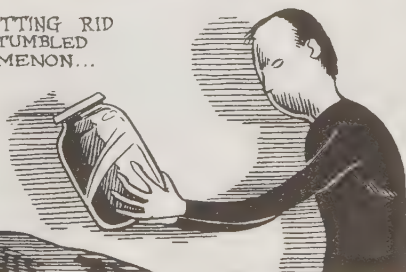


IN THE MORNING, THE LEVEL HAD EVAPORATED DOWN. THE SMELL OF THE REMAINING WARM, FLAT BEER, AND THE REQUIREMENT TO USE MY LUNGS AGAIN, WAS AN UGLY SHOCK TO MY SYSTEM.



SOMETIMES I TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF GETTING RID OF THE JAR ALL TOGETHER, UNTIL I STUMBLED UPON A FANTASTIC BIO-BOOZE PHENOMENON...

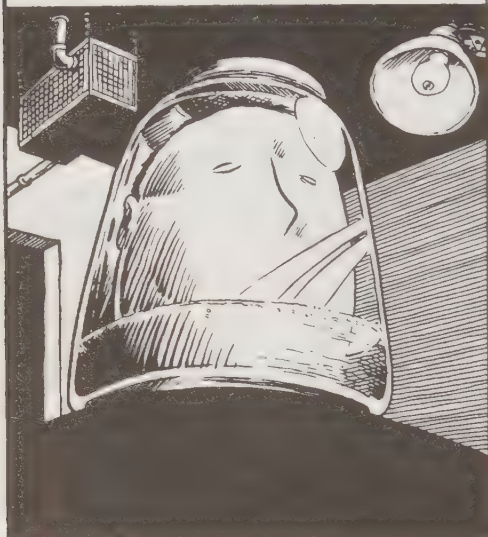
IF I WENT TO SLEEP WITH THE JAR ALMOST FULL, MY HEAD WOULD BECOME, IN A SENSE, PICKLED.



THE FOLLOWING DAY I FELT FINE. LIKE A DEAD FROG IN FORMALDEHYDE, MY HEAD COULD JUST FLOAT IN THE FLUID, REQUIRING NO INTAKE OF AIR OR BEER. THE WORLD WAS DULL AND BLURRY, BUT I COULD EASILY WORK FOR THE COMPANY (AND ITS LIMITED STANDARDS FOR CREATIVITY) IN THIS STATE.



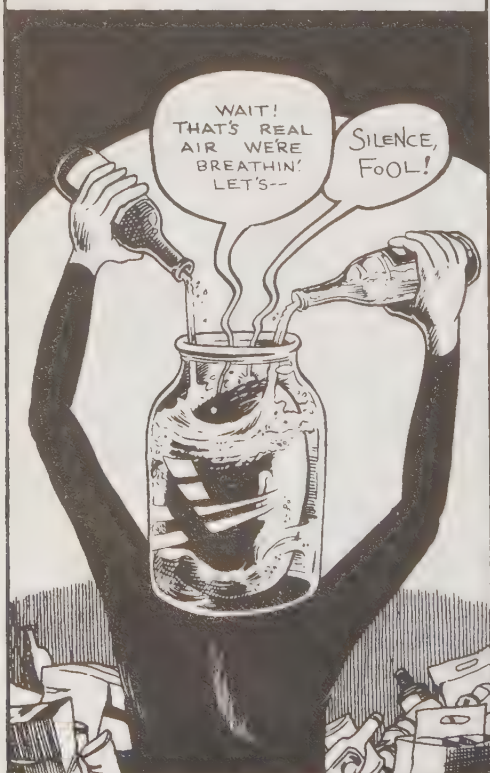
BY AFTERNOON THE OLD, FLAT BEER WOULD EVAPORATE BELOW MY NOSE, BUT THE SHOCK WAS LESS SEVERE. A BIT OF COMMON SENSE TOLD ME TO START KEEPING IT COMPLETELY FULL THAT NIGHT.



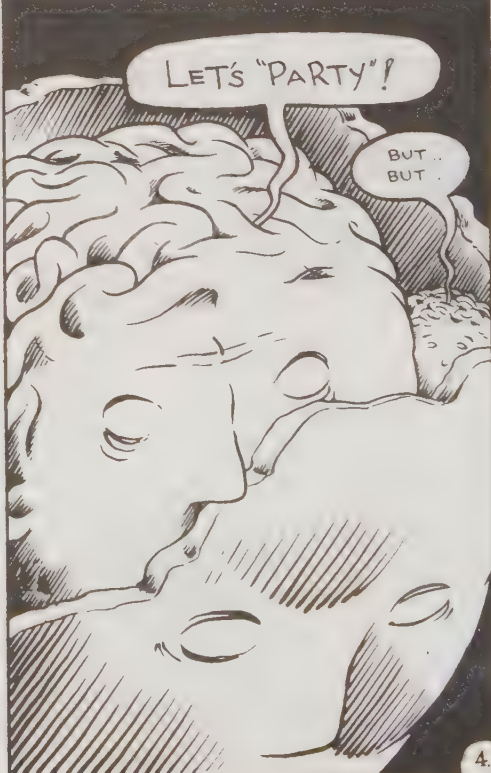
IT WORKED! THE DANK FLUID NEVER EVAPORATED. EVERY EVENING ABOUT SIX, I JUST DUMPED OUT THE OLD STUFF AND REFILLED IT WITH FRESH BREW, TO MAINTAIN THE PICKLING.



I ONLY VOICED RESISTANCE DURING THIS BRIEF TRANSITION, BUT BY THEN MY BODY WAS COMPLETELY DIVORCED FROM MY LOGICAL MIND.



IT SEEMS MY RIGHT BRAIN HAD SWOLLEN TO TEN TIMES THE SIZE OF MY DIMINISHED LEFT BRAIN.



AND THE
BEAUTY
OF THE
PROCESS
PRESENTED
ITSELF
TO ME.

THE FULL JAR GAVE ME JUICE.
IT KEPT ME UP LONG INTO
THE NIGHT. LIKE A SECRET
BIOLOGY EXPERIMENT, I SLEPT
LESS AND LESS EACH NIGHT.

I COULD FUNCTION FINE IN THE MORNING,
BUT WHEN THEY TAPPED ME, NOTHING CAME
OUT. NOW THE BASTARDS ONLY HAD HALF MY LIFE.

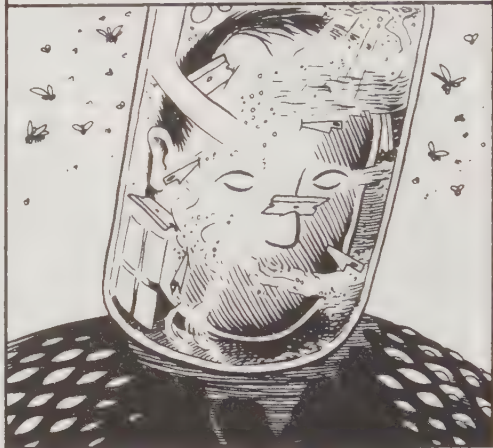
I HAD THE STRONG TIME.
THE FRESH START. A
FULL SHIFT TO USE MY
JUICE ON MY WORK. I
HAD COMPLETELY TURNED
THE TABLES ON THEM.
MY LIFE WAS MINE TO
COMMAND. THE LEFTOVER
WASTE SLUFFED OFF ON THEM.



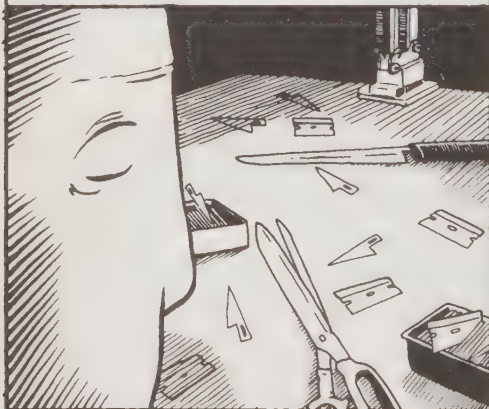
EVERYTHING SEEMED SO IDEALISTIC.
SO SAFE IN THIS WARM POND.



UNTIL THE BAD THINGS HAPPENED.
THE BAD BODY THINGS.



IT STARTED WITH THE KNIVES.
ESPECIALLY RAZOR BLADES. TO
LOOK AT THEM I COULD FEEL THE
CUTTING. I COULD FEEL I WAS MEAT.



WHEN I DREW, MY HANDS SHOOK.
TO USE THEM FELT UNNATURAL. MY
WRISTS PIVOTED LIKE MECHANICAL
PROTOTYPES OF WHAT WRISTS SHOULD BE.



I WONDERED IF THEY WERE ASKING
TO BE CUT. MY BODY WAS A DRY
HUSK. I IMAGINED A MAROON RED
POWDER WOULD HAVE COME OUT,
HAD I GONE THROUGH WITH IT.



ON MY LATE WALKS I THOUGHT OF
BODIES FIGHTING. MUSCLE BRUISING
LIKE MEAT LEFT OUT ON THE
COUNTER TOO LONG. SMELLING BAD.



BEFORE THE JAR, EXERCISE KEPT MY SYSTEM VITAL. I HAD TO STOP EVEN ATTEMPTING IT, FOR THE FLUSH, ILL FEELING IT GAVE ME.



I KNEW IT WAS CORRECT TO EAT, AND FOOD TASTED GOOD, BUT FROM THE THROAT DOWN IT FELT LIKE A HARD, RUSTY INFESTATION.

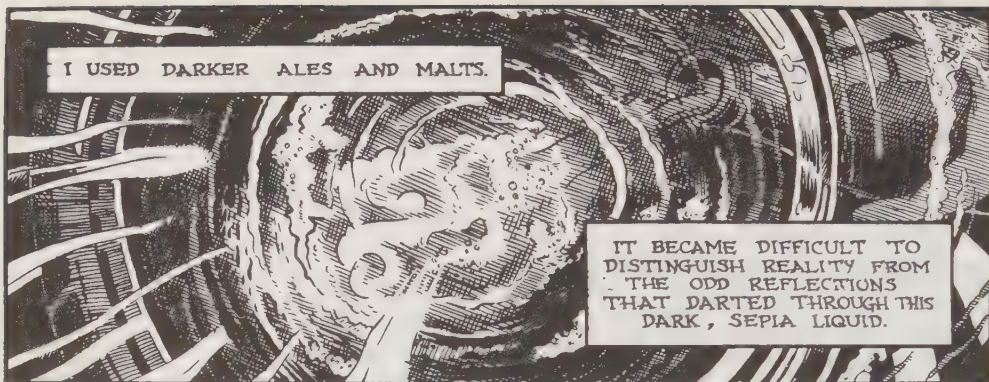


I CAN'T ALLOW THE THOUGHT OF INFESTATION. FAR WORSE THAN KNIVES ARE THE PARASITES I HATE THE THOUGHT.

MY BODY BECAME A HONEY-COMBED MASS WHICH SERVED MY PURPOSES, BUT SEEMED BOTH UNFAMILIAR AND FRIGHTENING.

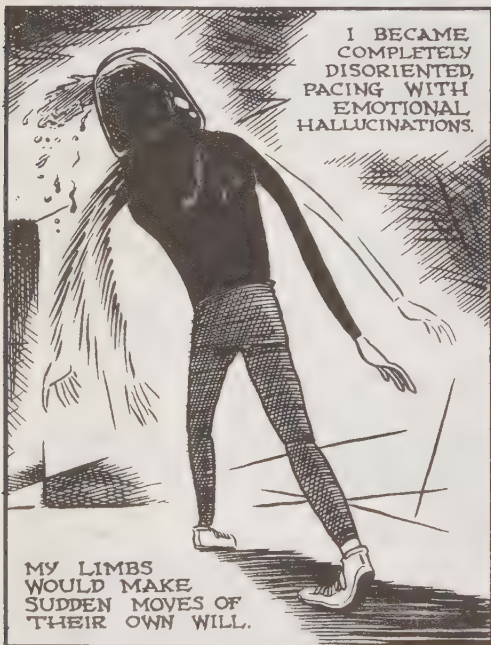


THERE COULD BE EGGS THERE.



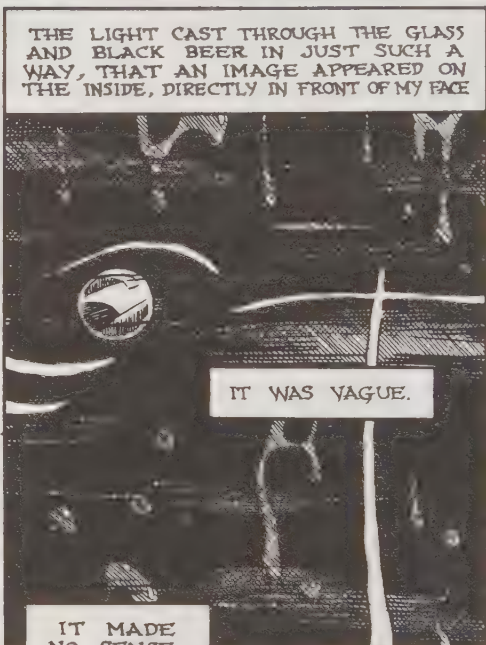
I USED DARKER ALES AND MALTS.

IT BECAME DIFFICULT TO DISTINGUISH REALITY FROM THE ODD REFLECTIONS THAT DARTED THROUGH THIS DARK, SEPIA LIQUID.



I BECAME COMPLETELY DISORIENTED, PACING WITH EMOTIONAL HALLUCINATIONS.

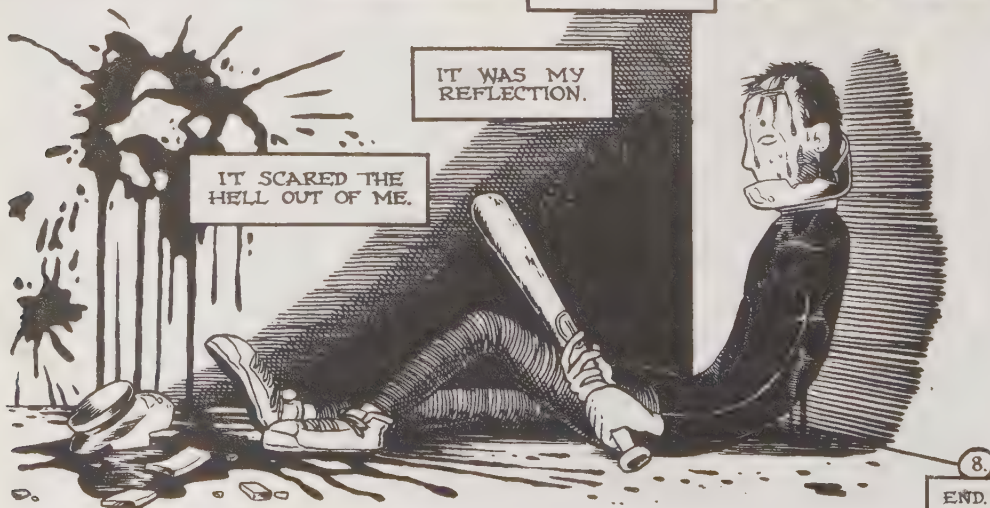
MY LIMBS WOULD MAKE SUDDEN MOVES OF THEIR OWN WILL.



THE LIGHT CAST THROUGH THE GLASS AND BLACK BEER IN JUST SUCH A WAY, THAT AN IMAGE APPEARED ON THE INSIDE, DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF MY FACE

IT WAS VAGUE.

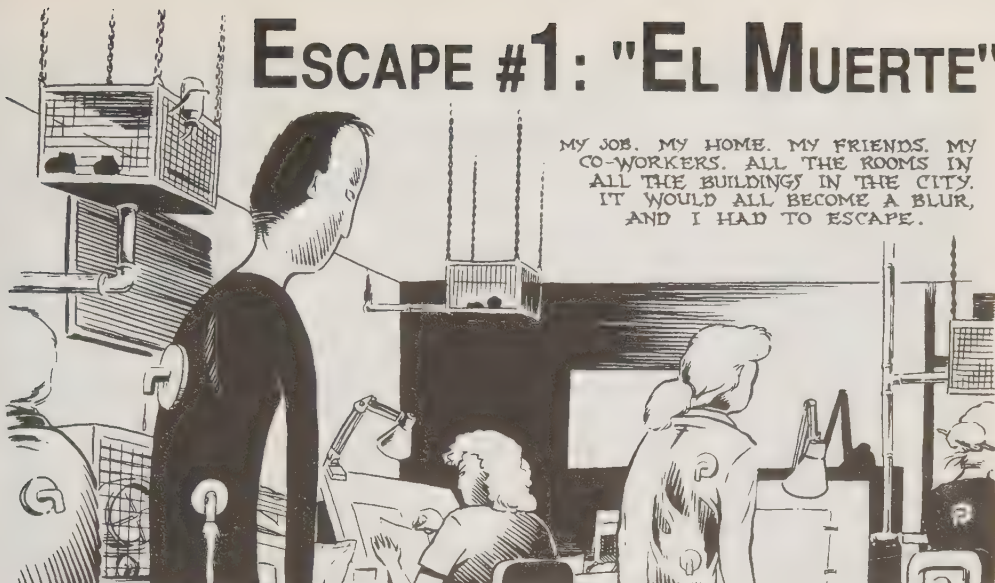
IT MADE NO SENSE.



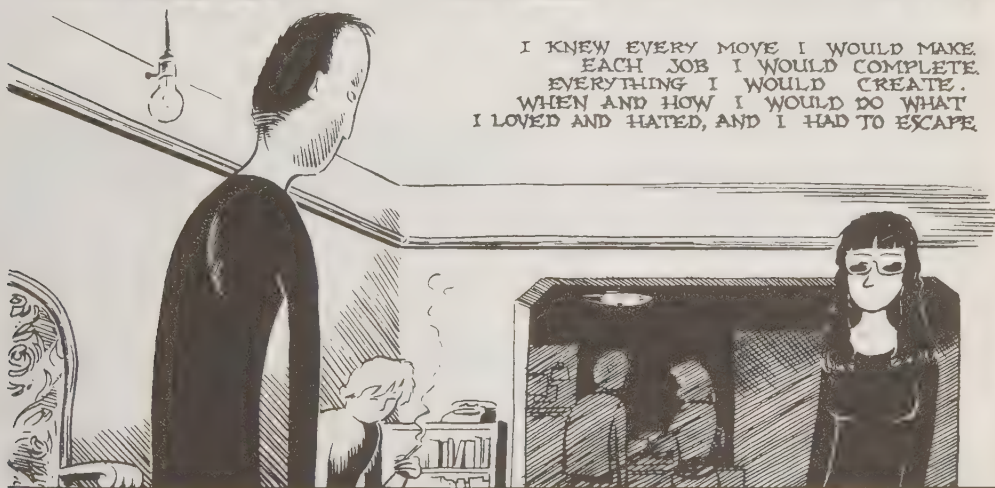
IT WAS MY REFLECTION.

IT SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME.

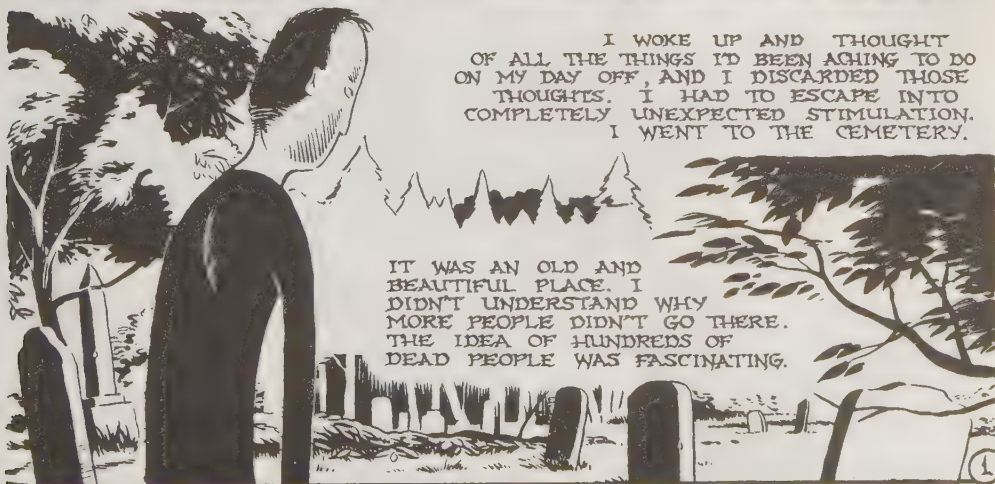
ESCAPE #1: "EL MUERTE"



MY JOB. MY HOME. MY FRIENDS. MY
CO-WORKERS. ALL THE ROOMS IN
ALL THE BUILDINGS IN THE CITY.
IT WOULD ALL BECOME A BLUR,
AND I HAD TO ESCAPE.



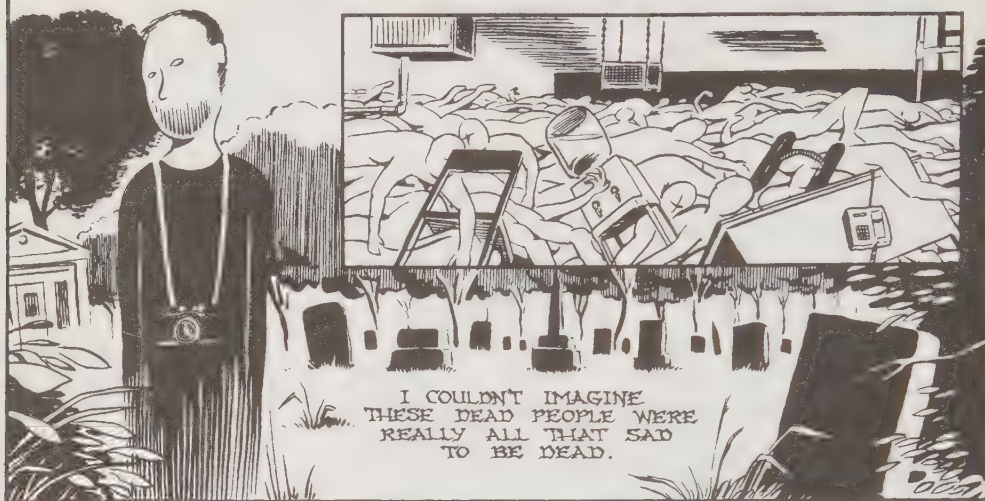
I KNEW EVERY MOVE I WOULD MAKE.
EACH JOB I WOULD COMPLETE.
EVERYTHING I WOULD CREATE.
WHEN AND HOW I WOULD DO WHAT
I LOVED AND HATED, AND I HAD TO ESCAPE.



I WOKE UP AND THOUGHT
OF ALL THE THINGS I'D BEEN ACHING TO DO
ON MY DAY OFF, AND I DISCARDED THOSE
THOUGHTS. I HAD TO ESCAPE INTO
COMPLETELY UNEXPECTED STIMULATION.
I WENT TO THE CEMETERY.

IT WAS AN OLD AND
BEAUTIFUL PLACE. I
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
MORE PEOPLE DIDN'T GO THERE.
THE IDEA OF HUNDREDS OF
DEAD PEOPLE WAS FASCINATING.

IT SEEMED ODD THAT THE TREES AND GRASS WERE A BENEFIT FOR THE DEAD. COULDN'T WE GIVE THEM THE BUILDINGS TO PILE UP IN WHILE WE LIVED OUT HERE?



I COULDN'T IMAGINE
THESE DEAD PEOPLE WERE
REALLY ALL THAT SAD
TO BE DEAD.

I BROUGHT MY CAMERA. DURING
MY ESCAPE, I COULDN'T DO
THE THINGS I NORMALLY DID, SO
I PICKED PHOTOGRAPHY.
A TOTALLY FOREIGN MEDIUM.

I LOVED THE WAY THE LIGHT CAME IN
THROUGH THE TREES AND TOMBSTONES.



THE EERINESS OF THE
STACKED CEMENT MAUSOLEUM
CASKETS HIDDEN IN THE BACK.

AN OLD ROAD WITH DENSE TREES.
IT REMINDED ME OF THE "SCARY" PART
OF THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD.

I DROVE UP TO THE FOOTHILLS, WHERE
I KNEW AN OLD REST STOP HAD BEEN
DISMANTLED BY THE STATE
A FEW YEARS AGO.



I LOVED IMAGES OF EROSION.
MAN MADE THINGS FALLEN INTO
DECAY. AS A BOY I HAD VIVID
DAYDREAMS OF BEING ALONE IN A
POST-NUCLEAR LANDSCAPE.



THERE WERE MORE GREAT IMAGES HERE.
ROADS CRACKED WITH WEEDS TAKING OVER.



PARTIAL FENCES THAT FENCED NOTHING.

AND THE BEST:
A SOLITARY HIGHWAY REFLECTOR
STANDING IN A FIELD OF DEAD GRASS.

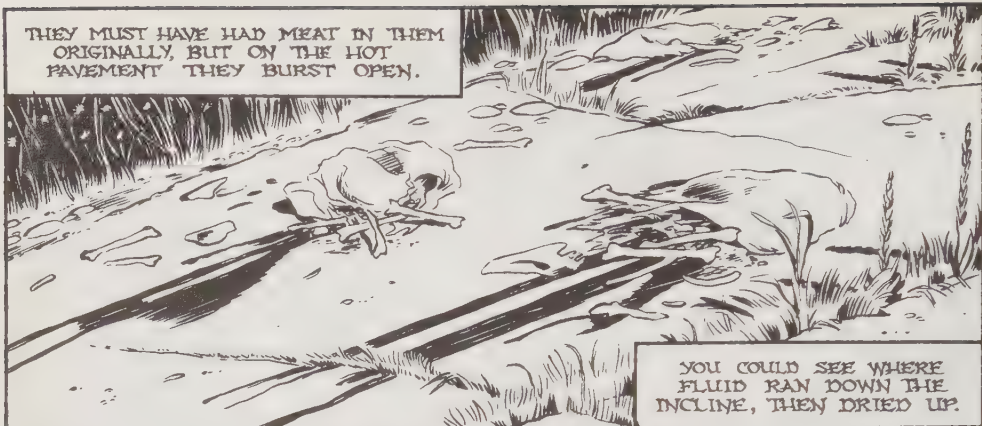


THEN I FOUND SOMETHING
UNEXPLAINABLE.
PLASTIC TRASH BAGS
FILLED WITH BONES.

SEVERAL OF THEM.

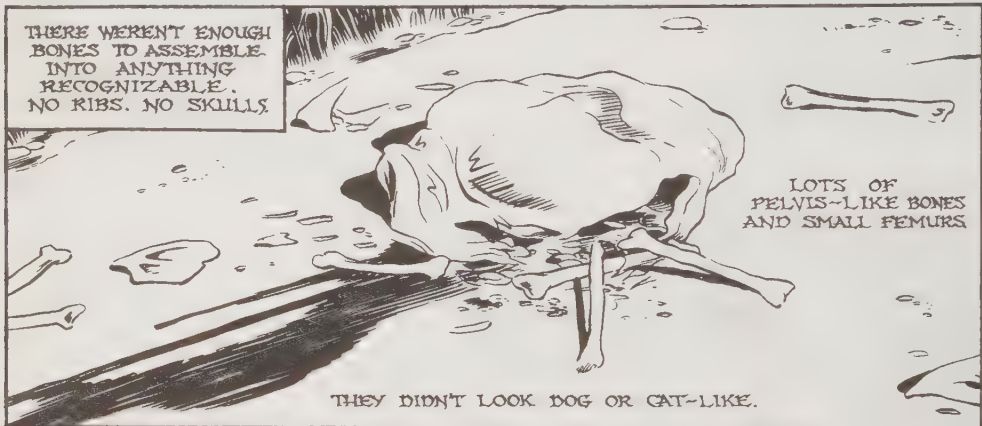


THEY MUST HAVE HAD MEAT IN THEM
ORIGINALLY, BUT ON THE HOT
PAVEMENT THEY BURST OPEN.



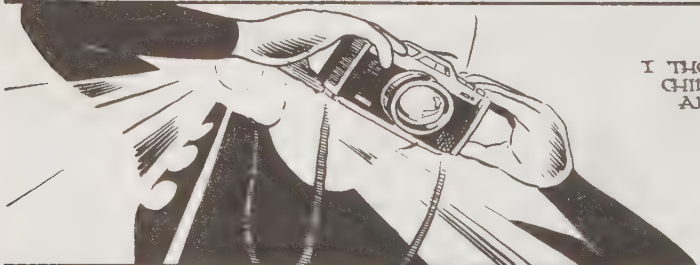
YOU COULD SEE WHERE
FLUID RAN DOWN THE
INCLINE, THEN DRIED UP.

THERE WERENT ENOUGH
BONES TO ASSEMBLE
INTO ANYTHING
RECOGNIZABLE..
NO RIBS. NO SKULLS.

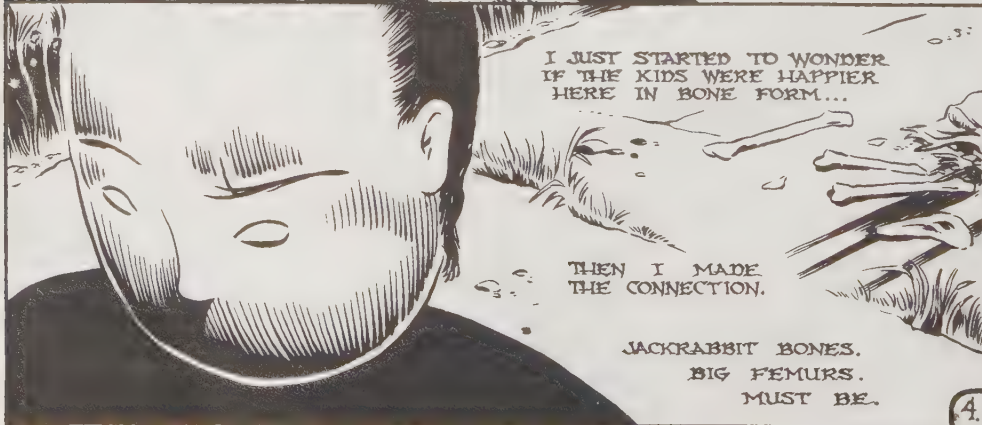


LOTS OF
PELVIS-LIKE BONES
AND SMALL FEMURS

THEY DIDN'T LOOK DOG OR CAT-LIKE.



I THOUGHT OF THE "MISSING
CHILDREN" MILK CARTONS
AND TOOK SOME PICTURES.



I JUST STARTED TO WONDER
IF THE KIDS WERE HAPPIER
HERE IN BONE FORM...

THEN I MADE
THE CONNECTION.

JACKRABBIT BONES.
BIG FEMURS.
MUST BE.

BY THE END OF THE DAY I REACHED
A PLACE WHERE MODERN HIGHWAYS
REPLACED MOUNTAIN ROADS FROM
DECADES AGO. COMPLETELY
FORGOTTEN AND HIDDEN AWAY.



THERE I SAW THE BEST IMAGE
A ROAD TO NOWHERE.
IT JUST TURNED TO RUBBLE.
A PASSAGEWAY TO OBLIVION.



I FELL IN LOVE WITH IT.

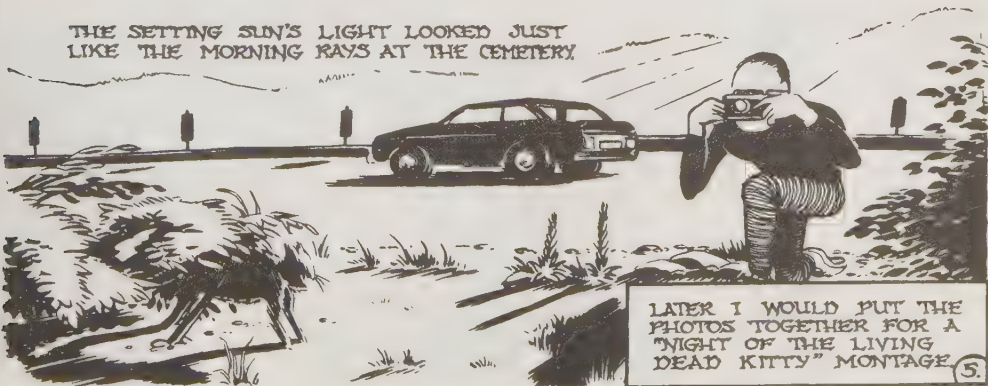
BACK ON THE HIGHWAY
I FOUND A DEAD CAT.



IT LAYED ON ITS SIDE FOR SO
LONG THAT IT LOOKED LIKE A
HALF A CAT.



I GOT AN EXCITING IDEA. USING HIDDEN STICKS AS PROPS, I TOOK
SEVERAL PHOTOS OF THE DEAD CAT "JUMPING" IN AND OUT
OF THE BUSHES. ITS FACE LOOKED HAUNTED.



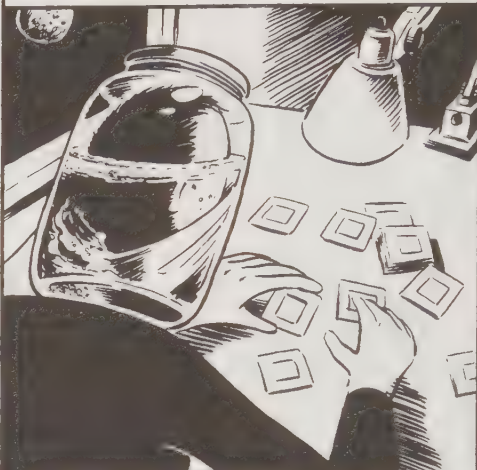
THE SETTING SUN'S LIGHT LOOKED JUST
LIKE THE MORNING RAYS AT THE CEMETERY

LATER I WOULD PUT THE
PHOTOS TOGETHER FOR A
"NIGHT OF THE LIVING
DEAD KITTY" MONTAGE. (5)

WHEN I HAD THE FILM DEVELOPED,
I FOUND OUT THE CAMERA I
BORROWED WAS LOADED WITH SLIDE
FILM INSTEAD OF PRINT FILM.



LATE INTO THE NIGHT, AFTER
MUCH DRINKING, I THOUGHT OF A
WAY TO PRESERVE MY ESCAPE
IN THE FORM OF A SURREAL
SLIDE SHOW.



I REARRANGED THE IMAGES
IN AN ORDER THAT WAS
LINEAR TO THE WAY I FELT
ABOUT THEM, INSTEAD OF IN
THE ACTUAL ORDER TAKEN.

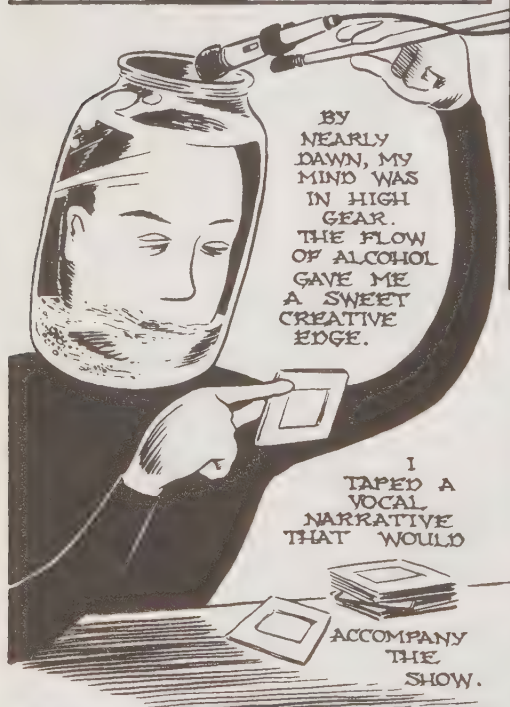
MY ESCAPE WAS OVER.
I HAD AN HOUR TO GET SOME
SLEEP AND RETURN TO THE
OFFICE.



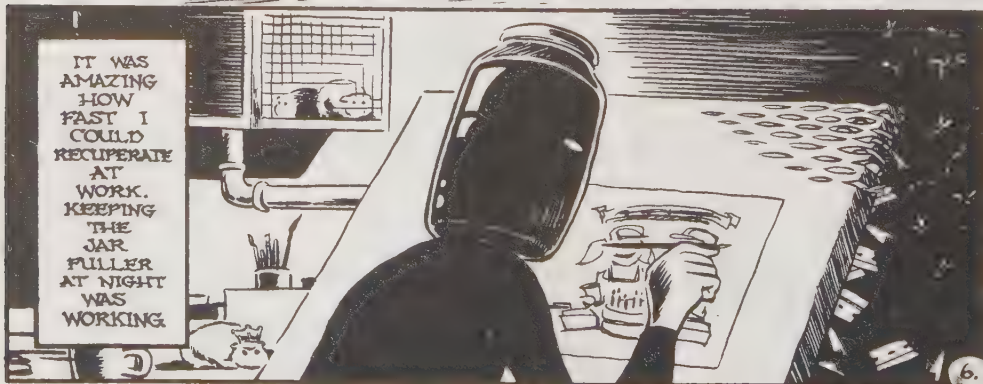
BY
NEARLY
DAWN, MY
MIND WAS
IN HIGH
GEAR.
THE FLOW
OF ALCOHOL
GAVE ME
A SWEET
CREATIVE
EDGE.

I
TAPED A
VOCAL
NARRATIVE
THAT WOULD

ACCOMPANY
THE
SHOW.



IT WAS
AMAZING
HOW
FAST I
COULD
RECUPERATE
AT
WORK.
KEEPING
THE
JAR
FULLER
AT NIGHT
WAS
WORKING.





I drove and drove, until the roads began to die. I had to leave the car and go on foot.



People have stumbled this way accidentally, but few came on purpose like I did.



Those who did try lay on the roadside. Their bodies failed them at that point.



I saw the last piece of civilization. I felt like I was really going to make it this time.



I could see it ahead. An ancient and beautiful place. So peaceful.



I was nearly there, then the light was obscured. Something unresolved was nagging at me.



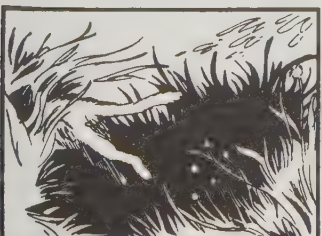
Something hissing and horrible was there, heading me off through the bushes.



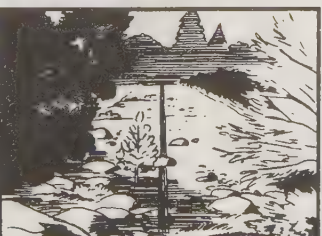
A cat! A mean, ugly, shrieking dead cat! I'm so much bigger but it scared me away.



I hate cats. Why was it ruining everything? It drove me down a dark passage to the side.



It mocked me and ran off. I hate cats that run away. I felt tricked and powerless.



It was too late. I could see signs of civilization again. A road grew out of the brush.



It led to my car. I had to go back. I'll have to get rid of some baggage before trying again.

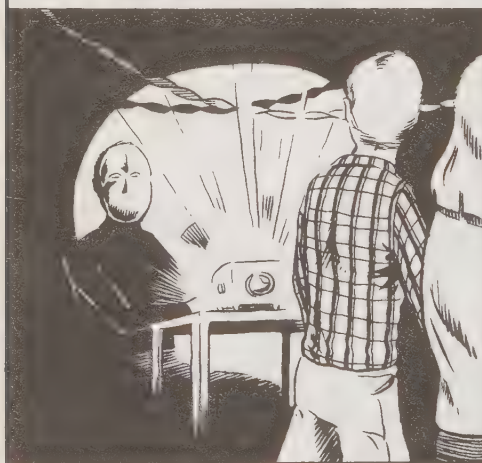
I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THE SLIDE SHOW UNTIL AN OFFICE PARTY CAME UP. I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE GREAT ENTERTAINMENT, AND HUSTLED MY EQUIPMENT TOGETHER.



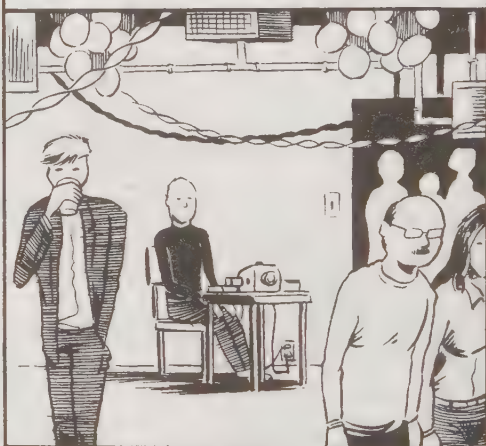
I DISPLAYED MY SHOW, BRIMMING WITH ENTHUSIASM.



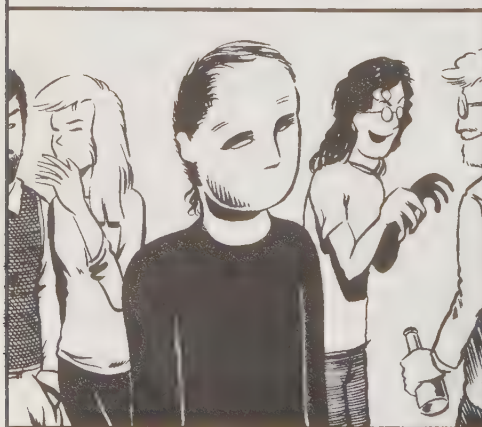
MANY LEFT BEFORE ITS COMPLETION.



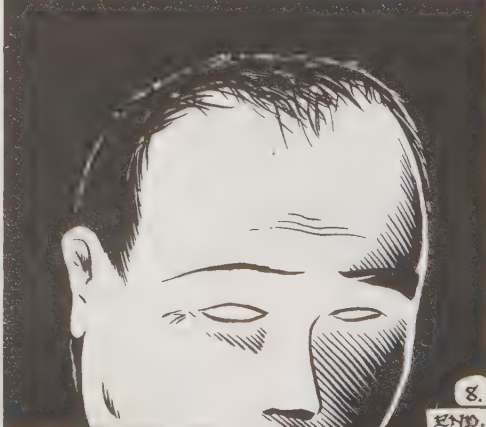
MANY MORE AFTER THE ENDING, WITH NO COMMENT GIVEN.



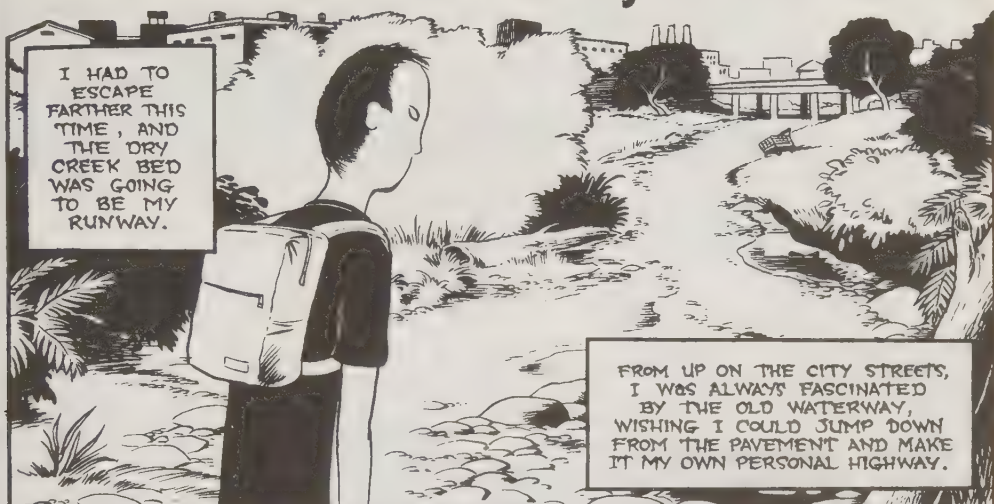
THEY DIDN'T SEE THE EDGE. THEY DISMISSED MY ESCAPE AS SILLY, OR SCARY. BUT IT WAS NEITHER.



NEXT TIME, I WOULD HAVE TO ESCAPE FARTHER.



ESCAPE #2: The Dry Creek Bed



THERE WAS ACTUALLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF WILDLIFE DOWN HERE. A MUSTY FROG-SMELL CAME FROM THE DRIED-OUT WASHED GRASS.



CAVE-LIKE EROSIONS FORMED UNDER TREE ROOTS, WHICH I'M SURE MUST HOUSE SOME SORT OF ANIMALS.



HUMANITY'S PRESENCE WAS STILL FAIRLY DOMINANT THOUGH. GARBAGE. SHOPPING CARTS.

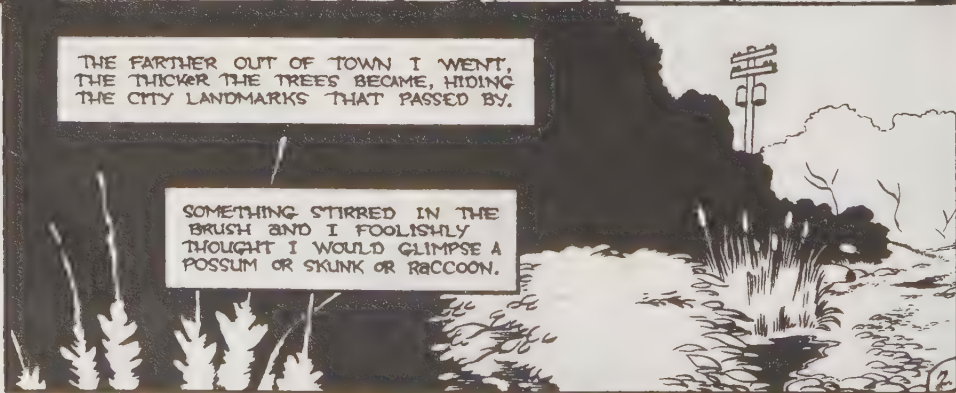


SLABS AND IRON AND OTHER CITY DEBRIS. I NEEDED TO MOVE FURTHER ON.



THE FARTHER OUT OF TOWN I WENT, THE THICKER THE TREES BECAME, HIDING THE CITY LANDMARKS THAT PASSED BY.

SOMETHING STIRRED IN THE BRUSH AND I FOOLISHLY THOUGHT I WOULD GLIMPSE A POSSUM OR SKUNK OR RACCOON.



A CAT RAN OUT. NOT JUST A CAT BUT
A WILD CAT. THE WORST KIND.



THEY SEEM TO HATE HUMANS,
AND ENJOY SHOWING OFF THAT
YOU COULD NEVER CATCH THEM.



I HAD BEEN WALKING HALF THE DAY BUT STILL DIDN'T SEEM TO BE GETTING
OUT OF TOWN. AN AREA THAT LOOKED WILD FROM A DISTANCE WOULD IN
REALITY HAVE A MAZE OF TRAILS RUNNING THROUGH IT.

AN ELABORATE FREEWAY
SYSTEM CREATED BY
COMMUTING SCHOOL
CHILDREN, CLASS-CUTTING
TEENAGERS, AND
HOMELESS DRIFTERS.



I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS GOING,
OR WHEN I WOULD BE BACK, BUT I
BROUGHT IN MY PACK A FLASHLIGHT, A
BEDROLL, AND SOME MATCHES FOR A FIRE.



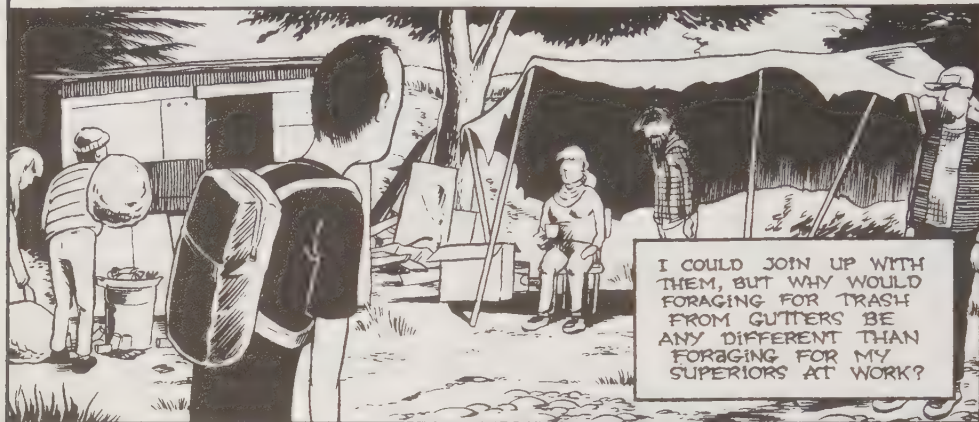
I CRAWLED OUT ONTO STREET LEVEL
FOR A FINAL STOCKING OF FOODSTUFFS.



I SOON
CAME
UPON A
HOMELESS
CAMP
OF SOME
SORT.



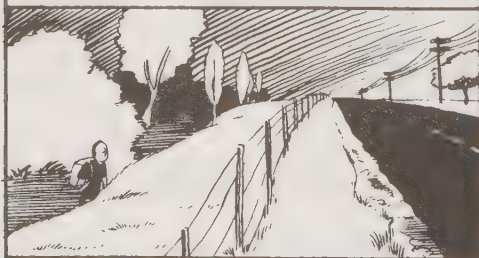
THEY SEEMED TO HAVE AN ELABORATE CULTURE BUILT UP AROUND THE SALVAGING OF RECYCLABLE ITEMS. FROM HERE THEY COULD VENTURE INTO THE CITY AND COLLECT CANS AND BOTTLES AND SCRAP METALS, AND SOMEHOW MAKE A LIVING FROM IT.



THEY DIDN'T SEEM DANGEROUS, SO I PASSED ON BY. IN A SURREAL WAY, THEY SEEMED LIKE POST-APOCALYPTIC SURVIVORS. HUMAN MUTATIONS THAT ATE ALUMINUM AND PLASTIC INSTEAD OF FOOD.



I WALKED UNTIL TWILIGHT, AND FINALLY SEEMED TO BE BEYOND THE CITY. I PEEKED OUT OF THE CREEK BED, AND SAW ONLY A FEW SMALL ROADS AND FENCES. I WAS ESCAPING!



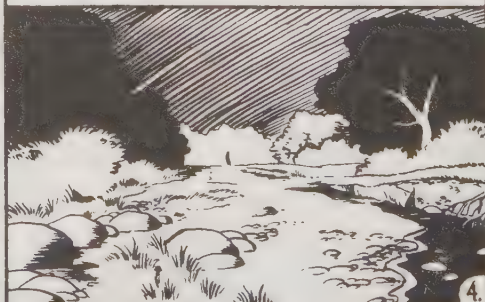
THEN JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER, I SAW A FIGURE APPROACHING FROM THE OPPOSITE WAY I CAME. HE STOPPED, PERHAPS UNSURE OF MY PRESENCE AHEAD OF HIM, THEN CONTINUED.



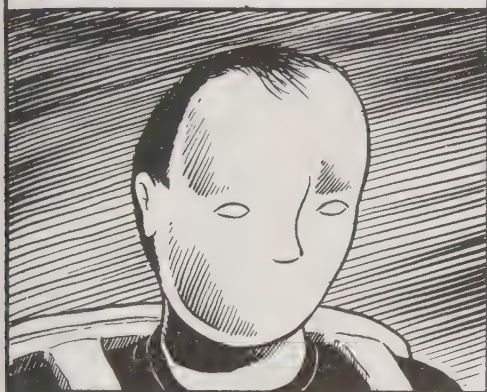
AT CLOSER RANGE, HE STOPPED AGAIN. I COULD TELL HE SAW ME. HIS POSTURE SEEMED TO SLUMP.



THEN HE WHEELED AROUND AND STARTED BACK THE OTHER WAY.



I WASN'T SURE IF I SHOULD STOP OR CONTINUE ON. THIS PERSON MUST HAVE COME FROM SOMEWHERE. SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE CATS AND CRAZY GIRLS AND TIRED ILLUSTRATIONS.



I KEPT GOING, KEEPING JUST FAR ENOUGH BEHIND TO KEEP HIM IN SIGHT. THERE WAS ENOUGH OF A MOON THAT I DIDN'T NEED MY FLASHLIGHT.



WE WALKED FOR PERHAPS TWO HOURS. IF HE WASN'T GOING TO SPEND THE NIGHT OUT HERE, HE MUST BE PLANNING ON REACHING SOMEWHERE TONIGHT... BUT WHERE?



I LOST TRACK OF TIME, STUMBLING OVER THE UNCHANGING SMOOTH STONES AND SKINNY WEEDS.



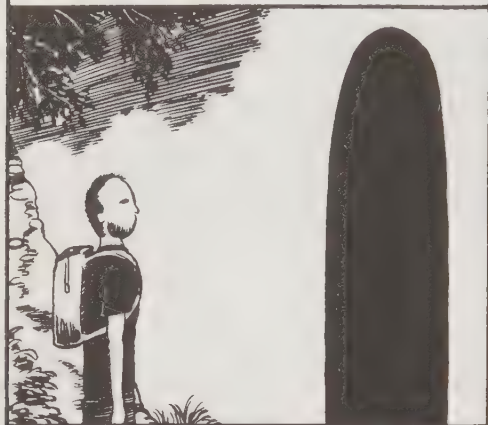
THEN I THOUGHT I SAW A WALL AHEAD, WHICH MADE NO SENSE. WHAT WOULD A WALL BE DOING OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY? BUT IT WAS REAL, AND IT HAD A BLACK OPENING IN IT.



IT LOOKED LIKE A CARTOON WALL WITH A PAINTED DOOR. LIKE I WOULD CRASH INTO IT AFTER WATCHING HIM PASS THROUGH.



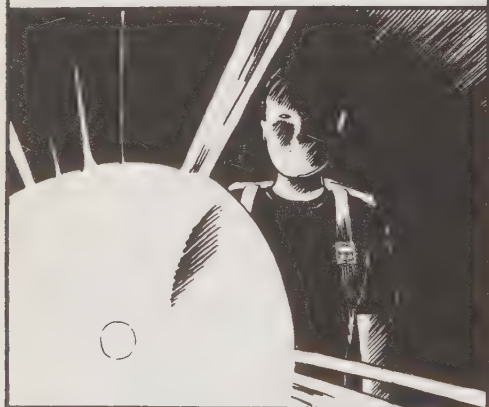
THE DOOR WAS REAL, TOO; THE
PITCHEST OF BLACK INSIDE. IT WAS
A TUNNEL THAT SEEMED TO GO ON FOREVER.



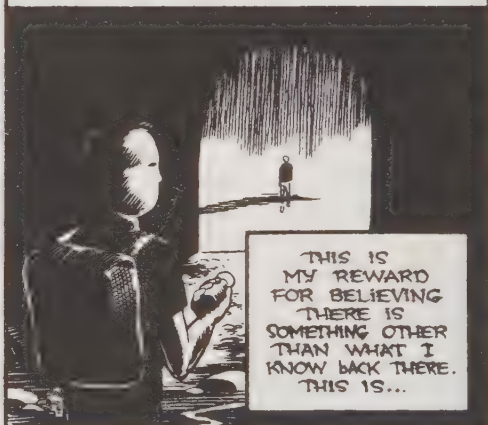
I NEEDED MY FLASHLIGHT TO GET PAST
THE INDISTINCT DEBRIS ALONG THE WAY.
THERE WAS A LIGHT AT THE OTHER END,
BUT I COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME
FIGURE OUT WHERE IT WOULD LEAD.



MAYBE I HAD SPREAD OUT MY BEDROLL
HOURS AGO, AND I WAS DREAMING ALL
OF THIS. OR THIS WAS SOME ASTRAL
MESSENGER, COME TO GRANT ME MY ESCAPE



THE DOOR TO HEAVEN OR HELL
WAS GETTING CLOSER, THE
MESSENGER ALREADY BEYOND IT.



THIS IS
MY REWARD
FOR BELIEVING
THERE IS
SOMETHING OTHER
THAN WHAT I
KNOW BACK THERE.
THIS IS...

THIS IS
ANOTHER
CITY.
JUST LIKE
MINE.

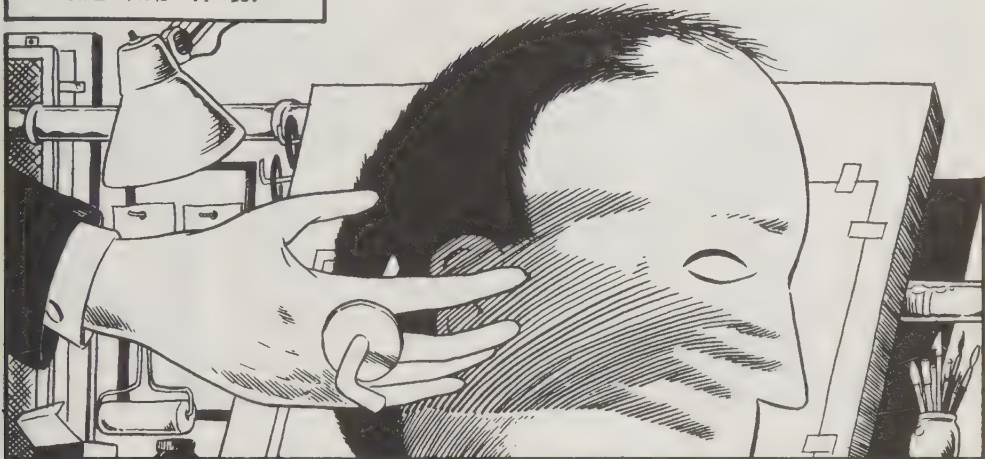


THIS MESSENGER IS
JUST ANOTHER ME,
ESCAPING.

I YELLED OBSCENITIES AT
HIM AND TURNED BACK.

"BE CREATIVE"

THERE IS A MAN, OR
A WOMAN, WHO TAPS
THE SIDE OF MY HEAD,
AND I CAN NEVER
SEE WHO IT IS.

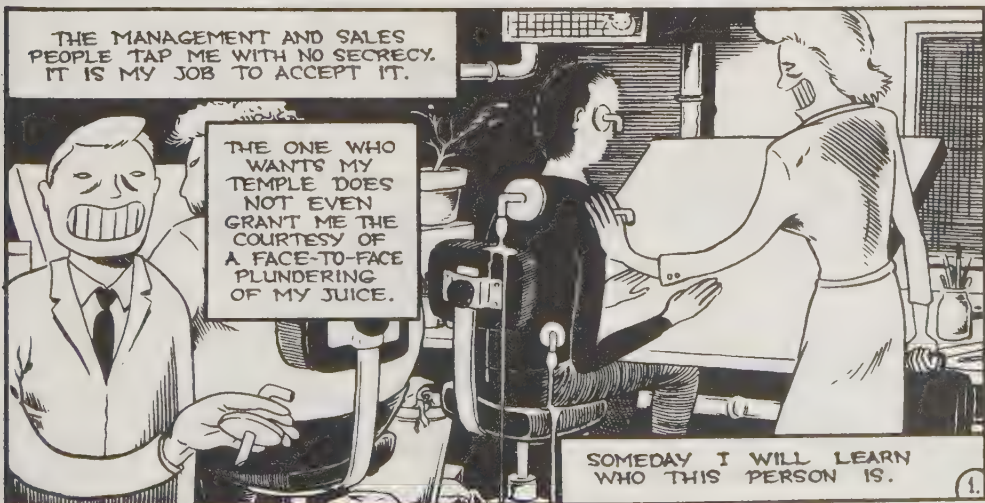


THE TAP WOULD
PUNCTURE MY
TEMPLE WITHOUT
WARNING.



I
WOULD
INSTANTLY
FEEL A
LITHIUM-
LIKE
EUPHORIA,
AND IN
THE
TIME
IT
WOULD
TAKE TO
TURN
MY
HEAD
AROUND,
THEY
WOULD
BE GONE.

THE MANAGEMENT AND SALES
PEOPLE TAP ME WITH NO SECRECY.
IT IS MY JOB TO ACCEPT IT.



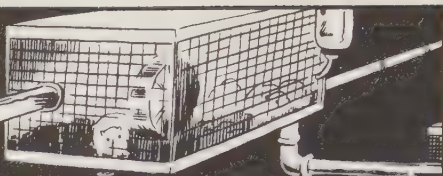
THE ONE WHO
WANTS MY
TEMPLE DOES
NOT EVEN
GRANT ME THE
COURTESY OF
A FACE-TO-FACE
PLUNDERING
OF MY JUICE.

SOMEDAY I WILL LEARN
WHO THIS PERSON IS.

THE GERBILS IN THE WALLS HAVE
LITTLE NEEDS COMPARED TO MINE.
FOOD, WATER, A PLACE TO HIDE.



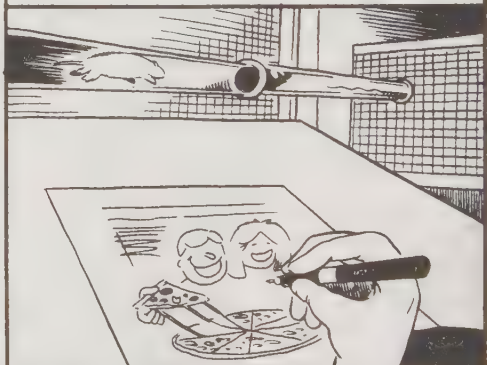
TO THEM, MY COMPLEX
NEEDS AND DESIRES
WOULD BE A COMPLETE
OVERLOAD TO THEIR
TINY BRAINS. WHICH
I SUPPOSE IS THE
WHOLE IDEA BEHIND
FEEDING THEM
THE DISTILLED FLUIDS
THEY TAP FROM US.



I AM PLACATED, THEY ARE MADE SCHIZO-
PHRENIC, AND THE CORPORATION IS CREDITED
FOR INGENUITY IN INCREASED PRODUCTION.



THE INSANE GERBIL RUNNING IN FRONT OF
MY ADVERTISEMENT ILLUSTRATION IS
A DOUBLE-EDGED METAPHOR.
I EMPATHIZE WITH IT. I AM AS
TRAPPED AS IT. WE ARE AS EQUALLY
OWNED BY THE CORPORATION.



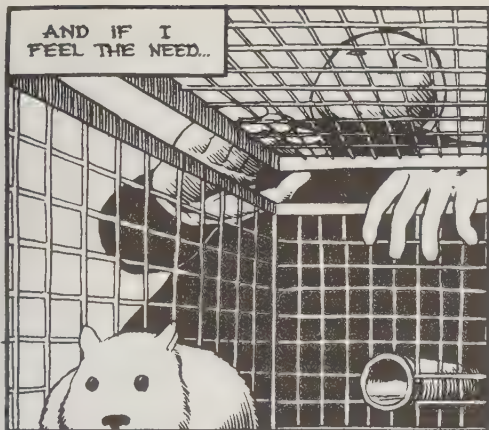
BUT I AM ALSO
SUPERIOR TO IT.
IT IS
MORTIFIED AND
MUST RUN.



I CAN SIT AND
PRODUCE AND
FOCUS MYSELF AND
BE REWARDED
FOR DOING SO.

I HAVE BEEN DRAINED
OF THE FLUIDS THAT
MAKE IT CRAZY.

AND IF I
FEEL THE NEED...



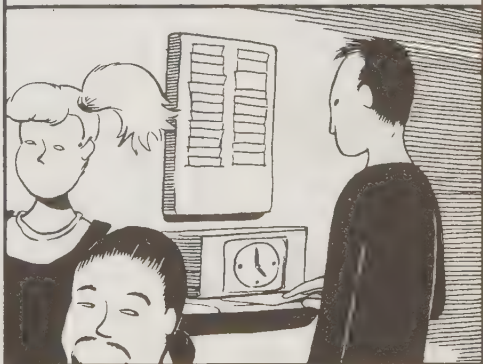
I CAN KILL IT.
I CAN MAKE
THE PAIN STOP.



AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THEY TELL ME.
I SOUND LIKE A COMPANY MAN, QUOTING
THE COMPANY PHILOSOPHY. BUT IT'S ALL FALSE.



EVEN ON FRIDAY, WHEN EVERYONE IS
HAPPY, I FEEL LITTLE DIFFERENCE.



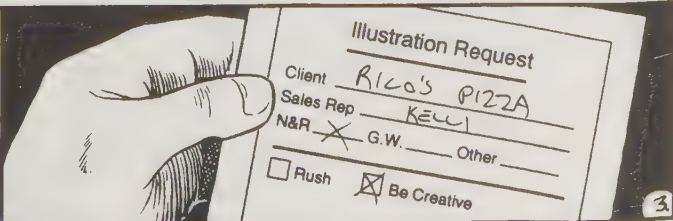
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED INTO BEING HYPED
UP FOR A "GREAT WEEKEND." BUT
WHY ARE FIVE DAYS THEIRS, TWO OURS?

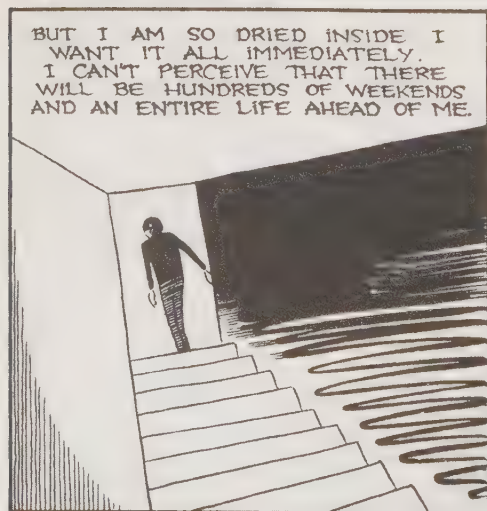
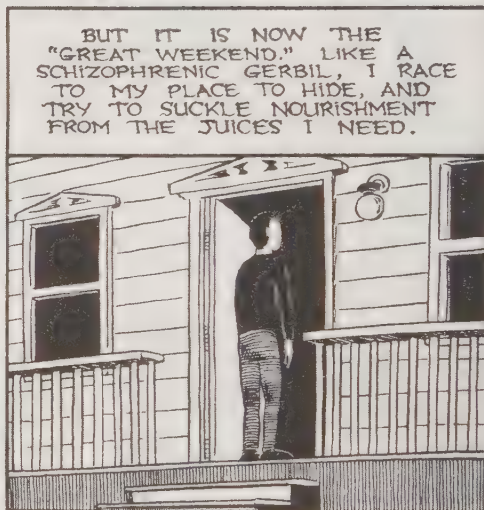
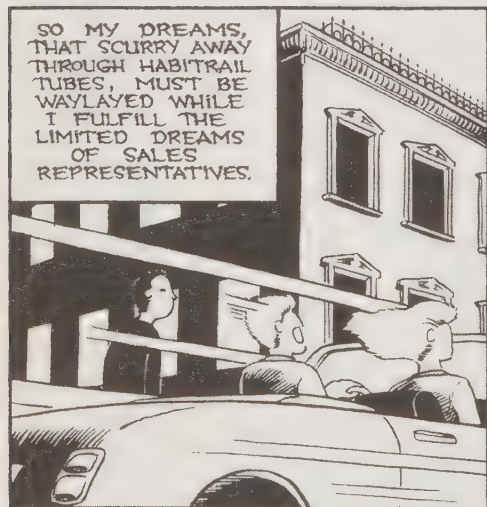
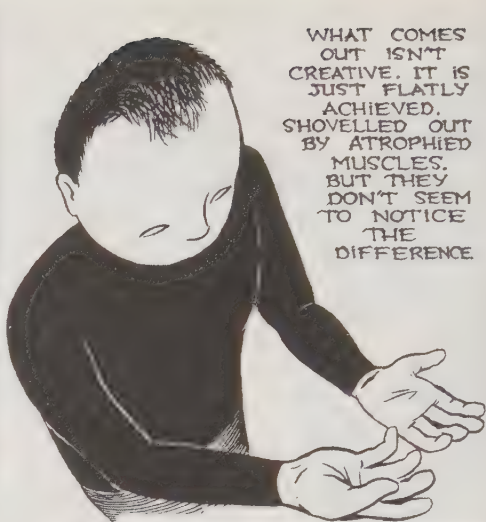



THE OTHERS BEHAVE AS THOUGH
IT IS A NATURAL CONDITION.
ALL OF THE DAYS SHOULD BE MINE.



AND THE WORST IS
THAT I MUST "BE
CREATIVE." THERE IS
EVEN A BOX MARKED
"BE CREATIVE"
ON THE ILLUSTRATION
REQUISITION
SLIPS, AS THOUGH
IT IS A TOGGLE
SWITCH IN MY HEAD.





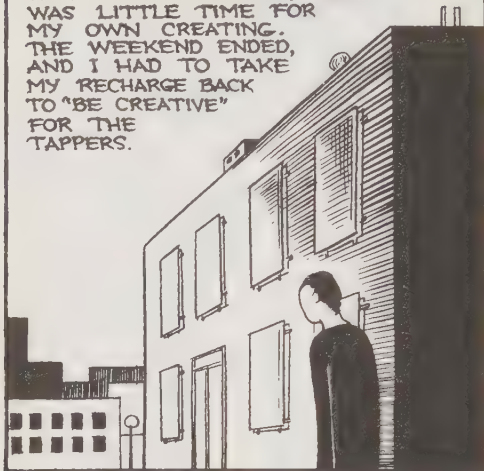


I WANT ALL MY BOOZE
AND ALL MY FOOD AND
ALL MY SEX AND ALL MY
MUSIC ALL MY HOBBIES
ALL MY TV MY PROJECTS
MY PAINTINGS MY BAND
MY ESCAPE JOURNEYS
ALL NOW ALL THIS
YEAR THIS SUMMER
BEFORE IT GETS AWAY
ALL THIS WEEKEND
RIGHT NOW.

I HAVE CONVERTED MY HOBBIES
AND ADDICTIONS INTO A
SERIES OF HOSES TO
FACILITATE THIS.

MY STIMULI IS TAKEN
DIRECTLY TO MY NERVE ENDINGS
AND ORIFICES AND I
TAKE IT IN AND IN AND
IN WITH CLENCHED TEETH
AND A FIBRILATING HEARTBEAT.

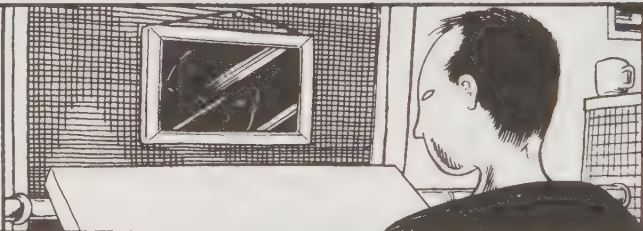
WITH SO MUCH INTAKE, THERE WAS LITTLE TIME FOR MY OWN CREATING. THE WEEKEND ENDED, AND I HAD TO TAKE MY RECHARGE BACK TO "BE CREATIVE" FOR THE TAPPERS.



I HAD AN IDEA OF WHO WAS DOING MY TEMPLE, TOO, AND I FINALLY THOUGHT OF A WAY TO SEE IT COMING.

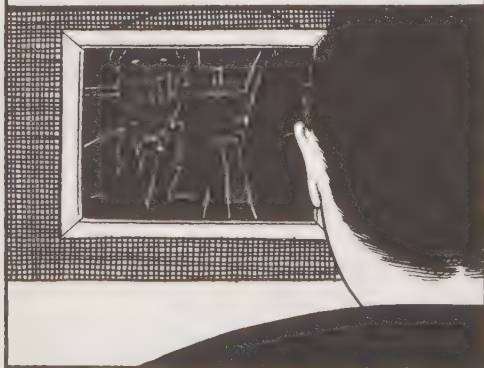


I TOOK A PICTURE FRAME TO WORK, EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A BLACK MATTE BOARD AND PANE OF GLASS.



I HUNG IT IN FRONT OF ME AND TOLD EVERYONE IT WAS MY DREAM. MY EMPTY DREAM I WOULD SOME DAY FILL.

I SUPPOSE IT WAS THAT, BUT IT WAS ALSO NEARLY AS REFLECTIVE AS A MIRROR. I COULD SEE ANYONE APPROACHING ME NOW.



SUCH AS SALES REPS, SO LOST IN THEIR WORLD OF GLAD-HANDING, THEY WILL BLINDLY SLAP THE BACK OF SOMEONE IN THE MIDDLE OF A DRAFTED LINE OF INK.



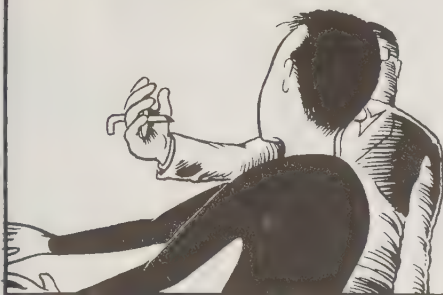
THE SALESPERSON'S REFLECTION WAS REPLACED BY ANOTHER.



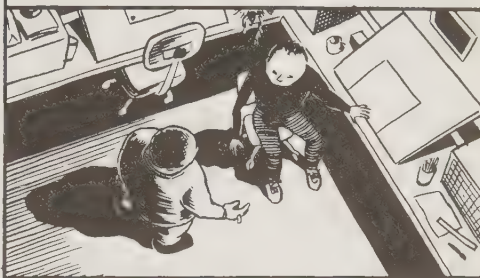
A FIGURE THAT WAS VAGUELY FAMILIAR, BUT ONE WHICH I COULD NOT PLACE. IT STOPPED AND AN ARM CAME UP.



I WHEELED AROUND BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE. I BEAT HIM!



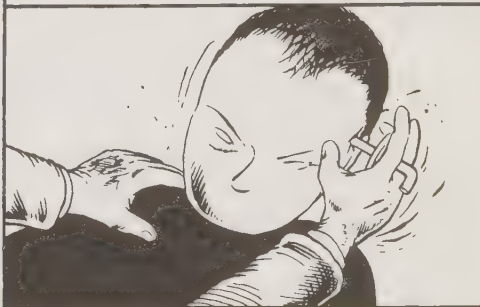
I LOOKED FLUSTERED, BUT THE MAN JUST LOWERED HIS EXTENDED ARM CALMLY, WITH NO INDICATION OF GUILT OR REMORSE.



"HOW ARE YOU, LAD?" HE ASKED.
"FINE, SIR," MY RESPONSE.



"HOLD STILL FOR A MINUTE."
"YES, SIR."



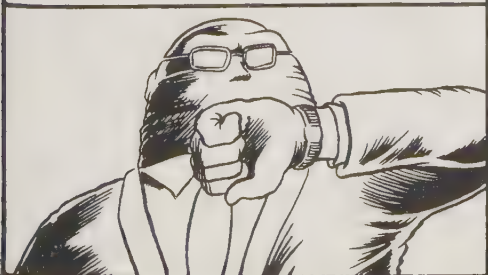
THIS MAN WAS NOT AFRAID TO CONFRONT ME. THIS MAN WAS THE OWNER OF THE CORPORATION. THIS MAN WAS TOO BUSY TO EVER HAVE SPOKEN TO ME.



I WAS TAPPED, AND WOULD RELAX. MY EMPTY DREAM WOULD WAIT.



ALL THESE TIRED DRAWINGS I DRAW TO SELL SOAP ARE ALL A PART OF THE GIANT DREAMS OF THIS MAN.



HE LIVES THE BENEFIT OF ALL THAT I DO, AND ALL THAT I DON'T.



CALICO



COUNTY

stories of Country Folk
by John BAGNALL

John Bagnall

CALICO COUNTY

Self-published, 1984-85

In the mid-1980s, in his hometown of Liverpool, John Bagnall met with some like-minded comics enthusiasts and together they self-published a comics anthology called *Trashcan*. This garnered a rave review in the music paper *NME* (*New Musical Express*), and from this, he soon became acquainted with various other UK small-press creators who were receiving some attention. His strips started to appear in the now legendary early anthology, *Fast Fiction*.

"These *Calico County* stories are among the first comic strips I ever drew. I've drawn comics periodically ever since, between illustration and painting, my subject matter gradually becoming more overtly English and nostalgic, but still with a humorous bent. Book collections representative of this more recent work are *Don't Tread on my Rosaries* (Kingly Books, 2003) and *Knitting with Coalsmoke* (Lulu Books, 2013)." – JB

www.bagnallsretreat.blogspot.com

www.lulu.com

a tale from Calico County

"On the Jambree Truck"

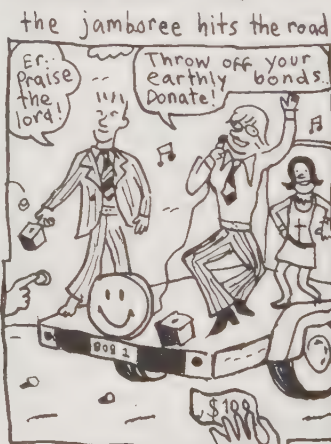


© John Bagnall

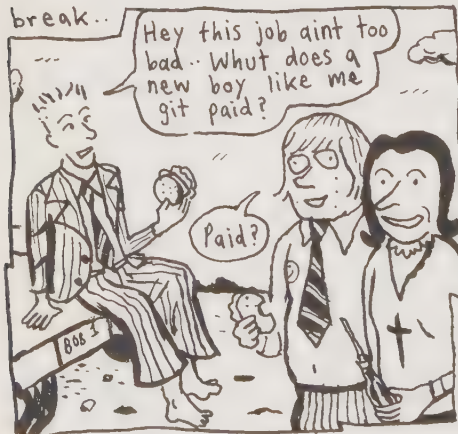


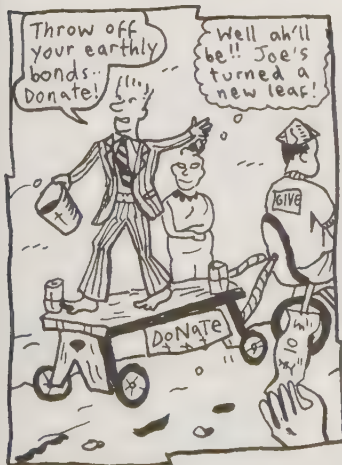
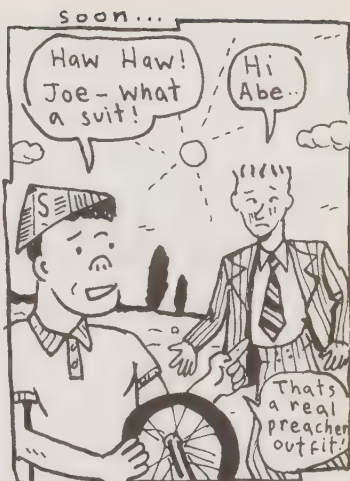


Joe skates to the church parking lot..



Later at a pit-stop refreshment break..





END.

southern ★
tales from

CALIKO County

© Jay Bagnall



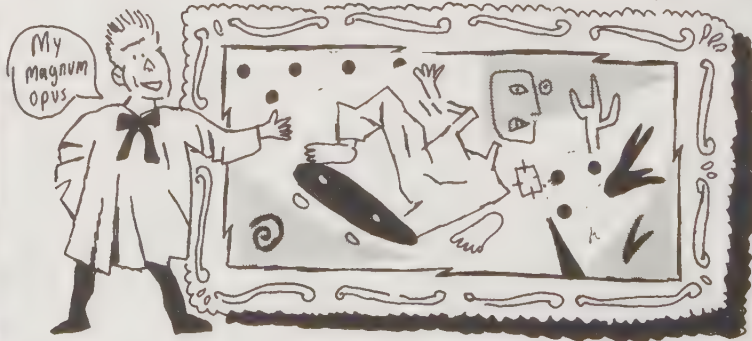
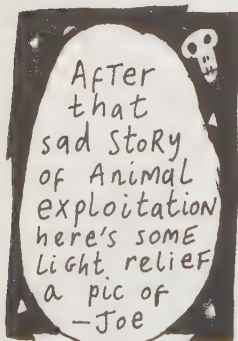
inside



back in the SWAMPS



Dressing Room..



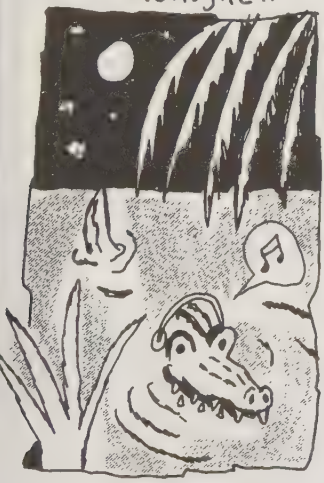
that's it fer now



TALES FROM CALICO county

© JAY BAGNALL

Things sure is quiet tonight...



Even Minister Bobby's got nuthing to do



+ Joe's done skating for today...



But out on the road.. Peter the Preppy is lost..



Meanwhile, Miz Burns is watching the adverts



and deep in the swamps...

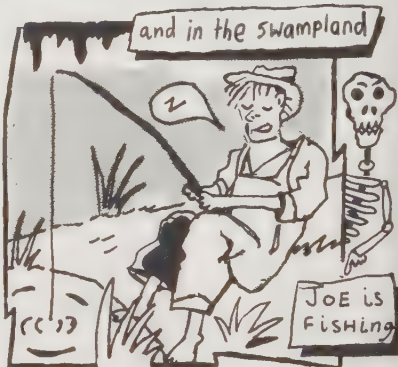


END -

True stories of honest
country folks

Tales from..

CALICO county



The End

WIND-shielded, Gas-o-lined + Drawn © Jay BAGNALL.

AN episode at the Gas station...

© John BaGnall

The Calico County high road



Joe skates there..all the way from home..



Arriving with not too much of a tellin' off Joe is shown the ropes..



Joe soon gets bored watching the cars glide past..



.. and the warm wind makes him feel sleepy..



Wow! don't it make your mouth water?

ssh - just git as many as you can!

Joe wakes up...

Er...yes Ma'am?

Hey country boy, fill 'er up!

Johnson is up waking up!

Uh...?

Coulda sworn I heard noises in here!

DX



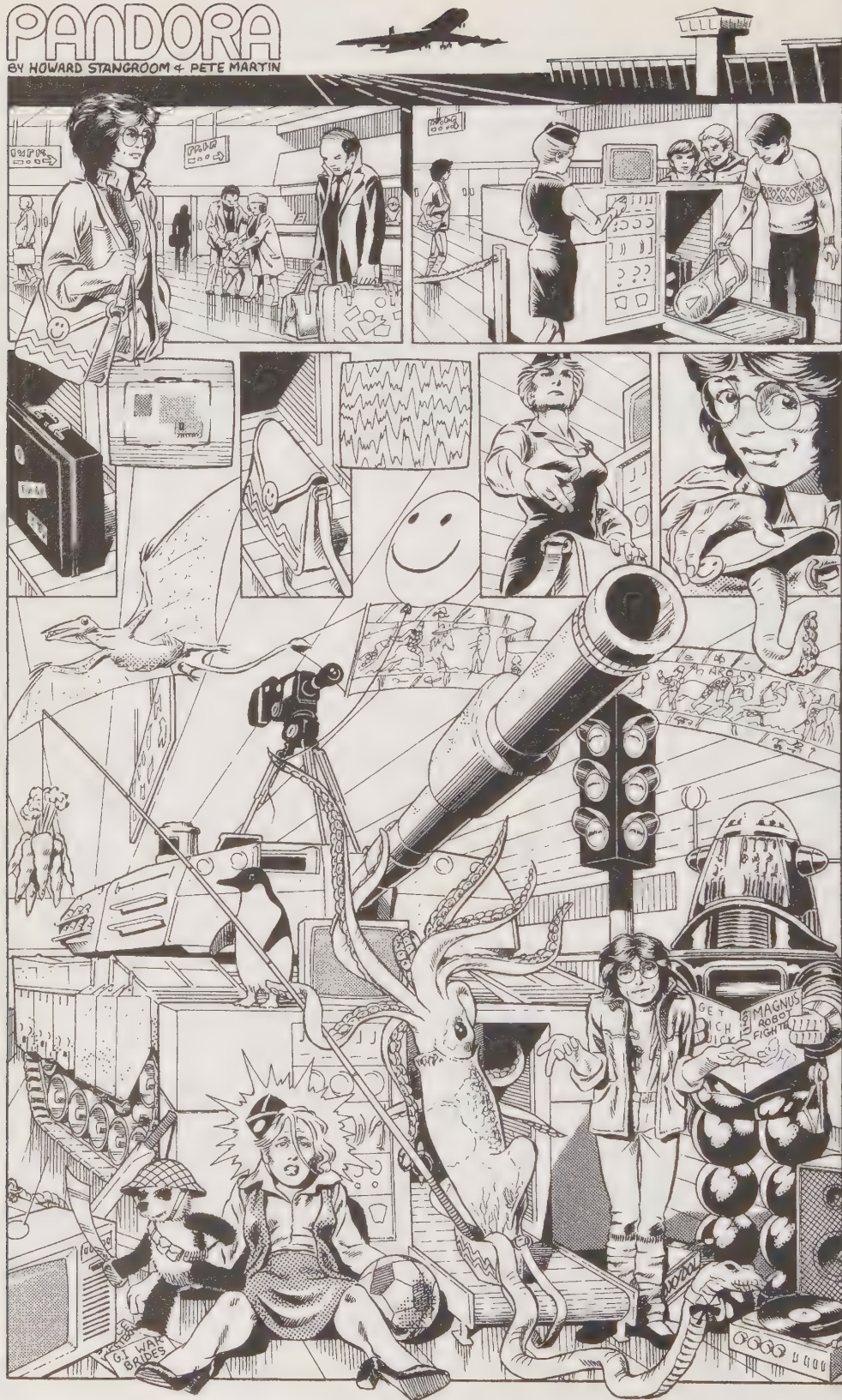
Feelin' pretty low, Joe takes a short cut back home.



end.

PANDORA

BY HOWARD STANGROOM & PETE MARTIN



the
GOATHLAND
diary comic



JAN 1997 - MAR 1998

John Welding

GOATHLAND

Self-published, 1997-98

Up until 1996 Welding had been living in a council flat in Bletchley (Buckinghamshire), working as a graphic designer by day, drawing fantasy and horror comic strips by night. He felt ready for a bit of adventure. On the promise of a cottage to live in and some freelance illustration work, with partner Helen he moved to a remote location in North Yorkshire – a mile from the tiny village of Goathland, twelve miles in turn from the small east coast town of Whitby [cf. *Dracula*].

Existence on a farm took some adjusting to – surrounded by bleak brown moorland, which for one solitary month of the year would explode into stunning purple heather. Animal carcasses littered the ground, adder snakes slid through the bracken; life and death in close proximity.

"Jim Cameron started sending me his work [diary comics with titles such as *Disillusion*, *Confused* and *Transition*] ... a big influence ... the intimacy of the mundane. Letters to family and friends turned into a monthly diary comic. I had found my voice ... the raw honesty and naivety of discovering something as strange and alien as living in that cottage on the outskirts of Goathland." – JW

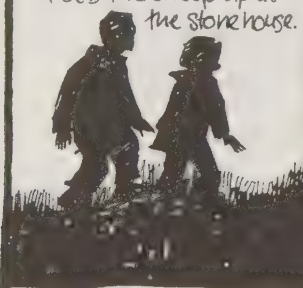
www.johnwelding.blogspot.com

GOATHLAND

21st JANUARY

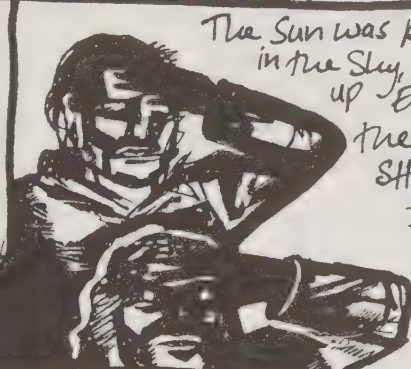


The DAY started well, with an early morning walk to FEED the sheep up at the stone house.

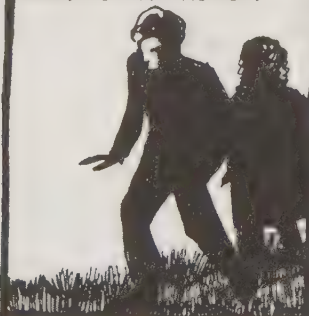


The Sun was REALLY strong in the Sky, and showed up EVERY colour there was to SHOW!

It HURT to Look.



JOB done, we went back to the HOUSE.



Breakfast was muffins and eggs.

The favourite BREAKFAST of 1997!



There were people in the GARDEN. We had our suspicions though.



IT was the RESEARCHERS from HEART-BEAT.*

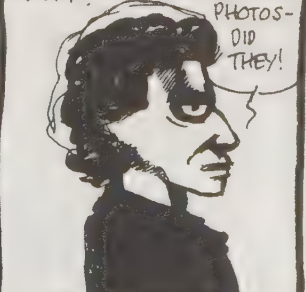


They asked if they could come in and have a LOOK around. I said 'yes'.



AFTERWARDS, I FELT CHEAP!

DIDN'T ASK IF THEY COULD TAKE PHOTOS- DID THEY!



*They go around various places in GOATHLAND, Looking for property to film in!

GOATHLAND

23rd JANUARY.

GREETINGS.
I AM
'MEDIA
FRIENDLY
DAVE'.

WELCOME
TO
WHITBY
BUSINESS
AREA.

...or should
that be
**WHITBY
WAR
ZONE!**

A perfectly **NORMAL**
Business day was underway,
and no one suspected the
HORROR that was to be
UNLEASHED at around
3pm today. Reports
lead us to believe
it started in the
**BOOK KEEPING-
SEMINAR** in
ROOM 6 -AH!
an **EYE
WITNESS**.

SHIT!

IT WAS LIKE
A **RAMBO** MOVIE!
one minute HE
WAS SUBTRACTING

VAT-THE
NEXT, HE
WENT
MENTAL!

'**MENTAL**
INDEED

We have reports
of multiple fires,
32 INJURED and
as many DEAD!

And what
of the
'**HE**'
That is
responsible
for THIS
CARNAGE?

"30 YEAR OLD **JOHN
WELDING**. No **PREVIOUS**
RECORD, and DESCRIBED as
a **NICE
MAN!**"

HIS WHERE-A-BOUNTS
IS **UNKNOWN**. Last
seen 'GUTTING' the **SELF
ASSESSMENT LECTURER**

from **GROIN**
to **CHIN!**
with a **CRAFT
KNIFE!!**

Horrible.

We now
go to another
**EMOTIONALLY
SCARED** and
**BATTERED
VICTIM**, to
HEAR more
gratuitous
descriptions
of...

HEH!

What the
'**WHITBY PSYCHO**'
Has....

EURGH!

HEH
HEH!

A-HEURGH.

A-Heurgh
Heurgh
Heurgh!

"Yeah-it was
a pretty **BORING**
**BOOK KEEPING-
COURSE!**"

GOATHLAND

2nd FEBRUARY.

Went to FEED the
SHEEP this
Morning.

On the way from
the STONE HOUSE to
the TIN HOUSE we
Saw Charlie
Struggling...



At first we thought
it was WOLF...
Running around in
FRONT of Charlie-
it wasn't!

One of the SHEEP,
a SHEARLING, is BLIND!*
Its EYES have turned
Glass White and it is
thin from not eating.



We lock it in the TIN
HOUSE, so it can FIND
FOOD - then we leave!

LUNCHTIME: We're off
to the PUB! 🎵

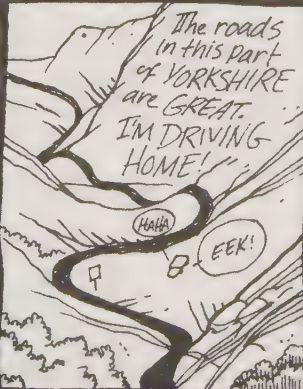
BOOM BOOM BOOM



HELP!
I'M BEING
KIDNAPPED!

There's FIVE of us
for LUNCH!

☆ Jo Heather ☆
Helen Charlie ☆
and Me! ☆
©



The roads
in this part
of YORKSHIRE
are GREAT.
I'M DRIVING
HOME!

(HAHA)

EEK!

KEVIN CALLS at 6-30 pm.

Pub at 9-30,
I'll DRIVE.



* TURNED out to be a form of SNOWBLINDNESS ©

GOATHLAND

3rd FEBRUARY.

The 'shearling' we found yesterday had to have her BLIND eyes seen to. This involved squirting a powder into the eyes!

With that done, Me and Charlie split up — I Head for the DALE. I found this HUGE upturned TREE and decide "what a great place to have a FAG."

BAAA!

Up at the TINHOUSE.



Later...

ye-HA!



It's a fairly WARM day for GOATHLAND and the sun is managing to FILTER through the Mist. This is a good place to be — the size of the surroundings putting ME into perspective!

The SHEEP go MAD for THIER 'NUTS'! (But I outran them).

GOATHLAND

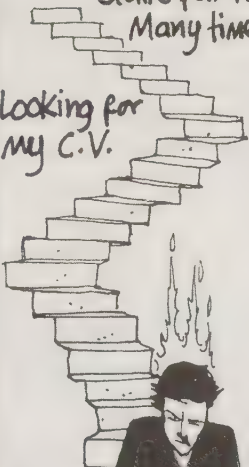
7th FEBRUARY.

There's NOT much you need to KNOW about today, except...



Ran UP and DOWN the stairs far too Many times,

Looking for my C.V.

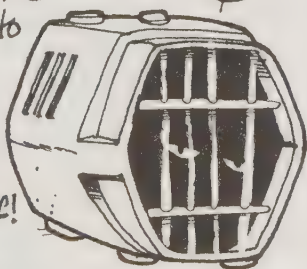


Didn't find it, So got ANGRY Frustrated.

Needed the C.V. because I'd been called in for an interview at the JOB CENTRE. Yes, I know, I'm Self-employed, but I/we don't EARN enough to live on - Hence, Signing on!



Now, before the interview started, we had to take BILLY to the vets. Being a LONG Haired cat his fur has become really MATTED and needed cutting off! (to the Vets it is!)



The arsehole at the Job Centre gives me a HARD time!

What work are you looking for?

Artist...*

What work are you looking for?

GRR!

After 1/2 an hour I feel stupid, Humiliated and UNHEARD!

I meet Helen, do a bit of food shopping, then it's time to pick Billy up from the VETS.



Aw No!

AH



GRR!



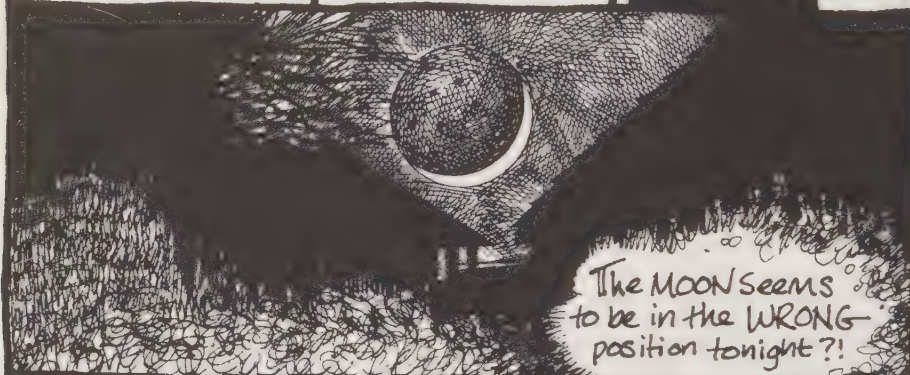
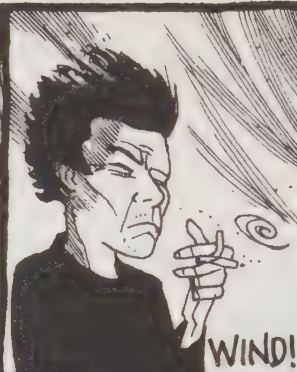
*I've heard that the Job Centre doesn't recognise 'ARTIST' as a profession. The nearest they can get to a description is 'graphic designer' - HENCE I'm now recorded as a Graphic designer looking for graphic design work!

GOATHLAND

10TH FEBRUARY

RAIN.

RAIN.



RAIN.

FIRE.



RAIN.

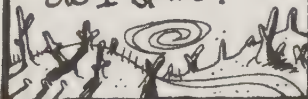
RAIN.



GOATHLAND

12th FEBRUARY.

"My God! Where do I start?"

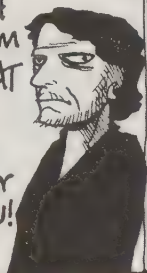


It's the first day of LENT today. I'm no Christian, but I think it's good to give things up now and then - you can become dependent on things ALL to EASY. @~

I'm giving up smoking for the next 40 days and 40 nights - Roll on EASTER.



Anyway - I'm in an Agitated State by 11am. A woman from HEARTBEAT calls to Arrange things for Tomorrow! I HIDE!



There's a HUNT going on in THIS AREA today. It feels HORRIBLE to be around at the moment! There are a lot of grumpy people about, watching the Dogs chase SOMETHING ABOUT? I don't understand.



In my fantasy - I take the law into my own hands and go after the killers - Vigilante STYLE!

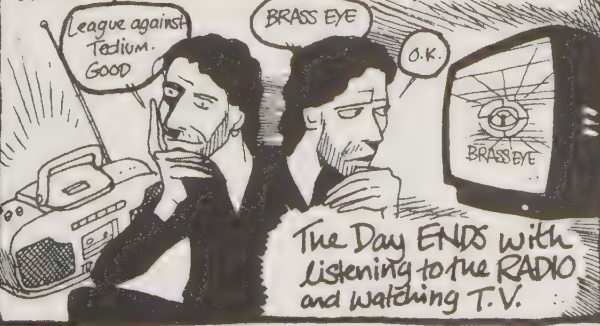


But that gets you ARRESTED, with Ignorant people - the fact that I'm dwelling on the problem means they're AHEAD! POSITIVE ACTION IS NEEDED!

Yeah - Easy enough to SAY!



SUDDENLY... events have overtaken me - Helen feels the same - Lack of CONTROL!

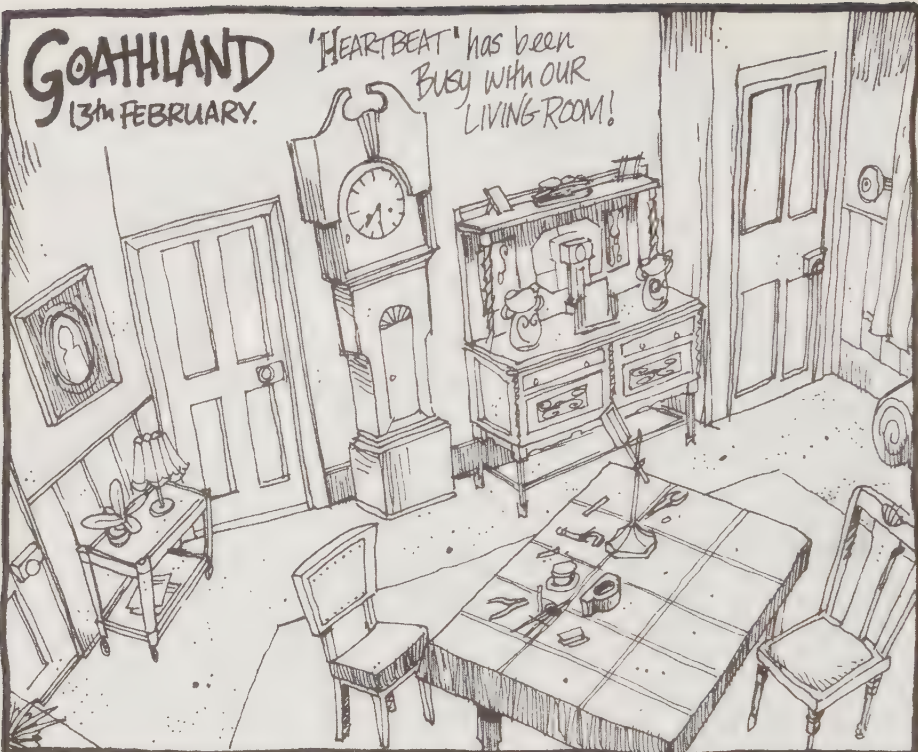


The Day ENDS with listening to the RADIO and watching T.V.

GOATHLAND

13th FEBRUARY.

'HEARTBEAT' has been
BUSY WITH OUR
LIVING ROOM!



The team spent the day 'dirtying DOWN' the walls and filling the room with 'OLD' furniture!

'DIRTY' PAINT



We're ALLERGIC to the SOFA!
COFF COUGH COFF COUGH COOF



'Billy the Cat' ISN'T!



The HUNT was out again, today. Me and Helen went up the 'drive' - People were gathered up the top - watching!



Well, not Much!

When are you GOING!

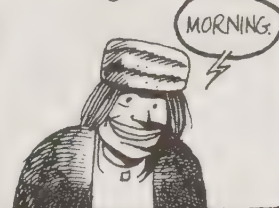


GOATHLAND

14th FEBRUARY.



It's another **EARLY** Morning with the **HEARTBEAT** crew arriving at 8-15am.



Within the **HOUR** the **HOUSE** is filled with the **FILM CREW!**

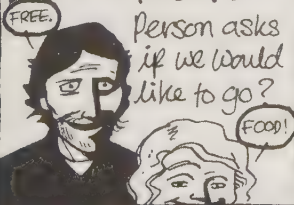


We're off - **WHITBY** seems attractive **TODAY** -



WHITBY soon loses its **ATTRACTION**. After a couple of **HOURS** and a bit of **Shopping** we are going **HOME!**

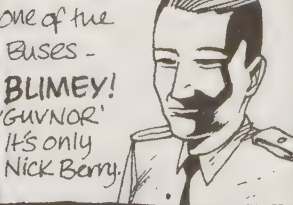
We get back to the **farm**, as the **Film Crew** are going to **LUNCH**. A **POLITE**



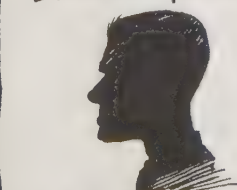
SASHA - the polite **Person**, drives us into the **VILLAGE** and into **HEARTBEAT H.Q.**



We que up with the **CREW**. I notice someone **Staring** at **Helen** from



I **Stare** back - and realise he's been **'EYEING'** up **Helen!**



He **AVERTS** his gaze - Therefore I **WIN!**

Spend the rest of the afternoon up in the **STUDIO**, waiting for the **'SHOWBIZ Stuff'** to end.



'Billy the Cat' goes missing for **FOUR HOURS** and we presume he's been **ABDUCTED!**



He turns up later in the evening, dazed, confused and a little bit strange!

GOATHLAND

25th FEBRUARY

Walked to the village
in the **STRONG** winds.
I need **CHOCOLATE** and
I need it **QUICK!**



The **DECORATORS** are here
today, decorating the
ROOMS used in the
'**HEARTBEAT**' filming!

Later on, I was putting
an **OLD** table back in
the '**WASH ROOM**', there,
I discovered a pile of old
MAGAZINES - One that
caught my **EYE...**

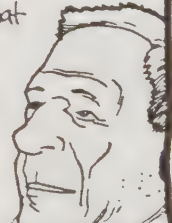
It had an **ARTICLE**
about **MARC CHAGALL**
and his '**LATEST**' MASTERPIECE,
-The **JERUSALEM**
WINDOWS!

(from 1962)

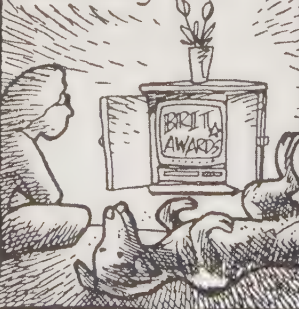


It was a strange
feeling, to read something
that was written in the
PRESENT TENSE, about
something that
Happened

35 years
AGO!
STRANGE,
but **GOOD!**



The '**BRIT AWARDS**' are
on the Telly* tonight!



We go to bed, but
Billy the Cat* has
OTHER IDEAS!**



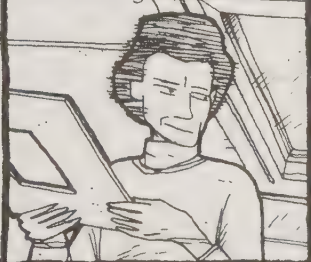
* the neighbours are **OUT**, so we watch finer Telly, with permission, of course! ** **FRACTIOUS!**

GOATHLAND

26TH FEBRUARY.



Busy doing work for the **GOATHLAND EXHIBITION CENTRE**. Cutting, Sanding and Painting.



I Stare out of the **ATTIC** window.

—'**BILLY** the **CAT**' is being **SURROUNDED** by a **HERD** of **SHEEP**. Billy is watching them in his contemplative way! Bit by bit, **THEY** get Closer to the little cat!

You're not one of us?

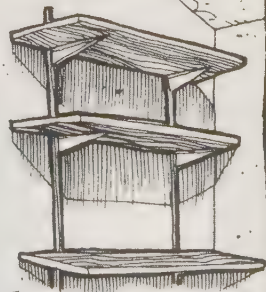
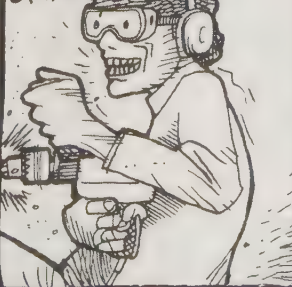
you WHAT!



I laugh out loud to myself, then...



Put up a set of **SHELVES** in the **STUDIO**.



A **THING** of **BEAUTY**!

GOATHLAND

6TH MARCH.

— 6-30 AM

It is ONE of THOSE
MORNINGS —

YE HA!

The Kind where you
just **ROLL** out of **BED**!

No **EFFORT** to get
WASHED and **DRESSED**!

And **EVERYTHING**
looks **inspirational**
in the **SUNLIGHT**!

PERFECT!

Am I **PAINTING**—
A **PRETTY** **PICTURE**,
OR WHAT?

Well...

Went for a
walk on the **MOOR**
and collected **HEATHER TWIGS***

BILLY **KILLED**
a **RAT!**

The **DECORATOR** came back
to finish off the **LIVING**—
ROOM — At last. It's been
OVER THREE weeks
since it was **STARTED**!

HE'S DONE
REALLY WELL

Humpf!

SPECTACULAR

Spent the rest of the
evening **TIDYING** the
House and **SORTING**—
the **STUDIO** out!

DUSTY **WORK**...

Oh
COUGH!

BATH, then **BED**.

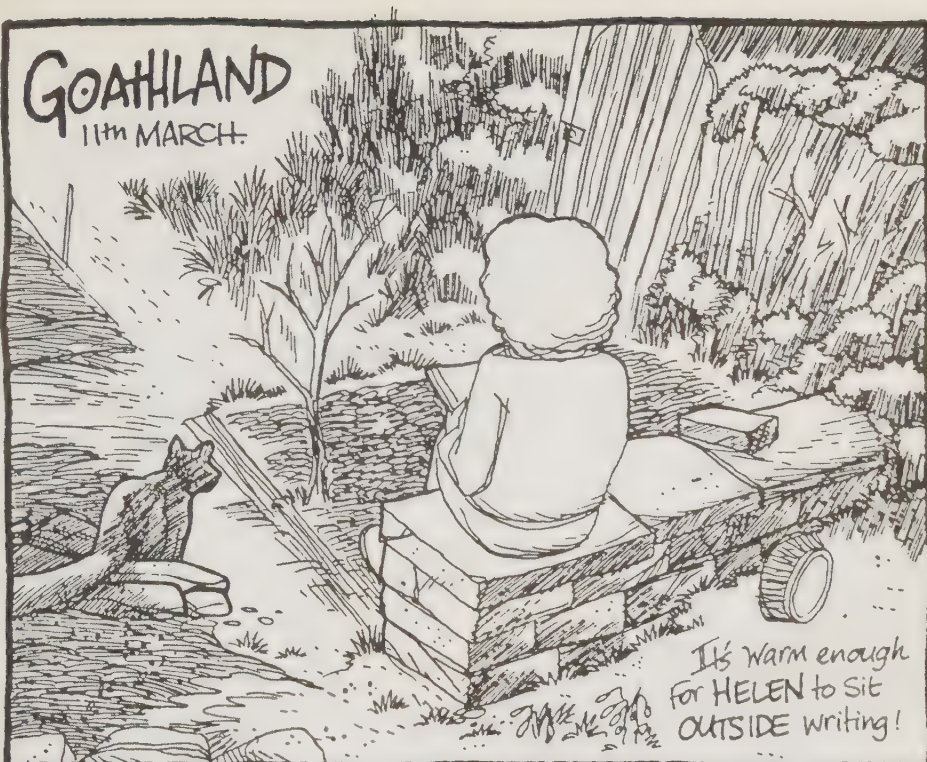
OOOPS,
SORRY
LAD!

WATCH
IT!

*EXCELLENT for **KINDLING**, Δ O.K., I'M **VEGETARIAN** and a **PACIFIST**, and **ALL THAT!** But it's
BILLY'S KARMA and it's **HIS NATURE** to do what **HE DOES!**

GOATHLAND

11th MARCH.

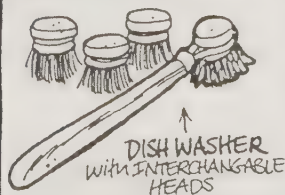


It's warm enough
for HELEN to sit
OUTSIDE writing!

And I'm floating
AROUND in a WHITE
SHIRT. It feels like
SPRING.



Went into the VILLAGE to
collect a FOOD ORDER that
had been delivered to
JACKIE. This is a MUCH
NICER way to SHOP!



DISH WASHER
WITH INTERCHANGABLE
HEADS

Spent the afternoon
working at the
EXHIBITION centre.

'CRAFTY'
POE



And SEARCHING through
a SKIP, outside, with
HELEN. Found a ~~SMALL~~
LOAD of FIREWOOD!



HELEN reading yesterday's
GOATHLAND, by the FIRE.



GOATHLAND

27th MARCH

CHEMICAL WORLD!

We and Helen are WORKING at an ARTS FESTIVAL.

HEY, YOU TWO!

BILL?

We MEET someone who we USED to WORK with in MILTON KEYNES!

We get talking, and it turns out we're all staying at the same B&B!

The THREE of US walk a DARK PATH that night, to the PUB!

HEE!

BILL leaves EARLY as he has a literary and philosophical meeting to ATTEND!

BE!

Meanwhile the SPICE GIRLS have just been SAVED by TWO HEROES, Rough, Adventure types, on board a SUBMARINE!

UP PERISCOPE!

OVER the Speaker System they HEAR the DEATH CRY of another SUBMARINE COMMANDER

WE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE, BUT PETER ANDRE IS ONE OF THEM!

2AAAAARGH!

The SPICE GIRLS are TRANSFORMING into WEREWOLVES!

GRP POWER!

It ENDS with POSH SPICE, still looking like a WEREWOLF, picking up her UMBRELLA and BRIEFCASE, and then going HOME to her WIFE!

DREAMING on ORGANIC CHEESE,

LEFT ME WITH A HEADACHE!

The HEROES DIE!

The END!

GOATHLAND

30th MARCH.

EASTER SUNDAY.



Woke up TIRED and DEPRESSED!



What's it ALL FOR, EH?

...and GRUMPY!

A Walk in the FRESH AIR and SUNSHINE is NEEDED!



...RESET YOUR WATCH?

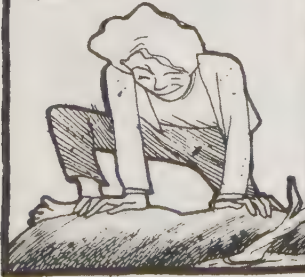
Doh!

CLOCKS go FORWARD today.



This is BECK HOLE — Drawn from MEMORY, so please excuse any INACCURACY!

HELEN went for a bit of a SCRAMBLE across ROCKS — BARE FOOT!



The WARM weather means the VILLAGE is SWARMING with TOURISTS!



Act NATURAL and we will BLEND IN!

GOATHLAND

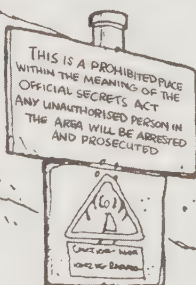
6th April.

Helen, Wolf and Me
are going for a WALK.

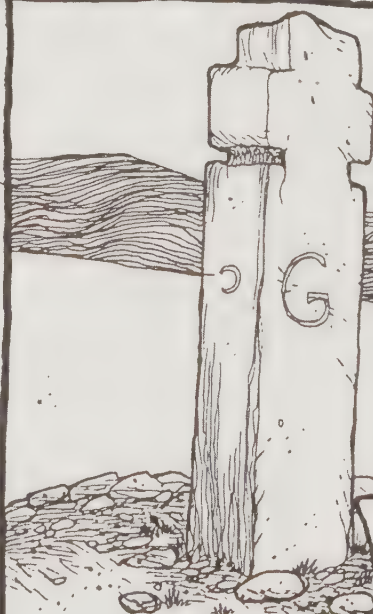


Past ROADS, BRIDGES
and RIVERS!

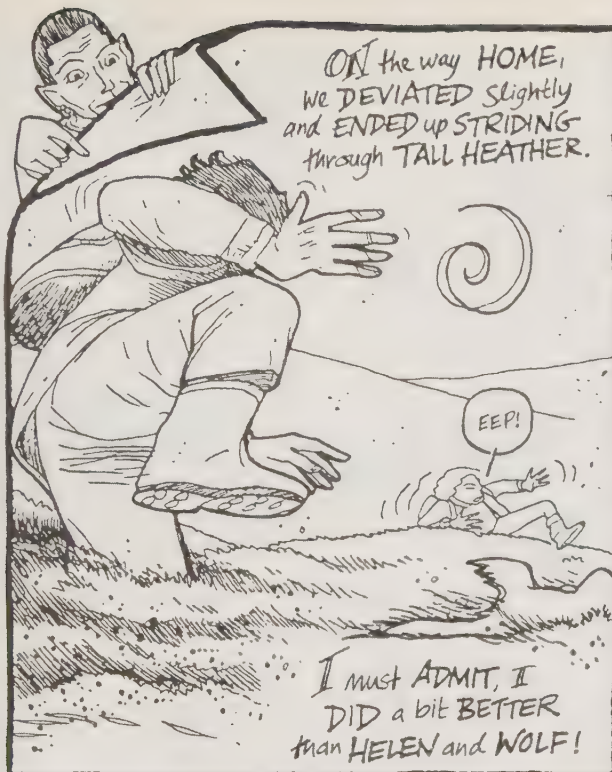
And RAF EARLY
WARNING STATIONS!



THIS is our
DESTINATION-
LILLA CROSS,
One of the OLDEST
CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS
in the NORTH!



...THERE'S
MORE!



ON the way HOME,
we DEVIATED slightly
and ENDED up STRIDING
through TALL HEATHER.

EEP!

I must ADMIT, I
DID a bit BETTER
than HELEN and WOLF!



In the MIDDLE of the
heather, we came across
a LARGE pool of
BLUE TINTED WATER -
CRYSTAL CLEAR and VERY
DEEP!

Finally, we got BACK to
THORNHILL FARM -
EXHAUSTED, we had
been OUT for FIVE
hours, it felt like TEN.



PHEW!

After the initial SHOCK,
HELEN, HEATHER, JO
and ME go to the
LOCAL pub.



(GUINNESS is GREAT!)

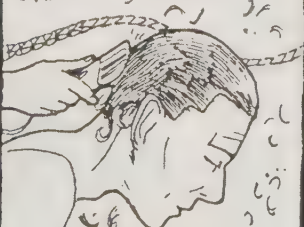
Get home and WAKE the
CAT up!

WE LOVE
you BILLY.

YOU'RE OUR
BEST MATE!



HELEN helped me to
SHAVE my HEAD.



I've got the GUTS to
do IT this TIME!

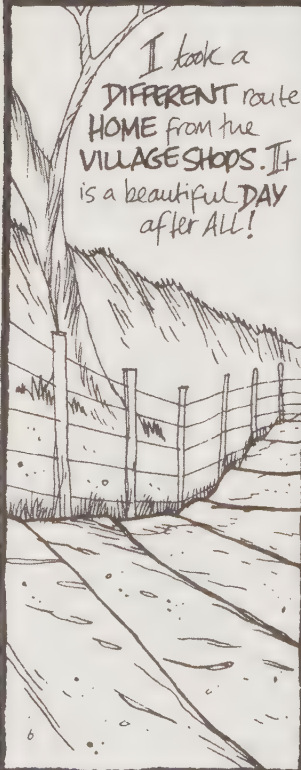
GOATHLAND

12th April.

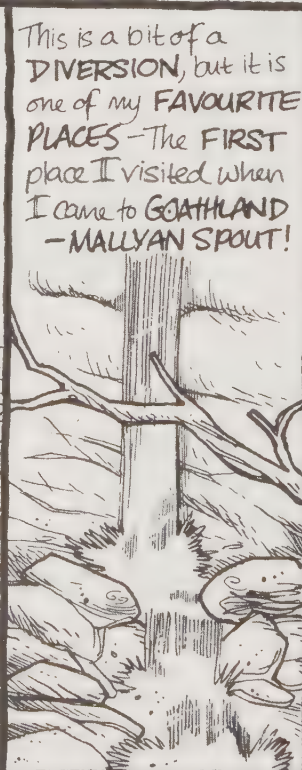


EVER Had ONE of those
MOMENTS where you
REALISE you've CLIMBED up a
bit too HIGH and CAN'T go BACK?

I took a
DIFFERENT route
HOME from the
VILLAGE SHOPS. It
is a beautiful DAY
after ALL!



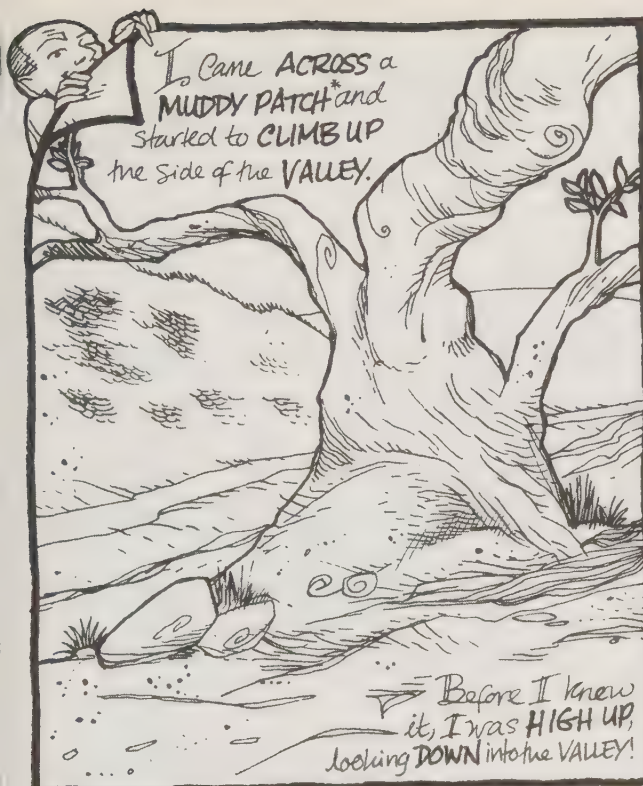
This is a bit of a
DIVERSION, but it is
one of my FAVOURITE
PLACES - The FIRST
place I visited when
I came to GOATHLAND
- MALLYAN SPOUT!



I followed the RIVER
UPSTREAM for about
1/2 a MILE, there is some
TREMENDOUS SCENERY
here and the ATMOSPHERE
is a COOL one.



CONTINUED...



I came ACROSS a
MUDDY PATCH* and
started to CLIMB UP
the side of the VALLEY.

Before I knew
it, I was HIGH UP,
looking DOWN into the VALLEY!

WHICH is WHERE we
came in...
Hanging onto TREE
ROOTS!



REACHING the TOP felt like a
REAL ACHIEVEMENT!

HEFF!



PHEW!

On the way HOME
I wandered into a SWAMP!



Aw
No!

* ME and MUD DON'T MIX!

GOATHLAND

19th April.

On the FARM, no one can HEAR...

You SCREAM!



IT'S BEEN a FEW days since I last WROTE - BUSY doing NOTHING... you might say!



OR you might say...

My WORK is SECRET, and takes me off to EXOTIC locations...

You MIGHT, but you would be **WRONG!**



They ENJOY warm SURROUNDINGS with a plentiful supply of BLOOD!



RIC the FARMER suggests DIPPING HIM.



BUT YOU ONLY DO THAT TO SHEEP?

...AND CATS!



This is the SHEEP DIP!



The CAT is DIPPED and SHOOTs off at 'CAT WARP SPEED! It will be a FEW hours before he RETURNS!

BACK to WORK. Helen has gone to WORK in the 'EXHIBITION CENTRE' and I'm at HOME, tidying up and getting on with the SIGN WRITING!



REMOVING HIS TESTICLES, SHAVING HIS HAIR OFF -

HE'S NOT GOING TO FORGIVE ME THIS TIME!

GOATHLAND
MAY 11th

☆ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴
MAGICAL Things
☆ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

SWALLOWS caught
in the light of a
potential
THUNDERSTORM!



CLOUDS that look like they have been
ETCHED into the SKY!



A BIG COW, just sitting in the
WARMTH of the SUN!



HAIL STONES falling
on a SKY light!



ME and Billy the cat,
HUNTING a MOUSE
behind the COOKER!
(It's a SYMBIOTIC
relationship type
THING!)



GOATHLAND

17th MAY!



Yehar! I'm exhibiting some of my **COMIC STRIPS** at a gallery in **SCARBOROUGH!**



ON the way **HOME** the **SKIES** start to get **DARK**.

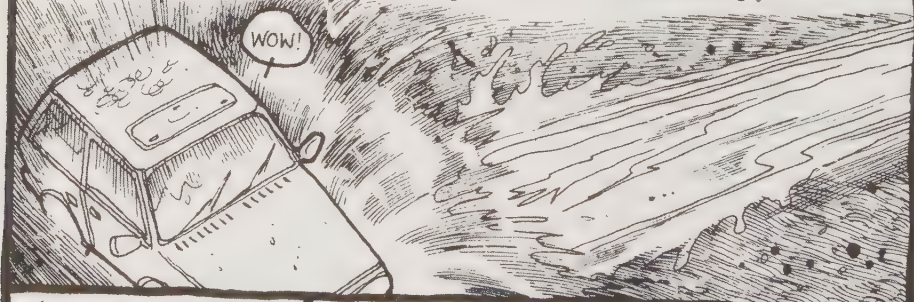
UH-OH!



Before we **KNOW** what's going on, we're in the middle of an **ELECTRICAL STORM!**

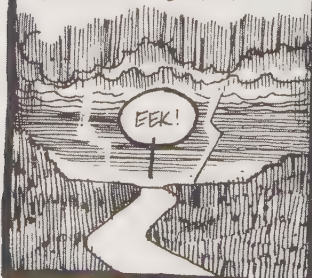


RIVERS of **MUD** and **WATER** appear almost **INSTANTANEOUSLY**. This is exciting... but it's starting to get **DANGEROUS!**



All the while, needle points of lightening Strike the **EARTH**.

EEK!



Get back to the **FARM** **INTACT!**

Where have you **BEEN?**



GOATHLAND

21st MAY!



PHEN! What a **BUSY** day **WE'**VE had! **FIRST**, there was a drive into **WHITBY**, to see a friend and Client.

Then into **SCARBOROUGH** to see our **BUSINESS** **ADVISOR**...

Who we visited!



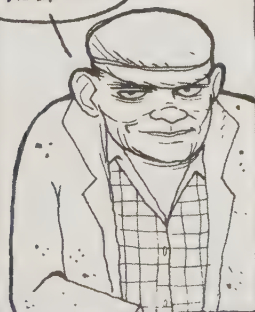
Who turned out to be a **NICE** guy. Then back into **ROBIN HOOD'S BAY** to **CHAT** with a **'DESIGNER and TYPESETTER'** type company.

By the time we had our dinner and a **SITDOWN**, I was about ready for **BED**!

UNTIL, **TRIC** the **FARMER** came to the **BACK DOOR**!



Could you **HELP** me?



COW'S gone into calf and I need to get her **OUT** of the **FIELD**! We'll need **STICKS**!

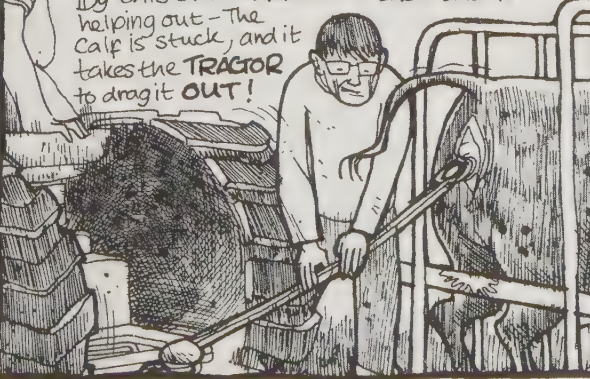


BACK!

MOO!



By this time **CHARLIE** is back and is helping out - The calf is stuck, and it takes the **TRACTOR** to drag it **OUT**!



The **CALF** is a **HUGE BULL** and is very **WELL**!

HORRATH!

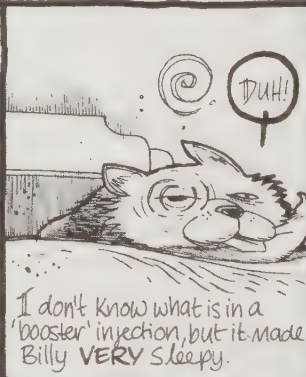
BLIMEY!





Billy the CAT had to go and have his annual **BOOSTER** injection this morning - the vet was being **CAUTIOUS** with him.

I managed to calm him down enough, so the vet could stick the needle in.



I don't know what is in a 'booster' injection, but it made Billy **VERY** Sleepy.

We find him **CRASHED** out in various places around the house.



I told Helen about the struggle the vet had, and how Billy **GROWLED**!



GOATHLAND



The 'old line' is a **VERY** dark path to walk at night, It's worth it to get to the pub before closing time.



Familiar faces fill the corner, among them, that of radio repair man - Kevin.

A pint of **GUINNESS** is consumed and the walk home begins.

This is a different way home. Not so dark, it's a **CLEAR** night, although **RAIN** is forecast for later.

A clear night and the heavens are **OUT** in all their **GLORY**.



GOATHLAND



Charlie, the next door neighbor invites us next door for a cup of tea.



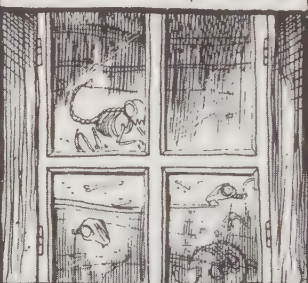
Things look a little bit different, there's a **NEW** cabinet in the room.



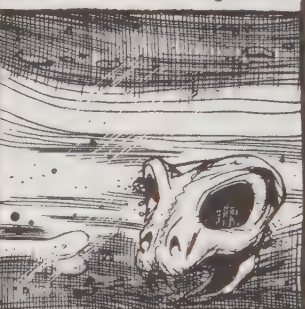
Charlie shows us the inside of the new cabinet.



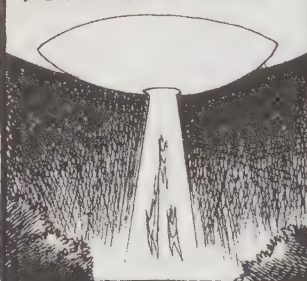
The window contains layers of **EARTH** which hold the **BURIED** bones of **CATS**!



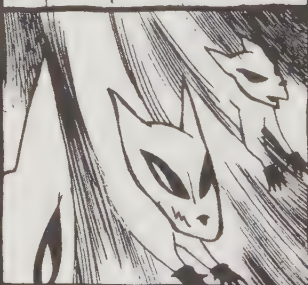
It's a mystery that goes back hundreds of years



That night we get answers. Every hundred years they **RETURN** to do **HARM**.



ALIEN CATS. They are smaller than **EARTH** cats, but **VERY** fast and vicious!



They are here to **TEST** the farm cats - to the **DEATH**!



BILLY! -VELCRO!



Noooo!



OH MY GOD!

What a DREAM!

ONLY a DREAM!



Heh, Heh!

GOATHLAND

BED - Safe, comfortable and warm. Everything is well in the house, and all that remains is to fall into the arms of the Sandman

MEOW!

YAWN!

Evening, LAD.

MEOW!

be careful out there.

Peace, at last.

MEOW!

GRR!

Hum, GRUMPY.

GRRR!

Should get more sleep!

GOATHLAND FRIDAY 21ST NOVEMBER.

Ummm! You don't know how **GOOD** it feels to have **SUNLIGHT** come Streaming through the cottage window this morning. After being shrouded in **MIST** and **FOG** for most of **NOVEMBER**. This little bit of **LIGHT** really lifts the **SPIRITS**.



Yep!

I can't wait to get **OUTSIDE** again.

GIVE the **RODENTS** a good going over!

**BWAHAHA
HAHAHA!**

Ahhh! What a **PERFECT DAY**.

Yep!



The **TEPID** weather
has **BROKEN** and
the **FROSTY** mornings
have arrived.

Quite beautiful.
Sunlight creates
silhouettes of
everything from
trees to plant pots.



It would be a good
morning to cross the
fields and collect
fire wood - before
the mud **MELTS**.



But **FIRST**, a slice of
the **CHOCOLATE CAKE***
I made last night, you
know, to keep
me going.



HEFF.

PUFF!



She's **EXAGGERATING**
AGAIN!

*Helen made the filling though.

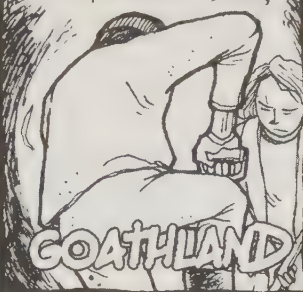
GOATHLAND

MONDAY 1st DECEMBER (CONTINUED)



Breakfast in front of the WINDOW, watching STEAM rise as the SUN finds FRESH patches of frost to HEAT.

We buried 'Billy the Cat' this afternoon.



We found out he was dead a few hours ago.

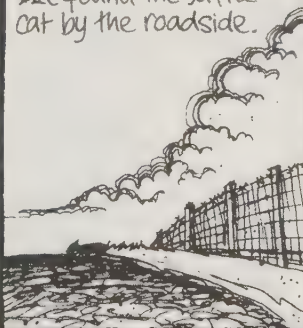


Ric the farmer, from next door, was the first to let us know.



I've some **BAD** news for you both...

We found the little cat by the roadside.



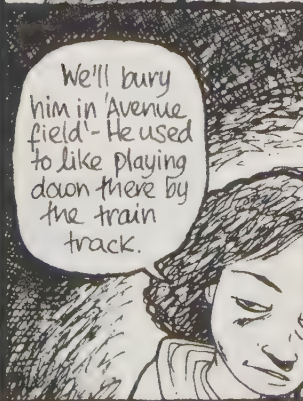
The body was **FROZEN** solid.

He must have been there all night?

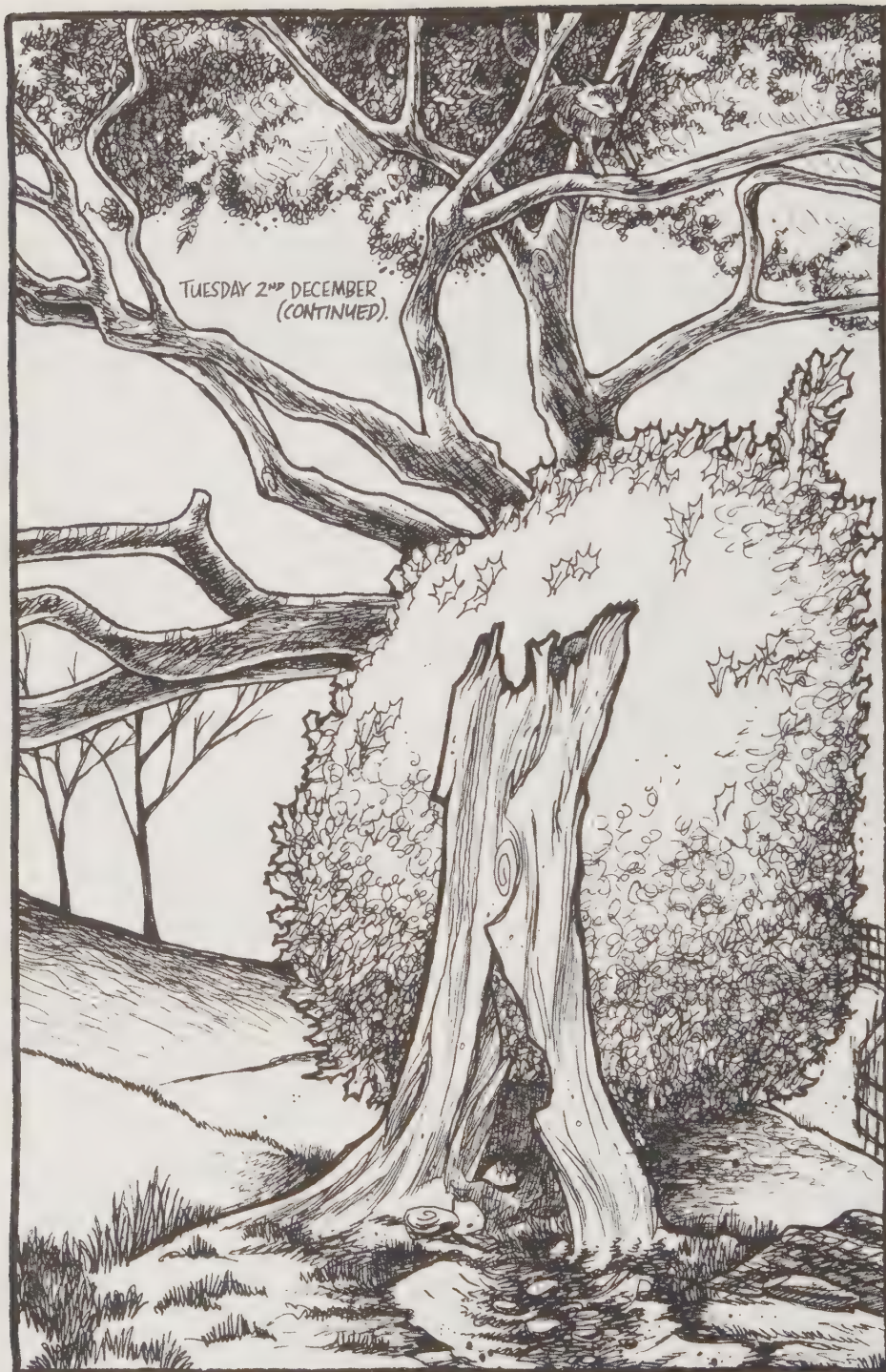
I placed him in a bag to take him **HOME**.



We'll bury him in 'Avenue field' - He used to like playing down there by the train track.



TUESDAY 2ND DECEMBER



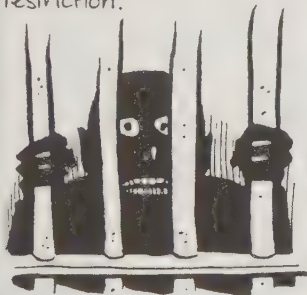
We all moved to GOATHLAND and the farm TOGETHER.
'Billy the Cat' - Mar 1996 - Dec 1997 - I'm going to miss the grumpy little cat.

Quiddity

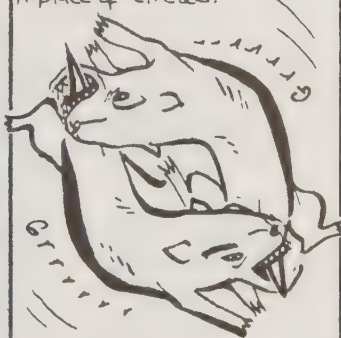
A Trifling Question

SEPTEMBER 1996.

I travelled from a place of restriction.



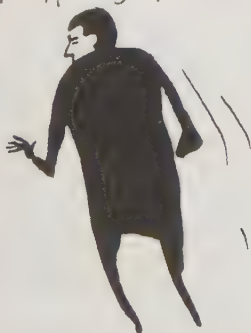
A place of circles.



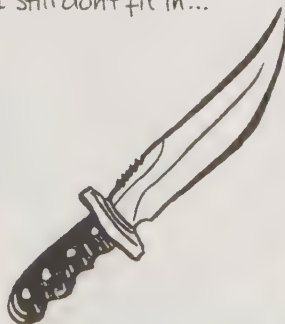
Into the WILDERNESS, making a decision to do something different.



At first, feelings of isolation.



I still don't fit in...



But then, that's normal.



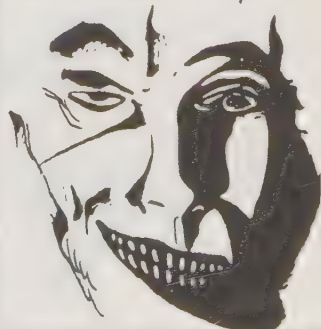
My mother tells me of the time when I was young, I wanted to live somewhere 'old worldy'.



At fourteen I plan to RUN away. My savings will go on a quality TENT, stout boots...



And a HUNTING knife.



I enter 'society', everything I do is **AVERAGE**.



Until the **FISHBONE** gig, London Astoria, at the age of 23.



Things change, I exit Society at 26, disillusioned. My 'slow burn **FUSE**' is kicking in.



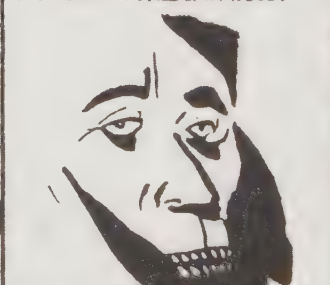
Relationships come and go. It is written that friends now have a part in my **HISTORY**.



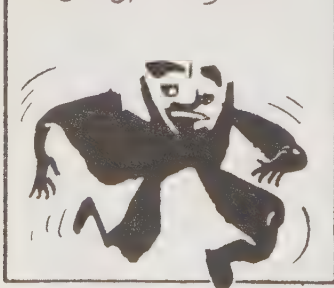
The wilderness gives me direction.



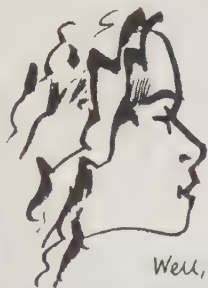
A refinement that feels like hardship. Friends are now counted in ones and twos.



Perhaps this all comes from the feelings I had when I was young, wanting to run...



Strength from being my own
BOSS.



Well, sort of!

A GYPSY once told me "I would
be my own boss", that I find it
difficult to take orders"-a pound
well spent.



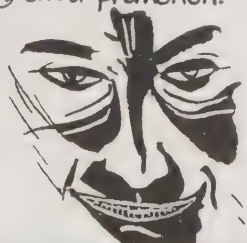
I don't know what the future
holds. That is both exciting
and WORRYING to me.



GROWTH can be a frightening
prospect.

NO I don't
think I want
to come OUT of
my SAFE place!

I toy with the idea that this
is all a LIE. Make believe from
a FERTILE imagination-160
pages of invention backed up
by clever promotion.



And once my characters are
DEAD—they STAY dead!



SATURDAY 14th MARCH 1998.

While changing a broken plug socket in the cottage, I cross
wires and ELECTROCUTE myself!



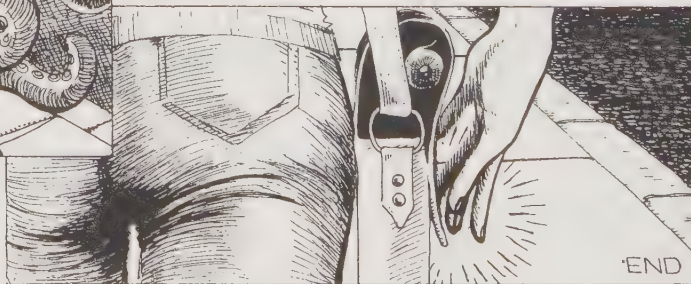
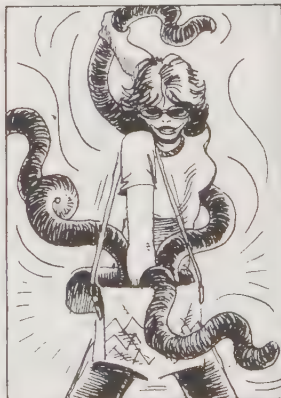
The End.



The GOATHLAND DIARY COMIC by JOHN WELDING
January 1997 - March 1998

PANDORA

STEVE
WHITAKER
ART BY



'END

PLOT BY
HOWARD STANGROOM

aunt connie and the plague of beards

j o n a t h a n e d w a r d s



Jonathan Edwards

AUNT CONNIE AND THE PLAGUE OF BEARDS

Les Cartoonists Dangereux, collection Lilliput, 1999

Welshman Mister Edwards is something of a secret weapon when it comes to British comics – his strips are seen in, among others, *Deadline* and *MAD* magazine, and the music paper *NME*, but also, for more years than we can count, in the UK's *Guardian* newspaper. [Although, as he himself admits, he should have drawn a lot more than he has!]

Aunt Connie was originally published as a mini-comic by independent UK comics collective "les cartoonists dangereux" (see if you can imagine anything as dangerous as a cartoonist) and was available in both English and French language editions.

Werewolf in London, and find an excuse to use my Berenice Abbott book as reference. Since then I've worked as an illustrator and character designer (with my partner Louise AKA Felt Mistress), exhibited in galleries all over the world, including LA, Berlin and Osaka. And I continue to draw comics when I can." – JE

www.jonathan-e.com

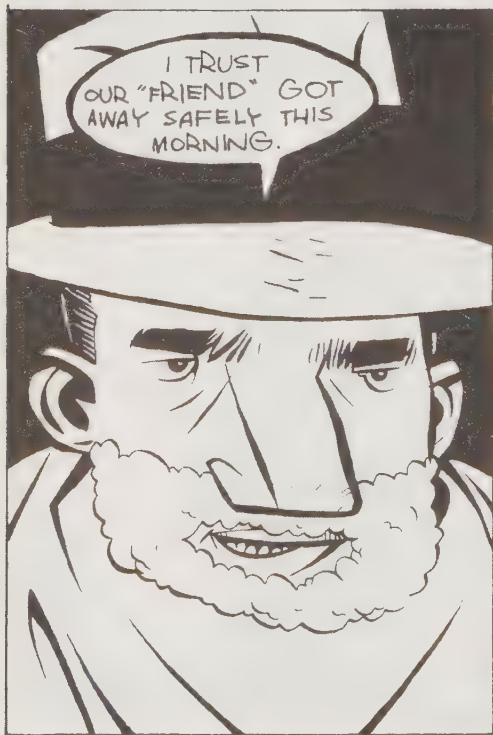


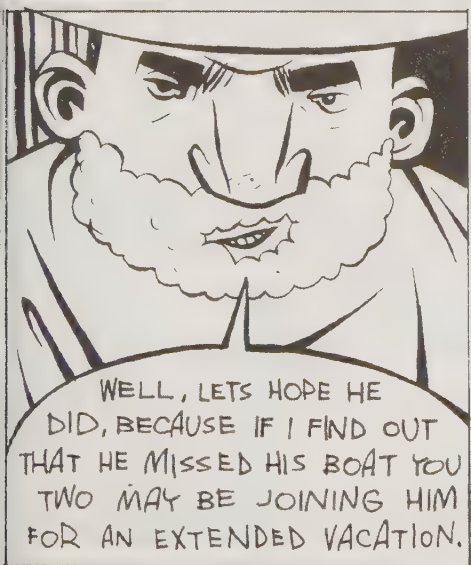
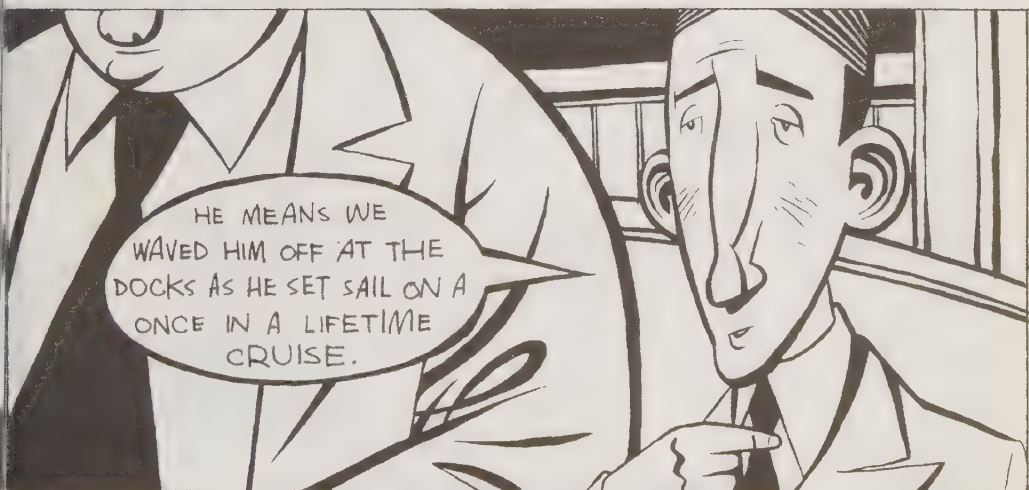


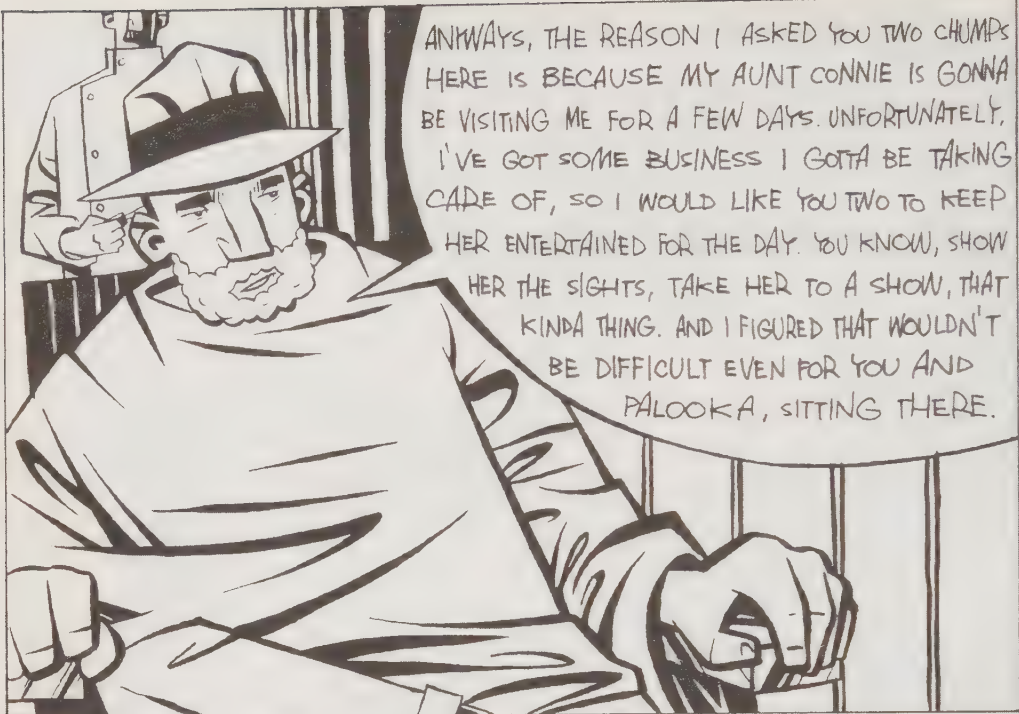








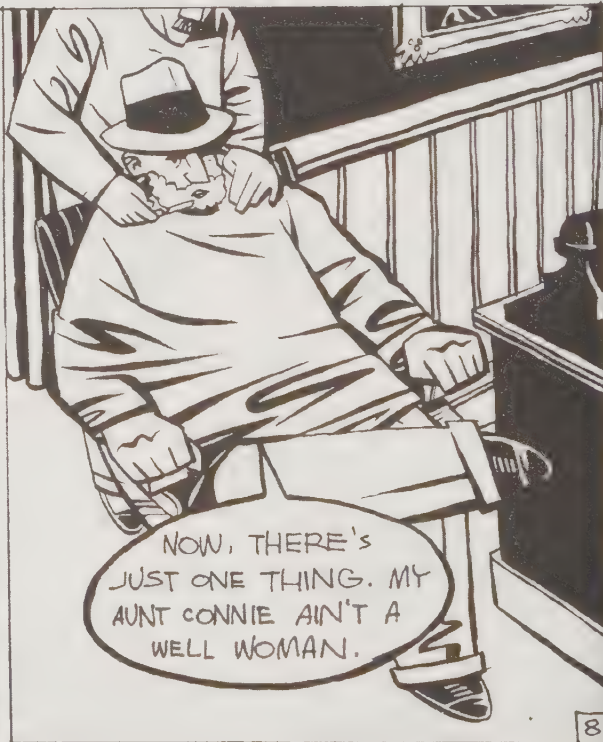




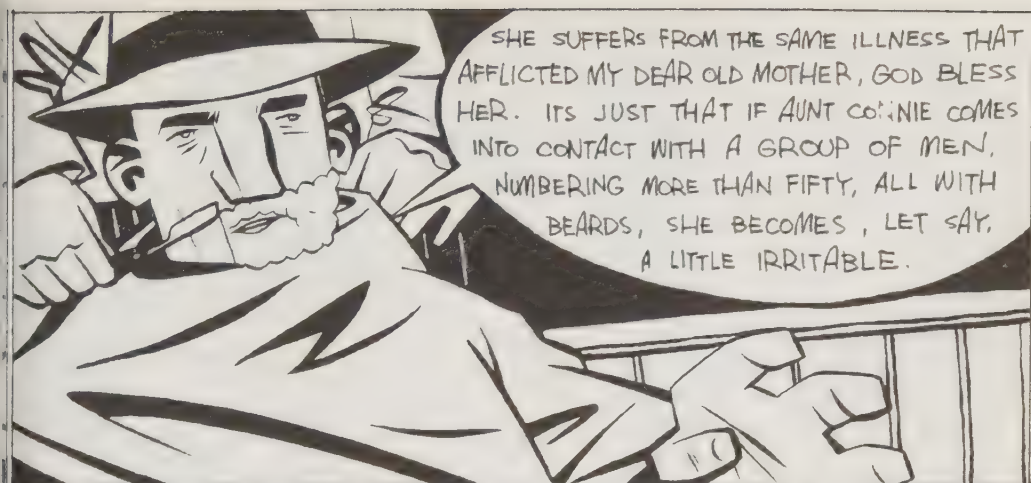
ANYWAYS, THE REASON I ASKED YOU TWO CHUMPS
HERE IS BECAUSE MY AUNT CONNIE IS GONNA
BE VISITING ME FOR A FEW DAYS. UNFORTUNATELY,
I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS I GOTTA BE TAKING
CARE OF, SO I WOULD LIKE YOU TWO TO KEEP
HER ENTERTAINED FOR THE DAY. YOU KNOW, SHOW
HER THE SIGHTS, TAKE HER TO A SHOW, THAT
KINDA THING. AND I FIGURED THAT WOULDN'T
BE DIFFICULT EVEN FOR YOU AND
PALOOKA, SITTING THERE.



VITO, IT
WOULD BE AN
HONOUR.



NOW, THERE'S
JUST ONE THING. MY
AUNT CONNIE AIN'T A
WELL WOMAN.



SHE SUFFERS FROM THE SAME ILLNESS THAT AFFLICTED MY DEAR OLD MOTHER, GOD BLESS HER. ITS JUST THAT IF AUNT CO:INIE COMES INTO CONTACT WITH A GROUP OF MEN, NUMBERING MORE THAN FIFTY, ALL WITH BEARDS, SHE BECOMES, LET SAY, A LITTLE IRRITABLE.



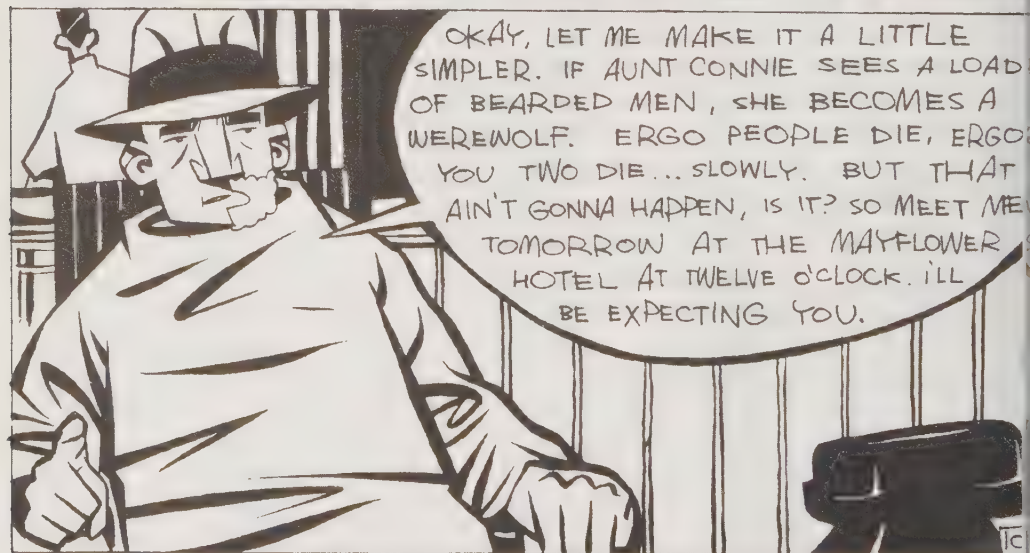
LIKE AN ALLERGY, OR SOMETHING?

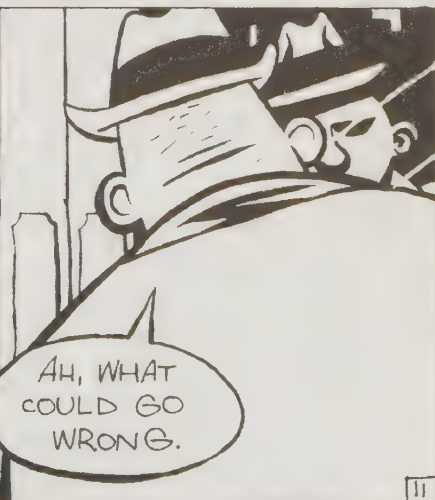
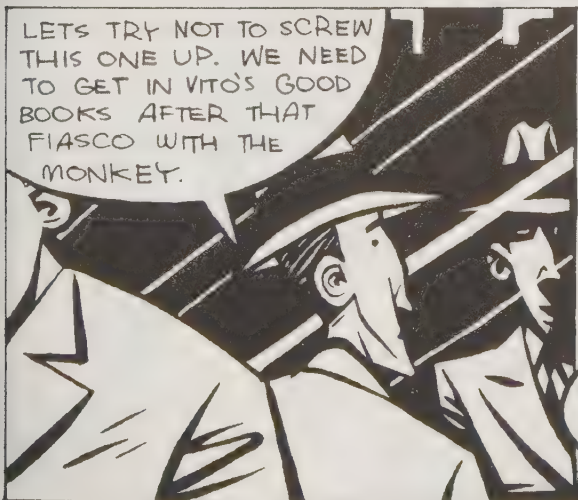
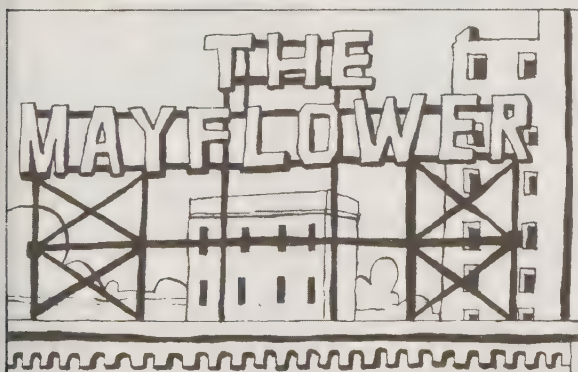
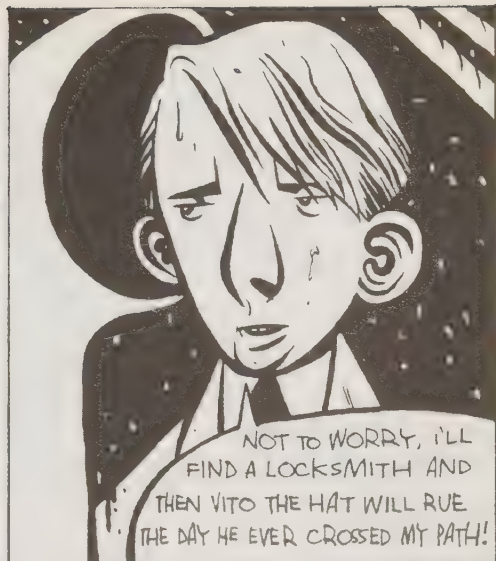


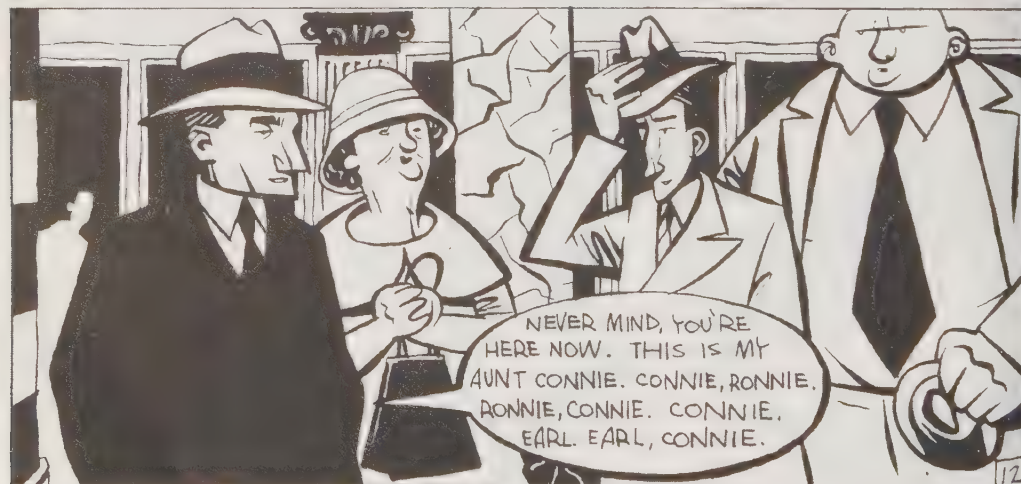
KIND OF.



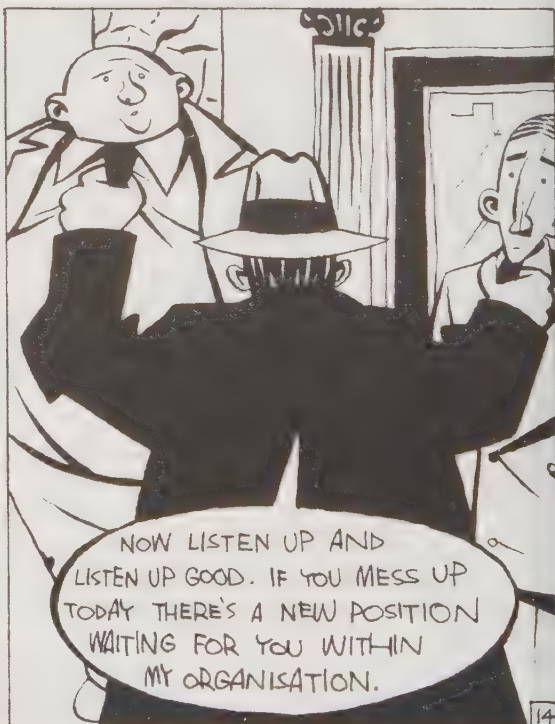
LIKE A RASH? MY UNCLE MILT BREAKS OUT IN A RASH IF HE EVER STROKES A CLOWN.











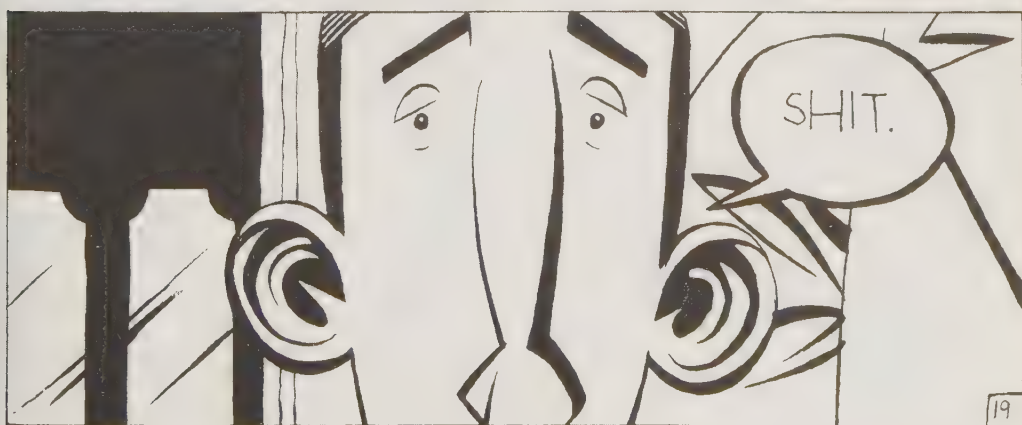


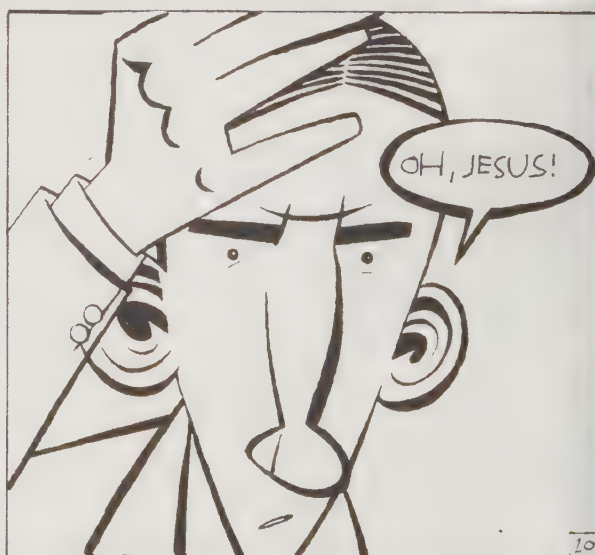


YOU GUYS SURE
KNOW HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD
TIME. I'M GOING TO TELL VITO ALL
ABOUT IT. NOW YOU ORDER THE
DRINKS, WHILE I VISIT THE LITTLE
GIRL'S ROOM.

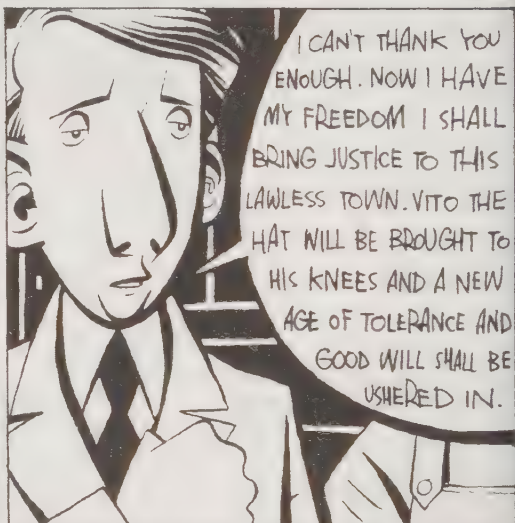


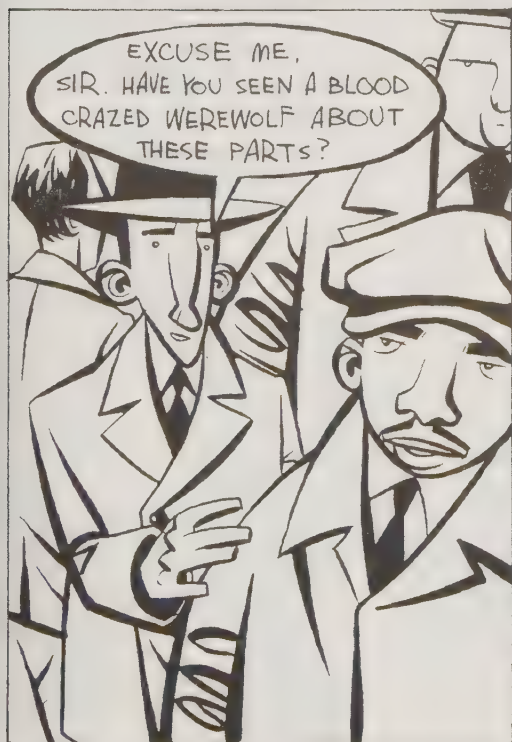


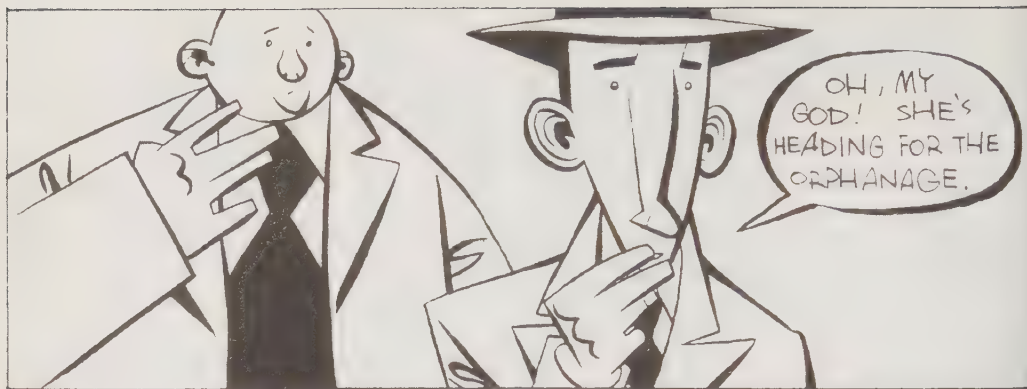


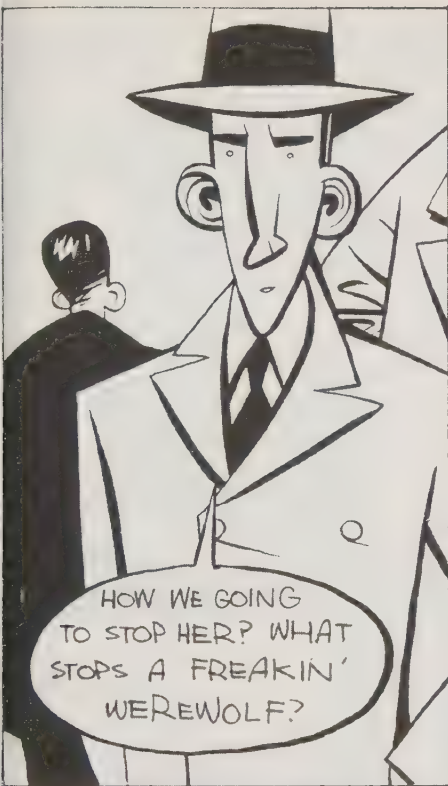










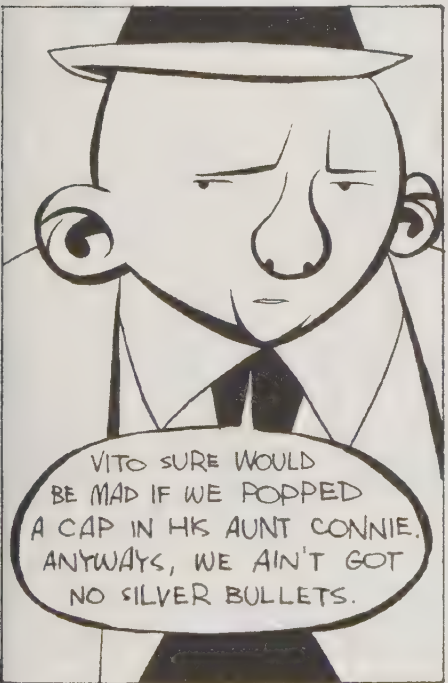


HOW WE GOING
TO STOP HER? WHAT
STOPS A FREAKIN'
WEREWOLF?



I BELIEVE
WHAT YOU WANT, YOUNG
MAN, IS A SILVER
BULLET.

OF COURSE,
A SILVER
BULLET...

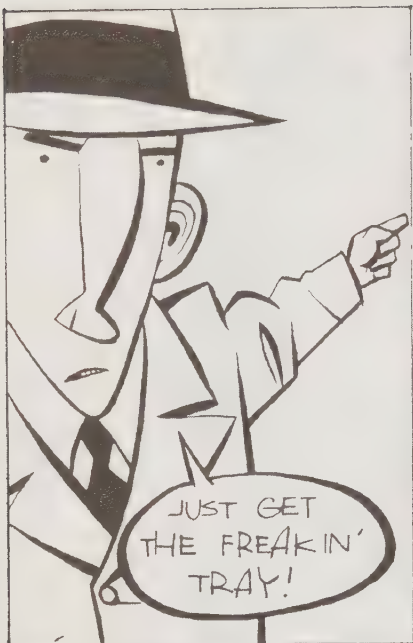


VITO SURE WOULD
BE MAD IF WE POPPED
A CAP IN HK AUNT CONNIE.
ANYWAYS, WE AIN'T GOT
NO SILVER BULLETS.



NO BUT IN THAT
CAFE THERE, THAT WAITERS GOT
A SORTA SILVER KINDA TRAY. EARL
GO RELIEVE THE GENTLEMAN
OF HIS UTENSIL.

UH?





EARL, PICK THE
"LADY" UP AND LETS HOPE IT
WEARS OFF BEFORE WE GET BACK
TO THE MAYFLOWER.

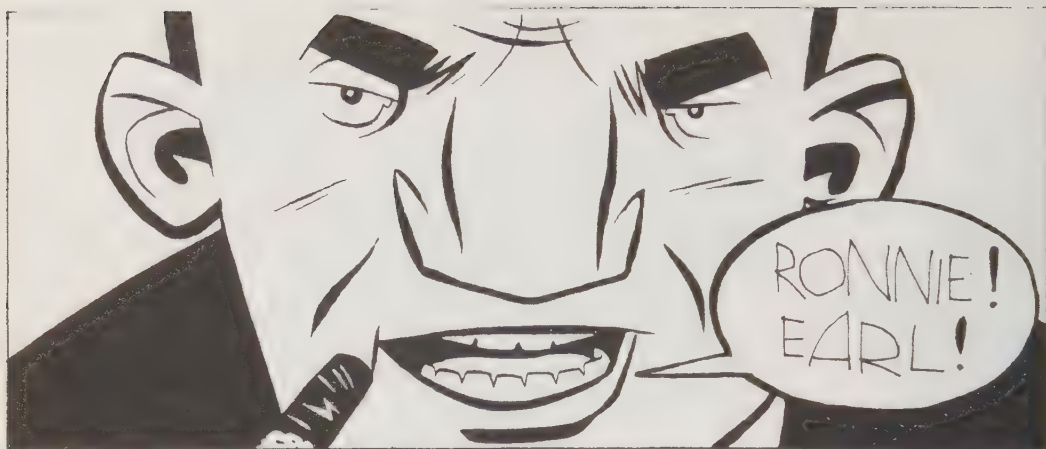


ITS ONLY A POODLE,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
IT JUST GOT A BIT OVER EXCITED.
THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE
HERE, GO BACK ABOUT
YOUR BUSINESS.









TICK-TOCK *Follies*



Chris Butler (words) and **Chris Hogg** (pictures)

TICK-TOCK FOLLIES

Slave Labor Graphics, 1996

Butler & Hogg's near symbiotic partnership began with five self-published numbers of *Tales of Skittle-Sharpers* & *Thimble-Riggers*. A small Arts Council grant funded light-hearted one-shot *Comico* (whence *Murphy the Lizard* appears) before Slave Labor published their next three-issue miniseries, *Killer Fly*.

First issues get around double the order numbers from retailers as any subsequent issue, so next SLG wanted a new #1. Cue *Tick-Tock Follies*, a "slice of unusual life". Initially planned as a longer story, the travails of a nostalgic dance troupe touring East Anglia proved less than commercial dynamite. So they co-created *Monster!* #1 ... about a vampire.

Following two anthology volumes of *Monkey Punk*, real life began to bang on their respective doors. Butler went to teach English abroad whilst computer game graphics won Hogg. Now back in the UK and writing comics again, Butler is about to return to square one with his Volcano Comics imprint.

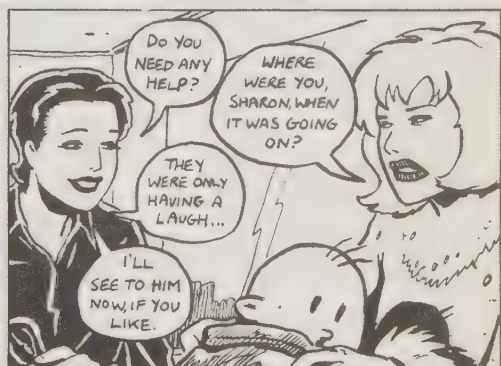
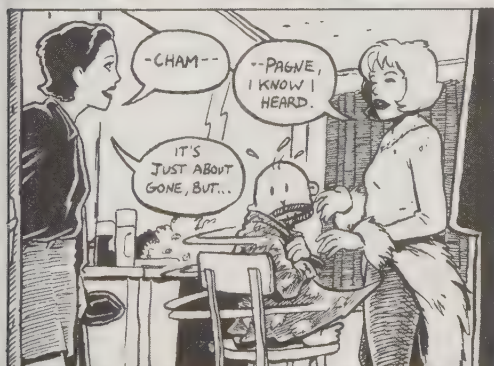
"No one has ever commented on this story's odd ending. I have to tip the reader's hand and say, it's not quite what it seems." – CB

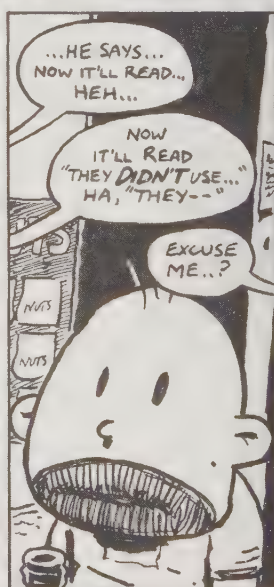
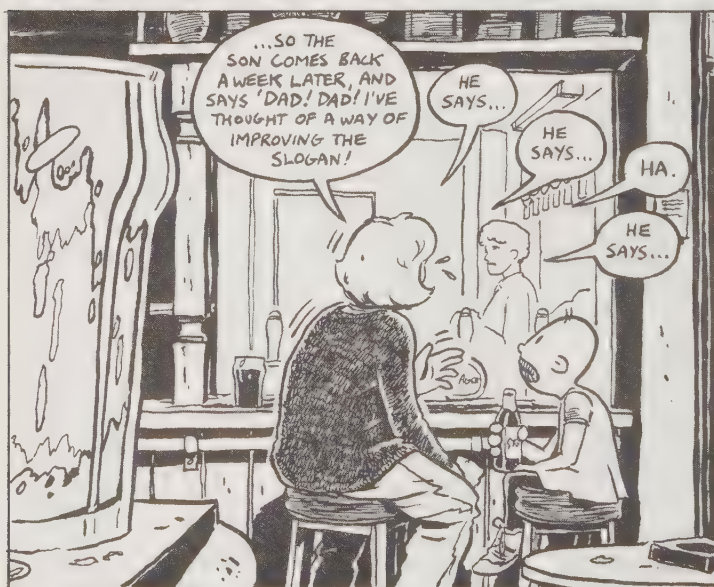
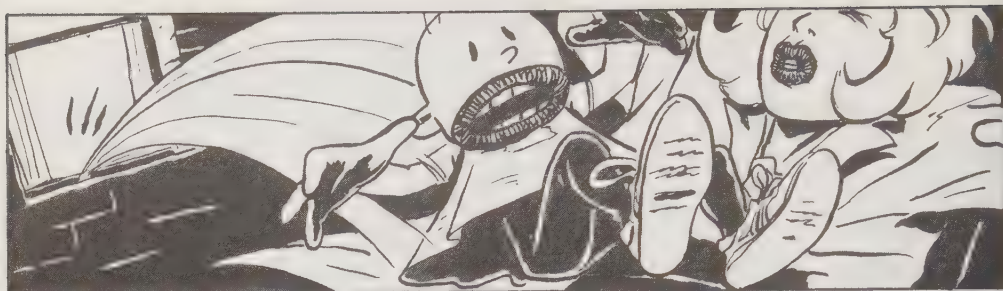
tochrisbutler@hotmail.co.uk

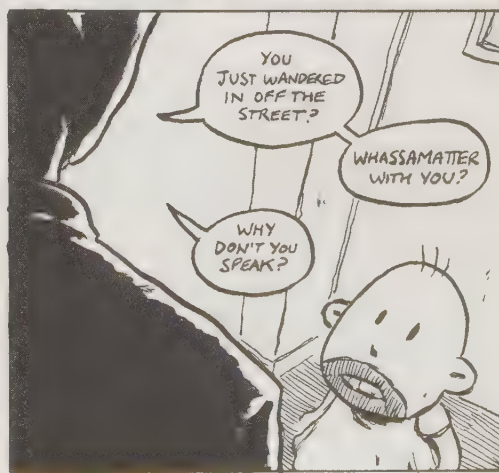
Tick-Tock Follies.

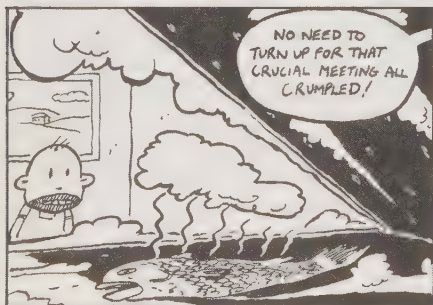
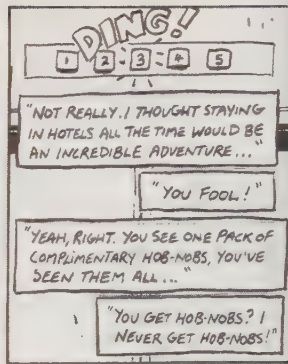








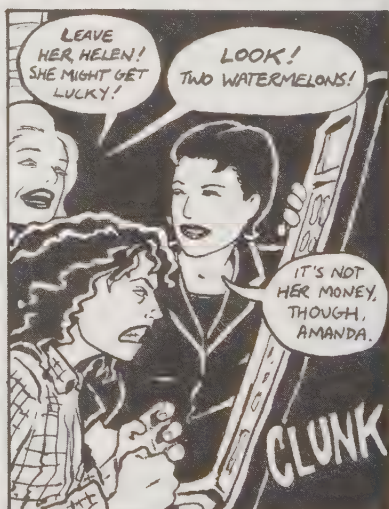
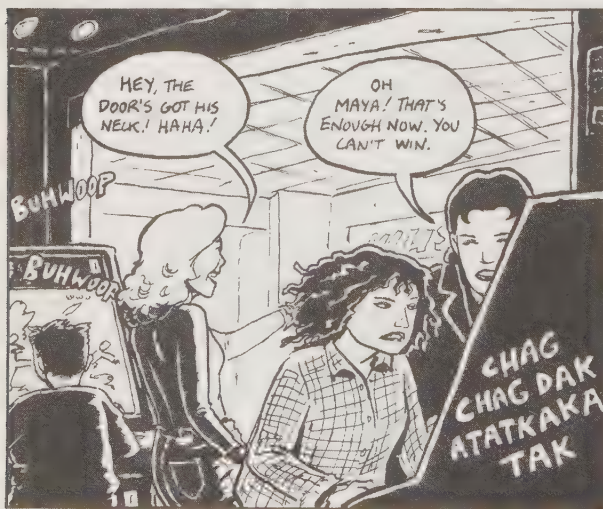
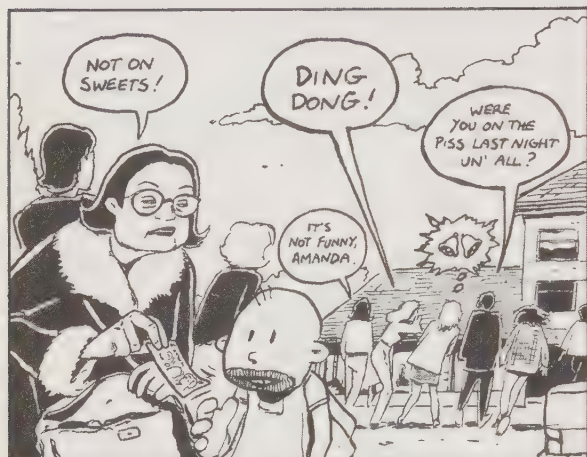
















LATER.



RIGHT...



BAT



THERE WAS A BLOKE HERE ASKING FOR YOU.

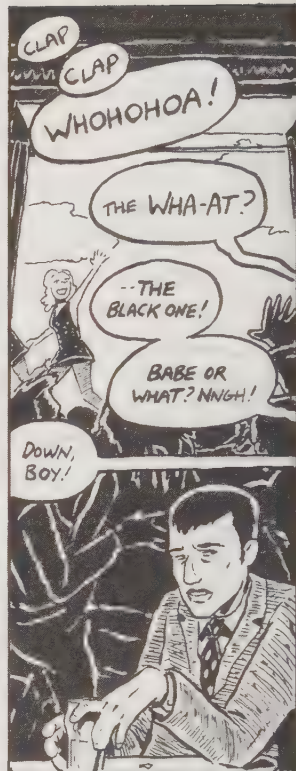
MM...

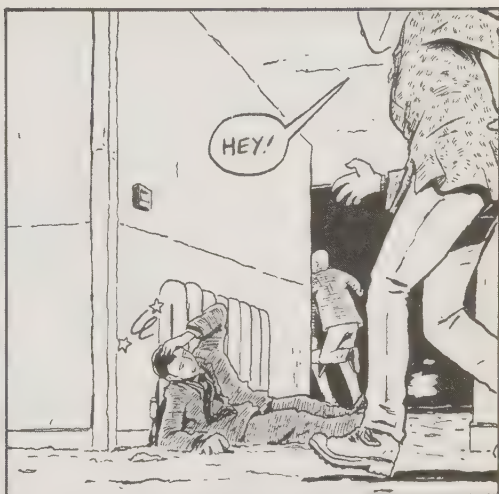
IF I EAT ANY MORE, ONE OF MY BUTTONS'LL POP ON STAGE AND TAKE OUT A PUNTER'S EYE!

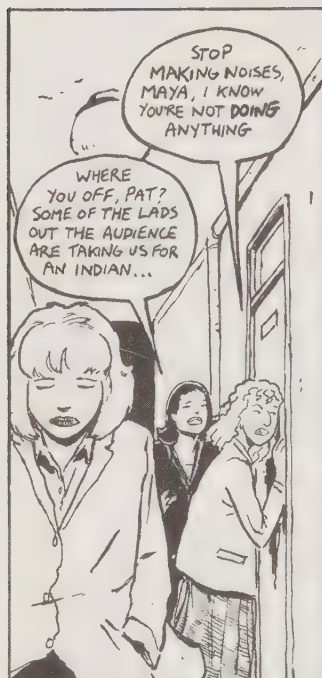
STUDENTS ARE THE WORST.

THEY WON'T BE LOOKING AT YOUR SEAMS... THEY'LL BE SHOUTING "GET YOUR TITS OUT FOR THE LADS!"

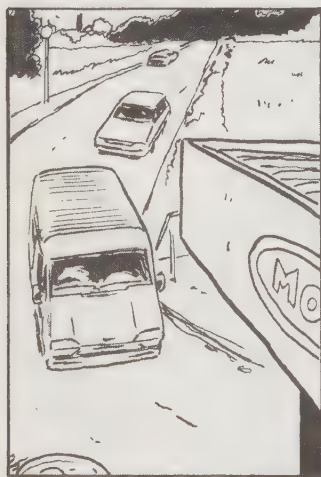
OH STOP EXAGGERATING. THEY'RE PROBABLY MORE INTO MARX THAN YOUR CROTCH!



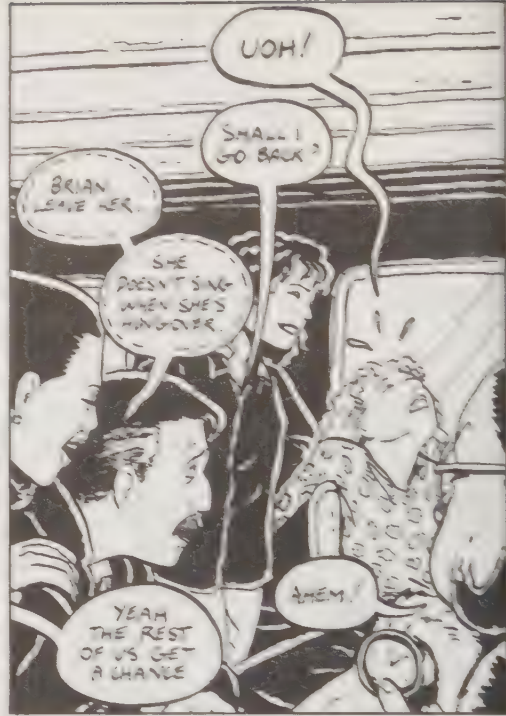




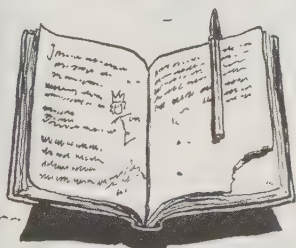






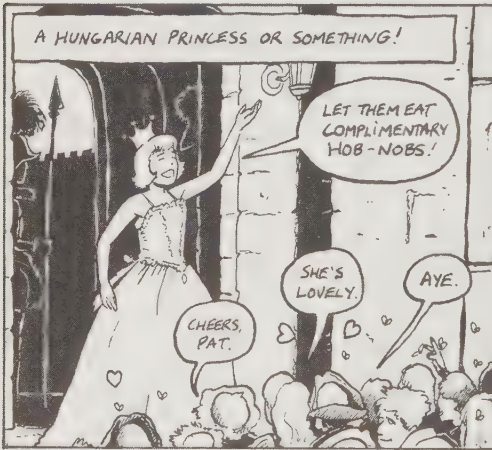
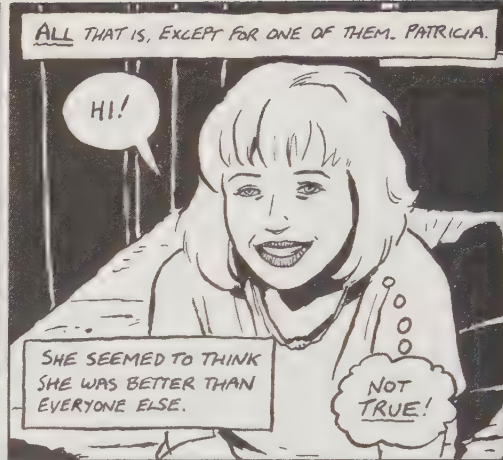


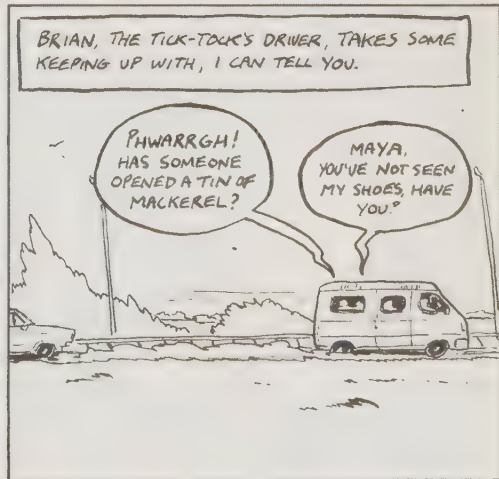
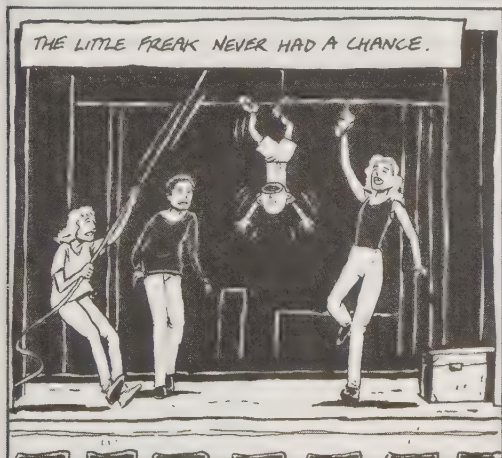
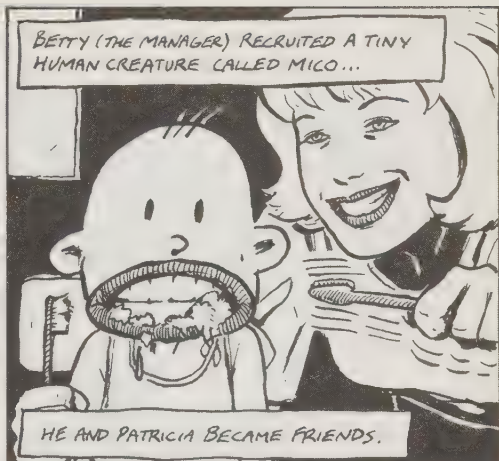
... THE STORY CONCLUDES
WITH THE JOURNAL OF GLENDA.
THOUGH SOME WOULD CALL
HER A TICK-TOCK FOLLIES
GROUPE, GLENDA SAW HERSELF
MORE AS AN UNOFFICIAL
MEMBER OF THE TROUPE.

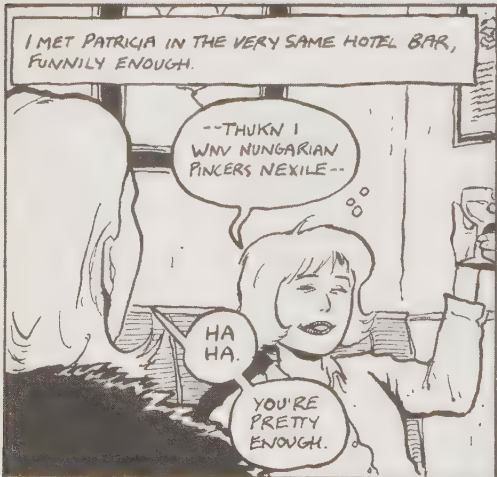
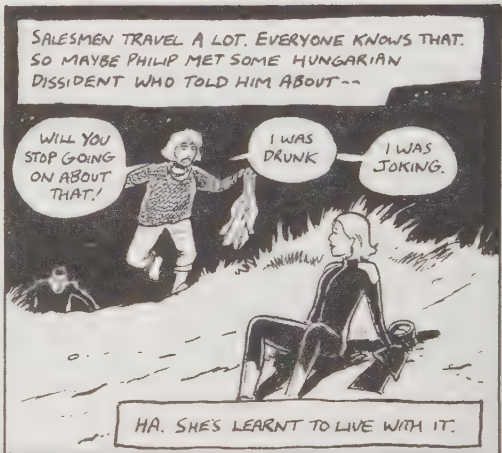
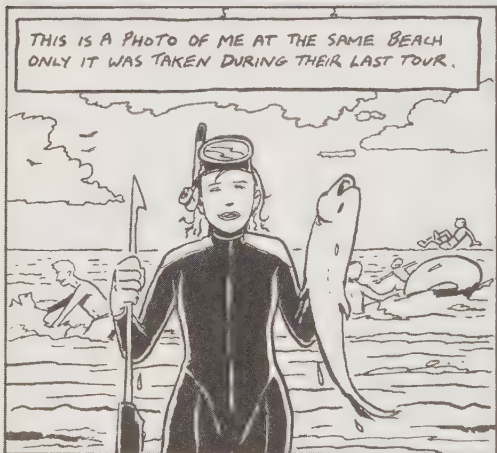
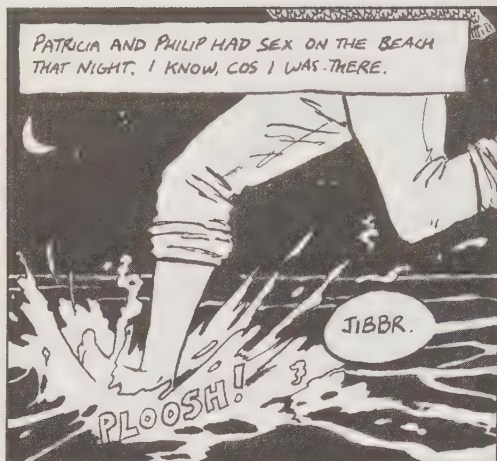


ONCE UPON A
TIME THERE WERE SEVEN
DANCERS CALLED THE
TICK-TOCK FOLLIES...









IT WAS ON THE WAY TO SLEAFORD, BRIAN MADE A CHOCOLATE STOP.



I SUDDENLY DECIDED (THERE AND THEN) THAT I'D SPENT ENOUGH TIME FOLLOWING THE FOLLIES.



IT WAS A BIT SAD, REALLY.

--WE'RE DISTOIBED,
WE'RE DISTOIBED...

NO!
THAT COMES
AFTER THE--

I STOOD AT THE CARWASH. THE
MINIVAN PULLED AWAY. THE DANCERS
WERE SINGING A SONG FROM 'WEST
SIDE STORY'...

THEY ALWAYS GOT STUCK ON IT,
REPEATING THE SAME VERSE
INSTEAD OF MOVING ON TO THE
NEXT.

SO THE SONG COULD NEVER FINISH.
IT WAS AN ENDLESS LOOP.
AND IT MADE ME VERY HAPPY.

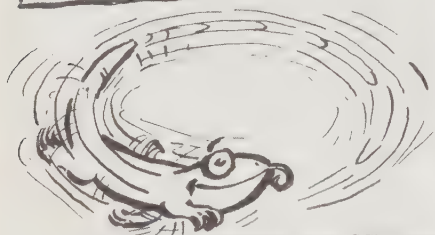


END.

MURPHY

THE LIZARD WITH SPECIAL GUEST STARS
CORNELIUS THE CHAMELEON
AND SALLY SALAMANDER.

Murphy could
hardly contain
himself.



his best friend Cornelius was
coming over with his new girlfriend

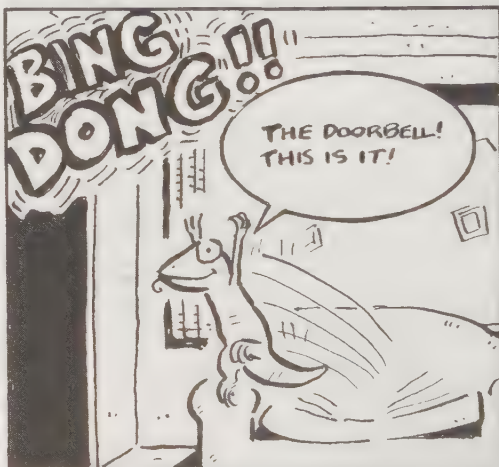


he was nervous and excited
in equal amounts.

What would she be like?



he bet she was dead cool with
a funky sense of humour.



WOW!
COME IN!
MIND THE
GARDEN!

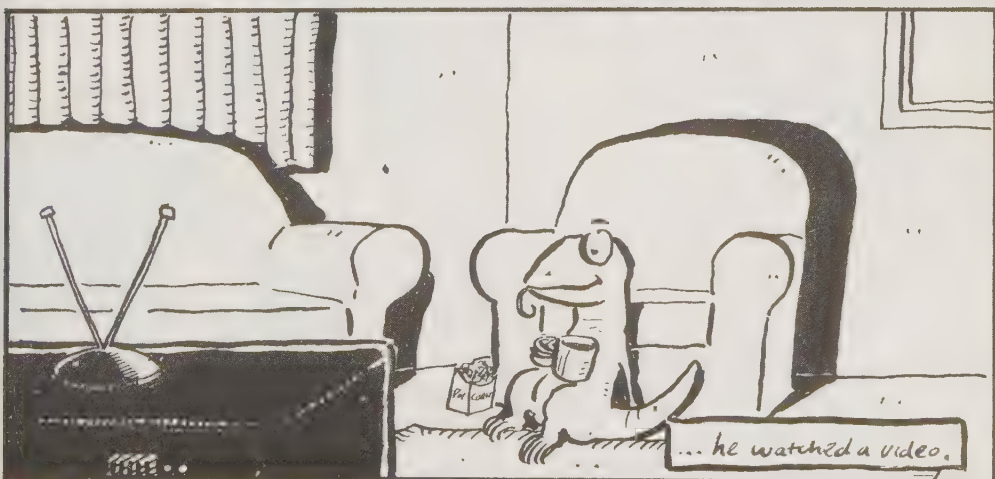
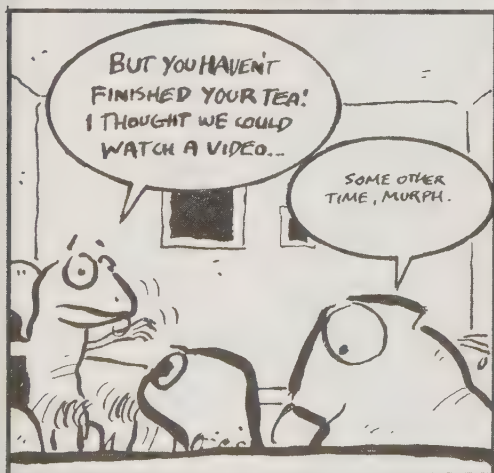
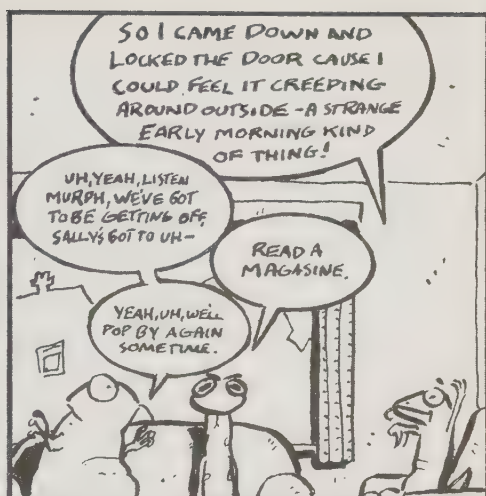
COFFEE? TEA?
BISCUITS? TOAST?
FIELD MOUSE?

UH, MURPH,
THIS IS SALLY;
SAL, THIS IS
MURPH.



GO THROUGH, GO THROUGH!
I'LL PUT THE KETTLE ON! I'M
A BIT ON EDGE, THERE WERE
MUDDY SHAPES AFTER
ME TODAY!





END.

Oscar Zarate, with Susan Catherine

WALKING WITH MELANIE KLEIN

Zero Zero #24, Fantagraphics, 1998

A student of Breccia alongside compatriot José Muñoz, Argentinean comics maestro Oscar Zarate has been a collaborator of Alan Moore, Richard Appignanesi, the comedian Alexei Sayle, and Carlos Sampayo.

"*Walking with Melanie Klein* is the outcome of a cluster of events. One was meeting Susan Catherine (please get in touch with me, wherever you are). Second was the launch of the fantastic bimonthly magazine *Zero Zero*. Around that time I was working on a picture book about Melanie Klein's writings, as part of a series called 'Introducing'.

"Last October SelfMadeHero published my first solo graphic novel, *The Park*. Right now, I'm working on another concerning Sigmund Freud's first clinical case of hysteria. I'm also gradually developing my next solo work, a story about three friends ..." – OZ

Melanie Klein was one of the founding figures of psychoanalysis. Exploring how early mental processes built up a person's inner emotional world, she posited that, every day, adults should take the time to visit with their childhood selves.

WALKING WITH MELANIE KLEIN

SUSAN CATHERINE

OSCAR ZARATE

AFTER THIS
COMMERCIAL WE'LL
BE BACK WITH THE
VERY LATEST
RACING RESULTS.

Rupert?

Rupert?

Rupert?

Oh!!!

Where
are you?

There you
are!

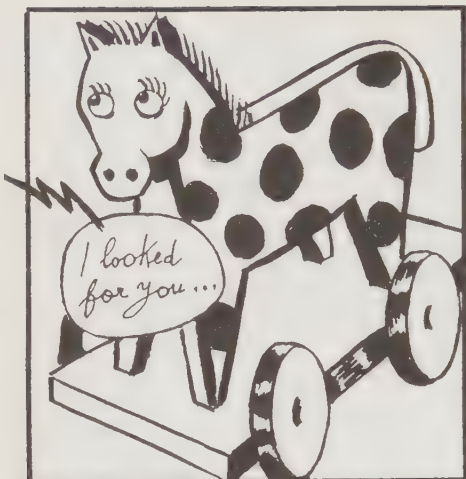
Bad
Horse!

Bad
Horsey!

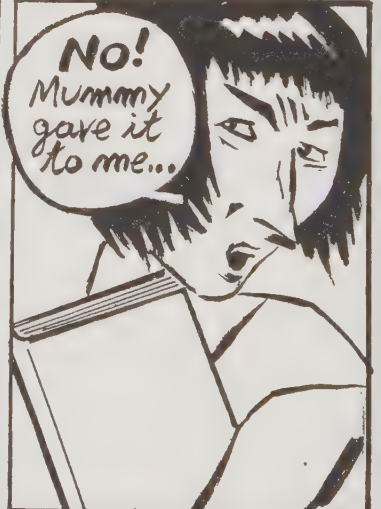
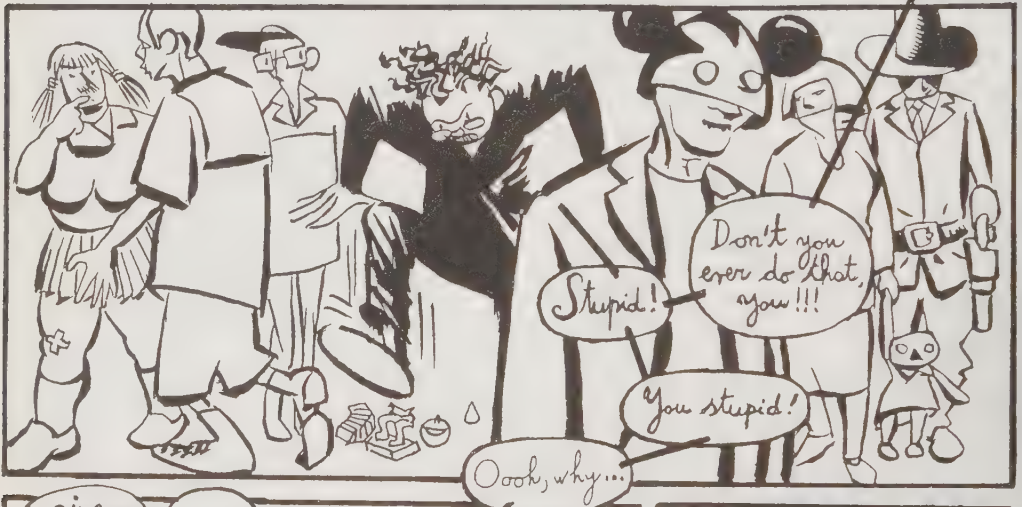
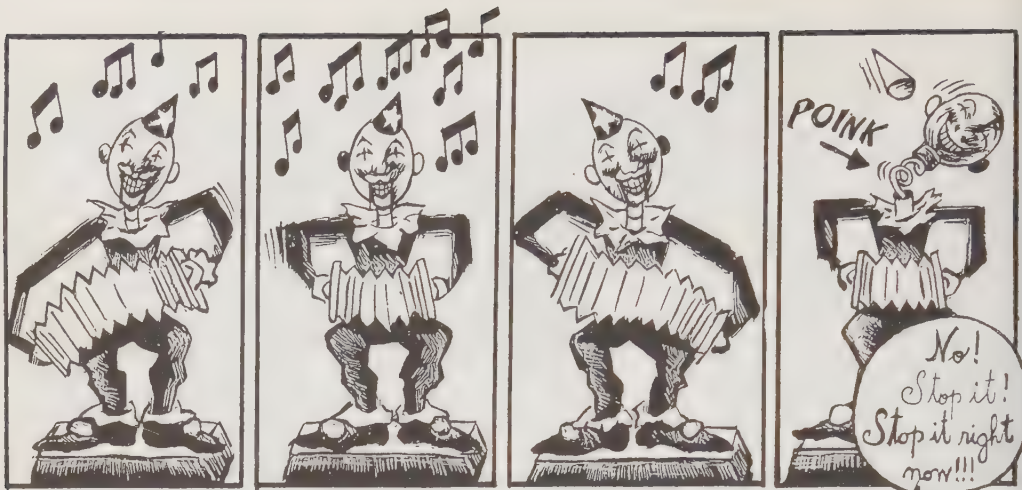
Gone so
long!

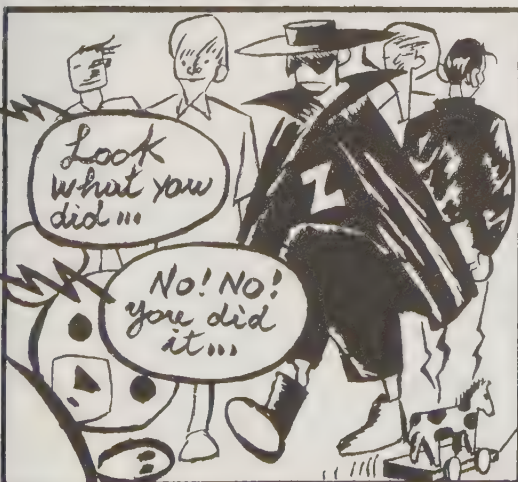
I didn't
know where
you were!













Lee Butler



STORY & ART : PETER RIGG
INKS : MOONCAT

£1.00

Peter Rigg [story/pencils], with
Paul "Mooncat" Schroeder [inks]

LEE & JENNY BUTLER

Self-published in two issues, 1993-94

"The inspiration for Lee Butler was my interest in psychology, which was growing apace at the time I wrote it. It is, I suppose, largely a psychological strip. This interest led me subsequently to train as a psychotherapist, which is my job now. I have been working for the last seven years in private practice at a psychotherapy centre in Manchester.

"I still write and draw cartoons. In fact I'm just about to publish a collection of the cartoon strip I produce for the journal *Socialist Standard*, which, published continuously since 1904, predates the Labour Party. The strip is called *Free Lunch* because the *Standard* advocates a moneyless society." - PR

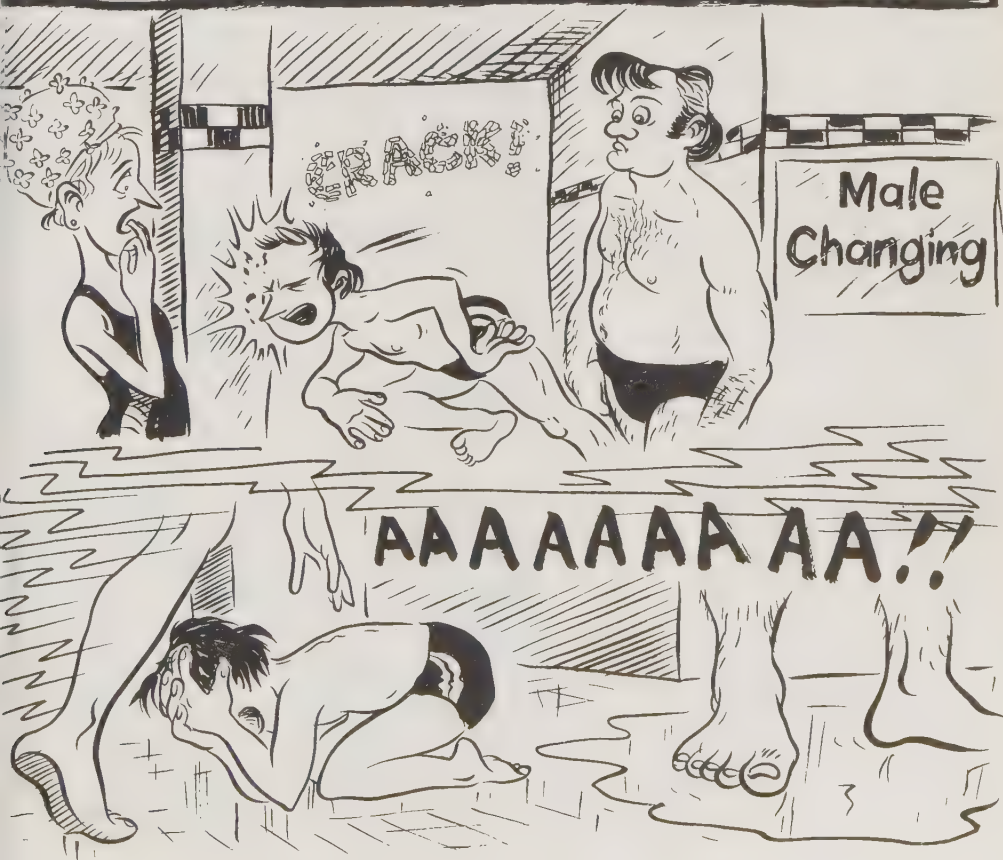
"I really can't remember how it all started - [comix review organ] *ZUM!* will have been responsible for introducing me to Peter's stuff and I could see so much life in it. We corresponded for some time, and Peter was gracious enough to share Lee Butler with me. I had a lot of faith in it, I wanted a good standard of presentation. I'm sure I got a chance through Andy Roberts to use a risograph at some point. The print run will have been small, but I think there were a couple of reprints from my efforts (selling Sale Or Return to comics shops and other distributors). Now I do a job not related to art, and draw - I enjoy drawing." - PS

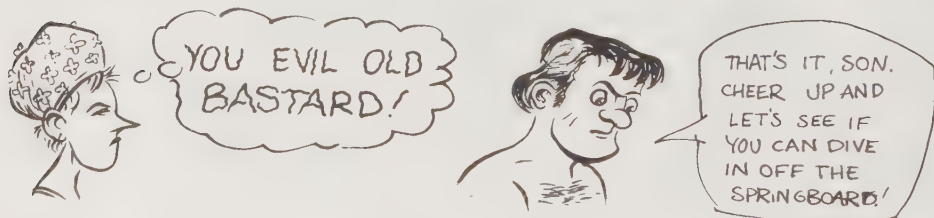
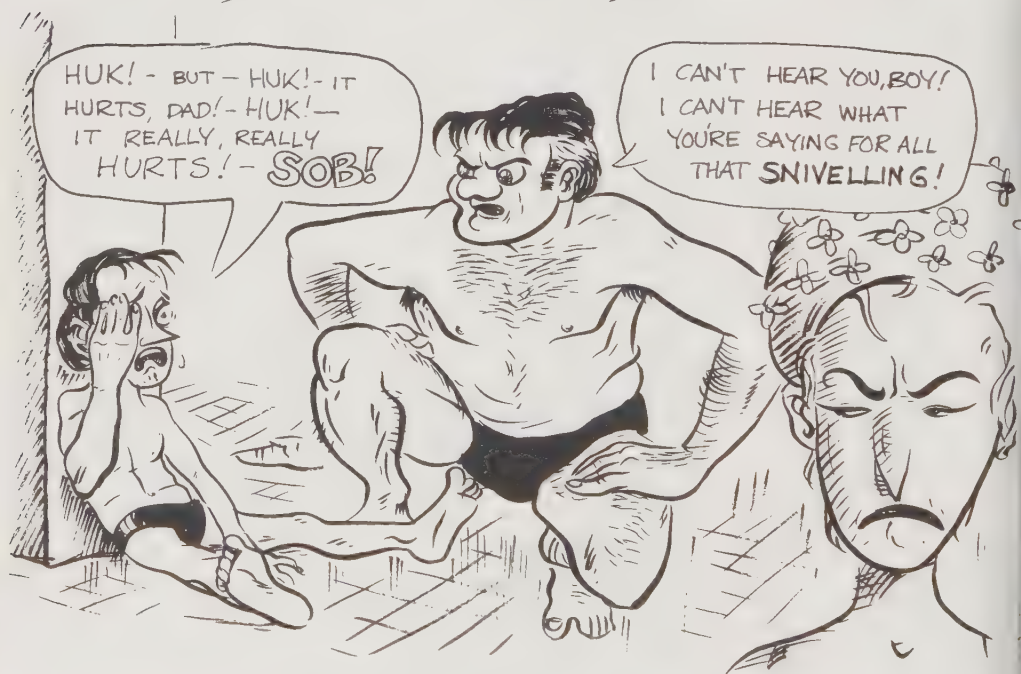
www.freelunchcartoons.com

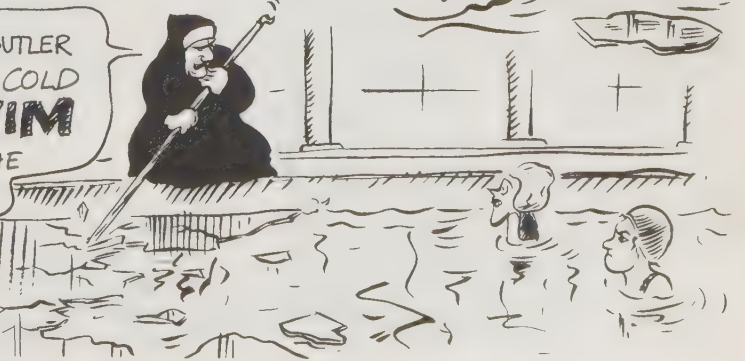
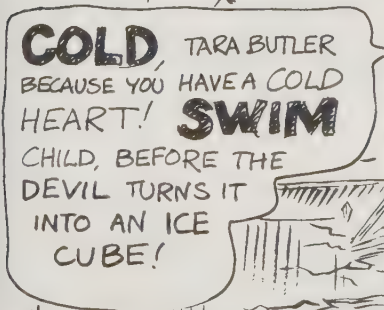
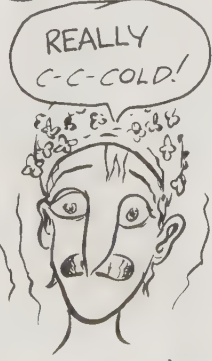
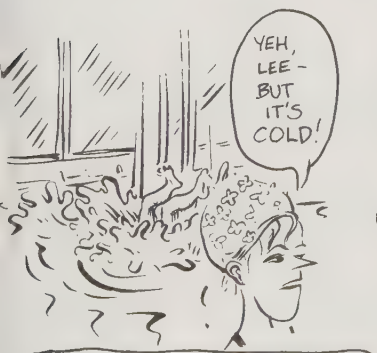
www.comix.org.uk/mooncat

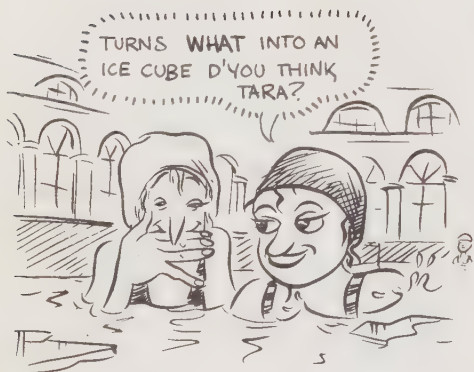


1977 BOB BUTLER AND HIS SON , LEE (12) , AND DAUGHTER TARA (15).









TURNS WHAT INTO AN
ICE CUBE D'YOU THINK
TARA?

MAGGIE BRADY! TARA
BUTLER! WHISPERING AND
GIGGLING NOW?



DID THE HOLY MOTHER OF JESUS
WHISPER AND GIGGLE?



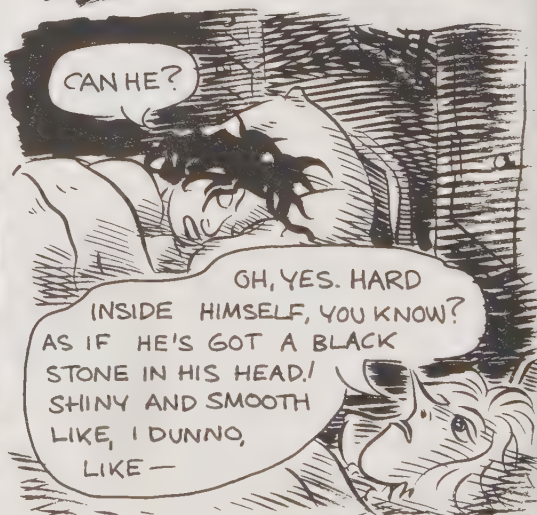
POOR LEE!
YOUR DAD'S A RIGHT
PIG ISN'T HE, TARA!

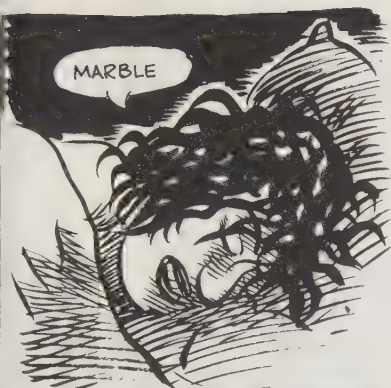
BUT MAGGIE YOU KNOW, LEE
CAN BE TERRIBLY HARD
HIMSELF, SOMETIMES!



CAN HE?

OH, YES. HARD
INSIDE HIMSELF, YOU KNOW?
AS IF HE'S GOT A BLACK
STONE IN HIS HEAD!
SHINY AND SMOOTH
LIKE, I DUNNO,
LIKE —





MARBLE



YEH, EXACTLY, THAT'S LEE. HE'S —

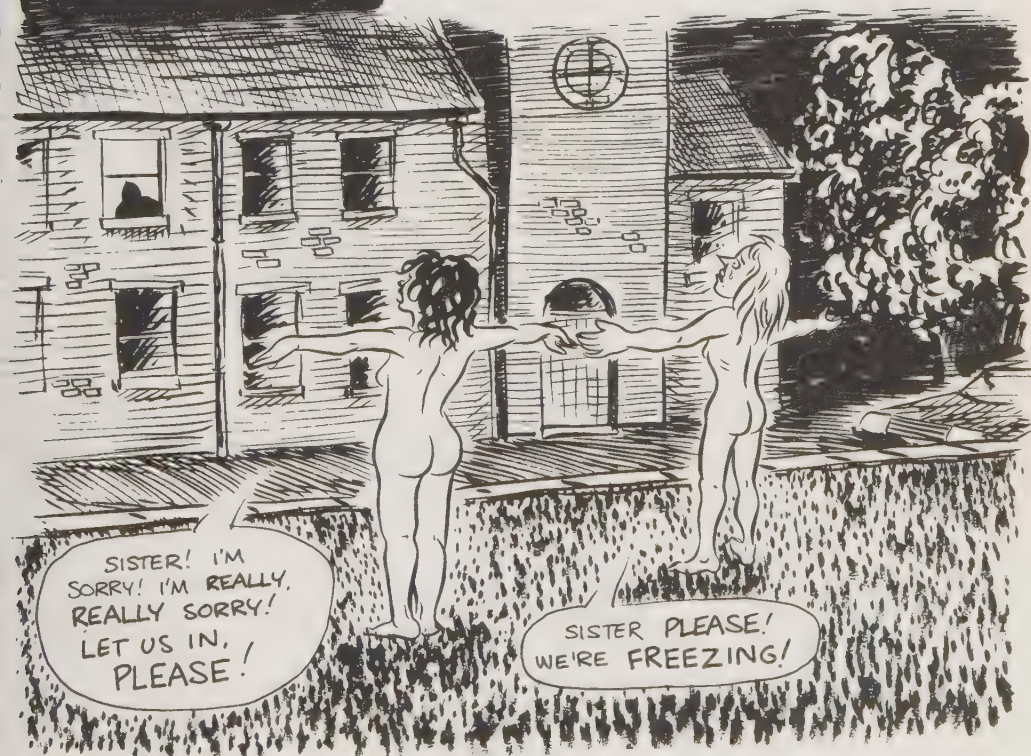
TARA BUTLER!
MARGARET
BRADY



WE DON'T KNOW,
SISTER - BUT HE
CERTAINLY USED TO
FUCK ANIMALS!



DID ST. FRANCIS TALK
AFTER LIGHTS OUT?



SISTER! I'M
SORRY! I'M REALLY
REALLY SORRY!
LET US IN,
PLEASE!

SISTER PLEASE!
WE'RE FREEZING!

TEN MINUTES,
TARA?

TEN MINUTES, MUM, MAYBE EVEN
LONGER, AND IT WAS FREEZING!



COMPLETELY NAKED?

FOR GOD'S
SAKE,
DAD!

I'VE SAID
IT
ENOUGH
TIMES!



NOW TARA, BEHAVE
YOURSELF!

WE WERE HOPING, TARA, THAT YOU'D SEE
SENSE AND DROP THIS WHOLE THING!



WHAT?
WHAT'S
HE MEAN?

(SIGH!) I WORK HARD TO GIVE YOU A PRIVILEGE I NEVER HAD, AND MY SON WILL NEVER HAVE, RIGHT? — HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL TO BE LIED TO —

HOW DO YOU THINK WE FEEL TO HAVE IT THROWN IN OUR FACES?



BUT I'M NOT LYING! IT'S TRUE! I SWEAR TO GOD! ASK MAGGIE!

ASK MARGARET BRADY? ASK THE ONE WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS? — DO YOU THINK WE'RE COMPLETELY STUPID?

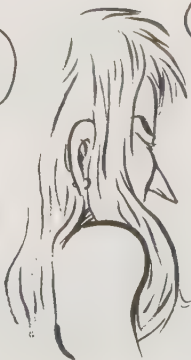
WELL....

YES!

LEE!....
WHAT-?

WERE YOU—?

TARA — DAD
SENT YOU THERE!
YOU SHOULD
BE
GRATEFUL!



NO, MINE DIDN'T BELIEVE
ME EITHER TARA!
BUT ANYWAY —

GUESS WHAT?

UNCLE SIMON
AND AUNTIE
MARY ARE
COMING AT
THE
WEEKEND!

BRILLIANT! — OH, THAT'S
GREAT, MAGGIE! D'YOU
THINK MARY WILL BE
GOING ROUND THE
FLEAMARKET? — D'YOU
THINK THEY'LL TAKE
US TO THE THEATRE?
OR THE GOLDEN —

WE CAN
TELL THEM
ABOUT IT!

ABOUT — ?
OH, MAGGIE, ARE
YOU SURE?

THAT'S ABSOLUTELY DIABOLICAL!
WE SHOULD COMPLAIN TO THE
MOTHER SUPERIOR!

YEAH, BUT SIMON! THE GIRLS
MIGHT JUST END UP GETTING
VICTIMISED IF WE DO THAT!



SO? TELL THE OLD
BITCH ANYWAY,
AUNTIE MARY!

I THINK SHE'LL PROBABLY ASK
US IF YOUR PARENTS KNOW.

WHICH THEY DO, BUT THEY
DON'T BELIEVE YOU, RIGHT?

YEP.

OK, SO THE MOTHER SUPERIOR
SEES YOU AS TROUBLE AND
SEES US AS TROUBLE....

....AND SHE STOPS US
SEEING YOU, STOPS YOUR
EVENING PASSES, MAYBE?

OH,
SHIT!

YEAH, YEAH,
I GET IT! -WHAT
CAN YOU DO?

AW, LET'S JUST
LEAVE IT, MAGGIE!

YOU CAN GO EASY CALLING SAINT FRANCIS A SHEEPSHAGGER, MAGGIE!

OW!



NOT JUST SHEEP, UNCLE SIMON, GET IT RIGHT! - ANYTHING ON FOUR LEGS! HE WASN'T PROUD!



THIS IS GORGEOUS, MARY! THANKS A LOT!

WELL, THANK YOU TARA! WE LOVE YOUR COMPANY! - YOU AND MAGGIE WILL HAVE TO COME AND VISIT US ONE WEEKEND!





SO, WHAT SORT OF
STUFF D'YOU WRITE,
SALIM?

STUFF ABOUT
MYSELF,
MOSTLY.

WHAT, ABOUT
RACISM
AND THAT?

WHO? SLIM?
HE'S TOO
SELF-CENTRED
TO NOTICE!

BUT-HOW CAN YOU
NOT CARE ABOUT
RACISM?

I JUST THINK STUFF
'EM! I'VE GOT ENOUGH
ON ME PLATE TRYING TO
BE A WRITER, TRYING TO
BE TRUE! I MEAN-

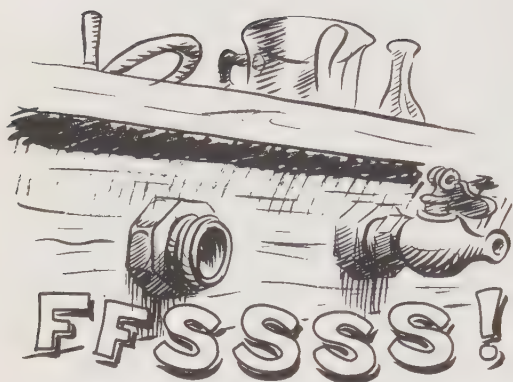
WELL I
HATE IT!-
IT'S SO
MINDLESS!
ALL THESE-
THESE, ACH!-



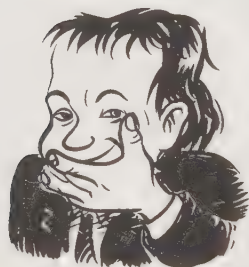
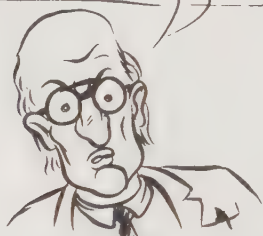
RESPECTABLE WHITE FAMILY FAMILY
PEOPLE, THINKING THEY'RE SOOOOO
VIRTUOUS, WHEN ALL THEY ARE...

...IS A LOAD OF
NAZIS!

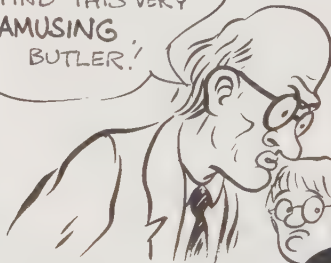




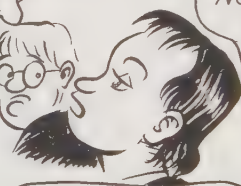
...SOMEBODY COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED! THAT TAP WAS UNSCREWED YESTERDAY AT HOME TIME! IF I'D LIT A MATCH THIS MORNING—



YOU SEEM TO FIND THIS VERY AMUSING BUTLER!

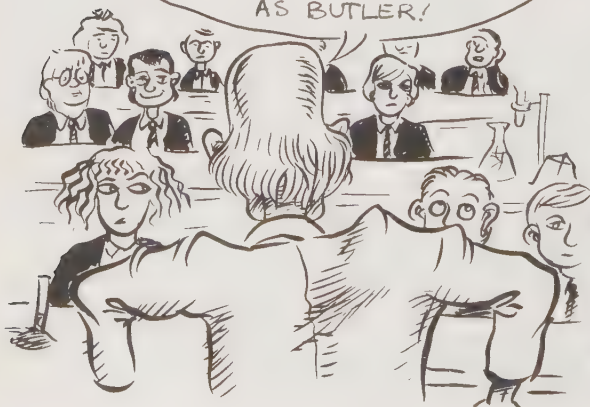


COULD IT BE THAT YOU'RE CONNECTED WITH THIS TOTALLY IRRESPONSIBLE ACT IN SOME WAY?

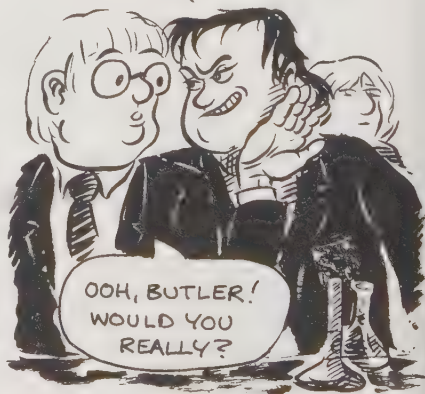


NO SIR!
NOT ME SIR!

NO, NOT YOU, BUTLER. VERY WELL, YOU WILL ALL BE IN DETENTION FOR INDEFINITE THURSDAYS UNTIL WHOEVER DID THIS IS REVEALED! DOUBTLESS YOU ARE ALL AS GRATIFIED BY THIS AS BUTLER!

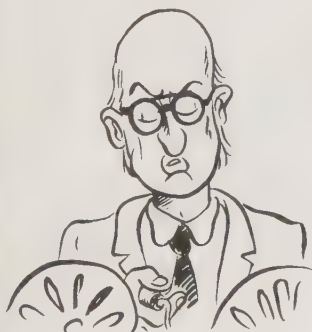


POST! OY, SPOGGY! SHALL I SHOW YOU HOW I DID IT? —JUST YOU, SPECIALLY?



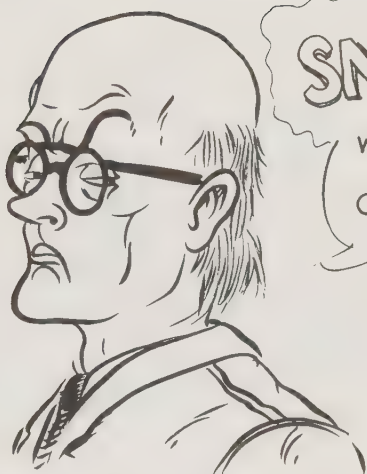
OOH, BUTLER! WOULD YOU REALLY?

NOW, THEN. THE
WIMSHURST
MACHINE....



SNIFF!

WHO'S GOT
A
GAS TAP
ON?

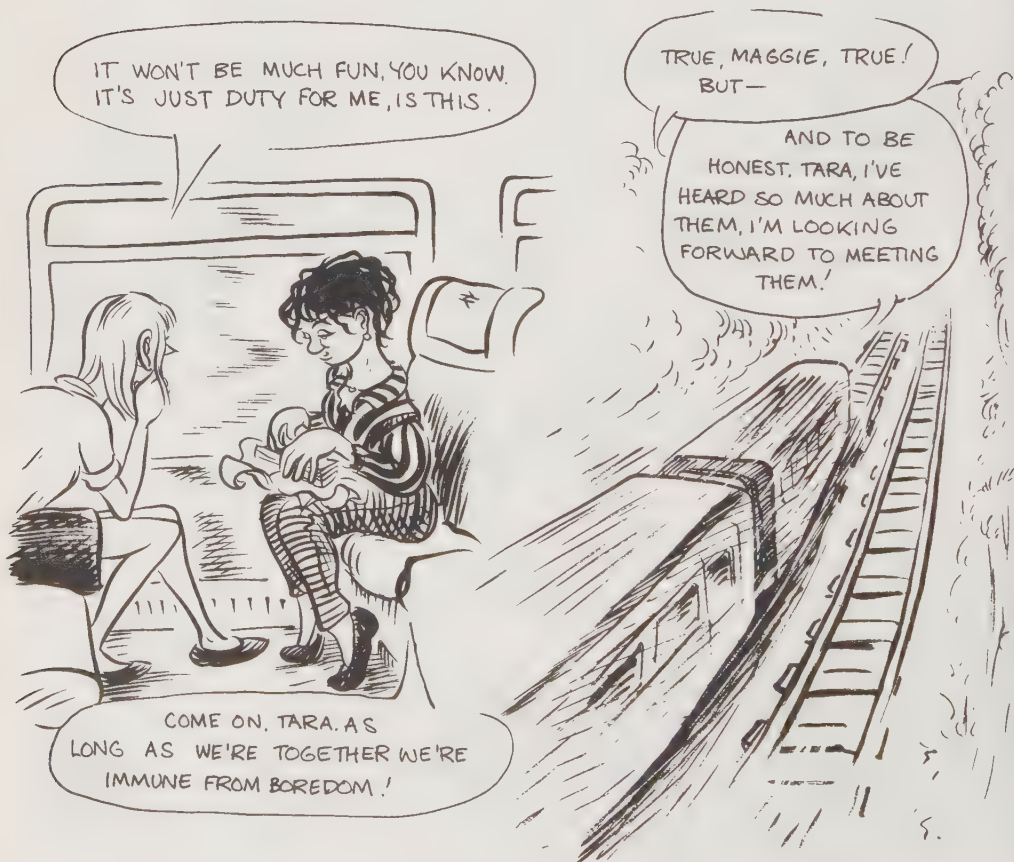


WHO'S PLAYING THE FOO—
SPOGSON!?!?



HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!



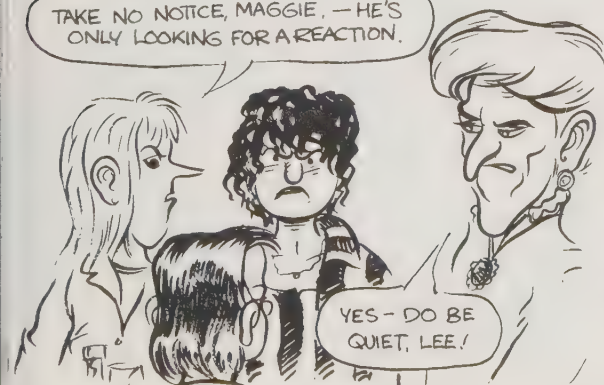




BUT



TAKE NO NOTICE, MAGGIE. — HE'S ONLY LOOKING FOR A REACTION.



I'M SURE HE'S VERY NICE MAGGIE. WHERE DID YOU SAY HE WAS FROM?



HOW CONVENIENT. AND
WHAT DOES HE DO DEAR?

HE WRITES. HE
DOESN'T MAKE A
LOT OF MONEY,
I'M AFRAID!

NO. I'M SURE HE HAS
THE ODD LITTLE JOB
ON THE SIDE
TO HELP OUT!

YES. -YES HE
DOES, MRS. BUTLER.

THEY ALL DO,
DON'T THEY?

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU, LEE!

I'M SICK OF THIS. THIS IS
THE MAN I LOVE YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT...

SHUDDUP, LEE.

YEAH, I KNOW.
THERE'S A WORD
FOR WOMEN LIKE
YOU!

WOMEN LIKE--?
HOW OLD
ARE YOU
ANYWAY?

I DON'T HAVE TO PUT
UP WITH THIS! - THERE'S
SOMETHING WRONG
WITH THIS LITTLE
CREEP!

MAGGIE, I'M REALLY, REALLY,
REALLY SORRY! EVEN I DIDN'T
KNOW LEE COULD BE SUCH AN
EVIL LITTLE SHITBAG!

HE'S
QUITE
IMPOSSIBLE,
MAGGIE.
ISN'T
HE?



COME ON,
MAGS.

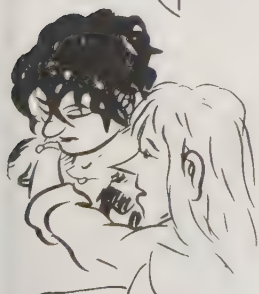
'BYE, THEN! -
HEY MAGGIE!

BUT STILL - I
WOULDN'T BRING YOUR
ALI BABAR
ROUND HERE.

- I DOUBT IF
LEE WOULD TAKE
TO HIM.

LET'S JUST GO.
THERE'S NOTHING
KEEPING US IN
THIS PLACE

I'M SORRY ABOUT
LEE'S BEHAVIOUR!



BABAR THE ELEPHANT?
HOW OLD ARE YOU,
SPOGGY?

NO, BUTLER, PLEASE!
IT'S FROM WHEN
I WAS LITTLE!

EXACTLY MY POINT,
MISTER SPOGSON! -
AND WHAT WAS IT
DOING IN YOUR DESK?

IT JUST - NOTHING,
BUTLER! IT - BUTLER,
PLEASE! PLEASE
GIVE IT BACK!

YOU KNOW DUMBO
THE FLYING ELEPHANT?
WELL -

**YOU BASTARD,
BUTLER!**

OOOH,
SPOGGY!
TEMPER!

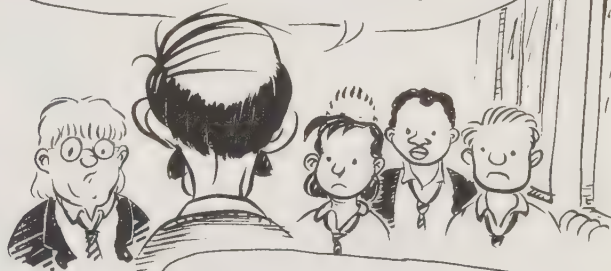
BOYS WILL BE BOYS WILL BE BOYS AND THEY WILL
BE SILENT! THEY WILL ATTEND TO MY HISTORY LESSON,
OR THEY WILL BE HISTORY, HM?....



GOOD LORD!
SILENCE!?



AH! YOU ARE THOUGHTFULLY AWAITING THE
LESSON! YOU ARE REFLECTING, NO DOUBT, ON
THE WORDS OF ELLIOT — "TIME PRESENT AND
TIME PAST ARE BOTH PERHAPS PRESENT IN TIME
FUTURE, AND TIME FUTURE CONTAINS
TIME PAST." — AM I RIGHT?



GOOD. SO. BUTLER,
WE ARE STUDYING?

GALILEO GALILEI. GOOD,
BUTLER, TELL ME MORE.

GALILEO,
SIR,

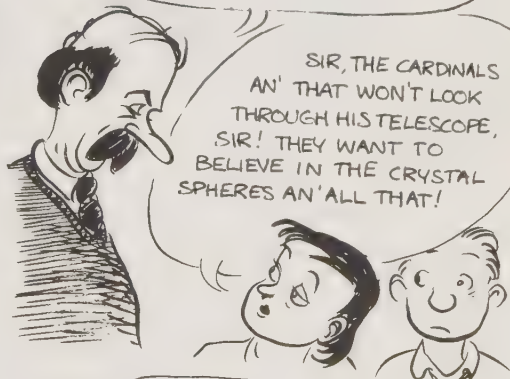


GOOD! GOOD!-
ANYBODY
ELSE - !?



AN' SIR! THEY WANT THE EARTH
TO BE AT THE CENTRE OF
THE UNIVERSE, AND-

SIR, THE CARDINALS
AN' THAT WON'T LOOK
THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE,
SIR! THEY WANT TO
BELIEVE IN THE CRYSTAL
SPHERES AN' ALL THAT!



BUTLER! BUTLER!
WHAT'S THIS?



PERHAPS THE CARDINALS WERE RIGHT, AFTER ALL! DID WE NOT ALL BEAR WITNESS TO THIS ERUPTION OF CURIOSITY IN OUR FRIEND BUTLER HERE? — AND IS NOT THIS AS GREAT A MIRACLE AS THE TEARS OF A STATUE?



IT'S LIKE GETTING BLOOD OUT OF A STONE, NORMALLY, GETTING YOU TO DO YOUR HOMEWORK, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE GOING OVERBOARD ON THIS — THIS PAKI!

PAKI?
GALILEO?

HE WAS
ITALIAN,
DAD.

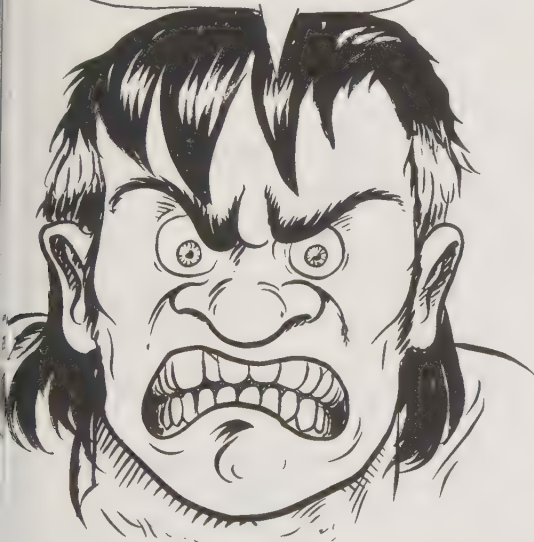
EYE-TIE, THEN.

THAT'S HALF-
WAY TO
BEING
A PAKI!

DAD, WHAT'S UP
WITH YOU? YOU'RE
ALWAYS HASSLING ME
TO DO MORE WORK,
AND NOW I AM DOING,
YOU'RE GIVING ME
A LOAD OF EAR-
ACHE!



I'LL GIVE YOU EARACHE,
YOU CHEEKY YOUNG BUGGER!
AN' I'LL TELL YOU WHAT—
I KNOW A BLOODY WIND-
UP WHEN I SEE ONE!



BLOODY KIDDING ON
YOU'RE STUDYING—
WHEN ALL YOU'RE
DOING IS TRYING
TO BE CLEVER!

BUT,
DAD—



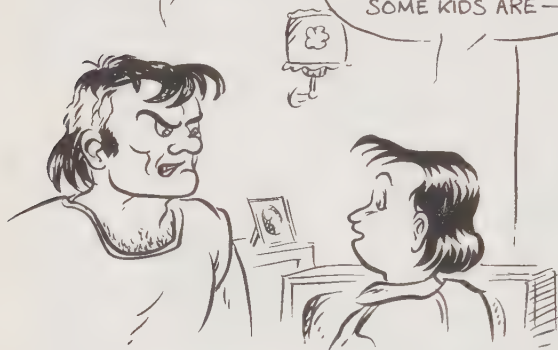
⚡GULP!⚡ DAD, LISTEN TO ME, LISTEN TO ME! ⚡PANT!⚡ LISTEN,
I'M GENUINELY INTERESTED IN THIS STUFF, RIGHT? SEE, DAD, THEY
WOULDN'T LOOK THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, RIGHT? I MEAN IT WAS
THERE, IN FRONT OF THEM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LOOK!



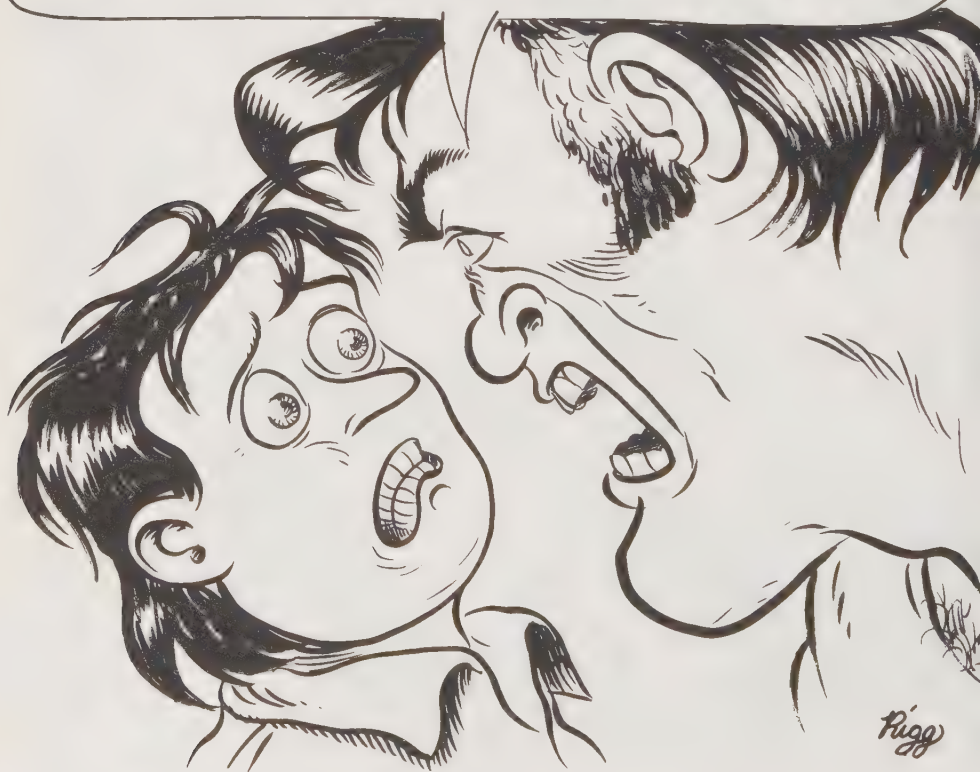
SO? THAT'S ALL
HUNDREDS OF YEARS
IN THE PAST!

I KNOW, BUT - P'RAPS
I'M GETTING TO BE A
PAST-FAN! LIKE
SOME KIDS ARE -

OH, I SEE - WELL,
YOU KNOW WHAT
I THINK?



THE PAST SHOULD BLOODY WELL GET
BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM!



Pigg

PLAYING WAR

PRELUDE...

YOU USED TO
ENJOY THAT AQUAROBICS,
DIDN'T YOU, TARA~
YOU AND JENNY?

I STILL
DO, LEE.



I DUNNO WHAT PUT
HER OFF GOING...

I DIDN'T THINK YOU
WANTED HER TO, LEE~
NOT REALLY.'

YEAH, WELL.....NOW SHE
WON'T GO....

NO...



SO YOU WON'T EVEN
TELL YOUR OWN BROTHER
WHAT HIS WIFE'S UP TO...



I NEVER SEE JENNY FROM
ONE DAY TO THE NEXT, FOR
GOD'S SAKE! YOU KNOW
THAT!



IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING,
YOU'RE JUST WORRYING ABOUT
YOUR COURT CASE, THAT'S ALL.
D'YOU WANT ANOTHER ONE?



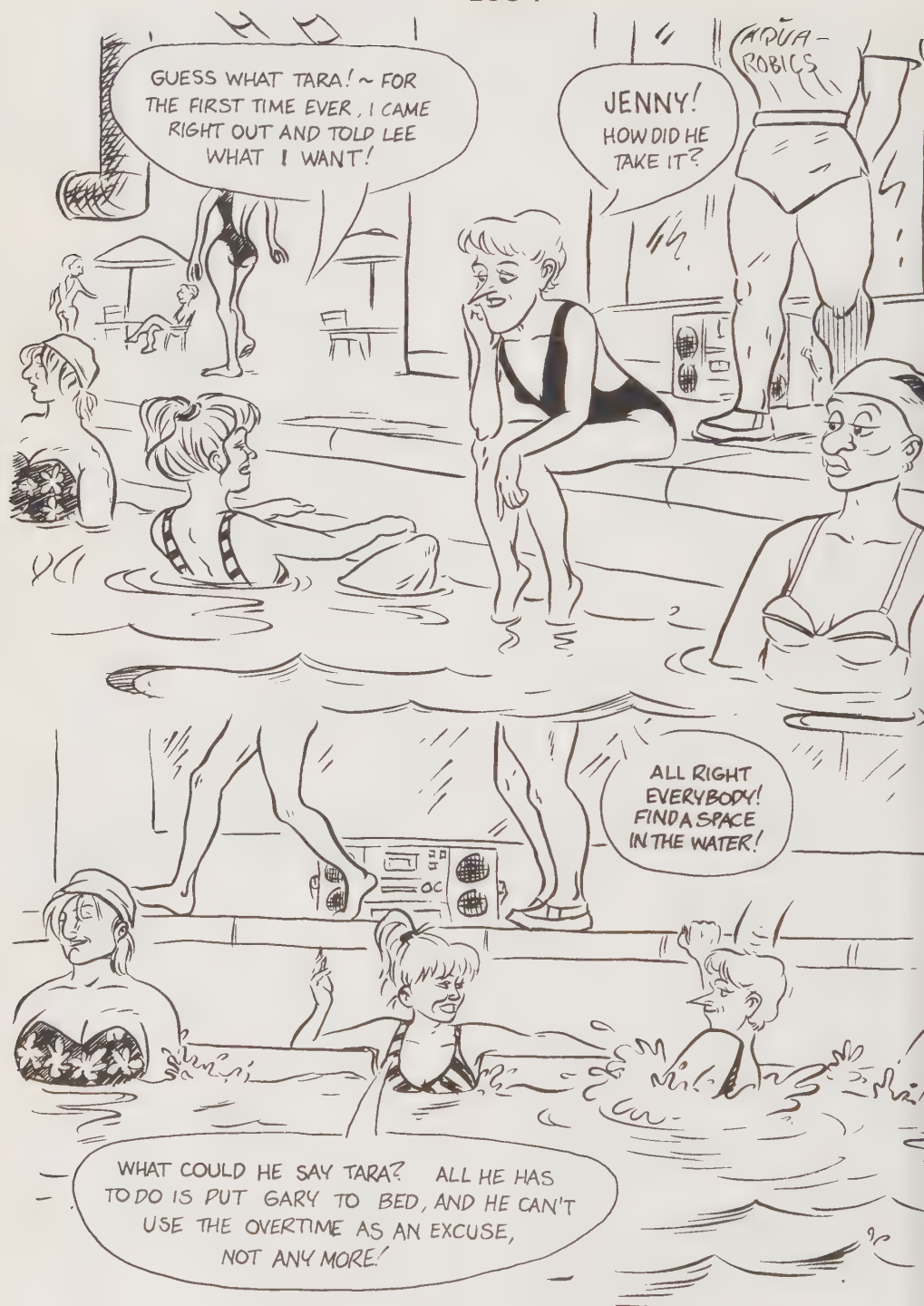
IT WAS
BETTER
WHEN YOU
WERE
FRIENDS.



YEAH,~
I CAN'T BELIEVE I
SAID THAT EITHER.



1994



THAT'S RIGHT! ~YOU
DON'T NEED IT NOW,
DO YOU?

NOPE!
THE MONEY'S
STRAIGHT!

....I CAN COME HERE
ONCE A WEEK,
AND —

TGCHOOTGCHADDA
TGCHOOTGCHADDA

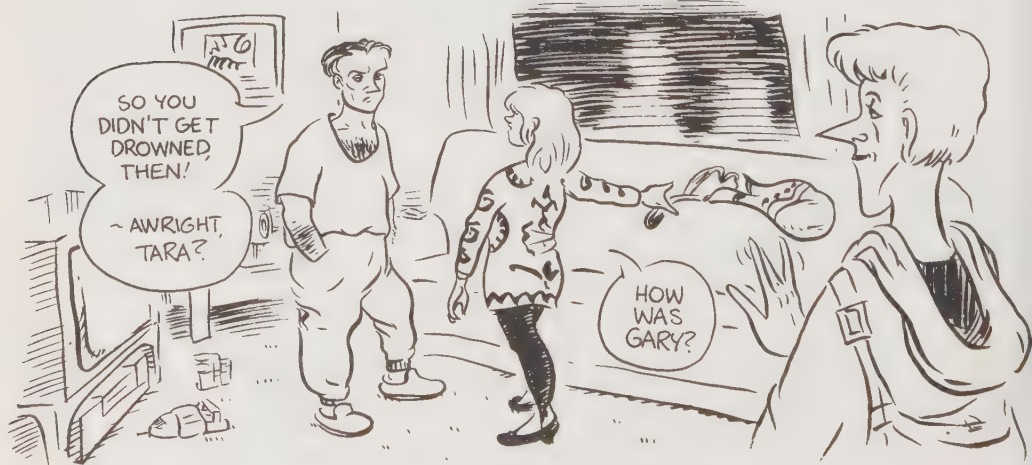
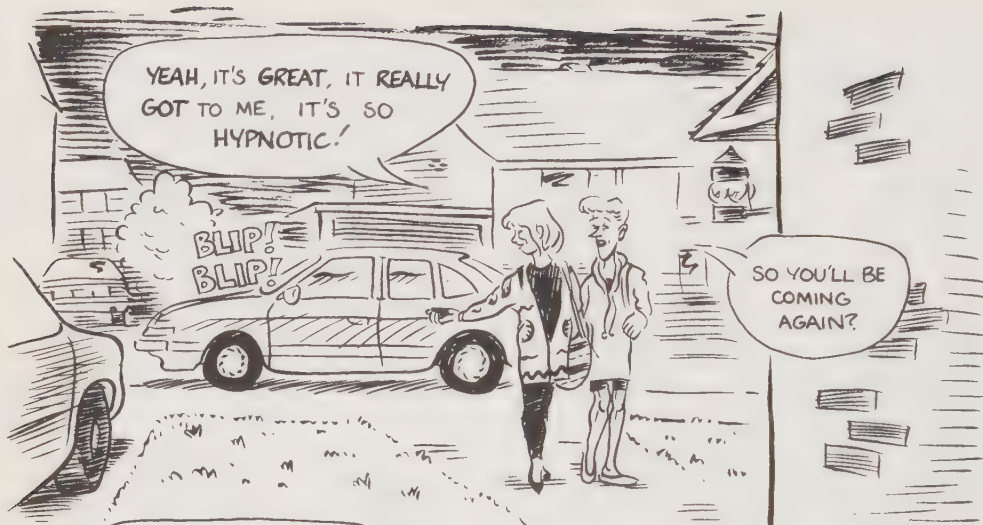
CHJOOJAGGACHJOOJAGGACHJOOJAGGACHJOOJA

TARA I
CAN NOT
BELIEVE
THIS!

OK
LADIES.
LET'S
WARM
UP...

WHAT?

I'VE GONE AND
DEFIED MY
HUSBAND, JUST
SO'S I CAN
LISTEN TO A
LOAD OF RAVE
MUSIC!



HE'S GONNA BE A BLOODY
LAWYER WHEN HE GROWS
UP. THAT'S IF I DON'T
KILL HIM FIRST

NO, I'M NOT, AM I?
OF COURSE POOR
OLD BLOODY JENNY
HAS TO DO IT,
NORMALLY!

OH, HE'S JUST
TESTING YOU OUT!
-HE'LL SENSE
YOU'RE NOT
USED TO IT!

LEE,
I DIDN'T-

YOU KNOW IT'S NOT EVERY
BLOKE WOULD LET HIS WIFE
GO SPLASHING AROUND WITH
A LOAD OF LESBIANS-

OH, LEE,
COME
ON!

YOU BLOODY WELL KEEP
OUT OF THIS, TARA!

YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH
INTERFERING IN ME
MARRIAGE AS IT IS!

I'VE
DONE
WHAT?

WAIT, WAIT, WAIT,
-LEE, HOLD ON!
I'M SORRY, RIGHT?
I WAS BEING
TACTLESS LEE,
AND I'M SORRY!



I REALLY, REALLY APPRECIATE
THIS, LEE. THANK YOU. IT'S GREAT
FOR ME, AND I JUST WANT TO
CARRY ON WITH IT, THAT'S ALL.

NOBODY'S ARGUING
WITH THAT, YOU
DAFT COW!


ACT

I


PRE-WAR









DON'T TELL ME IT'S
"ALL COOL", DASSER!
THERE'S A LOT
NEEDS SORTING



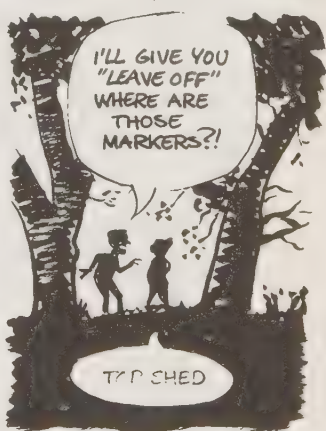
THERE'S ISN'T LEE! THERE'S
HARDLY ANY IN TODAY. I DUNNO
WHY YOU'VE BOTHERED OPENING!



OH! YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! —
MAYBE YOU SHOULD COME IN WITH
ME AND MY OLD MAN! — YOU
COULD ADVISE US ON THE DRUG
ADDICT MARKET, DASS. WHAT
DO YOU RECKON?




ALL RIGHT
LEE! —
LEAVE
OFF!




I'LL GIVE YOU
"LEAVE OFF"
WHERE ARE
THOSE
MARKERS?!

TYP SHED



ARE TH'Y. WELL I
DIDN'T SEE 'EM.



AN' THAT ROPE BRIDGE WANTS
LOOKIN' AT BEFORE HALF OF
CAMELOT GOES TRAMPLIN'
ACROSS IT!





AND HEY, DASS!

WHAT?



DON'T BE SO BLOODY OBVIOUS!

LOOK AT THE STATE OF 'IM! DAY-GLO T-SHIRT, TOP KNOT, SPLIFF BEHIND 'IS EAR...



NO WONDER ALL THE SIR GALAHADS THINK IT SPOILS THE EFFECT



OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT! - MOST OF THE PUNTERS ARE OUT OF THEIR BRAINS ANYWAY!

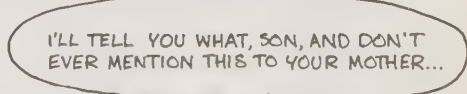
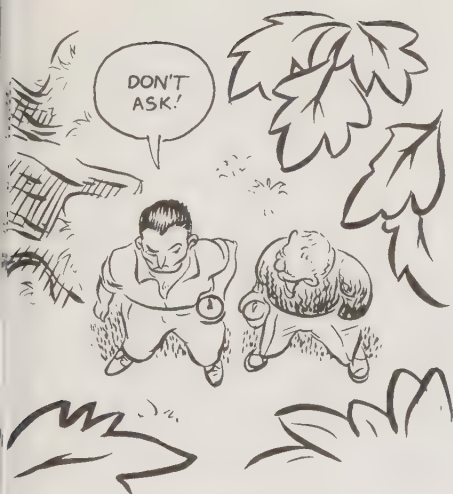
PFSSH!

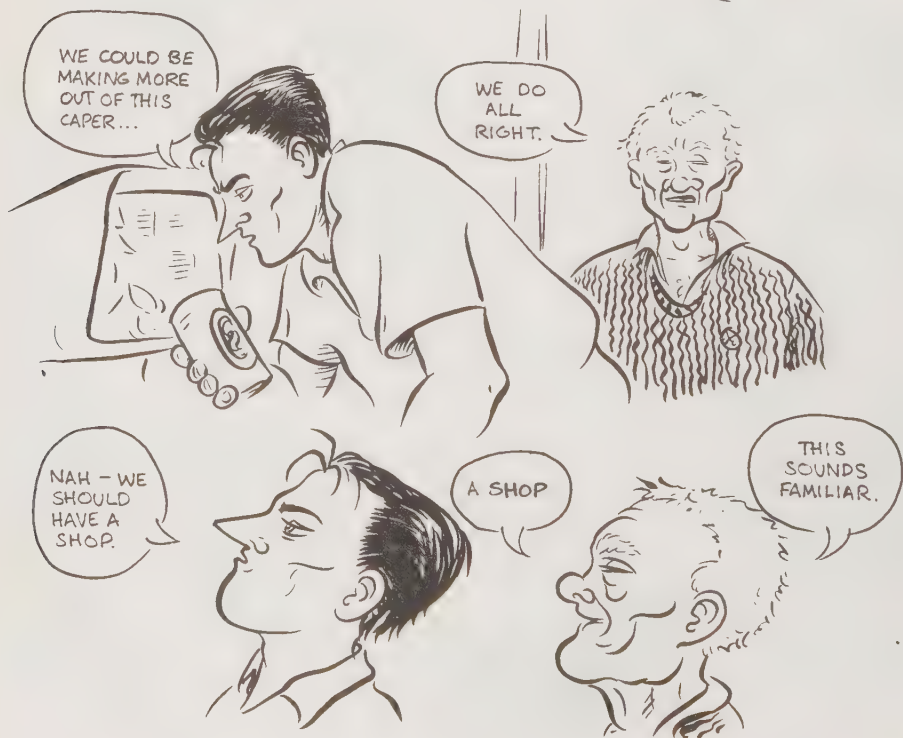
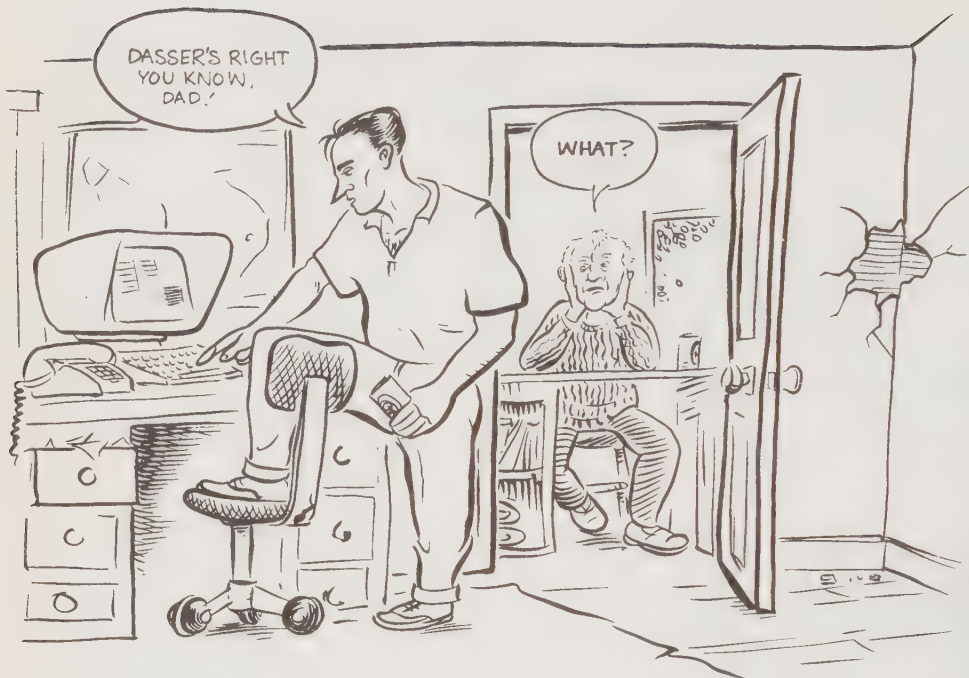
CHRIST, DAD! SINCE WHEN WERE YOU SUCH A BIG LIBERAL? - I DON'T REMEMBER YOU -



AW, IT'S BEING A GRANDAD DOES IT. YOU'LL BE THE SAME.... HOW'S THE MISSUS?







DAD, THE BOOKS. THE COMPUTER GAMES.
THE HEAVY METAL CD'S. COSTUME HIRE.

THIS PLAYING WAR'S
JUST HALF THE STORY.!

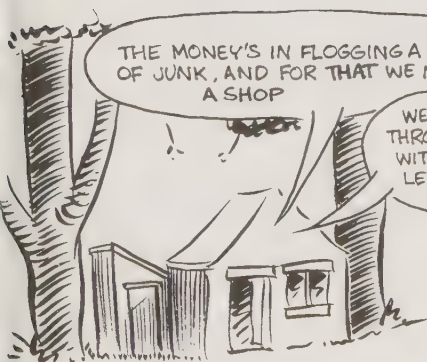


THE MONEY'S IN FLOGGING A LOAD
OF JUNK, AND FOR THAT WE NEED
A SHOP

WE'VE BEEN
THROUGH ALL THIS
WITH EWBANK,
LEE. HE'D -

- HE'D SHIT HIS LOAD, I KNOW THAT.
SO WHAT WE DO IS -

DON'T COUNT ON ME
LISTENING TO ANY
OF THIS.



WE'LL BUY THE LAND, RIGHT?
HE CAN'T MOAN THEN, CAN HE?

AND THEN WE'LL OPEN A THEME
PARK, EH, SON? BUTLERWORLD.!



AW, GET OFF YOUR HIGH
HORSE DAD! WORK IT OUT!
CHEAP LAND! I'M ON GOOD
MONEY! THERE'S BOTH OUR
HOUSES, AND EWBANK IS
DYING TO GET SHOT.!



WHAT HE'S BOTHERED ABOUT
IS DEVELOPMENT, THAT'S ALL!

AND WE CAN JUST KEEP QUIET
ABOUT OUR PLANS UNTIL WE
GET OUR HANDS ON THE LAND



WE'LL PAINT HIM A PICTURE INSTEAD....
SHINY NEW TRACTOR, A FEW NICE NEW
COWS. HE'LL COME IN HIS PANTS!



I SOMETIMES ASK
MYSELF IF I
BROUGHT YOU
UP RIGHT, SON!

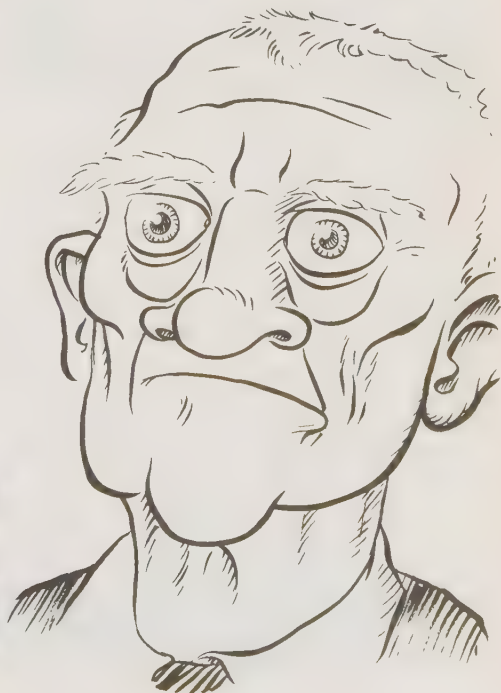
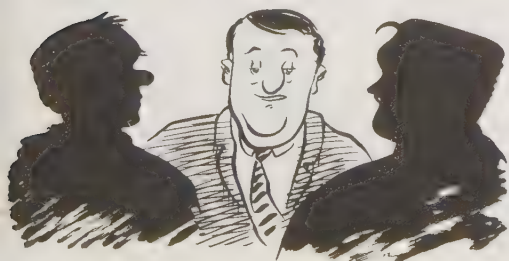


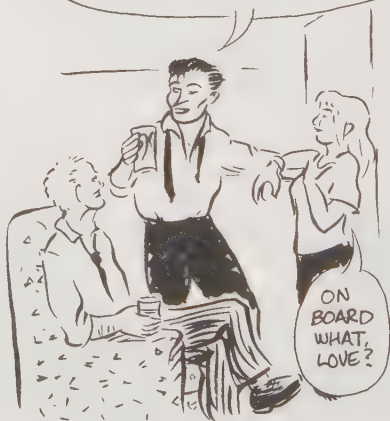
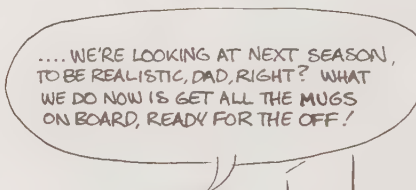
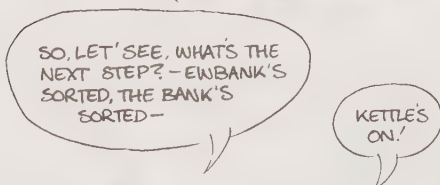
NOT THAT HIS MISSUS
WILL THINK MUCH OF THAT!

SO WHAT D'YOU THINK MR DUNNE?



WELL, IT DOES AMOUNT TO A SECOND
MORTGAGE FOR YOU MR. BUTLER, AND
IN THE CURRENT CLIMATE WE HAVE
TO GUARD AGAINST OVEREXPOSURE
BUT PROVIDED THE INCOME IS RELIABLE
AND THE OVERHEADS LOW ONCE YOU'RE
UP AND RUNNING AND YOU CAN MEET
YOUR PROJECTIONS, IT LOOKS LIKE
WE CAN OFFER YOU THIS FACILITY
TO DRAW DOWN AS REQUIRED.
SUBJECT TO THE NUMBERS COMING
IN AND WIPING THEIR FEET,
OF COURSE.





OH, YOU KNOW-
THE ROLE PLAY

WHAT
ABOUT
IT?



WE'RE GONNA HAVE
A SHOP AND WHAT NOT.



A SHOP? - I WOULDN'T
MIND WORKING UP THERE!



YEAH, WELL, YOU COULD!
GOOD IDEA, JEN.

SO HOW'D YOU GET OLD MAN
EWBANK TO CHANGE HIS MIND?



HE'S NOT AS STUBBORN
AS YOU MIGHT THINK!

NOT WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENING, HE'S NOT!
-AND BY THE TIME HE'S SOLD
US THE LAND, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!





COME ON JENNY ~
DON'T TAKE THE HUMP!

NOBODY'S TAKING
THE HUMP,
LEE!

I'M
PERFECTLY
FINE.

IT'S A GOOD IDEA, YOU KNOW, JEN.
WE'D BE MAD NOT TO DO IT.

YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE YOUR
CHANCES IN THIS WORLD, JENNY,
OR YOU NEVER GET ANYWHERE!

WHAT'S UP?
WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

SLAM!

FOR GOD'S
SAKE JENNY!...

~ DON'T
YOU WANT TO
BE RICH?

WOULD YOU RATHER
I SAT ON MY ARSE
ALL DAY, SMOKING
DOPE LIKE DASSER?

OF COURSE I DON'T,
LEE. I JUST~



OH, NEVER
MIND.



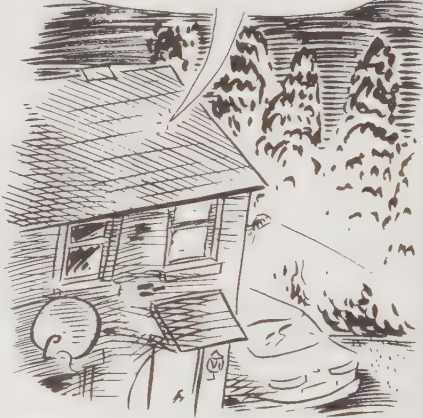
WHAT?~
'YOU JUST'
WHAT?



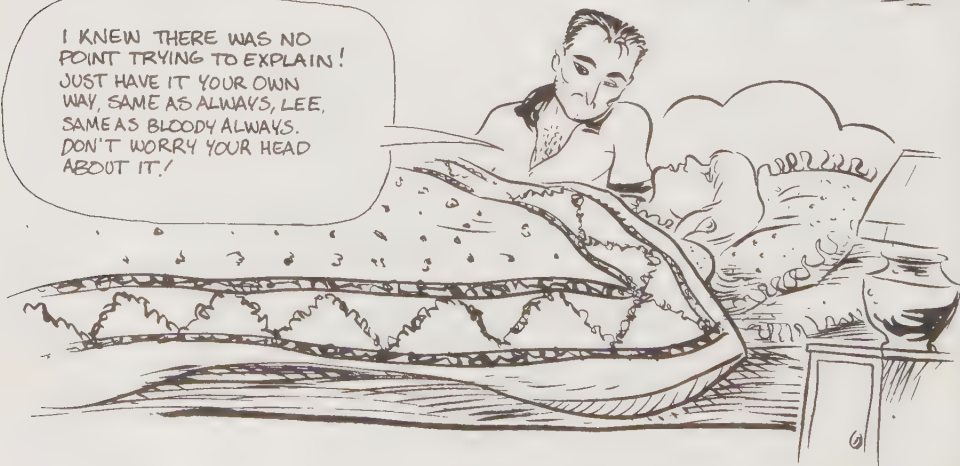
YOU'LL BE BACK DOING OVERTIME EVERY
NIGHT. I'LL BE BACK STUCK AT HOME
ALL THE TIME. JUST WHEN I START
DOING THINGS FOR MYSELF, FEELING
LIKE A ~ A PERSON AGAIN.!



THAT'S ALL TARA'S TALK
ALL THAT OLD BOLLOCKS.!



I KNEW THERE WAS NO
POINT TRYING TO EXPLAIN!
JUST HAVE IT YOUR OWN
WAY, SAME AS ALWAYS, LEE,
SAME AS BLOODY ALWAYS.
DON'T WORRY YOUR HEAD
ABOUT IT.!



YOU'RE WRONG JEN! ~
I DO UNDERSTAND! ~ I AM
LISTENING! ~ YOU'RE STUCK
IN THE HOUSE, RIGHT? YOU
WANT TO GO OUT MORE?



RIGHT?
AM I
RIGHT?



HERE. HERE, LOOK,
JENNY. TAKE THIS.



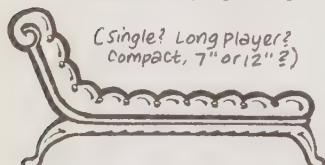
GO ON OUT TOMORROW AND GET
YOURSELF A NEW OUTFIT. SHOES, BAG,
THE LOT. THEN AT THE WEEKEND WE'LL
GO TO THE PICTURES. HAVE AN INDIAN. ~
CLUB IT IF YOU LIKE! OK. JEN? OK.?



HARR SHITE asks:

WHAT ISS YOUR PARRTNER'S
FAVOURIT MUSICK TO
MAKE LOVE TO ?

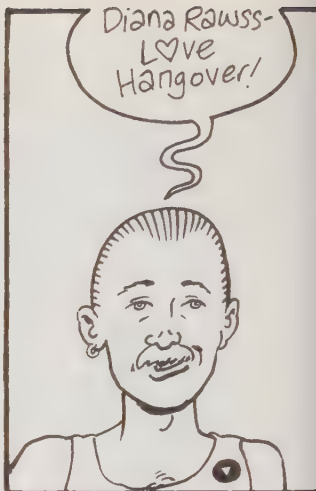
(Single? Long player?
compact, 7" or 12"?)



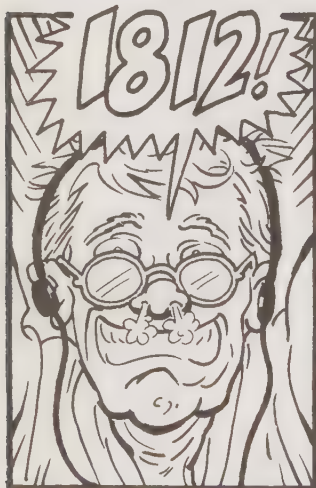
Ravel's
BOLERO



Diana Rawss-
LOVE
Hangover!



1812!



Bruce
Spring-
steen

Boxed
set~



The william
Tell overture



'If you
leave me
now..

'you
took away
the
biggest
part of
me~



meat
loaf?



Philip

Bloody

Glass



© Todd
Gieseler
1991

MOR
19

RIS
98



Dom Morris

SADIST

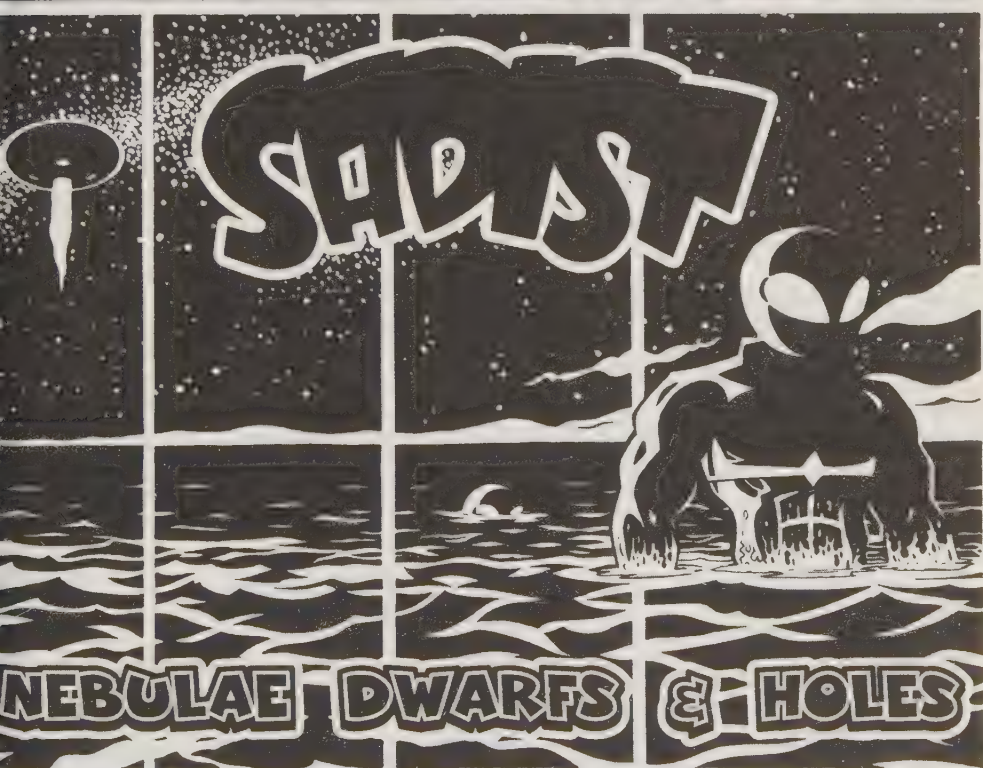
Self-published (in a tiny print run), 1998

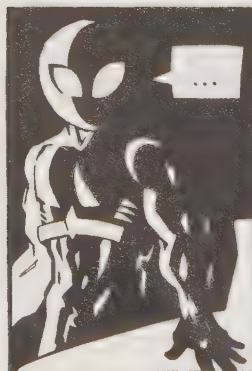
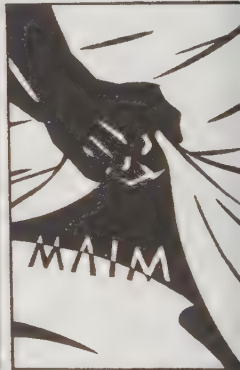
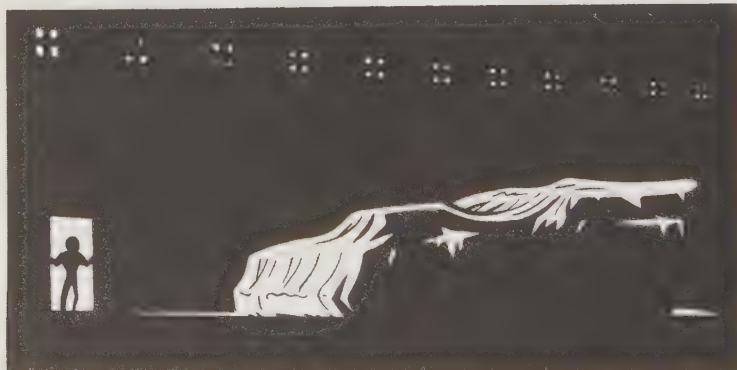
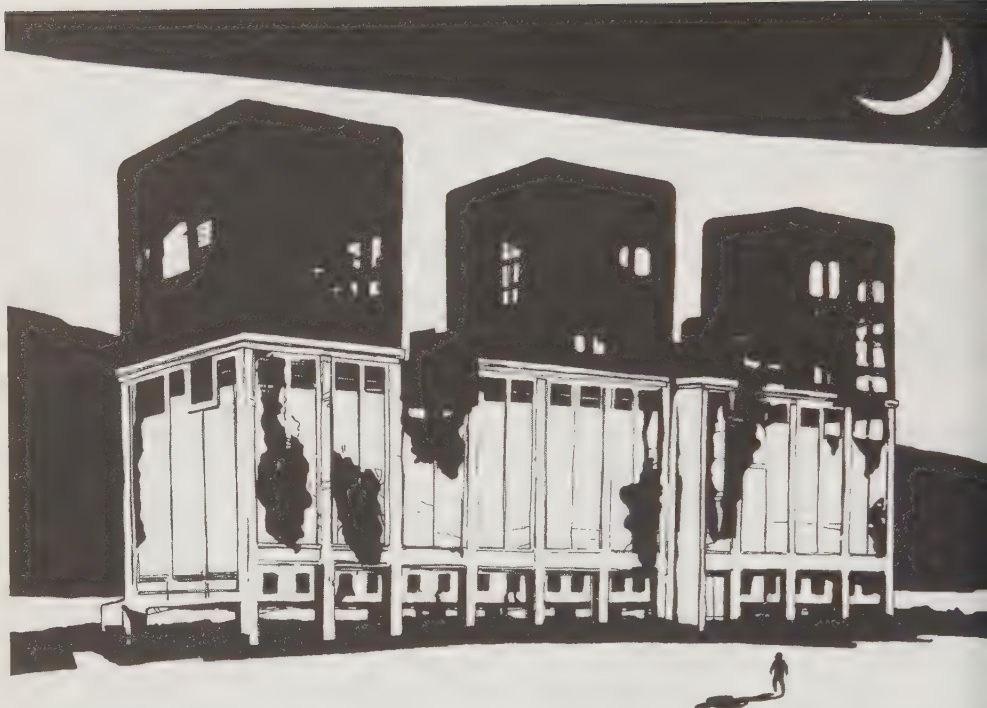
The *Sadist* strip evolved from doodles in school notepads, via fanzine *Lobster Telephone* to national circulation in *Deadline* magazine (home of Jamie Hewlett's *Tank Girl*). The misadventures of a cold-blooded media mogul and his strangely inhuman minder in a near-future UK, it collapses pop culture, kung fu, sci-fi, cars, guns, gore and weirdness into a single bastard hard core. Famously, a Princess Diana-type character died after a high-speed car chase, several years before her real-life counterpart. Of the minor celebs parodied in this episode, Rod Hull then plunged to his death whilst fixing the roof, and East 17's Brian Harvey somehow managed to run himself over in his own car.

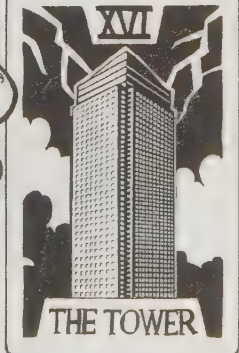
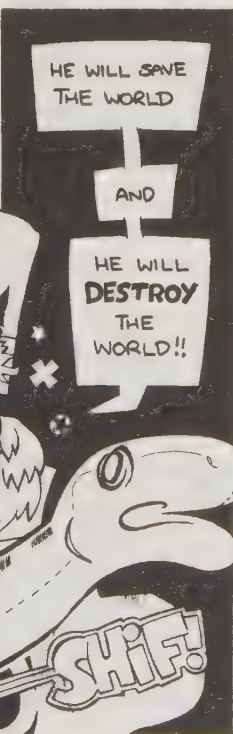
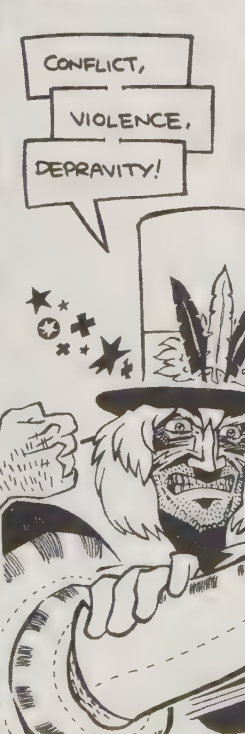
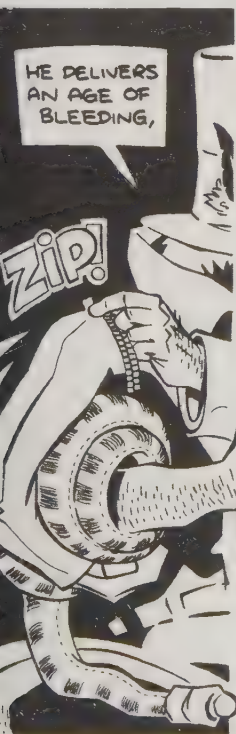
"Perhaps a break in publication was for the best in light of this chilling 'medusa touch'. These days I'm a video artist and animator, but the *Sadist* characters are alive and well in my head and evolving all the time. Harry will return!" – DM

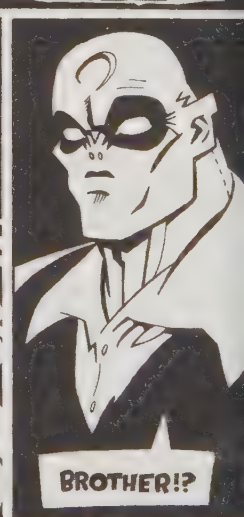
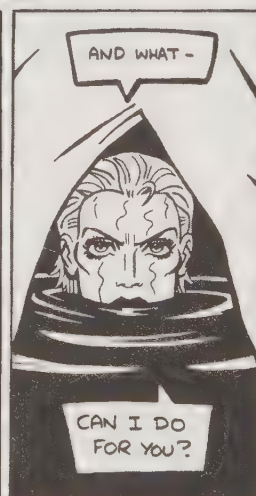
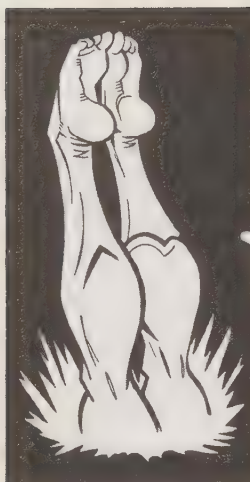
www.harrysadist.com

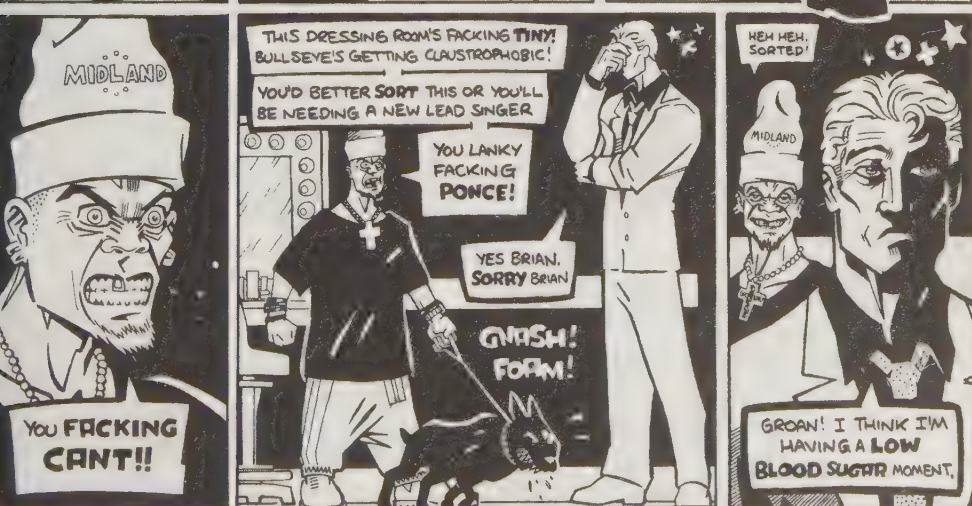
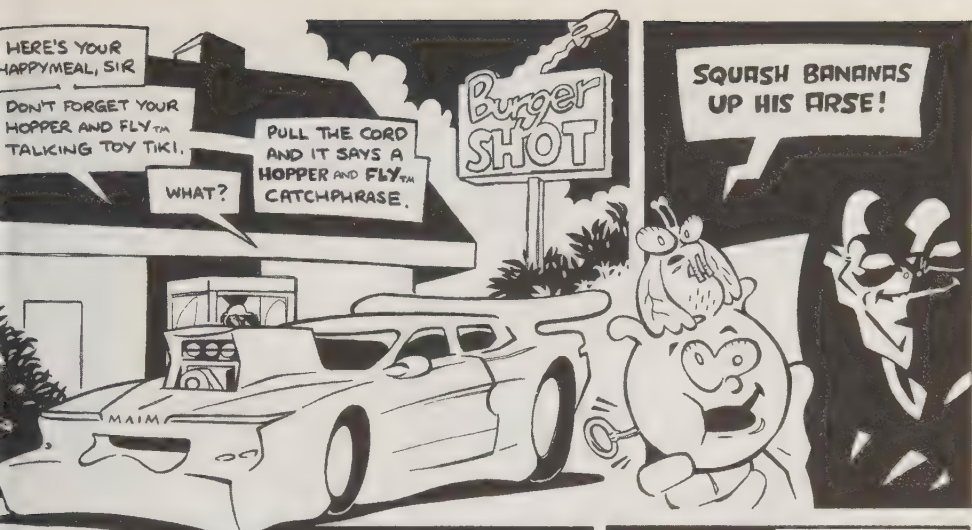


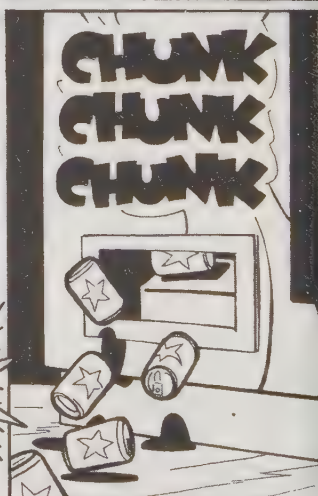
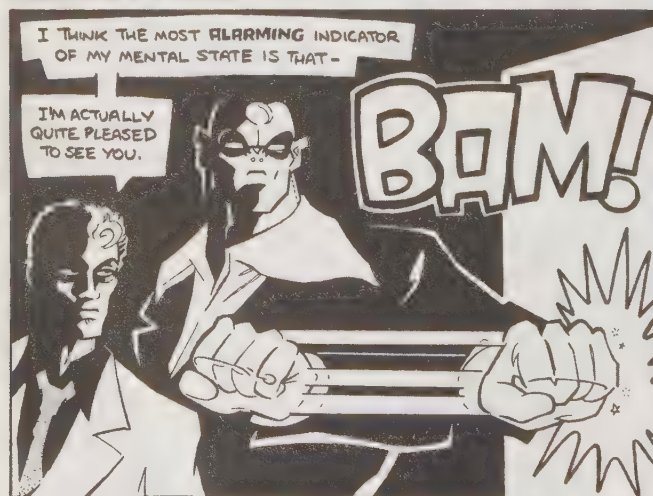
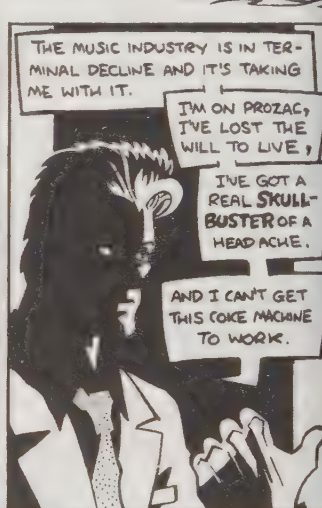
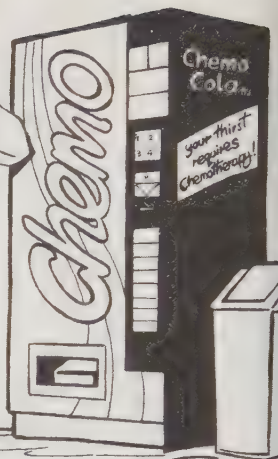












SATURDAY SUPERCHARGE



IT WAS THE HEADACHES.

I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE
AND STARTED MAKING BAD
DECISIONS.

BUSINESS DECISIONS



THBITHR'S TAKEN CONTROL OF
THE COMPANY WHILE I'M
RELEGATED TO DEALING WITH
PUNKS LIKE BRIAN.

BUT I
CAN'T EVEN
DO THAT

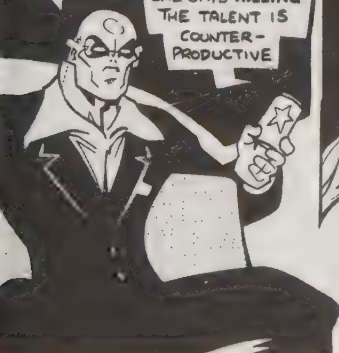


THIS BRIAN GUY
SOUNDS LIKE A
REAL SHIT THROWER.

DO HIM.

TAB WON'T LET ME

SHE SAYS KILLING THE TALENT IS
COUNTER-
PRODUCTIVE



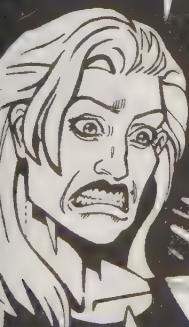
ARE YOU TWO SUPPOSED
TO BE ON THIS SET?

WE'RE ON-AIR IN TWO
HOURS AND I'M- ERM..

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?



HAMBURGER?

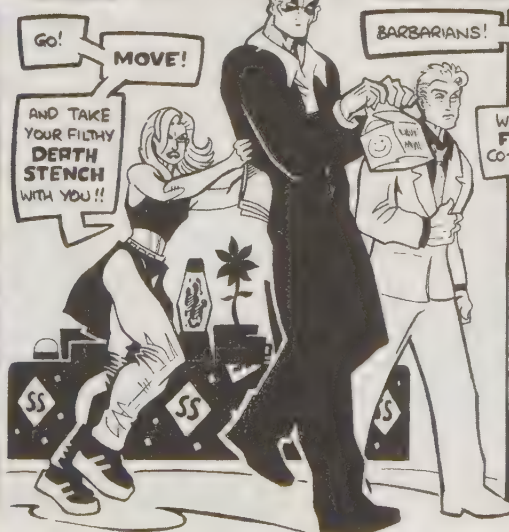


THERE'S MEAT
IN THE STUDIO!

GO!

MOVE!

AND TAKE
YOUR FILTHY
DEATH
STENCH
WITH YOU!!



BARBARIANS!

HOW'D THEY LIKE TO
BE KILLED AND EATEN
BY... ER, BIG MONSTERS.
OR SOMETHING?

WHERE'S MY
FLIPPING
CO-PRESENTER?



HE'S DONE
THAT THING
WITH THE
BARBIE
DOLLS AGAIN.

EGG
AND
OIL

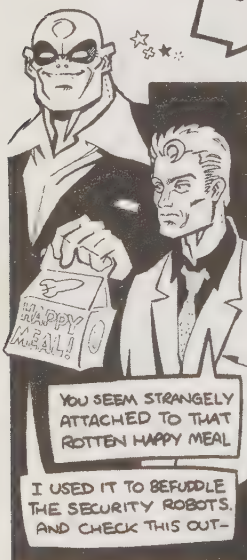


OOH,
YOU
NELLIE
BITCH.

YOU'VE ONLY GOT
YOURSELF TO BLAME.
HOW MANY WAS IT
THIS TIME?

SQUAWK!
WRENCH!

DOF!
THINK I GOT ABOUT
A DOZEN UP THERE!
CHEEEEEE!!



YOU SEEM STRANGELY
ATTACHED TO THAT
ROTTEN HAPPY MEAL

I USED IT TO BEFUZZLE
THE SECURITY ROBOTS.
AND CHECK THIS OUT-

BRINK SOME
DRING AND

HORSE
FLESH!!



IT SAID SOMETHING ABOUT
BANANAS LAST TIME.

HMM THE MIND
BOGGLES

EEEEK!!

SLAP

YOU FACKIN'
FAT BITCH!

YOU'VE SNORTED
ALL MY CHARLEY!

PUNCH



OH CHRIST
IT'S BRIAN'S
SO-CALLED
WIFE

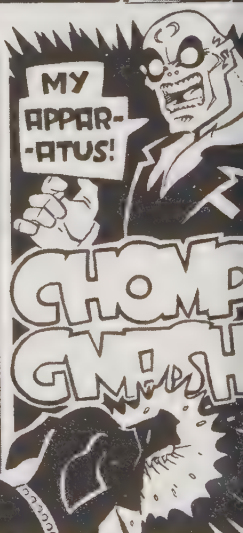
WHAT ABOUT
THE BABY?

ACK!!

WAP

AND WHAT'RE YOU
LOOKIN' AT YOU
STREAKS OF PISS!?

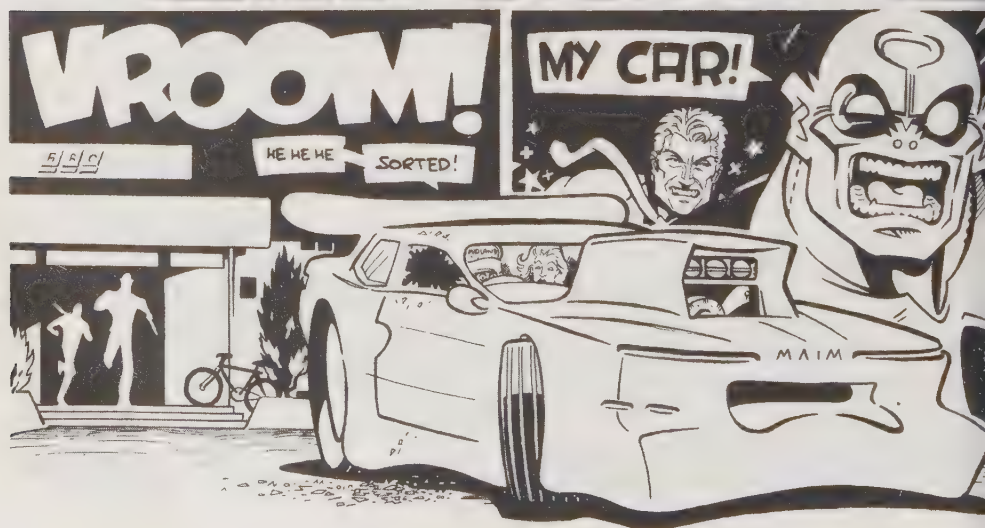
BULLSEYE
KILL!



MY
APPAR-
ATUS!

CHOMP
CHOMP







WHAT THE DEVIL
IS THIS, HARRY?

SEEMS TO BE CARVED FROM
BLACK MARBLE OR SOMETHING
BUT I CAN SEE CIRCUITS
IN THERE.

IT'S A **JUICER**.

A JUICER?

YEAH

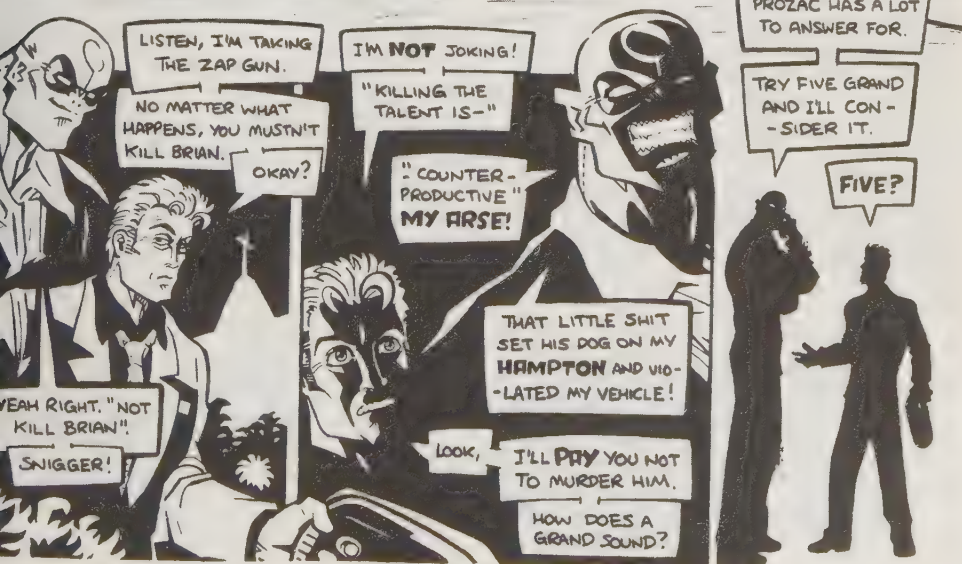
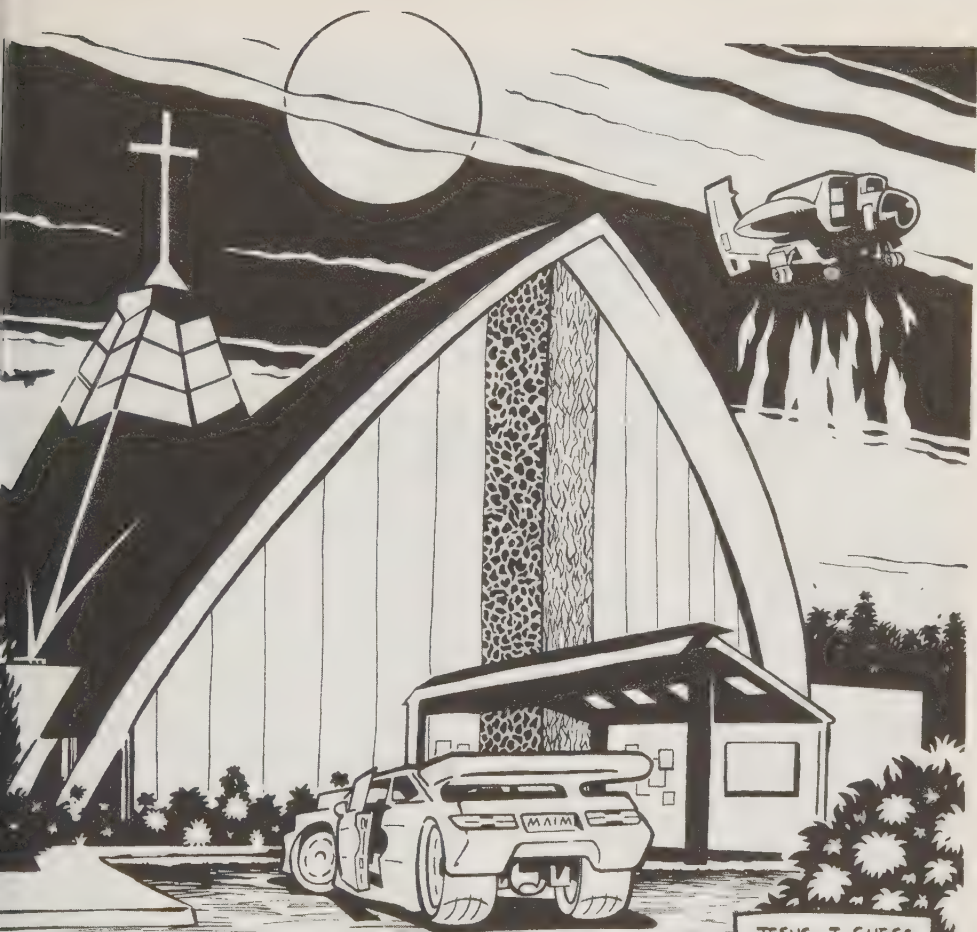
I JUICED THAT
DAMN DOG AND I'M
GONNA **JUICE-UP**
BRIAN WHEN I
FIND HIM!

HMM

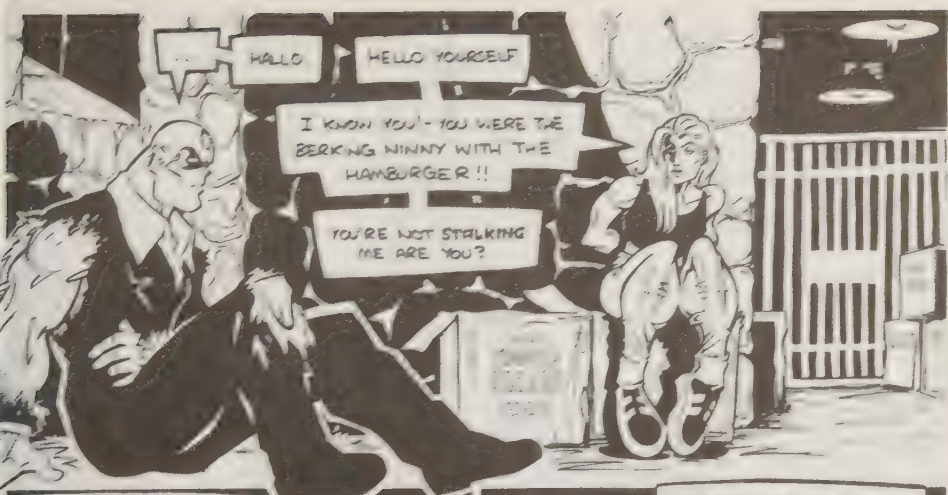
WHERE **HAVE**
YOU BEEN FOR
THE PAST
TWO YEARS?

HOT ROD'S
STOPPED,
MR. SCENE

TAKE US DOWN
COVERTLY,
CAPTAIN.







HALLO

HELLO YOURSELF

I KNOW YOU! - YOU WERE THE
BERKING NINNY WITH THE
HAMBURGER !!

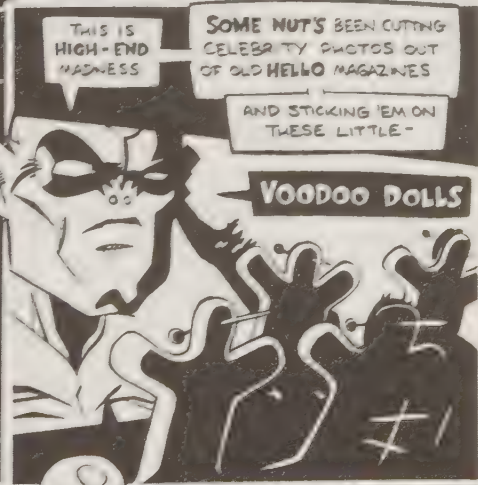
YOU'RE NOT STALKING
ME ARE YOU?



I'M HERE TO HAUL BRAN'S
FUNDZED CARCASS BACK
TO THE STUDIO AND - UM,

WHAT THE
HELL IS
ALL THIS
JUNK?

SOMEONE'S BEEN
PLAYING WITH
PLASTIC ME?



THIS IS
HIGH-END
MADNESS

SOME NUT'S BEEN CUTTING
CELEBRITY PHOTOS OUT
OF OLD HELLO MAGAZINES

AND STICKING 'EM ON
THESE LITTLE -

VOODOO DOLLS



HEY!

THIS OWE'S
MY BOSS!

WHEN HE FINDS OUT
HE'S THE VICTIM OF
A HOODOO CURSE
HE'S GONNA SHIT!

HMM

WE'VE GOT ABOUT THIRTY
MINUTES BEFORE MY
SHOW GOES ON-AIR.

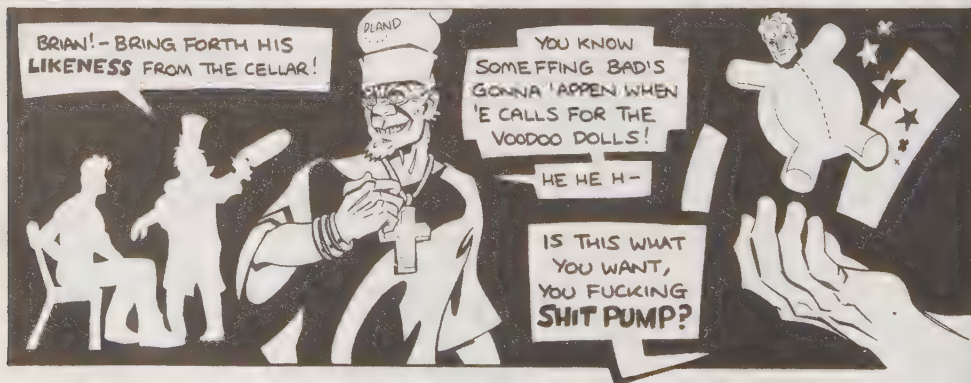
AND I THINK I KNOW
HOW TO GET US OUT
OF HERE.

HELLO!
JULY 21, 2002

TEEN SCENE
& RALLERNA SISTER
TARTITA AT HER
NEW YORK DENT

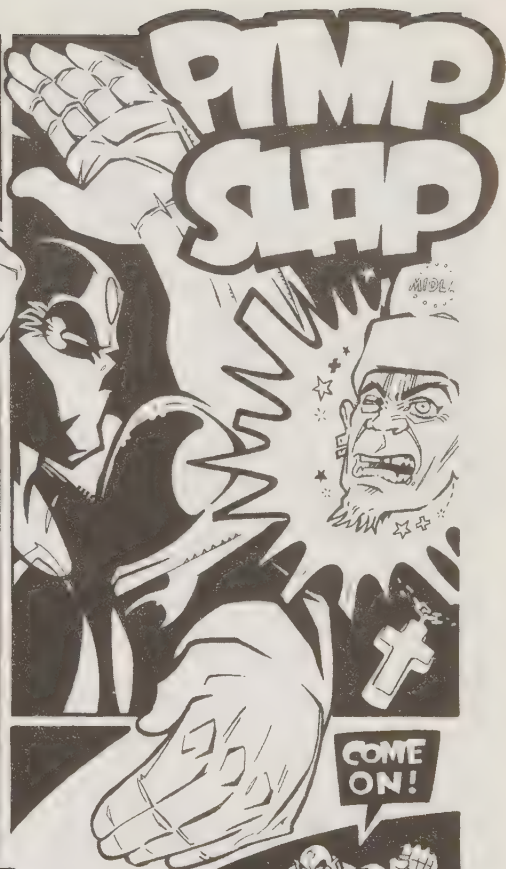
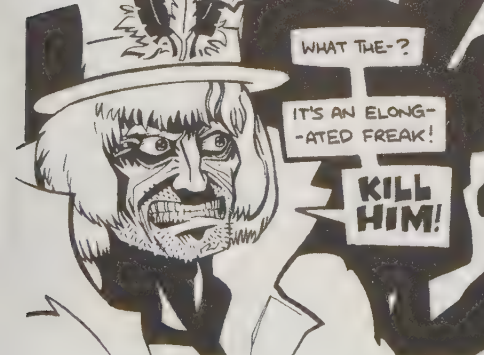
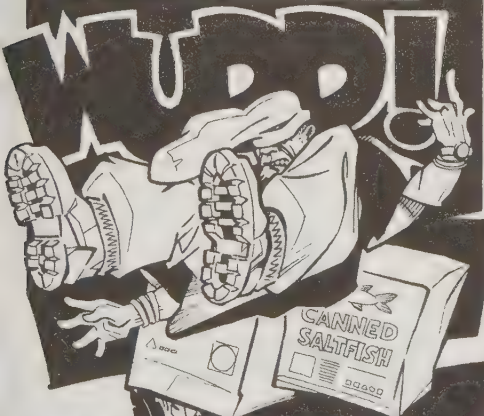


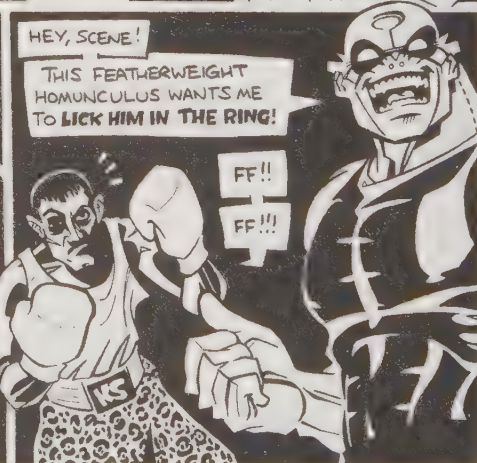
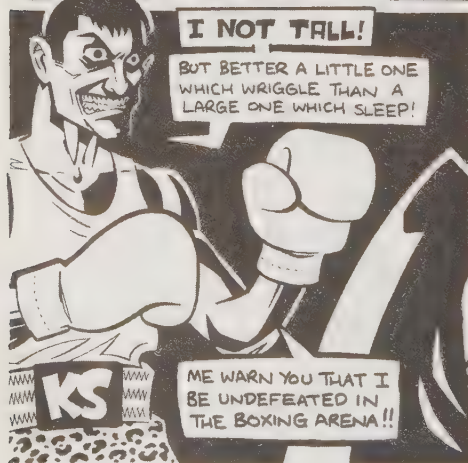


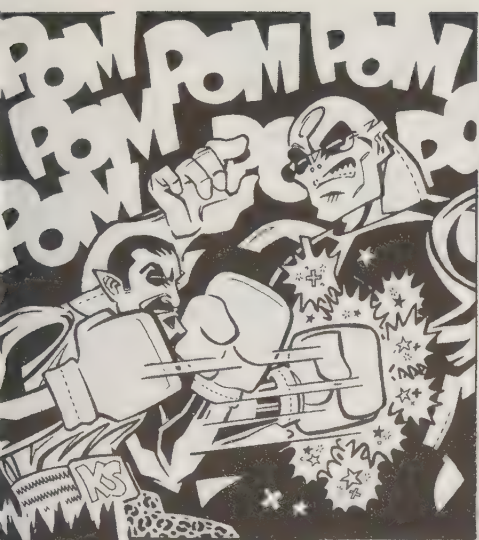


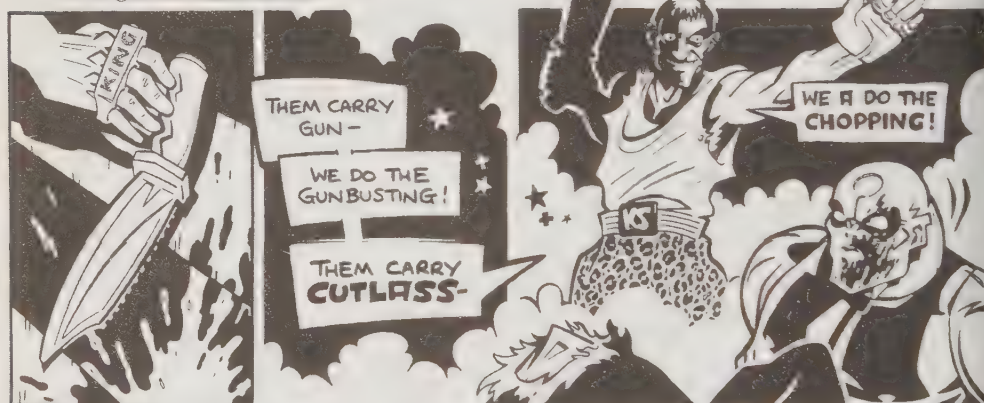
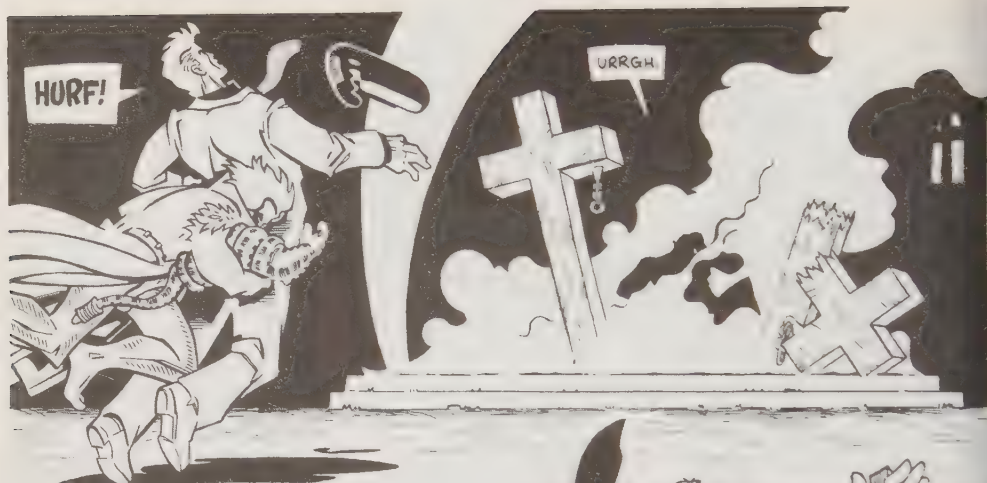


I'VE BEEN **FEELING GRUMPY**
ALL MORNING AND THE GOOD NEWS IS
HE WON'T BE **PRESSING CHARGES!**



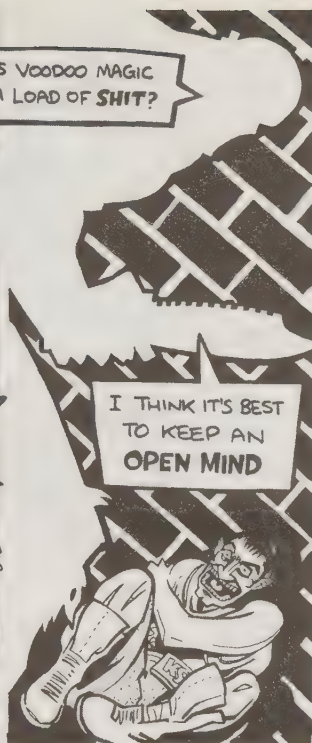








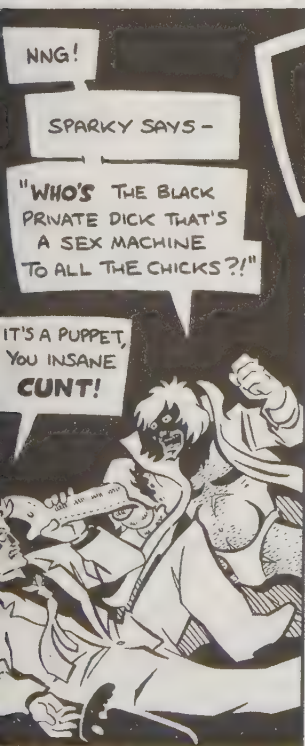
IS VOOODOO MAGIC
A LOAD OF SHIT?



I THINK IT'S BEST
TO KEEP AN
OPEN MIND



MEE!

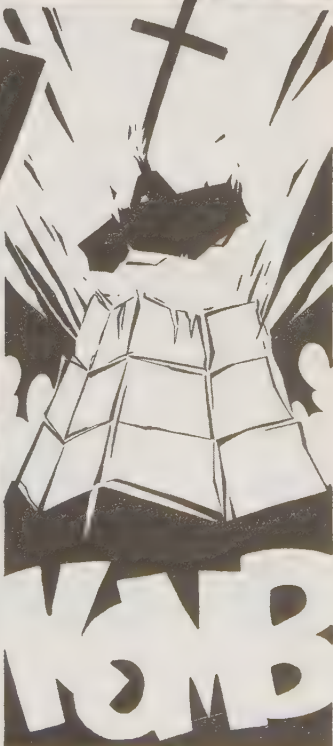


NNG!

SPARKY SAYS -

"WHO'S THE BLACK
PRIVATE DICK THAT'S
A SEX MACHINE
TO ALL THE CHICKS?!"

IT'S A PUPPET,
YOU INSANE
CUNT!





NO!

SOB

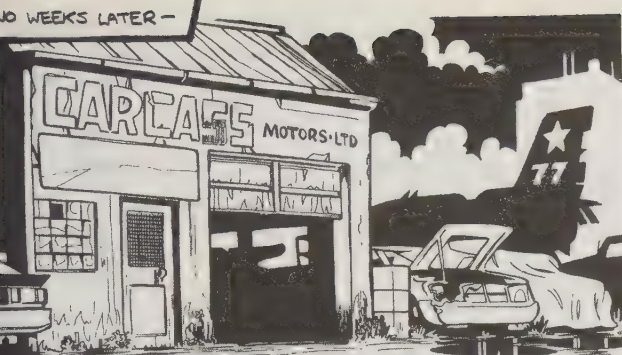
NO!

NYEEARGH!!

MAN,

HE MUST'VE
REALLY
LOVED
THAT SNAKE.

TWO WEEKS LATER -



STARS OF SHOWBUSINESS
ARE THIS MORNING
ATTENDING THE FUNERAL
OF TRAGIC POP STAR
BRIAN HARROW

HARROW'S BODY WAS FOUND
HANGING AT HIS EAST
LONDON HOME LAST WEEK

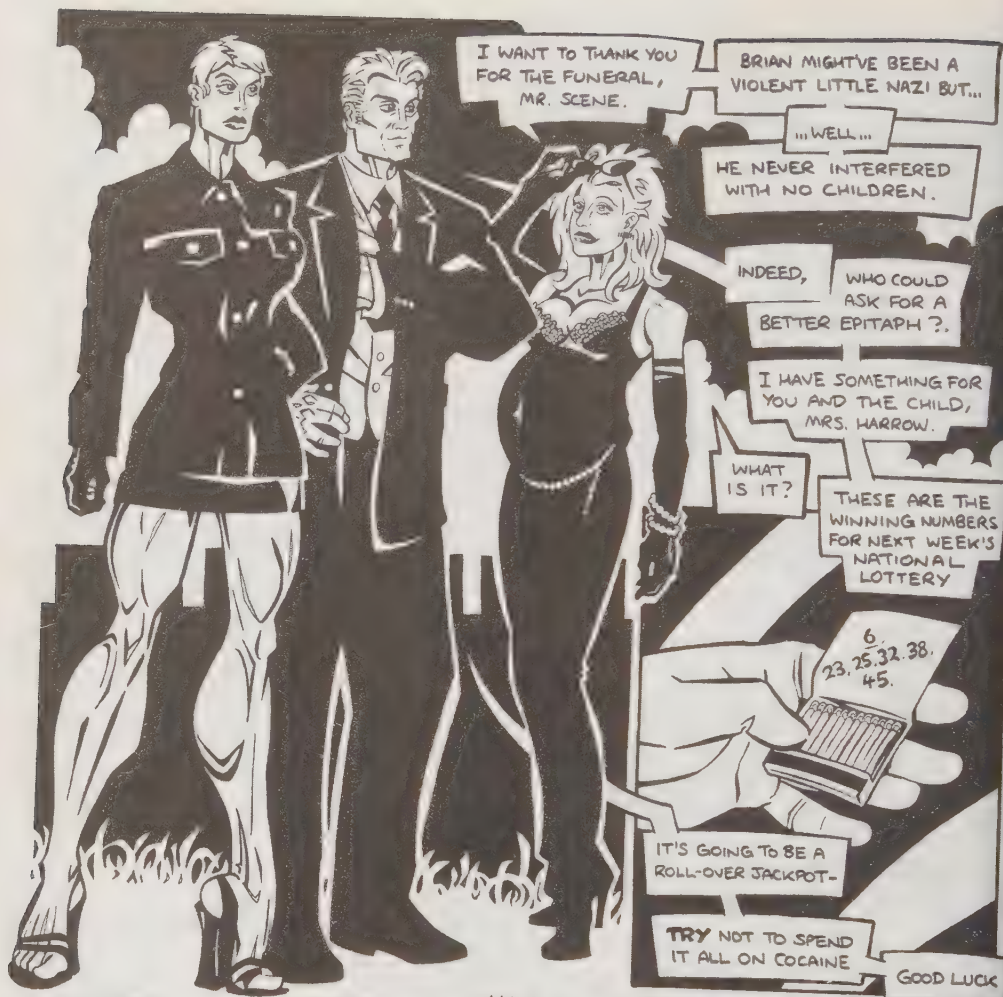
POLICE BELIEVE THE
SINGER DIED WHEN A
BIZARRE **SEX ACT** WENT
HORRIBLY WRONG...

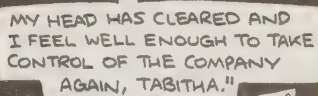


NAH,

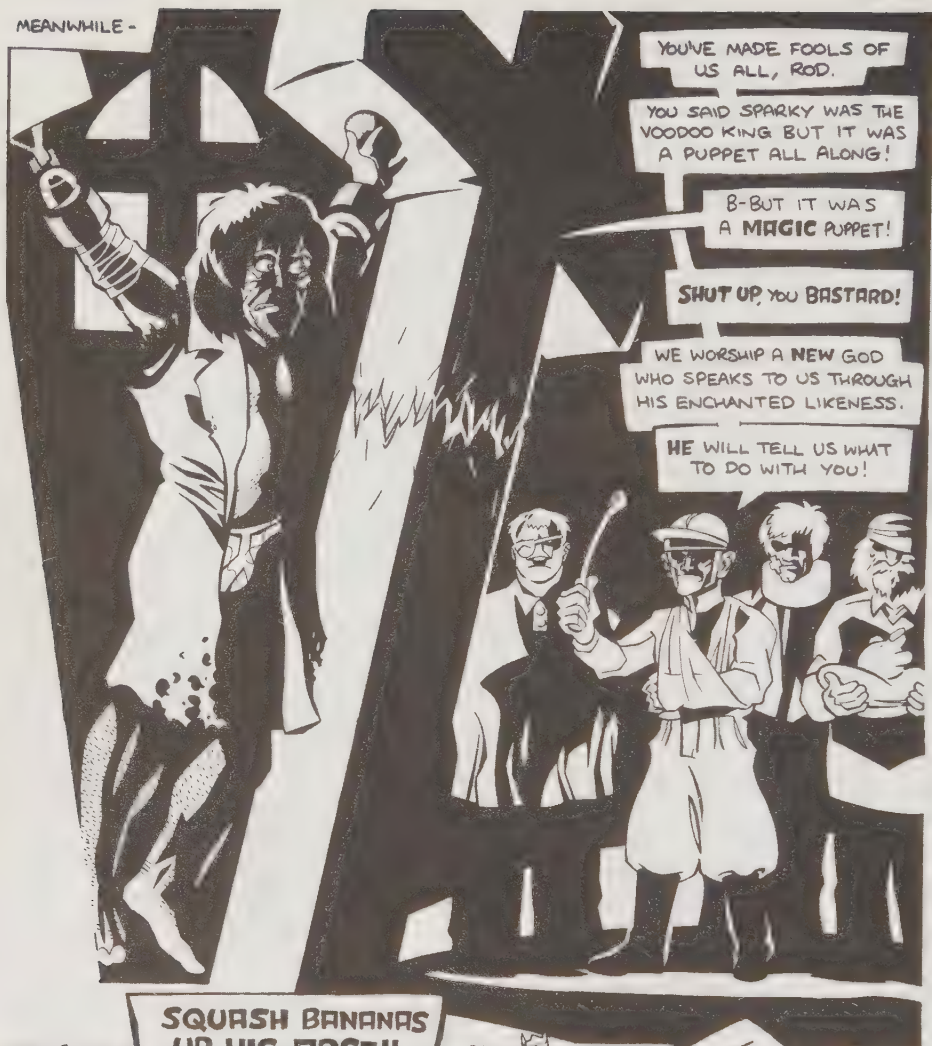
SCENE TOOK HIS
SISTER AND I DON'T
THINK SHE LIKES ME.







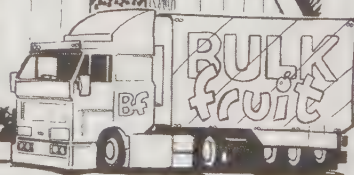
MEANWHILE -



SQUASH BANANAS UP HIS ARSE!!

Nooo!

Evolution
Stages of
TEEN SCENE

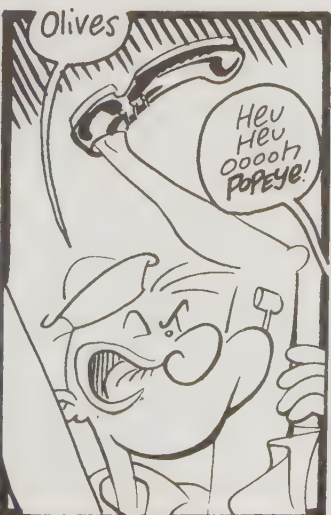
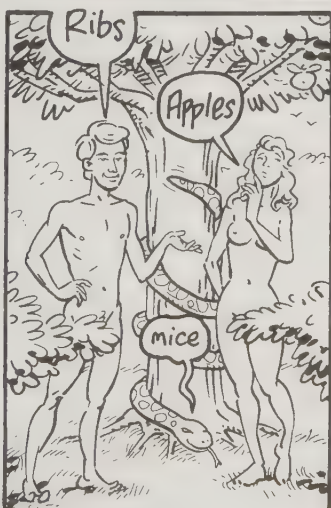


DOM MORRIS © 1998

HERR SHITE asks:



WHAT
FOODS
DO YOU
FIND
erotic?



Paul O'Connell (with Laurence Elwick)

THE SOUND OF DROWNING

The Sound of Drowning #11, self-published, 2008

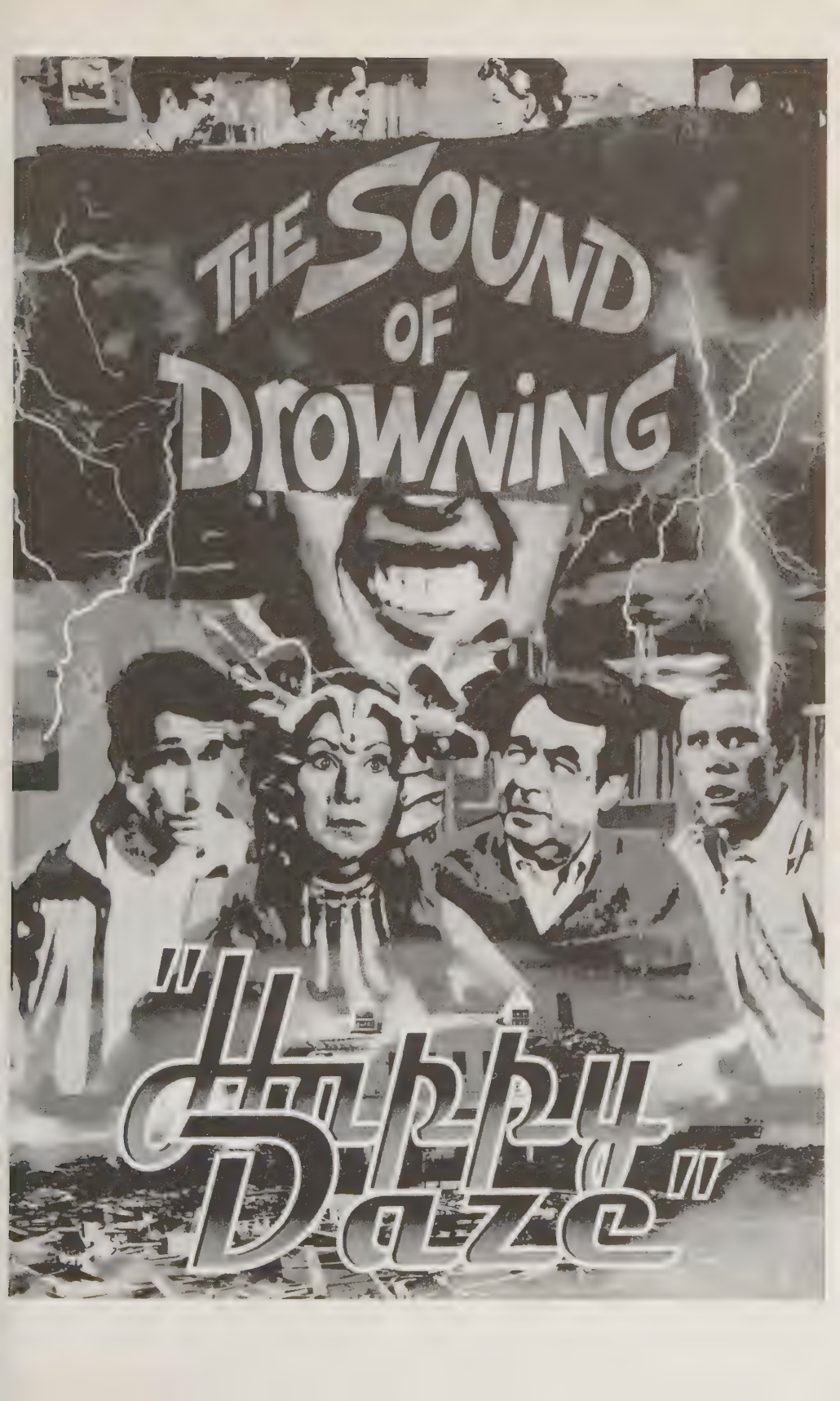
In *Happy Daze*, Doris Day is a post-apocalyptic Avon lady, travelling around America's atomic wastelands offering makeovers to survivors (the perfect nuclear family from TV's *Happy Days*). It's a feminist *Mad Max* in the style of a 1950's B-movie. An aborted sequel saw Doris in Las Vegas, upsetting the misogynist rule of a radioactive rat pack.

Charlie Parker "Handyman", illustrated by Lawrence Elwick, ran as a serial for several years in free music newspaper, *The Stool Pigeon*. An alternate-reality Charlie Parker has no skill with musical instruments, although everything he touches still turns to jazz.

"The idea here was to take an iconic scenario and put Charlie into it to see what happened. We're both big fans of old silent comedy. Having our Charlie channeling another, it's very Chaplin-esque. Although the image of a group of construction workers having lunch on a girder high above New York is well known, the final image, of Charlie lying alone on the beam listening to a radio, is also based on a real photograph.

"These days I'm working on stories for younger readers, with artists Lawrence Elwick, Nelson Evergreen and Lord Hurk, doing my best to inject weirdness and darkness back into children's literature!" – POC

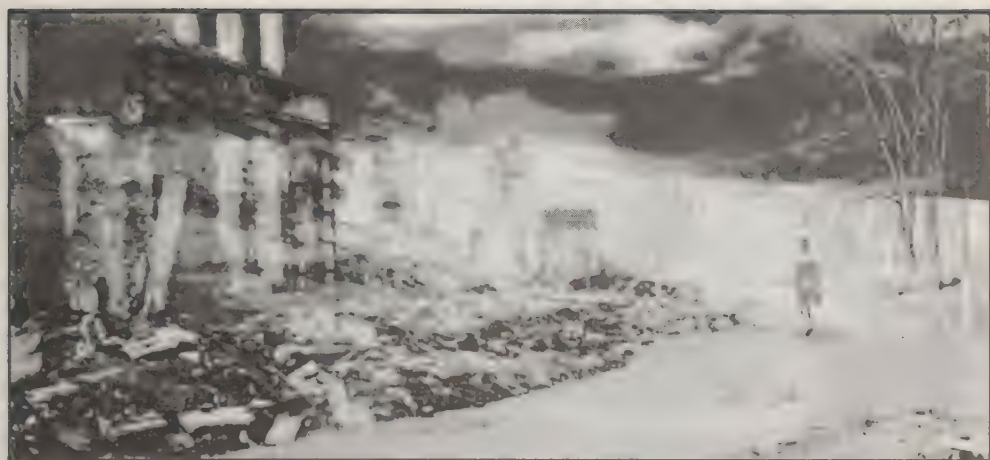
www.soundofdrowning.com

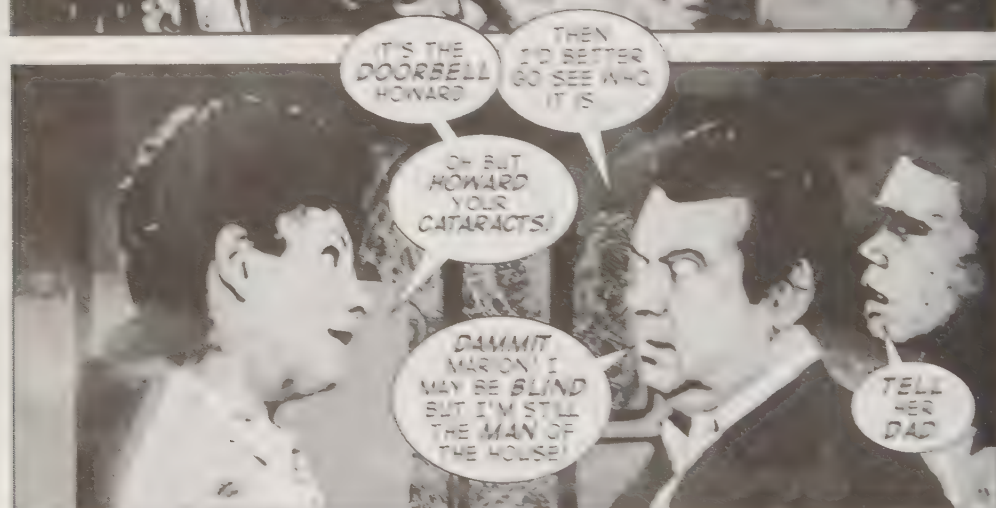
A black and white movie poster for 'The Sound of Drowning'. The poster features a collage of faces, including a man in a hat at the top, a woman in the center, and several other men. The background is dark with bright, jagged lightning bolts. The title 'THE SOUND OF DROWNING' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font at the top. At the bottom, the text '"Hush Daze"' is written in a similar stylized font.

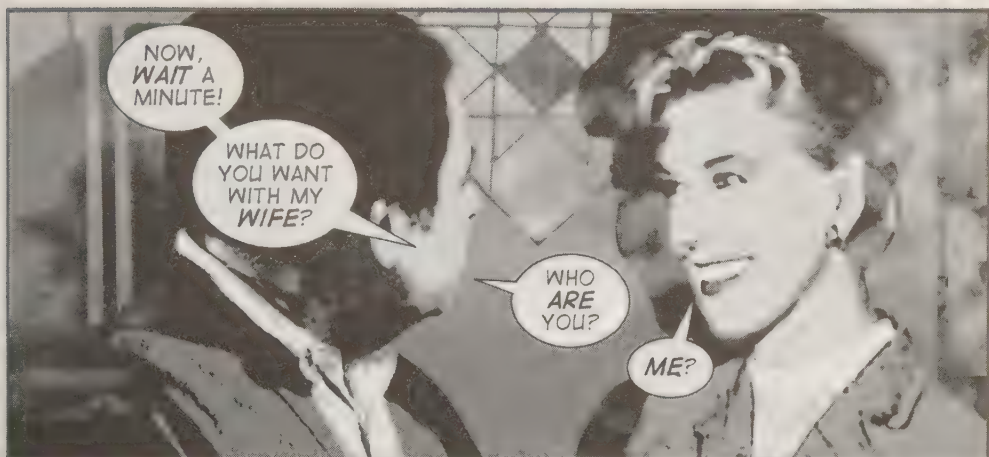
THE SOUND OF DROWNING

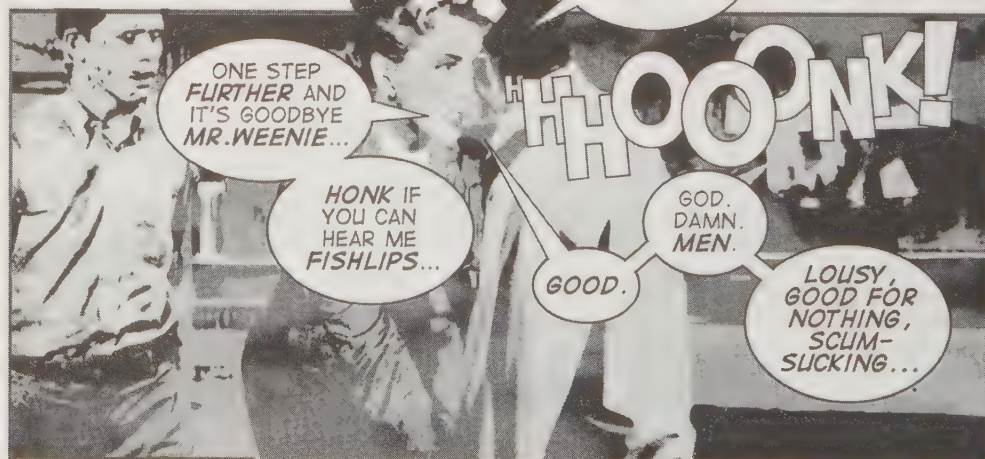
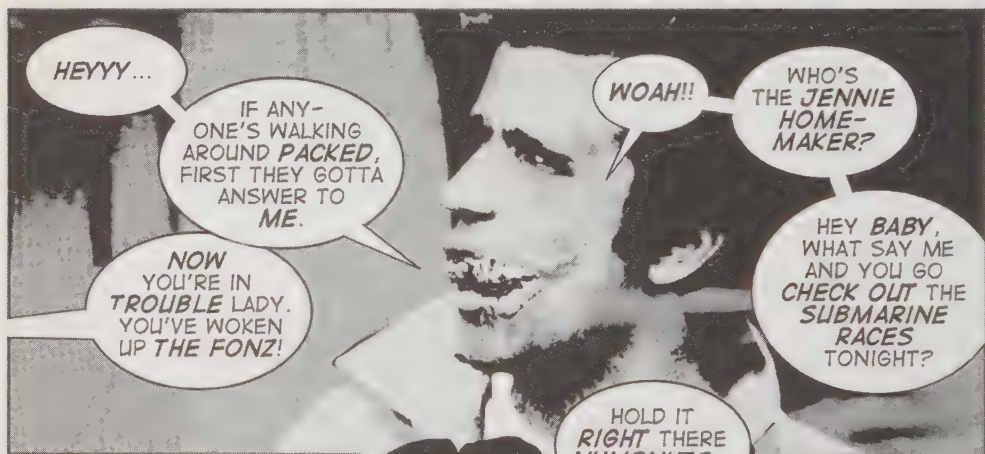
"Hush
Daze"



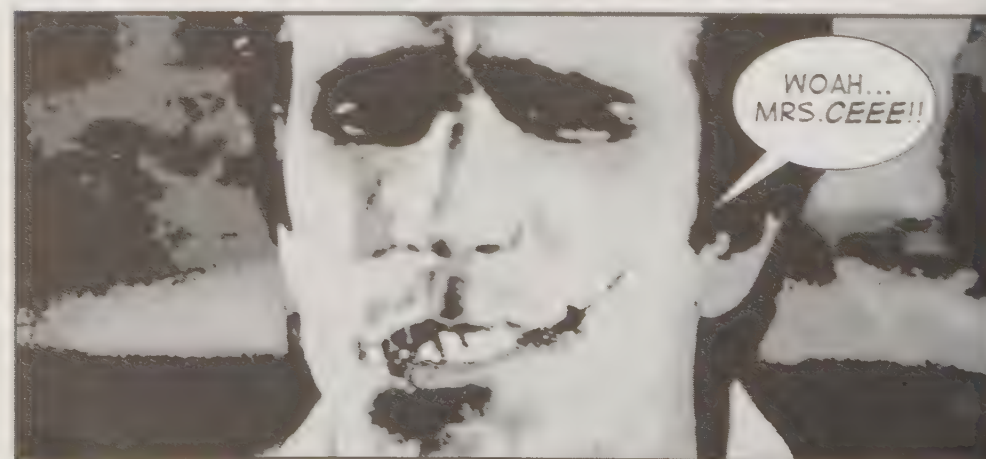



















MS. DAZE
SAYS THAT
NOW **THE BOMB**
HAS FINALLY **DROPPED**,
WE OF THE **FAIRER**
SEX NO **LONGER** HAVE
TO LIVE BY THE
LAWS OF **MEN**...

...IN **FACT**,
WE DON'T
HAVE TO LIVE
WITH **MEN**
...AT **ALL**!

MS. DAZE
SAYS THAT
IN **THIS** DAY
AND AGE ALL A
WOMAN **REALLY**
NEEDS...



...IS A
FIRM HAND
AND A SPARE
SET OF
BATTERIES!

AND I
MUST
SAY...

SHE MAKES
A LOT MORE
SENSE THAN
MEN EVER
DID.

GOD-
DAMMIT
MARION!

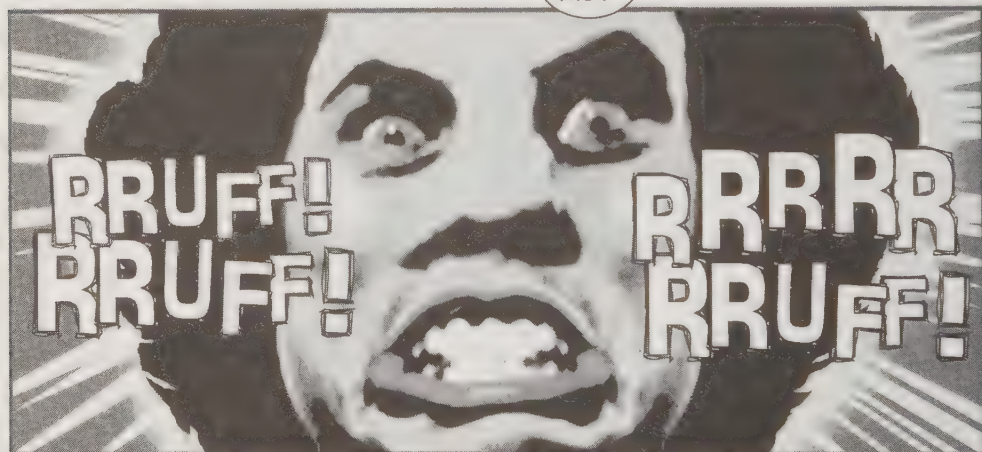
HAVE
YOU GONE
INSANE!?




WAIT A
MINUTE...

WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?

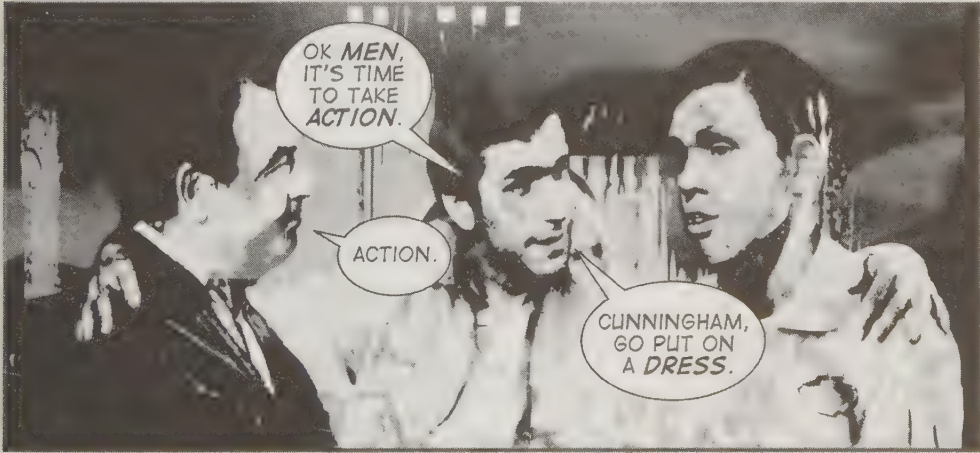
THAT
BZZZZZ
BUZZING
SOUND?





AND YOU
THINK THE
BOYS WILL
BE ALRIGHT?

QUE SERA
HONEY,
QUE SERA.



OK *MEN*,
IT'S TIME
TO TAKE
ACTION.

ACTION.

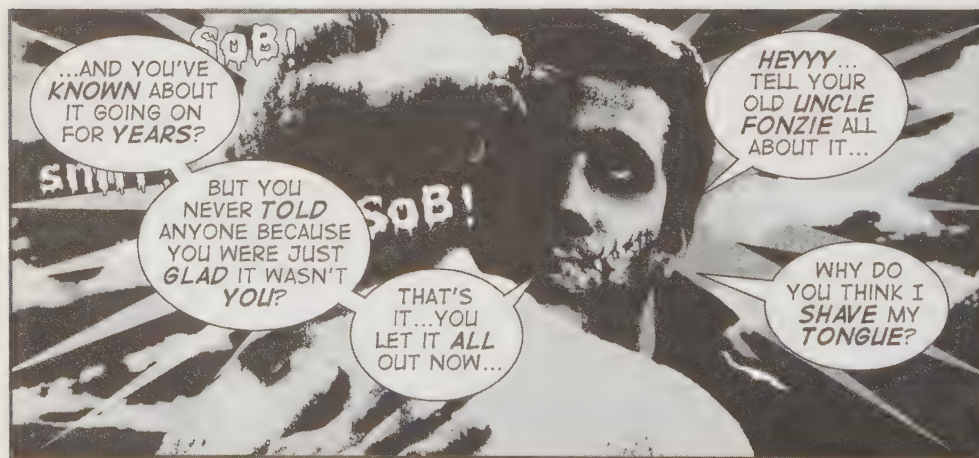
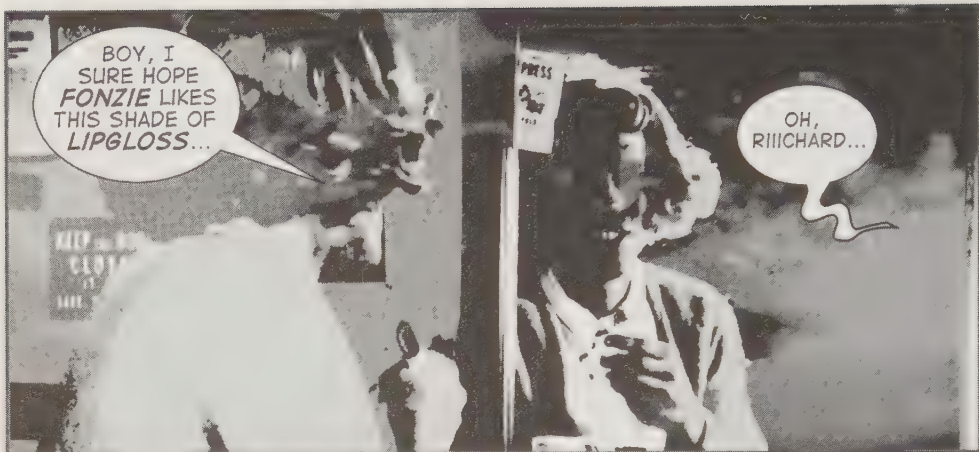
CUNNINGHAM,
GO PUT ON
A *DRESS*.



AW, GEE,
BUT I DON'T
WANT TO BE
A *GIRL* ...

NO ONE
WANTS TO
BE A GIRL
RICHARD ...

...NOW
GO PUT
ON THE
DRESS.

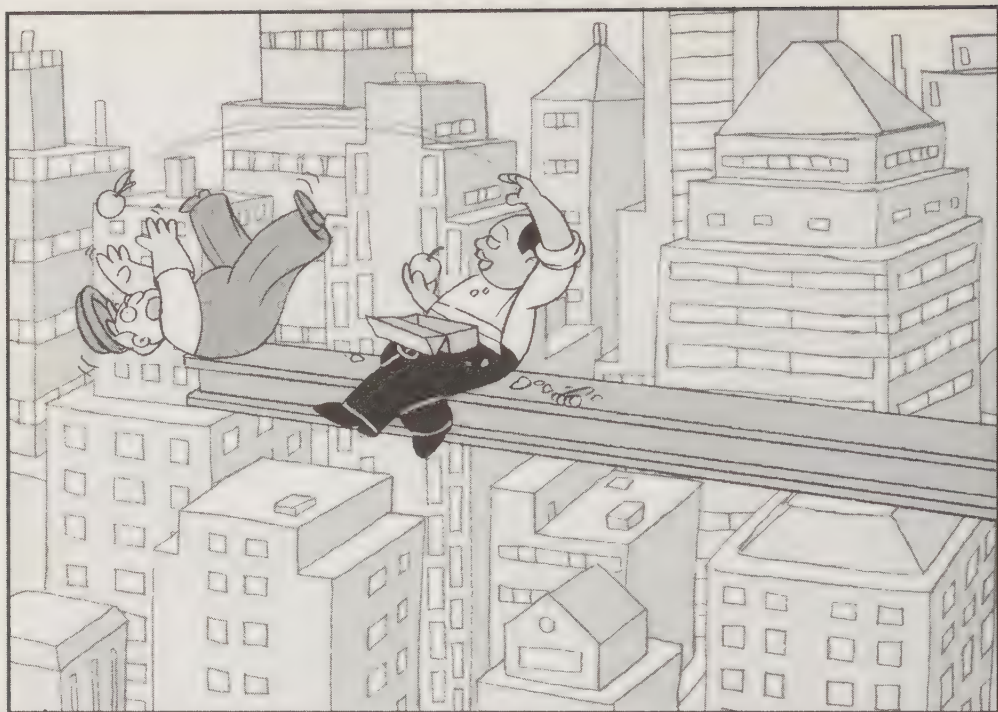


Charlie Parker "HANDYMAN"









Les PEINTRES MAUDITS



Simon Gane

LES PEINTRES MAUDITS

[The Cursed Painters]

Arnie Comix #2, Slab-O-Concrete, 1997

"Not for sale to the rich or right wing, this is a 100 per cent DIY publication. If you think the colour cover equals selling out you can kiss my ass and work my shifts at the Post Office."

So read the short and snappy editorial to Gane's second issue of his *Arnie Comix*, released through Slab-O-Concrete Publications – Peter Pavement's (sorely missed) small-press powerhouse, based in Brighton, UK.

So-called "King of the Punk Comics Aesthetic" (move over Bobby Madness!), for his urbane and borderline obsessive style, Gane has gone on to (relative) fame, if not yet fortune – appearing in Top Shelf's line of *Graphic Classics*: collaborating with writer Andi Watson on SLG's *Paris*, Gavin Burrows for *All Flee!* and Darryl [Psychiatric Tales] Cunningham on the graphic novel, *Meet John Dark: Dark Rain, A New Orleans Story*, written by Mat Johnson, and issues of *Northlanders*, for DC/Vertigo and IDW's *Godzilla*. You heard me.

His sketchbooks, to be found on his blog, are a veritable wonder to behold. Go, seek!

www.simongane.blogspot.co.uk

Montparnasse, Paris...



Les PEINTRES MAUDITS

YOU'RE LATE TONIGHT. THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT. WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MINISTRONE? NO? THEN WHAT ABOUT A BIT OF STEW?

I'LL HAVE SOME STEW.

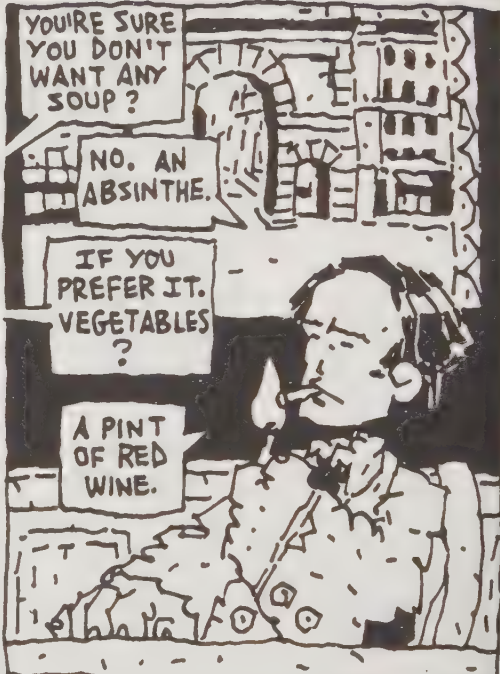


YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT ANY SOUP?

NO. AN ABSINTHE.

IF YOU PREFER IT. VEGETABLES?

A PINT OF RED WINE.

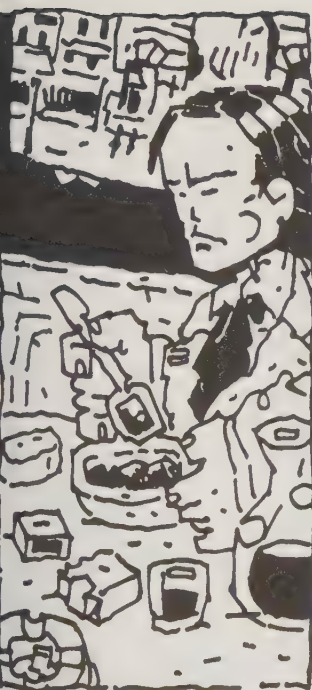


HMPH. DESSERT?

UH... CHEESE.



C H E Z R O S A L I E







THE GREATEST
PAINTER IN
ALL OF PARIS!

HEAR
ME
OUT!

HIC



NO, DEO.
YOU ARE
THE
GREATEST.

SHUT
UP!!
YOU
ARE!



later still...



MAURICE, YOU
CAN OUT DRINK
ANYBODY...

NO NO, YOU ARE
THE BETTER
DRINKER, DEO.

NONSENSE.
YOU'D SWALLOW
THE SEINE IF
IT HAD ALCOHOL
CONTENT

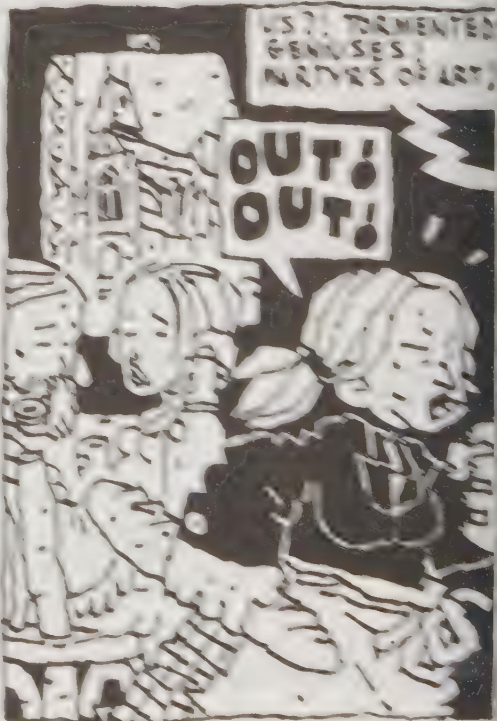
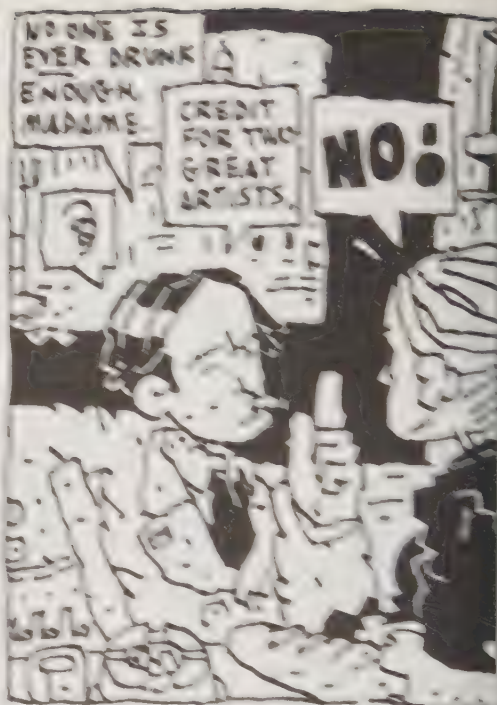
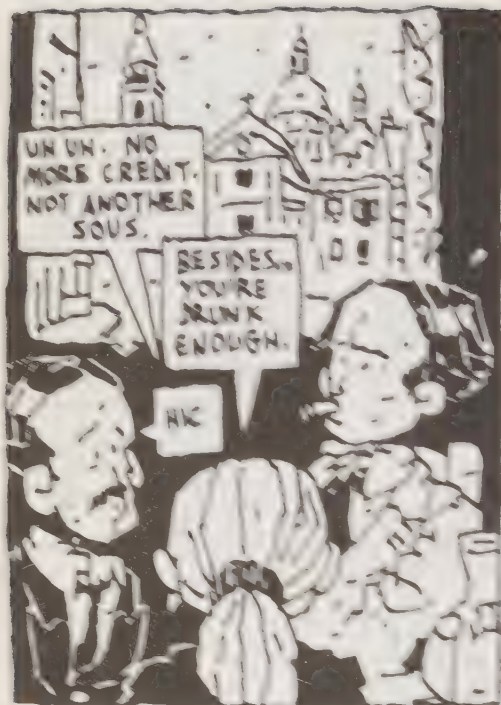


YOU'VE GOT A
THIRST TO
DRAIN RIVERS!

ROSALIE!
MORE
WINE!

SEE?

HIC



HEZ ROSAL

INSULTING ME
IN MY OWN
PLACE!
EMBARRASS-
ING ME IN
FRONT OF MY
CUSTOMERS!



I GIVE YOU FOOD, I
GIVE YOU WINE! I
ACCEPT YOUR PICT-
URES AS PAYMENT!!
AND THIS IS HOW
YOU REPAY ME?!



SAY, MAURICE, YOU'RE
WEARING MY TROUS-
ERS! TAKE THEM OFF!

THEY'RE MINE.
YOU BORROWED
THEM THE
LAST TIME
YOU WERE AT
MY STUDIO.

UH
?

HIC



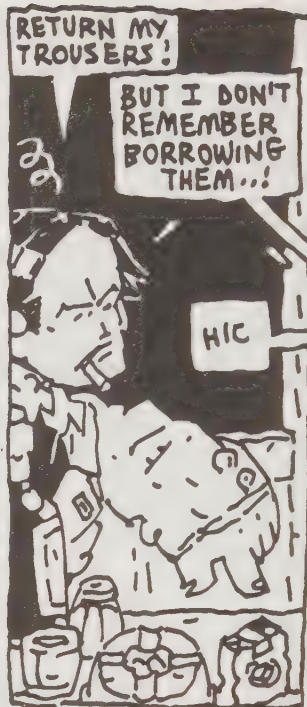
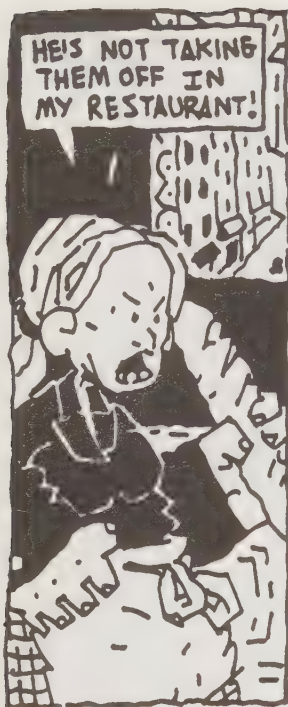
I DON'T
REMEMBER
"THEY FIT
NEATLY
"

TAKE
THEM
OFF!

HIC



ROSALIE, TAKE THESE IN
RETURN FOR SOME WINE!
THEY'RE GOOD TROUSERS.



The Police station, rue Delambre...

MAURICE AND
DEO. BACK
SO SOON?



DRUNK
AS USUAL,
EH?

NOT REALLY,
SERGEANT.
WE RAN
OUT OF
CREDIT.

OKAY. THE
USUAL
TEST...

IF YOU CAN PAINT US A PICTURE
FOR OUR COLLECTION, YOU AREN'T
DRUNK ENOUGH TO DO DAMAGE.



HIC



IF YOU CAN'T,
WE LOCK
YOU UP.

LUCIEN,
TAKE THE
TO THE
STUDIO



Deo's studio. Rue de la Grande Chaumière...

HA
HA
HA

THE -HIC-
SERGEANT
IS A FOOL.
THE MORE
WE DRINK,
THE BETTER
WE PAINT.*

BUT MAURICE,
WE'RE OUT OF
WINE AGAIN.

WE'VE DRUNK
UP THE
TROUSERS?



* A POPULAR MYTH, BUT TRUE!





DEO, IT WASN'T
RIGHT TO STOP
THE CELEBRATIONS

YOU
PAWNED
MY
COAT??



IT WAS A
GOOD COAT.
THE MAN
KNEW YOU'D
REDEEM IT.

JUST OPEN
THE WINE.
MY TEETH
ARE
CHATTERING



YOU'RE
ANGRY
WITH
ME!!!

YOU
IDIOT



WITH MY HEALTH, I'LL
DIE WITHOUT THAT
COAT! I HAVEN'T MUCH
OF MY LUNGS LEFT
AS IT IS. NOW WHAT
WILL BECOME OF ME?



HAVE A DRINK.
I'M A FOOL...
KILLING MY
ONLY FRIEND.

B Well
P Toilet
Paris (9me)

EXPOSITION
des
PEINTRES
et de
DESSINS
de

digliani

ALRIGHT.
I'LL DRINK.
BUT IT'S NO
CELEBRATION.

au 30 décembre 1917.

I REFUSE TO CELEBRATE
UNDER THESE CONDITIONS.
YOU ARE A MURDERER.

YOU KNOW MY TROUBLE, DEO? I HAVE
WONDERFUL CLEAR IDEAS INSIDE
ME, BUT I JUST

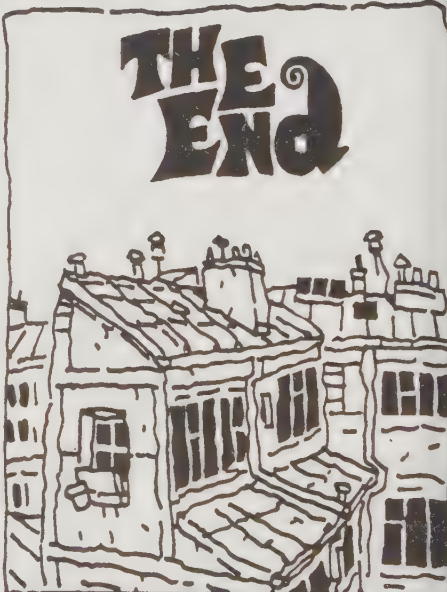
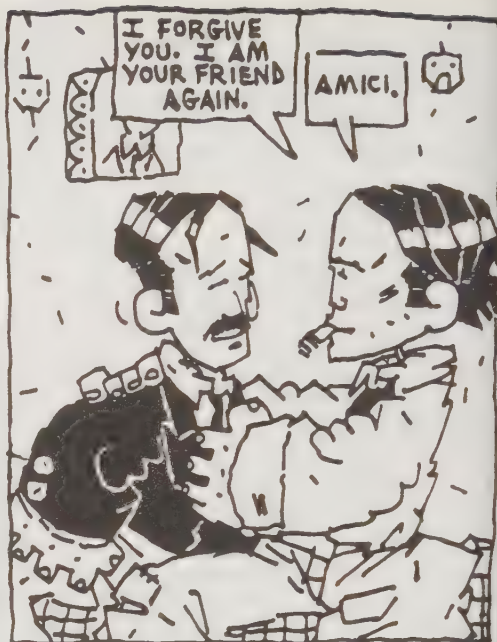
SAVE YOUR SOB
STORY FOR
SOME ONE ELSE!
I'M COLD TO YOU
...

CALMLY, I Toss
YOU OUT OF
MY HEART.

COFF

an hour later...

HUC



Loosely based on a true story.
Parts of the dialogue were
taken from 'MODIGLIANI - A
MEMOIR' by A. SALMON & 'MAN OF
MONTMARTRE' by S&E LONGSTREET.

S I M O N G A N E 36



THESE

FISTS

FLY

Daniel Locke

THESE FISTS FLY

Green #4, self-published, 2007

Having previously worked with video and sculpture, fine artist Daniel Locke only settled on comics as his chosen medium in 2006. *Green* was his print venue for various narrative experiments, no two alike in style or approach, from sci-fi to character portraits.

"The subject of this piece is a fictional character based on a number of people I had known when I was young. Growing up, holidays and weekends were spent in pub gardens, working men's clubs, football and golf course clubhouses. Dad would stand at the bar with his mates whilst my sister and I played in the family saloon or outside. Occasionally I'd go up to Dad and the men, to try and get a Coke or a bag of crisps – always fascinated by the huge, loud talkers, earwigging on their conversations." – DL

Daniel's work features in the *Open Day Book* and *A Graphic Cosmogony* from Nobrow Press, among many anthologies of contemporary comics. He is currently working on his first full-length graphic novel, *Going Home*, as well as a portrait in comics of a young autistic musician, with video artist Laura Malacart. In 2013 he collaborated with artist David Blandy and scientist Dr Adam Rutherford on an illustrated history of DNA for the Wellcome Trust.

www.daniellocke.com





* MR JAMES TERRENCE COOPER.

I'M NOT ONE TO
LASH OUT MIND, NEVER
HAVE BEEN. ANYONE FIGHTS
WITH ME IS IN THE FIGHT
FOR A REASON.



1. THIS IS NOT ENTIRELY TRUE. ON A NUMBER OF OCCASIONS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FAIR TO LABEL MR COOPER'S ACTIONS AS AN EXAMPLE OF "LASHING OUT". SOMETIMES IN AN EXTREMELY VIOLENT MANNER. THIS WAS MOST OFTEN THE CASE AFTER HE HAD CONSUMED LARGE QUANTITIES OF ALCOHOL.

AND TELL YOU
WHAT, THEY'RE GONNA
GET WHAT'S COMING TO 'EM.
SEE, HERE'S THE THING; I LIKE
A FIGHT. I LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON. WHAT
HE'S DOING, WHAT
I'M GONNA DO...



2. THIS IS ENTIRELY TRUE. AMONGST OTHER THINGS, MR COOPER WAS ADDICTED TO THE RUSH OF EPINEPHRINE (ADRENALINE) THAT WAS RELEASED BY HIS ADRENAL GLAND AT THE OUTSET OF A FIGHT. THIS, COMBINED WITH HIS ACCELERATED HEART BEAT AND THE INCREASED FIRING OF NEUTRONS IN HIS BRAIN, MADE FIGHTING ONE OF THE MOST STIMULATING ACTIVITIES IN HIS LIFE.

I'VE DISHED IT OUT
IN MY TIME BUT I'VE BEEN
ON THE SHARP END OF A FEW
PUNCHES TOO. YEH, I'VE BEEN
IN TROUBLE, I'M NOT
GONNA LIE.



BUT WHATEVER,
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN
ABLE TO HOLD MY
HEAD UP HIGH,



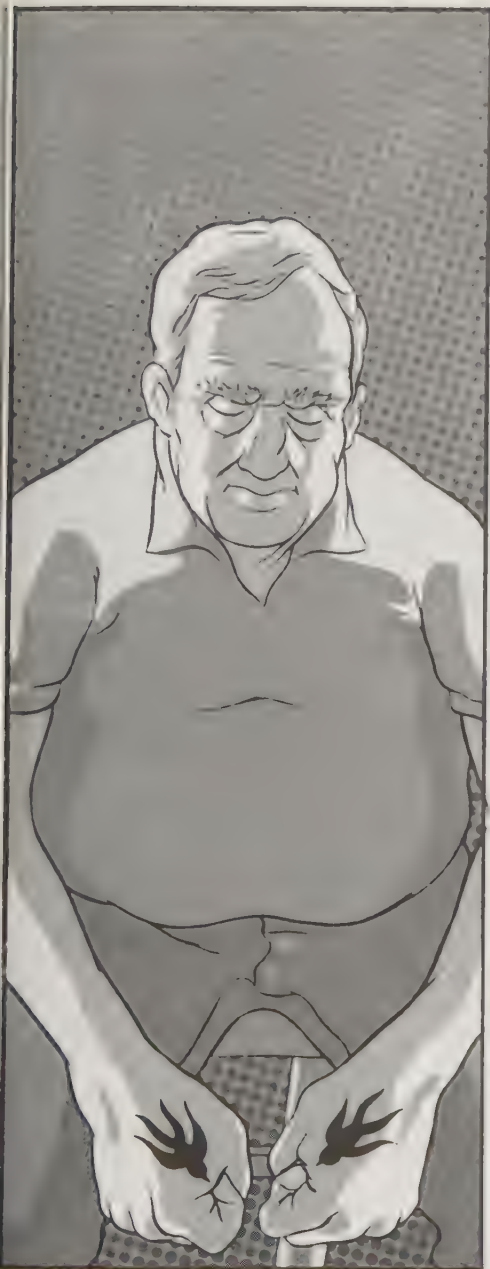
3. SEPT. 1963—OCT. 1964, HM PRISON HIGHDOWN. AUG.
1974—NOV. 1976, HM PRISON LEWES. THREE POLICE
CAUTIONS.



4. SWALLOWS ARE COMMON INTERNATIONALLY AS A MOTIF FOR PRISON TATTOOS. THE MEANINGS THEY CARRY VARY ACCORDING TO LOCAL CONNOTATIONS, AND WHERE ON THE BODY THEY ARE PLACED. IN SOUTH AFRICAN PRISONS, SWALLOWS ARE APPLIED FORCIBLY BY INMATES ON THOSE WHO ARE SERVING SENTENCES FOR CHILD ABUSE. IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND AND LONDON, SWALLOWS ARE WORN OUT OF CHOICE, AS A WAY OF CONVEYING THE 'HARDMAN' STATUS OF THE WEARER.



5. STIR, SHORT FOR STIRPEND, A ROMANI WORD MEANING PRISON. IN THIS CASE HM PRISON HIGHDOWN. MR COOPER WAS SENT THERE TO COMPLETE A SENTENCE FOR AGGRAVATED ASSAULT ON A MR JOSEPH WALTER TULLY.



6. MR COOPER HAS GROWN OLD. HE WILL BE 71 THIS COMING DECEMBER. ALTHOUGH WHEN SPEAKING ABOUT FIGHTING HE USES THE PRESENT TENSE, HE HAS NOT ACTUALLY BEEN IN A FIGHT SINCE 1982; A PUB FIGHT IN WHICH HE SUSTAINED A BROKEN NOSE AND BRUISED KNUCKLES.



*Dear
Robert
and partner*

**BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH**

**I AIN'T
TRYIN TO
BE FUNNY
OR NUFFIN
MATE**



Paul B. Rainey

DEAR ROBERT AND PARTNER

Self-published, 2007

Dear Robert began life as a competition entry for the UK's annual Graphic Short Story Prize, the scenario based on a real incident involving troublesome neighbours. We've all been there.

During this same period, writer and artist Paul B. Rainey was hard at work on his magnum opus, the graphic novel *There's No Time Like The Present*. TNTLTP took seven years to complete and is due to be collected in a single volume by Escape Books.

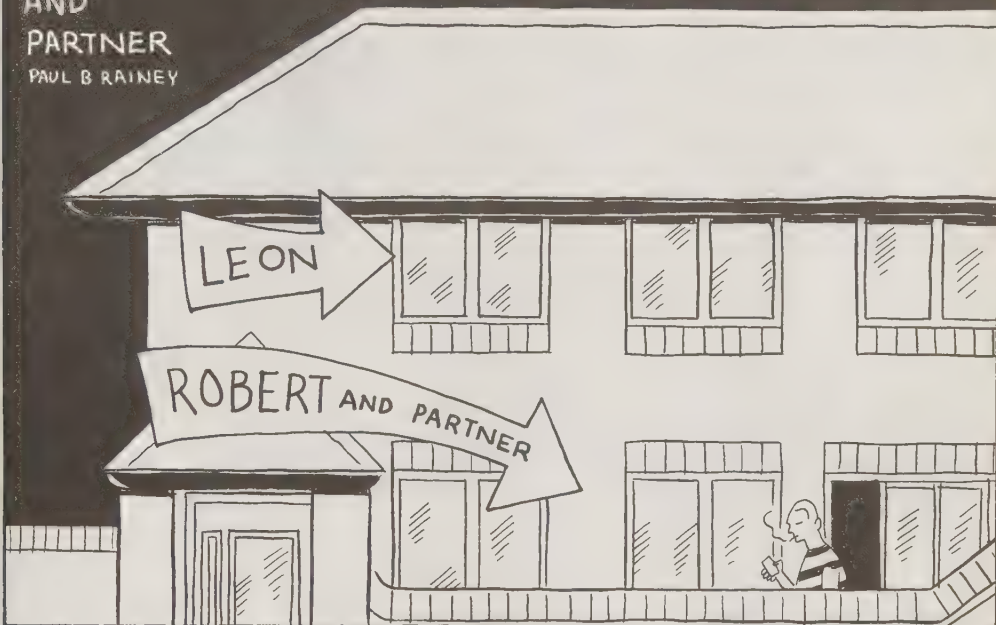
Since that time Paul has self-published six issues of *Thunder Brother: Soap Division*, in which everyone's favourite (or least favourite) TV soap operas turn out, in fact, to be real. He also creates various strips for long-running UK humour comic *Viz*, including *14 Year Old Stand-Up Comedian*, *Peter The Slow Eater* and *The Charlie Brooker Story*, plus strip content exclusive to his website. Clearly, PBR's neighbourly troubles are not over since this includes *Man V Van*, inspired by a mysterious giant van parked outside his flat for days at a time.

www.pbrainey.com

DEAR ROBERT

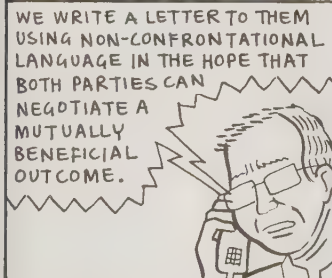
AND
PARTNER

PAUL B RAINEY



I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO WRITE THIS LETTER TO YOU BY THE COMMUNITY MEDIATION SERVICE AFTER THEY RECEIVED YOUR RESPONSE TO THEM CONTACTING YOU ON MY BEHALF REGARDING THE NOISE YOU BOTH GENERATE DURING UNSOCIABLE HOURS.

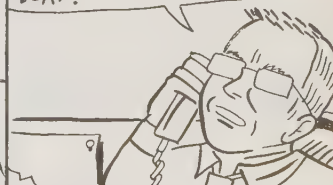
WE WRITE A LETTER TO THEM USING NON-CONFRONTATIONAL LANGUAGE IN THE HOPE THAT BOTH PARTIES CAN NEGOTIATE A MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL OUTCOME.



WHAT?



YOU MEAN, IF THEY KEEP THE NOISE DOWN THEN I'LL AGREE TO MAKE MYSELF PARTIALLY DEAF?



BEFORE I START, I APOLOGISE FOR NOT KNOWING BOTH OF YOUR NAMES BUT THIS LETTER IS MEANT FOR THE PAIR OF YOU.

AH! MY NEW NEIGHBOURS! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.



HI. I'M LEON.

I'M BLAH BLAH AND THIS IS SO AND SO.



DAMN! IT'S NOT EVEN BEEN THIRTY SECONDS AND I'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN THEIR NAMES!

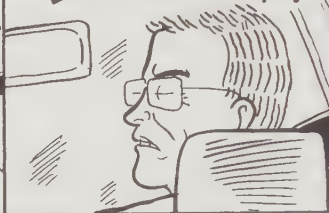


ALSO, I WOULD LIKE IT UNDERSTOOD THAT I CONSIDER THIS MATTER TO BE SEPERATE FROM THE TIME THAT WE WERE INVOLVED IN A CAR ACCIDENT TOGETHER DURING FEBRUARY.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S REVERSING! I HOPE HE SEES ME BECAUSE I'M TOO EMBARRASSED TO BEEP MY HORN.



BANG!



MY INSURANCE DETAILS.

ROBERT! HIS NAME IS ROBERT!



I DON'T THINK YOU NEED TO MENTION THE CAR ACCIDENT.

WHY?

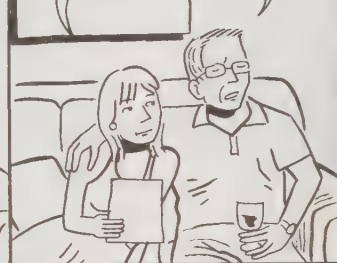


BECAUSE HE LIED ON HIS INSURANCE CLAIM AND SAID THAT I WAS REVERSING AT THE TIME?



NO. BECAUSE IT'S NOT RELEVANT.

RIGHT...



AS YOU MIGHT RECALL ROBERT, EARLIER THIS YEAR, I MADE YOU AWARE OF HOW SOUND TRAVELS FROM YOUR GARDEN AND DISTURBS MY SLEEP DURING THE NIGHT.

ROBERT'S CREDIT CARD. HERE'S MY CHANCE TO RAISE THE ISSUE OF NOISE.



...SO IF YOU COULD KEEP IT DOWN FROM NOW ON...

NO PROBLEM ...

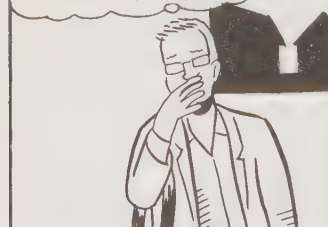


ALTHOUGH SOMETIMES IT SOUNDS TO US LIKE YOU'RE MOVING FURNITURE AROUND DURING THE NIGHT.



THIS SEEMED A GOOD NATURED CONVERSATION BETWEEN US ALTHOUGH MY CONCERN WAS VERY REAL.

MOVING FURNITURE DURING THE NIGHT? I BARELY MOVE FURNITURE DURING THE DAY LET ALONE THE NIGHT.



MAYBE IT'S THE NEIGHBOURS ATTACHED TO THE BACK OF THEIR FLAT MAKING THE NOISE.



PERHAPS IT'S MY CENTRAL HEATING. I COULD RE-SET THE TIMER...



AT THIS POINT I HAD BEEN DISTURBED ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, USUALLY AT 2 AM, SOMETIMES AT 4 AM, OFTEN BOTH. HOWEVER, INSTEAD OF MINIMISING THESE DISTURBANCES, THEY HAVE BECOME MORE FREQUENT AND GREATER IN VOLUME.

SO, I SEZ TO 'IM, I SEZ...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S TWO O'CLOCK!

IT'S NO GOOD. I'M TOO WOUND UP TO GET BACK TO SLEEP.

HEY! IT'S REALLY NICE OUT HERE! I SHOULD GO RUNNING AT 4 AM MORE OFTEN.



THE RESULT HAS BEEN THAT FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED TO KEEP A RECORD OF WHEN THESE DISTURBANCES HAVE OCCURRED.

JUNE 16TH, 2 AM

I AIN'T TRYING TO BE FUNNY OR NOthin' BUT...



JUNE 24TH, 6:30 AM

WA-HEY!

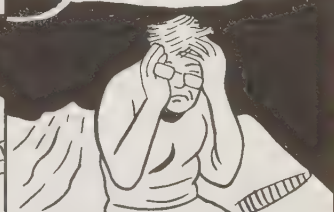
WOO!

OH YEAH!



JUNE 30TH, 12:30 AM

YEAH MATE BUT NO MATE BUT YEAH MATE...



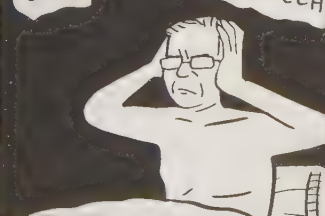
BUT ALSO, THERE HAVE BEEN MANY TIMES THAT I HAVE BEEN DISTURBED DURING THE NIGHT BY YOU BOTH SINCE I FIRST MENTIONED THE NOISE THAT I AM UNABLE TO PROVIDE DATES FOR.

BLAH
BLAH
BLAH

SCREECH
SCREECH
SCREECH

SHOUT
SHOUT
SHOUT

LAUGH
LAUGH
LAUGH



THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES WHERE I HAVE ARRANGED TO SLEEP ELSEWHERE BECAUSE I NEEDED TO BE ASSURED OF A FULL NIGHT'S REST AND OTHERS WHERE I HAVE BEEN DRIVEN OUT OF MY HOME BY THE NOISE.

IT'S TIME I WENT, MEL.

CAN'T YOU STAY, JUST FOR TONIGHT?



SO I SEZ TO 'IM, I SEZ, YOU'RE A LIAR, MAN!

SIGH



HEY, MEL. I CHANGED MY MIND.



THERE HAVE BEEN TWO SEPARATE OCCASIONS WHERE NEIGHBOURS, ALSO AFFECTED BY THE NOISE YOU MAKE, HAVE APPROACHED ME WITHOUT SOLICITATION.

AT TWO O'CLOCK AND THEN AGAIN AT FOUR! NOT JUST ME EITHER! NUMBER TWENTY EIGHT ARE FURIOUS! SHE HAS TO GET UP AT SIX THIRTY FOR WORK!

I AM SURPRISED BUT I DIDN'T HEAR A THING.

MIND YOU, I WAS SO KNAKED FROM THEM WAKING ME UP ON TUESDAY NIGHT THAT I SLEPT THROUGH IT ALL.

HOWEVER, THE NEIGHBOURS ARE UNAWARE THAT I HAVE CONTACTED THE COMMUNITY MEDIATION SERVICE REGARDING THIS MATTER AND, AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, THIS IS BETWEEN JUST US.

YOU NEED A WITNESS TO THE CAR ACCIDENT THEN YOU'VE GOT US TWO! WE SAW IT ALL!

WELL, SHE DIDN'T SEE IT...

BUT, SHE SAW ME SEE IT!

NUMBER TWENTY EIGHT

IDEALLY, I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE DEALT WITH THIS ISSUE LESS FORMALLY BUT BECAUSE IT HAS WORSENERD SINCE MENTIONING IT TO YOU BEFORE, I HAVE FELT THAT YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN HOW YOUR NOISE AFFECTS ME.

YOUR NEIGHBOURS HAVE ASKED THAT YOU SEND THEM A LETTER EXPLAINING YOUR SITUATION.

ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT THEY KNOW IT WAS ME WHO COMPLAINED? I THOUGHT YOU GUARANTEED ANONYMITY.

AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, PRESUMING THAT THE DISTURBANCES ARE AT AN END, I WOULD LIKE TO FORGET ABOUT THE MATTER AND FOR US TO GET ON WITH BEING GOOD NEIGHBOURS TO EACH OTHER.

YOURS
SINCERELY,
Leon

~ HOLIDAY SKETCHBOOK ~



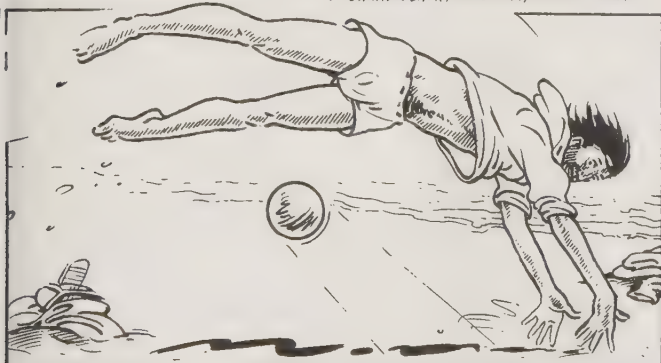
shall we join in
the football with
the greeceballs?



it'll help you take
your mind off the
bathing beauties
huh?

c'mon, before
you burst your
trunks

LOGARAS BEACH, PISOLIVADI, PAROS — 1981-



GOOAAAL!



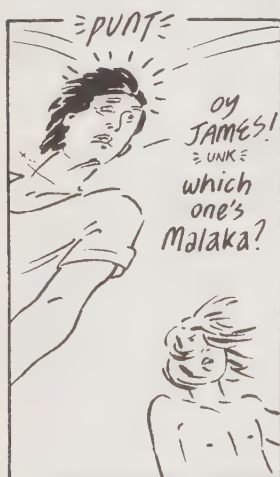
malaka!



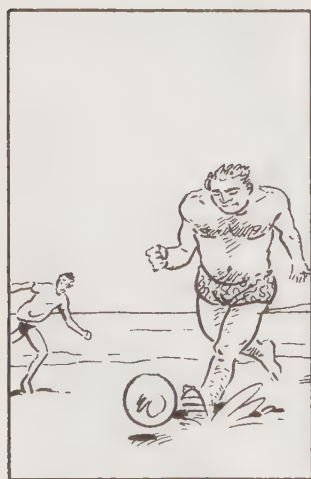
Nice one,
Jimbo!

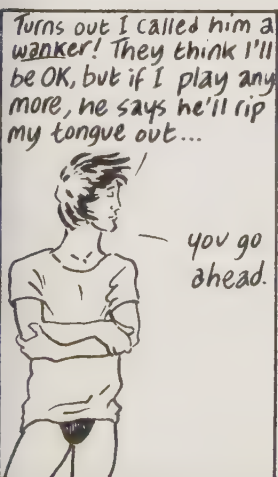
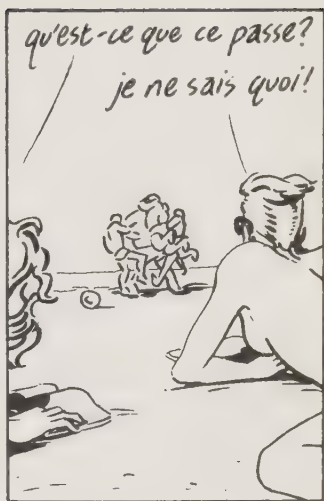
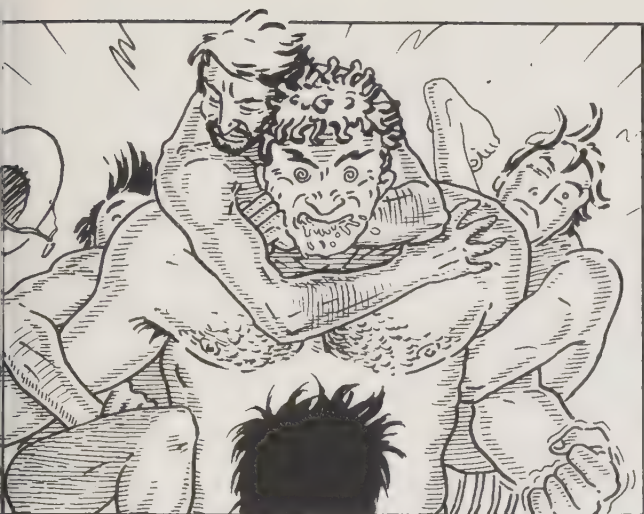
Good, English!
Theodoro!

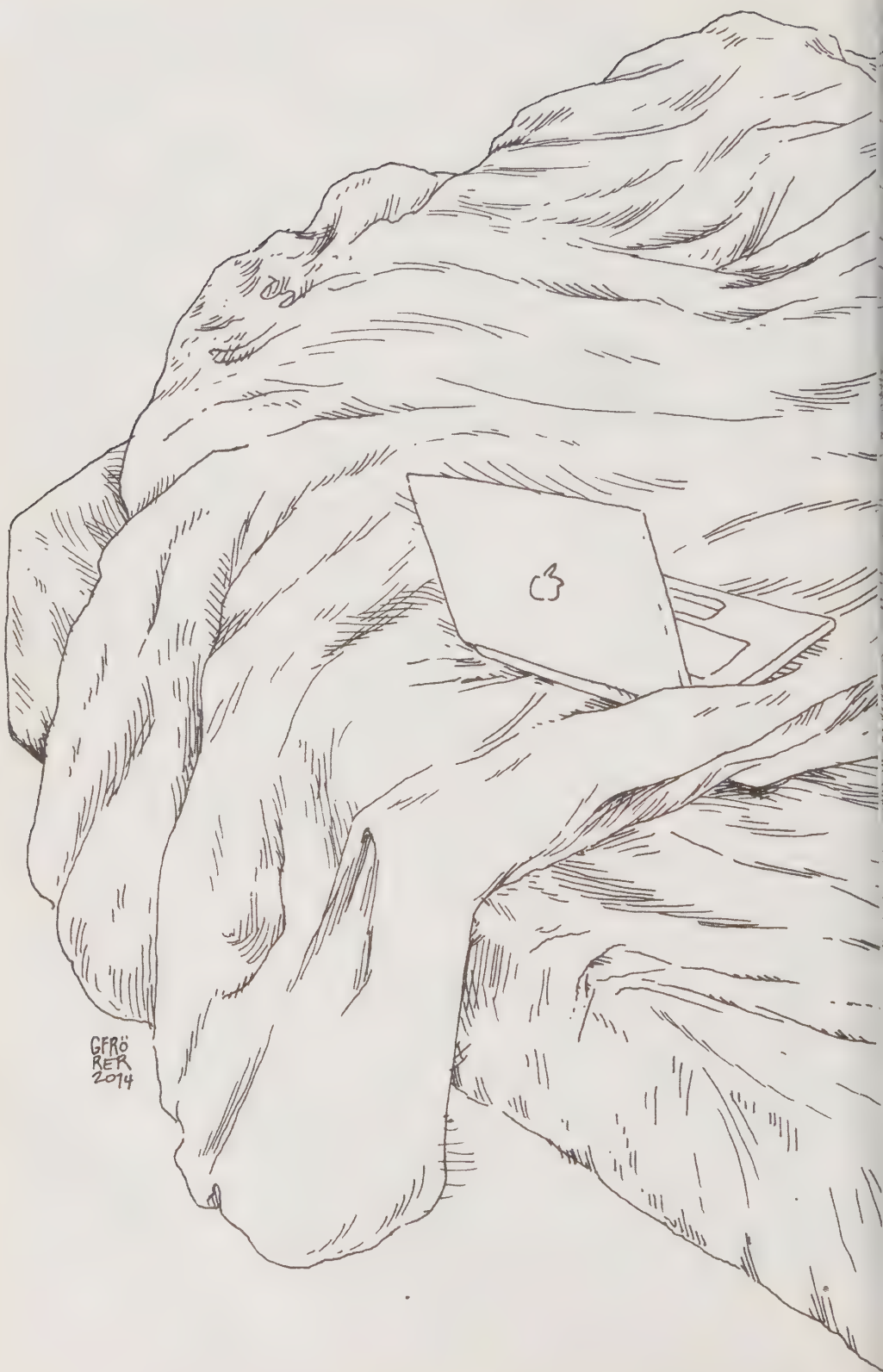
Name's
James



must be him over there...







GFRÖ
KER
2014

TOO

DARK

TO

SEE



Julia Gfrörer

TOO DARK TO SEE

Self-published, 2011

Her last name rhymes with despair, and her heart is
black as jet.

Born in 1982 in Concord, NH, Julia's work has appeared in *Thickness*, *Black Eye*, the magazines *Arthur* and *Study Group*, and *Best American Comics*.

"*Too Dark to See* wasn't inspired by incubus/succubus mythology but the experience of a relationship breaking down, for reasons that are unclear or unspeakable. The pain of it is palpable enough but not linked to a manifest cause, yet reason insists that a cause must exist, somewhere just out of sight. A persistent theme in my work links involuntary physical responses to suppressed emotional responses, and the semen, tears and blood that punctuate the story serve as inadequate avatars for the permanently unnamed source of the characters' pain.

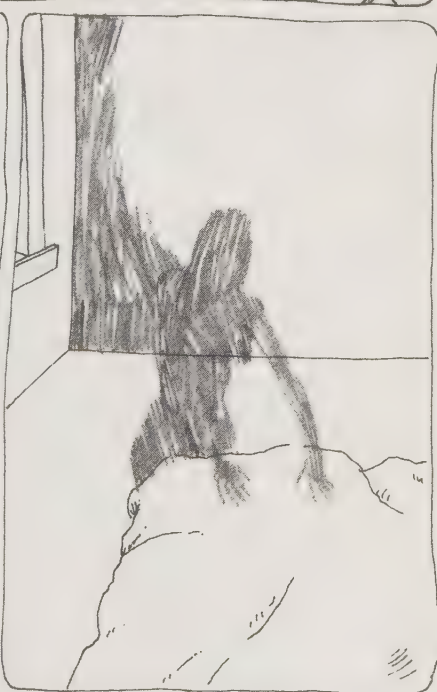
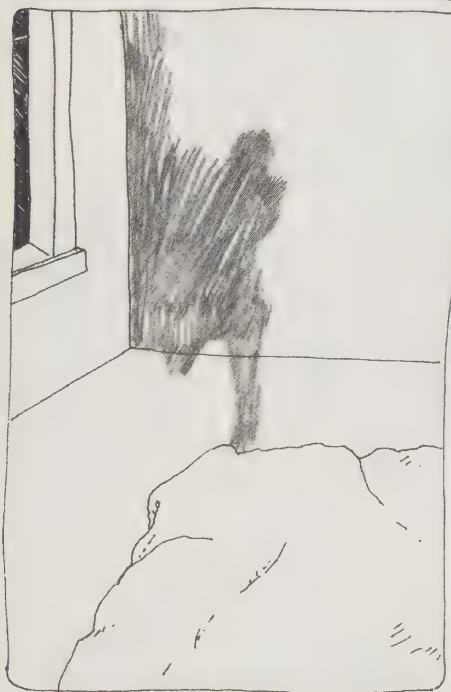
"It took me a month to draw, and I've reprinted it sporadically in different forms. I still consider it one of the most frightening and painful stories I've ever written. I've since made several more horror mini-comics, lots of anthology pieces, and a graphic novel [*Black is the Color*, published by Fantagraphics in 2013]. My blog previews my latest work and original drawings for sale." – JG

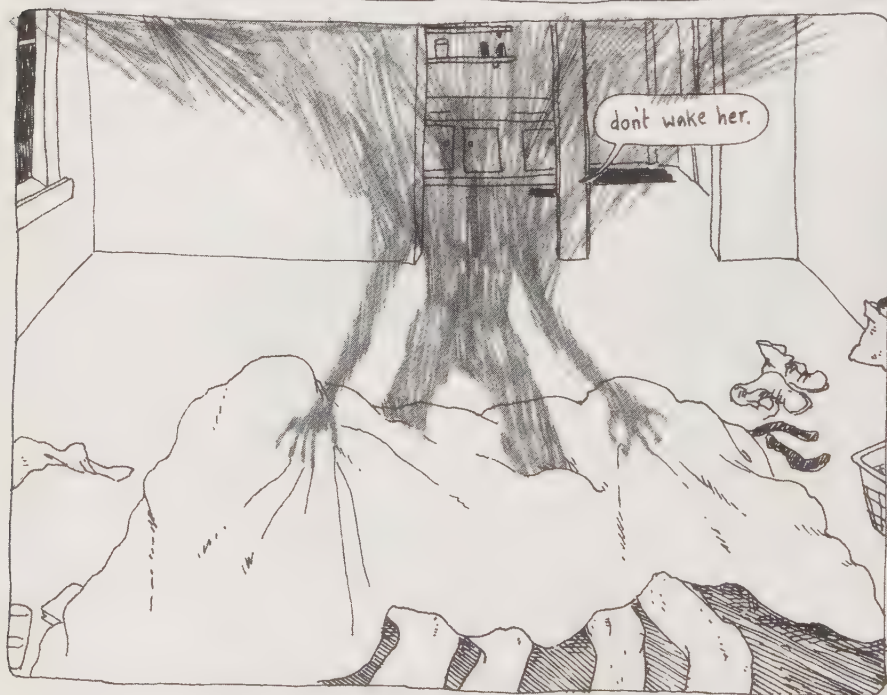
www.thorazos.net

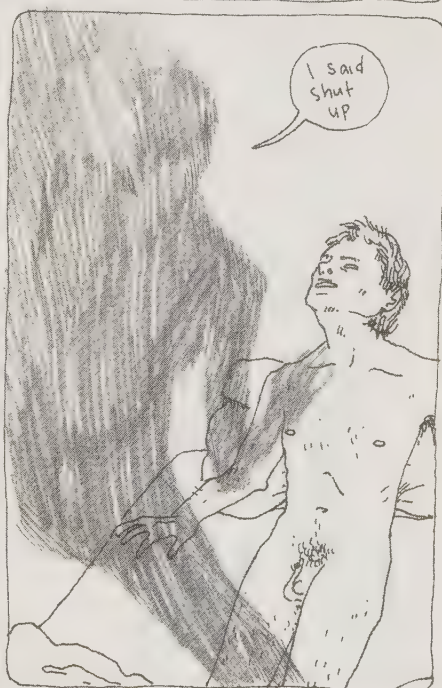
no one has ever
loved anyone more than
I love you.

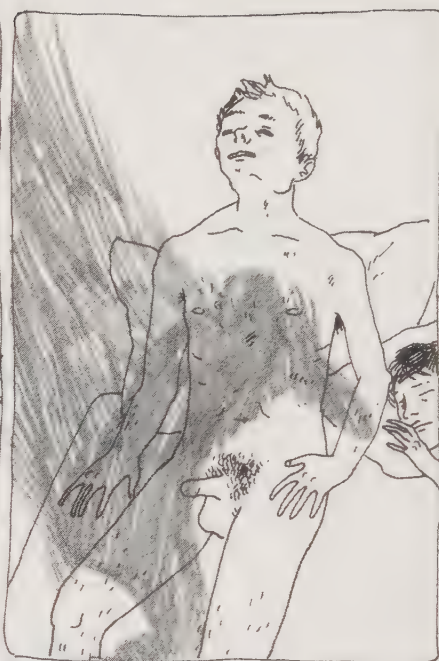
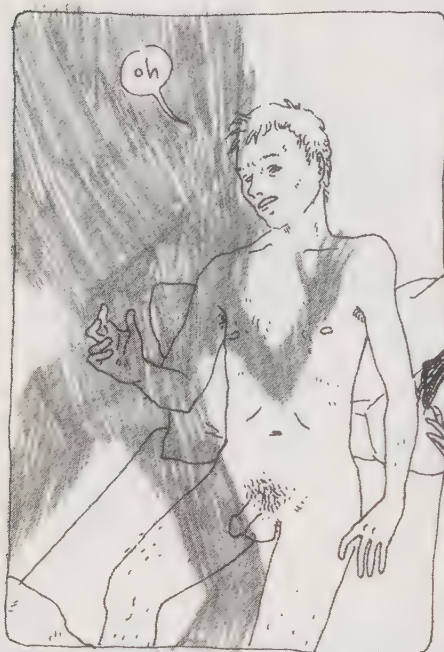


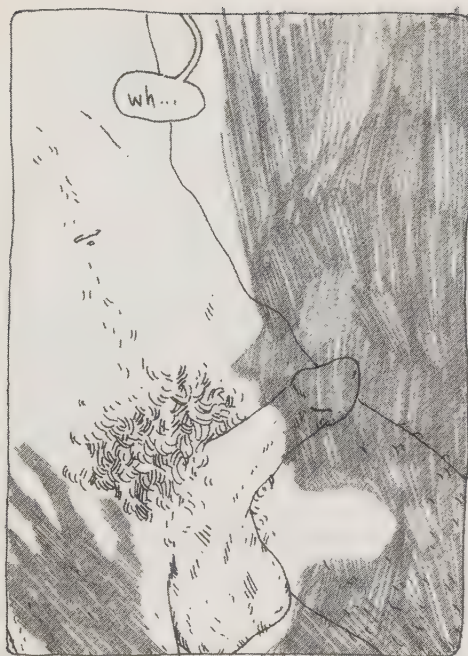




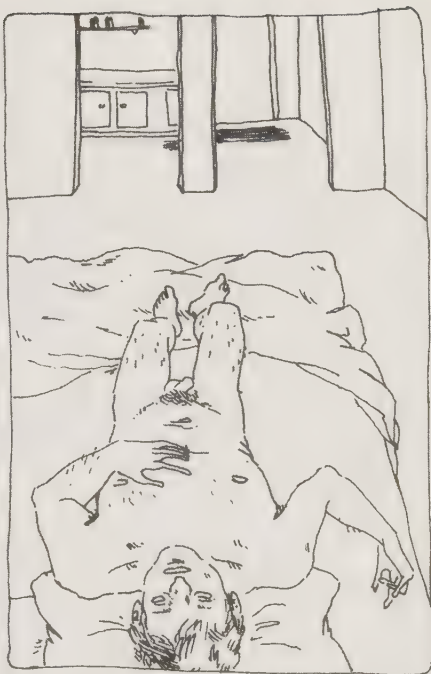
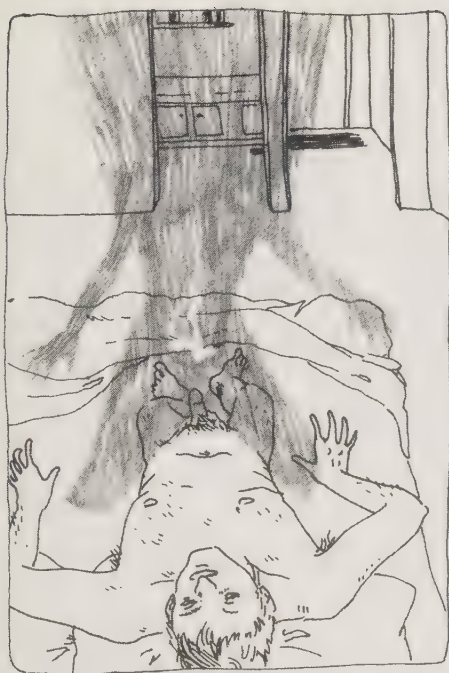






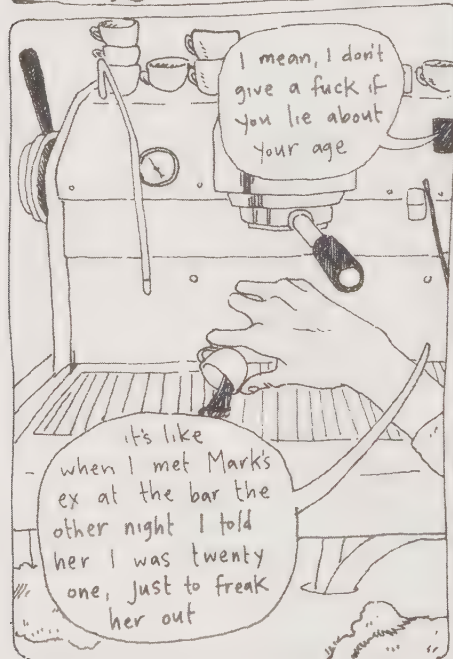
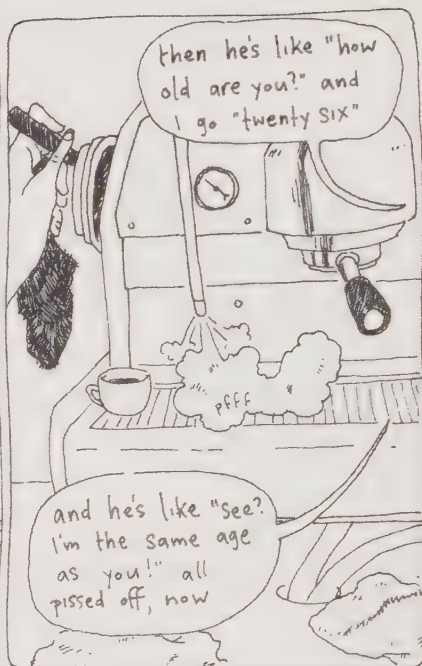










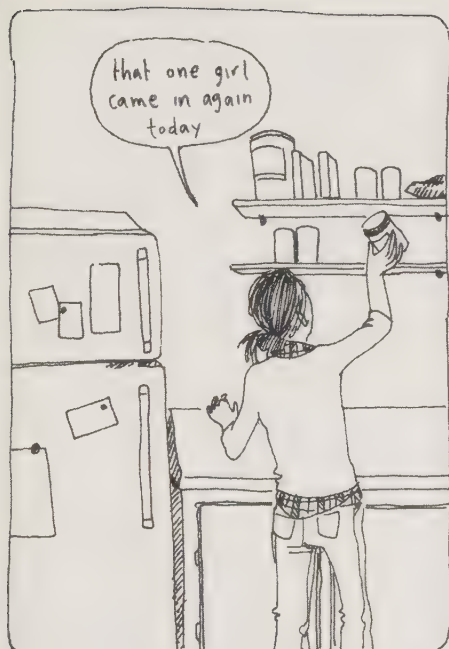








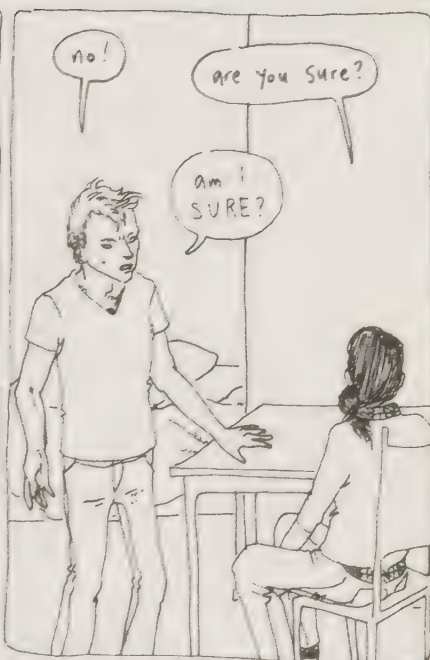


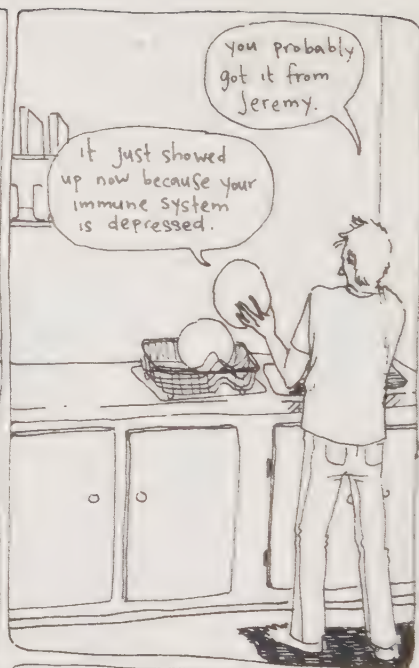






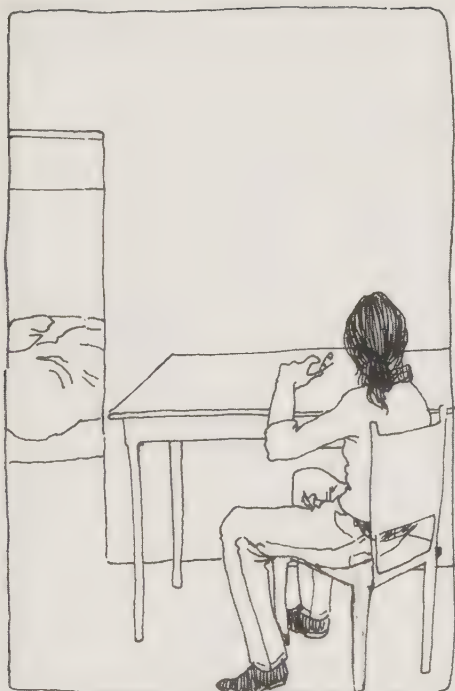


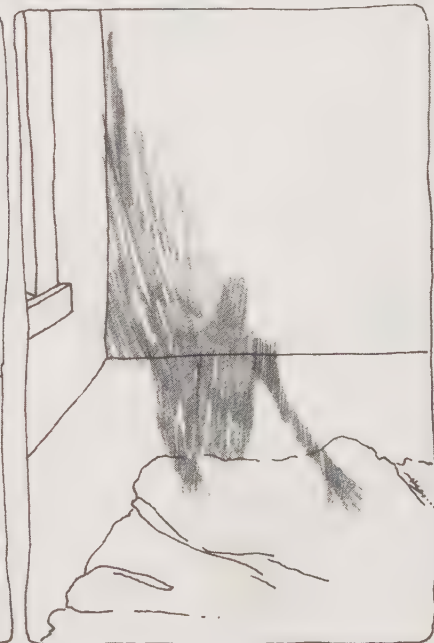


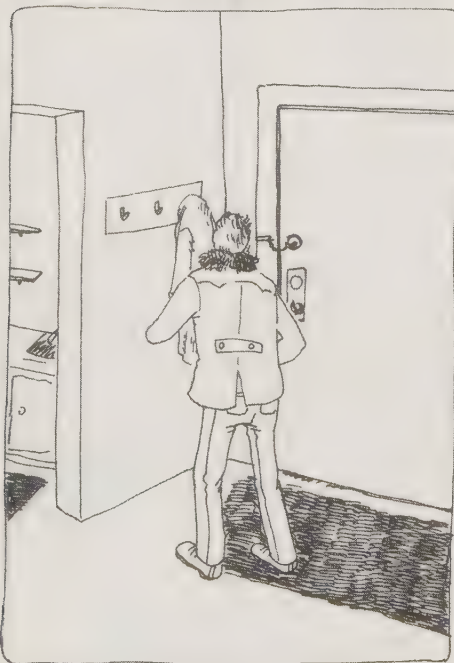
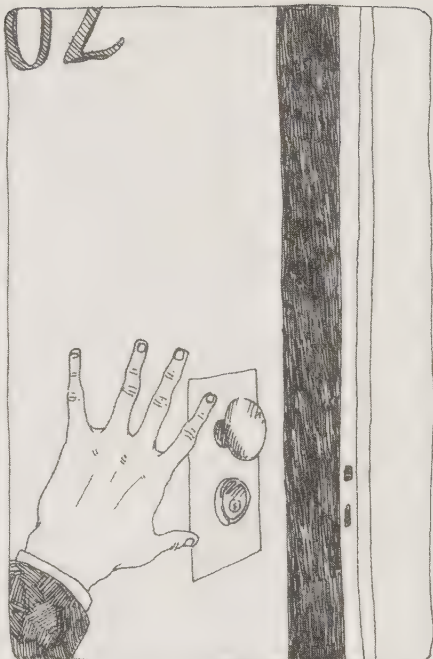
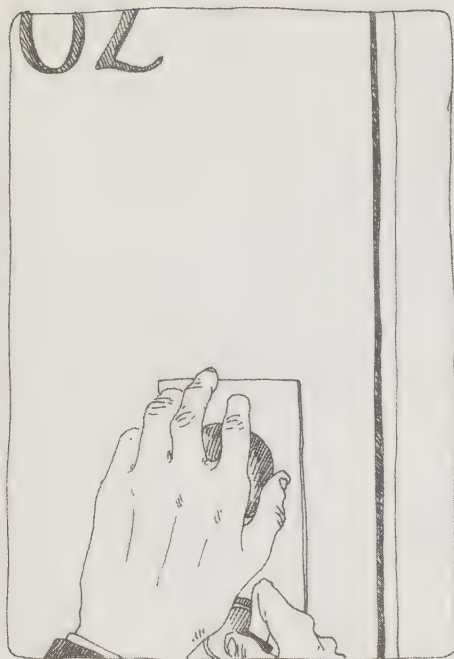




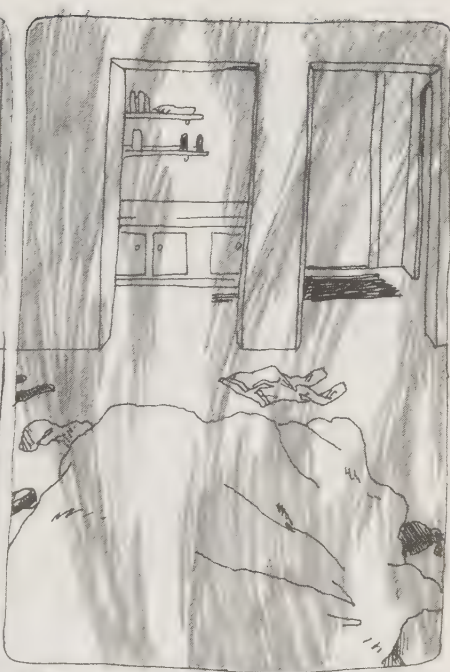
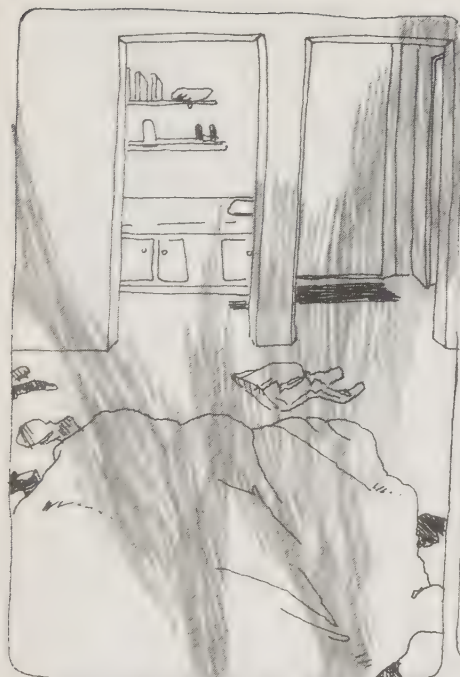


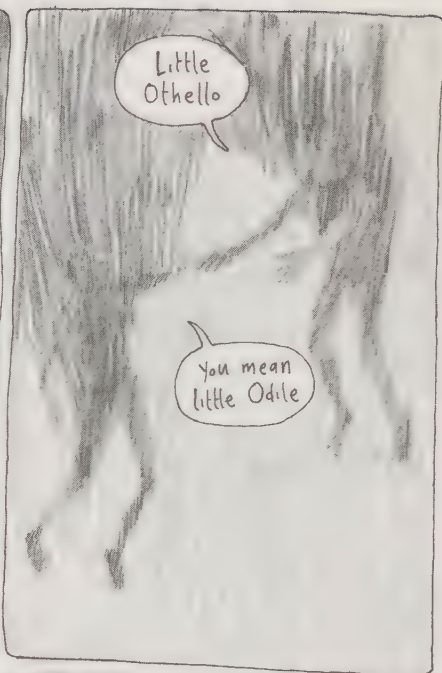
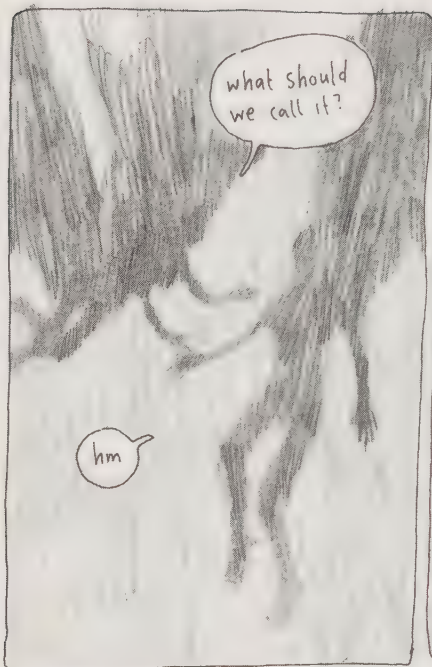


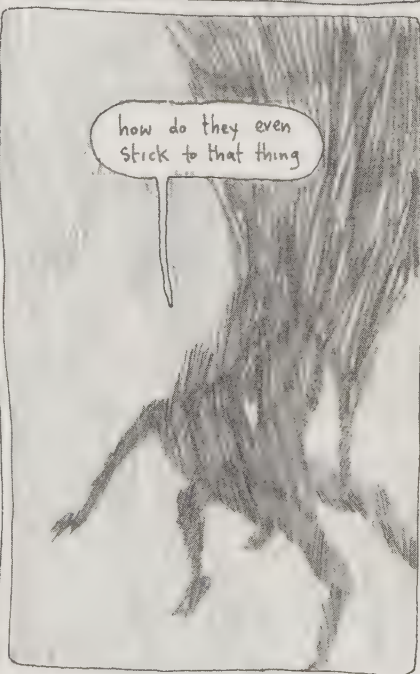
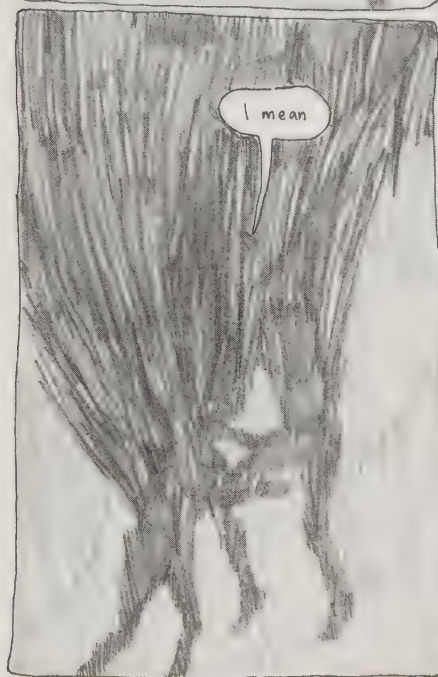
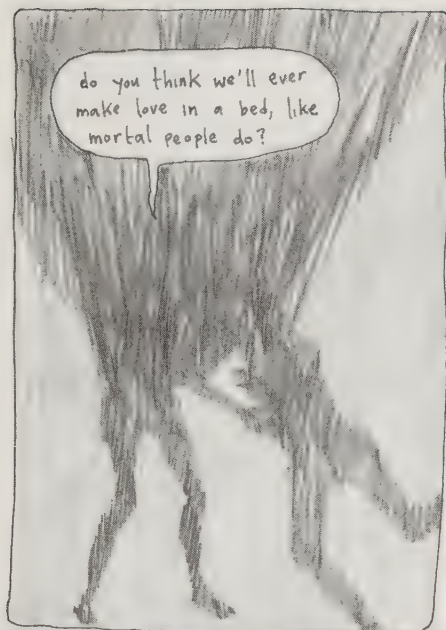














Too Dark to See by Julia Gfrörer © 2011
thank you Babyhawkke, Knightrider, Neptune,
Zaphod, Renfro, Renfro, and Coffeehouse Northwest
for the inspiration, encouragement and support.

www.thorazos.net



Karl Wills

JESSICA OF THE SCHOOLYARD

Self-published, 2001-06

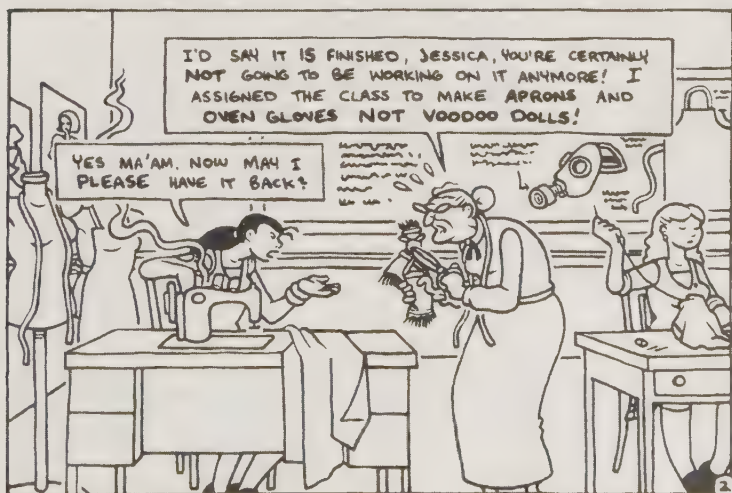
"Jessica was created in 1995 when I was drawing a regular comic strip for a free monthly music magazine. It was a different character every month, whatever I felt like doing at the time: I had the idea to do *Tarzan of the Apes* crossed with *Grange Hill* (a TV drama set in a British state school from the early eighties), something totally over the top and silly. When I did the first strip, the character came out as a thug so I just went with that. She proved very popular so I did a few more then expanded it into a series of mini-comics based on the Tijuana Bible format.

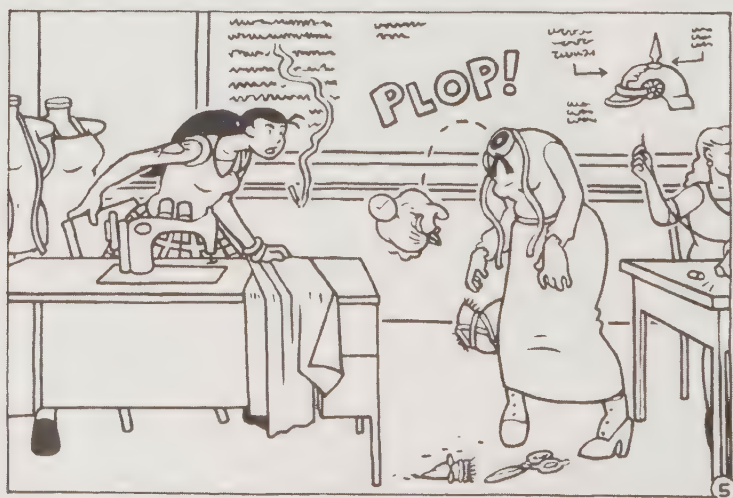
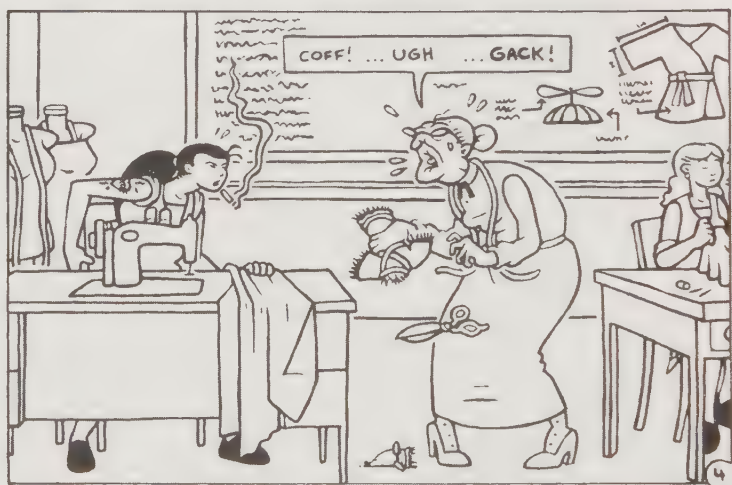
"There were twelve books in total, all sold well, and in 2006 the last one, a special thirteenth book, came with an original music CD, where Jessica forms a pop band, The Jawbreakers. In 2008 I went [from New Zealand] to Los Angeles, to pitch it as an animated show, but ~~that couldn't be done without turning it into something~~ more palatable. There are no current plans to make new *Jessica* comics but I'm sorting out making a collected book.

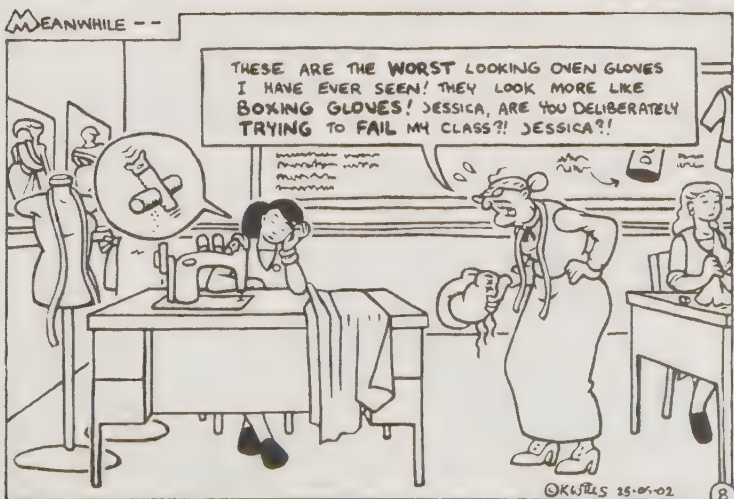
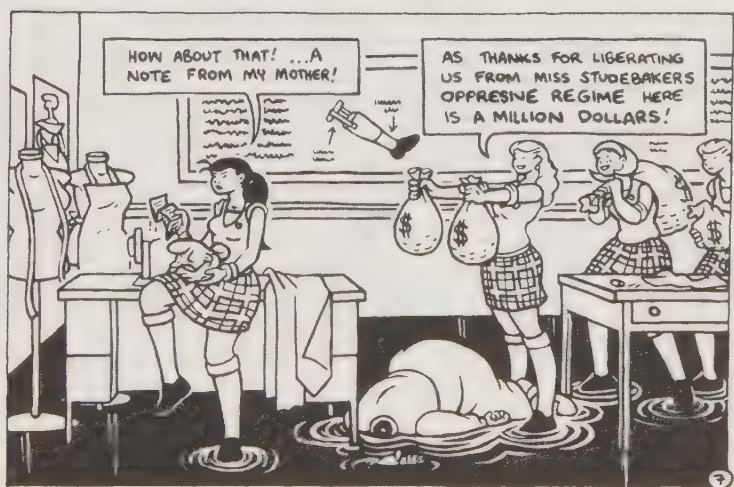
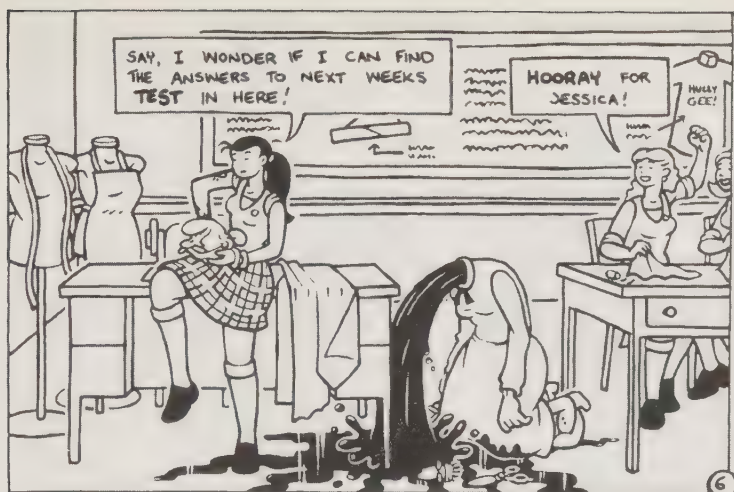
"My main project now is drawing and co-writing (with Tim Kidd) a medieval fantasy comic called *Holocaust Rex*, using the same format. It's an ongoing storyline and will eventually be released as a complete, 100-page plus graphic novel. There's more about that, and other stuff I work on, at my website." – KW

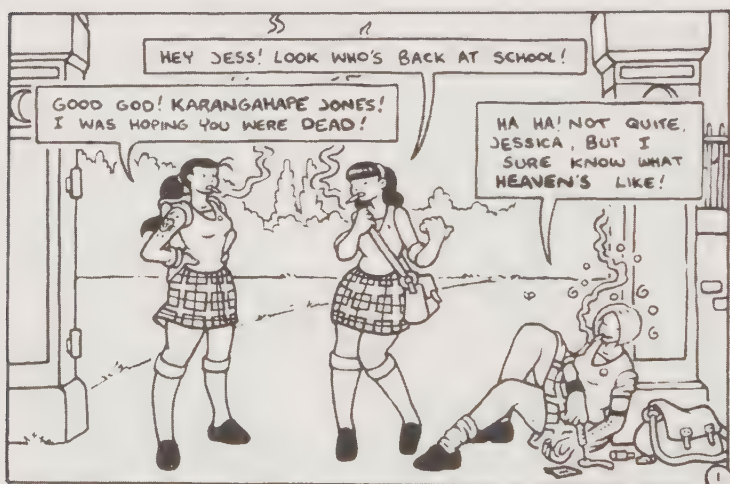
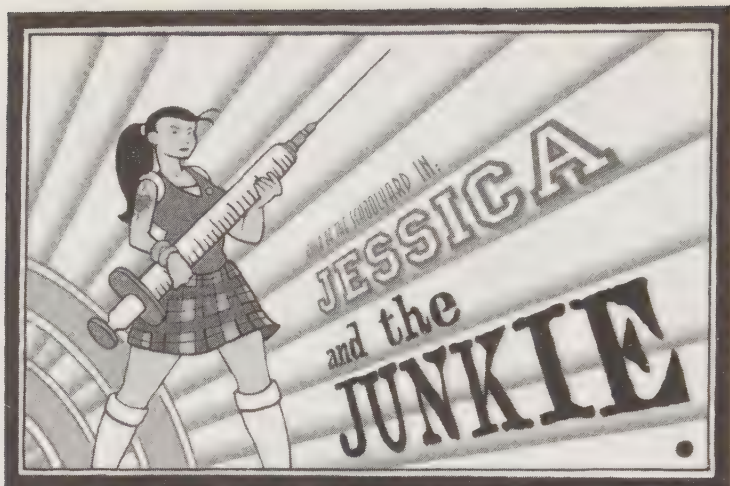
www.comicbookfactory.net

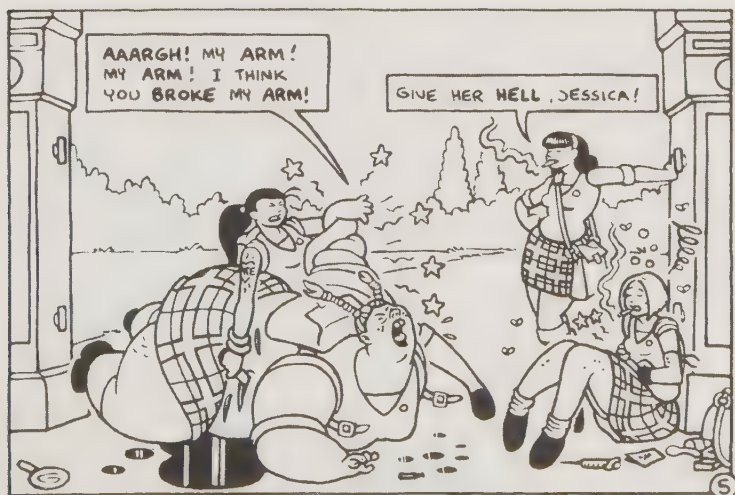




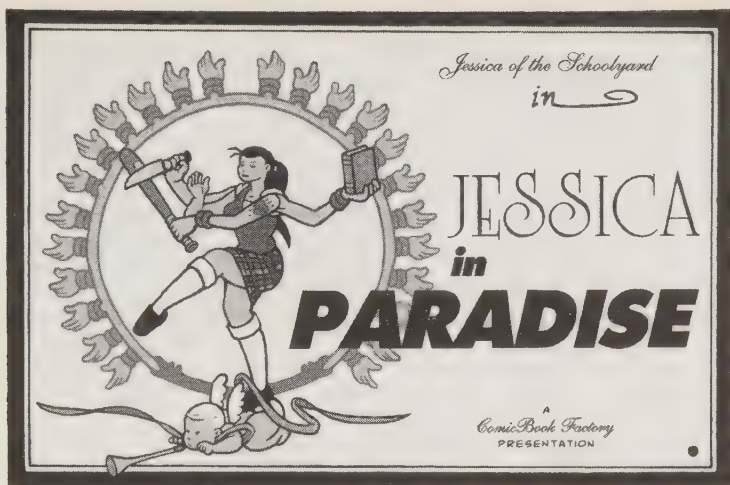


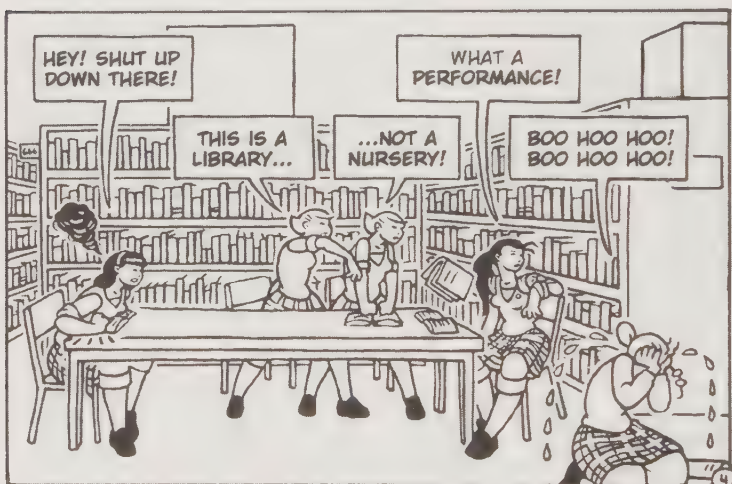














6 MONTHS LATER --



Tomasz Kaczynski

VAGUE CITIES

Cartoon Dialectics volume 2, self-published, 2011

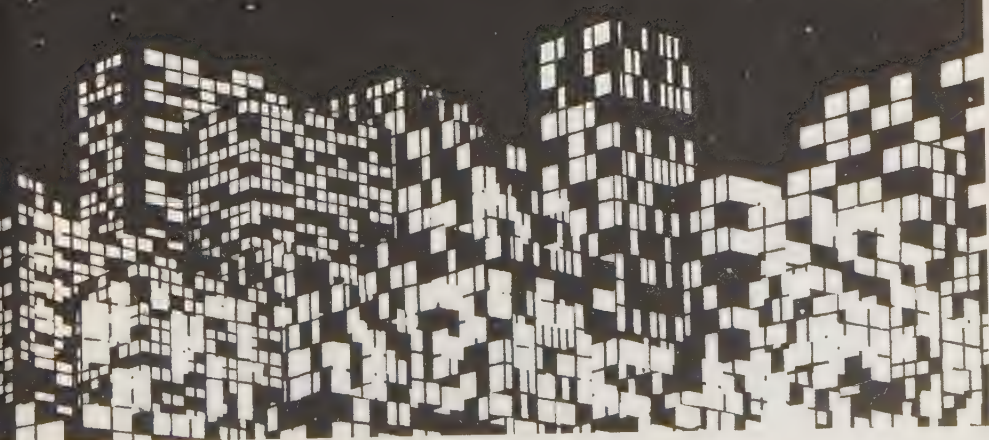
Then: "2006. Brooklyn, NY. I'd been living in New York for a few years, working in advertising. I was part of a group of cartoonists that met weekly [Gabrielle Bell, Jon Lewis, Vanessa Davis ...]. After completing three mini-comics [*Trans Alaska*, *Trans Siberia* and *Trans Atlantis*], I wanted to produce something new and very different for the next Alternative Press Expo in San Francisco. I came up with *Vague Cities*. I had recently re-read Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities* and that was on my mind. The art pairs clean drafted lines (used for architecture and backgrounds) with a more organic brushed line (for the characters). This became my preferred mode of working for quite some time – a trial run for all of my future stories that ran in the *MOME* anthology, now collected in *Beta Testing The Apocalypse* [Fantagraphics, 2013]." – TK

Now: As founder of Uncivilized Books, Tom K has published Gabrielle Bell, David B., Jon Lewis, James Romberger, Joann Sfar, Sam Alden and many more – plus his new book, *Trans Terra*. He lives in Minneapolis with partner Nikki, two black cats and a golden retriever.

www.tomkaczynski.com

www.uncivilizedbooks.com

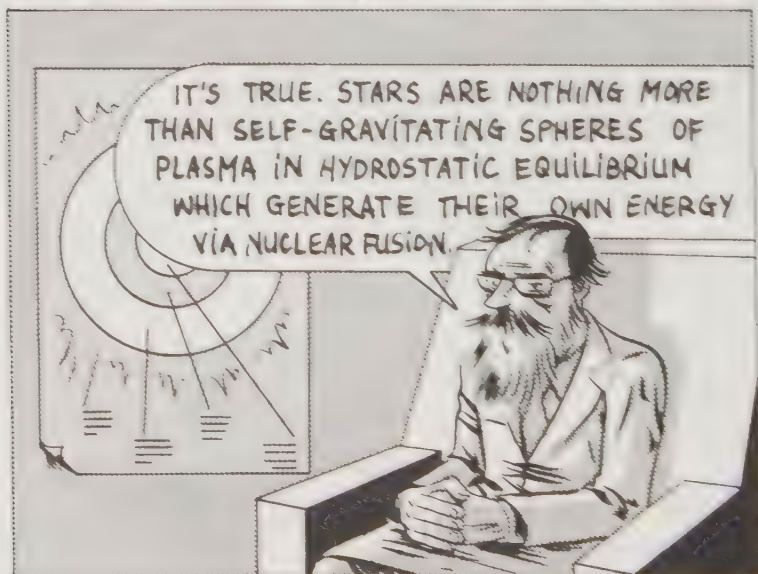
VAGUE CITIES



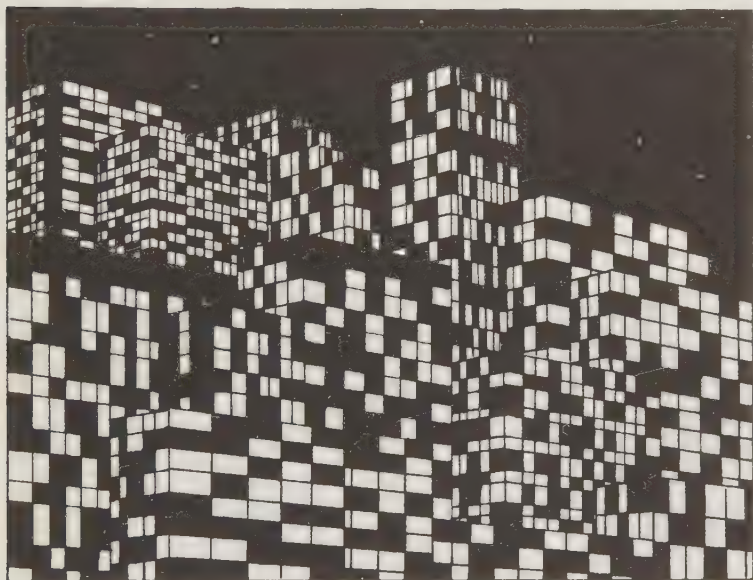
FOR AEONS HUMANS HAVE BELIEVED THEIR LIVES TO BE AFFECTED BY THE SUBTLE INTERPLAY OF THE MYSTERIOUS FORCES THAT DETERMINE THE PATHS AND PATTERNS OF THE COUNTLESS STARS AND PLANETS THAT LIGHT UP THE NIGHT SKY.



THE CITIZENS OF THE CURRENT AEON DON'T BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF STARS. THE STARS FOLLOW THEIR OWN RATIONAL COURSE AND ARE UN-CONCERNED BY THE AFFAIRS OF MERE HUMANS.



THE CITIES THEY BUILD COMPETE WITH THE
HEAVENLY GLOW. AN ELECTRIC GAZE ILLUMINATES
THE DARKNESS WITH DESIRE AND AMBITION.
TOWERS OF LIGHT SCRAPE THE SKY.



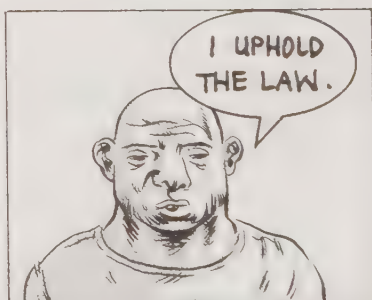
THE NOCTURNAL DISPLAY DISSIPATES AT DAWN.
HUMBLED BY THE SUN, THE CITY RESUMES ITS
MUNDANE EXISTENCE.



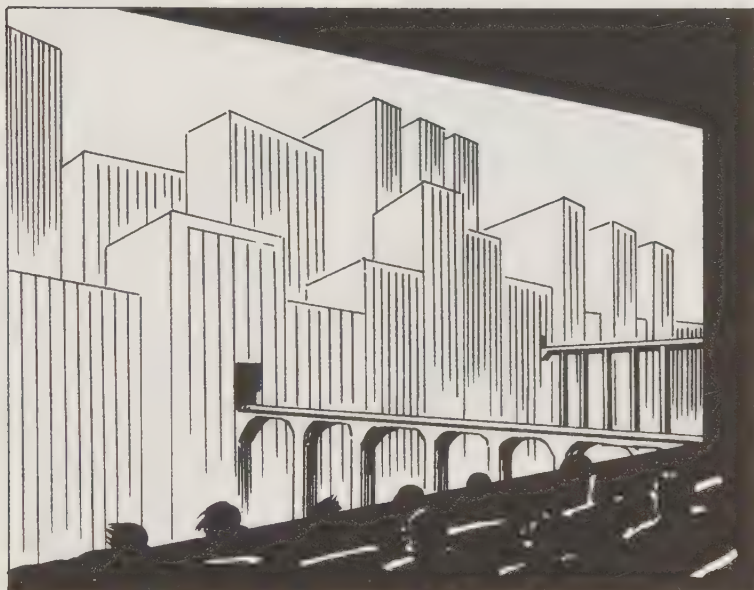
BY DAY, BILLS HAVE TO BE PAID, MONEY HAS TO BE MADE, FOOD MUST BE EATEN, APPOINTMENTS KEPT. ALL TASKS ARE DIVIDED INTO SMALL PIECES. THE GARGANTUAN EFFORT OF CIVILIZATION IS MAPPED ONTO THE SMALLEST OF ACTIVITIES.



WHAT TASK WERE YOU ASSIGNED BY CIVILIZATION?



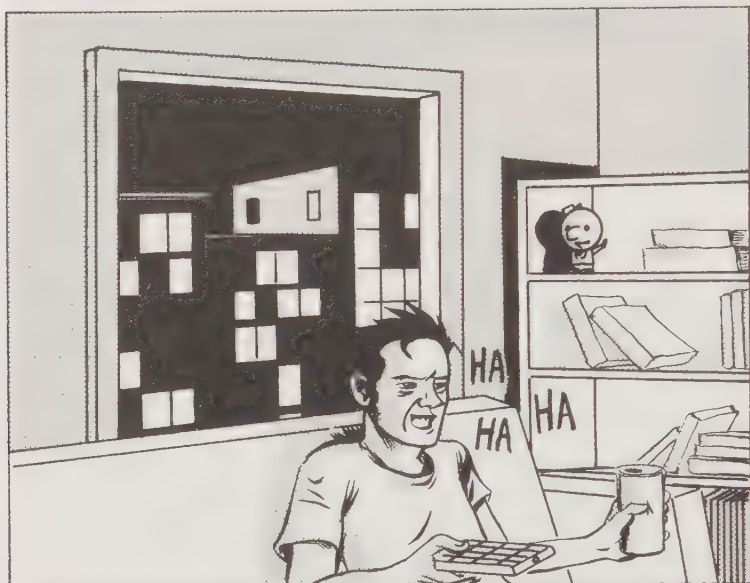
BY NIGHT THE MUNDANE GIVES WAY TO DREAM.
THE CITY IS RECREATED AS A SPECTRAL
LUMINESCENCE. FLICKERING ONTO THE
COLLECTIVE IMAGINATION.



ELECTRIFIED DESIRE DELUGES THE STREETS
SOME CITIZENS TRANSFORM. SATURATED BY
FLOURESCENT ENERGY THEY BECOME RADIANT
ENTITIES. STARS.



OTHERS, SEDUCED BY THE INTIMATE WARMTH
OF CATHODE RAYS, DIODES, LEDs AND PLASMA
EMISSIONS, ENTER HYPNOGOGIC REALMS OF
THE UNREAL. ANOTHER KIND OF TRANSFORMATION.



WHAT DO YOU DREAM OF BECOMING?



IN THE LIMINAL LIGHT OF THE EARLY MORNING THE NOCTURNAL EVENTS ACQUIRE THE PATINA OF MEMORY. TINGED WITH UNCERTAIN REGRET THE REVERIE OF THE MOMENT COLLIDES WITH REALITY.



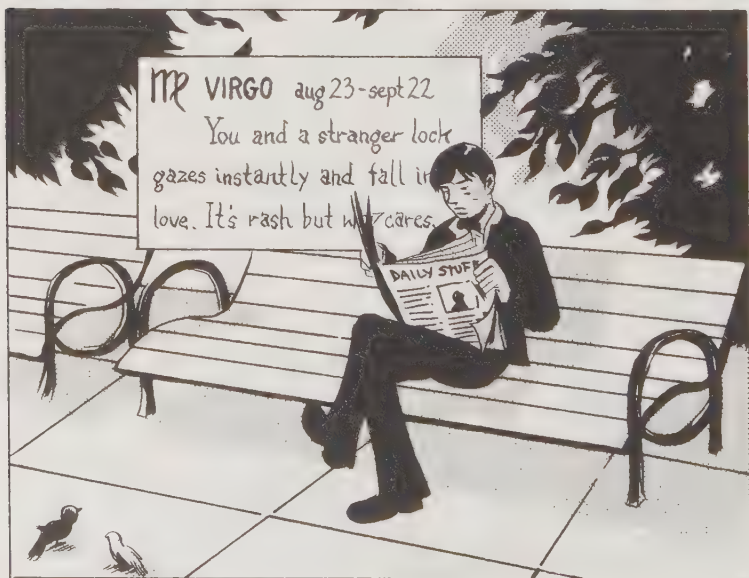
THE STUPOR OF A DAY'S LABOR DISSOLVES UNDER THE SPECTACULAR (THOUGH RARELY SEEN IN THE CITY) DISPLAY OF THE SETTING SUN. THIS IS THE MOMENT WHEN THE CITIZENS OF THE CITY QUESTION THEIR COMMITMENT TO CIVILIZATION.



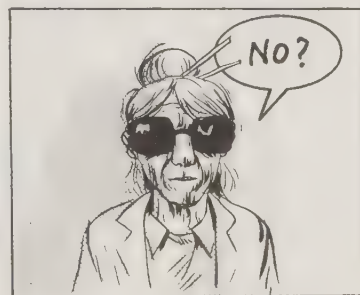
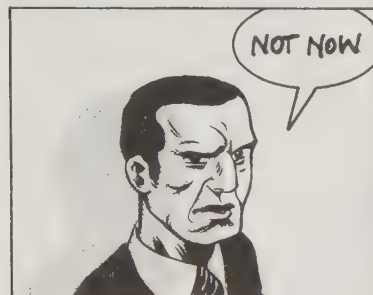
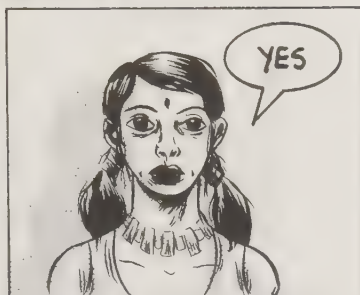
THESE MOMENTS OF TWILIGHT REFLECTION AND QUESTIONING UNCOVER THE FISSURES IN THE RATIONAL FOUNDATIONS OF DAILY ROUTINE. THE CITY IS REVEALED TO BE MEANINGLESS AND FORMLESS.



AS WHOLE NEW TERRITORIES OF THE IRRATIONAL BECOME ILLUMINATED, THE ARTIFICIAL SPECTACLE OF THE CITY DIMS BY COMPARISON. THE CITIZENS ONCE AGAIN TURN THEIR GAZE TO THE STARS.



DO YOU WANT TO LEAVE THE CITY ?



AFTER YEARS IN THE GLARING CITY LIGHT, THE CITIZENS BEGIN TO PLAN THEIR ESCAPE. SOME TRAVEL TO DISTANT LOCATIONS, SEDUCED BY THE PROSPECT OF AN UNSPOILED INFINITE HORIZON.



BY THE TIME THEY RETURN TO SETTLE IN SOLITUDE
THEY FIND THE HORIZON GONE, REPLACED BY
ANOTHER CITY, IDENTICAL TO THE ONE THEY LEFT.



AND THE STARS ARE EVEN FEWER THAN BEFORE.



OTHERS REMAIN IN PLACE AND WAIT WITH UNCERTAIN
FATALISM FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN, FOR
SOMETHING TO EXTRACT THEM FROM THIS
EMPTY ENLIGHTENMENT.



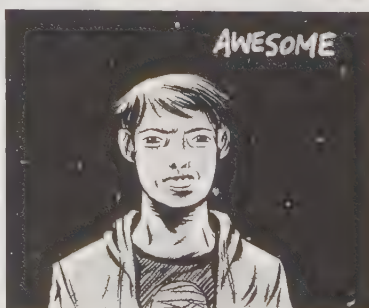
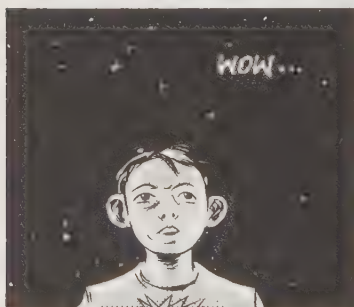
BUT THE STARS, REDUCED TO BLOBS OF PLASMA,
HAVE LOST THEIR ANCIENT ABILITY TO ALIGN.
THE ON/OFF FLICKER OF LIGHT BULBS IS NOT
A SUBSTITUTE.



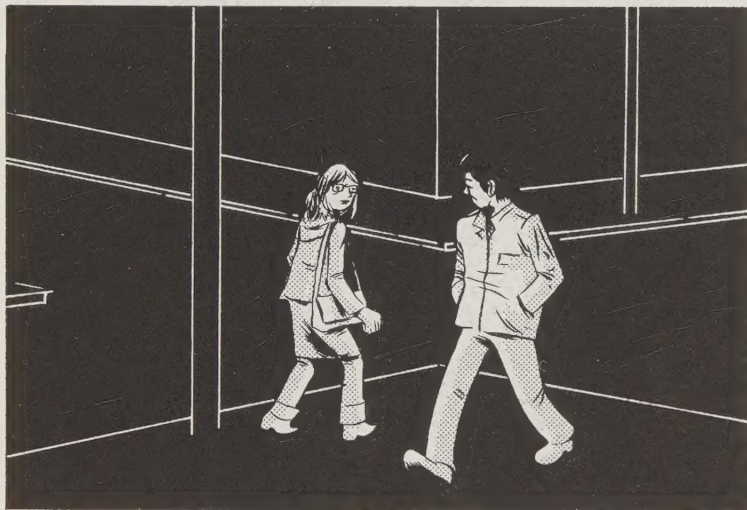
OCCASIONALLY, DUE TO THE INEFFICIENCIES OF ITS
HYPER-EFFICIENT SYSTEM OF ORGANIZATION, OR DUE
TO PURE ACCIDENT, THE CITY PLUNGES INTO A
PRIMORDIAL DARKNESS.



THE UNDILUTED NIGHT IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.



ONCE THE CITIZENS' EYES ADJUST TO THE ASTRAL DARKNESS, A NEW KIND OF VISION EMERGES. CHANCE, MYTH, MYSTERY AND DESTINY ARE THE FALLOUT OF THE COSMIC RADIANCE. STARS ALIGN ONCE AGAIN IN NEW AND UNUSUAL PATTERNS. ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE...



...AT LEAST UNTIL THE LIGHTS RETURN.



**Howard Stangroom – with (1) Eddie Campbell,
(2) Pete Martin and (3) Steve Whitaker**

PANDORA

Howard Stangroom has been writing comics criticism, journalism and occasionally even strips since reform school in 1972. Nowadays he sells them, from 30th Century Comics in Putney.

Page-length *Pandora* appeared in dozens of fanzines, small-press and occasionally even mainstream comics (such as Charlton's *Scary Tales* # 38) throughout the 1980s and early 1990s. American reviewer Cara Sherman Tereno observed, "It's a neat play on her name – all-gifted, she gives, but what she gives is not necessarily what the seeker wants." Her creator sums it up more simply: "She's Bizarro Mary Poppins" – HS

ILYA

HERR SHITE

Speakeasy sexologist, as according to ILYA

ILYA

HOLIDAY SKETCHBOOK

Speech Defects, self-published, 1987

Steve Whitaker

SHANE & GAIL

Dream Logic, co-publication with Nick Abadzis, 1991

Inside front cover illustrations: Clockwise from top left – Gregory Benton's *Hummingbird*, the never-released second issue; *Jessica of the Schoolyard* rules the world, according to NZ's Karl Wills; Daniel Locke's *Green*; Eddie Campbell's hand-coloured and Tippex-lathered original cover to *Gencomics 2: Blues* – a little dab'll do ya.

Inside back cover illustrations: Clockwise from top left – Peter Rigg and Paul "Mooncat" Schroeder's seminal *Lee Butler* (complete in two issues – the second named for Lee's wife, Jenny); Christ-mas-on-a-bike! It's a very jolly *Sadist* come to rule your yule; Butler and Hogg's one-shot, *Tick-Tock Follies*.

Jee Butler



Y & ART : PETER RIGG
: MOONCAT

£1.00

JENNY BUTLER



£1.00

STORY & ART : PETER RIGG
INKS : MOONCAT

TICK-TOCK



DOM MORRIS

SADIST



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