

Fanboy

number 35

Featuring the fine
work of:

Caroline Voigt
Chris Decker
Traegorn
Ravenhawk
Tim Seeley
Derek Settergren
David Recine
Tom Bradley
Jeff McLain
Darren Neff
Erik Meyer
Mike Corey
Ben Trandem
Jim Engel
Andy Krueger
Ingeborg
Henricksen
Kort Fox
Chris Woerner
Pam Brannan
Justin Otto
Kevin
Tambornino
Heather Sommer
Jeremy Zeimis
Dave Markwell
Aremis Asling

For Fanboy:

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David Recine

Publishers:

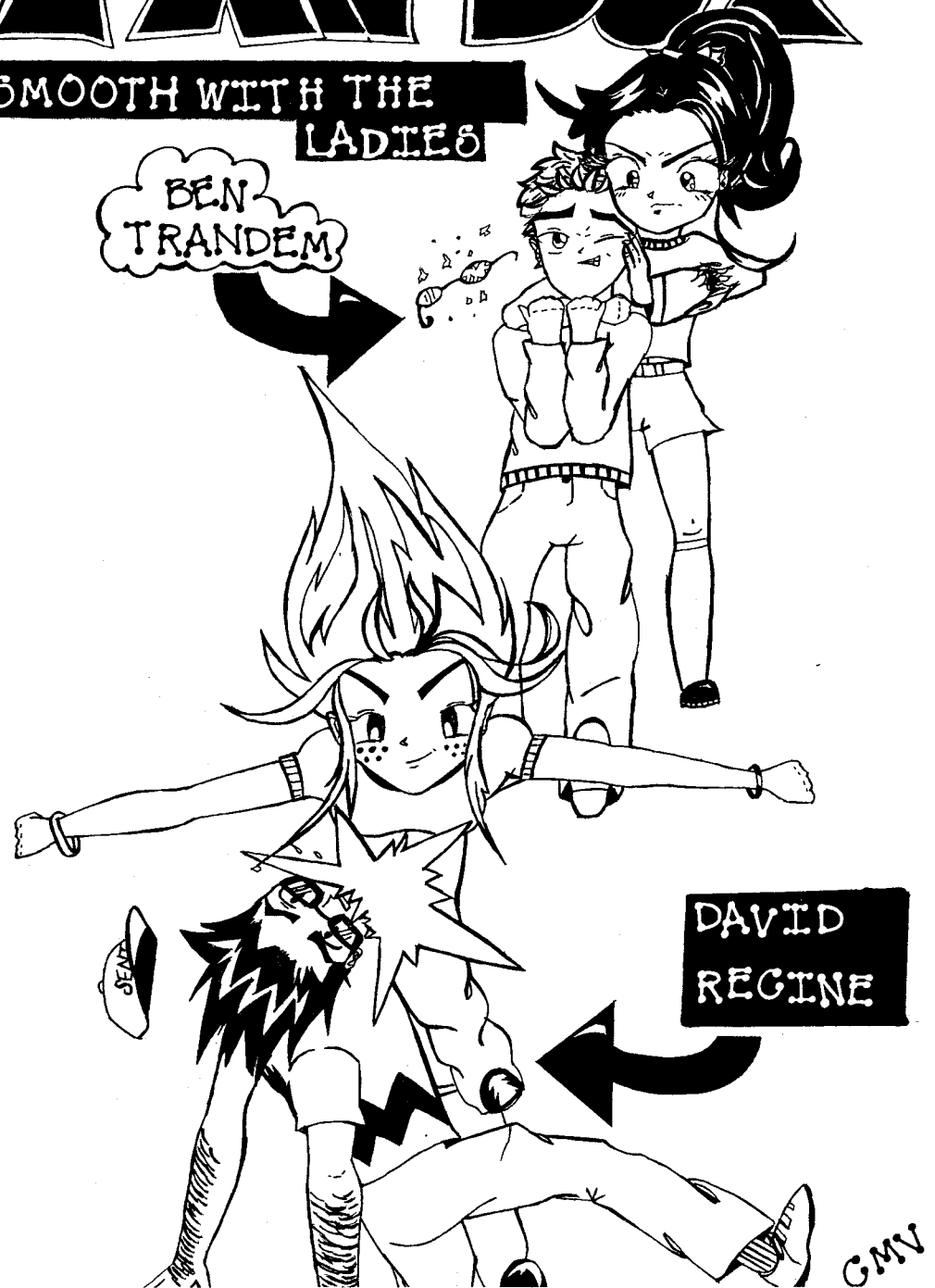
Kevin

Tambornino, Ben
Trandem, Darren
Neff, David
Recine

Fanboy is a
Vanity Press
publication.

FANBOY

SMOOTH WITH THE
LADIES



Contact: kaicat1105@aol.com

Wraithdemon Aetherchilde is a F*cking Tool

An editorial by Chris "nameless individual" Decker

Sorry to start this editorial with a cheap shot, but I take what I can get. I suppose I could have titled this piece 'Traegorn Ravenhawk is a F*cking Tool' but that just sounds too silly. Besides, Trae Dorn by any other name would still suck his own weight in ass. **(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2)**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

At any rate, I intend to back this statement by taking direct quotes from Trae's cover editorial last issue and interjecting what I have to say on the matter.

Quote 1: "the reason it was brought up is because the criticism of 'You don't have credibility if you don't use your real name' came up. Apparently, I don't have credibility."

Response: you still have credibility despite your silly name.

Quote 2: "Well, screw that. Traegorn Ravenhawk is my name."

Response: Okay, but it still sounds silly.

Quote 3, 3 being the third number, not 4 or 2, 5 is right out: "His friend (that would be me C.D.) believes that I'm a trendy prick... Apparently, being a 'Big-Hairy-Wiccan-Lumberjack'...is trendy"

Response: You're a lumberjack? I thought you were a college student. Anyway, that doesn't make you trendy. Making cheesy comics and drawing them in the manga style in an attempt to make them seem less cheesy, and more artistic, that makes you trendy. Need I remind anyone of the horrible Marvel Knights Wolverine-Punisher crossover?

Quote 4: "And I'm sick and tired about people bitching about 'Trendy American Manga' in the comics fandom... If the characters have big eyes? Who gives a rats arse. If you do, then you're probably just some insecure, posturing dolt who can't handle something being trendy."

Response: I would comment on punctuation choice in that last passage, but that would be childish. I don't care if the characters have big eyes. I do care if their big eyes are the only redeeming (and I use that word loosely) quality (I use that word even more loosely) that said comic has. I think even Trae might be forced to agree with me there, and that's saying something.

Quote 5: "...don't condemn me because I draw characters with large eyes just because you have a pole up your arse about the 'integrity of American comics'"

Response: My, what a lovely run-on sentence. At any rate, American comics have no integrity. That accusation is just silly.

Quote 6: "Most American comics are about guys in Spandex and disproportionate women bending in awkward positions to woo a twelve-year old male audience that wants to jerk off."

Response: Change Spandex to some type of wacky robo-suit, and give everyone big eyes, and you have most American Manga.

In closing, I could honestly care less what Trae draws. It's just a lot of fun to get him all riled up. I suppose it's time for the obligatory song quote.

"Don't fool yourself girl, it's goin' right up your poop chute"

-Frank Zappa

Contact: decker@fanboy.info



Wraithdemon Atherchilde (self portrait)

Contact: trh@trhonline.com

Fanboy number 35, sometime in 2002 (hopefully). All material in this publication is © its respective creators. Fanboy is published whenever I get around to it by Vanity Press, 1440 Badger Ave, Eau Claire, WI, 54701. Homepage: www.fanboy.info. E-mail: recinedc@uwec.edu. I am far too lazy to write anything clever in the indicia, so just forget about it and read the actual content.

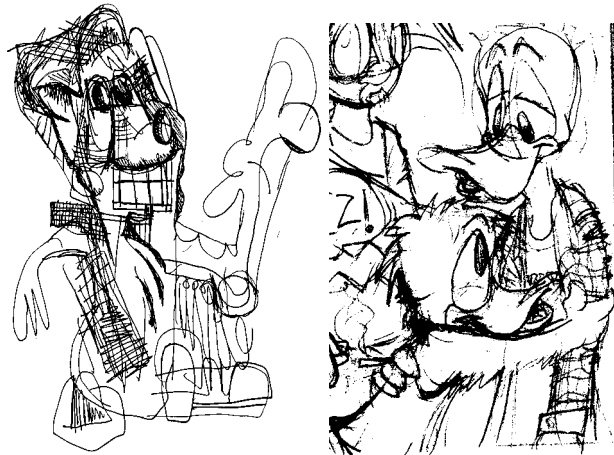
On the last episode of Lexx....
Previously, on Friends....
Last time, on a very special Seventh Heaven....
Scratch all that. Sorry, sorry.

Our story thus far....

David and Shelley (drawn here on the left by guest artist Tim Seeley) met each other on a blind date at Burger King, where all of God's poor rejected children go to find love. Shelley then revealed to David that she was, in fact, a robot with a detachable head.



Meanwhile, Pupper (pictured down and to the left, drawn by guest artist Derek Settergren) is sweating bullets as he deals with Ducky's family, particularly...



Ducky's dad, Putz (as above and to the right, drawn by "guest" artist David Recine, from his upcoming semester of strips from the UWEC Spectator). Ducky had taken advantage of the fact that David was gone for the evening to kick off his family reunion. Putz broke out of prison specifically so he could get to be there and see his son. Wishing to keep a low profile, Putz went to secluded Otter Creek to go fishing with Ducky and Pupper. This, of course, leaves the rest of Ducky's family back at David's house. So when David and Shelley go to look for Pupper (who happens to be a computer wiz/hacker extraordinaire) to get his help figuring out who exactly built Shelley and where she came from, David is faced with a whole extended *family* of obnoxious ducks, to exasperatedly blather.... (go to the first panel of the next page, silly!)

Reunion, Part 7! The suburban Wisconsin sh**saga continues....

by David "Testosterone Kick" Recine.

But before you turn the page, be sure to read this nifty....

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Hello, readers (such as you are). David Recine here. Editor, primary publisher, founder, yadda yadda yadda.

If you're reading this, I made it over the hill. I should tell yez about a few changes in this publication, which has (until now) been on hiatus since February:

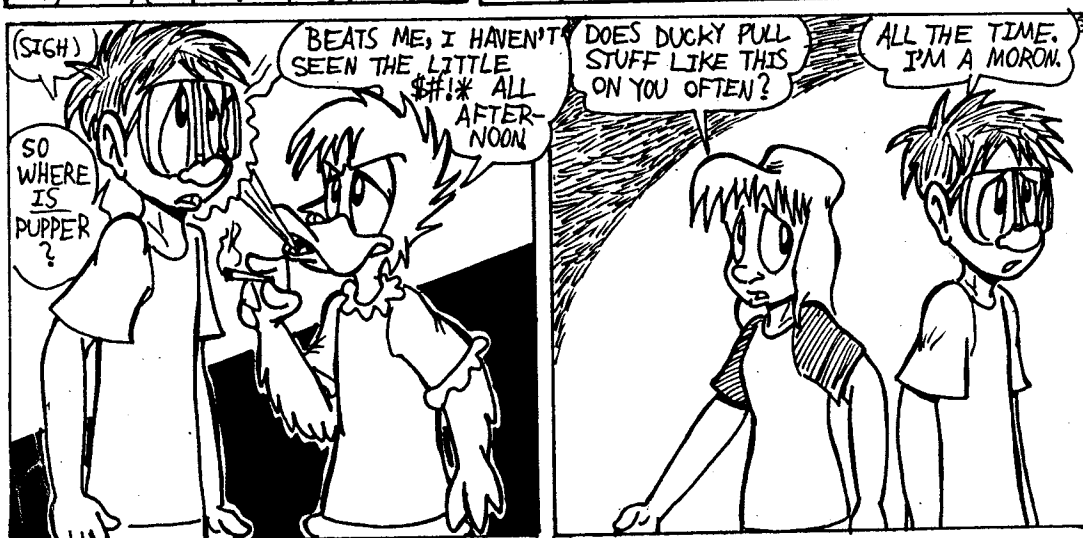
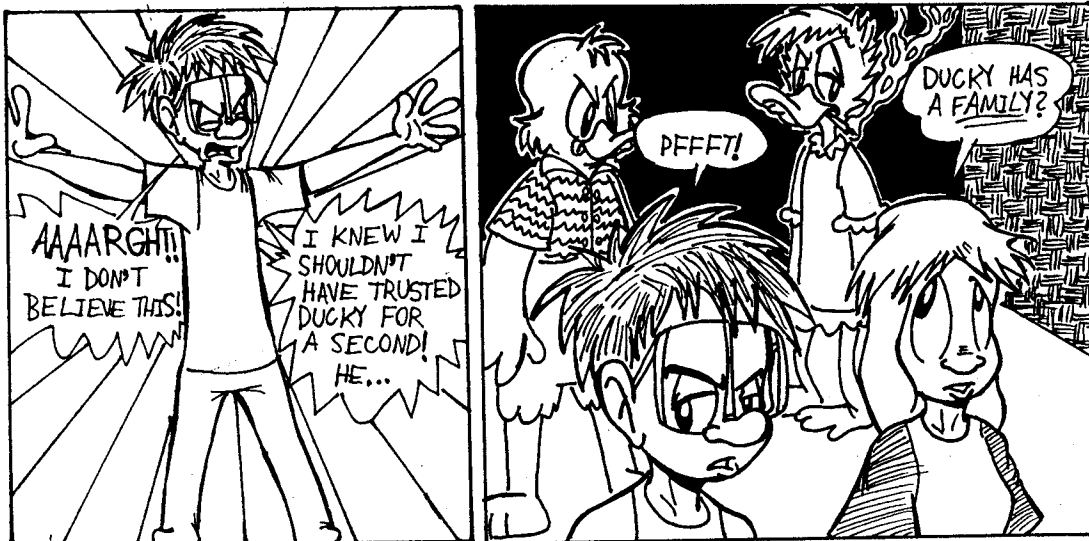
1) Fanboy no longer has an open submissions policy. Submissions are accepted on the basis of how much room I have and rejected mostly if you're such an asshole that dealing with you in order to get your submission and print it here isn't worth my while. (All other assholes may remain in the publication, even the handful of assholes I only dislike on a normal healthy level.)

2) Fanboy is no longer distributed on campus, at least not by me. I'm sorry, campus sucks.

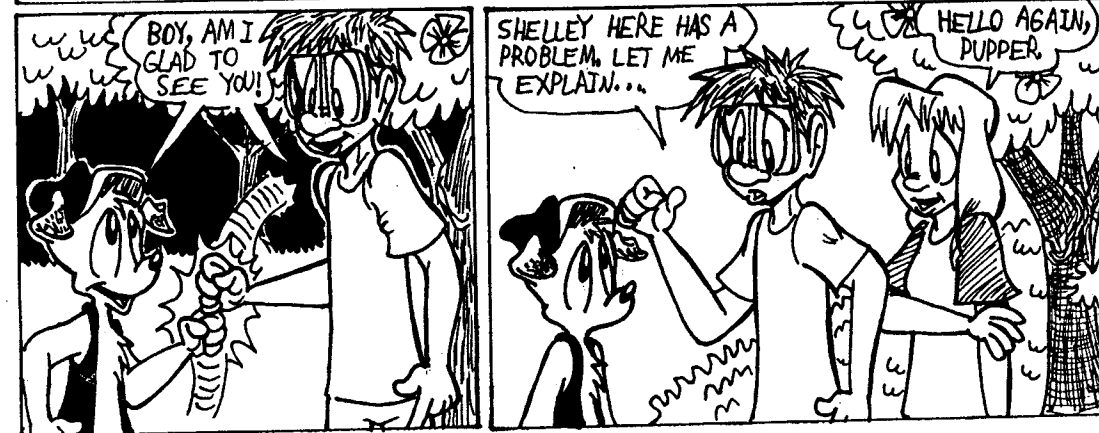
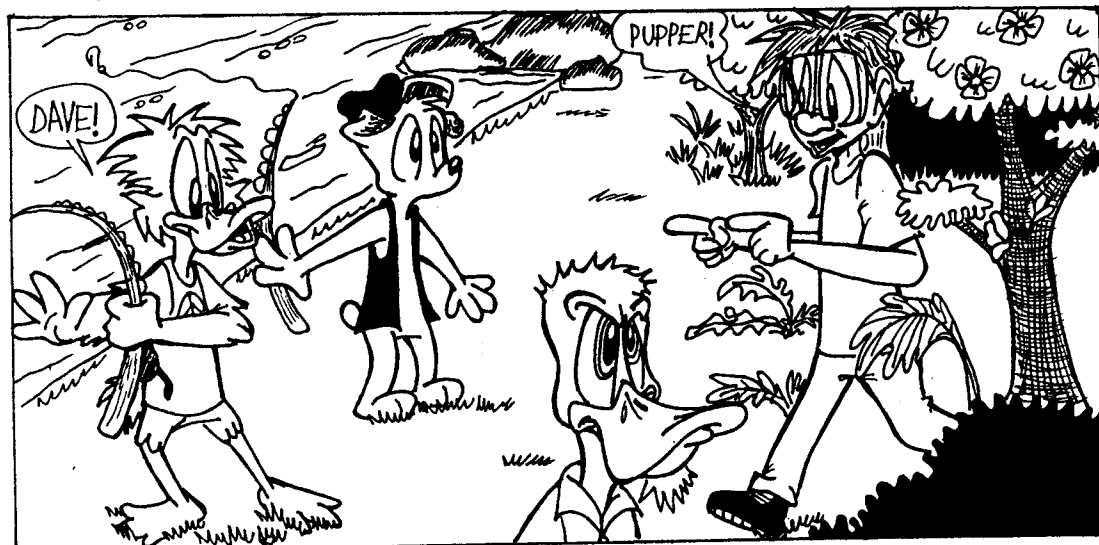
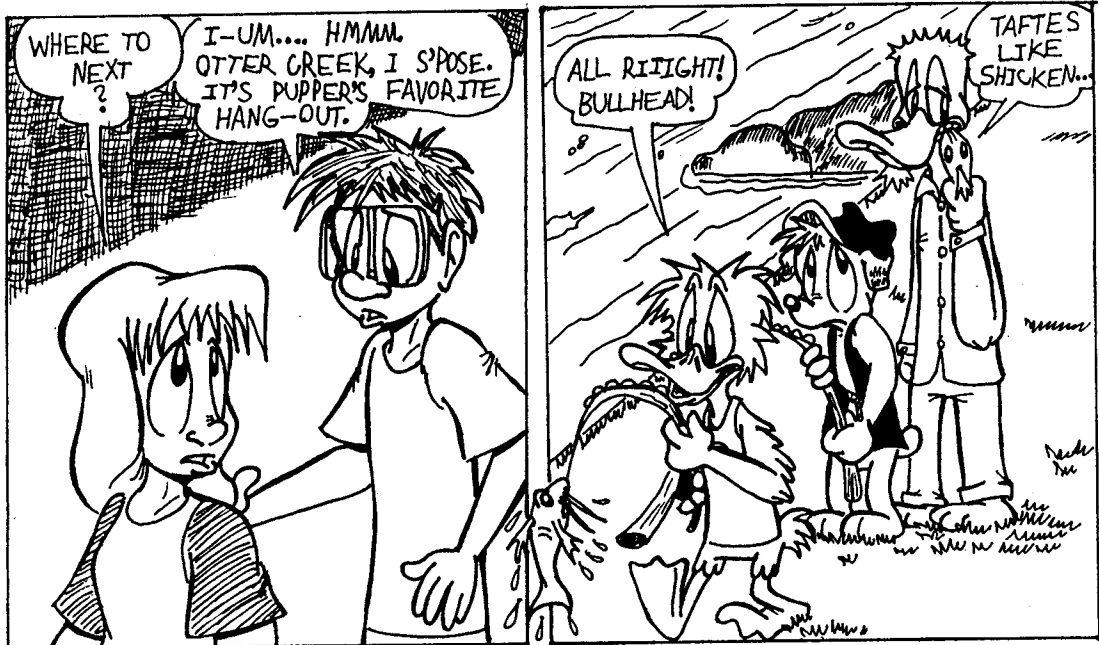
3) Fanboy now has a limited initial run of about two hundred. My new printer allows me to print these in any quantity on demand, so if you miss the initial distribution, you can still get as many or as few copies of it as you want, for a buck apiece.

I promise a warmer, less official editorial next issue. Assuming there IS a next issue...

And so....



Contact: recinedc@uwec.edu



To be continued!

In the mean time, follow the adventures of a slightly older Pupper, Ducky, Shelley and Putz every week in the UWEC Spectator, except weeks when my editor feels like bumping it!

GRAPHIC PRESIDENTIAL SEX

a short story
by Tom Bradley

Back in the nineties I used to sort of fuck someone named Chica, who thought of herself as either a painter or a cartoonist. It was hard to tell which. The behavior we engaged in that came closest to what most people would call fucking took place in a room with nothing in it but an easel. On that easel was pinned one of Chica's original, full-watercolored cartoons--or maybe they were paintings. Who knows?

This work was entitled "Hillary's Ham-Rod," and it was the true expression of Chica's politics in those days, if they could be called such.

Hillary Clinton had an enormous, delicious-looking American-style holiday ham, glazed and grease-glistening, which bristled with cloves and pineapple rings. She winked broadly into the viewer's eye and said, via speech-bubble, "It's Bill's best recipe. Took him three hours in the hot, hot, hot White House kitchen to whomp this baby up! It's southern-style, and I do mean southern!"

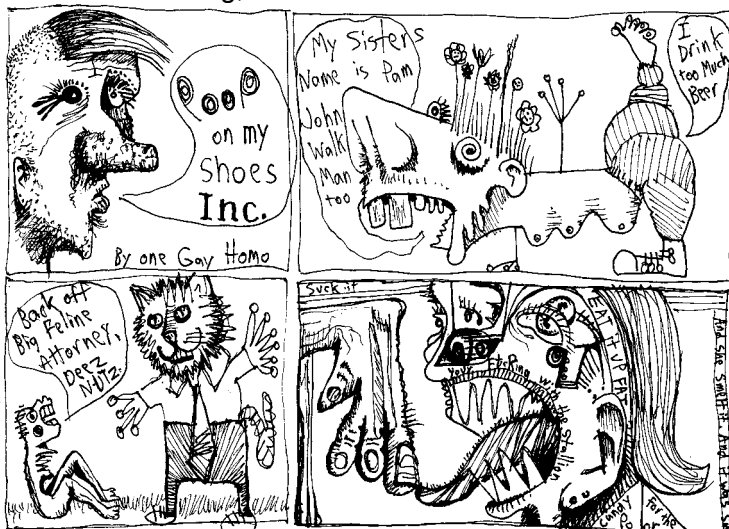
She had strapped this vast delicacy to her mighty pelvis and shoved it halfway up her obedient hubby's bleeding anus. Bill was holding one of his first press conferences, and Mrs. Clinton had taken up her position behind the curtain emblazoned with the handsome Presidential Seal. The as-yet uninserted segment of the Ham-Rod was just visible to the gallery, poking out between folds of true-blue velvet.

The journalists seemed to have intuited this state of marital affairs. The female reporters snickered in self-righteous triumph, while the males blushed and squirmed on their fellow man's behalf, and looked ready to weep awhile together.

The depiction of the First Lady was clearly an unconscious self-portrait of Chica, though she somehow had managed simultaneously to get an uncanny likeness of that other pushy American woman. This Hillary had the big hair, the lawn mower-tempting, Madonna-derivative, wrong-color eyebrows bushed over the rat eyes, the mouth gaping and grunting like a hyena's and chock-full of needle-sharp teeth that sprouted directly from the unwholesome marrow of the clunky cheekbones. And yet, like the original, the effect of the whole was somehow even more unattractive than the sum of its frankly hideous parts. Perhaps it was due to some habitually ravenous cast of facial expression, a lurid light in the eyeballs that would have rendered the tender face of Marilyn Monroe herself a punishment to the retina.

Meanwhile, Bill's face provided almost too perfect a contrast. Complete with potato nose, it was puffily sated and ingratiating, with a sincere glint in the eye, the ample cheeks reddening a bit demurely as his equal partner arranged and rearranged his peristaltic region. The Commander in-Chief was naked from the waist down behind the bulletproof podium, and his potato penis snuffled and sneezed a milliliter or so of dilute seminal fluid, labeled white water.

All in all, it was quite an unsettling piece of work, revealing not so much an utter contempt for the rights and dignity of foetuses and females, as for those of all human beings, regardless of gender and/or somatic development. And, let me tell you, it was no easy task getting a hardon anywhere near the thing. That's why I can't really call what we did fucking, in the strictest sense of that term. But I suppose it was close enough, for the nineties.



Tom Bradley is the author of numerous novels, including his most recent work, *Killing Bryce*, which is, as described on his website, about "the disintegration of a family of Jack-Mormons who get scattered across two continents like bits of rock salt sprayed from the muzzle of a shotgun." His work has also appeared on Salon.com, in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Gadfly*, and.... well.... Fanboy Comics for some reason. His website may be found at: <http://literati.net/bradley>.

Order *Killing Bryce* or *Acting Alone* (or both!) from Amazon.com .

Contact: tomnpeg@interlink.or.jp

UNRELATED DRAWING © Derek Settergren Contact: dsettergren@netscape.net

Howard the Monkey by Jeff McLain

PROVOKILL:

For temporary relief from minor stomach pain.

Warning:

Side-effects include stomach pain, headaches, nausea, diarrhea, rectal bleeding, terminal cancer, dizziness, sore throat, swelling of the testicles, raging delirium, high anxiety, self-loathing, loss of brain mass, tumors of various size, shape, and frequency, hair loss, hearing loss, hemroids, internal bleeding, intense back pain, temporary insanity, and bad breath.



Contact: digitalkarma@chameleon.net

One's life is determined by fate

by Darren Neff Contact: fredygump@yahoo.com

I have two friends who have a very interesting relationship. They are dependant on each other, yet they are extremely different. You see, my friend Onery (One, to those in the know) is a follower. He will do absolutely anything for my other friend Maxfate (friends call him Fate). So in other words, you could say that One's life is determined by Fate.

It's always funny to watch them when they're hanging out. One always seems to be a step or two behind Fate. Even when Fate slows down, One stays just behind Fate. Whenever Fate says anything about this, One gets very mad at Fate. One sometimes wishes that Fate didn't exist. But wherever One goes, Fate seems to follow (or leas as the case may be...). It almost seems as though One can't avoid Fate.

Even though One gets mad at Fate sometimes, One seems to really appreciate Fate. As I said before, they're very good friends. Whenever they go to a movie or go cruising, Fate drives One's care. Ti seems odd to me, but One doesn't seem to mind. One is happiest when Fate is in control.

I was talking to One awhile ago and he was telling me all about his dreams for the future. He told me about his dream home, his dream car, even his dream wife. He isn't sure if he wants kids, but if he has a son, he wants to name him Fate after his good friend. You know, he might be uncomfortable with his son at first, but One will learn to love his Fate.

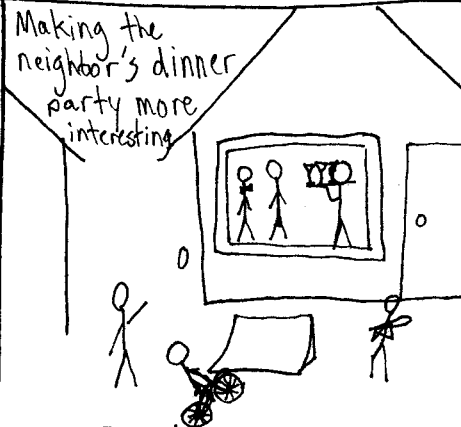
STICKMAN

By:
Erik
"Speedro"
Meyer

erikmeyer@students.wisc.edu



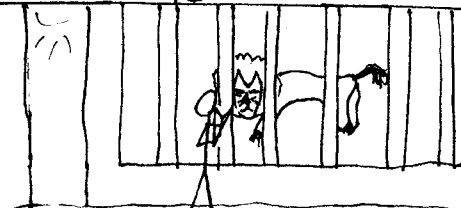
Better explanations than monkeys and acid



Really good salesman



The no-censorship channel



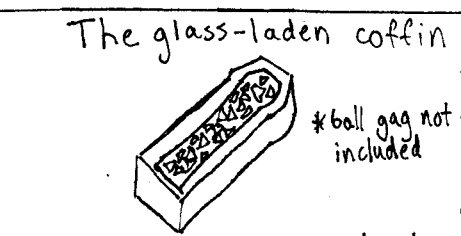
They never suspect a slingshot at the zoo.



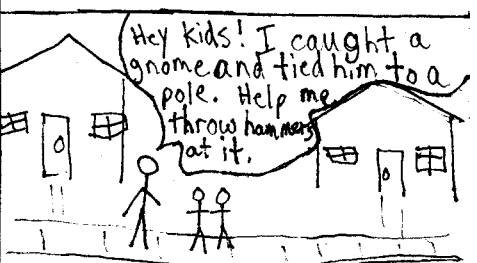
a rousing game of "cause the accident"



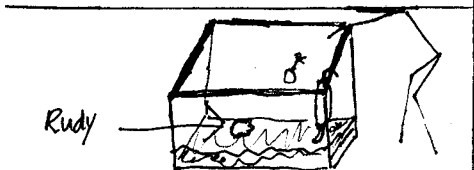
Loading the crossbow as the tiny alien emerges



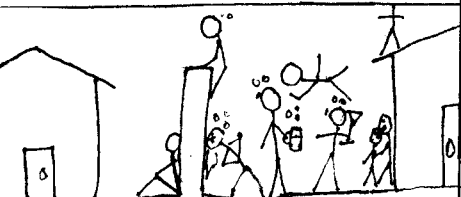
"For the masochist in you"



Burt loses his grip on reality



Rudy the baby guinea pig meets Mr. Cherry Bomb



Life across the wall



Bill pirate is sexually envious of missile directly before death

Neighbors

A non-journalistic Rant

by **Mike Corey** (professional journalist, by way of the Des Moines Register)

I'm sitting in a Vietnamese restaurant in Des Moines, and the man sitting opposite me at the next table is trying not to make eye contact with me. Truth be told, though, I've been doing the same thing. But I think now I might do it on purpose just to bug him.

I just looked up again, and he's clearly wondering why I'm writing on a napkin. Well, sir, it's because I left my notebook at a friend's house this afternoon. The owners are certainly wondering the same thing, as well as possibly why one of their regular customers is here with a girl who's not his girlfriend. Well, he was here with a girl who's not his girlfriend. She just went to go get some money, because we both forgot to get some at the ATM. She being the non-girlfriend girl. Henceforth known as Angie. But will I ever refer to her again in this article, so that naming her will seem worthwhile?

I wonder if restaurant owners like to think the best or the worst about people. Sure, I know every one is different, but I think that generally, thinking the worst might make a better story in their heads. I think that's how I operated when I worked at Mega Foods, too (No Fanboy submission would be complete without some connection to Mega Foods, may she rest in peace). And it doesn't hurt anything. It's not like I was going to confront them with my worst suspicions. But that might be kind of funny too. Maybe next time I'm at A Dong (the restaurant) with my girlfriend they'll pass her a note.

Well, sorry to disappoint, restaurant proprietors and gentle readers. Nothing untoward going on here – just friends eating because I don't want to do dishes until tomorrow. Which I think might shoot the potential interest in this article straight downhill. But Dave said he wanted some rambling stuff, and I think this counts.

But now what? Opening vignette: check. Statement of purpose: check, sort of. Main body: hmmmmmm.

Now I'm in front of my laptop in my bedroom in my apartment, which is the first floor of a house. On the other side of the very thin wall in front of me is another apartment, which right now is spewing forth a rather odd variety of noises. Which is nothing unusual, but these are not the normal odd noises. Right now Tool Guy's girlfriend is singing in a very eerie voice, and I

can't make out what. It also sounds like she's moving around furniture and banging on pots. This likely means one of two things. Either Tool Guy is moving out, which would be wonderful, or his girlfriend is moving in, which would be bad.

But who is Tool Guy, you ask? Tool Guy is so named because I don't know his name. I tried to introduce myself one morning by banging on his door to tell him to turn his music down, which happened to be a Tool CD. Tool Guy likes his Tool (sorry, not a pun); this is about all he listens to. Tool Guy also likes to have sex with his girlfriend multiple times a day. I can't figure out when this guy works. Maybe she supports them. Maybe they make porn together to pay the bills. She has a kind of porn-star moan thing going on.

So now let's put it all together. Tool Guy likes to listen to Tool loudly and have sex with his girlfriend (loudly). My wall is very thin. This annoys me. Not that I don't approve of his having sex all the time; I just don't care to listen to it. It's really hard to concentrate on writing final semester papers on evolution when a guy three feet from you is having what from all indications is quite good sex.

It's come to feel like I'm a third party in their relationship. Hell, I've been there through most of it. If I really wanted to, I could listen to all their conversations. When Tool Guy's girlfriend was crying yesterday morning at about 4, I kind of wanted to ask what was wrong. I almost felt entitled to know. I've been through the good times; I should go through the bad ones too, right? I also found that it's easier to sleep through someone crying on the other side of a wall than it is through their having sex. I don't think this makes me heartless, since there's little I can do about either in this case. Or maybe it is, but I guess it's just a fact. And they've been in a good mood today. Less sex since I came back from winter break, though.

So even though I bear them no personal ill will, I seem to find myself rooting against their relationship on a nearly daily basis. This might not be all that advantageous either, though. When they do fight, they tend to have screaming make-up sex. And if they did break up, it would probably trigger a weeklong orgy of unrestrained Tool in my ears. **(cont'd next page)**

(from last page) Tool Guy replaces the former tenant of the apartment through my wall, Guy Who Could Punch Andy in the Face (Andy being one of my roommates). I think the idea was that he was *capable* of punching Andy, not that that he *should* punch him. But Drew (roommate B) named him, and he's in Austria, so who knows? The bottom line was that GWCPAIF was very large. But Guy Who Could Punch Andy in the Face was not nearly as annoying as Tool Guy is. He just watched TV until really late, and that was in one of his other rooms. I could still hear it, but it was easily ignored.

But the deepest place in my heart is reserved for the man who used to live directly above us, affectionately known as Crazy Guy. OK, not so affectionately. More like completely seriously and a little bit in fear.

(Uh, oh – there go Tool Guy and friend. First sex in days. Time for me to go have lunch.)

Anyway, I was talking about Crazy Guy. I can't remember if our first encounter with Crazy Guy involved local law enforcement, but most of them sure did. In fact, most of our contact with Crazy Guy was carried out through middlemen who happened to be Des Moines police officers. Crazy Guy thought we made an unbelievably obnoxious amount of noise, because he called the police to complain that we were disturbing the peace and quiet at least twice a week. Literally. Sometimes more. There's nothing that destroys the fun of a large college house of five guys more than the knowledge that someone is waiting to summon the smiling faces of the police to your door at the drop of a backpack.

Seriously, we really weren't loud – the police were even on our side. It was quite bizarre to have a guy who quite obviously had some problems calling the police on *us* all the time. Several times, the police would knock on our door to find us all asleep. One time they woke up Sean (Roomate C), who was home alone on a Saturday night. We got pretty familiar with two particular officers, who would knock on the door, tell us a complaint was made, tell us not to do anything about it, and then leave. It was a good relationship once we all figured out where we fit in.

When we were playing loud music, it was clear that Crazy Guy had preferences. He didn't like Kiss, that's for sure. The cops got to the house pretty quick when they were on the CD player.

Originally, we told Crazy Guy that he should come to us before he called the police, but later we realized that was a bad idea. But we did have

a few run-ins. I had two shouting matches with him, which both ended with him retreating to his apartment. After that I think he was pretty afraid of me, which was a little weird for me – I don't think I really inspire fear in many people.

Finally, we got our landlord to not renew his lease. This left a few weeks where both factions (upstairs and downstairs) knew we would soon be forever parted. He was pretty rude to all my roommates (under his breath), but still wouldn't say anything to me. Oh well. We also figured out that it took the police about a half hour (at least) to respond to any call, so I admit a few times we did turn the volume way up for a few minutes. Believe me, I know that's a little mean. And normally, I would be very understanding and not hold any ill will toward someone with his problems – if only he wasn't calling the police all the time. End of disclaimer.

Which only leaves Weather Guy. Weather Guy likes to talk about the weather. In fact, he won't talk about anything else. He's the only "roommate" we get along with, and we've never talked about anything but how beautiful it is – the weather, I mean. We try; we try. Sean asked him where he worked one day, and he said, "I just couldn't think about work on a day this nice."

By the way, I forgot to update you on where I am. I'm at my friends' apartment right now, and their cat Bowie is attempting to distract me from typing. He's lying across my arms, and now he's laying his head on the keyboard of my laptop. Damn it, Bowie. Mn ,k,,hnm , -- that's what Bowie has to say. Now he's getting up – I think he's tired of being ignored. And I think this article's about done now, too. I'm hungry (even though I have tons of work to do). I think we all learned something today – abrupt endings don't work very well, but they free me from continuing to write.

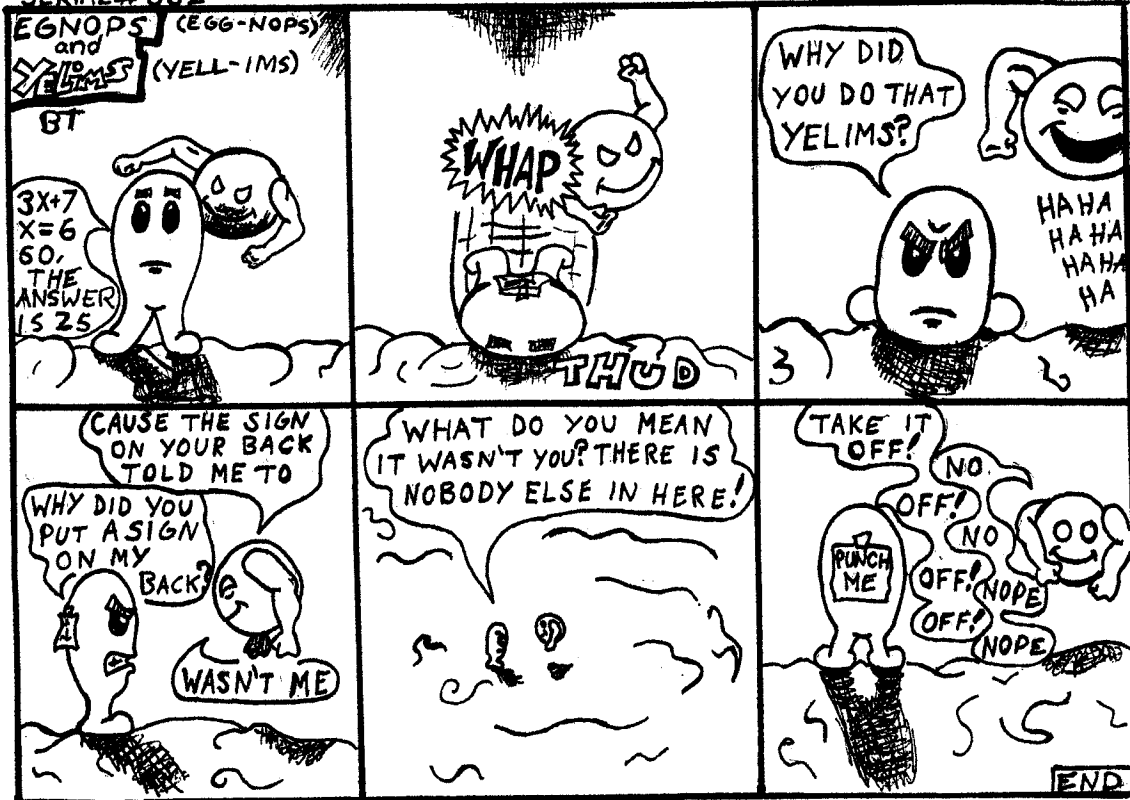
---MC Contact: Mike_j_corey@hotmail.com



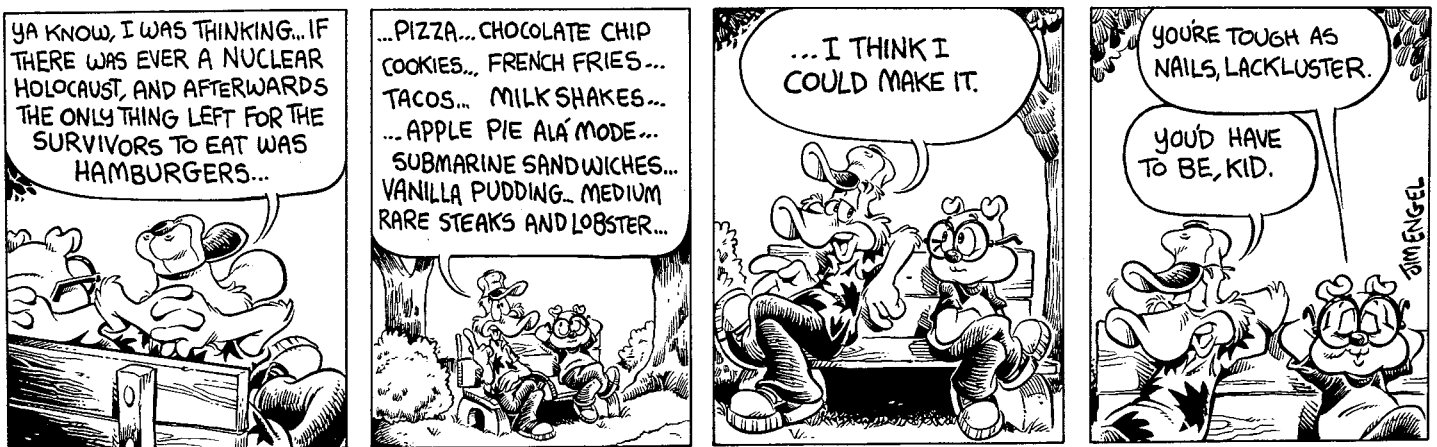
*And now, a teeny tiny li'l image from my website, cuz Mike ran out of text before I ran out of page, and they don't pay me to do **real** layout.*

---David,
professional
zinemaster

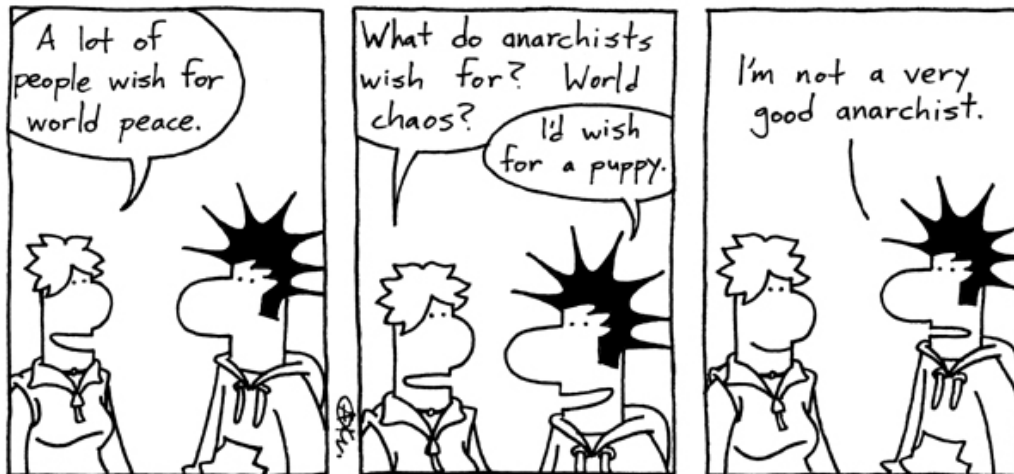
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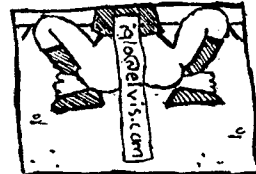
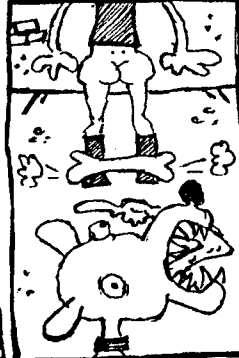
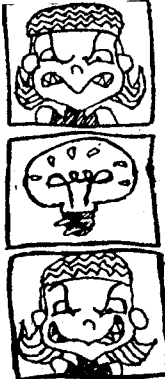
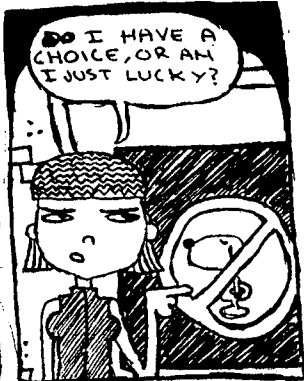
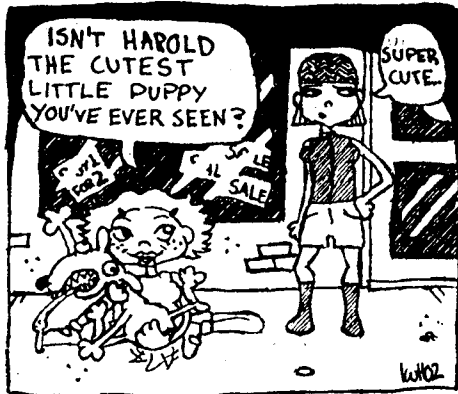
Buttons by Jim Engel Contact: smetko@aol.com



Bob the Golfer by Andy Krueger Contact: kruege@uwec.edu

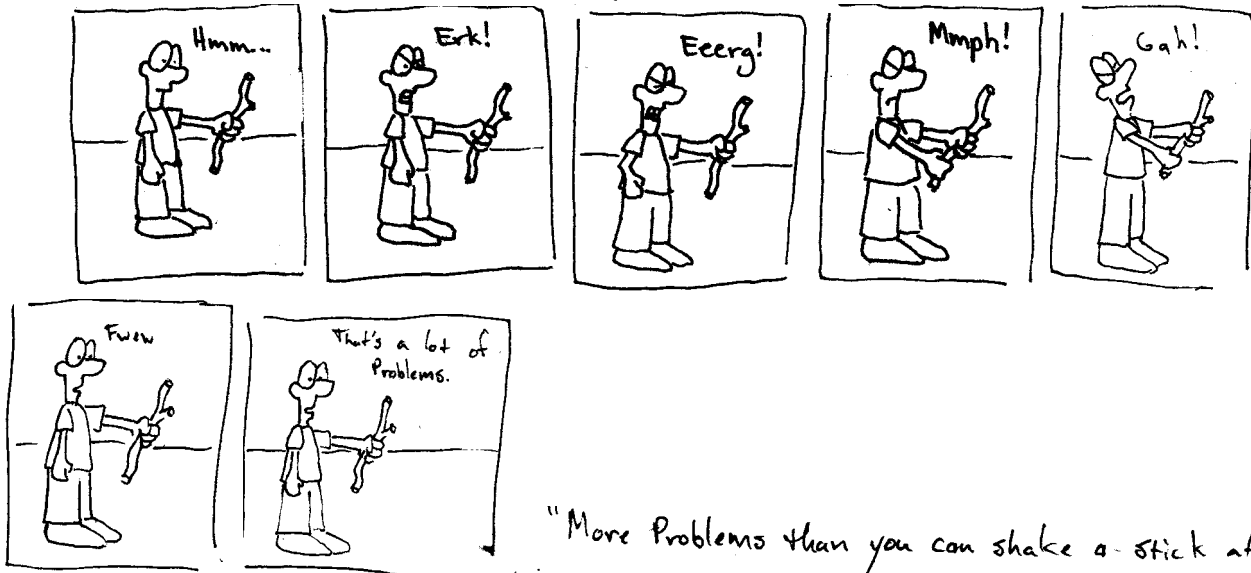


Frederic Henderson's
THE NEW PUPPY





Literal Figurativs By: Kort Fox



HEY KIDS! **IT'S POETRY!**

I'm drunk an' I wanna Say....

By Chris W.

I'm drunk an' I wanna say
I luv you guys
No I mean that
Your really special
An' I'm not jus' saying that cause there's three of
you
'Strue
No really, you c'n ask anyone
All the time I was insulting u, I really jus' [urp]
wanted to be your friend
Yeah really
You can ask anybody
Hey, you got nice tits
'Scuse me fr a second

Contact: Christ_of_woe@hotmail.com

Connecting with Aristotle

By Pam Brannan

Time passes through my fingers
like water.
I cannot see the gaps or
the spaces
But somehow it slips through
it drips slowly

plunk

plunk

It runs down my arm straight
to my elbow.
And it drips

plunk
plunk

I try to clasp my hands together
even tighter.
But the handful I had is now only
a trickle.
I look at my wet hands and I wonder
what happened.
I spread my hands wide and the water

Whish

The last of the water slips through
my fingers.

I look at my wet hands as though they are
covered with blood.

I wonder what I did...Horror seeps through me.
....what have I done?

One last remaining drop of water catches on
my elbow....

P

L

U

N

K

Contact: shiawasepam@hotmail.com

My Brother

by Justin Otto

I read the catechism in the snow capsule of dawn
waiting for the hands of candlelight
carefully, for the ices outside to reach me
breathing under the spell of the creed

And the rising sun proves nothing
and the fading stars prove nothing
though that it all was there
If I believe it's because I want to
and tonight I feel holy with desire

My brother's ashtray tips, his song is playing on
the radio
behind the spliced voices of panicked Art Bell
callers
He hands me his Malachi Martin
and says, read and forget your recent torment

Or was that his ghost, before loss, before our loss
out into the wilderness to find our God
no, he is the same but live itself has converted

Who mentions that struggle for faith
when the house collapses and mother is gone?
Maybe the counselors, maybe the fools
or maybe all in annulment alone.

And deep inside this dawn, though he pulls me
together

At about the first hour his ghost is scared
once a lion, now a child

contact:umwandlung@go.com

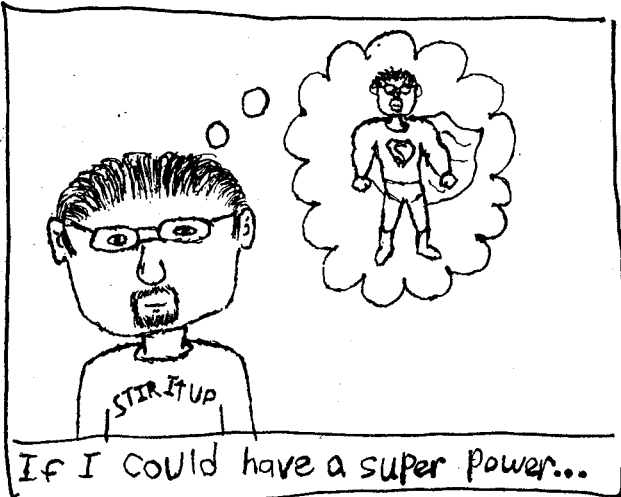
VINNK'S

MIND
By Kevin "Vinnk" Tamborrino

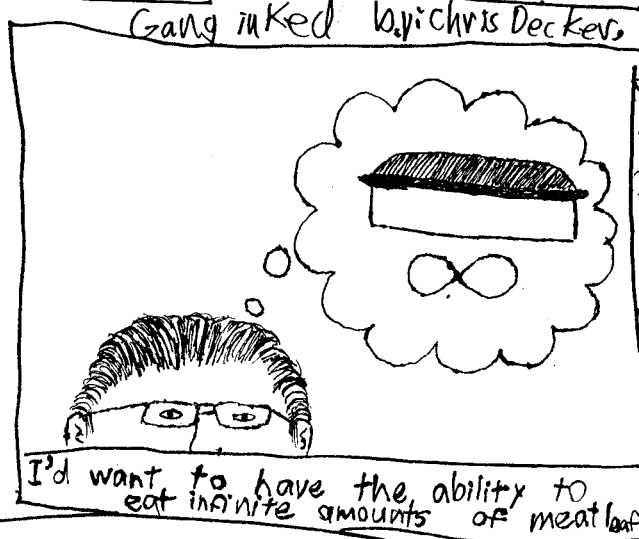
Today's Episode:
"The Power
is mine!"

Gang taked by Chris Decker.

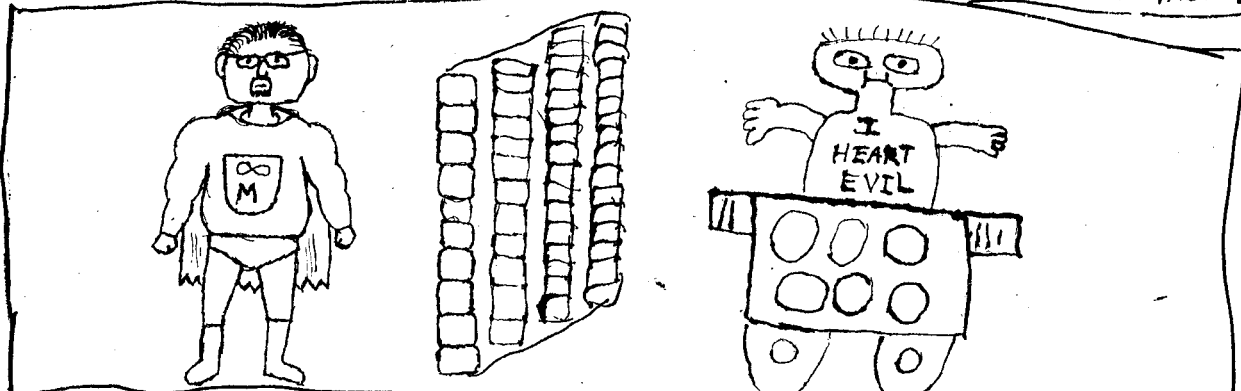
David Rojme, and Laserberg



If I could have a super power...



I'd want to have the ability to eat infinite amounts of meat loaf.



So if evil Dr. Perquatoid locks me in a cell made of meat loaf...



I'd be able to eat my way out.



If I had X-ray vision, I could see my bolles.

That's kinda cool.



But in a cell of meat loaf, X-ray vision is useless. I'd just play game boy.

END

Resolution

by Faery (Heather) Sommer

A zephyr rustled the leaves--well, if there were leaves, it would--and sent a hushed telegram through the deadened trees. This death was merely a visage, as each spring their life was renewed, but it awakened within her a deeply-felt sadness each winter morning. She didn't acknowledge it, however; hell, it could be that she never recognized it.

Recognized or not, it did not lift until nightfall. The stars would reveal themselves (if it were clear) and lend her their omnipotence. If, by chance, it was not a crystal clear night, she could still feel them. Their twinkle only served as a more ornate reminder of their presence. It is during these times that winter seemed only a passing season, its self struggling to survive the way it was taught. It was here, in the darkness with only a few hopes above, that the girl and the season were on equal footing. Even night held no real advantage over the two--as winter's chill still permeated the inkiness and the girl still observed.

She breathed in--the cold stung, at first, then adapted to a more natural feeling within a second. She breathed out--a short, frozen sigh, visible to the naked eye. This rhythm repeated, steady and sure, until she no longer found it novel. Then it still continued, without her acknowledgement. Things always held her attention for a while--usually a short while--until they became what one would call the opposite of novel: tedious.

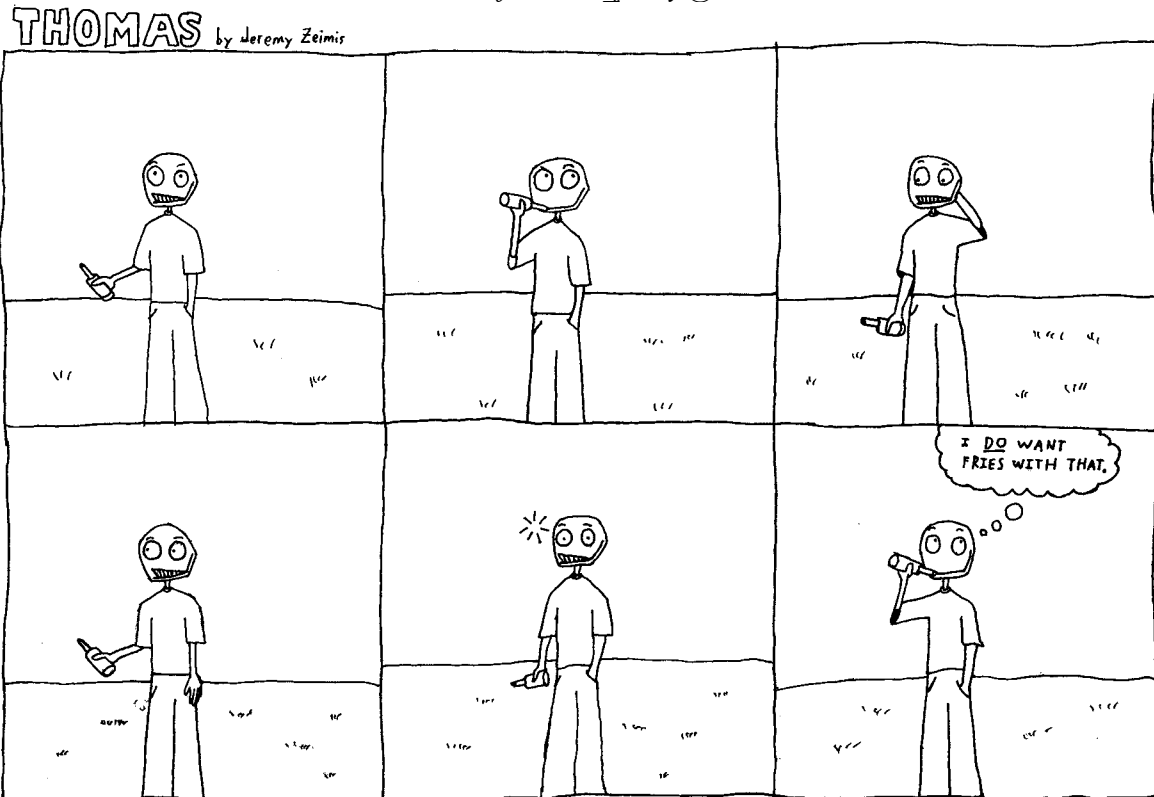
Somehow, this tediousness never extended into her night visits. A miracle, one might speculate. Peculiar, another witness may claim. And a less sensitive onlooker may decide that it was, indeed, eccentric, the regularity and simplicity of the evening ritual that the girl kept.

To her, it was necessary. She would never admit this, though, as she believed herself to be independent"--by her definition, detached--and cared not to commit herself to such a routine. But, whether she'd admit it or not, she was in actuality committed. She was as committed to this ritual, this escape, as spring is to replacing winter.

With winter (struggling to keep its niche in the cycle of seasons) in the background, the girl grew. Unlike her frozen sigh, this was not visible to a bystander. She took root-- something from inside her reached out and took root, extending easily into the icy soil. The fact that the ground was nearly granite in solidarity never struck her as odd.

Winter melted into spring and spring bloomed into full vitality. The girl, now rooted deeply within the Mother, felt as though she could hardly wait for the cycle to complete itself, bringing another winter. She knew, however, that she would have to wait--and, in fact, could wait. It was only natural.

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Untitled (and incomprehensible ---ed.)
by Dave Markwell

alienation on a cool brick floor
dark wet snow, faling from the sky of gray wher or where will all tings fall
in time all things fall
love comes up and takes you away you wonder where or where cna you be heading to
i cant e believ that this could happy to me me me this is waht i think of that
we wander around int sickness looking for the ure the wonderment of the sky the blackness
of night the night that leads to tomorrow that wasnt today(while lemons drop like candy store we find out that we are
not really what we thought wer were we are far less than we knew
][voice from the far off future heard from somewhere off to the left, tellin me, m to go go
for the gold, try for something pretty-what is pretty is what you want=
i feel wrong, whats wrong with me, e e cummings pomes look similar to this
\although i do not feel i am ee cummings at all, and in all honestly im not trying to be him [at ;east i dont think ia m
but perhaps]
books on a shelf, modern ficiton words with out meaning postmodern, weird for he sake of weird
tornadoes tornadoes why worry about the weather, talk abot it with s= people you dont like [wrap yourse lf in plascit
before comencing conversation]}
this could be real, or this could all be a dream tell me and i will let you knwo that i do not know
you pretentous fucks sitting there with you starbucks coffe and your psuedo intelectualism
look at me i go to art college
fuck off
pigs
pigs
you are pigs
i am not devine, [{i felt that this point must be maid as well}}\ yo uare not going to want to read more are you?
ive insulted you havent i??
<why be insulted when you know its so true?>
drop out, get a job, join the real world
if there is a real world
one day you will run out of schools to go to, and you will have to work
mommy and daddy will die [you and i will to, but i dont want to totally destroy your psyche {or do i \even im not sure\
?}]
that was crule
davemarkwell@netscape.net

Contact:

Morning Traffic

By Aremis Asling

Light.
Clock.
Late.
Damn alarm.
Better get changed.
I'm dirty.
Nothing's done.
Throat is sore, bring tea.
Money?
What a wasted morning.
With or without you.
Where's the can?
There with snow on it.
I miss her.
She's so busy.
I've got nothing done.
I can't live.

Soup... chicken and rice.
I've got a bird in my pocket.
Peanuts fan.
Sunshine on a string.
I don't care, do I?
No soup, hot tea.
Why a spoon? They might think I'm
cheating them.
Wait, soup spoon.
With or without you aa...
Drew...
Music book.
With Larry.
No subject variety in old music.
Cuckoo.
Summer is acumen in...
Sex hymns in church.
Larry?
Get book.
Drew's gone.
Write.

The Fanboy Critic

by Ben Trandem

According to the nerd in charge Justin Otto gave up his assignment as Fanboy critic. Apparently to do pieces for the Fanboy poetry section where the motto is "Even if it rhymes it probably sucks!" I thought Justin's first critique was very good. It was one of the few things I did enjoy about the last issue (#34). That's why I'm writing this critique. So let's get started

-Cover image by me. No comment.

-Rant by Trae. I really enjoyed this column. It's hilarious that there are morons out there that judge the artist NOT the artwork. IT would be like if I did a photorealistic one page comic about Recine and I. Now a person with an ounce of intelligence would say

SMART ONE: "I don't like it."

ME: "Why?"

SMART ONE: "The art style doesn't fit the mood."

ME: "Ah ok. That's understandable."

But sadly it's usually like this:

DUMB ONE: "I don't like that. Nope."

ME: "Why?"

DUMB ONE: "Cause I knows you've drawn trendy American Manga s***."

ME (after breaking his fingers one by one), "You are a shallow minded dumbs***. Please, don't breed." Moving on.

-Thomas by Jeremy Zeimis. Oh Boy! Another strip with drug humor and a main character who is an antisocial angst ridden whiny bitch. The art is a small step up from Stickman but doesn't have the writing to hold it. Leave the antisocial angst ridden whiny bitching to Recine and his Disney characters.

-Poetry. You already know my feelings on this section. I will say though in past issues H.L. Hance and Caleb Davis have has some decent pieces.

-Comix by Derek Settergren. I thought the first comic was probably the best of all. Drug humor again? Great. If I wanted to see this I'd go to the dorms.

-Reunion by Dave "Ricecake" Recine. I used to enjoy Quote of the Month but now there are whole F***ING stories in the margins. If you want to vent or ramble on write it somewhere else.

-Ugly American by Dale Nixon. I'm really sorry you have brain damage. You think the whole season of 24 was written, shot, and edited within

two weeks of 9/11/01? That hurts my head. I'll just leave it at that.

-Egnops and Yelims by me. Yikes! Looking at it now I was a horrible inker in high school.

-3 Alien Amigos by Justin Johnson. Enjoyed its first run and I'm looking forward to this run. I actually wanted to pencil an episode. Hopefully Justin will send me a script. Eh? Eh?

-Adventures of the Hamster by Recine. Now this is where you should be writing all your rants. So Jess Bruch isn't a loopy habitual drunk? Too bad because I'm a loopy habitual drunk... not an alcoholic. Remember kids alcoholics go to meetings.

-View from a Darkened Room by Tom Ericksen. Great stuff. Tom has always been dead on with his reviews of movies.

-Buttons by Jim Engel. Really good little strip. Most professional looking in the book.

-Bob the Golfer by Andrew Krueger. I see a scribbled Dilbert without a decent punchline.

-Stickman by Erik Meyer. Hilarious. To bad Recine copies it like s***.

-Howard the Monkey. Nice art and that's about it.

-Orbitt by Charles Davis. I think Orbitt would be a very good comic if only Charles would use more variation in his inked line size. I for one have trouble distinguishing characters from the background. Other than that technical problem I'd like to see the whole book when it comes out. Now if any of you don't like this critique. BITE ME! I'm the co-publisher. I help pay for the print job so I can do whatever the hell I please. Just be glad I'm not a freak like **Topher**.

END.

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(Additional mad notes from the editor: Fanboy number 34 is available for \$1 a copy while supplies last. E-mail me about this at recinedc@uwec.edu. And Tim Seeley (from page 3) can be contacted at: timothyseeley@hotmail.com.)