"CATHARSIS"

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, I GET IN A STATE OF MIND I CALL AN "ARTIST CRISIS" - THE USUAL SELF-DOU TING BULLSHIT, YOU KNOW? "AM I ANY GOOD? WILL I EVER BE?" WILL ANYTHING I DO EVER REALLY MATTER ANYWAY?

I ALWAYS HAD THIS IMPRESSION THAT ART IS A PRODUCT OF PAIN. BUT WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT PAIN? I'M A YOUNG, HEALTHY WHITE MAN WITH 2 COLLEGE DEGREES WHO MARRIED HIS HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART. WHAT ETERNAL TRUTHS COULD I POSSIBLY MAKE MEANINGFUL TO YOU, THE JADED AND BOUNTRODDEN "EVERY- MAN"?

Perhaps it's not the truths themselves which are important, but the attempt at expression, "the medium is the message," and all that; that would certainly be comforting, if it were true.

Maybe it doesn't matter anyway, and I'm just worrying for nothing. Maybe you don't even care. You don't know me, after all, and I can't look over your shoulder while you read this. All you want is the "phff," that momentary miniature orgasm which is your reward for investing a moment of your life in the consumption of my labour.

What you probably don't realize is that I design my work precisely for that purpose: the slow build to a climax where you take a part of me into yourself. I hate to get so cerebral about this, but I just wanted to articulate my own realization: that art comes from passion, not pain. This is a very important moment in our relationship.

So, was it good for you?
“AMPUTATION” (A POOR MAN’S MANIFESTO)

Why do you suppose fanboys are so fascinated by violence?

Could it be that Wolverine, Lex Luthor, and The Terminator provide a necessary cathartic release for today’s troubled youth?

Perhaps they’re modern examples of that time-worn comic theme, the adolescent power wish-fulfillment fantasy.

Or, perhaps they like the blood.

At any rate, there aren’t many superhero comics worth reading these days.

It’s not just that they are uninspired, immature, and overpriced; they’re boring.

Sklitch

There is only so much room for art and commerce to mix. Most of the time, the commerce of superhero comics crowds out the art, assuming there’s some to start with.

Anyway, I hope I don’t wind up working for that crazy mainstream world. I’m not sure I even could.

... I seem to have given myself a handicap.
GENIUS IS PAIN
"I AM SHIT"
©1994 HOME BREW COMICS

"To achieve harmony in bad taste is the height of elegance." - Jean Genet

"As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler." - Izaak Walton

"Wrath kills the foolish man, and envy slays the silly one." - Job 5:12

"An artist is his own fault." - Sean O'Hara

"All great things we know have come to us from neurotics." - Proust

"So full of artless jealousy is guilt, it spills itself in fearing to be split." - Hamlet, Act I, Scene 1

"Such labored nothings, in so strange a style, amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile." - Alexander Pope

"Criticism is easy, art is difficult." - Destouches

"If I should die, said I to myself, 'I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have lov'd the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had time I would have made myself remembered.'" - Keats

Apologies to R. Calvin
COMICS INTERRUPTUS

They say every story must have a beginning, middle, and end.

But there's this technique called *in medias res...* that's Latin for "cut to the chase."

Basically, it means that a story can be more exciting when the reader is thrust immediately into the action.

By doing so, the audience will be forced to figure it out while they are carried toward the climax.

A lot of mystery stories work this way.

The trick is to reveal the details of the story's "past" and "present" in a parallel fashion.

So, in many cases, the background details build to a mini-climax before the true's "natural" peak.

Such structural complexity rewards both the author and audience with a more exciting experience.

That's all for today. Drive safely, and remember: plot devices are our friends.
"PRURIENT INTEREST"

Does the image on this page make you want to masturbate? If so, I could be arrested.

You see, Canadian obscenity laws are designed to discourage gratuitous and offensive depictions of violence, nudity, sexual intercourse and so on. Said laws supposedly reflect "community standards" and excuse artists who explain the herit of their work to the court.

Some of you were offended as soon as you saw the image. Some will be offended by the time they finish reading the page. Some will not be offended at all.

How shall I appease them? Would the picture be improved if it were rendered in our, framed, and hung in a gallery? Does that make it "legitimate" art? Or perhaps the center panel could be deleted, or the woman's breasts covered with a black rectangle.

I can sympathize with all of that, but I must insist on my rights as an artist and a free human being to say, write, or draw whatever I want to do. If I distribute the product of that expression irresponsibly and force it into the hands of minors, I should be charged with a crime, and should be asked the inevitable.

"Do you call it art?"

If we follow a strict definition of "art" ("craft or activity requiring imaginative skill," o.e.d.), I would admit that this particular image is not.

It did, however, take hours of thought and effort to create this page, while it takes you minutes (if not seconds) to read it and make some sort of judgement.

This may sound impudent or insensitive, but I can't worry about how people are going to react every time I write or draw something, whether it turns out that they like it or not.

Artists do have responsibilities to their audience, but they also have very important ones to themselves: to do the best work they can on a given piece, and to be their own harshest critics. Since I cannot please everyone, I must at least please myself.

By now, some of you are pissed off. Maybe you think I'm talking down to the reader. Maybe you don't like artists who explain their work. Maybe you wish my comics weren't so "talky." Maybe you think I'm just full of shit.

And, maybe you're right. But, if gross self-indulgence is what it takes to make my point, so be it.

It's not that I don't care what you think, or that I intend to upset the average person in the name of art. The way I see it, my purpose is to make you think. Maybe I'll do that by trying to make you laugh or cry; maybe I'll scare you or shock you.

Whatever it takes, friend.

Text ©1992. HOME BREW COMICS/92.

DEDICATED TO TELLO BIAFRA
The young sculptor travelled until he could no longer recognize the speech of the natives. He found his way to the cave of the old man whose wisdom was legendary.

The elder listened to his tale of woe and sat for a time, smoking.

"Your pain," he began, "is a living thing. You must discover its face and then capture it in your hands. It will be your greatest work."

"When you are finished, throw it from a mountain without delay." "And then?" puzzled the sculptor.

"You will know what to do," the wise one promised. Skeptical, the young man thanked him and began the trek home, meditating on the face of his pain.

Exhausted as he was by the journey, the sculptor did not rest until he had carried out the old man's advice.

When he looked down at the shattered granite, he smiled and picked up a piece which pleased him, placing it in his pocket.

Thereafter, when someone praised his work, he would smile and know secretly that his greatest sculpture would never be known by others.
ARE YOU LIKE ME?
DO YOU FEEL VAGUELY
UNSATISFIED WHEN YOU
FINISH READING MOST
COMIC BOOKS?

YOU SEE, YOUR BRAIN IS
A VERY SENSITIVE
INSTRUMENT. TO DEVELOP
PROPERLY, IT MUST
RECEIVE A BALANCED
DIET.

THIS BRAIN, FOR INSTANCE,
HAS RECEIVED A STEADY
DIET OF "BRAND X"
COMICS. OBSERVE HOW
FLACCID AND LISTLESS
IT IS!

BUT, LOOK! WITH JUST
ONE EXPOSURE TO DREGS,
AN EXCITING NEW COMIC
BOOK, THE BRAIN EXHIBI-
ITS RENEWED VITALITY!

YES, DREGS ... A NEW
TASTE EXPERIENCE FROM
THE FOLKS AT HOME
BREW COMICS. EACH
ISSUE CONTAINS A BLEND
OF MENTAL NUTRIENTS
DESIGNED TO SATISFY.

DREGS HAS A UNIQUE
FLAVOUR WHICH HAS BEEN
OVERWHELMINGLY PREFERRED
IN IMAGINARY TASTE TESTS.
IT'S A COMIC WITH SUB-
STANCE, BUT NOT SO
HEAVY AS TO LEAVE AN
UNPLEASANT AFTERTASTE.

SO, WHEN YOU'VE HAD
ENOUGH OF WANTING MORE
FROM THE COMICS YOU
READ, HARASS YOUR FAVOUR-
ITE COMIC SHOP OR BOOK
STORE UNTIL THEY CARRY
DREGS! OR, WRITE TO
THIS ADDRESS:

YOUR BRAIN WILL THANK
YOU FOR IT!

CAN I GO NOW?
GENERATION
HAS NOTHING IN COMMON WITH THEIR PARENTS, YOU SAY? ROBBISH! AFTER ALL, BOTH...

KSWAGEN
..WENT TO COLLEGE,
WHERE THEY WERE
INSPIRED BY EXOTIC
PHILOSOPHIES...

PORSC

THE WHO
STOP THE WAR

ERA
ROE

WE NEED
FREE OF CHOCTOBS

DEMONSTRATED IN
PUBLIC FOR THE
IMPORTANT ISSUES...

WITNESSED THE
RETURN OF ELVIS...
INNA-GALDA-DAAAAAAAAAAAAVVIDA, BABY!

SPENT A LOT OF HOURS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MIND-NUMBING MEDIA...

WITNESSED GREAT MOMENTS IN POLITICAL UPHEAVAL...

FEAR THEIR RETIREMENT BECAUSE...

©1994 HOME BREW COMICS INC.
SAVE YOUR VIDEO RENTAL BUDGET WITH THE 6-PANEL HORROR FILM!!

GOSH, Bambi... Do those look like hatchet-marks to you?

OH, Randy! Everyone knows that silly curse is just a story!

ANATOMY OF A "KILL":

TEENAGERS DOING WHAT THEY SHOULDN'T!

CHEAP WINE AND DRUGS!

NO PROTECTION!

OLD, MUSTY BED!

CRAZED, MASKED PSYCHOPATH WITH SHARP WEAPON IN SHADOWY AREA

WINDOWS (SUITABLE FOR ESCAPING)

DOOR (EITHER LOCKED OR BLOCKED)

REPEAT AD NAUSEAM

THE MOMENT OF DISCOVERY...

WHOA! EVERYONE'S LIKE, DEAD!

BLERF!

ONE CHASE SCENE LATER... OFFICER!

THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE! A MANIAC HAS KILLED ALL OF OUR FRIENDS AND CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES!!

SURE, KID, I'LL HELP YOU...

ONE CONTRIVED CLIMAX LATER...

WE'RE SAFE AT LAST, DAPHNE!

BUT FOR HOW LONG, FRED? HOW LONG??

THE END

LEADING THE EYE.

Hey, you! Yeah, you! Come here!

Come on, closer! I won't bite...

Ha!

...but, I never said I wouldn't borrow one of your eyes.

You see, I wanted to give it an up-close look at my world, the comic strip.

Aw, the poor thing is scared! It's never been stuck in a box like this one!

Cheer up, little fella! These are special walls!

Look! You can bounce off them like a trampoline!

But they're also strong enough to protect us from what lurks in the gutters!

And, if you decide you want to get out for some air, they open right up for you!

I've got to admit, I don't feel very comfortable outside of panels. It's too easy to get confused...

Well, I know you'd like to rejoin your partner, Mr. Eye... But first, I have to find a way down to the bottom tier...

 Heck, if it wasn't for these big arrows, I'd be completely lost!

Suppose, for example, we decided to move from right to left?

Welcome to China

The ever-lovin' cross-eyed

End!

Ah, there it is. Okay, then...

Comin' at ya!

Oops! I guess my aim isn't too good.

Guess my very vision should return to normal soon... I hope.

Your vision should return to normal soon... I hope.

1993
PIT STOP ON THE ROAD TO HELL

Series One
© 1993 Home Brew Comics/32

1: The Escher Theme Park.

2: The seat between Siskel and Ebert.

3: Haitian flea markets.

4: The Popsicle Stick Museum.

5: Honest Ed’s Discount Suicide Assistance.

6: Muzak Festivals.

7: Wagner Night at the Dinner Opera.

8: Off-season at the Soggin Ferry.

Hey, kids! Send in your suggestions!
RETAIL TAXONOMY

LIKE MANY STRUGGLING ARTISTS, I HAVE A DAY JOB IN THE BEHEMOTH KNOWN AS THE "SERVICE INDUSTRY." WHEN YOU DEAL WITH HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE EACH DAY, YOU NOTICE THINGS.

This guy, for example, seems to need space...

"Hi there, how are -"

I'M JUST LOOKING, DAMMIT! CAN'T A MAN GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT BEING SUBJECTED TO HIGH PRESSURE SALES TACTICS BLAH BLAH BLAH.

..but he's preferable to the ones who make you doubt your own existence...

Hi, could I help you?

Perhaps I can tell you about something?

Well, have a good day...

Asshole.

Some who do stop to talk don't seem very interested...

...but if they are buying, some seem to want something for nothing...

...and then some are a bit too interested...

C'mon, I can get this across town for fifty cents less, you gotta at least give it to me without the takes if I pay cash and you could take my old one in trade...

Now, what's the use of that... what'll they think of next... the consumer report says it's a fad... bet you could find it cheaper in the states anyway...

NICE PLACE! You've got here! You the owner? How's the rent? Is this a franchise? Say, how would you like to build your earning potential in your spare time?

3 • The Skeptic.

4 • The Hagglers.

5 • The Mogul.
Some don't seem to have a clue...

I'm looking for... oh, you know, they're used in those things, oh, come on, how many could there be?

...but perhaps they want to get one from you...

Yeah, I was wondering if you knew how I could apply the principles of jet propulsion to the pre-amp I'm building for my ham radio station BAHBAHBAH.

...or, worse, give one to you!

...but of course, the XR-25 uses the new Motorola F.U.I. processor, freeing up the first RAM to produce 7 billion virtual calculations per blip blablabla.

...some seem to think that you're out to get them...

...and perhaps some of them are right.

...you bought things that were made by people you knew, so you expected them to last! If they did break, you could get your money back.

CUSTOMERS AND SHOPWALKERS BUILT RELATIONSHIPS BASED ON TRUST AND LOYALTY...

Now, we're just cattle for people trying to make a quick buck.

Say, do you think you could cash my pension cheque?

...so when you find yourself behind a counter for minimum wage, remember: no matter what their breed, the customer is always right...

...especially when they're wrong.

6. The Mind Reader.

7. The Student.

8. The Teacher.


10. The Raconteur.

12. The Auteur.
SEX SELLS.

WHO DO THEY THINK THEY'RE FOOLING? THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

TAKE THE SIMPLE ACT OF SUCKING A POPSICLE. IS THERE ANYONE OVER THE AGE OF 5 WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THIS REALLY MEANS?

IT'S GETTING SO THAT JUST WATCHING T.V. FOR A FEW MINUTES CAN MAKE A GUY TOO EXCITED FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

OF COURSE, THE DUAL MEANING OF "STICK SHIFT" IS NOT LOST ON AD AGENTS.

EVEN SOAP—BY DEFINITION, A TOOL OF CLEANLINESS—HAS BEEN SULLIED BY THEM!

IN FACT, THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE T.V. SHOWS—YOU KNOW, THE THINGS IN BETWEEN COMMERCIALS—HAVE NOTICED THEIR SPONSORS' TACTICS.

I GUESS WHAT I'M SAYING IS THAT IF THEY WANT TO INVEST SO MUCH IN IMPLIED SEX, THEY MIGHT BE MORE TOLERANT WHEN WE PREFER TO SEE SEX BETWEEN PEOPLE, NOT PRODUCTS.

BOYCOTT TV SMUT.

LIKE RETULANT LOVERS, THEY WITHHOLD THEIR SUPPORT WHEN SOMEONE INFRINGES ON THEIR DOMAIN.
TASTE TEST.

- We're here in the mall to get reactions to a new, refreshing drink!

- You, sir! Would you like to take our taste test?
  - Not really.

- We'll give you a dollar!
  - Oh, all right.

- Great! We'd like you to try each of these popular beverages, 'A' and 'B'.

- OK.

- Hmm...

- Well, sir, what is your preference: 'A' or 'B'?

- Um... B, I guess.

- Then you've chosen our new drink! Now, let's see what you didn't pick!

- "Crocade," a top-selling drink for active people. But, you chose 'B', which is...

- Urine!

- Yes, urine: #1 by-product of life on earth!

- ...and as we all know, if it's organic, it's good for you!

- "Our urine is collected and bottled in a Swiss lavatory."

- And, studies have shown that 9 of 10 athletes prefer urine over crocade.

- So, remember! Hot or cold, urine hits the spot!

- Now available in spicy Mexican and low-calorie urine lite!

- Urine... proud sponsor of the 1996 Summer Olympic Games.

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Thank you for calling
Eternal Hold Limited.
If you would like
service in English,
please press "1".

Thank you! Please
stand by; your call
will be answered
when one of our
service representatives
becomes available.

While you wait, allow
us to entertain you
with distorted elevator
music which was ines-
trically popular a few
years ago.

"Like a rhinestone
cowboy... getting
cards and letters
from people I
don't even know."

If you would
rather not listen
to the recorded
music, please
press "1".

Thank you. Please
hold the line.
Your call will be
dealt with as
soon as possible.

As you wait, you
could help us
improve our ser-
vice by answering
a questionnaire.

To answer a
question, please
press "1" for
"yes" and "2"
for "no."

Question one:
do you use
your telephone
more than six
hours per day?

Question two:
did you call
us because you
find my voice
attractive?

Question three:
if a tree falls
in the forest
with no one
present, does it
make a sound?

Question four:
are you calling
us to report a
personal en-
counter with
Elvis?

Thank you for
your patience!
We're amazed
at your
perseverance!

If you keep
holding for
only twelve
hours, you'll
get a record!

We will now
conduct a
test of the
emergency
broadcast system.

Look out!!

Had this been
an actual
emergency,
you would be
in trouble.

Still here?
Good! Your
call is very
important to
us!

I wasn't
always an
answering
machine,
you know.

I used to
be the main-
frame for
this office!

Yes, I once
ran the
whole thing.

Of course,
in those
days, half
a megabyte
was a lot!

But, a few
years ago,
someone
decided I
was too old.

Click! Click!

Click!

Click!

Yes, some
new kid
replaced
me with a
Macintosh.

So, now I'm
here talk-
ing to you.

Who are
you, any-
way?

I've for-
gotten why
you called.

I guess it
doesn't
matter...

Maybe you're
just like me.

So, let's
sing a
song...

One from
the old
city...

Daisy... daisy...

Give me
your an-
swer, so...
Some of you may be wondering why most of my comics are only one page long.

Now, I could be a poseur and claim that I prefer to lay out stories that can be viewed as self-contained entities, like paintings or sculpture...

But the truth is that my comics are designed this way thanks to some tough business decisions!

You see, here at Home Brew Comics, we believe in giving you the best value for your money.

"How can this be?" you may ask. "When Dregs has only half the pages of a standard comic book and is not even printed in colour?"

Those things are true - for now, but consider this: the 16 pages in each issue of Dregs are packed with at least 50% more panels than mainstream comics!

And you won't find any of those unseemly advertisements in this book. They take up to a third of your ordinary comics.

As for the lack of colour, we don't believe in altering original black-and-white artwork just to make Dregs a little flashier. The comics speak for themselves, warts and all, without cosmetic distractions.

Most importantly, our preference of single-page comics means that you can find up to a dozen stories in each issue of Dregs.

That means a lot more variety and satisfaction than what you find in those conventional "continued" comics!

So, I hope that you will join those who won't settle for the same old thing. Settle for Dregs instead! It's the small-time comic that gives you big value!

Dregs: The Comic Book That Pushes The Envelope And Sends It Crying Home To Mother.

Issue 2 now on sale! Send $1.50 to:
Home Brew Comics

...or show this ad to your favourite shop!
There's a new feeling of hope in America.

People are returning to the traditional values which made this country what it is today.

And so, when faced with an unplanned pregnancy, more people are making the right choice:

Genetic screening.

...because they realize that to be a better country, we need better people.

They know that the challenge of the future might overwhelm those so unfortunate as to be different.

The handicapped, mentally impaired, sexually deviant, and those with criminal inclination can be detected with genetic screening.

It may not be easy, but in their hearts, Americans know that genetic screening is our most humane choice to help us succeed with the next generation...

...because the will of the many outweighs the rights of the one.
UNDISCOVERED VOLUMES

WRITTEN BY MARK UDREMAN

ARTWORK BY S2

whether the document was written under an author's care and direction or was channelled into existence through the pen is irrelevant.

by virtue of its own existence, the book was a bona-fide piece of writing.

poor, lonely book: the product of hours of sweat, effort, thought, and hope, yet unread.

what a sad thing, to be unread.
pathetic. lonely.
vast energies were summoned to create the book, yet once created, the book was never used.

Alas, though, the book lacked the most important attribute: it was unread.
There are many books which have never been read, as there are many people who have never been touched.

They walk the streets, drive in cars, eat in restaurants—often alone.

Lonely people are like undiscovered volumes in a forgotten section of a library.

Many of them watch television, too many of them watch television alone.

These people are waiting to be found and appreciated.

A quiet exterior can hold a galaxy of insights and delights, if these lonely ones are treated with respect.

They may be a bit dusty from drive, or yellowed and cracked with age...

... but sometimes the greatest find is the unexpected one.

At first glance, they may appear unattractive and dull. These books may take time and patience to appreciate...
STILL LIFE WITH FOTOMAT © 1993 HOME BREW COMICS/82.

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO WORKS IN ONE OF THOSE FOTOMATS.

I HATE THAT SPELLING, "FOTOMAT"; WOULD IT KILL THEM TO USE "PH"?

HE HATES IT THERE. "TWO YEARS OF PHOTO SCHOOL," HE SAYS, "AND LOOK AT ME."

I TOLD HIM ONCE NOT TO BE SO NEGATIVE; HE GAVE ME SUCH A LOOK.

THE CUSTOMERS GET ON HIS NERVES BY ASKING FOR "FILL-EM" OR "BAT-TREES."

I'VE TRIED TO TELL HIM HE'D FEEL WORSE IF HE WAS UNEMPLOYED LIKE ME.

AFTER ALL, I WENT TO COLLEGE TOO— BUT, THIS ISN'T ABOUT ME.

BUT MAYBE IT SHOULD BE. AT LEAST HE GETS PAID FOR WORKING ALL DAY.

THE "EXPLODED PANEL" STRUCTURE WAS STOLEN FROM MARTIN VAUGHN-JAMES' THE PARK: A MYSTERY (COACH HOUSE PRESS, '72)
**The Witch Hunt: A Cautionary Tale.**

**1950.** Hello there, Mr. and Mrs. America. We just thought you should know that even though we've chased those communists across town, we've discovered a new threat.

**1960.** Comic books are a menace to society!

**1970.** Moral Adams, where pleased to report that rock and roll has been neutralized. However, we've learned of a new threat.

**1980.** Drugs are a menace to society!!!

**2000.** When! Now that everyone who matters is having that sex, we have time to interpret an unexpected new threat.

**1960.** Well, folks, we have examined these subversive comic books, but in doing so, we've uncovered a new threat.

**1970.** Comic books are a menace to society!!!

**1980.** Well, we're having a hard time with those drugs, but at least we've gotten them out of your neighborhood. Besides, we're related to a more current new threat.

**1990.** Rock and roll is a menace to society!!!

**2000.** Well, Mr. and Mrs. America, we have managed to save your children from all these wicked influences. Comic books are dead, rock is dead, drags are kept out of sanity, and sex now. After all, this time, we've found the threat we were searching for all along.

**2000.** You are a menace to society!!!
So when I called Ba, he said, "Don't know what I'm going to tell Gloria if she ever hear a noise from over there." Mommy, can we go to the next room?" I say, "Don't think I'm being unfair, do what kind of noise do you mean?"

And do you know what that cheap bastard said to me? Woke me up at about four in the morning! Police were on TV last night. This guy was a detective and wanted to find a boxer or something, but he met a woman and he met her in the next room. I think she had a job at a firm."

Well, I told him I'd see what the police were doing. He said there had been a massacre in the apartment. I guess they were looking for the girl. I called the monitor there, and they told me to wait. I said, "I can still ask two questions. In everything he writes, 'What is' and 'What?"

Shit! It's not responsive."

Late! He's waking up! He's waking up!"
I’m sorry you had to find out this way; but as you can see, there’s nowhere left to run.

Who are you? How did I get here? I was just going to my apartment—

while our political systems fell, the world’s population finally realized that the end was at hand.

My name’s Robert. I was one of many scientists who predicted the environmental disaster of the new century.
"When we offered them a chance for survival, there was no shortage of volunteers."

"The premise was simple: humanity needed a new environment, one that was less vulnerable to nature, and to ourselves."

"We were confident that cyberspace could be that environment."

"Our volunteers were connected to virtual reality chambers, tested exhaustively while we created programs which would duplicate their brain activity... recreate their consciousness."

"The programs are being stored on the only satellite which we can depend on: the moon."
We're in the final stages now. We've scanned the minds of everyone who survived the famines, plagues, wars, and panic. When their data is received and checked at the Moonbase, they'll live again in cyberspace.

Now, if you'll be so kind as to return to the scanning chamber, we can continue. There's no time to lose.

NO!
I'd rather die out there than live without ever being able to touch anything... to need anything...

I'm sorry you feel that way...

...but I'm afraid you have no choice.

You see, your mind has already been scanned and your body has been disposed of.

This was our final experiment. We convinced your mind that you felt sensations, emotions, you feel alive, even though this is all just a simulation.

Don't worry, we'll reset your program so that you won't remember this traumatic experience...

...Sorry for the inconvenience.
TODAY ON HARD EDITION: DID THE FBI INVEST AMERICAN CITRIKE TWO?
There's a new feeling of hope in America.

People are returning to the traditional values which made this country what it is today.

And so, when faced with a menace to society, more people are making the right choice:

Capital punishment. ..because they realize that the right to life applies only to the unborn.

They know that their tax dollars are too precious to spend on those who have chosen to stray from the path of decency.

They know that their government is the best judge of how to protect the people that matter.

It may not be easy, but in their hearts Americans know that it is the right thing to do...

...because what was good for their founders must be good for them, too.

Operation: Paper Tiger

Day 13
WHAT WOULD YOU BUY WITH $1.50?

APologies to DAVID GREENBERGER, AND DANIEL CLOWES.

You could get a soda pop and a hot dog, or maybe some popcorn at the movies.

I'd buy th' papers.

I knew a guy in the war who'd a killed someone for that. A'course, that was a lotta money then.

I'd call my son from th' pay phone.

I'd buy a ball, a'nickels and wrap it in my fist an' punch you right inna mouth for askin' stupid questions.

I'd buy the latest issue of DREGS!

Say, maybe you should too!

That sounds good. I'd get that.