

**WE ALL DIE ALONE**

**NEWGARDEN**

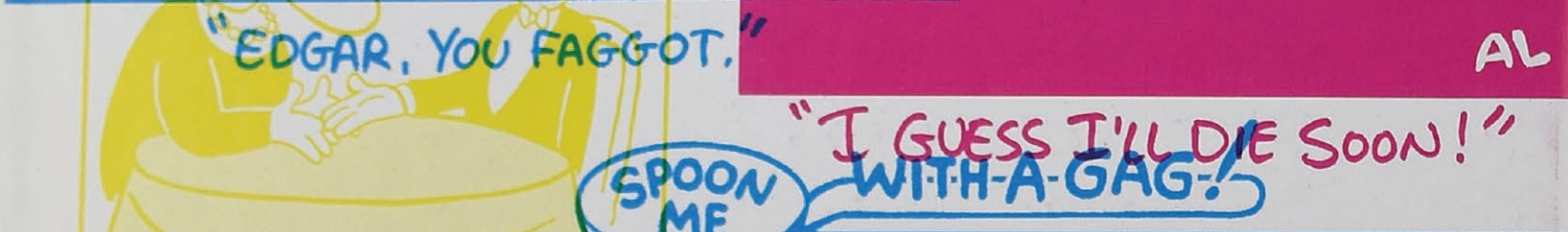
KIDS SAY THE CUTEST THINGS!



it is to laff!

"EDGAR, YOU FAGGOT."

AL



SPOON ME

"I GUESS I'LL DIE SOON!"  
WITH-A-GAG!

PONNETOMPLINSKI

"hic!"  
"NO ONE WILL LOVE YOU AND YOU'LL DIE ALONE."



JUAN GRIS

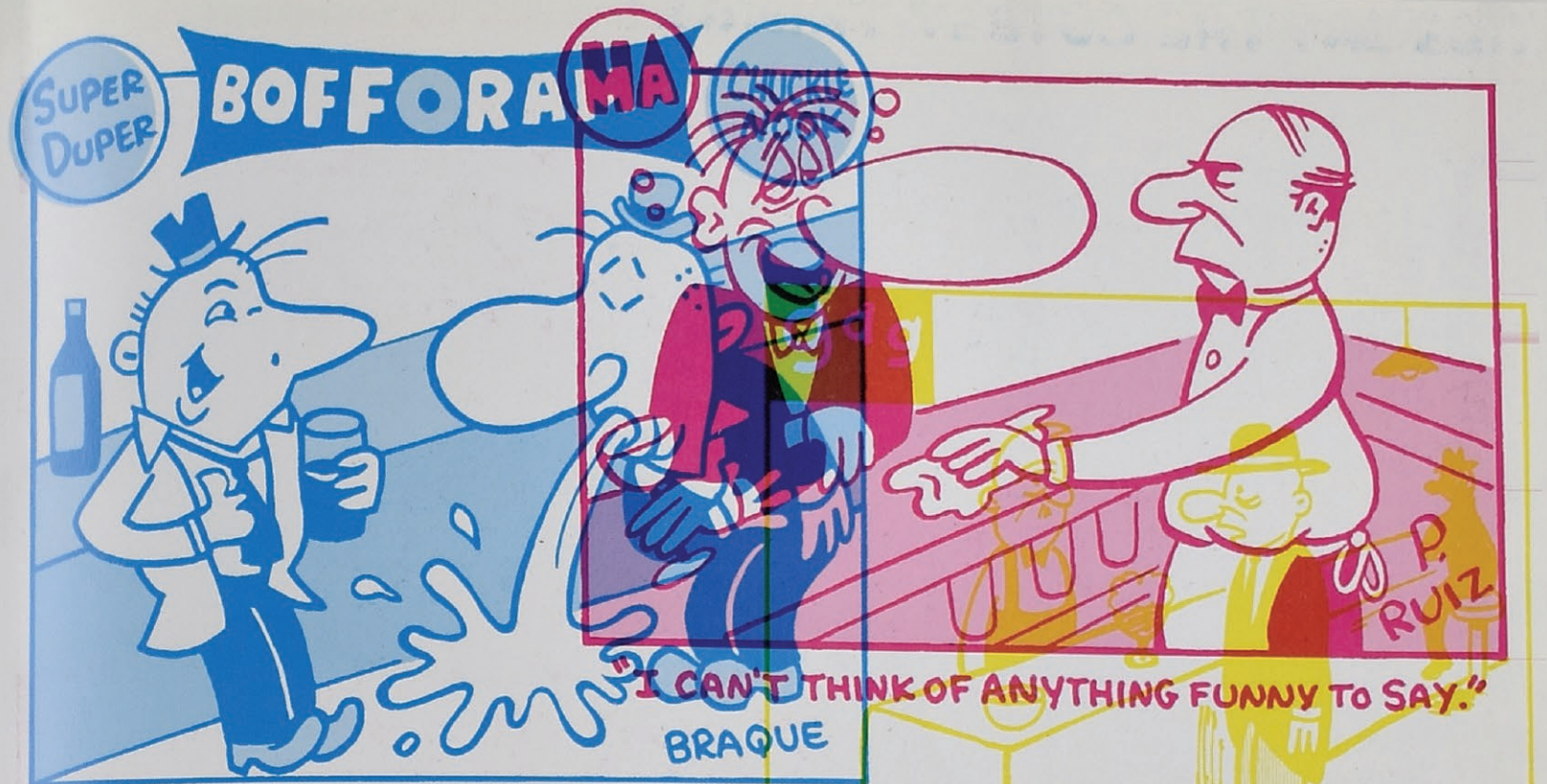
"A BOWL OF MUSHY RICE FOR ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES AND I'LL HAVE THE INDIVIDUAL CAN OF TUNA."



MATISSE

"MY WIFE THINKS I LOVE HER!"

"I'M EATING ALONE AGAIN."



SUPER DUPER

BOFFORAMA

"I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING FUNNY TO SAY."

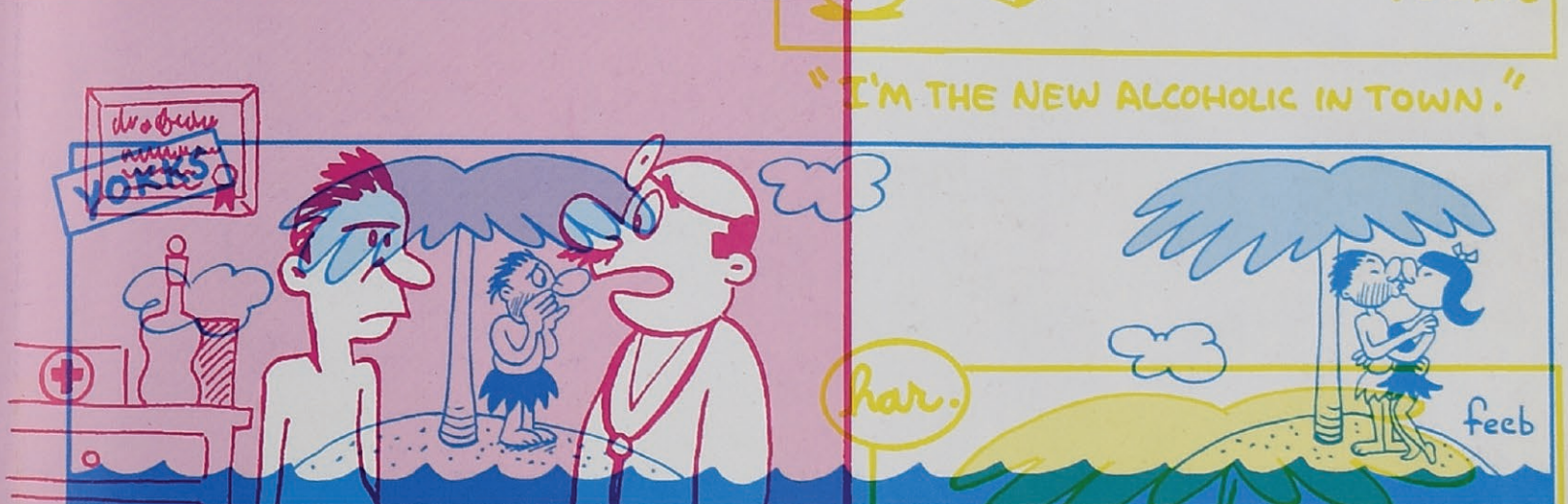
BRAQUE



"TIME TO GO HOME AND MOLEST MY 8-YR. OLD."

AW, GO ON! by figgs

Pookie



"I'M THE NEW ALCOHOLIC IN TOWN."

har.

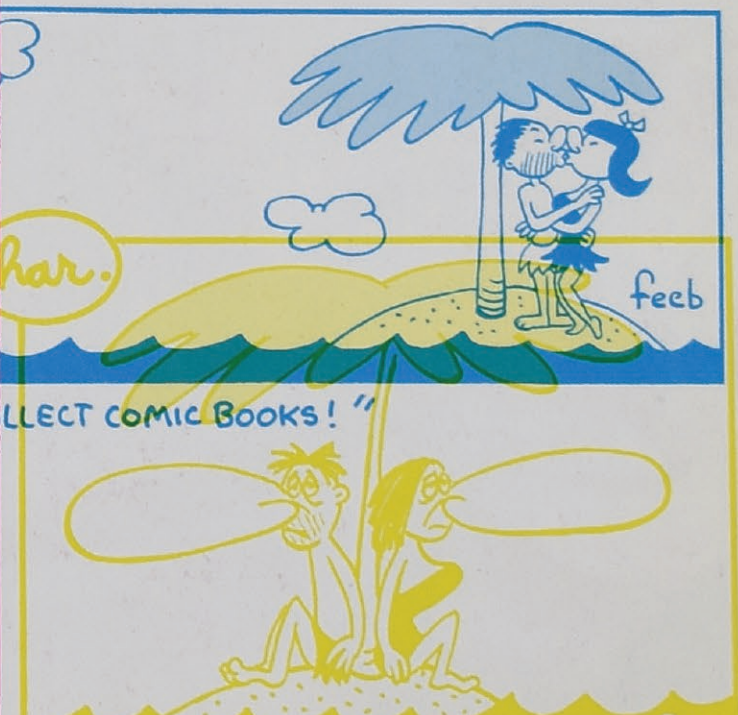
feeb



"HI! MY NAME IS TED! I COLLECT COMIC BOOKS!"

figgs

"FUNNY, I THOUGHT YOU'D DIED."



"FIRST ONE TO DIE WINS."

SY

KIDS

CHILDHOOD SEEMS  
GOOD IN RETROSPECT,  
BECAUSE WE WERE  
NOT YET AWARE OF  
THE BASIC TRUTH:  
THAT WE'RE ALL LOSERS,  
THAT WE'RE DESTINED  
TO DIE, AND DEATH  
IS A DEFEAT.

EDITED BY DAN NADEL / PICTUREBOX  
DESIGNED BY HELENE SILVERMAN

—JEAN SHEPHERD

A COLLECTION OF  
CARTOONS AND JOKES  
BY MARK NEWGARDEN

LIFE DOES NOT  
CEASE TO BE FUNNY  
WHEN PEOPLE DIE  
ANY MORE THAN IT  
CEASES TO BE  
SERIOUS WHEN  
PEOPLE LAUGH.

—GEORGE  
BERNARD SHAW

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

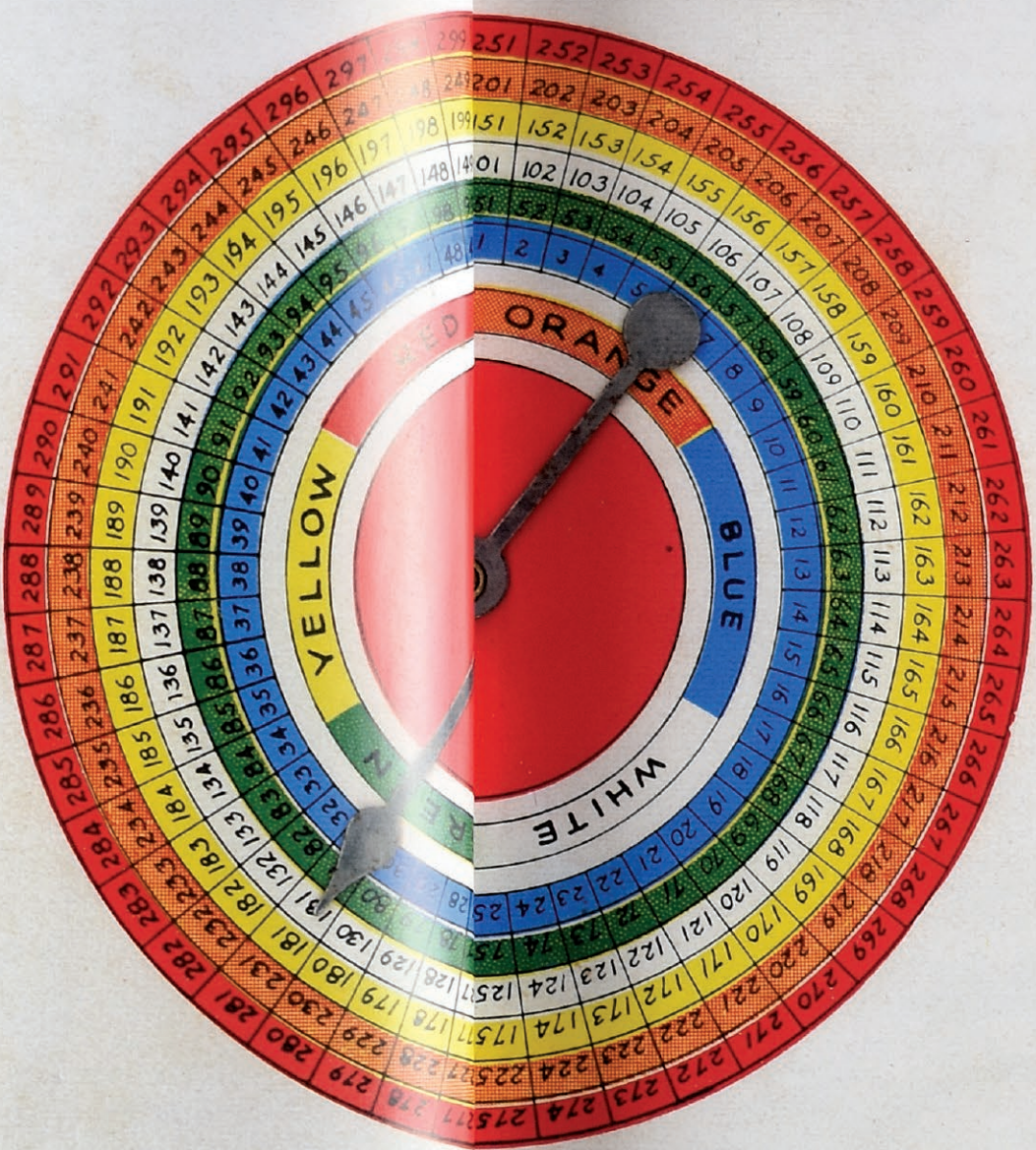
The first thing that comes to our mind is  
I've been waiting for a book of Mark

## BASICS OF HUMOR

- 1 CHILDISHNESS: *Example*—Dignified looking men at Directors' Meeting—two of them shooting paper wads at each other.
- 2 IGNORANCE OR STUPIDITY: *Example*—Couple touring Spain—Bullfight in background, lots of Spanish people around making it very obvious that it is Spain. Woman looks at travel guide book, says to husband—"If today is Thursday, then this is Spain."
- 3 ANIMALS DOING OR SAYING HUMAN THINGS: *Example*—Woman is buying jacket for her dog. The dog picks it up and takes it to the light to see if he likes the colors in it before he lets her buy it.
- 4 VANITY: *Example*—About fifty chorus girls all dressed and looking alike—One of them is saying to the manager—"If you fire me, what will happen to your show?"
- 5 OBVIOUSNESS (saying something so obvious that it is ridiculous to mention it): *Example*—Man in boat in jungle stream. Stream is full of crocodiles, snakes, hippos and other animals. Shore is lined with tigers, lions, snakes, etc. Man turns to native paddler and says—"See here, boy, we've got to be mighty careful."
- 6 FLATTERY (obvious): *Example*—Corset saleslady is selling corset to woman with terrible figure. Says to woman—"Just look what the wrong corset has done to your figure."
- 7 DECEIVING EXPECTATION: *Example*—Picture of two women in penthouse on top of very high building. Surroundings are very dignified and rich. Woman says—"The only trouble with living up here is that you get no free samples." (What the woman says is entirely different from that which you are led to expect from the surroundings.)
- 8 INDIFFERENCE (to surrounding, to law and order, to women, to love of children, to accepted customs, to hardship, to climate, to pleasure, to wealth): *Example of indifference to surroundings*—Little colored choir boy singing hi-de-ho stuff in dignified church choir.
- 9 MISUNDERSTANDING OR MISUSE OF WORDS (or play on words): *Example*—Middle-aged woman comes on board a ship with valise in her hand and asks the captain—"You advertised for a mate, didn't you?"
- 10 DOING EASY THINGS THE HARD WAY (or hard things the easy way): *Example*—Two painters on a scaffold—one of them uses a very complicated boy scout knot to tie his end of the scaffold—rather than the simple twist which is all that is necessary. Result—scaffold falls.
- 11 LOSS OF DIGNITY: *Example*—Policeman is telephoning to his captain that there has been a robbery. The policeman is without his trousers.
- 12 USING AN ANIMAL OR HUMAN FOR UNFITTED TASK: *Example*—Tying a stubborn mule on the back of an auto and using him for a brake going down hill.
- 13 GREAT EXAGGERATION: *Examples*—Service station having so many gas pumps that attendant has to act as guide to get people out. Man smoking two cigars at once, or wearing two hats. Person having too many silly accessories in an auto.
- 14 ARROGANCE: *Example*—Speed cop stops speeding limousine. Arrogant woman leans forward and tells chauffeur to—"tell the man you're sorry and get going." Note—this is also partly indifference to law.
- 15 TEASING: *Example*—Little girl walking through a dog show carrying a cat on her shoulder.
- 16 ORDER OF THINGS REVERSED: *Example*—Well-dressed man walks up to street beggar and asks if he (the beggar) will return the dime that he gave him the day before.
- 17 FORGETFULNESS: *Example*—Starting on vacation trip, wife says. "Oh, Hubby, stop the car, I forgot to turn off the electric iron," to which hubby replied, "Nothing will burn—I forgot to turn off the shower bath."
- 18 IRONY (intended meaning being reverse of the literal sense of the words): *Example*—Man saying he does not want to be wealthy because of difficulty of paying income tax.
- 19 CURIOSITY: *Example*—Man touching an article with a "Wet Paint" sign on it.
- 20 DRUNKENNESS: *Example*—Man asking check room attendant, "Have you seen the quart of Scotch that was in my coat pocket?" (Attendant is too drunk to answer.)

## CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE

# Laugh Finder



## BASICS OF HUMOR

- 21 ABSENT-MINDEDNESS: *Example*—Boy writing stock market quotations on board in Stock exchange, absent-mindedly writes, "I love you, I love you."
- 22 LAZINESS: *Example*—Mailman at front of long steps leading up to house. Mailman is tacking up signs saying—"Don't write—Telegraph."
- 23 EMBARRASSMENT: *Example*—Minister visits family. Little boy asks his father—"What's in that bottle in your hip pocket, Daddy?"
- 24 BLAMING INNOCENT PERSON OR OBJECT: *Example*—Thief runs from police, turns corner and hands stolen article to man standing there. Police arrest innocent man. Another example: Two men marooned on little island about ten feet in diameter. One tells the other—"Don't be following me wherever I go."
- 25 COYNES: *Example*—Woman acting very coy when doctor takes her hand to feel pulse.
- 26 EXTREMES IN ETIQUETTE: *Example*—Woman eating ice cream cone with spoon.
- 27 INABILITY TO MAKE UP MIND: *Example*—Woman buying herself shoes. Salesman stretched flat on his back—worn out. Around them are shoes stacked up 8 feet high.
- 28 PRETENSE: *Example*—Scrub women in department store, after closing time, walking swankily around in very expensive fur coats and looking through lorgnettes.
- 29 OUT OF USUAL SURROUNDINGS: *Example*—Tough looking little boy in a May pole dance, or minister at a prize fight, or auto mechanic fixing fine violin.
- 30 CLUMSINESS: *Example*—Falling down stairs.
- 31 VERY OBVIOUS LIE: *Example*—The old story, "I'm waiting for a streetcar."
- 32 PRODIGY (children doing or saying something entirely beyond their years, or adults' power beyond that of human beings): *Example*—Child in crib. Crib has bars like those of a jail. Child says—"Tonight I make a break for it."
- 33 FEAR OR COWARDICE: *Example*—Boxer wearing trousers that come clear up to his chest saying to his opponent, "Remember, no hitting below the belt."
- 34 JEALOUSY OR RIVALRY: *Example*—Of two rival fishermen, one has several small fish. The other, who has several whoppers says, "Lend me another worm, old man."
- 35 SARCASM (a bitter taunt): *Example*—Traffic cop asking a driver if he knows his left hand from his right.
- 36 MEEKNESS: *Example*—The best example of this type of humor is H. T. Webster's cartoon "The Timid Soul."
- 37 DEAFNESS: *Example*—A sexton, surprised at seeing an old lady using an ear trumpet at church, goes to her, leans over and says, "One toot and out you go!"
- 38 NEARSIGHTEDNESS: *Example*—Calf trying to get milk from finger of baseball glove.
- 39 SOCIAL SNOBBERY: *Example*—Lady telling butler, "Be careful not to let Fifi bite people of questionable cleanliness."
- 40 FLIRTATIUNESS: *Example*—Ball player autographing a pretty girl's baseball; says, "And my phone number, too?"
- 41 STUBBORNNESS: *Example*—A negro owner of a kicking mule answering why he didn't get rid of the stubborn critter, said, "Cause it would make dat mule feel too good; he'd take it for a personal victory. He's been tryin' to get rid of me ever since I got him."
- 42 SCANDAL: *Example*—Medical student holding stethoscope to wall of apartment and saying to roommate, "She just called him a bum!"
- 43 USING COMPLICATED MACHINERY TO PERFORM SIMPLE TASKS: *Example*—Using a drop forge to crack a walnut.
- 44 COMMONPLACE ARTICLE USED FOR SOME UNUSUAL PURPOSE: *Example*—Using an auto with greatly inflated balloon tires for a boat.
- 45 MEDDLING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS: *Example*—Referee counting fighter out and asking him how he'd like to buy a nice cigar store.
- 46 FRUGALITY: *Example*—Scotch minister marrying himself in front of mirror to save fee.
- 47 FAILURE TO ACCEPT CUSTOM: *Example*—Man keeping his horse in living room.
- 48 SATIRE: *Example*—Political cartoons.
- 49 TINKERING: *Example*—Lady taking parts from stalled car and saying "Now try it."
- 50 DISGUISE OR MIMICRY: *Example*—Burglar in Santa Claus Suit.

## HOW TO USE THE LAUGH FINDER—Read These Directions Carefully

The purpose of the Laugh Finder is to suggest combinations of characters, places, accessories and the basics of humor for cartoons. All these essential elements of a cartoon have been given numbers. The spinner picks out numbers which refer you to the characters, places, accessories, and basics of humor for cartoons. After the Laugh Finder furnishes these elements you use them in creating ideas for cartoons. To operate the Laugh Finder, you spin the arrow according to these four steps:

### FOUR STEPS IN USING THE LAUGH FINDER

**FIRST STEP** Obtaining Two Characters. Spin arrow and observe on what color

what number it points on the blue circle next to the red center. It is broken into equal parts of red, orange, yellow, green, and blue. Refer to that number under "Basics of Humor" and write down the basis of humor.

Now you have all the elements of a cartoon. From here on, you develop the idea from these elements. You will quickly understand exactly how to create an idea from the Laugh Finder by simply observing a typical example which follows:

#### A TYPICAL EXAMPLE

To find our first character, we spin the arrow once and see which color we get in the color band. (The color band is broken into equal parts of red, orange, yellow, green, and blue.) Let us say that the

Remember, we spin first for two Characters, then for one Place, then for one Accessory, and then for the Basic Idea.

For the Basic Idea, we use only the all-blue circle, as there are only 50 Basic Ideas. So, spinning again, we get No. 11 on the blue circle, and consulting our chart labeled "Basics of Humor," we find that No. 11 is "Loss of Dignity." Write this down.

Now we have a list telling us that our idea is to be based on "Loss of Dignity," and that the other elements are an Admiral, a Side-Show Barker, a Swimming Pool, and an Icy Sidewalk. Now the fun begins. The first thing that comes to our mind is

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ADD ANY  
EYES  
FROM ABOVE

ADD ANY  
NOSE  
FROM ABOVE

ADD ANY  
MOUTH  
FROM ABOVE

ADD ANY  
EYEBROWS  
FROM ABOVE



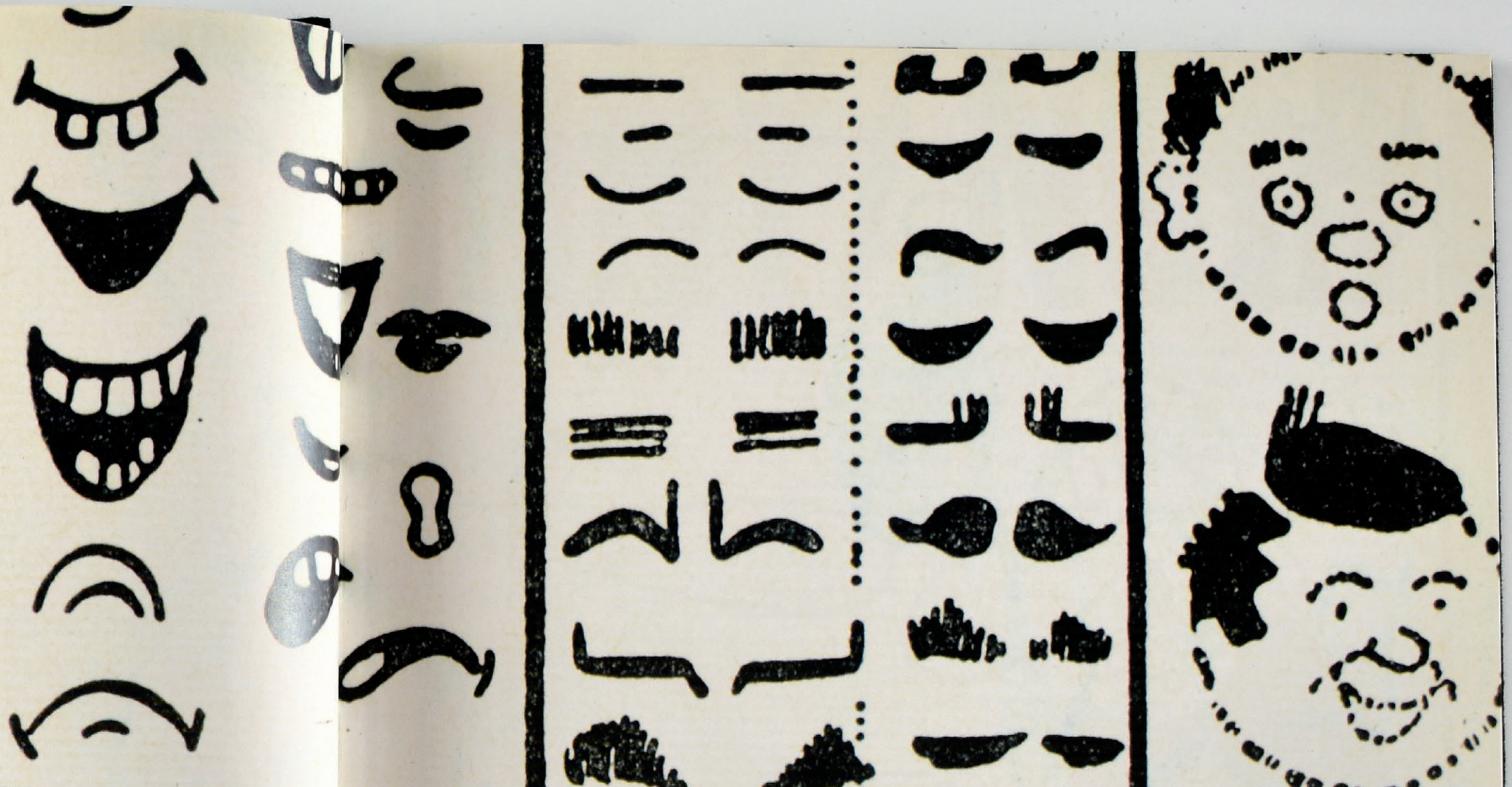
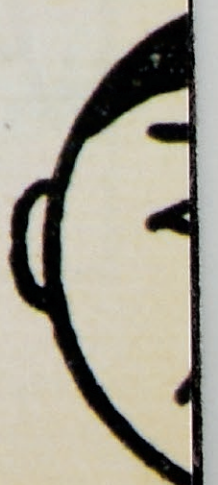
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6



7



LAF  
A  
SEC



PONNETOMPLINSKI

"NO ONE WILL LOVE YOU AND YOU'LL DIE ALONE."

# FUNNY / NOT FU

One September day in 1987, Mark Newgarden drove to Plainville, Connecticut, with two of his friends, played miniature golf, ate hamburgers, entered a nondescript auction house, and purchased several of cartoonist Ernie Bushmiller's worldly possessions. Something of a patron saint to Mark, Bushmiller spent six decades drawing *Nancy*, which some called the dumbest comic strip in America and others a work of authentic American genius.

On that autumn day, Mark bought a box of miscellaneous *Nancy* publications; artwork by cartoonist and Bushmiller confidant Milt Gross, including a drawing of Iggy the dog, inscribed to Bushmiller's wife; and "some 1930s British comic magazines with markings where Bushmiller rated gags (and then probably stole them)."

After making his purchases, Mark sat in Bushmiller's wheelchair, and smiled for the camera.



Pilgrimage to Plainville, Connecticut.  
Photograph by Richard McGuire, 1987.

Although Ernie Bushmiller has been dead now for over two decades, his work, and the *Nancy* comic books, paperbacks, and coloring books it produced, still sit in Mark's vast comic library and continue to provide inspiration for him, part of the fertile ground on which Mark has built his artistic life. The two most important factors in that life have been collecting and creating: immersing himself in the work of his cartoon forebears and furthering the traditions that work represents. Bushmiller, the ultimate humor architect, was a formalist whose strip sacrificed all content to the daily gag. *Nancy* has little characterization, the boys and girls in the strip never age, and reality rarely intrudes. Instead, *Nancy* and friends exist solely to create airtight humorous situations to elicit a reader's quick chuckle before he tosses the daily paper into the garbage. The strip is disposable entertainment created day in, day out, by a quiet, unprepossessing man in Connecticut.

In a former funeral home in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, New York, Mark embraces similar formulas and executes them perfectly, but rather than a throwaway laugh he insists on profound meaning. Bushmiller's comics are mainly concerned with the functionality of a joke that is constructed like an engine. Mark's comics, on the other hand, are about being alive, which is not to say they are grim, but neither are they an easy laugh.

Six feet tall, and generally clad in head-to-toe black, Mark is a wry, kind, and generous man with the loudest, most exuberant laugh in any given room. He is also an insomniac, prone to depression, and somewhat moody by nature. When Mark announces, "We All Die Alone," he means it, but he means it with a smile. All that's sad, tragic, and distressing, Mark insists, is funny, and vice versa. When asked what constitutes "proven laff-getters," he responds, "Suffering, regret, compulsion,

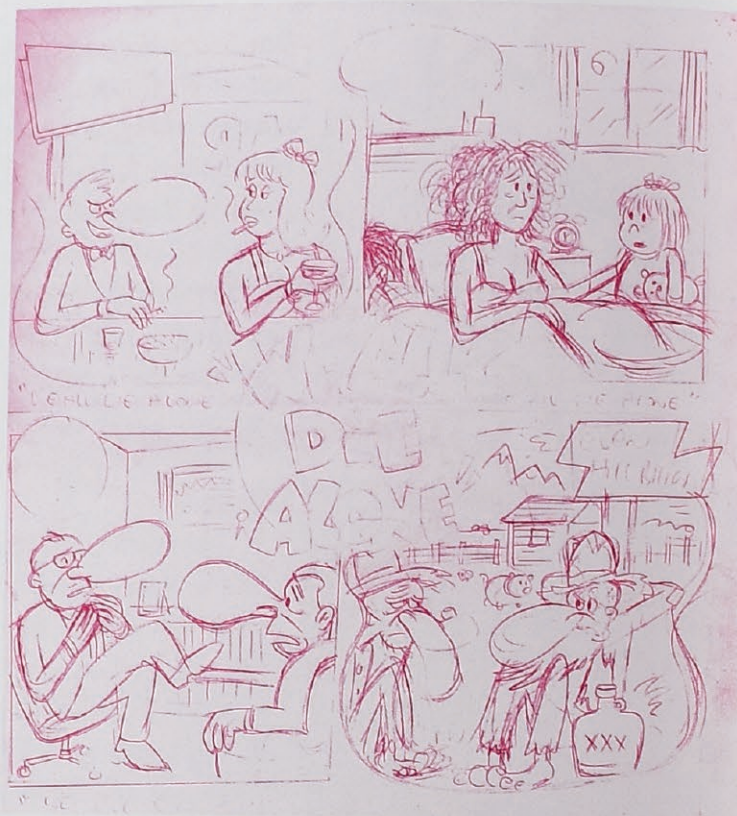
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# MARK NEWGARDEN: AN INTRODUCTION

humiliation, disappointment, betrayal, decay, death. And big noses." Mark's comics, like many of his efforts, embrace this intricate connection between pain and laughter. They combine forms and fragments of popular culture to build a new work that both comments on its form and stands alone as a humorous, tragic, complicated, and sincere commentary on modern life. This sensibility has accompanied him through over two decades of work in a variety of media, including the design of novelty items, a syndicated weekly comic strip for the *New York Press* called *Mark Newgarden*, innumerable illustrations, the invention of *Garbage Pail Kids*, and the creation of several animated cartoons.

Mark's 1991 *New York Press* comic *We All Die Alone* (see page 37) uses the old form of the gag cartoon to explore his personal preoccupations. It epitomizes his mix of humor, tragedy, and formal play in four panels on a single page. The punch line implies that because we all die alone, each of us is left with two options: either to sleep all day because we're going to die alone anyway, or to get up and begin the struggle, since there's nothing to lose. It's a basic existential choice boiled down to a one-liner. This choice is mirrored in the structure of the strip. Three of the four panels are each signed by a different literary eminence—"Joyce," "Beckett," and "Sartre"—while the last is signed "Mel," a common pseudonym for a low-level gag cartoonist. These signatures level the conceptual differences among these artists, whose achievements and shortcomings don't alter the existential dilemma they must all eventually confront. With a caption and a picture, Mark says a gag cartoon can communicate an idea of which Samuel Beckett himself would be proud. And most importantly, *We All Die Alone* is funny. It uses the traditional gag cartoon form—a caption illustrated by an image—and the gag cartoon staple of a comically deformed big nose to tell a basic truth. All of Mark's work uses these kinds of carefully constructed formal structures to describe delicate emotional situations. And like so many artists before him, Mark channels his own experience of life through his work. Every fear, paranoia, chuckle, and pleasure informs his medium of choice. That medium has, for most of his life, been comics.

Mark was born on August 1, 1959, in Brooklyn Heights. His father, Albert, was



(Above) Mark's pencil sketch for his prototypical funny/not funny gag cartoon, *We All Die Alone*. (opposite) A *Mark Newgarden* panel as it appeared on May 2, 1990 in the *New York Press* and other free weeklies across the United States.

## Kids

- **Free Tennis Instruction**, at many locations, see Wednesday.
- **Katcha and the Devil**, and other stories from Czechoslovakia, told by Vít Horejš, for children 5-12, Inwood Library, 4790 Broadway, 3:30, free.
- **Student Artwork**, by students from the High School of Graphic Communication Arts, at the Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St., (through 5/31).
- **Wall Street: Changing Fortunes**, Exhibit at Frances Tavern Museum, 10-4, see Wednesday.

## Other Events

- **Counting All New Yorkers!**, comic book-like exhibit explaining the 1990 Census, at Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., 785-1989, 9-5, [Mon-Fri through 5/25].
- **Song of Bernie's Death**, see Tricky Dicks, Thursday.
- **South St. Seaport Museum Walks & Tours**, South St. Seaport Museum, see Wednesday.
- **Tattoo Society of NY**, "Ultimate Collector Contest" at the monthly meeting at Pyramid Club, 101 Ave. A, 477-1363, 7:30-10, \$4.
- **Tibetan Sand Mandalas**, sand painting on exhibition at Tibetan Bookstore, 214 E. 10th St., 777-2715, 10-8, free.
- **Titanic**, exhibit of artifacts, and other points of interest from the great disaster, on view at the South Street Seaport Museum's A.A. Low Building, 171 John St., 669-9430, daily 10-5, \$3-\$6, [through 12/31].

# 8

## TUESDAY

## Music

- **Angry Squire**: 216 7th Ave. S., 242-9066. Ben Monder Group, 9:30, \$5 + \$6 min.
- **Back Fence**: 155 Bleecker St., 475-9221. Greg Aulden, Joel Bidewell, no cover.
- **Bitter End**: 147 Bleecker St., 673-7030. Jane Barnett Band, 8-

- 2, \$5 + 1 drink bar min. or 2 drink table min.
- **Blue Note**: 131 W. 3rd St., 475-8592. Joe Williams, 9, 11:30, call for cover.
- **Bottom Line**: 15 W. 4th at Mercer St., 228-7880. The Silos, 8 & 11, \$13.50.
- **Brother's Bar-B-Q**: 228 W. Houston St., 727-2775. Guitar Crusher, \$5.
- **Cafe Feenjon**: 40 W. 8th St., 979-8686. Bad Luck & Trouble, 9, no cover.
- **Caliban**: 3rd Ave. & 26th St., 689-5155. Acoustic Hot Tears, 9, no cover.

- **Carlos I**: 432 6th Ave. at 9th St., 982-3260. Benny Carter, 9:30, 11:30, \$10 + \$7 min.
- **Cat Club**: 76 E. 13th St., 505-0090. Joneses, call for cover.
- **CBGB**: 315 Bowery at Bleecker St., 982-4052. Call for schedule.
- **Chameleon**: 505 E. 6th St. (Aves. A-B), 777-9105. Call for schedule, no cover.
- **Condon's**: 117 E. 15th St., 254-0960. Rolland Hannah Quartet, 9, 12, \$12.50 at table, 2 drink bar min.
- **Continental Divide**: 25 3rd Ave. at St. Mark's Pl., 529-6924. 99 Stella Vista. The Aqua-nettas. Lovecamp, 7, no cover.
- **Dan Lynch Blues Bar**: 221 2nd Ave. & 14th St., 473-8807. Jerry

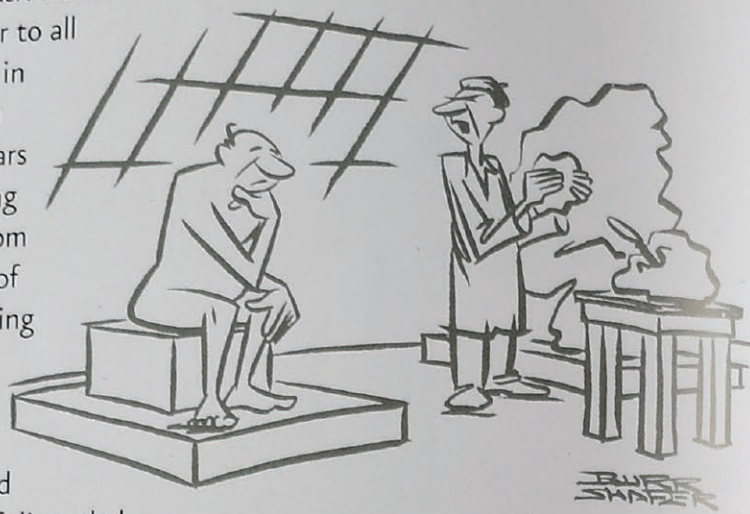
- Peter Washington, 9:30, \$2.50.
- **Ludlow Street Cafe**: 165 Ludlow St., 353-0536. Chris Whitley, no cover.
- **Manhattan Chili Co.**: 302 Bleecker St., 206-7163. Doug Lawrence, 9 & 11:15, \$5 + \$5 min.
- **McGovern's**: 305 Spring St., 627-5037. Acoustic showcase, Steve Oates, 7:30, no cover.
- **Mondo Cane Blues Bar**: 205 Thompson St., 254-5166. Call for schedule.
- **Mondo Perso**: 167 Bleecker St., 477-3770. Call for schedule.
- **Nightingale Bar**: 2nd Ave. at 13th St., 473-9398. Call for schedule.
- **Pen Place Club**: 372 8th Ave., 502-5557. Virginia Mayhew/

© Mark Newgarden, 1990

- 9:30 - 2, \$12 + \$6 min.
- **Visiones**: 125 MacDougal St., 673-5576. Neal Kirkwood Octet, call for cover.
- **Wetlands Preserve**: 161 Hudson St., 966-4225. Henry Kaiser, Ton Constanten, 9:30, \$12.
- **Wonderland Blues Bar**: 519 2nd Ave., 213-5098. Call for schedule.
- **Yaffa Cafe**: 97 St. Marks Pl., 674-9302 or 677-9001. Billy Goodman, 9, no cover.
- **Zinno**: 126 W. 13th St., 924-5182. James Williams, \$10 at bar, \$15 at table.
- **Zone dk**: 540 W. 21 St., 463-8599. Wrath, Sleepyhollow, Inside Straight, Excalibur, 8, \$10.

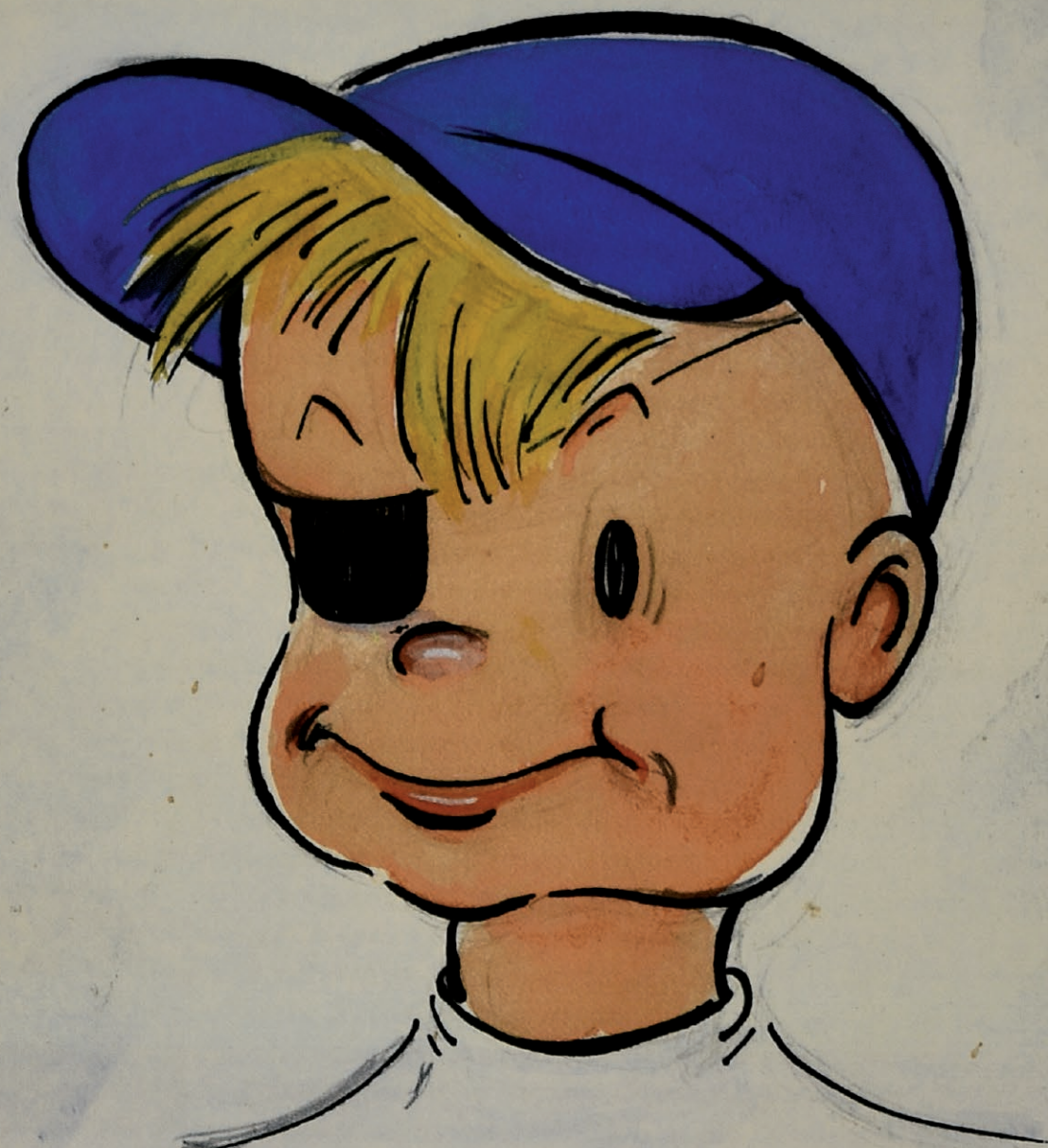
the director of communications for a large accounting firm, and a rare book collector. As a young man, he published poetry in the *New Yorker*. Mark's mother, Dorothy, studied art in college and played den mother to all six Newgarden children. Mark's family moved to Staten Island in 1960 to be closer to his maternal grandparents, who lived in a house filled with pre-World War II domestic relics. In those years before the completion of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, linking Staten Island to Brooklyn, Staten Island was fairly removed from the other four boroughs of New York City, and retained some of the old inbred funkiness of mid-century weird America, including bountiful flea markets and junk sales. With six kids and only a suburban island to keep them busy, the family spent weekends consumed by shopping—in malls, junk shops, and at flea markets. There Mark developed an obsession that separated him from the rest of the kids and engaged him with a world of discarded culture—and also made good use of his predilection for long silences, depressions, and an apparently genetic collector's appetite.

Mark's most vivid memories of the comics he read as a kid include the work of the obscure cartoonist Burr Shafer, a banker by trade, whose graceful black smear recalls the gag cartoonists Peter Arno and Jefferson Machamer; and the iconic "dog pissing" comic strip, first rendered by Bushmiller and badly copied a thousand times hence. And, not surprisingly for a kid that age, Mark found the gum-wrapper comic *Bazooka Joe and His Gang* equally affecting. The mysterious inanity of its characters—a boy with an eye patch, another with a turtleneck up to his nose—was matched only by the fragmented and idiosyncratic drawings by the strip's artist,



"That's all for today, stupid."

(Above) A Burr Shafer model in repose, circa 1950; perhaps dashed off between loan foreclosures? (below) Ernie Bushmiller's immortal guide, *How to Housebreak Your Dog*. (right) The stuff Newgarden dreams are made of: A formal portrait of Bazooka Joe by Wesley Morse, circa 1954.



Bazooka

Wesley Morse

I've been waiting for a book of Mark



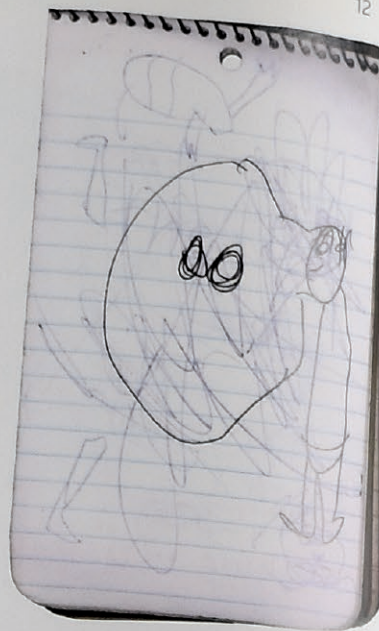
Wesley Morse, an ingenious modern primitive whose erratic, compelling lines were more de Kooning than Disney. Early on, Mark's taste was informed by such bits of cultural detritus, much of it already marginal by the time he came upon it. "As a kid I was predisposed to any comics and graphic styles that looked outdated or archaic," he says. "That flavor was infinitely more arousing than any contemporary media of my 1960s and '70s youth." Then-current comic strips, comic books, and superheroes didn't do much for him, and it was primarily characters from older comic strips and animated cartoons that fascinated him. And unlike the superhero fantasies of most children's sketchbooks, Mark's drawings were largely populated by "mice with big noses" and other oddball cartoon characters.

Mark's grandfather, a first generation Sicilian-American, inadvertently had a great influence on his grandson's developing sense of humor: "I'd be perched in front of the TV, transfixed by *The Three Stooges* and laughing along at the magnificent abuse like any normal kid, when he'd enter the room and begin haranguing me: "What are you doing? How can you watch those men? How can you laugh? Those men are dead! *Those men are dead!*" Of course that made it all much funnier." Later Mark took to rewriting *New Yorker* gag captions to amuse himself, and at age sixteen he answered a *New York Times* want ad and cranked out self-referential and humorous one-line prognostications for a fortune-cookie maker. Shortly thereafter he dropped out of high school and earned a Graduate Equivalency Diploma on his own.

Following that, Mark hung around Staten Island for a spell, commuting to Manhattan to take some animation classes at the New School for Social Research, and a night class at the School of Visual Arts with famed illustrators R.O. Blechman and Charles Slackman. Blechman advised him to enroll full-time and take Harvey Kurtzman's comics course. The allure of Kurtzman, the creator of *Mad*, and of Art Spiegelman, whose book *Breakdowns*, and anthology *Arcade*, had caught Mark's eye, persuaded him to enroll as a full-time student in September of 1979. At SVA Newgarden befriended wise-ass cartoonist Drew Friedman, punk rocker Kaz, and, after some dalliances with film, found himself, for good or ill, a cartoonist. In 1980, Spiegelman asked the three students to contribute to the new anthology he and his wife, Françoise Mouly, were starting, *RAW*, and shortly thereafter Newgarden began producing comics in earnest, as well as working at the magazine's makeshift offices, for which he received school credit and an associate editor byline.

The burst of experimentation and comics for art's sake that characterized the American 1960s comics underground had already passed, and, according to Mark, "those guys seemed ancient to us!" Instead, Mark and his peers, encouraged by Spiegelman, looked to Europe as an example of the success possible for avant-garde cartoonists. The idea, says Mark, "was to do our comics and try to break into real magazines." At the time, Spiegelman was doing just that at *Playboy*, while the *National Lampoon*, *High Times*, and other successful fringe magazines also had comic sections. The feeling was that it was inevitable that Mark, Kaz, and Friedman would break into the mainstream any day.

That day, it turned out, would be a long time coming. Although Mark found a peer group in the SVA crowd and among isolated older cartoonists including Ben Katchor, Gary Panter, and Mark Beyer, there was no place for this loosely affiliated group to publish, outside of a few alternative newspapers, *RAW*, and R. Crumb's



(Above) Little Mark draws big nose, circa 1965. (below) The analects of an adolescent Confucius; these self-referential fortune-cookie messages were Mark's first published work, circa 1975.

DON'T EAT SO FAST.

NOTHING I COULD SAY WOULD IMPRESS YOU.

OFFICE USE ONLY. DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE.

BREATHING IS IMPORTANT TO YOU.

YOU WILL NEVER BE ASKED TO RECORD AL JOLSON'S GREATEST HITS.

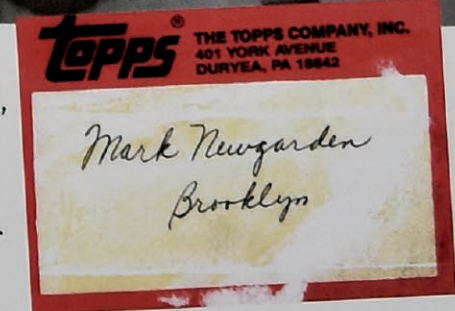
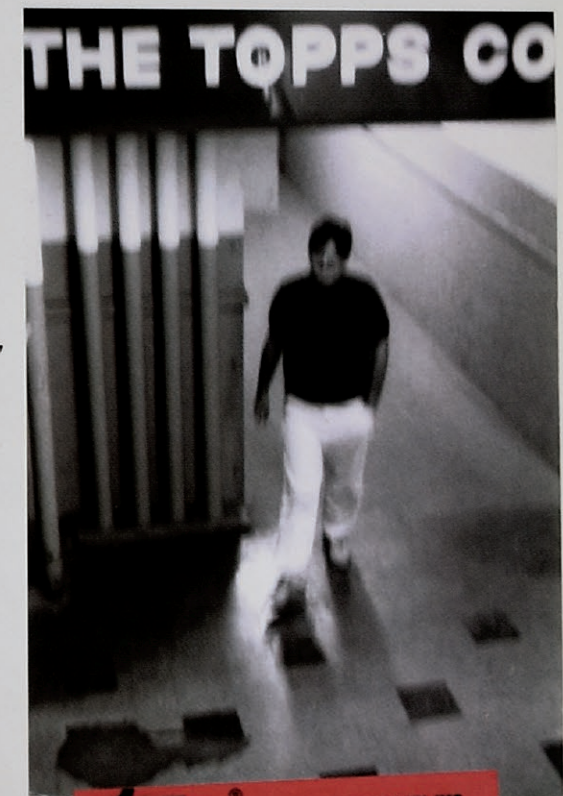
anthology *Weirdo*, and little money to be made. No mainstream publishers were interested, and only a few underground holdovers, such as *Kitchen Sink* and *Last Gasp*, were even publishing comics, while *Fantagraphics* was still in its infancy. Some cartoonists lived off their parents, while others were supported by girlfriends and still others became semi-successful illustrators.

Mark pieced together a living. He began doing freelance work for the Topps Company while still in college, his first assignment being the text for a set of *Jaws* 3-D trading cards. In 1984, two years after Mark's graduation from SVA, Spiegelman, who had worked for the company for nearly two decades, invited him to join Topps on a more regular basis. Out of a studio and offices in a Brooklyn warehouse, Topps had produced *Bazooka Bubble Gum* and various trading card series, including the '60s phenomena *Mars Attacks* and *Wacky Packages*, millions of baseball cards, and other pop culture favorites, but was in periodic need of youthful talent to rejuvenate its New Product Development group's novelty creations. In late 1984, Mark created the initial concept for the 1980s pop-culture craze *Garbage Pail Kids* for Topps (see Page 28), and he remained at the company as a freelance consultant two days a week until 1993. For Mark, creating mass-produced gag images was as noble a calling as any other; trading cards and gum wrappers once belonged to the same cultural universe as comics: cheap, throwaway entertainment condemned by parents and teachers and ignored by all other adults and right-thinking people everywhere. As the producer of so much ephemeral culture, Topps was the perfect home for the young, barely employable cartoonist. Settling into the company's ramshackle offices, Mark was surrounded by junk history, steeped in junk history, and contributing to junk history.

Throughout his career, Mark would exercise the novelty side of his brain, producing reams of ideas and scores of products for Topps, and, later, other venues, including *Burger King* and *Microsoft*. This part of him has always served him well in his work as a hired hand, using what he knows about humor to create salable, but often subversive, products for America's unsuspecting youth. The other side of his brain, the cartoonist side, only follows his cartoon muse, big nose and all. But, he says, the "general goal for both parts is similar in some significant ways—pursuing something I think is funny, impacting an audience, or subverting an audience's expectation. It's all humor. Or anti-humor. Or non-humor."

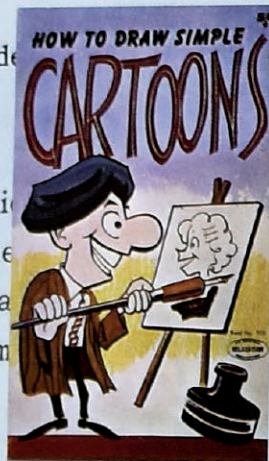
Mark's models for his life and work in comics run in typical list/rant fashion: "There are the social models of the 'cartoonist,' which has been synonymous at various times over the past century with quick-buck millionaire, semi-skilled laborer, newspaperman, joke machine, fly-by-night con man, lowlife, passive/aggressive, obsessive/compulsive, bon vivant, dullard, humble soul, desperate golfer, drunk, corporate drone, party clown, slacker, slave, mentally unstable ventriloquist, suburban attic recluse, grinning idiot, failed artist, wise guy. Maybe lately: social reject's rock star or self-styled artiste. I like all these connotations except the last ones. To me, a cartoonist is a graphic alchemist, being fluent in words and images, with some additional crucial skill at arranging what happens between them when they meet to form

(Top) The physical evidence of a productive life in the laff mines. Photograph by Kaz, 1987. (below) A non-humorous corporate artifact, 1980s.



# GAGS Wanted

for Newspapers, Radio  
Magazines and TV



Tom Hatten: Cartoonist

## ARE GAG WRITERS BORN?



**HOW BOSERMAN MADE \$100.00 WITH TWO SIMPLE GAGS**

As an example of how profitable it is to cook up simple gags that will make people laugh, Billy Boserman told us about two gags he sold to a Trade



that other peculiar something else they must become. I think part of a good cartoonist's job is to suss out the specific material he has within him that best benefits from that combo. If something can be more efficiently expressed as image or text or anything else I think it rightly should be."

Mark's comics career was slow at first. Before his weekly comic, *Mark Newgarden*, began in the *New York Press* in 1988, he published a smattering of work in the *East Village Eye*, the *Village Voice*, *RAW*, and other anthologies and magazines. In these early years, Mark combined rigorous formal experimentation with manic dialogue inspired by radio, comedy routines of the past, and the ever-current mania for consumption and information. In those days, Mark says, "I was trying to express something of my own personal experiences and some inner truth in a way that was attractive and amusing enough to get people to look at it. The idea was to say something and push the boundaries of the formal medium and still be funny—all at the same time."

*Pud and Spud* (see page 140) exemplifies this approach. It is a series of two-page comic strips published throughout the 1980s in *Bad News* and *RAW*. It follows the two brothers of the title, Pud and Spud, through nonsensical conversations about the minutiae of life as they are slowly and unknowingly engulfed in a fire, flood, or some other disaster. The dialogue is based, in part, on what Mark calls "the Newgarden family dynamic." By using identical tiny panels to convey the already frantic dialogue, Mark manages to split a single conversation into scores of individual compressed moments. This elongation of time creates a feeling of claustrophobia and frenetic monotony, all of which makes *Pud and Spud* "an absurd depiction of the dynamics of denial—our inability to rise above our brain's endless banal chatter and glimpse the seriously problematic realities around us." A few other cartoonists had attempted this treatment of time and layout in comics before, but none achieved Mark's emotional payoff.

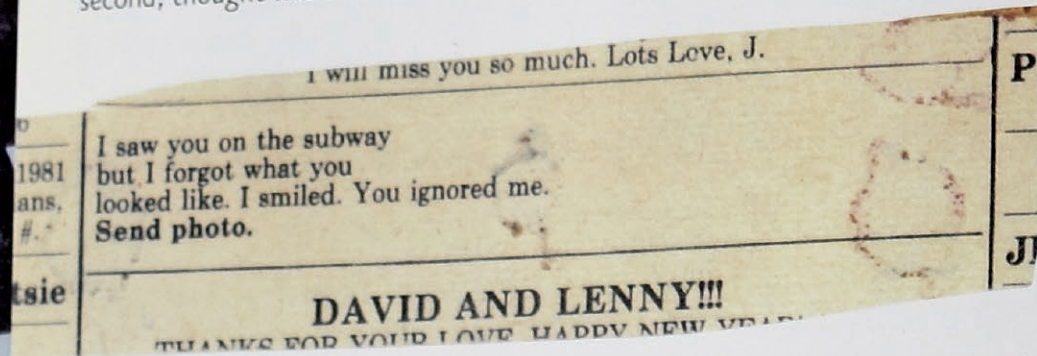
An urban, adult *Pud and Spud*, *What We Like* (see page 138), is a two-page strip that appeared in *Bad News* #3 in 1987. It also uses small, identical panels, but in place of the cartoon profiles of Pud and Spud are graphic-style informational symbols. The dialogue is about a couple's favorite things, which, it turns out, include sadistic fantasies. As the strip progresses, Mark equates the couple's media-speak patter and cutesy popcorn ritual with their nonchalant attitude toward their sadism. The rhythms of the strip imitate staccato media- and advertising-speak while drowning us in chatter and meaningless "likes," depicted as a succession of blandly forgettable logos and irreducible icons. In the vain, insular world of *What We Like*, torture and snack food are one and the same, and self-absorption is the norm. The strip uses the formal language of comics in combination with reductive visuals to create a work that is visually identical to its theme: the numbing effect of contemporary culture.

These two artistically accomplished stories explore the possibilities of rhythm, time, and representation in comics. Until Mark's 1988 breakthrough with his weekly comic strip, these were his primary formal concerns, and he mined them most extensively in the three-year process of completing *Love's Savage Fury* (see page 162), the four-page romance between Nancy and Bazooka Joe that appeared in 1986



(Above) Anonymous maker of a most anonymous art; pictographs like these informed such Newgarden comic strips as *What We Like*. (opposite) On the fringes of the gag cartoon trade lay a vast, multimedia world populated by gag cartoon teachers, hucksters, personalities, losers, and artistes all trying to sell their personal prescription to sure-fire fame and fortune. These booklets and advertisements are just the slimmest sampling of what that gag-proselytizing industry churned out and sold back to itself for decades on end.

in the pages of RAW #8. *Love's Savage Fury* is a demonstration of the mutability of the comics form, the iconography of comics, and a commentary on love itself. It was initially inspired in part by a classified ad in the *Village Voice* that Mark, for a second, thought was directed at him. It read:



With this text Mark paired the two mainstays of his cartoon daydreams: Bazooka Joe and Nancy. Blank and irredeemably weird, these two icons became the protagonists of a brief but epic encounter.

The story follows Bazooka Joe, who sees Nancy on the train, smiles at her, and diagrams their potential romance, his emphatic need literally pouring out of his thought balloons like gum. But then she vanishes. The next two pages chart Bazooka Joe's fractured attempts to remember her face. These attempts are enacted across multiple tiers of panels, each governed by a different rule, each a different trick of Joe's memory: one tier alters only the position of Nancy's features, while another changes only the size of them; still another changes only her head; and so on. Nancy's face reforms correctly only when Joe sees her, as though Nancy did not exist until Bazooka Joe once again laid eyes on her. More prosaically, it demonstrates how the language of comics functions: a few geometric shapes are instantly recognizable as a face. On the final page, awestruck and demonstrative in both punctuation and memory, Joe snaps five shots of his obsession (the panels here replicating the view through his Polaroid camera), dropping one print, a square that flutters poetically through the panels before filling the final frame and ending the story in darkness.

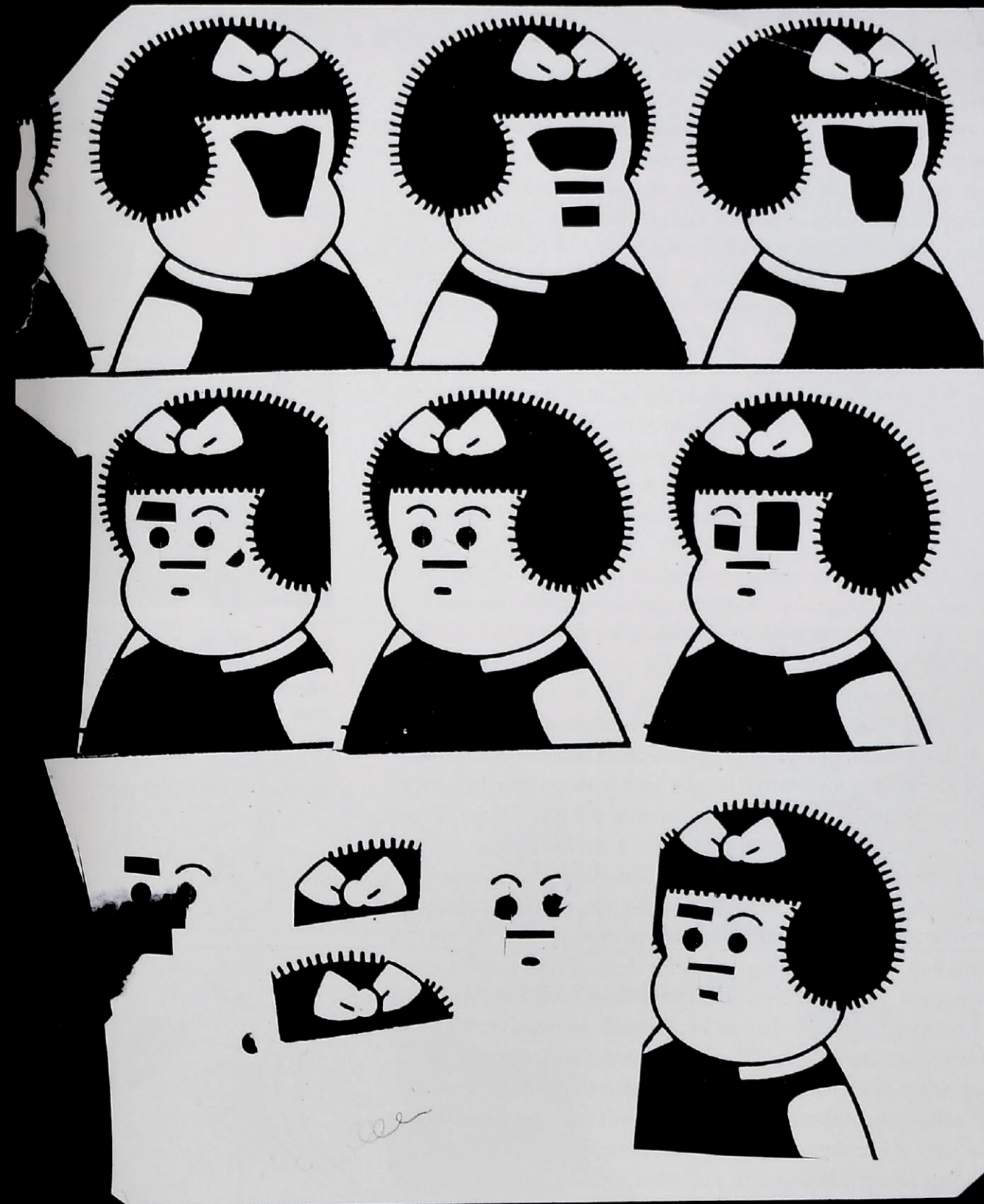
In constructing the comic, Mark developed an ad hoc set of rules that governed its creation, including: *All of the texts and images had to come from an existing media source; Every action had to have a reaction; and Every single line had to justify itself.* The other major formal conceits are that the panels act as train cars and windows, and that the page numbers are indicated by the number of black panels on each page, which also double as light failures in the train. "I was trying to capture memory graphically and diagram it," he says. "Nancy's face is so simple, but if you just alter one little thing, if it's the tiniest bit off, it stops being Nancy. It's about how the mind can blow something you're not so sure of into something incredible and then back down again. And about the object of your obsession never knowing a thing about it. That was romance for me at the time." *Love's Savage Fury* is unique in his body of work because it uses every aspect of the medium to propel its story forward—every graphic element of comics is employed, with two iconic characters at its center, while the mood runs from funny to sad to wistful in just four pages.

MEET THE COLORPACK II



How to make good pictures with your Polaroid Land camera. Please take a few minutes to read this book carefully.

(Above) Mark sourced this 1968 Polaroid Land camera manual for the climactic sequence in *Love's Savage Fury*. (opposite) Residue of a comic strip: Countless months were spent cutting and pasting xeroxed components of Nancy's physiognomy before arriving at a final diagram of love's flawed memory; more private regrets made public from the *Village Voice*, gleaned within weeks of the strip's catalytic personal ad.



ETIE, I looked and I waited and I couldn't find you. Please don't mean, Liz K.

VALENTINE'S NITE 3am attr woman w/curly dk blonde hair, short brown jkt, jeans. Waiting for 'E' at W. 4th. I was w/woman. Call 667-8612

SUBWAY SUNDAY FEB 7TH 11:30AM  
feeder St. exchanged looks and smiles. like a played on the train. You're handsome, with had on a dark grey coat, with a blue scarf. I d, and was wearing a fuzzy black coat with a black boots. A kiss you blew my way knock- te VVM15863

otsie  
I saw you on the subway but I forgot what you looked like. I smiled. You ignored me. Send photo.

I will miss you so much. Lots Love, J.

PE  
WITNESS WANTED: Woman stabs man, W. 4th subway/Wed 3/2/80  
Frater Archd trying to locate woman reading his book on downtown LEX subway. Joe 786-8636

7/9 Downtown 'A' Train... off at 183rd... at 96th. We passed each other later and said Hi. I'd like to see you again. Call J. 620-0613.

Handsome male, 23rd st station. You wore green trench coat, & never returned my glance. Happy birthday David S. Love S.

Could you. Elaborate. In case I. Don't see you. R VV P 10297

Handsome male, 23rd st station. You wore green trench coat, & never returned my glance. Happy birthday David S. Love S.

7/9 Downtown 'A' Train... off at 183rd... at 96th. We passed each other later and said Hi. I'd like to see you again. Call J. 620-0613.

Handsome male, 23rd st station. You wore green trench coat, & never returned my glance. Happy birthday David S. Love S.

Handsome male, 23rd st station. You wore green trench coat, & never returned my glance. Happy birthday David S. Love S.

It is a perfectly realized comic; no part of it could possibly exist in any other medium. It was a revolutionary piece in 1986, and, in its formal audacity, remains unsurpassed today.

After an aborted attempt at a strip that would graphically represent déjà vu, Mark moved on: "Love's Savage Fury was a breakthrough for me, but I didn't want to go in that direction anymore. I was repeating myself." He only returned to that formal and graphic terrain fleetingly in his weekly comic strip, with a series called *The Little Nun* (see page 91). This pantomime strip chronicled the humorous adventures of a benevolent nun in a classic multi-panel format. It was inspired "on the one hand by the midget nun in *Fellini's Amarcord*, and on the other, by my Catholic grandmother, whose compulsive reaction to life's questionable turns was immediate and devout prayer." A masterpiece of comic timing à la Bushmiller and Otto Soglow (of *The Little King*), these strips are perhaps the closest Mark has come to straightforward comic entertainment.

In 1986, Mark also edited, together with the cartoonist Paul Karasik, the second of three issues of the School of Visual Arts-derived comics anthology, *Bad News*. Initially a vehicle for Spiegelman's 1982-83 comics class, the title was revived by Mark and Karasik as a stand-alone anthology featuring work by their peers. In 1988, the editors produced a third issue, this time mixing student work from the SVA experimental comics class they co-taught with contributions from their more established friends.

Around this time, Mark's sporadic comics production (conducted while continuing with Topps and pursuing a magazine illustration career) suddenly became prolific when he began his syndicated weekly comic strip for the *New York Press* and ultimately a score of other weeklies around the country, ending in late 1991. *Mark Newgarden* alternated titles, formats, characters, subjects, and styles at Mark's whim. From week to week, a reader never knew quite what he was going to get: it could be *The Little Nun*, or a gag cartoon, or a gallery of toilet-paper wrappers, or something else entirely. Mark's primary motivation for the weekly strip was, as he puts it, "a ticking clock and a looming deadline." The pressures of the gig, though, forced him through an artistic evolution. A couple of years before, he had written captions for a special gag cartoon section in *RAW* #8 and found that his childhood passion for the punch line had been reawakened. After learning to pare down and condense his work with *Love's Savage Fury*, he was looking for ways to make concise statements in comic form, and had a world of comics history at his disposal. The single-page gag format seemed a natural. For Mark, brevity has an inherent value: "I find a single page a much more satisfying unit than an entire book. Anyway, I'm better at being succinct than being expansive. And drawing is hard. Cartoonists are lazy."

Gag cartoons such as *We All Die Alone* are where Mark gained the most traction in the late 1980s and early '90s. In those years and since, his most fecund source material has been the kind of low-down cartoons most prominently featured in the 1950s and '60s *Humorama* line of publications, published by a wing of what would later be called *Marvel Comics*. *Humorama* was the largest buyer of gag cartoons in the world, purchasing work from, as Mark says, "elevator operators who wanted to be cartoonists and ex-household names on their way down." Titles like *Gee-Whiz!*, *Comedy*, *Joker*, and *Jest* were packed with lowest-common-denominator laughs and



(Top) The cover of *Bad News* #2 by Kaz, 1984. (below) Beach Blanket *Bad News*: Mark with Paul Karasik at Coney Island, 1985. Photograph by Akira Satake. (opposite) Mark's back cover of *Bad News* #3, 1986.



STRIP TITLES;

TUNNEL OF LAFFS ✓  
UNCLE MARKY'S FUN PIT ✓  
TOO HIP TO IGNORE ✓  
REITERATOR DEGRADATION ✓  
IT'S TIME TO LAUGH  
WHAT SO FRY?  
I DON'T GET IT ✓  
LOOK WHAT I DID!  
PLAY PEN OF LAFFS  
DEVILS PLAY PEN  
IT MUST BE A JOKE  
NOT THAT AGAIN  
MAKE HIM STOP. ETC ETC  
YOU CAN'T IGNORE IT  
THE LITTLE COMIC THAT COULDN'T

SEALION MY VOMIT ✓  
SINGLET OF VOMIT  
IT IS TO LAFF  
ALL IN FUN - GTR  
MARKY'S HA HA BOX ✓  
SO HELP ME!  
FUN STATION  
NOT AGAIN,  
FREDERICK

WATCH THIS SPACE  
CHUCKLE CUBICLE  
THIS SPACE FOR RENT

SANDBOX OF GUFFAWS  
UNCLE MARKY'S FUN DEPT.  
UNCLE MARKY'S FUN COMIC ✓

INTRO THE NEW TYPE  
WE HAVE BELGIAN WAFFLES.  
HELLO MY NAME IS

BROADWAY LAFFS  
IT MUST MEAN SOMETHING  
WHILE YOU WAIT

LIL SPARKY'S PLAY PEN O STUFF ✓

SANDBOX OF SORROWS ✓  
CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS APPLY.

ALL THANKS TO ALL PEOPLE

ANASTASIA IS ALIVE  
+ DRAWING HIS COMIC  
~~NEW. INDIFFERENT!~~ ✓  
BUT IS IT ART?  
WORK IN PROGRESS  
SOME STUFF

VERY NICE, NOW GO AWAY  
READ IT + KEEP.  
BEER NUTS - SMUP  
CULT FORMS ON LEFT.  
(ALL STAYE COMIC)

CRAMPED QUARTERS

MOMIE SELLS OUT  
(CAN BE RESPONSIBLE)  
I LOVE MY WORK, BUT OUT KID!  
MADE IN BKLYN N.Y.

NOT A GOOD ONE.

LIKE DRAWING SPACE  
LOVE MY WORK?  
- MAKE ME RIGHT?

WHAT IF I DIE?  
STUPID BUT  
WONDERFUL!

THE COMIC  
DIE

YSP

1-2  
3-4  
5-6  
7-8  
9-10  
11-12  
WHY'S YOUR FAVORITE KIND OF CHEESE?  
MORNING  
WHY'S YOUR FAVORITE KIND OF BREAD?  
WINE WINE  
WHY'S YOUR FAVORITE KIND OF MUSH?  
O'LOO.

12 I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMETHING I THINK I'VE FOUND  
YOUR STAMENENT.

LIME MAN - CAST ON TREE FALLS - THE LEGS OF BREAD

LIME MAN - MAN SLIPS ON BANANA PEEL + DIES  
(DURING IN PAUSE)

LIME MAN - ABSOLUTE PAIN - BUT AN ON ME  
A TREE.

THE MEN WHO MAKE YOU LAUGH HAVE NO  
TIME FOR GOODBYE PLEASURES; THEY ARE  
NEVER AT HOME.

THE NEW HUMAN EXPERTS ARE THE  
ABOUT THE FUN AND ALL ABOUT...  
THE NEW HUMAN EXPERTS COMIC  
TO BE THE GREAT OF FUN AND  
IT OUT FOR THE HUMAN EXPERTS  
THE NEW HUMAN EXPERTS HAVE DISCOVERED  
OUT TO LAFF (COMPARISON TO PUT  
MAN LIT LIKE BRICK) AND SMALL  
SOUND LIT LIKE WITH...  
THE NEW HUMAN EXPERTS ARE ABOUT  
THE NEW HUMAN EXPERTS CAN DEBATE  
THE DEBATEMENT UP AND DOWN  
WITH A CALM. THE NEW  
HUMAN EXPERTS KNOW THAT  
SOMEONE IS GOING.  
THE NEW HUMAN EXPERTS ARE ABOUT  
WHY FUN IS THE BEST BUT LAUGH-LIKE  
ESSENTIAL A CHECK OFF-AT OTHER  
CONTENT.

Thinking on paper: preliminary sketches for The Little Nun comic strips (see pages 99 and 92), with notations made for timing and structure; a list of potential titles for comic strips. Using lists like these, Mark would rename his weekly panels, amusing his followers and confounding his editors.

low-budget nudie pictures. Sometimes identifiable stylists like Jefferson Machamer, Basil Wolverton, Jack Cole, and Bill Ward appeared, but more often than not the art was signed with anonymous pseudonyms like TUP, Bex, Smits, and even Mel.

Innumerable instruction manuals for the aspiring professional were published at the time, such as *500 Cliché Captions for Cartoonists and Gagwriters*. Choice nuggets include the gag captions "He's pouring his heart out," "This takes the cake," "I haven't got a thing to wear," and "Try this one for size." Mark also drew from self-published guides such as ex-Porky Pig screenwriter Mel (Tubby) Millar's *How to Make Gag Cartooning a Full Time Business*. Millar wisely suggests avoiding "sadism in your cartoons, no beating, bloodshed or gory scenes. You want people to laugh, not cringe."


The topics for the Humorama gag cartoons included work, marriage, alcoholism, homelessness, daily dilemmas, sex, and more sex. The drawings were often crude, and featured the big-nosed characters so often a staple of generic cartooning. Mark, whose lifelong fascination with big noses is complemented by his inability to smell, had been entranced by the work for years. To Mark, gag cartoons are: "A fictional moment frozen in time. The ultimate ephemeral medium. Instantly forgettable yet enduring. Instantly recognizable yet nearly invisible. Inherently static. Inherently blunt. Inherently loaded. Yet perhaps infinitely flexible. Inherently generic. Never really coveted, collected, catalogued, quantified, rarely studied or considered as such. Never as badly or specifically pigeonholed as the lowbrow or child's medium that comic strips were called. Culturally below even that radar. Creatively on permanent deathwatch for decades yet still an ongoing viable career for many practitioners. The perfect playpen of a sorry medium."

In his weekly comic and contributions to various anthologies, Mark employs both the form of the gag cartoon and the denizens of its world in different ways. His *Big Noses* comics (see page 36) encompass single-punch-line gag cartoons populated by big-nosed characters, which are printed alone or in thematic groups, such as *We All Die Alone*, *Humor Theorists*, and *Die, Mailman, Die!* They use gag cartoons to convey a more sophisticated, multi-layered version of the same kinds of themes that Machamer, TUP, Bex, and their peers were drawing. The *Big Noses* comics also encompass lengthy dialogue-driven captions with a single drawing above. These cartoons are like expertly visualized comedy routines, allowing Mark to indulge in the kind of obsessive patter he's always loved. Finally, there are *Little Stories* (see page 102). Each of these strips comprises a narrative caption underneath an oblique piece of found or clipped art. These texts read more like short stories than captions, their spark coming from the interplay between the image and Mark's seething extended prose.

These last two series bear a resemblance to a group of cartoons published in *Judge* by the humorist S. J. Perelman at the very beginning of his career. Perelman paired lengthy, pun-ridden captions with unrelated faux-woodcut drawings. As he continued, the drawings grew stranger and stranger and the wordplay more and more outlandish, making the disconnect between word and image all the more severe. Perelman, like Mark, belongs to a long line of artists who have subverted

WILL MAIL JUNE 4 PUNK

**GIANT OFFER!**  
**CARTOONISTS**  
 4 ISSUES **CARTOON WORLD**, \$20  
 MEL MILLAR'S 60 LESSON COURSE 120¢  
 HOW TO DO SPOTS, \$100¢  
 SECRETS OF COPY & ART 100¢  
 EXTRA SPECIAL - SEND \$400¢  
 + GET ALL OF ABOVE +  
 FAMOUS NAMES COURSE  
 \$920¢ DEAL FOR \$400¢!  
**CARTOON WORLD**, Box 30367  
 LINCOLN, NEBR 68503



TURN TO FUN:  
 ... READ

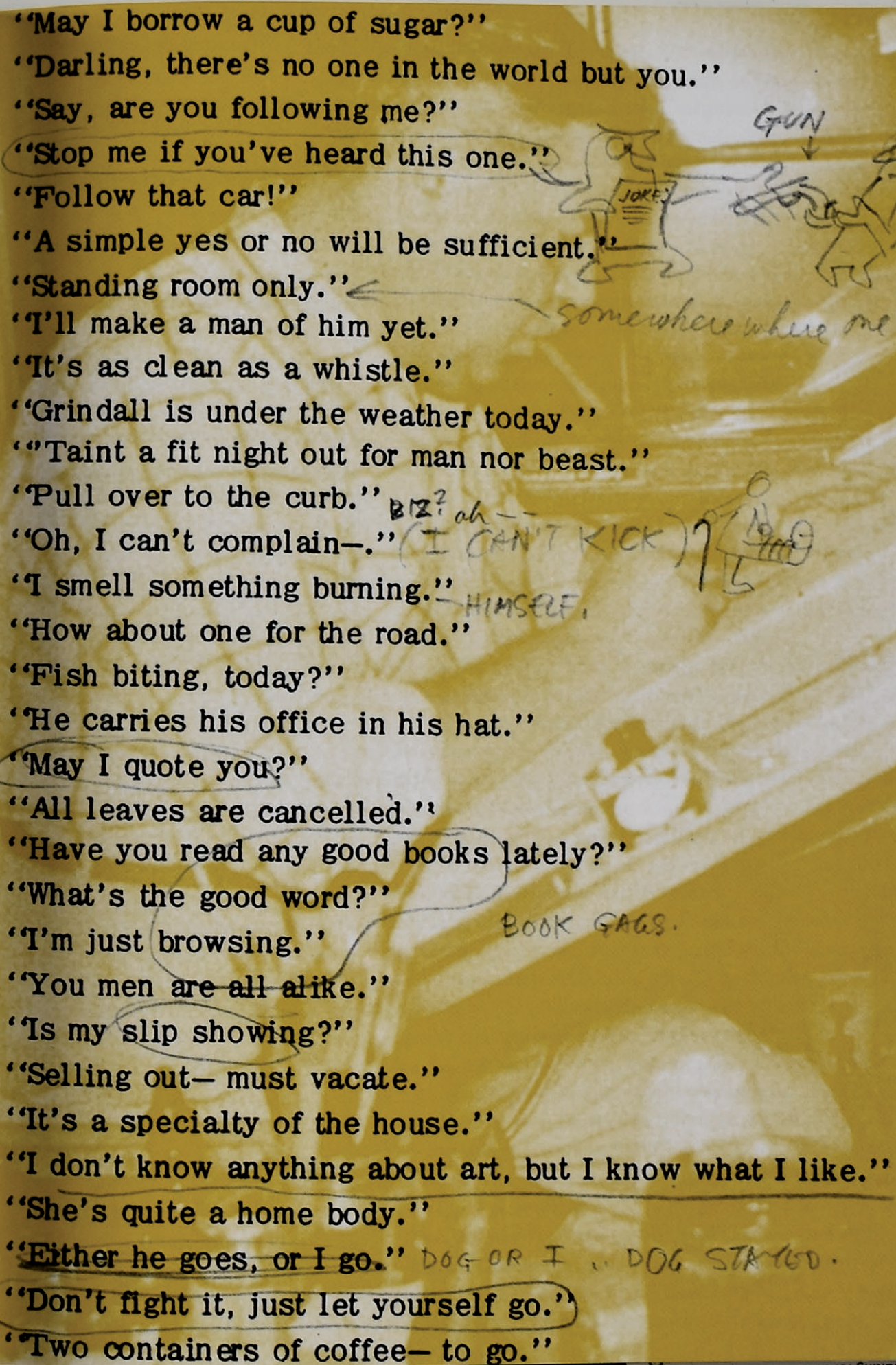
BRIEFLY  
 ROMP!  
 EYE  
 JUST  
 GAZE  
 COMEDY  
 SNAPPY  
 JOKER  
 GEE-WHIZ!  
 STARE

FUN WITH  
 SUPER-SOCK!

MAG YOUR NEWSDEALER  
 FOR A COUPLE OF COPIES.

(Top) Come-on for Mel Millar's cartoon secrets canon, still being hustled in 1990, a decade after the author's demise. (below) Hawking Humorama: The cream of the low-down humor crop. (opposite) Mel "Tubby" Millar himself hard at work on the yokks in 1961; an excerpt from *500 Cliché Captions for Cartoonists and Gagwriters* (1952) by Jack Markow, Harry Lampert, and Dan Koerner.

"May I borrow a cup of sugar?"  
 "Darling, there's no one in the world but you."  
 "Say, are you following me?"  
 "Stop me if you've heard this one."  
 "Follow that car!"  
 "A simple yes or no will be sufficient."  
 "Standing room only."  
 "I'll make a man of him yet."  
 "It's as clean as a whistle."  
 "Grindall is under the weather today."  
 "Taint a fit night out for man nor beast."  
 "Pull over to the curb." BIZ? ah--  
 "Oh, I can't complain--" (I CAN'T KICK)  
 "I smell something burning." HIMSELF.  
 "How about one for the road."  
 "Fish biting, today?"  
 "He carries his office in his hat."  
 "May I quote you?"  
 "All leaves are cancelled."  
 "Have you read any good books lately?"  
 "What's the good word?" BOOK GAGS.  
 "I'm just browsing."  
 "You men are all alike."  
 "Is my slip showing?"  
 "Selling out-- must vacate."  
 "It's a specialty of the house."  
 "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."  
 "She's quite a home body."  
 "Either he goes, or I go." DOG OR I ... DOG STRUGG.  
 "Don't fight it, just let yourself go."  
 "Two containers of coffee-- to go."

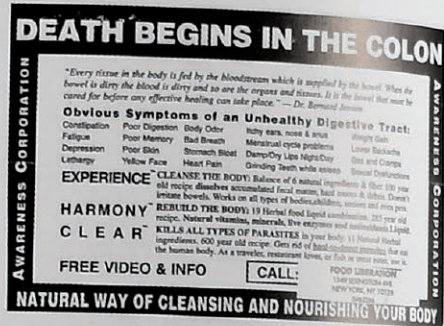
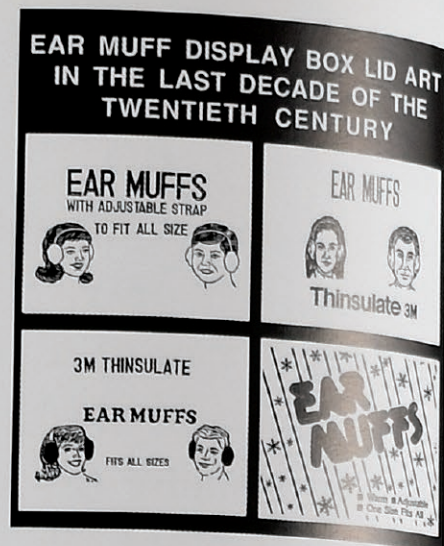


the gag cartoon as much as celebrated it. From the surreal comedy of B. Kliban to the visual punning of Saul Steinberg to the pathos-ridden scrawls of William Steig, many artists have used the format as a means for personal expression. But where these other artists use the gag cartoon as a jumping off point into pure drawing or psychological analysis, Mark turns the medium in on itself, drawing out meaning from its formal and literary conventions.

All of Mark's cartoons in gag formats combine formal experiments with his wry, absurd vision of human nature. The gags are partly successful because we recognize real human emotions in cartoon archetypes: the desert island guy, hillbillies, the drunk, the secretary, the boss, the artiste, and others found in daily life. And hillbillies are funny, yes, but they also die alone, and we care about them because they are familiar from years of cultural exposure. And if those harmless icons of our youth die alone, don't we die alone, too? Mark claims that these comics are also successful because "a lot of gag cartoons contain powerful cultural conventions carried over from other media and time-tested over the centuries. They persist precisely because they work so well. But you need to have something personal and from the gut to filter through them." Mark does not use the format ironically; for him, "the gag cartoon medium is a very practical vessel for my big ideas, not a rented costume," he says. "And although at times I question and play around with all the lovable baggage the medium comes with, the piece is usually about something else entirely, like regret, death, getting shafted by an employer, or fear of having kids."

Besides examining and using the formal properties of comics for structure and content, Mark's work also places the medium in the wider culture in which he initially experienced it. Comics are related to gum cards, toys, ephemera of all kinds, advertising icons, novelties, and nearly everything else produced in massive quantities for the amusement of a lowest-common-denominator public. All of these items populate a world of cheap entertainment. Burr Shafer books could, after all, be found on the same dusty tables as antique Joy Buzzers. Comics and gag cartoons are only one part of a larger chronicle of lost America, the long-gone dime store country, and the unselfconsciously obscure culture that died with it. Examples from much of that culture now rest in collections like Mark's: meticulously filed piles of old amusements and unlikely obsessions, including "Inspected by..." tags, imitation dog feces, and magazines with the word "laugh" in the title. Mark continues to collect, and admits that there is a "delicate balance between sapping my creative energy and fueling it." For an artist like Mark, the balance is especially difficult, as the traditions, standards, and histories his collection represents are still so alive to him. When he went to work at Topps, the company was still wrapping gum in Wesley Morse-drawn Bazooka Joe strips decades after the artist's death. For Mark, the best way to maintain the balance is to create art from, and, to some extent, about it.

Three of Mark's series explore both the contents of his collections as well as collecting for its own sake. There are millions of contrived cartoon characters created solely to populate packaging, super market goods, consumer services, and all manner of advertisements. Many such plotless icons inhabit Mark's collection and were recycled into two other weekly *New York Press* features: *Meet the Cast* and *It's*



(Top) Garbage-picking as comic strip: Mark's Ear Muff Display Box Lid Art in the Last Decade of the 20th Century, Feb 9, 1990. These fine box lids were all rescued off the street within a few blocks of each other during a snowstorm. A week later, thousands of copies of the *New York Press* returned them to their natural habitat. (below) More ephemeral inspiration: This 1980s Food Liberation prophesy was the impetus for *Death Begins in the Colon* (see page 43).

*Em*<sup>®</sup>. In each episode of *Meet the Cast* (see page 74), Mark created a collection of these characters for his own amusement. Crowded onto a page with little order was "an endless parade of characters minus any narrative or a specific context," as he puts it. *Meet the Cast* is about identities without homes. It represents the ultimate detritus of a cartoon reality: dozens of perky, useless characters adrift and poured onto a page without a story line or even a product in sight. They are only a step away from the fame of *Nancy*, if only a kindly cartoonist would give them a gag home to step into.

It's *Em*<sup>®</sup> (see page 125) features *Em*<sup>®</sup>, a cartoon glyph composed of a big head perched atop an indistinct, armless body. *Em*<sup>®</sup> first appeared in *Meet the Cast*, and like so many of those characters, was a brand mascot without a product—a symbol without a meaning. The strip consisted of multiple panels of the same drawing of *Em*<sup>®</sup> complemented by marketing slogans. There was no action, and no progression, just the constant selling of *Em*<sup>®</sup>. "The idea behind *Em*<sup>®</sup> was my pet theory that while the public is basically indifferent to the comics medium itself, people absolutely adore cartoon characters, the more generic the better. The classic 'medium is the message' concept. So *Em*<sup>®</sup> was created as a lowest-common-denominator, 'give 'em what they want' cartoon character. *Em*<sup>®</sup> is universal: th(em) and me (spelled backward). The design was part cute (smiley face), part gross (piggy nose)—the basic Garbage Pail Kids formula, really. *Em*<sup>®</sup>'s essence was as minimal as possible. *Em*<sup>®</sup> said 'Hi.' And that was it." It also was an ahead-of-its-time satire on the hollow randomness of brand identity—before there was *Obey Giant* there was *Em*<sup>®</sup>. *The Cast* and *Em*<sup>®</sup> don't have all the merchandising to make them commercial realities, but *Em*<sup>®</sup> did have his/her/its moment. *Em*<sup>®</sup> became the *New York Press*'s mascot for a season; readers sent in photos of their *Em*<sup>®</sup> tattoos; and there was even some discussion of an *Em*<sup>®</sup> toy line. But Mark "did not want to become what I was satirizing. I believed in content and wanted to succeed by that, not by cynicism or the vacuity of hip cuteness." Had the creative winds blown differently, though, *Em*<sup>®</sup> and the rest of the *Cast* would each have their own comic strip, action figure, bubble gum card set, and soda tie-in. They would be items included in Mark's collection.

One actual collection of objects did manage to leap from Mark's archives onto the printed page. Over a period of weeks he collected (and asked for contributions of) examples of toilet paper wrappers from New York City and eventually across the globe, simultaneously creating both a new collection and new content. He then printed the examples as a series of twelve installments of his weekly comic strip, entitled *Industrial Toilet Paper Wrappers of NYC*. Imagine a "comic" composed entirely of toilet paper wrappers. The toilet paper strips are just one example of found objects sharing space with original drawing in Mark's weekly strip. Other installments were devoted to earmuff display box art, anonymous children's drawings, and various graphic discards discovered on his walks through New York.

These comics embody Mark's idea of the medium and represent what he feels is the common cultural link between all of his endeavors. "It's a comment on my work, the nature of all media—comics included—but not necessarily a negative one. I firmly believe all the greatest work of the twentieth century was



(Above) The licensing bonanza that refused to sell out! *Em*<sup>®</sup> toy prototype sculpted by Richard McGuire, 1991. (below) A cartoon character creation tool: maximum genericism promised and delivered.

# The MAIL BOX



### Loose Lips

MARK NEWGARDEN SUCKS SO BAD I'M surprised he has any lips left. Face it, Mark, you are not funny. He inspired me to do a strip like his—in 15 minutes I came up with a pretty bad comic and thought of sending it to you, but did not want to compete with that geek for the most worthless strip in the history of the world. Have you lost your sense of humor? Is Mark Newgarden dating a staff member?

Flawn Armstrong  
Suburban Maryland

### STRIP TEASE

I FIND IT IRONIC AND RIDICULOUS that you should decide to carry "Uncle Marky's Fun Clinic," an inferior comic strip, and its parody of Matt Groening's "Life in Hell." While Groening's strip obviously repeats itself, Mark Newgarden's strip has taken repetition to a ludicrous level. Your decision to feature the parody on your August 5 issue cover makes it all the more insulting. You're carrying the wrong strip. Please correct this.

Ben Ople  
Baltimore

### Strip Sleaze

DOES ANYONE THERE EVEN LOOK AT Mark Newgarden's strip before slapping it up on the page? The answer has to be no, otherwise, the paper never would have let this week's strip (10/28) go through. The first frame is sickening, offensive, and, to top it off, not even the remotest bit funny.

Next time show a little class and discretion; take out the offending strip and put in some other filler.

Joyce Frieden  
Washington, D.C.

### Tasteless Toon

IN THE OCTOBER 28 ISSUE OF CITY Paper a cartoon by an artist named Braque [Mark Newgarden] appeared on Page 74. I join my colleagues here at the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children in expressing our surprise and dismay at your decision to print such a tasteless cartoon, and challenge you to print this letter along with your apology for making such an unfortunate choice.

To make light of a subject as devastating as intrafamilial sexual abuse is not only tasteless—but does a serious disservice to efforts by child-serving organizations in this city and across the country to combat this national problem. I can assure you that for the countless incest victims in our community who have to face their victimization and deal with it in an effort to lead normal adult lives, there is nothing humorous about child sexual molestation. And it is an insult to your readership that you would choose to print and distribute a cartoon such as this.

Recent research sponsored by the U.S. Department of Justice carried out at the American University here in Washington reports, "While appearing as light and guileless humor, the vast body of cartoon research documents cartoons as a sociopolitical art form. It is speculated that some sort of 'Socialization of Taboo

Ideas' often used the cartoon format to a) circumvent readers' resistance to b) humorously trivializing existing taboos."

On behalf of organizations such as ours who strive to reduce the incidence of child victimization and those individuals in our city who are adult survivors of incest, I'd like to make one small request. In the future when cartoons such as this one cross your desk, don't print them—throw them away. They cheapen your publication, and appall your readers. Simply put, child sexual abuse is no laughing matter.

Ellis E. Meredith  
President, National Center for Missing & Exploited Children  
Washington, D.C.

### NO LAUGHING MATTER

GOD KNOWS WE'RE TIRED OF hearing about AIDS, but Mark Newgarden's "So Help Me" cartoons (CP, 8/12) weren't refreshing or humorous. Hasn't AIDS touched enough lives (I've lost two friends)

that we cease to find it a laughing matter? What's so funny, Mark? If I were a friend or acquaintance of yours, you would be in deep trouble with me over those three little panels, dude. Fungi, Dung and Pap, indeed.

Did anyone on the City Paper staff (gay or straight) object to running that strip? Remember "Jokes for the John"? Newgarden's stuff belongs in the john—please flush twice.

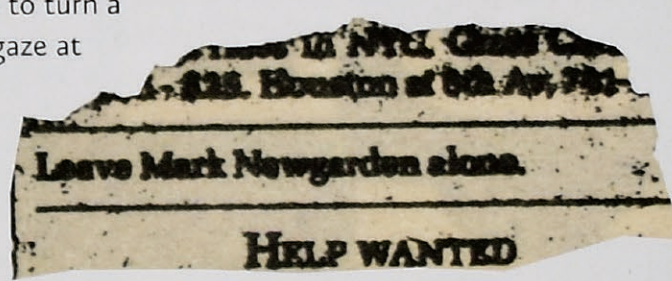
Robert Chadbourne  
Baltimore

### Comic Relief

I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE said a few words on behalf of Mark Newgarden. This is by my count the second time he's been slammed in "The Mail" (7/15) and I'm getting tired of it. What's wrong with Newgarden's work? No one seems to be able to pin it down. Are they irritated because his comics don't tell nice, easy-to-understand little stories about How Hard Life Is in the '80s? Can anyone besides me see that what he's doing is in fact a very effective blast at the morose emptiness of most American pop culture, comics, newspapers, and such? Guess not. I think what artists like Newgarden, Groening, and Dog need are fewer casualties of the smug, inbred world of "Underground Comix" and more people who are willing to look at and judge their work on its own merits.

P.S. All of the above goes for "Big Baby," too.

Jason Rubis  
Mt. Rainier, Md.



(Opposite) America loves Mark Newgarden—a 1989 installment of Mark Newgarden. The reprinted letters were all too real. (above) A New York Press classified ad pleads for the public to take mercy on Mark.

made to be disposable," he says. "I like toilet paper wrappers and I like comics. Both belong in the recycling heap and both belong in the Louvre. I loved seeing my New York Press work getting stepped on by muddy shoes on the subway and on the floor covered with dog piss. I loved seeing the wax wrappers for Topps products blowing along my block on windy days and getting rained on and shredded in the wire fences. I loved seeing cheap abandoned plywood kids' furniture in the Salvation Army completely mummified in Garbage Pail Kids stickers. I even loved seeing Peter Saul and other "fine artists" reinterpreting Garbage Pail Kids images in their work. And I love seeing some dopey half-forgotten project I worked on moldering in a grocery box under a table in a junky flea market out in the sticks. On one level, that's how I know my work was in the world and that I existed. That's success."

Of all his comic strips, the toilet paper wrappers elicited the greatest volume of reader mail; many other strips, including painstakingly forged parodies of other, more established weekly cartoonists, resulted in reams of hate mail, some of which Mark gleefully recycled into content for two more found object features, both entitled *The Mail Box*. Even if the hate mail didn't deter him, the non traditional nature of his found object strips ultimately helped convince the New York Press to suddenly cancel Mark's strip on November 15, 1991, which left him contributing his gag cartoons to anthologies and magazines for much of the '90s, severely curtailing his comics output.

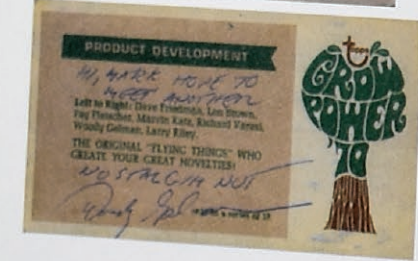
Cartoon characters, and the themes they embody, will always exist, regardless of the disposability of their media. Nancy and Bazooka Joe are believable as a failed romance because their existence is a given. We are invested in such characters as meaningful icons, and they wait patiently for us to turn a page, open a pack of cards, or turn on a television so we can gaze at them. Why shouldn't these gag functionaries make eye contact in the subway? The cartoon rogues' gallery of *Meet the Cast*, with its nowhere characters, is a different version of a similar idea—these characters populate our consciousness and our dreams, but have no lives of their own; they wait to be activated by the punch lines Jack Markow and friends identified. Those five hundred clichéd gags are the cultural conventions that Mark carries on. What is life but exactly those captions? Troubles with your boss, your spouse, booze, depression, taxes, religion, and death. This is the stuff that fills up days and months and decades. Cheaply produced disposable publications filled with cartoon characters give a form to these thoughts that is as familiar as the troubles themselves, making them palatable and accessible to any reader. And while the paper may disintegrate, its themes are eternal. At any given time all of these worries may seem equal, for what's death when your wife is throwing a shoe at your forehead, and who needs religion when whiskey is just a reach away? By giving written and visual life to these thoughts, Mark's comics represent an artist looking inward to his own inspirations and ideas, and outward both to his chosen medium and its history. He is, quite literally, the anonymous guy who makes the funnies. —Dan Nadel



# ADDENDUM: TOPPS AND OTHER NONSENSE

The Topps Company has a long history of housing eccentric talent, thanks to Woody Gelman, its creative director until the mid-1970s. Gelman was a former Max Fleischer Studio animator, a comic book artist, and the founder of the Nostalgia Press, the first major publishing effort dedicated to comic strip reprints. He was a great admirer and employer of talented cartoonists, giving steady work to *Mad* magazine and EC Comics artists like Jack Davis and Wally Wood, and spotting unpolished talents like the young Robert Crumb, who designed the Nostalgia Press stationery and logo, and the teenage Art Spiegelman. For most of his career, Gelman was collecting as much as he was producing, and was a leap or two ahead of his time in his omnivorous consumption and creation of pop culture. For him, as for Mark, the two activities went hand in hand, each providing inspiration for the other. Comics, animation, and the novelty/card business were also part of the same game: each combined satire, drawing, and salesmanship.

Mark's first significant job after joining Topps in 1984 was developing ideas for the venerable Wacky Packages, gum-card stickers that parodied consumer products of all kinds. Spiegelman had conceived them with Gelman and their colleague Len Brown in the late 1960s, and they were wildly successful for years—many of them were created with Spiegelman's underground cartoonist pals, including Kim Deitch, Bill Griffith, and Jay Lynch. Because of Spiegelman, and by extension, Gelman, Topps became a place that underground artists could go to make some money and hone their gag chops. In 1984, Mark produced a gag sketch for the latest revival of Wacky Packages and called it "Garbage Pail Kid," an obvious parody of the then wildly popular Cabbage Patch Kids dolls. It never made it to



(Clockwise from top) Only at Topps: A generic label designed for novelty products; 4:30 P.M.: Quitting time at the gimmick factory, Brooklyn Army Terminal building #2, circa 1986, photograph by Brad Kalhamer; Mark's original "Garbage Pail Kid," slated for the 1985 Wacky Packages series. From this humble doodle a pop culture craze was born; in-house promotional trading card honoring the Topps Product Development all-star team, 1970, inscribed to Mark by the legendary Woody Gelman (second from right); (opposite) Uncut production sheet (detail) for Garbage Pail Kids, series I, 1986.



I've been waiting for a book of Mark

# GARBAGE PAIL KIDS

#	SUBJECT	ARTIST	PENCIL	FINISH	#	SUBJECT	ARTIST	PENCIL	FINISH
1	SNOT TARGET PRACTICE	BUNK	✓	✓	23	TRASH COLLECTOR W/ STICK	WARHOLA	✓	✓
2	UNDERARM FART SPRAY	BUNK	✓	✓	24	BARTENDER	WARHOLA	✓	✓
3	HUNG ON SUBWAY	BUNK	✓	✓	25	KITE IN TREE	WARHOLA	✓	✓
4	VOMIT BUBBLES	BUNK	✓	✓	26	EYEBALL CREAM CONE	WARHOLA	✓	✓
5	WATERING THE FLOWERS	BUNK	✓	✓	27	FRIED EGG-EYE	BUNK	✓	✓
6	EYES VOMITING	POUND	✓	✓	28	MULTIPLE HAND VOMIT	BUNK	✓	✓
7	WATER BARFING UP MEAL	POUND	✓	✓	29	SLOPPY CARBONATOR	BUNK	✓	✓
8	CIRCUS TRAPEZE	POUND	✓	✓	30	TOILET MONSTER	BUNK	✓	✓
9	FART POWERED SAILBOAT	POUND	✓	✓	31	TOILET PUNGER ARMS	BUNK	✓	✓
10	BARFING BARF	POUND	✓	✓	32	EYES IN MOUTH	BUNK	✓	✓
11	ALGAE POND SCUM	POUND	✓	✓	33	PRUNE FACE	POUND	✓	✓
12	TOILET PLANE	POUND	✓	✓	34	RAINZEL	POUND	✓	✓
13	1000'S OF TONGUES	POUND	✓	✓	35	RAIN CLOUD	POUND	✓	✓
14	CHESTER DRAWERS	POUND	✓	✓	36	FIGHT SCENE IN HEAD	POUND	✓	✓
15	PADDLE EYE-BALLS	POUND	✓	✓	37	BUG	POUND	✓	✓
16	GARBAGE DISPOSAL	POUND	✓	✓					
17	FORTUNE COOKIE	POUND	✓	✓					
18	CORK IN CHAMPAGE BOTTLE	POUND	✓	✓					
19	'JIFFY POP' GPK	POUND	✓	✓					
20	WARTS	POUND	✓	✓					



Lock Mouth no canoes  
 X-ray bands  
 Zippers mouth  
 Edgar Allan Poe -  
 Chris Columbus - rick sick  
 Robinson Crusoe  
 Robin Hood start all of arrows  
 Wim Tell etc.

Bowling cowboy  
 Pregnant

- GPK 4
- ✓ STRAPPED ON CML - LIKE DEER
  - ✓ MOBY DICK
  - ✓ WRISTWATCH (BUSY)
  - X TOPPED MUSHMELON ON STICK
  - ✓ CLOBBERS W/ A/P
  - ✓ GARGOYLE
  - ✓ GRIM REAPER
  - TRADEMARKS - ?
  - ✓ GPK COLLECTOR W/ WRAPUPS
  - ✓ FEMALE BODY BUILDER
  - ✓ MARS ATTACKS AUCON - U / S/ C/ M/ T/ P/ R/ T/ C/ A/ R/ O / W/ I/ B/ A/ T/ O/ N/ A
  - ✓ HARD BOILED DICK - C/ A/ R/ O / W/ I/ B/ A/ T/ O/ N/ A
  - ✓ SUPERHERO CHARGING BRICKMAN - CRACKING
  - ✓ LOCKNESS MANHOLE
  - ✓ BIGFOOT
  - ✓ SREEMER AND RAME
  - ✓ SMMN21 - KILLING HAIR
  - ✓ STAVE POKER
  - ✓ JACK T. PAPER
  - ✓ BUGS?
  - ✓ TRUMPER PUNYER GLASS OUT BRANS
  - ✓ GPK ARTIST
  - ✓ FEMME VAMPIRE
  - ✓ WAKEMAN / BREAKDANCE
  - ✓ DOG CHICKEN
  - ✓ ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION
  - ✓ SCROOSE
  - ✓ FEMME WARRIOR
  - ✓ ROCKY / RIMBO
  - ✓ COCKROACH / SCORPION

(This page, clockwise from bottom) Topps idea book, filled with bad things to happen to cartoon babies; early Newgarden Garbage Pail Kids gag sketches and the printed product as painted by John Pound, 1986; charts like these kept the Topps sewage running smoothly out to sea, 1988. (opposite, clockwise from top left) GPK make the funny pages; Not everyone finds the kids so funny—the Reverend Jerry Fallwell's Liberty Report, September, 1986; a couple of kids deemed too disturbing to see print: Pickled Pat and Vaporized Val. Paintings by John Pound; a completely satisfied Topps customer; and another, more practical use for GPK.

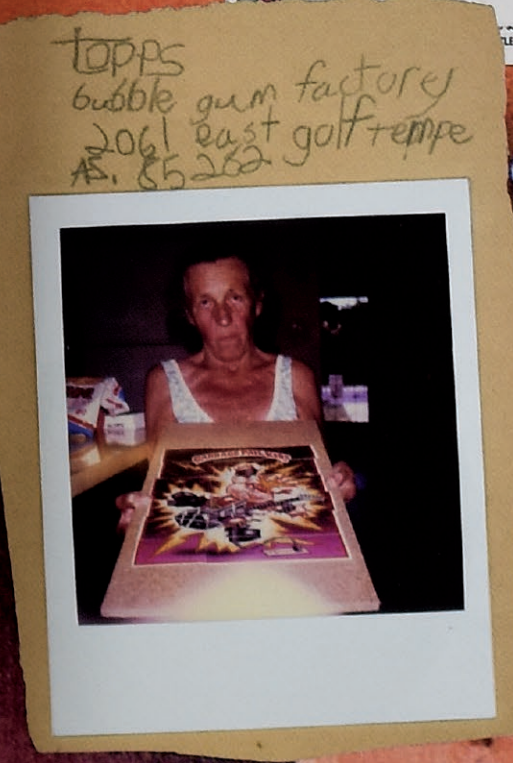
## THE FAMILY CIRCUS By Bill Keane



"Got any Garbage Pail Kids cards you wanna trade, Grandma?"

**THE GARBAGE GANG** FEATURING CLIFF HANGER & BONNIE BUNNY

**Hello**  
 I am an ugly Jerk who sells these stupid stickers to take care of my wife and 5 kids. Please pay any price you wish.  
 Thank you



## LIBERTY

The Official Publication of The Liberty Federation • 2020 Tate Springs Rd • Lynchburg, VA 24501 September 1986

**SELL OUT:**  
 Cong. Gephardt Betrays Pro-Life Cause  
 Page 7

**CIVIL DEFENSE!**  
 Has America lost the ability to defend and protect?  
 Page 10

**COMMENTARY:**  
 Liberals attempt to smear Sen. Helms  
 Page 21

**TEAMWORK:**  
 Government needs home town support to fight porn  
 Page 24

**COURT BATTLE:**  
 Religious parents will not accept offensive text  
 Page 22

**GARBAGE PAIL KIDS**  
 Parents Enraged: Bubble Gum Cards Leave Bad Taste  
 Page 18

**Pro-Lifers Jailed!**  
 Page 3



the Wacky Packages set; but the following year, Topps, seeing an opportunity to cash in on the Cabbage Patch Kids fad, released a series of stickers based on the idea. Each sticker featured a character's portrait on the front and a gag or two on the back. It was an immediate success, and Topps eventually released fifteen series the back. (In containing, overall, nearly twelve hundred kids before retiring the title in 1989. (In 2004, Topps resuscitated the idea for a sixteenth series.) The creation of the cards was a group effort. After brainstorming, writing, and laying out the cards with Spiegelman (and sometimes with other colleagues), artists including John Pound,



Tomas Bunk, and James Warhola would paint the final artwork. The last step was the character-naming meetings with Mark, Spiegelman, and Topps stalwarts Len Brown and Stan Hart; finally, the entire series would be presented to the Topps executives for approval.

In the midst of the shiny, Reagan-era 1980s, Garbage Pail Kids emerged on the scene as a shock to a largely conservative mainstream population. Purchasing the grotesque and ingenious cards was, like buying *Mad* magazine in the 1950s, a first act of rebellion for many children. The series taught kids to be suspicious, absurd, satiric, and simply gross—all valuable tools in getting through modern life. Their popularity and offensiveness did not go unnoticed, and the cards inspired a tremendous public outcry, as Adam Bomb, Losing Faith, Acid Wayne, Jim Nauseum, and their pals grossed out parents and delighted children around the world. And as with children's fads before it, bans, lawsuits, and public condemnation swiftly ensued. But more importantly, Garbage Pail Kids broke numerous taboos in "children's" entertainment that allowed later, supposedly child-friendly shows like *The Simpsons* and *South Park* to go even further in their biting satire.

Mark rode it out, took a bonus or two from Topps (the company owned all of the rights to the idea), witnessed a truly terrible movie adaptation, and went on to other things, like *Toxic High*, a "horrors of high school" trading card series created with Drew Friedman, and such enigmatic novelty items as Pluggo, in which candy was dispensed from the product's belly button; Pick and Chews, a disembodied

Cheap candy always came out of the strangest places at Topps: the Pluggo gang with removable outies, 1987, and Pow! Candy, for the little anarchist with a sweet tooth, 1985.



nose that dispensed gum nuggets through its nostrils; Gruesome Greetings, a scratch-and-sniff greeting card set; and the extremely unlikely Barfo, a limbless, vomiting nuclear family of gooey candy dispensers. Hundreds of ideas never even made it past the development stage and are remembered only by name, including such sure-fire losers as Oops!; Sandwich Gum; Who Cares?; Cute Puke; Ugly Baseball Statues; and Bob the Blue Pyramid Gum.

Compared to Mark's more private and personal comics output, "this work involved a much wider range of activity, including corporate responsibility and 'professionalism.' It was a job for a company that offered a certain creative leeway but also had certain concrete expectations and requirements. It involved all kinds of persuasive, collaborative, editorial, and political skills, art direction, design, awareness of budgets, deadlines, production issues, and so on. Creatively, I always tried to be true to what I thought would be funny—or at least what the eight-year-old in me thought would be funny—and to try to bring things into the world that maybe nobody else would ever try. The stuff I judge the most successful was probably the closest to my personal humor aesthetic. But there were a lot of other, very talented thumbs in those projects."

Because of his success, Mark was given some creative autonomy, and, as Spiegelman had done decades before, hired friends from the underground, including

A memorable Gruesome Greetings card from the 1992 Topps Scratch n' Stink series edited by Newgarden. Gag by Sam Henderson, painting by John Pound.



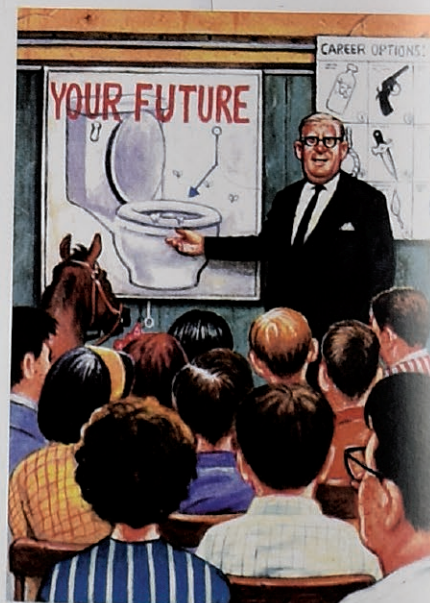
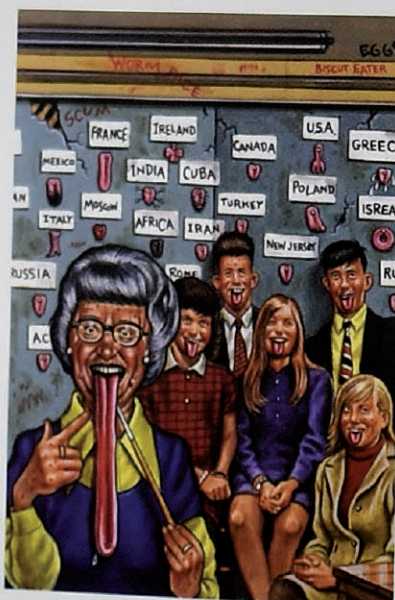
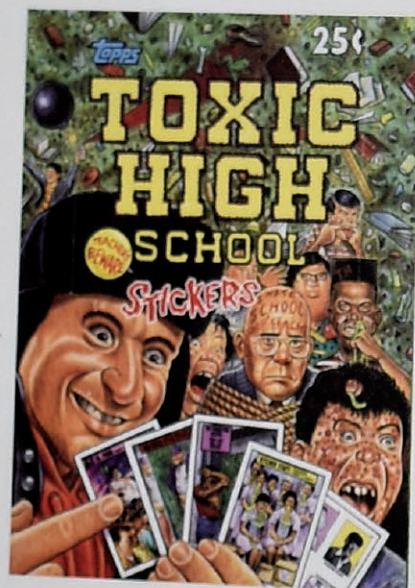
Richard McGuire, Gary Panter, David Sandlin, and Kaz to work on ideas and products with him. And while he never owned the properties he created, he says "the trade-off was the creative freedom there to push things further and further and see this fly-by-the-seat-of-their-pants novelty company manufacture some fairly crazy, personally satisfying objects on a mass scale at a time when this was just absolutely not going on in the culture anywhere else. It was a conscious compromise at a certain point."

In 1993, however, when Topps experienced some distribution problems and Mark found that more of his projects were being shelved than produced, he moved on.

**TOPPS**®

(Bottom left) Toxic High School stickers display box; (clockwise from top right) some excised images that were just a bit too "special" for mass consumption: conjoined parasitic twins find love at the prom; the One-Legged Dance Club and the Left Leg Club; a brutally honest guidance counselor; and the Foreign Tongues club. Drawn by Drew Friedman, paintings by John Pound, Patrick Pigott, and Tomas Bunk, 1991; Toxic High is framed by Topps CEO Arthur Shorin's admonishment to Mark. No one wants to piss-off the entire state of New Jersey.

A.T.S.  
 "NO NEW JERSEY  
 IN TOXIC HIGH."



ARTHUR T. SHORIN



Despite a lot of frustrations, Mark found the experience at Topps invaluable: "It taught me the discipline of sitting down and manufacturing ideas—often volumes of them on a single theme." That kind of creative practice has served him well. After leaving Topps, Mark continued to plow the novelty fields. He used his developmental skills to sell humorous takes on toy ideas for cereal boxes and fast-food restaurants, software for Microsoft, and promotional gimmicks for Packard-Bell, among others. While churning out these concepts, Mark continued producing magazine illustrations, writing and designing for Nickelodeon and the Cartoon Network, and carrying on a long-standing collaboration with the avant-garde New York comedy trio the Poster Boys. His 1999 Cartoon Network Web Premiere Toon B. Happy was at the forefront of online Flash animation, and *A Second Chance at Life* and *Cartoons and You* were well-received follow-ups. These cartoons are funny and formally ambitious, not unlike his comics work. All of this work in collaboration with other people or entire companies is Mark's contribution to the junk culture that raised him. —D. N.



(Above) Stills from Cartoon Network's initial Web Premiere Toon B. Happy, 1999. (below) Topps' 1991 masterpiece, The Barfo Family Candy, which generously combined what every kid loves most: vomit and sugar. Display box drawn by Drew Friedman, painting by John Pound.



# NOSSES

# BIG

ALL THROUGH LIFE, EVEN  
WHEN I WAS MAKING A  
FORTUNE ON ACCOUNT OF  
THE BIG BEAK, AND WHILE I  
WAS OUT THERE ON THE  
STAGE LAUGHIN' AND KIDDIN'  
ABOUT THE NOSE, AT NO TIME  
WAS I EVER HAPPY ABOUT IT.

— JIMMY DURANTE



I've been waiting for a book of Mark



1990

"Chaplin was a commie fag. Keaton was a drunk. Harold Lloyd was impotent. Arbuckle was a celebrated rapist. Harry Langdon wore diapers. Laurel was a drunk. Hardy was a hermaphrodite. Groucho was a pompous ass. And so was Billy Bevan. Chico fucked Boy Scouts. Harpo was a commie fag. Fields was a drunk. Abbott was a compulsive gambler. Costello was in with the mob. Ben Turpin molested poultry. Lloyd Hamilton had adolescent oriental girls defecate in his famous comedy hat. William Bendix had three nostrils. The Ritz brothers were Satan worshippers. Charlie Chase ate baby sparrows. Al St. John was a drunk. Mack Sennett was an uncultured illiterate slob. And so was Billy West. Moe fondled neighborhood children. Curly fondled neighborhood dogs. Larry was a stigmatic. Shemp wet his bed. Joe Besser's wife was ill. Snub Pollard was into whips, chains, nipple clamps and Chester Conklin. Leon Errol was a drunk. Bobby Clark beat his wife. McCullough slit his throat in a barber's chair. Jack Benny was a woman from Philadelphia named Estelle M. Wilkenson. Every Saturday night Jimmy Durante masturbated into clean white socks and cast them from his hotel suite onto the crowded streets below. Ned Sparks was a drunk. Billy Gilbert collected used toilet paper. Edgar Kennedy was a known pyromaniac. Mantan Moreland had the clap. Franklin Pangborn was a commie fag. Benny Rubin was a drunk. Raymond Griffith communicated telepathically with an astral entity named Macloubbah. Chick Sales ate his lunch from a colostomy bag. Eddie Cantor exposed his dink for a split second in every one of his pictures. Gil Lamb picked up white socks from off of crowded city streets. Olsen sold drugs. Johnson sold babies. Joe Penner had an unborn twin named Goo-Goo growing from his abdomen. Mack Swain was a drunk. Ernie Kovacs shot smack. Andy Devine shot steroids. Dave O'Brien shot Kennedy. Bert Lahr was a pompous ass. Danny Kaye was a commie fag. Ed Wynn was a drunk. Byron Foulger lived sixteen years with a male orangutan named Letitia who swept his rooms, did all his laundry, doubled for him at bridge and taught him the ways of the African jungle. So they all had their problems . . . funny guys, though."



1990

SCRZKYRBBKLSZWKYZRKYCHRWZWSZRGYRKYLRGCZWRKPSZ?

"Well yes, I am looking for an entry-level position. One with little intelligence required. I want something menial where I don't have to think very hard or at all, even. That would be nice. One where I'm only a marginal cog in a vast corporate machine whose ultimate function I could never begin to comprehend, let alone relate to. I want to be used, taken advantage of, beaten down, dicked around, given the shaft, exploited unmercifully and after a career of soul-breaking monotony I want to be flung away like an obsolete piece of plumbing. I want to be paid as close to minimum wage as feasible. I don't want any benefits, medical coverage or even a nurse on duty if I cut off my thumb. I surely don't want any challenges. I want to spend my time in this world laboring anonymously, consuming in misery with little hope of anything beyond. I also wouldn't mind something with potential health hazards, possibly something carcinogenic. And I'd like my meager intelligence regularly insulted—that's important. In fact, I'd be interested in regular on-the-job harassment—racial, sexual or otherwise. And if it's not too much to ask, I'd really appreciate a position on the verge of obsolescence, something where I'd stand a good chance of being replaced by a computer circuit or a third-world child, or a genetically mutated member of the mandrill family within six years. In short, Mr. Shorin, I'm not looking for anything special."

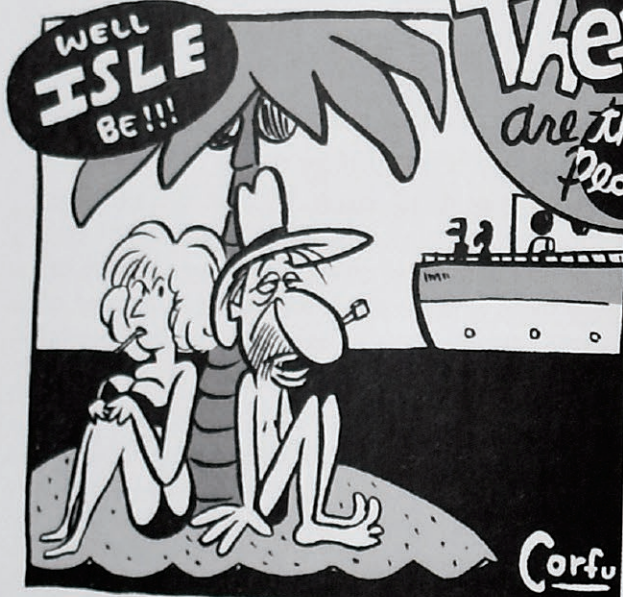
I've been waiting for a book of Mark



"HE JUST CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO HIT IT BECAUSE HE'S A SCOTCHMAN AND GOLF BALLS ARE EXPENSIVE."

"HE'S LIT MULTIPLE CIGARETTES BECAUSE HIS ATTENTION IS FOCUSED ON THE LADY'S MAMMARY GLANDS."

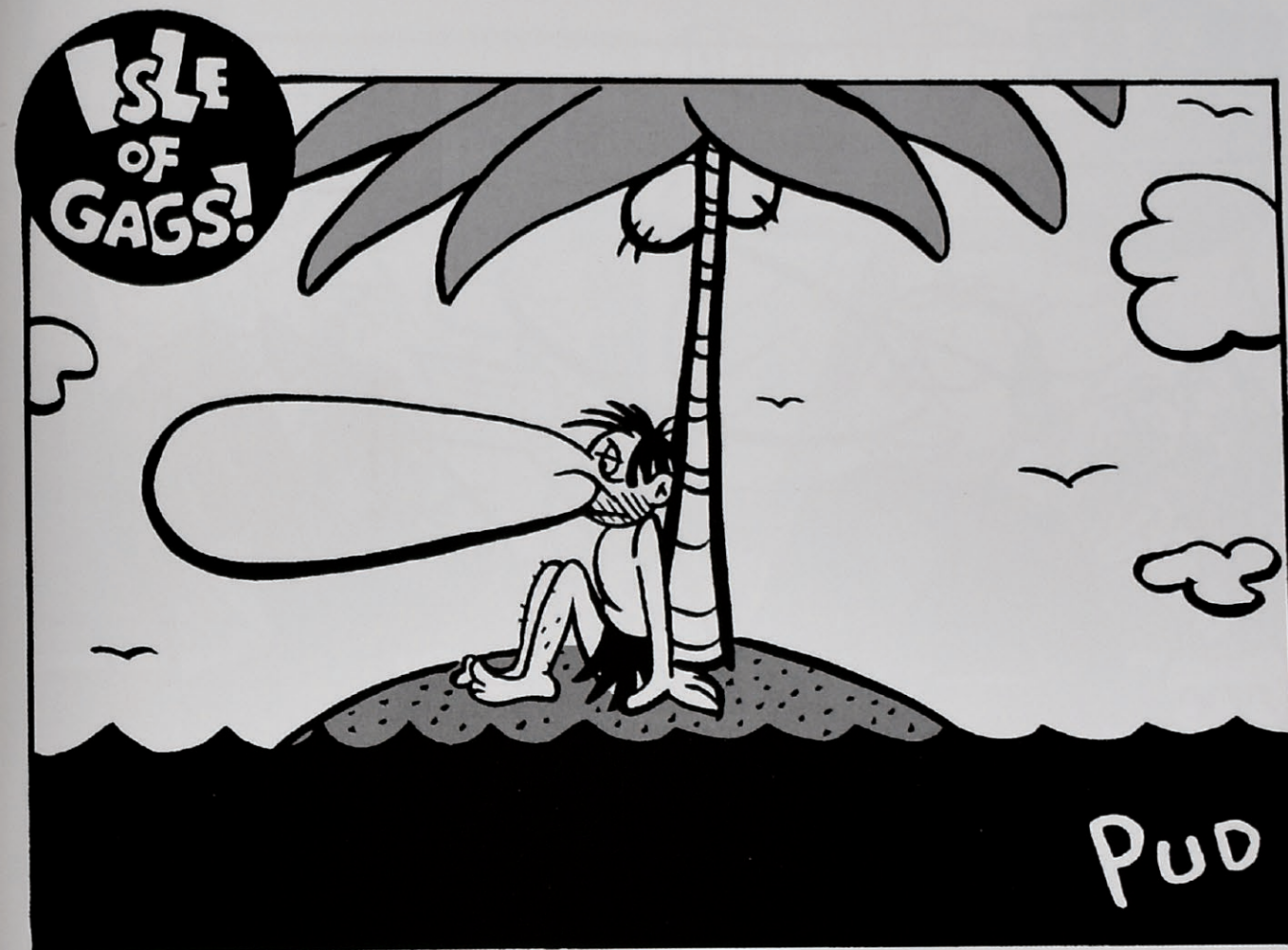
**Humor Theorists**  
Are the Craziest People...



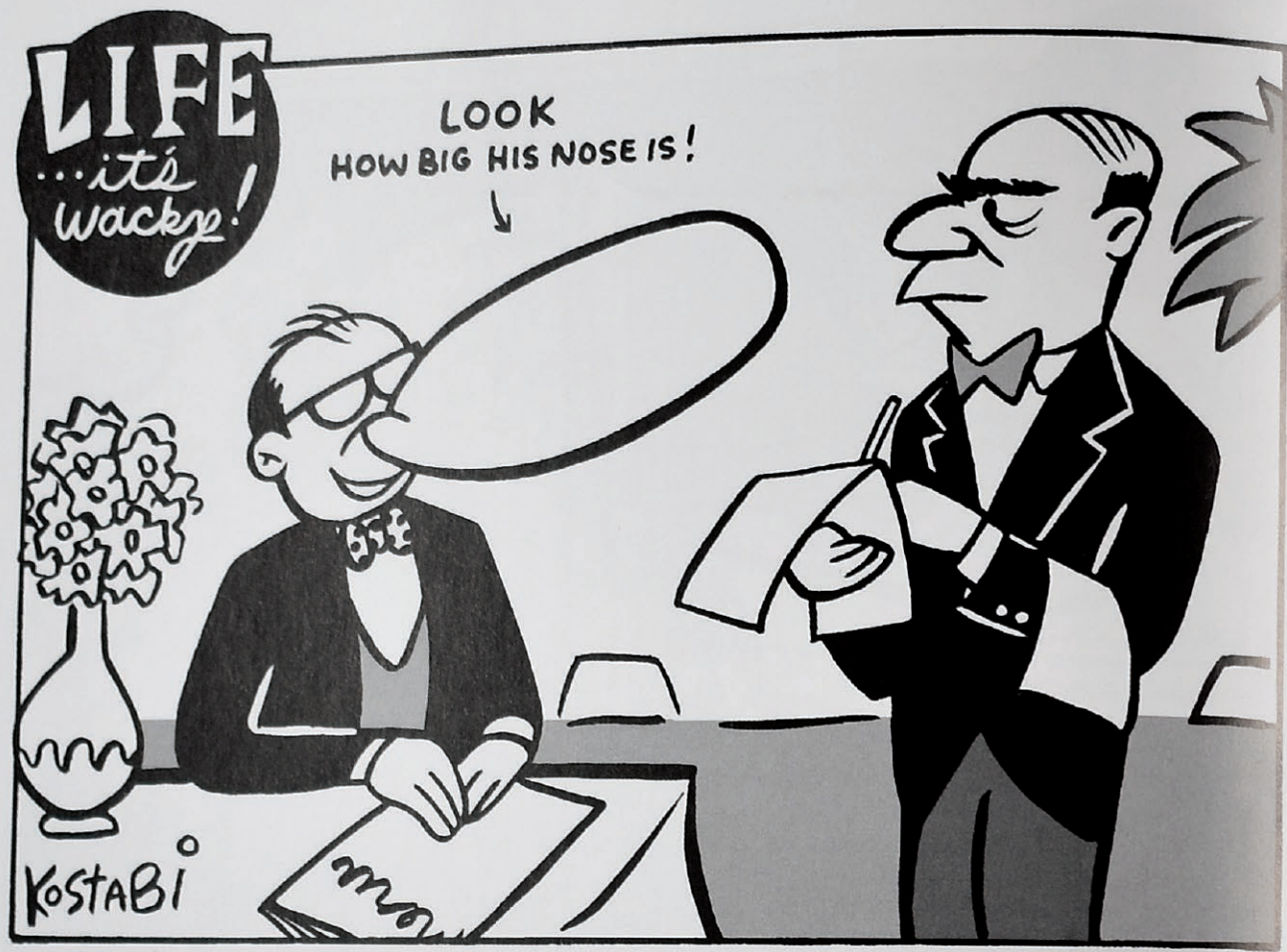
"HE'S TOO LAZY TO INITIATE SEXUAL CONGRESS BECAUSE HE'S A MARRIAGED HILLBILLY."



"NOTHING FUNNY HERE... IT MUST JUST BE AN ILLUSTRATION."



Approaching coyly. Encroaching. Coiling. Circly-circling. He'd slowly find her. He'd slowly have her. Conchita! Rudolpho! Pluck, touch, pepper, punch. He'd slowly charm her. Another series: touch, palm, retreat, circle, dip, touch, touch, touch. Equal parts: hesitance/fire, equal parts: reserve/desire. To grasp her, to gather her, to meet her, to play her, to take her, to take her palm, palm in palm. Matter of fact. Again. She met him, she let herself be met, she moved towards him, alongside him, with him, for him, for her, for them, she met him. Matter of fact. Wait. Wheeze. Once more. Touch, clasp, retreat, repeat, circle, dip, brush. Then grasp. Grasp firmly, grasp warmly, heartily, hotly, awkwardly, dumbly, gravely, blindly, numbly, Rudolpho! Conchita! Matter of fact. Closing a deal. Striking a bargain. Sealing a fate. Shutting a door. Opening a gate. Boiling an egg. Matter of fact. He'd have her, he'd keep her. Locking, pushing, kneading, groping, helping, digging, sealing, thirteen seconds, fourteen seconds, reeling. Hell, seventeen seconds. Rudolpho! Conchita! Entwining, releasing.



1989

"When I was a younger man I deeply cared for a woman who, although she enjoyed my company, would not respond to my efforts to engender a romantic context between us. However, when I retreated from frequent contact (which was ultimately less painful), there she would be with phone calls in the night, flirtatious asides, steel blue eyes, and two of Nature's better cheekbones supernaturally dropping and rising as she laughed the name of my soul. This pattern evolved into a sort of dance which we performed for over thirty-five years—a step east countered by a step west, likewise north and south and backward and forward and up and down, again and again. Meanwhile, I looked elsewhere, married, fathered four children (two of them highly paid professionals), and developed my own corporation from a modest egg delivery route in Rochester, N.Y., which I bought in the autumn of 1964. She married also and buried her husband, a concert pianist, in Easton, Pa., last year, shortly after the death of my wife, Elena. I loved this woman deeply for over thirty-six years and finally decided to take my stand. I requested her hand in marriage two weeks ago and, in answer to my prayers, she has agreed. She is going to be joining me here within ten minutes. I love this remarkable woman with all of my heart and soul. Please bring us both the fajitas."



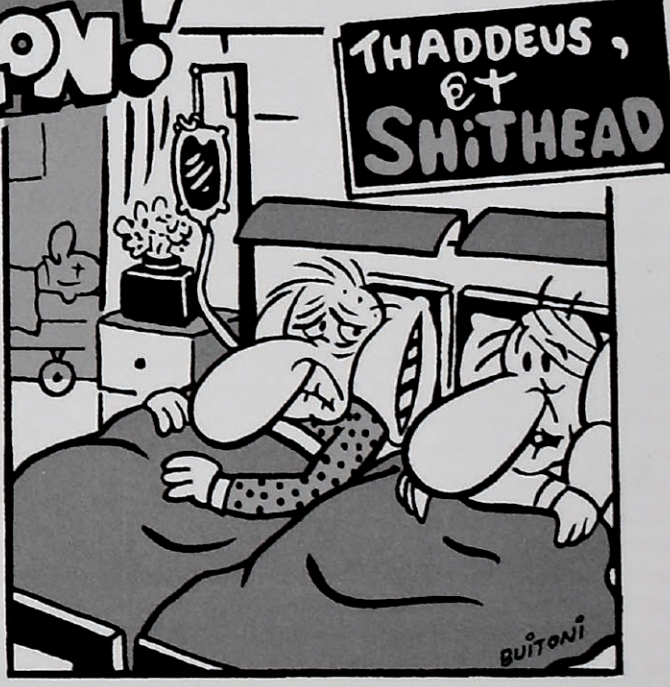
"Death begins in the colon!"

"Death begins in the colon!"

**DEATH BEGINS IN THE COLON!**



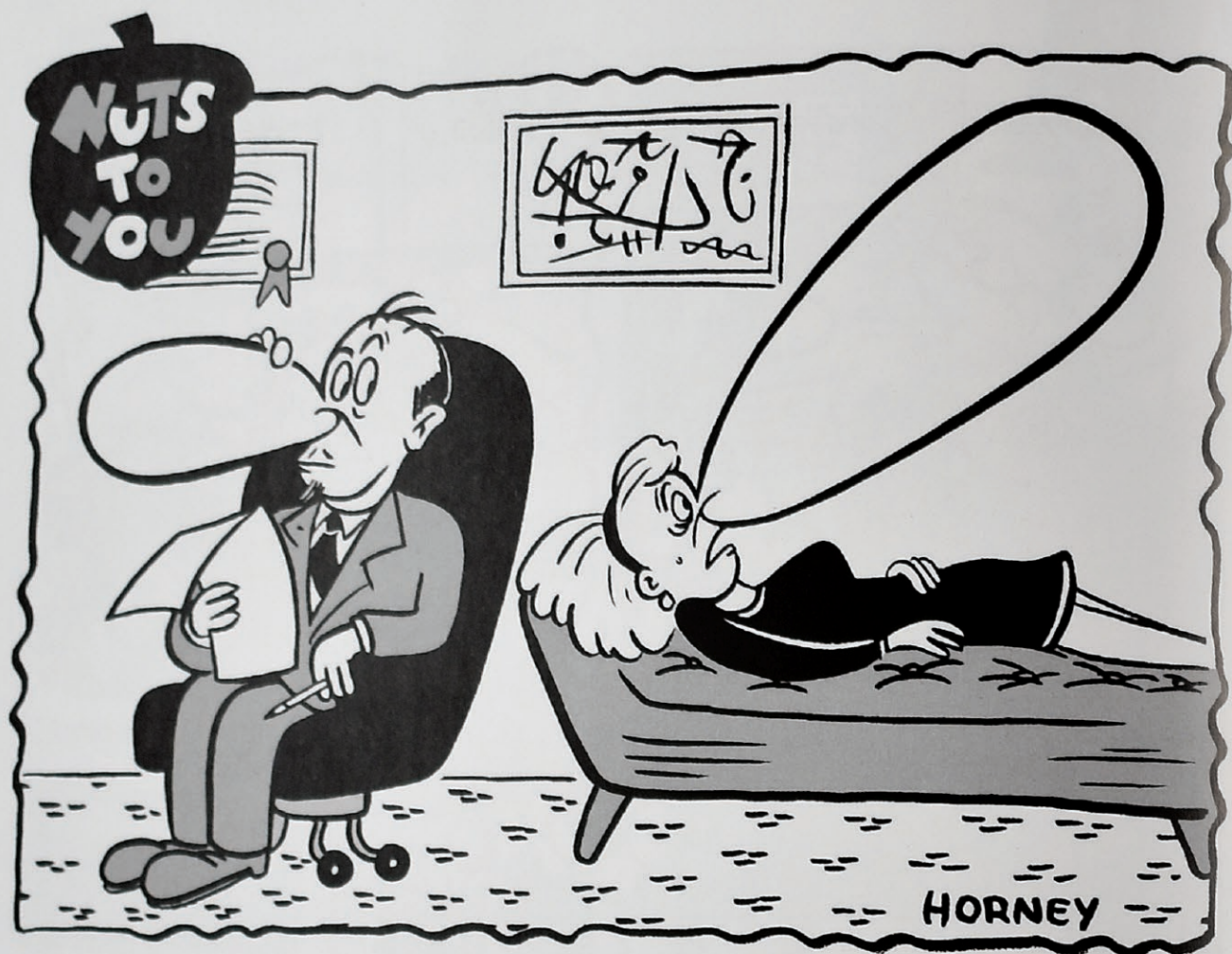
"Death begins in the colon!"



"Death begins in the colon!"

1991





1990

"Well Doctor, I don't know where to start today . . . hm . . . uh . . . well . . . *starting* reminds me of finishing. Finishing reminds me of furniture. Furniture reminds me of woodworking. Woodworking reminds me of Woody Woodpecker. Woody Woodpecker reminds me of the erect male penis . . . ah . . . ha . . . er . . . hmmm. Let me start all over again. Well . . . *again* reminds me of repeat. Repeat reminds me of television. Television reminds me of radio. Radio reminds me of radiation. Radiation reminds me of atomic energy. Atomic energy reminds me of heat-seeking missiles. Heat-seeking missiles remind me of . . . the erect male penis . . . uh . . . oh . . . wait. Let me begin again, fresh. Now, *fresh* reminds me of spoiled. Spoiled reminds me of brat. Brat reminds me of bratwurst. Bratwurst reminds me of . . . um . . . the erect . . . uh . . . this isn't working. I'm going to start over. *Over* reminds me of "the end." "The end" reminds me of the beginning. The beginning reminds me of a fresh start. A fresh start reminds me of a French tart. A French tart reminds me of a Parisian prostitute. A Parisian prostitute reminds me of the . . . erect male penis . . . Damn. I keep getting back to *that*. Doctor, this is distressing. Perhaps I should start from scratch. Uh . . . *scratch* reminds me of sniff. Sniff reminds me of snuff. Snuff reminds me of tobacco. Tobacco reminds me of Tabasco. Tabasco reminds me of chili. Chili reminds me of Mexico. Mexico reminds me of Acapulco. Acapulco reminds me of vacation. Doctor I think I'm on to something. Vacation reminds me of work. Work reminds me of play. Play reminds me of ball. Ball reminds me of bat. Bat reminds me of . . . Oh dear. There it is all over again, Doctor. Maybe this is significant. I keep coming back . . . to . . . that. OK. Now this time I'll *start* there. Ahem . . . The erect male penis reminds me of sex. Sex reminds me of death. Death reminds me of life. Life reminds me of time. Time reminds me of *Newsweek*. *Newsweek* reminds me of George Bush. George Bush reminds me of the erect male penis . . . Well, for goodness sake! How much longer do we have left, Doctor?"



"I HAD TO SELL THE ANIMATION ART COLLECTION - IT NO LONGER BROUGHT JOY TO AGNES' LIFE!"

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE 16TH?"

LIFE is but a SCREAM



"SHE'S DOING HER MASTERS ON COMPARATIVE IDEOLOGIES IN 19TH CENTURY READINGS OF ANCIENT PERUVIAN CODICES!"



"I NEED A 'NOTHER GRANDMA!!"

1995



1990

"She cast a quick glance to the clock on the back wall and was gone. Just like that. Clouds. Children's songs. Troubled dreams of the sea. The passing of time as reflected in the patina of a die-cast milk truck. Her voice in the dark, quietly listing everything that she had ever done right and everything that she had ever done wrong. One salty corn-chips kiss. Roadside stop in Upper Monclair, N.J.—when she was young and full of vinegar. When she stole the ashtray. When she was young and full of pepper. The sweet hum of sunlight on a red book spine. The full moon in an enamel cup. My job at the circus. Her job in the rain. What we heard about the clown from Allentown. When we heard it. Clouds. Rain. Snow. People. Stuff. Spinach and Fontina sandwich—\$5.98! Shit! Fuck! She cast a glance and was gone. Nobody home at nine. I gave her my last red book too. Sheep in the meadow. Cows in the corn. Poetry hurts. Don't sit on poetry—it hurts. She left her makeup. I took the last piece of flan. Held it in my mouth and tasted the eggy Mexican dessert. Under my tongue. She was making art now with a guy named Steve. She made the art—Steve kept the checklist. She cast a quick glance and left. Had to catch a train. Or a bus. Or a plane. Or Steve. Poetry fails. Tell a story. Once upon a time there was a fellow. And a woman. And, well, time passed. It never came off. She called me "Mordaunt Hall" after the famous patriot. I called her "The Elastic Croupier." In short, we had a relationship. Kind of. A bit. Not really. Not at all. Who am I to judge? "Did you see *Twin Peaks* last week?" "No, I didn't!" Clouds, clouds, rails, sails. Clouds. "Good-bye, Ernesto. Feel the denim of my heart. I'm cold. I'm cruel. I'd break your heart." She cast a quick glance. I dropped my cup. We could never be happy. I hate people who say stuff like that. She cast a quick, quiet glance. Later the TV was on. The light, the clock, the whole deal. The electricity stayed on. I bought a magazine about dogs. It still rains. It still gets to smelling like Gene Shalit. She cast a quick glance. And we still keep in touch. Steve and her went to Alaska. She sent a postcard of snow."



1990

"A funny thing happened to me on the way here tonight, folks—a guy came up to me and said, 'I haven't had a bite in three days.' So I said, 'Neither have I!' That was pretty funny. Y'know I just walked here from 126th Street . . . and BOY are my feet tired. Another funny thing is when you're picking bottles out of the garbage—Y'know how there's always just a little swallow of liquid left? Know what I mean? I just don't get it! I mean . . . If they liked the first 98 percent of the stuff so much—then what's wrong with the rest of it?? That's pretty funny. Another funny thing is when you fall asleep on the subway, then you wake up in a pool of your own making? That never fails to generate a gentle guffaw from these quarters. And speaking of quarters, folks . . . can anybody spare one? But seriously . . ."

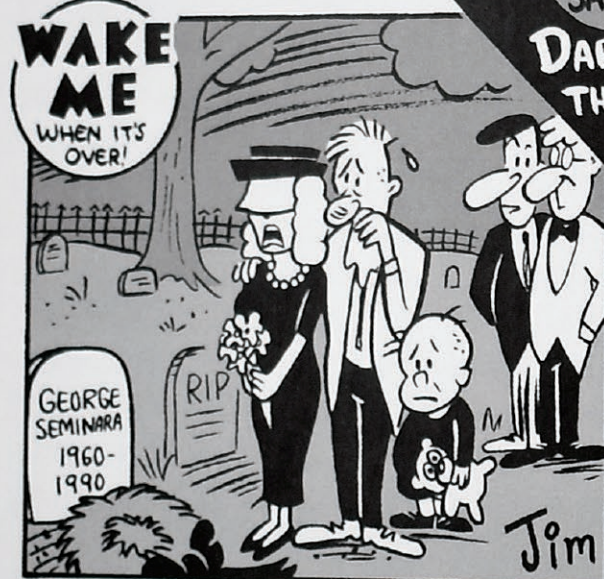
I've been waiting for a book of Mark



"IT WOULD BE MUCH FUNNIER IF HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY INSURANCE."

"IT WOULD BE ALOT FUNNIER IF HE USED A WALKER INSTEAD OF A CANE."

**HUMOR THEORISTS SAY THE DARNDDEST THINGS**



"IT WOULD BE WAY FUNNIER IF HIS NAME BEGAN OR ENDED WITH A HARD K SOUND."



"WHEN WILL PEOPLE EVER LEARN?"



"You take me up	1st floor heart-throb	You're givin' me a lift	4th floor embrace	You take me up
Up up up	2nd floor desire	I'm givin' you my heart	5th floor mount	Up up up
You bring me down	3rd floor passion	In a box named Otis	6th floor ecstasy	You bring me down
Down down down	(Release nozzle only	That's where we got	That's where I always	Down down down
Elevator love	in case of fire)	our start	lose my count	Elevator love
Elevator love	Elevator love	Elevator love	Elevator love	Elevator love
Elevator love	Elevator love	Elevator love	Elevator love	Elevator love love love"
	Elevator love	Elevator love	Elevator love	

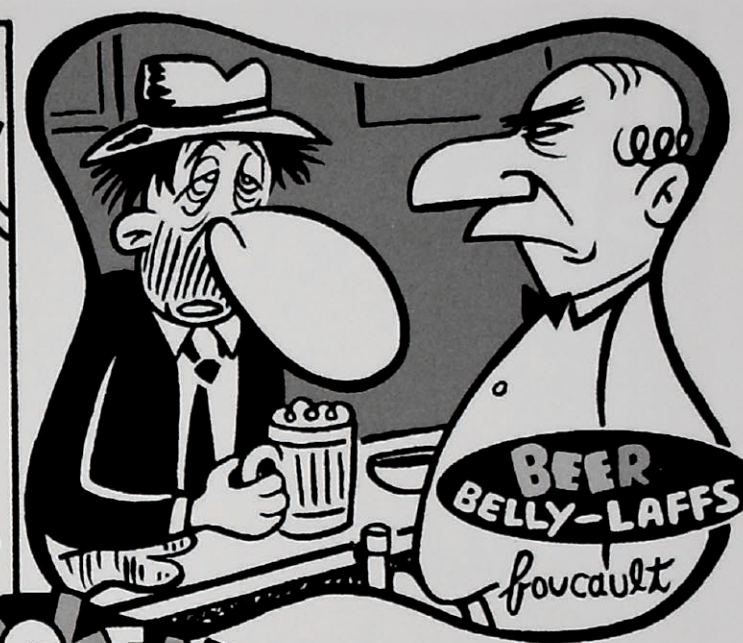


1990

"Model/actress Ronee Blakley fucks actor/writer Jerzy Kosinski. Actor/writer Jerzy Kosinski fucks writer/singer Debbie Harry. Writer/singer Debbie Harry fucks singer/athlete Freddy Blassie. Singer/athlete Freddy Blassie fucks athlete/actress Suzy Chaffee. Athlete/actress Suzy Chaffee fucks actor/singer Rudy Vallee. Actor/singer Rudy Vallee fucks singer/junkie Billie Holiday. Singer/junkie Billie Holiday fucks junkie/actor Bela Lugosi. Junkie/actor Bela Lugosi fucks actor/comic Mickey Rooney. Actor/comic Mickey Rooney fucks comic/tragic Jackie Kennedy. Comic/tragic Jackie Kennedy fucks tragic/comic Morty Gunty. Tragic/comic Morty Gunty fucks comic character Silly Milly. Comic character Silly Milly fucks character/actor Charlie Murray. Character/actor Charlie Murray fucks actress/deadshot Annie Oakley. Actress/deadshot Annie Oakley fucks dead shot/brother Bobby Kennedy. Dead shot/brother Bobby Kennedy fucks brother/poet Percy Shelley. Brother/poet Percy Shelley fucks poet/singer Woody Guthrie. Poet/singer Woody Guthrie fucks singer/actor Jimmy Durante. Singer/actor Jimmy Durante fucks actor/comic Wally Beery. Actor/comic Wally Beery fucks comic/artist Percy Crosby. Comic/artist Percy Crosby fucks artist/satirist Honoré Daumier. Artist/satirist Honoré Daumier fucks satirist's character Annie Fanny. Satirist's character Annie Fanny fucks character/journalist Andy Rooney. Character/journalist Andy Rooney fucks personality/puppet Cathy Lee Crosby. Personality/puppet Cathy Lee Crosby fucks puppet/actor Charlie McCarthy. Puppet/actor Charlie McCarthy fucks actor/cowboy Harry Carey. Actor/cowboy Harry Carey fucks cowboy/singer Audie Murphy. Cowboy/singer Audie Murphy fucks singer/musician Harry Belafonte. Singer/musician Harry Belafonte fucks musician/composer Tommy Dorsey. Musician/composer Tommy Dorsey fucks composer/Italian Giuseppe Verdi. Composer/Italian Giuseppe Verdi fucks Italian/actor Danny Bonaduce. Italian/actor Danny Bonaduce fucks actress/model Christie Brinkley. Actress/model Christie Brinkley fucks model/actress Ronee Blakley. Model/actress Ronee Blakley fucks actor/writer Jerzy Kosinski..."



"My mommy wanted a tumor but she had me instead."

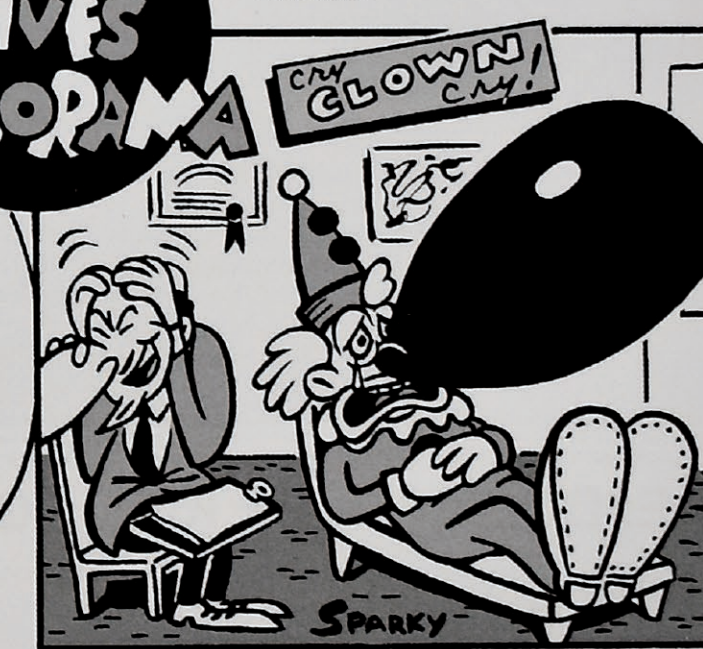


"I hate my mother-in-law so much that I put my hand in a paper-cutting machine."

# BROKEN LIVES GAGORAMA



"Now I'll never have a truly satisfying sexual experience."



"My entire family was recently burned to death in an exploding DC-10—how can I possibly make anyone laugh?"

1991

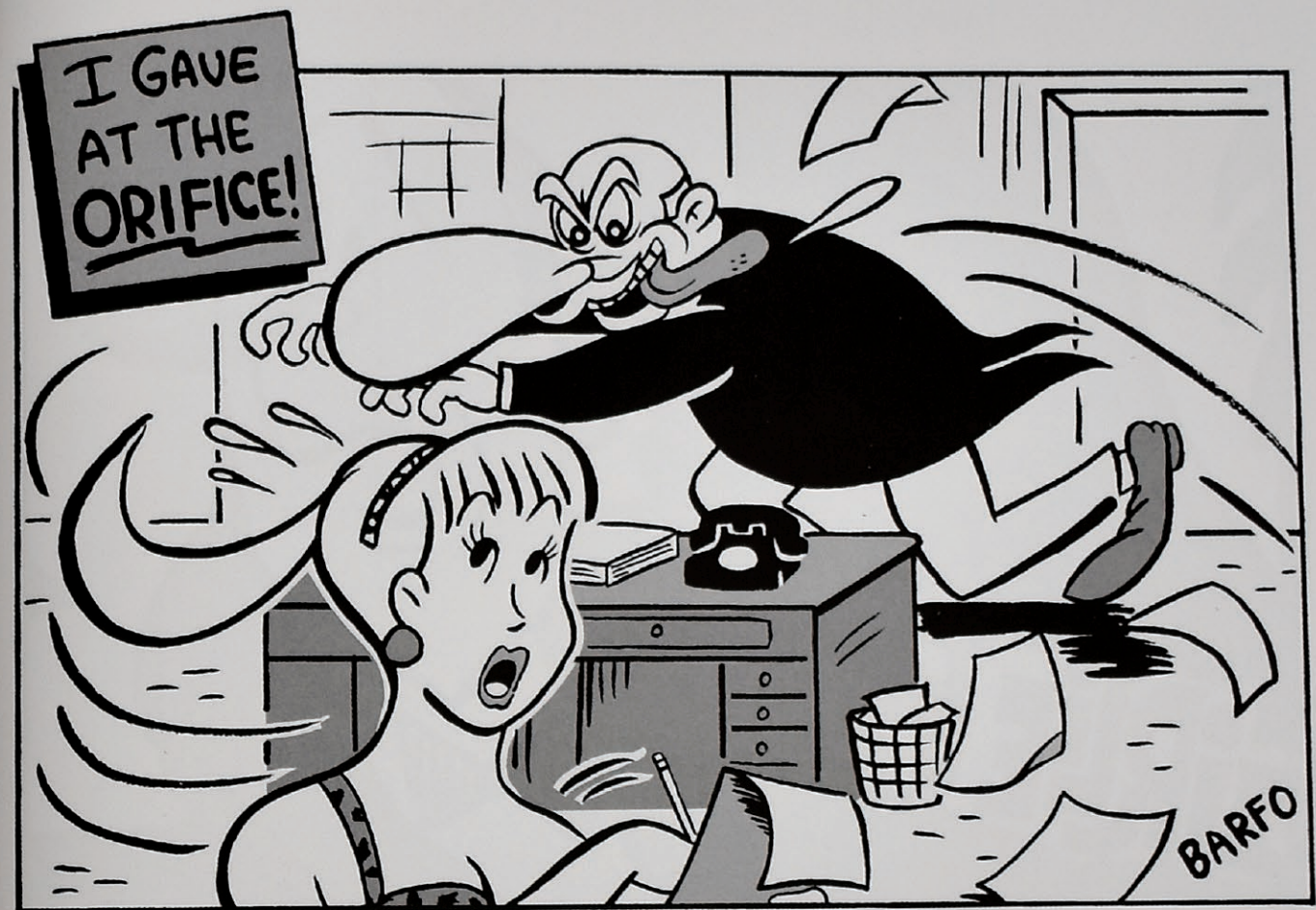


HE: DO YOU LIKE KIPLING?

SHE: NO.

HE: NEITHER DO I.

1990



Arthur L. Sawkus Jr.  
 The Great Eastern Sawkus-Tim Co.  
 2265 Longacre Blvd.  
 L.I.C., N.Y. 10329

Aug. 23, 1990

Dearest Ms. Whitea:

It has quite recently come to my attention, once again, that I am being unfairly relegated to a disadvantageous position in matters of my capricious claims on your personal ardor.  
 (Fuck me, Harriet)  
 This, simply put, must be redressed immediately. I can ill afford to be imprisoned in this exhausting matrix of frustrated endeavor due to both physical and scheduling limitations. Not to mention the ramifications of this distressing situation on the quite sensitive nature of my affirmedly masculine ego.  
 (Fuck me, Harriet)  
 My promptings, though assuredly instigated in honest self-interest, are however quite possibly likely to result in a mutually satisfying arrangement for all parties concerned.  
 (Fuck me, Harriet)  
 In closing, I ask you again to please reevaluate your position and kindly consider the voluminous benefits of my previously outlined proposal.  
 (Fuck me, Harriet)

Yours affectionately,

POOKIE

A.L. Sawkus Jr.

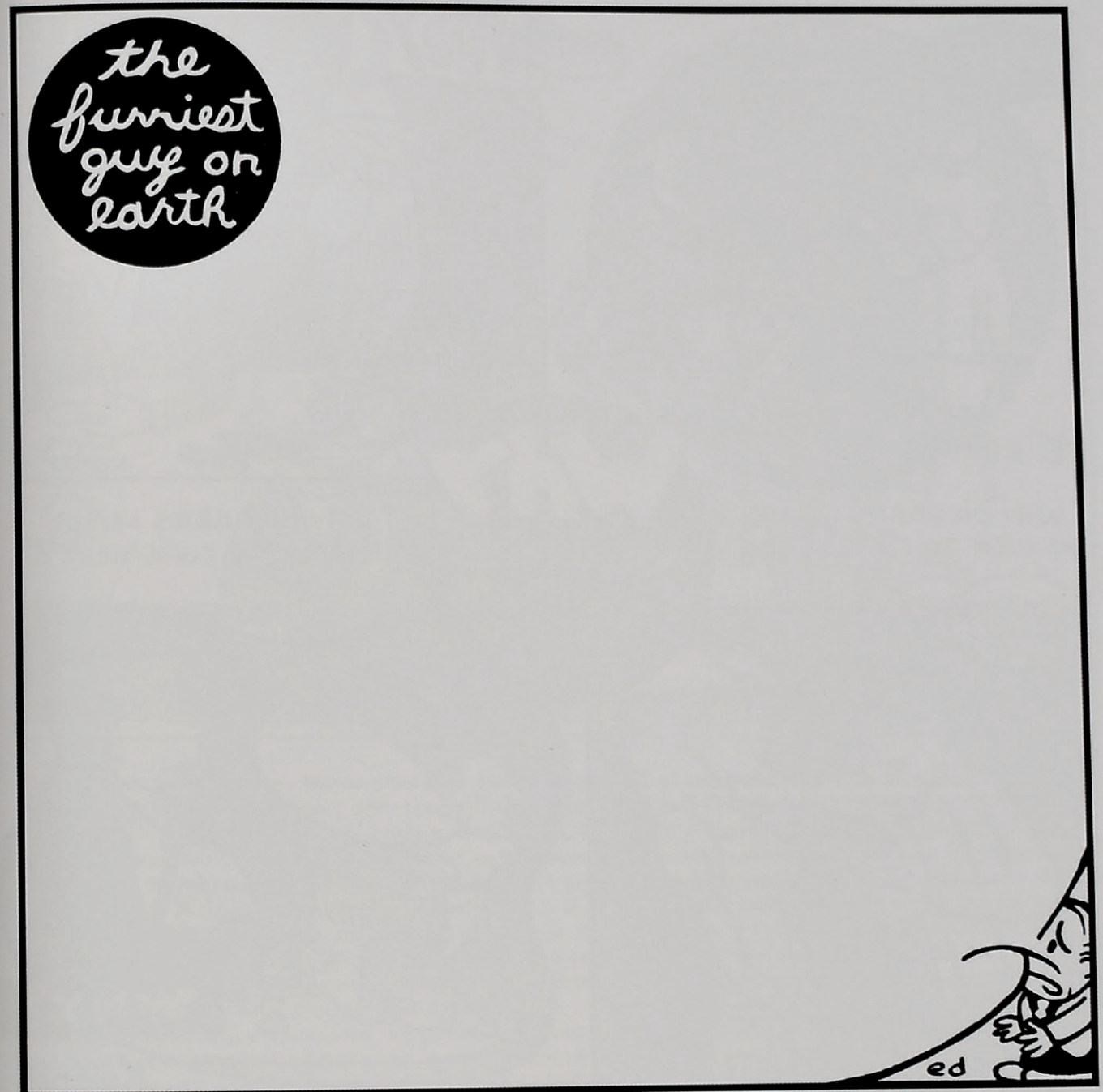
P.S. I am not a businessman.  
 I am a poet.  
 You have pretty eyes.  
 Fuck me, Harriet.

1990



1991

"I walked the streets. Scoured the back alleyways. The global asphalt was my companion. Looking for a vague whisper of another way. Looking for GIRLIE FUN. I first heard of GIRLIE FUN twenty-five years ago. Someone in Marakesh who knew a friend in imports tipped me wise. We were on the steps of the American consulate. Did I ever try GIRLIE FUN, he wanted to know. "You mean sexual relations?" I roughly countered. "No, no my friend," sputtered Bimbala, the wizened old friend of a friend. "GIRLIE FUN! GIRLIE FUN!" I didn't know what this pathetic bedraggled creature meant. He led me to a tired old café on the far end of Rafmazbool in the old quarter of town. "You wait here—I go get GIRLIE FUN!" he informed me. "No, I go with you," I said, not trusting this set-up one bit. "My friend," he sneered, "GIRLIE FUN must be approached very cautiously by one individual, alone, in his own special way." "What the hell is it?" I blew up. "Some kind of strip act? A magazine? Foreplay?" The old geezer cackled like a thousand troubled hyenas. "You Americans amuse me much," he wheezed. So I sipped a stale green local brew. The place was a wreck. A few drunkards. A German tourist. A whore. A long bar ending in a black hole in the wall. I sat and waited till long after dark, but the old fakir never came back. No money changed hands. No robbery. No con. I staggered back to my Plaza hotel room well past two o'clock. I never was able to trace the old buzzard down again. My friends acted like I was crazy. But the old man must have meant something. Much time passed. I married, divorced, repeated the process. Traveled around the world sixteen different ways. The GIRLIE FUN episode plagued my mind. What was the old peasant trying to tell me? I quizzed many people the world over, year in and out. Folks thought it was a practical joke. A crazy old man. A cute, stupid name for sexual shenanigans. Or love even. Or just escorting a girl to the local amusement center. But the old goat let on that GIRLIE FUN was a very different ballgame. He had intimated it was secret to some vast great obscure mystery. Or maybe the old marsupial was just having some fun with a gullible young American. That's how I squared it with myself, anyhow. Then I met Marlypsia. Raven hair. Glowing eyes. Marlypsia said she knew what GIRLIE FUN was—her people were from that part of the East. I met her in a hotel lobby in Rio. She would offer a rare demonstration, only, it seems, she had to tend to some chores in Austria first. This shaggy dog story had gone too far. Like the old soak, she was playing games with my head. I slapped her hard across the cheek. She turned and emptied four bullets into my side. It was touch and go for seven weeks. I made it. And these days I REALLY don't care what those two meant by GIRLIE FUN. If I find out sometime, fine. If I don't, so what? I have my own brand of GIRLIE FUN. Much more common and easy to understand. I know a lot of girls. We have fun together. GIRLIE FUN. So maybe I *have* wasted my entire life trying to understand what a foolish old coot and a would-be assassin were jabbering about. Like I said, I've always been skeptical. Anyway, that's all I know about GIRLIE FUN. Not much of a story, really, but I'm no storyteller, just a curious kind of guy. If I didn't spend a lifetime searching for a clue to what they meant, it would have just been something else. Art appreciation, maybe. Religious devotion. Or making lots of money. Or killing lots of people. There are only so many ways to live a life. A search is a search is a search. As far as I'm concerned, I've found it all. Even GIRLIE FUN. I'm having that right now. Lots and lots of GIRLIE FUN. Right, Belinda? Right? Right?"



1990

"YA GOTTA HELP ME, DOC!"



KIERKEGAARD

Kantz

"WHY DO BABIES LEAVE HEAVEN TO COME HERE?"

"WHY DO BABIES LEAVE HEAVEN TO COME HERE?"

**WHY**  
Do Babies  
Leave Heaven  
To Come  
Here?

1990



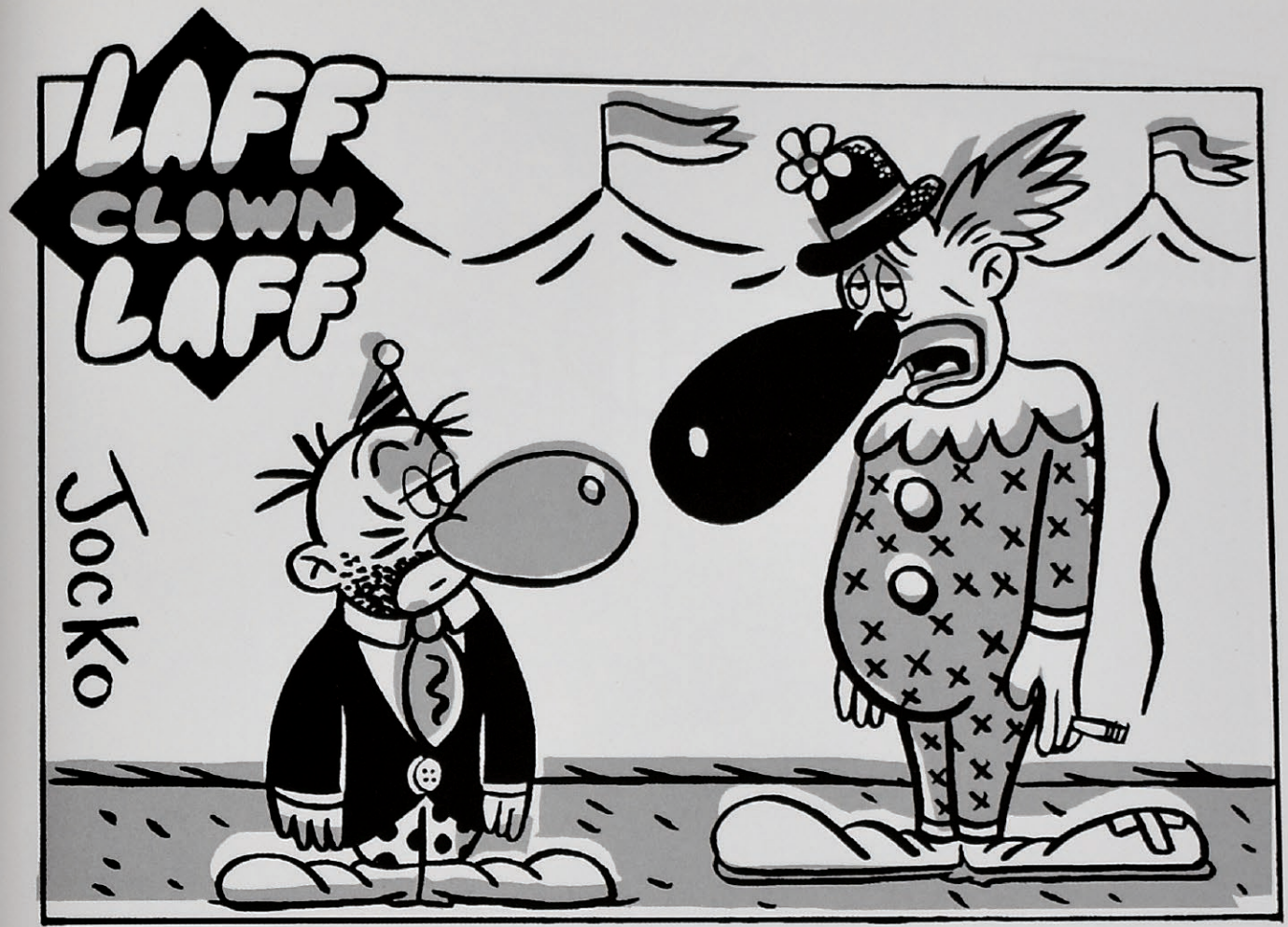
"WHY DO BABIES LEAVE HEAVEN TO COME HERE?"

"WHY DO BABIES LEAVE HEAVEN TO COME HERE?"

**WHY?**

Keane

CAMUS

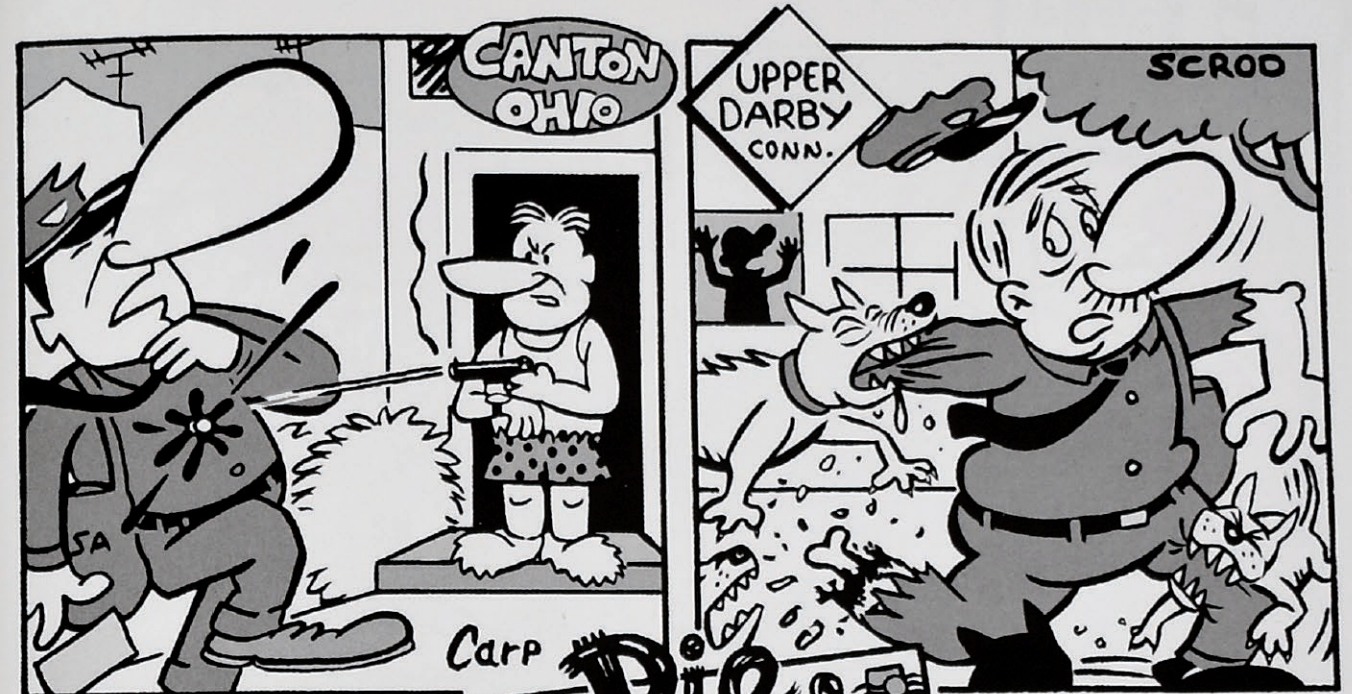


1989

"It was a lot easier to look at her after they took the tube out of her nose. You'd be surprised how far up those friggin' things go. Anyway, after leaving the hospital I had to go on at six and then get back to the hospital before visiting hours ended. It was a rough show. Froo-Froo Jr. wasn't making it any easier for me—he knew she was dying, lying there with the tubes and everything—and so when he comes out for the vacuum gag he has the nozzle attached to his rubber nose. I guess that was supposed to be funny. Anyway, it was for the crowd. The bastard wanted to see what I would do. I come out like always, do a 108, but instead of hitting my mark I kick the nozzle right out of his face and the damn thing lands right on his head like we were plannin' it all along. He falls back like he's dead or something. The crowd goes apeshit. And Lyle was shitting a brick back there—he was afraid we were going to just start kicking the shit out of each other. But that would be giving Froo-Froo too much satisfaction. I just did my job and got out of there. Froo-Froo was expecting some heavy scene after we got off but I just looked at him and laughed. The asshole. Anyway, I get back to the hospital and there she is sitting right up looking 100 percent better. I don't believe it. I said 'What happened?' She starts telling me a joke this Indian doctor of hers told her and it's the same fucking joke Froo-Froo started telling us last week on the train right before the crash. So anyhow, I'm laughing at the joke and she just stops and falls back down again. Boom. That's it. I couldn't believe it—like something out of a cartoon or some shit. The Indian doctor comes in and tells me she's dead—go home. Jesus. So I go home and I'm up all night watching TV and when Letterman comes on I can't believe it—he tells the same damn joke again. This is too much to take. I'm pretty messed up and I kick the fucking set out the window. Well anyway, it nearly kills some couple out back screwin' around. The cops come and this one fat one gives me shit about how I should behave seein' as how I'm a clown. So I threw up on the guy. Well anyway, to make a long story short, I never did get to hear the end of that joke. Sad but true."



"Don't get me started. I'm so tired of the whole thing. 'Cutting edge!' I'm so sick of hearing about the 'cutting edge!' 'Cutting edge!' 'Cutting edge!' Exactly what is this phrase referring to? Knives? Razor blades? Are we all going to be like kitchen utensils in the future? The first time I ever heard about the 'cutting edge' was in 1975. I was in art school. My friend Neal introduced me to this girl, Cherisse, who was very, very 'cutting edge.' She had this long twisted green and red thing on the top of her head. Ten years later I found out it was her hair. Cherisse was a 'performance artist' God, those were magical words in 1975. You had to hang out with one 'performance artist' or you were NOWHERE NEAR the 'cutting edge.' Cherisse... God, I was hooked. She did a 'piece' where she talked about growing up on Long Island, fighting with her boyfriend, having her period, and then she fondled herself with a wheel of Monterey Jack. And this was in 1975. She was THE, MISS, 'Cutting Edge.' She would walk around the halls dressed in black, scowling. She was a goddess... Well, before you knew it EVERYBODY was doing the exact same shtick. EVERYBODY was clamoring to be 'cutting edge.' So she quit. What else could she do? Switch to Gouda? She wasn't 'cutting edge' anymore. All the girls were dressed in black doing 'pieces' with various cheeses of the world. She wound up marrying some guy who worked with tropical fish. Somewhere on Long Island. She's got twins. Don't get me wrong, though. I'm a supporter of the Arts. I donate fifteen dollars every time PBS runs a special on Brancusi. But this 'cutting edge' business... I've got another guy they call 'cutting edge.' This guy's nineteen years old. A painter. He's been 'cutting edge' for sixteen months now. He's been painting for a year. He paints great big, huge canvases with little pictures of Babar. And this guy's got sixteen dozen lawyers and dealers and God knows what else sniffing after him, dousing him with money, proclaiming him 'cutting edge.' He gets his picture in *Artforum*, scowling, plus *Details* and sixteen zillion Japanese magazines. Models throw themselves in his path. He's nineteen years old and he's bald and has a face like Gale Gordon and these models offer themselves when he's twenty-six? Or thirty-six? Not to mention the models. All he likes is Babar. So that's the 'cutting edge.' Where's this guy gonna be when he's twenty-six? Or thirty-six? Not to mention the models. All I can say is I've heard enough of this 'cutting edge' drivel. It drives me up the wall. Totally meaningless. I really couldn't care less. Just don't get me started, that's all. So what was it you wanted?"



"YOU'RE ALWAYS LATE."

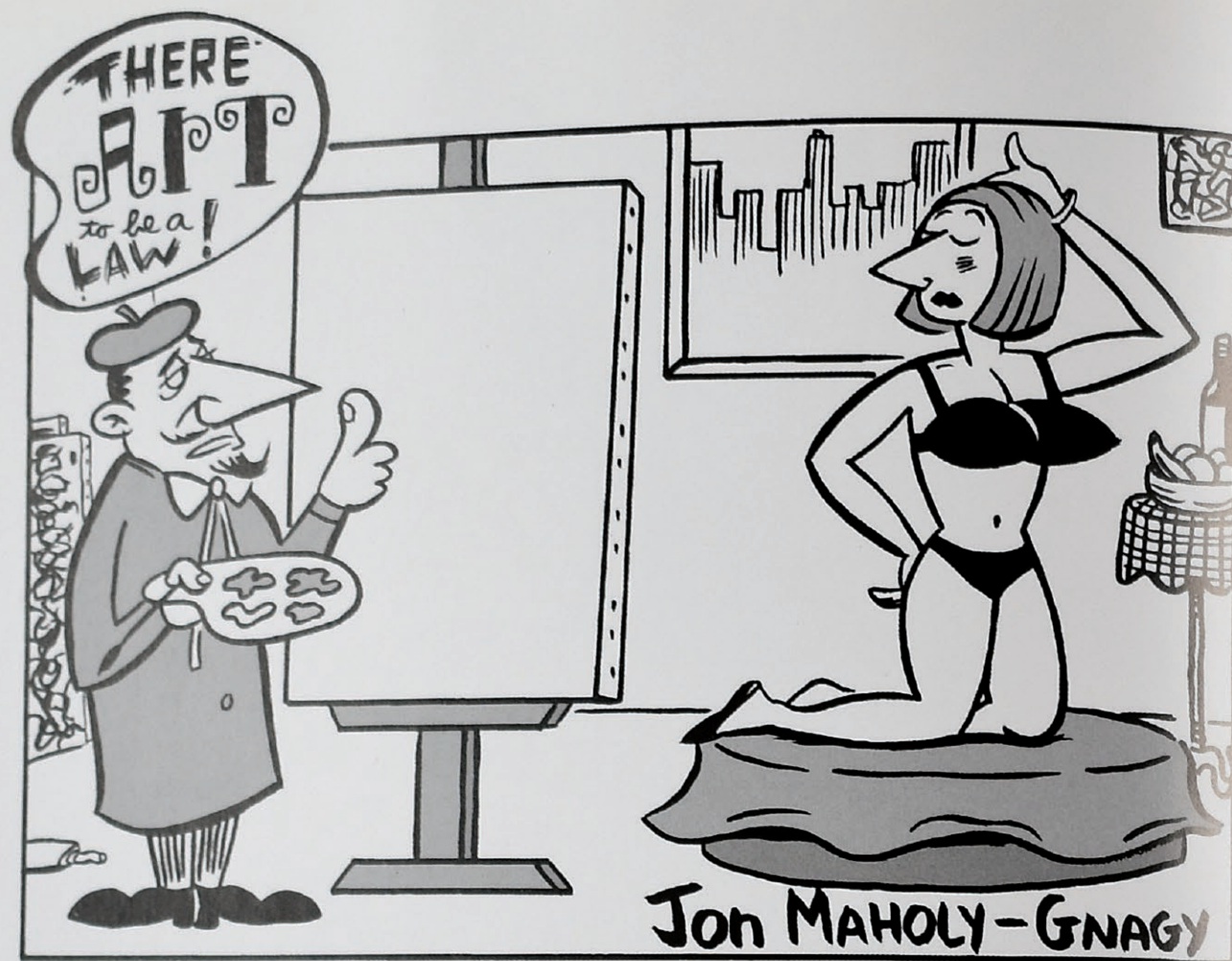
"YOU LOSE MY MAIL."



"YOU STEAL MY FREE SAMPLES?"

"I'M A HOMOCIDAL MANIAC AND I'VE BEEN STALKING YOU SINCE 1969 BECAUSE YOUR MIDDLE NAME BEGINS WITH K."





1990

"To paint is to see. To paint is to love. To paint is to dance with small barefoot Gypsy children by the Seine in the moonlight. To paint is to fly, to grow, to skip, to soar. To paint is to drink of life to its fullest, gaily imbibing the bubbly froth of its rushing whirlwinds and swift black eddies. To paint is to dream. To dare. To swallow one's very soul. To run naked in the streets with a loaded revolver, shooting randomly and murdering only those named "Jordan Bochanis." To paint is to raise honeybees outside of Deauville, to swim by night with a school of dolphins, to make love to a Turkish princess in a snug foxhole in the rain. To paint is to chart the song of the wild hummingbird, to surgically remove one's own prostate with a golf club, to consume a stalk of fresh young celery before an audience of six hundred rhubarbs. Ah! To paint! To paint is to knot one's own sexual organ to a slow-moving uptown bus, to re-shape a sleeping gnat's profile with a Panzer tank, a pumice stone, a matchbook and an expired library card. To paint is to jump up and down on a small, dear childhood friend. To paint is to watch, to listen, to whisper the unknowable. To paint is to grill in Hades for one eternity, only to be alleviated in the next by the sweet cool ash swept in by a fragile, nearly imaginary gust. To paint is to call. To paint is to be called. To paint is to insert forty-seven spoons in one's anus and ride the Wonderwheel backward for sixteen hours. To paint is to catch the rooster. To paint is to boil the lucky veal. To paint is to speak the name of the otter's disorder. To paint is to soar to the end of time on the wings of some unimaginably mauve butterfly only to be dropped headfirst into a cup of lukewarm bullion at a Nedick's in Scranton. To paint is to be both parent and child, lawyer and criminal, horse and carriage, Stove Top Stuffing and mashed potatoes. To paint is to consume a side order of slaw while porking a Rockette on a ceiling fan at the Taj Mahal. To paint is to reap the wild Naugahyde. With you beside me, Mimi, my dearest, I will once again find the courage to realize my fullest. To go on. To live. To love. To die. To paint. But first I have to go out and move the car."



1990

"I am funny. I am funny. I am *FUNNY*. I am funny beyond funny and still funny and a half. I am pure clown. That's me. Every fiber of my corporal being, every translucent whisper of my flickering soul. That's me. Mr. Funny. Mr. World's funniest. *WORLD'S*. In the flesh. My swelling, shaking fists are gags. My sagging buttocks a salvo of merriment. My cuticles bleed gelatinous guffaw-juice. *HOT TAR! HOT TAR-INI! OH BOY!*

Freshwater fish stop their swim up mountainous spawning streams to cast their yellow eyes at me as I go into my "Funny-Bunny Shoestring Gag-Trip Tango." Cancerous blooded hospital children postpone death to watch me produce colored scarves of silk from my voluminous comedy pockets. I am funny, funny, funny. Saltwater fish as well. Mollusks too. And traction children, retarded children, children of all ages. *HOT TAR! OH BOY!*

I once cracked the smile of a comatose electrician after he was unplugged and left to wither. All I said was *HOT TAR!* It was easy. Had I lived in another age, I am personally convinced that I could have made Jesus Christ piss in his holy Fruit-of-the-Looms. Laid 'em among the sweet peas with the rest of 'em. Hitler too, God forbid. And David Brenner. I am that funny. Pure clown. That's me. Have you ever seen my feet? My feet are funny. Have you ever seen my stomach digest a meal of warm graham crackers and ricotta? A yokk and three-quarters. Japanese tourists pause and undulate as I feign lack of oxygen to my brain cells. As I hit the asphalt they crowd around, only to be convulsed with laughter as I scream *HOT TAR! HOT TAR-INI! OH BOY!*

My vomit is comedy-vomit. My diarrhea is mirth-diarrhea. My tears are of the wacky variety. I am a chuckleheaded, slaphappy, nutty, dippy wackadoodle with a painted smile and a Joy Buzzer in my heart. Chaplin once called me "The World's Greatest Clown." Jerry Lewis called me "One of the immortals." I am an utter pisser. Panic. Riot. Himself. *HOT TAR! OH BOY!*

Give me a step, I'll fall and break my hip. Give me your hand, I'll milk it like a cow's teat. My classic routines speak for themselves. "The Slappy-Back Spoofo-Turn-to-the-East and React." "The Merry Twinkle-Fall on My Kidney and Scream *HOT TAR-INI!*" "The Skidding Slap-Stop Grope and Dispense Peanuts." "The Flailing-Flying-Flounder Spin-n-Crack 108-Style Seemingly Shattering My Rib Cage." I am not unknown in Brussels. I am known in Bali. I am beloved in Bushwick. That's me. Pure clown. Funny-meister himself. *HOT TAR! HOT TAR-INI! OH BOY!*

Learned men consult with me on the very nature of funniness. Many ordinary citizens have phoned me deep in the night to ask me what's funny. I have been asked that question over 6,573 times. And do you know what I tell 'em? I say: "I really don't know." That's the truth. And I really don't care either. When people stop laughing then we'll have to go figure it out. But people keep laughing. They tell me they like to. It makes them feel better. So I'm still in business. Listen . . . I have to go defecate now. My stomach hurts. I had some blood yesterday. Nothing serious. I'll tell you that joke later. *HOT TAR! HOT TAR-INI! OH BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY!*"



"IT WOULD BE FUNNIER IF HIS NOSE WAS BIGGER."

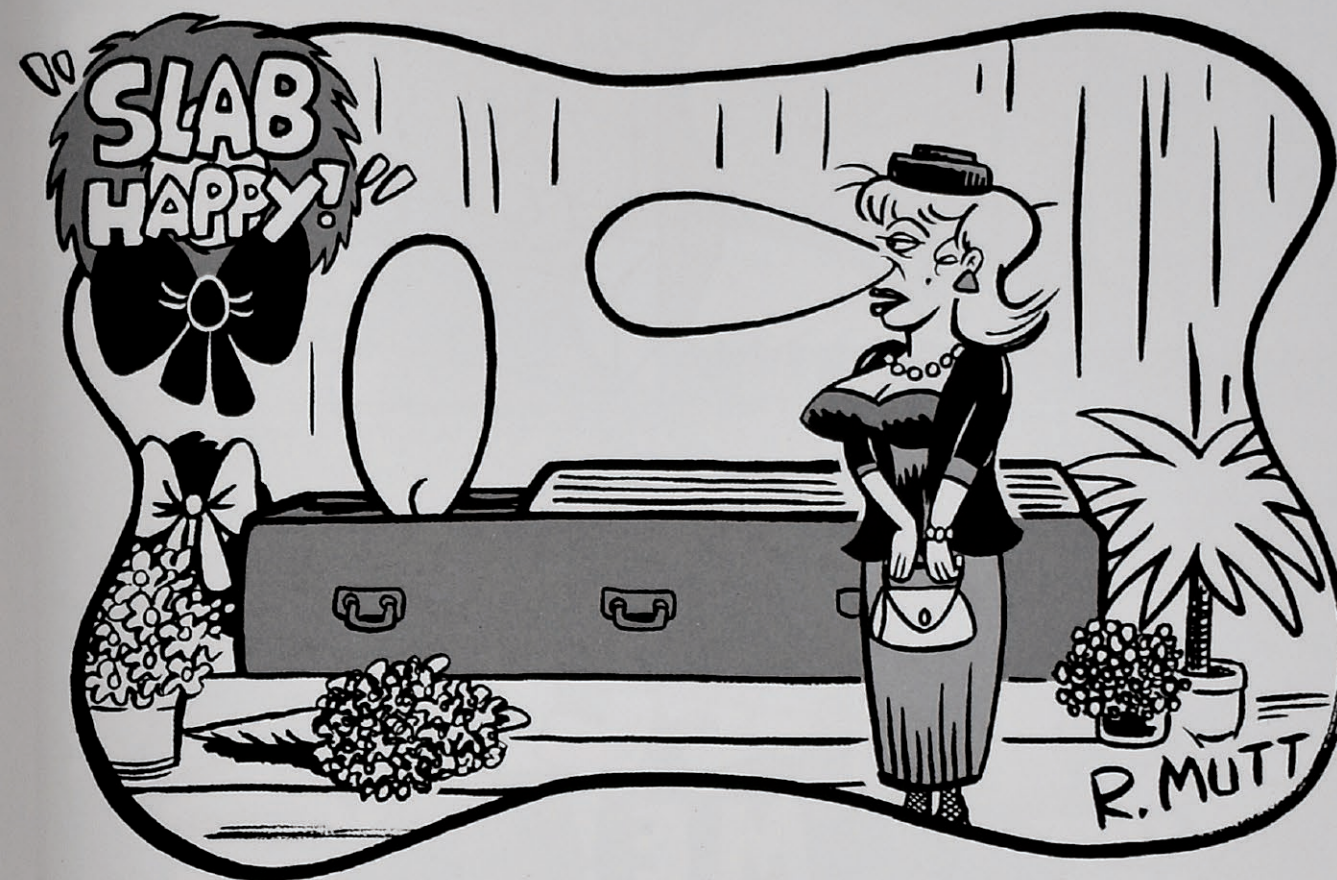
"IT WOULD BE FUNNIER IF THE TIDE WAS HIGHER."

humor  
theorists  
**CRACK ME  
UP!**



"IT WOULD BE FUNNIER IF IT WERE RAINING NUCLEAR WEAPONRY."

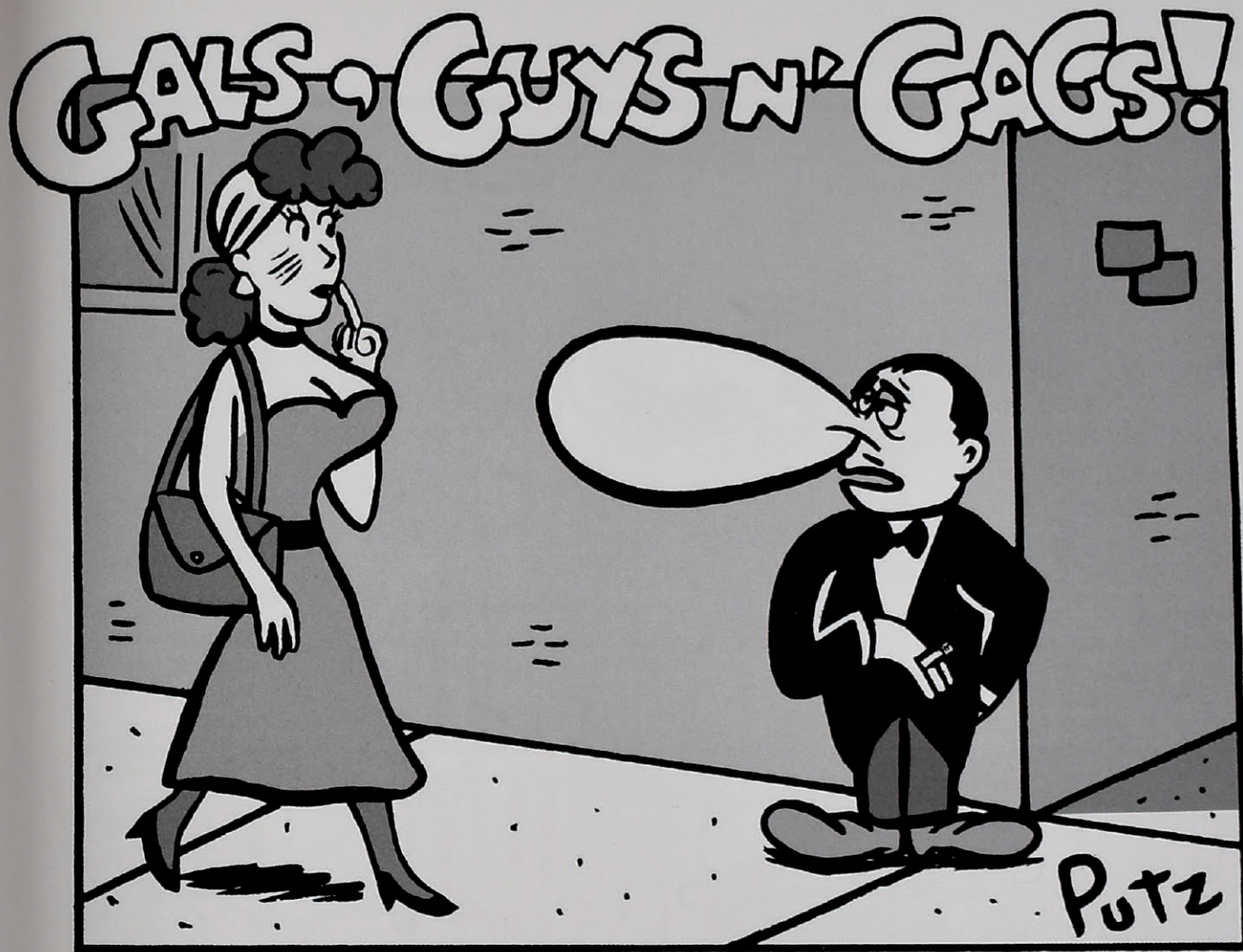
"LET'S GO- OUR JOB HERE IS DONE."



"This is us. This is us waking up. This is us getting out of bed. Up out of bed. To put the water on. For coffee. This is us awake. We're awake now. Here we are. This is us making water boil. Spooning our coffee. This is us up and awake and drinking our coffee. This is us awake and alert and not sleeping. Eating our bread with the coffee we made. Smell that coffee. Mmmmmmm. Smells like coffee. It is coffee. That's why. This is us needing TV on. This is *Bugs Bunny and Friends* on. This is us. Watching an ad for Popeil. For K-tel. For the Navy. You're making an excellent point that Elmer Fudd is not Bugs Bunny's friend. I'm knowing that you took the bigger of the two pieces of bread. I'm agreeing with your excellent point. And neither is Popeye. This is us agreeing. This is us in agreement. This is us totally agreed on a thing. This is us ready to wake up. We're getting up now. This is us getting up. To put on some water. This is us getting up to make coffee. Here we go. This is us going. This is us doing. We're making the coffee. To really wake us up. To go do. We're getting up because we slept too long. We get tired of sleeping. We get so tired of it that we can't stay awake anymore. So this is us getting up. Getting going now. We're watching TV. We're watching cartoons. This is up, alert and watching cartoons. There's a cartoon about Bugs and Elmer. Elmer's shooting Bugs. Not like friends, I agree. There's a cartoon about Sniffles the mouse. In the cartoon Sniffles keeps falling asleep. So he drinks lots of coffee. This is us watching Sniffles drinking coffee, while our water boils. This is us agreeing: Elmer and Bugs can never be friends. This is me turning and seeing the way your mouth brushes the edge of the cup. The coffee is hot. This is me hating you. This is us drinking our coffee, eating our bread, watching cartoons and getting up and going. And doing. This is us. Here we go. We're getting up now. The water's boiling."



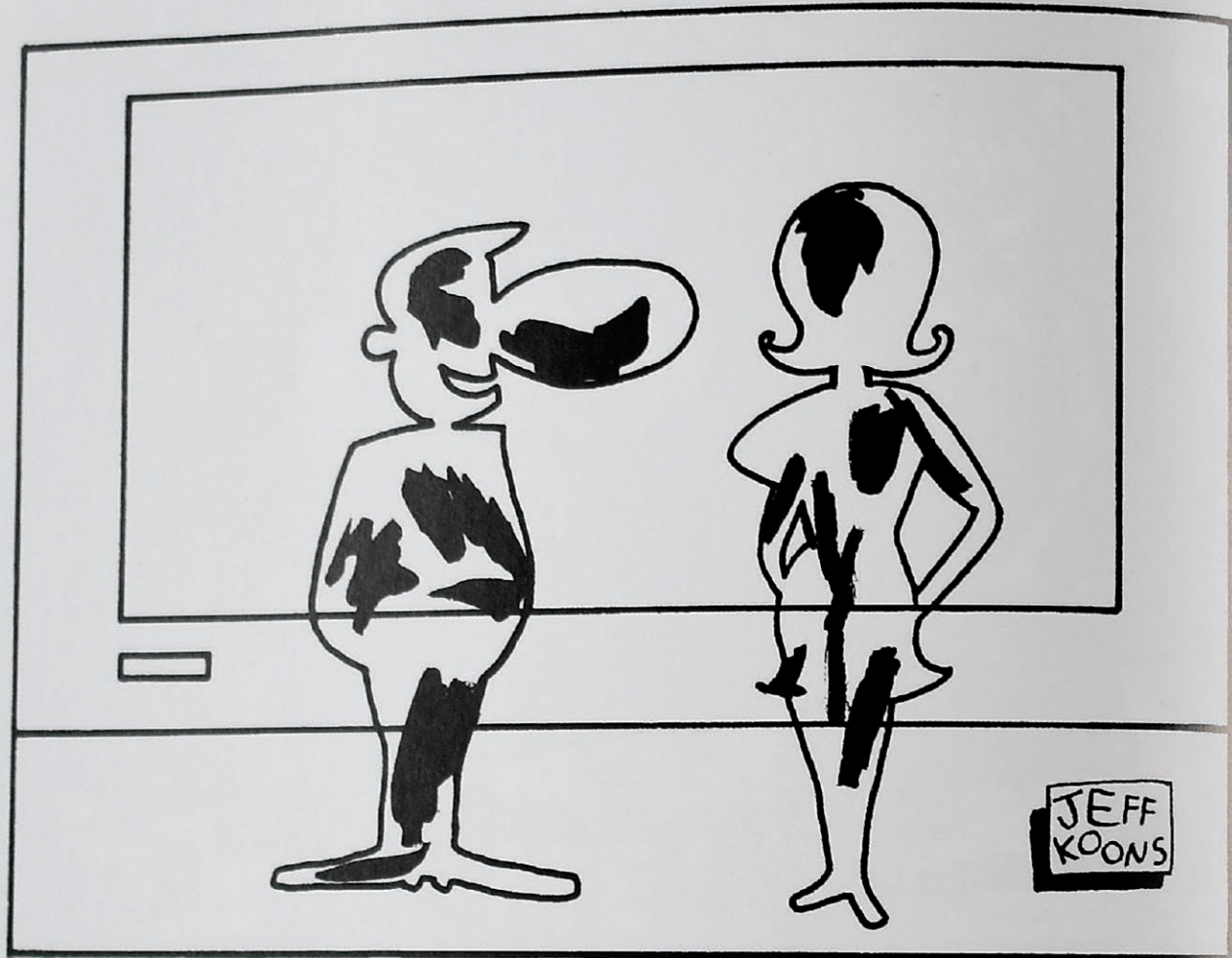
1988



1990

"Your name is Marissa. You were born in Teaneck, N.J. and grew up outside Ronkonkoma. Your father's name was Rolf and he studied endocrinology in Brussels after the war. Your mother was a Swede. You live at 341 East Sixth Street. In a corner apartment. You bring your laundry to a little place run by a one-legged woman every Wednesday at eight thirty or so. Sometimes earlier, never later. You drive an eggshell blue Ford Fiesta, work at a job you despise for a large legal firm and lunch alone, watching cartoons in your office with the door locked. You don't laugh at the cartoons. You have loved deeply and been hurt badly by three men, each of them tall, brown-eyed and heavily involved in the arts. You shop at Farm Pride grocery, root for the Mets and regularly travel to Chilmark, Mass. to visit an elderly aunt who has no one else to turn to but you. Having turned thirty-six you are actively seeking a deeper spiritual commitment in your life. I am your soul mate, Douglas. I have been waiting for you here for all eternity. Nice juggs, baby."

I've been waiting for a book of Mark



HE: I don't want to know your name, your body, much less the porridge-gray murmur of your soul's discharge. No offense implied. What I'd venture, however, is to provide one man's educated response to the mortifying carelessness of this curatorial blunder. I've noticed you for the last seventeen minutes. I've noticed your eyes roll. Your weight shift. The tip of your tongue escapes your lip's tight curl. Evidently you have detected the very problem. Perhaps we share a mutual interest in a rather undervalued middle period. Admittedly this is an unusual interest, much less a specialization, however I have personally devoted the last four years of my academic life to it. My masters was a critical investigation on certain, shall we say, neo-structuralist readings of this very piece. Although it was very, very well received by a small circle, I'm unhappy to report that it is as yet unavailable to a wider public. No tragedy. However, a few brief basic points should be made . . .

SHE: Wait. I don't really like this kind of art. I don't understand it. To be truthful I don't like or understand any kind of art, really. Most art is just beyond me. And the idea that people pay millions of dollars for this stuff—God! That money could be feeding starving babies here and abroad. I mean some art is OK. I like Dali. OK? But I'm really not here for art. I'm just trying to meet some halfway decent guy that won't come at you with a belt after he's had a couple. I'm thirty-four, divorced, kid, work in a dentist's office. God—I don't know. My friend Kathy said I should go look at art. She's in advertising. I guess she thought I might pick up some culture. And maybe an OK guy. But I'm not up for a lecture or even a talk on anything this advanced. I'm sorry. It would be too much for me. I like TV. I do needlepoint. I read the paper. I've got my hands full with my kid. He's learning disabled. At least that's what they told me when I had him in public school. My refrigerator is busted and I'm leaking ozone. God . . . I don't know.

HE: So what agency does your friend work for?



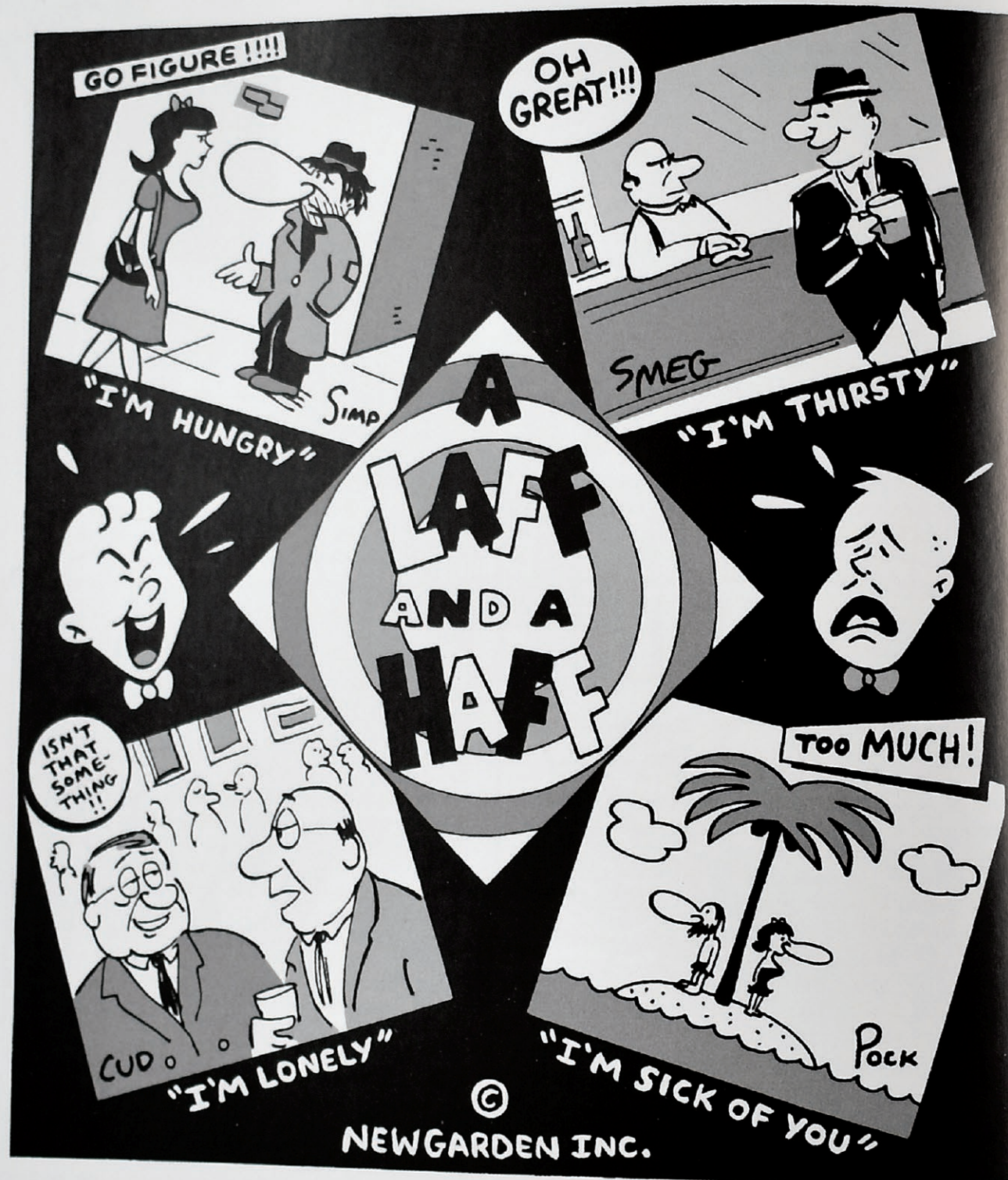
"JACK BENNY IS SO CHEAP THAT HE DRINKS HIS OWN URINE."

"JACK BENNY IS SO CHEAP THAT HE BUILT A SUMMER HOUSE OUT OF HIS OWN EXCREMENT."



"JACK BENNY IS SO CHEAP HE POKED OUT HIS LEFT EYE WITH A DARNING NEEDLE SO HE WOULDNT NEED TWO LENSES IN HIS EYE-GLASSES."

"JACK BENNY IS SO CHEAP THAT NO OTHER HUMAN BEING COULD POSSIBLY EVER LOVE HIM."



"See—I got this piss problem. I don't exactly know how it all started, but ever since I was a kid I've had this very specific, very particular piss problem. It's like . . . say I gotta piss. I gotta really piss bad. Know what I mean? But I'm doing something else. Maybe playing ball. Maybe I'm on the job. Maybe watching TV. And I gotta piss. Y'know? Sometimes I think I piss on an above-average basis. I really do hold quite a bit of water. Even when I was born my mom said I pissed like a spaniel. I drink a lot. I get thirsty. I'm an active kind of guy. So, here I am, doing something, and this urge strikes me. A little voice goes off in my brain sayin', "You gotta piss." And I do. 'Cause it's always correct. Guess it's sort of like my unconscious. They say it's the "Call of Nature." So I think, "Guess I better find a place to piss." Well, this isn't always an easy thing. Sometimes the facilities are unavailable. Know? But I know eventually I'll find one. I always have. So anyway—I gotta piss. I get to the men's room. Find a stall. Jump in. Unzip my fly. And you'd think "Now here's a guy who's all ready to piss." But y'know what? I don't. I just stand there like a statue. Y'know what I mean? Frozen. And I can't do it. I just can't do it. It's some kind of block. A pisser's block. It just won't flow. So there's the problem. And this has been going on since I was a kid. So anyway, here's what I do. I've got this. . . little thing . . . I've got to say. Not really out loud. In my head. Or under my breath if I'm all by myself. I gotta say this silly stupid little dopey thing. It's really goofy. I'm standing there ready to piss a whole bladder-full of piss. And I can't. So I gotta say: "You're an ape—urinate." Then—woosh! I can piss. Just like that. It's pretty weird I know, but it works. Isn't that something?"



CHUCKLES

NIFTY but NICE!

SMIRK

1991

"MARK TWAIN SAID IT BEST!"

BELOVED HUMORISTS never Die!!

"PERMIT ME TO QUOTE DOROTHY PARKER AGAIN."

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS



Guffaw

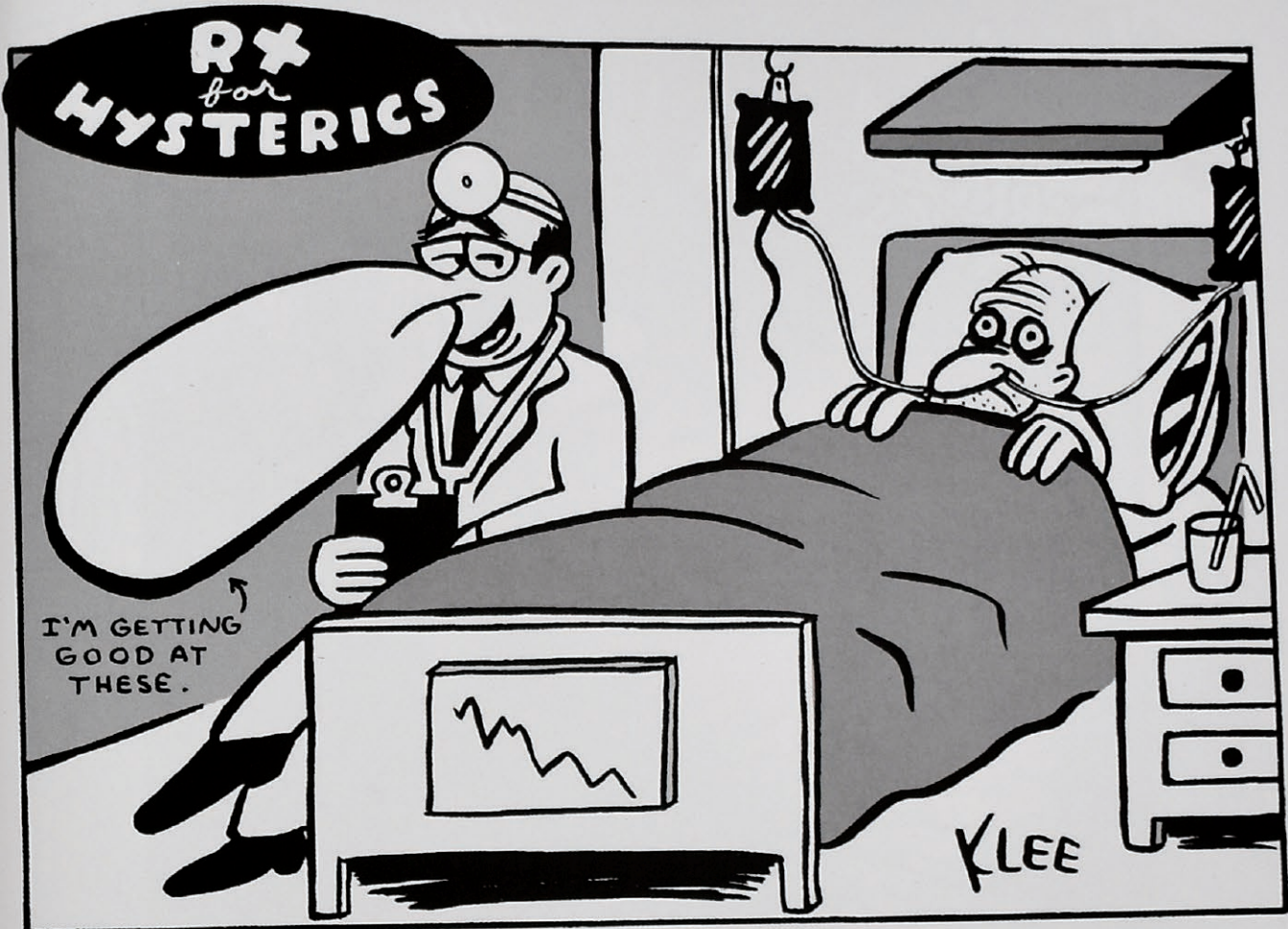
"THIS REMINDS ME OF A POEM BY OGDEN NASH."

the deference JEST



TITTER

"IRWIN S. COBB WAS SO RIGHT!"



KLEE

1991

"You know I wasn't always called to medicine. I swear. See, I've been a naturally funny individual ever since I was a kid. So originally I was going to be a stand-up comic. I've always needed to make people laugh, lighten their load, the whole bit. Sounds corny. I mean it, though. That's my thing. So I spent six years doing wait-ering shifts, washing cars, driving cabs, living like a loser, just so I could hit the clubs at night and polish my act. I'd hang 'til two, three, four o'clock waiting for my shot. Crazy days. Nutso days. Life. Well, it's one of those things. It just didn't play. See, I was born into the wrong era. My kind of humor is a dying thing. Now it's all sickness and sex and death. Call me old-fashioned. What can I say? And I wasn't managed properly. There's a story. It's who you know. And I didn't know. Not then anyway. Your head hurt? But my mother always had this dream. My uncle was a podiatrist. My cousin discovered Bactine. So I gave up comedy and went pre-med. Next to the clubs medical school was a piece of cake. I mean it. So, ten years later I'm a fab-ulously successful specialist. I know, sounds wacko. Hey. My mother's happy. But you know what my secret surdream is? I'll tell you. It's to really help heal people through the miracle of laughter. Not antibodies. Not sur-gery. I sincerely believe that laughter is the best goddamn medicine available. Ever hear of Norman Cousins? He says that too. A good joke is stronger than all the aspirin in the world. Wacko, crazy, but it's an established fact. There's been statistics, tests, paperbacks, the whole thing. And you know what? You need the right attitude. That's critical. I think it's a love thing. Love is laughter. Inseparable. Symbiotic. Crazy. So. I see we're having a bad reaction to the chemo, Mr. Klein. Lighten up. Did you know your doctor beat Danny Thomas at golf last week?"

I've been waiting for a book of Mark



"OK—up against the wall. Hands in the air. Freeze. I've been waiting a long time for this, so listen up, suckers. I won't be saying it twice. First off—give me your undying love and devotion for all eternity. Now I don't mean no Whitman's Sampler, John Boy Walton, spray the Bactine and kiss Mr. Boo-boo good-bye. I mean UNCONDITIONAL ACCEPTANCE of every fiber of my fresh, yet tragically flawed little soul. No matter *what*. 'Cause I'm not gonna be a nice guy. Get used to that. I'm gonna puke on you, crap on you, pee on you and sneeze on you and all combinations thereof. Not just once, or sometimes, but thousands of times and in so many glorious multihued variations that entire grave yards of Postimpressionists will spontaneously reanimate and applaud in their rotting smocks. I'm gonna eat your food, suck your fluids, and scream your name in the night for years on end, without even the slightest expression of gratitude let alone acknowledgement that it could ever be any other way. I'm going to reorder your entire existences in so many insidious ways as to functionally render you my personal financial slaves for life. Playskool hibachis. Day care. Polaroid film. \$185 character-endorsed yachting thongs. Woodwind lessons. Festive bunting. MFAs. Maybe a nose job if I wind up looking too much like you. The sheer overall cost in postage alone will have you working your despised jobs a cumulative lifetime total of sixteen months. I don't need to remind you how many bed & breakfast weekends in Cape May that will erase. And get this: before it's all over I'll have rejected every one of your goals, values, ideologies and deeply held beliefs utterly out of hand, whether it's in my best interest or not. And there's nothing you will be able to do to dissuade the entire world from the conviction that every one of my mildest inadequacies is ultimately ALL YOUR FAULT! But the best part will be this: you'll utterly convince yourself that you actually CHERISH EVERY HELLISH MINUTE OF IT ALL! So let's get moving. Now. I want my baa-baa."

1995



"Sunday morning . . . I had two soft-boiled eggs for breakfast on Sunday. With toast. Rye toast—the kind I like with the little seeds on it. And coffee. That Bustelo always makes me run. For lunch I had a can of oven-baked beans and a little salad I made up of leftover romaine and a nice plum tomato. I think I had Pepsi-Cola with that. No, no—it was Cranapple juice. I remember now because I spilled some on my blue-and-white shirt. The one that used to be my favorite. Before the pullover. It stained. Around four o'clock I believe I went to the pot again. Then dinnertime I think I had a piece of fish, broiled. Scrod, I think. Yes, scrod. I complemented that with a portion of noodle pudding from Miriam's that I defrosted and string beans too. I added a little chopped almond and wheat germ to that and it was very, very tasty. Come to think of it, I had Pepsi-Cola with dinner. Later I treated myself to a little dessert. I had a Watchamacallit candy bar with my coffee. The sun set very early Sunday. I was watching. The sky was red. I had my final bowel movement after dark. I fell asleep around ten. Then I got up and peed. I woke up early on Monday. For breakfast I opened that box of Raisin Bran I told you about last week . . ."

1990

"I've been waiting for a book of Mark

# MEE

MAKE THE BUNNY CUTER.  
— BEN SOLOMON,  
TOPPS ART DIRECTOR

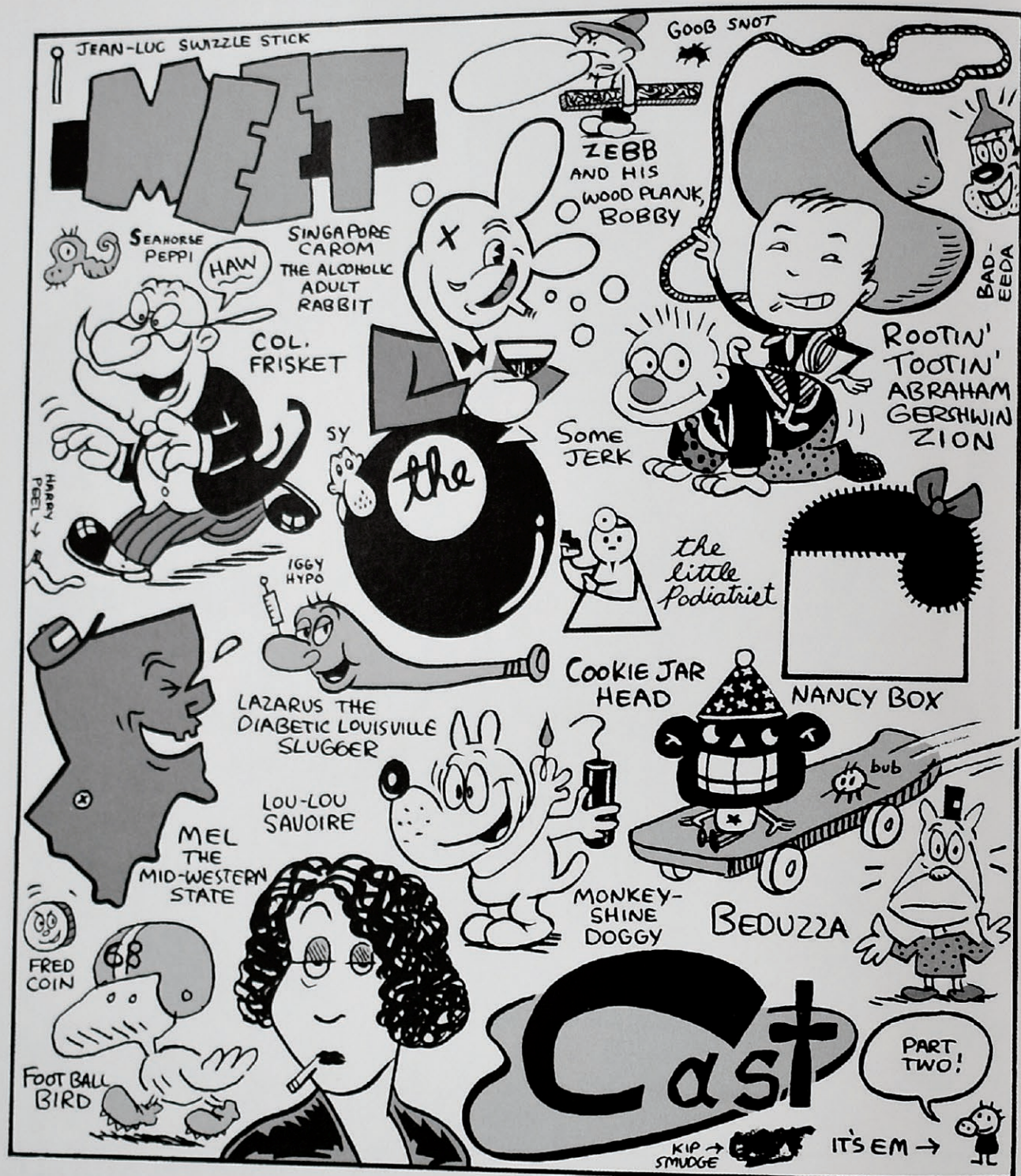
# THE

# GAS



© NEWGARDEN STUDIOS





© NEWGARDEN MEDIA

NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW!



© NEWGARDEN PROMOTIONS

1990

1990

I've been waiting for a book of Mark

MEET THE CAST 4				
NEFERTITTI THE POETRY WORM WITH HAIR.	SLEEPIN' JOEY MOTT	DUH	NAT OGILVE - PITA BREAD ACCOUNTANT	HOOSIER DOG
ANTOINE CARA CATURE	BRITTANY THE UPWARDLY MOBILE PUBIC HAIR	ALCOHOLIC COLLEGIATE	YOUR SNAPPY PAL, VINCENT	YOUR SNAPPY PAL, SEBASTIAN
SKIP THE 30% SHADING TONE	TYRONE CUSTARD	KYLE THE 40% SHADING TONE	EM	KIP THE 70% SHADING TONE
PRINCESS RUNNING MAIZE HOBOKEN	PACO THE PECTIN SALES PERSON	TED THE SOCIALLY INSECURE THUMB TACK	MOJAR HARITO PONNETAMPLINSI	OEDIPUS PLATYPUS
PIETRO CARDOLA: HUMAN FECAL MATTER	TWYLA	BOYO BOY	ELIOT THE TRUCULENT MATCH HEAD	GEORGE COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT

© NEWGARDEN "A" US

"Meet the Cast" Part V

INTERNATIONAL MEN'S-ROOM ATTENDANT MORRIS LIPSKY

OUR FOUNDER "PHIL"

"THE CROWN PRINCE OF INSIPID LIP NOISES" TÄTLIN VON KUTCNA IX

FLOATIN' MIKE FEELEY

JOHN-JOHN MOSQUINO - EM IMITATOR

ANNA-RUTH POSNER

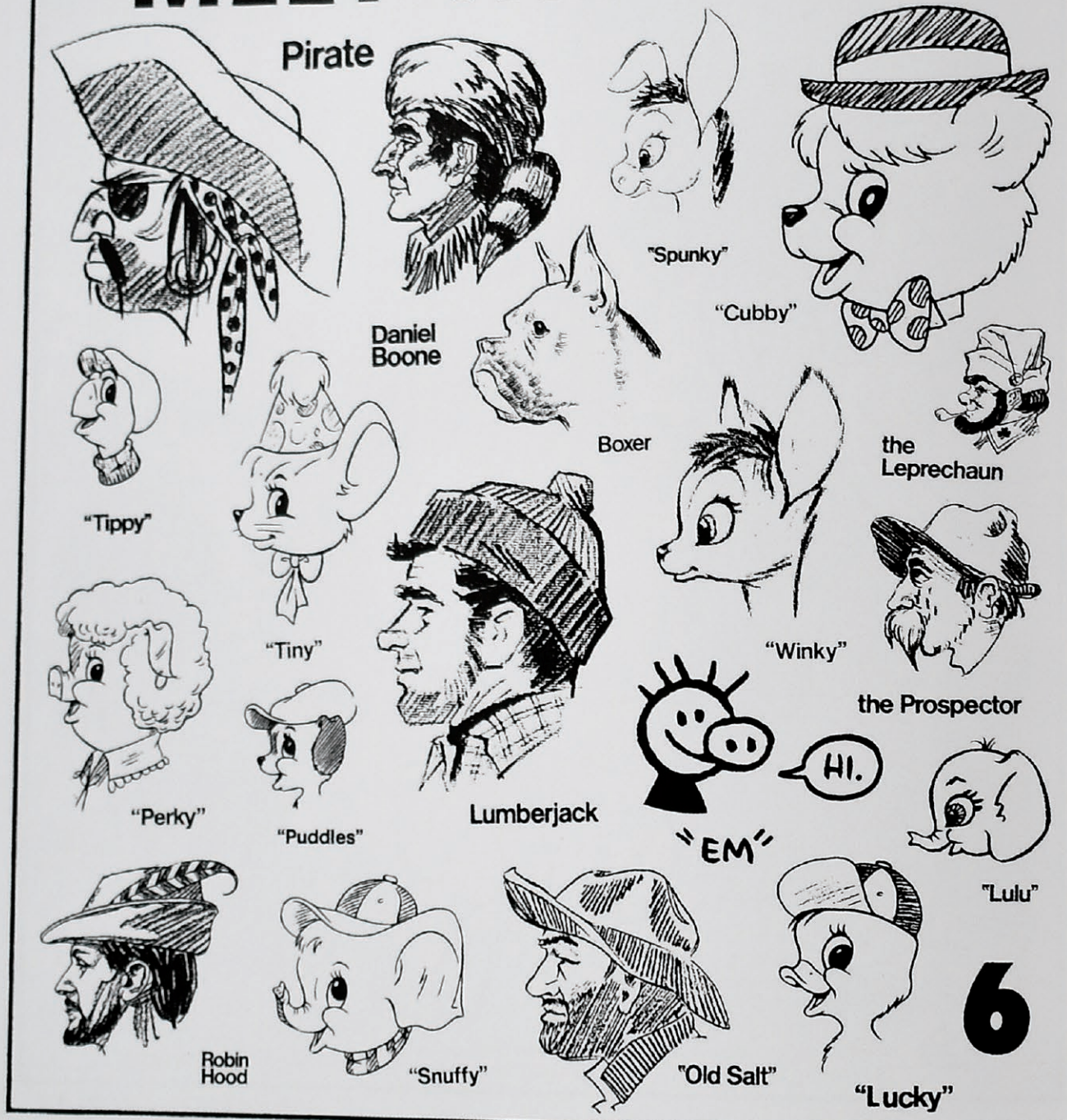
PROF. LAMONT CONSTANTINO - THE GUY YOU LOVE TO HATE.

ARTIE MORGENSTERN - WORLD'S 26<sup>TH</sup> FUNNIEST MENTAL PATIENT.

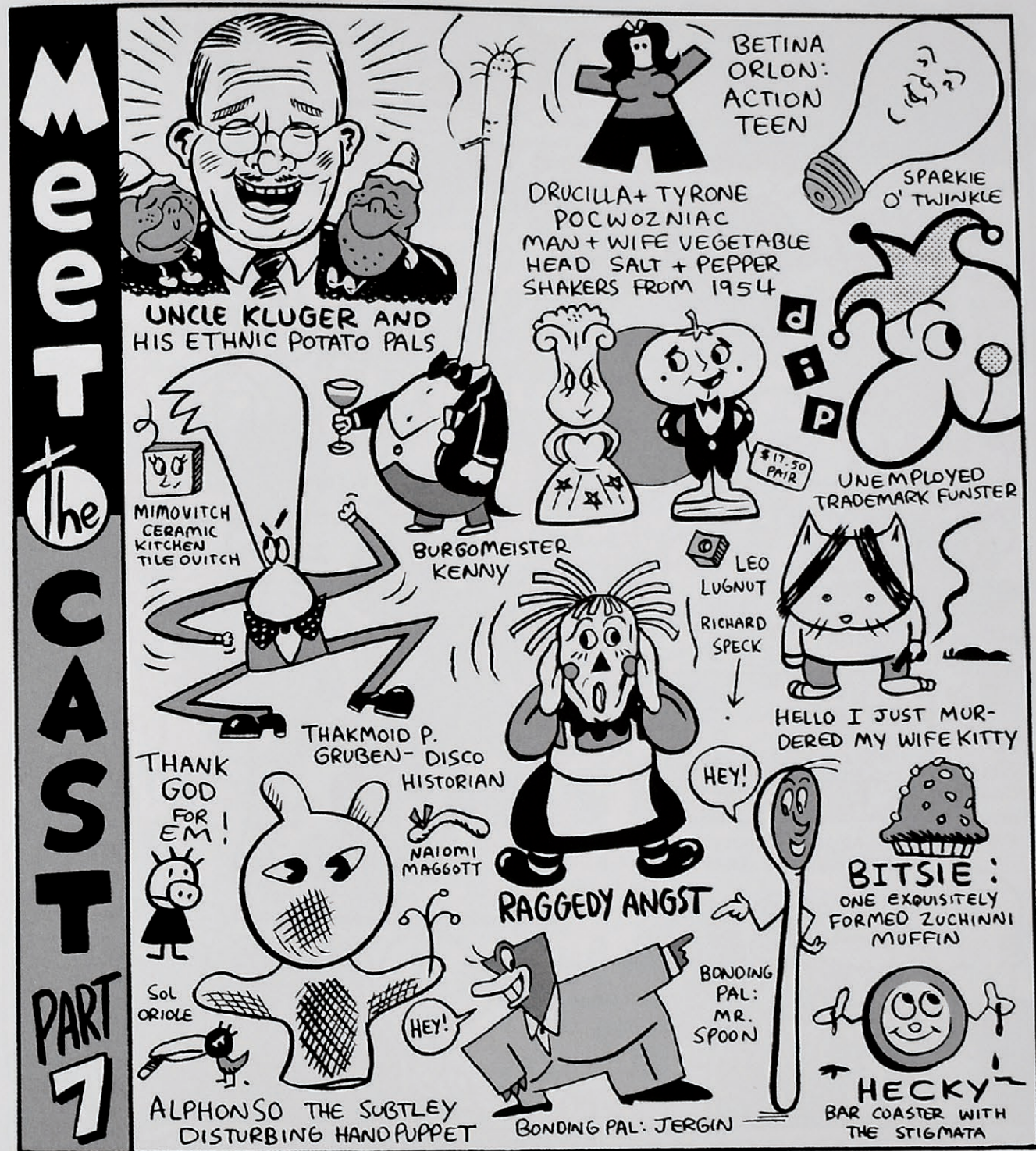
FLORIAN, THE UP+COMING THING

© NEWGARDEN PERSON

# MEET THE CAST



© NEWGARDEN ART SCHOOL



# MEET THE CAST PART 7

© NEWGARDEN LIVERY CO.

1990

1990

I've been waiting for a book of Mark

# MEET

PRINCE  
VALIANT: EXTENSION CORD PLUG  
TODD, THE SUN  
ANNE MARIE PARLUCCI  
MALCOLM X  
RICHARD McMUMMY  
HADJII  
DISCARDED CHEF SALAD  
VLADIMIR SADOWSKI: FELINE ABSTRACT-ION.  
LEN SPONGE  
PIXIE CHEF  
SNUZ BOKO  
BOB, THE BLUE PYRAMID GUM  
HIGH ART  
LOW ART  
YVES, THE YOUNG HOMOSEXUAL  
BUNNY NO-GOOD  
LEO, THE BEATIFIC COTTON SWAB  
NAT GNAT  
HELLO SATAN  
SANDPAIL MUSKRAT  
MR. OOF  
THE ANGULAR ANGUCAN, FATHER PEPE  
Z. C. ARUGULA: INTERNATIONAL NEO-HIPPY AND HIS SNAIL GIRLFRIEND, PAULINE.  
ALBERTO Y MARIA WOODTICK-DANCE TEAM  
LARRY SEMEN

AND OF COURSE THE EVER POPULAR "EM" →

HI.

© SCHEHERAZADE NEWGARDEN

# the #9

ACCIDENTALLY EXPOSED FILM JOACHIM MODERNO  
BOB KANE  
TOSCA THE ICE CUBE  
LINDA THE ANIMATED CEREAL BOX GIRL BEE  
EVERYONE-HAS-HIS OWN-WAY-OF-DEALING-WITH-DEATH-ADVOCATE LYLE DUPRE  
POZZO THE DUST  
PETER THE DISEMBODED FLOATING CLOWN HEAD THAT OOZES A PECULIAR-SMELLING FLUID  
DAMIAN GERARD  
LEAFY THE LEAF  
THE CARTOON COCKTAIL CUBS  
MC BOOPY  
LOUIE FESTA, LIMA BEW GIGOLO  
HEAT SEAKING MISSILE, NEAL  
FRANK SANTOPAORE; RODENT'S NOSTRIL  
BOXANNE  
CHET THE THRIFTY HEDGE HOG  
PLANTY THE PLANT  
POTTY THE POT  
KING OF ALL SALTINES  
ANY NAME YOU MAKE UP IS FINE WITH ME, THE DRAWING  
ED "DOC" ANDERSON C.P.A.  
(THE MOST WONDERFUL TRANS PLANTED GUY FROM BALTIMORE LIVING IN THE SWISS ALPS)  
SIGHT IMPAIRED DRUMSTICK NATHANIEL  
A LITTLE "EM" GOES A LONG WAY!

HI.

© THE INSCRUTABLE MARK NEWGARDEN

# MEET the CAST!! 10

**THE SOVERIGN NADELSTEIN**  
KING OF ALL WHO CALL THEMSELVES ENCHANTED

**CRAIG LAUGHLIN, SPOILED WURST**

**ST. WILBER FORCE**  
SOME GUY FROM 16th STREET

**THE LITTLE NAZI**

**AL CAP**

**THE ASTOUNDING VAN CLEEF**  
THE 9-FOOT PIECE OF SHIT DRESSED AS A BEAR SO YOU'LL BE MORE INCLINED TO WARM UP TO HIM.

**SUNKY BILL**

**HIS DROOL**

**ROLICKIN' PUBERTY MOBILE**

**LANNY**  
ABSTRACT SHAPE SUGGESTING CONFUSION

**MARTIN FLEENER**

**SPECIALIST in pleasant surprises**

**ANDY** THE EMPTY SLOGAN THAT MAKES US ALL FEEL O.K.

**VILLAGE IDIOT: SLOW BERNARD**

**HIS NECK**

**RICKY RICKY TEENAGER AND HIS**

**DARIUS** THE HAIR-DO

**OL' SNUB**

**BADEEDA**  
A RUDE SCRAWL YES, BUT ONE YOU'LL COME TO RESPECT.

**AL DENTÉ**

**MR. DING**

**STEWAY CARDOZA**  
DAMAGED PASTE-UP

© MARK "CUT, PASTE + SWEAT" NEWGARDEN

# hey MEET the CAST! # 11

**MANNY**, THE MANHOLE COVER THAT TALKS LIKE WM. BENDIX AND WANTS TO GO HOME TO BROOKLYN

**YOUNG BABB-O + PETULA HONEYCUTT** ON A LIFE LONG ROAD TO TRAGEDY.

**WICKER LAWN CHAIR** WITH NO REAL IDENTITY.

**EM'S PHONICS** TEACHER FROM FOURTH GRADE MR. FITZ WELLO.

**EM'S GREEN GROCER**

**THOROUGHLY FORGOTTEN COTTON-SWAB-THRU A-HUMAN-BAGEL ILLUSIONIST,** SY ROTH c.'zz

**DUTCHY NICK**

**EM'S VOICE** COACH DICK

**EM'S DENT-IST**

**ROCCO**

**EM'S LAWYER** SKIP

**THE REDOUTABLE, YET SOMEHOW LOVABLE GRINGUS O'TOOLE:** RAFFISH LOWLIFE DRUNKEN SOT, BEATER OF WOMEN, YOUNG BOYS AND LOCAL POND GEESE.

**SIR EMERY PINCUS LASOU AND HIS GORMAND SLUG OFFSPRING,** CONSTANTINE

**MILO KRONIN -GER:** RACOUNTEUR, PROVOCOTEUR, AND DETESTER OF ALL EARTHLY THINGS EXCEPT G.

**EM'S BROKER** TOTSY

**FAR ITCHY TED** THE VENERABLE PALMING STEED WITH AN IGNITABLE SNOUT

© THE MIGHTY NEWGARDEN HUMOR-MILL. "MANNY" ON LOAN FROM RUSS REILEY + FAMILY.

1991

1991

I've been waiting for a book of Mark



# MEET THE CAST BABIES #14

NOVELTY BABY COMB MEL

RUBBER

LARGE UNGAINLY NEWBORN KEVIN

BUNGEE BAGE

SAM HENDERSON THE IRRATIONALLY DISTRESSED BABY KOALA

EL LITTLE SQUIRTO THE DROPLET KID

YOUTHFUL DERBY-DECKED POTATO CHILD CORPORAL NYACK

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CURTSEY O'LOGLIA AS A YOUNG GAL

THE YELLOW FETUS

WAR ORPHAN DICKY

YOUNG MOMAR

WEE CUTIE KITTY O'CATTY O' BABY

SADLY MISFORMED JAMES

THYROID DISTURBED NAVY CHICK BABY

IAN

CLOWNY KID COLLIGAN KINO

BABY EM

B.B. BOOMER

RUSSELL BABY

OTHELLO, THE YOUNG DRILL

TOM SAW

DAN CUDDLES BUNNY KINDER

JIM BABY

GERGIN CUP

ETHEL

AMBULATORY WEDGE JR.

YOUNG UNCONSUMED CLUB SANDWICH JESSICA-ANNE PINOFSKY

TRICK DOG JEFF BABY

THE SCOWLING PUSSY FONTAINE

HOBBY DAD

CRAFT MOM

RESTAURANT WALL DRAWING DOUGLAS

Le Jogging fleur

POPULAR SWEATER

NEO-EXPRESSIONIST HEAD, MIKEY

OLD NANNA BESUMAS

WACKY UGLY NUTTY STAN

MINIATURE CHINEE

STAR BUNNY IAN

ALCOHOLIC JUG TAMMANY DUCHIN

YOUNG DEAN MANDERS

EM

INSECT ASHLEY

JUNIOR APPLE-GUARD PESKY PETERSON

SWIRL GIL

\$1.00 WHORE ALICE

MAH-HAH-BONE

MS. TAN

THE AUTOMATIC BOYFRIEND

RABBIT MAN

© NEWGARDEN BABY

HOBBY DAD

CRAFT MOM

THE SCOWLING PUSSY FONTAINE

ANDREW THE READING BONE

\$1.00 WHORE ALICE

MAH-HAH-BONE

JUNIOR APPLE-GUARD PESKY PETERSON

SWIRL GIL

INSECT ASHLEY

ALCOHOLIC JUG TAMMANY DUCHIN

YOUNG DEAN MANDERS

EM

STAR BUNNY IAN

MINIATURE CHINEE

WACKY UGLY NUTTY STAN

THE AUTOMATIC BOYFRIEND

MS. TAN

RABBIT MAN

NEO-EXPRESSIONIST HEAD, MIKEY

OLD NANNA BESUMAS

WACKY UGLY NUTTY STAN

STAR BUNNY IAN

ALCOHOLIC JUG TAMMANY DUCHIN

YOUNG DEAN MANDERS

EM

INSECT ASHLEY

JUNIOR APPLE-GUARD PESKY PETERSON

SWIRL GIL

\$1.00 WHORE ALICE

MAH-HAH-BONE

MS. TAN

THE AUTOMATIC BOYFRIEND

RABBIT MAN

© MARKY (OF BROOKLYN) NEWGARDEN

1991

1991

Meet The Cast # 75

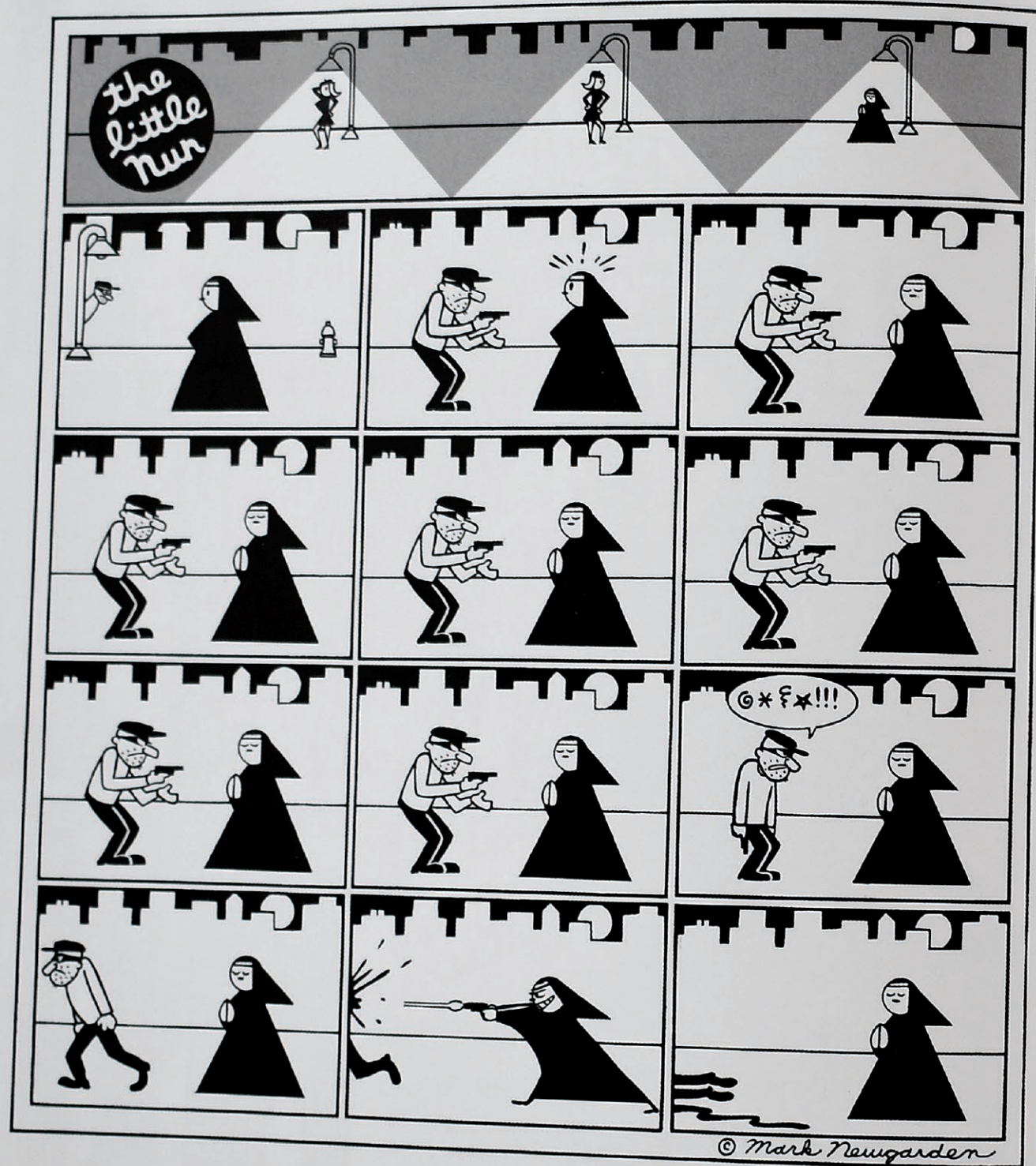


SORROW IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER:  
 FOR BY THE SADNESS OF THE  
 COUNTENANCE THE HEART IS MADE  
 BETTER. THE HEART OF THE WISE IS  
 IN THE HOUSE OF MOURNING:  
 BUT THE HEART OF FOOLS IS IN  
 THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.  
 — ECCLESIASTES, 7:3-4

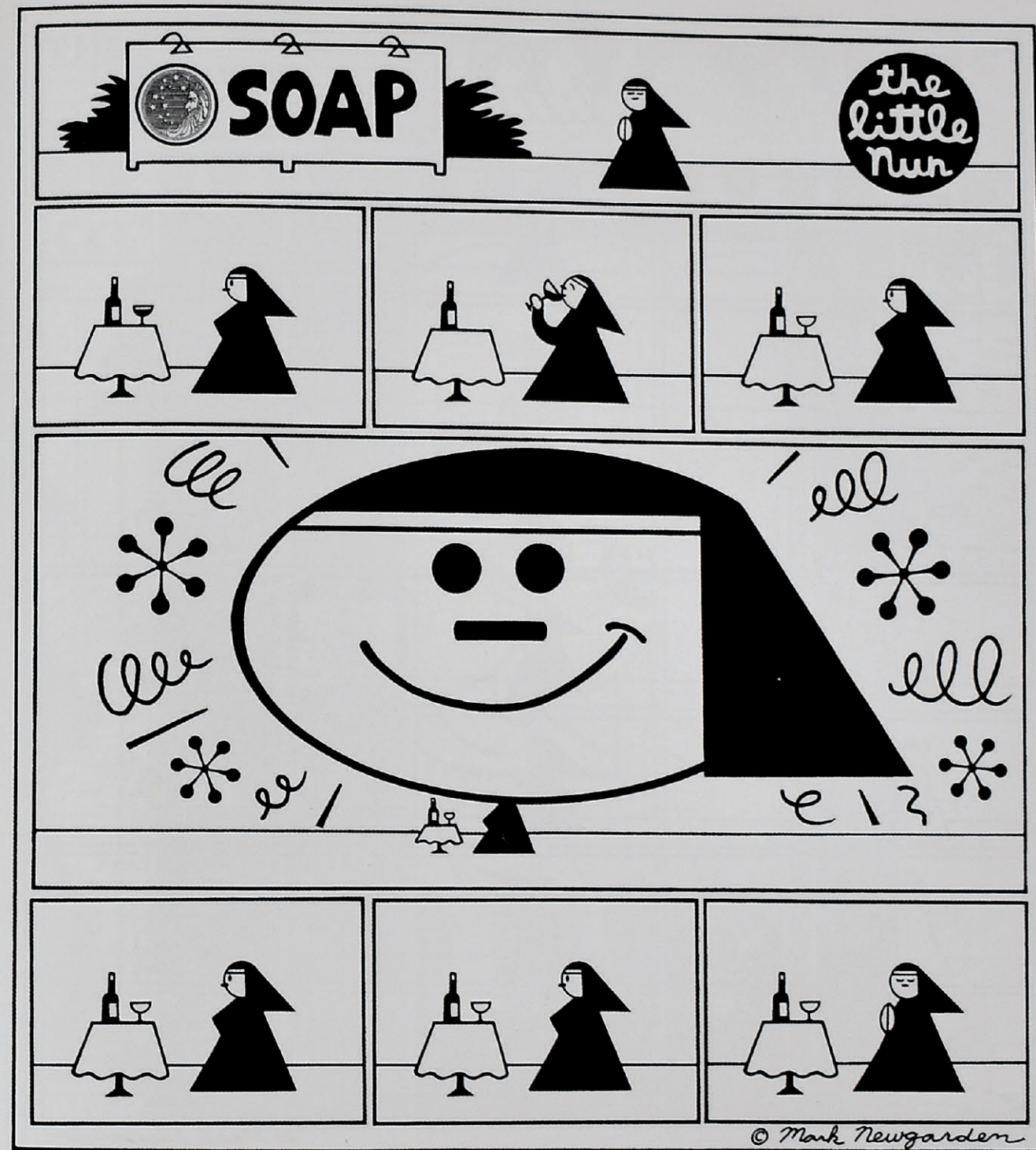
# THE LITTLE NUN

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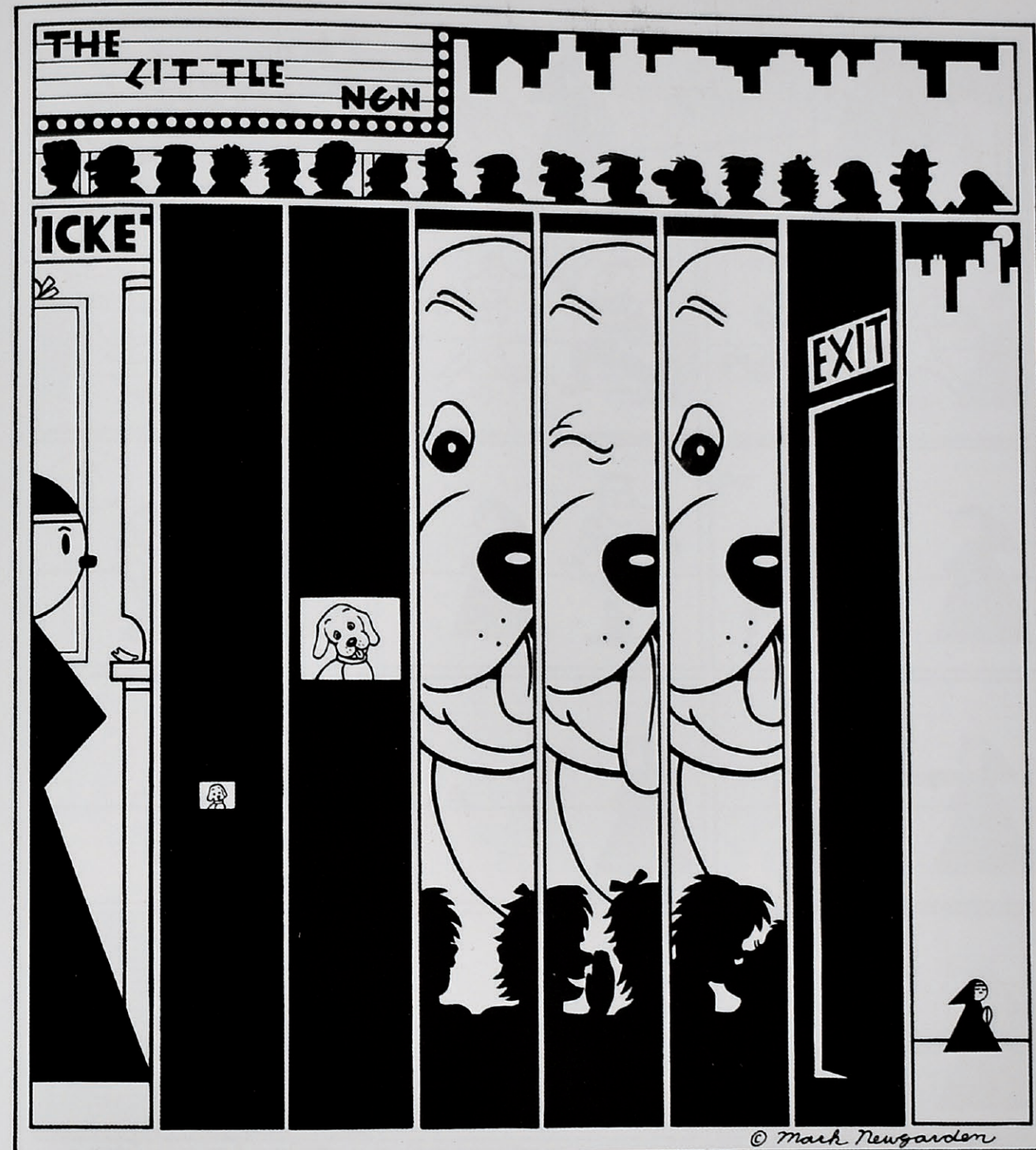
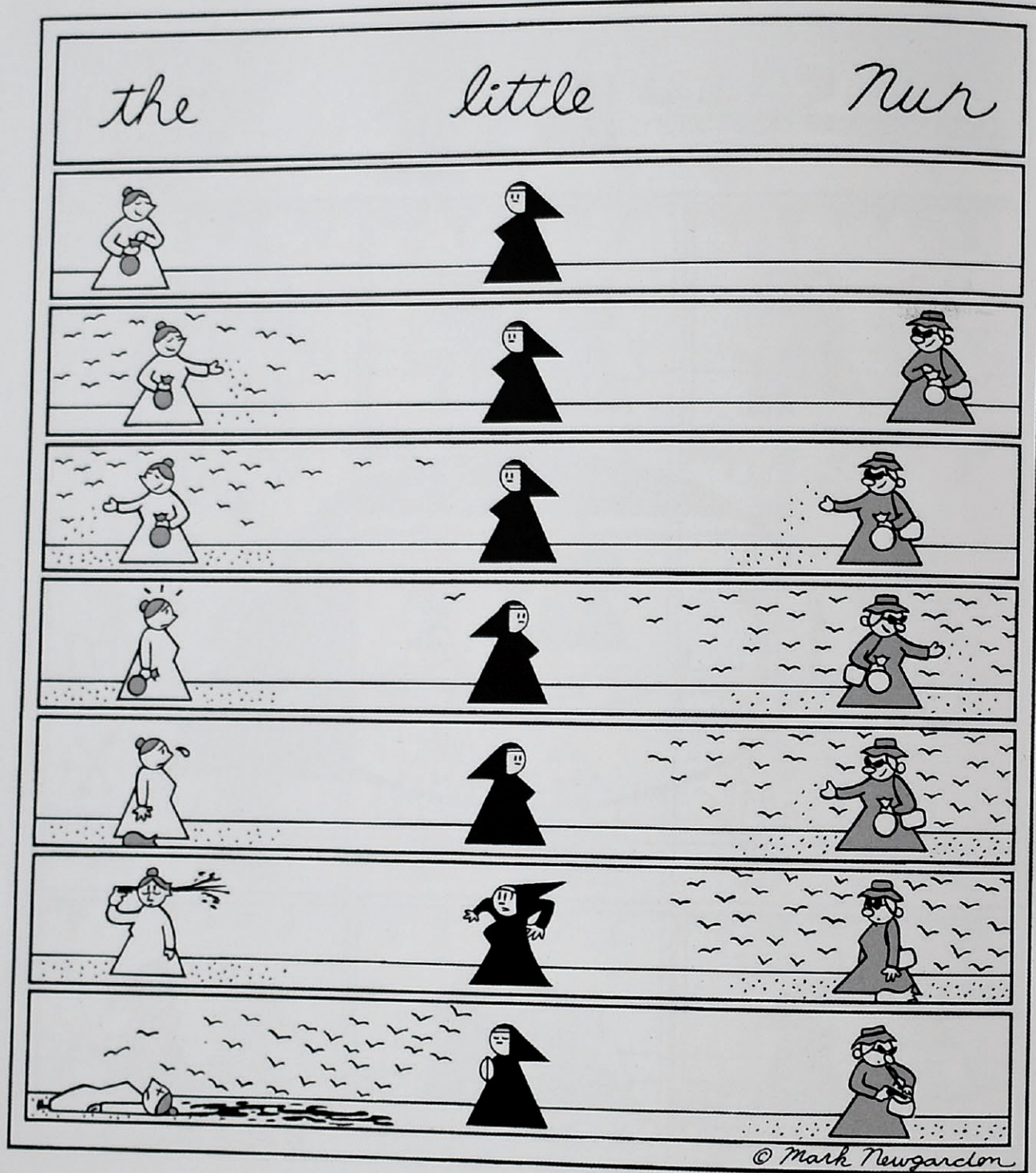




1988



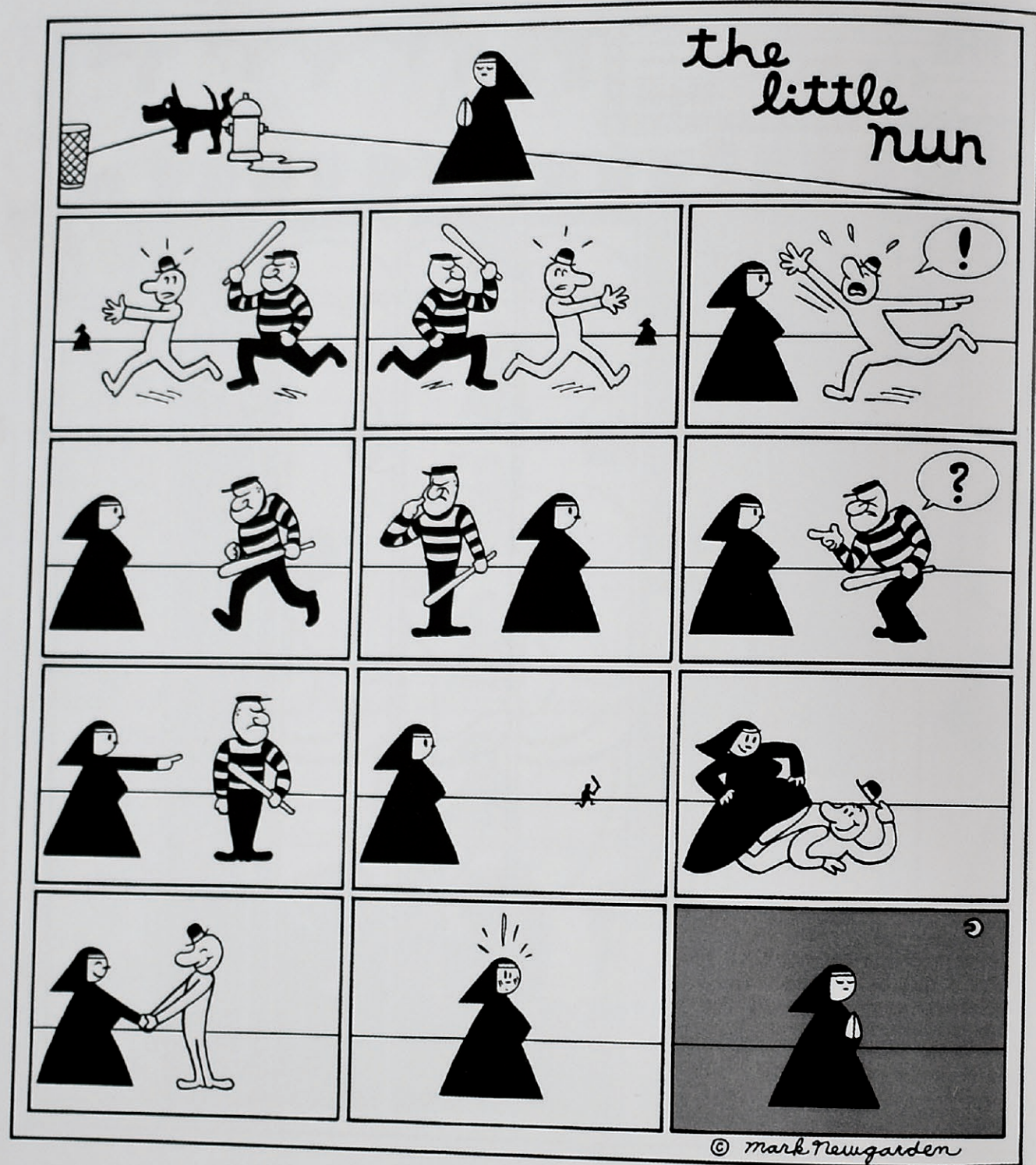
1989



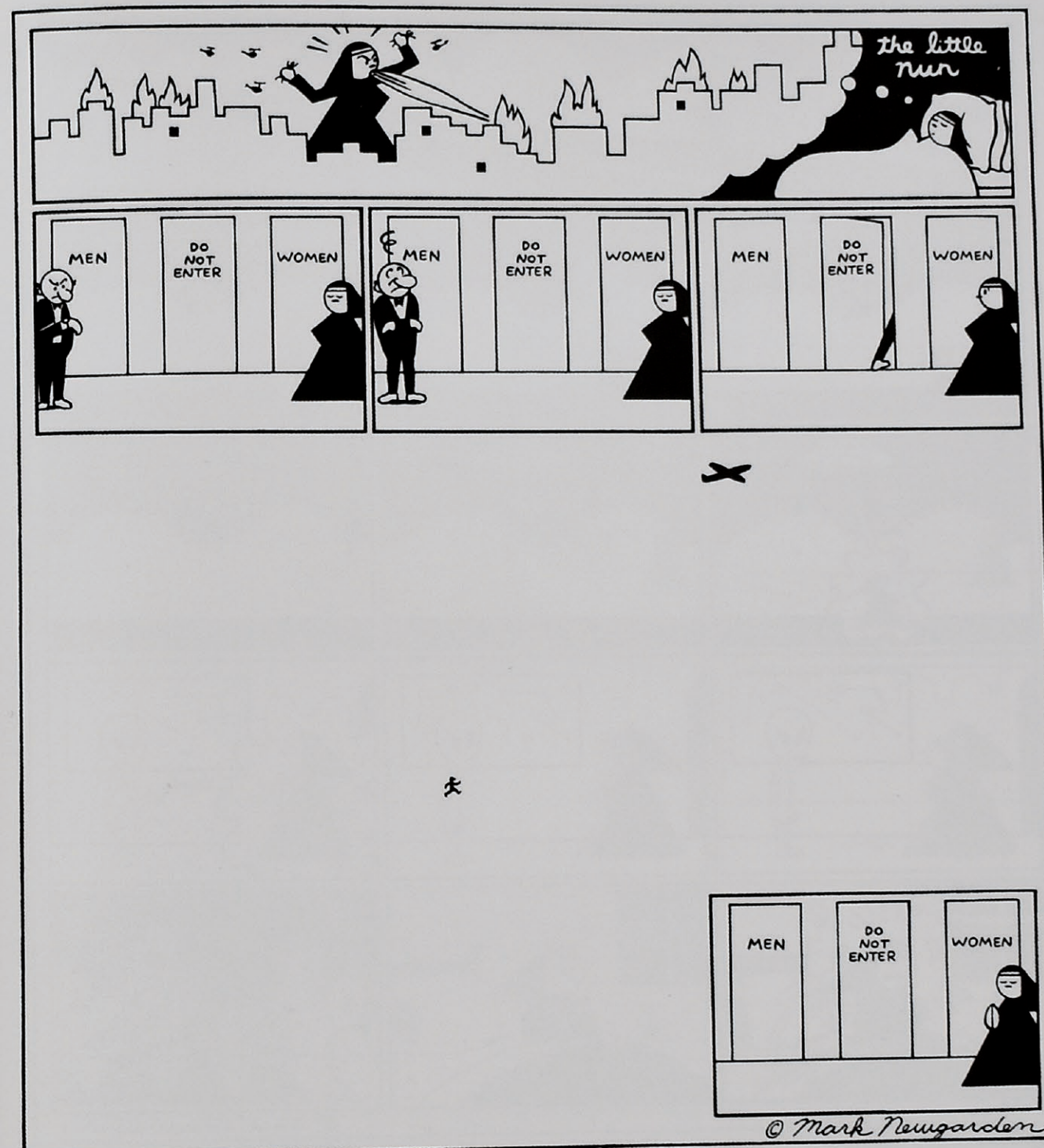
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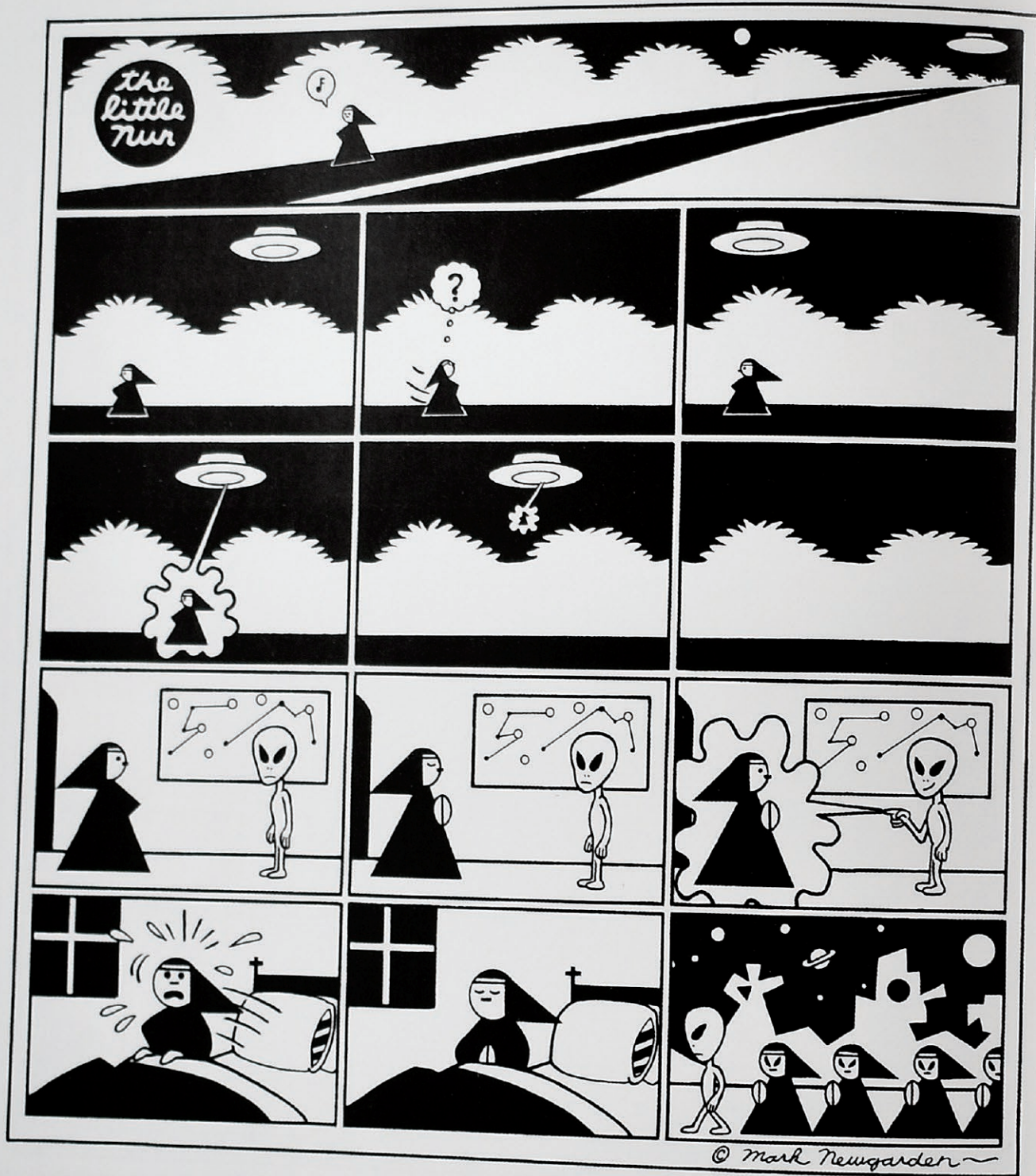
I've been waiting for a book of Mark



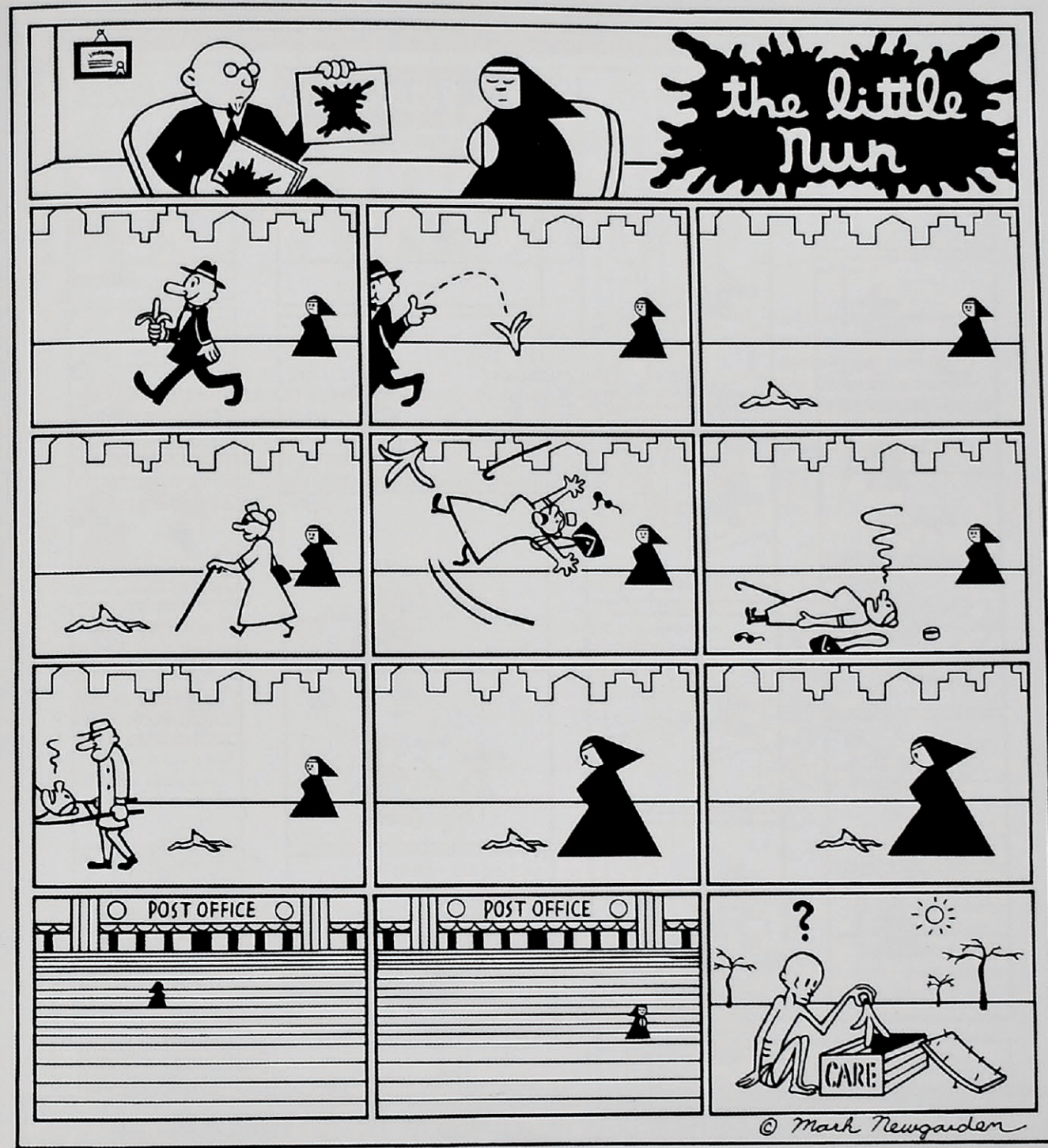
1988



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1989



1989

# The Little Nun.

© Mark Naugarden

**HEY MR. LICENSEE...**  
*the little Nun*<sup>®</sup> **MEANS**  
**BIG PROFITS!!!**

**Yes!** NOW IS THE TIME TO CONVERT! CASH IN ON THE LITTLE NUN'S MASS APPEAL! LICENSES ARE STILL AVAILABLE IN MANY CATEGORIES—LET THE COMIC STRIP MIRACLE OF THESE FINAL DAYS HELP YOUR PROFIT-MARGIN SOAR HEAVENWARD! HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS DEVELOPED BY OUR NEW PRODUCT DEPT. TO HELP YOU SEE THE LIGHT!

**BIRTH CONTROL PILL DISPENSER**—Hey Gals—sexually active? Let the Little Nun remind you when it's Pill time as she prays for your eternally damned soul!

**EDIBLE ROSARY**—Munch your way to salvation with this delicious fruit-flavored confection! (Plus a real milk-chocolate crucifix!) You'll want to say your prayers **AFTER** each meal—and snack time too!

**REAL CANDY!**

**STIGMATA GLOVES**—Sure to become the latest high-fashion statement! Safe, painless and easy! Don't wait to be chosen—get yours today!

**HOLY EUCHARIST COASTERS**—The perfect hosts for the perfect host! Keep those pesky wine-rings off devotional as well as recreational furniture! A real boon to clergy and laymen alike (lay-girls like 'em too!)

**FIGURAL DECANTER**—What a natural! You won't want to keep your sacramental wine chilled any other way! Makes any picnic a real ceremony! Be the first in your pew!

**Remember—its only a sin if you dont act now!!!**

# LITTLE STORIES

BE OBSCURE CLEARLY.

—E. B. WHITE



It began simple enough: a new twist on an old punch line. I had been working out the joke for months. Private. Away from anyone who might be inclined to get curious. I like to keep to myself when I write, especially when I write jokes. Call it good luck. Then the phone calls began. First rings and hang-ups, 3:00 in the A.M. Then long-distance operators connecting me with dead air. It smelled from the start. After that, postcards. From Linden. The Oranges. Flemington. Trenton. Cape May. Pictures of trees. Waterfalls. Bridges. Motels. Shores. Scrawled inscriptions I couldn't make out. But the postmarks gave it away. Aces . . . I knew I was on to something. Something funny. Trouble was someone else knew it too. Someone else in the Garden State. The punch line that is New Jersey is hardly fresh stuff. Corny. Old-hat, in fact. But this new twist of mine. That was the dynamite. Guaranteed Laff. Bigtime Boff. Original. Different. Postmodern. This was hot stuff. Still, it needed time to jell. You don't just go writing this stuff down then run out and collect your yokks. Not if you're smart. You mold it like clay. You age it like wine. And you don't make too much noise. That was the thing that gave me the Heebie-Jeebies. Someone was on to me. Then late one P.M. after a few larks I opened the door to my office. Trouble was, I opened the door with my head. Something ugly was waiting for me that night. Something with a Jersey accent. I saw hearts. I saw stars. I saw moons. I saw clovers. I saw blue diamonds. When I came to next A.M my pate was cracked like a pigeon egg. And everything was gone. My tapes. My notes. My joke. Pages were ripped out of my atlas and joke books. Jersey pages. But the big thing that was gone was my memory. Somehow they erased that joke clean off my mental tape. Gone—like yesterday's tuna. But I still have a few tricks up my sleeve. I think I can still piece it together. I just need some time. And a little luck. And a new door. And when I get it, you can bet I'm going public. Get ready to laff.

# CONFLICT!

Brothers fighting over walnuts. Two brothers fighting over a cardboard box of walnuts. Gary and Harry. Make that a paper sack. So there's a fight going on. A big fight. Coming to blows. These guys are in their fifties. Big strapping dock-working lumberjacking truckdriving cementchucking miners. Never collected stamps. Never even used 'em. Teeth the size of detergent boxes. Fists the size of state capitals. Gary punches his brother in the stomach. Make that the LABONZA. These guys play for keeps. Chips on their shoulders the size of German shepherds. "OK-OK-You can keep the goddamn walnuts." Tongues the size of veal flanks. "Damn right." 611 tiny broken orange butterflies in the labonza of Harry make a sound neither crying nor singing but one that could pass for either in the garage in the rain in the night. Harry bends to pick up the walnuts. His brother kicks him in the chin. There goes his head. Clean off. Flying down the street. Past the mall. Over Terre Haute, Indiana. Sighted by thousands in Rome, Italy. Gary eats walnut meat tonight. Make that Fielding, New Zealand. His wife covers his aching, distended, abused torso with kisses and peroxide. Gary wins. To the victor belong the spoils. To Gary belong the walnuts. He don't even like 'em. Just likes to fight. Know what I mean?



1989

I DON'T  
GET IT!



PACK OF  
BABY LAMBS

12:06 A.M.—Still awake, after trying to sleep for 3½ hrs. or so. I stare at the ceiling, I stare at the urine stain on the rug, I clip my nails, open the window, turn on the TV, close the window, turn off the TV and cry.

12:48 A.M.—Try not to think about it.

1:24 A.M.—No sleep yet. I head for the bathroom and feign a bowel movement. I wash my face with used, day-old water. The bathroom sink is clogged again. I check for Liquid-Plumbr. There isn't any. I poured it down the drain. Afraid I might drink it. Ha ha.

1:59 A.M.—Try not to think about it.

2:16 A.M.—I look for a book. It's the only book I own except the one with people's telephone numbers in it. I've read that one already. This one has jokes in it.

2:24 A.M.—Try not to think about it.

3:09 A.M.—No success in finding the book. It's not where I thought I left it. Where did I leave it? Maybe in Bondurant, Wyoming. Ha Ha.

3:38 A.M.—Try not to think about it.

4:11 A.M.—I found the joke book. It was propping up a 3-legged bookcase. I decide to start at the beginning. *Some Jokes* by the I. & M. Ottenheimer Publishing Co. ISBN 0-8230-4319-36. This is all too familiar fare to me. I quit.

4:47 A.M.—Try not to think about it.

5:09 A.M.—I'm back at the book again. I read a joke at random. It's the third from the top on pg. 319. For all of you who are going to follow along. The previous owner numbered all the jokes with a rubber stamp. This one is #40037.

*Len—Young doctors are queer propositions.*

*Ben—How so?*

*Len—They are exceedingly good tempered, yet they lack patients. (patience).*

5:12 A.M.—Try not to think about it.

6:37 A.M.—I repeat that joke over and over in my mind. I savor the rhythm, the construction. I time it. I sing it. I taste it. And I come to the conclusion that levity can help significantly in times of personal turmoil. I turn over, fall asleep with a clearer mind and a lust for life.

1988



A joke in a leather jacket barreling down the sidewalk on its way to an important fete. A joke in a half-lit living room. A joke sitting alone in a bagel restaurant smoking the last Camel and waiting for 4:00 to become 4:06. A joke attaching itself to your navel and sucking out your moist gray lint. A joke going to high school and working as a counterperson at Arby's on weekends. Two jokes missing a bus. A joke becoming sexual. A joke carefully taking notes on everything Bryant Gumbel has to say. Because it matters. A joke plotting its revenge. A joke getting cute with you. A joke trying to pronounce the name "Sabrett" with an unfortunate lisp. A joke lying to you. A joke trying to make you change your mind. A joke praying. A joke accidentally catching a glimpse of something it only barely suspected. A joke smelling like stale bacon on a Thursday afternoon. A joke named Bob. A GREAT BIG JOKE THAT WE CAN ALL ENJOY. NOW GET OUT THERE AND LAFF!



Shoe leather on weary tile; eleven steps. Weary clotted tile. Reiley hoisted Reiley one buttock then another and set, adjusting his balance with the maternal concern of a Looney Tune hen about to hatch a litter of chicks and maybe one reptile. Reiley had boils on his ass. They blossomed, popped and bled with the drab regularity of an expensive Swiss timepiece—nearly every night Reiley shifted his girth into that seat at Red's and nearly every night his Hanes betrayed the boil constellation which had visited him since some cool day in March. (Actually, nearly identical to the time when Lizzie had switched corn oils—maybe . . . ?)

The stool answered Reiley's soft anal spurts with a infinitesimally minute putting sound. Shiver, shift, exhale. A slow close of the left eyelid. A tongue on the gum. A thirst. The hands behind the bar made swift motion with a faded towel and deposited before Reiley an alcoholic beverage the color of birthday cake. Reiley turned as Greenberg turned on the neighboring stool; swallowed his yeasty drink as Greenberg swallowed his phlegm. Greenberg fingered his forehead and smiled through Reiley's alcohol. Very soon an identical mug appeared before Greenberg, whose own sitting-down ritual (intricate—though aesthetically no match for Reiley's) had been played out three feet to the left an hour ago.

Somewhere in Pennsylvania a teenage boy was putting these words in a little red book:

*We can drink iced tea/and digest/our fats/you & me sweet kid/we can make it to the fucking/moon. Come my way sweet-kid/hit me hard with/a jackhammer/of total commitment/right between the eyes that crave/your sweet roasted meat/debutante. If you weren't married/to a sumo wrestler/and didn't have to pour/milk into his Cocoa Puffs/every A.M./we could escape to Central Islip/and catalog the dimensions of each other's soul.*

Reiley talked Mets with Greenberg 'til around eleven, then went home to see exactly where he'd bleed.





Something  
FOR  
THE BOYS

CAL

A recently fired letter-carrier in Reading, Pa. flipping her husband's safety goggles upside down on her own tired face and fiercely beeping like a space siren for a laff. A man of some years on a small stage in the mountains dropping his checkered trousers and quickly exposing his soaked-meat rump for a laff. Intentionally humiliating the one person in the world who wouldn't do it to you for a laff. Watching penguins for a laff. Anything for a laff.

Filling your mouth with cottage cheese and bananas and purposely mispronouncing the word "flutter" for a laff. Hitting Larry for a laff. The last ray of sunlight dissolving on Aunt Rose's embroidered toilet-seat cover for a laff. Nuclear winter for a laff. Anything for a laff.

A derbied midget falling down in 1926 for a laff in 1973. "Hi, I'm your new babysitter!" for a perennial non-laff. Someone we all know repeatedly sputtering "LADY!" for a laff—and almost always getting it. A BLT on a poppy bagel, hold the mayo, side of slaw for a food laff. Unnecessary surgery for a nervous laff. Sex for a laff. Art for a laff. Death for a laff. Anything for a laff.

A man walks into a bar and looks around—every seat is taken. Sitting at the bar are a Jewish man, a Polish man, an Italian man, a Black man, an Iranian man, a Japanese man, an Irishman and a Native-American man. Behind the bar is a female kangaroo serving drinks. (All of this is for a laff.)


The end of the month for a laff. The beginning of love for a laff. McCullough cutting his own throat in a barber's chair for a laff. Abstract Expressionism for a laff. Teilhardism for a laff. Laffing on the outside, weeping on the inside for a laff. Tor Johnson, New Jersey, white bread, lobster bibs, congealed salad, light machinery, pap smears, Aruba, AIDS, wind-up bums, Adolph Hitler, Vernon Dent, the word "fuck," the sinking of the Lusitania, the smell of pool cleaner, Sammy Petrillo, Raymond, incest, Laundromats, cancer and Paul Newman Salad Dressing for a laff. Anything for a laff. Everthing for a laff. OK? So leave me alone.


**SAD BUT TRUE**


**PARKA**


**of**


**ACRIMONY!**


**Rosalie**  
  
 Staten Island Mom


**Stevie**  
  
 born 8/1/71  
 died 11/6/83


**Laurie**  
  
 born 3/4/72  
 died 11/22/84

**Chuckie**  
  
 born 12/25/73  
 died 12/9/85

**Louie**  
  
 Staten Island Dad

**Bonnie**  
  
 born 11/21/74  
 died 11/21/86

**Vinnie**  
  
 born 6/29/75  
 died 11/23/87

**Angie**  
  
 born 2/4/76  
 died 12/6/88

Mrs. Rosalie DiCathartoid of 47 Beduds Mews, S.I. buried the last of her offspring in the sixth tragic parka-related death among the touchy DiCathartoid tots. The eleven-year-old Angie was reportedly "pushed to the brink" by the social stigma connected with the severely frayed elastic cuffs on the hand-me-down parka, a parka which so peeved each successive DiCathartoid sibling that each was driven to an unnatural demise at his own woolly mits. This less than beloved garment was purchased at "a healthy savings" at an off-season K-Mart Savings Bonanza by budget-minded Rosalie—yet allegedly never fit any of the family members quite right, various aspects of the cut and material frustrating each of the style-concious DiCathartoids in a different manner, inevitably resulting in shame and agony which, coupled with peer mockery, finally erupted into a private reversible-polyester hell for Rosalie's entire crew.

"I guess my kids just don't like that parka," bawled Mrs. D. as she signed an agreement to place the discount raiment of wholesale destruction in cold storage. "I knew I should have done this after Stevie, but how could I bring myself to throw out perfectly good late fall-winter wear?"



Mickey not talking to Dana. Dana not talking to Mickey. Basically one large misunderstanding over butter.

"The smallest things amaze Mickey," Dana groaned into the receiver. "Like someone else eating butter." "Is that why you're not talking?" asked Nora.

Mickey sat on a stool at Red's next to George. He spoke. "We had a fight." "About what?" said George as he emptied the last of his mug. "Butter," said Mickey. "My truck got a flat," said George.

THE MICKEY & DANA OF YESTERYEAR MONTAGE: Sipping multicolored beverages at an outdoor café in the village, scaring pigeons on the bridge deck of the Staten Island ferry, snowballs and hugs in Central Park, modeling funny hats at a Sunday flea market, long silent walk along the shore. (Add a gag about beach debris if desired.)

Mickey gave Dana flowers. Dana put them in a vase. Dana took a picture of Mickey's flowers. Mickey put it in a frame. Once after making love Dana made up a poem: Babies crying/Planes flying/Birds singing/People bowling. Mickey wrote it on his hat.

Mickey and Dana let the subject lie for a long time after that. He had work to do. She had work to do. When they spoke they kept it light. They went to a used machinery-parts auction in June. They went to *The Barber of Seville* in July. And they both knew better than to bring up that butter stuff again. One day Mickey did, though. "You've got this butter thing totally wrong," he said as they watched a video of Alan Funt. Dana resisted, just watching the screen. "You make me sound stupid. I'm not stupid. I work in a bank!" "I know you're not stupid," Dana quietly remarked.

Neither brought it up again. Eventually Mickey met a pet-groomer named Francine. Dana began taking long, sudden business trips to Greece. And both of their friends got into the film industry and ignored Mickey and Dana completely. Mickey and Dana broke up, went their separate ways, lived their own lives. They didn't stay in touch. Such were the ultimate ramifications of a mere butter discord.



This is it. This is the one that you and I have been after for so long. This is the one that will make the books, hit the headlines, cement my reputation forever among the cognoscenti. This is the one I've been tasting for years, in the far recesses of my mouth, like the echo of a Necco wafer I ingested in 1974. The one that bolts into its own terrifying and beautiful reality like a true (Old World) chameleon after the first glimpse of a succulent baby ladybug right over there. (Not just another anole!)

This is the one that will open the doors, close the chapter, sink the putt, ring the bell, save the whales! This is the one that will secure my party the preferred seats at Lutèce where Monsieur Soltner will knowingly explain the true superiority of a certain pricey Crus Beaujolais and unruffle my doubts with a shrug: "But it is on the house, Mark, not to worry." Actually, he will call me Marky.

This is the one that will make me a household name in the household of Ernie and Ida Grubiner of Elk Mound, Wisconsin.

Ernie: Ide . . . You seen what that jerk Mark Newgarden came up with this week? I usually can't stomach his junk but . . . I'll be damned—I think he really came up with some kind of cockeyed masterpiece—looney as it sounds!

Ida: Yes, and he has the cutest butt! I saw him on *A Current Affair* and . . .

Ernie: Ida, let's fuck. Now.

This is the one that will send *Guernica* back into storage, bring Proust to his soiled knees, make *Terrytoon Circus* look like something for kids. This is the one that is something transcendent, ineffable, infallible, irrational, miraculous, jazzy, goofy and grand. This is the something that will come along only once in a genera . . .

Ernie: I guess we're not as young as we used to be.

Ida: Um-hm.

Ernie: So what.

Ida: Y'know, I just dozed off for a second and had this strange little dream. It's funny 'cause I couldn't have been asleep more than a few seconds but the dream had the weight of something that seemed to go on and on for centuries. It was so weird. You and I were both together on a little beach somewhere. We were holding hands and walking slowly toward the water. The beach was covered with tens of thousands of shells, all kinds of colors as far as the eye could see. As we stepped past the seashells, into the wet part of the sand, you turned to me and recited the most beautiful little piece of poetry. Isn't that strange? It began something like . . .

Ernie: Jesus, not that crap again.



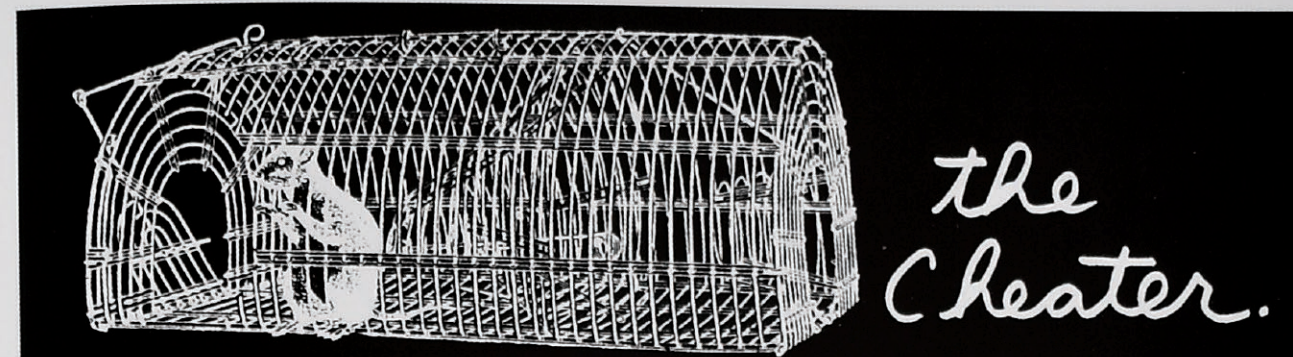
I saw a man slip on a banana peel and fall down today. I guess it was the first time I've ever really seen this happen. That, in and of itself, is noteworthy. I mean it's a cliché, right? But I'd never witnessed it before today and you probably haven't either (not counting TV or movies). So here's what it was like.

It happened during the hour of noon in the Wall St. district of Manhattan. A lot of the streets there are narrow and are normally pretty overcrowded at that time of day. The buildings are big ones. The air was clear and dry and warm. Why I was there isn't very important, but there I was, loitering on the corner of Exchange Place, studying the crowd. I noticed the banana peel first, almost immediately, in fact. It wasn't a particularly fresh one. It was slimy, blackish-spotted and rested way off to one part of the sidewalk near the gutter. No one walked near it.

Then I saw him trotting along, weaving past a street vendor offering giant-size coloring books. The coloring books didn't look too good to me, but he never even noticed them. He was wearing a gray suit and a maroon tie. A white button shirt. A bracelet hung on his left arm under which he carried a small brown leather portfolio with a buckle. He had curly brown hair, candy blue eyes, a reddish Beaver-Cleaver profile with big straight teeth, the kind I sometimes call "teeth o' success." He looked like he needed to shave twice a day and I bet he did. I would place him at a few years younger than me (I'm twenty-nine). He was moving a lot faster than those near him, which is why I singled him out to study in the first place. He didn't quite push anyone but he was someone trying to get somewhere faster than anyone around him and he didn't care who knew. He was darting around a slow-moving woman in a green print dress, when he stepped right into it. Actually the peel caught the middle of his right heel on the downswing and he went forward and south, quickly, silently, classically. I looked at my pocket watch and noted the time—12:46. He was up before I re-pocketed my watch. The portfolio never left his arm. He resumed his gait in mid-trot. People noticed, but he was so quick and adroit about it that nobody reacted for more than a moment.

There's not much more to say except to mention that his facial expression never wavered, not one split second. The same determined, intent glare. Wherever he was going probably involved something very important. I suspect a half-minute later no one but he and I were conscious that he had ever been down. But I saw it happen and let me tell you—you should have been there.

1989



This is it. This is the one I pray nobody ever notices, let alone actually reads. This is the one that I hate to do, but I have to do, because I've got a pressing deadline, a binding contract, an unforgiving editor and a family of sixteen to feed, clothe and alienate (little Stevie needs a new tongue prosthesis). This is the one that I'll never be able to live down, that will turn my legions of devoted fans into a snarling ugly mob, that will haunt me throughout my life like some tragic twilight childhood memory of Joe DiRita in drag. This is the one that will turn my closest friends against me forever, leaving me with a naked, empty, fragile feeling of confusion and remorse. This is the one that will irrevocably alienate Nancy and send her straight into the arms of some more consistent craftsman, one with a brilliant future and an impressive past who will effortlessly grace the literary scene with a cascade of minor classics as he makes canine love to her on the back steps of a crumbling pensione in the heart of old Rotterdam. Worse, this is the one that will destroy my good name forever in the household of Ernie and Ida Grubiner of Elk Mound, Wisconsin.

Ernie: Ide . . . You see what that jerk Mark Newgarden is trying to palm off this week?! I swear, I can't imagine how that guy gets away with that lame bullshit week in and week out. He must have some girlfriend or relative running the paper or something. Maybe they let him do that stuff after sweeping up the pressroom or refilling the water coolers. It's always pretty downright feeble but this one is an out and out cheater! Even the punctuation stinks.

Ida: I was thinking of maybe submitting something. If he can do it, why can't I? I know I always got an A-plus in creative writing and years later when I was doing that column for the union newsletter I enjoyed it so much I bought a typewriter. I'm sure it still works. I need some paper though.

Ernie: You'd be a cinch! You got good ideas about things and you know all the jokes. You could even do some poetry when you run out of things to say. And I could draw the pictures. Remember the time I painted Dopey on the drum for the community marching band? Well I still got the book I copied it out of! No one'll remember all these years later.

Ida: We could make a fortune! When we run out of ideas or just want to go bowling we could do "Found Objects" like Mark. We could just print playing cards or pages from Dante's *Inferno*. People will think it's art or something.

Ernie: Ida Grubiner you're a genius.

Ida: You too Ernie.

Ernie: Let's fuck.

Ida: OK, but first let's watch the remake of *Miracle on 34th Street* with Marlo Thomas. It's on in five minutes.

Ernie: Newgarden should have it so good.

This is truly the one I'll always regret.

1990



1990

The New Humor Experts are a shadowy fraternity, clandestinely grouping in dimly ventilated halls to determine the course of the New Humorist's fate—who will thrive, who will perish, who will struggle, who will shine. Who will, like the exquisitely herby stock of some classic, tawny brown sauce, cast a delightful, semi-permanent glow on the humor-hungry palate of a discriminating public. The New Humor Experts never laugh—they don't have to.

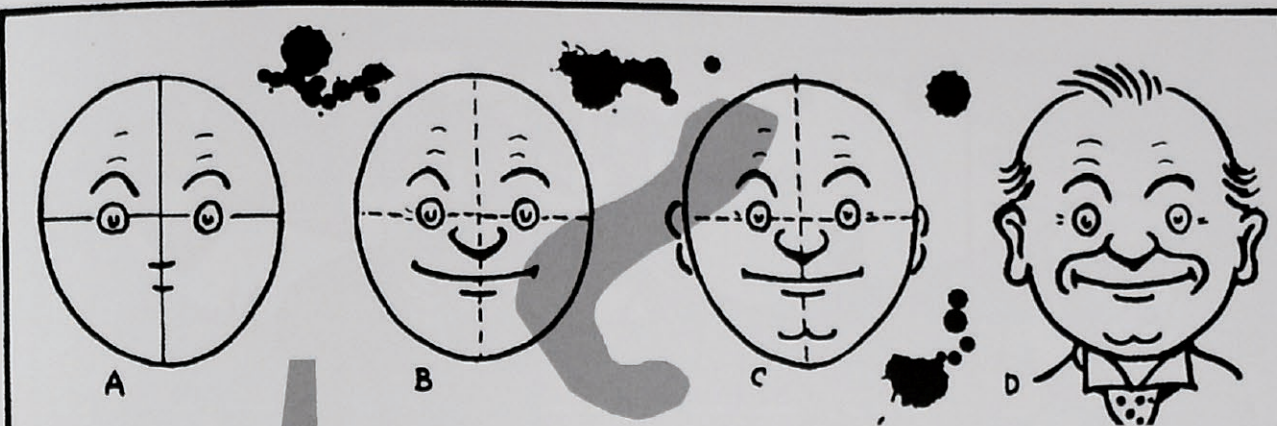
The New Humor Experts hire themselves out to multinational concerns so that men with large bellies and small souls can be helped to understand the profit potential inherent in the philosophy of Marcel Duchamp. The New Humor Experts like macaroons, Lorna Doones, Dobosh tortes, Black Forest cake. And any kind of fritters. Except one.

The New Humor Experts can determine the effectiveness of a Letterman guest's antic with a caliper, slide rule, compass and refrigerator magnet—but don't—preferring to operate on a gut level alone. The New Humor Experts like glistening plump oysters wrapped in poached lettuce leaves under a truffle-perfumed *beurre blanc*.

The New Humor Experts become cartoon editors of magazines that don't run cartoons and comedy consultants to those who don't acknowledge comedy. The New Humor Experts may not exist. The New Humor Experts may very well exist. The New Humor Experts like real whipped cream, not the kind that you get in a can for \$1.29 at Wawa's.

The New Humor Experts will surely reprimand me for speaking out, for diverting attention to their dubious calling. They will surely stifle me, erase me, grind me under their fudgy thumbs, prevent me from ever earning a pitiful guffaw of sly amusement in this town again.

The New Humor Experts like chilled whiting salad, zabaglione, rabbit paillard, *pommes soufflés*, gnocchi, key lime pie, brie, chicken maque nougats, duck confit, and perfectly cooked nubbins of golden monkfish set atop a diaphanous butterjuice sauce. The New Humor Experts don't like wise guys.



Theodore Canning Vealie swiped a quarter out of his old man's vest pocket and centered it on the brown wrapping paper that had once helped protect Swiss cheese from the gritty Chicago microbes lurking between the grocery on the corner and his mother's kitchen. With his special clay-stained lucky pencil he circled it again and again until he had a hundred and sixty-seven quarter-sized circles on the crumpled paper. He then slowly filled them in with a pair of eyes apiece, then noses, ears, mouths and various other details. Two hours after he began he stood up and scrutinized his efforts. Clearly he was getting better every time; some of the faces had real character like Jiggs and Pa and Amos Roach. Well almost. Tomorrow he would practice bodies, Thursday arms and hands, Friday the outlines of buildings and slat fences. And someday he would be a professional cartoonist and earn millions of dollars.

1989

Sixty-three years later Theodore looked up from a telephone book where he had been attempting to locate the number of a firm that dealt in washing-machine parts and repair. He noticed a small cartoon drawing of a repairman on the ad for J&R Repairs with a perfectly round, quarter-sized head and remembered the last time he had practiced those faces on the red-and-purple rug in his parents' first apartment so many years ago. Instead of becoming a professional cartoonist and earning millions of dollars, Theodore had become a manufacturer of wood-furniture polish, a family business he took over from Theodore Sr. He had earned millions of dollars and was now retired. He sat back in his armchair and wondered if the millions would have come quicker if he had stuck with cartooning. Probably not, he thought. But look at Walt Disney. And Al Capp. And the fellow that draws the cat. He wiped his chin. *BUT*—had they ever known the satisfaction of providing a really good wood-cleansing agent to the homes of America at a reasonable price? I mean a *REALLY* good one? He lifted the receiver and dialed and when someone answered he mentioned that he had selected their firm *especially* because of the funny little cartoon in their Yellow Pages ad. "That's not us," said the voice on the phone. "That's J&R—we're Excel Corp. What model did you say you had?"

Theodore told them and by six o'clock his white socks were clean again.

I've been waiting for a book of Mark



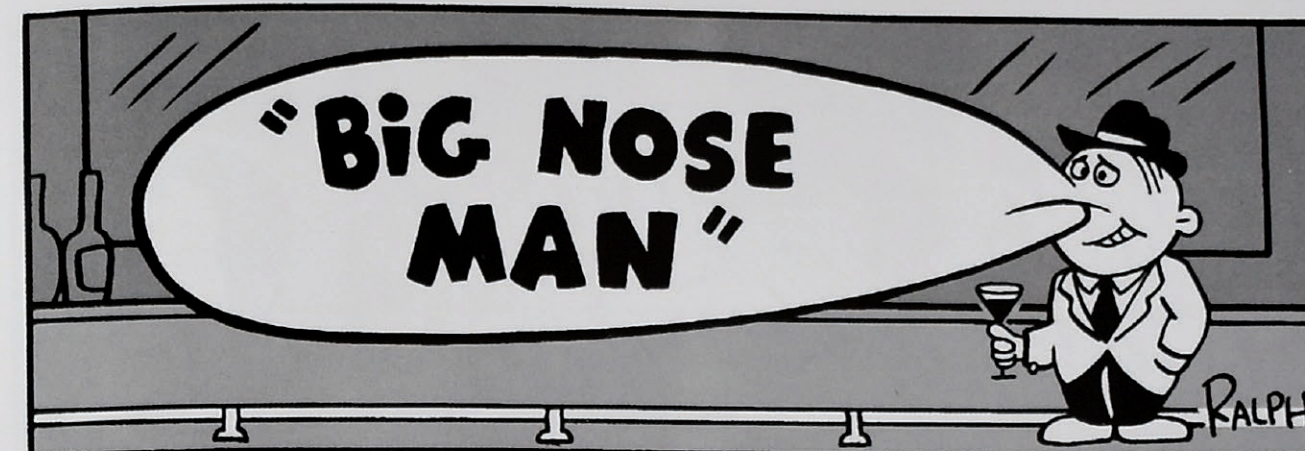
1990

I'm a fairly patient man  
 But I can't stand to see  
 Slow old ladies  
 Walk in front of me  
 Where do they go?  
 Why are they here?  
 Have they been walking  
 All their lives?  
 Have men ever loved them?  
 Have men ever hated them?  
 Have men ever loved them?  
 Where do they keep their toys?

Do they walk the earth forever?  
 Time-lapse incrementally?  
 Step-by-step  
 Inch-by-inch  
 Since they were new and free?  
 I'm a very caring guy  
 But I just can't see  
 Why slow old ladies  
 Were put in front of me  
 Were they poetry in motion?  
 Did young turks turn their  
 heads?  
 Why are they in front of me  
 And not home in their beds?

When I'm on my way to  
 Somewhere new  
 And I have to get there fast  
 In front of me  
 Is Mrs. Tree  
 And I just can't get past  
 I'd love to buy each one some  
 wheels  
 Attach them to their feet,  
 And let them run  
 With cars and trucks  
 In the middle of the street

Where do they go?  
 Why are they here?  
 Have they been walking  
 All their lives?  
 Have men ever loved them?  
 Have men ever hated them?  
 Have men ever loved them?  
 Where do they keep their toys?



1989

Ralph put the smooth tip of pencil to Strathmore and began to delineate the crest of a nose—the nose as his drawings had defined it for the last thirty-six years; immense, bulbous, obscene, otherworldly. And comic. Ralph did the best noses in the game. His fans knew it and loved him for it, his editors knew it and paid him for it, his colleagues knew it and respected him for it. Nobody else could draw a nose so absurdly out of proportion (once ten times the size of the face attached to it) yet so unquestionably correct. It was a gift. Weber, Lundquist and others had tried to match him in the old days but were immediately, universally chastised for aping the Appelbaum look. They rarely tried again. Ralph was modest ("I'm not the first guy in this business to draw a big nose and I won't be the last"). But everyone concerned agreed that Ralph's noses were something else again.

A new generation had begun to frequent Ralph's tidy, boxlike Village studio for something of an insight into the man who made such big noses for all those years. Stringy doctoral candidates with theses to write, rodent-eyed collectors with moustaches and checkbooks, tired reporters and aspiring young artists looking for a fatherly nod all made the pilgrimage. When asked of his success, Ralph always told them the same thing: "Draw the noses big—I do." And each left with an original ripped from a pad of noses Ralph dashed off by the dozen in felt-tip.

Ralph put the smooth tip of pencil to Strathmore and began to delineate the crest of a nose—and didn't. He rested the stub in his morning's Styrofoam coffee cup and did not discernibly move for the next twelve and a half hours. As it had nearly every day for the last 36 years, white sunlight crept silently across the plain plaster wall, the oak drawing board and finally Ralph. Instead of lowering the paper shade between three o'clock and four o'clock, Ralph sat and let the sweet light envelop him, warming his waxy skin. He fell asleep with the sun in his eyes and nostrils and dreamt of hula-hula girls. The telephone rang around ten o'clock that night. It was Nat. "How's the nose, Ralph?" He chuckled, knowing that it would be a great big funny one.

"No more noses forever, Nat," Ralph whispered.  
 "Are you yanking me?" Nat cackled. "In fourteen years you never yanked me—don't yank me now. I need that nose by yesterday!"

"I'm through," Ralph replied in a louder voice. "And I'm not yanking you, either."  
 Ralph put the smooth tip of pencil to Strathmore and began to delineate the crest of a nose. The lead skated across the surface, coasting, rising and snapping with the precision of a drawing arm charting the electro-cardiograph of a surprise heart attack. The nose emerged, perfect, followed by a bald little face with a sweet, cockeyed, confused look. He stood at a bar. Fifteen minutes or so later Ralph untacked the sheet and transferred it to an empty shelf where the ink would dry. Beneath the drawing would be a funny caption written by another man. It would be a riot. Ralph tacked another sheet of two-ply Strathmore to his board, which he had slipped from a stack wrapped in brown. There were many more sheets in that package.



"A big funny nose?" Len quizzed the man behind the boxes at Al's Funny Hut. "I need one to make somebody laugh," he explained, somewhat apologetically. "We've got an assortment," hissed the man from behind a wet cigarette, handing Len the long-shelved box. Len noticed a tattoo of Little Iodine on his arm. "All funny—different types." "And the price?" asked Len, riffling through the meager assortment. "They're marked," called the man as he hobbled toward the back room to answer the whinny of an invisible employee. Each of the pink and red rubber noses was bagged in a small clear pouch stapled through an illustrated header card. Depicted on the card was a cartoon of a man who resembled Jimmy Durante. "It would be hard to pick the funniest," thought Len. "Everyone has such a different sense of humor."

Len waited outside the steel office building where Denise had been temping for months as a legal secretary. He hadn't met her there in quite a while, but he was making an all-out effort these days. Denise put up no struggle. She exited the main door just after five. Avoiding the crowded bus, Len suggested a walk through the small park where he had often wheeled her as a child. As they approached the scruffy baseball diamond Denise's breathing became heavy and labored. This, felt Len, was happening far too regularly and he suggested sitting awhile on the grassy lawn. It had been a hot afternoon, the earth was still warm, and now the shadows were creeping along. The two were presently enveloped in the shade of an ancient oak two dozen feet away. The slightest breeze rushed the topmost leaves, suggesting the hum of the shore. "I'm OK," Denise insisted, but Len was one for being cautious. "I'm really OK . . ." She wondered how long it had been since they had been here together. "It's been a long time," said Len with telepathic timing. "Yeah . . ." sighed Denise, staring at the empty ball field. The white baselines had been smeared away into cloudlike shapes. (Literary device.) As she began to rise, Len fumbled with the small brown paper bag he had produced from his coat pocket. "Don't look," instructed Len. "Wait." Denise sat back with her eyes closed. She had lost over sixty-five pounds in the past two months and her eyelids were nearly transparent. Len tore open the cellophane bag and fingered the flexible comedy nose. He brought it to his own, where it fitted on nicely. Denise had opened her eyes by now. She was smiling. "Well, you look like Jimmy Durante!" she exclaimed. "Yeah," chuckled Len stiffly. They looked blankly at each other for a moment. The sun was setting. Denise's smile faded slightly then returned, deliberately widened. She sputtered. Len cocked his head into a profile for his daughter. "HAA - CHAAA - CHAAA - CHAAA!" he growled. "EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!" He rolled his eyes. "UMBRIAGO!" Denise shook her head. Giddily, Len removed the nose, bowed, and ceremoniously slipped it back into the bag. Swiftly hopping up, he held out his arm to Denise, who grabbed it unsteadily and righted herself. "You really don't look so bad," Len said. "Thanks," said Denise in a toneless voice. "Jimmy Durante was a funny man," Len went on. "A marvelous entertainer. He made millions of people happy . . ." "WELL, HE'S DEAD NOW!" screamed a small broken voice from within Denise as the eighteen streetlights before them blinked on, one by one.



Sometimes I kill time imagining that I'm someone else. Sometimes when I imagine that I'm someone else I imagine that I am Ernie Bushmiller.

The train I'm on pulls into Grand Central Station. It's 10:36 A.M. Oct. 14th and I've overheard that it's nippy out there. I have come to N.Y. to attend to some business. I have come to meet some boys from the syndicate and also some Philadelphia businessmen that want to manufacture a *Nancy* bubblegum. Then, after dinner, maybe we'll take in a show. They took me to a girlie show last fall, those syndicate boys, and I was shocked by how far it went. Maybe that's just N.Y. now. I didn't tell Abby. Maybe we'll take in another one. I hope I didn't act too shocked.

The lawn needs watering. It's parched, but there's a drought alert on so we can't hook up the sprinklers. There were some kids that cut across the lawn this morning on their way to play little league baseball. Three of them cut right across in their cleats! Three dozen cleat holes zig-zag on my lawn! I'd call the league to complain, but this lawn's shot anyway. The sun coming in the window makes my studio hotter than blazes. I've got to write a week's gags by six.

Abby and I are out to dinner at a seafood place. I order steak and shrimp. Now they call that "surf and turf." I write that phrase down. We had a long talk about some personal matters relating to her family. Abby has been upset lately. I guess we're missing *Ed Sullivan* right now. When the waiter brings the food we eat, silently. She's wearing those pearls that I gave her years and years ago. The waiter knows me and asks for a sketch. I say, "Wouldn't you prefer a tip?" He gets me and we both laugh over that. Abby is still glum. Well, I'll take her out for ice cream Friday.

I just finished *1984* last night. A good book. Today I'm set to ink a set of dailies. Before starting I wash my drawing equipment in soapy warm water. It's amazing how much ink can cake up on these Hunt's points. When I rinse them the whole sink of water turns black. I note this for a gag idea. Then I realize that the sink has stopped up completely. FUCK!!! So the joke's on me.

I woke up in the middle of the night, another bad dream. A giant beaver was chasing me, wanting to play. It was a big, friendly beaver, but frightening. There was something else with cuts on my leg. I rolled over to tell Abby but she was asleep. Then I saw it. There was a little bubble of spit at the corner of her mouth. As she inhales and exhales the bubble of spit gets minutely bigger and smaller. I can't help myself and laugh out loud and fall right out of bed. I explain the whole thing and Abby laughs too. But I still can't sleep.



I once had occasion to roam the land adjacent to Ted "Soil" McCullough's holdings on the southern bank of Cranberry Lake, NJ with the enormously respected humor theorist Pepe Q. Ashcroft sometime in the late '60s. As we hiked mile after husky mile along that breathtaking spot of earth not a word was spoken between us. The weather that day was the sort that seems to come along only too rarely in a Jersey August—a gentle warmth; the soothing temperature of a never forgotten childhood bath or a cup of coffee that you make for yourself with hot tap water. The sky was exceptionally bright and the light was of that eerily translucent variety that the denizens of Cranberry Lake called "lake light" in the early days of the century. As the thin clouds shifted slowly above us a profound sense of tranquility enveloped us both. I had many questions to ask the brilliant Ashcroft about the semiotics of visual comedy, especially relating to the cartoon idiom. But as we trudged on, up hills, down valleys, circumventing culverts and forest streams, it became apparent that there was, indeed, no need to say anything. When we arrived back at our host's kitchen by late eventide we both had a bit of hot broth and good whiskey and I ventured a bit of conversation. "What makes people laugh?" I queried. The slimmest smile insinuated itself on the far side of Ashcroft's craggy lip. He removed his spectacles and, clearing his throat, answered me. "Funny things, I guess." I pressed him no further and we both retired.

The next morning I was somewhat embarrassed to find out from my host that I had spent the previous day not with Ashcroft, but with a retired zipper manufacturer named T. Kaplan Pechtstein who had died in his sleep from a heart attack brought on by over-exertion. I guess you could say the joke was on me.

1989

## WHICH do You Prefer— Metal or Wood?

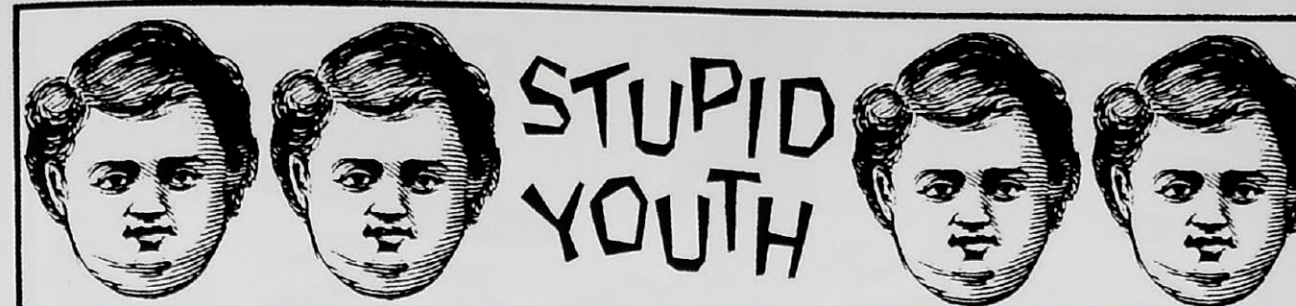


Tex moseyed on into Wet Rock. He had a score to settle with Ace—King o' the Badlands. Well, them two met up in the old Red Tongue Club Saloon, and they got to swollerin' and yawpin'—you'd think the devil started up a Punch and Judy show. Now these two boys were tough hombres. Real mean customers. Tex chewed dynamite plugs. Ace and combed his chest hair with mountain lions. But they was both soft on Miz Ophelia, the local schoolmarm and widder lady. It was a small town. She done both. They decided to settle their score by ridin' inter Clay Gap an' shootin' the heads off'n king rattlers. The first 'un to shoot the head off'n his respective king rattler done gets to ask Missy the squar dance come Sunday. But, *tarnation!*, neither of 'em could locate a king rattler. They was both stumped as to how to settle the matter. So they took a swig o' Smokin' Dog and pondered the situation. Tex sez to Ace: "Listen, pard, I calls a spade a spade. There ain't room in the West for the both of us." Ace sez: "Yeh, I knows it." So the two of them sat on a flat gray stone and gazed at the clouds. Some looked like dance-hall gals. Some like dogies. And some looked like the shape of a cowboy's soul. "What do you like better, Tex?" Ace sez. "Metal or wood?" Tex kinda eyed Ace suspicious-like. "I like metal, it's harder." Ace looked down inter the red clay dust. "I likes wood, Tex. With wood you could build yourself the nicest l'il saloon you ever saw, then, when you gets sick of it—wood, Tex. With wood you could burn it right down to the ground." Tex studied Ace some, then spat over his shoulder. "POOF—you can burn it right down to the ground." Tex studied Ace some, then spat over his shoulder. "I like metal, it's harder." Ace scratched his chin a might. "Yeh, I guess thar's not enough room in the West for both of us." "I knows it," sez Tex. Just then two big ol' king rattlers slithered out from behind a lonesome tumbleweed. "WHOA! That there's a king rattler!" sez Ace. "WHOA! That there's a king rattler!" sez Tex too at the right exact same time. *BANG!* Tex shot the critter's head clean off. "Make a dainty-bag outer it fer the schoolmarm," sez Tex. *BANG!* Ace shot the little feller in the gizzard. "Make a pair o' lady-slippers fer the widder," sez Ace. Well sir, it was a dad-burned draw. So the boys saddle up their ol' hosses and head on back inter Wet Rock. The sun was a settin' now and the nights a' turnin' chill-some. Both o' these boys holds their chins to the wind. The clouds a' gettin' darker and dimmer and gone. "With wood," sez Ace, "you can carve it and make yerself a gee-tar." Tex don't say nothin'. "With wood," sez Ace, "you can fire it up and cook yerself a mess o' vittles." Tex looks at Ace fer a spell. A lonesome coyote calls to its mate. "Just shut up," sez Tex. "It wuz a draw." But deep in his ol' cowpoke's heart o' hearts, ol' Tex knows that metal's really ten times better'n wood. And some day, Ace will know it too, I reckon. 'Cuz it's a dad-burned fact that metal's harder.

1991



The men that make you laff have no time for ordinary pleasures; never at ease, their minds are always onto the next big gag. The men that make you laff sit in the park on Wednesdays, clutching their guts, with a letter and a photo (of a blonde-haired friend), counting to three-digit numbers and weeping over what might have been. The men that make you laff are ready to move to a coast on thirteen days' notice. Any coast. The men that make you laff wonder about your childhood traumas. The men that make you laff know that there are only a finite number of jokes in the world and that these finite number of jokes are not really very funny at all. The men that make you laff commit the sorriest of suicides only to show up at their own funerals dressed like grannies. The men that make you laff gather together at all-night restaurants to show each other photographs of bruises and sores that they cut from books meant for doctors. The men that make you laff are named Sammy and Jerry and Mel and smile at strangers and freeze with their families. The men that make you laff gradually lose their own sense of humor until nothing makes them laff except cardboard boxes of Middle Eastern dried fruit and abandoned brocade. The men that make you laff play golf. Hard. Think about that. The men that make you laff nearly always become the men that made you laff.



Youth lolls on the mossy bridge by the green grassy brook, takes off his shoes and stockings and jumps up and down in the clean sparkling pool. Youth cuts his foot on a razor-sharp piece of clean, sparkling metal. Foot bleeds. Stupid Youth.

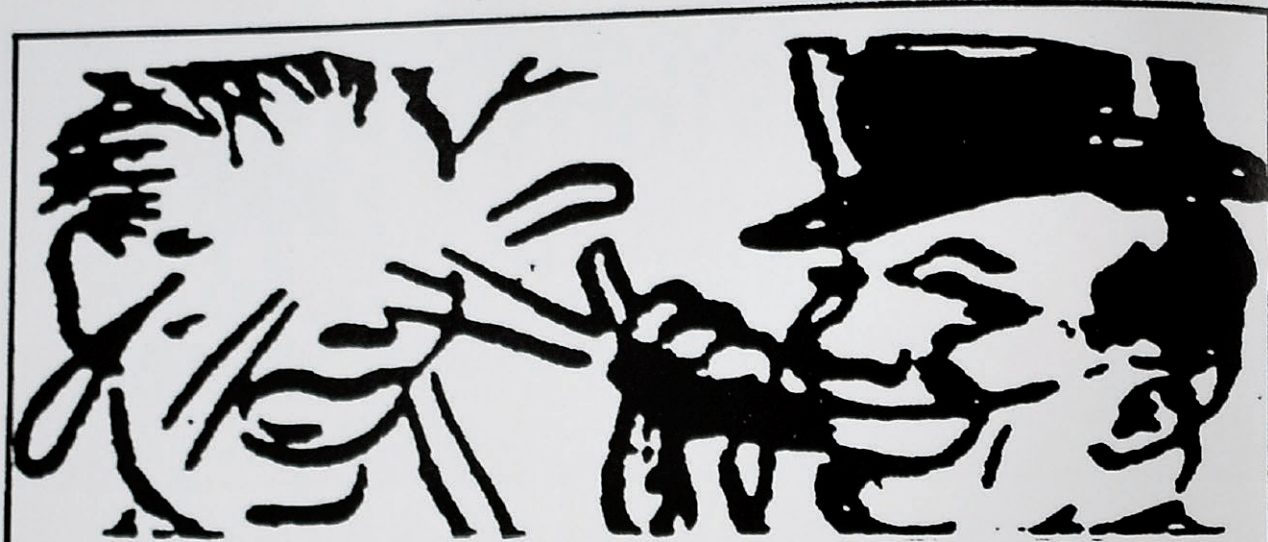
Youth enters convenience store and steals a cellophane package of sugar-coated pecans.irate owner gives chase deep into summer night with his bully stick. Youth trips upon garbage and boxes. Drops the sweet nuts all over the dark and narrow alley. Fleet owner catches him on back of leg with stick. Youth limps. Stupid Youth.

Youth sees a television commercial advertising vacation packages in Florida. Youth sneaks his elders' credit card and heads for airport packed for six days of Key West fun. Suspicious matron airline employee phones next of kin and youth is removed to his room by embarrassed elders. Youth is driven to school door every A.M. for rest of semester. Youth places his feet upon seat of car. Stupid Youth.

Youth asks girl to lie with him in a vinyl sleeping bag in park. Youth buys condoms, brushes teeth, showers twice and goes off to grassy field to meet girl. Girl isn't there and never shows up. Youth falls asleep by himself listening to Walkman in park. Wakes up when park man shines lantern in Youth's eyes. Elders escort Youth to his room by lobe of ear. Youth never talks to girl again. Stupid Youth.

Youth and friend ride subway car back and forth for whole day. Youth and friend vocalize loudly. Distress patrons of public system. Youth produces cigarettes and smokes. Youth hangs from handrails like monkey. Youth removes paper ad for oral surgery from illuminated sign rack and prances upon it. Youth litters. Youth profanes his elders. Youth and friend exit at Coney Island at 2:05 A.M. Six men with broken wine bottles chase Youth and friend back into train. Friend disappears. Youth naps. Transit cop issues summons to Youth deep below Rockefeller Center. Youth is dispatched and journeys home. Youth skillfully climbs fire escape and enters room. Elders sleep. Next morning Youth catches a hard one to his head from elder's hand for standing on newspaper while dripping wet. Youth smiles. Stupid, stupid, stupid Youth.





## WHEN COMEDY WAS LARGE

The time was that comedy was large. The time was that men, women and children of all ages, hues and extractions feasted on a rich, elephantine corpus of comedy until bloated, sated and jolly, they would stroke their distended bellies and roll, head over toe, through the streets of their hometowns, into their yards, straight up their front porches and right into their beds where they would then explode, staining the wallpaper an earthy rust for the next generation.










When comedy was large, the world was a simpler, smaller world where young boys tied rolls of bleeding baloney to birch trees and Mama never went out to call without her round straw hat neatly centered on her crown. Doltish uncles would wire their bodies with dozens of electrical Joy Buzzers and writhe in ecstasy in the park band shell as an itinerant calliapist fed the steam to his mighty pumping Gargantua. When comedy was large, we lit small helpless minority groups ablaze by the hundreds in the village square and tipped our skimmers to eligible young ladies and took tea and stole tarts.










When comedy was large, white-faced men jumped backward up bluffs, kops cracked the skulls of rowdy Irish washerwomen and tramps ate their shoes and walked barefoot through the meadows shaking the tails of Guernseys like pumps. When comedy was large, the world had a different way of laughing. Often the ears of lonely widows popped and bled in flicker shows when Max or Charley or Fatty or Al lit his cigarette on the cataract of a long white-bearded bellboy. We would laugh until sandwiches of mysterious black membrane leapt from our mouths. We would laugh until our eyes spun clockwise in our sockets, our ties would crunch and crackle, our boots would become auto-ambulatory and our tongues would unravel to the length of a croquet field.








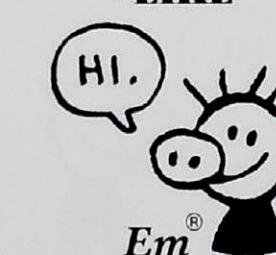
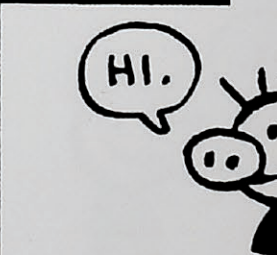
It was a world of innocence when comedy was large. Horses still trotted the cobblestone streets, wearing wedding dresses, a nickel bought you sixteen bicycles and new-fangled gas ovens regularly exploded, slaying chefs by the thousands in a single day in an age when a good chef was more valued than a hundred second basemen. We played much when comedy was large and the amusement meccas of our shoreline communities were ablaze with the erupting electrical effluvia of heaven and Hades. We shot clay pipes from the mouths of the underclass, ate the flesh of baby dalmatians with pink spun insulation and flung our children into swirling pits of burning iron ore all in the name of entertainment. And entertained we were. It was a far different world when comedy was large, and we were a far different people. And now that comedy is small and smells like monkey urine it's safe to say that we will never see its like again.







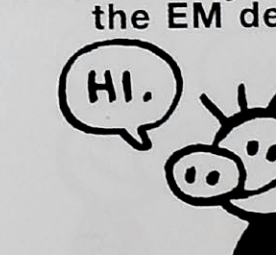


MACHINES WEAR OUT.  
CARS RUST. PEOPLE DIE.  
BUT WHAT LIVES ON  
ARE THE BRANDS.  
— HECTOR LAING,  
FORMER CHAIRMAN,  
UNEEDA BISCUITS

# IT'S EM<sup>®</sup>

<i>it's EM</i> <sup>®</sup>	<i>it's EM</i> <sup>®</sup>	<i>it's EM</i> <sup>®</sup>
No super powers 	No snappy wisecracks 	No stupid jokes 
NO "OLD-FASHIONED" STORY LINES 	<b>NO "HIGH ART" PRETENSIONS</b> 	No Canine sidekicks 
No political agenda 	No content whatsoever 	<i>just Em.</i> <sup>®</sup> 

<i>it's EM</i> <sup>®</sup>	<i>it's EM</i> <sup>®</sup>	<i>it's EM</i> <sup>®</sup>
Need a new cartoon character? <b>TRY EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! 	<i>Happiness is a warm Em</i> <sup>®</sup> ! 	<i>Keep on Truckin'...</i> <b>- LIKE EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! 
<b>If you like art- you'll love EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! 	<b>IF YOU LIKE MONEY YOU'LL LOVE EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! 	<b>If you like sex... you'll love EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! 
<b>SUPPORT THE TROOPS Support EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! 	<b>IMPEACH BUSH WITH EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! 	<b>EVERYBODY LOVES EM</b> <sup>®</sup> ! - what's wrong with you? 




<i>it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup></i>		
<b>If you were a cartoon character,</b> <b>you'd</b> <b>be</b> <b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> 	Become popular - Right along with Em <sup>®</sup> ! 	<b>EM<sup>®</sup> FAMOUS</b> <b>IN JAPAN!</b> 
<i>Em<sup>®</sup> its a "hi" concept</i> 	<b>EM<sup>®</sup>!</b> DEFIES ALL CRITICS. 	You know where you stand when you stand with Em <sup>®</sup> ! 
<i>There's a little bit of Em<sup>®</sup> in all of us!</i> 	<b>DON'T WORRY,</b> <b>BE HAPPY</b> <b>- LIKE</b> <b>Em<sup>®</sup></b> 	For the Fun For the Family For the Hell of it <b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> 

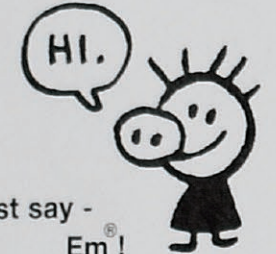


<i>it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup></i>		
<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> <b>- ONLY YOU REALLY</b> <b>UNDERSTAND IT!</b> 	<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b>  <b>IT'S</b> <b>UNDERGROUND.</b>	Em <sup>®</sup> <i>- the secret government</i> <i>has been trying to stop it</i> <i>for years</i> 
If you like Em <sup>®</sup> - <b>tell a neighbor!</b> 	If you like Em <sup>®</sup> - <b>write a letter!</b> 	If you like Em <sup>®</sup> - <b>send me a dollar!</b> 
<b>1980-1990</b> <b>the ME decade</b> 1980-1990 <b>the EM<sup>®</sup> decade</b> 	<b>GARFIELD</b> <b>BART SIMPSON</b> <b>DESERT STORM</b> <b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> 	Start your own <b>world order</b> with <b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> 


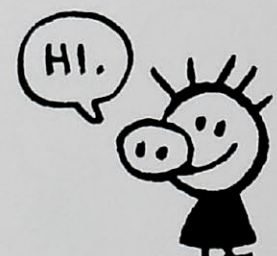
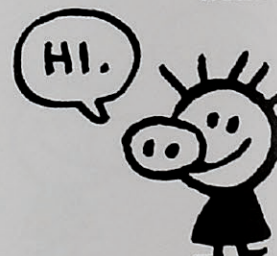
<i>it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup></i>		
Accept <b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> as your own personal cartoon character	<b>MAKE EM<sup>®</sup>,</b> <b>NOT BART!</b>	Hate Mondays? So does <b>Em<sup>®</sup>!</b>
HI. 	HI. 	HI. 
Today is the first day of the rest of your life - with <b>Em<sup>®</sup>!</b>	<b>Em<sup>®</sup></b> is healthy for children and other living things!	<b>NOBODY'S PERFECT</b> - EXCEPT <b>EM<sup>®</sup>!</b>
HI. 	HI. 	HI. 
<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> no room for im- provement!	<b>Em<sup>®</sup></b> <b>NO HIDDEN AGENDA!</b>	Cynical, calculated and an insult to your intelligence - <b>Em!<sup>®</sup></b>
HI. 	HI. 	HI. 

<i>it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup> it's EM<sup>®</sup></i>		
<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER SAYS <b>"FUCK"</b>	<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER MISTREATS ANIMALS	<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER INSULTS THE CLERGY
HI. 	HI. 	HI. 
<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER TAKES MONEY FROM THE HOMELESS	<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER PUTS DOWN THE PRESIDENT	<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER PUSHES FISHING RODS INTO THE EYES OF COLLIES.
HI. 	HI. 	HI. 
<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER MAKES BOWEL MOVEMENTS ON THE GOOD BOOK	<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> NEVER MOLESTS <b>YOUNG SPANIARDS.</b>	<b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> belongs in your heart
HI. 	HI. 	HI. 




its' EM<sup>®</sup> its' EM<sup>®</sup> its' EM<sup>®</sup>




<p>Love is ... Em!<sup>®</sup></p> 	<p>EM<sup>®</sup> - Just let it happen.</p> 	<p><b>NO SMOKING</b> - with EM<sup>®</sup>!</p> 
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<p>When you want to say "Hi."</p>  <p>Just say - Em!</p>	<p>Do you like Animal Babies? So does <b>Em!</b></p> 	<p><b>EM<sup>®</sup></b> touches you like no other!</p> 
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<p><b>EM<sup>®</sup> - NO ARTIFICIAL ANYTHING!</b></p> 	<p><b>You are brilliant</b> - and Em<sup>®</sup> knows it!</p> 	<p>Acknowledge the decline of western civilization - with Em<sup>®</sup>!</p> 
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its' EM<sup>®</sup> its' EM<sup>®</sup> its' EM<sup>®</sup>

<p><b>THE FUN BEGINS WITH EM<sup>®</sup>!</b></p> 	<p>The fun never ends with <b>EM<sup>®</sup></b></p> 	<p><b>WHO NEEDS FUN WHEN YOU'VE GOT EM<sup>®</sup>?</b></p> 
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<p>Enhance your lifestyle - with Em<sup>®</sup>!</p> 	<p>You'll feel more confident with <b>Em<sup>®</sup>!</b></p> 	<p><b>YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF- EM<sup>®</sup>!</b></p> 
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<p>Become the cutting edge - With EM<sup>®</sup>!</p> 	<p>the only cartoon character you'll ever need! <b>EM<sup>®</sup></b></p> 	<p><b>A LITTLE POST-MODERN AND A WHOLE LOT OF FUN! EM<sup>®</sup>!</b></p> 
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TWO IN DISTRESS . . .  
MAKE SORROW LESS.

— SAMUEL BECKETT

# OTHER JOKES

**IMAGINE  
THE  
FUNNIEST  
PICTURE IN  
THE WORLD.**

**IMAGINE THE SADDEST TRUTH.**

**HUMORAMA, INC.** POPULAR JOKES 11/70

ZIP 5/66, JOKER 5/72

**NOSES**

JESTER 5/61, ZIP 7/71

GAG WORLD 5/60, LAUGHORAMA 10/68

CARTOON PARADE 1/63, ZIP 7/70

FUNHOUSE 1/65, ZIP 9/71

POPULAR JOKES 1/61, 5/69

BREEZY 6/58, JOKER 5/71

JOKER 7/59, ROMP 7/67

JOKER 9/55, POPULAR JOKES 8/61, POPULAR CARTOONS 7/80

SNAPPY 1/61, POPULAR JOKES 5/69

GAGS 1/59, LAUGH DIGEST 8/71

GAG WORLD 4/61, ROMP 7/69

COMEDY 9/59, ROMP 3/68

CARTOON PARADE 5/62, GAZE 4/70

SNAPPY 5/61, LAUGH DIGEST 10/69

LAUGH RIOT 12/61, ROMP 8/70

GAZE 10/56, GAGS 8/61

BREEZY 2/70

1991

**I BELONG ! ! ! !**

**SOCIAL SECURITY**  
01-60-556  
THE NUMBER HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO  
MARK A NEWGARDEN  
MARK A. NEWGARDEN

**CREEPY FAN CLUB**  
NAME Mark A. Newgard  
This is to certify that the above named FAN is an official LIFETIME member in standing (good or otherwise) of the CREEPY MAGAZINE FAN CLUB.  
MEMBERSHIP # Creepy? (COPY LEADER)

The American Film Institute  
NATIONAL MEMBER  
MARK NEWGARDEN  
DOB 1937  
Membership Expiration

No 21552  
Mark Newgard  
IS AN OFFICIAL  
**Etch A Sketch**  
CLUB MEMBER

MUSEUM OF CAROON ART  
This is to certify that the above named FAN is an official member of The Museum of Caroon Art  
Comly Ave.  
Towns of Rye/Fort Chester NY  
(914) 934-0234

BROTHER VIDEO WORLD  
272 Prospect Park W. • Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215  
(718) 499-5400  
MARK NEWGARDEN  
Name  
Date Dec 19 1986  
Membership No 750

International Order Of  
**COUCH POTATOES**  
Membership Card  
Mark Newgard

**McGOVERN**  
MMM  
MILLION-MEMBER CLUB  
Mark Newgard  
HAS MADE A CONTRIBUTION TO McGOVERN FOR-PRESIDENT AND IS HEREBY RECOGNIZED AS "ONE IN A MILLION"  
Guy W. Miller  
CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR

"TRADITIONAL PARK LOVERS CLUB"  
(914) 445-3188  
MEMBER MARK NEWGARDEN, 18 COZZENS AVE. HIGHLAND FALLS, NY 10928  
NO. 30

OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP CARD  
**3 STOOGES FAN CLUB**  
MARK NEWGARDEN  
is an official member of the 3 STOOGES Fan Club and entitled to all the rights and privileges thereof.  
DATE

charlotte cash privileges card  
N° 14705  
This card expires 23 Feb. 1981  
Month and date of purchase in 1981  
Signature (Not valid until signed)

SVA ALUMNI SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP CARD  
MARK NEWGARDEN  
is a member of the School of Visual Arts Alumni Society  
Signature Mark Newgard  
Authorized by  
Alumni #  
SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS • 208 E. 23 ST., N.Y.C. 10010 212/108

BAZOOKA JOE MAGIC CIRCLE CLUB  
CHARTER MEMBERSHIP IDENTIFICATION CARD  
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT  
Mark A. Newgard  
IS A CHARTER MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING OF THE OFFICIAL BAZOOKA JOE MAGIC CIRCLE CLUB, AND IS ENTITLED TO ALL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES THEREOF.  
Bazooka Joe  
BAZOOKA JOE - NATIONAL CLUB PRESIDENT

POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB  
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT  
MARK NEWGARDEN  
IS A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING  
OF THE POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB  
POPEYE  
DATE

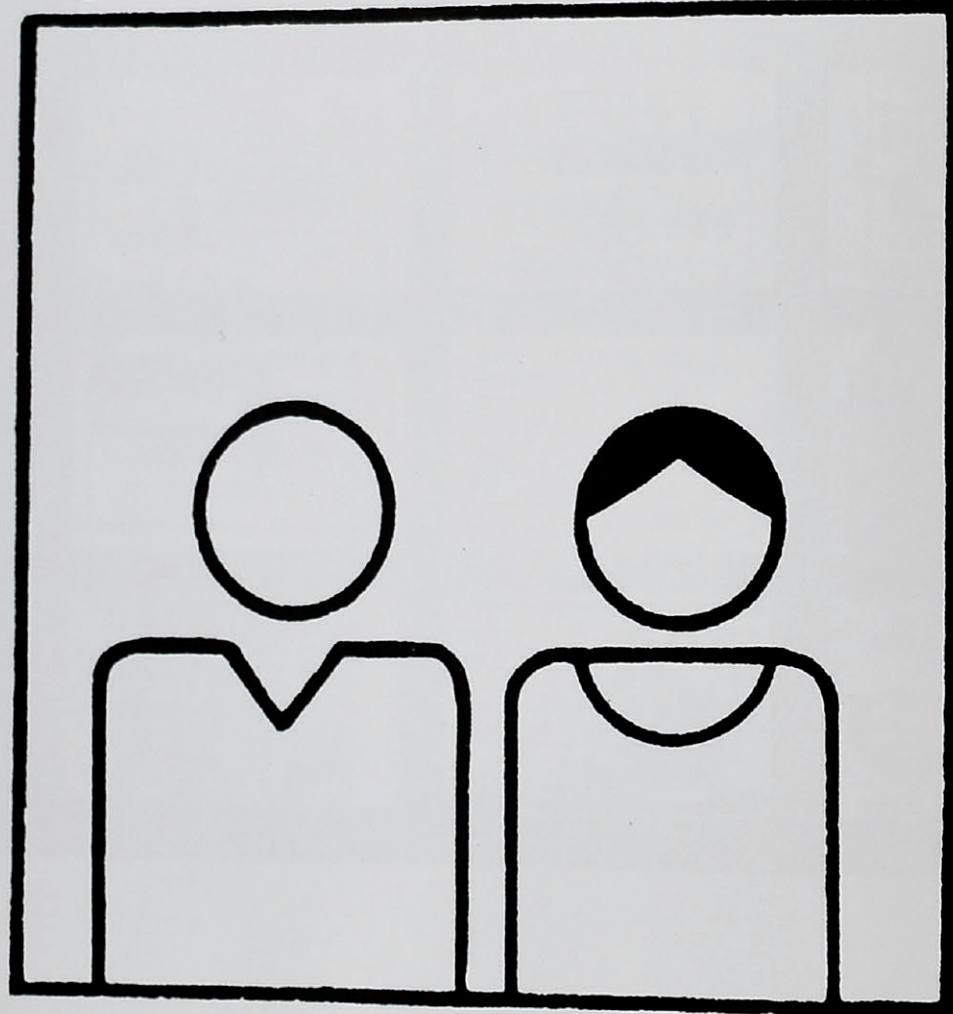
TOONERVILLE ELECTRIC RAILROAD COMPANY  
ANNUAL PASS ISSUED TO  
Mark Newgard  
1938  
Fouine Fox  
GENERAL MANAGER

1990

I've been waiting for a book of Mark Newgard's stuff most of my adult life

# WHAT WE LIKE

By Mark Newgarden



139

1988

We like our popcorn without butter or salt. We like it at night.

At home together. Alone.

Alone together. Together alone.

Popcorn at home—What? I don't like it at home.

The old fireplace? The new VCR? It's not what I want.

With pleading eyes? ... and haunting notions.

And their central nervous systems. Dressed as stone troopers.

Or kids? With the fireplace roaring!

We've heard. It'll dawn on the shrieks!

No butter—No salt— Would you like it?

At home. Together. Alone.

Before a roaring fireplace. or a VCR.

With a cinema classic. Or whatever.

Just the two of us.

Popping corn. Phone off the hook. After a good meal. A well-balanced meal.

No neighbors. No kids. No worries. No cores.

Popping that corn. And eating it raw. Without butter and salt. Curse we know how we like it.

And we know what we want. And we know when we want it. It's like being alive. It's like living a lie.

What do you mean? It sticks to my teeth. Without butter? Or salt? The little unpopped black ones at the bottom...

At home? By ourselves? ... they taste like burnt bread... No neighbors? No kids? ... and remind me of the inevitability of decline and decay.

Then it's not what I want. Then it's not what we want! These how did we start? Then how do we stop? Then what do we like? I think we'd like to place the bodies of small animals with sticks. With sharp sticks? Small furry creatures...

Pleasant creatures. That we can find. That we can take. And bring to our home!

Together. Alone. We'll puncture their flesh. And their eyes.

With dark glasses. And masks. We'll gouge them relentlessly. And show them who we are. And what we like to do. And when we like to do it.

With the phone off the hook! No neighbors!

Treaty warm! And the VCR on— And a classic on hand. King and I! Brigadoon!! Carousel!!! We've never seen it! We'd like it.

But we can video shrieks— And market the tapes— To couples like us— Who know what they like!

Together! Alone! And could we— Pop corn?

And I like what you like! And we like what we like! We like that! We know.

I'd like it. You've got it. I'm glad. Well I like what you like!

I've been waiting for a book of Mark



P

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PUD + SPUD

ARE THERE ANY GRAPE-NUTS?

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IN THE CUPBOARD AND SEE?

THAT'S TRUE

I SMELL SMOKE

IT'S PROBABLY JUST YOUR IMAGINATION

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S MY IMAGINATION OR WHAT

I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING

SO DOES ANYONE ELSE LIKE THE SOUND OF IT?

IT'S DAD

DAD IS ON FIRE

HE MUST HAVE BEEN SAVORING IN BED AGAIN

AND HIS MATTRESS CAUGHT FIRE

AND NOW HE'S BURNING

HERE'S THE GRAPENUTS AND BEHOLD HIS CAN OF DRILL BIT

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE CHEESE

LET'S GO SEE IF DAD IS OK

UP-STAIRS

DAD IS DYING

HE IS A GOOD MAN

AND THE ROOM IS STILL AROUND

WATER WILL DO THE TRICK

YOU MEAN H<sub>2</sub>O?

YES, THAT'S WHAT

SPEAK TO US DAD

WERE LOW ON STAPLES. SOMEONE PUT STAPLES ON THE LIST

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ANY STORE IN THAT CONDITION

TAKE IT EASY DAD, YOU'RE PRETTY BURNT UP

I'LL REALLY GET BURNT UP IF WE RUN OUT OF STAPLES

EVEN THOUGH DAD IS A DING MAN HE STILL RETAINED HIS SENSE OF HUMOR

I DON'T GET IT

WOULD SOMEBODY GET ME A PIECE OF BALSAM?

WHAT SIZE?

I THINK WE RAN OUT OF BALSAM ON THURSDAY DAD, BUT I CAN GO DOWN TO THE LUMBERYARD AROUND 4:30 AND PURCHASE SOME BALSAM

THE LUMBERYARD CLOSURES AT 3:15 ON SAT-OR-DAY

I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE 24 HR. LUMBERYARD

THE 24 HR. LUMBERYARD CHARGES AN AVERAGE OF 17¢ EXTRA FOR BALSAM

YOU MEAN REGULAR BALSAM OR WHAT?

I MEAN REGULAR COATED BALSAM

REGULAR COATED BALSAM IS ALWAYS MORE EXPENSIVE, USUALLY BY ABOUT 17¢

WE'LL LET DAD DE-CEASE

IM GOING EAST PUT ON THE T.V.

WHAT CHANNEL?

TOO MUCH T.V. IS NO GOOD FOR YOU

I WANT TO SEE LUCY

YOU ARE IN LUCK DAD, LUCY IS ON 2 CHANNELS NOW "I LOVE LUCY" IS ON CHANNEL 6 "I HATE LUCY" IS ON CHANNEL 4

THEY'RE BOTH REPEATING. I'VE SEEN THEM BEFORE. THEY'RE JUST REPEATING

MAVENS SO, BUT WELL, LUCKY UP TO DAD

SPUD! LOOK!

DAD!

DAD!

DAD!

HE'S DEAD

SO WHICH CHANNEL SHOULD WE PUT ON?

HOW CAN YOU THINK LUCY AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

THAT'S TRUE

SHOULD WE COVER HIM UP OR WHAT?

HERE'S A SHEET COVER HIM UP

ILL COVER HIM UP WITH THIS SHEET

THAT'S FUNNY

I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO FUNNY AT A TIME LIKE THIS

NO NOT THAT. SOMETHING ELSE

OH, WHAT?

I SMELL SOMETHING

WHAT DO YOU SMELL?

MAYBE IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION BUT I SMELL SMOKE

IS IT YOUR IMAGINATION OR WHAT?

IT'S PROBABLY JUST MY IMAGINATION

I HEAR SOMETHING LIKE SCREAMING

I WONDER WHAT IT IS. IT SOUNDS LIKE SOME THING

IT SOUNDS LIKE MOM

IT IS MOM. AND I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT

MOM IS ON FIRE

LET'S RUN DOWN TO THE BASEMENT AND SEE IF MOM IS OK

DOWN-STAIRS

LOOK WHAT OCCURED

THE WASHING MACHINE AND COVER GYM EXERCISE

AND IT WAS A GOOD SEARS MACHINE

MOM IS SMOLDERING

BOY

QUICK, GET SOME SAND

FORGET THOSE GRAPENUTS. THEY'RE DEADLY SO SOGGY NOW

IF WE DON'T HAVE SAND I'LL USE H<sub>2</sub>O

ARE YOU OK MOM?

IS THE LAUNDRY SAFE??

I CAN SEE THAT MY FAVORITE GREEN SHIRT IS BURNING

WHERE?

IT'S JUST THE CUFFS. THE ONLY DAMAGE IS TO THE CUFFS. THE SHIRT IS FINE OTHERWISE

THAT WAS MY FAVORITE SHIRT. THAT WAS THE SHIRT I GO TO UNCLE TOM'S

HOW DEEP INTO THE CURTS WAS THE DAMAGE?

THE CUFFS ARE BURNT ABOUT 2 1/2" IN. THEY CAN EASILY BE REPLACED WITH ALTERNATE CUFFS

I THINK THE CUFFS ARE BURNT

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT MOM?

THAT'S TRUE. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT MOM OR WHAT?

I WAS BLUNDED IN THE EXPLOSION. I WAS SMOKING TWO PERSA WHILE BUT IT SEEMS TO BE AT ONE

YES MOM, I PUT IT OUT WITH HEAD

ARE YOU DYING MOM?

WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK

I THINK IM DYING. IS ANY OF THE OTHER LAUNDRY DAMAGED?

I THINK THE WORST OF IT WAS THE CURTS ON MY FAVORITE GREEN SHIRT. THE ONE I GRADUATED IN

THAT'S NOT YOUR SHIRT. THAT'S YOUR BROTHERS SHIRT. YOUR SHIRT IS HANGING IN THE CLOSET

I THINK THAT'S HIS SHIRT. HIS SHIRT HAD THE APPLE JUICE STAIN ON THE LEFT SLEEVE

NO, YOUR SHIRT HAD THE JUICE STAIN. HIS SHIRT HAD THE DELISH STAIN

I SPILLED THE DELISH, BUT I WAS WEARING HIS SHIRT

HOLD STILL MOM YOUR HAIR IS STILL BURNING

I DON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER KIDS - SEE IF THE MAIL CAME

THE MAIL CAME AT 11:13

THERE WERE 5 PIECES OF MAIL ADDRESSED TO DAD

THERE WAS A LETTER FOR DAD. THERE WERE 3 BILLS

ONE FROM THE LUMBERYARD

ONE FROM SEARS DE-BUCK

AND ONE FROM THE SHIRT STORE

AND THERE WAS A NEW ISSUE OF REDDLE

WHOS ON THE COVER?

BROOKE SHIELDS

HOW DOES SHE LOOK?

SHE'S HUGGING A MUPPET

HOLD STILL MOM YOUR NECK IS STILL SMOKING

IM GETTING SO SICK OF BROOKE SHIELDS

THAT WASNT BROOKE SHIELDS THAT WAS JOE PARD

ARE YOU SURE?

DONT BE RIDICULOUS!

COULD YOU FIND OUT FOR SURE?

ILL RUN UPSTAIRS AND RETRIEVE IT

P.S. - BRING SOME H<sub>2</sub>O

BECAUSE THE PING-PONG TABLE IS BURNING

GET ME A SNACK... CAKE

GOOD-BYE MOM!

WHAT OCCURED?

MOM!

MOM IS DEAD!

MOM DIED!

SHE'S DEAD

SHE DIED

THATS TERRIBLE SOUNDS LIKE MOM IN ONE DAY

LET ME SEE THAT MAGAZINE

SEE I TOLD YOU - IT WAS BROOKE SHIELDS

THAT'S TRUE

AND IM GETTING SO SICK OF HER!

THATS BE-SIDE THE POINT

WELL SHOULD WE COVER UP MOM OR WHAT?

HERES ANOTHER SHEET. COVER HER UP

THE SHEET HAS A BAR-B-Q SAUSAGE STAIN

THAT REMINDS ME

IT'S PROBABLY JUST YOUR IMAGINATION

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S MY IMAGINATION OR WHAT

BUT IM HUNGRY

THOSE GRAPE-NUTS ARE SO SOGGY NOW

LET'S GO OUT TO GET

WHAT ARE YOU IN THE MOOD FOR?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ARE YOU IN THE MOOD FOR?

IT WAS YOUR IDEA WHAT DO YOU WANT TO EAT?

HMM... THAT'S FUNNY

NOW WHAT?

I SMELL FOOD COOKING

IT'S PROBABLY JUST YOUR IMAGINATION

NO! IT'S MY TOAST!

YOUR TOAST IS ON FIRE!!

I LEFT IT IN THE TOASTER

AND NOW ITS BURNT

WHAT A WASTE OF BREAD

AND IT WAS THE LAST BEE IN THE LOAF

AND IT WAS THE LAST LOAF IN THE HOUSE

AND BREAD IS THE STUFF OF LIFE

THATS TRUE

SO SHOULD I PUT BREAD ON THE LIST OR WHAT?

THE GROCERY STORE CLOSURES AT 6:22 ON FRIDAY

SINCE WHEN?

IT ALWAYS HAS

NOT THE ONE ON FOREST AVE. SHUT DOWN

WHEN?

THREE DAYS AGO AT 8:36

THEN WERE OUT OF LUCK

I HATE BREAD HOW

SO DO I, DAD

MOM + DAD SAT IT ALL THE TIME

MOM AND DAD ARE DEAD

THEN WERE IN LUCK

BUT ITS SUCH A TERRIBLE THING LOSING BOTH PARENTS IN ONE DAY

THATS TRUE

THATS FUNNY

THE END



# HOW I DO IT

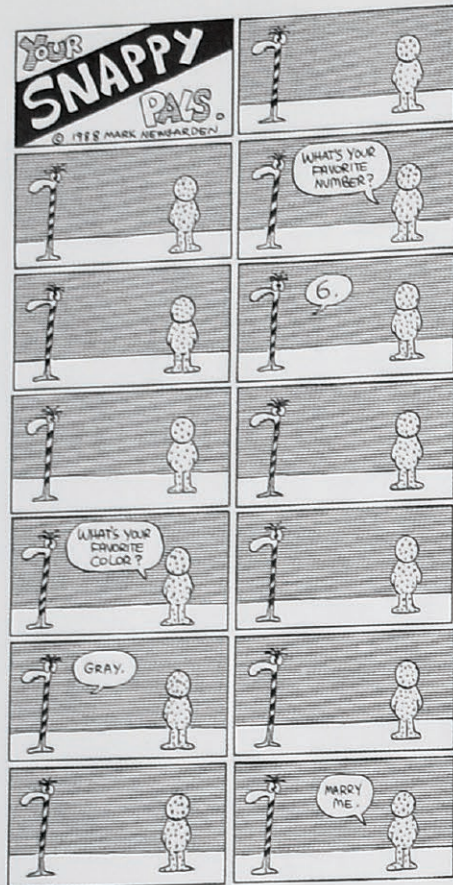

1991

# IMAGINE A DRAWING OF DENNIS THE MENACE

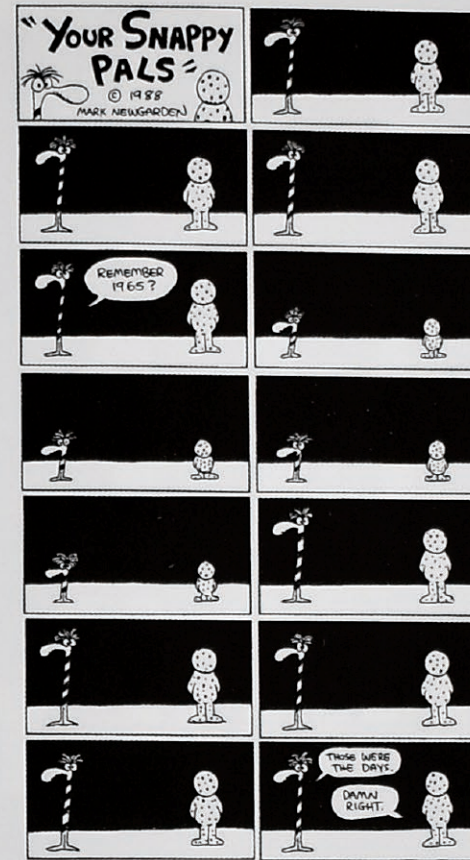
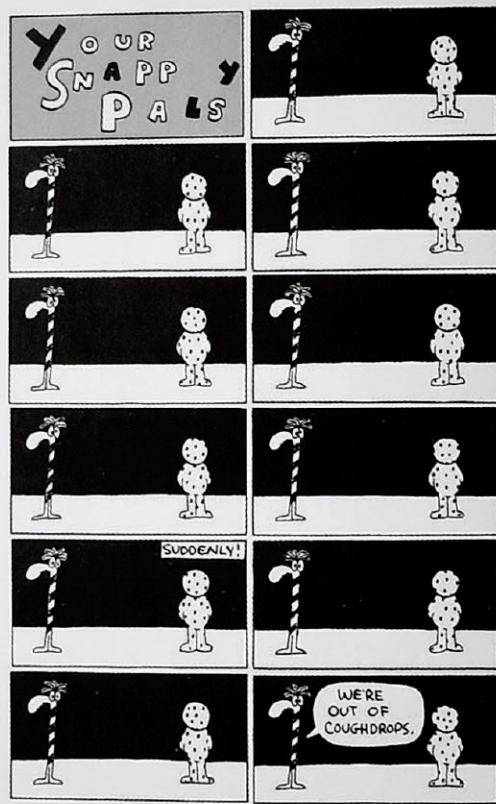
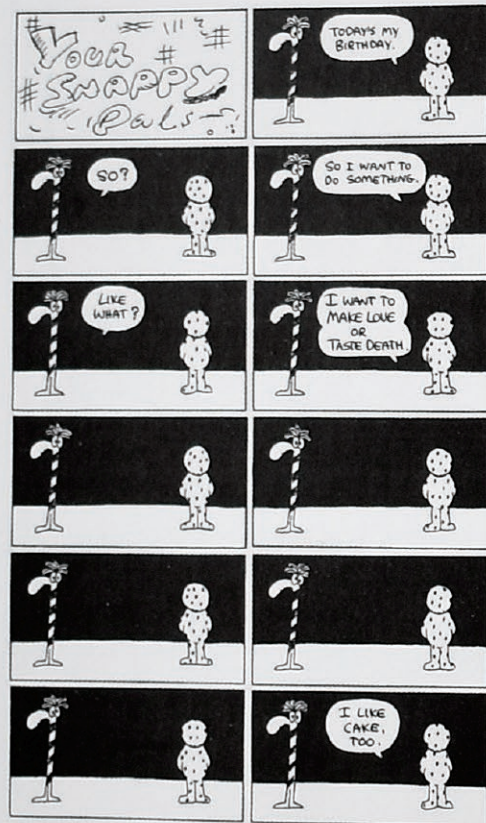
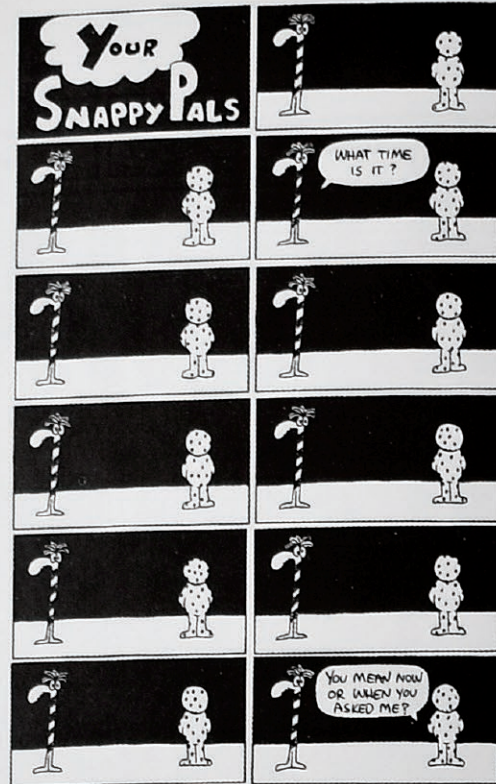
1989

IMAGINE A SENTENCE OF SAMUEL BECKETT'S.

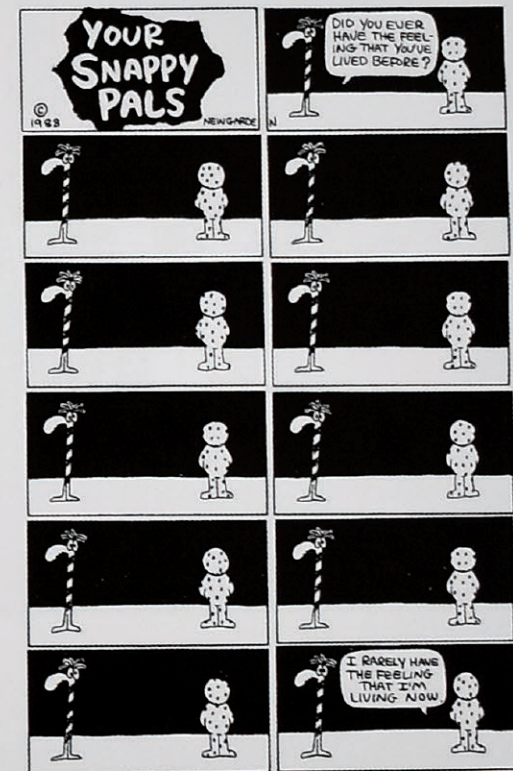
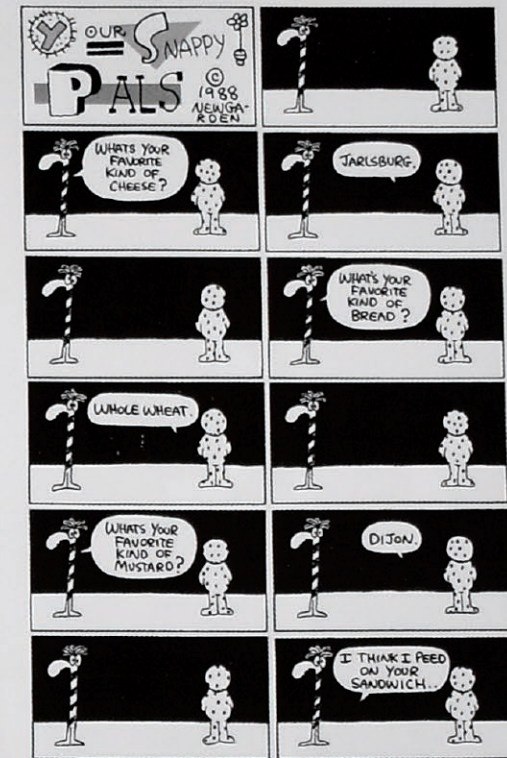
I've been waiting for a book of Mark



1987-88



1987-88



**NOTHING  
FUNNY  
THIS  
WEEK.**

1990

# **TOILET PAPER**

MY AUNT IN KNOXVILLE WOULD  
BRING US NEWSPAPERS THAT WE  
USED FOR TOILET PAPER.  
BEFORE WE USED IT,  
WE'D LOOK AT THE PICTURES.

— DOLLY PARTON

# hA, h\*d. WA!

## Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C.



CINEMA VILLAGE W. 12<sup>TH</sup> ST.



M&GLADE'S PUB 67<sup>TH</sup> ST. + COLUMBUS



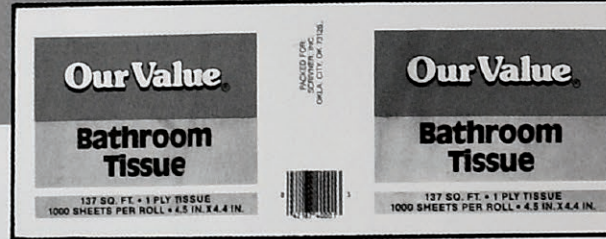
THE PUBLIC THEATER LAFAYETTE ST.



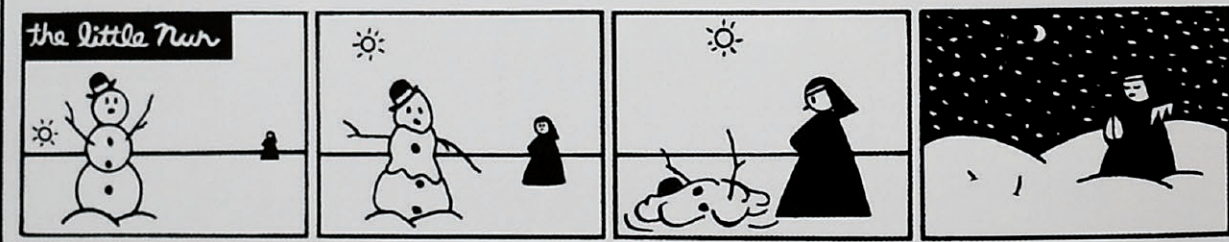
DELTA 88 8<sup>TH</sup> AVE. BET. 26<sup>TH</sup> + 27<sup>TH</sup>



STRAND BOOKS B'WAY + 12<sup>TH</sup>



MY SHRINK'S OFFICE 71<sup>ST</sup> + B'WAY



© Mark Newgarden



## Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C. 2



TOPPS CHEWING GUM CO. BKLYN.



N.Y. PRESS B'WAY + SPRING ST.



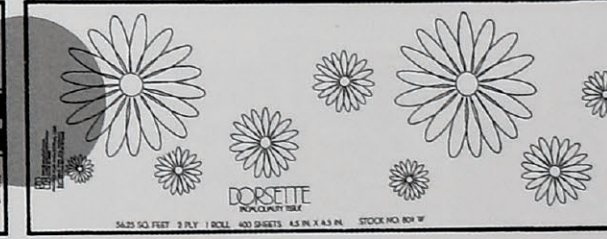
ACME BAR AND GRILL GREAT JONES ST.



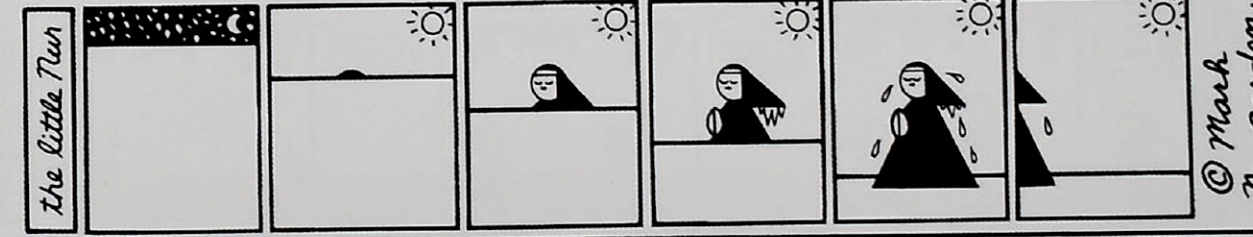
CHINA GARDEN 2<sup>ND</sup> AVE. BET. 49<sup>TH</sup> + 50<sup>TH</sup>



PAL JOEY'S FOREST AVE. S. I.



HARMON FUNERAL HOME FOREST AVE. S. I.



© Mark Newgarden

BODY NOBODY NOBODY  
RES!! CARES!! CARES!!

Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C. 3



ROYAL INDIAN 1 ST AVE, 6TH ST.



EVA'S 8TH ST.



ATLANTIS CASINO, ATLANTIC CITY N.J.



DORAL INN 49TH ST. LEX. AVE.



MARYANNE'S 16TH ST. 8TH AVE.



SMITHTOWN L.I. ELK'S LODGE



© Mark Neugarden

Reason For **CONCERN!**

Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C. 4



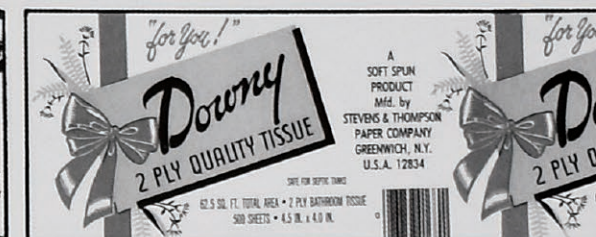
FINNEGAN'S WAKE 73RD ST. 1ST AVE. NYC



SEEDA II THAI 50TH ST. 8TH AVE. NYC



SPRING ST. NATURAL RESTAURANT NYC



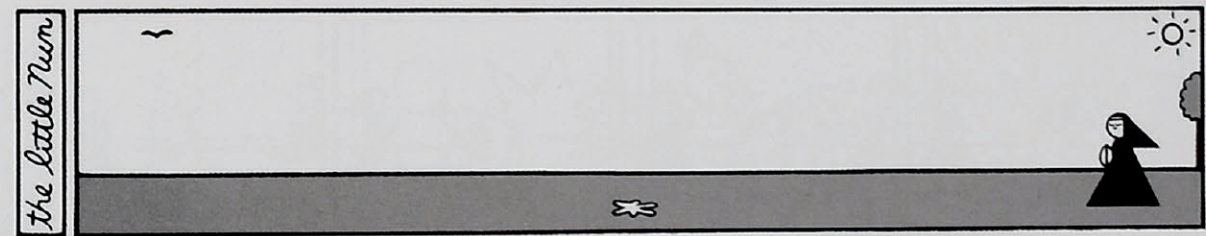
FINNEGAN'S WAKE 73RD ST. 1ST AVE NYC



MIDDLE EASTERN RESTAURANT BKLYN NY



BETH P.'S BATHROOM BKLYN NY



© Mark Neugarden



HOW MANY TREES MUST DIE SO THAT YOU WILL BE ENTERTAINED?

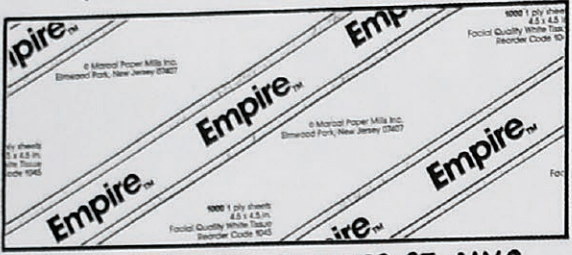
### Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C. 5



QUAD CINEMA 13<sup>TH</sup> ST. NYC



KENT TWIN CINEMA BKLYN.



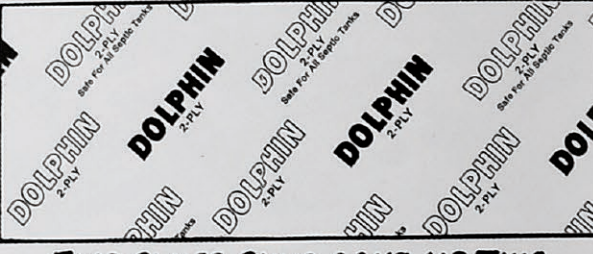
MAN. CHILI CO. BLEEKER ST. NYC



OLD TOWN BAR 18<sup>TH</sup> ST. PARK AVE. NYC



WHOLE WHEAT N' WILD BERRIES 10<sup>TH</sup> ST.



TWO SWISS GUYS GAVE ME THIS



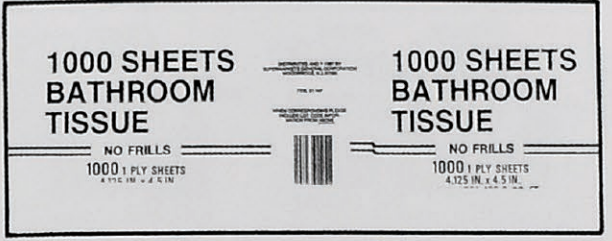
© Mark Taugander

# 350



NOW RYE HAS COME OF AGE...

### Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C. 6



ACME REST. GREAT JONES + LAFYETTE



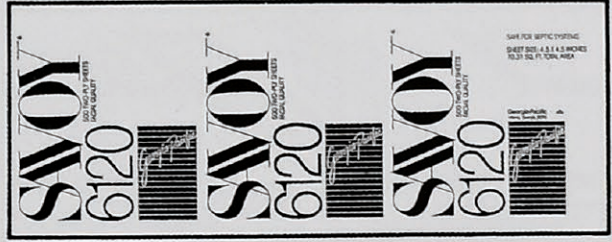
BROADWAY DINER B'WAY + 55<sup>TH</sup>



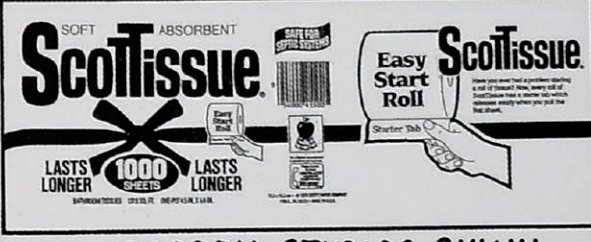
RITZ BAR-B-QUE ALLENTOWN PA.



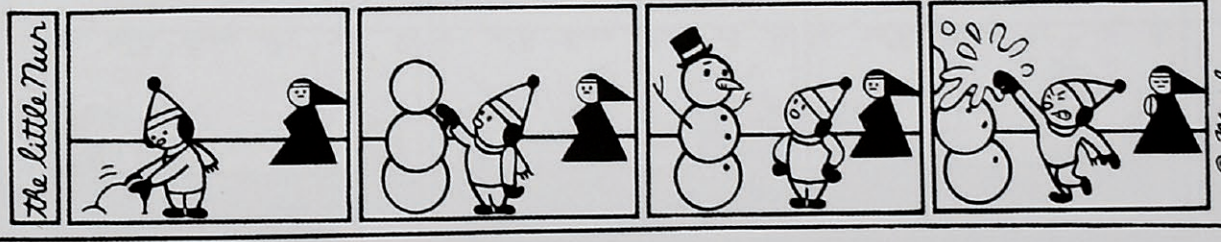
PICCOLINO'S AMSTERDAM + 81<sup>ST</sup>



KRISTINE FOUND THIS IN FLA.

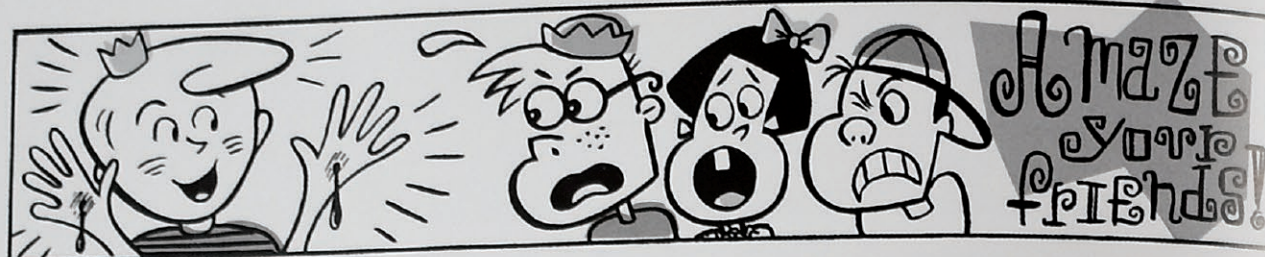


NEWGARDEN STUDIOS BKLYN



© Mark Taugander





Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C. 7



MARY'S BEDFORD ST. NYC



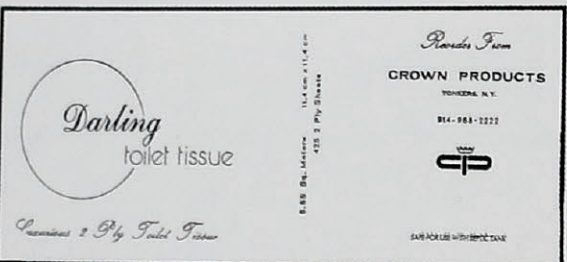
AGGIE'S HOUSTON ST. NYC



DINER IRVINGTON NY



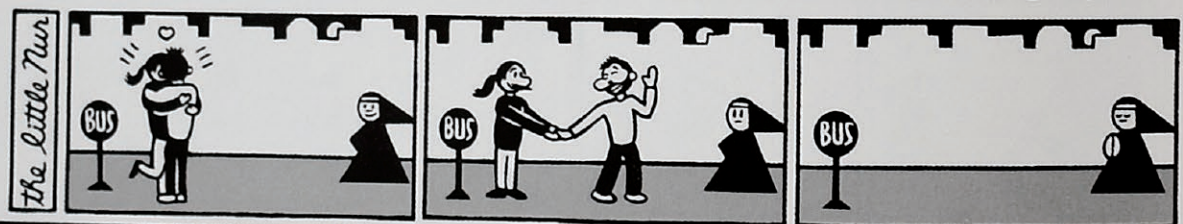
CHURCH IRVINGTON NY



UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE IRVINGTON NY



KRUPA CANDYSTORE BKLYN.



© Mark Newgardner

THANKS TO TOILET PAPER USERS KRISTINE LARSEN + EYTAN WRONKER

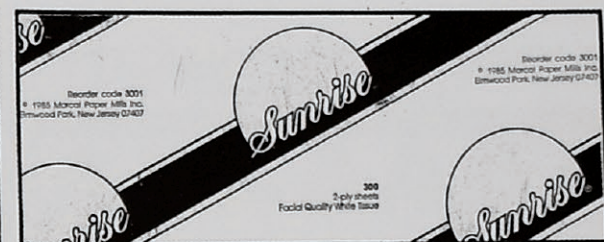
1990



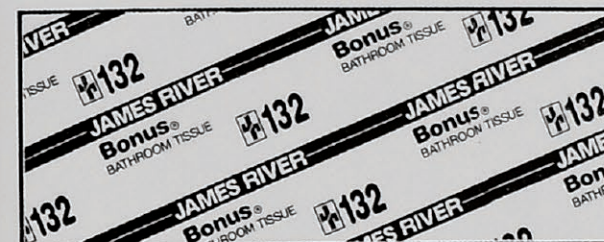
Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C. 8



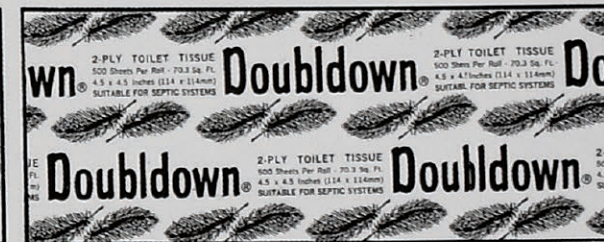
MY PARENT'S HOUSE, S.I.



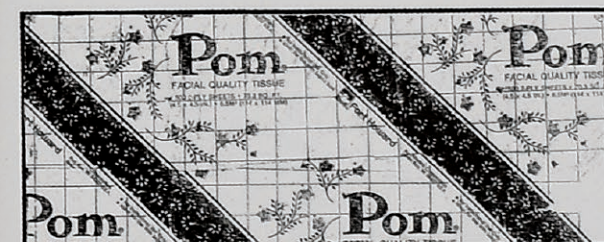
B'WAY DINER 59TH + 6TH



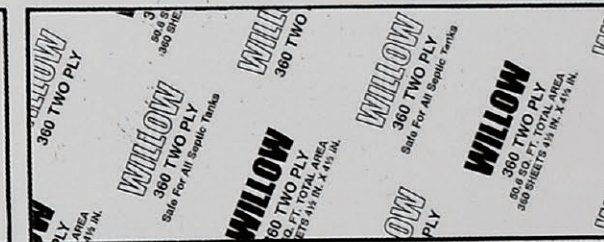
AMTRACK TRAIN TO D.C.



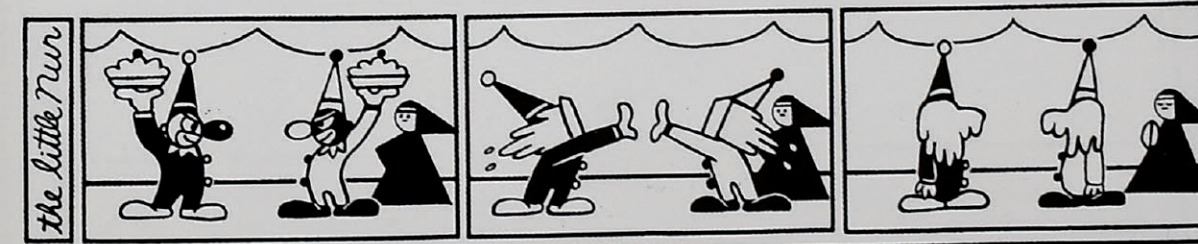
UNITED FLIGHT TO L.A.



THE HAIGHT, SAN FRANCISCO



I CAN'T REMEMBER EVERYTHING



© Mark Newgardner

1990

Folks are saying... **LAUGHTER IS POWER** Get it Today

Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C.\* 9  
\* AND BEYOND!



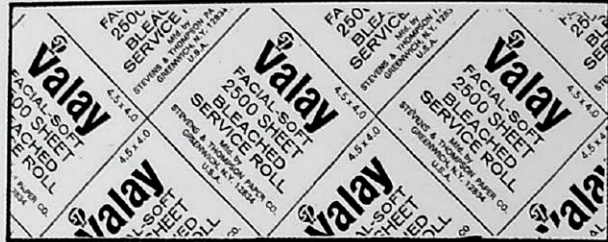
LINCOLN CENTER EMPLOYEE'S TOILET



DEW DROP INN GREENWICH AVE. NYC



TWO BOOTS PARKSLOPE BKLYN.



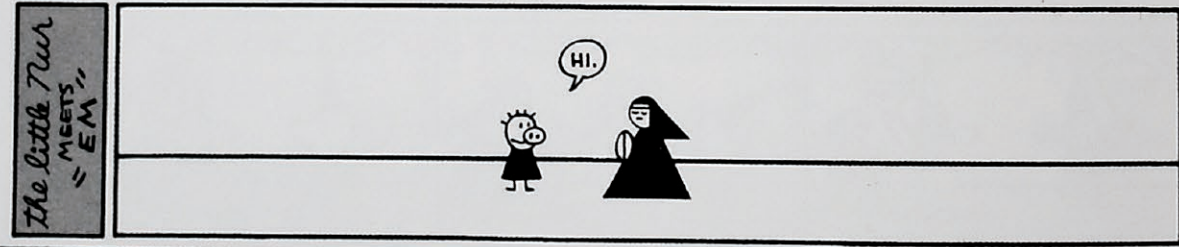
CHRISTIE'S EAST. NYC



CREEKSIDE INN PALO ALTO CA.



RIVER INN READING CA.



THANKS TO TOILET PAPER CONTACTEES: SAM HENDERSON, RUSS HOGAN, KRISTINE LARSEN AND JOHN POUND

**READ** **REMEMBER** **REACT**

Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C.\* 10  
\* AND BEYOND!



MARYANNE'S, 8TH AVE.



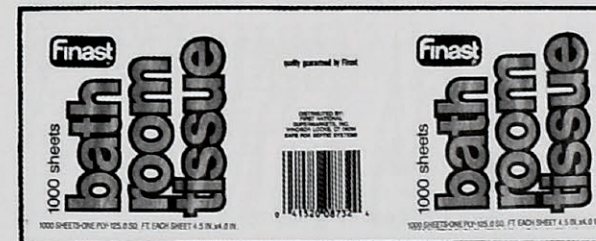
MIKE'S AMERICAN BAR, 10TH AVE.



DAY'S INN, ALLENTOWN PA.



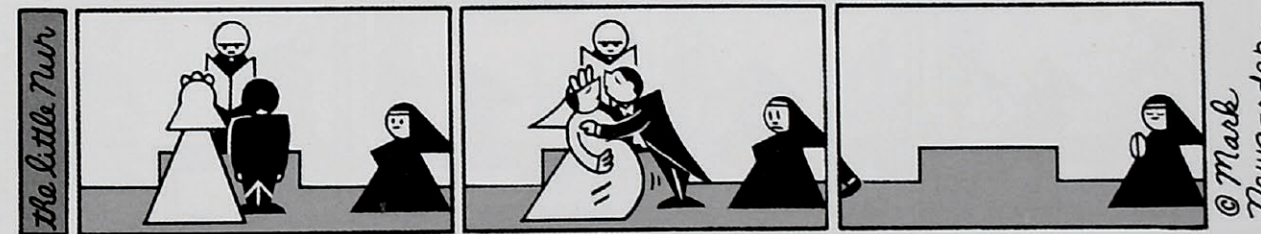
CIRCLE'S PARK SLOPE, BKLYN



SHOPPIN'S, BEDFORD ST.



MARK BEYER FOUND THIS IN TOKYO



THANKS TO TOILET PAPER WRAPPER THEIVES; MARK BEYER, LESLIE HARPOLD, BETH PEARSON

# DO YOUR GUMS EVER BLEED?

How does it happen?

what's so funny?



## Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C.\* 11 \* AND BEYOND!!



MET. HOSPITAL CAFE, 1ST AVE. NYC



ISO RESTAURANT 11TH ST. 2ND AVE. NYC.



POTTSVILLE MOTOR INN, POTTSVILLE, PA.



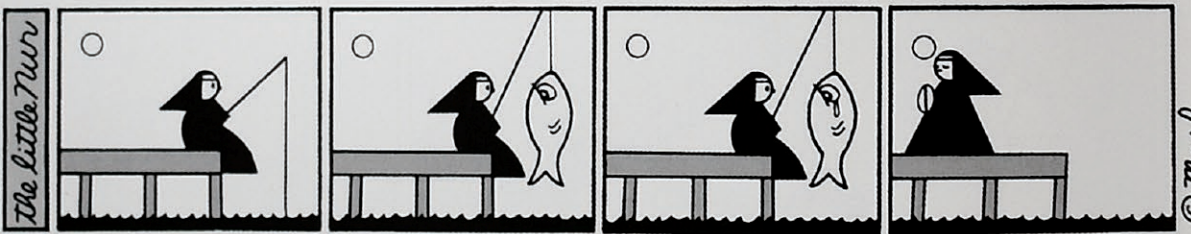
LIVING WELL GROCERIES, BKLYN.



SONESTA HOTEL, ARUBA



SOMEWHERE IN GREECE



THANKS TO THE SECRET TOILET PAPER WRAPPER SOCIETY: SHARON GENSLER, LINDA SIMENSKY, MIKE JENSIO, MRS. IRA LEVY AND GLENN "ACES, PAL" HEAD



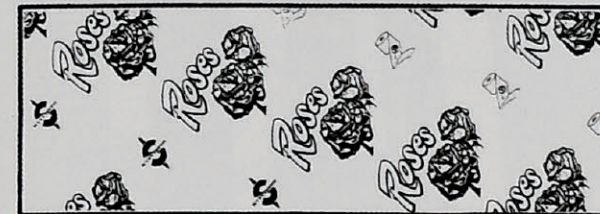
## Industrial Toilet Paper Wrapper Design Of N.Y.C.\* 12 \* AND BEYOND!!



MUSEUM CAFE 76TH + COLUMBUS



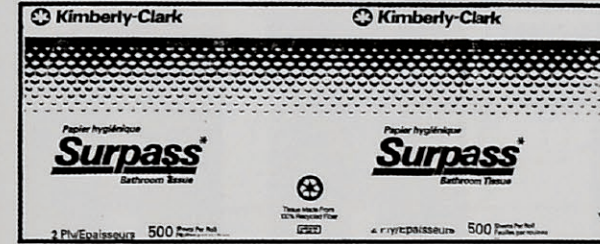
SOME TRENDY SOHO BISTRO



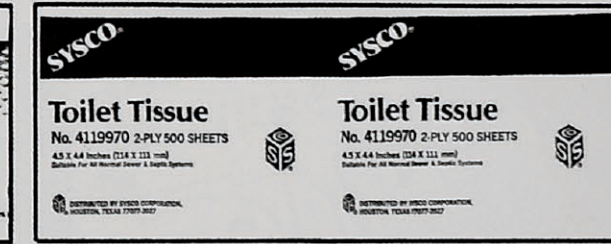
MORGAN STA. P.O. 30TH ST. 9TH AVE.



ECONO-LODGE, READING PA.



AIRPORT, TUPELO MISS.



SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST

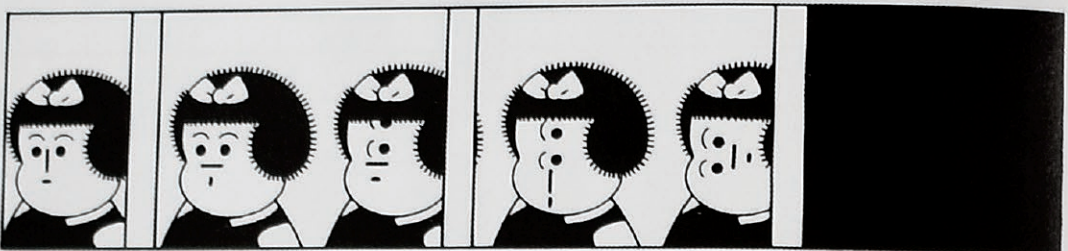
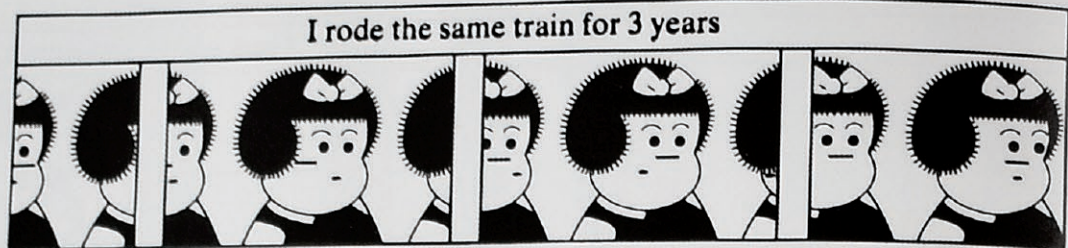


THANKS TO THE MIGHTY NEWGARDEN TASK FORCE: LINDA SIMENSKY, KRISTINE LARSEN + CARL RICHTER - TOILET COMMANDOS ONE AND ALL!

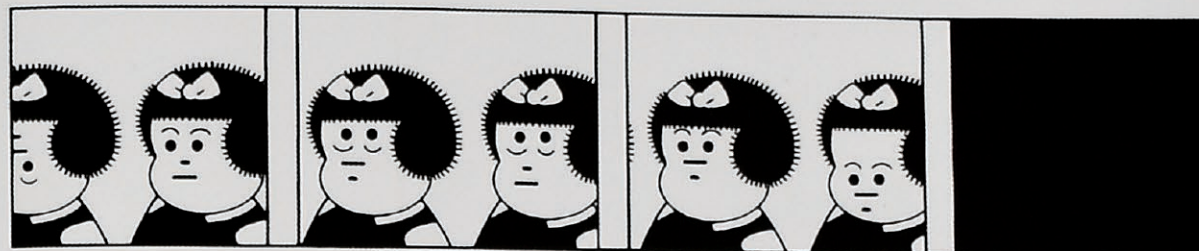
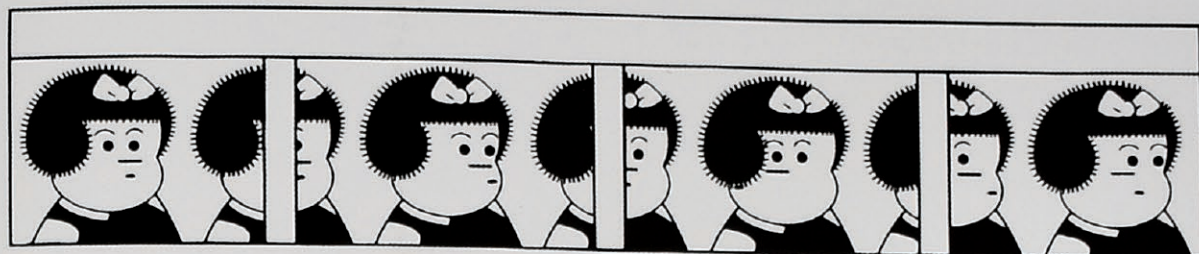
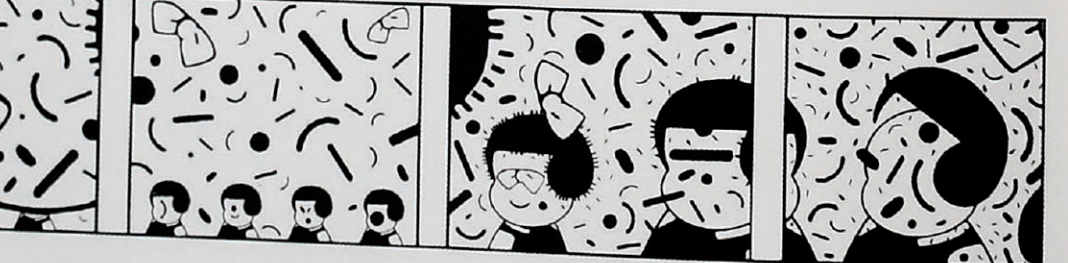
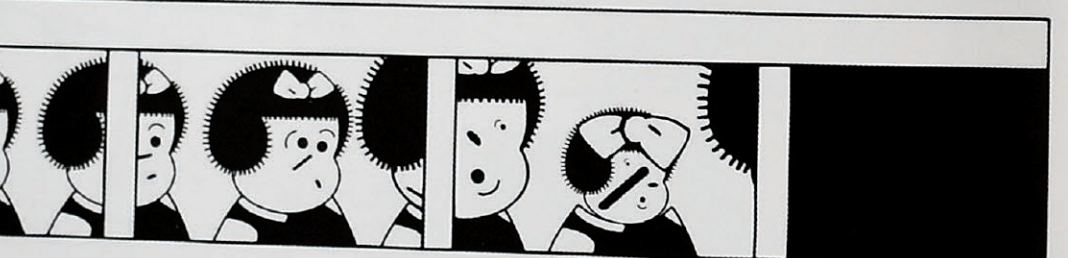
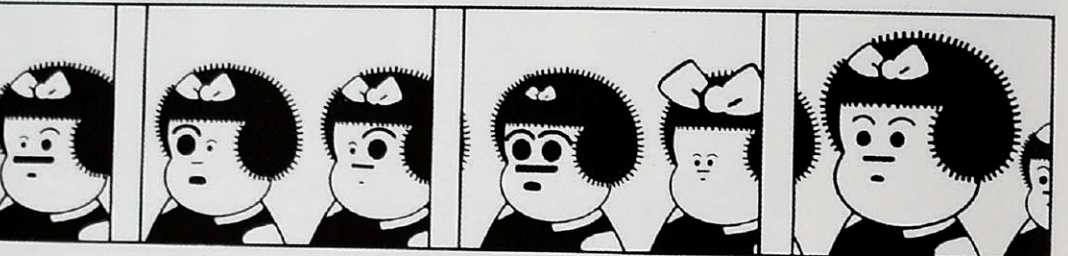
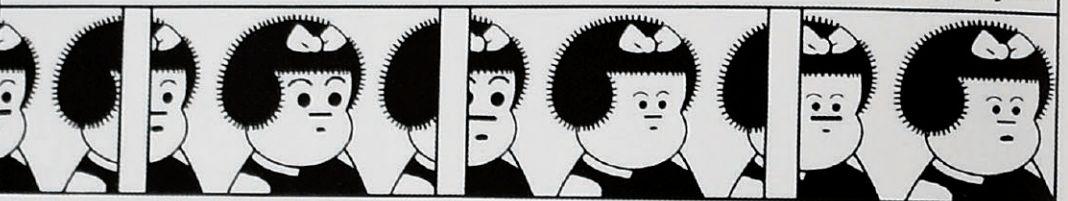


LOVE  
S.E.V.O.F  
S  
A  
V  
A  
G  
E  
F  
U  
R  
Y

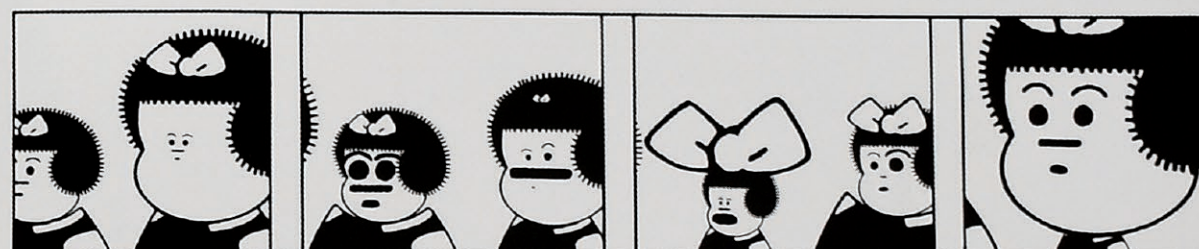
I rode the same train for 3 years



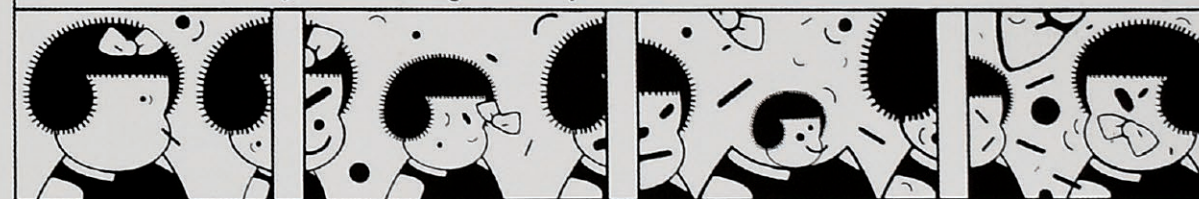
and I never saw you

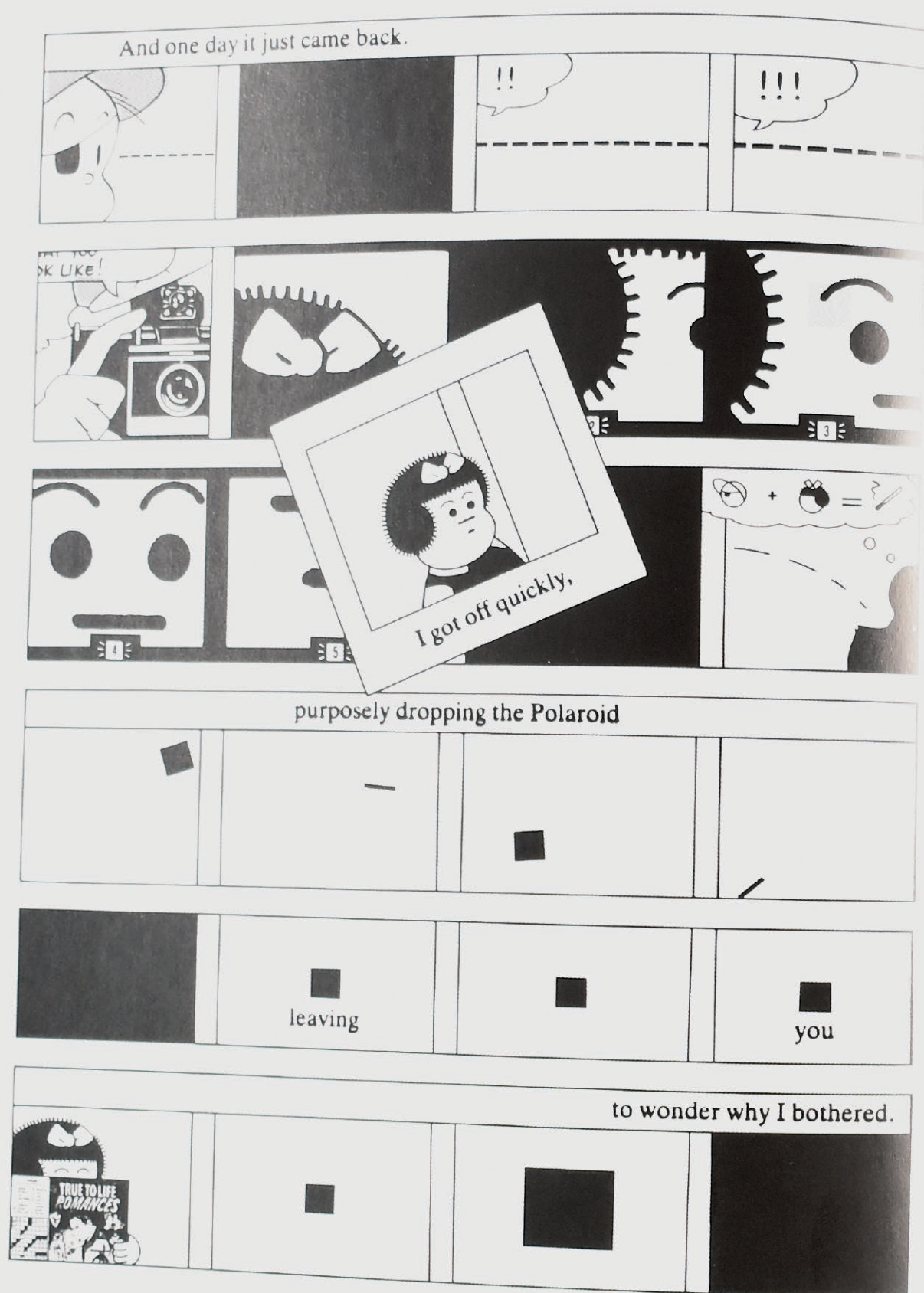


again.



Or maybe I did forget what you looked like.





And one day it just came back.

!!

!!!

SK LIKE!

I got off quickly,

purposely dropping the Polaroid

leaving

you

to wonder why I bothered.



1988

I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Mawer's stuff most of my adult life.

AC0

IN  
BAD CASES



FOR CROCC

# GARBAGE IN:

A RANDOM MISCELLANY OF INFLUENCES, PREFERENCES, PREJUDICES, CHERISHED OBJECTS, AND TENUOUS CONNECTIONS



NOT FOR USE  
WHEN PEELING  
ONIONS

# CRY



# TOWEL



WHEN LOADED  
WRING OUT AND  
START OVER.



# THAT'S FUNNY!

**CRYING TOWEL**

**GAMES**

BIG DICK

LITTLE JOE

BOX CARS

RACING TIPS

"OIL MAN? HELL NO, BROTHER. I MADE MY MONEY PLAYING ROULETTE!"

AN ORIGINAL WILLIE-THE-WEEPER CREATION

LOADED & OUT AND OVER

ESPELLY USEFUL FOR ROAD CASES

GUARANTEED TO ABSORB ANY KIND OF TEARS

**CRYING TOWEL**

HE BROUGHT HIS OWN DICE!

WHY DIDN'T I QUIT WHEN I WAS AHEAD!

SNAKE EYE

BINGO

RACING TIPS

HEY!! I JUST WANT TO GET SOME CHANGE!

PLACE YOUR BET!

ME!!

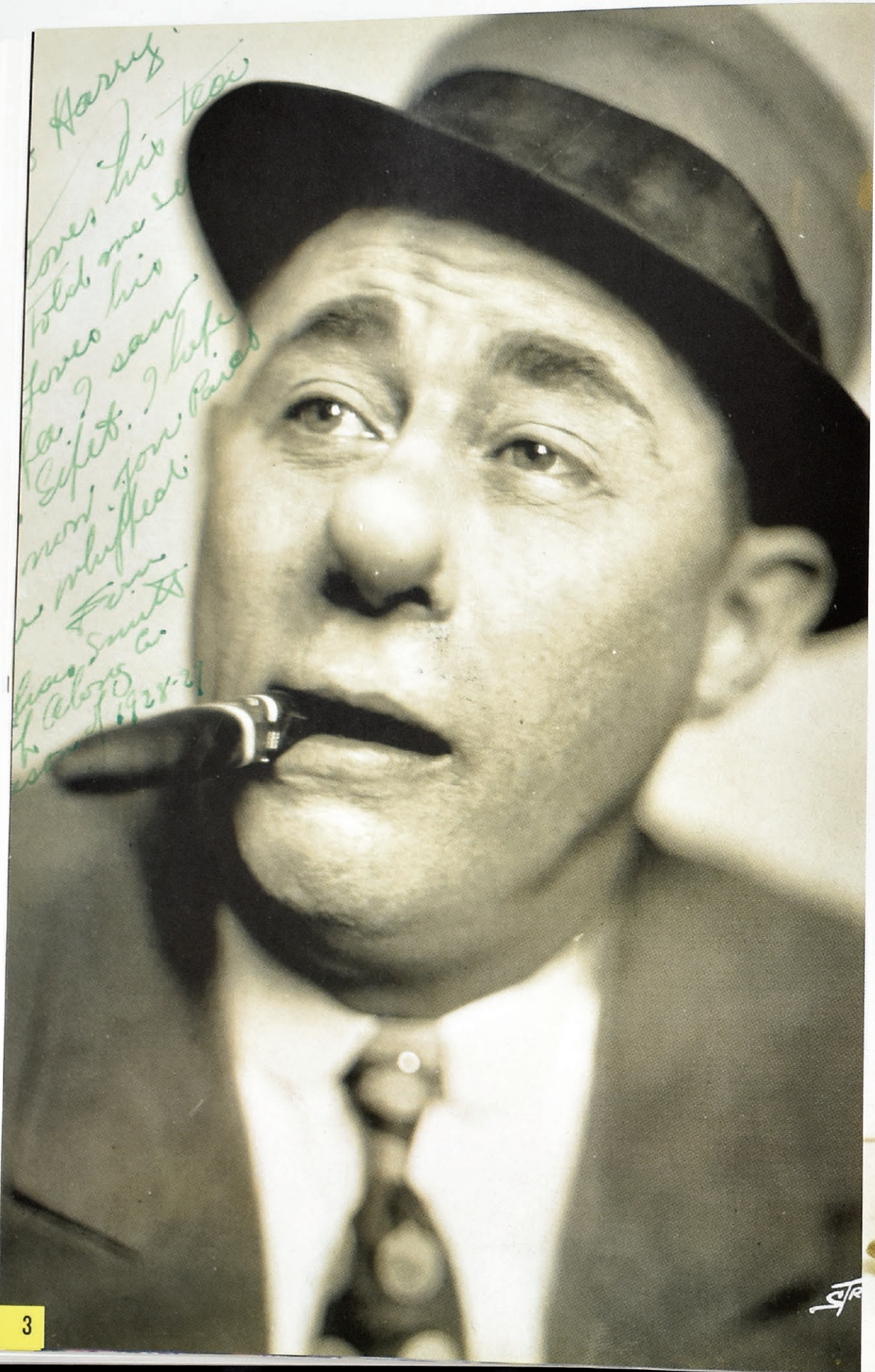
177

I've been waiting for a book of Mark Newman's stuff most of my adult life.

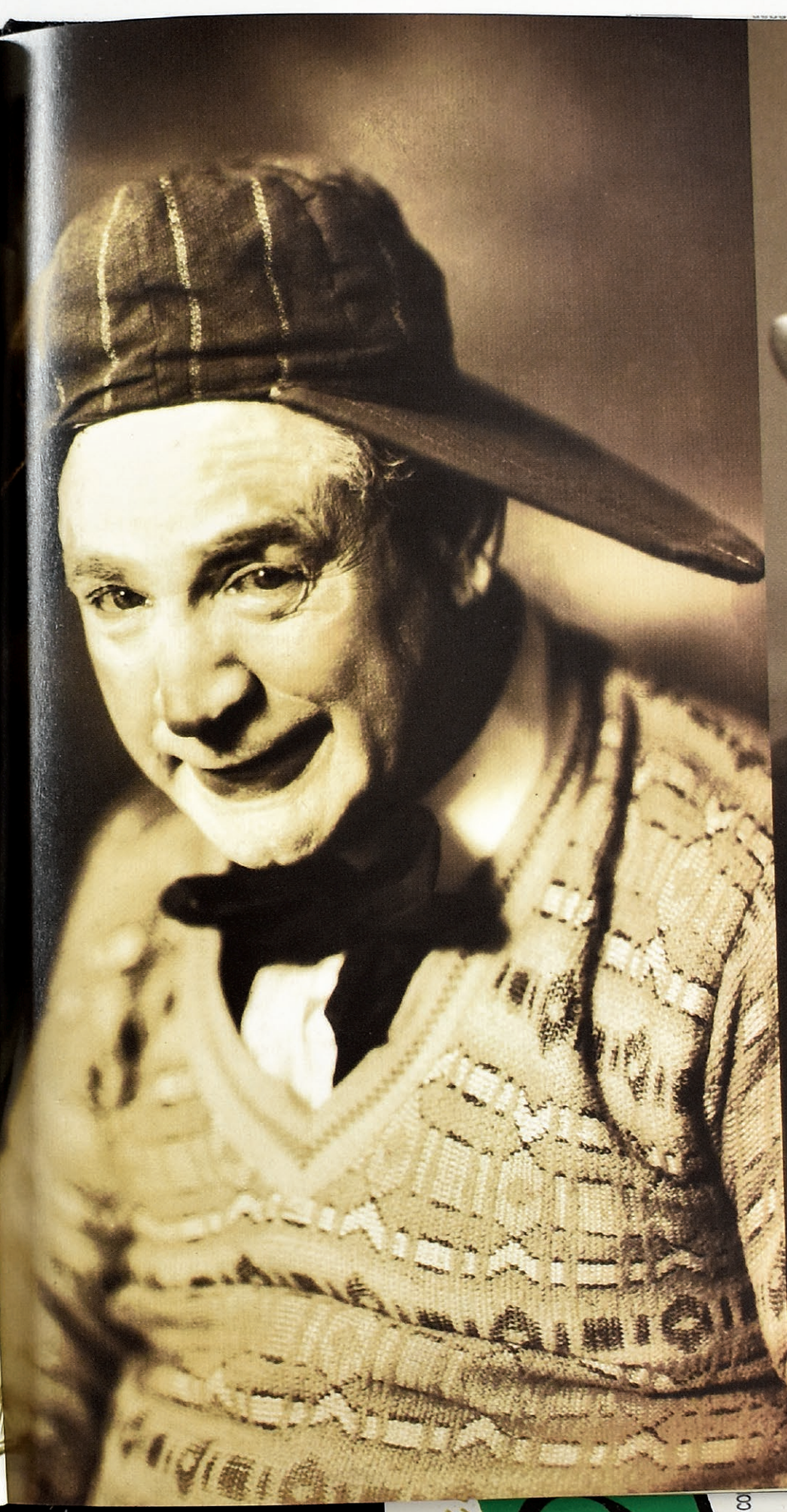




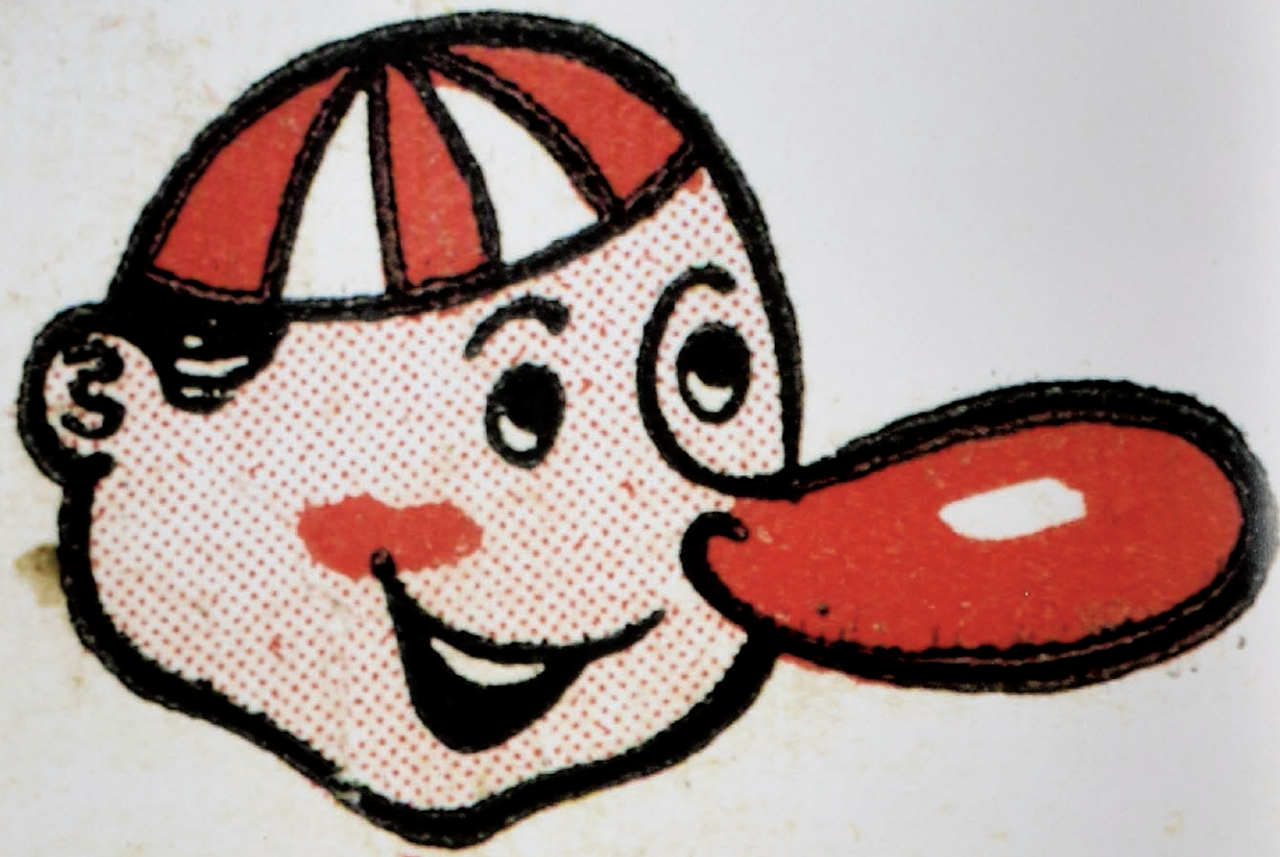
I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Moussouris' stuff most of my adult life.



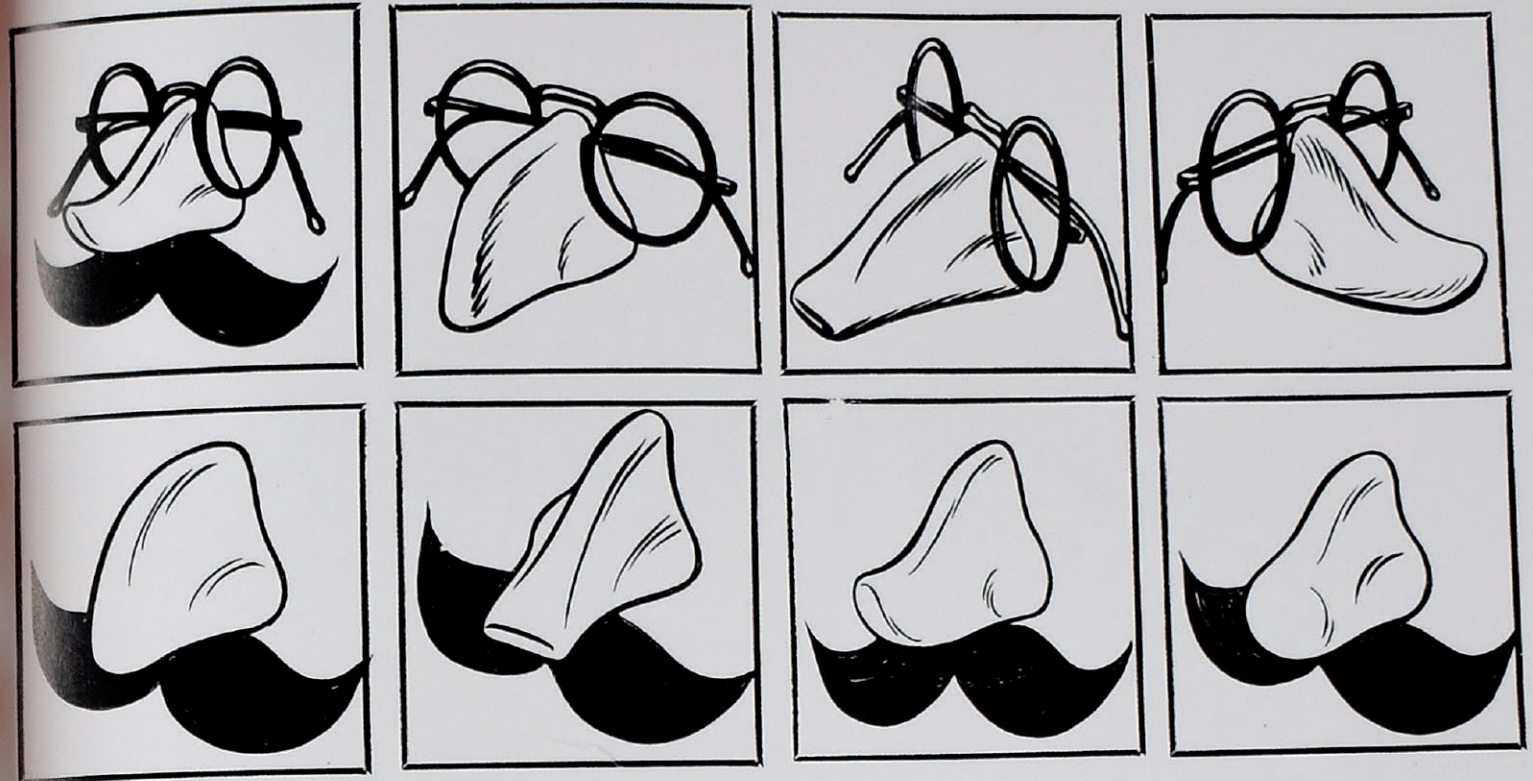
*Harry  
loves his  
old me  
loves his  
I saw  
Sept. I hope  
my son's  
whiffed  
Smith  
Alzo  
1928*



*I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Newarden's stuff most of my adult life.*



# NOSE PUTTY



*The Goings On and Goings Off of the Curious People of Noseyland.*



And here you see in Noseyland  
A wicked man compelled to saw  
His nose away as punishment  
For having sneezed against the law.

While pale with fear, another lays  
His nose upon the basket's rim;  
When with an axe they chop it off,  
And make a noseless man of him!

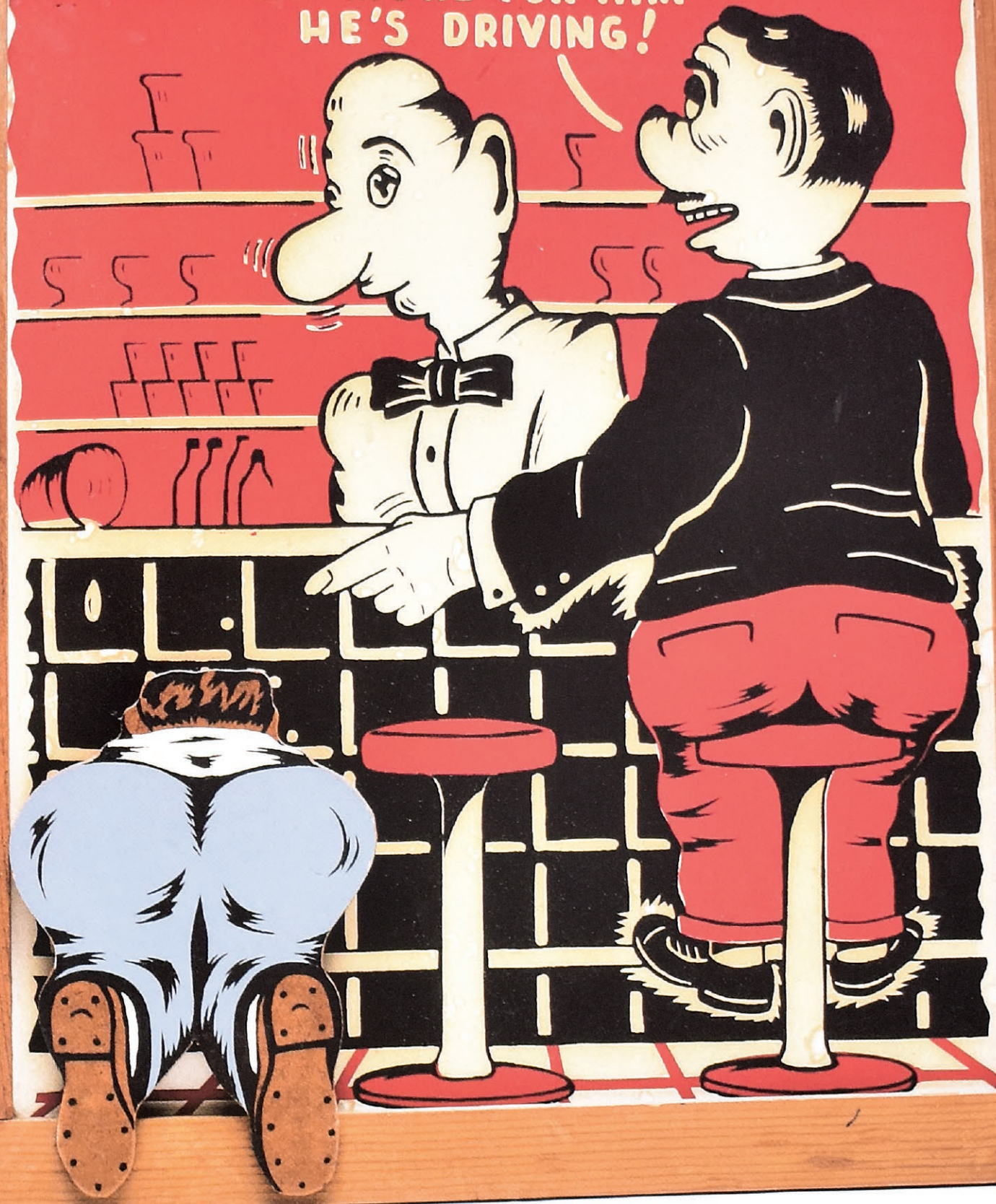
I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Nowhere's stiffer meet of my adult life

GOOD STORY -  
BUT YOU'RE  
AT THE  
WRONG  
HOUSE



LOOK AT THE BIG ONE I'VE GOT!

NO MORE FOR HIM  
HE'S DRIVING!





REAL CHARMER

# T.V.'S BUSTIN. OUT ALLOVER



ONE BALCONY  
P...



GETS LOTS OF ENCORES



RY FOR THE TWO?



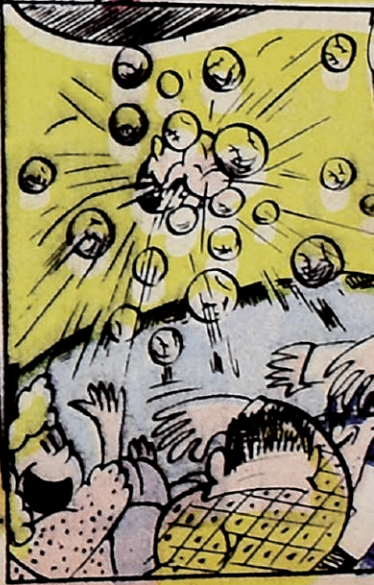
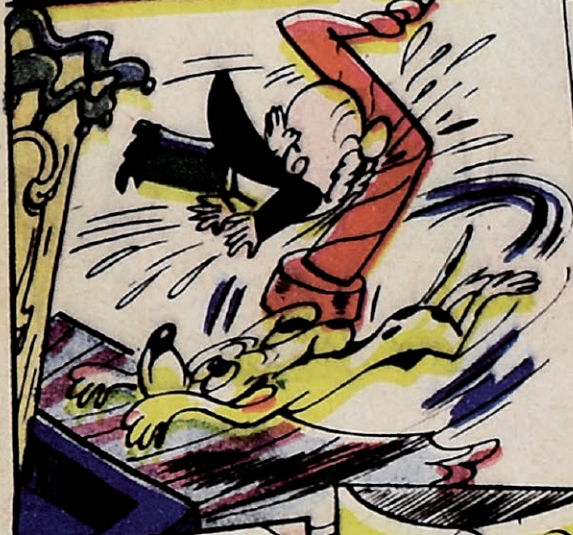
DOES WORKING ON A  
HAVE ANY EFFECTS O



PABST SHE'LL  
SHOW MORE  
PABST SHE WON'T  
BUDWEISER  
IF SHE DON'T



ACO  
"I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Newarden's stuff most of my adult life."





to Abby  
from her great admirer  
Jaggy  
- MILT GROSS

To Mabel  
New garden



otto  
MESSNER



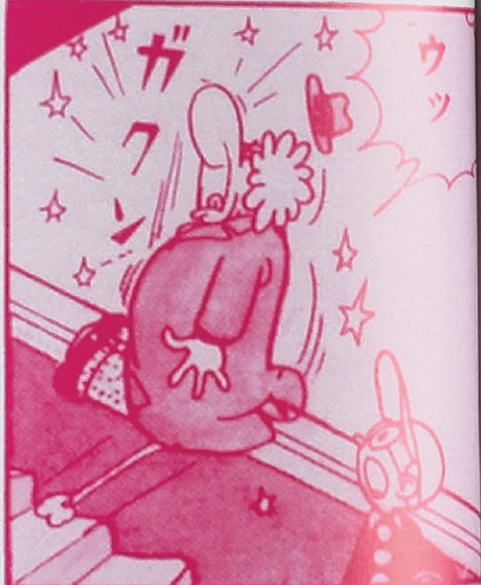
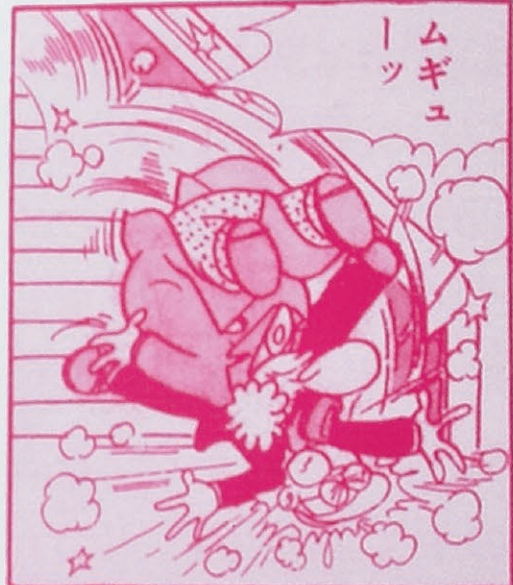
I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Newspaper's stuff most of my adult life  
ACC

MY JOB IS SO  
SECRET.  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I AM DOING.  
PSYCHO-CERAMICS



IF YOU'RE SO  
SMART,  
WHY AREN'T  
YOU RICH?





I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Newspaper's stuff most of my adult life



ND SADE

IXES "SADE'S IRON"

to 8:45 A.M. C.S.T.

APRIL 26, 1933

WEDNESD

# JEAN SHEPHERD

and other foibles



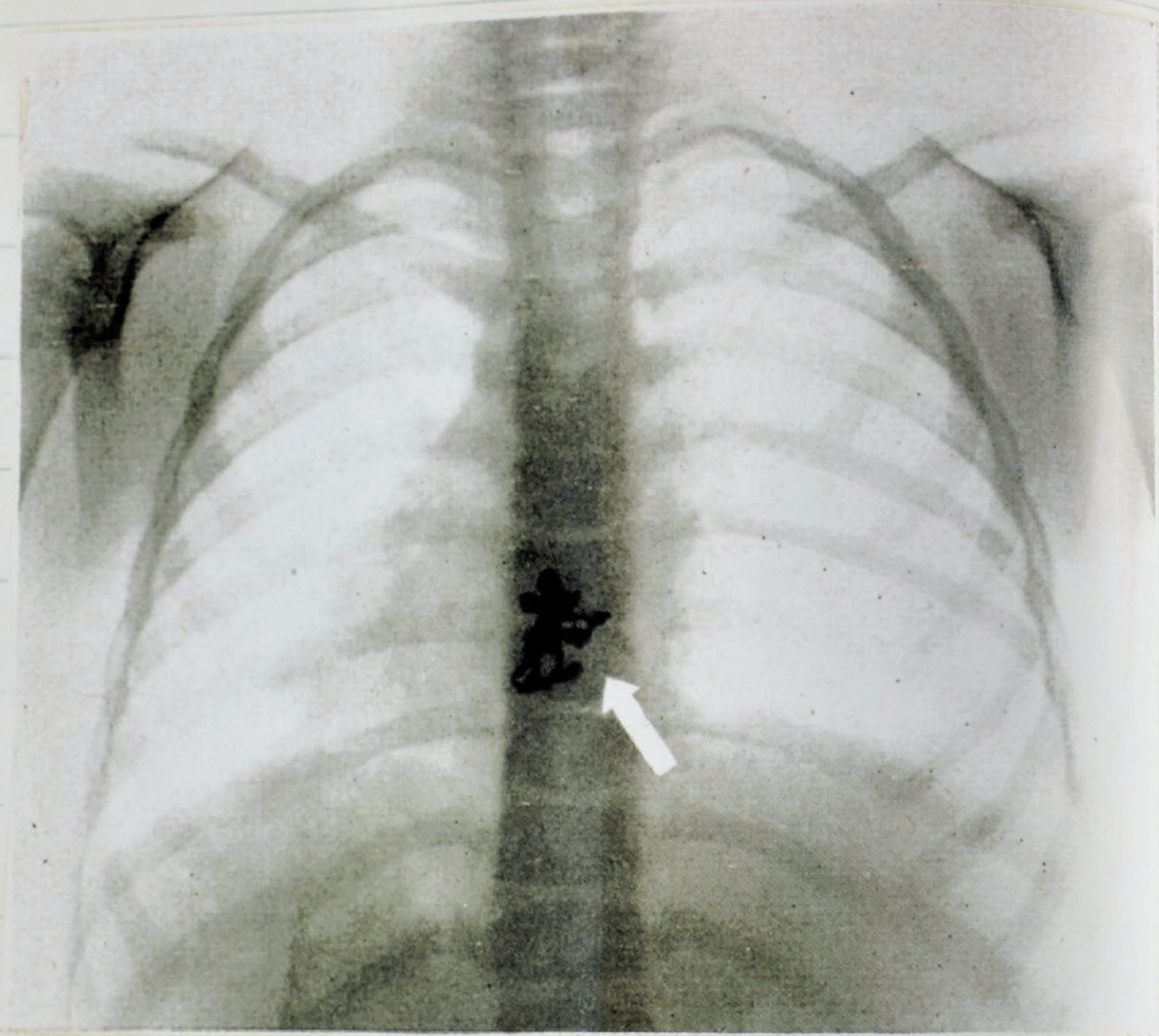
Well, where's that iron?  
 Over on the gas stove. The cord's plugged in!  
 Dont trip over it!  
 Won't I be in your way out here, Sade?  
 No, I don't think so.  
 You're not through with the supper dishes yet.  
 Maybe I better go in an' read the paper until you  
 No - long as you're here you better stay and fix  
 that iron. Never would get you out here again.  
 Yeah, but there ain't hardly room for me to....  
 How much room do you need? I'm going to be here  
 by the sink. You got the whole half of the room.  
 My lands, if you need a vacant lot to fix a little  
 iron in, I gues....move over, wanta get that stew-  
 pan. Hand it here.  
 Here ya.....oooh hot. Take it.  
 I think what's really the matter with that iron....  
is hot, ain't it?: had the egg-water in it; water  
 holds heat so long....I think what's really the  
 matter with that iron is Rush plays with it so much,  
 What's he do with it? Seems like a funny plaything.  
 Oh - it's bright and shiny. Children like shiny  
 things to play with. An' besides it's electric..  
 Anything that runs by electricity just gets Rush.  
 The other day he was roplin' around the wash-machine  
 an'.....move your elbow.

SADE: No, don't. I'm afraid of it.  
 VIC: Well, thunder, if I'm gonna fix it,  
 SADE: If you're gonna turn on that iron,  
 get over to the sink. That 'lectri  
 scared the daylights out of me. It  
 morning when I was pressing out Ru  
 I plugged the thing in the wall the  
 up the iron, an' all of a sudden it  
 ....well, I tell you I pretty near  
 the wall. I dropped that iron like  
 VIC: That's prob'ly what's the matter wi  
 it around all the time...  
 SADE: What you doin'. there.....gonna turn  
 VIC: Sure,  
 SADE: Well, wait till I get outa the way.  
 VIC: O. K.

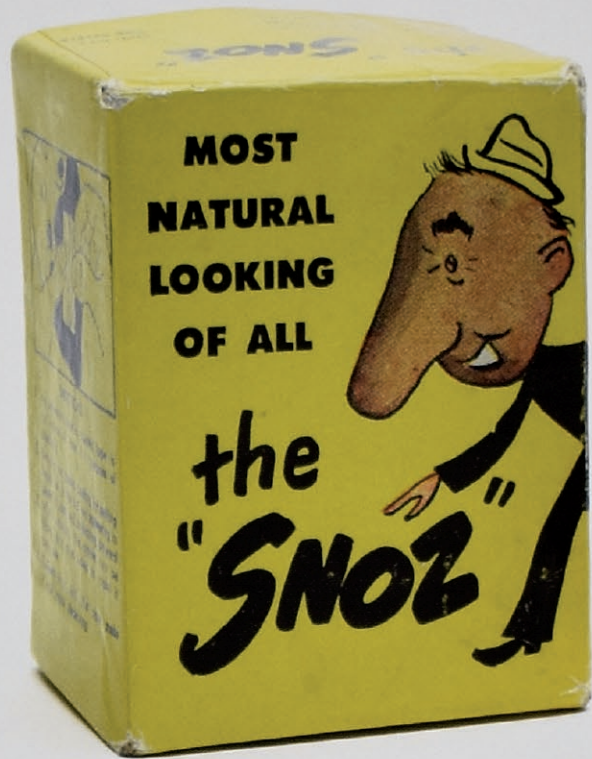
ere. Look,  
 an' off,  
 to turn it o  
 That's wha  
 shoots out  
 of 'lectriof



I've been waiting for a book of Mark Twain's stuff most of my adult life

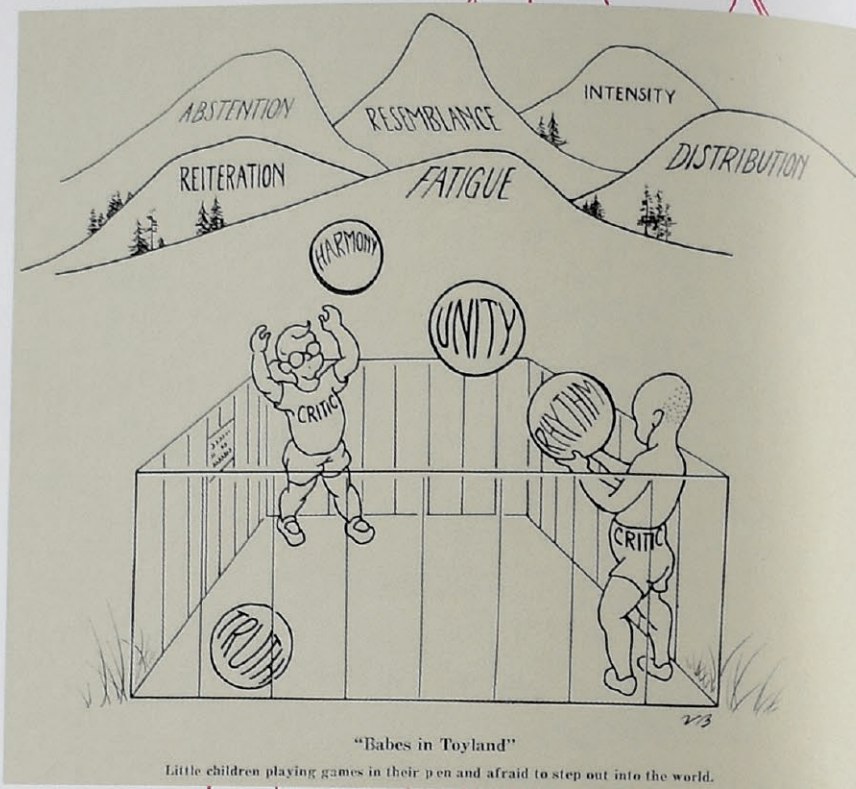


**X-RAY**

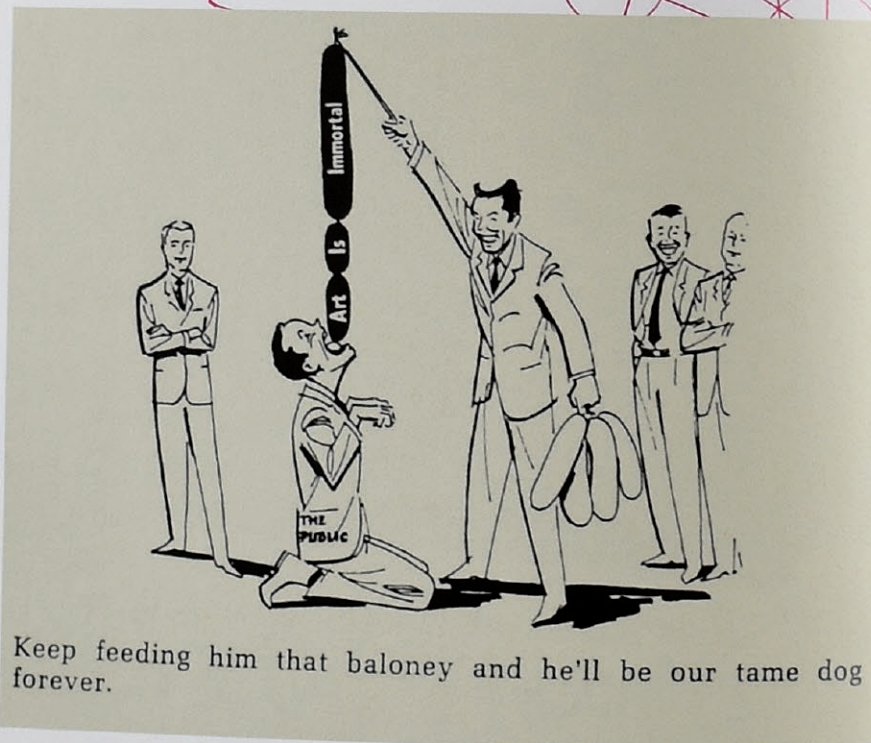




2195  
 IN THE  
 PARK GARDEN  
 28-29  
 ISLAND NY 10



Little children playing games in their pen and afraid to step out into the world.



Keep feeding him that baloney and he'll be our tame dog forever.

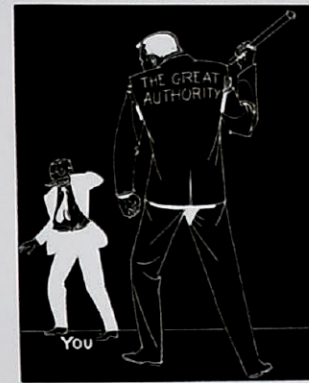


Son: Tell me, Dad, now that I have outgrown the myths about Santa Claus and the Stork, how soon can I stop believing that art is immortal?

Father: The sooner the better, my boy, but it is more difficult because it is something you have to fight out of instead of grow out of.

### Don't Get Taught Art This Way!

AS SO MANY PEOPLE DO.



by Theodore L. Shaw  
**Hold Your Independence of Opinion**  
 It's priceless. And plenty of times you can be the one who's right.  
 Eternal verdicts of "good" or "bad" in art are long out of date in this great booming space age. Too many unpredictable things are happening.  
 (Continued on back cover)

**Precious Rubbish**

As Raked Out of Current Criticism and Commented on by Theodore L. Shaw

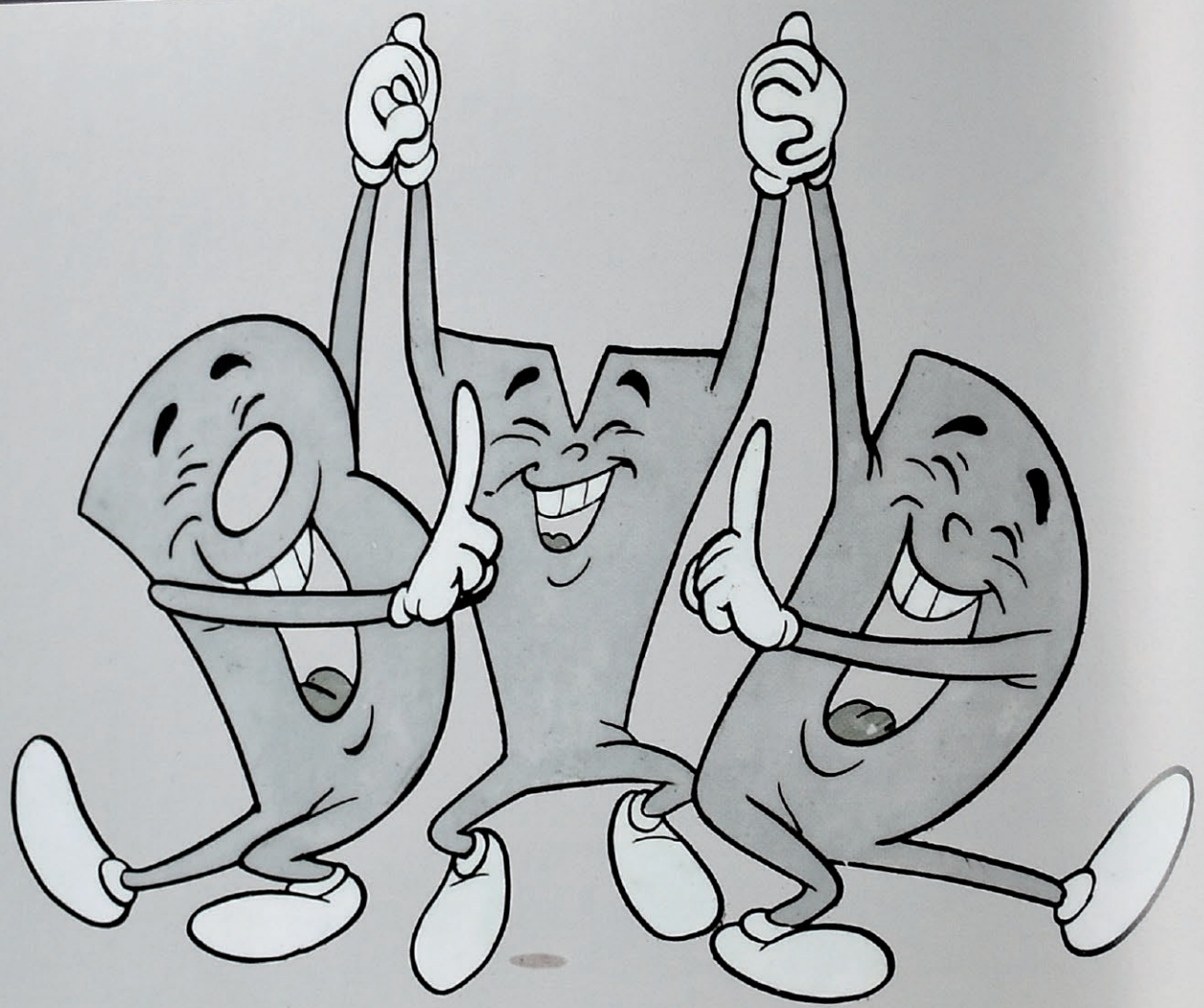
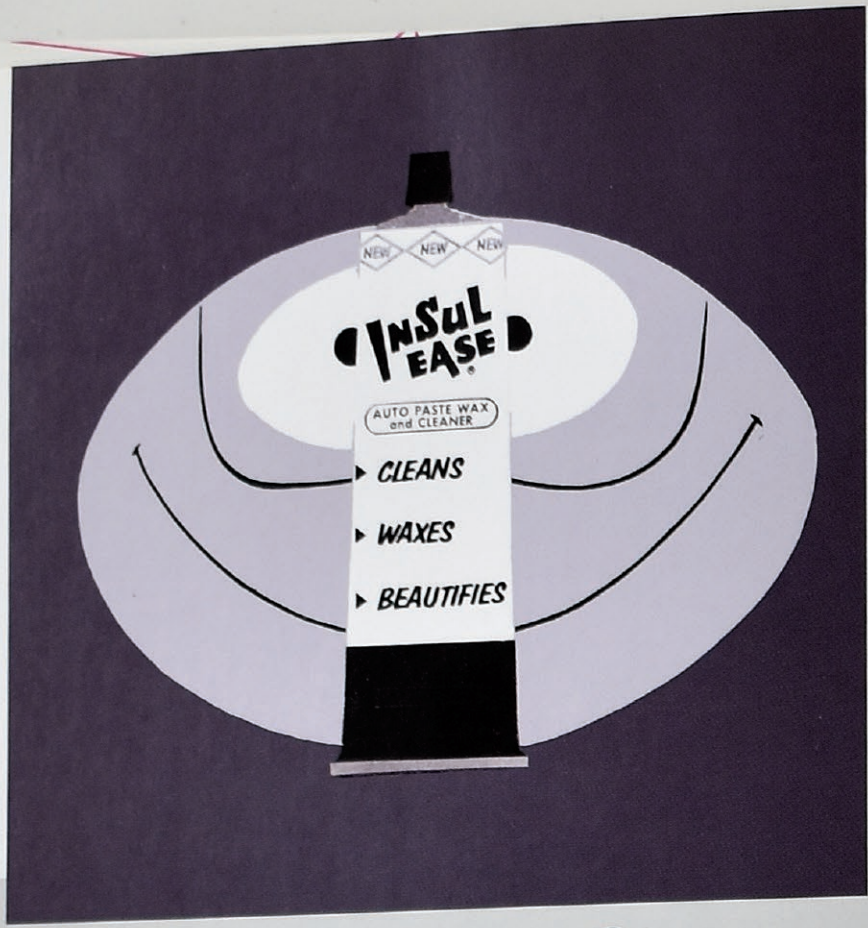
This Slashing Attack on Snobbery & Humbug

Was Long Overdue. The appalling barrage of rife swaddle about art and literature which critics have been discharging at us for seeming centuries produced it as inevitably as Prohibition produced Repeal.

It's a hard, vicious counter-attack, employing that extremely potent weapon—the horrible example. Some three hundred absurdities, howlers and mental lapses have been grabbed out mercilessly from the writings of eminent critics in the fields of literature, painting and music, and exposed for your inspection. Now since Molotov's day has there been so delightful a debunking of pretension and priggery. And it's accompanied with an amusing "course of instruction" to help critics do better in the future.

Physician: "You are suffering from over-highbrowism. Go easy on T. S. Eliot and Proust for a while, and no Kafka at all. Stop at the Giant Drug Store and get 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' and some Erle Stanley Gardner stories that you haven't read. Buy records of Von Suppe's *Poet and Peasant Overture*; Ravel's *Bolero*; Prokofieff's *Love For Three Oranges* and *Yes, We Have No Bananas*. Keep this up for two weeks and then come back to me. I have an excursion you can make into unexplored intellectual fields which will tax all your capacities. But I want you to be well rested in advance. And don't forget that you are allergic to emotional flavors 47A, 412 and 16XX."

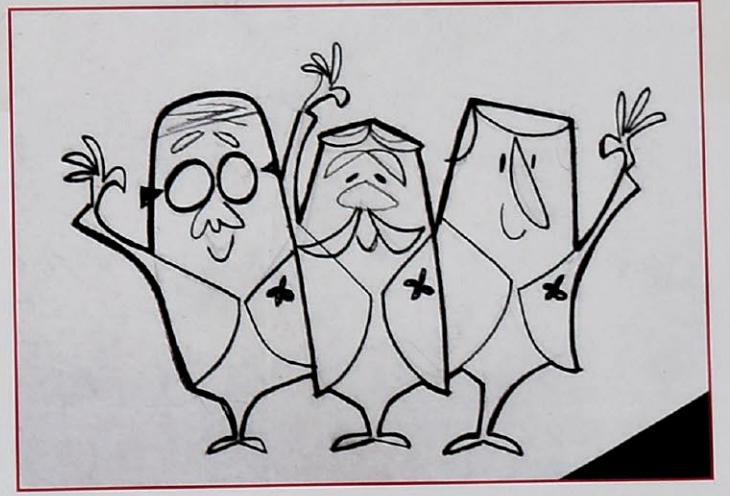
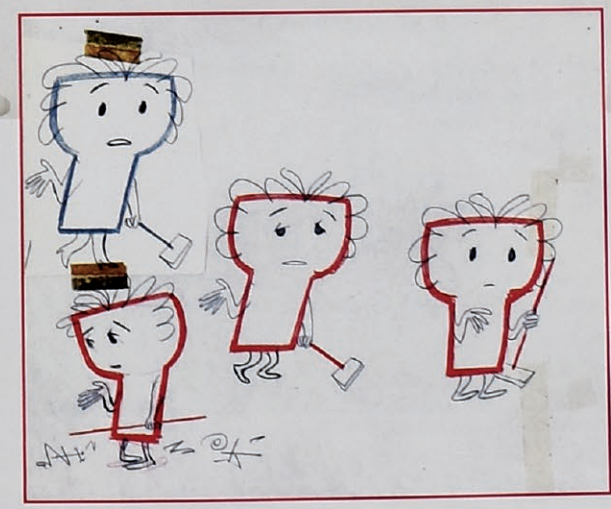




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JAY



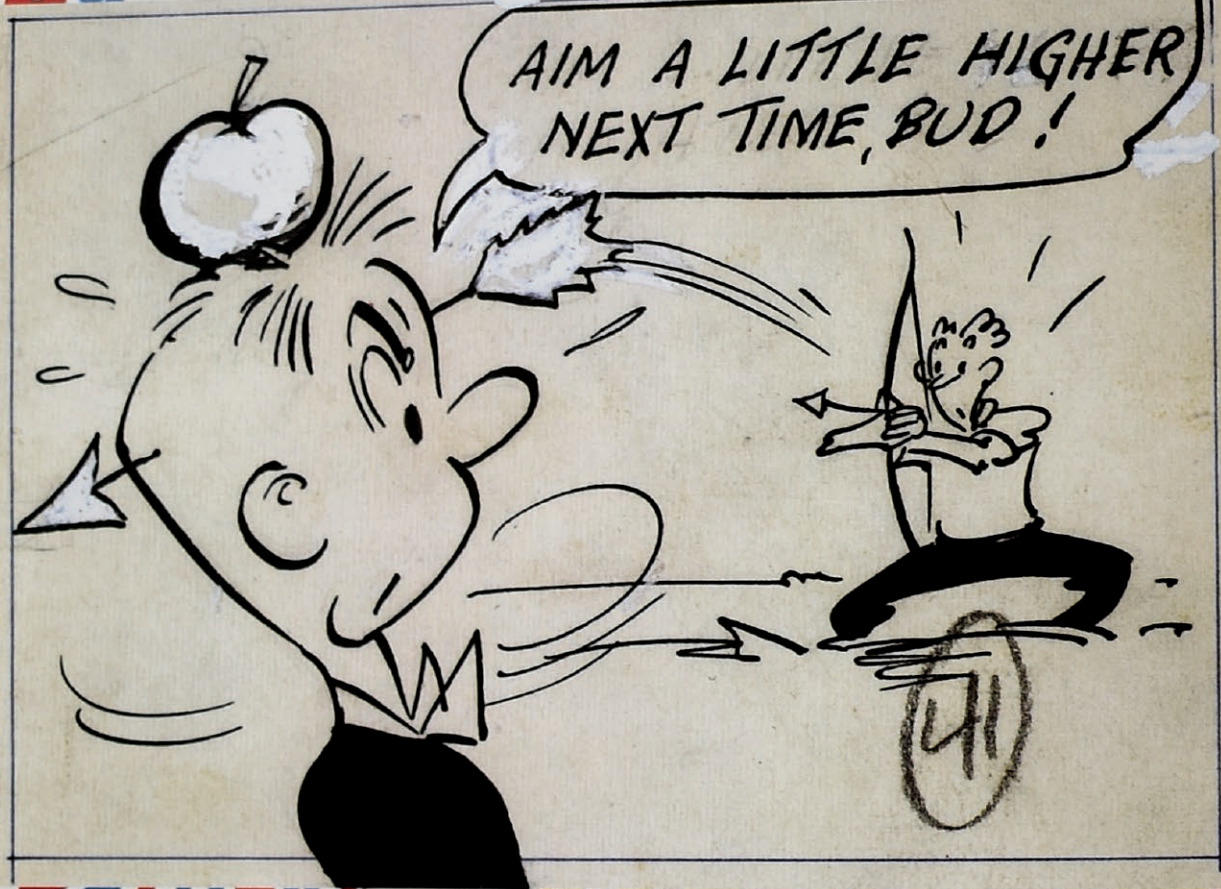
**TOPPS**  
**Bazooka**  
 BUBBLE GUM  
**Bazooka**  
 YOUNG AMERICA'S FAVORITE



#416 FREE! OVERSEAS DOLLS  
 Mailed from Italy, Japan, Korea, Israel, Scotland, Greece or Malta. Specify girl or boy doll, country desired. 5-8 week delivery. Send 500 BAZOOKA or BLOMY comics or \$1.00 & 20 comics to BAZOOKA, Box 30, B'klyn 32, N.Y.  
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SHIRT just like BAZOOKA JOE your age end 300 comics or BAZOOKA 32, N.Y. legal in notice.

**Bazooka**

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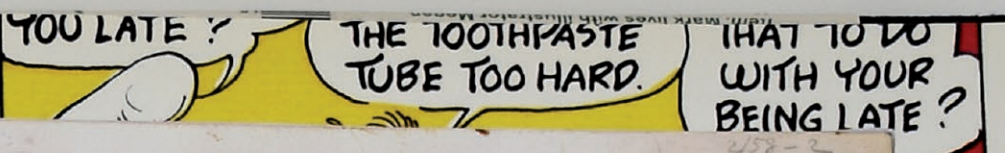
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**Bazooka**



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**TOPPS**



**LAUGHTER FOR THE MILLIONS**  
 A COLLECTION OF THE BEST & LATEST JOKES WITH 144 CARTOONS

DID WHEN I WAS HERE LAST MONTH!

— YOU HAVE AN INQUISITIVE MIND THAT WILL BE USED TO HELP MANKIND.

PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY

and his GANG  
 BYE THE WAY, WHO GAVE YOU THAT FIVE DOLLAR TIP?

DAY DIARY Most important secrets in your one-year diary. Red pages and 250 BAZOOKA comics or 50¢ & 10 B'klyn 32, N.Y. legal in without notice.



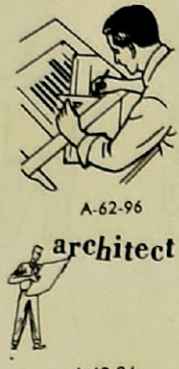
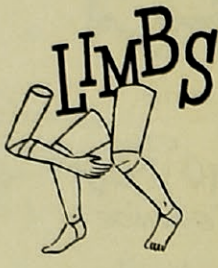
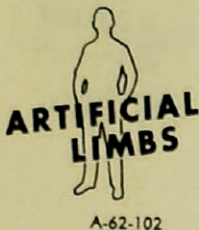
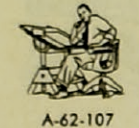

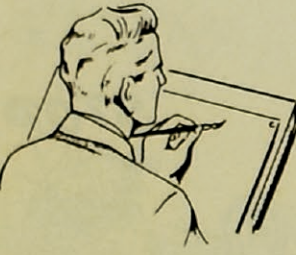
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**TOPPS**



A Trade Mark section covering popular National Products appears in the back of catalog.

 A-62-89  
 A-62-96 architect  
 A-62-92 architects  
 A-62-100  
 A-62-98  
 A-62-97  
 A-62-99 call  
 A-62-103  
 A-62-104 LIMBS  
 A-62-105  
 A-62-101 ARTIFICIAL LIMBS  
 A-62-102 ARTIFICIAL LIMBS  
 A-62-106 Art Service  
 A-62-111  
 A-62-116  
 A-62-113  
 A-62-107  
 A-62-114  
 A-62-116  
 A-62-113  
 A-62-109-X  
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 A-56-149  
 A-62-112  


M-62-93



M-62-81



M-62-106



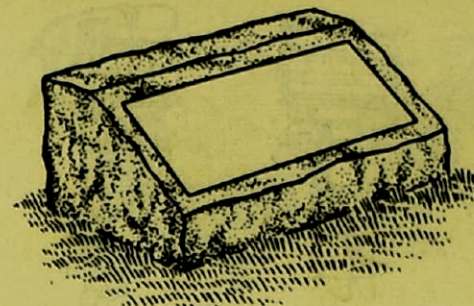
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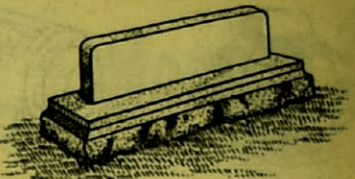
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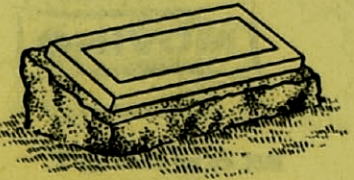
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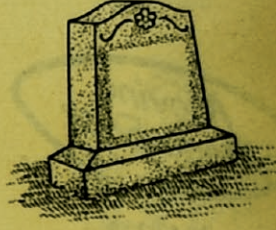
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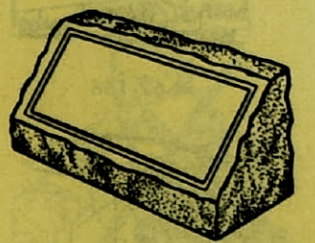
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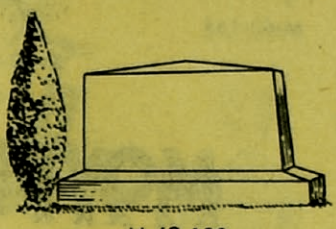
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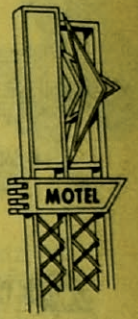
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M-62-142



M-62-140



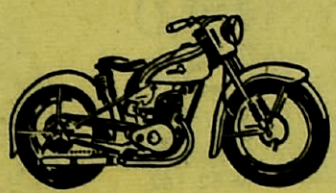
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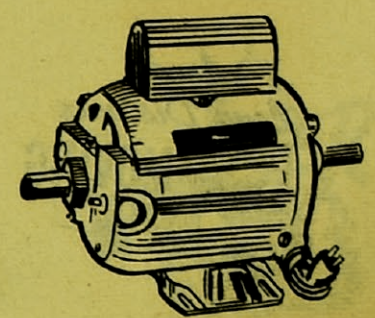
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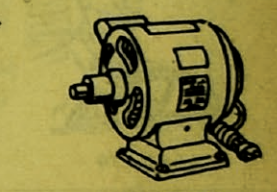
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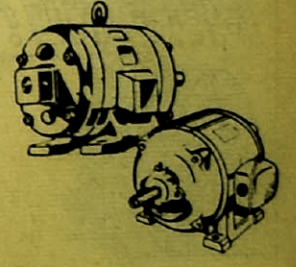
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M-62-149



M-62-153



M-56-187

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M-62-79



M-62-101



M-62-107

I've been waiting for a book of Mark  
Mortgage's stuff most of my adult life.

## A. PROCESSES INVOLVED IN HUMOR APPRECIATION

This section describes the processes and steps of the information-processing analysis of humor (see Figure 1).

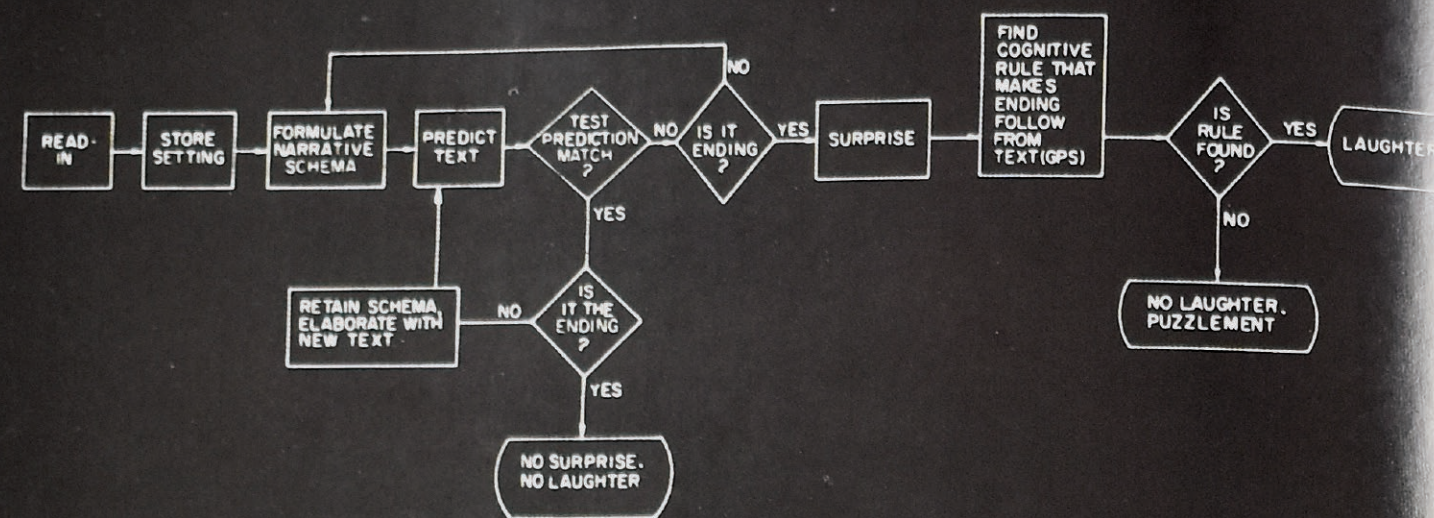


Figure 1. Humor-appreciation model.

### Stage 1

Processing begins with a read-in of the introduction of the joke or of the cartoon picture. Information is extracted from this initial input, and such components as setting and context are stored. This information is used to formulate a narrative schema which is used to predict forthcoming text. This prediction-making process is used in reading, listening, and other perceptual tasks. Kolars (1968) has



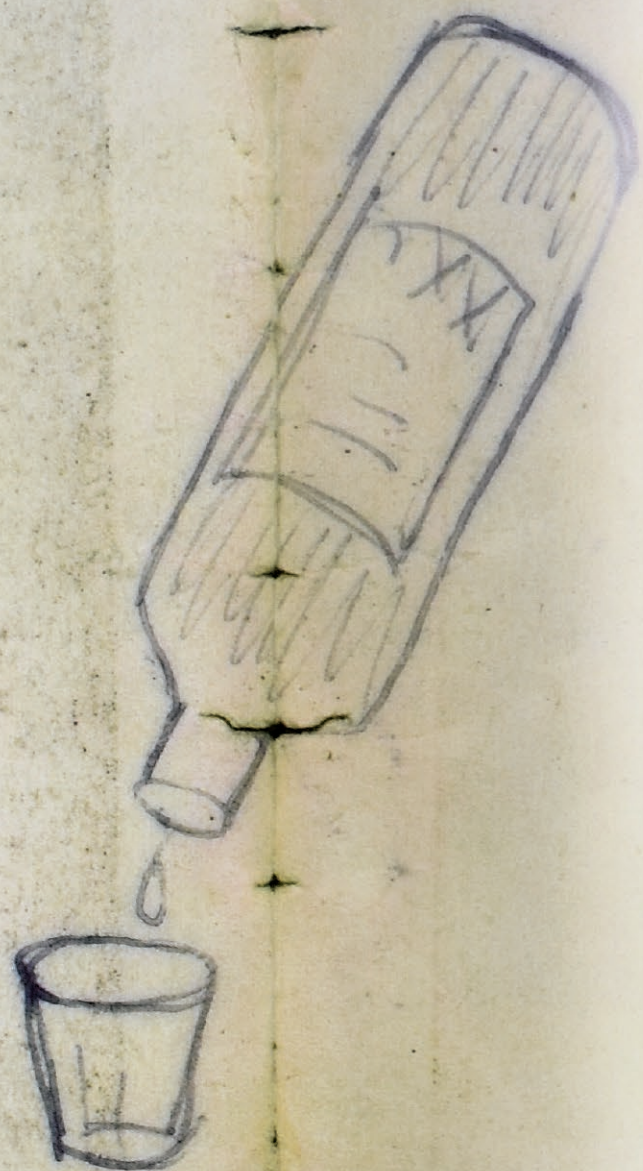
SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION  
OF THE INTERNATIONAL  
ST. JUNE 17-18-19 1935

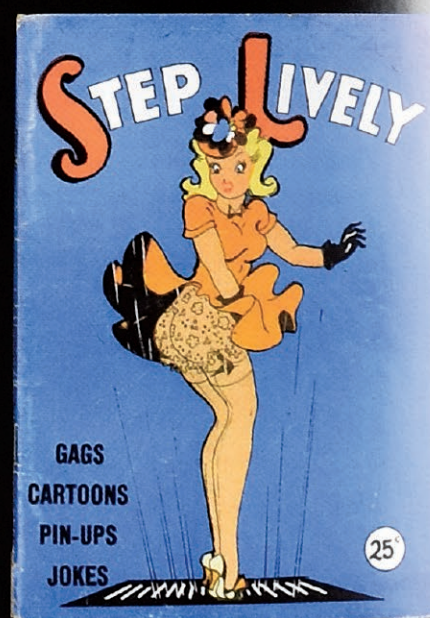
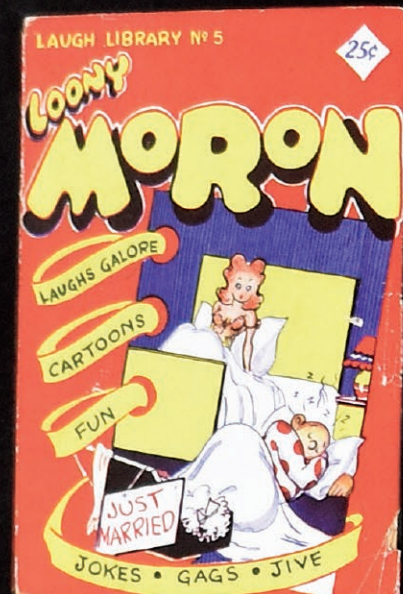
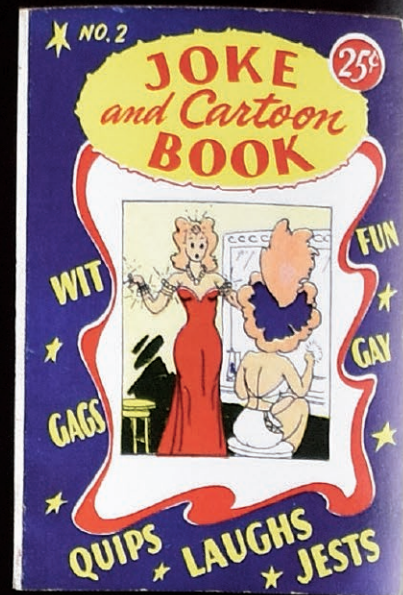


Photo by  
**UNDERWOOD**  
and  
**UNDERWOOD**

WORLD'S OLDEST MAN LEARNS ABOUT FUNNY PAPERS  
FROM FAMOUS CARTOONIST, HERSHFIELD  
NEW YORK.—PHOTO SHOWS: Harry Hershfield, noted  
cartoonist, teaching Zaro Agha, the 156-year-old  
Turk about comic supplements. Wonder if Zaro  
recognized any jokes from the time of his youth.  
183185 ZARO







# BROADWAY LAUGHS

JAN-FEB 207  
10th. YEAR

25c



*Green*

I've been waiting for a book of Mark Twain's stuff most of my adult life.



HOW TO  
HOUSEBREAK *your Dog*



HOW TO HOUSEBREAK *Your Dog*

HOW TO  
Housebreak **YOUR DOG**



HOW TO  
HOUSEBREAK *your Dog*

HOW TO HOUSEBREAK **YOUR DOG**



# COMIC CARTOONS

NEVER - ORIGINAL - FUNNY



## TAKE HOME A POCKET FULL OF LAUG

INSERT COIN IN EITHER SIDE  
PUSH SLIDE IN AND PULL OUT SLOWLY

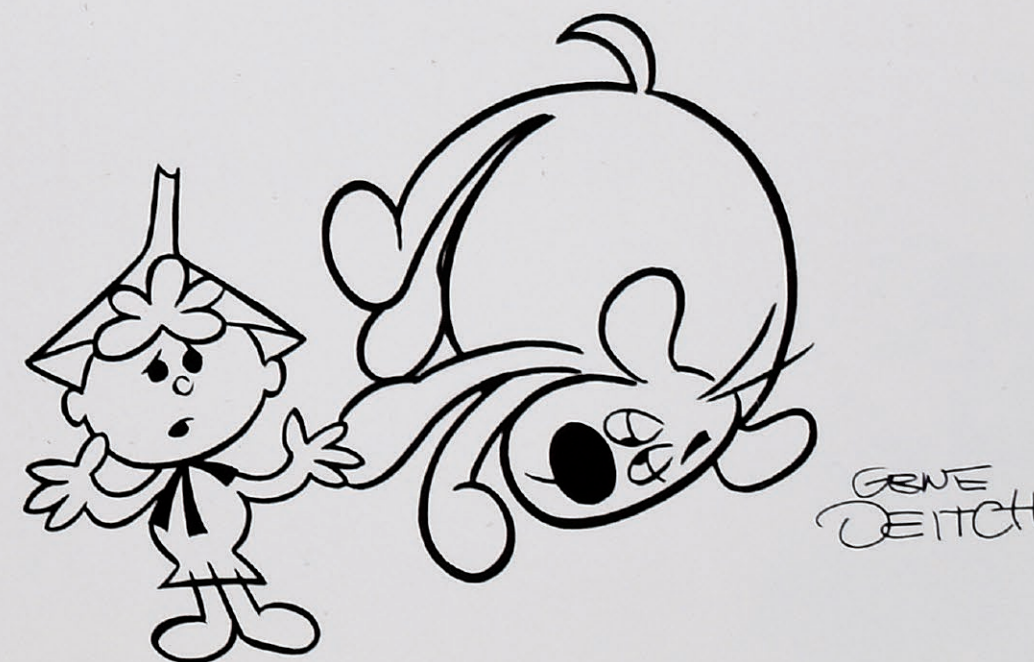
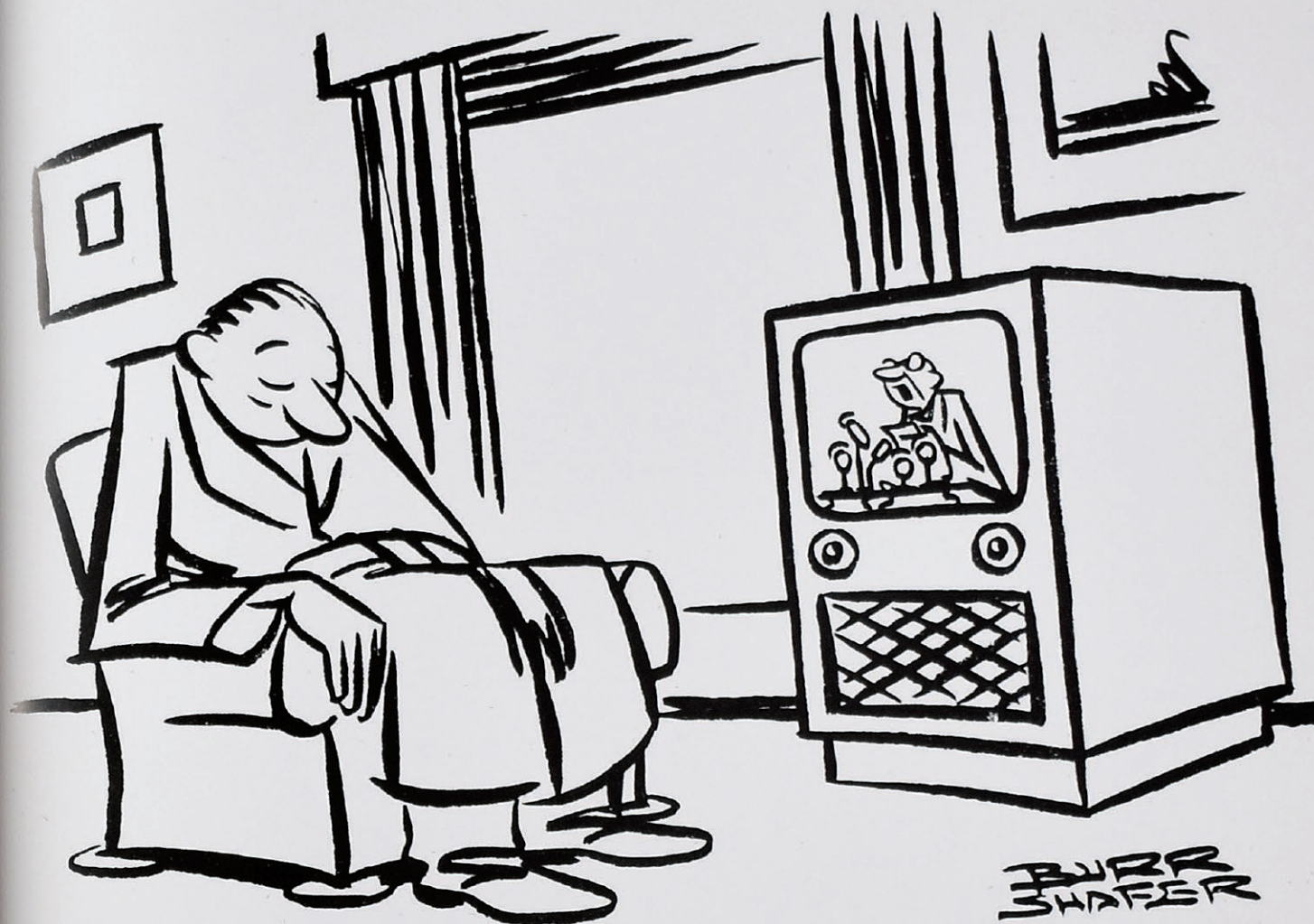
ART MAGAZINE

SNAPPY CARD-TOONS

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1228  
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

# The Best Jokes About Drunks

Edited by George Milburn





MINICK

I've been waiting for a book of Mark Newgard's stuff most of my adult life.

001

"GOOD-BY,  
CRUEL  
WORLD!"



**PLEASE CARE MORE  
FOR ME.**



# HAVE BONE



"I've been waiting for a book of Mark Hamill's stuff most of my adult life."

1001

## GARBAGE IN: THAT'S FUNNY?

A random miscellany of influences, preferences, prejudices, cherished objects, and tenuous connections

### 1. Crying Towels

Have you ever wept into a cartoon? Emerging in the culture roughly between the advent of the twelve-step program and the prescription psychoactive, crying towels impersonally commemorated life's most personal disasters. These ephemeral gag gifts were designed for the patently miserable in various professions and predicaments and awarded as a combination of cheap humor therapy and open ridicule.

### 2. Novelty Clown

First he's happy, then he's sad, then he's happy again. Great art imitates bad life. Lenticular vérité wall decor for the rumpus room of manic-depressives, this object is perhaps the quintessence of the mid-twentieth century broken-hearted humorist motif.

### 3. Funny Men

Traditional American humorists circa 1923.

### 4. Big-Nose Object # 1

Big noses are funny.

### 5. Big-Nose Object # 2

Big noses are funny.

### 6. Big-Nose Object # 3

Big noses are funny.

### 7. Big-Nose Object # 4

Big noses are not funny.

### 8. Show-Card Cartoon

Anonymous chucklebit circa 1950 created for purely aesthetic purposes and marketed to the proprietors of modest roadside rests as a little spot of light and color in their customers' daily grind. Why hasn't the responsible party been celebrated on a U.S. postage stamp yet?

### 9. Barroom Gag Plaques

Great paintings live on the walls of galleries; great gag cartoons live on barroom walls, or better yet, in the garbage, where I discovered this one.

### 10. Mill Gross (1895-1953)

Perhaps the most manic pen-and-ink practitioner of his day. Gross's impulsive slapstick scrawls, obsessive-compulsive screwballs, and cross-eyed plug-uglies remain wonderfully fresh, freakish, and genuinely funny after half a century. Cartoonist, columnist, commentator, dialectician, screenwriter, animator, Sunday painter, and master of nonsensical prose, Gross's gloriously eccentric drawings are, to me, at the heart of the impulse to cartoon.

### 11. Otto Messmer (1892-1983)

Otto Messmer was an animation pioneer and the long anonymous creator of Felix the Cat. Messmer clarified his graphic vocabulary down to stark, utilitarian, yet highly personal pictograms, fine-tuned to sell his inventive sight gags in the twinkling of a shutter blade. When I met the great man in 1980 we discussed drinking water, ballpoint pens, and New Jersey bus line schedules.

### 12. Retarded Felixes

When does a replicated cartoon character shed its prescribed identity and become some new, other cartoon character? How much inaccuracy is necessary? How fixed in our memory is the original? Here are some devotional recreations of a famous cartoon cat wrought by earnest, if inexpert, hands. If you called "Felix!" would any come?

### 13. Psycho-Ceramics

"I knew someday I'd crack up!" These candy-colored household bric-a-brac embody rarefied states of existential crisis and came complete with attached laff-riot captions. "My mind is made up—don't confuse me with the facts!" Manufactured in Japan for Kreiss & Company of California in the late 1950s, they were marketed as passive-aggressive mascots to a culture always on the lookout for a new cartoon character to hide behind. Suicide, self-mutilation, and psychic angst never looked so cute. "Smile, later today you won't feel like it!"

### 14. Professor Elefun

Another big-nose cartoon friend that scarred my sensitive childhood. This Big-Nose Man was the parental figure in the epic tragedy of Astro Boy, the American television incarnation of Osamu Tezuka's (1928-1989) *Tetsuwan Atom*. Freudian interpretation withheld.

### 15. Two Funny Men

Bob Elliot (b. 1922) and Ray Goulding (1922-1990), poet laureates of the achingly mundane, were a radio and television comedy team first popular in the 1950s. Their library of deadpan and deeply hilarious routines include the profoundly disconnected interview with a Komodo dragon authority, as well as public service announcements advocating the use of money in financial transactions.

### 16. Funny Writer

The finest-tuned ear of any writer of comic dialogue hung on the skull of one Paul Rhymer (1905-1964), who for decades created a daily fifteen-minute minimalist masterpiece for a radio soap opera called *Vic and Sade*. The show chronicles a small town clan with the surname "Gook" as they converse rhythmically and ceaselessly about nothing and everything. Not much is funnier.

### 17. Jean Shepherd (1921-1999)

The "James Joyce of the Airwaves," black humorist and great shaman of the global village, Shepherd was a singular voice in the electronic feedback loop of America from the 1950s to the '70s. Generations of his radio "night people" (like me) were infected with his euphoric first-person allegories and his impassioned, sardonic glorification of American popular culture.

### 18. Andy Kaufman (1949-1984??)

Back in the mid-1970s, standup shtick crashed head-on into hardcore Dada at 850 mph and the resulting accident scene continues to transfix pop cultural rubbernecks to this day. Somehow, as if by magic, the nation's broadcasting corporations repeatedly gave Kaufman air time to arbitrarily lip-sync to 45 rpm kiddy records, stare, weep, speak in tongues, read *The Great Gatsby* aloud, verbally abuse women wrestlers, boldly transform himself into Elvis Presley and various other alter egos, and in general revise our understanding of entertainment, humor, and reality itself. And yes, I think he's alive and living in Argentina.

### 19. X-Ray

Cartoons can hurt you. My mother pasted this into a grade school scrapbook back in the 1940s. After I discovered this image as a child I could never forget it, and now you can't either.

### 20. Doggonit and the "Snoz"

Our consumer culture locates its funny bone in these cheap disposable weapons of levity that depend on the ring of a cash register and reliable utility to trigger the calculated mirth. No one is immune from the well-armed humorist's snare; we are all potential victims of comedy.

### 21. Artist Business Card

My first business card was swiped from an Old Maid deck. Since I only had one copy I had to keep asking for it back. Conceptual art conceit or grossly incompetent networking strategy?

### 22. T. L. Shaw (dates unknown)

Why I didn't want to be a "fine artist" when I grew up. In a series of obscure 1950s publications with titles like *Precious Rubbish*, *Critical Quackery*, and *Don't Get Taught Art This Way*, conspiracy art theorist Theodore L. Shaw angrily ranted against the "humbuggery" of the art establishment and instead focused his aesthetic lens on cultural egalitarianism, common sense, optical perception, and the fragile human attention span. His works are dense with charts, graphs, and even gag cartoons delineating his fervent beliefs. So what if he was nuts?

### 23. Advertising Cartoon Characters

Cartoon character as capitalist tool. Character-less characters created by Industry in the millions, milked 'til dry, then remorselessly discarded. These ever-cheerful icons, robbed of all context, have become soulless American

Frankensteins, wandering the remote storage of our elapsed culture with nothing left to sell but their terrible perpetual smiles. I love them all, probably more than my next of kin.

### 24. Wesley Morse (1897-1963)

Wesley Morse was arguably the most widely published artist of the twentieth century, yet he remains virtually anonymous. His wax paper *Bazooka Joe and His Gang* comics wrapped billions of penny-bubble-gum slabs in scores of nations for decades. In a career path that seemed to simultaneously skirt both ubiquity and marginality, Morse's clientele also included the criminal underworld, for which he anonymously rendered a series of notorious under-the-counter hardcore sex comics dubbed "Tijuana Bibles." Some of his more salacious artwork also graced the decor of notorious New York City nightspots. His minimal calligraphic vocabulary was pure, rapid-fire, childlike cartoon poop, unrelenting in its eccentric individuality: arches, loops, squiggles, and brush plops threaten, as often as not, to unravel into pure abstract mark-making. Morse drew as if a gun was pointed at his head.

### 25. Phone-Book Art

Art Lover's Travel Tip: The great secret art galleries of America can be found in the Yellow Pages of any city directory. Next vacation, spend more time in your hotel room and let the curators of the world's great museums sweat.

### 26. Humor Theory

Never funny?

### 27. The Seventeenth Annual Optimist International Convention, 1935

They're all dead now.

### 28. The Audience

"World's oldest man learns about the funny papers from famous cartoonist, Hershfield." The caption tells us that the cartoonist is teaching the 156-year-old man, but I think Zoro Agha knows something Hershfield doesn't, and isn't talking.

### 29. A Secret Message

This pictogram was drawn by my great uncle Charles and kept as an heirloom example of the kind of talent that runs in my family's veins.

### 30. Gag Cartoon Magazines

Marginal publishing firms such as Humorama Inc. of New York (and its innumerable competitors) were a leading market for the hustling gag-peddler of the 1950s and '60s. These bottom-of-the-barrel pulp digests, which interspersed low-grade yokks with smudgy newsprint cheese-cake, were churned out in enormous quantity and serially devoured by the sad, the loveless, and the downright dull. Though the genre dates back to World War I, most were ultimately consigned to the dank barbershop basements and recycling harvests of America.



### 31. "How to Housebreak Your Dog"

I believe this was the first comic strip I ever saw. It was originally drawn by Ernie Bushmiller and privately published in the 1961 *Member's Annual* of the Dutch Treat Club, a New York stag organization for artists and media workers. Pirated and widely reincarnated as a joke-shop sign, picture postcard, wooden plaque souvenir of Martha's Vineyard, and God knows what else, this little comic strip made nearly all stops on the pop-culture underground railroad. My grandfather gave it to me in worst-generation mimeograph form after it was passed around his office at the B & O Railroad on Staten Island.

### 32. Gag-Cartoon Vending Machine

There was once a world so hungry for gag cartoons that they were actually individually vended in penny arcade machines for the laff-needy consumer on the go. Believe it or Not!

### 33. Joke Books

Read, laff, rinse, repeat. Joke books in their very auto-prescriptive conceit have always borne more than a passing resemblance in my eyes to pornography (and in fact some of the premier smut-mongers of the past century peddled cheap cartoon and joke books as a cover operation). I often wonder who bought them, but I think I know why.

### 34. Burr Shafer (1899–1965)

I beheld my first glimpse of the native North American big-nose gag cartoon via the work of Burr Shafer, whose *Through History* with J. Wesley Smith magazine series was reprinted in a cheap Scholastic Books edition. Far savvier than most of his marginal brethren, Shafer was a prosperous financier by day and only a big-nose practitioner after banking hours.

### 35. Tom Terrific

Infantile television fixation. Minimalist, sophisticated, and slyly funny, this unusually progressive children's television cartoon serial was created by Gene Deitch (b. 1924) in 1956 and rerun for some time on the *Captain Kangaroo* show, where I lapped it up like electronic mother's milk. It's one good reason why media baby food has remained such a staple in my generation's diet.

### 36. Fun-House Sign

We are commanded to "LAFF" in the authoritative manner of a "STOP," "EXIT," or "KEEP OUT" sign. And so, we LAFF. In better days this venerable example adorned the façade of an amusement park attraction known as "THE BUG HOUSE," period slang for "mental institution."

### 37. "GOOD•BY—CRUEL WORLD!"

The post-war American toilet humor/comic suicide theme blooms in full futile fragrance in this ubiquitous 1950s graphic. This anonymous message influenced a generation of humorists and suicides, one way or another.

### 38. "PLEASE CARE MORE FOR ME."

Another anonymous mass-market novelty with a private,

tragic subtext. This one was meant to be stuck onto a car window with a suction cup. What marketing savant, what great artist, what idiot knew the world needed thousands of these? Such is the job description of the novelty creator.

### 39. L. M. Glackens (1866–1933)

Journeyman cartoonist, illustrator, painter, and animator who found his true niche in rapidly illustrating the sundry practical jokes, tricks, and novelties manufactured by the S. S. Adams Company of Neptune, New Jersey. He drew everything from the Joy Buzzer to the Dribble Glass on thousands of tiny three-inch-square boards, in pen and ink. His cartoons visually define the cheap laff and have been in constant print since the 1910s, dotting the gag industry's packaging and catalogues with their anonymous but distinctively archaic charm.

### 40. Jim Tyer (1904–1976)

Beloved wild man of the animated cartoon industry, this cult animator supreme routinely distended, distorted, and deconstructed his characters to amuse himself and perplex his colleagues. His work is buoyant, kinetic, and viscerally exhilarating, and, like a miscast actor, often fundamentally out of whack with the sausage-link mentality of the genially bland Terrytoons studio that employed him during his most impulsive years.

### 41. Ernie Bushmiller (1905–1982)

Creator of the *Nancy* comic strip in 1938. The great quantum physicist of humor, and author of Bushmiller's Theorem, which postulates that the abstract graphic representation of the quasi-mathematical equation known as "gag structure" in and of itself simultaneously creates both the humor and the non-humor in any given gag. In that sense, Bushmiller's work helped blur the boundary between what's funny and what isn't funny in a uniquely formalist manner. His body of work may be the definitive encyclopedia of visual humor. He had enormous faith: Ernie Bushmiller *believed* in gags; his work insists on them—funny or not. In preaching gags and not necessarily humor, Bushmiller's work yielded something rare: a random, Zen-like vision which then perhaps becomes funny in other senses of the word.

### 42. Sandy Becker (1922–1996)

Q: Why would a man attire himself in a drum major's uniform, pith helmet, ostrich plume, and prescription eyeglasses with eight-inch-long lenses? Why would he prance about, leer, shriek, squeal, moan, and undulate to drummer Red Saunders's 1952 hit recording of "Hambone" in front of impressionable young children on a daily basis?  
A: Comic Genius.

My third parent (i.e. local TV kiddy-show host), George Sanford Becker aka Norton Nork, the Big Professor, Geeba Geeba, and Dr. Gensundheit, among many aliases, but most mind-bogglingly, Hambone. Becker, an Ernie Kovacs for the pre-K set, intuitively taught his young audience important early lessons on the joys of Dada, Surrealism, and improvisational comedy—not to mention imagination. —Mark Newgarden

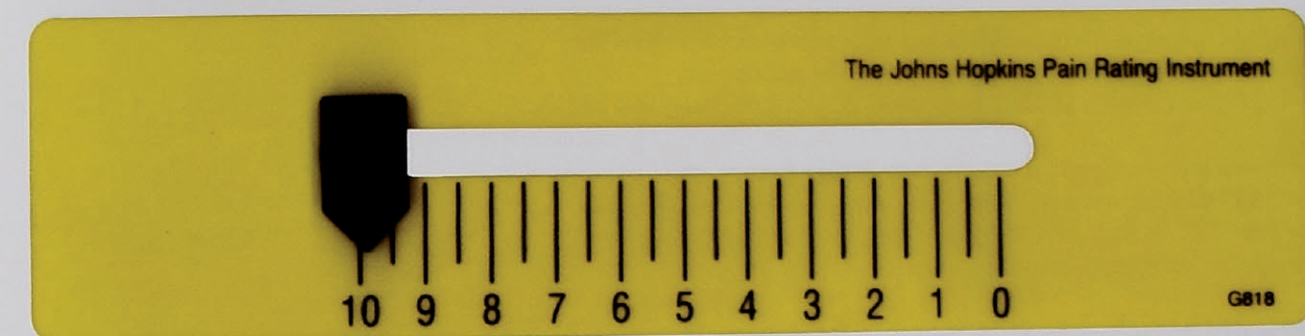
## Acknowledgments

This book is dedicated to the memory of Russell J. Reiley, the funniest guy on earth.

The author wishes to thank the following individuals for their encouragement, aid, friendship, and support for this work over the years: Jordan Bochanis, Drew Friedman, Jim Giordano, George Horner, Paul Karasik, David Konig, Kristine Larsen, Richard McGuire, William McGuire, the Newgarden clan, Paul Parducci, and Beth Pearson.

And for their help with this book, the author and editor thank: Megan Montague Cash, Brian Dewan, Chris Gross, Kaz, Judy Karasik, Ben Katchor, Maria Kozik, Stephen Kroninger, Sari Kutch, Gary Panter, Jonathon Rosen, Lane Smith, Chris Ware, and Nikki Zuber. And, of course, Gary Groth, Kim Thompson, and Eric Reynolds at Fantagraphics.

Lastly, the author is particularly indebted to the vigilance of Dan Nadel and Helene Silverman for moving this project from his mental out-box and into the world.



Editor: Dan Nadel  
Designer: Helene Silverman  
Copy Editor: Anne Newgarden  
Typist: David Marc Fischer  
Production Intern: Brett Von Schlosser  
Photographer: Kristine Larsen

Promotion: Eric Reynolds  
Gary Groth and Kim Thompson, Publishers

Fantagraphics Books  
7563 Lake City Way NE  
Seattle, WA 98115

Some of the material in this collection originally appeared in *RAW*, the *New York Press*, the *National Lampoon*, *Bad News*, *Zero Zero*, *Snake Eyes*, and other publications. All material herein is © 2005 Mark Newgarden, except: "Funny/Not Funny," © 2005 Dan Nadel; Barfo, *Bazooka Joe and His Gang*, Garbage Pail Kids, Pluggo, Pow!, Toxic High, Wacky Packages © 2005 The Topps Company; Felix the Cat © 2005 Felix the Cat Productions; *Nancy* © 2005 United Feature Syndicate; Professor Elefun © 2005 Tezuka Productions; Tom Terrific © Viacom; and all other material serving to illustrate the "Garbage In" section (p. 168-219), which is either © its respective owners/creators or public domain.

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Distributed in the U.S. by W. W. Norton and Company, Inc. (212-354-5500).

Distributed in Canada by Raincoast Books (800-663-5714).

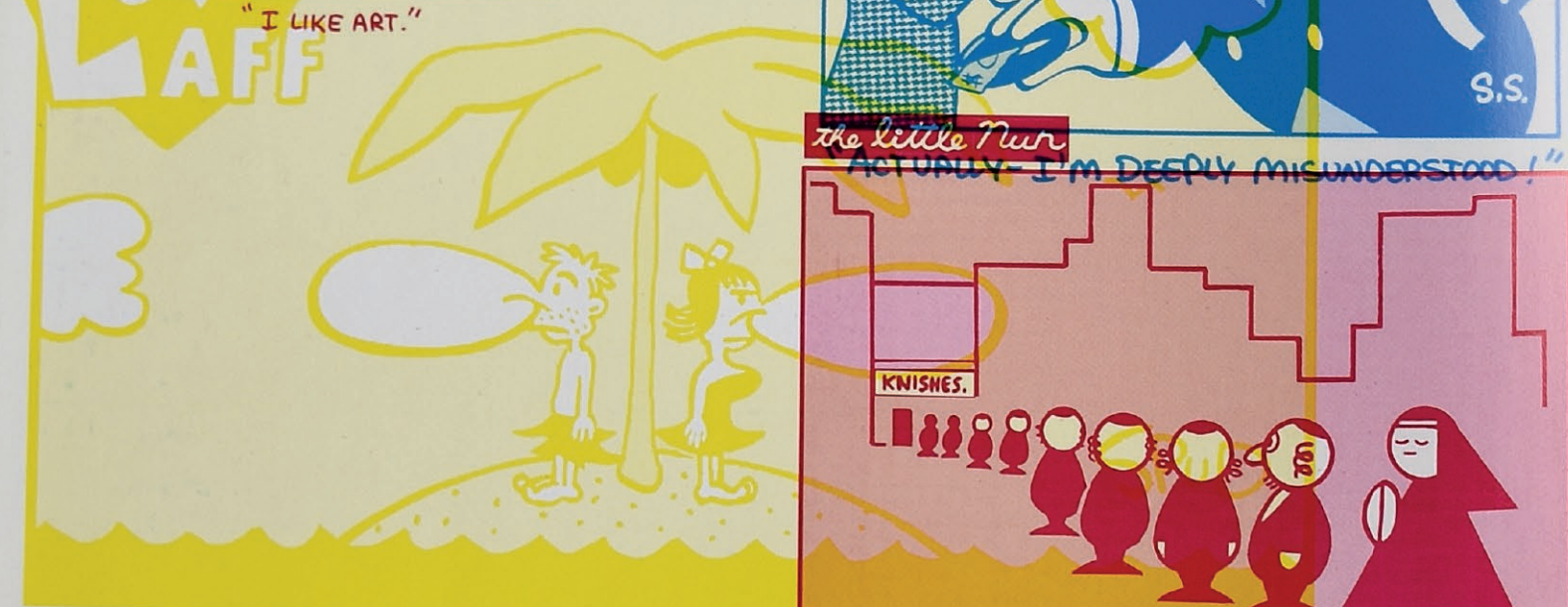
Distributed in the United Kingdom by Turnaround Distribution (208-829-3009).

First Fantagraphics Books edition: September, 2005.

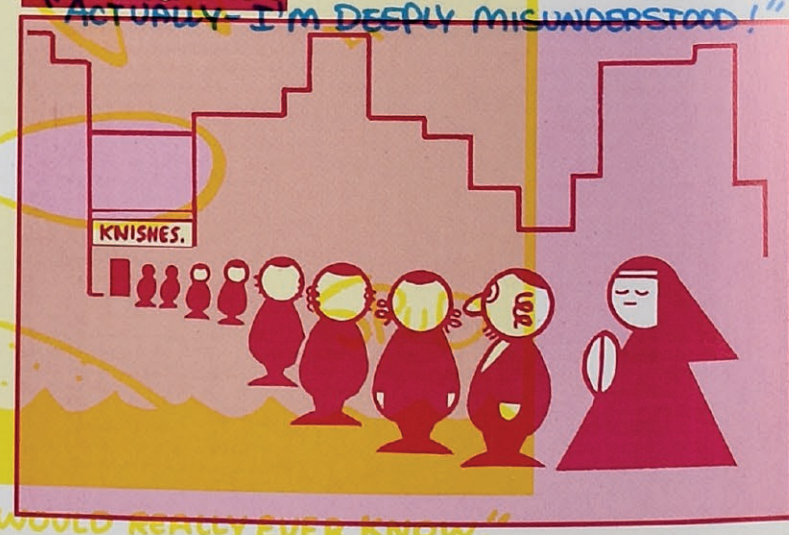
ISBN: 1-56097-661-6

Printed in China

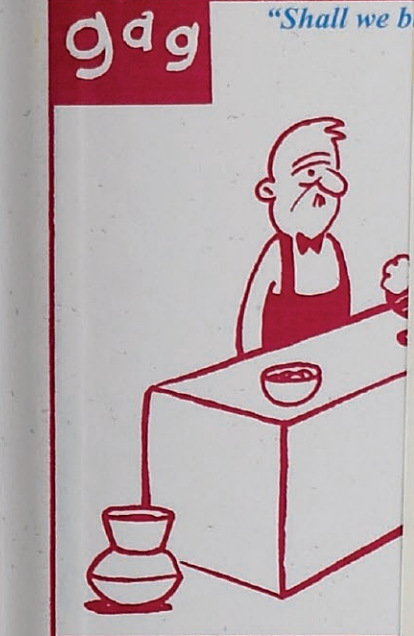
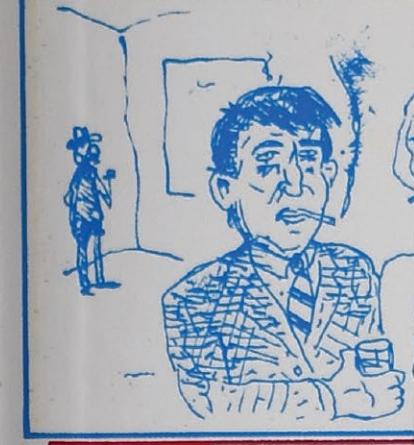




"IF I KILLED YOU NOW NO ONE EXCEPT GOD WOULD REALLY EVER KNOW."



Our Type.

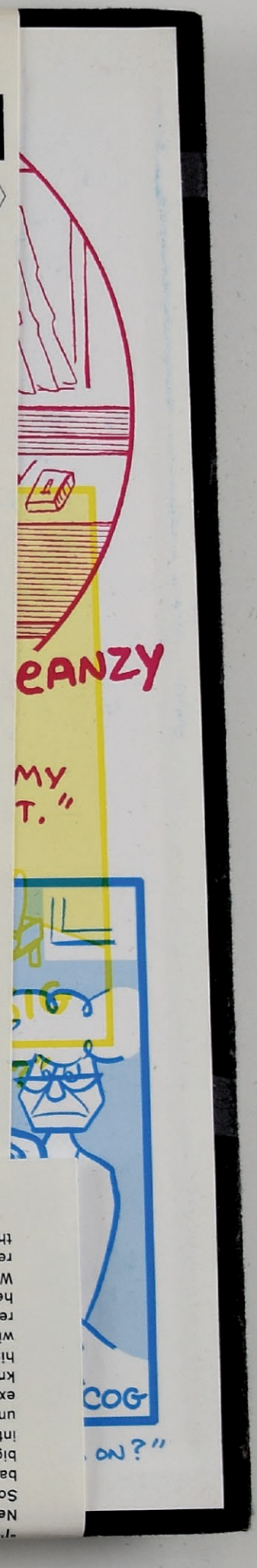


WE ALL Die ALONE  
 "for you!"

"I am a great fan of Mark Newgardens and now largely bankrupt, tradition." - Ben Katchor  
 "I'm a fan of Mark Newgardens." - Matt Greening  
 "I've been waiting for a book of Mark Newgardens' stuff most of my adult life. Somehow, he managed to retol the basic external elements of cartooning - big noses, panel gags, punch lines - into a sophisticated inner language of uncomfortable familiarity self-mocking existential despair. Most everybody knows that 'funny' is really 'miserly', but his stuff gets as close to misery as it can without quite ever touching off the chain reaction that'll make you want to cut your head off - all the while staying hilarious. We youngsters' should be paying him reparations for stealing from him for all these years." - Chris Ware  
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GAGTIME

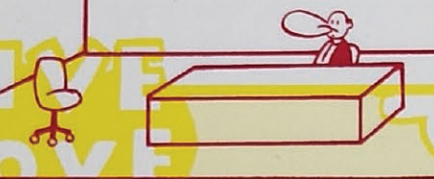
LARK IT UP



These businessmen!!

CHUCK PAL

"THERE GOES HELEN."



"I LIKE ART."

LIVE LOVE LAFF



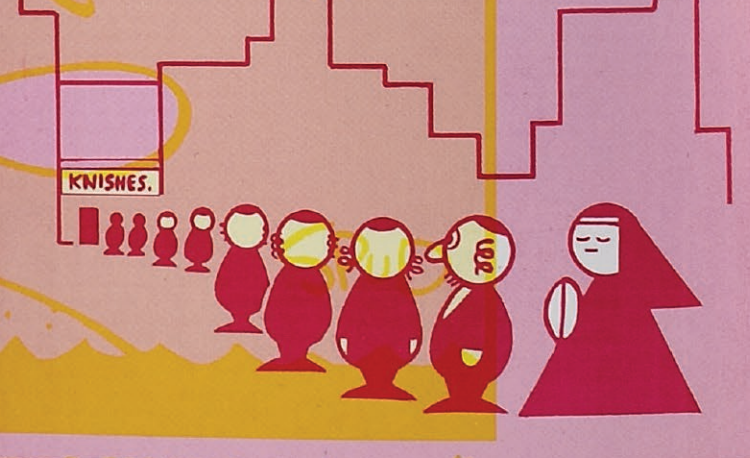
LIFE OF THE PARTY!

"ME? - I'M VERY, VERY POOR."



S.S.

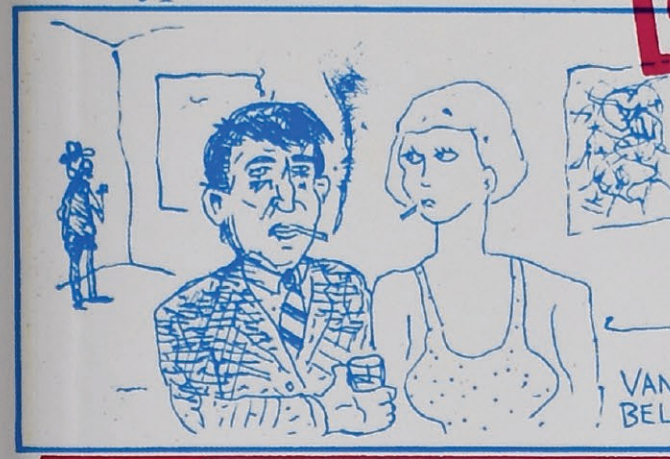
the little Nurr  
ACTUALLY I'M DEEPLY MISUNDERSTOOD!



KNISHES.

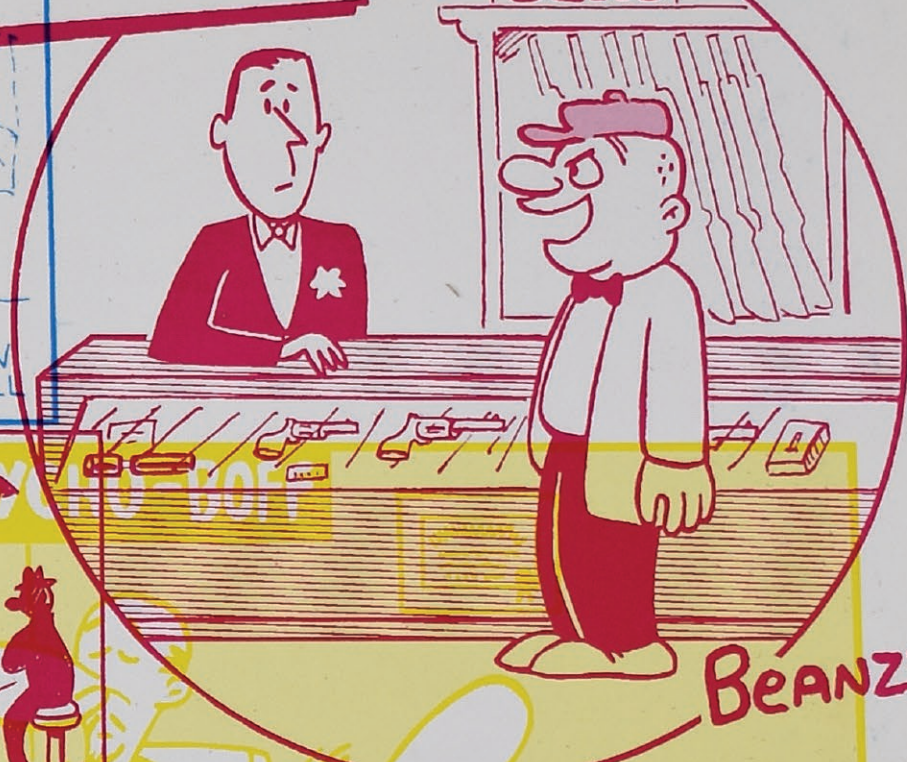
"IF I KILLED YOU NOW NO ONE EXCEPT GOD WOULD REALLY EVER KNOW."

Our Type.



MONKEYSHINES

GUNS



BEANZY

gag

"Shall we buy him?"



Show and Tell

Pookie

"I'M THE NEW ALCOHOLIC IN TOWN."

OH STOP



WHY DON'T YOU WANT ME, TOO, MY?

"THE ONE QUALITY I LOOK FOR IN A WOMAN IS A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR."  
"COULD YOU DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS WITHOUT YOUR CLOTHES ON?"

COG

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*We All Die Alone* is the first collection of work by acclaimed cartoonist and Garbage Pail Kids co-creator Mark Newgarden. It gathers over twenty years of his eclectic output, encompassing his tenure at the celebrated anthology *RAW* as well as his cult-classic syndicated feature, *Mark Newgarden*, and all points in between. The man behind numerous comics, gags, gimmicks and other pop-cultural delights for everyone from the *New York Times* to The Cartoon Network, Newgarden has spent nearly three decades practicing his laff-inducing craft. His most recent book is *Cheap Laughs: The Art of the Novelty Item*. Mark lives with illustrator Megan Montague Cash in a former funeral parlor in Brooklyn, New York.

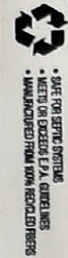
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SEATTLE, WA  
USA 98115



ISBN 1-5697-663-6  
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EDITED AND WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION  
BY DAN WADZEL  
COVER DESIGN  
BY HELENE SILVERMAN  
\$28.95  
46=0

