

(IM)Mature
Readers
only!

SEX + NUN = FUN

- * New Comix!
- * op-editorials
- * Mostly-Naked Men

Arghhhh!

I
02-00

C
02-00-X

PUNK He Craves

Inside: A Bonus Section So Hot,
They Made Us Seal It

(FREE!)

U
nderground

ZINE



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CD Sampler

- Arranged by Slade Nevin @ Captain Crook Records

- Featuring: Moony Monrow, Zane Solberg, The MRKs, Jon E. Smokes, Krazy Kizai, Slade and the Big Nothing, Simon Woulfe, Freshman Year, Won't You Be My Neighbor, Clyde Webb and Burnt Wood

If you are an artist, band, creative designer, organizer of an event, interested in having an op-ed section or are a creator of any kind, drop us a message at [Idaho Comix Magazine @ live.com](mailto:IdahoComixMagazine@live.com).



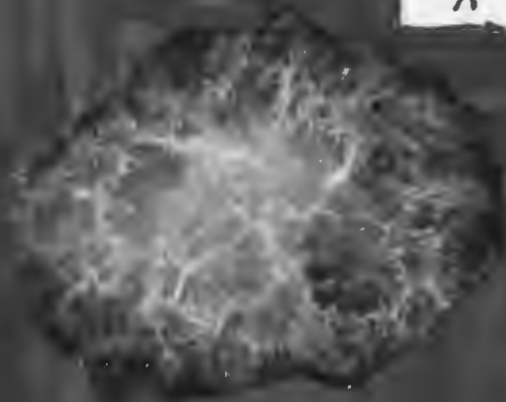




"Nice shot Mabel" "Thanks Dearie. Now walk me 'cross the street."

☆ * ☆ ☆ *

"Nice shot Mabel"



I'll just start on the intro....






Life Viewed through Panels

When the word 'comic-book' wanders into the consciousness of most people, a common image forms in their minds. A muscular man, or woman, in spandex and a cape looks down upon a city in need, he, or she, is ever watchful, vigilant. It swoops, or flies depending on the 'realism' involved, and lands on the pavement besides a building where a robbery is taking place. The common crooks are holding a cashier at gun point, or lugging TVs from an appliance store. The masked figure says something witty or authoritative: "You picked the wrong night" or "Isn't it past your bedtime?" suffice. These delinquents, ignoring all indicators that they should not physically engage the hero, do. They are beaten up (sometimes they run away first) and get wrapped in a nice package for the police. This cops and robbers shtick is repetitive however so sometimes the 'bad guys' are extra crazy or a little more muscular than the hero. But always, the caped figure prevails to defend an honorable state of mind or whatever.

While this style of comic, the super-hero comic, is just as popular as it was in the golden age, with various Hollywood incarnations keeping them alive, the medium has much evolved since then. It's demographic is no longer hoards of youth with ten cents in their pockets. No, comic books are now a fully fledged medium. An endless possibility of combinations of art and writing styles make it, quite possibly, the most malleable print outlet. This is now a world where a comic has won a Pulitzer Prize, Where comic s are not uncommon to see on the bookshelves of adults as well as children, with content written respectively for each.

The comic is my muse. My history and my plans are entangled in its ink and pulp paper pages. I still revel in that anticipation when a new issue or graphic novel comes out. It is my passion, hobby, life

blood, obsession, you can call it what you will. This deep-set interest, however, could've never come about at all. A toddler's first kick at a soccer ball can fund a life-long pursuit of the sport, but if the soccer ball was never there than a different goal could've taken its place. Our interests, our goals and our dreams, what we treasure and what we adamantly spread the word about, they are all shaped by landmarks in our life. Little photographs kept in our heads that remind us of how we got to be so keenly focused on certain things. Though my memories aren't really captured in Polaroid at all, rather, a sequence of arranged rectangles with their content inside them.... little panels on a page.

There are certain textures that a person's hands get used to when they are at their hobby. For some it's the metallic grating of a guitar string against the tips of their fingers, causing hardened calluses. For others it is the way that a pen rests right between the first and second joints of the index finger; how the wrist starts to ache the more one writes. For me, the feeling of thumb against inked paper is where I feel the most comfortable. It is rather ridiculous how imagery can be conveyed in little black smears. If one thinks about it that is all that letters and illustrations on a piece of paper are. But, somehow, emotion can be conveyed in the way the smears are aligned, whether it be through arrangement of letters into sentences, or how a sharp pen can try to imitate how we see the world. The comic book manages to combine both of these aspects of black smudges, through representation of what we see in these smears, and the letters that form dialogue so that we may try to hear through text.

Comic books left more than just a visual imprint on me when I first started getting interested in them. The amount of ink that is poured into a piece of paper can sometimes prove more than the page can hold, leaving shades of black and grey on a person's thumbs the more a comic is read. I learned fairly easy to tell just how intense the reading matter was by how dirty with ink someone's fingers were. For instance, the more action packed, and questionable, the literature was, the blacker the person's digits would be. Whether it is from how fast the person was flipping through the book or from how

much ink was being splashed on the comic page to signify movement and gore. While the age of print is slowly fading away, I have an immense sentimental attachment to it. You learn to appreciate ink, because without it what would be the worth of a page? It would be nothing but a piece of a tree, with no structural purpose, there would be no novels, or essays, or journals, or comic books. I think society would have much to lose if the idea to put color to paper was gone. I for one can only imagine what my life would be like with no ink lining on my thumbs.

In the first few years that I had learned to read, comics weren't a large presence in my life. While I had an issue of Spiderman, it was overshadowed by the immense amounts of children's literature I had available to me. My father was an English teacher and from my incubation period until I was five he would read to me. Almost every night at bedtime he would sample from books like *The Wind in the Willows*, *A Wrinkle in Time*, *House on Pooh Corner*, and, once it started picking up, the *Harry Potter* series. So it was no surprise that at four when I learned to read on my own I tried to digest every book within arm's reach. So while I spent hours gazing at the many books I owned, that lonely issue of Spiderman sat alone, in the corner, collecting dust.

My mother tells me to hold onto her hand while we cross the street. She tells me to be on my best behavior as we enter the small store. Troy, Idaho, was a very small town and the store front reflected that. I do not remember what my mom had come for, but it didn't matter, as I began to wander towards the focus of my attention. In the corner of the store was a small children's section, full of one dollar plastic bootlegs. Animals that couldn't move permanently confined to their rigid forms, ninjas that looked suspiciously like Power Rangers with replaced heads, as well as other toys guaranteed to break within the first two uses that lined the rack. These knick-knacks were unordinary and I knew the childhood code of moochery well. If I was to ask my mom for anything it had better be: under five dollars, edible, or something so cool that I simply could not function without it. I was running out of

time, if something worth whining for was to be found, it had to be found soon. Surely enough she popped her head into the aisle.

“Derek, I’ve gotten what I’ve come for, I’m going to leave soon.”

Accompanying this statement was a look. This look was a contract establishing that if I did not hurry up I would be a very sorry child. I started to walk away from any hope of a new distraction, when it caught my eye, a two for one package of comics. I approached her with my best baby face and asked for them. She said yes.

As we neared home, an anticipation began to bubble inside me. What titles were they? I hoped it was Batman or maybe another Spiderman. The arrival of the driving way into my view interrupted my speculation. I started jerking at the door handle ready to be let out. My parents always had the child locks on, a firm reminder that they did not trust me in any form unless I was immobile. The car door was finally opened and out I went, through the house door, and past the kitchen, stumbling over my shoe laces and sliding into base, clutching my new treasure as I fell into my room. It’s amazing how the excitement a child feels towards a new toy or comic can be squelched by the tight plastic packaging it comes in. After walking solemnly to ask my dad to cut open the package, I pulled out my two comics.

I had never heard of Ravage 2099 or The Futurians before. I took them into my room with a confused and slightly disappointed expression on my face to mull over them. Much like their names, they were not what I expected them to be. Instead of steaming piles of ka-ka, any other obscenity used in the house would be greeted by my mom’s death glare, they were eye opening. Dave Cockrum’s The Futurians was grittier than anything I read to that point. Post-apocalyptic setting, man eating mosquito-worm monsters, religious extremist KKK look-a-likes in purple robes, my eyes were wide and attentive trying to process it all. In one particularly memorable scene the leader of the extremists gets punched in the nose by one of the heroes. It snaps, his hood gets knocked off, and he yells muffled slurs while blood

pours down his face. Ravage was a world where polluters met the death penalty, but it was much more pc. I had never seen anything like them. This exposure to adult uber-violence felt like I was being let into the big-boys club. The prodigal seed had been sewn.

Much later in my pre-teen years, we had since moved to Meridian. My mom had begun to work in the Karcher Mall in Nampa, which had, despite the new chains renting lots, had been suffering. The second floor was abandoned and obsolete, like a dead body that was being carried by what businesses were still around. She was the manager of the Bath and Bodyworks. A bad case of food poisoning from the Mexican restaurant mixed with internal pressure from her job and juggling three children, soon to be four, with my equally stressed dad kept her in a permanent state of anxiety. We were walking the mall waiting to be picked up.

“Mexican Sounds really good”

“I’m not too keen on it anymore. They’re closing the place down anyways.”

“Did other people get sick too?”

“I don’t know, Derek. Probably was suffering with money for a while.”

I approached a metal handicapped rail, eager to slide down it when I glanced inside a SunCoast store with a Dragon Ball Z poster inside. DBZ was one of my favorite shows growing up. In the same out-of-control violent way the Futurians had demanded my attention, so did that show, but it had since grown into obscurity. I hopped off the rail.

“Is it alright if I check out that store real quick?”

She looked at her thin watch, “We’ll have about five minutes.”

The stand didn't hold videos or merchandise from the show, but a rather thick magazine instead: *Shonen Jump: The World's Greatest Manga!*, or so the title read. I flipped through the pages. In contrast to the semi-plastic and colored pages of American comics the pages of the magazine's were black and white ink on paper. It was filled with Saturday cartoon staples: Yu-gi-oh, Shaman King, One Piece, it was immediately accessible, but at the same time not*. The fact that it was five dollars for three-hundred pages, while American comics were three dollars for thirty two, made it a great deal. My mother saw the price and saw my interest and helped me buy it.

After a while though, manga stopped having the same effect on me. Between discovering that magazine and the start of High School, I had bought a few issues of American Comics and had acquired a few graphic novels, but manga was still what I was most interested in. Almost out of the blue, or specifically with the arrival of Naruto, there was a social boom when it came to Japanese culture. It had not become anywhere near the mainstream, but small clicks of obsessed fans became prominent in the halls. The obsession they all shared seemed too extensive. Regardless of how badly written or poorly drawn** the comics where the ate it up. I found myself so put off with how intense their love for the comics where, I was put off by what I used to enjoy. I didn't even care to distinguish between good and bad Japanese comics anymore. Almost as easy as I let them come into my priorities, I let them go.

*

After a bad experience with Marijuana, my parents decided it was best to take my schooling to my dad's work, Payette High School. Eventually, after the divorce, my Dad and I moved there, and I formed what would become a yearlong relationship with a senior at the School. Around the half point of the relationship, a comic book and video game shop opened up in the Downtown area. Prime Games quickly became a regularly visited destination for me and I soon started subscribing to limited series of American Comics. My interest had restarted. In an attempt to get my girlfriend into comics with me, I

would take her there with me. This usually resulted in her waiting impatiently for around an hour while I leafed through the dollar bin. After enough visits I finally gave her a small stack of my comics in an attempt to convert her. She grew an affection towards a Batman series: *Legends of the Dark Knight*. And we became regular visitors.

That was over two years ago today. We split once she left to college; the comic shop is gone as well. But in that two years I have experienced a revival of sorts. I've been scribbling it down in composition notebooks for two years now, usually about characters' dispositions or plot lines that I would like to follow. When a writer creates in this way, he makes his own world-- a place of set rules, of constants, a fictional universe. It is easy to get too lost in these pseudo-worlds, and by doing so lose focus.

When I start trying to create in the world of fiction, I immediately, and unconsciously, create a setting and group of characters that have some sense of realism to them, even if it's only a fraction. When an audience observes a form of media, they always look for similarities between their scenarios and personality, and thankfully, the creators of any media always inject aspects of their daily lives into their works. However, when I write, I make sure to note just how much experience I put into the book, so I can make sure that the tone of my work stays consistent. I often enjoy a high level of romantic realism in my reading; therefore I try to invoke that in my writing, and I feel that keeps my stories effectively grounded. Making the reader able to visualize the story in their day to day existence will help make what I write more effective, I feel.

I also make note that it is important to create characters that I feel like I could interact with if they existed or, more specifically, characters that have depth and well roundedness to them. No one wants to read a story in which the character has only two reactions to an event, nor do they want to read about a character that has absolutely no history to them. To make a metaphor, if tone and setting

are the skeletal system to a novel, then characterization would be the fleshy pulp, the heart, and the core. If the setting is fantastical and not deep-seated in reality, a non-fantastical and believable character will help balance it out. Even when I have no similarities to the main character, I, as well as many other people, think that the character resembles me slightly if his actions and behaviors are understandable.

I am obviously biased to the portrayal of reality, and naturally my writing style will reflect that, but I am still figuring things out. I know, however, that the utilization of certain formulas and patterns that writers use will help allow me to reach an audience and, in turn, make me a better writer.

*

It is the end of the second quarter of eighth grade in middle school. He stands at the entrance of the local comic store in Post Falls. In his pocket are a collection of bills that he earned through doing menial chore work and rewards for grades, mostly "A"s. This place is his Mecca, where he makes his journey to worship at the feet of Bendis, Millar, and Brubaker, among many others. He looks at the title above the door, 'Lightning Comics', and he enters. Immediately, he feels at home. He looks at the comics in the stands, and he starts to see in ink and foil. He takes a deep breath in, and he can smell the worn paper from the 50 cent bin. He stops to listen, and he can hear others talking of histories and names that only his people could understand. His hands touch the cold glass on the display at the front of the store, where they keep the golden and silver age merchandise.

Comics, he concluded a long time ago, are like fine wine: the older they are, the more nostalgic they are, the more worth they have, the more one has a sense of pride and satisfaction. A few months ago he had bought a Spiderman comic with the first appearance of Venom. It cost a hundred dollars, but it was well worth it to see the look of envy on his older brother's face. They only saw each other on holidays, since their parents lived in separate cities. They shared a five year age difference but it was

through his older brother that Teren learned the tricks of the trade and an appreciation of the art. It was always certain that whenever they were together, that their common jargon would always be spoken. The three-hundredth issue of *Spider-man* had been a great investment for him, but it couldn't catch his eye the way the store's copy of the first *Fantastic Four* could. It was ungodly expensive and just a pipe dream, but that wouldn't stop him from looking up in admiration. He could always dream.

When he decided to go home, he took out the new releases from the plastic bag, savoring that snap that would come from opening their plastic bindings. Ravenously, he scarfed down the writings observing every panel, every artistic nuance that came from the illustrators work. And like always, following a pattern that was stitched into him, he would call up his older brother right after, saying, "Hey, Derek, guess what I got today?"

My brother quickly became influenced by my interest in comic books during the period that he lived with my Dad and I, the same time period that Prime Games existed in Payette. I am still surprised by just how much that hobby has influenced him. Often he will text or call me up to tell me what he bought in the Comic Book store in the town he lives in now. It's always fun to debate with him which character is better than this one or what movie will be good or not. But in his interest he has a great luxury that I didn't have growing up that I envy him for. When I was growing up it was not a hip or even acceptable thing to be into as it is now. Go into a comic store anytime of the day now and you'll see 'cool' kids working the registers or browsing. The revival of literary appreciation for the graphic novel, through titles like *Watchmen*, coupled with huge box office reliance on Superhero Movies has helped that. Teren has the ability to read a comic book in public without facing scrutiny or bullying, I love that he can. I love that he can talk about it with other kids in his class and not be labeled with some of the titles I received.

*Japanese comics, manga, are very formidable if the reader cannot adjust to the learning curve.

Originally the comics would be translated and then formatted into traditional English format (8" by 11", left to right). Using this process however, publishers quickly found that this created not only a distorted effect, but also led to loss in translation due to mirroring. This would make a T-shirt, an example used often, reading "Dan" instead be "naD". While this is an innocent example it is very harmful when a symbol used in the Shinto religion appears to be a swastika. Publishers then decided to keep it in its original format, smaller digests that read backwards to us.

**In Japan, Manga makes up 40 percent of all printed media. However, not all of them are the boyish smash-em-ups that make it to America. In fact the most popular comics over there are often about ordinary and day-to-day events. Most of the manga that made it to the U.S. was obscure and unpopular material in their homeland, and often, not very well done. The same happened vice-versa with American comics. This created a misinterpretation by American fans that the material they were reading was well received in the country it came from. It often was not.



Penelope For Your Thoughts.

	
Man trying to hide a mouthful of crack cocaine was captured by police after blowing a DUI checkpoint. He is now in jail awaiting trial.	Where the phrase "a mouthful of crack" takes on a whole new and, might I add, cathartic meaning.

(Note: Whenever you see me start talking like this, that means that I am either making a point not related to the subject or I'm being sarcastic, or both.)

When I say Green Lantern...

Who do you think of? Hal Jordan most likely since he has been the mainstay since the 60's. With last year's movie and current TV show He has come back into prominence. John Stewart to those that liked the Justice League Cartoon show some ten years ago. The comic book even earlier had him as the only GL trying to hold everything together. Boy, was he ever the horn dog. Getting Katma-Tui, Hawk Girl, and Donna Troi (Okay, everybody got Donna Troy.) Guy Gardner? He was the one they went to in Batman Brave and the Bold. He was best known for using Sinestro's yellow power ring. Poor Kyle Rayner, since getting that ring it has been one tragedy after another.

There's lots of other Green Lanterns I could name, but I won't. Instead I will skip ahead to the one that doesn't come to my mind: Alan Scott. I've seen him in a few comics, maybe a quick guest shot on a TV show, but that's about it. This is the big hero DC decided to make gay? One from the 1940's? Not even in the main universe. An alternate Earth in an

alternate timeline. Both Marvel and DC have done these relaunches several times. Most of the time they are quietly retconned out of existence.

I think DC could have made a better choice. Kyle trying to find the love of his life that won't get stuffed into a refrigerator. John's womanizing or Guy's bad attitude used as disguises for their repressed feelings. Hal's been just about everything else.

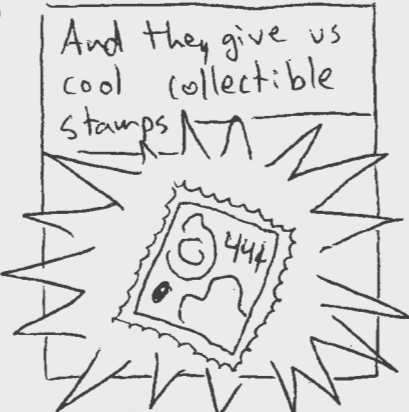
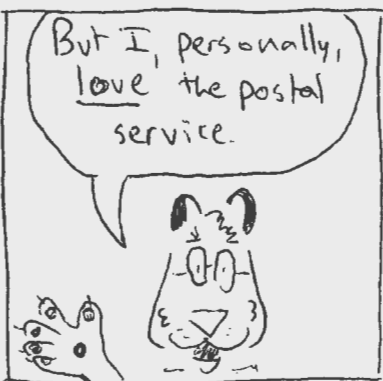
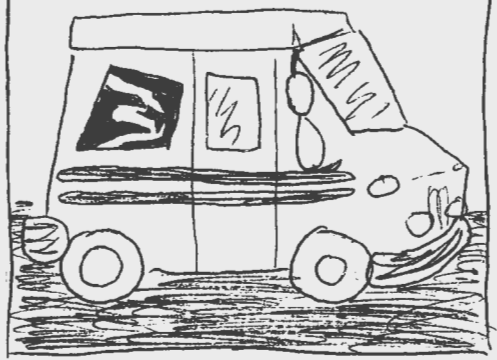
I must say, give them credit. When I heard that DC was making one of its major heroes gay, I was genuinely concerned it would be Batman. Why? I'm sick and tired of those Batman and Robin jokes I've heard all my life and don't want to hear them again.



A Love Letter to Mail Carriers

-Pete Rude

I feel like a lot of people complain about the United States Postal Service



I remember, as young as early elementary school, I was sending letters across the country to friends.

I can't believe she lives in New Mexico! Good thing the postal service is so cool!



It takes a lot to beat a good hand-written letter.



In his "Break Up Song," Adham Roland sings:

I got your letter on that bees wax paper... couldn't feel a m---f---ing thing... except maybe it could've been much longer, and I wonder how long your letter was to him



viotfolk.org/?m=adhamroland

And it's so real, it's so heart-breaking. Not much is as powerful as an old-fashioned letter.



And it was at the Post Office that I got my passport...



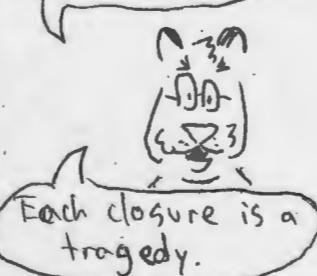
...without which I wouldn't have been able to go to the Toronto Comic Arts Festival this last May.



I love the Postal Service, and I'm so grateful for all they do.

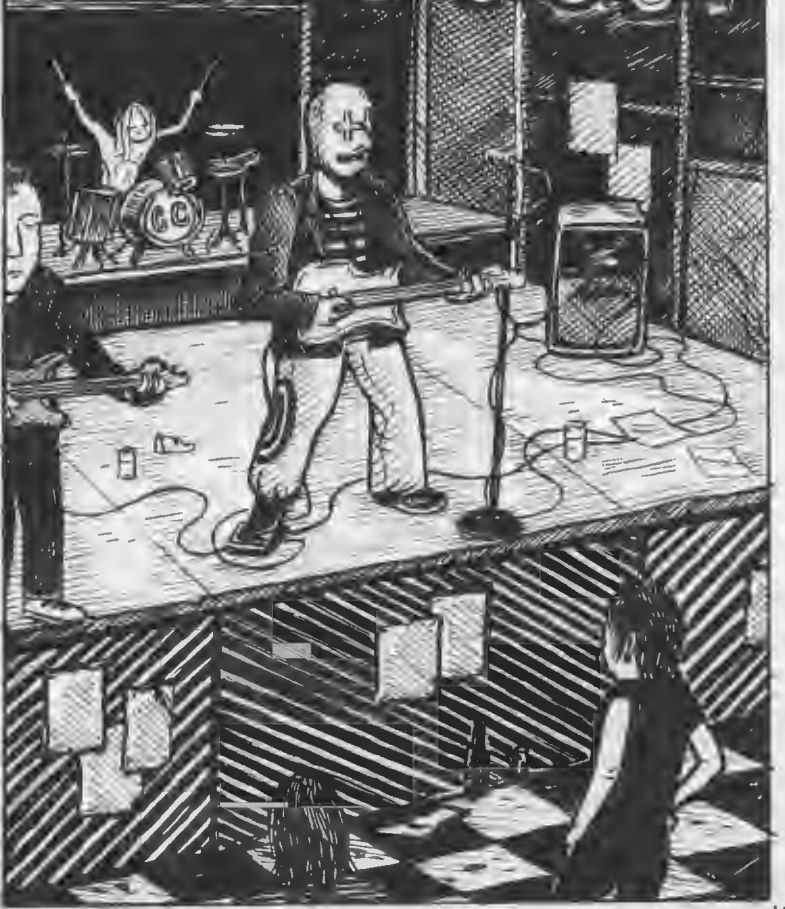
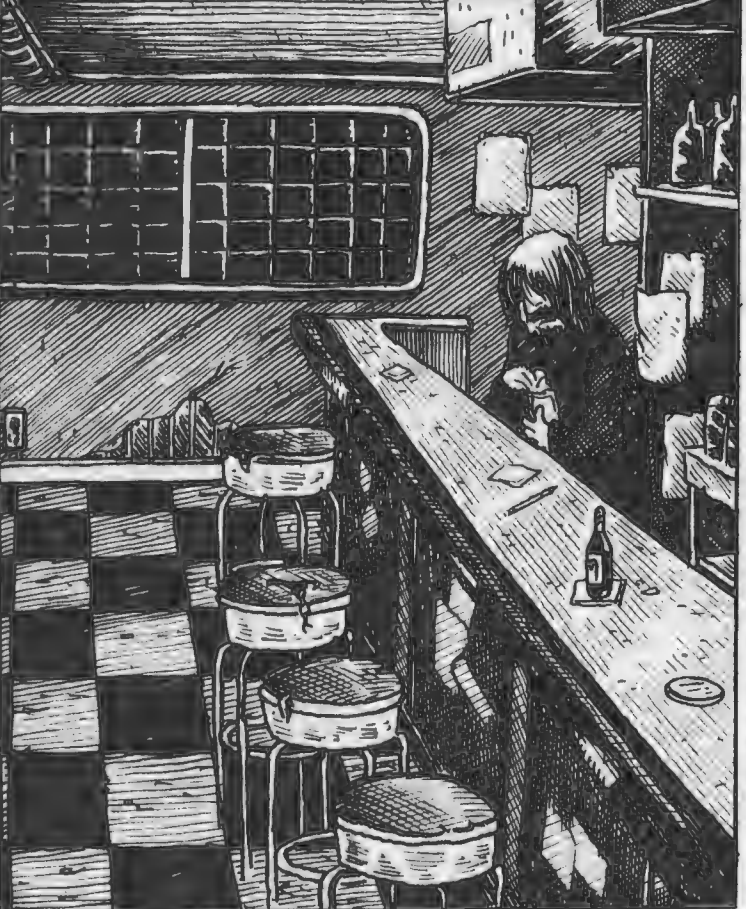


I'm deeply saddened when I hear of more post offices closing.



And so I try to thank postal workers whenever I get a chance.









Screw you, Kevin!
Ol' Bessie has been
loyal for many a year.



Hey,
Nick!

Hey, I think
I'm gonna
head home.

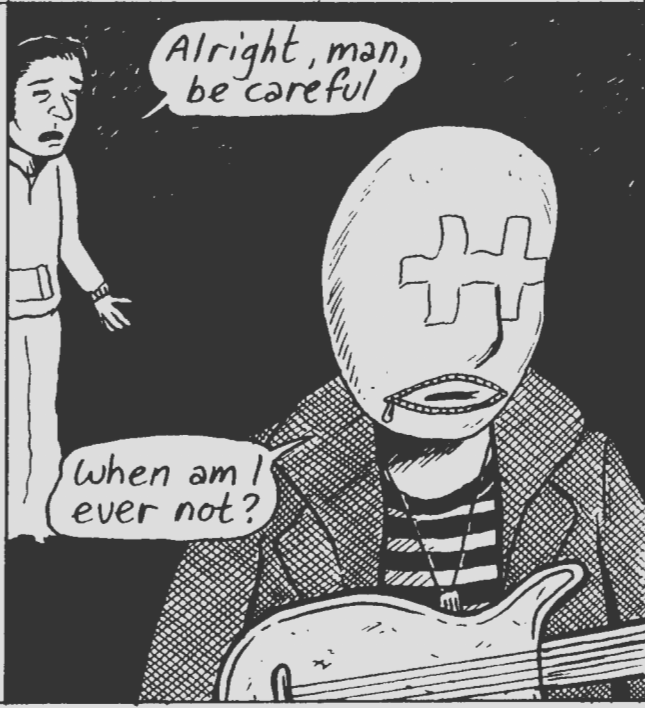
I wanna
talk to you!



Kurt, this is a pretty
piss of a neighborhood.

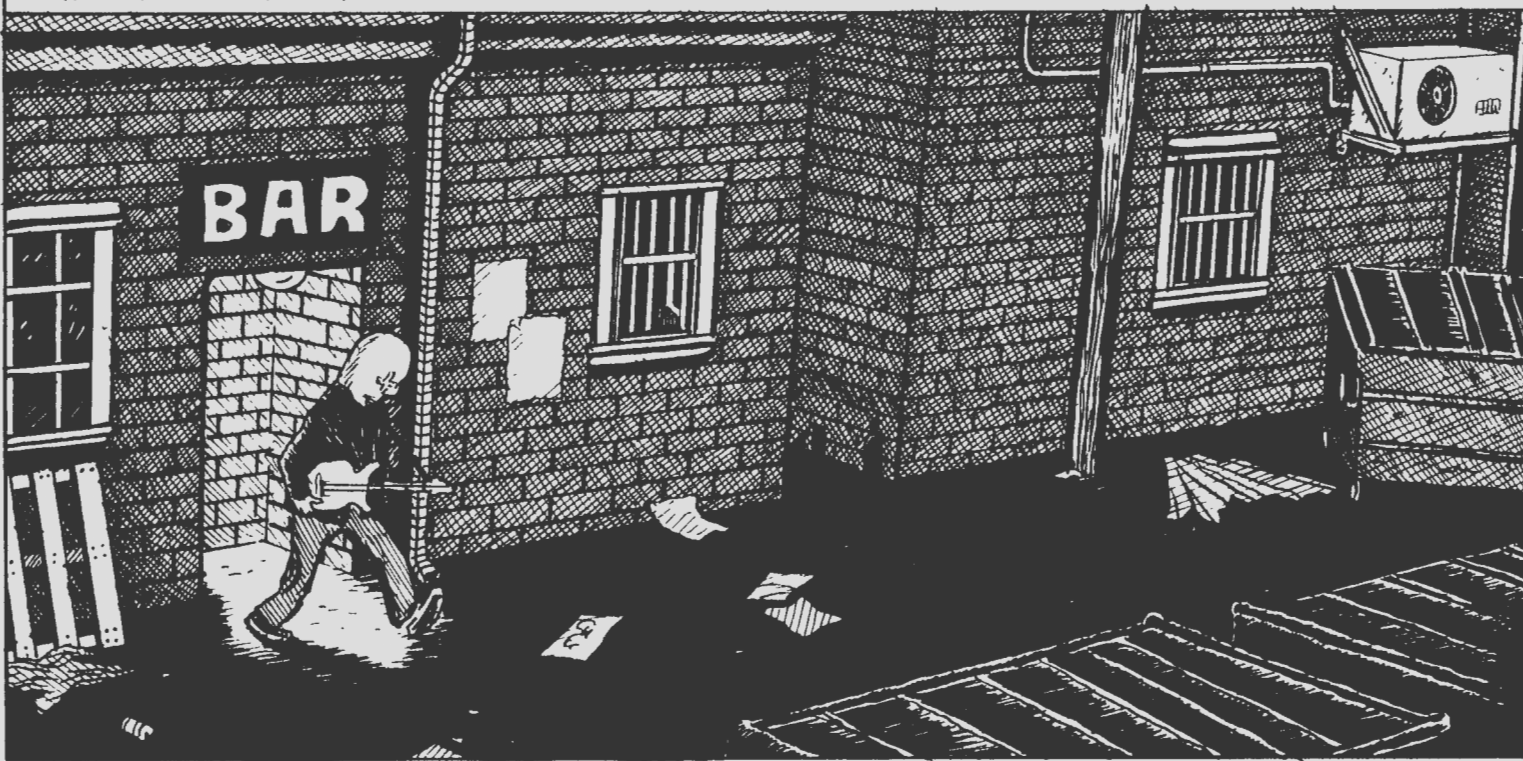
I have nothing
worth stealing
on me.

Only I would be
caught playing this
piece of crap.

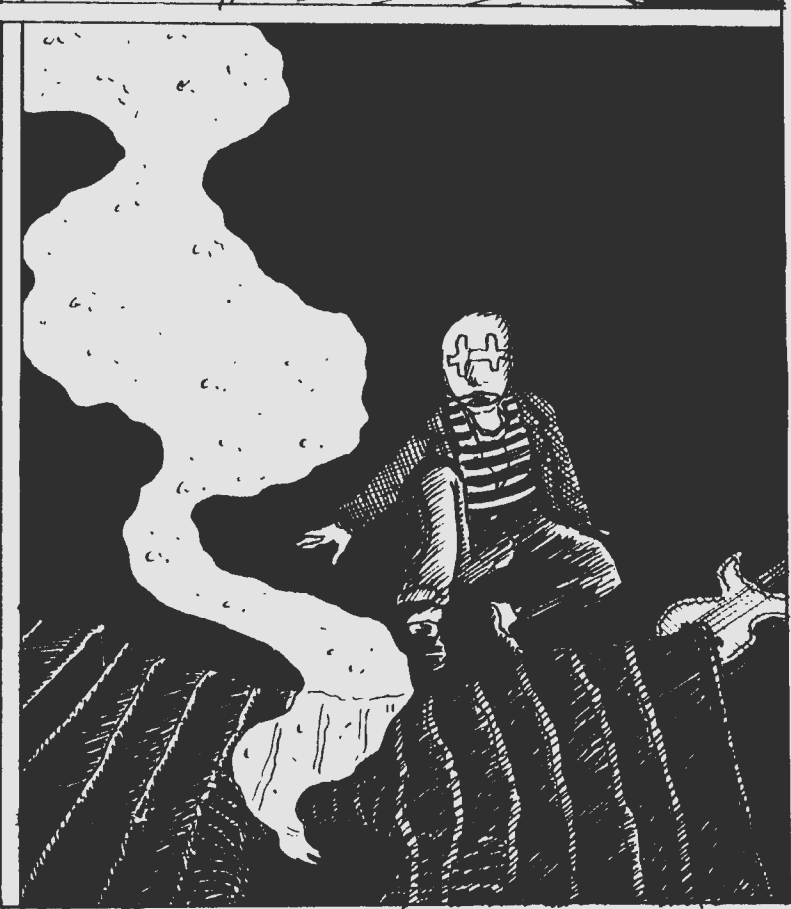
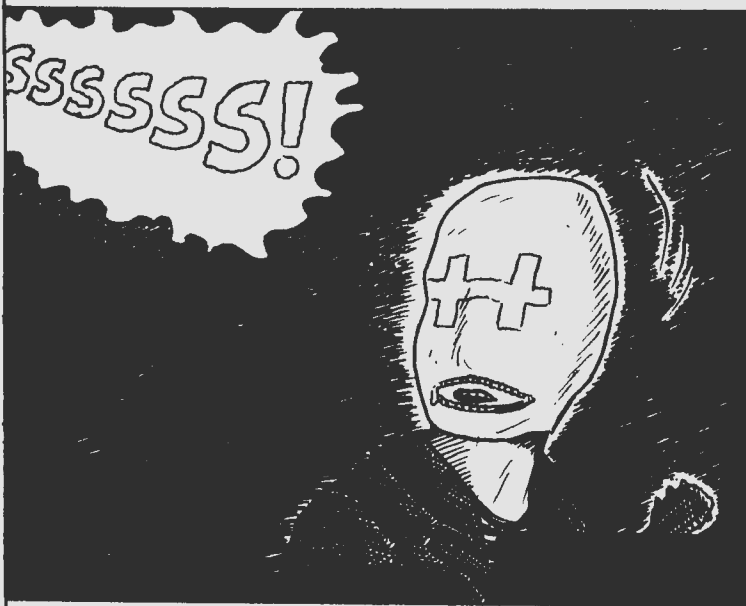
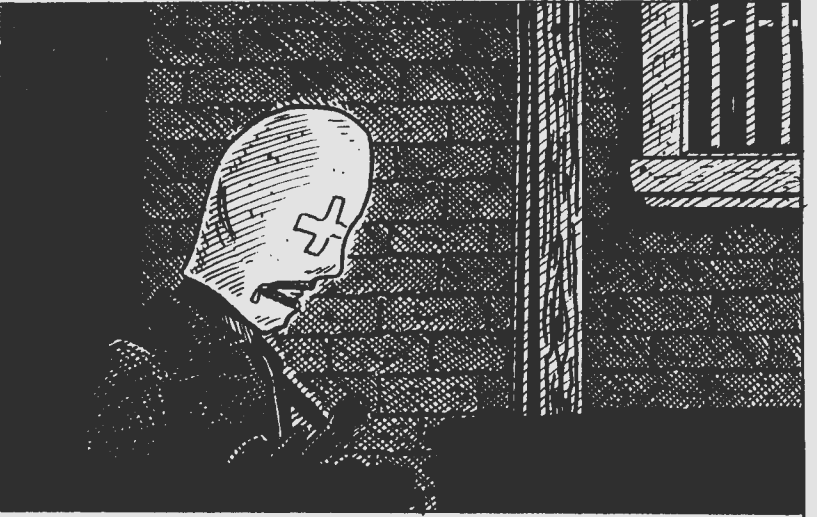
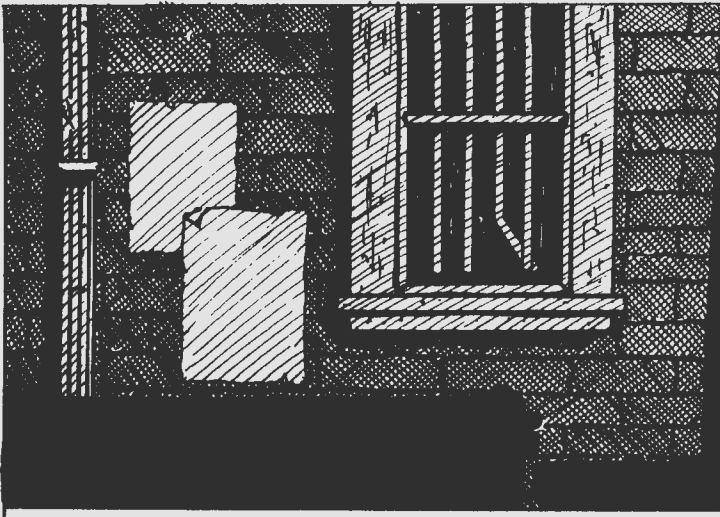


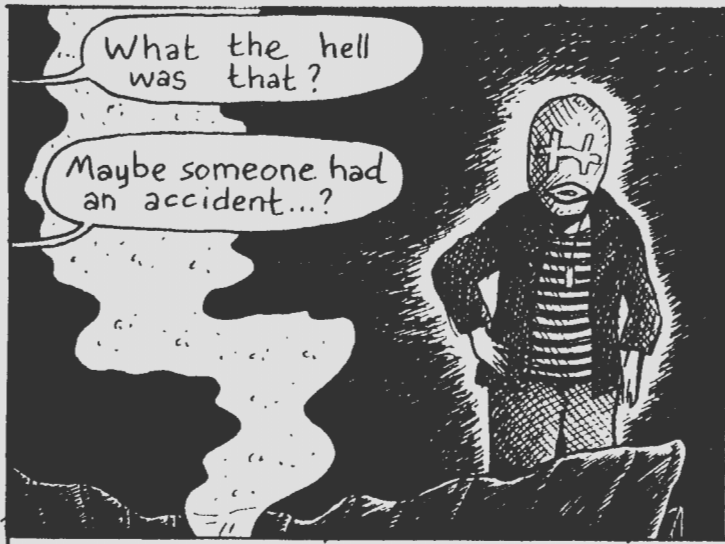
Alright, man,
be careful

When am I
ever not?



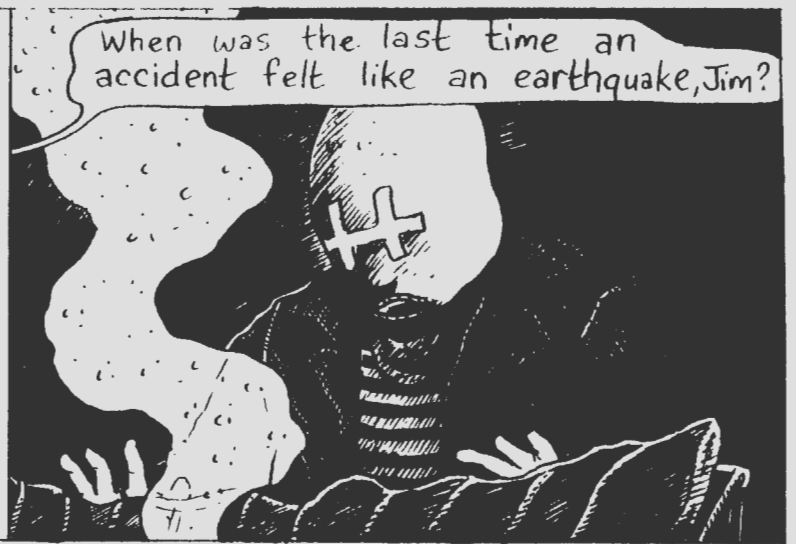
BAR



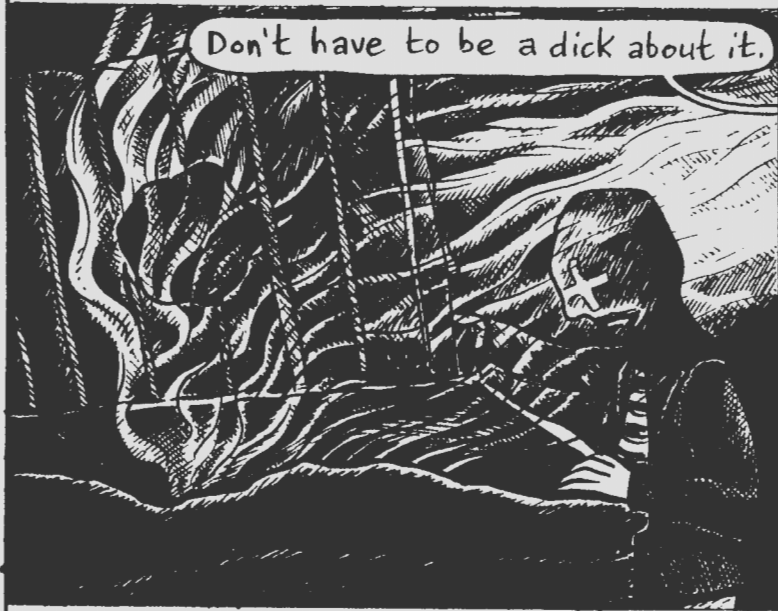


What the hell was that?

Maybe someone had an accident...?



When was the last time an accident felt like an earthquake, Jim?



Don't have to be a dick about it.

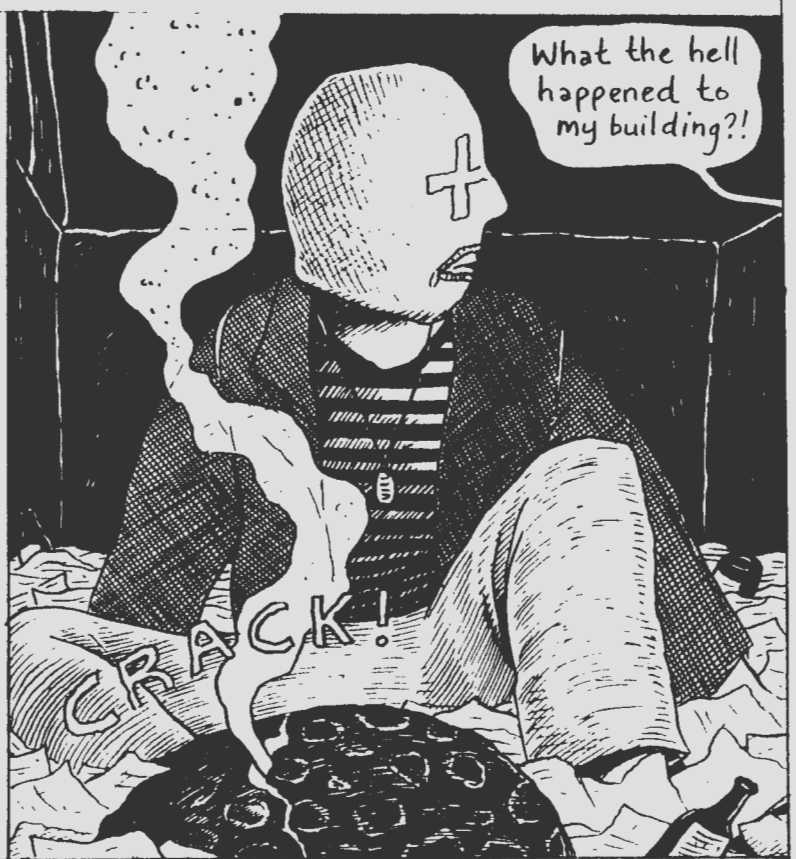


Let's go get Bob... see if any damage happened to this dump.



FSSSSSSHHH

OW!
SHIT!



What the hell happened to my building?!

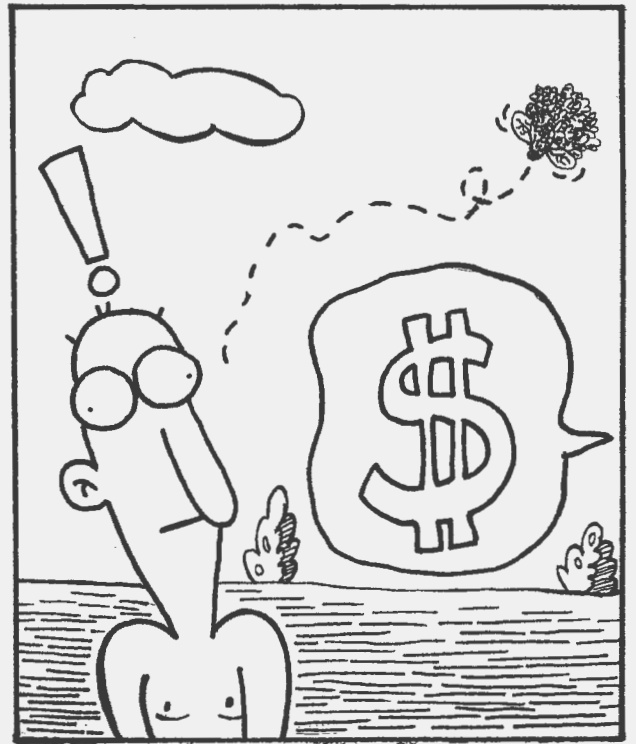
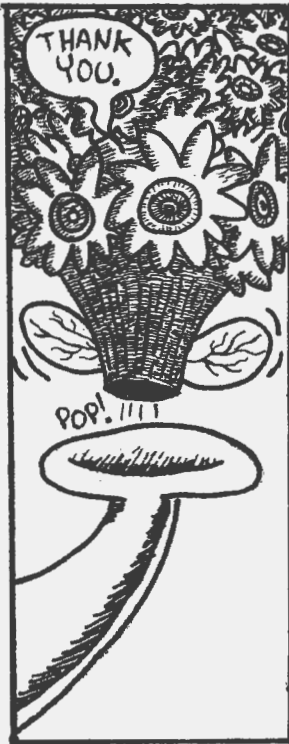
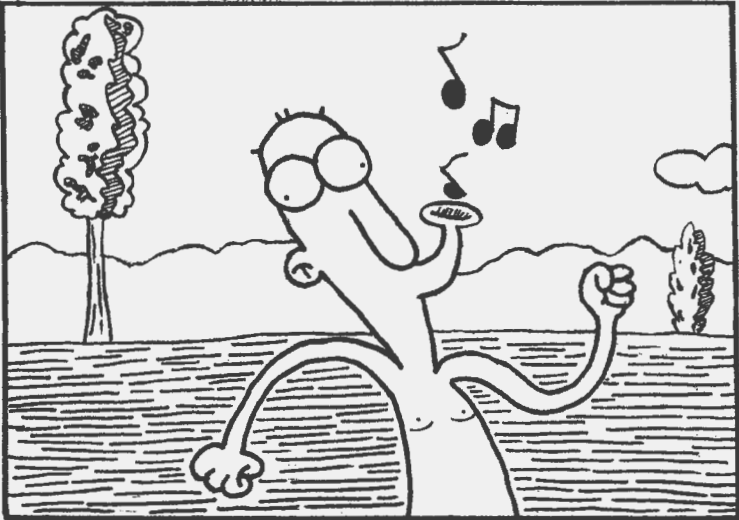
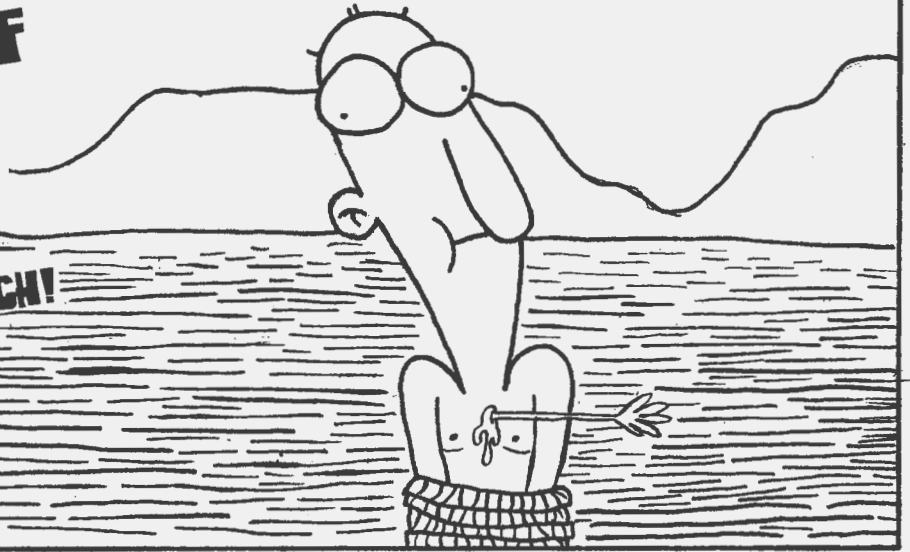
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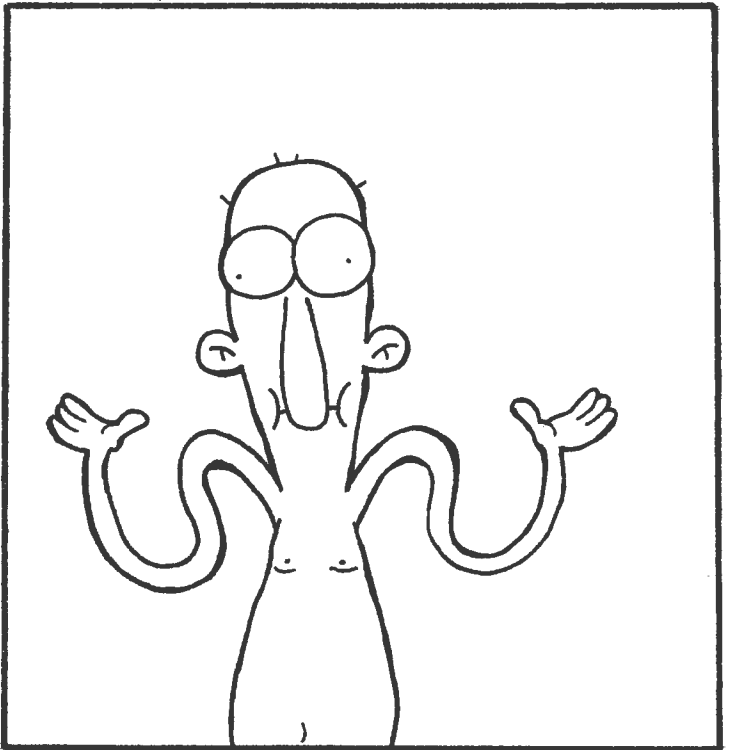
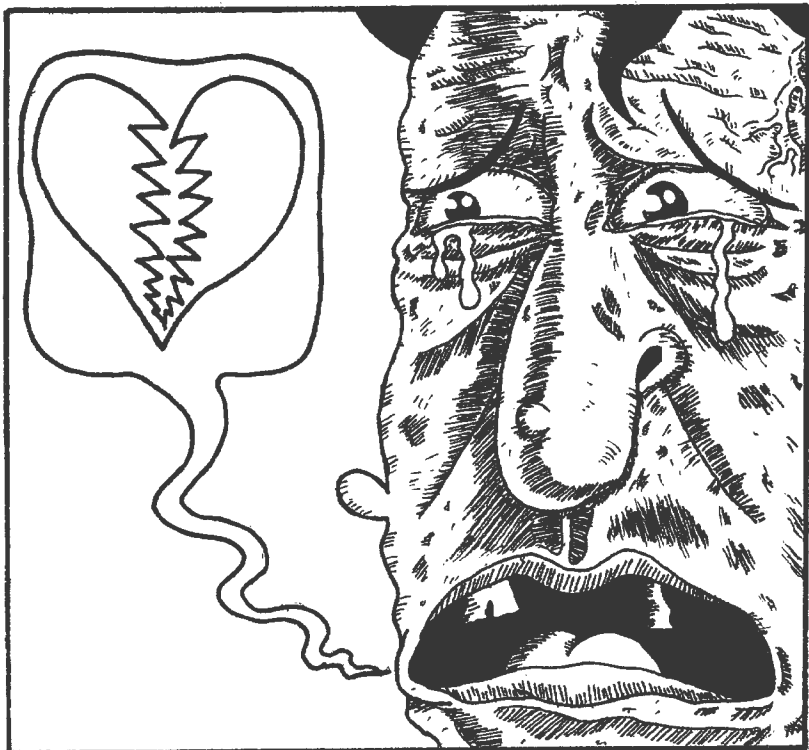
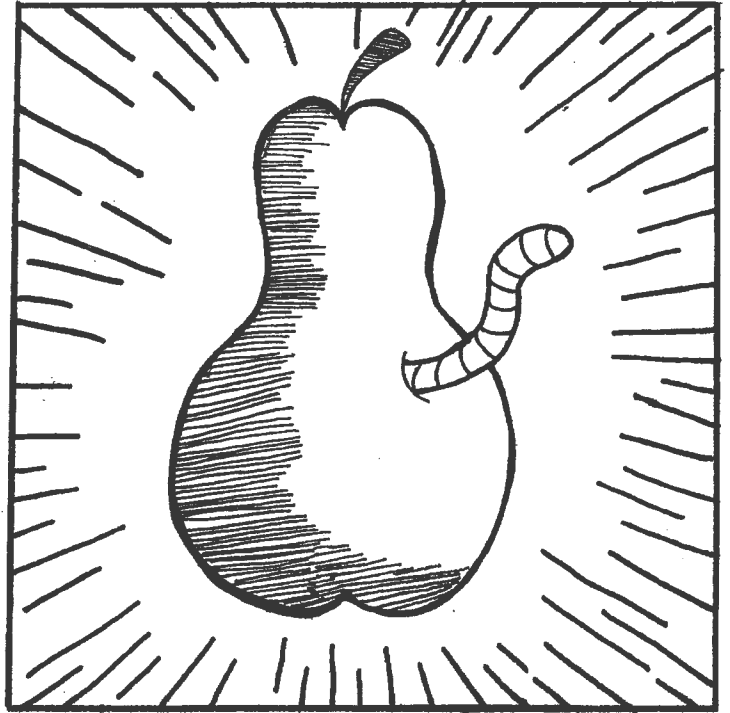
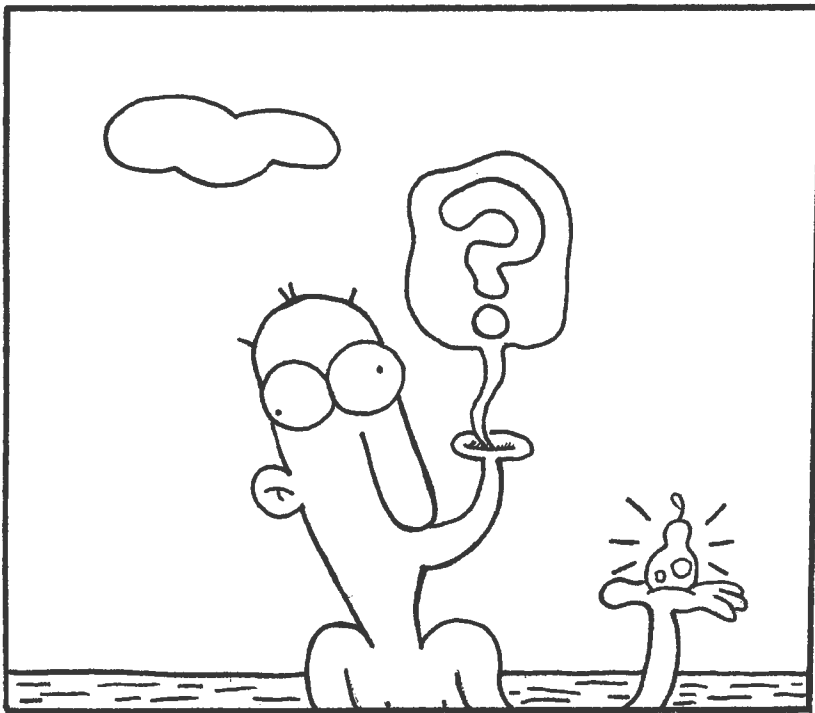
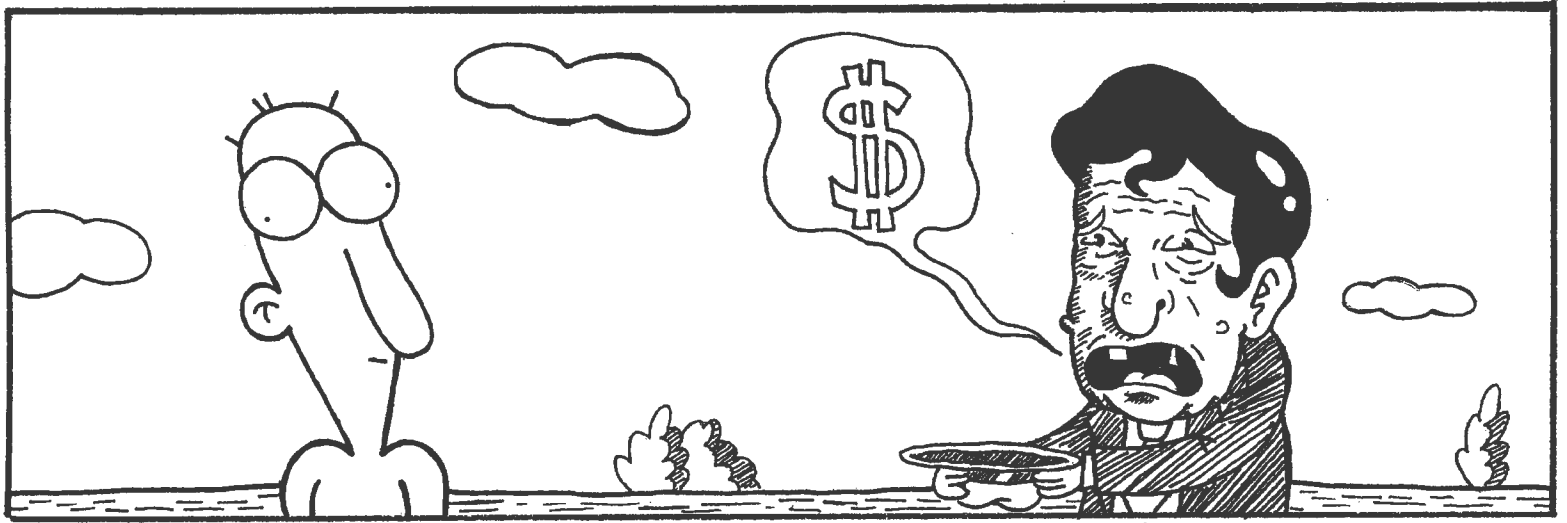
PREPARE TO FOLLOW MR. EUNUCH IN...

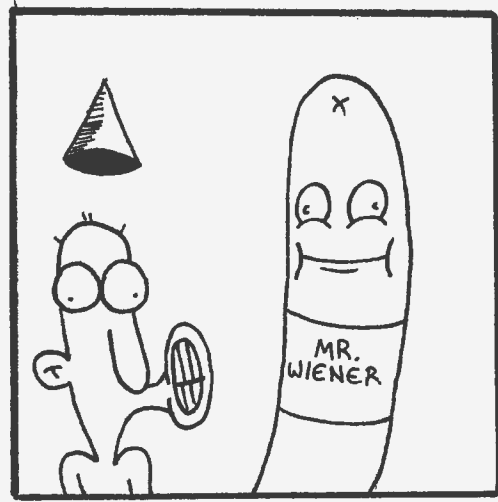
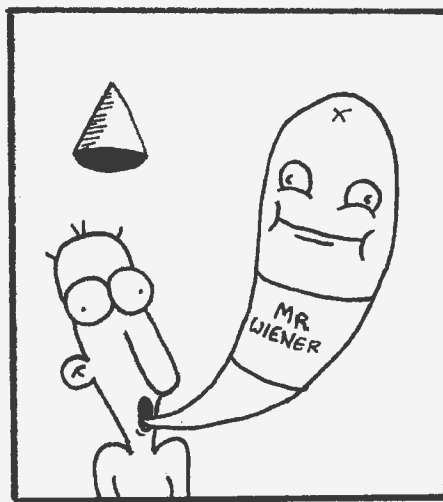
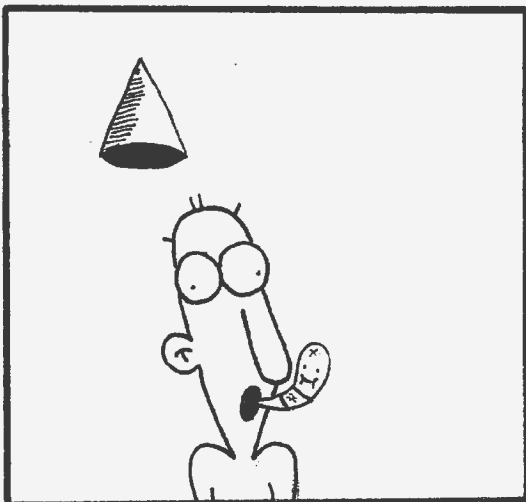
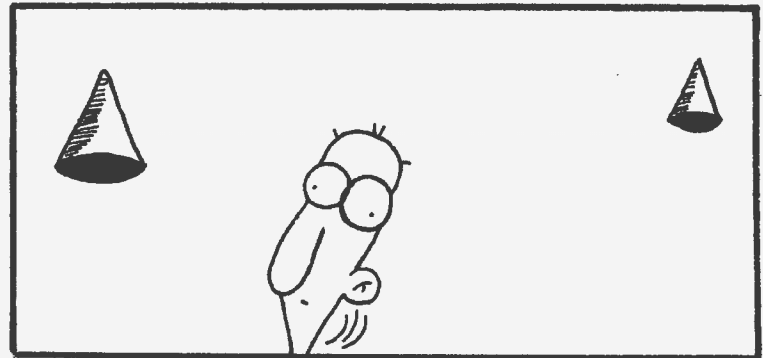
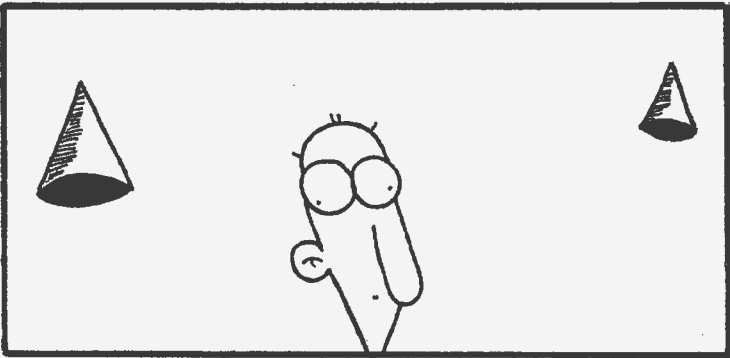
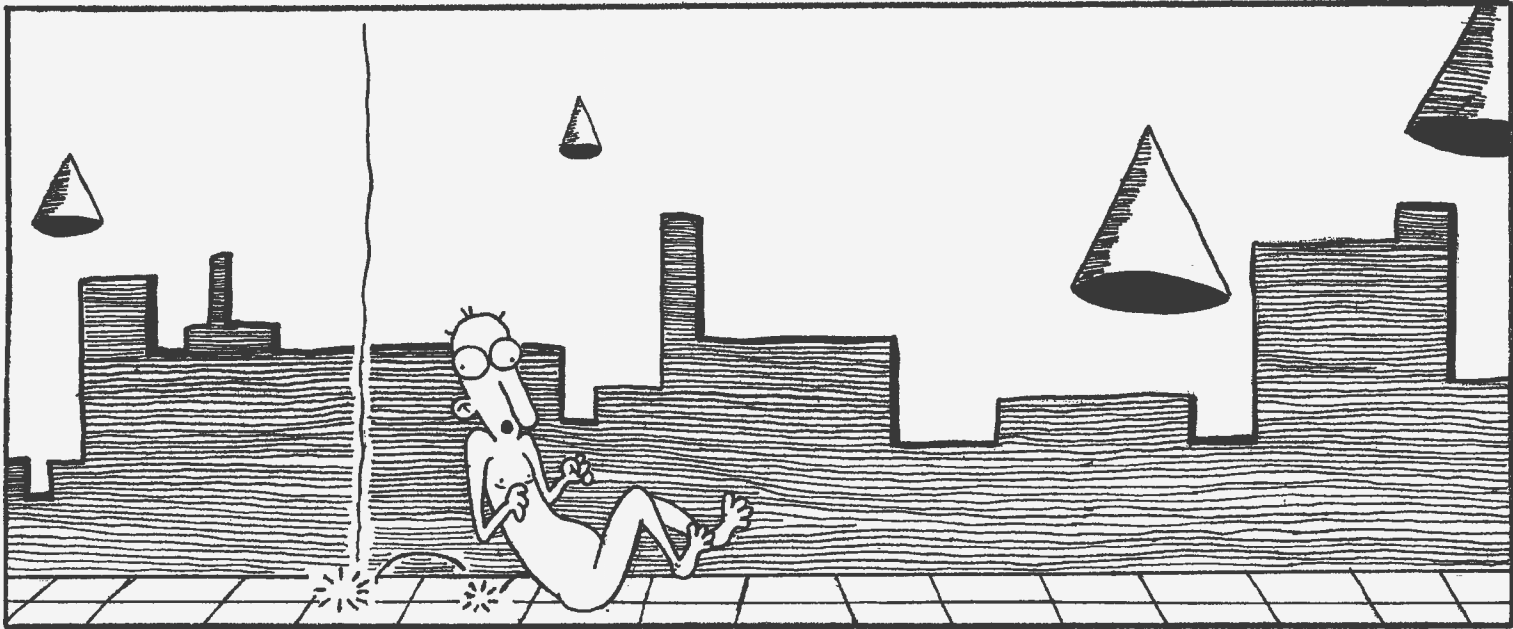
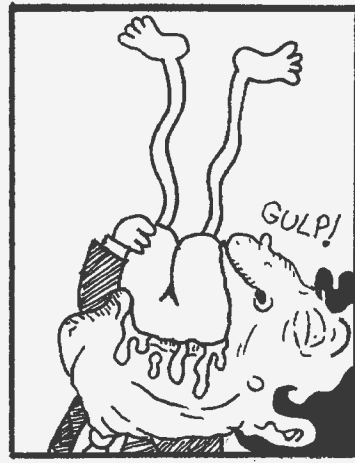
THE ADVENTURES OF MR. EUNUCH!

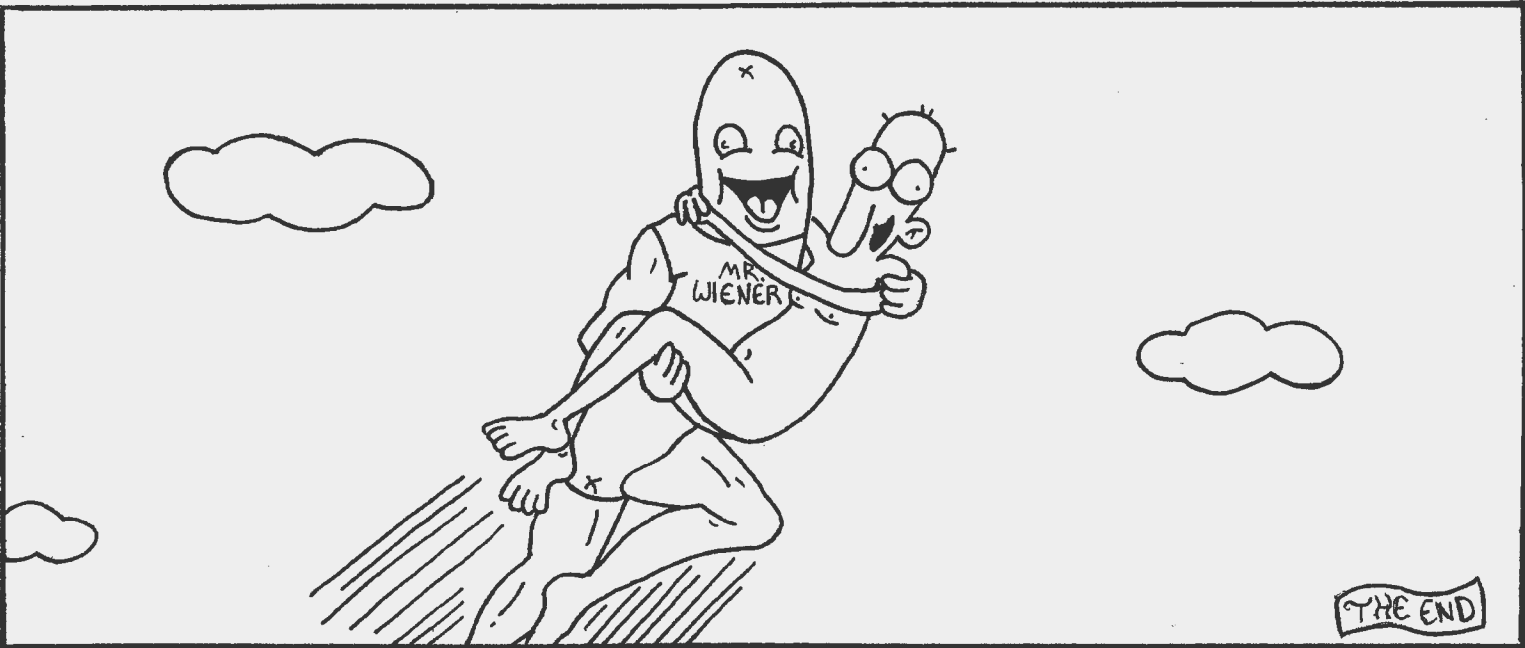
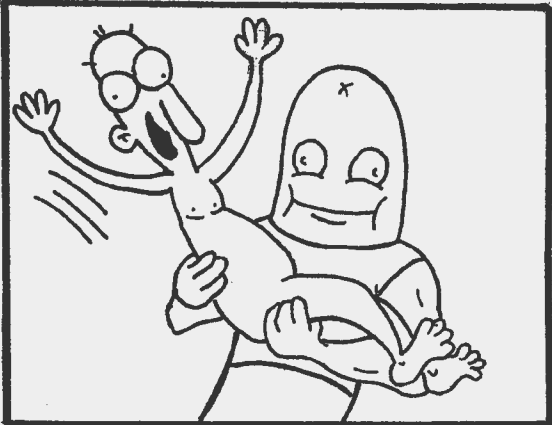
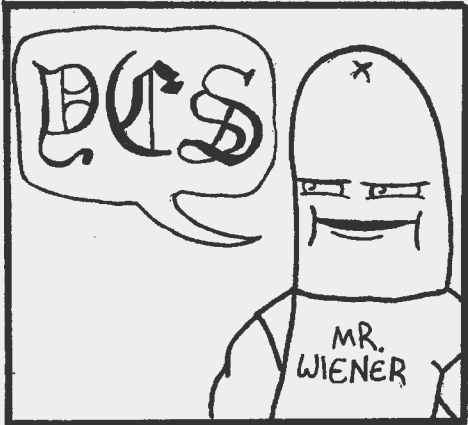
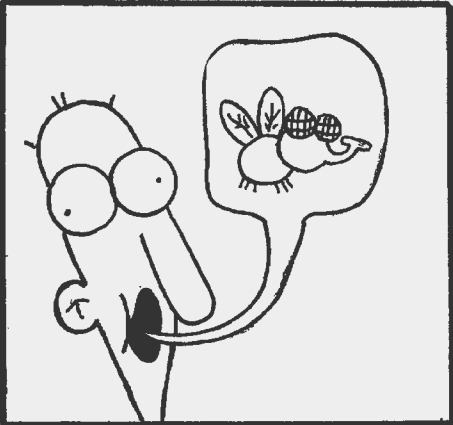
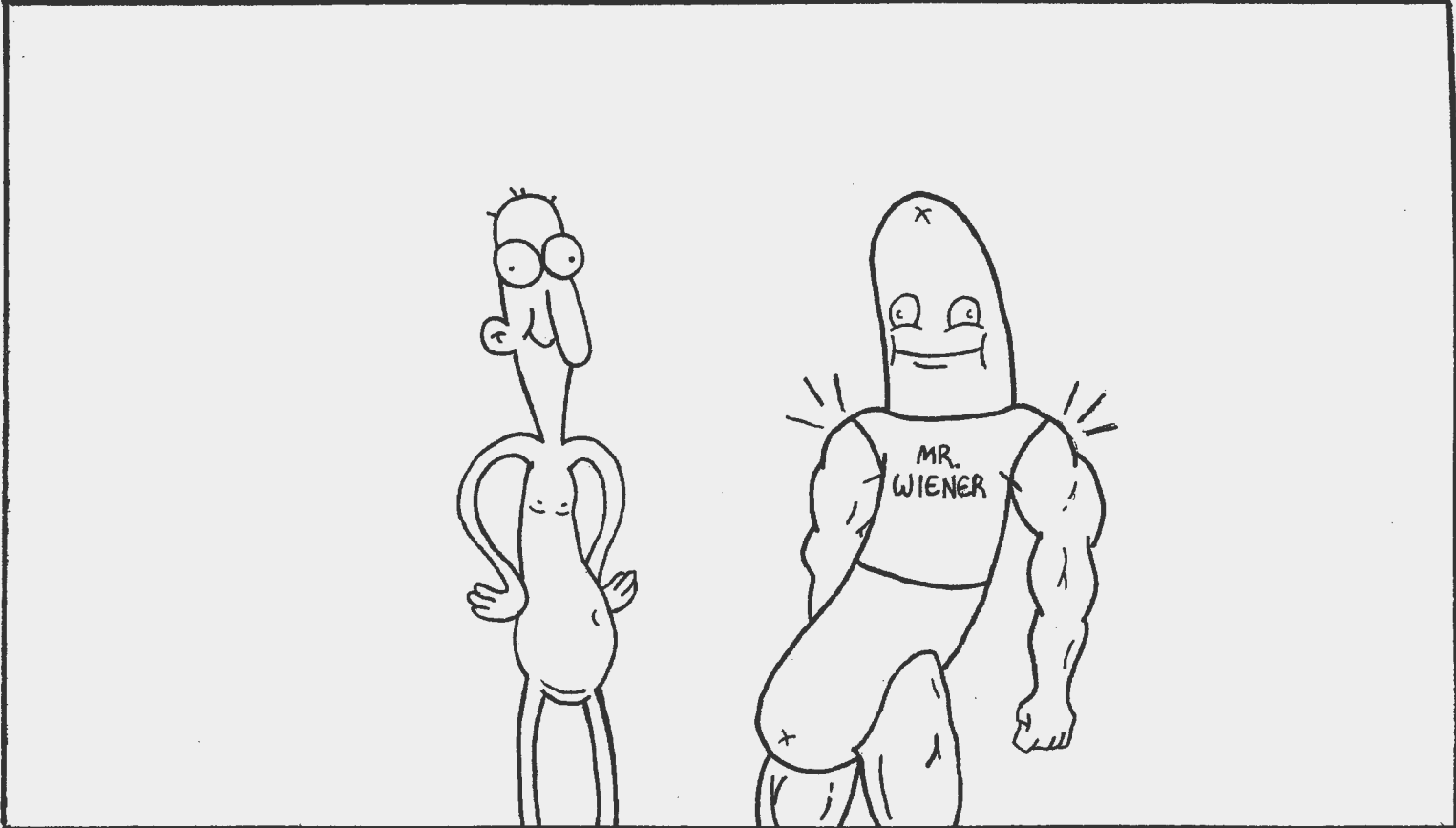
STARRING:
MR. EUNUCH AS MR. EUNUCH!

BY CONNOR COUGHLIN











It's a typical weekday evening in Central Caldwell; The soft hum of vehicles on the 10th street thoroughfare, the sound of skateboards rolling on a mini ramp, and a drum kit and base guitar being tuned in a living room. These are a few of the familiar sounds regulars can expect at the house known as

THE MAJOR





In early 2010, music pioneers Theo Maughan, and Scott Pemble teamed up to put on a show at Scott's house. The first show featured the Caldwell band headed by Theo called No Comprendo. The show was a big success. Other bands in the Boise area quickly heard about the first show and contacted Theo and Scott asking if they could play a show at The Manor. The shows immediately started attracting the best known Southern Idaho bands along with huge crowds. Every touring band that plays The Manor signs the coat door in the main room. Nationally known bands such as Why and The Vivian Girls have prominent signatures on the door. International bands, No Joy from Montreal and Chapter 24 from London also have signatures on The Manor Door.

House venues have a unique edge over actual venue businesses. Houses have no overhead charges to worry about. All the shows are donation based and all donations go to the touring bands. Everyone, regardless of age is invited. Because the bands usually stay at the house overnight, fans are able to get to know their favorite groups a little better. Along with music, The Manor has branched out to the visual arts. Nampa photographer MaryAnne Remer recently showed her portfolio of photographs at a recent show. Local Street artists BAEL and MAWK ONE also have permanent installations at The Manor. When talking to Scott, he sometimes hints that The Manor has too much of a good thing. "It's got to the point where we've had to start turning down bands that want to play here" says Scott. "We really can't have shows every night". The popularity of The Manor has encouraged others to host in house performances. It really doesn't take much; an open space, a few outlets and a few friends. I would highly recommend playing or attending a house show soon.

