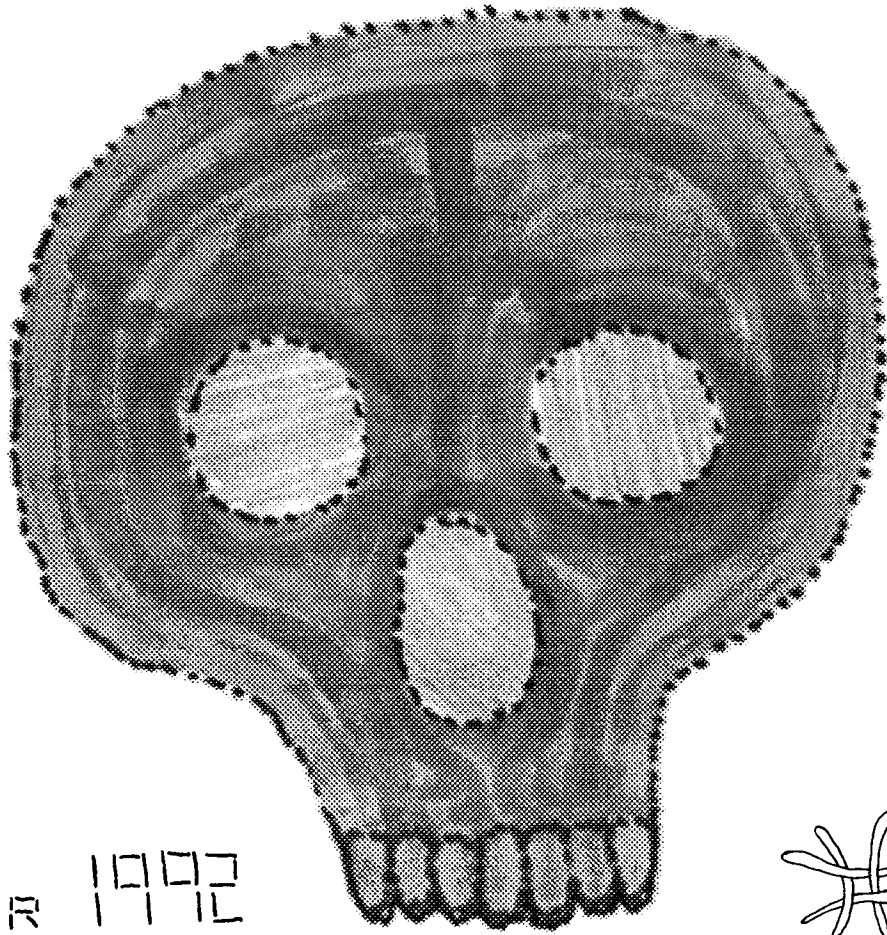
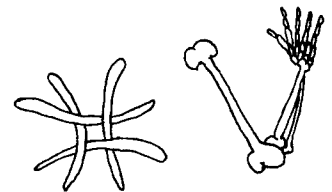


FATHOMS



SUMMER 1992



BELOW

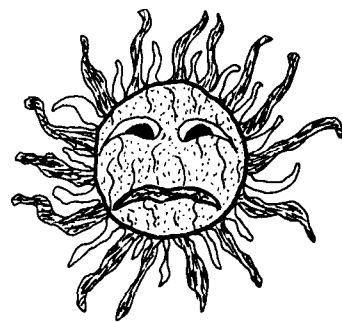
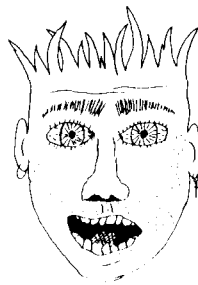
# Take Five

-August 7, 1992-

The best laid plans somehow fade to naught with the time consumption of more important tasks at hand. Demise is inevitable, especially without reassurance. Work becomes drudgery and fun becomes something you remember as a kid. The sound of money becomes all important, meaning survival, livelihood and a future. The fun becomes work and the money rolls.

So as this fifth and final issue rolls of the press (most likely copy machine) some people may be wondering what happened to the normal format. Well, I wanted to print only things I have done and to do this meant taking out many of the normal features. Thus I did what I wanted and here it is.

The layout of this zine was completed over the summer while I was taking a few classes at the University of Florida. For anyone that cares here's the gist. This was laid out on a Macintosh II using Ready, set, Go! 4.5a. The fonts I used consisted of Avant Garde, Bookman, Helvetica, Platino, and Times. I figure all the typing/layout runs somewhere in the 20 hour range. The front cover as well as the two pictures at the end were both scanned with an apple scanner, converted to a GIF file, transferred to a UNIX account at which time I used an HP workstation along with the program XV to convert my files to a postscript format. From there I printed them out on a HP postscript printer which could use a cleaning. It cost me about 2 hours worth of work but I saved at least 30 cents. Since the pictures were drawn with gray markers they needed to be halftoned--I used a computer as opposed to the \$7+ print shop price. Just to prove it could be done. The final copy of this will be printed out on an apple writer at a cost of roughly 15 cents a page. The tough part will be shrinking and pasting up all the "art" in this issue. What a task!



~ AUGUST 11, 1992 ~

I am ready to talk the talk and walk the walk but really don't want to at this time. I keep thinking of stuff I can write but one think leads to another and I change my mind. Wouldn't it be nice not to worry about most trivial things. As most things are trivial anyhow. How about all those lazy people out there? Doing their 75¢ worth of work. Not caring. Does it not piss you off when you know you are better but someone else beats you out... One of those lazy scumbags. There are many places where I have attempted to get my stuff printed (comics/poems/stories) only to be denied by something not nearly as good. But that's only one person's bias opinion. The fact is I've been denied many times... And the road of life is full of denial, not to mention depression. Well, I've said my piece and if I say anything else it will probably make things worse. DONE!

**My netmail address:**

[cyclone@maple.circa.ufl.edu](mailto:cyclone@maple.circa.ufl.edu)

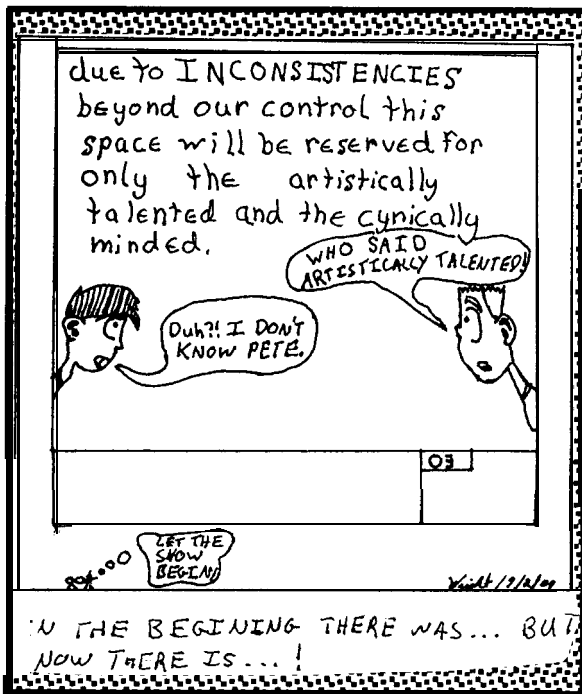
or

[dmw@sioux.ee.ufl.edu](mailto:dmw@sioux.ee.ufl.edu)

**US mail address:**

1320 N.W. 76th Avenue  
Plantation, FL 33322-4740

# INCONSISTENCIES



Those who received Fathoms Below #2 know how I found zinedom because of an interview I conducted with myself. In case you forgot or never got a copy of that issue I shall regurgitate what happened.

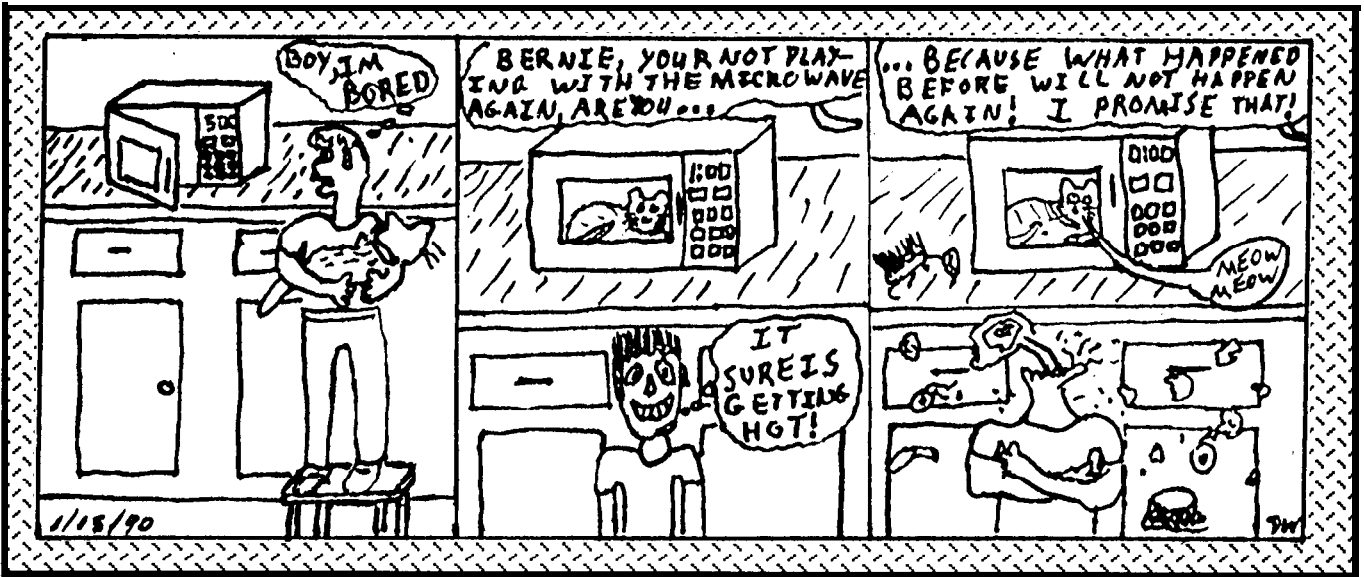
Things, as they somehow do, fall into place and I found zinedom by being in the right place at the right time. I logged onto a BBS that ran on EX1 software and saw an advertisement for an underground/anarchist magazine. I wrote and received a copy which opened the door to a whole new world of books, magazines, records, etc. which I never knew existed. It is kind of like being unaware of people using computers to communicate or even to some event unaware of all the homeless people that exist. It was definitely a grand discovery since I enjoy getting mail--and mail I would get. On January 24, 1990 I marked in a journal I was doing at the time that I planned to start a zine of my own and thus the zine you are reading was conceived. One thing lead to another and well, here I am and here is most of the art I have accomplished since discovering that an un-

derground of material existed that Summer of 1989.

I guess I have an urge inside me to attempt to do better than others, or perhaps I am not satisfied with what others are doing and thus have to speak my piece. Inconsistencies was brought into this world because I felt I could do a better cartoon. Art wise I can't compare with many of the people out there, but humor wise I feel I can be quite witty. The schools independent newspaper--The alligator--printed cartoons, many of which were and are pathetically stupid, so I felt compelled to do something. So I did. I consider Pogo and Where the Buffalo Roam pretty sad syndicated cartoons and what is the newspaper doing with syndicated cartoons when they should be printing students stuff? That is what I asked--"Oh, they are paid for by someone." This eventually led to my cartoons not being printed since everything goes into the newspaper before comics. Then if they have room they run the syndicates (both of them and occasionally 2 or 3 Pogo's) and if after that they still have room they run whatever students submit. To me their system sucks because they should be more "student" friendly but aren't. But since it's not my paper there is not much I can do.

At the time the above cartoon was drawn the alligator printed student comics (that's right, plural) every day (not the current norm) and among the contributors was a high school boy named Craig Baxter. He drew a cartoon called Pete and did a very good job at it. Since he was the top "man" I felt I had to challenge him. Thus you have the above cartoon.

When I draw a cartoon I rarely, although have recently been known to do this, sit and think of something to draw. I have several sheets of paper I write my ideas on whenever they come about. Then when I get an urge I look at the sheet and find an idea I feel like drawing. I still have many ideas jotted down (probably around 20) but do not have the time or artistic ability to put many of my thoughts into a cartoon so the ideas lay idle. Some are really funny, others are kinda drab or dumb. I get many ideas during the night right before bed or right when I'm about to go to sleep so many ideas get ignored. Unfortunately many times the best ones get away, but that's the way things are. My art seems to have gotten better as I expanded to larger drawings--from 2x2.5 inch boxes to 3.75x4 inch boxes. There you have it. Time for the comics.



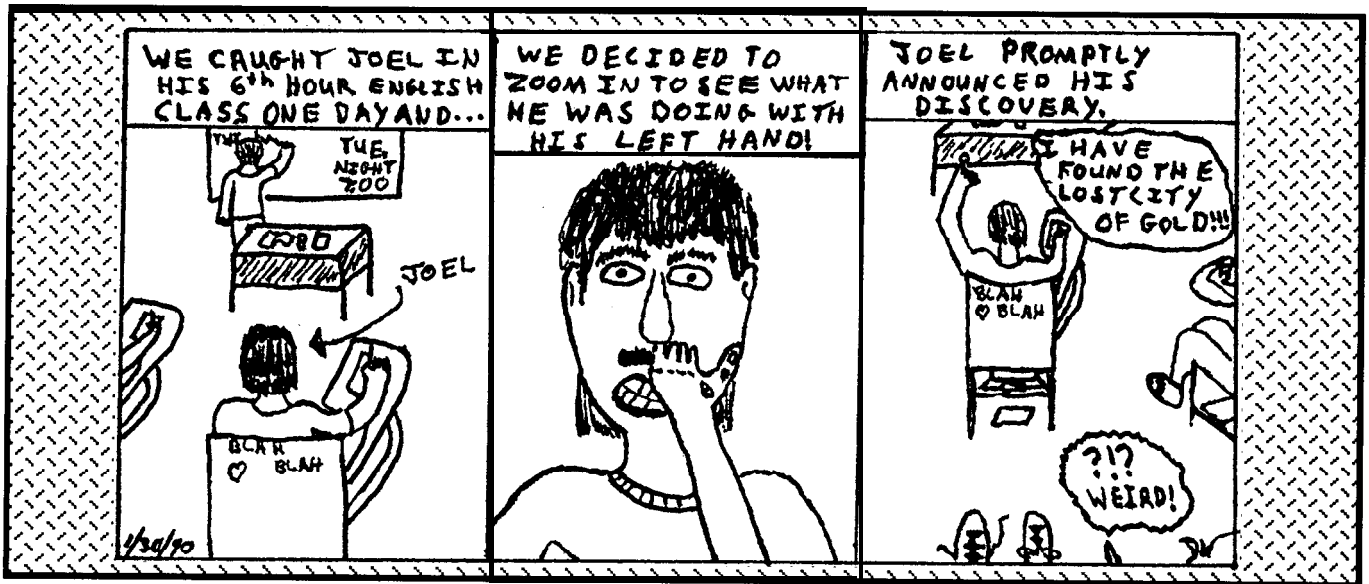
**Number 1: January 15, 1990**

This cartoon made its debut in Iron Feathers Journal #9. My roommate at the time was Bernie but we did not have a cat. Bernie sometimes got on my nerves and I thought what if? A cat was used instead of food because I have heard of people putting animals in microwaves before. It is quite sick but wouldn't it be kind of funny if the person doing the abusing was abused? When I did this cartoon I had no idea it would begin a series of 30 and in fact I do not have the original of this copy as it went to IFJ. Maybe, someday the original will be worth something but till then...relax.



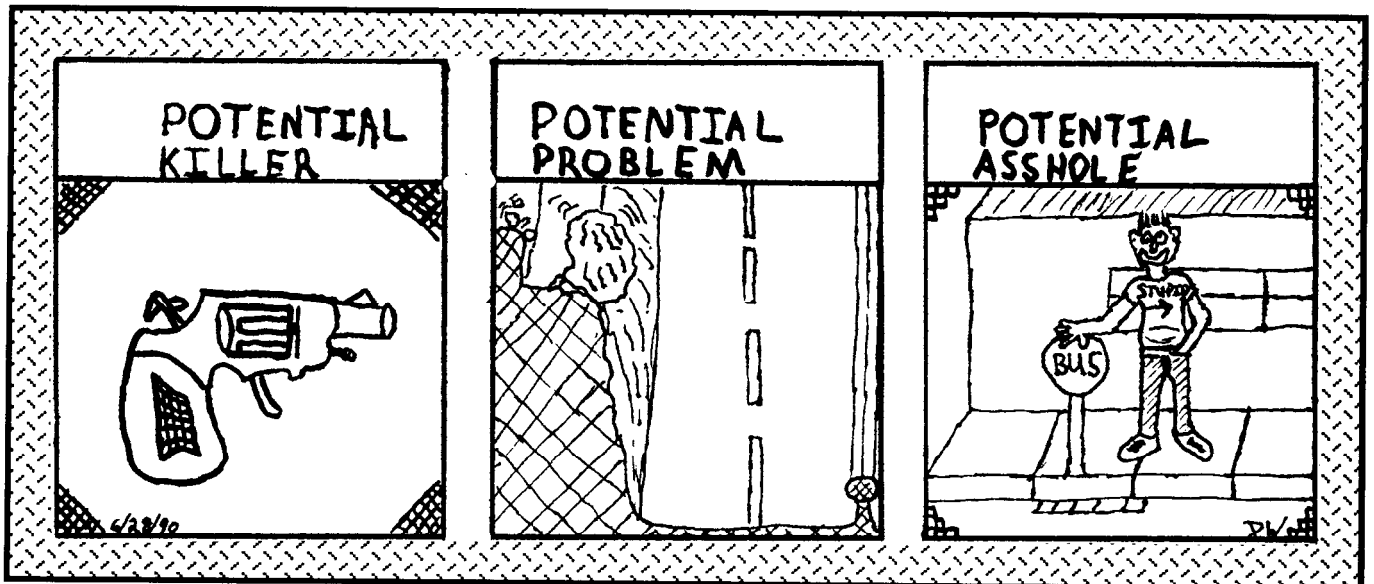
**Number 2: January 20, 1990**

This actually happened although it has been slightly exaggerated. One typical evening while sleeping in my unairconditioned room on a springy elevated bed something ran across my bare back. Since I was in a dream state I figured it was my cat as we have two cats at home. However I was in my dorm room and realized we did not have a cat. I jumped up, squirmed around and was aghast at what just happened. I heard it run across my poster and I somehow scared it into Bernie's room. Chemical and military warfare took place. Soon Bernie had killed the only roach that was seen in either or our rooms that year. Boy was it big. This comic was also printed in FB#1 in case it looks familiar.



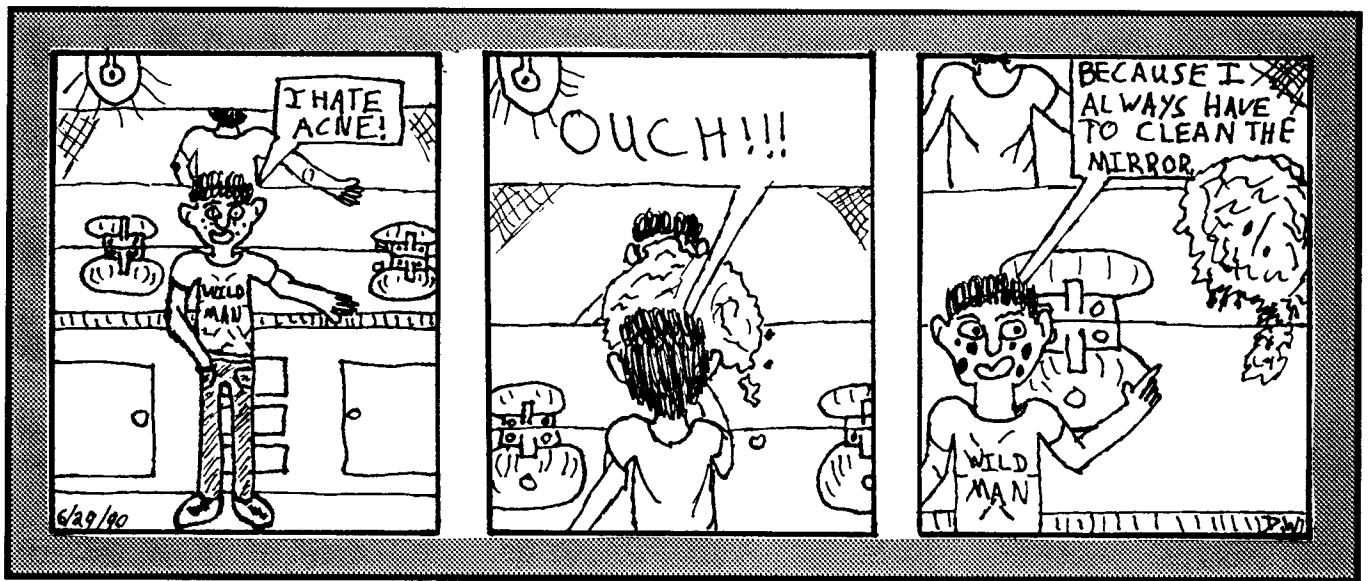
**Number 3: January 30, 1990**

One of my friends, Joe, actually had English 6th hour--what a coincidence. When I drew this cartoon he had a beard but this cartoon was really made for him, or should I say of him. Many people pick their nose--isn't that what it's for? I thought, what if someone admitted to this during a class. What better class than a college English class where stupid things are done regardless of being stupid. Weird is correct. Also printed in FB#1. Have no fear because as I progress in my drawings/humor so do the cartoons. They do get better.



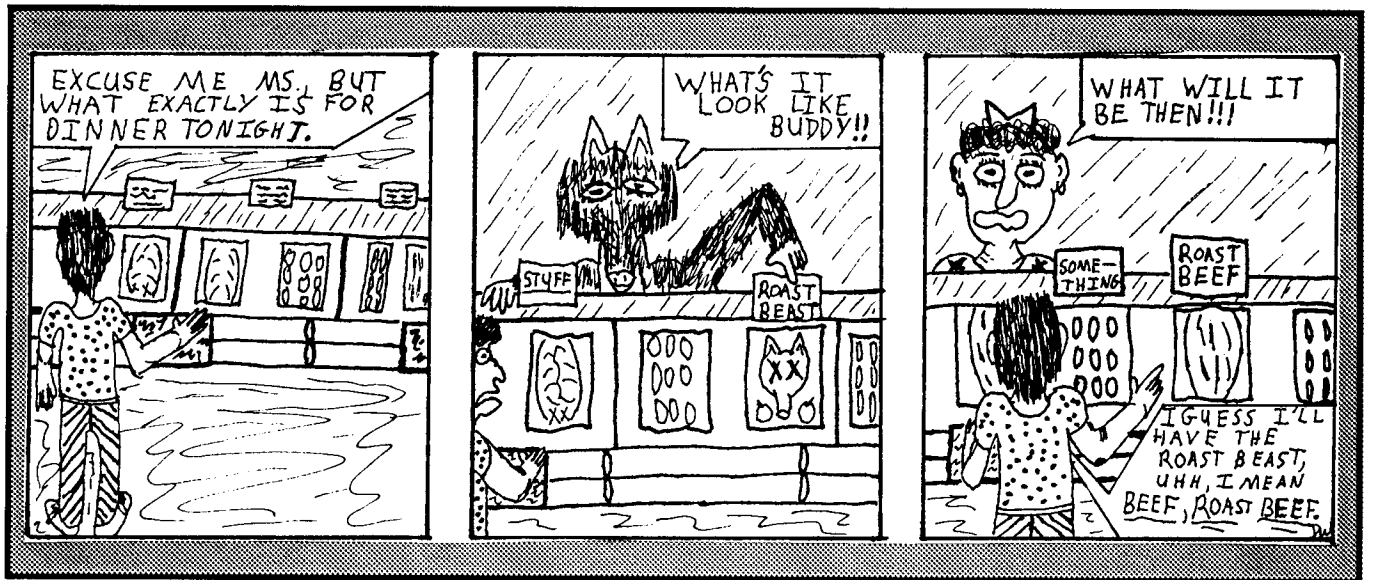
**Number 4: June 28, 1990**

Talk about a jump in time! I took a break to concentrate on other things like school work, computers, softball--you know, the usual stuff. I guess the "POTENTIAL" definition I kept hearing in Physics influenced me to do number 4. Everything always seems to have potential out there. Especially the last frame. I see a lot of people as potential assholes. Perhaps it is just my way of anticipating when something stupid is about to happen. The gun, well that is political--guns kill thus I do not like them. Everything seems to be a potential problem though. What do you get when you put the three frames together? A potential death. This cartoon was the start of a more artistic and standard look for this comic(i.e. a defining comic).



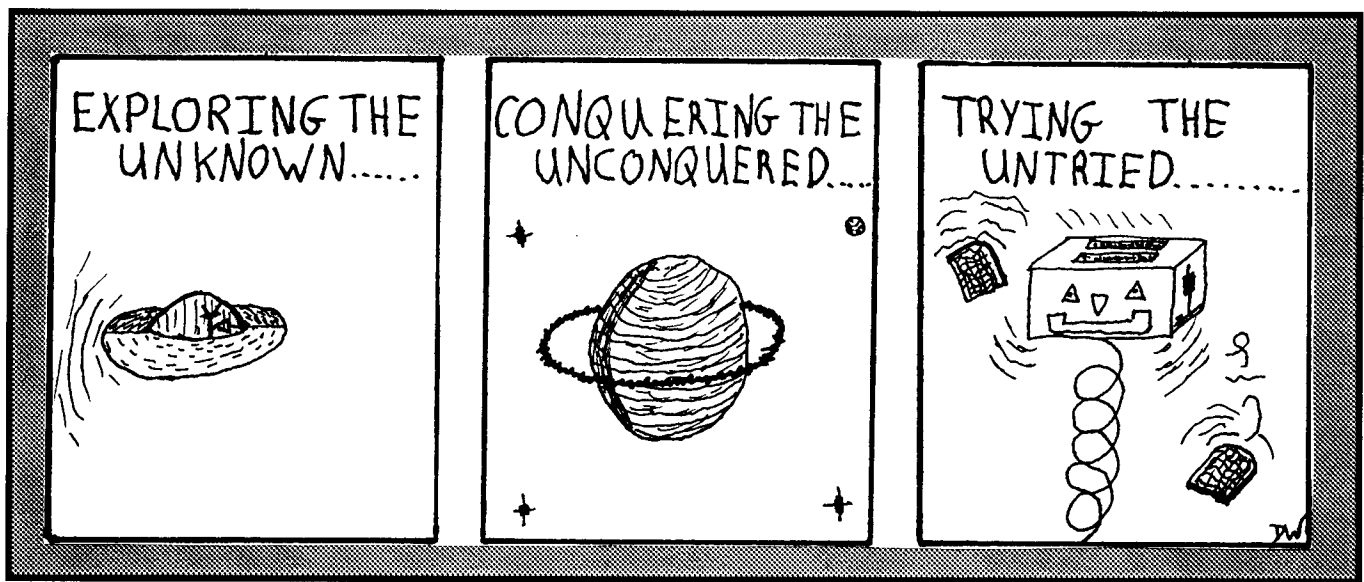
**Number 5: June 29, 1990**

The next day I drew this cartoon. Let me mention that drawing one cartoon a day is often no easy task. Thinking, deciding what you are going to draw, and then drawing can sometimes take around 2-3 hours. After awhile it gets to be drudgery so more than one a day was a rare event for me. This cartoon was quite a challenge because of the mirror. There doesn't seem like much detail or that it did not take too long to draw but that is far from true. Just think about a mirror and an image for awhile. Wouldn't you agree I did a pretty good job? This cartoon as well as #2, #3, and #4 all appeared in FB#1. And yes, I do dislike acne. Notice the guys face before and after picking his acne. Major sores. Just another fact of life.



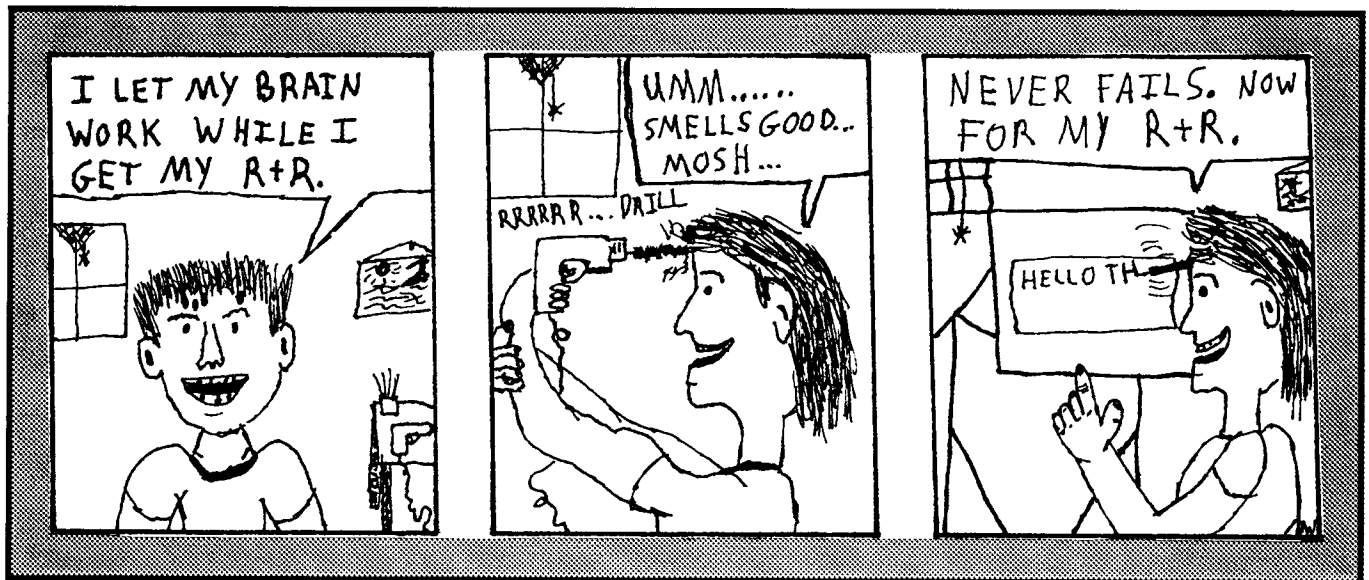
**Number 6: July 6, 1990**

While going to college my first 2 years I ate a lot at the college cafeteria--good food for low prices, NOT! Actually they did have fairly decent meals but that is another story which I do not have the space to discuss here. At the cafeteria they served roast beef almost every night. To me it often looked beastly especially under that red light they had. Somehow I imagined seeing a beast when the lady spoke to me. Notice how the ears change to a bow--pretty tricky. This cartoon was printed in the independent florida alligator (also know as the alligator) on Jan 29, 1991. Getting my cartoons printed in the school newspaper later became a big incentive to doing these cartoons.



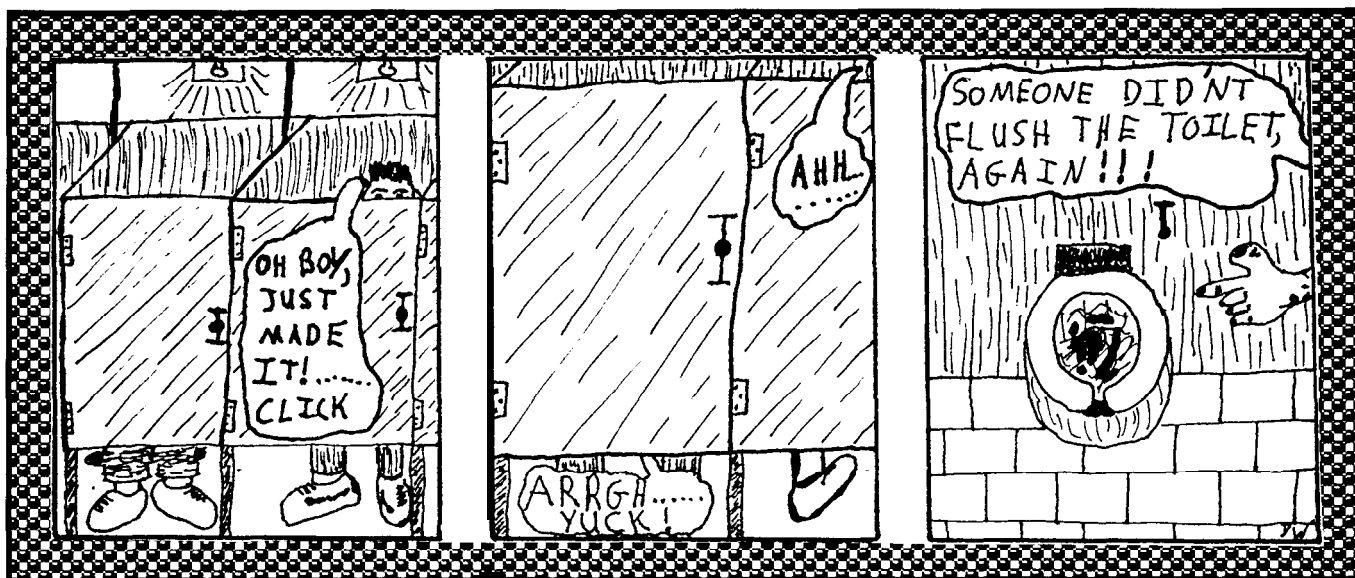
**Number 7: August 1, 1990**

I created this to be my first cartoon in which I wanted the alligator to print. Well, a) it never made it and b) I never submitted it. The reason for never submitting it was the drastic (ok, so I exaggerate a bit) improvement in my drawing ability--I came up with a better leading cartoon. It was like I was compelled to draw these cartoons. I felt a need to put pen to paper, especially after my mom purchased me a really good drawing pen set. There was drive, ambition, so much was pushing me to put my ideas onto paper in a humorous manner. It continued to happen until the drive was sucked away and the motivation dwindled to zilch. The good news is this cartoon was printed in FB#2 the bad news is I'm the editor and won't deny myself.



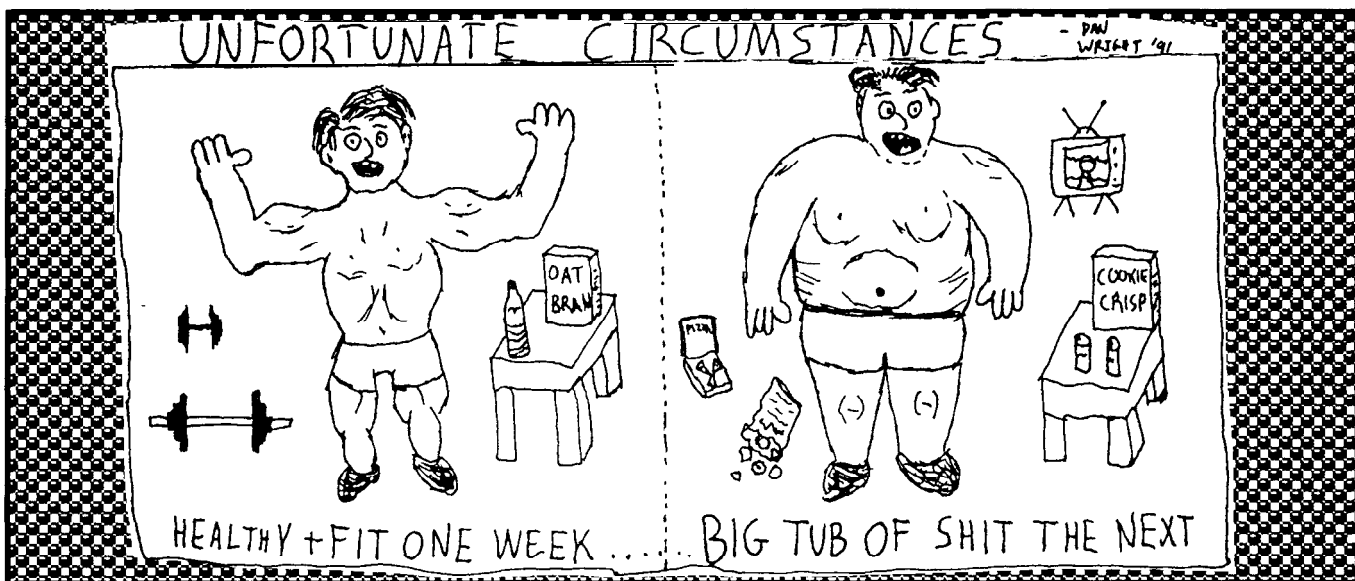
**Number 8: August 2, 1990**

I am not sure why I created this cartoon but I probably did it for those lazy people out there. Yea, the ones who like to sleep a lot. R & R stands for rest and relaxation in case you had forgotten or never knew. This guy likes to get something for nothing which is, for the most part, impossible. To Sleep and get a report written at the same time--no wonder he is grinning. I sent this to a zine called Rubber Puppy (actually a decent zine) to print but I am not sure if a) they ever got the letter or b) if it ever got printed. I haven't heard from the guy since I sent the comic--is it that bad? Hope you noticed the movement by the spider. It could signify that there are others out there besides yourself but my cartoons don't go that deep--really.



**Number 9: August 2, 1990**

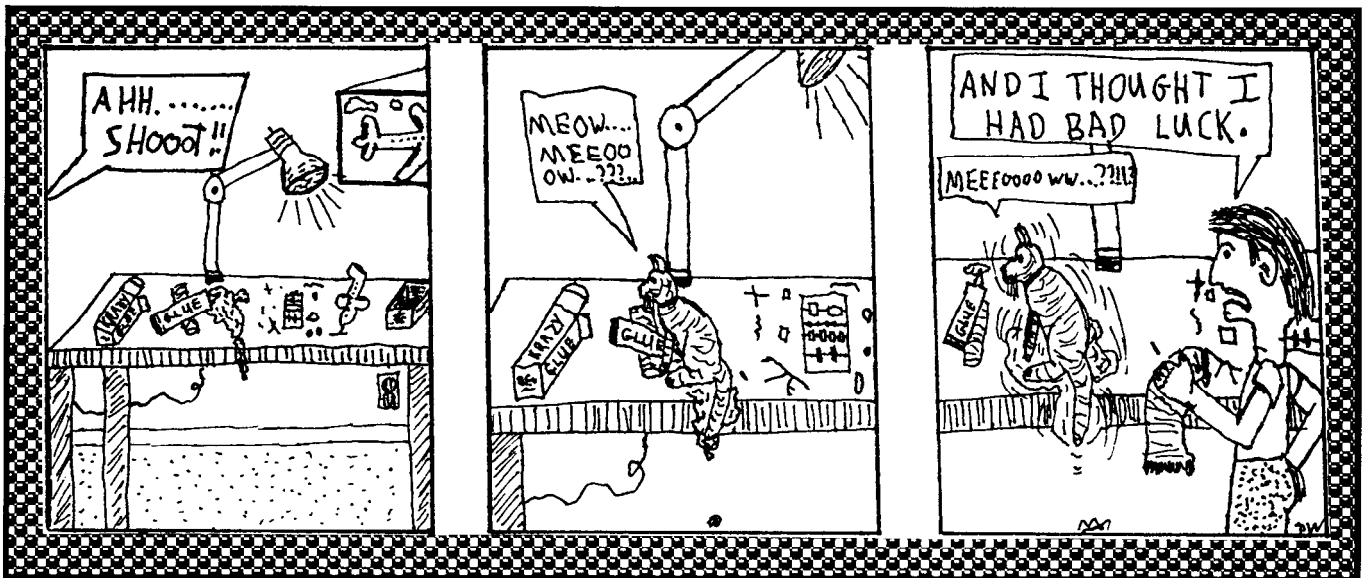
The old toilet joke cartoon. The cartoons I do dealing with toilets are definitely up there on my favorite list. I sent this cartoon to TFYS (Think For Yourself Schmuck--which no longer exists) but it never got printed. No respect I tell you. I drew this because I have seen this scenario many many times. I hate it when people don't flush the refuse they leave. Equally annoying is when someone pisses on the toilet seat. Yuck, do people actually think others care to see this. I had to clean toilets when I worked for JByrons (now known as Byrons) so I know what I am talking about. Oh the stories I can tell about toilets but I don't want to make anyone sick and it is lunch time as I type this so I shall save the gross stuff for another time.



**Number 31: July 30, 1991**

Okay, so this cartoon is slightly out of order but that is the way things happened. Somehow when I was laying this zine out I missed a spot. This error was realized much to late do anything about. I also noticed I left out cartoon 31 (which appeared in FB #4) so I decided on putting the cartoon right here--out of order or not. Anyhow, about the drawing. Ever notice those people who are always trying to eat "good" food and are into getting their body into condition. Well, I always see these people giving up within the next week or two and reverting back to junk food. So many people are paranoid about what the eat nowadays. I think I will stick with the real "good" stuff -in moderation of course.





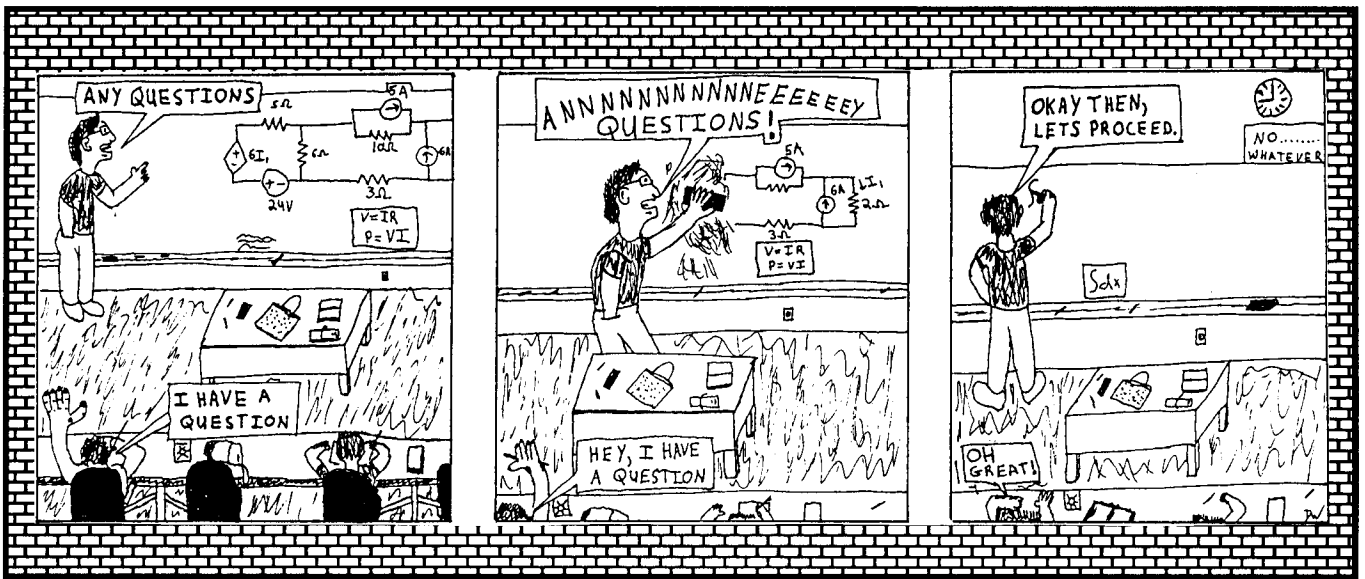
**Number 10: August 4, 1990**

I also sent this cartoon to Rubber Puppy but have received no response. I remember about 10 years ago when I was building models all the time. In fact I joined a model club. I started with snap together and later progressed up to the glue types. When I got a little better I started to paint and actually applied the decals correctly. This cartoon is sort of a Murphy's Law: Anything that can go wrong will and at the worst possible moment. Poor kitty. Krazy glue helped because you did not have to hold the pieces together for four minutes or worry about the plastic melting from using too much glue. I actually included this on one of my resumes but never handed it out--couldn't have hurt as I never got a job that summer anyhow.



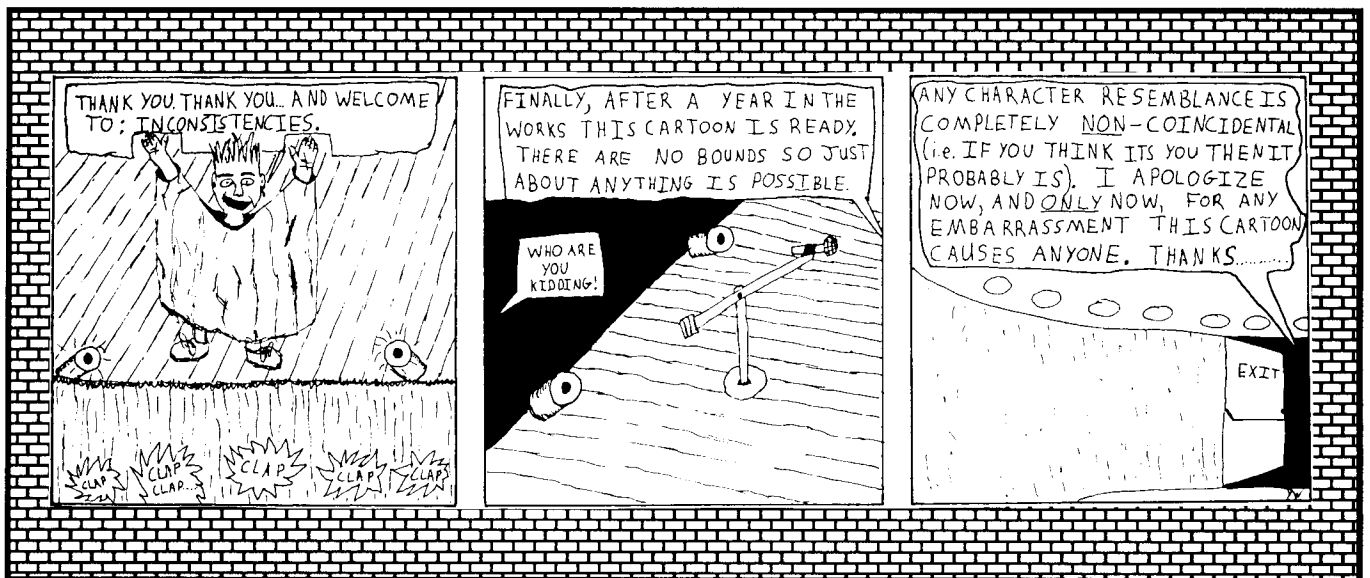
**Number 11: August 5, 1990**

This cartoon was drawn out of anger--me being pissed off at apathetic people who don't care what harm they cause others. The ants can represent whomever you want (i.e. the poor / working class) and the person with the Greek shirt symbolizes say those in power. Indifference kills. A very extreme comic to appear anywhere wouldn't you say? That is why you will only see it here. Billy beer? I don't recall where I heard of it but I know there is or use to be a beer by that name. Someone mentioned Jimmy Carter and the beer were somehow related but I am not sure and this comic has nothing to do with beer. I always remember our English class analyzing stories and coming up with crazy ideas for what the author meant. Give me a break.



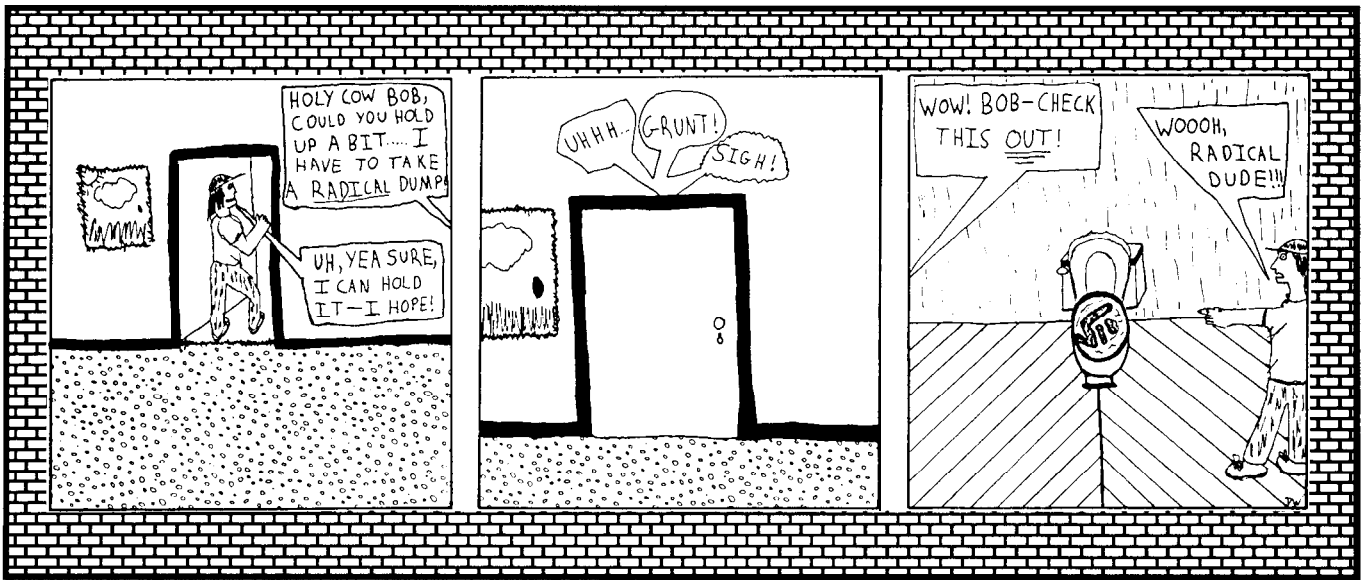
### Number 12: September 24, 1990

This comic appeared in the alligator on Feb. 19, 1991 as well as in the Electrical Eng. course guide. When I drew this I had a circuits teacher who looked just like this (except slightly older). He also said "any questions" and carried the class at a rapid pace. I have actually seen something similar happening so this cartoon is reality. By coincidence I passed my old Statics question/answer room and saw my cartoon on the door. This made my day. To see that someone actually appreciated my cartoon enough to display it on a door through which many people pass made drawing them all the much more worth it. My name and the title was devoid of the comic (like above) but that didn't bother me. A major accomplishment in my book.



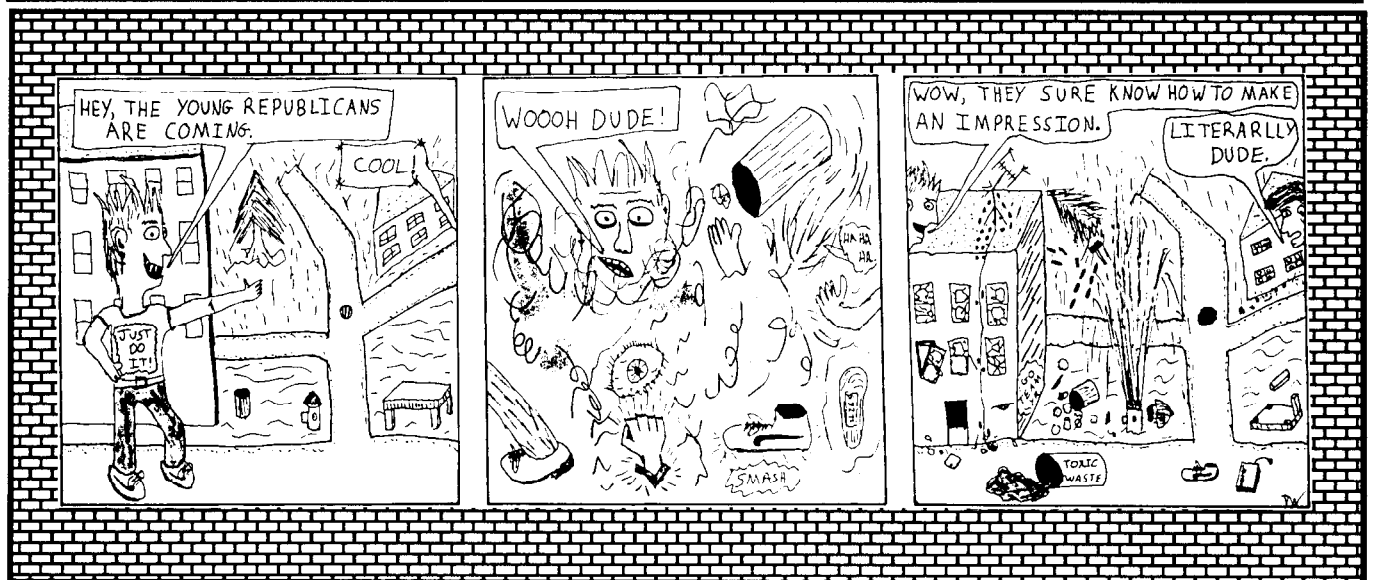
### Number 13: December 24, 1990

It is amazing how time flies. One things for sure is that I like to do my comics when I am not busy with school and stuff. This was the first of six of my cartoons to appear in the alligator. It appeared on Jan. 24, 1991, only one month after it was composed. Approximately 35,000 alligator's are published daily at the University of Florida. There were and always will be other comics that appear in the publication so I was in with a group of other cartoonist. Since this was my new beginning I decided to start out with a disclaimer because I expected to offend a few people with my humor. This cartoon also marked the beginning of another new format--done on 100lb bristol board with a size of 12X4 inches. This allowed for better detail.



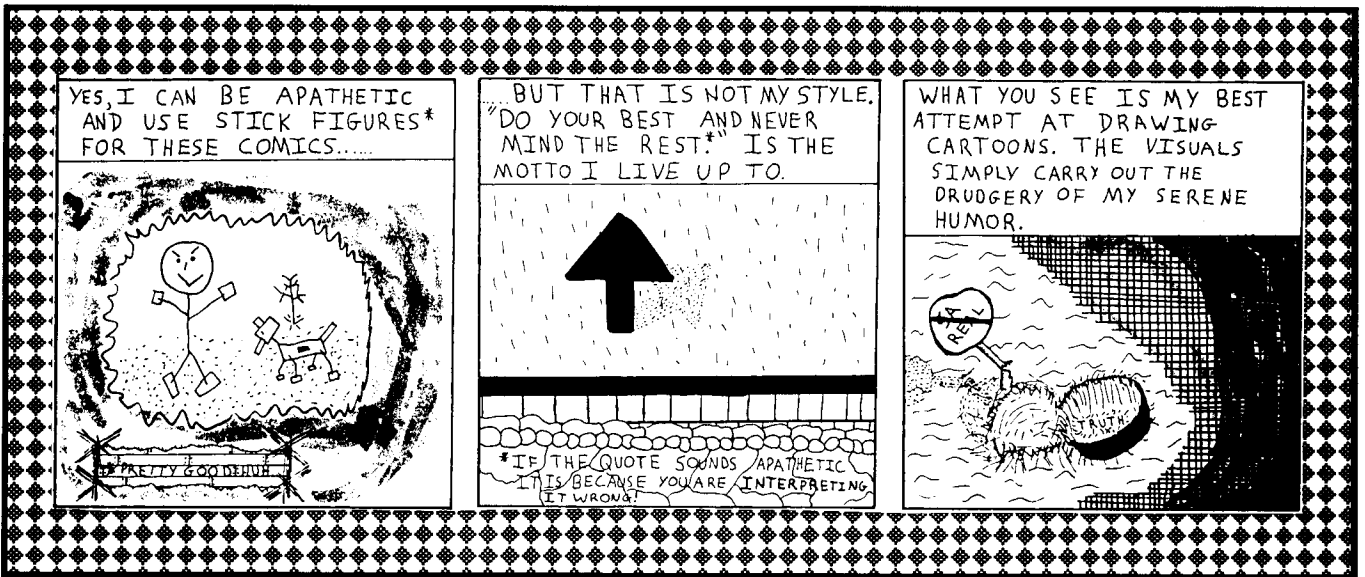
**Number 14: December 24, 1990**

Like I said before, for some reason or another toilet humor amuse me. Somehow somewhere I heard or combined the words radical and dump and thus the idea for this cartoon was born. Radical being defined as cool or neat while dump means crap in this context. For some maybe the definitions are necessary, that is why I chose to include them. Yes, that is a radical sign (a math symbol which is best described as being the opposite of a square root) in the toilet. If by chance you are still confused then the cartoon is "over your head" and even if explained would probably not be funny. This is sorta one of those cheesy jokes that certain people will never understand because of the lingo or words used which make the joke possible.



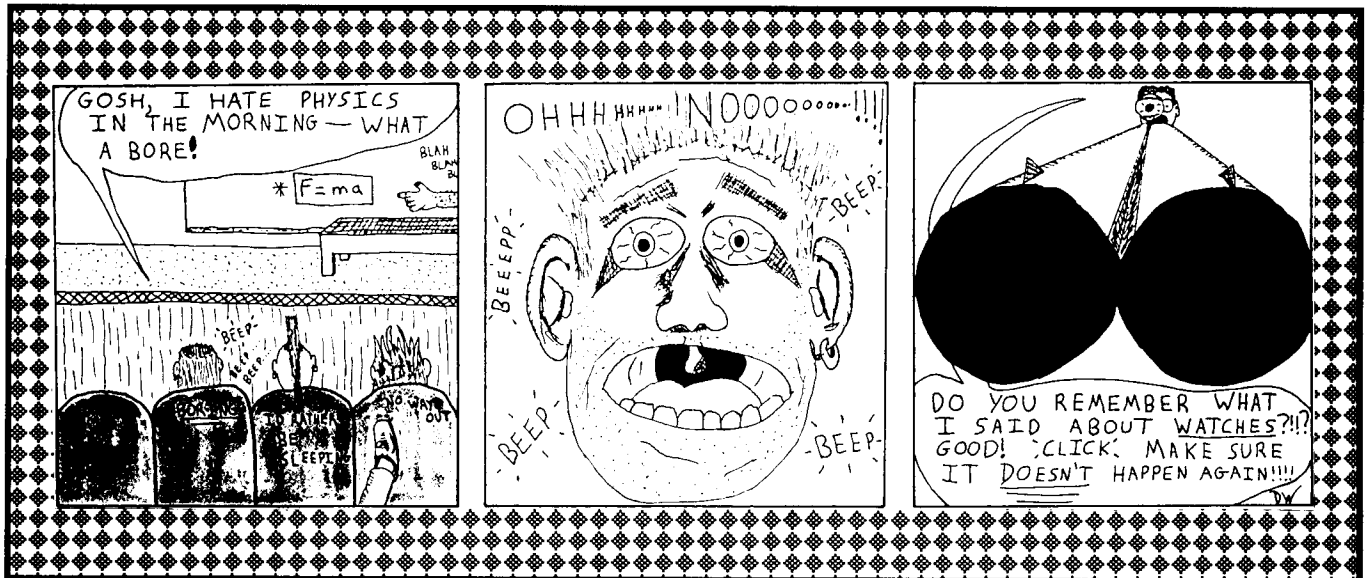
**Number 15: December 28, 1990**

I decided to take Christmas off. That's why there is a break in the days. I am actually surprised but this cartoon appeared in the alligator on March 25, 1991. For some reason or another I really don't care much for Republicans-- their ideas, objectives, arguments, politics, whatever. I see Republicans as destroying this country but not necessarily any one Republican but rather the group as a whole. Censorship, wars, debts, problems, abuses, and so on. Of course maybe it is politics as a whole but who has been running the country the last 12 years? I dislike the PC (politically correct) movement as well. Anyhow this cartoon depicts Young Republicans. Imagine how I would depict the "hard set/unfazed" Republicans--yea, worse.



**Number 16: December 30, 1990**

There was a guy who drew stick figures for his cartoons/comics in the alligator. For my cartoons I do the best I can and make them funny according to me. So maybe I am not that funny sometimes. This comic basically is me saying I will do what I can while doing these cartoons for whatever publication they get printed in (my objective was the alligator--achieved) and that is all. The last frame says I will expose the truth and I dislike surrealism. Just a filler which I believe was printed in Backwoods. I think 3 of my cartoons ended up in that same zine. However, I can not quite remember. School work has strained my brain and I can't seem to think straight today.



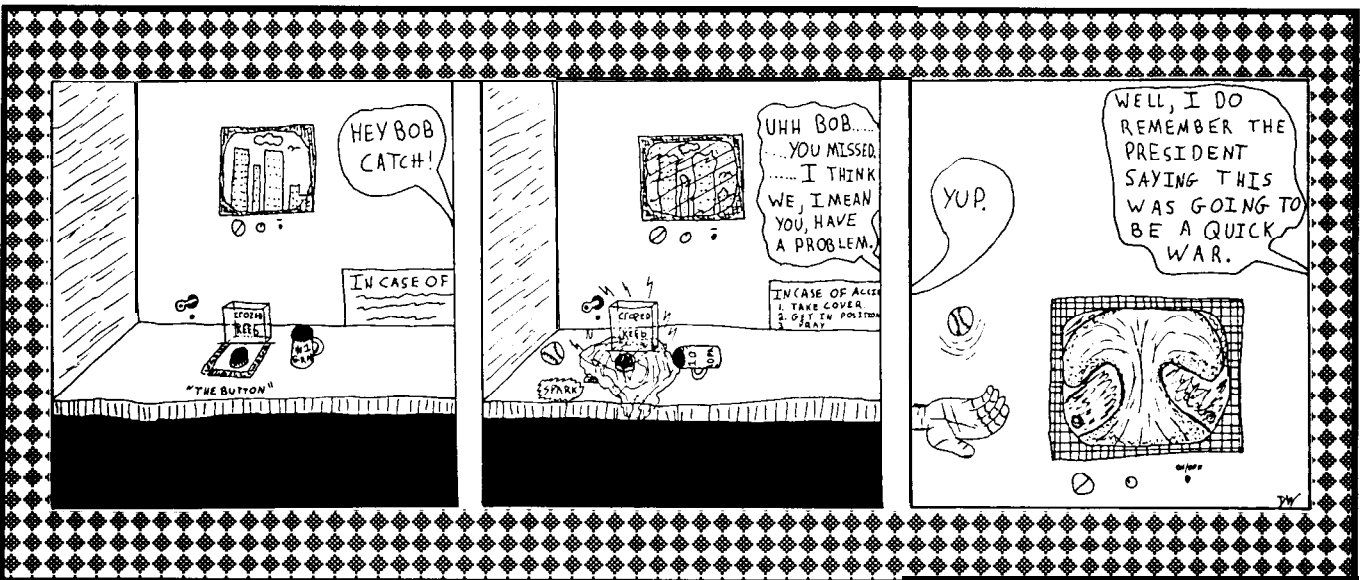
**Number 17: December 31, 1990**

Inside joke number one (the first and not last you'll be happy to know). And to think the alligator actually printed it when there were many other good ones that could have been used in place of it because of it being so obscure. Okay, enough talk, the joke. During the Spring of 1990 I had a Physic teacher at UF who taught in the morning and hated the sound of beeping watches. One time he stopped and almost threatened to cancel class on the account of someones watch beeping. I imagined him getting violent as he seemed to show that type of aggression and thus he is holding a double barrel shotgun up to the character (which is the reader) in that last frame. His eye can be seen in the scope. The class was mostly theory thus boring.



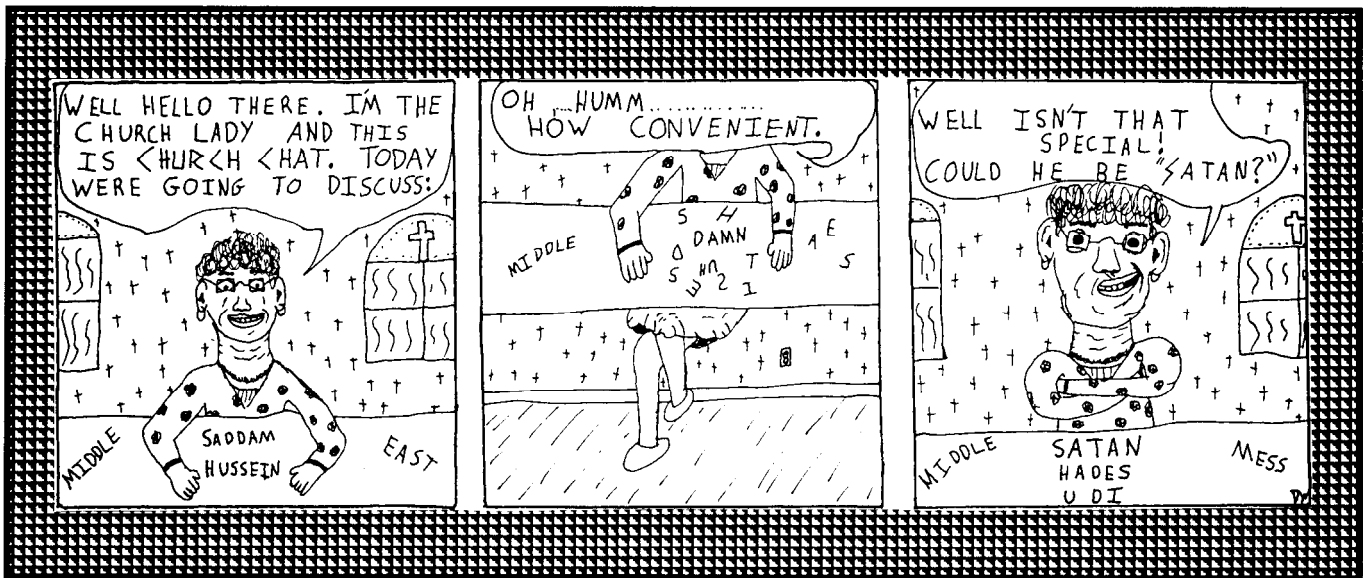
**Number 14: December 31, 1990**

This is definitely one of the best drawn cartoons I have done and it deserved to be printed elsewhere. The scenario is of the typical college male with a receding hair line. Quite a few men have this problem and the way society pushes people it makes men more aware of their problem. The guy who gets his hair shaped in a devils peak keeps an open mind about the other guys cut--he is unbothered by the societal norms. If we could only accept a "receding hair line" like the guy in the cartoon as neat or nothing to be upset about we would be a much happier nation. There are bigger problems then our image to be worried about. People seem to be so caught up in "fake" stuff. Perhaps the future holds a change for our nation--perhaps.



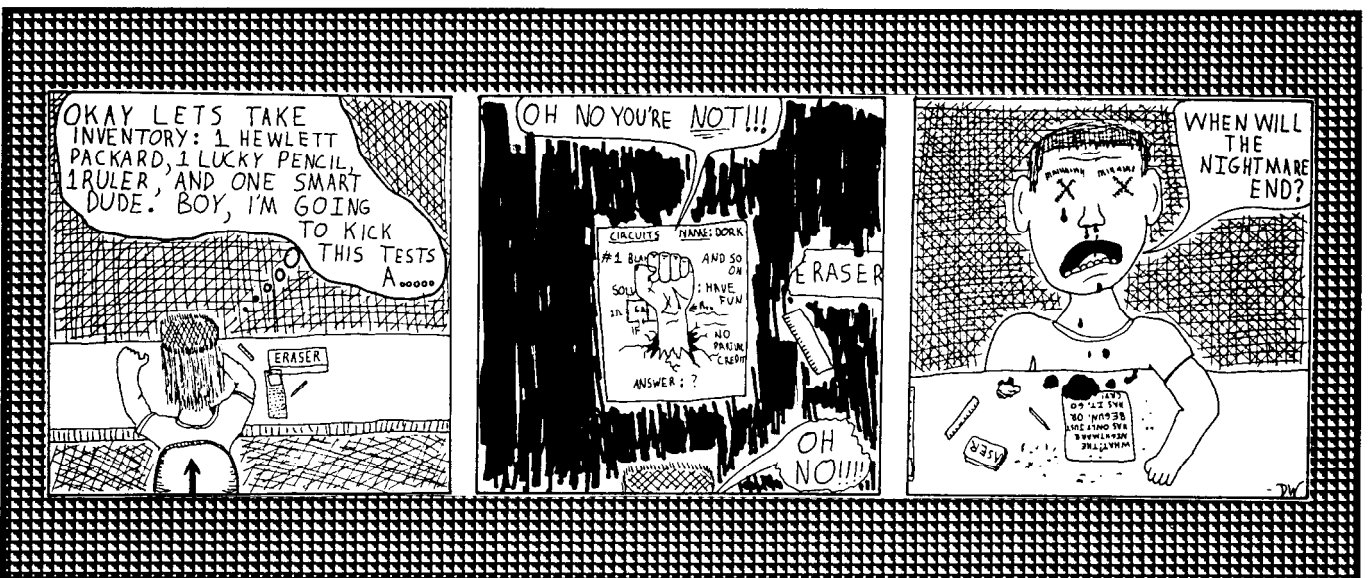
**Number 19: January 4, 1991**

One of the few things you will catch me doing is drawing timely comics. Why? Because if they do not get printed within a reasonable amount of time they become useless or unprintable. It was quite unfortunate this cartoon did not get printed in the alligator and to think that they are a liberal newspaper and passed this up. I knew, before War even started (look at the date this was drawn) Bush would engage in combat. Of course it had to be a quick war thus the ending of the comic is born. We totally devastated IRAQ. What is the difference between a nuclear war and that--radiation? Was I able to predict the future or do I know the Republican mentality like the back of my hand.



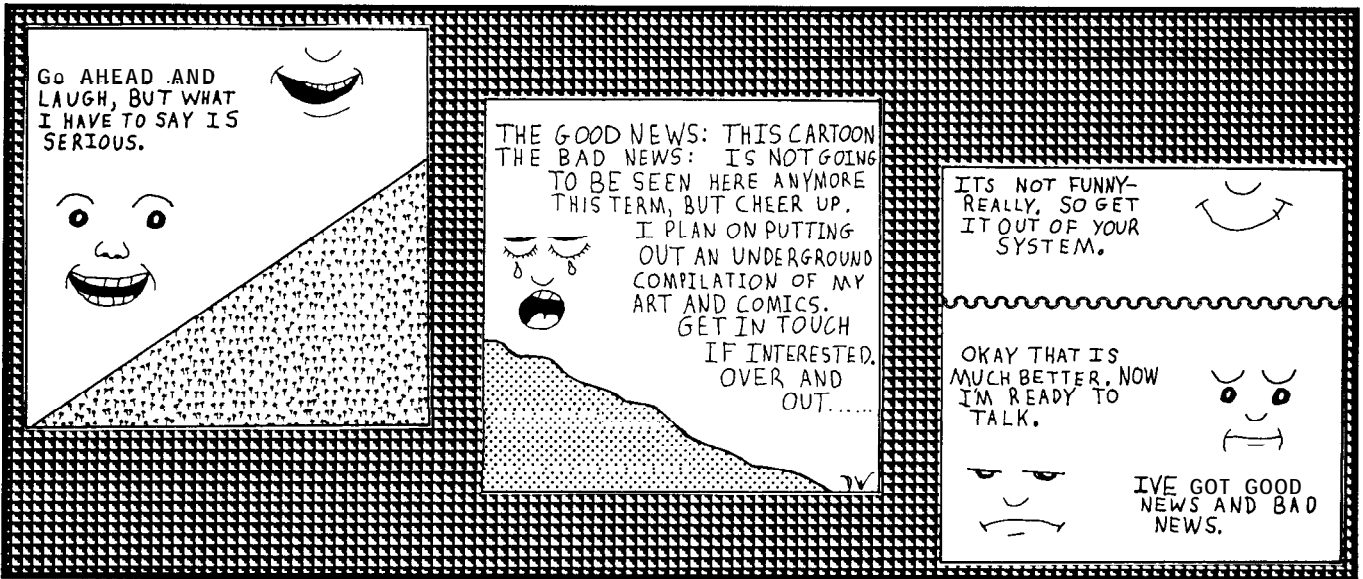
**Number 20: January 4, 1991**

This appeared in the alligator on Feb. 8, 1991 although it would have made a larger impression had it been printed before the war started. This is also a timely cartoon which was drawn before the war. The Church Lady on Saturday Night Live is always making something out of nothing. One time she created Satan out of Santa by moving a few letters. Thus this cartoon used that concept. It took a little thinking but I came up with something excellent without adding or subtracting letters. Satan = Hades and the result is you die (u di) in the middle of a mess (middle east). An excellent comic. Many died and that region was an environmental catastrophe afterwards. Sometimes predicting the future is an easy task. Anyone notice a chair?



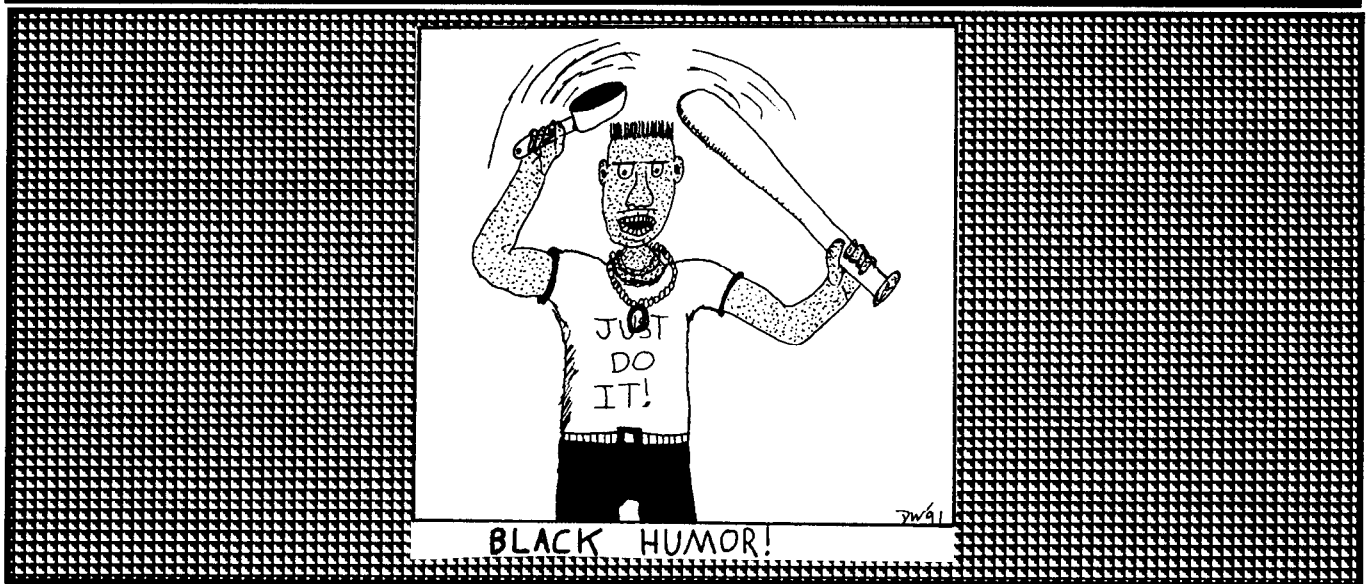
**Number 21: January 20, 1991**

This was drawn during my 3rd year Spring semester. Since beginning college I have had some tough test and just do not care for them. You know the type of test where you go in feeling ok and come out feeling like you bombed (did horribly bad) and find out a week later your prediction was correct. Not only does it ruin the whole week but it makes you feel like garbage. This is exactly myself going to a test. The backgrounds depict solitude. The middle frame use to be a statics test then I changed it to circuits in order to make it more likely to get printed in the Electrical Eng. course guide. Well it never did. They said it was too depressing, and I replied it is reality. I have gotten bloody noses because of stress. It can be a nightmare.



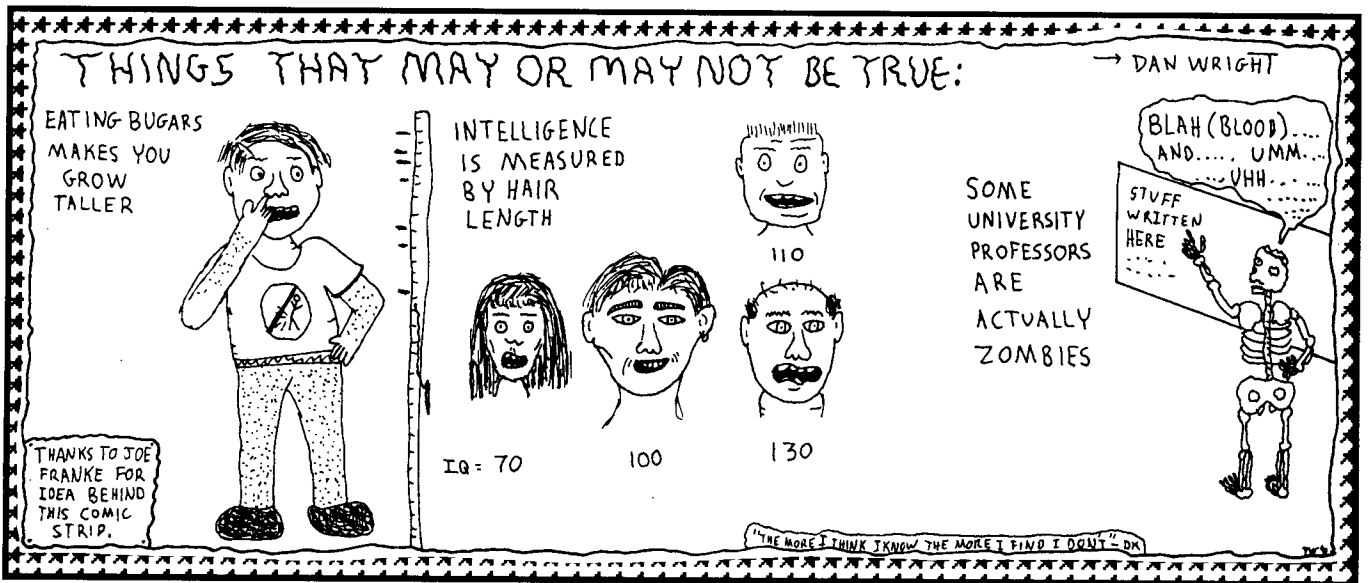
**Number 22: July 31, 1991**

Actually this was drawn in January but never fully completed until July. It announces my retirement from drawing cartoons and the releasing of the issue you are reading. I probably will not draw many more cartoons if you are reading this, however one can never tell. The funny thing is after the alligator printed the comics they did during that spring semester I was never able to get them to print any more even after trying the next two semesters. I also tried to get them printed in a local publication MOON as well as The Florida Review but was turned down by both of them. One time the alligator person in charge of the comics did say they were too offensive. Funny huh--that was the point. No more got printed after that.



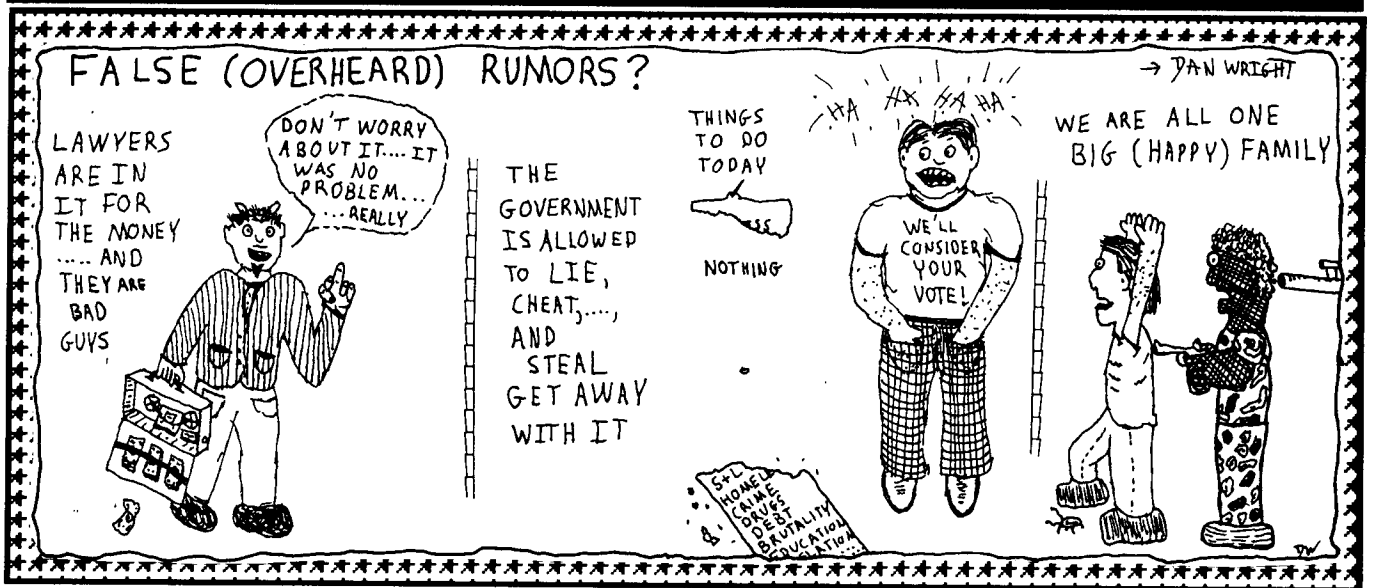
**Number 23: May 19, 1991**

And just when you thought the comic could not get any more offensive comes the above comic. Just think, the alligator made their offensive comment without ever seeing this cartoon! This comic was drawn after the one above but before the one above was finished. That is why it is #23 as opposed to #22. I tried to submit this to Factsheet Five but was turned down. Of course not printing my cartoon had no direct result of FF's demise. This cartoon as well as many of the ones that follow do not fit the Inconsistencies standard. That is just the way things are sometimes. I got the idea for wild comics like this from the author of Life is a Joke -- Joe Franke (Interviewed in FB#4). Black humor--black guy beating himself on the head! Get it?



**Number 24: July 30, 1991**

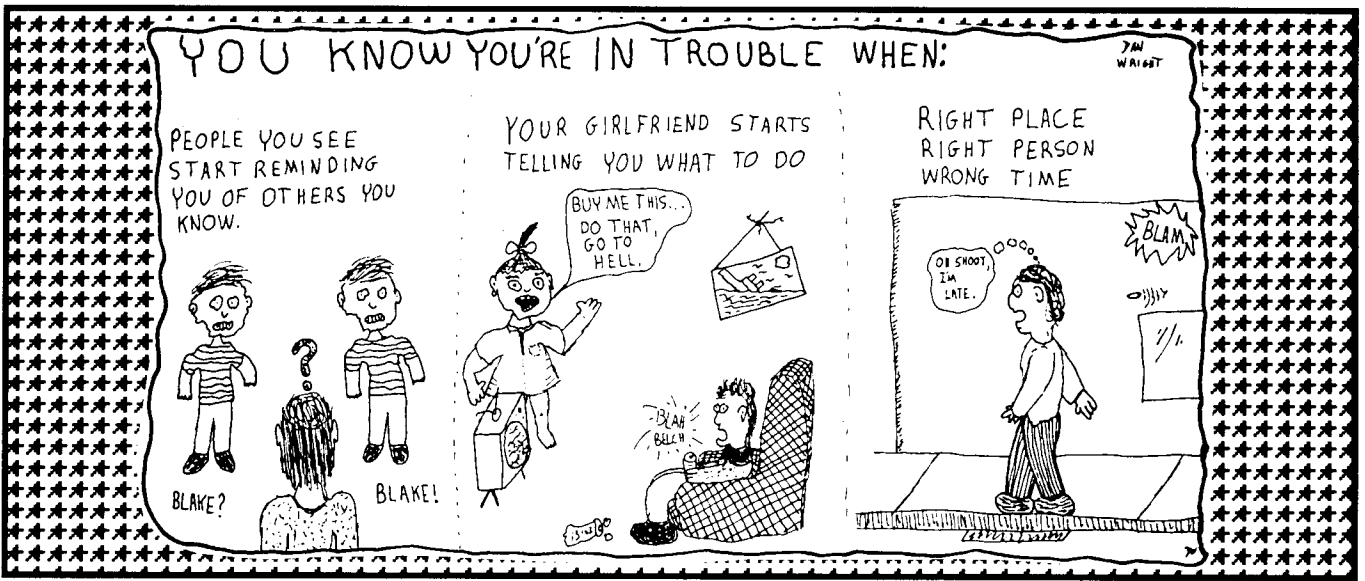
This cartoon was born out of the fact that I needed a change--something different, a new and funnier title. If you have ever seen Joe Franke's zine then you know where I ripped the title from. These are all false I presume but it does make you wonder because they almost seem true. I actually remember a girl telling me that eating her boogers made her grow taller--no kidding. It seems to me that people with long hair (i.e. dumb blonds, rock stars) are stupid and I thought a bit and realized the more we evolve the less hair we have. The final frame is the result of some teachers here at the university being older than death and still teaching. What a joke. The quote at the bottom (if legible) is by the Dead Kennedys (the band).



**Number 25: July 31, 1991**

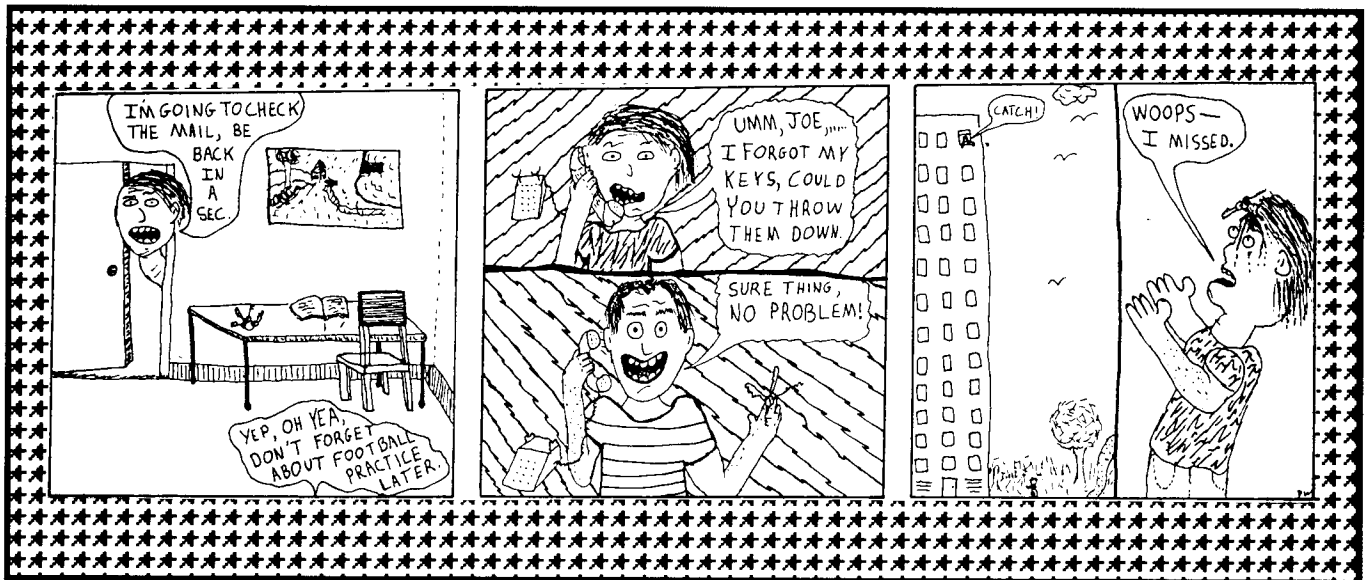
The title is hard to understand because it is like a paradox. Are not all rumors false? And aren't all rumors overheard? So I admit the title was a mistake but it adds to the humor and confusion. Could all these stories be false when they actually seem to be true? Here is what I think when I read it starting with frame 1. 1)Yep, definitely. 2) I wouldn't doubt it--probably true. 3)Unfortunately false (title) while the comic seems to be true. Watch out for the political-ly incorrect police though. The lawyer with a briefcase full of money and video camera looking like a devil with his middle finger held high and proud. The government with its list of stuff to do. It has got to make you laugh because it doesn't come much funnier than this.





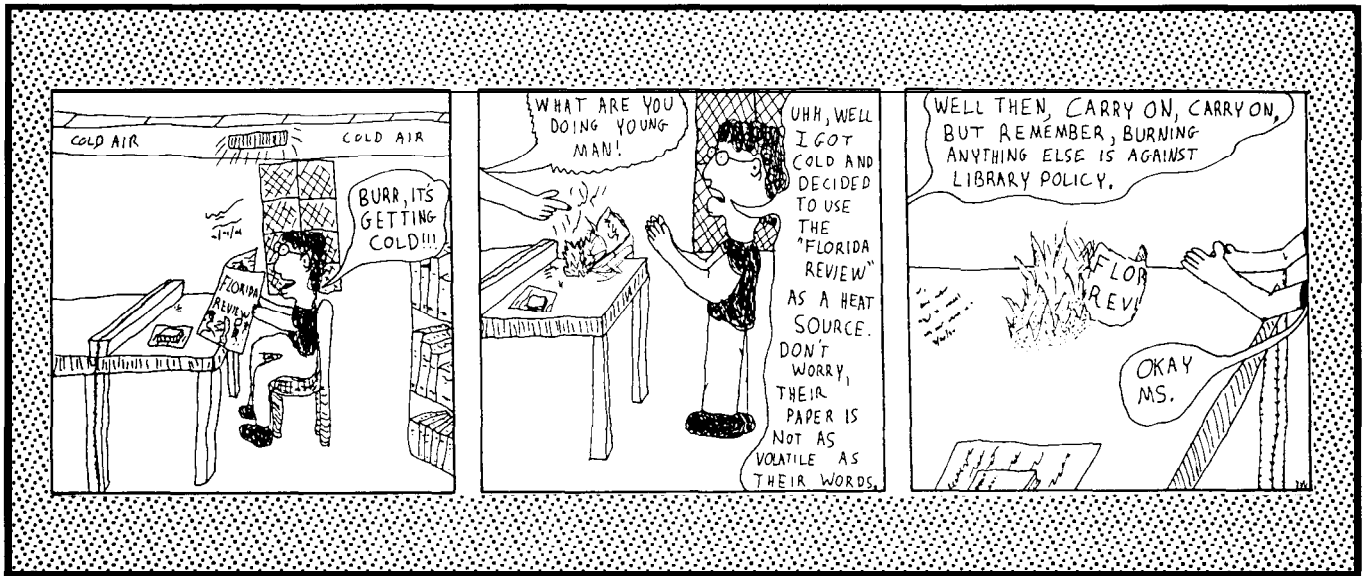
**Number 26: August 5, 1991**

"Forget the rest, settle for the best." Is the quote I put on the back of this comic. I look at this cartoon and say to myself "Man isn't that the truth." I like the picture of the boat sinking in the second frame. In the third frame that is a bullet heading straight for our character. This is another one of my favorites because of the true blue real life related humor. To me the first one usually means you are quite old--you have seen a lot of people and are starting to be confused. The middle one speaks for itself. Finally the end drawing is a parody of right person, right place at the right time--this guy is going to die. Funny, but sad (i.e. black humor).



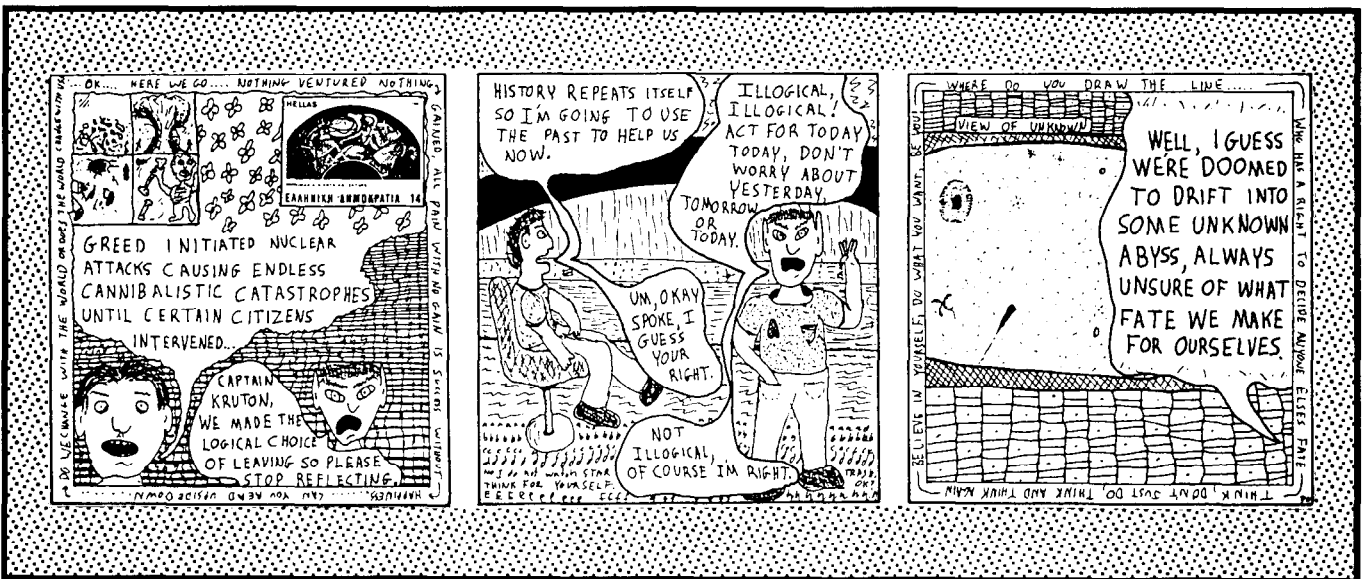
**Number 27: August 5, 1991**

After drawing four different comics I reverted back to the Inconsistencies standard. One of the few strip cartoons with no character line (some characters look alike but there is never the same character in two strips). There is more humor in this cartoon than I imagined there would be. Let's see if you got it all: A football player who can't catch. A dumb football player--trying to catch keys and asking for them to be thrown down thirteen flights up. The roommate actually dropping the keys that high up. The roommate happy to throw the keys down. And the keys hitting the guy in the head. Oh yea, the picture on the wall is basically a parody of the typical house/lake/fence/tree painting. Figure that one out? Bet you didn't.



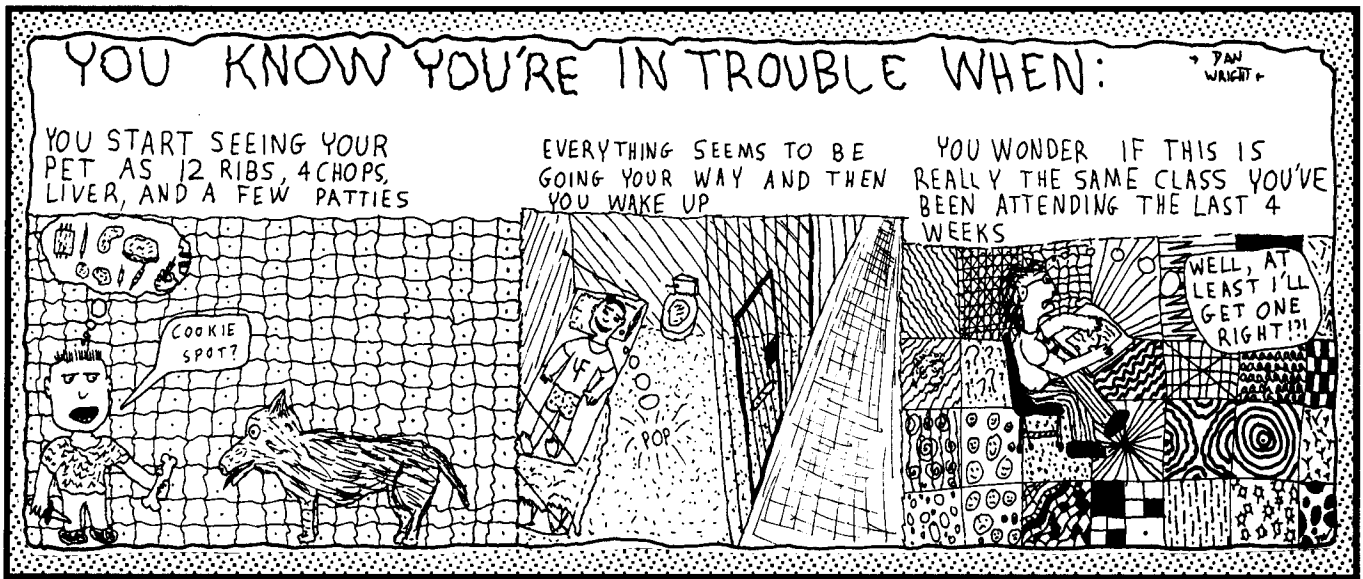
**Number 28: August 8, 1991**

Once again I reverted back to the theme of knocking Republicans--someones got to do and so why not me. The Florida Review is an extremely right-wing publication at the University of Florida. The libraries as with most buildings on campus are usually extremely cold (i.e. 68-70 degrees F) so this piece speaks in two ways. I realize 68 degrees is not cold to some but consider that it is indoors while outdoors it is 85-95 degrees and you have to wear shorts. It makes my head spin, especially when people start mentioning the school needs more money. Getting back to the cartoon the piece speaks 1) against slanderous/mudslinging conservatives and 2) voices my disappointment of frigid library temperatures. No one wanted to print it.



**Number 29: August 10, 1991**

The quote I put on the back of this cartoon is "Ask me no questions & I'll tell you no lies." This basically means don't ask me about this cartoon because it really can not & will not be explained as to what it really means. I really like the spoken word stuff I put around the boarder. I mean what I say. Yes, that is a real stamp from Greece but no one from there sent me a letter, I got it off of a package someone sent me. This comic was probably the hardest and took the longest of any of the other comics for me to draw. It also required a lot of thinking and came out just the way I wanted it too. Unfortunately I never got printed in the alligator or any other publication. So here it is, unedited and confusing as it should be. Because it has to be.



**Number 30: August 11, 1991**

One good thing about this and a few other of my cartoons is that someone corrected me on the spelling of your. I always seem to get your and you are confused. I am glad it was pointed out otherwise the title would have spelled disaster. I think this comic is self explanatory so I won't try to do any explaining. It is basically a "What if?" cartoon. I think the backgrounds added an interesting touch to the drawings. I am proud of this cartoon because I was actually able to draw a dog! In 2D but it works. Have you noticed that though? I am not very good at working in 3D. The quote on the back says "Run the gauntlet!" Of course it has nothing to do with that navy stuff I have heard about lately (mid June 1992).



**Number 32: August 22, 1991**

Here is a comic I planned on submitting as my last cartoon to be printed as opposed to having #22 being printed last. Unfortunately the alligator (as well as the two other publications I mentioned before) never printed any of my cartoons after those first six during the Spring semester so this one became pretty much useless. I sort of forgot to draw a TV stand under the TV--oh well. I would say the first frame is true but the second is false however... This is the last real cartoon that can fit under this "Number" section even though I included the next one. Why is this? Well, it is simply because most of the above were drawn with the intentions of getting printed in the alligator and the next one was not.



### Number 33: Date Unknown-1991

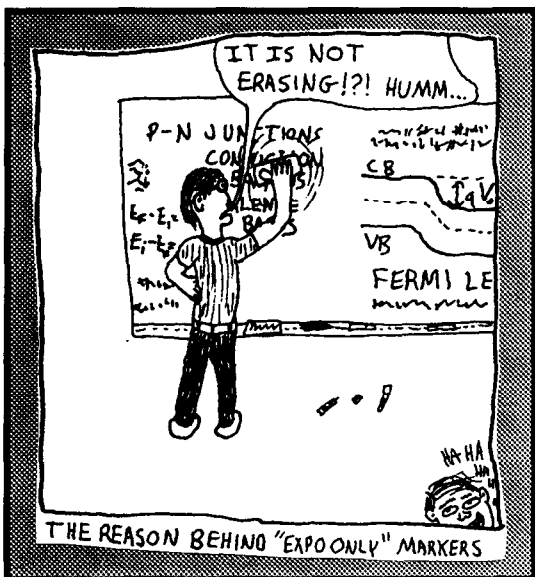
Okay, the story behind this winner is as follows. There is this campus magazine that was taking applications(?) for people to be on their magazine staff. I think anyone who applied got accepted though. How else could I have made it? I made it on the art staff and our goal was to draw stuff for possible stories. I mentioned my speciality was comics/cartoons and there was a story I was to draw for--An article about speech. I also did a flowchart for graduate school but the article never got printed. So someone was writing an article, which I never got to see when doing this cartoon, and my job was to draw something. I drew something (and quite well if you ask me) submitted it and asked if it would get printed. Things looked good since the article was almost definitely going to be printed. Come January (1992) I noticed a copy of the magazine picked it up and scanned the pages--no comic. Then I looked at the speech article and noticed some other art I had never seen before (we were in a group and I knew what everyone had done). You can imagine how disappointed I was, especially after repeatedly being denied by the alligator and not having this excellent comic printed when it would have actually enhanced the story. I never got the original back so luckily I still had a photocopy. I guess it is the time I put in and how little I got out that hurts the most.

I meant to take a break during the middle of the comics but since I did not want to disrupt the flow of the layout (which obviously got disrupted anyhow) I have decided to include my break as well as conclusion here. By looking at these comics one can tell a definite improvement in my cartooning ability. One of the reasons for this is the Staedler pen set my mom purchased during the Summer 1990--and to think I only asked for one pen. For most of the good comics(ones with clear lines better detail) I used 100lb Bristol and drew in double the size that would be seen in print (i.e. each comic would have to be shrunk 50%). Because Bristol is so expensive I usually use an 80lb Strathmore drawing paper with a regular surface for anything besides comics. I try to use the best paper in order to achieve sharper lines and a lasting image. I'm no art expert but good pens and paper help tremendously. Another thing I usually do when drawing stuff is to draw everything in pencil first and then go back over it in ink. I do this to get the best results as I lack the artistic ability to do otherwise. With that another good reason to purchase heavy paper is so it can withstand my heavy erasure hand. White out is also a must. I use a pen style instead of the brush on type because that is what I have. Another thing I sometimes use is Chartpak's pattern film. If used effectively you can give contrast to characters and background. Gray markers won't do this for print media unless your work is halftoned. A heavy black marker also helps to shade quicker.

Some people might wonder why I choose to display and comment on my cartoons instead of just displaying like many artist do. One of the reasons is to inform others of the humor involved as well as telling the story that often accompanies comics but is never told. Granted many comics can do without a story but I feel it makes things more interesting. Another reason is to show when the cartoon was drawn and where it appeared. By providing comments along with the comic/art I hope to inform the reader of my exact message leaving no stone unturned. Thus, in doing this I know the reader will get everything I intended them to out of my cartoons with little left to the imagination. This way a reader can compare their thoughts with mine and perhaps make new discoveries. §

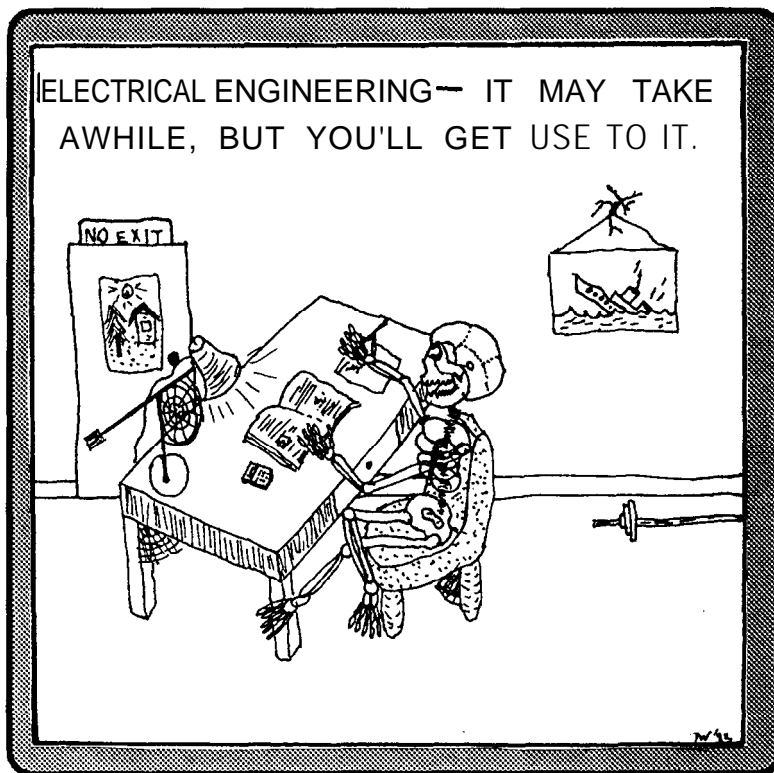
**Drawn January 2,1992:**

One of the few comics drawn by me in 1992 this one is another inside joke. My excuse for doing this was a possibility that it would be printed in the Electrical Engineering course guide. Somehow after all the hype, praise and promises it never got printed. I think the excuse used was that there was not enough room for it to fit. What you see is its actual size... Okay, the joke. The school recently got new boards (like chalk boards) which used erasable ink markers instead of chalk. Somehow my teacher brought his own pens and used them on the board. I assume he did this because there never seems to be markers in the room or the ones there are dried up. Anyhow he used his markers, filled up the board and found out they would not erase--ouch. A few days later the department posted signs above every similar ink board that stated "only expo markers were to be used on the boards." Word got around quickly about what happened. The stupid things that happen at a university, amazing.



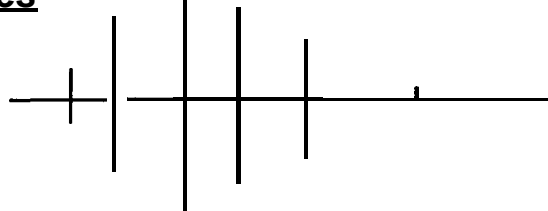
**Drawn January 3,1992:**

I think this comic depicts how studying in college is never ending. I also submitted this to the same guide as above but it did not get printed. I think they said it was too depressing. Uh, I think that was the point people. Shoot, no respect. Sometimes people have to loosen up. No wonder why so few of my comics have been printed--this PC "I don't want to offend anyone" attitude seems to be the new craze. If you can not relate to this comic then either a) you have never been to college b) you took a way easy subject or c) you don't know what the hell you're doing and shouldn't even be attending college. I should have put cob webs on the weights. It always seems like my boat is sinking. Notice the proverbial painting on the door? How about the skeleton with two left hands? Of course it doesn't symbolize anything, it was just an accident and I didn't feel like redrawing the hand.



### Just a few Quotes

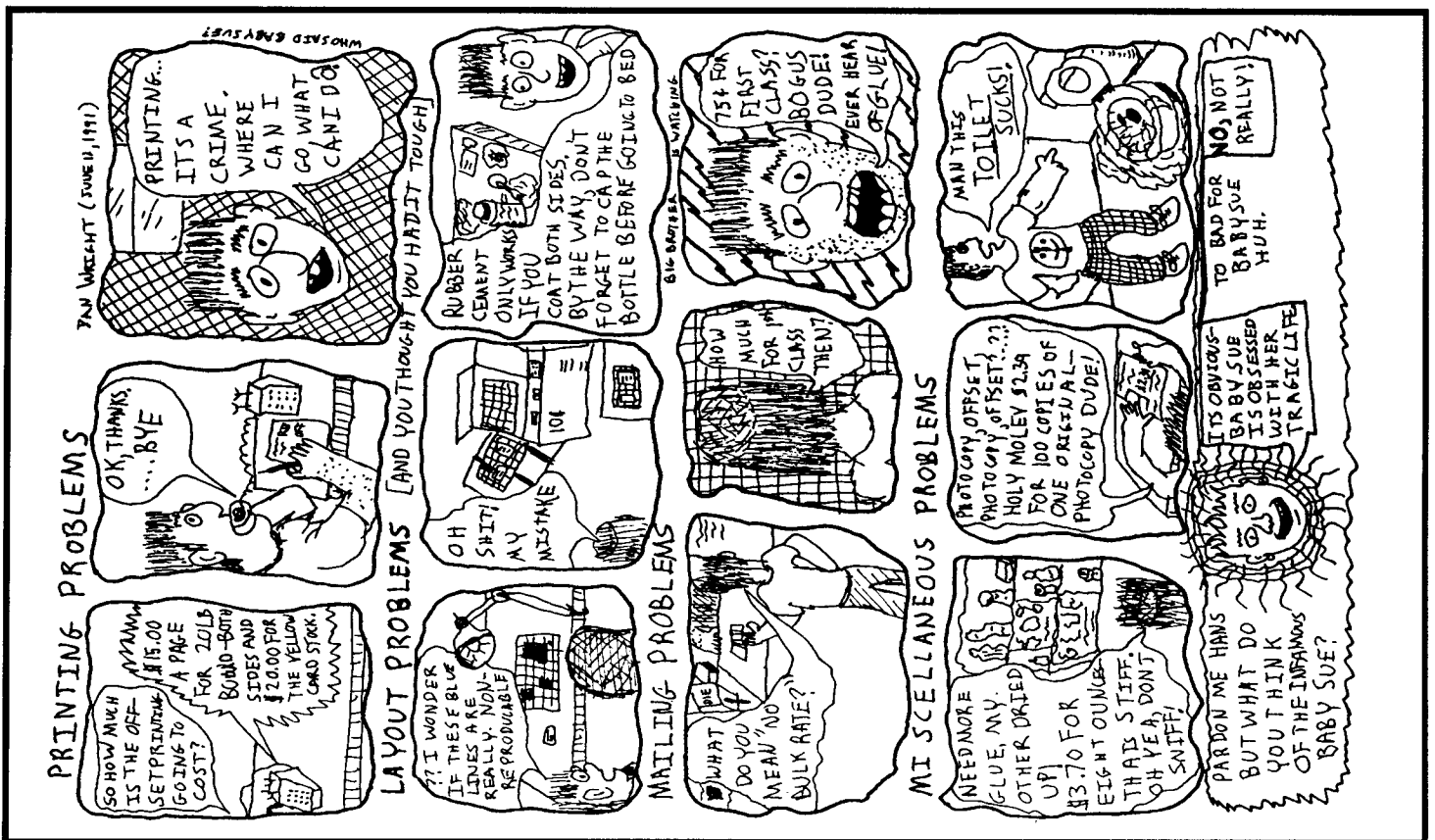
- I'm too good to be arrogant
- Big people have bigger problems,
- Can't win, don't try! (Bart Simpson)
- My confusion is real. (Rollins Band)
- I'm not arrogant, people just think that.
- Success can be yours...if the price is right.
- It's always nice to know death will be there when you need it.
- I knew a guy whose ego was too big to fit into his car--a Chevy Chevette.
- When in doubt look about, better to cheat than repeat. (ABC newscaster)
- What REALLY bugs me is knowing I'll probably come up with a much sharper retort sometime tonight. (Calvin & Hobbs)

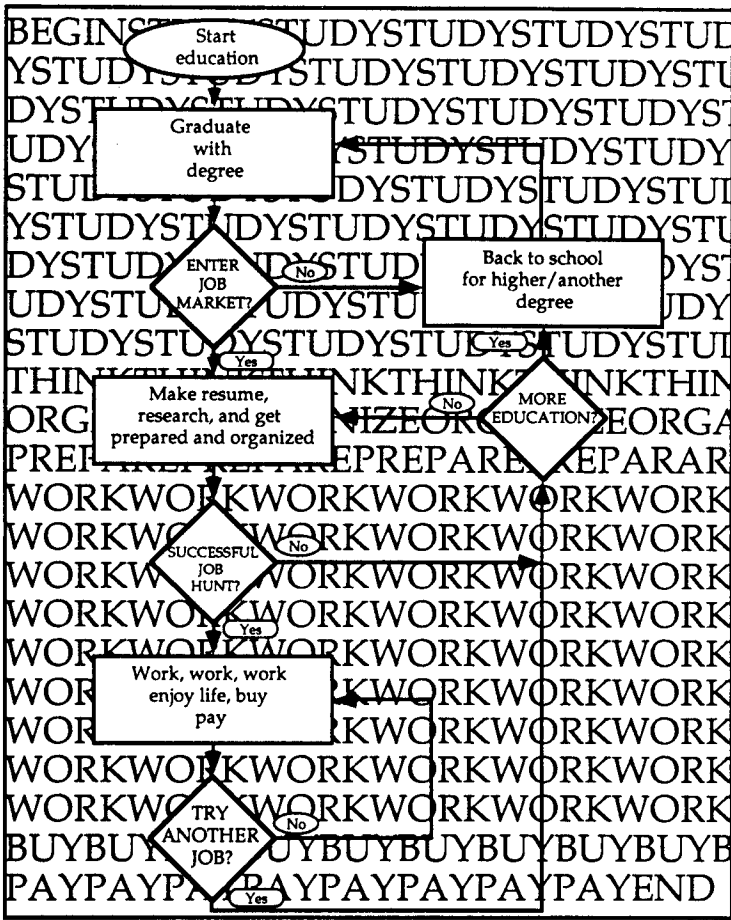


Here is a cartoon I drew for my dad--he actually suggested something so I gave it a shot. He knows this fellow named Bernie Gibbons who does a lot of heavy drinking and partying. From what I remember this guy can drink anyone under the table. Okay, I won't say anymore than that because I can't remember and I don't want anyone coming after me. I think you can use it to paint a general picture of a friend but it is best suited for the man Bernie. Whom it was done for.

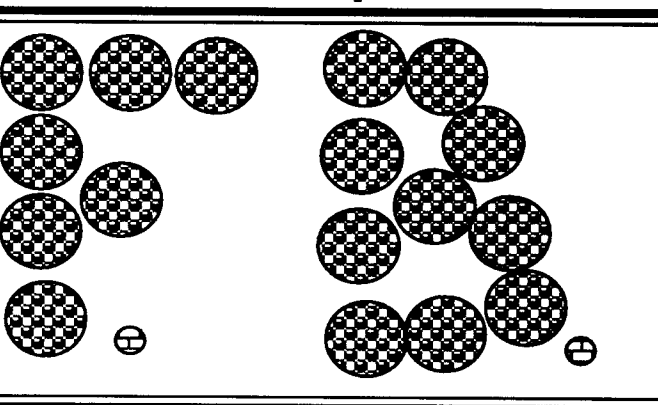


The long strip comic below was printed in FB#3 as well as the Printer's Devil. I am reprinting it just incase anyone out there missed it. Most of it is true. We have a toilet that doesn't always flush so that is the reason for the penultimate frame. Baby sue is a zine that uses lots of background effects. Just turn your head.



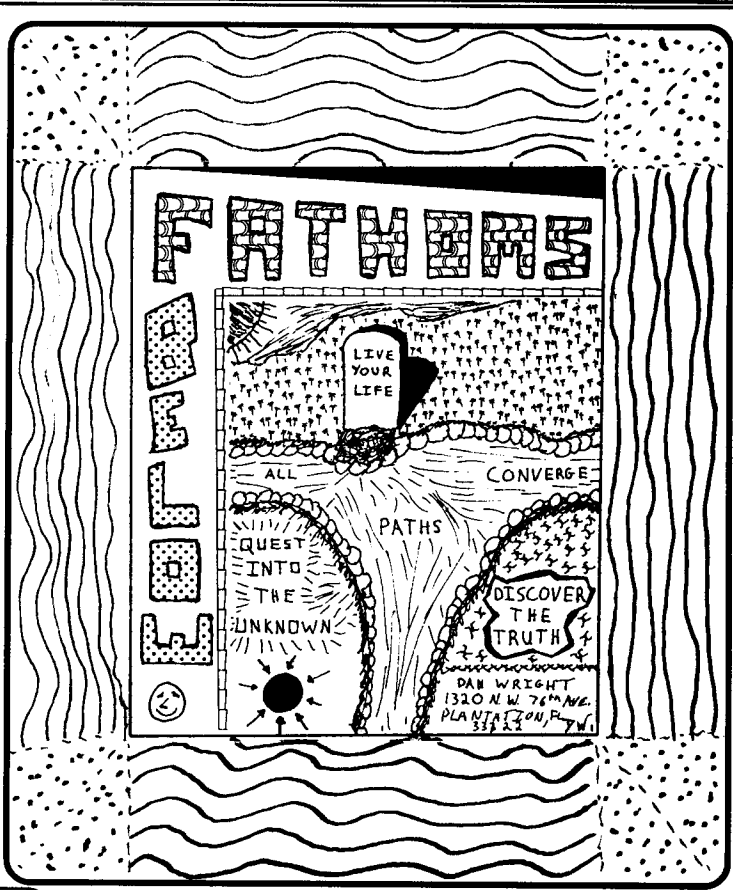


I did the piece to the right for the Florida Circle Magazine. A friend and I like to call it the Circle Jerk magazine for which the reason should now be obvious. This was not printed simple because the article was not used so I don't blame them for not using it. What we have here is an idea I got from an Ernest Mann advertisement. He had something like what I got in the background. It sounded like a good idea so I used it. This basically shows the monotony/simplicity of life--study/work/buy/pay/die--in a flowchart sort of way. I should have known something like this wouldn't have been printed.



Above is the Christmas postcard I designed December 1990. The above side was printed in red on green cardstock paper while the back had my address and was printed in black--all on a copy machine. I got it done for an extremely reasonable price.

To the right is an ad I did for this zine. I am not sure when it was done but guessing I would say it was my third add for the zine. Those Chartpak letters were not easy to cut out.



## An AD and Politics:

Oh, just when you thought it was safe to go out along comes a crazy ad and a hard hitting political cartoon. To the right is the first ad for this zine. It was created before I began the zine. I had a fun time cutting stuff out of the newspaper and doing this collage. In fact I had planned my zine to be sort of like that and it was--at least the first issue. Then I got all excited about this layout stuff and laser printing and thus that is where issue 2,4 and 5 were affected. I am not sure what happened between issue one and this one but I do feel some would rather do without all this professionalism. However I like quality.

The political cartoon below is something I drew around the time I was doing FB#1 (mid 1990) as it appeared in that issue. We have the past, present and future represented here. I saw things as going down hill (and it did). The skeleton represents the future leader (Bush or whomever) waving good-bye with our future going down the sewer. Everybody is upset so the flag is burning. Am I in touch or was this luck?

# FATHOMS

## BELOW

Good Reading



move Study SAVE REFORM  
waste die LOVE BREAK  
LAWs meet



Look and Feel Better to day  
puzzling Boy rides Big Wheel



NEW



New



New

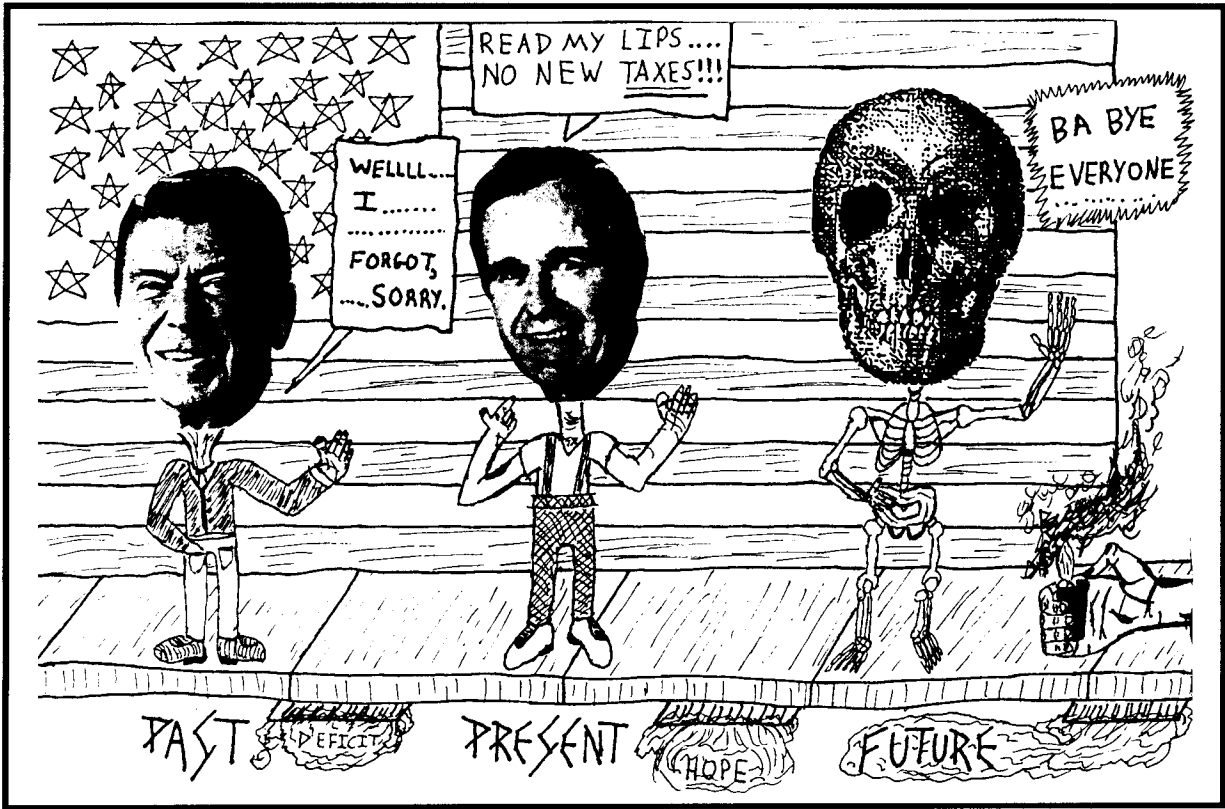


Alternative Anarchy  
album reviews  
AnArChy humor for info  
comics Poems write  
Essays and  
STRESS stories more..

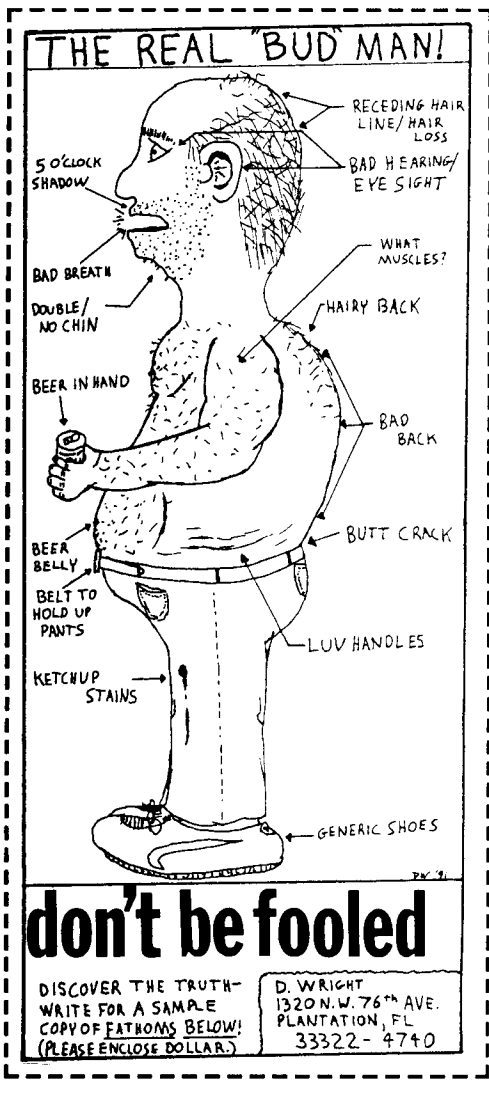
Release Date:  
SUMMER 1990?

Don Wright  
1320 N.W. 76th Ave.  
Plantation, FL 33322

Dig In!







To the right is my all time favorite ad I have drawn. Okay, so I have only drawn six, three of which I decided to print because that is the kind of guy I am. I never thought I could pull it off when I started. Somehow when all was said and done I had an excellent ad. This as well as the other two accompanying ads (which all together took up one 8.5 x 11 piece of paper) were originally drawn for someone who wanted to trade ads--he would distribute mine and I would distribute his. So, I got to work on these new ads. This one appeared in The Village iDiot but I do not recall getting any responses because of it. Isn't that weird...it is my best ad. Anyhow, the ad came about after those stupid "BUD MAN" commercials--what a joke. I laughed because that is not what a person who drinks beer looks like (muscles/tough like superman). So after one of those stupid commercials I went back to my room and drew "THE REAL BUD MAN." Notice the Nike symbol reversed on the shoe. Gosh, I should have included baggy pants. Doesn't this guy look familiar? Yea! Watch those beer consumers in a few years from now, you will see.

Below are a few poems I composed while living in a horrible (dorm) situation. I actually submitted them to Moon magazine for their literary section but they never got printed. What else is new.

**Depression:**

I can feel it growing inside  
anger  
anxiety  
hatred  
hopelessness.  
It crushes me  
and  
I have no escape.  
Call me a  
self-righteous bastard  
but,  
I can not put up with others  
laziness  
inconsideration  
or lifestyles.  
Roommates  
From  
Hell.  
I'm moving out.



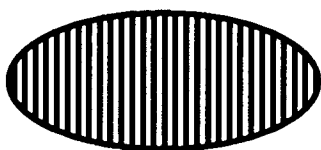
**Trial:**

I go in front of the  
Residential Hall Conduct Board for  
some  
minor violations.  
Guilty they say  
without  
listening.  
I appeal  
but  
am not heard.  
I should have  
taken  
responsibility  
because I'm no one special,  
I  
am  
just  
a  
nobody  
in  
a  
world of nothing.



**Roommate Hell:**

I moved into this new place  
to get away from another  
roommate.  
Three new people  
to get use to,  
as if moving is  
not enough.  
I think  
it could not be worse  
but,  
am proven wrong.  
Blaring radio.  
Blaring TV.  
Always making messes and  
never cleaning them up.  
Smoke  
and  
no consideration.  
These are the  
roommates from hell  
whom  
I always seem to get  
stuck with.



# The Gift

Once upon a time there was an old man who looked like he had spent the best years of his life doing hard labor. He sort of looked a drifter with a hint of meanness to his eyes. This old man was the giver of a special gift. So special it will have to be italicized for the rest of this story to emphasize its importance. Now the *gift* was not any ordinary gift like the one drawn to the right or a gift which someone received for Christmas. The *gift*, which the old man had control over, was a special gift. OH, and there was a boy about nine years old. There was nothing special about him as he could be just like you or like you. For this story neither of them have names since they are like someone you might know or like me but they are probably not you. Well, I can see this story getting out of hand already so I am going to cut through all the BS in-tro stuff and begin.

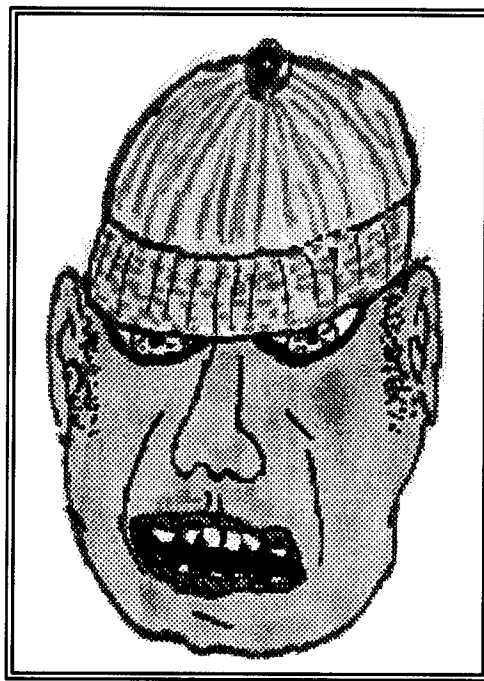
One stormy Summer day a boy just happened to duck under the old man's porch to avoid the pounding rain which seemed to hover over the old man's house. The old man, sitting on the porch, saw the boy and told him he had the *gift*. "What gift?" The boy questioned not knowing it was a special *gift*. "I don't see any gift." The old man laughed for a second and then began to explain. "You see, my *gift* is italicized and yours is not!" But actually the guy did not say that, what he said was: "You see, boy, every once in a great while I have the responsibility of giving someone a special *gift*. OH, it's nothing secret or sacred mind you and in fact, at times it is completely useless. When in use it gives you the power to accomplish just about anything. However, to keep from being abused the *gift* only works under certain circumstances." "You mean," the boy interrupted "it's like a selfish gift with an ulterior motive." "Smart boy! The answer is yes and no. The gift is something special giving you the ability to excel at certain tasks. It will be like you don't even have any *gift* because you will become attracted to whatever it is because of your choice. If the *gift* see's this trade, hob- by, or what have you as doing

certain good it will allow you to excel beyond what you might normally be accustomed to. For example, say you wanted to be a baseball player and the *gift* saw this as doing good it would allow you to hit say .300 as opposed to .200." "Ah, that's great! I've always wanted to be a baseball player, but what is the catch?" bellowed the boy. "There always has to be a catch huh. You are pretty smart for a nine year old but I'm surprised you did not figure out the catch. That is why the *gift* is slightly selfish. Say you are that baseball player hitting .300 and the *gift* decides it has completed its task or in other words your batting .300 has caused something important and good to happen. A sort of change in the future." "Like what?" the boy interrupted. "Well," replied the old man. "The future can change on a dime, perhaps what you were doing with the *gift* in affect saved someone's life or made someone happier or wealthier somewhere. The possibilities are infinite but you can be sure of one thing and that is the *gift's* purpose is goodness. The "best for all" type goodness. So once whatever it is happens and the *gift* decides it is not needed any- more it sort of takes back the extra "talent" it gave you." "So then I'm batting .200 I figure." "Yep, back to what you were without the *gift*." "Well that doesn't seem very fair" the nine year old responded. "OH, but to think you would have never had the chance to play baseball without the *gift*. This way you get to play, you live a little more."

"Okay old man, how do I know when to use this *gift*?" "Why I think you are starting to understand after all--you have started to italicize. That is an

easy question to answer though. Like I said before, you do whatever you want and if the *gift* sees it as doing good it exploits your talents and helps you do better than you might normally be able to. You will be a jack of all trades if you wish." "Yea, jack of all trades and master of none" the boy bellowed.

"Kid, you've got a lot to learn. There are many people out there with nothing--no gift, no motivation, no luck, no brains, and some with no home. The gift will help provide you with all of the above and more. Education, no problem. You will have enough motivation to get a Ph.D. because the *gift* realizes education means

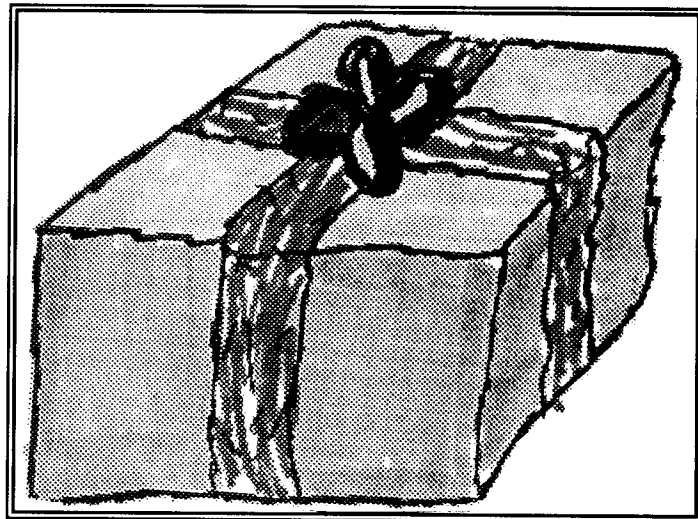


knowledge and knowledge, as we all know, means power. Your brains will give you whatever you want and take you wherever you want to go. And if by chance you don't want to go somewhere physically you can go mentally through your wonderful mind. You have the power! As for luck? The gift will occasionally draw you toward certain tasks. You will think you discovered something by sheer luck but in fact it will be because you have the *gift*."

"Could there actually be anything that I am really good at and enjoy doing without the help of this gift?" the boy asked. "Well, everyone is good at something "they" say. If you really knew what it was you wouldn't have the fun/experience trying to figure out what it was now would you? It is sort of like a puzzle. If it were already completed it would not be any fun. The fun is in the solving of the puzzle. One fourth of the fun is starting, half the fun is in the "doing", and the other fourth is in seeing the result. If you start at the top you can only go down. What fun is there in that? So stick with your gut feelings, why pass all kinds of experiences to jump into something you know you will like only to become bored with later down the road. Perhaps with all the experiences in your past you will enjoy your "real" talent that much more. If you jumped into your real talent right off the bat then it would be useless for me to give you the *gift*. You are who you want to be and if you want to be a "nobody," and I'm not saying that's bad, and waste the *gift* then that is your choice. My advice is to go out and do what you might normally do and have fun doing it. If memory serves me correct then that is what life is all about anyways. The *gift* will kick in when needed, trust me." With that the storm settled and the boy ran home to tell his folks of his new finding.

Ten odd years later the boy happened to cross the same man's path in a city far from his original home. The man looked the same as when the boy had last saw him. It was almost as if time stood still or the guy had half a dozen face lifts. "Excuse me sir," the young man said as he neared the man. "Are you the man who gave me a special *gift* many years ago." The man looked confused and replied "I'm Bart Simpson, who the hell are you?" No, actually he replied "Why yes, it is you. So tell me, what have you been up to?"

The boy then listed his many talents and accomplishments. Mentioning often that there were a few depressing times, especially during his education years. "OH," the old man who didn't seem so



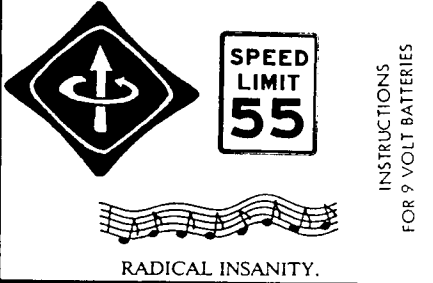
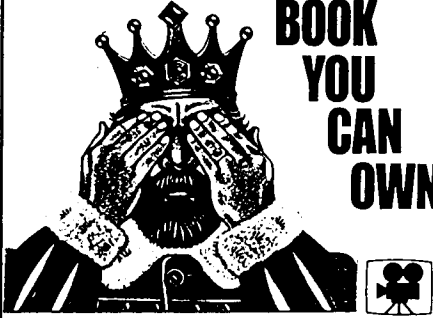
old responded "with the good there is usually the bad. Depression is never very far away in today's world. It is just something we have to live with. Perhaps it is a sign to move on." the man said while winking. "Well," the boy who was now a young adult replied "I'm currently publishing my own magazine and need some 100 more words to fill up some space. I feel I have lost something and perhaps it is time to move one. Could you maybe be so kind and offer some worldly advice to motivate me enough to complete my task?" "Hum, the old man thought a while and then spoke the following before leaving."

"We live in a world where both good and bad walk a fine line. What is good one day could be bad the next and vice versa. Everyone draws the line differently on what they believe is right and wrong. Laws change, people change (well...), the world changes. Make sure you do the best with what you got, be glad you have that much and by all means don't be intimidated by what others are doing or want you to do. You'll be happier being who you are--why change. Like Popeye says, "I am what I am." Good-bye and enjoy."



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**THIS IS No. 1**  
AUGUST 1990  
**THE MOST VALUABLE BOOK YOU CAN OWN**



INSTRUCTIONS FOR 9 VOLT BATTERIES

JANUARY 1991  
Issue  
**2**

**FATHOMS**

Just when I start to feel like a galley slave, I remind myself who's cracking the whip.



**Illusion**



**Smart Solution**

IMPORTANT: YOU ONLY NEED ONE

**Mind** We Have What You Need!



SLICK, VERY SLICK

**QUALITY**

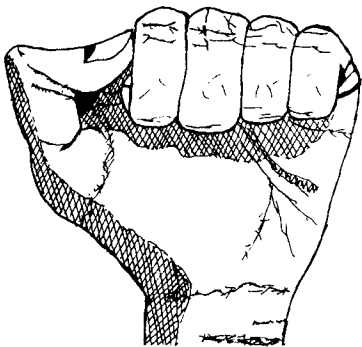
Notice This Package is NOT Returnable If Seal is Broken

**Escape Greed**

PLEASE READ

SUMMER 1991  
ISSUE # 3

take

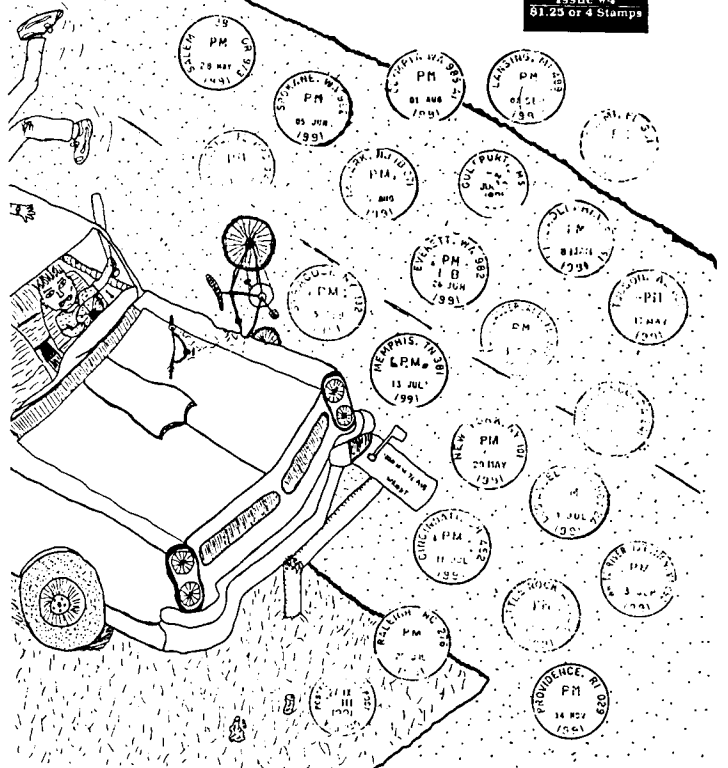


control

**FATHOMS BELOW**

"Breaking down Barriers"

Issue #4  
\$1.25 or 4 Stamps



**FATHOMS**

