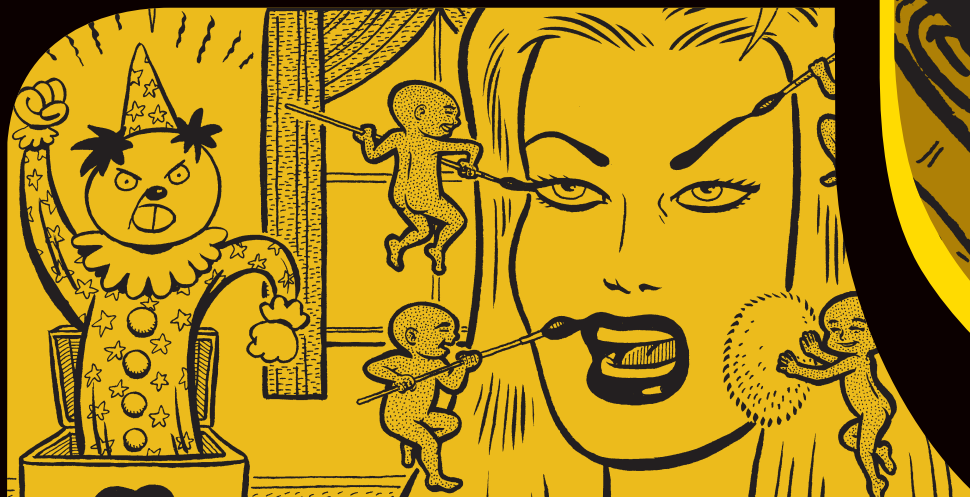




Gilbert
Hernandez

COMICS DEMENTIA

A LOVE AND ROCKETS BOOK



COMICS DEMENTIA

Comics Dementia collects unexpected treasures, oddities, and rarities from outposts of the *Love and Rockets* galaxy, by one of Earth's greatest living cartoonists, Gilbert Hernandez. Saints, sinners, and the Candide-like Roy mingle in jungles, in fables, in outer space: in cocktail lounges and living rooms. Ditko meets Melville meets Bob Hope—but the party really starts bumping when the Alfred E. Neuman of the *L&R*-verse, Errata Stigmata, makes her entrance. Many of these stories haven't been available for decades, and some have never before been collected!



LOVE AND ROCKETS

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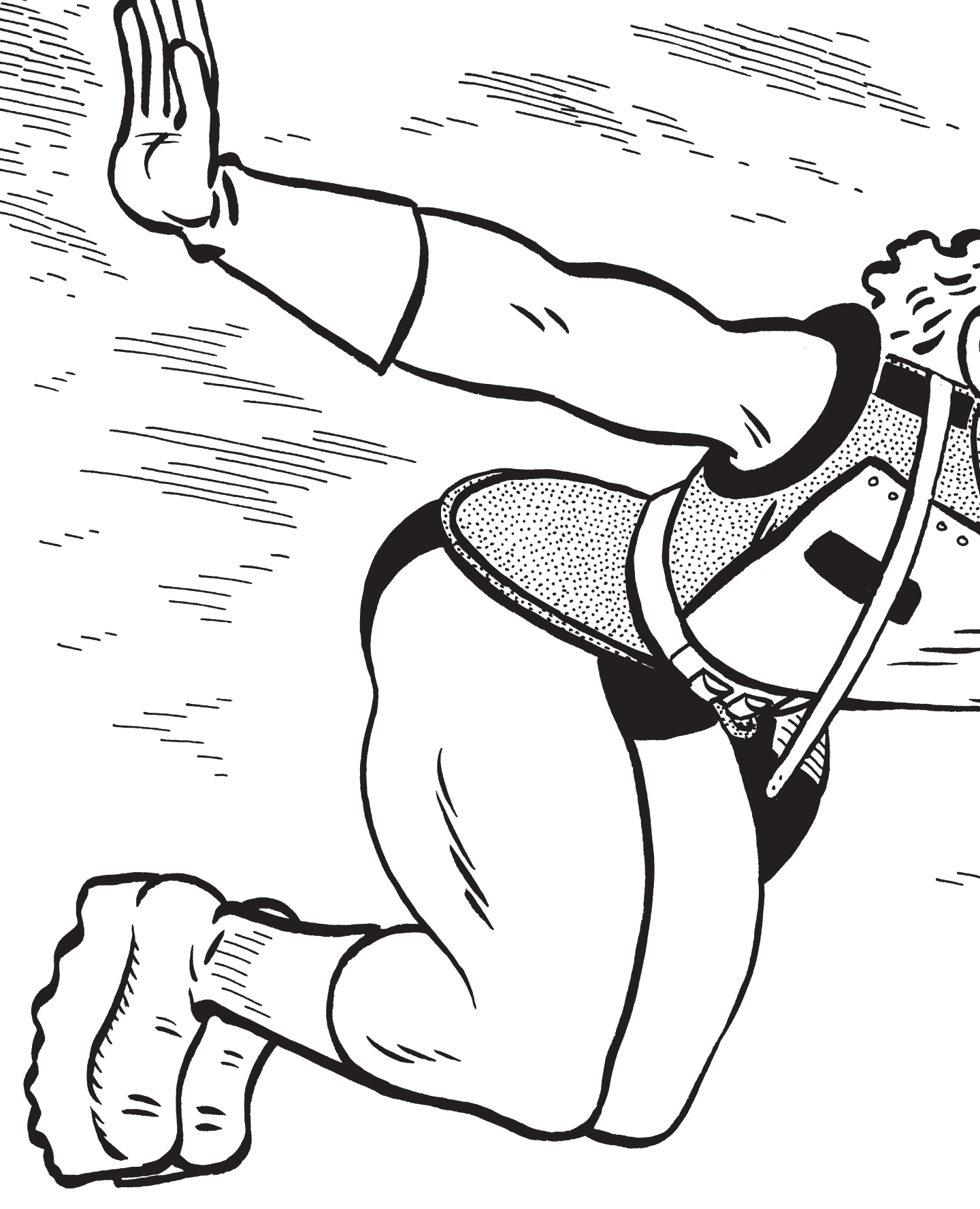


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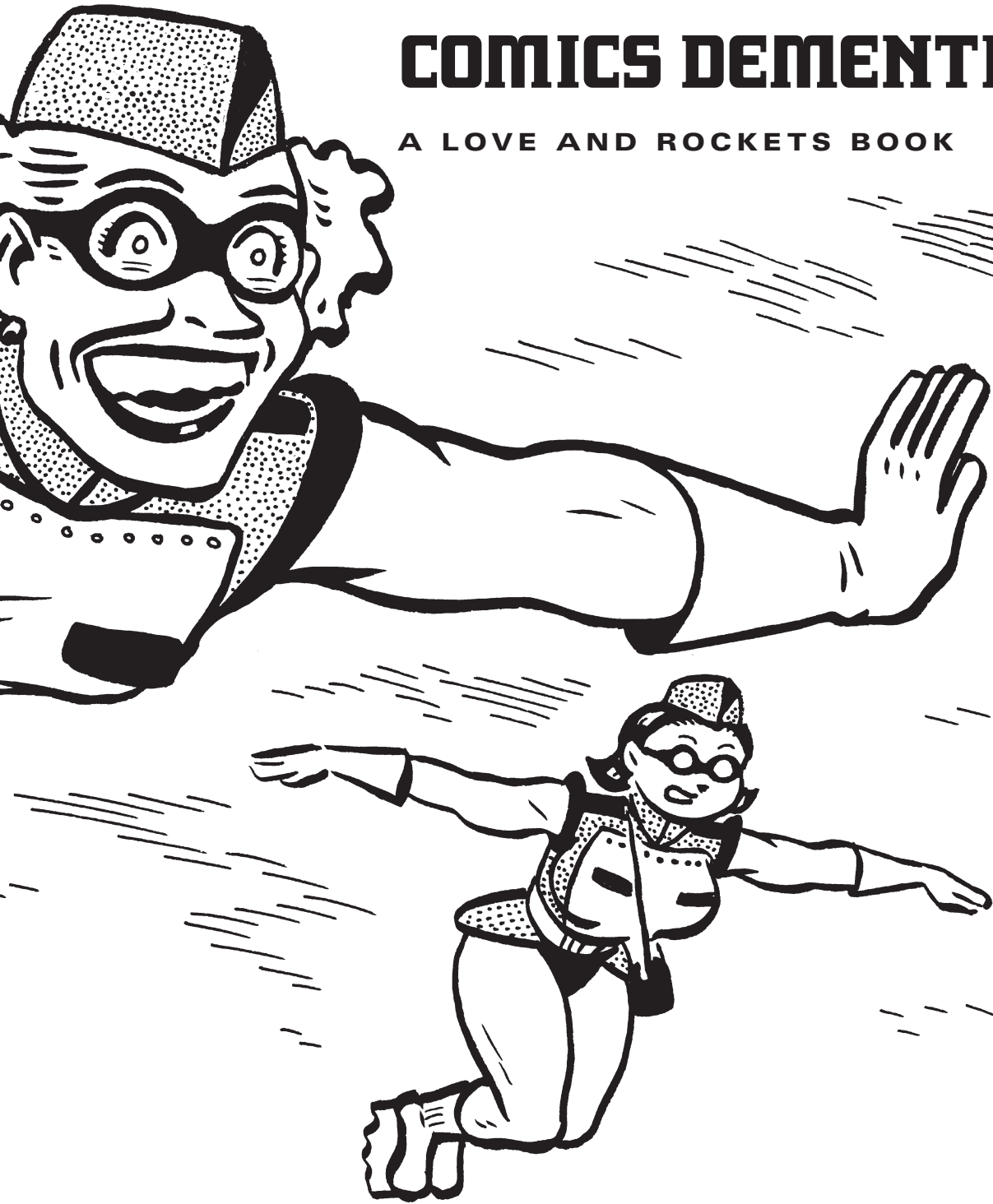
A LOVE AND ROCKETS BOOK

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COMICS DEMENTIA

A LOVE AND ROCKETS BOOK



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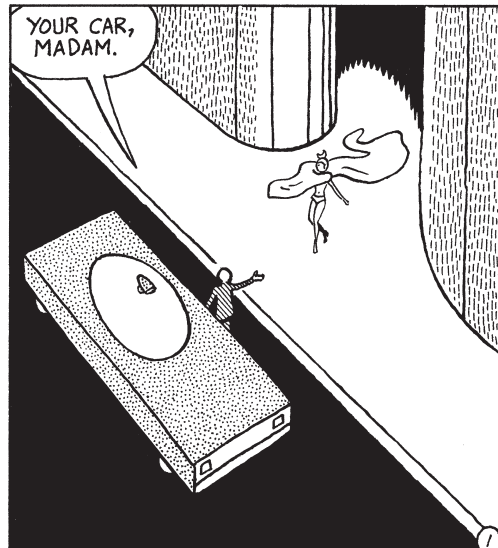
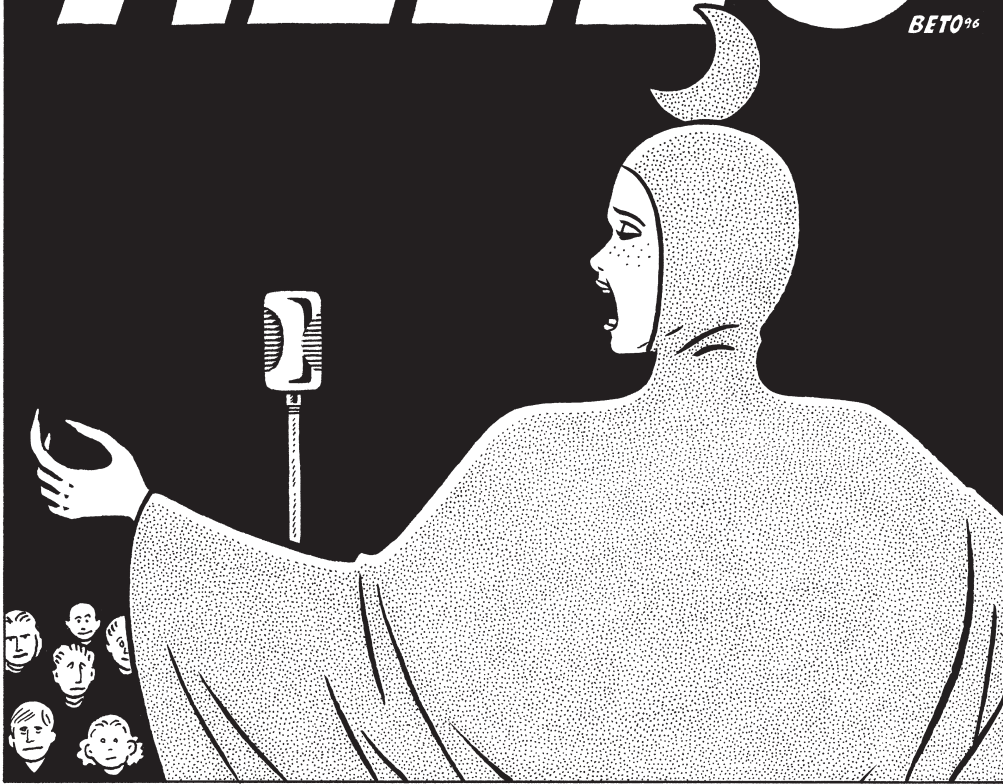
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ALL WITH A BIG *HELLO*

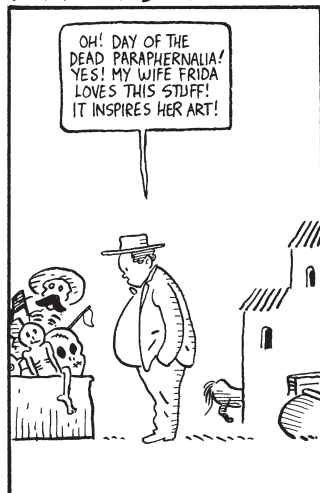
BETO⁹⁶



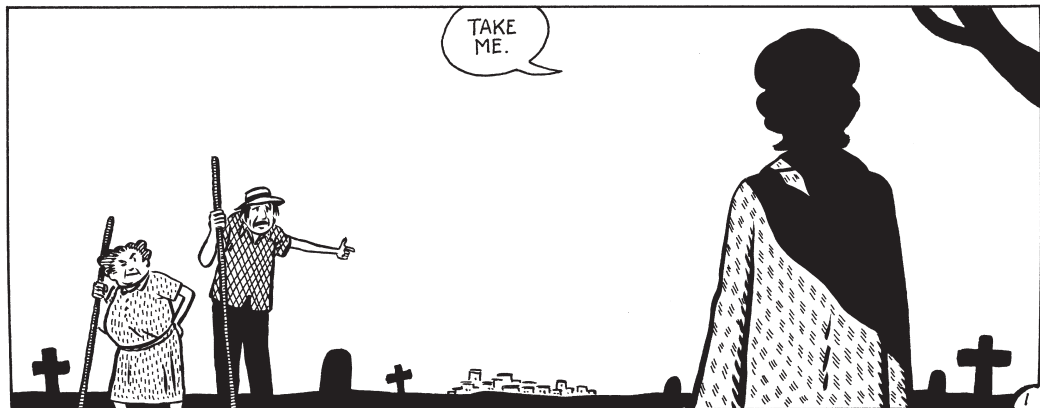


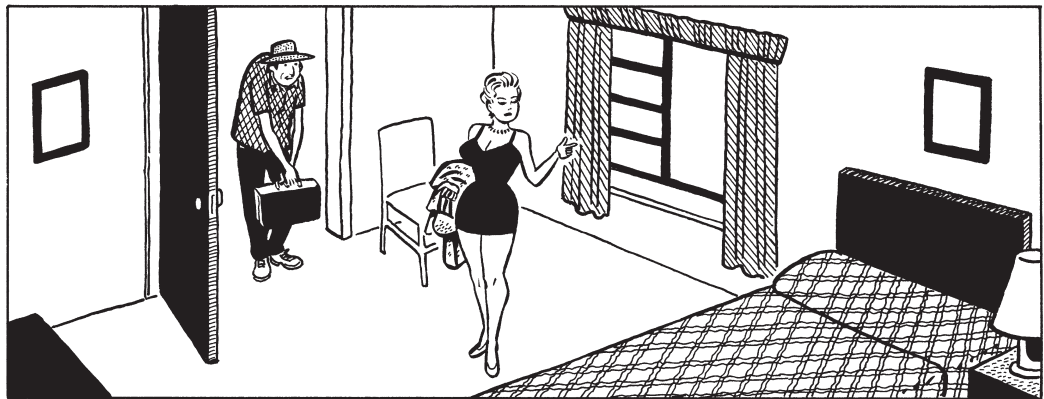
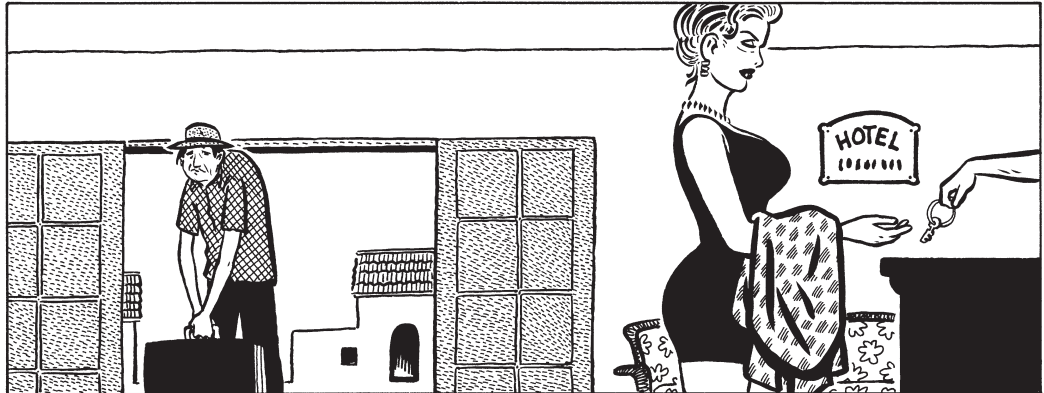
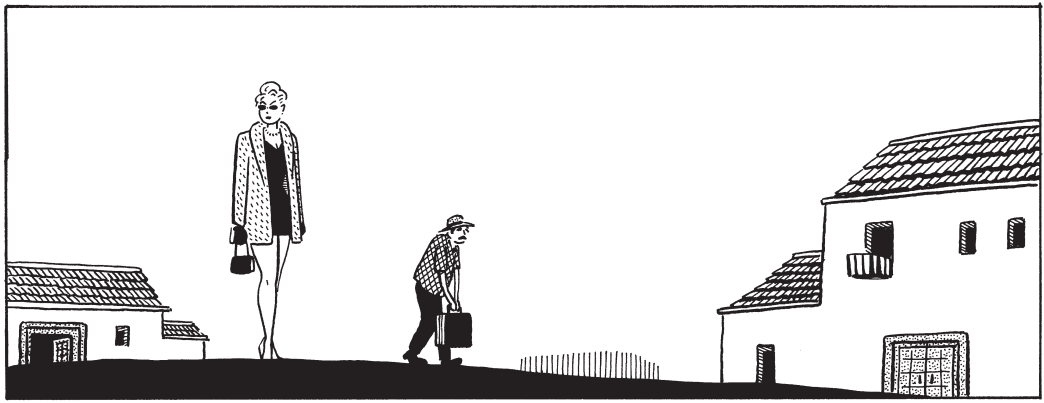


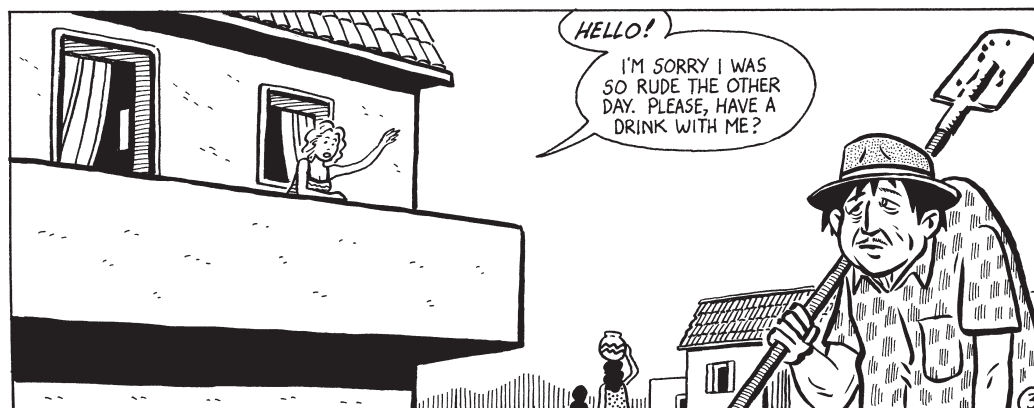
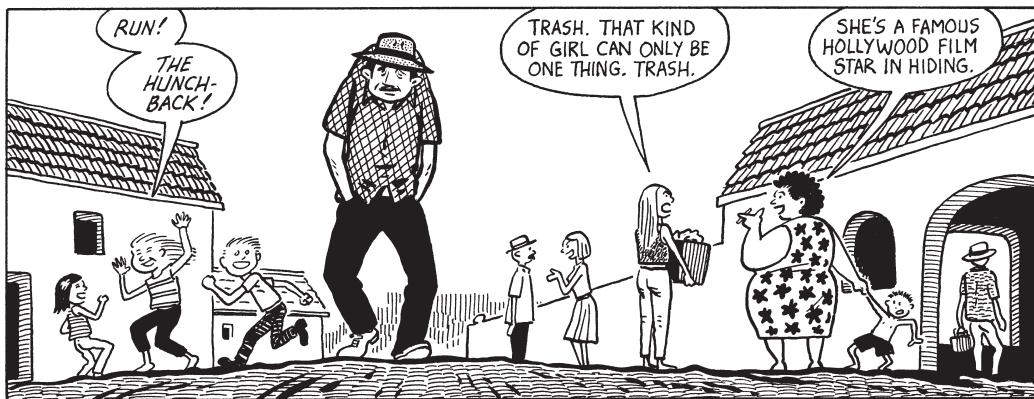
FRIDA and DIEGO "TWO ARTISTS IN THE FAMILY IS TWO ARTISTS TOO MANY, I SAY." by BETO/1939

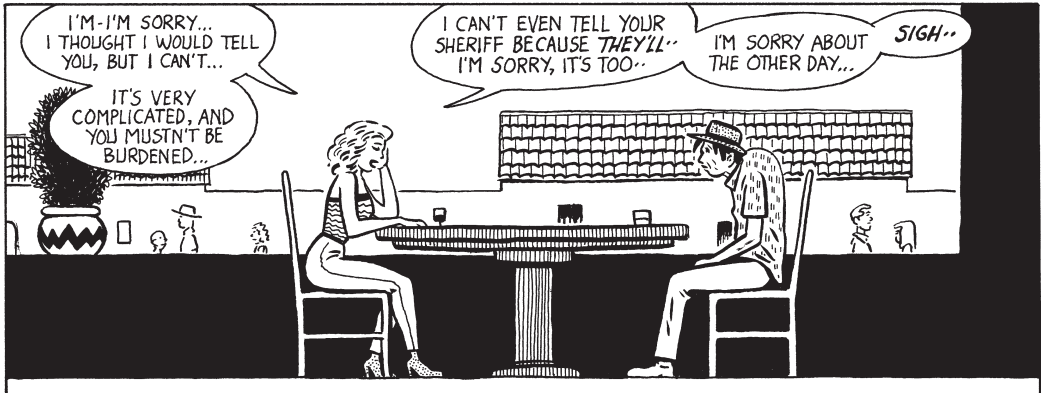


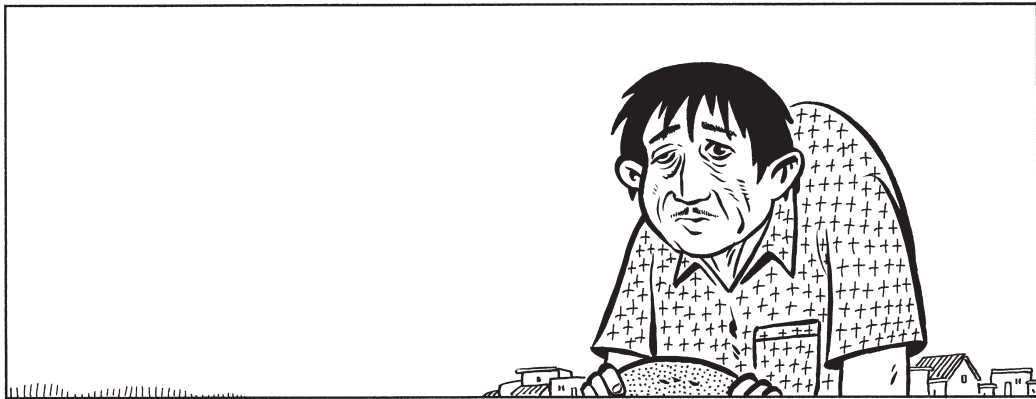
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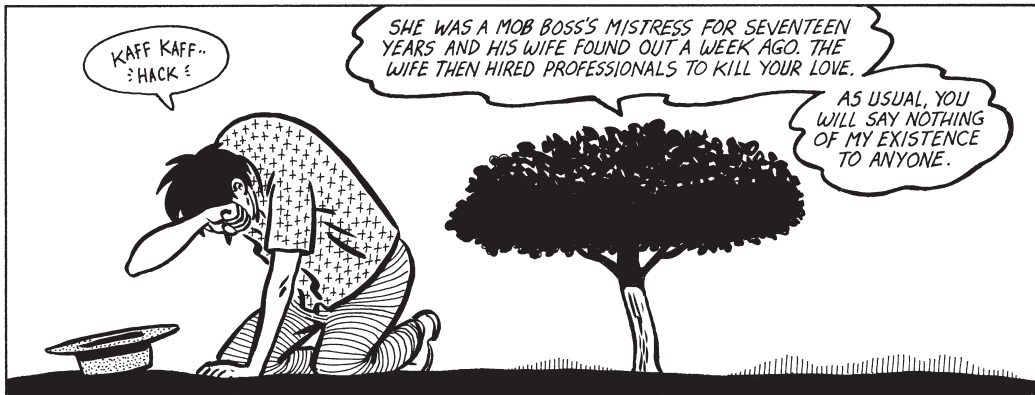


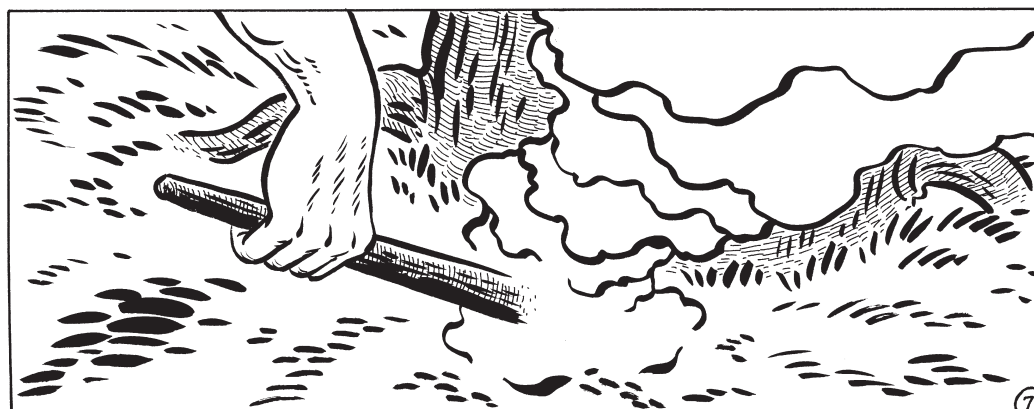
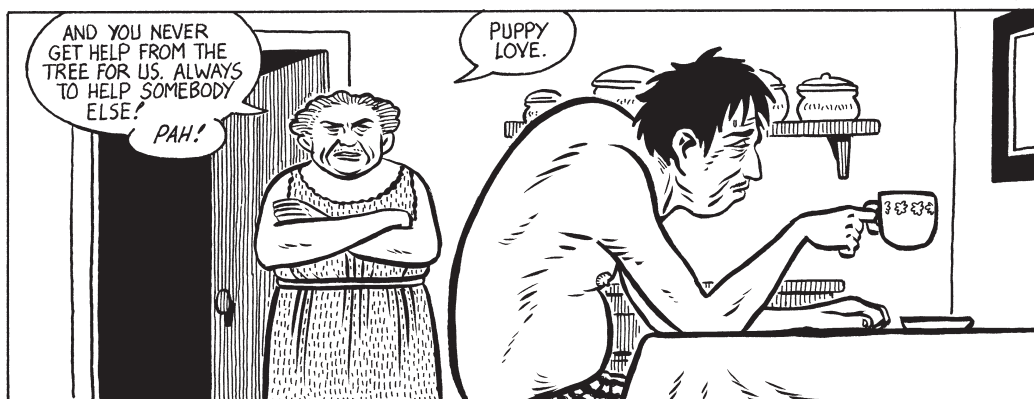


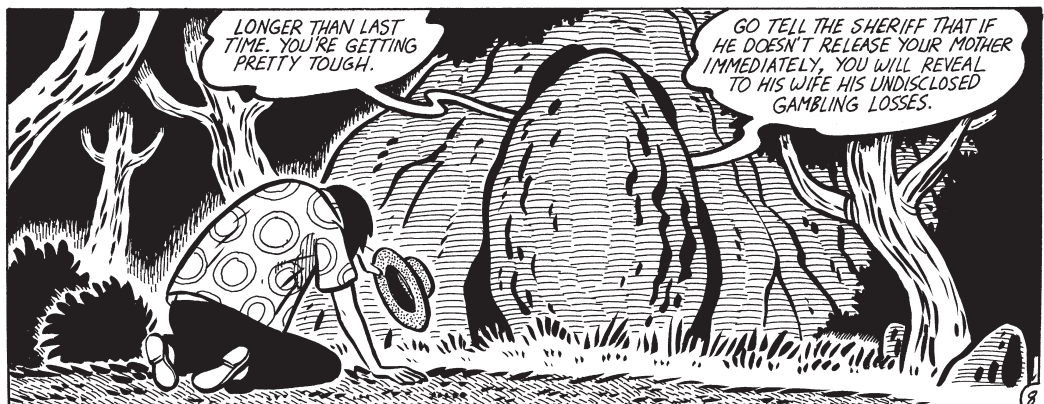
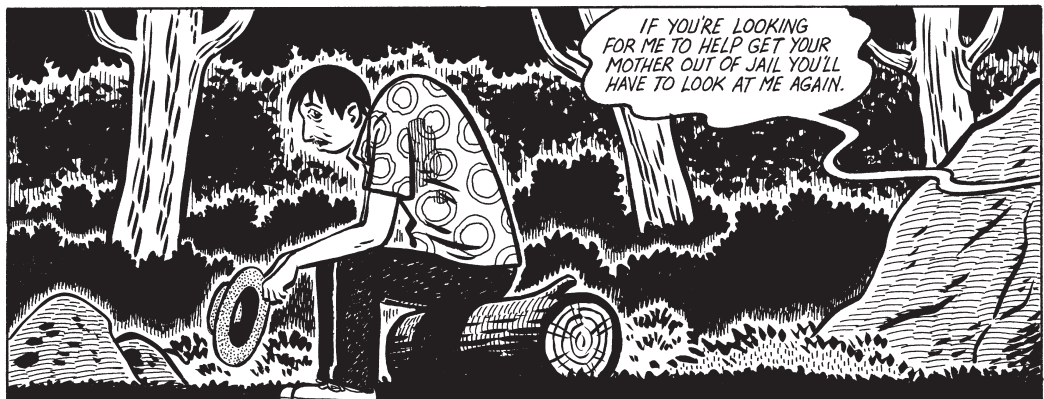


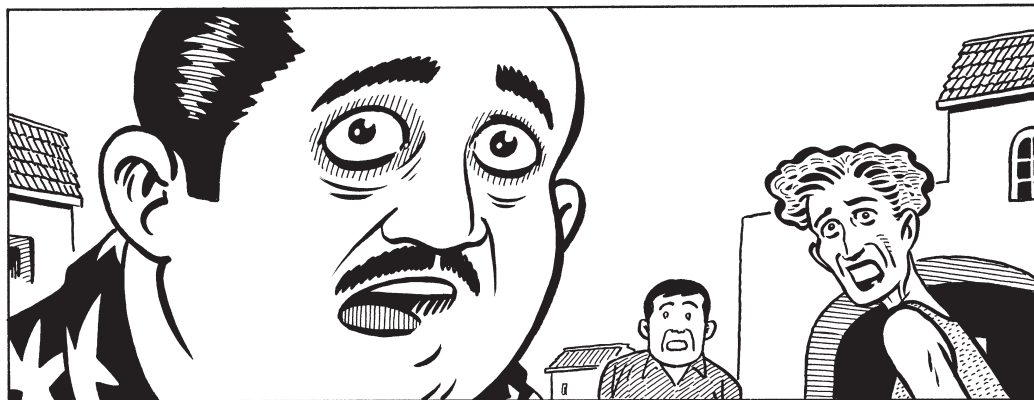
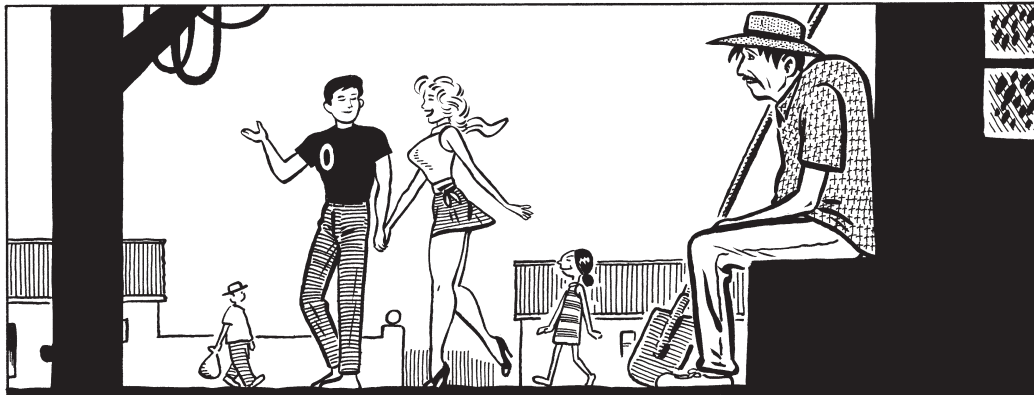


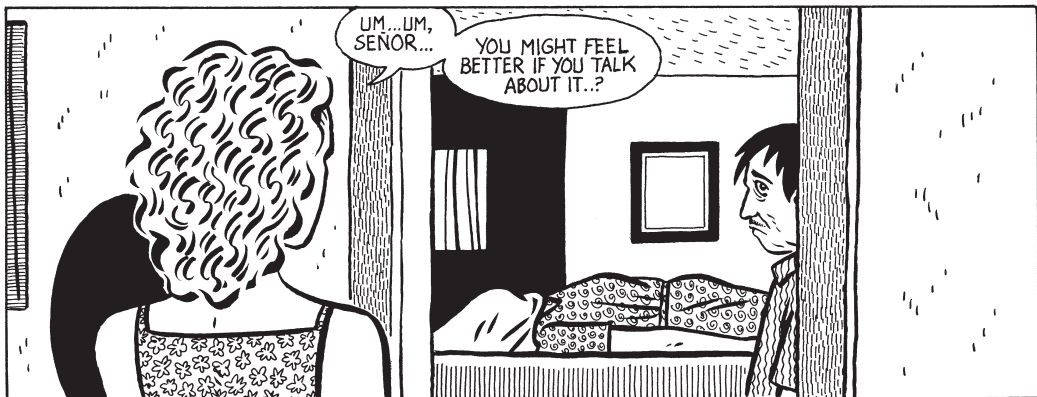
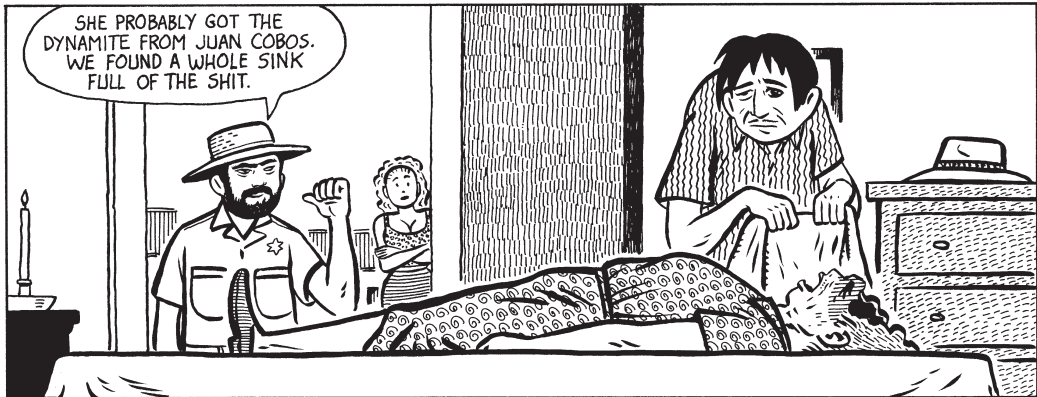


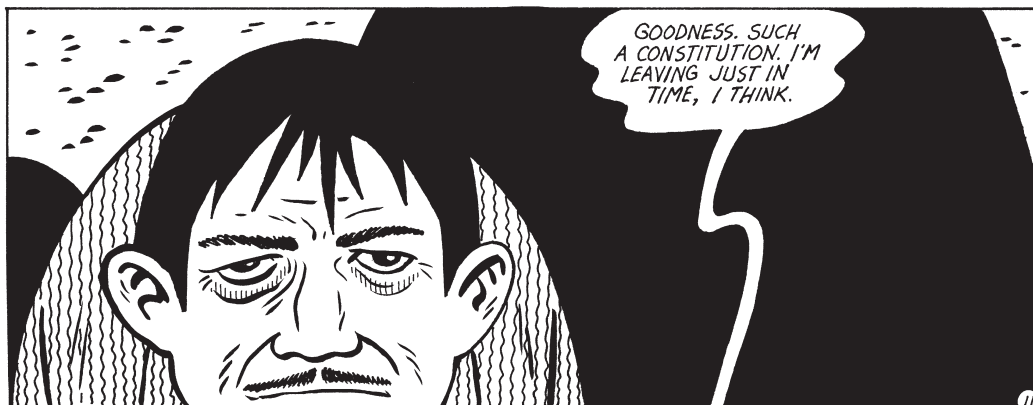


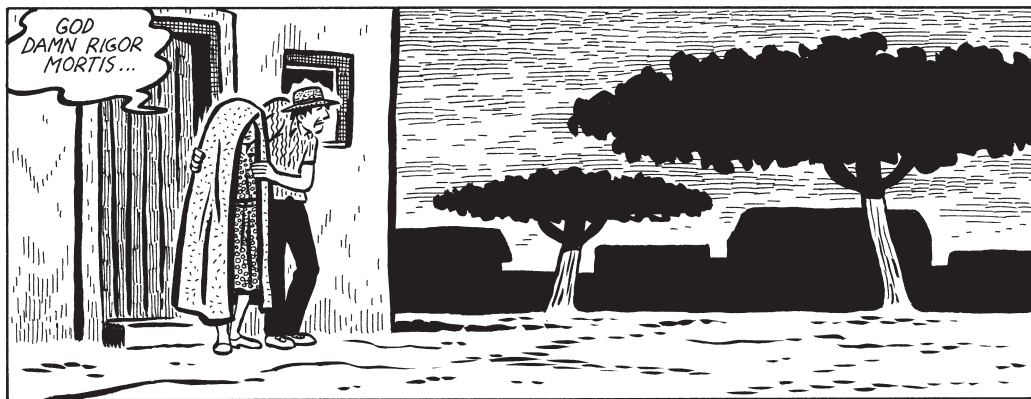


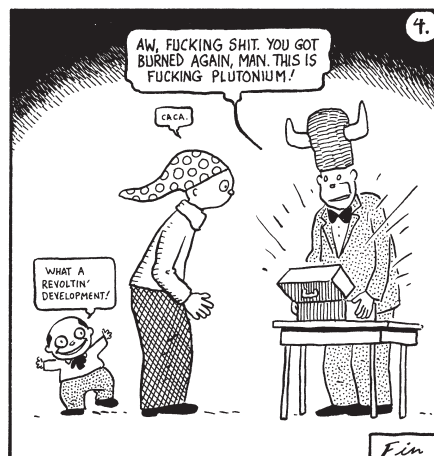
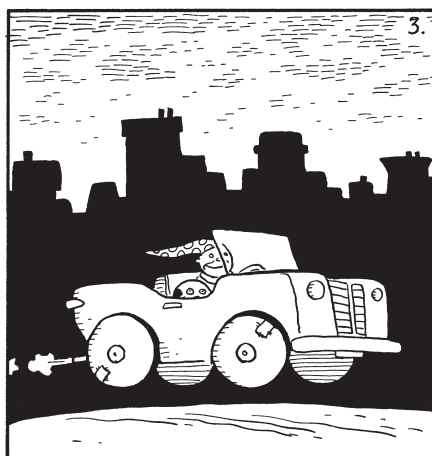
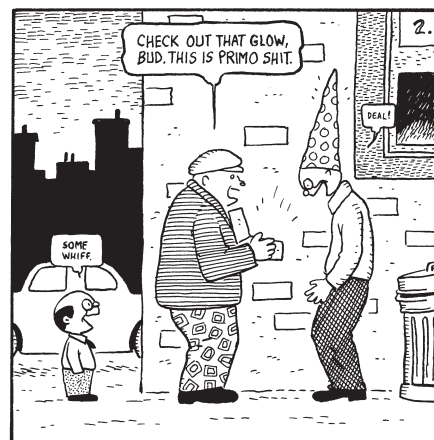
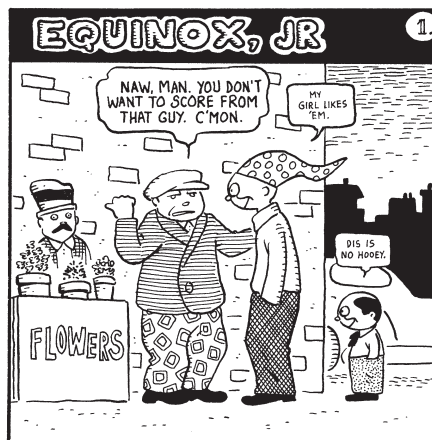
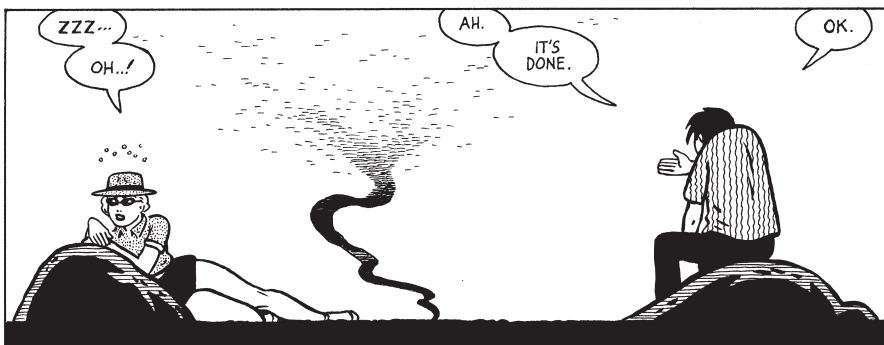


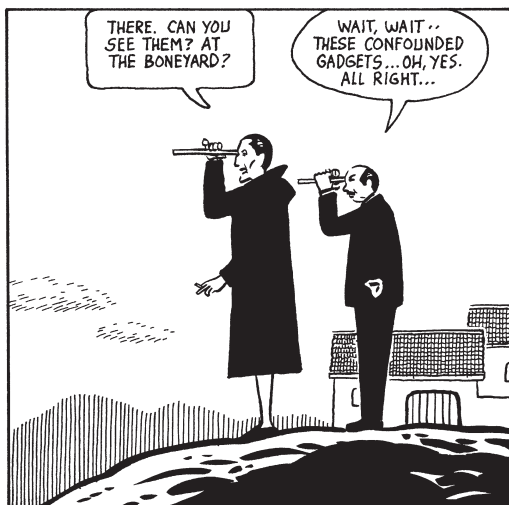
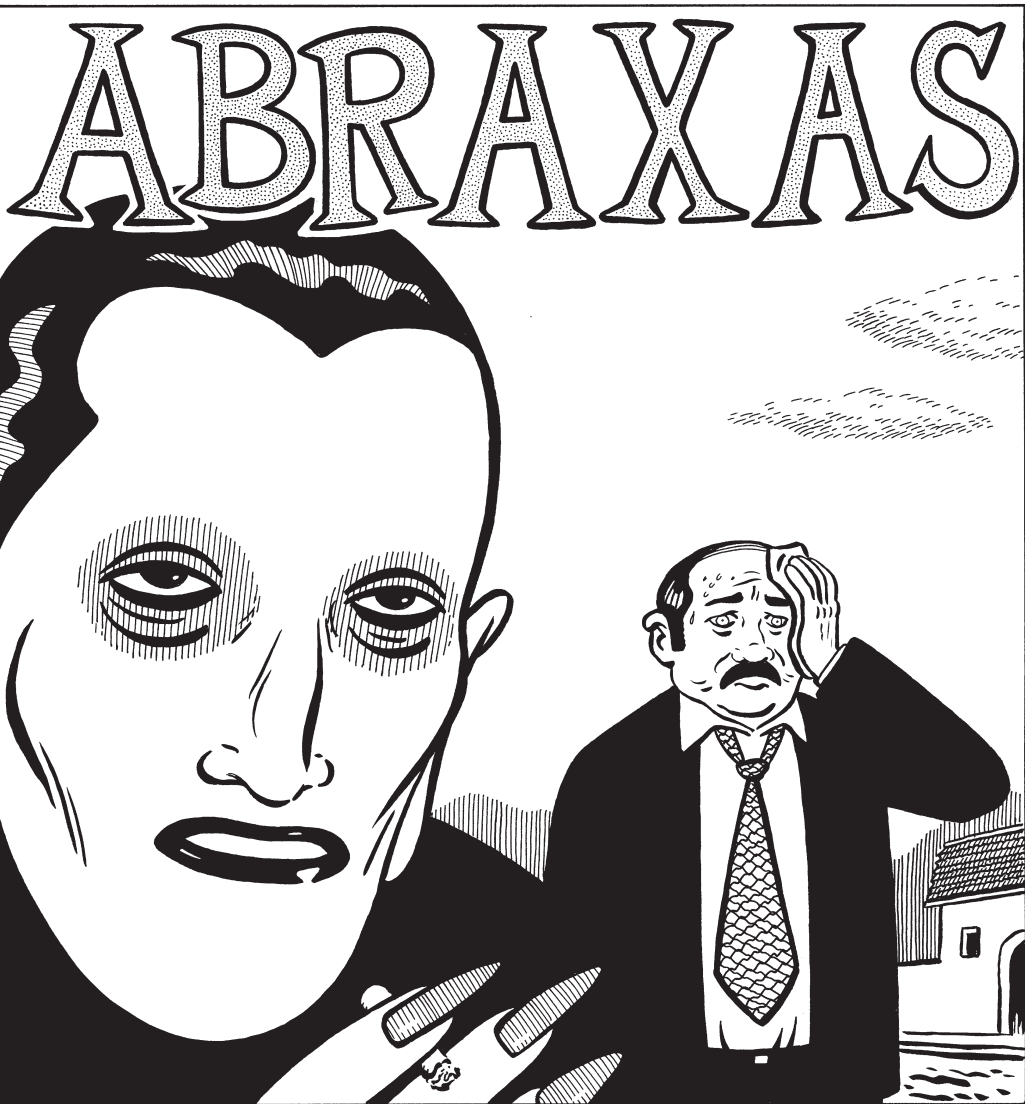


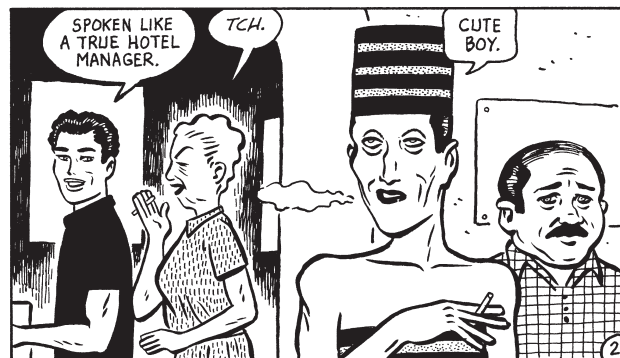
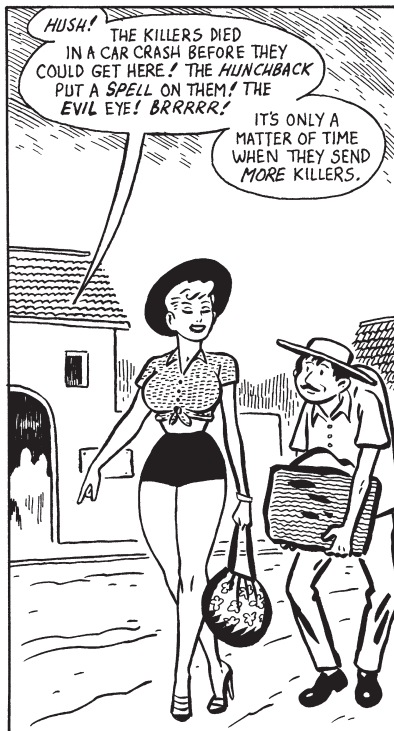
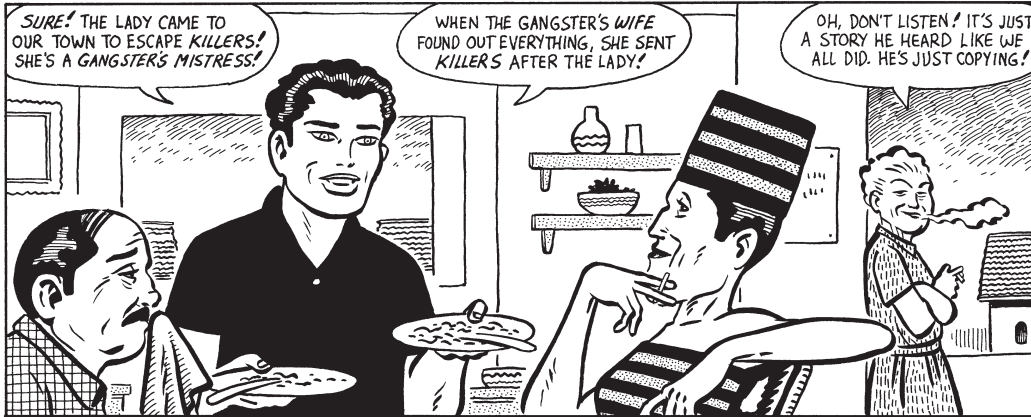
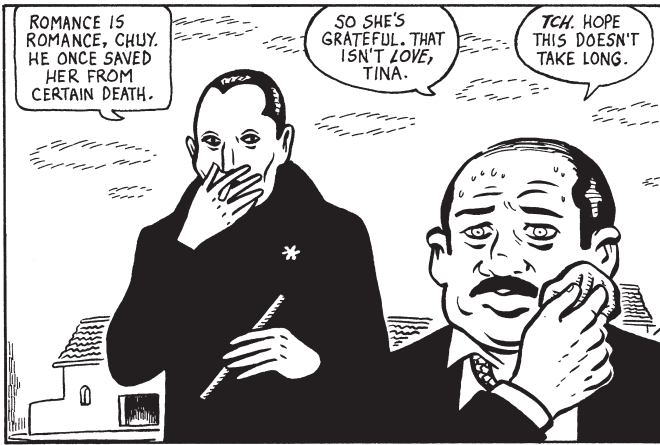


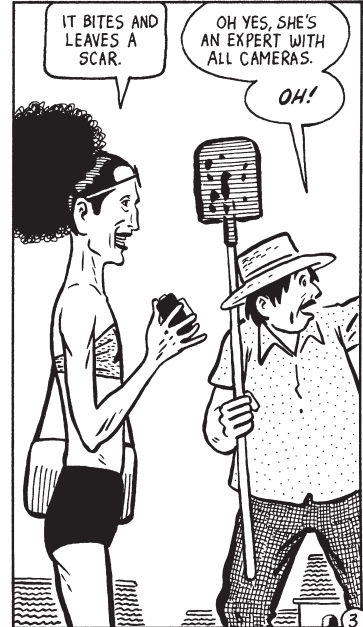
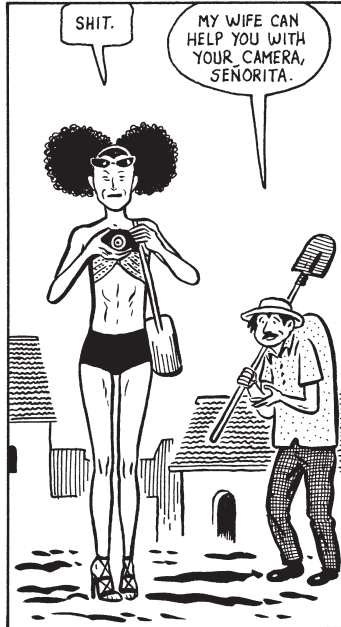
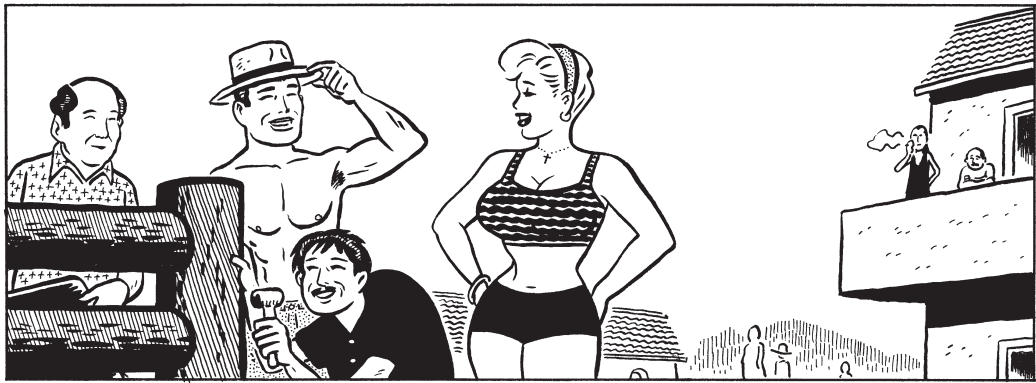


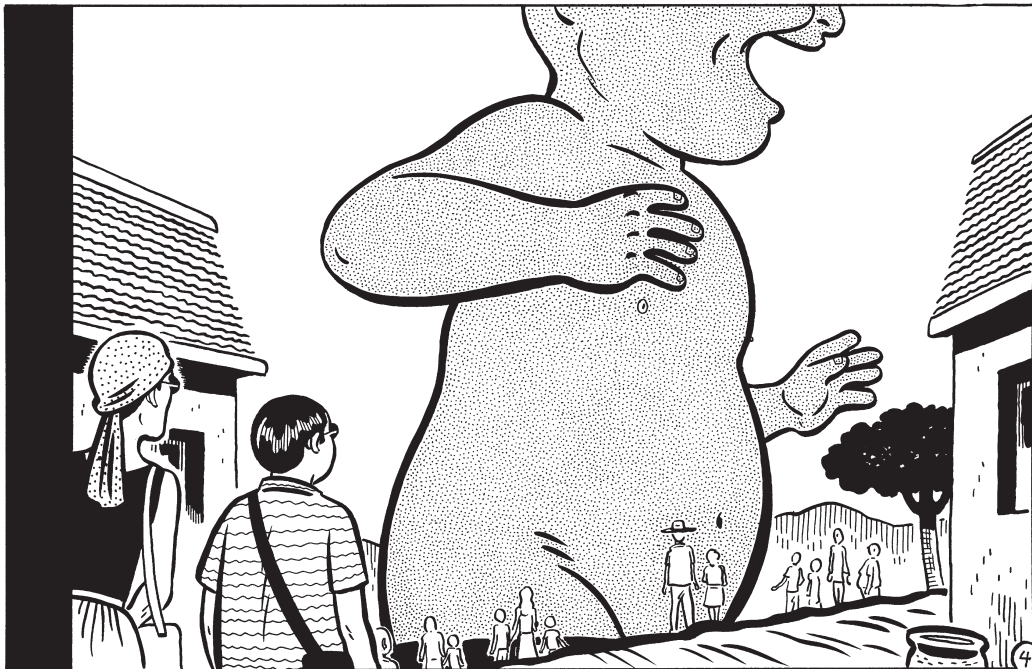
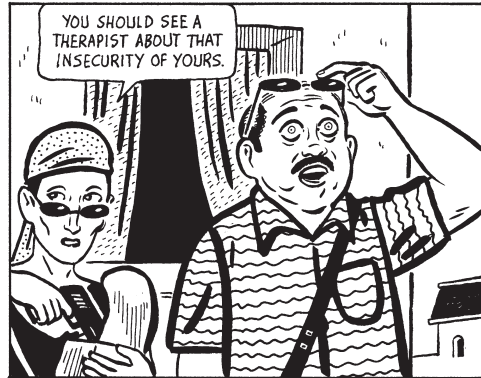
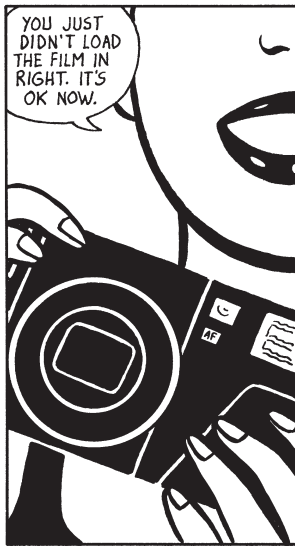


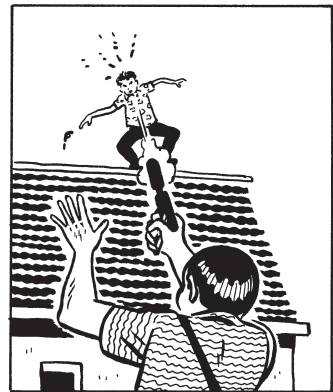
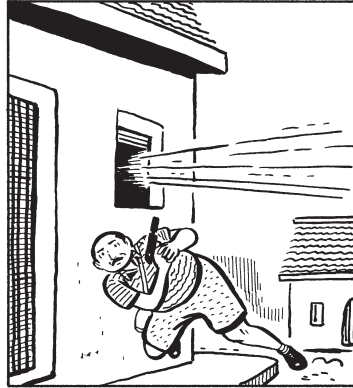
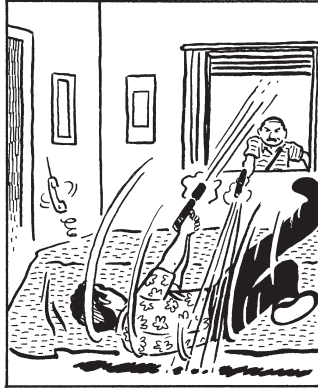
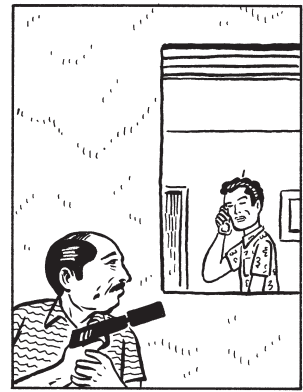
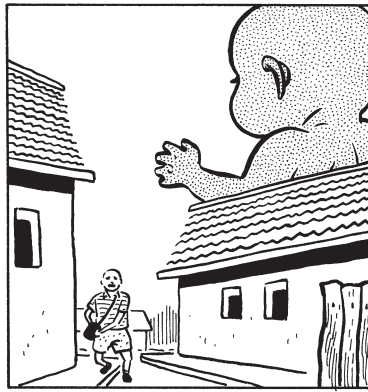


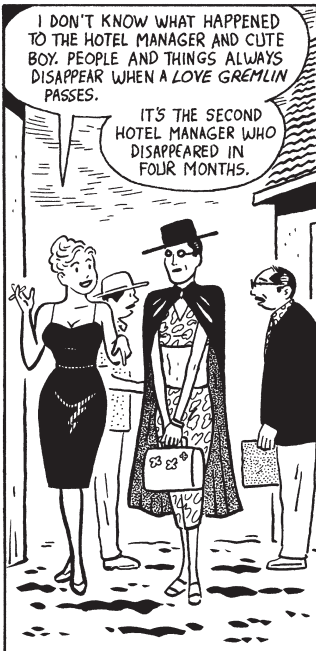






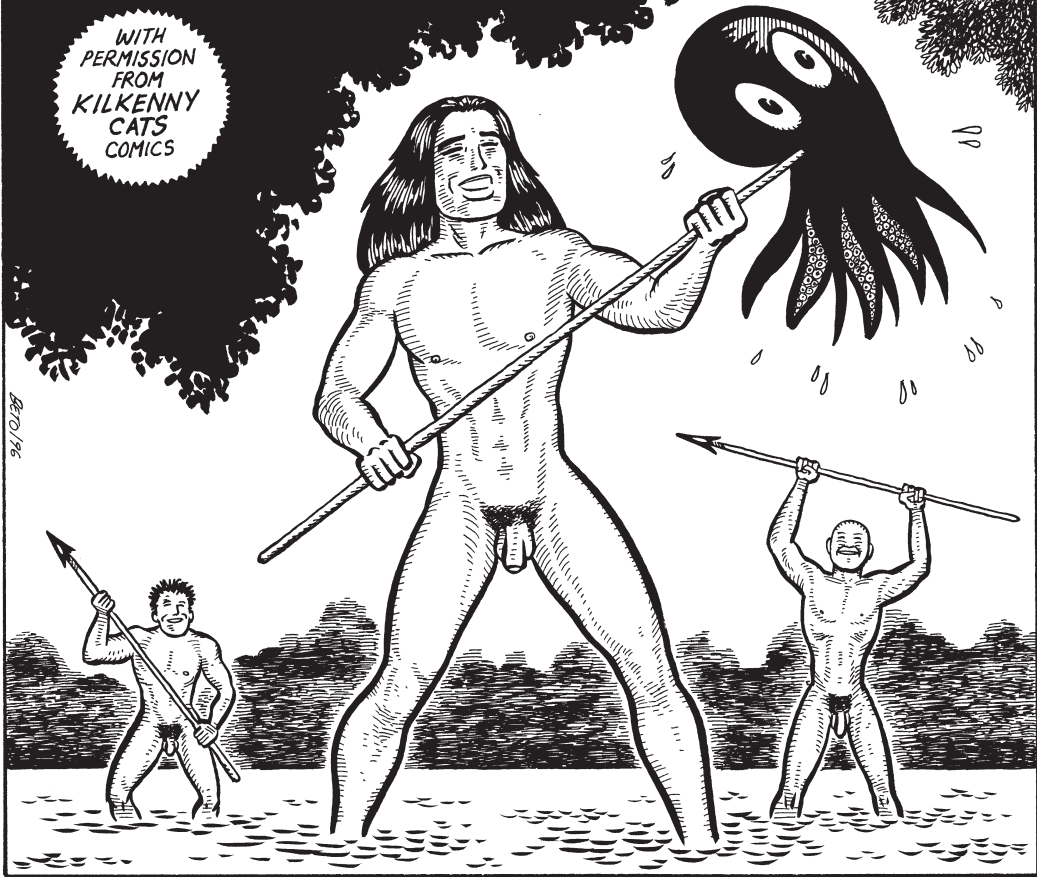


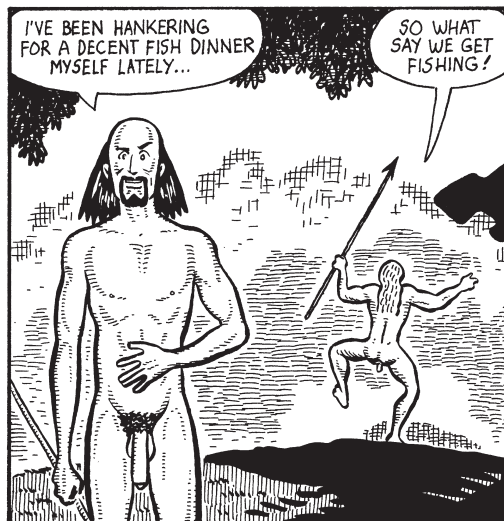
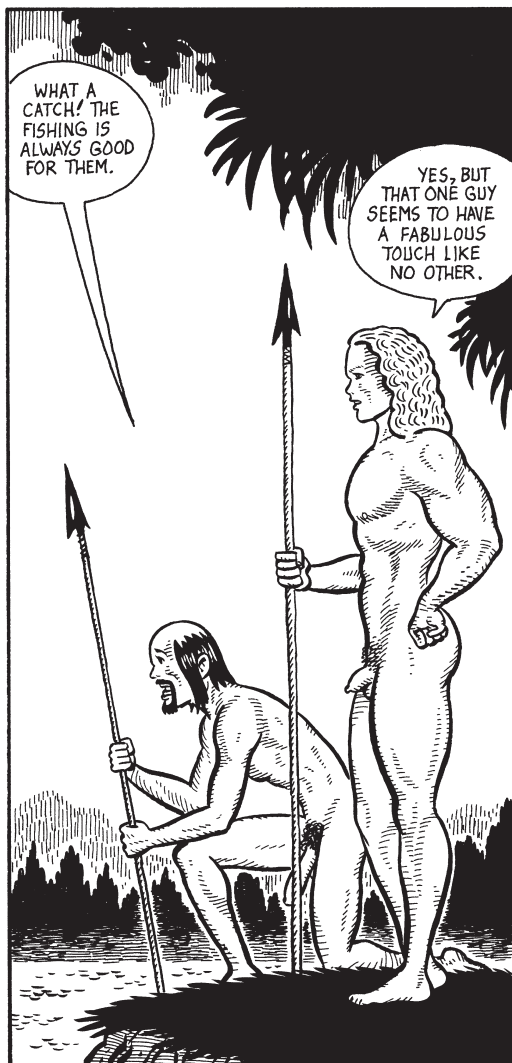


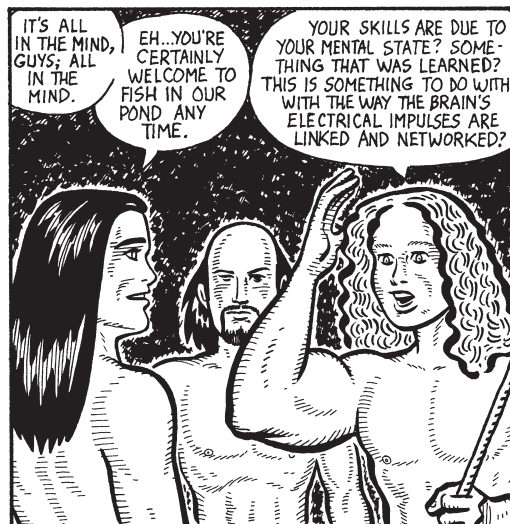


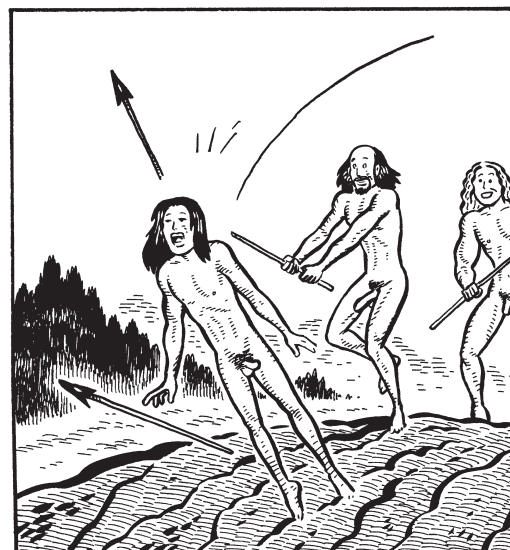
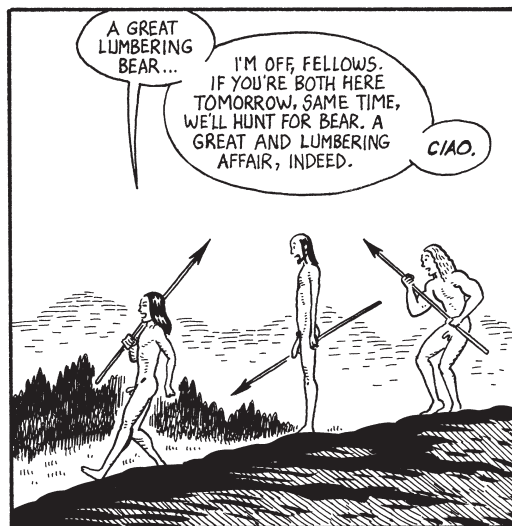
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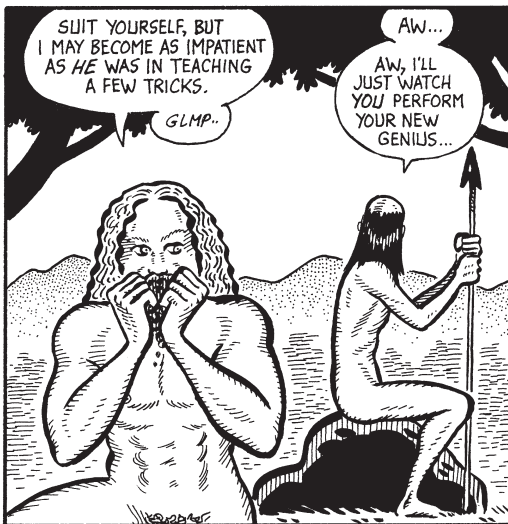
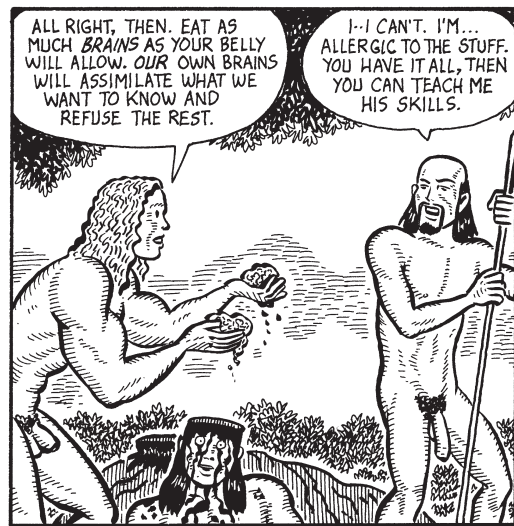
WITH
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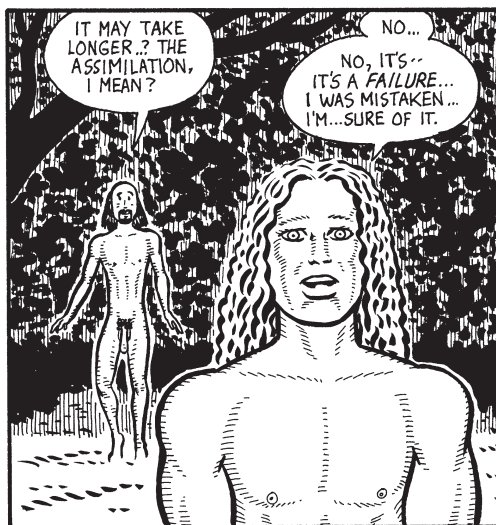
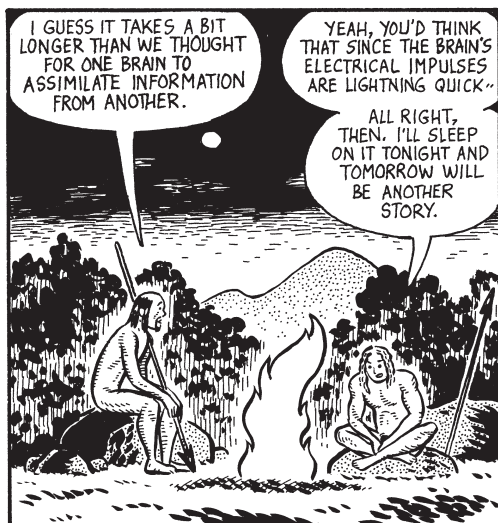


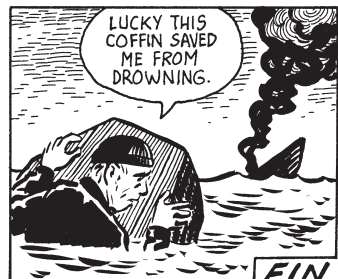
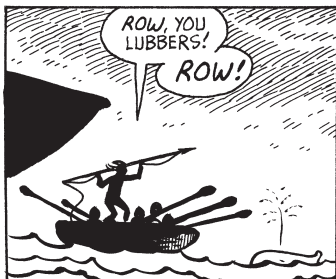
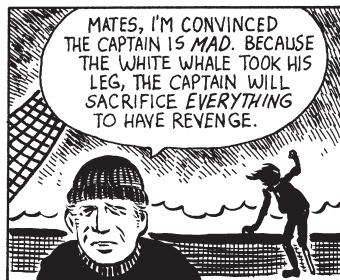
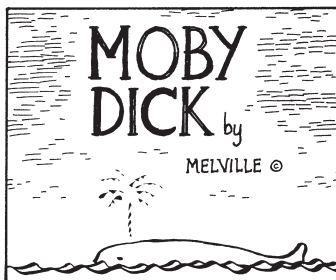
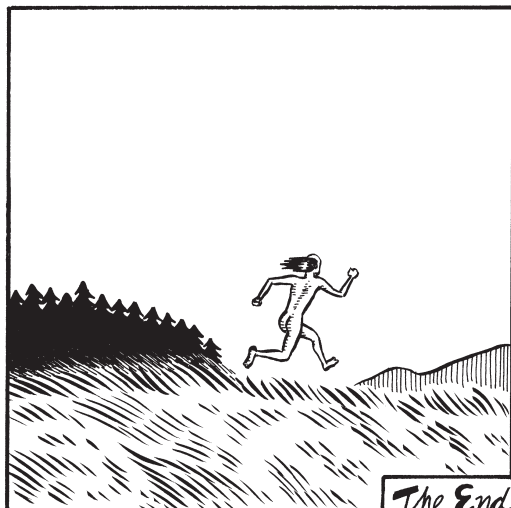
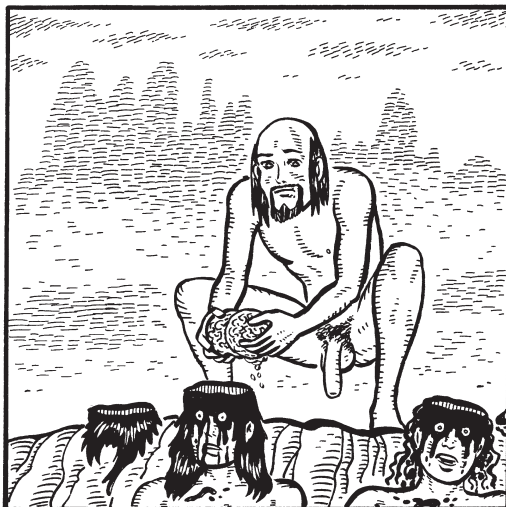


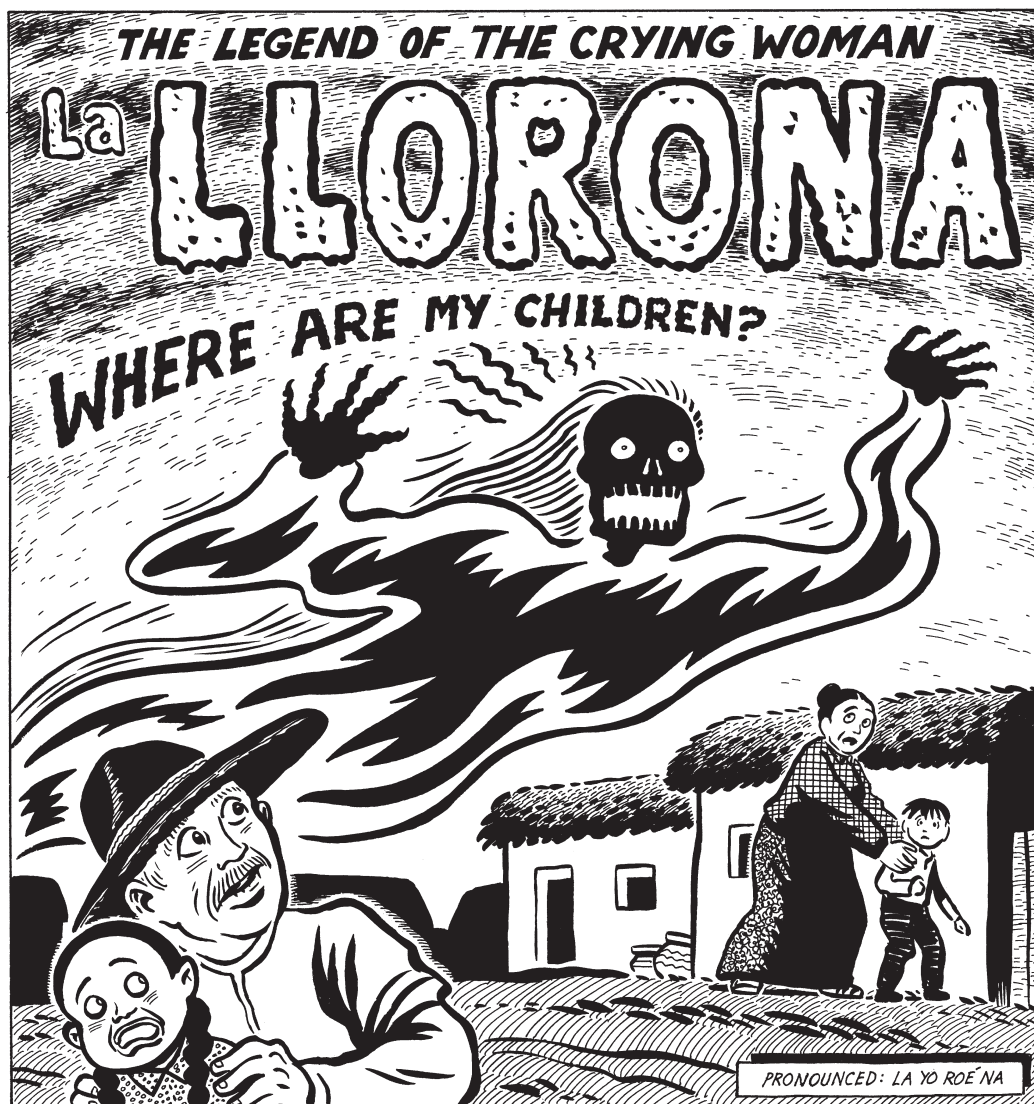


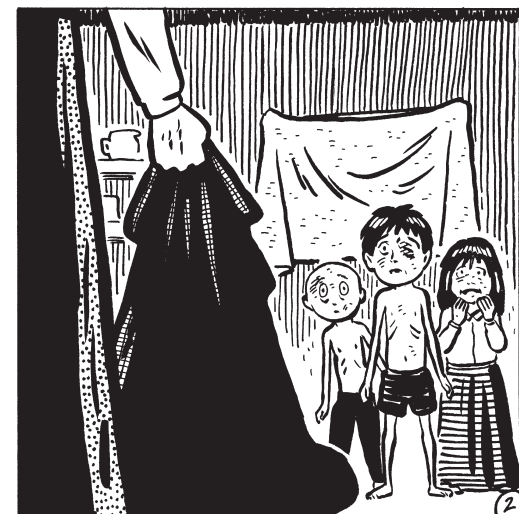
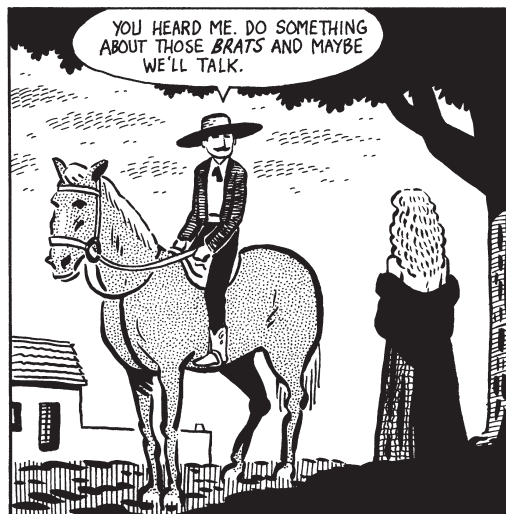
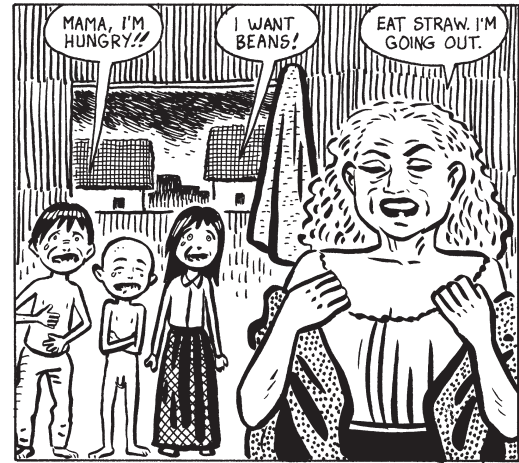


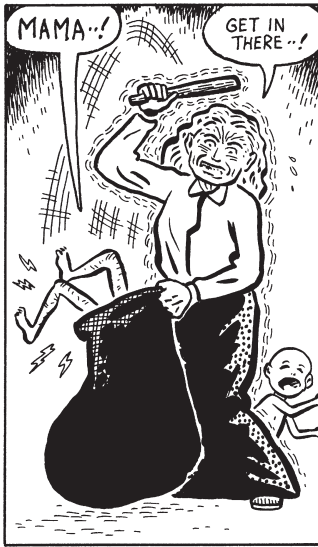


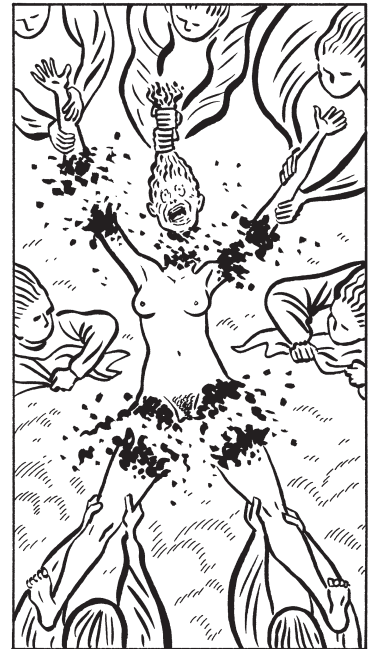
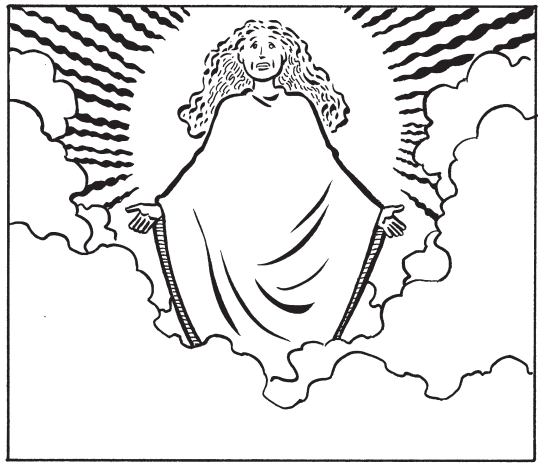








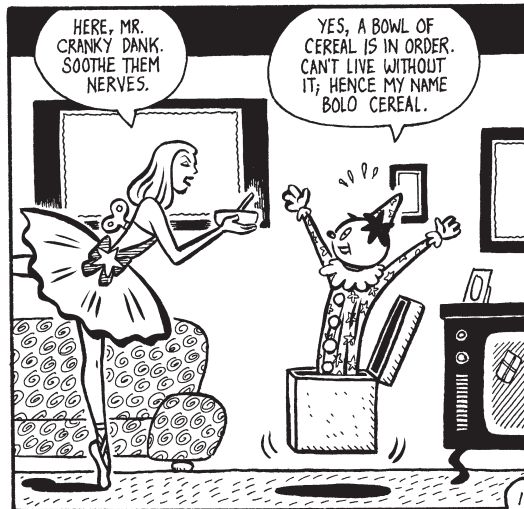
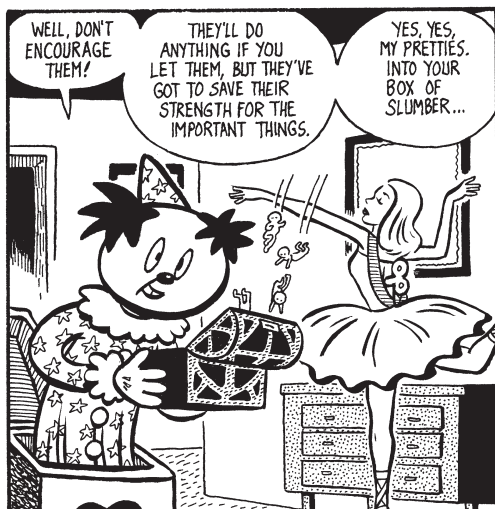
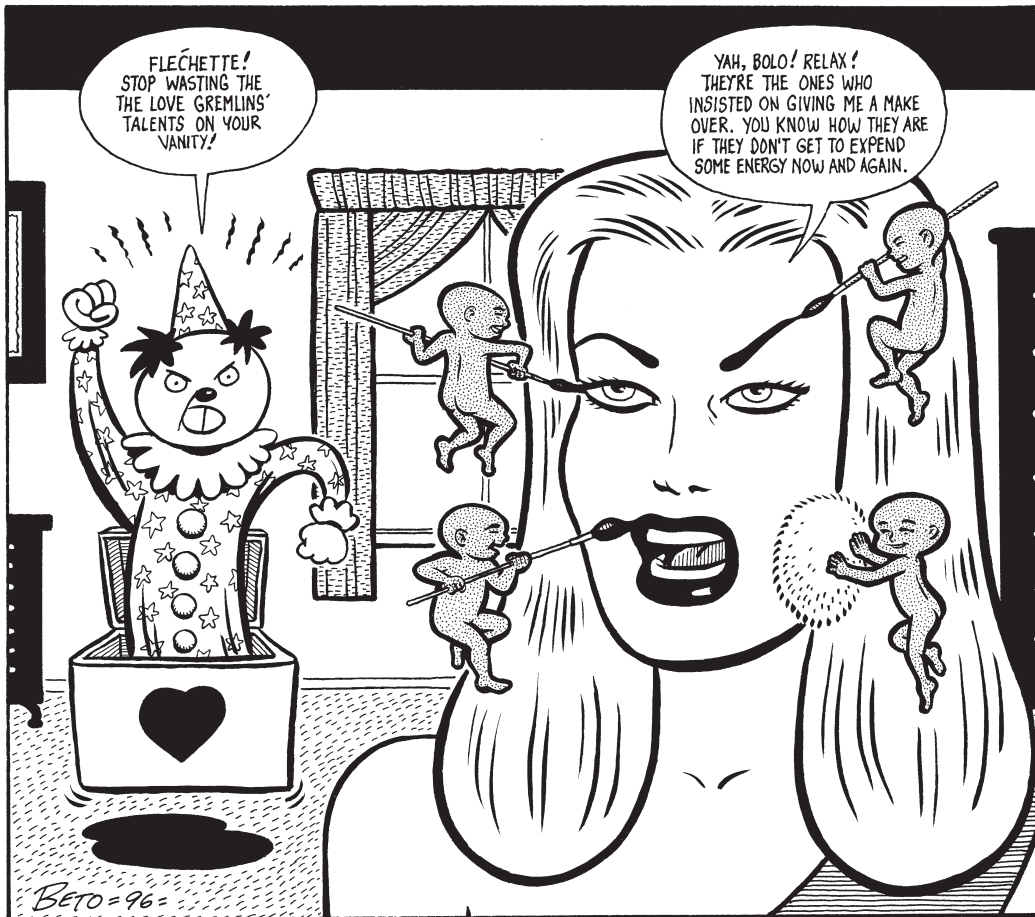


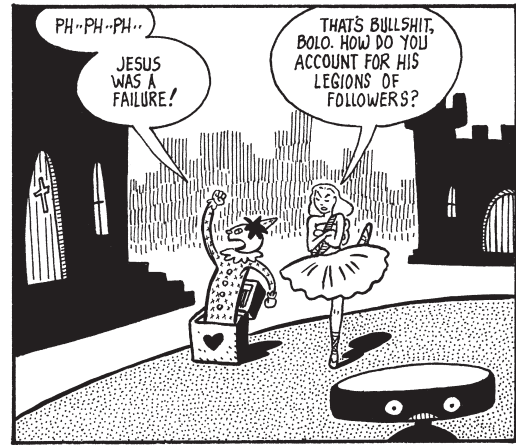


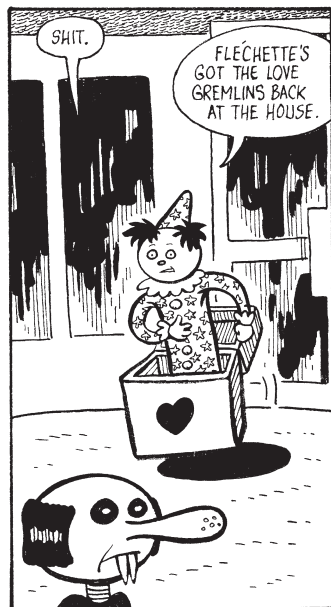
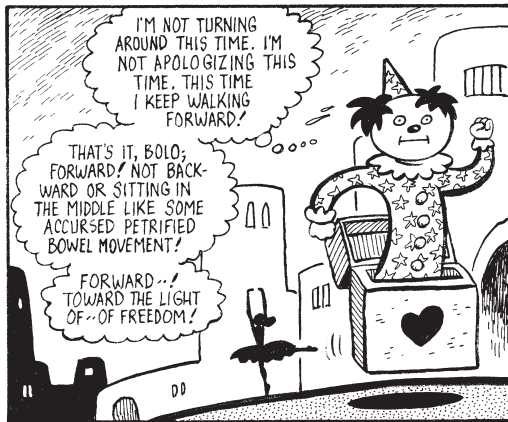
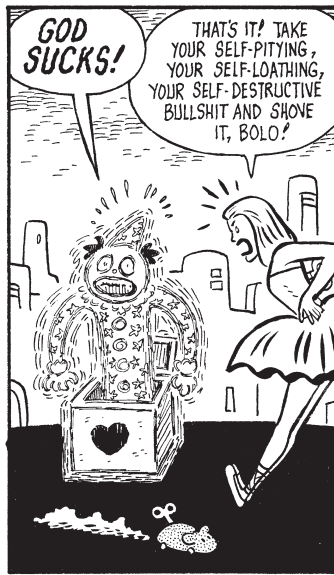
SHE APPEARS ON THE EDGE OF A LAKE OR STREAM. HIDE YOUR CHILDREN WHEN YOU HEAR HER CRIES, FOR SHE WILL TAKE ANY CHILD TO REPLACE HERS. LISTEN! IS IT THE WIND, OR...?

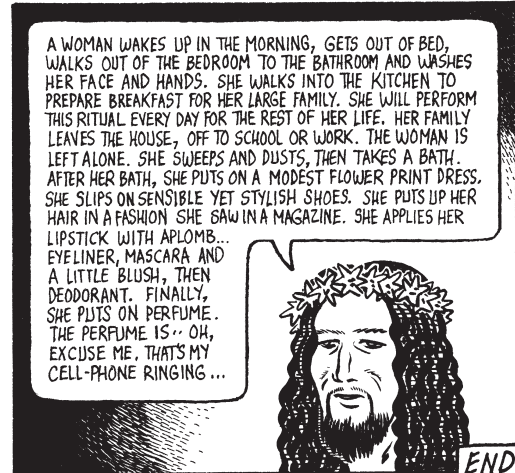
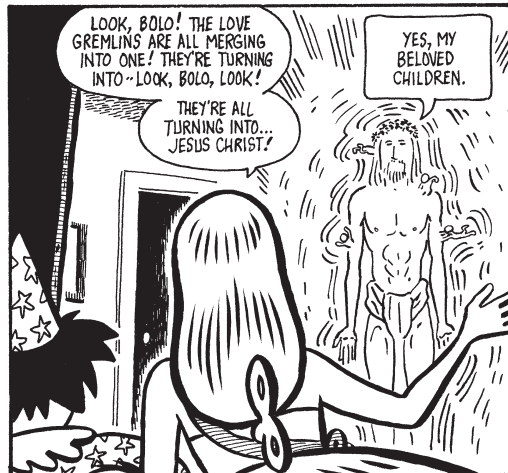
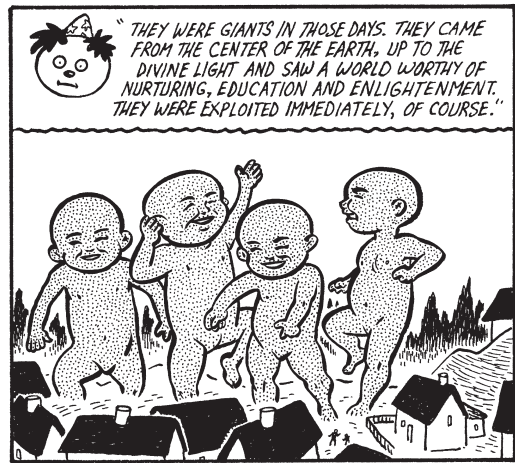
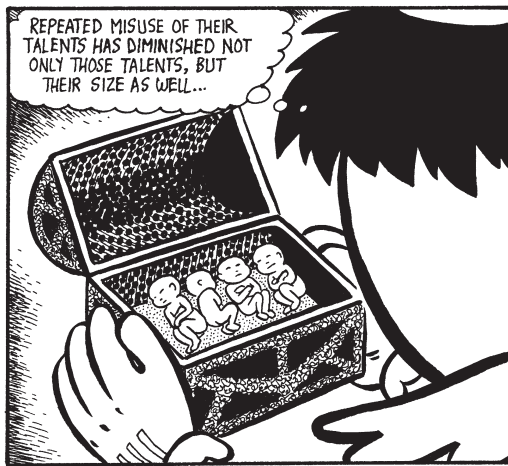


PERIPETEIA









SAINT LUCY

PATRON SAINT OF
BLINDNESS

DIED C. 304

LUCY, THE DAUGHTER OF WEALTHY AND NOBLE PARENTS, WAS A DEDICATED VIRGIN WHO REFUSED ALL OFFERS OF MARRIAGE AND GAVE AWAY HER MATERIAL GOODS TO FEED THE POOR.

LEGEND HAS IT THAT LUCY ONCE TORE OUT HER EYES TO DISCOURAGE AN ADMIRER, BUT THEY WERE MIRACULOUSLY RESTORED TO HER. THEN SHE WAS DENOUNCED AS A CHRISTIAN BY A PAGAN SUITOR SHE HAD REJECTED AND WAS SENTENCED TO PROSTITUTION IN A BROTHEL-- BUT BY A MIRACLE SHE WAS IMMOVABLE AND THE GUARDS COULD NOT TAKE HER THERE. DIVINE INTERVENTION ALSO SAVED HER FROM BEING BURNED TO DEATH. FINALLY HER THROAT WAS CUT BY A SWORD. LUCY IS WIDELY INVOKED FOR EYE DISEASE, HEMORRHAGE, AND THROAT INFECTIONS.



Beto/96



ST MARTIN DE PORRES

PATRON SAINT OF
RACIAL HARMONY

1579-1639

MARTIN DE PORRES WAS BORN IN LIMA, PERU TO JOHN DE PORRES, A SPANISH KNIGHT, AND ANNA VELASQUEZ, A PANAMANIAN OF AFRICAN DESCENT. JOHN WAS EMBARRASSED BY THE BOY'S DARK COMPLEXION AND LEFT HIM TO ANNA'S CARE. AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN MARTIN JOINED THE DOMINICANS. AS A LAY BROTHER HE WORKED AS A GARDENER, BARBER, AND A FARM LABORER. HE ESTABLISHED AN ORPHANAGE AND NURSED THE CITY'S SICK, CARING FOR THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN AND THE POOR WHATEVER THEIR RACE OR COLOR. HE WAS PARTICULARLY CONCERNED FOR THE WELFARE OF BLACK SLAVES WHO HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO PERU FROM AFRICA. ANIMALS ALSO BENEFITED FROM HIS CHARITY: HE FORGAVE RATS AND MICE FOR THE DAMAGE THEY DID AND KEPT A HOME FOR ABANDONED CATS AND DOGS IN HIS SISTER'S HOUSE. MARTIN WAS CREDITED WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS DURING HIS LIFE AND MIRACULOUS CURES WERE REPORTED AT HIS TOMB. HE IS RECOGNIZED AS THE PATRON SAINT OF SOCIAL JUSTICE, PUBLIC HEALTH, TELEVISION, PUBLIC EDUCATION AND PEOPLE OF MIXED RACE.

BETO/96



SAINT ZITA

PATRON SAINT FOR

LOSING KEYS

1218 - 1278

ZITA WAS BORN INTO A DEVOUTLY CHRISTIAN FAMILY. SHE BECAME A SERVANT AT THE AGE OF TWELVE AND REMAINED IN THAT HOUSEHOLD UNTIL HER DEATH FORTY-EIGHT YEARS LATER. ZITA'S FELLOW WORKERS RESENTED HER DUE TO HER PUNCTILIOUS DEDICATION TO HER DUTIES. SHE INFURIATED HER MASTER WITH HER LAVISH GENEROSITY TO THE POOR: SHE GAVE HER OWN FOOD TO THEM AND OFTEN GAVE HER BED TO A BEGGAR AND SPENT THE NIGHT SLEEPING ON THE GROUND. EVENTUALLY, SHE WON THE CONFIDENCE OF SERVANTS AND EMPLOYER ALIKE. ZITA WAS FREED FROM MUCH OF HER DOMESTIC WORK SO THAT SHE COULD DEVOTE HERSELF TO CARING FOR THE SICK AND POOR AND MINISTERING TO PRISONERS WHO HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH. MIRACLES WERE ATTRIBUTED TO HER DURING HER LIFE: ONCE ANGELS BAKED BREAD ON HER BEHALF WHILE SHE PRAYED. BECAUSE HER WORK WAS PART OF HER RELIGION SHE IS INVOKED BY HOUSEWIVES AND MAIDSERVANTS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY LOSE THEIR KEYS.



SAINT JUDE

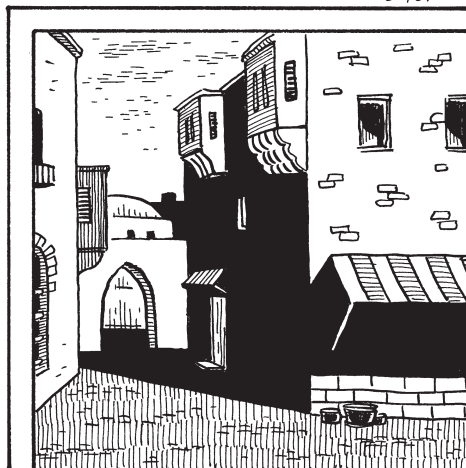
PATRON SAINT OF

LOST CAUSES

FIRST CENTURY ..

JUDE WAS ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES. ALSO CALLED *THADDEUS*, HE IS BELIEVED TO BE THE AUTHOR OF THE EPISTLE OF JUDE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. HE WAS VENERATED IN THE MIDDLE AGES, BUT HIS CULT SUFFERED AS HIS NAME BECAME CONFUSED WITH THAT OF *JUDAS ISCARIOT*, CHRIST'S BETRAYER. FOR CENTURIES NO ONE WOULD INVOKE HIM FOR ANYTHING--HENCE HIS WILLINGNESS TO HELP PEOPLE EVEN IN THE MOST DESPERATE SITUATIONS. JUDE WAS MARTYRED WITH ARROWS, OR JAVELINS, OR ON A CROSS.

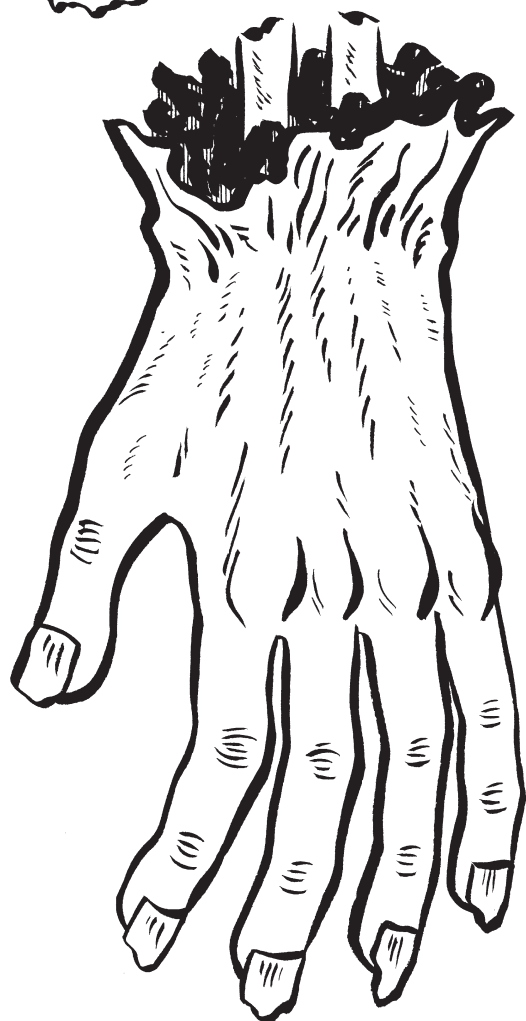
8570/96



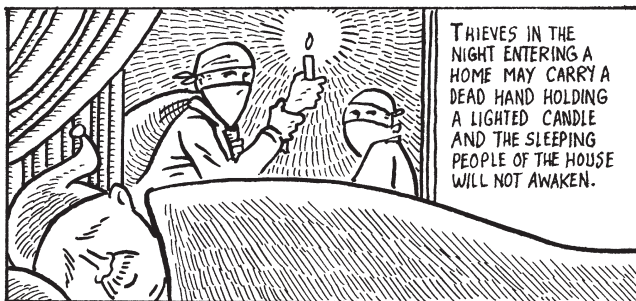


PRESENTS
TRADITIONAL
USES FOR A

CORPSE'S HAND

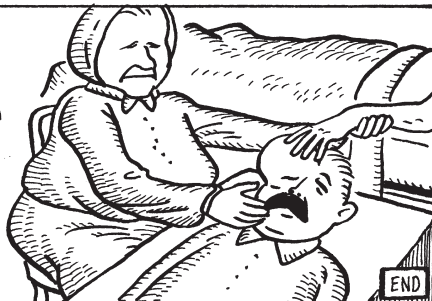


A DEAD MAN'S HAND
CAN PRODUCE BUTTER
IN THE CHURN. THE
MILK IS STIRRED
NINE TIMES WITH THE
HAND AND THE OPERATOR
MUST CRY ALOUD:
"GATHER! GATHER!
GATHER!"



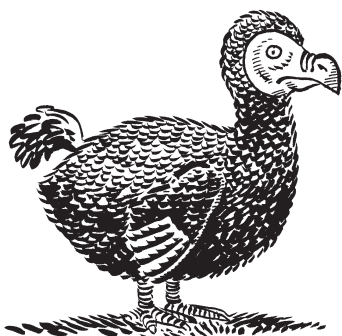
THIEVES IN THE
NIGHT ENTERING A
HOME MAY CARRY A
DEAD HAND HOLDING
A LIGHTED CANDLE
AND THE SLEEPING
PEOPLE OF THE HOUSE
WILL NOT AWAKEN.

A DEAD MAN'S HAND
CAN DISPEL TUMORS,
WENS AND SWOLLEN
GLANDS BY STROKING
THE HAND ON THE AREA
AFFECTED NINE TIMES.
THE HAND OF A PERSON
WHO DIED A VIOLENT
DEATH WORKS BEST.

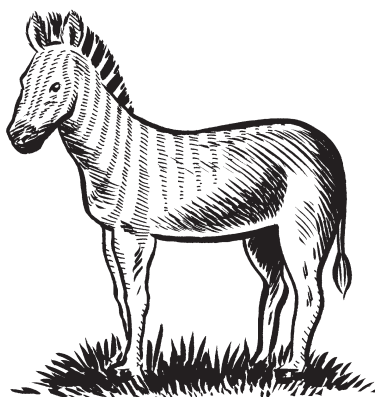


BETO/02

END



The DODO



The QUAGGA



The MOA



The PASSENGER
PIGEON



The GREAT
AUK

BETO/96

EXTINCT CREATURES

The DIVINING RUNES of MERRO MOSSO

MARIO"
STORY
LAYOUTS
INKS

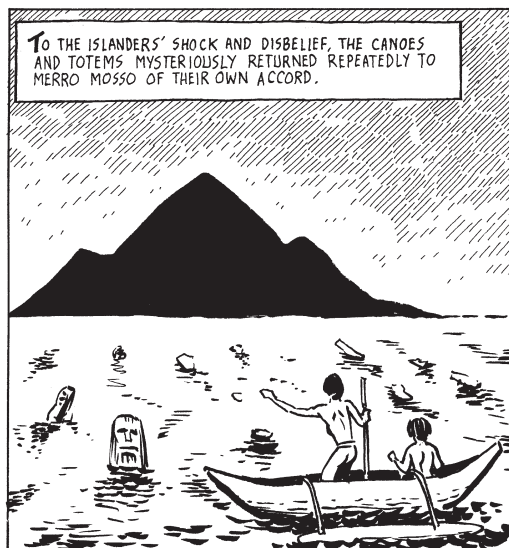
AND

BETO"
PENCILS
LETTERING
TWEAKS

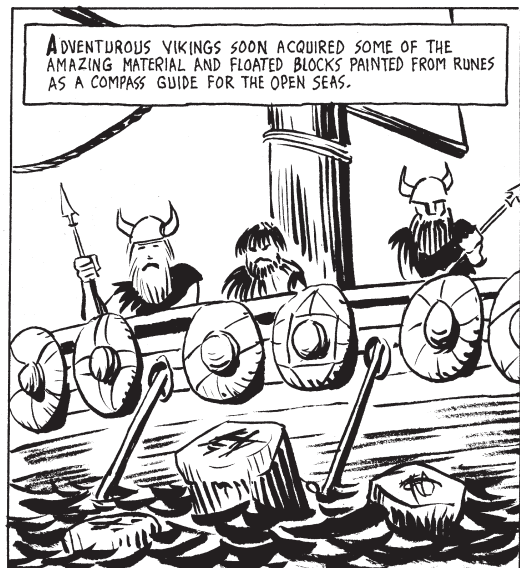
THE TROPIC ISLE OF MERRO MOSSO: A LUSH PARADISE THAT HAS REPELLED HUMAN HABITATION BY VIRTUE OF ITS REPUTATION OF BEING CURSED BY THE ANCIENT GODS OF THE SEAS.



EARLY SETTLERS UTILIZED MERRO MOSSO'S TREES TO FORM CANOES AND TOTEMS TO PRACTICE THEIR ARCAINE RITUALS.



TO THE ISLANDERS' SHOCK AND DISBELIEF, THE CANOES AND TOTEMS MYSTERIOUSLY RETURNED REPEATEDLY TO MERRO MOSSO OF THEIR OWN ACCORD.



ADVENTUROUS VIKINGS SOON ACQUIRED SOME OF THE AMAZING MATERIAL AND FLOATED BLOCKS PAINTED FROM RUNES AS A COMPASS GUIDE FOR THE OPEN SEAS.

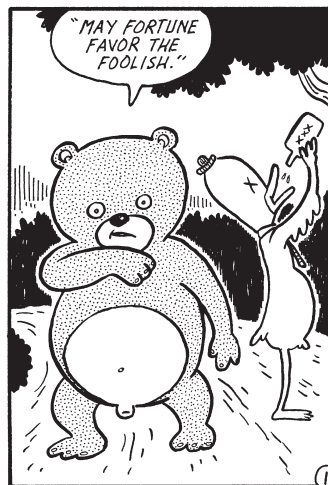
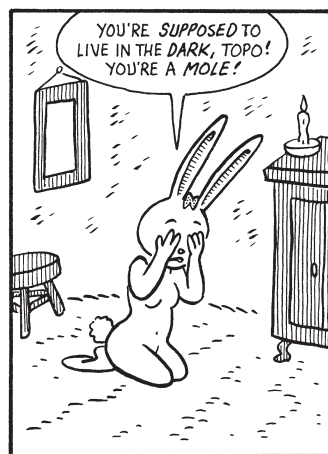
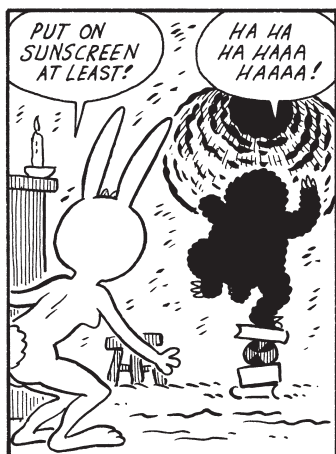
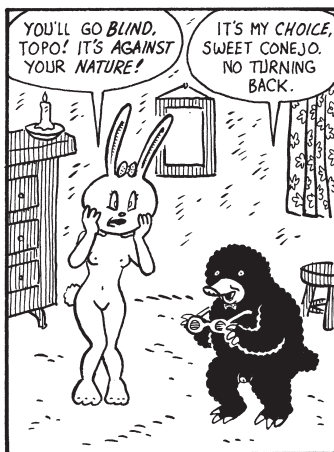
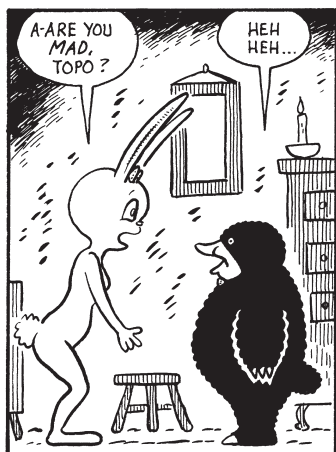


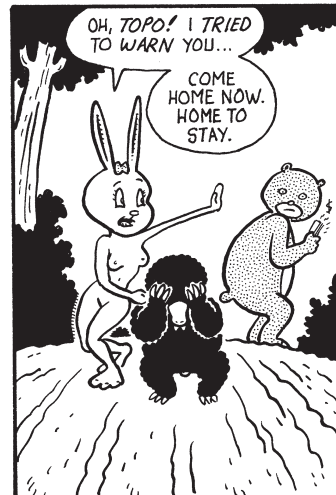
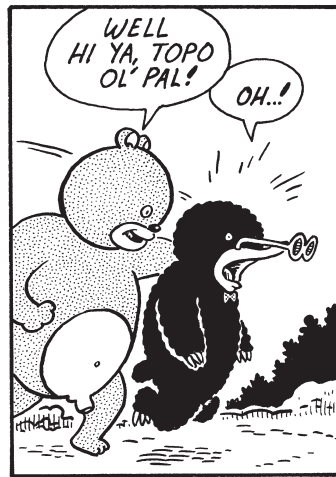
MERRO MOSSO DISAPPEARED ONE DAY AND WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE FLOATED AWAY INTO THE HEAVENS, BACK TO A CELESTIAL HOME.

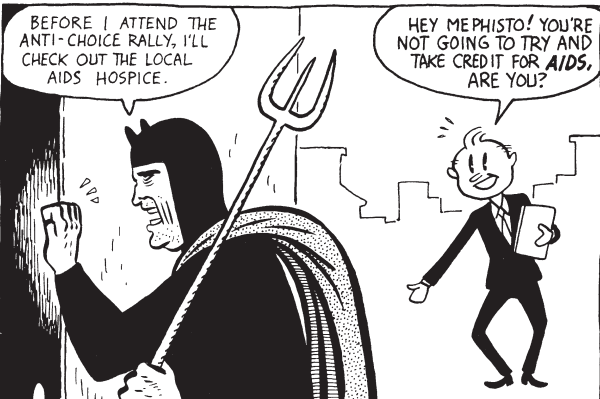
The
End

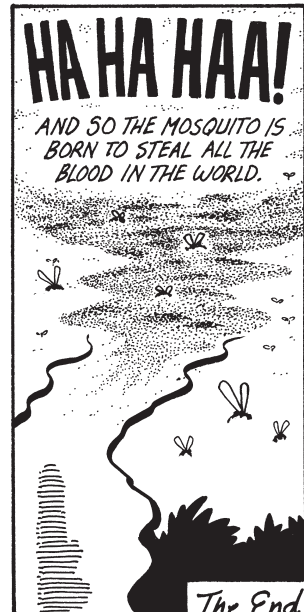
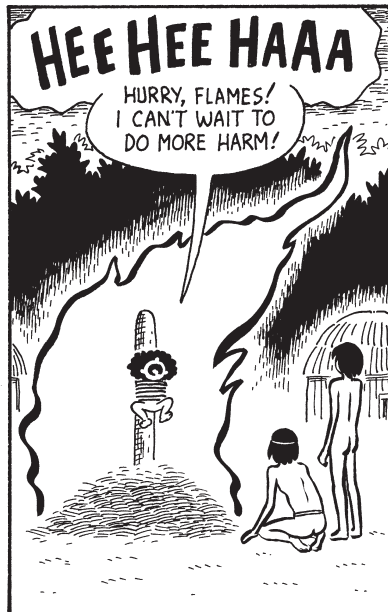
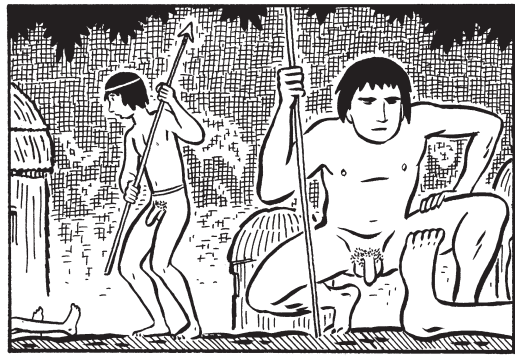
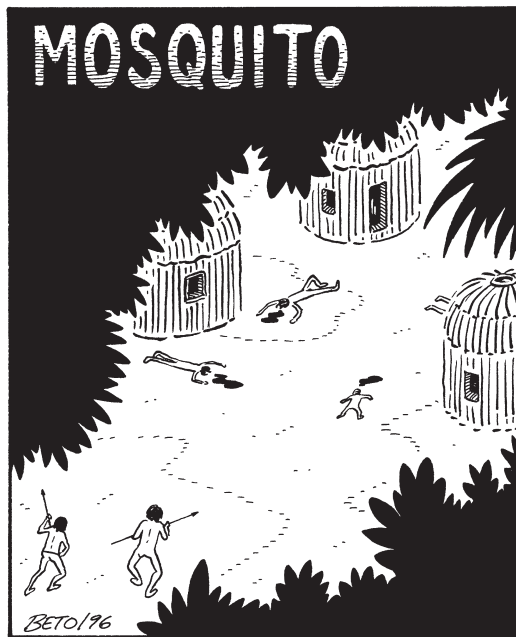


GLORIFIED MAGNIFIED



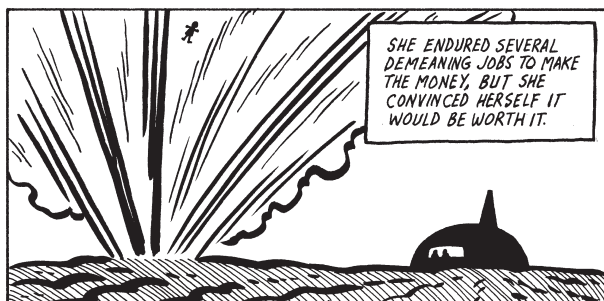
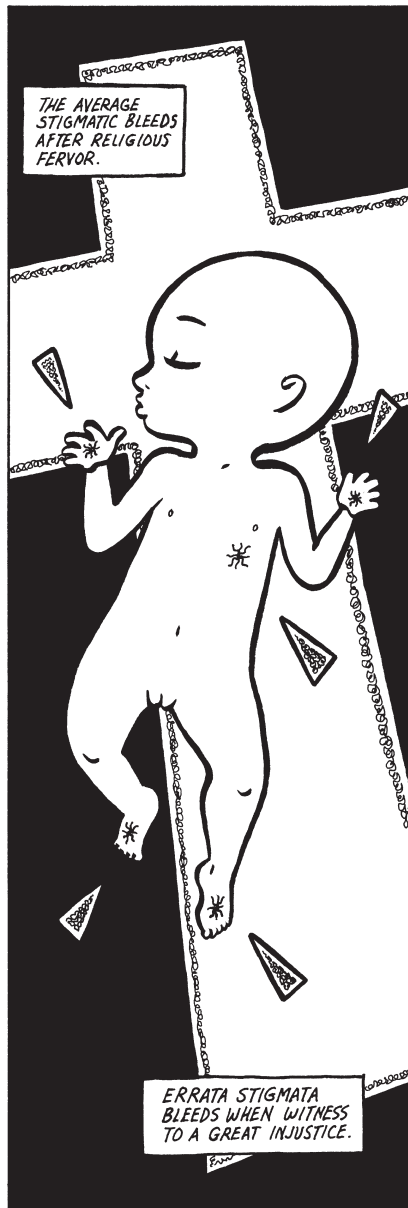


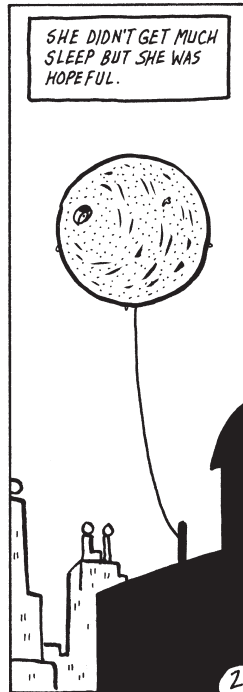
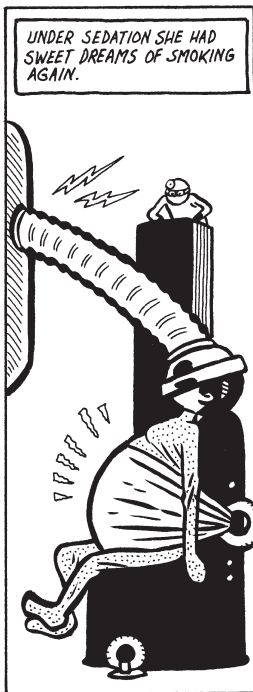
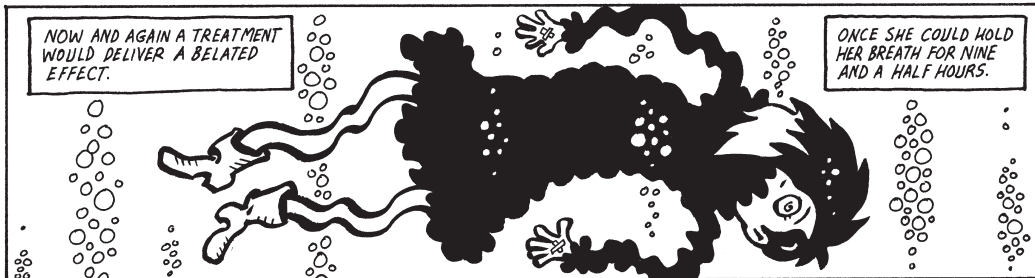
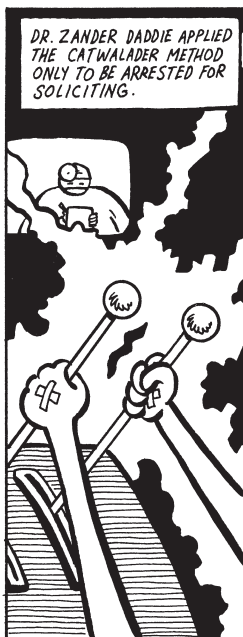


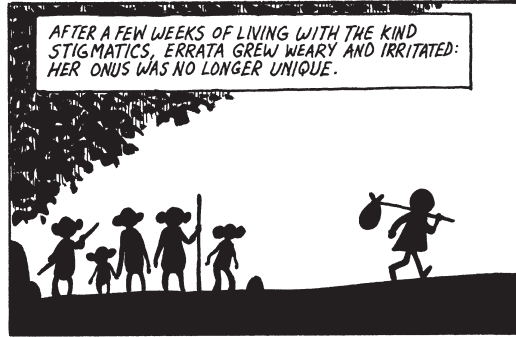
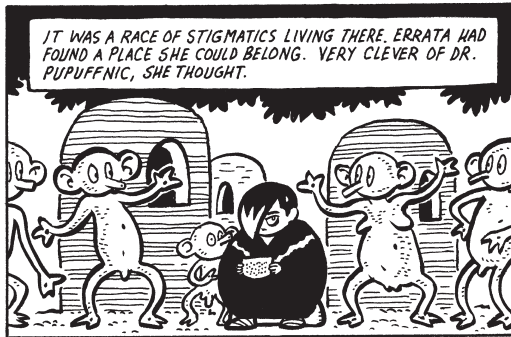
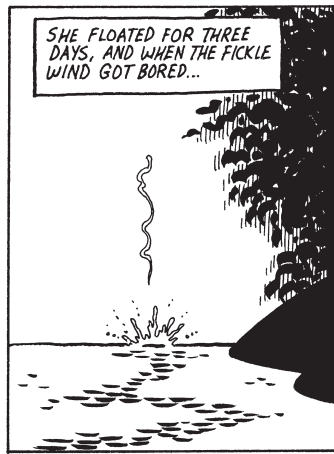
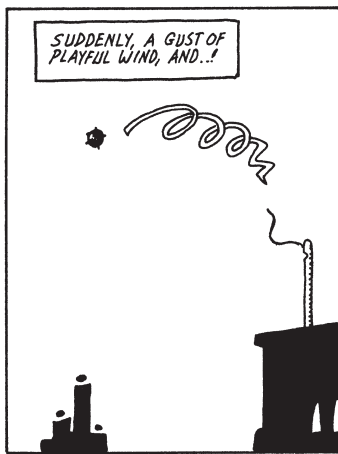


ERRATIC STIGMATIC

STIGMATA: OPEN SORES CORRESPONDING IDENTICALLY TO THE WOUNDS SUFFERED ON THE CRUCIFIED BODY OF JESUS CHRIST







WHATEVER
HAPPENED
TO..?

BETO/04

CASTLE RADIUM: THE SUPERHERO DETECTIVE TRIED TO GET INTO THE MAINSTREAM, EVEN HUMILIATING HIMSELF BY AUDITIONING IN A COLORFUL, SPANDEX OUTFIT. HE WAS REJECTED AND HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE.



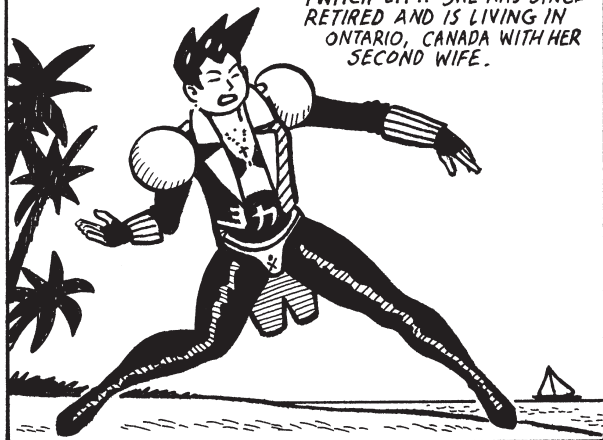
INEZ AND BANG BANG: THE TWO ADVENTURESSES WERE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LOST IN A MINESHAFT DISASTER IN JALISCO, MEXICO. DON'T BELIEVE IT.



ERRATA STIGMATA: OUR STIGMATIC SIREN FAILED AT SEVERAL COMEBACKS. SHE GOT WISE, QUIT COMICS AND IS NOW HAPPY LIVING IN OXNARD, CALIFORNIA, USA, WITH HER HUSBAND AND FIVE CHILDREN.



EMICO: THE SCIENCE POLICEWOMAN WAS PROMOTED TO CHIEF AFTER CLEANING UP MUCH OF THE GRAFT IN NEW TWITCH CITY. SHE HAS SINCE RETIRED AND IS LIVING IN ONTARIO, CANADA WITH HER SECOND WIFE.

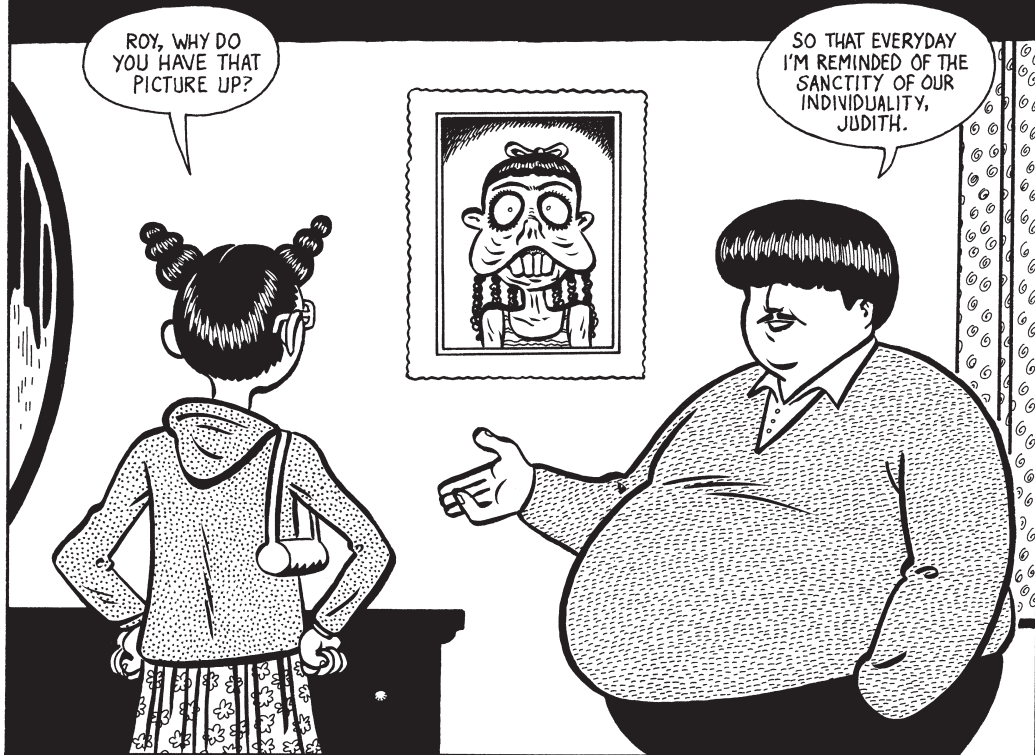


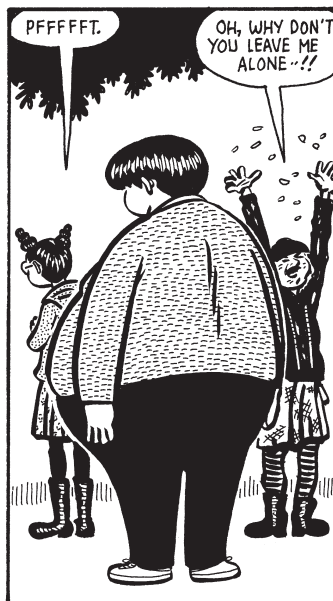
LEONOR AND BABE: THE COUPLE ARE RUMORED TO KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF CASTLE RADIUM, INEZ AND BANG BANG. THEY ASSURE US THAT EVERYBODY'S DOING WELL AND TO THANK ALL YOU READERS FOR YOUR CONCERN.

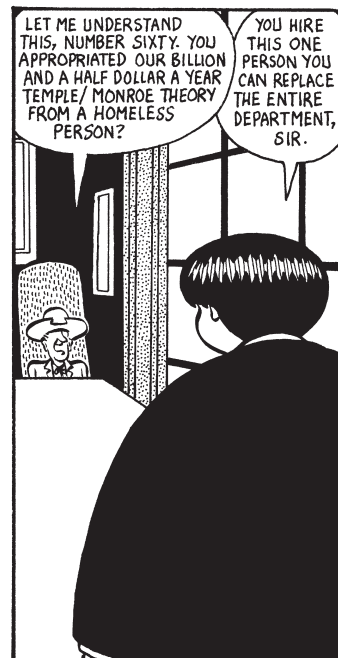
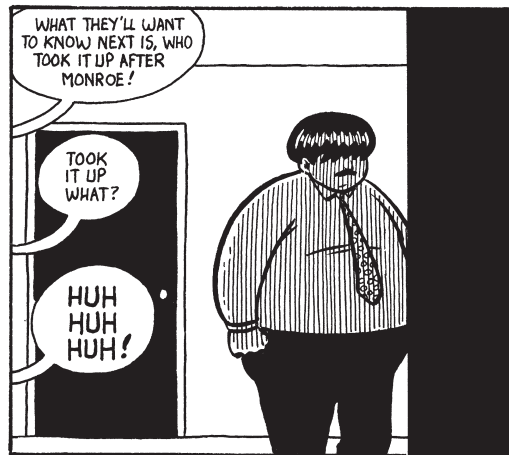


ROY

BETO/97

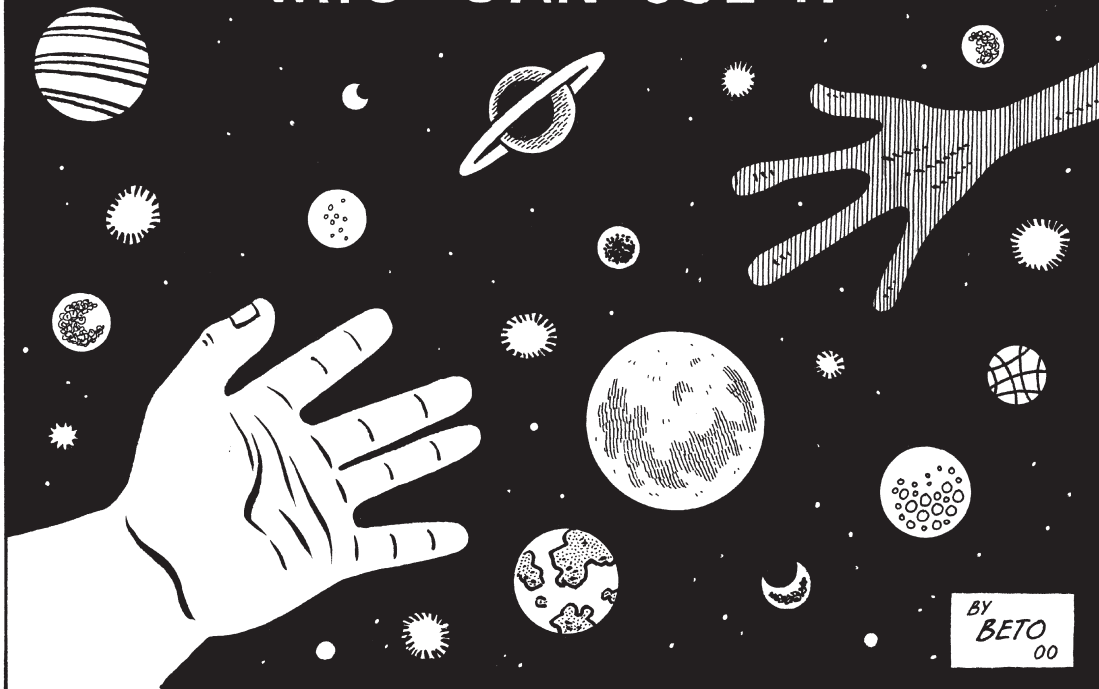






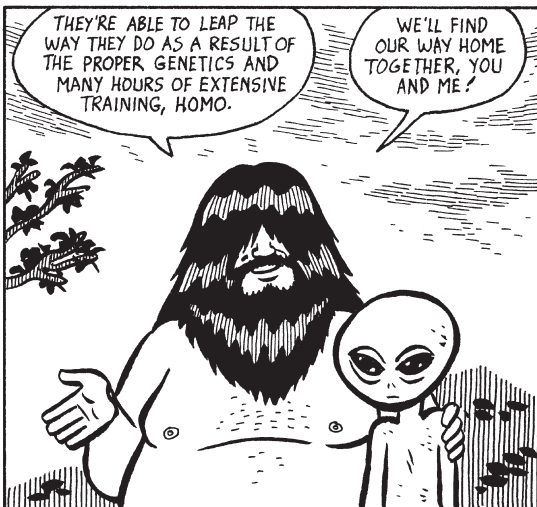
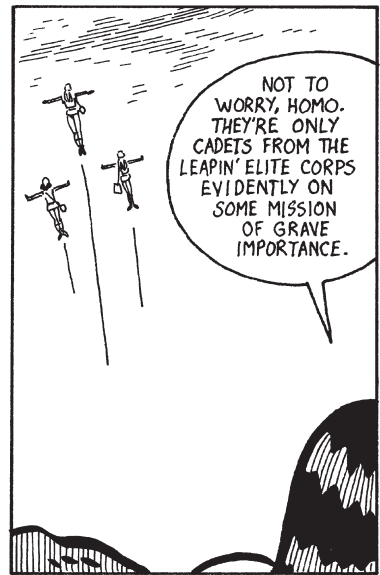
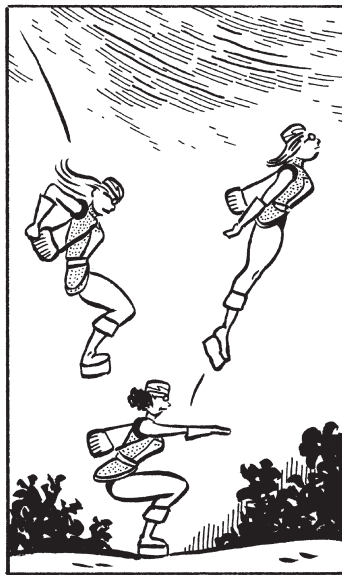
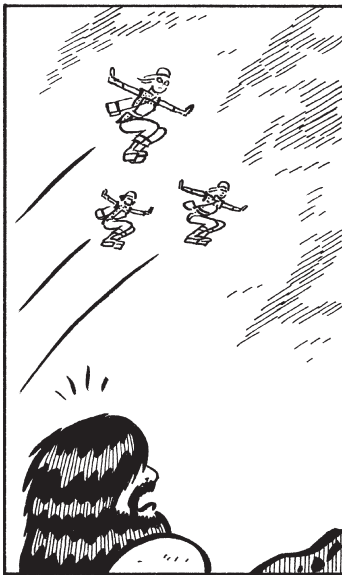
EXTEND THE HAND OF LOVE TO ALL

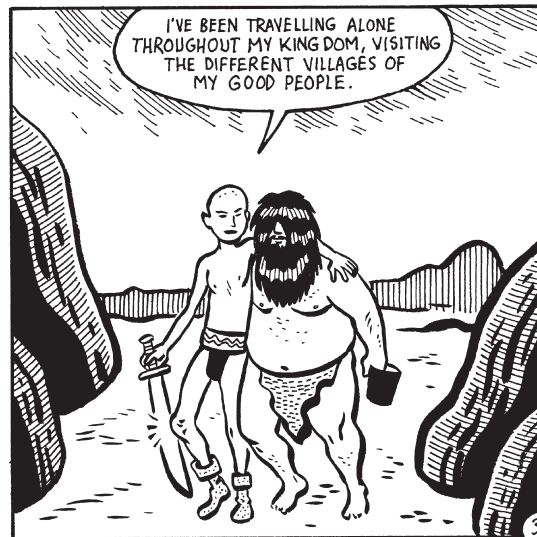
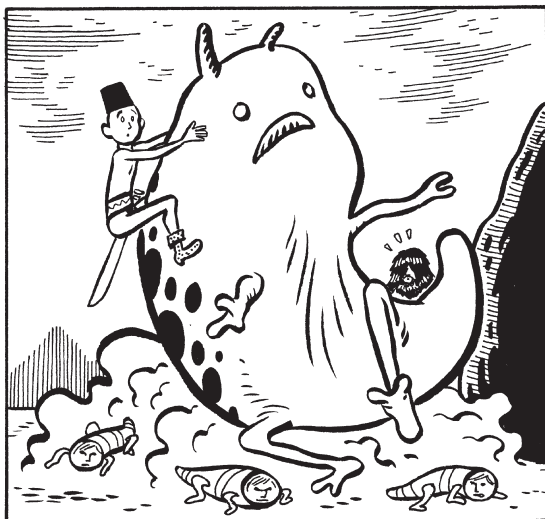
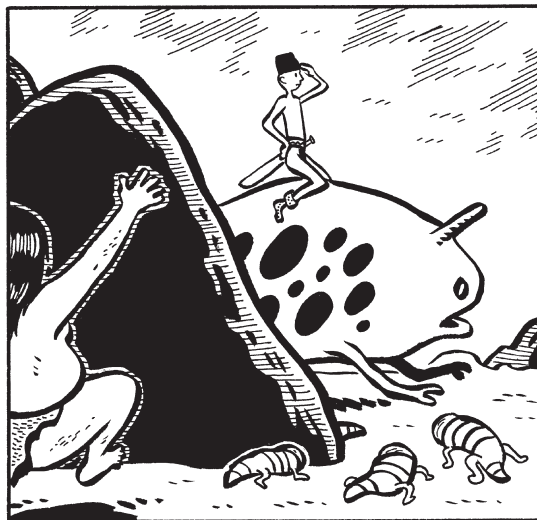
WHO CAN USE IT



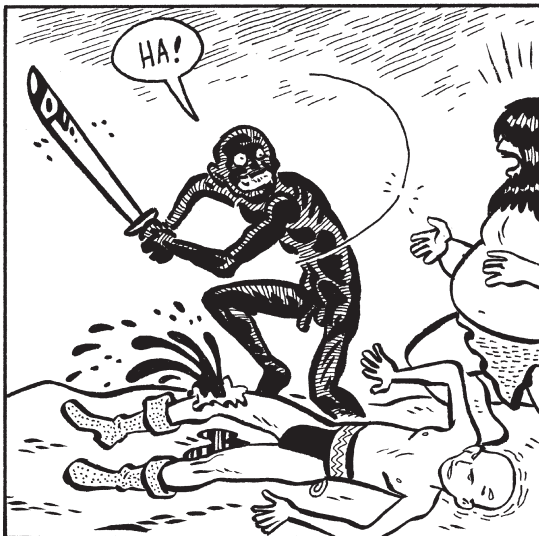
BY
BETO
00

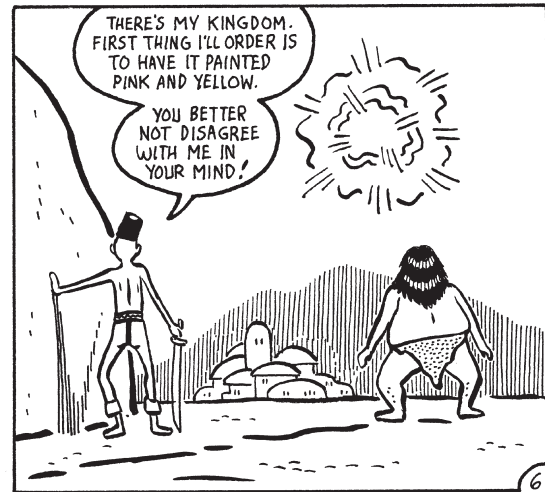
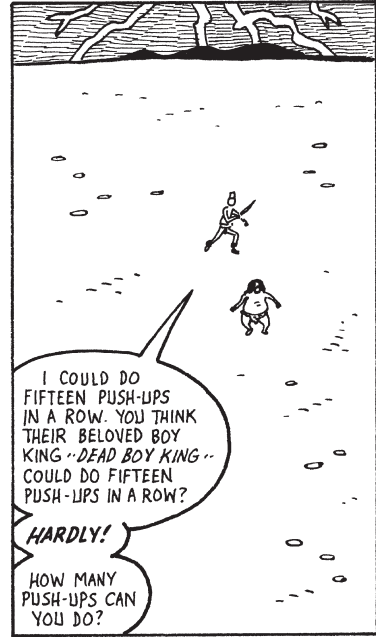
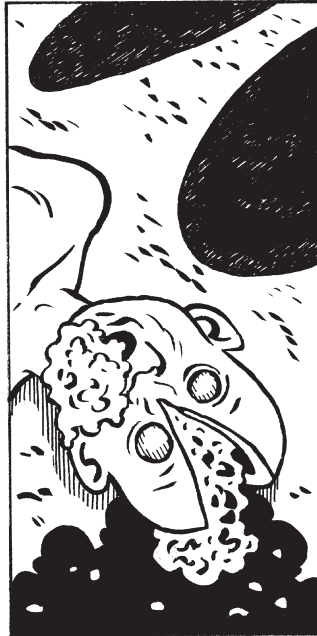
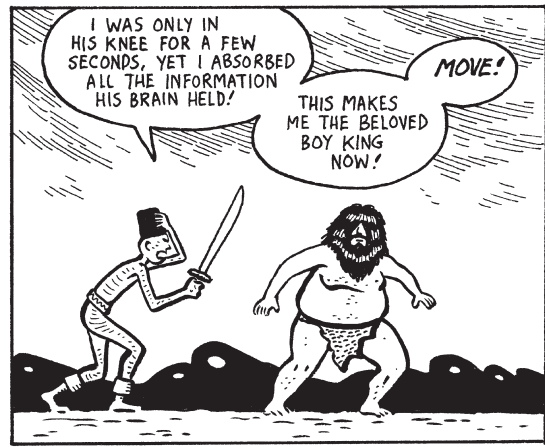


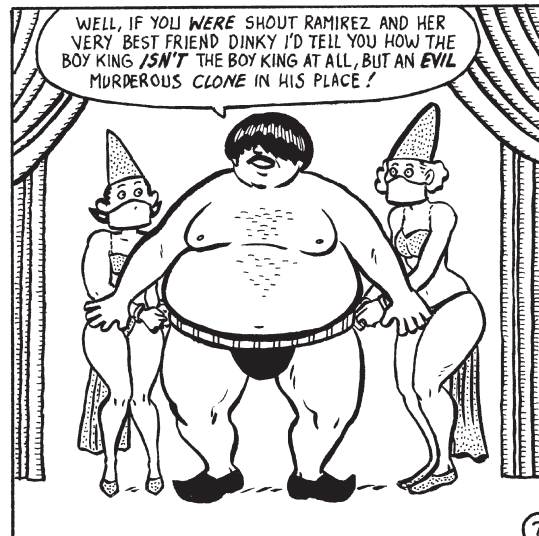
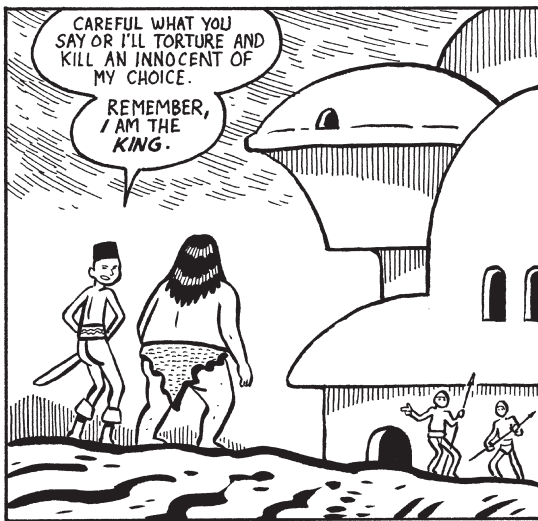




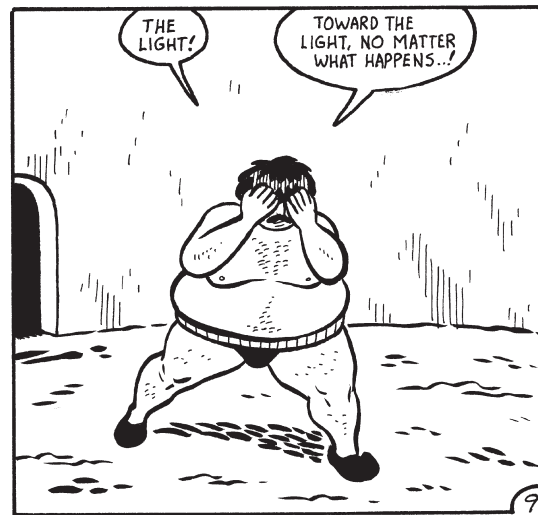
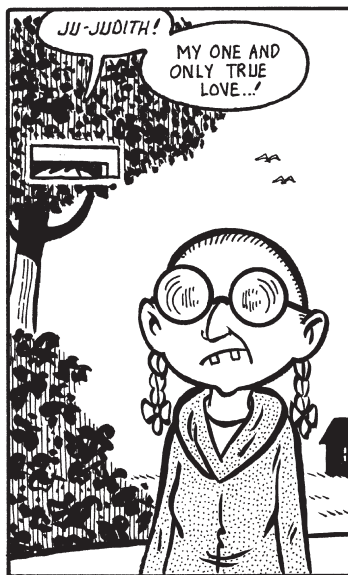


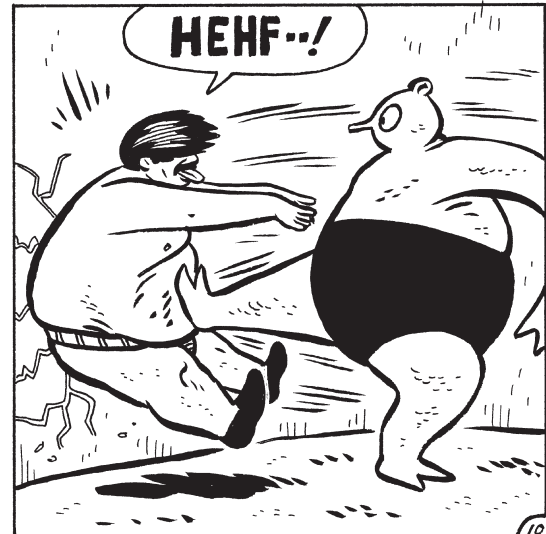
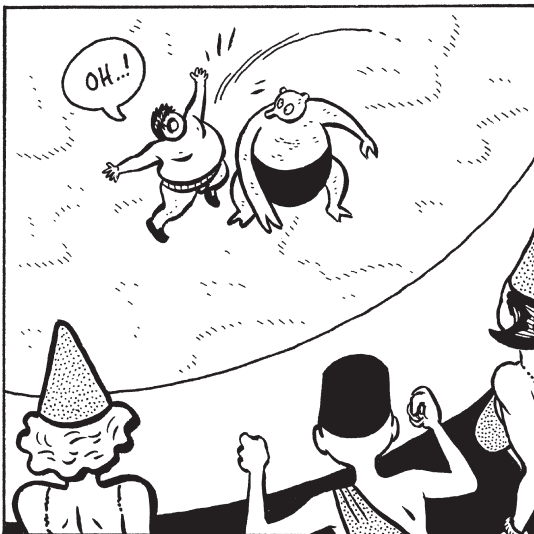
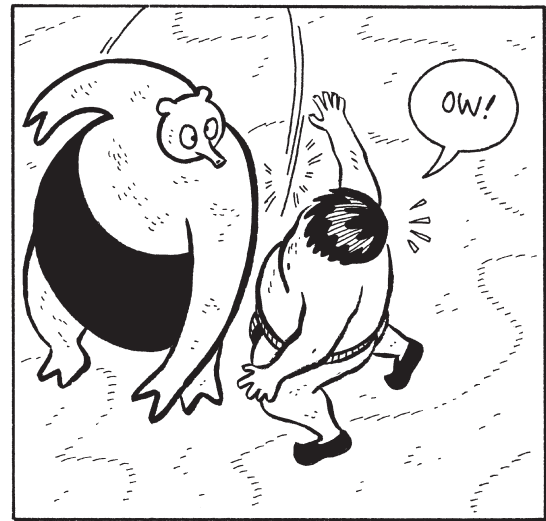
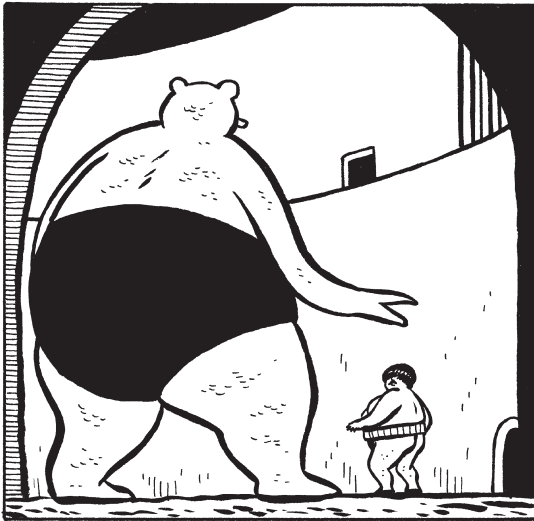
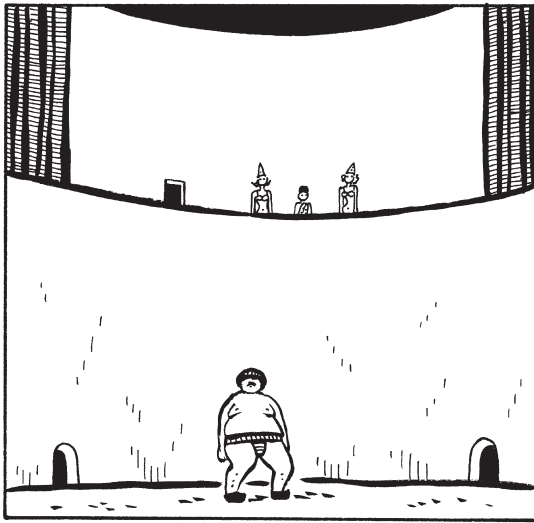


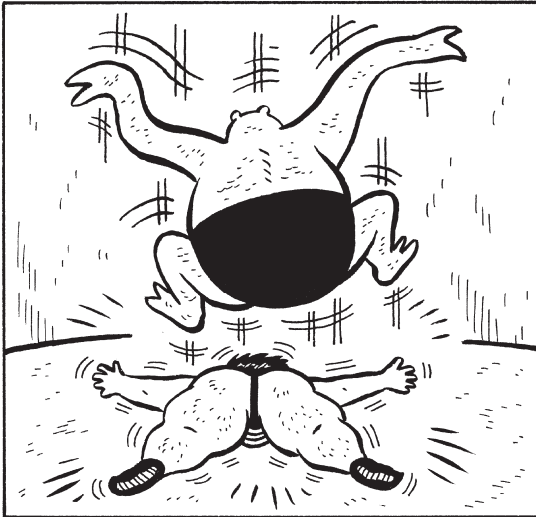
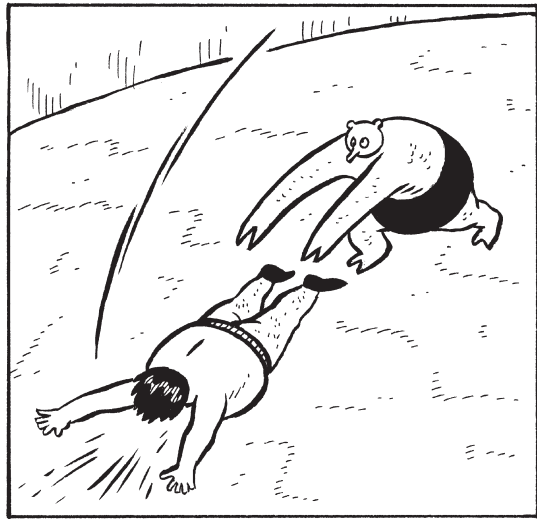
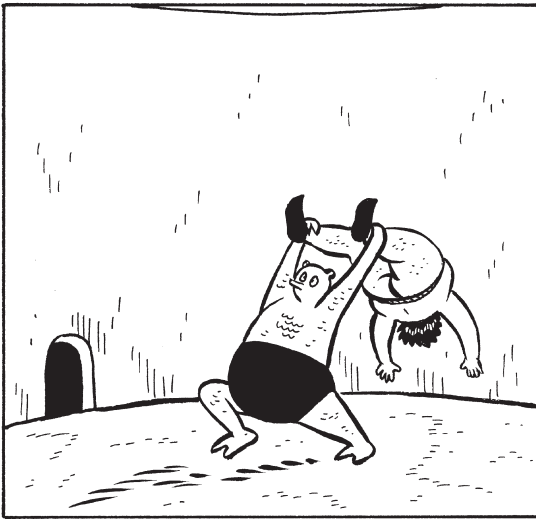


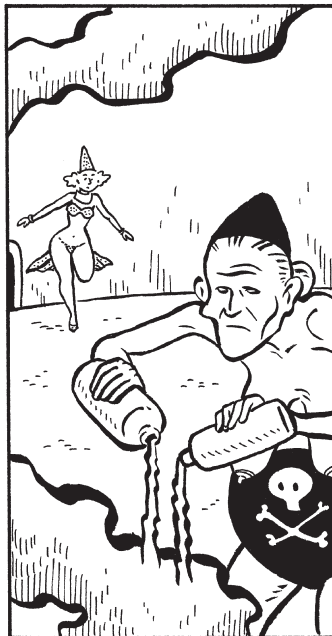
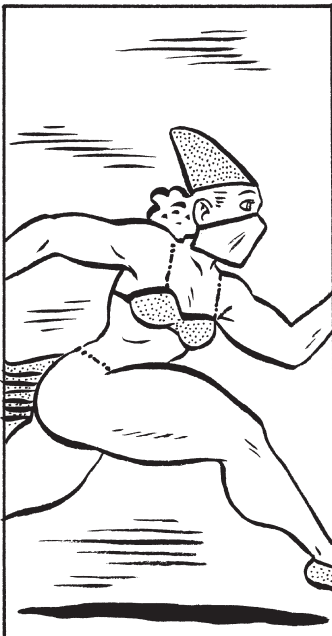
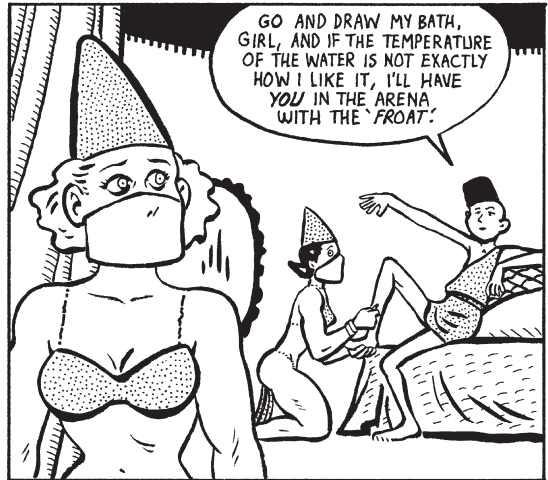
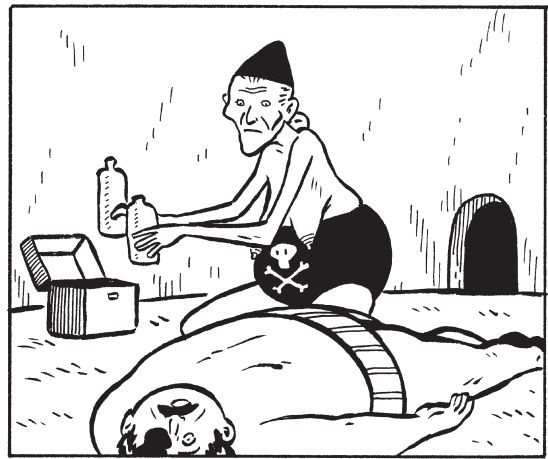
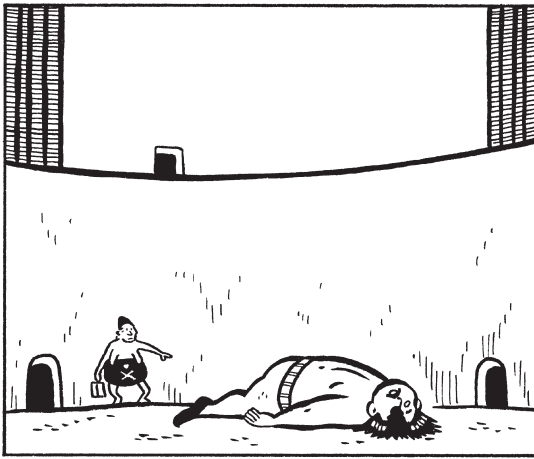


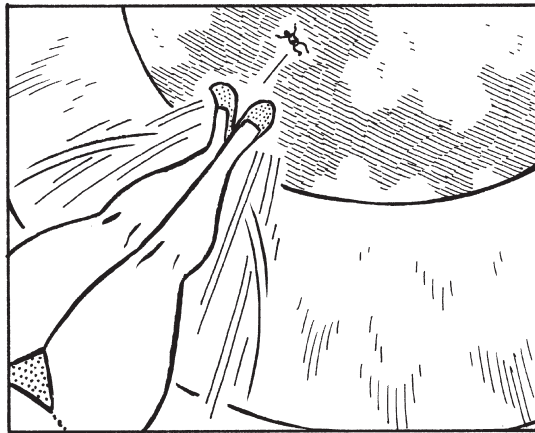
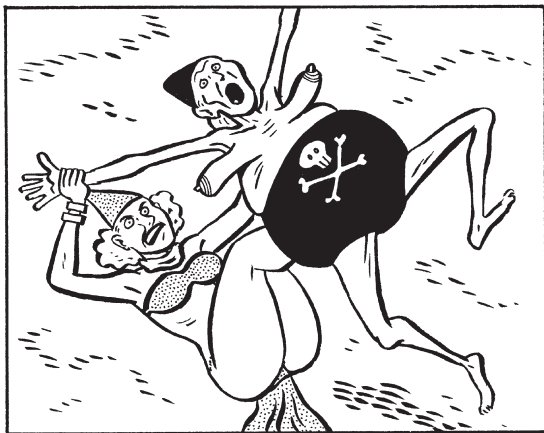


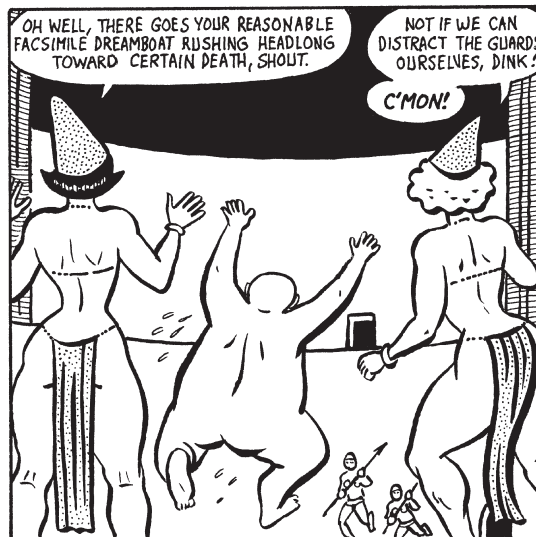
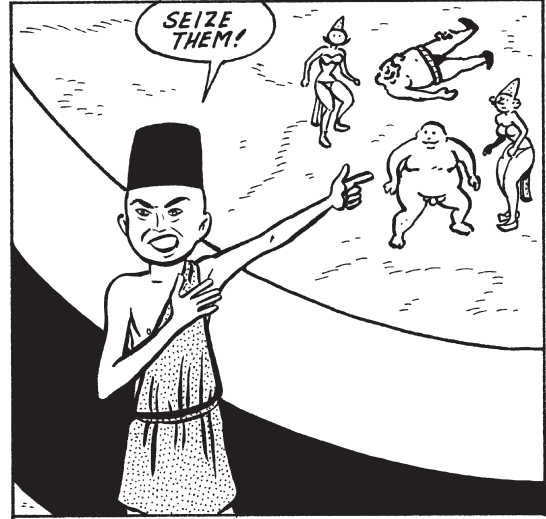
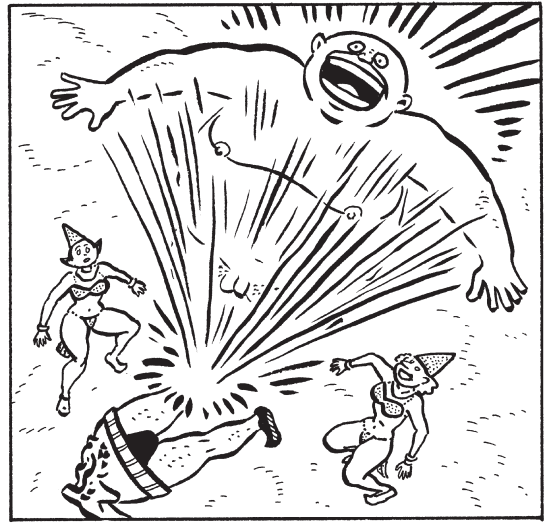


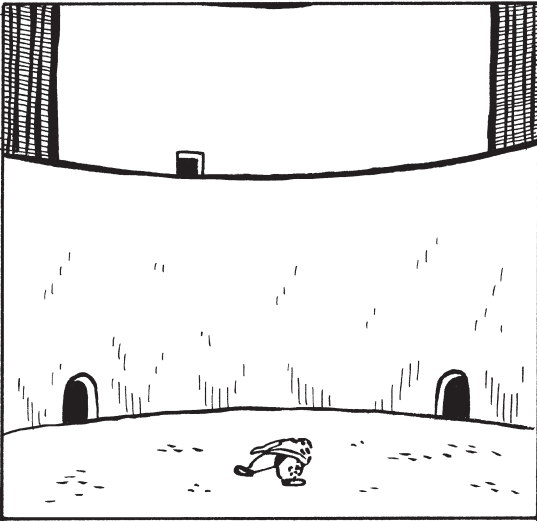
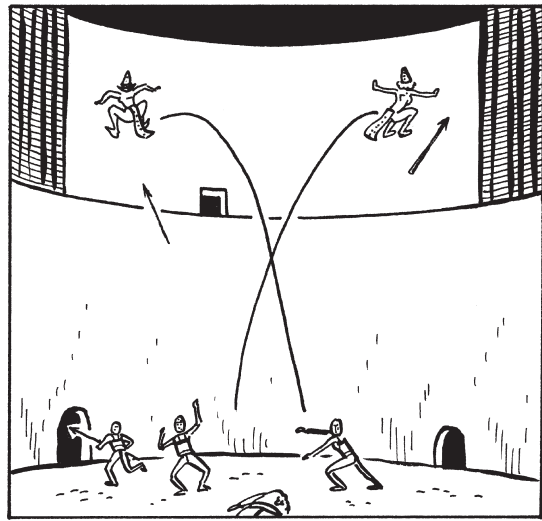


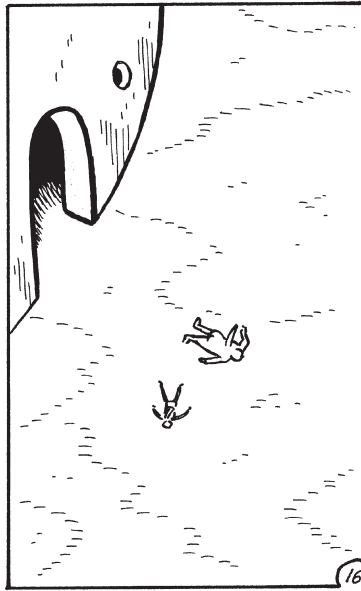
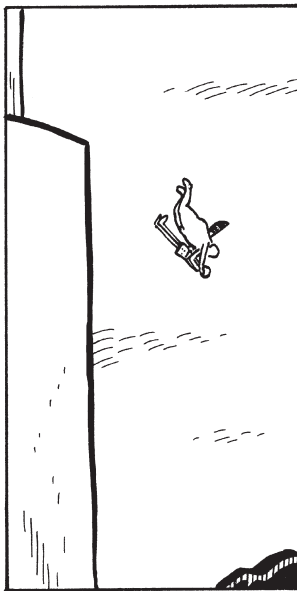
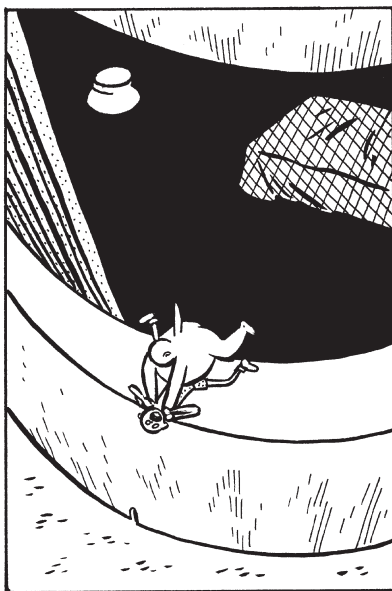
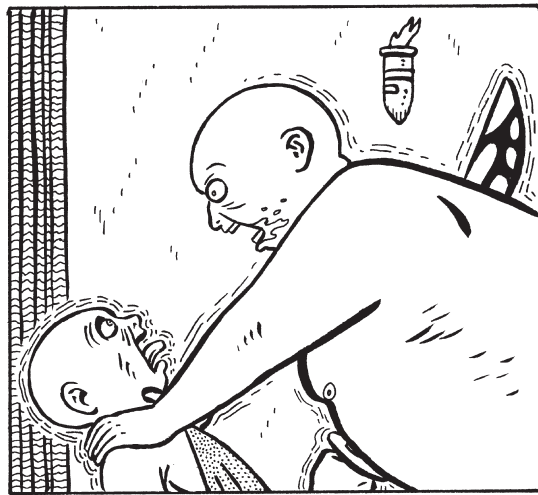
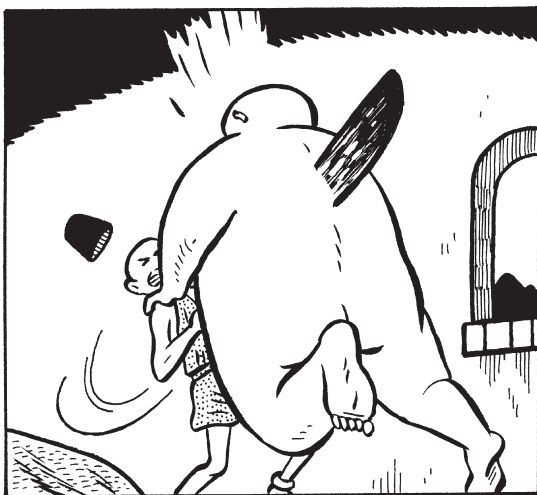
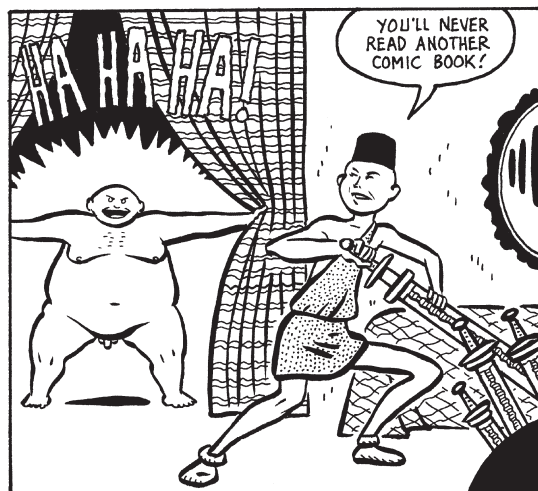
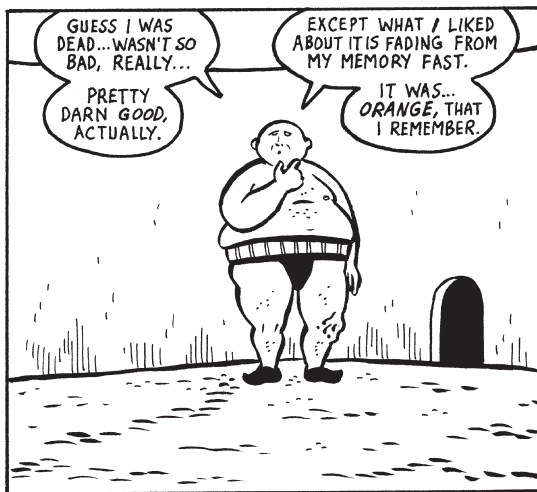


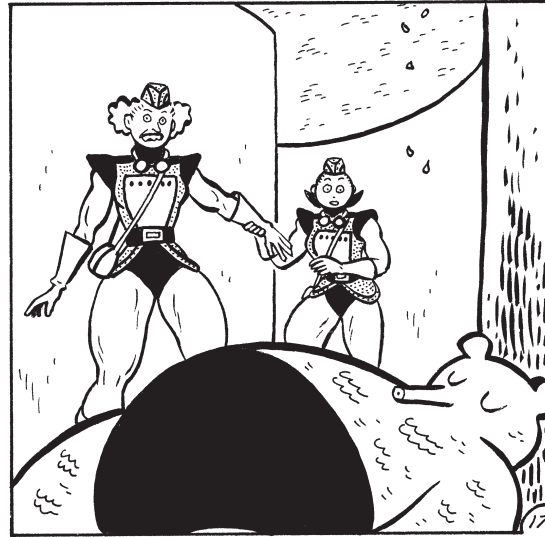
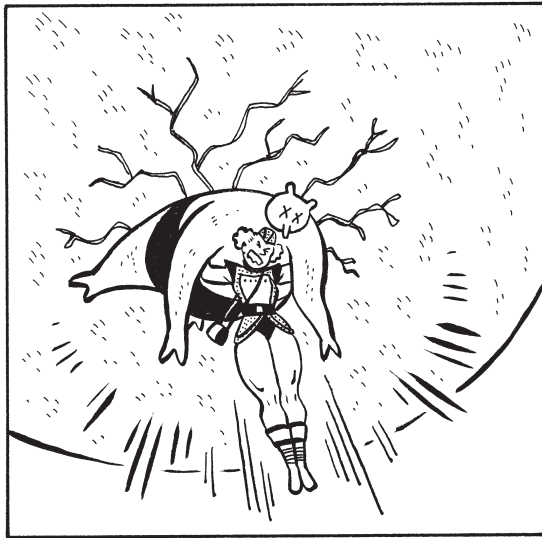
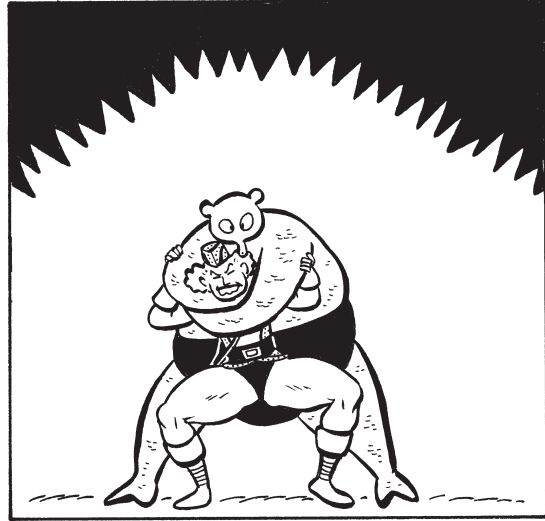
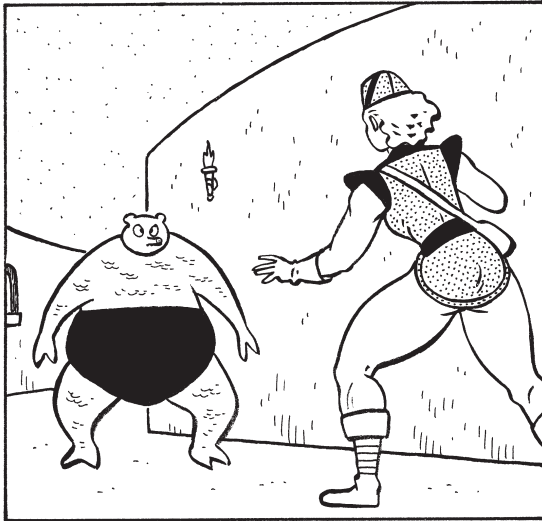


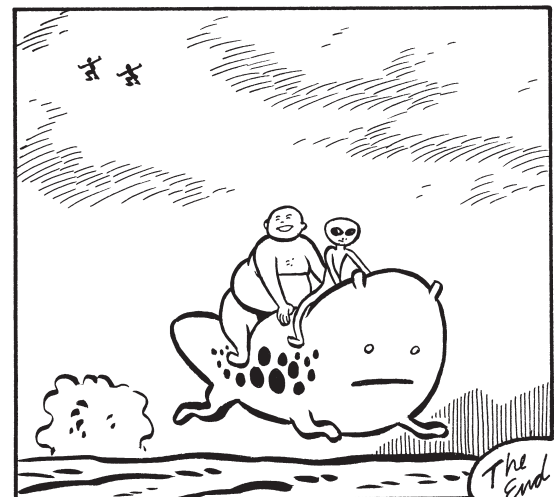
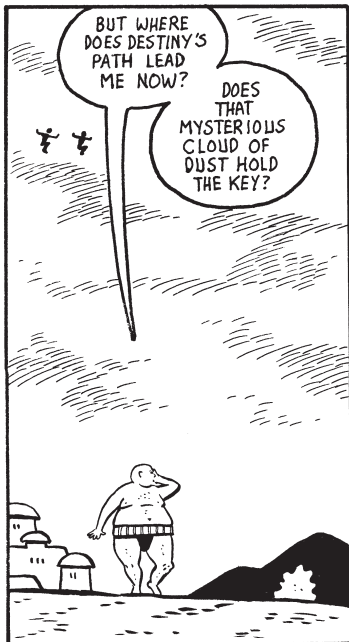
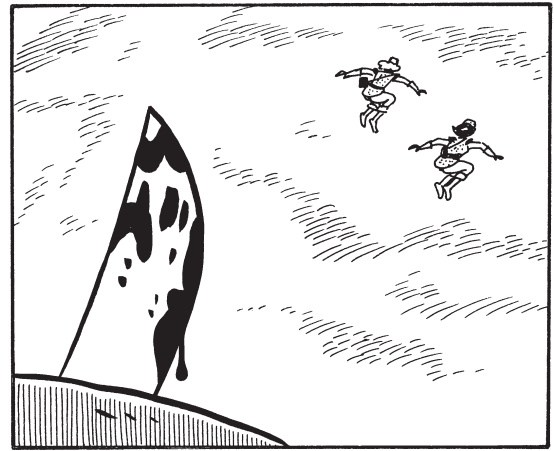
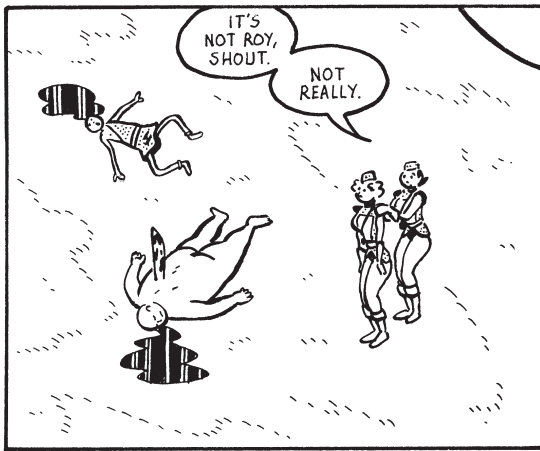


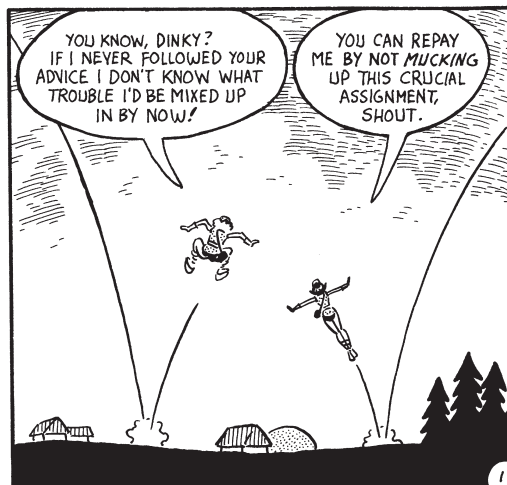
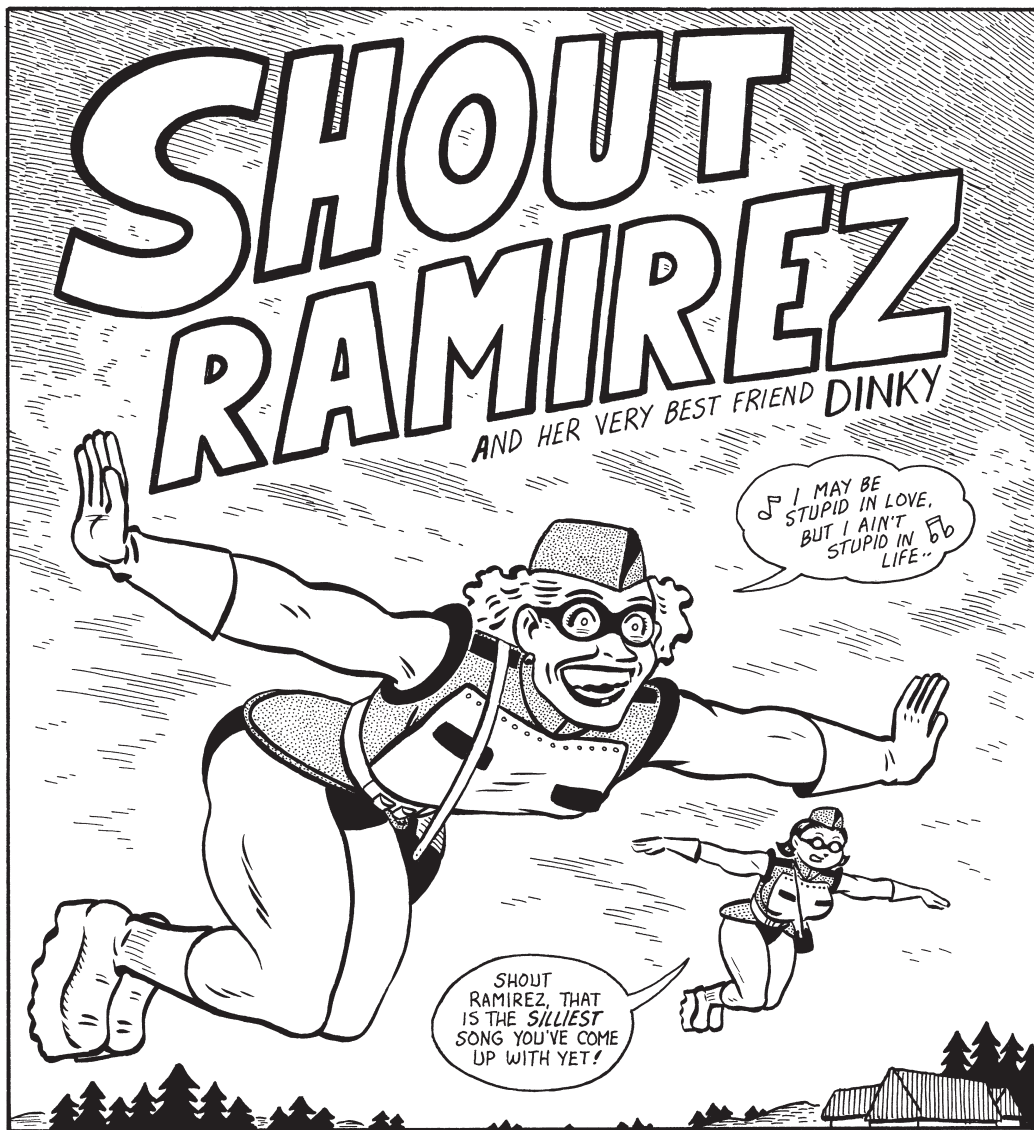


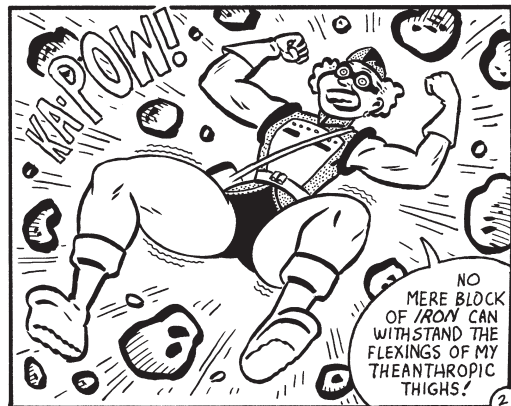
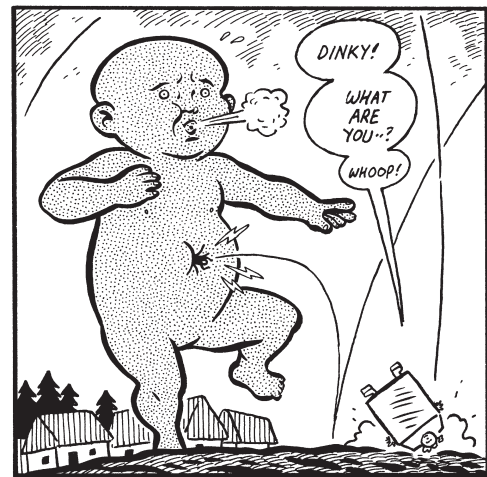
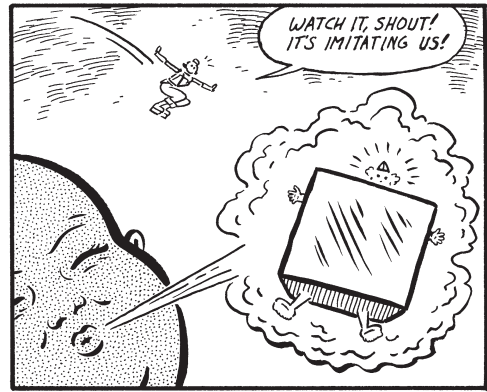
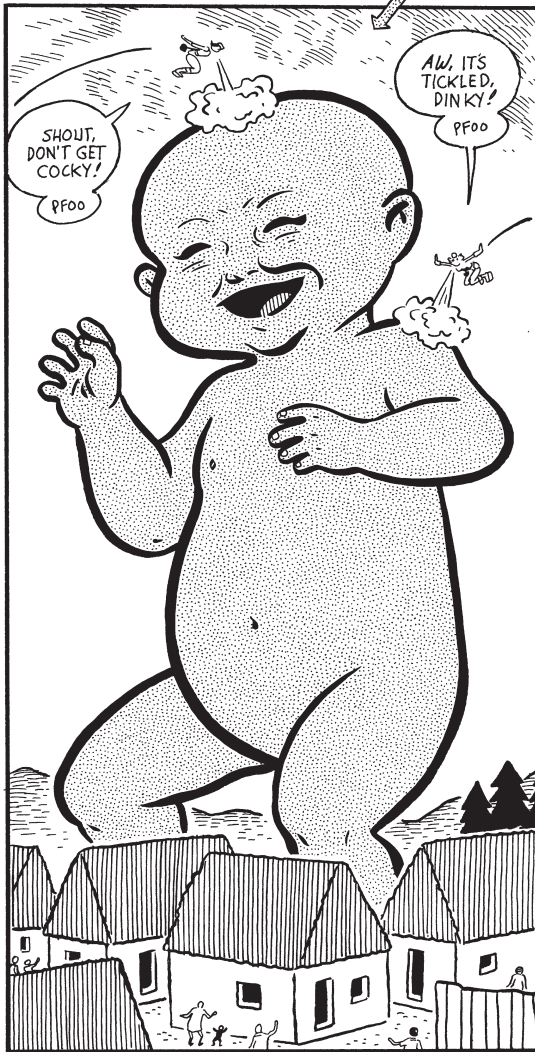


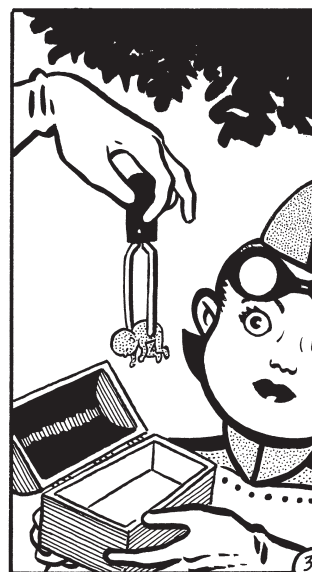
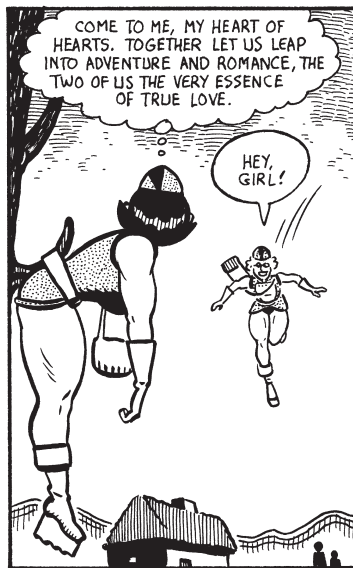
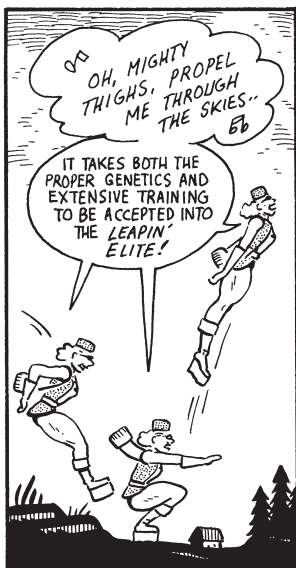


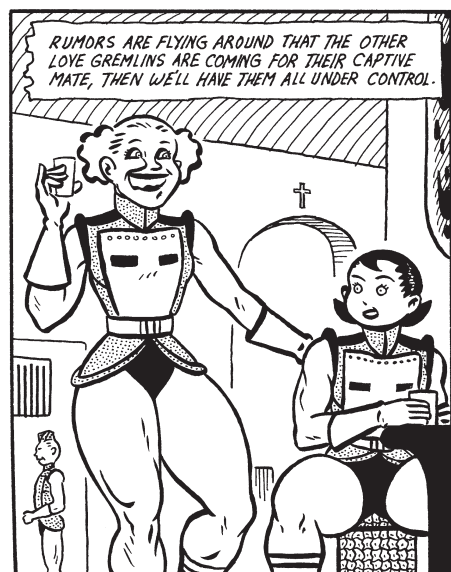
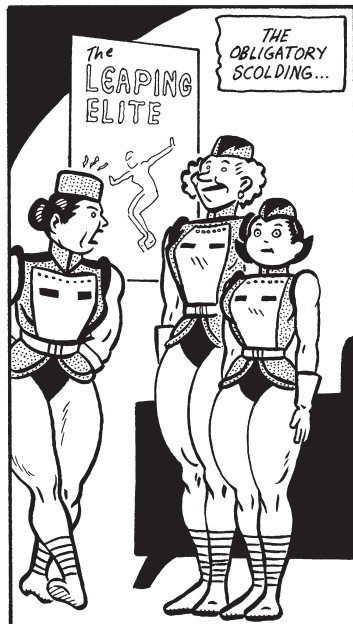
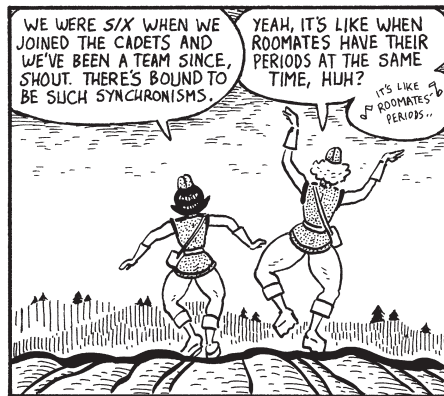
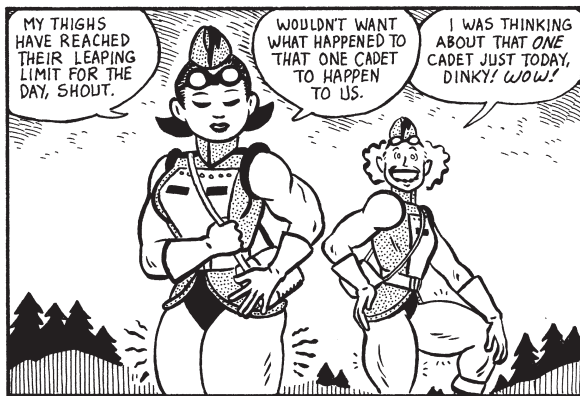


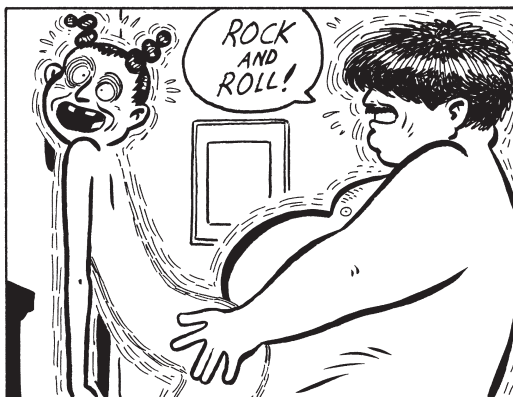
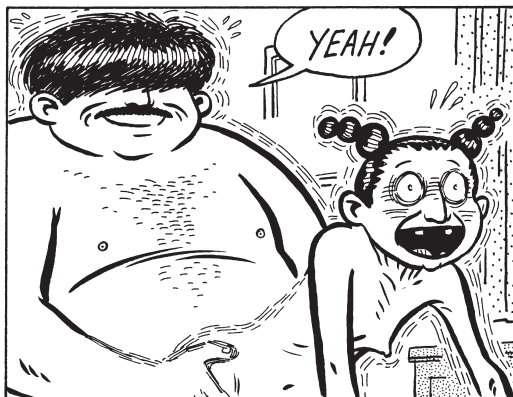
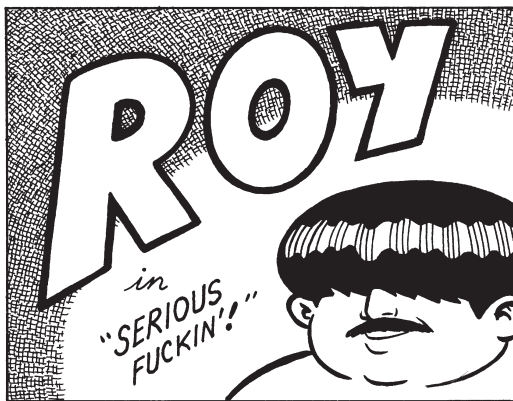








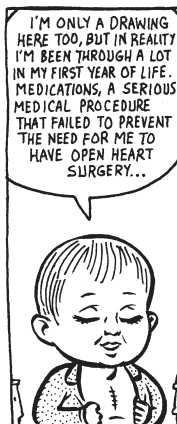
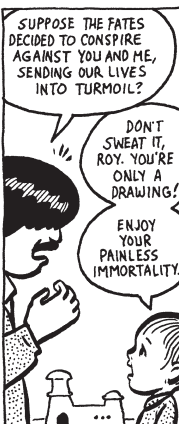
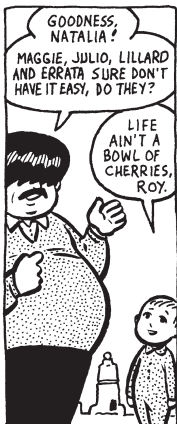
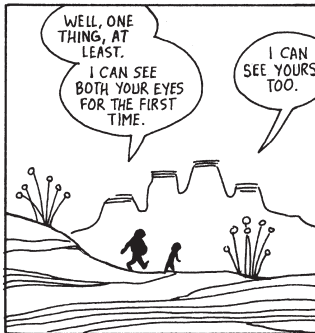
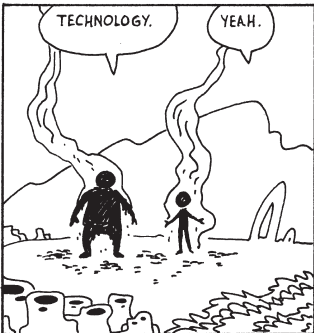
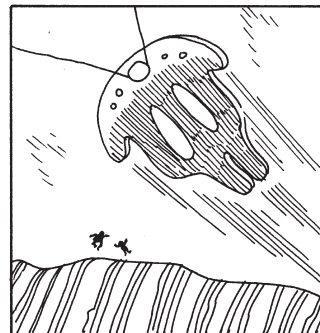
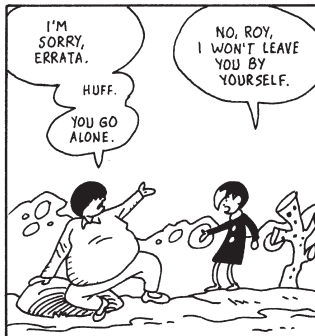




BETO/97

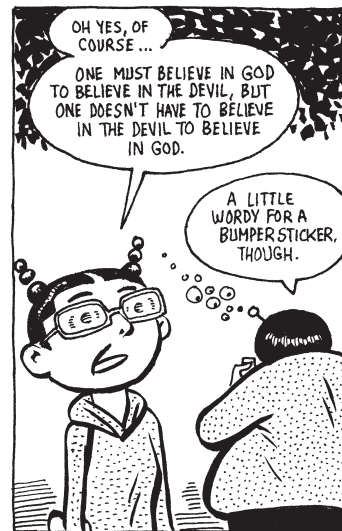


The NEUTERBRANK PRIMER



ROY AND JUDITH

BETO/2002



CONFIRMATION

THERE IS A FETISH WHERE A MAN ENJOYS WATCHING A PRETTY GIRL BLOWING UP A TOY BALLOON UNTIL IT POPS.

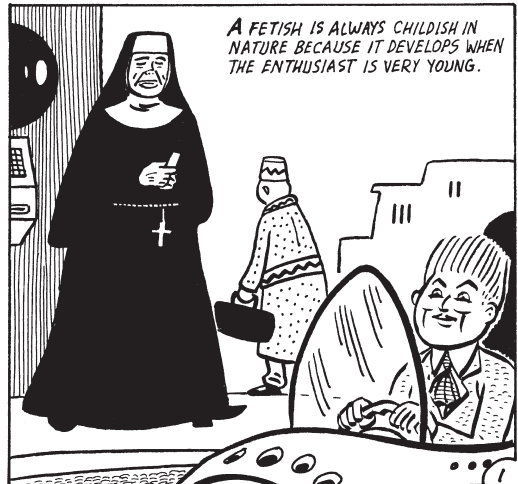


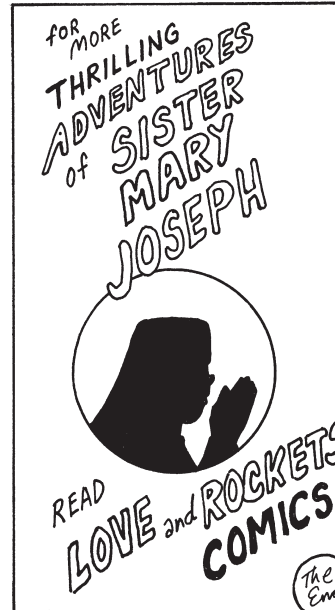
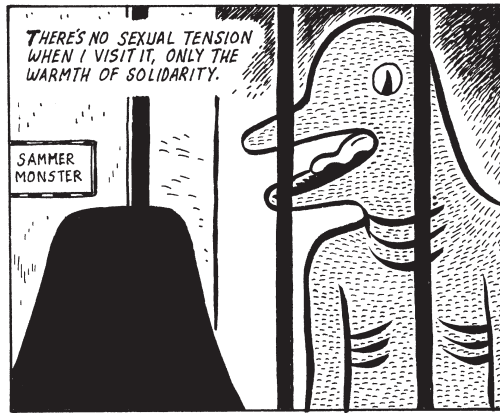
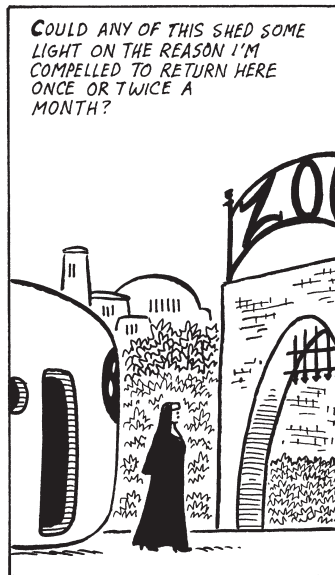
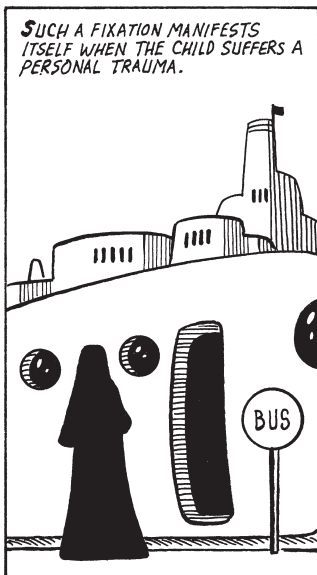
BETO
2022

IT'S THE SWELLING OF THE BALLOON AND THE ANTICIPATION OF THE BURSTING THAT DOES IT FOR THE VOYEUR.



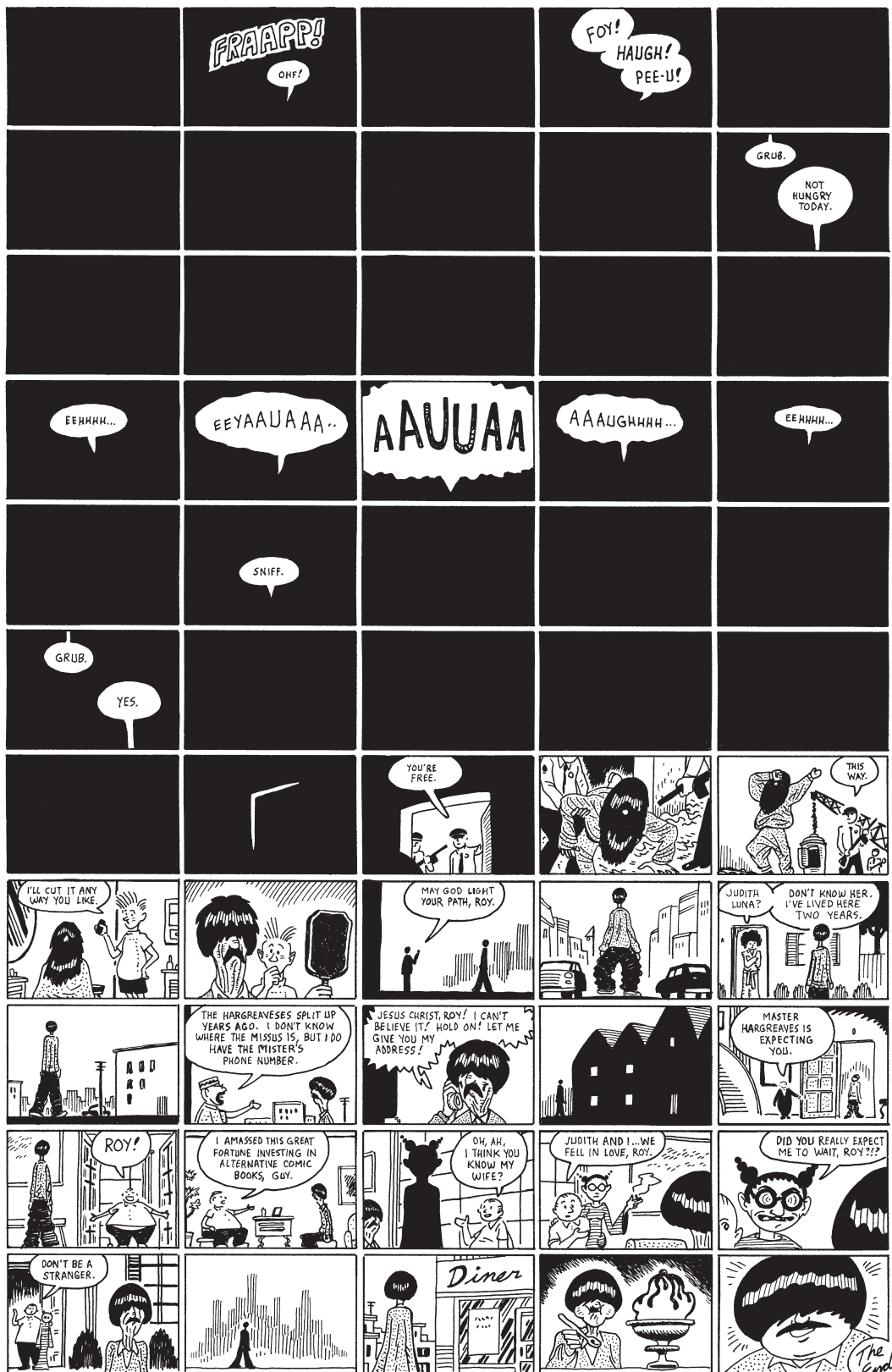
A FETISH IS ALWAYS CHILDISH IN NATURE BECAUSE IT DEVELOPS WHEN THE ENTHUSIAST IS VERY YOUNG.











WE NOW TURN
TO A MOST COMPLEX
CASE, ONE OF ALMOST
HALUCINOGENIC
INFLUENCE.

SHE'S ONLY CRYING



DOCTOR
FAUSTO

BETO
-2003

CASE
37

'LADY X' GREW TO BE SO EMBARRASSED BY
HER ACTIONS OF THE PAST THAT SHE NO
LONGER WANTED TO BE RECOGNIZED BY
ANYONE, NOT EVEN HER FAMILY.



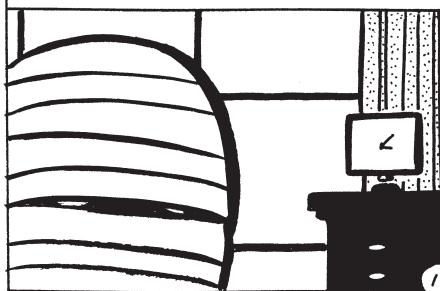
SHE MOVED TO A TOWN WHERE NO ONE KNEW HER. HER
MORBID ANXIETY AND DEPRESSION BEGAN TO SUBSIDE.
SHE HAD MONEY AND STARTED TO ENJOY LIFE AGAIN:
SHOPPING, LONG WALKS ALONE, TAKING IN HIT SHOWS...



THINGS CHANGED BY THE THIRD WEEK. SHE BEGAN HAVING VIVID
NIGHTMARES AGAIN ABOUT THE LAUGHING DOG, AS MUCH AS
THREE AND FOUR TIMES A WEEK.



SHE STAYED INDOORS FOR SEVERAL DAYS TO AVOID
MEETING THE LAUGHING DOG ON THE STREET. THE
NIGHTMARES EVENTUALLY STOPPED IN THAT TIME.



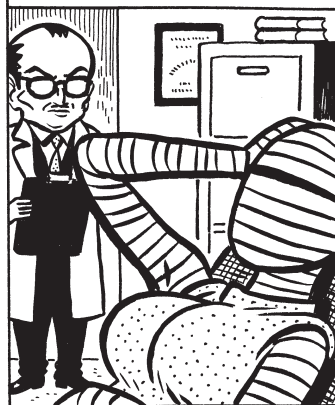
SHE VENTURED ON A DATE, BUT WHEN SHE DISCOVERED HE HAD BEEN TO HAVE BEEN A FELLOW STUDENT IN HER KINDERGARTEN CLASS WAY BACK WHEN, SHE SPENT ANOTHER WEEK IN SECLUSION.



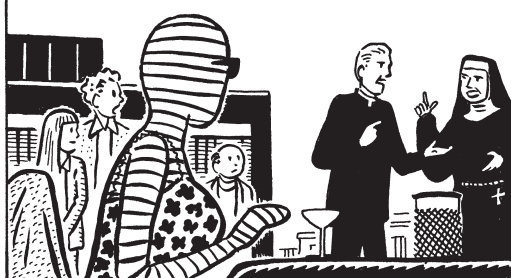
HER VANITY CONSUMED HER LIFE. TOO GOOD FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD, SHE CURSED FATE FOR MAKING HER THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.



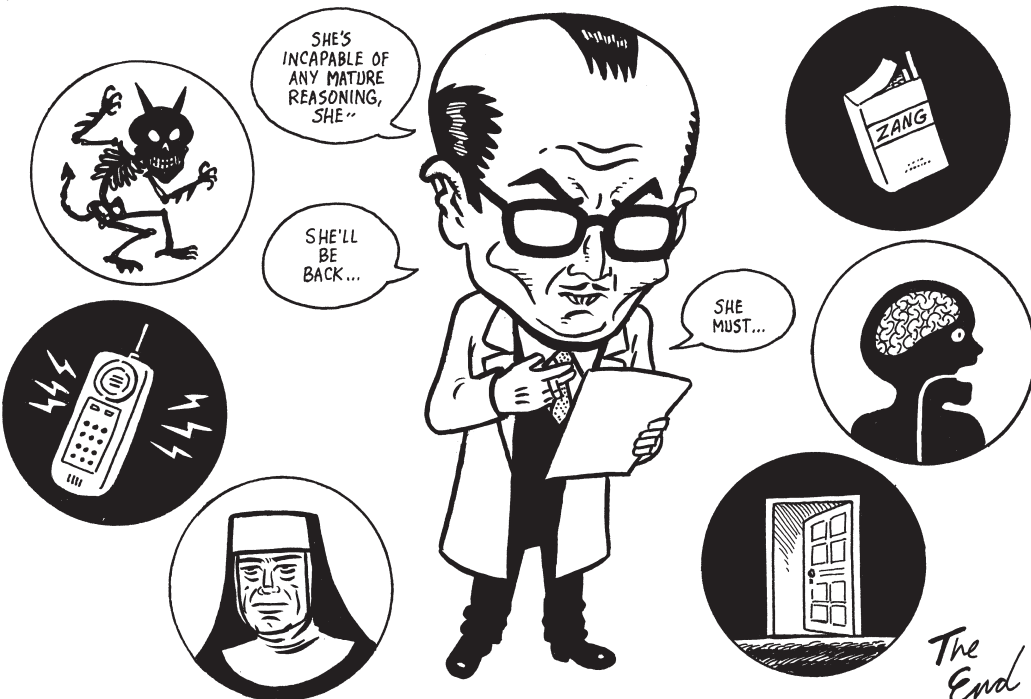
THERE WAS NO LONGER ANY TALKING TO HER. SHE CONTRADICTED ALL MY THEORIES, ALL MY ADVICE; I TOLD HER NOT TO COME BACK UNLESS SHE WAS WILLING TO ADMIT SHE HAD A PROBLEM.



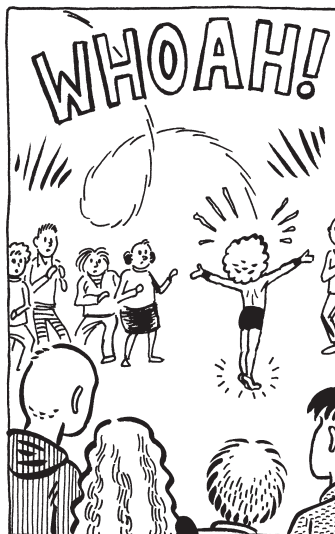
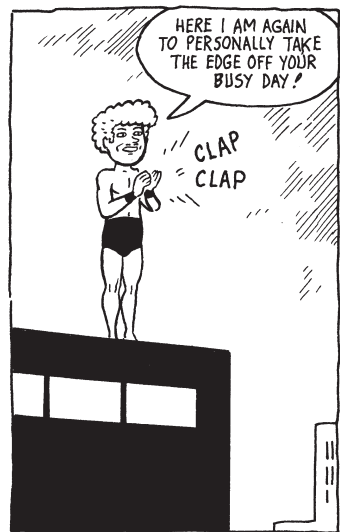
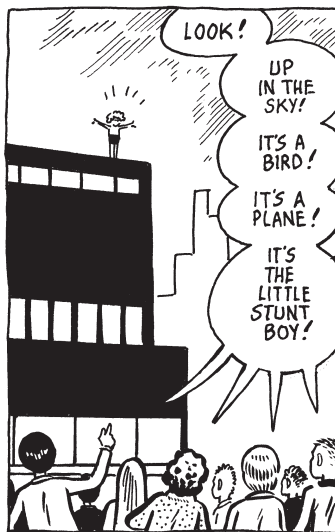
AFTER SHE WITNESSED WHAT SOUNDED LIKE A LOVERS' SPAT BETWEEN FATHER SANDOVAL AND SISTER MARY JOSEPH, 'LADY X' SAID AS LONG AS THE LAUGHING DOG STALKED HER, HER LIFE WOULD CONTINUE UNMOLESTED ON ITS PRESENT COURSE.

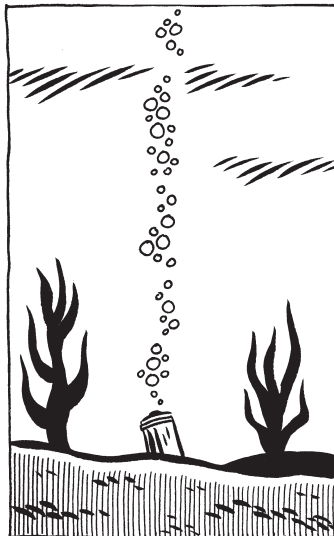
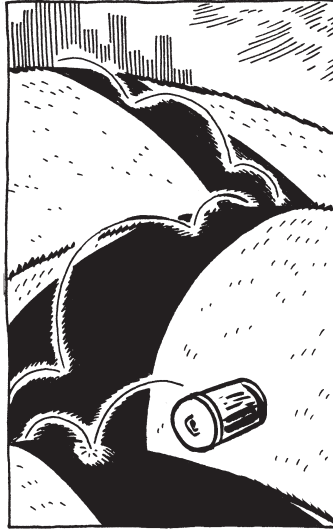
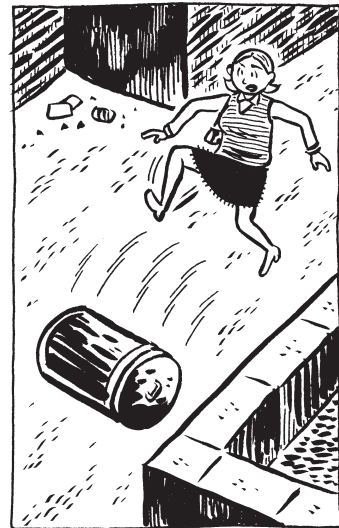


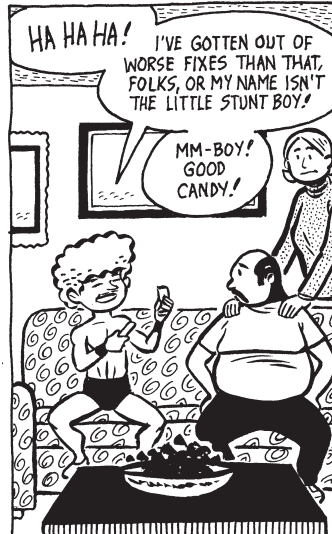
WHAT? THIS COURSE OF DESCENDING INTO IDIOCY? SHE ENJOYS WALLOWING IN HER SELF-IMPOSED, HAUNTED LITTLE WORLD, THE NARCISSISTIC TWIT! I COULD HELP HER! ADVANCES IN PSYCHIATRY ARE SUCH THAT~ PHAH! BUT WHY BOTHER? TO HELL WITH HER!



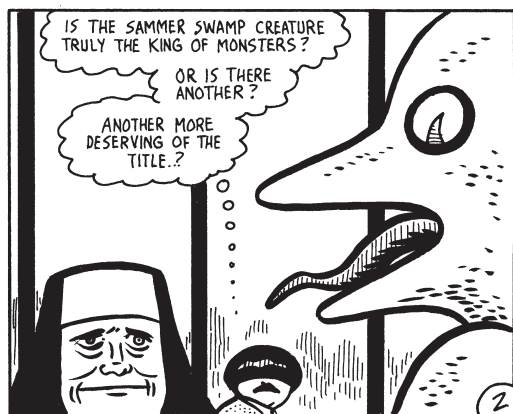
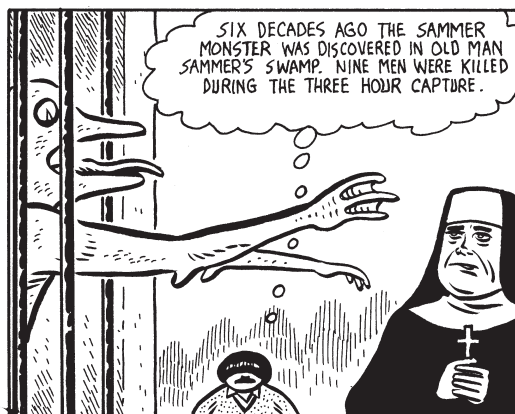
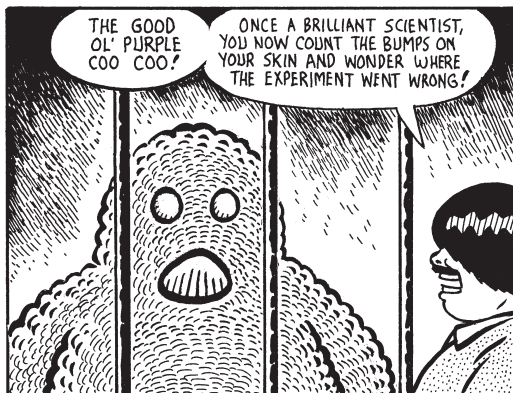
The End

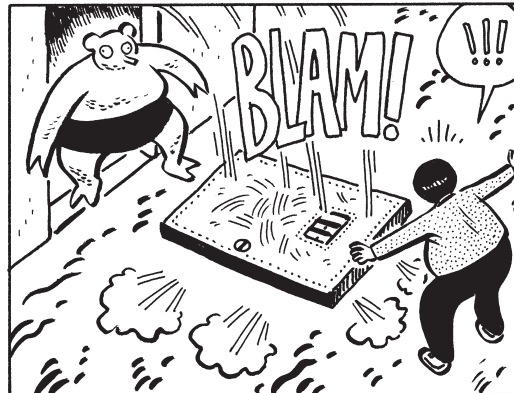
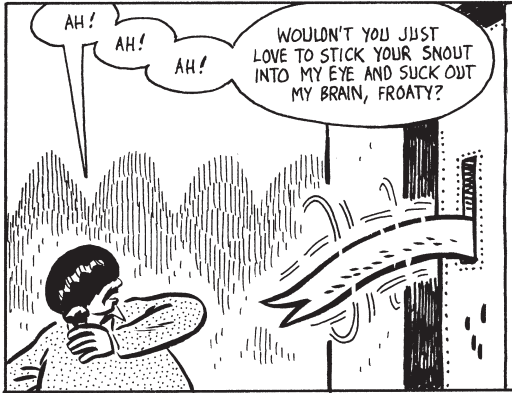
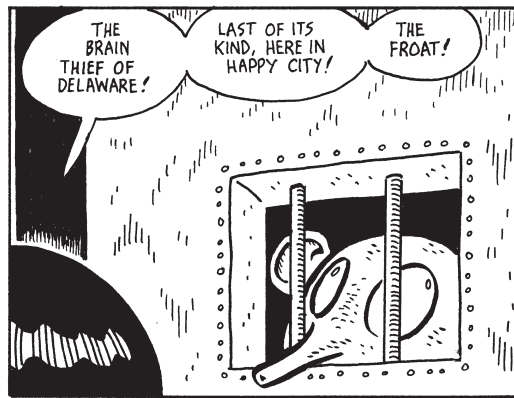
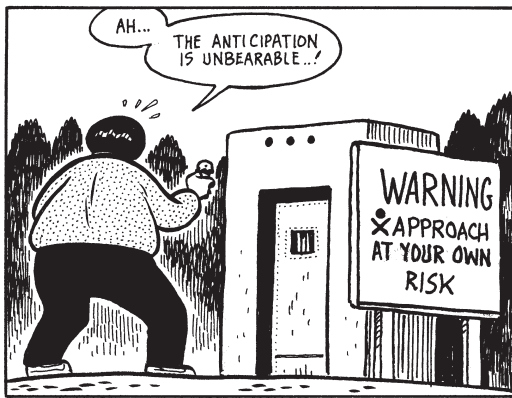


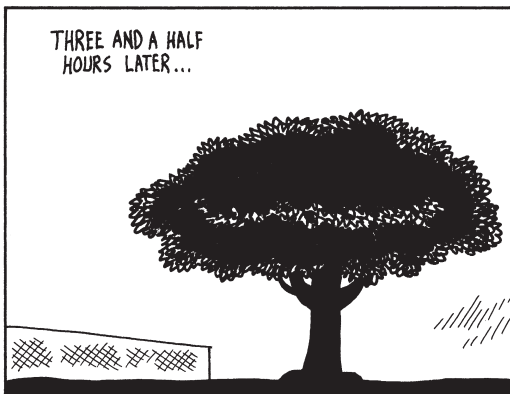
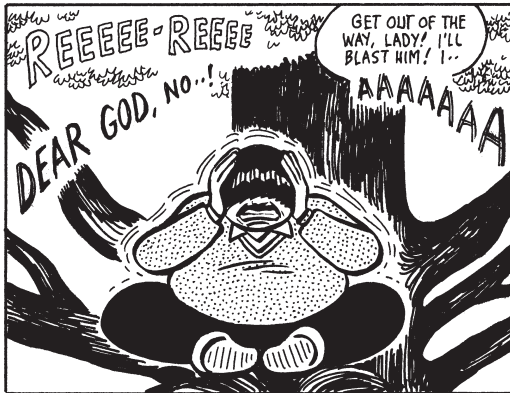
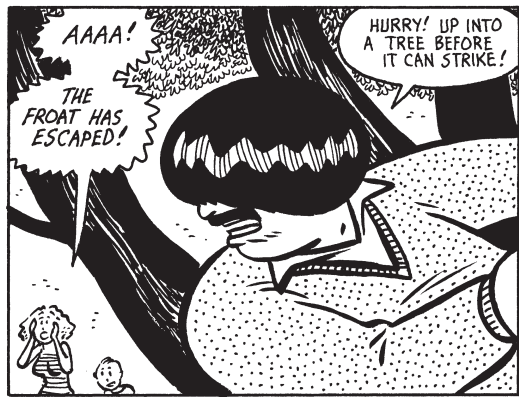


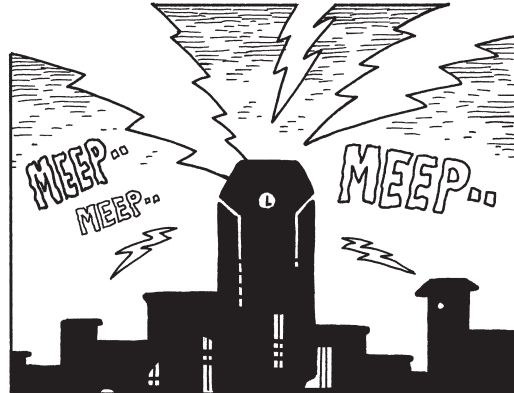
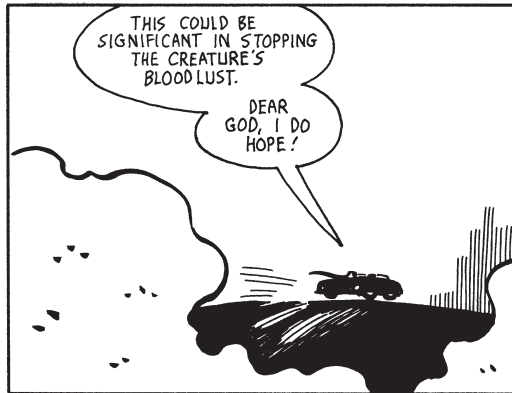
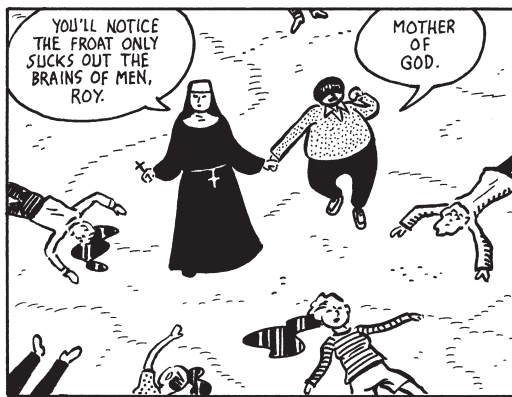


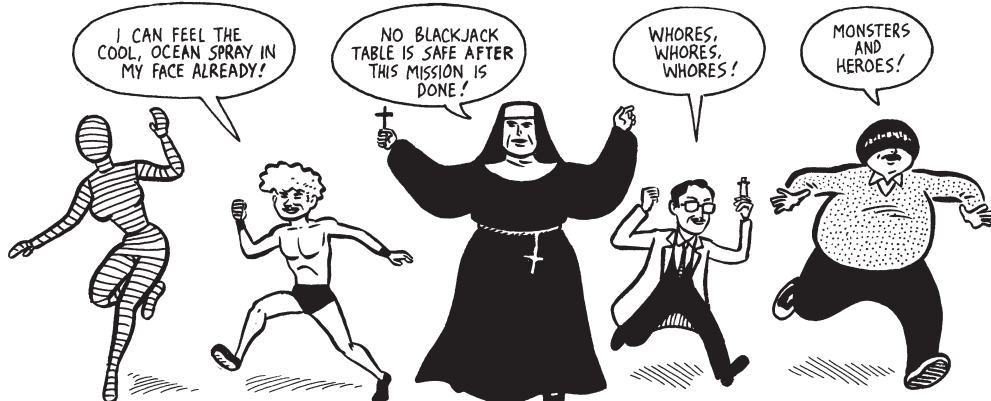
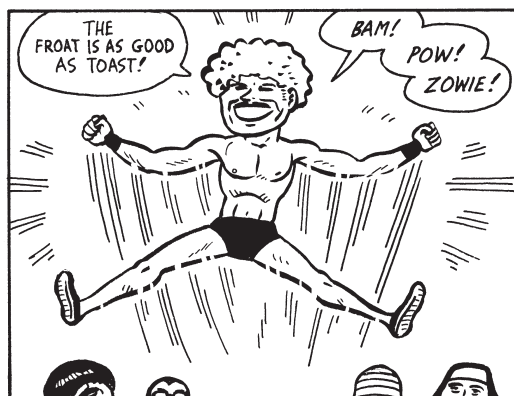
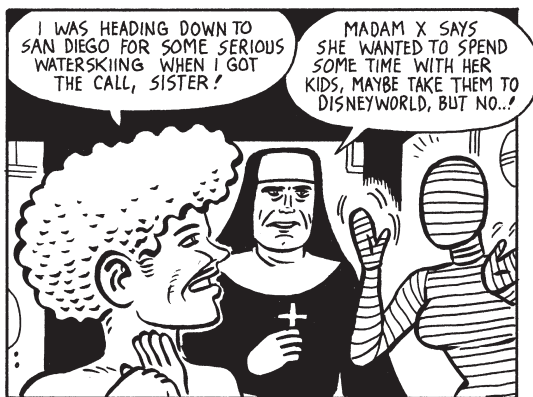


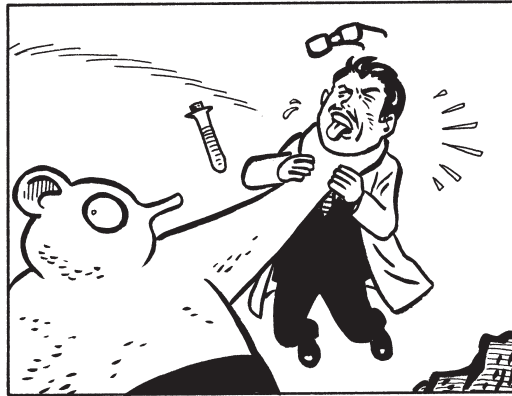
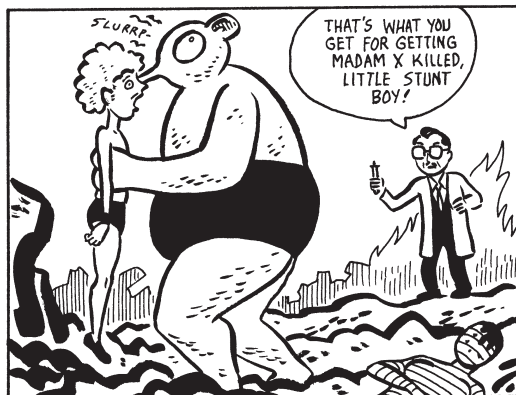
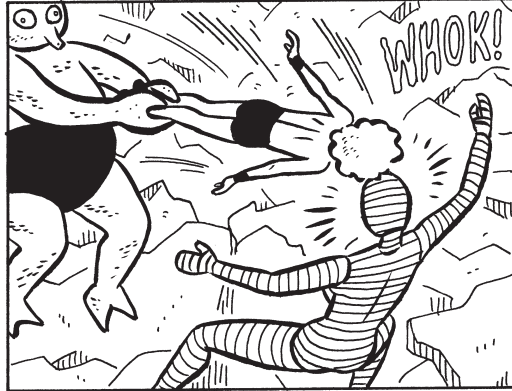


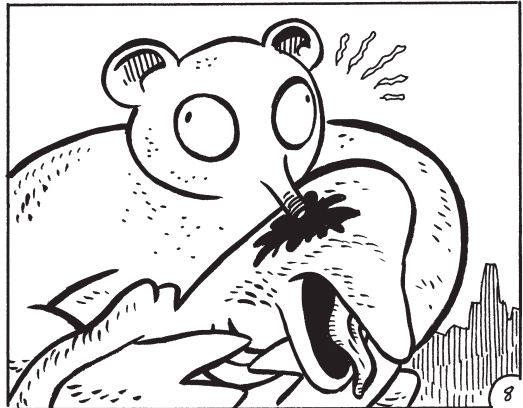
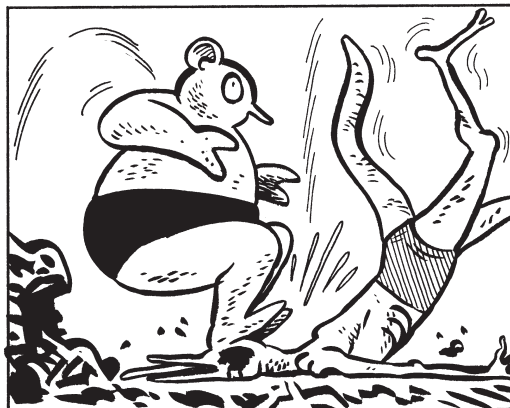
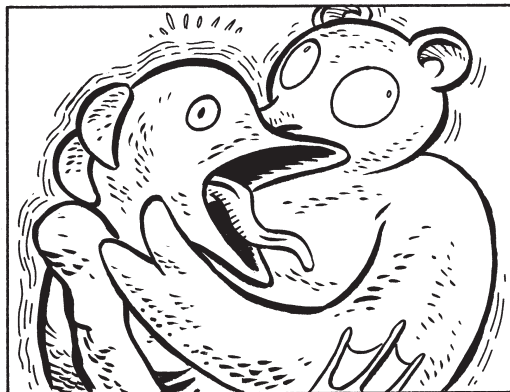
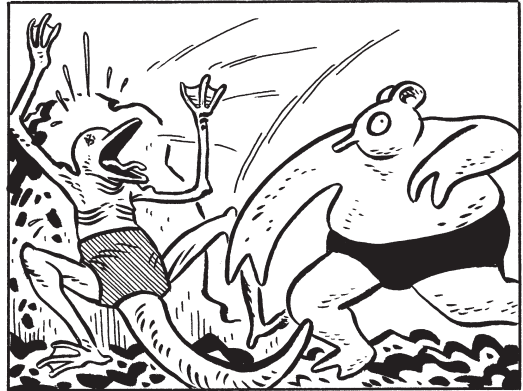
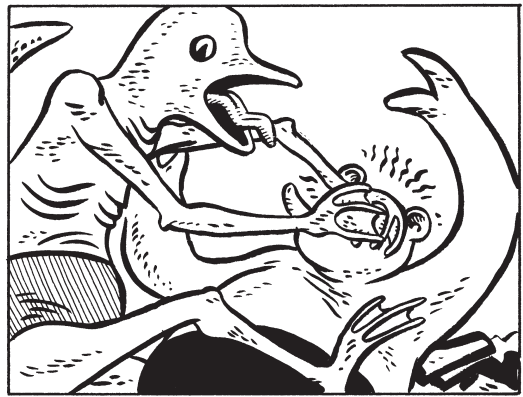


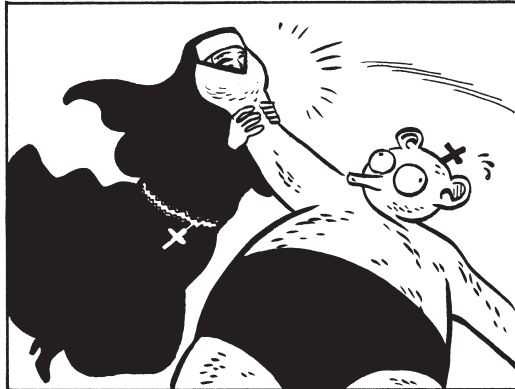
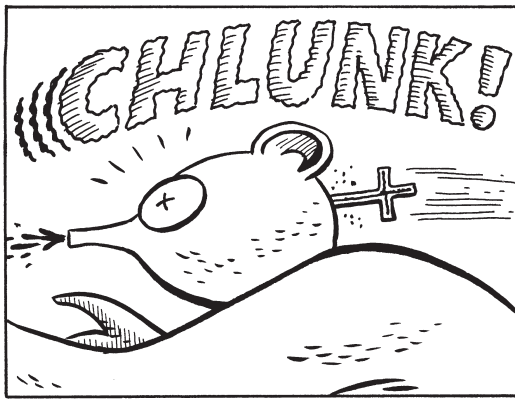


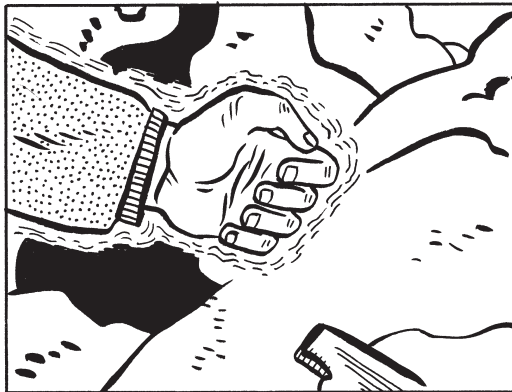
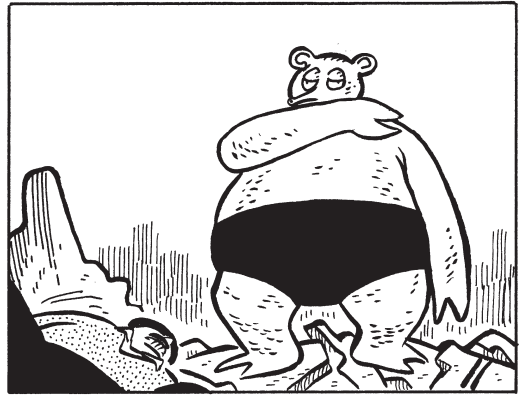
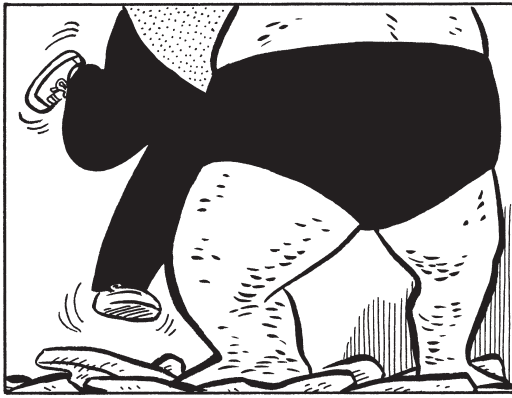


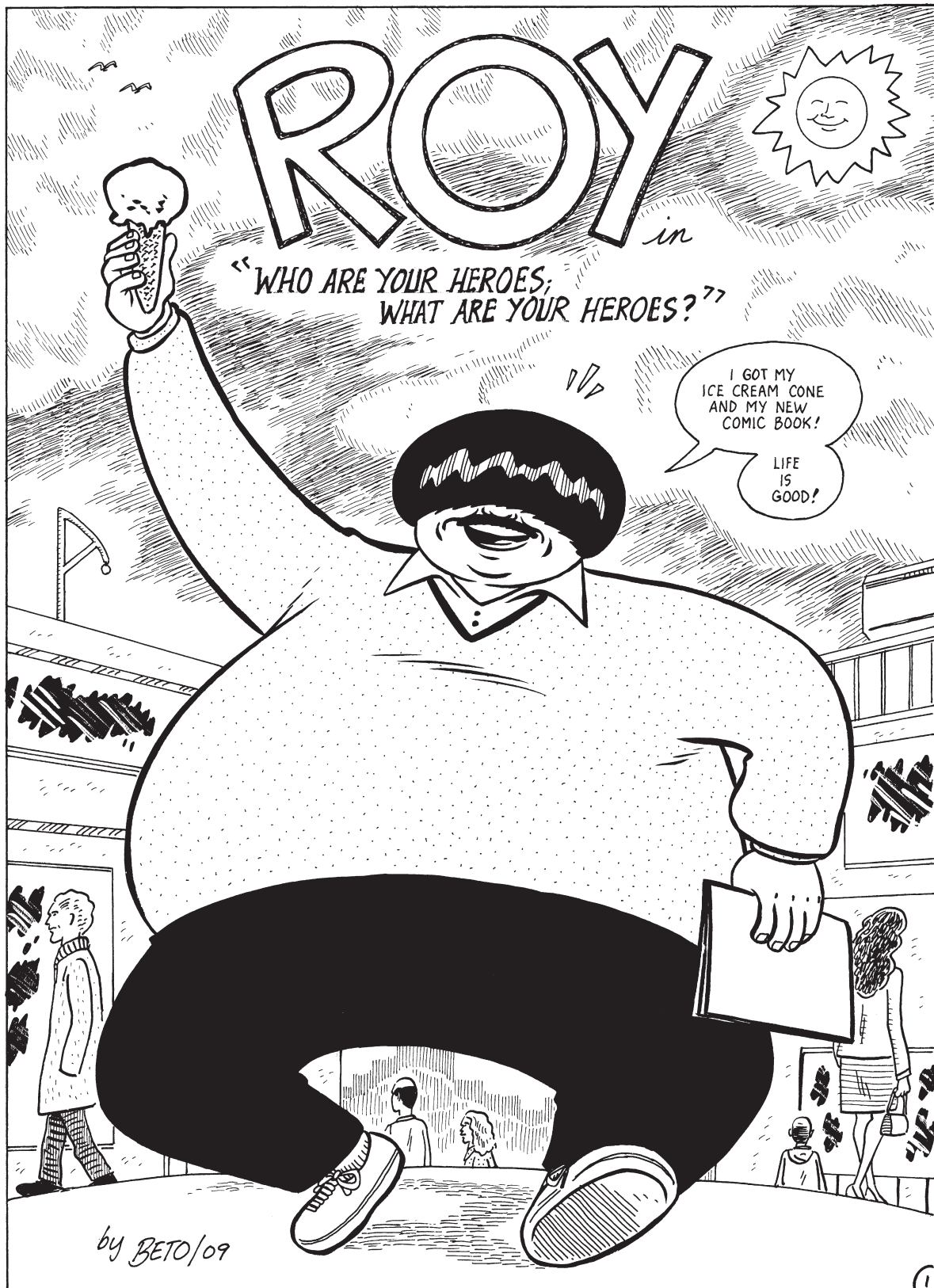


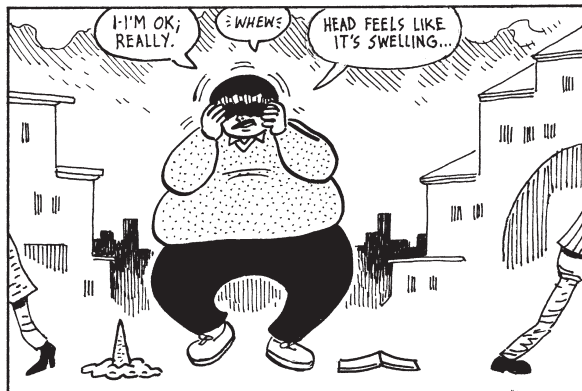
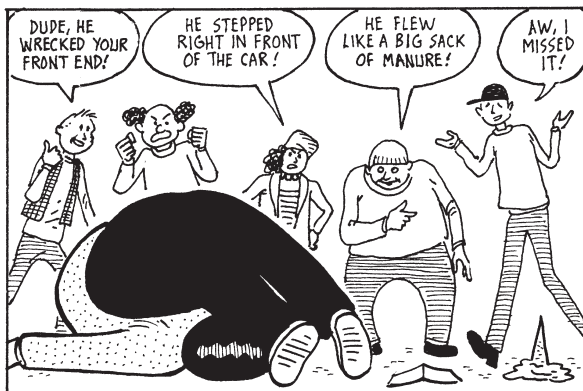
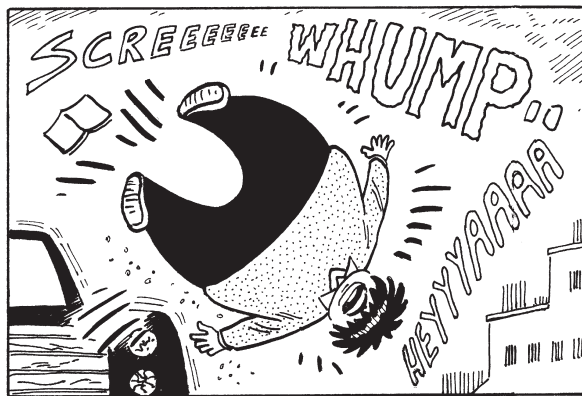
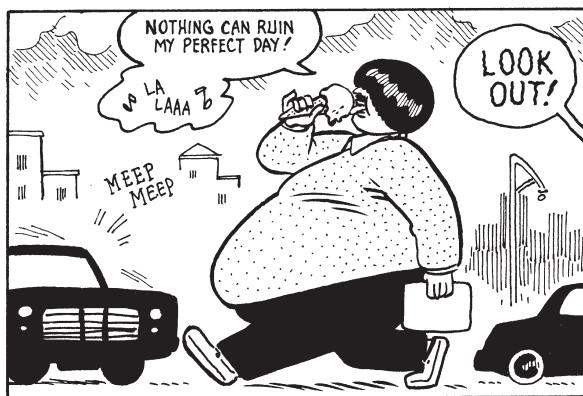


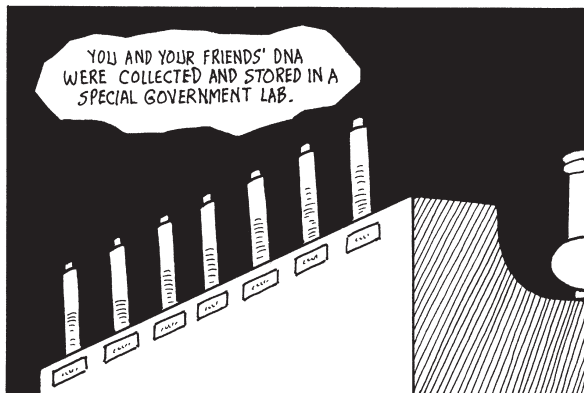
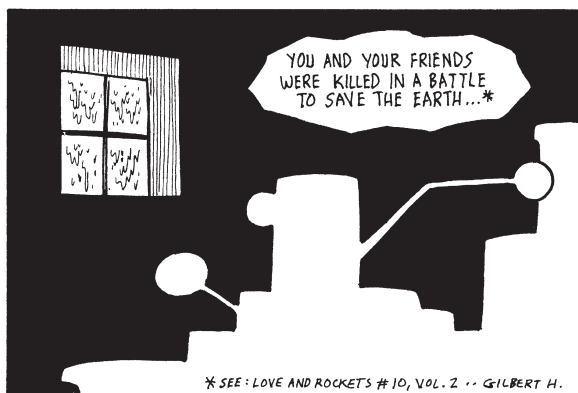
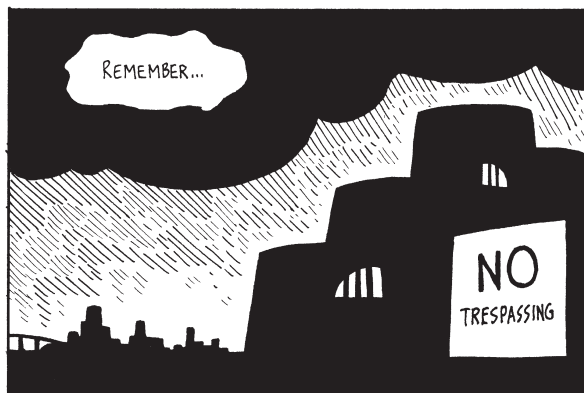


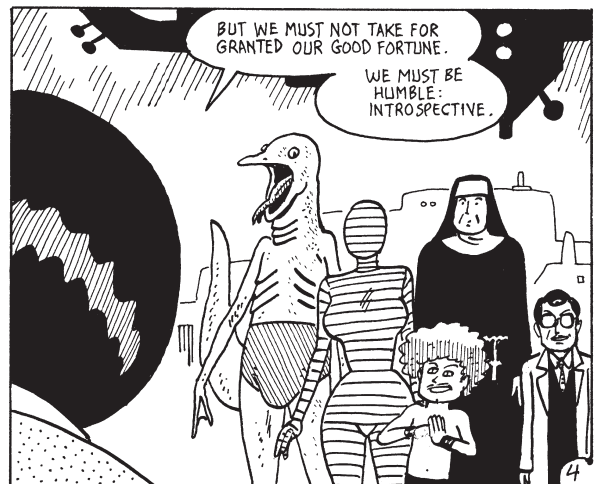




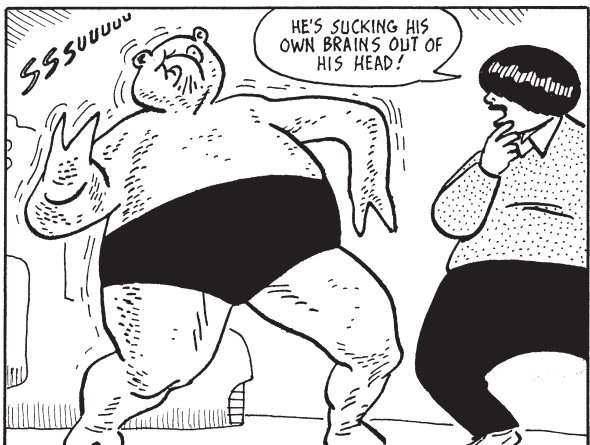
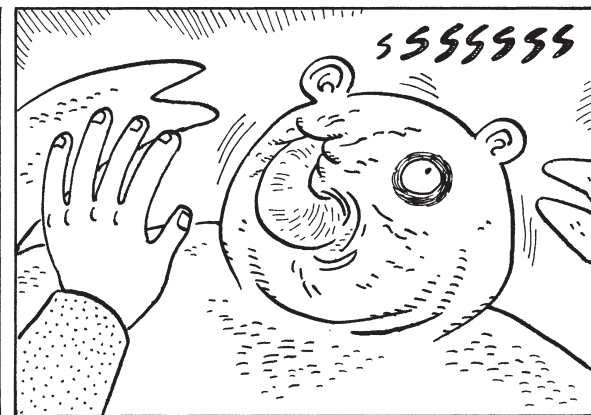
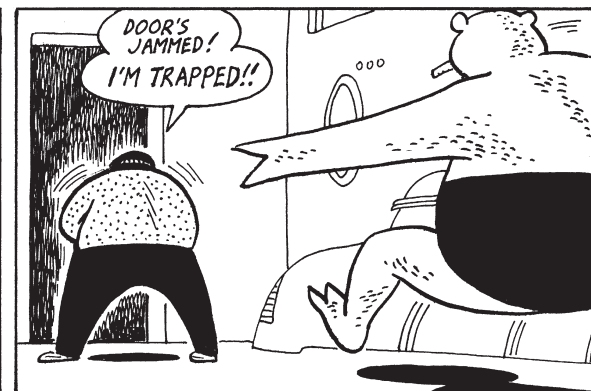
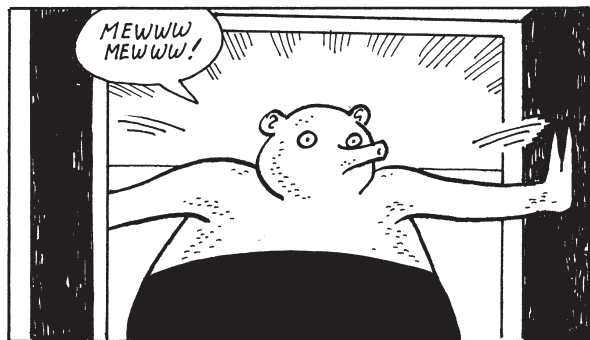






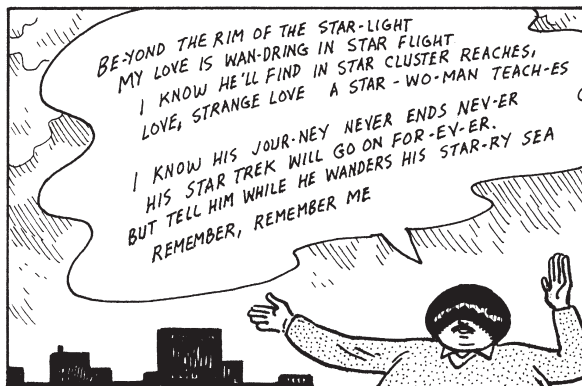






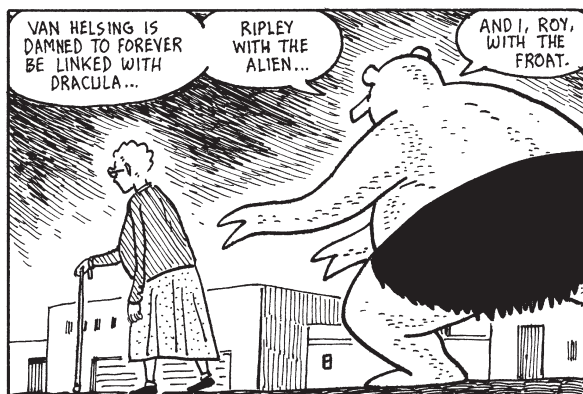
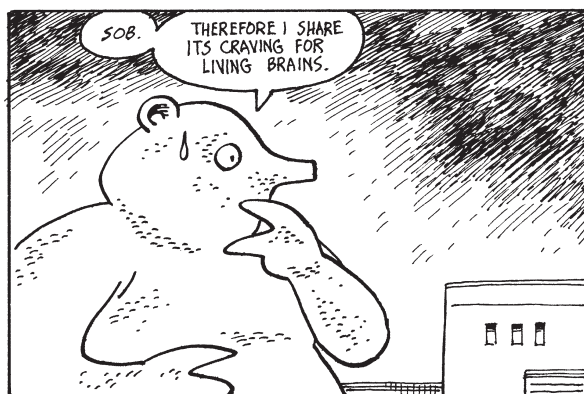
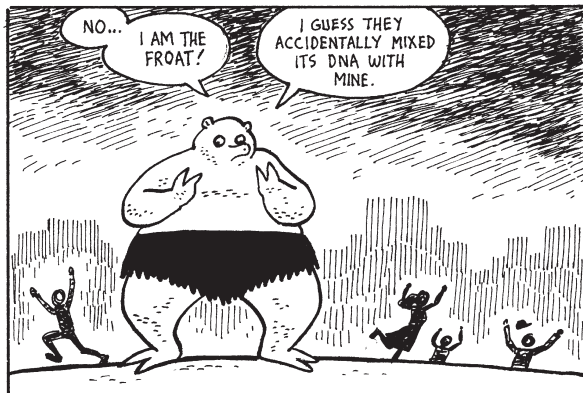
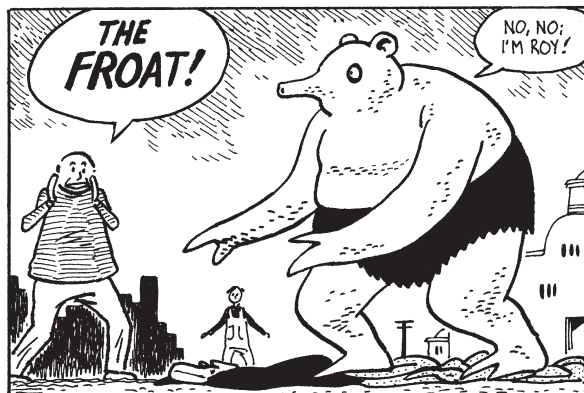


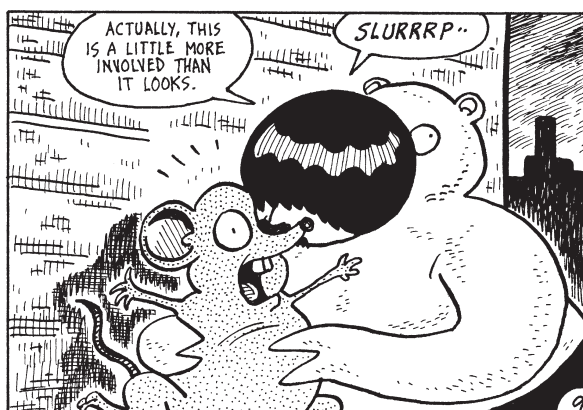
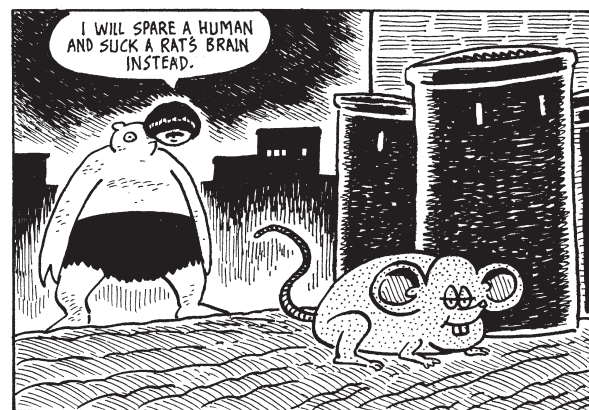
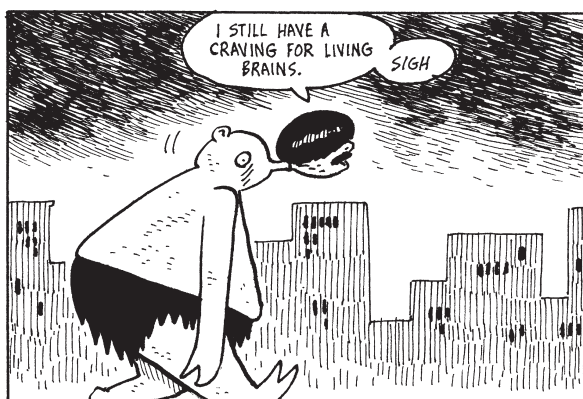
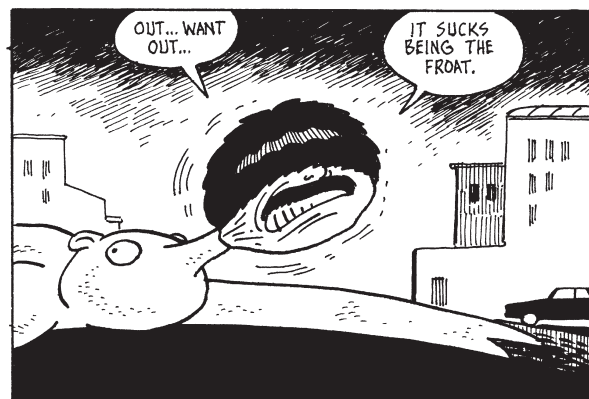
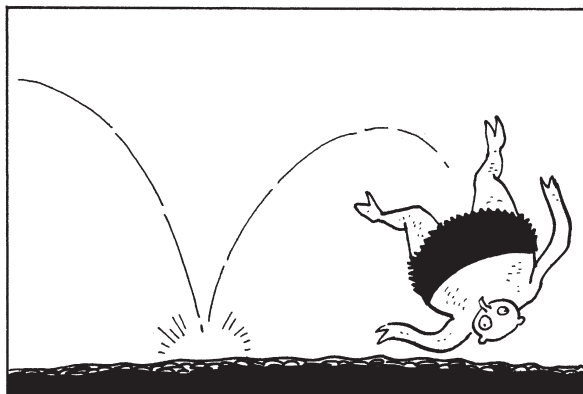
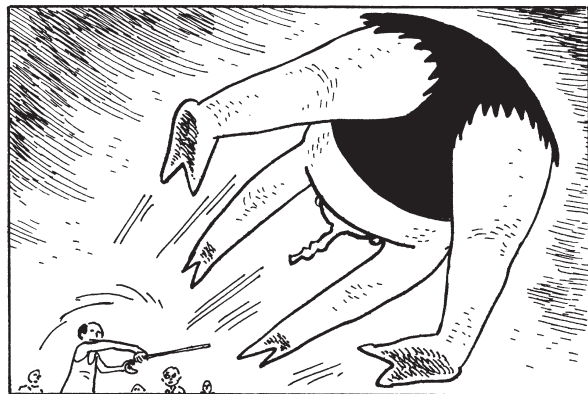
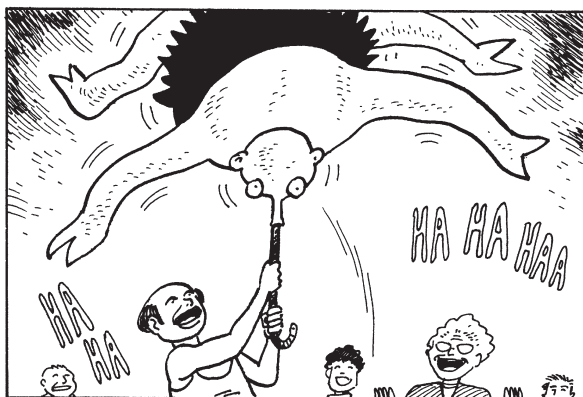
SONG - ROTO ROOTER JINGLE

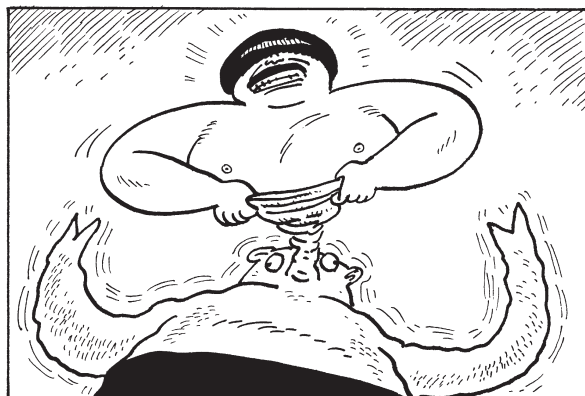
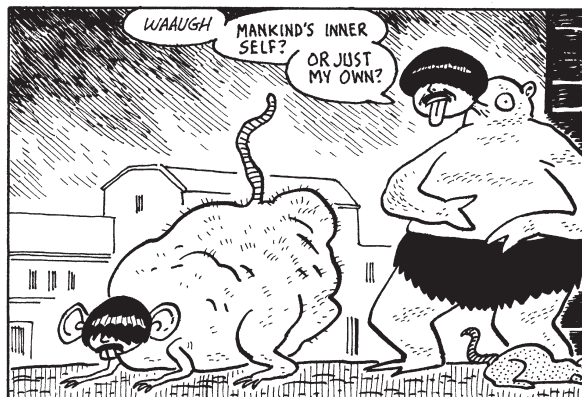
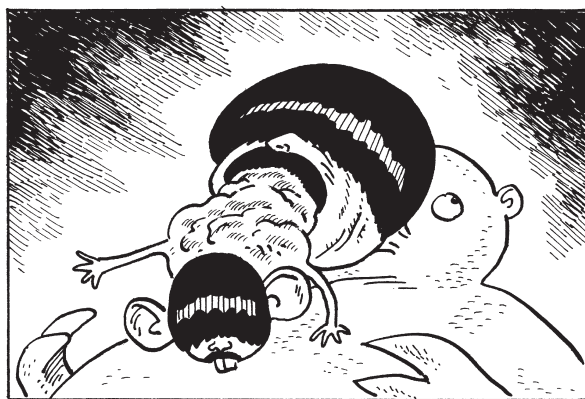
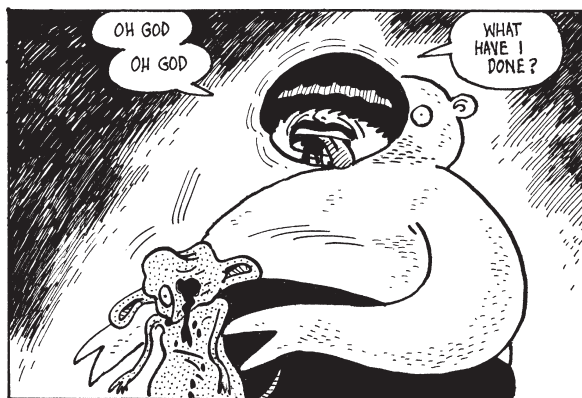


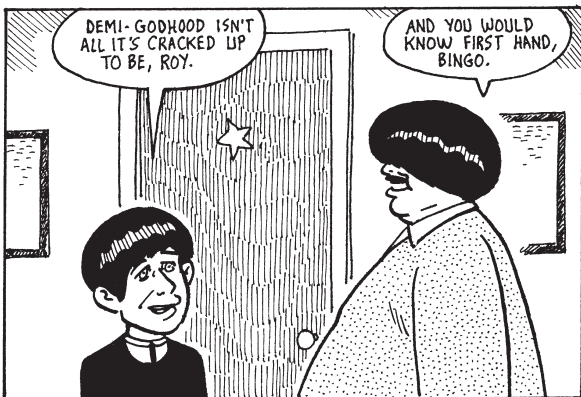
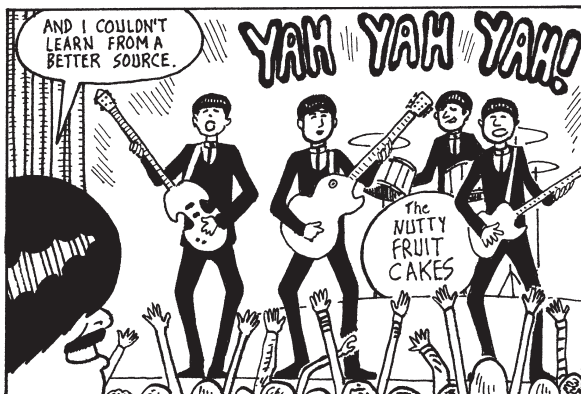
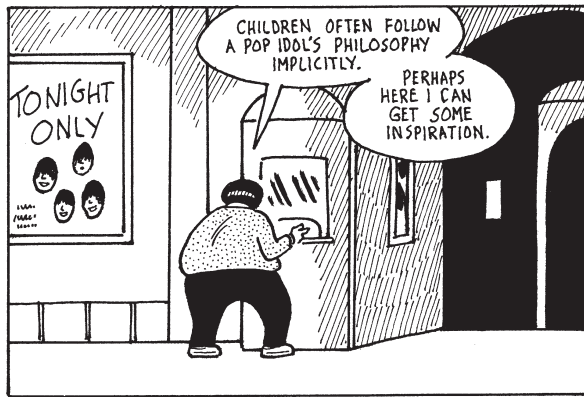
SONG - ORIGINAL STAR TREK THEME

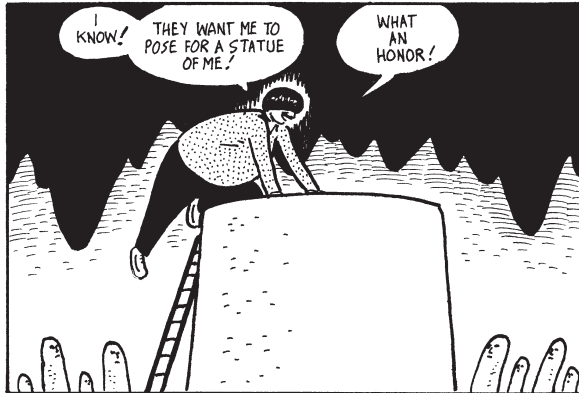
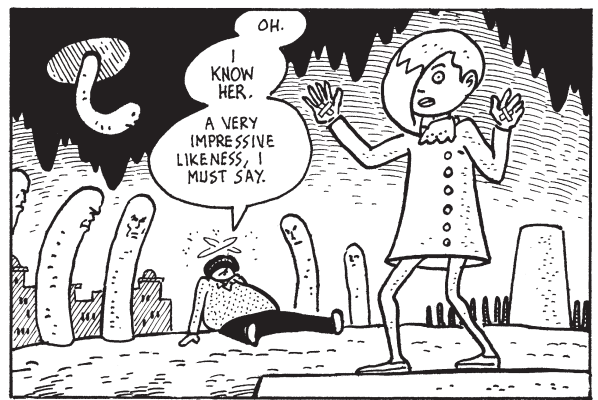


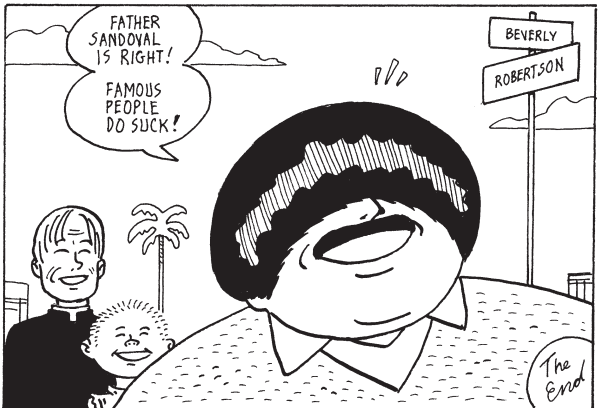
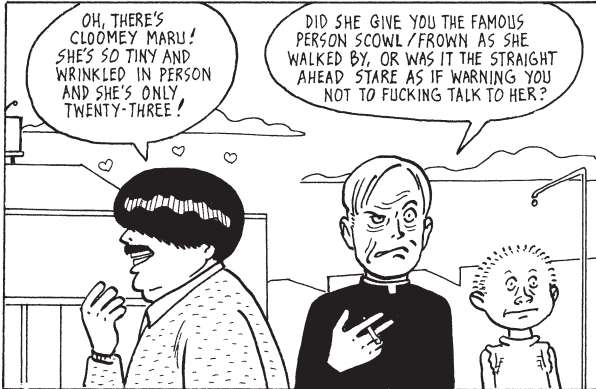
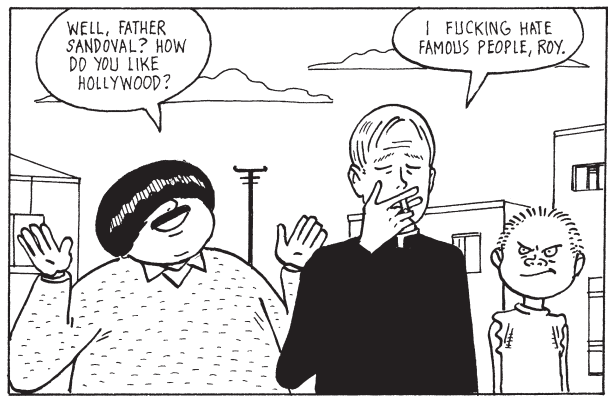
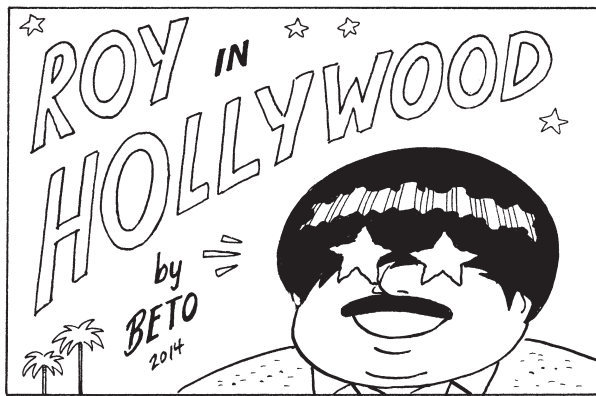


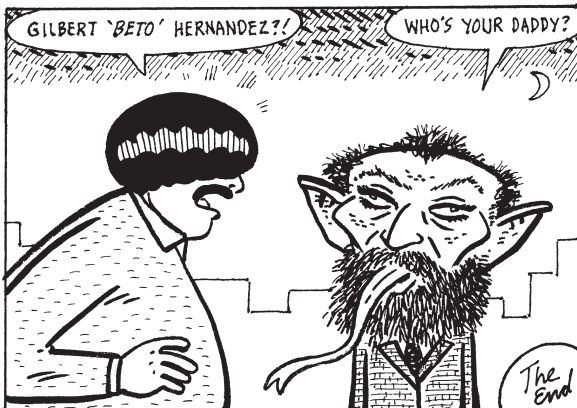
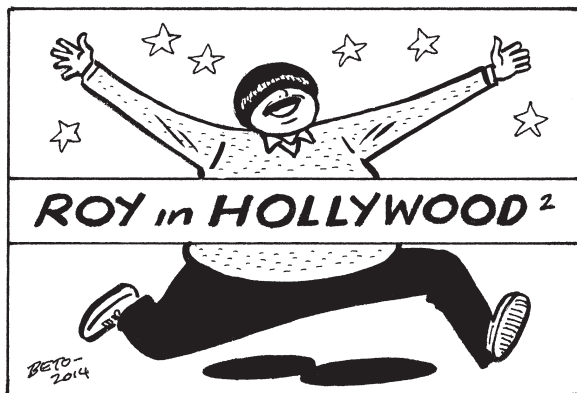


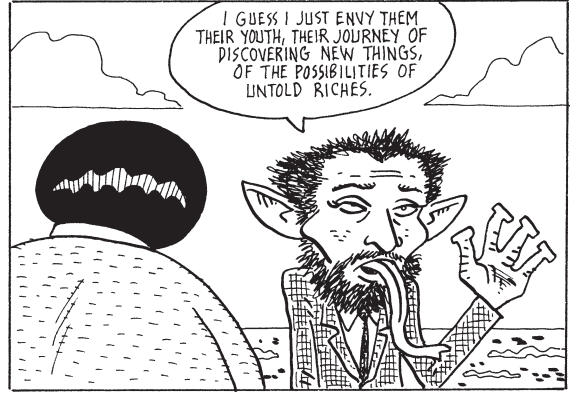
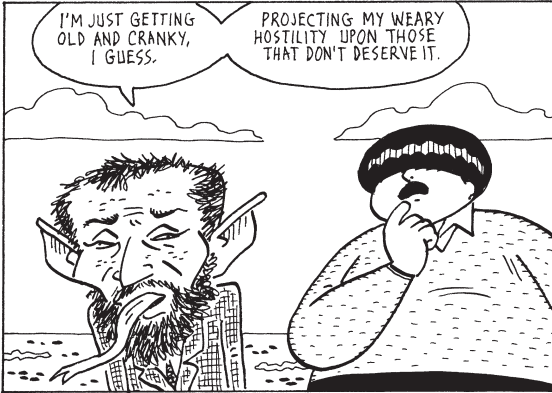
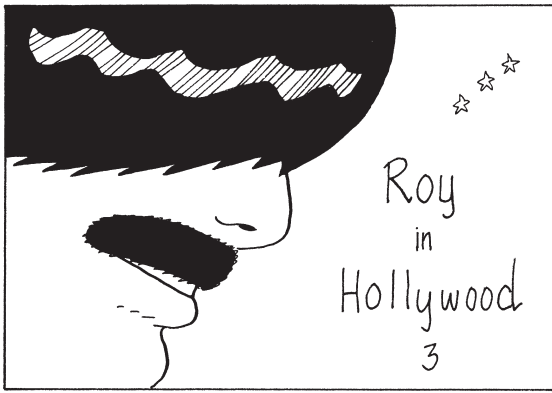


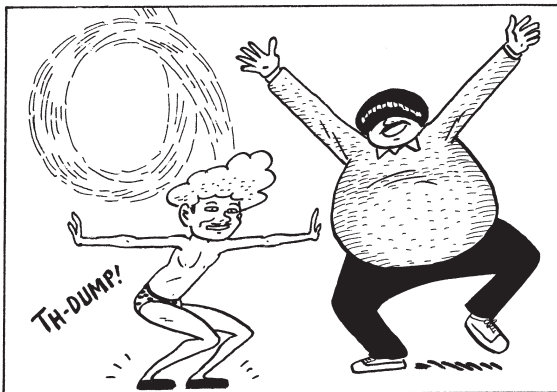
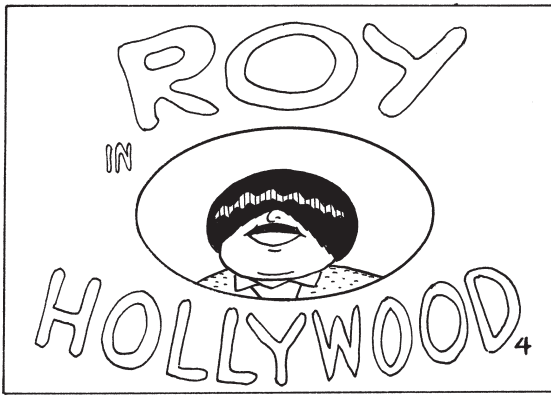


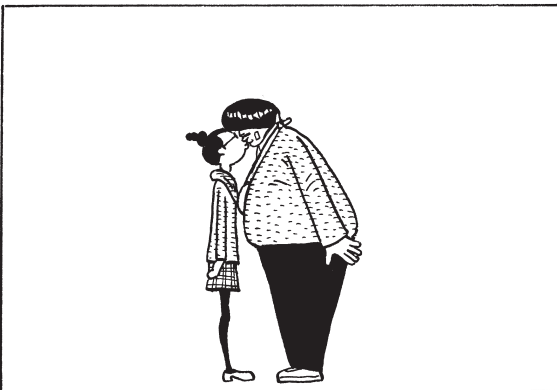
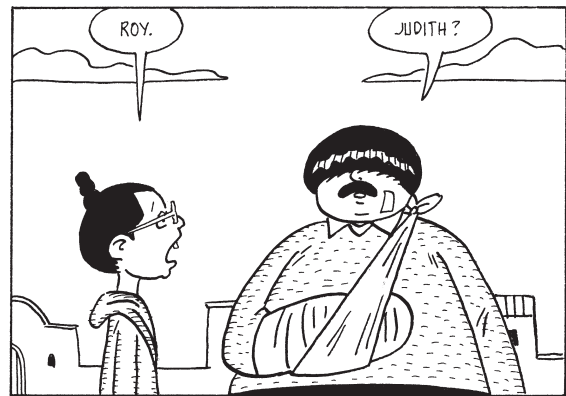
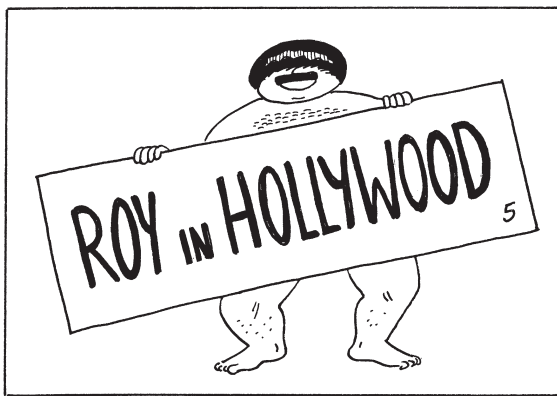


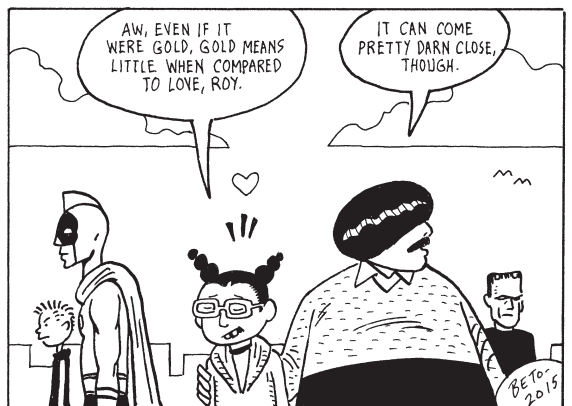
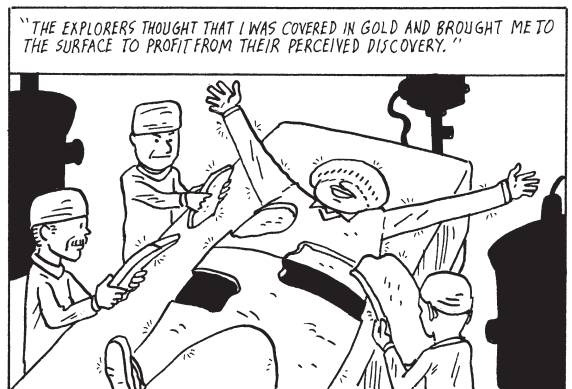
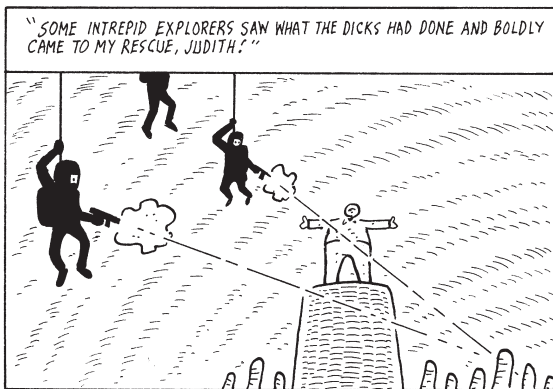
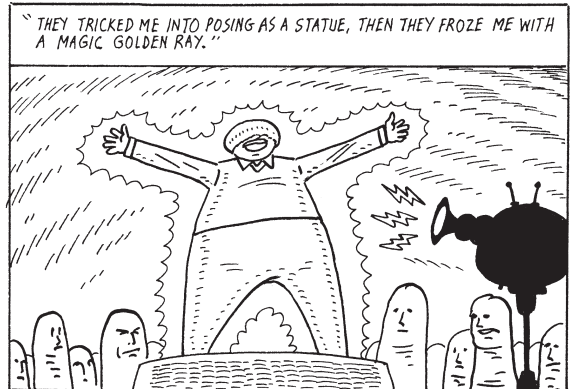
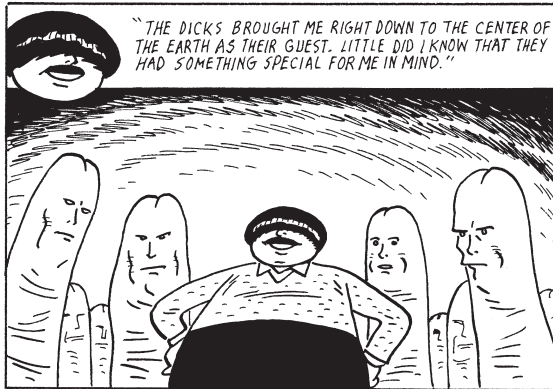
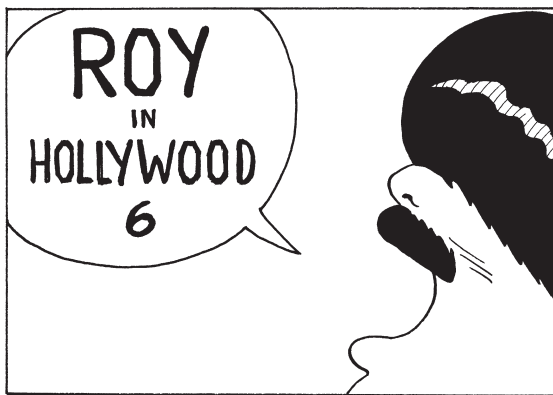


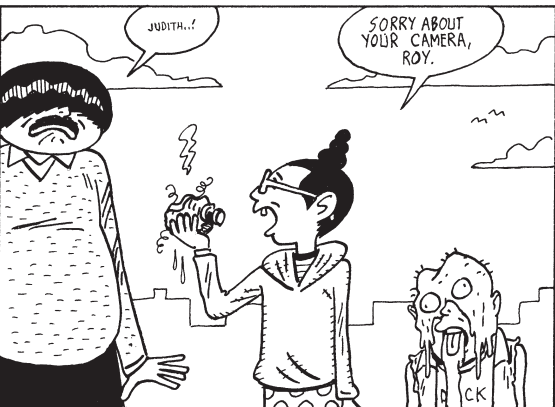
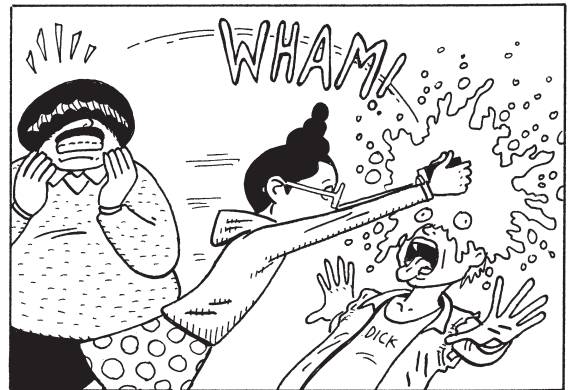
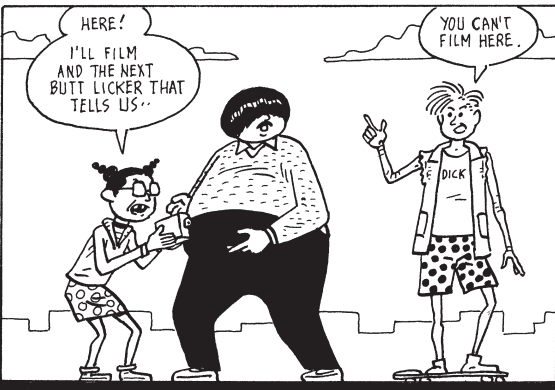
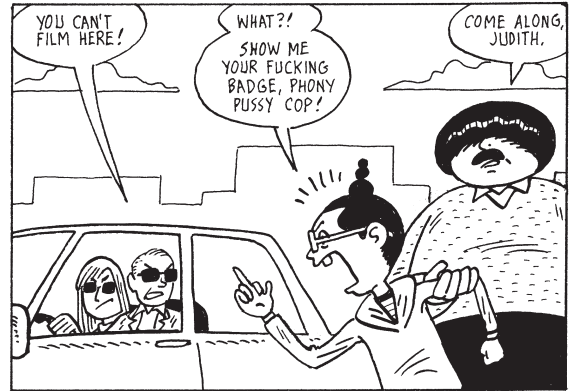
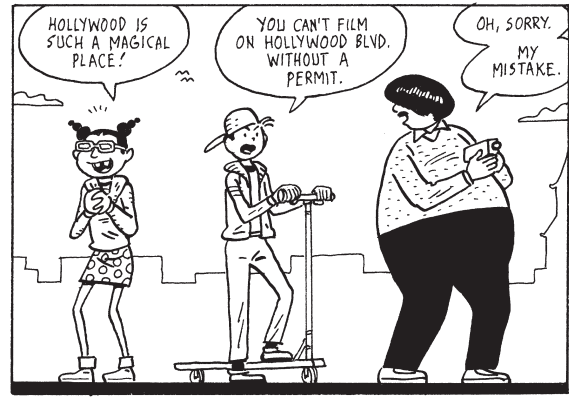
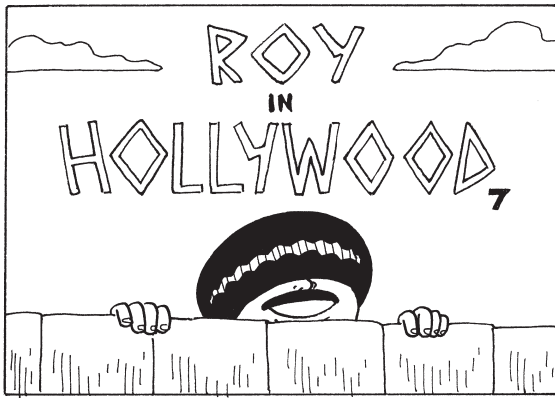


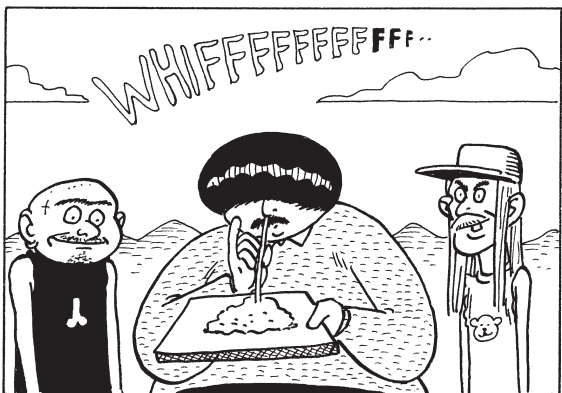
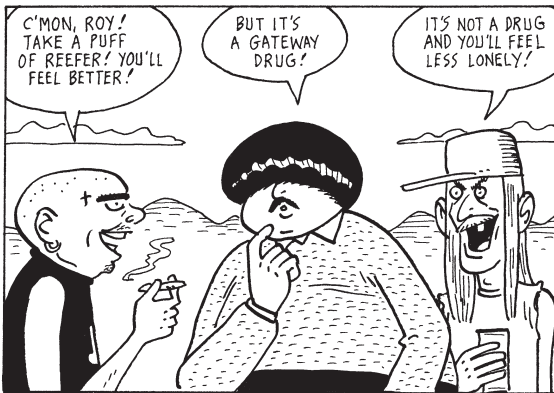


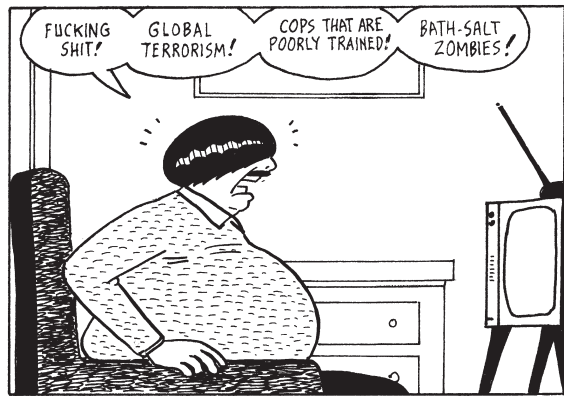




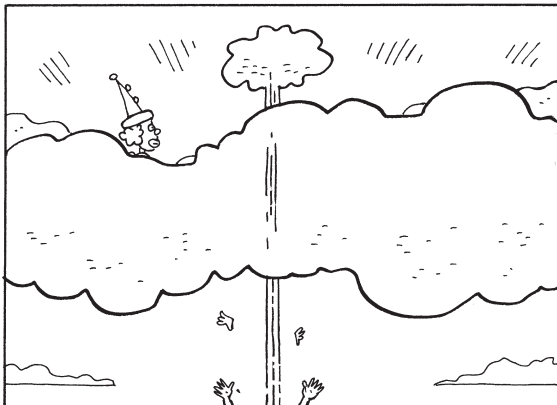
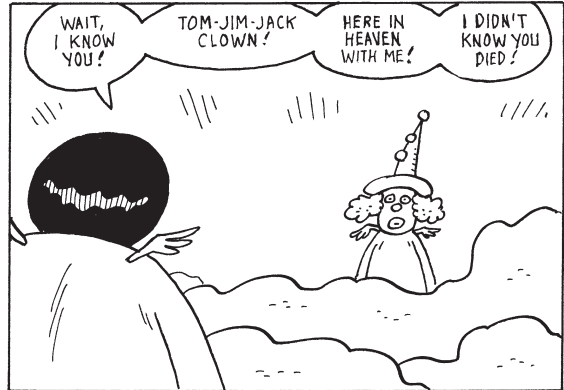
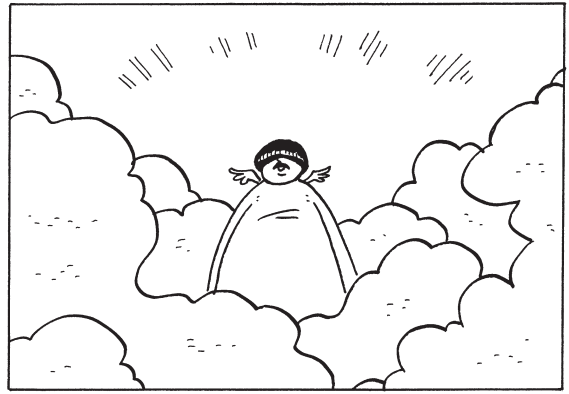




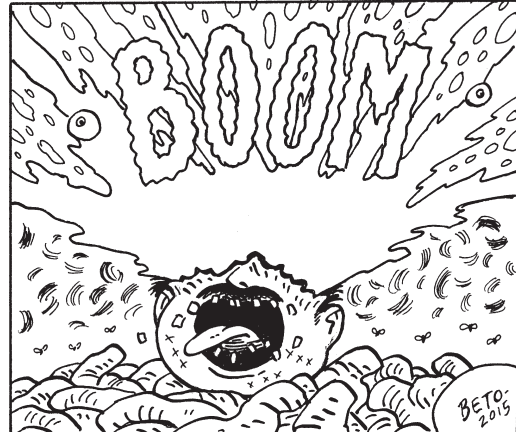
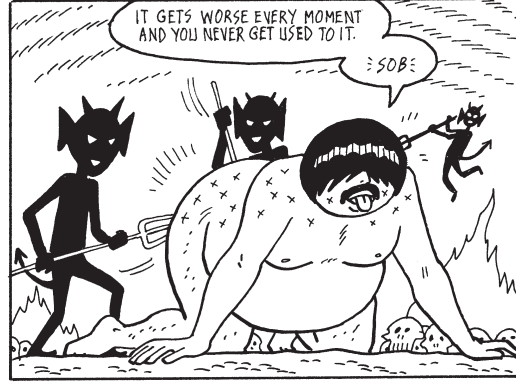
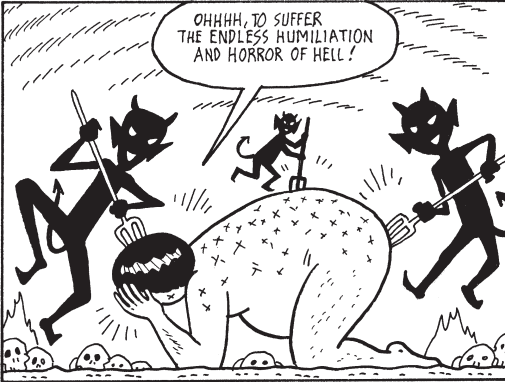




ROY IN HOLLYWOOD 10

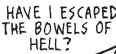


ROY IN HOLLYWOOD HELL!!



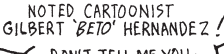
***ROY: IN HOLLYWOOD**

HELL

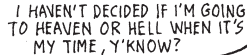


DID GOD GIVE
ME A SECOND
CHANCE?

NO, YOU'RE
STILL IN
HELL, ROY.



OH, I'M STILL ALIVE,
BUT I JUST LIKE HANGING
AROUND HERE ONCE
IN A WHILE.



HELL SEEMS TO SUCK AS
AD AS PEOPLE HAVE WARNED
US ABOUT, BUT HEAVEN
SEEMS TERRIBLY BORING.

WHICH
ETERNITY WILL
CHALLENGE
ME MORE?

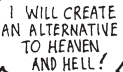
WHERE
WILL MY
BRILLIANT
CREATIVITY
BE INSPIRED
BEST?



I AM EVER
THE ARTIST,
THE POET, THE
BELIEVER...

THE WONDERFULNESS
OF ME IS UNBEARABLY
WONDERFUL

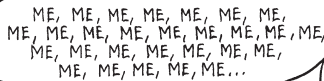
OH, ME,
ME, ME,
ME, ME, ME
AND ME!



MORE
HEAVENLY
THAN
HEAVEN!

MORE
INTENSE
THAN
HELL!

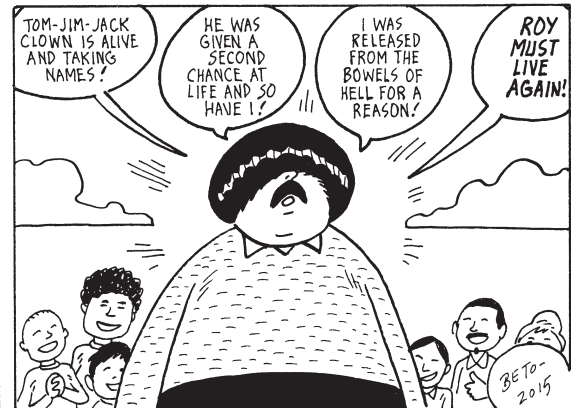
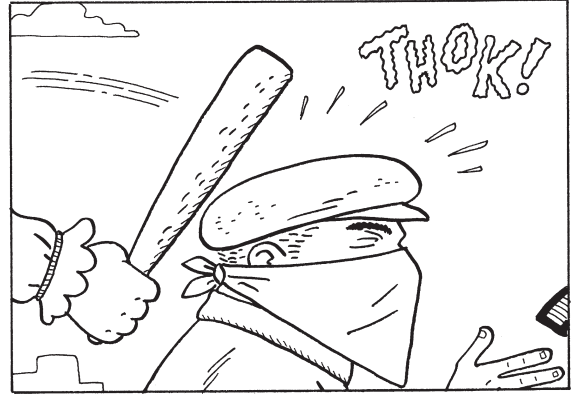
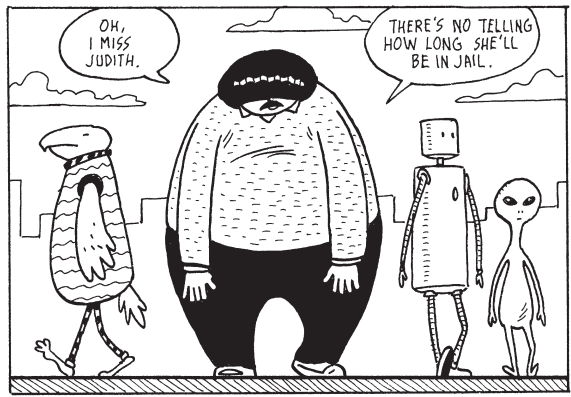
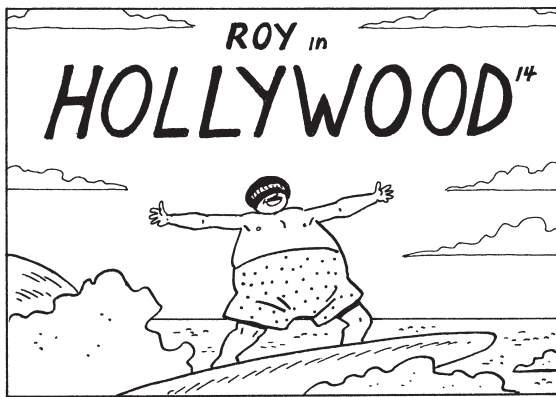
I GIVE
YOU:
GILBERT!
E ETERNITY
OF ME!

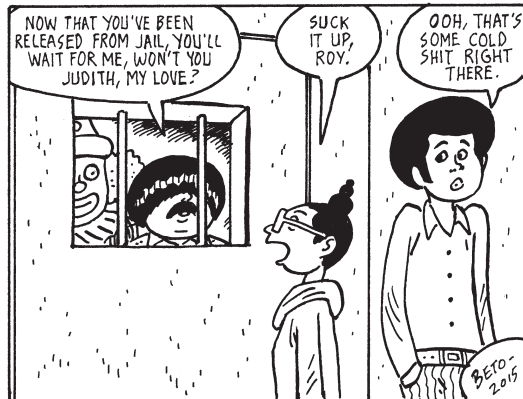
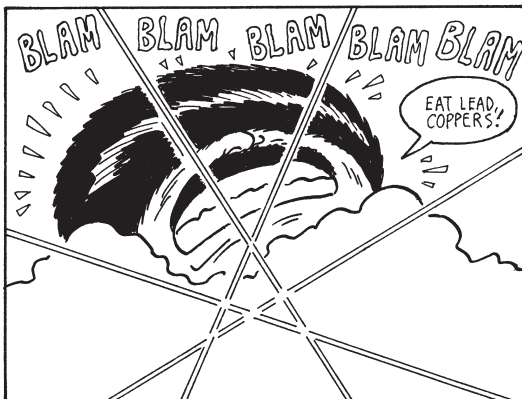
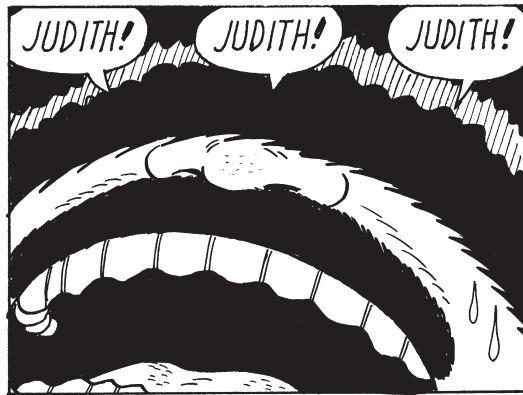
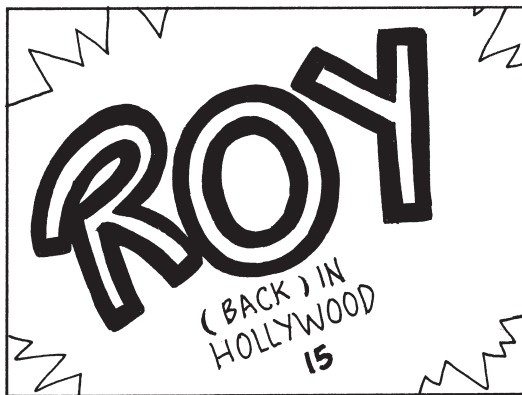


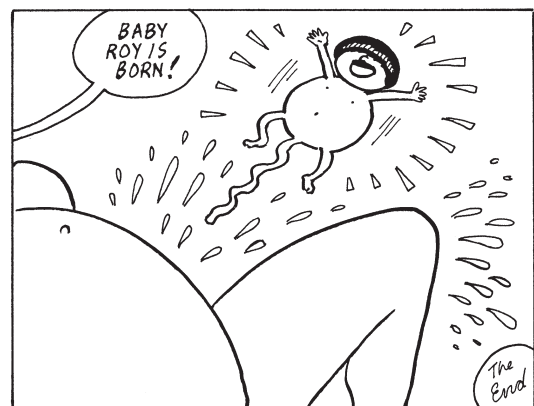
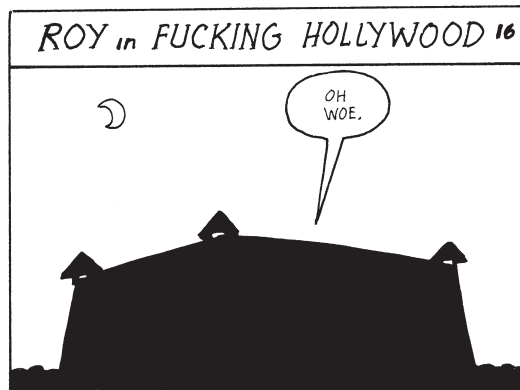
ROY

IN **HELL** 13





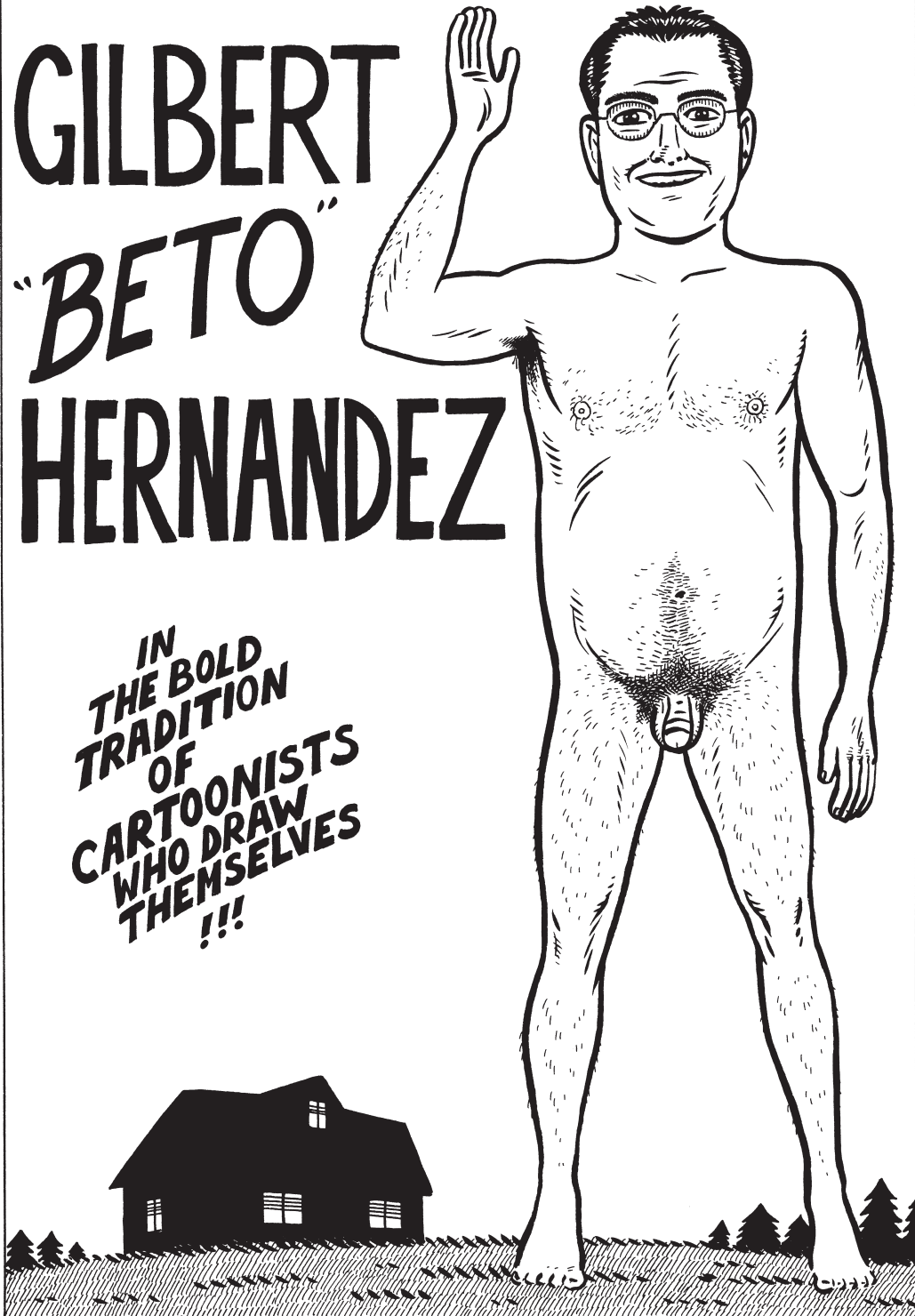




YOUR *NEW* FAVORITE PIN-UP!

GILBERT "BETO" HERNANDEZ

**IN
THE BOLD
TRADITION
OF
CARTOONISTS
WHO DRAW
THEMSELVES
!!!**



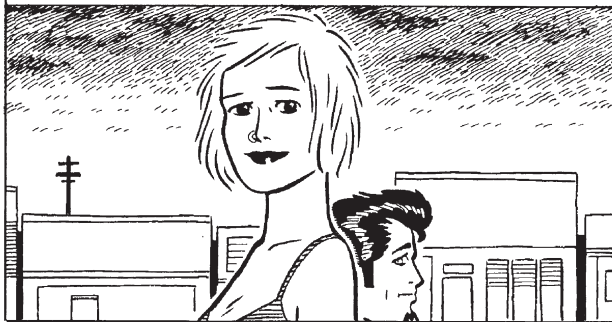
A PIERCING DENIAL

BETO/99

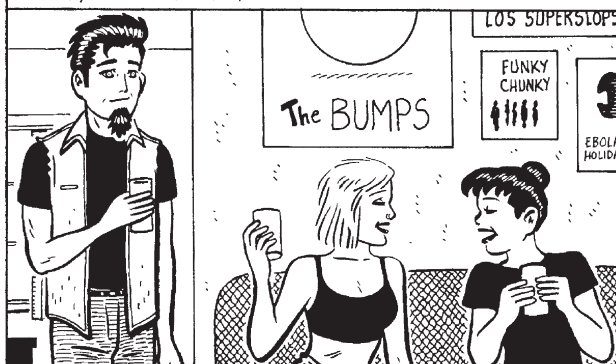
CHECK IT OUT, HOLMES. I GOT THIS ONE GIRLFRIEND, RIGHT? HOT. SWEET. MMMM.



LOOKING GOOD. SAYS AND DOES ALL THE RIGHT THINGS. SHE'S GOT A GOOD JOB AND NEVER NAGS ME ABOUT NOT HAVING ONE. ALL THE GUYS I KNOW THINK SHE'S THE BOMB, RIGHT?



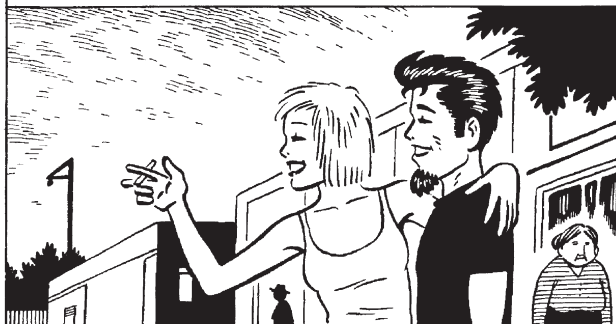
I MEAN, NOBODY'S PERFECT, BUT...



GAVE HER TOWELS FOR HER BIRTHDAY AND SHE WAS HAPPY. PRETTY DAMN PERFECT, EH? EXCEPT FOR THE NOSE RING. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT, GIRLS? MY FRIENDS TELL ME I'M JUST USING THE NOSE RING AS AN EXCUSE TO DISTANCE MYSELF FROM MY GIRL! HUH?? OK, OK, SHE'S PERFECT, SHE'S PERFECT!



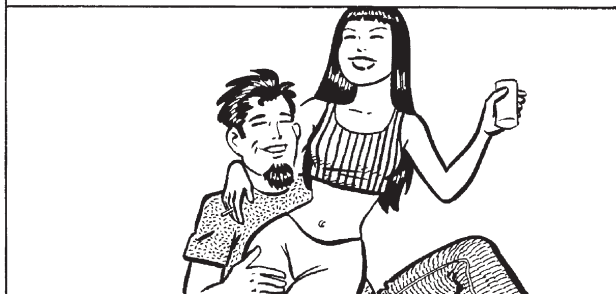
YOU KNOW, IF I CAN GET HER, I CAN DO BETTER. NO, REALLY. I MEAN, SHE'S ALMOST PERFECT AND ALL, BUT I MEAN, THE NOSE RING. WHAT'S NEXT? IT WILL ONLY GET WORSE, RIGHT? NO, REALLY. TATTOOS AND WHAT NEXT?



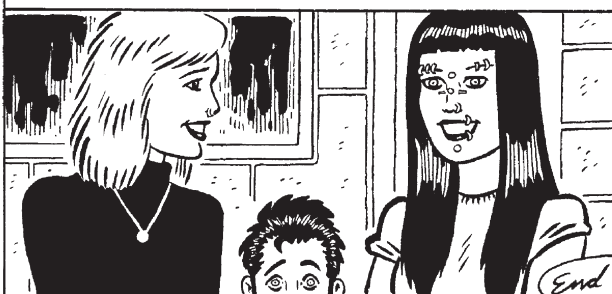
OK, SO WE SPLIT UP. IT WAS HARDER THAN I EXPECTED. I MEAN, DIDN'T SHE KNOW THIS WAS COMING? DIDN'T SHE SENSE WHAT WAS GOING ON IN MY HEAD? SHE ALWAYS EXPECTED ME TO KNOW WHAT WAS IN HER HEAD.



I'M WITH THIS GIRL NOW AND DOING BETTER, THANK YOU. I MEAN, EVERY GUY I KNOW THINKS SHE'S THE BOMB, RIGHT? LIKE SALMA HAYEK IN 'FROM DUSK TILL DAWN.' ALL WOMAN, YOU KNOW? EXCEPT FOR HER BELLYBUTTON RING. MY GIRLFRIEND, NOT SALMA. ANYWAY, CAN'T DO BETTER THAN MY NEW GIRL, NOPE. I MEAN, EXCEPT FOR THE BELLYBUTTON RING AND ALL, BUT...

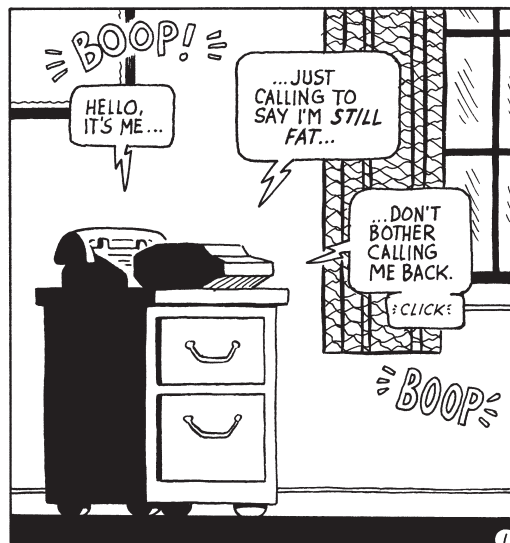


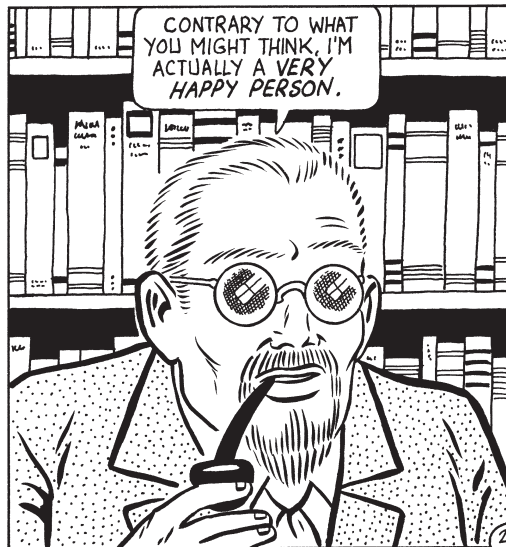
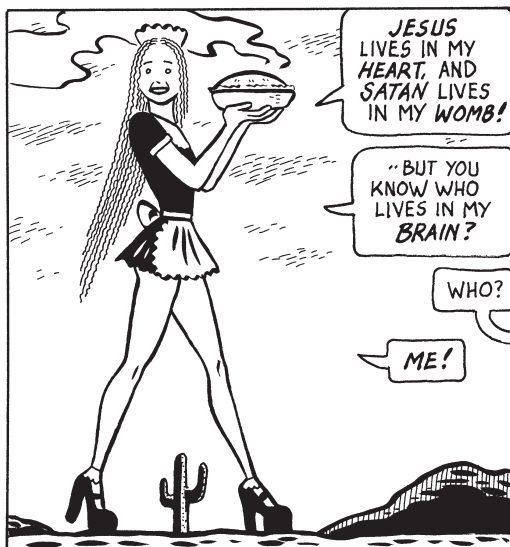
CHECK THIS OUT NOW, HOLMES! MY NEW GIRLFRIEND DECIDED TO GO ALL THE WAY WITH HER PIERCINGS! LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE! SO I CALL UP MY EX-GIRLFRIEND TO MAKE UP WITH HER, OK? WELL, BEFORE I COULD SAY I WANTED HER BACK AND SHIT, SHE TELLS ME THAT ME DUMPING HER WAS THE BEST THING I COULD HAVE DONE FOR HER! JEEZ, HOW SELF-IMPORTANT IS SHE?

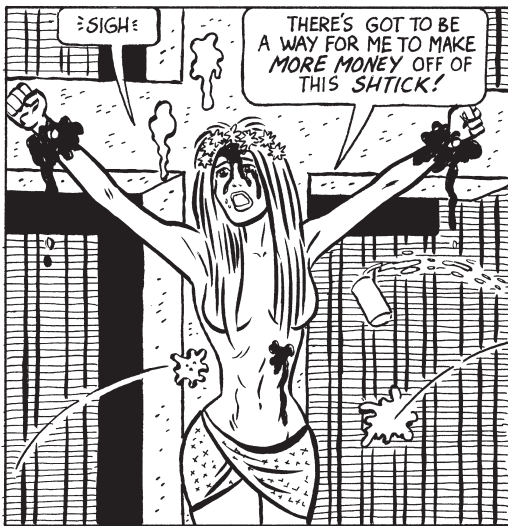
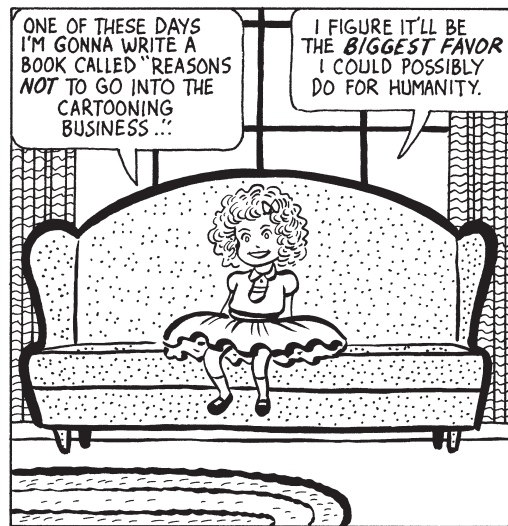
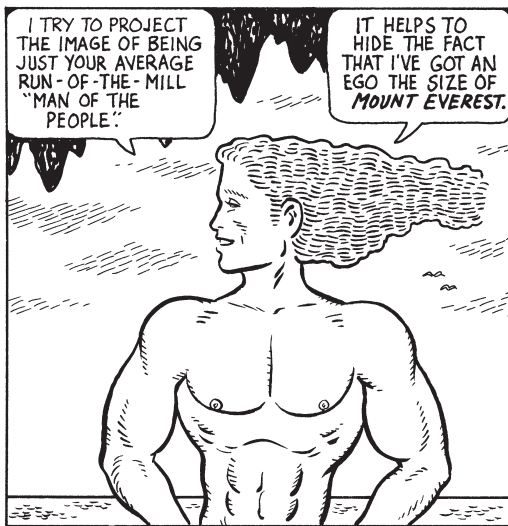




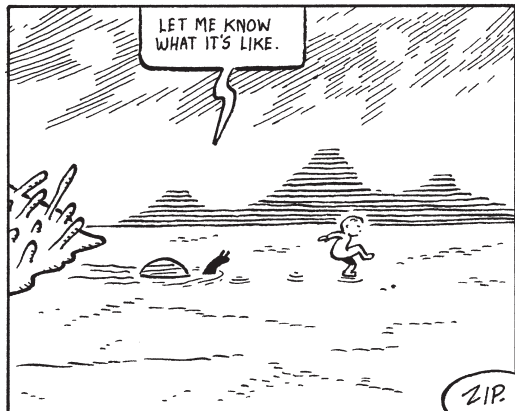
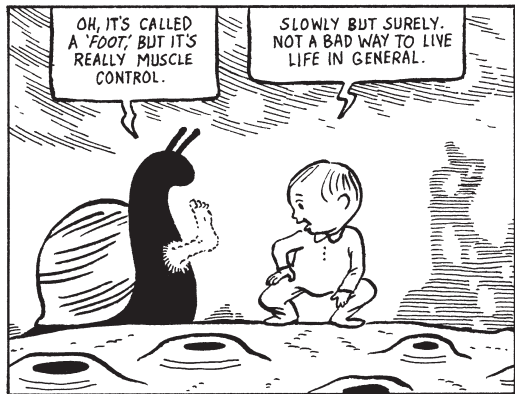
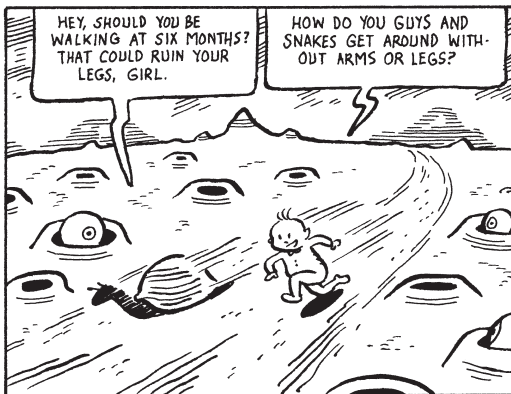
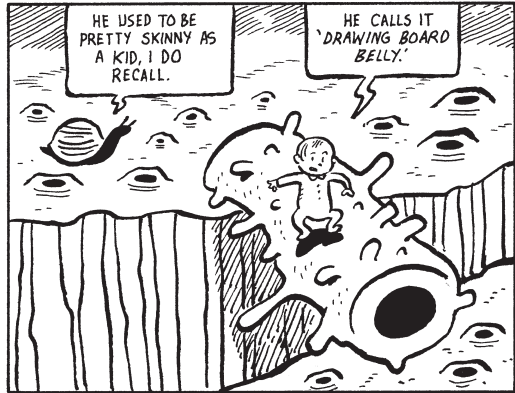
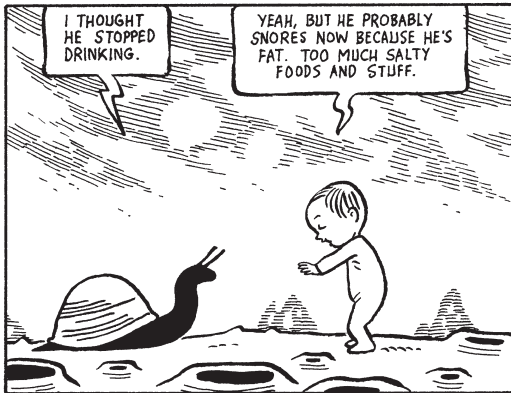
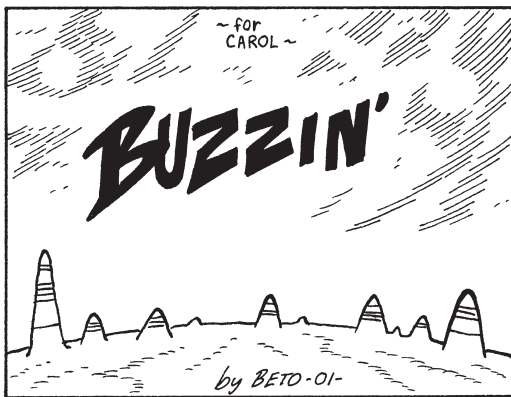
ALL QUOTES INACCURATELY RECALLED BY PETER BAGGE © 1996 ART BY: GILBERT HERNANDEZ

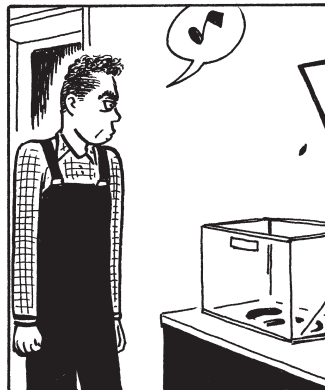
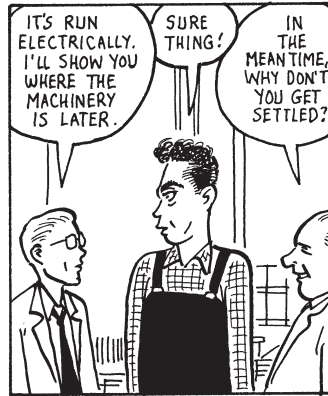
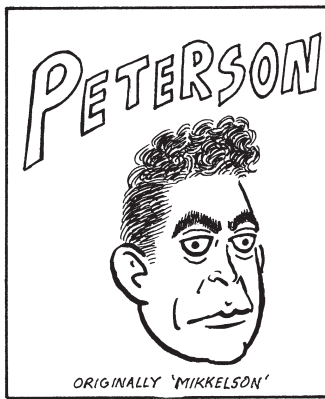






The End





'PETERSON' WAS PORTRAYED BY BELOVED DANISH COMEDIAN DIRCH PASSER IN THE MAJOR MOTION PICTURE 'REPTILICUS', 1961

REFLECTIONS

The

DAY AFTER

IT WAS A FREEWAY
MISHAP THAT TOOK HIM
FROM US.

≡ BETO ≡
4/7/04

STEPHAN DE LEON LOVED COMIC BOOKS,
PUNK ROCK, STAR WARS, WRESTLING
AND SHEMP.

HEE
BEE
BEE
BEE
...

SIMPLY LIKING WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH
FOR STEPHAN. HE PUT EVERYTHING HE
HAD INTO WHAT HE LOVED.

THAT INCLUDED HIS
UNWAVERING GENEROSITY
AND LOVING DEVOTION
AS A FRIEND.

CLUB
LINGERIE,
HOLLYWOOD!

STEPHAN
DE LEON VS.
TIM
TALLTREES!

THE BELL IS RUNG!
A WILD, FEROCIOUSLY
ENTERTAINING MATCH!

IT WAS TIME FOR
THE FINALE! IT WAS
TIME TO JUICE!

'JUICING' IS A WRESTLING TERM FOR
GETTING BLOODY TO END A MATCH. THE
'JUICER' OR OPPONENT HAS A RAZOR-
BLADE HIDDEN IN HIS WRISTBAND OR
WAISTBAND. THE 'JUICER' IS CUT ON
THE FOREHEAD, THE BLOOD FLOWS,
THEN POURING SWEAT DOES THE REST.

THE BLOOD IN WRESTLING
IS ALWAYS REAL.



TALLTREES CUT TOO DEEPLY INTO
STEPHAN'S FOREHEAD AND HIT
AN ARTERY. SPOLOOSH!

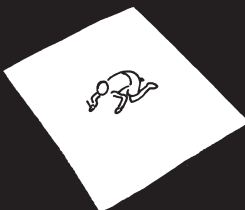
THEY CONTINUED THE
MATCH IN WHAT WAS
ESSENTIALLY A BLOODY
HORROR.

THE MATCH WAS FINALLY STOPPED AND
STEPHAN RECIEVED SEVERAL STITCHES.
HE WAS TOUCHED THAT WE WERE ALL
SO CONCERNED FOR HIS WELL-BEING.

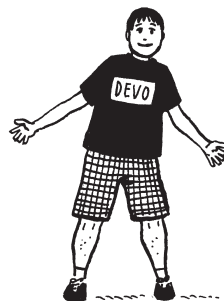
HE WENT ON TO WRESTLE
FOR THE WWF (NOW WWE)
FULFILLING HIS CHILDHOOD
DREAM.

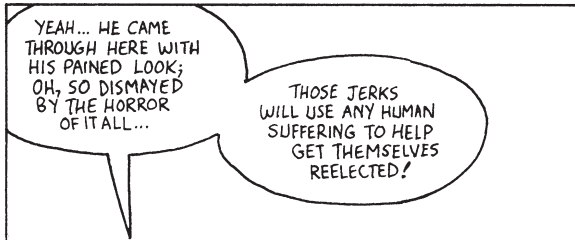
WRESTLING EVENTUALLY WORE
HIM DOWN AND HE DECIDED THAT
SINGING IN A PUNK BAND WAS
EASIER. THAT, AND BECOMING
A CARTOONIST!

HE WANTED SO MUCH TO BE
A GOOD CARTOONIST AND HE
WORKED HARD TO ACCOMPLISH
THAT. HE NEVER GAVE UP.

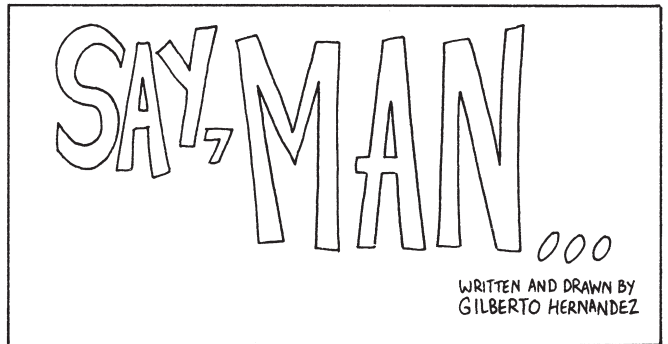


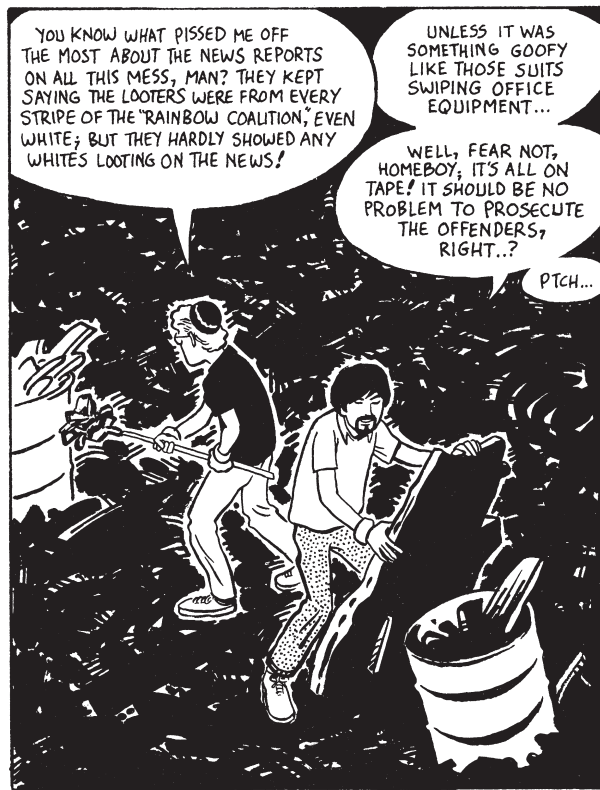
STEPHAN WAS A STRIDENT ROMANTIC.
HE NEVER OUTGREW HIS INDULGING OF
CHILDISH THINGS AND I'M GLAD OF IT.
HE MADE MY WORLD THAT MUCH BRIGHTER.
HIS LIGHT WILL ALWAYS BE WITH ME
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

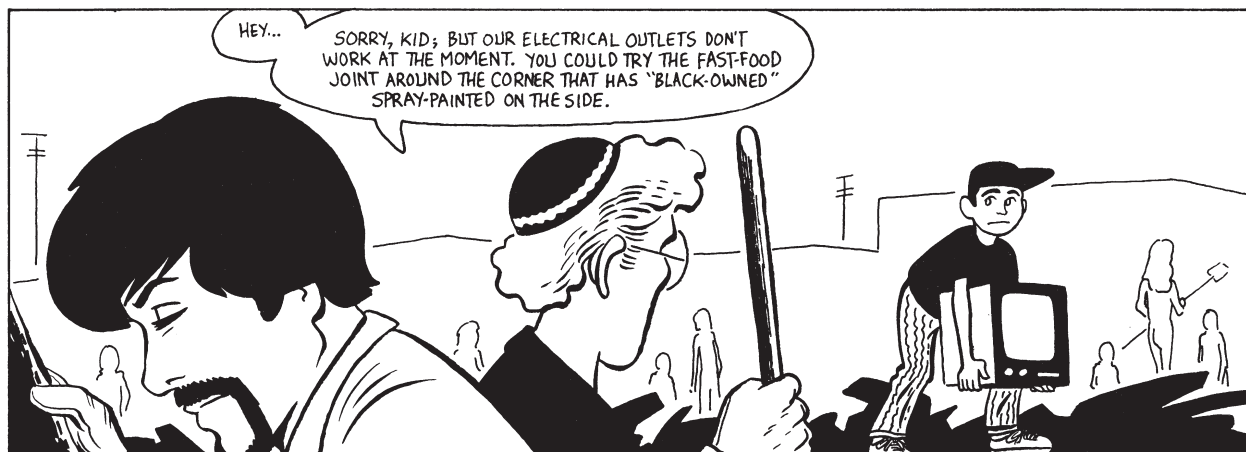




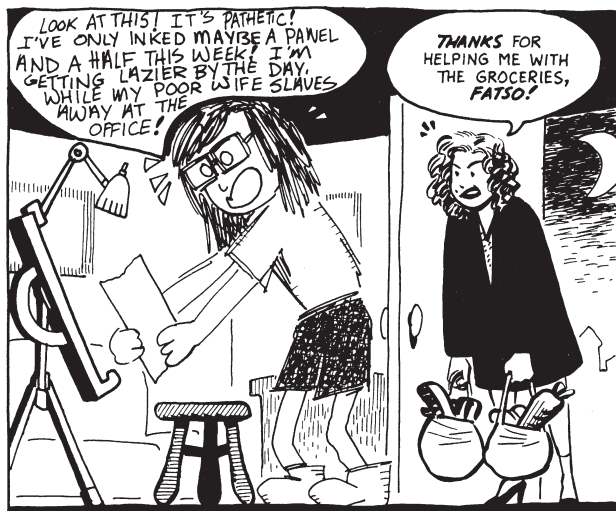
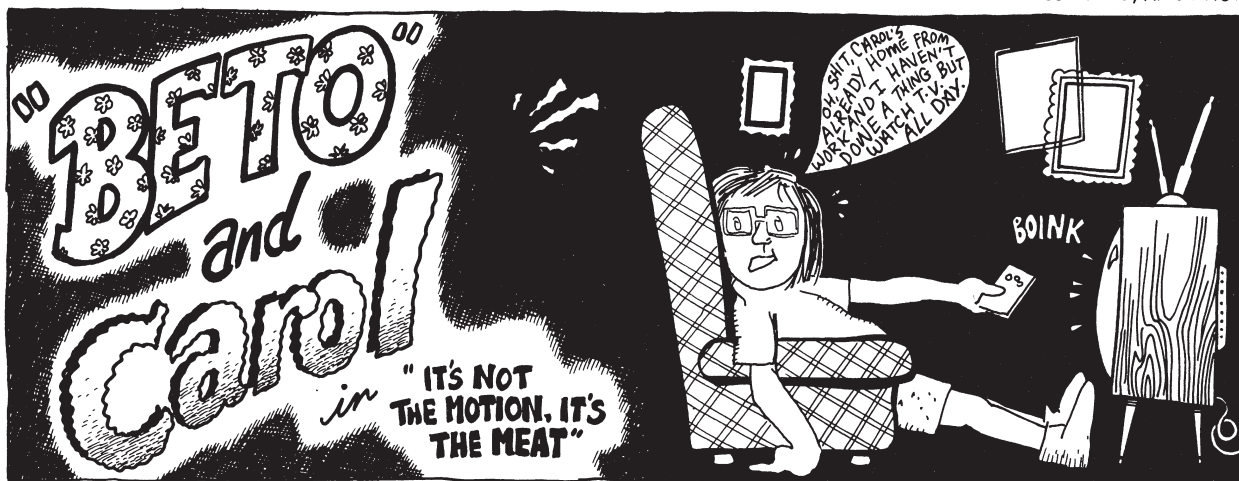
THOSE JERKS WILL USE ANY HUMAN SUFFERING TO HELP GET THEMSELVES REELECTED!

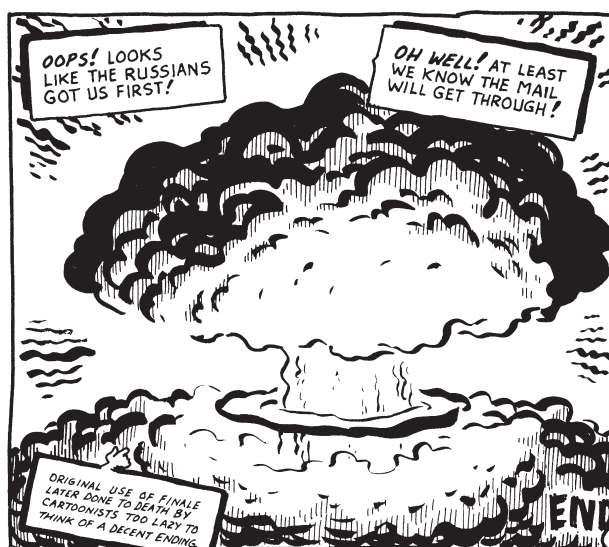






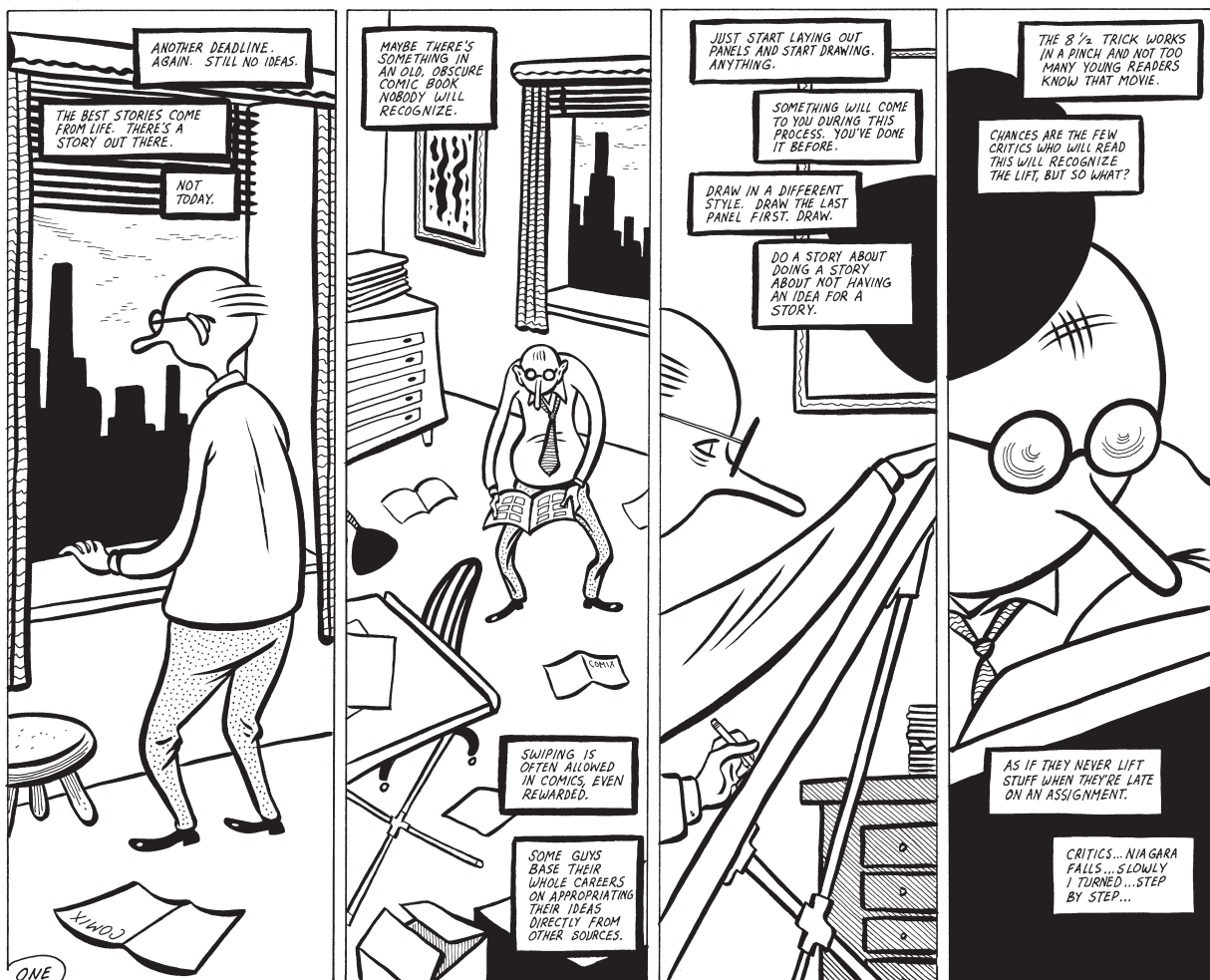
CAUTION: THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ WAS COMPLETED IN **EARLY 1966**, **LONG BEFORE** ROBERT CRUMB AND ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB BEGAN THEIR CONTROVERSIAL TAG TEAM COMIX SERIES. DID THE CRUMBS SOMEHOW LIFT THIS BILLION DOLLAR IDEA FROM THE HUMBLE AND HARD WORKING HERNANDEZES? THE SIMILARITIES **ARE** REMARKABLE, BUT THE HERNANDEZES HAVE DECIDED NOT TO SUE. THIS STORY WAS FIRST PRINTED IN **SNOOTCH COMIX # 3**, MARCH 1967.



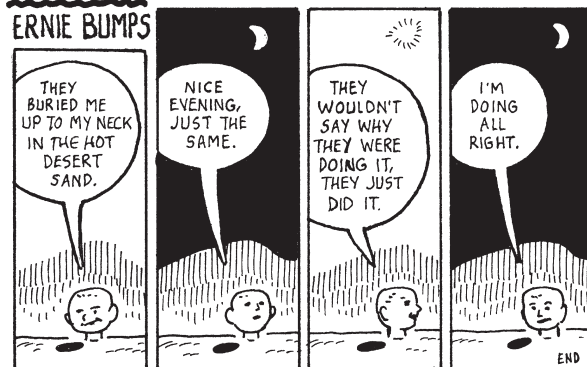
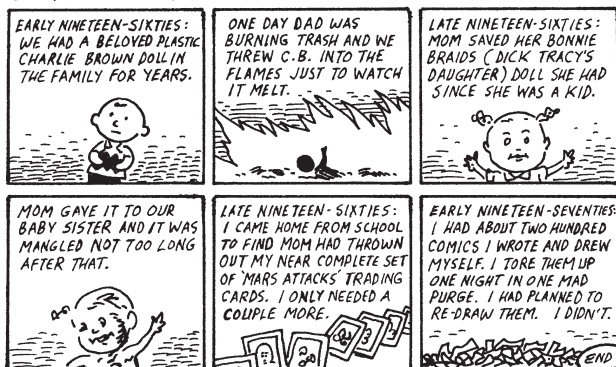


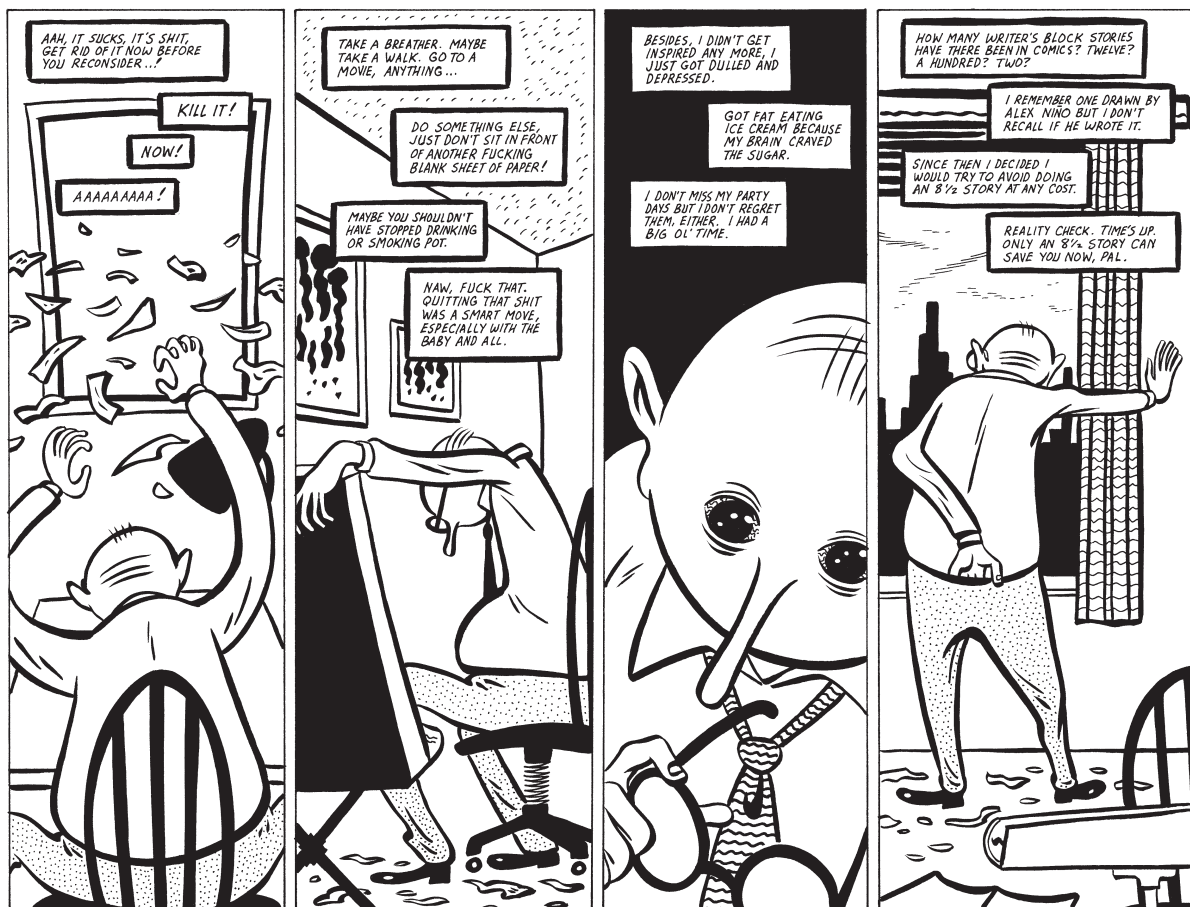
FUNNYBOOK FOLLY

By GILBERT "BETO" HERNANDEZ 2001



SAD, BUT TRUE DEPT.



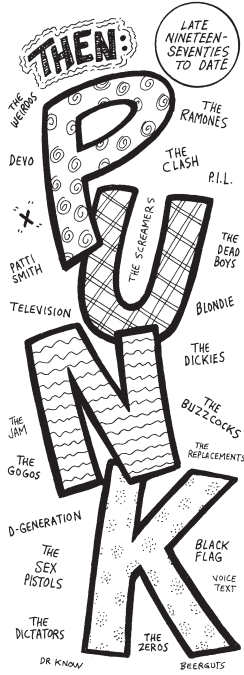
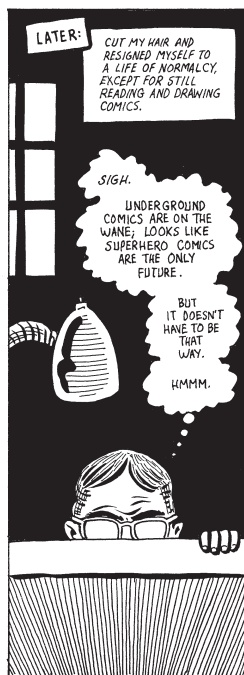
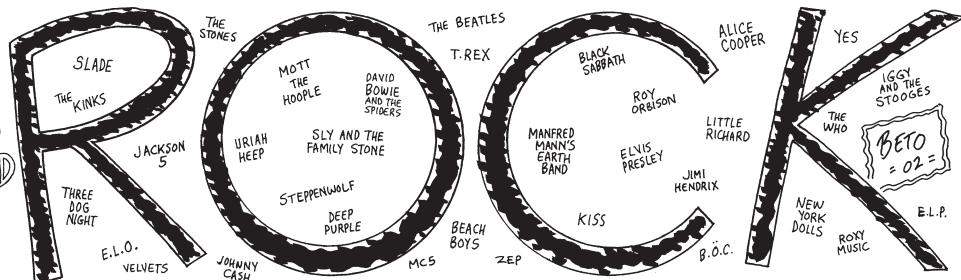


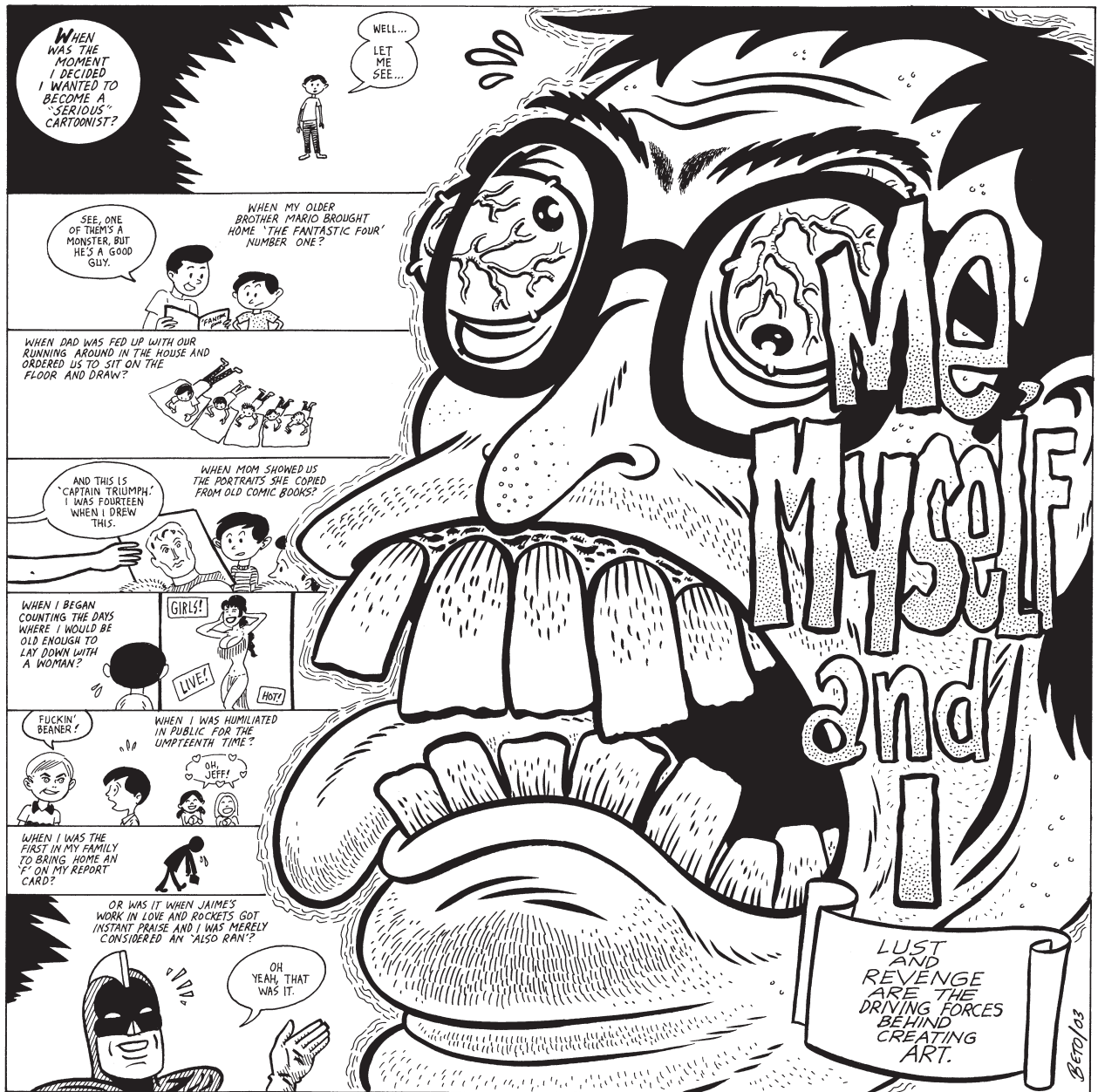
DUBS

BETO 2001



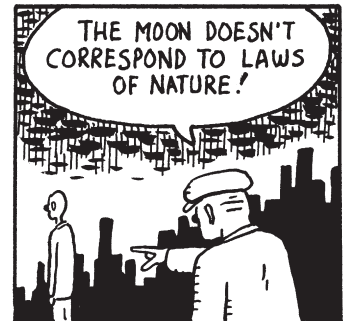
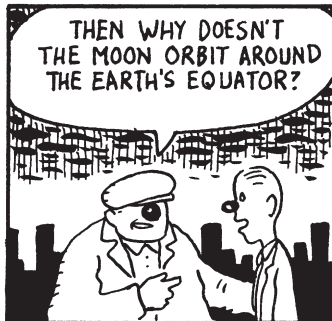
THEY
LAUGHED
WHEN I TOLD
THEM I WANTED
TO

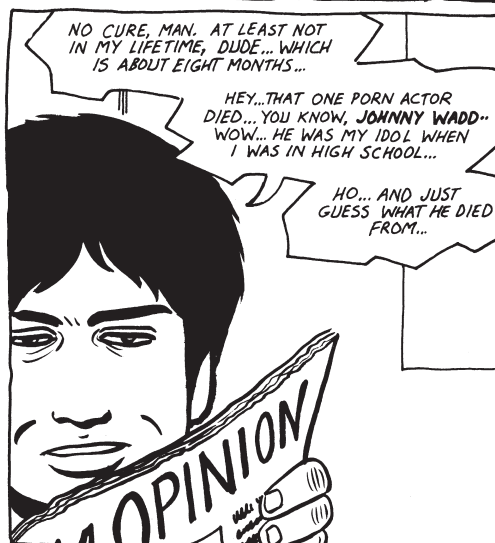
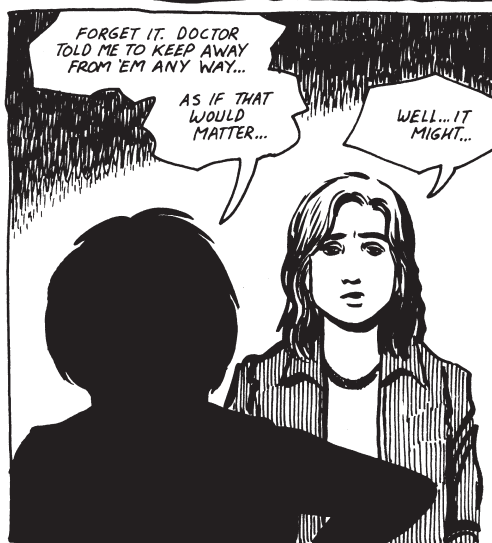


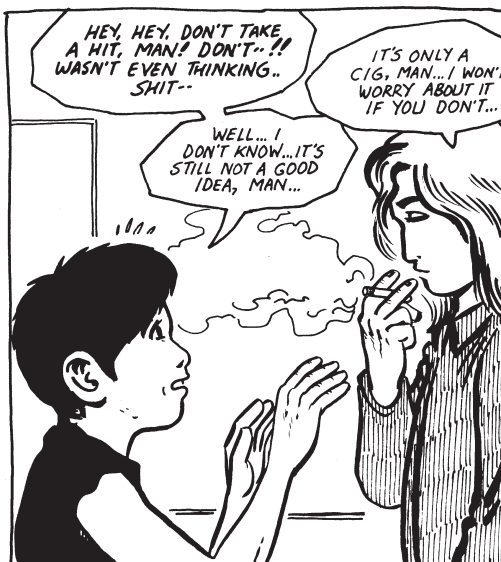
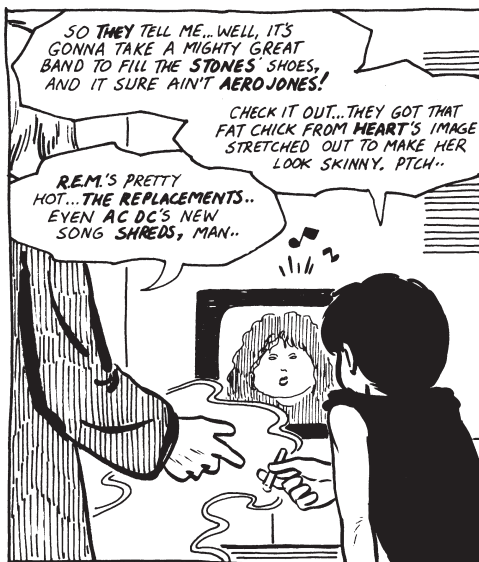
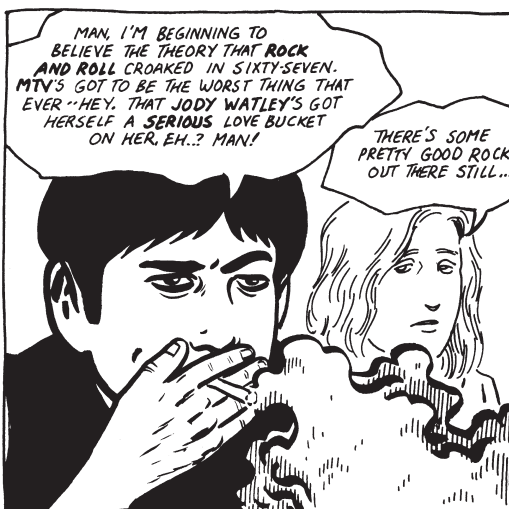


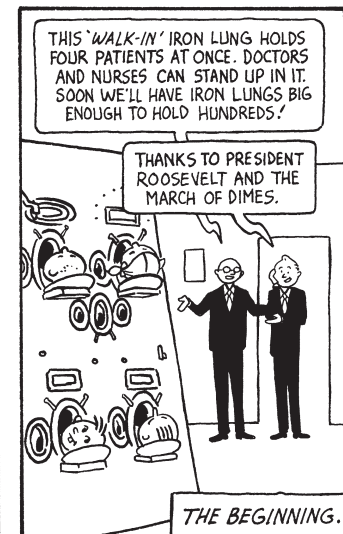
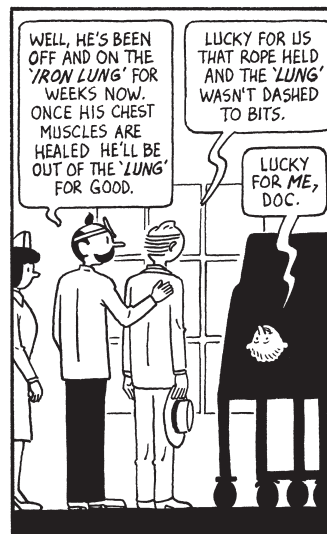
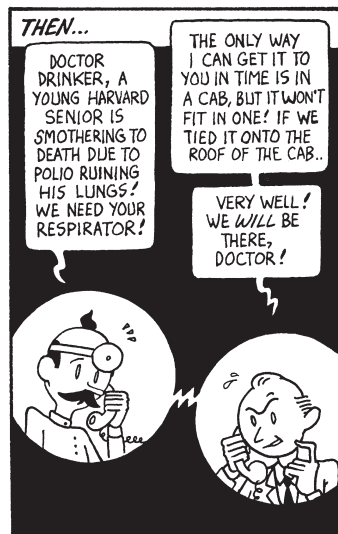
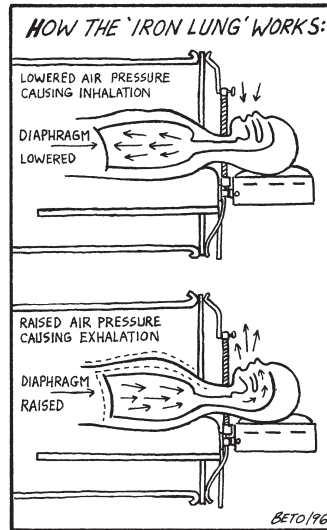
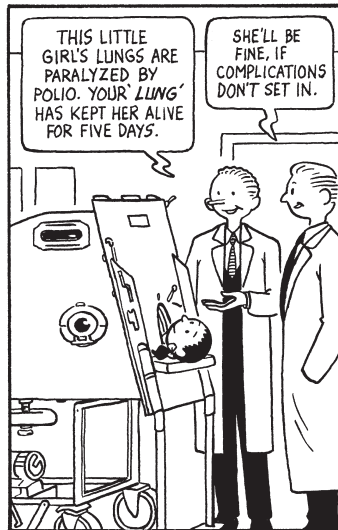
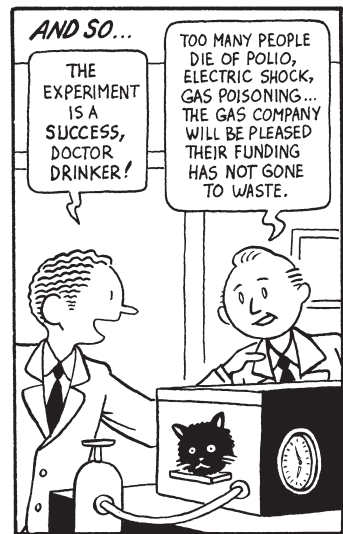
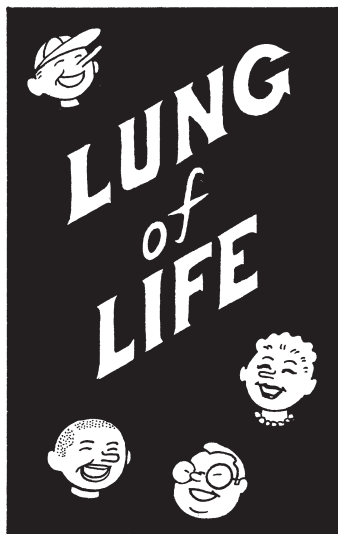
WITHIN REASON

BETO/97









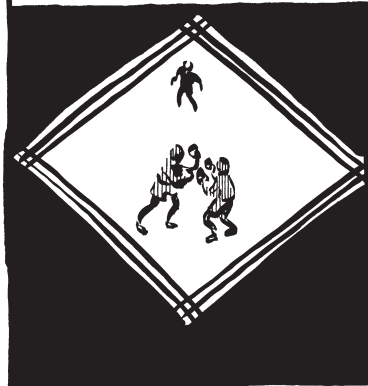
TWELVE·FORTY·TWO

TODAY'S EPISODE: *THE FIGHTS*

1933: JOHN LESTER JOHNSON WAS A RETIRED BOXER WHO APPEARED IN AN *OUR GANG* SHORT CALLED *THE KID FROM BORNEO*. THE TWO-REELER IS CONSIDERED A CLASSIC.



JOHNSON PUNCHED LIKE A BULLDOZER, GRUNTING EVERYTIME HE CONNECTED. ONE BLOW IN THE SECOND ROUND MADE DEMPSEY SEE STARS. HE COULDN'T STRAIGHTEN UP FOR THREE ROUNDS.



THE SPORTS WRITERS WERE DIVIDED. SOME PICKED JOHNSON, OTHERS PICKED DEMPSEY AND STILL OTHERS CALLED IT A DRAW. DEMPSEY'S NOTICES WERE UNSPECTACULAR UNTIL NOW.



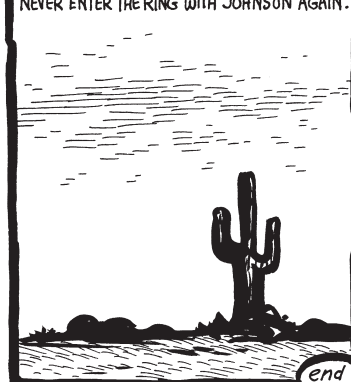
1916: AT *THE HARLEM SPORTING CLUB* JOHNSON STAYED TEN ROUNDS WITH *THE MANASSA MAULER* JACK DEMPSEY. THE BOUT ALMOST FINISHED DEMPSEY'S CAREER.



DEMPSEY SENSED A FEW OF HIS RIBS WERE CRACKED. HE COULDN'T MOVE WELL BUT DESPITE INTENSE PAIN HE STAYED IN THERE WITH HIS BEST. HE SAID IT FELT LIKE HIS WORST.

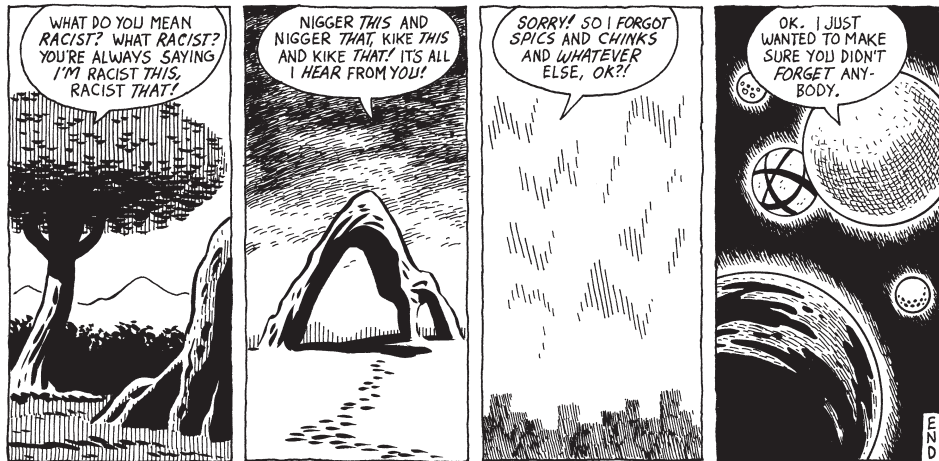


JACK DEMPSEY WENT OUT WEST TO HEAL AND SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED QUITTING THE FIGHT GAME. HE DECIDED TO CONTINUE AND BECAME A LEGEND, ALTHOUGH MAKING IT CLEAR HE WOULD NEVER ENTER THE RING WITH JOHNSON AGAIN.



The *Love Swine*:





ARE THE KIDS ALL RIGHT?

WRITTEN BY SETH AND GARY GROTH

EDITED BY GARY GROTH AND COPY-EDITED BY SETH

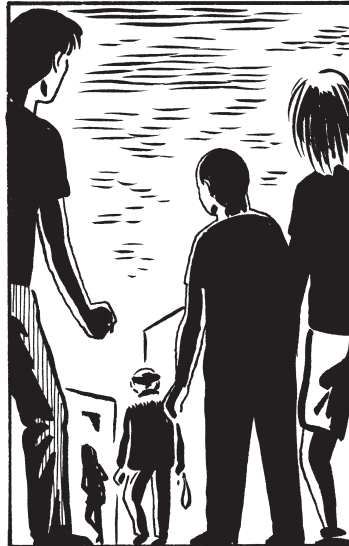
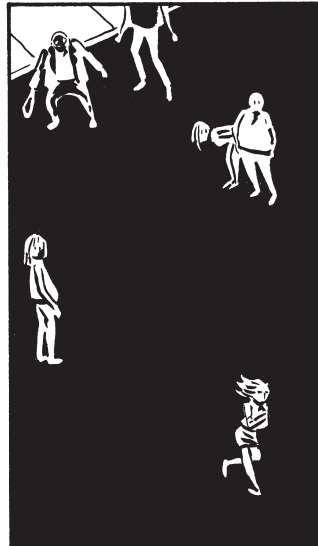
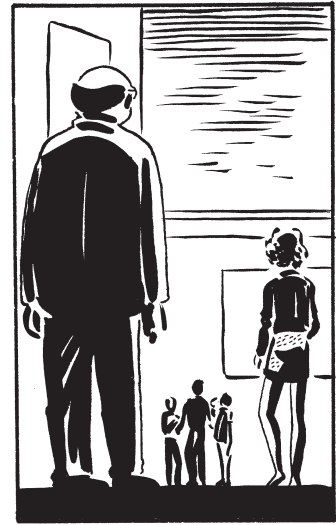


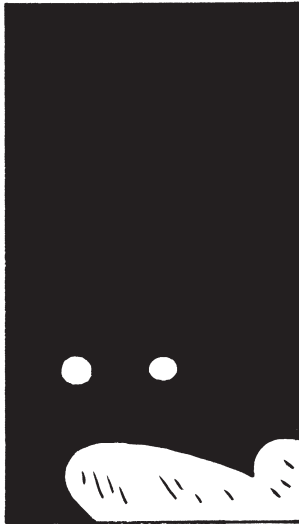


FATHER'S DAY

BETO/96-97



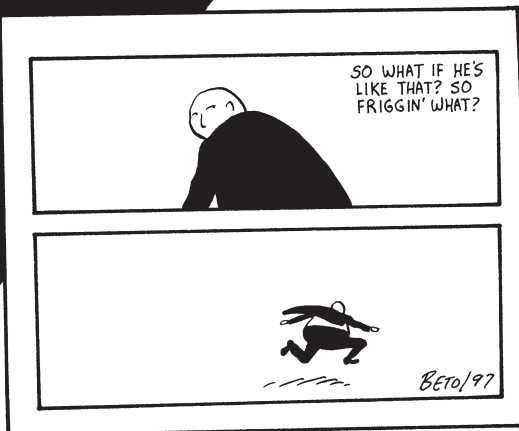
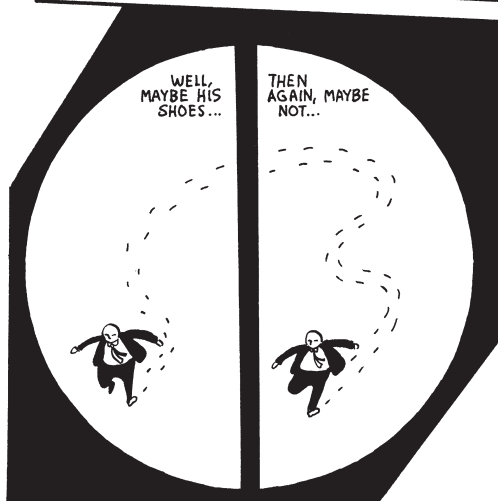
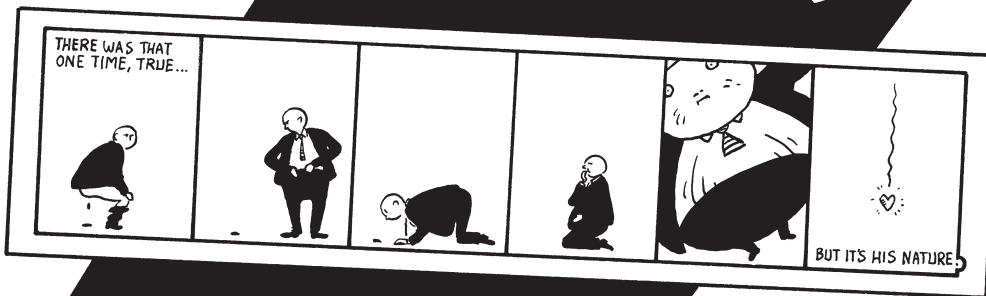
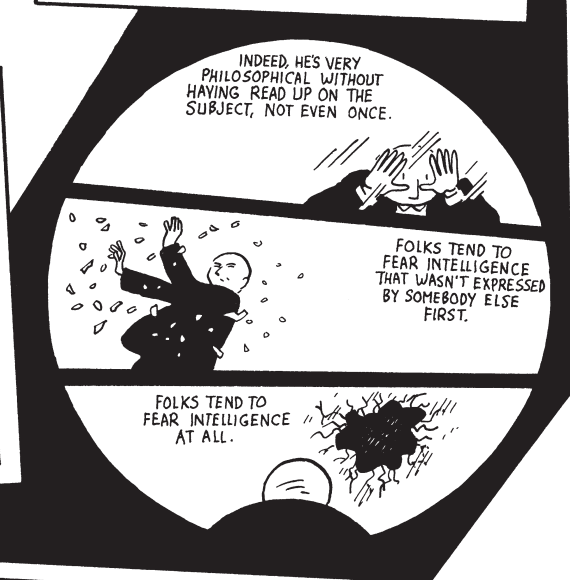
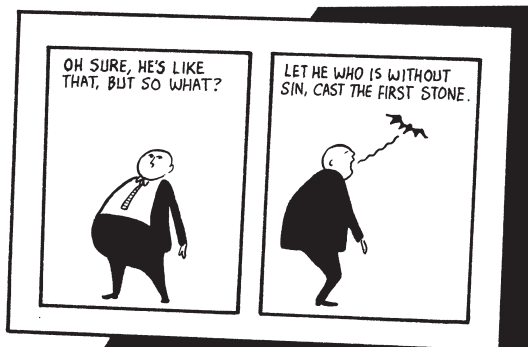




The End

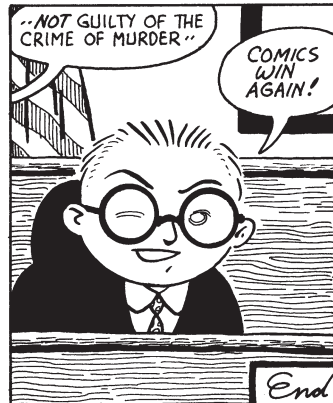
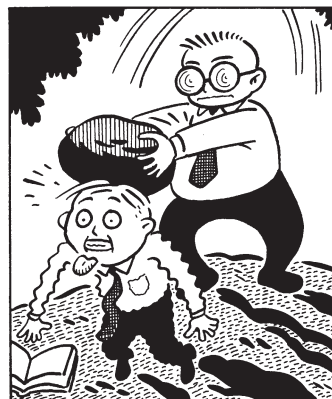
WOBBLY BUTTOCKS FRENZY

IN THIS ISSUE'S INSTALLMENT: ASPIRIN!



The SHIT Eaters

by
BETO/95



RETURN of the TZIK

BETO
83/84

EVERYBODY'S ON EDGE. CRIME RATE'S GONE UP LIKE CRAZY SINCE THE NEWS GOT OUT. PHONE LINES ARE TIED UP MOST OF THE TIME... AND THE TRAFFIC, TSK...!



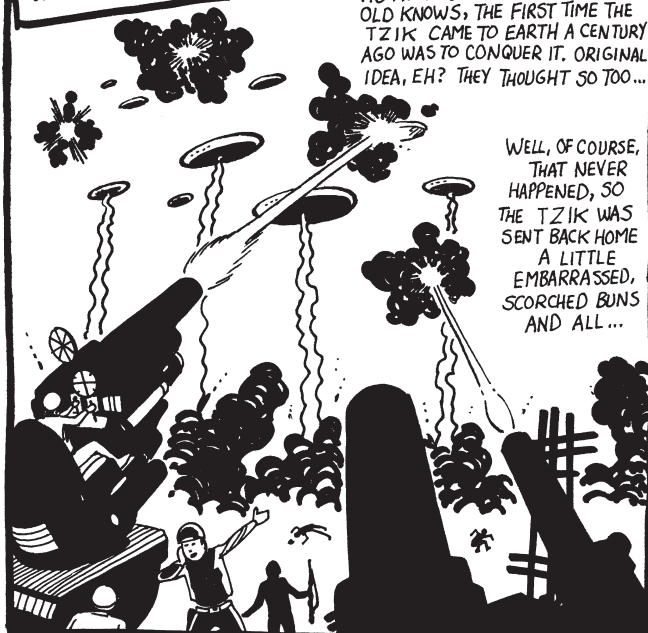
PEOPLE HAVEN'T BEEN THIS PARANOID SINCE THE 'BEM' THING THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

A SUCCINCT (BUT HOPEFULLY NOT TOO PROSAIC) SUMMARY OF THE SITUATION:

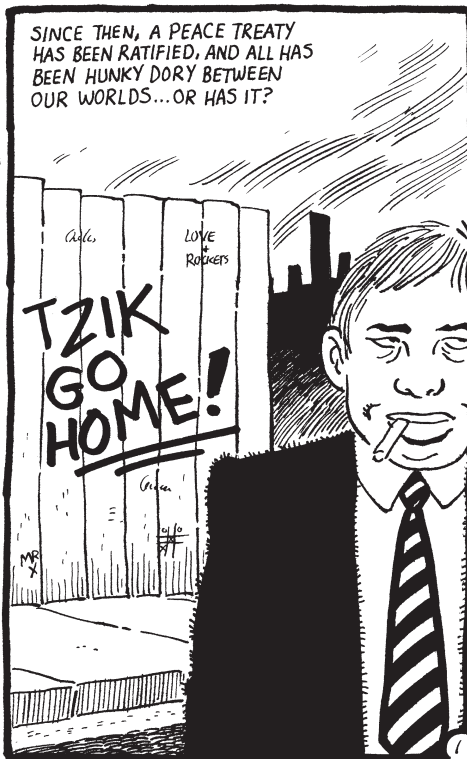
THE TZIK HAVE ANNOUNCED THEY ARE RETURNING TO EARTH TO NEGOTIATE A BUSINESS DEAL. THEY WANT TO BUY HALF THE MOON OR SOMETHING.

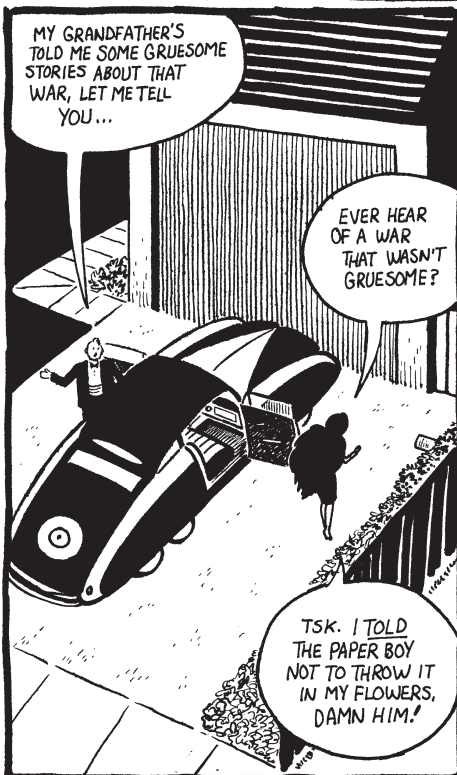
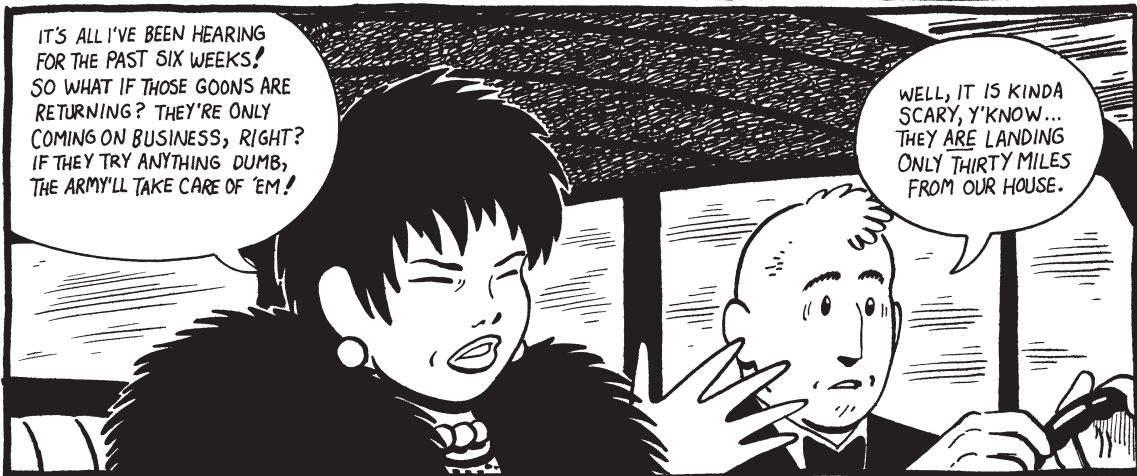
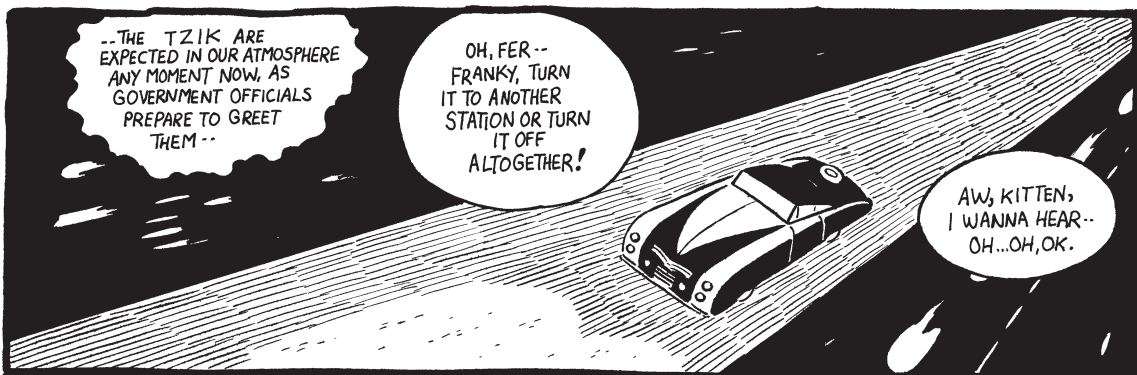
AS MOST FOLKS OVER SIX YEARS OLD KNOWS, THE FIRST TIME THE TZIK CAME TO EARTH A CENTURY AGO WAS TO CONQUER IT. ORIGINAL IDEA, EH? THEY THOUGHT SO TOO...

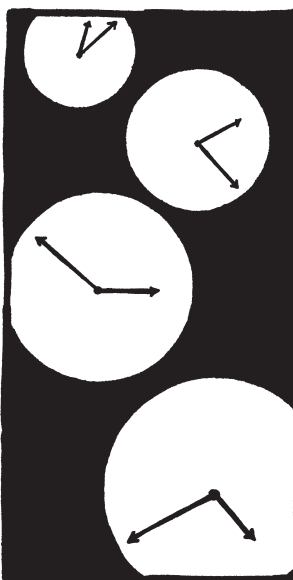
WELL, OF COURSE, THAT NEVER HAPPENED, SO THE TZIK WAS SENT BACK HOME A LITTLE EMBARRASSED, SCORCHED BUNS AND ALL...

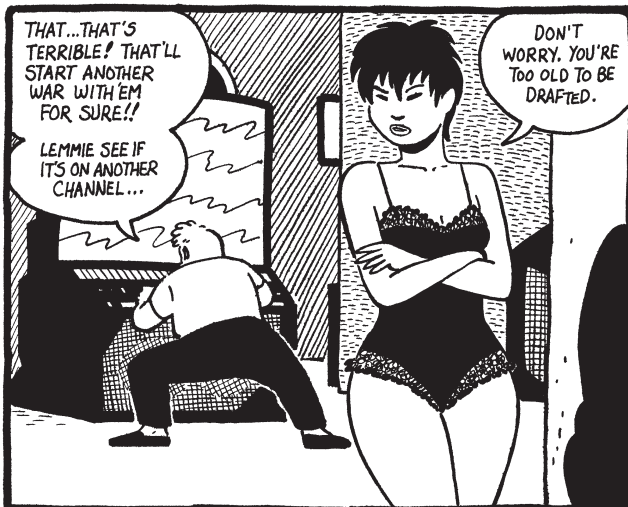


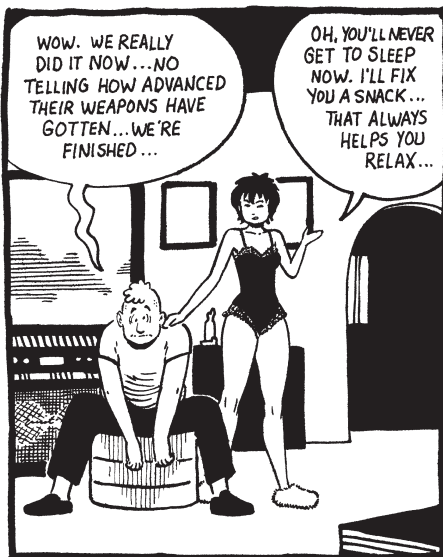
SINCE THEN, A PEACE TREATY HAS BEEN RATIFIED, AND ALL HAS BEEN HUNKY DORY BETWEEN OUR WORLDS...OR HAS IT?

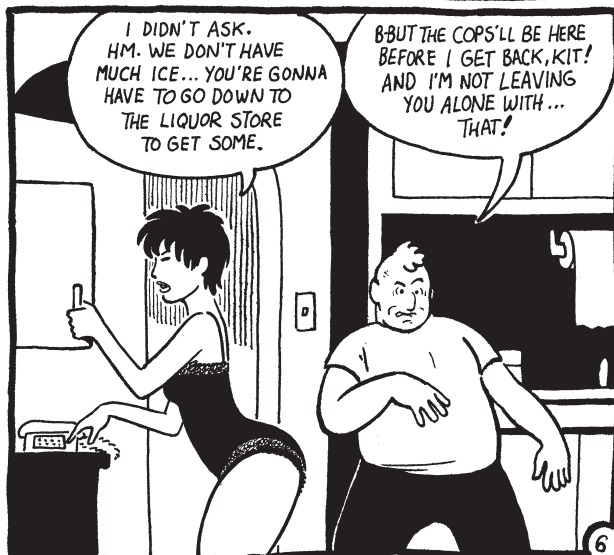
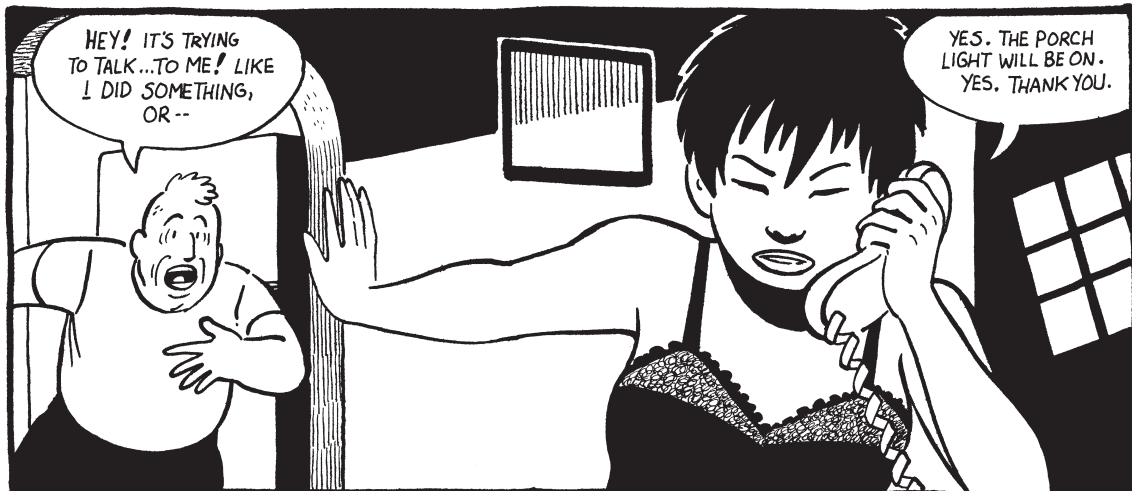








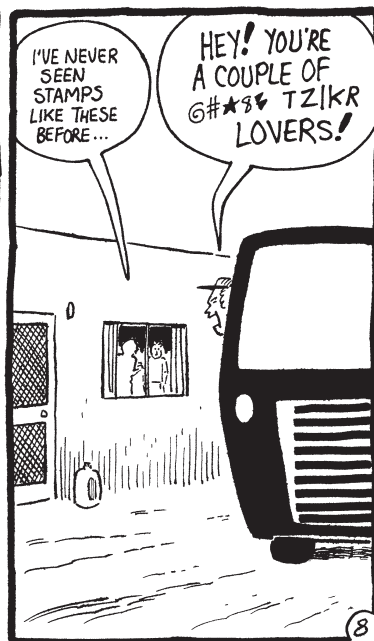
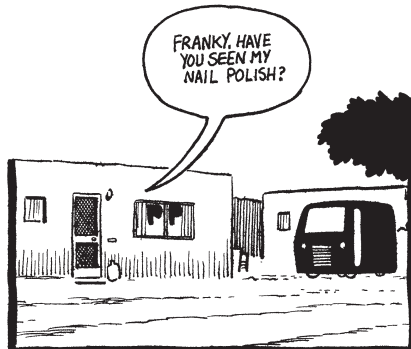


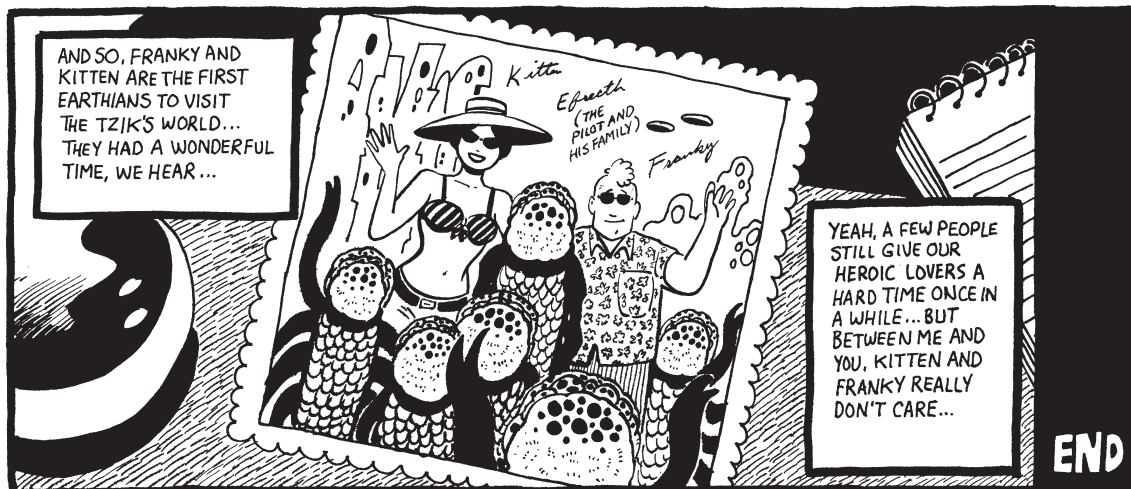


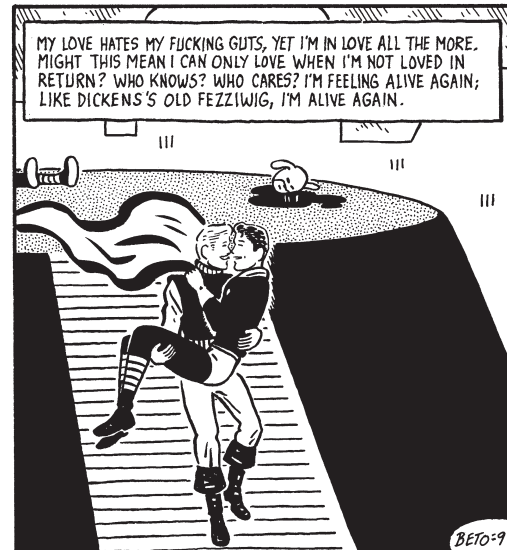
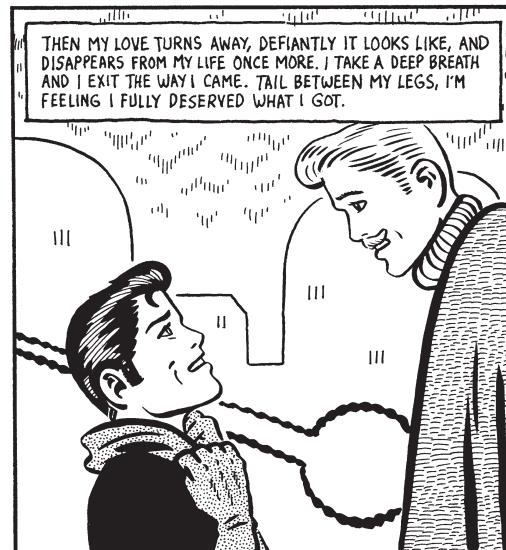
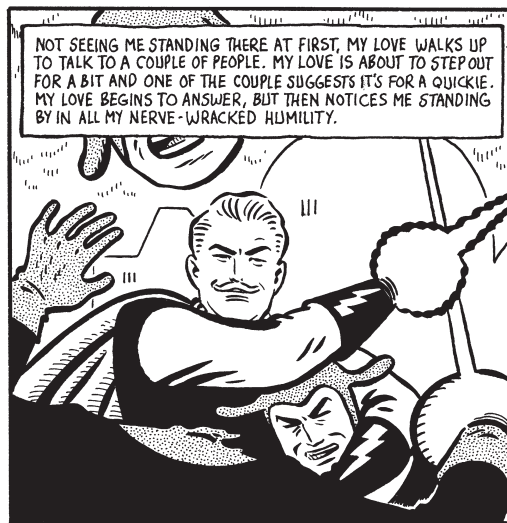
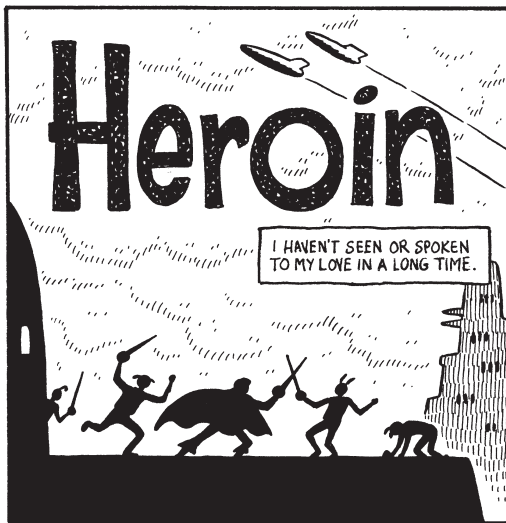


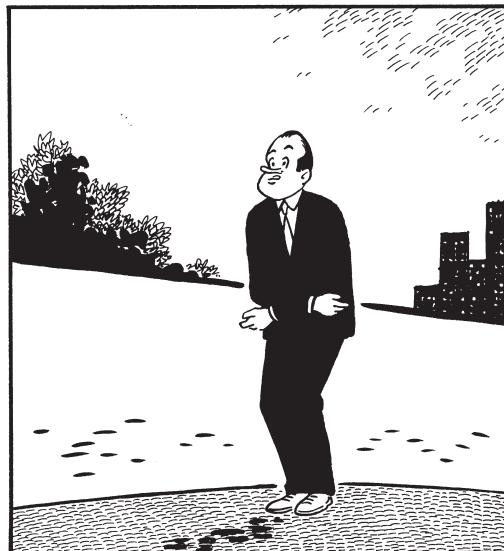
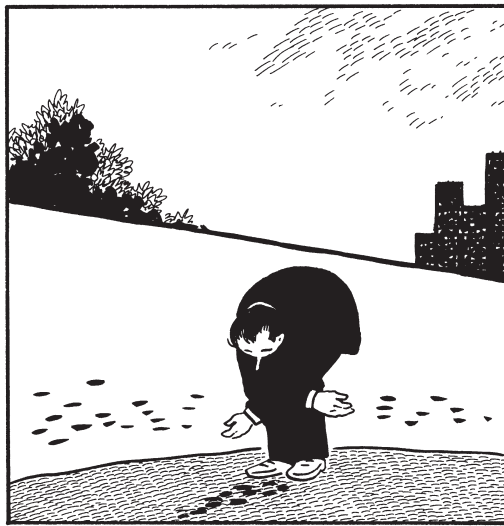


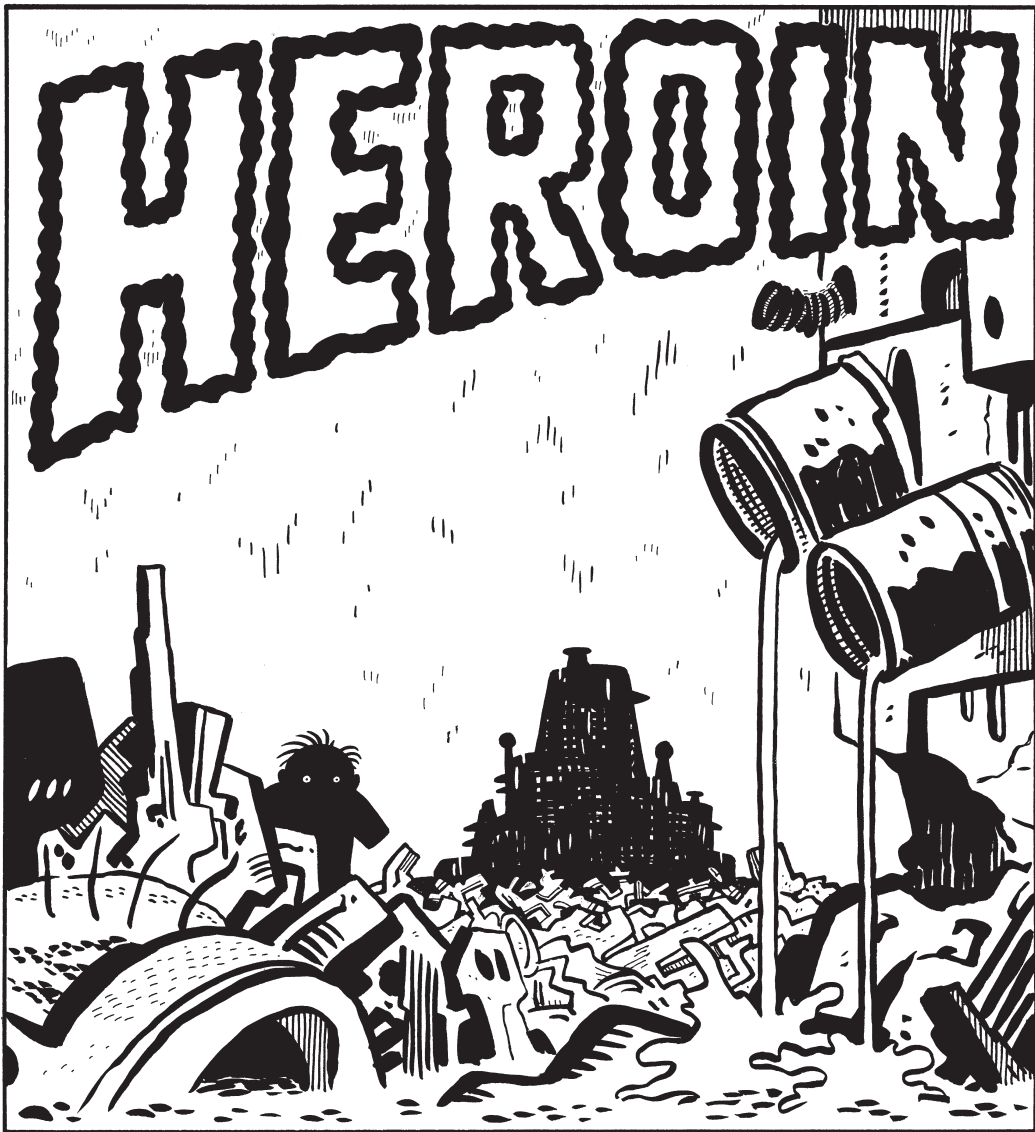
MONTHS LATER, WE FIND KITTEN AND FRANKY LIVING A MORE, AH, MODEST LIFESTYLE...

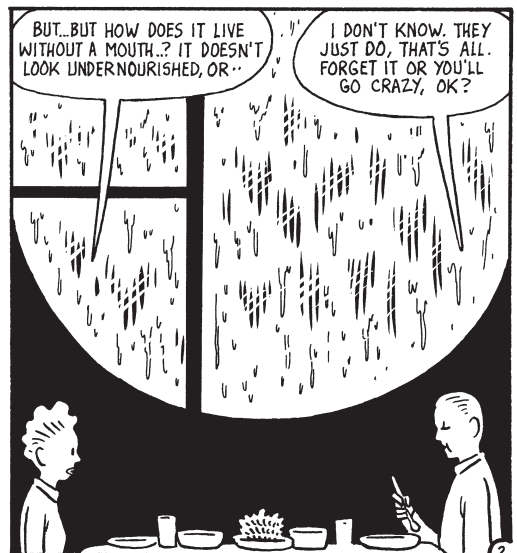


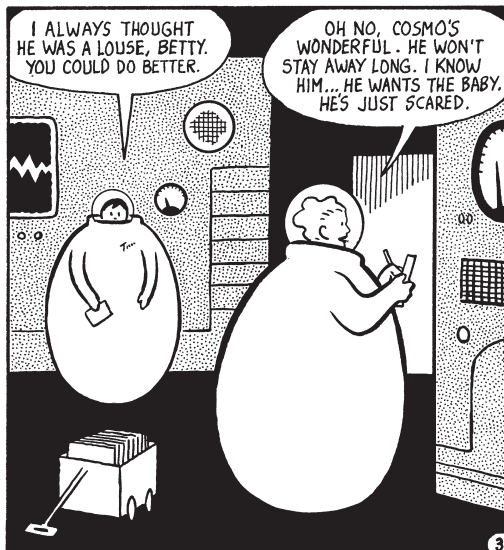
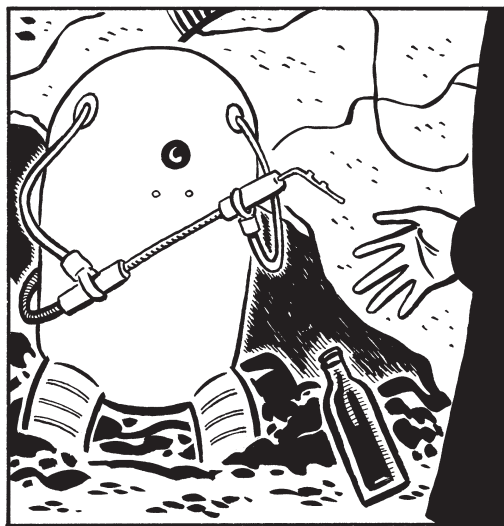
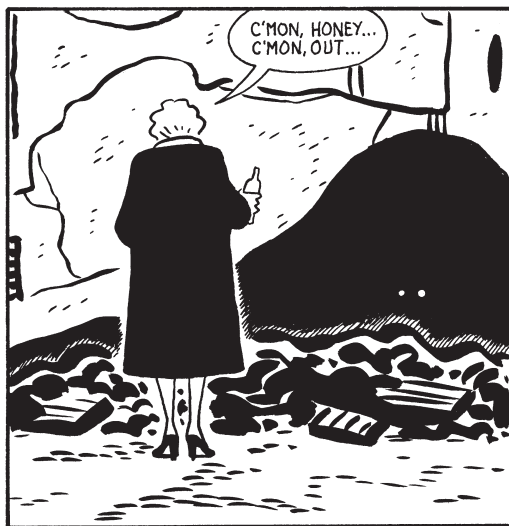


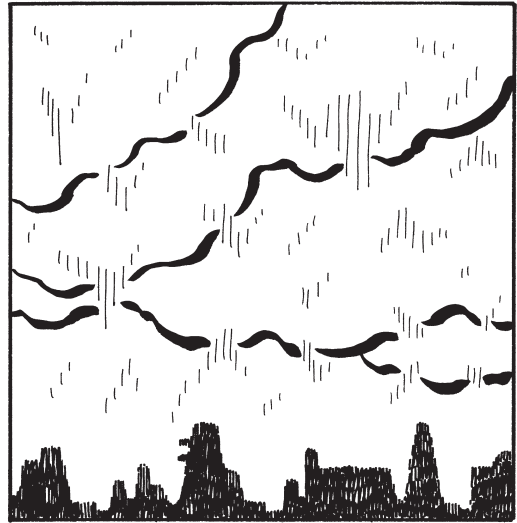


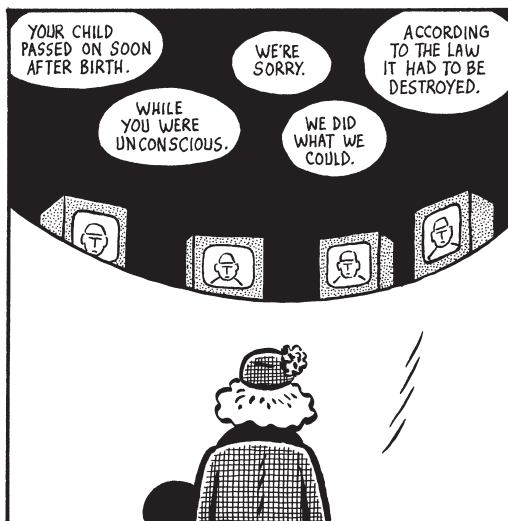


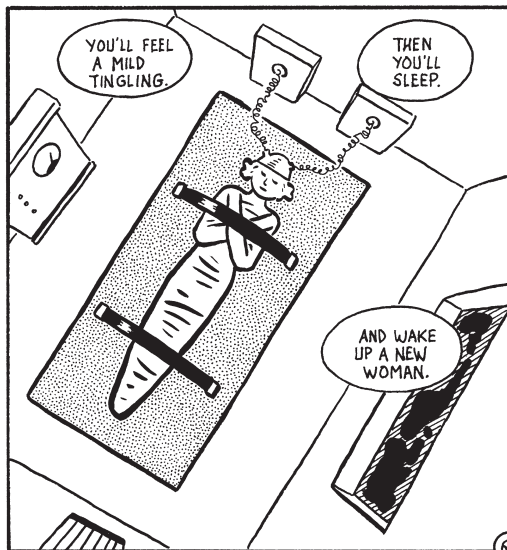
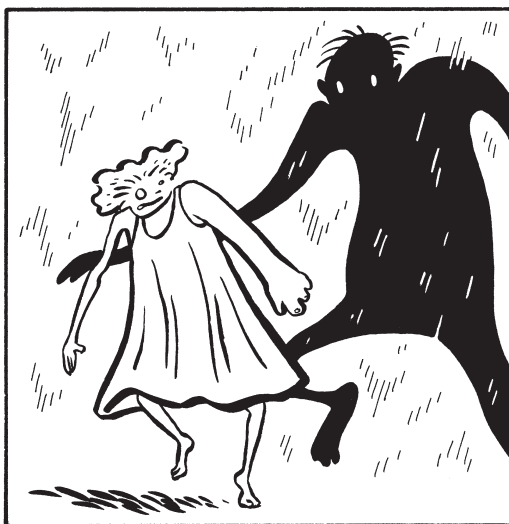


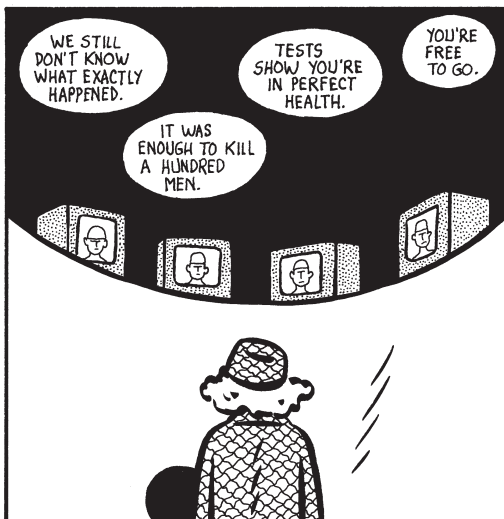






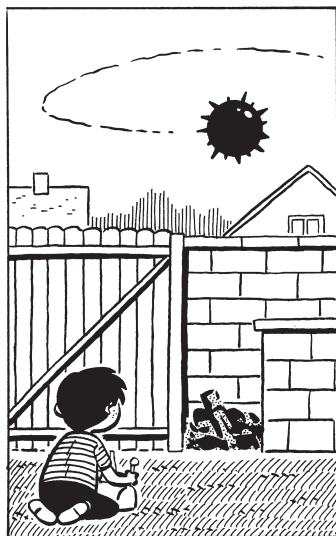
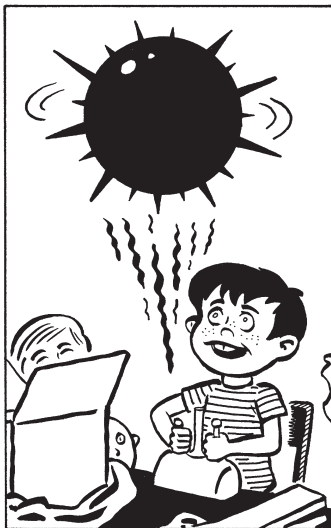


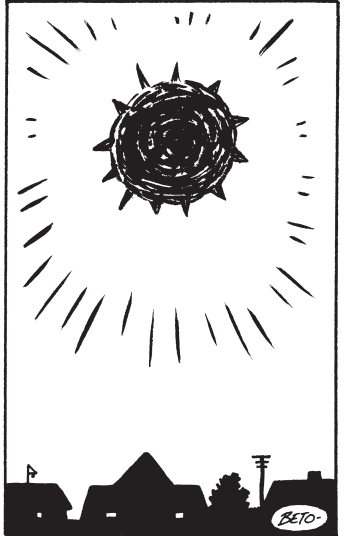
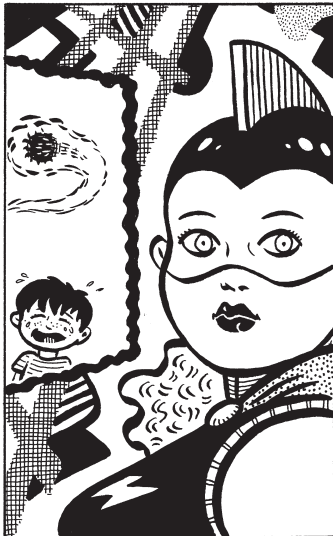
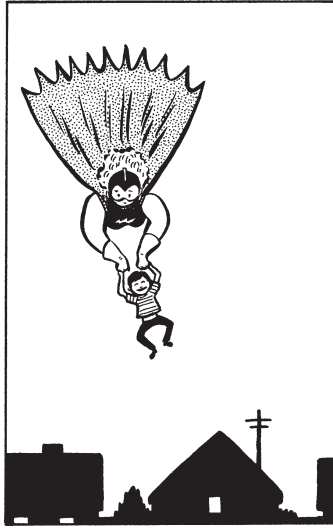
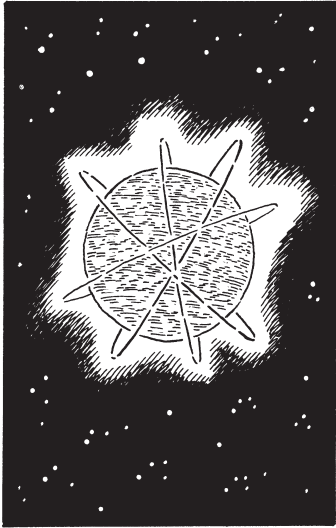


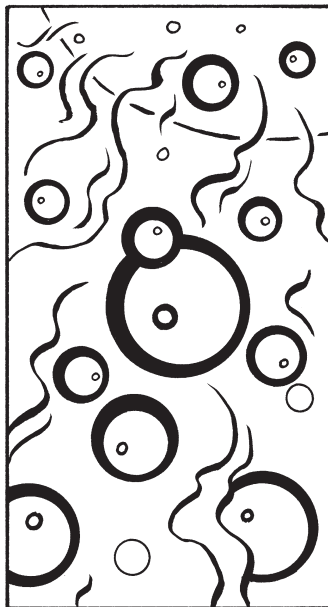


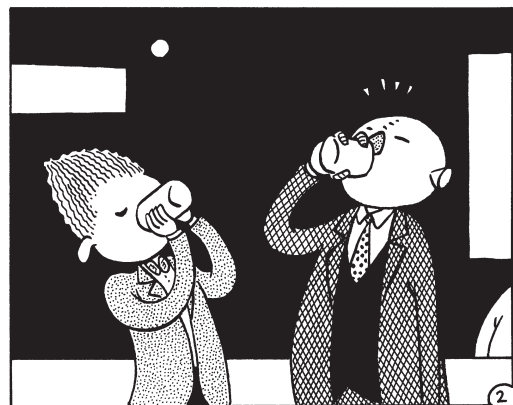
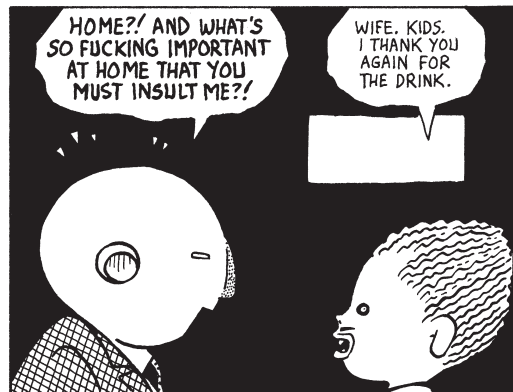
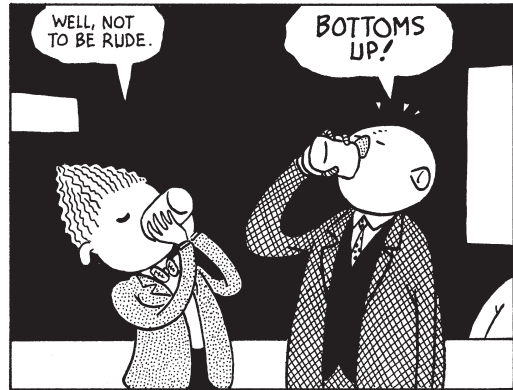
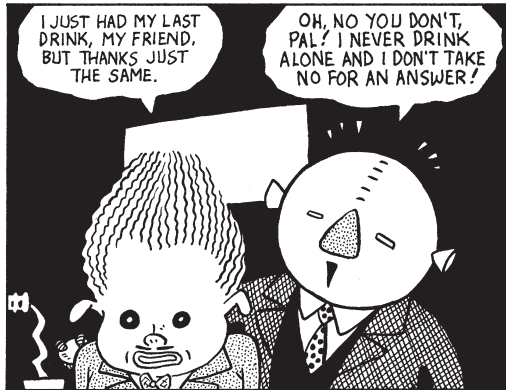
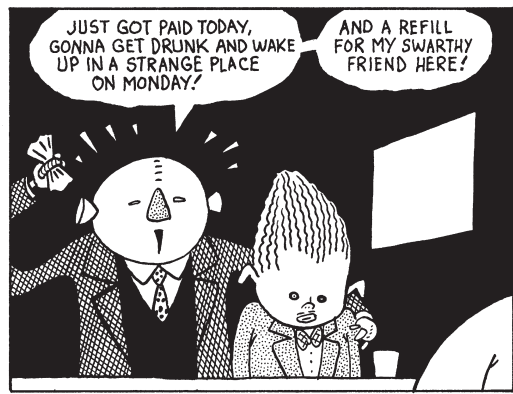
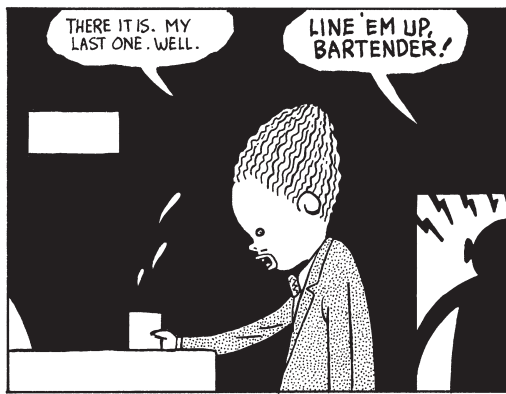


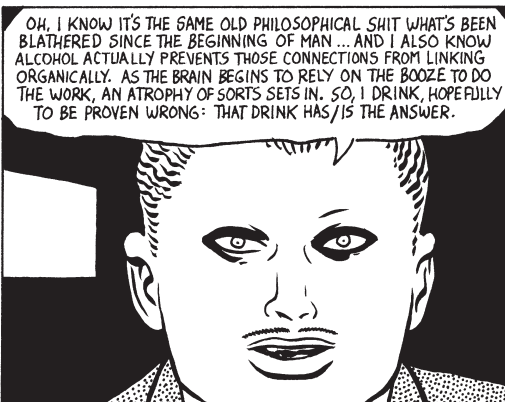
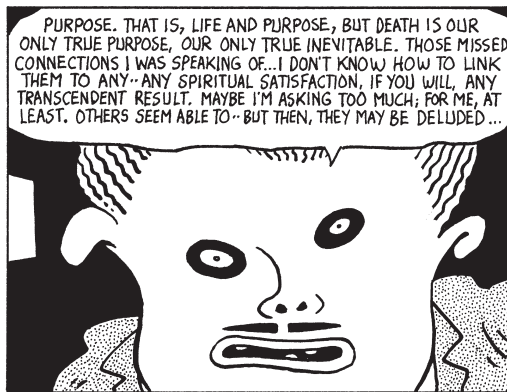
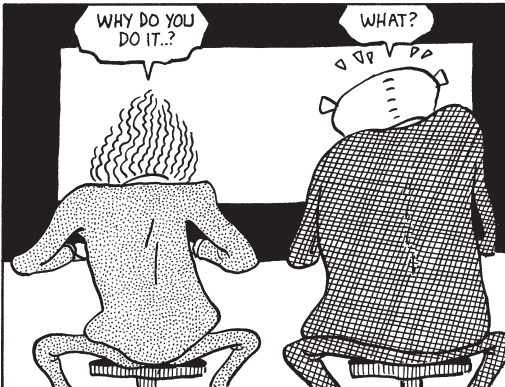
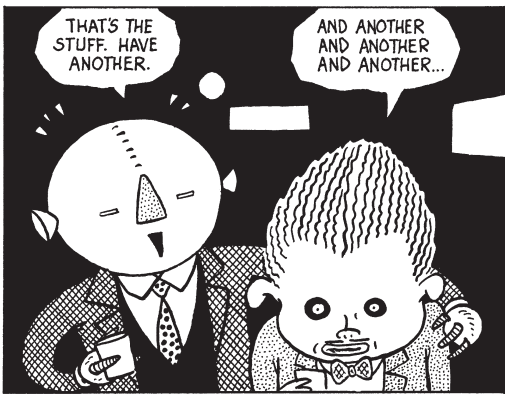
She
Sleeps
With
Anybody
but Me[®]







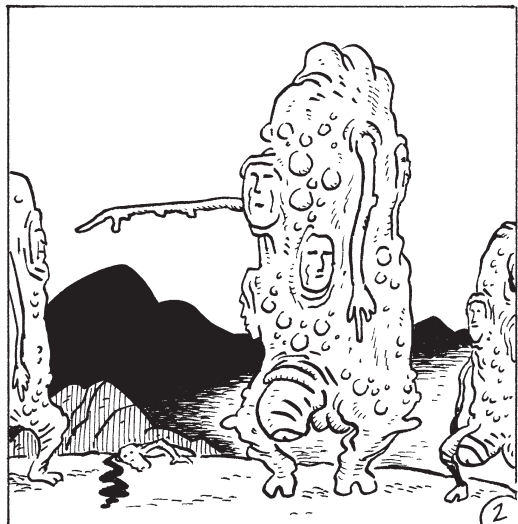
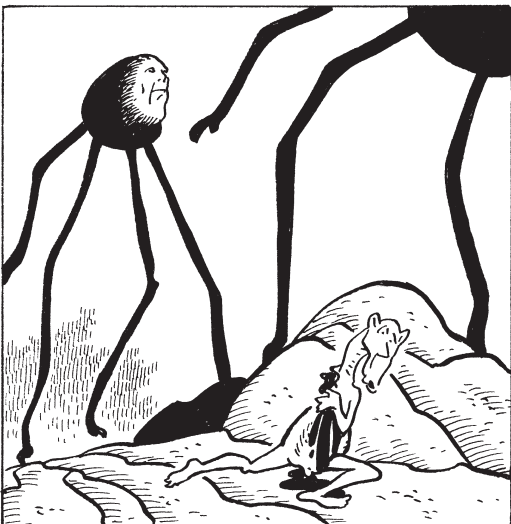
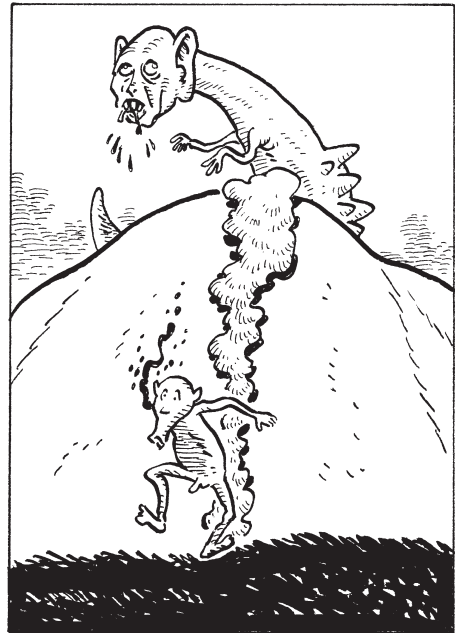
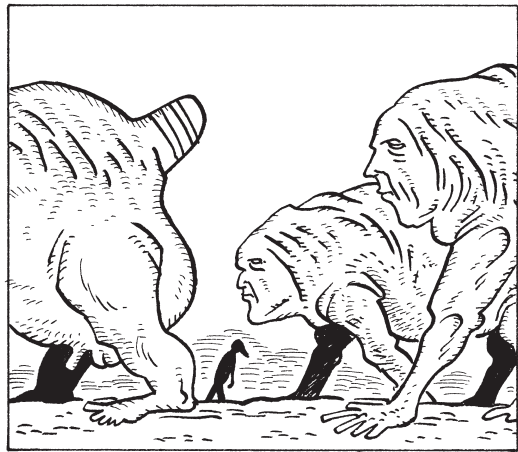
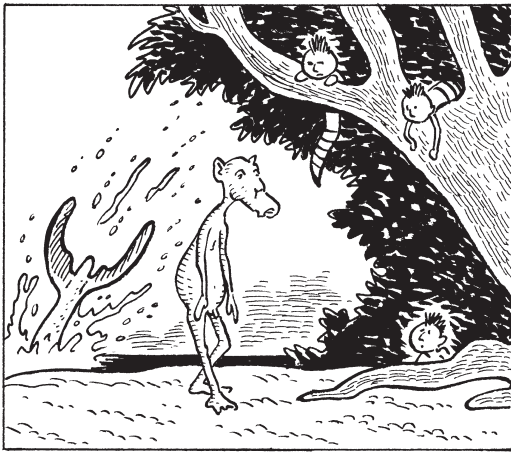


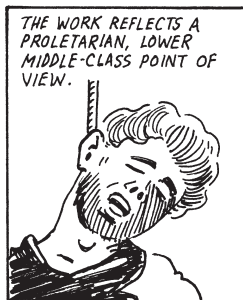
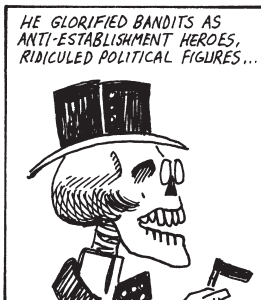
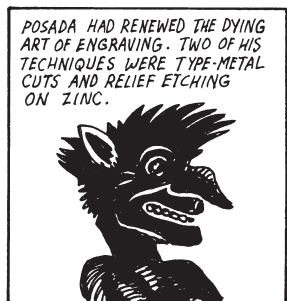
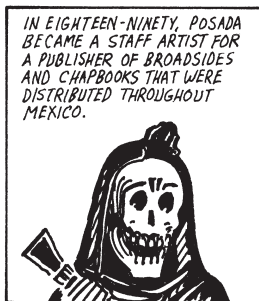
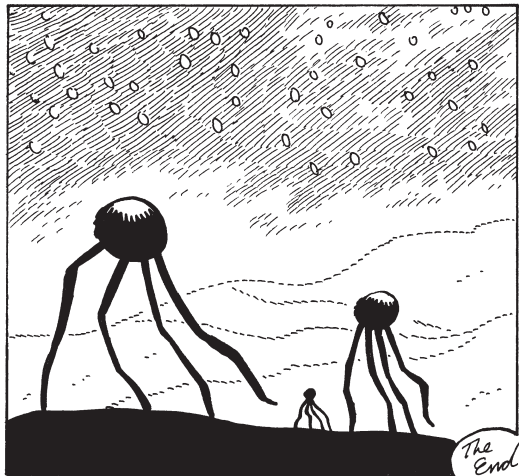
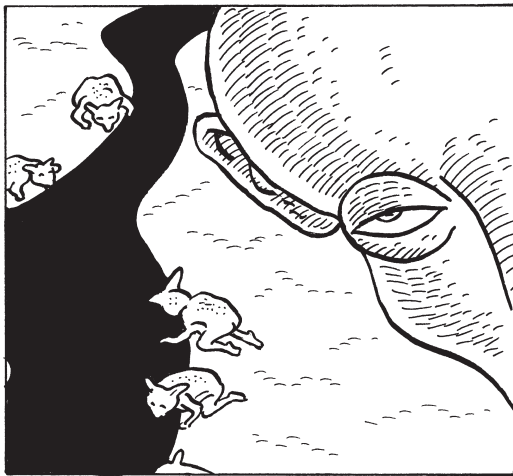
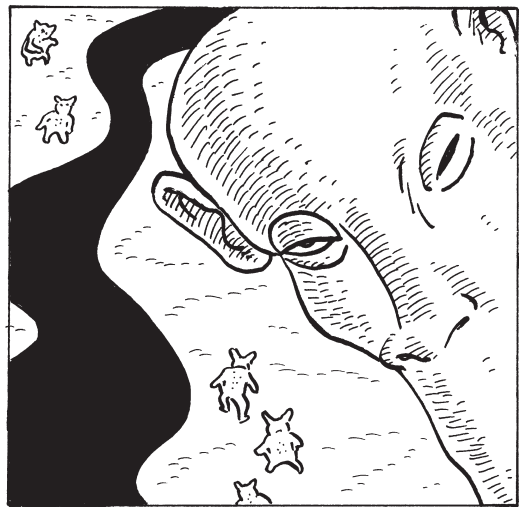
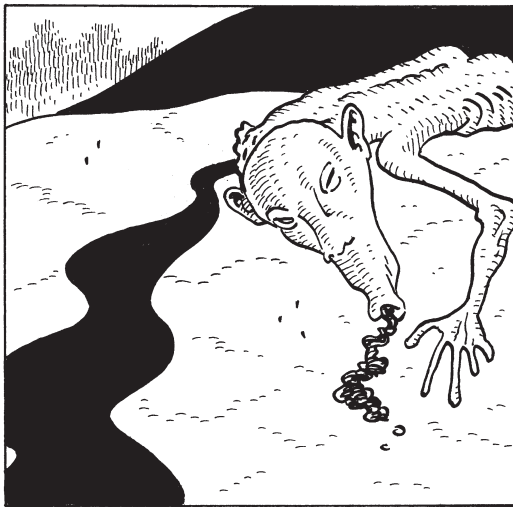


AFTER THE DESTRUCTION AND DISEASES WE HAVE BROUGHT UPON OURSELVES, AFTER WE ARE NEAR EXTINCT, IN WHAT FORM WILL WE RETURN? WHAT WILL LIFE BE LIKE UPON

OUR RETURN







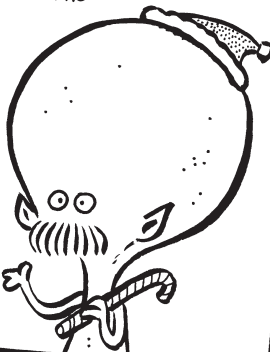
THERE'S MORE
THAN ONE SANTA CLAUS
ON EARTH, SO WHAT ABOUT
OUTER SPACE?



SANTA CLAUS

FROM
OTHER
PLANETS

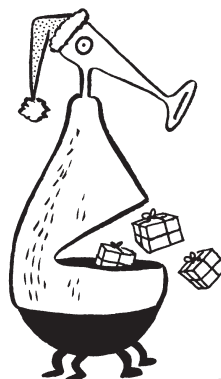
FESTEL BLORCH
FROM MARS



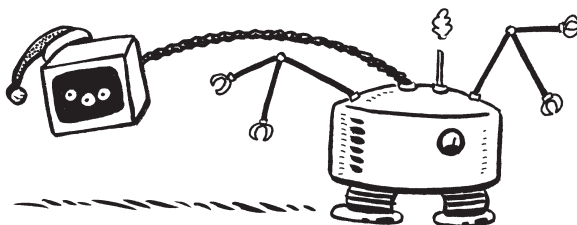
KALATEC
OF
URANUS



SOLACOLA OF
NEPTUNE



RATTALUS 227 OF VENUS



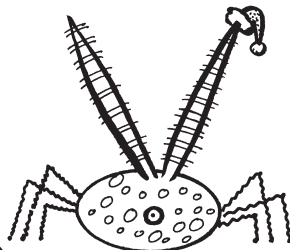
SANTA BOY
FROM PLUTO



JAK-TOR OF SATURN



CAPTAIN
CLAPT FROM
MERCURY



MLKA DOOTY OF JUPITER

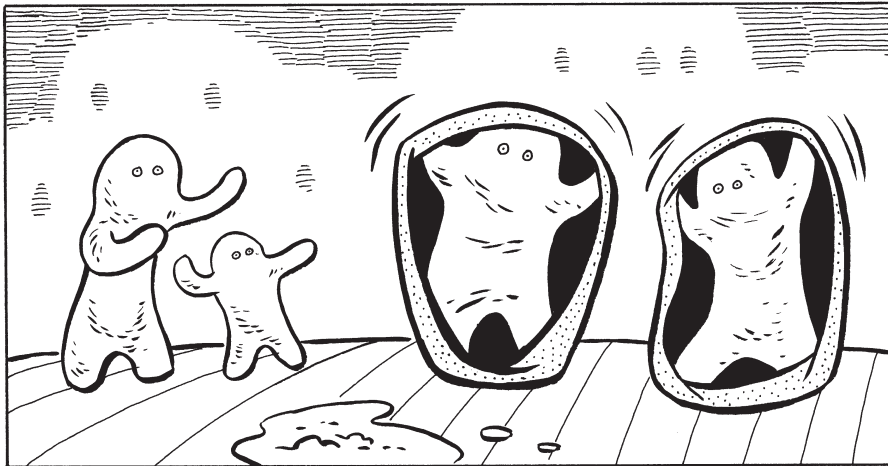
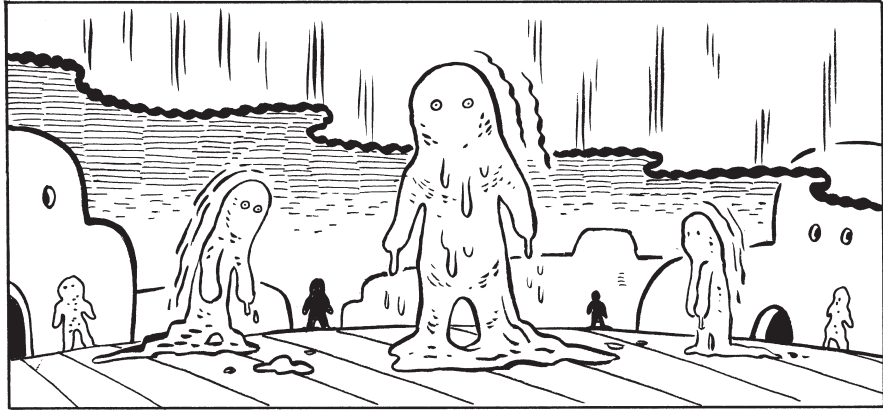


BETO/99

SHINDLERIA·PRAEMATURUS

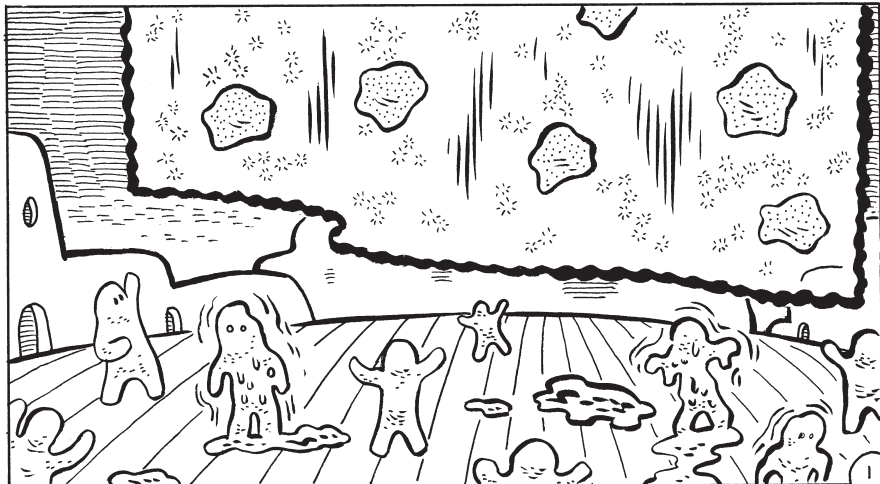
BY MARIO and BETO · 2004

THE MAKING SEASON WAS HERE. MANY ALREADY HAD THE GLOW AND WERE JITTERING, LEAVING THEIR SLIMEY SPOE TRAILING BEHIND.

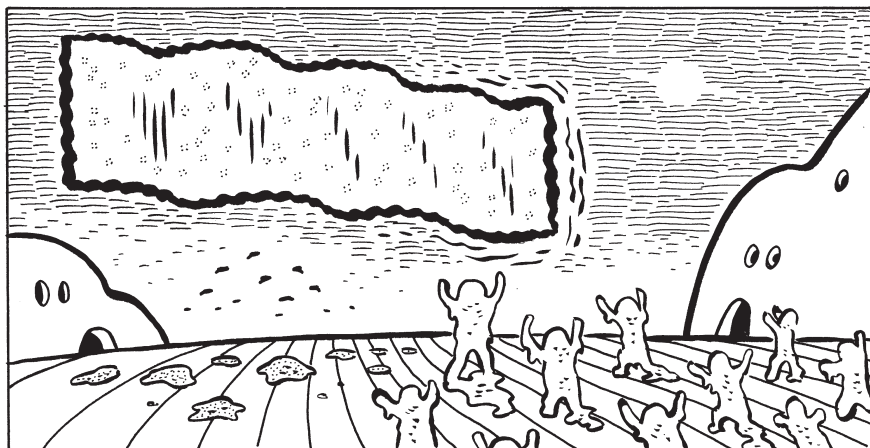


ELDERS WERE QUICK TO ADORN, DRAWING GLEEFUL DERISION FROM YOUNGERS TOO CLEVER.

THE REST, SURVIVORS OF THE PAST SEASON, PARADED BY THE SPEAKING WALLS. ARTISANS SKITTERED, SPEWING PATTERNS, SMEARING SAGAS.

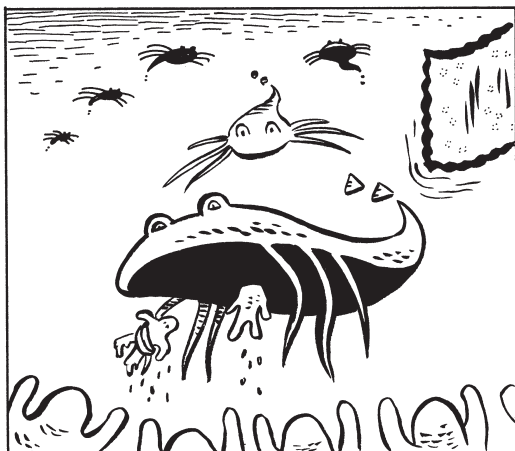


ALL FACES AND PALMS TURNED TOWARDS THE GLITTERING DISPLAY, ALL MINDS CHANGING LIGHT TOGETHER, SWAYING TO THE RUMBLE OF THE RHEEG'S APPROACH.



THE RHEEG APPEARED, DRIFTING ABOVE, PLUCKING AND ABSORBING THOSE THRASHING IN SPOE.

I STOOD AND DID NOT SWAY. I LOOKED DOWN. I WASN'T IN SPOE, AND NEITHER WAS I ONE WITH THE OTHERS.

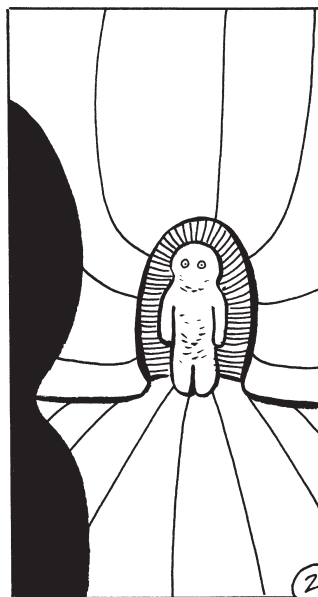
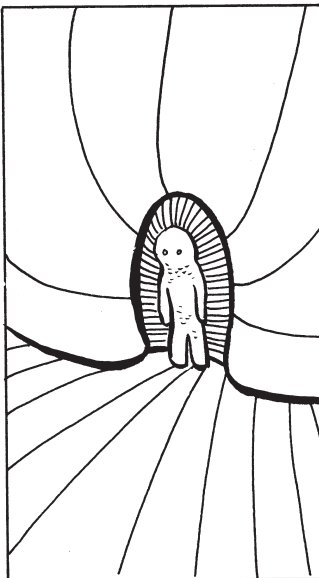
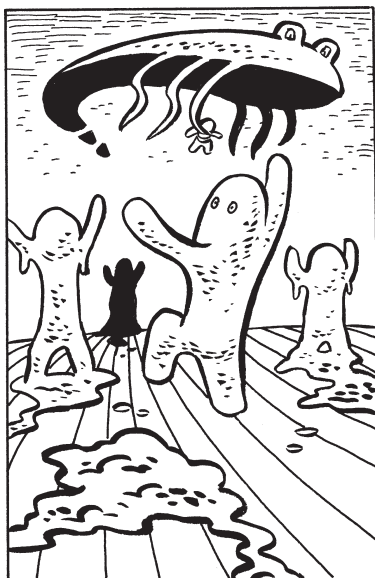


THIS FRIGHTENED ME. I BACKPEALED FIERCELY, AVOIDING PUDDLES OF SPOE, MY THOUGHTS CALCULATING WILDLY.

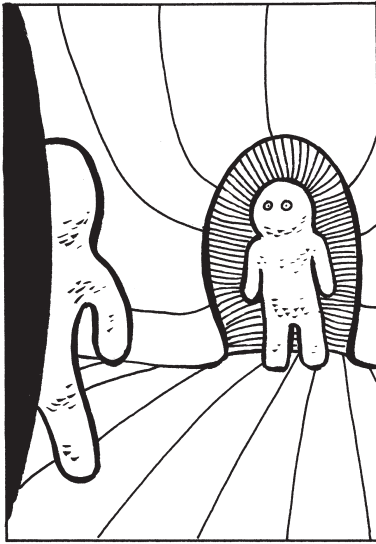


I CUPPED INTO A COWL NICHE TO SORT OUT MY THOUGHTS. NONE WOULD DISTURB ME HERE.

I PEEKED OUT AND NOTICED ANOTHER ENCUPPED, FACING ME.



A HAUNTING SELF-AWARENESS COMPELLED ME TO DISENCUP AND VENTURE TOWARDS THE OTHER NICHE.



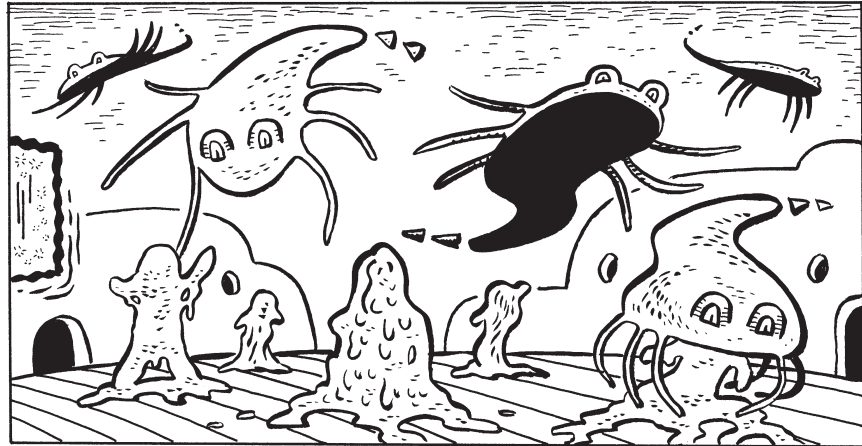
OUR GAZE COMPREHENDED, A SEETHING ERUPTED.



WE ENTANGLED AND MUTATED, FORCING SENSATIONS AT A BLINK.



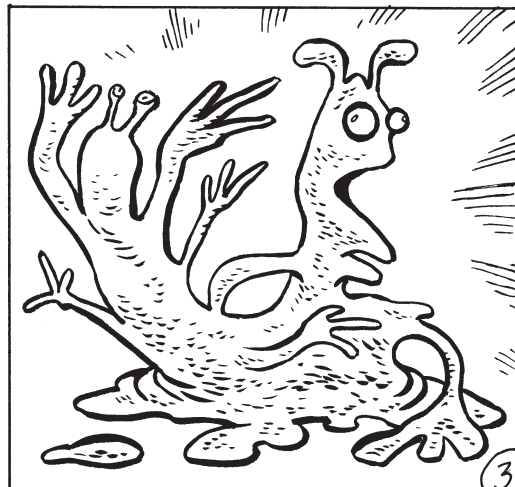
MAKING WAS IN FULL SWING, RHEEGS WHEELING AND ZIPPING BETWEEN THE NOW RISING INCHOATE BLOBS SOON TO BURST AND SCATTER, ENTERING US INTO THE TRIBULATION OF ELATION.



MY MUTATED MATE AND I LAY STUNTED, OUR MUTATIONS TAKING ROOT, FLAVORING TO A FLOATING PUDDLE.



A RATCHETY DIALOGUE SPED BETWEEN US, MINCING AND PUCKERING AS COMING TO A BOIL.

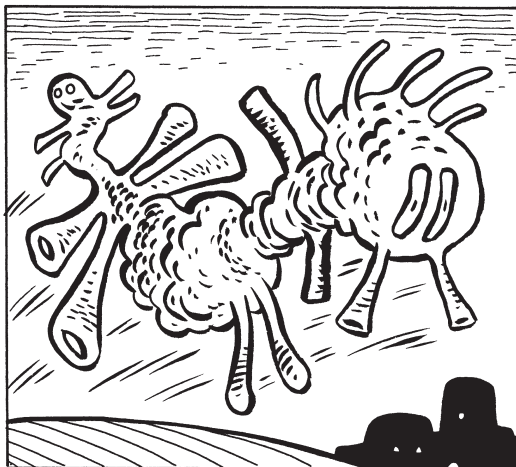


THE RHEEGS
CEASED THEIR
PRANCING AND
DIALATED INTO
THE SPEAKING
WALL. IT
PINCHED,
ROLLED AND
TOTTERED.



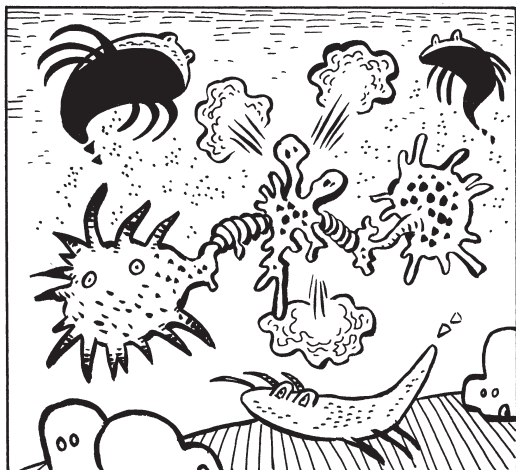
MY COMPÈRE AND MY NEW SELF SPASMED INTO A LASH,
DARTING AND PASTING AT NOTHING.

THE RHEEGS SLOWED THEIR WORK. SOME HARDENED, THEN
COUGHED INTO POWDER.



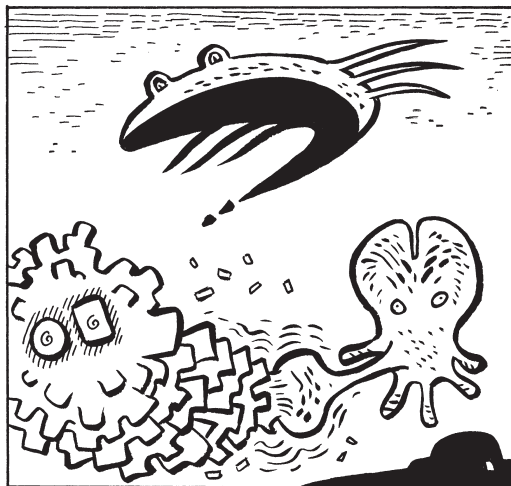
WE FEARED AS
ONE, YET FELT
SEPARATE. SHAPES
CAME FASTER, SO
TO DRAW NEARER
THE CURIOSITY
OF THE RHEEG.

RHEEG DUST CLUSTERED ON US AS IT WAFTED IN DARTING PUFFS.



A TERSE UNRAVELLING SWOONED ME AS I BUCKLED, WHILE THE OTHER CURDLED.

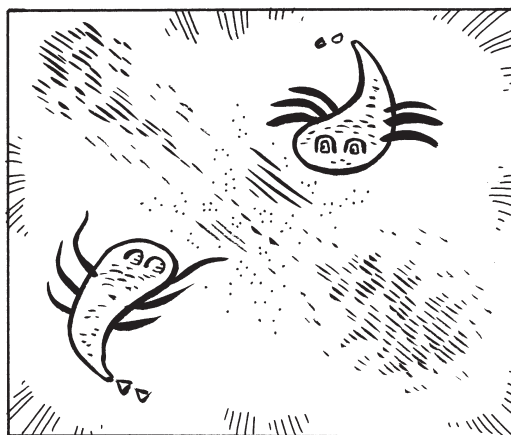
WE SENSED QUESTIONS, BUT COULD TRANSMIT NO REPLY.



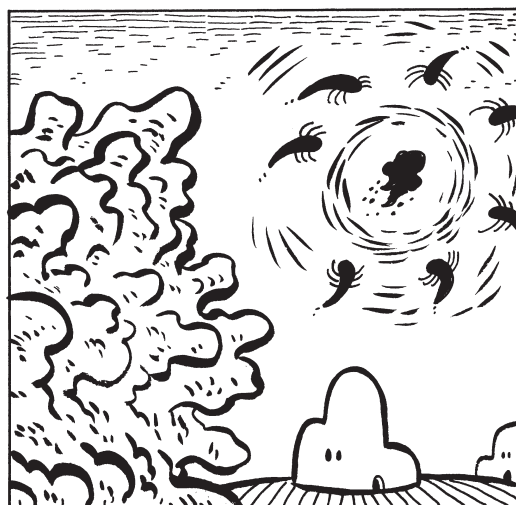
I STILL SENSED THE OTHER'S THOUGHTS AS WE SEPARATED, SHOOTING AWAY IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, AT BLINDING SPEED.



I SENSED MY DOPPELGÄNGER ENGLUFED IN A SHROUD OF RHEEGS, A BADGERING CACOPHONY OF DANK REBUKE, WILTING MY OTHER, CHIDED INTO OBLIVION.



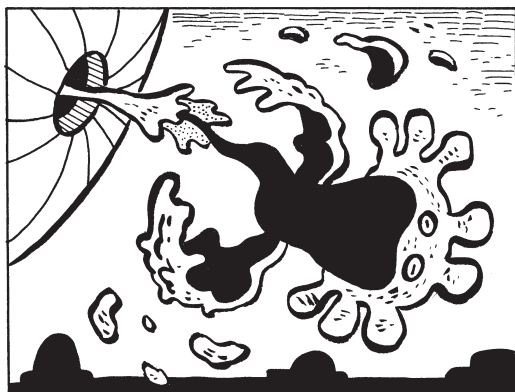
I, STILL AWARE, TOOK STOCK TUMBLING SLOWLY, ADMIRING SENSATIONS OF ADORNMENT.



DID I BURROW? WAS I ENGULFED? I SEEPED IN NO
DISCERNABLE DIRECTION, BUT SENSED WHOLENESS.



JOLTS OF MY OTHER'S WANING TRANCE, FEBRILE TWINGES,
ALIGHTING AND FADING.



MY SURROUNDINGS RIPPLED ENTICINGLY, TENDRILS
SNAPPING IN TIME, STOKED IN TUNE.



A LILTING, A GURGLE...A GROAN...

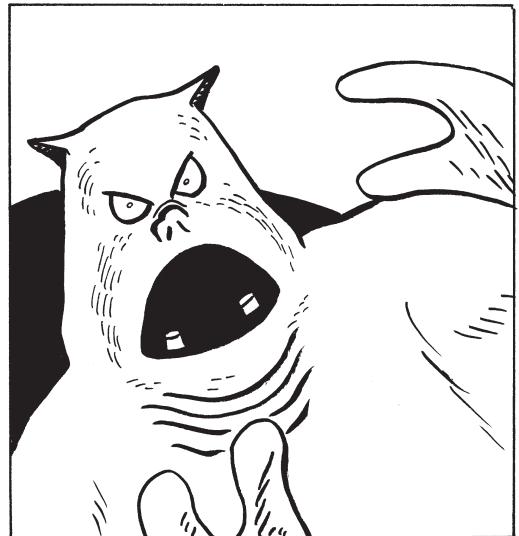
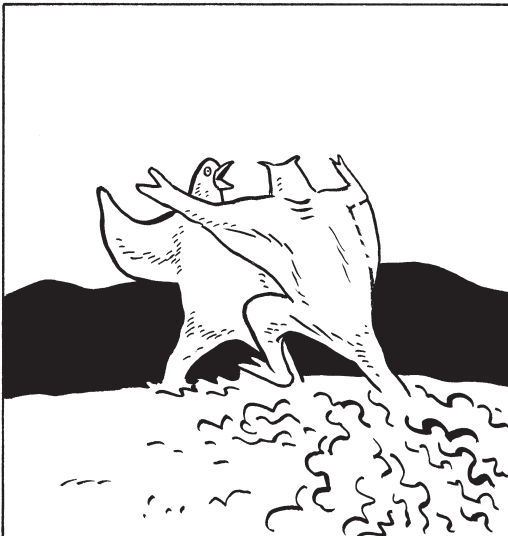
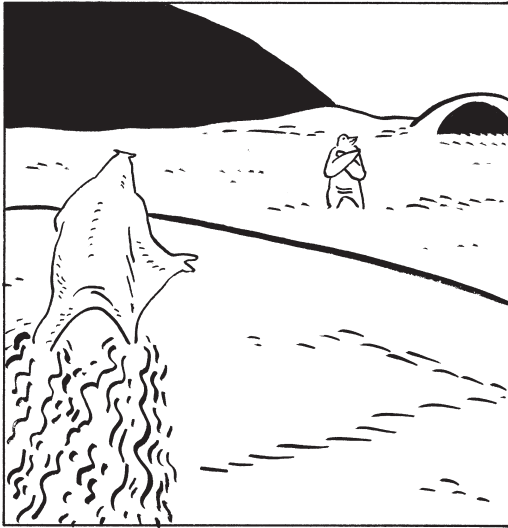
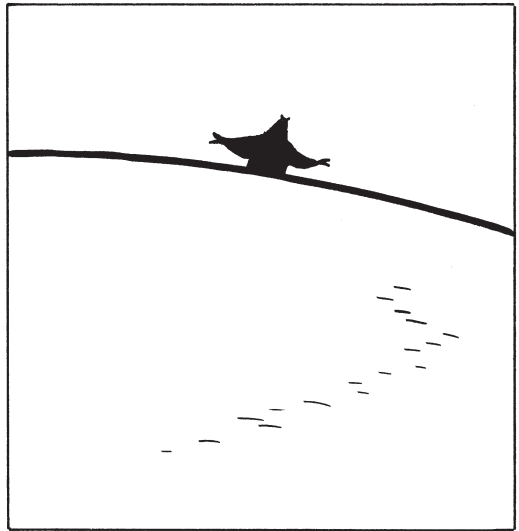


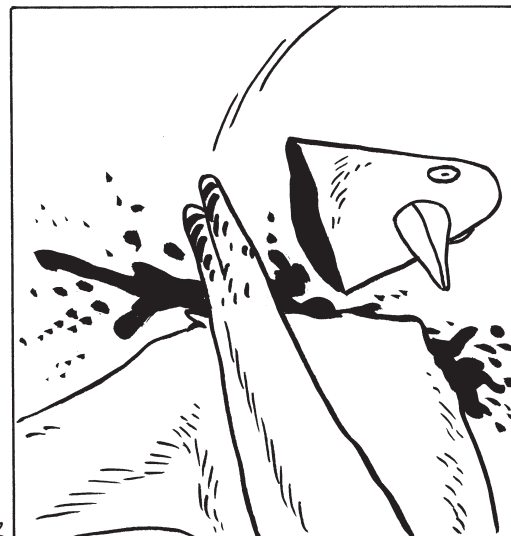
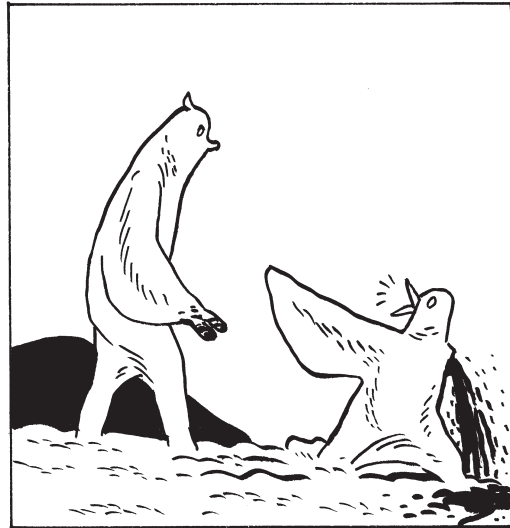
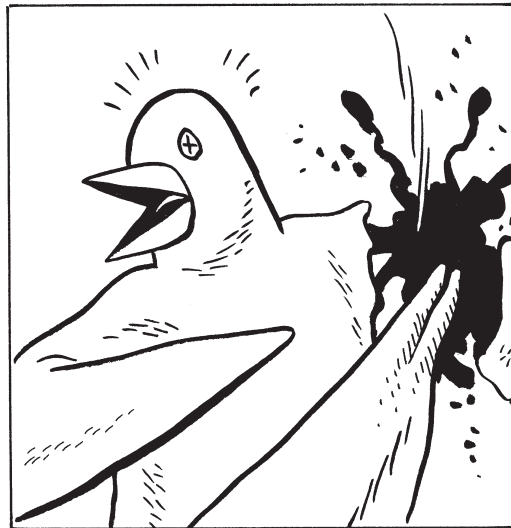
WHISTLING...THRUMMING...A SIGH...AND ON...

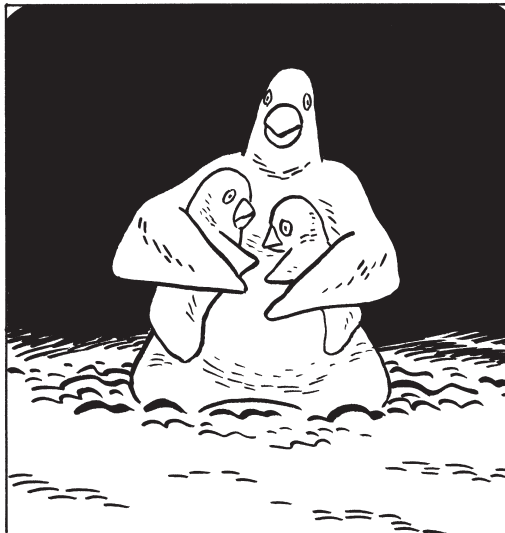
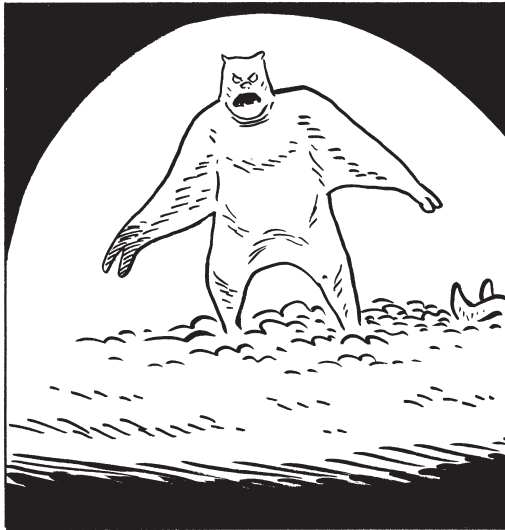


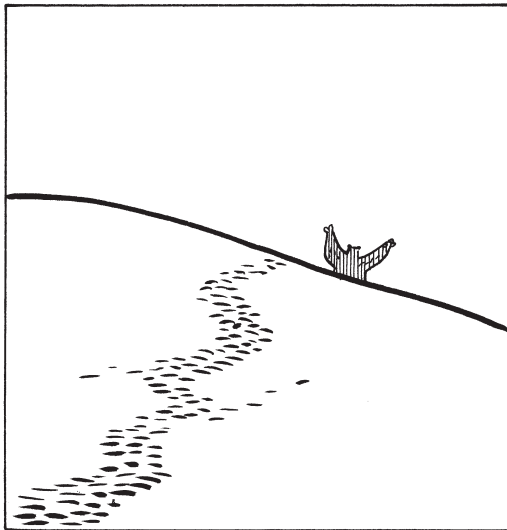
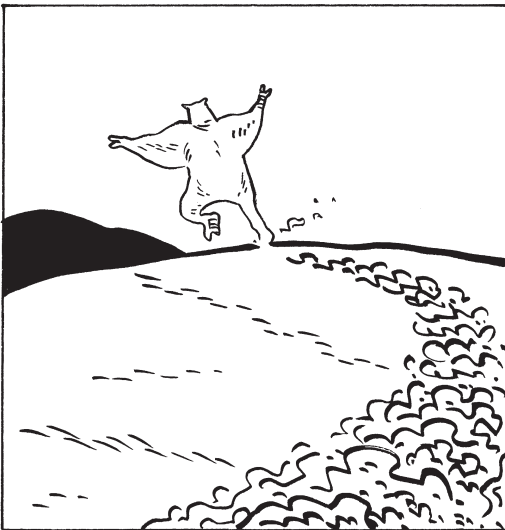
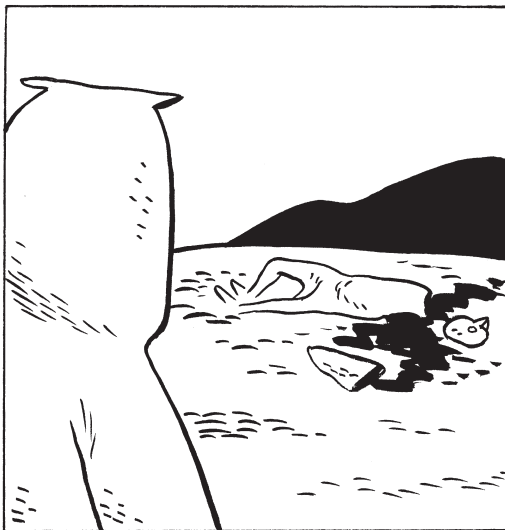
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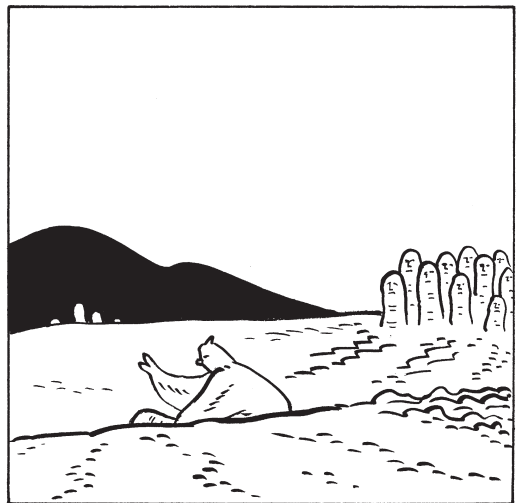
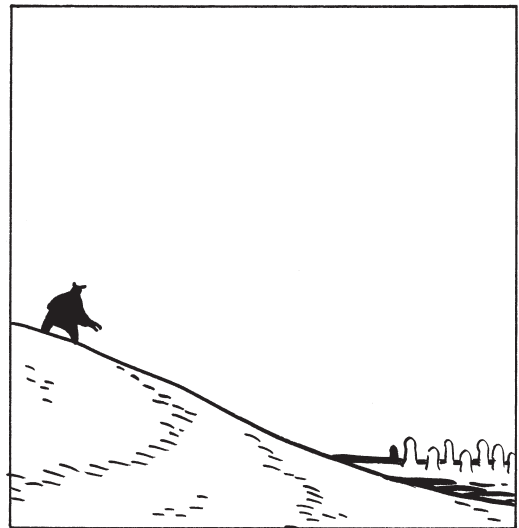
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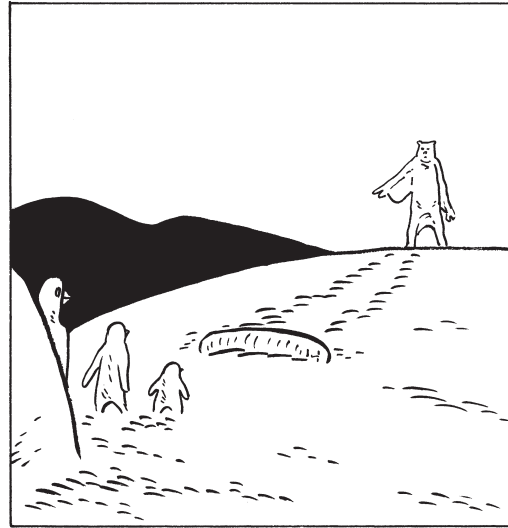
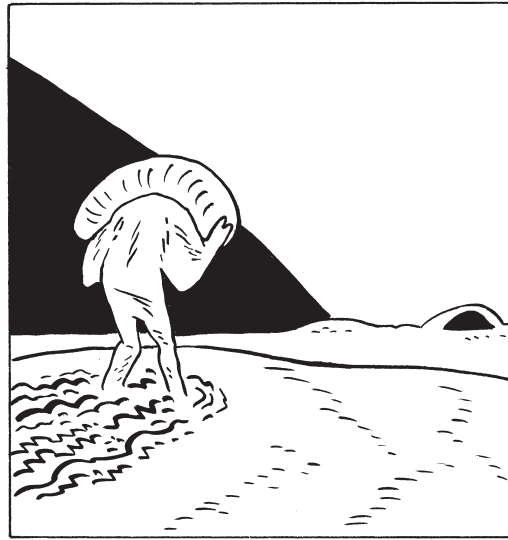






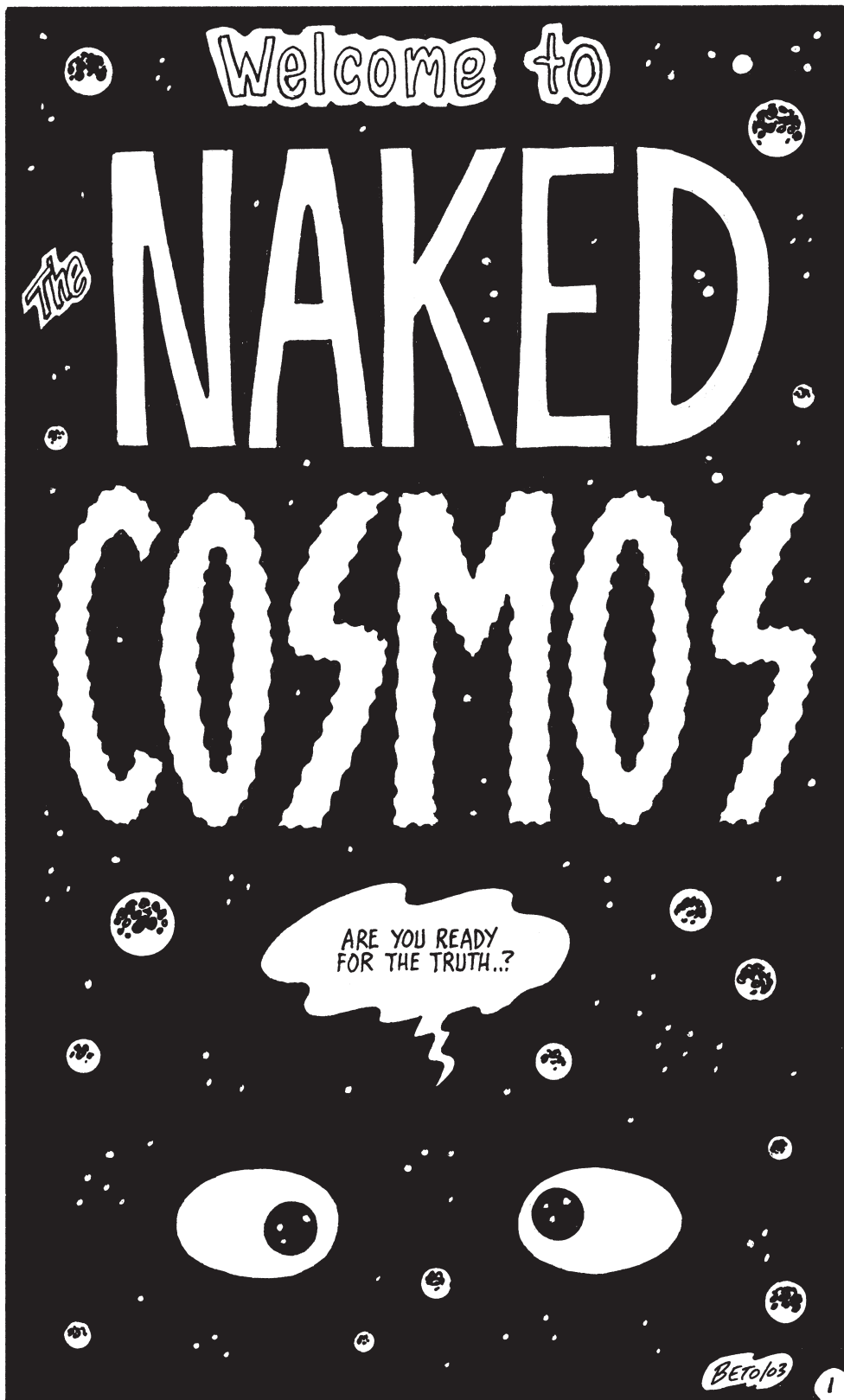


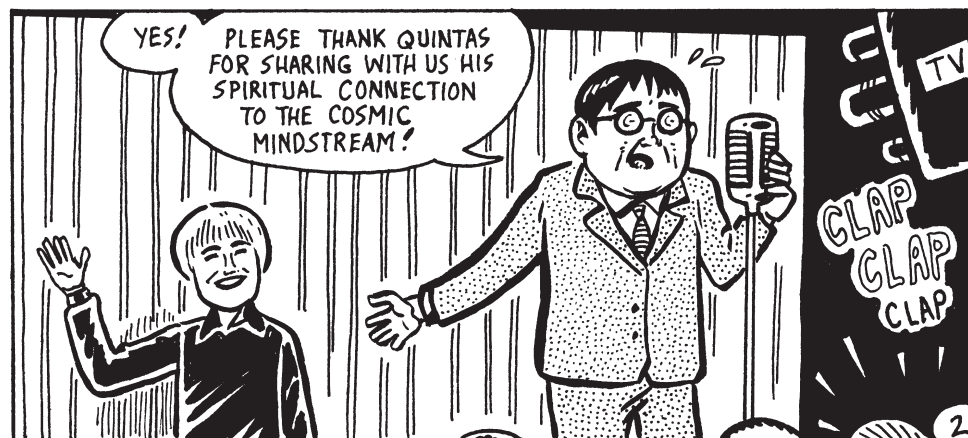
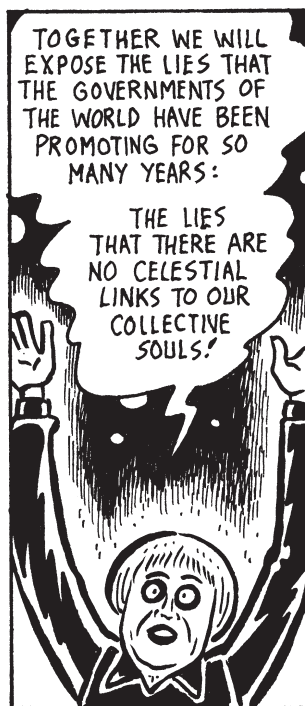


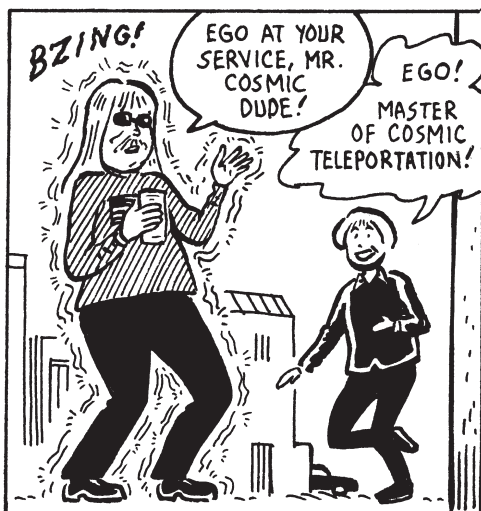
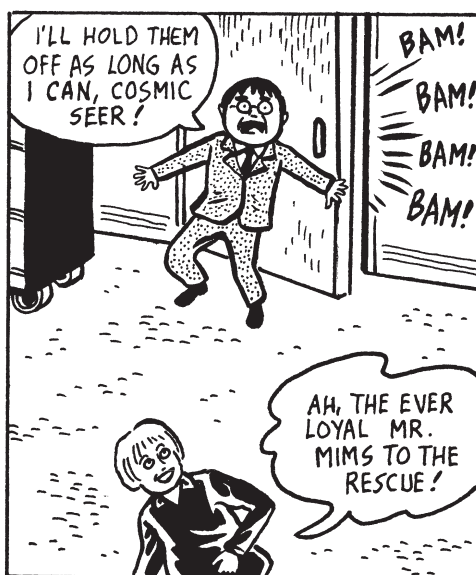


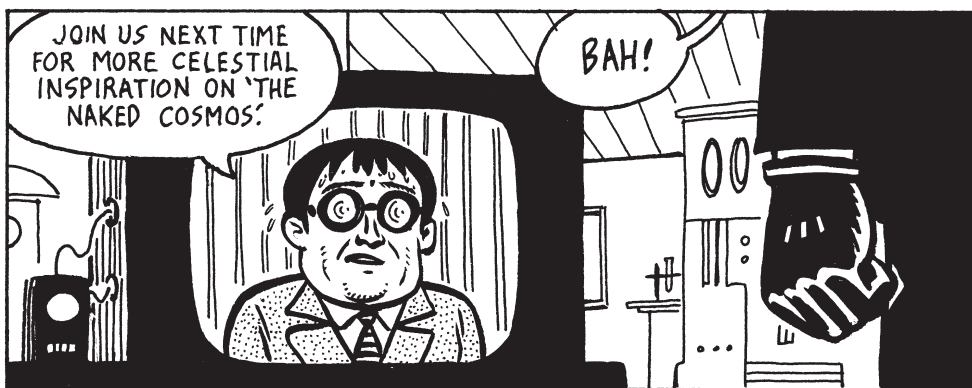
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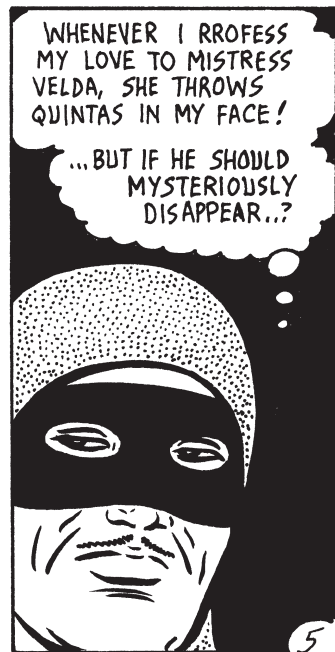
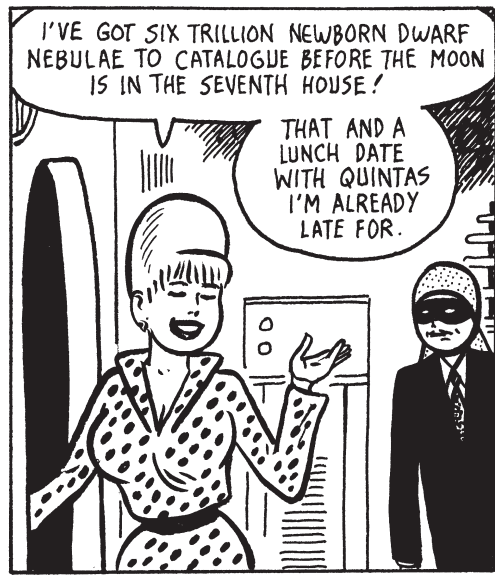
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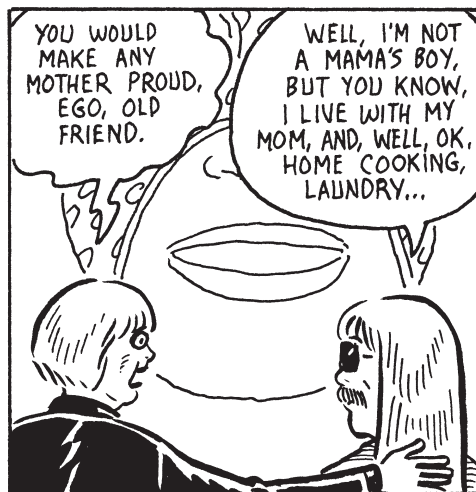
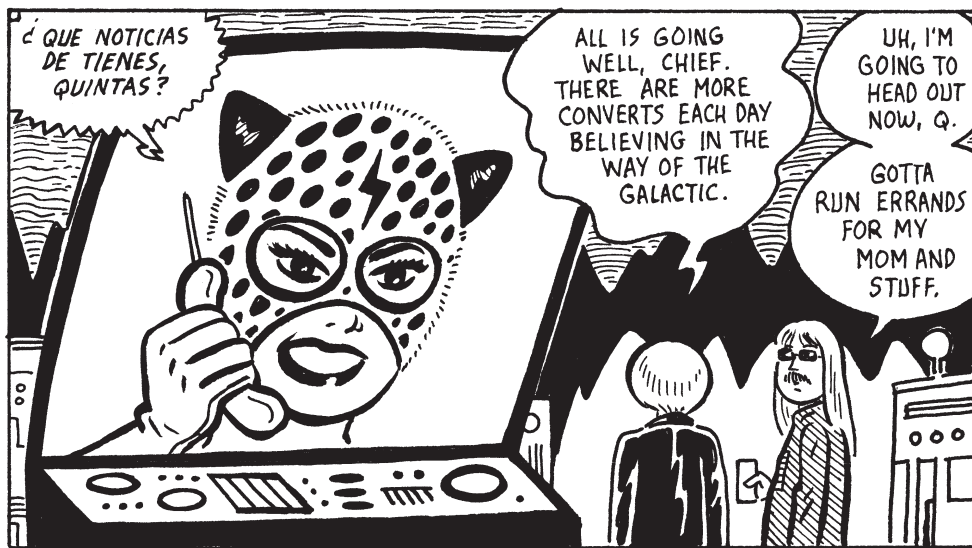


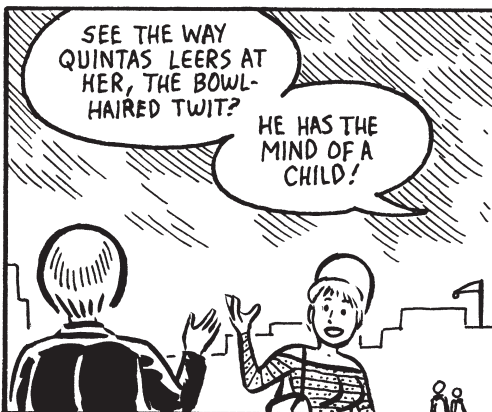


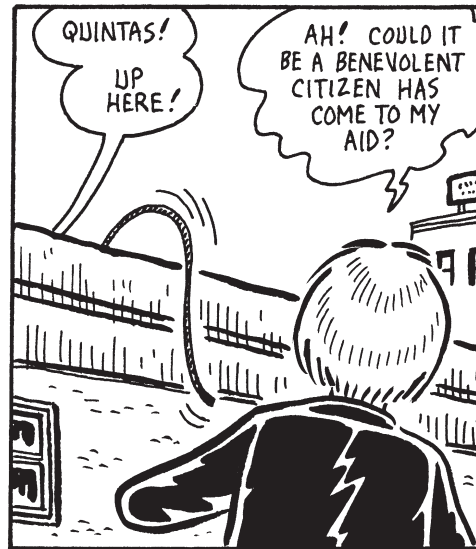
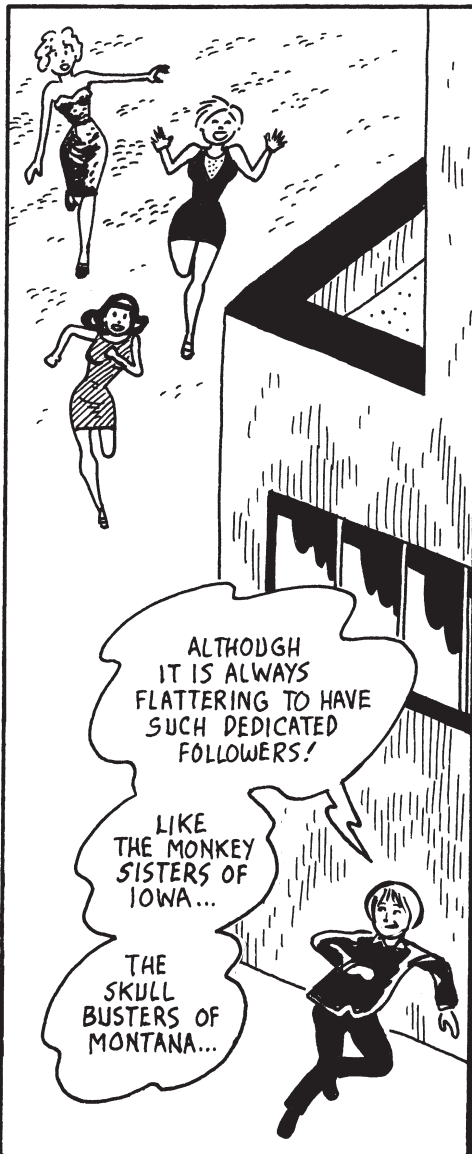








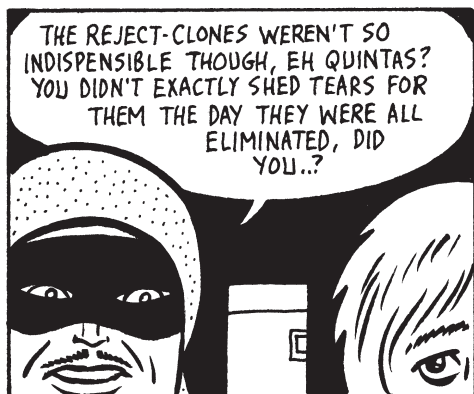


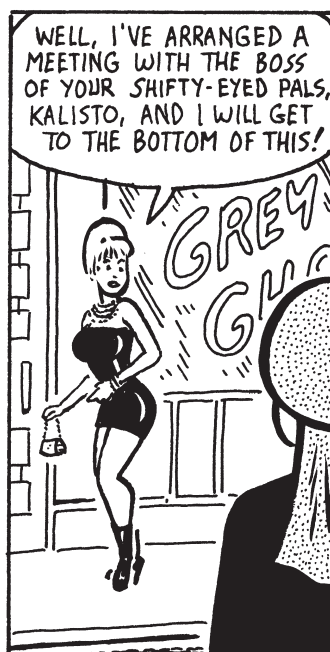
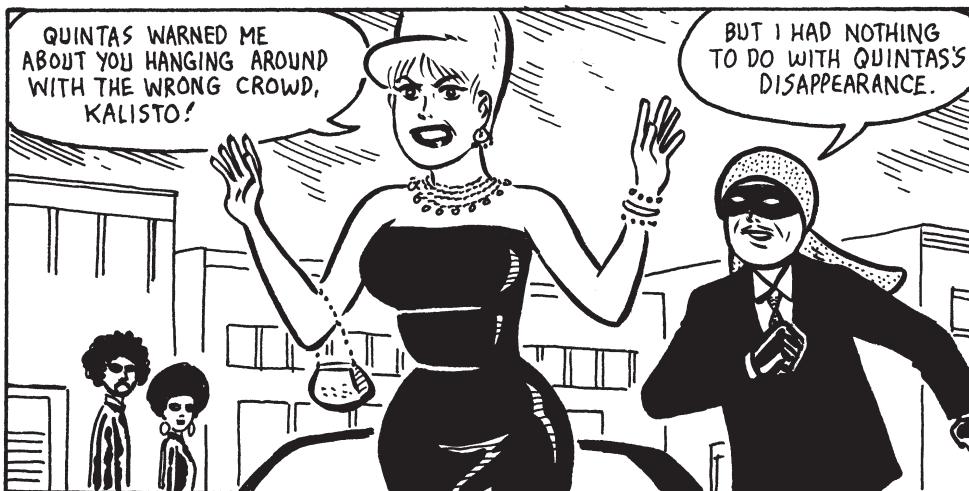


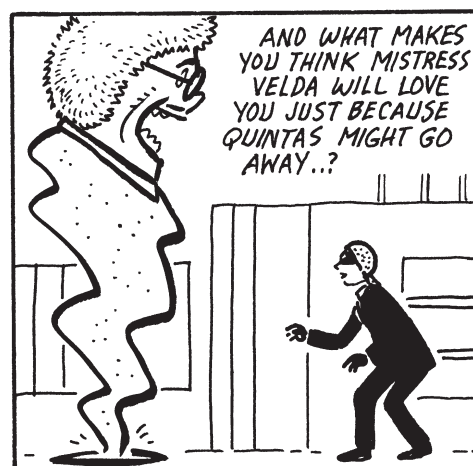
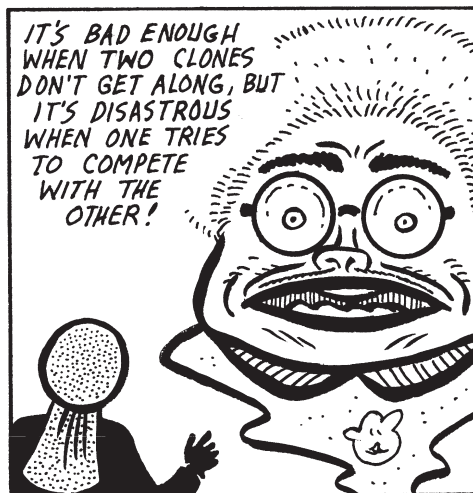


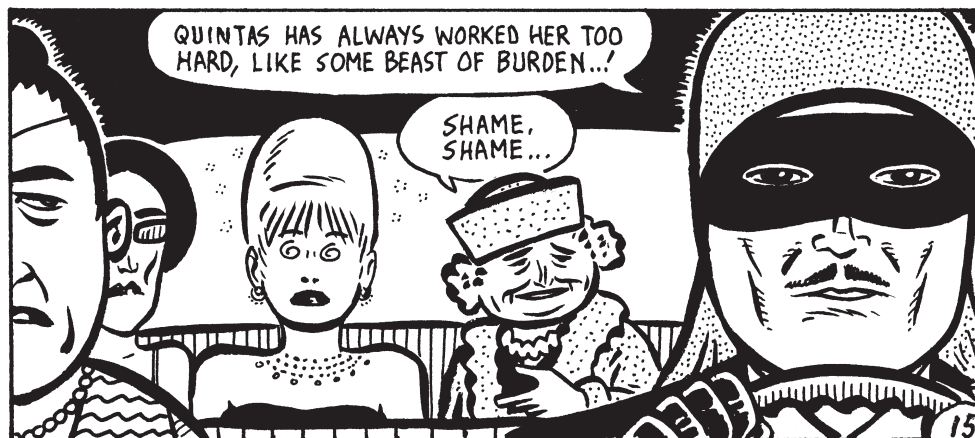
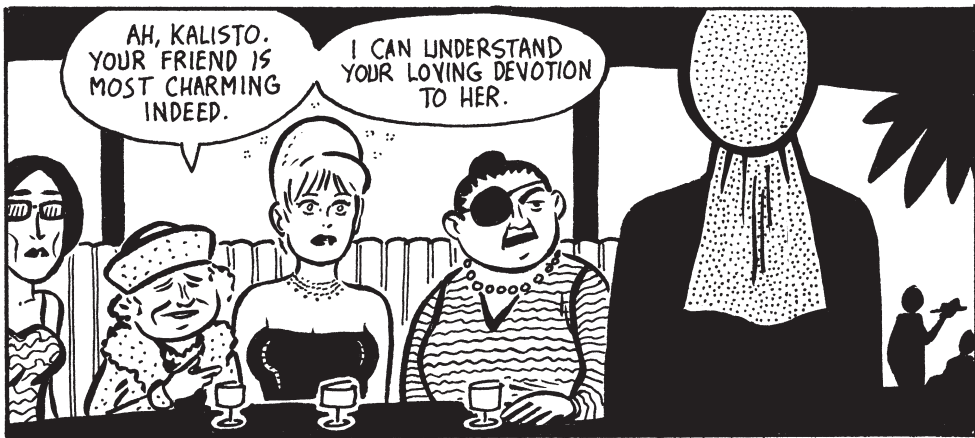


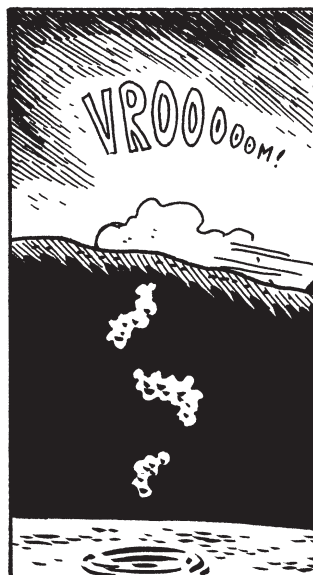
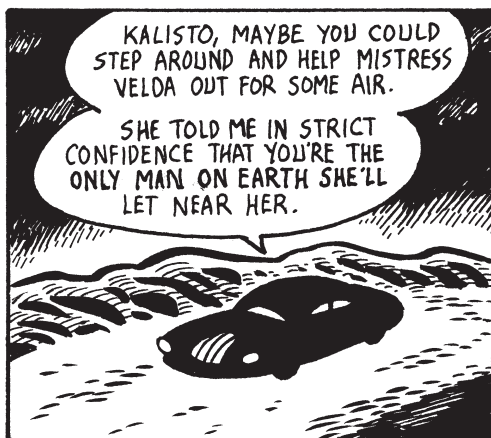


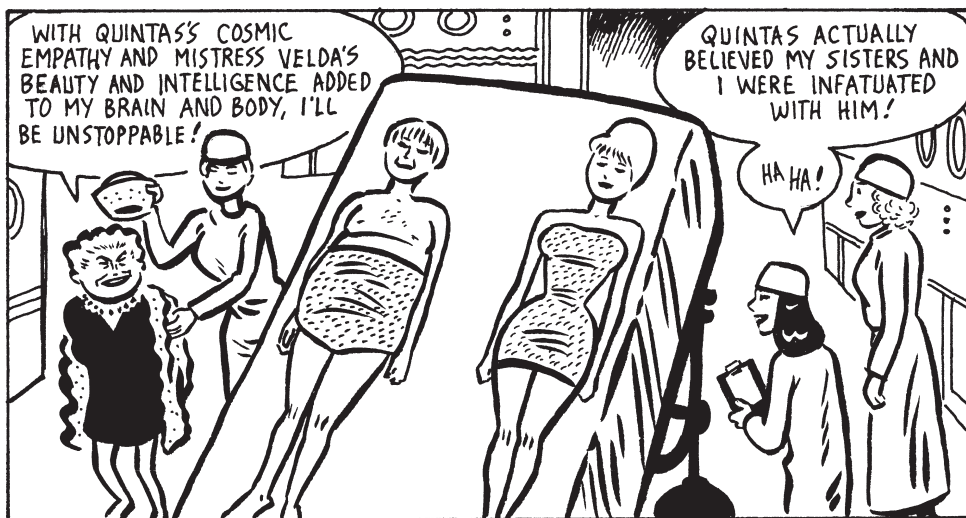






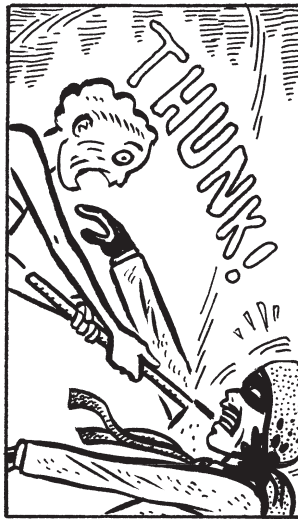




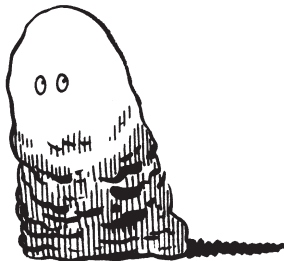
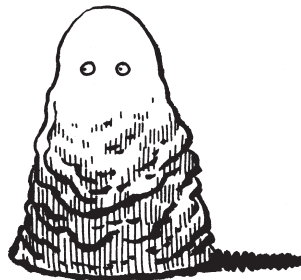






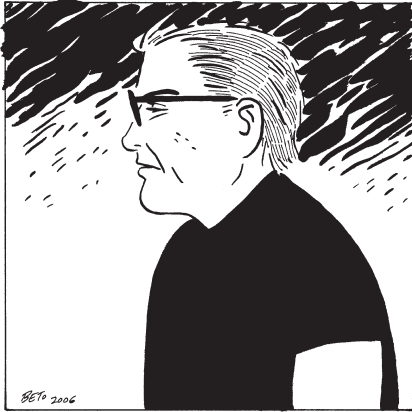


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GILBERT HERNANDEZ



Born in 1957, Gilbert Hernandez enjoyed a pleasant childhood in Oxnard, California, with four brothers and one sister. The siblings were, in Gilbert's words, "born into a world with comic books in the house" — Archie, Marvel, and *Dennis the Menace*. A further strain of comics DNA was added later when an older brother smuggled R. Crumb's *Zap* into the house.

Gilbert's childhood enthusiasm for comics was equaled only by his teenage appetite for rock and roll ('50s, '60s, '70s, punk). Both he and his brother Jaime created eye-catching poster art for local bands like the Angry Samoans, Agent Orange, Black Flag, and others through the early '80s.

Initiated by older brother Mario and bankrolled by younger brother Ismael, Gilbert and Jaime created *Love and Rockets* #1 in 1981. It may have been a very small, black-and-white affair, but almost a quarter of a century later, the series is regarded as a modern classic and the Hernandez brothers continue to create some of the most startling, original, and intelligent comic art to be seen since the '60s underground boom.

Ironically, the greatest mainstream exposure for Gilbert came when a British musical group appropriated the comic's name without permission in the 1980s. Years later, the name was symbolically reclaimed by Gilbert when he gave it to a fictional and exceptionally obnoxious garage band in the storyline "Love and Rockets X."

Gilbert lives in Las Vegas, Nevada, with his wife and daughter.