

Get #7 Ben'Y!



\$2.00
(CHEEP!)

Welcome to the 7th Big Issue of Get BenT!

As you'll see, I've once again done a split-format flip-book for you. For the uninitiated, '**Get BenT!**' is the title in which I do more straight humor stories, generally with some kind of pop-culture reference. The flip-side of this book houses another installment of '**Unshaven Chi**', where I like to do stories that have a bit of an auto-bio twist, (although I will not rule out filtering my experiences thru a bit of a fantastic lens, as you can see in this issue's "**A Public Service Announcement**".) I try to make each issue a stand-alone book, even though there are elements of continuity, particularly in the '**Sidney Skalinowicz**' stories. So, in that spirit, I give you a brief "**What has gone before**":

Sid and Dex are has-been Ska Musicians. They sold the souls of two lesser members of their band to a demon known only as The-Devil-You-Say, in exchange for one hit record. The-Devil-You-Say felt ripped-off after the deal, and has since been scheming to get even with Sid, leading to many a zany vignette. (see back issues of '**SKA-Toons**' and '**Get BenT!**') Recently, Sid and Dex tried to revive their careers by traveling to Japan. At the airport, they were met by demonic agents posing as customs officers, and arrested for carrying contraband. The pair was sentenced to spend life building bridges at Kwai prison colony. Mama Skalinowicz, who watches over her son like a good jewish mother, enlisted the aid of Nick Rooter, a plumber/spy-commando, and with a Giant Robot, busted Sid and Dex out of the prison. However, as they blasted off, they went out of orbit, and got lost in space. Confused? Wait. There's more. The trio of Mama, Sid and Dex landed on Planet Hektik, where the Irate Crops turned Mama into a cube. We soon found that the change merged Mama with the cosmos, giving cosmic dimension-warping capabilities to the holder of the cube. This aura of power brought a villain from one of Dex's comic books to life, Der Red Pumpkin. The pumpkin, on a vegetable-friendly planet, amassed troops and seized the cube, intending to use it to go to New Yor and take over the comics biz. That's where we begin this issue's little interlude, "**A Void Dance**".

That's the plot basics, if you want the jokes, order my back issues. Check out the text pages near the centerfold for background on the pop-culture references in this story.

Get BenT! #7/ Unshaven Chi #3 was created, written, and drawn and is copyright 2000 by Ben T. Steckler. Single page reprints are allowed for purposes of review, but if you work at The Comics Journal, you are welcome to print as much of my book as you can in the pages of that esteemed font of graphic knowledge. Gary Groth is God. Tom Spurgeon is Jesus. I'm gonna start wearing a 'W.W.T.S.D.?' Bracelet pretty soon. Of course, if it doesn't help my sales, you guys are back to square one with all the other critics, you know! Address all correspondence, orders, and hate-mail to Ben T. Steckler, POB 7273, York, PA, 17404

A VOID DANCE

...MEIN TROOPS UND
I VILL GO TO
NEW YORK,
UND TAKE OVER
ZE ENTIRE
COMICS INDUSTRY!

-AN INTERLUDE
FOR
SIDNEY SKALINOWICZ,
MAN IN SPACE!
by BENT!

I'LL SEE ZAT
YOU NEFFER
ESCAPE DER
"MINI-COMICS"!!

...AH, MEIN TROOPS, BEFORE
VE GO TO NEW YORK,

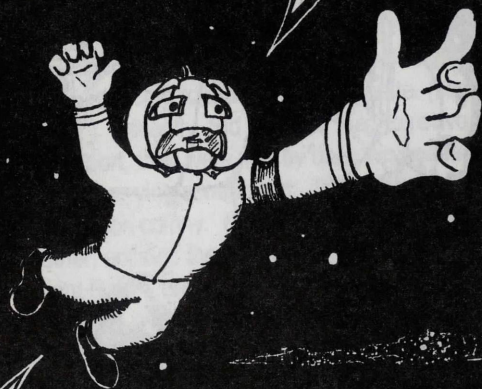
...I HAFF UN
URCH TO
FISSIT ZIS
"HOOTERS"...

ENH? VAS IS DAS?!!

POIT!!

WHERE AM I?

WHERE IST
MEIN TROOPS?



WHERE IST
DER CUBE?!

OH, THE FIRST QUESTION IS
EASY... YOU ARE INSIDE ME.

VAS?

AS FOR YOUR
TROOPS...


LET'S JUST SAY I
"STIR-FRIED" 'EM!

JUST AS EASILY AS
I SNUFFED THAT
CANDLE IN YOUR
HOLLOW HEAD!

THE 'CUBE' IS JUST A
3-D REPRESENTATION OF
MY TRUE NATURE.. MUCH
AS YOU ARE A 3-D PROJECTION
OF A 2-D COMIC CHARACTER.

HUNH?

WHO ARE YOU?



I'M YOUR WORST
NIGHTMARE, NAZI...

DER MÜDDER?!
-SCHEISSE!!

... A JEW WITH THE
POWER COSMIC!

VHAIT... YOU SAY YOU ARE A JEW?
...A JEW MIT DER "POWER COSMIC"?

5

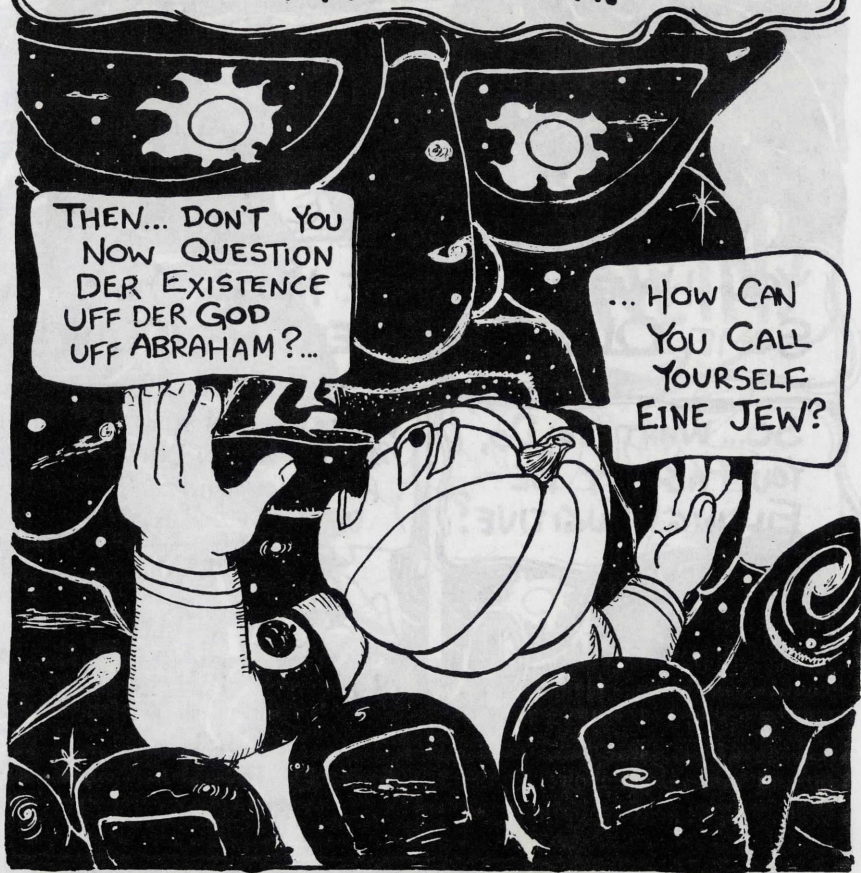
YES.

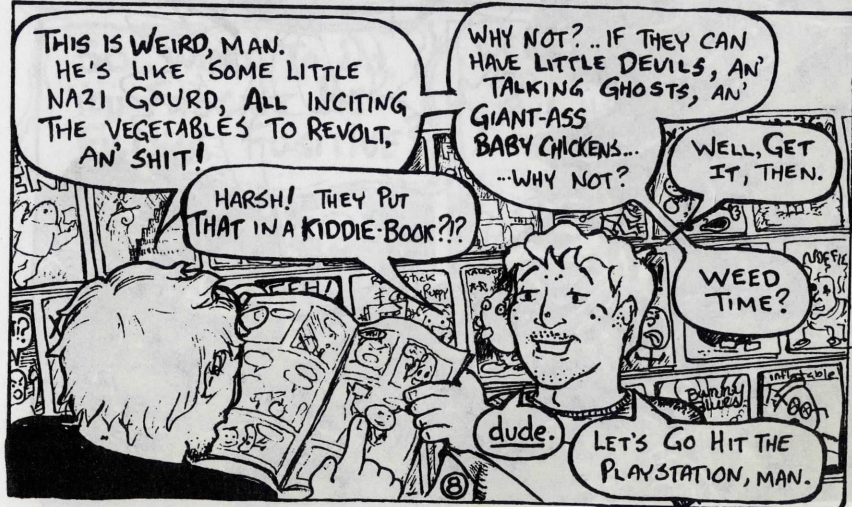
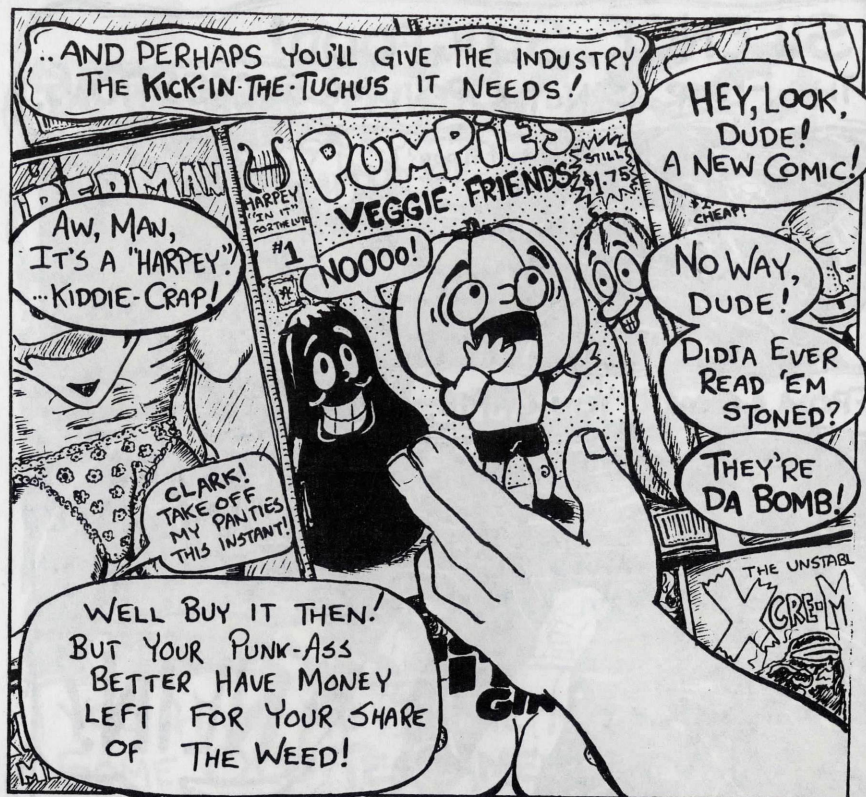
VHELL,... VHOULD YOU
SAY YOU HAFF
"ABSOLUTE POWER"?

I AM A UNIVERSE UNTO MYSELF!
I AM THAT POWER!

THEN... DON'T YOU
NOW QUESTION
DER EXISTENCE
UFF DER GOD
UFF ABRAHAM?...

... HOW CAN
YOU CALL
YOURSELF
EINE JEW?





TCH! TCH! TCH!
...TEENS TODAY.

I'M SO GLAD
MY SIDNEY IS
THRU THAT PHASE.

I WONDER IF I
SHOULD USE MY
POWER TO GET
HIM HOME?

NAAH! HE'S A
GROWN MENSCH.
LET HIM GET HOME
HIMSELF!

MAYBE I
SHOULD LOOK
FOR YAHWEH...

I KNOW OF A
DEVIL I
PLAN TO HAVE
A "TALK" WITH.



I WONDER
IF THAT HANDSOME
NICK ROOTER
IS "FREE" TONIGHT?

IF NOT, I CAN
CERTAINLY MAKE
HIM FREE.

OH YEAH! MAMA'S GONNA GET SOME!

...ELSE WHERE,
ON PLANET HEKTIK...

LOOK, DEX!

I FOUND US
ANOTHER CUBE!

WE CAN GO
HOME,
NOW!



10

TO BE
CONTINUED ?

THE TREACHERY of HOMAGES!





7-18-1929

JALACY "SCREAMIN' JAY" HAWKINS
ROCK'N ROLL VOO DOO IDOL

2-12-2000

BENT

A GET BENT! BONUS PIN-UP

Plugs Page

Sex & Death is the theme of Mike Tolento's latest issue of **Empty Life** (#14). This issue represents a bold artistic step for Swanky Mike. Underneath a red translucent overlay cover, we get a 15 page dada-ist 'story' juxtaposing images and captions seemingly at random. Any story found depends on what the reader brings to the table, too, so it's a different read for each individual. The effect is both surreal and jarring. Way to fuck with the critics, Mike. If they don't understand it, it's because they can't make the closure. It's their fault! \$2.00 (+ 55 cents postage) from: **Mr. Mike Tolento, POB 20028, Santa Barbara, CA, 93120**

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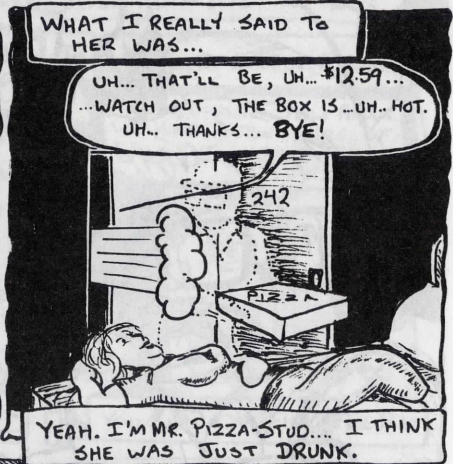
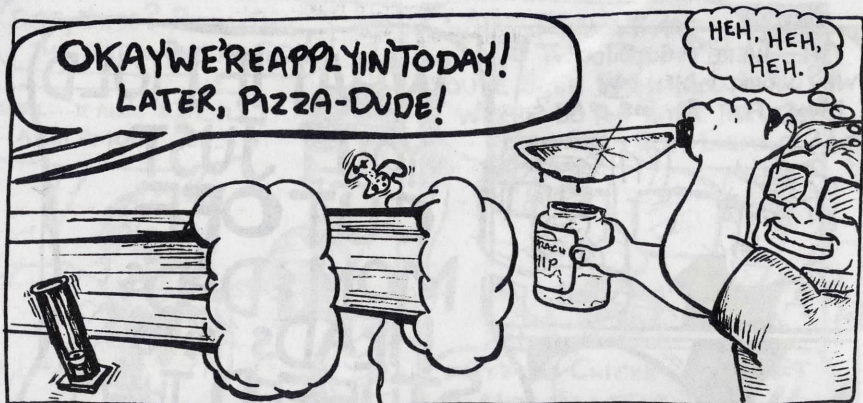
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**EXTRA-SPECIAL,
SILENCE-THE-CRITICS
ISSUE!**



**SUMMER/FALL
2000**



**UN-SHAY-
VEN CHEE!**



#3

**by
BENT**

WELCOME TO ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF UNSHAVEN CHI!

This is the title in which I explore more personal themes, with a bit of auto-bio twist. for the uninitiated, I'll provide a bit of background info. I'm 37, a former military officer, life-long comic reader, and holder of two bachelor's degrees. Yet, I now live at home with Mom & Dad, draw comics, and deliver pizzas for a living. WHY? Did I have some sort of breakdown? Naaah! Someday I'll sit down and draw the whole story, but for now, suffice to say I'm HAPPY this way.

I have no responsibilities or dependents, I have a low stress job with flexible hours that pays pretty damn good. (above the national average wage) I did have a comic shop, which I went into debt trying to keep open, but it's now four years since I closed it, and I'm getting rid of most of the debts from that place, without needing to go thru bankruptcy, so I'm feeling good. My lovelife could use some work, but, I'm not looking too hard for romance.

So now you have a bit of an idea who I am. With this issue, I've made a decision to stop censoring my work just because my Mom might see it; I hope this will make for better reading for you. I welcome reviews and letters of comment.

All correspondence and orders can be sent to:

Ben T. Steckler

POB 7273

York, PA, 17404

email me at: bsteckler@netrax.net

Additional copies of this book are available for \$2.55 each thru the above POB. I welcome inquiries from retailers and distributors. I have very generous terms, and am available for store appearances, weddings, parties and Bar Mitzvahs.



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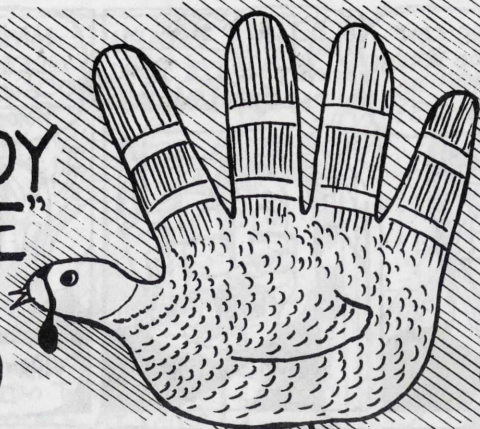
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"A HANDY TALE"

(OR... "BENT
ANSWERS
MAIL FROM
A TURKEY")



by
BENT
(AGE 37)

HI, FOLKS!
BENT HERE!



...I'VE BEEN
GETTING FEEDBACK
LATELY ABOUT THE
WAY I DRAW HANDS.



"TONY C.", IN PARTICULAR,
SAYS, "...WORK ON YOUR
HANDS...I MEAN
STUDY HANDS A
LITTLE MORE..."



MY FIRST REACTION
TO THIS WAS A
SIMPLE GESTURE...



A "HERE'S TO YOU,
TONY!"...

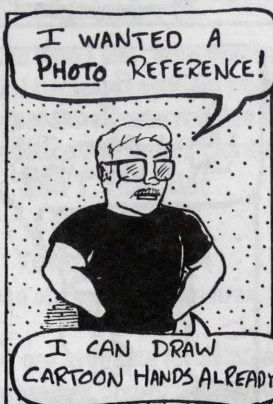
... BUT THEN, I THOUGHT,
MAYBE, TONY HAS
A POINT?...



...MAYBE I SHOULD
WORK ON MY HANDS...



...SO I WENT LOOKING
FOR A GOOD REFERENCE...



I DON'T RECALL WHAT I SAID
EXACTLY, BUT I'M SURE IT
WAS AS CORNY AS THIS...

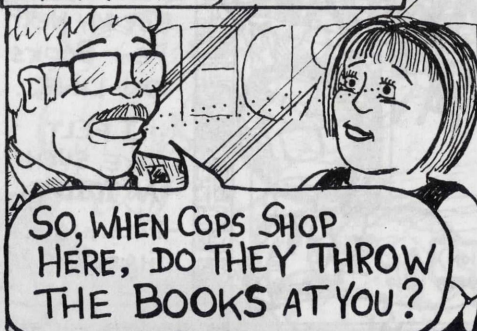


SO, WHEN COPS SHOP
HERE, DO THEY THROW
THE BOOKS AT YOU?

i'm sorry... i didn't
hear you?



I FIGURED, I HAVE A LOW
SPEAKING VOICE, AND IT'S A
NOISY STORE, SO...



SO, WHEN COPS SHOP
HERE, DO THEY THROW
THE BOOKS AT YOU?



...i still can't
hear you...

**WHEN COPS
SHOP HERE,
DO THEY THROW
THE BOOKS AT YOU!**

...WHEN I HAD TO
SHOUT IT, THAT
LINE WAS SO NOT
SUAVE.



...THEN IT GOT WORSE...

can you help me?
i'm having trouble
hearing him.

HEARING
AID

ME =



HEE
HAW!



(ARTIST'S IMPRESSION)

NEEDLESS
TO SAY,
I'LL PROBABLY
BUY MY NEXT
FEW BOOKS
ON-LINE...
...I FELT
LIKE SUCH
AN IDIOT,
-FALLING FOR
THAT OLD GAG.

I MEAN, SHE WAS
PULLING MY LEG,
RIGHT?



... BECAUSE I WAS...
...GETTING SIGN LANGUAGE
CARDS... RIGHT?

...IF SHE WASN'T
JOKING,
...THAT WAS ONE
LOUSY HEARING AID.



END

A PUBLIC SERVICE

ANNOUNCEMENT...

MAN! IT'S SO COOL YOU
FINALLY GOT "DEMOLI-RACE"
UP TO THE VAN LEVEL.

WE NEED
A VAN.

WE COULD GET
CHICKS, AN'
PARTY AN' STUFF



YEAH, DUDE.
-TOOK ME FOREVER.
IF YOU CRASH MY
MEMORY CARD,
I'LL KILL YOU!



HEY, MAN, IS THE SCREEN
SUPPOSED TO GET ALL
FUNKY LIKE THIS?

...OR IS IT
THE WEED?

YOU BETTER
NOT HAVE
SCREWED UP
THE GAME!

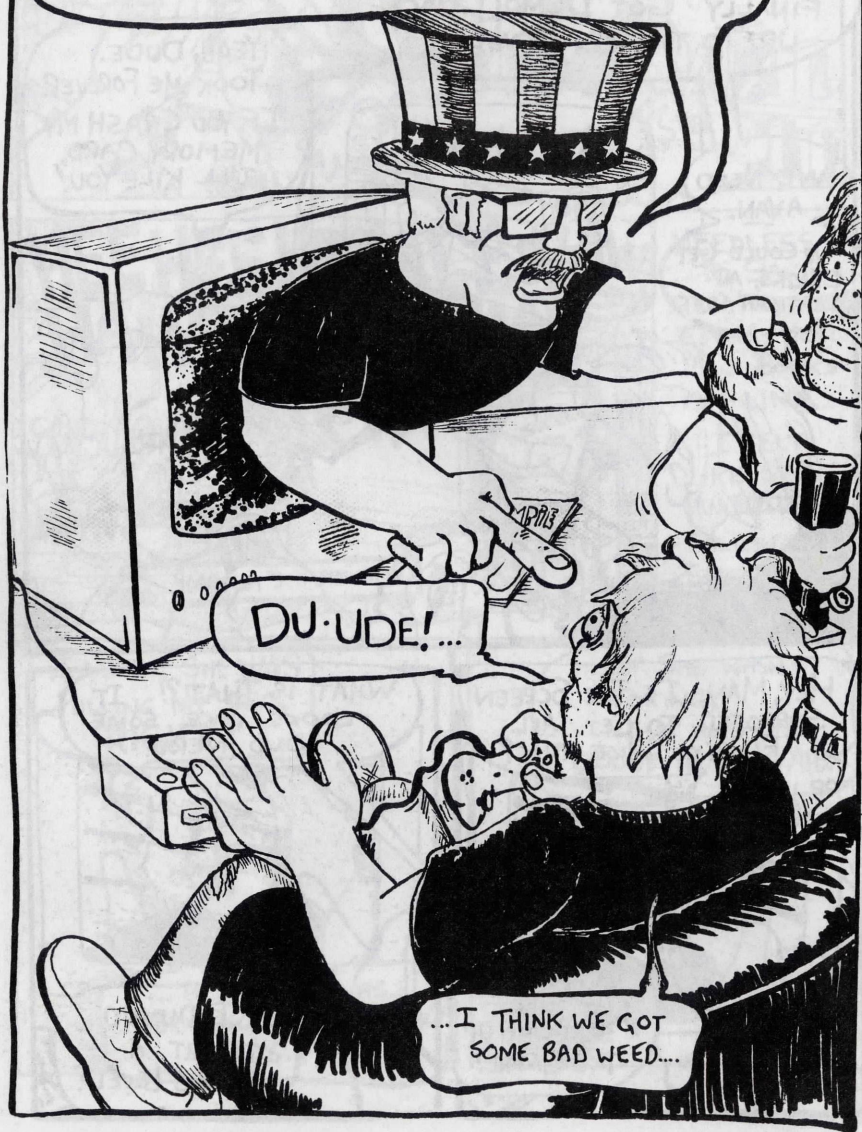
WHAT IS THAT?! IT
LOOKS LIKE SOME
OLD NERD!

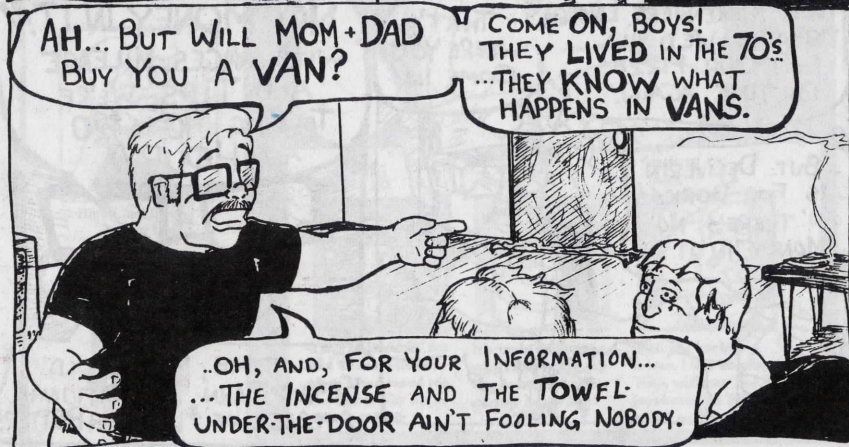


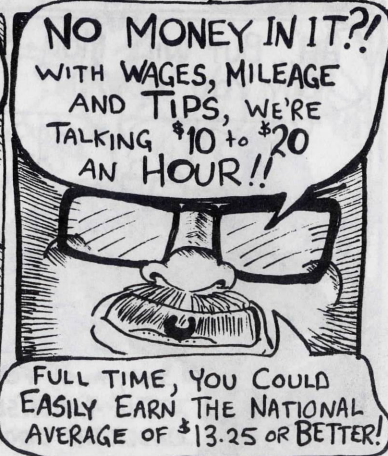
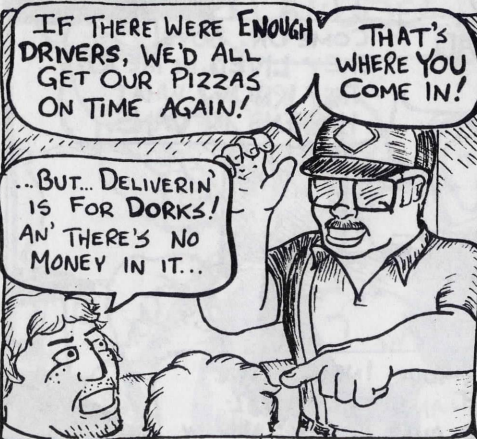
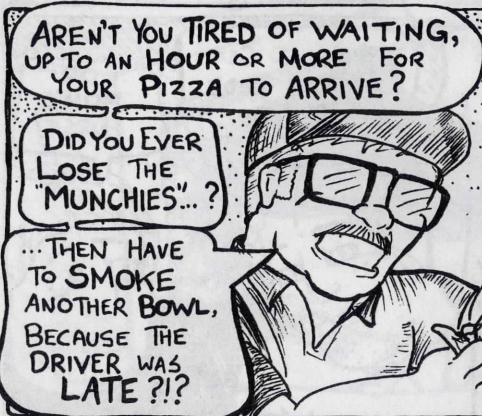
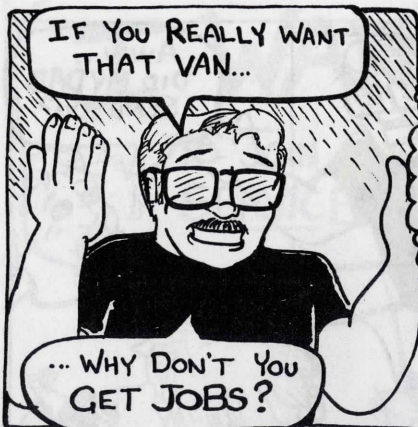
I DUNNO...
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BONUS LEVEL?

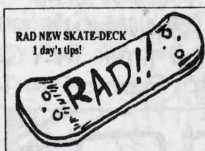
I WANT YOU...

...TO JOIN OUR ECONOMY'S
SERVICE SECTOR!









RAD NEW SKATE-DECK
1 day's tips!



Carton of Cigarettes
1 Day's Tips!



New Video-Game Software
1 day's Tips!



Softball Glove 1 day's Tips!



2 Day's Tips!
O.J. Autographed Football and Knife Set!



KISS Tickets!! 2 Day's Tips!



MISFITS
cd box set
2 day's Tips!



Official "Tom Green" edition DRUGHABITRAIL BONG
1 Day's Tips!



In-Line Skates
2 Day's Tips!



Cheap Hooker
2 Day's Tips!

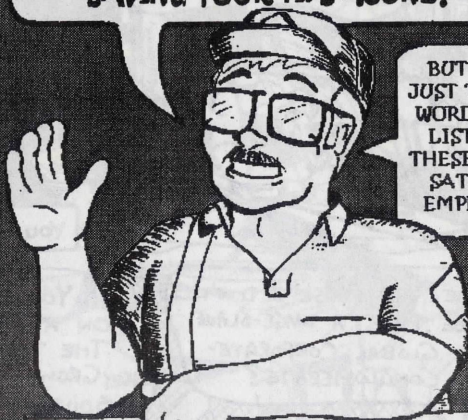


High-Class Hooker
4 day's Tips!



Tie-Dye Kit
1 day's Tips!

JUST CHECK OUT SOME OF THE WAY COOL THINGS YOU COULD PURCHASE JUST FROM SAVING YOUR TIPS ALONE!



BUT DON'T JUST TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, LISTEN TO THESE OTHER SATISFIED EMPLOYEES

CLETUS,
AGE 20



I was deliverin' fer just unner a week afore I had saved me enough to buy me a fine hooker!

VELMA,
AGE 25

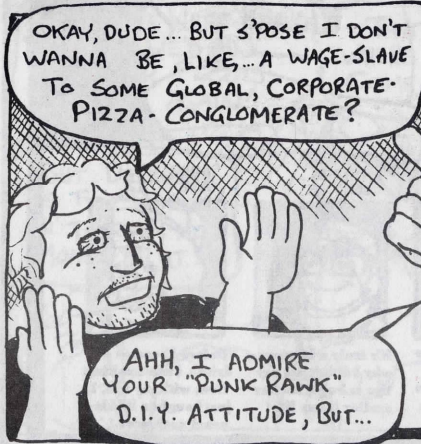
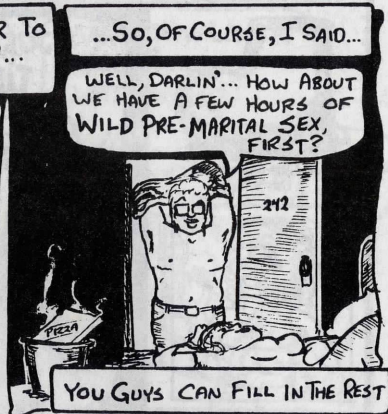
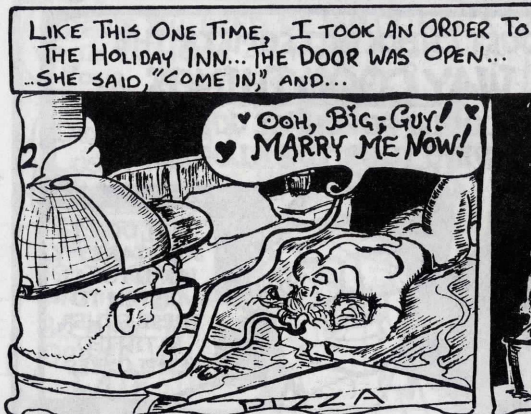


It's truly a Mystery why I didn't use my tips to buy a hooker earlier in my life!

BUBBLES,
AGE 32



Before I became a driver, I was hooking. Now, with my tips, I just bought a REAL pearl necklace!



AH... THERE YA GO, DUDE!
WHY WORK WHEN MY
MOM + POP PAY FOR IT ALL?



WHAT IF I TOLD
YOU I JUST
CUT OFF
MOM & DAD'S
HEADS AND
STUFFED THEM
INTO THE FRIDGE?!!



...AND YOU'RE OUTTA
MAYONNAISE, TOO!!

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