

URBAN HIPSTER

DAVID LASKY, GREG STUMP, ALTERNATIVE COMICS

\$2.95



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DAVID LASKY and GREG STUMP

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UH PERSONNEL

PUBLISHER
Jeff Mason

CONTINUITY EDITOR
Ed Brubaker

STORY DEVELOPMENT EDITOR
Deb Siegel

PHOTOGRAPHER
Cathy Mae Carter

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You were never "popular"
in high school...



Your parents don't
understand...



You've always had a poor
self-image...



You vandalized the head-
cheerleader's house...



Your parents divorced when
you were just a baby...



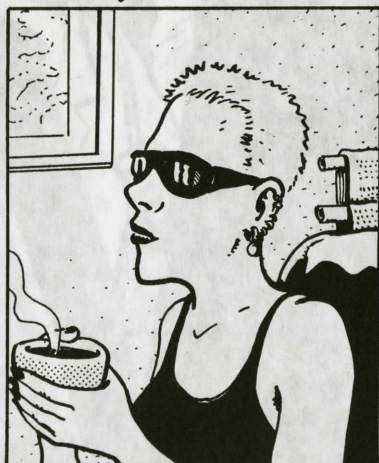
You've Finally stopped
thinking about suicide...



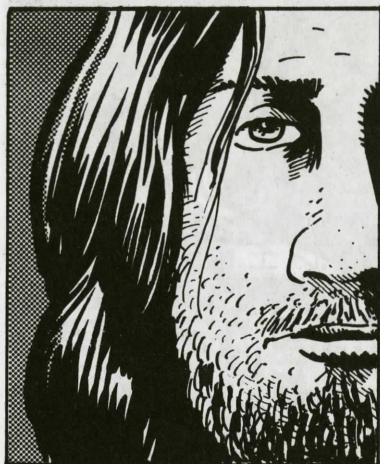
Your house was vandalized
for no apparent reason...



Your parents divorced as
soon as you left home...



Except for a few pairs of under-
wear, all your clothes are black...



The football team beat you
up in the locker room...



You don't ever plan
to get married...



You can quit any
time you want...



You quit the football team
after your first "trip"...



You'd rather not talk
about your father...



You have a crush on the
guy who makes your lattes...



Nobody
understood...



You call Mom every
Sunday at seven-thirty...



You're strong enough for a man,
but made for a woman...



You've seen every episode...



Your hippie parents gave
you that silly name...



You know she's out there...
somewhere...



You couldn't wait to leave
that crappy little town...



You thank God For
your trust fund...



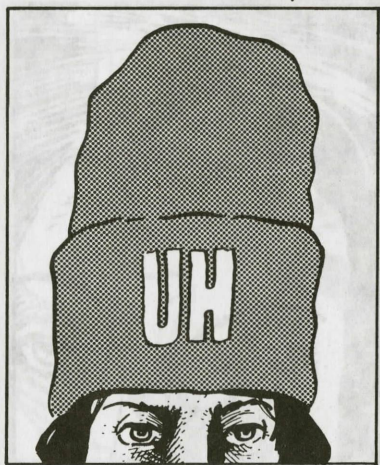
You don't wear your clothes...
so much as they wear you...



You "just did it"...



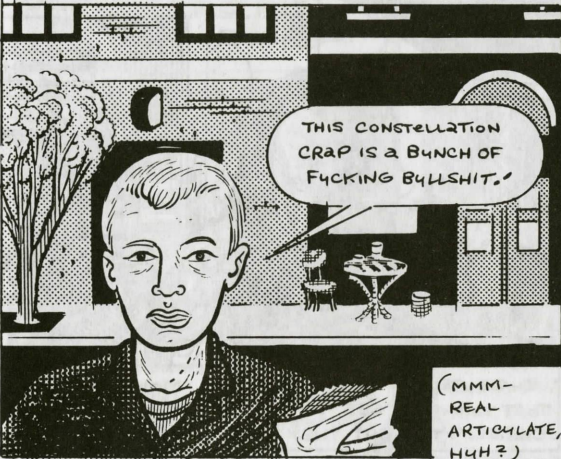
You can't go home again.
They won't let you...



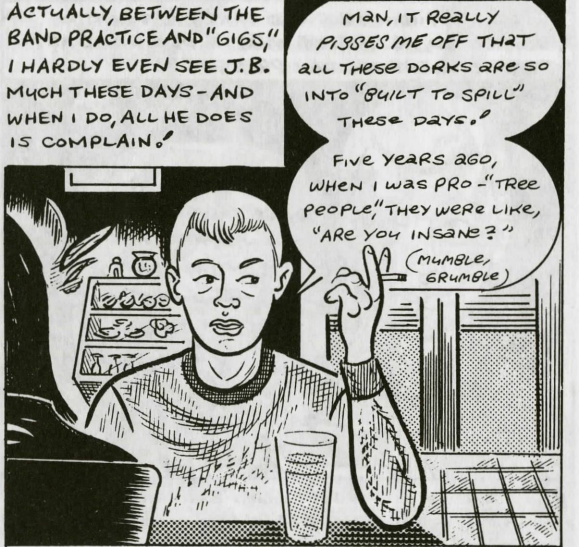
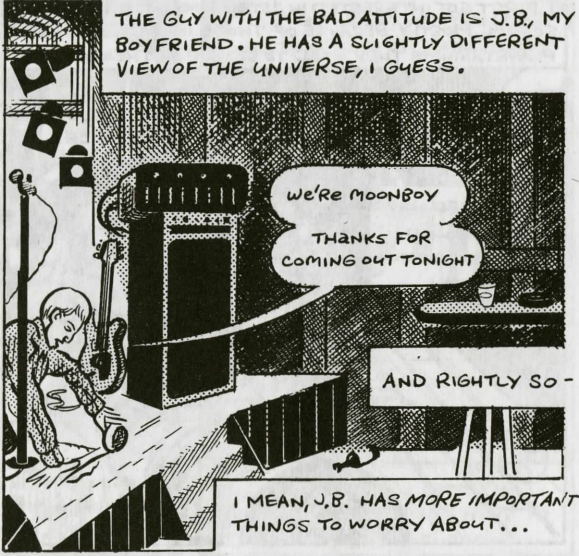
Your time is now...

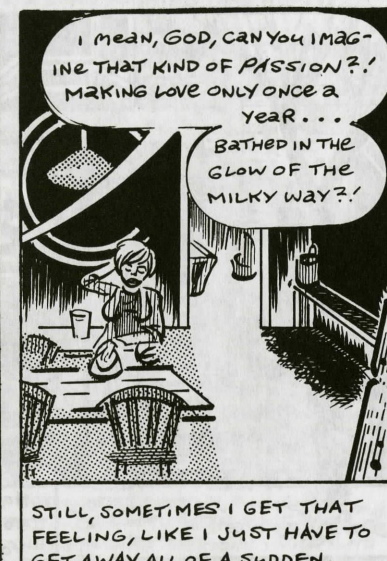
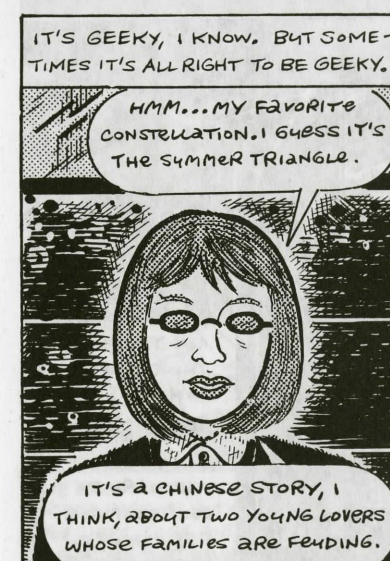
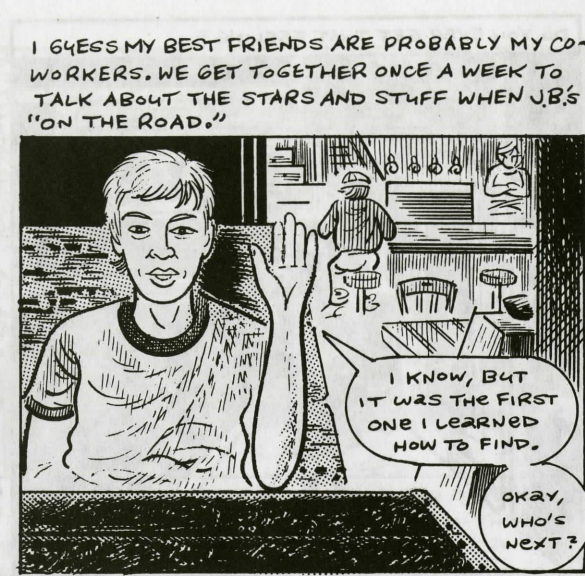
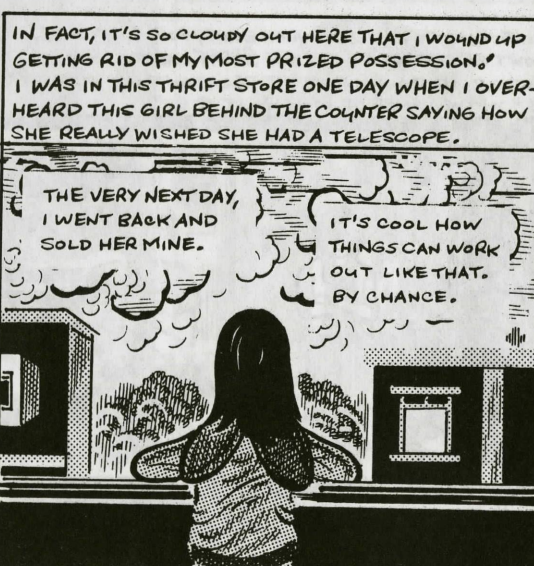
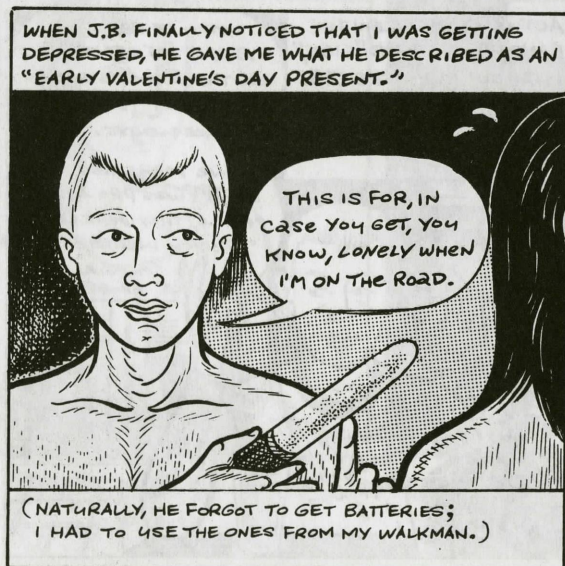
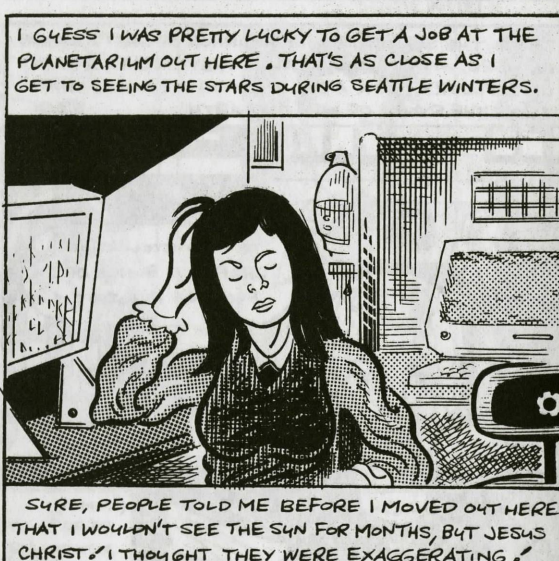
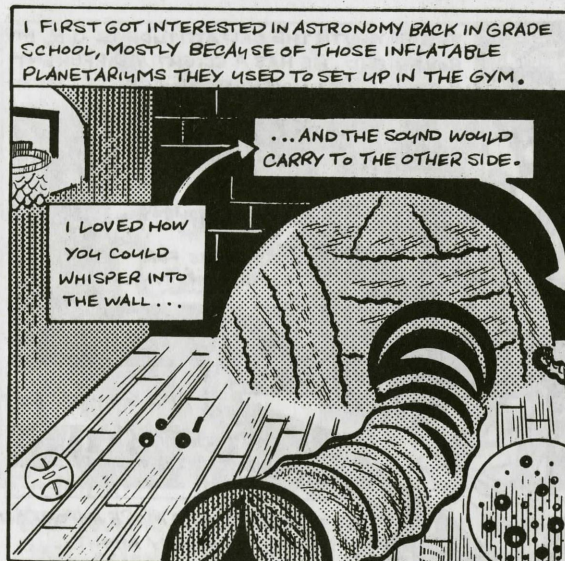
LOST IN SPACE

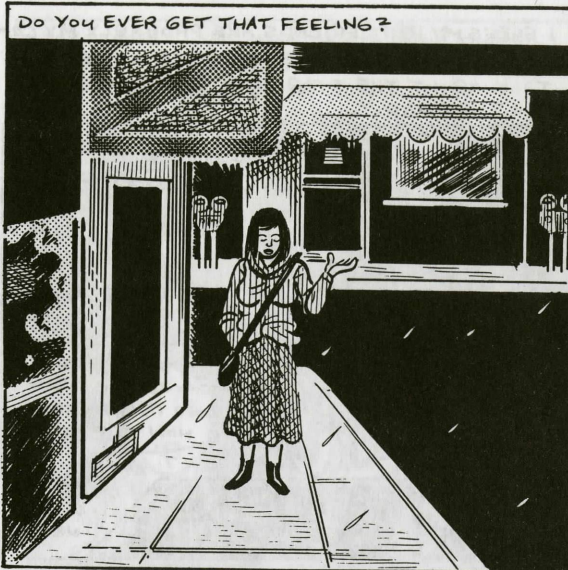
TO ME, THE STARS ARE LIKE A MIRROR OF WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, WITH US. NO, REALLY. THEY CREATE A KIND OF TAPESTRY... OR A BIG BOOK OF PICTURES THAT TELLS THE STORY OF LIFE ON EARTH...



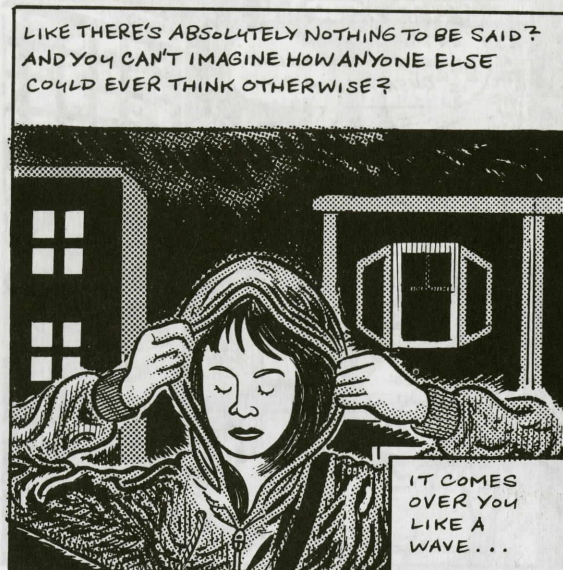
LIKE THIS STUPID GODDAMN BAND, FOR INSTANCE. DON'T GET ME WRONG, THEY'RE GREAT AND EVERYTHING, BUT J.B. IS STILL UNDER THE DELUSION THAT "MOONBOY" IS "ON THE VERGE OF MAKING IT BIG."







DO YOU EVER GET THAT FEELING?

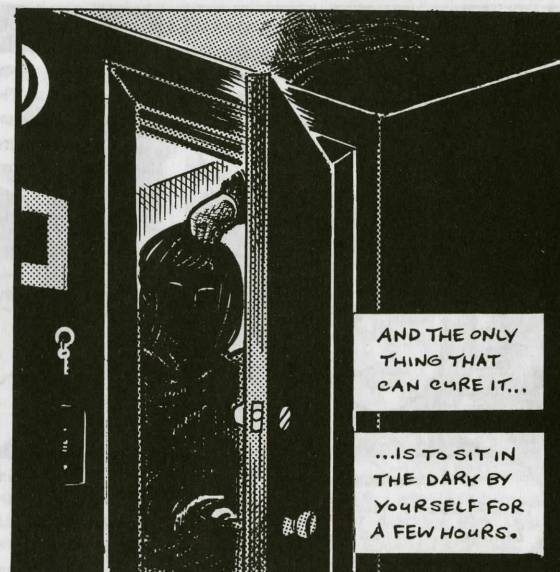


LIKE THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO BE SAID?
AND YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW ANYONE ELSE
COULD EVER THINK OTHERWISE?

IT COMES
OVER YOU
LIKE A
WAVE...

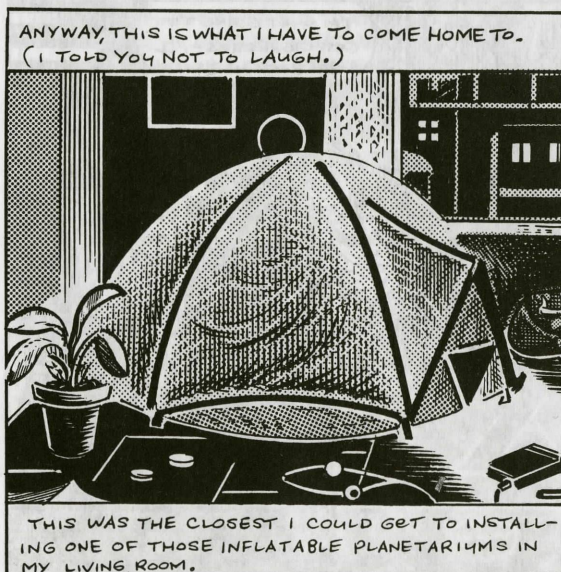


NO MATTER WHERE
YOU ARE OR WHO
YOU'RE WITH...



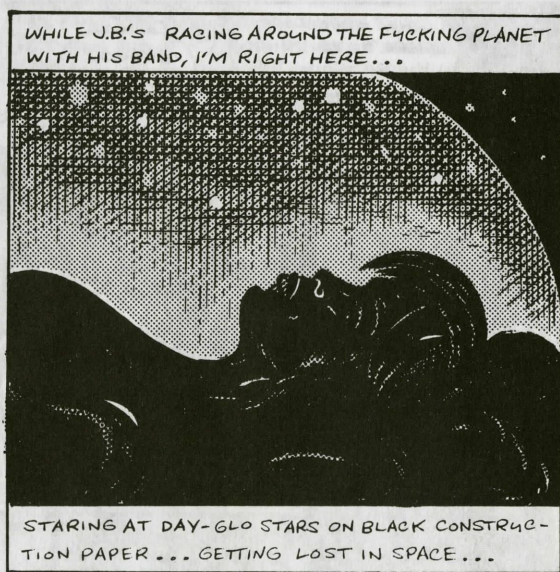
AND THE ONLY
THING THAT
CAN CURE IT...

...IS TO SIT IN
THE DARK BY
YOURSELF FOR
A FEW HOURS.



ANYWAY, THIS IS WHAT I HAVE TO COME HOME TO.
(I TOLD YOU NOT TO LAUGH.)

THIS WAS THE CLOSEST I COULD GET TO INSTALLING
ONE OF THOSE INFLATABLE PLANETARIUMS IN
MY LIVING ROOM.

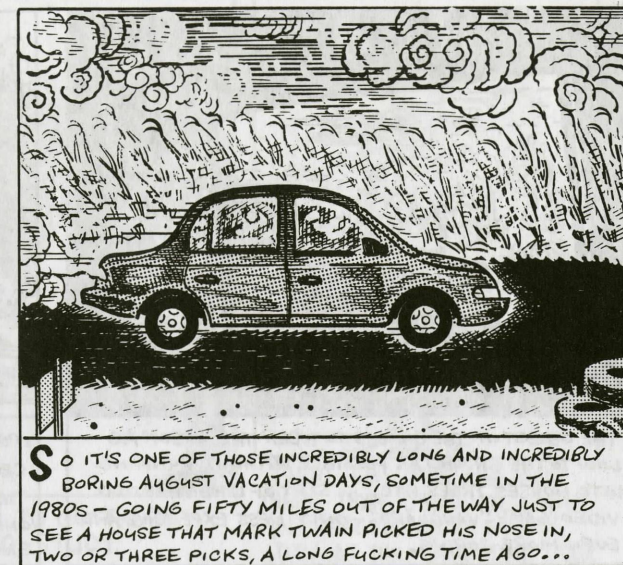


WHILE J.B.'S RACING AROUND THE F*CKING PLANET
WITH HIS BAND, I'M RIGHT HERE...

STARING AT DAY-GLO STARS ON BLACK CONSTRUCTION
PAPER... GETTING LOST IN SPACE...



AUGUST



SO IT'S ONE OF THOSE INCREDIBLY LONG AND INCREDIBLY
BORING AUGUST VACATION DAYS, SOMETIME IN THE
1980S - GOING FIFTY MILES OUT OF THE WAY JUST TO
SEE A HOUSE THAT MARK TWAIN PICKED HIS NOSE IN,
TWO OR THREE PICKS, A LONG F*CKING TIME AGO...

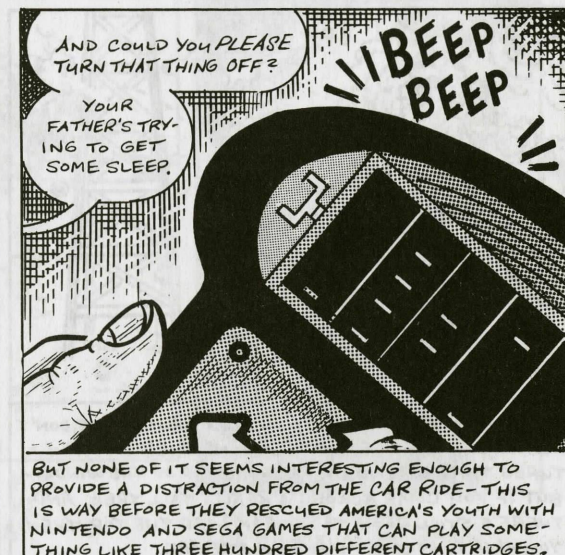


AND EVERYONE'S
PATIENCE IS
RUNNING THIN.
THAT POCKET
FOOTBALL GAME
ISN'T HELPING
MATTERS ANY...

HONEY, COULD YOU
NOT LEAN FORWARD
LIKE THAT PLEASE?

BIP... BIP...
BEEP BEEP

THE BACK SEAT IS STOCKED FULL WITH BOOKS, TINY OVER-
PRICED BAGS OF POTATO CHIPS THAT CONTAIN LESS THAN
TEN CHIPS, GUM, AND PRESTO-MAGIC RUB-DOWN
SCENARIOS THAT HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED AND RE-COMBINED
(SO THAT BARNEY RUBBLE FINDS HIMSELF IN OUTER SPACE)...

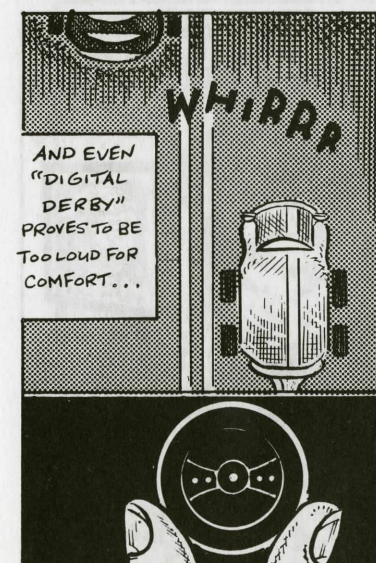


AND COULD YOU PLEASE
TURN THAT THING OFF?

YOUR
FATHER'S TRY-
ING TO GET
SOME SLEEP.

BEEP
BEEP

BUT NONE OF IT SEEMS INTERESTING ENOUGH TO
PROVIDE A DISTRACTION FROM THE CAR RIDE - THIS
IS WAY BEFORE THEY RESCUED AMERICA'S YOUTH WITH
NINTENDO AND SEGA GAMES THAT CAN PLAY SOME-
THING LIKE THREE HUNDRED DIFFERENT CARTRIDGES.



AND EVEN
"DIGITAL
DERBY"
PROVES TO BE
TOO LOUD FOR
COMFORT...

WHIRRA



IF YOU DON'T MAKE THAT THING
SHUT UP, IT'S GOING RIGHT OUT
THE WINDOW...

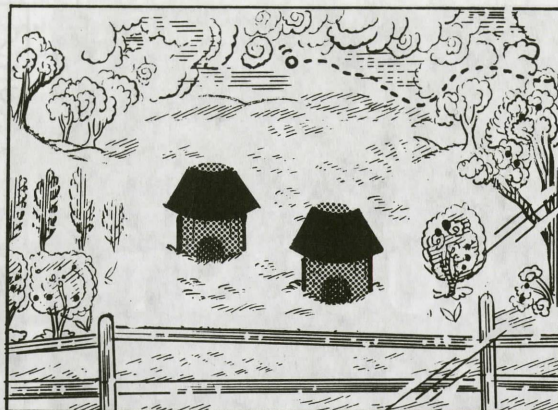
WHRRR~



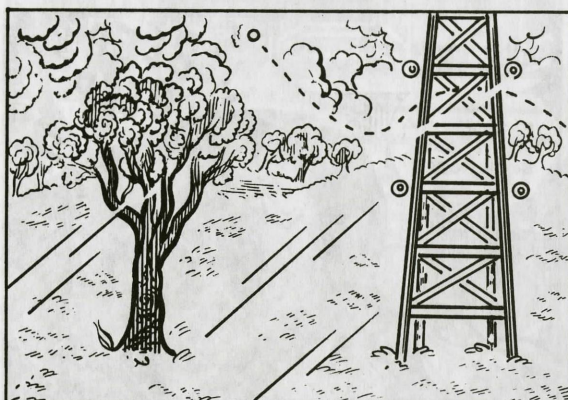
SO: NEW, QUIETER GAMES HAVE TO
BE INVENTED... LIKE THE GAME
WHERE YOU FOCUS ON A SPECK ON THE
WINDOW, AND GUIDE ITS "MOTION"
BY MOVING YOUR HEAD UP AND DOWN.



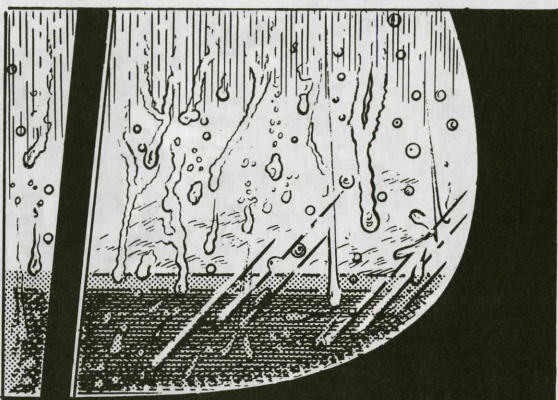
THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO KEEP THE SPECK AS LOW TO THE GROUND AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT RUNNING INTO HOUSES, TREES, ETC. ... SORT OF LIKE THAT OLD VIDEO GAME "VANGUARD" - ONLY LESS EXPENSIVE AND EVEN MORE BORING.



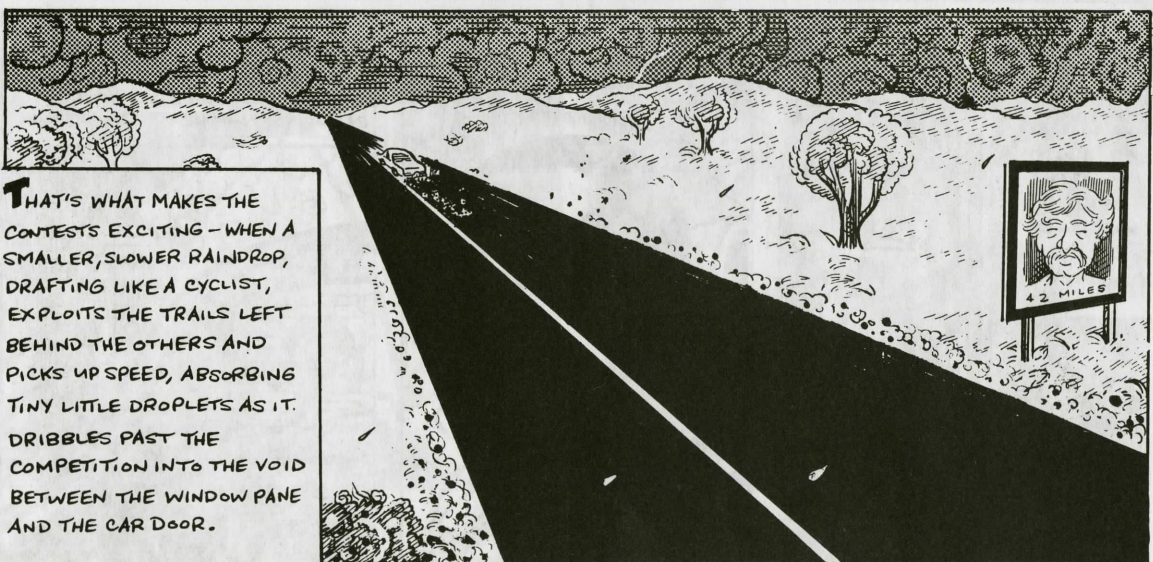
IT'S BEST TO CHOOSE A SPECK THAT'S CLOSE TO THE CENTER OF THE WINDOW; IT'S CHEATING TO CHOOSE ONE THAT'S NEAR THE TOP (TOO EASY) AND FUTILE TO CHOOSE ONE NEAR THE BOTTOM (TOO HARD)... (BY THE WAY, THE GAME ONLY "WORKS" WHEN THE CAR IS MOVING FORWARD.)



BUT MOST OF THE RULES ARE PRETTY FLEXIBLE. CLOUDS DON'T REALLY COUNT, FOR EXAMPLE, AND NEITHER DO STRUCTURES THAT EXTEND UP PAST THE TOP OF THE WINDOW. BUT IF YOU COME ACROSS A REALLY TALL TREE, AND THERE'S STILL ROOM TO SQUEAK OVER THE TOP, THEN YOU HAVE TO AT LEAST MAKE AN ATTEMPT.



IF IT STARTS RAINING, YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO GIVE UP ON FOLLOWING THE SPECK - IT'S TOO HARD TO KEEP TRACK. BESIDES, IT'S JUST AS SATISFYING TO WATCH THE RAINDROPS RACE EACH OTHER DOWN THE WINDOW, AS LONG AS YOU KNOW WHICH DROPS TO ROOT FOR.



THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE CONTESTS EXCITING - WHEN A SMALLER, SLOWER RAINDROP, DRAFTING LIKE A CYCLIST, EXPLOITS THE TRAILS LEFT BEHIND THE OTHERS AND PICKS UP SPEED, ABSORBING TINY LITTLE DROPLETS AS IT. DRIBBLES PAST THE COMPETITION INTO THE VOID BETWEEN THE WINDOW PANE AND THE CAR DOOR.



HEY, DID YOU EVER USED TO HANG OUT AT CAFE PARADISO?



I USED TO GO THERE TO STUDY.



THERE WAS THIS ONE GUY THERE THAT USED TO COME IN PRACTICALLY EVERY DAY AT THE SAME TIME I DID.



AND EVERY DAY IT WAS THE SAME THING.



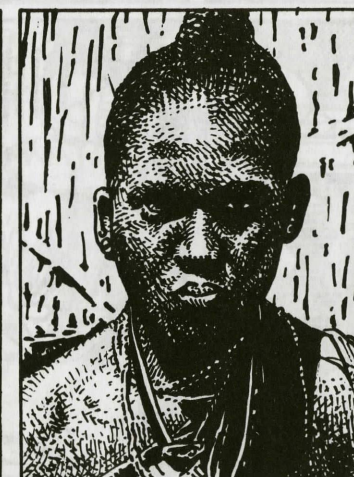
I'D LOOK AT HIM, HE'D LOOK AT ME, I'D LOOK AWAY,



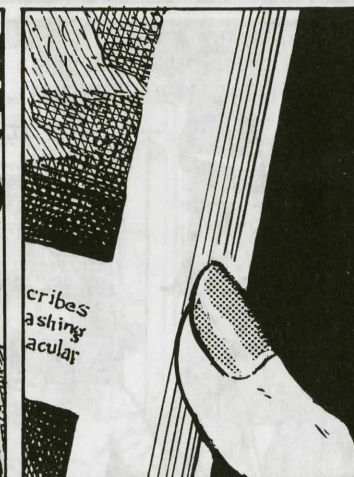
HE'D LOOK AWAY... HE'D LOOK AT ME AGAIN,



I'D LOOK AT HIM AGAIN, ETC. ETC.



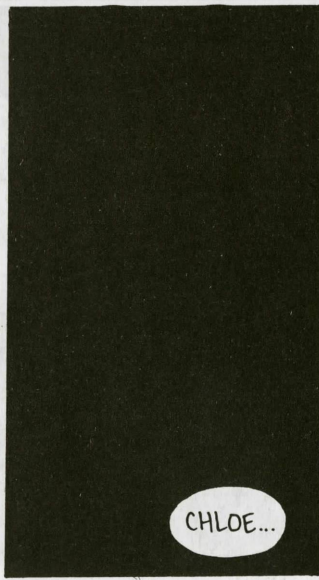
WE DID THIS LIKE EVERY DAY FOR ABOUT FOUR MONTHS, BUT WE NEVER EVEN SAID 'HI' TO EACH OTHER.

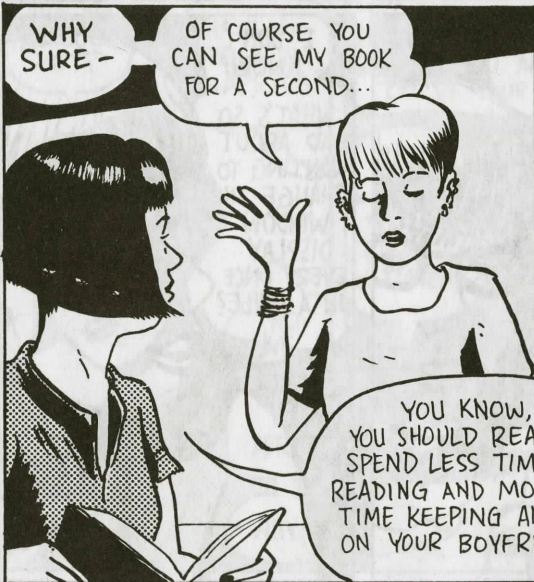
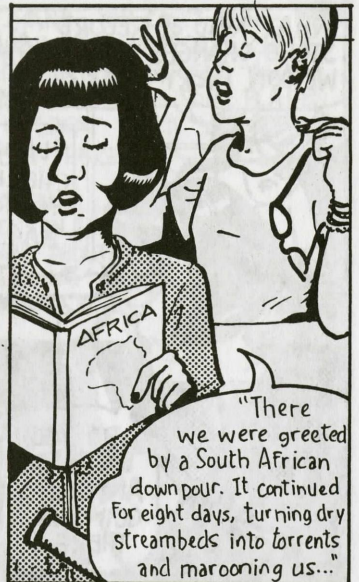


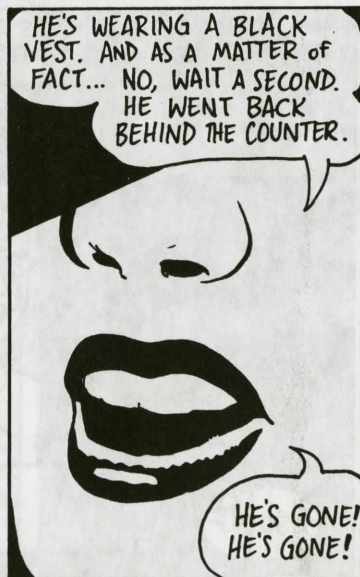
I WAS SO UPSET WHEN WE "BROKE UP."

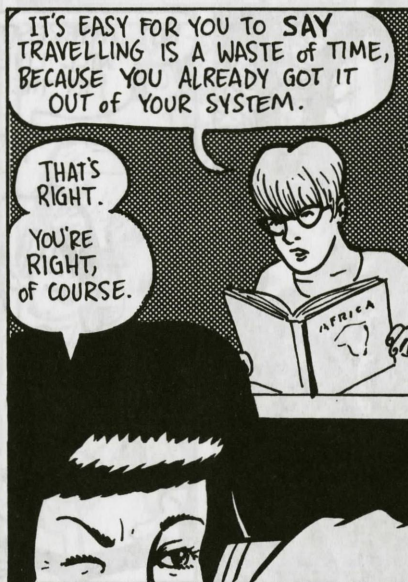
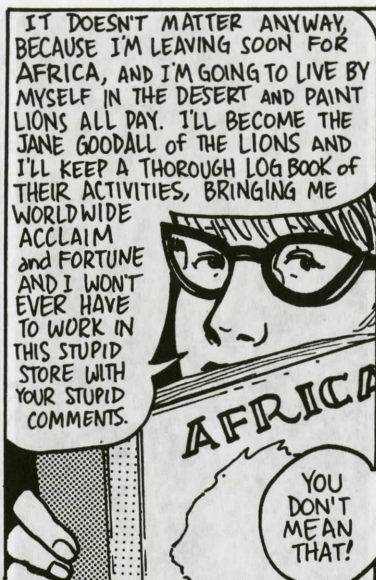
Out of Africa

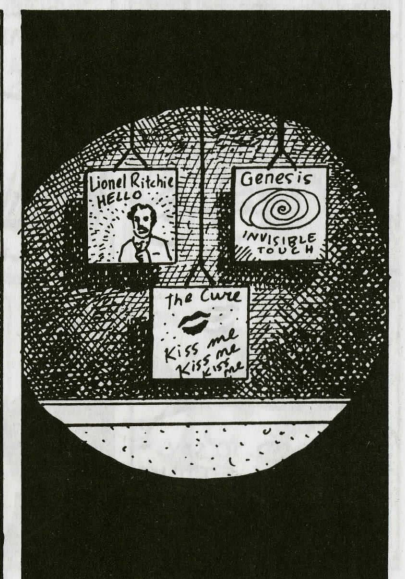
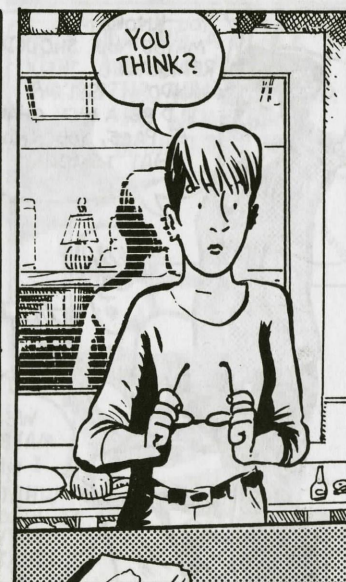
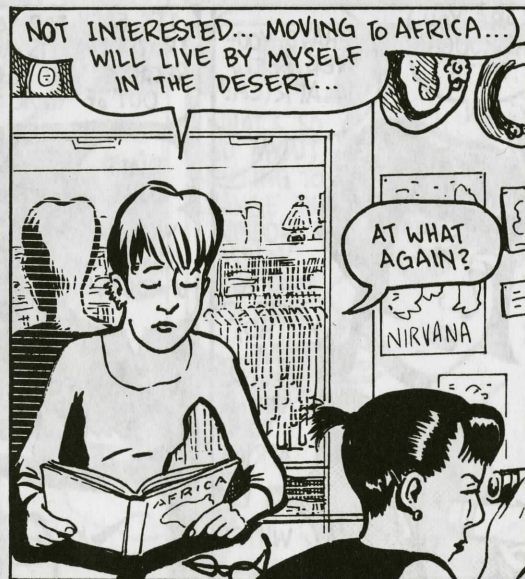
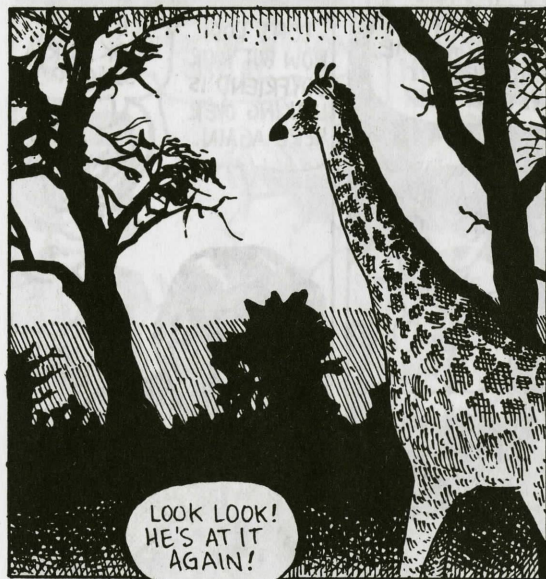
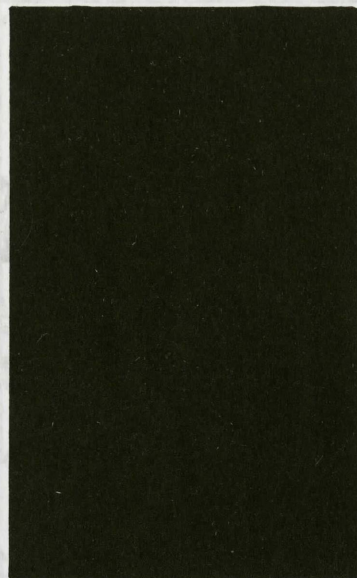
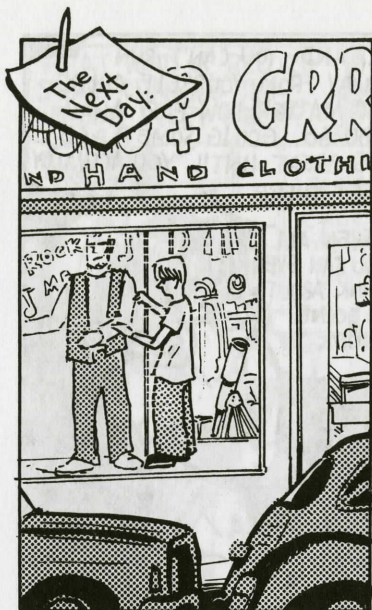
with
Chloe and
Natasha



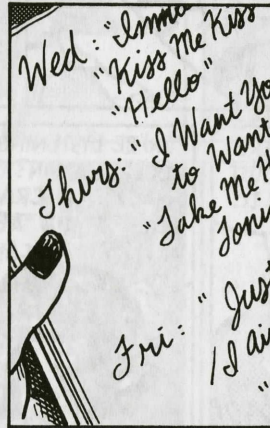


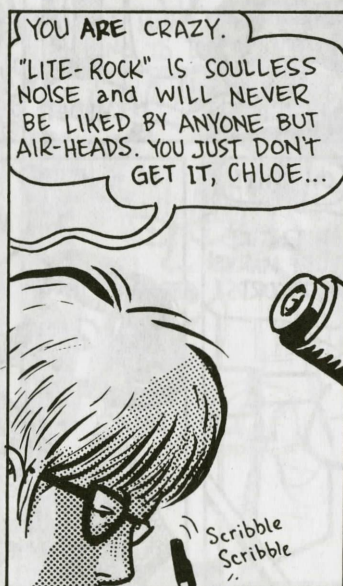
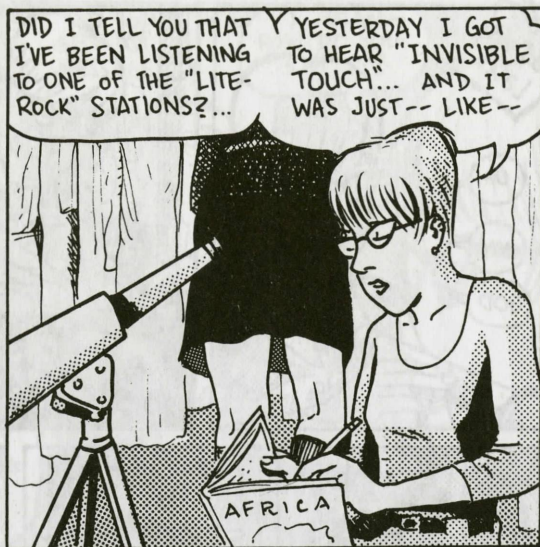


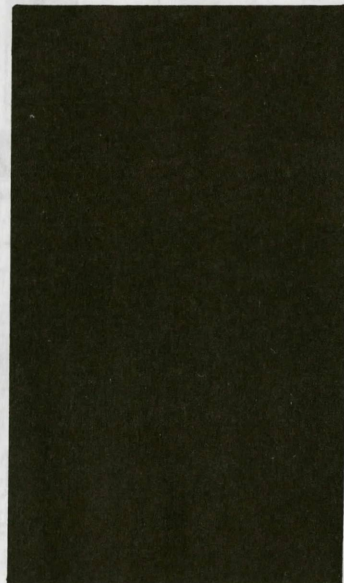
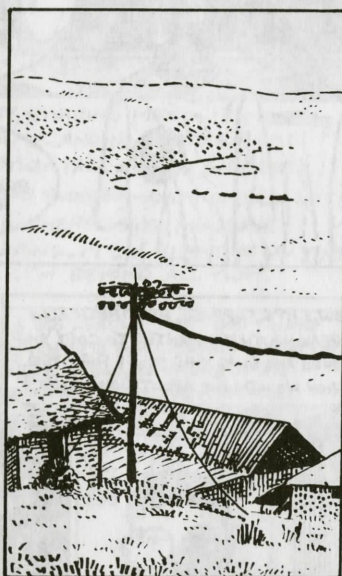
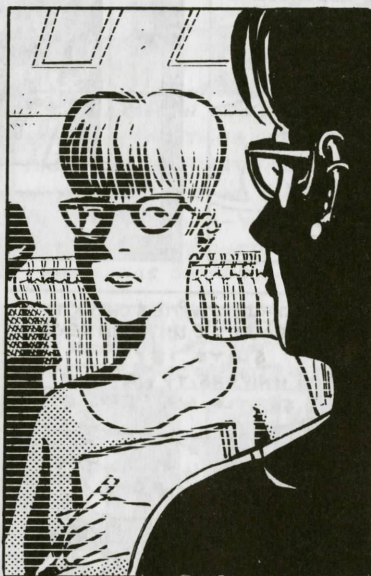


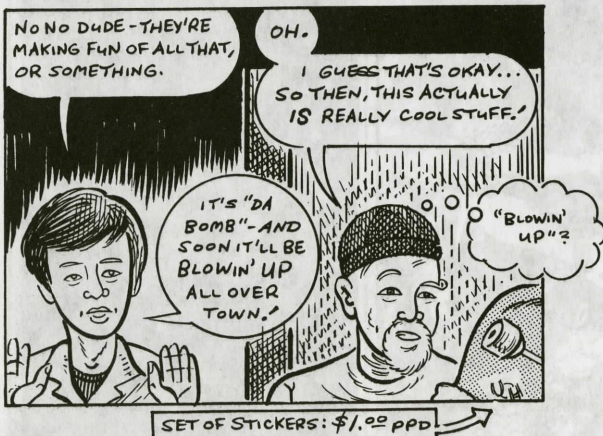
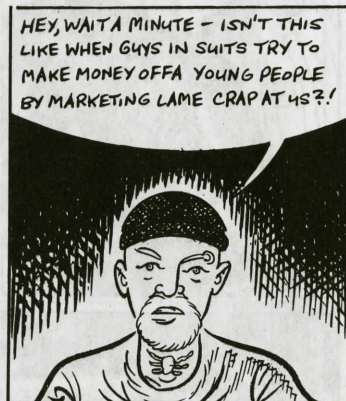
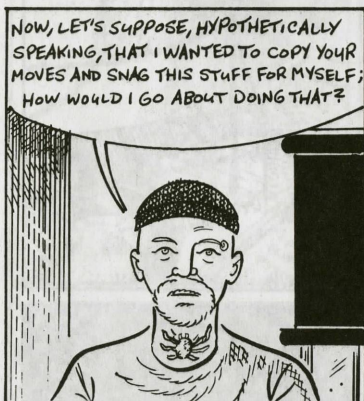
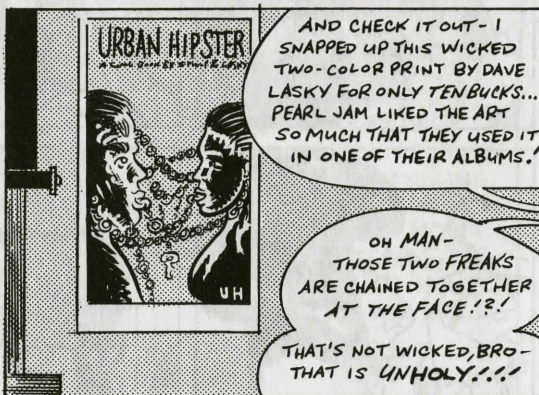
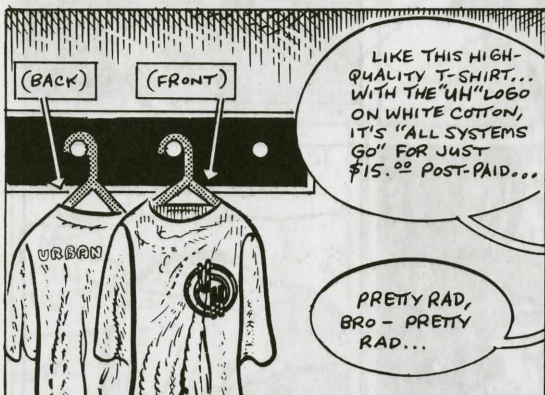
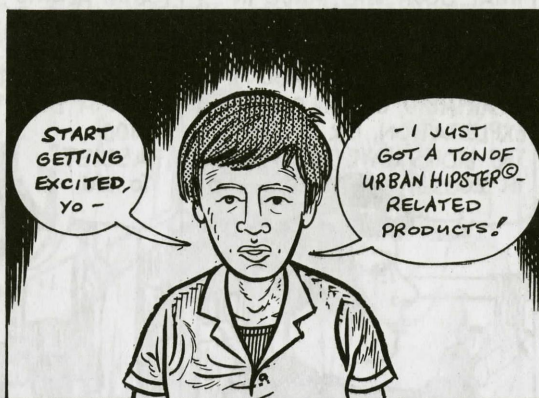


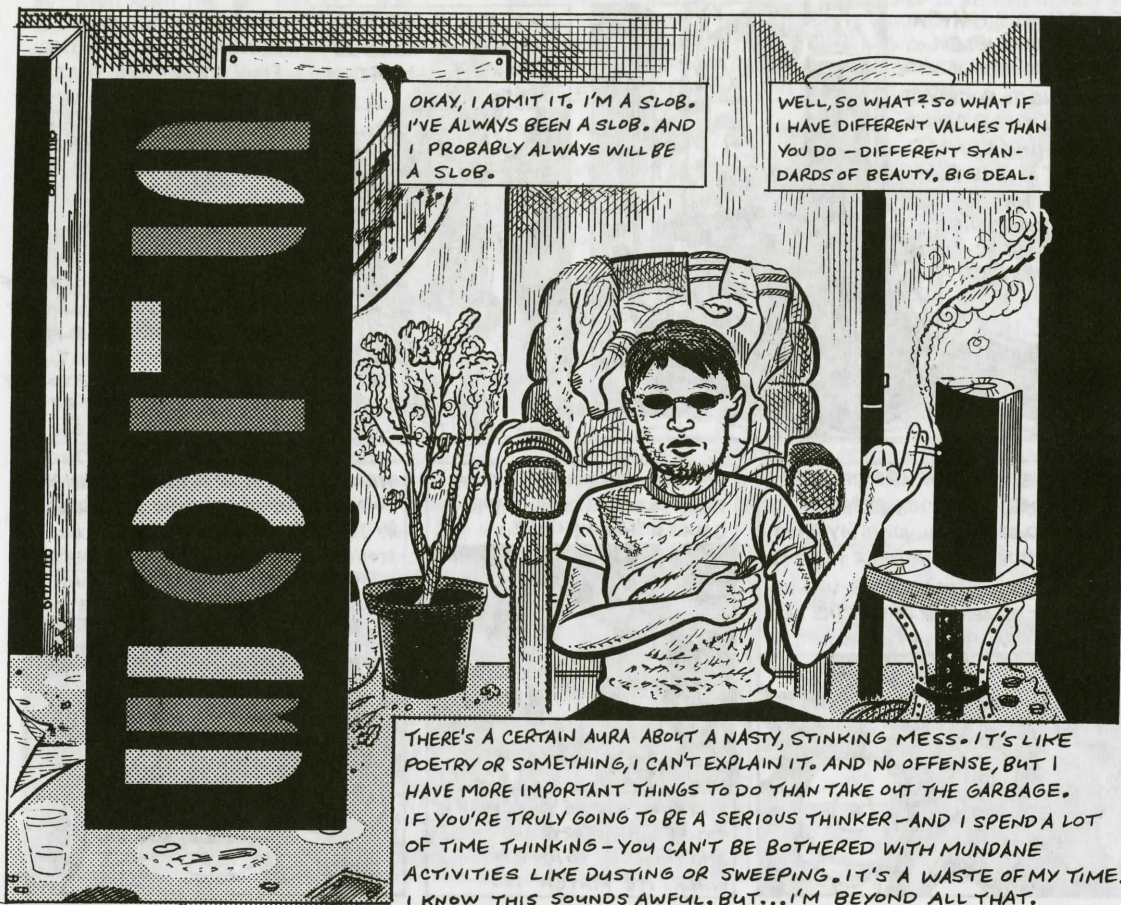












WHAT REALLY PISSES ME OFF IS THAT THERE'S A LOT OF STEREOTYPING OUT THERE ABOUT SLOBS, AND A LOT OF ATTEMPTS TO MAKE US FEEL BAD ABOUT OURSELVES.



LIKE, FOR EXAMPLE THERE'S THE MYTH THAT SLOBS ARE LAZY. NOT TRUE. IN FACT THE EXACT OPPOSITE IS TRUE.



A BIG REASON WHY I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR CLEANING IS THAT I'M USUALLY BUSY WITH ONE OF MY NUMEROUS CREATIVE PURSUITS.



YOU PROBABLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS UNLESS YOU'RE AN ARTIST LIKE ME. WHEN I GET GOING WITH A SONG OR A PAINTING, I GO INTO A TRANCE - FOR HOURS, OR MAYBE EVEN DAYS.



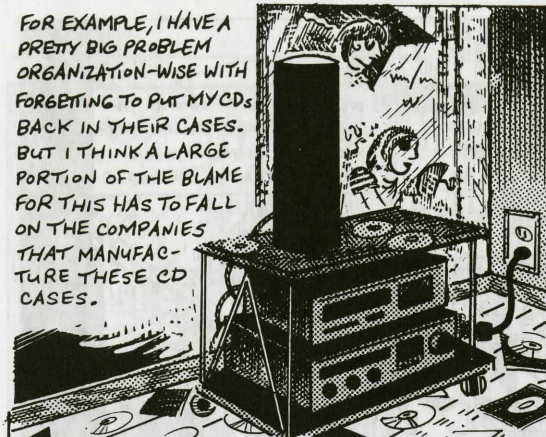
I GET SO FOCUSED ON MY ART THAT I SORT OF TUNE OUT MY SURROUNDINGS. THAT'S PROBABLY HOW I'VE BEEN ABLE TO LIVE LIKE THIS FOR SO LONG.



LET ME POINT OUT ONE THING, THOUGH. IN A LOT OF WAYS, THIS IS ALL BEYOND MY CONTROL. AND I'M NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT "ENTROPY"...



FOR EXAMPLE, I HAVE A PRETTY BIG PROBLEM ORGANIZATION-WISE WITH FORGETTING TO PUT MY CDs BACK IN THEIR CASES. BUT I THINK A LARGE PORTION OF THE BLAME FOR THIS HAS TO FALL ON THE COMPANIES THAT MANUFACTURE THESE CD CASES.



LIKE, FIRST OFF, THE LITTLE PLASTIC HINGES BREAK OFF ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.



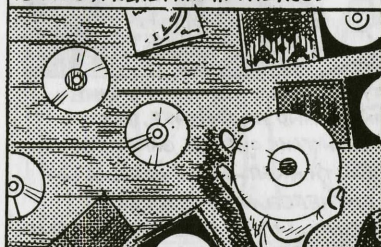
AS A RESULT, YOU CAN'T GET THE THING TO STAY TOGETHER. IT'S FUCKED.

ANOTHER THING THAT PISSES ME OFF ARE THE FOUR LITTLE TABS THAT HOLD THE CD "BOOKLET" IN PLACE. WHO THE FUCK THOUGHT THAT UP?

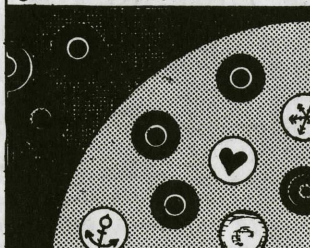


THESE ALSO BREAK OFF ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, AND IF THEY DON'T, YOU WISH THEY HAD BECAUSE IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO GET THE BOOKLET TO SLIDE UNDER ALL THE TABS PROPERLY, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE HIGH.

SO YOU SEE, THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST ME, WITH THIS CRAPPY MERCHANDISE COMPOUNDING MY PROBLEMS. BESIDES, HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO PUT AWAY CDs THAT ARE FACE-UP, WHEN YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE THE CASE IS? IT'S A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS.

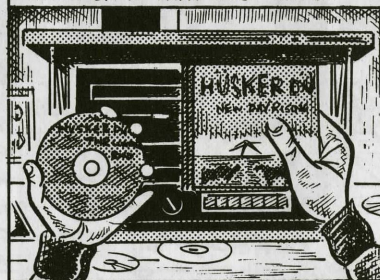


IT KIND OF REMINDS ME OF THAT OLD GUESSING GAME CALLED "HÜSKER DÜ"...



YOU KNOW, WHERE YOU COVER UP STUFF LIKE HEARTS AND CIRCLES, AND THEN TRY TO REMEMBER WHERE ITS "MATCH" IS.

INEVITABLY, I FIND MYSELF TRYING TO MATCH UP THE CASES FOR CDs BY THE BAND HÜSKER DÜ, AND I WONDER - DID BOB MOULD KNOW SOMEHOW THAT I WOULD BE DOING THIS? OR IS THAT JUST NUTS?



OH, AND HERE'S ANOTHER EXAMPLE. YOU KNOW HOW THE "EXPERTS" SAY THAT IF YOU WANT TO QUIT SMOKING, YOU SHOULD GET RID OF ALL YOUR ASHTRAYS, RIGHT?



OKAY, SO I DID THAT, BUT STILL, EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I'LL BREAK DOWN AND BUY A PACK OF SMOKES. NO BIG DEAL, RIGHT? WRONG...

NOW THAT I HAVE NO ASHTRAYS, I GOTTA MAKE THESE TEMPORARY ONES OUT OF WHATEVER'S AVAILABLE IN MY APARTMENT.



IT'S LIKE, INSTEAD OF JUST HAVING TO LIVE AMIDST PLATES OF ROTTING FOOD, WHICH I CAN HANDLE, NOW I HAVE TO DEAL WITH ROTTING FOOD COMBINED WITH SNUFFED-OUT CIGARETTE BUTTS. EVEN I'LL ADMIT THAT THAT'S PRETTY GOD-DAMN GROSS.

BUT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THIS IS STILL MY PREFERRED LIFESTYLE. I COULD TALK ABOUT THE ADVANTAGES ALL DAY.



FOR ONE THING, IT'S A LIFESTYLE THAT ENCOURAGES CREATIVE PROBLEM SOLVING. IT FORCES YOU TO ADAPT TO YOUR ENVIRONMENT.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, IT JUST MAKES LIFE MORE INTERESTING. SOME PEOPLE LOOK AT MY "PAD" AND SEE A MESSY APARTMENT. I SEE A ROOM FULL OF STORIES.

HOW LONG HAS THAT WRAPPER BEEN ON THE FLOOR? WHO PUT IT THERE? AND WHY? YOU KNOW - STUFF LIKE THAT.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LADIES, YOU'RE WONDERING. WELL, I WAS GONNA GET TO THAT.



HEY, IT'S JEFF...
HEY, I WAS THINKING MAYBE WE COULD WATCH THE MOVIE AT YOUR PLACE.

WHAT? YEAH, NO, IT'S JUST, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY V.C.R. ...

FIRST OFF, LET ME EXPLAIN THAT I'M CONSIDERED TO BE SOMETHING OF A STUD. I'M NOT SAYING I THINK THIS - I'M SAYING, THIS IS THE GENERAL CONSENSUS OF THE PEOPLE WHO COME INTO CONTACT WITH ME. WHAT'S WEIRD IS, EVERYONE SEEMS TO ACKNOWLEDGE AND ACCEPT THIS FACT, EXCEPT FOR THE GIRLS I GO OUT WITH.



DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME THAT YOU CLEANED OUT YOUR CAR?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THESE CHICKS GET OFF. WITH HALF OF THEM, I'M DOING THEM A FAVOR BY STOOPING DOWN TO THEIR LEVEL IN ORDER TO DATE THEM - AND YET THESE ALWAYS TURN OUT TO BE THE ONES THAT ARE MOST LIKELY TO BLOW ME OFF. IT'S OUTRAGEOUS.



GOSH, I'M TIRED, YOU DON'T MIND IF I DROP YOU OFF HERE?

YAWN

MY GENERAL STRATEGY, ASIDE FROM FRANTIC ATTEMPTS AT TIDYING UP, IS QUITE SIMPLE: DON'T LET THEM SEE THE INSIDE OF YOUR APARTMENT. BUT SOMETIMES, IT'S UNAVOIDABLE.



...JEFF? WHY IS THE INSIDE OF THE TOILET BOWL ORANGE?

ANYWAY, ONE DAY SOMETHING UNUSUAL HAPPENED. I WAS SITTING AROUND GETTING BAKED, WHICH WASN'T UNUSUAL - I ENJOY THE OCCASIONAL TOKE OF GOOD WEED. WHAT WAS UNUSUAL WAS, I HAD AN EPIPHANY.



I WONDER IF... MAYBE LIVING IN FILTH IS A TURN-OFF TO SOME CHICKS...

THE VERY NEXT DAY, I'M IN LINE AT THE CO-OP THINKING ABOUT ALL THIS WHEN IT HITS ME -



BINGO. THE PERFECT SOLUTION - "TWO FUN CHICKS". IF ANYTHING COULD MAKE ME TURN A NEW LEAF, THAT WOULD DO IT.

SO I CALLED UP THE NUMBER AND LIED MY ASS OFF...



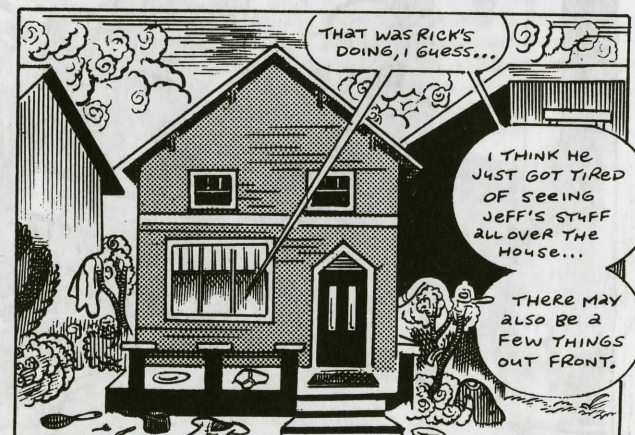
WELL, I'M NOT ANAL, OR A NEAT FREAK OR ANYTHING, BUT YEAH, I'M PRETTY NEAT...

I'D LIVED WITH ROOM-MATES BEFORE WHO WERE MAYBE A LITTLE NEATER THAN ME, AND EVERYTHING WORKED OUT PRETTY COOL. WHENEVER I GOT A BIT TOO SLOPPY, THEY'D JUST LET ME KNOW, AND WE'D MOVE ON, YOU KNOW?



HEY, HOW COME JEFF'S SHIT IS ALL OVER THE WALLS?

OH YEAH...

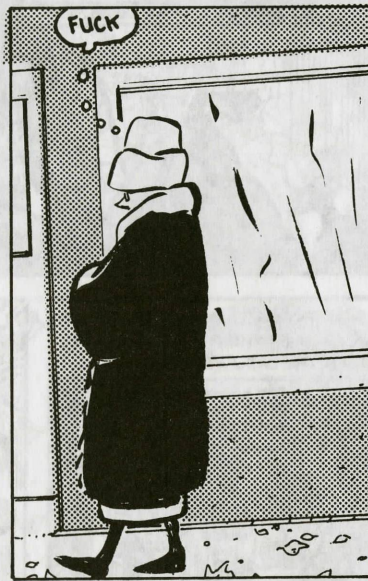
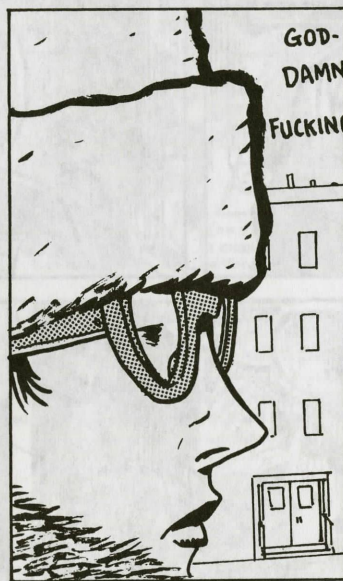


THAT WAS RICK'S DOING, I GUESS...

I THINK HE JUST GOT TIRED OF SEEING JEFF'S STUFF ALL OVER THE HOUSE...

THERE MAY ALSO BE A FEW THINGS OUT FRONT.

SO SICK of EVERYTHING



END.

December



YOU KNOW, "LOOKS-LIKE-I-PISSED-AWAY-ANOTHER-YEAR" AND "THESE-YEARS-SEEM-TO-BE-GOING-BY-FASTER" etc. etc.



I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIN FOR 20 HOURS, WITH A FULL DAY TO GO, AND I'M DOWN TO 3 TABLETS OF CODEINE, WHICH SOMEHOW HAVE TO LAST ME THROUGH THE REST OF THE TRIP.



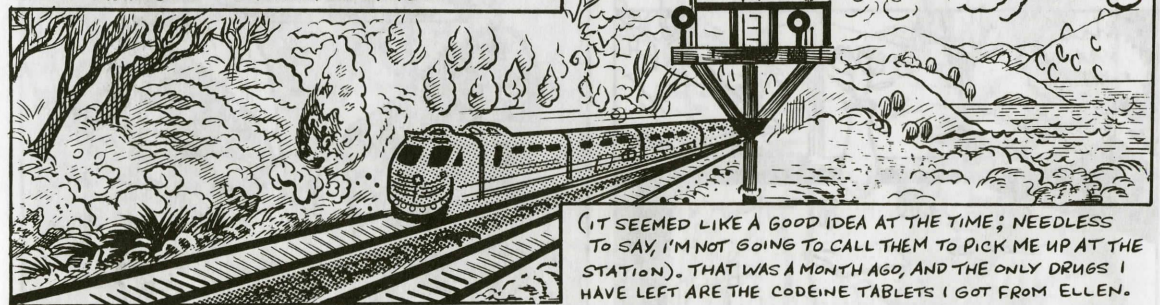
CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS SHIT? I'M FREEZING MY ASS OUT HERE, I CAN'T EVEN ENJOY MY CIGARETTE...



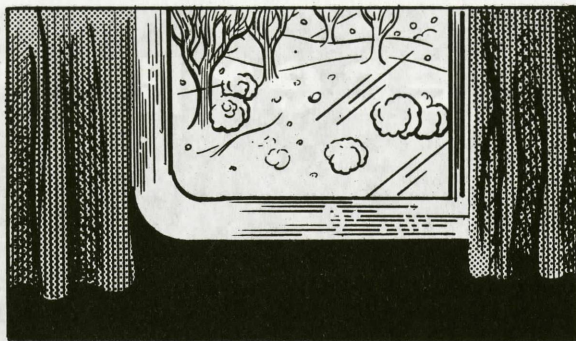
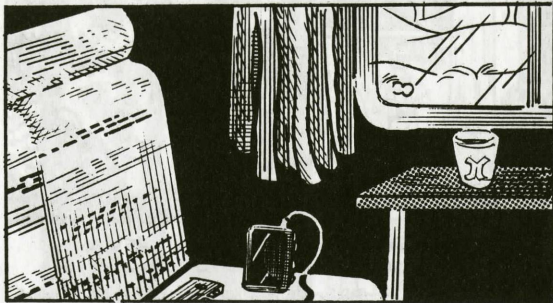
OH HELL, THIS IS JUST AS BAD... JUST WAIT: I BET YOU THIS SUCKER DE-RAILS, YOU JUST WAIT.



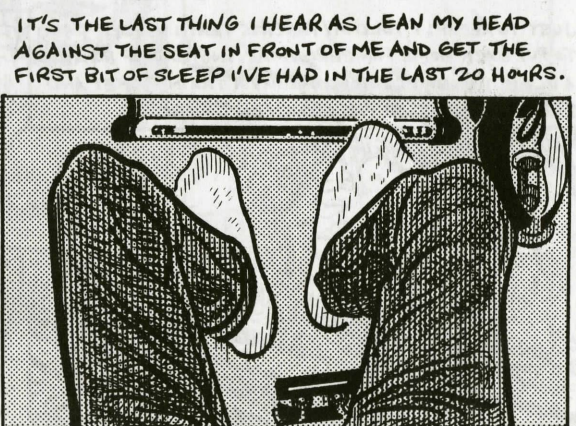
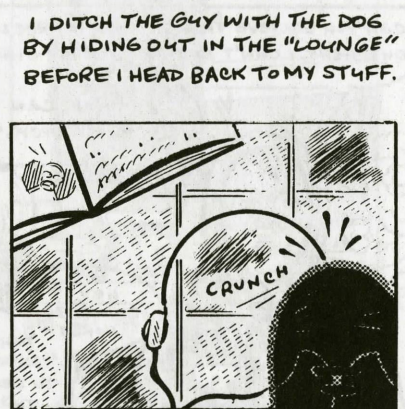
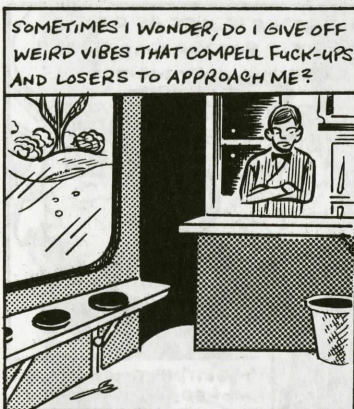
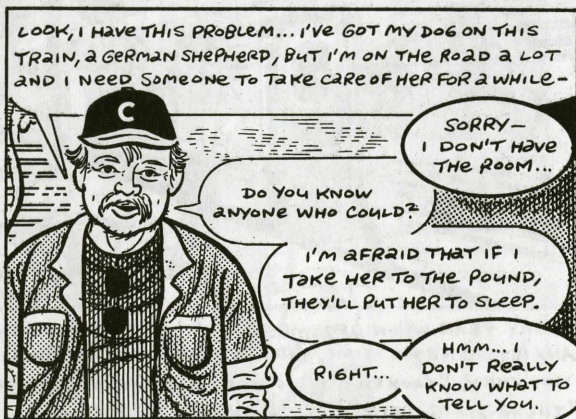
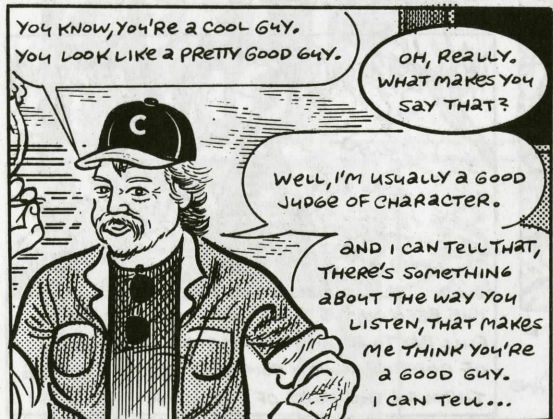
JUST TO RECAP: I TOLD MY PARENTS THAT I NEEDED \$430 TO FLY BACK HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. INSTEAD OF BUYING A PLANE TICKET, I DECIDED TO BUY A TRAIN TICKET AND SPENT THE REST OF THE MONEY ON DRUGS.



ACTUALLY, THE TRAIN ISN'T ALL BAD. I CAN GET INTO THE WHOLE LOOK-OUT-THE-WINDOW-WHILE-LISTENING TO-MUSIC-AND-THINKING-ABOUT-THE-WAY-YOUR-LIFE-IS-TURNING-OUT THING...



IT'S LIKE WATCHING A MUSIC VIDEO OR SOMETHING. A REALLY LONG, REALLY REPETITIVE MUSIC VIDEO...



POST-GRUNGE



givin' 'em their PROPS

MONKEY VS. ROBOT

JAMES KOCHALKA SUPERSTAR

A surprisingly infectious sophomore effort from the self-appointed superstar and Enemy of Craft. Like his comics, Kochalka's music tends towards the whimsical and somehow manages to stay irrepressibly charming no matter how stupid the content gets. Kochalka also gives a personal spin to his lyrical humor, helping *Monkey vs. Robot* rise above the level of a poor man's Ween. Recommended listening: "Hey Ronald Reagan", "Show Respect to Michael Jackson", "President Kochalka", and "Hockey Monkey." Also highly recommended are Kochalka's comics, but only the ones published by Alternative Comics (such as *Mermaid* and *Quit Your Job*). GS

MAGIC WHISTLE

SAM HENDERSON

A COMIC BOOK that is truly *comical* by the cartoonist who many consider to be the funniest living human being. Sam's sophomoric drawing style tricks the reader into underestimating his work, but his wit sneaks up behind you, psyches you out, and gooses you. Conveniently, it is available from Alternative Comics, publisher of *Urban Hipster*. DL

Concert Review: Bob Mould Showbox • Seattle • 10/16

Bob Mould's current tour in support of his new album, *The Last Dog and Pony Show*, has been widely billed as the last opportunity to hear Mould play "electric" in a live environment. Quite naturally, then, the Mould fans who packed Seattle's Showbox on October 16 expected nothing less than an evening of sonic fury — one last aural assault from one of rock's living legends. I do not think that many of the attendees went home disappointed.

From the get-go it was obvious that Mould has plenty of gas left in his tank, and then some. To be sure, the former Husker Du frontman has lost some volume off of his astonishing howls over the years, and this is reflected in the vocal choices he makes on his recent albums. But Mould and his back-up band were as tight and powerful as one could hope for. The electric re-workings of songs like "See a Little Light" (from *Workbook*) were revelatory. And while his most recent album has garnered somewhat mixed reviews, in this setting the new material came off well.

When Mould extended a vicious version of "Hanging Tree" with a cacophonous, apoplectic burst from his guitar, while shrieking "Noooo!" over and over again, I thought to myself, this is as good as it gets. It can not get any better than this. But that is exactly what happened. The crowd roared as Mould signed off with a Sugar song, "Man on the Moon." Because previous reports from the tour had noted that Mould was only playing his solo material, this was a special treat, and raised the question of whether Mould would reach back even further and play a Husker Du song. Unfortunately, that did not happen. But there is no point in dwelling on it. Let it go.

If Neil Young is the "Godfather of Grunge," then Bob Mould is Mario Puzo, because he wrote the book on that shit. My ears are still ringing. GS

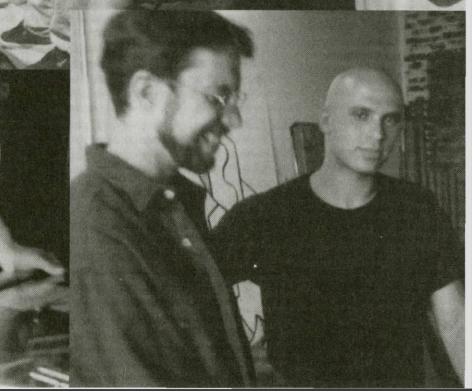
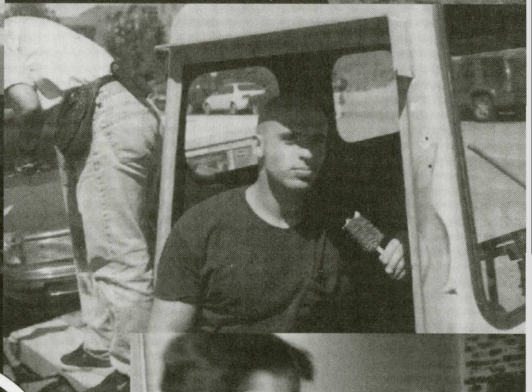
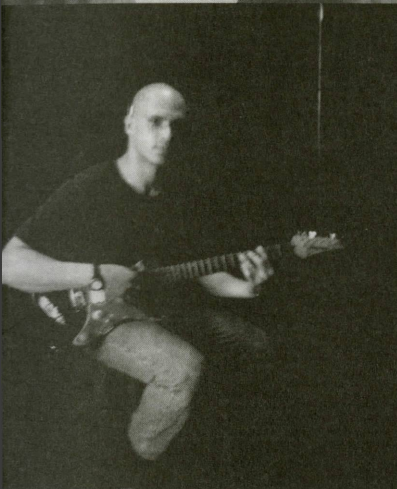
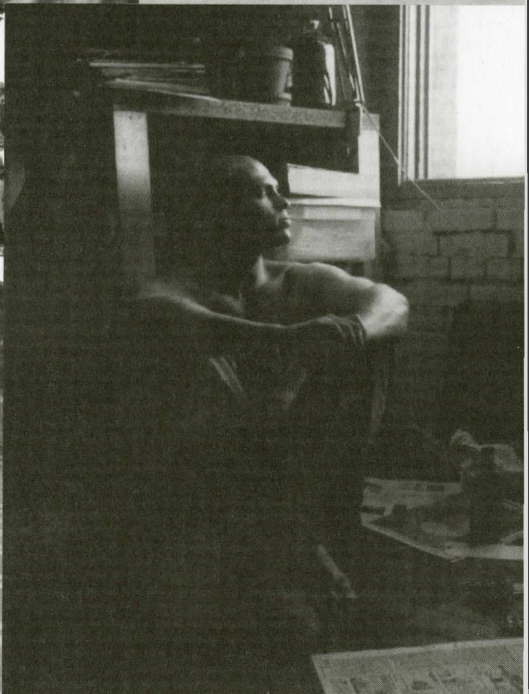
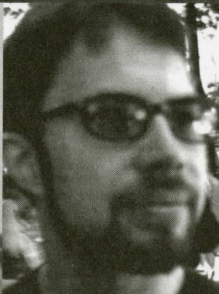
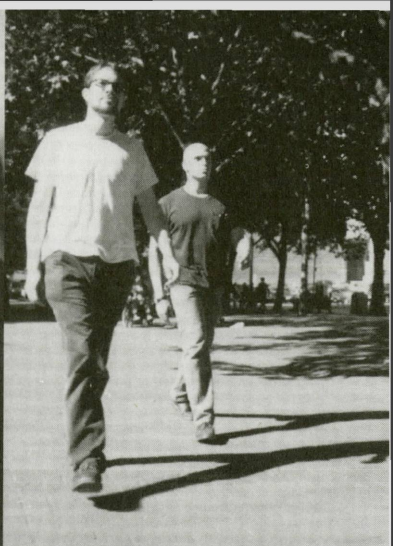
G. Stump's comics were created to the sounds of: Townes Van Zandt, Tindersticks, the Velvet Underground, Steve Earle, Portishead, Slint, Bitch Magnet, the Replacements, Husker Du, Mission of Burma, Sun Ra, Yo La Tengo, Paul K. and the Weathermen, Seam, Codiene, The For Carnation, Dirty Three, Kevin Salem, John Coltrane, Public Enemy, Luscious Jackson, Neil Young, Sonic Youth, Gastr del Sol, Leonard Cohen, Metallica, Uncle Tupelo, Hazel, (cont.' next issue...)

G. Stump wishes to thank, in no particular order: his family (Richard, Lois, and Richard), Jeff Mason, Ed Brubaker, Deb Seigel, Cathy Mae Carter, Jeremy Pinkham, Black Magic, Kevin Hethcote, Sara Greedy, the State of Washington, Princeton Brushes (Round #3), Strathmore Bristol Board (regular surface), Fantagraphics, Tom Spurgeon, Mark Vick, Leeann Bowen, Curt Buchberger, Ilse Thompson, Rhea Patton, Basil, the folks at Planet 8, Chartpak, Letraset, Foster, David Lasky.

David wishes to thank Leeann, Mom, Dad, Jason, Jeff Mason, Cathy Mae Carter, Deb Seigel, Mark Vick, Dan "The Man" Dean, Jason Lutes, Curt Buchberger, Megan Kelso, Gabrielle Gamboa, Josh Petrin, Marc Weidenbaum, Mara and Pulse!, J.D. Salinger, Charles Schulz, Mr. Mike, John P., Jennifer Daydreamer, Mr. Tom Hart, Miriam, Russ and Janet @ Fallout, Al & the gang @ Zanadu, Chloe @ Reading Frenzy, Dale and the stranger, Mr. Sturm, Mr. & Mrs. Weissman, Jessica & Matt, Ariel & Rick, Bill Krout, Dan Clowes, Adrian Tomine, Gary, Kim, Ilse, Rhea, Eric, "Spurge," Hipsters Everywhere, and you.

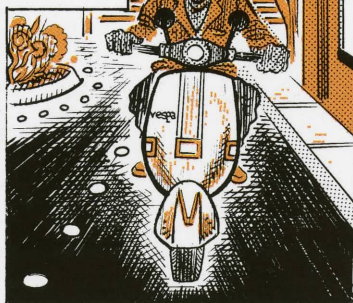
An extra special **THANKS** goes to Ed and Lisa for all their support and encouragement.

David listened to these albums (among others) while making this comic:
Emmylou Harris - *Wrecking Ball*
Johnny Cash - *Super Hits*
The Louvin Brothers - *Sad Songs of Life*
Iris DeMent - *Infamous Angel*
Neil Young - *Trans*

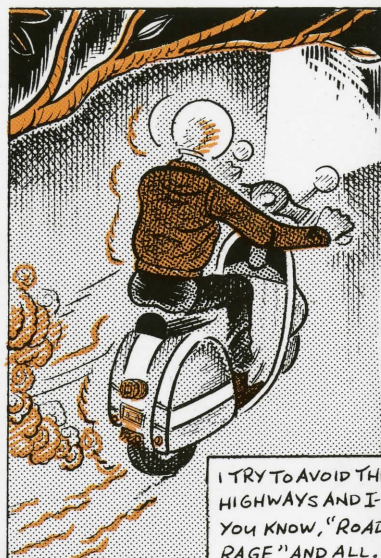


OCTOBER

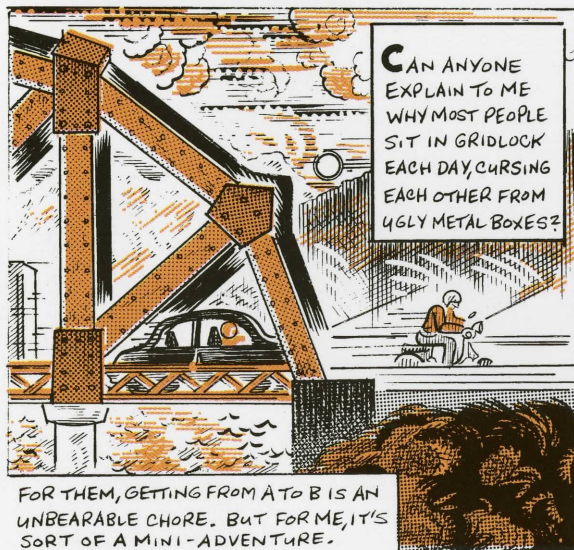
THE BEST THING ABOUT THE FALL IS LEAVING WORK RIGHT AS THE SUN SETS.



IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE RIDE HOME IS A CONSOLATION FOR THE EVER-SHORTENING DAYS.



I TRY TO AVOID THE HIGHWAYS AND I'S. YOU KNOW, "ROAD RAGE" AND ALL...



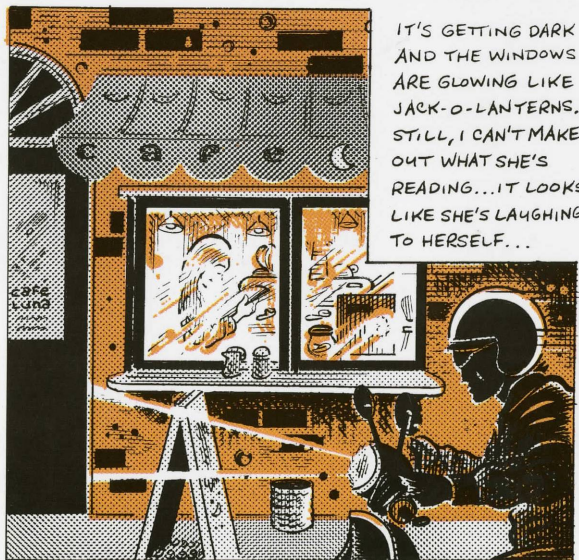
FOR THEM, GETTING FROM A TO B IS AN UNBEARABLE CHORE. BUT FOR ME, IT'S SORT OF A MINI-ADVENTURE.

CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN TO ME WHY MOST PEOPLE SIT IN GRIDLOCK EACH DAY, CURSING EACH OTHER FROM UGLY METAL BOXES?

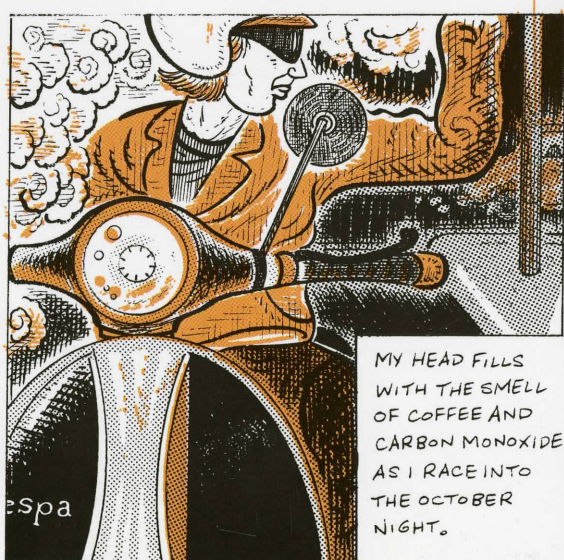
LATELY I'VE BEEN VEEING OFF MY REGULAR COURSE TO PASS BY A CERTAIN CAFÉ.



IT'S WEIRD - PART OF ME DOESN'T WANT TO BE NOTICED, BUT I ALWAYS SLOW DOWN...



IT'S GETTING DARK AND THE WINDOWS ARE GLOWING LIKE JACK-O-LANTERNS. STILL, I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT SHE'S READING... IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S LAUGHING TO HERSELF...



MY HEAD FILLS WITH THE SMELL OF COFFEE AND CARBON MONOXIDE AS I RACE INTO THE OCTOBER NIGHT.