

ISSUE #5

SLICED

(QUARTERLY)

An Experimental Comic Anthology





Editorial

Not to start things off on a downbeat note BUT... I've never really understood the fuss about the New Year. To me it is an artificial construct for the human race to divide up our time on earth so we don't go mad. I'm quite confident that the earth will keep turning if we fail to make a fuss about it completing another revolution.

I'm also rather confused about the hate levelled at 2016. It's been getting a lot of flack that should probably be directed at societal and health issues, or in fact, nature itself.

I can get to the point now I've got that out.

Sometimes, people need a fresh start. A chance to feel like they can change things that need to be corrected or improve things that are lacking. It seems the New Year has fit this bill as the 'go to' time of change and renewal. How many gym memberships lapse come March, though?

But I get it. There is a joy in marking cycles. Recognising progression and celebrating achievement. There is also the vital exercise of looking back and taking the time to assess and measure what has happened.

Issue #5 of Sliced marks the beginning of our second yearly cycle. I'm comfortable declaring our first year a complete success. We have achieved so much more than I believed possible when embarking on this publishing experiment. It has had the odd disappointment, of course. The Kickstarter to bring a print edition to life failed, but upon reflection that may have been more down to my overconfidence in a niche product than it's viability as an idea. Plans are underway to re-launch the campaign and have it tightly focussed on producing a book, just for those that want it. It will be a smaller target, with smaller ambitions. A new starting point that I believe will grow as the digital side of the endeavour has.

It was also very heartening to see the amount of support and interest the campaign received. And for that I must once again express my eternal gratitude... I hope you'll stick with me once I start my deluge of promotion next time around.

So, to this issue.

It was a delight to watch this book take shape. To begin our 'New Year' we have a collection of comics that explore inspiration, creativity and collaboration. The massive themes that flow behind the scenes in the making of everything. I believe this issue paints a fair picture of the joys and trials that occur in the creation of anything.

In a slight departure, I've also selected our first prose piece. But, hey, it's a New Year. Time to try new things... Who knows if it'll last?

Ken Reynolds
Editor

January 2017



Cover

Art by
Ben Peter
Johnson

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(QUARTERLY)

ISSUE #5



Left Handed

By Bryony Thomson



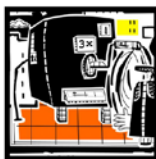
Etymophic

Art by Gareth A. Hopkins
Words by David Thomas



Strange Visitor

Script by John Osborn
Art by Sam Bentley



Childhood Without Cranks

By Bob Schroeder



Unfurl

Art by Gareth A. Hopkins
Words by Daniel Willcocks



David Loses His Head

Script by Mikael Lopez
Art by Julian Adkins



Downwardly Mobile

Art by Gareth A. Hopkins
Words by Tony Esmond



Pink Radio Head

By Saffron Knight



00110001

By David Thomas



Gruaig

Art by Gareth A. Hopkins
Words by JP Power



Tense

Script by Pablo Iten
Art by Ktaiwanita



Small Press Preview - Gareth A. Hopkins

Found Forest Floor

Left Handed

by Bryony Thomson

My Dad and I are both left handed, we like to think this makes us comrades in arms...



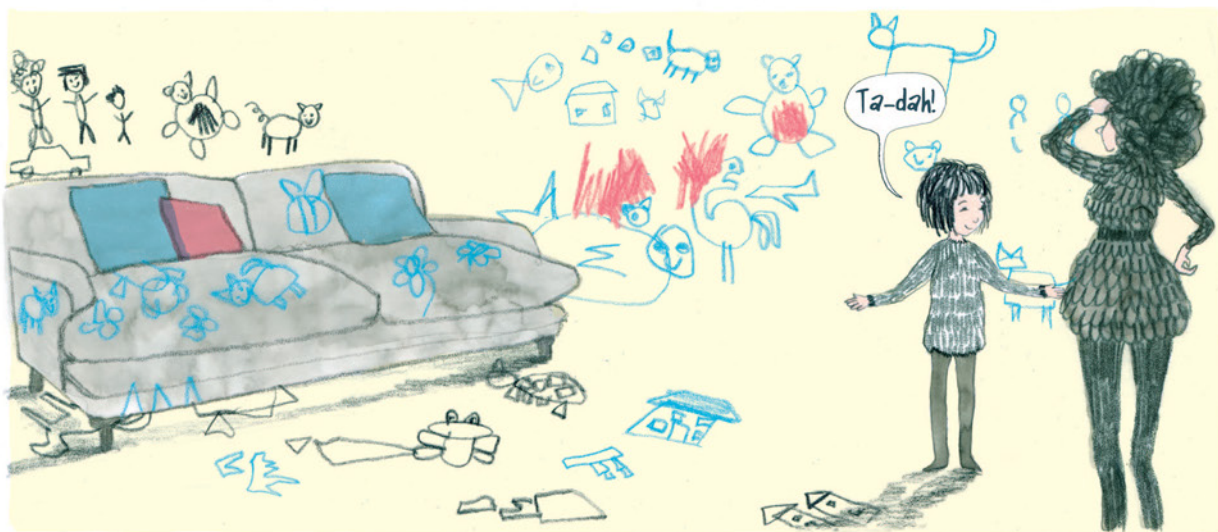
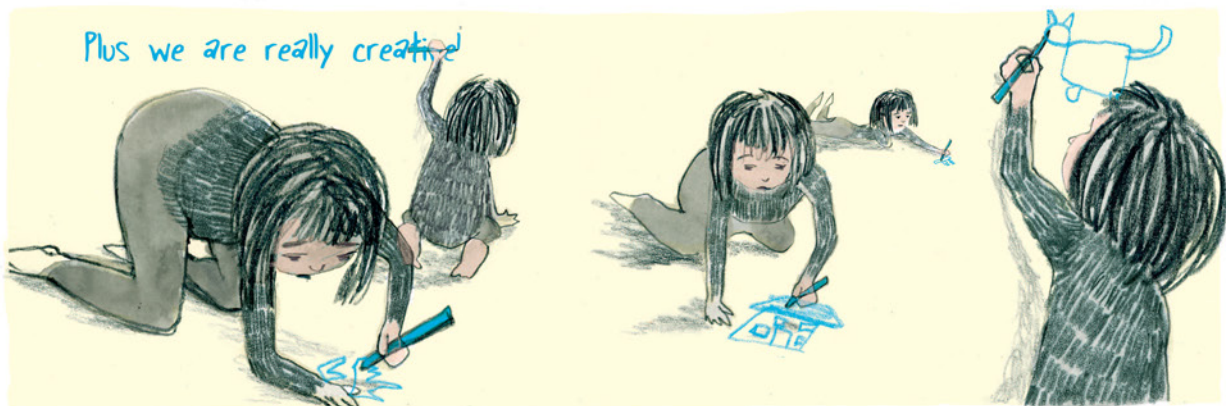
My Mum and brother think this is a particularly bad joke!



Being left handed is great, we are way more likely to be a genius and it can be handy for playing sport.



Plus we are really creative!



But like most things, it does have a downside - we are a bit accident-prone.

Growing up, Mum spent much of her time dealing with left handed incidents.

Sports day was littered with traps



Summer holidays could go badly wrong



And even the classroom wasn't safe



When we left the house Mum was always ready for anything.



And as an adult I've tried to copy this

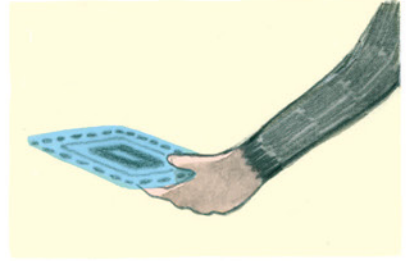


I have, however, learnt three important lessons about surviving as a left hander

1. The smallest things can present a problem.

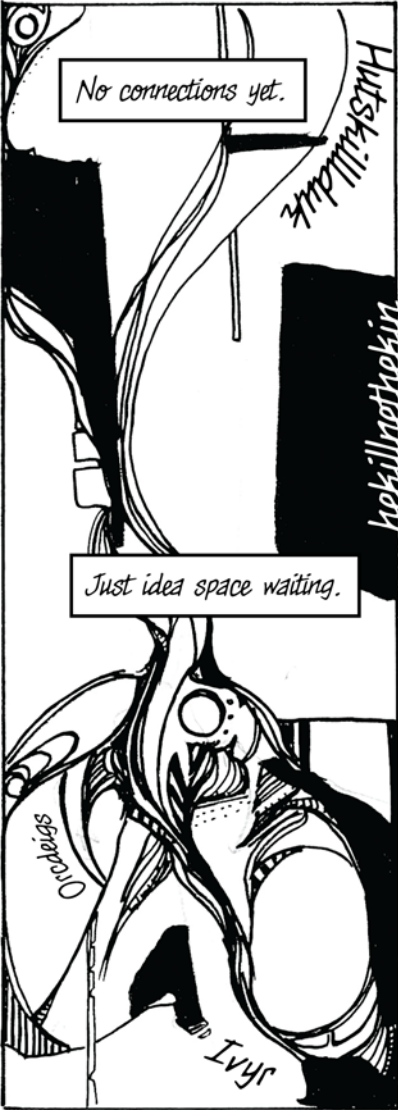


2. It feels great when you realise your husband has got the measure of your left handedness.



3. Only another left hander can truly understand.





STRANGE VISITOR

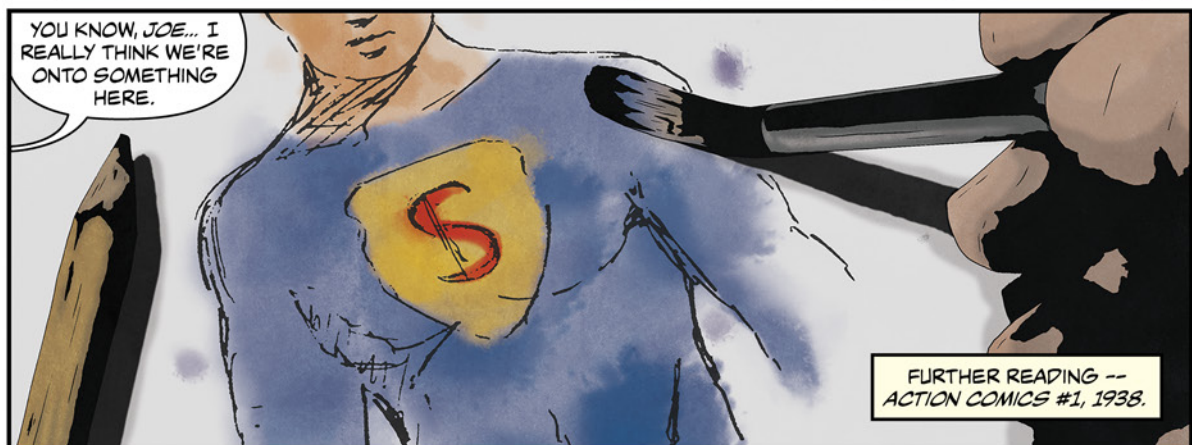
SCRIPT: JOHN OSBORNE
ART: SAM BENTLEY
LETTERS: KEN REYNOLDS

"I HAD AN IDEA
THIS MORNING..."

IN AND OUT,
BOYS. JUST LIKE
WE PLANNED.

EMPTY THE
REGISTER, YOU
JEWISH SONUVA-
BITCH!

WHAT
IF HE *ISN'T* A
CONQUEROR? WHAT
IF HE'S THE MODEL
IMMIGRANT?

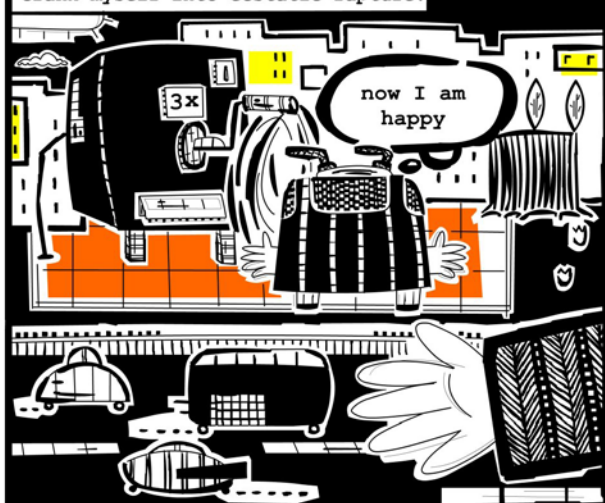


FURTHER READING --
ACTION COMICS #1, 1938.

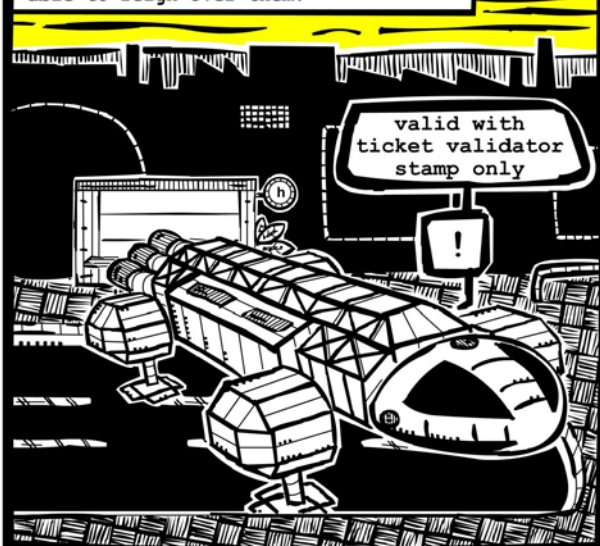
Childhood Without Cranks

by Bob Schroeder

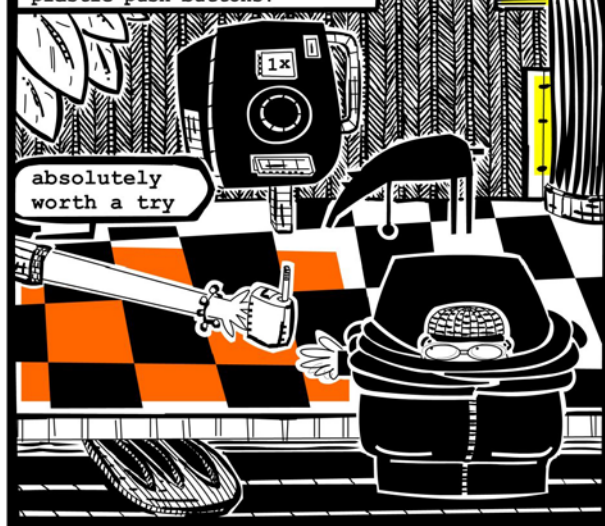
I remember, it had been in the 1970s, that any sight of a ticket machine made me break away from the parental hand, unruly, unbridled, to crank myself into ecstatic rapture.



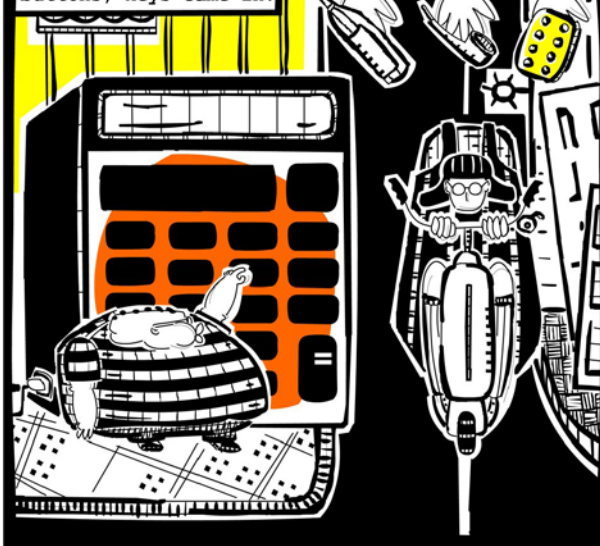
these mighty machines. Given some coins, I was able to reign over them.



the child shattered, as the first momentum-metal cranks were replaced by allegedly ergonomic plastic push buttons.



and after the buttons, keys came in.



along with the cranks, bit by bit, things disappeared as well. Became useless, redundant, at the most a meme in the virtual museum.

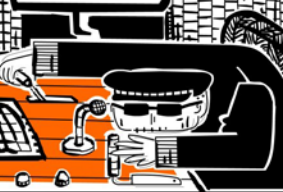


-the music cassette, for example, nothing familiar to anyone anymore-

finally, only the old remembered what a crank actually was.



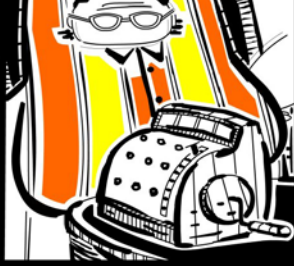
cranking people had authority
last stop.



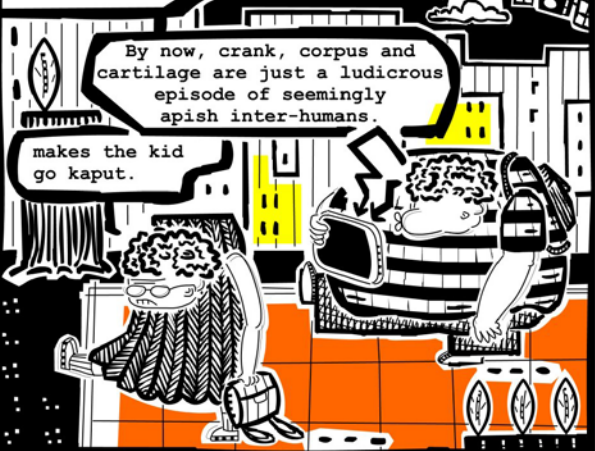
social conscience



and cash.



cranking was physical. An experience which was saved in every single cell of the human body and thereby justifying the inevitable decay of existence.

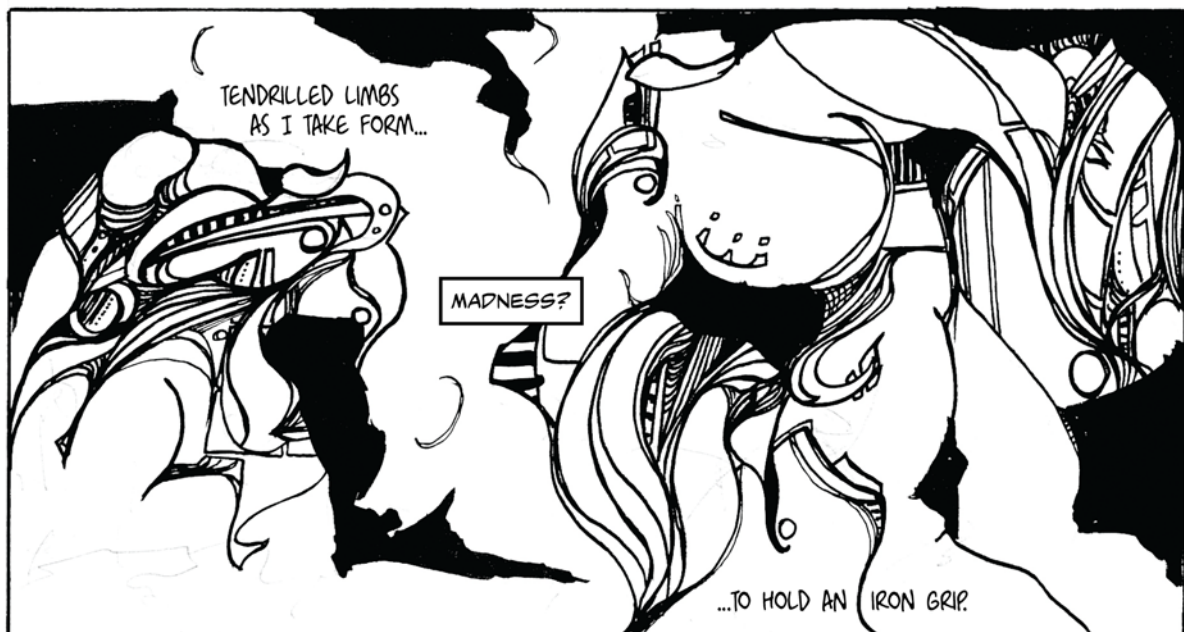
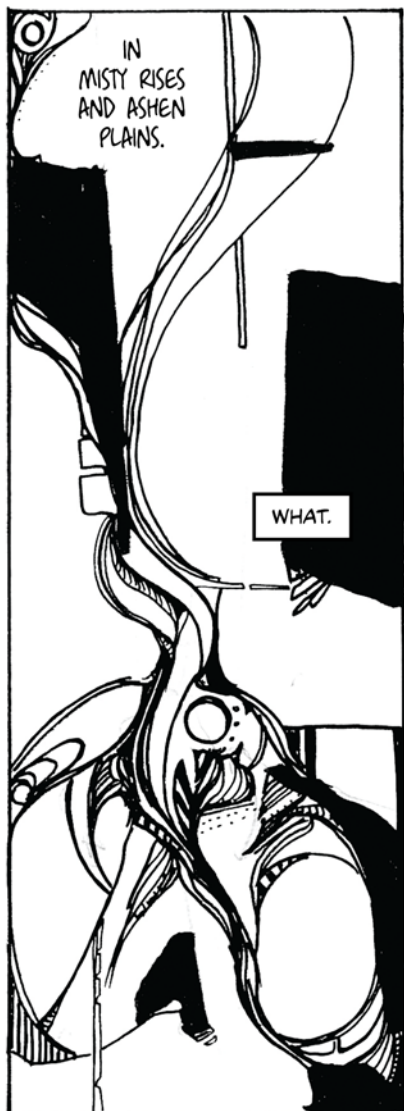


By now, crank, corpus and cartilage are just a ludicrous episode of seemingly apish inter-humans.

makes the kid go kaput.

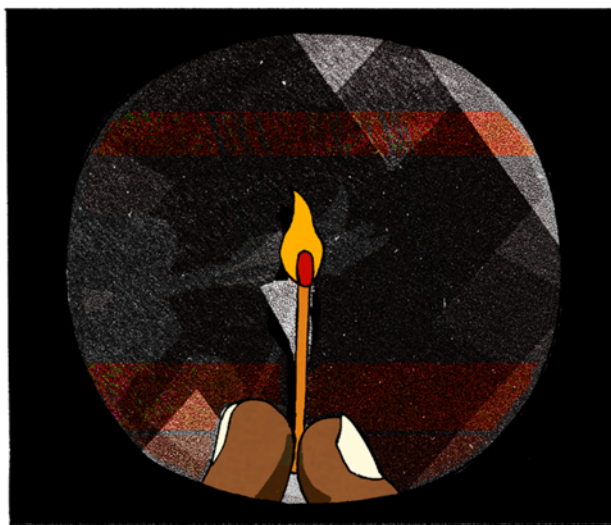
UNFURL

ART: GARETH A HOPKINS - WORDS: DANIEL WILLCOCKS - LETTERS: KEN REYNOLDS



END

"... a writer cannot determine
his text's consequences
enough to be really
responsible ..."



DAVID LOSES HIS HEAD

Written by
Mikael
Lopez

illustrated by
Julian
Adkins

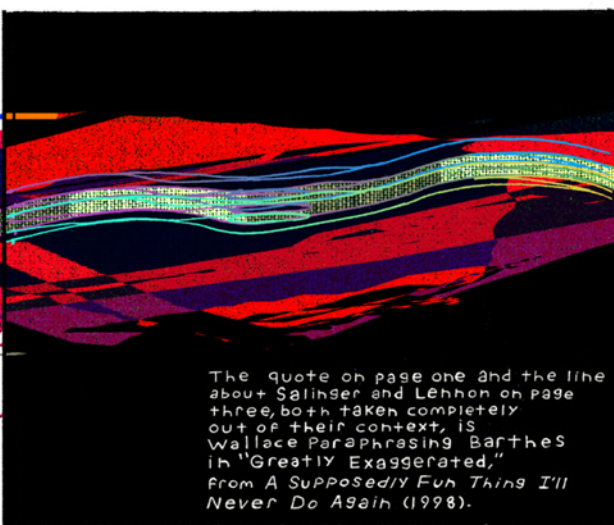
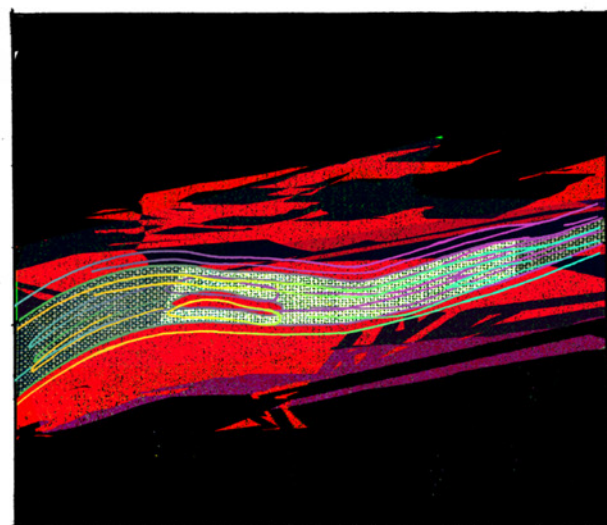
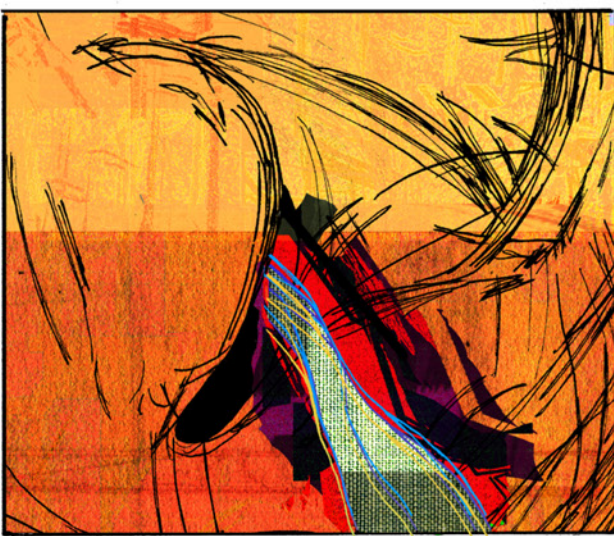


Nervous?

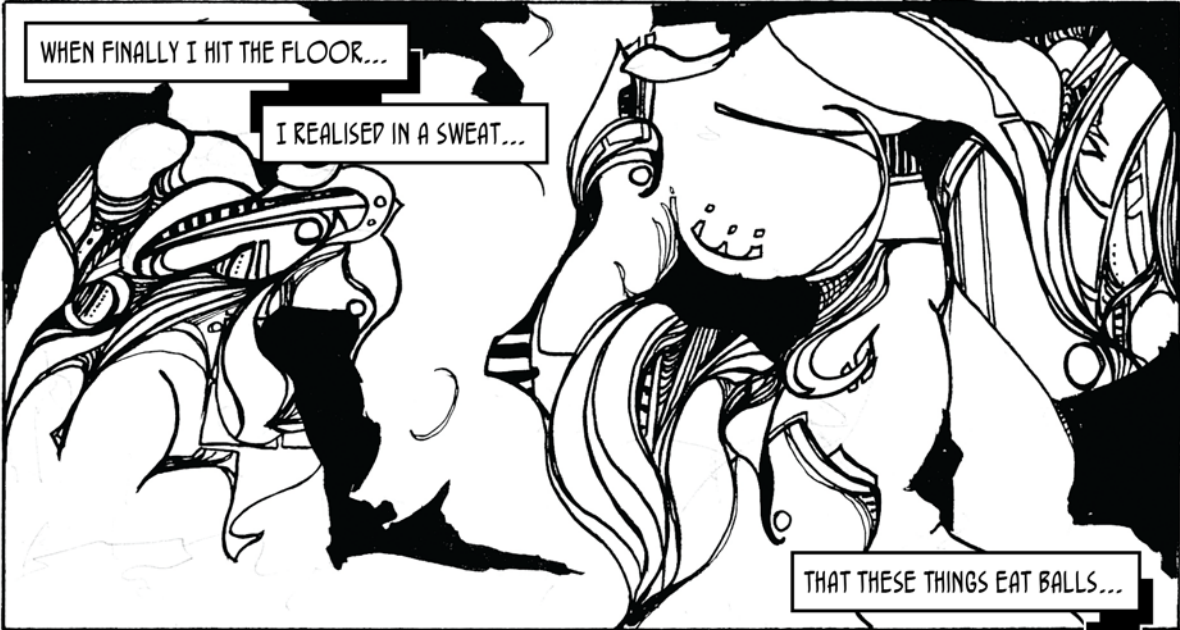
Yeah.







The quote on page one and the line about Salinger and Lennon on page three, both taken completely out of their context, is Wallace Paraphrasing Barthes in "Greatly Exaggerated," from *A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again* (1998).



THAT THESE THINGS EAT BALLS...



Day 0

The vastness spread out like untouched cloth. Its brilliant crispness showed virginity in its purest desert form; there was nothing, no beginning no end just smoothness. Yet in this impossible scope of emptiness something did happen, something gathered bit by bit in spirit like form. Time began to appear against the soft fertile surface of the egg shell whiteness.

Each slowly sensed the others possibility as a twilight horizon began to appear between them. A defined curiosity became apparent to them both, they knew something was going to happen, something had to happen, like the sound of a tuning orchestra, heartfelt music had to break out sooner or later. They both waited and waited each uncertain, until finally there was nothing else for it but to make a move.

The break through touch was erratic like oil thrown across water. Raw Imagination spat out of the mixture and broke into rapturous applause. Leaping with the rushing revelation it gathered a tempo that turned into an ocean blue print for a plan to end all plans. Consciousness was finally able to broadcast its self like a newborn scream. The game was afoot.

Day 1

Reality started to bubble up like haunted Irish stew. It fashioned its self from the evolving awareness and tried to be understood like a Hollywood director screaming into a megaphone. **LIGHTS CAMERA ACTION.**

Day 2

The work at first was slow and time consuming. Matter and dark matter was pushed apart like fighting dogs. Pixel like atoms spill out of every known region. While strange new bio-gasses twirled up with a cotton candy glow. Black holes shunted and pushed with railroad timing as white hot bolts of stars jack hammered their self's into the fabric of the coming stage. Great pistons of gravity began to hiss with the pressure. The idea was beginning to break free from its tethered dimensions.

Day 3

A boss was now needed to hold in mind the rushing design and so the atoms argued and the new dimensions moaned. In the end a grey haired old man was pushed out of the bickering crowd or stepped out no one was ever sure and stood alone before them all and proclaimed himself Mr know it all. His first command was for foremen to hold together the chain of command and before long he had his men of sorts and called them angles. Deadlines now had to be met.

Day 4

Things moved faster once a boss was established, once order was formed, the plan took on new weight, new directions. Light beams and quantum pulleys sprang up whilst galaxy cogs were heard ticking at the outer edges of what everyone was now calling the universe. No one knew where this word came from, but many suspected it came from the boss; he had a habit of naming things.

Day 5

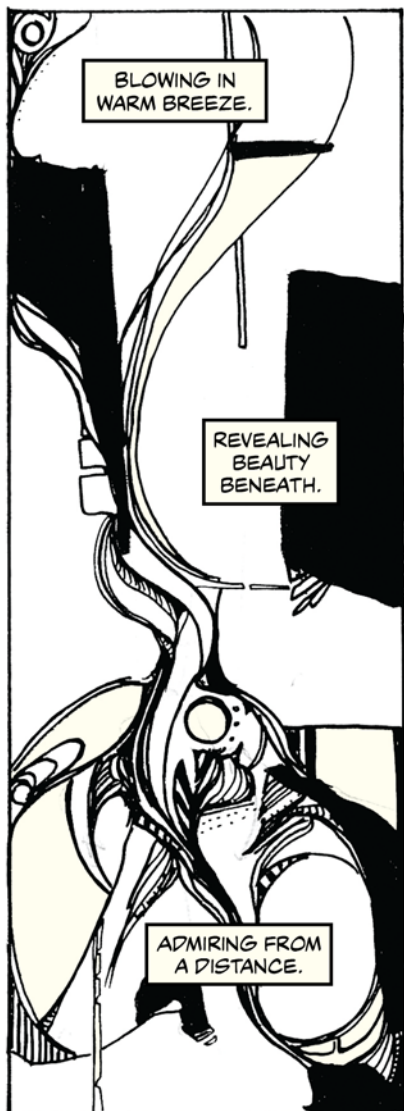
Then something funny happened in the farthest corner of the blue print, one of the ball bearing planets began shimmering in the darkness with all the fragile quiver of a water drop. Everyone knew it was built for something special. It had that kind of earthy look to it.

Day 6

And so the plan pushed forward for life to be put upon it, first single piston blobs of little pressure were given a test run in its H₂O, they worked well and so the engines were modernised for land, then flight the idea seemed to work well, in fact it started to redesign its self. The boss was so tickled by the idea that he even made an action figure of himself to see if it could work. Everyone laughed at the silly thing as it thought itself free from control. From time to time Mr Know it all would phone one of his images up with the consciousness hotline, and to be fair they always listen and followed the orders to the letter. The only problem was the others were easily distracted; they never seemed to take the good advice onboard.

Day 7

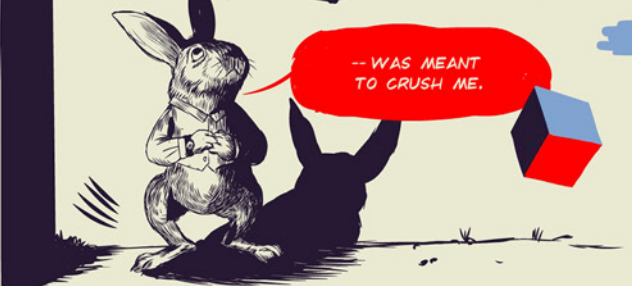
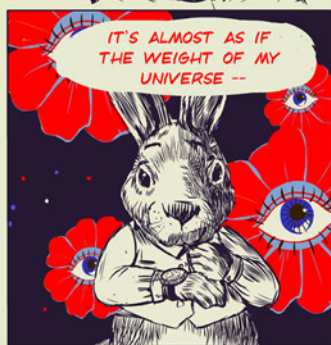
Sitting back down in his now driving like chair Mr know it all, decided to rest for a while, reaching up he knocked his countless gears into neutral and let the massive quantum engines idle and purr. He noticed it had an almost musical tune to it, like wandering echoes in a grand cathedral. Looking over his now finished life filled universe he watched it twinkle and dance like harbour lights. Was it worth the sweat and tears? He looked down to his hands, hard working hands, hands that had tightened countless atoms and perceptions together, loosen worm holes like screws. He stared down at his vast palm like a fortune teller. Its brilliant crispness showed virginity in its purest desert form; there was nothing, no beginning no end just smoothness. Yet in this impossible scope of emptiness something did happen, something gathered bit by bit in spirit like form. Time began to appear against the soft fertile surface of the egg shell whiteness...



TENSE

WRITTEN BY
PABLO ITEN

ILLUSTRATED BY
KTAIWANITA





SMALL PRESS PREVIEW

Found Forest Floor

By Gareth A. Hopkins & Erik Blagsvedt

Found Forest Floor is a 250 page novel by Erik Blagsvedt and Gareth A Hopkins coming out in 2017 from *Abstract Editions*. An experiment in both narrative delivery and the creative process, it combines pages drawn by Hopkins and abstract poetry by Blagsvedt to create something entirely new.

As a continuation of the process of creating pages for *Found Forest Floor*, Hopkins has undertaken an ongoing project that builds on the artwork created for the novel. At present, this takes two forms.

In the first, a 16 page comic was created from the original *Found Forest Floor* pages and released as a primer for the novel as '*Found Forest*'. This was then worked over to produce a brand new comic which carries the DNA of the original, called '*Sugar Forest Fire*' -- which was then reworked to create another comic called '*Rabbit On The Stairs*'. This project will continue through 2017 and the resulting comics made available for free online.



Found Forest



Sugar Forest Fire



Rabbit on the Stairs

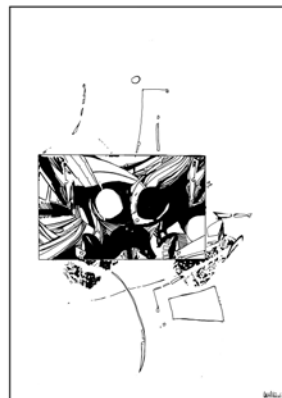
In the second, pages from the novel are being re-drawn as 'prestige' versions, at an increased size, and editions of one. These will be made available for purchase as they're created.

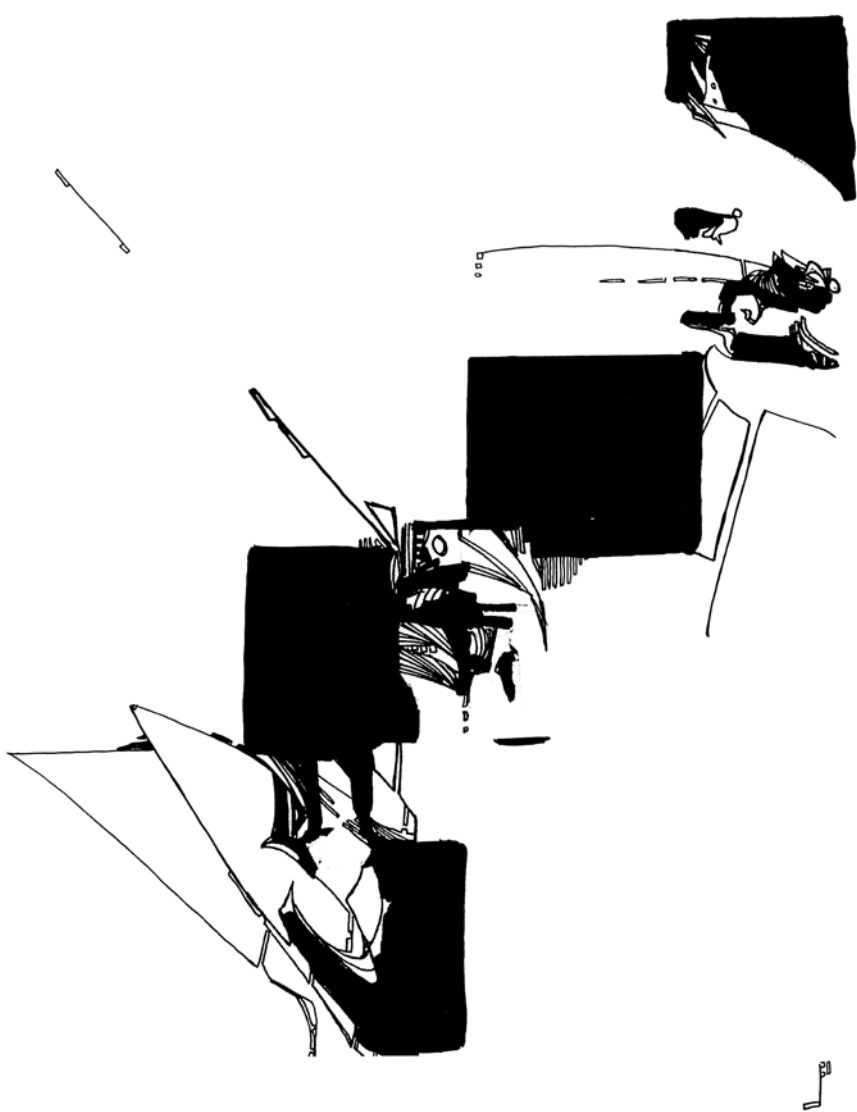
The PDF for *Sugar Forest Fire* can be found here:
<http://bit.ly/2i9lnAR>

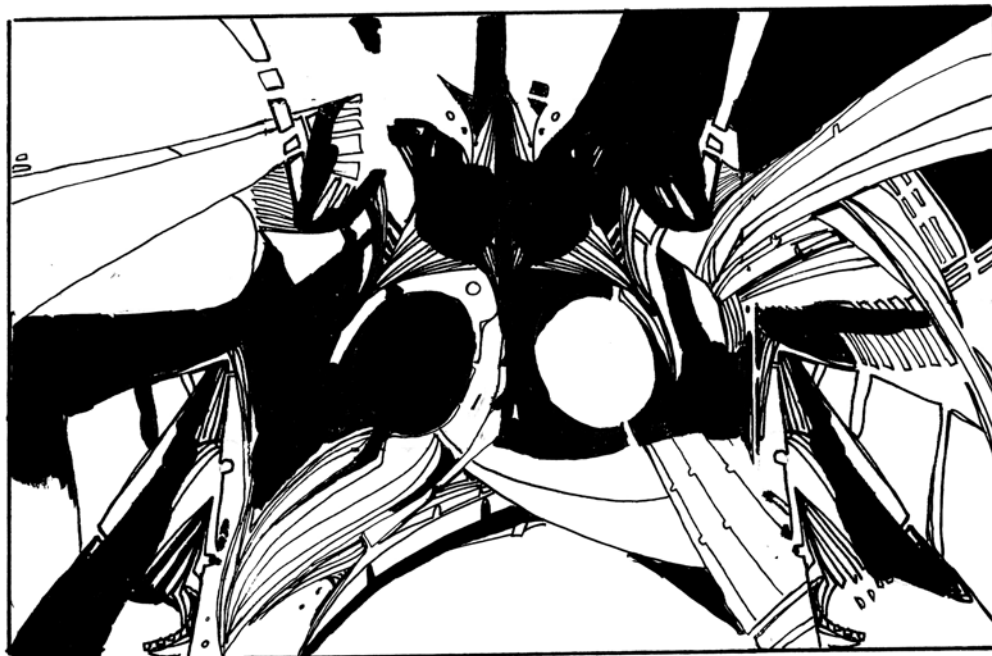
The PDF for *Rabbit On The Stairs* can be found here:
<http://bit.ly/2jqoLDx>

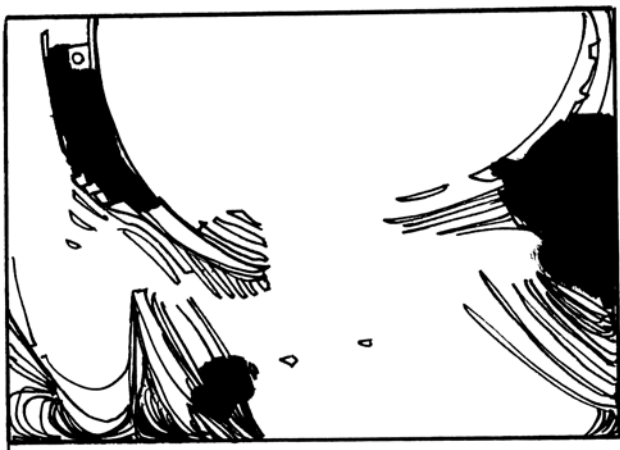
Further PDF's will be made available at
www.intercorstal.com

Gareth A Hopkins online store is here:
www.grthink.bigcartel.com













"The kind of smart script and stylish art that would feel right at home in the pages of the galaxy's greatest comic!" Alex Thomas, Pipedream Comics

Available on Drivethru here:

<http://www.drivethrucomics.com/browse/pub/6130>



<https://www.facebook.com/biodegradablecomic>

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CREATOR INDEX

SLICED

(QUARTERLY)

Are you a comic creator?

If you've enjoyed this issue, and like what we're all about, get involved. We are running an open submissions policy for future issues.

We're looking for '*slice of life*' stories told in experimental and innovative ways, this includes comics, narrative illustrations and infographics. We aren't interested in zombies, vampires, aliens or superheroes; there are plenty of comics that have those bases covered.

We want stories that communicate. They can be funny, serious, moving, thought provoking. You can do whatever you want, as long as it isn't offensive or inappropriate.

We put the spotlight on the narrative potential of comics. **HOW** the story is told is as important as **WHAT** it's about.

Writers, artists, or all-round creators are welcome. We're happy to make creative teams if necessary.

slicedquarterly.co.uk/submissions

Twitter: [@slicedquarterly](https://twitter.com/slicedquarterly)

Facebook: facebook.com/Sliced-Quarterly

Email: editor@slicedquarterly.co.uk