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Shown in alphabetical order — by first name — throughout
ANN KALISKI
A filmaker, animator, and artist. Her animations have screened at festivals nationally and internationally and are collectable works of art. She is the Artistic Director of the Chicago Animation Festival in Hiroshima, Japan. Her drawings, comics and paintings have been exhibited in galleries in Helmond, The Netherlands and the United States. Her solo and group exhibitions in Chicago include the Arts Club of Chicago and the Reuben Film Festival and International Animation Festival in Hiroshima, Japan. Her drawings, comics and paintings have been exhibited in galleries in Helmond, The Netherlands and the United States. Her solo and group exhibitions in Chicago include the Arts Club of Chicago and the Reuben Film Festival and International Animation Festival in Hiroshima, Japan.

ANTONIA CORNWALL
A textile artist, writer and social commentator. She writes on the role of textiles in contemporary society and their potential for social change. She has written for The Guardian and The Independent, and is the author of several books on textile art and design.

AARON RENIER
A cartoonist currently living, working and sweating in Chicago. He runs the artist book publishing house Press and co-hosts the performance comic reading series Zine Not Dead with his friend Matt Davis.

DAVID ALVARADO
Is a Chicago based cartoonist and musician. His work is focused primarily on buildings and spaces, a theme that developed while studying architecture at Washington University in St. Louis. His art has appeared in Metropolis magazine and been shown at Paper Hat, LivingRoom, and Galerie F in Chicago.

DARRELL CIRKEL
Makes transmedia projects that take the form of comics, performance, interactive art, animations, live action films, installations, and social media. His work explores the connection between reality and imagination, using digital and analog media to create immersive experiences.

DAVID COKER
In his work he explores the relationship between the human body and the built environment. He creates large-scale prints and installations that reflect on the history and culture of urban spaces.

DEB SOKOLOW
Is a cartoonist, educator and resident of Chicago. He runs the artist book publishing house Press and co-hosts the performance comic reading series Zine Not Dead with his friend Matt Davis.

DEB SOKOLOW
Draws with a combination of pen and ink, pencils, and other materials. Her work often explores themes of urban decay and social commentary.

DANIELLE CHENETTE
Is an illustrator, animator and painter currently living in Chicago. You can find more of her work at daniellechenette.com.

DANIELLE CHENG
Is a printmaker in living Chicago. They have been teaching at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago since 2014. Their work explores the relationship between human bodies and the built environment, often using digital and analog media to create immersive experiences.

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For this fifth edition of the all-comics issue of *Lumpen* Magazine we have decided to double the page count and assemble this giant-sized extra-special comic book. I have invited many of our favorite regularly featured artists (as well as several first-timers) to utilize the added space. We would like to thank all of our contributors for putting forth the effort to be a part of this monumental issue, as comics can be an extremely time-consuming and challenging artform. I would also like to thank my colleagues, Nora Catlin, for her assistance in wading through the sea of correspondence, and Jeremiah Chiu, for the organization and design of this larger than usual publication.

As comics editor for Lumpen over the last decade I have always looked to present work that bends the traditional definition of what a comic can be. This publication has always served best as a gallery to be filled with work that necessitates its own existence; showcasing art that looks best on a page as opposed to a wall or a screen. Many of the people in this book work in other creative modes such as animation, design, drawing, music, painting, printmaking, performance, and writing as well as being dedicated to professions that relate to absolutely none of these things.

As an editor/curator and artist whose day job has always been in a museum, I find myself constantly drawing lines that connect information and organize histories in order to cohesively remember information. It is easy to see the connections in Chicago’s recent past to the current and former resident image-makers in this book and it is especially interesting to see the connections we have made with other artists worldwide and throughout history. I feel honored to bring together this group of 57 brilliant artists for our first ever *Lumpen* comics book.

Joe Tallarico
Comics Editor,
*Lumpen* Magazine
with an eye out for unusual, aberrant small press books, zines, comics and ephemera.

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OH, OH, OH...!!!
I FEEL... I FEEL...
I'M FEEL... FEELY...
ME...

ME FEELY LIKE....

I'MM...  
...MMFF...  

FLOOATINGG...
THE WATER IS COLD.

WATER BILL'S PROBABLY HIGH.

I'M GLAD THIS ISN'T MY APARTMENT.
50 years of one of the greatest youth cultures of the last century.

Ska Explosion

Rudeboys, they shared music, taste & fashion

50 years

Original Skinhead 1969-2019

As this is a multiracial subculture, original skins don’t like the racist rhetoric portrayed by the media.

Rast “skins” are called boneheads!
NOT ME

YET

DO NOT FORGET TO KEEP ON PUSHING

I'M TRYING TO MAKE YOU LAUGH MY LUCKY ENTR

EAT MEAT - HOLDS SOME LIFE FORCE

VEGETABLES TUNE IN TO ANOTHER FREQUENCY

ENERGY LEAVES MEAT ROTS

YOU ARE LEFT EATING DEATH

EVERYTHING'S HAPPENING OVER AND OVER AGAIN

LOVE IS A FORCE, NO, SERIOUSLY

YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD

I'D RATHER BE REMINDED OF THE INEXORABLE PASSAGE OF TIME BY FINDING LONG EXPIRED PRODUCTS IN MY PANTRY

YOU LIVE TO TELL
"HIPPYFLIP"
THESE DRUGS ARE FANTASTIC
RAMIRO IN
HIDDEN TALENTS

WANT THE POLICE AT THE WEDDING? THEN I WANT YOU ON THE CASE.

INVISIBILITY!

Dad: I'm not sure.

Bite

OH MY GOD!

WHAT THE HELL!

WHAT THE RIDE!!

YOU ARE THE WORST.

Oh God, the smell.

End.
1. Visualization of basketball being cradled in bed at night by Mr. Kim Jong-un* as a child while dreaming of shooting hoops with American basketball hero Mr. Michael Jordan.

2. Guest house recently built for Mr. Michael Jordan by Mr. Kim Jong-un's personal architect.

3. (Not pictured) Intercepted communications suggesting Mr. Michael Jordan refusing to respond to Mr. Kim Jong-un's numerous invitations to shoot hoops with him in North Korea.

4. Schematics for kidnapping Mr. Michael Jordan, prepared by Mr. Kim Jong-un's people for Mr. Dennis Rodman to carry out.

5. Meditation room inside Mr. Dennis Rodman's mansion for asking truthful questions such as "Why doesn't anyone want to kidnap me?"

*Future Supreme Leader, Democratic People's Republic of Korea
PETTERSON? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE? I COME TO LADY VEGA'S DUNGEON EVERY OTHER SATURDAY. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU HERE!

WELL, THEY'VE ONLY JUST LIFTED MY BAN HERE. I WAS A REGULAR IN THIS DUNGEON FOR YEARS.

BUT... I MADE A BIG SCENE ONE NIGHT ABOUT 5 YEARS AGO, BEAT UP ANOTHER CLIENT PRETTY BAD. I GOT A LITTLE OVER-INFATUATED WITH ONE OF THE GIRLS THERE, AND FLEW INTO A JEALOUS RAGE.

OF COURSE, THE NIGERIAN GUARDS CAME RUSHING IN, AND BEAT ME INTO SUBMISSION... WHICH WAS ALL PART OF MY CAREFULLY ORCHESTRATED FANTASY.

THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

WHOAH, PETTERSON! I APPRECIATE THE GUSTO OF YOUR PERFORMANCE, BUT THIS SCENARIO WAS UNSANCTIONED AND REALLY BLOODY DANGEROUS.

MALIAH IS RIGHT, PETTERSON. YOU ARE BANNED FROM THE LADY VEGA DUNGEON INDEFINITELY.

PLEASE, LADY VEGA... I HAVEN'T EVEN DONE THE ULTIMATE YET!

...AND MADE HEADLINES WHEN A GROUP OF HIGH-PROFILE WITCHES WERE CONVICTED OF BOILING 2 MEN ALIVE IN A CAULDRON IN 1993. THIS FACT CERTAINLY COLORED MY PLAYTIME IN THIS FULL-SENSORY TERROR CENTER....

YES, BOY! I'VE FATTENED YOU UP ON DOG FOOD AND LARD, NOW TO BOIL YOU INTO A JUMBO STEW! AH HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

THEY WOULD EAT LEECHES IN FRONT OF US, USE RAW MEAT TO PLAY WITH THEMSELVES, BITE INTO LIVE SNAKES... IT WAS PSYCHOLOGICAL TERRORISM, IT REALLY WAS! ALL THE WHILE, THE CAULDRON WAS IN FACT, KEPT AT A FULL BOIL....

I BEG YOU! ANYTHING BUT SNAKES, PLEASE!

MY ONLY REQUEST UPON MEMBERSHIP WAS ABSOLUTELY NO SNAKE PLAY... THE WITCHES DISREGARDED MY REQUEST ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. I UNDERSTOOD THEN HOW EASILY SCENARIOS COULD SPIN OUT OF CONTROL, HOW MEN MIGHT EVENTUALLY BEG FOR THE HEAT OF THE CAULDRON AS MY BODY REELED IN PURE TITILLATION—SERPENT HISSING, THE WITCHES GIGGLING, EXPOSING THEMSELVES.

IT WAS A TRUE BLACK MAGIC, THEY PRACTICED, GENTLY CORDING ME INTO A STATE OF EROTIC OBLIVION.
Now You Da Boss.

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OH HOI! A NEW DATA PACKAGE!
TODAY EVEN THE BEST LAID PLANTS....
FOR THE TURING TEST
GOOD BONES, I GUESS
WORKING JUST ENOUGH
URPLE HAZE
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE....
IS THAT REALLY U

GUY CHAISE TO ME... "IT IS MY BRAND VERANDA!"
CHECK OUT THE GO-TO GROW ROOM WITH GOBS OF ROOM TO GROW...

HAVE HI-DEF POTION CAPTURE?
...HOLD IT...
GREEN ROOMS

HOW ABOUT A QUICK DIP IN THE APPLICANT POOL?
Service with a mother’s love.
IT'S HARD FOR ME TO VOCALIZE THIS WITHOUT SOUNING LIKE A DICK, BUT I NEED A SHORT BREAK FROM US.

I'M NOT DOING SO GREAT AND I'M TRYING TO FIX SOMETHINGS ABOUT MYSELF AND YOUR PRESENCE...

IT MAKES THAT HARD. IT SHOULDN'T, BUT I HAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE MY EMOTIONAL REACTION DOESN'T ALIGN WITH MY REASONING.

I'VE WATCHED MY MISERY RUIN SO MANY RELATIONSHIPS BEFORE & YOU MEAN SO MUCH TO ME.

SO UNTIL I FEEL POSITIVE I HAVE AGENCY OVER MY EMOTIONAL MANIFESTATION TO BE ABLE TO CONDUCT A HEALTHY RELATIONSHIP I NEED TO DISAPPEAR FOR A BIT.

AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU TO DEATH, I WON'T LET THAT LOVE LEAD ME TO WANTING TO TAKE MY OWN.
MEANWHILE...

IT'S TOO HOT FOR THIS.

...IT ACTUALLY LESS HARMFUL TO THE ENVIRONMENT THAN MORE TRADITIONAL VEGETABLE-OIL-BASED PRODUCTS. JUST LOOK FOR THE SEAL OF SUSTAINABILITY.

THIS IS OKAY... BUT SO EXPENSIVE

YUCK!

THE SEEM OKAY

WHOA... I HAD NO IDEA

YOU KNEW THAT STUFF DESTROYS THE RAINFOREST
...and so...

Are you awake?

Are you...?

What is happening?...

We are learning about patterns.

Do you think there's my problem?

The pattern of worrying.

The pattern of joy.

The pattern of suspicion.

The pattern of suspicion.

The pattern of suspicion.

Patterns made out of shapes.

Patterns made out of shapes.

Patterns made out of shapes.

"Cosmic joke"
But I can see the pattern in my mind, because my mind has problems.

There are no problems just patterns and shapes.

Wait! I think I see it!

But...uh oh...

Oh!!!

Changing on the

time...

...it's falling apart...

The old mind shape...

...but...are we all together?

Am I deranged?

I forgot...

Why does everything always happen now?

or am I the therapist?

...I can't tell anymore...

...that's my problem...

HA HA!
SYLVIA + JESSICA'S FREE LIFE COACHING

GOING OUTSIDE!

RANKING ALL THE SEATS ON THE BUS FROM BEST TO WORST

INSIDE

AQUA ZUMBA

GOING INSIDE

USING YOUR HAIR AS DENTAL FLOSS

OUTSIDE

CLOWN

OUTSIDE

GIVING THE CAT A HAIRCUT

INSIDE

FOR MORE HOT TIPS, SEND $50 TO: JESSICACAMPBELL@GMAIL.COM
THE TECHIES BELONG TO A STRANGE SOCIETY...
WHERE COMMUNICATION IS ONLY NECESSARY.

IF IT IS ECONOMICALLY OR SEXUALLY VIABLE
..THIS BIZARRE CULTURAL RITUAL

..IS KNOWN AS..
.."NETWORKING."
THE SYSTEM IS DOWN!
THE MACHINES FROZEN!

WITHOUT THE MACHINES,
HOW WILL WE GROW OUR CROPS!!!
THE UNITED STATES OF THE NETHERLANDS

All rise. Be present to the Flag of Our Country, the United States, and the Principles for which they stand.

A crime against humanity. The United States of the Netherlands.

We have lived here. Come. We have been here for over a year.

Inmates in the Netherlands.

My name is [redacted]. Born in Greece. 1975.

I am here. It is happening. I have been arrested. I am tired of waiting. I am ready to fight. I am tired of being quiet. I am ready to say what I need to say.

Being in a cell for 11 months. The last 11 months have been brutal. The last 11 months have been difficult.

The United States of the Netherlands.

Not true. There is no 11th month. 11 months have passed. No one lived here. The last 11 months have been difficult.

A marriage. Seldom proven well.

It is clear. The evidence shows. You were there. For the purposes of participating in the Heto, on April 15th, and had criminal intentions. To own a known extremist group.

It is the East, and Omar, the Sun.

And it is also clear. That this evidence shows you were there. For the purposes of participating in the Heto, on April 15th, and had criminal intentions. To own a known extremist group.

The quality of mercy it be shown. I wish I had nothing. From everyone would be almighty. I, but it is something I wanted to be. To mercy, it was a gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath.

I went to [redacted]. I am here, and I am still. A humanizing and a detention. I wanted to go home, but could not go without help. Many friends, but that home, and them, that home.
HERE YOU GO!

WHERE'S Y'ALL RIDING YOUR BIKES TO?

DUNNO REALLY. WE'RE JUST SORTA DRIFTING.

OH? THAT SOUNDS AMAZING!

I LOVE RIDING BIKES! HERE'S MINE! LET'S GO FOR A RIDE!

OKAY!

YAY!

THERE'S A REALLY COOL AREA WE CAN RIDE TO! JUST FOLLOW ME!

Alright, sure.

LET'S GET CHOPPING!
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Mental Pitstop

Rugged Road

If I don't ask them to sign, the hoodlum hippies will just play all night.

A six pack goes a long way at bottom of Auto Tilt.

[Cartoon scenes of various situations involving vehicles and people]
A Different Time

by LIANA JEGERS

On days that I feel uneasy about myself, my occupation, or the state of the world, I imagine what I might have been in a past life: a cat catching mice in an ancient library; a worm or a bag, burrowed soft and safe in the dirt. Maybe I was a shitty person, deciding the fates of others based on my whims while I sat on a gilded throne; or confused: a 17-year old soldier; or a bug, burrowed soft and safe in the dirt. Maybe I was a silky person, deciding the fates of others based on my whims while I sat on a gilded throne; or confused: a 17-year old soldier; or a bug, burrowed soft and safe in the dirt.

Most obviously, I would have been unprepared for the magnitude and variety of other problems beyond my self. The sun would have set, and the noise would have ended. I would have had no foreseeable plans to return to my imagined Alpine existence soon. Outside my apartment someone lays on their car horn for about 15 seconds at the neighbor's car, and a rapidly expanding nearby glacier. Or maybe I would have had a hard time convincing the residents of the nearby village that I, a literate woman living alone in the mountains, am not a witch. Since witches were often blamed for crop failure, I would have been burned at the stake. I was destined to meet my maker at either a witch-burn or a murder hole. It's more inviting to visitors (and easier to heat), but then I remember the invasions and conquests of this time, and I can't help but think the people invading and conquering wouldn't have found the time to reason with a woman living alone in the mountains. At least building a murder hole would buy me some time and put me at a tactical advantage.

For several hundred years, beginning in the 1300's and peaking in the 1600's the Earth's climate was in a state of turmoil. The wind whipped through the slim window openings as I stepped out onto a landing to look at something labeled “murder hole” which is a hole on the second floor overlooking the foyer, from which you could stab an unwanted guest who had inexplicably made it through the first set of castle doors. Alpine Me probably lives in a single room without a murder hole. It's more inviting to visitors (and easier to heat), but then I remember the invasions and conquests of this time, and I can't help but think the people invading and conquering wouldn't have found the time to reason with a woman living alone in the mountains. At least building a murder hole would buy me some time and put me at a tactical advantage.
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I think I'll finally get to meet some humans.

Hey Sasquatch! I'm planning!

Hey Sasquatch! If the Earth was really wide, helicopters could just hover in place and wait for destinations to come to them.

Hey Sasquatch! Manda donates to my Go Fund Me?

Hey Sasquatch! Baldrick said and NASA made a hoax called Global Warming for a profit.

John Christ
ARTIST STATEMENT
My friends say I should keep working. I feel like working some things to distraction. But I don’t receive a response. I work in my tiny apartment and I will have to accept. I will never be a big who I guess. I am a failure. Oh no no!

BLUE MANSION EATING A BAG OF CORN CHIPS
2019, 7 x 10.5 in. (18 x 26.7 cm)

DO YOU FORGET ABOUT HOW TO FORGET ABOUT THE MANNISH WOMAN, LADIES, COCA COLA!
2019, 7 x 10.5 in. (18 x 26.7 cm)

FOUR DOGS EATING BREAKFAST IN THOSE MAJOLICA DOUGLAS CHAIRS AND ALSO WEARING BIDE
2019, 7 x 10.5 in. (18 x 26.7 cm)
WHAT IS MY YELLOW
ZINEmercado
A ROVING ZINE FEST

FREE TO ALL
ALL WELCOME

zinemercadochicago zinemercado
#LoganSquareIndependentZINEfest

MC 2019
It's dark in there, and it will never tell. My shadow has no morals, no shape, no guilt—perhaps only complacency.

My mouth may move, but a shadow will never say a word.

No one else can cast it. My shadow, it's all mine.

It can't exist without me.

My shadow holds my secret. It can hold yours, too.

Cover up part of your mouth, and lean in.

Lean in, and whisper in my ear.

My mouth may move, but a shadow will never say a word.

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Lean in, and whisper in my ear.

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No one else can cast it. My shadow, it's all mine.

It can't exist without me.
I NEED TO SEE A DOCTOR MY CHEECK.

YEAH OK

IT'S UP MY FACE.

SIGN IN HERE THEN HAVE A SEAT.

HERE.

THANKS.

OH IT'S EMPTY.

PEE IN IT.

SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU TODAY?

NEXT, THAT LADY OVER THERE.
I’m in a tavern and it’s nineteen-oh-something. No women allowed, I gather. There’s beer shit on my shoes. I fit right in.

Drunkards, half in the bag, shout while attempting to sort it all out. They fight for every dollar at the bar. Belly up: what’s your whistle?

Here’s what keeps them in their spots: the trough.

THE TROUGH

Intended as a spittoon, it became a repository for a number of things. One does what one must.

Imagine a conversation that spills out money, insights, and simultaneously pisses it out. Spot so sad.

It comforts them. They relate with it. An efficient,钻研ish stand-in. Admiration for the craftsmanship.

It's true; they are always doing something right.

We checked the obituaries and didn’t see our names. So we must be doing something right.

More loaded now, more savage, confused...

But, we’re all here, before...

I’ll cut your ass around out!

The hell you say.

I’ll tell you how much...

But, we’ve all been there before.

Piss right at the bar. Keep the fight going. Keep the talk going. How much they hate their jobs, their families, their government.

Later, crying like babies over God knows what. Shooting like lunatics over God only knows. Speaking in foreign tongues that no one understands.

I’ve become the bartender. Look at my danm moustache. It’s official. It’s also what you expected. It’s also a bit of their presence, their stories.

I cut some of them off. My repulsion at their compulsion. Busted by their presence, their stories.

I got them to leave through threats, declarations of dignity, and poignant reminders.

Ah, I know. Damn it...

But, what the hell is all home for me?

I need another for Christakes.

Shoved off, wished luck, wished to never see again. Double visioned journeys.

I have a bottle at home. I’ll be quiet this time.

I need a bottle.

Picture this: a triggers old drunkard holding the newborn version of him/herself.

I flash the trough out. The drain is clogged with a combination of mud, tobacco, cigarette butts, and newspaper. I know there are worse jobs.

I see worse jobs in certain faces. It’s what I expect to see. It’s what I’ve always seen.

I realize they took the compulsion with them. And to think, some people factor passion into their jobs.
FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

THE KIND OF BODY YOU WANT

CHARLES ATLAS

GIANP POWER:

ELECTRIC BELT

..THE MOST POWERFUL BELT MADE....

PENETRATES EVERY NERVE OF THE SOUL...

NAME:
ADDRESS:
CITY:
ST.

MIND ALTERING CURRENTS
In the summer of 2000 I told my mom I was going to the mall to see a movie I liked and caught a ride with a Wered Tour.

Hey mom, can I have some money for the movies?

Hey, I’m a good girl.

There is nothing I wanted more in 1999 than to go to the Family Values Tour. Instead my dad flipped it off my TV so I could watch it over and over again.

Meanwhile, back at therapy.

When I was a kid, I didn’t hurt and I really hated myself as a kid. I felt like such a freak.

Korn’s music made me feel like I wasn’t alone.

I found great comfort in Jonathan Davis’s lyrics. His pain was my pain. I really hated myself as a kid. I felt like such a freak. Korn’s music made me feel like I wasn’t alone.

Why do you think Korn saved your life? What is it about their music that helps you?

What does it feel like to listen to Korn? I still feel very much connected to the music. I feel grateful.

I had this music to help me through my hard times in my life. I survived and feel strong.

A lot of people think Korn is lame and corny, I don’t care. What people say nu-metal will always have a special place in my heart. I’ll always be a freak on a leash.
Hey! You awake? let's do something.

Did you hear about the stray dog that hangs out behind the Q-mart and eats nachos?

Do you have any quarters?

Nope.

Let's use that speed bump as a ramp.

The fish in this river are always dead.

That sucked.

I want nachos now.

Today was pretty ok.

Yeah.

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