





**Crack On**

**2nd Ponti Comix Anthology**

**Volume 6 da Colecção CCC**

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**traduções feitas pelos autores / translations made by the authors**

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Crack 2009**

**{[crack.forteprenestino.net](http://crack.forteprenestino.net)}**

**co-edição**

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**O**gni volta che si ricomincia ce lo chiediamo: Crack quest'anno si fa? non è una domanda tanto per farla, è una domanda vera come quando ti chiedi ogni giorno se ami la vita che fai, le persone con cui condividi i tuoi desideri. Sono domande a cui in ogni momento puoi rispondere in un modo o in un altro, all'opposto. Succede che questa storia di Crack, questo festival che non esibisce non vende e non è venduto, questa storia non appartiene più solo a noi, che stiamo qui a raccogliere contributi e adesioni, a spazzare le celle della nostra fortezza occupata. Il network decide va avanti, produce. Insomma chi arriva come ospite si trasforma in organizzatore e connette allarga moltiplica i nodi. È un processo Crack, e siamo sicuri che è un processo generativo e radicante, mobilmente stabile.

Forse non è un caso come e quando sia venuto fuori. Mentre il capitale emette nella vecchia e cupa Europa gli scricchiolii sinistri della nave che affonda, una nuova scena del fumetto sta emergendo. Attenzione stavolta non è fumetto d'autore, non è un estetizzante grafismo fuori dal mondo, o l'autobiografia nerd in scarpe da ginnastica. Stavolta è fumetto brutale, nervoso, incollato ai linguaggi e alle immagini della realtà. Insomma fumetto in prima persona, alla ricerca di un nuovo mainframe, di un nuovo sistema di codifica. Se qualcuno diceva che il fumetto era morto, sorry, il fumetto sta benissimo. Scrive e disegna pagine su pagine e lancia traccianti al plasma. In questa guerra siamo noi ad illuminare la vostra fottuta notte.

Vedremo, noi intanto stiamo già scrutando un poco più oltre. Il numero due di Ponti, la collana di congiunzioni disegnate in bianco e nero inaugurata lo scorso anno, è stavolta un passaggio ad ovest, sulle produzioni itineranti targate Chili Com Carne, il collettivo portoghese. Si va avanti, non ci fermiamo, era questa la nostra risposta, let's CRACK ON!

**E**ach year, we ask ourselves..will we do another Crack festival?

Well, its not really like that. For us, its a question of what we're asking ourselves every day about loving the life we're living, or the people that we share our desires with. You can answer these questions in one way or another, in every single moment and from the opposite side. The story of crack, this festival in which neither exhibits which neither sells nor is sold. We've been here all along getting material together from the various contributors, cleaning the cells of our squatted fortress. But this story doesn't belong to us anymore: it belongs to the network that continues to grow and evolve. Crack is a process, a movement, and one which we are sure generates a radican and ever expanding energy, permanently unstable.

Although, maybe it's not so much a case of how and when Crack started. As capital collapses in old, dark Europe, in the sinister creaking of the ship, a new scene in comix is emerging. But watch out, this time, its not about the cult of the author, nor the aesthetic obsessions, nor the autobiography from another nerd in sneakers'. This time, its brut-comic, nervous and close to languages and real images. Our comics come from unique perspectives, searching for a mainframe, for a new system of encoding. Well, if they want to say that comics are dead, we would like to affirm that they are alive and kicking. Put words and images on paper and throw plasma trackers. In this battle, we are the ones illuminating your dead, fucked-up night sky.

We'll see then, that in the meantime, we're looking further into the horizon. Ponti number 2 sees that connection drawn in black and white, on a passage from East to West, from the wandering productions of Chili Com Carne, the Portuguese collective. We'll keep pushing ahead and we won't stop. This time, let's CRACK ON!

**Valerio Bindi**



# CRACK ON por Marcos Farrajota

This will be the second time I'm going to Crack Festival... This time with a group of Portuguese artists:



I admit I was suspicious to come the first even if Alberto Correa did advice me to go...



It was in Stockholm SPX '08 I'd met the Crack Crew...



Still not convinced - maybe 'cuz I think Italians are too histrionic. At last hour, me and Jucifec went to Rome. We arrived Friday night (second day of the festival)...



One nice girl picked us up by car - first contact with (m) famous Roman's driving!



When we arrive to Forte Peenestino immedeatly realize how stupid I was being so suspicious!



Chaotic as the Roman traffic, there was people everywhere in infinite subterranean galleries - yes "underground" exhibitions in "lato sensu" and without the stench of curators!



In Portugal, this would not be possible unless the event would be "trendy"...



I should have known better... after all I went in 2002 to **Happening Internazionale Underground** (Milan), a similar event...



Saturday night at **HIU** was surreal: there was not only "Che t-shirt" boys but "normal people"... and guys with neckties (yuppies!?) or Africans selling pirate stuff...



I told about this to **Federico** while he was (well/bad) driving... but his only comment was:





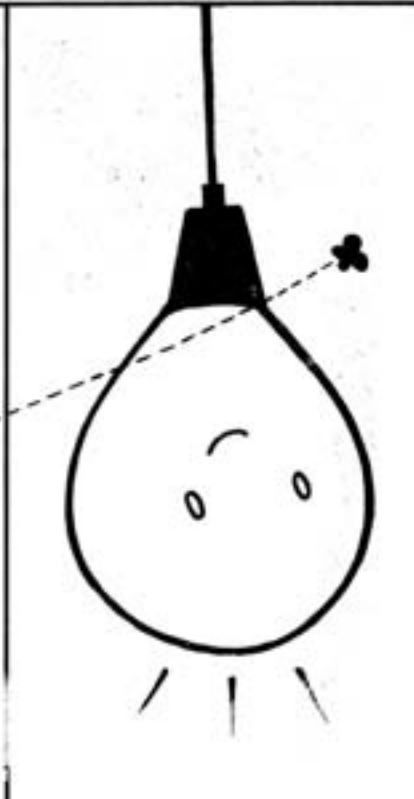
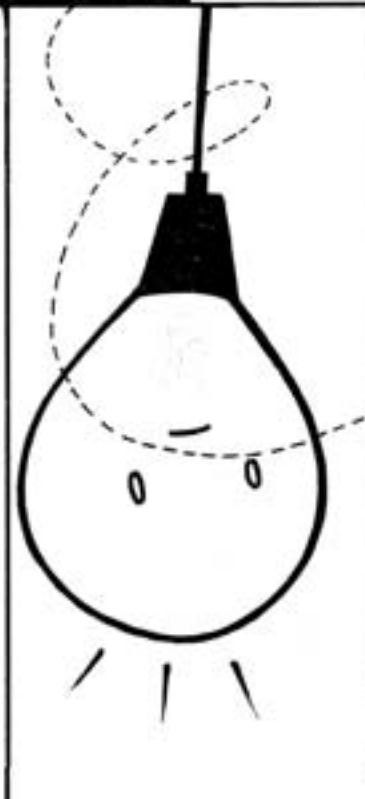
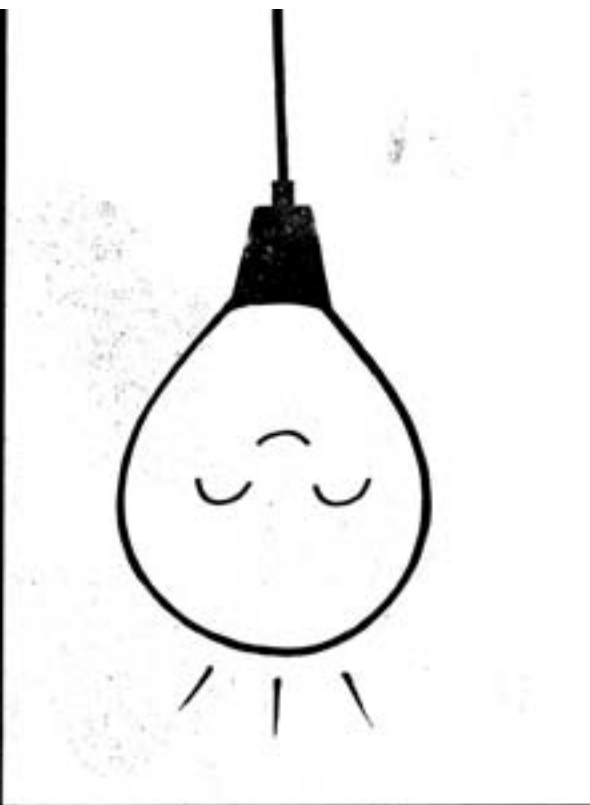










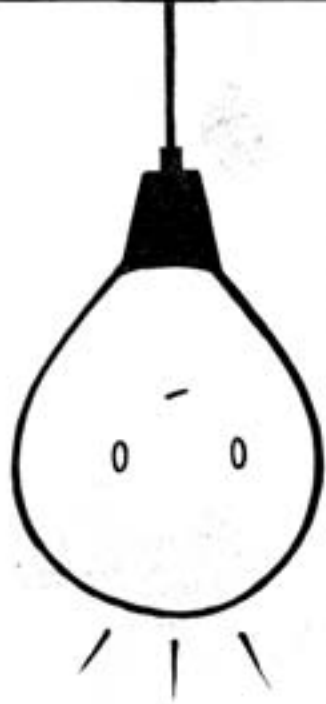




*click*



*click*



*click*



federica del proposto '09

ORE 16:30. CAMMINO DA SOLA PER LE STRADE DEL CENTRO.



CI SONO DEGLI EVENTI NELLA VITA DELLE PERSONE CHE MODIFICANO PROFONDAMENTE IL LORO MODO DI APPROCCIARSI ALLA VITA STESSA.



DIVENTANO INEVITABILMENTE PIÙ DISINCANTATE. OPPURE PIÙ INSIURE.



A ME CAPITA, AD ESEMPIO, DI DESIDERARE ALL'IMPROVISO UNA VITA DIVERSA DALLA MIA... UN'ALTRA VITA QUALSIASI.

...

16:30 p.m. I walk alone in the city./ There are some events in people's life that deeply change their way to view life./ They become more disillusioned... or more insecure./ Suddenly, for example, I wish I had another life.

OSSERVO LE VARIE FORME DI VITA CHE MI CIRCONDANO. NELLA MIA  
MI SENTO COSI' DESTABILIZZATA CHE INIZIO A BRAMARLE TUTTE, INDISTINTAMENTE.

...PERCHE', AD ESEMPIO, NON SONO QUEJTA STRAFICA BRASILIANA?



OPPURE: PERCHE' NON SONO QUELLA ADOLESCENTE ESISTENZIALISTA?



OPPURE: PERCHE' NON SONO QUESTO PIZZAIOLO DI 45 ANNI?



...

I observe other people's lives all around me. In my life I feel so destabilized that I desire all the other lives, without distinction.

...Why, for example, I'm not that sexy Brazilian woman?/ Or: why I'm not that existentialist teenager?/

Or: why I'm not this 45-years-old pizza maker?

OPPURE: PERCHÉ NON SONO QUEL LOMBRICO?



...



...VORREI TANTO ESSERE QUEL LOMBRICO, ORA.



... RIPENSANDOCI, POTREI CONTINUARE A VIVERE NELLA MIA VITA  
ALMENO PER UN ALTRO PO'... ALMENO FINO A DOPO CENA, AD ESEMPIO.

fin.

Or: why I'm not that earthworm? / ... / ... I really would like to be that earthworm, now. / ??? / "... Hello? Are you?" / "if we can have dinner together?? ...OK!"/ ...Maybe, I could continue to live in my life a little bit longer... at least, until the after-dinner, for example.





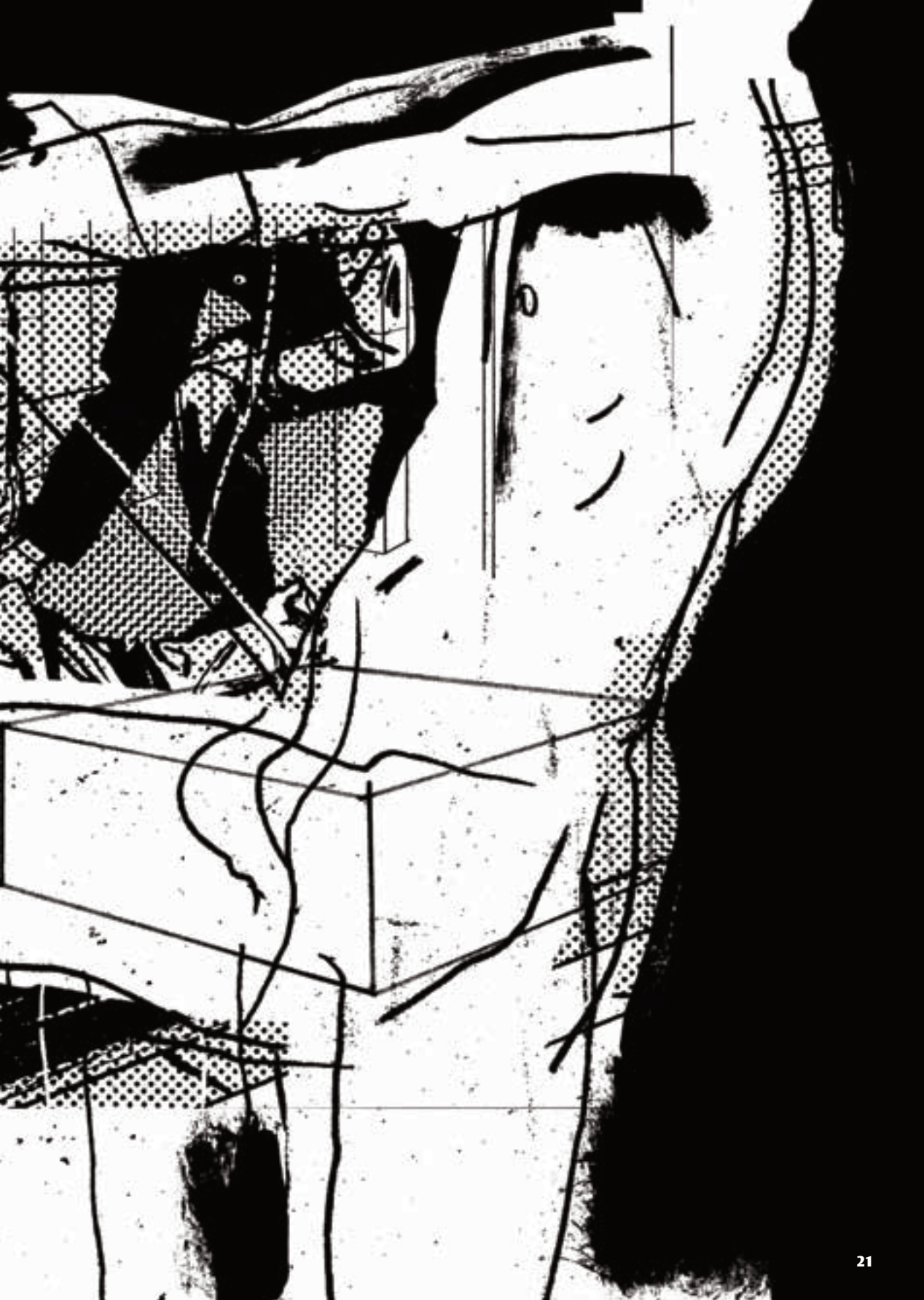
MARCO MENDES 2008

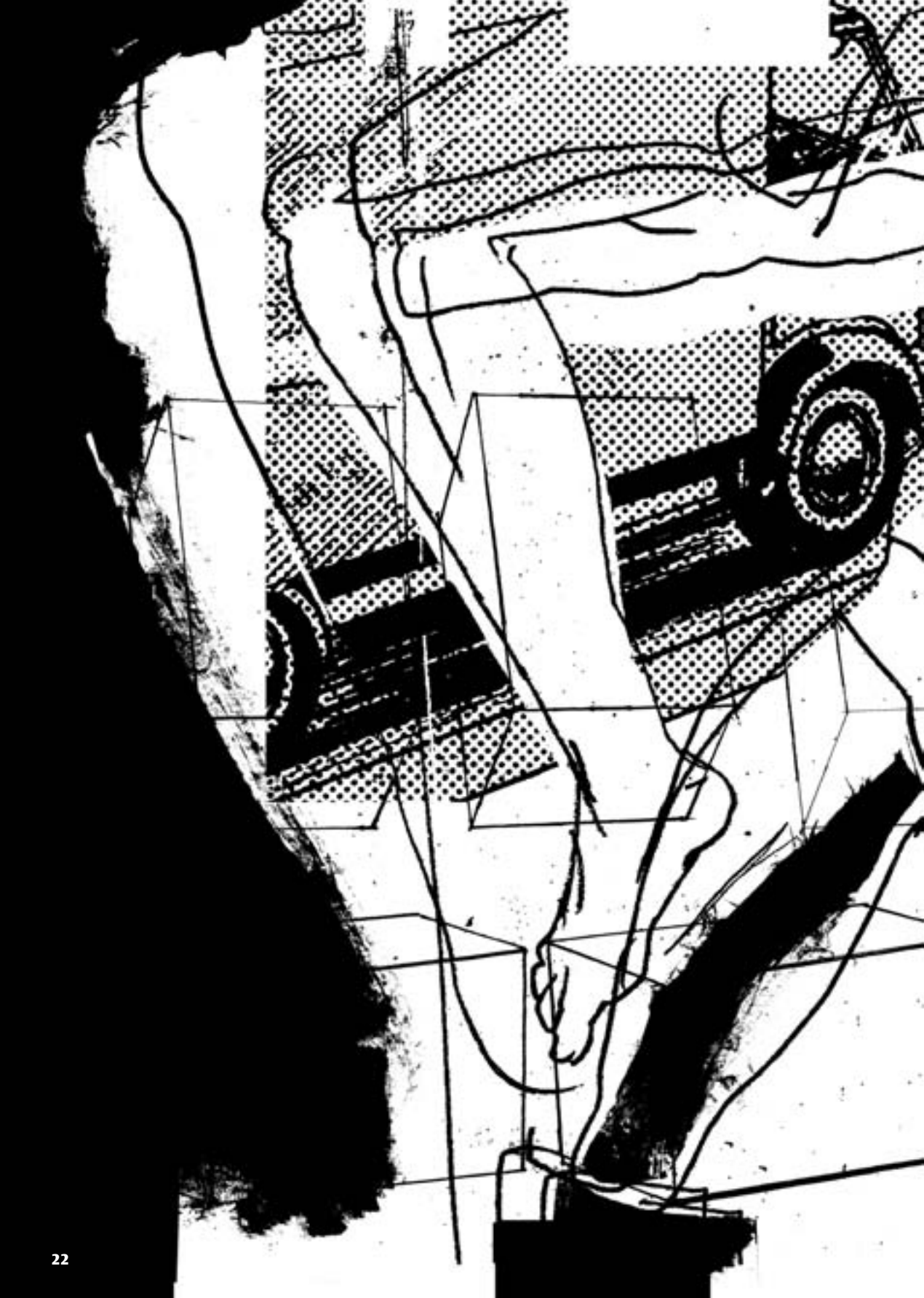
1. Calm down, honey... Everything is going to be just fine/ Now... You've got to eat something/ What a whopper! 2. Otherwise you'll also get sick/ Fuck. It just seems impossible. My brother, so young, so full of spirit and strength ... 3. I'll gobble you any time!/ This is just what we needed to ruin our vacations. The weather is lousy, we've got no money, and now my brother had a stroke. Christ. What next? 4. Everything is going to be allright, honey.









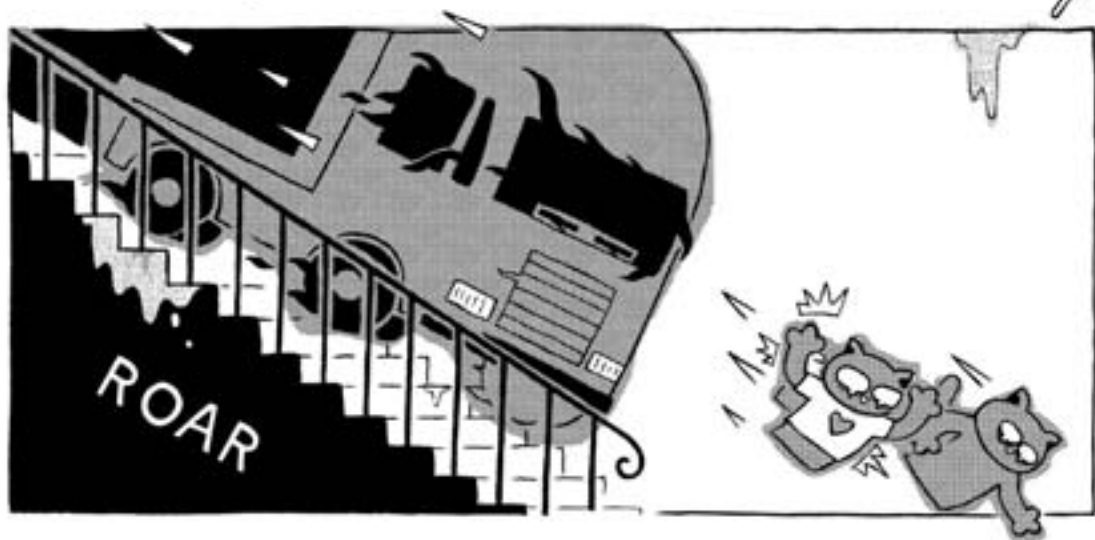
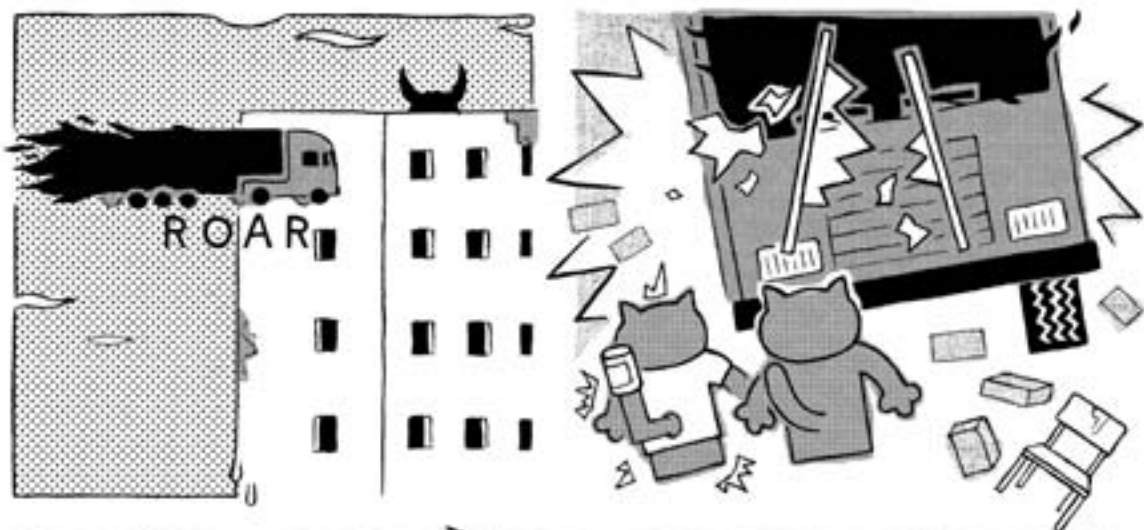




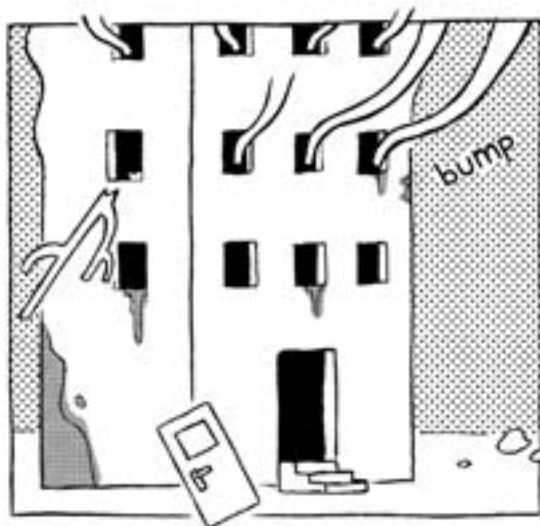
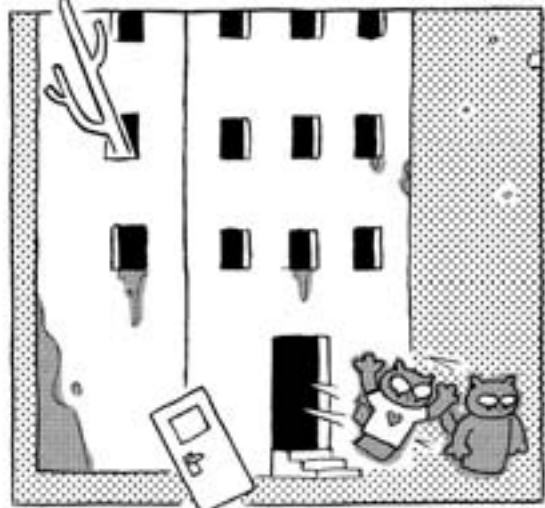
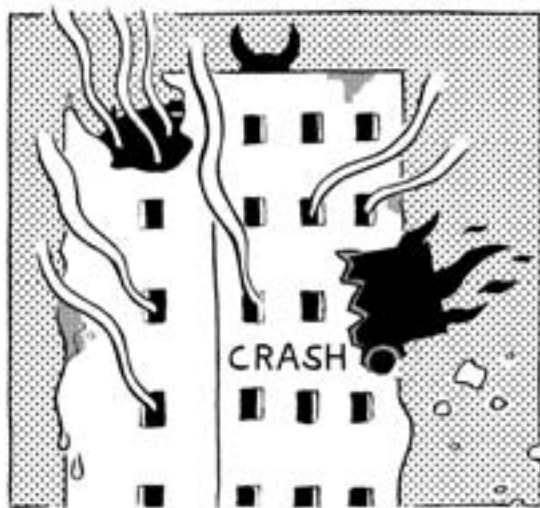
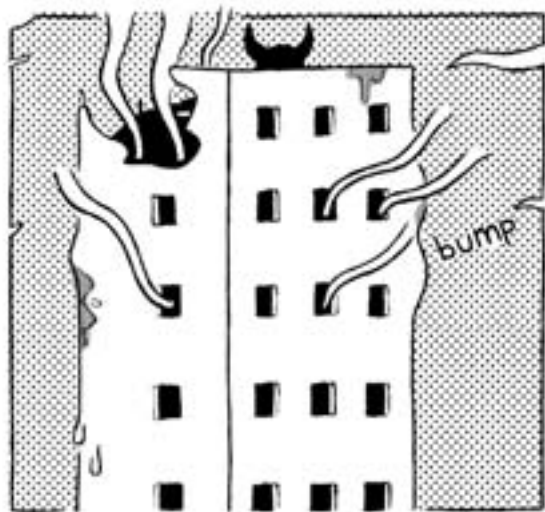


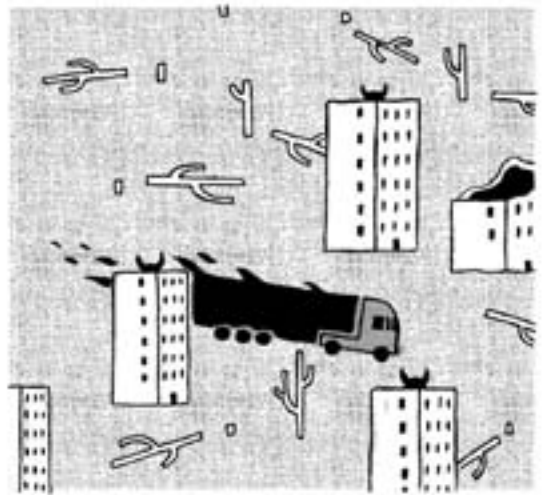
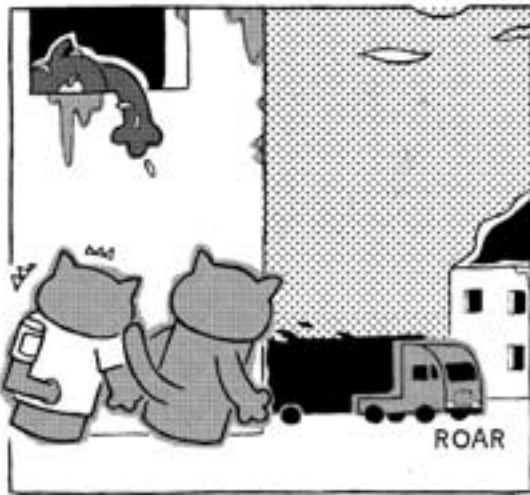
1. ... and you know what? I don't care if we won't find any survivor. I piss on survivors.../ I have a bad feeling, Lucy./ 2. I told you not to call me that way. Why don't you listen to me? What should I do with you? Fix you?/ 3. Oh my god, the alarm. Lucy, the alarm went off. I knew I shouldn't trust you, Lucy/ Be quiet, fool! I'm sure it's just the wind.





2. Oh... shit!





Ogni volta ci mette sempre meno tempo a trovarci. Se vogliamo sopravvivere abbiamo una sola soluzione.



Dobbiamo immanentizzare l'Eschaton!

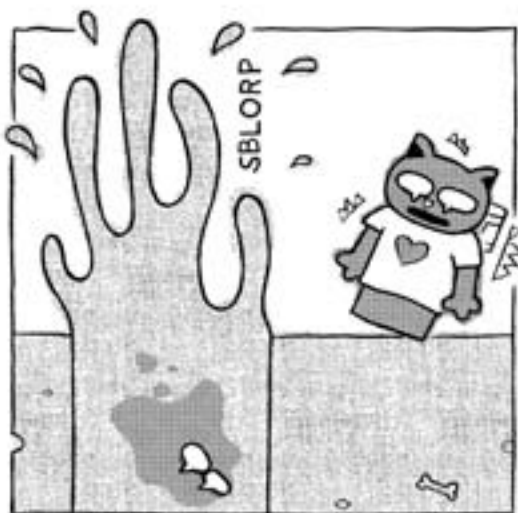


Non ti agitare. andrà tutto bene. Ci serve solo un po' di fango.

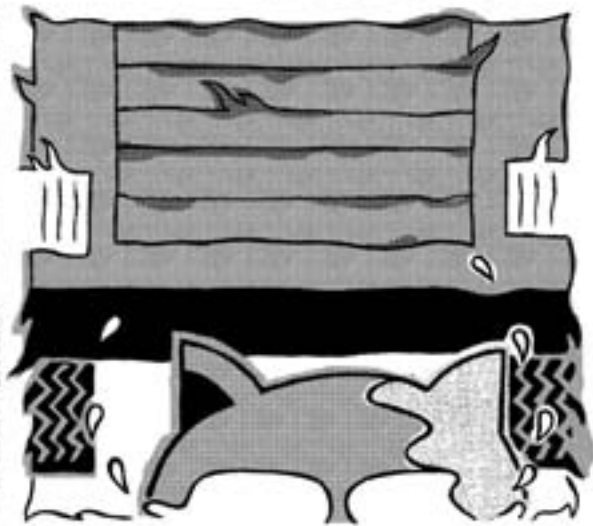
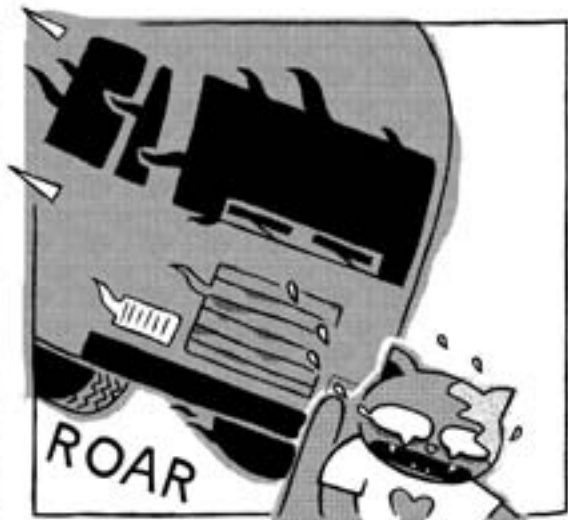
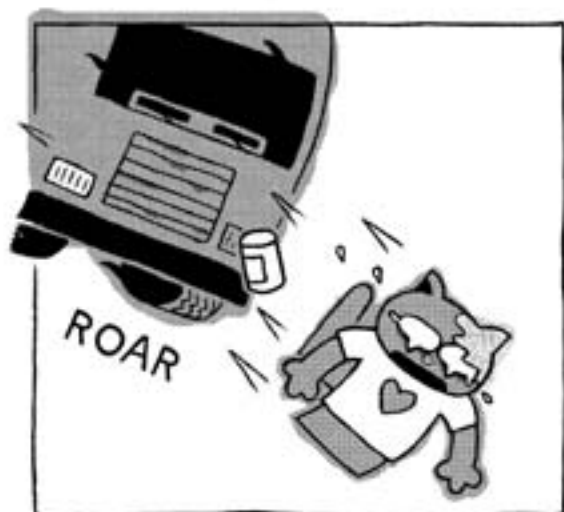
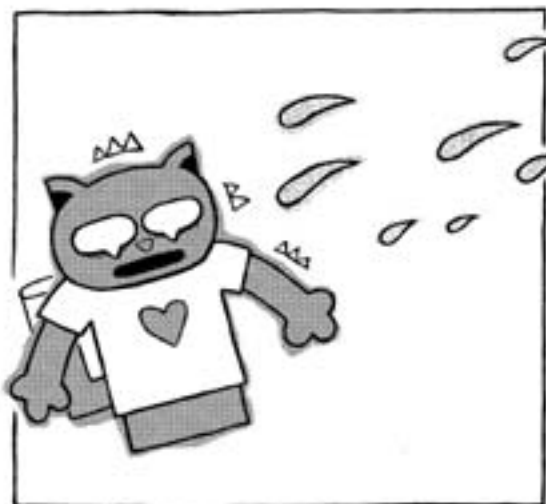


E non fare quella faccia da scemo, è da quando ci conosciamo che mi vedi mangiare la terra.

- 3. It takes less and less time to find us. If we want to survive, we have only one solution./ We have to immanentize the Eschaton!
- 4. Don't worry, everything will be fine. All we need is a little mud. 6. And don't look me that way, this is not the first time you see me eating soil.



2. See? Now we can strike back./ But, Lucy... 3. Don't call me Lucy, fool! Since I was a kid I knew my destiny and my destiny has a name: Slurry!/ What about me? 4. Don't be self-centered, Wysiwyg. You always had the victim's vocation./ Yes but why, Lucy? 5. Why? I'll tell you as soon as I destroy the...



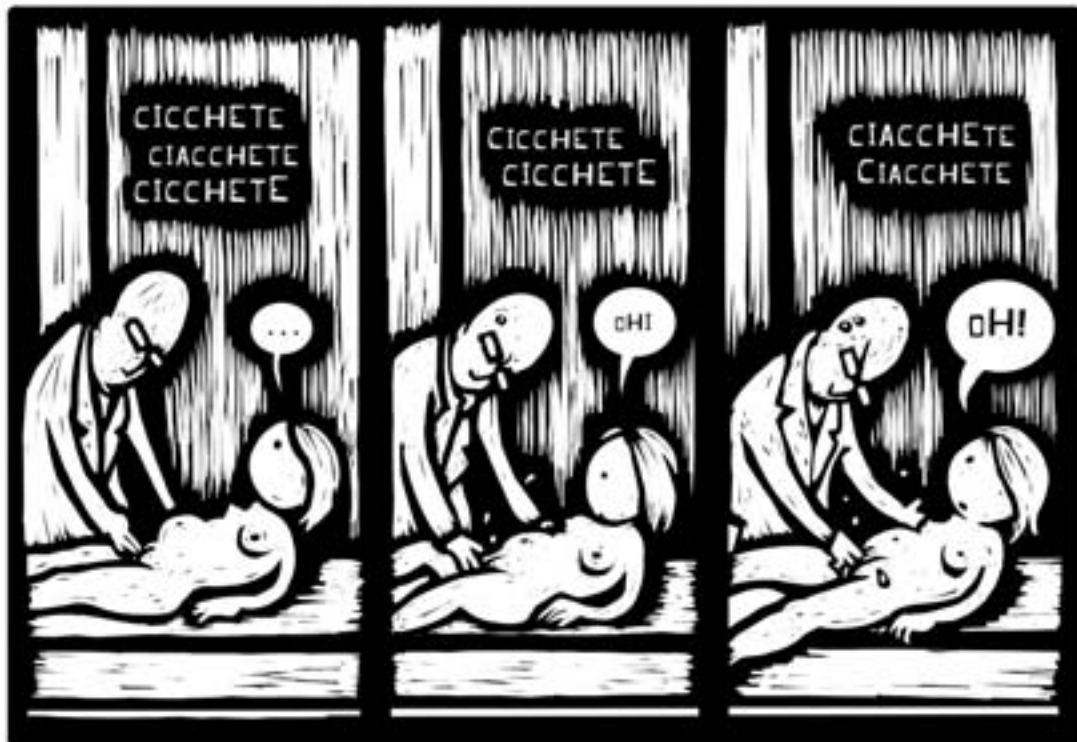


1. Help mum! My belly hurts!
2. ...Ten days in the hospital...maybe a gastritis...maybe worse...
3. My doctor is Dr. Fanti. Sometimes he comes for an examination...occasionally for a gastroscopy...

MA OGGI NO.  
OGGI VIENE TALE DOT. RATTI



1. Not today. Today a certain Dr Ratti is here./ 'morning! How are you doing today?
2. Come with me, let's go in my office?
3. Ok. Now please lay down on the stretcher...
4. Oh... let's have an accurate gynaecological inspection... hmm... let me see...



4. Hhm...yes... it's okay... anyway it's a vaginal infection.  
I'll give disposal to the nurse for medications. Now you can leave.. Go.



I GIORNI PASSANO...  
IL DOT. RATTI NON LO VEDO PIU'...  
I FARMACI PER LA MIA INFEZIONE NEMMENO...

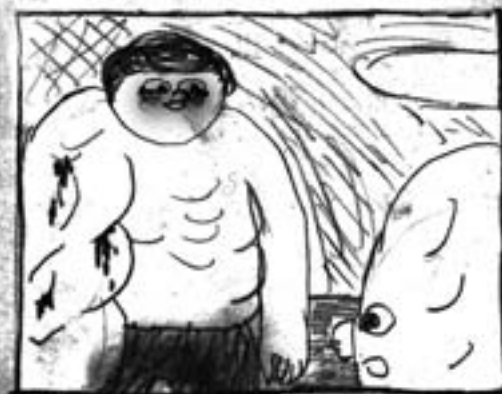
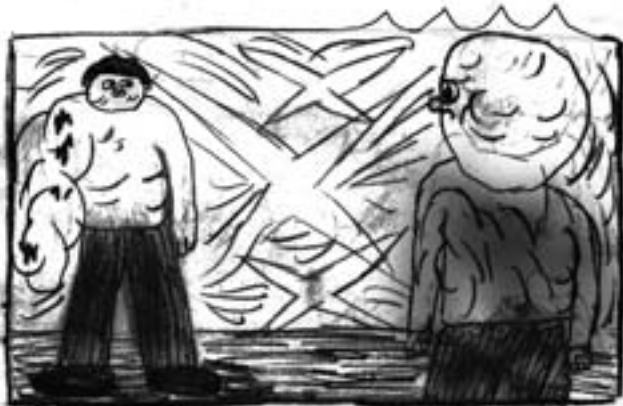


OGGI VIENE L'INFERMIERA...  
LE CHIEDO DEI MIEI FARMACI...



MP5

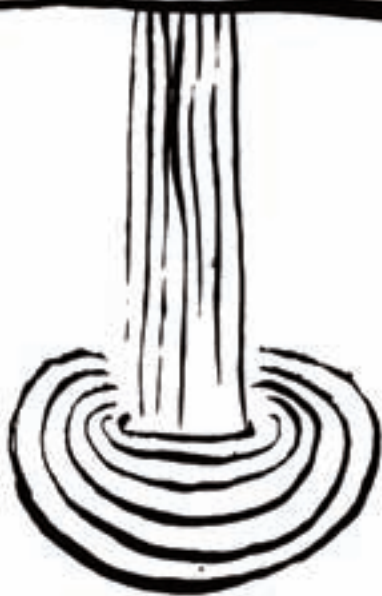
1...days went by...Dr. Ratti disappeared...and so the medicines for my infection... 2. Today the nurse comes, I ask her about my medicines. 3. There's no disposal for this chimerical infection!/? What? Dr Ratti told me I have it! He gave me a gynaecological inspection! 4. Gynaecological inspection you say? poor little baby... Dr. Ratti is an orthopaedic...







MARVELLOUS MEN!



BARE, CONCAVE, OVAL...

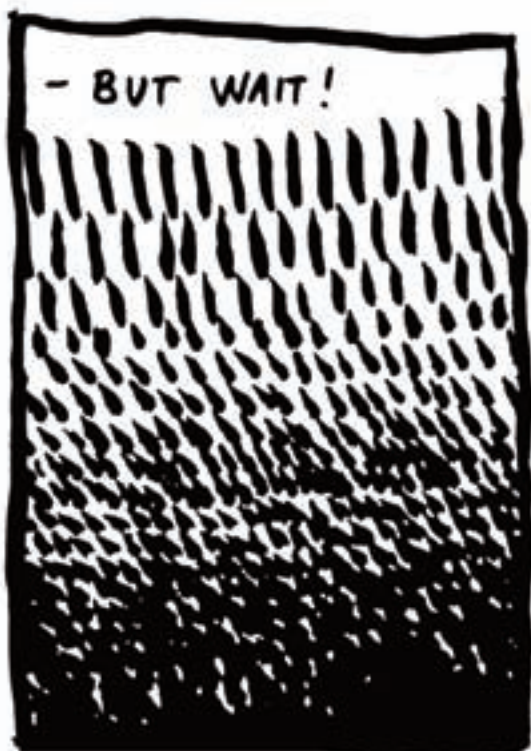
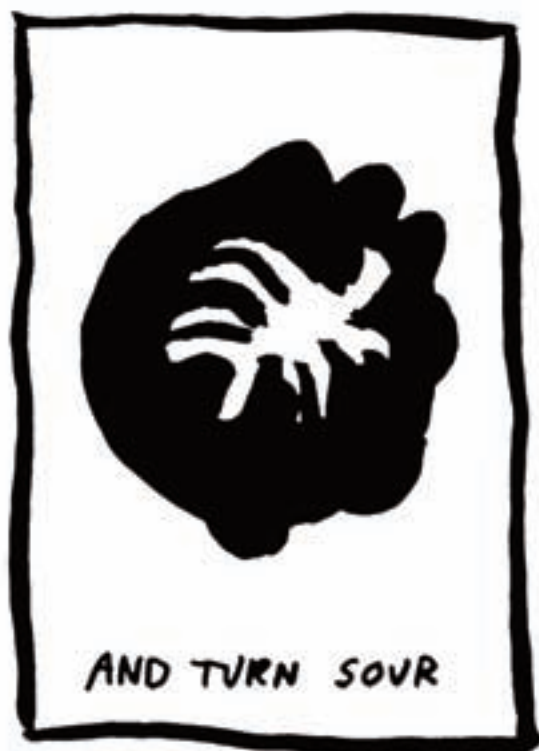


YOU CAN'T TELL ONE  
SIDE FROM THE OTHER



WHEN THEY SHRINK





AND THEN RESURRECT IN ALL  
THEIR GLORY IN JUST A MINUTE  
AND A HALF



BUT DECIMATED OF COURSE



WITHOUT THOSE LITTLE YELLOW  
THINGS THAT SQUIRT AND MAKE  
FUNNY SOUNDS



SO PRETTY!

I WOULD DIE TO GET  
MY HANDS ON ONE!



(PREFERABLY ONE THAT KNOWS  
HOW TO "COUNT" AND DOESN'T  
NEED TO BE RECHARGED)



OH HOW I LOVE MEN!



ESPECIALLY THAT NAIVE MELODY  
THEY MAKE WHEN  
THEY THINK  
THEY'RE ALONE





Hum-hum-hum  
Hum-hum-hum  
-o-o-laaa...



CRAZY, LUBRICATED,  
MACABRE MEN!



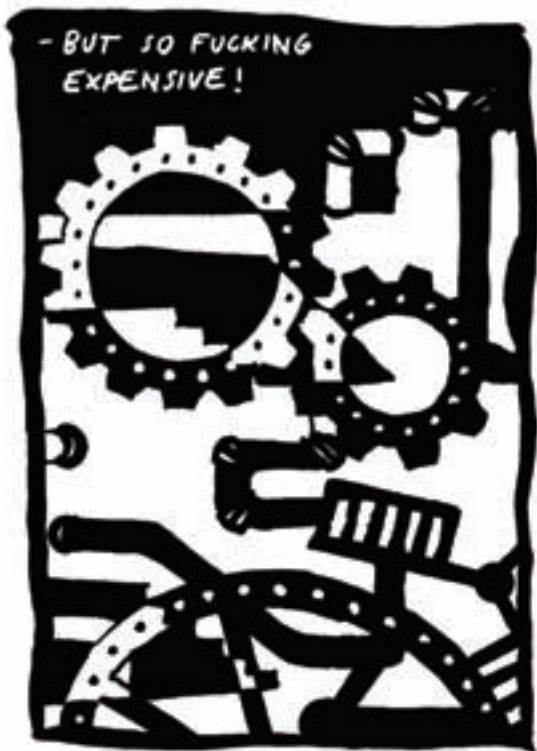
POLISHED, DYNAMIC,  
UNPREDICTABLE MEN!



SMELLY, ORGANIC,  
ABRASIVE MEN!

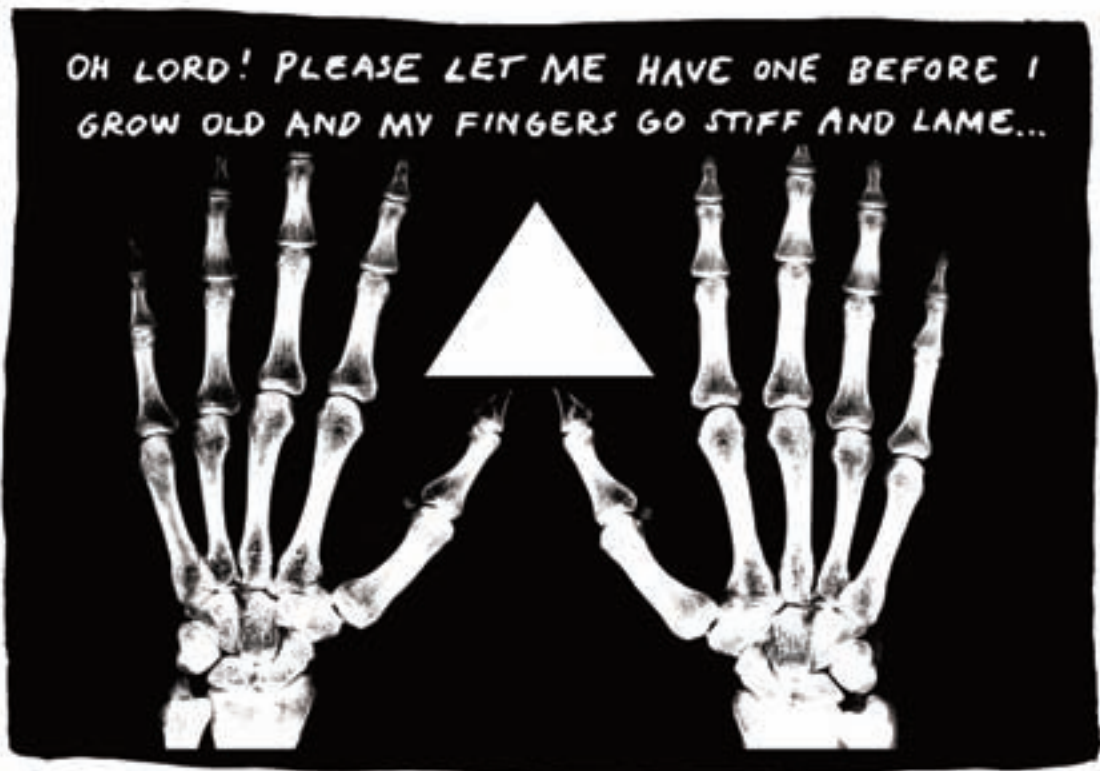


- BUT SO FUCKING  
EXPENSIVE!



WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?

OH LORD! PLEASE LET ME HAVE ONE BEFORE I  
GROW OLD AND MY FINGERS GO STIFF AND LAME...



# REPERCUSSION

text & drawings by  
André Lemos  
2009







WHY LEAVING THE  
MERCHANDISE  
UP STREAM?

IT'S FOR  
THE NATIVES!  
THEY NEED IT  
FOR FUTURE EN-  
COUNTERS!

BUT WHAT  
SPHERIC STUFF  
IS THIS?

INTELLIGENT  
MOLLUS-  
KS!

INTELLIGENT?

THEY DO  
POSSESS SELF  
LEARNING  
ABILITIES.



FROM OUR  
MILITARY  
AND FAU-  
CT.







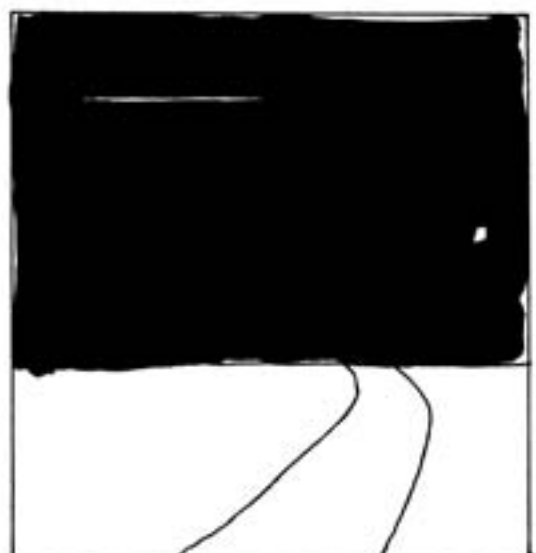
**KURTZ**  
THE DOMINATOR, APPEARED  
AT LARGE! A RARELY SEEN  
**MOLLUSK KING** WITH SECURITY  
ROPES DEMANDING OUR SOULS.  
A SEVERE COCKTAIL OF FRIGHTS  
AND SHADOWS PETRIFIED  
US ALL. WE WERE NOW  
IN THE HANDS OF THOSE  
WHO WE HAVE  
BEFORE  
OUTCATED.

MOLLUSK  
KING

IT STARTED  
THEN ...



# ON/OFF



1. Everything's always closed in this place, one can't buy tobacco anywhere! 2. having a bath
4. I'll go to the beach and finish the rum there. Maybe I'll think of something about anything.



2. Good evening. 3. Man, glad you're here! Have you got a cigarette? 4. What's up? 5. It's saturday night and everything's closed in town, so I came here for a drink. What about you? 6. I was wondering about the light.

HOJE ESTIVE A VER  
O ENTARDECER. É  
UM MOMENTO ESTRANHO.



FAMILIAR E, NO ENTANTO,  
INCOMPREENSÍVEL!



AFINAL,  
O QUE É  
A LUZ?



A LUZ?! DEPENDE...  
NATURAL OU ARTIFI-  
CIAL?



NATURAL E  
ARTIFICIAL! E  
NÃO ME DIGAS QUE  
É O SOL E AS  
LÂMPADAS!!



É UMA RADIAÇÃO,  
PODE VIR DO SOL OU  
DE UMA LÂMPADA -  
AMBOS SÃO CORPOS  
QUE EMANAM UMA  
RADIAÇÃO...

1. Today I watched the sunset. It's such a strange moment.
2. So familiar and yet unexplainable.
3. After all... what is light?
4. Light? it depends... natural or artificial light? 5. Natural and artificial light! And don't tell me it's the sun and light bulbs!!
6. It's radiation, it can come from the sun or a light bulb - they both send radiation



1 ... and our eyes are sensitive to it. 2. Yeah, I was told that one before. 3. It's to do with electromagnetic waves. 4. Still, I cannot understand what is light. 5. I understand the idea of radiation but that's not light as we see it, that's radiation. I want to know what's light to me...! 6. It's an electromagnetic radiation! And what you see is light!!



1. But light and vision are not the same.
2. No, they're not. But... if you can't see, there is no light!
3. But I can have light and still be unable to see. /How's that? 4. As it is.

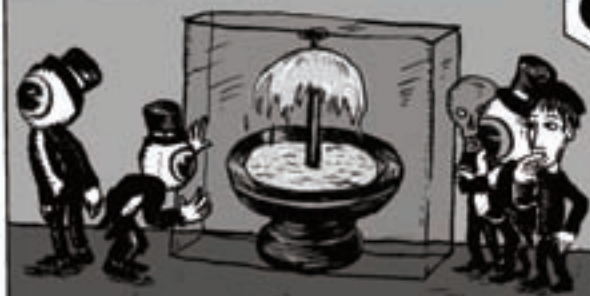
# A DAY WITH THE RESIDENTS

ALEKSANDAR ZOGRAF.

IN NOVEMBER 2008, THE RESIDENTS HAD THEIR BELGRADE SHOW. AFTER ABOUT 30 YEARS OF LISTENING TO THEIR MUSIC AND THINKING ABOUT THEIR SECRET IDENTITIES, I SUDDENLY HAD A CHANCE TO SPEND AN AFTERNOON WITH THEM... WE MET AT THE NIKOLA TESLA MUSEUM (UNDER RECONSTRUCTION, BUT YOU CAN STILL SEE THE BALL-LIKE CONTAINER WITH TESLA'S ASHES).



THEN WE VISITED "TESLA'S FOUNTAIN" WHICH WAS UNDER THE GLASS WALLS. NOBODY CARED TO PRINT AN EXPLANATION ABOUT WHY IT WAS SO SIGNIFICANT...



AFTER WE WERE THROUGH, ONE OF THE RESIDENTS NEEDED TO GO PEE. THAT'S HOW WE FOUND THE RESTAURANT WHERE WE DECIDED TO STAY FOR LUNCH.



SO, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE SHOW IN BELGRADE?

IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE IN THIS TOUR WHERE THE AUDIENCE DIDN'T LOOK SURPRISED...

WE ACTUALLY THINK OF OURSELVES AS A "TROUPE", NOT A "BAND".

IN EUROPE, SINGERS USUALLY JUST STAND STILL IN FRONT OF THE MIKE. HERE IT'S CONSIDERED A PART OF AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE TRADITION, WHEN SINGERS DANCE WHILE SINGING.

HMM, SOME EUROPEANS DO SOME DANCING, LIKE MICK JAGGER, DON'T THEY?

YES, PEOPLE USUALLY EXPECT A "CONCERT", WHILE OUR SHOW IS SOMETHING ELSE. HERE IT WAS NOT A PROBLEM

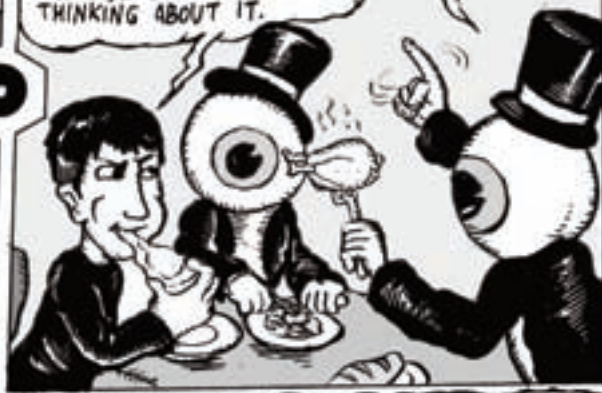


ONCE I WENT TO A CONCERT BY THE WHO, WHEN PETE TOWNSEND PLAYED A PRETTY FANCY GUITAR, AND ASKED FOR AN OLD ONE IN ORDER TO CRASH IT... LIKE, WHERE'S YOUR ROCK'N'ROLL?



YOU KNOW, THE POINT IS THAT ANYONE COULD BE THE RESIDENTS.

YEAH, I SEE... I WAS THINKING ABOUT IT.



STILL, I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING YOU GUYS FOR YEARS!



WE HOPE WE HAVEN'T DISSAPPOINTED YOU. WE ARE JUST A REGULAR BUNCH OF PEOPLE...



WHILE EXITING THE RESTAURANT, I WAS APPROACHED CONSPIRATORIALLY BY A WAITER...

EXCUSE ME, ARE THESE PEOPLE ACTUALLY... THE RESIDENTS?\*

UMM, YES, BUT PLEASE LET THIS STAY BETWEEN US!



\* I WAS SURPRISED, BECAUSE THEY AREN'T WEARING MASKS AS PRESENTED IN A COMIC...

OF COURSE, I WILL NOT TELL ANYONE! I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I'VE READ ALL THE ARTICLES ABOUT THEM IN THE SERBIAN PRESS SINCE THE EARLY 80s...

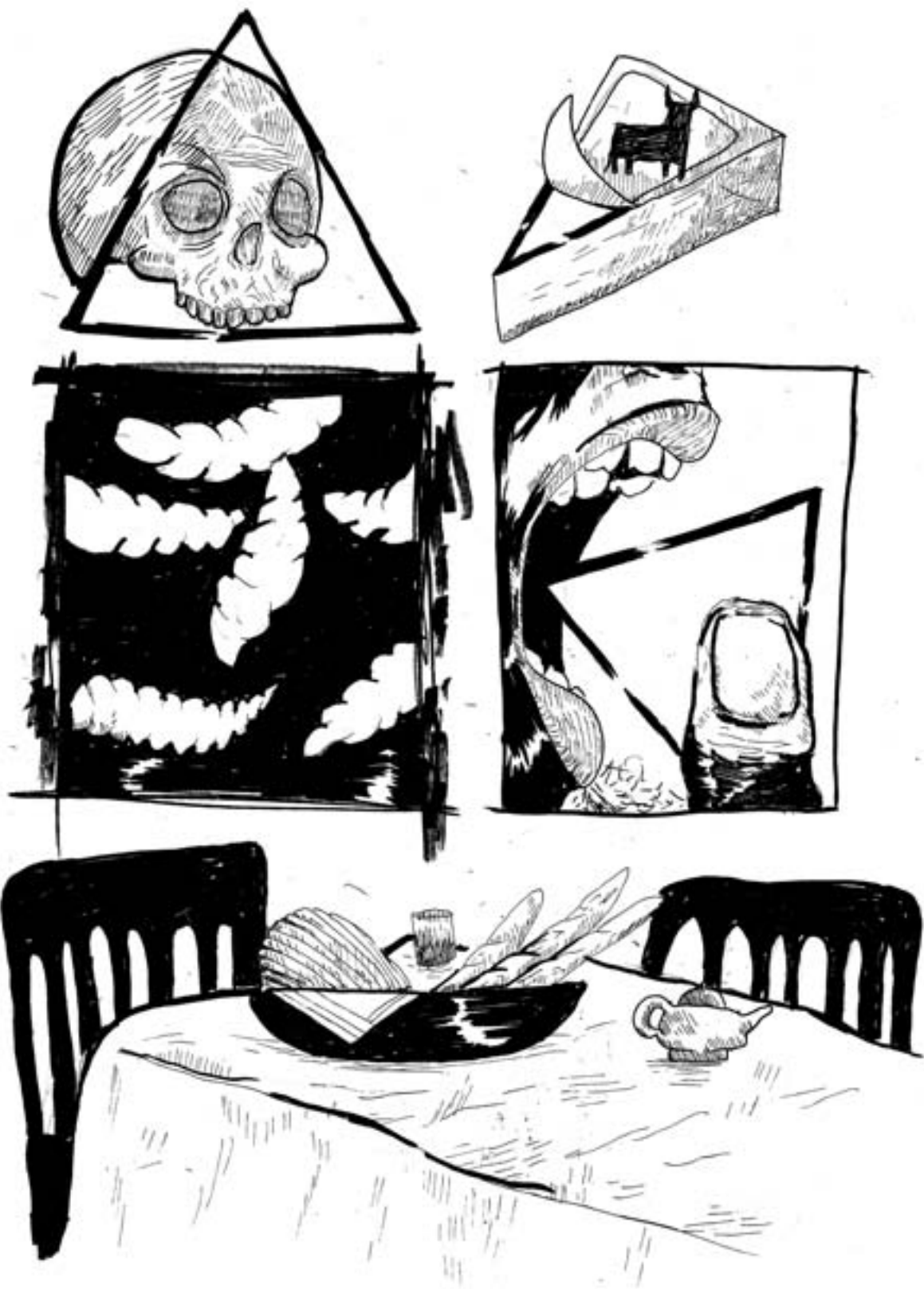




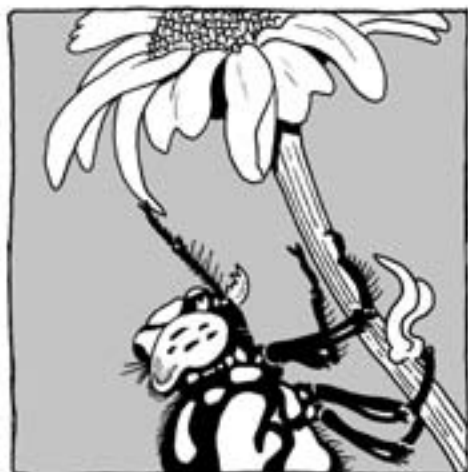








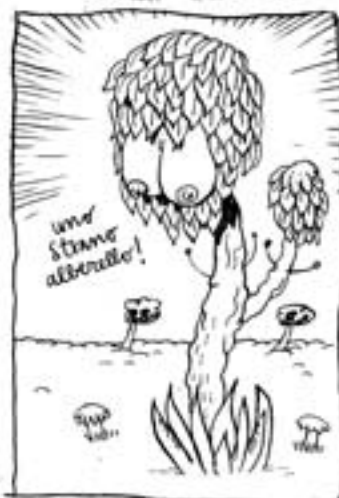




But man is a newcomer among them. Man's electronic sonar is far from the refined echo-location mechanism of bats, and even atomic submarines cannot dive as deep as sperm whales. Whole areas are beyond man's ken—for example, the disease resistance of hibernators or crustacean limb regeneration. Dumbness will remain.



# PADRE Pio Pio





















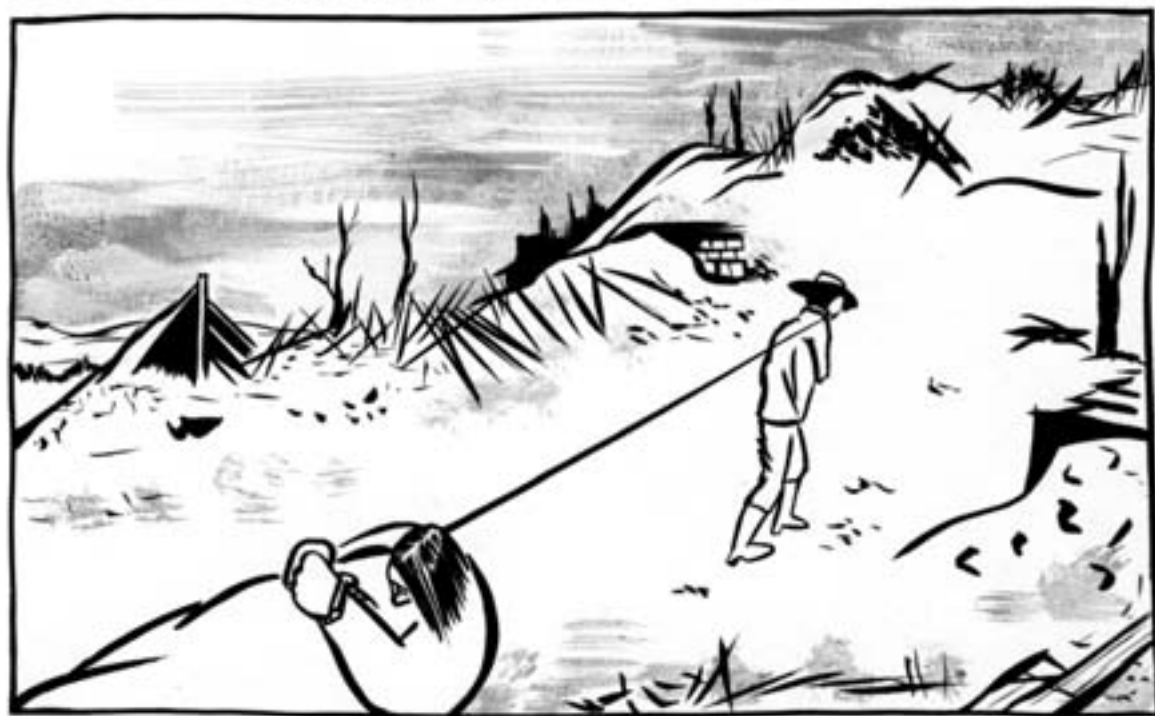




CRONIN et.













# The PROCEDURE

LIFE AND TIMES OF ZORKA PETROVIC

BY NINA BUJEVAC







CLICK!

SIGHHH...

THE END





THEY COME UNINVITED AND KNOCK  
ON MY DOOR. THEY ARE HUNGRY AND  
WANT TO BE FED. THEY HAVE  
TO REMIND ME OF  
THEIR NAMES.  
COME  
ME OF  
UNSPOKEN



I MUST NOT FEED  
THEM OR THEY  
WILL STAY. I MUST  
NOT TALK TO  
THEM OR THEY  
WILL KEEP  
COMING BACK.



THEY HAUNT ME, ... THEY VISIT ME  
IN MY DREAMS ... WITH THEIR DEAD  
BODIES, THE PIERCINGS, THE  
TATTOOS, THE FUNNY  
SMILES, THE DEAD  
WORDS AND  
ALL BROKEN THEIR  
PROMISES.



THEY ARE THE ONES LONG GONE. THE  
LOST FACES AND NAMES ... THE ONES  
WHO ONCE WERE AND NO LONGER ARE.

THEY ARE THE DEPARTED. THEY  
ARE THE REMNANTS OF A BROKEN  
TIME, OF A  
THAT WILL  
BE. THEY  
THE DEAD.

WORLD  
NOT  
ARE



END

LO L LO



A TRUE STORY

ASCENSION

Two Page  
COMICS  
WITHOUT  
CAPTIONS  
HURT!!!  
That's why!!



1999: Lollo Got wide shoulders, en/eyes, he scares the shit out of the boys down the corner.



little faggot, weather reports say you're gonna buy my weak shit for double the price!

S-Sure M-m-r L-o-llo!!

2001: Kidnaps a friend of mine for an entire evening.



You won't get out until you buy my weak shit!  
Double the price!  
RARGH-uh!

In the most romantic of the moments with his sidekick Luigi, he gently asks:



How much for your mother?

2004:



Mama sinoin' La la la to the window... what the fuck is that for? me, me got voice deserves a proper chank!!

Me La La La La

me high society these days!

Infact, indeed, instead, lollo that year got a girlfriend



And like in every respectable two page comic, time flies, and useless, from that day 'til one warm 2009 afternoon.



They Got AIDS together

Lollo couldn't understand at first... he was getting so tiny... he could get into people pocket...



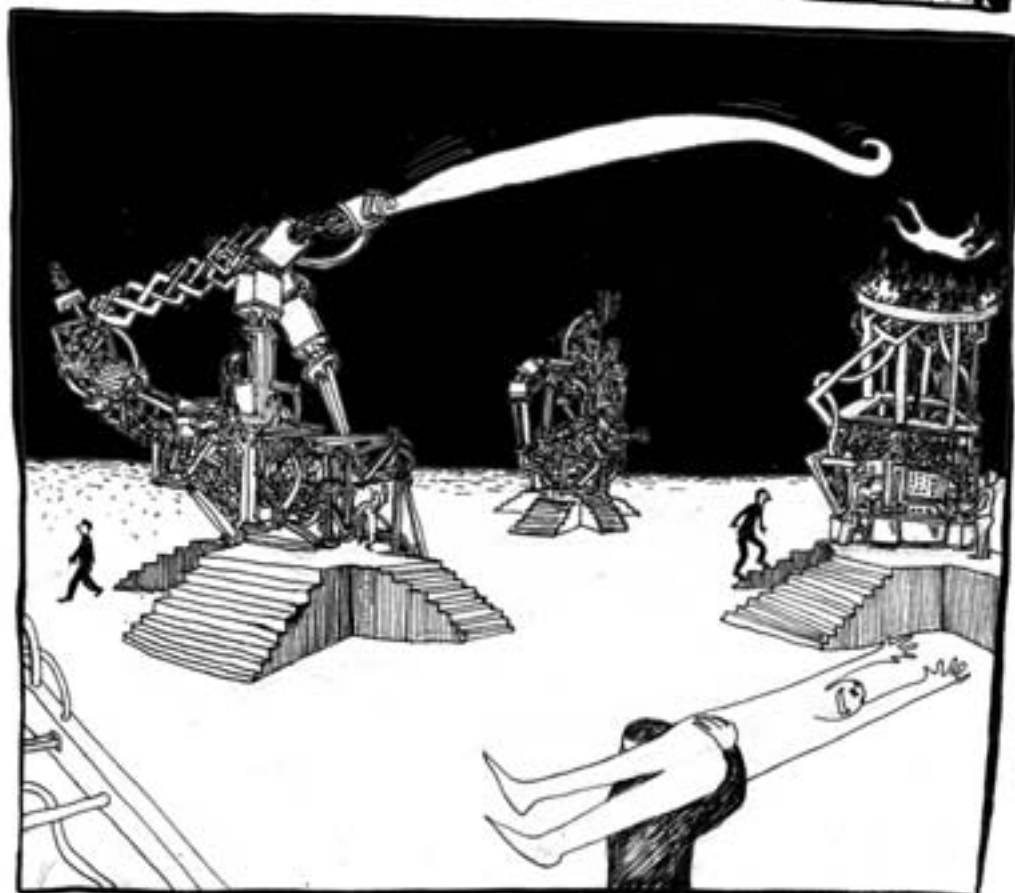
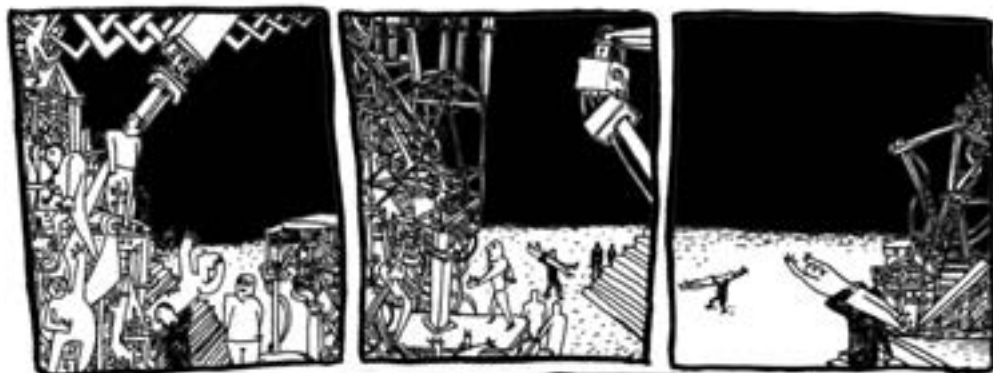
He started robbing everything he could, left his dope dealer job, on the road for Happiness and Freedom!

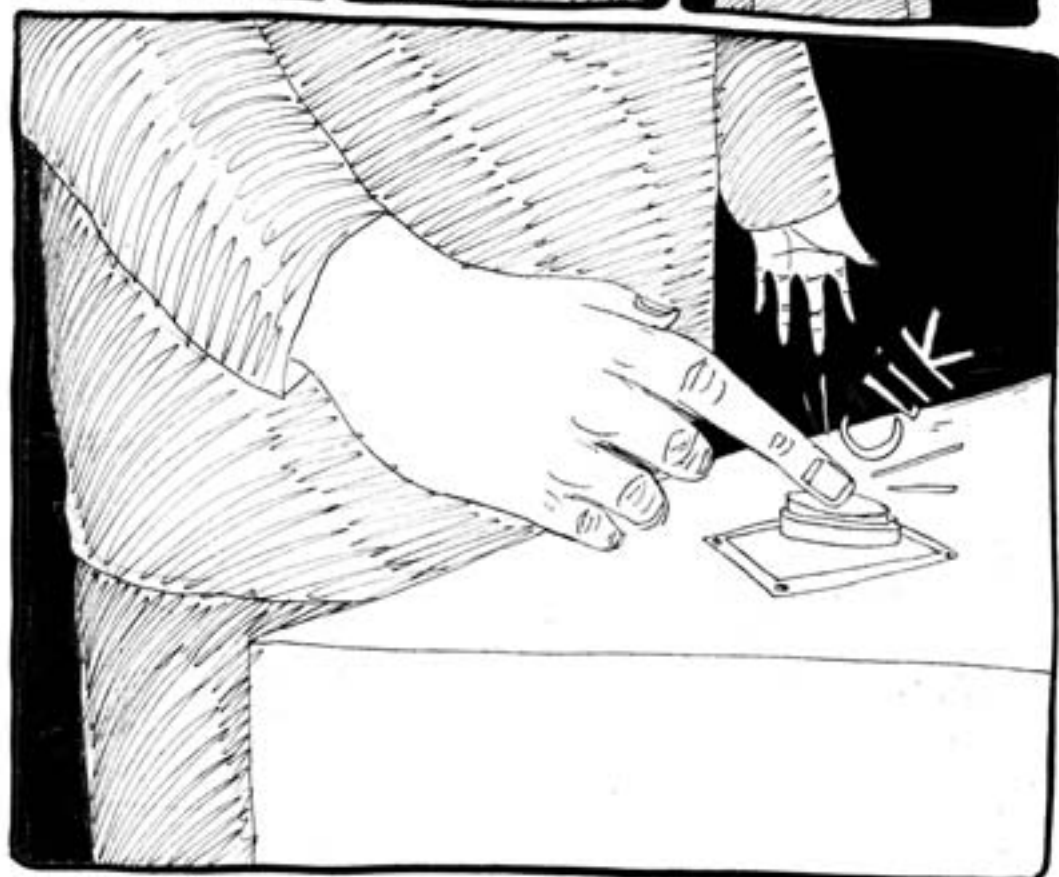


Til he got into the fisherman's pants



No fish ever rose to that bait. Not even for half the price. Lollo died slowly swallowed into a little hole in the ground, for a temporary and guilty lack of inspiration.











# PADRE Pio Pio <sup>in</sup> CANETTO cuiletto



QUANDO LA GIORNATA FINISCE PADRE PIOPIO TORNA A CASA... MA! COSA INCONTRA?!

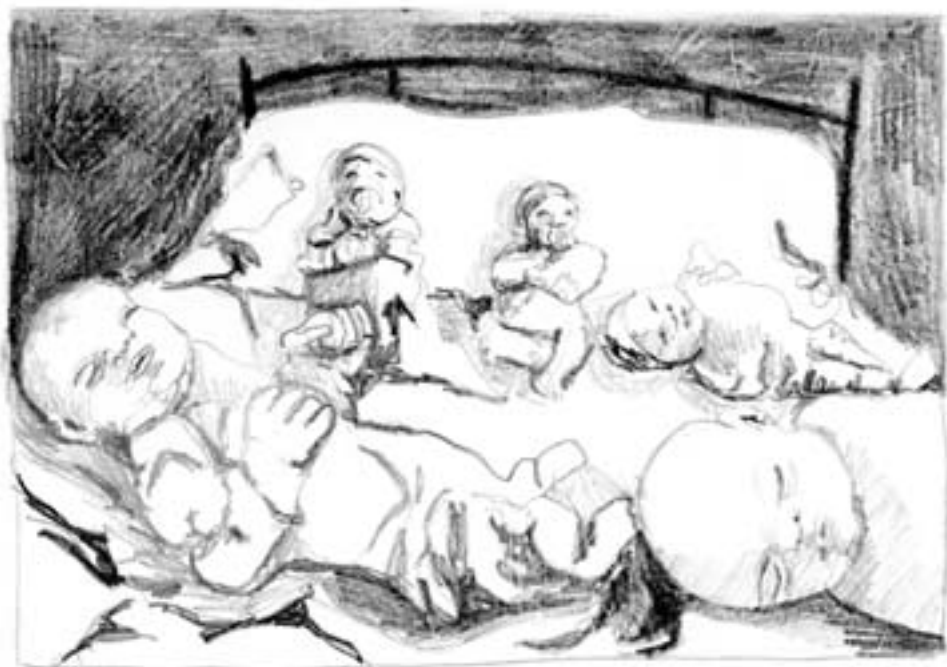


1. What a beautiful brand new day for our little chick! 2. Padre Pio Pio works all day long while a little kitty is watching him... 3-5. When day is going to end, Padre Pio Pio comes back home... and what does he meet?/ ooh! This thing could be very becoming! 7. What a nice little animal! 8. Finally everything turned out alright!











MARCO MENDES 2002

1. Oh, there she is. She hasn't drowned yet. 2. Well, what's going on here? Are we showing our boobies? Well done, Lily! You got me distracted and just go and show your breasts to the world. Hum... Where's the zoom in this thing? 3. Aha! This lens has a spectacular definition. 4. Ta-tari-tari-tara... I bet Lily's taking a leak, there... Staying still for so long, with that innocent look on her face... I'm beginning to get excited...





1. New York, 3 AM/ You guys suck 2. You PIGS 3. He's the best 4. Jarvis, take me home. I wanna see the Disney channel/ Yes sir 5. At home/ Mommy, I wanna some tea



36

SENHOR PINHÃO & COMPANHIA EM:

# AS HISTÓRIAS DE MERDA CHEIRAM MAL!

— POR MIGUEL CARNEIRO / 2007 —



ipsis  
verbis!

O QUE TU SABES  
SÃO UMAS CÔDEAS DA VIDA...  
MAS COMIGO NÃO FAZEM  
**FARINHA!!!**  
JÁ DIZIA O OUTRO.

CURAPÉ  
CONVICTO  
DE FURTO  
DANI INIMICIALES  
E-16 ALVISSARAS  
00000



VERÁS QUE É UM  
ADMIRÁVEL MUNDO NOVO!  
NÃO SÓ TE SENTIRÁS MAIS LEVE  
DESCONTRAÍDO, COMO ESTARÁS  
CONTRIBUIR PARA REDUZIR  
OS EFEITOS DA  
PREPOTÊNCIA E  
HIPOCRISIA ...

... QUE COMPRAM  
A INOCÊNCIA POR ESTE  
MUNDO FORA, INDUZINDO AO  
MEDO E À ESTUPIDIFICAÇÃO!  
NÃO VAIS MAIS PRECISAR  
QUE TE VÃO AO CU  
PARA CAGARES  
MELHOR!!

**DESENMERDA-TE,**  
TUDO O QUE PRECISAS É DISCIPLINA,  
ALGUM CONTROLO MUSCULAR DO ESFÍNCTER  
E DESAPÊGO POR TUDO E TODOS QUE TE  
POSSAM FAZER MAL! SE SEGUIRES ESTE PROGRAMA  
QUANDO MENOS ESPERARES VAIS DAR POR TI  
A CAGAR PARA O PASSEIO, CAGAR PARA A BERMA  
DA ESTRADA, CAGAR PARA AS SANITAS MAIS  
INFECTAS, CAGAR PARA OS OUTROS E,  
SE FOR NECESSÁRIO, CAGARES ATÉ  
PARA TI, SEM CERIMÓNIA E  
A HORA QUE TE APETECER

♪ IF you don't know  
(IF you don't know)  
you will never never know  
(NO you WOODN'T!)





CAGA O QUE COMES...  
E NÃO DEIXES QUE TE OBRIGUEM  
A COMER O QUE OS OUTROS CAGAM!  
ESQUECE OS LAXANTES E AS GEMIDEIRAS,  
VAIS CAGAR ATÉ MESMO ANTES DE  
SENTIRES UMA CÓLICA. TORNAR-TE-ÁS  
AUTO-SUFICIENTE E O PRAZER DO CAGALHÃO  
A DILATAR O ESFÍNCTER E A ESTIMULAR  
A PRÓSTATA À MEDIDA QUE VAI  
DESCENDO PELO INTESTINO DAR-TE-Á  
UMA SATISFAÇÃO TAL QUE TE  
VÍCIARÁS DE IMEDIATO

ESPASMOS DE PRAZER  
INVADIRÃO O RESTO DO CORPO  
PROVOCANDO RELAXAMENTO MUSCULAR  
E O ALÍVIO DA TENSÃO NERVOSA QUE  
DE CADA VEZ QUE DESPERTAREMOS  
TRANSE, DESTA SUSPENSÃO VOLUNTÁRIA  
DO TEMPO E DA ORDEM RACIONAL  
CONTEMPLARÁS O MUNDO QUE TE CIRCUNDA  
COM UM DISCERNIMENTO E UMA  
LUCIDEZ INVEJÁVEIS...

FIZ D'UMA GARRAFA A MINHA  
COMPANHIA (hic!)... SO' ESTOU  
BEM COM ELA SE AVEJO VAZ...



BEM...ONDE É QUE  
EU IA? TANTA VERBORREIA  
JÁ ME ESTÁ A BAIXAR O TEOR  
DE ALCÓOL NO SANGUE. E COMO DIZ  
O POVO: "HÁ OS QUE ESPERAM POR  
BOLEIA, E OS QUE SE FAZEM  
AO CAMINHO!" ADEUZINHO...  
VÊMO-NOS NA PRÓXIMA  
PARAGEM.

R  
ORPO  
USCULAR  
VE RESISTA.  
S DESTE  
INTÁRIA  
IONAL,  
RODEIA  
MA

558

ADEGA  
PRATO  
DO-DIA!  
MERDINHA  
C/ SARDINHA  
A MURRO.  
LICENCIADO  
PRA. PABLO  
GOMES  
1971-1972



## Miguel Carneiro {pp.: 97-103}

*"Shitty stories stink!..."*

1/4

- *Ipsis Verbis.*

- *What you know is but the rind of life... And nobody can make mush out of me, as the poet said.*

2/4

- *I'm gonna give you shitty advice: everything is summed up to control one's bowels to work properly at any time in any place...*

- *[In the wall] Ah! / Oi! He never cums!*

- *You'll see, it's a brave new world! You'll feel not only light like a feather and relaxed, as you'll also contribute to a decrease of the effects of dominance and hypocrisy...*

- *...which buy out the innocence found in this world, instilling fear and stupidity! You won't need anyone to fuck you up the ass in order to take a better dump!*

3/4

- *Sort your own shit out! All you need is discipline, some sphincter control and detachment from anyone or anything which can hurt you! If you follow this program you'll see that very soon you'll find yourself shitting on the sidewalk, on the curb, on the nastiest toilets, on others and even, if necessary, on yourself, without ceremony and whenever you feel like it...*

4/4

- *Shit out what you eat... and don't let yourself be forced to eat what others shit out! Forget about laxatives and whining, you'll shit way before you feel stomach cramps! You'll be self-sufficient and the pleasure of your turd dilating your sphincter and stimulating your prostate as it comes down your intestines will bring you an instantly addictive satisfaction...*

- *Pleasure spasms will ripple through your whole body, bringing about muscular relaxation and tension relief. Every time you emerge from this trance, from this voluntary suspension of the time flow and of rational order, you will look upon the world with enviable clarity and discernment...*

- *[Janus singing] I made a lover out of my bottle (hics!) I'm only happy when I see her emptied out...*

- *Anyway... where was I? So much verbiage has lowered my blood alcohol. And as the people says, 'There are those who wait for a ride, and the ones who hit the road'. By-by now, see you on the next stop!*

\*\*\*





Dalle medie in poi, mio fratello ed io  
 diventiamo una coppia affiatata di delatori.  
 Scriviamo lettere anonime a manetta. A volte per vendicarci  
 a volte solo per prendere in giro uno stronzo.  
 Con gli anni, ci perfezioniamo, creiamo personaggi  
 scriviamo poesie stupide... "Il videoregistratore del mio  
 cuore non può rimanere in 'stand by' quando visiono  
 la tua groppa rotonda di piccola ape." La mia inquietudine  
 e il suo ragazzo deficiente non hanno colto il succo dello  
 scherzo e sono andati a denunciare agli sbirri  
 l'ammiratore disturbato.  
 Comunque, io ero al di sopra di ogni sospetto  
 visto che un giorno mi disse mentre cercava  
 il colpevole: David non farebbe mai una cosa del  
 genere, è un tizio troppo bene.

HI HI HI HI HI

La nostra nonna è superstiziosa  
Allora le facciamo credere che ci sono  
dei rospi in giardino, nascosti  
dietro gli alberi!


Perché quando ne trova uno,  
gli tira della varechina sul muso  
o lo sbatte addirittura nella  
stufa di ghisa!

Ei dice che è Satanaso  
che vuole entrare  
a casa sua!

E ci fa ridere  
un sacco!







Una volta, trascino  
un ragazzino molto fastidioso  
in cucina. Li, mi strofino  
le due mani all'altezza del collo,  
facendogli una faccia da  
beato deficiente.

«Dai prova!»

e il ragazzino lo fa, e  
sembra molto contento!

«Dai, vai da tua madre,  
e falle questo!» e ci va:

«Ma che cos'hai?»

«Devi fare la pipì?»

Il ragazzino non risponde,

continua: «Oh, mi dai sui nervi!»

E si becca una sberla miadiale!

PLAFF!





La Baffe

La Baffe



Prima di andare al catechismo,  
facciamo sempre il giro degli empiri,  
poi un passaggio obbligato al supermercato  
per arraffare tutto il possibile tra coromelle,  
gomme da masticare, e cioccolatini...  
Però Dio ci perdona lo stesso perché  
ne diamo un sacco al curato!







Al liceo, scopriamo  
il fumo! Pollo canno con  
qualsiasi cosa e testo sui  
mei compagni: Spezie, biscotto  
Schiacciato e anche paté (e sembra che spacchi!)  
Trovo anche a rendere della cacca di barboncino a  
degli amici: "Ha un odore forte il tuo fumo!"  
"Normale, è fumo bulgareo!"



## FRÈRES GUEDIN {pp.: 105-111}

Translations by Chantal Malambri and Francesca Davoli

### 1 CORBACS

Crows

Since high school, my little brother and i became a good couple of crows.

We wrote a bunch of anonymous letters .

Sometimes for revenge, sometimes just to kid an idiot.

In time we became more accurate, we created some characters, we wrote mindless poems...

"The video recorder of my heart can't stay in stand by when i look at your little bee's round rump."

My flat-mate and her stupid boyfriend didn't appreciate the joke, so they went to the police to report this disturbed admirer.

Anyways, I was above suspicion, because one day, while she was still looking for the guilty dude, she told me:

David would never do that, he's such a good guy!

HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHI!

### 2 NONNA CRAPAUD

GrandMa Crapaud

Our Grandmother was very superstitious.

So we used to let her believe that there were toads in the garden, hidden behind the trees!

Cause when she would find toads, she would throw bleach on their snout or she shuff them right down in the pot.

She would tell us that it was Little Devil that wanted to come in her house and that made us laugh.

### 3 LA BAFFE NOIR

Black Slap

Once, i was dragging a very irritating child in the kitchen.

That's where i start to rub my hand at the level of my dick in front of him making a stupid happy face.

"C'mon let's Try"

and the little guy did it.

He looked really happy too.

"So go to your mother and show her what you can do".

So he went.

"what's wrong with you?"

"Do you need to pee?"

The little guy didn't reply but went on instead

"Oh you make me nervous"

and he gets a big slap right in the face.

### 4 GLORIA HARIBO

Before going to catechism

we would always go in the little delis,

then we stopped by the supermarket

to steal as much as we could, chewinggum, candy, chocolate bars...

But God still forgave us

cause we would give a lot of these sweets to the priest.

### 5 CANICHE SHIT

Doggy Shit

In High Scool we find out Smoke

i rolled joints with whatever i could find and tested them on my friends:

spices, mashed cookies, and also "pâté" (it' sooo good)

I alsoTried to sell French poodle's shit to some friend: "uhm your pot has a strong smell!"

"Of course, it's bulgarian pot!"





MARCO MENDES 2007

1. Here we go. The avalanche of phone calls just started./ That's to be expected. You don't turn thirty every day.
2. That's not it. It's the landlord bugging for the rent. Yesterday was just the same. 4. I really feel like some seafood, today!

# KING LEMON

NEUROSECRETION  
IN COMMON  
COMBUSTION  
...



SHIT!  
IT'S MY  
FIRST DAY  
WITH  
MEGATRON AND  
I'M LATE




WHAT I'M  
GONNA DO?





SHOULD I WAIT FOR A BEACON?

NOW THAT I THINK OF THAT, I BETTER GO HOME AND PREPARE FOR THE FIGHT. HE'S SUCH A POWERFULL AND AWESOME GUY, I DON'T STAND A CHANCE, UNLESS...



MEGATRON! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING AT MY HOUSE?


CHILL OUT KING LEMON!  
I CAME TO TALK...  
REMEMBER WHEN I WAS ABDUCTED BY GREEN FLYING PROTON?  
I LOST MY EXPLOITATION POWER

YOU MEAN, WE AIN'T GONNA FIGHT ANYMORE?

YEAH MAN, SIT DOWN!



I FANCY YOUR SWEATER



CAN I SLEEP AT YOUR HOUSE TONIGHT?







Petigre  
présent:





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MARCO MENDES 2003

4. I don't know when you'll get out of this dump!