

~~S.P.A.C.E.~~  
~~JAM~~  

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2011



Please  
don't sue  
us, WARNER  
BROS.!

Cartoonists are horrible people.

Don't get me wrong; we're still the kind of folks you can invite over to dinner, and you can definitely trust us around your kids. Give us a pen and paper, though, and pent-up fury leaks out of us. Years of isolation and torment for our particular skills and interests takes strange shapes that, in years past, would have violated some sort of "decency" laws.

What you have in front of you is two segments of an evening. The first segment is dinner, where we, at our sanest (as sane as four tired, hungry, delirious bastards can be in front of blank sketchbook pages), craft a story of parenthood, destruction, and deception. With dinosaurs and monkeys.

The second segment is a prime example of why cartoonists should not drink. Beginning at a dive bar and ending on the floor of the hotel's cocktail room, we played "the drawing game", which started with the initial four who had done the jam comic and expanded to include poor saps we managed to lure to our table.

Gordon insists on calling this "The SPACE Jam", (which is only reasonable so long as I can credit him as "Michael Gordon", which I totally won't do) but I think it's more than a traditional "jam" piece. It's a testament to how much fun and creativity brews in the hotel ballrooms where creative types gather for whatever reason, and is then unleashed into the world over several hours. I think I speak for everyone when I say that we had a blast creating this, as well as throughout the entirety of SPACE 2011.

I'm sure some of those aforementioned decency laws are still on the books somewhere, and for your sake and ours, don't let these pages get anywhere near those somewheres.

Regards and apologies,

CHRISTA CARDONE

DAN & KERRY TALLARICO (Cupcakes & Comics)

ED (Peculiar Comics)

GORDON MCALPIN (Multiplex)

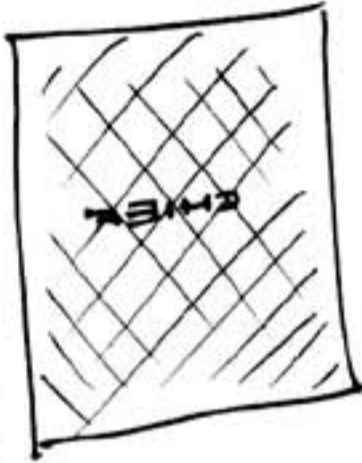
LOU GRAZIANI (Cy-Boar)

STEVE HARRISON



Elsewhere:

McSpiderman,  
get your ass  
in my  
office —  
NOW!!



YES CHIEF?

DON'T  
CALL ME  
CHIEF!



I never  
thought to ask  
before, McSpide-  
man ...

... are  
you adopted?



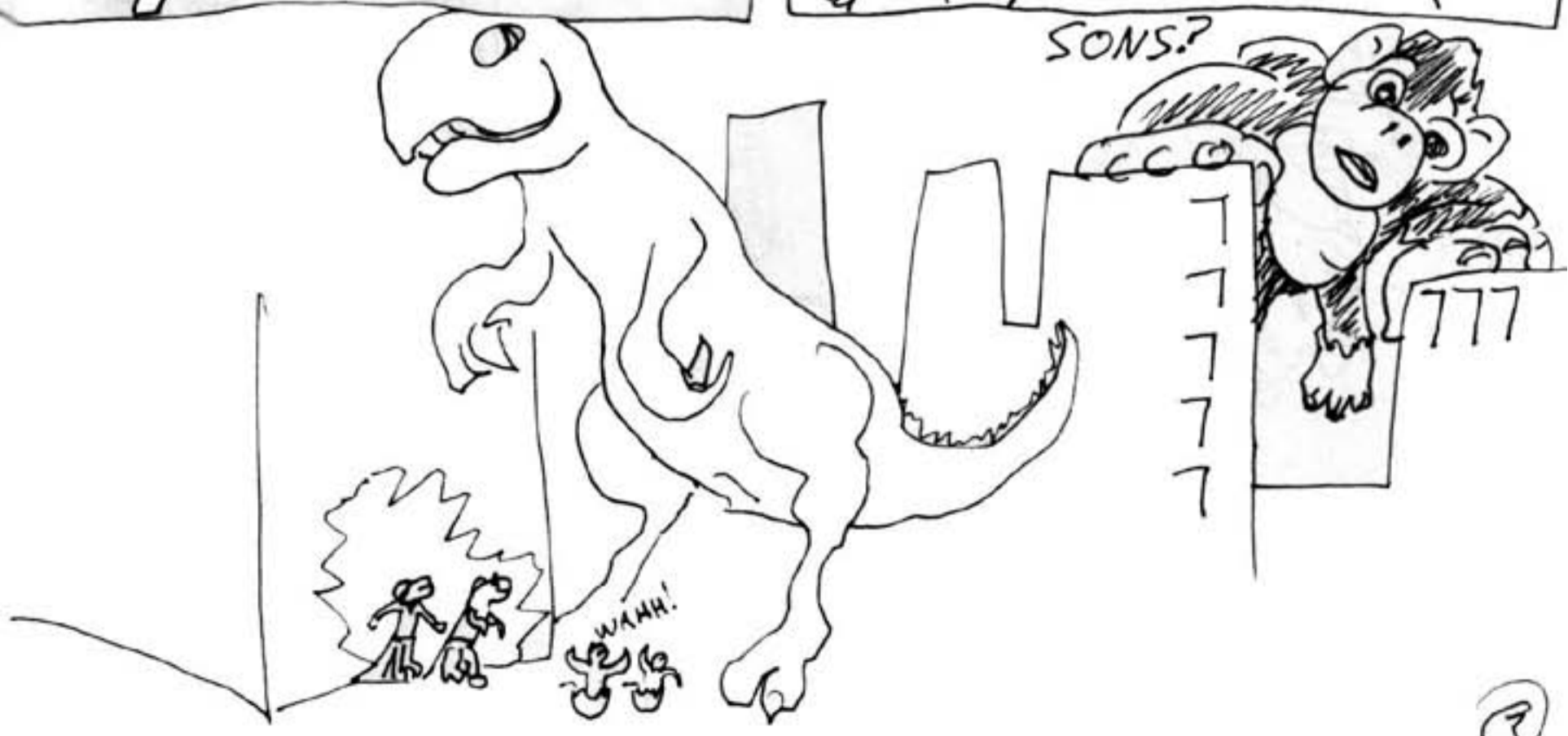
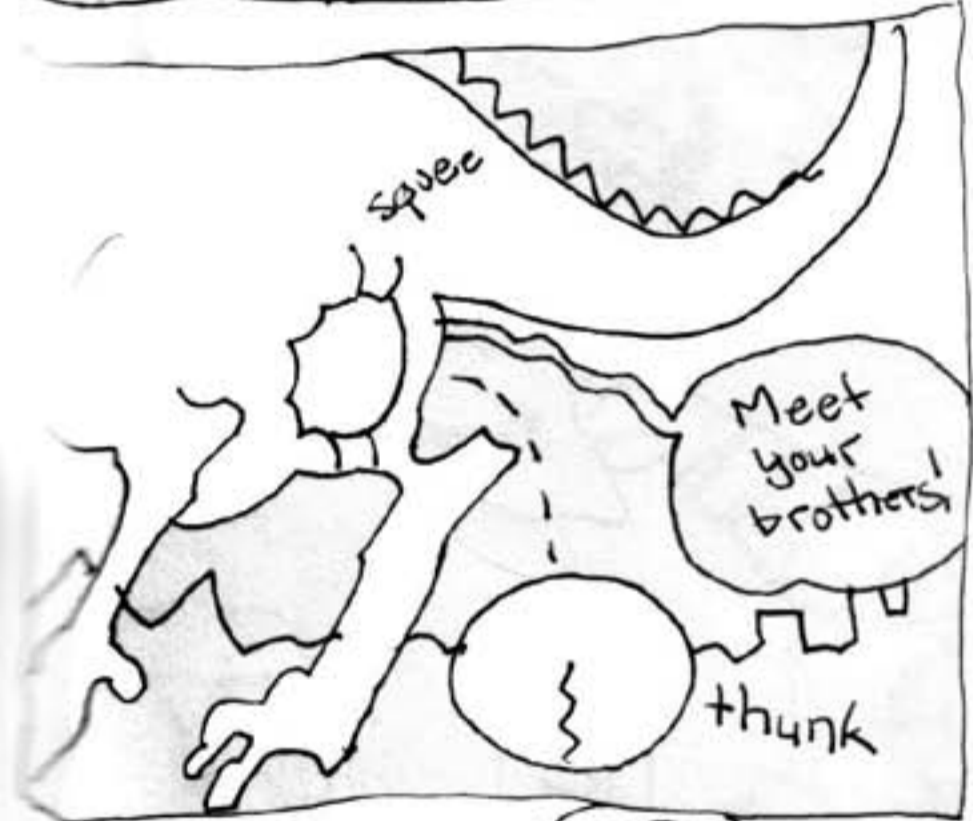
But...  
I'm your  
Sort.

And why  
do you  
have  
hair?



I have to disguise  
my ethnicity so  
people don't per-  
secute me ...  
for being an  
Irish  
dinosaur.

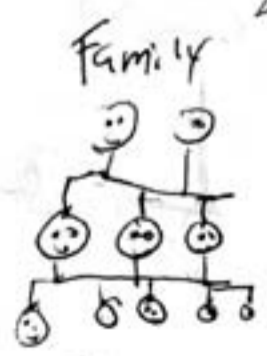
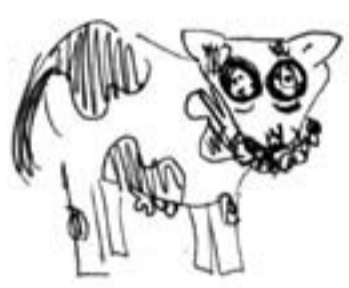


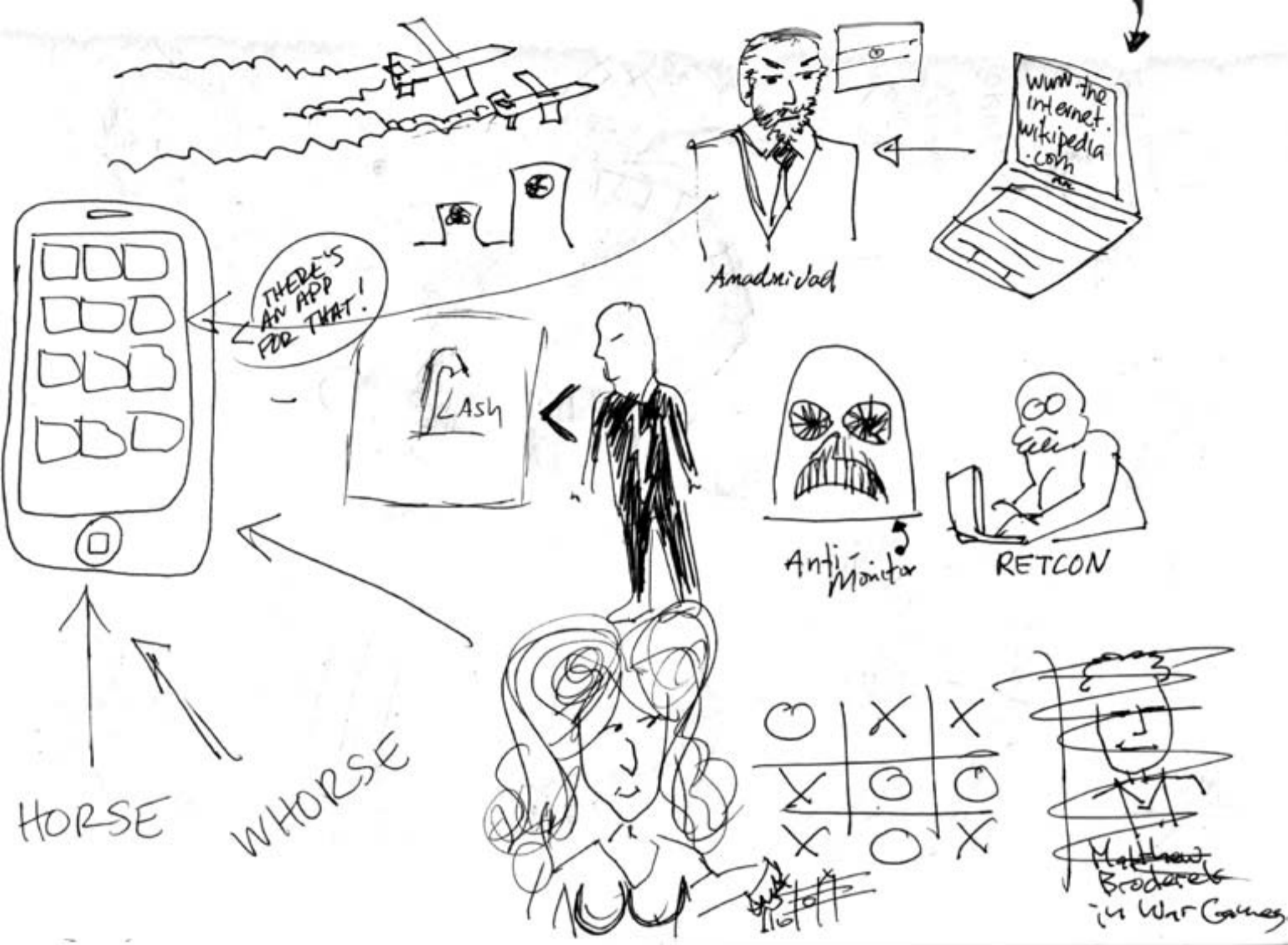






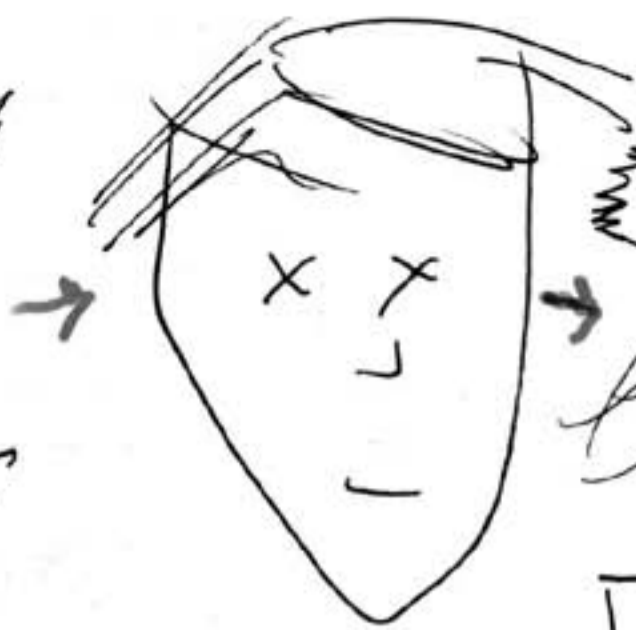




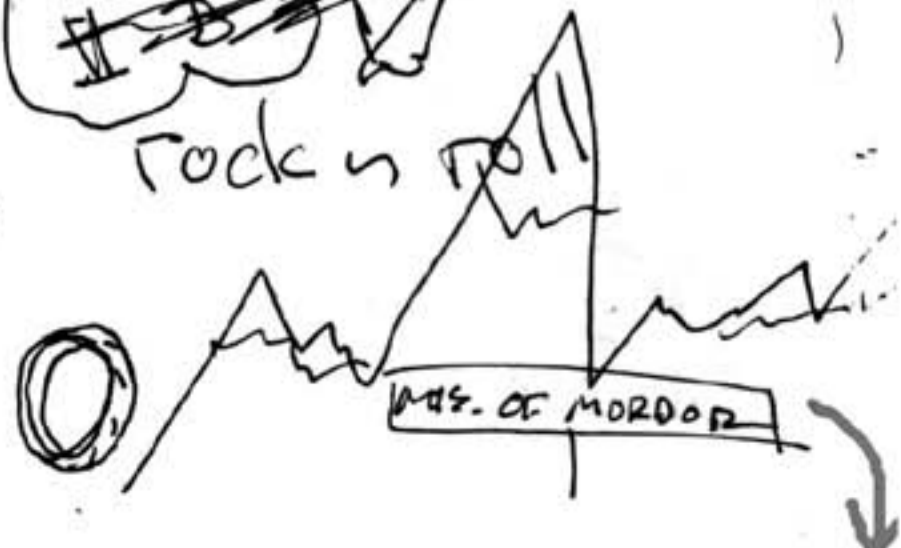
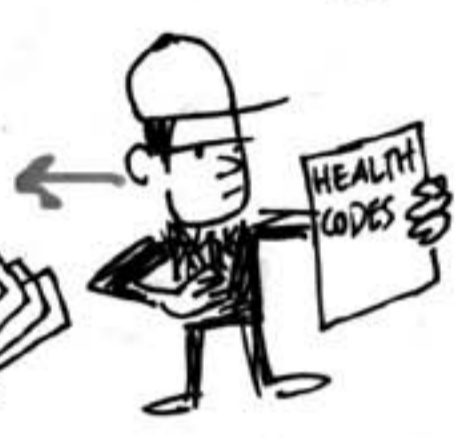


END ROUND  
ONE!

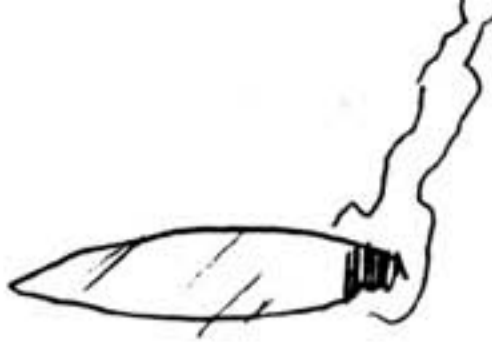
start



Poink!



Prop 19



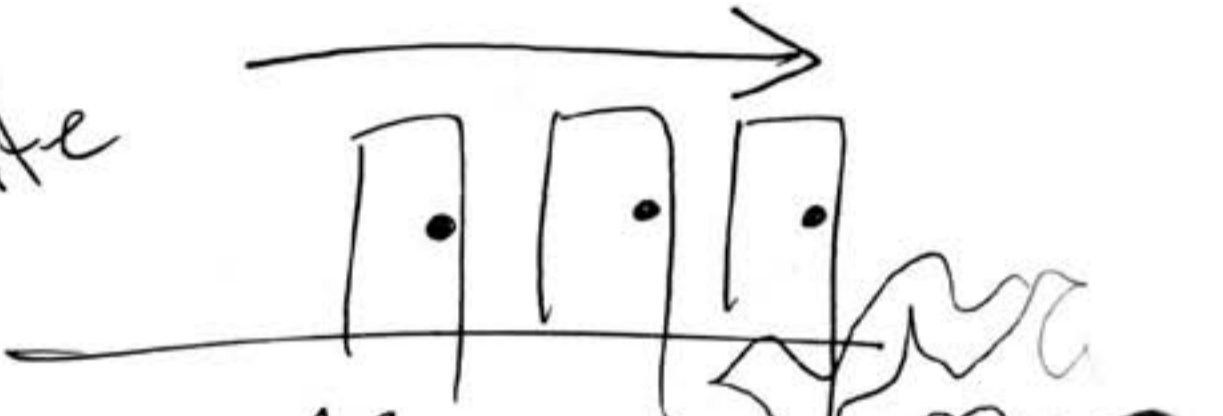
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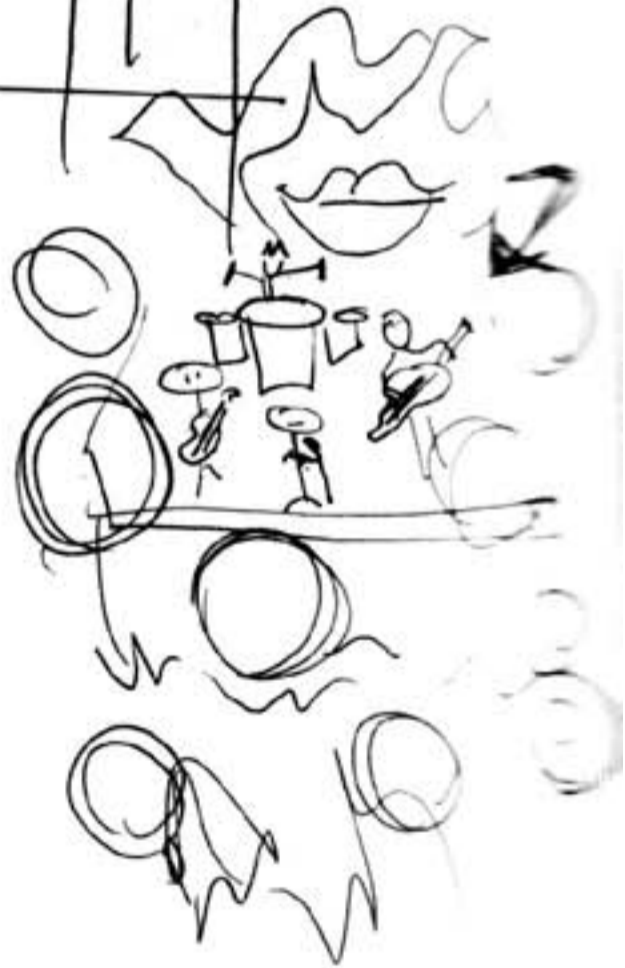
ACID



Kryptonite



radiohead



ROFCOPER!!!

COMMUNISM!

