

Modern Art.

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-> www.designersrepublic.com

One of my favorite graphic design groups. First saw them with **Pop**

Will Eat Itself album covers. Then with art for the Wipeout XL videogame soundtrack CD. Not to mention countless futuristicly minimal ads in British electronic muzik mags.

TDR kicks serious butt. They do it all. From (a) interiors for a cool Sushi place to (b) logos, (c) t-shirts, (d) books (e) flyers and all stuff inbetween. TDR has an

awesome website you should check out, too!



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e



Robotic & Hated The 7-Zark-7 Story



info-> www.chronicsite.com/gatchaman/index.html

Battle of the Planets came out in 1978, as a revamped, re-tooled, de-violenced version of Gatchaman, which came out in Japan in 1972. Later, the show was re-edited, re-dubbed again and called G-Force. When certain more violent scenes were edited out, they needed to have



some sort of continuity, so 7-Zark-7 was introduced as a robotic overseer / assistant / narrator of sorts operating out of Center Neptune

along with his robotic sidekick 1-**Rover-1**. As wisecracking, effeminate and annoying as **Zark** was thought to be by many fans of the show, he did provide a bit of (more -->)







(more -->) light humor to the show. Zark was pretty much a Jar Jar Binks before his time, or for a better Star Wars analogy, he was more of a C3PO-vocalized R2D2. I guess that purists would have preferred the blood & violence than a fluttering, yakkin' away for hours robot in a super hi-tech fortress beneath the seas of Neptune.

Maybe it was more that drove people to hate Zark. He did do things that robots don't and aren't supposed to do: shower, flap his cape to fly around the control room and lie back relaxing while talking with a sexy-voiced robot named Susan.

In any case, I like **Zark**. I especially like the French action figure I found a picture of on the web...



Battle of the Planets Appreciation Site http://7_zark_7.tripod.com/

101 Uses for a Dead 7-Zark-7 http://www.chronicsite.com/gatchaman/Mania/101Uses.html

7-Zark-7 Must Die! http://www.catplex.org/sherbert/g1prod.htm

Gatchaman Goodies Pages http://members.aol.com/gtchaman/Page1.html

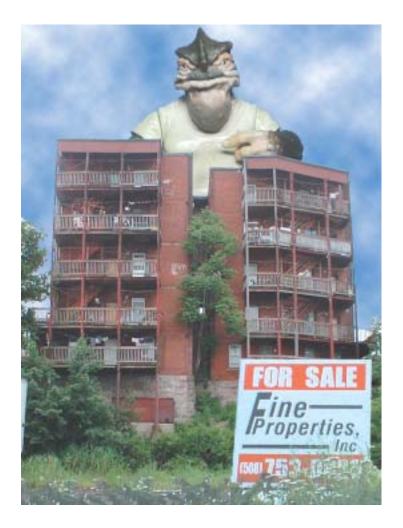
7-Zark-7 Images http://www.geocities.com/botp77/zark1.html











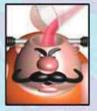


"STRONG-TASTIC" RIDE-ON TOY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

HE'S A CIRCUS STRONG MAN WITH THE SPEED TO MATCHI JUST HOP ON HIS BACK AND HEAD FOR THE HILLSI

PATENT APPLIED

THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN A COLD DRINK AFTER TAKING LEOPOLD FOR A SPIN! FORTUNATELY, HE'S ALSO A HANDSOME BEVERAGE DISPENSER!



FILL LEOPOLD'S HEAD WITH YOUR FAVORITE BEVERAGE.

SOME ASSEMBLY

REQUIRED



SIMPLY PRESS HIS NOSE TO FILL YOUR CUP.



ALC: NO

Toy Hoax or Pure Genius?!?

more info -> www.goblertoys.com

Gobler Toys is a company I came across through www.funko.com. But I'm having serious doubts as to whether ANY of Gobler's many intriguing toy products may actually EXIST. Company founder, Ira Gobler, may not even exist. The man has a rich history that's all written out on the website, but the man is a total enigma. The following pages are examples of advertisements from the website for toys that are of a questionable nature in terms of: (a) they'd be fun, (b) they'd be safe or if (c) they'd be even possible. I have to say, though, that if

is one big elaborate joke on us toy-buying saps, then at least they've made it a well-designed believable hoax. I think at least the t-shirts are real, but even on that point, it's dubious.

this



GOBLER TOYS IS PROUD TO INTRODUCE THE WORLD'S FIRST VULTURE TOY! YOU WILL HAVE HOURS OF FUN WATCHING THIS SCAVENGING SCAMP TEAR THE FLESH FROM HIS FAVORITE BOVINE PAL!

NNIE

ULTURE



PRESS DOWN ON HIS HEAD AND OUT POPS THE COW'S SKELETONI

> REQUIRES 4 "D" BATTERIES. DOES NOT WORK ON REAL COWS.

FEED HIM HIS PLASTIC COW...

HRAAWK



SHOOTS OVER 4 FEET!

SKELETONIZES A COW IN SECONDS!

EVEN SIS LOVES THIS CUDDLY CARNIVOREI



more info ---> www.atariage.com

Adult-oriented videogames are nothing new, even for the seemingly innocent and hopelessly outdated (but still FUN) Atari 2600 system.

Back in the 80s, there were games like Bachelor Party, Beat'em & Eat'em, Custer's Last Stand and even the horrific Texas Chainsaw Massacre. It's 2002 and the Classic Gaming Expo 2002 in Las Vegas will have 3 new Atari games released, one of which is Pick Up from 20th Century Fox. (See description to the left).

Being the geek that I am, I always felt a little let down by things like Mario never really getting Fay Wray after jumping all those barrels, dodging all those oil drums and hammering all his foes, only to get a measly peck on the cheek and be catapulted into a harder level. And what if our gallant pixel of a character from Adventure was actually to save a princess in that classic Atari game?

"Pick Up" will only be available at the CGE 2002 thing.

--> http://www.cgexpo.com

HOTEL

The game as described by AtariAge.com

This is an adult themed game in which you attempt to take a girl to a hotel for intimate encounters. You control the male character at the bottom of the screen, and the girl is on a platform to the left. In get to her, you must shoot various objects that are falling from the sky such as a heart, a wine glass, a car, and other items that are deemed as assets to the girl.

If you accidentally shoot the same type of item twice, you lose that item and the girl's platform drops one notch. If the platform touches the ground, you loose a life. Sometimes a falling item will flash, which means you must shoot it quickly or you will be penalized. Once you have shot each type of item once, you run over and "Pick Up" the girl and take her off the screen.

Next is the hotel screen, where you and the girl enter the hotel and close the blinds. The hotel sign then displays your "score", and level starts over.



Serve the Republic from the roll Count Dooks?³⁰ In Italian your Grandigs and sending them to the Jud²s²⁰ range.



Be sheether roo'rs is a spender chaning honory honores on Cornecast¹⁰⁰ or crusteing through an arrival field with Jongo Pert¹⁰⁰ on your tail, LEOD 17.04 WAR2¹⁰⁰ hen got you covered.



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Galaxy

Help!

Needs Your

Domokun – Th' Lovable Furry Guy

He's the mascot for a Japanese television station. He's furry. He's brown. I originally found him at **Urban Outfitters**, but now the guy's everywhere. I used to have him as my "avatar" when I did visual chatroom nonsense and someone was speaking of me as a "furry, brown shit dude". I took that to be very funny. **Domokun** can now be found sporadically at stores selling Hello Kitty stuff or perhaps in video form if you go to the "**Domopers**" website (Developers + Domokun = Domopers). www.echo23.com/domokun/ That's where I took all these screen-captures from, but there's so much Domokun out there that it's funny he's not MORE well known. 2 other cool sites are -->

www.domomode.com pubweb.northwestern.edu/~sts839/domo/







Lunching it up...

Chris Ware, of Acme Novelty Library comics fame is one of my heroes. He has a distinctively deceptive cartoon style that has won awards and won the respect of comics afficianados like me who always think that comics can be MORE than just superheroes and total predictability. Dark Horse Comics has released the first ever Rusty Brown lunchbox that's beautifully adorned with Chris Ware art and a comic on the inside AND a recapping this character's origins. Me likes it.

www.darkhorse.com





G-Force 12"

I know I'm going overboard on reporting on **G-Force** stuff, but the 12" action figures (dolls, whatever) are almost ALL available. **Princess** & **Keyop** will be sometime toward the end of Summer/ Fall 2002. **Jason & Mark** are already available.

www.heroesandtoonz.com/anime_figs



Jest Bidness

By: R.C. Dismantler

There I was on the Ferret Parkway getting my Monday morning nightmare commute and soaking up all the hostility two lanes of bumper-to-bumper can offer. To my right is Fat Broad oozing corpulence and wearing a malevolent sneer of vicious intent. Up front is Hispanic He-man in a chopped and lowered '92 Honda Civic with an exhaust pipe the size of a sewer. Behind is a shortguy suit juggling a Blackberry and cigar, attempting command-and-control from a humongous SUV sprouting antennae a dung beetle would die for.

Me, I'm holding my own with my trusty sidekick, Jake Schnauzer riding shotgun and menacing anyone who dares a stare with terrier teeth looking to chomp a new asshole for all comers. Yep, we're getting ready for business as usual and the mood won't get any better for the next ten hours.

This is the direct route into that big ant hill, Spamford, CT, home to more headquarters than any other city of its size. The ants are truckin' on in with aphids ready to secrete the juice of big bidness and grease another week of market churn. Cell phones are surgically attached to mobile ears. Palm Pilots are balanced precariously on the wheel and pagers are beeping insistently from belts buried in middle class flab. Coffee is chugged and slopped in the jerk and bounce of jockeying for three more feet of pavement in the snail race for office residency. Twenty miles in two hours... not a bad bargain when you consider the McMansion in Fairfield cost a cool half million. Ah, the Ferret Parkway, great equalizer on the road to hell. The mailroom boy in the hot rod Hyundai and the Boardroom Brahmin in his BMW Seven Series together for the trip, paired up in parity until death due them part.

And death due them part on schedule as fenders bend and metal rips into mortal flesh, a consequence of inattention,



accidental acceleration and the numbing, hypnotic chain of commutation. Sirens scream, klaxons blare as the lanes part for fire and rescue in between to the scene.

Oh, that's my exit. Glory be! Another day another dollar, what you say? Hmmmm. So swipe my card and buzz me in—it's the Dismantler assuming the position and just loosening up for another day's work.

Ah yes, where were we? Email requestos from the intelligentsia. Slap some clip and whip some crap—there ya go, jest like dat. Hey...we got news! So cop a quote, bust a blurb and float a fleece...in the name of blessed release. Whoa, ad deadline loomin' large and nothin' doin' ...yikes we take a screwin'. Extend the schedule, up the buy and sleaze a make-up on the sly. But where's the speech, word boy? Right here, mastuh, fawns Communications Valet. "May I have that eve-tali-sized for you sir?"

So it goes with your gruff, but lovable old Dismantler. There's way too much tension, don't you think. Loosen 'tings up, quick as a wink. Feells bettuh fast. Hell, nothins made to last. (Doug's Dad can be reached at: chapelr@fraserpapers.com)



