#1

BRAIN FART COMIX!

BIG AWESOME SPECIAL PREMIERE ISSUE!!!

ART AND ART

Featuring

THE LIVID DEAD

Commentary on sniffing paint

Lots of pretty pictures

AN ORANGE-ZEPPELIN CREATION
Welcome to Brain Fart Comix
Issue #1!

Hey folks, I’m Orange Zeppelin and I’ve been using that pseudonym for so long I don’t remember what it’s even supposed to mean. I’ve been making art since I was old enough to use crayons without trying to eat them. Nowadays I am much more mature and have moved on to sniffing oil paints. I love working with all types of media and styles though comics have always been of particular interest to me, and it has been a dream for a while to make a self-published zine. What you hold in your hands is the result of a lot of passion finally being brought into existence. Art continues to bring joy to my life and I hope it brings joy to you too!

-OZ

You can find more of my art on these fine antisocial networking sites!

DeviantArt: orange-zeppelin.deviantart.com
Facebook: www.facebook.com/OrangeZeppelinArt
Tumblr: orangezeppelin.tumblr.com/
Patreon: www.patreon.com/Orange_Zeppelin
Instagram: www.instagram.com/the_bride_of_cucuy/

BFC #1 First Printing
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THE ORIGINS

Featuring the artist in an assortment of awkward phases

WOO
I'm gonna put giant robots in my comic!

NINjas and AwEsome
can't
draw
draw
whatever

I can't draw robots but whatever

MAN, it would be cool to actually sell my comics. I could start small, print them myself, and sell them at school all CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS style. Don't people make "ZINES"?

YEAH, a Zine would be cool... but how do I make one? I mean, I just make all the art.

but printing it and promoting it? Outsourcing cost? How do I do that?

WASN'T I gonna make my own comic Zine? Why haven't I done that?

*WCARDO COMICS* *NORMAL COMICS*
How do you even sell your art? How do you get your name out there? How do you convince people you're worth spending money on?

Hey, I should review that old comic I did... when I finish these 80 other things.

So like, ya know, ya have to like like like do whatever you can to get people to hire me. I bought my teachers coffee and snacks and... and like, they treated me so badly I didn't even wash my underwear but I got a job because I was like, 'What's the point? I'm like a punk, like, I can do this.' I made like, $1,000 in a song, and now I only feel hatred. I remember like my zine, I was really pumped but then this portfolio class happened and now I only feel hatred.

Ugh, wasn't I gonna make a zine?

Why have I never done it?
Seriously! There's all these cool people on Instagram who put out zines, why not me? I can figure out SOMETHING. (And really, has there ever been a single point in my whole life where I had any idea what I was doing?)

"Not knowing" be DAMNED!

I'm gonna make a zine RIGHT NOW and it'll be AWESOME.

HOURS OF TIME AND EFFORT LATER

Woo! Art time!

Heck yeah! What you hold in your hands is the result of me finally punching 10+ years of "I don't know" in the face. Now I just need people to buy it.

MORAL OF THE STORY

If you don't know what you're doing, just pretend that you do and sometimes that actually works.
Hailing from an obscure European nation, arriving in the states for their first ever American tour, it's that funky prog rock sensation - THE LIVID DEAD!

"The hottest band in our formerly Soviet-occupied nation!"

"Totally rocked my socks, dude!"

"Better if you're stoned!"

"They're... uh... unique!"

Here we are, friends!

America, for the first time!

Such big buildings!

Mmm, lots of brutalist architecture...

I want to eat a real hamburger!
Material Joy: An Ode to Artistic Media

I think that just about every child has experienced the sheer delight, the delicious anticipation, the wonderful feeling of seeing brand-new crayons in a freshly opened box, perfectly molded to a tip and ready to make their literal mark upon whatever surface is in arm’s reach. Even that distinctive crayon smell brings one back to their happy childhood days, as that smell was a sure sign that something creative was about to happen.

For so many artists—professionals and hobbyists alike—that feeling of joy from our materials never leaves us. Art supply stores feel like a candy store. Beautiful tubes of pigment are lined neat rainbows. Colored pencils jut out ready to be used. Canvases and wood boards are stacked up just begging to be taken home and made into a masterpiece. No artist can resist the siren call of all these wonderful things around us. We even dream of lovely new materials to work with. I’ll admit to being caught nose-deep in the Jerry’s Artarama catalog the way someone might be ogling a Playboy magazine.
The media we work with can make us happy in the way that a musician feels passion for their beloved instrument. Even the harsh smell of turpentine can trigger fond thoughts of oil painting, (and is the exact reason my dad is fond of tequila)

Maybe it’s that association of fond memories and feelings that make us so in love with what we work with- taking us back to a day we spent in front of the easel with a cool drink on hand, sandalwood incense in the air, and Jethro Tull on the turntable. It takes us back to a happy comfortable place. So keep on enjoying your materials. Love them. Ignore the uncultured haters who shoot judgmental glances at you for taking in the subtle aroma of your oil paints. (Actually, don’t sniff your paint.) Material things may not bring happiness, but these materials can!
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OUR FIRST AMERICAN VENUE!

Groovy little place!

Hello there, friend!

You're the LIVID DEAD right? The band from whatever? OK, let me just give you a rundown of...

RAD BAND THING

WHY THE F**K ARE YOU TOUCHING ME?

Isn't that how Americans greet each other?

Here it is—the water bottles, potato vodka, and seven bags of yellow beans you requested are on the table. Don't trash the place too bad.

I—Sweet Jesus, let me just show you to the green room.
ALRIGHT, WE'RE ALL SET UP.
READY TO ROCK N' ROLL?

WOO!
DUDE, THESE GUYS ROCK!!

GOOD JOB EVERYONE, LET'S MAKE EVERY SHOW BE AS AWESOME AS THIS.

FAR OUT.
CHEERS TO THAT.

Rock on, Brothers.

With their 1st U.S. show a roaring success, The LIVID DEAD embark on their tour with high hopes. Stay tuned to future issues for more LIVID DEAD adventures.
Today is MY day!
THE LAST WORD

STARRING PETE

![Comic panels with a possum character, dialogue bubble saying "Fromage"]

END.