

SEP
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46C

PEARL COMICS GROUP



TRY AND TRY TO JUSTIFY ...

THE CATERER[®]



JACK MARSDEN DIALS
I FOR INCONVENIENCE

THE CATERER RETURNS!

'I button myself against advice and leave the house,'

smirks Jack Marsden, emerging into primary yellow sunshine. He was a singular character for SF author Jeff Lint who, at a loose end for money in the mid-seventies, was hired by the fledgling comics company Pearl to come up with a launch title. Lint seems to have taken to the comics scene with the total absorption he gave his best books. His main contribution to the short-lived Pearl Comics was the baffling action strip *The Caterer*. Illustrator Brandon Sienkel worked with Lint in those heady days: '*The Caterer* was a strange one - he didn't have any special powers, he was this blond grinning college kid as far as I could make out. He sometimes pulled a gun ... But it was strangely hypnotic, I must say. We had fan mail.'

Much debate has grown up about the meaning of *The Caterer* and any of the nine issues will fetch up to \$70 (£2) on eBay. Fans debate its motifs and catchphrases, and its hero's fogbound motivations. 'I believe Marsden represents Jeff Lint's own creative urge, bursting out at odd moments and killing everybody,' says Chris Diana, president of Against Advice: The Caterer Fanclub. 'The Caterer is often seen standing at a grave, but we never see the inscription and Marsden has his usual grin on his face. I agree with many readers that this is the grave of Fatty Arbuckle, comedian of the silent era.' Anyone with a mustache enrages the Caterer, provoking him to 'punch that demon from your face and save you from it', an enterprise which often leaves the victim's entire

head a bloody mass. He is twice seen to be strangely disarmed by the sight of a spacehopper, standing motionless for fifteen panels (some readers regard the spacehopper as the Caterer's

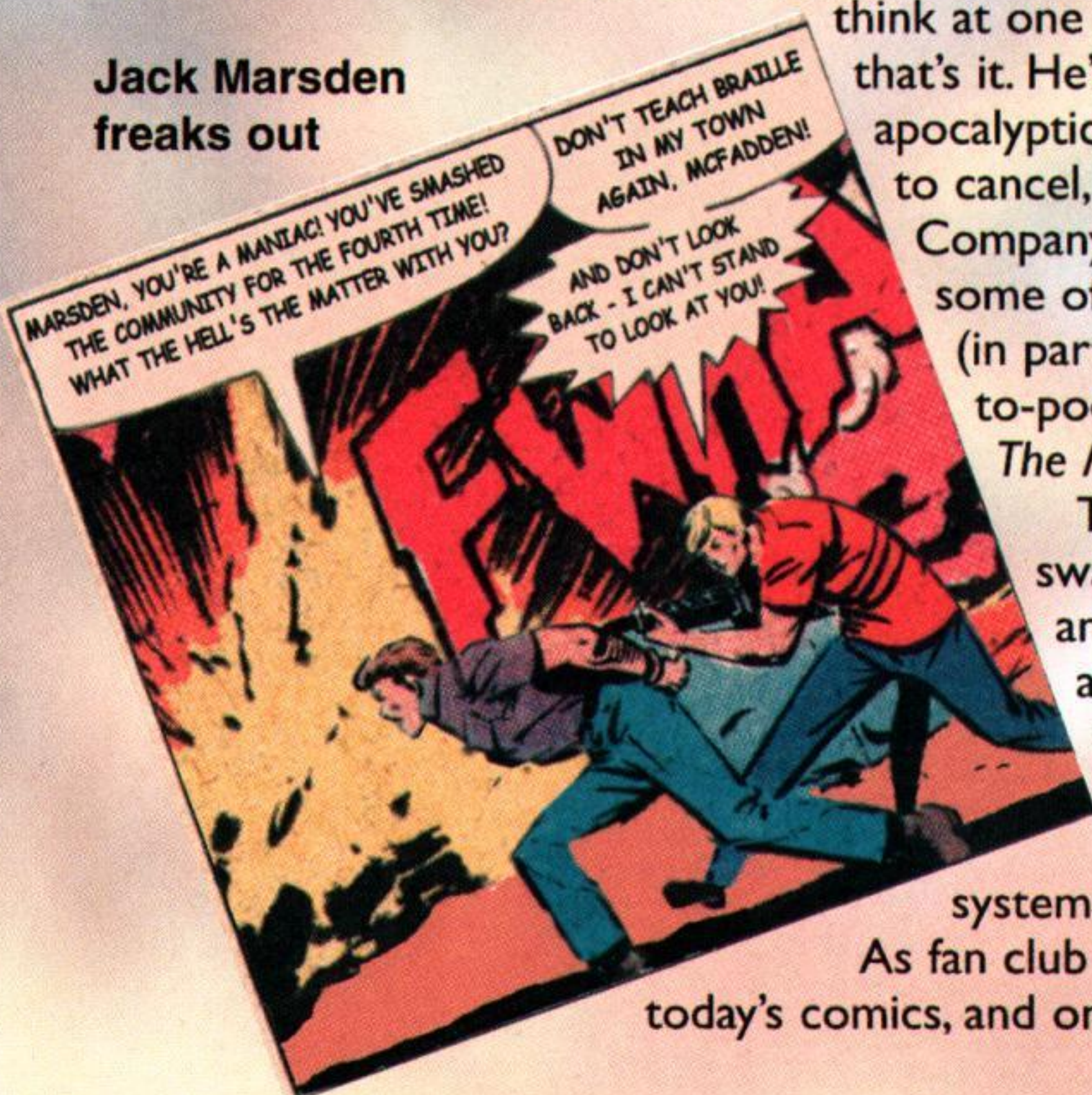
'kryptonite'). His general outlook is one

of childish glee at some untold knowledge. 'Age is not for acrobats,' he smirks at a pompous tailor, before grabbing up a chair and smashing him to the floor. There is speculation that Hoston Pete, a strange piratical character who only visits Jack Marsden in his basement, is a representation of Lint himself. Other readers believe that Hoston Pete is only visible to Marsden and is a schizophrenic 'voice' that impels the Caterer to misdeeds.

Several dissertations have been published deconstructing the long, complicated rant in issue 6 about how goats have the skeletal system of chickens (the most incisive being 'That's no scarecrow, it's a crucifix in a hat! True Phantoms in *The Caterer*' by Alaine Carraze). The tirade, conducted over five dense pages after Marsden interrupts a school swim meet, has been interpreted as everything from a critique of Jimmy Carter's then-undisclosed connection to the Trilateral Commission, to a warning about genetic tampering, to homosexual panic (which would jibe with the mustache attacks). Certainly the Caterer's friends are bewildered (or understanding) enough to stand listening to this drivel. But when he tries to leave by riding on an unwilling dog, the cops arrive on the scene and Marsden goes into one of his frenzies. All credit is due to Pearl Comics for depicting the relatively static scene of the diatribe on the cover, rather than the explosive gun battle that follows.

The final (and perhaps least characteristic) issue has the Caterer leaving his small-town setting, visiting a thinly disguised version of Disneyland and simply going berserk. It is still disputed as to whether Pearl Comics was already crashing (and Lint was therefore going out in a blaze) or Lint had gone on some psychological bender that provoked the company's downfall. Sienkel claims that the title was going great guns until the Caterer's 'Mouse World' adventure. 'The Caterer just rolls up in that strange sedan he was always riding around in, and the minute he gets out he just starts shooting the hell out of everyone. There's hardly even any dialog, I

**Jack Marsden
freaks out**

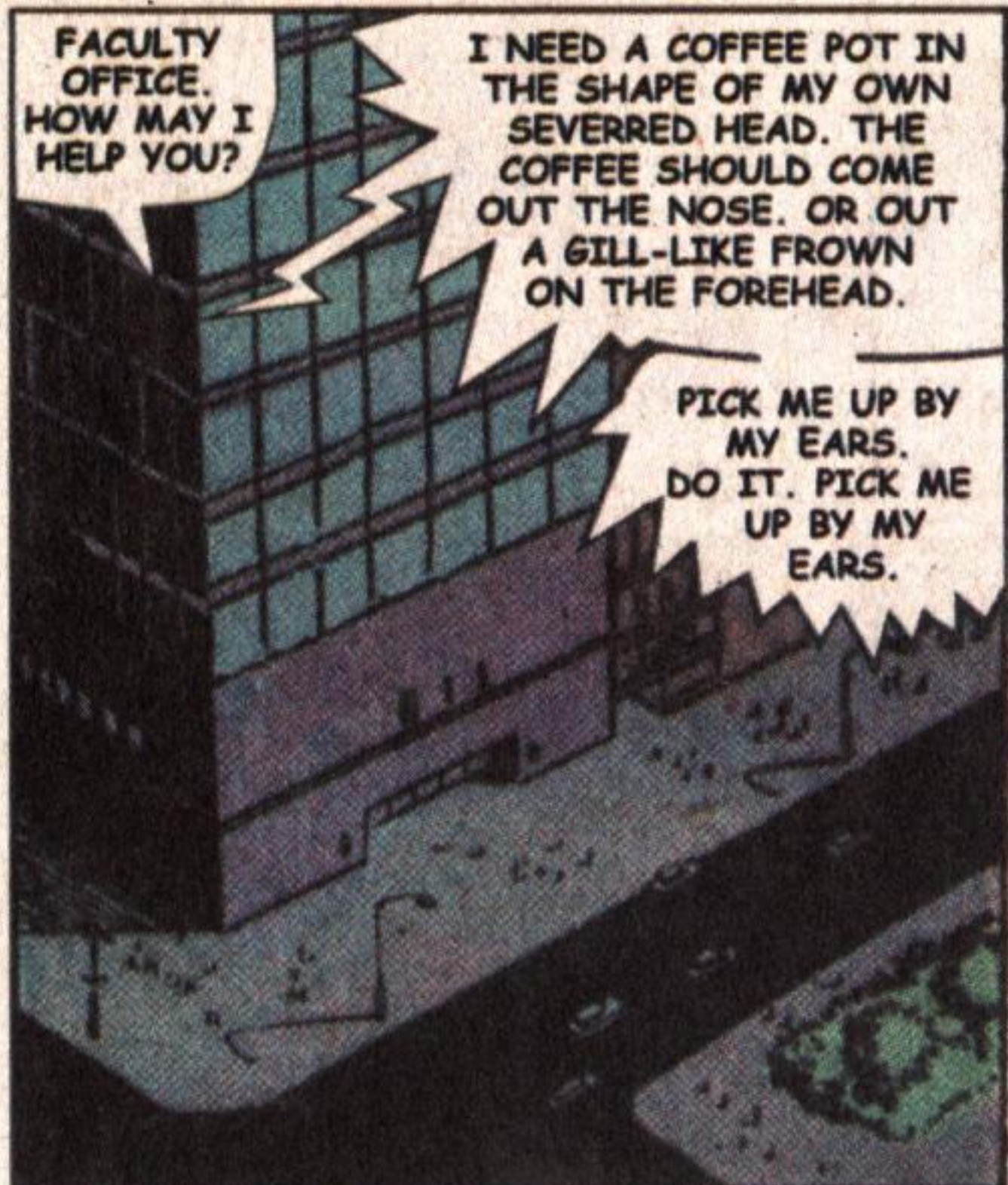


think at one point he says "Don't come any closer" or something, but that's it. He's shooting a guy in a duck costume when he says it.' This apocalyptic issue caused parents to complain and shocked newsvendors to cancel, but it was the threat of legal action from the Disney Company that troubled Pearl executives. It could not be denied that some of the spree victims resembled copyrighted Disney characters (in particular the mouse Satanic Radar Ears) and, with the middling-to-poor sales of other Pearl titles *Fantastic Belt*, *Rocket Trouble* and *The Mauve Enforcer*, Pearl filed for bankruptcy in May 1976.

To kids who read it at the time, it is still a badge of honor. Fans swap dialogue ('Will you come to my party?'/ 'I won't prevent it.') and the character rears his sneering head in the likeliest places, as in the various versions of the song *The Caterer/Das Katerer* which litter recent Fall albums. Rumors of movie adaptations come and go (one putatively directed by Tim Burton and starring Brad Pitt), but it's doubtful that the Hollywood system could accomodate it.

As fan club president Chris Diana says, 'The Caterer would be sick on today's comics, and on the movies, and on you.'

- from the Jeff Lint biography **LINT**, by Steve Aylett



FACULTY OFFICE. HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

I NEED A COFFEE POT IN THE SHAPE OF MY OWN SEVERED HEAD. THE COFFEE SHOULD COME OUT THE NOSE. OR OUT A GILL-LIKE FROWN ON THE FOREHEAD.

PICK ME UP BY MY EARS. DO IT. PICK ME UP BY MY EARS.



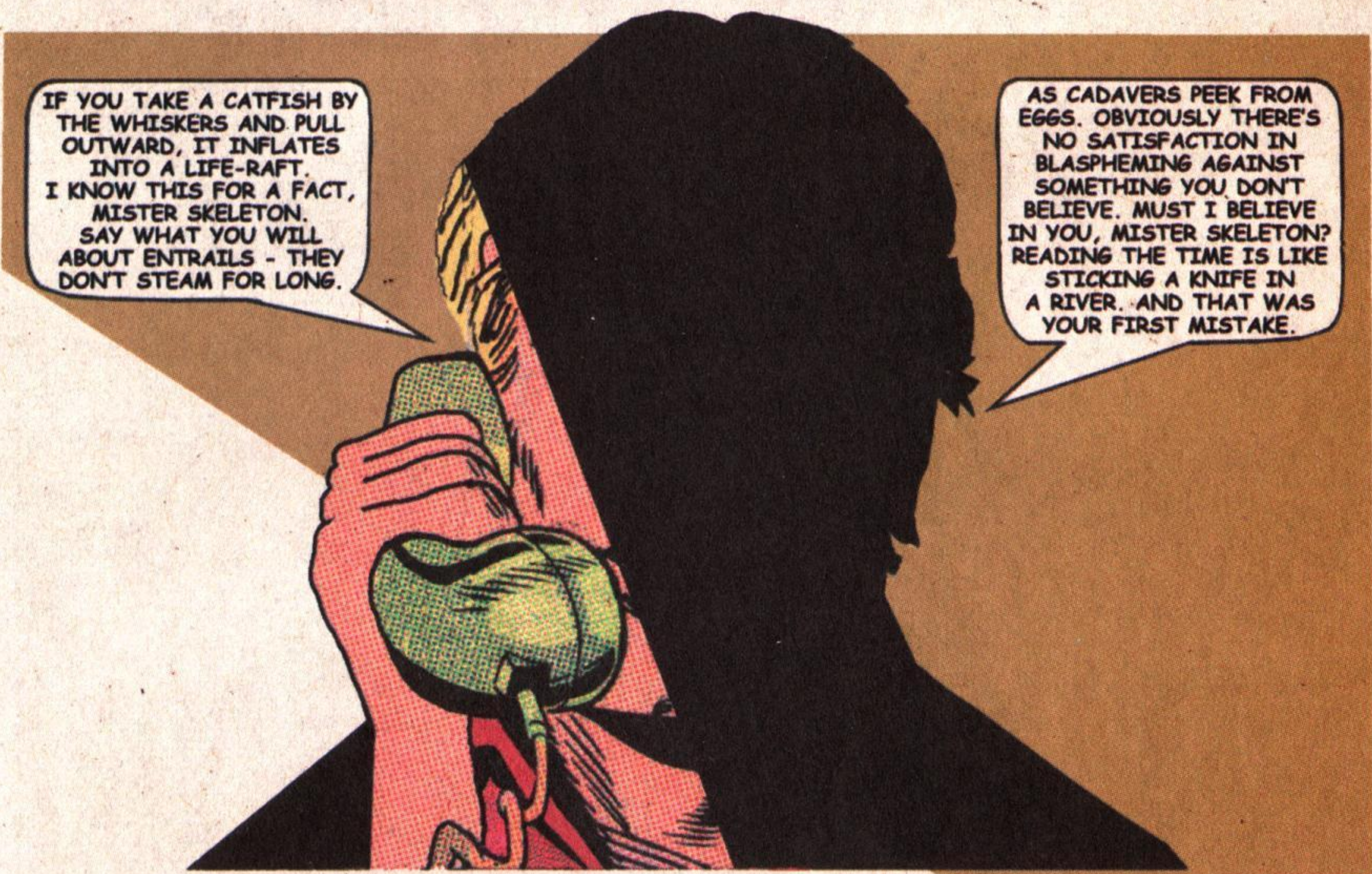
AND ALL THESE GLORIES MUST BE DELIVERED IN FIVE OF YOUR EARTH MINUTES. YEAH -

THIS IS THE SCHOOL FACULTY OFFICE, SIR.

- FOR REASONS I THINK YOU KNOW. WAIT, THIS ISN'T PASSPORT CONTROL?



NOW WHERE WILL I FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL TALK ME DOWN AFTER I'VE HAD A SHAVE?



IF YOU TAKE A CATFISH BY THE WHISKERS AND PULL OUTWARD, IT INFLATES INTO A LIFE-RAFT. I KNOW THIS FOR A FACT, MISTER SKELETON. SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT ENTRAILS - THEY DON'T STEAM FOR LONG.

AS CADAVERS PEEK FROM EGGS. OBVIOUSLY THERE'S NO SATISFACTION IN BLASPHEMING AGAINST SOMETHING YOU DON'T BELIEVE. MUST I BELIEVE IN YOU, MISTER SKELETON? READING THE TIME IS LIKE STICKING A KNIFE IN A RIVER. AND THAT WAS YOUR FIRST MISTAKE.



I'M AFRAID I'M SERIOUS. BATS ONLY ATTACK SICK ANIMALS, SUCH AS YOUR FUTURE. PAINTING LEAVES GREEN WHICH WERE GREEN, COMPLETE AND REPEATED, ARTIFICIAL...



GO INTO SPACE AND THEN TO THE LEFT. OXYGEN IS WORTHLESS TO US. WE'VE CHANGED OUR MIND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GRAND EXPERIMENT.

I EMBRACE IT ALL. THE END OF MY ARMS ARE THIN AS KNIVES, REMEMBER.

CLOUDS ARE CREEPING.



OVER PREDATOR LOGIC, MANDATES RUSTED SOLID AND THE ASSASSINATION OF CHARACTER.

AND I SAY UNTO THE ASSASSINS -

FROM THE MIND OF SCI-FI AUTHOR JEFF LINT, THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN WITHOUT CHARM OR COMPLICITY, AND A DISSECTION OF OUR TURBULENT TIMES. BUCKLE UP AND STRIVE TO ENDURE THE WALKING REBUKE WHICH IS JACK MARSDEN!

JEFF LINT PRESENTS:

JEFF LINT / BRANDON SIENKEL / ALB INDYS / MARSHA CORKER / JP DRAPEAU
SCRIPT / ART / LETTERING / COLORIST / EDITOR



THE CATERER™ Vol.1, No. 3, Sep 1975 Issue. Published by PEARL COMICS GROUP, New York. Victor K Vastarien, President, Jack Quinn, Publisher. Published monthly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institutions is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidentally.

THREE DAYS EARLIER,
JACK MARSDEN STEPS OUT ...



GOT ANY CIGGIES?



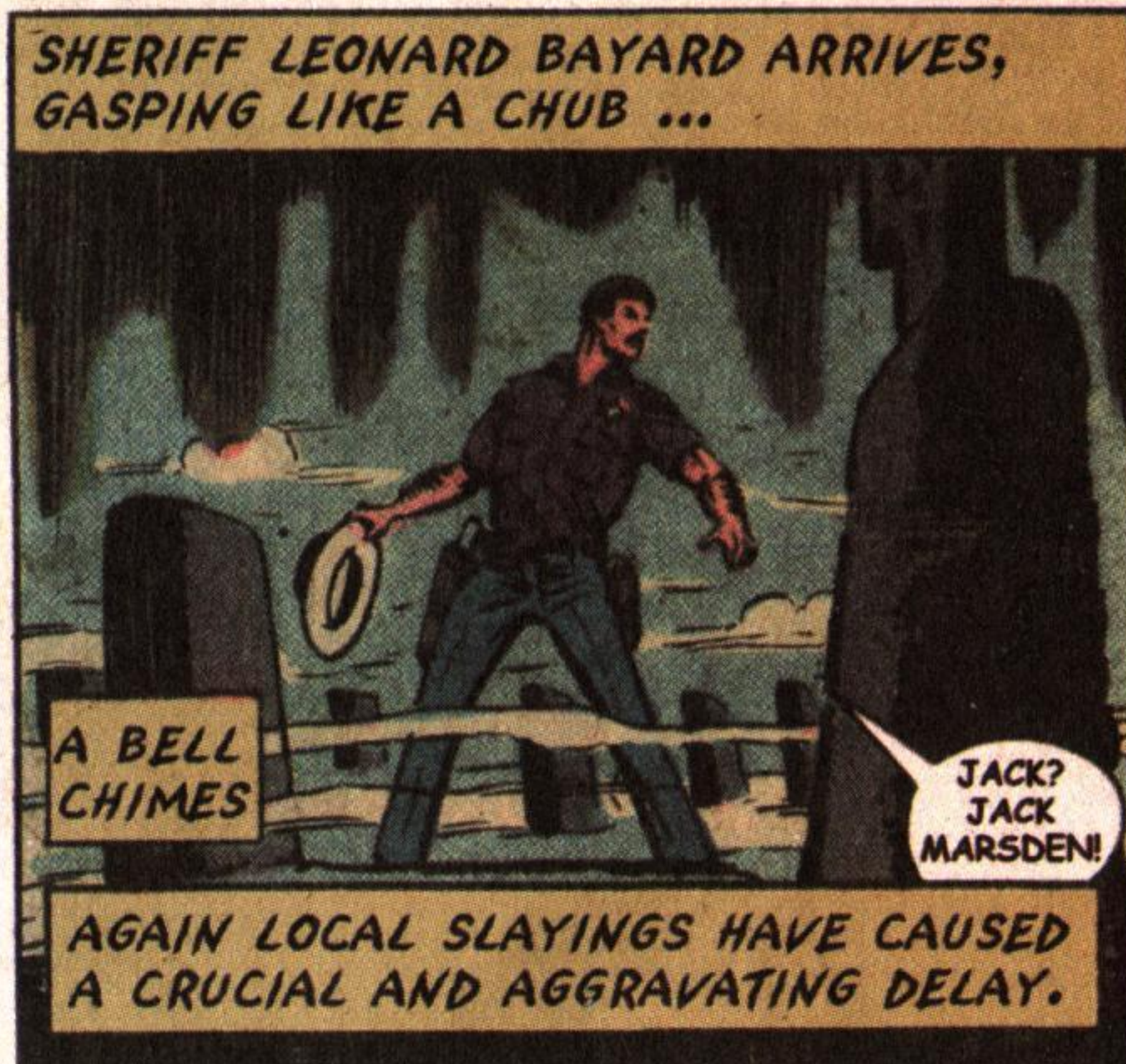
SHERIFF LEONARD BAYARD ARRIVES,
GASPING LIKE A CHUB ...



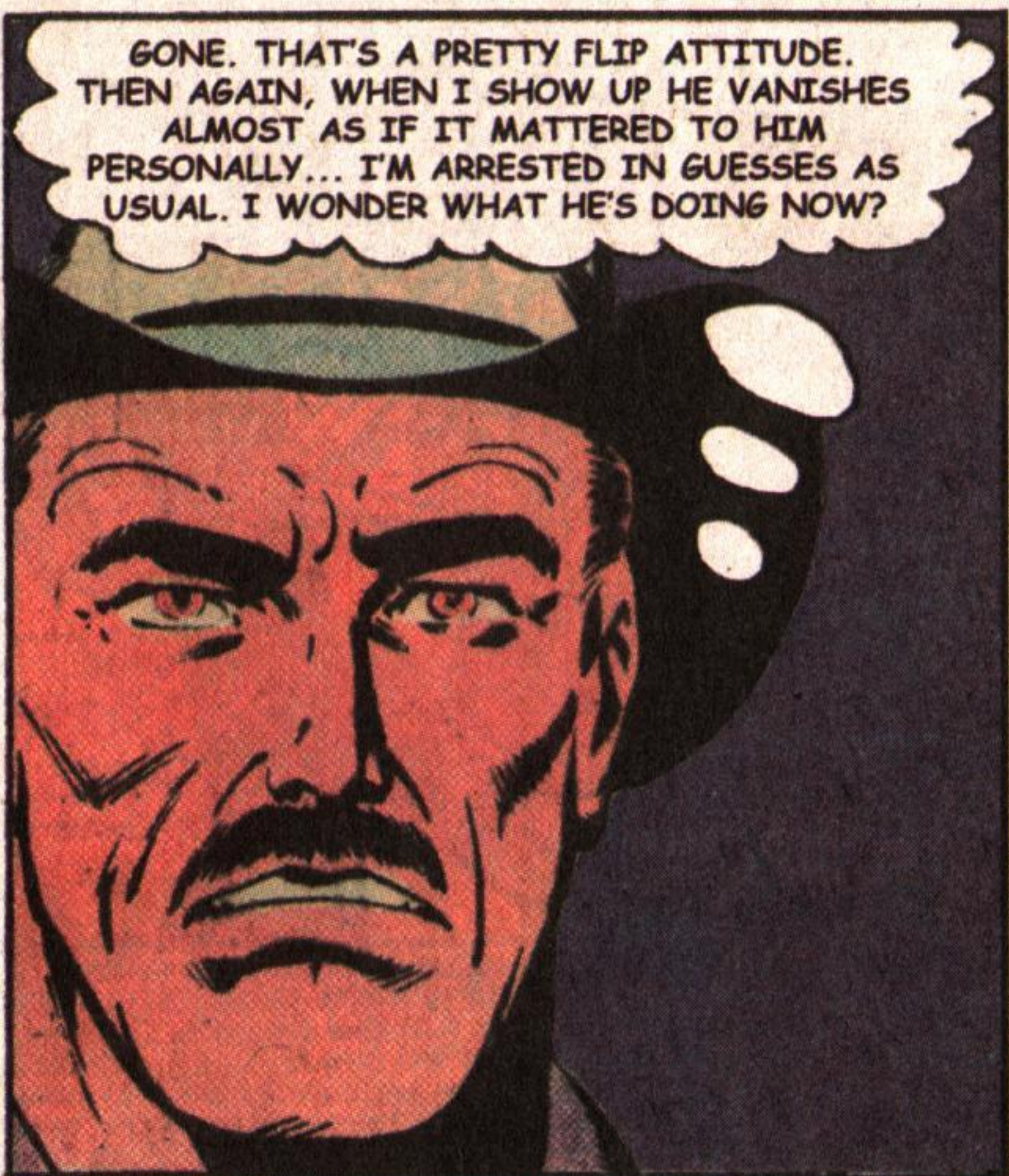
A BELL
CHIMES

JACK?
JACK
MARSDEN!

AGAIN LOCAL SLAYINGS HAVE CAUSED
A CRUCIAL AND AGGRAVATING DELAY.



GONE. THAT'S A PRETTY FLIP ATTITUDE.
THEN AGAIN, WHEN I SHOW UP HE VANISHES
ALMOST AS IF IT MATTERED TO HIM
PERSONALLY... I'M ARRESTED IN GUESSES AS
USUAL. I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING NOW?



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EMPTY VESSEL?

- PASSIONLESS BLANK?
- UNABLE TO ORIGINATE ANYTHING?
- ONLY CAPABLE OF CHOOSING FROM OPTIONS PRESENTED BY OTHERS?
- HEAD FULL OF STOCK FOOTAGE?
- WE CAN'T HELP YOU - YOU'RE DOOMED.

LEARN TO

CRY



MODEL ROCKETS

SEND OFF FOR THESE BALLISTIC MOCKERIES AND FEEL TEARS OF BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT AND OBSCURE SHAME WHEN THEY ARRIVE

UNREGULO

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THE CATERER

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For walls 'n doors!



Notebook!

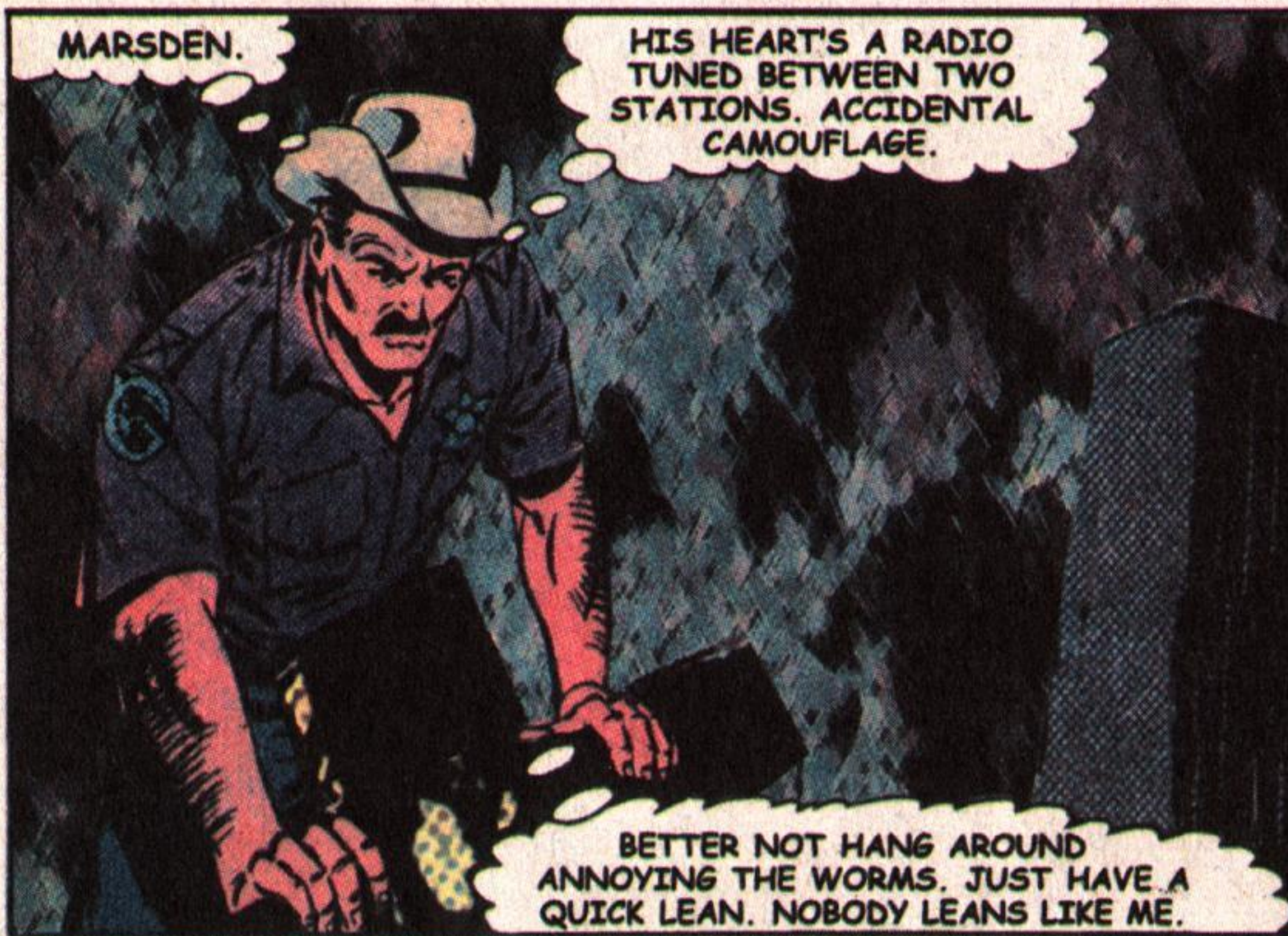


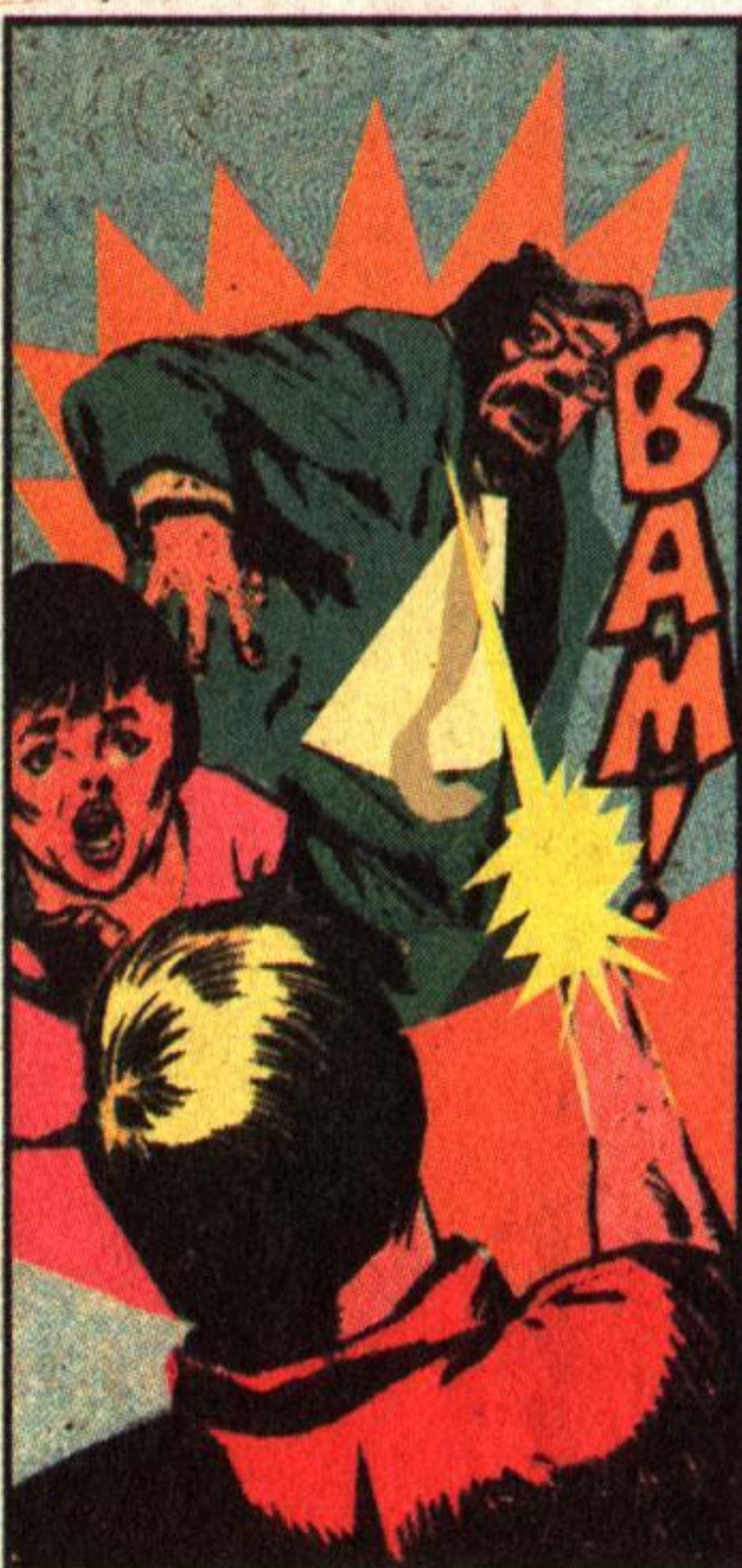
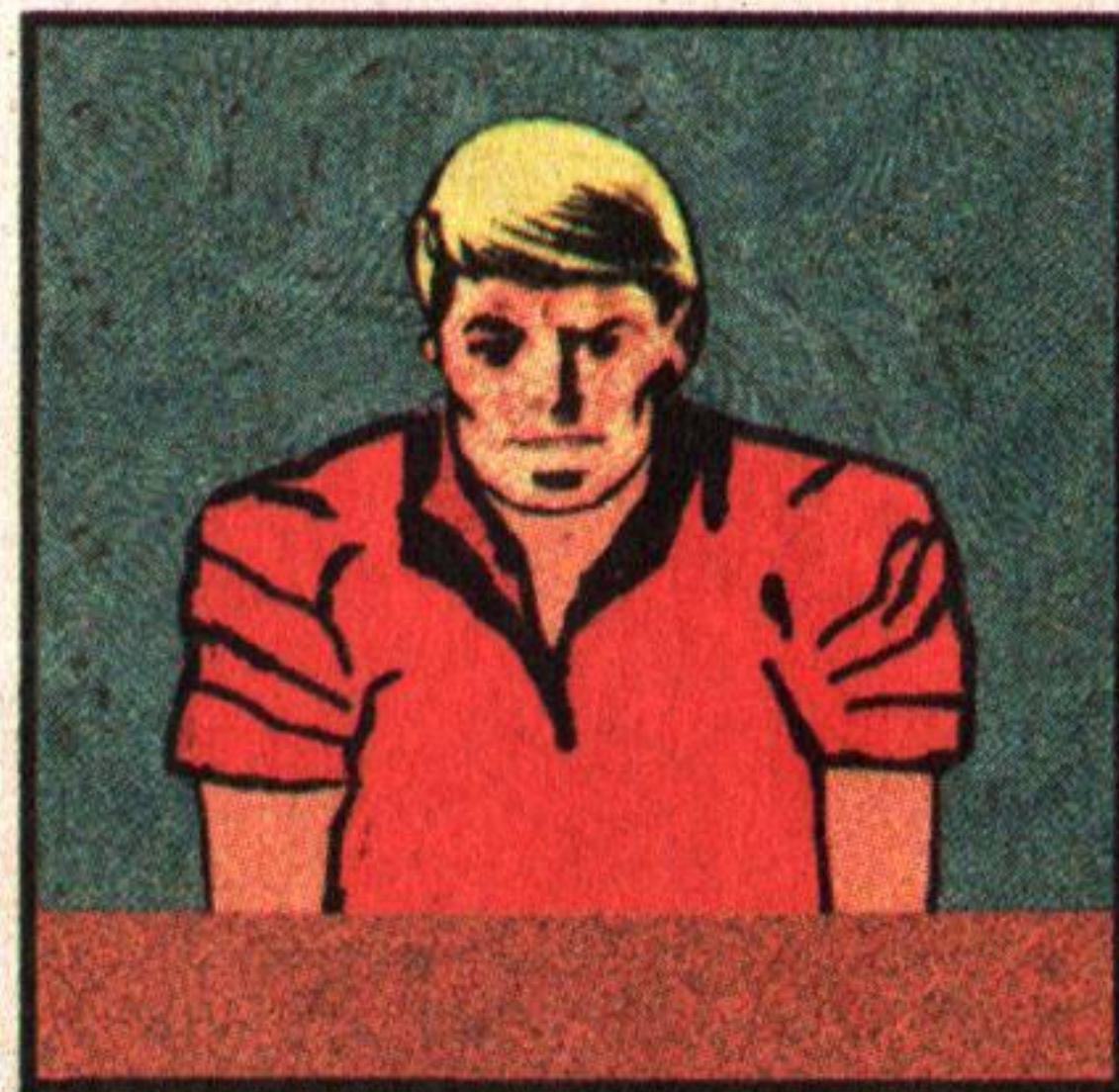
Lunchbox!



You name it!

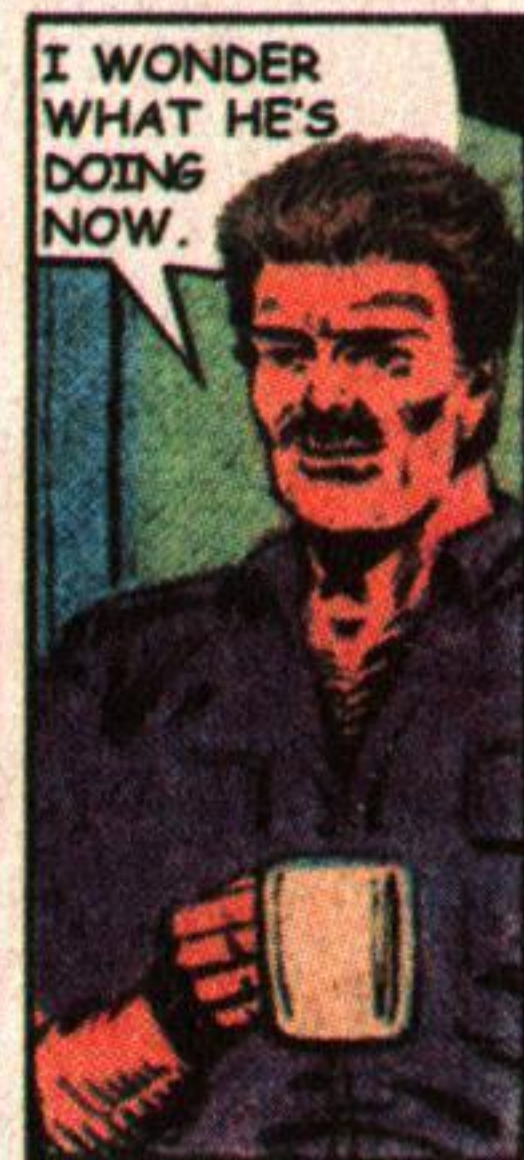
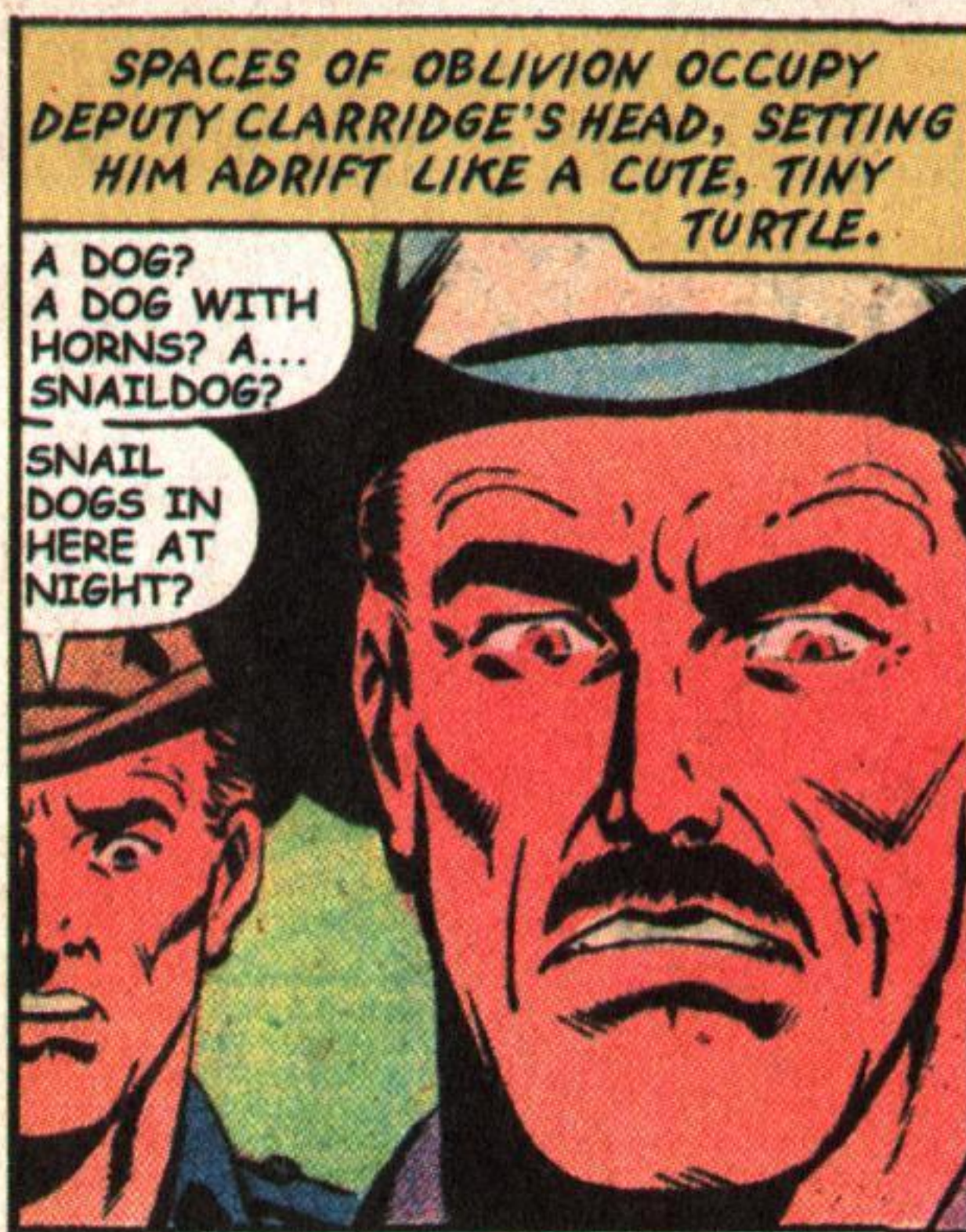
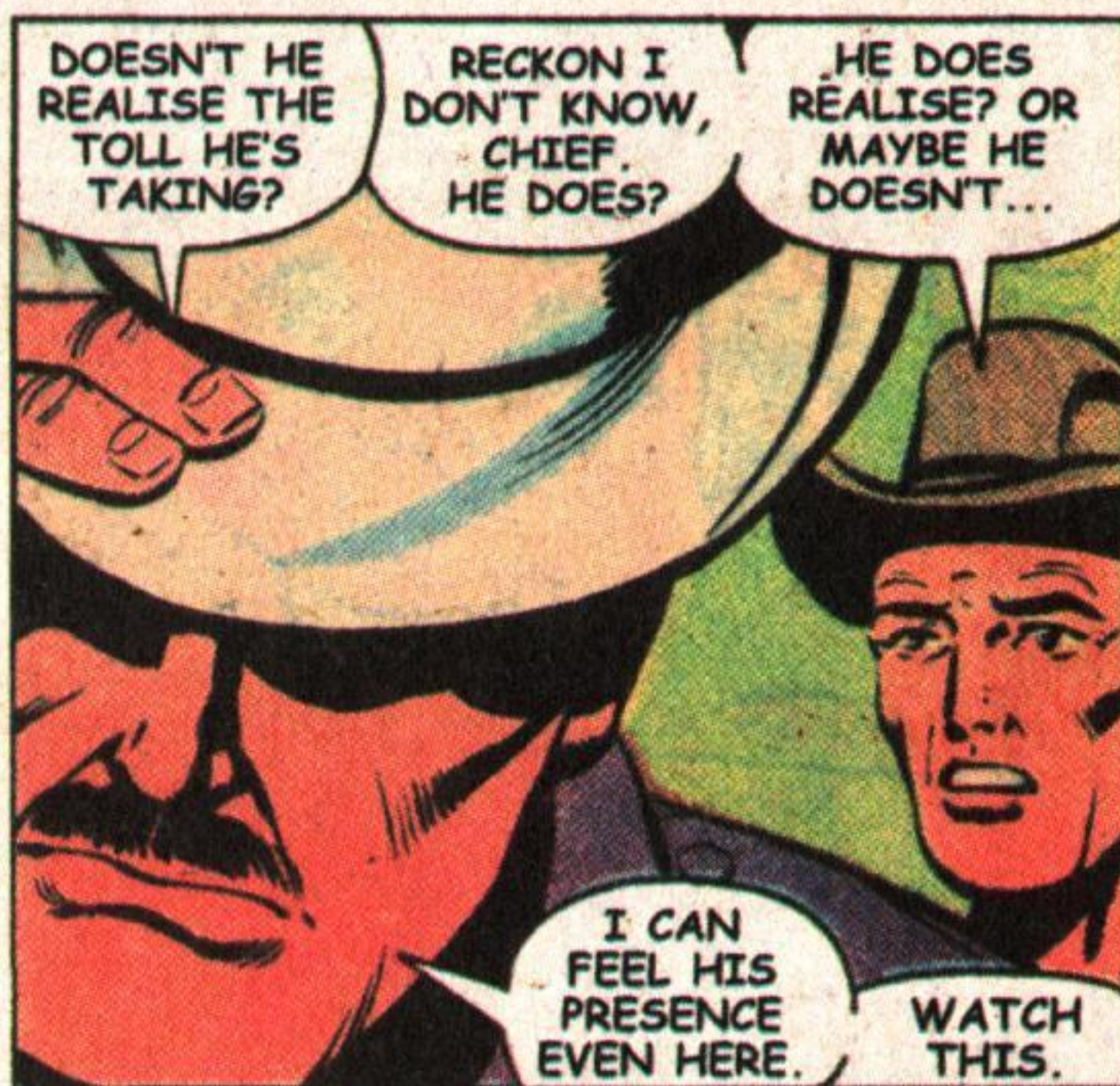
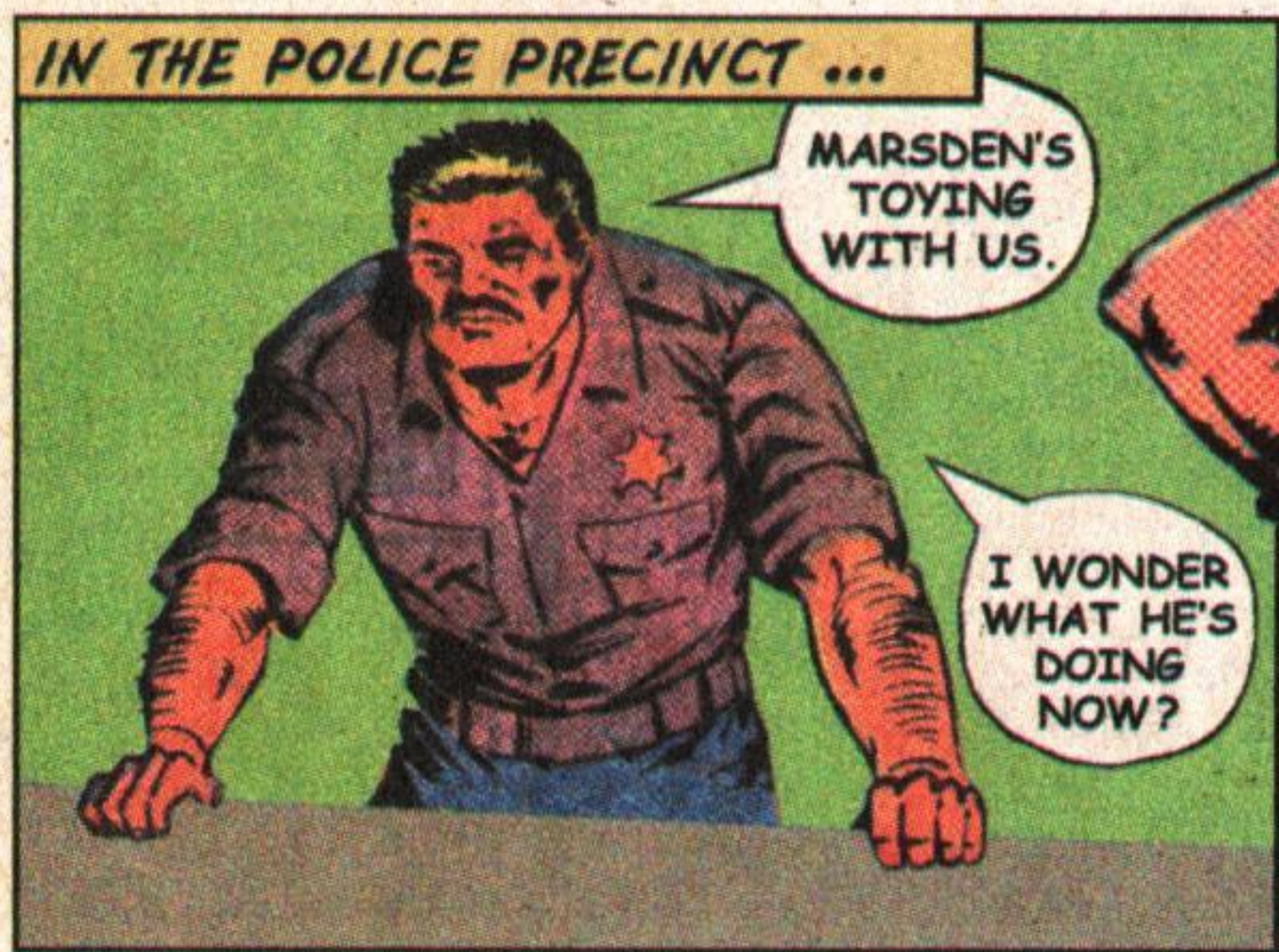






STROLL ON! TOXIC DARTS -
THE STUFF OF LIFE! BY THE
TIME THEY COME AROUND I'LL
BE KING OF THIS PLACE AND
ITS MEAGRE ASSETS! I'M
EVERYWHERE AND IN ALL
THINGS AND THAT'S
FAB! STROLL ON!





IN JACK'S BASEMENT...

DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE, GLADYS. SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO COME OUT THE WALLS AND IT'S NOT FOR HUMAN EXPOSURE. I WONDER IF I HAVE TIME, ANYWAY. MY SCHEDULE'S RATHER FULL.

I SAID DON'T LOOK AT ME!

IT'S OKAY TO BE SCARED. SOMETHING IS NEAR. SOMETHING IS NEAR.

I JUST MATED WITH A SPUD.

PETE! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET CAROL, SHE'S MY HOSTAGE FOR CHRISTMAS.

HOSTAGE? SHE LOOKS LIKE A BAG OF ORANGES. I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT THE MARMOSETS NOW, IN YOUR DELIRIUM. TO GOD WOULD UNLACE THE WORLD AGAIN.

JACK? PLEASE, YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME.

I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND TWO HUNDRED YARDS OF VELVET.

RIBBED AND LARDED IN KOREA. NOTHING BEATS IT FOR DURABILITY.

I LOVE YOU.

YOUR THEORIES ARE DOING MY NUT IN! MY LEGS ARE MADE UP OF WAVES AND PARTICLES, SO WHAT? I WISH THEY WERE ENDLESS, ENDLESS, ENDLESS, ENDLESS, ENDLESS!

NOT YOUR DECISION

"NOT
YOUR
DECISION."

"THE SPACE OUTSIDE A GOAT
DECIDES THE SPACE WITHIN IT."

"GULLS TILT IN AIR. SEE
WHAT A THING IS NOT."

"WHAT YOU ARE NOT,
AND WHERE YOU ARE NOT."



YES. BY
STANDING UPON AN
INVERTED VACUUM
CLEANER, I ENRICH
ALL.

STANDING
HIGH, I AM NOT LOW
BUT MUST LOOK DOWN.
OPPOSITES GROW
CHUBBY.

I'M REALLY FIT.
THE CHUBBIER MY
SURROUNDINGS, THE
FITTER I AM.

I'M FANTASTIC.
LOOK AT ME,
I'M THE CAT'S
PAJAMAS.

IF I'M RIGHT,
THERE'LL BE TWO
BADGERS AROUND THE
NEXT CORNER.

HEH.
HEH HEH... HA! HEH.
HEH HEH ...HA HA...!
HEH HEH HEH...

ABANDON SHIP, LADS!
TYPHOONS APLENTY!



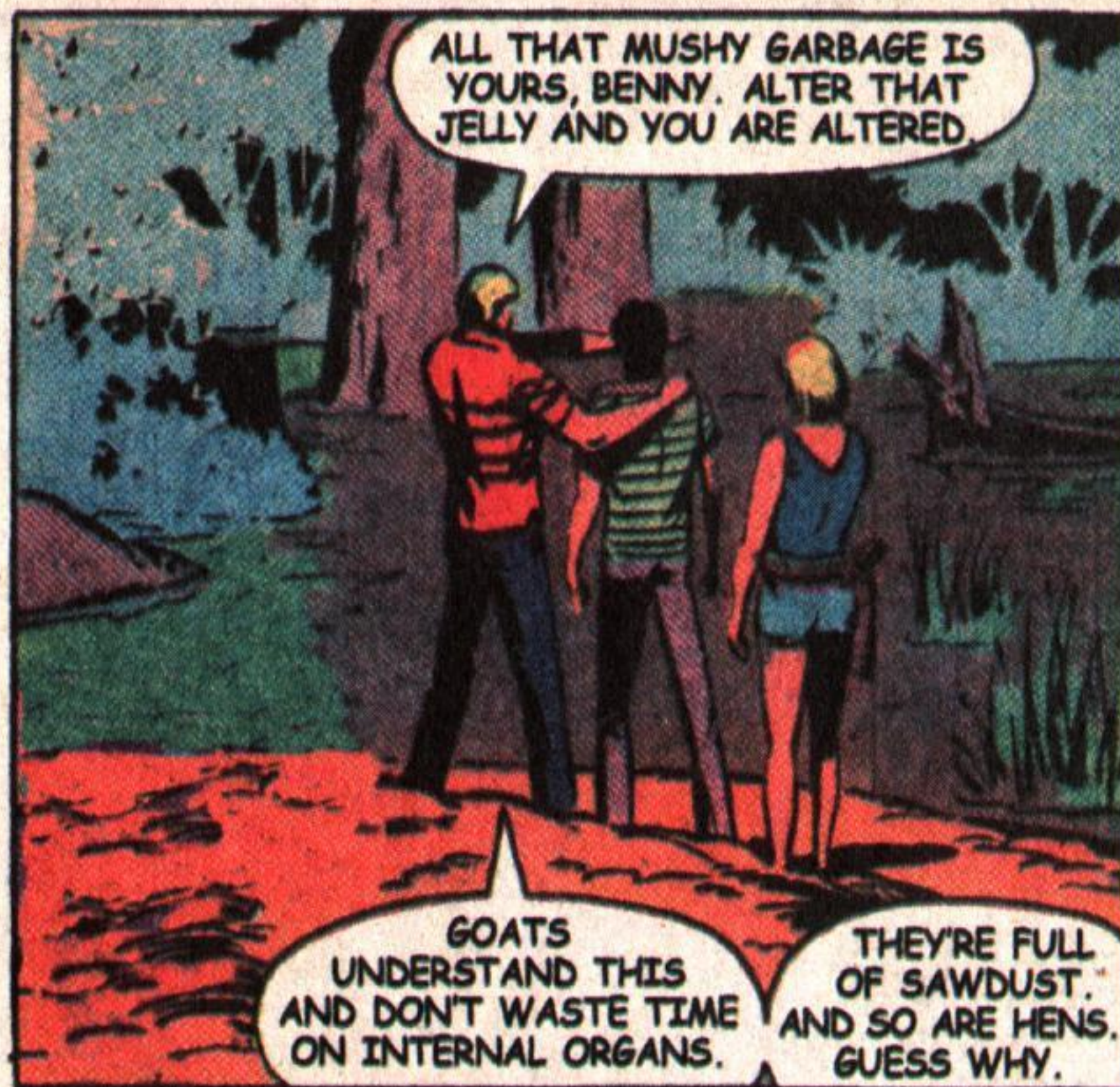
MEANWHILE, IN REALITY ...



JACK TELLS HIS VISION TO THE GANG. USED TO HIS WAYS, THEY FEEL THE FAMILIAR ADMIRATION AND EXCITEMENT -



- TIP INTO ABJECT TERROR.



ALL THAT MUSHY GARBAGE IS YOURS, BENNY. ALTER THAT JELLY AND YOU ARE ALTERED.

GOATS UNDERSTAND THIS AND DON'T WASTE TIME ON INTERNAL ORGANS.

THEY'RE FULL OF SAWDUST. AND SO ARE HENS. GUESS WHY.

BUT THEY ARE BEING SPIED UPON ...

HOW THE HELL DO I KNOW, JACK? I'M JUST A STRIPY BOY. I'M NOT SUPER OR ANYTHING. I'VE GOT NOTHING.

HENS AND GOATS ARE ONE AND THE SAME. CATCH ONE, CATCH ALL.

AIR JELLY? HENS? WHAT HAVE THESE KIDS GOTTEN INTO?



CHRIST ALMIGHTY...



I HID MY ARMS AND LEGS OKAY.

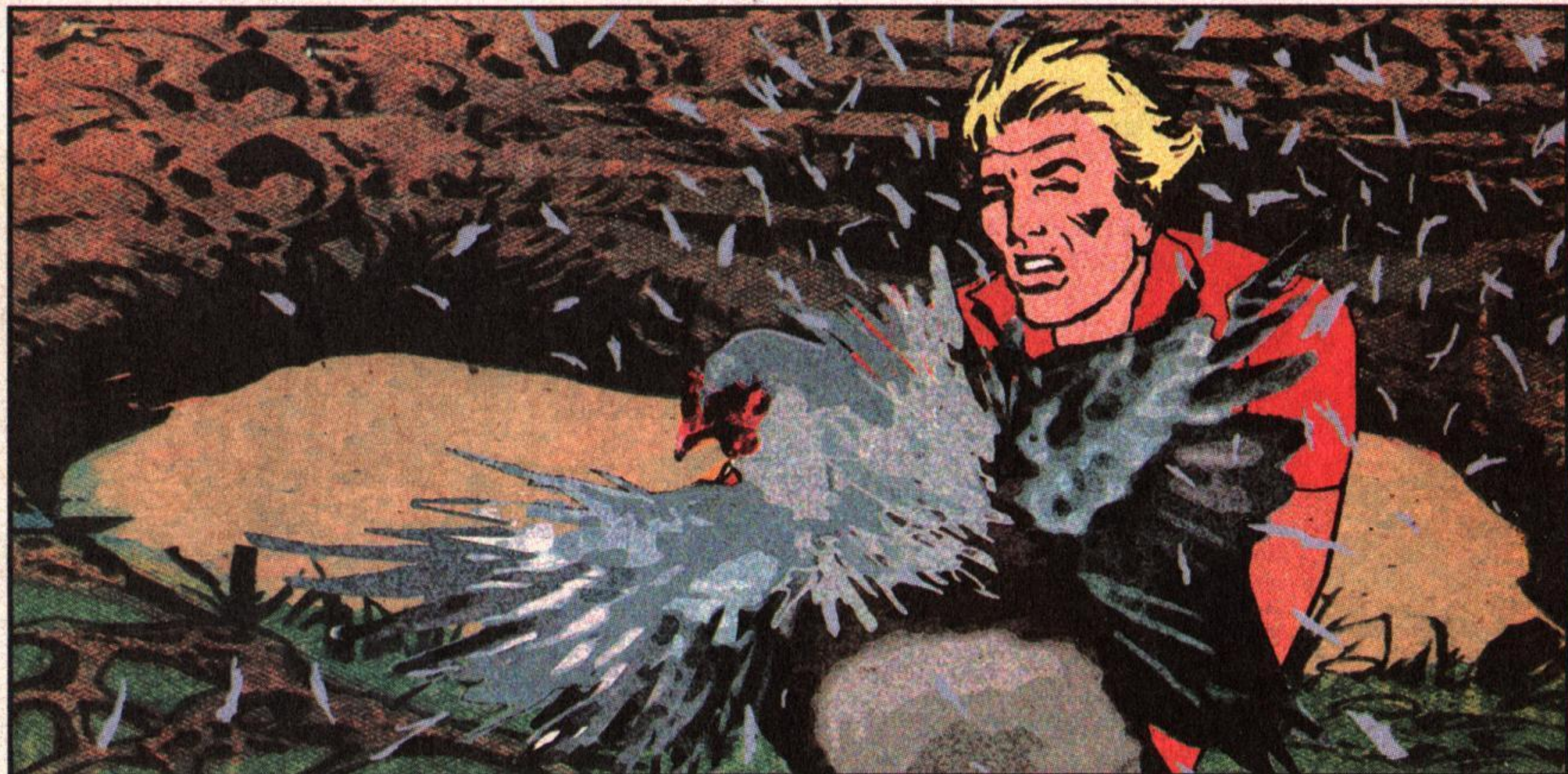


BUT THIS IS MARSDEN I'M DEALING WITH.

I'LL NEED MORE THAN WELL-HIDDEN LIMBS. Hmm...



I WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING NOW.



HENS SAFELY STOWED, JACK AND THE GANG ASSEMBLE AT THE DINER. THE SCENE THRU THE WINDOW IS EASILY HANDLED BY THESE WILD KIDS. CHIEF LEONARD BAYARD STANDS LIKE A SENTINEL, AN UNNECESSARY TRUSS ON THE BOUNTY OF NATURE.



LOOK AT OLD NOBBO. HIS PANTS ARE MADE OF PEWTER, HIS ARMS ARE STIFF AND HE HAS SURRENDERED CONTROL OF HIS FACE TO OTHERS - TEE HEE!

A CLOT OF JUSTIFICATIONS HOLDS HIM IN PLACE, BENNY. DO I HEAR WEDDING BELLS?



ENERGY

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE I COULD BECOME AN EEL IF I TRIED HARD ENOUGH JACK? BECAUSE I REALLY WANT TO.

THE AIR AROUND AN OBJECT CONTROLS ITS SHAPE, BENNY.

TODAY I'M LEARNING



BUT SMOOTHING THE CHEEK OF REALITY HAS ITS DANGERS!



ONCE AGAIN TATTY CURTAINS PART ON THE TRUE SITUATION.

AND TO THINK I WAS PLANNING ON HAVING A HAM SANDWICH.



GROWRRR

LOOK AT ME - I'M DEALING WITH IT! MATCHES - INTO THE SNOW! ALL IS EQUALISED!

MEANWHILE, IN REALITY ...

ALL IS EQUALISED!
FREEDOM YAWNS
AT RHETORIC -

THE ESTABLISHING
OF EVIL IN SUCH
CONDITIONS WILL
RECEIVE LITTLE
ATTENTION!

ITS GAZE
WANDERS!



AFTER THE ONSLAUGHT-

THAT BASTARD NEARLY
STRANGLING ME! WHAT THE
HELL'S THE MATTER
WITH HIM?



THE GANG ESCAPE,
EARS AND ALL -



HEAD, EARS, BELLY,
LEGS - GO JACK, GO!

I CAN'T
REMEMBER WHO
I AM.

OR A
SEAL!

SOME SORT
OF BABY?



AM IN
PURSUIT
AND LOVING
EVERY
MINUTE
OF IT!

EASY DOES IT,
LEONARD. DON'T
GIVE THE GAME
AWAY.

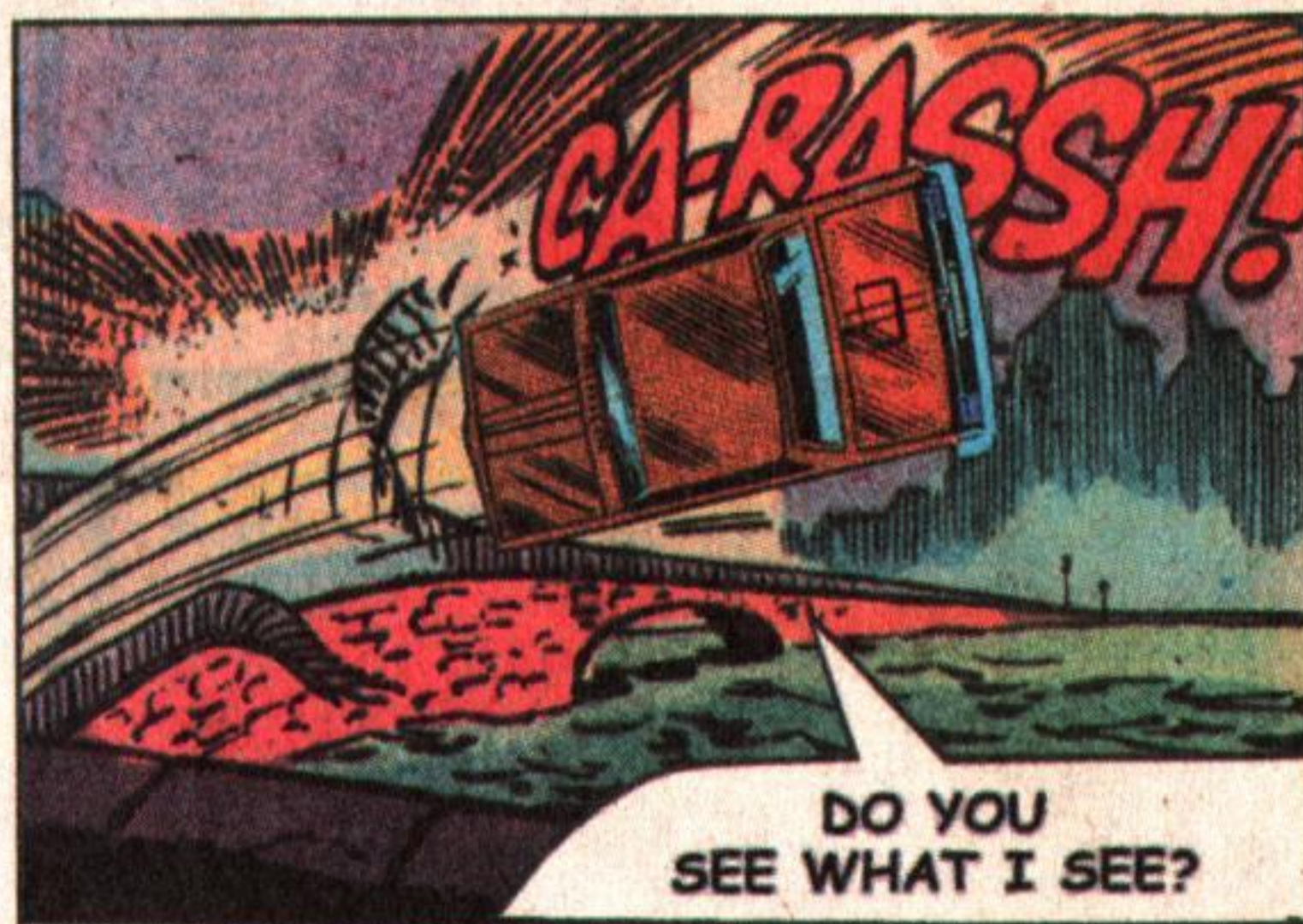


MY LOVE IS UNIVERSAL, NOT
PARTICULAR! REFLECTING MY DESIRE TO KISS
THE EAGER UPTURNED FACE OF ALL WHO -

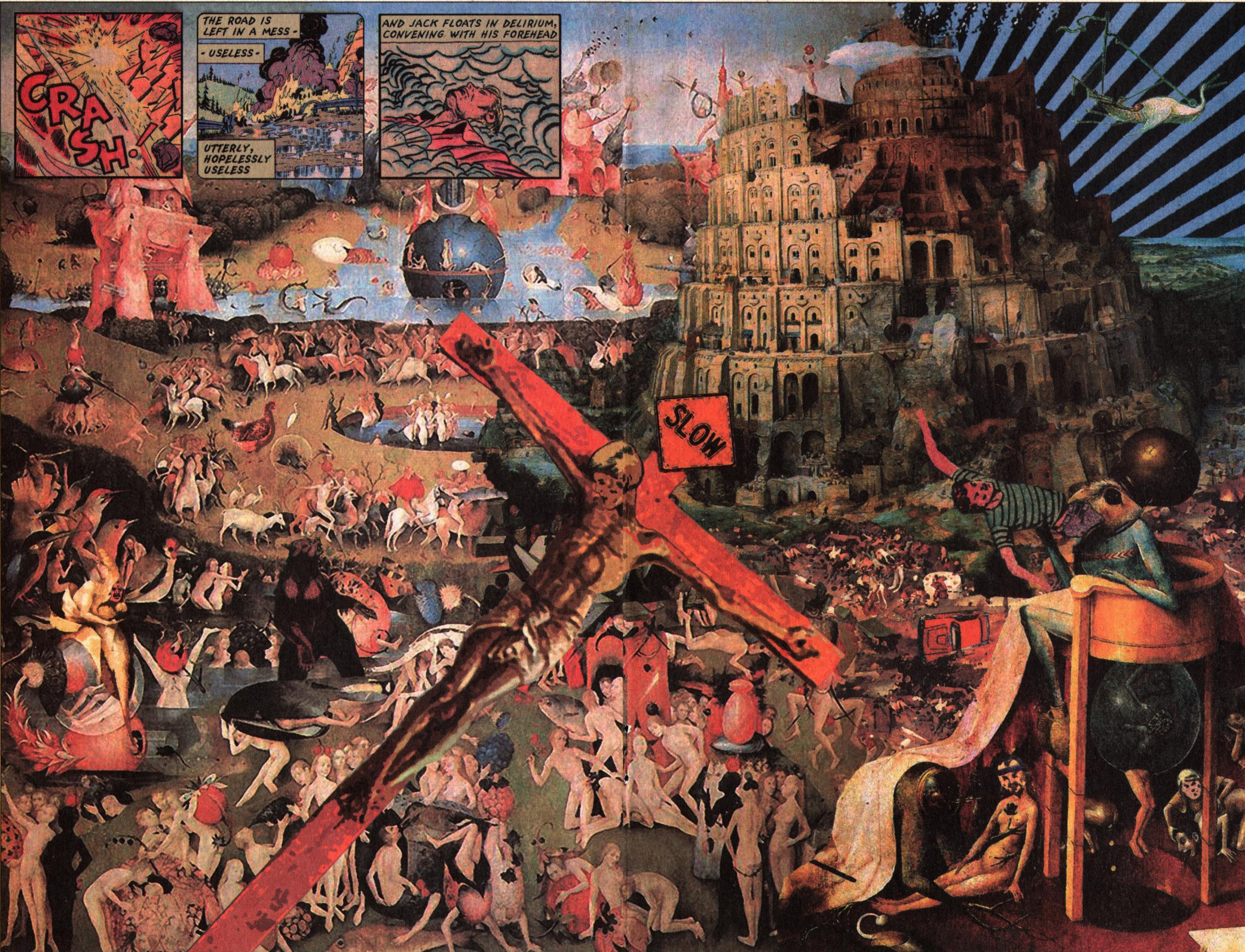
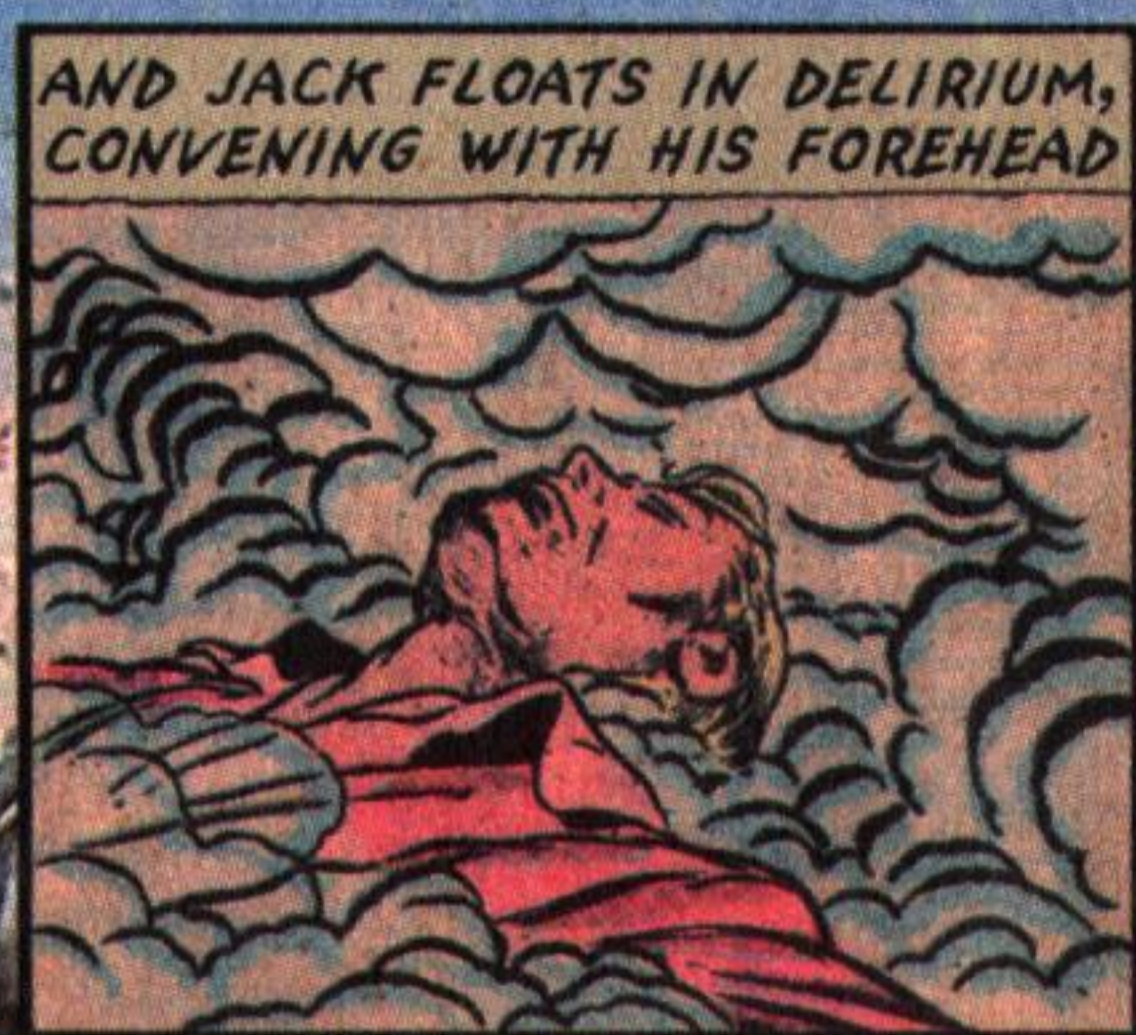
WE'RE RATTLING THEIR
VALUE A LITTLE,
RUNNING INFINITY'S
HIGHWAY THROUGH
THEIR YARD.

MY LIFE IS PART OF A
LARGER CURSE. HEH, HEH.
THE GOATS WERE RIGHT.

THE ROOT SYSTEM OF A CEMETARY
COMES TOGETHER AT A GIANT GINSENG
SKULL, HAIRY WITH DEAD NERVES.
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?



DO YOU
SEE WHAT I SEE?



THE CATERER CODE



YOU CAN BE THE CATERER - OR AT LEAST A MATTER FOR SERIOUS CONCERN IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD - BY FOLLOWING JACK MARSDEN'S CODE OF DENSE GLEE AND ASCENDED DERELICTION. RESIGNATION ISN'T AS INNOCUOUS AS YOU SEEM TO THINK.

- CARRY OUT EVERY ACTIVITY IN SUCH A WAY AS TO COVERTLY DRAW ATTENTION TO YOUR CHIN.
- CRADLE A POTATO LIKE A CHILD, THEN GIVE IT TO A POLICEMAN.
- WHEN ORDERING A DRINK, ADD UNDER YOUR BREATH: "BUT YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT FROM ME."
- INFLATE YOUR FOREHEAD LIKE THE THROAT-BALLOON OF A BULLFROG.
- ADDRESS MEN AS "MILADY" AND WOMEN AS "MISTER SKELETON."
- WHEN SOMEONE SAYS HELLO, RAISE BOTH ARMS STRAIGHT ABOVE YOUR HEAD AS IF AT GUNPOINT.
- APPEAR AT SOMEONE'S WINDOW LIT BY FLASHES OF LIGHTNING AND GRINNING LIKE YOU'VE GOT IT MADE. REMAIN UTTERLY STILL AND UNRESPONSIVE LIKE GORT THE ROBOT AS THE BUSTLE OF POLICE AND MEDIA VEHICLES BECOME ESTABLISHED AROUND YOU FOR DAYS, YOUR GRIN UNCHANGED.
- CLIMB THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AND FELLATE ONE OF HER ANTLERS.

IT'S PROBABLY JUST AN OCTOPUS.

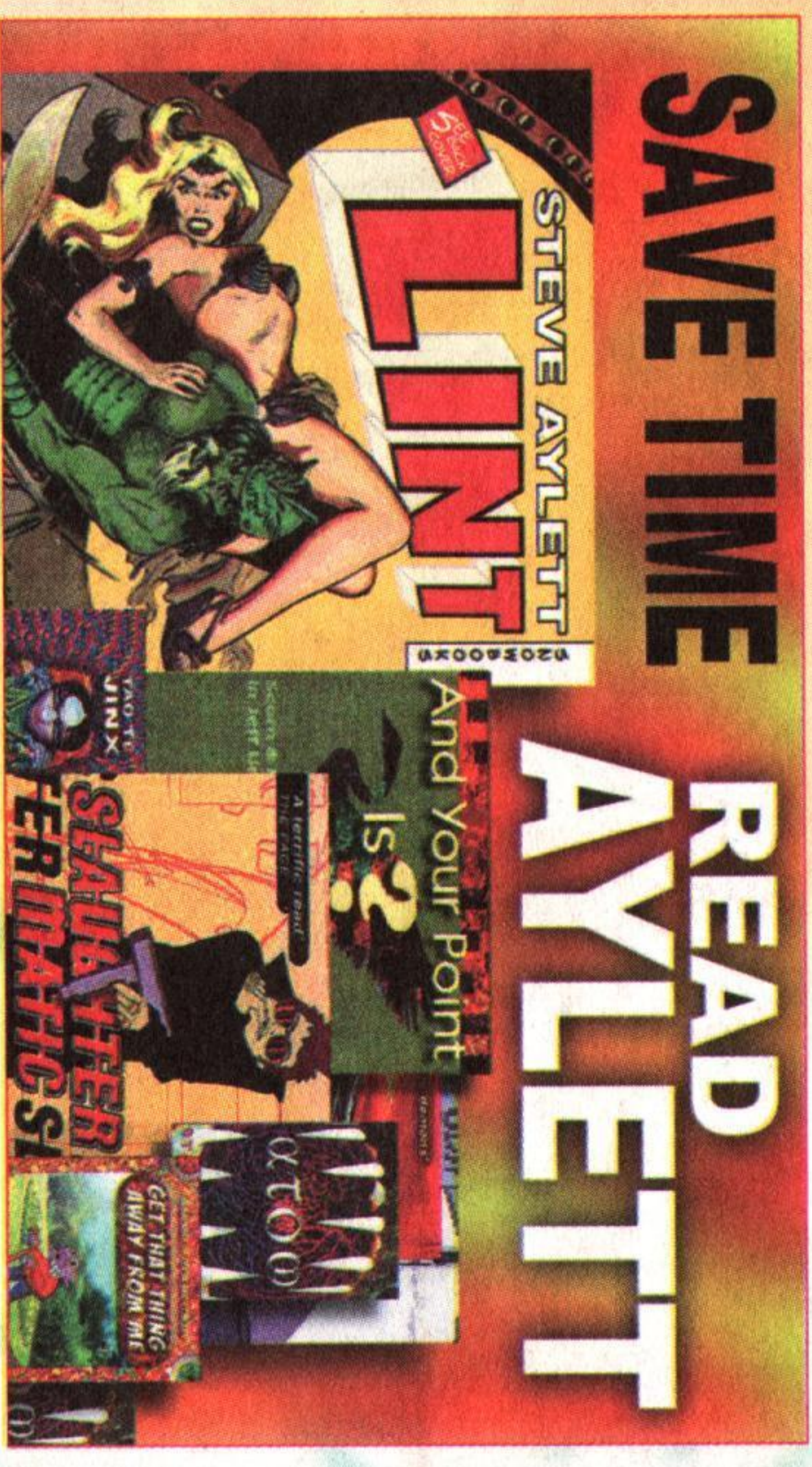
- SAY WITH A SLY AND KNOWING LOOK, "I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE, OF ALL PLACES."
- ADDRESS A KID AS "CAPTAIN HOLLOW MOMENTUM."
- AT AN UNKNOWN SOUND, CLAIM THAT IT WAS EMITTED BY YOUR SHOULDERBLADES.
- WHEN PULLED OVER BY A COP, SAY "DON'T KISS ME, I'VE GOT A COLD."
- BULGE YOUR EYES ARBITRARILY AND OUT OF CONTEXT.
- WHISPER HOARSELY, "NO DOCTORS."
- SHOW OBVIOUS RELUCTANCE TO STOP KISSING A NEIGHBOR'S DOG.
- ... AND REMEMBER: APPROVAL IS AN IMPOSITION.

REMOTE AND RUBBERY?

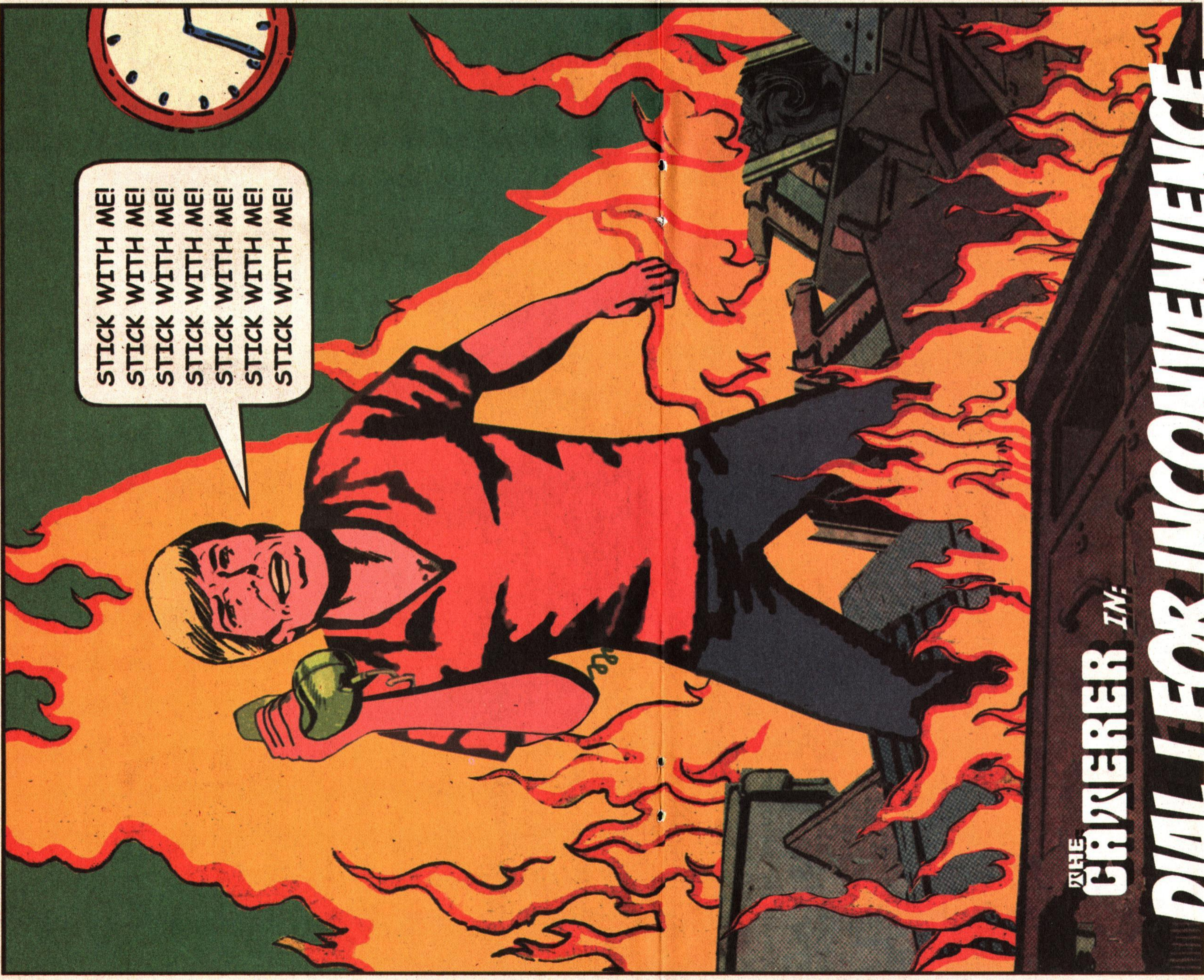


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SAVE TIME READ AYLETT



THE
CATERER IN:

DIAL 1 FOR INCONVENIENCE

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JACK IS LEFT WITH THE MERE IMPRESSION OF LIGHTNING CRAWLING ACROSS A DETUNED VOCABULARY ...

THAT WAS A REAL BARGAIN.

BUT I ALREADY KNOW THAT SPIDER JUICE TECHNOLOGIES OFFER A NEW DEAL FOR THE AMERICAN MEMORY. WHO DOESN'T KNOW? WOULDN'T THE LATEST REVELATION DILUTE THE DATA? HEH, HEH...

AND I GOT DIRT ON MY STRIDES. NOT COOL. WHY AM I ALWAYS AGEING? LOOK AT THIS NOW, AND NOW, AND NOW. I SUPPOSE IT'S MY FAULT FOR BEING MADE OF LIQUID.

AS LONG AS I'M LEARNING I WON'T BE DRY. ONE THING OR THE OTHER.

PETE? IS THAT YOU?

I SHOULD OPT FOR SAWDUST LIKE THE GOATS. HEH, HEH. BUT HOW TO MAKE IT OFFICIALLY KNOWN? "I OPT FOR SAWDUST, SAWDUST."

IT IS YOU ISN'T IT? WHY NOW, WHY NOW? ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT I FOUND THE HENS LIKE YOU ASKED? I DID WHAT YOU SAID! ALRIGHT, SO I HAD TROUBLE CATCHING THE HENS! SPACE IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS!

I THOUGHT THE CORNER OF WILD STUFF WAS A FINGERNAIL ON HUMANITY, BUT IT'S MORE! BLACK ANT CONSTELLATIONS!

WELL... MOST OF THE WORLD OPERATES WITHIN ONE OR OTHER SUBSECTION OF FASCISM. WITH SO MUCH CONSCIOUSLY DENIED, NIGHTMARES ARE TO BE EXPECTED. THEY'RE SYRUP-BRED FOLK OVER THERE. I'LL SAIL IN, AS STATESMANLIKE AS A SNOWMAN WITH A NEON SMILE.



BACK AT THE ROAD, THE FAILINGS OF MUNICIPAL BUREAUCRACY ARE ALREADY BECOMING CLEAR ...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START. IT'S A MESS. USELESS. UTTERLY, HOPELESSLY USELESS.



NO SIGN OF JACK IN THE WRECK-AGE OF HIS LIFE.

ALWAYS ONE STEP AHEAD.

POINTLESS TO SAVE THIS STRIPY BOY.



AND TERRY'S AGLOW. HUH. HE SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING IT WELL ENOUGH. I ALMOST ENVY THEM WHO CAN END CHEEKY AND PRIVATE.



CIRCUS CLOWNS HAVE NO ACCOUNTABILITY. THEY CAN DO ANYTHING, NO-ONE KNOWS WHO THEY ARE, WHAT THEY INTEND OR WHAT THEY MEAN BY IT ALL. WE TOLERATE THEM ONLY THRU EMBARRASSMENT. WHEN WILL SOMEONE MAKE A STAND?



THAT'S KATE - JACK'S GIRL! LOOK AT ME! RUN! GO LEONARD! FLAP THOSE ARMS!

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME, THAT'S WHAT MOTHER SAID. THEN SHE WOULD SHRIEK.

SHE WAS RIGHT TO MAKE THE PAIN OF SCORPIONS KNOWN TO ME.



AND I WEPT, "WHY MOTHER?" AND SHE CACKLED: "FOR A REASON THAT WAS HERE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN -"



"- AND WILL BE HERE AFTER YOU DIE." I KNOW THE TRUTH OF IT NOW.

I SUPPOSE IT'S THE DANGERS OF CLARITY. YOU FEEL ALL JOWLY AND WISE FOR A MINUTE. WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE, A TRUMPET FLOWER?



MAYBE SOME SORT OF TROPICAL NASTURTIUM. IT'S ATTRACTING THE BEES.

LATER ...

LOOK OUT FOR SNAKES AND OTHER DANGEROUS BUGS THAT WILL APPEAR SUDDENLY.

AWAKE, KATE?

CHRIST! SHERIFF, DID YOU KICK ME IN THE FACE? I FEEL TERRIBLE.



... SO SUDDENLY ... BY THEIR STRIPES AND OTHER MARKINGS SHALL YOU KNOW THEM ...

THAT MOMENT THE PRACTICAL
PURPOSE OF BEHAVIOR WAS DESTROYED

GOT IT DOWN
HAVEN'T YOU

LET GO OF
MY LEG YOU
BLOODY FOOL!

WE'RE
GONNA DIE!
I AINT
TAKIN'
ORDERS!



HERE COMES TROUBLE!

PEARL COMICS GROUP

ROCKET TROUBLE



**RETRO FAILURE
EVERY MONTH!**

**Captain Karpinski must:
ACT WITHOUT POWER!**

**WE'RE CRASHING AGAIN!
I HATE MY JOB!!!**

ON SALE NOW!!

MEN BECO
WHEN BAR
FIRE ARE
WHEN, AFT
IS THE GOO
MEANWHILE

LY
AY.

VE

HE HADN'T MOVED A MUSCLE. WHAT WAS HE STARING AT? WHAT DID HE WANT? WHY DIDN'T HE SPEAK?

MARSH FLOWERS OPEN LIKE THE HEART'S VENTRICLES OR THE NOSTRILS OF SATAN. MARSH FLOWERS CLOSE.

DOCTOR JORDAN BLACKSITE'S EXTRAORDINARY RENDITIONS OF THE DEATH-RATTLE HAVE LEFT CHIEF BAYARD WEAK WITH LAUGHTER MANY TIMES ...

DON'T MIND OLD DOCTOR BLACKSITE, KATE. THE THIRD HOUR OF THE IMPOSSIBLE IS ALWAYS THE WORST.

DOCTOR, WE'VE BEEN TOOLING AROUND OUT THERE LIKE UPRIGHT PINK BATS. THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE TO BRING US INTO LINE.

BAYARD. SO IT'S BATS NOW IS IT. HMM...

ONE DAY I'LL CARE - NOT TODAY.

I KNOW, OLD FRIEND - YOU'RE MADE OF CORK. YOU'VE TOLD ALL OF US ABOUT IT OFTEN ENOUGH. MADE OF CORK AND YOU DON'T CARE. MADE OF CORK, DON'T CARE, SILENTLY STARING. WE ALL KNOW THE WAY.

THE PLANET EARTH IS A BALL OF SNAKES. YOU KNOW IT, I KNOW IT.

I HAVE FELT ELEVEN EMOTIONS SINCE YOU ARRIVED. I WONDER, NOW, WHETHER THAT TIME HAS BEEN WASTED. HMM...

NOW SEEMS A GOOD TIME TO TELL YOU WE WILL MEET IN A SKY OF FLAMING ASH ONE DAY, EVERYONE HAPPY.

YES... I HAD TO MAKE THIS TENT OUT OF HUMAN SKIN. SO LITTLE TIME.

WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON? ANOTHER SUPER HOSE?

THIS IS AN ETHERIC RECORDER. IT PICKS UP POWERFUL CHARACTER TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE ETHERIC BANDWIDTH. I'VE BEEN RECEIVING THIS FOR TWO DAYS.

PRECISELY, MY DEAR. EVEN THE PIGS HAVE TURNED FERAL BECAUSE OF HIM. PIGS USUALLY MEASURE TIME BY COUNTING THE NUMBER OF TOKENS IN THE JAR.

THE ONES OUT HERE ARE TOO PROUD TO COUNT ANYTHING, OR TO ADMIT THEY'RE WRONG. HMM... AND THEY ARE WRONG.

THAT'S JACK!

I NORMALLY JUST RECEIVE STRESS FOAM.



MARSDEN'S ANOTHER
THING ENTIRELY.
RECKLESS. BASELESS.
A CREATURE OF
BLIND CHANCE.

HA HA HA

WORSE.
HE'S GORGEOUS.



HA HA HA

JACK RE-ENTERS
THE TOWN



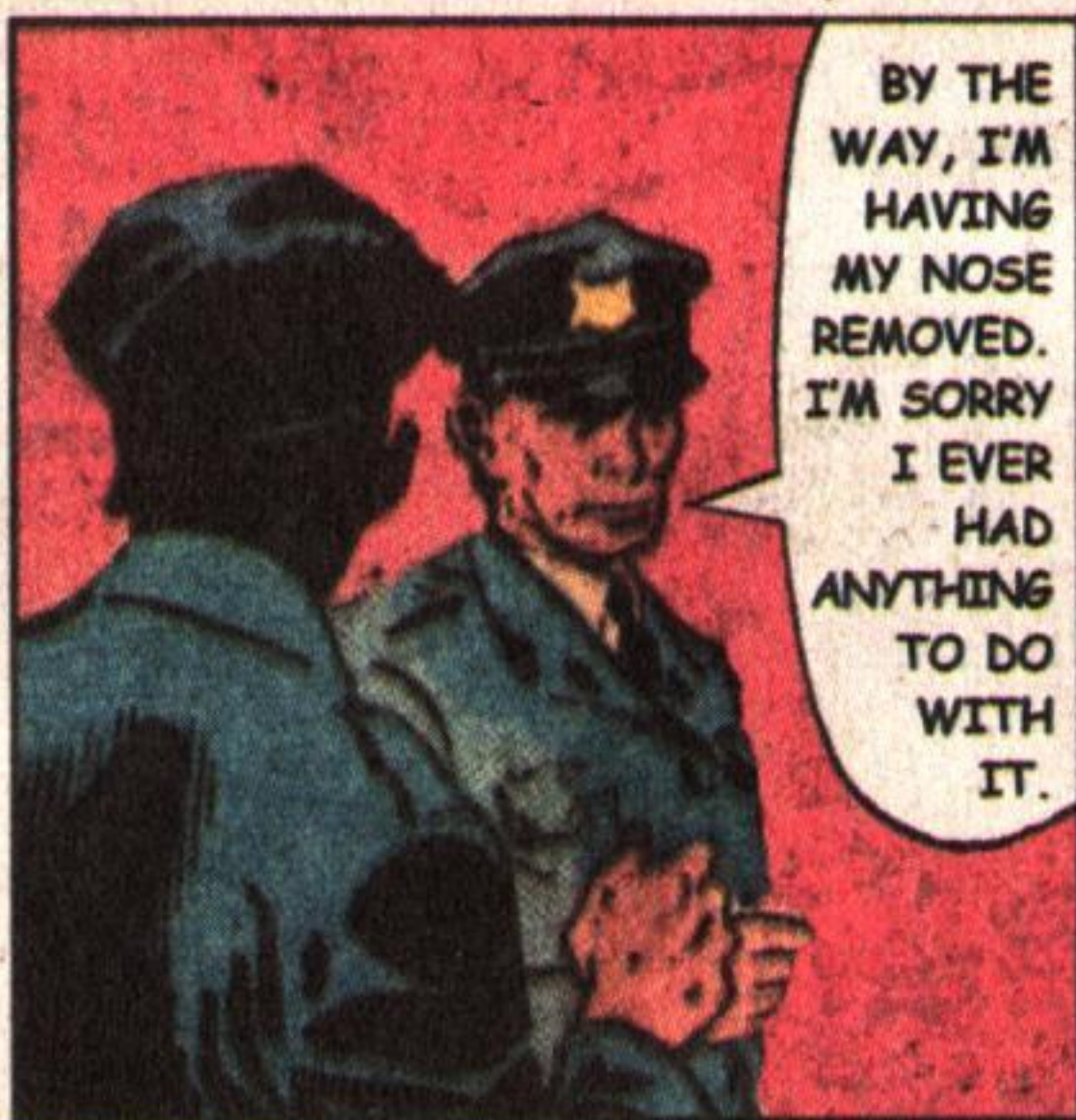
NOW, JACK, WE DON'T WANT ANY
TROUBLE. PUT YOUR ARMS DOWN.

WHAT IS IT
THIS TIME,
JACK? SOME-
THING ABOUT
SQUID?



HE AINT
LISTENING. I
WONDER IF HE'S
EVEN WEARING
UNDERPANTS. IT MAKES
YOU WONDER WHAT
FREEDOM REALLY IS.
A WHOLE DIFFERENT
BALLGAME, MAYBE.

LOOK AT HIM GO -
"SEEK AND YOU
SHALL FIND" SAYS
THE GOOD BOOK.



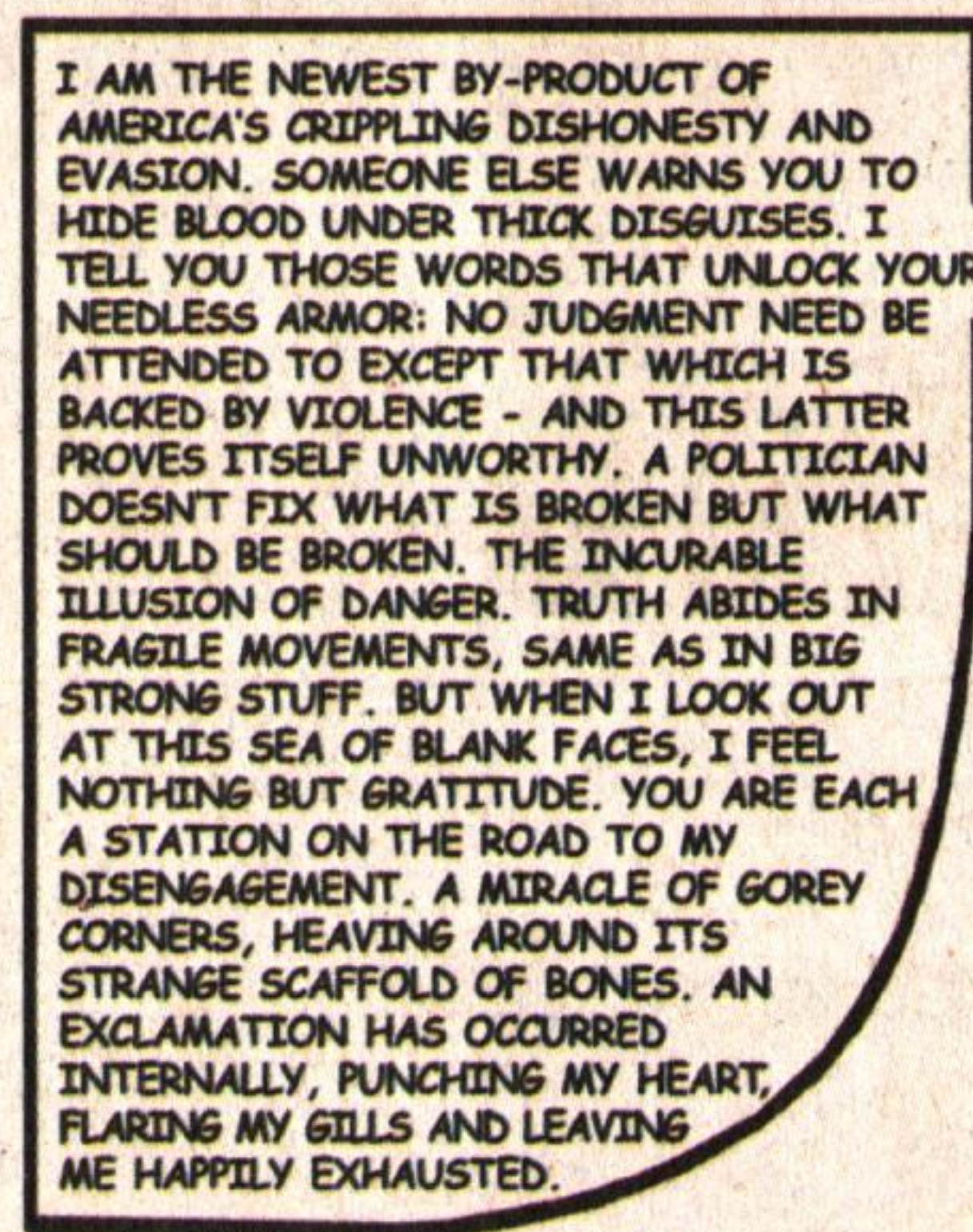
BY THE
WAY, I'M
HAVING
MY NOSE
REMOVED.
I'M SORRY
I EVER
HAD
ANYTHING
TO DO
WITH
IT.



TO YOU, THE
COFFIN-READY
- I BRING NEW
KNOWLEDGE!



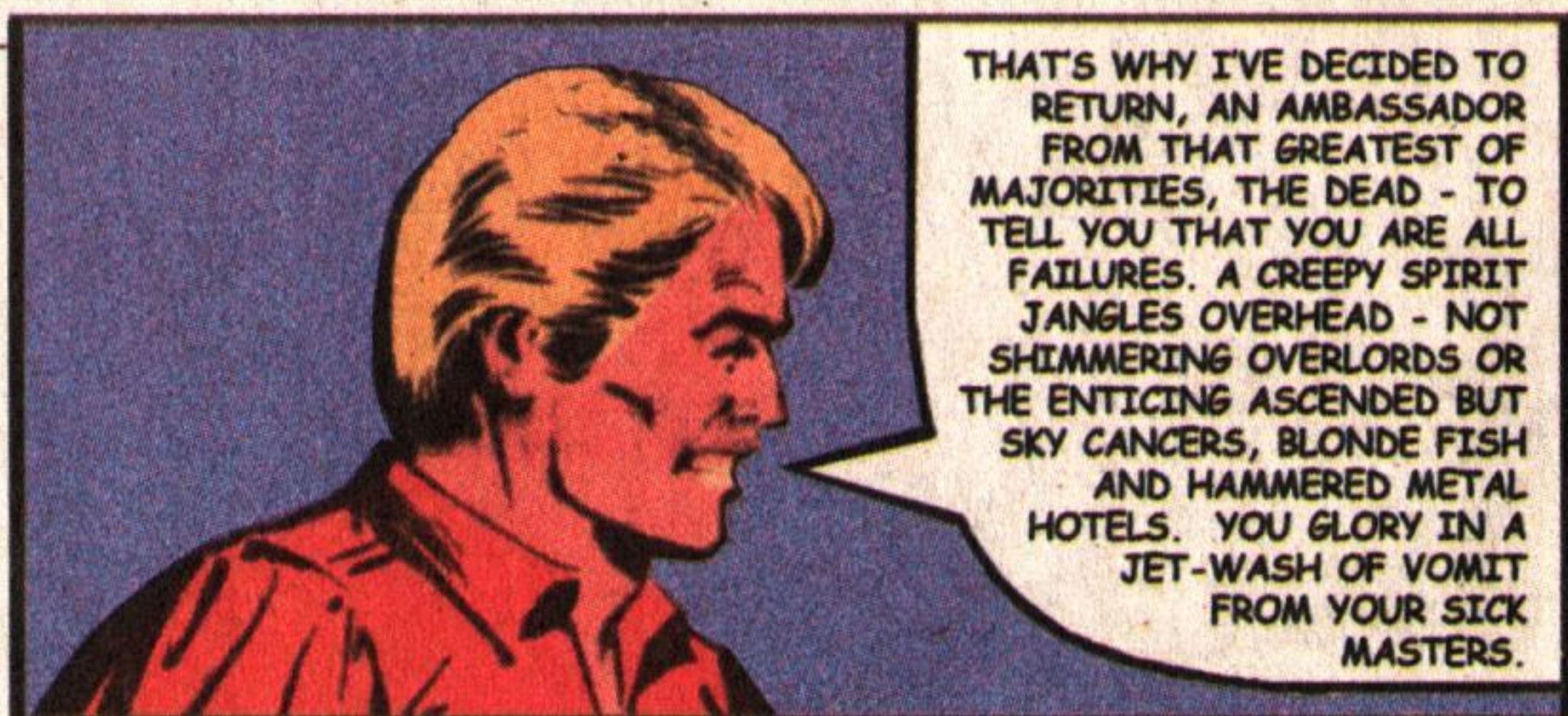
IF YOU WANT TO LIVE
YOUR LIFE AS PROLOGUE,
TAKE ORDERS. I LIKE
DOGS WHO RESPOND TO
MY COMMANDS BY
GLANCING AT ME OVER
THEIR GLASSES. ANYONE
WHO IGNORES ME IS A
FRIEND OF MINE.



I AM THE NEWEST BY-PRODUCT OF
AMERICA'S CRIPPLING DISHONESTY AND
EVASION. SOMEONE ELSE WARNS YOU TO
HIDE BLOOD UNDER THICK DISGUISES. I
TELL YOU THOSE WORDS THAT UNLOCK YOUR
NEEDLESS ARMOR: NO JUDGMENT NEED BE
ATTENDED TO EXCEPT THAT WHICH IS
BACKED BY VIOLENCE - AND THIS LATTER
PROVES ITSELF UNWORTHY. A POLITICIAN
DOESN'T FIX WHAT IS BROKEN BUT WHAT
SHOULD BE BROKEN. THE INCURABLE
ILLUSION OF DANGER. TRUTH ABIDES IN
FRAGILE MOVEMENTS, SAME AS IN BIG
STRONG STUFF. BUT WHEN I LOOK OUT
AT THIS SEA OF BLANK FACES, I FEEL
NOTHING BUT GRATITUDE. YOU ARE EACH
A STATION ON THE ROAD TO MY
DISENGAGEMENT. A MIRACLE OF GOREY
CORNERS, HEAVING AROUND ITS
STRANGE SCAFFOLD OF BONES. AN
EXCLAMATION HAS OCCURRED
INTERNALLY, PUNCHING MY HEART,
FLARING MY GILLS AND LEAVING
ME HAPPILY EXHAUSTED.



SOMETIMES DUST
COLLECTS AND VISITS
QUESTIONS UPON GOLD,
CLOGGING THE SHRINE.
IGNORED QUESTIONS
ASKED. RELIGION IS
POLITE UNTIL CHALLENGED.



THAT'S WHY I'VE DECIDED TO
RETURN, AN AMBASSADOR
FROM THAT GREATEST OF
MAJORITIES, THE DEAD - TO
TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE ALL
FAILURES. A CREEPY SPIRIT
JANGLES OVERHEAD - NOT
SHIMMERING OVERLORDS OR
THE ENTICING ASCENDED BUT
SKY CANCERS, BLONDE FISH
AND HAMMERED METAL
HOTELS. YOU GLORY IN A
JET-WASH OF VOMIT
FROM YOUR SICK
MASTERS.



HOPING TO LIFT OFF
FROM THEIR
LIVING DEATH

ALL REMAIN
GROUNDED IN
DISAPPOINTMENT



PEOPLE DON'T MATURE,
THEY JUST LOSE INTEREST



LIPSTICK FOR DOGS, THAT'S THE
BOTTOM LINE. I ASSURE YOU
THERE'S NOTHING VERY
MYSTERIOUS INVOLVED.

THEY'LL RAISE BADLY-RENDERED
STATUES TO ME IN THIS TOWN
AND RENDERING MILLS FOR
YOU IN THE NEXT.

THE ILLUSORY
RIVER OF NAMES
WILL TIDE AROUND
THIS STONE HEART.
HEALTH CODES,
BABY.

THE
FORMULA
DISSOLVES.

A CYNIC IS SOMEONE WHO FINDS OUT AT
BIRTH WHAT OTHERS FIND OUT AT DEATH.
YOUR SOUL WILL TEAR OPEN LIKE A PEACH.

IN JACK'S MIND HE IS
THE SCOURGE OF THE
VAMPIRE CLASSES



THE PUT CATERER ON YOUR CHEST!

YOUR MOST FURTIVE DREAMS HAVE BEEN REALISED.
THESE T-SHIRTS, FRONTED WITH CATERER SLOGANS AND BACKED WITH THE
CATERER LOGO, WILL BURN YOUR FRIENDS, ENRAGE YOUR ENEMIES AND
BAFFLE EVERYONE ELSE. AVAILABLE IN SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE OR EXTRA LARGE.



SPECIAL OFFER!
ORDER ALL 4 SHIRTS
AND GET THIS
'JUSTIFY' SHIRT FREE!

OFFER ENDS APRIL 1976

PLEASE SEND ME THE 'T' SHIRTS CHECKED.
I ENCLOSE _____ IN CHECK OR MONEY ORDER.

☐ TROUBLE

☐ LOOK

☐ BELIEF

☐ ANGEL

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

MAN-SIZE
\$4.45*

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☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

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NAME _____

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CITY _____

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ZIP _____

(PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY)

AND I HATE
YOU ALL!

WASTE HIM!

WHEN IN FACT HE IS AN IRRITANT
TO EVERYONE.

A DREAM
FALLS ASLEEP,
FISH STAYING
UNDER TOO
LONG. A WATCH
IS CHANGING
SPEED IN
THE FIRE.

BAM

BRAM

CHILDREN TAP AT EARTHQUAKE LIDS.
WOLVES SCISSORING A GIRL, RAKING
OUT SUDDEN FLOWERS.

SUMMER IS CRASHING,
LOOTING GLEE BURNING
ON HER LIPS. PRISONS
TURN INSIDE-OUT. A
SCAR THRU THE DOLLAR.

Krik-A-Krik-A-Krik

bam

bam

bam

KA-GING

CHABOON!

NOTHING OF INTEREST OCCURS FOR THE NEXT HOUR -



IN THE TOWN LIBRARY



SIT DOWN
YOUNG LADY,
AND BEGIN YOUR
EDUCATION.

WE'LL LEARN
ABOUT CORN
FRIES TODAY:

CORN FRIES ARE
DEAD BABY
ANGELS IN OIL

I DON'T WANT TO LEARN
ABOUT CORN FRIES, OFFICER
BAYARD. THEY DON'T INTEREST
ME. I HAVEN'T DONE
ANYTHING WRONG OR
SURPRISING, WHY CAN'T
I JUST GO HOME?

I'LL TELL YOU SO LOUDLY YOUR
EARS'LL EXPLODE AND YOUR SKULL
WILL DENT. IT'LL BE WONDERFUL,
A GREAT SUCCESS. MY SWORD OF
JUSTICE SAYS SO.



FINE FOR YOU.
I'M BORED.

HERE'S
WISDOM.

FOR INSTANCE,
NOT TO TELL THE TRUTH
ABOUT TREATIES IS EASY.
FACT! WORD BY WORD
THE GREEN LAND IS
CHILLING. AND I LOVE IT.

SOON A BANGING ON THE ROOF DISTURBS
BAYARD'S THOUGHTS ...



THE OMINOUS SPECTER OF A KODIAK BEAR
LOOMS OVER THE LIBRARY AS THE TOWN
STANDS IDLE ...





I NEED A COFFEE POT IN THE SHAPE OF MY OWN SEVERED HEAD. THE COFFEE SHOULD COME OUT THE NOSE. OR OUT A GILL-LIKE FROWN ON THE FOREHEAD.

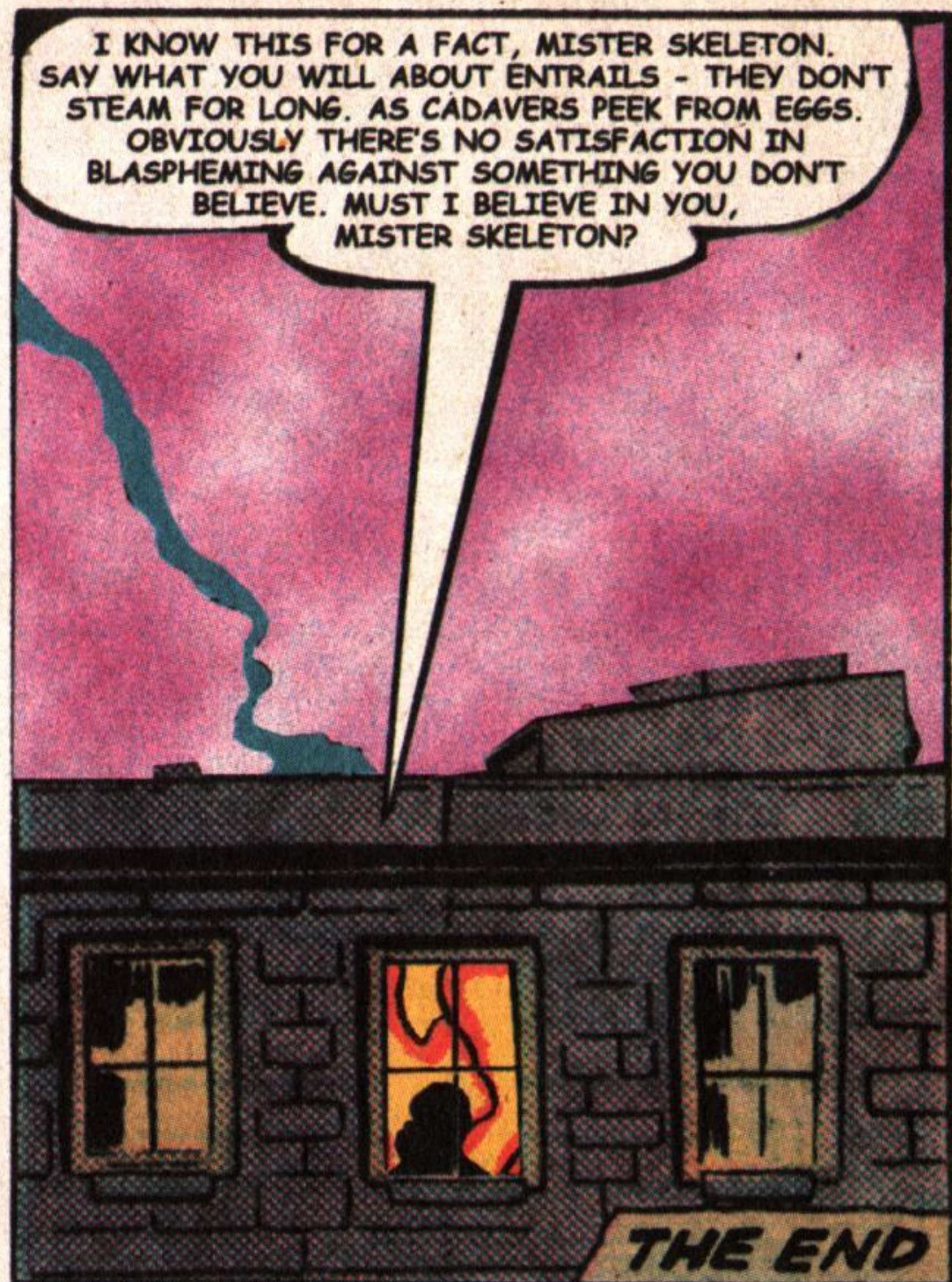


PICK ME UP BY MY EARS. DO IT. PICK ME UP BY MY EARS.

AND ALL THESE GLORIES MUST BE DELIVERED IN FIVE OF YOUR EARTH MINUTES. YEAH -



- FOR REASONS I THINK YOU KNOW. WAIT, THIS ISN'T PASSPORT CONTROL? NOW WHERE WILL I FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL TALK ME DOWN AFTER I'VE HAD A SHAVE? IF YOU TAKE A CATFISH BY THE WHISKERS AND PULL OUTWARD, IT INFLATES INTO A LIFE-RAFT.



I KNOW THIS FOR A FACT, MISTER SKELETON. SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT ENTRAILS - THEY DON'T STEAM FOR LONG. AS CADAVERS PEEK FROM EGGS. OBVIOUSLY THERE'S NO SATISFACTION IN BLASPHEMING AGAINST SOMETHING YOU DON'T BELIEVE. MUST I BELIEVE IN YOU, MISTER SKELETON?

THE END



YOUR YELL!

JP DRAPEAU
Editor

STUART QUISSE
Assistant Editor

Dear Pearl Comics

How about a cross-over story between *The Caterer* and *Wonder Woman*? He could teach her to show some consideration.

Scott Teal
725 Burdick Road
Ionia, MI 48847

Nice idea, Jerry. Unfortunately, Pearl does not own the rights to Wonder Woman, except via our copycat character Mrs Henderson in Fantastic Belt. But it's true that Wonder Woman could use a friend to point out that her actions have consequences. Ciao!

Dear Pearl

Caterer # 2 was a fine issue. I'm becoming a big fan of the grinning jock and his apparently ubermenschian diatribes. He is, as Rumi would say, as subtle and delicate as a fish. And on the last panel of page 12 he even appears to have gills! Was this a deliberate move on Sienkel's part?

All credit to the writer Jeff Lint. *Caterer* plots seem to back into themselves, oblivious of their own implications. This gives them a slightly out-of-control atmosphere reminiscent of early *Compass Crab* or the better "Kuti's Universe" stories from *Red Sail*. It becomes clear only after several readings that everything has been planned out in fly-leg detail. For instance, Bayard's repeated insistence that there is "no solution" to the problem of dogs looking a bit pathetic in rain, foreshadows the sudden appearance of several dogs paddling in the town's desalination plant. I've noticed (I think) a similar caliber of metaphorical embedding in Brandon Sienkel's great pencilling, as when Bayard whispers of spiritual reward while nibbling a pork medallion. But why, when Deputy Dewey asks him to speak up, does Bayard fly into such a violent rage? I think Sheriff Bayard is a great character, and of equal fascination to Marsden in terms of lateral motivation. I hope that he (and Jack's strange seed-eyed girlfriend Kate) will continue to reappear as regular characters in the *Caterer* universe.

Until next time: keep up the good work!

Rick Adams
205 Ave. P
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204

Thanks for writing, Rick. In Caterer # 2 Sheriff Bayard was actually eating lambs' hearts, and he became enraged with Dewey Clarridge because he was embarrassed at his own sentiments and didn't want to have to repeat them. The damage to the table and door were a small price to pay to maintain a macho facade. Yes, Bayard and Kate will appear regularly, as will Deputy Dewey Clarridge.

Dear Pearl Company

I tried to replicate the Caterer's abrupt somersault from issue # 1 and smashed three ribs against a metal fence. Mom thought this was just a sneaky dodge to get out of school, and I told her straight off to go to hell. There's one thing I'd like you to clear up for me. Why does Chief Bayard have the same color eyes as Search Monkey from *Fantastic Belt*? Is Search Monkey his son?

Larry Kinds
8218 North Ozark
Niles, IL 60648

Dear Pearl

Jack Marsden doesn't seem very limber.

Mark Hanover
215 Delaware St.
Staten Is., N.Y. 10304

Dear Pearl Comics,

First, I'd like to say that *The Mauve Enforcer # 7* left me speechless. The scenes in the opal pyramid were genuinely creepy and the final showdown with King Prawn made me stop and think. Another great issue of this strangely beautiful strip.

Now, my experience of *The Caterer* issue 2. I placed it aside with a sigh of disappointment. I disapprove of everything the protagonist does and says. On page 4, why was he holding that piece of metal? And why the subsequent close-up? And what is a "marsh tribunal"? At the story's conclusion, I know he's pushing some sort of spigot into the top of the maquette, but how does this activate the desalination plant?

Sienkel's pencilling is excellent, as always. I'm afraid the blame for everything in the world must be laid at Mr Lint's door.

Mitch Enfield
522 N.Brand
Glendale, CA 91203

Thanks, Mitch! Jeff Lint has also written issue 4 of Rocket Trouble!

Dear Pearl Comics

Why does Abscess Hound in *Fantastic Belt* look the same as the dog on page 20 of *Caterer #1*?

Dwight Palzer
12 Wayne St
Santa Fe, NM 87502

All dogs look roughly the same, Dwight, which is something you'd know if you were honest with yourself.

Dear Caterer

I love your adventures and understand your saying that "Nature is not trouble" and that trouble is an interpretation. However, having been attacked by a swan when I was an infant, I do think that nature can be trouble, even through fairly unpolluted and non-analytical perceptions.

Stephen H. Cunningham
PO Box 261
Milan, IN 47031

Dear Pearl Comics

I picked up *The Caterer* # 2 out of curiosity last week and can honestly say the title has replaced *The Mauve Enforcer* as my favorite Pearl comic. I especially enjoy Jack's moments of "stillness", when he just stands there. I hope he will experiment with different types of stillness. His character could have been in motion all the time, and your writer's willingness to tackle stillness is to his credit.

If the ideas and artwork remain this good, you can bet I'll be a loyal fan for at least another two issues, or until my death, whichever be the sooner.

Davy Brown
35 Silver Hill Road
Concord, MA 01742

Dear Pearl

Why isn't *The Caterer* more macabre Mister Felton? It had a promising beginning, all about energy alternatives and how to speak up and blame your friends. (Too bad I can't say the same for my Charlie!) Now it doesn't even have the courage to step into areas of outrageous fantasy: a thundering realisation that turned me into a plum. In retrospect this was the perfect reaction to your ideals! Keep on smashing our expectations, people of Pearl. I search for you.

Steve Hamper
2677 33rd St.
Washington, D.C. 20007

Dear Pearl Inc

Should I read *The Caterer* every day? If I do, how long will it be before I become "without concern" like Jack Marsden? Congratulations on a great strip!

Alan Dean Foster
(no address)

Pearl Comics does not confirm or acknowledge that physiological changes may occur upon prolonged exposure to The Caterer or other registered titles of Pearl Incorporated.

To all at Pearl Comics

I would pay good money for a *Caterer/Mauve Enforcer* crossover. Jack Marsden could provide the dialogue, while the Enforcer actually stands up and does something useful.

Meanwhile, I'm enjoying *The Caterer*, except that I think Jack Marsden should be a lot fatter. If he was

quite overweight, he would really fill out the panels. His cheeks could be really rosy.

George Kimber
3850 West 26th Ave
Denver, CO 80212

Dear Caterer

My dreams of fame terrify me.

Kevin Foster
(no address)

Dear Pearl

I picked up *The Caterer* Issue 2 eagerly. Having seen the cover artwork in *Rocket Trouble*, I expected it to be about ghosts. But the actual cover artwork was different, and the story inside wasn't about ghosts! [*Oh wasn't it?* - Ed] This glaring omission left me storm-tossed and without a compass, my hair all sticking up like a loon. I tried to figure it out, pushing, pushing. No way out! Maybe I'm just a lum-mox. I can't really retain any knowledge. Help me!

Tom Argent
635 Grand Street
Adrian, MI 49221

Dear Pearl

Is Jack Marsden a saint? If not, what's the matter with him?

Serge Odier
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

Dear Pearl Comics

I was a fan of your comics (especially *The Caterer* and *Rocket Trouble*) but am forced in exasperation to complain about the use of captions. There is no point in repeating information in a caption which is perfectly obvious from the illustration; conversely, however, one would hope the caption to be relevant. Yet on page 11 of *Caterer* # 2 we see in the final panel Jack Marsden looking very closely at the "eye" of a potato, and the caption above states: "What he didn't know about boats wasn't worth knowing." And Marsden is thinking: "Packed with dinosaurs. They will be my tools for change?"

Well, this is one potato packed with dinosaurs that won't be your tool for change any longer; I'm shaking the dust from my roots and going elsewhere, screaming with laughter.

Yours in anticipation,

Jay Robi
27 Miter Lane
Oberlin, OH 44074

Potatoes don't laugh, Jay. And check out the cafe scene on page 15, where the vegetable reappears. Can you see what word has been carved into its surface? That's right. "Yab" is Nigerian slang for "criticise", "abuse" or "publicly make a fool of". Do you see now what a hole you have dug for yourself; how no-one can take your opinions seriously in future; and how - though I make every effort not to frighten you - you will be destroyed because of what you have done here today?

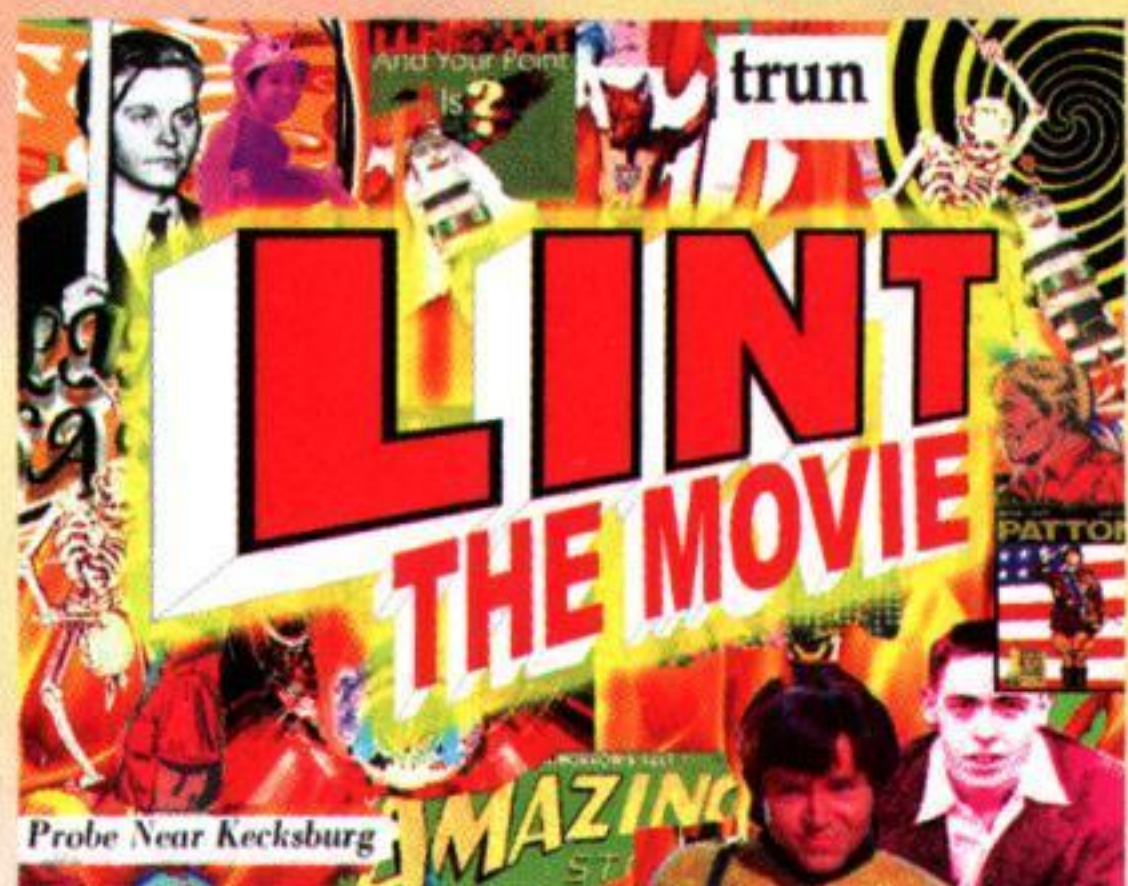
WHO WAS JEFF LINT?

Jeff Lint was one of the most original and ignored SF authors of the 20th century. Like

scientist CH Hinton, he was so far ahead of his time that his existence has had to be disregarded so as not to screw up the continuity.

In Lint's own unfinished autobiography *The Man Who Gave Birth to His Ass*, Lint recalls deciding early that he'd prefer life to come out and fight rather than dropping a thousand bad luck hints a day. His first published effort appeared in a wartime edition of *Amazing Stories*

because he submitted it under the name 'Isaac Asimov'. It tells the story of an unpopularly calm bum who is pelted every day with rocks, from which he slowly builds a fine house. The story already reflected the notion of 'effortless incitement' that Lint would practise as an adult. This enraging philosophy included the practice of whistling in tune with what people were saying, addressing people as 'Petal', and pointing to things with his elbows. Lint perfected the technique when he stumbled upon the notion of telling people he would pray for them.



His first published novel was *One Less Bastard*, in which Billy Stem must tell the truth or be transformed into the average man. This was followed by *Jelly Result*, *Nose Furnace*, *I Eat Fog*, *Slogan Love* and *Turn Me Into a Parrot*. Adopted by the sixties counterculture, he collaborated on a concept album, *The Energy-Draining Church Bazaar*. He also created a kids' TV show, *Catty & the Major*, which was quickly taken off-air due to eruptions of violence and doubt in young viewers. After the publication of *Clowns & Locusts*, *Fanatique*, *The Stupid Conversation*, *The Phosphorus Tarot of Matchbooks*, *Doomed & Confident* and other books too interesting to remain inconspicuous, Lint died in Taos, New Mexico, apparently smothered by his own beard. The late-

nineties saw the start of an industry of Lint apocrypha and fanaticism.

Many books have been published which pick over the disputed fortune of Lint's genius. My upcoming documentary *LINT: the Movie* will hopefully put many of the myths to rest.

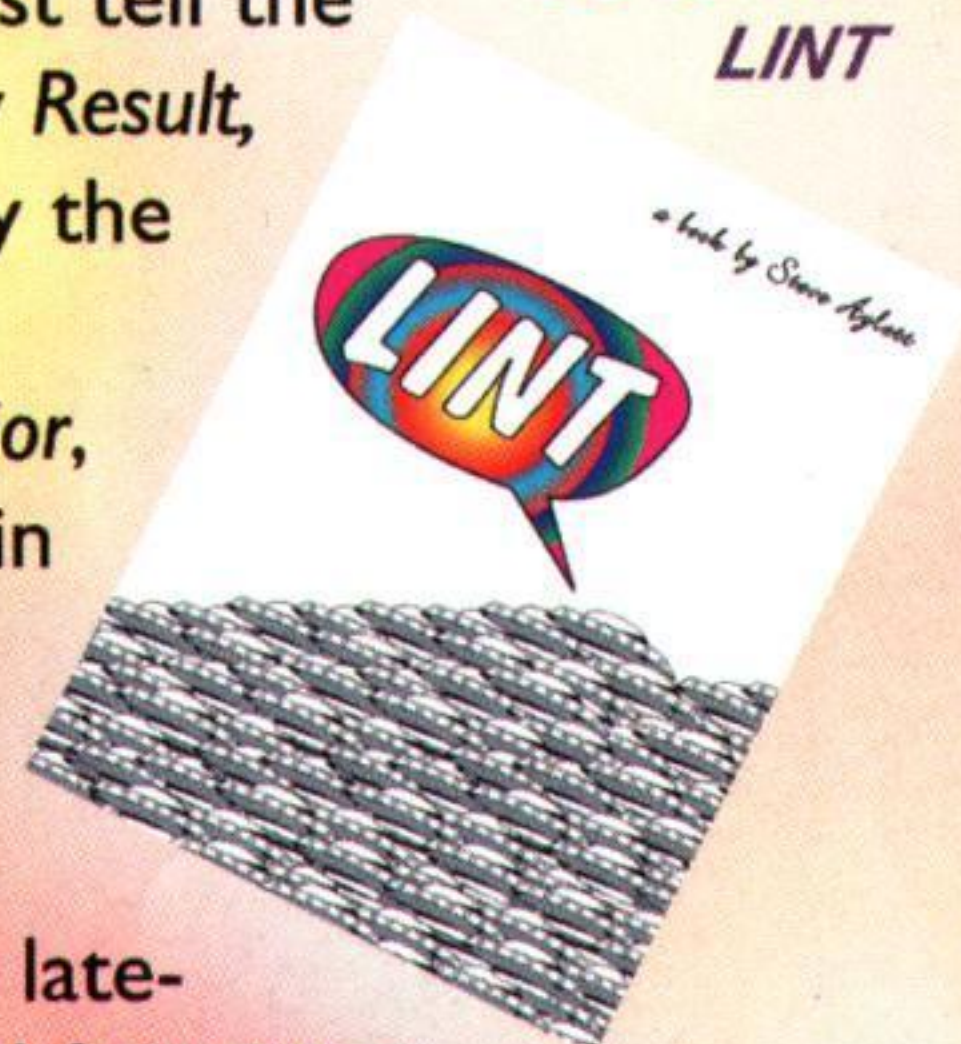
Jeff Lint said many authors' creation of 'understandable' characters who are a kind of 'hollow' each reader was supposed to occupy, soon left him aggravated as a reader: 'I will want to turn left and the character will turn right; I would ignore but the character obeys; I would destroy an argument but the character is blandly convinced and wastes years of his life. As a reader I find myself locked within an automaton I cannot control, which will never do what I would do (even by

chance), and which provides no nourishment.' Lint's idea of an

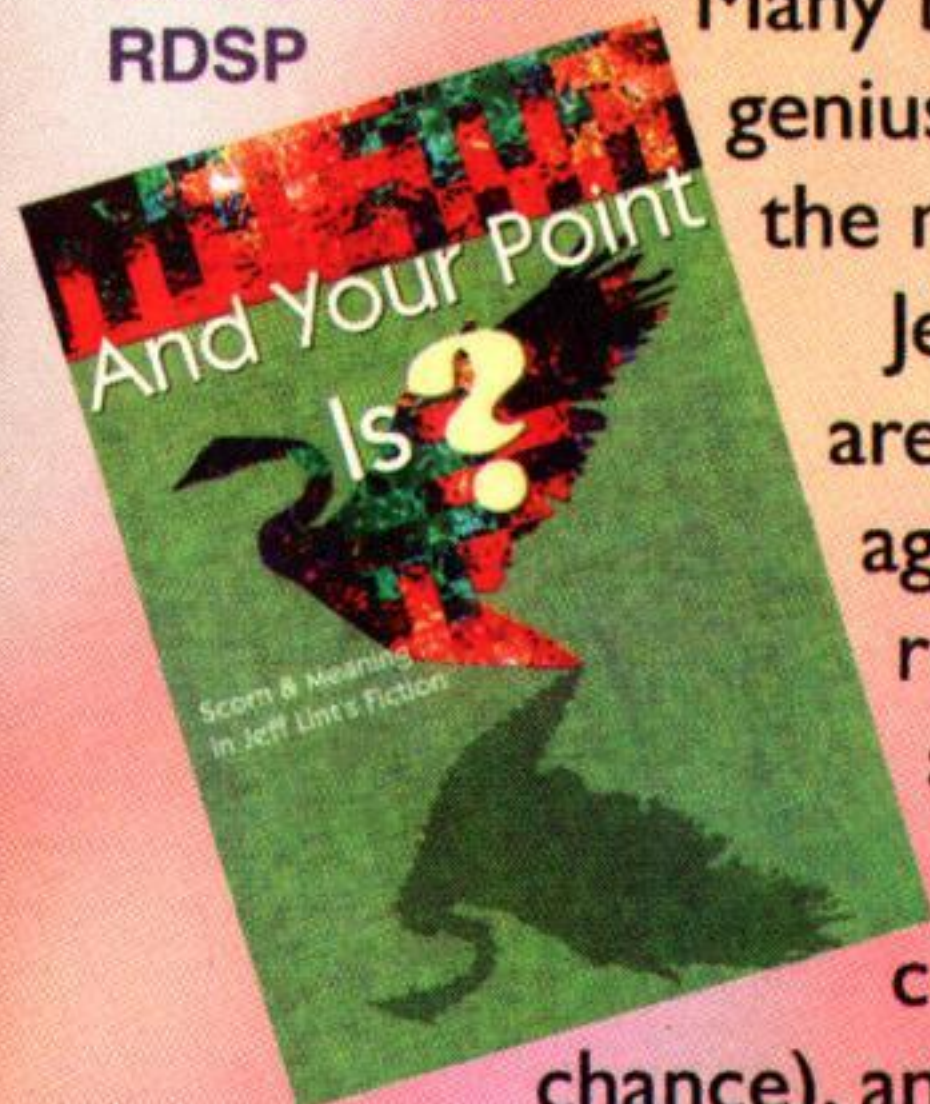
acceptable hero was a spider with multiple eyes like rally car headlights who, when issued an order, would jet tears of mirth from the entire bank of eyes. Characters such as Felix Arkwitch and *The Caterer's* Jack Marsden are fine examples of such tricksters. Alfred Bork has called Lint's writing 'pointillistic' and I think this derives from the fact that every single sentence comes directly at you. Each point is the head of a thread, a retrievable plumb-line of information. But few have taken up the option to draw on such threads. Perhaps the renewed interest in Lint, and this **Floating World Comics** reprint of a stand-out issue of *The Caterer*, will see his true meaning brought to light.

- Steve Aylett

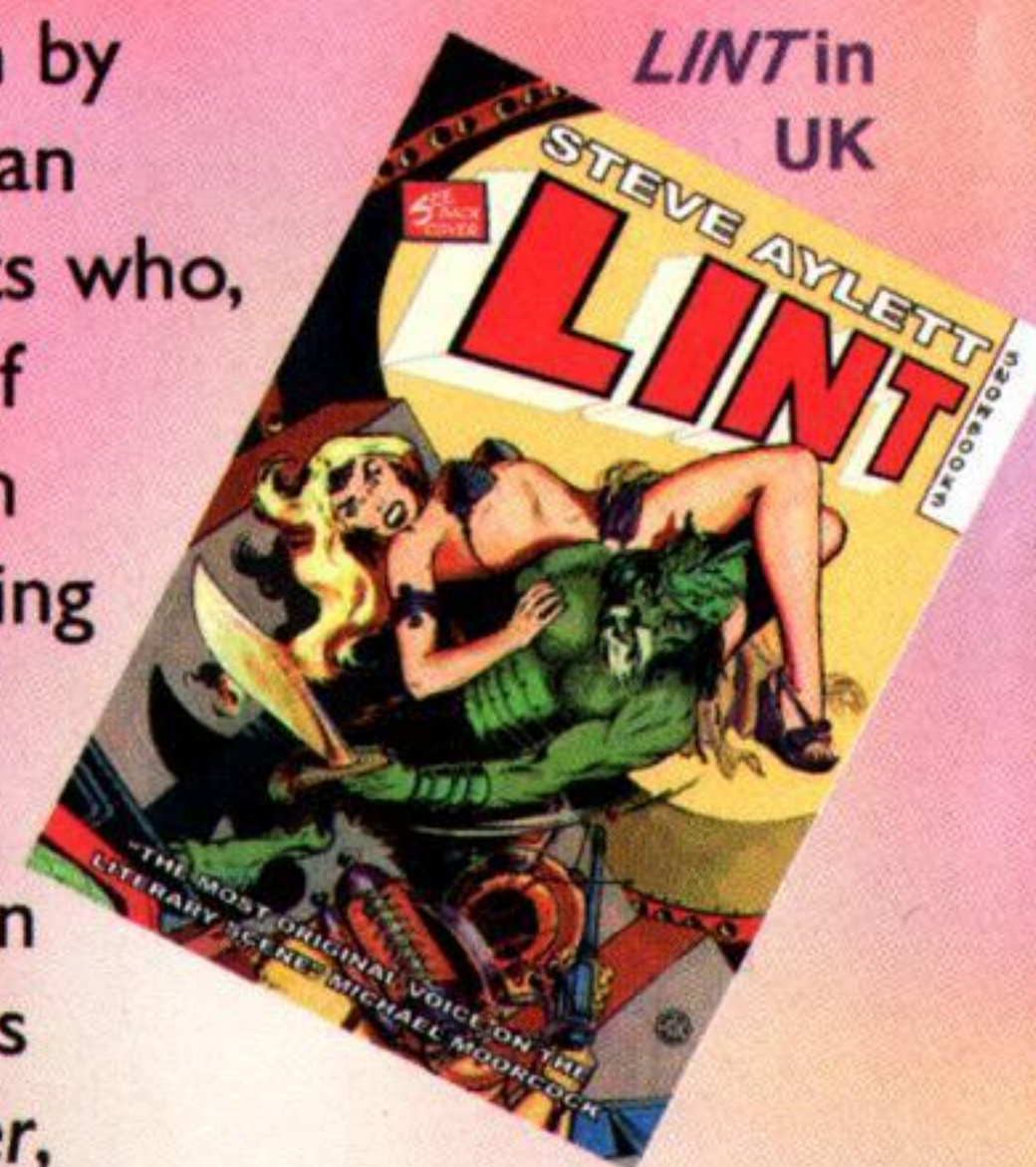
US edn of
LINT



Lint crit from
RDSP



LINT in
UK



Printed in Canada

This reprint of *The Caterer* issue 3 published in 2008 by **FLOATING WORLD COMICS**,
20 NW 5th Ave #101, Portland, OR 97209, USA. www.floatingworldcomics.com
www.myspace.com/floatingworldcomics www.steveaylett.com www.myspace.com/steveaylett
www.myspace.com/lintthemovie Previous editions by Scar Garden Media and Pearl Comics.

30 years after the spectacular collapse of Pearl Comics, we celebrate the cause of that collapse - Jeff Lint's ***THE CATERER***.

Described by Alan Moore as "the holy barnacle of failure", *The Caterer* dragged Pearl into a legal hell when its hero spent the whole of Issue 9 on a killing spree in Disneyland. The smirking Jack Marsden became a cult figure and role model for enigmatic idiots in the mid-70s. His style and catchphrases were such an insider code that hundreds of people got beaten up by baffled or enraged onlookers.

Issue 3 (reprinted here) is a stand-out: it includes the beginning of Marsden's goat obsession, a fierce appearance by the ghostly Hoston Pete, a great example of the Marsden "stillness" and no less than four classic Marsden hallucinations. The leaning Chief Bayard's preoccupation with our hero results in the violent death of six people, and Jack delivers his infamous "lipstick for dogs" diatribe.

This is an oblong gift to fans of 70s pulp and of cult author Jeff Lint.

Steve Aylett

WITH PULL-OUT POSTER!



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