

Thumbless Tilt

Whoa-oh-ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh!
Ooh! Yeah! Whoa-oh! Whoa-ooh. Oh. Oh-oh. Whoa! Ooh-ooh-ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh.
Ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh. My mouth in the outline of a speech bubble. Whoa-oh-ooh.
Ooh. Ooh-ooh. Yeah! Oh! Ah-ah-ah. Ooh-ooh! Ah-ah-ah. Ooh-ooh! Ah-ah-whoa. Ooh-ooh!
Whoa-ah-ah. Ooh! Ah-ah-ah. Ooh-ooh! Ah-ah-ah. Ooh-ooh! Ah-ah-whoa. Whoa-ah! The
fuselage of a futuristic aircraft might feature a space reserved for *recitativo*—itself diverted
from its function and stripped of text. Ah-ah-ah. Ooh-ooh! Ah-ah-ah. Ooh-ooh! Ah-ah-whoa.
Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh-oh! Whoa-ah-ah. Oh-oh! I jumped out of that comic book panel without a
parachute. In a state of total stupor, I scratched my scalp until it bled.

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It's an overall effect of inertia, mass, and gravity. How can I stand my mind? When drawn with
a single stroke, it can be a crude, stylized, or clichéd graphic element—an icon proclaiming "I
am what I am," where the narrative lies buried. A "ball-grab" gesture straddling the panel and
the speech bubble, half-concealed like a Freudian *fort-da*—a moment of appearance and
disappearance, a kind of wink, then.

Walking against the wind!

Ah-ah-ah. Oh-ooh! Ah-ah-ah. Oh-ooh! Whoa-ah-ah. Ooh! Ooh-ooh-ooh. Ooh.
Ah-ah-ah. Oh-ooh! Whoa-ah-ah. Ah-ooh! Whoa-ah-ah. Ah!

After a certain number of panels, the narrative goes against the grain. The rim of the book and
the paper shavings—it's a collage or some silly thing, but charming. After a certain number of
panels, the narrative moves against the grain.

Walking against the wind!

Chirp, chirp—speech bubbles! Ah-aaah!

The shift of the lathe, the rim of the waffle iron and the waffle-grid fragments. The turn, the
edge! And the stars... After a certain number of panels, the narrative takes a turn in the
opposite direction. Walking against the wind!

Such a brute-force graphic object, translated into sounds generated haphazardly by AI. Yea!
Yeah! Yea! Yeah! I'm uh losing it! Where'd you get the shrooms? Where'd you get them...
"Arumbayas Baba-yaga! Arumbayas Cloud Sweep! Arumbayas semicolon and vice versa!"

Ooh. Ooh-ooh. Wow! Wow! Oh. Oh. Oh! Whoa-oh. Oh. Oh.

Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh.

Whoa! Ooh-ooh-ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh-ooh.

Ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh.

Ooh-ooh-ooh.

Whoa! Ooh-ooh-ooh.

Ooh-ooh. Ooh-ooh.

Ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh.

Ooh-ooh-ooh.

And

um.

Is your

phylactery

going haywire

and turning into a mush-

room cloud? A vertical labret,

indeed! Um. So, when I was reading.

Aloud. For myself... My tragus is pierced.

The martyrdom of body art! These elf ears are really
cool! Let me pull back this hood so you can see a little bit
better. I also own a titanium model known as a "frowney"
—it is definitely, certainly not a "smiley"; it pulls the left
corner of the mouth downward, and its style rivals that of a
Bertoyas! Oops, a slip of the hand. An ID 30481 on BD-
gest! Ah, those Mimi-style jeans—with their ruffles and
lace trim, naturally—and those psychedelic patterns that
look like sperm cells! Ducon published it with Kobé-Books.
Ducon is simply adorable—and so spot-on... Anyway, let's
move on.

Let's rewind our cocktail of nestled words. Of salvaged
lots... The text just want to brag about the drawing! In sheer
bewilderment, I tore at my scalp until it bled. The panel in
this comic strip consists of a piece of underwear: anatom-
ically cut men's briefs featuring a soft pouch to hold the
text, boxers—with or without seams—or sometimes poly-
ester or cotton boxer briefs.

His livelihood!

Let's rewind our cocktail of nestled words. Of salvaged
lots... Smart suppository and uncompromisingly transient...
Is the subject the victim of a noun complement that raped it?
Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp! Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp!
Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp! Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp!
Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp!

Shut up!...

Whether in graphic novels or elsewhere, readers are far too often served such
absurdities—such as the notion that the "little birds of the air" enjoy "freedom," when in fact
they have none at all. "Chirp, chirp—"speech bubbles! Fully engrossed in defending their
territory, foraging for food, building a nest, and feeding their chicks. *Chirp, chirp—Chirp,
chirp!* I often say I have rabbit ears, but they look more like an elf's; they are modified and
tattooed, and feature large bone inserts—or piercings, as they're called.

Chirp, chirp! Cheer-up—cheer-up! Chirp, chirp! Oh-oh-oh. Oh-oh. Oh-oh-oh. *Chirp, chirp,
chirp!* Oh-oh. Chirp, chirp! Oh! Oh-oh-oh. ^{Chirp, chirp!} Oh-oh-oh. Oh-oh! ^{Chirp, chirp!} Oh-oh-oh. Oh!
Chirp, chirp, chirp! Oh-oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh!

I recall having them pulled and stretched out of all proportion as a child, and continuing that
practice— as well as the the resulting distortion—into my teens.

Chirp, chirp! Cheer-up—cheer-up! Chirp, chirp! Oh-oh-oh. Oh-oh. Oh-oh-
oh. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* Oh-oh. Chirp, chirp! Oh! Oh-oh-oh. ^{Chirp, chirp!} Oh-oh-oh. Oh-oh! <sup>Chirp,
chirp!</sup> Oh-oh-oh. Oh! *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* Oh-oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh!

You should have seen the look on my parents' faces... Those elf ears look really cool! "Who,
when, what, how, why!" Reiser's polished, raw, and dynamic drawing style! A sharp person-
ality and a speech bubble outline; a man in an underwear!

Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Wow-whoa! Wow-whoa! *Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp-chirp!*

Oh. Oh-oh. Whoa. Wow-whoa! Wow-whoa! Oh-oh. Oh-oh-oh.

Wow-whoa! Oh-oh. Oh! Wow-whoa! Oh-oh. Oh! *Chirp, chirp, chirp!*

Ah-ah! Ah! Oh-oh. Ooh. Oh-oh.

Wow-whoa! Oh-oh. Oh! Wow-whoa! Oh-oh. Oh! *Chirp, chirp, chirp!*

Oh-oh. Ooh. Oh-oh.

Mhm-mhm. Mhm...

The Apocryphalists.