

# Works go Blimp and Gothic, Ltd.

Hank Malone

1969

YARGH! STOMP! GIGGLE...WOW!

SLAM! KILK! SIGH...POOT!

RRRRIP! THUD! SPOOOM! AHHHH. BONK! AAAGGHH! MUNCH! CHOFF! HEH, HEH, SPLUT! KLAT!  
ZZZZZZZZ, HAR, HAR, HEE, HAW, ZNIF! YUMPH!

Gothic Blimp Works is unbelievably good poetry and such (SLAM!)...I mean things is comin' to life again.

Gothic Blimp Works is the world's STOMP! STOMP! FLATTEN AND SMASH! And LOVE...ugh...ugh...UGH...UGH.  
AAAAHHHHHH!

Gothic Blimp Works, wild-haired monthly comix supplement to the *East Village Other*, is the greatest thing since...

In fact, GBW is a sex and dope and laughter trip like I've never experienced before. Cheap Thrills Supreme. Just what Rx ordered, like beautiful weather, and flowers. Great spiritual medicine.

As of this writing GBW has published twice, tabloid style, 35 cents an issue, hard as hell to get in Detroit, and already it has created comix heroes worthy of the Hall of Fame. There's Dr. Peeper, "the jivingest most beloved left-leaning frog in the USA" (SPLOSH!),—and Cheech Wizard "who wears a big hat to mask his true identity" (Allen Ginzburg?), and Uncle Ed, the India Rubber man, "super star of suburbia's secret swingers," and Mal-Ig, GBW's most supreme voyage into head- storytelling. Fantastic tales!

Cartoons from Gothic Blimp, Ltd.

Historical origins of all dis stuff:

Revolutionary-attitude-type cartoonists, each with their own wood-shedding in the pages of obscure "fanzines" (WHAZZAT?). Science fiction. Dope. Commix of the '40s. Puns and super philosophical satire. Iconoclasm out of the pages of *The Realist*. Sexual belly-laughs out of childhood fantasy. Grease.

Gothic Blimp Works is in the Visual Land of Revolutionary Morality, and Laughter. Giant weird disorienting puns crowd the pages, strange conclusions deep finalities.

And there's (but not enough of) the work of that great Powerhouse Pepper/Basil Wolverton-inspired genius, R. Crumb, whose bulbously gross cartooning seems to rise like a perpetual miracle out of the lands of Genitalia. Dis is da stuff, sez Mr. Goodbar!

In the words of editor Vaughn Bode's Dr. Peeper: "Since I came down to New York, I learned a lot of good stuff to know. I learned dat 92% of everybody is full of shit...(including certain record companies)...an I learned dat sex is fun to do...an dat us cartoonist guys has to have a big window to show off our heads... da Gothic Blimp Works, dis comic paper...dis is where we gonna do it...dig?

The GBW is, in a word...gross! That's what some readers say. GBW is a frontal, literal, explicit, slurping, dick-in-mouth, eyes-wide-open, fantastic dream-like, hilarious tripra wide-open visual condemnation and affirmation of where we're at as human beings.

The simplicity and clarity of such complex self-expression reaches some kind of height, for my money, in the work of R. Crumb, whose work you'll remember on the album cover of "Cheap Thrills." Crumb's sense of man as

a Risen Ape (singing) is a marvel, and anyone who has read his wild SONNET in the GBW No. 1 will tell you how great it was.

The words of his SONNET are as follows: "Ya gotta. git on it! hit on it! shit on it! sit on it! tit on it! quit on it! and ya gotta... fuck it! suck it! truck it! shuck it! yuk it! duck it! you ought to...hang it! bang it! milk it... bilk it... yank it! crank it! You can always... hog it... flog it... bog it... sog it... grog it... clog it... hey listen you can eat it!...greet it... heat it... beat it... reet it... zeet it! Oh baby! hug it! chug it! bug it 'n' plug it! mmm...wine it, dine it, shine it 'n' sign it! Stew it, shoe it, even chew it if you want, but. DO IT! The end... now go to it!

With these words, and some of the most colossal cartooning I have ever seen, Bob Crumb has created something of a comic classic. You must see it to believe it! And there's more, lots more!

Doesn't Gothic Blimp Works seem like fun, gang? Be the first head on your block to degenerate your loved ones monthly. Subscribe!

\$3 for a one year subscription. (Hey, this article has turned into an advertisement. Shut up, it's worth every penny!)

GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS LTD., 116 St. Marks Place, NY, NY 10009.

BLOTTO! URP! BLAM! YAIR! CLIK, CLIK, BAMMM! WHANG! BLUM! FAM, FAM! SNK! CRINKO! WHIRRRR!  
SQEEEEEEEEEEEE, HUH! BOOOOOSH!

# fifth Estate

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