

Deadline. Another damn deadline. What amazes me most is that I haven't become a hack.

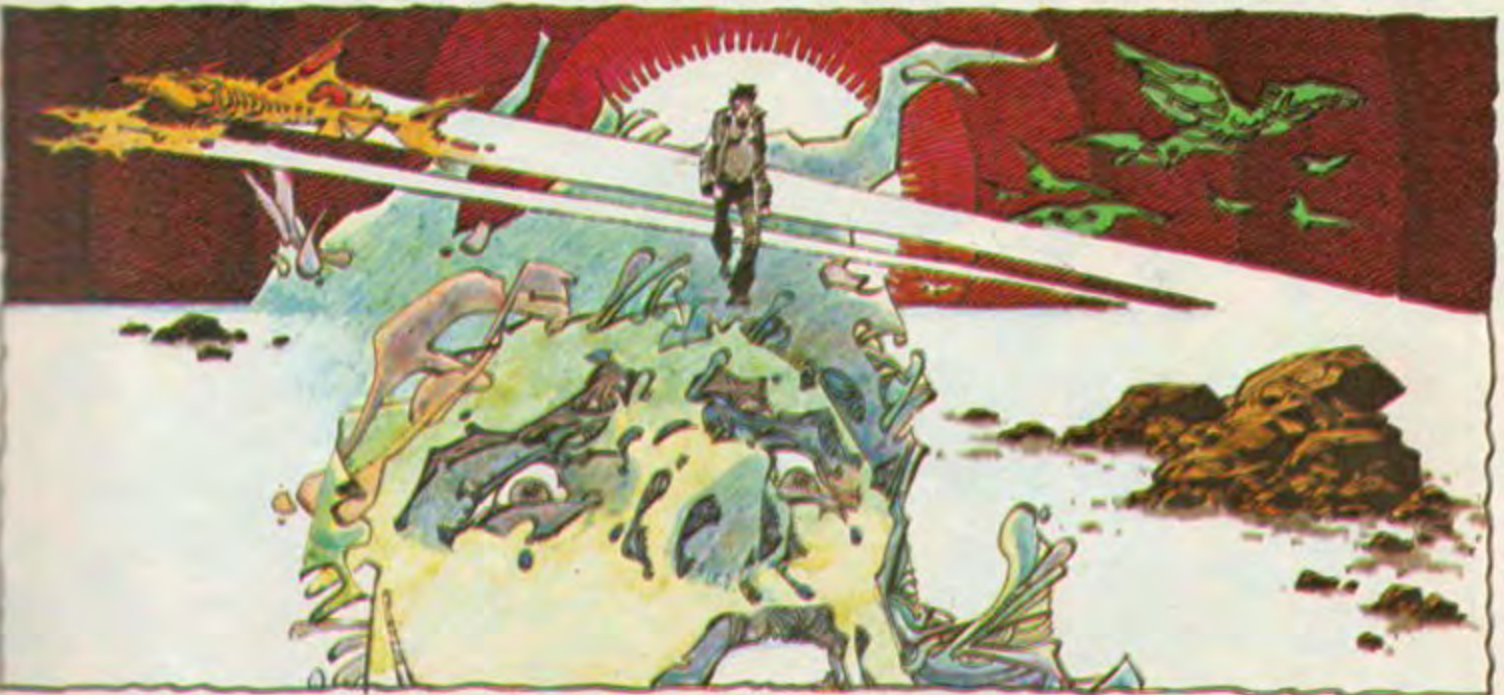
Pressure. The constant pressure. Keep those worlds coming. The weirder the better.

It gets worse every year. They always want something new. Bigger monsters. Stronger heroes.



I dig deeper into my dreams. I feel it, you know...whatever I draw...I know I can stop it...I won't stop it. I live through my dreams. I escape.

## TAP-DANCING ON A TENDER CEREBELLUM





They've  
been  
getting  
worse for  
some time  
now....



Fools...they  
hear about  
Jaws 2 and  
they want  
more  
sharks.



So I think  
about  
sharks.  
Bigger!  
Wilder!



Whoa!

Not that  
big.



Forget it. I'll do what I always do. Hand in the art right when they need it. Too late to change. Pisses them off.



Something really weird this time. An editorial cartoon by Roger Corman. I mean w-e-i-r-d.





No...they're on to me. Gotta be something new or they won't buy it.



I've been here before... that moment when your mind races for the picture....



"You can do it, boy!" Deeper, something basic, scary, a thriller....



Give 'em one of those fancy styles...Moebius, Rackham, Kley....



Sure...a psychological thriller...cop Dali from Hitchcock...six in a little World War II...sure...surreal events in an occupied town...man sees ancient soldier hiding in abandoned home..."Twilight Zone."



Now...what do they look like?

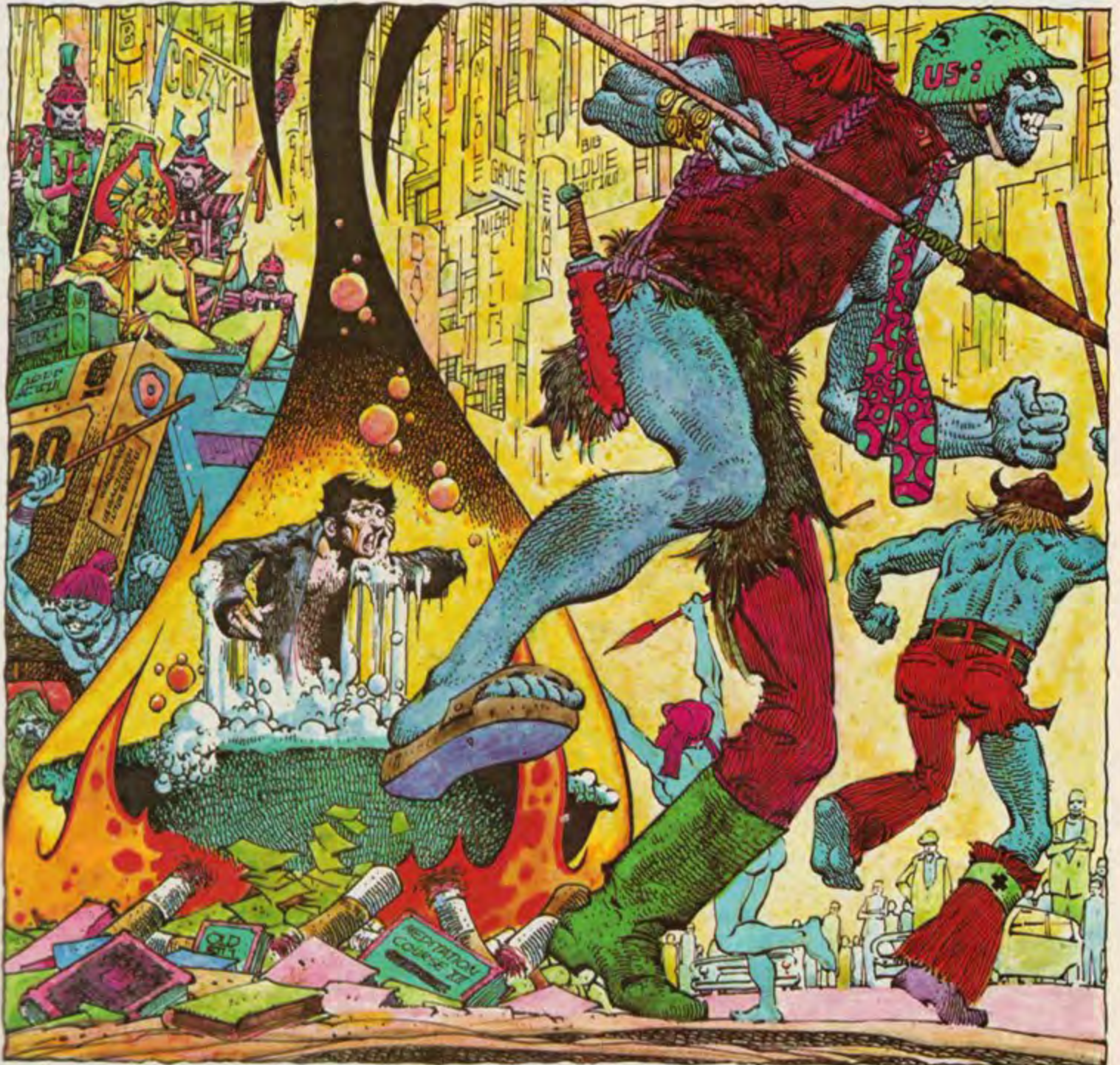


No! Did that before—



What?

No, not that way!





Damn deadline. Setting me off completely. Too much pressure. Mixing up the scenes!

Too much coffee. That's it. Damn freeze-dried stuff! What's that? No! I didn't want any jungle queens!





Now wait a minute. I can't breathe. Too hot in here. Gotta open my eyes! My mouth!  
What? They're open? Impossible-  
I can't breathe!

What? Fly? I'm not going to fly! That's insane!

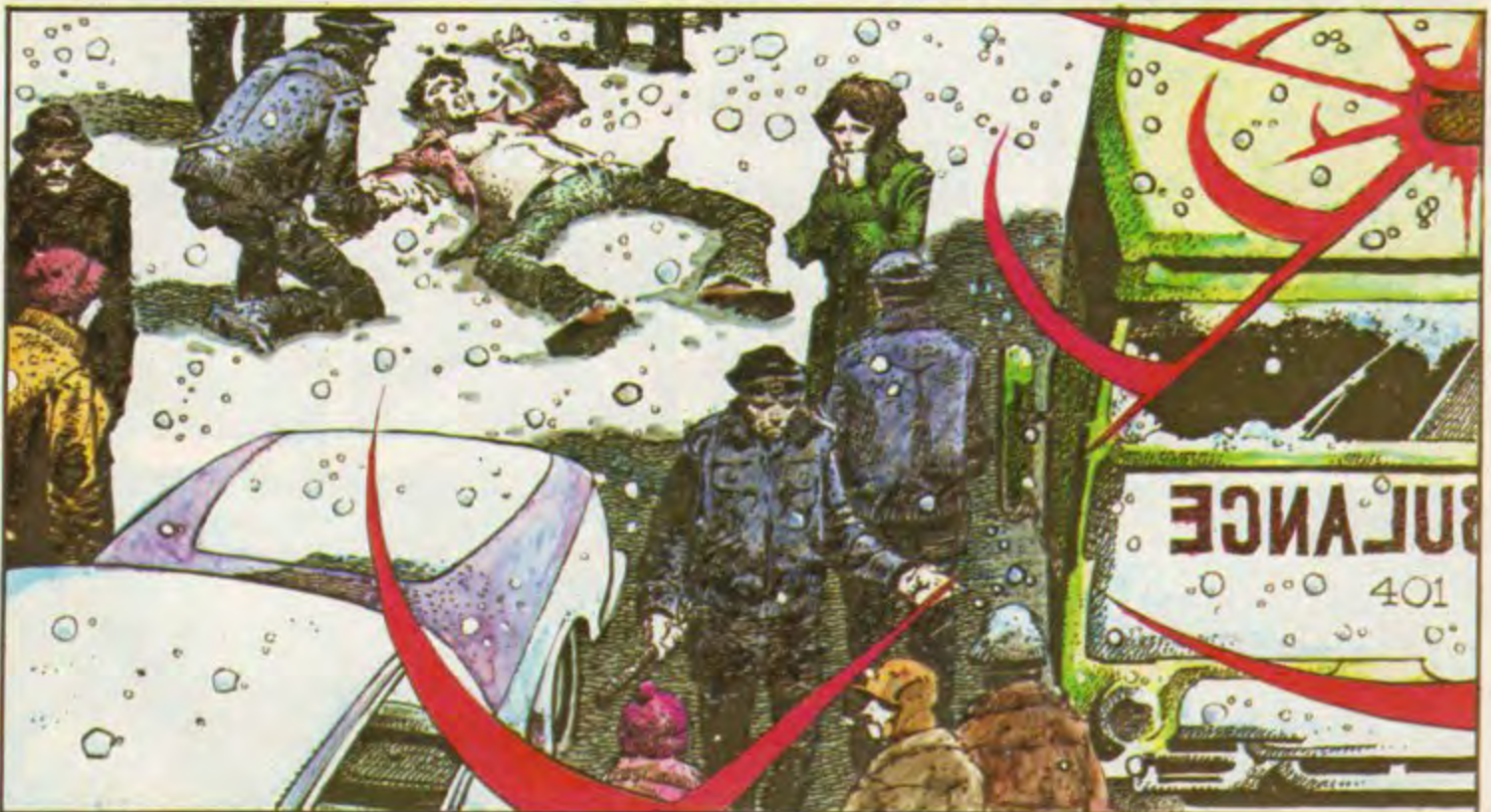




Cold.  
Suddenly, it's very  
cold.



Impossible. I was just  
at the board.





Oh! Something grabbing me! The story! Now I have it. Monsters grabbing me. Taking me away. Attack of the monsters. Man chased by creatures who really aren't there.

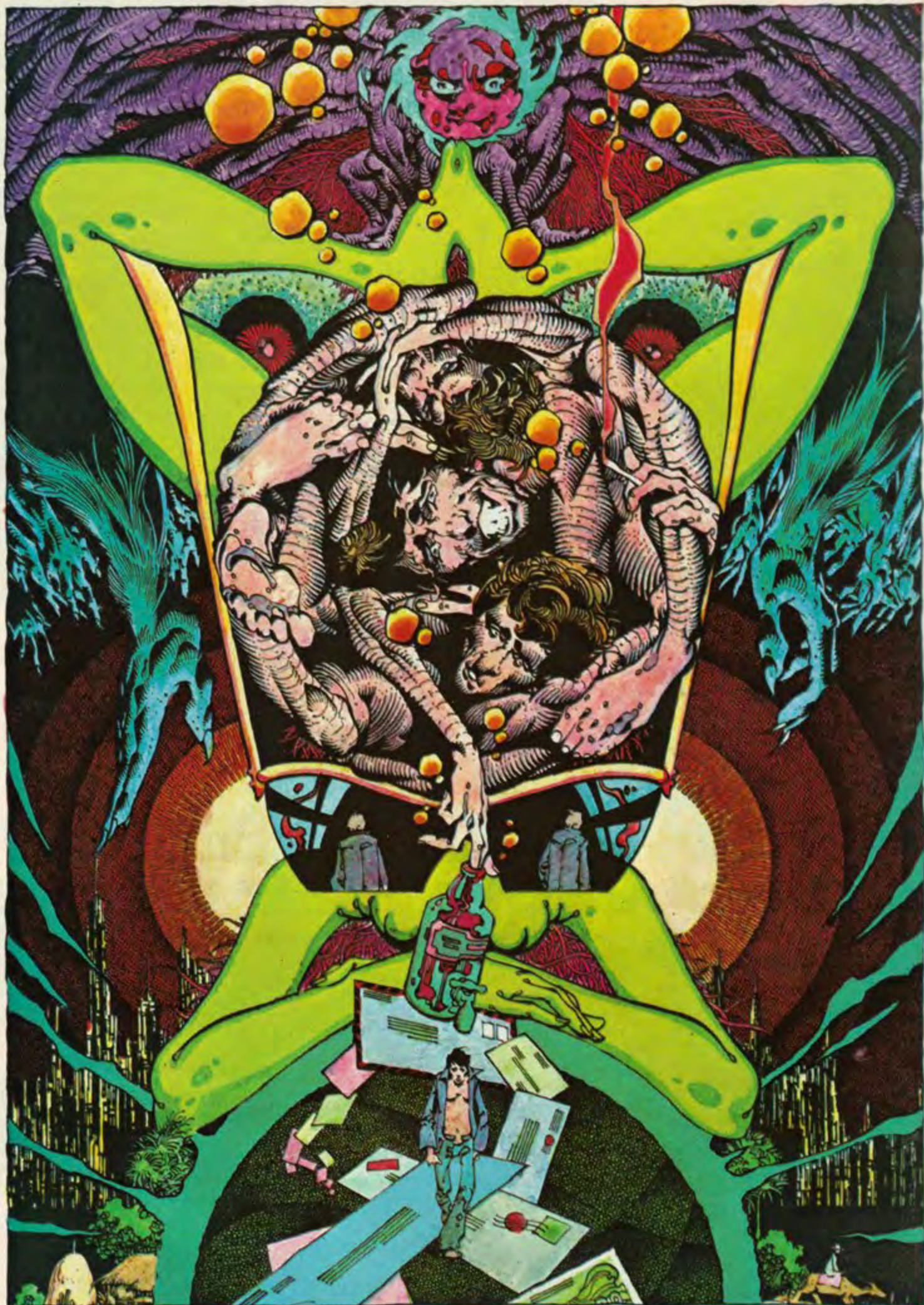


Man runs...spends a fortune escaping them. He keeps running...spends another million...buys a Pacific atoll...thinks he can trap the monsters there. Then he has the Navy blow it up...

...but the monsters remain.



That's it! Exciting! Really visual! Now all I have to do is draw it and get it in the mail.



Ah, deadlines! Pressure! What amazes me most is that I haven't become a hack.