CMX325 Comics & Culture Midterm
Due Monday, April 11

DO Parts 1 (a, b, or c), 2, and 3 below:

1) Short Essay: Answer one of the following prompts (minimum 300 words)
   a. Write a letter to an authority figure (your parents, principal, teacher, or…) explaining why comics are appropriate for the classroom or worthy of study at the university level.
   b. Describe some essential ways in which comics are unique and distinct from other art forms such as literature, film, and poetry in terms of conveying narrative.
   c. Focus on a single aspect of one of our readings thus far (Robot Dreams, American Born Chinese, Persepolis, March, Marbles, or the shorter readings like Lines, Mr. Wonderful, …), and discuss how it contributed to how meaning was made in the comic.

2) Visual Analysis/Annotation

Choose a single page to visually annotate and analyze (either from the sample I provide or that you find on your own). As with our earlier analysis exercise, annotate the page with notes and diagrammatic elements. Draw directly on the page, and explain the effect of the various stylistic and other creative elements. Offer analytical commentary in regards to the creative decisions being made, and what they do to your understanding of the comic. We want to emphasize observation and what you can deduce from everything you have observed. This should help you think about the construction of the comic—how is it made, why is it made in this way, and what is the effect of it being made this way?

3) Comic as Demonstration

Draw a one-page comic that incorporates at least 8 of the following 12 terms. Then, annotate your own comic briefly, simply pointing out where and why you incorporated the terms. The comic does not have to demonstrate strong artistic skill*, but it should be cohesive and well-planned, and should demonstrate an advanced understanding of the form.

* If you need a little help drawing not-so-stick figures, remember the geometric body exercises we did in class – ala Ivan Brunetti (http://www.tcj.com/~nothing-good-can-come-out-of-dishonesty”-an-interview-about-teaching-with-ivan-brunetti/)

Also – for support on terms, theories, etc., look back at the PDFs I’ve compiled for you to assist in the earlier visual analysis exercise.
WHEN YOU DON'T FIND ME SEXY ANYMORE, I GUESS.

NOT THIS, THIS LIFE, WHERE LESS THAN AN HOUR AFTER WE MAKE LOVE, YOU'RE JUMPING OFF ROOFTOPS AND BEATING PEOPLE UP.

I GUESS WHEN I...

SURE, IT'S ONE THING TO HAVE YOU WAITING AT HOME FOR ME, HOPING I COME BACK ALIVE. I MEAN, YOU'RE AN ADULT...

A KID, ON THE OTHER HAND, WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. AN INFANT COULDN'T SAY, ‘I'M SCARED,' AND LEAVE ME FOR ANOTHER PARENT. IT'D BE STUCK IN MY PANTS AS A DAD.

WHEN I MAKE THE DECISION TO BE A PARENT, I THINK I OWE IT TO MY CHILD TO BE THERE FOR IT. AS LONG AS IT NEEDS ME. I'D SAY THAT LEAVES VIGILANTISM OUT FOR GOOD.

BESIDES -- THERE ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH COSTUMES IN THIS CITY TO PICK UP THE SLACK. SPIDER-MAN ALONE COULD COVER THE KITCHEN IN MY PLAYS.

NAME IT.

I CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE YOUR BABY. I'LL BE AN EXCELLENT MOTHER -- I PROMISE.

IT'S A BAD WORLD OUT THERE, MIKE. AND WHILE YOU CAN NEVER CHANGE THAT, YOU AT LEAST MAKE IT SAFER TO WALK AROUND IN.

EVERY TIME I LEAVE THE HOUSE, NIGHT OR DAY, I'M NEVER SCARED, BECAUSE I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE, LOOKING OUT FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME.

YOU MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO ENTERTAIN THE NOTION OF BRINGING A CHILD INTO THIS WORLD. IF THERE WEREN'T PEOPLE LIKE YOU -- THE GOOD ONES WHO RUN AROUND IN PAJAMAS...

BEATING DOWN THE EVIL PEOPLE WHO RUN AROUND IN PAJAMAS... I DON'T KNOW IF I'D EVER EVEN THINK ABOUT HAVING A BABY.

EXCUSE ME?

DON'T EVER QUIT.

TIGHTS, DEAR.

I'M COUNTING ON IT.

THEN I NEED TO COUNT ON YOU FOR SOMETHING.
Mister Chugg had been living in the building since before I was born and now his stuff was in the trash.

Who is that?

The devil with boobs.

Who is Mr. Chuggses?

Mr. Chugg was a ventriloquist with a glass eye.

Sandy, Mr. Chugg just wouldn't have left Chugg's thugs his extra eyes and his photos!

A camera!

I never did one of these. Do I push that button?

Click

Yes

It just didn't add up.

Sandy took our picture.

It might have been the effect of the flash on my eyes... but Sandy seemed to float down the street as pale and feathery as a moth in moonlight...

Thank you Karen! It was my best birthday ever...

Bye!
OH, SON OF A...

FLAP FLAP FLAP

SSSSSSSS
LITTLE NEMO IN COIN-OP LAND

MOM SAID THAT I SHOULD SET THE WATER ON COLD
PSST. NEMO! COME ON IN. THE WATER'S FINE?

WE SEEM TO BE MOVING IN A CIRCLE!
LOOK NEMO. FLYING FISH!

BUBBLES! AND SQUID?!
WATCH OUT!

HEY! OPEN UP!

SOON WE’LL BE UNDER THE WAVES

HURRY UP NEMO!

THESE TENTACLES ARE HOLDING ME FAST!

MY INNER TUBE IS LOSING AIR!

NEMO? NEE-MO? WHERE IS THAT BOY?

HE RAN OFF AND LEFT THE LAUNDRY FOR ME.

WHEN HE DOES SHOW UP I’LL GIVE HIM THE WHAT FOR!

THUMP THUMP!

MAMA! I’M IN HERE!
Energy ever seeks lower levels, flowing from more ordered states to disorder, dispersing over time. Yet, there are brief instances when things do swirl back against the flow. They reproduce, propelling their own existence by touching off further vortices. They are inviolate, even as time marches on. We are all the offshoots of the improbable. Each of us, during our brief time in the stream, has the opportunity to reflect on the forces that set this time in motion. And reach in to send up something uniquely our own against the flow.
AND SO, HERE WE ARE

THE TIME HAS COME.
NINE O'CLOCK AND HERE MOTHERS UNTIL GEORGES DEATH.
DAISY IS OFF WANDERING ABOUT, TRACKING DOWN AN ASPIRIN.
Poor DAISY, SHE'LL NEVER SEE UNCLE GEORGE ALIVE AGAIN.

CONSIDERING MY TRACK RECORD, YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED I KNEW WELL I KNOW THEIR LAST MOMENTS.

But TRUST ME, I KNOW THEM INTIMATELY. SECOND BY SECOND.

IN FACT, IT IS RIGHT NOW, AS GEORGE MENTALLY REVISES HIS SCENE THAT IT STRIKES.

JUST SECONDS AFTER 9 O'CLOCK, A MAN BEGINNS IN GEORGES CHEST.

AND NOW THAT THE MOMENT HAS COME... I FIND THAT I CAN'T SHOW IT TO YOU. IT'S TOO AwFUL.

EVEN NOW, EVERYTHING IS DIMMING -- HE HAS BUT A FEW SECONDS OF CONSCIOUSNESS LEFT.

IT IS IN THESE FINAL SECONDS THAT A GHOULY PROCESSION PASSES BEFORE HIM.

DISTANT VACUUM... ABANDONED FLOOR... DISAPPOINTED HELPER.

OH, WHAT A DISTRACTING PARADE.

PERHAPS GEORGE WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPIER TO SEE ALL THOSE OTHER, BRIEFLY KNOWN WOMEN PASS BY INSTEAD.

HIS MANY CONQUESTS -- WHO MAY HAVE JUDGED HIM LESS HARSely.

AT LEAST HE WAS SPARED A VISIT FROM HIS NEGLECTED MOTHER AND HIS BASTARD CHILD.

AS THE GHOULY DEPART, GEORGE IS OVERCOME BY A GREAT WAVE OF REGRET.

HE FEELS A SHOWER OF TEARS POUR DOWN HIS FACE.

THOUGH IN REALITY NOT A SINGLE TEAR Has FALLEN FROM HIS EYES.


GEORGE CONCLUDES HE MUST BE TAKING A NAP. HE IS VERY TIRED.

HE WHISPS A FEW UNUSED WORDS INTO THE EMPTY ROOM.

AND AT 9:01 P.M. OF OCT. 9, 1975, GEORGE SPROTT PASSES FROM THIS LIFE.

At 9:03 P.M., DAISY RETURNS KNOCK KNOCK.

I WILL SPARE YOU THIS SCENE AS WELL.
WELL, I FOUND I COULD APPLY THE ALGORITHM TO PREDICT EVENTS—LONG-TERM BEHAVIOR IN THE STOCK MARKET.

THE RISE AND FALL OF STYLES IN FASHION.

POLITICS.

AS AN EXPLODING POPULATION ROSE TO MEET DWINDLING RESOURCES, CIVILIZATION WOULD FRAGMENT INTO NEO-BARBARISM.

A NEW DARK AGES.

I SEE IN EVERY DIRECTION, ALL AT ONCE.

I KNOW THEY WANT TO KILL ME.

I KNOW THEY CAN'T.

I KNOW HOW TO SAVE US.

THEY TELL ME THE PAST IS JUST ANOTHER PLACE TO YOU, ALLEN.

THE PAST AND FUTURE ARE PLACES YOU CAN WALK TO.

YOU'VE SEEN THOSE DEATH CAMP GATES AT HISTORY'S END.

I'M TRYING TO STAY ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW, SIR.

I SHOULD GO BACK.

FORWARD IS THE WAY FOR YOU AND ME, ALLEN.

BEAR WITH ME.

SEE. ON REFLECTION, MY PLAN WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG.

TO SECURE WORLD PEACE, THE PRESIDENT HAS TO BE SACRIFICED.

I WANT TO GIVE YOU THE PURPOSE YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR.

I NEED A SUPER-HERO, CAPTAIN ATOM.

ATOM.

PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP EXPLAIN...

ADAM.
OCTOBER 1975, MUSEUM ROAD

TELL YOUR MOTHER I'M COMING.

STOP!
NAME?

SAİD NAHAS.

NAHAS... NAHAS...

WHERE'D YOU COME FROM, NAHAS?

BEİRUT.

TO CROSS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE DEMARCATION LINE TO THE OTHER, YOU HAD TO TAKE ONE OF THE ROADS WITH CHECKPOINTS AT ARMED ROADBLOCKS.

DON'T ACT CLEVER, SAİD NAHAS.

FROM BEİRUT, HUH?

FROM WHICH BEİRUT?