

Your plan - I'm not very Net-literate.

I suppose I can try to get you some paper and envelopes. But I'm mildly surprised you're trying to get a cartoonist you don't know at all to do this for you: Have you no family or friends?

But I'll toss in a staple-less 'zine, at least. Let me know if it got through to you this time.



To:

@www.PrisonFoundation.org
"JT's story of Justice Denied" by

James Terry 373996
Wisconsin Secure Program Facility
Pobox 9900
Boscobel WI. 53805

Yours,

M. J. Gordon

From:

1505 W. St. Mary's Road, 123
Tucson AZ 85745

What else.....in no particular order: I went to visit to Dr. Skeif. The results of the recent blood tests had been posted on MyChart in the morn, so I was able to print 'em out and take 'em with me to show him my numbers.

I arrived in good time, and the good Doctor seemed cheerful as he went over my results. He concluded that I probably shouldn't go on statins just yet: I should give diet changes a chance, first. Avoid processed meats (salami & suchlike) and fried food in general. Eat less carbs and more protein. So less potatoes & rice, and shift from greasy red meat to chicken and fish. And rediscover my love of beans! (Sings) "Beans, beans, the musical fruit"...

And while apples are a better dessert than ice cream, better yet would be berries. OK, that I can live with. I loves me some raspberries.

I'm still "pre-diabetic", though, so an even further cut-back on sugar is recommended. From one soda a week to none. And no candy. Waaah! I'm gonna miss licorice. The good Icelandic stuff, that is.

To console myself, I had a susni lunch and then hit the Trader Joe's. Bought some fruit juices to lightly flavor my morning lemon-water. And some salmon-burgers & frozen fish, berry-type fruit bars and what-not.

I'll be having my blood tested yet again before my scheduled visit with Skeif in July, so it's not too soon to get started on the diet changes. Wish me luck - I REALLY don't want to be on yet another pill.

Then I hit Thunderstick Trading Company to find a ramrod for my blunderbuss. They didn't have one, but directed me to places where I could obtain the right size brass rods to make a ramrod from, or a pre-made one from Dixie Gun Works.

Space travel is sort of in it's awkward adolescence, right now. We have (or almost have) the tech for commercial spaceflight. But we're not hauling resources back from the asteroid belt yet, so the short-sighted only see the present-day costs, not the enormous future benefits.

Hope we grow up while I'm still alive to see it!

For Ishtar Sunday, Traci oven-roasted a leg of lamb. Lovely dinner. And you should have seen the expression on Katie's face when I handed her the meat-encrusted bone.

"REALLY?! For ME? YAAAAAYYYYYY!!!!"

And that was not the end of her spoilage: We took her to the (previously mentioned) lake for walkies. As we started off, I heard a "boom" like a firework, but saw no sparks in the sky. I wondered aloud to Traci if the noise had been a gunshot. Shotgun blast? This impression was given weight by the approaching noise of blaring sirens. Not to mention the 8 or 9 cop cars that took over the little park to the side of the lake, along with a fire truck and ambulance. The place was lit up by the flickering light of their flashers.

On our second lap around the lake, the yellow crime scene tape was up, so something pretty serious presumably happened there. We didn't get closer to do any rubbernecking - when they assemble in packs, cops lose their fear of humans and can be very dangerous.

On the 3rd amble 'round the lake, the ambulance was gone, and the number of cop cars had dropped down to 5 or so. Found out some days later it had been a drive-by shooting. Interesting times!

Alas, I haven't had time to log in to www.PrisonersFoundation.org to read your story. I hope to do so sometime early next month.

You've been in solitary confinement since 2003? As in 14 years (less 6 months)? Sheesh! I didn't know that was legal!

Selling comicbook "royalty shares" on Gofundme? Huh. I'm not sure that would work, even if I fully understood

My latest 'zine is just what it looks like:

A FOOL IN HIS 50s PRESENTS:
SELECTED KARNO

RANTS

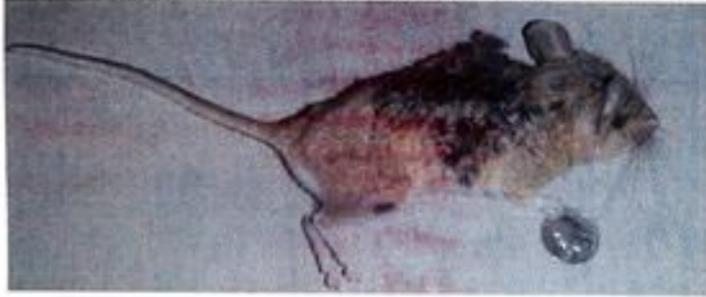


Hiya, James!

12. May 2017

Too early on a recent morn, I hied to Safelite Auto Glass to have my van's windshield replaced. Sat and penciled comix while they did so. Paid via debit card and the installer's smartphone. Cost me 3/4 of what the entire van had cost. It's not so much the sticker price as the maintenance that kills ya.

Recent batch of mail: a couple letters from prisoners, and an unauthorized autobiography of Chairman Mao on CDs. Also a 4 terabyte hard drive, which I assume my brother bought to make up for the one that got stolen. Oh, and a money-begging letter from some organization that claims it's fighting to protect Christians from the dreaded ACLU. Sheesh! How'd I end up on mailing lists aimed at morons?



The other night, I heard a rat gnawing on something in the region of my nightstand. When Zoie was sniffing around there, I encouraged her - "Yeah! Go get it!". But this alerted her to the fact I was awake. So she jumped on the bed and demanded pets. Stoopid

cat! Go do your job! I re-set the rat trap down there, with little hope of results. But very early the next morn, the issue was resolved - Katie caught it. I bashed it's head in with a hammer, and double-bagged it for disposal. R.I.P. lil' rat.

Couple days later, I hauled my turntable, amp and speakers by Fred Woodworth, so he could direct me on how to wire 'em into a working record player.



Plugged in the turntable, put on a record. It worked! Yay! Wired in the other speaker, and shoved the whole assembly up on a shelf. Where-upon it didn't work. Fiddled with it. Suddenly, it worked again, blasting me with noise (I had turned the volume up too far). But after I'd turned the volume down (I was playing a Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper album), only one speaker was working. The other just hissed at me.

Until I switched from stereo to Mono - THEN, both speakers worked. Huh??? Whatever, I have a working turntable! So if you're trying to get rid of your old vinyl, let me know.



One fine Saturday morning, I indulged myself by going to the Bookman's on Grant/Campbell clearance sale. One dollar for paperbacks, two \$ for hardbacks, one dollar for DVDs. I managed to restrain myself a little, and only grabbed a manageable stack of books.

But the Bookman's folks had underestimated how many cheapskate bibliophiles Tucson harbored. There were only four people on the sales counter, so the line to pay slinked all around the sales floor and out the door.

Yep, they let me leave the place pushing an office chair (serving me as a shopping cart) piled high with books, so I could join the end of the line outside the store. I could just have walked to my van and left. But, Boy Scout that I am, I didn't. Neither did anyone else that I could see. Seems the majority of people are honest. That cheered me up, seeing I wasn't the only one. Waited in line for over two hours. Read a book in the meantime. Seemed appropriate!

Darrell, of Tony and Darrell fame, finally visited Tucson after months on the road. Darrell's a truck driver now, and boy, did he have a big red truck!

He'll be based closer to Tucson from now on, so hopefully he'll show up more often. Sold him my old Mac for parts.





Last week, me, Traci and the boys went to a local hospital where Rob's (Traci's old husband) new wife, Beate, had delivered a 9-pound baby girl via cesarean. Healthy looking sprog, except for the jaundice.

I took a couple pictures, and then sat around for a couple hours while the blood family chatted.

Hit the gun show at the Tucson Expo Center, last Sat. Finally sold the hacked-up .22 rifle I've been trying to get rid of. Even made a small profit on the thing!

"Ho ho, this gun-running business isn't so hard. I'm a-gonna leave the show with more money than when I arrived!".....Aaaand then I promptly blew it all on ammo.

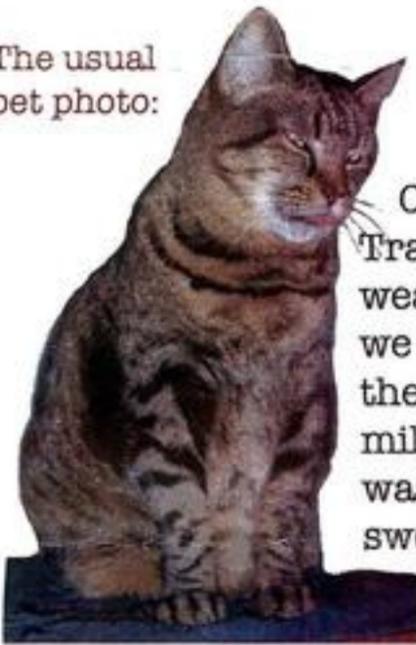
Then I headed over to Tony's - he lives close by there. We took his mom shopping - and oh yeah, the UPS store we stopped at while she mailed something, has a commercial 3D printer - like the photocopiers my usual UPS store has. Sign of the times - Science is everywhere!

Recent morn I drove over to an old friend's place and got in his car. We drove from there to a nest of bureaucrats in downtown Tucson. I paid one of them \$ [redacted] on my credit card to cover said pal's property taxes. Oh, and an additional \$34 as a fee for the transaction. So you're taxed for.....paying taxes? "You must pay for the privilege of giving us money" seems just a tad arrogant.

Gee, if I refuse to pay the taxation fee, does that mean they'll refuse to tax me? Heh, of course not.



The usual pet photo:



The friend will be paying me back thru work - for one, scanning in the original art from my Captain Iceland TV shows. I plan to turn 'em into webcomics for Patreon. With "Cartoon History of Iceland" as the Sunday strip. Put the Icelandic version on CaptainIceland.com, to justify paying for the hosting. Plans, I got plans!

On a recent Sunday, I'd just colored in the Patreon Sunday page and posted it, when Traci came home from singing in the choir and suggested we take advantage of the cool weather sweeping through the area by going on a hike. I agreed, so we loaded a backpack of water bottles and snax - and Katie - into the car. Drove out to the Brown Mountain trailhead & hiked for five miles thru the desert. Went up pretty high in the hills. Ahhhh, it was nice and cool up there. And looking down on the hawks swooping thru the air beneath one was also cool.

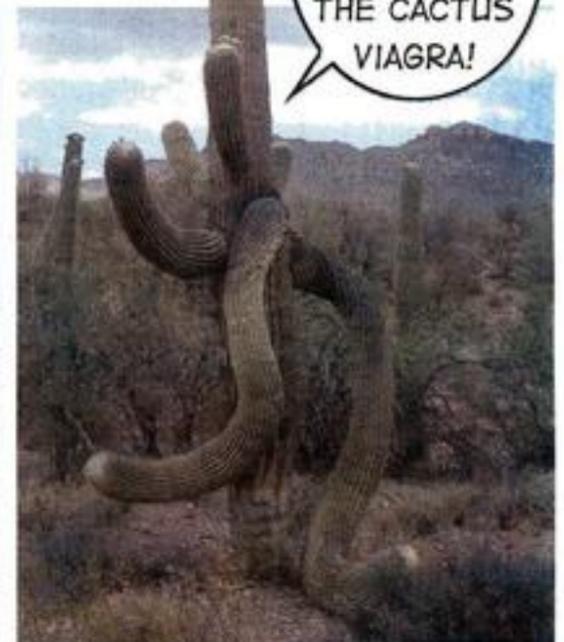
It was strenuous enough that Katie almost got slightly tired! I never thought I'd see the day.

Some beautiful vistas - I could have printed pages of 'em!

LIMBS DROOPING? TRY VIACA, THE CACTUS VIAGRA!



Rattler laying across the trail. Traci said it moved, so it was alive?



Hiya, James!

26. April 2017

Whoa! Mid-December ALREADY!? Man, this has been a crazy year. Glad it's almost over. So! What did I do since last massletter? For one, I went to the Tucson Comicon. Handed out some of my comix, bought some graphic novels. Tried to take photos of some of the cosplayers, but my regular camera was out of juice. I tried using my new cellphone's camera, but as you see, it takes fuzzy photos. And getting the pics off the 'phone was a huge pain in the ass. It wouldn't talk to Macs under any circumstances. I managed to "text" a couple of 'em to Traci, who e-mailed 'em to me. Eeesh, not worth the bother.



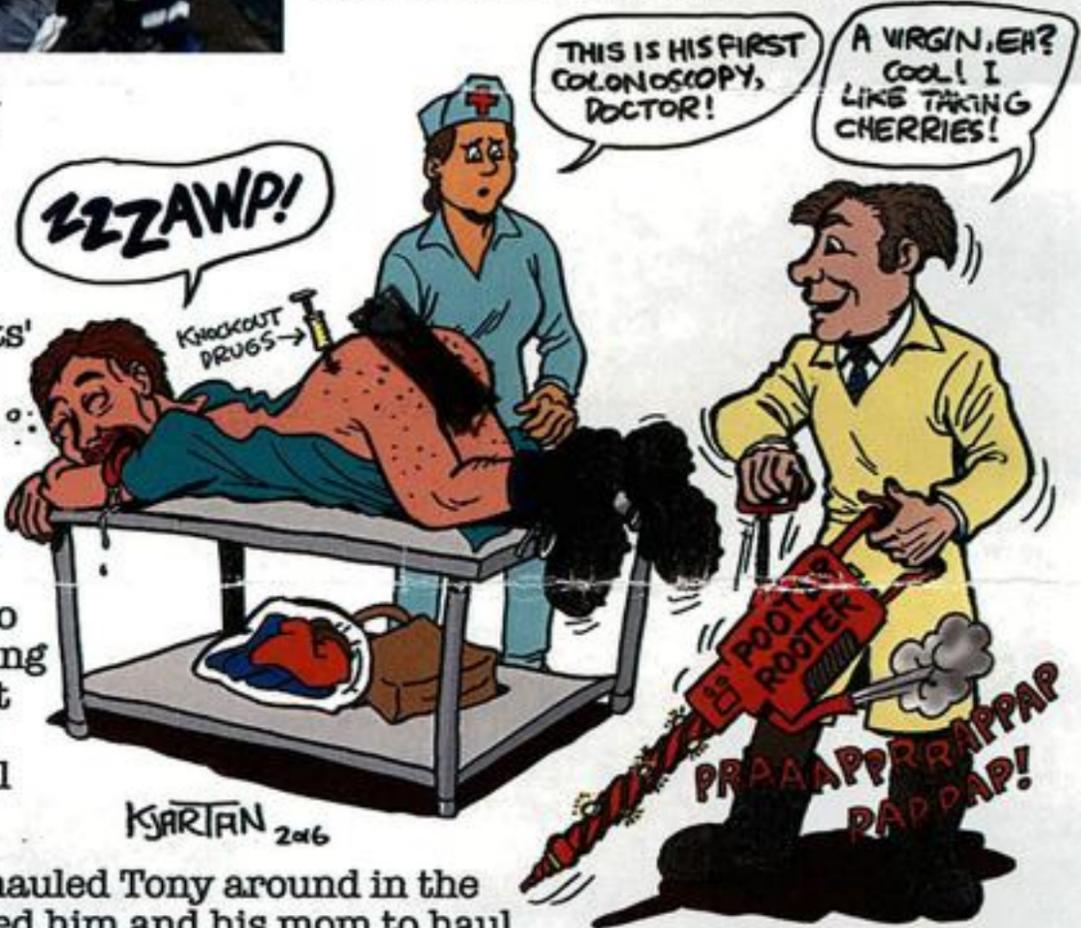
On an early November morning, I got up at five AM to drink the remaining half-gallon of laxative prescribed for my colonoscopy. Not much happened, as the previous day's laxative regimen had pretty much emptied me out.

Around 8 AM, the wife drops me off at Tucson Gastro. Where I was drugged unconscious, and anally violated. But it's OK - the insurance will pay for it. They wanted me naked, in one of those open-at-the-back gown - except for my

socks and shoes. Dunno exactly why, but I found the thought of my clodhoppers hanging over the end of the table, while I was snoring with my nekkid ass in the air to be funny.

They thoughtfully provided me with printouts of some of the photos they took while in there. Ain't science amazing? I bet no-one of my parents' generation has inside-the anus selfies! I have nice guts, it seems. No polyps on my intestines, yay! Some bulges and pockets, though. To be expected of a person with Marfans .

So after I regained consciousness, I sat around and ate protein bars until Brian (my renter) showed up to give me a ride home. Tucson Gastro won't let you drive yourself so soon after roofie-ing you, so Brian kindly gave me a lift. We stopped at Jerry Bob's on the way back, and I treated us to brunch. Felt good to start filling up to my normal level of, um, stuff.



On a later day, I hauled Tony around in the van - after I'd helped him and his mom to haul around furniture. Stopped at Karichimacha for lunch. Not bad. Left fairly early, for I did not want to run any risk of missing John Cleese and Eric Idle at their show at the U of A that night. We were in the nosebleed section, but at the time we bought the tickets, those were the only seats both available and "affordable".

Not cheap, but worth every penny. Granted, I sat so far away that their faces were little more than pink dots with even smaller dots for eyes, but screw it: When was the heart of Monty Python gonna be doing a live show in Tucson again? South of never, I should think.

As it was, it was a lovely evening. Cleese and Idle are old pros at keeping people entertained. They ran clips, did skits, sang songs, reminisced.... Even if they weren't a couple of my all-time comedic heroes, I still would have had a good time.

So if you still haven't decided what to get me for Yule, any of the Python films would be good: Monty Python and the Holy Grail, Jabberwocky, The Life of Brian, Time Bandits, Yellowbeard, The Meaning of Life, A Fish called Wanda, all that sort of thing. And collections of the Monty Python TV show too, of course. In fact, I'll take any classic comedy movies - I'm still addicted to laughs.

But the smile I sported as I left the Auditorium last night must have been a little too wide. Murphy pointed his finger and said: "That schmuck is too happy by half. Let's cool him off a little!" So in the dark of the night, he let the air out of my scooter's rear wheel, the bastard!

The plan for the day was to buzz down to EvilMart and send Mitch Beiro a Jpay he'd asked for to help cover copy costs and etc for his legal struggle. Then I'd buzz back home and draw for the rest of the day.



Nope! First, I tried to inflate the back tire with a bicycle pump. Didn't work. I then wheeled it down to a gas station and tried their motorized air pump. Didn't work. Tried a can of fixafat. Didn't work. Tried the pump again. Didn't work.

Called Scootover, and then the tow contractor they recommended. He was busy past 6 pm (when Scootover closes). Asked the gas station folks who they call to have cars towed. Tried them, who in turn gave me the number of a company that DID haul bikes. Cost me 50 cents short of \$100. Gaaaah!

Once at Scootover, they just inflated the tire, and it was fine. I put in an order for a new one anyway. I was tired of paying c-notes for a puff of hot air.

The new tire and installing it ended up costing me \$250, but at least that should last me awhile.

Then made my way to EvilMart on the scooter thru some of the heaviest rush hour traffic I've ever encountered.

Yikes! Finally got there, made the Jpay, and buzzed home.

Good gods, was I tired! And I got no drawing or chores done. Crap!



Around two on Thanksgiving, the family hied to Rob's (Traci's ex) place, where Rob's new wife, Beate, had put on a good spread. Which I pigged out on to a shameful degree. Then, after some pleasant conversation, we drove back home.

The following Saturday, I made food (mashed taters & such Turkey-murder day stuff). Until it was time to go fetch Tony, who I hauled to the house. Then the food, Tony and me were stuffed



into Traci's car, and she drove us all to Wolf's place where Mobsgiving commenced.

Everybody brought something to eat or drink, so much was eaten and chat chatted. After we were all full to the gills (there were 11 of us, I think), we played "Cards Against Humanity" until late. Traci & me dropped off Tony, and then home again, where I gave Katie a shamefully short walk. It had been a long, nourishing day.



Me and Tony - well, mostly Tony - have been working on the red van I mainly drive these days. Replaced the broken side view mirror, the front brakes, rear light panel & more. With both new parts, and stuff we scrounged from other vans at the Pull-a-Part place. I always get a lil' kick out of visiting that boneyard of the Automobiles....

So I'd stopped at Safeway to get snax for game night. Had to swerve around a shopping cart in the parking lot entranceway. After parking, I shoved the thing into the cart-run. This was made harder by the fact that the cart's wheels were locked.

Apparently the bum who came up behind me had tried to take the cart out of the parking lot, and got the wheels locked.

He whined "Hey, I'm using that!" I answered "In the middle of the friggin' driveway? Are you TRYING to cause an accident?!" That got me a blank stare. OK, I get that some folk have hard lives. But that doesn't give 'em license to pull this passive-aggressive bullshit on anyone who happens by. Bah, humbug!



Zoe likes to sit on my clothes, even when I'm not in them.



Katie being petted by someone with nice legs.

KARNO GOES TO THE SAR SHOW

I got in free at the giant Small Arms Review gun show in Phoenix by being an evil minion at Wolf's dealer table. He did good business - in fact, the bulk of the sales were to other dealers before the show even opened!



He picked up a number of rarities for his ordinance collection, too. Ahh, the collector who's just made a good score feels a special kind of pleasure! I tried to sell off my ol' 350 G&H rifle, but no luck. Sold a 60 year old can of water for \$10 & a couple of comics, tho'.



The SAR show is HUGE- we were there for 3 days, and I still barely saw it all!



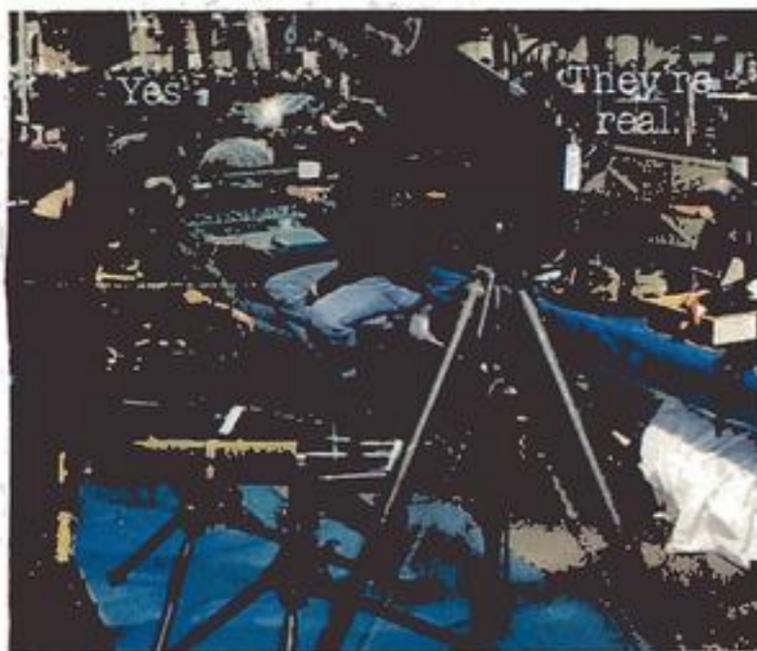
SO HOW YOU DOING?

I THOUGHT I WAS DOING GREAT - THEN I CAME HERE AND DISCOVERED I WAS POOR!

So MUCH cool stuff I wanted, but couldn't hope to afford. Waaaaah!

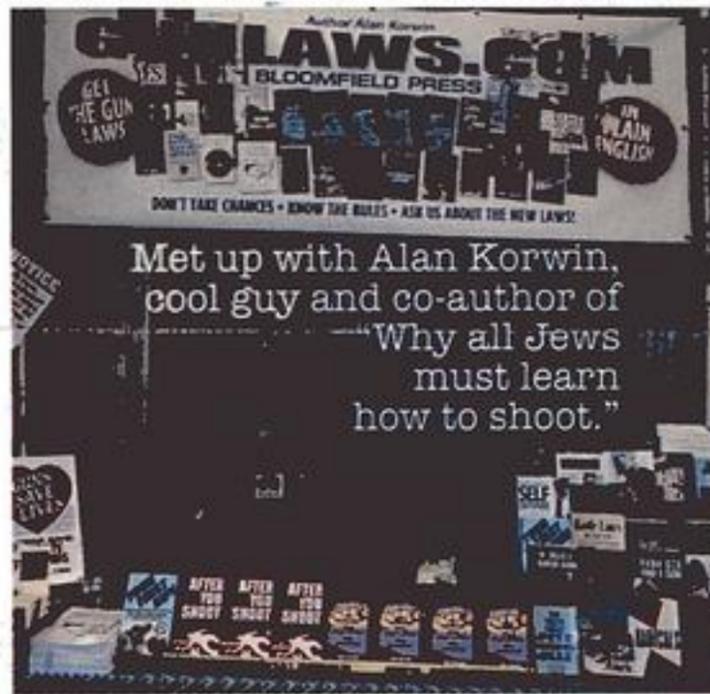
Only fly in the ointment (or

bug in the bedclothes) was the bedbugs we found the first night in our room at the La Quinta. We promptly fled to a nearby Hilton. We don't seem to have picked up any lil' passengers from the La Quinta, knock on wood.



Yes!

They're real!



Met up with Alan Korwin, cool guy and co-author of "Why all Jews must learn how to shoot."

Props to Wolf for pickin' up the tab for all this - I couldn't have gone, otherwise. Thank YOU!

D'awww!
So cute!



Not just guns at the SAR show - there were vehicles, too.

I was low on cash, so I wasn't able to pick up much stuff at the show. Made a good score on 10 gauge, tho. And a copy of Milton Caniff's "Male Call" now a relic of another era....



On a recent morn, I picked up a letter from "Ambetter", which asked me to pay them \$500 for January's health insurance premium. Problem is, I had not applied for coverage from Ambetter, and in fact had never heard of them before. WTF??

When Traci got home, we got online to figure things out. Seems United healthcare is pulling out of Arizona entirely, citing profits that are just in the dozens of millions, not the billions that they wanted. So my medical insurance with them is canceled as of January. Traci called a friend to see if there was anything else available for me on Healthcare.gov. Oy, this is fun.....Not.

We finally found a plan - actually, the cheaper of only two plans available for me - that charges \$330 a month. God damn, that's gonna hurt. Forget about quitting the Gloo Factory job to concentrate on art - I can't afford it. Mutter, whine. As Traci said, "It sucks being an adult, doesn't it?"

Lessee, what else? Didn't Donald "evil Keebler elf" Tidmore (He's the fella who lost a 'nad to cancer) drop in on a Mob Lunch recently? Yeah - it was when I was having the scooter's rear wheel replaced at Scootover - to accomodate me, the Mob was lunching at the Mongolian Barbeque next door. Good to know ole Donnie's still alive and functional.

Okay, then. I just gotta get this letter printed. Draw & assemble the "What's Karno doing in Tucson" book I'm using for a Patreon Perk and gift for the sprogs of the family back in Iceland. Come up with a Yule card & also draw'n'print it. Buy presents for the local family and friends. Clean up the living room and dining area. In the next two days. Yep. Piece a cake!

2016 has been a bit of a gauntlet. I'm kinda looking forward to it being over. 'Till then, Happy Holidays!

Yeah, it's an old "mass-letter"! I had one on hand, so it gets used for my response to you.

Nope, can't say I have a strategy to make a manuscript go viral online. If I did, I'd use it for my own work. To be blunt, I don't know you from Adam, and you're writing to me from prison.

I've been behind bars myself, so I know not everyone in there is guilty. But I'd need to know a lot more about you before spending time on your requests - I'm very busy these days, so spare time is in short supply.

To:

James,



From:

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