



## Welcome to Brain Fart Comix Issue #1!

Hey folks, I'm Orange Zeppelin and I've been using that pseudonym for so long I don't remember what it's even supposed to mean.

I've been making art since I was old enough to use crayons without trying to eat them. Nowadays I am much more mature and have moved on to sniffing oil paints. I love working with all types of media and styles though comics have always

been of particular interest to me, and it has been a dream for a while to make a self-published zine. What you hold in your hands is the result of a lot of passion finally being brought into existence. Art continues to bring joy to my life and I hope it brings joy to you too!

-0Z

You can find more of my art on these fine antisocial networking sites!

DeviantArt: orange-zeppelin.deviantart.com

Facebook: www.facebook.com/OrangeZeppelinArt

Tumblr: orangezeppelin.tumblr.com/

Patreon: www.patreon.com/Orange\_Zeppelin

Instagram: www.instagram.com/the\_bride\_of\_cucuy/

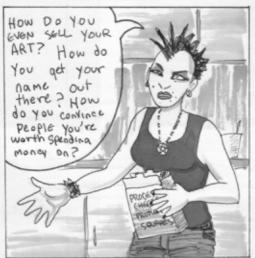














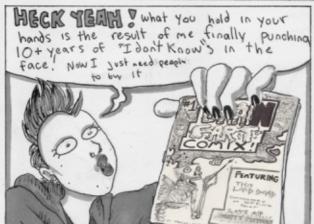








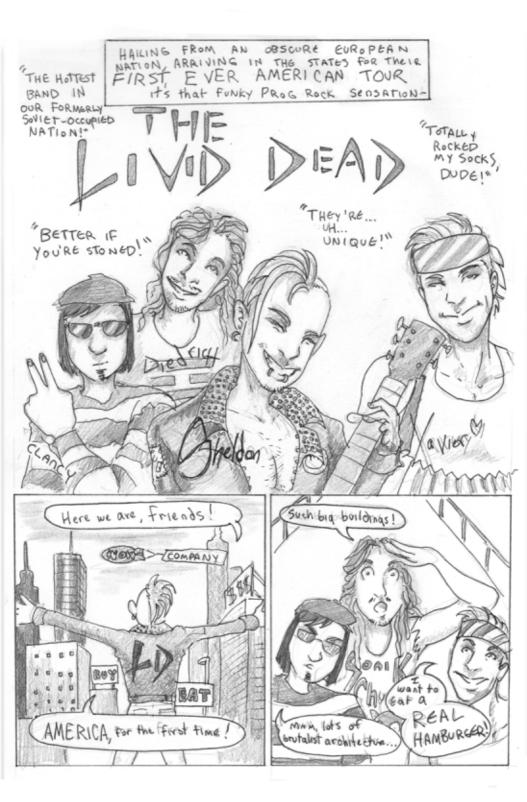


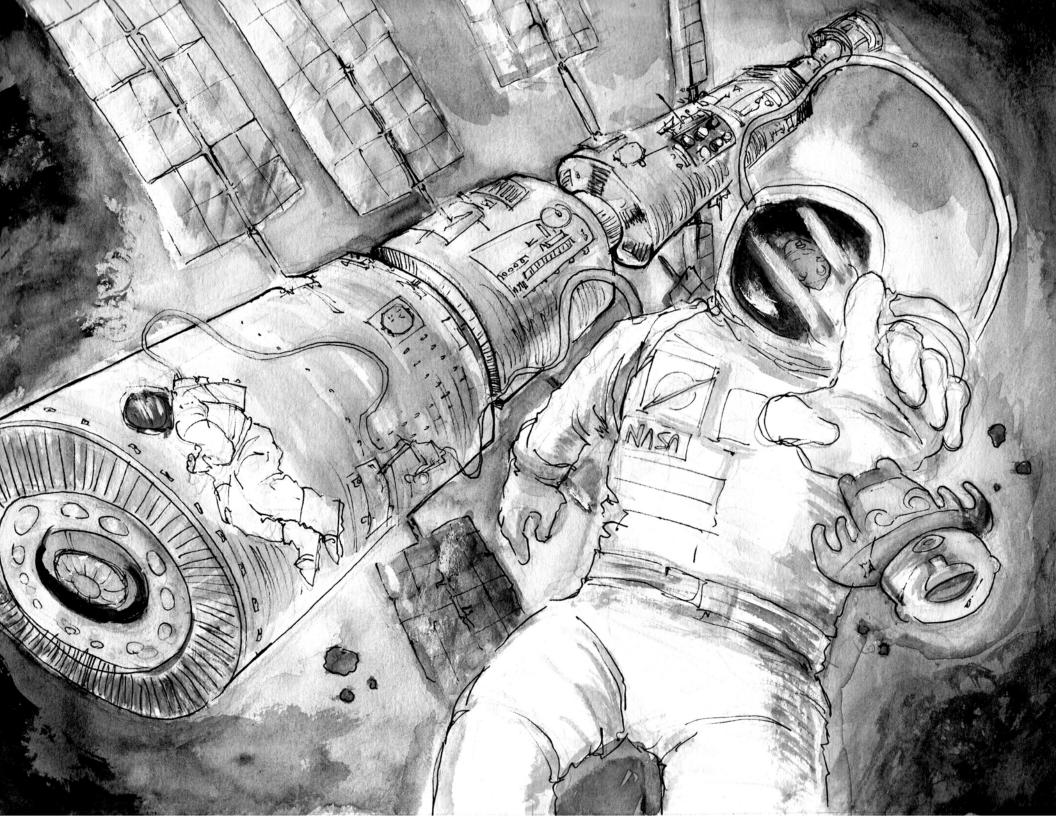


## Moral of the Stort

IF you don't know what you're doing just pretend that you do and sometimes that actually works







Material Joy: An Ode to Artistic Media

I think that just about every child has experienced the sheer delight, the delicious anticipation, the wonderful feeling of seeing brand-new crayons in a freshly opened box, perfectly molded to a tip and ready to make their literal mark upon whatever surface is in arm's reach. Even that distinctive crayon smell brings one back to their happy childhood days, as that smell was a sure sign that something creative was about to happen.

For so many artists -professionals and hobbyists alike- that feeling of joy from our materials never leaves us. Art supply stores feel like a candy store. Beautiful tubes of pigment are lined neat rainbows. Colored pencils jut out ready to be used. Canvases and wood boards are stacked up just begging to be taken home and made into a masterpiece. No artist can resist the siren call of all these wonderful things around us. We even dream of lovely new materials to work with. I'll admit to being caught nose-deep in the Jerry's Artarama catalog the way someone might be ogling a Playboy magazine

The media we work with can make us happy in the way that a musician feels passion for their beloved instrument. Even the harsh smell of turpentine can trigger fond thoughts of oil painting, (and is the exact reason my dad is fond of tequila)

(186.16) ISBJOJ

Maybe it's that association of fond memories and feelings that make us so in love with what we work with-taking us back to a day we spent in front of the easel with a cool drink on hand, sandalwood incense in the air, and Jethro Tull on the turntable. It takes us back to a happy comfortable place. So keep on enjoying your materials. Love them. Ignore the uncultured haters who shoot judgmental glances at you for taking in the subtle aroma of your oil paints. (Actually, don't sniff your paint.)
Material things may not bring happiness, but these materials can!

DIOADA

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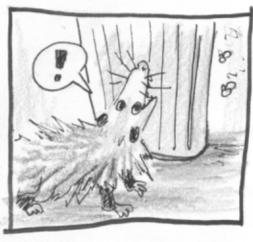






## STARRING LAST









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