



filth.

grunge.

debris.

happiness.



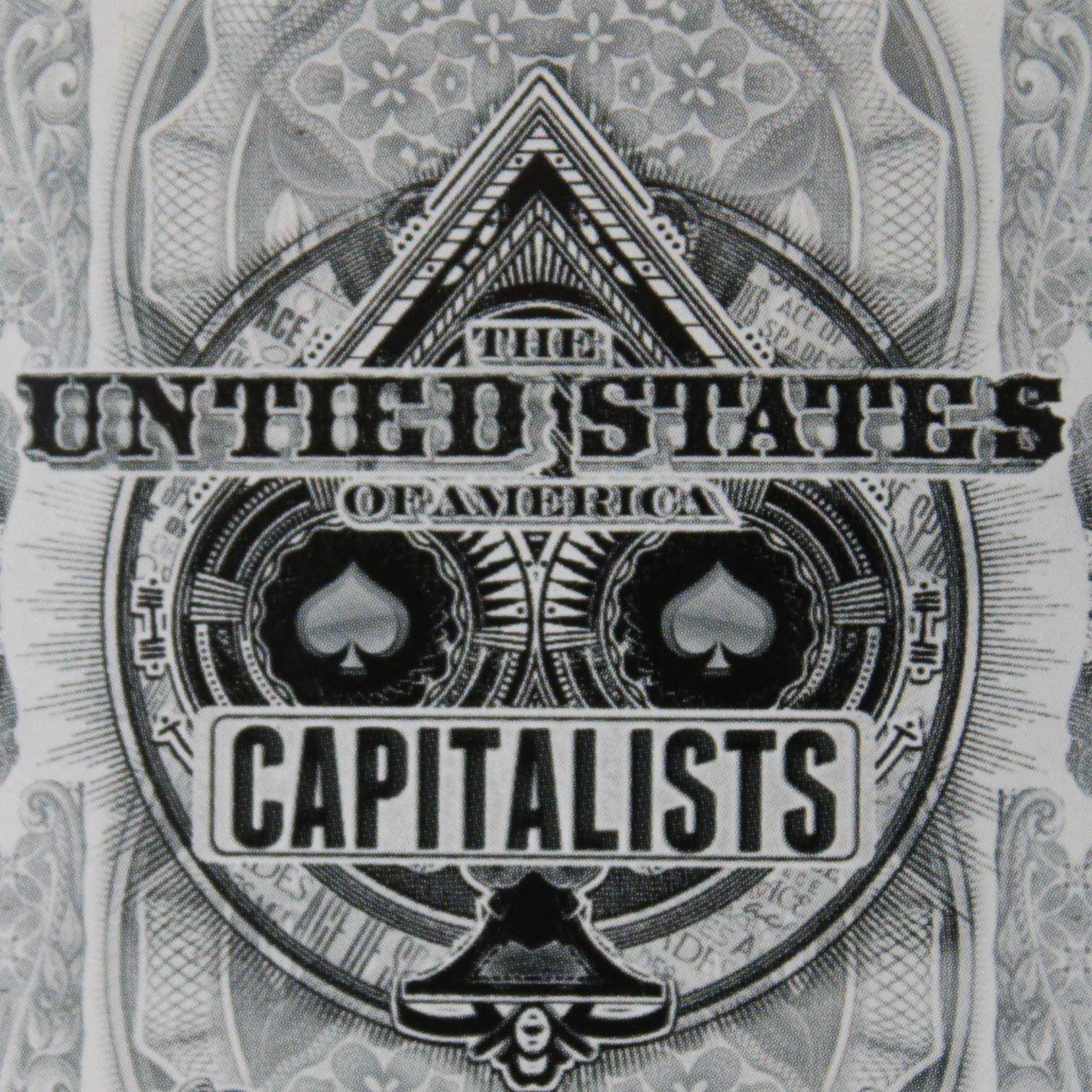
artzine #18





AND
ANDRIA
UP AND SCRATCH

EX
STEPPED

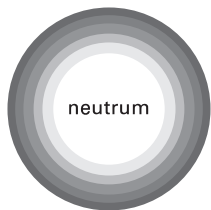


neutrum

nachdenklich



neutrum



neutral.

you know what they say about good times, don't you?

that's right.
soon this will all be over.

oh, no. this...
this is much worse.

you?
you don't have much time.
no one does.

no.
by now there's nothing anyone can do about it.

i'm glad you understand.
...

leaving this world is

yeah.

...
good times never last.

i had a feeling this would catch up with me.

...
are they onto me?

how long do i have?

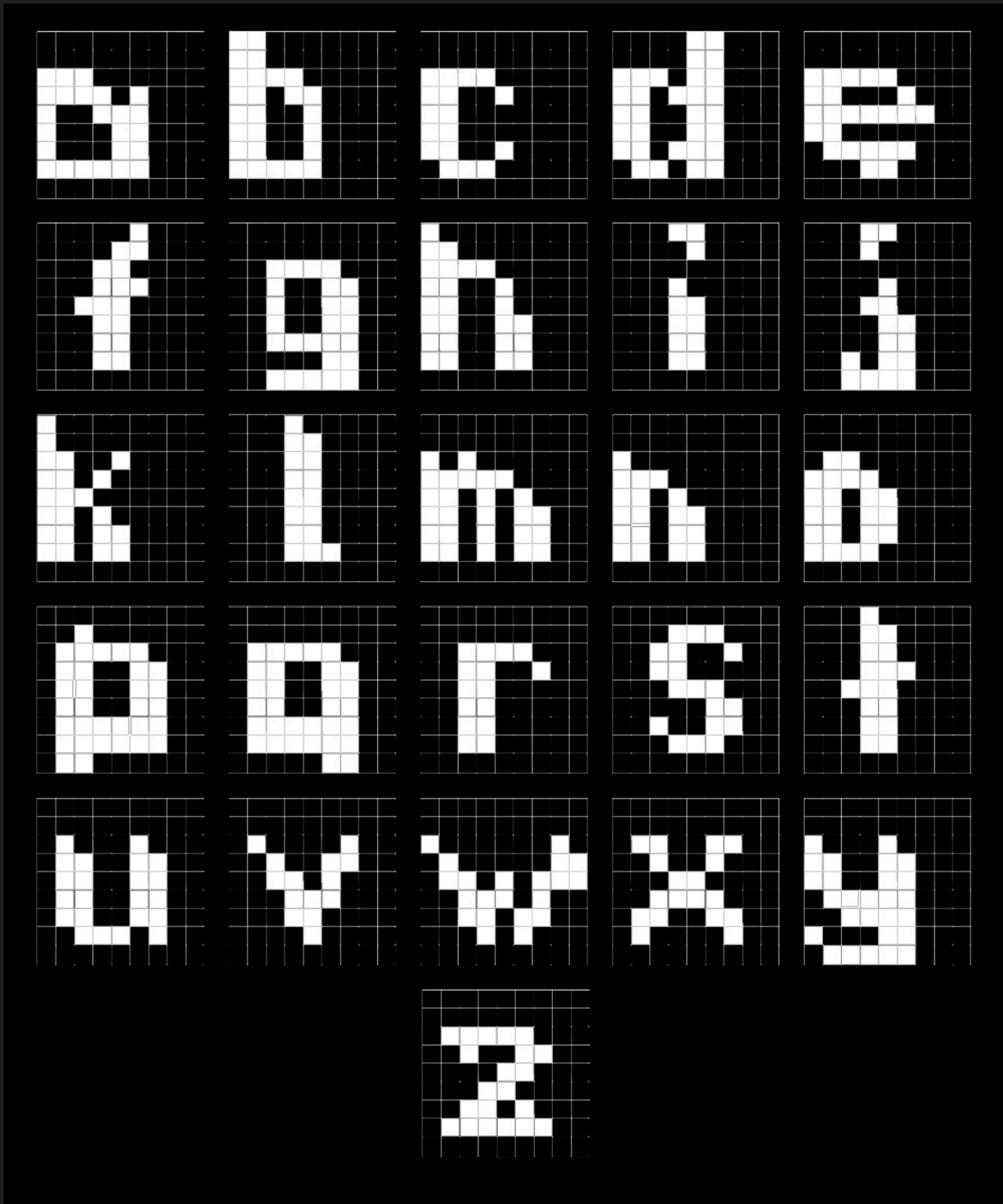
there's nothing i can do about it, right?

okay.
no need to fight it then.

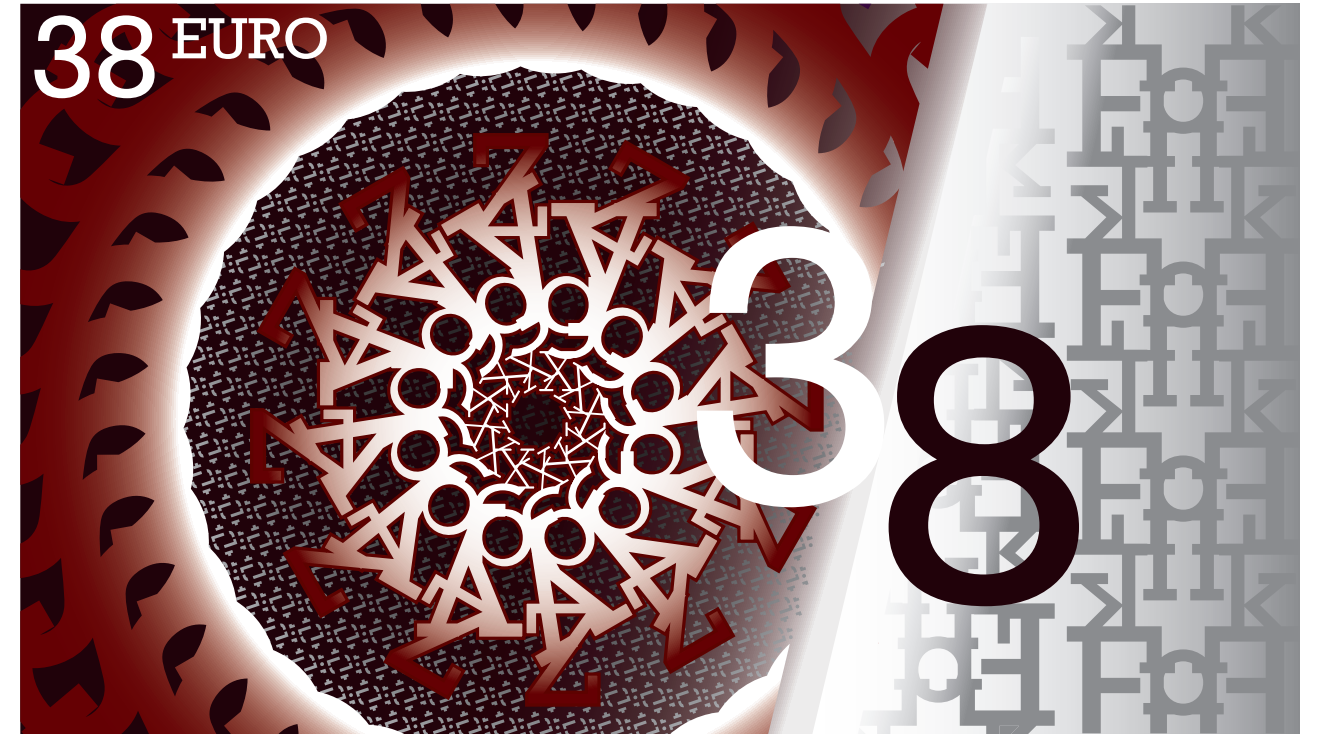
not as scary as it sounds.

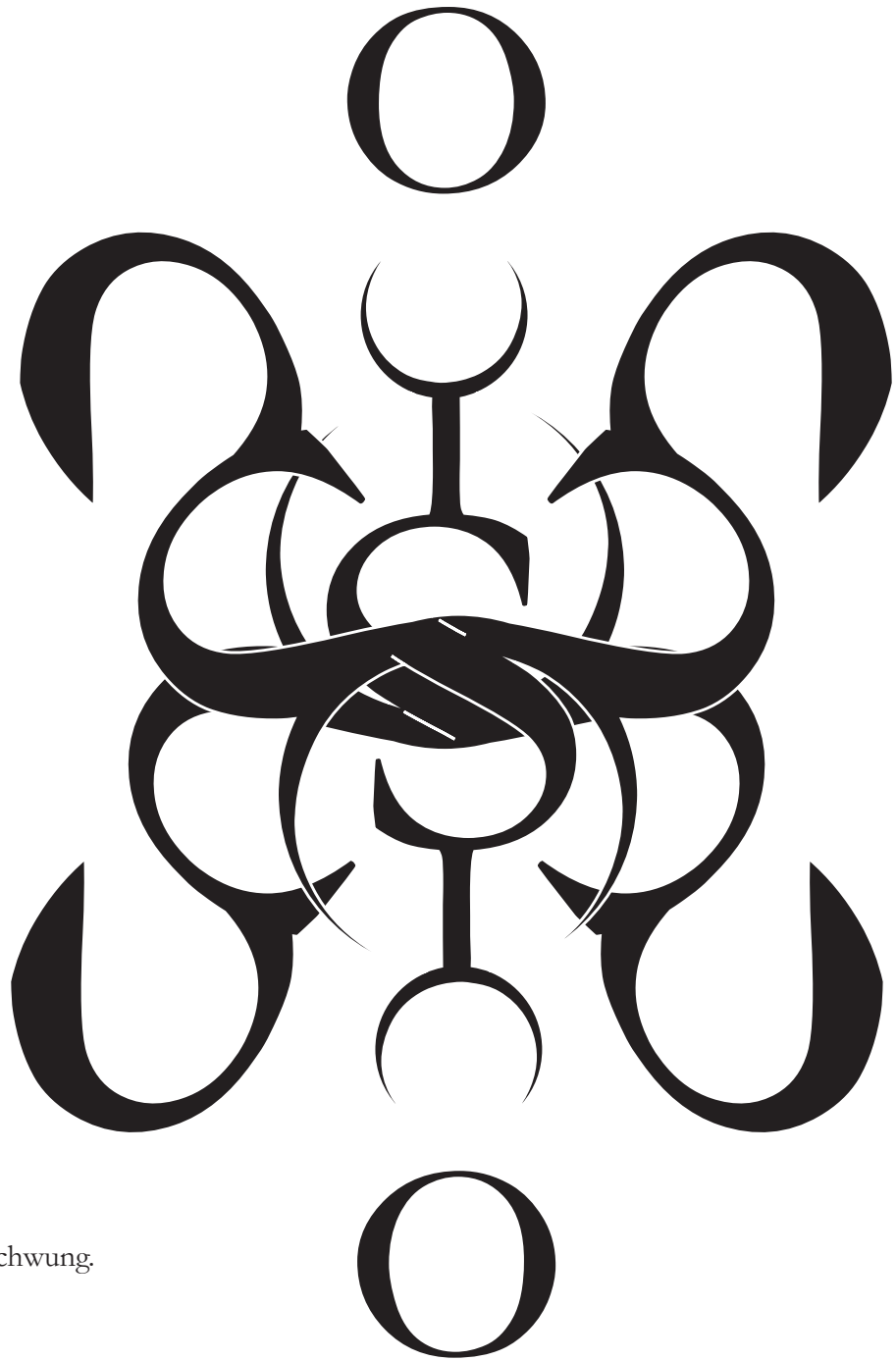


NUCLEAR PIXELS



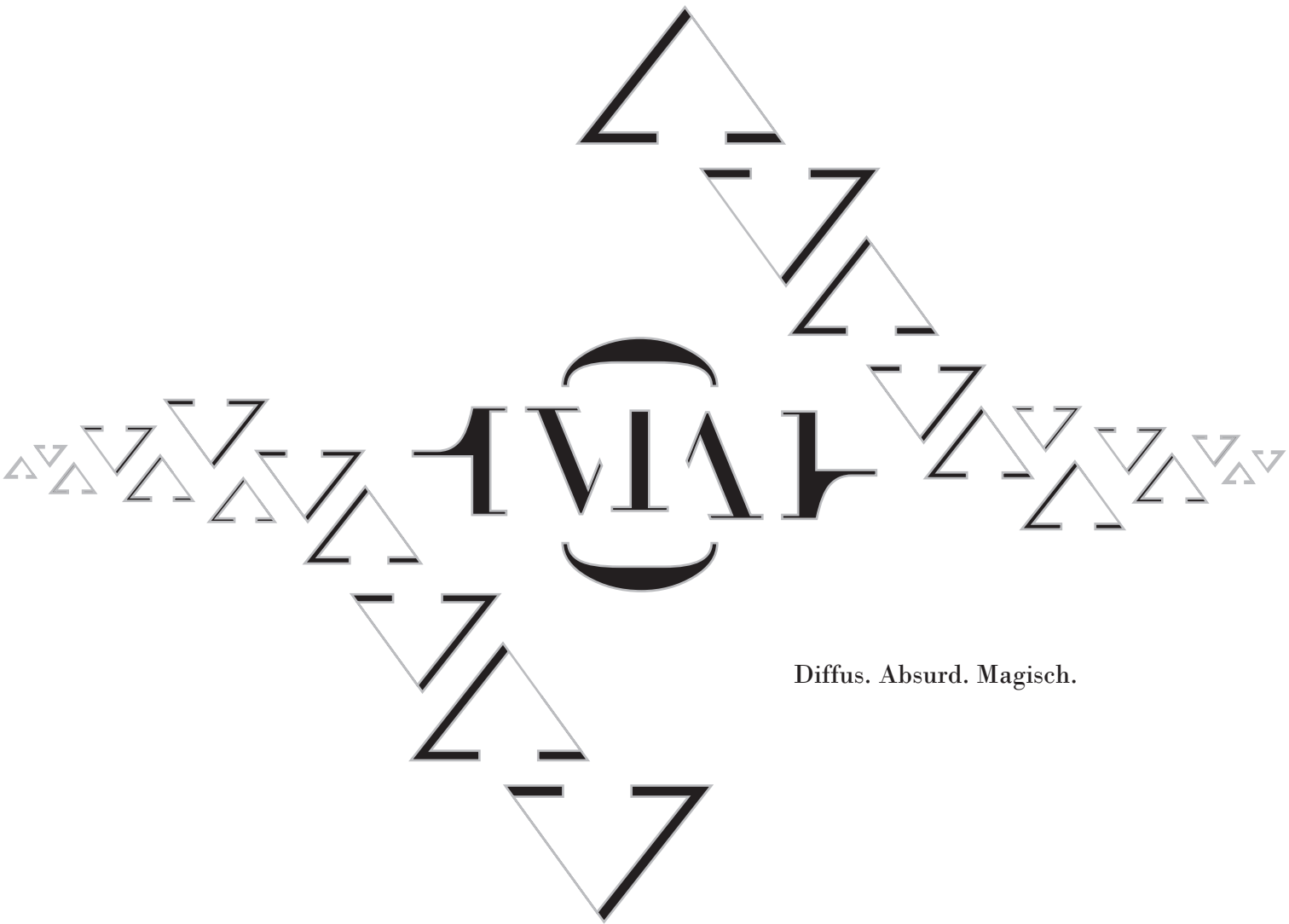
Eisernes Geld.
In eisernen Zeiten.





Eleganz und Schwung.
Renaissance.







FF BAU

Designed
by **Christian
Schwartz**

Als Vorlage diente hierbei die
**Schelersche
Grotesk,**

eine Druckschrift der Schrift-
gießerei Schelter & Giesecke.
Diese wurde um 1880 entwor-
fen und vor allem in der Des-
sauer Designschule „Bauhaus“
eine der bevorzugten Schriften.

Schwartz begann, auf Anregung
Erik Spiekermanns, mit einer
Neuinterpretation
der Schrift.

Er orientierte sich dabei eng
am Vorbild: die drei ursprüngli-
chen Strichstärken der Schel-
terschen Grotesk bildeten die
Basis für die Regular, **Medium**
und **Bold** Variante der FF Bau.

Er nimmt zwar kleine Änderun-
gen vor, möchte aber den Spirit
und die Wärme der historischen
Schrift einfangen.



Die Extrafette Variante, genannt
SUPER,
wurde von Grund auf, ohne his-
torische Vorlage, neu designt.

WASSER

Kloppen

Mud on his hands,

of a thousand potatoes he had to harvest.

Blood on his toes,

of 297 cows he had to slaughter.

LAUGHTER, LAUGHTER, LAUGHTER!

But, still he had...

12 pigs, 89 sheep, 45 horses and 603071 ants... left.

He wasn't after the money,

he was a man of -

§ “ / (= & ! ? ` ; _ # *

LAUGHTER!

. . .
. . .
. . .

Bob Peck, at his home in North Carolina, reads some of his political work

BOB

was born in 1929 in Columbus, Indiana (population 47,775), where everyone called him mouse, and he started planting hairy-footed worms when he was six years old. "This was right before my parents divorced for the second time and when their separation was," he says.

He lived with his father and was interested in books, art and theater. In high school he played basketball and football. "I was this weird kid that did sports because that was what was expected of boys," he says.

"When I was a teen-ager I started to fixate on girls with who I was. My sexuality began to come into the picture, and I received a very subtle message of 'No!'"

The father would kick him out of the house for minor infractions, like skipping class. "None of Campbell's magazines." "One time he threw me out in his own jacket and under pressure because he found a thing in my car," says says. "And he was a guy who would drink a bunch of raw whiskey regularly. We were over a dozen, having hands and both partying a lot."

It made me feel disposable, he says, so late one night, on a windy beach, he drove to a cornfield and loaded his shotgun. When he in hand, he rode across the field and we ignited a single crow, when he threw a stick easily enough to push the trigger back, he couldn't reach it with the barrel in hand. The window in the morning passed out underneath the tree, an empty liquor bottle and the shotgun beside him. "I guess I had thought, if I go through with this, how will I get to California to be a champion?"

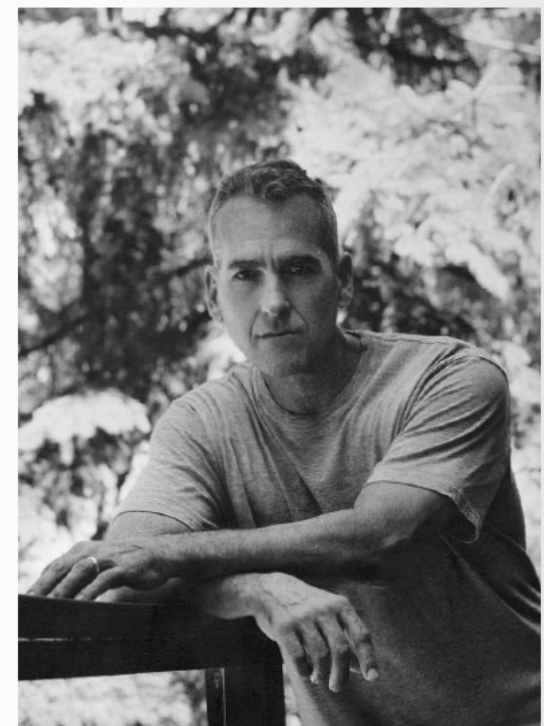
“ He woke up in the morning passed out underneath the tree, an empty liquor bottle & the shotgun beside him. I guess I had thought, if I go through with this, how will I get to California to be a champion? ”

By this point, we had discovered body-building. One day at school, while on an errand for a teacher, he found an untanned weight machine in a nearby garage. He knew he had been working for his whole life. He was one with the machine, he says and plays the role in an imitation of the body. "The physical effort went right. This was the '70s, when weightlifting wasn't as rigorous for teenage boys, so his parents made him read out even more than he thought he already did."

"After I'd been making a little while, I went to a newspaper to buy a bodybuilding magazine," he says. "And there was this copy of *Adonis* magazine with a picture of me in a black and white on the cover. A hell sort of moment: I was at this momentary stage in my life when I could've gone either way. I grabbed it, and I just wanted to give me the form like and my friends played games. But we parted here, and the thing just began to wear me away from that path and give me something to really think on."

If there was a real moment to his interest, it was deeply fulfilled. "The magazine in those days were very informative. It was about learning the craft."

so much to college, where he majored in English, but he swiftly dropped out to immerse himself in writing and did not see his life in his dream of being a bodybuilder. He barely moved in Florida to live with his grandparents and worked his first summer for which his grandfathers would hire for part of picking trucks. He moved to California in the past of Texas's beach scene, the final job of the bodybuilding world, and began his real career, writing summer columns like Mr. I. on Angeles in light and turning pro in spite. With his childhood friends and



Excuse me, sir...

You need to go home, I guess...

Adrian Wirtensohn

Fotobuch Typografie
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