DISTRACTIONS

A trip with Roberta

by COLIN CADOGAN Distractions Reviewer

In the past I've only reviewed comic magazines. This week, I'm doing a full-fledged book, something like a "Garfield" Treasury, by Munro Ferguson called "The Adventures of Roberta."

Ferguson graduated from the University of Toronto with a degree in philosophy, and a sample of his work in "Roberta" has already appeared in the Brunswickan.

Ralph (her Uncie Bork and he had come to see the project). In each of the different universes, Roberta meets many wierd characters; among them, an astronaut known as Major Premise who tends to fall asleep in high-stress situations.

We are also given a peek inside the Hespeler Institute of Peculiar and Different Sciences where Uncle Bork, a scientist, works. Bork feels responsible for Roberta's disappearance and makes a great effort to get her back so she



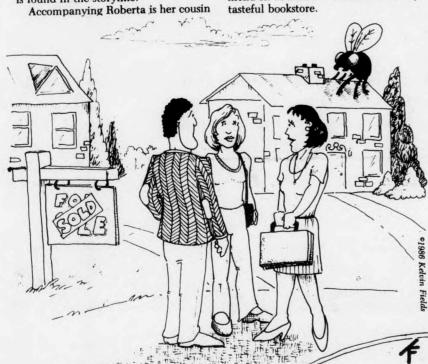
After Roberta's accident (the atomic particle accelerator she was building as a school project blew up) she is transported into several different worlds. During her travels, we get a parody of science, philosophy, and accounting.

The art is straightforward and effective. The real entertainment, however, is found in the storyline.

doesn't miss school on Monday.

Also, we are shown that there are other universes, which can be reached by being sucked into a black hole. we find out the truth behind the physical laws of the universe, and discover the importance of carbonated soft-drinks.

Take a trip with Roberta through a myriad of other universes, I recommend it. It should be available at any testeful bookstore.



YOUR NEIGHBOR? THAT'S PROF. STEINBERG, GENETICS ENGINEER I THINK!

"JUS' BRING THE PIZZA
"TO THE SHICG LITTLE HOUSE "
WITH ALL THE SHICG WINDOWS "
HEY SURPS WHERE'D ALL THESE
WINDOWS COME FROM ?". AND
SHICG WHERE'S ALL MY SURPS
FURNITURE? "OMI SHICG
COSH "I'VE BEEN ROBRED "





Gomies Survey

Old story nice new wrapping

By CAL RIFKIN Distractions Reviewer

Armor is the latest series from Continuity Comics, the graphics alternative publisher headed artist Neal Adams.

The plot is old, but well handled in the capable hands of Adams. Aliens plan to conquer Earth by eliminating any possible opposition. The alien commander mentions some sort of galactic police and how he and his armada must work quickly to avoid detection by their patrols.

In the middle of all this is a small Canadian town. (Why Canadian, I don't know. Probably just to set it apart from the norm.) Two brothers are taken aboard the commander's vessel unknown to each other, and each assumes the other dead. This issue centres on Jack who becomes "Armor", a partially mechanical super-warrior to be used as a slave by the aliens. You can see what's coming.

The story has been done before, but is well dialogued and moves at a brisk pace. The artwork is excellent. Pencilled by Tom Grindsberg and inked by

Neal Adams, it harkens back to Adams' days in comics in the late sixties and, in some instances, surpasses it. Beautifully

drawn and great panel-page design assists in the story's pace.

"Armor" sells for \$2.50 Canadian and includes a back-up story, also in the Adams style, starring "The Basics", four super-powered humans called: Urth, Ayre, Watr, and Fyre. Guess

what their powers are. I don't like teams and this one is no exception. The art is superb, but there's not much story

to go with it. The first issue of "Armor" is available at direct sales outlets or at Wilkie's booth at Saturday's Farmer's



The soggy saga of Detective Brian McGee

Do you know me? My name is Brian McGee. Mine is the most feared name of all the crime detectors, or as you amateurs call it, detectives, in the world. Other references to me have been coined as; 'Dick' of which I am most proud. You guys, no offence to the female gender, but you guys also know me as a snoop, sleuth, private eye, magnum, a Dick Tracy. MMM-MMM There goes that dick again. This medium of the media is not the right place to expose such innocent babes to the vulgarities of the real world. Anyways, it would be too embarrasing to list them all, and it would take too bloody long.

By now you want to know what I look like, so that as you read these incredible stories of intrigue and adventure, you will have positioned in your minds eye, the glorious detective, the fabulous detective, the detective who makes Sherlock Holmes look like a hot dog vendor with a tutu on. (What the

hell is that supposed to mean????).

Well I am approximately one meter and a half tall, which includes my hat, (While I am wearing my skates). My face betrays no emotion on critical assignments when I test my steel nerves, against the cold cruel cons of Canada. My facial growth, of which I am so proud, lacks the ability to fully cover my facial features, which would other wise stop all crime and leave me unemployed. My body is in apex form with muscles layered on muscles. Unfortunately for me the muscles are not layered onto any bone of substantial strength, thereby leaving me to the mercy of my inane ability in the master art of "Jit Su Nin Gee How U Kik" form of martial art.

For now, that is enough of my personal self. I now must recount my stories of action and intriguing adventure.

Some time ago, I was called into the office of the Prime Minister of Canada, the right honourable Mr. Myron Baloney. Minister Baloney was quite perturbed. 'Listen Brian', he said to me. 'It seems that there is a big stink in one of my departments, the minister of animal welfare, without portfolio of course has allowed the release for sale of fifteen million cans of contaminated urina cat chow.'

At this point I thought he was goin to cry. Then he blubbered out 'My wife has a pet alley cat, and that's the only thing her...UMM..Cat will eat. What am I to do?' I gripped my genuine, southern Mississippi corn cob pipe, between my teeth and displayed a siloutte of deep thought. That was when I noticed that it was the tobacco smoke that was making him cry, not the thought of his wife's...UMM...Cat. Having the utmost respect for the P.M., I quickly put the pipe in the pocket of his tweed jacket.

TODAY'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE Bad: Prefix 50 Blunder 51 Ace 4 Lariat 52 Famed inst a Black tea 14 Cuckoo 15 — Re-54 Come 58 Roost tired 60 Good King 16 Severe 17 Drawl area 61 Italian poet 62 Jacob's son 19 Author Horatio 64 Charmed 66 Cubic meter 20 Dispute 1 Pronoun 67 Encore 68 Limb 69 Obsolete 23 British qu 70 Skin: Suffix 24 Golfers 71 Before 37 Wharf estants 26 Welsh 12 Riviera sea 40 Dolt 29 Bond DOWN 31 Split hatter 13 Gas: Prefix 45 Unusual 33 British Col-18 Horseplayer: Br. 24 Tableware 53 Stand umbia river 55 — Sam 56 Guide 36 Cut 4 Stand 25 Tumbled 38 Eggs 57 Lawn border daughter 39 Grain stack 28 Disunites 6 Maltreat 7 Leashes 30 Monogram 61 American 41 Sparkle 8 Clinging 9 Semitic god 10 Time term 33 Coarse naps 44 Wine casks 63 R.R. stop 46 Rents 11 Some Prot-35 Cilia NOT THE REPORT OF THE PERSON O

NEXT WEEK
THE CANADIAN CANNED CAT CHOW CAPER