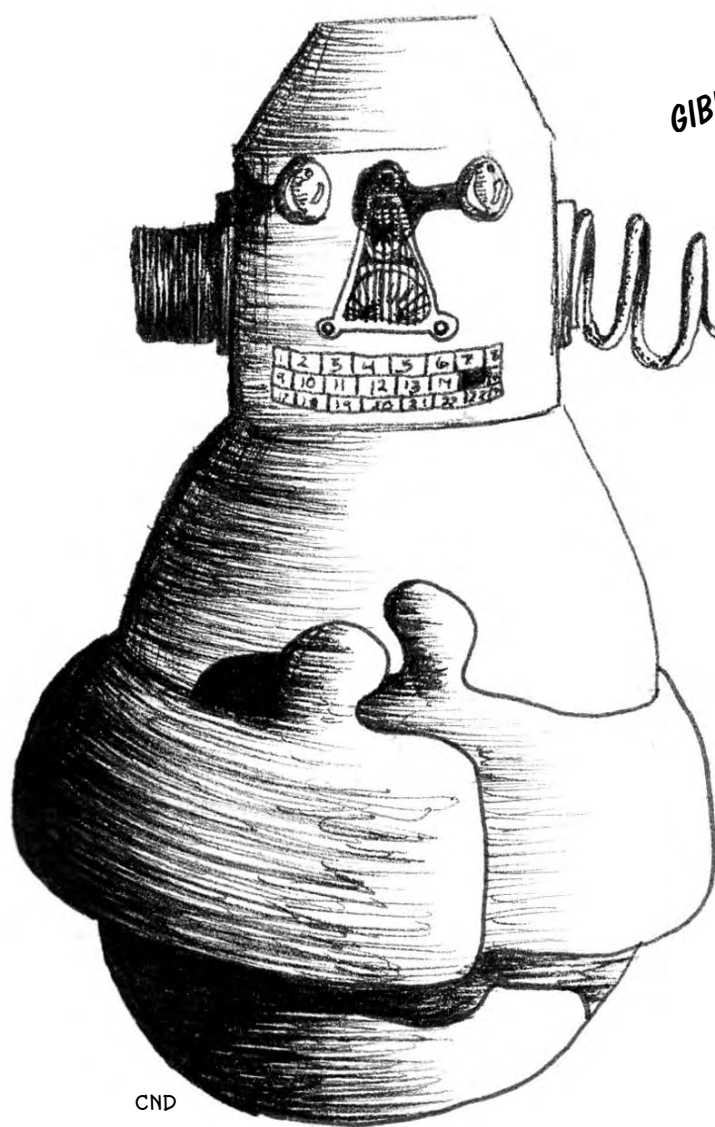


# SOUR GRAPES

## REMIX 2015



GIBBERISH!

SCRIBBLES!

DOODLES!

SKETCHES!

NON SEQUITORS!

DEAD ENDS!

ABSURDITIES!

NONSENSE!

SURREALISM!

**Anthology of Oddities**

# Chock full o' Weirdness!

## A Brief History of Sour Grapes

What is this all about?

Mostly it is a collection of sketches and doodles mixed with some comics and illustrations first published in a series of free papers/fanzines in Athens, Ohio in the mid-1990's.

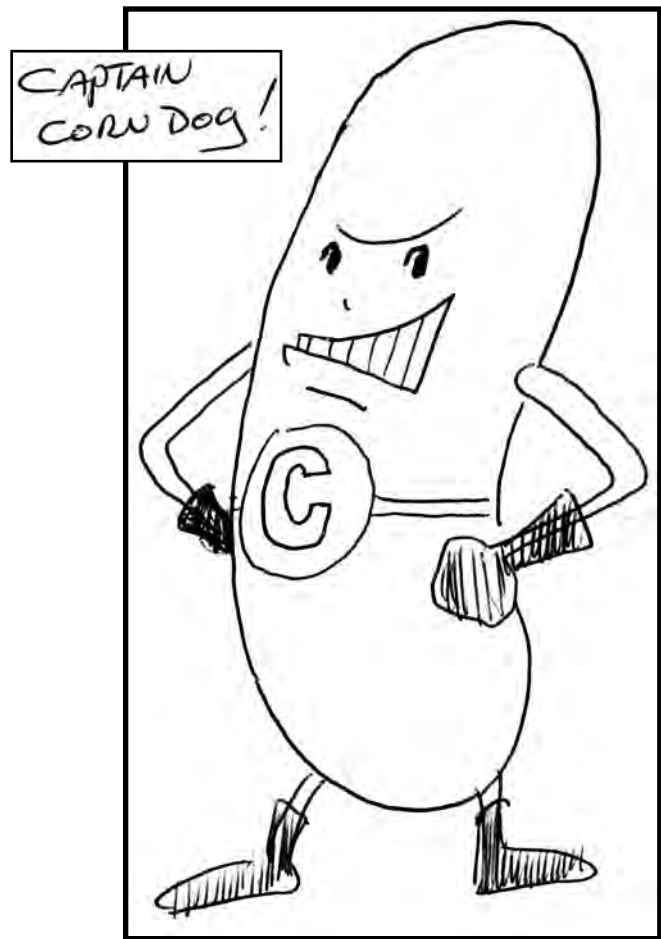
The concept of Sour Grapes was initially conceived by Christopher Dillon as an underground forum for some of his illustrations and comics. The actual original run of Sour Grapes came into the world as something a little different. Edited and published primarily by Dillon and Todd Dunbebin, the publication regularly featured contributions from a variety of different writers and artists. Some created comics, some provided spot illustrations, some wrote reviews of indie and punk records as well as interviews with rock bands. Local businesses were spotlighted and events calendars were announced. In short, it was a grab-bag representation of the indie and underground scene in Athens at the time. The collaborators had lot of fun putting the issues together but eventually they moved on to other projects and Sour Grapes was retired.

The bulk of the material presented in this anthology was created by Christopher Dillon and original contributor Jeff Kilgore, with a primary focus on cartoon and illustration imagery. Some of the material is reprinted from various issues of the original publication while other pieces are more recently created. A few items are previously unpublished but date back to the last decade or so of the twentieth century.

Enjoy!



CND



JMK



**L**ATE AT NIGHT IS  
WHEN IT BEGINS...

**MORTALITY**

**LACK OF  
DIRECTION**

**FINANCES...**

**NO  
LOVE...**

**DISEASE...**



... THE THOUGHTS AND FEARS  
THAT TORMENT MY SOUL...



...AND KEEP  
ME FROM  
MUCH NEEDED  
SLEEP...



**TAD  
MUCH**



**DRAIN BAMAGE!**



**WOTTA  
RELEEF!**

**NOW I KIN GET  
SUM SLEEP!**

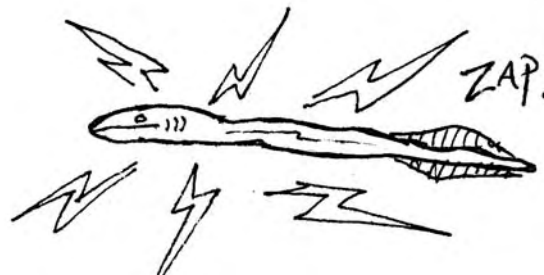
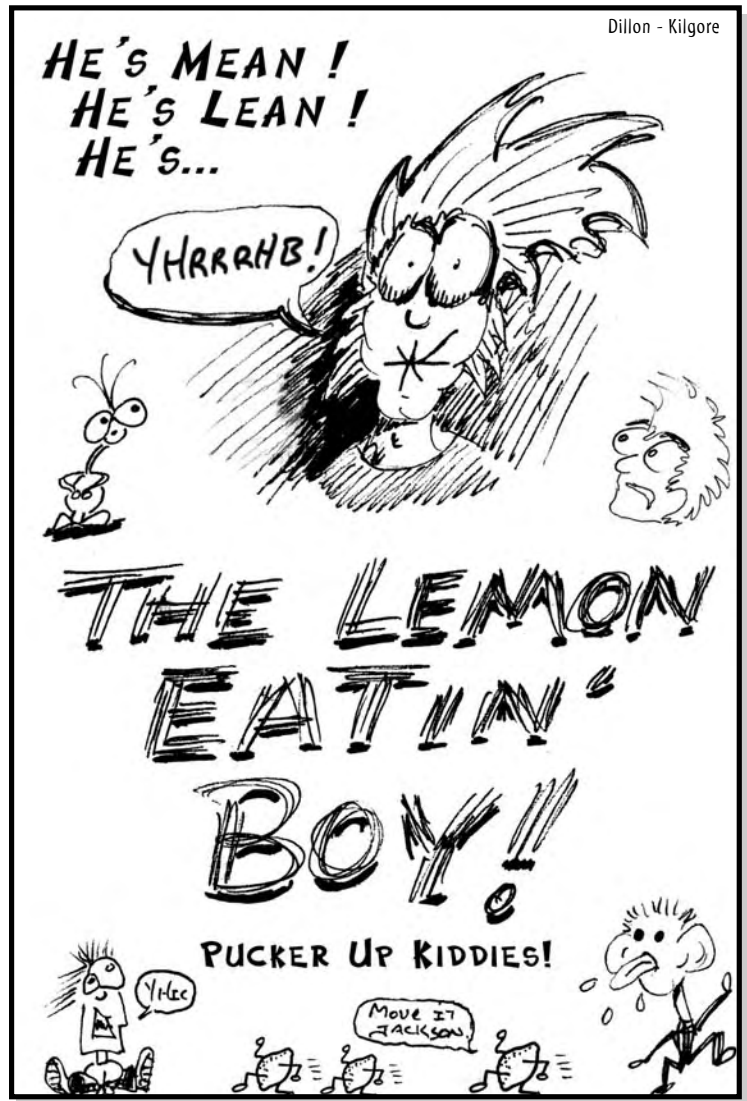
© by  
J. KILGORE

# TROGLODYTE

Episode One

CNDillon

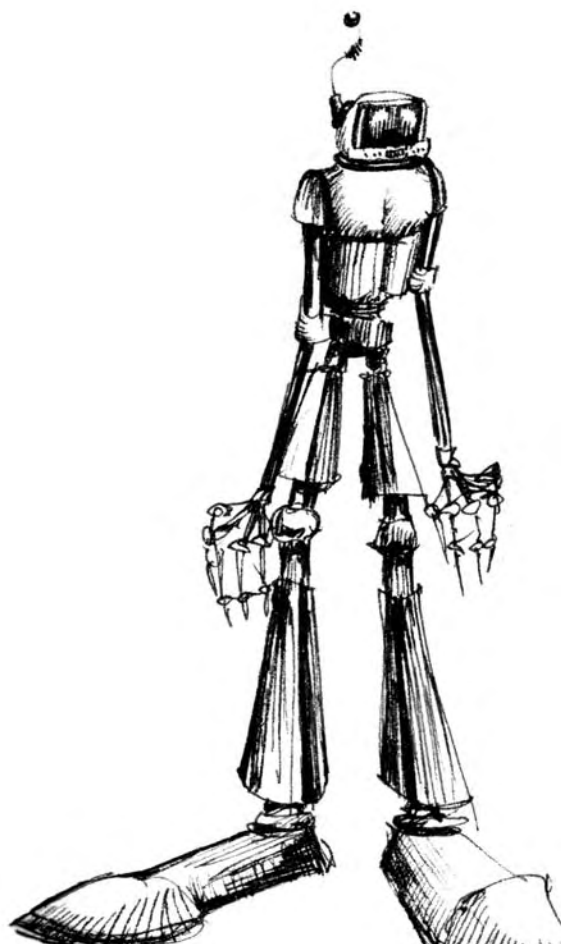
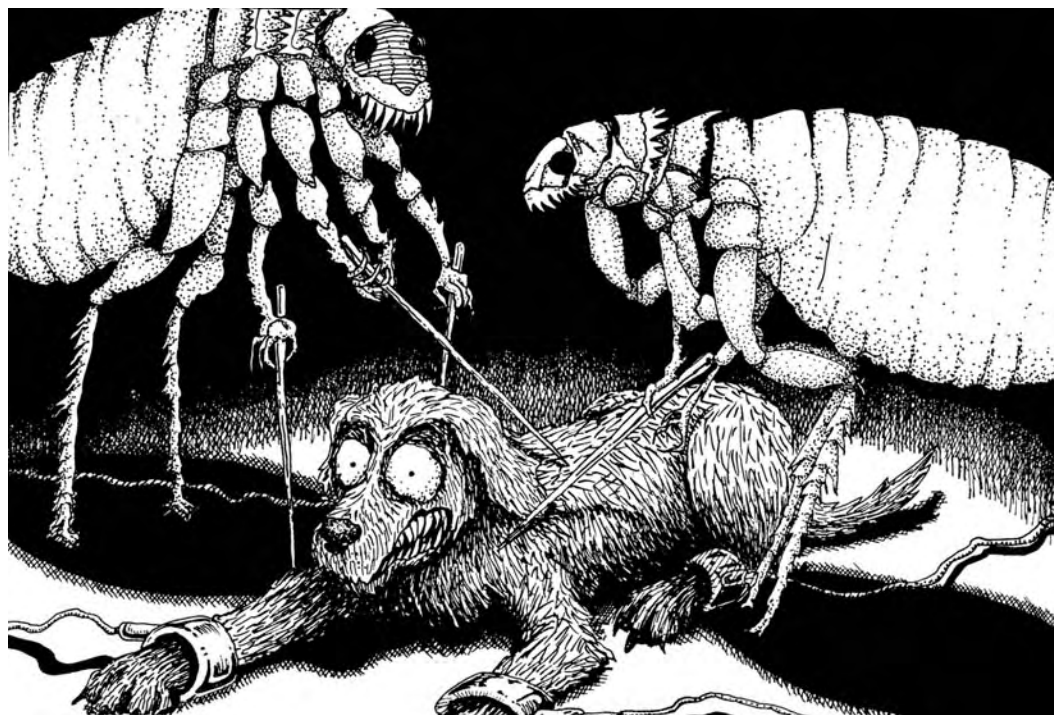
Dillon - Kilgore



## COLD WAR BY CNDILLON



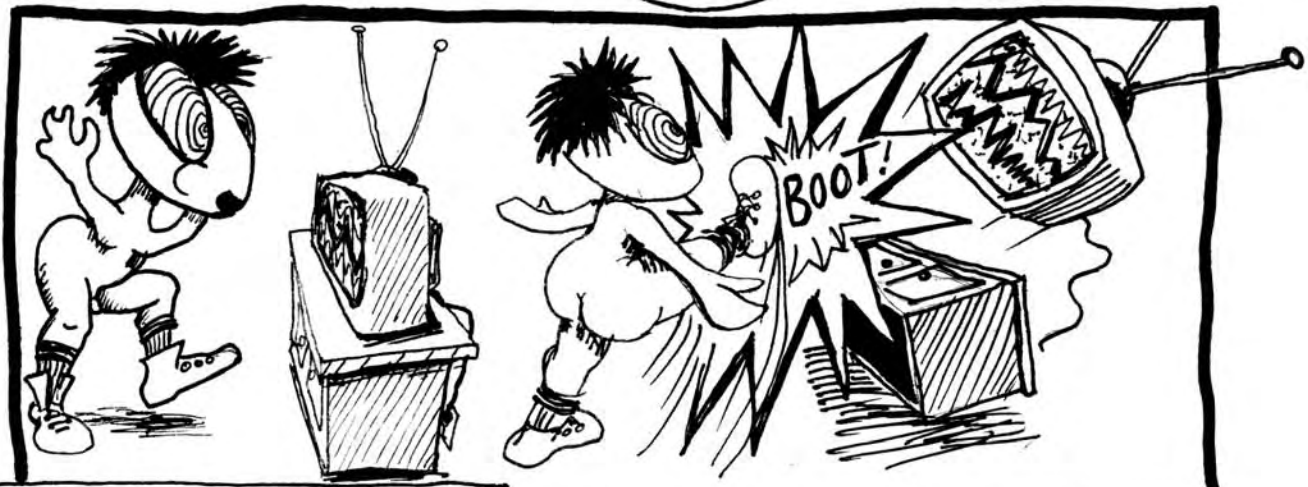
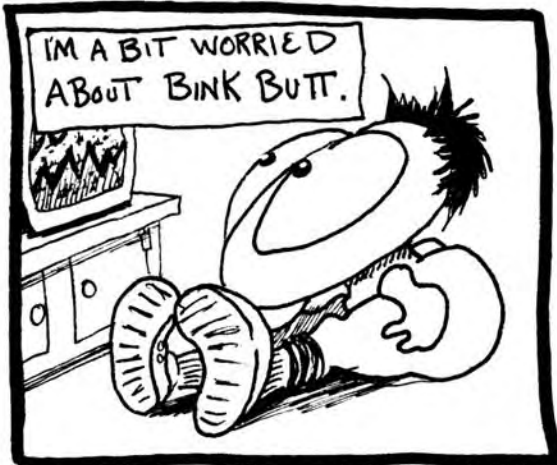
DRAWINGS BY DILLON





# BINK BUTT

words: Kilgore pics: Dillon

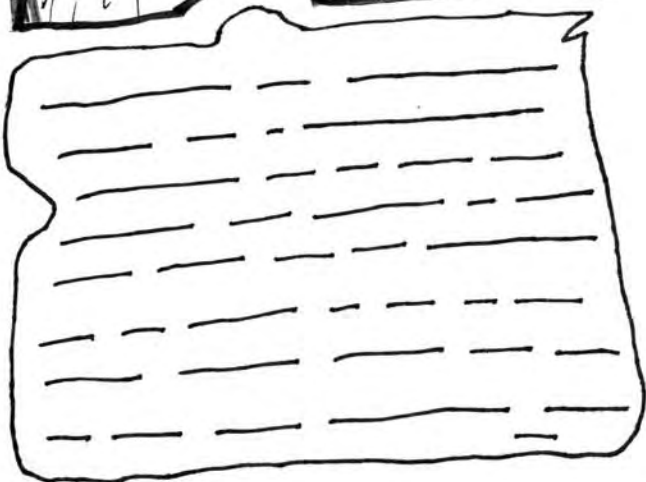
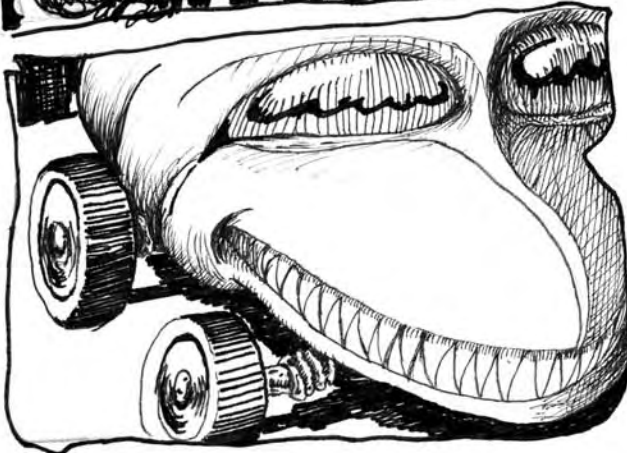


IF HE COULD HARNESS THESE INCREDIBLE ENERGIES, HE WOULD ACHIEVE MUCH MORE THAN YOU OR I...





BY C. BIESTER





# TROGLODYTE

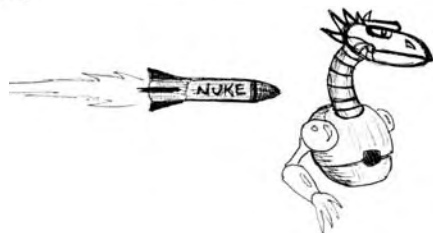
Episode Two

by CNDillon



Late at night voices would talk to me...

trog, man, it's an evil world...  
cruelty  
people hate you...  
fear loneliness  
despair

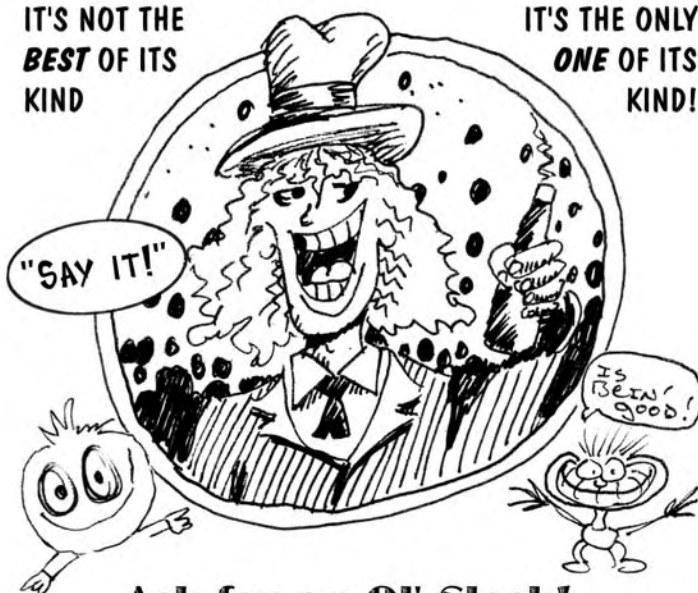


# FOAM HILTON'S

## SLOSHEN FOSHEN

IT'S NOT THE  
**BEST** OF ITS  
KIND

IT'S THE ONLY  
**ONE** OF ITS  
KIND!



Ask for an Ol' Slosh!

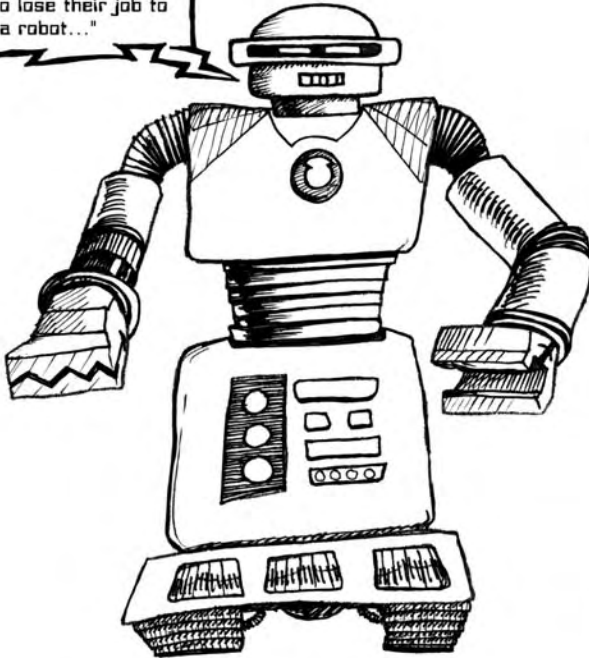
Dillon - Kilgore



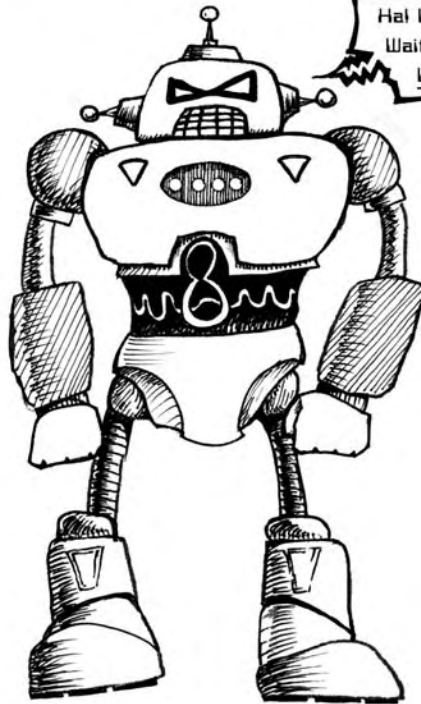
# BULLY BOTS

The Beat-'Em-Up Robots You Can't Control!

He said, "No one likes to lose their job to a robot..."



Ha! What a chump! Wait'll he loses his WIFE to a robot!



Dillon - Kilgore

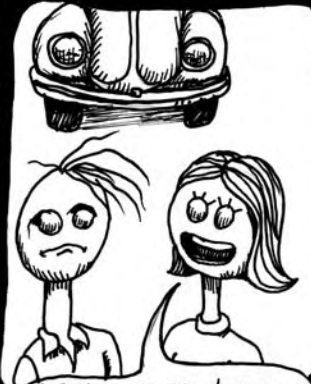
## DECISIONS, DECISIONS!



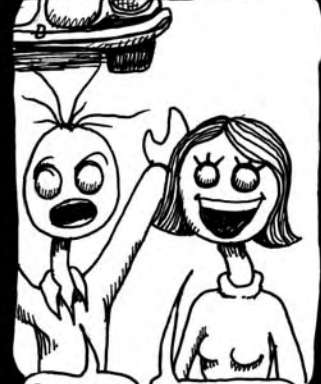
OH, JANET! I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER I WANT THE GREEN CAR OR THE BLUE CAR!



OH, RICHARD! DON'T YOU SEE? NO MATTER WHICH CAR YOU PICK YOU WILL BE UNHAPPY WITH YOUR CHOICE!



WE HUMANS AREN'T PROPERLY EQUIPPED TO MAKE RESPONSIBLE DECISIONS. THEREFORE WE ARE BOUND TO FAIL IF WE TRY.



BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO?

JUST LET THE ALL-POWERFUL DEITY DECIDE FOR YOU!



HE, SHE or IT WILL KNOW EXACTLY WHICH CAR IS JUST RIGHT FOR YOU!



WOW, JANET!! I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER! A TREMENDOUS BURDEN HAS BEEN LIFTED FROM ME!

THAT'S RIGHT, RICHARD! REMEMBER: the BEST DECISION IS NO DECISION!



C'MON! LET'S GO GET A SODA, OR AN EGGNOG, OR MAYBE SOME FILAFEL!

I'M WITH YOU! THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I'M NOT!

BE LIKE RICHARD: TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR LIFE & turn IN-DECISION into NON-DECISION!



# TROGLODYTE

by CNDillon

Episode Three



Nero <sup>the</sup> NUTBUSTERS



Oi! WHERE'Z DA CARP??

# Dr. Kilgore's World of Monsters!





# ADVENTURES OF THE NUDE SQUAT TEAM

BY CNDILLON



# GINGER ALE THEATRE

words by Kilgore, pix by Dillon

I'm alone.

My hands shake as I strike a match and light the single candle sitting on the coffee table. Anticipation gnaws within.

As I settle back into my chair, I detect the scent of stale tobacco and cheap liquor. I can hear the faint sound of soft, melancholy music...and I immediately know that I am no longer in my comfortable chair. I am no longer in my home.

I don't have to look at my watch - I know what time it is.

Every night...

...in my head...

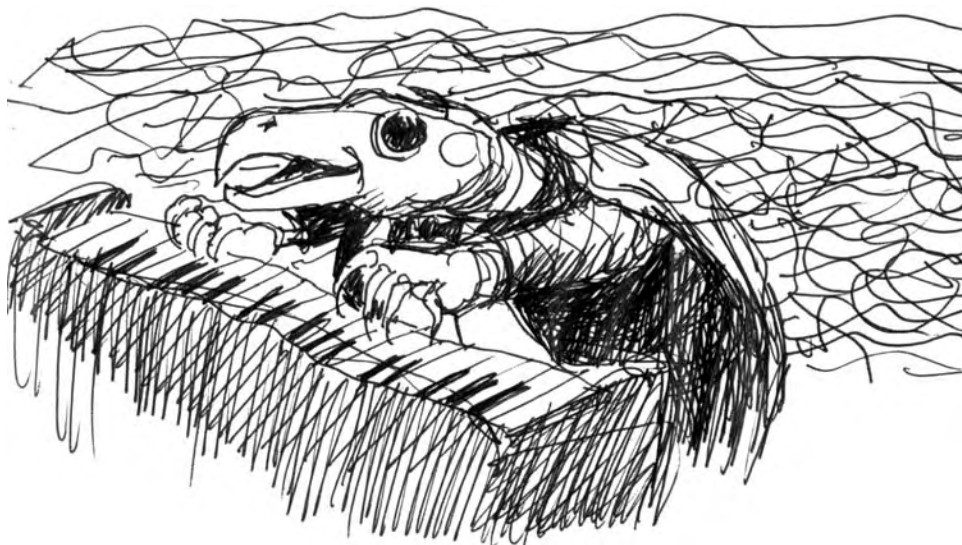
...it's nine o'clock.

Time for Ginger Ale Theatre!

I look around and notice row upon row of empty seats. Only a couple dozen people in the audience tonight. Some I recognize, like Old Man Lindsay and his Young Bride, Kitty. Most are strangers to me. Cold flesh with empty souls. I stroll down the threadbare aisle and take my usual seat in the fifth row as the house lights dim and the curtain rises. And I see...

HOLY CATFISH! The opening act tonight is Dr. Zambo Jeky and his Mogo Gumption Band! The good doctor is making an unscheduled appearance tonight apparently, as a performance by the Mogo Gumption Band always sells out months in advance.

"Mo Hombo, ladies an' gentlemen." The doctor bows deeply and picks up his guitar. He begins to pick out the opening notes to one of the band's most popular songs, Daddy's Starch. I settle back and order a pint of Zyborgus Stout. This is going to be a great night...



Before I finish my drink, a full 30 minutes have passed. The band had alternated between performing amazing music and demonstrating cooking tips on stage.

As could be expected, the usual events that occur during a Dr. Jeky concert took place; a young couple leaped onstage and swore to give up eating meat. Several people burst into tears while swearing complete allegiance to

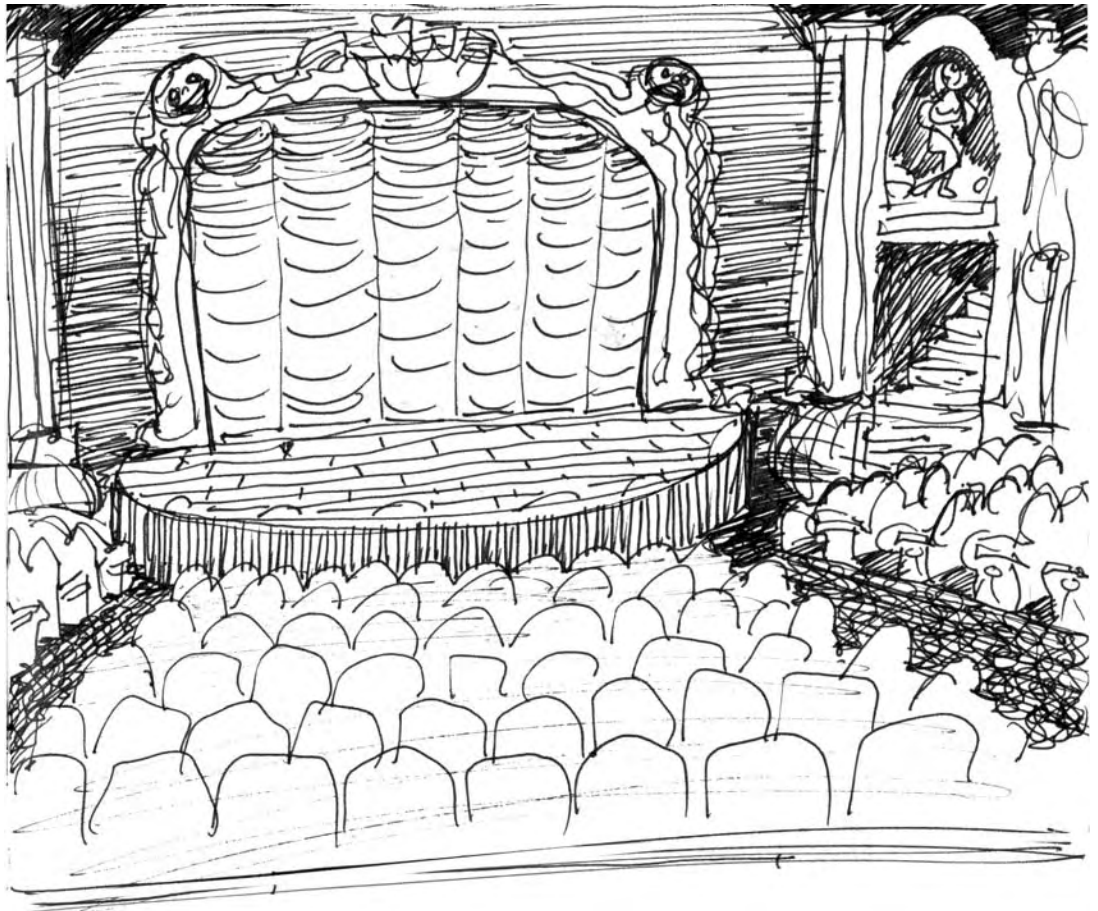
the Mojo Gumption Band. Old Man Lindsay spontaneously switched gender five times right before my eyes!

The ringing in our collective ears has not yet ceased and the middle act is already up on stage. The tragedy known only as the Equine Transplant bleates out in protest as it is forcibly shoved into the spotlight by its team of handlers. The artificial hooves slip and skid on the polished hardwood as it tries to rise up on its hind legs as a man would. It brays in frustration and shame as it falls onto its back. Tears begin streaming down the elongated once-human face as the audience (as we are expected to) being to jeer and mock the hapless thing.

Pitifully, the wretched creature attempts to speak out in indignation and betrayal with vocal cords rendered useless several surgeries past; a sharp guttural hacking is all it can manage to exclaim before it collapses in a heap on stage. Urine flows out of the tragic creature as it is dragged offstage. Polite applause follows from the stunned few in attendance, myself included.

As I order another ale, I notice a stunning woman with flowing white locks gliding down the aisle toward me. Without a word, she sits beside me and takes my hand in hers. I can feel an icy chill as I look into her cruel, knowledgable eyes. Her lips twist into a wicked grin as she reaches out to touch my shoulder.

An usher quickly makes his way down the aisle and takes the womans wrist. Without a word, she stands and follows the usher as he leads her away. She looks back and blows a kiss as she is escorted away, and it is only then I realize...  
"Succubus," I mutter.



The final act of the night is a brief yet enthralling performance by a trio of teenagers: a sort of pantomime magic show that also includes lessons in marine biology. It is difficult to explain in words. You just have to see it to understand.

The stage lights darken, the sounds become faint...and I realize it is now ten o'clock. I am back in my chair. The candlelight flickers.

I'll be back tomorrow night...and every night. At nine o'clock. In my head.

Ginger Ale Theatre.

# TROGLODYTE

by CNDillon

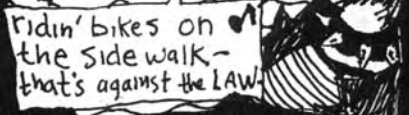
## Episode Four



I then realized that things were suddenly very different...



I wasn't feelin' too good...



ridin' bikes on the side walk - that's against the LAW



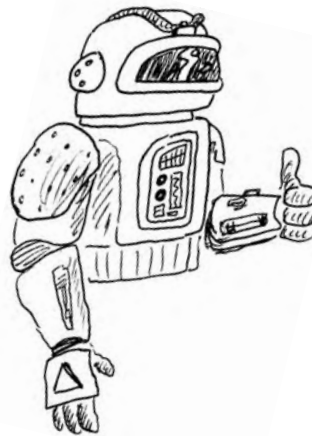
She picked me up and helped me down the street - singing all the way...

no dogs - no benches  
no bubble gum...

no spitting - no skateboards - no drunken bums....



CND



JMK



BRRAAH  
HAHAHAHAHAHA  
HAHR!

Kilgore - Dillon

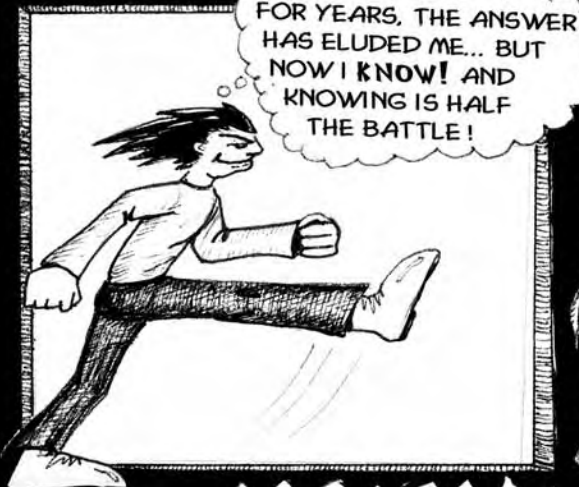


FINALLY, AFTER YEARS OF TORMENT...  
I'VE FIGURED OUT THE ONE TRUTH...  
I KNOW



# HOW TO SOLVE ALL MY PROBLEMS

© by J. Kilgore



FOR YEARS, THE ANSWER  
HAS ELUDED ME... BUT  
NOW I KNOW! AND  
KNOWING IS HALF  
THE BATTLE!



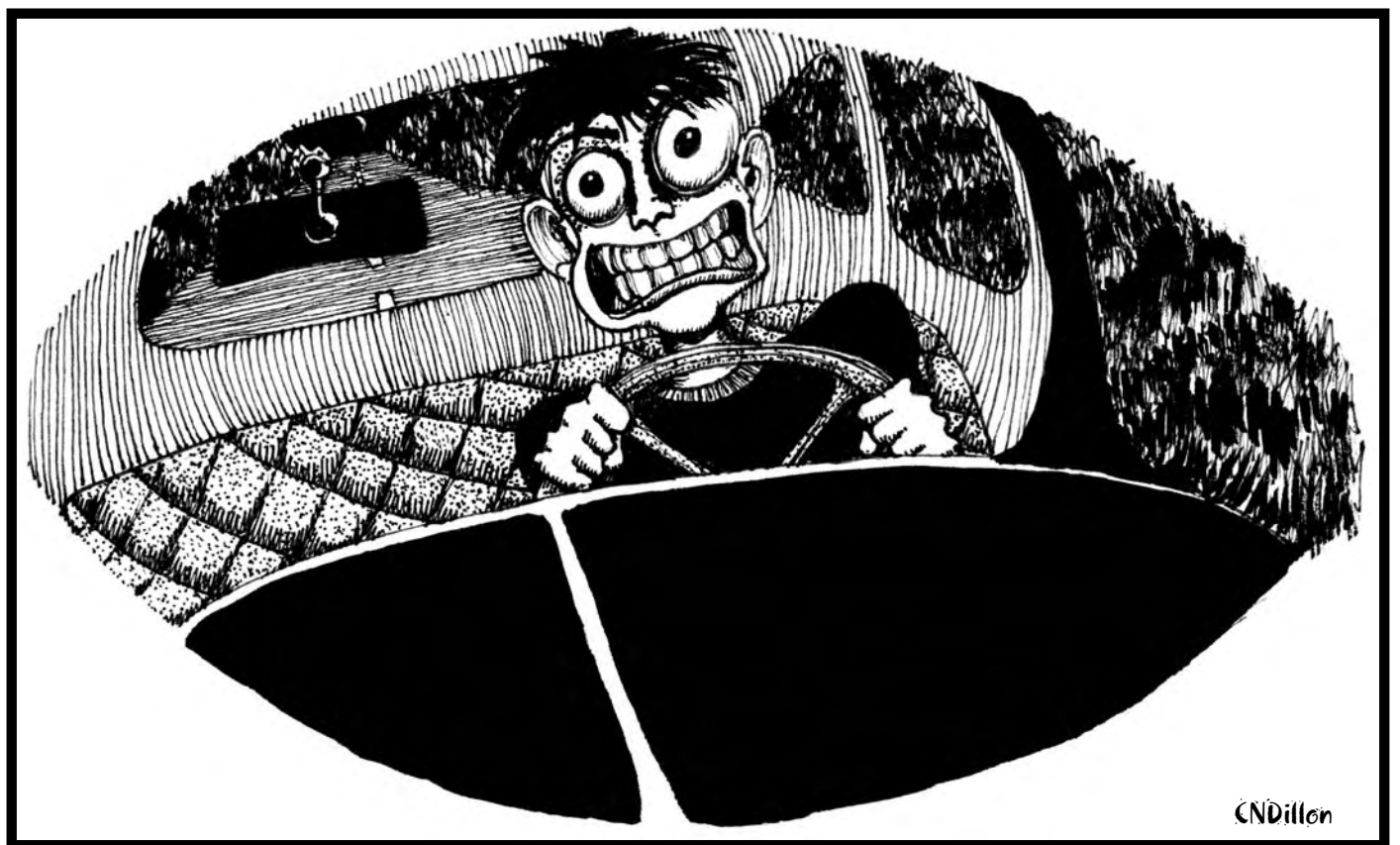
THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD  
KEEP ME OBLIVIOUS TO THE  
TRUTH THAT LAY BEFORE  
MINE EYES WITH THEIR  
HYPNOTIZIN' TEE-VEE  
SHOWS, AND THEIR  
TOP-40 DANCE-A-THON  
MUSIC RADIO WAVES...  
BUT THEY WERE  
WRONG!

DEAD  
WRONG!!



AND NOW, THANKS TO  
CAREFULLY CONTROLLED  
MEDITATIONS (AND  
A WELL BALANCED DIET)  
I'VE ACHIEVED MY  
ULTIMATE DREAM!  
I KNOW THE  
ANSWERS!!  
PERPETUAL  
UNLIMITED  
JOY!  
I KNOW THE  
SECRET!!  
I - ....







CND



