

Blättern / Turn over



Ausstieg aus Vollbildmodus / EXIT



# TIGERBOY

FIRE WAS IN  
THE  
BEGINNING...



published by electrocomics january 2006  
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YOUR EYES  
SAY YES  
BUT YOU DON'T  
SAY YES



ICE  
ICE  
BABY

BY  
Oliver Grojewski

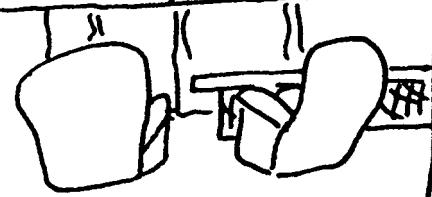
WORKING CLASS  
HOLIDAY

THE YEAR PUNK  
BROKE

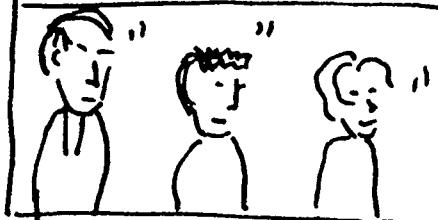


YOUR EYES  
SAY YES  
BUT YOU DON'T  
SAY YES

When I was visiting my family in september



it was not only cold outside but I also made a walk.



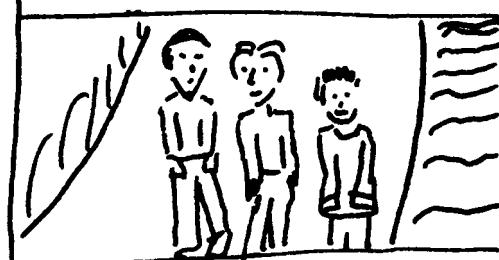
I was taking a walk in the hood with my sister and my mother...



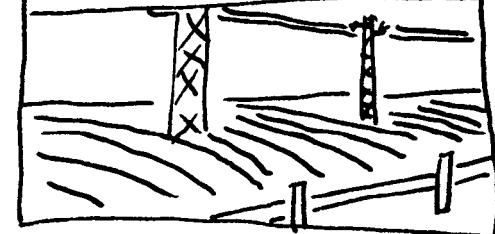
...down hill to the old luge way.



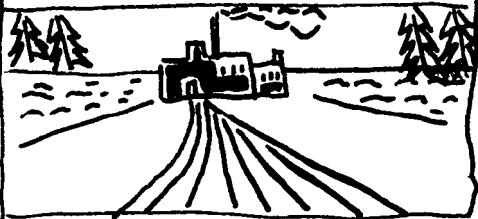
Today it is something like an access road.



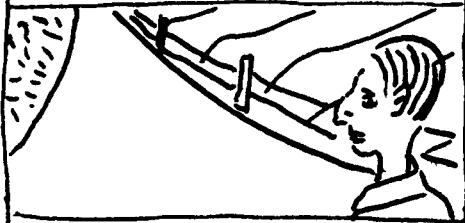
In old days there were woods, fields and small hills. Today there is a



street leading towards "Izet", is the name I think. It's industry.



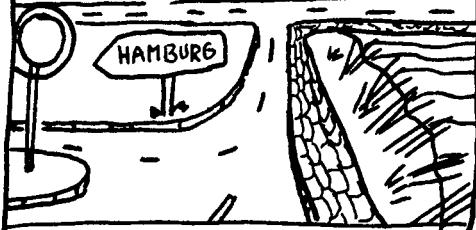
And I'm a little disappointed that parts of my old surrounding



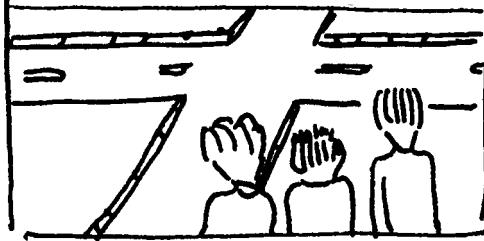
have been taken away from me.



Although this was not important at all to me in former times.



Then we cross the main road and walk into the



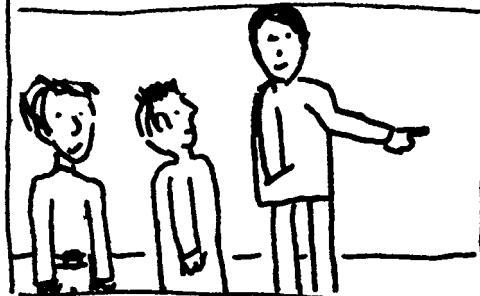
new constructed hood.



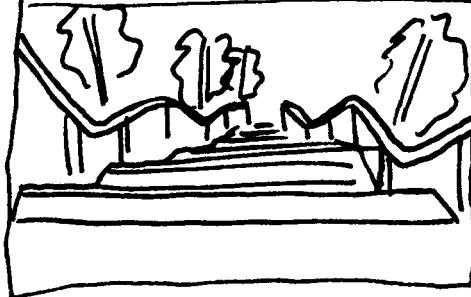
Therefore the houses  
are a little more ex-  
pensive then where we



lived beth 8 years never  
absent from there we



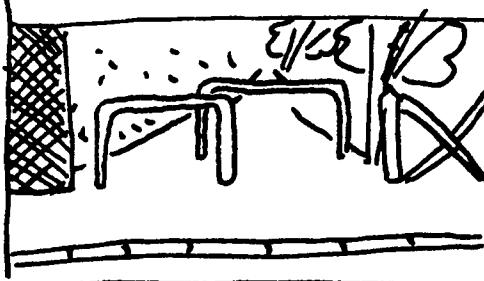
go down hill to the  
old primary school.



My mother is telling  
me that my old pri-  
mary school teacher



still lives. Then we  
walk down hill again



to the big lake. As chil-  
dren we had some good  
ice skating winters here.



In the end of the  
70s some winters



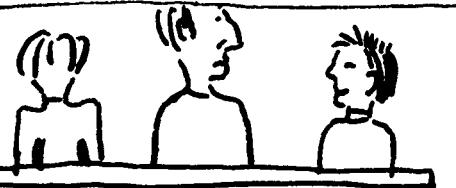
were unbelievable cold.  
We three sit together  
on a bench and



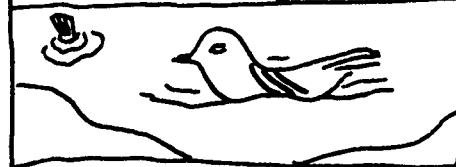
I realize that it's fun to  
walk. It is so ... slow.



I get to know that once  
more an old class  
mate has married.

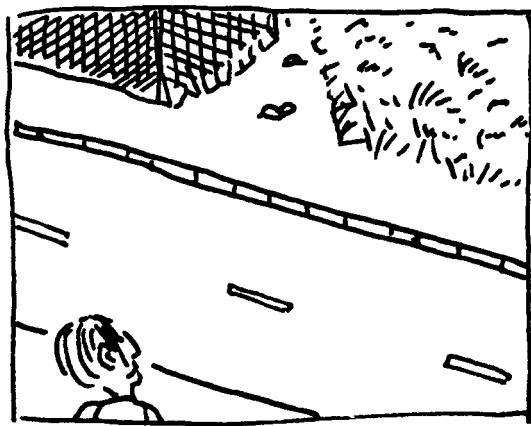


And I'm not sure if  
it's certain that we all  
have to go to work,  
permanently, one day



I'm remembering that  
I get 30 years old be-  
fore the year  
2000.



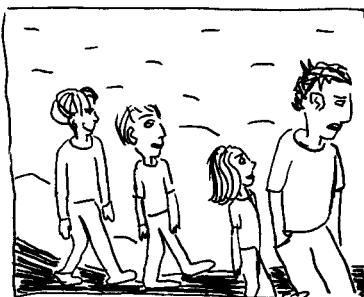




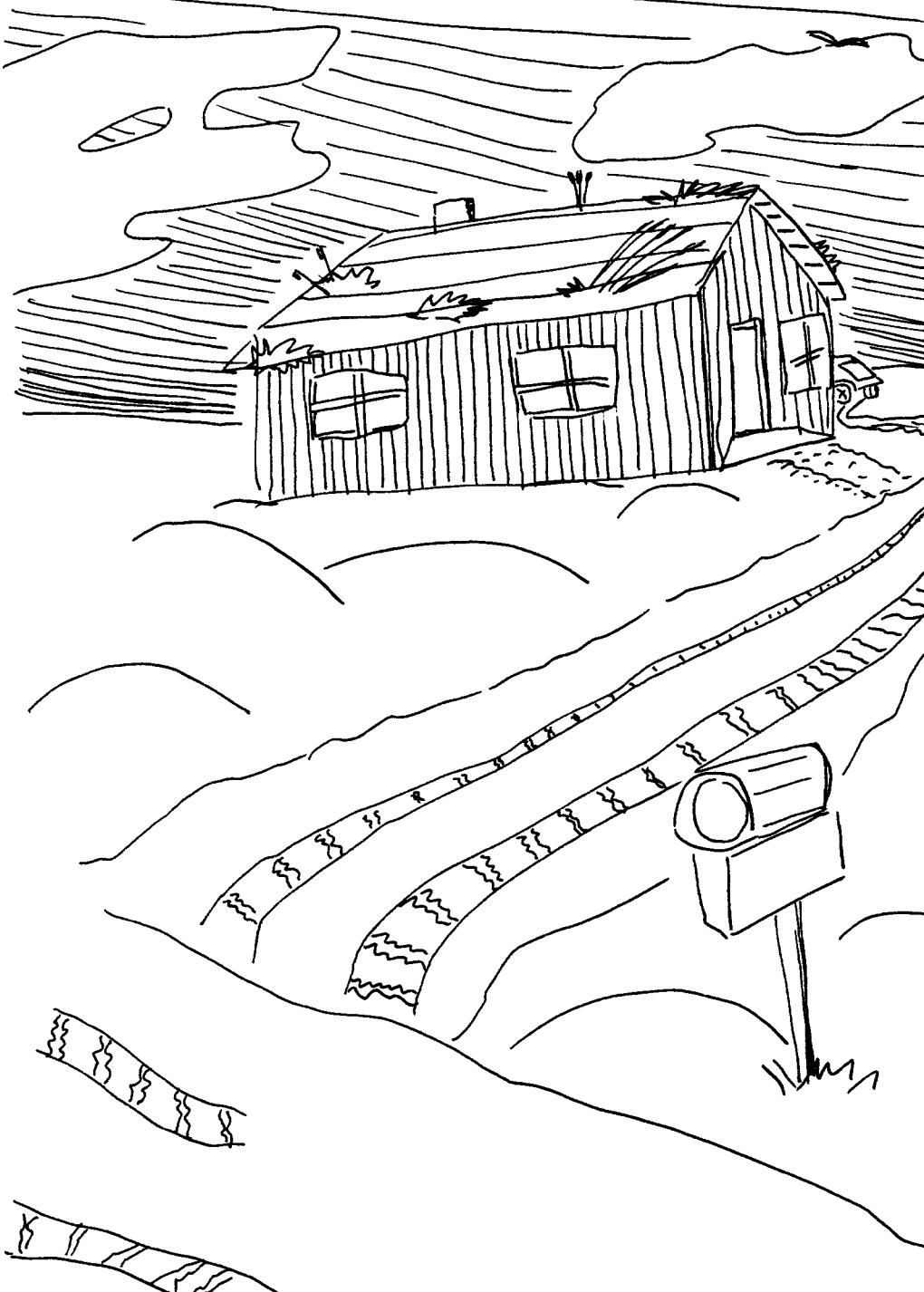
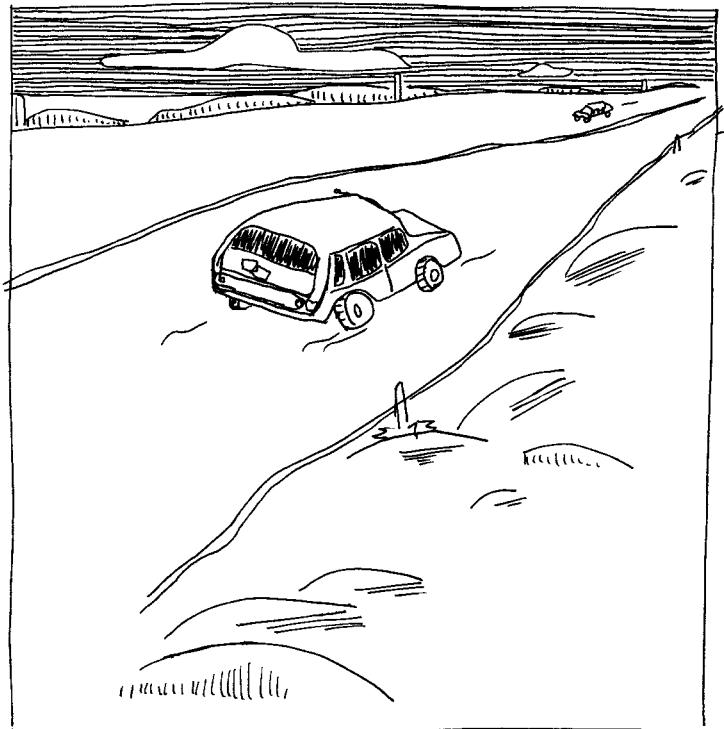
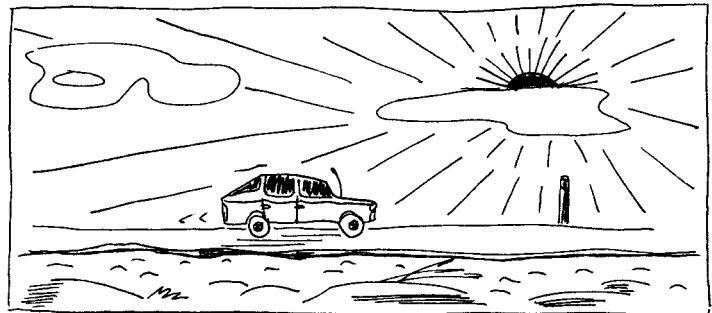
# WORKING CLASS

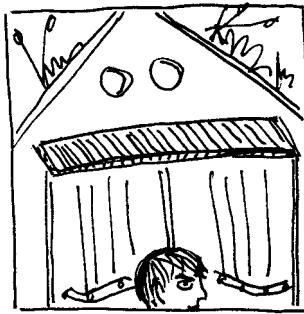
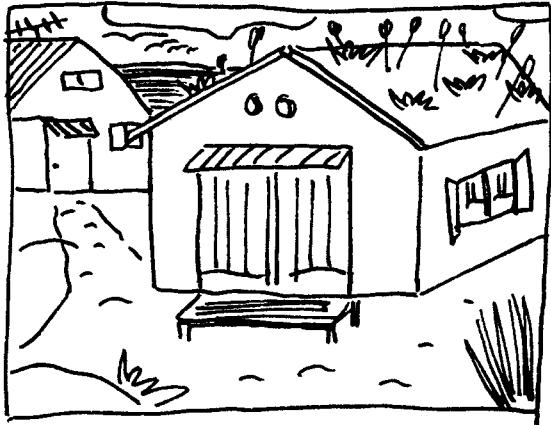
## HOLIDAY

### THE YEAR PUNK BROKE



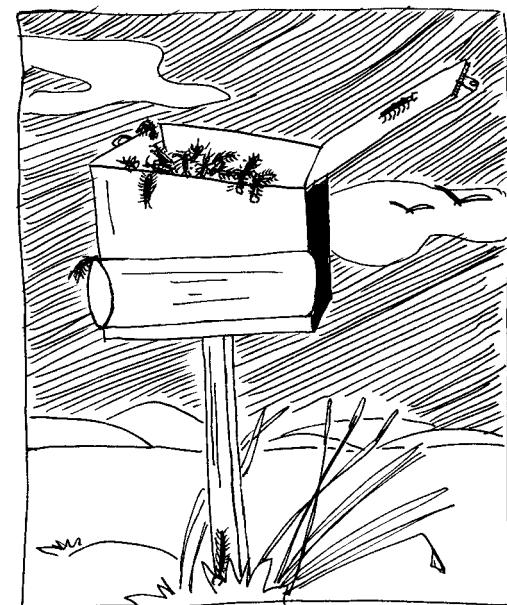
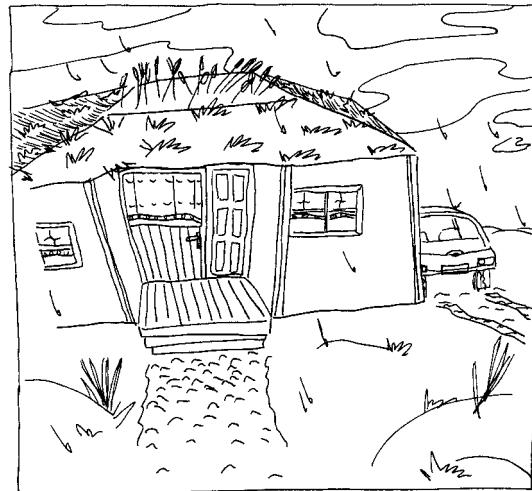
The landing on the moon was seven years behind and the first Star Wars movie was even shot:  
Wind is always coming up against you and it feels smooth under your feet.





It's not spectacular but unreal and for a short moment it's ok. Just for a very short moment it's ok, not having to be something. All these facts draw you directly to the conclusion that you must be in the summer

holidays in Denmark. Your car is fully packed to drive from the place where you had everything to somewhere where it has only sand and wooden houses. Another thing you have there in abundance, is harmony.

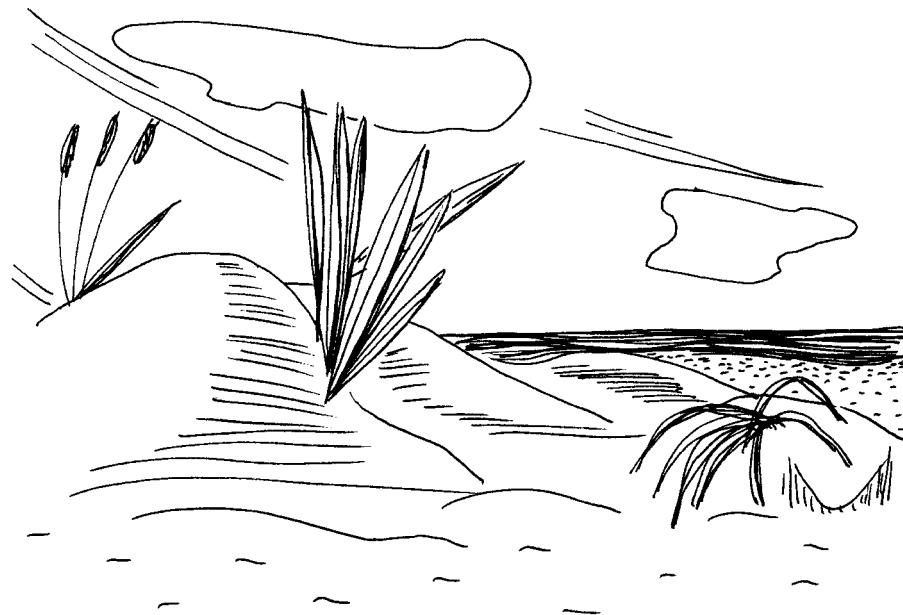
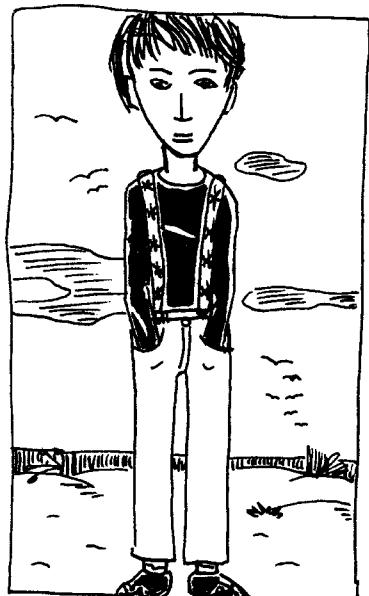


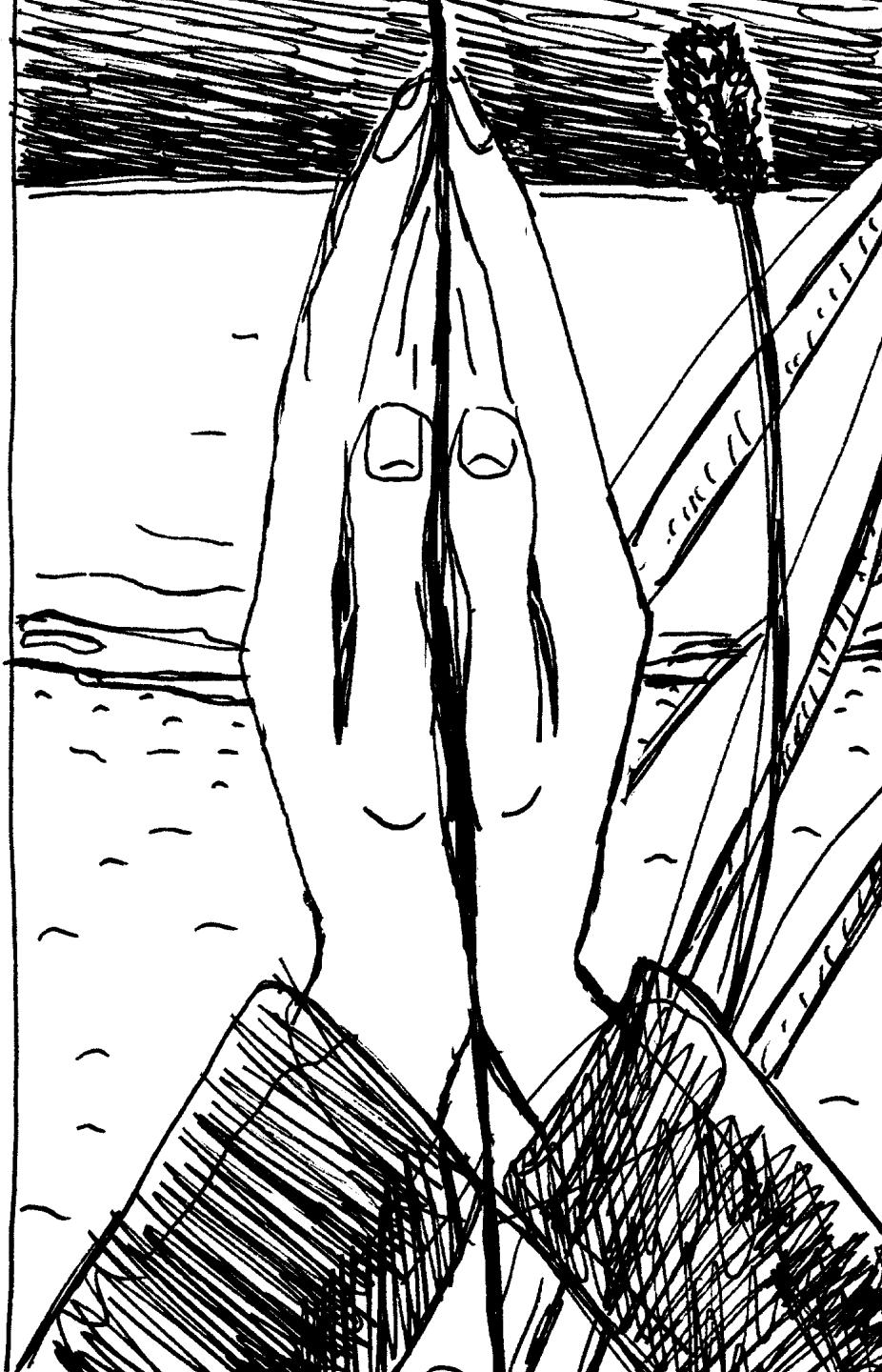
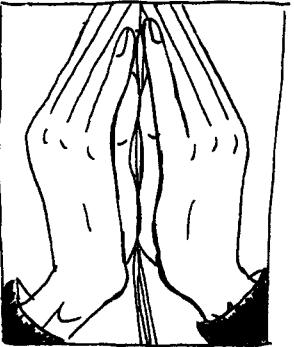
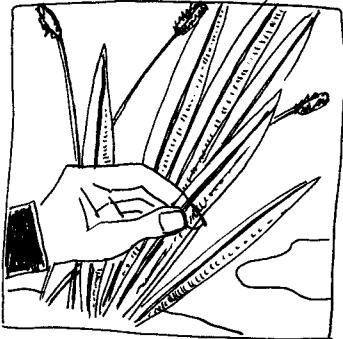


That was ok when I was young. And to be honest, you had to survive adventures which made you forget everything else. "Yikes! How terrible! Millipedes in our letter box!" But it was the parents own free will to be here. Mostly in terms of:



We are workers, we have two weeks holiday and definitely we are going to spend them. Sometimes it was cold like in autumn. But for a while I was making music on sea grass. Better said: I was producing a tone which was similar to when gulls cry.



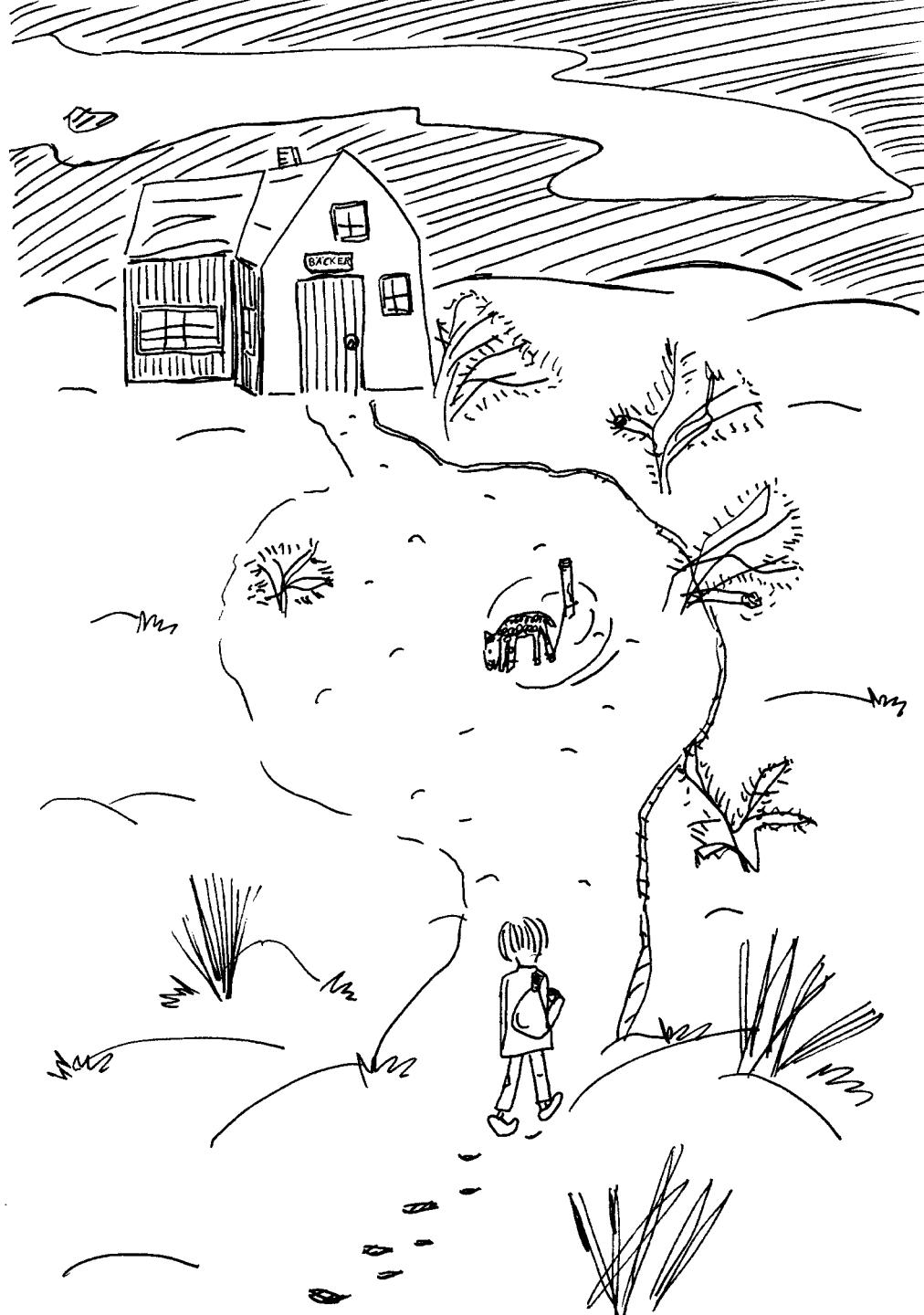


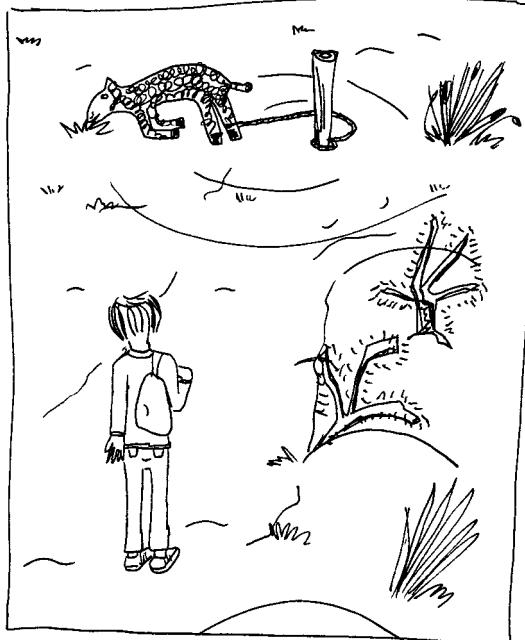
I even was getting the impression that they react on it. Later when my attention was drawn to something else, for example eating the next hot dog, I was finding my lips cut several times.



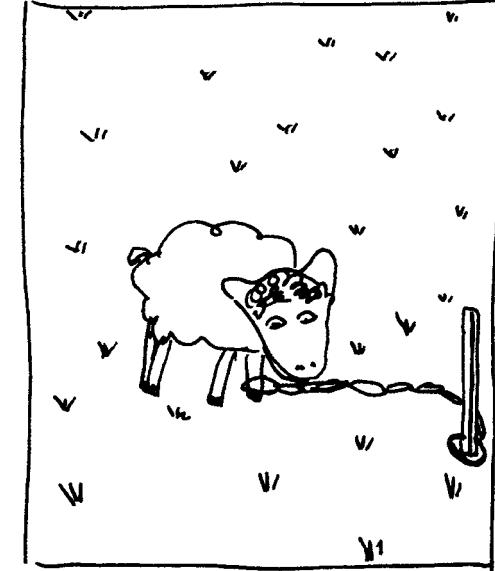


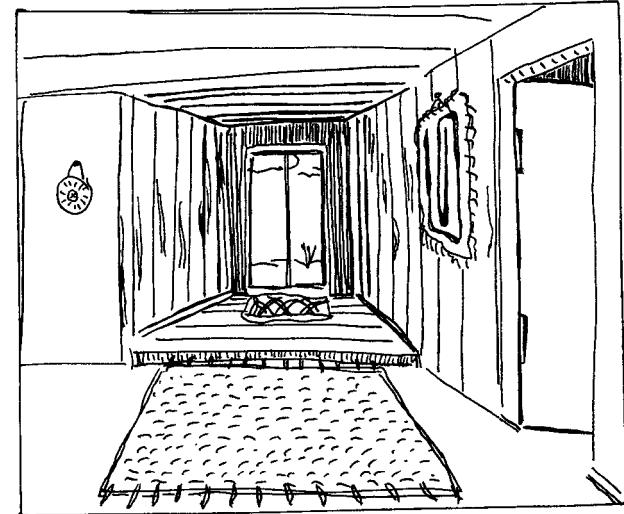
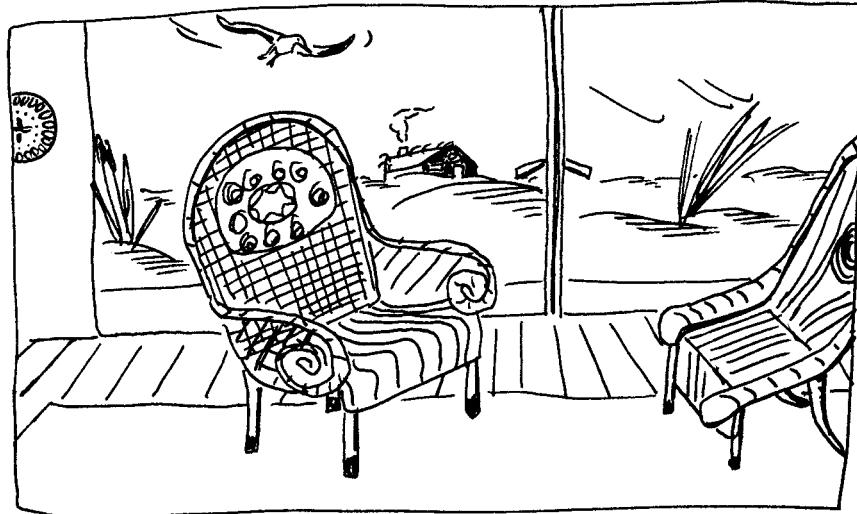
Moreover you could buy lots of yoghurt at supermarkets which seem to be a little more nice than at home. Normally I was going to school six times a week. But I was, and I am still today, a long sleeper. But here I was buying stuff at very early morning. Right side of the house, 12 minutes straight, first sand crossing left until the big round square.



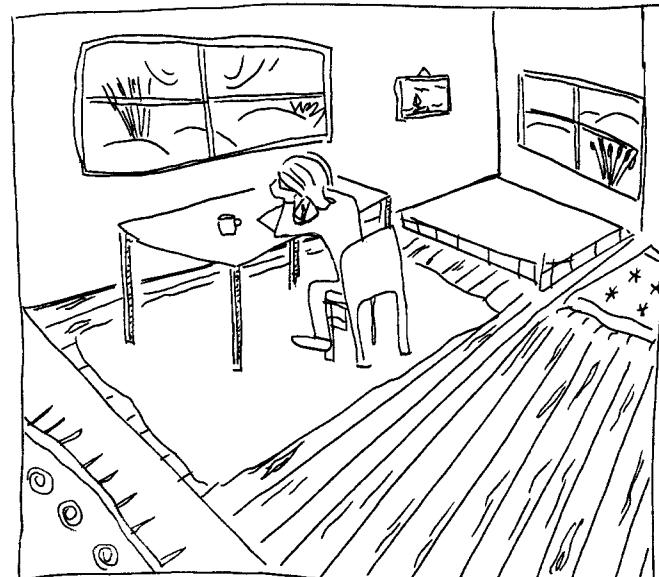
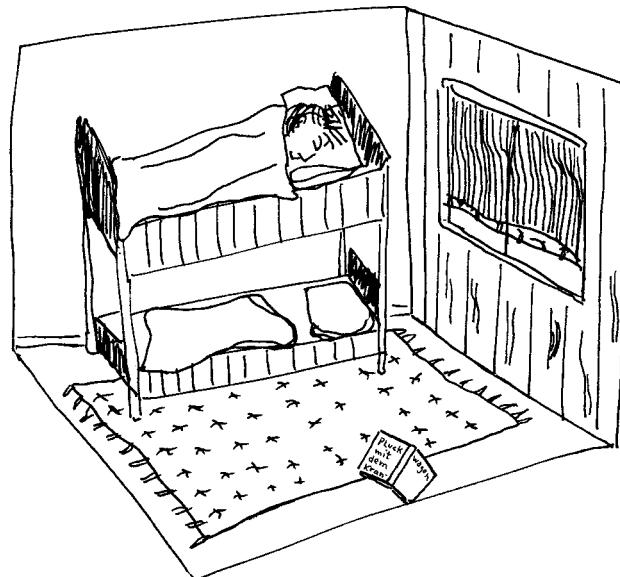


The problem there was luckily fixed but sinister. I was able to pass every time. It was a sheep and when I remember it quiet well it didn't look very happy. The bakery was behind. It was more a store for food, toys, cleaning articles and stuff. Coming back from shopping we were having break fast. One time when the weather was bad my father was drawing interior parts of the house and parts from the outside. It was the only time he was doing such things. But sadly the pictures are lost.



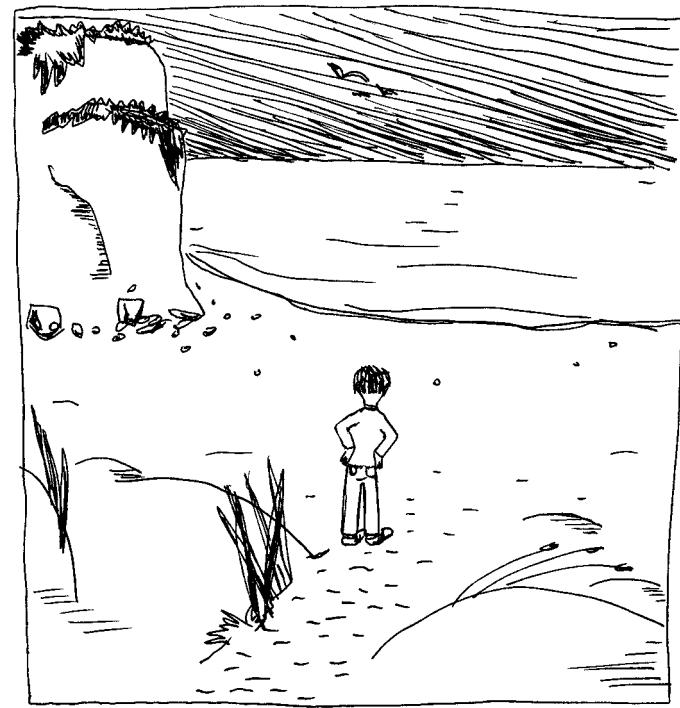


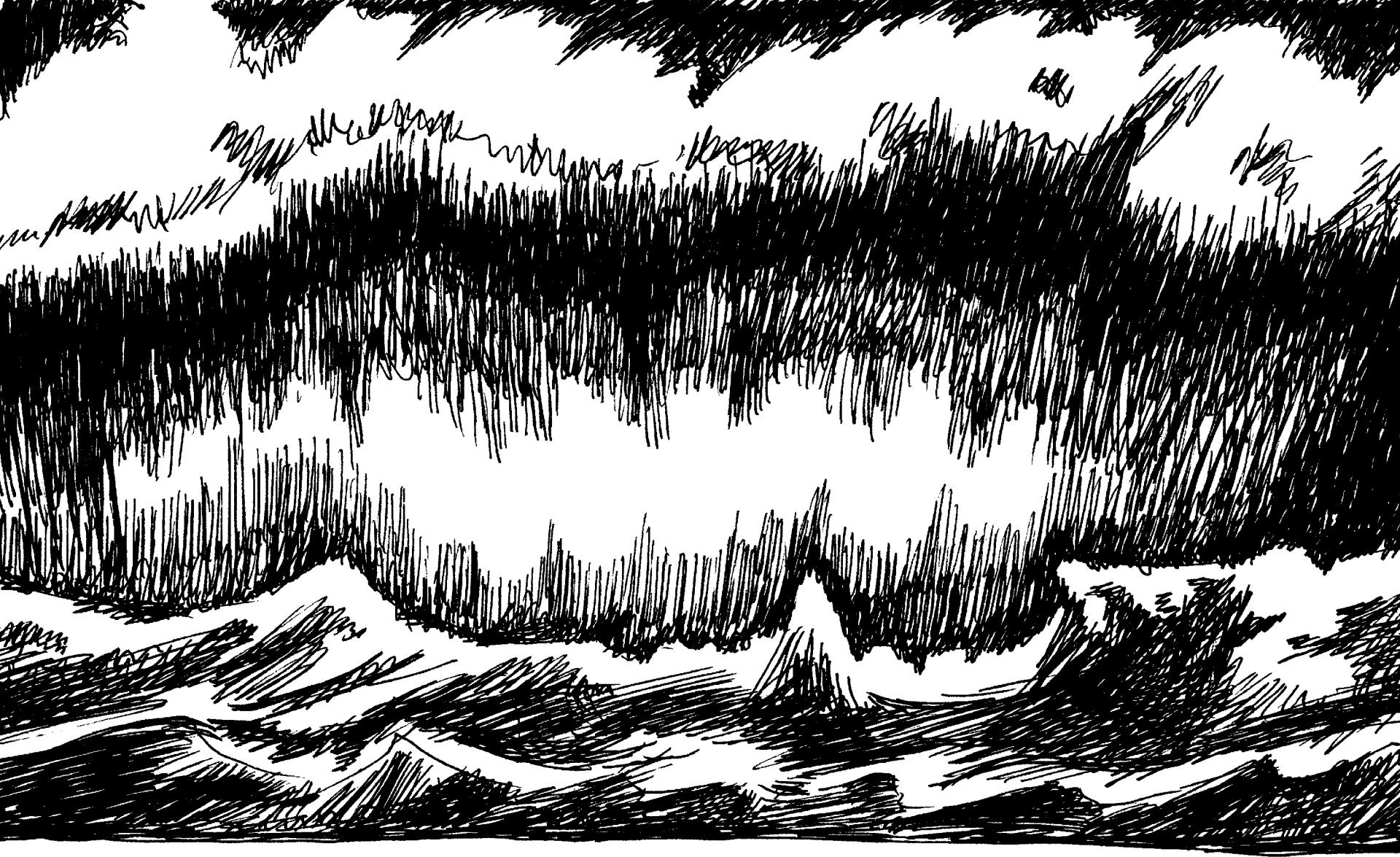
Motivated by this I did ball pen drawings not thinking that postmodernism in art world would create people who draw on complete houses with ball pens. Hours and hours I was drawing trees and bushes, every detail of it on big paper. Every single leaf with its veins and fibres. But they are lost also.





And somehow  
I feel as if I was there,  
in those days,  
when punk broke!



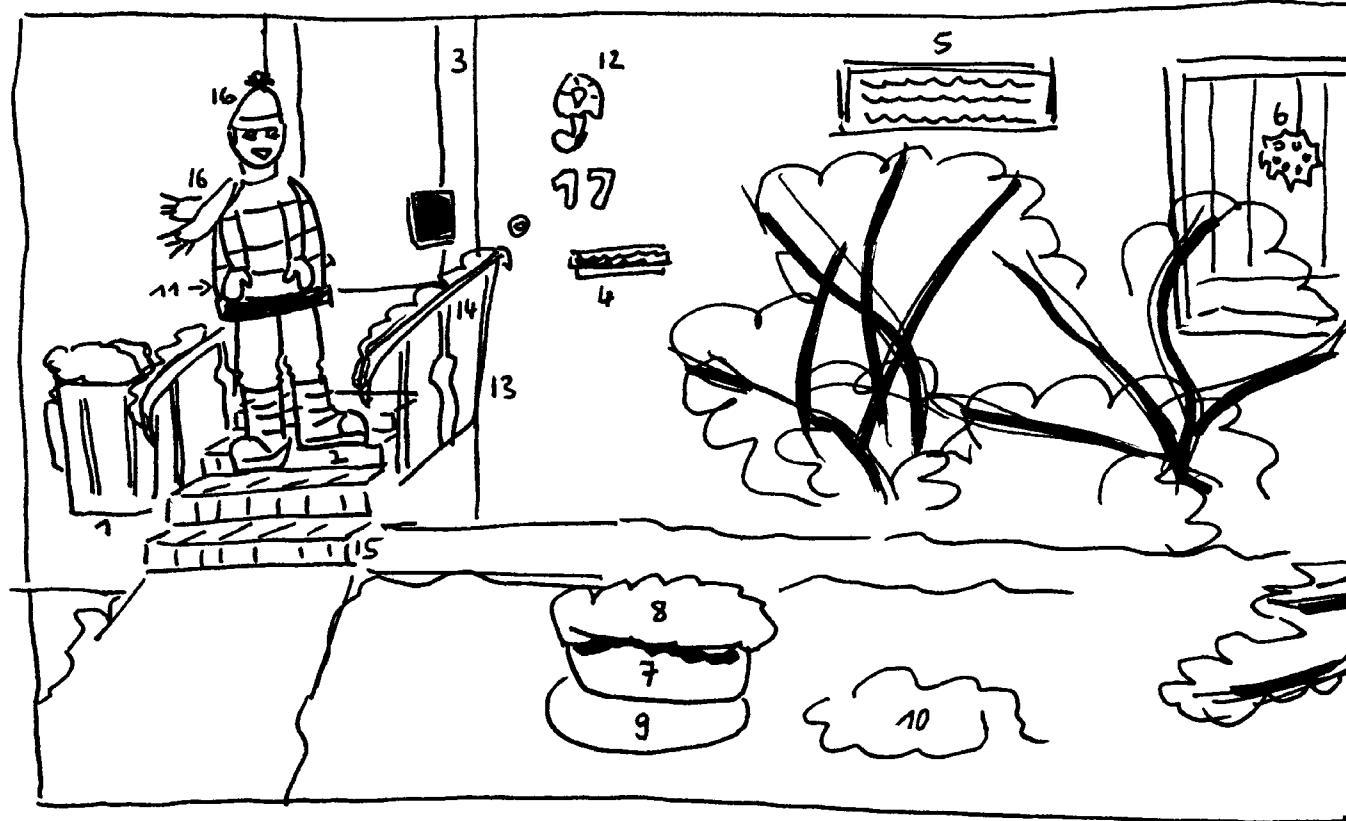


And when this small action  
could do all this I ask myself:  
Why should I do so much  
more and more important  
things in these days?



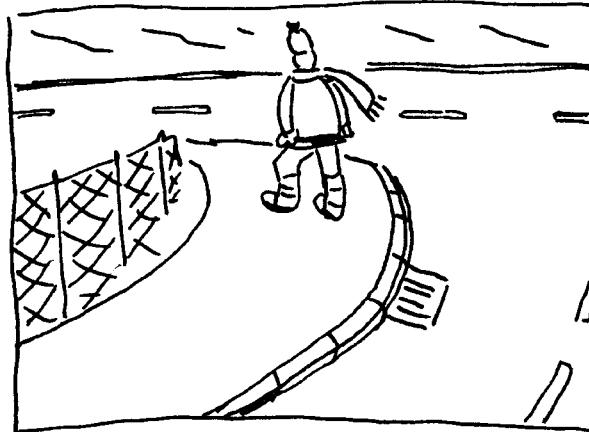
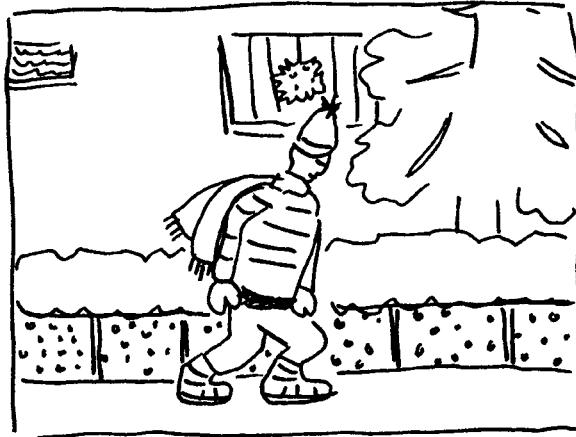
Ice  
Ice  
Baby.





1. 70's iron rubbish bin
2. Moonboots blue + white
3. Brown plastic doorframe around yellow glass door
4. Copper letter box with scales
5. Bathroom window covered with self-adhesive foil with scales pattern
6. Christmas decoration in window

7. Plant tub
8. Snow
9. Manhole cover to house sewerage system
10. 2nd manhole cover, covered with snow
11. Woollen mittens
12. Porch light
13. Black wrought iron railings
14. Gold plastic handrail
15. Red brick stairs
16. FC Bayern scarf + hat

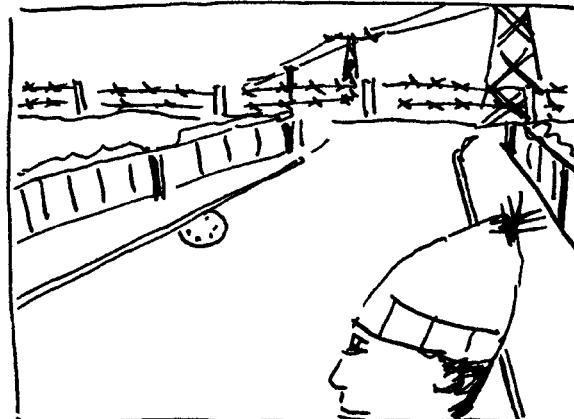


Eeny-meeny-miney-mo and out you go. And that's what I did - out of the house. And it was winter. I wore the Bayern Munich winter clothes for opportunism and because of Paul Breitner. There was plenty of snow in those days, end of the 70's. I had nothing to do

\* \* \* \* \*

and wanted to go on the ice. It had just started to freeze and I only wanted to have a look. I had great respect for frozen lakes. From time to time someone would drown there in winter, it was said.

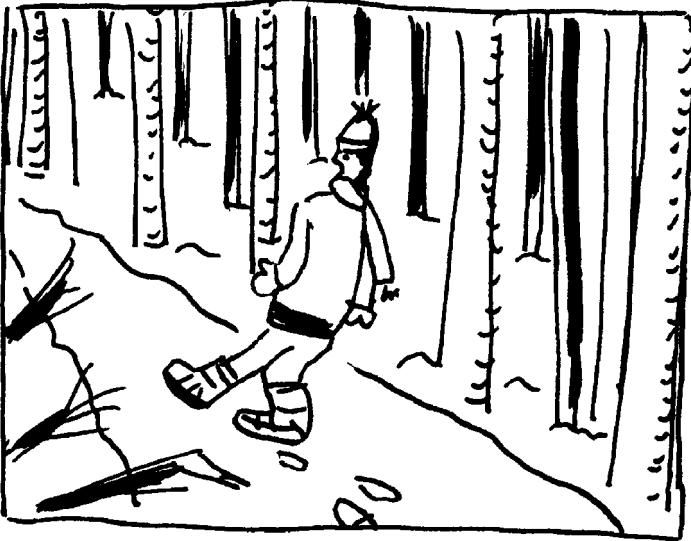
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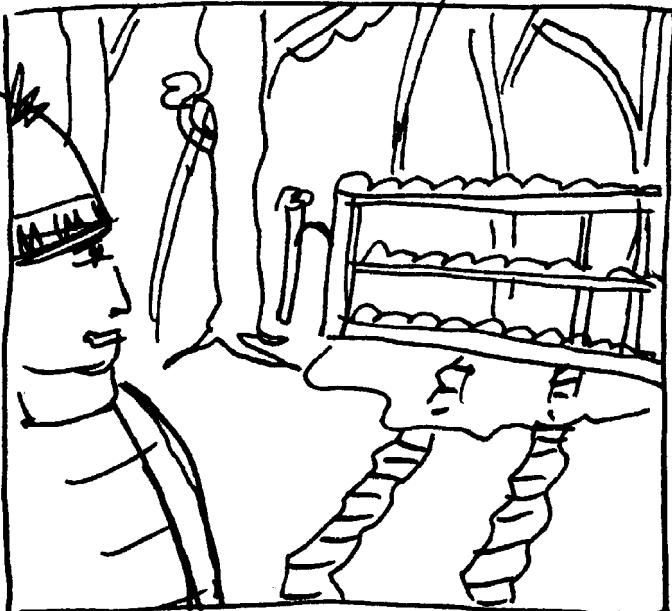


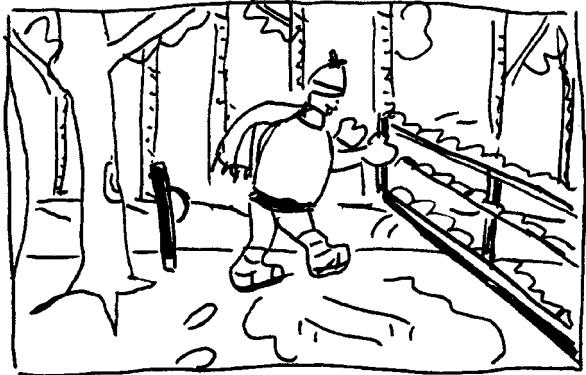
Out of the housing estate and into the woods I called "Ruebezahlwald" because part of it was being used for

growing evergreens. The trees had grown so densely that there was almost no light on the ground. The woods, by the way, were never used. Over the following 20

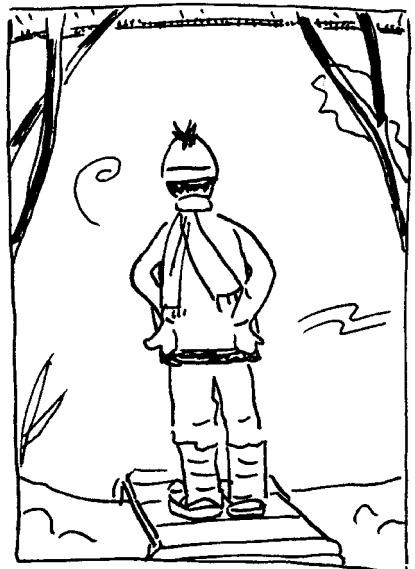


years they gradually died. Behind the evergreens there was a big intersection which led to another wood.



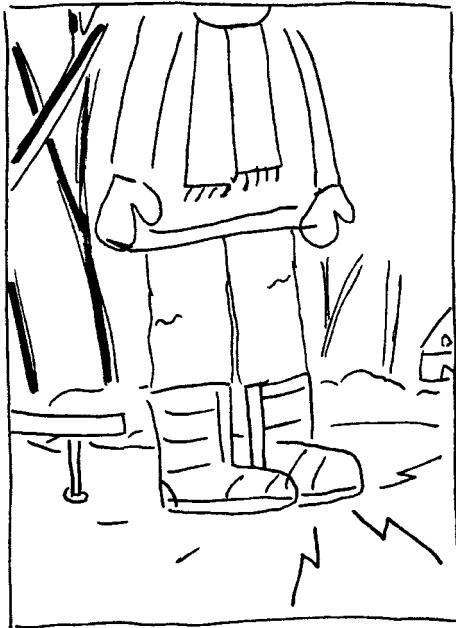


After another couple of corners I reached a gate which one could either open or not as it was just as easy to squeeze past it. Then one could see the lake with a



little jetty leading into the lake for about a metre. Well, as I can see: The ice is thin. I wanted to crack it a little. That sounds nice and it always



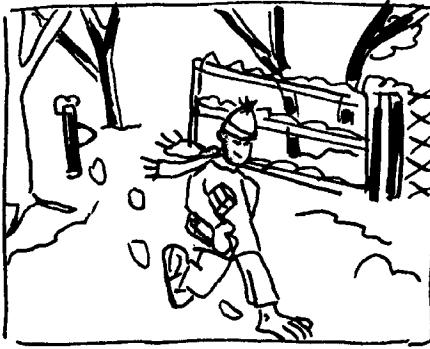
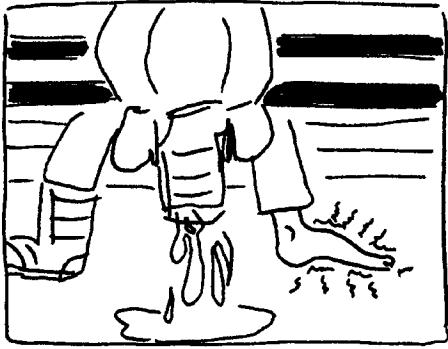


looks good when things crack. And that's what happened, to be precise, under my left foot. My foot went into the water just enough for my blue plastic moonboot to fill up with icy water.

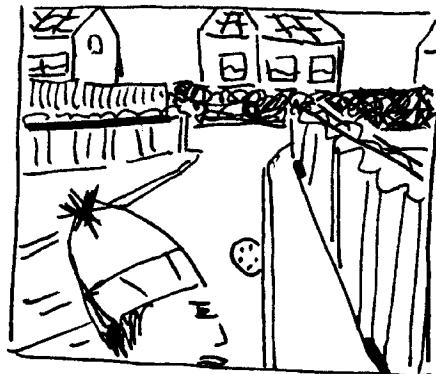
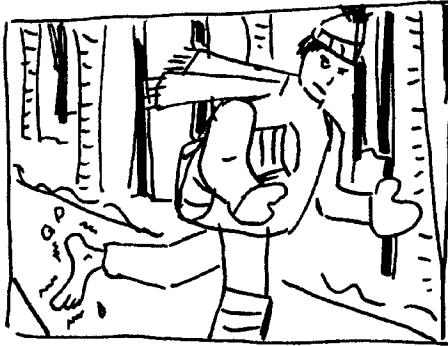


I then pulled my foot out and nothing further happened. It felt nastily cold on my foot and so I sat down on a bench which made me very slowmotional. Once I had shaken all the water out of my moon-boot, my foot and the boot started to freeze at the same time.

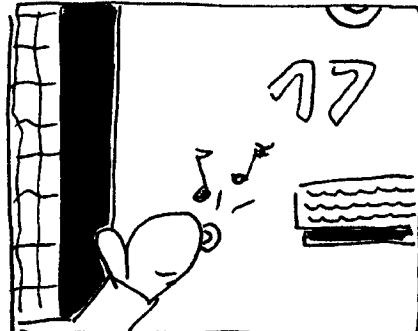




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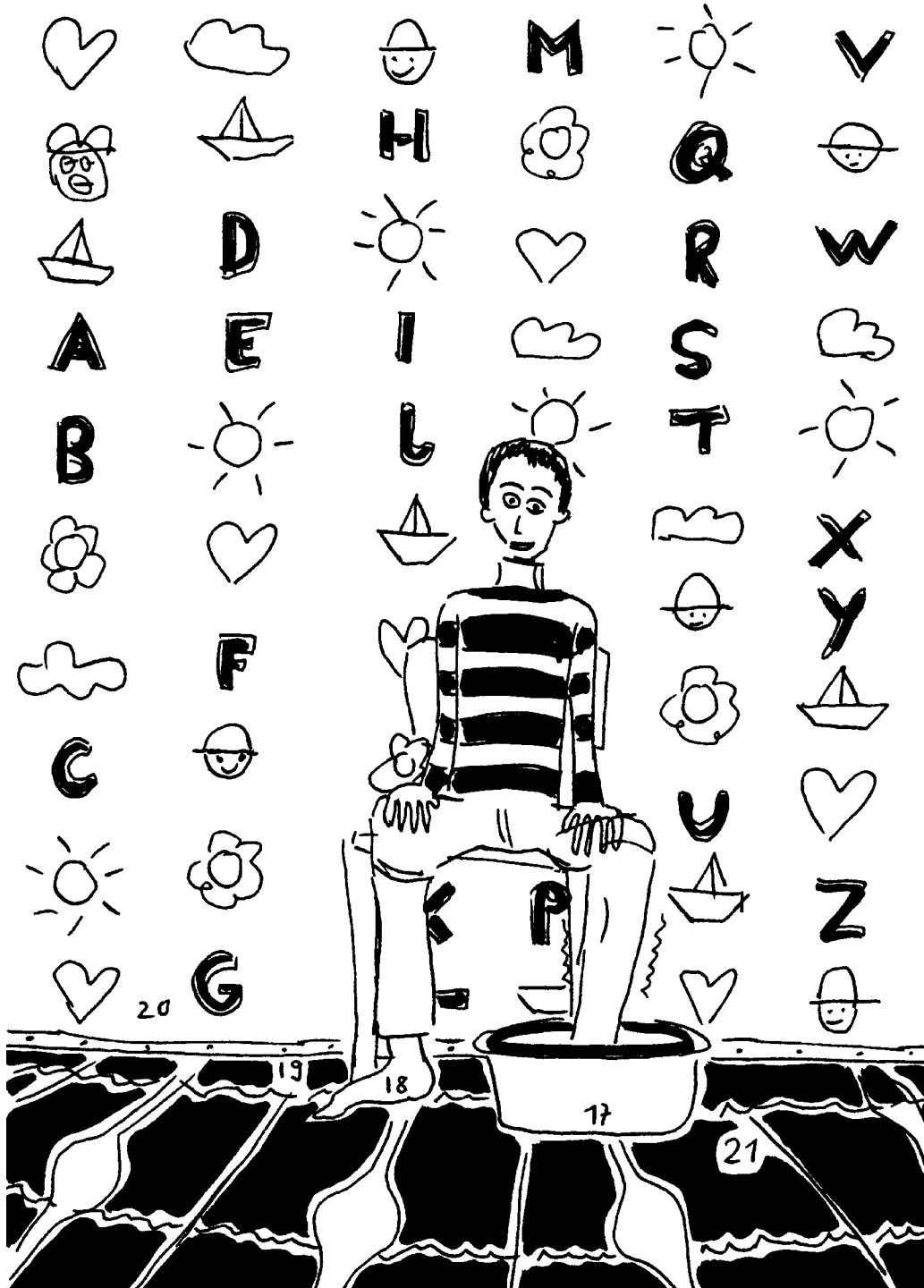
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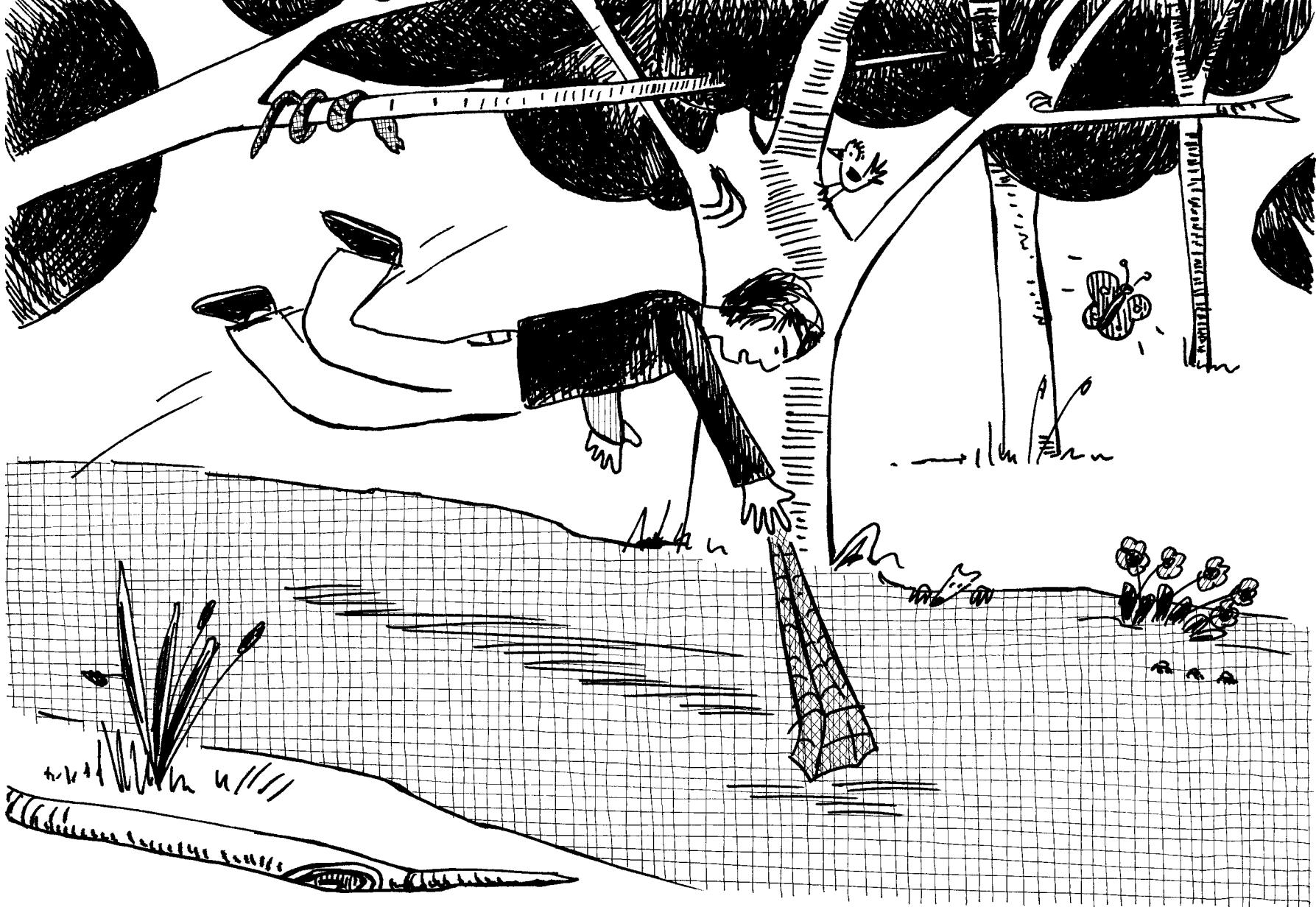


It made me think of all the movies set in the Arctic or the Antarctic where people rub themselves with snow to avoid freezing to death. And so I started the 3 kilometre walk back with one bare foot. I ran. My foot did not get warm but after a short time, I did not have to feel it anymore either. I did not actually care about anything anymore except that somebody might watch me in my state. Of course it was embarrassing and cold.

I did not get any trouble at home. I only had a wet boot. And although my foot was almost frostbitten, I had immediately thought, what an adventure it had been. We used to say "Das hat geschockt". In the end, I put my foot into a bowl with cold water and it felt as if somebody had burned it down. All in all a day I have fond memories of.

17. Bowl with luke-warm water
  18. Socks that are too big
  19. Plastic skirtingboards with nails
  20. A-Z kids wallpaper
  21. Oriental rug, given by my granny's sister





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