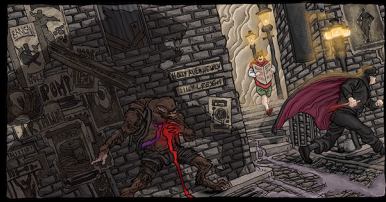
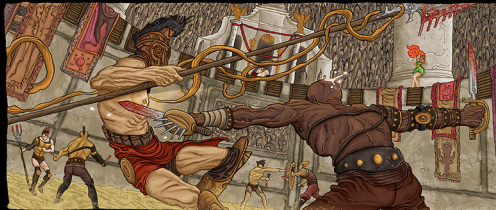


# INK



# FALL 2011





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FALL EDITORS 2011

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## CONTRIBUTORS

Pierce Hargan    Jose Feliciano    Nick Bertozzi  
Eric Arroyo    Lucretia Hoagland    Joey Cavalieri  
Pablo Castro    Ian Bertram    & Klaus Janson  
Mike Luckas    Kat Fajardo

## PHOTOS, LOGO & MAGAZINE DESIGN

Trent Thompson

## INTERVIEWS & COLOR ASSISTS

Amedeo Turturro & Trent Thompson

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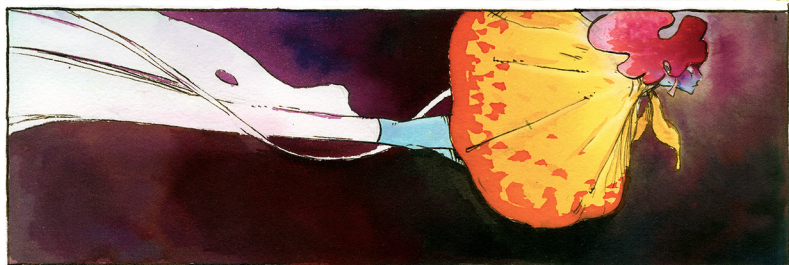
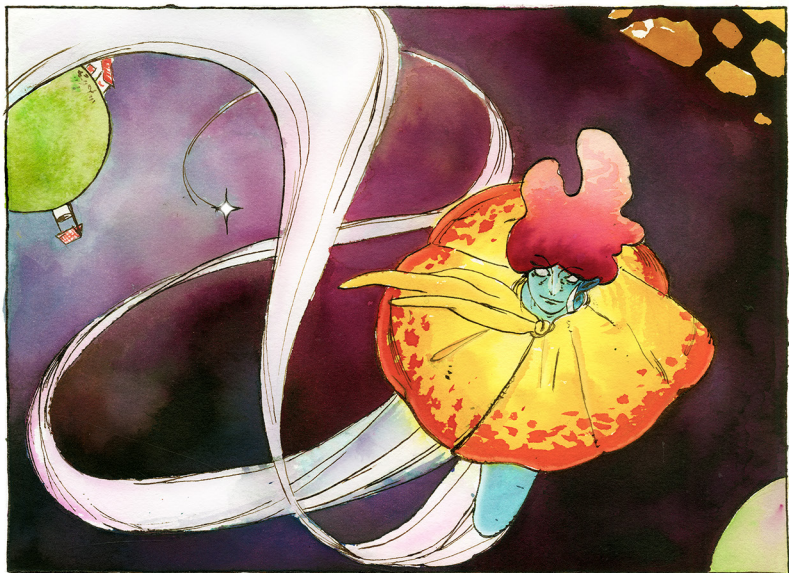
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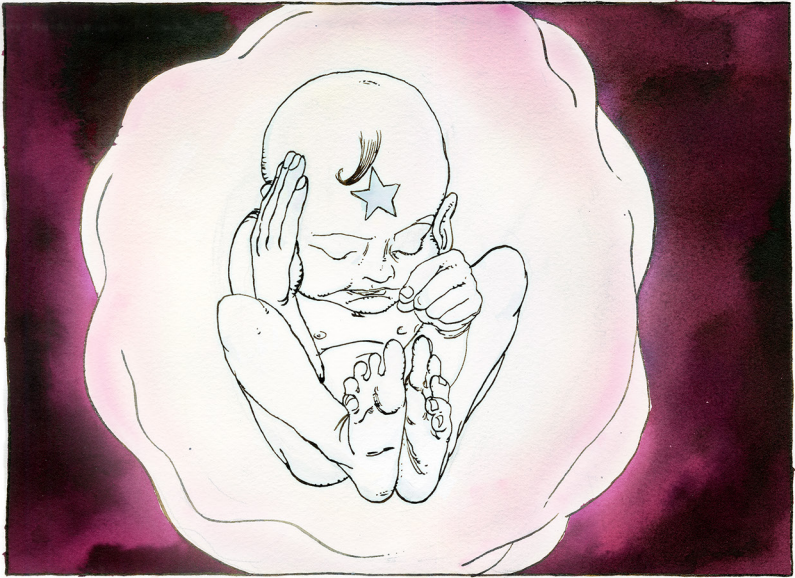
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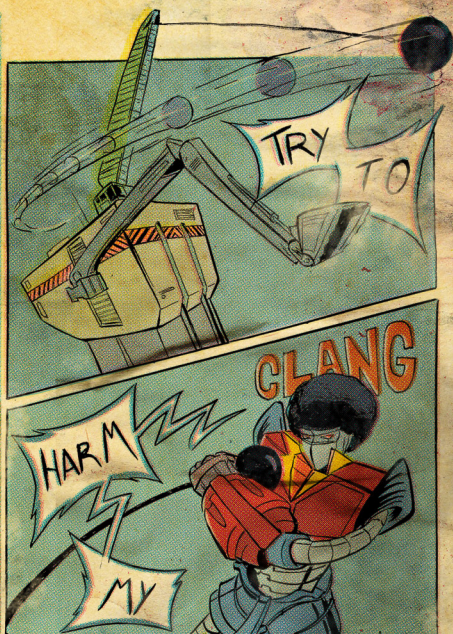
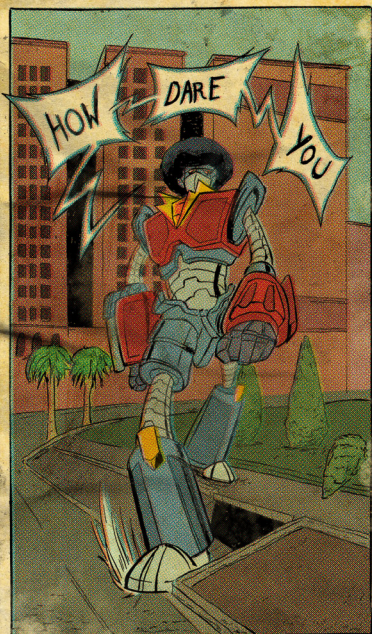




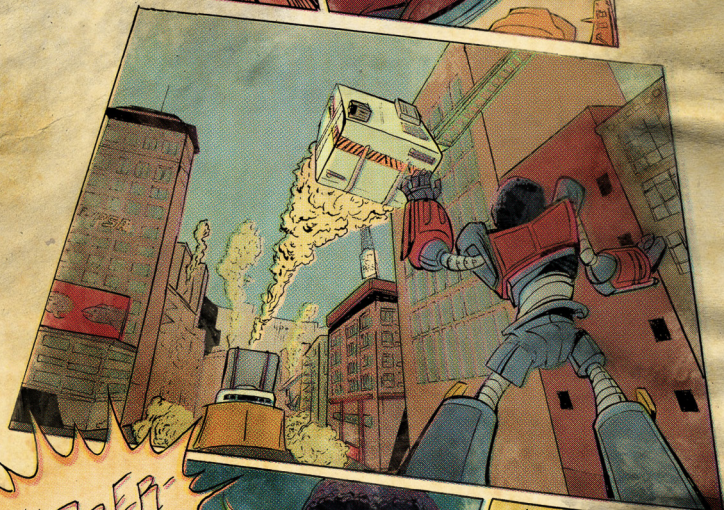
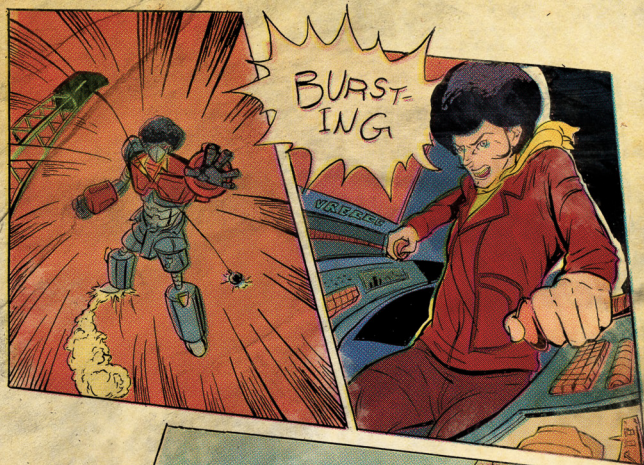




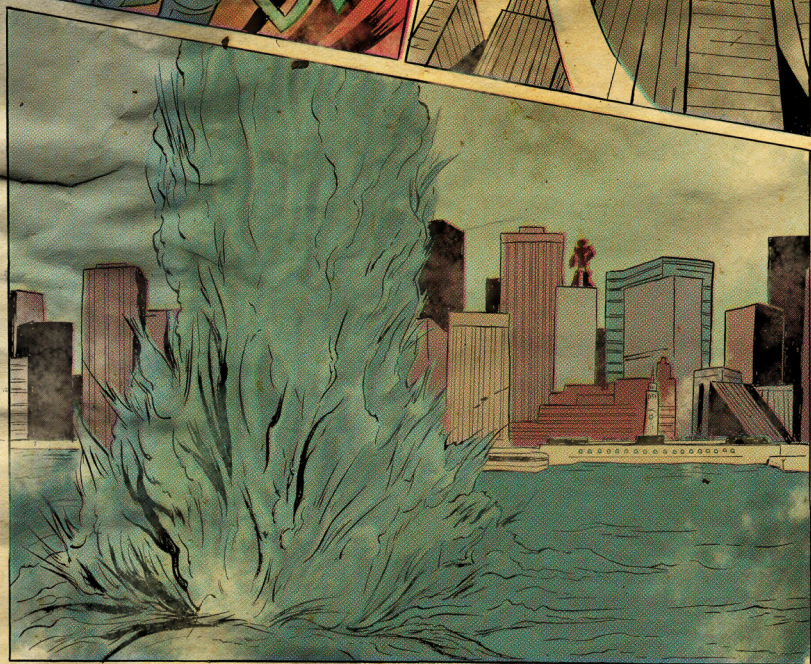
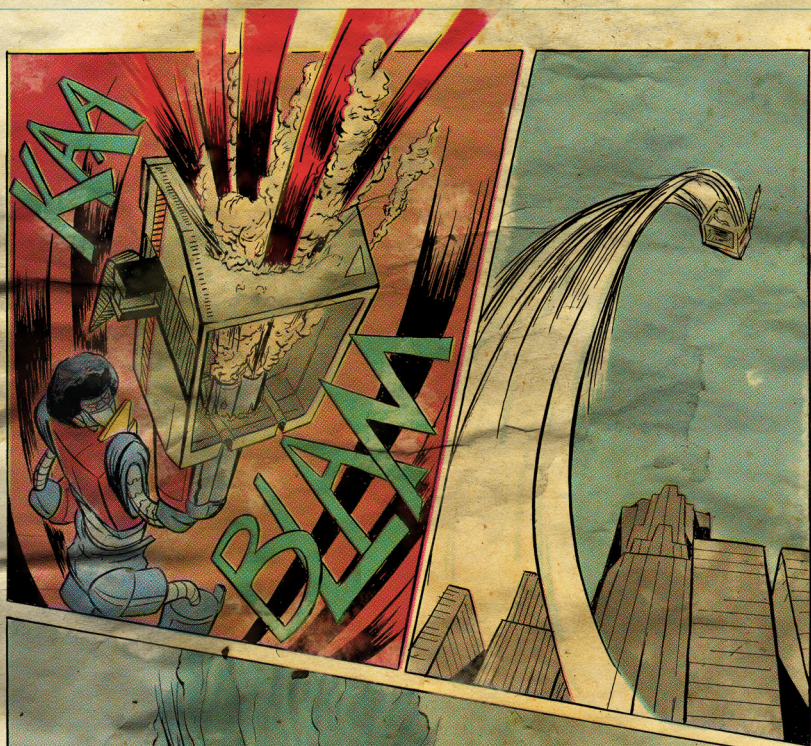














# The Comic Cowboy

AN INTERVIEW WITH  
Nick Bertozzi



**INK:**

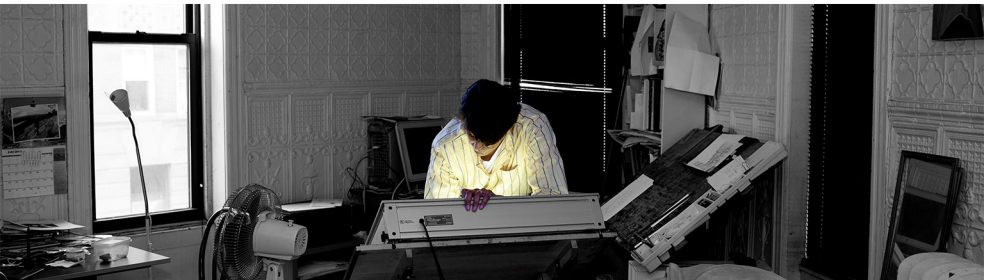
How did you get into comics?

**Nick Bertozzi:**

I think my first one ever, was a Tintin comic—either *Destination Moon* or *Cigars of the Pharaoh*. When I was a kid, my dad would read Tintin volumes and issues of *Classics Illustrated* to me. When I was a little older I got into Marvel comics, and read them pretty regularly until I reached thirteen. Unfortunately, this meant I wound up missing out on an extremely seminal moment in the comics industry, during which, comics like *Love & Rockets*, *Watchmen*, and *The Dark Knight Returns* came out. And so, I didn't get a chance to see what comics could really be until I got back into them via Dan Clowes' *Eightball*.

**INK:**

When did the concept of making comics first enter your head and how did you get interested in making comics?



**Nick Bertozzi:**

When I was nine, my younger sister started making her own Archie comics. I saw them, and thought if she could do it, and she was younger than me— then so could I! I started making my own comics, mainly derivative of Jack Kirby books like *Kamandi*. After a while though, my overall interest in reading comics faded away into the back of my mind while I tried to play in rock bands. Then when I was in my early twenties, I got a job managing a comics shop in Philly. Even though I'd given up comics for rock bands, I had never stopped drawing— and being surrounded by comics all day gave me back the old itch to make comics.

**INK:**

Tell us about your relationship with Dean Haspiel (*Billy Dogma*, *The Alcoholic*) you two have been friends for a long time now, correct?

**Nick Bertozzi:**

I owe a lot of what's become of my career to Dean.

By 1999, I had been putting out comics here and there, and while some people were reading them, I wasn't picking up any steam. I kept focusing on trying to create stories to sell to a very specific market— a market that didn't exist, and further more, one that I didn't have much of an actual stake in. And to top it all off, I wasn't really all that satisfied with the kinds of stories I was putting out. And Dean— who was my roommate at the time— took me aside and told me to stop worrying about what I thought other people wanted to see from me, and just make a comic that I would want to read. It sounds simple, but it was exactly what I needed to hear at that point.

At the time *L'Association* was putting together this gigantic anthology of comics called *Comix 2000* in celebration of the new millennium, so I submitted a piece— with Dean's edict still ringing in my head— and what do you know, I got in. Since then, I've always tried to create comics that I would want to be reading.

Obviously, you have to keep some sense of the business and what people want to read in your head. But I strongly believe that if you put something out, that is of quality— or that you care about— people and in turn, a market will follow.

**“... I've always tried to create comics that I would want to be reading.”**



**INK:**

You were one of the founding members of Dean's online comic creator collective ACT-I-VATE, what was your role in its inception?

**Nick Bertozzi:**

Dean has always wanted to create a rat pack for the comics world, and ACT-I-VATE was initially born out of that. He liked the idea of creating a community of creators who would benefit from strength in numbers, which is what happened.

**INK:**

With regards to that, what kind of direction do you think young, up-and-coming comic book creators should be taking within the industry? Especially, given the state of print and the economy?

**Nick Bertozzi:**

Community creation is definitely important but so is the curator's voice. It's great that there are so many new ways for readers to come to your comic, but we're at the over-saturation point with webcomics and there needs to be people who can use strong critical faculties to help us weed through the mountain of material. I suggest that young artists not only work at their own comics, but develop a voice that's capable of speaking concisely and honestly about the waves of comics that they encounter. This will make it easier for readers to understand and appreciate what it is you're trying to achieve. If you, Young Artist, can find a small group of like-minded friends whose work you admire, articulate your thoughts clearly, produce work that is always to the best of your ability, then I believe an audience will respond to that.

**INK:**

How did you get involved with SVA?

**Nick Bertozzi:**

Well, before I got involved with SVA, my friends Matt Madden, Jessica Abel and Tom Hart had all been teaching there for several years. Every once in a while, one of them would tell me that I should look into teaching a class. It was something I had never even considered at that point. So eventually, after much prodding on Matt, Jess and Tom's part, I wound up sending SVA a packet of my work. I didn't hear anything for awhile, and kind of forgot about it. Then one day, I got a call saying that a position would be opening up, and asking if I would be interested in filling it. Fast-forward almost a decade later, and I'm teaching two different classes there.

**INK:**

How has teaching at SVA effected your work as a professional artist?

**Nick Bertozzi:**

When teaching, I'm constantly presented with situations where I have to break down and clarify what exactly my views on comic storytelling are. It's provided me with an opportunity to not only examine how comics function as a storytelling medium, but how and why I work the way that I do. All of which, has been extremely beneficial to my work.

**INK:**

You've recently put out *Lewis & Clark*, through First Second Books. What is next for you?

**Nick Bertozzi:**

Well currently, I'm finishing up work on a 380-page graphic novel called *Jenusalem*, which was written by film director Boaz Yatkine. After that, I'll be working on a comic I'm both writing and drawing, about the life of the Antarctic explorer, Ernest Shackleton.

**“...develop a voice that's capable of speaking concisely and honestly about the waves of comics that they encounter.”**



Nicholas Urban Bertozzi, is a past winner of the Harvey Award, Ignatz Award, and the Xeric Grant. He currently teaches comics related classes in the School of Visual Arts' Cartooning Department. His latest book *LEWIS & CLARK*, was recently released by First Second Books.



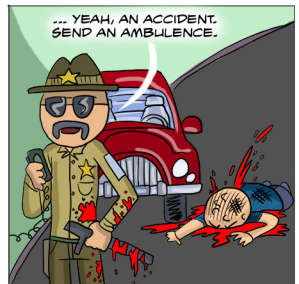
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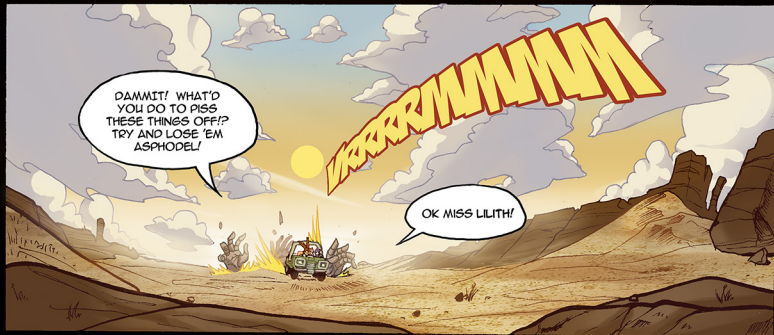


### SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT



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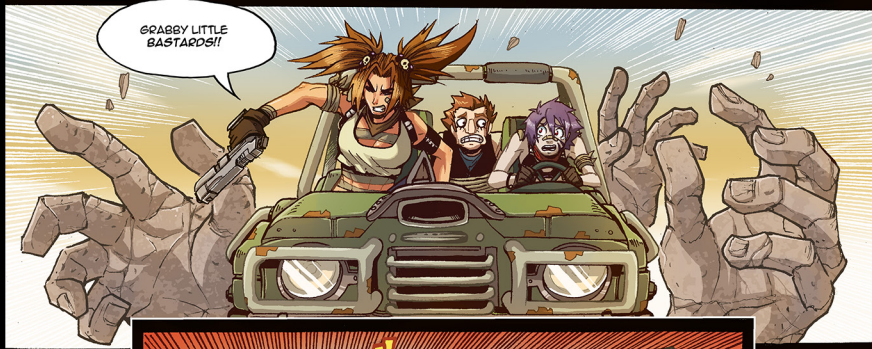




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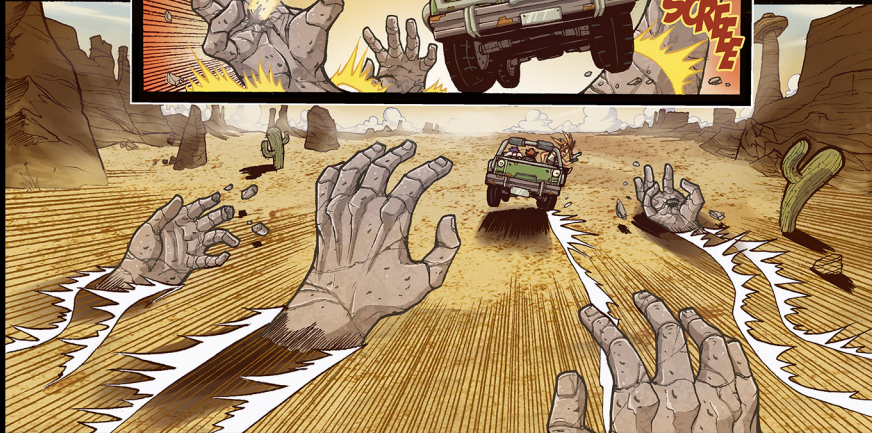


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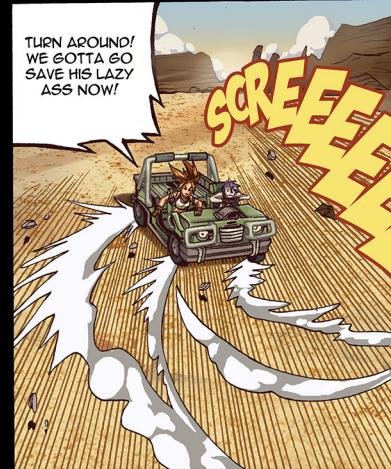
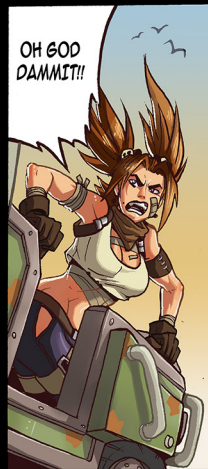


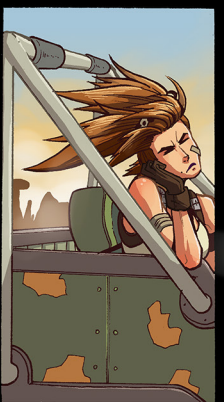
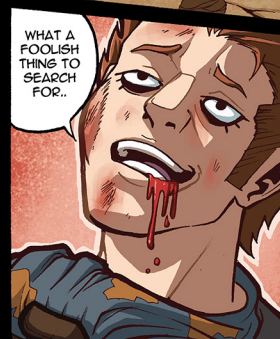
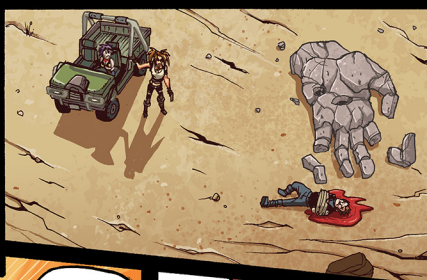
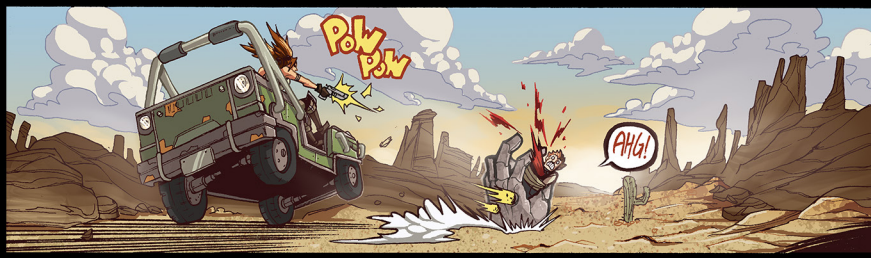
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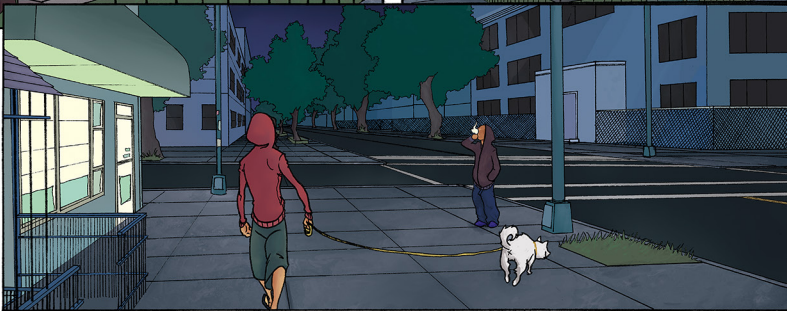


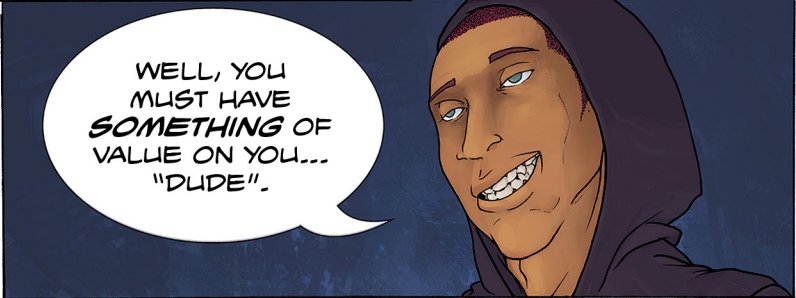
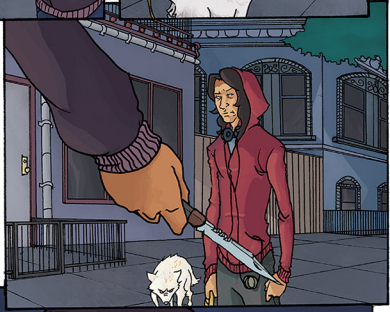




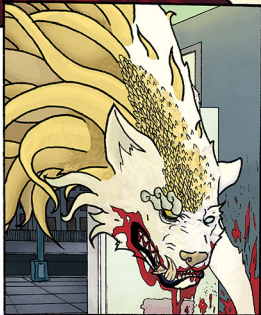
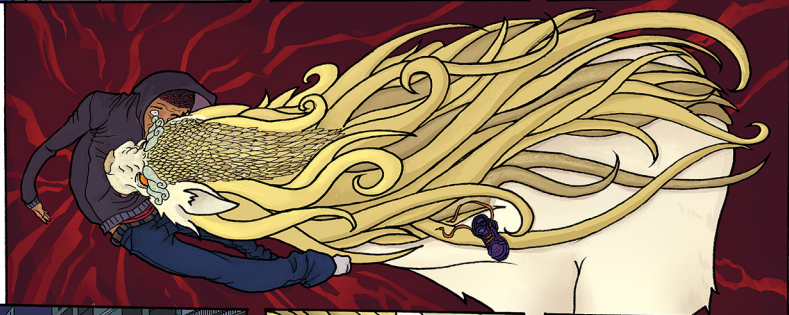


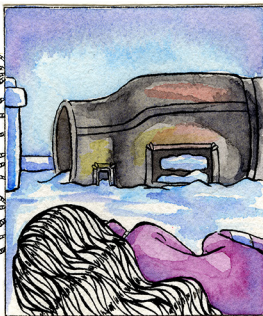
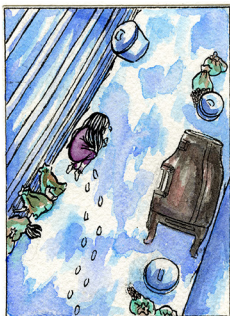
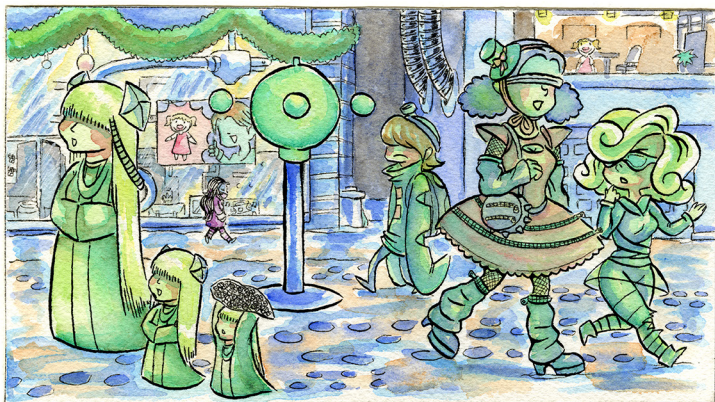




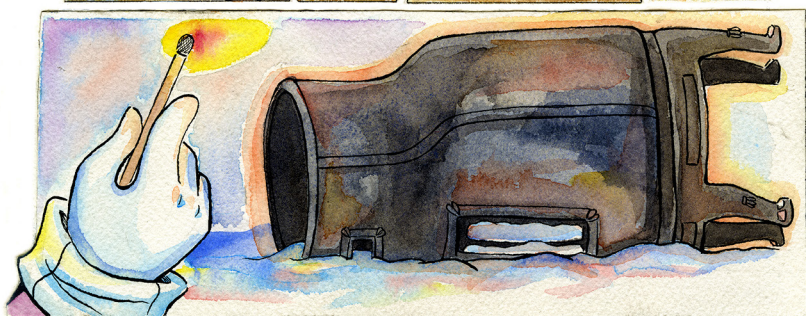
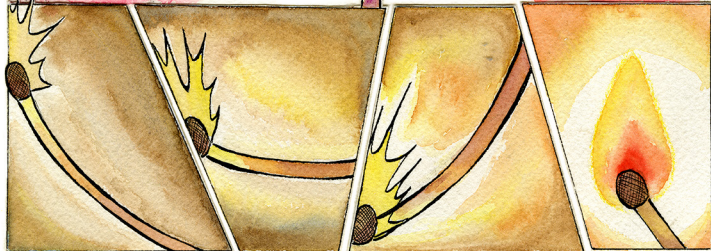
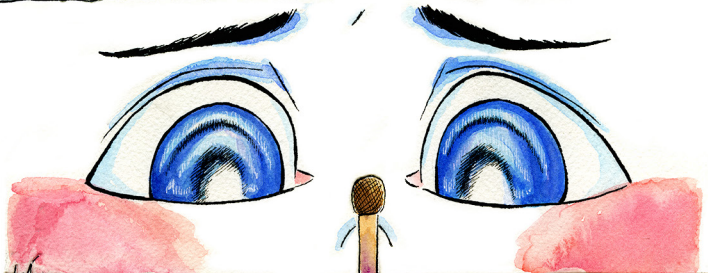
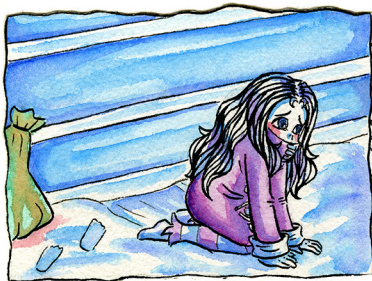


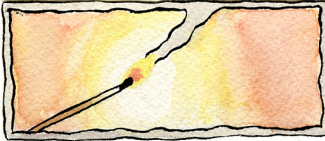
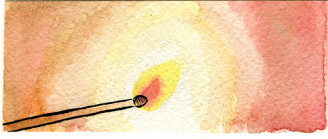
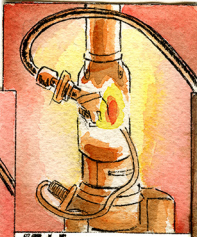
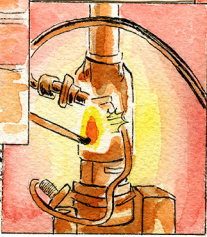














# LOOSELEAF

BY JOEY CAVALIERI

# HEROES

We would have followed Tim anywhere, and we usually did. He was one year ahead of us at St. Francis of Assisi School, and already counted his age in double digits. We respected his greater experience. His obsessions became ours: the first into Cox-engine model plane kits or mini-bikes or the stranger rock stations on the FM dial. Like those stations, we tuned into his wavelength.

One summer night, in Jackson Heights, under the streetlight in front of my dad's prized parking space, he spelled out the brief for the next morning's activities.

We were rapt, barely distracted by the sound of crickets or the punctuation of the occasional lightning bug. Lately, Tim was preoccupied with the Saturday morning superhero cartoons, and the comic books that inspired them. Superheroes were the rage in the sixties. You couldn't spin the TV dial without seeing some new caped crime-fighter, another

steely-eyed sentinel from space, sworn to bring the wicked to justice. But why be passive consumers? Tim suggested we spend the next day making up our own. He had a few ideas he was willing to share. Why didn't we all try it first thing tomorrow?

Anthony's dog, Daisy, didn't even bother to rouse herself to greet us as we trooped into his front yard. She rested her head on her front paws in her doghouse, too lazy to see what we were up to on an already muggy morning.

We sat on the picnic bench in the yard, all of us armed with fistfuls of Bic ballpoints and reams of looseleaf: me, Tim, Rob, Anthony, and the brothers John and Joe Londa.

Our enthusiasm was still high from the previous evening. Tim went on about his

new favorite animated commercial for a brand of potato chips. In it, a toddler named Horton has disconcerted parents who discover the boy's first words are "Rrrrruffles Hacc Rrrrridges." Tim reimagined him as Ruffle Baby, who beats up monsters fifty times his size with the super-strength he gains from eating potato chips. We added a cape. In his origin story, he wound up resembling "Diaper Man" from "The Mighty Heroes."

Only slightly more seriously, Tim brainstormed Gas Man, a space adventurer who wore a garrison belt with a

diamond where the straps met, emblazoned with the letter "G", a hood and a domino mask. His gloves were banded with buttons on his wrist like Space Ghost. With a touch of a switch, he could propel himself forward in gaseous form from the waist down, neatly divided by the belt above his standard-issue superhero trunks. Another push of a button, and he soared through the atmosphere

entirely cloudlike, but for his head and gloved hands, the precursor to "going to eleven." He had to keep his hands solid after all...or else he wouldn't be able to push the button to metamorphose back to human form.

Our firmament of stars included the Winged Avenger, his name hijacked from an episode of the Avengers TV show, where Steed and Mrs. Peel visit a comic

book artist. Well, they weren't going to use him again, and that name was too good to just lie there like Daisy. We picked it up and flew with it. Another appropriated name was the Golden Peril, which I shoplifted from the title of a Doc Savage novel. Among my other contributions was Taurus the Bull, wearing my astrological symbol on his chest, a black cloak, and curved horns protruding from his



hood. From his stronghold deep within the asteroid Ceres, he kept intent watch over the planet Earth on hundreds of monitor screens that saw everything, every where, a Catholic boy's creation if ever there were one; the sees-all, knows-all bit could have been lifted directly from the Baltimore Catechism.

Every superhero has a "weakness," the wild card we amateur dramatists use to keep our minor gods from becoming too powerful. What to choose? Fire? Water? Some stray alien element that falls into the criminal's hands? The most awful thing my fevered imagination could come up with was something I suffered from,

**"...ONE THAT HELD THE FINISHED, STAPLED COMICS WE ALL WORKED ON"**

didn't quite understand, and what we now have come to call IBS. It would double me over in times of stress, like exam week, or parent-teacher conferences, making me grasp my guts and hit the floor. I had strong memories of finishing a final that way.

I recreated that experience as a weakness for Taurus, calling it the "hypnotism virus," a mysterious ailment that Dr. D beamed at him from an undisclosed location hidden in the Crab Nebula. Let comics publishers brag about offering "super heroes with super problems" and promote their costumed characters' neuroses. I had a guy with a bulletproof body and a spastic colon.

Even more down to earth was the powerless Silver Shield. With a red hoodie, a cape that looked like it came from Ben Cooper and utility belt with its tools dangling like a telephone lineman's, the Silver Shield resembled Harriet the Spy more than your standard spandex-wearer. The "shield" he carried was a Frisbee.

The Living Bomb had a series of descending numbers across his chest. The longer he stayed out of his stasis chamber and used his super powers, the closer those numbers approached zero, when he would explode dramatically. I thought this was quite radical. Since I began the countdown at 99,999, it took an awful long time for said dramatic explosion.

The summer sun beat down on us until we were literally "working up a sweat." We could've taken breaks to cool off in Anthony's lawn sprinkler. I think we were afraid that maybe our looseleaf drawings would get wet and smudge. Such was our passionate commitment to our craft.

We did this a lot that summer. I began carrying two looseleaf binders: one that held the finished, stapled comics



we all worked on. The other was my encyclopedia of full-figure drawings of all our characters, mapping their costumes; model sheets before I'd ever heard the term. Our super heroes were open source, free for all to use, to "team up" with each other on adventures, "guest star" in each other's books.

I continued this activity in other neighborhoods (making me a virtual Johnny Comicseed), and kept it up for years on my own long after I should have quit. Our family moved to a new town. My dad would go to work early and drop me off at my new junior high almost an hour before classes started. I knew no one. Corralled in a dim cafeteria with a few scattered strangers until the gen pop arrived by school bus, I spent mornings in the

**"IT BECAME MORE ART THERAPY THAN ART. I DUG RUTS INTO THE PAPER AS ONLY A SURLY ADOLESCENT CAN. IT WAS FAR FROM WHAT ART SPIEGELMAN MEANT WHEN HE POSITED "COMICS AS A MEDIUM OF SELF-EXPRESSION," BUT HAVING GONE THROUGH THIS PHASE, I COULD FEEL WHAT HE MEANT IN MY BONES."**



Joey Cavalieri, is a DC Comics Senior Editor. He currently teaches comics-related classes in the School of Visual Arts' Cartooning Department.

company of the Living Bomb and Taurus the Bull.

Some people don't mind sharing their baby pictures. I'm not among them. You can see in the kid's eyes that he's scared out of his mind, clutching the toy duck or the blanket in the photo for protection, a talisman.

So I find my drawings, especially from that time, hard to look at now. Maybe because I know what was going through my mind with every scrape of the Bic pen. It became more art therapy than art. I dug ruts into the paper as only a surly adolescent can. It was far from what Art Spiegelman meant when he posited "comics as a medium of self-expression," but having gone through this phase, I could feel what he meant in my bones.

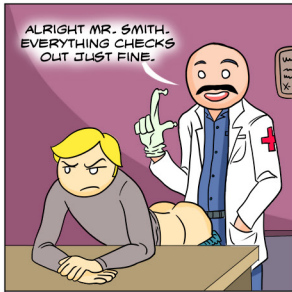
And here the double-entry bookkeeping begins. The comics were for me and me alone. That didn't stop me from trying to make the drawing clear and the continuity consistent for some imagined critical readership. I felt no constraints in terms of subject matter, I felt plenty of constraints in terms of native ability. I was content to be making drawings, yet I couldn't remain satisfied with them.

One often hears the chestnut about how artists wish they could go back to drawing the way they did when they were kids: uninhibited, naive, innocent, un-self-conscious: Crayola portraits of family members done from memory, reenactments of the Battle of Britain, replete with machine gun bullet trails and mouth-sound effects.

But kids expect progress the same as anyone else. The idea that they should be frozen in some state of "innocence" would bewilder them. They get into a groove where they learn to accept their art as their art, a manifestation of their personality despite the drawing's flaws. I suspect they learn to like what they see because on some deep level, they recognize that it's all part of a continuum. They anticipate getting better. Either they retrench and find ways to develop, or the rest of their life calls, and the distractions of growing up make it easy to give up.

I wasn't giving up. I knew I was doing the same thing over and over, and that wasn't good. Do you know this current meme circulating that it takes some 10,000 hours involved in an activity -- music, gymnastics, chess, art -- to become great? Without some guidance to get one off the same old tired ground, one can spend that 10,000 hours spinning one's wheels, basing one's approach on the same premises. It takes some mentorship and battling against a warm, soft and cushy comfort zone. But I had a map out of that zone, and some motivation, and those things led me to the School of Visual Arts. I teach there now. If I have something to offer SVA, it's in providing a fresh perspective to a student's work, and an understanding of where they came from, to help them get ahead while never losing sight of the kid who (still) likes drawing on looseleaf.

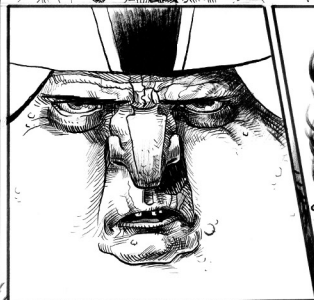
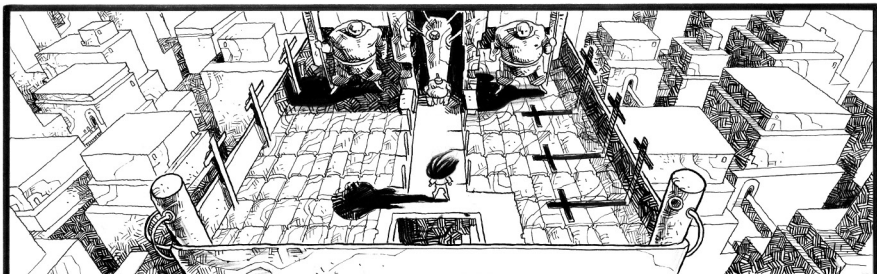
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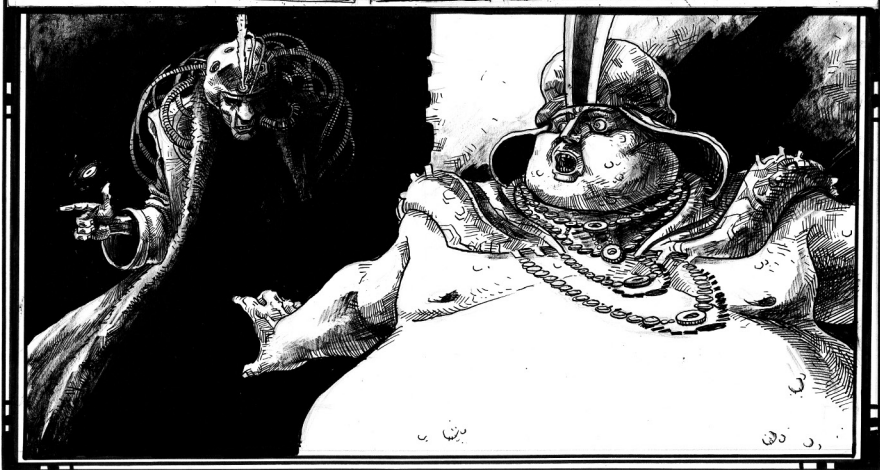
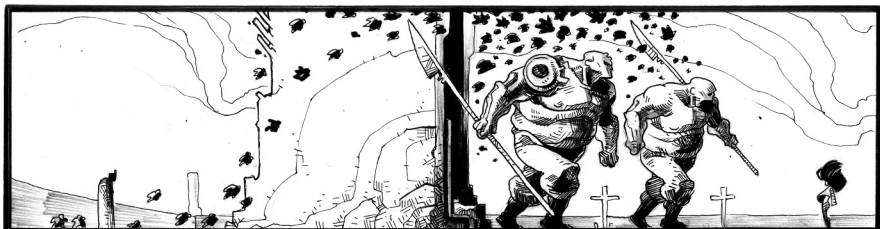


# TRUE TERROR

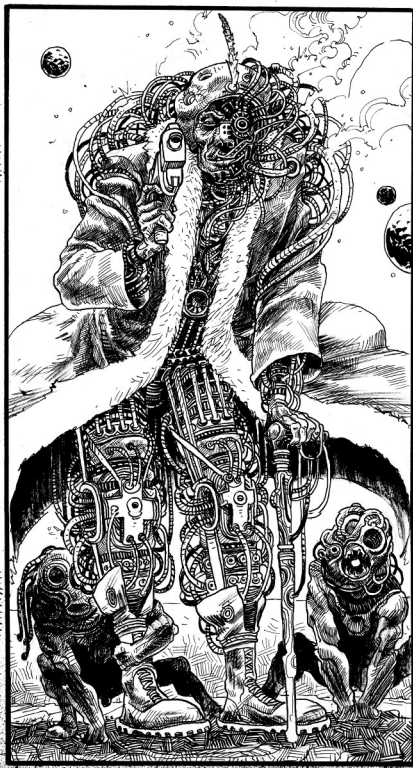
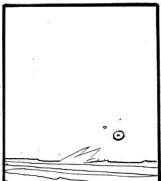
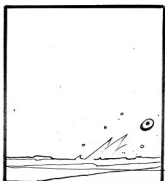
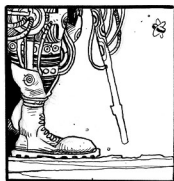




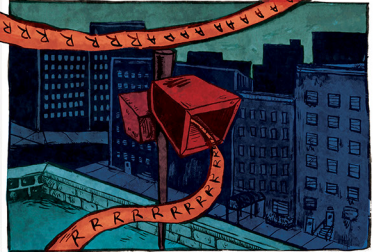








**BANG!**











# VISIONS



OF AN

AN INTERVIEW WITH KLAUS JANSON

# INDUSTRY



“ Comics allowed me to learn how to read and write ”

**INK:**

What is your first memory of making comics?

**Klaus Janson:**

I first came into contact with comics right after my family moved to the States, from Germany. I was four at the time, and had no understanding of English at all. Comics were initially a form of entertainment for me but more than that, comics allowed me to learn how to read and write English by putting the images together with the words in the balloons. By the time I started my first year of school here, I had spent enough time learning the language from comics that I was able to read and write in English well enough to get by. I always thought my early experience with the power of pictures and their ability to communicate information left a pretty big impact on me.

As I got a little older- this must have been around when I was six or seven- I began cutting out the figures on each page, repositioning and then pasting them onto a clean sheet of paper to create my own stories. I would move the cut-outs around on the page until they were telling the story I wanted to tell. At a certain point, it dawned on me that my comics were in shreds and maybe this approach was not the smartest one to take. So I began drawing my own comics. Really that's all there was to it. I found that I liked drawing and just kept on going.

However, it didn't occur to me for a while that being a comic book artist was something like a real job. I remember my Mom thought that machines made comics; that a machine would write and draw

them. It was difficult for me at that age to envision how these things were made. So as far as I knew, maybe machines did produce these things. When Marvel started putting credits on their stories and Stan started talking to the readers, it occurred to me that there might be real people behind this. So after I read the first appearance of The Lizard in Spider-Man, I think it was #6, I sent a letter to the letter column. And though the letter wasn't printed I got a postcard which was signed by Stan Lee in response. I don't know if he actually wrote it, or someone in the office just stamped his signature on it, but it was that exact moment that I realized there were real people creating these comics and I knew that I wanted to be a part of that.

**INK:**

How did you make the leap from amateur, to professional?

**Klaus:**

I met Dick Giordano during a tour I took of the DC Comics offices one day, when I was maybe in my Junior or Senior year in high school. I showed up for a tour that had long been phased out, but the receptionist felt bad for me- bless her- and cajoled Jack Miller, who was an editor there at the time, to show me around the offices. Anyways, one of the people I met was Dick Giordano and it turned out that we lived in adjacent towns in Connecticut. Dick recognized my name from letters I had written to him at Charlton Comics when he was editor there, and, when I told him I wanted to be a comic book artist, he told me to come by his house one day and show him my work. From there we struck up a cordial, mentor-protégé relationship.





“... this medium in particular, can offer a lifetime of discovery if you're open to it”

He was always very kind and patient with me. I would try to go to his house on my own, but I was a dopey kid and would always manage to get lost. I'd have to call him from a phone booth and he'd ask where I was and he'd come pick me up in his car. We'd drive to his house and he would make sandwiches for us. Everything, to me, was so exotic. You know: this is what an artist lived like. This is how he worked, this is what he ate. I would show him my pages and he'd give me a crit and a bit of advice. He would let me watch him ink and I would ask him questions about art and the industry and stuff. He was a great role model to have.

Eventually I worked as his assistant, during which I got to work on a couple of Batman issues

he was working on, as well as some of the Doctor Strange stuff he did over Frank Brunner. I worked on a couple of Crusty Bunkers jobs, which was a group of artists headed by Neal Adams and Dick, they were like journeyman artists, and we would do odd jobs for DC or Marvel. At some point, I started going around to Marvel and DC pretty aggressively, where I'd show my portfolio around to editors.

**INK:**

When did you become actively interested in the mechanics of comic book storytelling? Was it something you had always been interested in, or did you come to it over time?

**Klaus:**

Well, the kind of storytelling that you're talking about can only be done in the penciling stage. I had developed some primitive theories about inking and how it relates to storytelling but it wasn't until I worked on Daredevil with Frank Miller, where I had to start thinking about storytelling in the penciling stage, that I became aware of how much there was to discover and learn within the comics medium. At the start of our run, I worked exclusively as the inker, but by the end of the run I was providing pencils, inks, and colors for the book. That experience, more than any other, made me realize that some choices work better than others and I guess I started to build on that.

The other thing that happened that was so pivotal to me was teaching at SVA. Two semesters is a lot of time to be standing in front of a group of students. I found out really fast that they can tell if you don't know what you're talking about so I was forced to step up, in a way. Teaching was one of the best decisions I ever made. I also learned that art and this medium in particular, can offer a lifetime of discovery if you're open to it.

**INK:**

Do you have any advice for young comic artists?

**Klaus:**

I think one of the things I've noticed from the students over the years is that those who succeed, do so mostly because of their persistence and tenacity. There are always a few who are brilliant artists and get work right out of school. But most of us don't fall into that "brilliant" category so success is a matter of being persistent and clever with how you manage your career.

In a more practical vein, I found that having something that Marvel or DC or whomever, want from you, is an essential ingredient for a long career. If you want to be valuable to the medium and as a producer of product either for yourself or a company, because this is a business, you have to be able to have something that they want. And I found that the more skills you have, the more

valuable you are to the people who pay you. You can't allow yourself to stagnate—keep learning, expand your skills, have more to offer. Learn everything you can about your field. The world is very competitive and, even more, very fast and it's important to keep up.

Oh—and having the ability to collaborate is a good thing to have also. You have to play well with others.

**INK:**

What got you interested in teaching at SVA?

**Klaus:**

I knew teaching would be good for me on many different levels, though I couldn't have imagined how influential it would wind up being. I think initially I saw it as one of those things I was talking about earlier: an opportunity to expand as an artist and a person. But I also wanted to give something back. Comics have been incredibly important to me and the people I met as I was starting out were very good to me and I wanted to return some of that. I have a lot of respect for this medium, too, and I thought teaching comics was a way of passing on some of that respect. I've always hoped I could elevate the perception of this medium so I've tried to convey a serious approach to the work we do.

I probably take comics way too seriously but comics, and art in general, are a means of self-expression: This Is What I Believe In. Every page is a declaration. This is the truth as I see it. I believe stories should be told this way, I believe this composition works, I believe this is how hands should be drawn, I believe this. Every decision you make on the page defines you. How can you not take that seriously? How can you not rise to that challenge?

“... comics... are a means of self-expression: This Is What I Believe In. Every page is a declaration. This is the truth as I see it.”

**INK:**

What do you think sets SVA apart from other art schools that offer majors in Cartooning?

**Klaus:**

New York City. One of the big advantages—and I realize this the more I travel—is that SVA is located here. The opportunities and advantages to being in a city like New York cannot be underestimated. It's a profoundly important location, not only for the history of comics but also for the proximity to Marvel and DC, and your ability to make connections personally instead of via email or the

phone. It's the reason so many people come to New York. And of course, New York has every cultural and educational opportunity any city could offer.

**INK:**

Where do you see comics going in the next few years?

**Klaus:**

I think that for you as well as for me, the not too distant future is probably self-publishing. I'm convinced that Comixology won't be the only hub from which we'll be able to download comics. I think that within a short period of time we're going to be able to offer our own comics for download.

A couple of years ago some interviewer asked Francis Ford Coppola what the future of movies was and he said “everyone's going to be making movies in their basement.” And now the technology is here and everyone is making movies in their basements. And soon, to extend the analogy a bit, everyone's going to be making comics in their basement, and we're going to have technology to distribute them to the public. We're not there yet, but the technology to create, promote and distribute your own periodical is just about here.

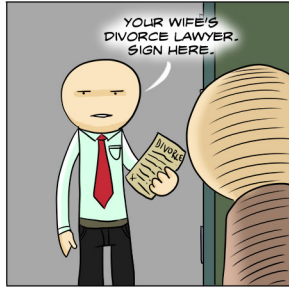
And that, is a future worth waiting for. . . .



*Klaus Janson, is a past winner of the Harvey Award for Best Inker. He teaches comics-related classes in the School of Visual Arts' Cartooning Department. Currently, Janson is inking The Avengers and penciling a Daredevil mini-series.*



## KNOCK, KNOCK



## THE LEGEND OF DIEHARD



## AN OCEAN ADVENTURE



# EDITORS'

In your hands is something new.

INK is the first 100% student-run comics publication to be offered exclusively on digital platforms. And it is entirely free.

We all make up stories, but the ability to communicate a story- to be able to share it, to have others experience it with you- is a truly great thing. Comics and the sequential arts are universal storytelling mediums, constricted not by a special effects budget, but rather by a creator's own ability to imagine and discover new ways of visually relaying their story's narrative. With the advent of the iPad and other digital reader devices, comic book storytellers have a new means of sharing their stories with millions of potential new readers, as well as each other.

Everyone at INK is still learning-- When we began working on INK in January of 2011, none of us knew how to make it a reality. But we took initiative and learned. We believed in the idea of what INK should be, of what it needed to be- and together, we found ways to accomplish everything we had set out to do, and more.

INK is not just a publication. It is an open invitation to every developing storyteller to make something new, to strive for something beyond what is already known, to add to the conversation.

Stop waiting. Tell your story. No one else can.

INK

# NOTE



# CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON



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