

## ANONYMOUS GOSH: PARADISE MISPLACED

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Language revision: Tijana Tamburić

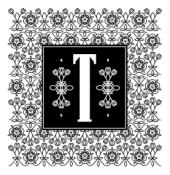
100 pp

December 2013

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WHEN I FIRST DEVELOPED PARADISE MISPLACED IALREADY HAD A FULL DECADE OF DRAWING NEWSPAPER COMICS BEHIND ME.





he Minis was the title of a weekly comic that ran in Slovenia's biggest selling newspaper from 1999 to 2004. It regularly challenged its populist agenda with complex and philosophical stories about tiny animals offering their own interpretations of human culture from the priviliged vantage point of a meadow at the city's edge and was eventually published as a 150 page tome that hit the bookshelves in 2003 and now holds the reputation of a Slovenian classic in the field of newspaper cartooning.

A year later the yellow pressed editors finally had enough of the tiny smartasses' shenanigans and promptly cancelled the strip resulting in my move to a more respectable paper. It was at the bottom of Delo's culture page that I managed to vent my comic creativity for just over a year by drawing a detailed weekly strip about a capitalist turtle and revolutionary snail called Shell. When this venture too was cut short by the crisis and no other periodicals willing to publish locally made comics presented themselves, I promptly applied for government funding to start the first ever internet comic in Slovenia.

We won the call and the comic was published on the web on a weekly basis for a full year plus slightly less regularly (when the money ran out) in the following two. The biggest departure of Paradise Misplaced from my work so far lay in the premise that the strip was drawn by a hermit cartoonist named Anonymous Gosh purporting to have lived next door to the main deity of European monotheism for several years and thus posessing valuable info about the backstage workings of heaven, hell and other assorted metaphysical riff-raff. The result of these Machiavellian machinations now lies before you. This English edition of the book is based on the Slovenian original published in 2013, marvelously designed by my good friend and ex-comic co-creator Robert Ilovar, while a slightly less good looking version was published the same year at the Spanish branch of the Glenat publishing house in Barcelona.

As this short contextualization written especially with you in mind, my fine foreign readers, draws to an end I leave you to enjoy the book on its own merits and thus bid you a fun, festive and thought-provoking read.

Izar Lunaček, Ljubljana, November 2013



A rare portrait of Anonymous Gosh (estim. 1360)
The author is depicted interacting with the Holy Trinity.

## ANONYMOUS GOSH WAS BORN AT THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION IN AN APARTMENT BUILDING ON THE EDGE OF THE ILLYRIC EMONA. fter a brief stint with the apocryphic The two mr. G-s became friends and during their subsequent Brotherhood of the Holy Little Finger, regular Friday nights at a local pub The Big Man disclosed Gosh spent over sixty moons graduating many a backstage anecdote from the making of his bestin Comparative and Applied Thegony at selling books of Genesis. Following his friend's recent St. Brian's college of the Criminally Sane. untimely death, the grief-stricken Gosh vowed to put up a Throughout his studies he supported permanent and possibly profitable memoir to his old drinking himself, his spouse and a batch of small forrest animals by mate. Those late-night pub-tales, shared over the twelfth pint painting critically acclaimed icons for local churches and of lager, have naturally been one of the main inspirations for large corporations of national importance. Gosh's unique the comic stories found on these pages, but, as the publisher family name earned him the privilege of having been insists, for legal purposes only, the reader should nevertheless throughout his life often mistaken for God, a popular deity of presume that any part of our tale resembling actual international acclaim living just a few doors down from him people, gods or events, carried out at, after or before the beggining of the world can never be anything more on the same block. Gosh met his celebrity namesake when returning a package mistakenly delivered to his house. than pure cosmic coincidence.



PARADISE MISPLACED IS

A WEEKLY COMIC STRIP

AVAILABLE ONLINE AT

PARADISEMISPLACED.SI

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

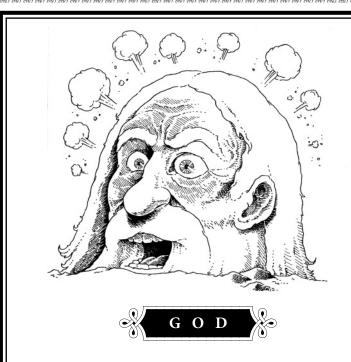
IT IS SET IN THE BIBLICAL

GARDEN OF EDEN BEFORE

THE FALL OF MAN AND STARS

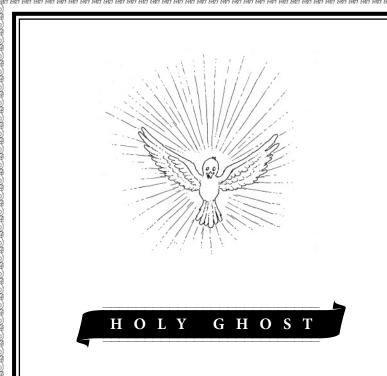
THE FOLLOWING ENSAMBLE

OF CHARACTERS:



A large, hairy and short-tempered deity in charge of the Garden. Resides just over the horizon. He is also the all-powerfull creator of the Garden and all living beings in it, a feat he claims to have accomplished all by his lonesome. He loves the creation and his human children but is given to fits of rage when they disobey one of His obscure rules of conduct.

His typical reaction is to evict the delinquents from the garden to Earth, an unpleasant place where the men have to work for a living and women have to bear their children in pain - unless landing in a country where social welfare and subdural anasthesia are available.



God's pet pigeon. It never leaves his side and has been with Him since He was a child. Legend says that It once saved His life when He fell into the river Styx and the Holy dove flew for five miles to alert His caretakers of the mishap. They saved little G just before He went down the waterfall at the edge of the world. Smartest bird alive.

In fact, conspiracy theorists are convinced it is this inconspicous pigeon that actually runs the show, the Father-god being merely the frontman of Its puppet-regime. To this day however no conclusive proof has been presented to either thoroughly support or disprove this claim.



Apart from his devotion to nudism, A. is your typical everyman. Good-natured, fun-loving and reliable. Reasonably fit, but by no means a muscle man. Somewhat of a romantic. Partial to long walks on the beach. Owns a car.

Completely faithful to his wife, Eve – a fact made all the easier since she is the only woman on Earth. Doesn't go out for poker nights with the boys because he is the only man on Earth. To make up for the lack of company, he occasionally makes friends with animals in the garden who however lead him into temptation by offering him cigarettes, wine, liquor and pornography. »Never trust a camel with a pack of firesticks« is his motto.



The mother of all women. Has a near perfect figure of 36'-24'-34', but refuses to get a boob job like her agent advised just to score better modeling jobs. Used to work on the catwalks of Milan, Paris and New York before coming to the Big Brother house in Eden, but is really interested in studying sociology, the languages and just about anything she can find out about marine mammals.

She has a weak spot for animals and will take whatever they offer her, be it apples, crack or the collected works of Franz Kafka, often getting her and Adam in trouble with their patronizing, control-freak boss.





The Garden's chief of police. Always snooping on Eden's inhabitants to see if he can detect any breaches of the insane Law lain down by God's senile grandmother on her death-bed. He carries a flaming sword to deliver on the spot justice for minor trespassings but usually scurries to snitch the transgressors to God who then goes mental.

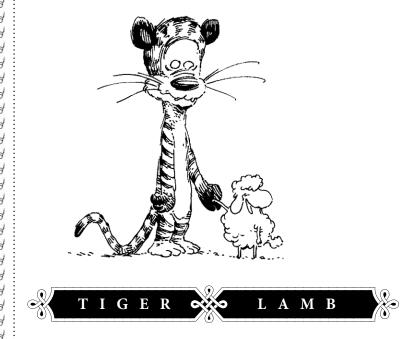
Everybody considers him God's lapdog and possibly gay but is really just hermaphroditic and a God-made robot that is programmed to act that way and can't help himself. Once, when the archangel was asleep, the Monkey snuck up to him, tiny little scalpel in hand, and made a small incision in his side, and beneath it was all iron and exposed wiring and little red blinking diode-lights. Really.



ANIMALS

The agents of temptation in Eden, basically the actors of making at least something happen, the spiriti movens of the respective fabula. Without them, it would be all lalala, but like this it's – ah – drama.

Despite being the ones causing temptation, the animals deny taking part in any sort of diabolical scheme. "There's nothing sinister about it« a dog told us, "you get assigned a tree and the merchandise and you try to move it. It's difficult enough geting a prime spot and it's not like there's a big consumer base – it's two people right? There's very little market research and limited advertising options. Basically, you stand by your plant and shout and wave the product if one of the nudists comes by, doing your best to peddle the stuff before it spoils."



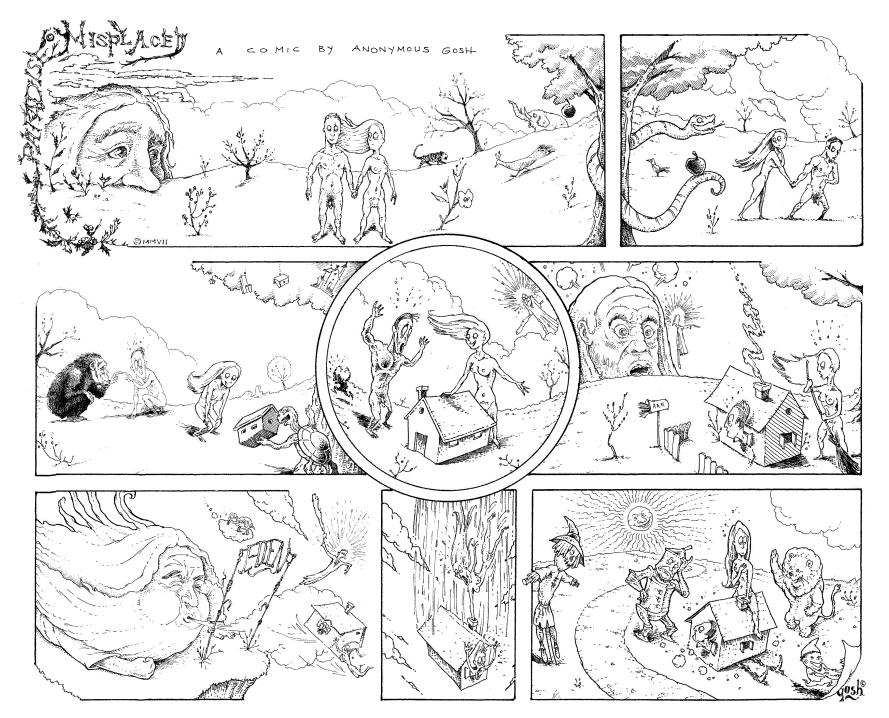
Best Friends Forever. They're inseparable and always work, play and rest together. Well, mostly rest and play since work is a no-no in Eden. They are also the only animals in the garden that don't sell any merchandise, but they do get royalties from global sales of t-shirts and mugs featuring their iconic image.

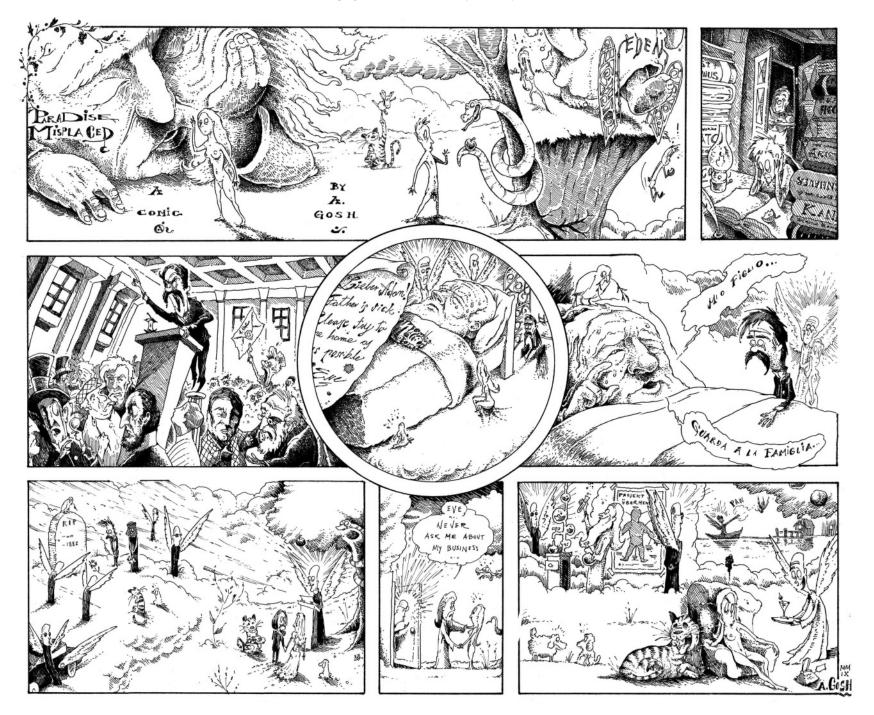
Both beasts were orphaned when a New Zealand livestock freight train collided with a circus caravan. Afterwards, the Holy Ghost assumed their parentage, raising them exclusively on worms, manna and birdseed. They are huge fans of Calvin and Hobbes and often hope for snow so they could go out sledding on their toboggan. Alas, there is none to be had in Eden.

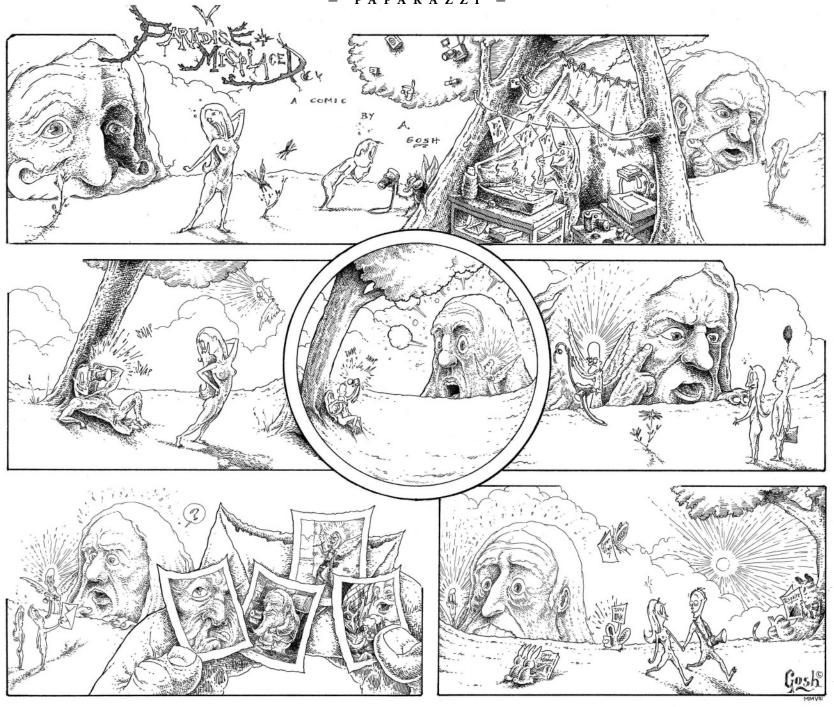


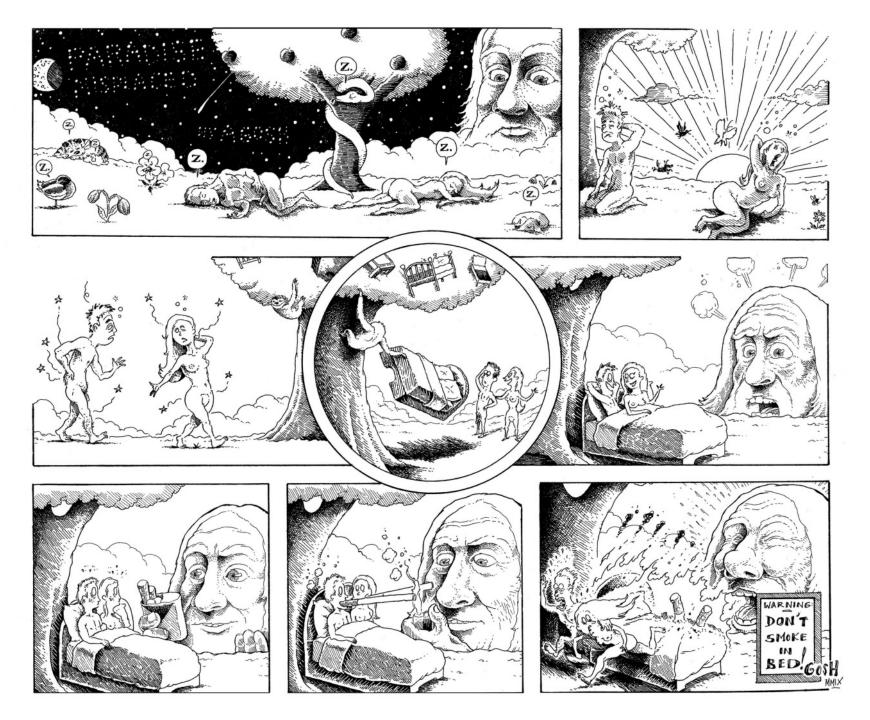
God's favourite son. Polite, diplomatic and well-behaved yet firm, resolute and decisive in times of crisis. Still single. He was brought up by his mom and stepdad, but idolised his estranged biological father throughout his life and finally managed to move in with Him at the age of 33.

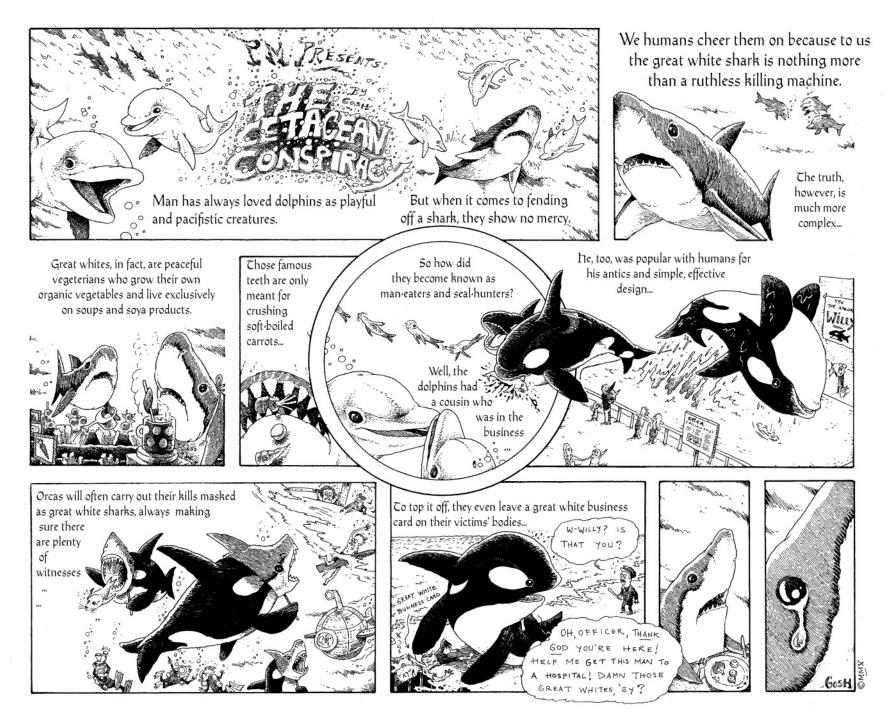
He is still struggling to come to terms with Dad's darker side which he had only become aware of after the move – His short temper and His strange passion for raising pigeons in particular. He still sometimes misses his mom and finds comfort in bonding with Eve, with whom they maintain a mutually afectionate, purely platonic relationship.

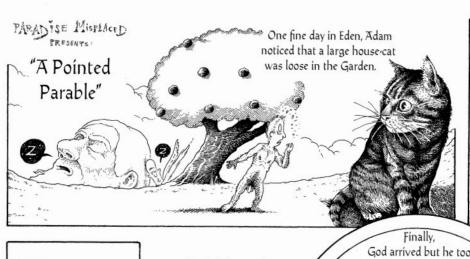




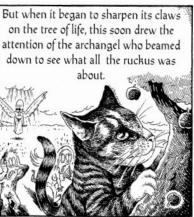




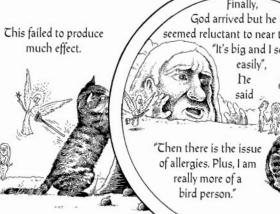




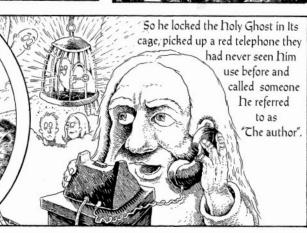
Eve came up and found the beast to be a delightful and grateful addition to their lives.

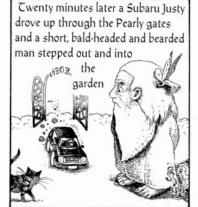






God arrived but he too seemed reluctant to near the feline "It's big and I scratch





"It doesn't really have a meaning", he told God, "I just really felt like drawing a cat in every panel today. Don't worry, it'll be gone by next week.«



the beast, instructing them to alternate daily between lamb and salmon, as its two favourite flavours.

provided them with food for

he then









I.

As avid readers might have noticed, the archangel in the first panel is missing his usual halo. This is because angels generally stick to the habit of turning off their halos while they sleep in order to conserve energy. They are a very environmentally conscious group and have also urged other haloed beings to turn of their own illumination when not in service.

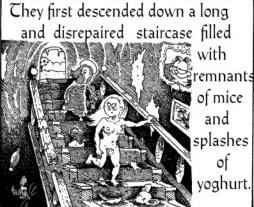
It is estimated that the 1000 plus saints recognized by the Catholic church spend as much as 10 000 KiloWatt hours per anum contributing considerably to the effects of global warming. Cannonized holy men have also been urged to stay off beaches during turtle-hatching season so as not to distract the hatchlings on their way to the ocean.

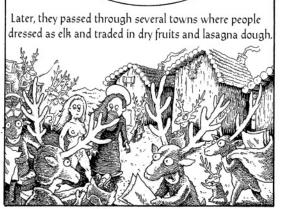
Most haloed groups have now signed the agreement, yet one notable exception remains the Holy Ghost, a respected member of the influential Trinity, claiming he is technically a bird, hence an animal, hence »can be 'is own judge of when 'is friggin' night light becomes a threat to the friggin' natural habitat.«

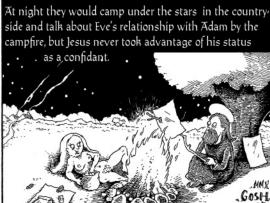


## - ANOTHER POINTED PARABLE -









To be continued...

