

D.V. NIKT - D. ZARITCH MOONSHOT



PART ONE TOWN WITHOUT PITY

HE HAD A VOICE OF GOLD. SHE HAD MURDER IN MIND. AMERICA WAS STILL BLEEDING.

ebook





VIRGINIA

FROZEN
CUSTARD



D.V. Nikt - D. Zaritch
Moonshot: Town Without Pity

Published in 2015 by Modesty Comics, London, UK

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MOONSHOT



PART ONE
TOWN WITHOUT PITY





About Schund and Musical Vagabond

Admirers of the unconventional adore schund achievements (schund means trash or kitsch in German and Serbian), but elitists disapprove of them. While the latter see them as trash and treat them that way, the former find elements of ingenious originality, creativity and humanity. Schund achievements justifiably have cult status, especially in certain groups. The masses like commercial, easily digestible forms of trash, because it is universal, generally acceptable and desirable. TV soaps and entertaining shows are two forms of trash media which are easily acceptable by ordinary souls and glorified as a phenomenal achievement.

Obscure topics average people put in the ghetto of schund. In schund goes all that once was popular - music genres such as punk, rock, country-rock and Americana. It sometimes happens that a single swinging retro phenomenon briefly return to fashion, but it is short-lived. When it comes to film, western, musical and crime noir are also trash because they are not popular. The comicstrip Moonshot by artist Dejan Vlasisavljević (D.V. Nikt) and screenwriter Dušan Zarić (D. Zaritch) is also schund, as they helpfully warn with their logo "Schund Comix", which is the name of their publishing house. Moonshot is going to be experienced by the masses as a schund achievement because it is not visually appeal-



Logo of the publishing house of Vlasisavljević and Zarić

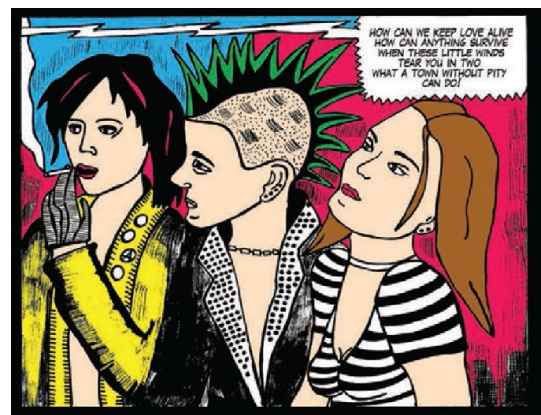




Fatal women visiting vagabond

ing. At first, this graphic novel looks as if it is made by a beginner, but when one looks in more details at the images and how DV Nikt and D Zaritch develop their story, one can sense that this is not an amateur achievement. Moonshot is a full-blooded crime noir achievement and contains all the necessary noir ingredients - the perfect time and location (Atlantic City, 1973); a fatal woman who offers a tempting offer to a man; a man who accepts the offer because he succumbs to her feminine charms; crime and twists after the crime. The man is the central character of the serial Moonshot. He is Jack Shadow, a singer, Vietnam veteran and a vagabond with an attitude.

In Moonshot there is no shortage of "movie sentences" ("I'm not immune to nostalgia."), and the content is reminiscent of the crime noir films and American cinema of the seven-



Vagabond new audience

ties that created a captivating quality to unconventional (and the non-commercial) movies. Charley Varrick (Don Siegel, 1973), Scarecrow (Jerry Schatzberg, 1973), Papillon (Franklin J. Schaffner, 1973), The Sting (George Roy Hill, 1973), The MacKintosh Man (John Huston, 1973), The Friends of Eddie Coyle (Peter Yates, 1973) are just some titles that have not reached excessive financial success, but have quite deservedly earned a cult following (and the infamous status of schund).

Moonshot is not one of the titles that will achieve great publishing quantities, and the authors will certainly not obtain renowned success among colleagues and the public, which does not mean it is a bad achievement. On the contrary, Moonshot is in a drawing and scripting sense clever and zany to a large extent, ideal for unconventional elitists - perfect for fans of intelligent schund, non-commercial literature and crime noir comics!

Miroslav Cmok, comics critic





D.V. NIKT - D. ZARITCH

MOONSHOT

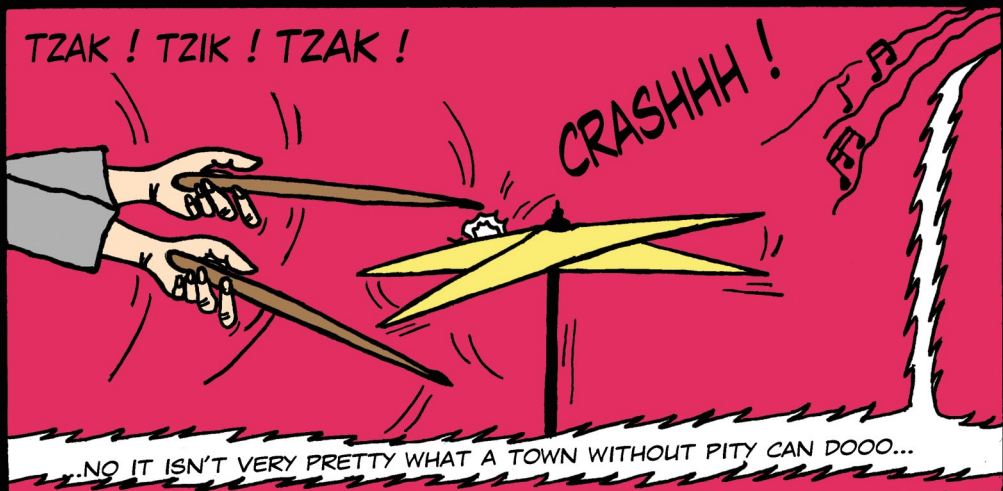
TOWN WITHOUT PITY







THE VENEER OF GLAMOUR HAS LONG PEELED OFF. THIS WAS NOW A CONDEMNED TOWN THAT COULDN'T PROMISE ANYTHING TO ANYONE ANYMORE. THE DAMNED STILL ROAMED ITS CRUMBLING TENEMENT BUILDINGS WHILE THE RICH ESCAPED ELSEWHERE. ATLANTIC CITY, 1973.





WELL, ONE MORE
FOR THE ROAD.

YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH.

AND NOT JUST IN ATLANTIC CITY... IT WAS THE SAME NO MATTER WHERE I PLAYED.

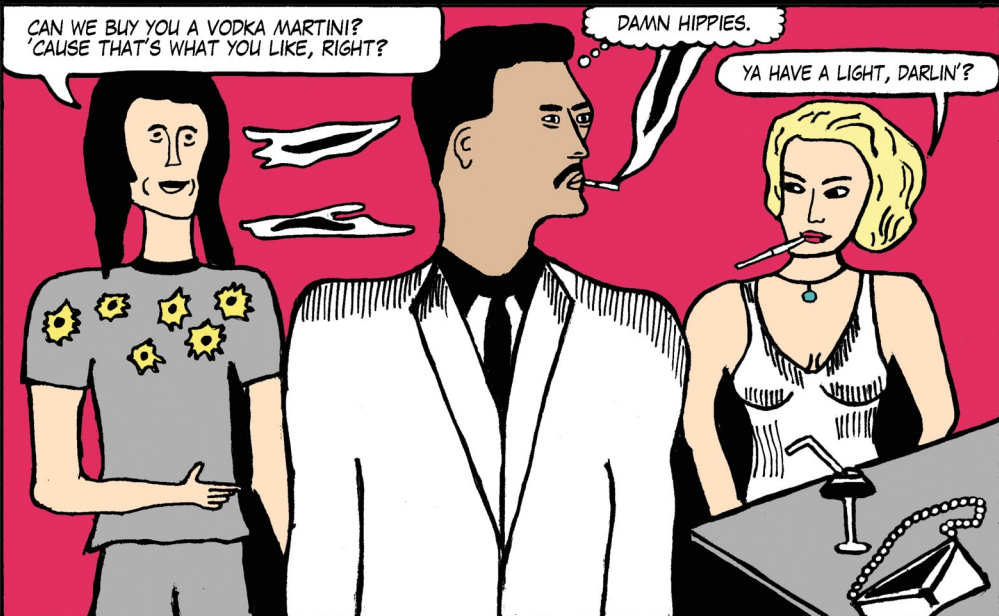
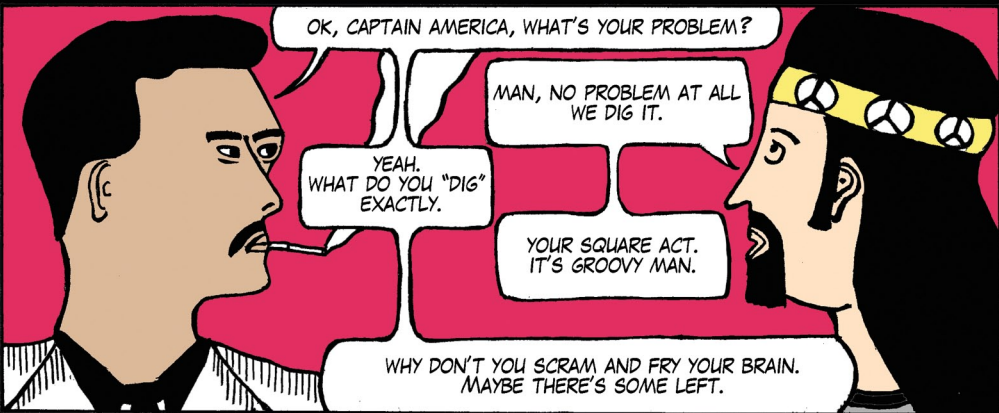
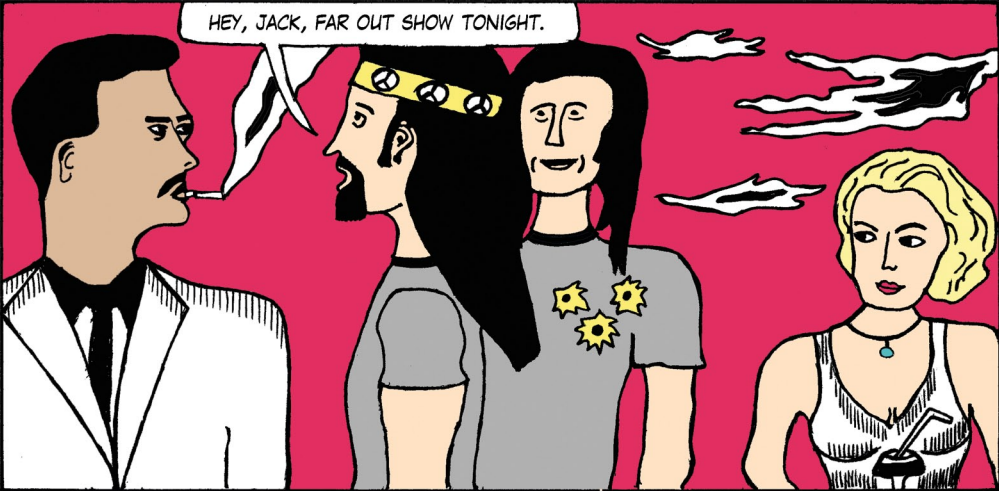


THIS IS MY CROWD NOW.



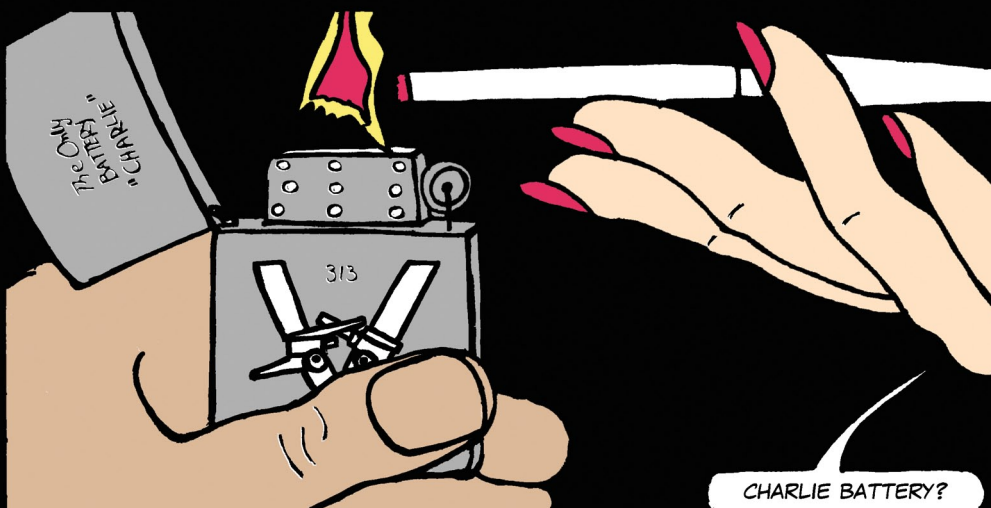
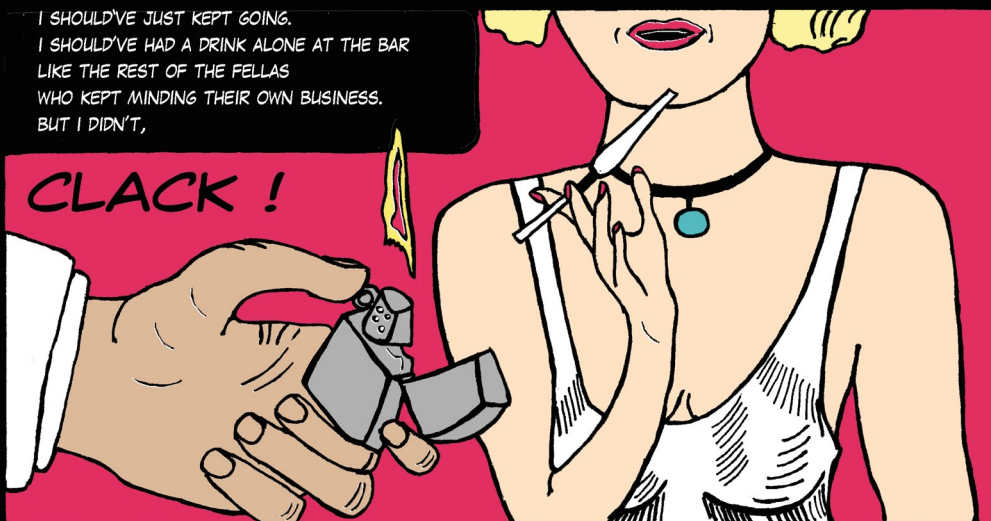
I KEEP SEEING THESE DROPOUTS. WHY DO THEY BOTHER?
I'M NO ACID-ROCK, OR WHATEVER THEY CALL THAT DRECK
THEY LIKE.

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!



I SHOULD'VE JUST KEPT GOING.
I SHOULD'VE HAD A DRINK ALONE AT THE BAR
LIKE THE REST OF THE FELLAS
WHO KEPT MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS.
BUT I DIDN'T,

CLACK !

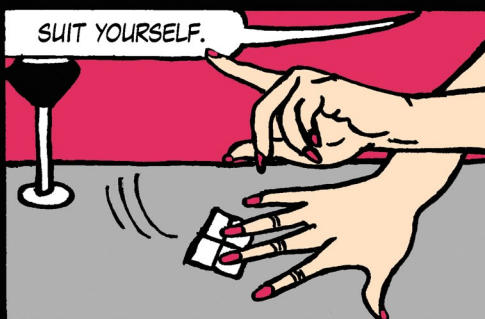
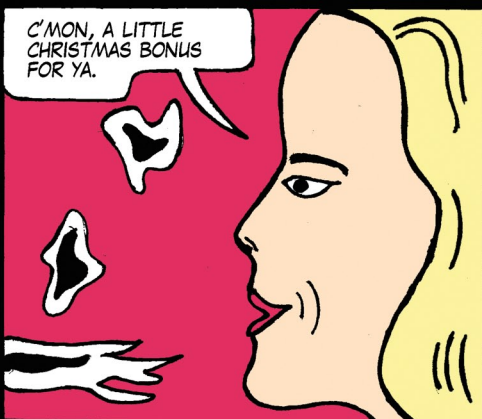


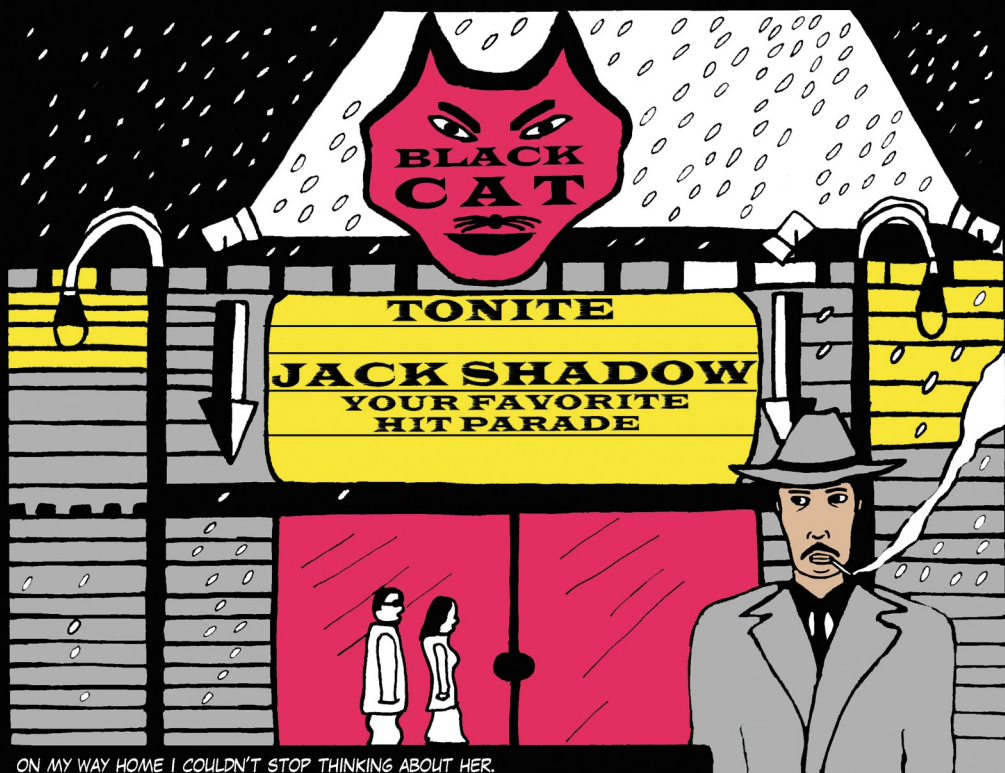
CHARLIE BATTERY?

THAT WAS FIVE YEARS AGO.

I BET IT STILL HURTS.







ON MY WAY HOME I COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HER.
IF I KNEW BETTER I'D SAY THAT SHE WAS THE SIEGE OF SAIGON ALL OVER AGAIN.



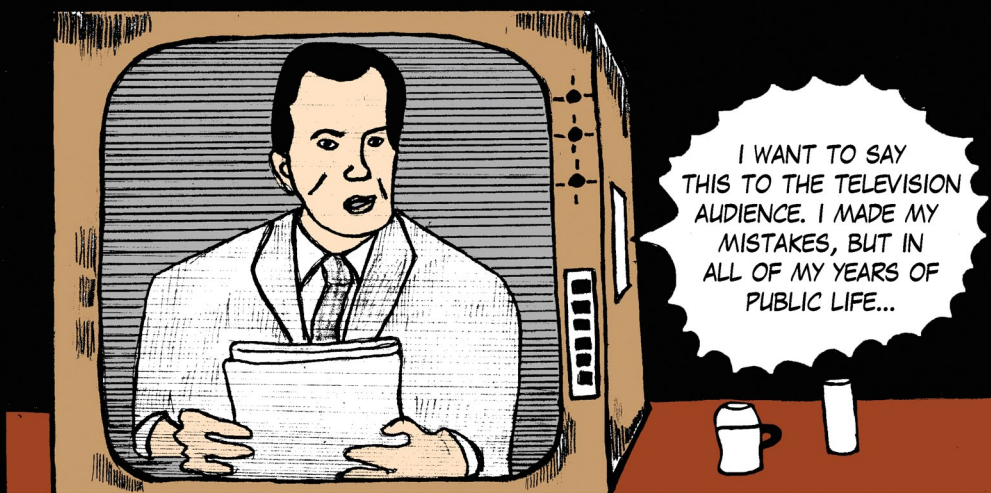
BUT ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS HER HAIR AND THE WAY IT FLOWED LIKE
SOME UNNAMED RIVER ILLUMINATING THE DARKEST COUNTRY.



IT ' S TRUE, NO ONE REALLY GETS WHAT THEY FIGHT FOR . WE FOUGHT THE VIET CONG,
WE SEARCHED AND DESTROYED... AND WHAT DID WE GET IN RETURN ? NOTHING.

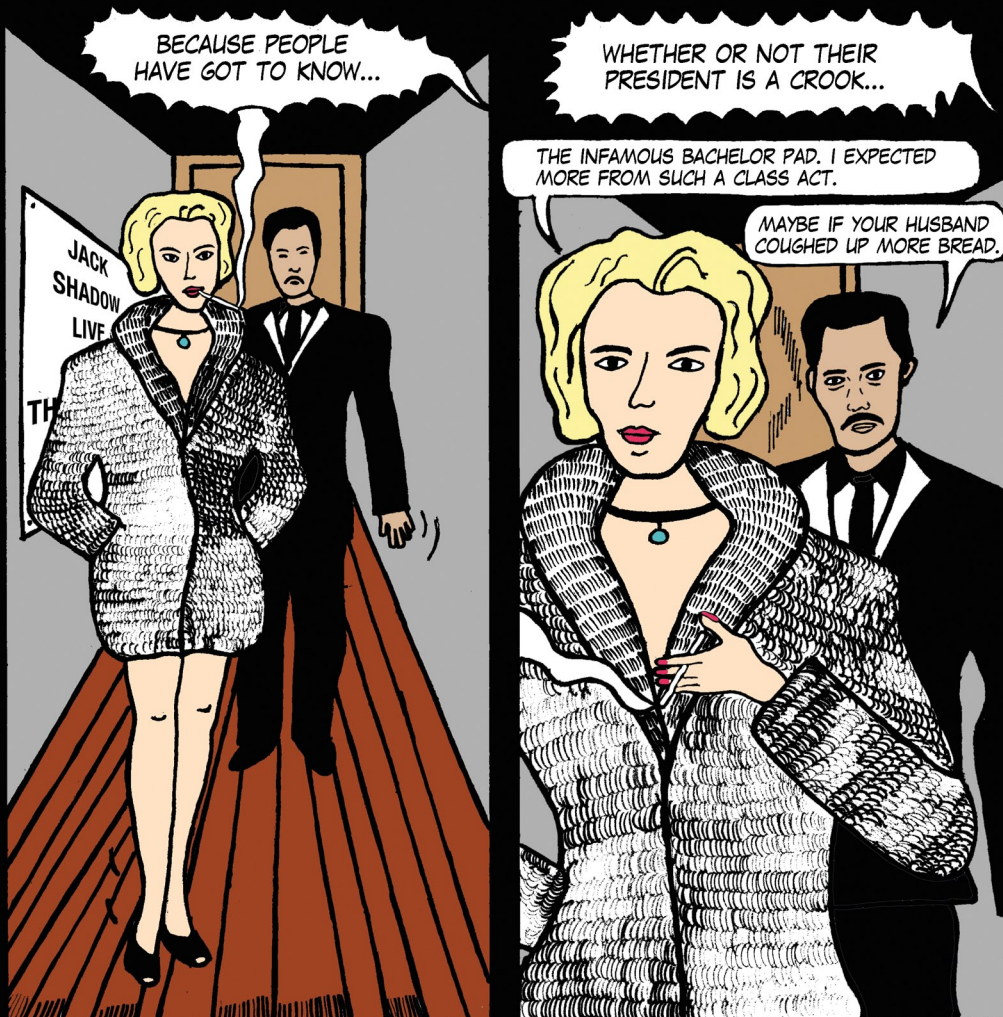
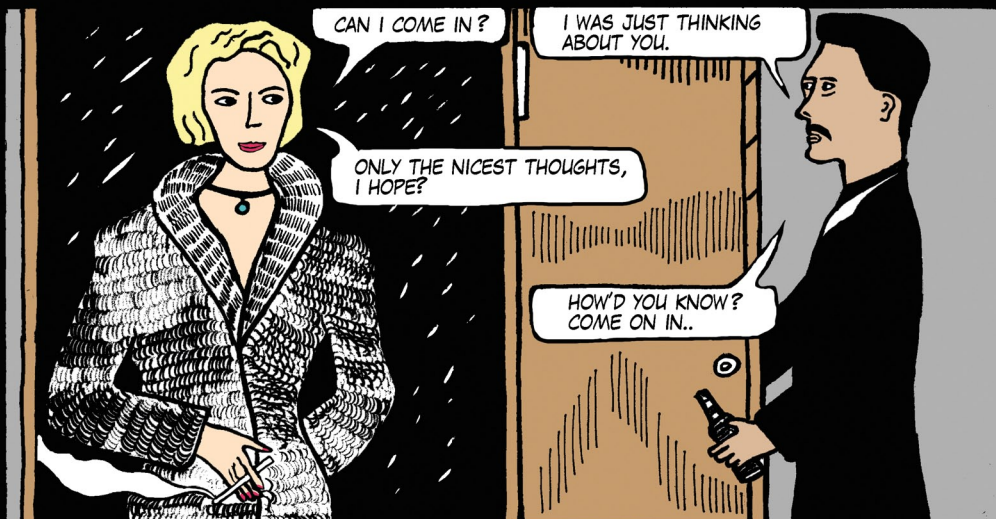


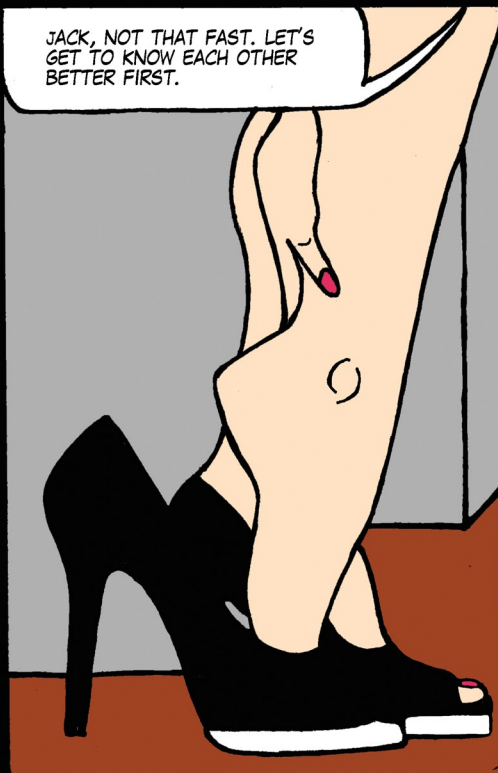
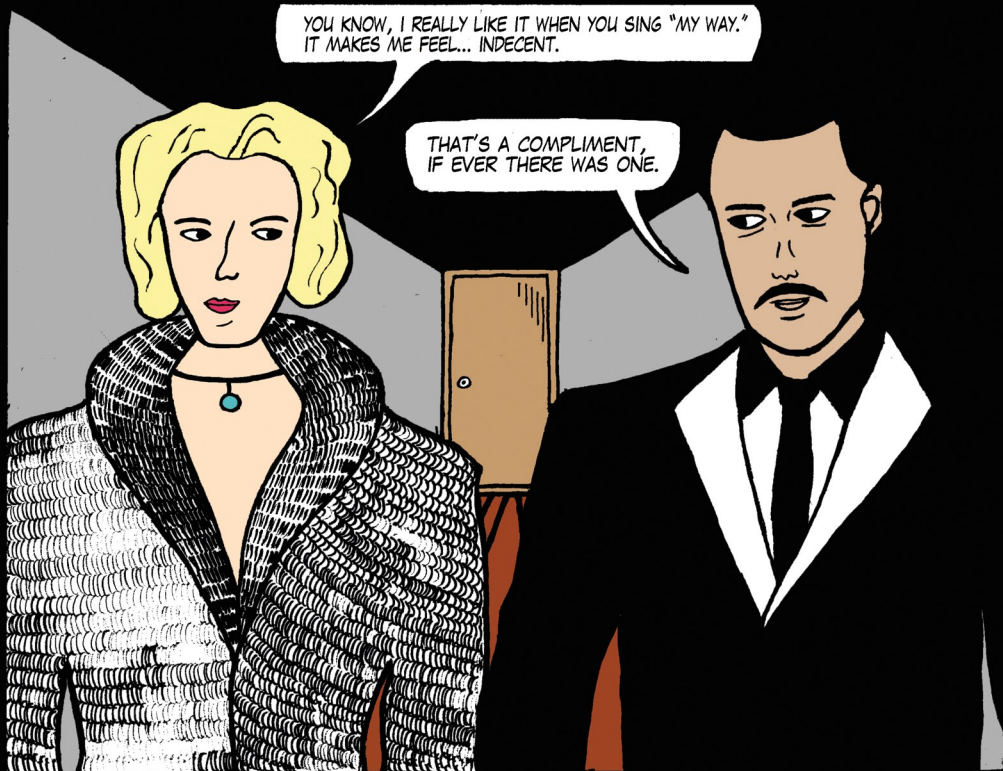
ABSO-GODDAMN-LUTELY NOTHING CHANGED. I RETURNED TO THE SAME CRUMMY APARTMENT ON VERMONT AVE.

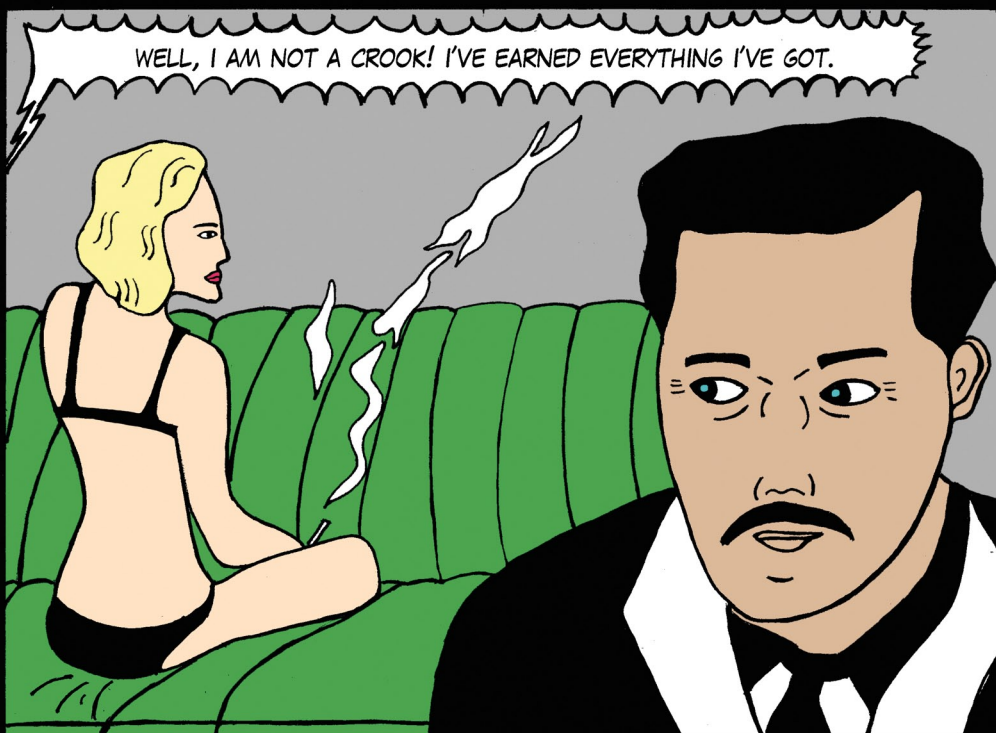


I WANT TO SAY
THIS TO THE TELEVISION
AUDIENCE. I MADE MY
MISTAKES, BUT IN
ALL OF MY YEARS OF
PUBLIC LIFE...









IT WAS LIKE ALL THOSE YEARS OF DRIFT AND EMPTINESS GOT WIPED OUT ONCE SHE TOOK OFF HER EXPENSIVE DESIGNER DRESS.

