

YES,

NO!



**written by
c. spike trotman**

**drawn by
emilee denich**

YES, ROYA

an erotic graphic novel

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s t r a n g e a n d a m a z i n g

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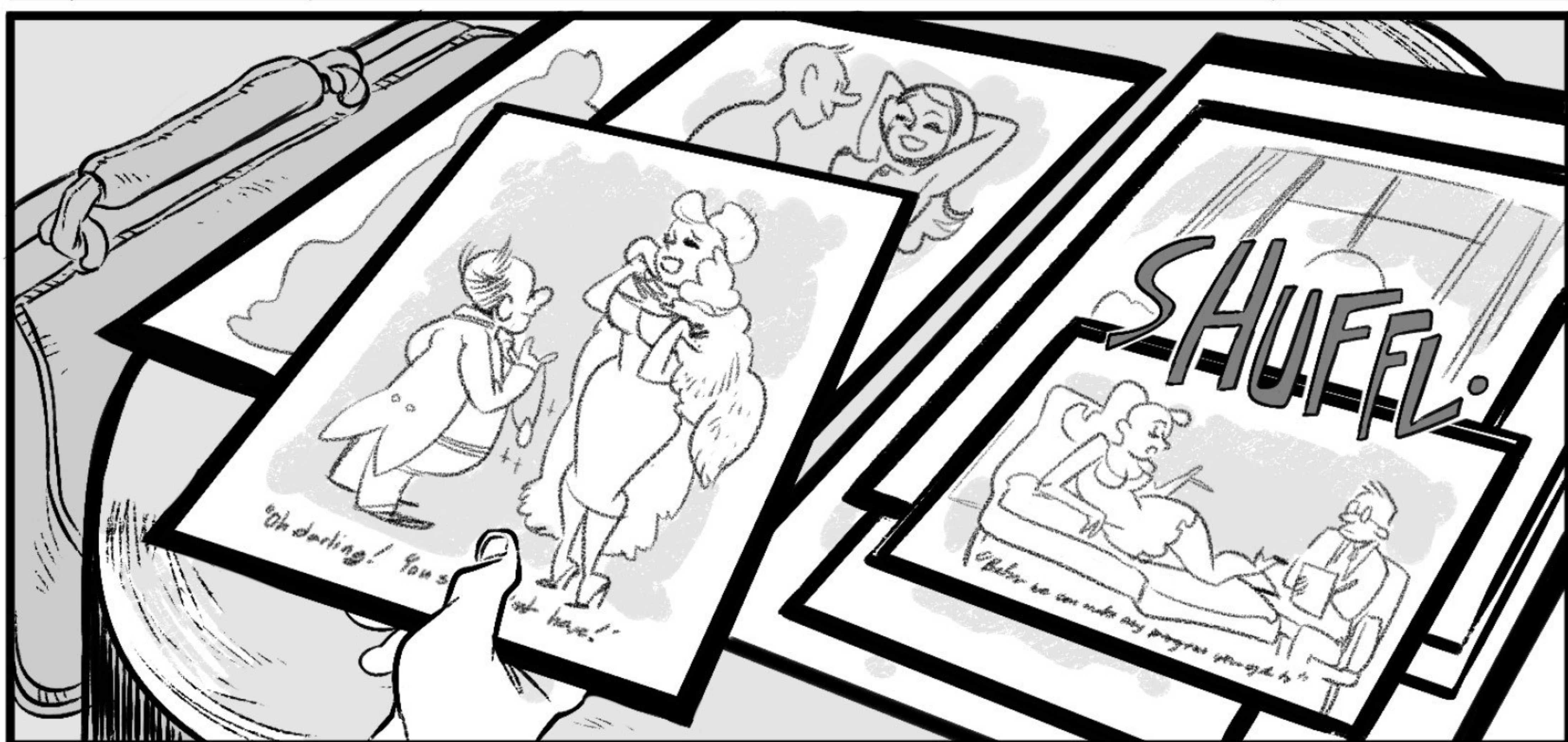
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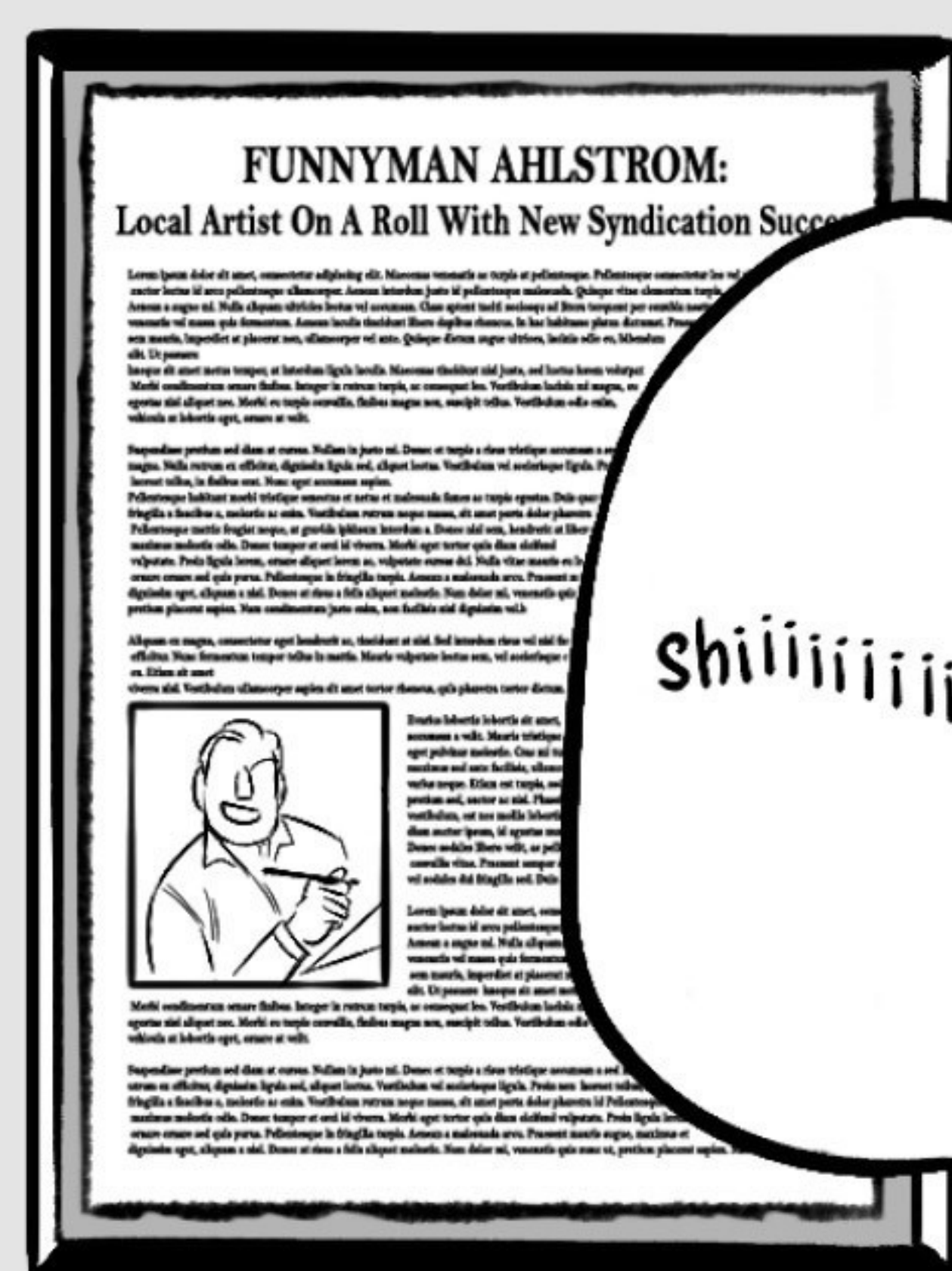
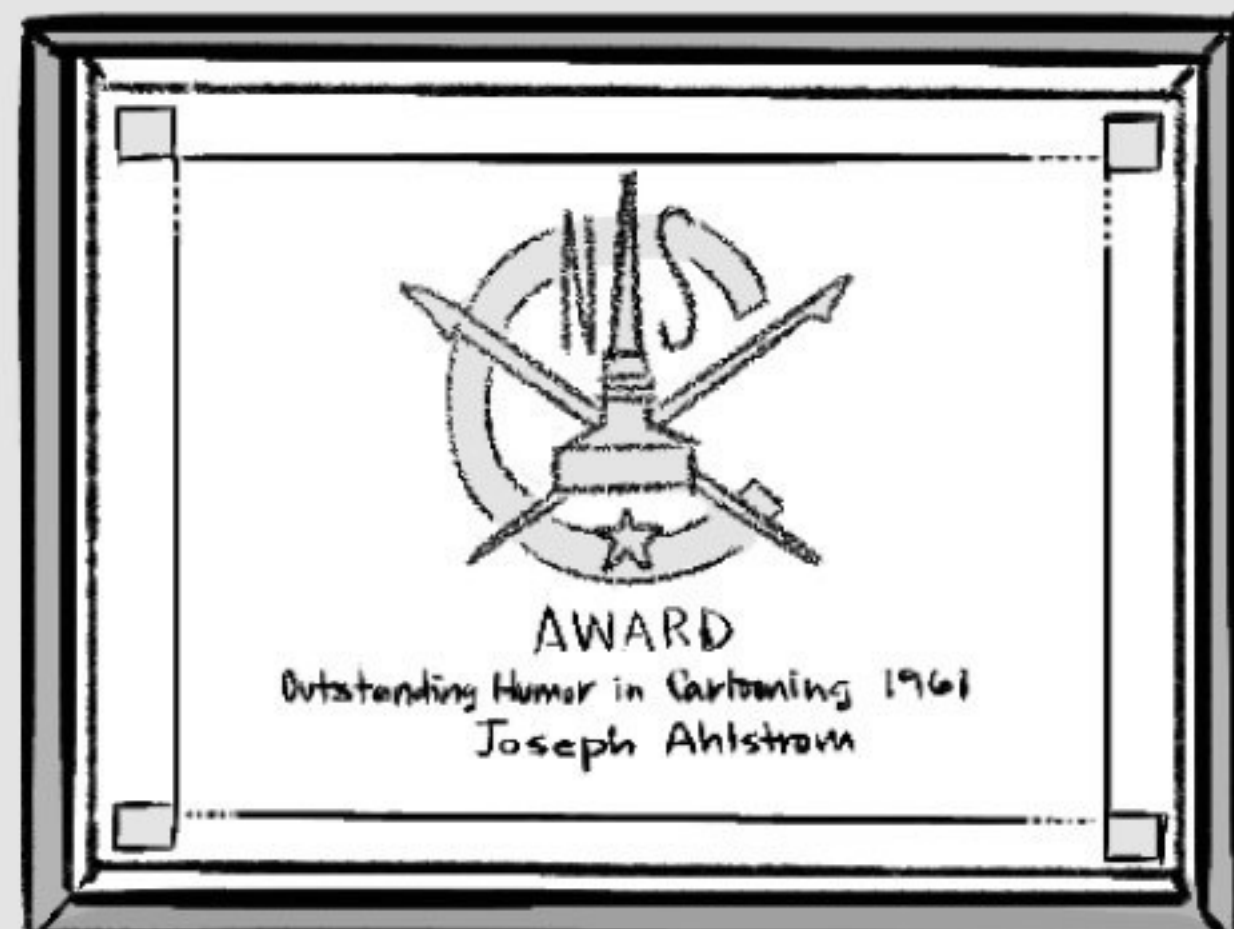
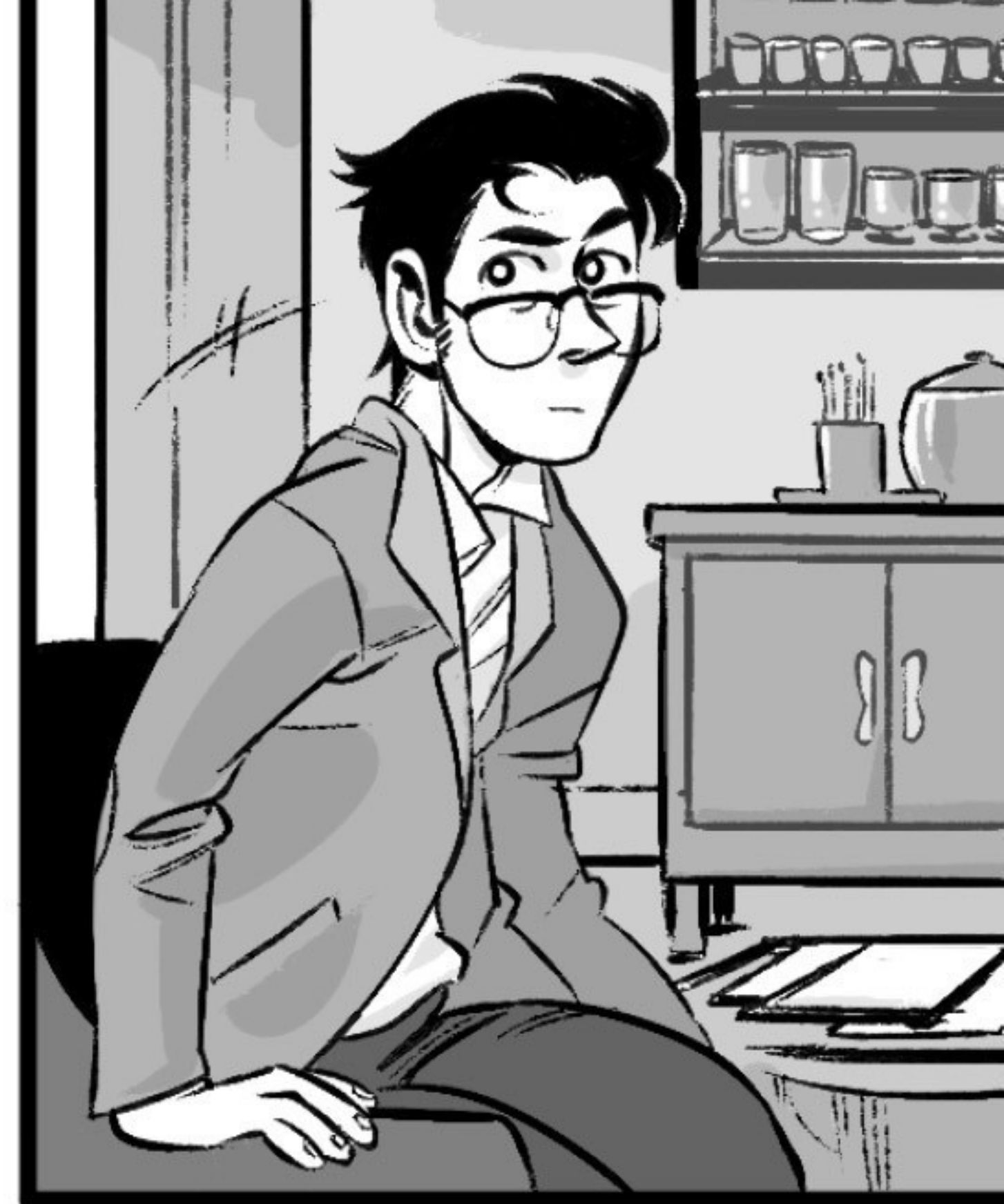
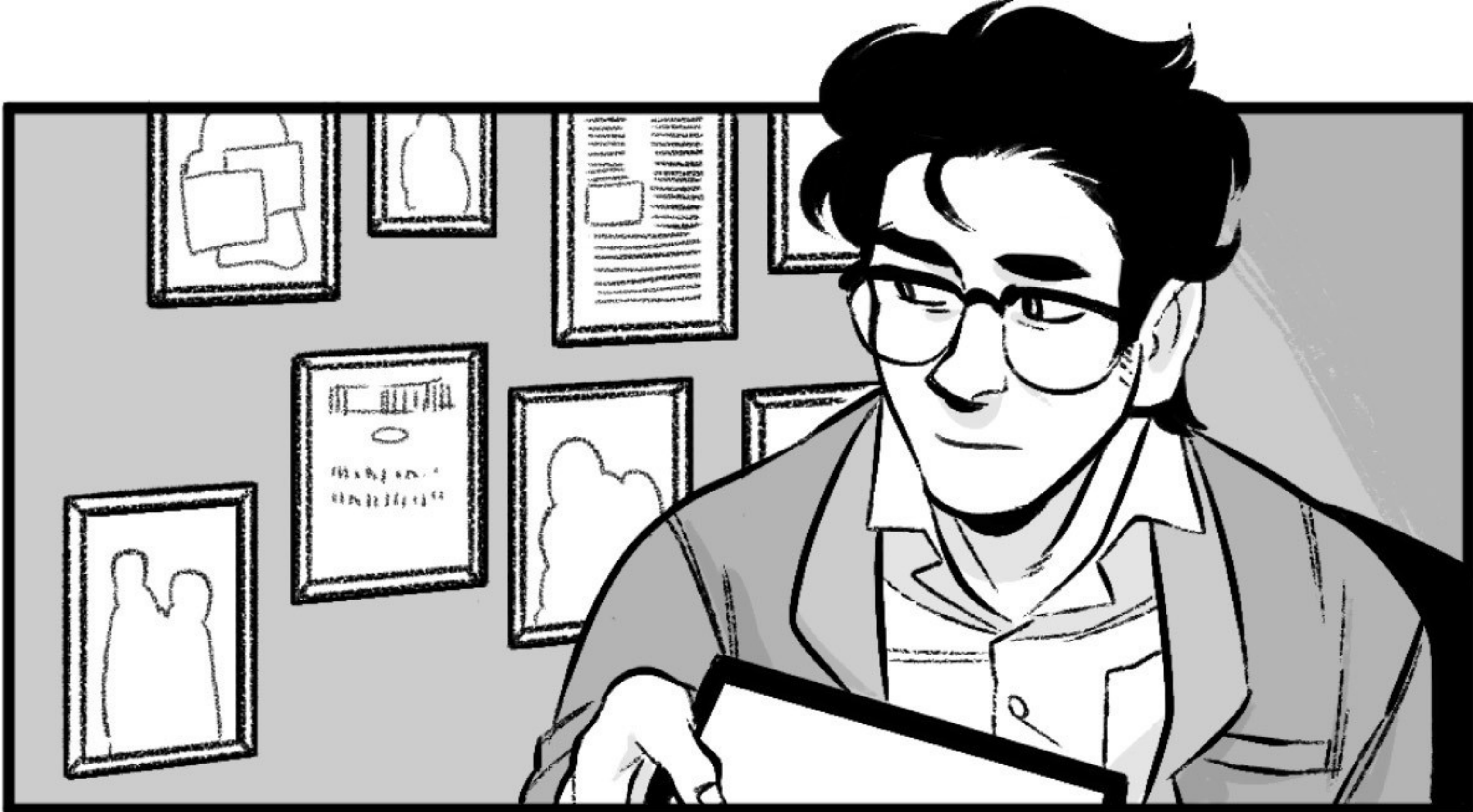
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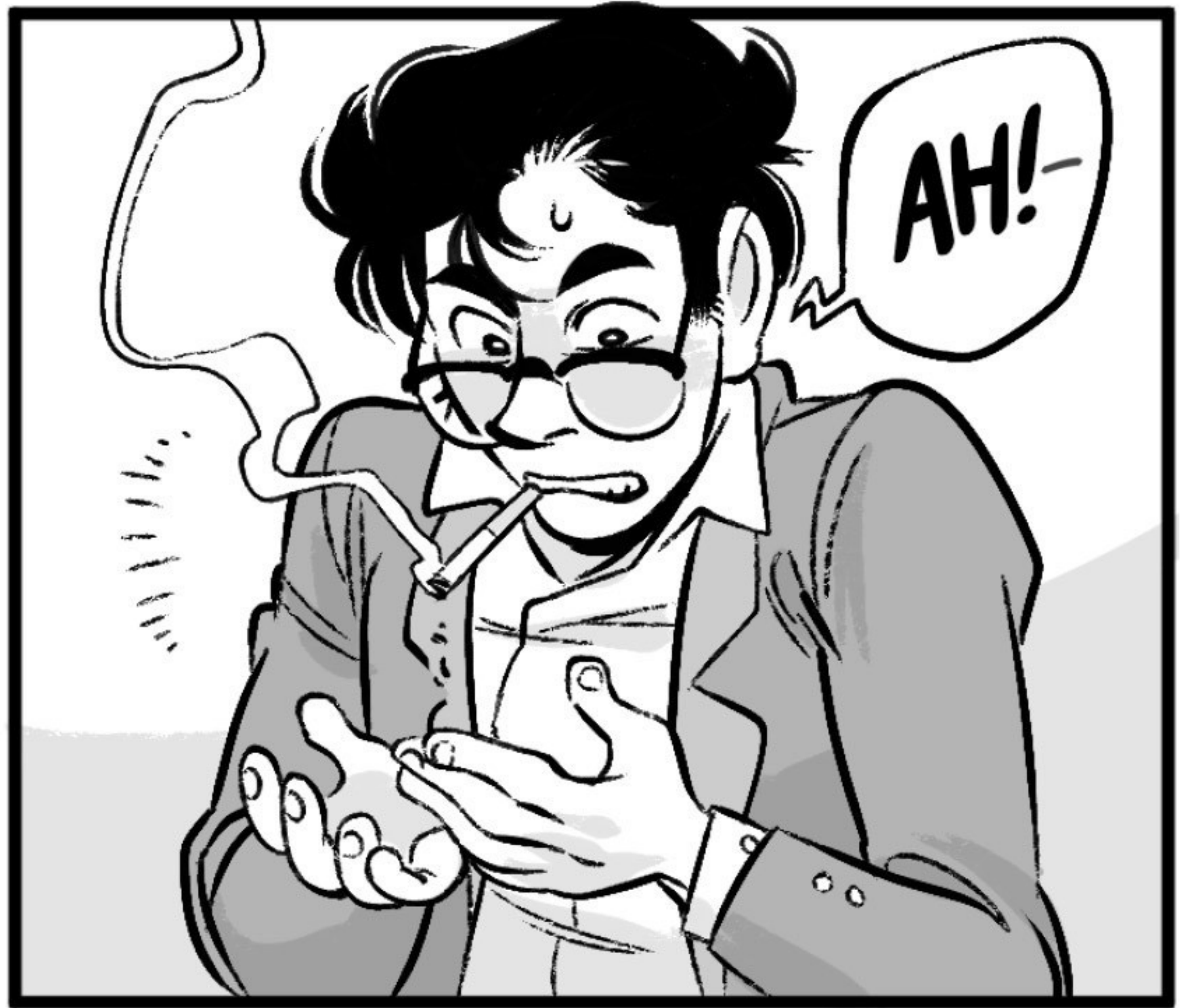
ONE

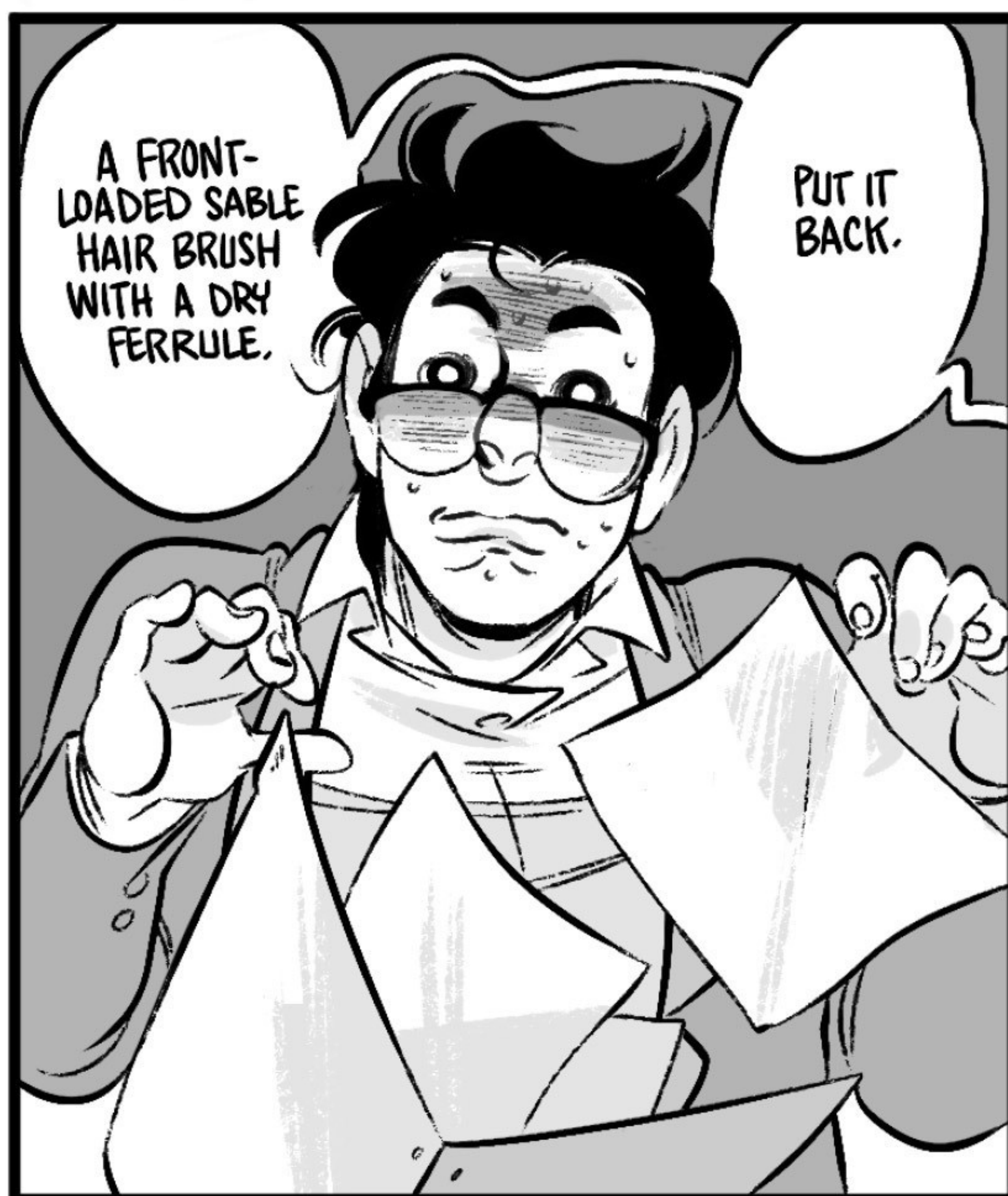
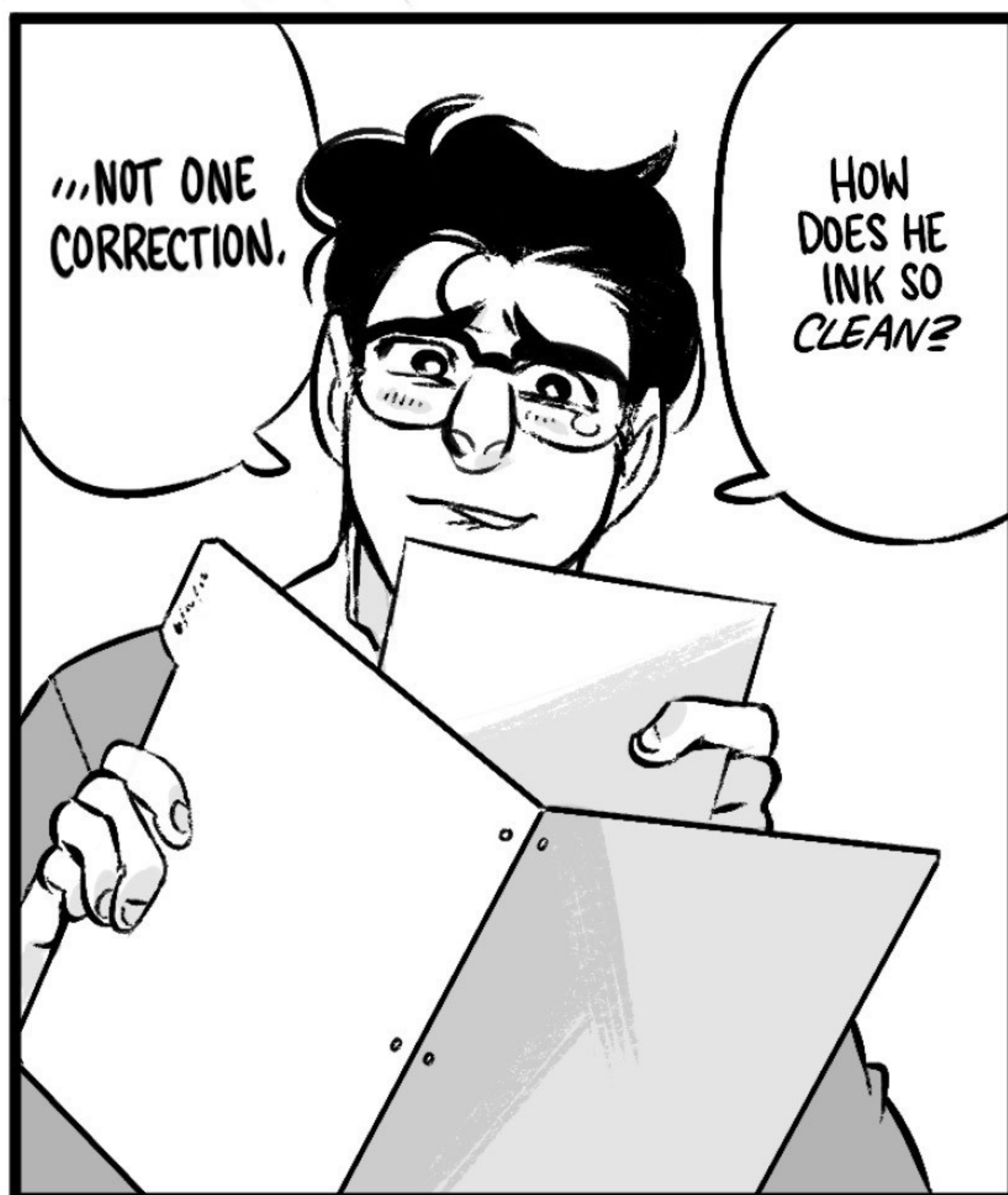




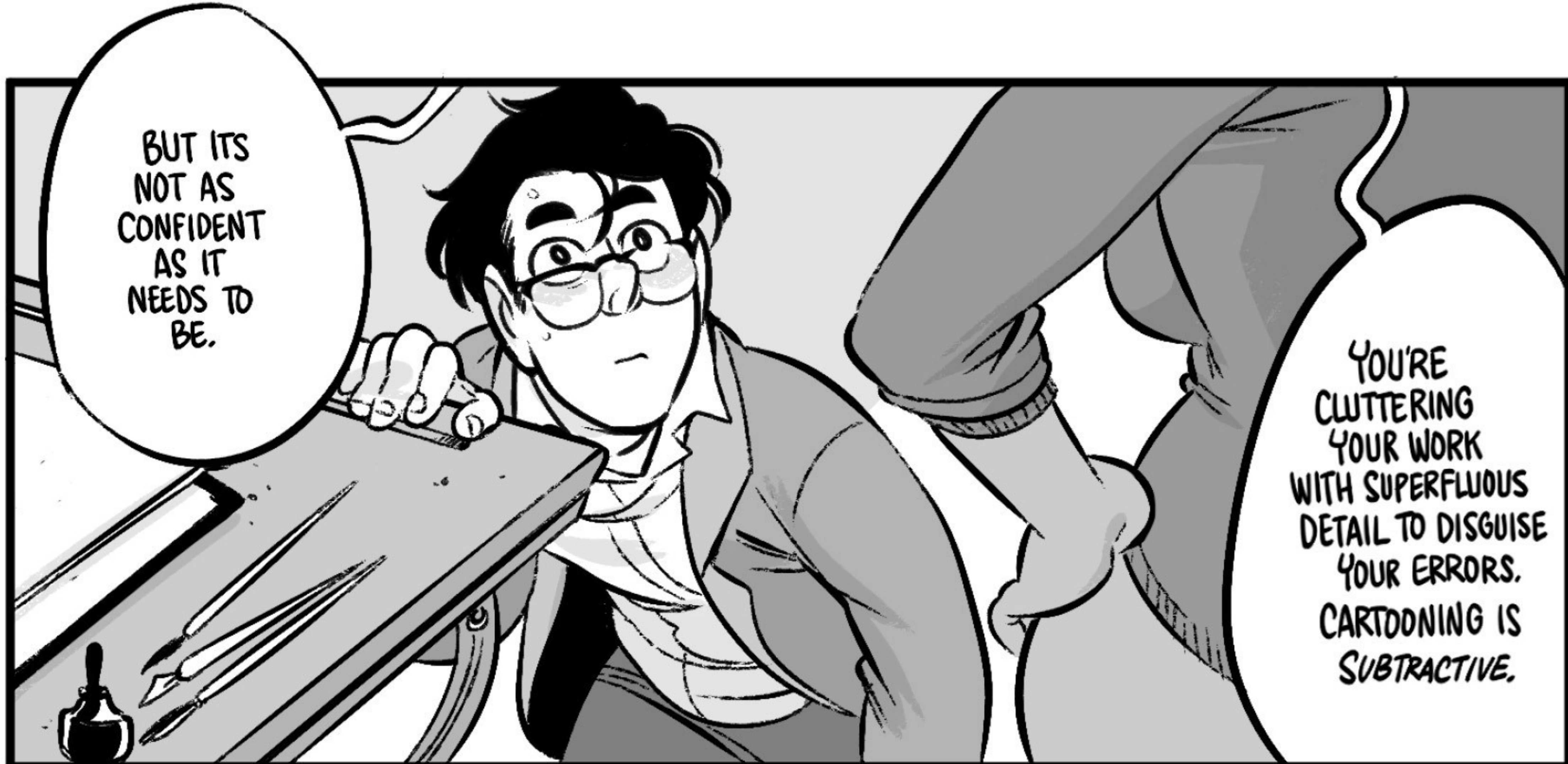




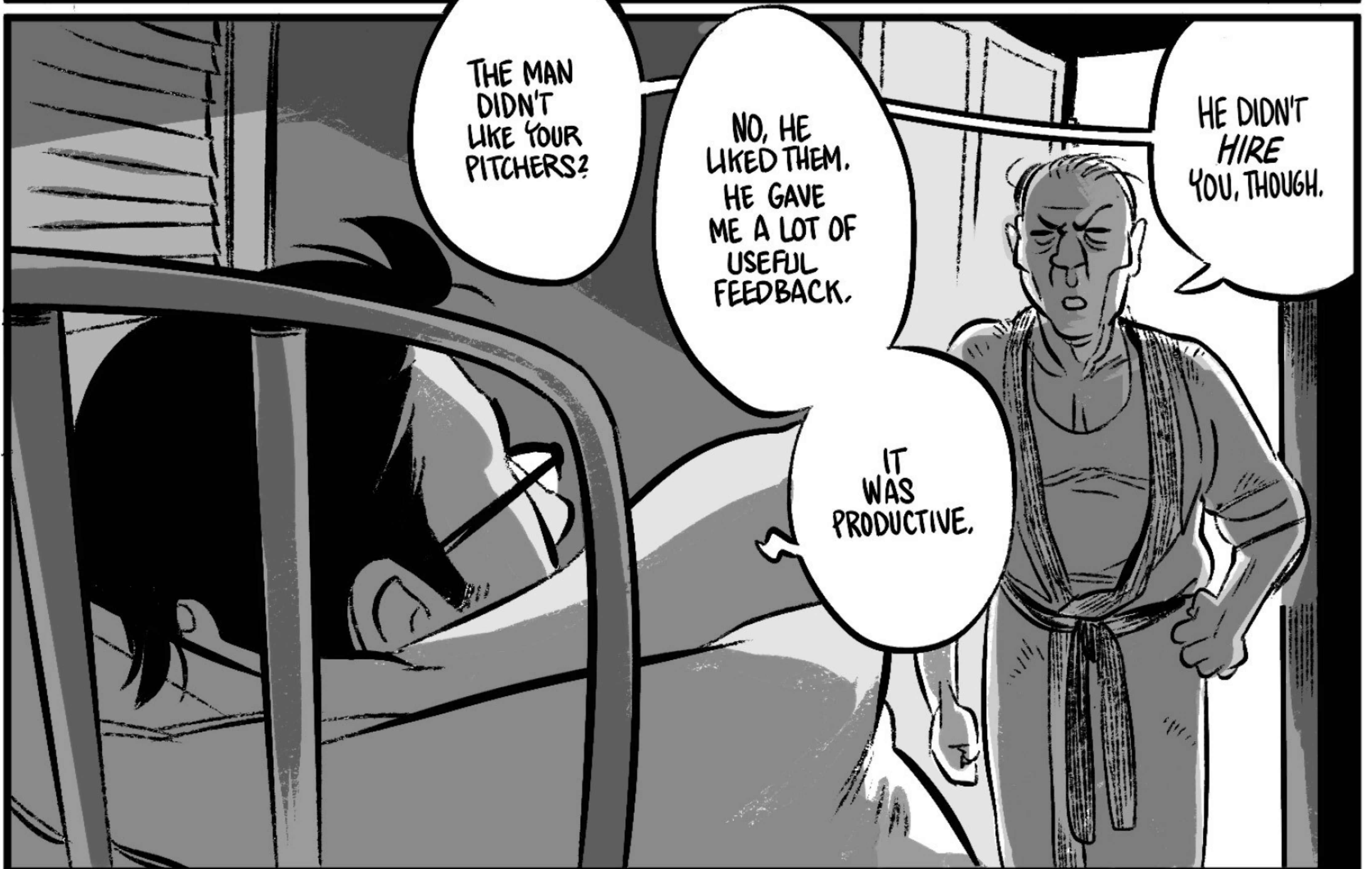


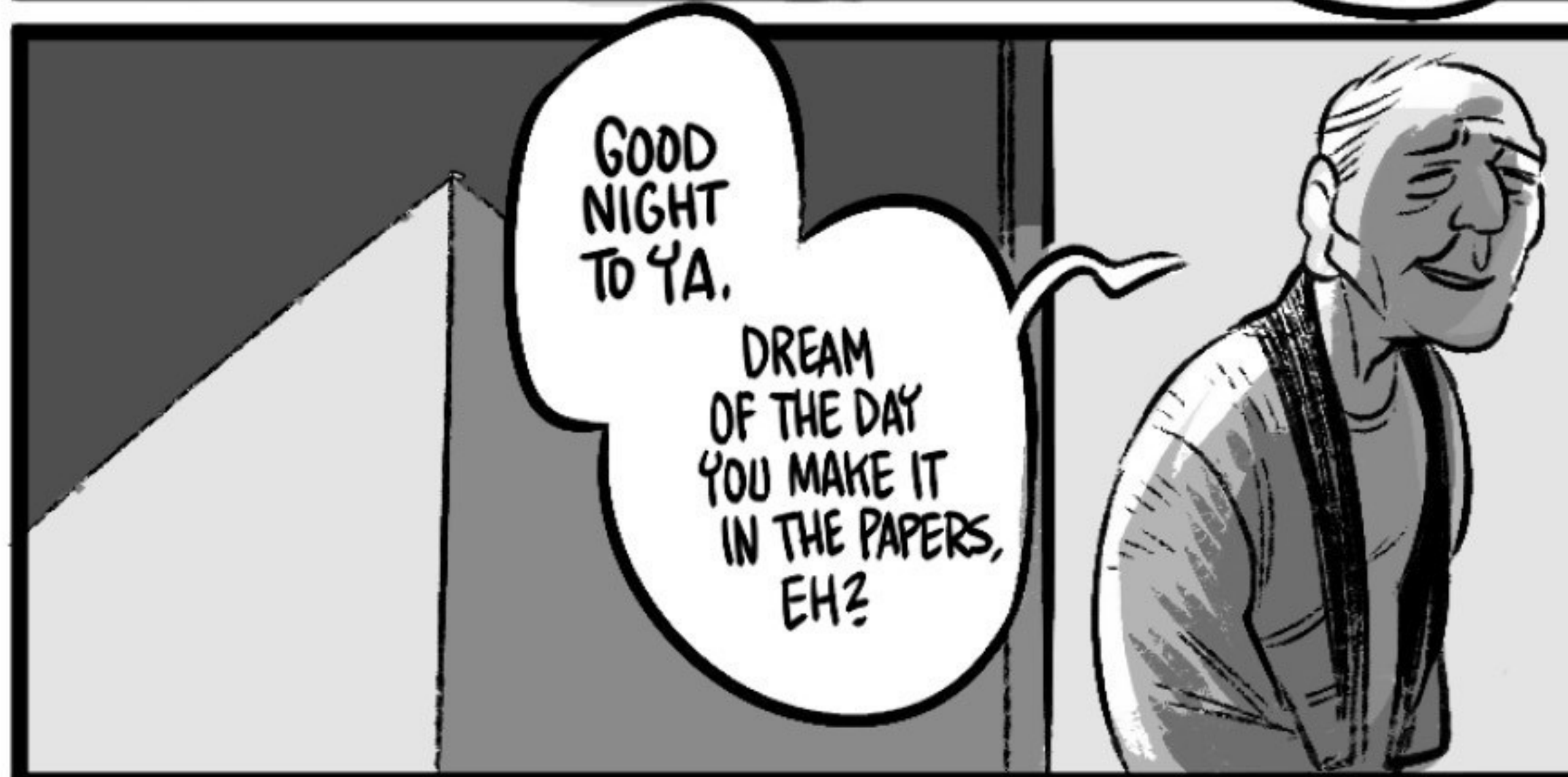






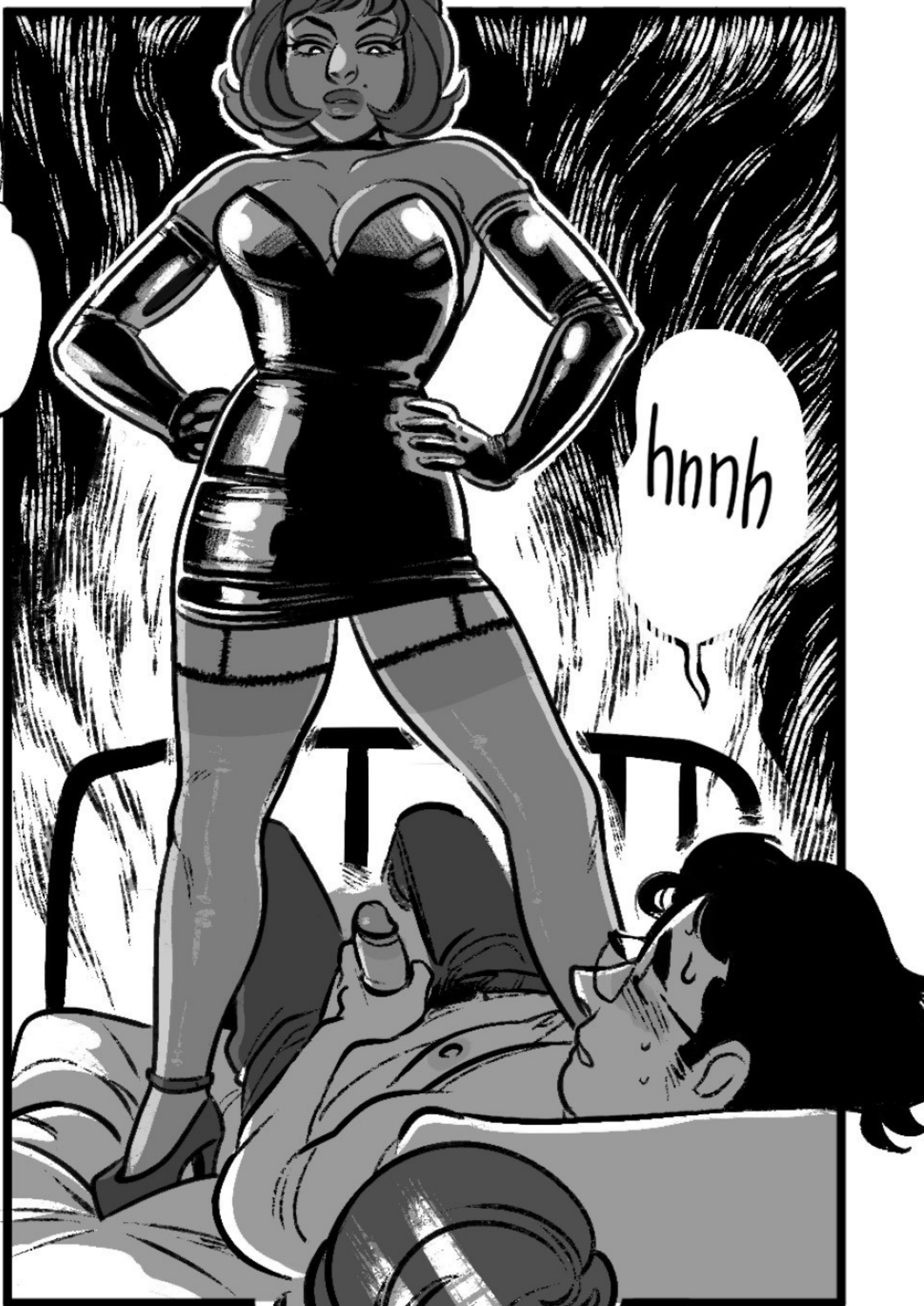


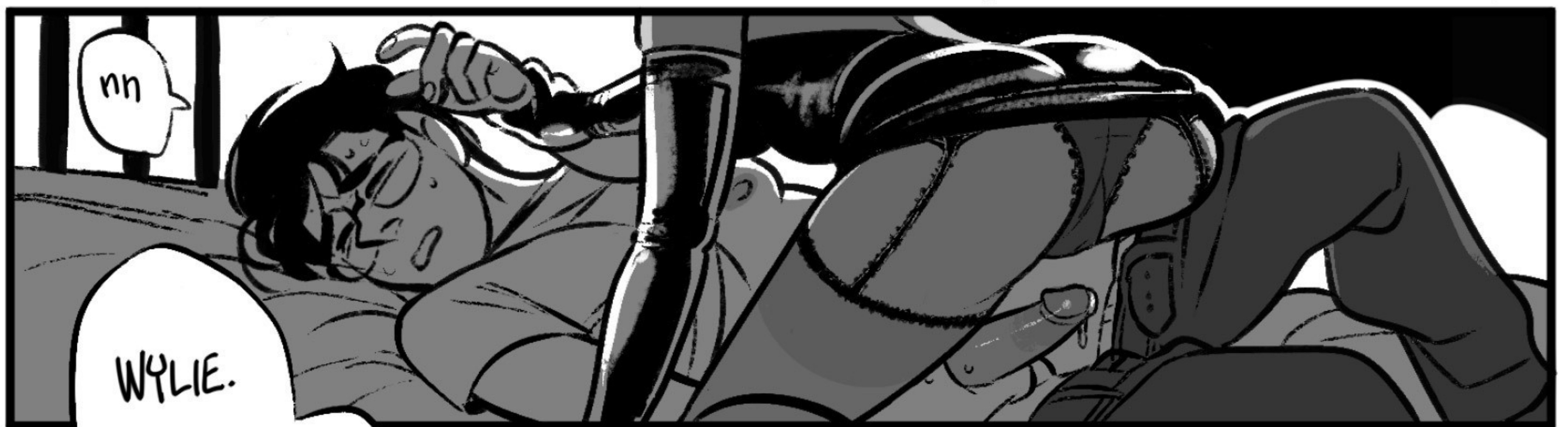






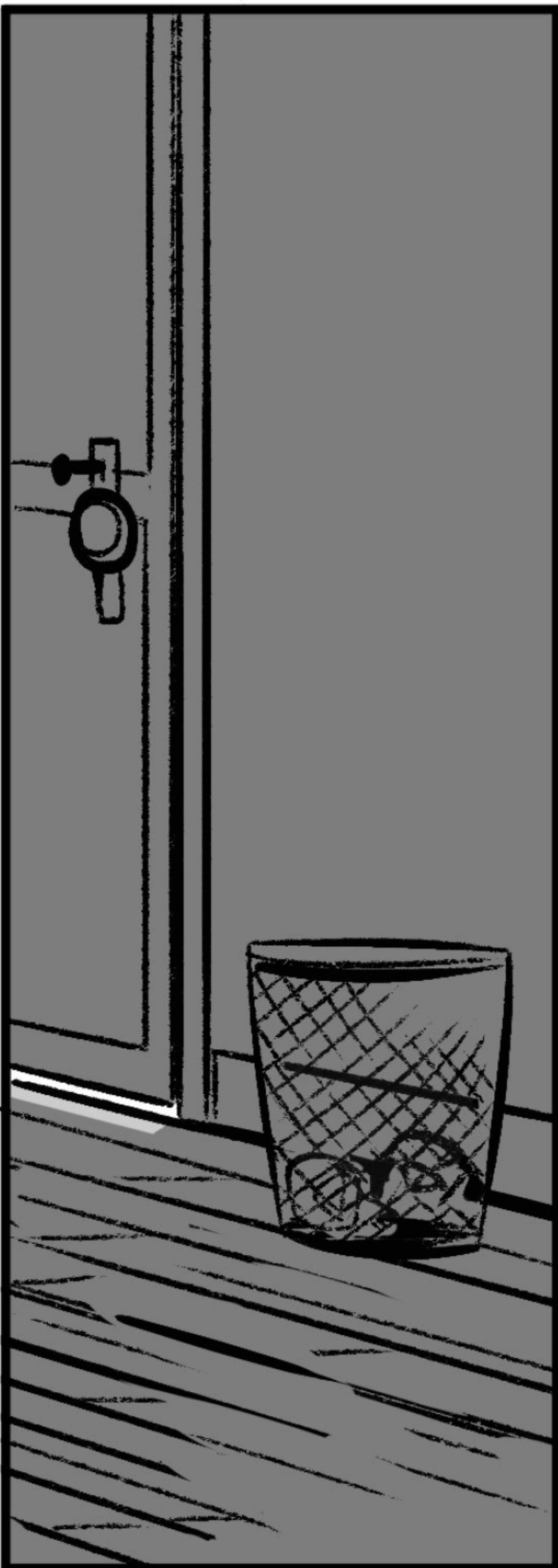






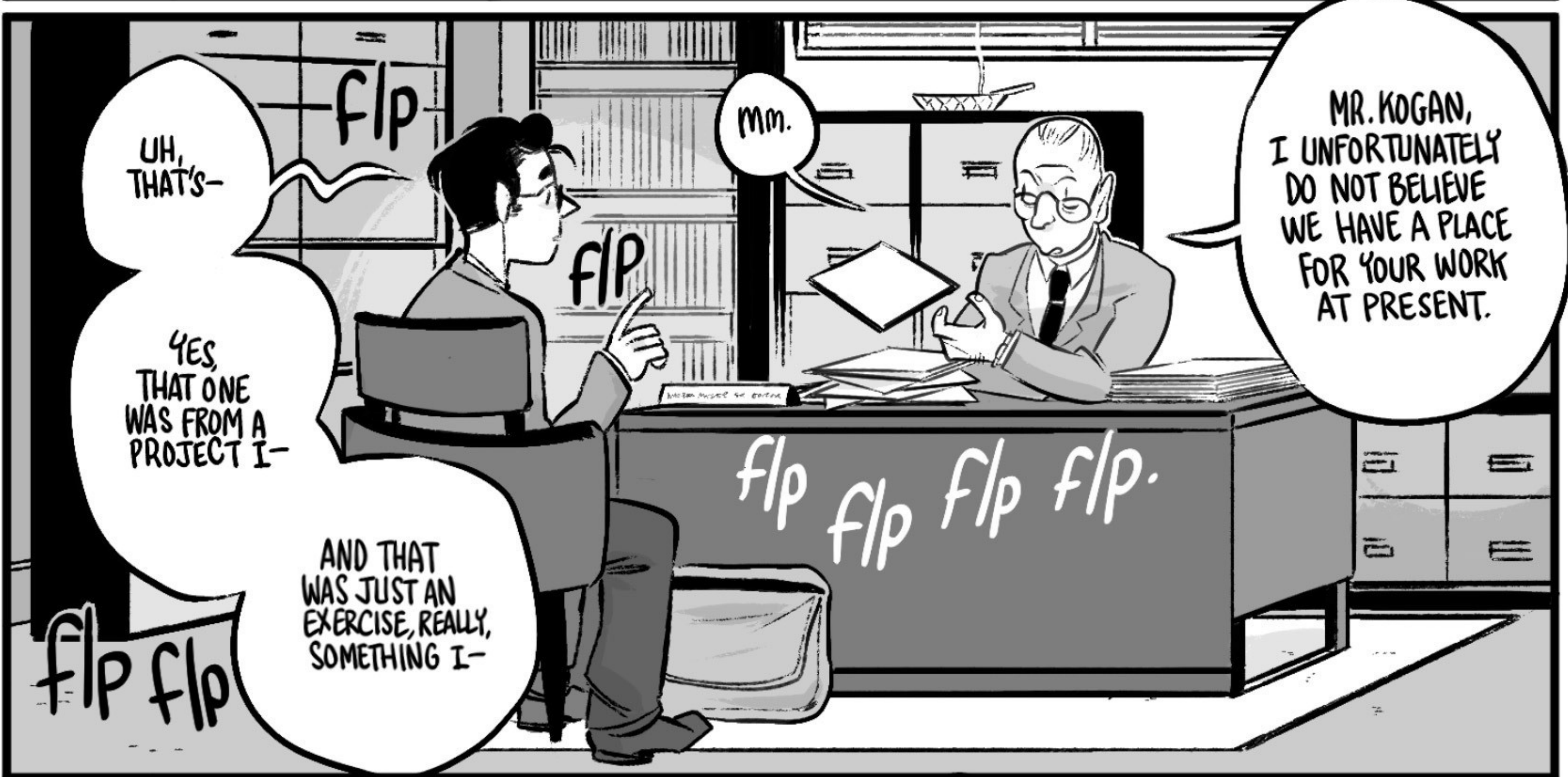






TWO





UH, THAT'S-

YES, THAT ONE WAS FROM A PROJECT I-

AND THAT WAS JUST AN EXERCISE, REALLY, SOMETHING I-

mm.

MR. KOGAN, I UNFORTUNATELY DO NOT BELIEVE WE HAVE A PLACE FOR YOUR WORK AT PRESENT.

flip flip flip flip.



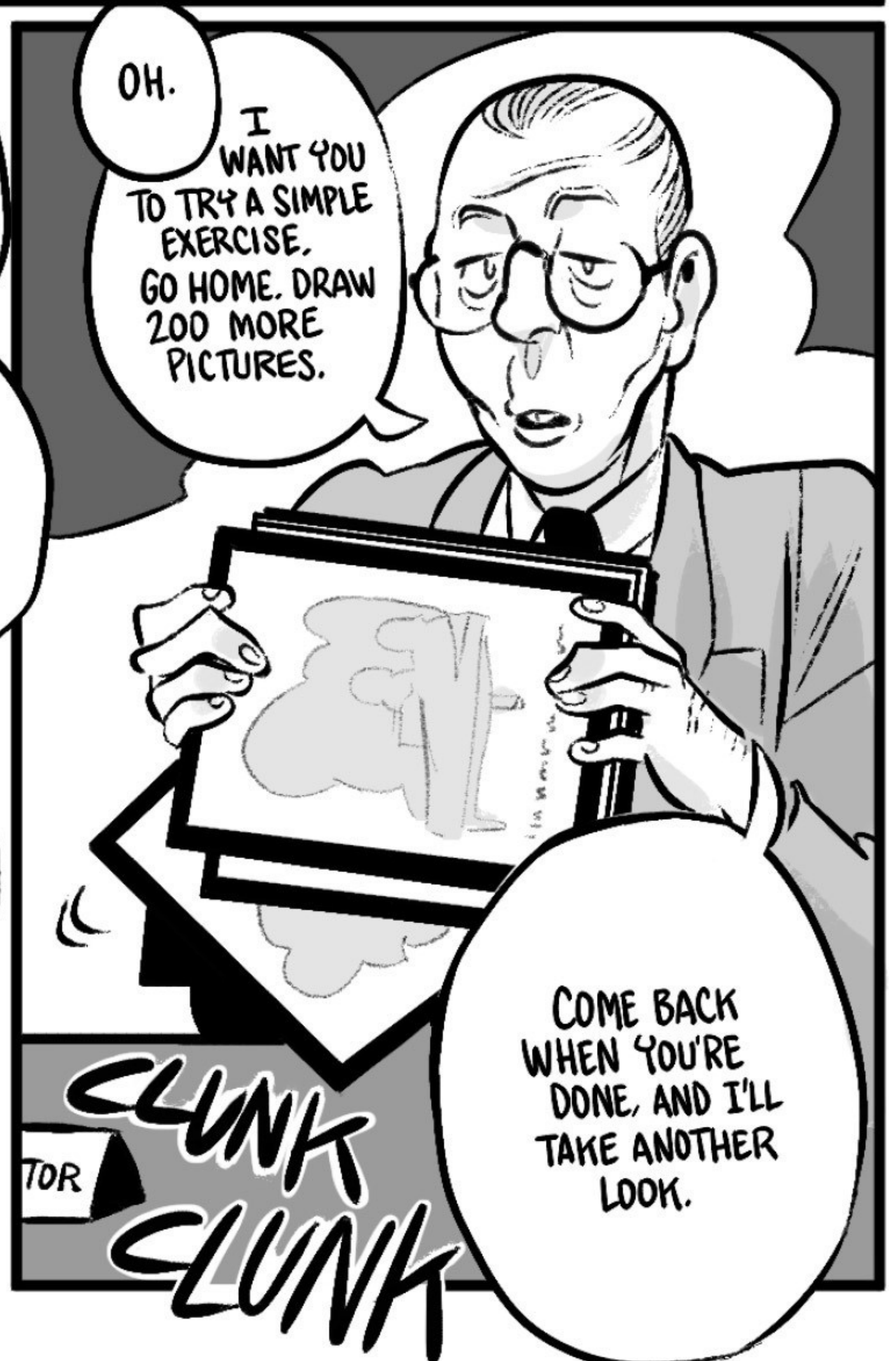
I SEE.

WELL.

IT'S NOT THAT WE DON'T PUBLISH CARTOONS LIKE YOURS.

WE DO, WE PUBLISH LOTS.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM. IT'S MADE US PICKY.

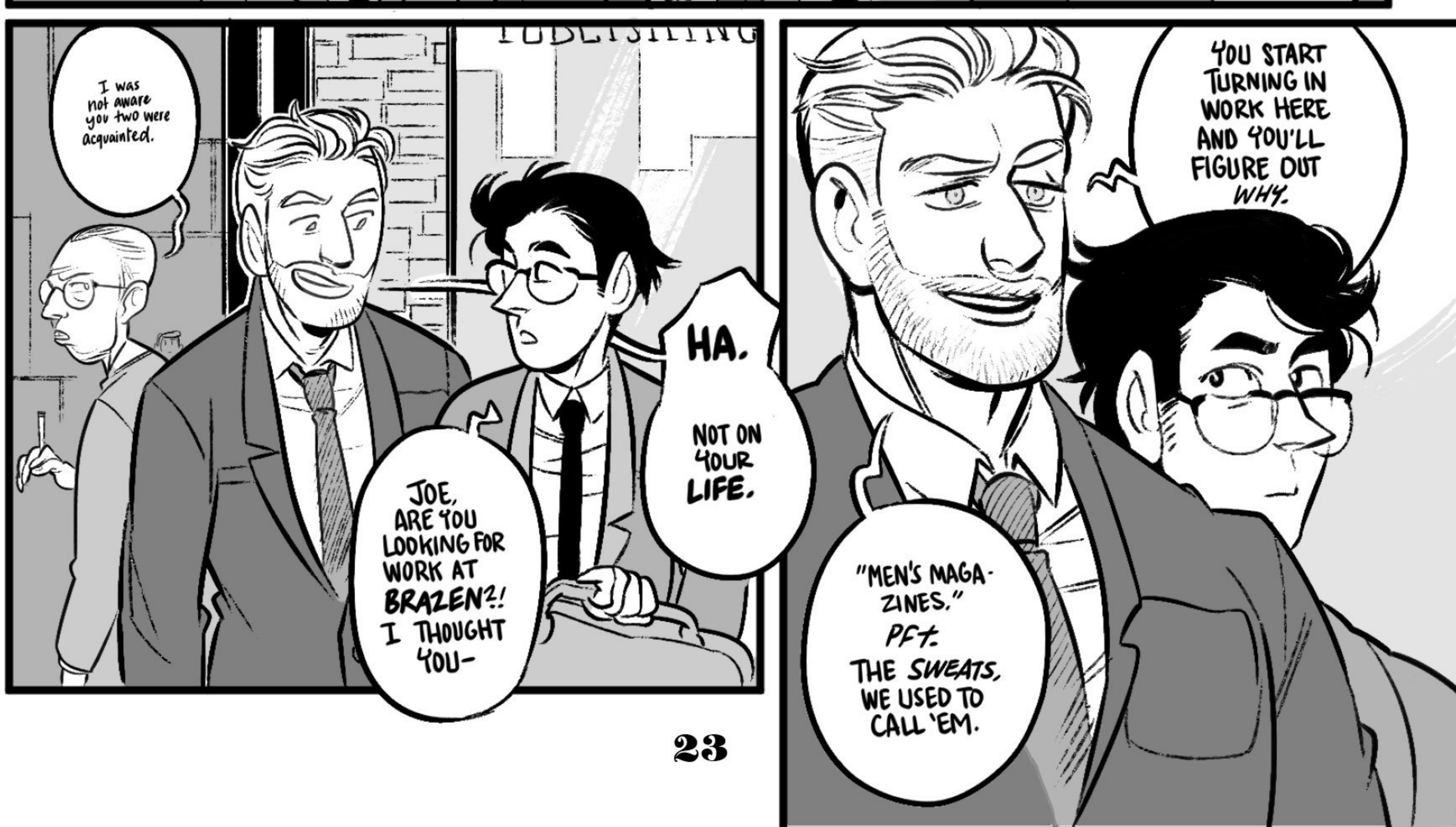


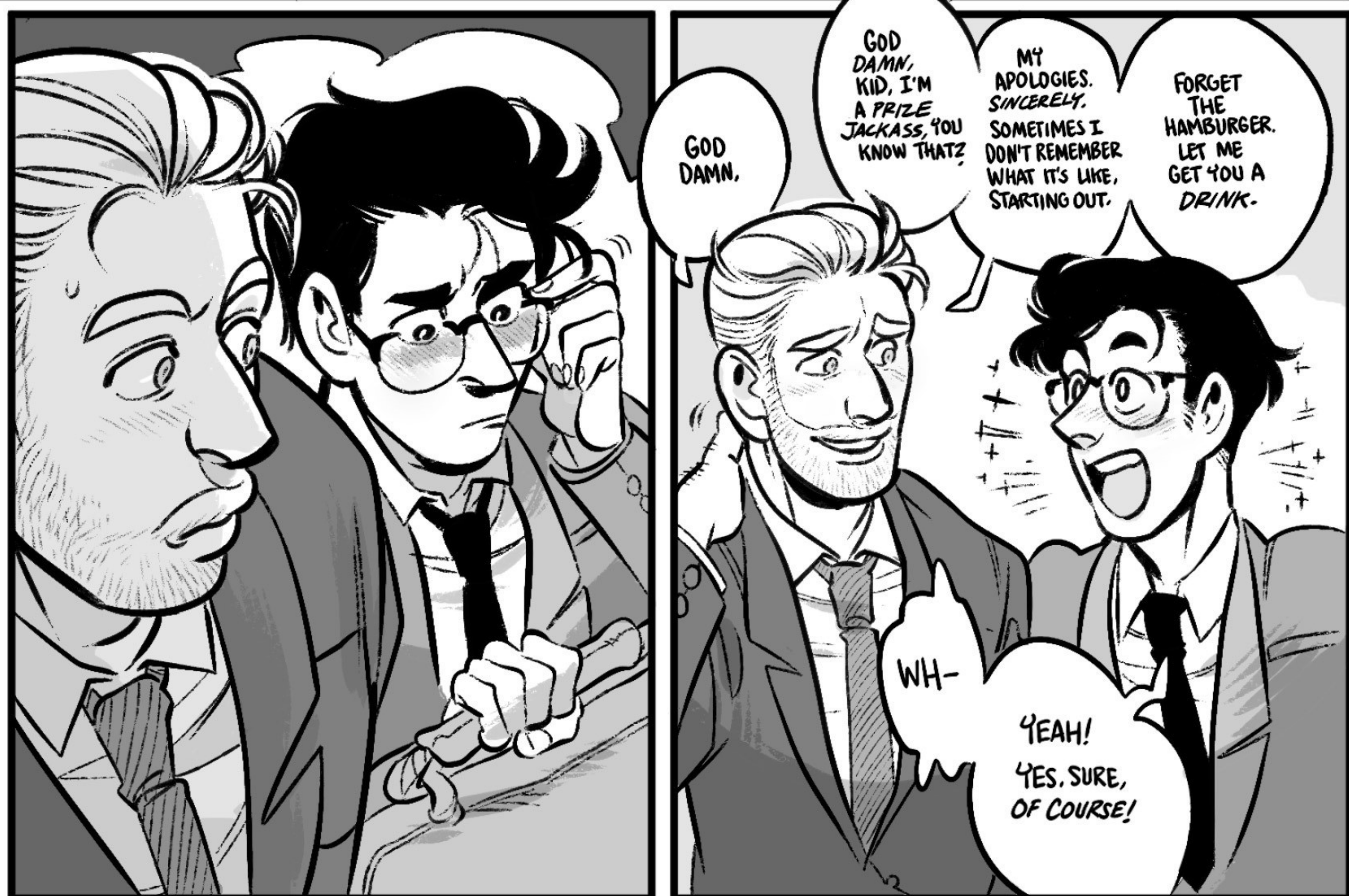
OH.

I WANT YOU TO TRY A SIMPLE EXERCISE. GO HOME. DRAW 200 MORE PICTURES.

COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE DONE, AND I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK.

CLUNK
CLUNK







BUT, UH—
YOU'LL HAVE
TO BUY.
I MEAN, ACTUALLY
GO BUY IT FOR
ME. I'M ONLY
TWENTY.

ALMOST
TWENTY.

PAT

HA HAH,
DON'T WORRY.
I PLANNED
ON IT.



LEMON JUICE,
POWDERED SUGAR
""
SODA WATER, A
LITTLE BIT OF
GIN.

SHAKE
AND POUR
OVER ICE.

AND
THERE HE
IS.

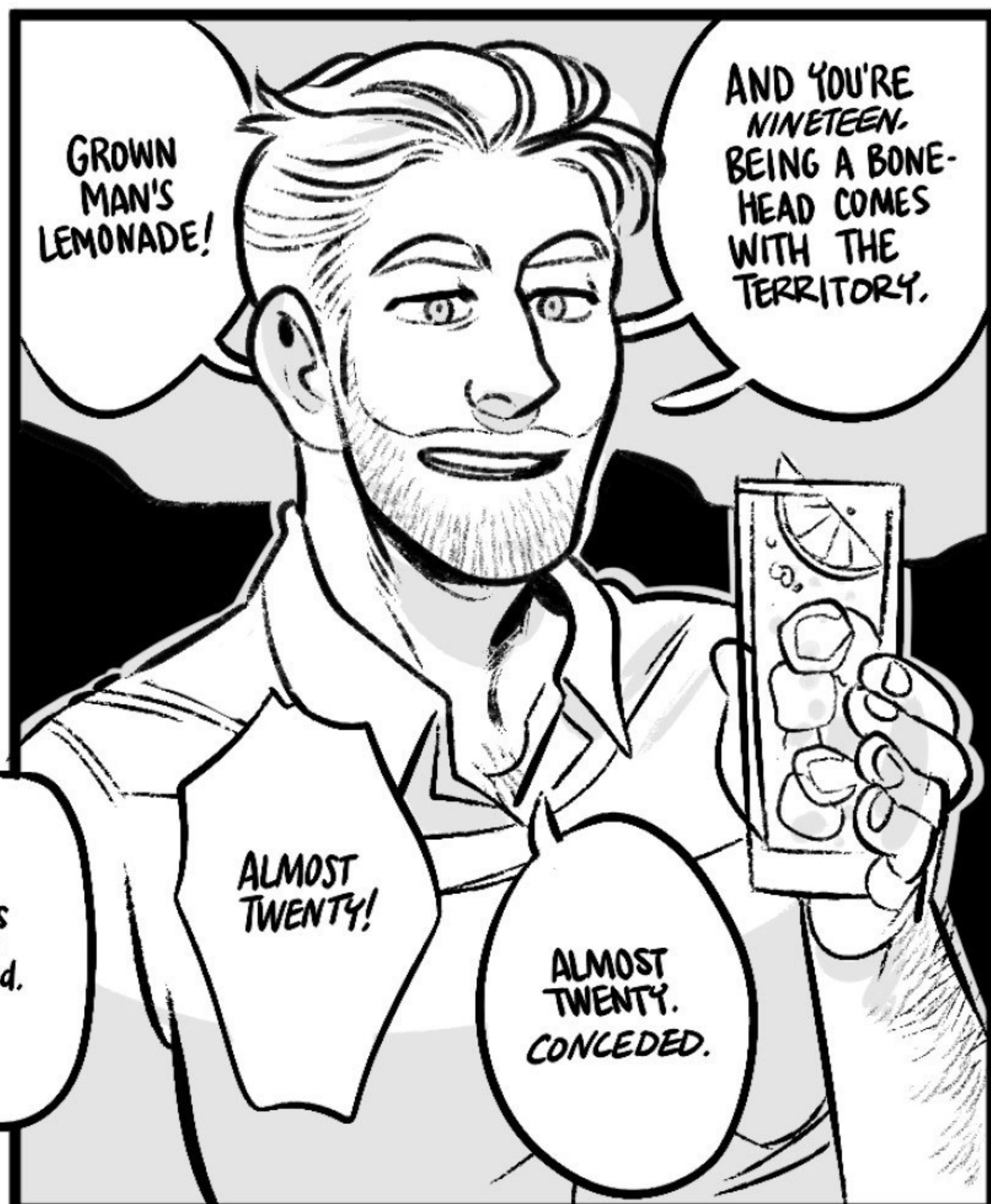


MY
OLD
FRIEND,
TOM.

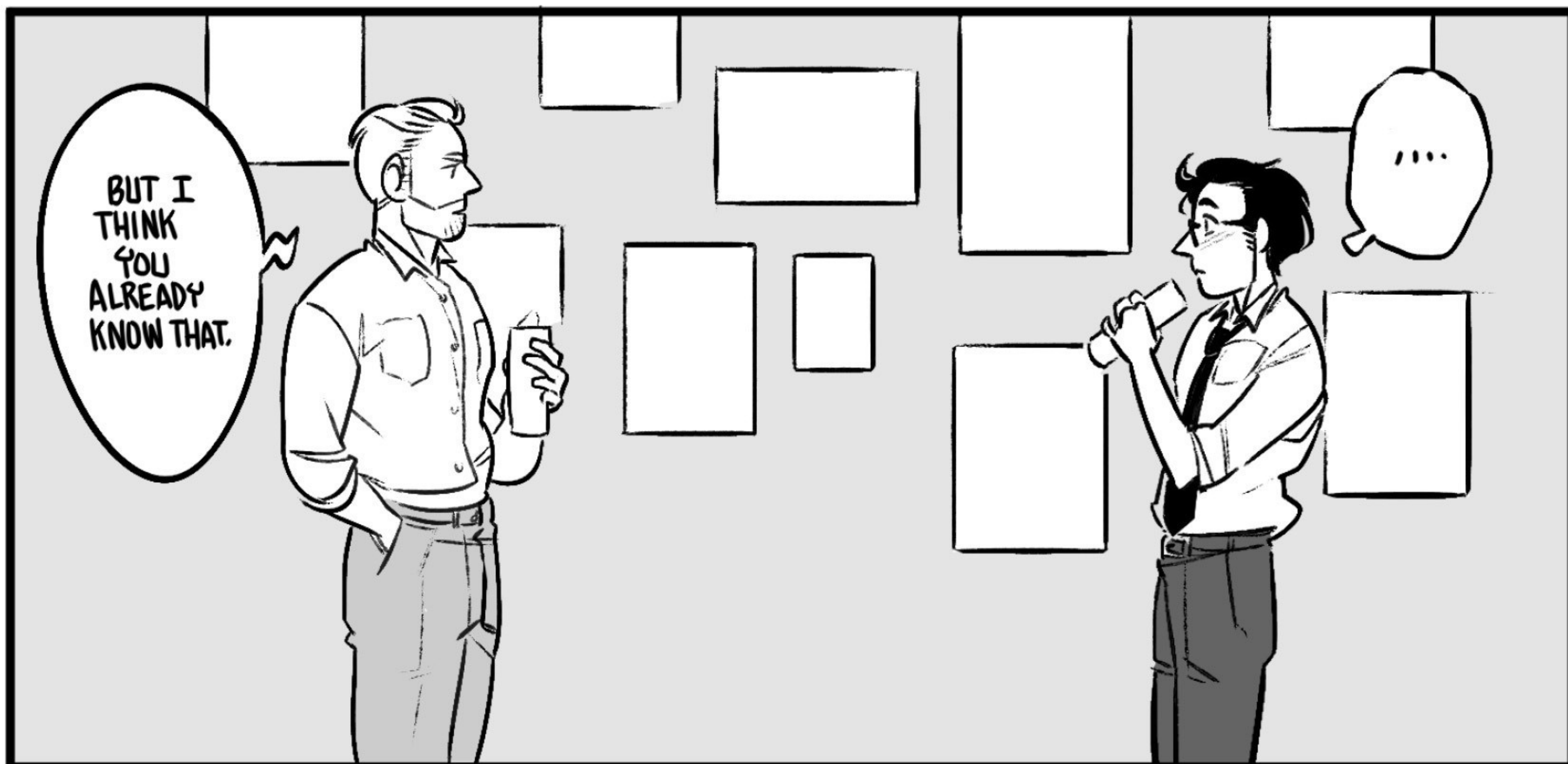
DRINK UP,
KID.
PERFECT
ON A
DAY LIKE
THIS.

SURE,
IT
SOUNDS
ALL RIGHT.

WHY'D
YOU
CALL IT
"TOM"?







BUT I
THINK
YOU
ALREADY
KNOW THAT.



OH JESUS.
OH GOD.

JOE,
I'M SORRY

I'M SO SORRY.
I TOOK IT.
I TORE IT
UP.

WY-

I DIDN'T
WANT YOU
TO—
YOUR WIFE
WAS GOING
TO SEE—
SHE WALKED
IN AND I—

I
JUST PUT
IT IN MY
POCKET.
I'M AN IDIOT.
I'M
SORRY

WYLIE,
SHE
KNOWS.
SHE KNOWS
ALL ABOUT
IT.



KID,
SHE'S THE
ONE WHO
DREW
IT.
ROYA
DRAWS
ALL OF
IT.

THE RUBBER
ART, THE
Li'l Savage
STRIPS,
EVERYTHING.

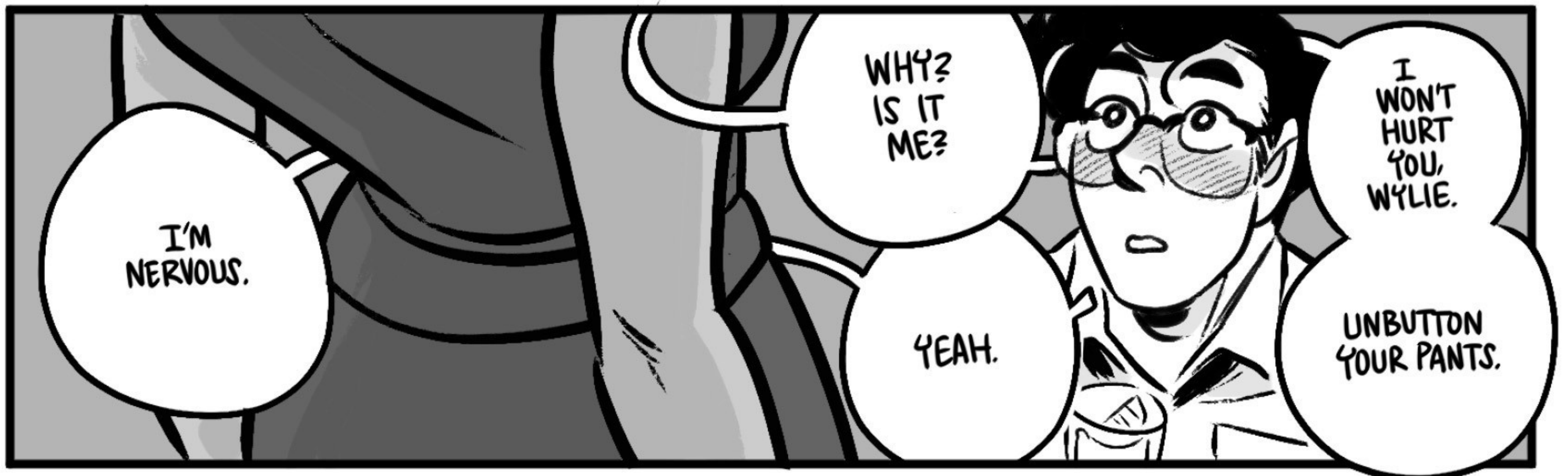
I HAVEN'T
DRAWN A
LINE IN
YEARS.

AND
I'M NOT
HIS WIFE.















YOU'LL LOVE IT.

I PROMISE. I GIVE INCREDIBLE HEAD.

Y-YOU'RE-

DOES THIS MEAN-

Y-YOU LIKE-

I LIKE WHAT ROYA WANTS ME TO LIKE.



NOT TRUE. JOSEPH LIKES EVERYTHING. I'M VERY PARTICULAR.

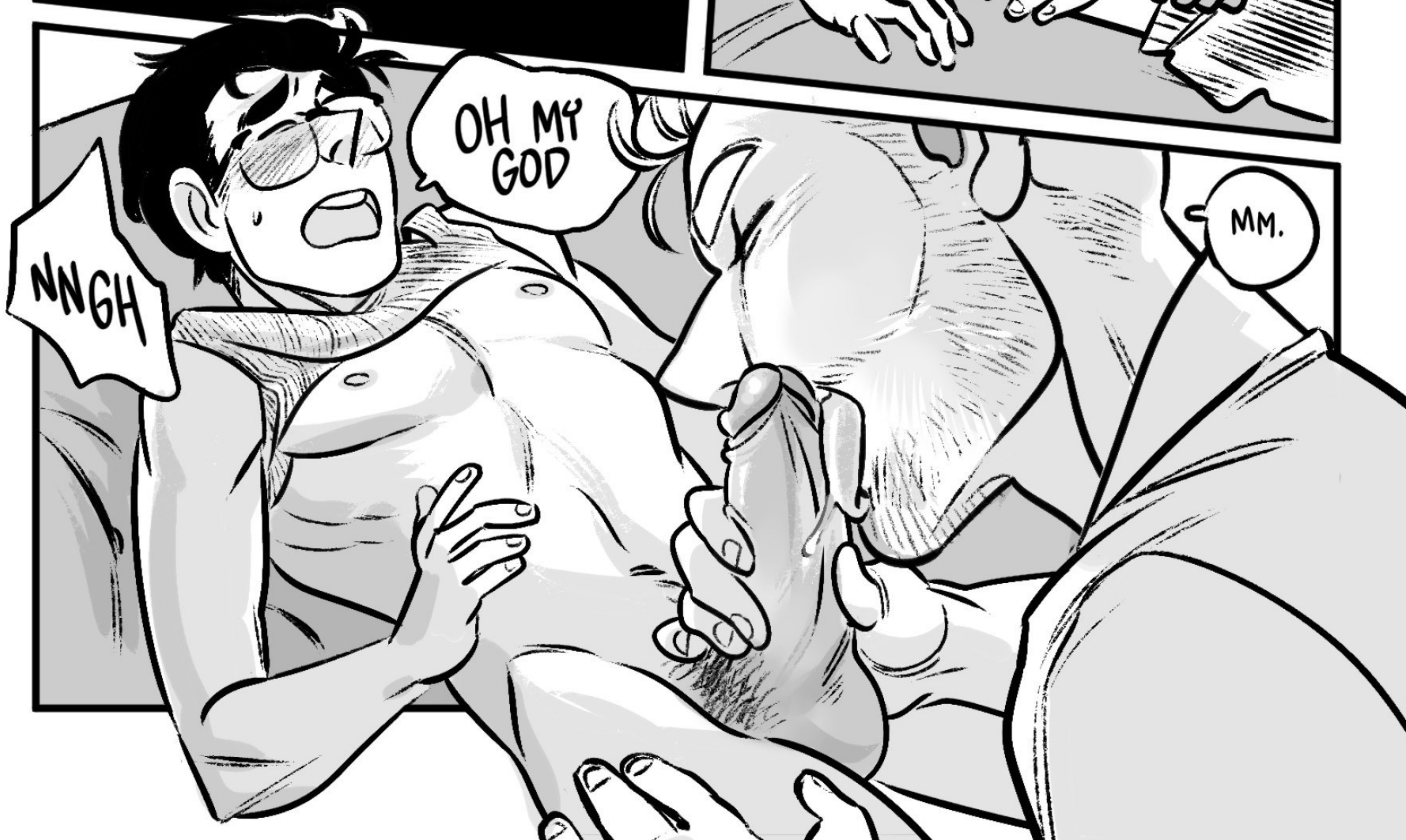
MAKE HIM COME QUICKLY, JOSEPH. I WANT TO SEE HIS FACE.

YES, ROYA.

BUT I DON'T-

I MEAN, I NEVER-

SHFF



OH MY GOD

NNGH

MM.







AH

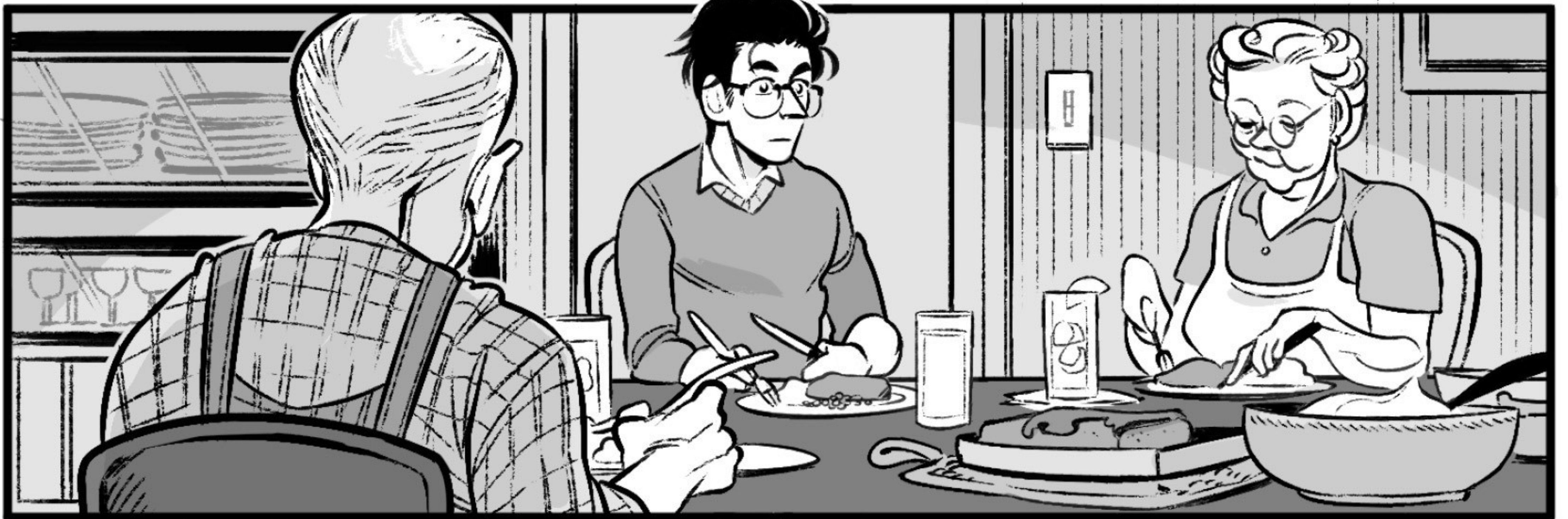
AHHHHhh

Ahh GOD OH!

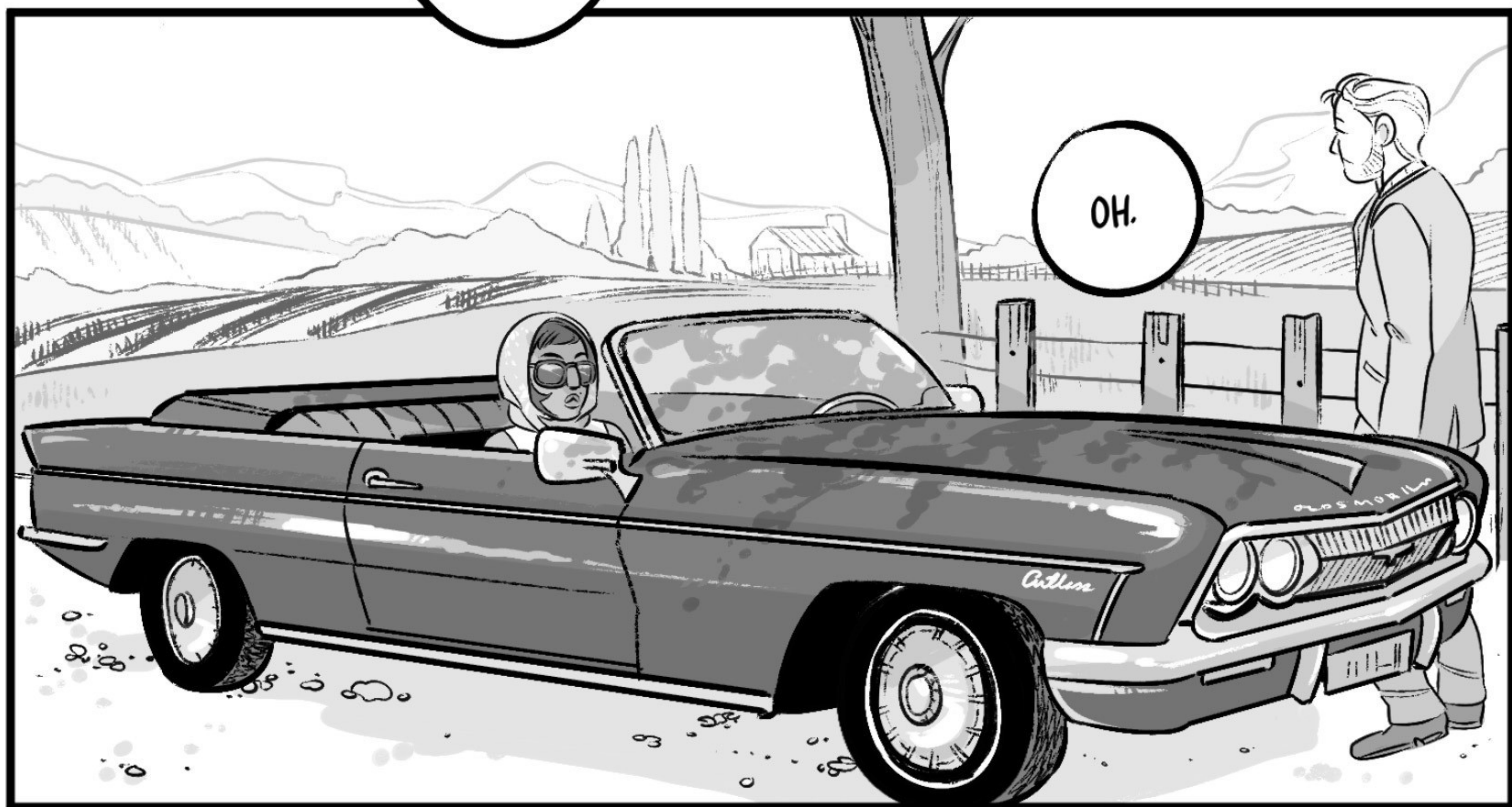


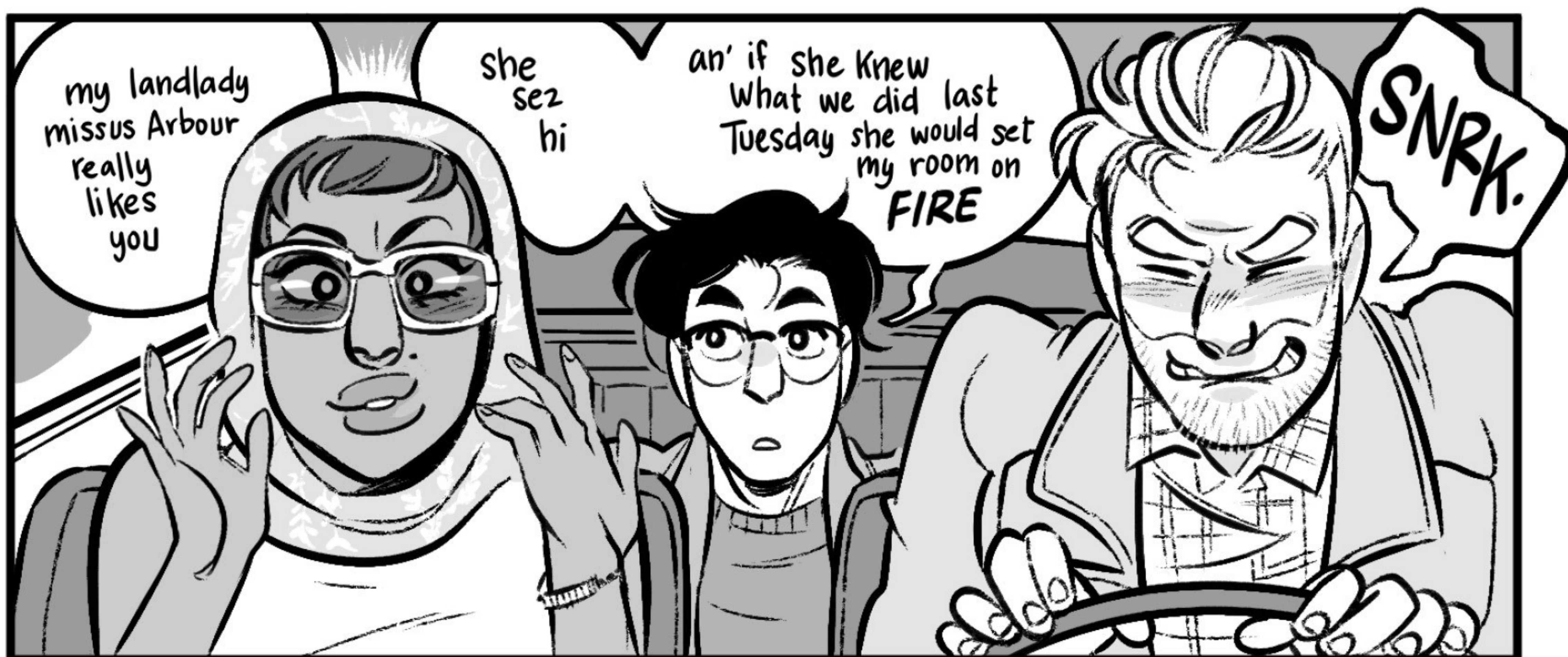
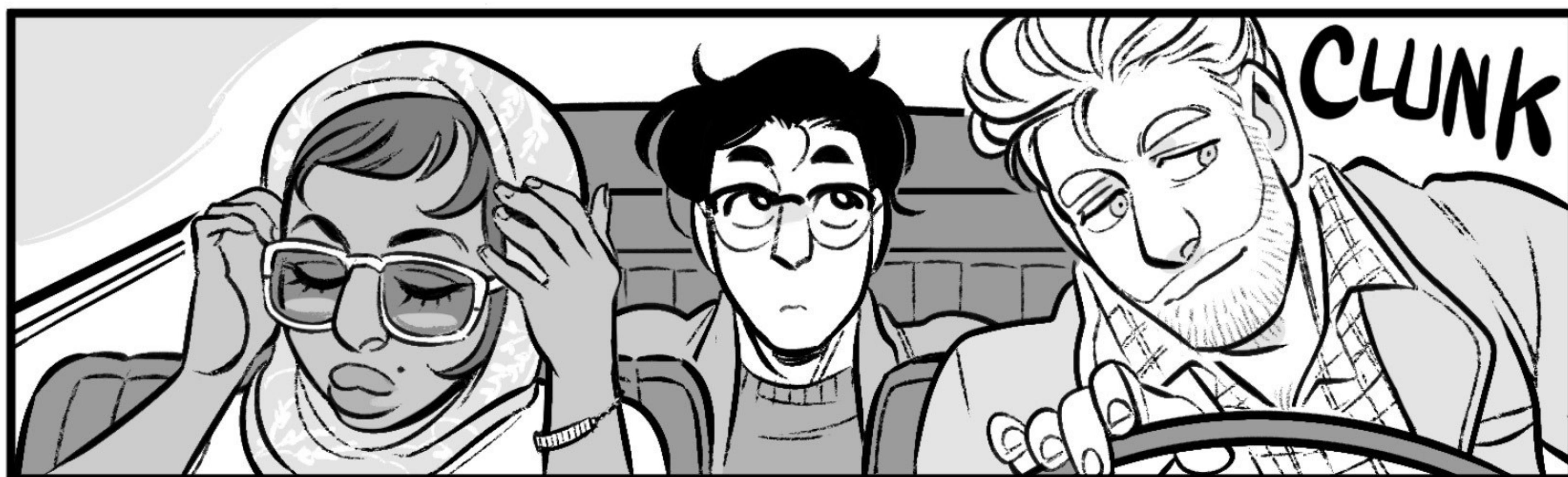
THREE















MY PEN
NAME IS
"RUSTY."

LIKE MOST
PEOPLE WHO
ONLY KNOW ME
THROUGH
MY FETISH WORK,
JOSEPH ASSUMED
I WAS A MAN.

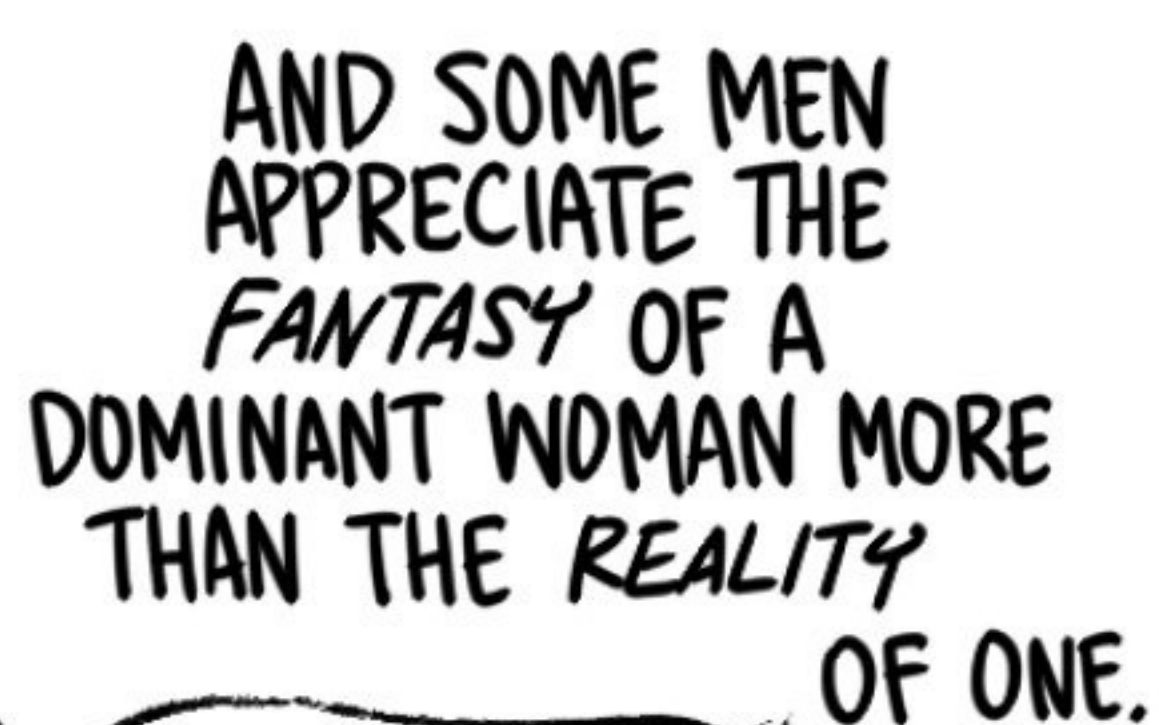


HE WROTE ME
MUCH LIKE YOU
FIRST WROTE HIM,
IN ADMIRATION,
SEEKING ADVICE.

IT WAS VERY
FLATTERING.
BUT I KEPT
THINGS VAGUE,
FOR MY OWN
SAFETY.



POLICE HAVE
TARGETED
THE MAGAZINES
I PUBLISH IN.



AND SOME MEN
APPRECIATE THE
FANTASY OF A
DOMINANT WOMAN MORE
THAN THE REALITY
OF ONE.



SO ALLOWING
MYSELF
TO BE THOUGHT
OF AS A MAN
WAS ONLY
SENSIBLE.



BUT
THINKING I
WAS A MAN
DIDN'T STOP
JOE FROM
PROPOSITIONING
ME.



OH, IS
THAT
HOW THINGS
WENT?



WASN'T
IT?



YOU SPENT YOUR
THIRD LETTER
CONFESSING YOUR
EQUAL ATTRACTION
TO WOMEN AND
MEN.



IN OBSCENE
DETAIL.



A MAN DOESN'T
REVEAL SUCH A
THING UNLESS HE'S
REASONABLY SURE
HIS CONFIDANT FEELS
THE SAME WAY.



PROBABLY HAD
HIS DICK IN
HIS HAND THE
WHOLE TIME
HE WROTE
IT.



MAYBE
HALF
THE TIME.



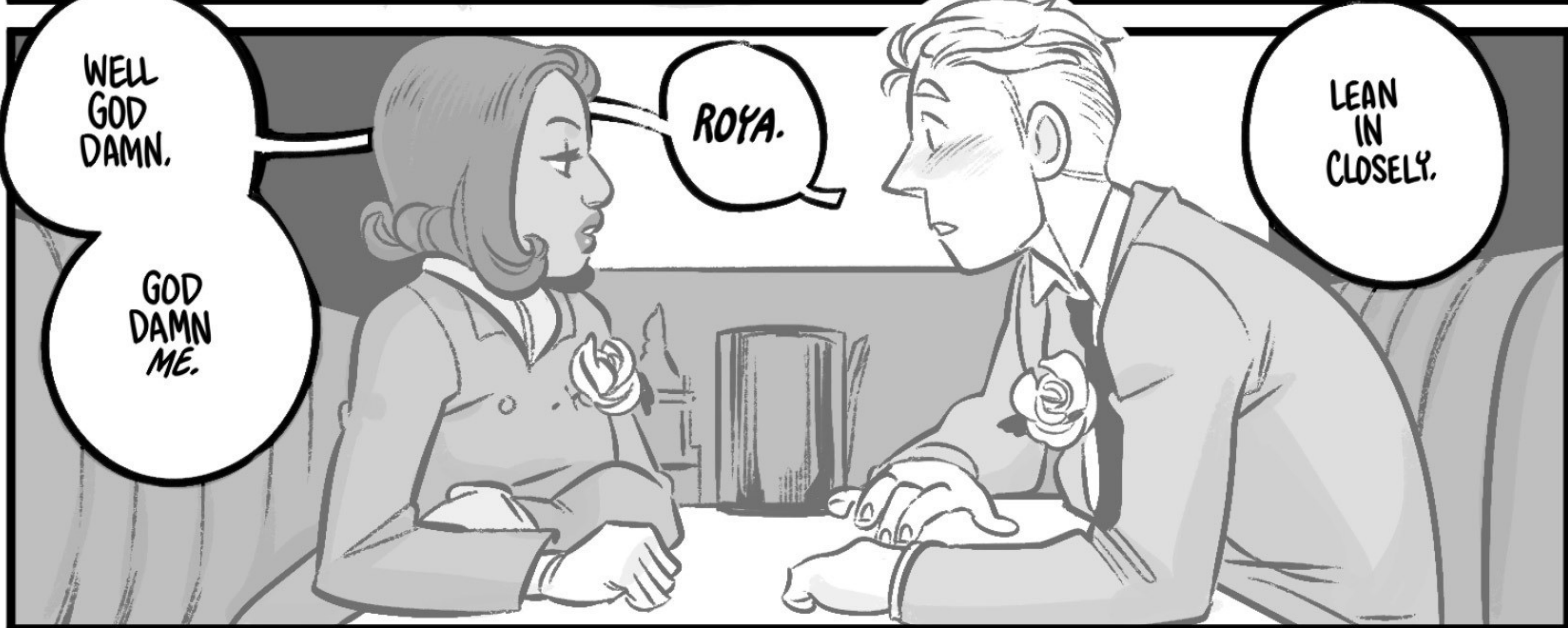




RUSTY?!

ONLY IN
PRINT.
MY NAME
IS ROYA.

SIT.



WELL
GOD
DAMN.

ROYA.

LEAN
IN
CLOSELY.

GOD
DAMN
ME.



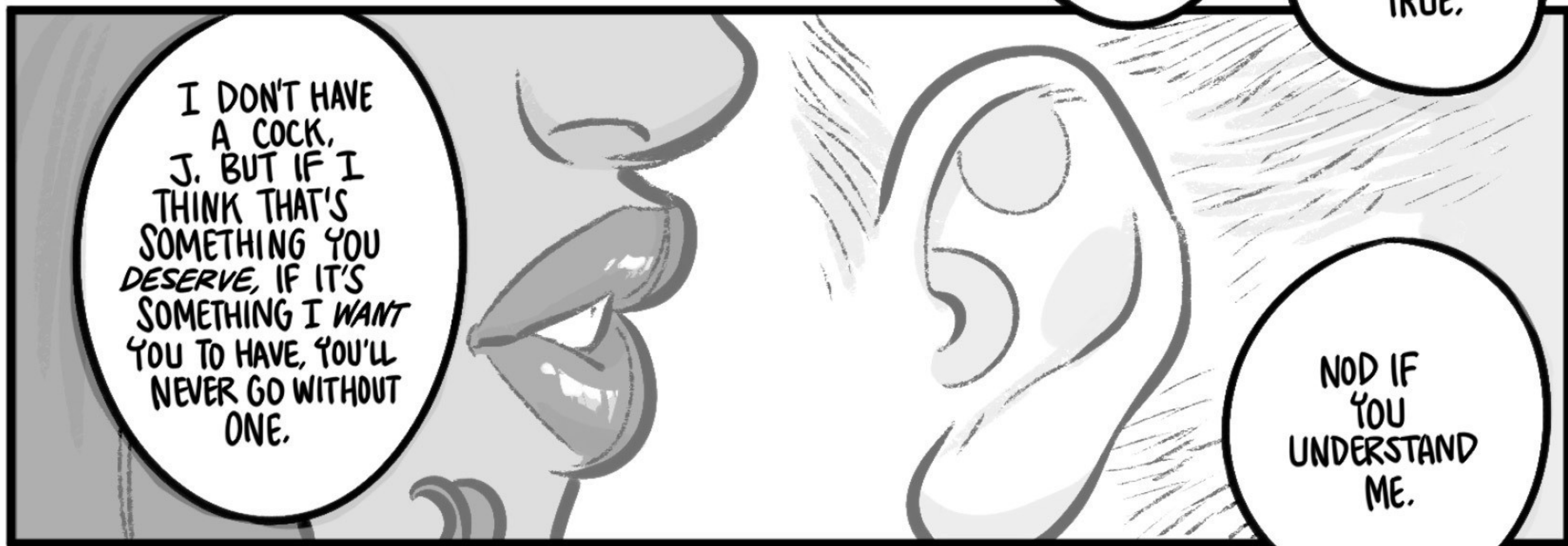
I KNOW
YOU
EXPECTED
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT.
BUT I'M STILL
THE SAME
PERSON YOU'VE
BEEN WRITING.

I HAVEN'T EVER
CLAIMED TO BE
A MAN. BUT I HAVE
TOLD YOU I WANT YOU
TO BELONG TO ME.

I WANT TO TAKE
OWNERSHIP OF YOU,
AND WHO YOU FUCK,
AND HOW
YOU FUCK.

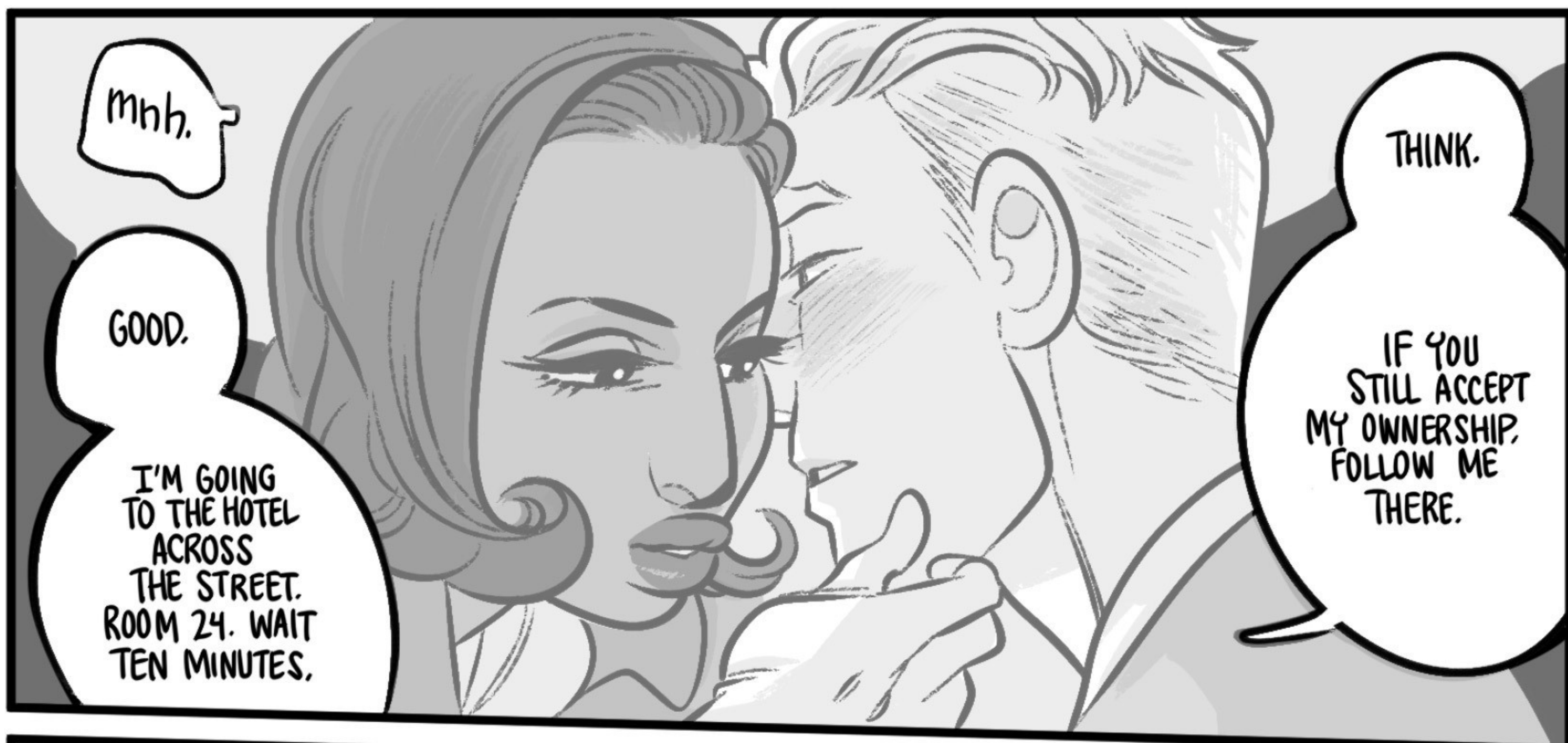
I WANT TO
LOVE YOU AND
TO USE YOU.

THAT'S
STILL
TRUE.



I DON'T HAVE
A COCK,
J. BUT IF I
THINK THAT'S
SOMETHING YOU
DESERVE, IF IT'S
SOMETHING I WANT
YOU TO HAVE, YOU'LL
NEVER GO WITHOUT
ONE.

NOD IF
YOU
UNDERSTAND
ME.

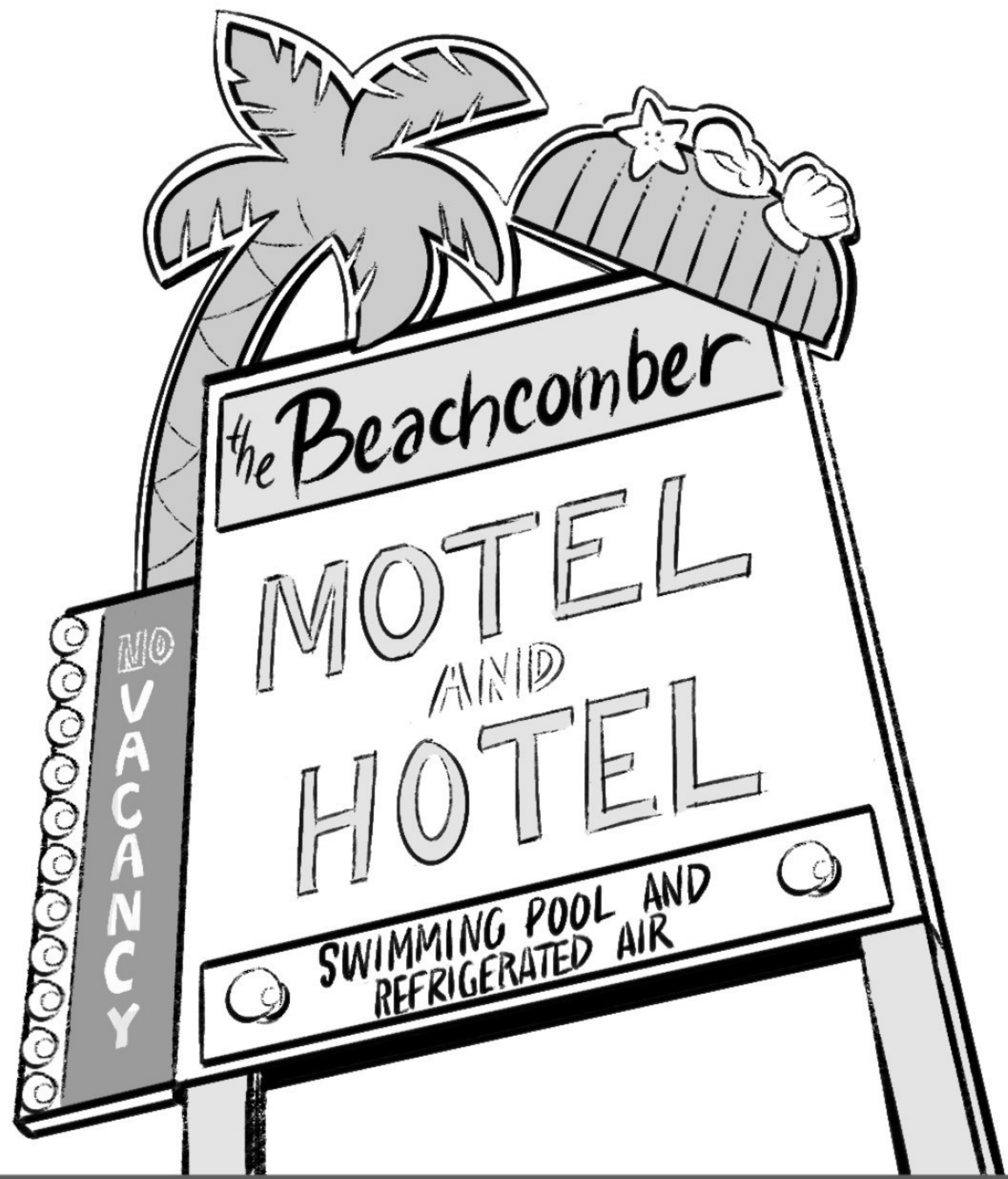








FOUR



17

©

YOU
LOOK
NERVOUS,
WYLIE.



NO,
I'M
ALL
RIGHT.

GOOD.



JOE,
UNDRESS
ME.

YES,
ROYA.





I LIKE
YOU VERY
MUCH, WYLIE.
BUT I DON'T
LIKE SEX WITH
INEXPERIENCED
MEN.

YES,
ROYA.



NO
TOUCHING
WITHOUT
MY
PERMISSION.

NO
SPEAKING
UNLESS
SPOKEN
TO.

YOU'RE HERE
TO WATCH
AND OBEY.

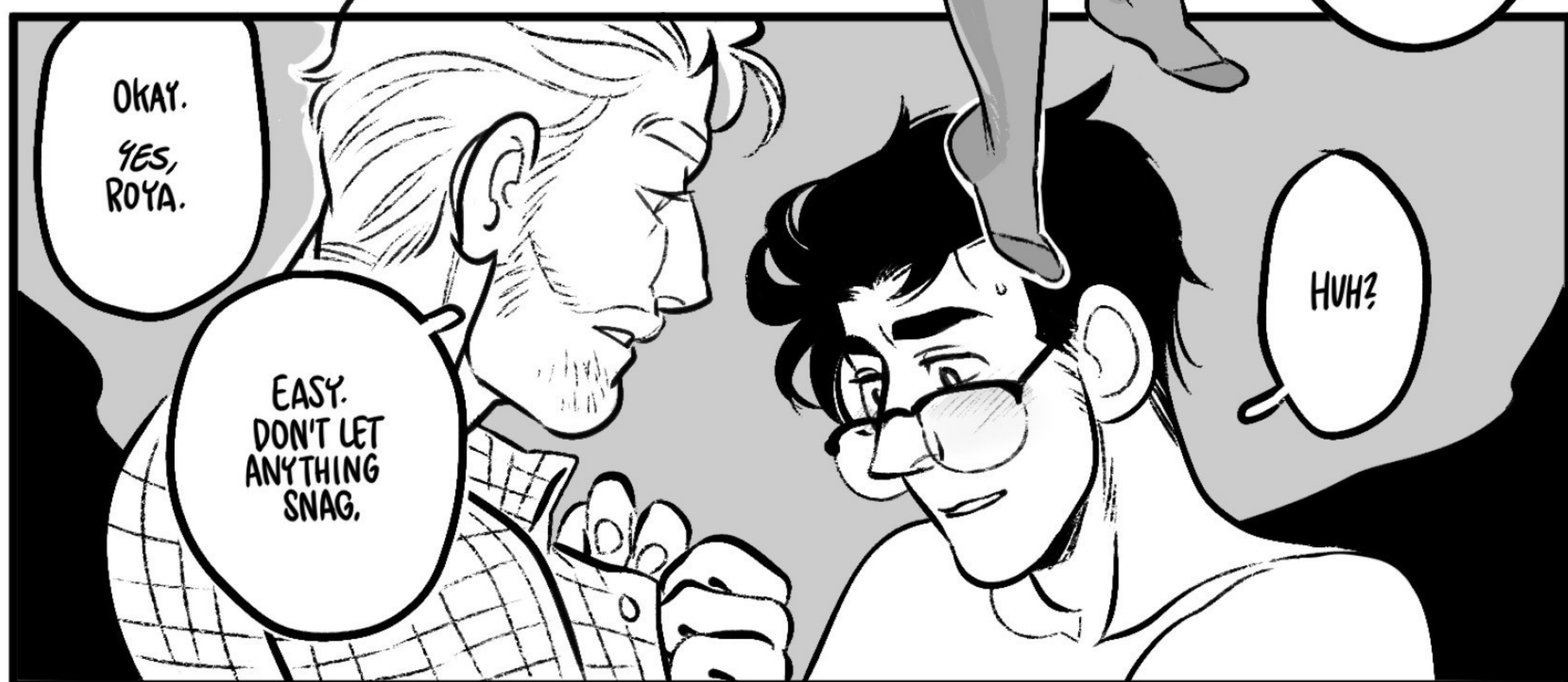
YES,
ROYA.

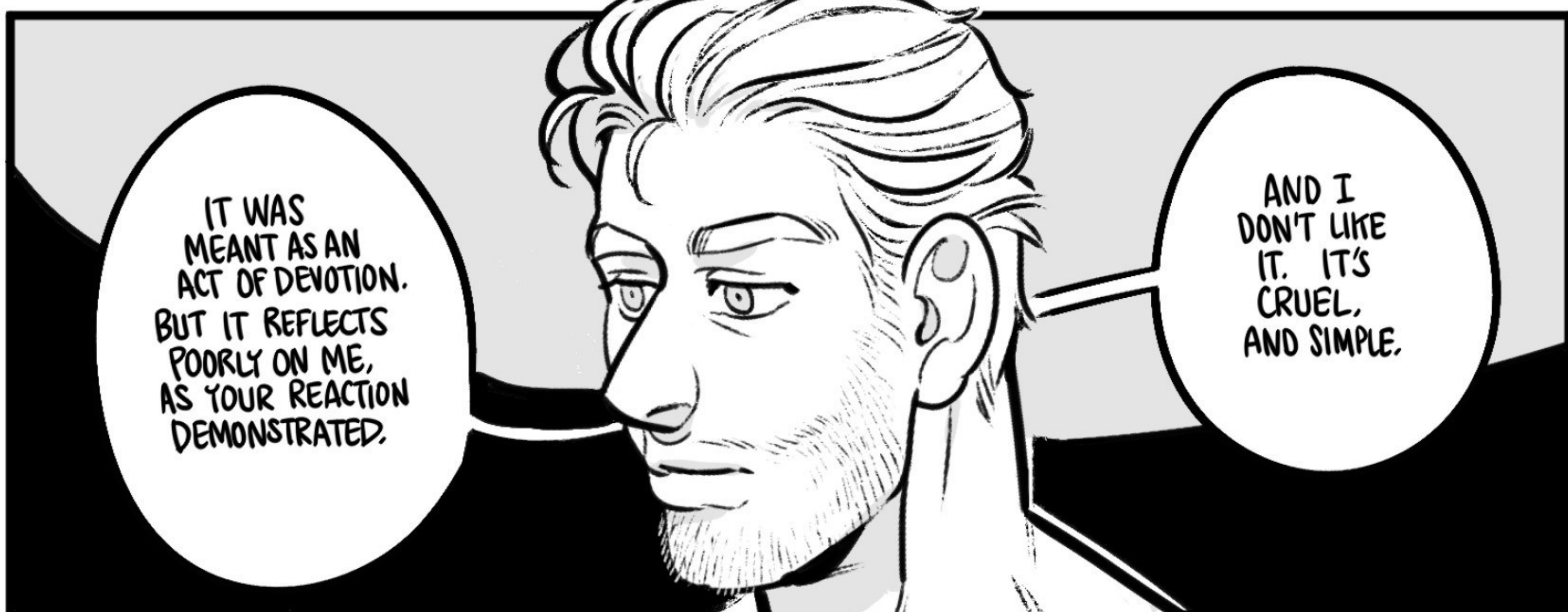
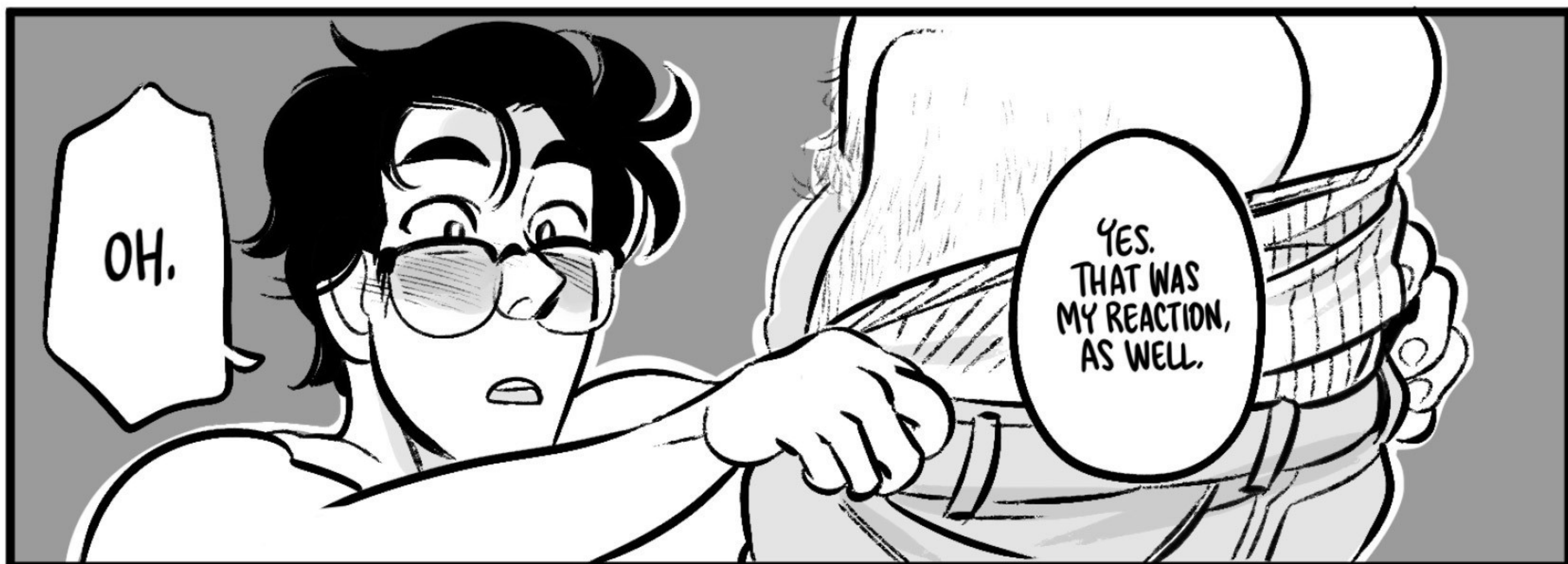
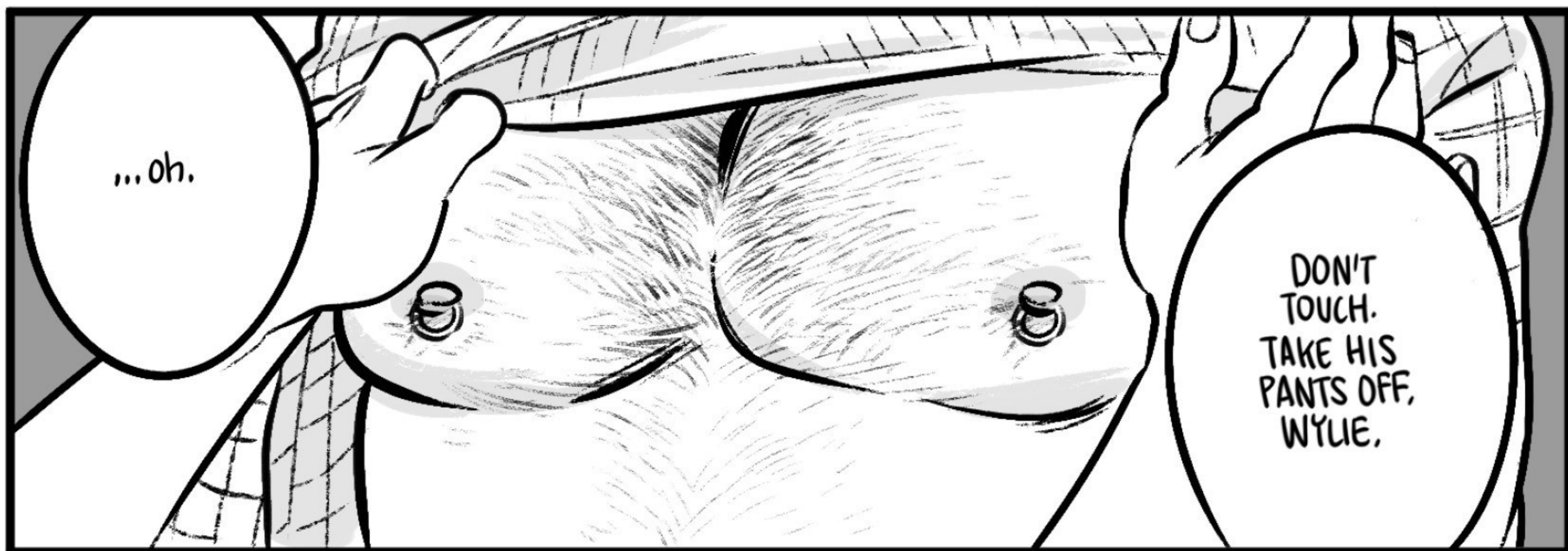


OH,
THE
QUAVER
IN HIS
VOICE.

HE'LL BE
OKAY.

OH,
BETTER THAN
JUST OKAY.







YOUR
DEDICATION
TO ME ISN'T
SYMBOLIC.

IT'S NOT A
SCAR FOR
YOU TO WEAR
LIKE A BADGE.

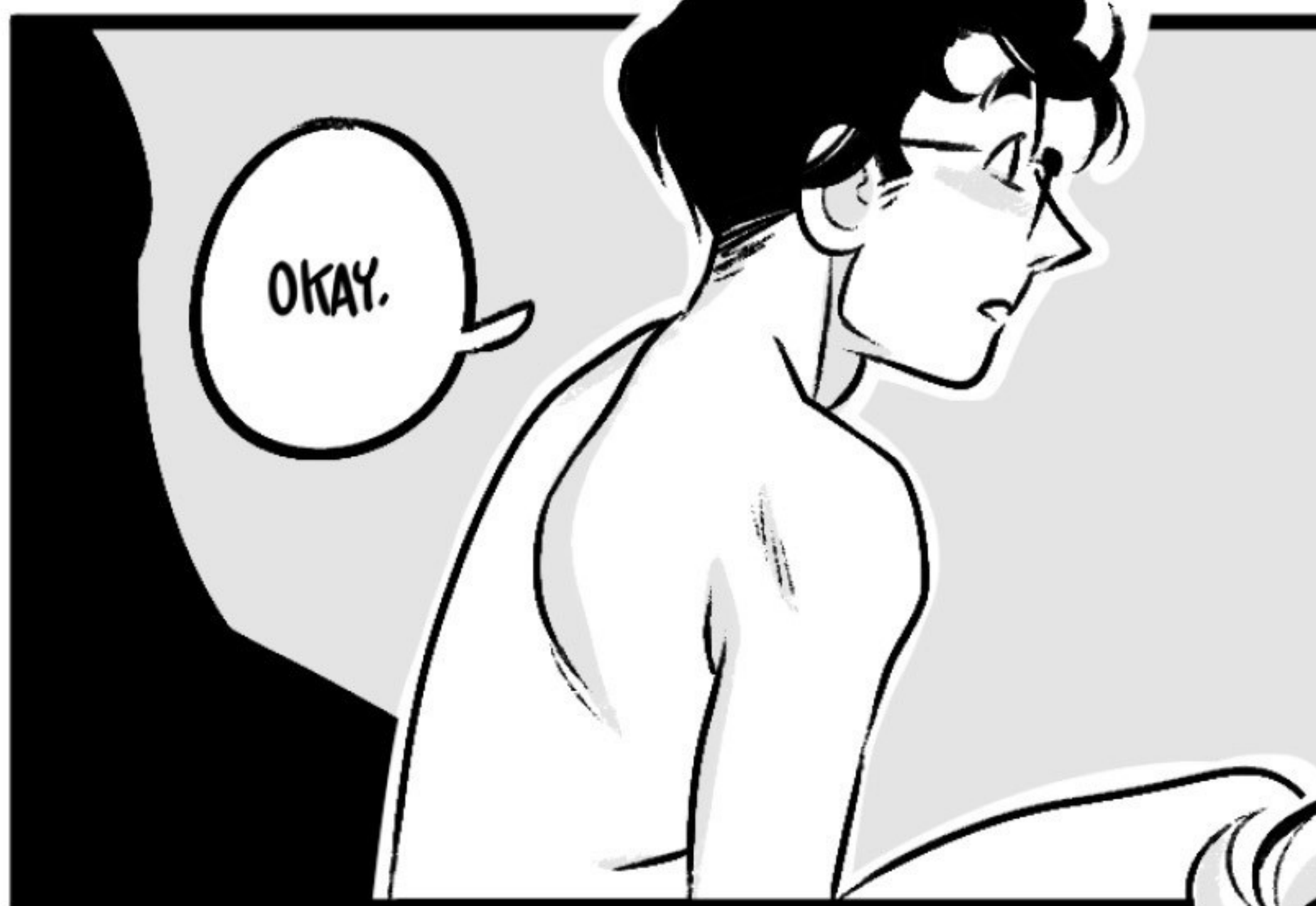
IT'S HOW
I WANT
YOU TO
THINK.

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT I
WANT UNTIL
I TELL YOU.
DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?



YES,
ROYA.

GOOD.
GET
JOE
HARD.



OKAY.



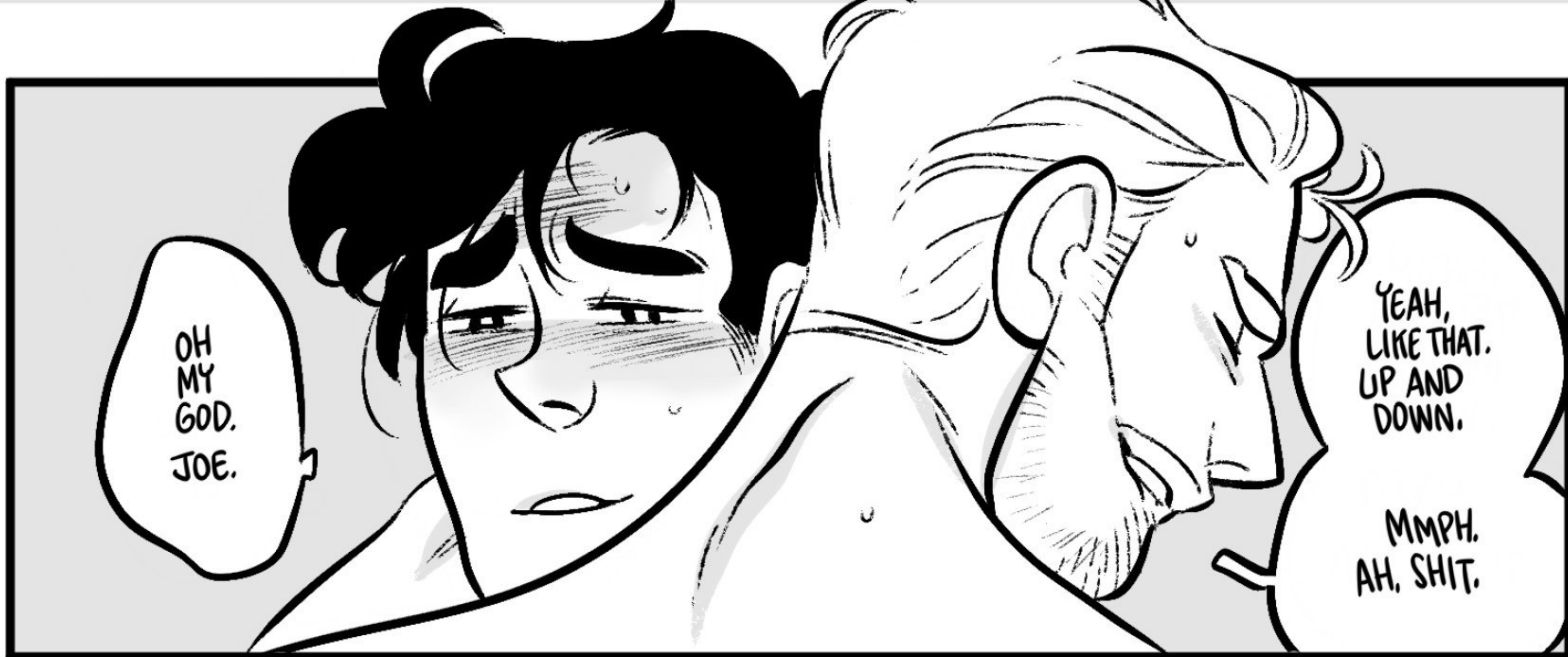
ALREADY
HALFWAY
THERE.
C'MERE,
WY.



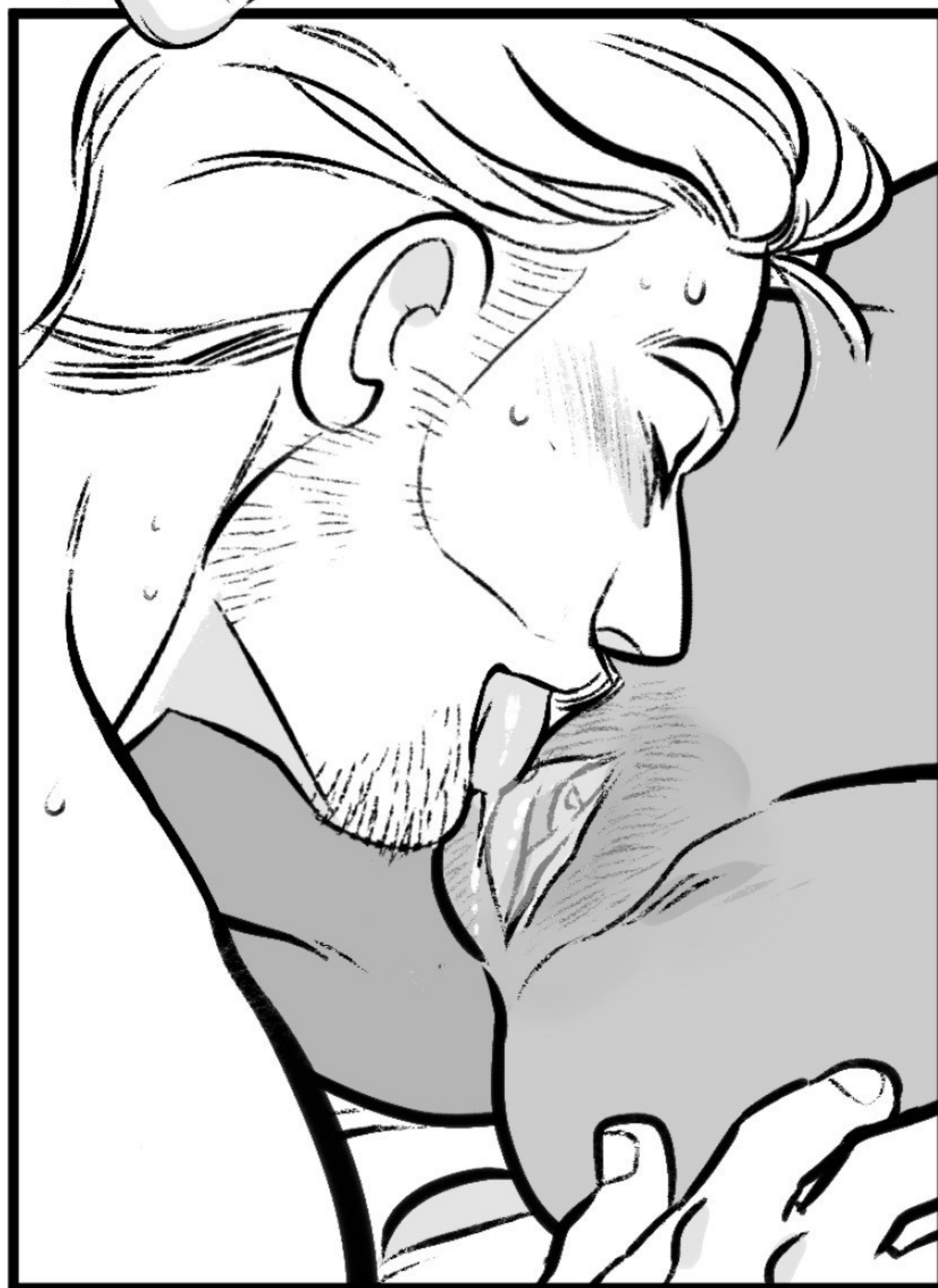
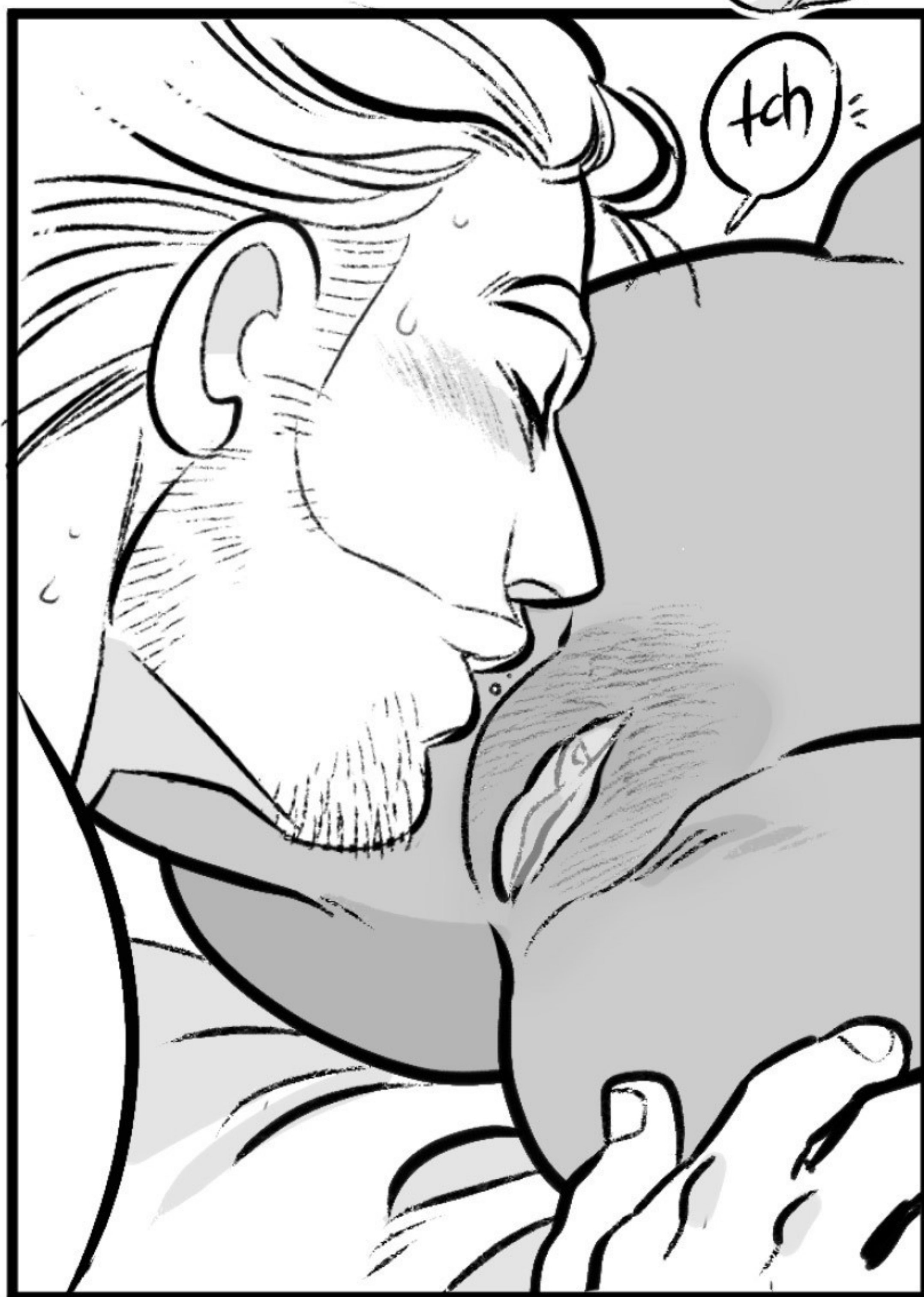
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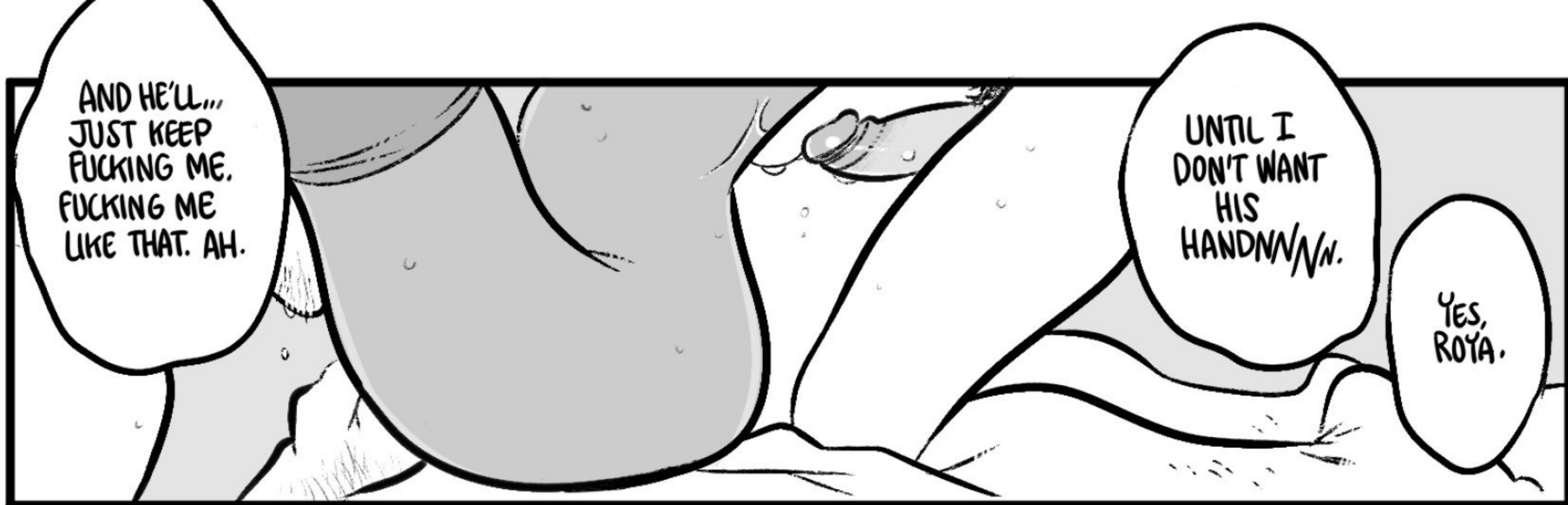


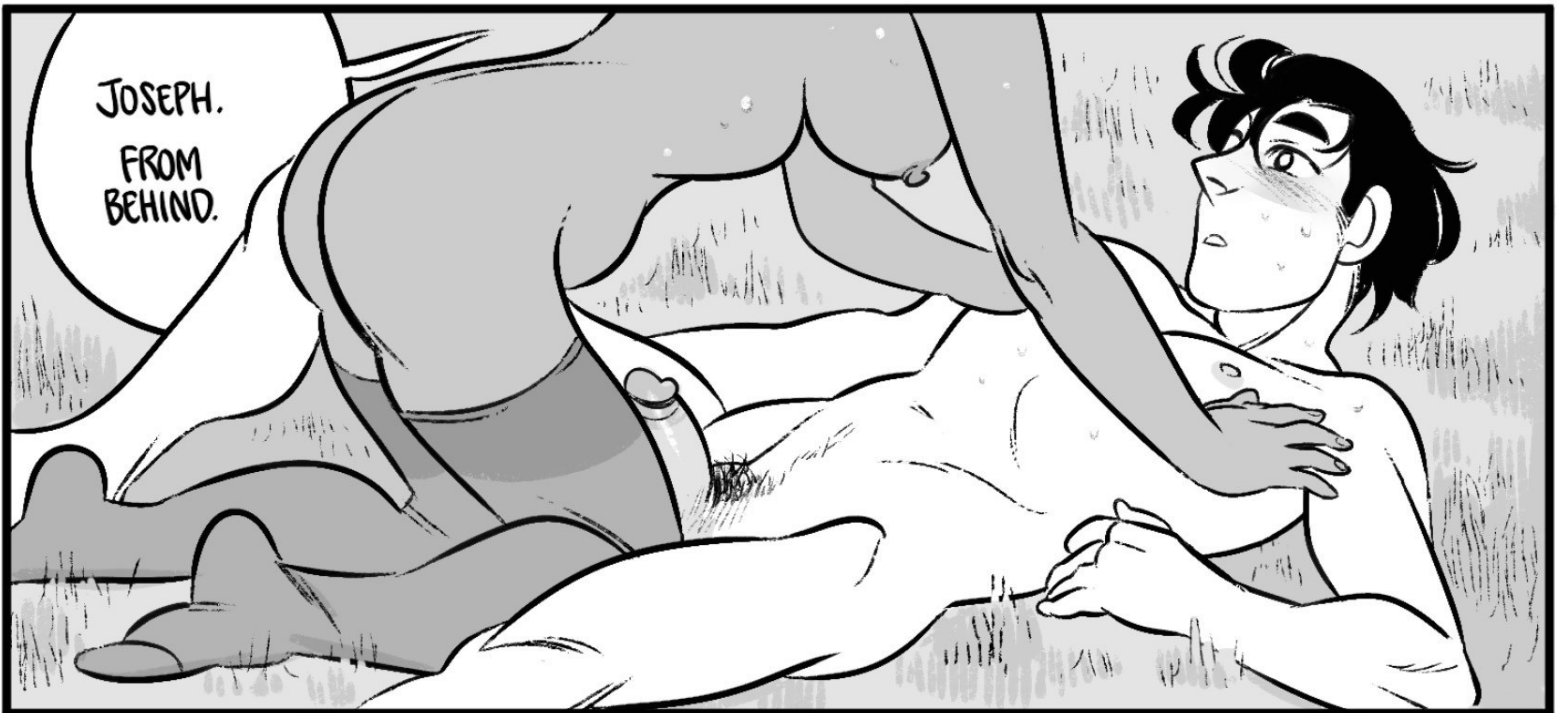
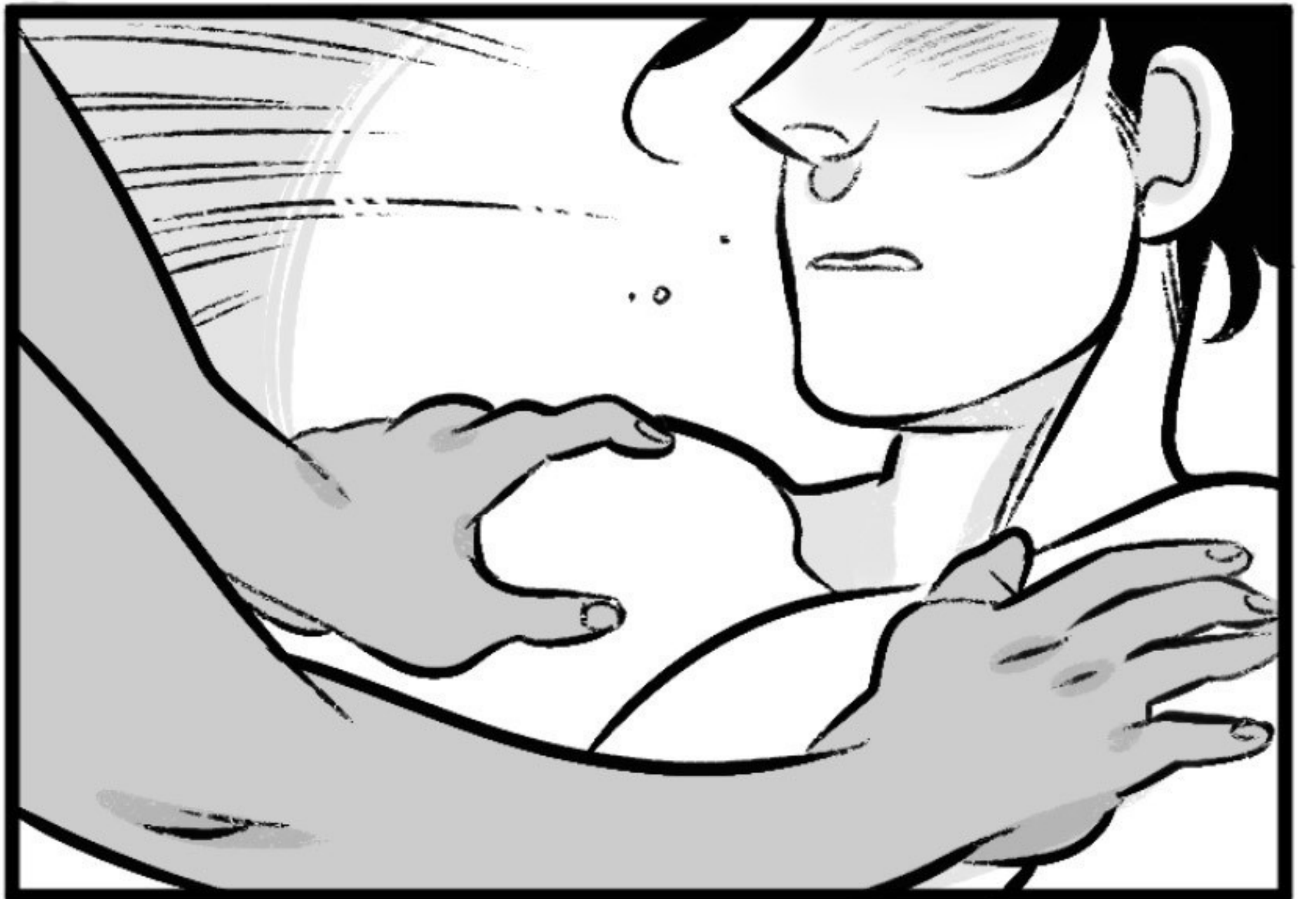


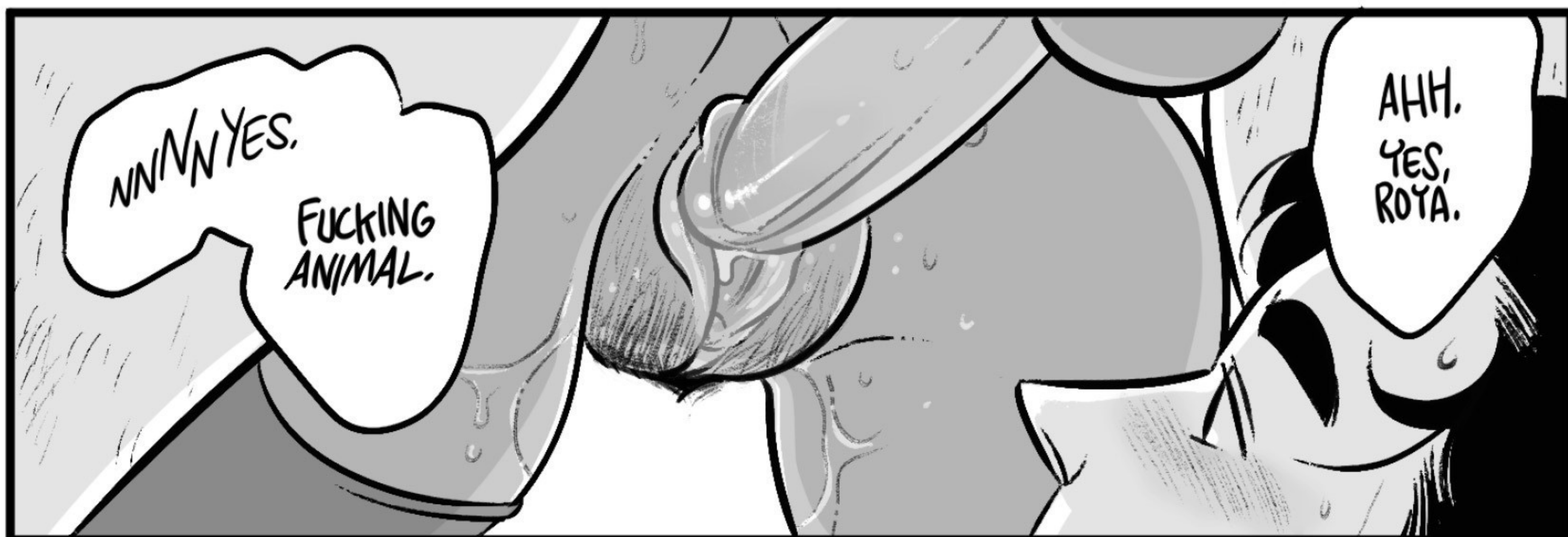








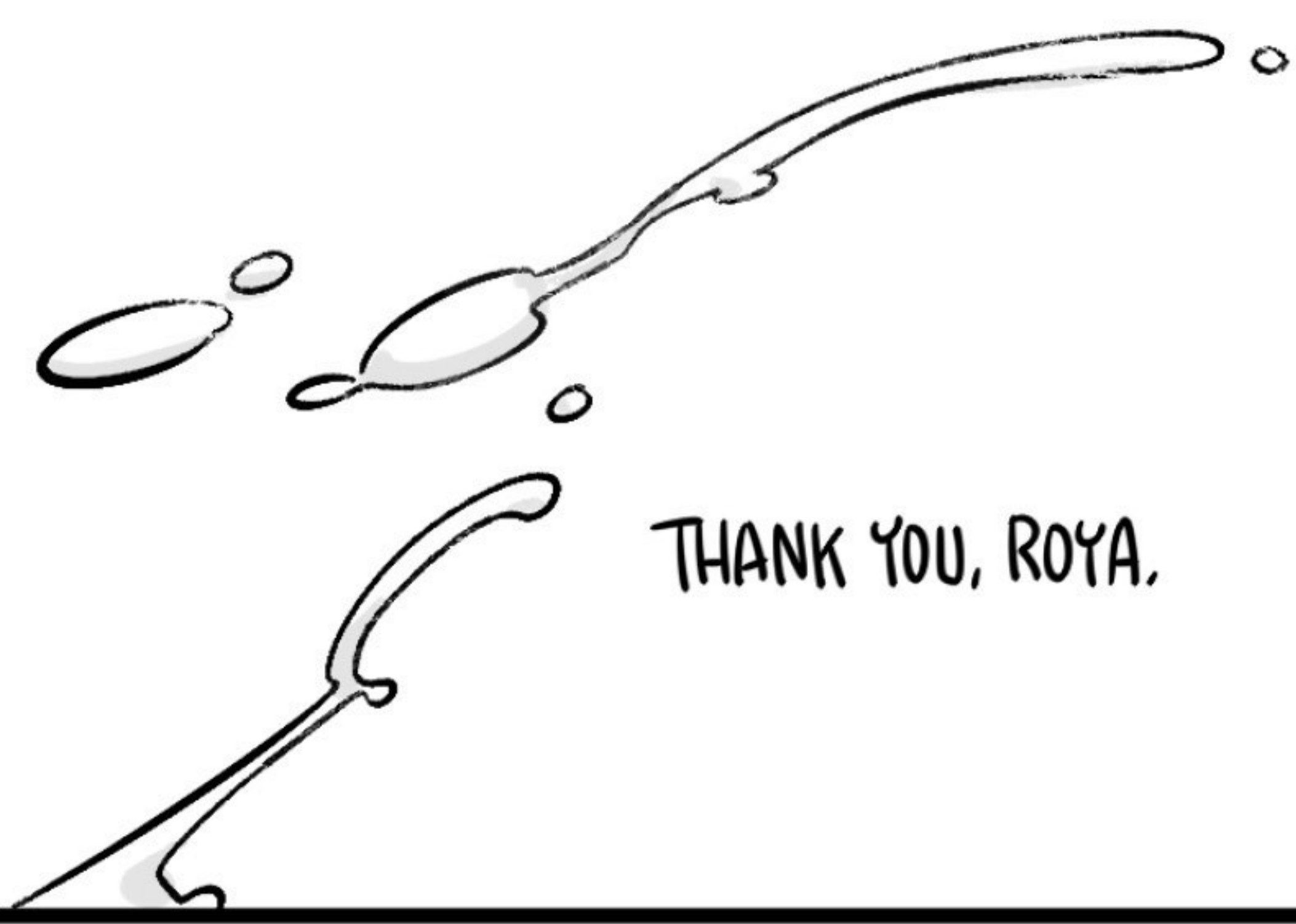












FIVE





WELL, 'FUNNY'
ISN'T REALLY WORK.
IT'S A FORMULA.

APPLY THE
ABSURD TO THE
FAMILIAR.
REINFORCE WHAT
PEOPLE THINK
THEY KNOW.

THE LAUGH
COMES FROM
RECOGNITION.

HERE,
I'LL
SHOW YOU.

THIS.

THIS WOULD
BE BETTER IF
THE WOMAN WERE
DRIVING BACKWARDS
ALONG THE
FREEWAY.
BECAUSE WOMEN
CAN'T DRIVE.

AND THE
HUSBAND SHOULD
LOOK MORE
HENPECKED.

'HENPECKED' IS
SKINNY, WITH
GLASSES.

ONE OF THOSE
MEN WHO STILL
WEARS A HAT.

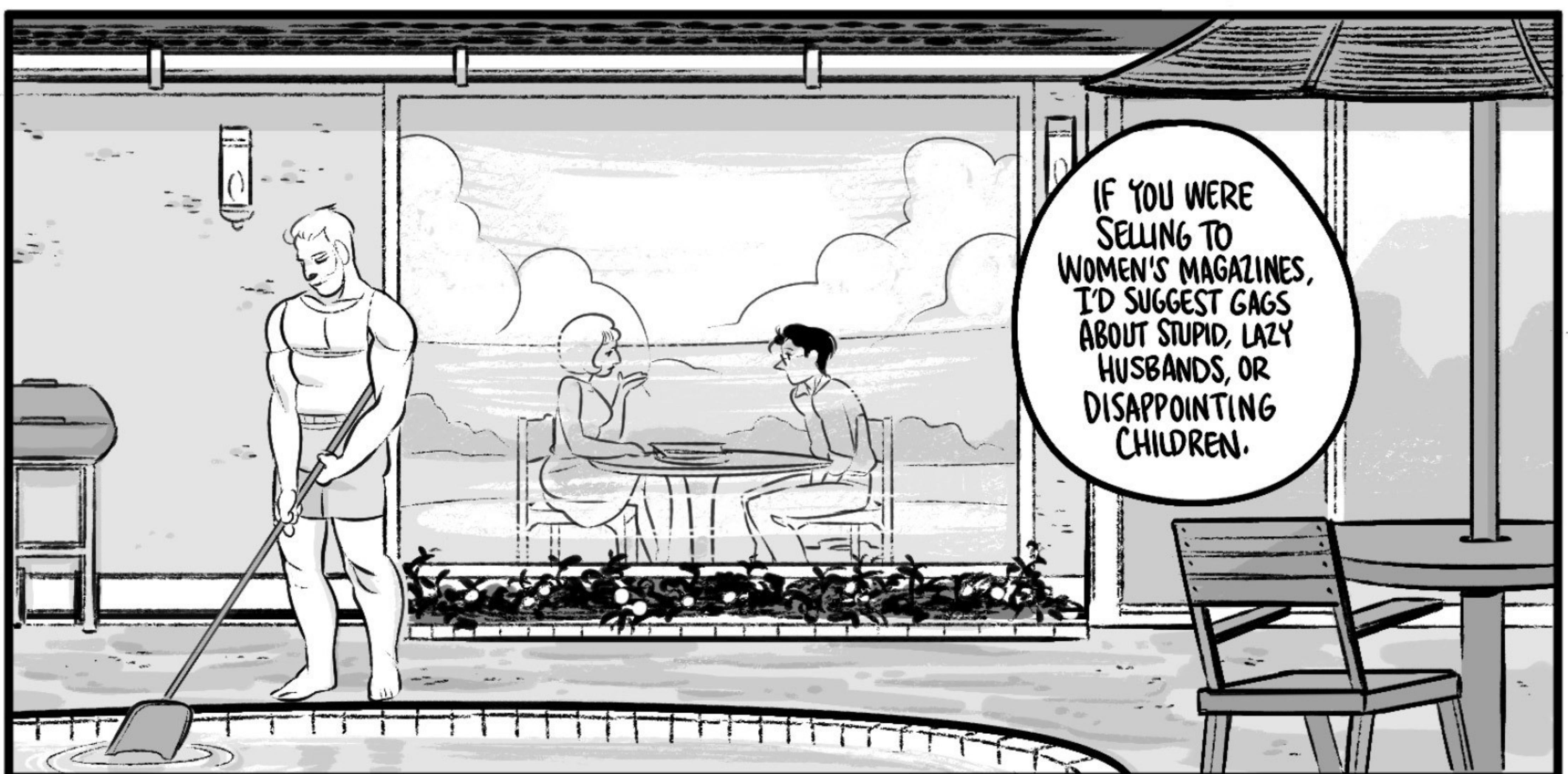
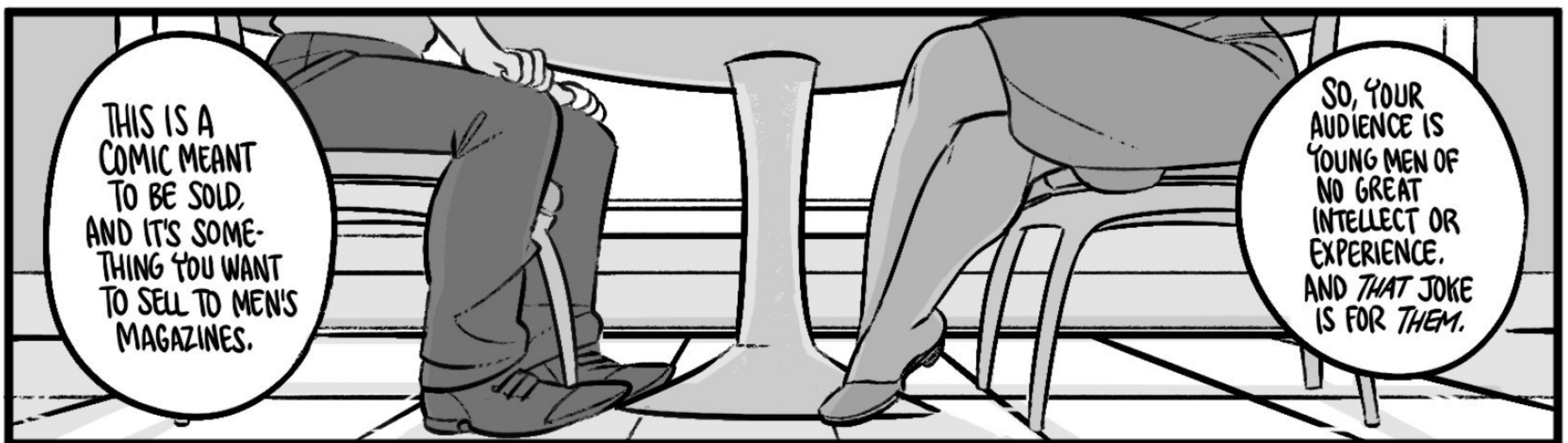
AND THE
PUNCHLINE.

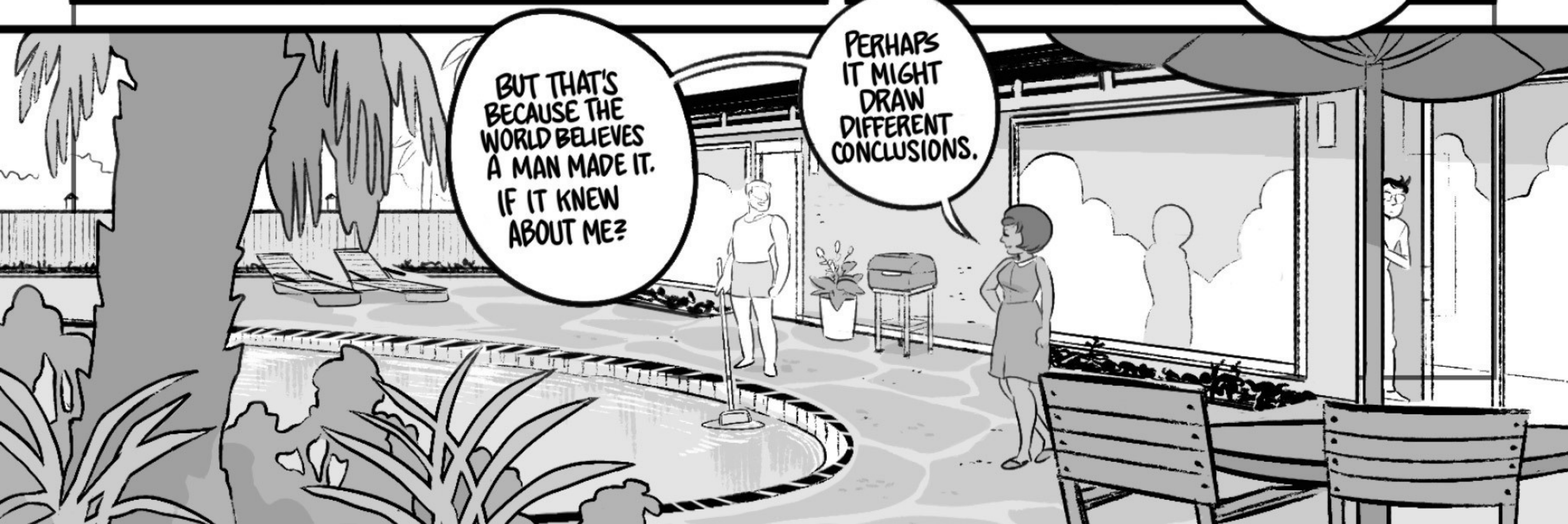
IT SHOULD BE THE
WOMAN INSISTING
SHE'S FINE. THE CAR
IS FINE, THE DRIVE
IS FINE. A
WOMAN THINKING SHE
KNOWS BETTER THAN
A MAN IS FUNNY.

...OH.

OH.

MAKE
HER
FAT.







LIKE WHAT?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

ALL MEN ARE BEETLE-BROWED, IDIOT CHILDREN ON THE PRECIPICE OF OBSOLESCENCE.

AREN'T WE, ROYA?

WELL, I WOULDN'T PUT IT IN THOSE WORDS.

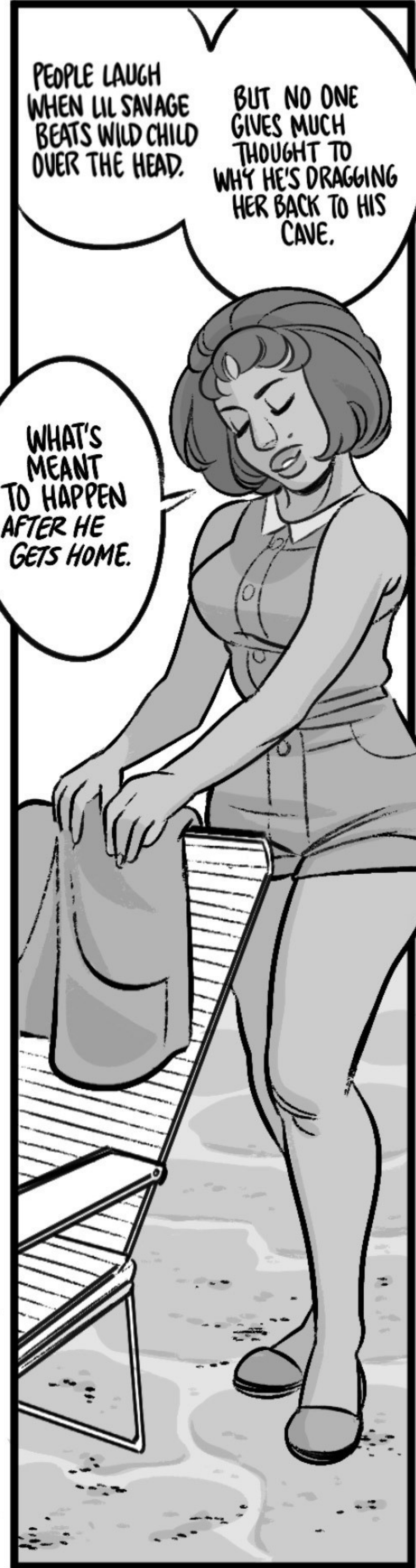


BUT THERE ARE CERTAIN EXPRESSIONS OF TEMPERAMENT MEN AREN'T AS OBLIGED TO SUPPRESS.



DESIRE, FOR ONE. SENSUALITY. AND ANY INCINATION TO CONTROL. WHETHER THEY'RE SUITED FOR THE ROLE OR NOT.

CONSIDER THE COMIC'S CENTRAL CONFLICT.

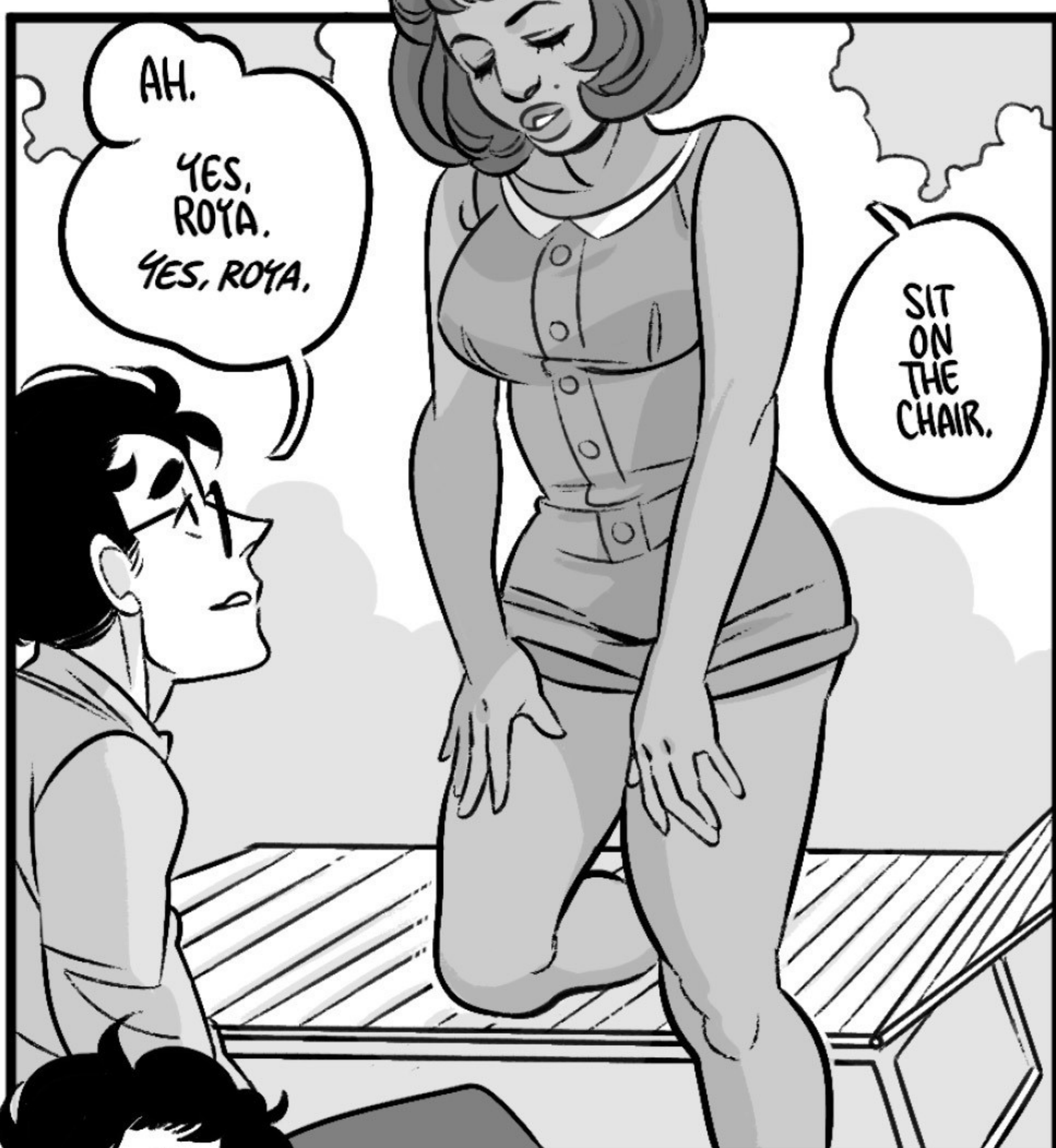


WHAT'S MEANT TO HAPPEN AFTER HE GETS HOME.

PEOPLE LAUGH WHEN LIL SAVAGE BEATS WILD CHILD OVER THE HEAD.

BUT NO ONE GIVES MUCH THOUGHT TO WHY HE'S DRAGGING HER BACK TO HIS CAVE.





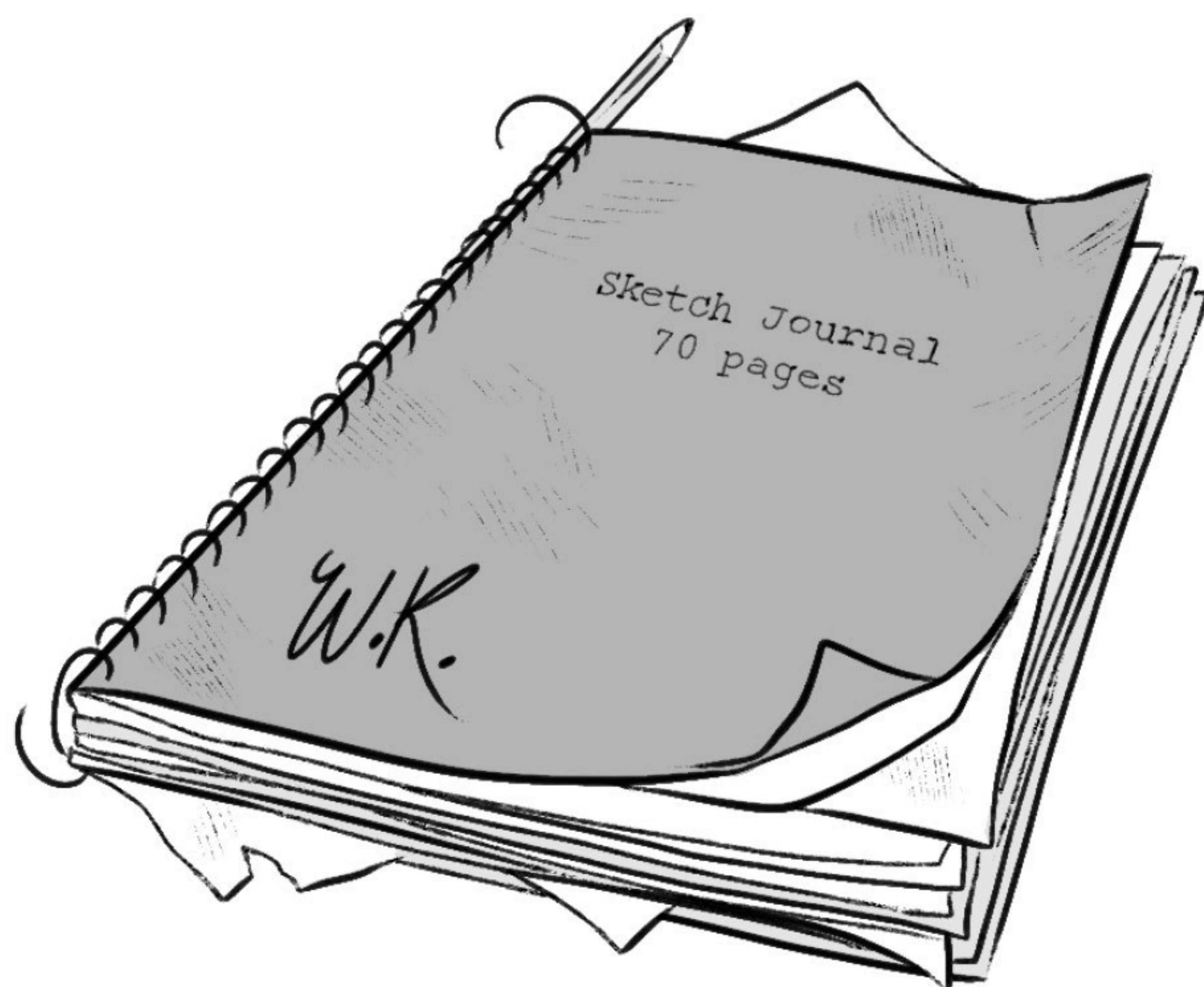


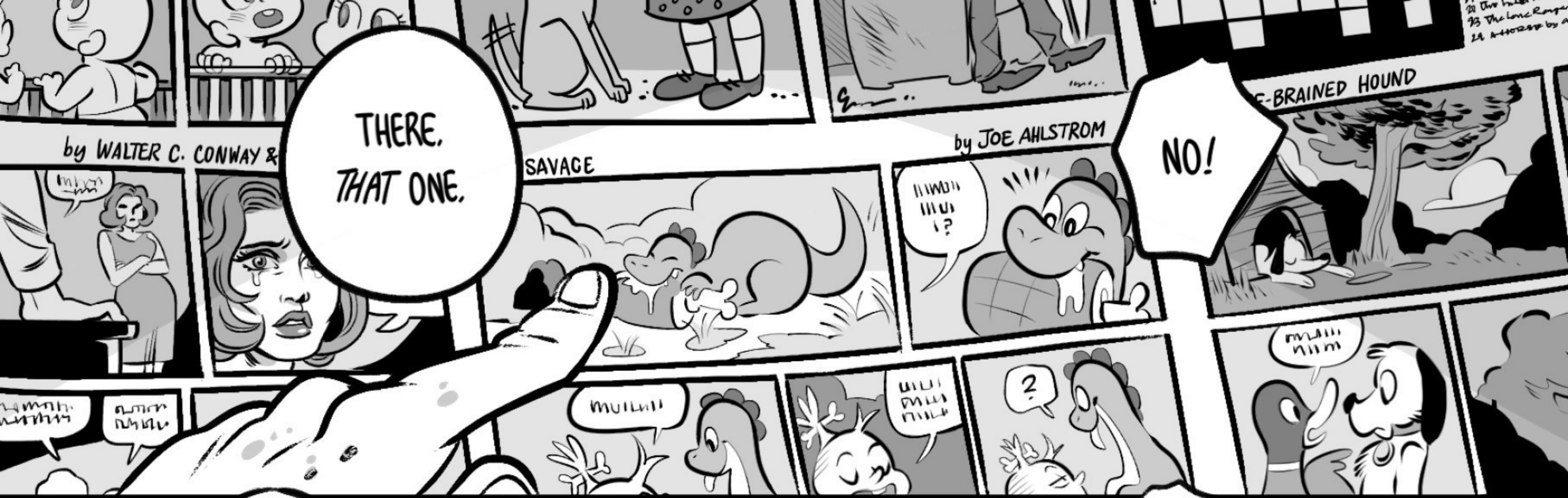






SIX



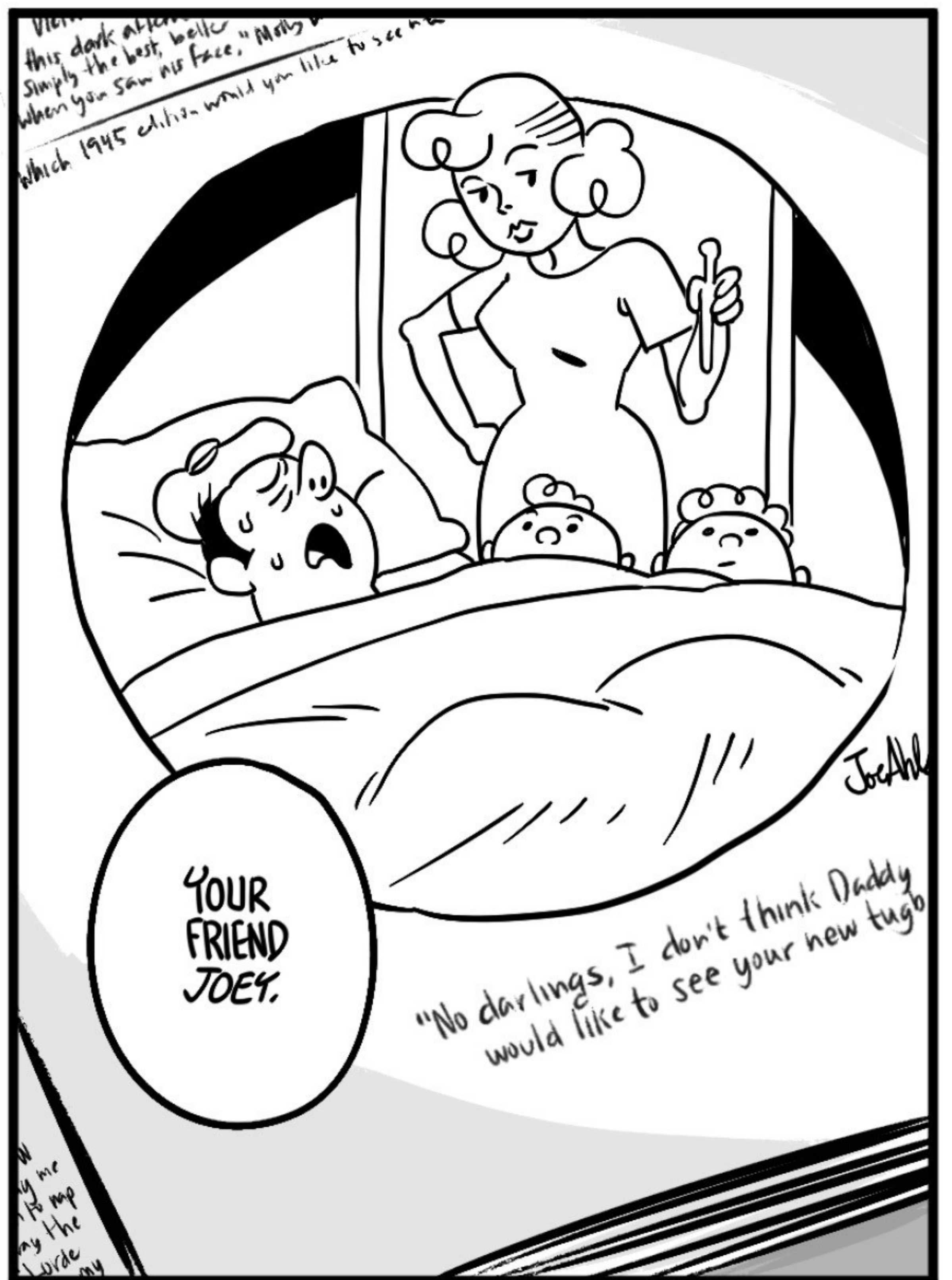














OH.

MM-HM.

IT'S ABOUT 12 YEARS OLD. SO HE WOULD HAVE BEEN A FEW YEARS OLDER THAN YOU ARE NOW. MR. MAYER SHOWED ME THAT WHEN I FIRST STARTED WORKING HERE, AND I ASKED HIM ABOUT JOE.

NOT VERY GOOD, IS IT.



IT'S ALL RIGHT.

KOGAN, IT'S A MESS. AND I COULD FORGIVE THAT IF IT WERE FUNNY, BUT IT JUST MAKES ME WINCE.



BRAZEN'S STANDARDS WERE LOWER BACK THEN, I KNOW. BUT JOE AHLSTROM TURNED IN SOME OF THE WORST COMICS THIS MAGAZINE'S EVER TOLERATED.

EVER.

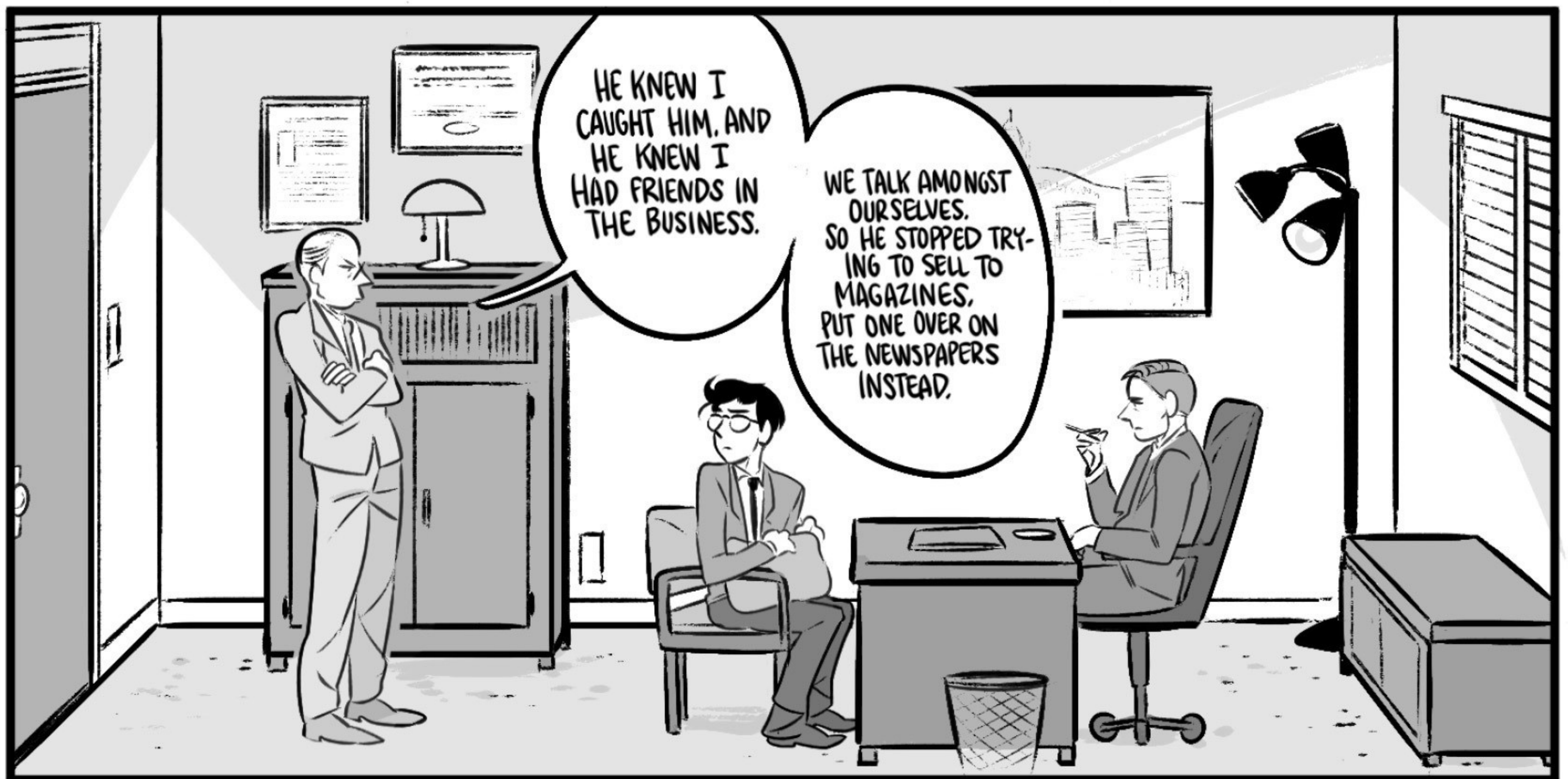
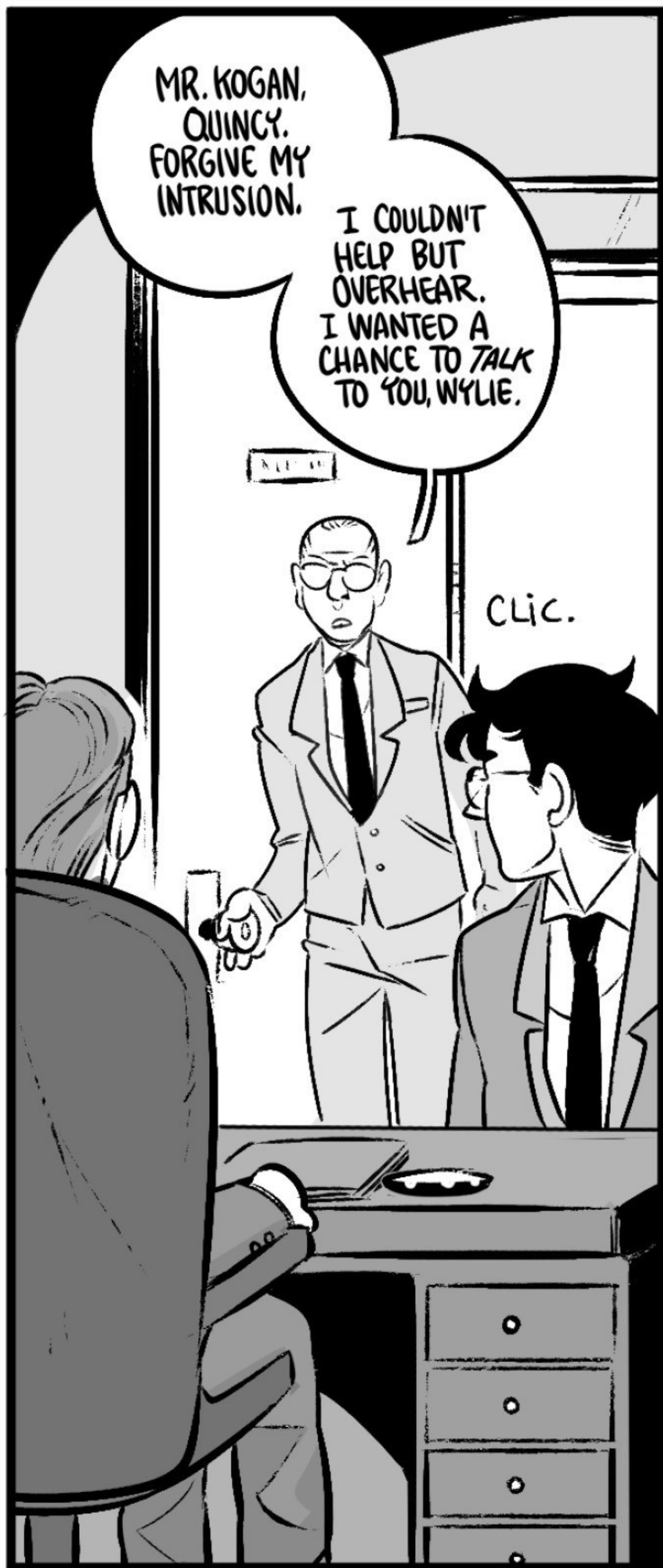
AND NOW HE'S DRAWING A SLICK LITTLE STRIP SYNDICATED IN EVERY NEWSPAPER BETWEEN HERE AND NEW YORK CITY.

PECULIAR STUFF, KOGAN.



...
PEOPLE CAN IMPROVE.

NOT LIKE HE DID.





I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S UP
TO, MR. KOGAN.
I'VE LOOKED INTO IT.
I'M STILL LOOKING
INTO IT. NOTHING'S
COME TOGETHER.

BUT THE
MAN IS A
THIEF.



I DON'T-
I CAN'T-

KIND OF ODD,
I THINK. GROWN
MAN AT THE TOP OF
HIS GAME, PAL-ING
AROUND WITH A 19
YEAR OLD KID. A
TALENTED KID, TOO.
WITH NO PREVIOUSLY
PUBLISHED WORK.

IMPRESSONABLE
KID.



WHAT?? HE'S
NOT TRYING TO-
NO, HE HELPS.
HE'S HELPING ME.
JOE'S A GOOD GUY.
HE WOULDN'T DO
THAT.

MR. KOGAN,
JOE AHLSTROM'S
A SNAKE WITHOUT
A FRIEND IN THE
WORLD.

HE HAS FRIENDS
HERE.
HE HAS FRIENDS
AT THIS MAGAZINE,
HE WAS VISITING
THEM WHEN-

WHO VISITS
FRIENDS
AT WORK?
WE AREN'T IN
HIGH SCHOOL.
THIS ISN'T THE
MALT SHOP.



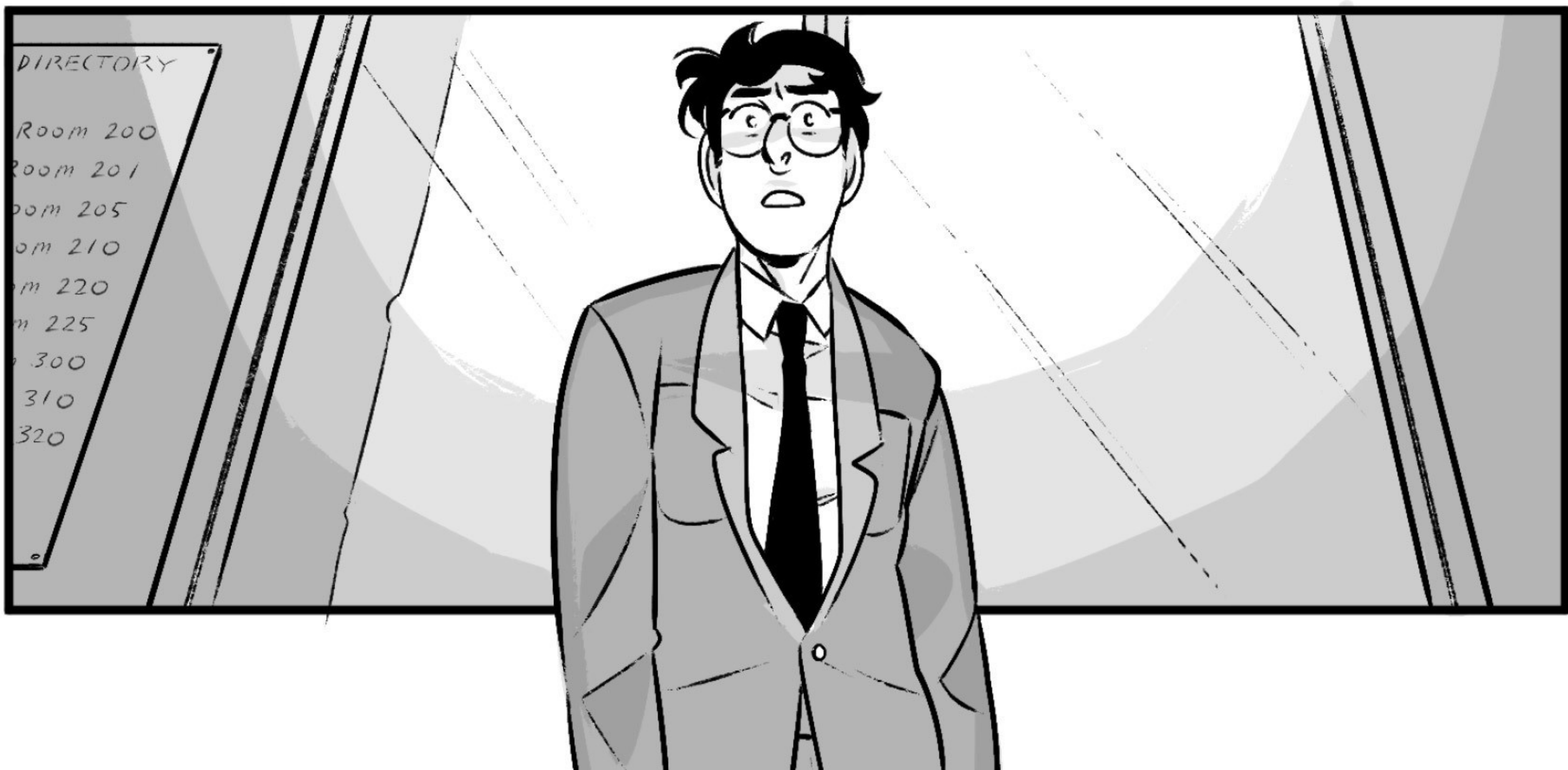
"VISITING FRIENDS."
NO, SON. HE KNOWS
HOW WE FEEL. HE
WAS CHECKING
UP.

PROBABLY THE
SAME REASON HE'S
TRYING SO HARD
WITH YOU.
ONE OF
THEM, ANY-
WAY.

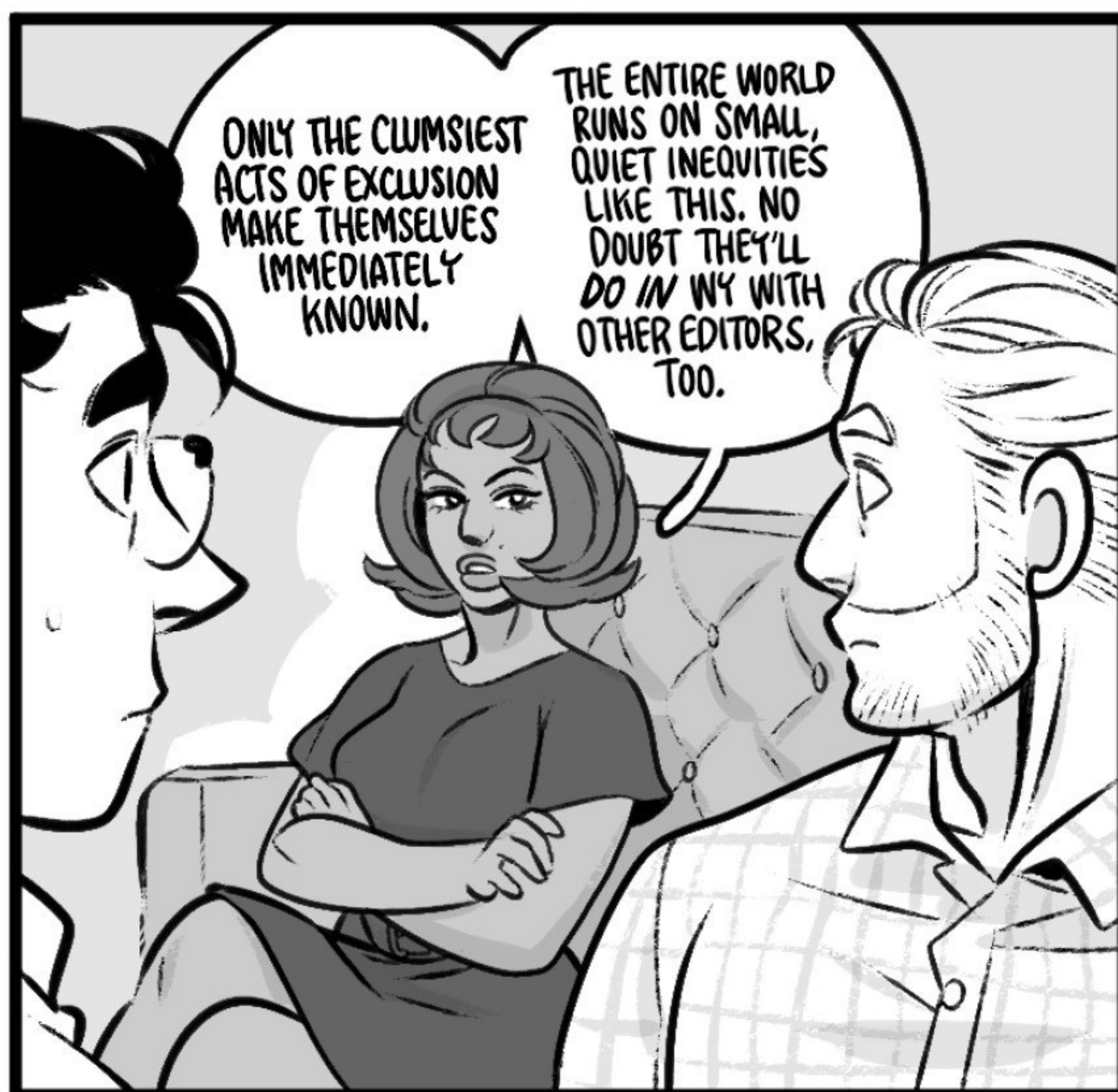


COME
ON.

BUT-

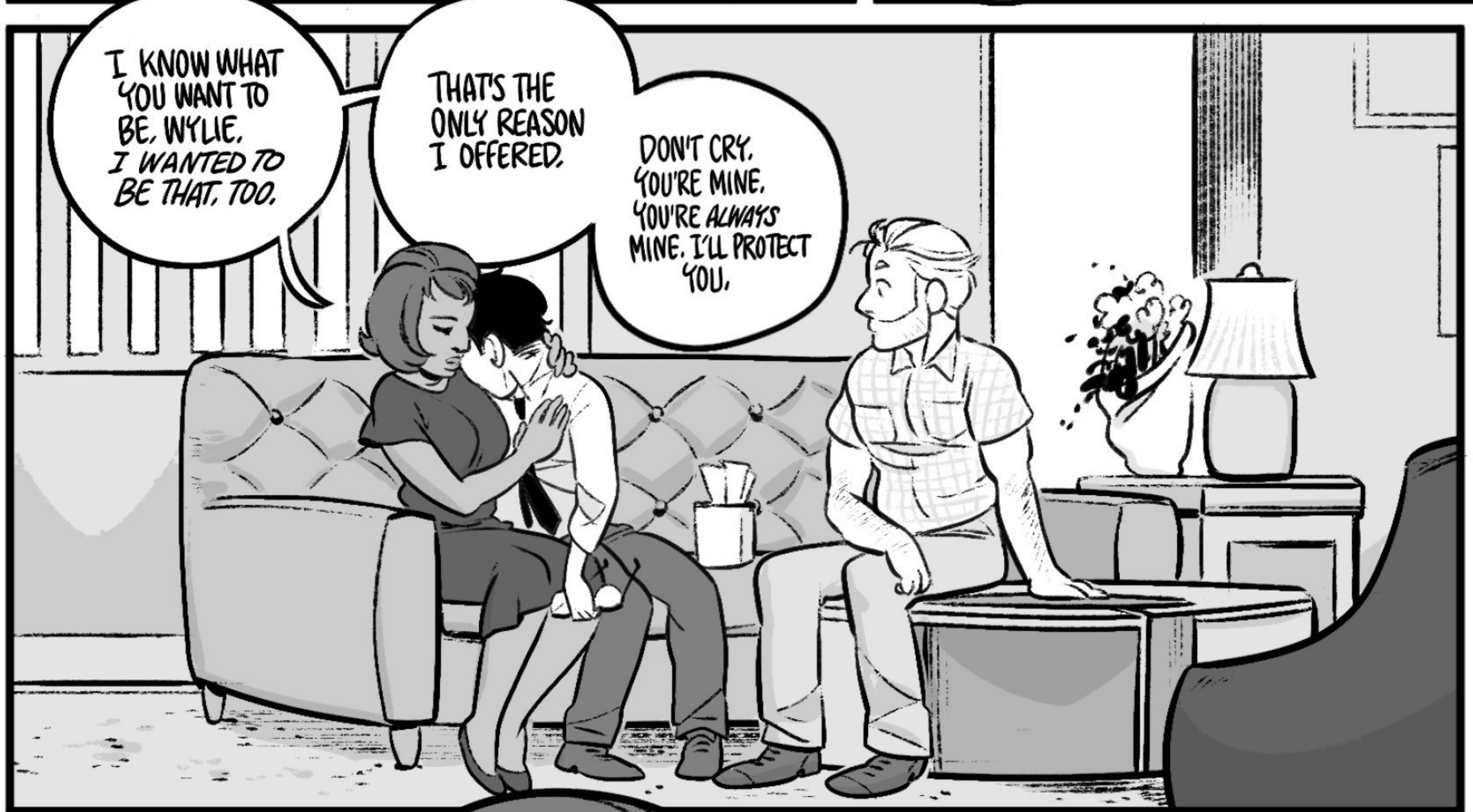






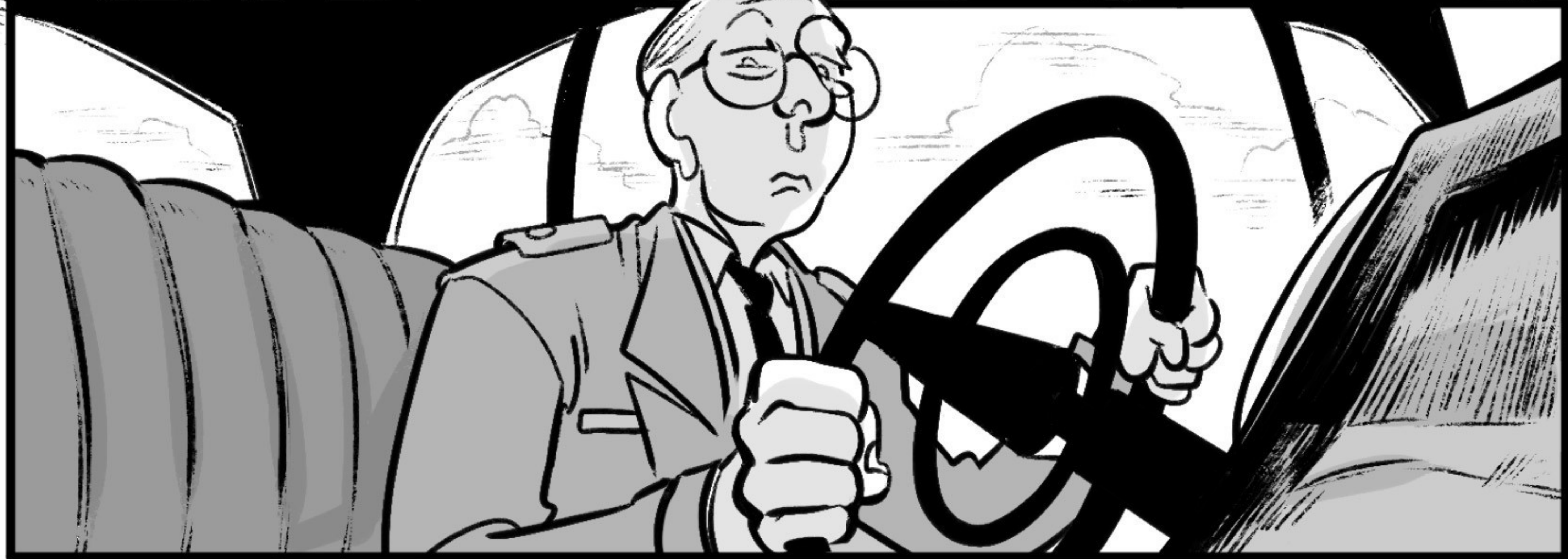


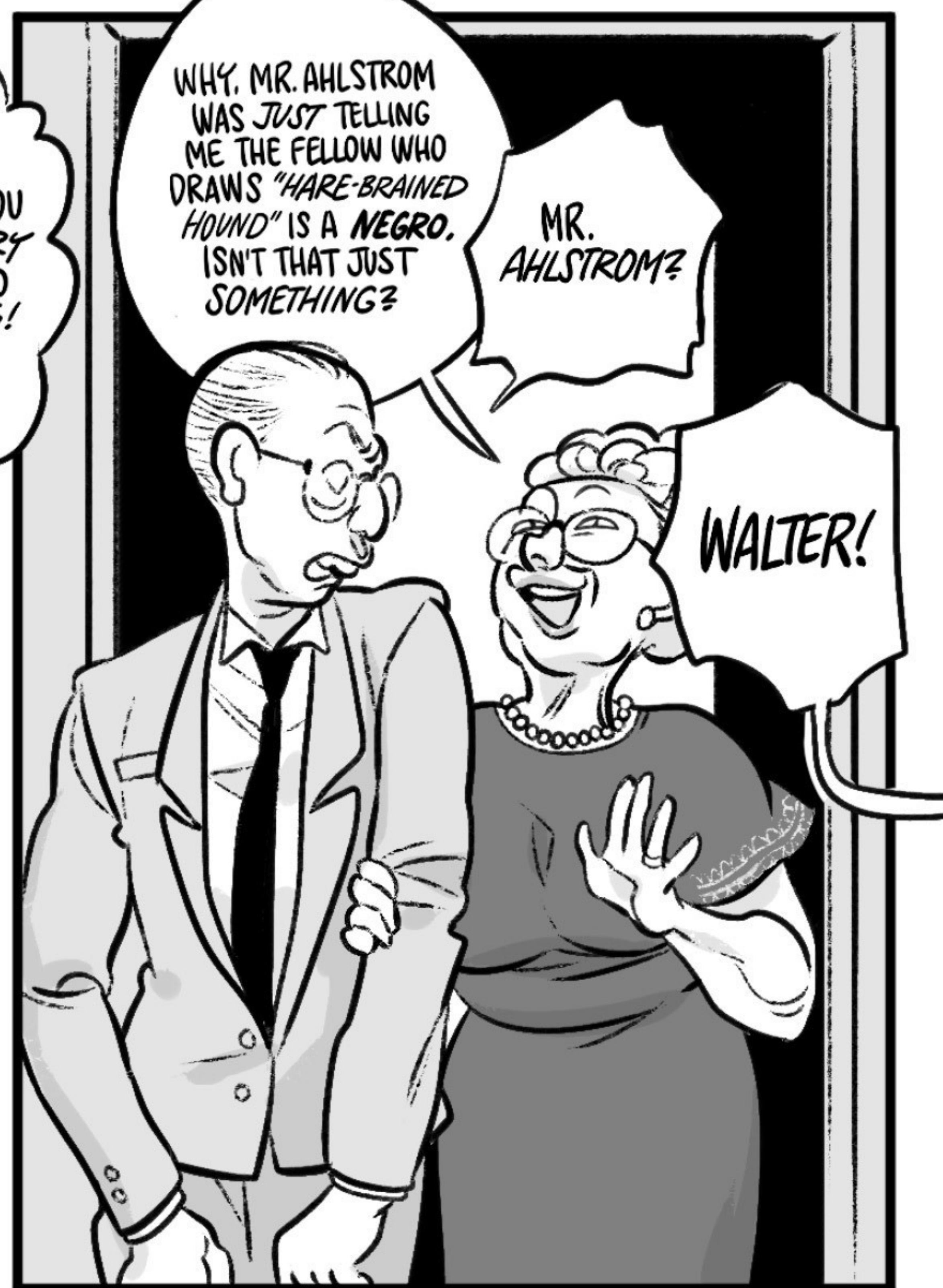














THERE YOU ARE, OLD MAN!

COME IN, COME IN!

OH, YES, PLEASE DO! THIS WAS ALL SO LAST MINUTE, THE CHICKEN IS STILL IN THE OVEN!

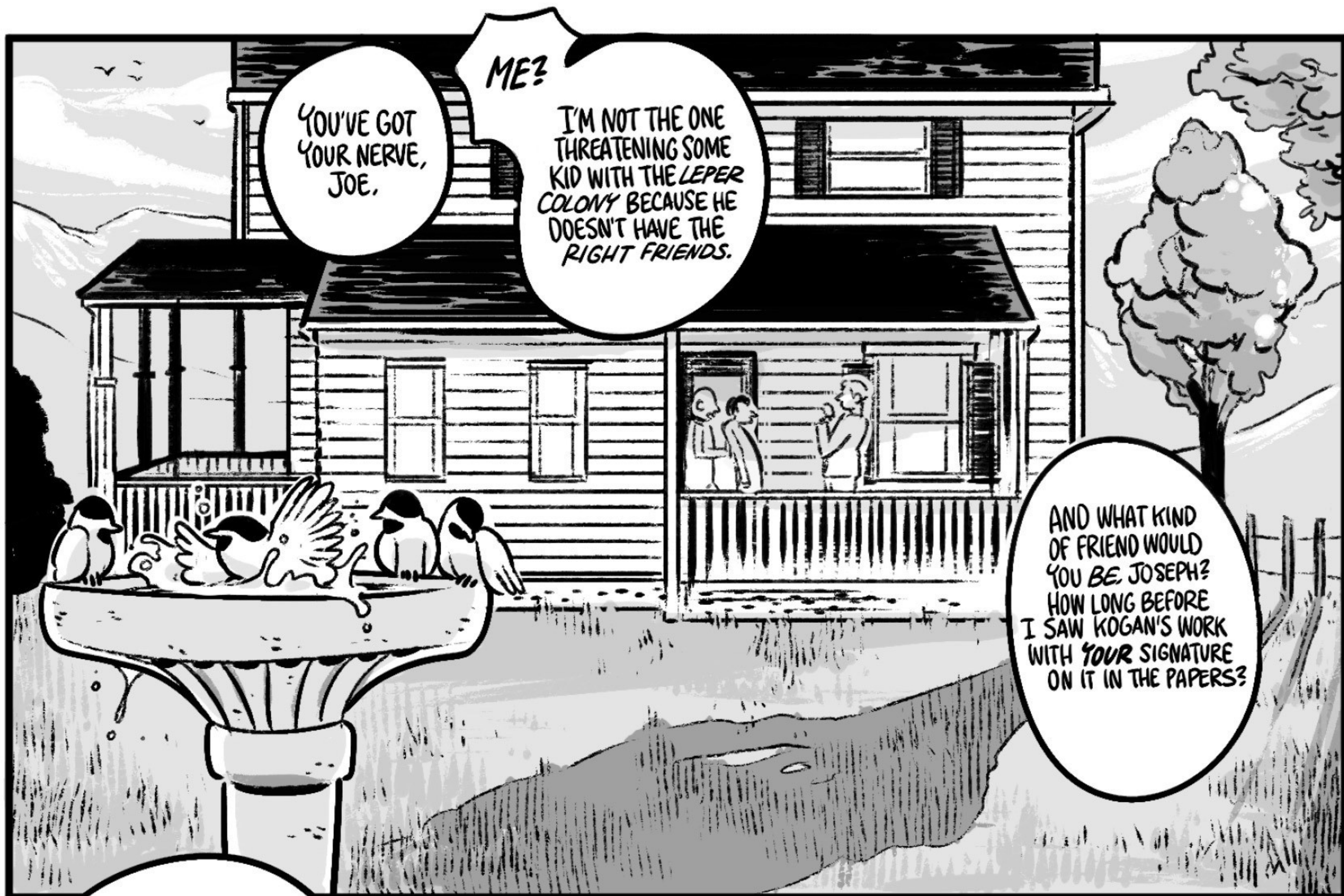
WE'VE GOT A BIT OF A WAIT ON OUR HANDS, I'M AFRAID.

OH, MISS EMILY POST WOULD RAP MY KNUCKLES, WOULDN'T SHE? OH, SHE *WOULD*.

I WANTED *HOTDISH*.

I'LL BE IN THE KITCHEN... PLEASE, MR. MAYER, TAKE THE SEAT BY WYLIE! MR. AHLSTROM BROUGHT A *BOTTLE OF WINE*.





YOU'VE GOT
YOUR NERVE,
JOE.

ME?

I'M NOT THE ONE
THREATENING SOME
KID WITH THE LEPER
COLONY BECAUSE HE
DOESN'T HAVE THE
RIGHT FRIENDS.

AND WHAT KIND
OF FRIEND WOULD
YOU BE, JOSEPH?
HOW LONG BEFORE
I SAW KOGAN'S WORK
WITH *YOUR* SIGNATURE
ON IT IN THE PAPERS?

YES, YOUR CONCERNS
ARE VERY NOBLE.
EVERYONE'S IMPRESSED.

LOOK WALT, IT'S BEEN
TOO LONG.
IT'S TIME TO PUT THIS OLD
DOG DOWN. GIVE ME
A NUMBER. I'M TIRED,
YOU'RE TIRED.

LET ME WRITE
YOU A CHECK.



W- HOW DARE
YOU EVEN
SUGGEST—

YOU KNOW
BRAZEN'S NEVER
PAID YOU WHAT
YOU'RE WORTH.
SO, LET'S MAKE UP THE
DIFFERENCE. THAT'S
WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT, ISN'T IT? BE
HONEST WITH ME.

NO!

THIS IS ABOUT
YOUR COMPLETE
LACK OF INTEGRITY,
JOSEPH. THIS IS
ABOUT GIVING THE
REAL CREATOR SOME
KIND OF—

OH COME OFF
IT, WALT. IT'S NOT
ABOUT THAT, EITHER.
HALF THE STRIPS
IN THE PAPER HAVE
GHOST ARTISTS.

YOU HAVEN'T
PULLED THE PLUG
ON 'Li'l Savage'
WITH YOUR STRANGE
LITTLE CRUSADE
BECAUSE EVERYONE
DOES IT.

NEWSPAPERS
AREN'T MAGAZINES,
THE RULES ARE DIF-
FERENT AND YOU
KNOW IT.

YOU SEE?
HE ADMITS IT.

A CONFESSION
FROM THE FRAUD.
IF I'D KNOWN
ALL IT WOULD TAKE
WAS A GLASS OF
WINE, I—

THIS IS
BECAUSE I
WOULDN'T GO
TO BED WITH
YOU.

YOU— IF YOU
DEFAME ME IN
THAT MANNER
AGAIN I'LL HAVE
YOU DRAGGED
INTO COURT
FOR—

AH, SO
IT WAS
A PASS.

IT WENT OVER
MY HEAD, YOU KNOW.
FOR YEARS. DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE IT FOR WHAT
IT WAS UNTIL THIS AFTER-
NOON, WHEN WYLIE LET ME
IN ON YOUR CHAT.

YOU CAN'T GO
AROUND CHUCKIN'
THOSE BIG-CITY COME
ONS AT WISCONSIN
FARM BOYS, WALT.
WE DON'T CATCH
ON EASY.

HE ASKED
ME UP TO
HIS CABIN IN
LITTLE BEAR,
WYLIE. IN
NOVEMBER.

TURNED HIM
DOWN FLAT; COLD DAYS
ON THE LAKE ARE WHAT
I MOVED TO CALIFORNIA
TO GET AWAY FROM.
I DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE.
BUT I GUESS I CAME
OFF HARSHLY. HE MUST
HAVE THOUGHT I
MADE HIM.

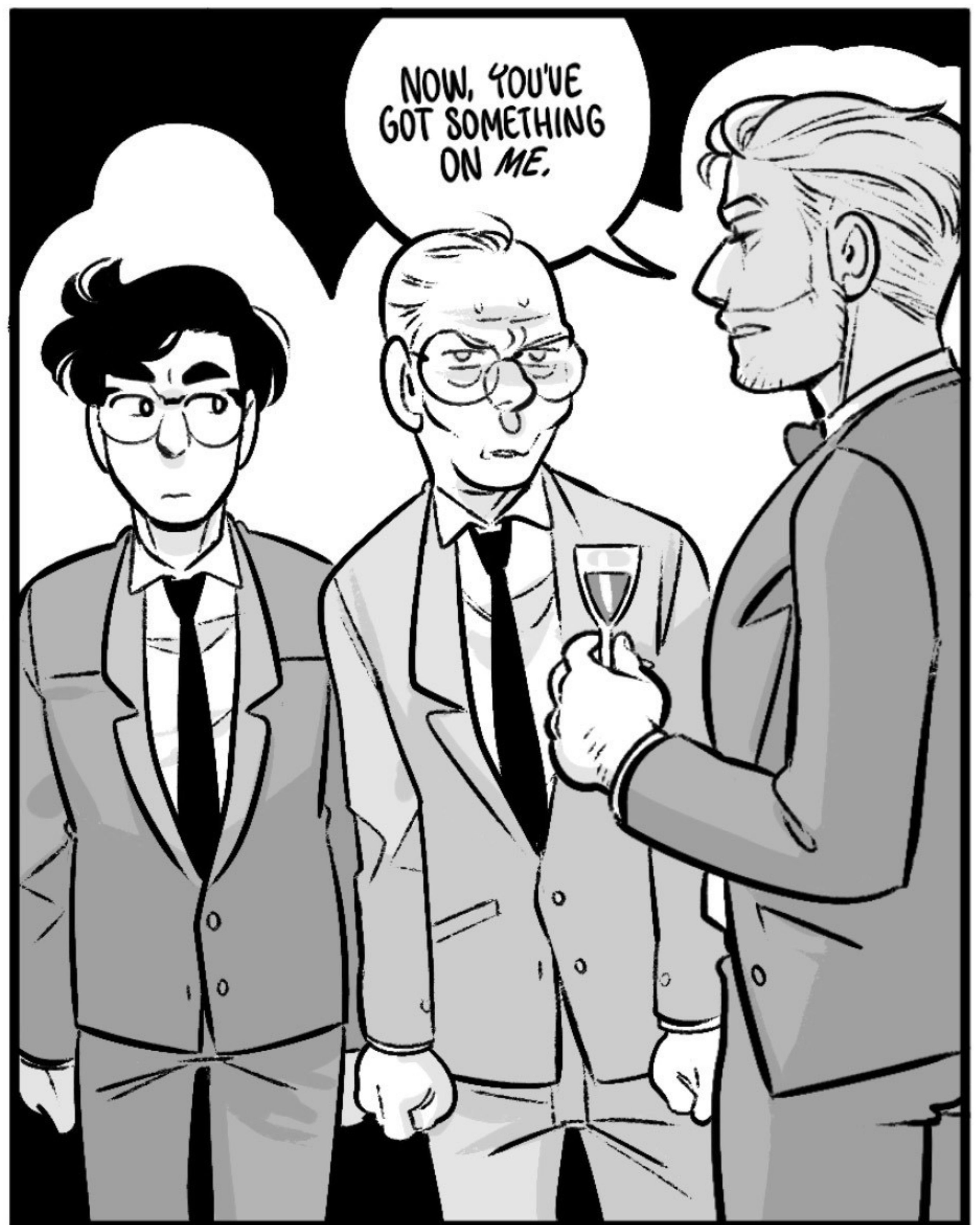
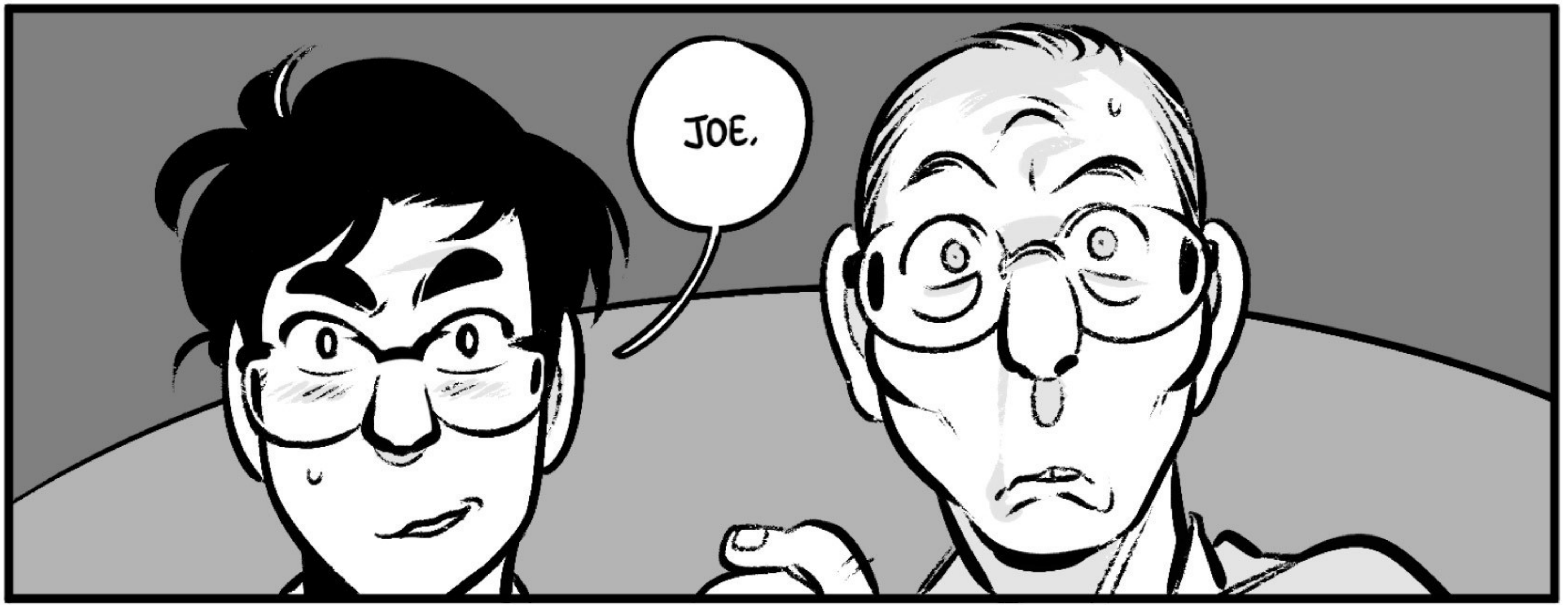
THAT WHAT
YOU THOUGHT,
WALT?

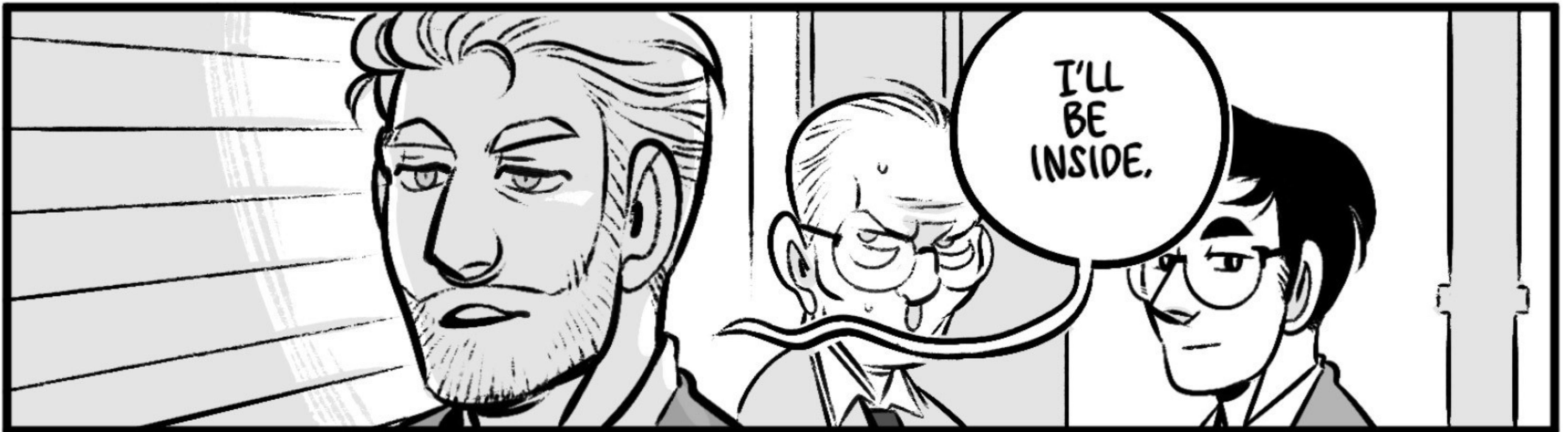
IF YOU THINK
YOU CAN BLACKMAIL
ME, YOU SON OF
A—

NAW, C'MON.
IT WAS A
GOOD GUESS.

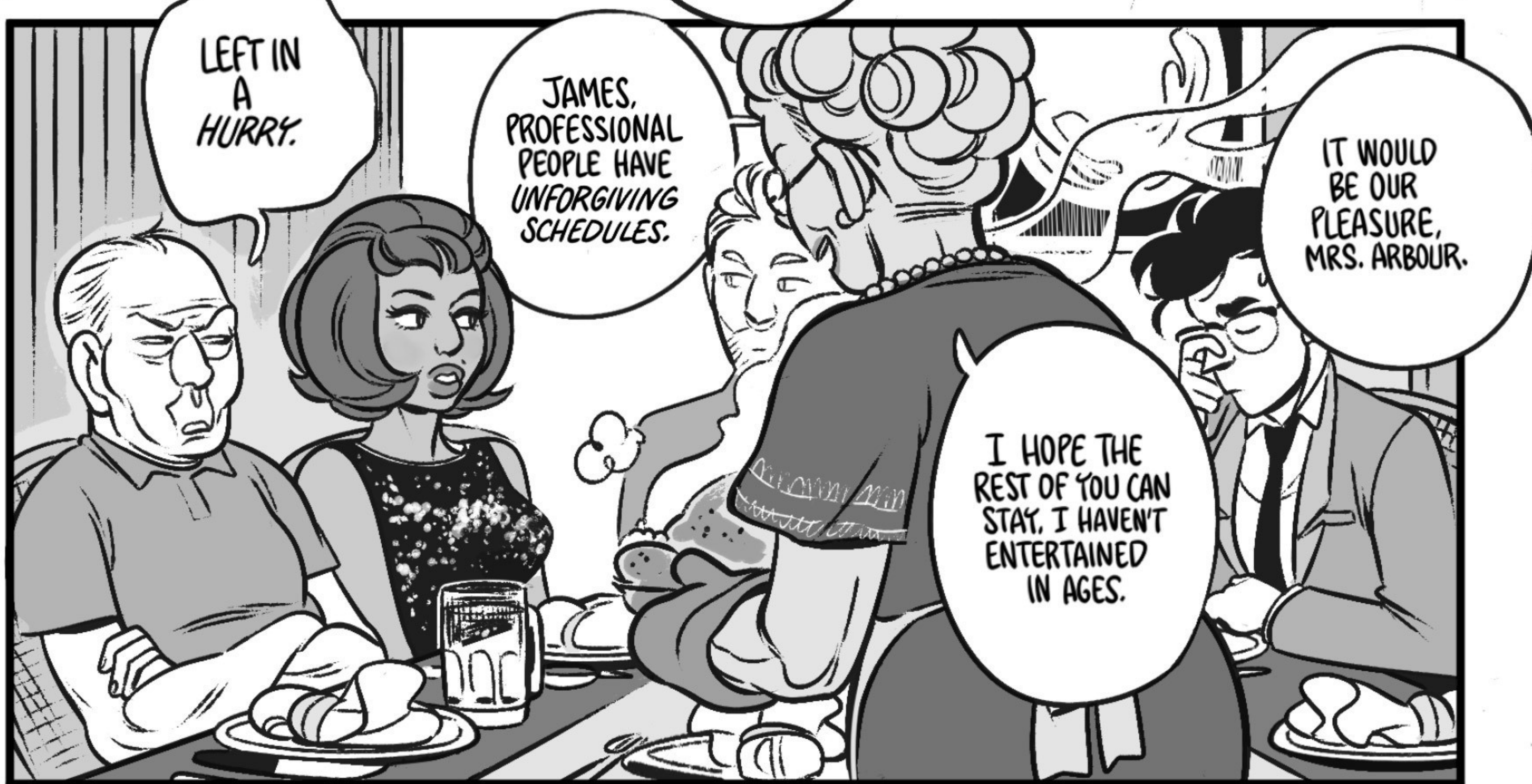
YOUR
INSTINCTS
ARE BETTER
THAN YOU THINK.

I'M
FUCKING
WYLIE.





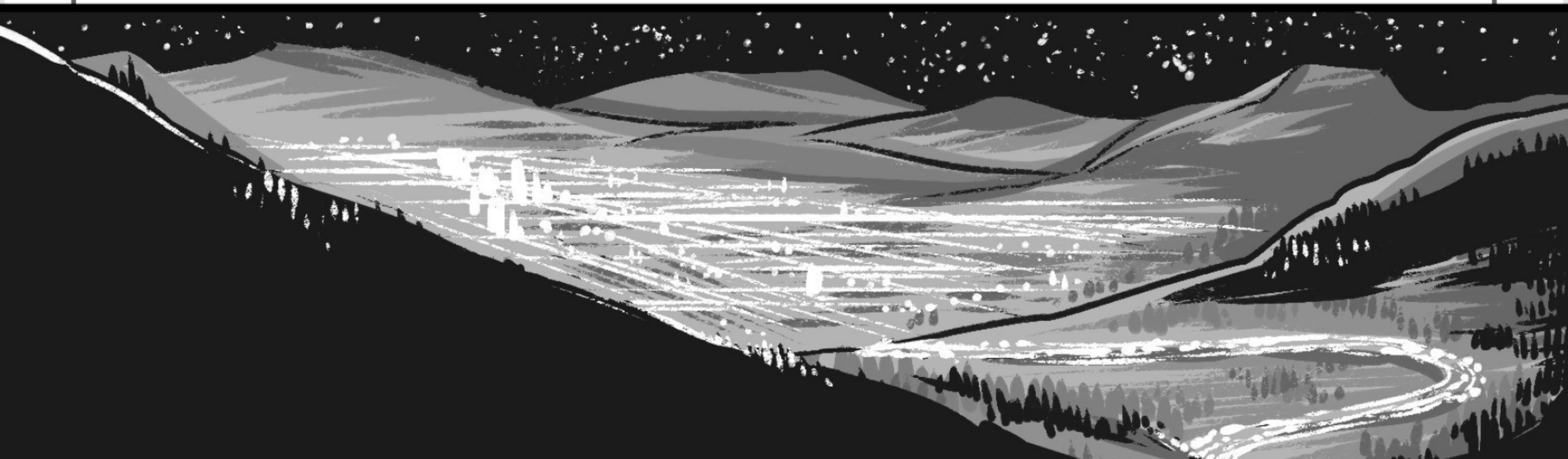




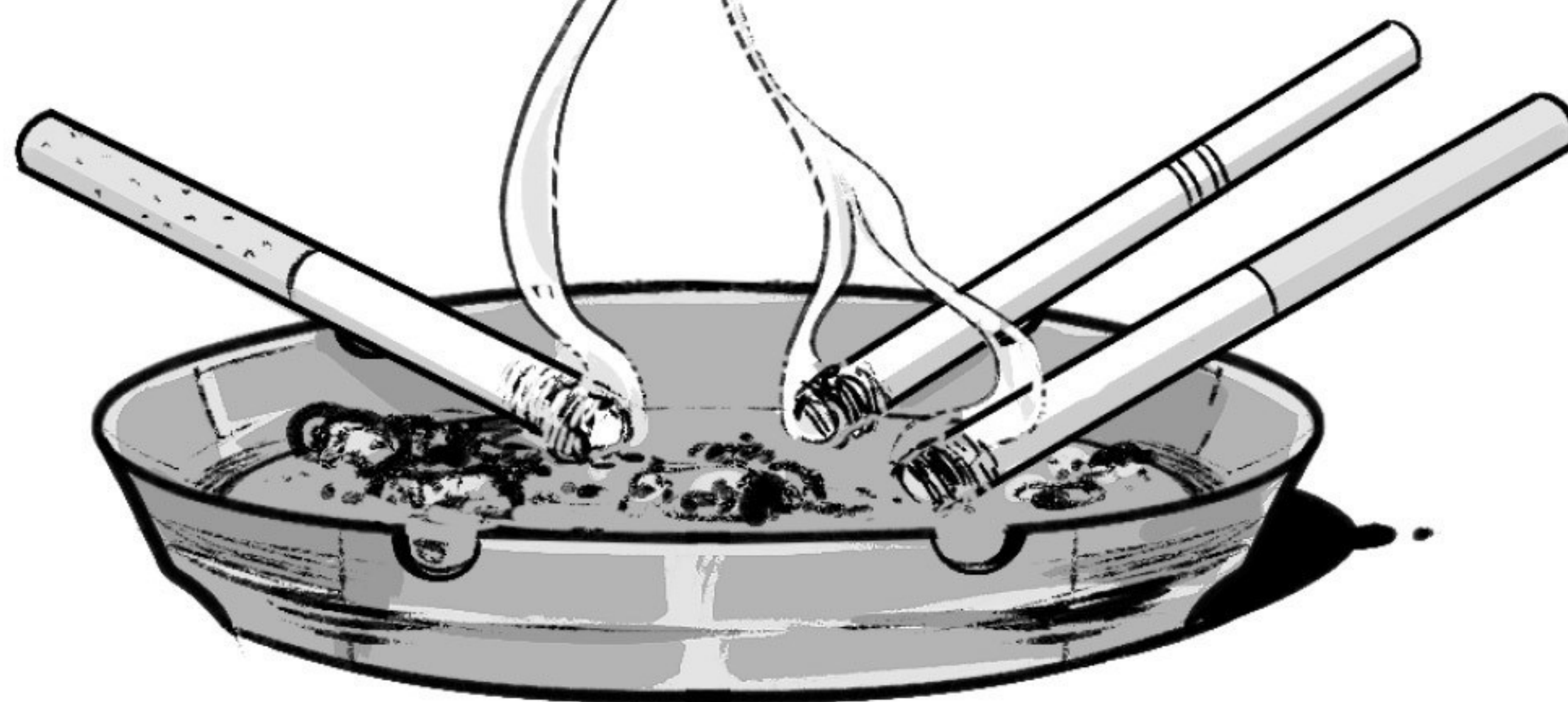








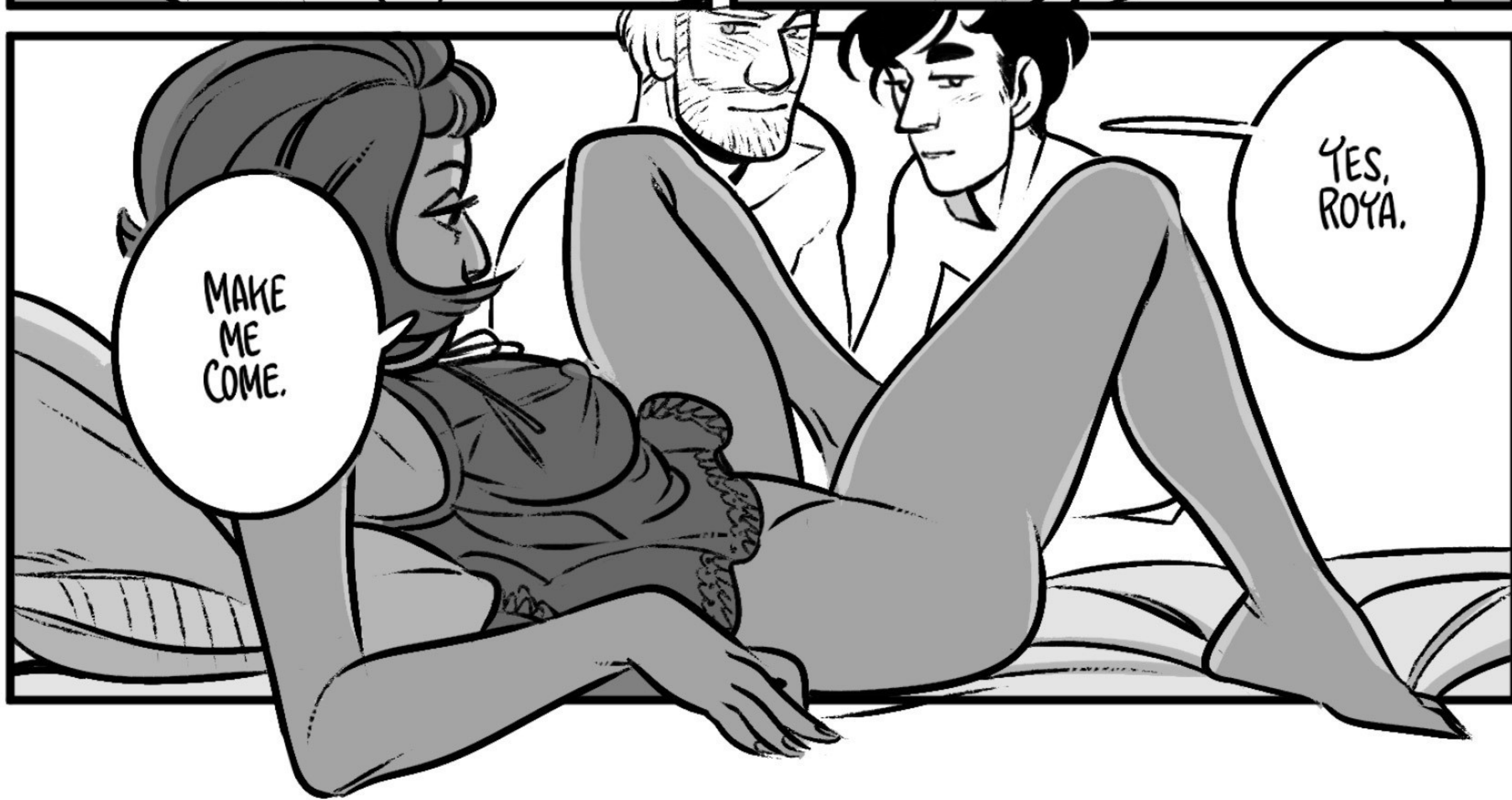
SEVEN



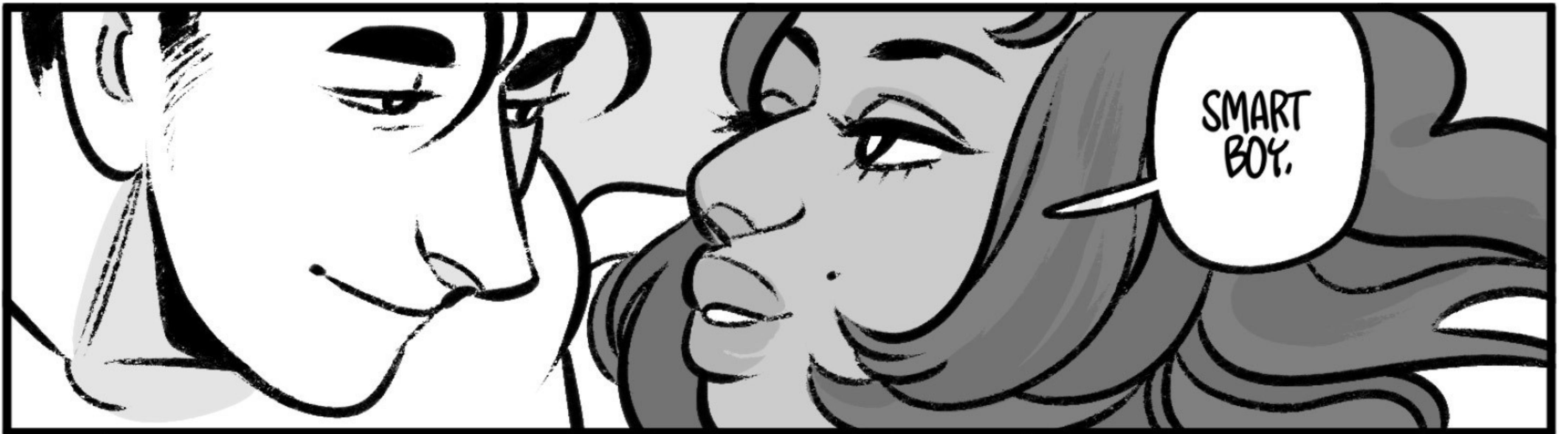
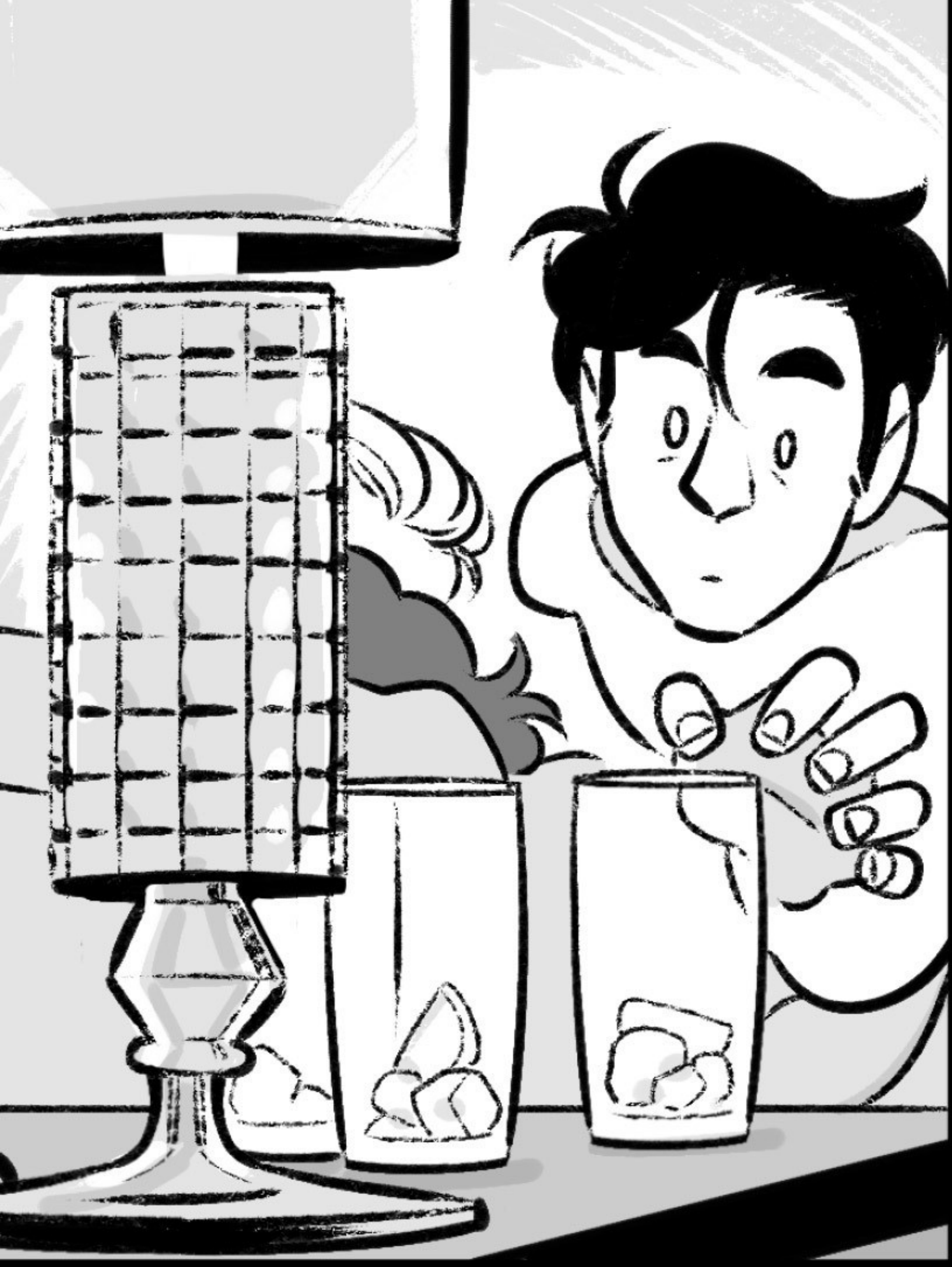


MY
POOR
BOY.



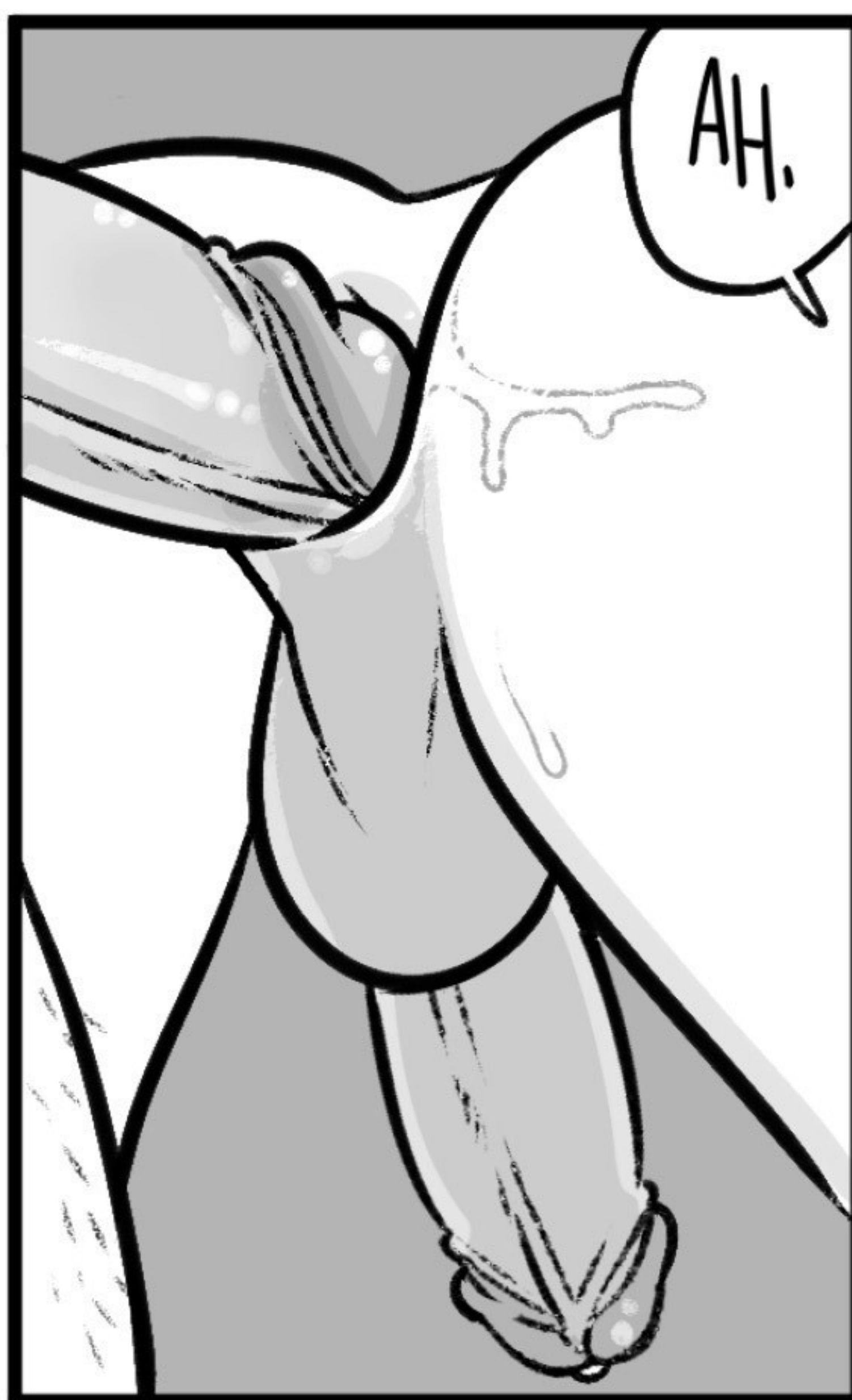




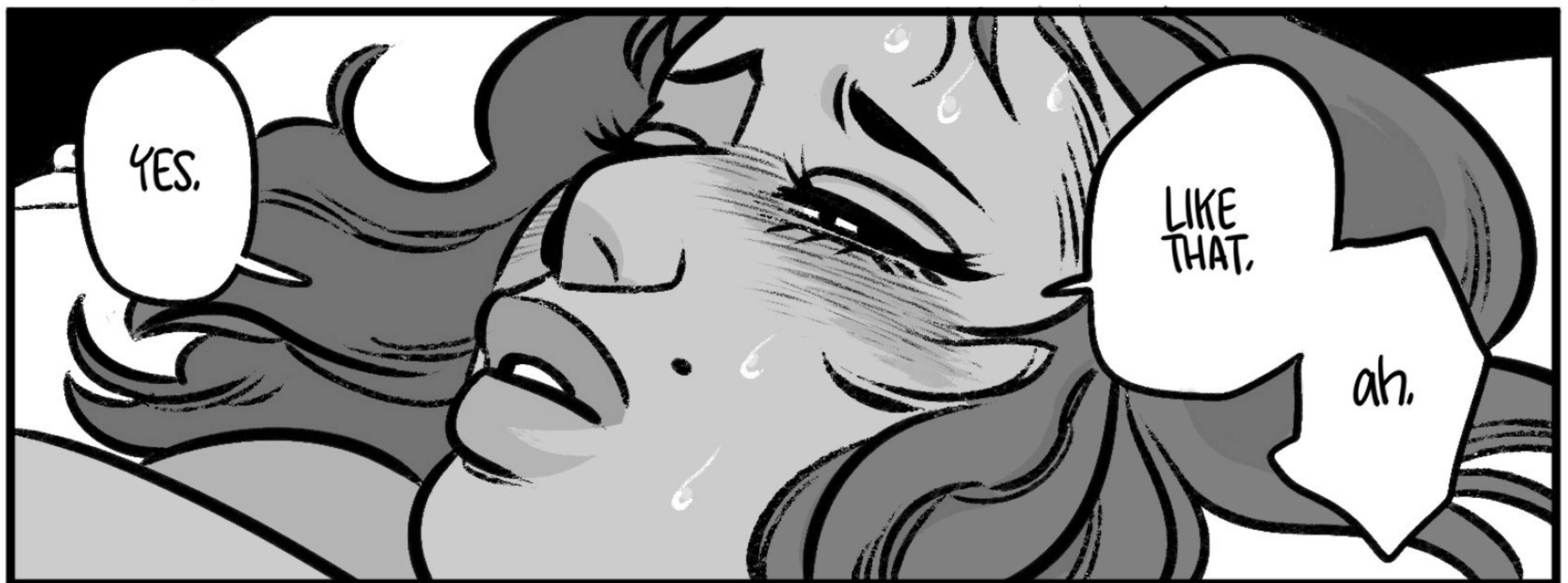
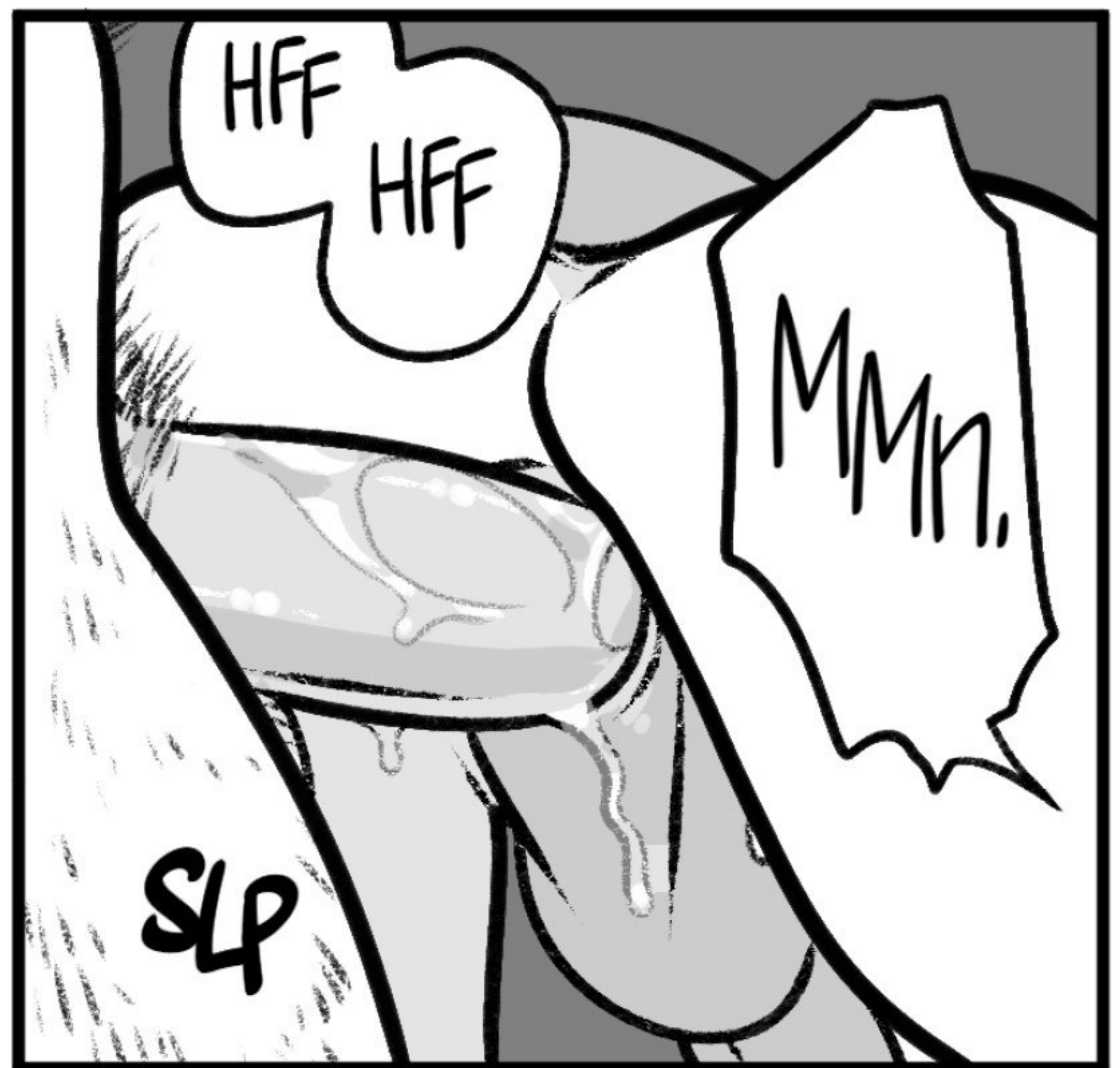


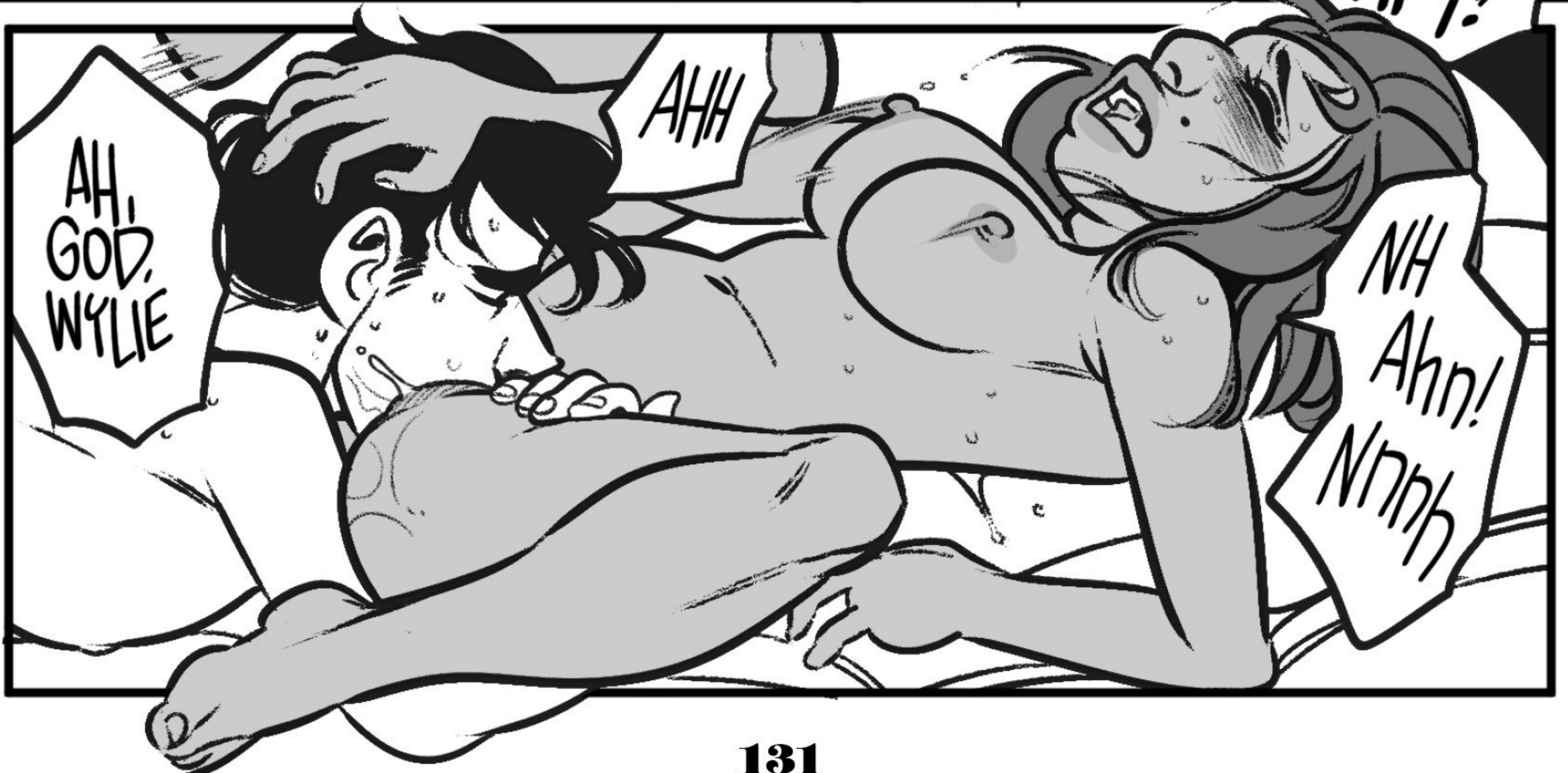






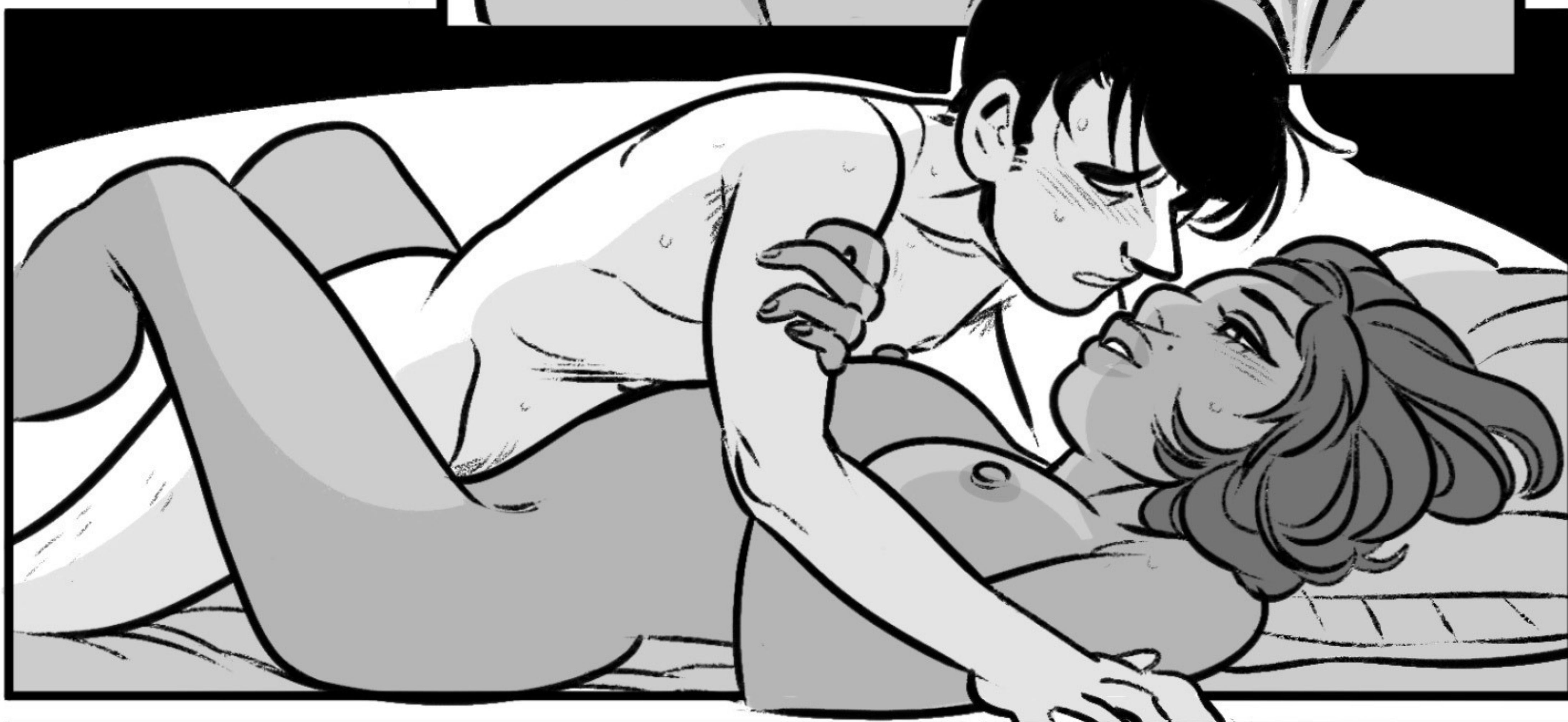








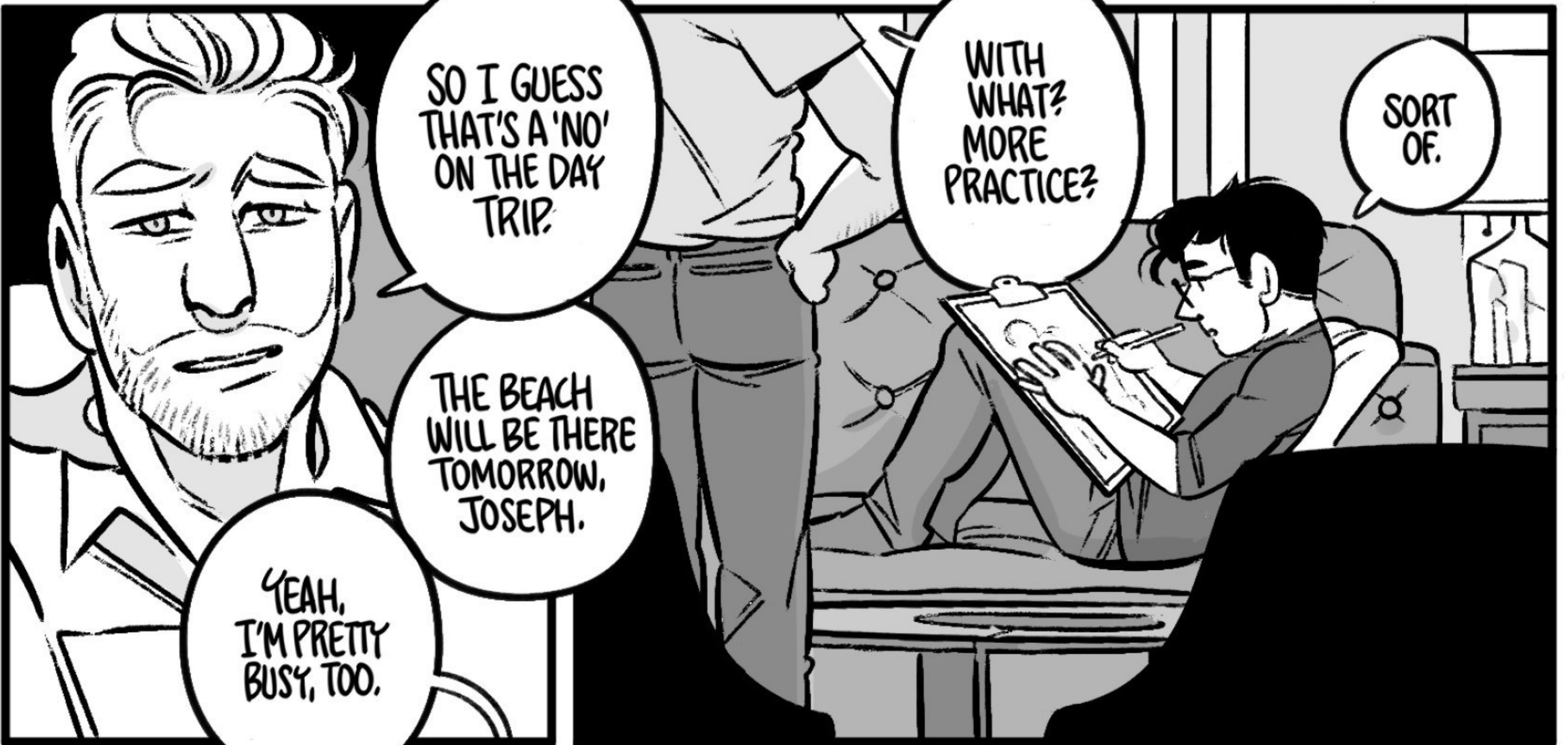




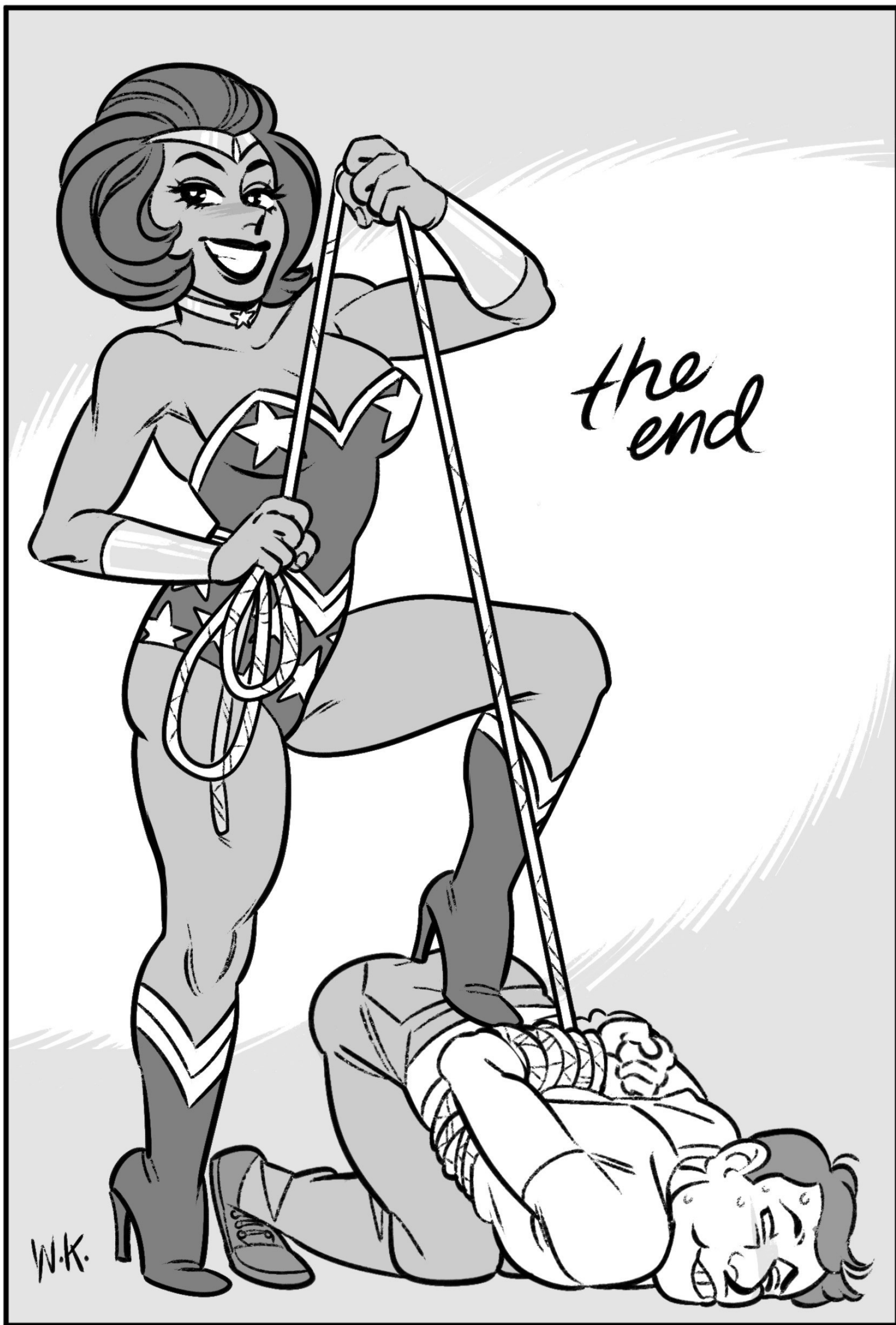
EIGHT











concept sketches

by Emilee Denich







JOEY!



seductive
face



(woof,
his hair
is rough)



OH MY
GOD
beards
are hard
to draw :)



AAAAAGH



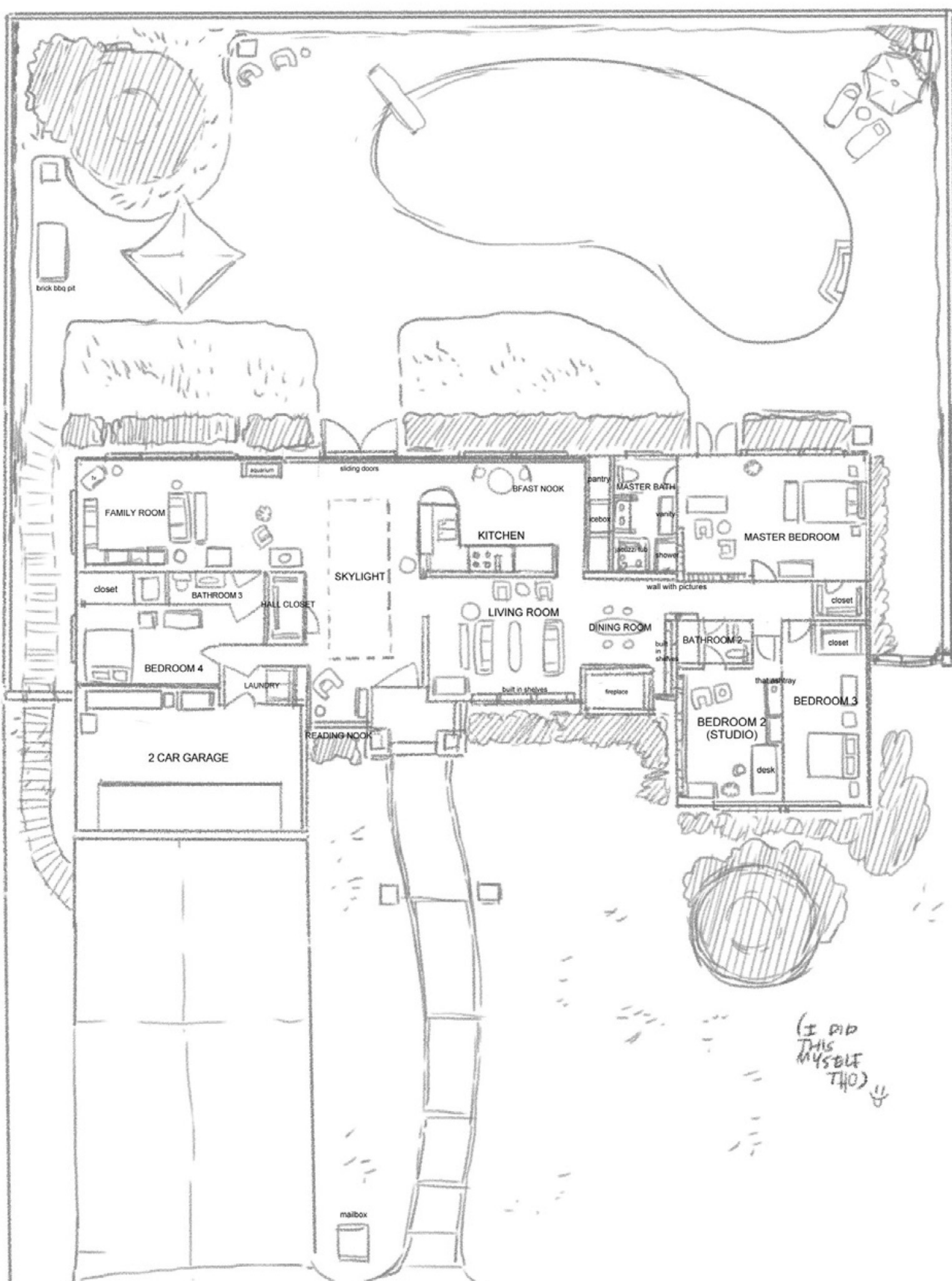
kill
me





TRACED
OVER
PHOTO
WITH
ALTERATIONS

The
'semi-
final'
Version
↙



(I DID
THIS
MYSELF
THO) ☺

Wylie Kogan is an aspiring artist, stumping for work in 1963 California. When a fawning fan letter grants him access to his cartoonist hero, the wealthy and celebrated Joseph Ahlstrom, he's quick to take advantage of a proffered portfolio review... but winds up learning more than he ever wanted to about Joe when he stumbles across some of his idol's illicit fetish art.

His hasty, ill-considered theft of a drawing triggers a series of events he never planned on... most of which involve Joseph's imposing and resolute partner, **Roya**.

