



"DADDY, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA RUN A CIGAR MAGAZINE!"

ISN'T IT EVERY LITTLE KID'S DREAM? FORGET ABOUT BECOMING SOMETHING NOBLE LIKE A TEACHER, AN ASTRONAUT, OR A FIREMAN – WORKING FOR A PUBLICATION THAT PANDERS TO THOSE WHO ENJOY SUCKING HOT SMOKE FROM BURNING LEAVES IS WHERE IT'S AT, MAN!



Glamour, Glitz, & Glory: **The Life of a Cigar** **Magazine Publisher**

...Not!

by Tom Zarzecki

For *Cigar Magazine's* spring 2005 issue, I wrote a pretty lengthy article called "The Cuban Mystique." An enormous amount of work, this five-thousand-word piece involved many a late night and weeks of endless research, writing, and editing. After all was said and done, I received kudos from many of you out there. One guy in particular wrote perhaps the nicest praise of all on the message board of an online cigar site. It was so flattering that I was compelled to send an e-mail thanking him for his support. Well, you'd have thought Arnold Schwarzenegger or Michael Jordan had written the guy by the way he responded! He was so blown away that someone like *me* – a fancy-shmancy, big-shot writer – would take a moment out of his day to send a personal hello to a fan. He said he could only dream about having such a glamorous job... sitting around all day, smoking only the finest puros, sipping cognac, and rubbing elbows with the rich and famous.





Let's get this straight: the *only* place I rub elbows is on my desk – because I'm perched in front of a goddamned computer all day long. Fancy, huh? Right now, I'm sitting here in boxers and an Orange County Choppers T-shirt and sipping three-hour-old Dunkin' Donuts coffee. Soon, I'll take a pee break and then bring the garbage cans in. Only Donald Trump could function amid all this glitz and glamour. (Ten bucks says that the staff of the very magazine you're reading right now knows *exactly* what the hell I'm talking about.)

PERCHED IN FRONT OF A GODDAMNED COMPUTER ALL DAY LONG, SIPPING THREE-HOUR-OLD DUNKIN' DONUTS COFFEE... ONLY DONALD TRUMP COULD FUNCTION AMID ALL THIS GLITZ AND AND GLAMOUR.

Whether you've ever wondered or not, creating a magazine – *especially* a cigar mag – is a massive amount of blood, sweat, late hours, and intravenous hits of Jolt Cola. Putting together even a quarterly publication is a monumental job that necessitates teamwork and dedication. Bottom line: it's a lot of frigin' work 'til you reach the end result.

Now I didn't say it wasn't fun, because it is... sure beats spreading hot tar on Route 80 in early August. But, like any job, it has its ups and downs, goods and bads. While I wouldn't rate it up there with shooting a love scene with Eva Longoria, or pitching opening day at Yankee Stadium, I admit it's a tad less hectic than flailing about on an Alaskan king crab fishing boat in the Bering Sea.

I happen to be a freelance scribe for *CM*, hence the writing in my skivvies. The magazine itself has a talented, and surprisingly small, full-time staff that creates 140-page miracles every ninety days. Watching it morph from a brainstorming session over coffee into a glossy-paged masterpiece three months later... trust me when I say it's a miracle. There are so many components to a magazine like this that it would make your head spin: countless meetings, finding the right authors, editing, in-house writing, research, interviews, on- and offsite photography, phone calls, e-mails, layout design, typesetting, photo retouching, proofreading (and proofreading again, and again, and *again*), fact checking, pagination, soliciting advertisers, collecting money, paying bills, reviewing page proofs, printing...

Oh yeah, and dealing with pain-in-the-ass authors like me. Though I'm just a hired gun at *CM*, I know firsthand what it takes to create, from scratch, a magazine about cigars. Back in the mid-nineties, the Cigar Boom was in full swing

and everybody and his brother was into the scene; stogies had become engrained in American culture. Walk-in humidors were everywhere, cigar bars were all the rage, and having your clothes stink like smoldering Connecticut shade was just way cool. There were a lot of trendy ass-wipes out there and unfortunately, as I look back, I'm pretty sure I was one of 'em. I had five humidors overflowing with Romeos, Partagás, and Punch. If someone at a party broke out a box of Cubanos, I was like a salivating six-year-old who just heard the chimes of the Good Humor truck. And, of course, I had all the paraphernalia – fancy cutters, expensive lighters, and three-fingered cigar cases that some exotic creature gave his hairy ass for, plus all the books, videos, and what have you.

The Boom also produced a plethora of fledgling magazines about cigars. A small handful were decent; 90 percent of them were just sheer rags. The designs were grossly amateurish, as if some third-grade class blessed with I-Macs had created the layouts. The pages were chock-full of advertisements from all the newbie cigar companies that had recently invaded planet Earth – you know, the ones whose forefathers rolled early-version Cohibas for Ponce de León. But most of all, the

What? Maybe there *is* such a thing as a "New York New" cigar smoker! Mr. Zarzecki was floored when he saw the error that was *not* buried deep in the bowels of his new baby, but on the @!#!@ cover!



stories were god-awful, penned by so-called aficionados who, quite simply, did not have even a kindergartener's grasp of the written English language.

Not only am I a writer whose passion for fine cigars is intense, but, at that time, I was the owner of a small advertising and graphics firm in northern New Jersey. I knew that I could produce one hell of a better publication than the horde of crap that was on the market. Obviously, I couldn't compete with *CA* or *Smoke*, so I had to do something *different* to be recognized; I thought a regional magazine geared to the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area would be in demand, and something that covered cigar-related happenings on a local level not only made sense, but would be fairly easy to manage as well.

I also felt that many of the existing publications were just too damned serious, pretentious, and over the top about this whole thing. Face it, people, when it comes down to it, a cigar is just rolled leaves from the Devil's Triangle; it gets lit on fire then tossed aside! With that in mind, I decided to give the writing, as well as the design, a down-to-earth, tongue-in-cheek edge. The idea was to relate to the common smoker as opposed to society's upper crust. Mine was *not* going to be a magazine for Bentley-driving gazillionaires that beckoned to other motorists in order to glom a schmear of Grey Poupon. *This* magazine was for *real* guys who loved cigars and everything that went with them.

I spent several weeks plotting, planning, and brainstorming. I ran around conducting interviews at any local establishment that catered to cigar smokers, and finally came up with a handful of great mock-ups. Now all I needed was a willing test audience. It just so happened that I was also the esteemed president of El Grande Cigar Club, a monthly gathering of testosterone, where the stogies were ample and the single malt flowed like soda pop at a kiddie party. Our dinner meetings resembled London at midnight and the off-color jokes, along with the stories of wife-bitchery, were always in full bloom. The BS was piled so high you needed a backhoe. Yes, this was the perfect crowd of Neanderthals to unveil my new baby to.

Making a long story short, it passed the good ol' boys' litmus test with rave reviews. I excitedly realized that I had a winner – I (*me!*) had my own cigar mag! But what I also had was no capital, no editorial staff, no writers, and a mountain of work ahead of me. Little did I know, it would take sixteen hours a day for over a year to climb that monster.

What in God's name had I done? The thought of becoming a cigar-publishing mogul had clouded my better judgment,

and I was now committed to something I couldn't just back away from. My newest offspring was called *The Back Room*, and it was the thousand-pound gorilla that I wrestled with day in and day out. Eight hours of every day were spent doing my "real" job – the one that fed my family. And the next eight were spent dedicated to my dream (nightmare?) job – the one that fed my ego. Had I bitten off *way more* than I could chew?

It was early 1997. The Cigar Boom was still booming and that was a good thing. Everyone I talked to loved the idea behind the magazine and, suddenly, people wanted to jump onto my bandwagon. A buddy offered to help put some of the pieces together in exchange for a slice of the action, and another wonderful friend put up some money to pay for prepress services and paper stock. Two incredibly dedicated employees at my agency logged tremendous hours, earnestly hoping that my paper-and-ink version of the Spruce Goose would take off and fly. As people began to believe in my vision, it amazingly started to take on a life all its own.

COUNTLESS MEETINGS, FINDING AUTHORS, EDITING, IN-HOUSE WRITING, RESEARCH, PHOTOGRAPHY, LAY OUT DESIGN, TYPESETTING, PHOTO RETOUCHING, PROOFREADING, FACT CHECKING, PAGINATION, SOLICITING ADVERTISERS, REVIEWING PAGE PROOFS, PRINTING...

During this time that cigars were so *en vogue*, it was truly a rush to tell people that I was the publisher of a new magazine. They thought I was *très cool* and, of course, my ego basked in the adoration. Perhaps the coolest thing of all was getting to hang out with famous people who loved cigars. (Okay, I admit there was a *little* truth in that "rubbing elbows" part I scoffed at earlier.) Like the time I phoned this up-and-coming New York overnight talk-show host, who frequently talked on-air about his love for cigars; I asked if he was interested in an interview and he – *Sean Hannity!* – invited me to the WABC studio, where I sat in on his show. After shaking his hand, I casually opened my publishing-mogul briefcase and pulled out a plastic bag loaded with premium smokes. Hannity's eyes bugged out like a kid's on Christmas morning. That simple gesture of offering him a few stogies in return for an interview made me one hell of a longtime friend. He took my calls on the air, touted *The Back Room*, and even showed up at a cigar trade show at New York City's Jacob Javits Center – *just to hang out with me!* Man, I was like the freakin' rock star of cigars! And the *pièce de resistance*? My invitation to play in



his charity golf tournament, where my cart was right behind Sean, Rudy Giuliani, and Rush Limbaugh. And, yes, I was introduced by Sean as his “cigar buddy.” Très cool is right.

Then there was New York Giants radioman and boxing commentator Bob Papa. My wife is a friend of Papa’s sister, who one day mentioned in passing that Bob was a cigar lover... next thing you know, there I was, interviewing him during his makeup session before his weekly cable television show *Giants Online*. As I waited for Papa, I hung out watching ESPN SportsCenter and talking pigskin with a rookie-hopeful out of Virginia by the name of Tiki Barber. Yeah, I’ll say it again: très cool

My new gig gained me entry into all manner of events, including a posh gathering at the famed Orange Manor, a landmark restaurant in West Orange, New Jersey. It’s a fancy place – well known for its outstanding cuisine, award-winning wine selection, and rooftop, cigar-friendly nightclub, Le Dome. Built in 1971, Le Dome is a dazzling structure that was designed from blueprints specially created (but never used) for the White House during the presidency of Benjamin Harrison. Mingling with socialites and local dignitaries, I devoured as many of those little gourmet crab puffs that my fat face could possibly accommodate. (No, I wasn’t in boxers and a T-shirt, but thanks for asking.) Mid-shmooze, I noticed that perched at the bar was a familiar-looking gent sporting a sweat suit and a big ol’ handlebar mustache. *Holy ligero*, it was none other than the incomparable LeRoy Neiman. Renowned for his impressionistic sports renderings, his longtime friendship with Hugh Hefner, and, of course, his love for fine cigars, he was just chilling while a few admirers chewed his ears off. *Oh baby... this was my shot!*

I approached and gently removed an ISOM Monte No. 2 from my leather case. Without a word, I held out my hand, gracing his presence with the dark-brown torpedo. Putting his hand to his chest, he asked with the innocence of a child, “For me?” “Of course it’s for you!” I proclaimed with a chuckle. “Who in this room is in need of a good smoke as much as you?” At that very moment, I had made a new best friend – and bagged another incredible interview.

The two of us left the clamor of the restaurant and snuck into Le Dome, which was closed for lunch. We enjoyed a couple of great cigars and talked for almost an hour. Realizing there wasn’t enough time, Mr. Neiman invited me to have lunch the next day at his Upper East Side studio. Say it with me now, people: *très cool!*

As if this hobnobbing and gallivanting weren’t enough, another incredible perk was rating the cigars. Though I asked

for only a handful of samples from various manufacturers, much to my surprise, boxes upon boxes showed up at my door – especially from the new players who wrote me notes of good luck (hoping for favorable reviews, of course). I received so many damned stogies that it was like dying and going to heaven. I couldn’t possibly smoke them all but they served as excellent bartering tools with those from whom I needed favors to launch the mag. It was awesome but I’d neglected to address one little detail: exactly *who* was going to rate all these cigars?

I had no real staff, so it was up to me. I probably smoked more cigars in one year than the amount consumed by the entire state of Rhode Island. Was I happy? Yeah... but my wife wouldn’t go near me, my kids said I stunk like burning garbage, and I think early signs of black lung were setting in. Every morning, I had to scrape my tongue with a garden hoe but, damn, it was worth it!

Tom’s new gig got him into all kinds of events, including a golf tournament with Rudy Giuliani, Sean Hannity, and Guardian Angels founder Curtis Sliwa (*below*), who seemed more interested in showing off his battle scars than in winning the game.



However, there was a downside: those fledgling companies that sent me a bounty of stogies expected five-star ratings, and it started to become a major league pain in the culo. Everyone gave me the standard bullshit about five-year-aged tobacco, exotic blends, and *torcedores* that formerly rolled Opus X for Fuente, along with the “fact” that *their* cigar was going to be the next big brand. You know, I kind of felt bad because they

SEEING THE HOT OFF THE PRESSES FINISHED PIECE FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME... THERE’S SOME KIND OF MAGICAL RUSH WHEN IT ALL COMES TOGETHER INTO ITS FINAL FORM.

were all really nice people trying to launch a new business, just like I was. But the fact of the matter was that 90 percent of them were peddling manufacturers’ seconds that would make horse-manure taste like a Ruth’s Chris filet. Sure, there were *some* good ones, but, for the most part, it was an absolute load of *merde*. *Not* cool.

Another problem I faced was the lack of an editorial staff – something I’m sure that the gang at *CM* understands. I had to write *every* article (except one), along with *every single cigar rating*. As much as I love to write, this was an arduous task, and one of the reasons that it took over a year to get this puppy off the ground. To appear legitimate, I used a couple of pen names: Chester Thomas was taken from my grandfather’s name, and Terrence Phillips was lifted from *South Park*’s filthy version of *Beavis and Butthead*. In fact, one member of my El Grande Cigar Club, a wealthy, pompous, arrogant prick of a blowhard who thought of himself as some sort of aristocrat, had the gall to chastise me for creating what he termed a “downscale” publication. There wasn’t one ad in there for Porsche, Cartier, or the Borgata. The writing was so *commonplace*, he haughtily sniffed, and the authors were all hacks, “*except* for that Terrence Phillips.”

“Oh, you like Terrence’s writing?” I asked, wearing a shit-eating grin.

“He’s the only one who can write worth a damn,” he professed. “And next time you see him, *do* tell him I said so.”

“Oh, I’ll let him know, your royal bombasticness. I’ll be sure to give him your best.” This one, folks, falls under the “you just can’t make this stuff up” category.

After hundreds of hours, gallons of blood, sweat, and tears, and too much of my hard-earned moola, *The Back Room* debuted in the summer of 1998 in New York City at the Great New York Cigar Show. The printer had finished the pressrun the night before and the pristine copies had just arrived with

barely a moment to spare. It was a nail-biter right down to the wire, but we made it. Whew – all was cool. Until...

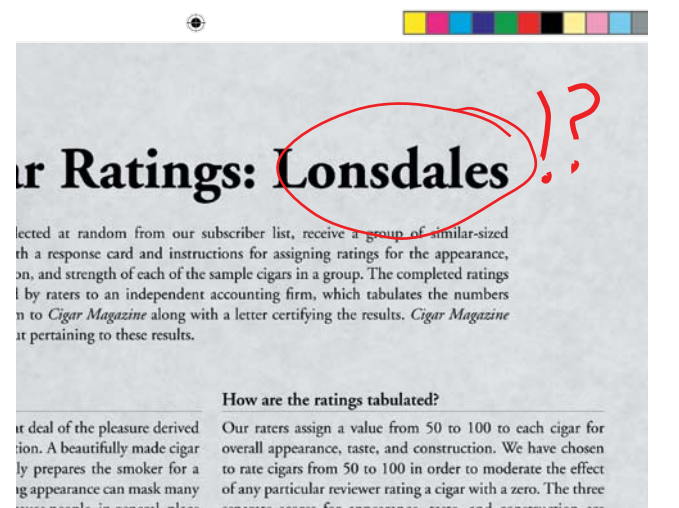
At 10:00AM, as I excitedly awaited the throng of stogie lovers, my cell phone rings. It’s a friend asking if I noticed the typo. “Typo, uh... *what* typo?” I asked.

“On the cover,” he replied.
Uh-oh. *The cover?* I started to shake and sweat as I reached for a copy. And there, at the very top, was copy that was supposed to read, “the publication for New York and New Jersey area cigar smokers.” But instead, it said, “the publication for New York New and Jersey area cigar smokers.” Oh my God... the *cover* of the magazine. Not some meaningless quote buried on page ninety-three, but the *son-of-a-bitchin’ cover!* What the...? *How the...?* Ouch.

I know that, sometimes, life plays cruel jokes, but this was Dangerfield, Carlin, and Seinfeld all rolled into one. Devastating? Yes, but only for a heart-stopping moment. I thought fast (“What would any other très cool magazine mogul do?”) and came up with a solution: I told people that, if they could spot the mistake in the mag, they’d win a free cigar. I had enough damned stogies to supply the Russian army, so what the hell? My quick fix actually worked out pretty well, except for those who found personal reward in rubbing the error in my face. Everybody’s got an agenda – and mine was to sell magazines.

All in all, the reception to my newborn was a huge success. For three straight days at that show, I was a big-shot publisher, basking in the smoky limelight. I met a lot of great

Just goes to show, no matter how many times the pages are proofed, *something* is bound to slip through the cracks. Some of you *CM* readers might remember the Spring 2006 ratings pages... in which the cigars being rated were *actually* coronas. (Hmmm... could it be that art director Denise is taunting senior editor Nicole?)



people in the industry (and a lot of thieving dirtbags too). Sean Hannity even announced over the radio that people should visit the show and meet his pal Tommy Z. at *The Back Room's* booth! That was incredible of him to do – something I'll never forget.

WHETHER YOU'VE EVER WONDERED OR NOT, CREATING A MAGAZINE - ESPECIALLY A CIGAR MAG - IS A MASSIVE AMOUNT OF BLOOD, SWEAT, LATE HOURS, AND INTRAVENOUS HITS OF JOLT COLA.

Post-show sales were great. Readers loved it, I found some private investors, and issue number two was in full production. It was awesome, it was amazing, it was a dream come true! Then the bombshell hit: one of my financiers saw a TV show that proclaimed the death of the cigar craze, stating quite emphatically that the fad was over. Suddenly, the clock struck midnight and my coach turned back into a pumpkin. Within minutes, I went from big-time publisher to one-hit wonder, as my backers pulled out their money. And thus, *The Back Room* became one of the many casualties of the famed Cigar Boom of the 1990s.

Sure, it hurt like hell – how could it not? So much time and hard work... but I wouldn't trade the experience for anything in this world. Producing a publication about cigars was so gratifying, and, you know what? *It still is*. Holding the finished product in your hands and having people fawn over your creation is immensely rewarding. In fact, *Cigar Magazine's* editor-in-chief, Marni, told me *that's* the thing she loves most about working on a magazine like this. "It's what keeps me going month after month," she reveals.

Reminiscing about *The Back Room* got me wondering if the group here at *CM* encounters the same highs and lows that I had. Like I said, my experience was more work than I'd ever imagined. Painful at times, but there were so many enjoyable aspects: the people I met, the knowledge I gained, the cigars I smoked, and the pride I felt as readers would turn the pages and laugh aloud at the things I (and, of course, Chester and Terrence) wrote. Curious to know what the *CM* staff enjoyed most, I asked around and, after several "I'm busy. Go bug somebody else, Zarzecki's," I got some interesting feedback.

Across the board, the most enjoyable aspect of working on *CM* is seeing the hot-off-the-presses finished piece for the very first time. Hard to explain, but there's some kind of

magical rush when it all comes together into its final form. You notice I kept referring to *The Back Room* as my newborn baby? That's because the process *is* like giving birth – labor pains and all. Work temporarily ceases for the staff here when the brand-spankin'-new issues are delivered and, much like proud parents, everyone gathers to view the new arrival. After months of laborious creation, these people are almost compelled to scream, "It's alive! *Alive!*"

One humorous and honest answer came from senior editor Nicole, who loves the fact that she gets paid to be a grammar nerd. "Many people seem to think I suffer from OCD. So, really, this is the perfect vocation for me," she says. "But I also got to punch Gerry Cooney. *That* was pretty enjoyable."

Yeah, that's the good stuff – but what about the things they loathe? I personally found that trying to keep track of what felt like ten thousand separate pieces, then attempting to bring them all together was brutal. But the answer I got

From the graphics side of things, a stogie is a challenge to photograph; capturing the right color and texture is difficult, but extremely important, as ratings are published to give smokers everything they need to make educated cigar-buying decisions.



from the *CM* editors took me – a writer – by surprise. One of their biggest pains is finding skilled authors who have a working knowledge of the cigar lifestyle! (If you're reading these words, it must mean that yours truly has made the cut.) Much like the magazines of the Boom, contributors may know *everything* there is to know about cigars and related topics, but simply cannot effectively get their ideas into one coherent story. Seems that the tiny editorial staff has a heck of a lot to edit.

"We writers have it easy," says Miranda Osborn, cigar fanatic and freelance author of *CM's* "Kicking Ash in a Man's World" features. "We don't have to attend meetings or late-night editing sessions, and we don't have to make sure every page is spot-on. Writers have *one* job; *CM's* staff has one hundred!"

Several members of the team find it difficult to deal with the waiting game that is par for the course in the editorial

and production processes. "Before we can go to print, I need to make sure that the authors, as well as the people featured in the articles, have read the final version – and that the smallest industry detail is verified by one of our contributing editors, who all have specific areas of expertise," Nicole says. "I'm not very patient. With everyone's busy schedules, waiting for the go-ahead is excruciating. I just want to get to the next step."

"Waiting for the new issue to come out is like watching paint dry," Miranda sighs. "It seems an eternity from one publication to the next." And, man, do I have to agree with her on that one – especially when you're writing a piece in March that's not due to come out until *November!*

Another example of less-than-fun, behind-the-scenes work: handling the advertising, which pays for the book. Surprisingly, many ads are rejected, perhaps because they look just plain awful – from garish designs to ridiculous themes – or

By the time a finished issue of *CM* reaches the office, these guys can barely stifle, "It's alive! *Alive!*" Clockwise from left: art director Denise; executive editor Rich; editorial assistant Meghan; senior ed Nicole; designers Claudia, Christine, and Trent; and research assistant Dawn. And the disembodied foot at the bottom is Kevin, daredevil senior photographer. Bet you thought it took a few more people to throw this rag together!



due to outlandish claims regarding tobaccos used, the regions they come from, or how long the cigars have *really* been aged. The staff here is quite knowledgeable and, sometimes at its own expense, only gives *CM's* readers the honest truth.

Stet **MANY TOBACCO PUBLICATIONS ARE JUST TOO DAMNED SERIOUS, PRETENTIOUS, AND OVER THE TOP. FACE IT, PEOPLE, A CIGAR IS JUST ROLLED-UP LEAVES FROM THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE; IT GETS LIT ON FIRE THEN TOSSED ASIDE!**

So, what do these guys find extra-difficult, or just a bit more than they bargained for? Once again, the answer was almost unanimous: the cigar-ratings section is the toughest cookie of all. Wrangling raters from the subscriber list (crazy, but true; this can be a demanding process, even though readers are falling all over themselves for the chance to give their opinions on a bunch of *free* premium smokes), gathering volumes of notes, and compiling the many elements into beautiful pages that make sense to discerning readers... I know from experience that cigar ratings are quite labor intensive.

From the graphics side of things, art director Denise sweats most over how the ratings selection will look in print; a stogie is a challenge to photograph. "Capturing the right color and texture is more difficult than one can imagine," she states, noting that *CM's* ratings are published to give smokers everything they need to make educated cigar-buying decisions – including ultra-realistic images.

"Most of the letters we get are about the ratings. Love the system or not, our readers scrutinize these pages like madmen," remarks Nicole. "Ratings are pretty stressful, not only from a number-proofing standpoint, but for all of us."

Enjoying this glimpse into our little world here? I hope so. The best way I heard it described by someone at *CM* was that creating a quarterly cigar magazine is like living in the movie *Groundhog Day*. "We do the same stuff over and over, but each time it gets better and better."

One-man show or not, publishing a cigar magazine was probably a lot easier when I did my own thing back in '98. There was very little resistance then; cigars were chic and everyone was cool about it. But currently, simple personal freedoms that men have laid down their lives for are being stripped away at an alarming rate by Big Brother; not a day goes by without another state banning public smoking. "You definitely see this reflected in our 'Tobacco News' pages,"

Nicole says. "Early on, the news we printed was more diverse. Lately, it's a list of states caving in to the smoking-is-bad campaign. It's hard to come up with headlines when each story is so similar. And printing, 'this state sucks' is probably, well, frowned upon or something."

Even with all the adversity from the antismoking Nazis, the cigar industry and *this* magazine are doing quite well, thank you. "I love it – the people, the experiences, the cigars," says Miranda. "Trying to create the perfect story – from idea to inception to printed version... I love getting feedback from the people we write *about*, and reading the letters to the editor about how much our product means to the people we write it *for*."

I agree with my fellow freelancer; being a fancy-shmancy, big-shot writer *is* actually a pretty good deal. I smoke great cigars, I hang with some very cool people, and best of all I... oh, wait a minute, would you? Hold that thought while I go bring the garbage cans in. *CM*

CURIOUS ABOUT AUTHOR AND ONE-TIME PUBLISHING-MOGUL TOM ZARZECKI'S "BABY," THE BACK ROOM? THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE CM READERS TO SEND AN E-MAIL MESSAGE CONTAINING NAME AND ADDRESS TO LETTERS@CIGAR-MAGAZINE (SUBJECT: THE BACK ROOM) WILL BE SENT A COPY OF THE PREMIERE (AND FINAL) ISSUE, AUTOGRAPHED BY TOM ZARZECKI.

GO FOR IT; I HEAR THAT SOME GUY NAMED TERENCE PHILLIPS IS QUITE THE WRITER!

