

being the only one who had interests in movies, books & music. I was making inquiries, as I recall, about the old Gerry Anderson series **Thunderbirds** & someone suggested that I look up Ian. He didn't live very far from me, so I went over to visit. Apparently, things went well, considering I became a regular visitor at his house.

Ian had a great knowledge of science-fiction/horror films, kung-fu chop-socky & comics. A group of us would regularly hit the movies & midnight shows - **Conan, Dark Star, Wizards, Texas Chainsaw** and much more. He was also a good artist, doing his own stories & characters on sketch pads. He also knew film music, a leftover from his older brother, Clay (who's currently a screenwriter in L.A.)

We did one Super-8 film together; just four of us fucking around with the camera. I played a 'super narc' who busts these two potheads (after a major fight, of course). I was also introduced to punk music, Reid Fleming comics and a ton of other stuff, courtesy of Ian.

If it all sounds very rosy, well, that's because they *were* great times. Of course, there were many instances when Ian would do things that had people pissed off for quite a long period of time. I can say that, in my experiences with him, I got to see that side of him only occasionally. There were drugs, bouts of depression and other things that gnawed at him, some of which I know about & things nobody will ever know.

I had hoped to someday work with him on a project; we talked about doing a comic together in school, but that never came about.



When the incident occurred, he was on the verge of getting his foot in the door - he had offers from several people wanting him to do work for them. And just possibly, if things worked out, there was the prospect of doing a film together.