

BAD BLOOD

THE VAMPIRE COLLECTION

INCLUDES
FULL-COLOUR SECTION
OF EXCLUSIVE
VAMPIRE TATTOOS
AND ARTWORK
BY JOHN BOLTON

HEAVY
METAL 
АТОМЕРА

FOR MATURE READERS ONLY

A TOUCH OF EVIL WITH...

SWEETMEATS

Story

PETE VENTERS & STEVE TANNER

Art

PETE VENTERS

Lettering

CAROLINE STEEDEN

SUGARVIRUS

Story

WARREN ELLIS

Pencils

MARTIN CHAPLIN

Inks

GARRY MARSHALL

Lettering

WOODROW PHOENIX

NIGHT VISION

Story

DAVID QUINN

Pencils

HANNIBAL KING

Inks

JEFF AUSTIN

Lettering

SUSAN E. DORNE

VAMPIRE BLUES

Story

ANDY SEDDON

Art

PETER SNEJBJERG

Lettering

ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BAD BLOOD

SWEET MEATS



STEVE TANNER
PETE VENTERS

LOVEBITE



SOMETIMES I GET THESE **URGES** Y'KNOW? TO DRINK **BLOOD**.



I FIRST DID IT WHEN I WAS THREE. I JUST SANK MY TEETH INTO ANOTHER KID'S NECK AND... WELL... **SUCKED**...

IT GAVE ME SUCH A THRILL.

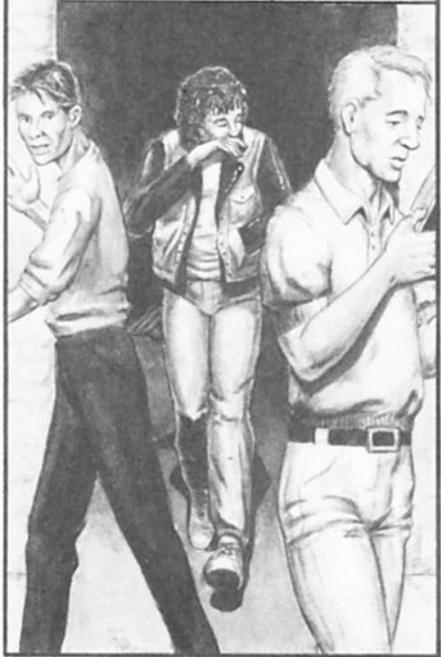


THE TASTE STAYED IN MY MOUTH FOR WEEKS - I REMEMBER ROLLING IT AROUND ON MY TONGUE, RELISHING IT. BY THE TIME I WAS TWELVE I WAS A CONNOISSEUR.

IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE THE TASTE. I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE SUCKING YOUR OWN WOUND.

BLOOD TASTES DIFFERENT FROM NECK TO NECK. IN FEMALES IT'S SWEETER, OLD PEOPLE TASTE **CORKED** AND KIDS ARE **REALLY TASTY** - LIKE SUGARED LEMONADE. BUT **BABIES**...

...BABIES ARE VAMPIRIC CHAMPAGNE.



THE YOUNGEST I'VE HAD WAS SIX, COUPLE OF YEARS BACK IN A DESERTED PLAYGROUND. REALLY, I TRY TO STAY AWAY FROM KIDS IF I CAN, THEY **SCREAM** TOO MUCH. Y'KNOW?



I KNOW A COUPLE OF GIRLS WHO GO AFTER KIDS ALL THE TIME. I GUESS IT'S SOME KIND OF MATERNAL INSTINCT.

WHATEVER, ALL OF US ARE BASICALLY *SUFFERING*.
VAMPIRISM ISN'T A CURSE, IT'S A *DISEASE*.



A RARE, INCURABLE
DISEASE.

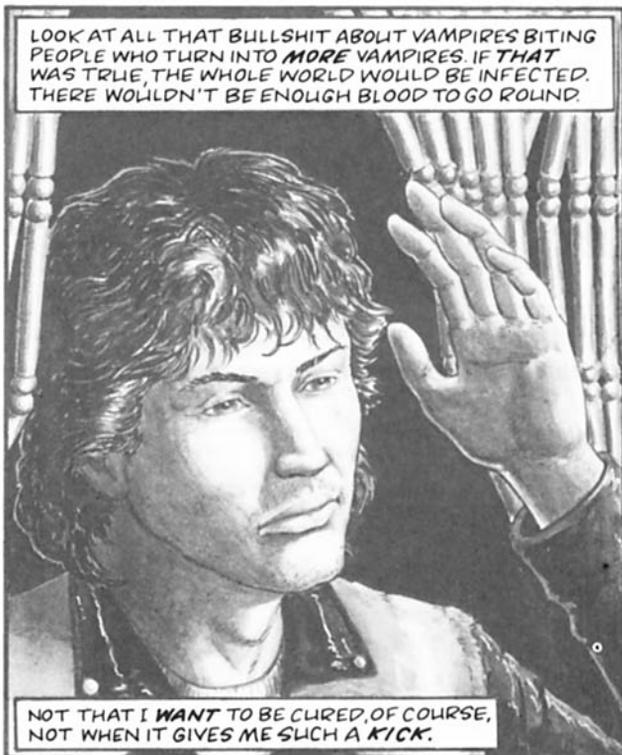
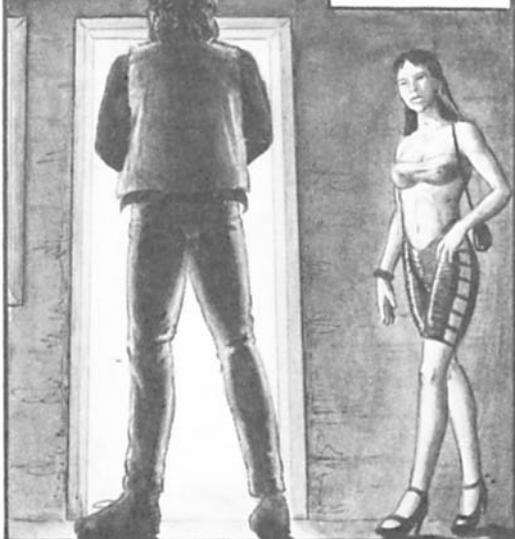
Steve Ventres 90

I MEAN, MOVIES HAVE TURNED US INTO
MYTHICAL HORRORS, ALL CAPES, BATS
AND VIRGINS, SOMETHING TO HURL
POPCORN AT IN CHEAP THEATRES.

LOOK AT ALL THAT BULLSHIT ABOUT VAMPIRES BITING
PEOPLE WHO TURN INTO *MORE* VAMPIRES. IF *THAT*
WAS TRUE, THE WHOLE WORLD WOULD BE INFECTED.
THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH BLOOD TO GO ROUND.

BOOKS

SO WHO'S GOING
TO RESEARCH
THE ANTIDOTE
FOR A MYTH?



NOT THAT I *WANT* TO BE CURED, OF COURSE,
NOT WHEN IT GIVES ME SUCH A *KICK*.

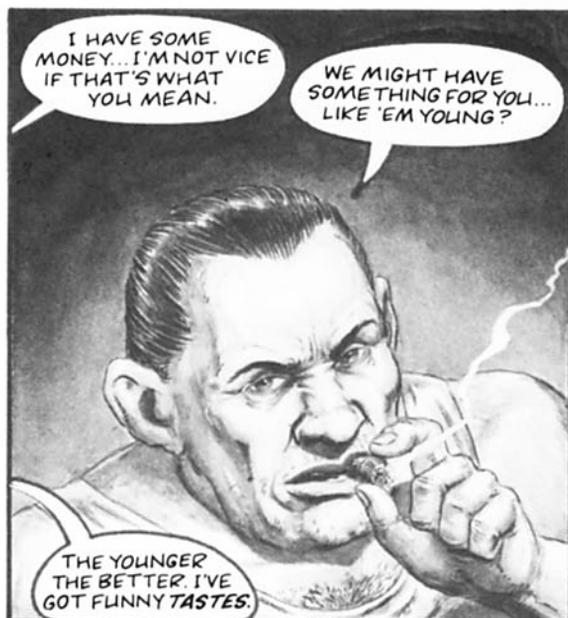
ANYWAY LITTLE VAMPIRES ARE
CREATED JUST LIKE LITTLE
ANYTHINGS ARE CREATED. GOOD
OLD FASHIONED COPULATION.

LURGES:

I'D LIKE
A *GIRL*
PLEASE.

YEAH?





CHAMPAGNE.



MY INTENTIONS OF SPREADING MY SEED VANISH. A THIRST COMES TO MY THROAT.

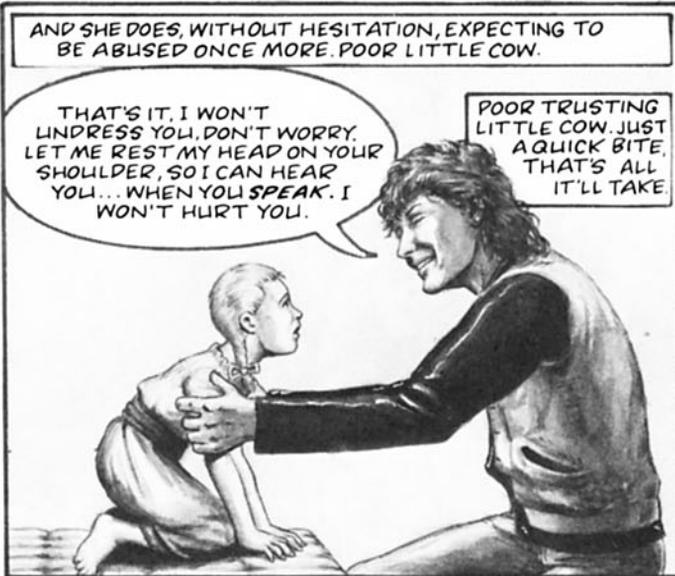
HELLO... MY NAME'S AH, ALEC... I'M... I'M ER, NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. COME CLOSER TO ME.



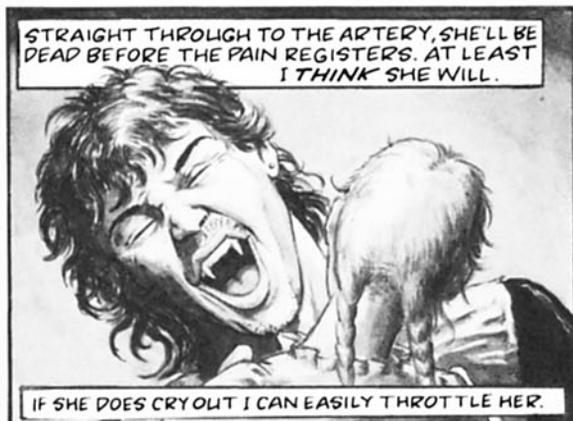
AND SHE DOES, WITHOUT HESITATION, EXPECTING TO BE ABUSED ONCE MORE. POOR LITTLE COW.

THAT'S IT, I WON'T LINDRESS YOU. DON'T WORRY. LET ME REST MY HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDER, SO I CAN HEAR YOU... WHEN YOU SPEAK. I WON'T HURT YOU.

POOR TRUSTING LITTLE COW. JUST A QUICK BITE, THAT'S ALL IT'LL TAKE



STRAIGHT THROUGH TO THE ARTERY, SHE'LL BE DEAD BEFORE THE PAIN REGISTERS. AT LEAST I THINK SHE WILL.



IF SHE DOES CRY OUT I CAN EASILY THROTTLE HER.

SLEEP WELL, LITTLE ONE, SLEEP-





LIRGES.



LIRGES?
WHADDAYA MEAN,
LIRGES?

...SO I'VE PUT
EVERYTHING ON
YOUR DESK.
UH-HUH.

THEY
SAID BY
MARCH.

NO KIDDING,
A CHILD
PROSTITUTE.

MURDER?
SHIIT!

BY THE
FOURTH
QUARTER

...20
CC'S

RIGHT.

SHE'S IN
ISOLATION
ROOM FIVE.

NO NEED
TO WORRY,
IT'S QUITE
ROUTINE

3 DAYS?
HEY, LISTEN...

PARDON?



AT 8 30.

HOW
IS SHE?

UNDER THE
CIRCUMSTANCES
FINE, SHOCK MORE
THAN ANYTHING.

I'LL
BE THERE
CONSTANT-
LY.

IT'S *SICK* SURE, BUT
IT MAKES YOU *THINK*
DOESN'T IT?

SO? CHRIST,
YOUR MORALS
SLICK!

SHE'S ONLY
SIX. THE MURDER
MAY NOT HAVE
SLUNK IN.

Y'KNOW,
TO DRESS UP.

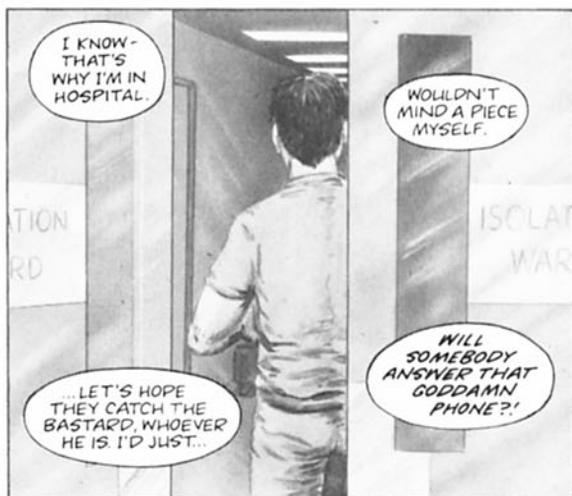


THE APPREHENDING
OFFICER'S COMING IN
LATER FOR A CHAT.
THEY WANT US TO DO
A FULL MED ON HER
FOR TRACES OF THE
ASSAILANT.

NURSE!

I MEAN
THE WAY SHE
LOOKS AT YOU,
YOU *KNOW* SHE
MUST BE REAL
GOOD AT IT.

YOU NEED
HELP MAN,
SERIOUS
HELP



I KNOW-
THAT'S
WHY I'M IN
HOSPITAL.

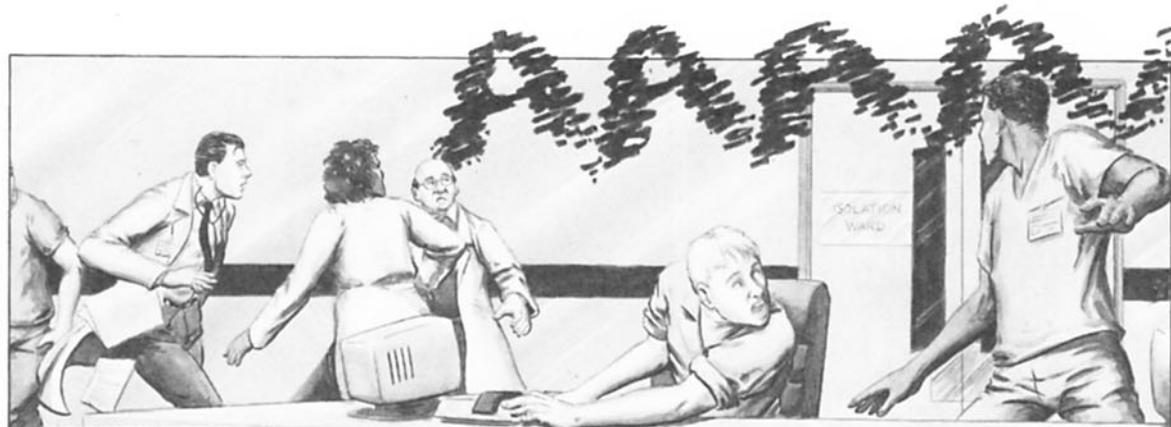
WOULDN'T
MIND A PIECE
MYSELF.

...LET'S HOPE
THEY CATCH THE
BASTARD, WHOEVER
HE IS. I'D JUST...

WILL
SOMEBODY
ANSWER THAT
GODDAMN
PHONE?!

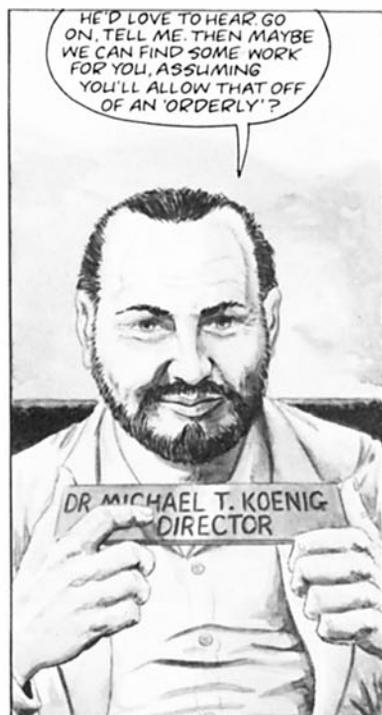
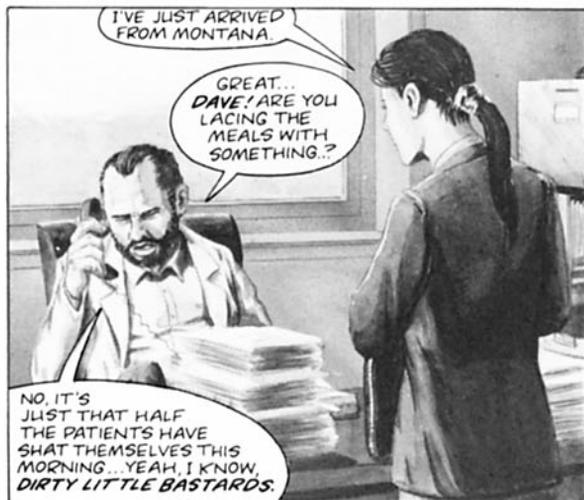








S W E E T M E A T S





CHRIST, IT'S LIKE THE SILICON CHIP NEVER HAPPENED.

SETTLING IN?

HMM?... OH... YES. THANK YOU.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT KOENG. HE CAN COME ON A BIT OF A JERK BUT HE'S OKAY. I'M *WILL* JEFFERSON. FIRST ORDERLY FOR YOUR WING.



NO, IT'S GOOD TO SEE A FRIENDLY FACE. I'M DOCTOR PAGE. I'M VERY PLEASSED TO MEET YOU.

LOOK, IF YOU WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE..?

LII, RIGHT. SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF *SPROSTEN*?



IT'S DIFFERENT. I PREFER GERIATRICS. BUT THIS-SOME OF THEM ARE QUITE YOUNG. THE *CROSBY* GIRL... SHE SOUNDS QUITE *SOMETHING*.

OH, SHE IS QUITE SOMETHING, BUT NONE OF US KNOW QUITE *WHAT*.



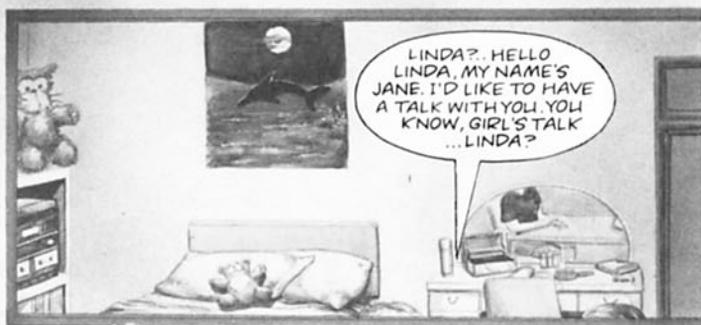
NO CLUES? SCHIZO? PATHO? SOCIO? *THE LOT?*

WELL THAT'S FOR YOU, THE FRESH YOUNG MIND FROM OUT OF TOWN, TO DECIDE ISN'T IT. BUT A WORD OF ADVICE. WHEN YOU MEET HER, DON'T GET *TOO* CLOSE.



SHE *BITES*.

FIRST INTERVIEW, JULY 14TH.



LINDA?. HELLO
LINDA, MY NAME'S
JANE. I'D LIKE TO HAVE
A TALK WITH YOU. YOU
KNOW, GIRL'S TALK
...LINDA?



LINDA?



LINDA?
CAN YOU
HEAR
ME?



OF COURSE
I CAN. I'M
NOT DEAF

NO. NO OF COURSE NOT... I, ER
SEE FROM MY NOTES THAT YOU'RE
SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND WE'VE
BEEN LOOKING AFTER
YOU SINCE -



-SINCE I RIPPED
SOMEONE'S DICK
OFF WITH MY
TEETH.



-SINCE YOU WERE SIX
YEARS OLD... WHATEVER.
DO YOU WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT?



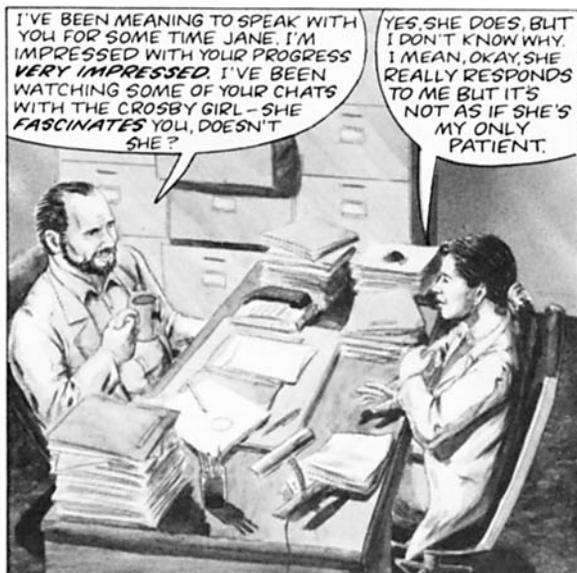
DO YOU WANT TO
LISTEN? IT WOULD
MAKE A NICE
CHANGE.

I'D LIKE
YOU TO
HELP.

IT'S MY JOB TO
LISTEN. IT'S MY JOB
TO HELP.



WHATEVER
I CAN DO.



I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK WITH YOU FOR SOME TIME JANE. I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR PROGRESS **VERY IMPRESSED**. I'VE BEEN WATCHING SOME OF YOUR CHATS WITH THE CROSBY GIRL - SHE **FASCINATES** YOU, DOESN'T SHE?

YES, SHE DOES, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY. I MEAN, OKAY, SHE REALLY RESPONDS TO ME BUT IT'S NOT AS IF SHE'S MY ONLY PATIENT.



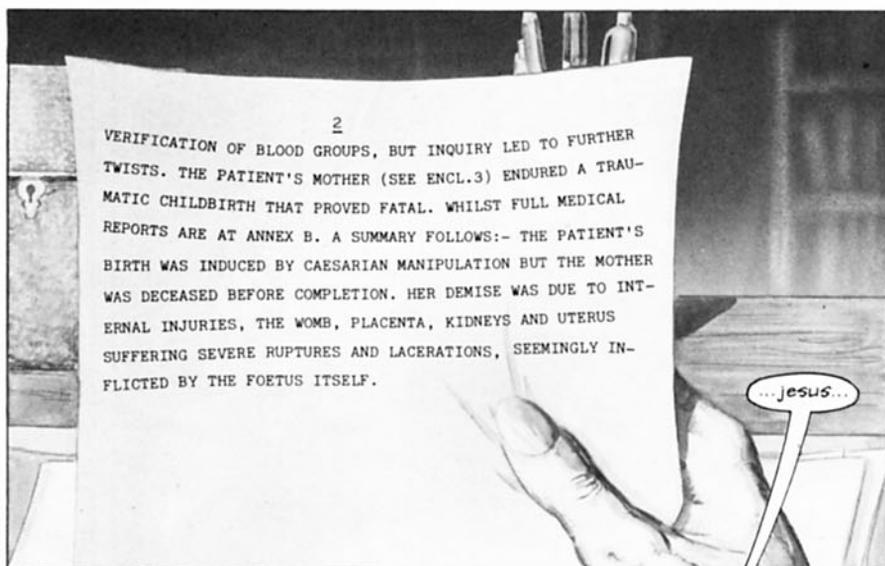
HMM. A VERY SAD CASE - NOT LIKE THE OTHER DEADHEADS WE HAVE HERE. I TAKE IT YOU'VE READ HER CASE HISTORY?

THEY WERE VERY SPARTAN. JUST THE BARE ESSENTIALS - NOT EVEN THAT - I MEAN WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH HER? **WHY** IS SHE HERE?

...AS I SAID, I'M IMPRESSED WITH YOUR PROGRESS - OBVIOUSLY YOUR MICKEY MOUSE DIPLOMA IS GOOD FOR SOMETHING - IN ONLY A WEEK YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED MORE THAN YOUR PREDECESSOR DID IN TWO YEARS. **DAMN FOOL**. FELL IN LOVE... ANYWAY, I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT THIS.



IT'S LINDA'S FULL CASE HISTORY. FAMILY BACKGROUND, SUPPOSED RAISON D'ETRE, THE WORKS. **READ IT**, MAYBE IT'LL HELP YOU TO TAKE THINGS FURTHER.



2
VERIFICATION OF BLOOD GROUPS, BUT INQUIRY LED TO FURTHER TWISTS. THE PATIENT'S MOTHER (SEE ENCL.3) ENDURED A TRAUMATIC CHILDBIRTH THAT PROVED FATAL. WHILST FULL MEDICAL REPORTS ARE AT ANNEX B. A SUMMARY FOLLOWS:- THE PATIENT'S BIRTH WAS INDUCED BY CAESARIAN MANIPULATION BUT THE MOTHER WAS DECEASED BEFORE COMPLETION. HER DEMISE WAS DUE TO INTERNAL INJURIES. THE WOMB, PLACENTA, KIDNEYS AND UTERUS SUFFERING SEVERE RUPTURES AND LACERATIONS, SEEMINGLY INFLECTED BY THE FOETUS ITSELF.

...Jesus...

SIXTEENTH INTERVIEW.
AUGUST 3RD.

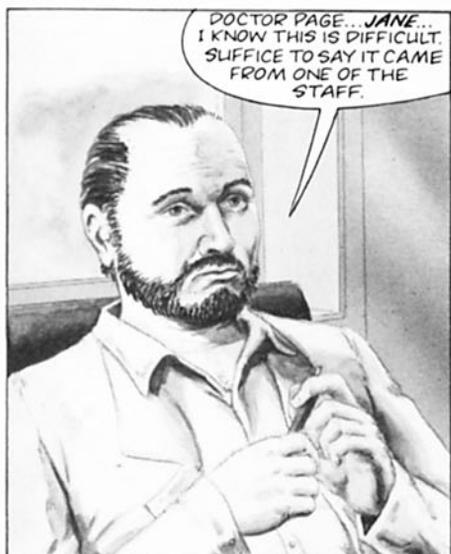
...LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR
AGORAPHOBIA. ACCORDING TO
YOUR FILE YOU HAVE FAINTING
FITS IF YOU COME INTO CONTACT
WITH THE OPEN AIR, WITH
REALLY PAINFUL RASHES. HOW
LONG DO YOU REMEMBER
HAVING THAT?

LIH... I'M NOT SURE. IT'S ONLY
IF IT'S DAYLIGHT, I'M PRETTY
MUCH OKAY AT NIGHT. I'VE NEVER
BEEN OUT MUCH IN THE DAYLIGHT
ANYHOW, BEING SHUT IN THAT
ROOM MOST OF - WELL, Y'KNOW.

SHALL WE
TALK ABOUT
THAT NOW?







THIRTY-SEVENTH INTERVIEW.
SEPTEMBER 12TH.

I REMEMBER ALL THE BLOOD. IT WAS EVERYWHERE - ON MY FACE, IN MY HAIR, ON MY TONGUE. IT WAS LOVELY.

YOU LIKED IT?

I LOVED IT. I STILL DO.



LET'S TALK ON THIS AWHILE. I MEAN, YOU'VE NEVER MENTIONED THIS BEFORE - IT COULD BE IMPORTANT. DO YOU SEE THE BLOOD AS A PACIFIER? A FETISH? TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK?



A DESIRE FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD OTHERS SAY I SHOULDN'T THINK LIKE THIS. I SHOULD FEEL SICK, QUEASY, BUT I DON'T. I REMEMBER IT SO WELL... I BIT INTO HIM, THERE WAS A RUSH, AND A SWEETNESS AND A... A... A SPECTACULAR STRAWBERRY FOUNTAIN ARCING AWAY ACROSS THE ROOM.

AND THE TASTE...



OH, GOD, I CAN EVEN REMEMBER THE TASTE. MEAT, IT'S NOT THE SAME - IT'S SOUR BUT THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD IS NECTAR. I WANT THE TASTE SO MUCH...



UH, OKAY, MAYBE WE SHOULD WRAP LIP NOW...

I WANT THE BLOOD...

LINDA?



CHRIST, LINDA, DON'T MESS ME AROUND!

HMMMM. I... WANT...









YOU GOT AN UNNATURAL FASCINATION WITH HER, MAN.



WHO ASKED YOU?

HEY, HEY, **TOLCHY!** I BIN WATCHING YOU, STARIN' AT HER, GOT THE HOTS FOR THAT ONE, RIGHT?



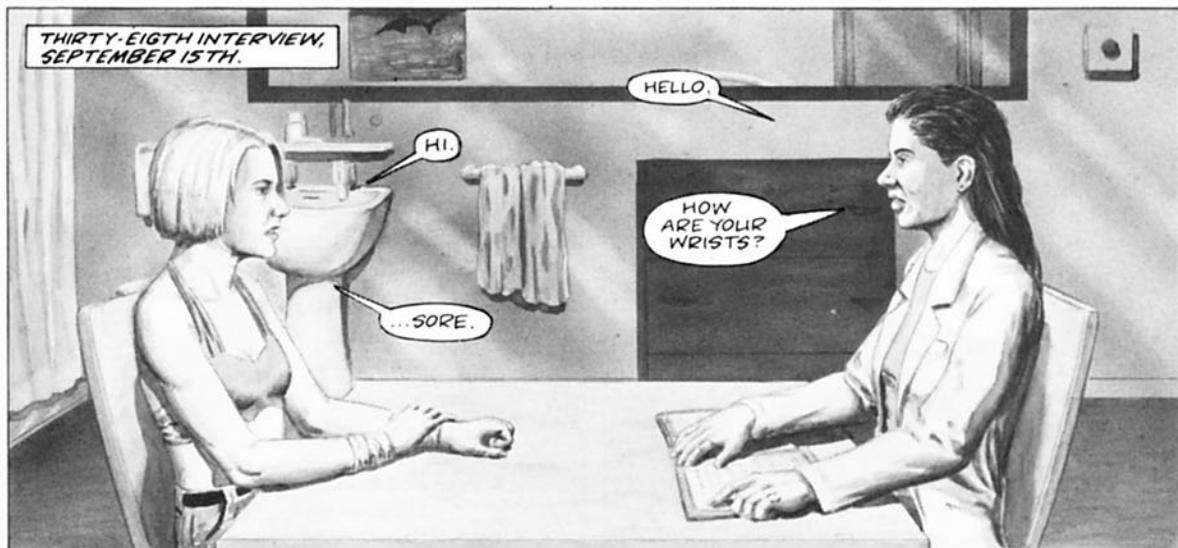
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND IT'S A WORKING RELATIONSHIP - NOT THAT I LIKE WORKING WITH HER.

NOT THE DOC, MAN. HELL, YOU'VE BEEN SORE AT PAGE SINCE SHE TORE YOU OFF. NO, IT'S THE **KID** YOU'VE GOT THE BULGE FOR. SHE'S ONLY **SIXTEEN**, MAN!



IF SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BLEED..

HA! HA! YOU'RE A SICK MOTHER, MAN, A REAL **SICK** MOTHER.



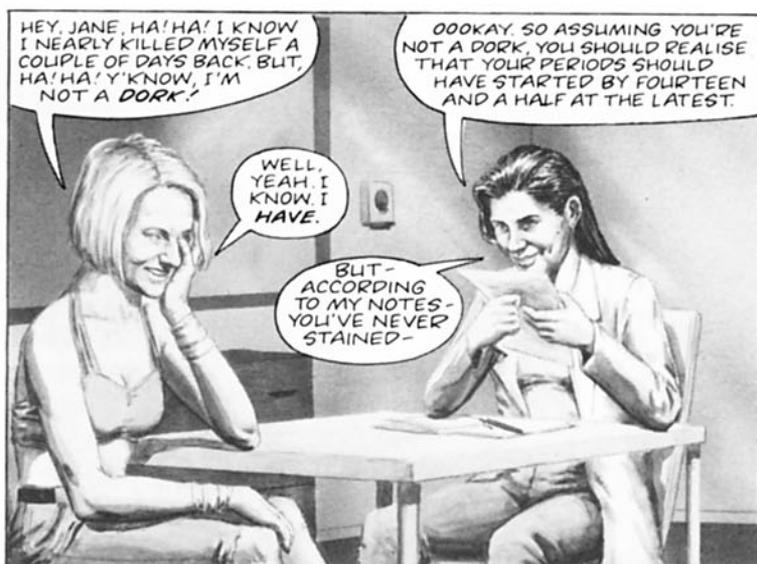
THIRTY-EIGHTH INTERVIEW, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

HELLO.

HI.

HOW ARE YOUR WRISTS?

...SORE.







CHRIST, KOENIG, WHY WASN'T I INFORMED THAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW?

IT WAS AN OVERSIGHT. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN. SORRY.

'SORRY'? IF I MESS UP, I GET MY MARCHING ORDERS. YOU MESS UP AND IT'S JUST AN OVERSIGHT.



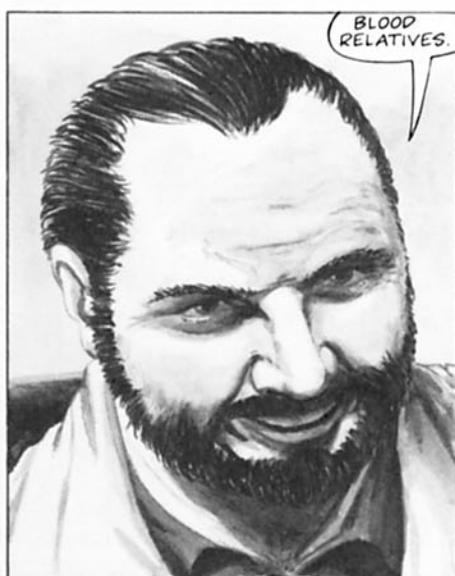
FINISHED??

SHIT, THAT'S TWO MONTHS INTENSIVE FLUSHED DOWN THE PAN. SHE'S BEEN LOOSENING UP MORE AND MORE. I'D ESTABLISHED TRUST.



THEN YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO RE-ESTABLISH IT, WON'T YOU? IT'S UNFORTUNATE BUT SOMEWHERE THE RELEVANT DOCUMENTATION HAS GONE ASTRAY.

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER NO-ONE FOUND OUT UNTIL ELEVEN MONTHS AFTER THE ORIGINAL INCIDENT WHEN SOME INQUISITIVE NOBODY COMPARED BLOOD GROUPS OF ASSAILANT AND VICTIM. THEY MATCHED. THEY WERE RELATED.



BLOOD RELATIVES.



OF COURSE, HE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS HIS. FROM WHAT THEY PIECED TOGETHER IT SEEMS LINDA WAS BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK - TURNS OUT MOMMY DARLING WAS A HOOKER UNTIL SHE GOT PREGNANT DADDY WAS PROBABLY AN AVENUE REGULAR UNTIL THEIR FAMILY QUARREL.

AND THEN HER LINCLE STARTS PIMPING HER. HEH! HEH! WHAT A FAMILY! WORSE THAN THE SIMPSONS!

WELL I DON'T WANT TO MAKE THINGS WORSE...



I'LL LAY OFF THE INTENSIVES FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS. MAYBE I COULD PLOUGH THE ARCHIVES? MAYBE I'LL COME ACROSS THOSE MISSING PAGES..?

FORGET IT FOR NOW. TAKE A SHORT BREAK. LET THINGS SETTLE. I MEAN, WITH WHAT SHE'S BEEN THROUGH THINGS CAN ONLY GET BETTER.





YOU'D LIKE THAT WOULDN'T YOU? IT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, ISN'T IT? OF COURSE IT IS, OF COURSE IT IS...

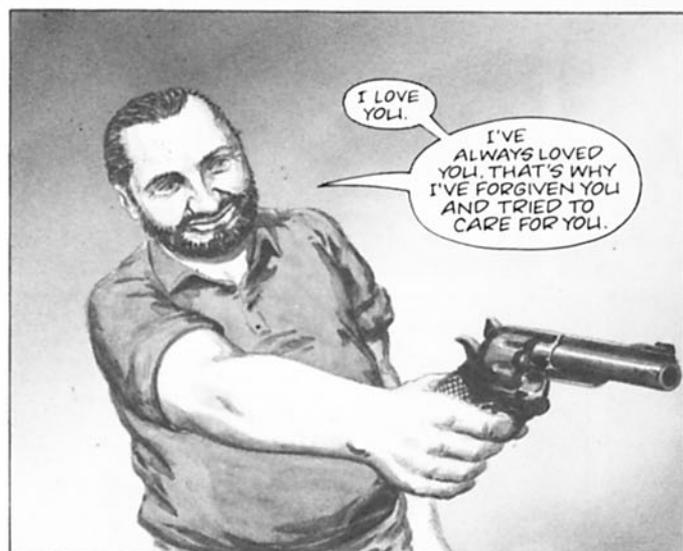


I'VE BEEN WAITING TOO. LOOK CLOSELY. REMEMBER BROOKLYN NORTH? REMEMBER ME?

REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID TO ME?



I'VE SEEN THE WAY YOU LOOK AT HER, BUT YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. SHE DOESN'T THINK OF YOU THE WAY I DO.



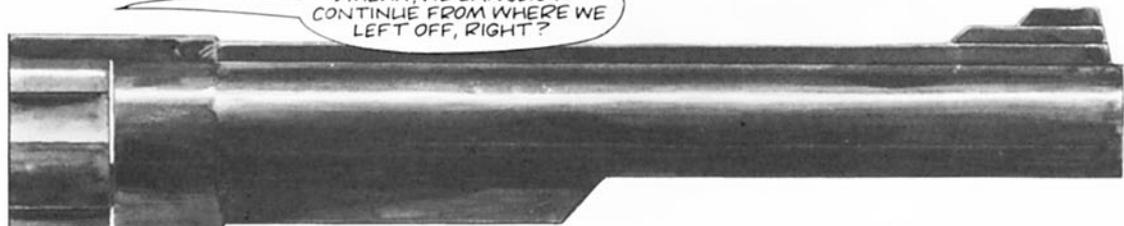
I LOVE YOU.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU. THAT'S WHY I'VE FORGIVEN YOU AND TRIED TO CARE FOR YOU.



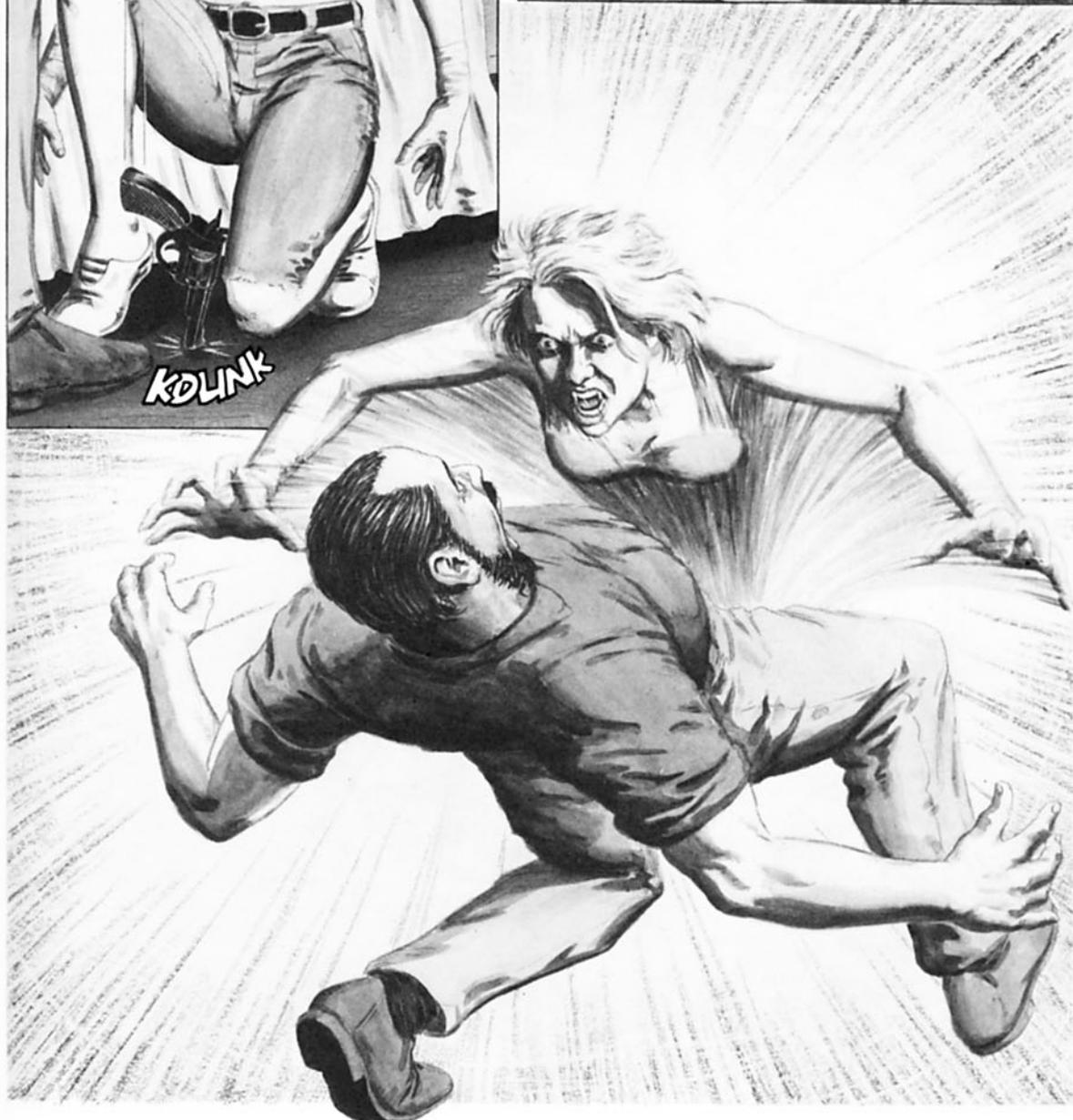
I DID WRONG, BUT IT'S NOT AS IF YOU'RE A LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE, RIGHT?

I MEAN, WE CAN JUST CONTINUE FROM WHERE WE LEFT OFF, RIGHT?

















EVERYBODY DOES. THEY ALL WANT A PIECE OF YOU. BUT THEY DON'T REALISE YOU WANT A PIECE OF THEM TOO - LITERALLY. I MEAN IT'S CRAZY, I'VE HAD BOYFRIENDS, I'VE HAD SEX, BUT, BUT...



... I LOVE YOU.



I LOVE YOU TOO. HONEST.



SHIT, LINDA, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

I - I DON'T... I CAN'T HELP IT...

WILL YOU MAKE LOVE TO ME?



...OKAY.







YEAH, I CAN SEE HER - IT'S OKAY.



SHE'S ASLEEP.



SHE'D BETTER BE, MAN. IF SHE COMES AFTER MY BALLS, SHE'S GETTING THIS RIGHT IN THE—

CLIK

SHE'S ASLEEP ANYWAY, SHE'S WEARING A JACKET.



SHE COULDN'T GET AT US IF SHE TRIED.

WELL, YOU CAN FEED HER YOUR SWEETMEATS, NOT MINE.



LINDA? LINDA HONEY, IT'S WILL. IT'S TIME TO EAT. Y'KNOW, CORNFLAKES, LINDA?



LINDA'S GONE.



SO MY DIAGNOSIS IS THAT SHE'S CURED MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY, AND I DISCHARGED HER ACCORDINGLY.

BUT, I MEAN, SHE ATTACKED KOENIG -

-IN SELF DEFENCE. OKAY, IT'S TENUOUS, BUT I'M QUITE AWARE IT'S MY HEAD ON THE BLOCK IF THAT DIAGNOSIS PROVES INCORRECT



AS ACTING CHIEF PSYCHOLOGIST I THINK WE SHOULD ALL BE VERY PLEASED THAT WE'VE CURED A VERY TROUBLED LITTLE GIRL.

I'M ECSTATIC. BUT I'M STILL UNCLEAR ON ONE THING.

WHICH IS?



YOU RECKON SHE'S CURED. FINE. YOU DISCHARGE HER. FINE.

BUT HOW COME WE FIND YOU IN HER CELL WEARING A STRAIGHT-JACKET?



IT'S A BIT EMBARRASSING. AFTER SHE LEFT I WAS TIDYING UP. WELL, Y'KNOW, I'VE NEVER TRIED ONE OF THOSE THINGS ON AND, WELL, AFTER THE POLICE KEPT ME ON MY FEET ALL DAY I GUESS I FELL ASLEEP.

I THINK THAT'S BULLSHIT.

OH, I DON'T KNOW...



CHRIST, YOU DON'T DISCHARGE PATIENTS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, WITHOUT COMPLETING PAPERWORK. SHE'S ONLY SIXTEEN. NO FAMILY. WHERE'S SHE GOING TO GO?



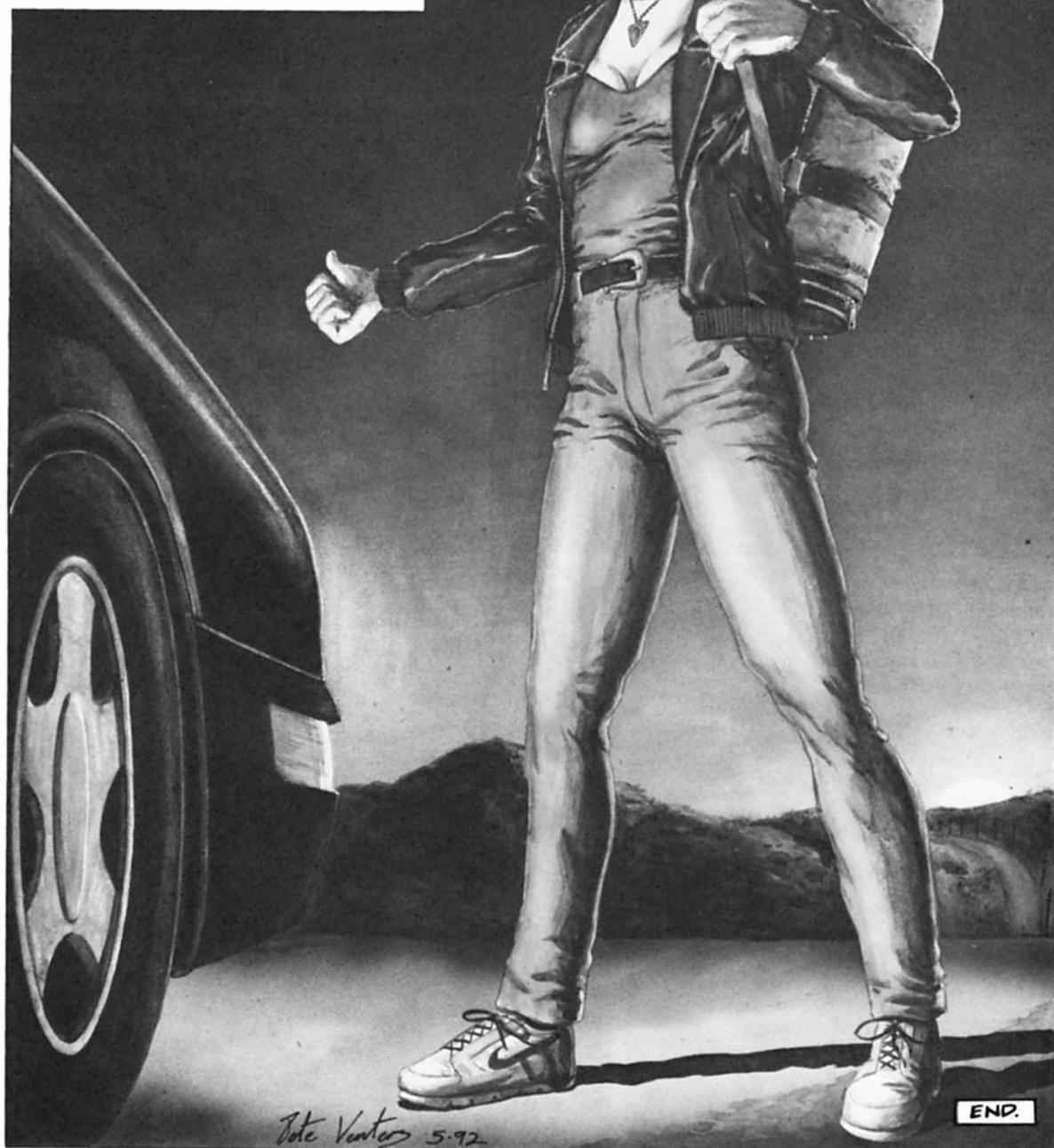
THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN YOU'RE LETTING ON.

YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE IS, BUT DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT LINDA. I TOLD YOU. SHE'S CURED.

"AS TO WHERE SHE'LL GO..."



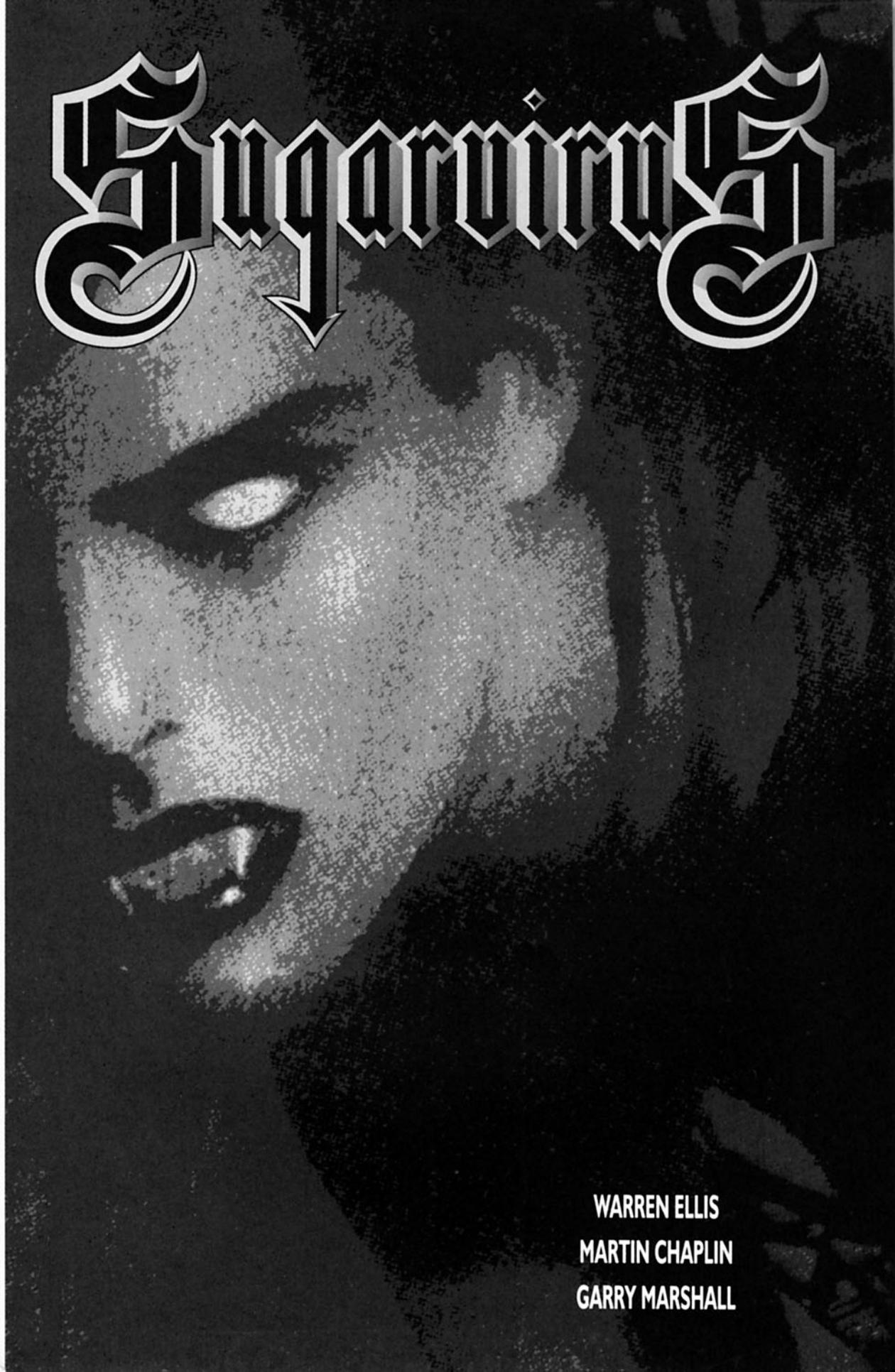
"I GUESS SHE'LL JUST FOLLOW HER LIRGES"



John Ventors 5-92

END.

Sugarvirus



WARREN ELLIS
MARTIN CHAPLIN
GARRY MARSHALL

-- In the eyes of Cindy Ruin --

BOTH SHE AND I WERE
FIRST KISSED HERE.

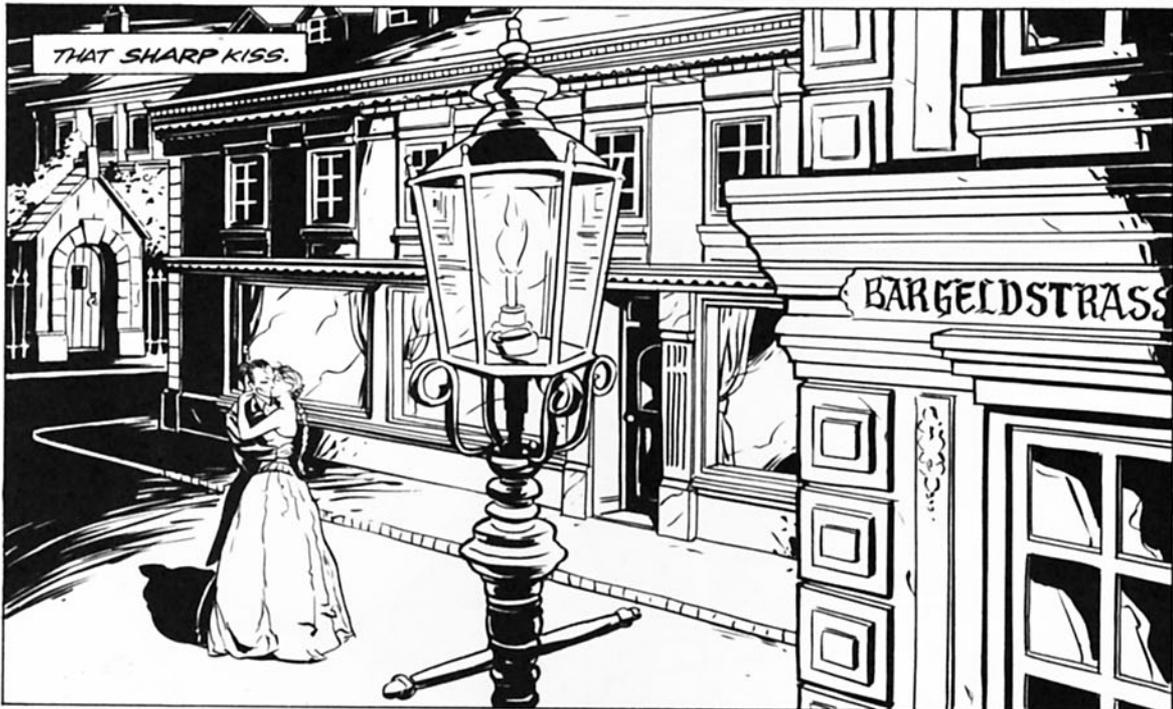
BARGELDSTRASSE;
BERLIN; GERMANY.

IT WAS GASLIT THEN;
ON THE CUSP OF MORNING,
THE SMELL OF FRESHLY
BAKED BREAD ABOUT US.

BARGELDSTRASSE ^{Berlin} 6

DIE RISIKO





DOWN IN THE DRY DARKNESS,
WE FUCKED LIKE ANIMALS.



EVEN TODAY, SO MANY KISSES
LATER, THAT NIGHT'S
DANGEROUS, WHITE-LIGHT
ORGASMS REMAIN FOREVER
AFTER, ALIEN.

I AWOKE THE FOLLOWING TWILIGHT,
WARM AND SOFT IN HIS VAST BED,
WITH THE TINY KISSES OF THE
SUGAR VIRUS PRESSING LIKE
CHILDREN AGAINST MY HEART.



I RECALL, STRANGELY,
LOOKING AT MY HANDS,
IN THE EMBERS OF
THE DYING DAY.

IT SEEMED THAT MY WHOLE LIFE
WAS FLYING FROM MY CUPPED
PALMS LIKE BUTTERFLIES.





I DON'T REGRET IT. DARKER WINGS THAN THOSE SUIT ME BETTER.



BUT HER. DID SHE REGRET LOSING THAT GAUDY PAINTSTORM FROM HER LIFE?

I DOUBT IT. BUT THAT SECOND SHARP STROKE - THAT ICY SLICE WITH NO LOVE IN IT - DID THAT, FOR A SECOND, MAKE HER REGRET?



I NEVER KNEW HER.

YET WE CAUGHT THE SUGAR VIRUS FROM THE SAME MAN. CLOSEST THING TO FAMILY THERE IS. FOR ME.

SO I'M HERE TO FIND THE CREATURE WHO DESTROYED HER.

--The pulse in the veins of John Cefalu--

IT'S GOTTEN DARK.
IT FRIGHTENS ME.

I BROUGHT INA HERE
TO COMFORT ME, BUT
SHE SCARES ME MORE.

WOMEN SCARE ME.

THEY SCARE ME BECAUSE
DEATH IS THEIR IDEA.





NIGHT. IT'S LIKE THE SKY
ROTS, DECOMPOSES. THE
GRAVEMOSS MOON MAKES
THE SEXSWEAT ON MY
BACK GROW ICY.



I FEEL IT LYING ON ME IN
CURVES; COLD, COMPLEX
WRITING. THE OLD MATHE-
MATICS OF EX-LOVERS' SEX.



SHE ASKED IF THE STORIES WERE TRUE AS I
TRACED MY TONGUE ALONG THE STRAP OF HER DRESS.

"THEY'RE TRUE IF YOU WANT
THEM TO BE," I WHISPERED.

THEY'RE TRUE... IF...

I'M FRIGHTENED
TONIGHT.



I TOOK A WOMAN LIKE
NO OTHER -- AND
RECREATED HER.

I MADE A VAMPIRE
INTO A WORK OF ART.

AND... AND I'M SCARED.



--And the jukebox spins with something new,
a heartbeat rhythm and a late-night murmur--

Never thought the day would
end, never thought tonight
would ever be...

...this close to Me.

BLACK CROW KING ON PIANO; TRIES
FOR A BAR TO STRUT ALONGSIDE
THE ONE-STEP BEAT, COUGHS
AND DIES.



OLD WINGS CAUGHT ON
A DIFFERENT AIR.



HEY,
YOU, YOU
CABARET
HAM.

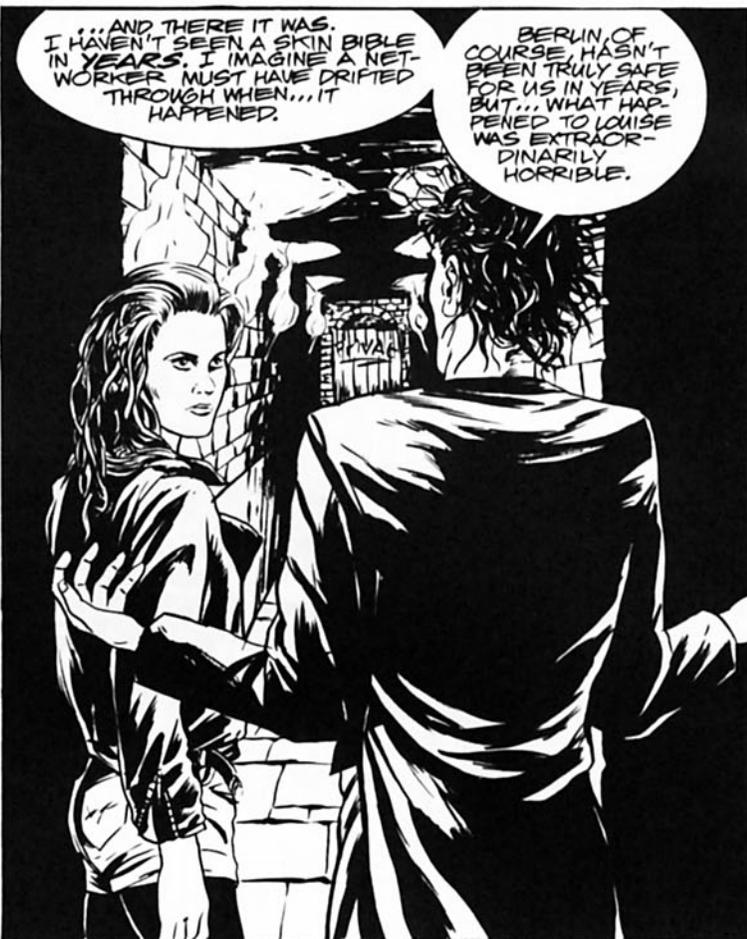
THE
PAST HAS
COME A'
KNOCKING.





...AND THERE IT WAS. I HAVEN'T SEEN A SKIN BIBLE IN YEARS. I IMAGINE A NETWORKER MUST HAVE DRIFTED THROUGH WHEN... IT HAPPENED.

BERLIN, OF COURSE, HASN'T BEEN TRULY SAFE FOR US IN YEARS, BUT... WHAT HAPPENED TO LOUISE WAS EXTRAORDINARILY HORRIBLE.



JUST... JUST LOOK.

LOOK.







WHOEVER DID THIS
KNEW US.



IN FACT, I SUSPECT THE
FUCKER OF BEING ONE
OF US.



THEY KNEW THE NATURE
OF THE SUCARVIRUS.



OUR WOUNDS HEAL, UNLESS
THEY ARE HELD OPEN.



HER FLESH WAS FORCED
TO HEAL LIKE THIS.



A CANDLE WAS PLACED HERE
WHEN WE FOUND HER.



OUR
INTESTINE
IS LARGELY
UNNECESS-
ARY.



AS LONG
AS OUR EXTRA
ORGANS REMAIN
INTACT...



... WE CAN
SURVIVE
THIS.



AND THAT
WAS THE POINT,
YOU SEE.

LOUISE
IS ALIVE IN
THERE.

TRAPPED
IN HER OWN IMMORTAL
VAMPIRE BODY.

-- A snatch of breath between Rose's lips --

IT'S SO GOOD THAT I
FEEL LIKE LAUGHING.

I GAVE HIM HIS FIX, AND NOW
HE'S TRYING TO GIVE ME MINE.



POOR LOVER. HE'S THRILLING
ME - CHRIST, I CAN FEEL HIS
VEINS, TOUGH AND GORGED -
BUT IT'S NOT MY... FIX.

IT'S PERFECT - LIKE
SAND SLIDING AROUND
ITSELF ON A MIDNIGHT
DESERT.

VAMPIRE SEX, THE
ANTICIPATION OF
WHITE LIGHT BEATING
UNDER OUR SKIN
WITH BLACK, TINGLING
WINGS.

NO SWEAT. JUST DRY HEAT
BREEDING PRIMITIVE FRICTION.





I KNOW I'M MOANING,
GROWLING, SCREAMING
LIKE AN ANIMAL, AND
- OH FUCK -

THE DETONATION OF GLACIERS
FOR A FIVE - SECOND FOREVER
IN MY HEAD...

... AND I
KNOW HE'S
A VAMPIRE.



AND I KNOW
WHAT I AM.

AND I KNOW WHEN THE
VEINS ARE MOST ENGORGED.



I'M A JUNKIE, JUST
LIKE EVERY OTHER
SHITBAG IN THIS CITY.

AND I KNOW
WHAT MY FIX
COSTS.

HIS LIFE.

-- The story written in Cindy's frown --

WE CAN'T SAVE HER.

THE SUGARVIRUS IS
SO... HA HA. SO STRANGE.

THE VAMPIRIC GERM BREEDS IN HUMAN
BLOOD SUGARS, BUT ONLY FOR SEVENTY-
TWO HOURS. AFTER THAT, WE NEED
BLOOD ONLY TO SUSTAIN PHYSICAL
ACTIVITY.



LOUISE IS DRAINED OF BLOOD...
BLOOD SHE NEEDS, FOR ITS
ENZYMES AND SUGARS, TO FEED
THE NEW ORGANS THE VIRUS BUILDS.

OTHERWISE,
SHE REMAINS
IN DEEP COMA.
SHUTDOWN.



THE EXTRACTION AND FILTRATION PIPES THAT RUN FROM THE FANGS, THROUGH WHICH WE TAKE AND CLEAN BLOOD, HAVE BEEN CUT OUT.

WE CAN'T GET ANY BLOOD INTO HER WITHOUT KILLING THE VAMPIRIC HEART.

WE CAN'T SAVE LOUISE. AND I HATE IT.



THEY FOUND HER PROPPED IN THE DOORWAY OF THE RISIKO, STRAPPED TO A PLANK TO KEEP HER UPRIGHT.

A CANDLE BURNED IN HER THROAT, BALANCED ON PEARLY VERTEBRAE.

A TOOTHLESS RAT SCUTTLED AROUND IN THE WICKER CAGE WHERE HER STOMACH USED TO BE.



ONLY A VAMPIRE COULD KNOW HOW TO SO THOROUGHLY HUMILIATE AND CRIPPLE LOUISE.

BUT HOW? COULD THERE BE PSYCHOPATHIC VAMPIRES? SOMEONE WHO RECEIVED A RAZORED KISS AND FELT NO LOVE IN IT?





CINDY'S HERE FOR THE TRUTH. SHE'S SO SEVERE... SMOOTH ARMS LIKE STONE TO MY TOUCH.



I BROUGHT HER INTO THIS WORLD. I KNOCKED THE DAYLIGHT FROM HER EYES... JUST WISH I'D KNOCKED SOME SENSE INTO HER.

IF SHE WERE ANY MORE STUPID, SHE'D BE FRENCH.



AND, YES, I GAVE LOUISE THE VIRUS TOO. BUT SHE WAS THICK AS SHIT ANYWAY.

FRENCH TOO, AS I RECALL.

ONE NIGHT, BEFORE I KISSED HER, I SAW HER TRYING TO SLASH HER WRISTS WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR.

CINDY WAS WELL-EDUCATED. QUICK.
MIND LIKE A STEEL TRAP.

WISH SHE'D
LET ME
SCREW HER.

SAYS SHE
DOESN'T
'DO IT' WITH
VAMPIRES.

DON'T GET IT. I CAME ON
WITH ALL THE WELL-BRED
CHARM OF A CENTURY
AGO, AND ... NOTHING.



MAYBE SHE'LL END UP
THE SAME AS LOUISE.

MAYBE THEY
BOTH HAD
THE SAME
PROBLEM.



MAYBE THEY BOTH
JUST NEEDED TO
GET FUCKED MORE.





LOOK INTO MY EYES, ARTIST.

ARE THEY... BEAUTIFUL?



OH GOD, YES, SO BEAUTIFUL...

AND DO THEY NOT GROW BIGGER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL THE LONGER YOU LOOK?

YES... YOU SCARE ME... I WANT YOU...



DO YOU WANT ME, ARTIST? DO YOU WANT TO TASTE ME? TO TOUCH ME?

TO... LOVE ME?

OH, CHRIST, YESSS...



THEN PERFORM YOUR ART FOR ME.

AND I'LL... THINK ABOUT IT.





-- The Thread in Rose's old dress --



FIRST THERE WAS THE OLD NETWORK, THE INFERNAL GALLOP, THE CONCRETE JUNGLE DRUM FOR VAMPIRES WHO LIVED IN STEEL AND PLASTIC.

THEN CAME THE SUNLIGHT YEARS. THE NETWORK COLLAPSED WHEN THE SUNLIGHT PEOPLE RAMMED WOOD AND IRON INTO OUR SUGARVIRUS HEARTS.

THEN... IN PLACES LIKE DEAD ROCK, LONDON... SUSPIRIA, NEW YORK... RISIKO, BERLIN... IT STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN.

I HATE THEM LIKE I HATE THIS DRESS. TOO OLD. OUGHT TO BE THROWN AWAY.



WE WEREN'T MEANT TO RUN TOGETHER.

WE WERE PUT HERE TO HUNT IN THE NIGHT, NOT TO Huddle AROUND CAMPFIRES.



SINCE WHEN DID HUMANS DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS FUCKIN' CATTLE?

THE INFERNAL GALLOP WAS AN IDIOCY...

A CRIMINAL DENIAL OF OUR
NATURE, TRADITION AND NEEDS.



AND I WAS DAMNED GLAD WHEN THE
SUNLIGHT PEOPLE CRACKED IT OPEN
LIKE DRY MUD.



I OUGHT
TO BE,
AFTER ALL.





--Behind Cindy's eyelids--

HE SNIGGERS IN THE CELLAR'S GLOOM.

"TWENTY-FOUR HOUR GLAZIERS ARE THE ABSOLUTE PINNACLE OF CIVILISATION'S INVENTIVE CAPACITY."

WE PUT THE BOY IN THE BACK ROOM WITH LOUISE. HE TOLD THE POLICE A PREDICTABLE TALE ABOUT A BRICK. THEY ALL LAUGHED, SHOWED THEIR TEETH, MADE SIMILAR NOISES AND CRAWLED AWAY.

AND WE CRAWLED DOWN HERE.

I WISH HE'D STOP SNIGGERING.



"AAAAAAAAAAAA"

"AAOOWN!"

"CINDY? WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?!"



-- The last gasp of Cindy's past --

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D
LEARN TO HATE YOU.

THERE ARE CROSSHAIRS FILED ON THE
SHELLS OF MY EYES AND I CAN FEEL MY
TEETH STRETCH IN ANTICIPATION. MY
VERY BREATH BECOMES A CALLSIGN TO
ANYTHING WARM, SOFT AND PLUMP WITH
FOOD...

AND I HATE YOU BECAUSE
YOU DON'T WANT THE GALLOP
BACK, DO YOU? IN THE
GALLOP, WE DON'T HUNT WHAT
WE CAN FIND IN PEACEFUL,
UNOBTRUSIVE WAYS.

BUT WHEN YOU SMILED I REALISED
YOU DIDN'T LIKE THAT WAY. YOU LIKE
YOUNG GIRLS ON STREET CORNERS.



TOO MUCH TO DRINK.



OR NOT ENOUGH. ONE OF THE TWO, CAN'T REMEMBER IT ALL. FEELS LIKE TORN TIN IN MY BELLY. STABBING MY GUTS WHEN I BREATHE WRONG.



ULCERS ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF AN ARTIST'S REPERTOIRE. YES.



KOFF
KAH

HURRRK
KAFFKAFFKAFF

DRINK TOO MUCH.
SMOKE TOO MUCH.

FUCK IT. ANYTHING TO GET ME THROUGH THE NIGHT. I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE OUT HERE. BASTARD AND BITCHES COULD BE ANYWHERE, WAITING IN THE DARK FOR ME.



GOD, MY THINKING GETS UGLY WHEN I'M SMASHED. ROSE WOULDN'T APPROVE.



ROSE LOVES THE ARTIST IN ME. THE, AH, THE DISPASSIONATE AESTHETE. ONLY SOMEONE LIKE ME COULD APPRECIATE HER LOVE-MAKING. SHARP BRUSH-STROKES.



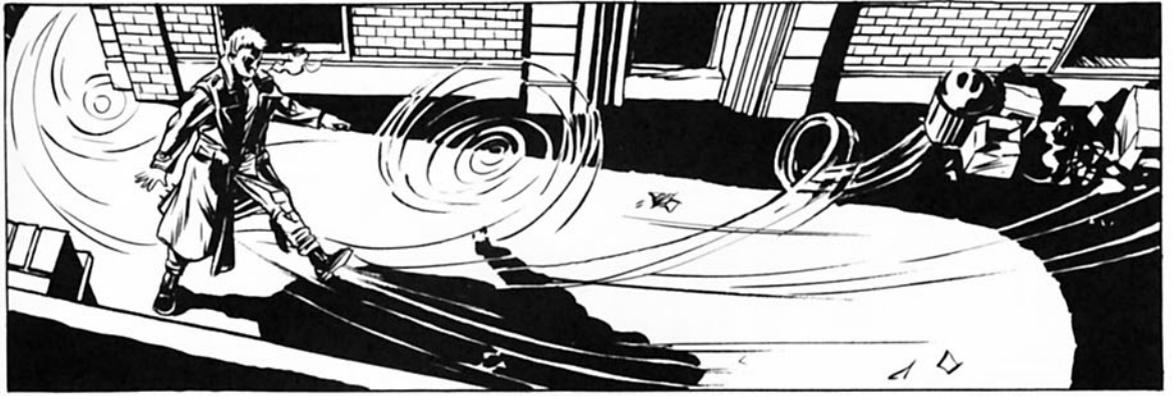
COPS, DON'T LEAN ON THE WALL, JOHN. YOU'LL BREAK OPEN THE SCABS.



DON'T LEAN ON THE WALL, JOHN.

GO HOME, JOHN.

A WOMAN MIGHT BE WAITING FOR YOU.











WHO? WHO HAVE YOU - OH - WHO HAVE YOU BEEN WITH?

I don't know leave me alone you scare me I didn't touch them please

(The for Personal)



CINDY, YOU GOT A TAKE AWAY.

THIS THING REEKS OF VAMPIRE, CROW. SINCE YOU ENCOURAGE HUNTING IN BERLIN, PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHY ITS RUNNING AROUND WITH ITS HIDE INTACT?



ENCOURAGE?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO LINK THE RIGIKO BACK UP WITH THE INFERNAL GALLOP FOR THE BETTER PART OF A DECADE.

WHY ON EARTH WOULD I WANT PREDATORS ON MY PATCH? WE GOT HIT IN THE FIRST WEEKS OF THE SUNLIGHT YEARS! THE LAST THING I WANT IS THAT KIND OF PUBLICITY.



WHAT?



WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU... I MEAN, YOU LET...

YOU LET ME GO OUT AND KILL SOMEONE?

I MAY BE A LITTLE SHAKY RIGHT NOW, BUT I'VE NOT GONE COMPLETELY STUPID. SO WHY DON'T I UNDERSTAND YOU?



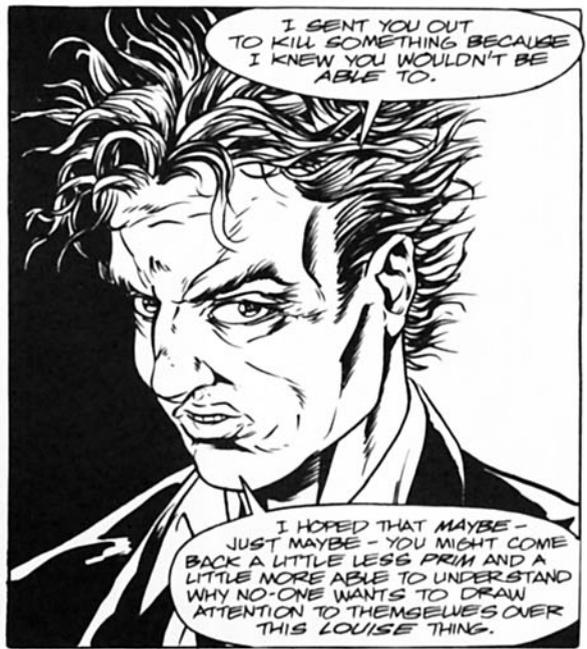
BECAUSE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHERE YOU ARE.

LOOK, YOU WAFT IN HERE, FULL OF YEARS OF GOOD GALLOP LIVING, LIKE YOU'RE VISITING A THIRD WORLD COUNTRY.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA JUST HOW OFFENSIVE YOU ARE?



YOU'RE NOT LIVING IN THE REAL WORLD. BUTTER WOULDN'T MELT IN YOUR FUCKIN' MOUTH, WOULD IT. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HAVING TO KILL AND HATING EVERY SECOND OF IT.







I WOULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING FOR ROSE. ONCE I'D DESTROYED THE REST OF YOU FOR HER, SHE WAS GOING TO...

ROSE WOULD HAVE BEEN UNIQUE THEN, YOU SEE. ART. THIS ONE IS ART NOW, TOO. UNIQUE.

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TAKE HER AND MAKE HER INTO SOMETHING YOU PEOPLE COULDN'T IMAGINE. AND IF YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE IT...



... YOU WOULD HAVE GONE OUT TO KILL US.



OH CHRIST, SHE GOT IT ALL WRONG, DIDN'T SHE? HOW WOULD A HUMAN KNOW HOW OUR BODIES WORK? THE BRUTALITY, THE THING SUPPOSED TO ENRAGE US, DEPENDED ON THAT KNOWLEDGE...



NO. YOU LITTLE SHIT, WHAT WAS THIS 'OLD IDEA'?



HM? OH.
THE PURGES, OF COURSE.
THE SUNLIGHT YEARS, SHE CALLED THEM.
SHE SCARES ME. DEATH IS HER IDEA.



OH, ROSE...
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D COME BACK TO HAUNT ME, YOU BITCH.



"TWENTY YEARS AGO, CINDY. SHE STOOD UNDER THAT STREETLIGHT AT THE END OF THE BARGELDSTRASSE, BY THE OLD BAKERY, AND... SHE REMINDED ME OF YOU AND LOUISE SO MUCH..."

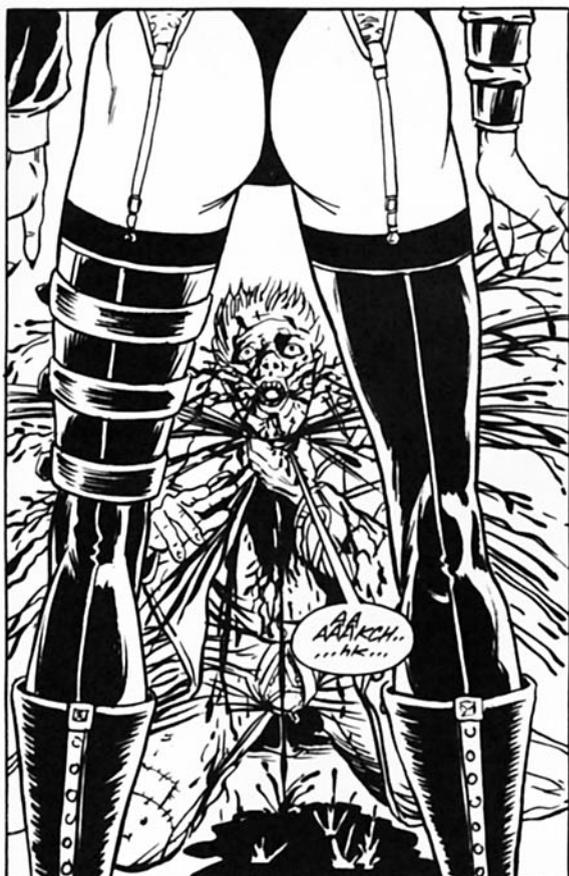


"SHE WORE A WHITE GOWN AND THESE FUNNY LITTLE GREY PUMPS. SHE LOOKED SO LOST. VULNERABLE, I GUESS."

"I JUST COULDN'T STOP MYSELF."















WE WENT DOWNSTAIRS
IN SILENCE.

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HE'S THINKING
ABOUT. DON'T MUCH CARE.



I'LL TELL THE LOCAL GALLOP
ADMINISTRATOR ABOUT CROW
WHEN I PASS BACK THROUGH
AMSTERDAM.



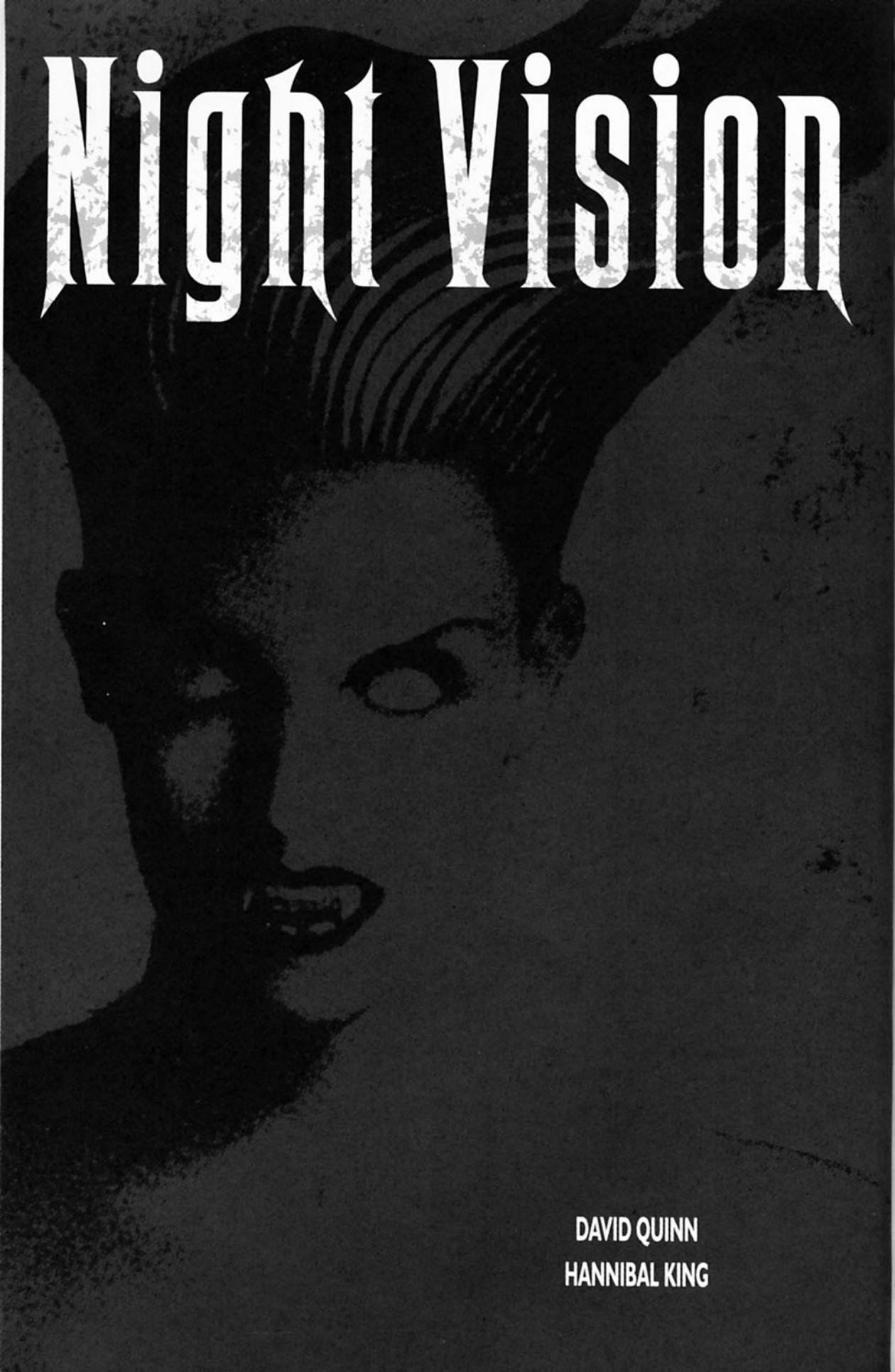
HE MADE ME
PROMISE.

I SAID MY
GOODBYES
EASILY.



I WALKED TO THE
STATION ON MY OWN.

Night Vision



DAVID QUINN
HANNIBAL KING



"I'LL BE WORKING DOWNTOWN FOR THREE NIGHTS -- THINK YOU CAN MAKE SURE YOUR COCKROACHES DON'T SKITTER OFF WITH MY MACHINE, JONESY?"

"COURSE, BLYTHE -- ALWAYS GOOD TO HAVE YOU IN Nueva York!"



"YOUR RATES, YOU OUGHT TO BE."

"AND IN CASE YOU'RE SPECULATING ON A TEST-FLIGHT, I CHECK THE MILEAGE, MY DEAR."



COMIN' HERE TWENTY YEARS AN' YOU JUST GET BETTER TO LOOK AT EVERY TIME, BLYTHE--

YOU DISCOVER THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH OR SOME-THIN'?

YOU KEEP FLATTERING ME, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU.

WOAH! 1954 BOOZOO CHAVIS' "PAPER IN MY SHOE"!

THE PREMIERE ZYDECO, AUTOGRAPHED! HOW'D YOU--



SMART SHOPPING. TRUST IS RARE, JONESY.

AND SO IS SILENCE.



ENJOY THE TASTE OF CREOLE, hmmm?

IT'S NO LONGER La Mode TO IDENTIFY NEIGHBORHOODS BY THE TRADES PLIED WITHIN-- THE REAL ESTATE PARASITES MUST HAVE SOME UPSCALE NAME FOR MY HUNTING GROUNDS.

I, HOWEVER, PREFER THE UNEQUIVOCAL QUALITY OF ITS ANTIQUE DESIGNATION--



CARNIVAL
MANHATTAN...
YOUR VERMILION
QUEEN REQUIRES
YOUR UNDIVIDED
ATTENTION...

THE MEAT
DISTRICT.

Plus c'est
change...
YOU KNOW
THE REST.

BETTE NOIR'S
SPOTLIGHT PULLS
HER GENTLY OUT
OF THE SMOKE.



CARNIVAL
MANHATTAN...
YOUR VERMILION
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AS REBEL
STUDIOS
PRESENTS:

DAVID QUINN & HANNIBAL KING'S
Nightvision: Intermezzo
Bette Noir

WITH
JEFF AUSTIN
ON INKS,
AND LETTERS BY
SUSAN DORNE.

Plus c'est
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YOU KNOW
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BETTE NOIR'S
SPOTLIGHT PULLS
HER GENTLY OUT
OF THE SMOKE.

MY NIGHTVISION
GRASPS... SOMETHING
... BUT ALL MY
PERCEPTIONS SEEM
TO BELONG TO--

THIS DARK
CHINA DOLL?

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MY NIGHTVISION
GRASPS... SOMETHING
... BUT ALL MY
PERCEPTIONS SEEM
TO BELONG TO--

THIS DARK
CHINA DOLL?

NO, NO DOLL.
HER TURNS...
ALMOST **THREATEN-**
INGLY SEXUAL.

Iiiii...
wanted
everything

BUT **COSTUMED** AS A CHILD BRIDE.
A **DEAD** CHILD BRIDE. NOT YET
JUST ANOTHER EMPTY CHILD
PLAYING VIDEO **LOLITA.**

NO, WHAT SHE
CONCEALS IS
AS **ARTFULLY**
BEGUILING
AS WHAT
SHE **BARES--**

HIDING BY RE-
VEALING TOOK
ME THE BETTER
PART OF A **CEN-**
TURY TO MASTER
--IT'S PRESERVED
ME WELL, THE
CENTURY **SINCE.**

HOW LONG
HAVE **YOU**
DANCED TO
KEEP **YOUR**
SECRETS,
LITTLE ONE?

Yooooou
said
nothing
can
staaaay--

Yooooou
promised
nothing--

AND HIDING IN THE
DARK, THEMSELVES--

Iiiii... took
you that
waaaaay.

THEY LOVE
YOU FOR IT.

BUT I'M NOT HERE TO
TRACE **YOU**, CHANTEUSE,
STRIPPER, **PERFORMANCE**
ARTIST--

NO USE FOR YOUR **FILTHY**
PAPER, LOVE... I'LL ACCEPT
ONLY YOUR **BLOOD.**

WHATEVER **NAME**
YOU **SALOME**
TRIPPERS WEAR
THESE DAYS.

YOU'RE
WONDERFULLY
DISTRACTING
BUT THE
PURSUIT
IS ALL.

YES. HERE'S WHY MY NIGHTVISION DREW ME HERE.

THE GLAMROCK TWINS, SEEDS BY OUR COMMON WELL, BY IAN AT A FREELOVE SAN FRANCISCO CONCERT.



It's all right to live for love, call it as you bleeed--

BURN BUSH

BABIES.

OUTSIDE SIMPLE ILLUSION-INFLUENCING, THEY'VE DEVELOPED NO AETHERIC SHAPING, NO GIFTS AT ALL, REALLY.



SQUANDERED THE YEARS OF HEIGHTENED SENSES IAN FORCED UPON US, DRUGGING AND DEVOURING BOYS AND GIRLS ENTANGLED IN THEIR WEB. OH, AND I DON'T MEAN THAT METAPHORICALLY.

SEE THEIR SPIDERY LIMBS AS THEY REALLY ARE, THROUGH MY EYES. DISGUSTING.

Another shot of innocence.

A BORE, REALLY, A WARM-UP BEFORE I TAKE THE REAL CREATURES OF THIS NECROPOLIS.

FAT IN THE TWINS' DIET DULLS THEM; TONIGHT LOOKS NO EXCEPTION. I'LL ALLOW THE ICKY THINGS A LAST SUPPER BEFORE I STEP ON THEM.



MMMM, I COULD LINGER HERE, GLADLY.



NO!

EXIT

The same old
dying need--



THE BOY'S LESS THAN TRIVIAL--



BUT HIS DEATH WILL
BRING UNDUE ATTENTION
TO THE GLAMROCK TWINS,
AND THUS, ME.



I ATTEMPT
TO CONVINC
MYSELF SHE'S
NOT SINGING
TO ME-- I
HAVE TO MOVE!



you can
talk forever,
just don't talk
so loud.



And when
you're feeling
lonely,
sister--

A face in the crowd
asks, "who's sorry
now?"

And when
you're getting
dirty, who's on
your mind?



I PIERCE HER
WITH MY LOUDEST
THOUGHTS--

sister,
sister--

THOUGH YOU
SING AS IF
YOUR LIFE
DEPENDS UPON
IT, YOU'RE
NOT MY
SISTER, BITCH!





WHEN AM I GOING
TO LEARN? **PLAYING**
WITH HUMANS? I
WANT NOTHING
FROM THEM,
NOTHING!



MMMMM, FEAR... **PAIN**...
THANKS TO MY **DELAY**,
THAT WOULD BE THE TWINS,
FINISHING THEIR **REPAST**.



NO!



**A FEAST FOR
THEIR UNHATCHED
BROOD!**



**YOU GOTTA
TALK T' ME.**

NO!

**STAY
BACK IF
YOU WANT
TO LIVE!**





NO!



A FEAST FOR
THEIR UNHATCHED
BROOD!



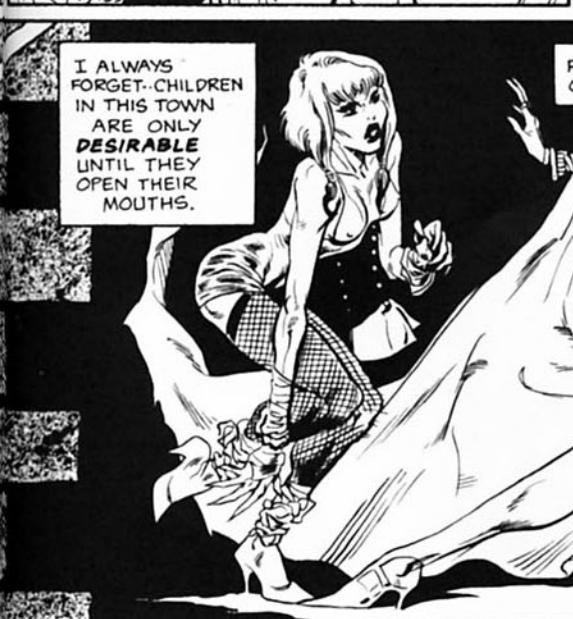
DAMN YOU, IAN!
AM I THE ONLY
CREATURE LEFT
BARREN, STERILIZED
BY YOUR FATHER'S
WORK?



YOU GOTTA
TALK T' ME.

NO!

STAY
BACK IF
YOU WANT
TO LIVE!



I ALWAYS
FORGET...CHILDREN
IN THIS TOWN
ARE ONLY
DESIRABLE
UNTIL THEY
OPEN THEIR
MOUTHS.



FUCKIN' A.
OMYGAWD.

FUCKIN'
A.



DAMN YOU, IAN!
AM I THE ONLY
CREATURE LEFT
BARREN, STERILIZED
BY YOUR FATHER'S
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I ALWAYS
FORGET. CHILDREN
IN THIS TOWN
ARE ONLY
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OPEN THEIR
MOUTHS.

FUCKIN' A.
OMYGAWD.

FUCKIN'
A.



BUSY **SEEDING**
... THEY DON'T SEE
US-- UNDER HERE,
WE CAN **KEEP** IT
THAT WAY.

IF I HADN'T
... **MET** YOU, I COULD
HAVE **BLED THEM** BEFORE
THEY GOT YOUR **FRIEND**. I
WANT YOU INSIDE,
NOW.

'S NAME'S
LARRY. REAL LOSER,
BUT HE DON'T
DESERVE **THIS**.

YOU GOT
DROP DEAD GORGEOUS
TEETH, KNOW WHAT
I MEAN?



HEY, STOP
AN' SMELL THE
RAINBOW, I
ALWAYS SAY.

I, UH, HAVE
A **CONFESSION**.
I'M NOT A **REAL**,
LIKE, **VAMPIRE**.

OMYGAWD!
I KNEW IT!
I LOOKED AT
YOU AN' **FUCKIN'**
KNEW IT!

YOU SEEM
RATHER **BLASÉ**
ABOUT ALL THIS.
SHOULD I... **KNOW**
YOU, **BETTE**
NOIR?



GOT ANY
HAIR SPRAY
IN THIS BAG?
YES.

JUS!
DO
IT!

YOU
GOTTA BITE,
TRANSFORM
ME. THEN
WE'LL BE
SISTERS.



YOU
DON'T WANT
TO BE ONE OF
MY SISTERS.
TRUST ME.

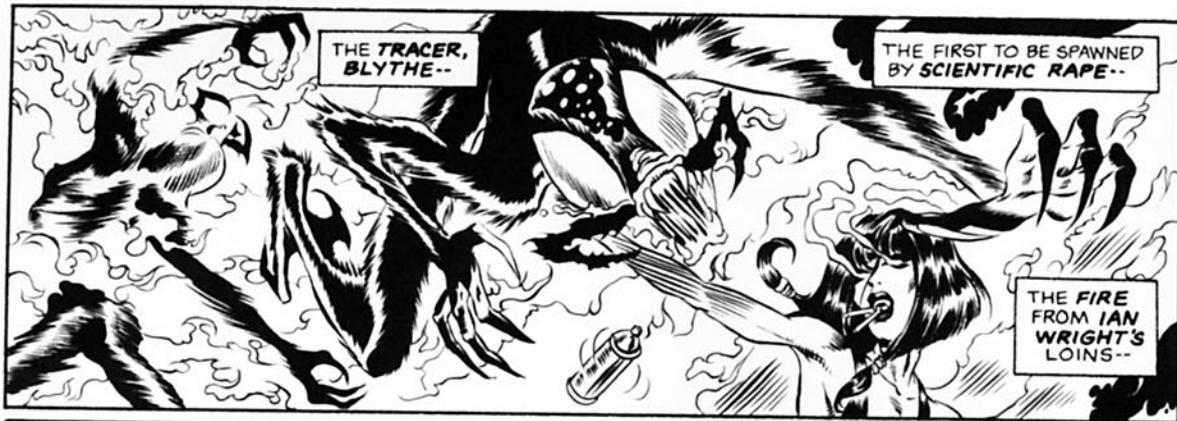
STICK
TO WHAT
YOU'RE GOOD
AT, BETTE.
BAIT.





NO **SONG**...YOU
HEAR YOUR OWN
BRAIN BEING TORN
FROM YOUR
SKULL--

WHEN MY
MOTHERS
SCREAM
FOR THEIR
BURNING
BABIES.



THE TRACER,
BLYTHE--

THE FIRST TO BE SPANNED
BY SCIENTIFIC RAPE--

THE FIRE
FROM IAN
WRIGHT'S
LOINS--



MAY HAVE BEEN
BUT A RUMOR FOR
THESE *Petites*--

FELLOW CREATURES
OF THE *Ens Veneni!*



TONIGHT THEY KNOW.

HEAR ME
AT ALL



CIGARETTE?

YOURS IS
A LITTLE BLOODY.
SORRY.

BUT
THEN, YOU
DO PROFESS
TO **SAVOR**
THAT.



I SHOULD **KICK**,
BUT, WHAT'S THE
POINT, RIGHT?

SO.

NOW, YOU'VE
WITNESSED WHAT I
DO TO MY SISTERS.
ALL I HAVE LEFT.

'TIL I FIND
THE **BASTARD**
WHO FORCED--

WELL, OUR
"TRANSFORMATION"
TO BORROW
YOUR WORD

BEATS
STRIPPIN'
FOR WALL
STREET
JERKS.

FLUCK.
**'S FUCKED
UP.**

YOU, LIKE,
**FELL PRETTY
HARD FOR THE
GUY, RIGHT?**





THANKS, MOM. FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW.

I DON' EAT FOOD, 'CEPT OCCASIONALLY A PIECE 'A BLOOD-RARE MEAT' AND SOME-TIMES, BUT ONLY IF I'M, LIKE, REALLY FUCKIN' DEPRESSED, CHERRY FROSTED POPTARTS!

I'VE TASTED HUMAN BLOOD! I, LIKE, SHUN THE LIGHT OF DAY!

I'VE READ EVERY ONE 'A ANNE RICE'S BOOKS!

PLEASE!

I'LL HAVE NONE OF THIS **PLAYING MONSTER**--IT'S A **GAME** FOR YOU!

YOU **CAST OFF** WHAT THOSE **FOUL INSECTS** HAD **STOLEN**? WHAT **THEY** STOLE FROM **METALHEAD LARRY** BACK THERE?

HUMANITY--

LIVING AS A **WOMAN**, WITH ALL THE **PLEASURE** AND **PAIN** THAT **HUMAN FLESH**--

GOD, YOU LOOK LIKE IT **HURTS** TO--

I HAD A LIFE LIKE YOU, **ONCE**.

I SEEN **DEATH** AN'IT SURE THE **FUCK** AIN'T NO **COMFORT**.

YOU AWAIT THE **COMFORT** OF THE **GRACE** OF BRINGING LIFE TO A **CLOSE**--**NATURALLY**.





"WEIRDED THIS GUY LORENZO OUT TOTALLY."

LORENZO, SWEAR ON MY GRANDMA'S ROSEMARY BEADS, I WON'T DO IT AGAIN!



"BUT FUCK 'IM, RIGHT? HE WASN'T THE REAL LOVE I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT."



"HE'S LIKE 'I NEED SOME SPACE.' FUCK ME, SPACE."

YOU'RE A STRIPPER, BETTE, JESUS, CAN'T YOU ONCE TAKE THE BOOTS OFF?!

I LIKE-- I LIKE BEIN' WITH YOU!



I LIKE KINKY, ARRRIGHT?! BUT YOU CAN'T GET OFF WITHOUT CHEWIN' ON MY FUCKIN' NECK?!



"I CHALLENGED HIM."

CALL ME, BETTE!

BUT FIRST, CALL A GOOD SHRINK!!



"ALL THOSE DENTAL SURGERY DOLLARS, DOWN THE TUBE."



"WELL, NO ONE WANTS TO BEAT A DEAD FISH OR ANYTHIN', BUT I WAS TOO FAR GONE TO QUIT."



"YOU KNOW **NEW YORK** --IF YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION, THERE'S **NINE** OTHER PEOPLE **BENT** JUST LIKE YOU."



"TWO WEEKS LATER, **MARY ELIZABETH** FOUND ME."

"A'OURSE I COULDN'T BECOME A **VAMPIRE** --I DIDN'T KNOW ANY RITES OF, LIKE, **PERSONAL TRANSFORMATION**."



"**SISTERS OF THE VIOLENT FLAME**', SHE CALLED IT."



"**MARY-ELIZABETH READ A LOT**."



"BUT SHE DROPPED ME LIKE A **HOT TOMATO**, TOO."







"HARD TO BELIEVE,
ALMOST A YEAR
AGO. I NURSED
JIMMY... I
NURSED HIM
THROUGH... IT."

"WELL, THEY NEVER
USED TO RETURN
MY CALLS ANYWAY."

"HE LOVED
ME. SAID
HE DIDN'T
MIND, LONG
AS HE HAD
ME. HIS
OWN FAMILY.."

"EVEN HIS *INSURANCE*
COMPANY WAS ACTIN'
LIKE HE DIDN'T EXIST
ANYMORE."



"GOD, I
NEVER
WANNA
BE SO...
UNWANTED."



"COMPLICATIONS RESULTING FROM
AIDS, THE *WHITE COATS* CALLED IT
WHEN I SIGNED FOR HIM."

"HE DIDN'T TEST
POSITIVE, BUT
THEY SAY THAT'S,
LIKE, NO
GUARANTEE."



"IT WAS NOT ONLY
LOSIN' THE FUCKIN'
WAR, IT WAS
JOININ' THE OTHER
SIDE, HIS BLOOD."



"KEPT AWAY 'OPPORTUNISTIC
INFECTION', BUT THE *AIDS* WAS
KILLIN' THE OXYGEN, LIKE
CHOKIN' HIS BLOOD."

"I GOT
THIS
IDEA,
RIGHT?"



"MAKE MY BLOOD... HIS."



"ISN'T THAT ... LOVE?"



AN' YOU LOVE ME, TOO -- AT LEAST LIKE A *SISTER*, RIGHT? *BLYTHE*? YOU SEE WHAT I DON'T SHOW THE CREEPS IN THE TIT BARS.



THE BRUISES DON'T HURT MUCH.



THEY JUST DON'T GO AWAY.



YOU'RE A TRUE VAMPIRE, MAYBE THE ONLY ONE LEFT.

I'M SCARED.

I AM...UH...THE PRODUCT OF SCIENCE, NOT SUPERSTITION.

MY... GIFT OF NIGHTVISION, AND CERTAIN AETHERIC SHAPING... THESE ARE ACQUIRED SKILLS, LIKE SINGING FOR YOU, I-I--

HOW...?

PEOPLE... THEY'LL PITY, BUT I'LL HAVE ONE FOOT IN, LIKE THE UNKNOWN --THEY'LL HAVE TO FEAR ME, HATE ME, TOO!

AND WHAT'LL BE WAITIN' FOR ME --OR WORSE...WHAT IF THERE'S **NOTHIN'** WAITIN' AT ALL?

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME.





"you can
live
forever.."

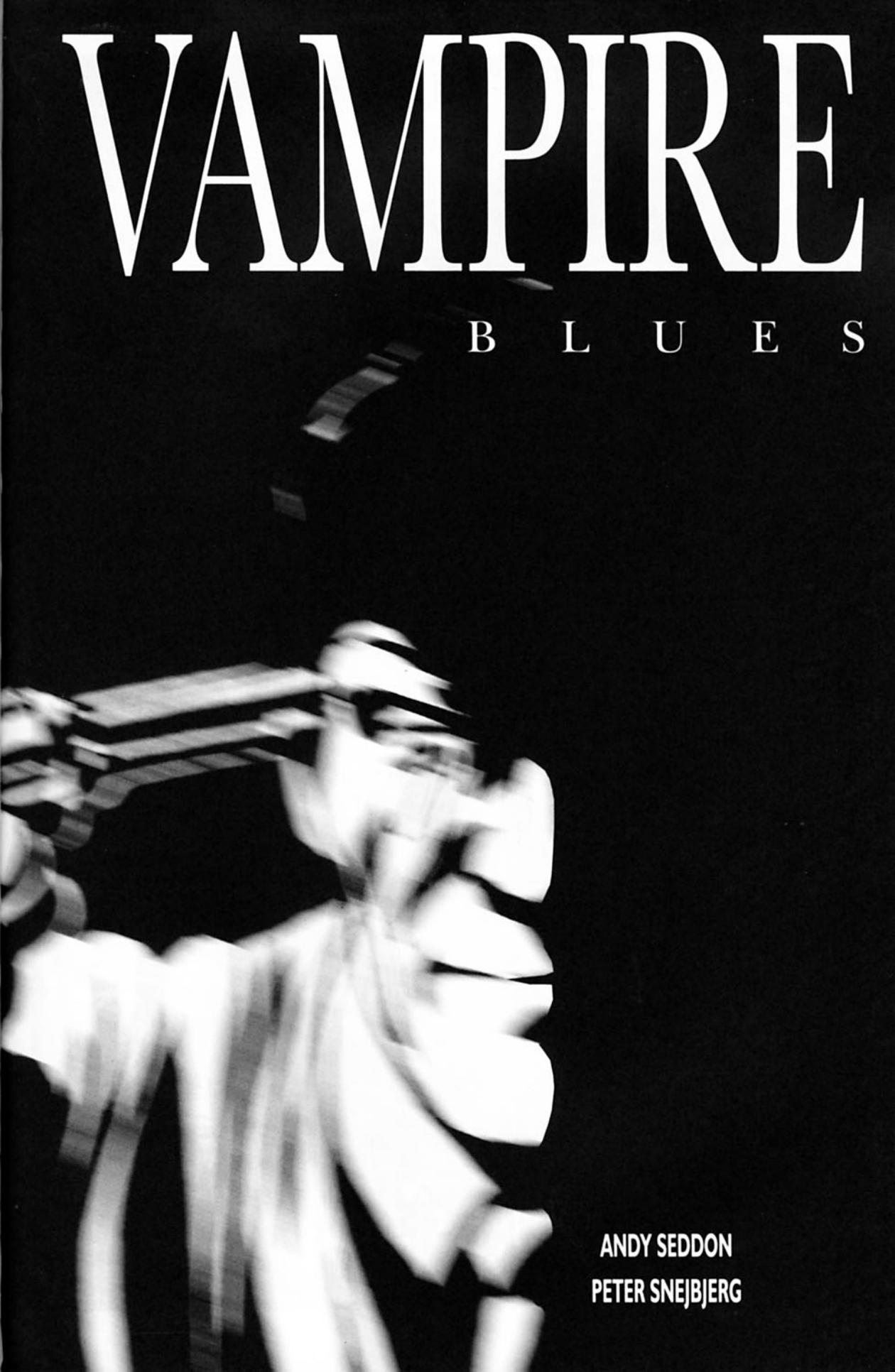


"you just can't
live so proud."



BETTER
NOR
FIN.

VAMPIRE



B L U E S

ANDY SEDDON
PETER SNEJBJERG



'NIGHT,
SEE YOU
TOMORROW.

VAMPIRE-BLUES

OH HUMP!

WHAT
DOES THAT
KID DO IN
THERE?

LIKE FATHER,
LIKE SON.



HAH,
YEAH,
SURE.

CHKASHH!

HE'S
GOT TO BE
KIDDING!



OH,
JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!



CHKASHH!

PAATSSY!



UH...?



YOU!

BRIING
BRIING

BRIING*

UH... OH. SHIT... HELLO?
YEH...

BOB, IT'S LLOYD HERE. I'M DOWN AT 365 LOCUST STREET. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE, WHOLE FAMILY THIS TIME.

CHRIST, I'M NOT ON DUTY FOR TWO HOURS... HOW MANY?

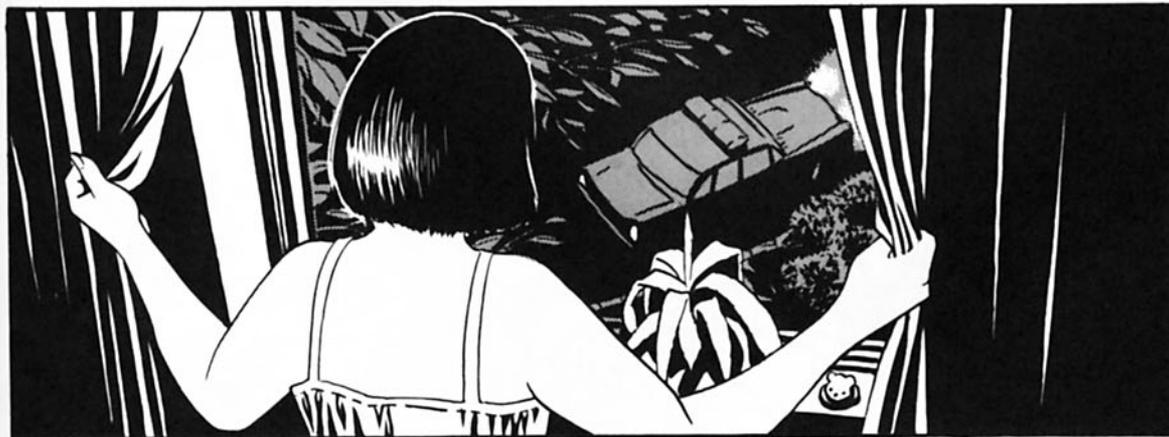
THREE. MOTHER AND FATHER, AND THEIR TEENAGE SON. IT'S A REAL MESS, I THINK YOU BETTER COME RIGHT DOWN.

OKAY. OKAY, I'M ON MY WAY.

HEY, YOU AWAKE...? LOOK, I'M SORRY, MARY. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER KILLING, I'VE GOT TO GO DOWN TO THE WEST SIDE.

YOU LISTENING? I SAID I'M SORRY...

...SHIT, DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER...











YOU POOR BASTARD, YOU STILL CAN'T COPE WITH IT, CAN YOU?



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN ON THE NIGHT SHIFT?

GUH GUH
GET BACK!



I CAN'T KEEP WATCHING YOUR BACK, BOB. YOU'RE OUT OF CONTROL...



HEY! SHIT-FOR BRAINS! THE GUN'S NO GOOD! WE'RE BOTH VAMPIRES, REMEMBER?



YOU SCHIZO MANIAC. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN EATING THE POPULATION!

HELL, YES! LOOK AT THIS. YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO EVEN CLEAN UP AFTER YOURSELF.



I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH YOU ANY MORE, BOB, I'M LEAVING.

BLANK

BRING BRING

BRING

YEH, UH...

WHAT? WHO IS IT?

BOB, IT'S FRANK. WE'VE FOUND LLOYD. YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN HERE. WE'RE IN THE OLD JOHNSON PLACE.

OKAY, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.



Flesh & Blood



VAMPIRE TATTOOS AND ORIGINAL NUDE ARTWORK BY JOHN BOLTON



Bad Blood Cover Sketch



Bad Blood



Sweetmeats Cover Sketch



Sweetmeats



Sugarvirus Cover Sketch



Sugarvirus



Night Vision Cover Sketch



Night Vision

Tattoos

BY GRAHAM MARKS

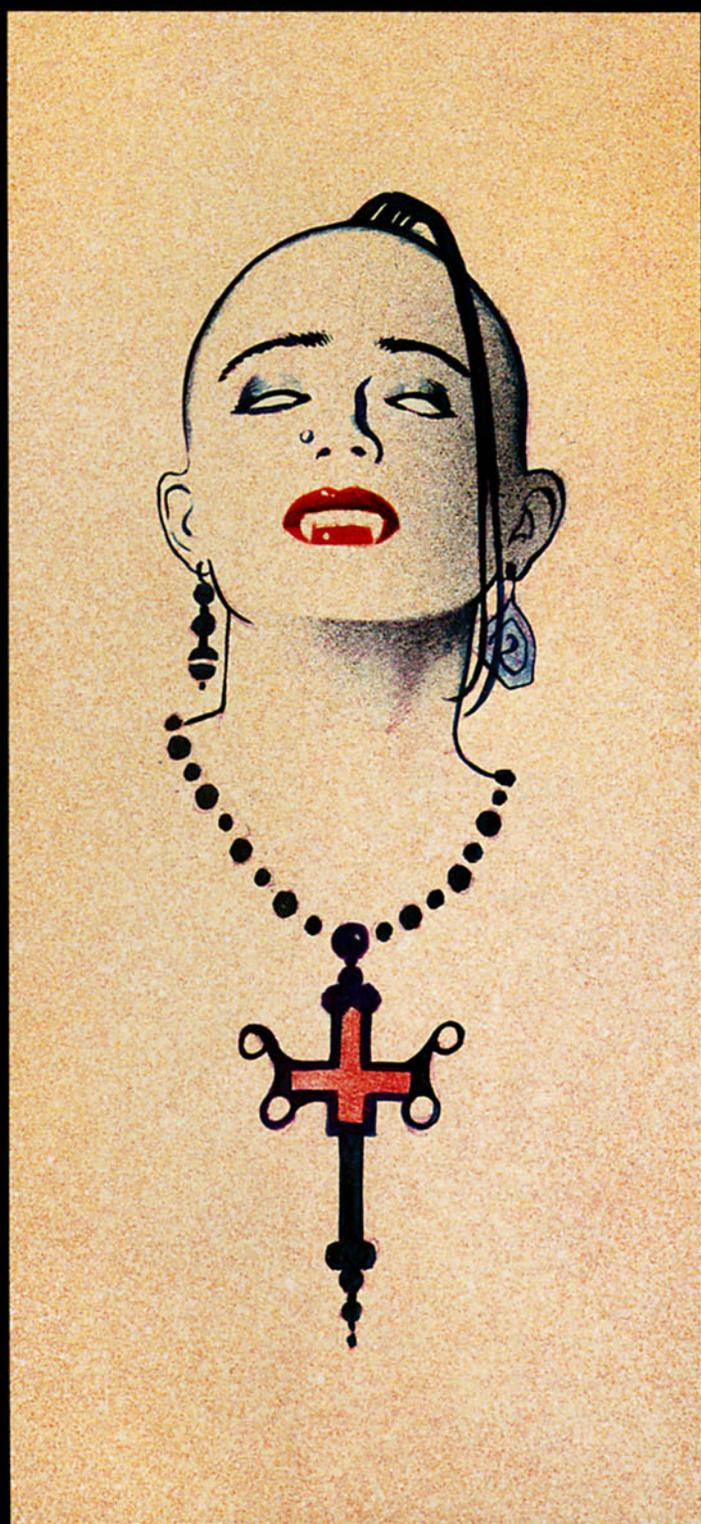
Back when the word 'tattoo' was normally preceded by the word 'Edinburgh' in 90% of households, the only people you saw with tattoos were the dangerous-looking types who rode on the back of your Dodgem car when the fair came to town. Their savage decorations were the mark of an outsider, the kind of person who had strayed off or, more likely, according to parental rumblings, never been on the straight and narrow. But that was half the fascination. Some of us knew then, as we careered round in those tin-can cars, that one day we would step over the invisible line and walk into a tattoo parlour, coming out with art on our arms.

Actually, what I walked out with was a bluebird. It was the least gruesome, most aesthetic thing available. The large, morose Scotsman whose emporium I was in didn't do originals, and anyway I hadn't got the bottle to ask for anything different. Things have changed. Tattooing has grown up and out of the seamy pit it once inhabited. It's still not something that 'nice' people do, but who the hell wants to be 'nice' anyway? Should you wish to indelibly stamp yourself there are now plenty of artists out there who can do truly beautiful things to your skin. What follows on the next few pages are the first of a series of tattoo images by John Bolton. He isn't a tattooist, but has been pursued over the years by people asking him to create pictures for them to have on their bodies.

"I've always been intrigued by the perception of extremes," he says, "particularly the extreme of being marked in perpetuity. Up until now I've never wanted any of my work on my body - I don't even hang it on the walls of my home.

"It's taken me a long time to come to terms with tattooing. Other extremes in the way people look can be reversed - hair can be cut, rings removed - but a tattoo isn't like that." He admits he finds it difficult to imagine having one image there forever, but if he does get tattooed it would be something 'weird, sick and definitely macabre' on his shoulder or back. "I suppose what I'm doing here," he says, "is searching my imagination for a picture I'd put on myself."

On the opposite page is one that seems to me to fit the description, but John says it isn't even close. Titled 'Noëlle', it's designed to go on the upper arm and stare longingly at the neck of whomsoever might be standing next to the wearer.



Noëlle

How far have attitudes changed towards tattooing? Look no further than a 1955 edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which no doubt accurately reflects how people had felt for the previous half decade, and under 'TATTOO' it says 'See Mutilations and Deformations'. Lovely. But leap forward to the latest edition and the art of permanent skin marking has now got its very own section. What a difference a few decades can make.

People have been using their bodies as a canvas for as long as Man has run in organised packs. They've found tats' on Egyptian mummies from 2000 BC. In the Old Testament, the Book of Leviticus tells us that we should 'not make any cuttings in your flesh...or tattoo any mark upon yourself.' However it gives no reason, and everyone from ancient Britons, American Indians, Maoris, Japanese Ainu, Polynesians and late 19th century English aristos of both sexes, have at one time or another gone under the needle.

The upper class Englishman and his wife did it because, for a short time, it was fashionable. The Egyptian would have it done to show rank. Through history tattoos have been used to give magical protection, bear witness to the membership of a group or simply to decorate.

Apart from warding off evil spirits, the reasons for getting tattooed today remain pretty much the same as they always were. Hell's Angels do it to prove their everlasting love for Milwaukee's most famous combination of steel and rubber, and their brother bikers. Others do it for their love of country, wife, mother, lover or husband. Rabid fans of certain rock bands do it to show where their allegiance lies - if you see an arm swathed in Celtic patterns it probably belongs to a New Model Army aficionado and not a lover of Caledonian arts. A recurring pattern in John Bolton's work is that of the vampire; it allows full reign to his twin obsessions of beautiful women and the macabre, and has allowed him to produce some of his most stunning images. Many of these disturbing visuals have been used in the Italian magazine Glamour, Atomeka's Bad Blood collection and the Vampire Lestat comics, portfolios and calendar.

The image on this spread, called 'Bethany', uses a twin bat motif - the background one, like a grotesque slash in the curtain of skin, letting the night-creature loose in this world. It's been designed for the upper arm or shoulder blade.



Bethany

Primitive though the roots of tattooing may be, the best of today's artists use the latest hi-tech electrical equipment, in sterile surroundings, to imprint your chosen picture into your flesh. It wasn't always that way.

American Indians made tattoos with a simple pricking technique. Siberian tribesmen pulled threads coated with soot through the skin and in Polynesia a small sharp rake was the favoured method. Other cultures used brass 'pens', sharpened bone or even thorns as the medium to carry pigment and hammer it in, but whatever was used it was painful and took a long time.

The first electric instrument was introduced into the tattoo parlours of the U.S.A. in 1891. The American 'professors', as tattoo artists were called then, took the art into the 20th Century and became its moving force as the practice died out in most other parts of the world. Rest assured that it's still painful, that's part of the ceremony, but it's a lot quicker now. So, after looking at this introduction to the Bolton Portfolio and staring for long enough at 'Siobhan' on the opposite page, you decide you want that needful lady right there on your back. What do you do? Where do you go? Lal Hardy, of the U.K.'s Association of Professional Tattoo Artists, says, amazingly enough, that the first stop is your local Yellow Pages. Then, he says, go visit, scope the place out and check that it's clean, that they always use new needles and new ink for every customer. Back in the good old days the worst you could get from a dirty parlour was hepatitis; today it's AIDS. Be careful.

The word also is - take your time and don't be rushed. You have the rest of your life to live with your decision. Make sure you're happy that the artist is capable of doing what you want. If you can't see proof that he or she can produce work of a standard that will do justice to an image like 'Deborah' on the back cover, then walk out the door and try another place.

Whether you want one of these pictures on your wall or on your skin, they are images that will remain with you. Powerful, graphic and erotic, they are just a taste of what's to come when the full collection of John Bolton's tattoo art is unleashed. Let the undead live a little. Get a tattoo. Especially if it's one of John's. You won't be breaking any copyright laws so long as you only use the image on your skin, and if you send a photo of the finished piece via Atomeka, John may actually use it in the complete works. So, go on. Step over the line...



Siobhan



Deborah

TAKE A BITTER PILL FROM THE ANTISEPTIC HELL OF A SORDID PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. STIR IN THE HEADY SPICE OF ANCIENT FEAR FROM THE GOTHIC BACKSTREETS OF BERLIN. SEASON WITH THE BLACK-FILLED HEART OF HIGH-FASHION MANHATTAN. ADD THE SUBTLEST TOUCH OF EVIL. SERVE TO THOSE WITH A TASTE FOR BAD BLOOD.

Bringing together *SWEETMEATS*, by Steve Tanner & Pete Venters, *SUGAR VIRUS*, by Warren Ellis, Martin Chaplin & Garry Marshall, and *NIGHT VISION*, by David Quinn & Hannibal King. Atomeka's throat-tearing, soul shredding *BAD BLOOD* collection also features a searing new short story by Andy Seddon and Peter Snejbjerg plus a full-colour section which previews John Bolton's fantastic book of tattoos and includes sensational nude versions of his previous *Bad Blood* covers!

\$12.95

