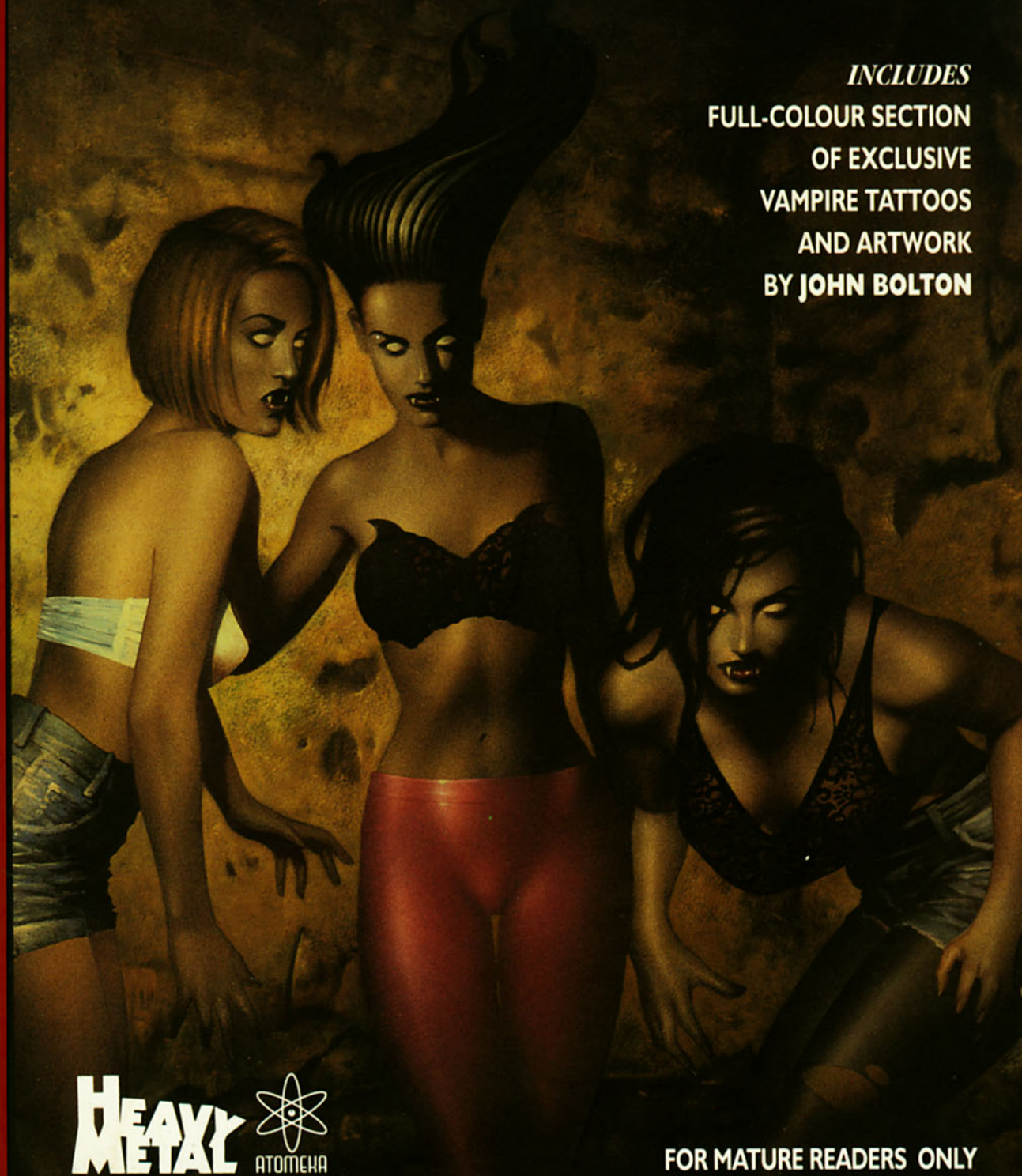


# BAD BLOOD

THE VAMPIRE COLLECTION

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



**HEAVY**   
ATOMIKA

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 SNEJBORG

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**...

aaaaaa!

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.

Beto Ventura 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?

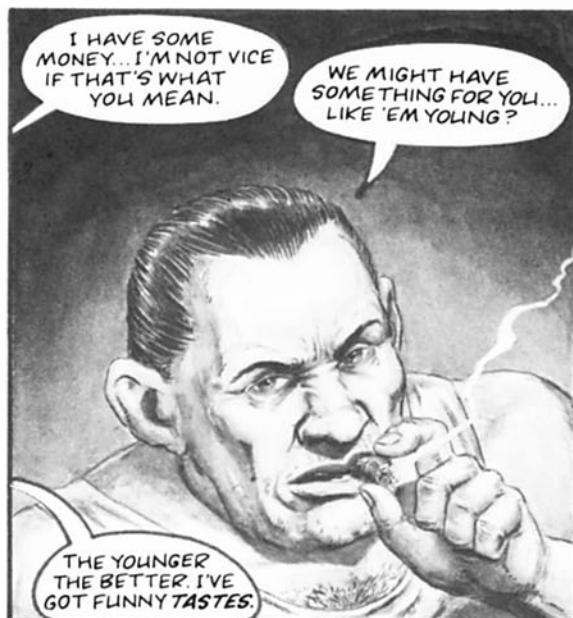
NOT THAT I *WANT* TO BE CURED, OF COURSE,  
NOT WHEN IT GIVES ME SUCH A *KICK*.

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 HERE... 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-







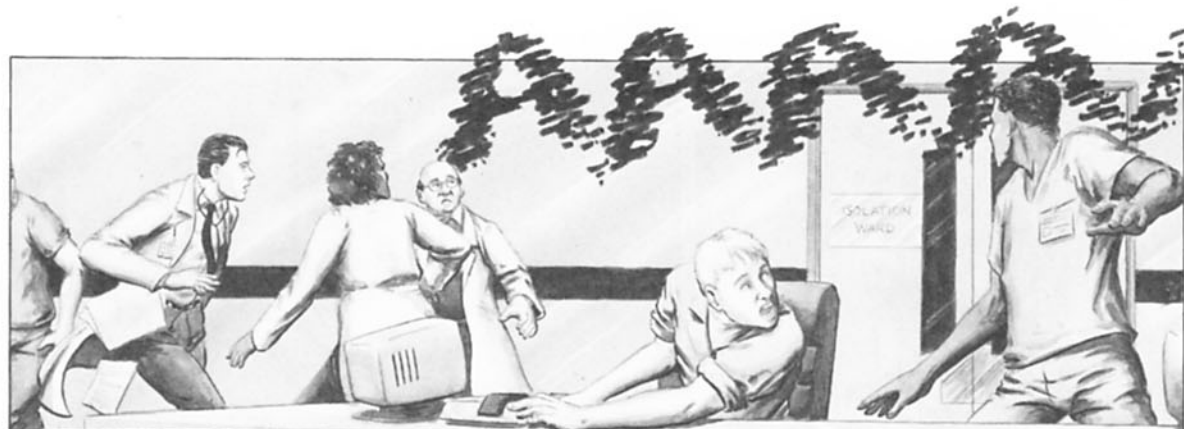
LIRGES.







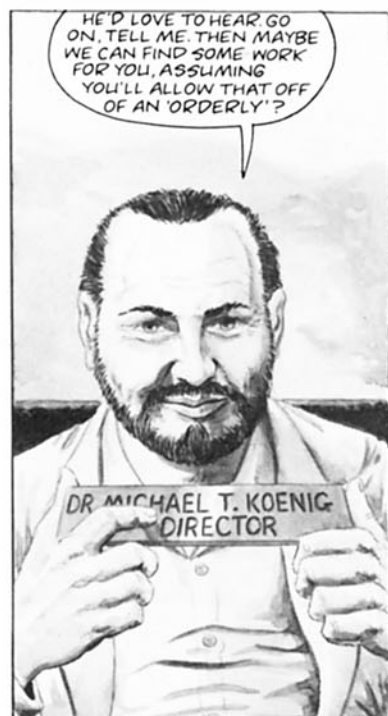
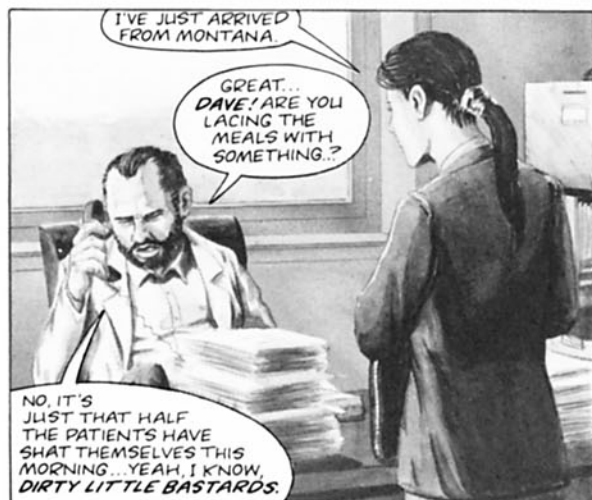






S W E E T M E A T S





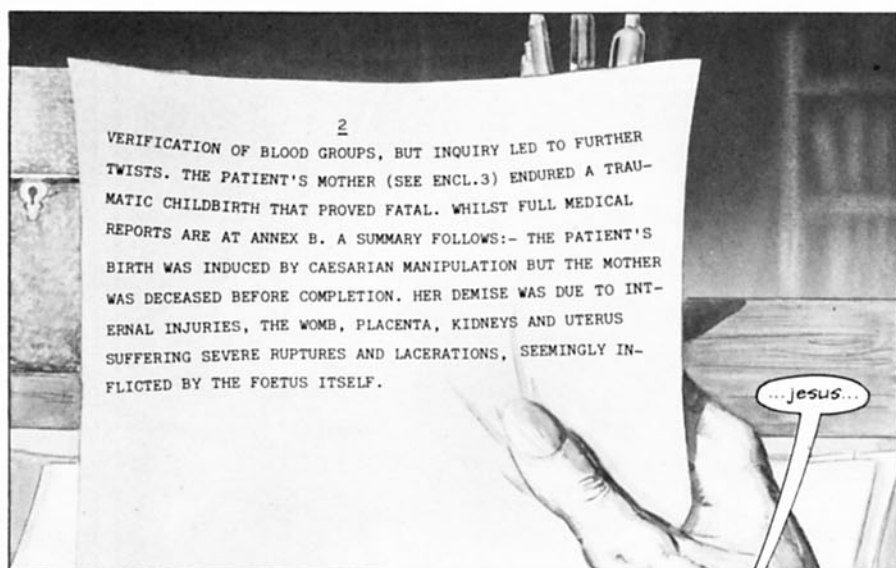
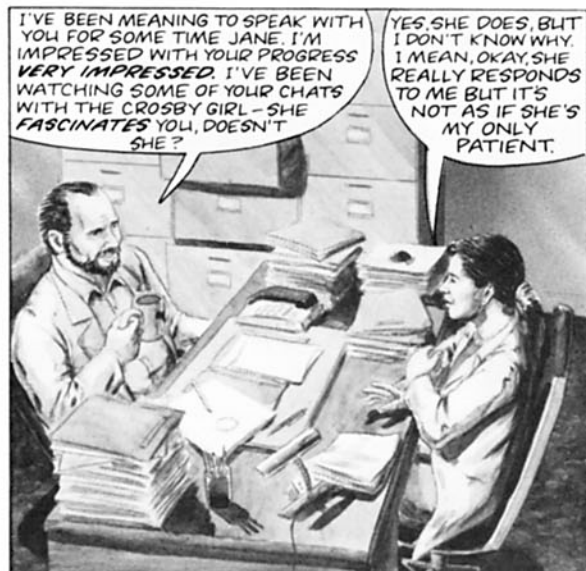


FIRST INTERVIEW. JULY 14TH.









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?

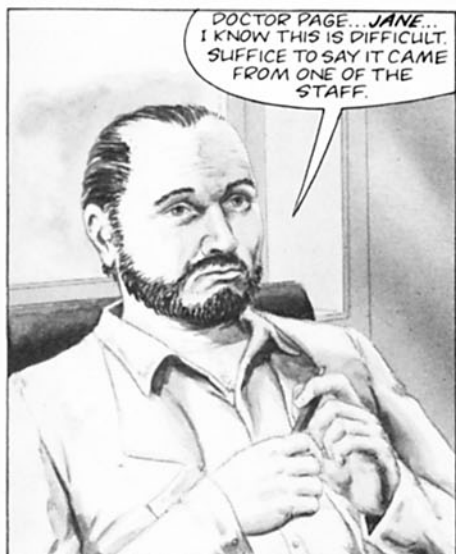
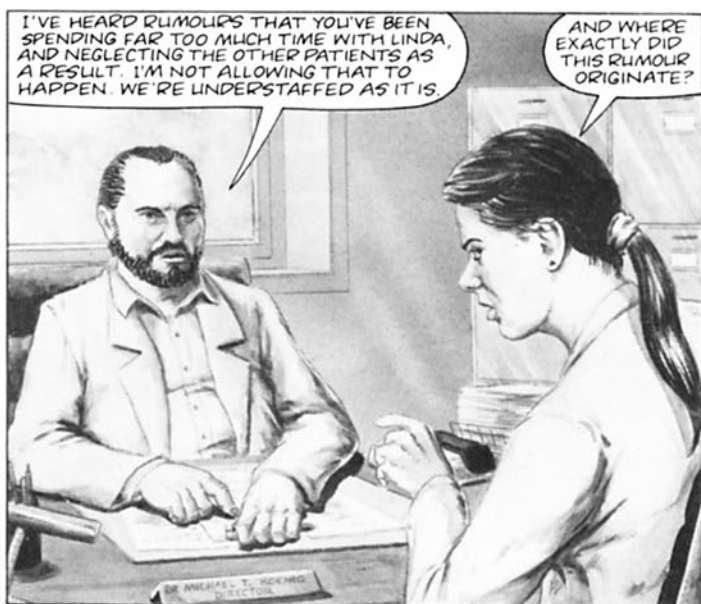
SHALL WE  
TALK ABOUT  
THAT NOW?

UH... 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.









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...

LH, OKAY, MAYBE WE SHOULD WRAP UP NOW...

I WANT THE BLOOD...

LINDA?

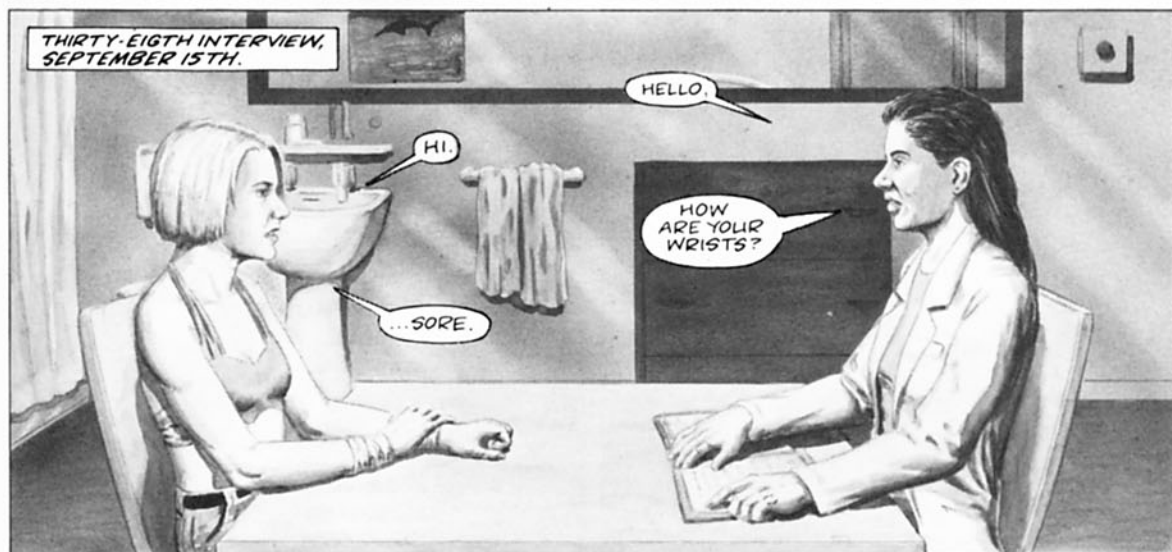
CHRIST, LINDA, DON'T MESS ME AROUND!

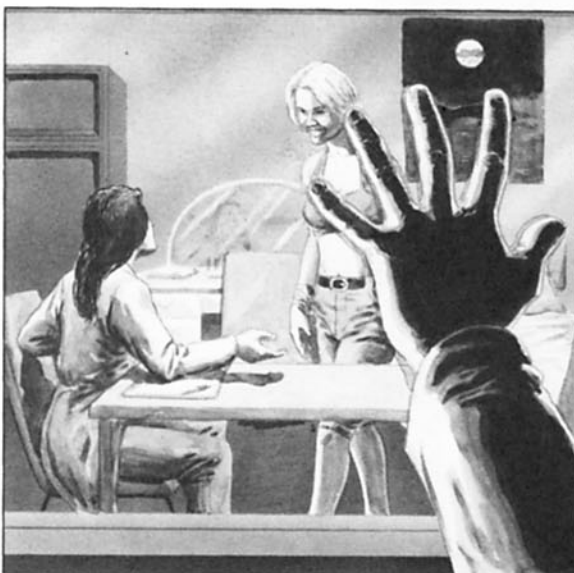
HMMMM. I... WANT...









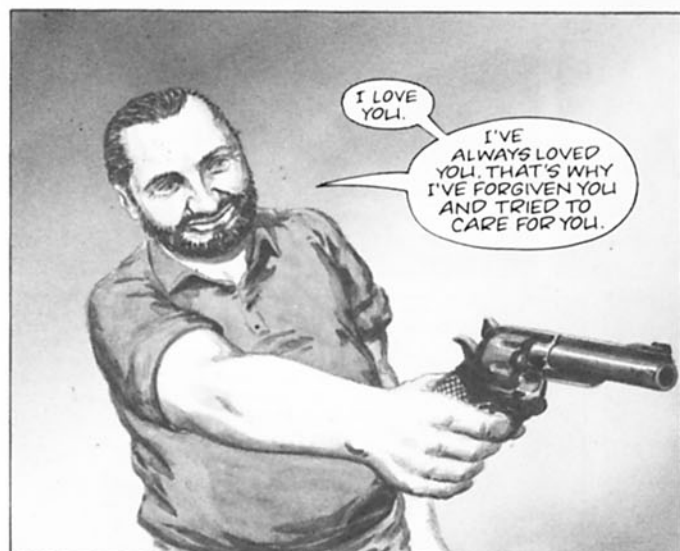






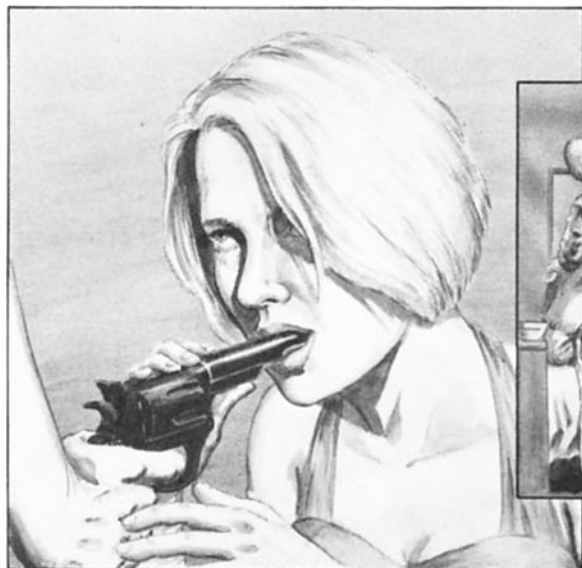


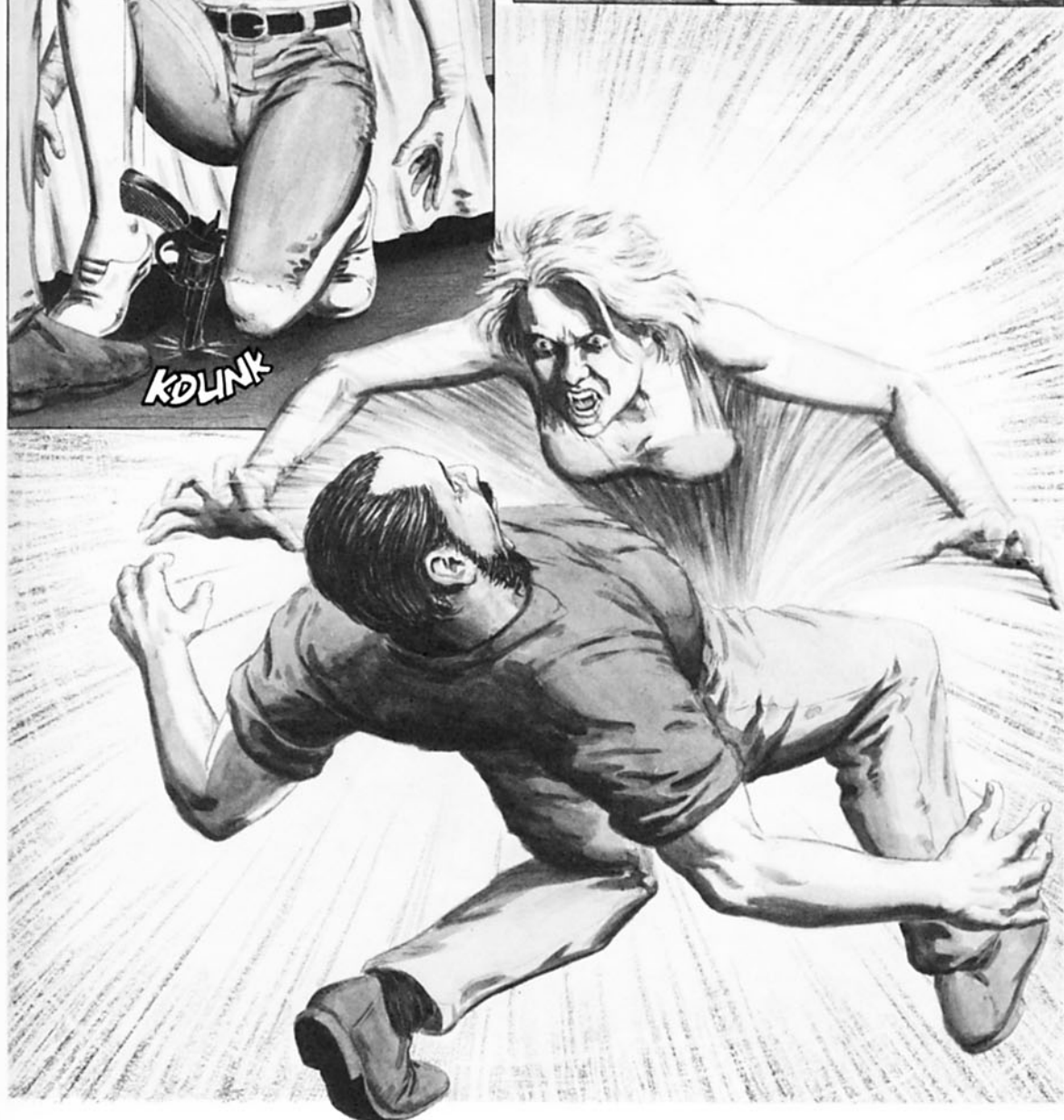






















EVERYBODY DOES. THEY ALL WANT A  
PIECE OF YOU, BUT THEY DON'T  
REALISE YOU WANT A PIECE OF THEM  
TOO - LITERALLY. I MEAN IT'S CRAZY,  
I'VE HAD BOYFRIENDS, I'VE HAD  
SEX, BUT, BUT...



... 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—

SHE COULDN'T  
GET AT US IF  
SHE TRIED.

WELL, YOU CAN  
FEED HER YOUR  
SWEET/MEATS,  
NOT MINE.

CLIK

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

LINDA? LINDA  
HONEY, 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?



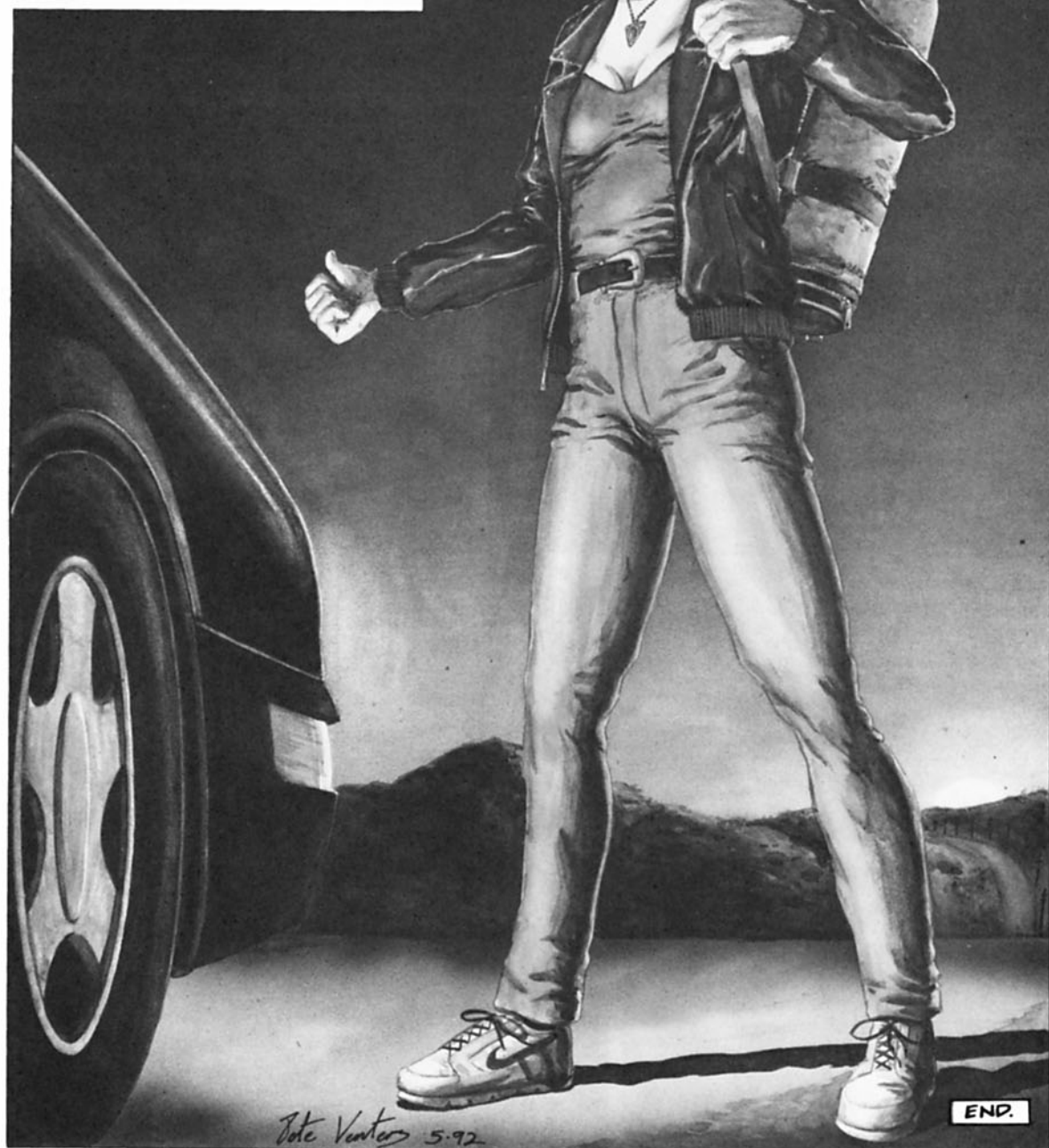
THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN YOU'RE LETTING ON.

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 URGES"



*John Ventres 5-92*

END.



# Sugarvirus



WARREN ELLIS  
MARTIN CHAPLIN  
GARRY MARSHALL

-- In the eyes of Cindy Ruin --

BOTH SHE AND I WERE  
FIRST KISSED HERE.

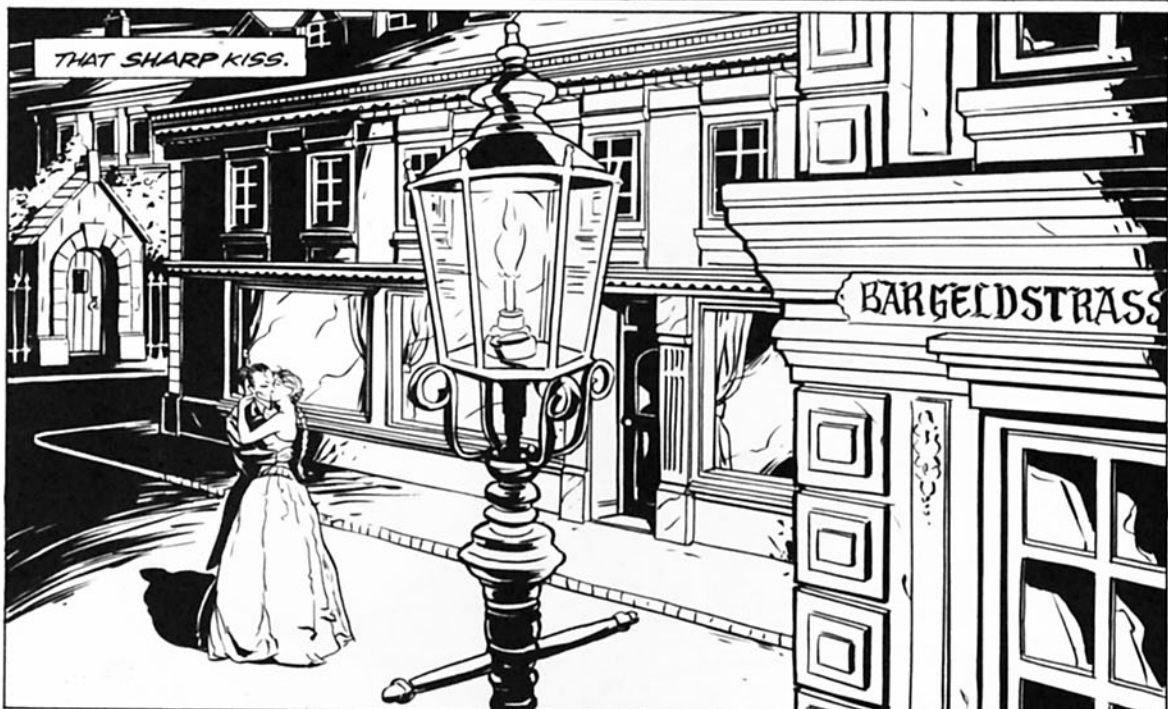
BARGELDSTRASSE;  
BERLIN; GERMANY.

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

BARGELDSTRASSE <sup>Berlin</sup> 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.

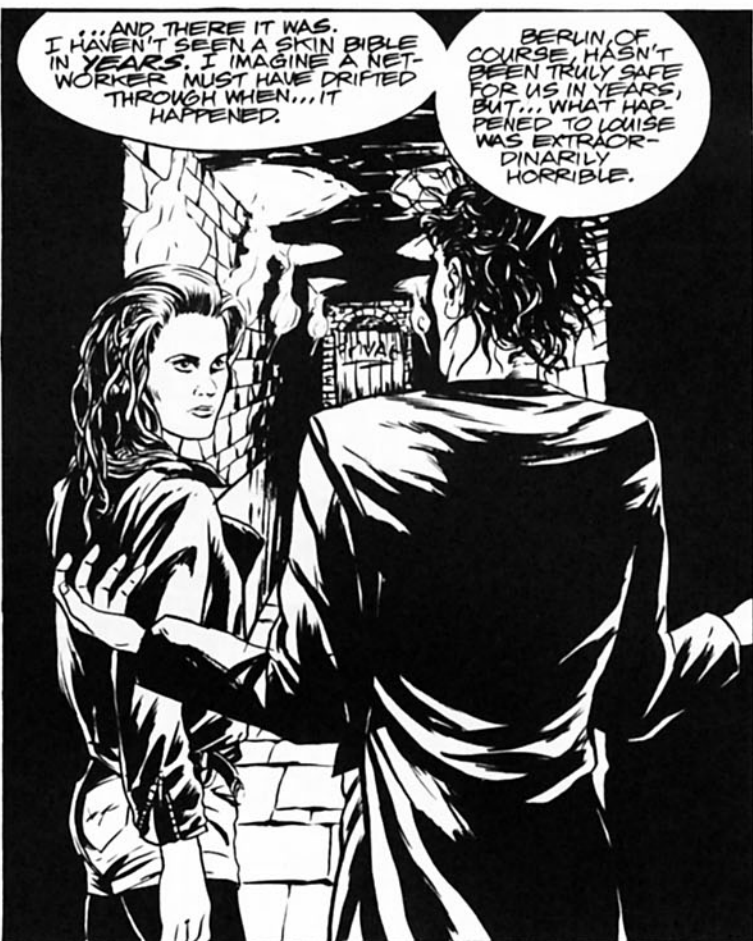






...AND THERE IT WAS.  
I HAVEN'T SEEN A SKIN BIBLE  
IN YEARS. I IMAGINE A NET-  
WORKER MUST HAVE DRIFTED  
THROUGH WHEN... IT  
HAPPENED.

BERLIN, OF  
COURSE, HASN'T  
BEEN TRULY SAFE  
FOR US IN YEARS,  
BUT... WHAT HAP-  
PENED TO LOUISE  
WAS EXTRAOR-  
DINARILY  
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 SUGARVIRUS.



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.





--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.





-- 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.



















-- 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.











-- 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.

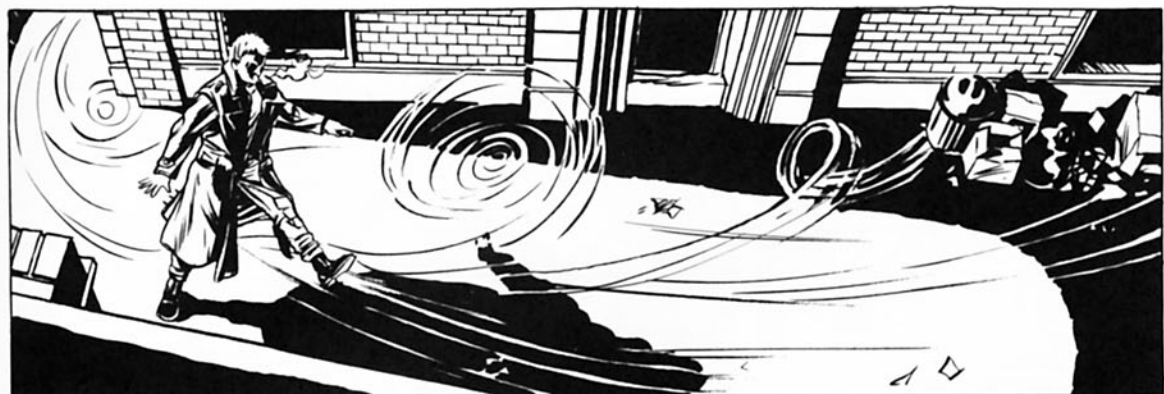


DON'T LEAN ON THE WALL, JOHN.

GO HOME, JOHN.

A WOMAN MIGHT BE WAITING FOR YOU.





I'M SORRY. I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED. I CAN SMELL IT. BUT I HAVE TO DO THIS.

I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT QUICK.

I'M... I'M OUT OF PRACTICE. I'M SORRY.

NO. I'M SORRY. YOU HAVE TO DO IT BUT HHHKKK!

SHUT UP! I CAN SMELL--



I WISH IT WAS ROSE...

GOD. I CAN SMELL ALL OF HIM.

CHEAP SCOTCH, HIS LAST MEAL, CIGARETTES, FRESH URINE, HIS TERRIFIED SWEAT...

IT FILLS ME WITH NATURAL DISGUST. GOD, I ALMOST WANT TO KILL HIM FOR THE WAY HE SMELLS...

PISS AND SWEAT AND...



















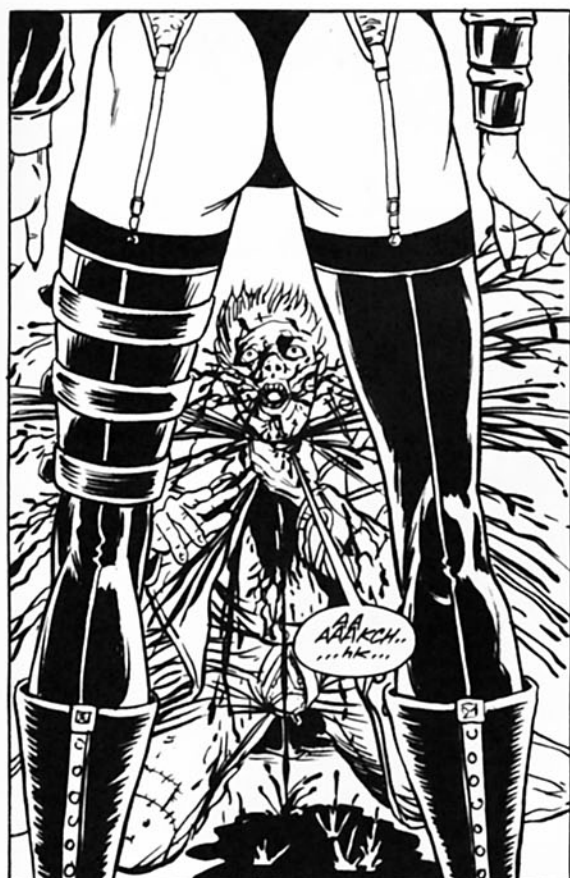
















WELL,  
CROW...



ARE YOU GOING TO  
BE AWKWARD, TOO? WILL  
YOUR TACKY OBSESSION  
WITH LOST YOUNG WAIFS  
BLIND YOU ONCE MORE?

I DID OFFER  
TO SHARE THAT  
CHILD WITH YOU...



I WISH I'D  
FOUND OUT ABOUT  
YOU EARLIER.

OH,  
THAT'S  
PATHETIC.



YOU DON'T  
DESERVE  
TO BE A  
VAMPIRE.







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



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  
QUEEN REQUIRES  
YOUR UNDIVIDED  
ATTENTION...

THE MEAT  
DISTRICT.

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  
change...  
YOU KNOW  
THE REST.

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?



AS REBEL  
STUDIOS  
PRESENTS:

DAVID GUINN & HANNIBAL KING'S

# Nightvision: Intermezzo Bette Noir

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

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?

Yooooooooo  
said  
nothing  
can  
staaaaay--

Yooooooooo  
promised  
nothing--

AND HIDING IN THE  
DARK, THEMSELVES..

Iiiii... took  
you that  
waaaaaay.

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,  
SEEDED 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.

EXI

NO!



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 CONVINCE  
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 **REPA**ST.





**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  
WORK?



I ALWAYS  
FORGET. CHILDREN  
IN THIS TOWN  
ARE ONLY  
**DESIRABLE**  
UNTIL THEY  
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?



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



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

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



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











THE TRACER,  
BLYTHE--

THE FIRST TO BE SPAWNED  
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.

FUCK.  
'S **FUCKED**  
UP.

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





I DON' EAT  
FOOD, 'CEPT OCCASION-  
ALLY 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!

THANKS,  
MOM. FEEL  
MUCH BETTER  
NOW.



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**.









"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'COURSE 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?"







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

I'M  
SCARED.

I AM...UH...THE PRODUCT  
OF **SCIENCE**, NOT SUPER-  
STITION.

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.





# VAMPIRE



B L U E S

ANDY SEDDON  
PETER SNEJBJERG





# VAMPIRE-BLUES

WHUMP!

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!



BRIINNG

BRIINNG

BRIIN\*

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.

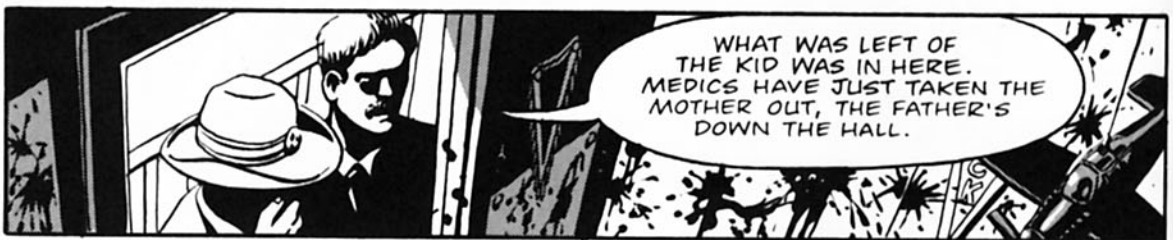
OKAY. OKAY, I'M ON MY WAY.

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

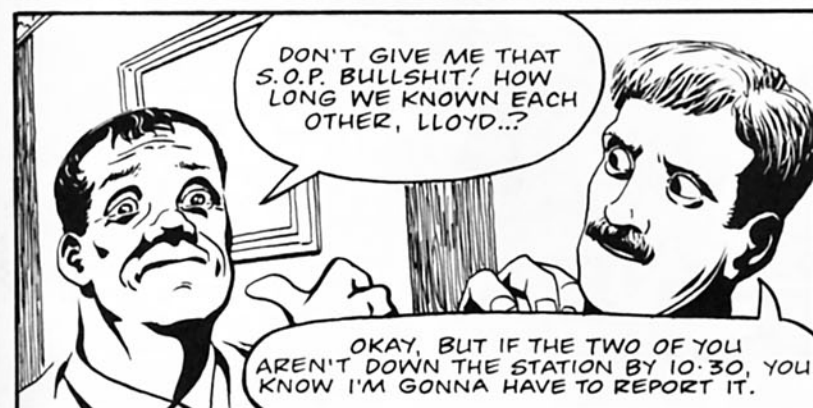
YOU LISTENING? I SAID I'M SORRY...

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











**SCREEEM!**

**SLAM!**

OH, HI,  
HONEY.

GUH GUH  
GUH

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!

WHEN ARE  
YOU GOING TA  
FACE UP TA WHAT  
YOU ARE? YOU'RE  
SUCH A DUMB  
TURD.

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

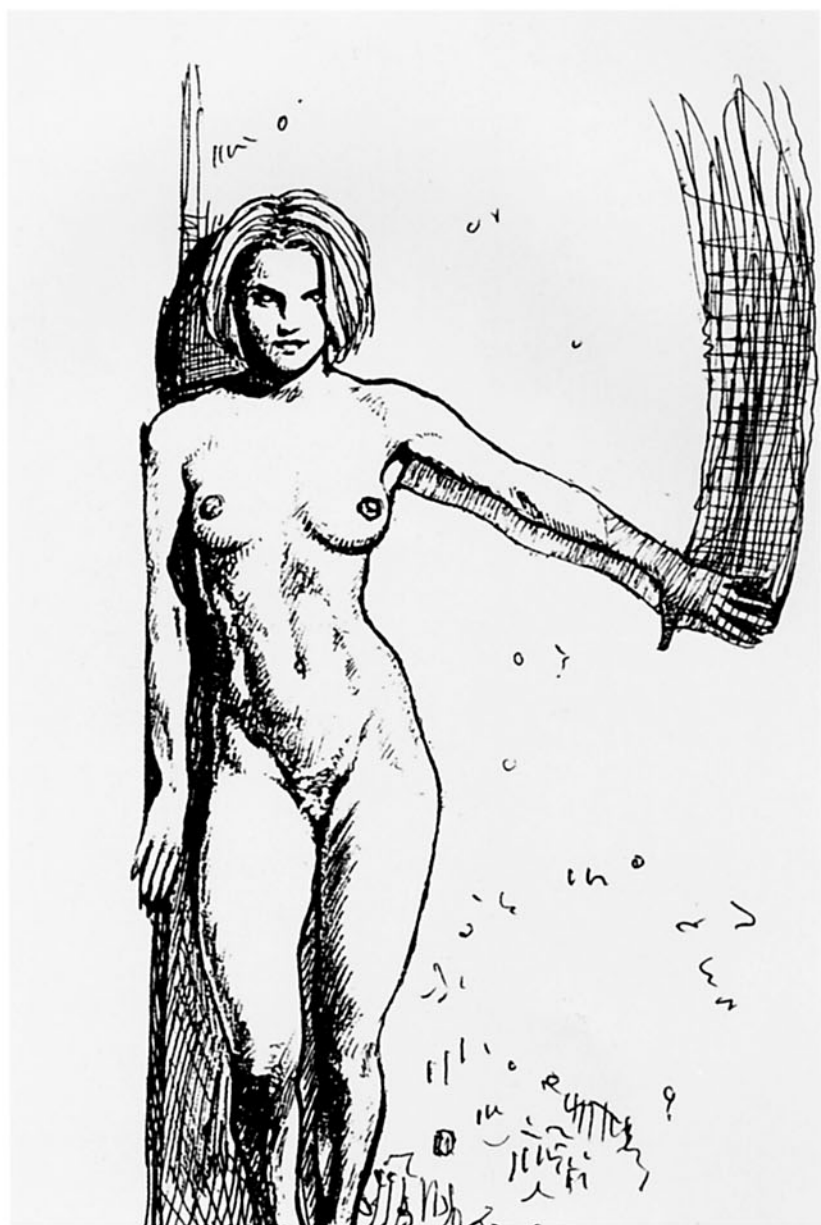


*Bad Blood Cover Sketch*





*Bad Blood*



*Sweetmeats Cover Sketch*



*Sweetmeats*





*Sugarvirus Cover Sketch*



*Sugarvirus*



*Night Vision Cover Sketch*





*Night Vision*

# Tattoos

BY GRAHAM MARKS

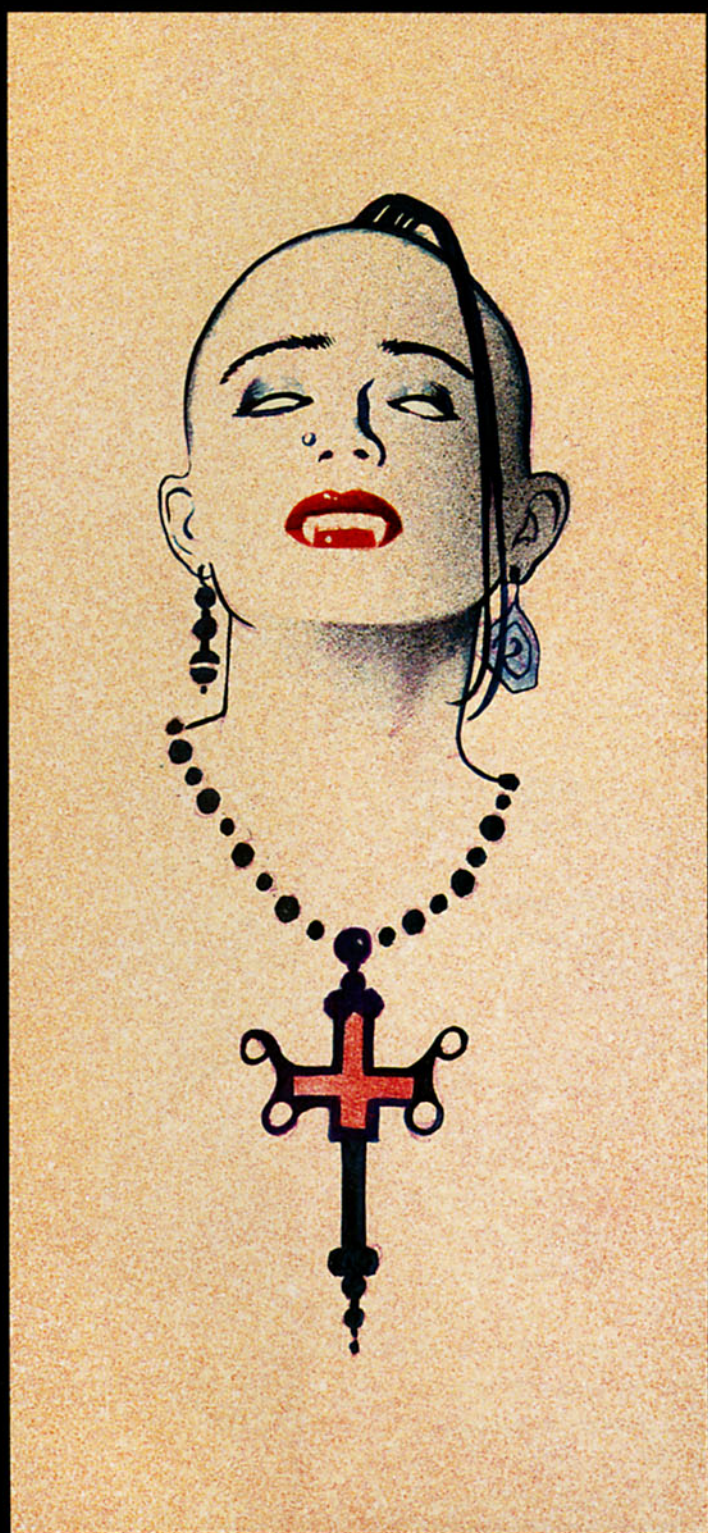
Back when the word 'tattoo' was normally preceded by the word 'Edinburgh' in 90% of households, the only people you saw with tattoos were the dangerous-looking types who rode on the back of your Dodgem car when the fair came to town. Their savage decorations were the mark of an outsider, the kind of 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.

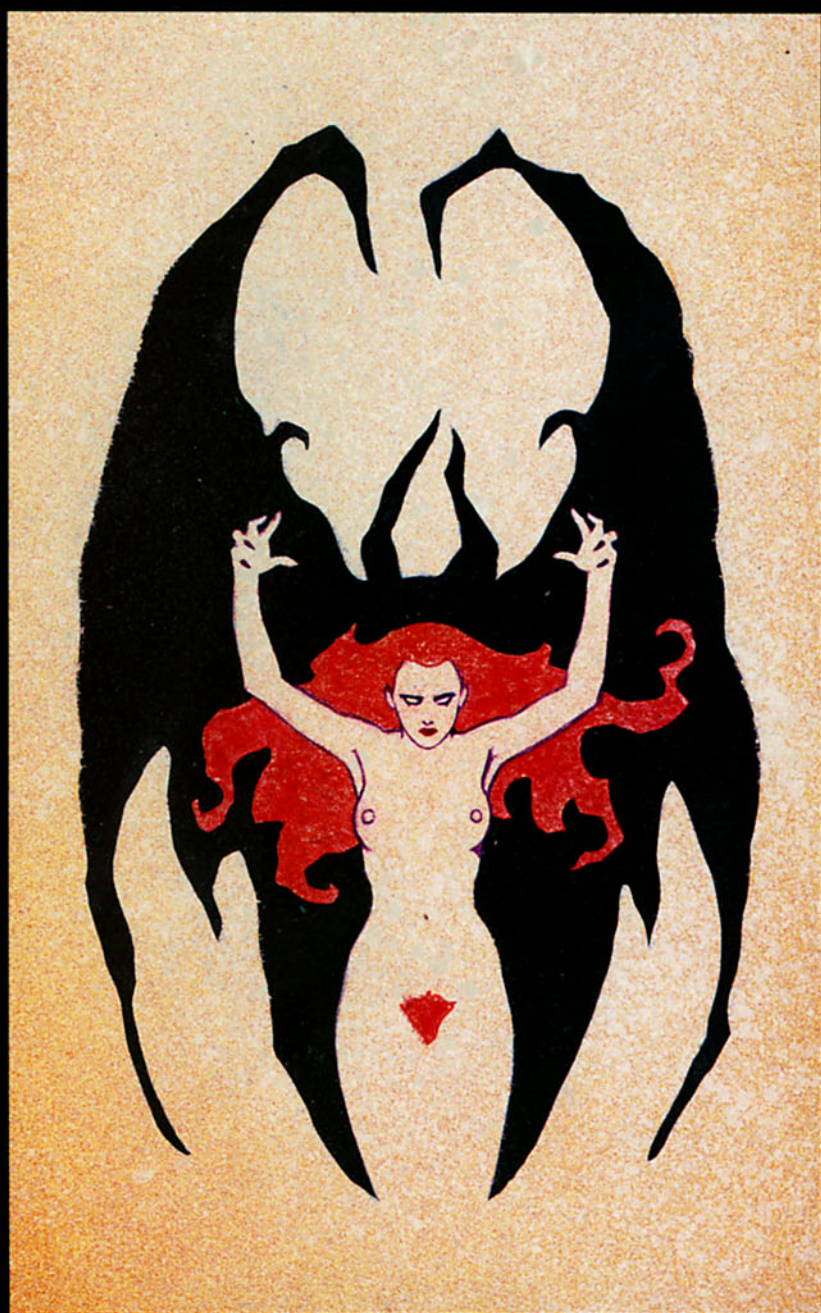
American Indians made tattoos with a simple pricking technique. Siberian tribesmen pulled threads coated with soot through the skin and in Polynesia a small sharp rake was the favoured method. Other cultures used brass 'pens', sharpened bone or even thorns as the medium to carry pigment and hammer it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

