

**The Beautiful and Barbaric ATTILA!**

# MEAT

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# GALLERY

## STATS

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NAME: Rick Nemo  
BORN: Yes  
BREAD: Pumpernickel  
MEDIUM: Height  
HOBBIES: Painting on a computer  
CURRENT RESIDENCE: Rental

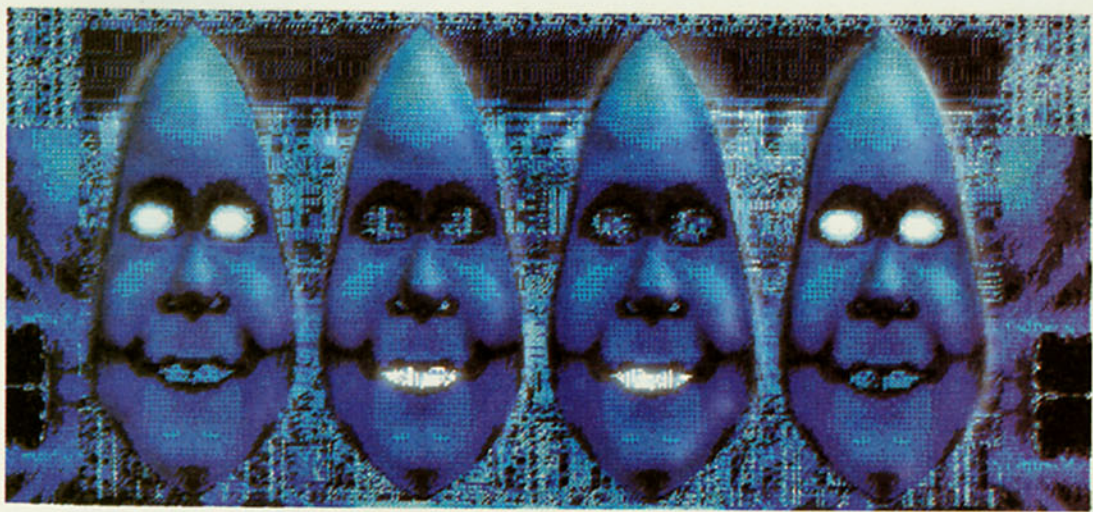
"The computer, in reality, has changed very little in the way I work. I still do it in the middle of the night, I still paint sitting down, and I still procrastinate till the very last minute before starting an assignment.

Before, my portfolio used to weigh a hundred pounds, but I was able to carry my pencils and brushes in my pocket.

Now my 'brush & pencil' weighs a hundred pounds, but I can carry my portfolio on a computer disk in my back pocket."











“Say hello to the twenty-first century. Technology is already an inseparable part of our lives. Automatization, artificial intelligence, artificial replacement organs, test-tube fertilization, life-support systems, all are ‘advances’ that steadily blur the line. In ten years it will be difficult to distinguish human from machine; in twenty years, reality from illusion. But the artist always is, was, and will be balancing in between.”









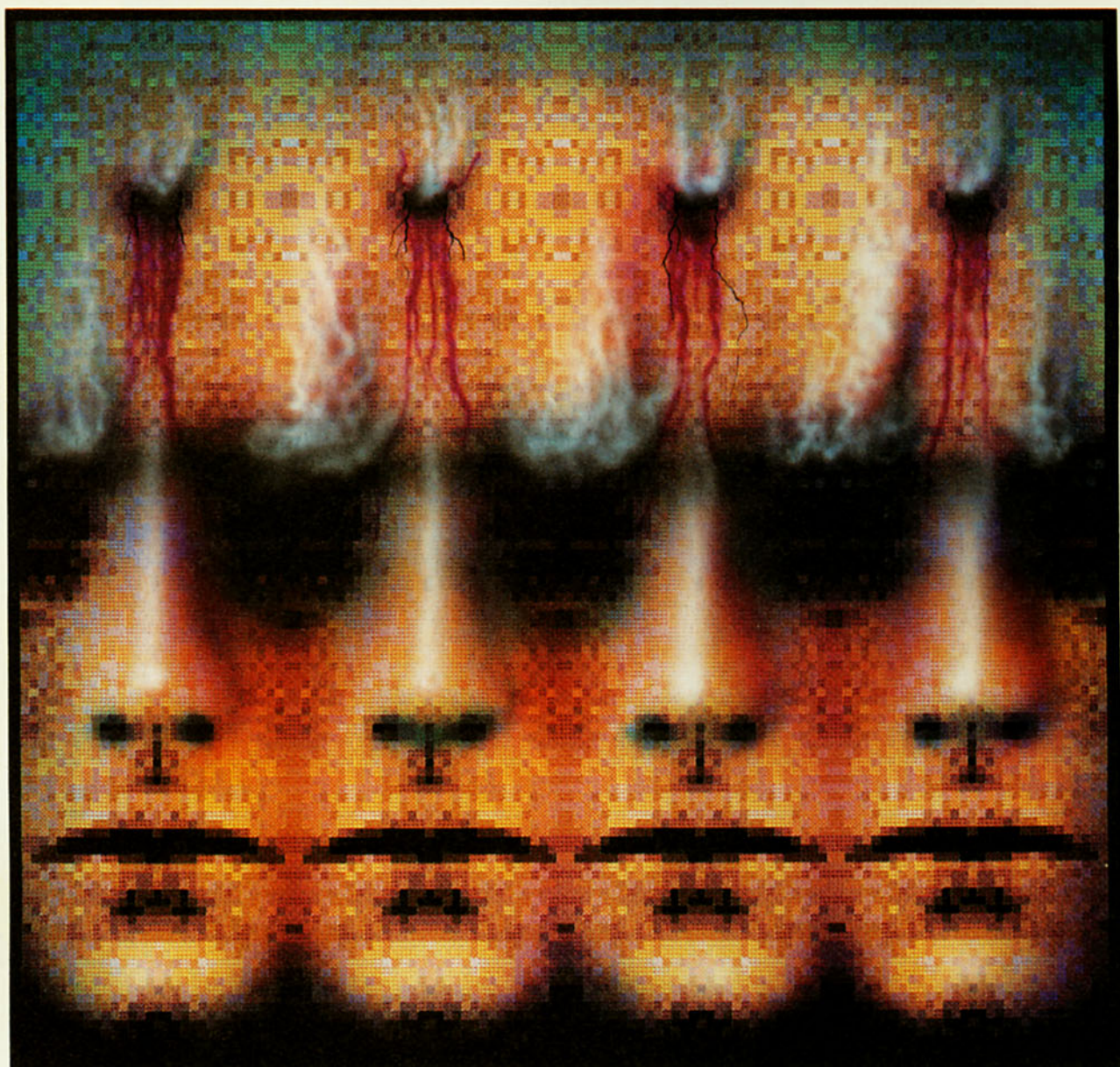




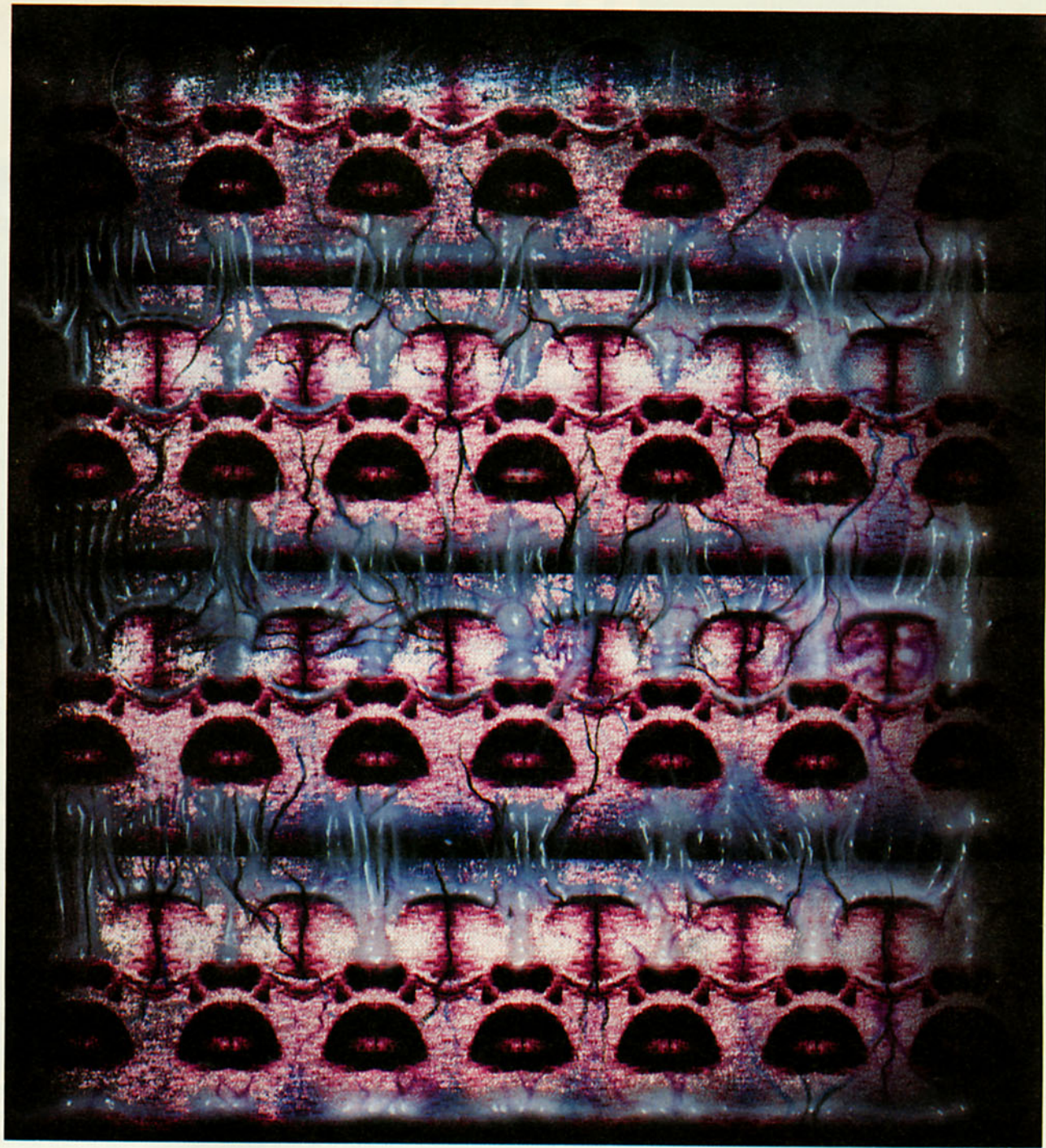
"As a 'biotechnical' artist, I, at the same time, acknowledge and explore our symbiotic relationship with present-day technology. The current running my disk drive and circuit boards is 110 volts, not inspiration. At 4:00 A.M., it's still just you, a blank screen, and a stylus pen poised over a digitized tablet."



“Painting with a computer, while opening countless possibilities, imposes exciting perimeters on the art. The size of the canvas is an inflexible screen, the palette must be predetermined, and creative decisions become a series of structured commands.”



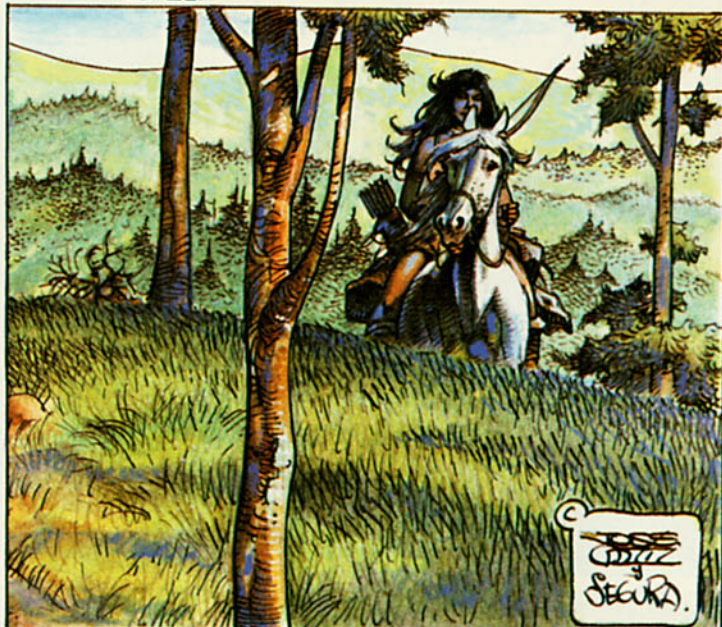




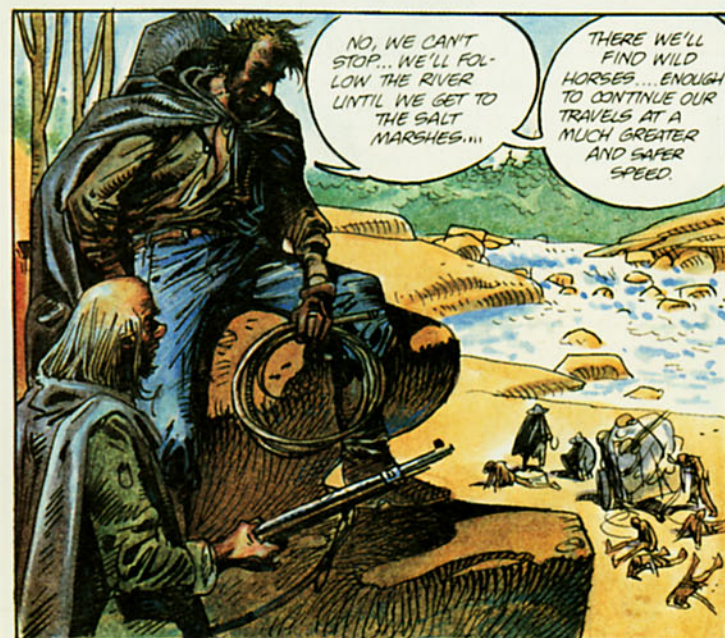
"To me, having a sense of humor is essential. Until my computer learns how to take a joke, tell a joke, or laugh at one, we'll never be anything more than friends."



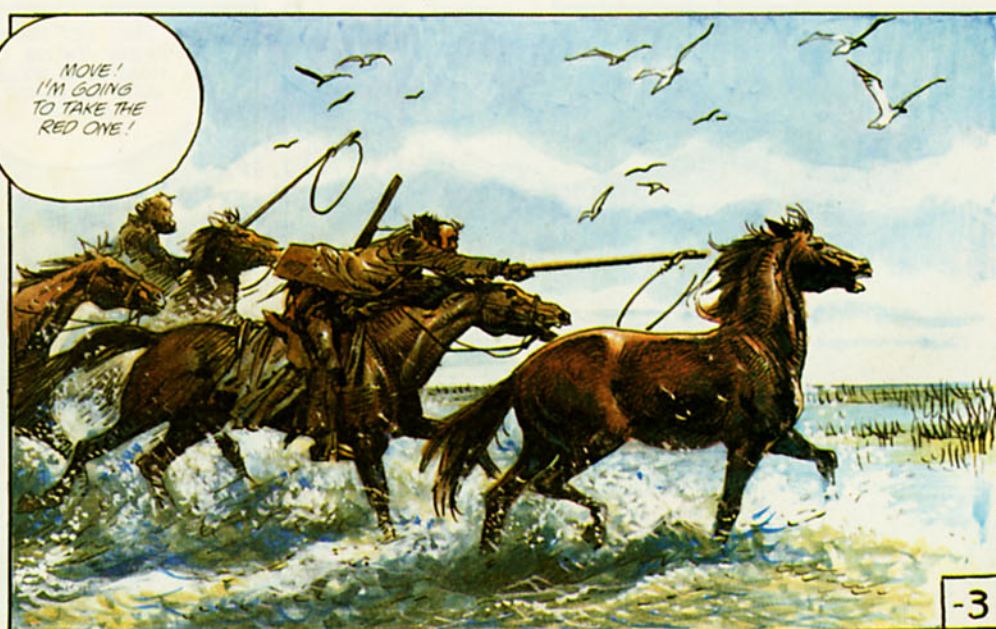
# ATILA











MOVE!  
I'M GOING  
TO TAKE THE  
RED ONE!









SAY... I'VE GOT SUCH A SORE BACK AFTER ALL THIS RIDING AROUND!

HANG ON, CHICO. WE'RE ALMOST HOME.



CHICO WAS RIGHT. WE HAD WORKED VERY HARD ... SO HARD THAT ALL THE BONES IN MY BODY WERE CRYING OUT FOR SOME REST.



THERE'S VIRGIL. HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING.



HE MUST HAVE FOUND THEM.



IT WON'T BE AN EASY JOB. THEY'VE CHOSEN A GOOD REFUGE.

A FORTRESS RISING UP FROM THE SANDS...





THE SEA  
MUST HAVE  
RETRACTED  
FROM THIS  
COAST LEAVING  
THAT CARGO  
SHIP IN THE  
SAND.

YOU'D BETTER  
START THINKING, MY  
DEAR LUCAS... I NEED  
IDEAS... GOOD  
IDEAS...

NOTHING PREVENTS  
US FROM WAITING  
UNTIL DARK AND  
STEALING THEIR  
HORSES.

NO

WE CAN'T RISK LEAVING  
THEM ALIVE AND EAGER  
FOR REVENGE... THEY  
WILL FOLLOW US  
AND HUNT US  
DOWN..

WE MUST KILL  
THOSE MEN, LOOT THE  
CARGO SHIP AND LEAVE  
WITH THEIR PRECIOUS  
FIREARMS.







CAN YOU SEE  
HOW MANY MEN  
THERE ARE ON  
BOARD?

THEY  
HAVE GUNS,  
THAT ALREADY  
GIVES THEM AN  
EDGE OVER US!...  
IF THEY ALSO OUT-  
NUMBER US, WE'LL  
HAVE TO HUNT  
OUR OWN  
HORSES.



IF WE DO DECIDE TO GO  
AHEAD--AND SINCE WE DON'T  
HAVE ANY ROPE TO BOARD THE  
CARGO, AND NO TIME TO  
BUILD LADDERS--

WE WILL HAVE TO ATTACK  
THEM USING THE BEST  
STRATEGY OF ALL...  
SURPRISE.



THERE ARE  
THREE MEN AND  
ONE WOMAN  
ON DECK...  
EATING...

AND THERE'S  
ANOTHER WOMAN  
WHO'S TAKING A  
SHOWER IN THE  
STERN.



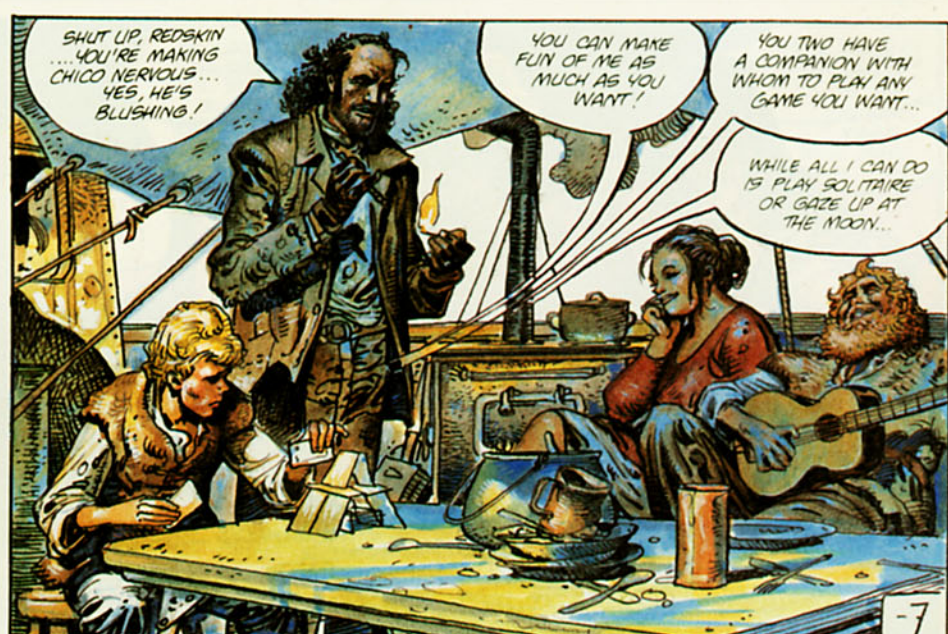
COME ON,  
MAUREEN... GET  
OUT OF THE  
SHOWER... I WANT  
TO PLAY A GAME  
OF CARDS..



NO WAY,  
CHICO.

I'M THINKING OF A  
VERY DIFFERENT KIND  
OF GAME... A MORE  
EXCITING ONE...

ARE YOU  
LISTENING TO  
ME, HOMBRE?  
... I WANT  
YOU....



SHUT UP, REDSKIN  
...YOU'RE MAKING  
CHICO NERVOUS...  
YES, HE'S  
BLUSHING!

YOU CAN MAKE  
FUN OF ME AS  
MUCH AS YOU  
WANT!

YOU TWO HAVE  
A COMPANION WITH  
WHOM TO PLAY ANY  
GAME YOU WANT...

WHILE ALL I CAN DO  
IS PLAY SOLITAIRE  
OR GAZE UP AT  
THE MOON...





LIFE IS TOUGH, CHICO.

YOUR FATHER HAS YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE YOUR SISTER...

AND ANY OTHER COMBINATION WOULD BE A SIN... SO DON'T EVEN THINK OF IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'RE NOT DEGENERATES HERE!

EVEN THOUGH OUR CIVILIZATION, WITH ITS TABOOS AND HANGUPS, HAS BEEN ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED.

WE WILL STILL FOLLOW ITS LAWS TO THE BEST OF OUR ABILITY.

AND ONE OF THESE DAYS WE WILL GET HOMBRE TO MARRY YOUR SISTER....



YOU'RE RIGHT, PALMIRA. WE WILL MARRY AS SOON AS MY TAILOR FINISHES MY TUX.

AND SINCE CHICO SEEMS DESTINED TO REMAIN A VIRGIN... HE CAN BE OUR PRIEST.



THAT'S IT!... YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH FUN AT MY EXPENSE!

TOMORROW I WILL TAKE A HORSE AND I WON'T STOP UNTIL I FIND A WOMAN!



HA, HA, HA, HA!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!



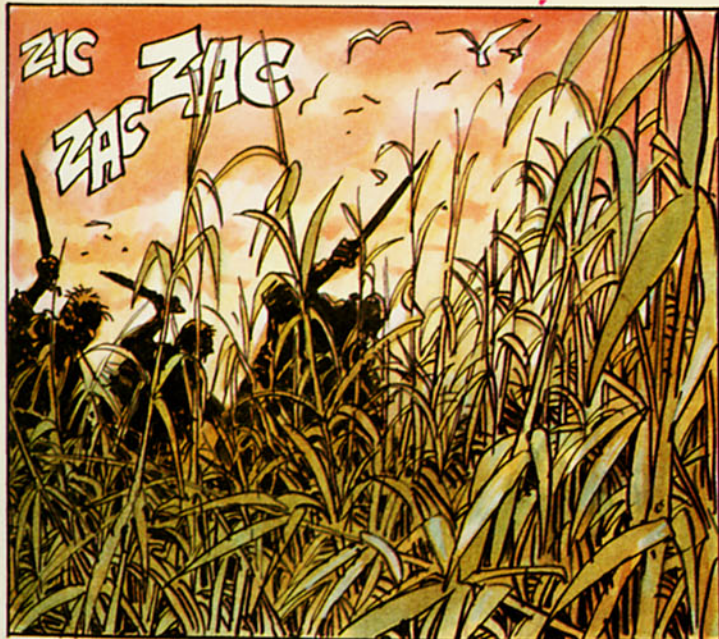
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE THEY CHEATING AGAIN?

I CAN'T TALK TO HALF NAKED WOMEN. THEY'VE JUST NOMINATED ME CHAPLAIN OF OUR CARGO SHIP.

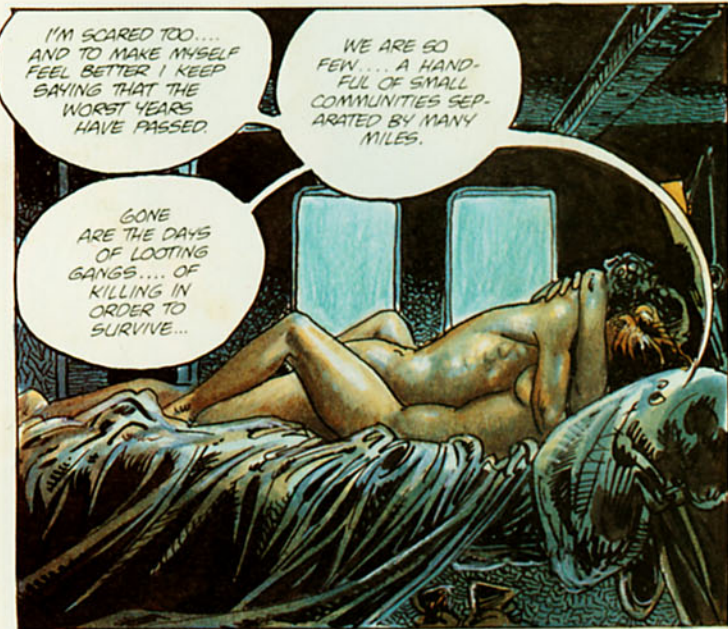
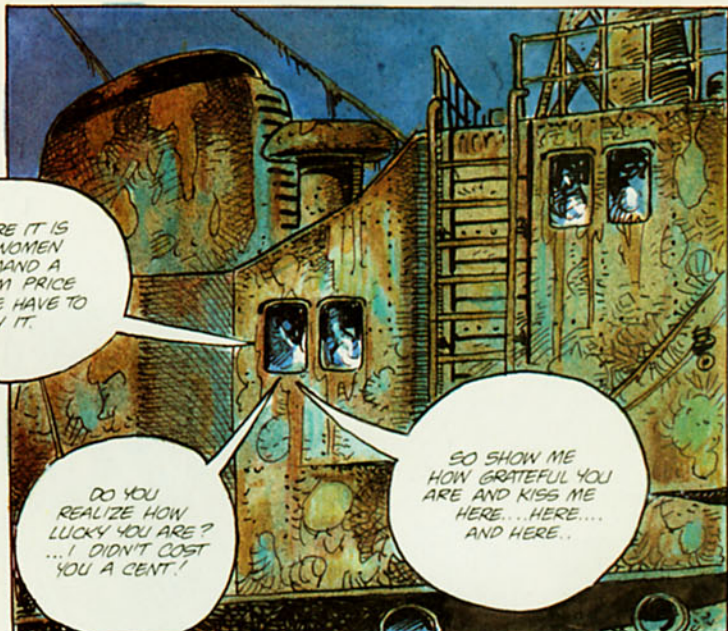
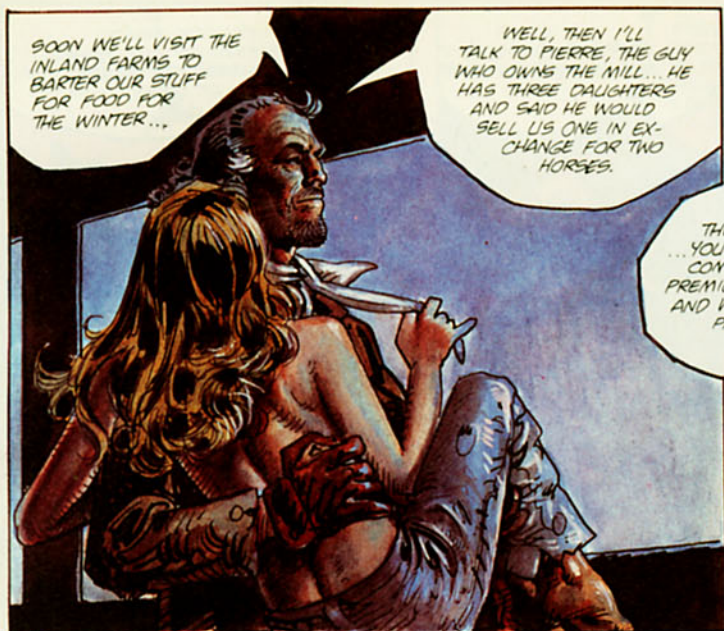


INDEED.

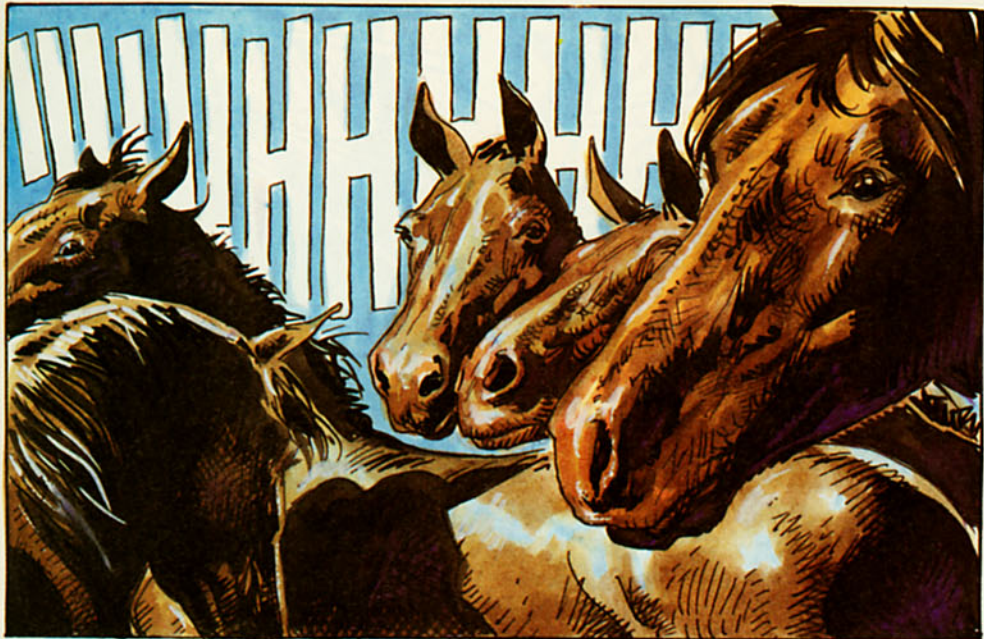










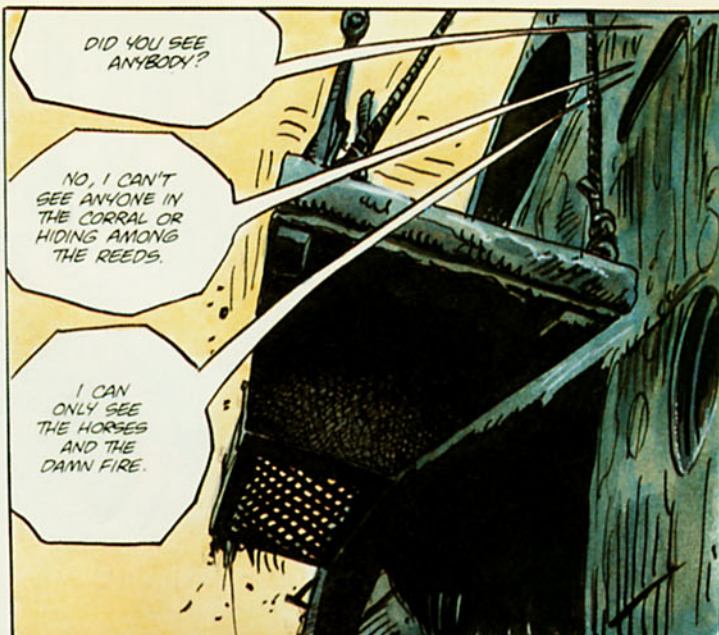






WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?

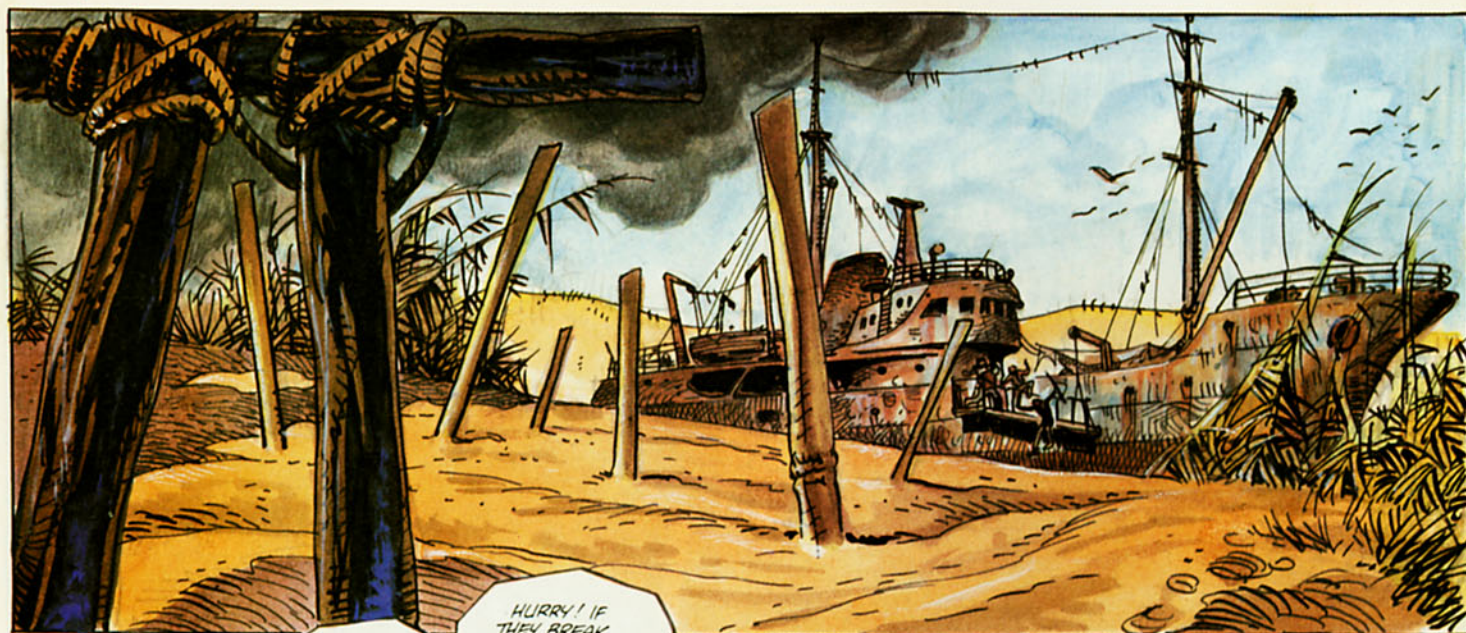
THE ROOF OF THE HUT IS ON  
FIRE. HELP ME LOWER  
THE LADDER...



DID YOU SEE  
ANYBODY?

NO, I CAN'T  
SEE ANYONE IN  
THE CORRAL OR  
HIDING AMONG  
THE REEDS.

I CAN  
ONLY SEE  
THE HORSES  
AND THE  
DAMN FIRE.

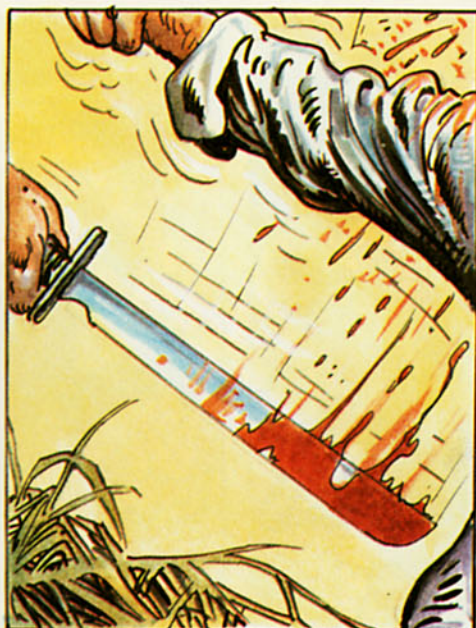
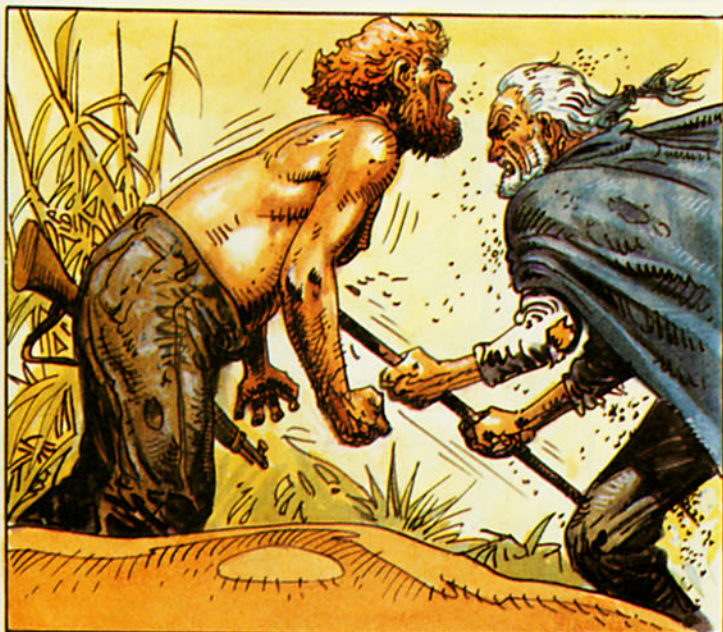


SHIT!  
MY  
ANKLE!

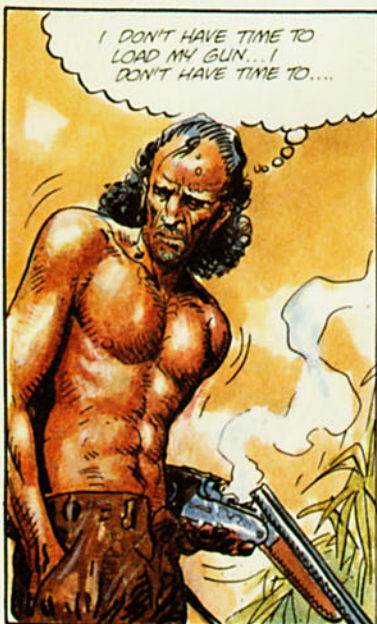
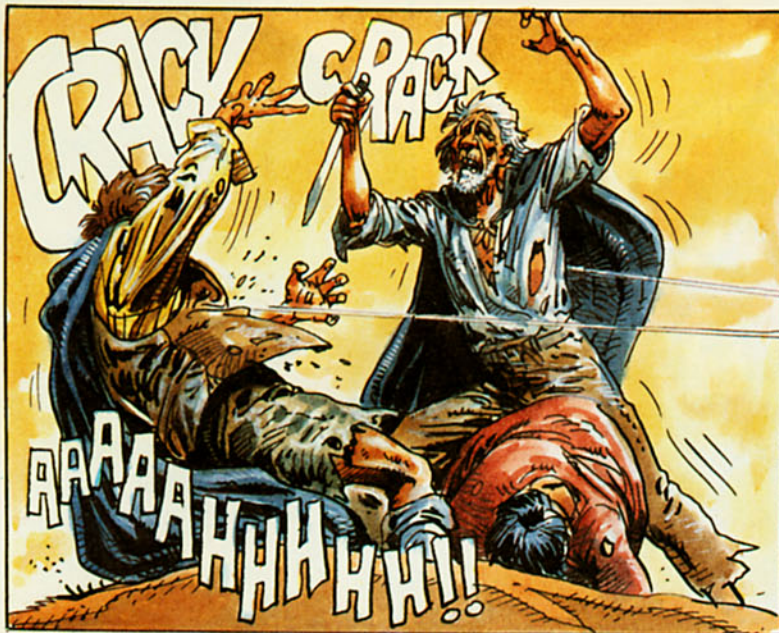


HURRY! IF  
THEY BREAK  
THE FENCE  
WE'LL LOSE  
THEM ALL!





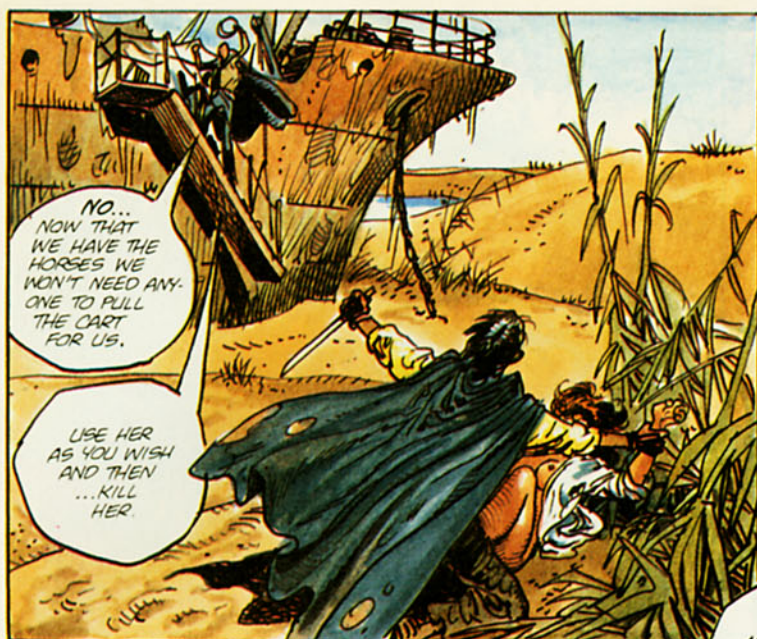




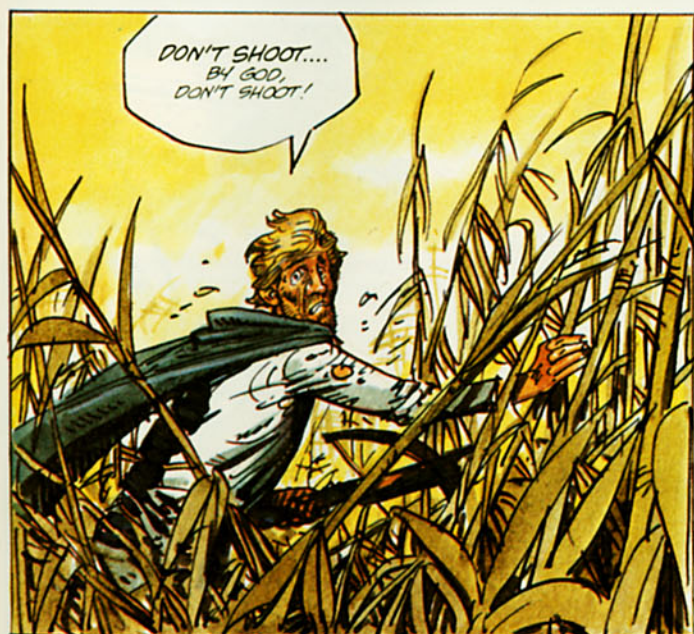
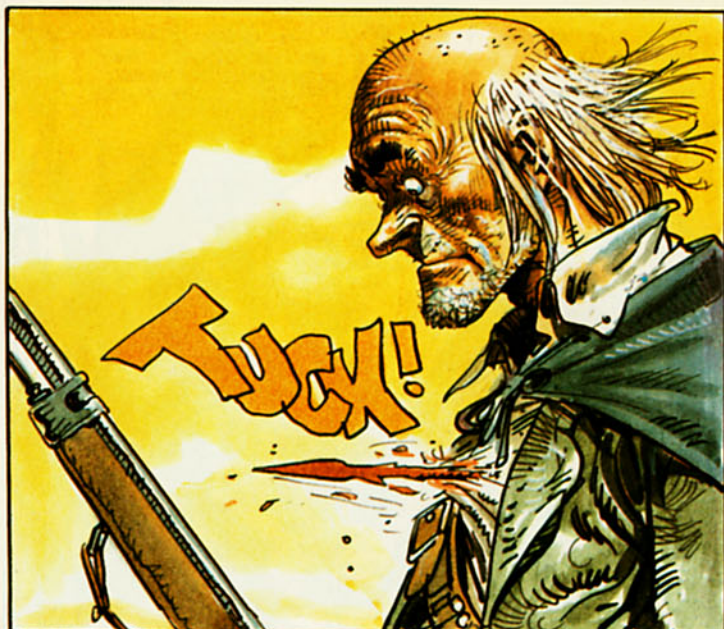




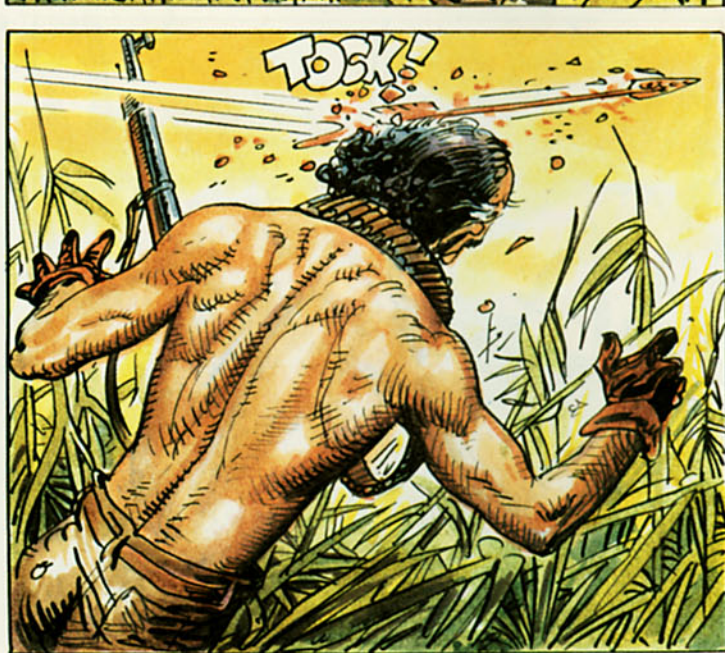




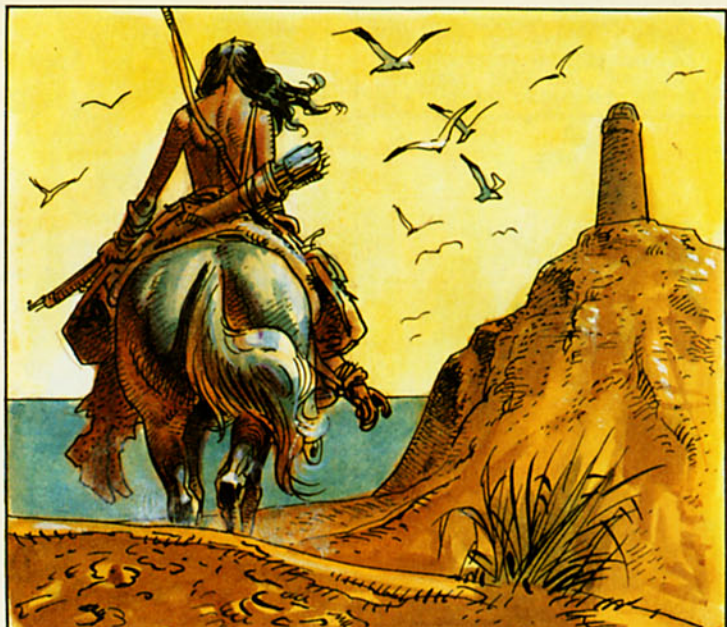
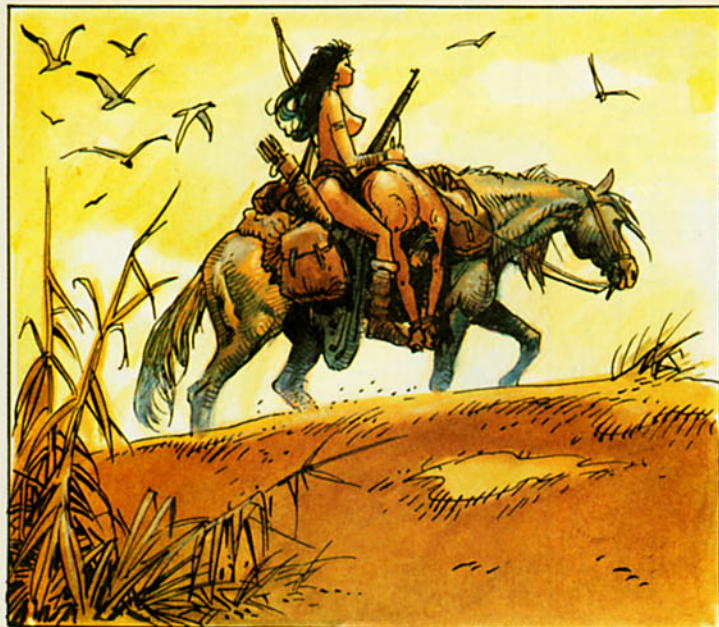












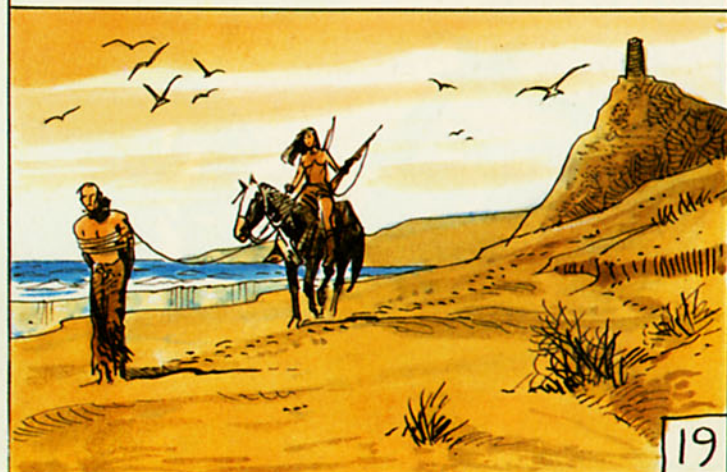
I WOKE UP TIED TO A TREE. MY HEAD WAS IN SUCH PAIN THAT BLINKING WAS AN EFFORT... I REFUSED TO THINK... TRIED NOT TO REMEMBER...



I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO SPEAK TO THAT WOMAN. I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO TELL HER... I DIDN'T EVEN ASK HER WHY SHE HAD SAVED MY LIFE... THE WOMAN DIDN'T SPEAK TO ME EITHER. SHE ATE HER MEAL... I WAS REMEMBERING MAUREEN AND CHICO... AND I WAS CRYING INSIDE..

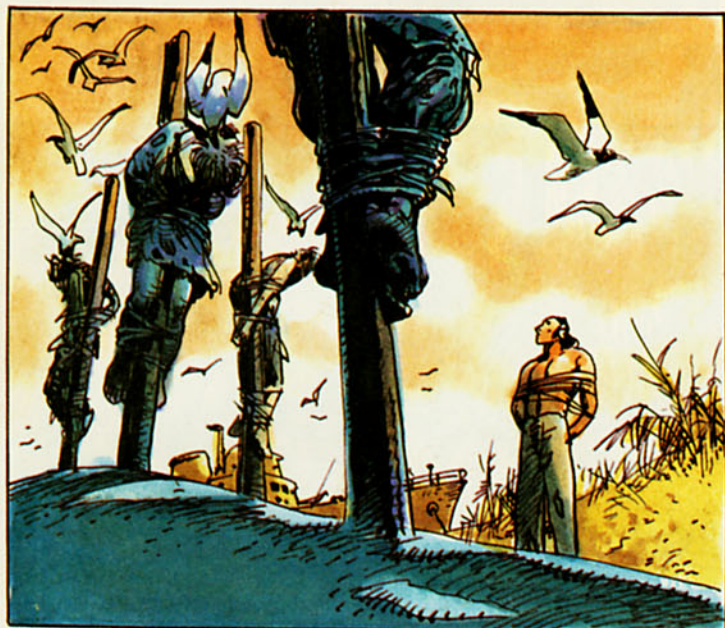


THE WOMAN DISAPPEARED FOR ONE WHOLE DAY... WHEN SHE CAME BACK SHE PUT A FEW CHUNKS OF MEAT IN MY MOUTH, GAVE ME SOME WATER AND TOOK ME FOR A LONG WALK ALONG THE BEACH, ON A LEASH, LIKE A DOG... SHE SEEMED VERY ALERT AND GAVE ME NO OPPORTUNITY TO BREAK HER NECK...





A FEW HOURS PASSED AND SUDDENLY I REALIZED THAT THE LANDSCAPE WAS BECOMING FAMILIAR.... WE WERE CLOSE TO THE OLD CARGO SHIP...



I LOOKED AT HER ONCE AGAIN. WE HAD LIVED TOGETHER FOR TWO YEARS, AT PEACE, WITHOUT VIOLENCE, AND NOW SHE WAS DEAD. I COULD FEEL THAT SLOWLY I WAS BECOMING ONCE AGAIN THE SOLITARY ANIMAL THAT I HAD BEEN BEFORE I MET HER.... I PROMISED MYSELF THAT I WOULD NEVER LOVE ANYONE AGAIN....







I TOOK YOU WITH ME TO SAVE YOU FROM LATIGO'S MEN... YOU WANTED TO GO BACK TO THE SHIP AND...

YOU WOULD HAVE ENDED UP LIKE THAT... TIED TO A POST... I SAVED YOUR LIFE TWICE... AND I DEMAND THAT YOU USE IT FOR REVENGE!



WHO IS LATIGO?



HE CAME FROM THE MOUNTAINS UP NORTH AND IS NOW HEADED BACK THERE.

HE COMMANDS A GROUP OF TWELVE MEN AND TRAVELS WITH A METAL WAGON.

WHERE-  
EVER THEY  
GO THEY  
SOW DEATH  
AND  
DESTRUCTION.



I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING HIS TRACKS FOR THREE MONTHS...

I ALSO HAD A FAMILY AND THEY ENDED UP, LIKE YOURS, HANGING FROM A POST.

EVER SINCE THEN I HAVE DEVOTED MY EXISTENCE TO ONE SINGLE GOAL: REVENGE!



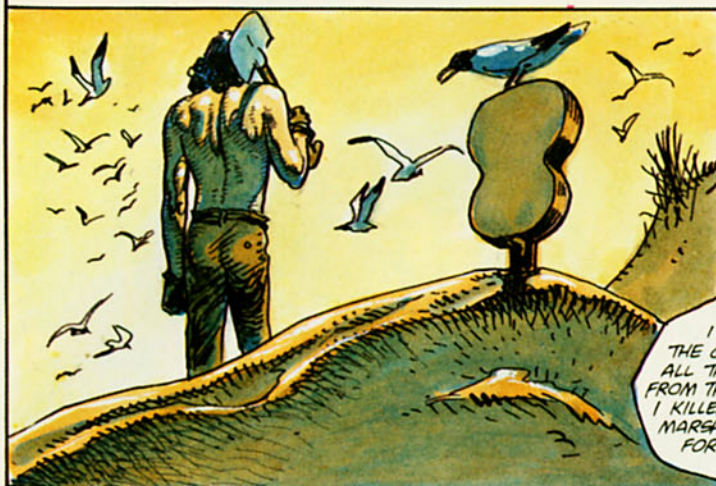
I KNOW THAT FEELING WELL. I HAVE SPENT HALF OF MY LIFE SEEKING REVENGE FROM EVERYBODY.

GIVE ME YOUR KNIFE AND GO AWAY... I WANT TO BURY MY DEAD.

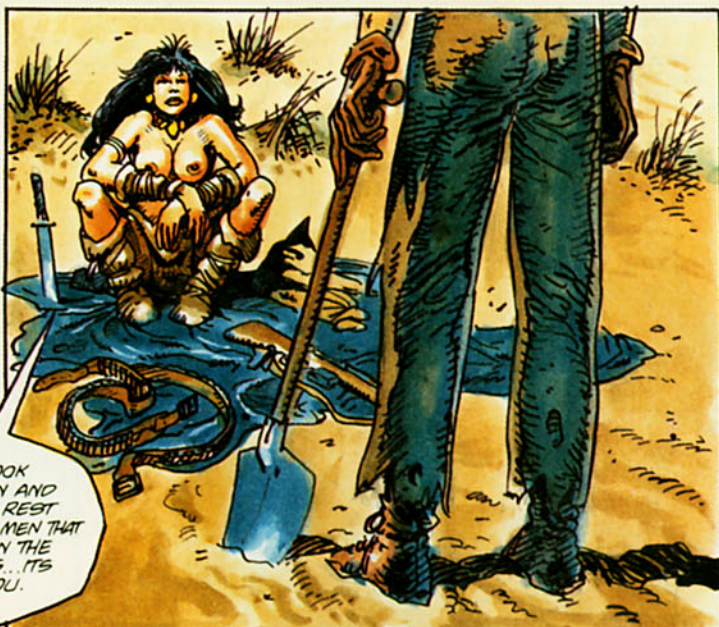




AS I WAS LEAVING HER GRAVE A GREAT FEELING OF EXHAUSTION CAME OVER ME... I WAS ALONE AGAIN, WITHOUT ROOTS, WITHOUT LOVED ONES... AND LIKE THAT STRANGE WOMAN I HAD ONLY ONE DESIRE... TO SEEK REVENGE.



I TOOK THE GUN AND ALL THE REST FROM THE MEN THAT I KILLED IN THE MARCHES... ITS FOR YOU.



WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



LATIGO HAS QUITE A FEW MEN UNDER HIM AND NOW THEY ARE WELL ARMED.

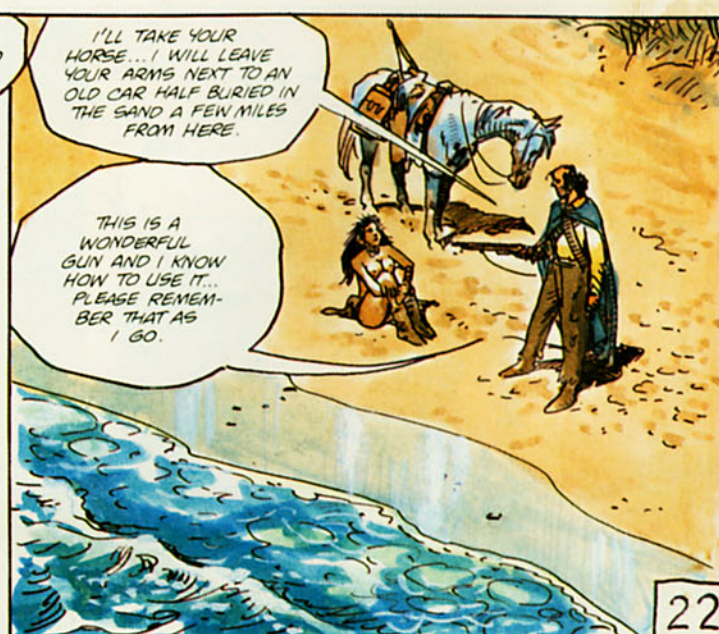
I NEED SOMEONE TO HELP ME GET RID OF THEM ALL... I NEED YOU... WE BOTH SHARE THE SAME DESIRE FOR REVENGE.



YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT I LIKE TO HUNT BY MYSELF.

I AM VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU... I'M NOT A BASTARD... SO I ASK YOU NOT TO FORCE ME TO HURT YOU...

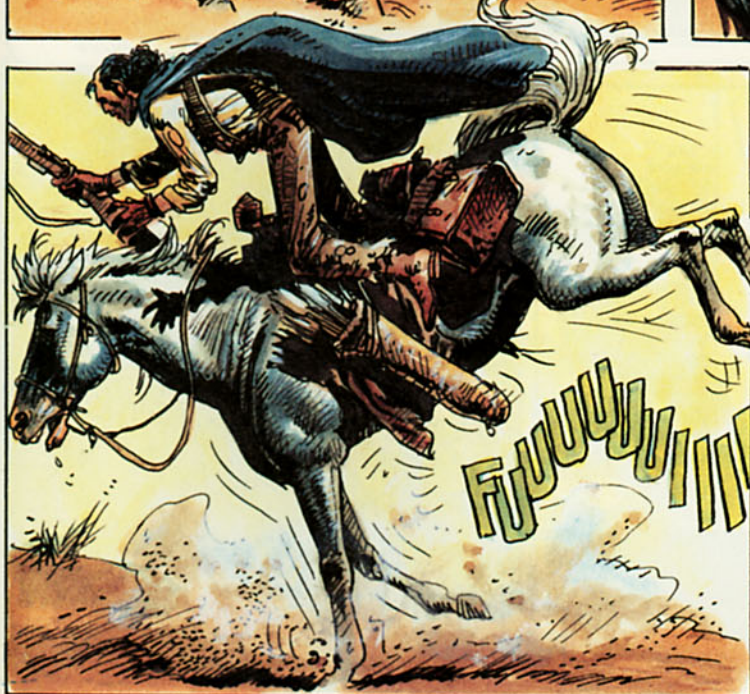
WHAT I HAVE TO DO I WILL DO ALONE....



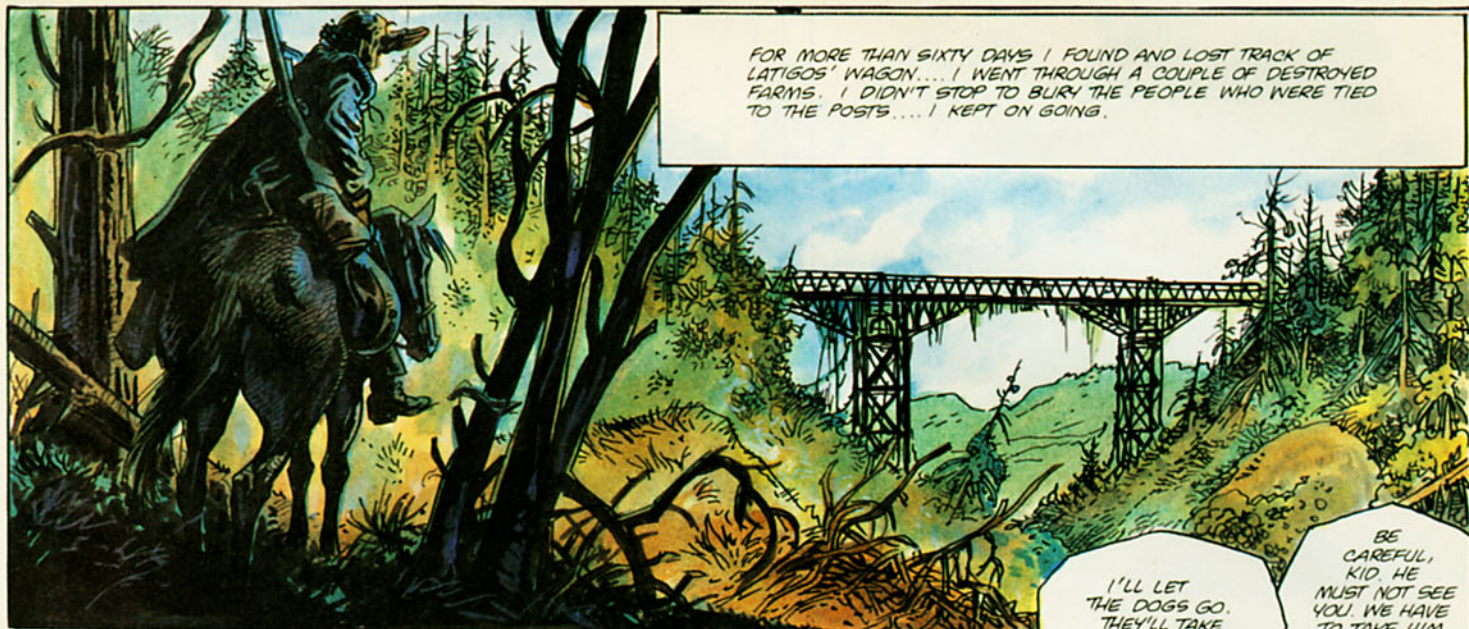
I'LL TAKE YOUR HORSE... I WILL LEAVE YOUR ARMS NEXT TO AN OLD CAR HALF BURIED IN THE SAND A FEW MILES FROM HERE.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL GUN AND I KNOW HOW TO USE IT... PLEASE REMEMBER THAT AS I GO.









FOR MORE THAN SIXTY DAYS I FOUND AND LOST TRACK OF LATIGOS' WAGON.... I WENT THROUGH A COUPLE OF DESTROYED FARMS. I DIDN'T STOP TO BURY THE PEOPLE WHO WERE TIED TO THE POSTS.... I KEPT ON GOING.



RELAX, BLACKIE. WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU?

I HAD GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO SPEAKING TO MY HORSE... AND WE WOULD OFTEN SPEND THE DAY IN CONVERSATION TALKING ABOUT ALL THE THINGS THAT WE WOULD DO TO LATIGO ONCE WE GOT HOLD OF HIM.



I'LL LET THE DOGS GO. THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.

BE CAREFUL, KID. HE MUST NOT SEE YOU. WE HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALIVE.

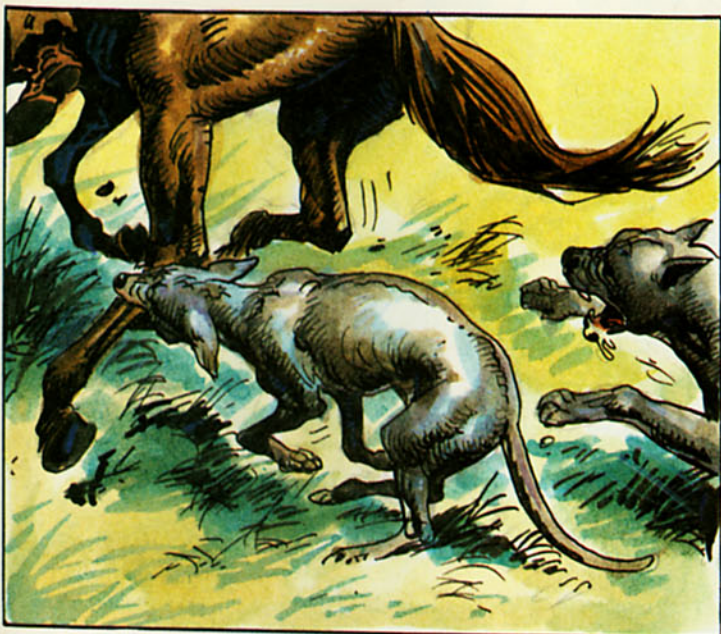
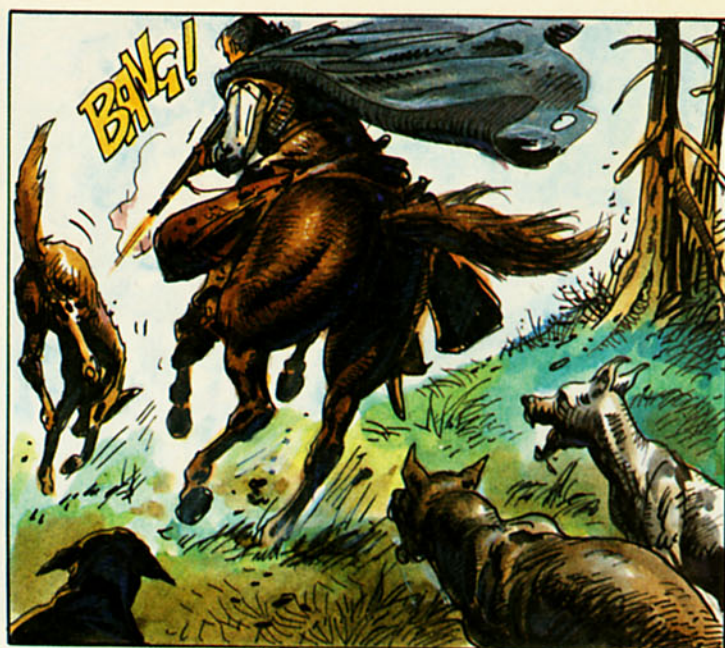
HE MUST BE ONE OF LATIGO'S MEN. LOOK AT HIS CAPE.



YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACKIE... IT'S TOO SILENT AROUND HERE.



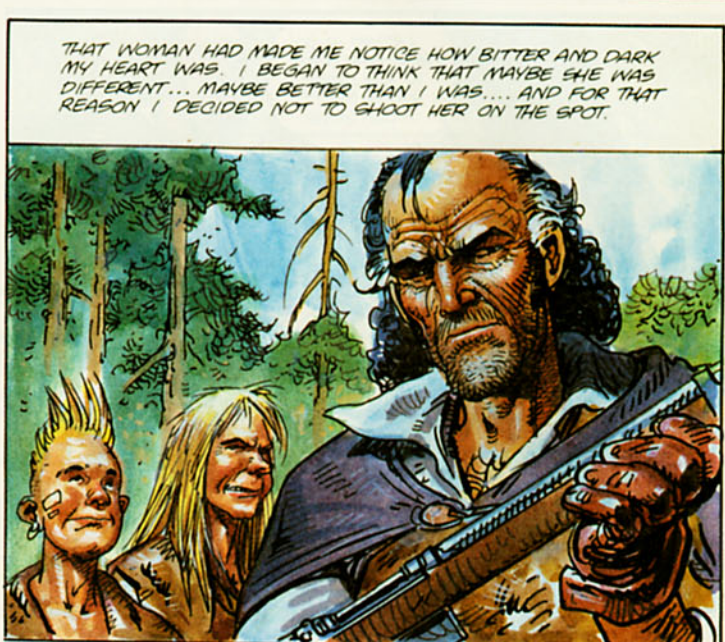
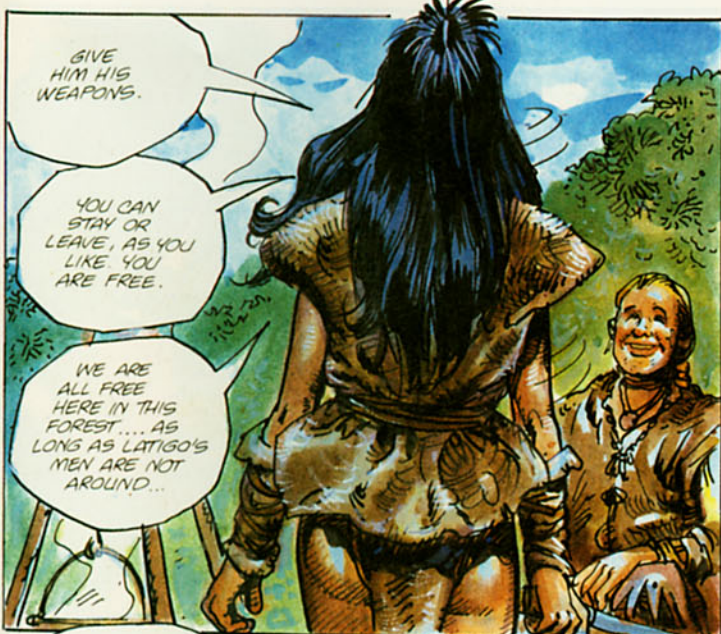
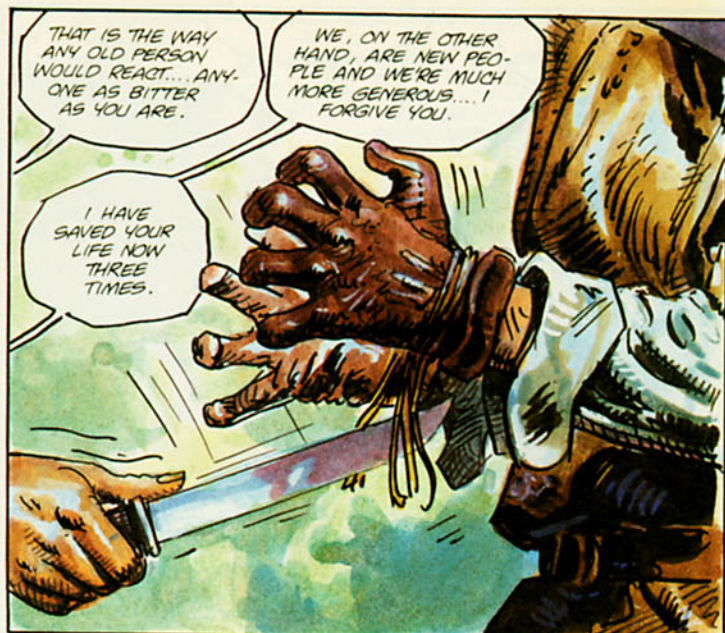




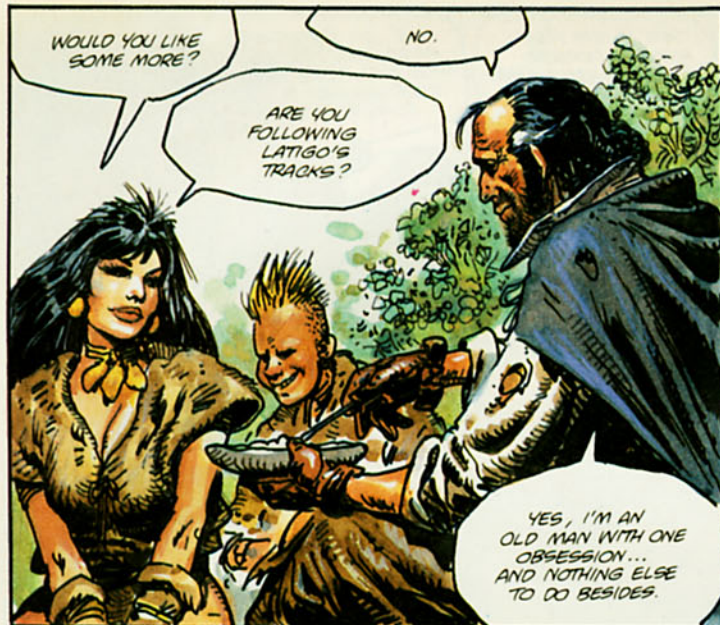




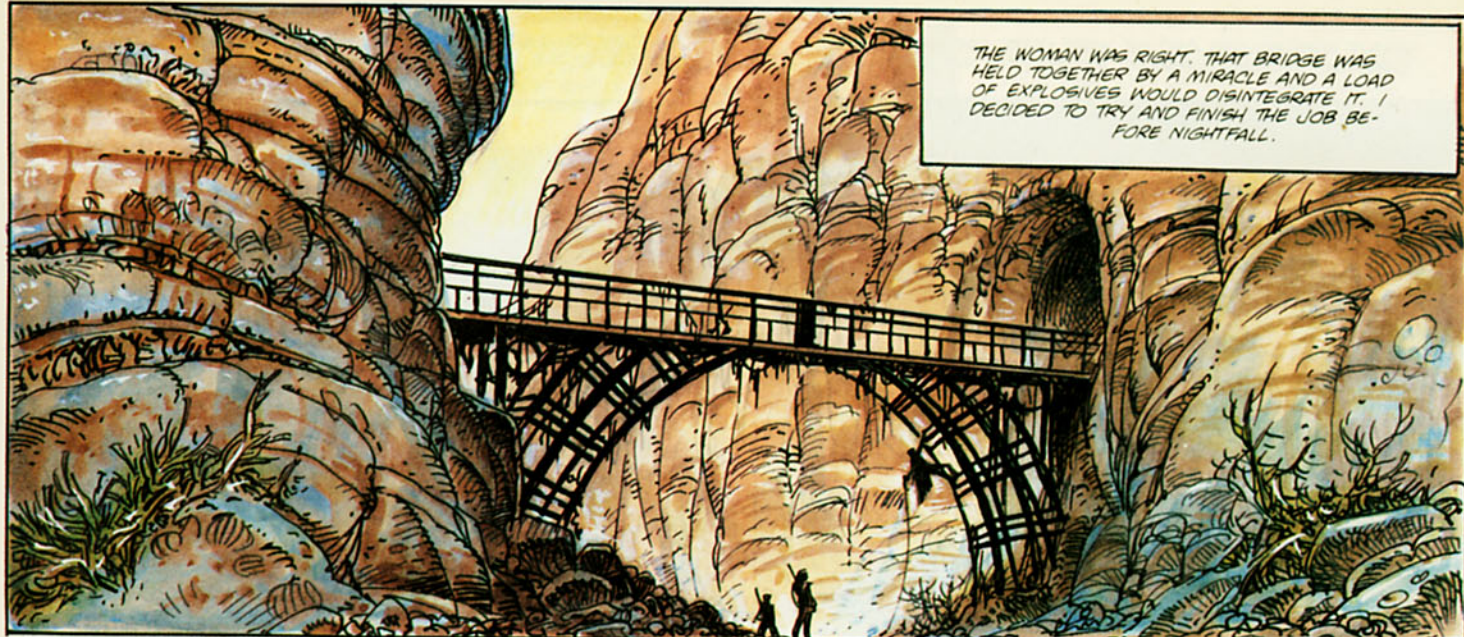












THE WOMAN WAS RIGHT. THAT BRIDGE WAS HELD TOGETHER BY A MIRACLE AND A LOAD OF EXPLOSIVES WOULD DISINTEGRATE IT. I DECIDED TO TRY AND FINISH THE JOB BEFORE NIGHTFALL.



I NEED MORE CABLE... MORE... MORE...



I BEGAN TO FEEL WORRIED... I HAD BEEN CALLING MYSELF OLD FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT DAY... WHY?... MAYBE BECAUSE ALL THE OTHERS WERE SO YOUNG.

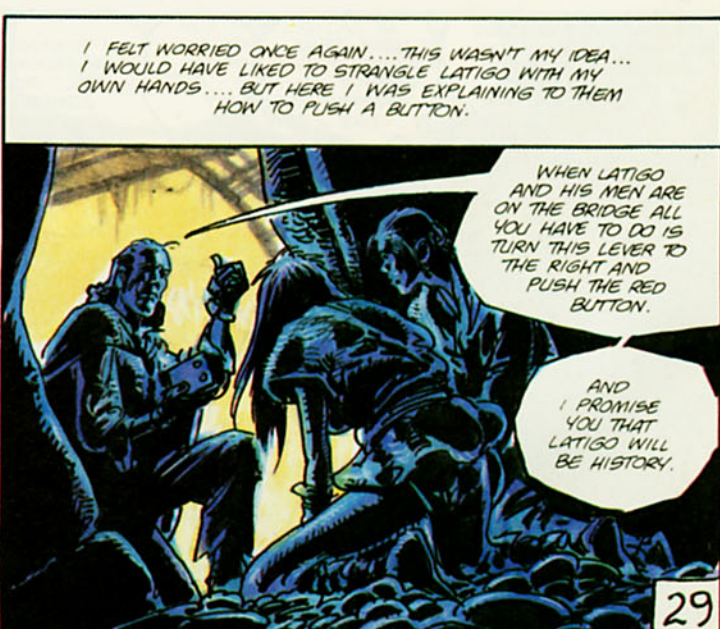
THAT'S IT? IT'S THAT EASY?

IT'S THAT EASY... WE OLD PEOPLE HAD A GENIUS FOR INVENTING WAYS TO ELIMINATE OUR NEIGHBORS.



THIS ROPE WILL DO THE JOB.

COME UP HERE... I'LL EXPLAIN TO YOU HOW THE DETONATOR WORKS.



I FELT WORRIED ONCE AGAIN... THIS WASN'T MY IDEA... I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO STRANGLE LATIGO WITH MY OWN HANDS... BUT HERE I WAS EXPLAINING TO THEM HOW TO PUSH A BUTTON.

WHEN LATIGO AND HIS MEN ARE ON THE BRIDGE ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TURN THIS LEVER TO THE RIGHT AND PUSH THE RED BUTTON.

AND I PROMISE YOU THAT LATIGO WILL BE HISTORY.



NIGHT WAS FALLING AND WE WERE QUITE FAR FROM THEIR CAMP. WE DECIDED TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE CAVE.



I BIT MY TONGUE NOT TO LET OUT A LAUGH....WHO WAS IT WHO HAD FOUND THE PERFECT NAME FOR THAT WOMAN....ATTILA.



HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN HER?

KNOWN ATTILA? FOREVER, I THINK...

OUR PARENTS WORKED FOR THE FORESTRY....WE LIVED IN THE SAME HOUSE...ON THE MOUNTAINS IN THE SOUTH.

WE WERE ALL BORN AFTER THE BOMBS...WELL, YOU MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT IT THAN I DO.



ATTILA'S FATHER TOOK CARE OF US ALL....HE TAUGHT US HOW TO HUNT AND FISH AND HOW TO LOOK FOR GRAINS.

HE FORBODE US TO USE FIREARMS. HE TOLD US THAT IF WE GOT USED TO THEM WE WOULD END UP DEFENCELESS ONCE OUR AMMUNITION FINISHED.



THAT'S WHY WE LEARNED HOW TO MAKE BOWS, ARROWS AND SPEARS...THINGS WE COULD MAKE WITH OUR OWN HANDS.

THIS IS BEAR SKIN. I HUNTED AND SKINNED A BEAR TO MAKE THIS JACKET FOR MYSELF...IT'S A GOOD EXAMPLE OF WHAT I'M TELLING YOU.



HE ALSO MADE US READ AN ENCYCLOPEDIA....RE-CITE THINGS BY HEART....LEARN HOW TO ADD AND SUBTRACT....

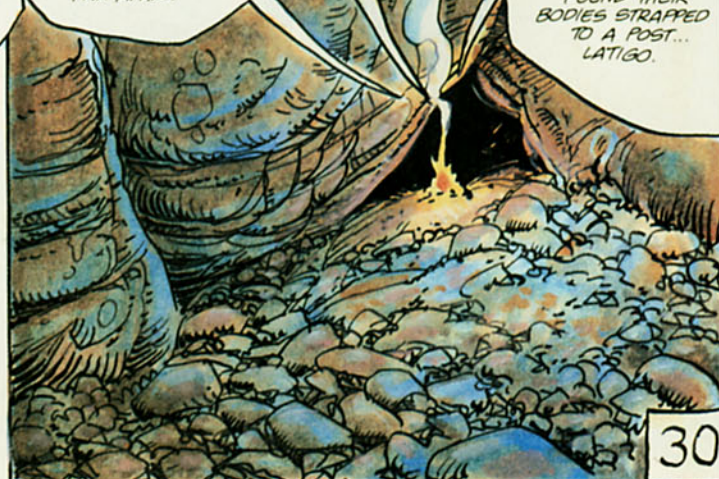
HE CALLED US THE NEW BARBARIANS...AND HE WOULD TELL US THAT WE WERE A NEW RACE...AND THAT WE HAD TO ACT LIKE A NEW RACE AND FORGET THE PAST...

I THINK HE WAS TALKING ABOUT THE BOMBS...ABOUT WHAT YOU OLD PEOPLE DID.

TWO YEARS AGO OUR PARENTS GOT TOGETHER...THEN THEY CALLED US AND SAID THAT IT WAS TIME FOR US TO SEPARATE...TO LIVE FAR APART.

WE CAME DOWN TO THE FOREST AND LEARNED HOW TO SURVIVE.

SIX MONTHS AGO ATTILA DECIDED TO GO BACK AND VISIT THEM....AND SHE FOUND THEIR BODIES STRAPPED TO A POST...LATIGO.







ATTILA HAD BEEN LUCKY TO HAVE HER FATHER... MY FATHER TAUGHT ME HOW TO LOOK FOR OLD TIN CANS OF FOOD IN THE RUBBLE OF MY CITY.

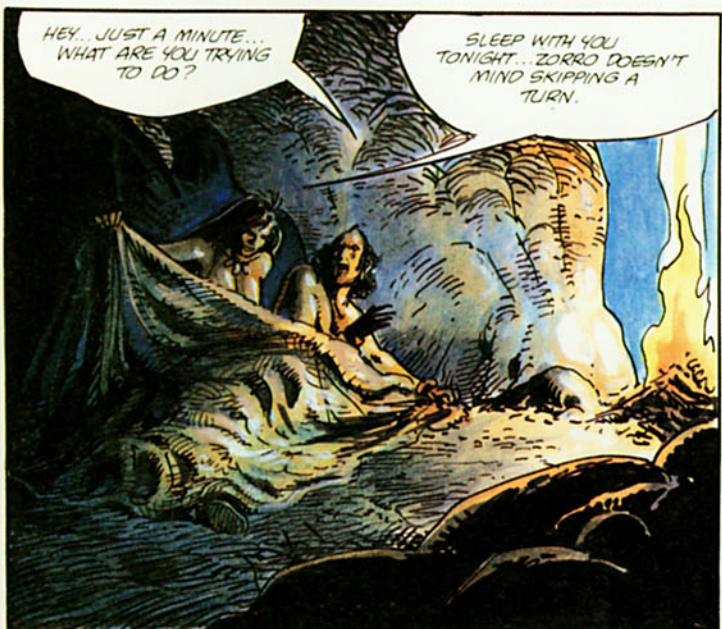


HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO PICK THE BONES OF A DEAD CIVILIZATION... AND I SWEAR THAT LATIGO'S FATHER DID THE SAME.



ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T MIND?

SURE I'M SURE... THAT POOR GUY SMELLS LIKE LONELINESS A MILE AWAY...



HEY... JUST A MINUTE... WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?

SLEEP WITH YOU TONIGHT... ZORRO DOESN'T MIND SKIPPING A TURN.



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF...

COME ON... GET OUT... GO BACK TO YOUR FRIEND.

I CAN'T. IF YOU REFUSE ME HE'LL BE VERY OFFENDED... ALONG WITH OSLO AND KID.





I'M THE ONLY WOMAN OF THE GROUP AND THE OTHER THREE SHARE ME.

WE SHARE EVERYTHING WE HAVE AMONG US.

AND YOU HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AS ONE OF OUR GROUP.



DON'T BE STUBBORN ... YOU'LL END UP WANTING ME IF WE ALL LIVE TOGETHER AND THAT WOULD BE BAD...

I'LL LEAVE ONLY IF YOU TELL ME THAT IT'S OUT OF RESPECT FOR THAT WOMAN WHO DIED... IF THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO TELL ME.



I WILL TELL YOU, HOWEVER, THAT WE ARE ALIVE AND SHE IS DEAD.

AND WE WILL AVENGE HER... BUT THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FLESH, WITH DESIRE AND WITH PLEASURE...



NOT BAD FOR AN OLD MAN!

TO BE CONT'D ON PAGE 83

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# WELCOME TO THE INTERZONE

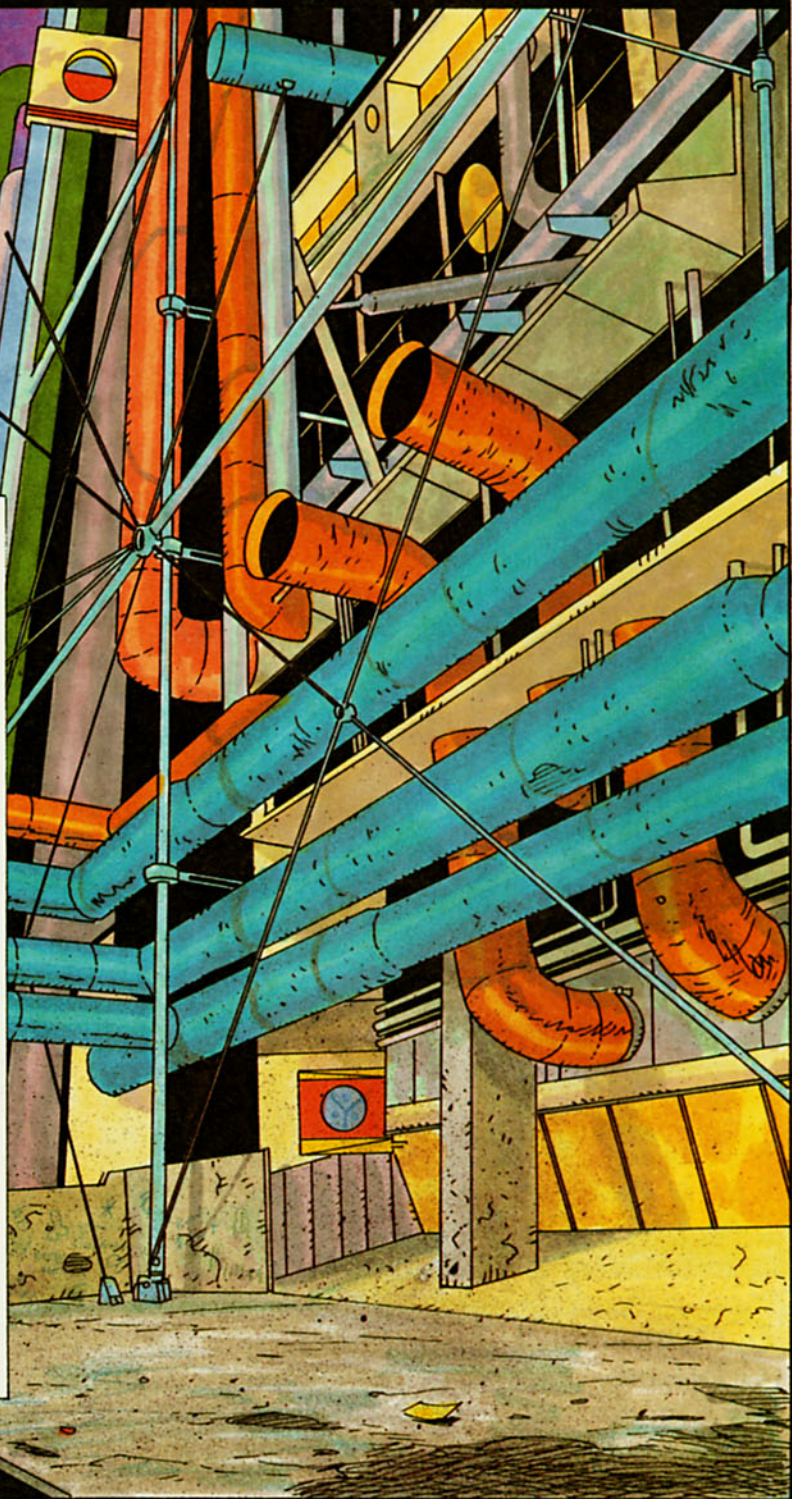
**T**he Interzone — Clumped at the center of the Milky Way galaxy like the hard-shelled nucleus of a genetically engineered cell, The Interzone is a complex mega-structure of star cluster-sized proportions. Built several thousand Galactic Standard Unit (GSU) years ago, it was designed by a multispecies consortium of architects to house the newly constituted galaxy-wide free-trade zone (as mandated by the Interzone/Homeworld Exclusion Compact).

Commerce is king in the Interzone; all mercantile exchange between the galaxy's varied species is conducted through here; there are no laws but those of self-interest, survival, and the furtherance of an unrestricted trade. Everything else is secondary.

The sentient population comprises mostly transients. Beings from all parts of the galaxy come here to conduct business, but most head straight for the homeworld as soon as the deals are closed. Some remain — for reasons of curiosity, indulgence, prurience, or sometimes, for no explainable reason at all. Undeniably, the Interzone is a powerful magnet — as all wide-open megalopolises are — but it seems to attract only certain types who, for whatever reason, find it a suitable place to stay longer than they have to. Of the ones that do stick around, some are pioneers, some adventurers, some opportunists, some parasites, some predators, some prey. All are survivors in one way or another. There are billions upon billions of stories in the Interzone — this is one of them....

STORY: LOU STATHIS

ART: DAN STEFFAN

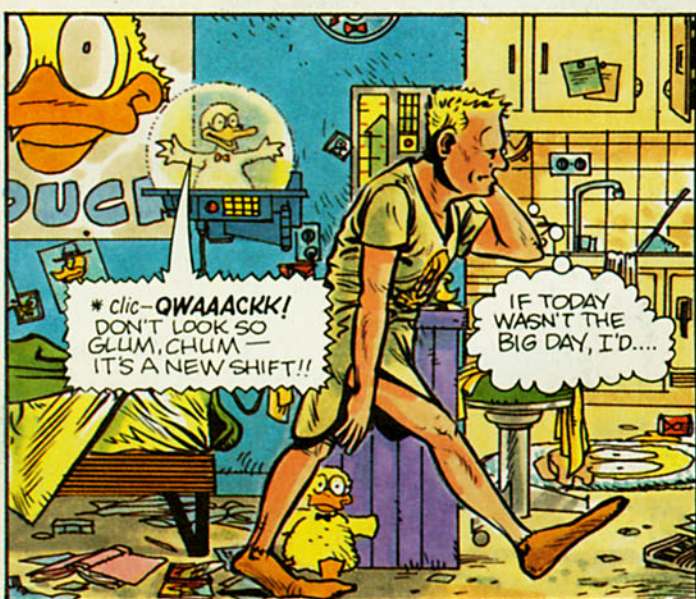
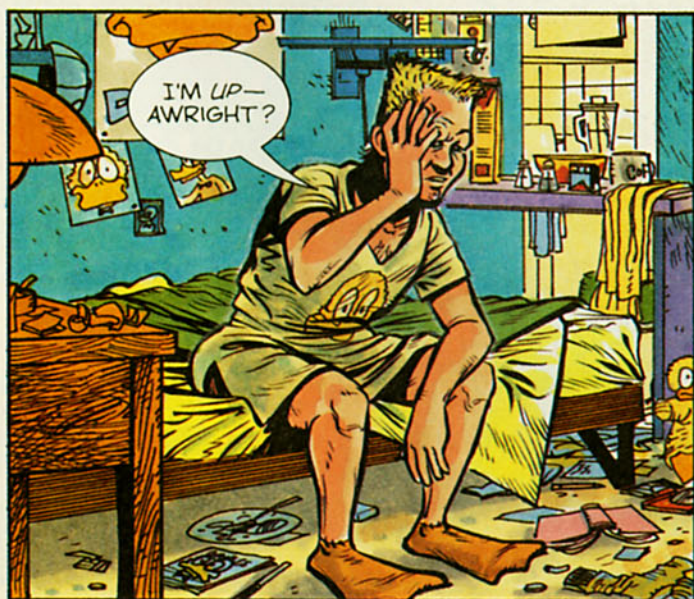
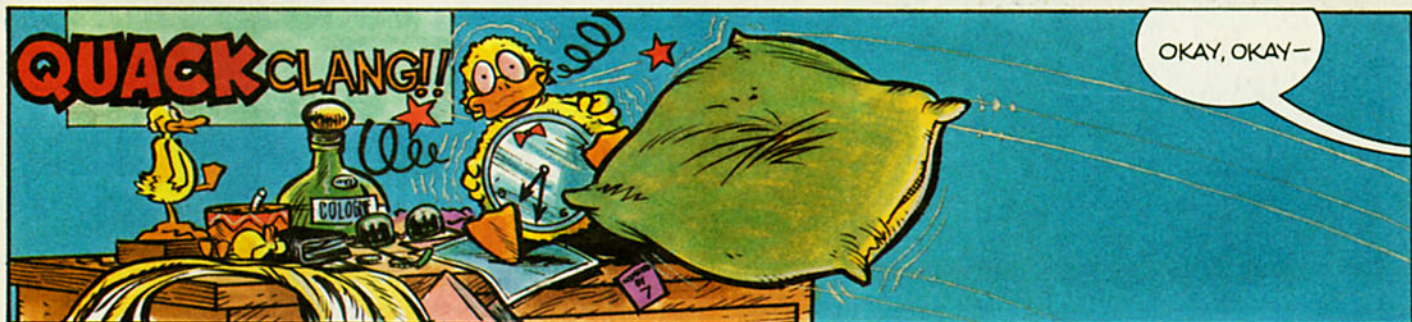
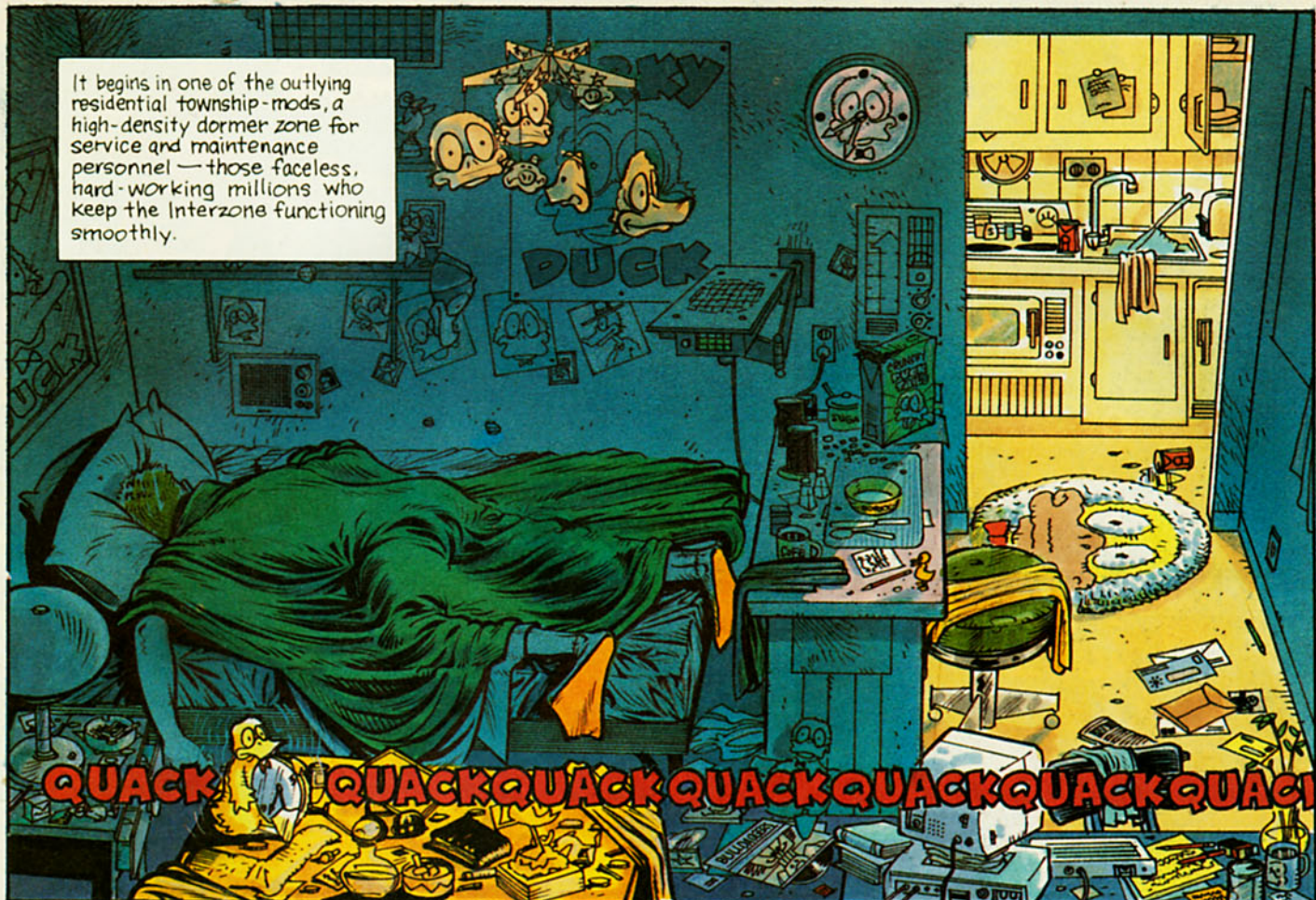


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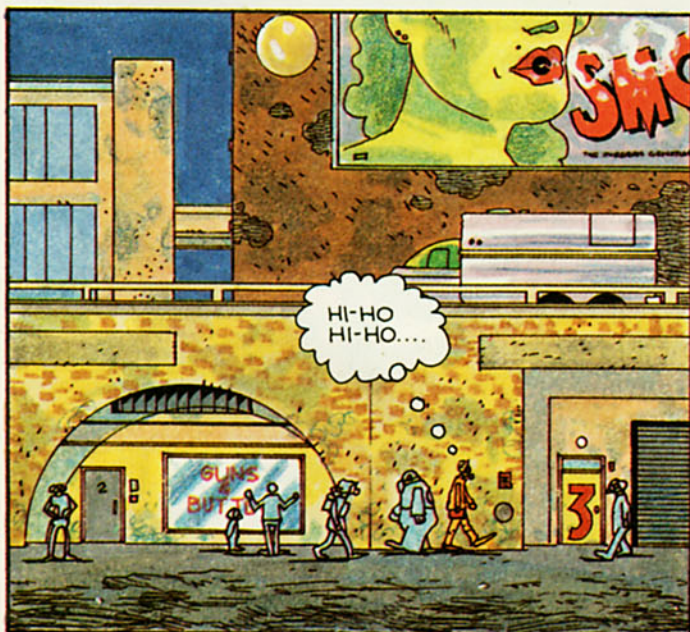
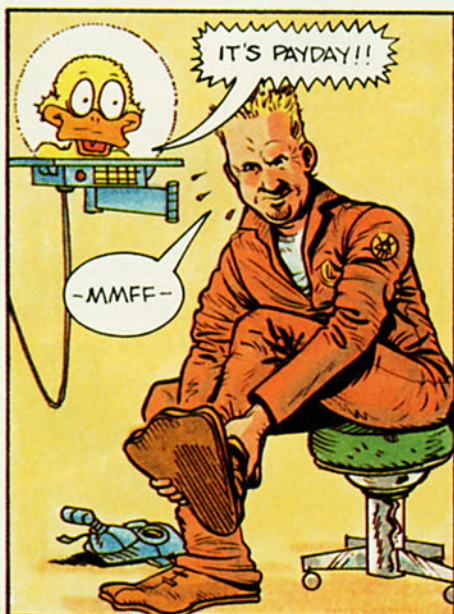
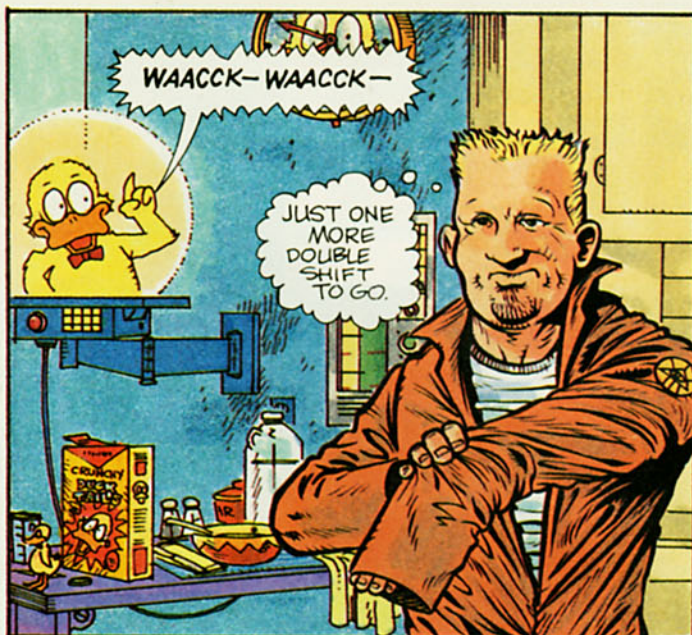
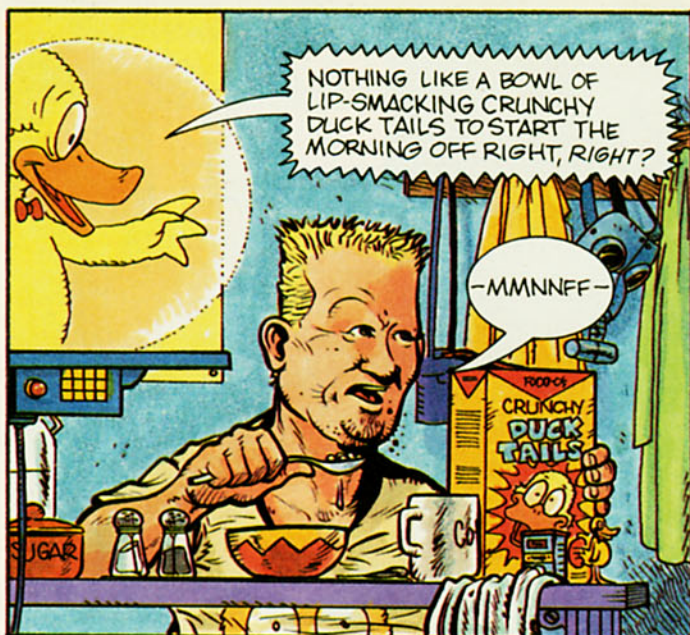
# INKANGAROOUS



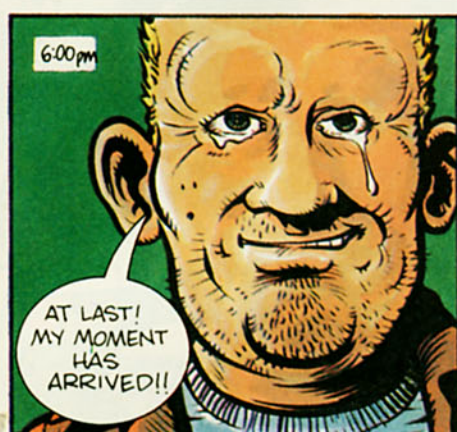
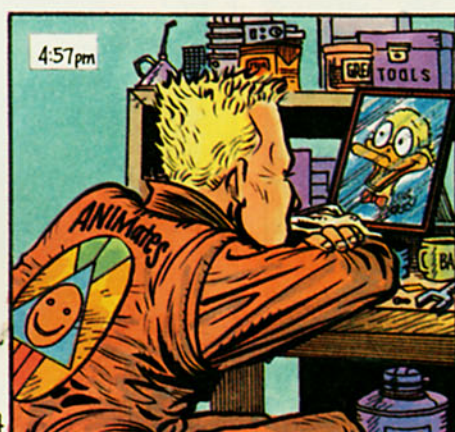
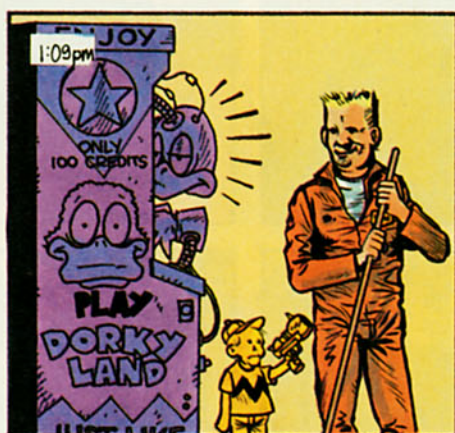
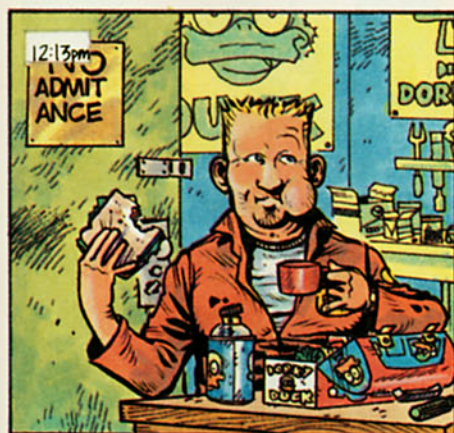
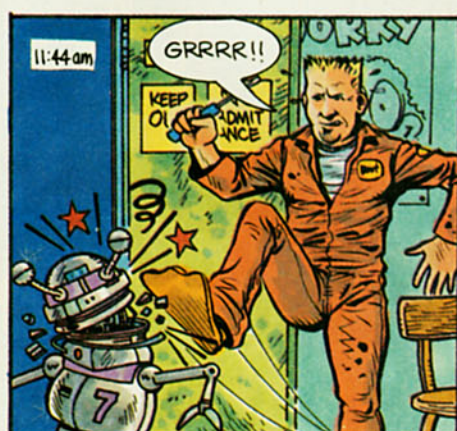
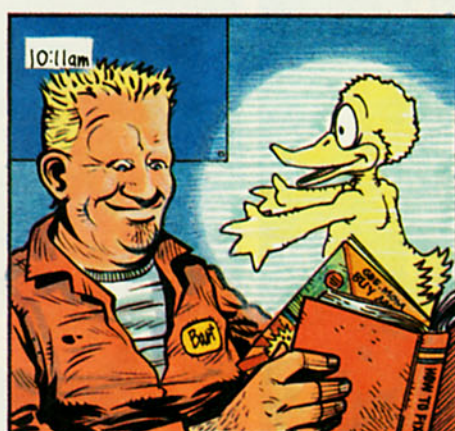
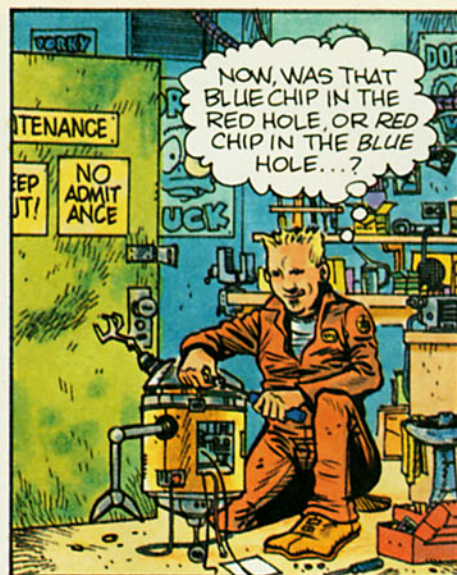
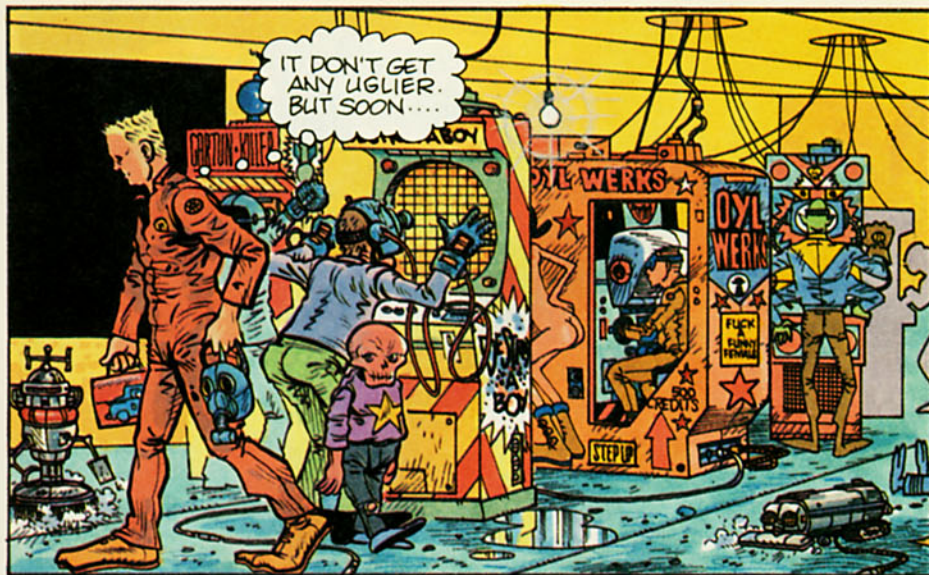
It begins in one of the outlying residential township-mods, a high-density dormer zone for service and maintenance personnel — those faceless, hard-working millions who keep the Interzone functioning smoothly.



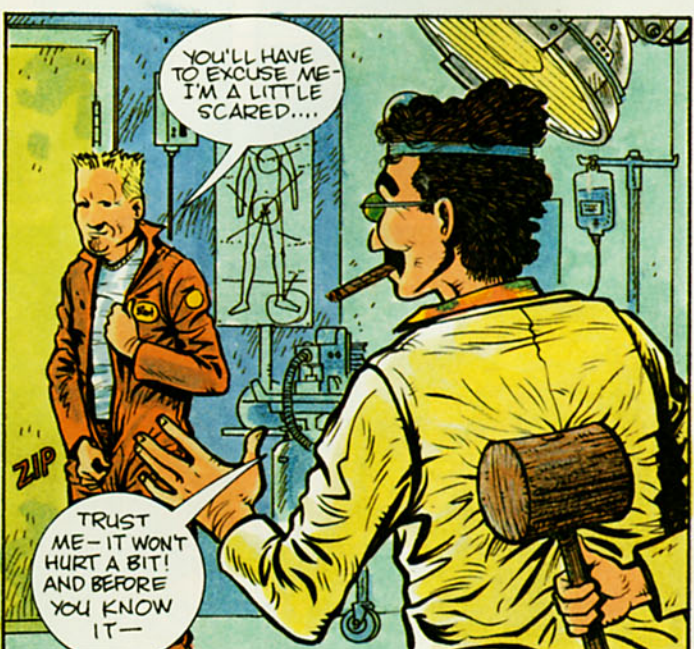
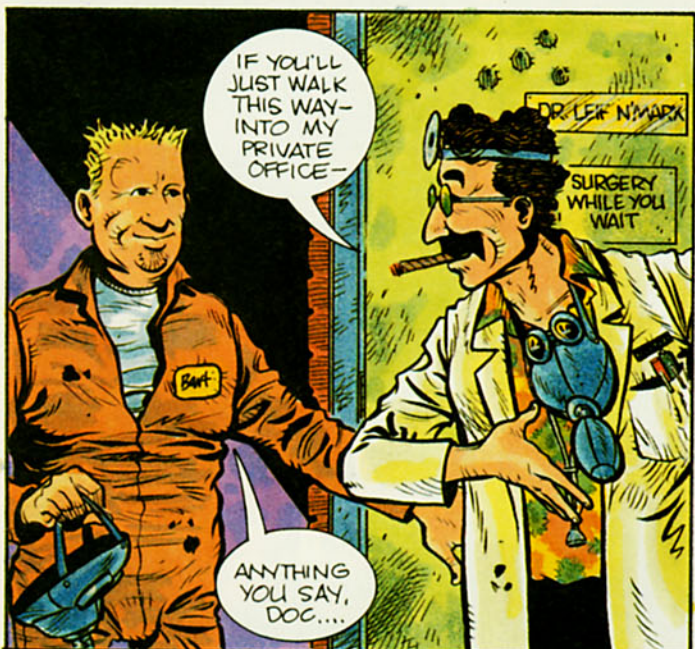
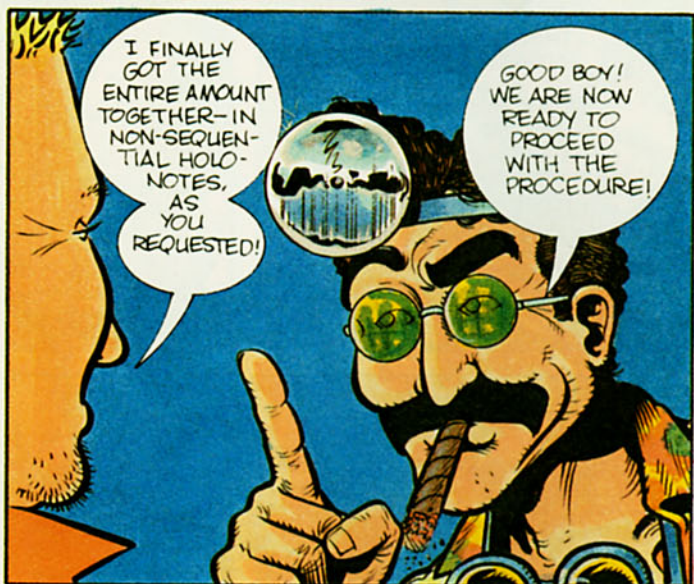




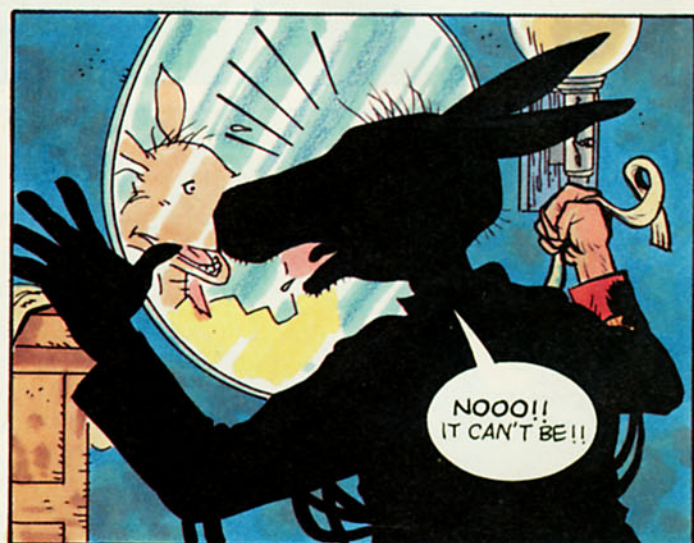
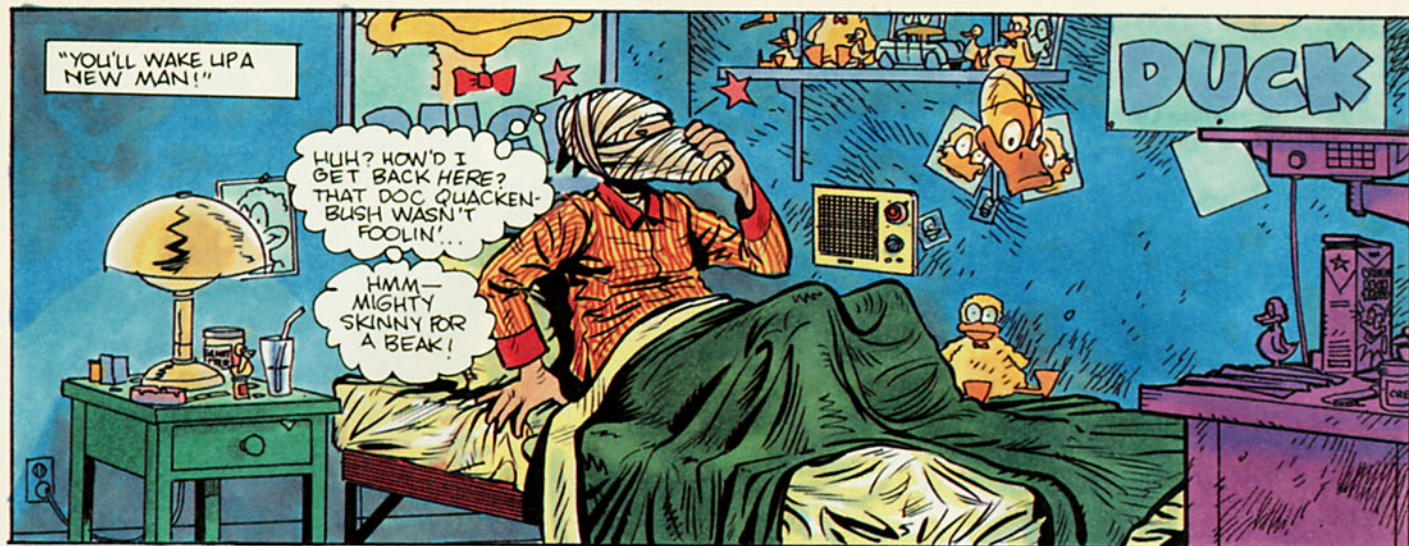




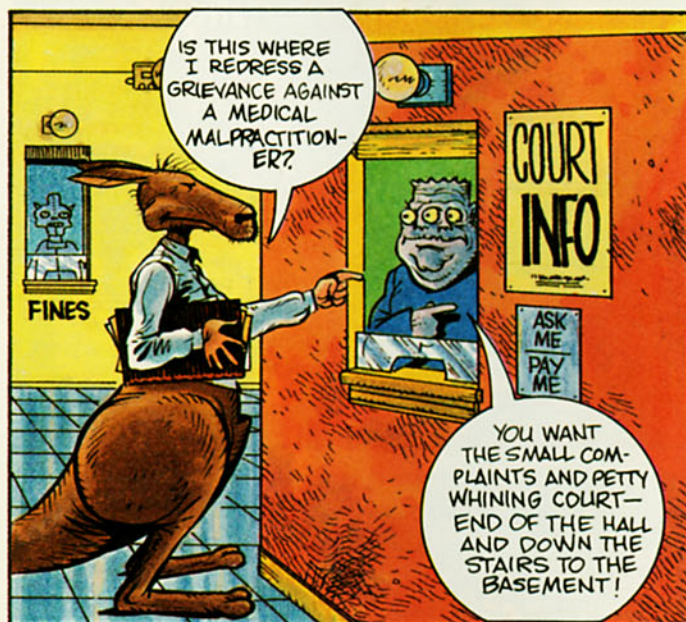
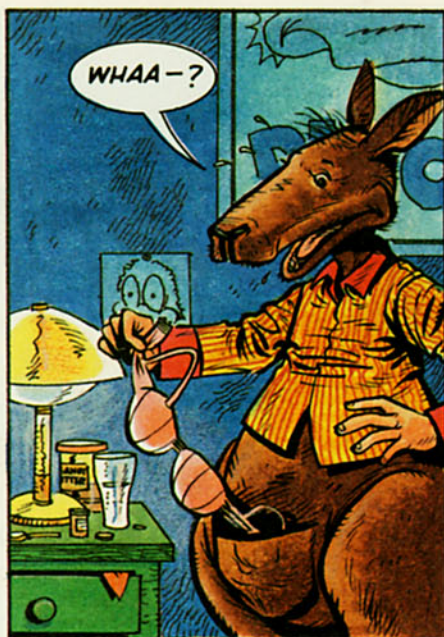
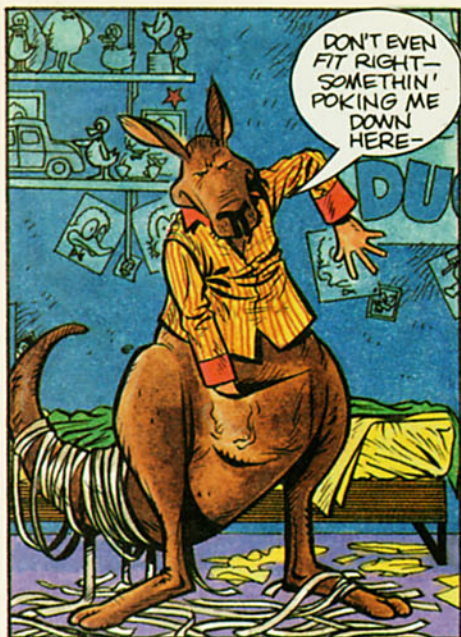




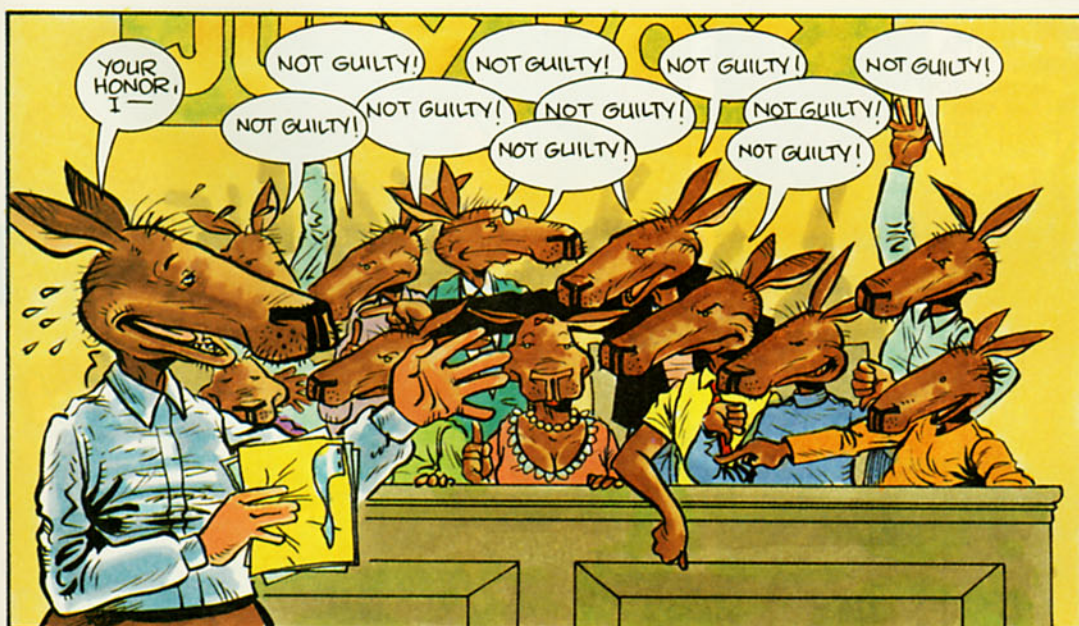
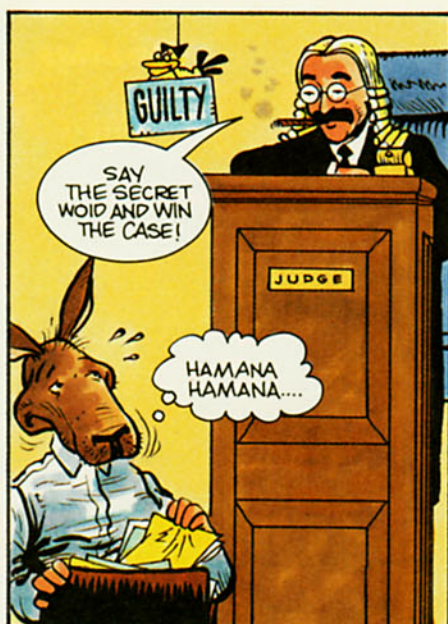
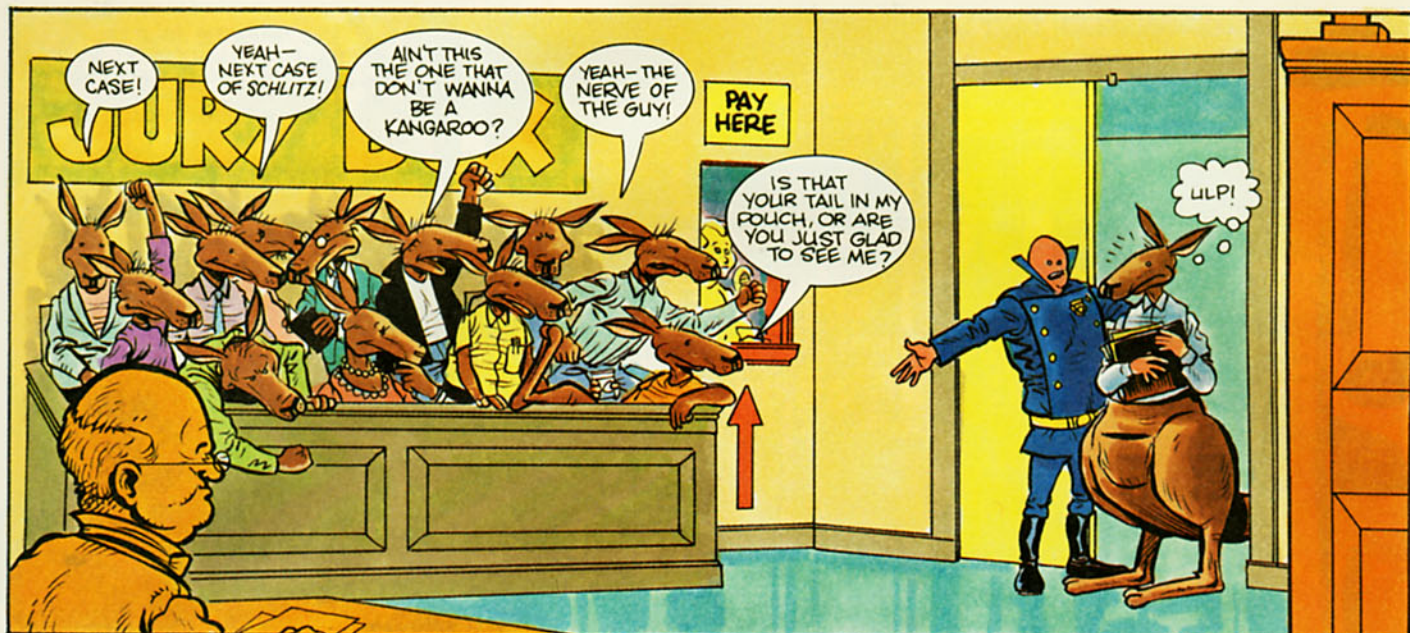




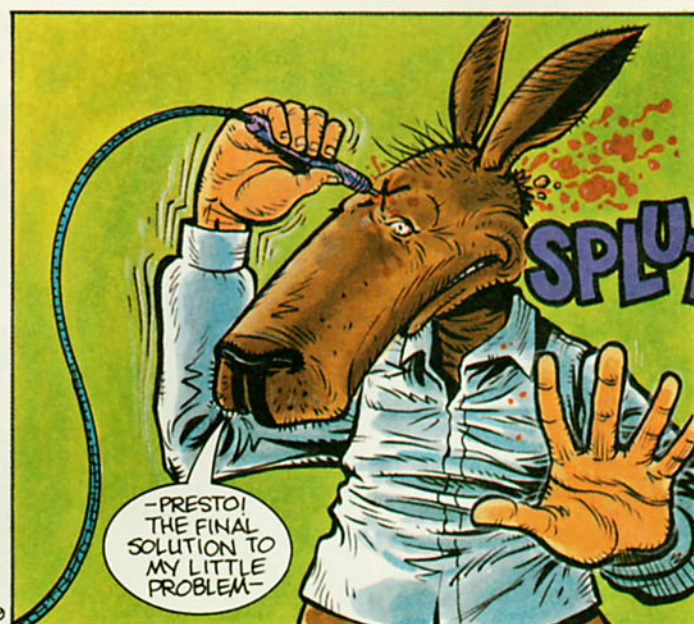
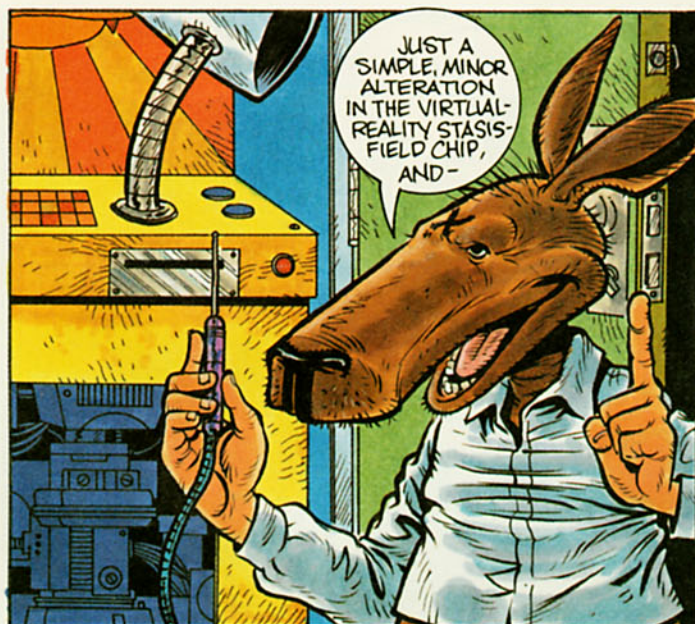
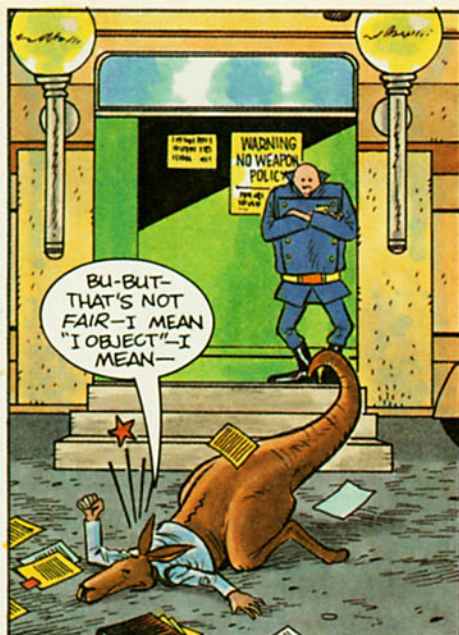




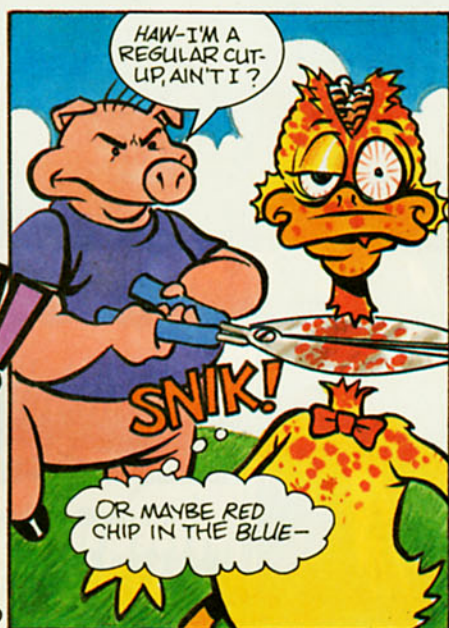
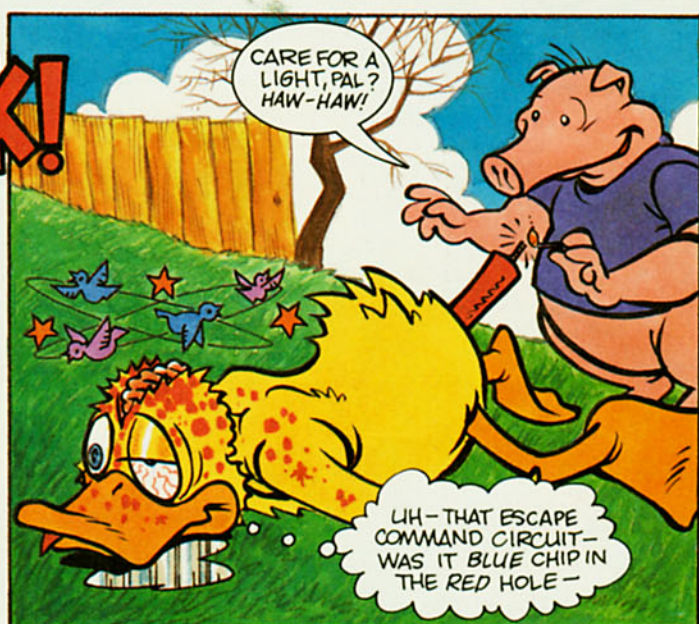
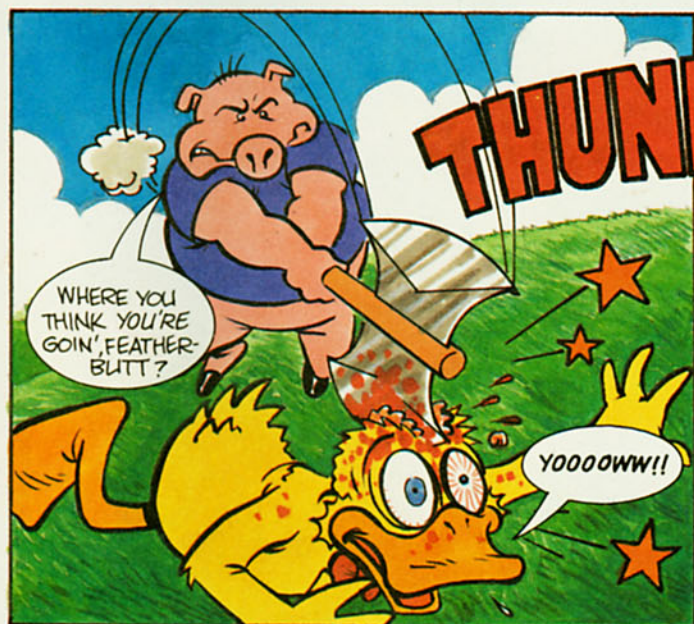
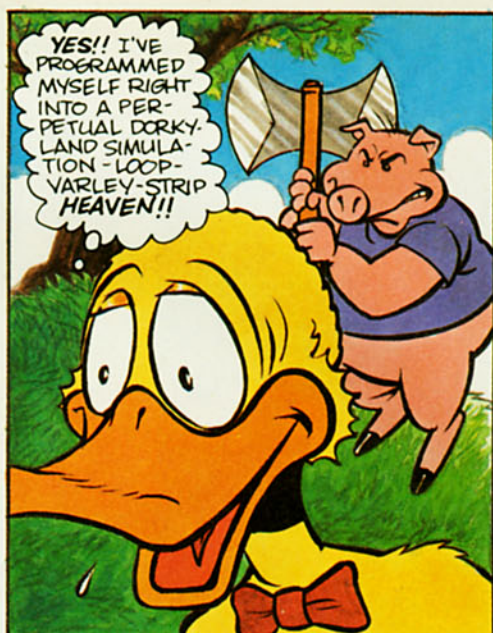




















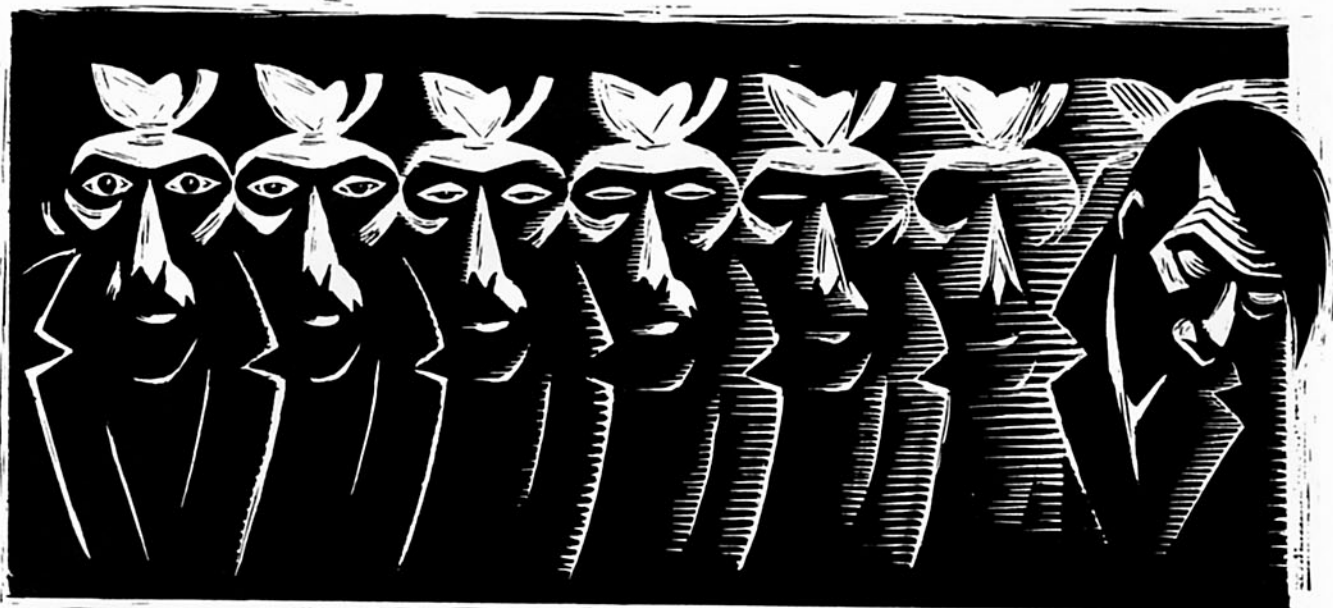








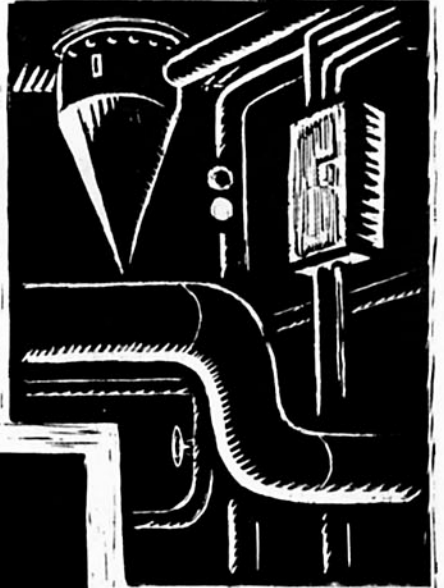




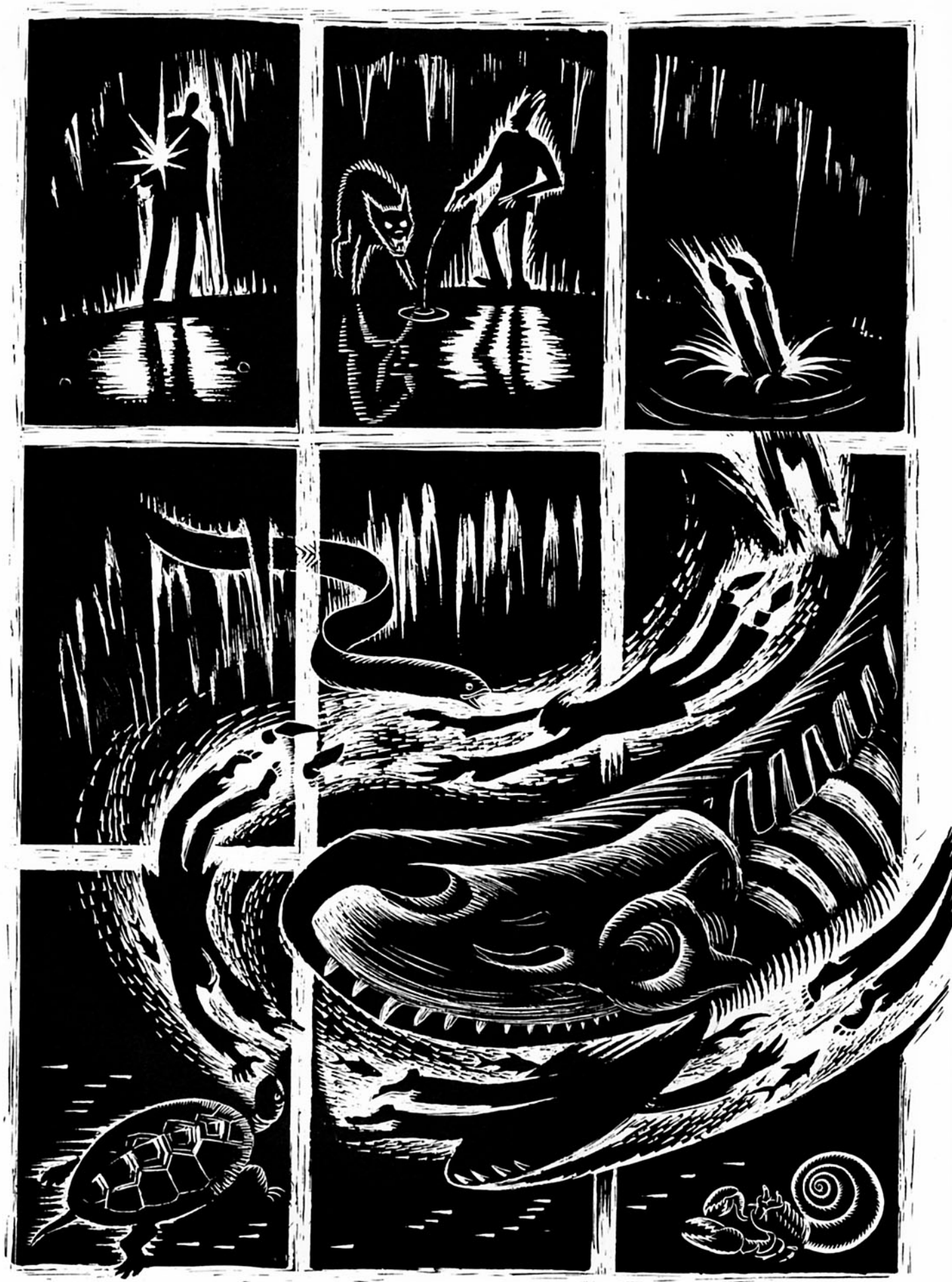




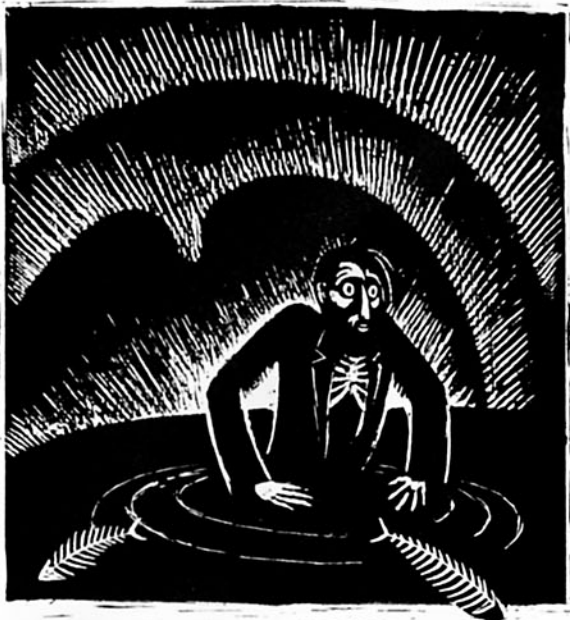
















































































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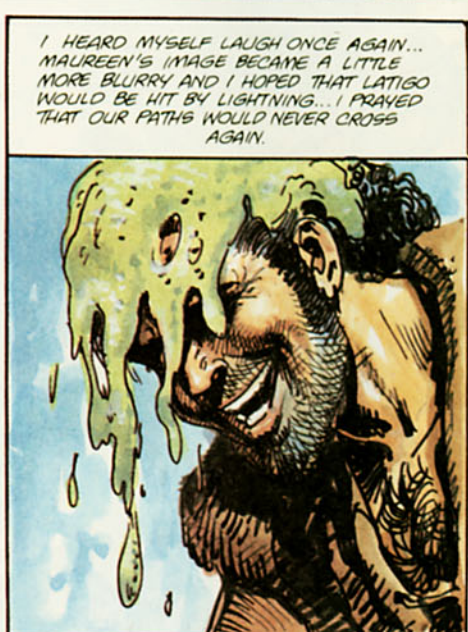


IF THE MOON WAS NOT DECEIVING ME, ABOUT A MONTH HAD ALREADY GONE BY AND LATIGO SEEMED TO HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR. ZORRO AND KID WERE COMBING THE FOREST FOR TRACKS WHILE OSLO GUARDED THE BRIDGE...MY JOB WAS THE MOST DISAGREEABLE.

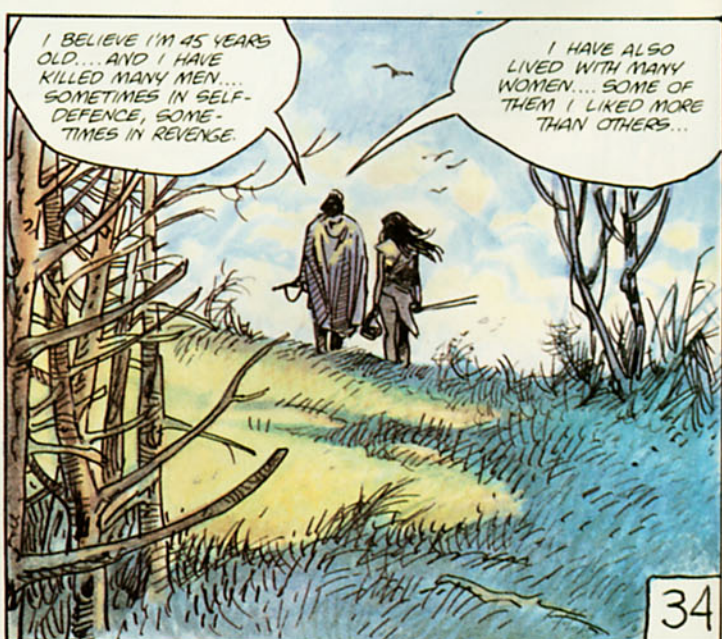
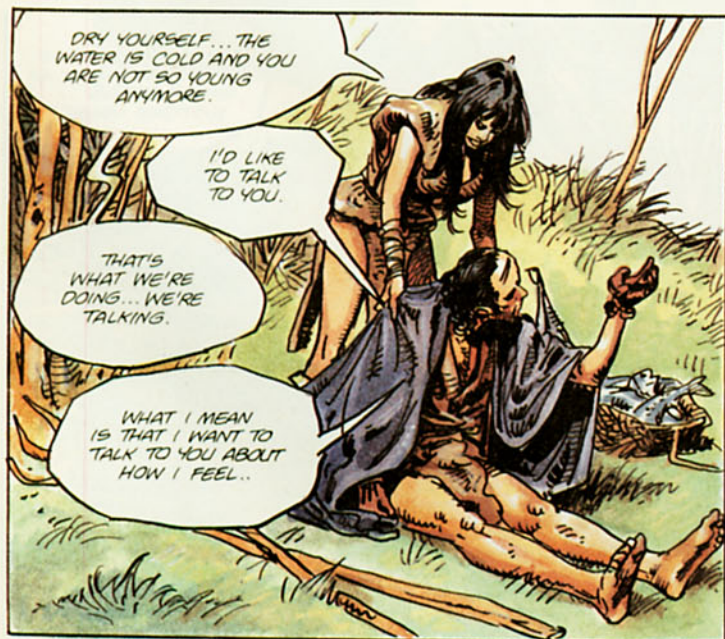


HA, HA, HA...  
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE  
POSEIDON... HA, HA, HA  
...YOU ARE HIS  
SPITTING IMAGE!





I HEARD MYSELF LAUGH ONCE AGAIN... MAUREEN'S IMAGE BECAME A LITTLE MORE BLURRY AND I HOPED THAT LATIGO WOULD BE HIT BY LIGHTNING... I PRAYED THAT OUR PATHS WOULD NEVER CROSS AGAIN.







WITH MAUREEN IT WAS DIFFERENT... I LIVED WITH HER AND HER FAMILY FOR TWO YEARS FILLED WITH PEACE... NOT ONE MOMENT OF VIOLENCE.

I THINK THAT'S WHY I LOVED HER SO MUCH... BECAUSE WITH HER I BECAME HUMAN AGAIN.



AREN'T YOU HUMAN NOW? AREN'T YOU HAPPY?



YES, I AM HUMAN ONCE AGAIN... AND I AM HAPPY...

THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING YOU TO FORGET LATIGO....

EVERYTIME I MAKE LOVE TO YOU I KILL HIM A LITTLE BIT... WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO KILL HIM ALSO.



I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU... I DON'T WANT TO LOSE ANY OF YOU.

AND LATIGO IS LIKE ME.... HE IS... HE IS A MESSENGER OF DEATH.



WE ARE DIFFERENT, HOMBRE.... FOR ME REVENGING MY PARENTS IS AS NECESSARY AS BREATHING... AS EATING... LIVING...

IT IS SOMETHING COMPLETELY NATURAL THAT I ACCEPT... I WILL GET MY REVENGE TOMORROW OR MAYBE IN A HUNDRED YEARS... I'M NOT IN A HURRY OR OBSESSED ABOUT IT.



THE BRIDGE!





I THOUGHT  
IT WAS  
LATIGO....

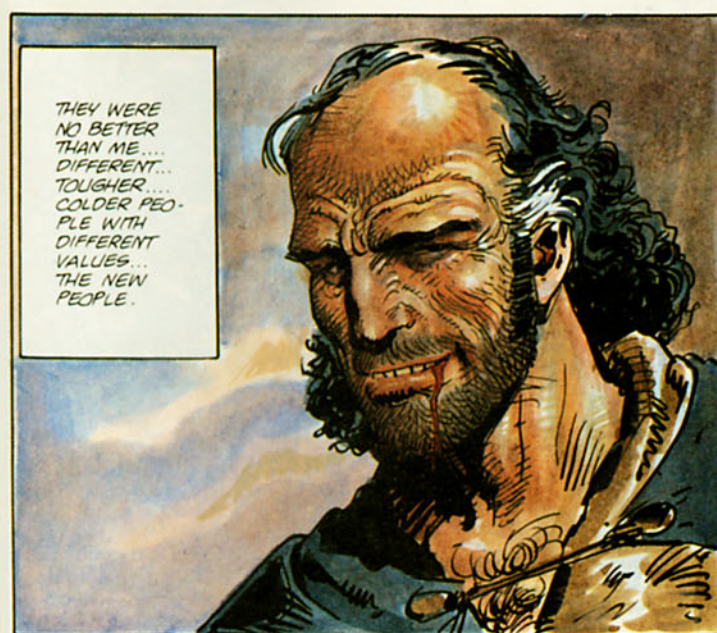
I THOUGHT  
IT WAS HIS  
WAGON UP  
THERE AND  
HIS PEOPLE...



THIS IS WHAT I WAS NOT ABLE  
TO EXPLAIN TO YOU....

THESE  
PEOPLE WILL  
HAVE BROTHERS  
OR SONS AND  
THEY WILL SEEK  
REVENGE AND  
LOOK FOR YOU....













FINDING OUR MONASTERY WITH THIS HEAVY SNOW-FALL WAS ALMOST A MIRACLE.

MANY YEARS AGO ONE OF OUR BROTHERS WENT OUT TO GATHER OUR LIVESTOCK IN A SNOWFALL LIKE THIS AND DIED OF EXPOSURE BECAUSE HE HAD GOTTEN LOST.

AND I ALSO REMEMBER ANOTHER TIME....

STOP ALL THAT CHATTERING, BROTHER NICASIO.

HERE, TAKE THIS HABIT.... OUR ABBOT WANTS TO MEET YOU AND OFFER YOU OUR HOSPITALITY.



IT'S A LITTLE SMALL FOR YOU... I THINK I'LL ASK BROTHER GUILLERMO IF HE HAS A SPARE ONE.

HE'S ALMOST AS TALL AS YOU ARE.



I LET HIM SHOW ME THE WAY WITHOUT PROTESTING... I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THAT I HAD POSSIBLY ARRIVED AT MY FINAL DESTINATION.

I WILL SHOW YOU OUR TREASURES BEFORE I TAKE YOU TO SEE THE ABBOT.

WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO DO IN THIS MONASTERY IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE FOR THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY... WE ARE ITS MEMORY.



DO YOU LIKE TO READ?

TO BE HONEST... I READ MY LAST BOOK MANY YEARS AGO... WHEN SCHOOLS STILL EXISTED.



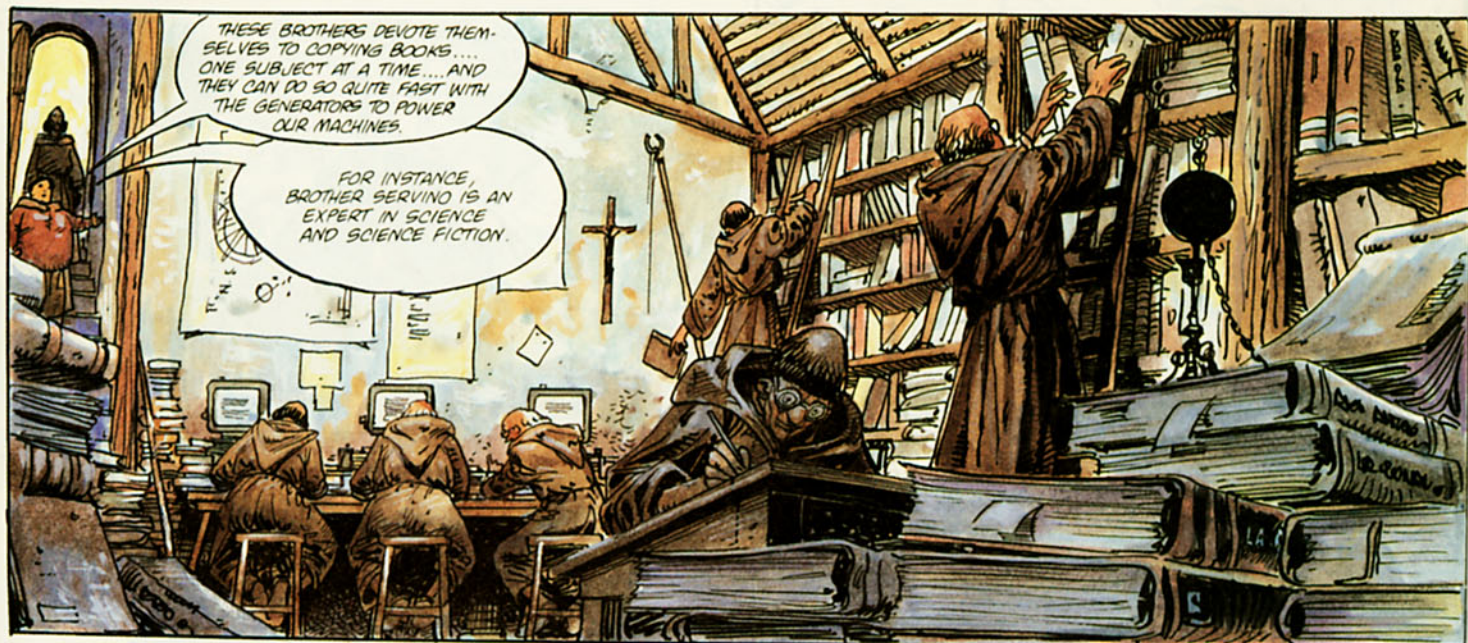
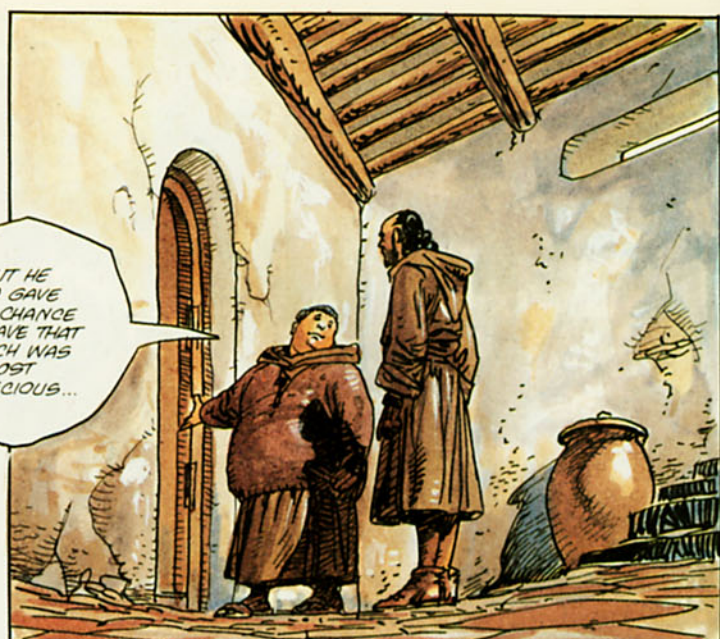




I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE SAYING... WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR WORLD WAS HORRIBLE!

GOD SUBJECTED US TO A TERRIBLE TRIAL WHICH OF COURSE WE DESERVED...

BUT HE ALSO GAVE US A CHANCE TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS MOST PRECIOUS...



THESE BROTHERS DEVOTE THEMSELVES TO COPYING BOOKS... ONE SUBJECT AT A TIME... AND THEY CAN DO SO QUITE FAST WITH THE GENERATORS TO POWER OUR MACHINES.

FOR INSTANCE, BROTHER SERVINO IS AN EXPERT IN SCIENCE AND SCIENCE FICTION.



YOU MUST KNOW THAT IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME THAT THE WORLD HAS EXPERIENCED SUCH A DARK AND BARBAROUS AGE.


IT HAPPENED ONCE BEFORE WHEN THE ROMAN EMPIRE DISINTEGRATED AND THE WORLD PASSED INTO THE MIDDLE AGES... IT WAS A TIME OF TERRIBLE VIOLENCE... SUPERSTITION REPLACED KNOWLEDGE.



OUR ORDER BEGAN, BACK THEN, TO STORE IN ITS MONASTERIES THE WORKS OF CLASSIC PHILOSOPHERS AND SCIENTISTS FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS TO READ.

ALL THE WORKS OF THE GREAT THINKERS WERE KEPT HERE, ALONG WITH BOOKS BY POETS, SCIENTISTS, AND HISTORIANS... IN BRIEF, ALL OF HUMANITY'S KNOWLEDGE.





THE RENAISSANCE  
CAME ABOUT  
THANKS TO THE  
BOOKS THAT WE  
STORED HERE AND  
CARED FOR WITH  
GREAT  
LOVE.

AND WE ARE DOING  
THE SAME ONE MORE  
TIME... COME, I  
WANT TO SHOW  
YOU OUR LIBRARY.

HERE IS  
CONTAINED  
ALL OF  
HUMANITY'S  
KNOWLEDGE.

ALL OF  
IT'S ARTS,  
FROM MAKING  
A MOVIE TO  
CLASSICAL  
MUSIC.

THAT'S  
WHY I  
KEEP TELLING  
YOU THAT WE ARE  
HUMANITY'S  
MEMORY.

AND WHEN  
THESE MIDDLE  
AGES HAVE PASSED  
... WHEN THE BARBAR-  
IANS HAVE DISCOVERED  
PEACE AND HARMONY  
ONCE AGAIN... WE  
WILL OFFER THEM  
OUR TREASURE.



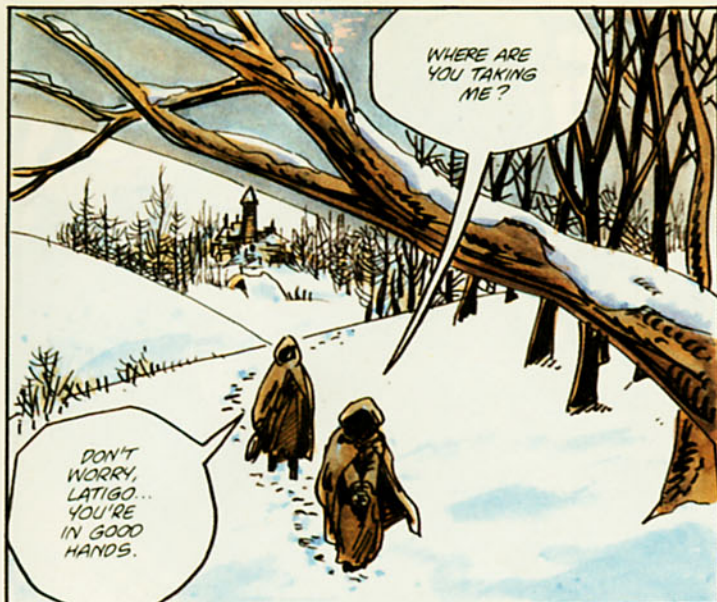












WHERE ARE  
YOU TAKING  
ME?

DON'T  
WORRY,  
LATIGO...  
YOU'RE  
IN GOOD  
HANDS.

I WAS HOPING THAT WE WOULD ALREADY BE FAR  
AWAY FROM THE MONASTERY WHEN THE DISCOVERY  
OF GUILLERMO'S DISAPPEARANCE WOULD TAKE PLACE.



PLEASE BELIEVE ME WHEN  
I TELL YOU THAT I ADMIRE  
YOUR DEVOTION TO THE ARTS...  
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT  
YOU'VE MANAGED TO SAVE A  
BEATLES RECORD AND  
A MOVIE BY JOHN  
HUSTON...

LIKE, FOR  
EXAMPLE, "THE  
MAN WHO WOULD BE  
KING"... MY FAVORITE...  
AND IT'S WONDERFUL  
THAT IN FIVE HUNDRED  
YEARS SOMEONE WILL  
BE ABLE TO WATCH  
IT AGAIN.



HOWEVER, YOUR HANDS ARE  
HEAVILY STAINED WITH  
BLOOD.



I WOULD DO  
IT ALL OVER  
AGAIN.

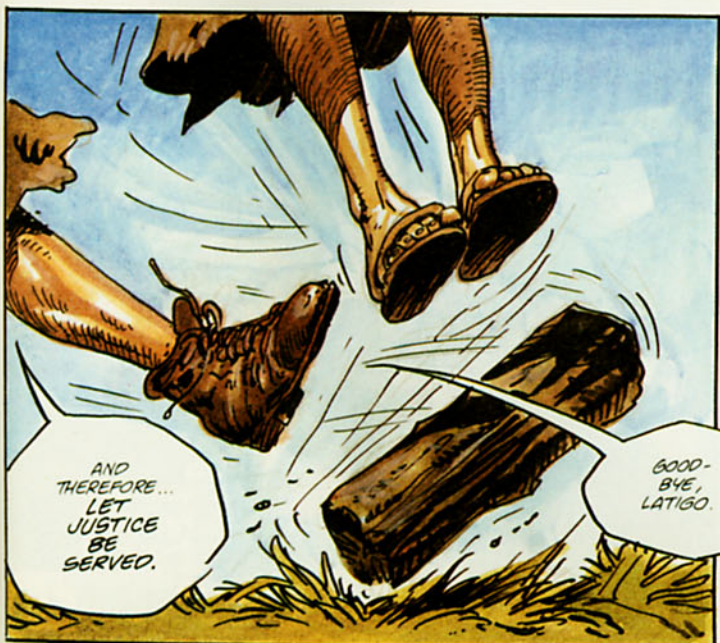
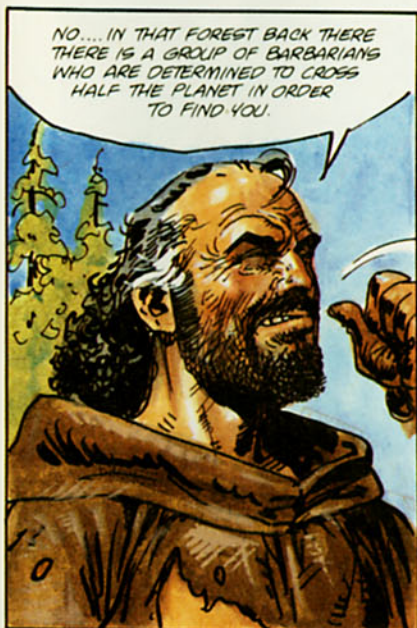
THE PEOPLE I  
KILLED WERE  
TRASH... WHILE  
THE BOOKS I  
SAVED ARE THE  
FULLEST EXPRES-  
SION OF OUR  
SENSIBILITIES,  
OF OUR...



BE CAREFUL... WE  
ARE GOING TO TRAVEL  
TOGETHER FOR A  
FEW DAYS...

IF YOU SAY SOME-  
THING LIKE THAT AGAIN,  
I WILL REDUCE YOU  
TO A PULP.



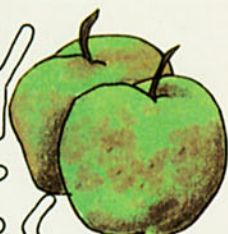








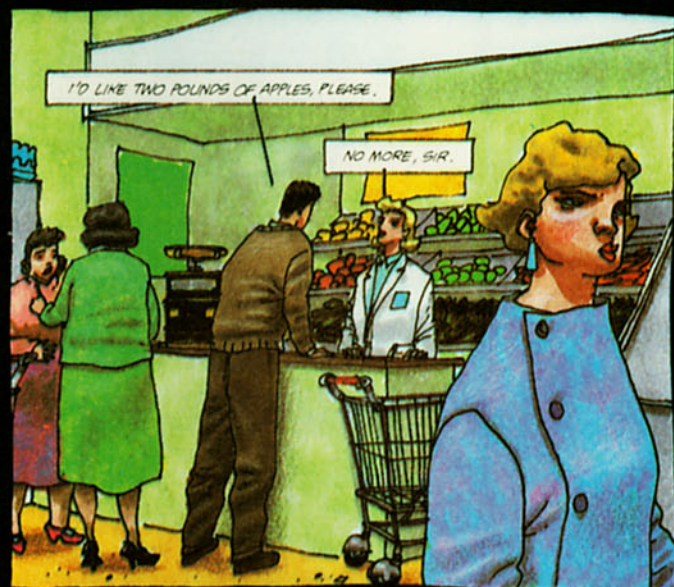
# FOR A COUPLE OF LOUSY APPLES



'86  
MIGLEIAXO PRADO







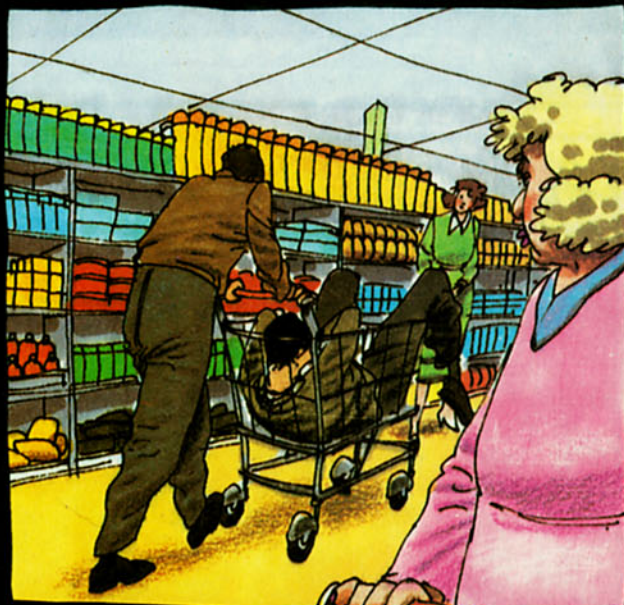




MIGUELINXO '86





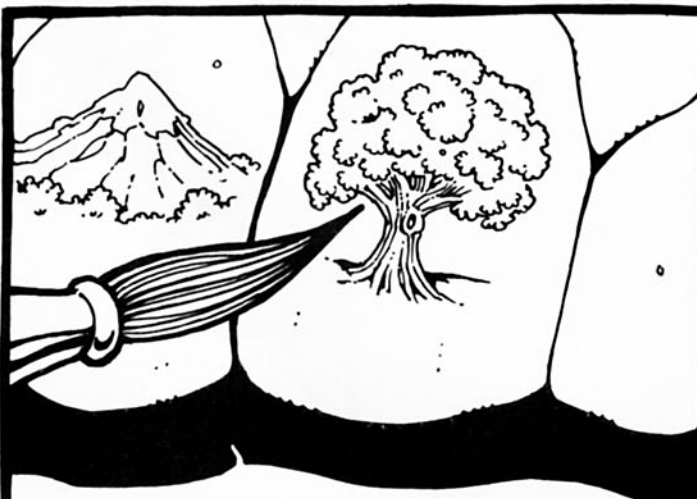




# THE CAT AT THE WINDOW

OR:  
LIFE IN FRANCE

RICK GEARY  
©1990



I WAS BROUGHT THERE, AT FIRST, TO  
INTRODUCE THE NEWEST AMERICAN  
FAD OF DENTAL LANDSCAPE PAINTING.



MY QUARTERS WERE IN A HIGH TURRET:  
VERY PICTURESQUE.





ALL THE CATS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD SEEMED ATTRACTED TO MY DOOR.



(MOST LIKELY OWING TO THE EXOTIC INGREDIENTS I USED IN PREPARING MY AMERICAN DISHES.)



SOMETHING I MADE MUST NOT HAVE AGREED WITH SOMEONE, FOR A CAMPAIGN AROSE TO ABOLISH ALL THINGS AMERICAN.



OUT WENT COMPUTERS, BLUE JEANS, LUNCHBOXES



NORWEGIAN CULTURE FLOURISHED BRIEFLY, BUT THE POPULATION SEEMED CONFUSED, RUDDERLESS.



I FOUND MYSELF JOINING A CADRE OF ARTISTS AND INTELLECTUALS MAKING VAGUE PLANS FOR REVOLUTION IN THE ARTS OF FABRIC DESIGN AND HOME DECORATION.

THE CATS, OF COURSE, HEARD EVERY WORD.





WE PLANNED OUR ACTION FOR STATUARY DAY.



BUT MY COMRADES WERE ARRESTED, TIED TO POSTS IN THE SQUARE AND FORCED TO SMOKE CIGARETTE AFTER CIGARETTE.



I WATCHED IT ALL FROM MY WINDOW.



THAT NITE, AS I LAY ABED, I WAS AWARE OF A CAT PEERING IN UPON ME.



IT DISTURBED ME SO MUCH I COULD NOT FALL TO SLEEP.





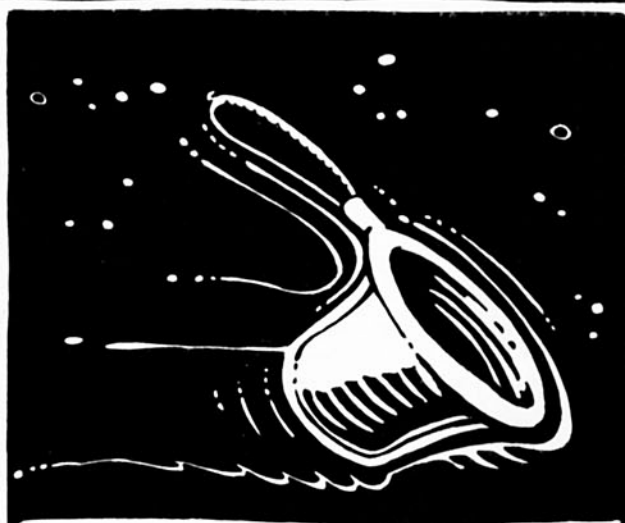
AFTER DRAWING THE CURTAIN,  
I COULD STILL FEEL ITS  
PRESENCE OUTSIDE.



THE CAT THEN TOOK A POSITION ON THE  
ROOF OPPOSITE, AND BEGAN TO  
CRY FEARSOMELY.



ITS HOWLS PIERCED MY EARS AND DREW  
FORTH VISIONS OF HUMANITY'S SUFFERING  
THRU COUNTLESS CENTURIES.



ABLE TO BEAR IT NO LONGER, I  
FLUNG OPEN THE WINDOW AND  
HURLED MY HEAVIEST SAUCEPAN.



IT MUST HAVE FOUND ITS MARK, FOR  
I HEARD NO MORE OF THE CAT  
THAT NITE.



STATUARY DAY GAVE WAY TO THE DAY OF  
REMORSE, BUT I REMAINED SECLUDED  
IN MY TURRET.





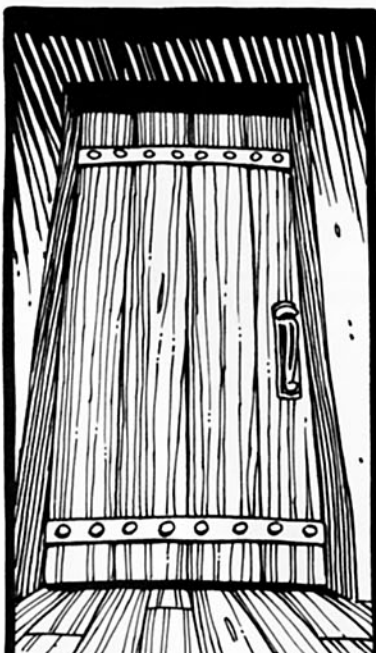
THERE WAS FIGHTING IN THE  
STREET'S BETWEEN THOSE  
CHAMPIONS OF A CULTURE  
TOTALLY FRENCH...



AND THOSE WHO WANTED  
NO CULTURE AT ALL.



FOLKS REPRESENTING  
DIVERGENT GAMES AND  
HOBBIES SCAMPERED  
FOR COVER.



THAT NITE, I HAD  
BARELY NODDED OFF  
WHEN A FURIOUS POUNDING  
CAME AT MY DOOR.



A THUNDROUS VOICE  
CALLED MY NAME.



I OPENED THE DOOR AND THERE STOOD  
THE CAT FROM THE NITE BEFORE...  
NOW HUMAN-SIZED AND SEETHING  
WITH MALEVOLENCE.



IT PRESENTED A CHALLENGE I DARED  
NOT REFUSE.



MY SENSE OF HONOR WAS OUTRAGED.





THIS CAT WAS NOT ONLY STRONG, BUT FIERCE AND TENACIOUS.



BUT AT LAST I MANAGED TO WRESTLE IT OVER THE PARAPET AT THE FOOT OF OUR STREET.



THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD TURNED OUT TO FETE ME.



NO ONE SEEMED TO MIND THAT I WAS A DREADED AMERICAN!



THE NEXT DAY WAS IN REMEMBRANCE OF BROKEN AND DISCARDED BUSINESS MACHINES.



I ATE AND DRANK OPENLY IN STREET CAFES.





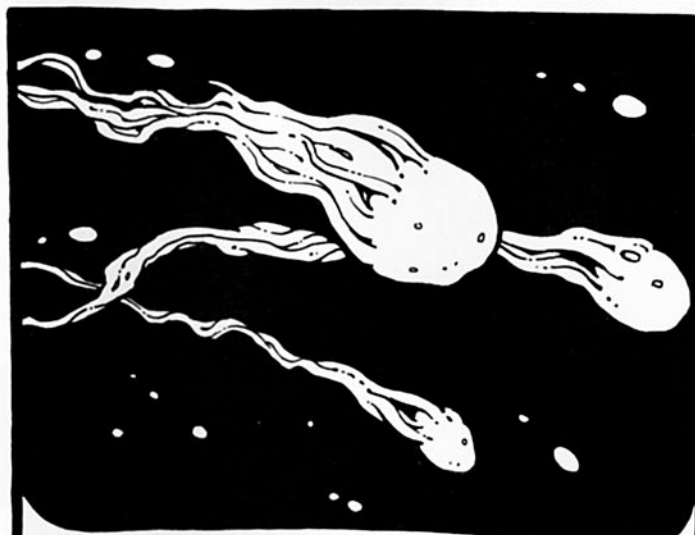
THAT NITE, I HAD HARDLY CLOSED MY EYES WHEN A BRILLIANT LIGHT APPEARED OUTSIDE MY WINDOW — AND A BOOMING VOICE RATTLED THE FURNITURE.



THERE IN THE SKY WAS THE CAT AGAIN, THIS TIME BIG AS A BARN AND FULL OF RAGE.



THE CALL TO BATTLE WAS UNMISTAKABLE, AND I ROSE TO THE OCCASION SPLENDIDLY.




THE CAT HURLED FIERY BALLS WITH GREAT VELOCITY.



I DID WHAT I COULD WITH BOLTS OF LIGHTNING.





ALL FRANCE VIEWED OUR STRUGGLE.



"THIS IS MY LIFE," I CRIED,  
"THIS IS WHAT I WAS MEANT  
TO BE!"

End



IT'S NOT ME, IT'S THE



MEANWHILE,  
BACK IN  
SUMATRA,  
INDONESIA

WEZP

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
WORMBOY™

Snif?

I... I...

Snif?

nevermind