

CORBEN! ARTHUR SUYDAM!

JANUARY 1995

\$3.95

CAN \$4.50

# HEAVY METAL<sup>®</sup>

THE ILLUSTRATED  
FANTASY MAGAZINE

WPS 36587



RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL JANUARY 16, 1995





# C · O · N · T · E · N · T · S

HEAVY METAL • JANUARY 1995 • VOL. XVIII, NO. 6

4

**GALLERY:**  
ARTHUR SUYDAM

10

**THE INDUCEMENT**  
by Richard Corben

17

**TEDDY BEAR**  
by Gess  
(continued on page 85)

34

**CRYPT COPPER**  
by Gordon Rennie & Roger Langridge

47

**SGT. KIRBY**  
by Jerry Paris

57

**MUSEUM**  
by Fernando de Felipe

63

**STRIPTEASE**

Edited by Mark Martin

by Scott Cunningham, Wayno, Roy Tompkins,  
Todd Ramsell, Tony Mostrom, J.R. Williams, Michael  
Kupperman, Mark Martin, and Michael Ausbenker

72

**ZONE B: IN A PLACE OF THE MIND**  
by Josep M. Bea

81

**MERCHANDISING**  
by Das Pastoras & Prats

84

**CAVEMAN**  
by Tayyar Ozkan

**COVER**

by Royo

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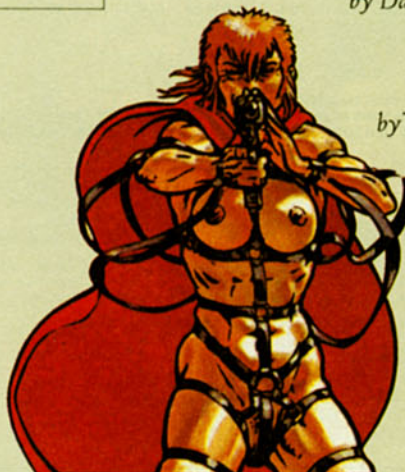
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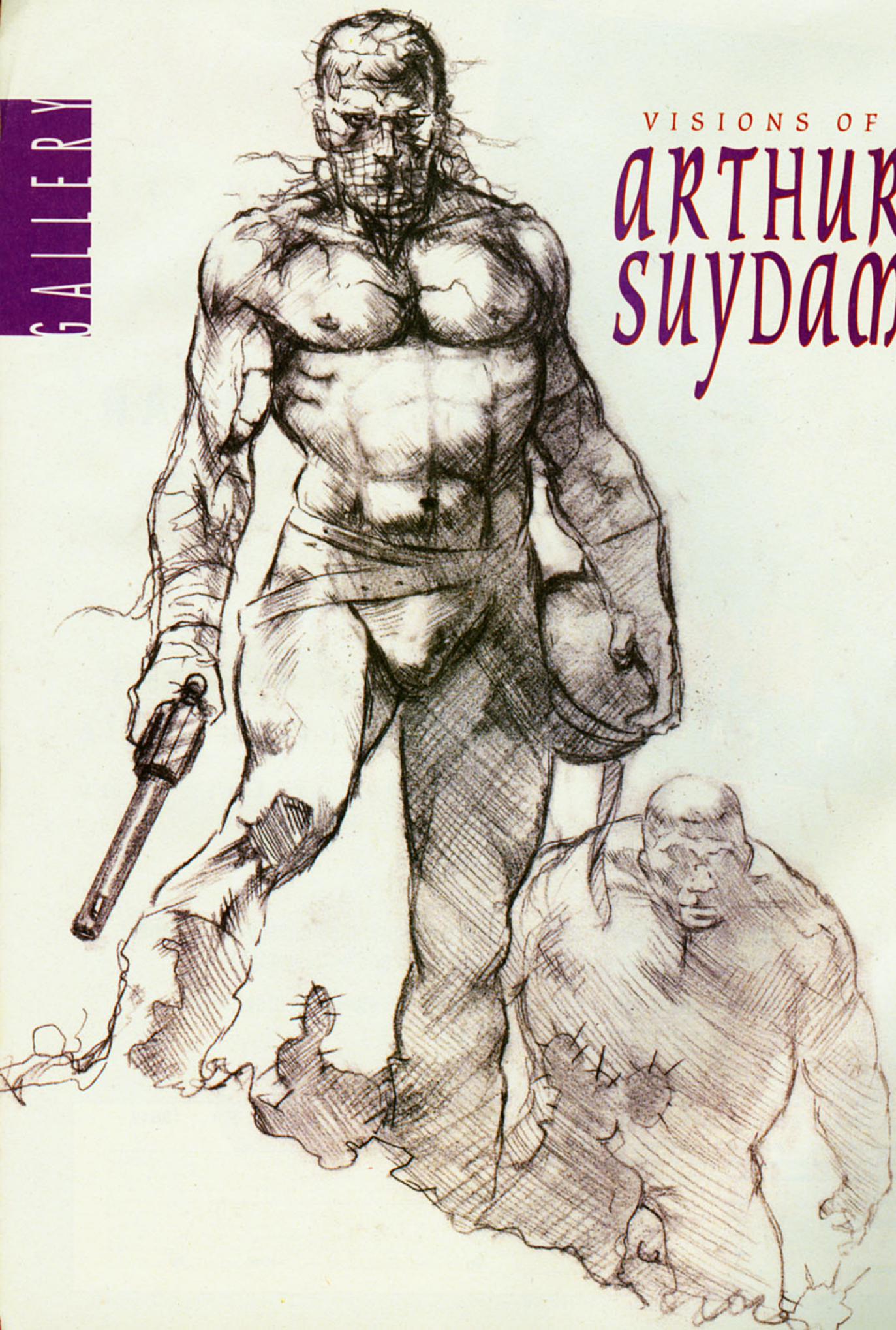
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GALLERY

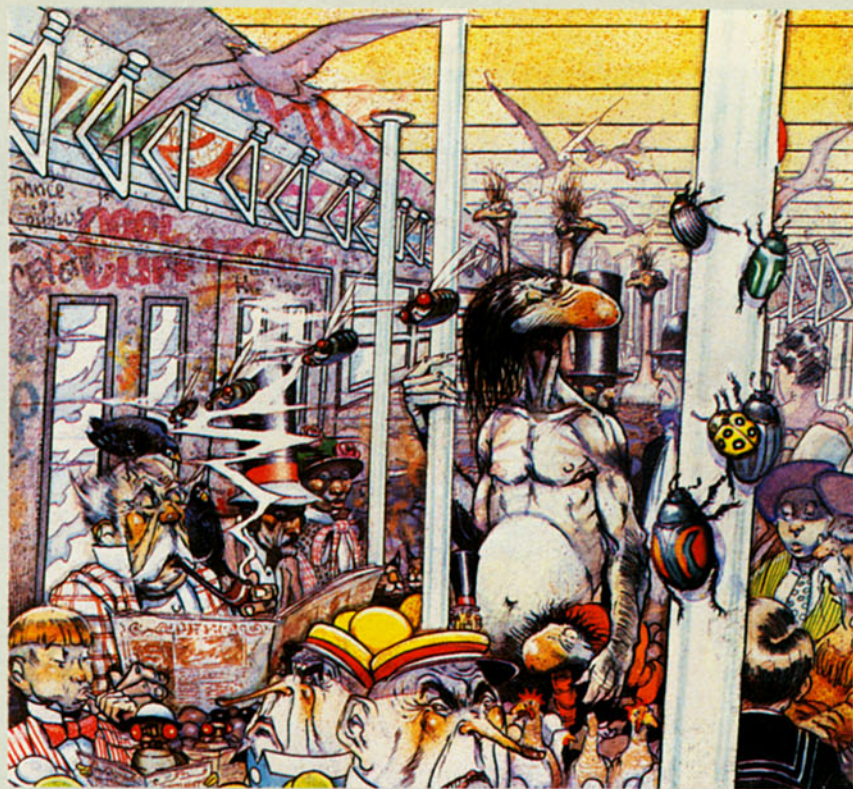
VISIONS OF  
**ARTHUR  
SUYDAM**







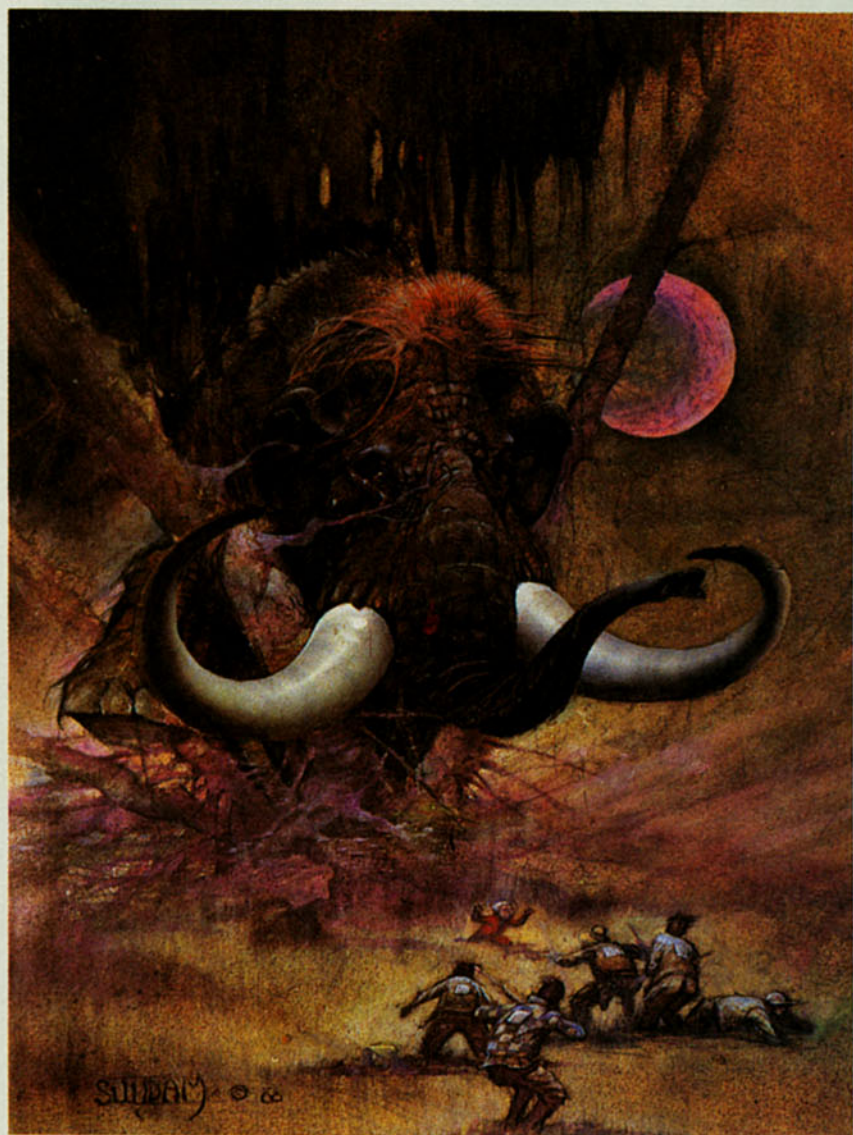




## ARTHUR SUYDAM

grew up in New Jersey where he began drawing at the age of four. While in high school, he found his uncle's Famous Artists Course workbooks, where he discovered the illustrations of his major influences; Albert Dorne and Norman Rockwell. Early on, Suydam came across EC Comics and devoured the work of Graham "Ghastly" Ingels. When the early *Creepy* magazines began to appear, he once again found horror to his liking and would be forever inspired by Frank Frazetta. Arthur's very first published work appeared in *Creepy* on the fan letters page.

In 1973, Suydam began illustrating horror scripts for DC Comics' *House of Secrets*. His submissions were deemed "too adult" for the young audience of mainstream comics. He found a home at *Heavy Metal*







*Magazine*. There he developed "Mudwogs" which later continued at Continuity Comics. A fully painted, intensely-detailed "Mudwogs" graphic novel is due for release in 1995.

Much of Suydam's art reflects a fascination for things reptilian. "I've spent a lot of time in the South, in Florida, exploring swamps, catching snakes... even catching alligators with a rope. The textures of reptile skin fascinate me. I had my own alligator for thirteen years. It only grew to four feet, though. Maybe life in Trenton, New Jersey, didn't agree with it."



Just published from Dark Horse Comics is *Visions: The Art of Arthur Suydam*, which he says "reflects my best work to date". A deluxe limited-edition of the book will be created exclusively for the Alexander Gallery of New York City, where an exhibit of the original art will be shown.





WHEN THE **RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR** BROKE OUT, **UNCLE SAM** WAS KINDA GLAD!

UNTIL A STRAY SALVO OF **NUKES** PLASTERED THE STATES!

SOMETIMES LIFE'S A REAL **BLAST**, Y'KNOW?

DAMMIT TO **HELL!**

© 1990 RICH MARGOPOULOS AND RICH CORBEN  
COLORING BY BETH CORBEN

THE MUTIES ARE INVITING A HUMAN **BABE** TO DINNER! SHE'S THE **SIDE DISH!**

TIME T'DO MY RESCUE-THE-DAMSEL-IN-DISTRESS ROUTINE!

KLAK-KLIK

# THE INDUCEMENT

THREE BLOCKS AWAY, I TAKE 'EM BY **SURPRISE!** I'M ALL OVER THE MUTANTS LIKE A CHEAP COAT OF **RED PAINT!**

GOTTA GET THE GIRL!  
GOTTA **GET** THE GIRL!!!

BLAM

TERRRIT-TERRRIT!





I GET THE **GIRL!**  
TIME FOR **ACT TWO!**

GOTTA  
**RUN LIKE HELL!**

**BLAM**

**BAM BAM**

**TRRRRIIT!**



SOON AS I'M THROUGH THE **RAZORWIRE**, I TRIGGER AN AUTOMATIC **SENSOR!**

RIGHT ON MY **HEELS! GOOD!**  
COME TO **POPPA!**

MY HOUSE **COMPUTER** RECOGNIZES ME AND LETS ME **IN**. DISARMING MORE BOOBY TRAPS 'N I CAN COUNT! TEN SECONDS LATER, MY **CLAYMORES** GO OFF!

DUMB-ASS **MUTES!**  
THINK THEY'DVE **LEARNED ...!**

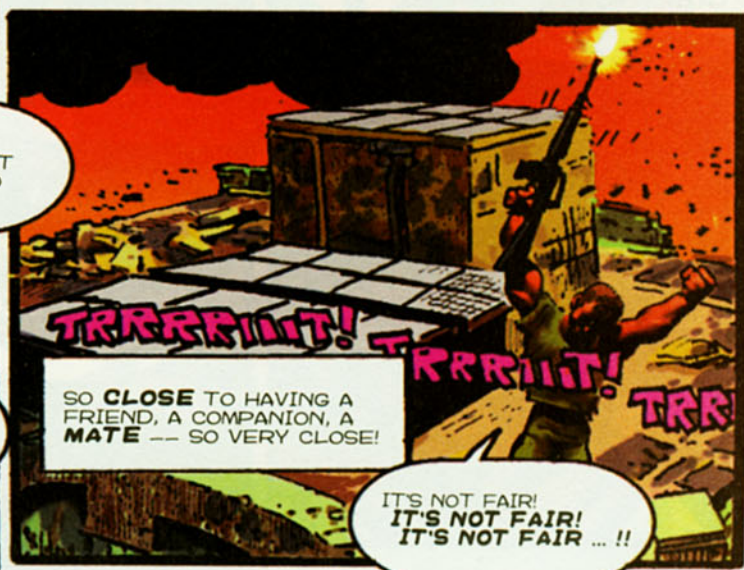
**BOOM BLA-BOOM**  
**BLA-BOOM**



ANOTHER **TEN SECONDS** AND MY MOTION-DETECTOR FIFTY CALIBERS **OPEN UP**, FINISHING THE JOB! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING **WRONG** WITH THE **GIRL!**

SHE'S **FEVERISH, DELIRIOUS** --- ! DON'T THINK SHE'S GOING TO **MAKE IT!**

GUINEA PIGS ...  
GUINEA PIGS ...  
GUINEA PIGS ...



SO **CLOSE** TO HAVING A FRIEND, A COMPANION, A **MATE** --- SO VERY CLOSE!

IT'S NOT FAIR!  
IT'S NOT FAIR!  
IT'S NOT FAIR ... !!

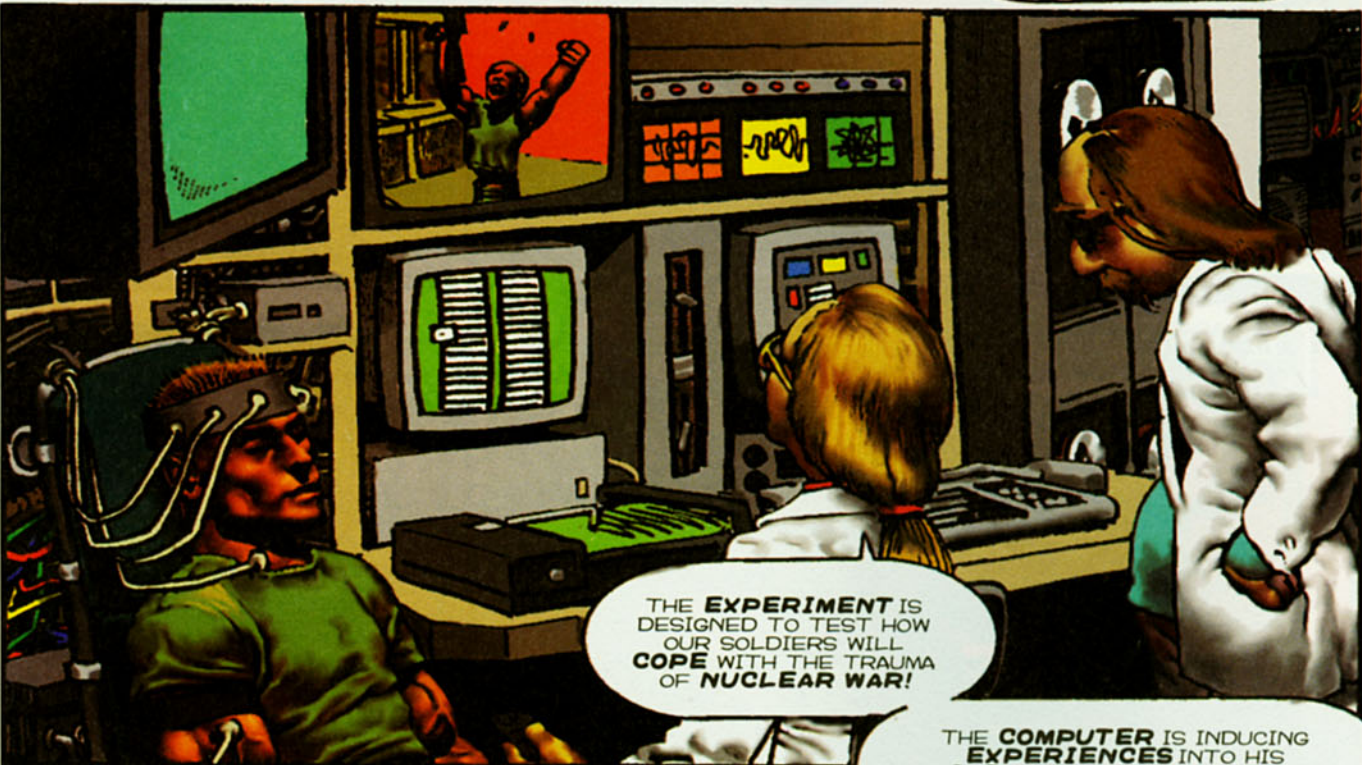
**TRRRRIIT! TRRRRIIT! TRRRRIIT!**






**DOCTOR ROSELLE!**  
THE SUBJECT'S **EEG** IS  
GOING OFF THE **SCALE!!**

I **EXPECTED** THAT,  
PAULA, AFTER **WHAT**  
WE'VE PUT HIM  
**THROUGH!**



THE **EXPERIMENT** IS  
DESIGNED TO TEST HOW  
OUR SOLDIERS WILL  
**COPE** WITH THE TRAUMA  
OF **NUCLEAR WAR!**

THE **COMPUTER** IS INDUCING  
**EXPERIENCES** INTO HIS  
MIND, MAKING HIM BELIEVE THE  
IMAGES ARE **REAL!**




YES, YES. I  
KNOW ALL  
**THAT!**

BUT THE **GIRL** IN HIS  
CATATONIC STATE WARNED  
HIM OF **GUINEA PIGS!**



IT'S ALMOST AS IF HIS  
**UNCONSCIOUS** WERE  
ATTEMPTING TO **WARN** HIM!

**NONSENSE!** NO HUMAN BEING  
HAS EVER **WILLED** HIMSELF  
OUT OF A COMPUTER INDUCED  
**TRANCE!**



BUT IF HE  
**EVER** DID, HE'D  
**KILL** US! HE ---!

YOU'RE BECOMING  
**HYSTERICAL**, PROFESSOR  
ROBBINS! PREPARE TO  
**REPLAY** THAT LAST **MOCK**  
**UP** ...

... ONLY THIS TIME HE  
DOESN'T **RESCUE**  
THE **GIRL!**



DAMN! THE MUTES'VE  
TAKEN A **HUMAN**  
CAPTIVE! **FEMALE** TOO!

I SUIT UP FOR **ACTION!** I'M  
ARMED TO THE **TEETH!**

GOTTA  
MOVE  
FAST ...!

KLAK-  
KLIK

I MEAN, IF I DON'T  
**RESCUE** HER IN THIS  
HELL HOLE, **WHO** WILL?



THREE BLOCKS AWAY, I'M ALL  
**OVER 'EM LIKE A CHEAP SUIT!**  
THE GIRL'S ALREADY **DEAD!** BUT  
SOMETHING'S NOT **RIGHT!** THE  
**MUTANTS** ARE ...

GUINEA  
PIGS!

GUINEA  
PIGS!!

GUINEA  
PIGS!!!

GUINEA  
PIG!

UM, **DOCTOR!** WE  
SEEM TO HAVE A  
**SITUATION** HERE ...

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GRAPHIC NOVELS WRITE OR CALL--

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# TEDDY BEAR

SOUTH  
EUROPEAN DOME

NORTH BRITTANY,  
INTERNATIONAL SECTOR

PUFF...  
PUFF...

YOU'RE LAGGING,  
INSPECTOR  
KLOSER!

HAN, PUFF...

I'LL HAVE TO  
INFORM THE HEALTH  
SERVICE OF YOUR  
PITIFUL PHYSICAL  
CONDITION.

LISTEN TO THE RAT!  
YOU JUST WATCH YOUR  
CIRCUITS, I'LL WATCH  
OUT FOR MY OWN ASS  
AND EVERYBODY WILL  
BE HAPPY, OKAY?

YOUR SURVIVAL DEPENDS  
ON YOUR REFLEXES,  
INSPECTOR, DON'T  
YOU FORGET THAT.

I'LL REMEMBER!

HERE WE ARE, ROOM 602.  
THREE HUMANS, CLASSIC  
ARMAMENT, ONE OF THEM  
HAS AN INFRARED EYE  
IMPLANT. I'M ACTIVATING  
A STATIC SCRAMBLER  
SCREEN...HE WON'T BE  
ABLE TO SEE YOU.

M.T. 10  
NEURODRUG

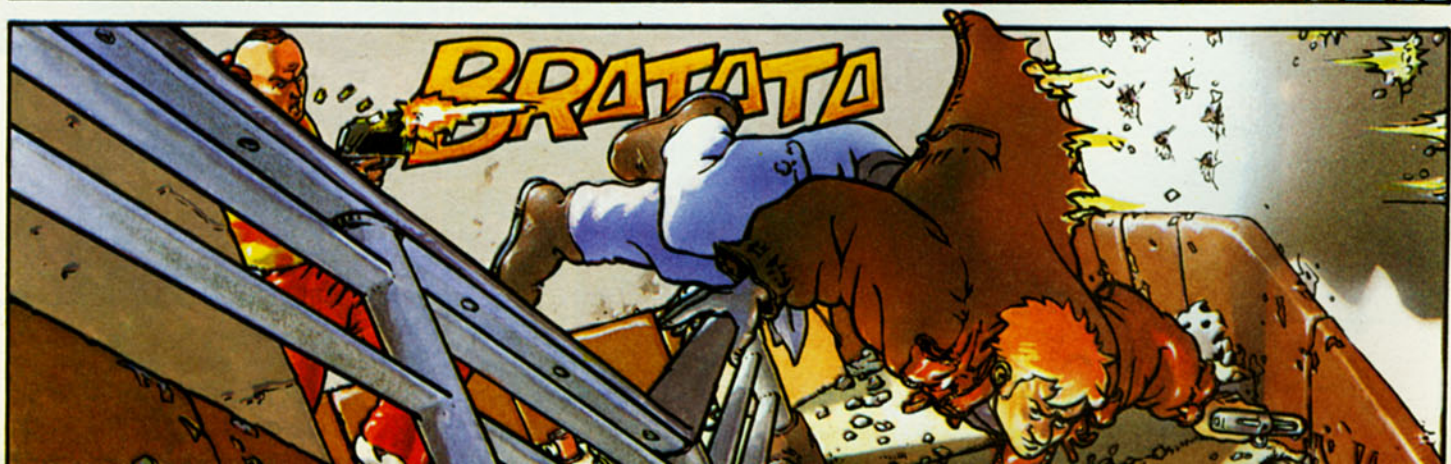
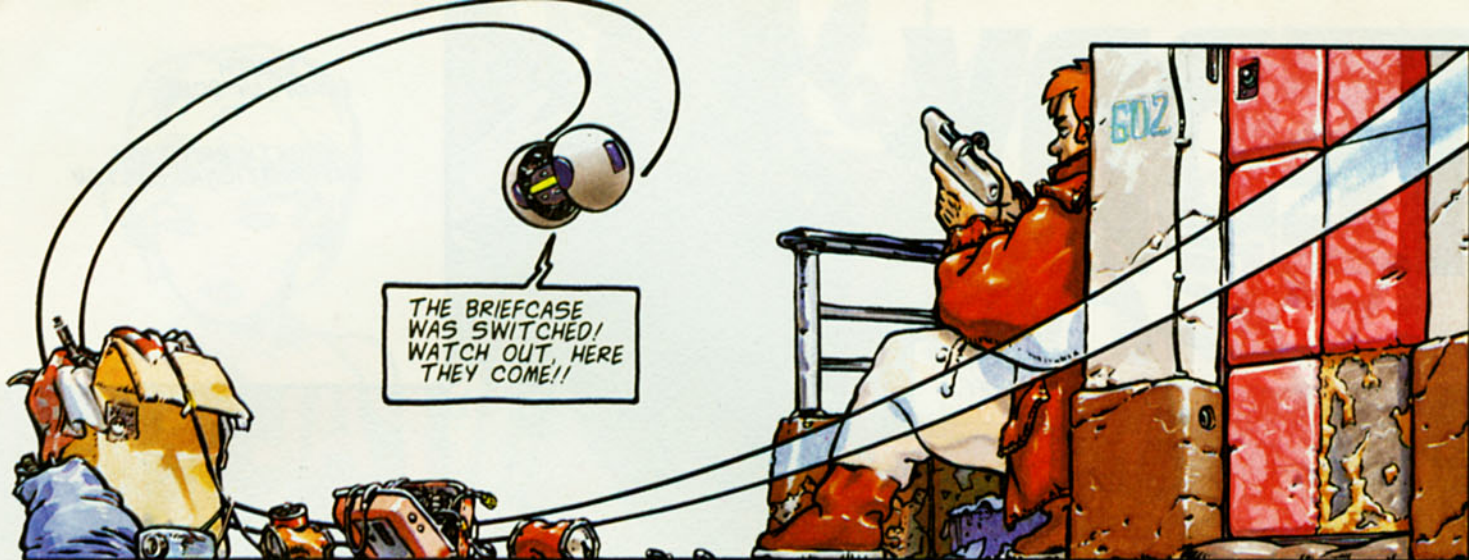
30 D.DRUG  
-BAG

M.G. 67

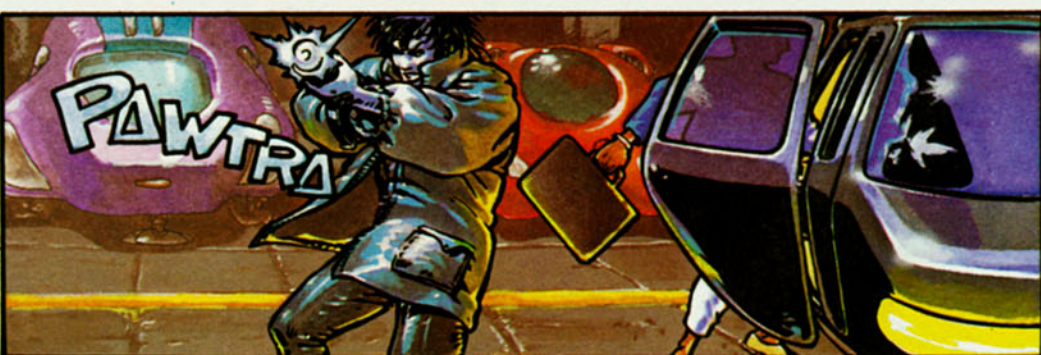
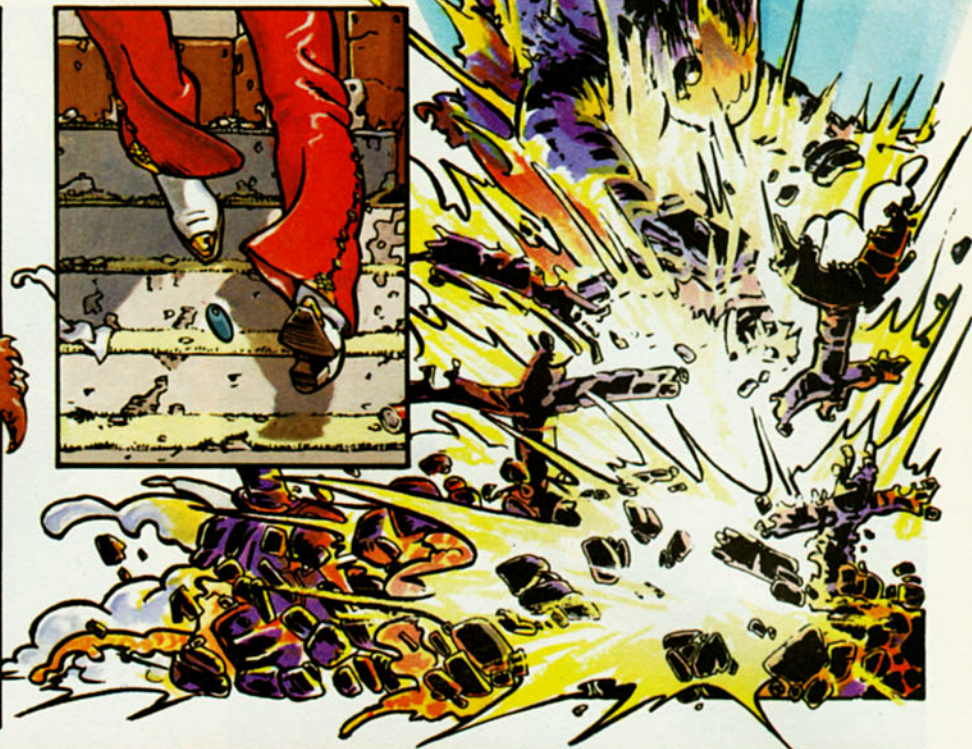
S.GUN  
22  
D.D.B

THEY'RE VIOLATING THE  
LAW...PARAGRAPH 20518,  
LINE 3 ON THE POSSESSION  
OF NARCOTICS, CLASS N.  
A BRIEFCASE FULL.

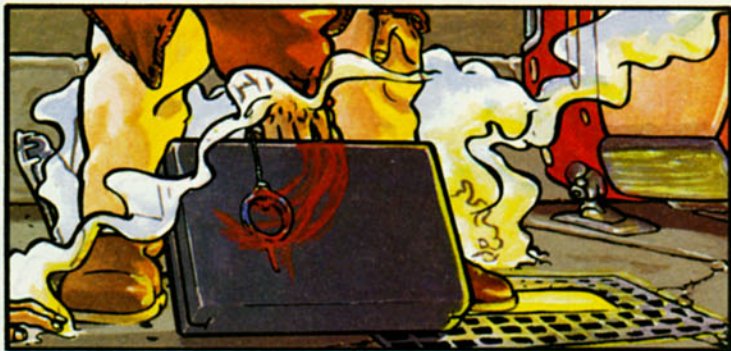




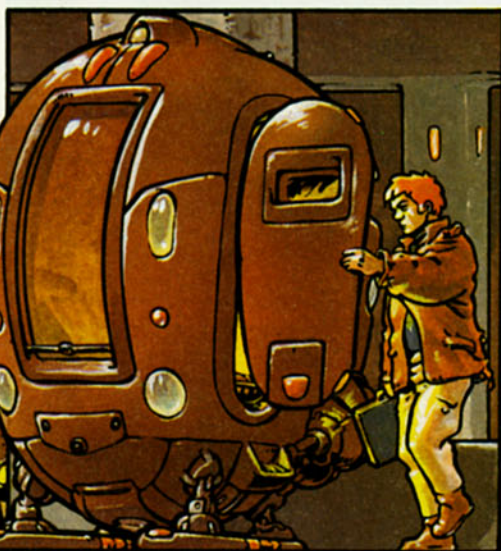








ONLY JUST MADE IT, AGAIN! SHIT, THERE'S GOT TO BE AN EASIER WAY OF GETTING THIS SHIT!!



BLEEP...HI YA, STYL! WHAT'S UP, PAL?



LET'S GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

NO PROBLEM, PAL. NO PROBLEM! WHERE ARE WE GOING, THE PRECINCT?

NO, THE HIDEOUT!

WE'RE OFF!





TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER...

CAFE

DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!

A cartoon illustration of a man in a red shirt and black pants hanging from a sign that says "CAFE". A speech bubble from him says "DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!". Below him is a large crowd of people.

A comic book panel featuring a man in a purple suit and tie, holding a handgun. He has a determined expression. A speech bubble above him says "WELL, I'M NOT!". To his right, a large yellow sound effect "BLAW" is written. In the foreground, a man wearing a baseball cap looks up at the man in the suit with a surprised expression. The background is a dense crowd of people.

CLIC CLIC

CLIC CLIC CLIC

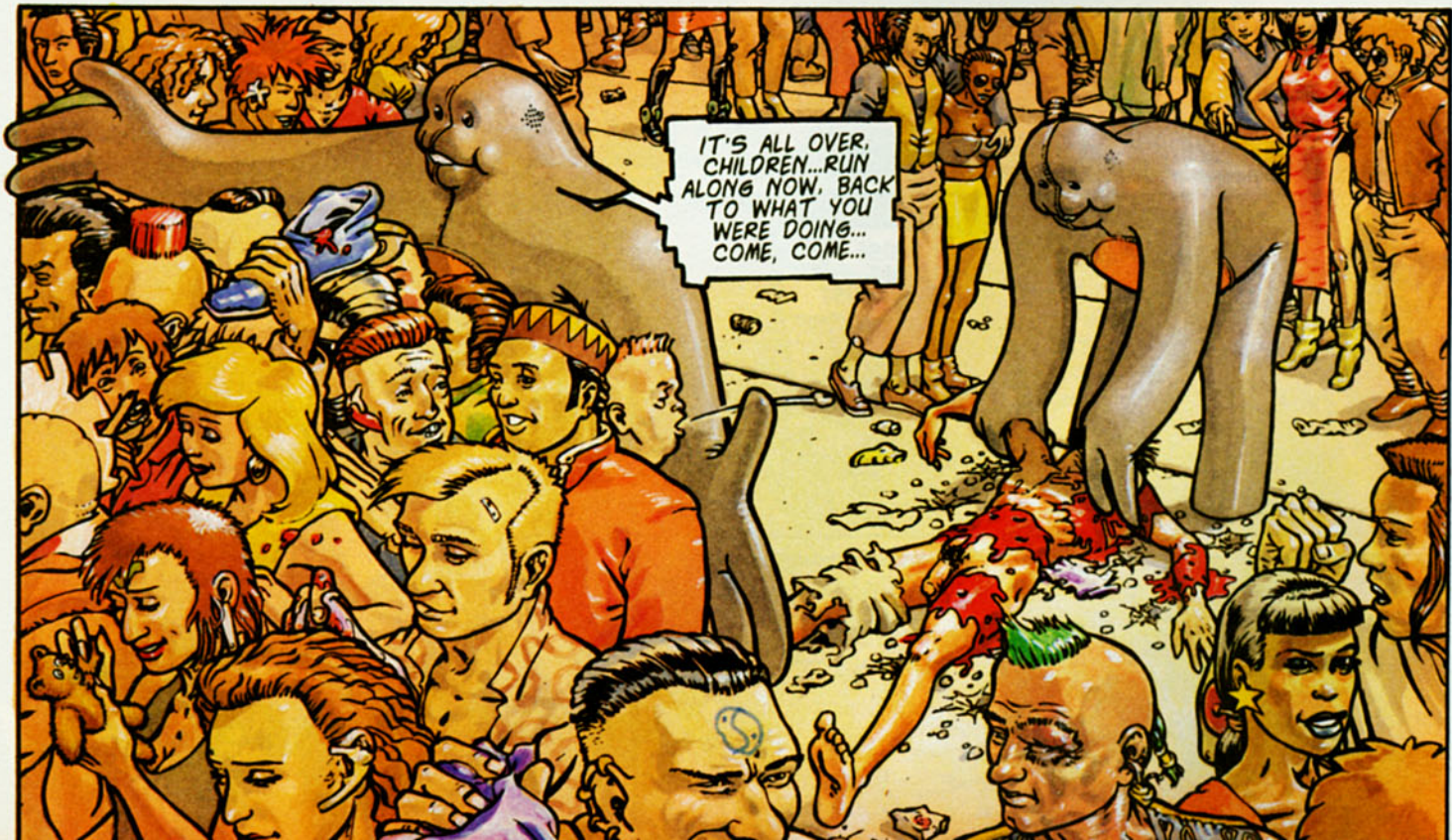
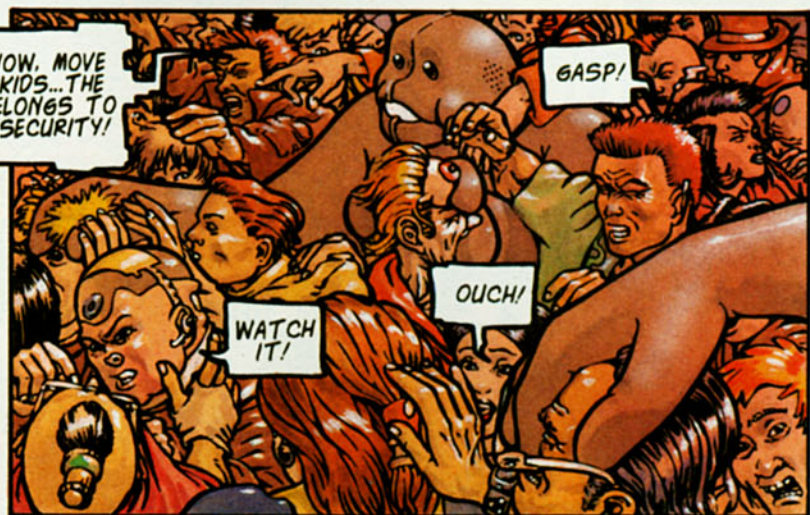
CLIC

HE CHOSE ME!  
D'YOU GET THAT,  
BASTARDS?

A comic book panel featuring a man in a purple suit and tie, holding a black box, shouting "NO ONE ELSE! HE SAID SO!" to a crowd of people. The man is in the foreground, looking upwards and to the right. The background is filled with a dense crowd of people, some looking towards the man. The style is typical of comic book art, with bold lines and a limited color palette.

**ME!**











DUD DUD DUD

DUD

DUD  
DUD  
DUD

YOU ARE  
TALKING TO  
STYL KLOSER'S  
HOLOVID  
ANSWERING  
MACHINE. I'M  
TANNING MY  
BUM ON BAHAMAS  
POINT, BUT YOU  
CAN ALWAYS  
LEAVE A  
MESSAGE  
AFTER THE  
FLASH!!



**KLOSER!**  
...FUCKIN' MENTAL  
RETARD, IF YOU'RE  
NOT IN MY OFFICE  
BEFORE TONIGHT,  
YOU WON'T BE  
GOING TO SOME  
PLEASURE DOME,  
BUT ON A PATROL  
IN THE MILKY  
WAY...WITHOUT A  
SPACE SUIT!!

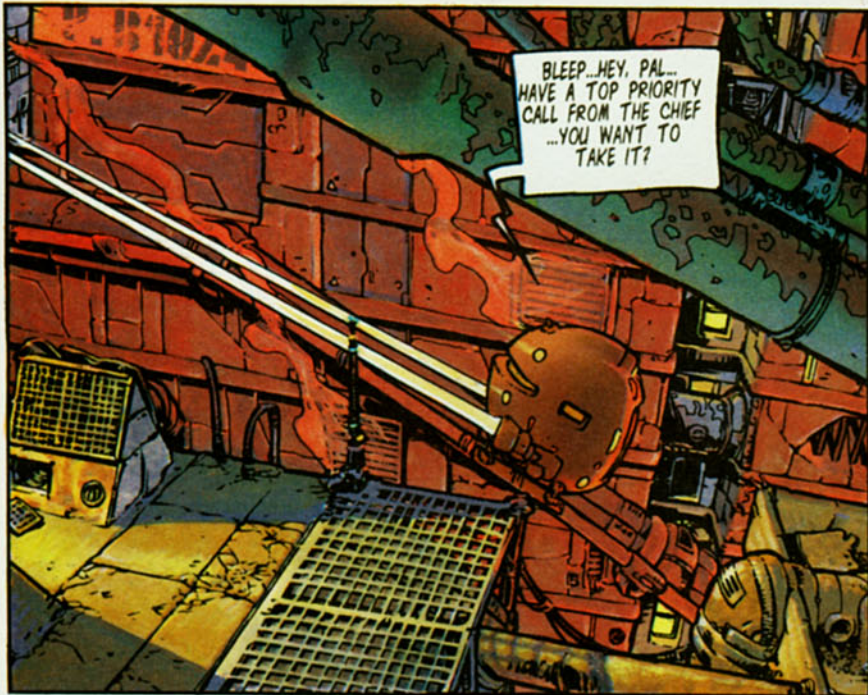








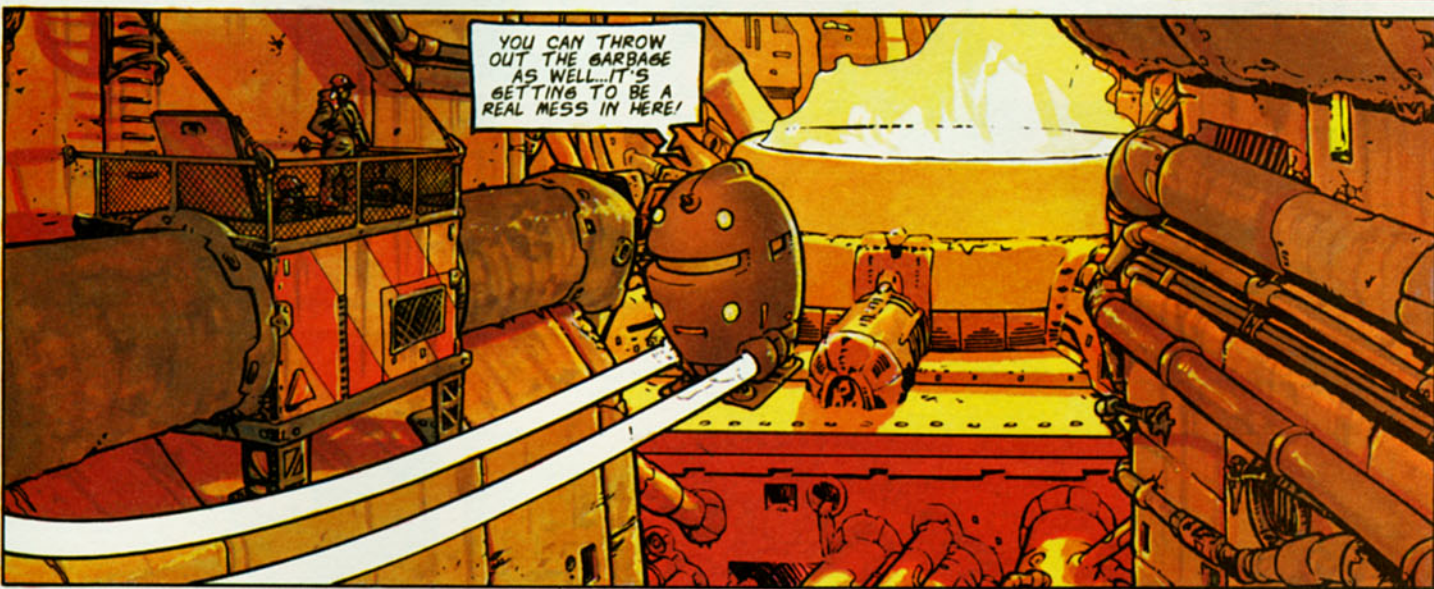




BLEEP...HEY, PAL...  
HAVE A TOP PRIORITY  
CALL FROM THE CHIEF  
...YOU WANT TO  
TAKE IT?



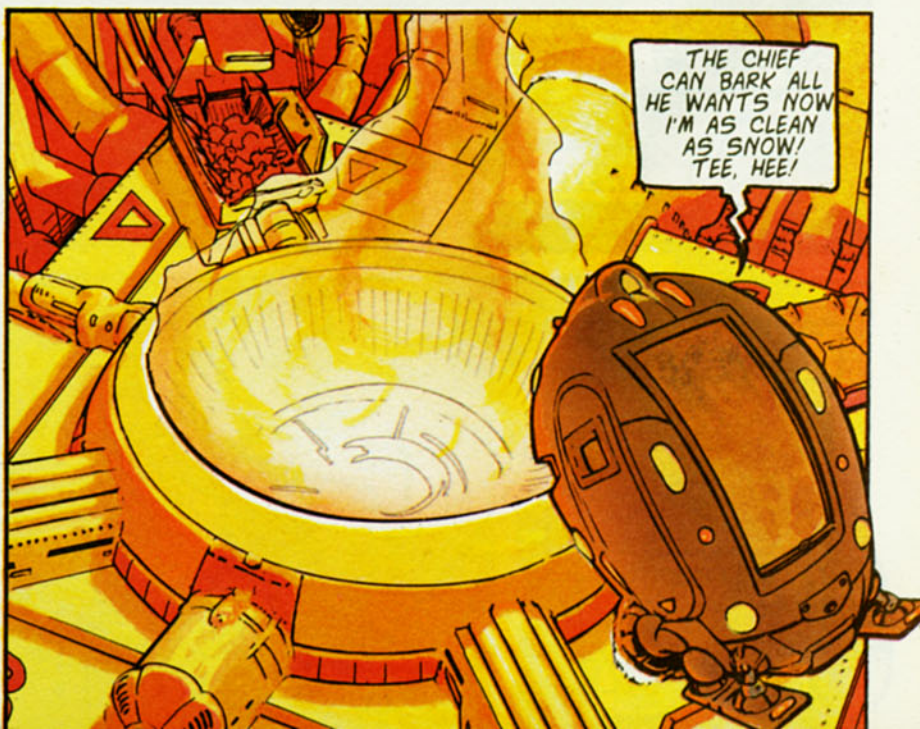
LATER, FIRST  
WE HAVE TO  
GET RID OF THE  
BRIEFCASE.



YOU CAN THROW  
OUT THE GARBAGE  
AS WELL...IT'S  
GETTING TO BE A  
REAL MESS IN HERE!

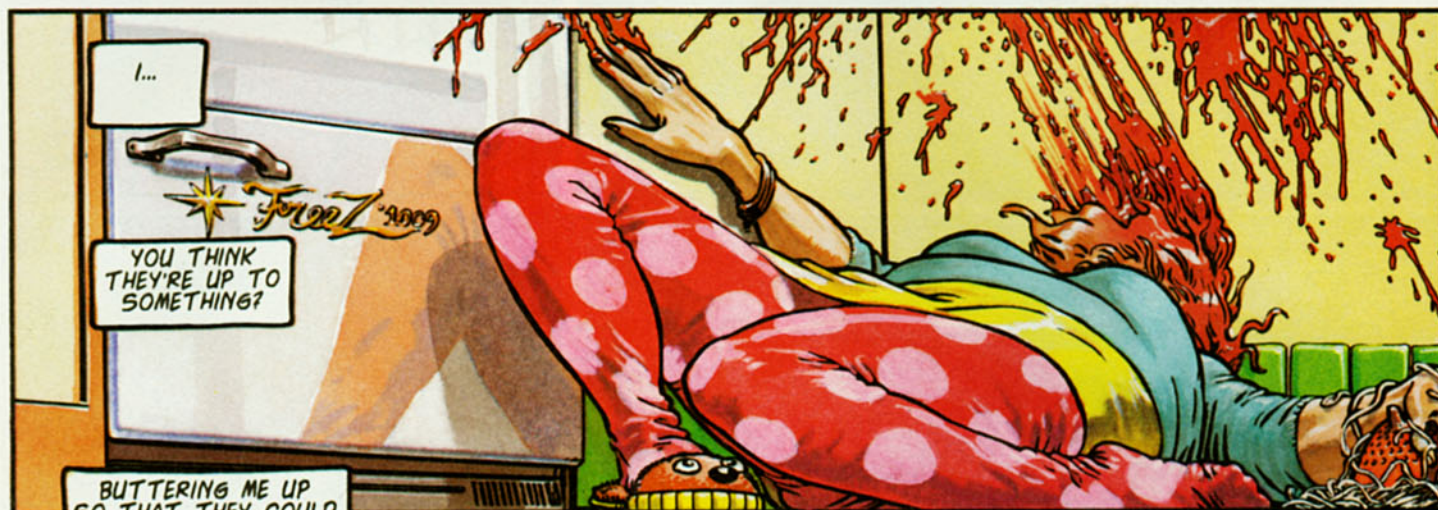
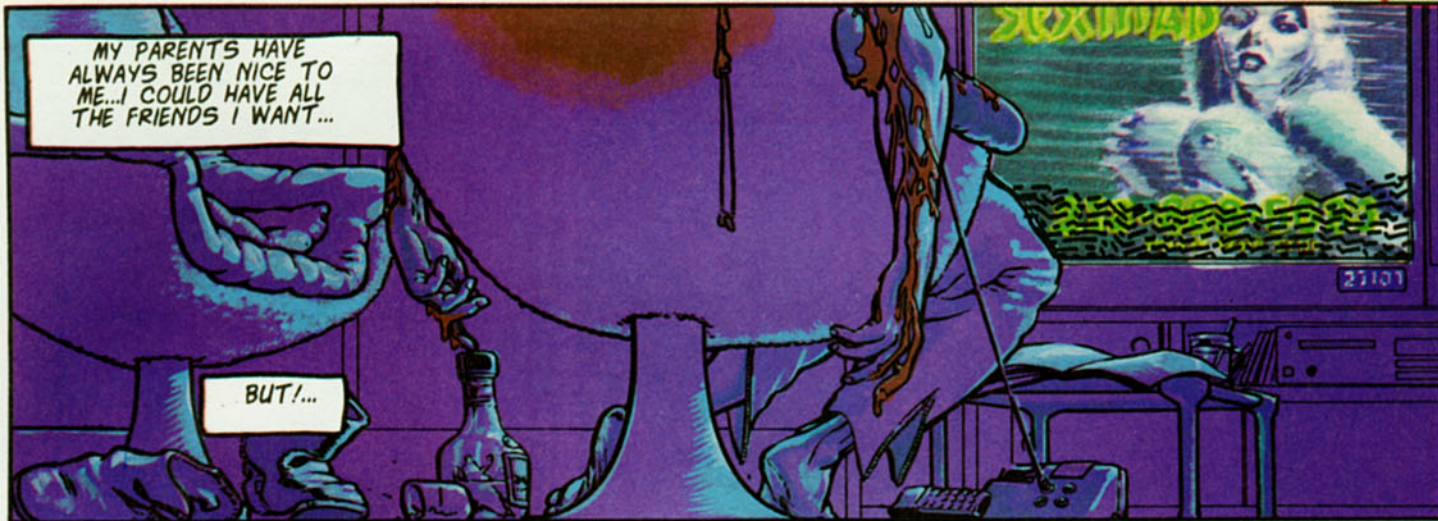


NO PROOF,  
NO CRIME...  
NO CRIME,  
NO HASSLE!



THE CHIEF  
CAN BARK ALL  
HE WANTS NOW  
I'M AS CLEAN  
AS SNOW!  
TEE, HEE!







# TIPS

INTERNATIONAL  
PUBLIC  
SECURITY

A SPONSORING SERVICE FROM  
COMMERCIAL & CONSORTIUM

THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME  
IN EIGHT MONTHS!! OUR  
SPYBOT WAS DESTROYED  
AGAIN AND THE CARGO OF  
M.T. 8 DISAPPEARED. DON'T  
YOU FIND THAT A BIT  
WEIRD, KLOSER?

SORRY CAPTAIN.  
MY REFLEXES JUST  
AREN'T WHAT THEY  
USED TO BE...I REALLY  
THINK THAT A GOOD  
SPANKING WOULD DO  
ME A LOT OF GOOD!

CUT OUT  
THE WISE CRACKS,  
KLOSER! THIS TIME  
YOU'RE GONE A BIT  
TOO FAR. YOU'VE  
RAISED A LOT OF  
EYEBROWS. THE  
BUREAU IS GOING  
TO INVESTIGATE.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY  
WITH IT. THE GUYS AT THE  
PSY CENTER WILL TEAR YOU  
APART! BELIEVE ME YOU CAN'T  
HIDE ANYTHING FROM THEM!

YEAH, SURE! I SUPPOSE  
THAT IN THE MEANTIME,  
I'M SUSPENDED!

HAH! DREAM ON, PAL! YOU JUST GET A  
CHANGE OF AIR...YOU'RE OUT OF NARCOTICS  
AND BACK ON THE BEAT. NO MORE SPYBOTS  
FOR YOU...YOU GET A FLESH 'N' BLOOD, HUMAN  
PARTNER, WHO I THINK...

SHIT.

...YOU  
ALREADY  
KNOW.

HI YA,  
KLOSER!

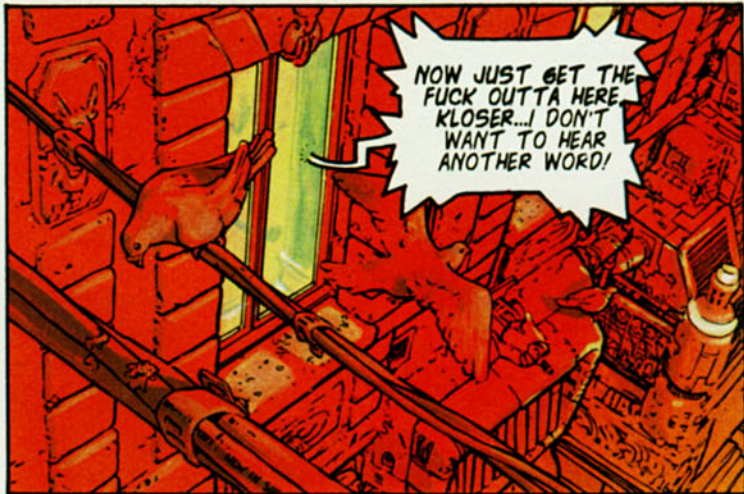
OH NO,  
NOT HER!





NO, CAPTAIN!  
SHE'S A TRIGGER-  
HAPPY BIMBO. A  
PUBLIC HAZARD!

GLAD YOU'RE  
HAPPY TO  
SEE ME!



NOW JUST GET THE  
FUCK OUTTA HERE,  
KLOSER...! DON'T  
WANT TO HEAR  
ANOTHER WORD!



HUM...

ZZEETT  
WELL,  
HUPMAN, WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT  
HE HIT YOU FOR THE  
M.T.8! BUT HE'S A  
GOOD COP. HE'LL FIND  
A WAY TO CRACK  
INTO THAT FLOPPY  
AND THAT'LL LEAD  
HIM STRAIGHT  
TO ME!

THAT'S WHY I PUT HIM  
BACK ON THE STREET!

YEAH, SO?

HE WON'T  
HAVE A SPYBOT,  
AND FATAL  
"ACCIDENTS"  
CAN HAPPEN!

BY THE  
WAY, THE  
CONTAMINATED  
INDIVIDUAL WILL  
BE PART OF THE  
NEXT CONTINGENT  
...YOU'LL BE ABLE  
TO MAKE YOUR  
MOVE SOON.



KLOSER!  
WAIT FOR  
ME, DAMN IT!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT,  
WE'LL TAKE  
CARE OF IT!

RIGHT!

GREAT! YOUR  
CASH WILL BE  
WAITING FOR YOU!



DON'T TELL  
ME, YOU'RE  
STILL SULKING!

LAY OFF,  
DELORES,  
WILL YA?

REALLY, KLOSER!  
THAT WAS FIVE  
YEARS AGO!

SO, WHAT? HAVE  
YOU LEARNED TO  
SHOOT IN THE  
LAST FIVE YEARS?

YOU KNOW IT  
WAS AN ACCIDENT,  
YOU BASTARD!

RYBORG.F  
SECTION 12

'CAUSE OF YOU, I  
TOOK TWO SLUGS  
IN MY BUTT!

IF YOU HADN'T  
-MOVED, I'D  
HAVE GOT THE  
OTHER GUY!

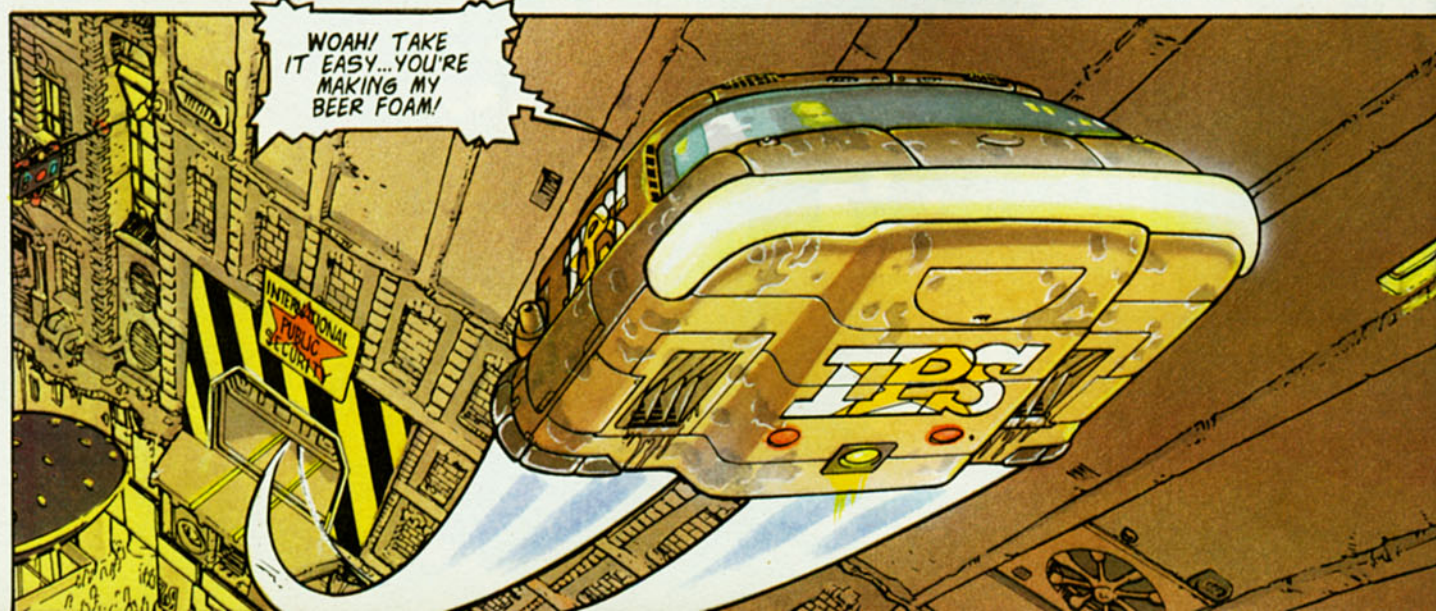
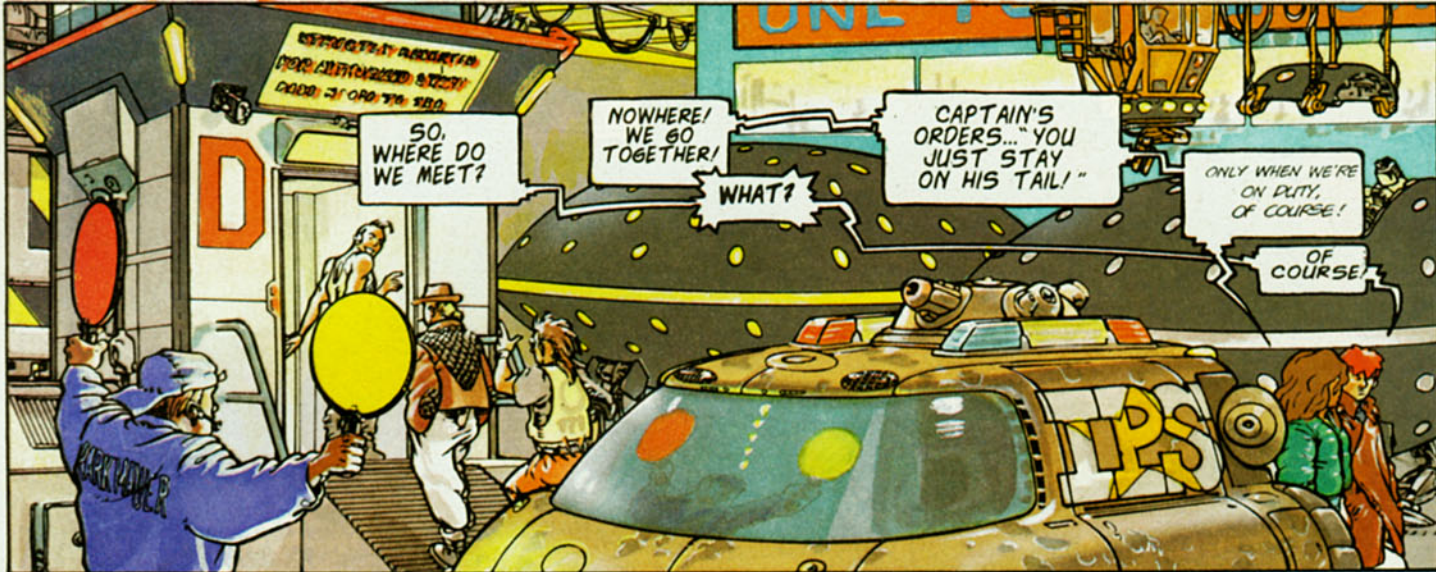
IF I HADN'T  
MOVED, I'D  
BE DEAD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
HOW UNREASON-  
ABLE YOU CAN BE!

OH, REALLY!











EVENIN',  
ALL ...

NOW THEN, SOME OF YOU YOUNG'UNS  
LIKE A **BIT OF A PARTY** NOW AND  
THEN ...

NOWT WRONG WITH THAT, OF COURSE.  
**THE LAW** ISN'T THERE TO **STOP**  
PEOPLE **ENJOYING THEMSELVES**  
NOW, IS IT? JUST AS LONG AS  
EVERYTHING STAYS **PROPER AND**  
**DECENT ...**



BUT NO! I'M TALKING  
ABOUT **ACID HOUSE**  
**PARTIES!**



**ILLEGAL  
AND INDECENT  
GATHERINGS THAT  
BREAK EVERY  
LAW IN THE  
LAND!**

SO HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING FROM  
THE **INCIDENT FILES** OF YOUR OLD FRIEND  
**The CRYPTCOPPER:**

A **CAUTIONARY TALE** FOR ALL YOU WOULD-BE  
**PARTYGOERS** ABOUT WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN  
**THE FUN** GETS OUT-OF-HAND AND AN  
**INNOCENT NIGHT OUT** TURNS INTO ...







# The Rave of the Living Dead

"ALL APPARENTLY  
INNOCENT  
FUN, EH,  
READERS?"

"BUT WHAT TRULY **LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN**  
COULD HAVE BEEN SURPRISED AT THE **TERRIBLE**  
EVENTS THAT WERE ABOUT TO UNFOLD,  
BEARING IN MIND THE MANY **ILLEGAL** AND  
**FELONIOUS ACTIVITIES** OCCURRING ON THE  
PREMISES?"



"HORRIBLE AND TUNELESS 'MUSIC' PLAYED AT A VOLUME FAR IN EXCESS OF THE LEGAL LIMITATIONS OF THE 1971 NOISE ABATEMENT ACT!"



"COPIOUS QUANTITIES OF VARIOUS CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES, AS PRESCRIBED UNDER THE 1971 MISUSE OF DRUGS ACT, WERE BEING OPENLY CONSUMED BY MANY YOUNGSTERS!"



"A LEVEL OF OVERCROWDING THAT WAS IN FLAGRANT BREACH OF EVERY KNOWN SAFETY AND FIRE HAZARD REGULATION!"



"AND WHAT OF THE POTENTIAL PSYCHOLOGICAL DAMAGE FROM THE STRANGE AND HYPNOTIC EFFECTS OF THE 'DISCO' LIGHTING AT THE EVENT?"





"WHATEVER THE COMBINATION OF CAUSES, SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED TO THE YOUNG REVELLERS. SOMETHING VERY STRANGE INDEED."

"SOMETHING UNWHOLESOME."

"SOMETHING DOWNRIGHT HORRIBLE!"







"AND SO THE COLD STONE WALLS OF THE WAREHOUSE ECHOED WITH THE SCREAMS AND HOWLS OF THE CREATURES AND THEIR **VICTIMS**..."



**CHRIST!**  
DO YOU  
ALWAYS **COME**  
SO QUICKLY?



Y'ALRIGHT,  
DARLIN'? WHERE  
YOU OFF TO SO  
SOON?



TO FIND  
A **REAL**  
MAN. YOU  
LITTLE  
WANKER...



'ERE,  
NO NEED FOR  
THAT! HOW'S  
ABOUT WE ~

**SHUT  
UP!** LISTEN,  
SOMETHING'S  
**WRONG**...  
THERE'S NO  
MUSIC...



**OH, SHIT!**  
WHAT IF IT'S  
A **RAID**?

I'VE  
GOT A WHOLE  
STASH OF  
**DISCO BISCUITS**  
ON ME!



YOU  
LITTLE SHIT,  
YOU SAID YOU  
DIDN'T HAVE  
ANY LEFT!

YEAH,  
WELL...



BLIMEY...

... TALK  
ABOUT  
POLICE  
BRUTALITY!

JESUS! THIS  
IS HEAVY, WE'VE  
GOT TO GET OUT  
OF ~

WELL  
WELL, WHAT  
'AVE WE 'ERE?  
**TWO LITTLE  
LOST  
LOVE-  
BIRDS?**

SHIT...





... MUTO-  
ZOMBIE  
ACIDTEDS!

WICKED!



WH- WHERE'S  
EVERYONE  
ELSE?

WE ATE 'EM!

C'MON, DOLL, 'OW'S  
ABOUT GETTIN' LOVED-  
UP WITH A REAL  
MAN?

DREAM  
ON!

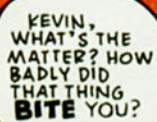
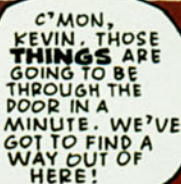
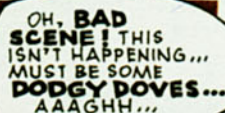
TINKLE

UUUGH...  
GET THAT  
SLAG BITCH!

















HELP!



RAAAVE ON!

GONNA GET YOU, SLAG...



HELLO, POLICE? FLESH-EATING ZOMBIES! HUNDREDS DEAD! GET ME OUT OF HERE!

PISS OFF, LOVE. WASTING POLICE TIME IS A CRIMINAL OFFENCE.



WELL, IN THAT CASE I'D LIKE TO REPORT AN ILLEGAL WAREHOUSE RAVE.



NEVER MIND...

ACID HOUSE! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!...









**'WELCOME TO FORGE-- ALPHA CENTAURI'S JEWEL IN THE CROWN. A GEOLOGIST'S DREAM... THROW A ROCK IN ANY DIRECTION AND IT'LL LAND ON SOMETHING PRECIOUS. URANIUM, GOLD, OIL, DIAMONDS, SILVER, COPPER-- NOT TO MENTION THE INDIGENOUS VALUABLES.'**

**'SINCE THEY SET UP THE ATMOSPHERE, 22 YEARS AGO, FORGE HAS MADE ALPHA CENTAURI ONE OF THE RICHEST SYSTEMS IN THE U.N... AND UNTIL A MONTH AGO ALL IT'S RESIDENTS DID WAS WORK AND COUNT THEIR FORTUNES. THEN THEY STARTED DYING.'**



**A TEAM, DISPERSE--  
FIND SOME COVER...  
B TEAM, HOLD YOUR  
POSITIONS--**

**CHRIST!  
THEY'VE SHOT  
JENNER!**

**WHERE THE  
HELL ARE  
THEY?!**

**'OVER 900 KILLED BY AN  
OFF-WORLD ALIEN HIT-  
SQUAD... AND EVERY  
CORPSE HAS HAD A  
MESSAGE 'ATTACHED'  
TO IT...'**

**'THE LOCAL THEORY IS  
THAT THE E.T.'S ARE  
SERVING NOTICE OF  
EVICTION. FOR THE  
PAST TWO DECADES  
WE'VE BEEN TRESPASSING  
ON PRIVATE PROPERTY!'**

**GREG'S DOWN!  
WE'RE BEING  
SLAUGHTERED!**

**CHECK YOUR  
FIRE, DAMMIT!  
YOU'RE JUST  
SHOOTING  
BLIND!**

**AARGH!  
I'M HIT!  
OH GOD--  
I'M HIT!**

**'HELL, MAYBE THIS PLACE  
IS THEIRS... THAT'S ONE  
FOR THE POLITICIANS...'**

**SGT. KIRBY**

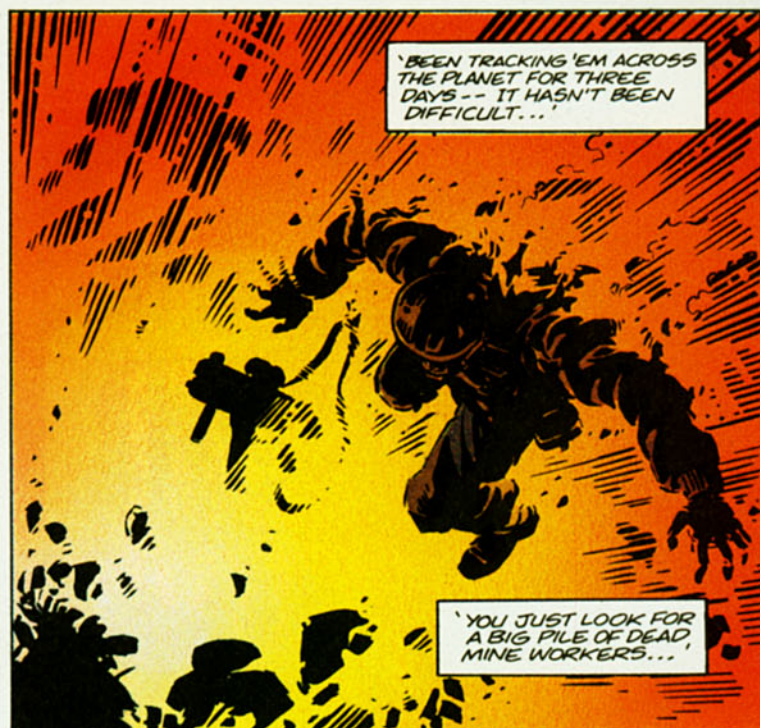




'ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M STUCK IN THIS BACKWATER WITH A UNIT OF FEDERAL MARSHALS AND I DON'T GET ANY R&R UNTIL THE AREA IS PACIFIED.'

INCOMING!

...DON'T BUNCH UP!



'BEEN TRACKING 'EM ACROSS THE PLANET FOR THREE DAYS -- IT HASN'T BEEN DIFFICULT...'

'YOU JUST LOOK FOR A BIG PILE OF DEAD MINE WORKERS...'



I PUT 'EM UP ABOVE THE RIDGE... THE BASTARDS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR US...

SERGEANT--WE JUST LOST MARTINEZ, KAHN AND BRYAN...

DAMN-- KAHN OWED ME MONEY.



CAMERON... I'M GONNA TRY AND FLANK THESE CRITTERS...

KEEP 'EM BUSY. STAY IN CONTACT.



THIS IS CAMERON. RAND, BENNING-- FORM A FIRE TEAM. LET'S GIVE THE SARGE SOME COVER!

TAK TAK TAK

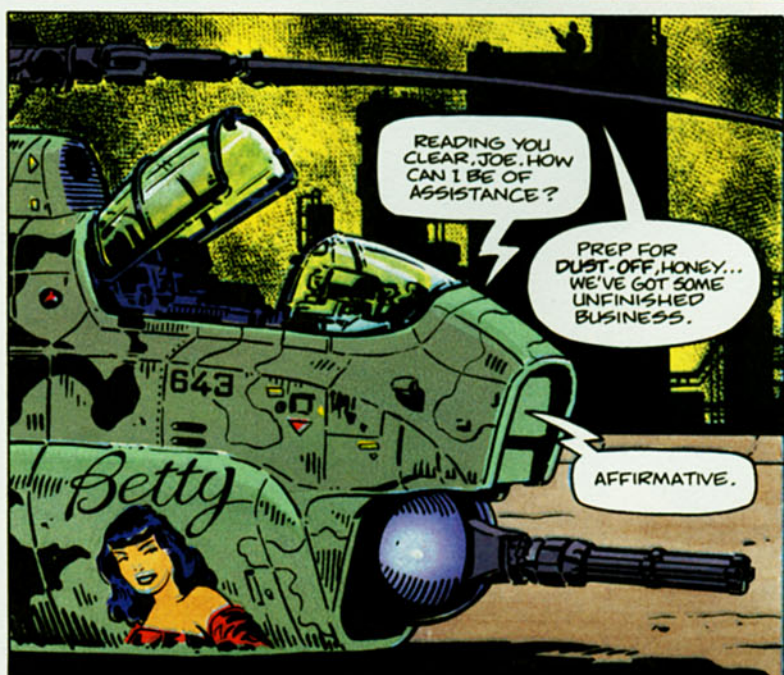


'NOW, IF THESE GEEKS WILL JUST SHOW THEMSELVES...'

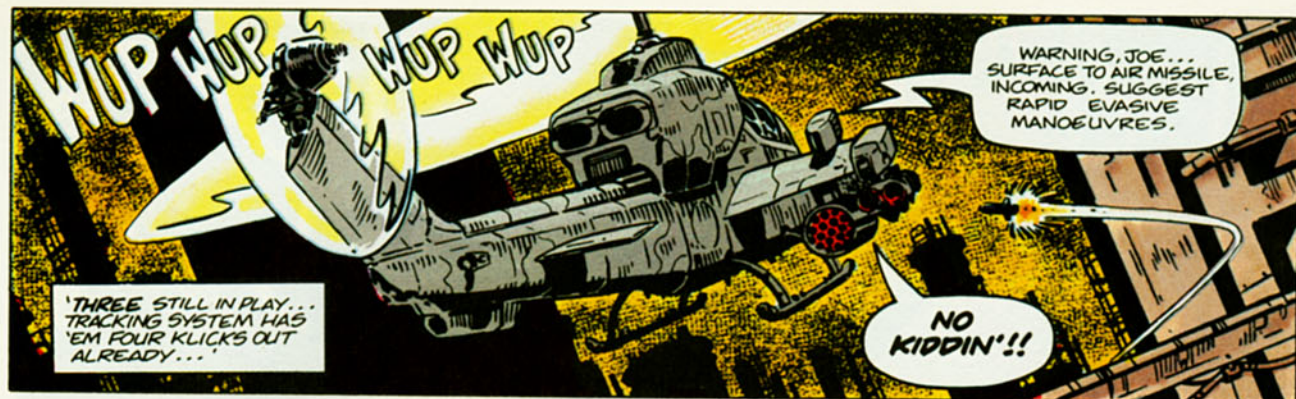
















NOW...  
WHERE ARE  
YOUR BUDDIES?



UGH!



'STUPID QUESTION.'



'IT'S GOING FOR MY RIFLE...'

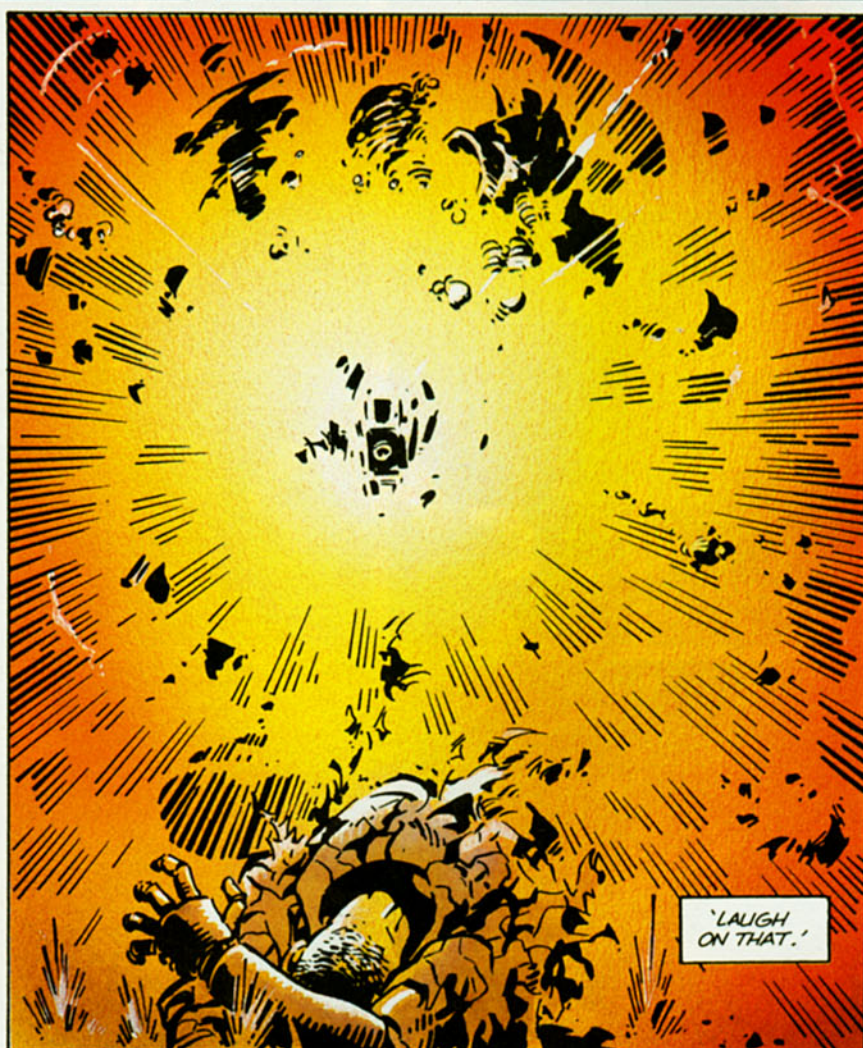


'GONNA DO ME WITH MY OWN PIECE.'



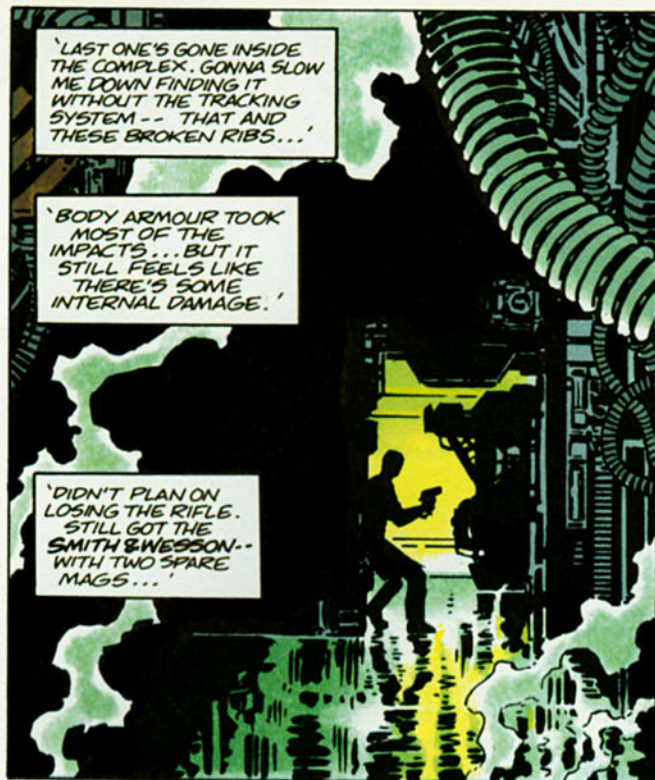
'THESE ASSHOLES  
MUST HAVE A  
SENSE OF HUMOUR...'

RIFLE.  
OVERRIDE.  
DETONATE.



'LAUGH  
ON THAT.'





'LAST ONE'S GONE INSIDE THE COMPLEX. GONNA SLOW ME DOWN FINDING IT WITHOUT THE TRACKING SYSTEM -- THAT AND THESE BROKEN RIBS...'

'BODY ARMOUR TOOK MOST OF THE IMPACTS... BUT IT STILL FEELS LIKE THERE'S SOME INTERNAL DAMAGE.'

'DIDN'T PLAN ON LOSING THE RIFLE. STILL GOT THE SMITH & WESSON-- WITH TWO SPARE MAGS...'



'ALONG WITH MY BELT KNIFE IT AIN'T MUCH...'

'NOT AGAINST THE STUFF THEY'VE BEEN USING.'



'ALIEN WEAPONS WEREN'T ANY GOOD... NOT DESIGNED FOR HUMAN USE.'

'BESIDES... THEY COULD BE RIGGED LIKE OURS.'



'JUST HAVE TO MAKE SURE I SHOOT THE MUTHA BETWEEN THE --'

CHAK



'DUMB. LOST THE S&W...'



'DON'T BLACK OUT... STAY CONSCIOUS...'

WRRRRR



'REELING ME IN LIKE A GODDAM CATFISH...'

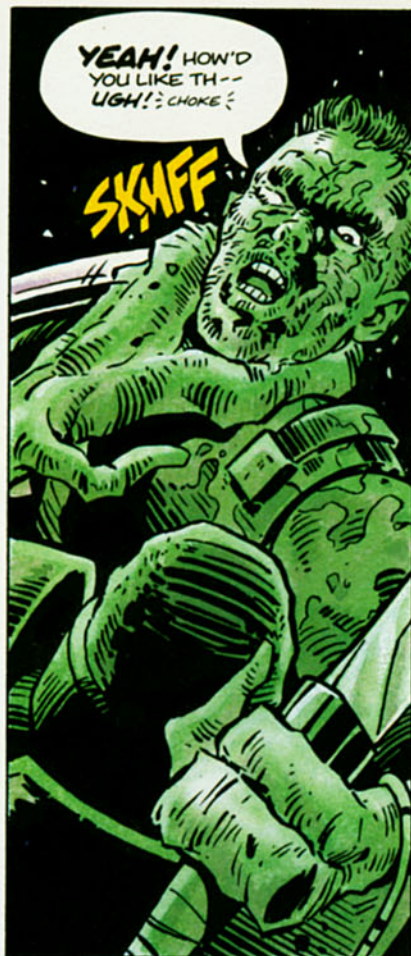


AW SHIT...











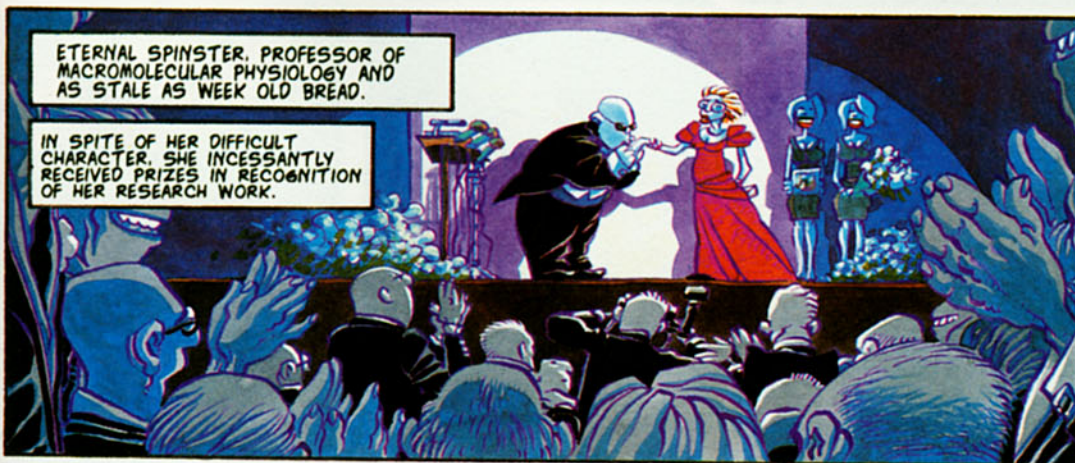
# MUSEUM



## Erika Goldring



QUONIAM SICUT UMBRA DIES  
NOSTRI SUNT SUPER TERRAM





ABOVE ALL IT IS KNOWN THAT SCIENTIFIC LABOR MAKES THE LEARNED SOLITARY.

AND THAT SOLITUDE MAKES THE LEARNED MULL OVER THE MEANING OF LIFE.

MRS. GOLDRING WASN'T ESPECIALLY GIVEN TO METAPHYSICS.

SHE WAS A FEMINIST (ALTHOUGH SHE HID IT VERY WELL.)

AND IT MADE HER OLD.

ONE DAY SHE DECIDED TO TAKE OUT HER SCISSORS, SET HERSELF BEFORE THE MIRROR IN HER ROOM, AND STARE INTO HER EYES.

SHE BEGAN TO CUT HER HAIR, SCIENTIFICALLY, METHODICALLY...

CHITK

THAT WAY HER HAIR WOULD NEVER FALL OUT, TURN GRAY, OR GET GREASY.

LATER, REFLECTING UPON IT...

SHE KEPT IT WHERE IT COULDN'T GET DAMAGED.

SHE HAD TO FIND OTHER RECEPTACLES, AND PLACES WHERE SHE COULD KEEP THE RECEPTACLES.

...SHE REALIZED...

SEVERAL MONTHS TRANSPIRED, AND THERE WAS NO MORE ROOM.

...THAT IN HER BED, EACH MORNING, WERE ALL TYPES OF "PERSONAL PARTICLES": HAIRS, SKIN, DANDRUFF...





IT OCCURRED TO HER THAT SHE COULD ALSO COLLECT HER FINGERNAILS.



SOMETIMES SHE CUT THEM TOO SHORT...AND THEY BLED.



SHE GATHERED THEM CONSCIENTIOUSLY, WITH THE DISCIPLINE THAT HER SCIENTIFIC WORK HAD DEVELOPED.



SHE RECALLED THE NORDIC LEGENDS...



THOSE IN WHICH IT WAS SAID THAT THE HULLS OF GHOST SHIPS...



...WERE MADE OF THE FINGERNAILS OF THE DEAD.



PERIODICALLY, SHE FRET OVER HER HANDS AND FEET, TRYING TO PRESERVE HER BODY IN ORDER TO AVOID ITS DECOMPOSITIONS.



SHE BEGAN BY PUTTING ON NAIL POLISH, TO GET SOME VARIETY.



SOON SHE HAD ALL COLORS OF NAILS.





SHE DUSTED OFF THE PHOTO OF THE PIG WHO LAUGHED AT HER.



AND SHE CRIED WITH ALL THE PROFUNDITY SHE COULD.



SO THAT SHE COULD ALSO COLLECT HER OWN TEARS.



HOW SHE ACTED LIKE NERO WHEN SHE WAS MOVED.



TEARS.

FULL OF FEELINGS AND STORIES.



DELICATELY RECLAIMED.



DELICATELY SAVED.



LITERS OF FRUSTRATIONS FATTENED THE COLLECTION.



WITH EYELINER SHE OBTAINED NEW TINTS.



GUNK, BUNIONS, CORNS,  
FLAKES, CALLOUSES AND SCABS  
...ALL WORTH COLLECTING.



WHEN SHE NO LONGER FOUND  
MORE TO COLLECT, SHE RE-  
TURNED TO CUTTING HER HAIR.



THERE WERE ALSO WHAT SHE  
CALLED, "MENSTRUAL SAUSAGES."

SHE DISCOVERED A SYSTEM  
OF RECYCLING OTHER TYPES  
OF SECRETIONS (WE WON'T  
LIST THEM, OF COURSE).



SHE LOST HER REASON WHEN  
SHE GAVE INTO THE LOGIC  
OF SELF-MUTILATION.



SHE EXPOSED HER WHITE SKIN  
TO THE SUN UNTIL IT BURNED.



SO THAT IT WOULD  
PEEL BETTER.

AND ONE DAY SHE INVITED  
THE PRESS.



THE BIG PERFORMANCE: THE  
BIG DEBUT: HER ALTER EGO: A  
MOLDING OF DEBRIS WITH THE  
APPARENT FACE OF A WOMAN.

A PUTRID GOLEM.

A SICKENING AND REPUGNANT  
CREATION BASED ON HER  
OWN STINKING SHEDDINGS.



ERIKA HAD DEFINITELY GONE MAD.  
SHE EVEN INSISTED THEY INTER-  
VIEW HER NAUSEATING, "JENNY".



THEY LOCKED HER AWAY. THEY ATTEMPTED TO CURE HER, BUT SHE WORSENER.

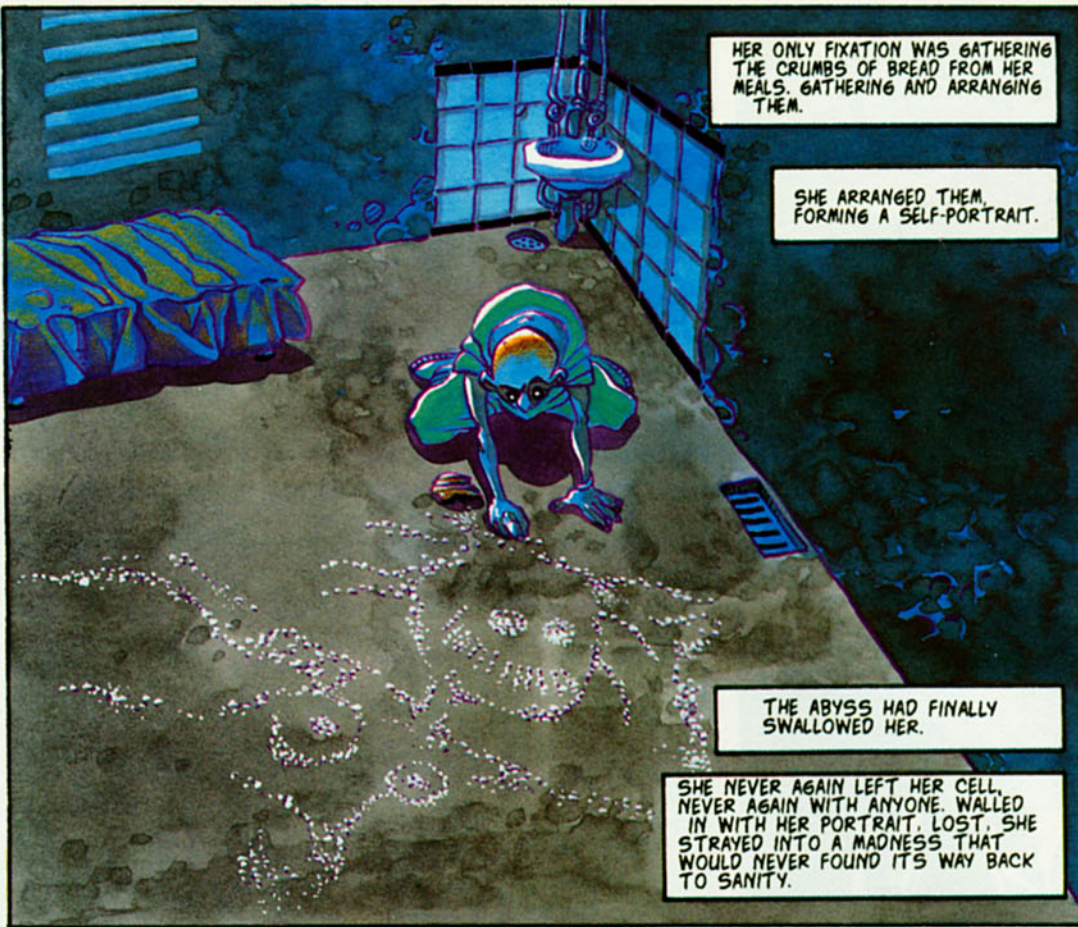


SHE WAS DEFINITELY INSANE. SHE CALLED DESPERATELY TO HER "DOUBLE"...



HER ONLY FIXATION WAS GATHERING THE CRUMBS OF BREAD FROM HER MEALS. GATHERING AND ARRANGING THEM.

SHE ARRANGED THEM, FORMING A SELF-PORTRAIT.



THE ABYSS HAD FINALLY SWALLOWED HER.

SHE NEVER AGAIN LEFT HER CELL. NEVER AGAIN WITH ANYONE. WALLED IN WITH HER PORTRAIT, LOST, SHE STRAYED INTO A MADNESS THAT WOULD NEVER FIND ITS WAY BACK TO SANITY.

SO YOU SEE, MY BELOVED VISITORS, WHAT THE DANGER CAN BE IN TRYING TO "STORE YOURSELF" TO AVOID THE DECAY OF MATTER.

IT'S BETTER TO LOSE PARTICLES THAN TO LOSE YOUR SANITY. I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE.

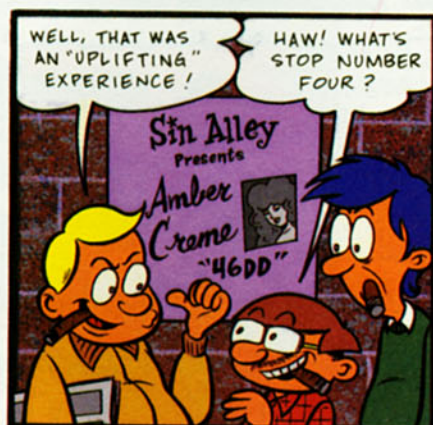


YOU BITE YOUR NAILS, NOT SAVE THEM, RIGHT?



UNA ALOCUTADA DE F. DE FELIPE 22  
© 1995 A STRANGEWORLD PRODUCTIONS











MORTAL MEN WHO ARE MASTERS OF ROLE-PLAYING. THESE WIZARDS OF MAKE-BELIEVE VENTURE INTO NEW TERRITORY AT EVERY TURN - THEY ARE THE AVANT-GARDE OF ROLE-PLAYERS!

LETS ROLL!

I'LL CHECK THE GIRL  
TO MAKE SURE SHE  
ISN'T A SHAPE-SHIFTER!

GRR.. NO.

SPEAK SOFTLY  
AND CARRY A  
FULLY CHARGED  
PHASER.

I DON'T KNOW IF THIS  
GAME IS WORKING OUT.

MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL  
GO TO A BAR FOR RESEARCH.

DO WE HAVE  
MENTAL POWERS?

I'M  
FIRST?  
GREAT!

I'll,

..I'LL CUT OFF THE  
ROGUES' HEADS WITH MY  
TWO-HANDED BROADSWORD!

WELL, MITCH WHAT WILL YOU DO? ARE YOU O.K.?

MITCH?

I'LL TAKE A SMALL  
HAIR SAMPLE FROM  
HER WHICH IS TO  
BE USED FOR MY  
CLONING EXPERIMENTS.  
I THEN SKIN HER ALIVE.

THAT WOULD BE GREAT!  
WE COULD GO IN COSTUME!

BUT, WHAT IF WE  
GET HURT?

I  
♥  
GNOMES

PLUS IT COMES WITH  
A 128-SIDED DIE MADE  
OF SOLID PEWTER.

NOW THAT'S A  
RANDOMIZER!

Wow!

"WHY BOTHER WITH HANGOVERS AND MESSY ONE-NIGHT STANDS WHEN YOU CAN ROLE-PLAY."

IT'S LIKE A JEWEL  
OF ENCHANTMENT!

WHAT?! YOU CAN'T DO THAT,  
YOU DON'T HAVE A SWORD!

NO SWORD?

NO SWORD

DO I  
HAVE A LASER?

**No:**

YOU ARE JUST A NORMAL  
GUY IN THE PRESENT DAY IN  
A BAR. NOW WHAT DO YOU DO?

I... I DON'T KNOW.

WAH!

I DON'T  
LIKE MY

BOO-HOO

**BILLY!**  
YOU'RE 29 YEARS  
OLD, QUIT CRYING!

MITCH.. I THINK THAT WOULD BE REALLY INAPPROPRIATE.

**T'M LEAVING!**

YOU HUMANS  
ARE ALL THE  
SAME.

ONE DAY I  
SHALL DESTROY  
YOU ALL!

WHEW! I DON'T THINK MITCH  
IS PLAYING WITH ALL HIS  
CHARTS AND GRAPHS!

YEAH, HE'S  
REACHED LEVEL  
000, HAH!

SAVING  
THROW VS.  
INSANITY-5  
HAH HA!

THOSE WEIRD  
DRUID GUYS KEEP  
LOOKING OVER HERE

I THINK  
THEY'RE SUPPOSED  
TO BE JAWAS

SHIT, THEY'RE  
LOOKING AT US!

WHAT DO WE DO?

I THINK  
WE SHOULD  
RUN.

THE END



# TEE 'N HEE FUNTIME





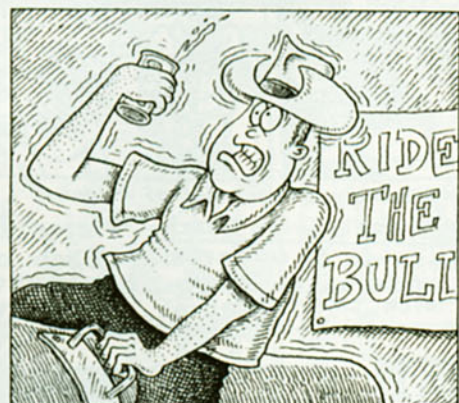
# Where the drink goes in... there the wit goes out.

©1994 by J WILLIAMS

Hey, glad you could drop by! I just got back the photos of that wild bar tour I took last week...! Check this out-- here I am at the "Wikki Wakki Room". Dig that crazy grass skirt! Those tropical drinks sure do get ya drunk in a hurry!



...Next, I went into this "western"-type place. I was already plastered, but it still took several shots of tequila for me to work up enough nerve to ride the mechanical bull... I'm lucky I didn't break my neck!!

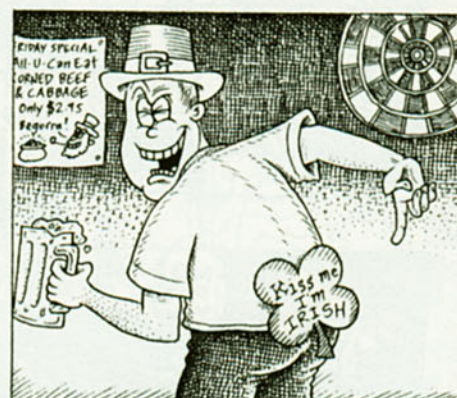


I don't know how I ended up in a punk rock club... the music was so loud, I only stayed long enough for 3 or 4 beers. The guy who took this photo really screwed up... You think maybe he'd been drinking? :chortle!:

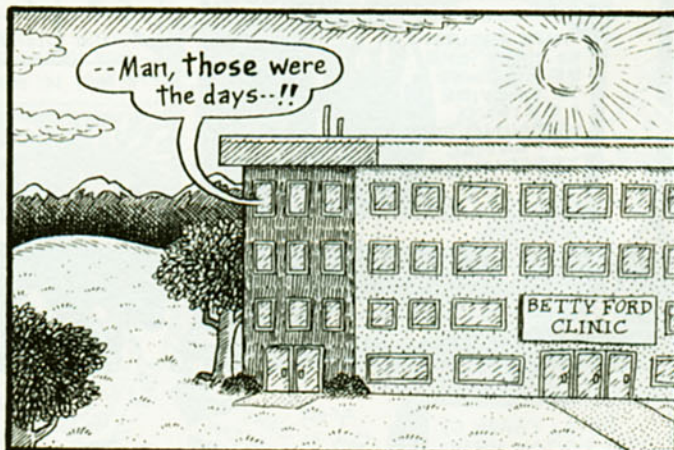


I guess this was kind of a "Karaoke bar"-- all these women got up on stage and lip-synched a bunch of Liza Minelli and Bette Midler songs... I never saw so many tall broads in one place before... they were real friendly, too! Strong drinks in that place...

This one was taken at some Irish pub... I think it's called "Paddy O'Furniture", or something like that... I forget... I was pretty loaded by then! Haw! Haw!



I forgot all about this one... come to think of it, I don't even remember how I managed to make it home! After a couple of night-caps, I poured myself into bed. I was totally ripped! I did the same damn thing every weekend!!





From "Lives of the Cartoonists"

had recently finished a 10-year run of *Muggs and Baby*, his popular domestic comedy strip, for Hearst Newspapers. *Muggs*



Fig. 1. Lady Dotterly, Muggs the Major, and Baby McGoo.

and Baby ended when Major Muggs accidentally killed Baby McGoo while demonstrating his swordplay (Fig. 2). His next Hearst feature was



Fig. 2: The surprisingly brutal end of McGoo.

the unpopular and shortly cancelled "*Muggs deals with Death*." Major Muggs, his very personality rent asunder, has become an undertaker. Each day variations on the same theme: deranged undertaker Muggs presents the unwitting bereaved wife, son, husband, etc. with the macabre means he has devised for the disposition of their loved one's bodily remains. (Figs. 3-8.)



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

Muggs! The once popular avuncular

P. Revess



# Certificate of Birth Carry A. Nation

TO THE  
PROUD PAPA  
ON THIS  
NOVEMBER  
IN THE  
YEA

"CARRY  
A  
NATION!"

BORN NOV. 25, 1846.  
SHE BELIEVED HER  
NAME TO BE  
PREDESTINED!

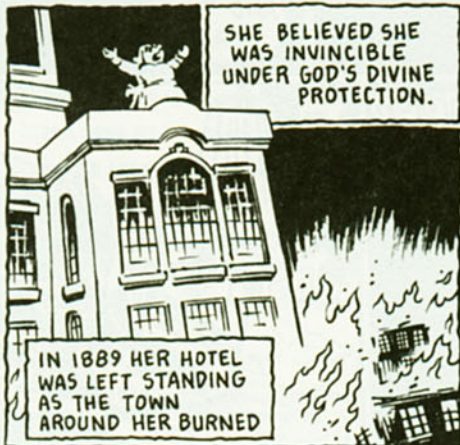
WHEN SHE WAS 21 YEARS OLD  
SHE MARRIED DR. CHARLES GOYD,  
A DRUNKARD WHO DIED SOON  
AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

10 YEARS LATER  
SHE MARRIED  
DAVID NATION,  
A LAWYER AND  
MINISTER.

HER RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS  
INTENSIFIED AND SHE  
BEGAN TO SEE VISIONS.



SHE BELIEVED SHE  
WAS INVINCIBLE  
UNDER GOD'S DIVINE  
PROTECTION.



IN 1889 HER HOTEL  
WAS LEFT STANDING  
AS THE TOWN  
AROUND HER BURNED

IN 1890 CARRY  
BEGAN PRAYING  
OUTSIDE OF  
LOCAL SALOONS.



THE NATIONS'  
HOME STATE OF  
KANSAS BANNED  
LIQUOR SALES  
BUT THE LAW  
WAS NOT  
ENFORCED.



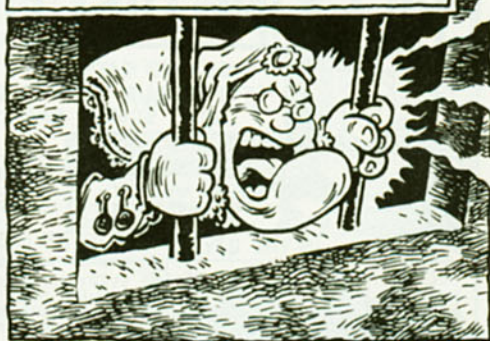
SOON AFTER, SHE BEGAN CARRYING OUT  
THE LORD'S WORK ON A MATERIAL PLANE.



SHE CLOSED EVERY SALOON IN HER  
HOMETOWN OF MEDICINE LODGE AND  
DESTROYED SALOONS IN MANY OTHER  
MAJOR KANSAS CITIES.



WHEN SHE ENTERED STATES  
WHERE LIQUOR SALE WAS NOT ILLEGAL  
SHE WAS OFTEN ARRESTED FOR  
DISTURBING THE PEACE.



IN ADDITION TO LIQUOR, CARRY  
ALSO OPPOSED TOBACCO AND  
IMMODESTY IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

THE REVEREND NATION  
DIVORCED CARRY FOR  
DESERTION IN 1901.



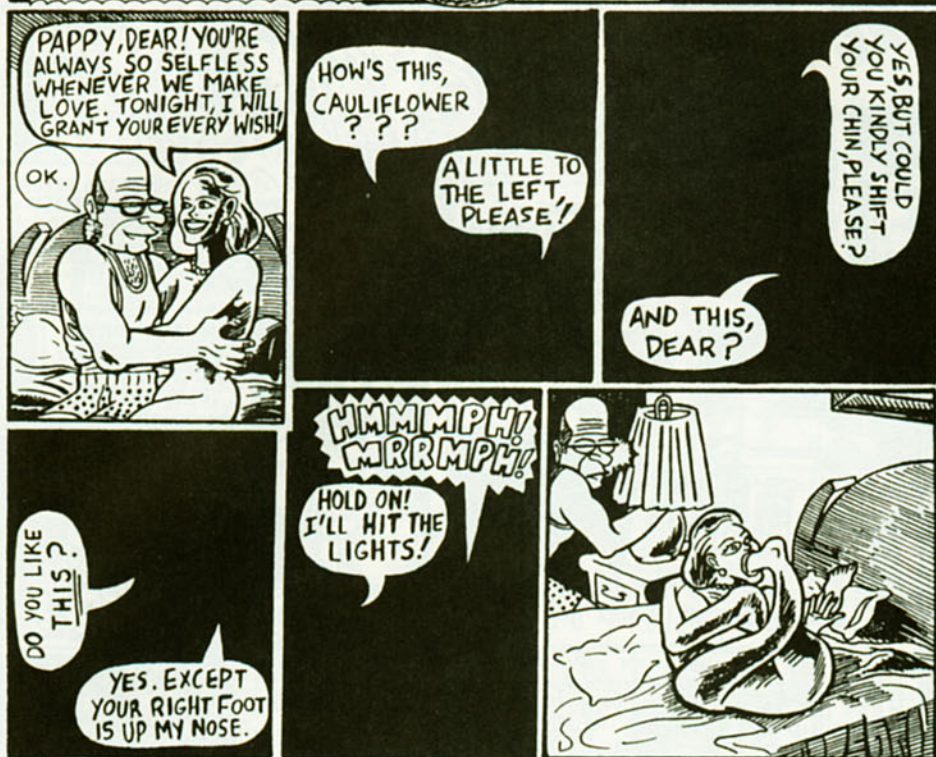
10 YEARS LATER  
CARRY NATION DIED.

©94 MARK MARTIN



# PROFESSOR PAP *Reinvents the Pretzel!*

BY MICHAEL AUSHENKER ©1992



## OUR READERS CORNER



Groan Center, Nevada

Dear Strip Tease,

It is practically as hard for an old coffee toper to forego the use of coffee as it is for a tobacco or chocolate fiend to birth a fully-stocked piano warehouse from his nose, even if allowed the use of both nostrils. So you can quite imagine my surprise and delight to awaken this morning to the cacophony of my husband wringing the chickens' necks and quartering the hogs, just as he used to do before wicked caffeine robbed him of his vigor. Caffeine is a stimulant and a diuretic!

Zenobia Maple-Dodge

Hermitage, Alabama

Dear StripTease,

What is so funny about monkeys? Could somebody please tell me what is so gosh-darn funny?

Polly Authauser

(No. —ed.)

### LETTER OF THE MONTH

Oop, Ontario

Dear StripTease,

Hoo do you get a tough stain oot? Shoot it oot!

The Loodmooth Cooboy

"Evil Humpty Dumpty Bossman"



by Ben Burford (age 41)

### "Hope"

"I hope," said Master Teddy,

"Someday to be a man.

I'll earn a jillion dollars

And visit queer Japan."

Granny knows hope is a comfort

But hard work earns the bread.

To illustrate this point

To Teddy Granny said:

"Get out from under my feet!

I'm trying to do my work!

I'd hate to have to whip your ass

So beat it, you little jerk!"

by Charles Remarkable (age 17)

Other appreciative and interesting letters, poems, drawings, puzzles and stories have been received from Calvin Beaumont, Karl deMauer, Loulou Jordan Quigley and Sherman Otis III. We regret that we did not have sufficient space to reproduce the crap.

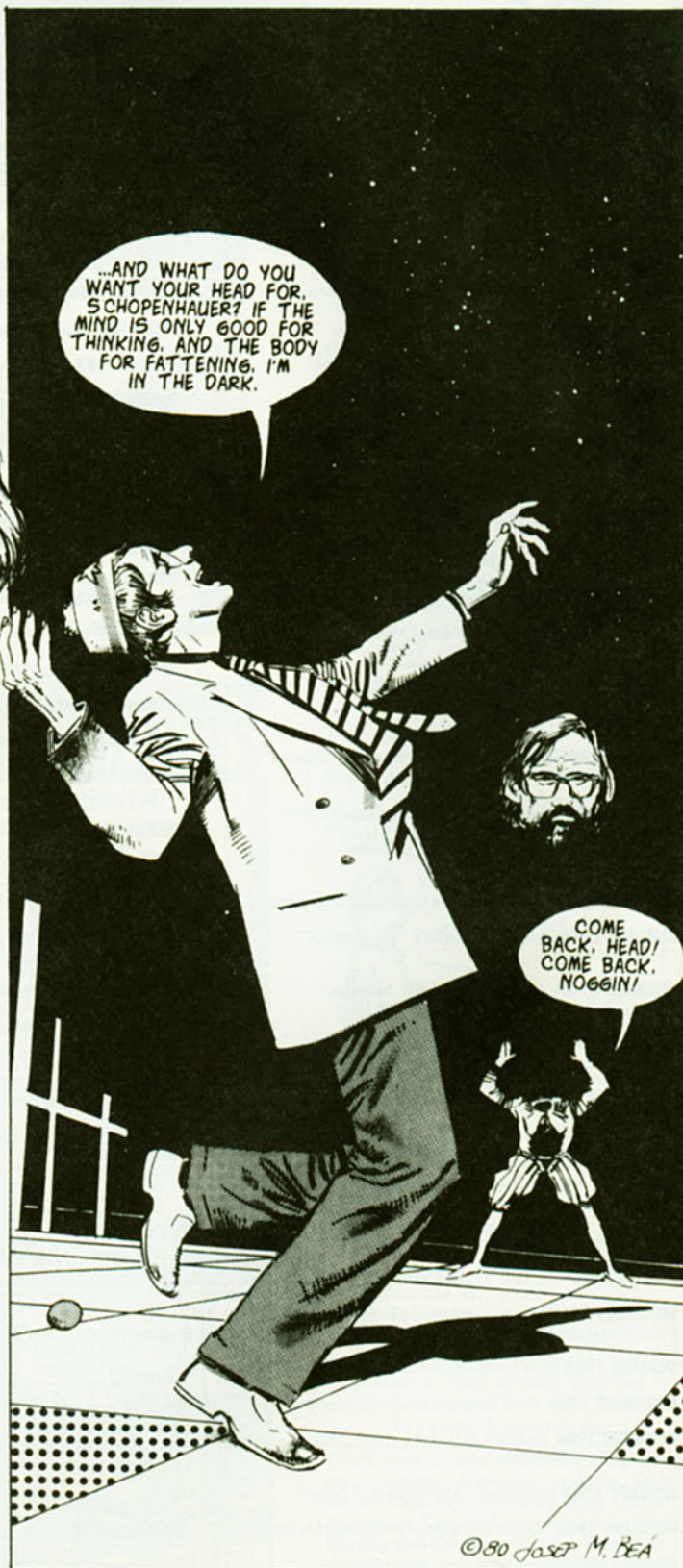
## PRICE KING DISCOUNT APPLIANCES





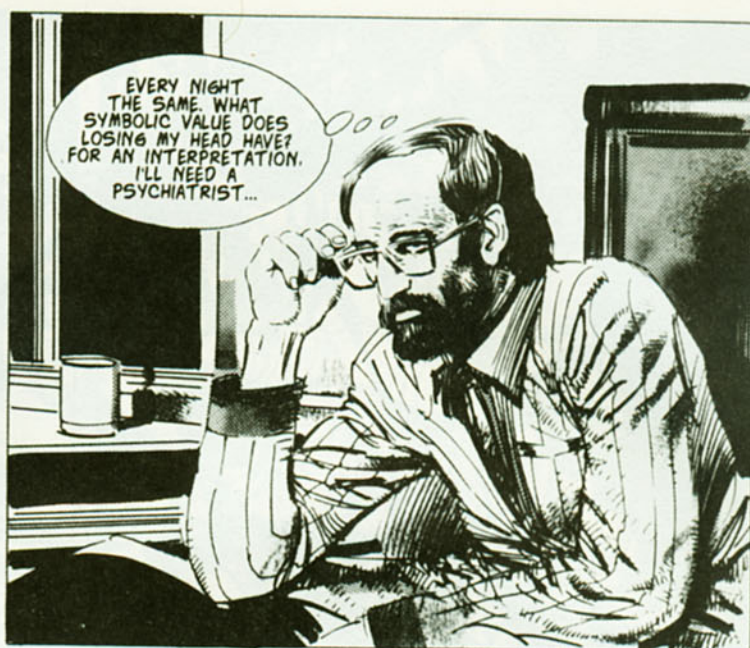
# IN A PLACE OF THE MIND

# ZONE B

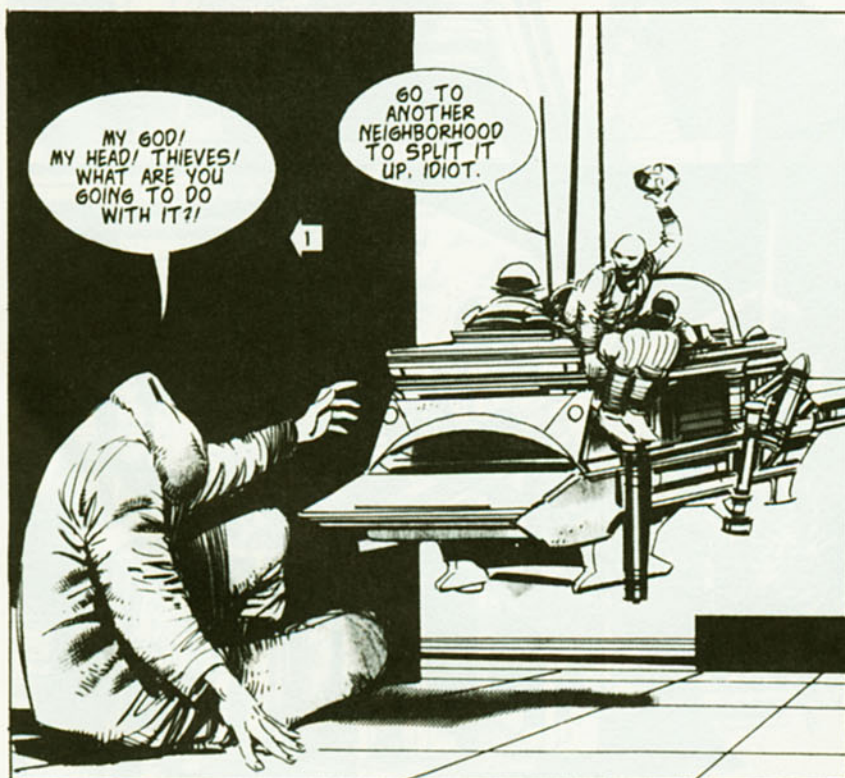


©80 JOSEF M. BEA















WELCOME TO THIS EFFICIENT DEPARTMENT. CONSUMER SATISFACTION I WILL STRIVE TO DELIVER... FOLLOW ME, BUT FIRST TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE LOST.

MY HEAD.

OFFICE  
80

YOUR WAREHOUSE SEEMS TO BE IN A STATE OF DISASTER...

YES...I'M A LOVER OF ESTHETIC CONCEPTS OF POVERTY IN THE CINEMATOGRAFIC SENSE. ITALIAN NEOREALISM. FOR EXAMPLE...ROSSELLINI. DE SICA. LATTUADA...YOU UNDERSTAND ME...

WE HAVE ARRIVED. THE HEAD COMPARTMENT. LOOK. TOUCH. FIND.

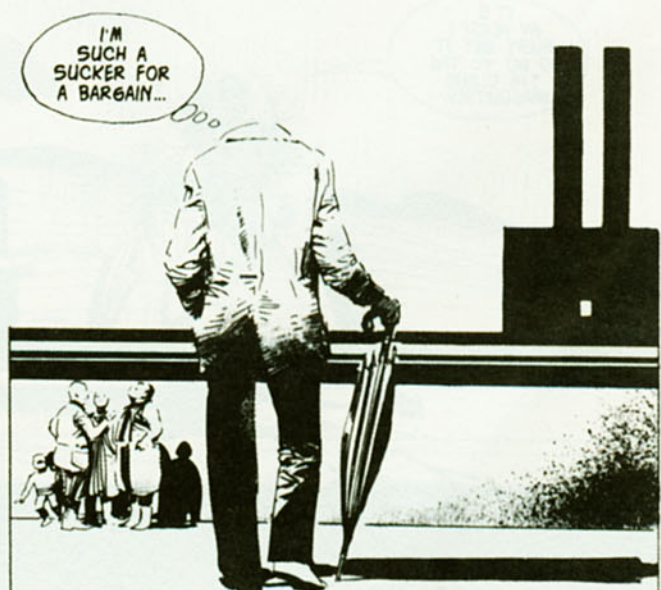
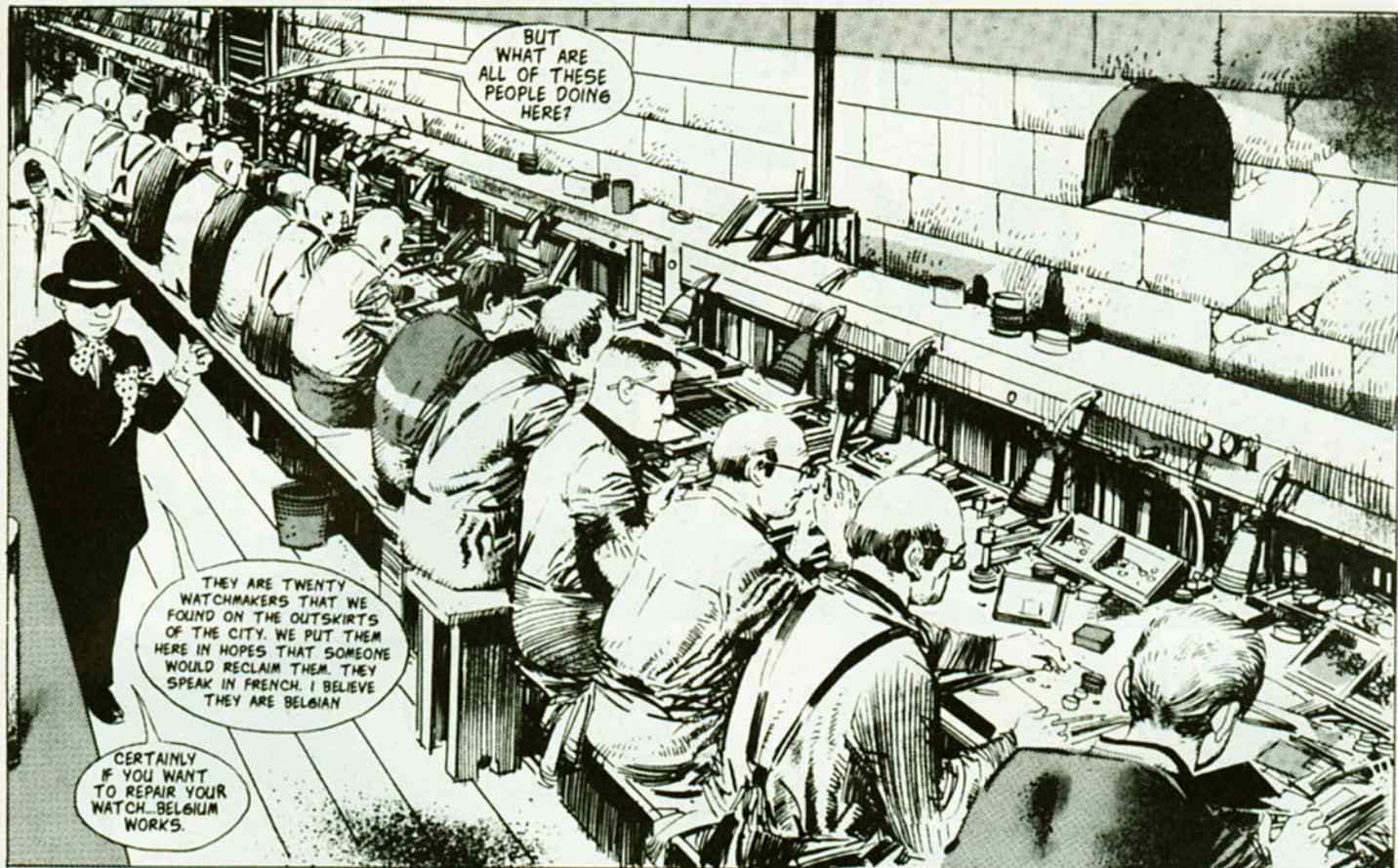
WELL, NINE ISN'T HERE. HOW HOT THE YOUNG ONE IS...

I'D SUPPOSE, COME, I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING WHICH...

TAKE CARE. WHEN WE FIND THESE REPTILES THEY ARE INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE LIZARDS. NOTICE HOW MUCH THEY CHANGE. BUT I LIKE THEM

THIS SPOT HAS TO BE LIKE THIS, GLOOMY.





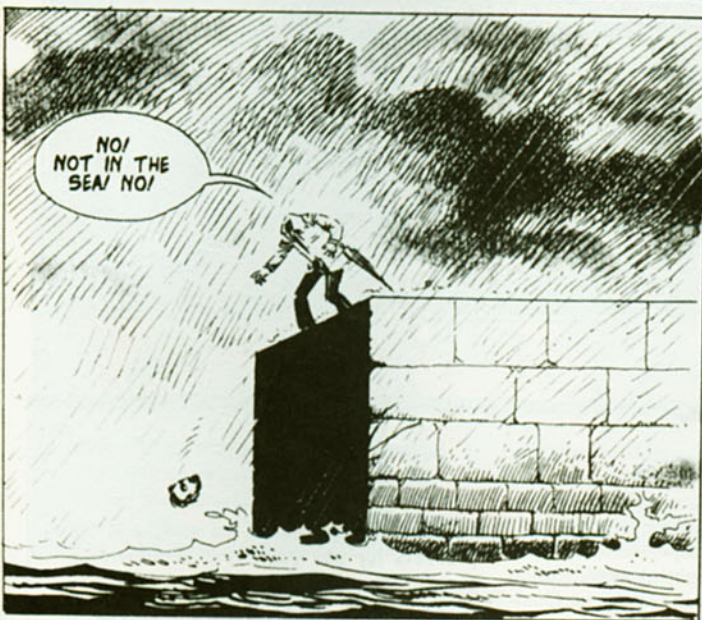








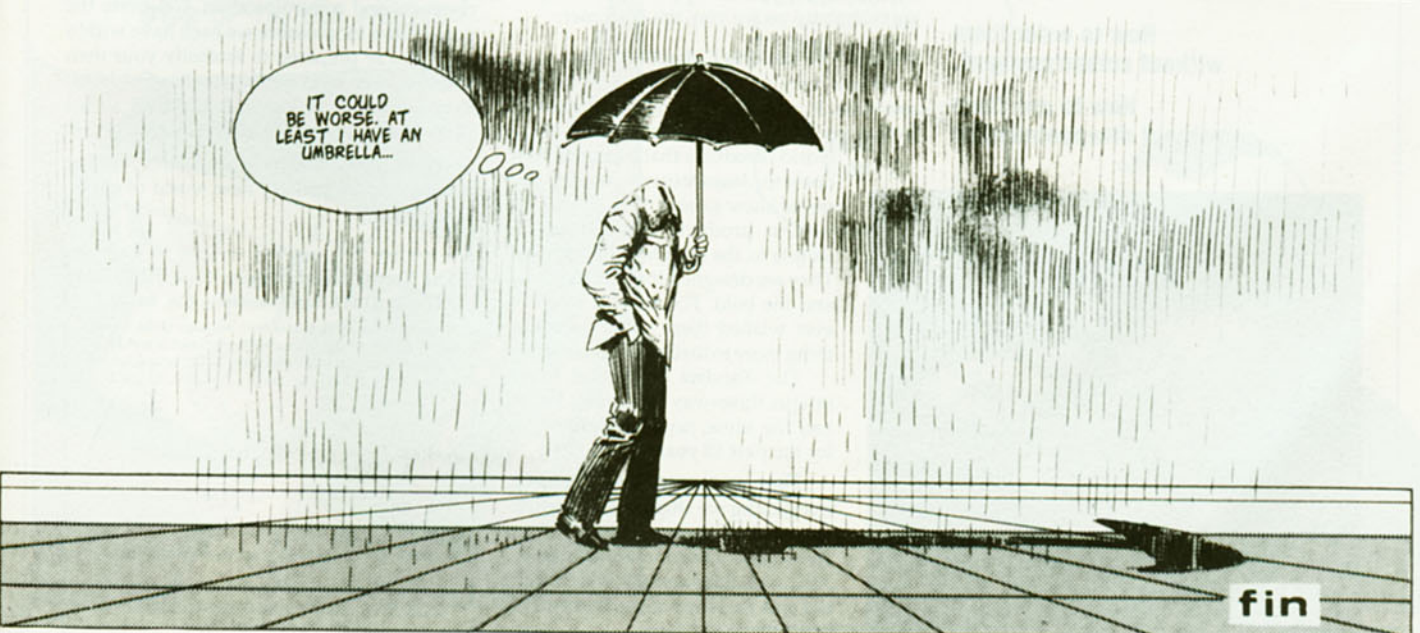
MY  
GOD! NOW  
THE STORM  
EXPLODES...



NO!  
NOT IN THE  
SEA! NO!



WELL  
I THINK  
I'VE FINISHED  
SEARCHING...AND  
NOW WHAT?



IT COULD  
BE WORSE. AT  
LEAST I HAVE AN  
UMBRELLA...

fin



# MERCHANDISING

I ASKED YOU HERE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THE AGREED MARKETING STRATEGIES FOR OUR NEXT FILM.

FOLLOW ME.

A SERIES OF T-SHIRTS, POSTERS AND PROSTHETIC LIMBS WITH THE TITLE OF THE FILM.

WE'VE ALREADY RECORDED A CD OF THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK AND THE SOUND EFFECTS.

CAR HONKS, MOTORCYCLES AND APPLIANCES...

AN INTERACTIVE UNIT, A VIDEOGAME WITH WHICH VIEWERS CAN CHOOSE BETWEEN 867 DIFFERENT ENDINGS.

A BOX WITH A PAIR OF UNDERWEAR AND A TOOTHBRUSH USED BY THE STAR OF THE FILM AND ALSO...

AN AUDIO DEVICE THAT SIMULATES THE STAR'S VOICE.

GREAT, RIGHT?



OF COURSE, WE'LL SATURATE THE MARKET WITH COLLECTIBLES, STICKERS, BOARD GAMES AND BLOW-UP DOLLS.



WE WILL NOT MISS THE CHANCE TO OFFER A CONTEST FOR A TRIP TO THE FILM LOCATION WHERE IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO WATCH SOME OF WHAT GOES ON DURING A SHOOT.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



GOOD, VERY GOOD.

BY THE WAY...

WHAT IS IT ABOUT?



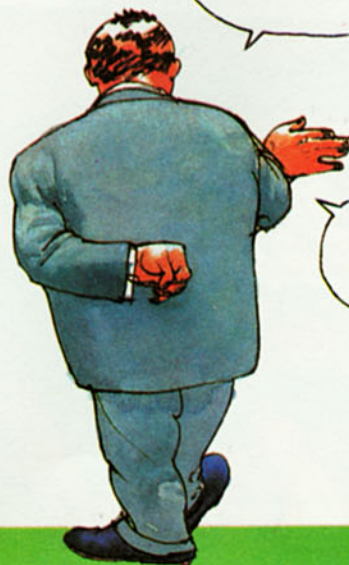
THE STORY, THE SUBJECT OF THE FILM.

OH, I SEE!

WELL, WE HAVEN'T REALLY NAILED DOWN ALL THE DETAILS YET.

BUT DON'T WORRY.

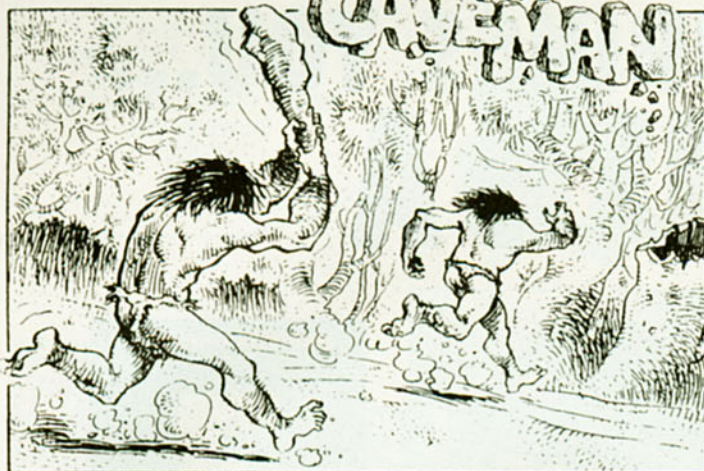
WE HAVE TWO MONTHS BEFORE THE WORLDWIDE RELEASE.



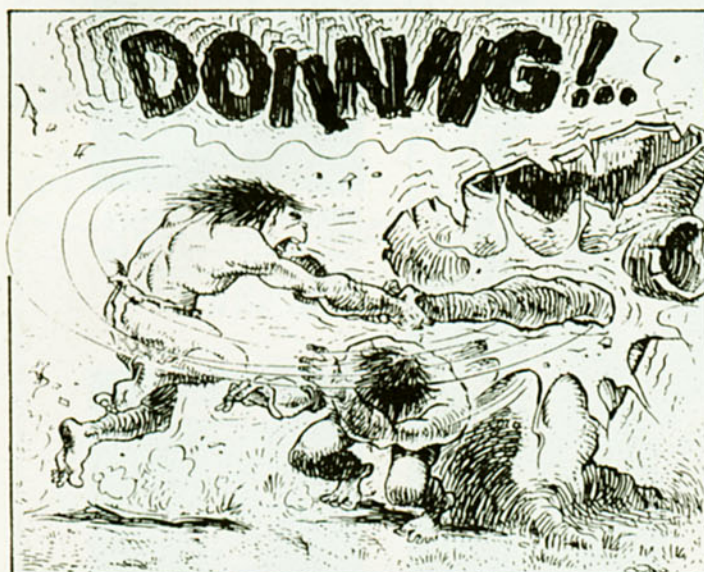
WE'LL COME UP WITH SOME IDEAS BEFORE THEN.



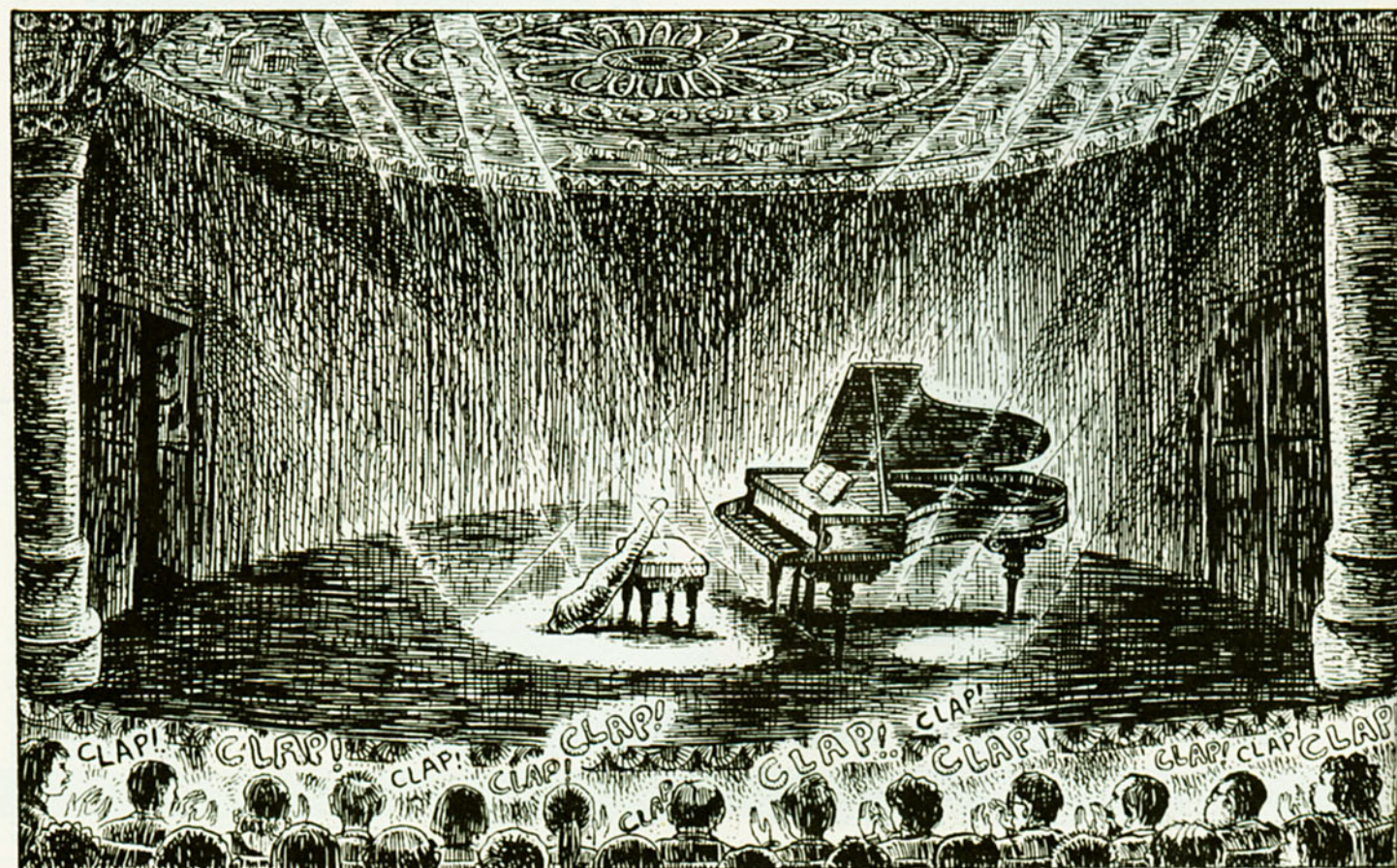
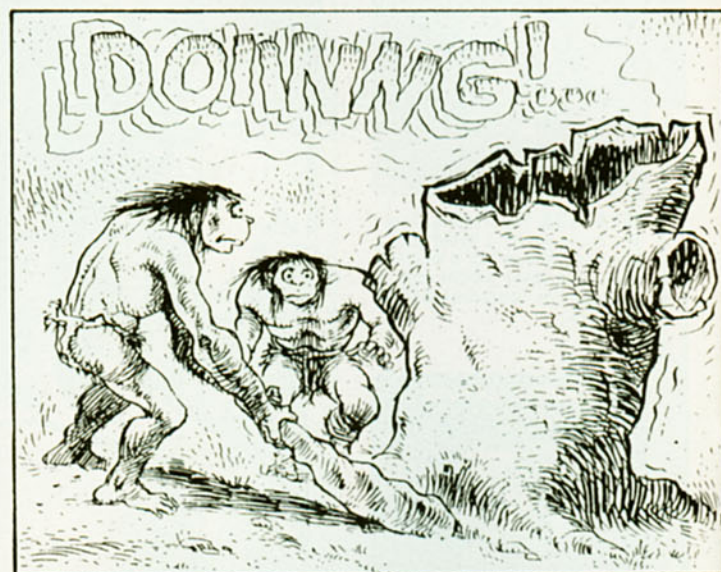
**CAVEMAN**



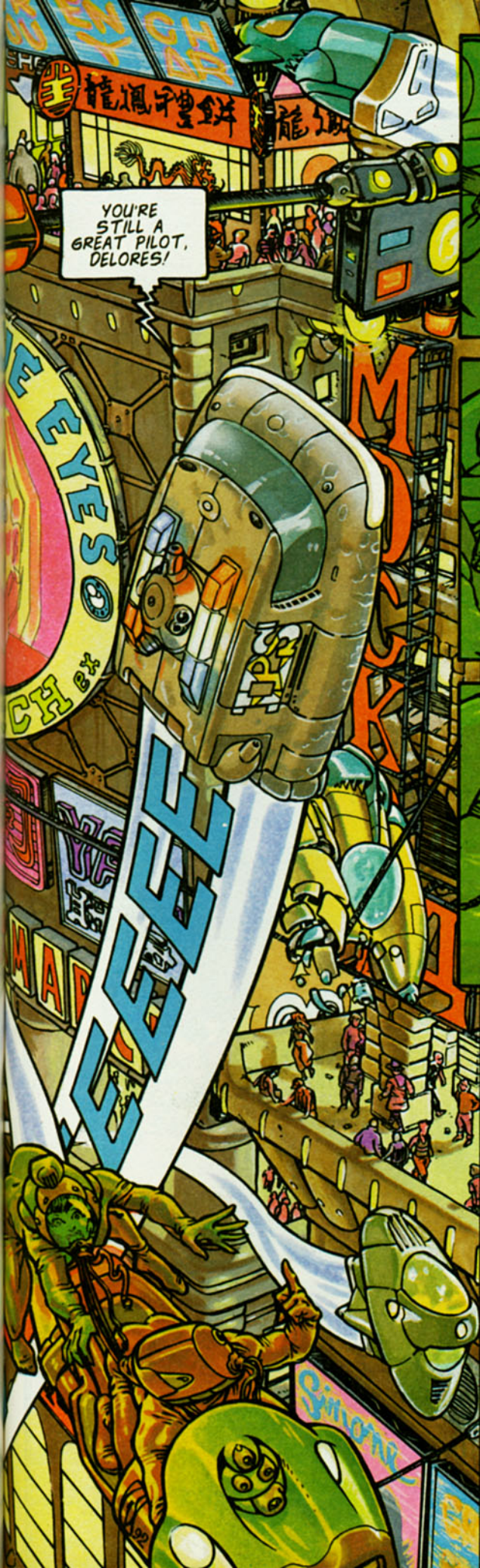
**DOING!**



**DOING!**







YOU'RE  
STILL A  
GREAT PILOT,  
DELORES!

SO, WHAT'RE  
WE WORKING  
ON?

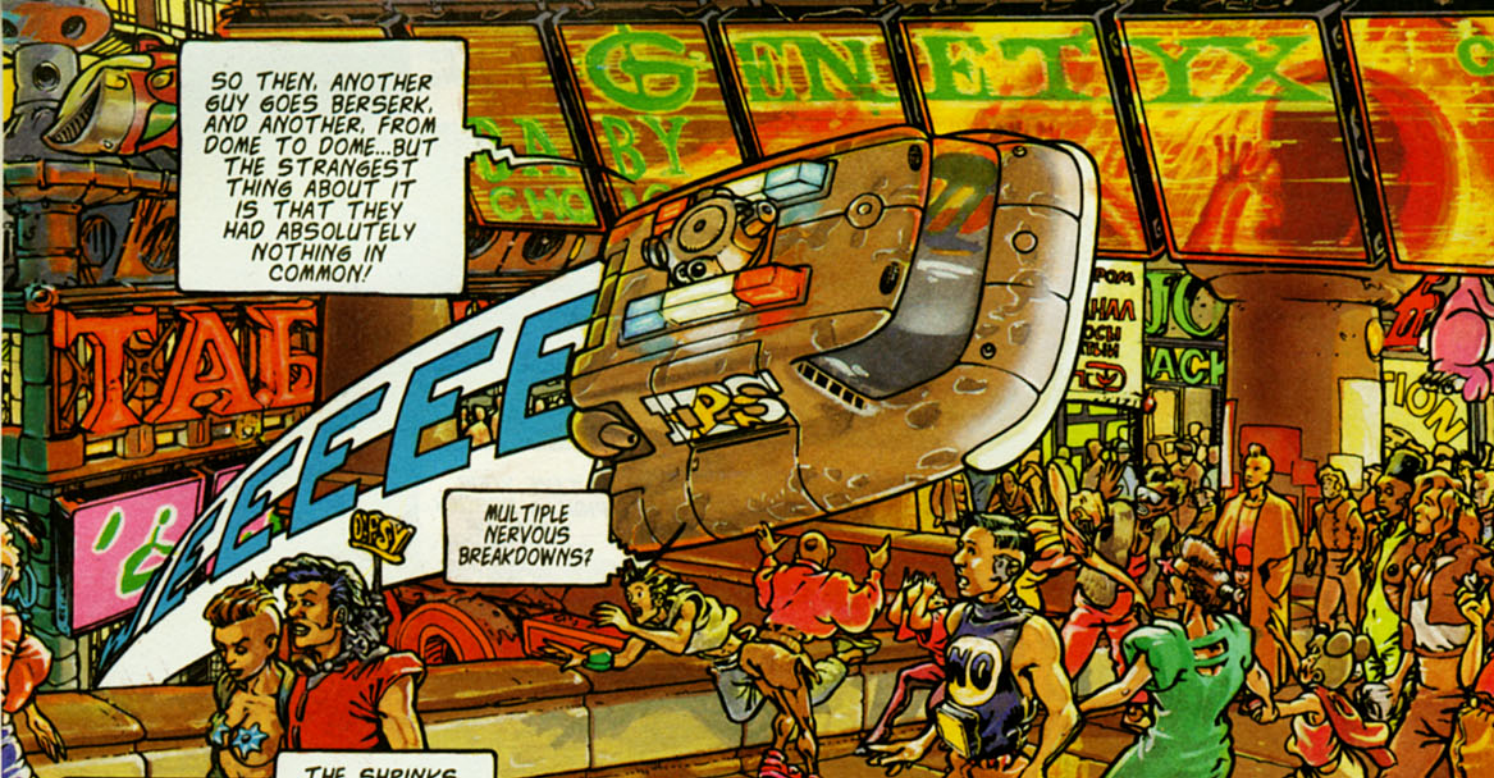
TAKE YOUR  
PICK...A MURDER  
VIRUS OR  
POSSESSION  
OF FIREARMS!

I DON'T  
GET IT!

FOUR MONTHS  
AGO, UNDER THE  
ASIAN DOME, A  
GUY OPENED FIRE  
ON THE CROWD.  
THE TRIANGLES  
INTERCEPTED HIM.  
YOU KNOW THOSE  
THINGS, "SHOOT  
NOW, ASK  
QUESTIONS AT  
THE AUTOPSY"!








SO THEN, ANOTHER  
GUY GOES BERSERK,  
AND ANOTHER, FROM  
DOME TO DOME...BUT  
THE STRANGEST  
THING ABOUT IT  
IS THAT THEY  
HAD ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING IN  
COMMON!

MULTIPLE  
NERVOUS  
BREAKDOWNS?

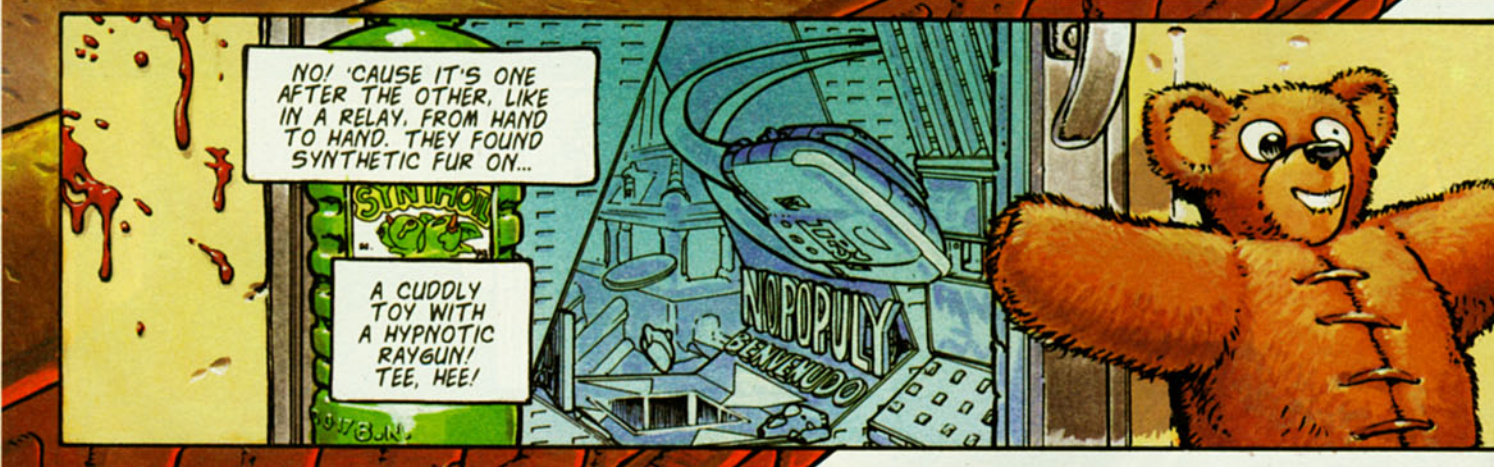
THE SHRINKS  
DON'T THINK  
SO!

AN  
EPIDEMIC,  
THEN!



NO! 'CAUSE IT'S ONE  
AFTER THE OTHER, LIKE  
IN A RELAY, FROM HAND  
TO HAND. THEY FOUND  
SYNTHETIC FUR ON...

A CUDDLY  
TOY WITH  
A HYPNOTIC  
RAYGUN!  
TEE, HEE!

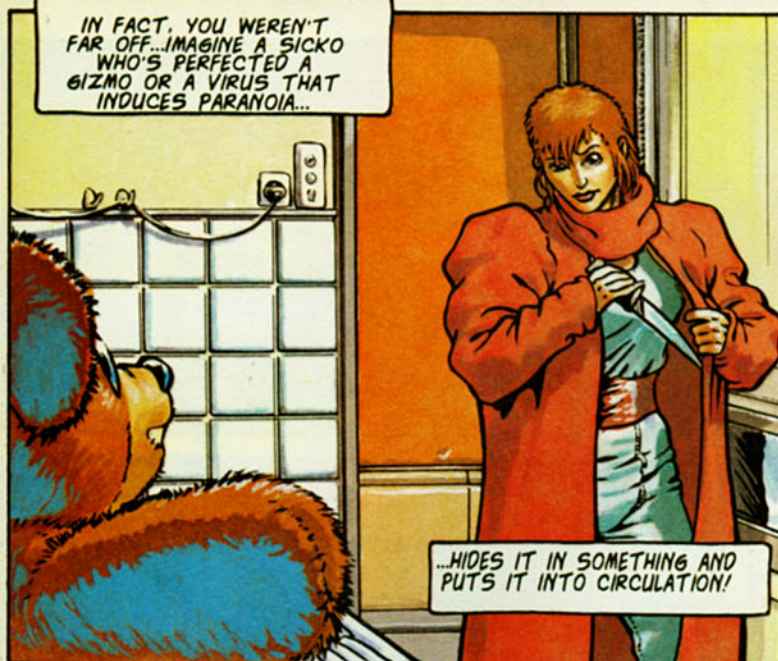


WOULD A KNUCKLE  
SANDWICH SHOVED  
DOWN YOUR  
THROAT MAKE YOU  
LAUGH, KLOSER?

DON'T LOSE YOUR  
COOL, DEL! SO,  
WHAT'S YOUR  
THINKING ON IT?



IN FACT, YOU WEREN'T FAR OFF...IMAGINE A SICKO WHO'S PERFECTED A GIZMO OR A VIRUS THAT INDUCES PARANOIA...



...HIDES IT IN SOMETHING AND PUTS IT INTO CIRCULATION!

CLOTHES, MAYBE?



YEAH, OR WHY NOT, LIKE YOU SAID, A CUDDLY TOY?



A CUDDLY TOY? HAH! WHY NOT A DEMON BABY BOTTLE OR A CANNIBAL SHOE? TA-DAAA!

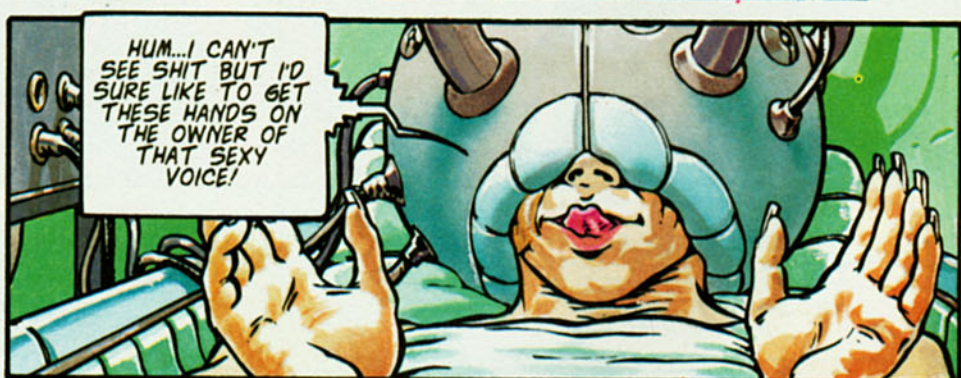
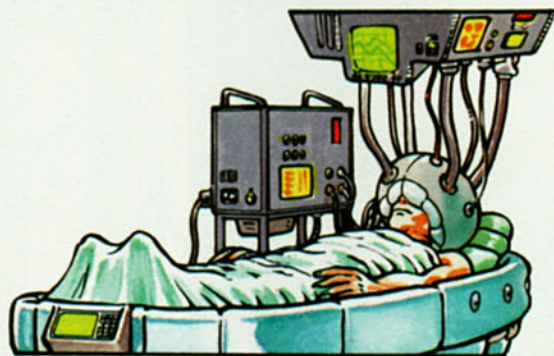
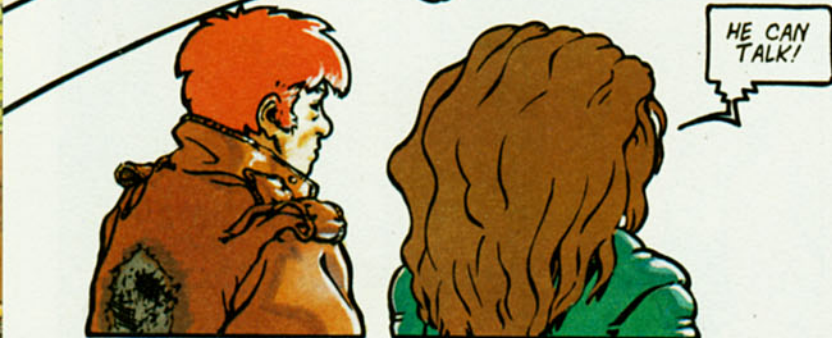
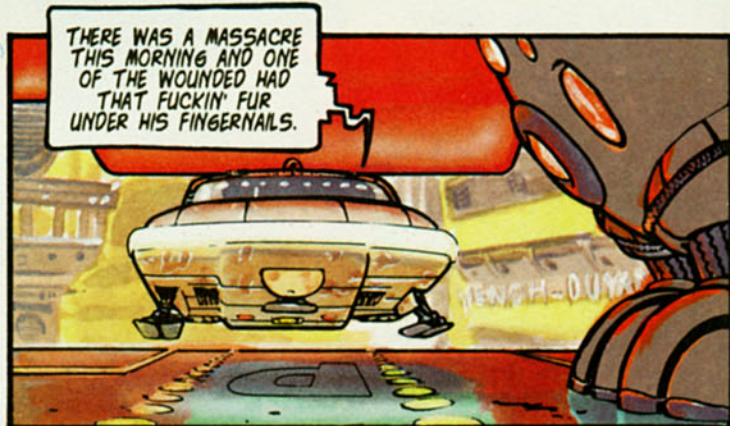
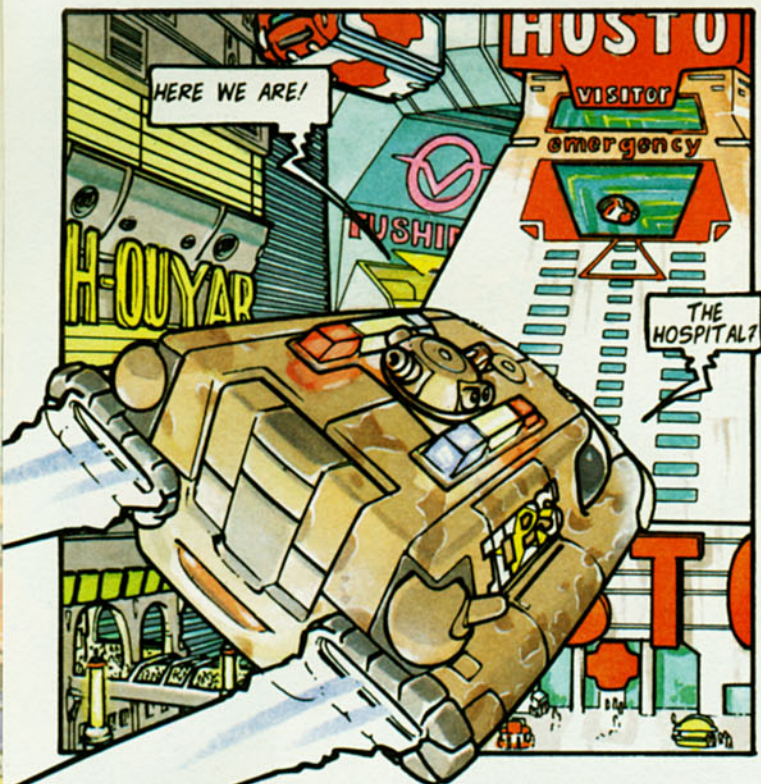


"THE NIKES FROM HELL" IN 3-D, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AN INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC SECURITY PRODUCTION! BA-DA-BOOM!

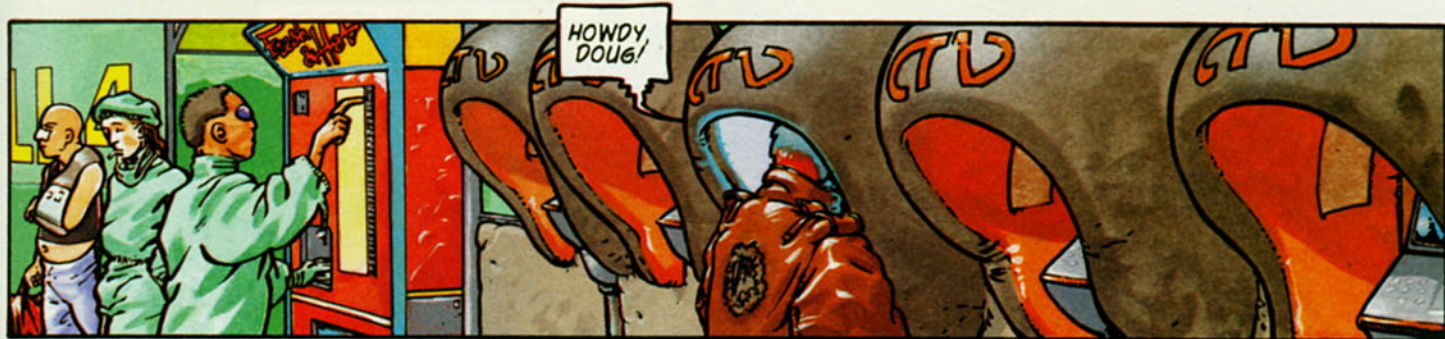


YOU'RE REALLY ASKING FOR IT, KLOSER!

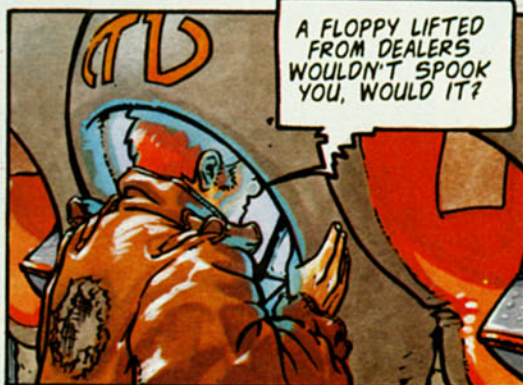








WELL, WELL, WELL.  
MY FAVORITE COP.  
WHAT'S UP, DOC?



WHO DO YOU TAKE ME  
FOR, STYL. A TECHNO  
FROM TUSHIDE? NOTHING  
THAT WAS EVER HACKED  
IS SAFE WHEN  
INTERNATIONAL DOUG  
GETS A HOLD OF IT!  
WHEN YOU'RE READY, I'LL  
BE WILLING AND ABLE!



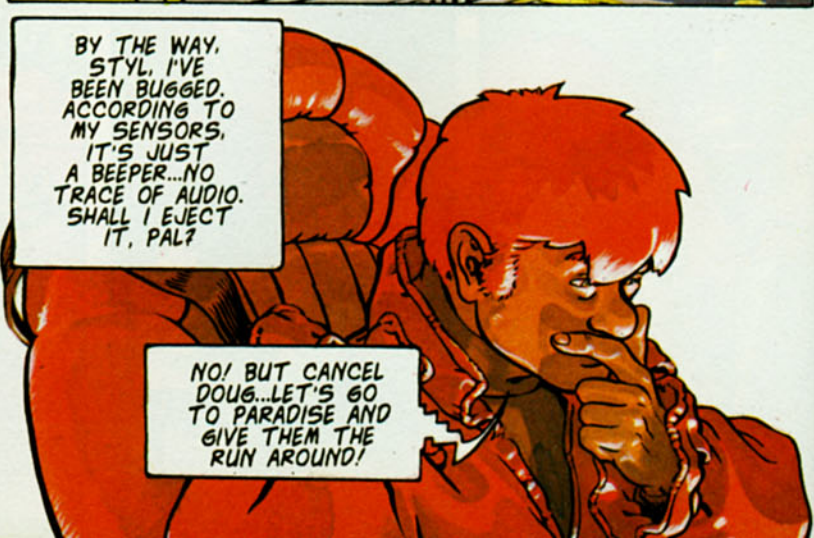
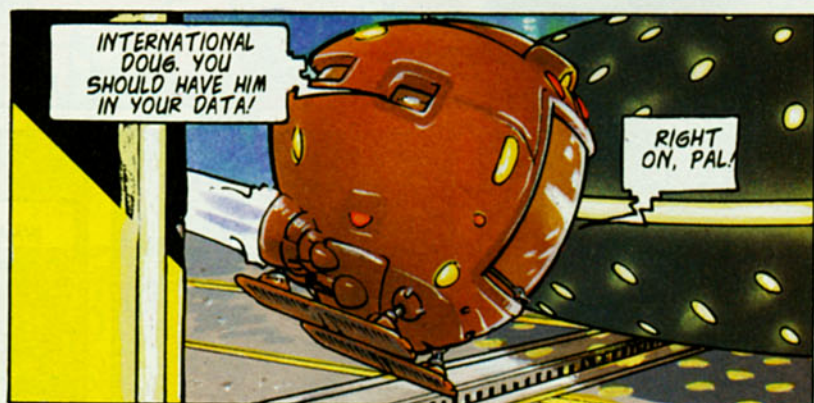
A CUDDLY  
TOY!

NO!



WHO  
WOULD?





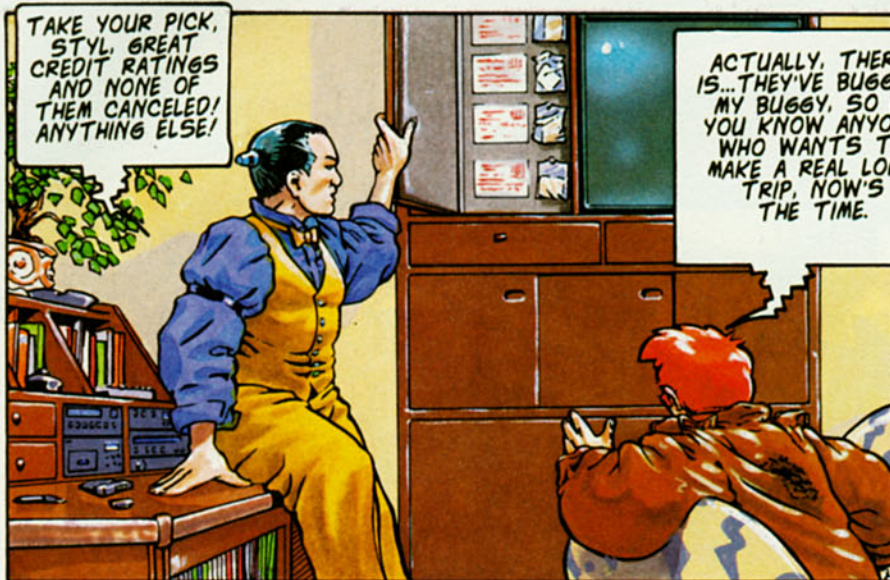


IF THEY HAVE ME UNDER  
SURVEILLANCE ALREADY,  
WE'LL HAVE TO REV UP A  
BIT. I'M NOT CRAZY ABOUT  
SEEING THOSE PSYS.

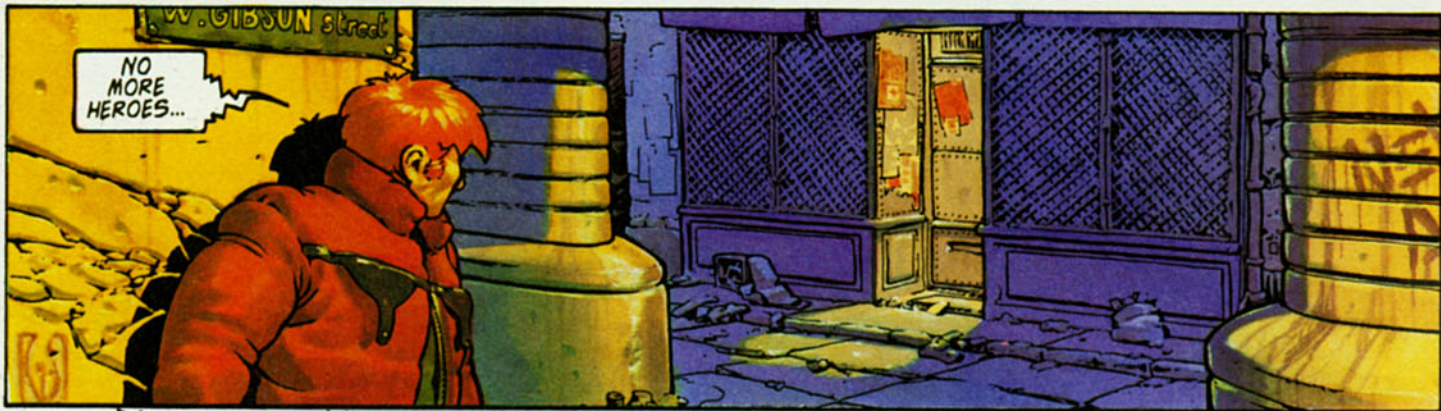


HI YA, LI!  
YOUR FREIGHT  
ELEVATOR  
STILL RUN?









NO  
MORE  
HEROES...

INTERNATIONAL!



PLEASE STATE  
THE ACCESS  
CODE!

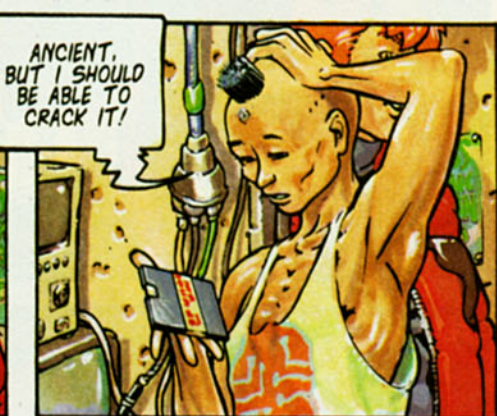
BAH!... "INTERNATIONAL  
IS REALLY A HUMAN"!



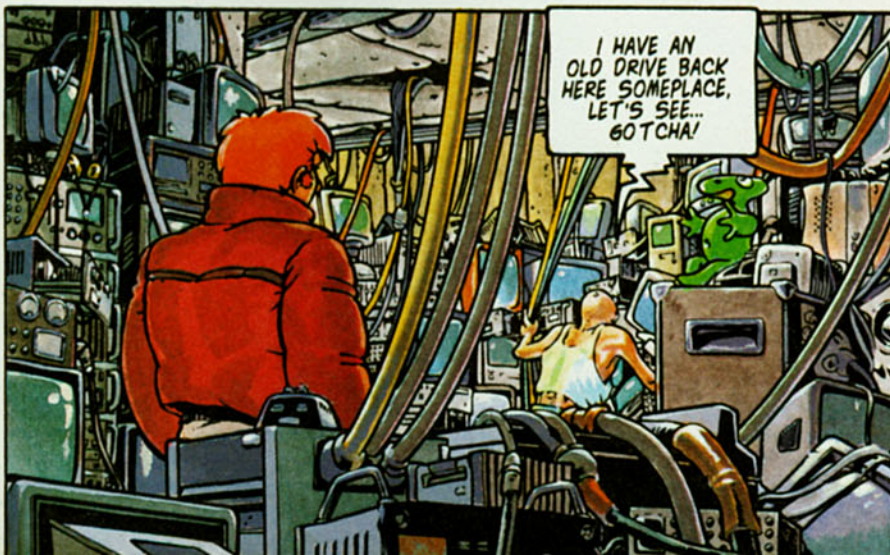
HI YA  
STYL!



YOU OLD PIRATE,  
YOU! BET YOU  
HAVEN'T SEEN  
ONE OF THESE  
FOR A WHILE!



ANCIENT,  
BUT I SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO  
CRACK IT!

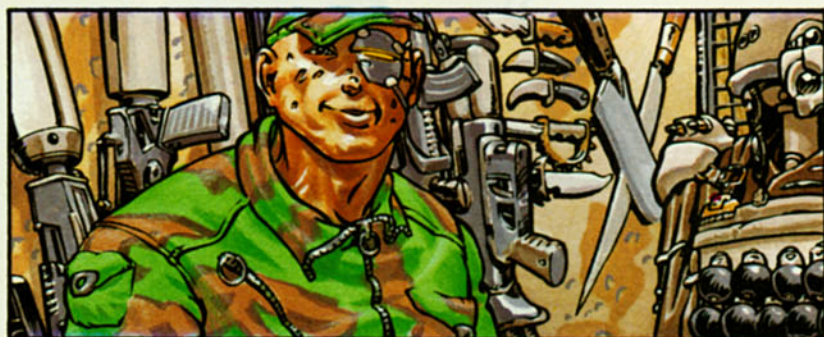


I HAVE AN  
OLD DRIVE BACK  
HERE SOMEPLACE,  
LET'S SEE...  
GOTCHA!



OH, OH!  
LOCKED  
TIGHTER  
THAN A NUN'S  
KNEES!









YEAH! SPREAD 'EM, SPREAD 'EM WIDER, BITCH! I TOLD YA, KLOSER, I'M IRRESISTIBLE! HA, HA! OPEN UP YOUR BOX OF SECRETS, MY PRETTY SILICON SALLY!

ZZZZ...  
WHA?



BUT...THIS IS MORE THAN DRUG BARON SHIT...NOTHING TO DO WITH DOUBLE BOOK-KEEPING. IT'S A LOT BIGGER, A LOT WORSE!

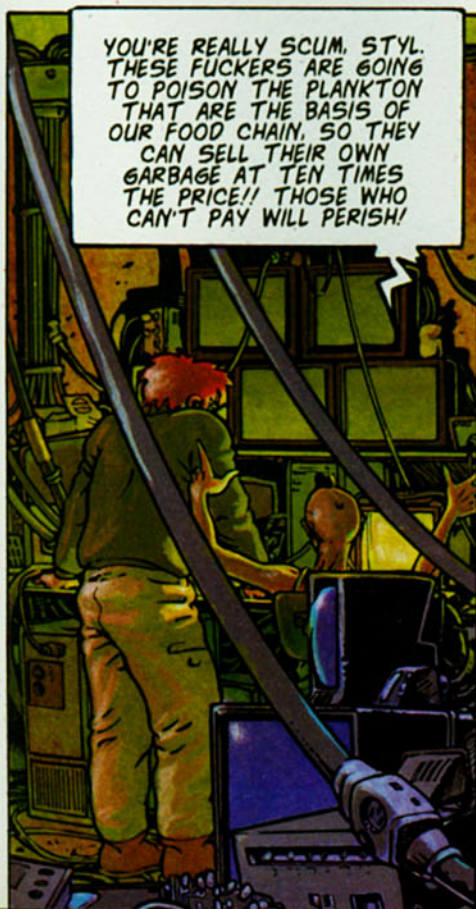


IT LITERALLY STINKS. THE BASTARDS! MILLIONS ARE GOING TO DIE OF STARVATION AND IT WILL WREAK HAVOC ON A WHOLE SECTION OF THE FOOD ECONOMY!



WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS ALONE, STYL. WE HAVE TO GIVE THIS STUFF OVER TO THE PRESS!

SORRY, DOUG, BUT I NEED THE CASH!



YOU'RE REALLY SCUM, STYL. THESE FUCKERS ARE GOING TO POISON THE PLANKTON THAT ARE THE BASIS OF OUR FOOD CHAIN, SO THEY CAN SELL THEIR OWN GARBAGE AT TEN TIMES THE PRICE!! THOSE WHO CAN'T PAY WILL PERISH!



HERE'S THEIR PLAN OF ACTION...INJECT A VIRUS INTO ONE OF THE SECURITY GUARDS WHO WORKS AT THE SITE. THE GUY WILL CONTAMINATE EVERYTHING WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT. WE DON'T HAVE AN I.D. FOR HIM, THOUGH!



BUT, WE DO KNOW WHO WILL SET HIM UP...CAPTAIN HUPMAN!



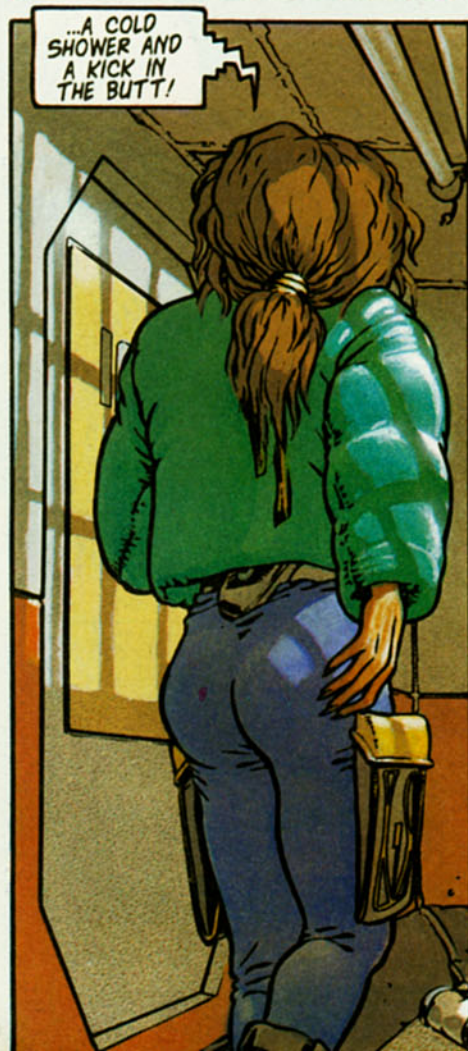
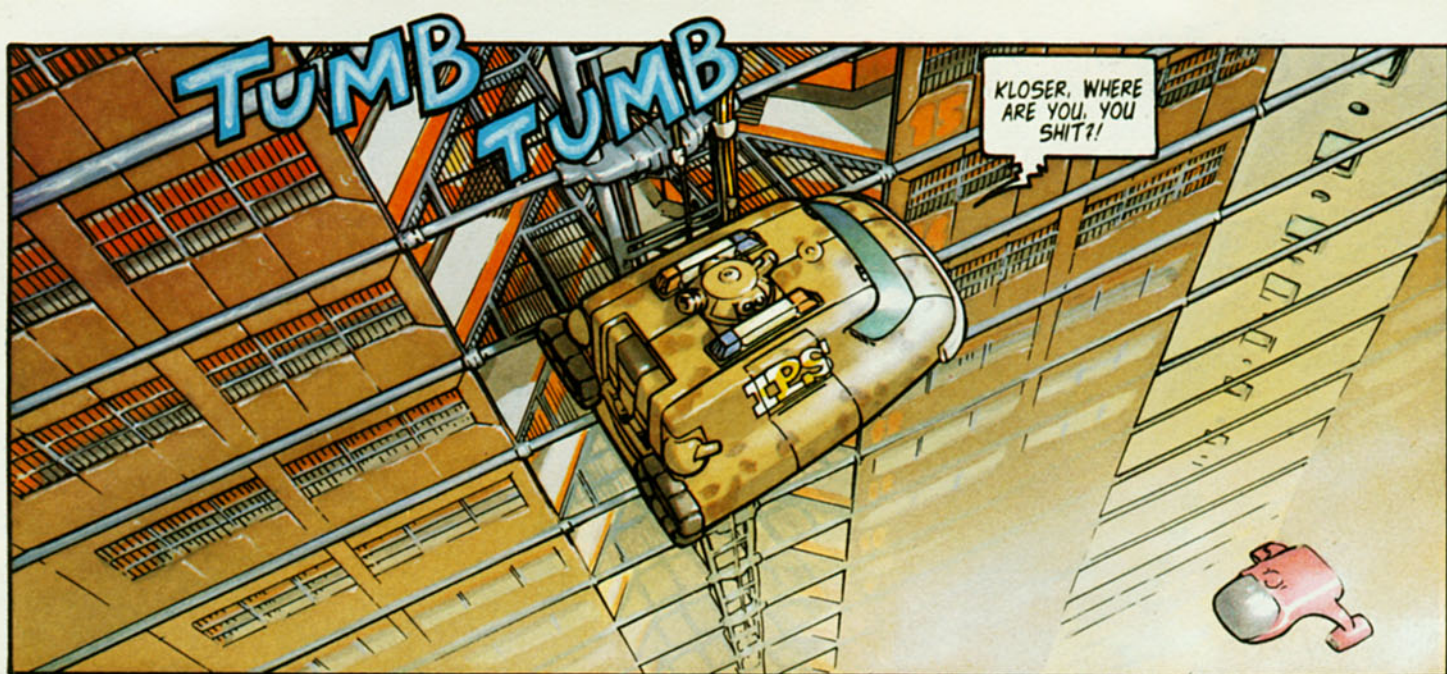
6:45?  
I GOTTA DASH!

SO, WHA'CHA GONNA DO, STYL?

CAN YOU ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH THEM?

YOU MUST REALLY NEED THE MONEY! DROP BY LATER! AND DON'T FORGET YOUR FUCKIN' FLOPPY!









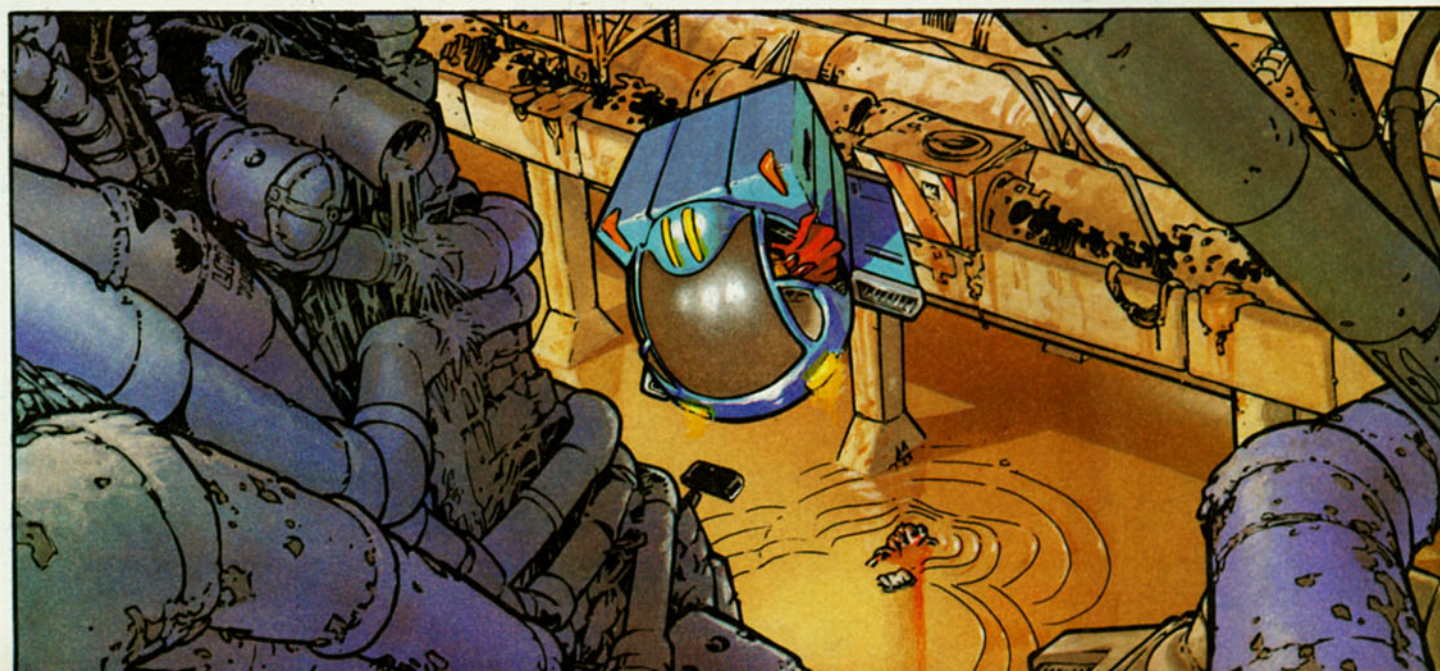
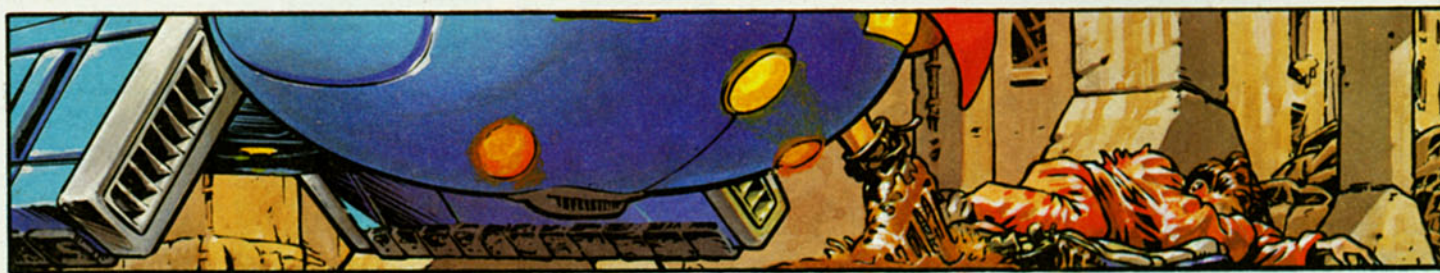
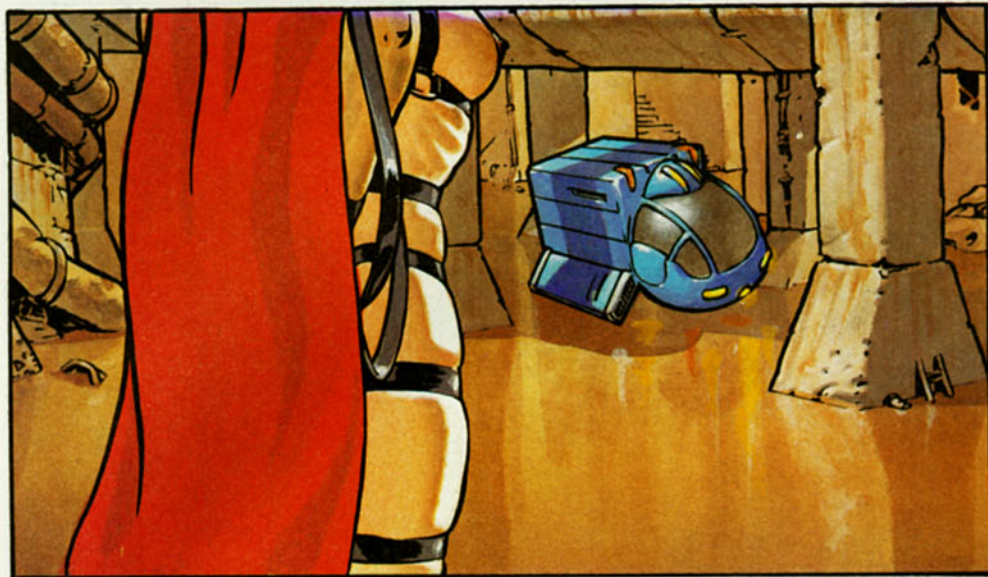
















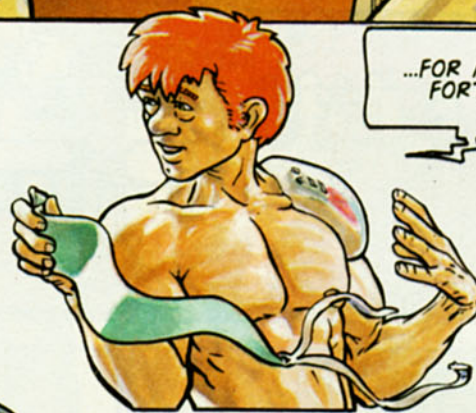
...WHEN I ASKED YOU FOR THAT LITTLE FAVOR, I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS JUST THE AUTHORITIES, KEEPING TABS ON ME.



THIS LI'L FLOPPY IS MY BIG BREAK, LI. YOU KNOW, MY MIND HAS STARTED BLANKING OUT FROM TIME TO TIME...SHORT, BUT MORE AND MORE FREQUENT. IT'S GETTING WORSE, I CAN FEEL IT!

DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO...

...SELL IT BACK TO THEM?



...FOR A SMALL FORTUNE!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT, STYL!

I DON'T WANT TO END UP A VEGETABLE! I NEED A GOOD CLINIC AND THAT COSTS MONEY!



SO, IT'S YOU OR MILLIONS OF INNOCENT VICTIMS!



OOO...MY HEAD! WHERE AM I?



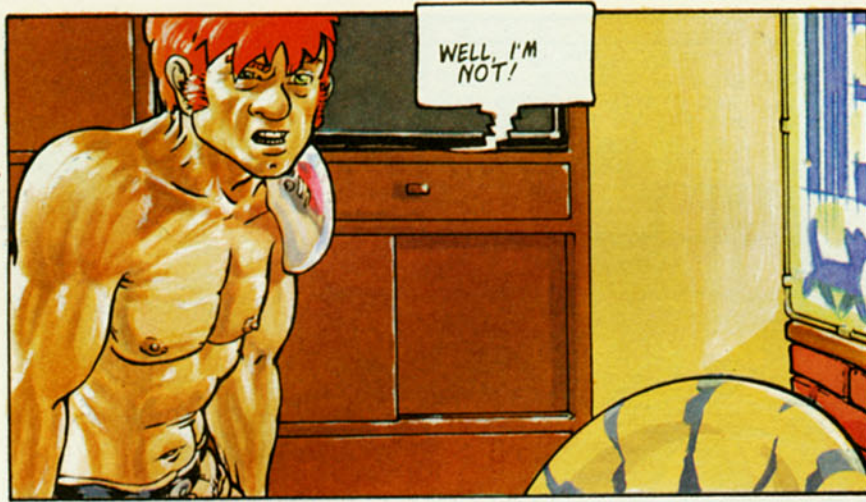
WELL, WELL! SUPER-BITCH AWAKENS!



KLOSER!

I'M HAPPY TO SEE YOU!!







LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE  
TO SAY...MAYBE YOU'LL SEE  
THINGS DIFFERENTLY, THEN!

I DOUBT IT...A LOT!

YOU REMEMBER, ABOUT  
EIGHT YEARS AGO, THE  
PROJECT FOR BUILDING  
LOW RENT HOUSING  
COMPLEXES, IN ORBIT?

SURE, WHO DOESN'T? MY FATHER  
WAS FREAKING OUT THAT HE  
MIGHT BE CALLED UP FOR DUTY!

WELL, STYL WAS!!

...INTERFACED FOR  
TWO MONTHS WITH THE  
COMPUTER. HIS BRAIN  
WAS PUMPED UP WITH  
M.T.8 AND BLASTED  
WITH CYBERNETIC  
COMMANDS!

YOU'VE HEARD OF  
M.T.8, RIGHT DELORES?

"M.T. ATE YOUR WIFE! M.T. ATE  
YOUR BRAIN! HATE M.T. EIGHT,  
EMPTY M.T. EIGHT!" WE USED TO  
CHANT THAT SLOGAN WHEN WE  
SAT IN AT THE UNIVERSITY  
DURING THE "NINE THOUSAND"  
SCAN SCANDAL! IT ACCELERATES  
THE REFLEXES THROUGH NEURONAL  
STIMULATION, AND IS USED A LOT  
BY STREET GANGS TO ENHANCE  
FIGHTING SKILLS...IN SPITE OF  
ITS SIDE EFFECTS!

A PROGRESSIVE  
ALTERATION OF THE  
CENTRAL NERVOUS  
SYSTEM!...

...AND YOU END UP A  
BASKET CASE! "A HEAD-  
LESS BODY" AS THEY  
SAY IN THE TRADE! WELL,  
KLOSER WAS ONE OF  
THE "NINE THOUSAND"!!

SO AFTER THE  
TRIALS, HE JOINED  
THE I.P.S...WHAT  
BETTER PLACE THAN  
NARCOTICS, TO  
PROCURE DRUGS?

I GUESS  
THAT'S THE  
LOGIC OF DRUGS!  
BUT HOW DID HE  
GET PAST THE  
ENTRANCE SCANS?

BEATS ME!! BUT, TO  
GET BACK TO THE  
POINT...THE DEALERS  
THAT HE LAST  
BOUGHT DOWN, WERE  
TRANSPORTING MORE  
THAN JUST M.T.8, WHICH  
BRINGS US TO YOUR  
EARLY MORNING  
ENCOUNTER!

THOSE GUYS! HOW DID THEY  
KNOW MY NAME, ANYWAY?

I'M GETTING  
TO THAT!



SHIT!! MY CAPSULES?!!

DIS WHA'CHA LOOKIN' FUR, TCHUNKY?

LIKE I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS!

YUR ON OFF TERRORTURY HEAH, TCHUNKY! AN' US OFFS DON' LAIK YOO TCHUNKS!!

NHAT A BEET!!

I WASN'T COUNTING ON STAYING, ANYWAY! THROW ME THE BAG!

WHOA! EEZEE!

AH LAIK'S YOR ROD, TCHUNKY!

FOOKIN' NAICE!

I'M NOT PLAYING GAMES, SO MOVE IT!!

REELY, TCHUNKY?

CRO-KRAK

YOO LAIK DEESE CAPS, EH TCHUNK? AH'LL MAIK YOU DNEEF DEM, DA HOLE LAAT!





THEY DIDN'T KILL YOU THIS MORNING, BUT BELIEVE ME, THE NEXT TIME COULD BE A WHOLE LOT DIFFERENT.



I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD YOU'VE SAID!



KLOSER COULD BE HOOKED, I'LL BUY THAT..



...AND CONSIDERING HOW HE PROCURES HIS DRUGS, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S IN SHIT WITH THE DEALERS!



BUT, THAT CAPTAIN HUPMAN COULD BE THE BIG BAD WOLF WORKING FOR SOME UN-SCRUPULOUS MULTINATIONAL ORGANIZATION. I'M AFRAID I JUST CAN'T SWALLOW!!



AND YET...



NO! THAT'S BULL-SHIT!! A DOCTORED DISKETTE! WHY WOULD HUPMAN STICK HIS NECK OUT LIKE THAT? HE'S GOT POSITION, RESPECT, MONEY! NO! NO WAY, JOSE!



TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, DELORES! BUT, HERE'S A WORD OF ADVICE...IF YOU SEE HUPMAN, DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON HIM!!



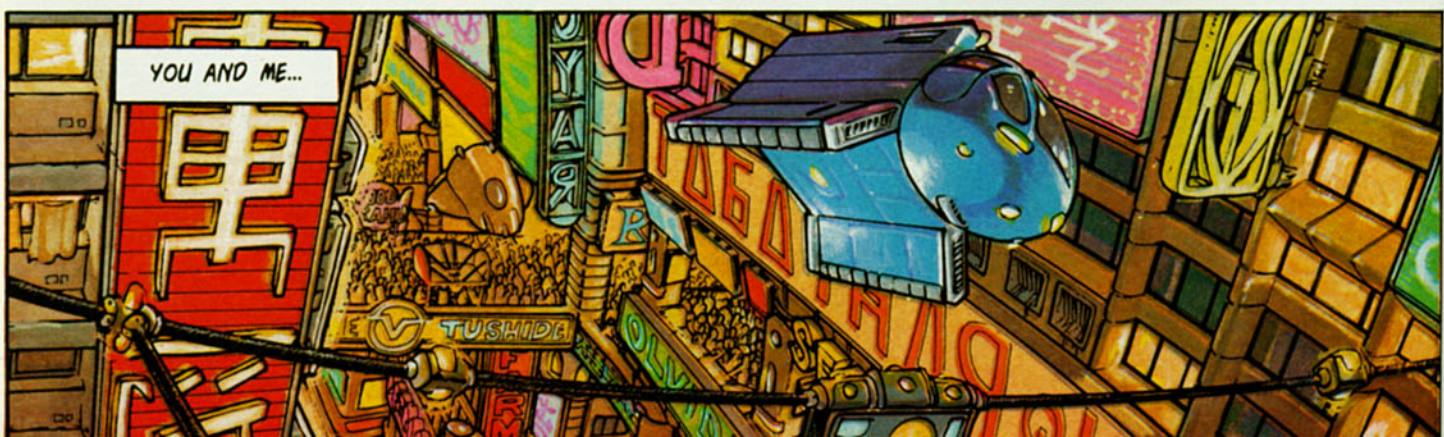
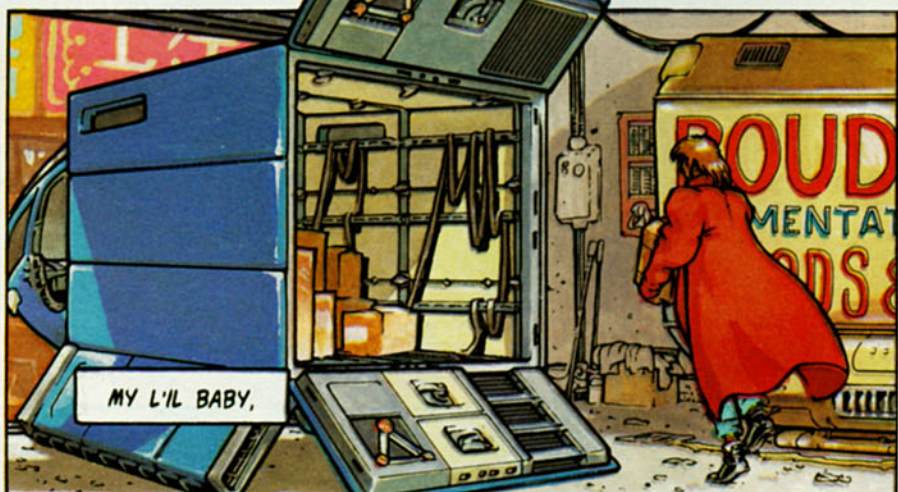
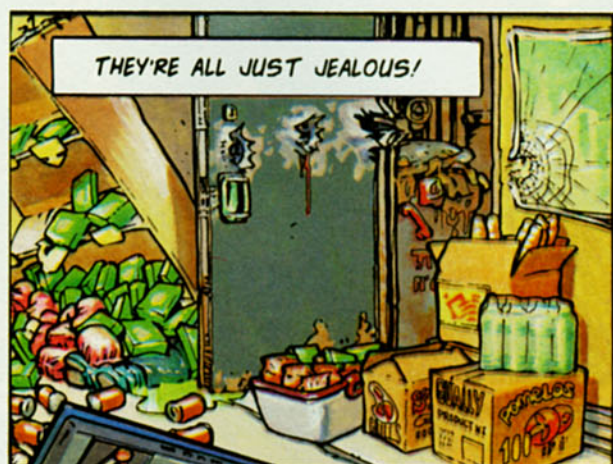
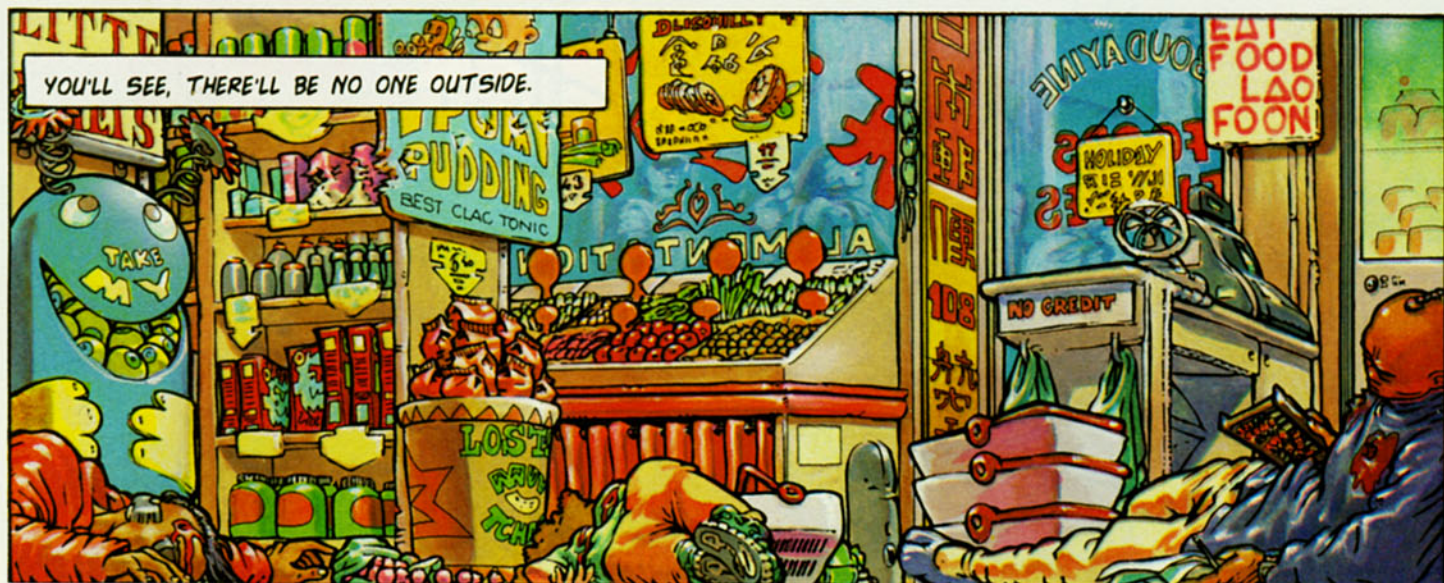
I OPEN THE BAR IN AN HOUR AND I'LL BE THERE ALL EVENING ...IN CASE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!

YEAH! I'LL BRING HUPMAN OVER FOR A DRINK!



YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF, DELORES!









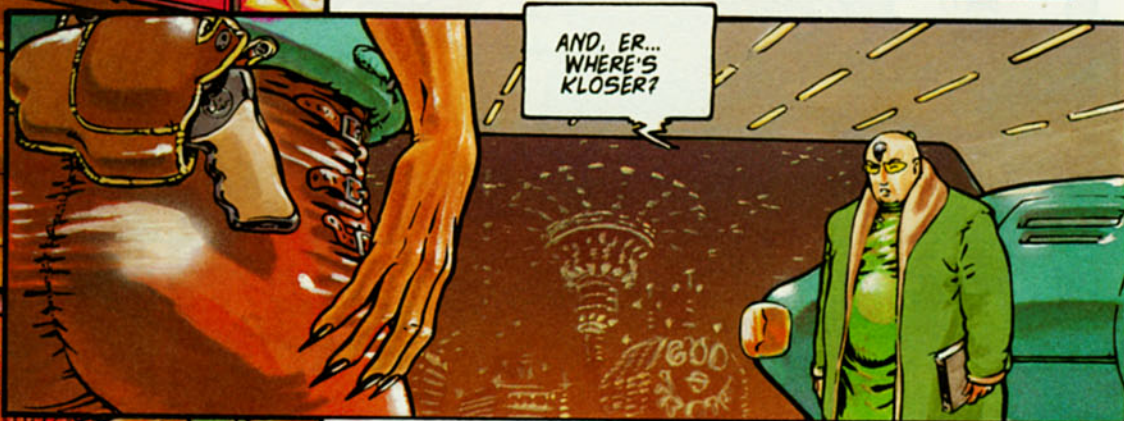
GOOD  
EVENING,  
CAPTAIN!



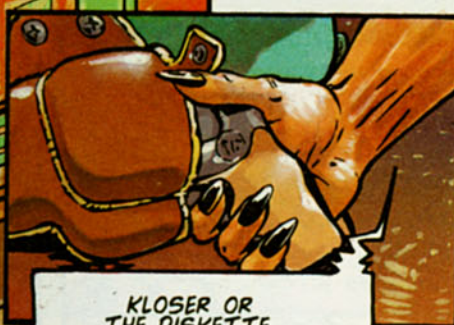
INSPECTOR  
DELORES? BUT  
...ER...WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE?



AND, ER...  
WHERE'S  
KLOSER?



KLOSER OR  
THE DISKETTE,  
CAPTAIN HUPMAN?



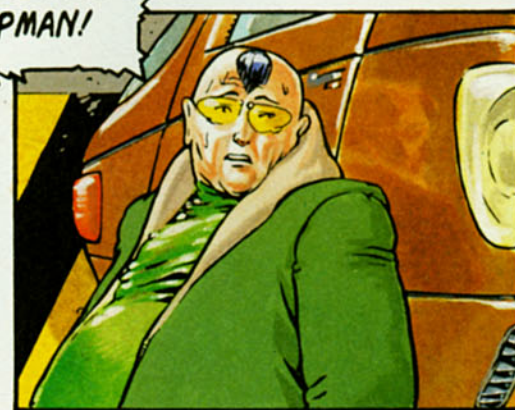
TAKE IT  
EASY, LITTLE  
LADY!



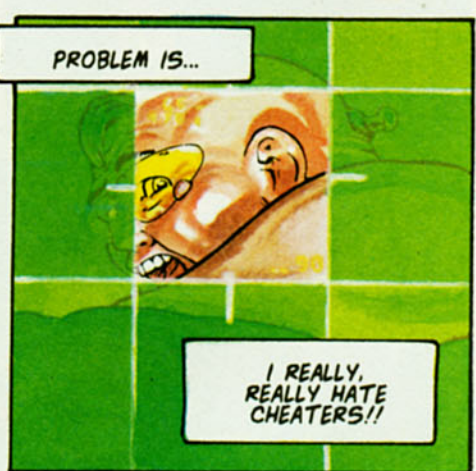
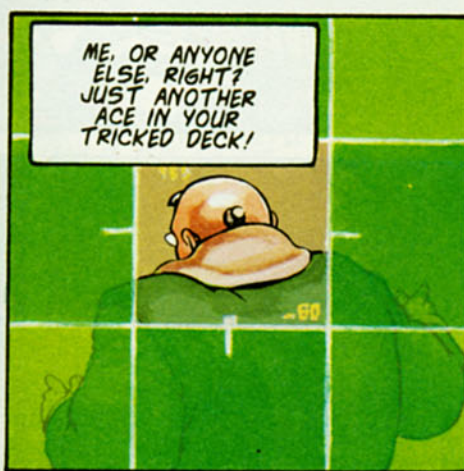
SO, YOU KNOW!  
TOO BAD FOR YOU,  
DELORES...I'M AFRAID  
WE'RE GOING  
TO HAVE TO  
ELIMINATE YOU!


















AAH...YES!  
THE DISKETTE,  
RAA...UH...WHERE?  
UGH!...WITH  
LI CHU...A  
BAR CALLED  
"THE BISTROT"  
IN PARADISE  
...UUUUUH...



STUPID FUCK...



HE'S FLATLINED, SIR!  
HIS BRAIN DIDN'T  
STAND UP TO OUR  
PROBING, I'M SORRY!




HUM, NOT VERY TOUGH,  
THAT KID! TOO BAD!  
ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT  
WHAT WE WANTED  
AND THAT'S NOT BAD!

BE NICE AND CLEAN THE  
PLACE UP BEFORE YOU  
LEAVE. IT'S HARD TO  
BELIEVE THE MESS  
PEOPLE CAN LIVE IN!




SIR...




...THE GIRL  
HAS KILLED  
HUPMAN, SIR!

NOW THAT'S  
GOOD NEWS!



DO WHATEVER  
IS NECESSARY  
TO KEEP THIS  
OUT OF THE  
PAPERS!

YES,  
SIR!



RAUL? GET ME ALL  
YOU CAN FIND ON  
LI CHU, THEN PUT  
ME THROUGH TO  
HEADQUARTERS!





WELL, DELET. DO YOU  
HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR ME?


ERR...YES, BUT  
NOT TOO GOOD.  
I'M AFRAID!



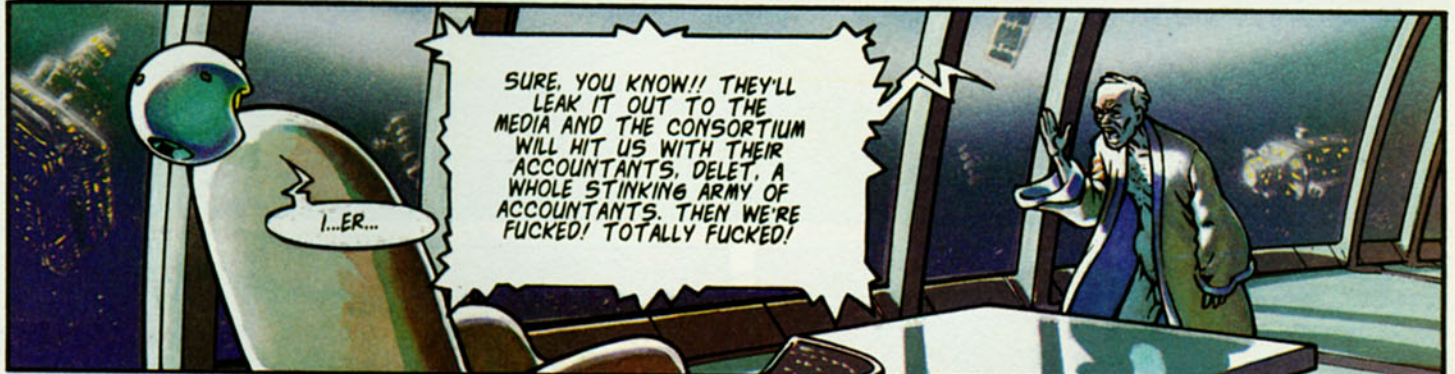
...THE OWNER OF THE  
BAR HAS A SISTER  
WHO WORKS FOR  
THE GREENWAR AND...

THE DISKETTE  
AND THE COP ARE  
AT A BAR IN  
PARADISE...BUT...

WHAT?!




DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF  
THOSE ANARCHIST,  
AGITATOR BASTARDS  
GET THEIR HANDS  
ON THAT DISK?



SURE, YOU KNOW!! THEY'LL  
LEAK IT OUT TO THE  
MEDIA AND THE CONSORTIUM  
WILL HIT US WITH THEIR  
ACCOUNTANTS, DELET, A  
WHOLE STINKING ARMY OF  
ACCOUNTANTS. THEN WE'RE  
FUCKED! TOTALLY FUCKED!

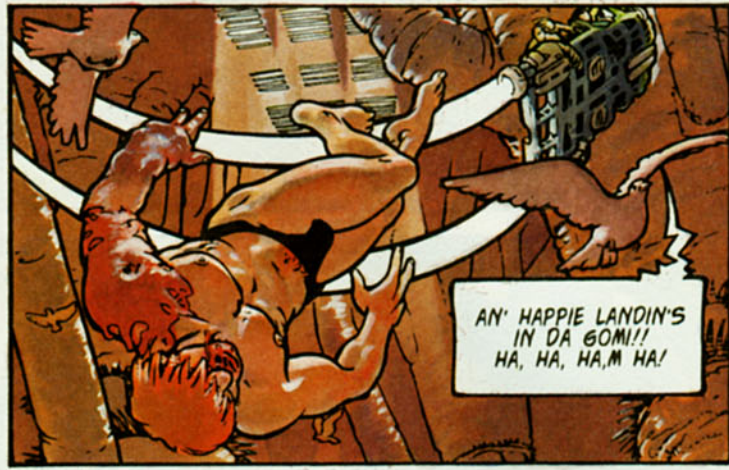
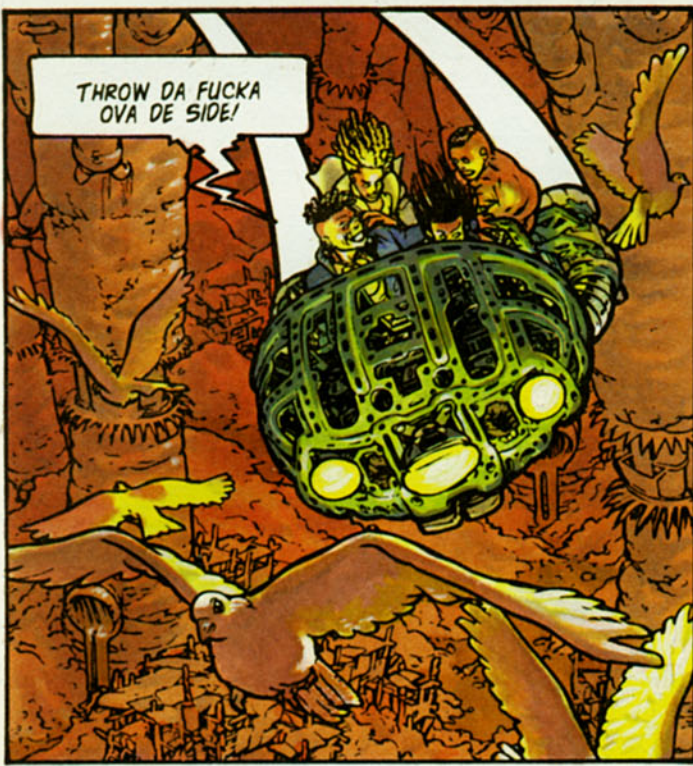
FIND THAT DISKETTE,  
DELET, AND WIPE OUT  
ANYONE THAT EVER,  
EVEN VAGUELY, CAME  
ANYWHERE NEAR IT!



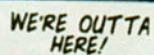
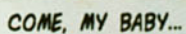
THAT GOES  
WITHOUT SAYING,  
SIR. IN FACT,  
WE WERE ON OUR  
WAY TO CHECK  
OUT THE BAR  
IN QUESTION.

INCIDENTALLY, SIR, WE  
DON'T HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT LEAKS LEAVING THE  
I.P.S., HUPMAN HAS LEFT  
US...PERMANENTLY!









WHA...?!

SHIT.

ACTIVATE THE  
AIR SEALS, TURN  
ON THE VENTS,  
EVACUATE  
THE AREA!!

...AND GET INTO  
YOUR PRESSURE  
SUITS, ALL OF  
YOU, NOW!!



A TOTAL WACKO!  
LEAVING HERE WITHOUT  
ANY PROTECTION...  
IT'S SUICIDE!

ANYWAY...CONTACT I.P.S., THEY'LL  
PUT A TRACER ON

DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT

A TOTAL WACKO!  
LEAVING HERE WITHOUT  
ANY PROTECTION...  
IT'S SUICIDE!

ANYWAY...CONTACT I.P.S., THEY'LL  
PUT A TRACER ON

DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT DUT

[illegible]

A large comic book panel showing a blue and grey blimp-like aircraft flying over a city in flames. A speech bubble from the left says "MADE IT, Y BABY!". The scene is filled with fire and smoke, with buildings visible in the background. The style is classic comic book art with bold lines and a limited color palette.

WE'RE OUTSIDE,  
THE TWO OF US!

THE END

THE END