

PENTHOUSE comix

THE INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATION



No. **5** JAN. / FEB. 1995
\$4.95

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ANYONE UNDER 18

**NIVEN
HEATH
HUGHES
SUYDAM
NOWLAN
BEACHUM**

PENTHOUSE
Comix
AMERICA'S #1 ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

PRODUCED BY CONSTANT DEVELOPMENTS INC.
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COVER ART BY KEVIN NOWLAN

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EPISODE 5: MR. PIKE GOES TO WASHINGTON

An idealistic über-kid from the sticks becomes a U.S. Senator and finds out what being one of today's politicians is all about.

Art by Adam Hughes, Joel Adams and Bob Wiacek.



Penthouse Comix (ISSN 0090-2020)
Vol. 1, No. 5, Jan./Feb. 1995 issue.
Penthouse Comix is published six
times a year by Penthouse
International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway,
New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
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Curtis Circulation Company, P.O.
Box 9102, Pennsauken, N.J. 08109.
Distributed in Australia by the
Horwitz Group, P.O. Box 306,
Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062 Australia.
Distributed in the rest of the world
(including the United Kingdom) by
Worldwide Media Service, Inc., 30
Montgomery St., Jersey City, N.J.
07302. Please direct all editorial
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ADAMS



WIACEK



LOPEZ



POLKOVITZ



NIVEN

WHO'S WHO IN PENTHOUSE COMIX

JOEL ADAMS

Being the son of the legendary comic artist Neal Adams might be enough to get you in the door at most comic companies, but at *Penthouse Comix*, a magazine that features the greatest artists in comics ever, you need more and Joel has it. In my 12 years in the comic business, I've never come across a more talented and exciting newcomer than Joel. Mark my words, fans, you're looking at the big-time debut of a man who's going to be the hottest artist in comics real soon.

BOB WIACEK

Continuing his three-issue winning streak as Young Cap Inker, Bob Wiacek is a man who has been around the block in comics and rubbed elbows with the greats. Starting at the School of Visual Arts with teachers like Will Eisner and Harvey Kurtzman, he went on to become one of the "CRUSTY BUNKERS," the legendary '70s gang of comic studio giants led by Neal Adams and Dick Giordano. Bob's extensive credits since 1974 include my favorite run of "The Uncanny X-Men" (believe it or not, comic fans, in those bygone days, there was only ONE X-Men book a month. Hard to believe, huh?), and "Iron Man 2020" (his first penciling gig). Special thanks are due to Bob for saving our bacon with last-minute but still perfect work on Young Cap over the last two issues.

KENNY LOPEZ

Kenny "The Machine" Lopez is a comic-lettering workhorse without peer. Comic lettering is a fine art that is best when when the story flows so seamlessly around the balloons that you don't even notice it. Take a close look at Kenny's work, and you'll notice the difference that a man of his talent brings to this vital aspect of good comics.

JASON POLKOVITZ

Coming to us from the Marvel Comics Slave Galley, Jason serves as Exec Editor Mark "Mac" McClellan's assistant and stands as the first member of Mark's Unholy Army of the Night. What's really scary, though, is the time that Jason's twin brother, Cary, came into the office for the first time and I had a fifteen minute conversation with him, thinking he was Jason. Hmm... I think somebody's been watching "The Patty Duke Show" on Nick at Nite a bit too much.

LARRY NIVEN

Where do I start a bio on America's Greatest Living Science Fiction/Fantasy Author, Hugo and Nebula Award Winner, Larry Niven? Author of over a hundred books (everything from sci-fi to cookbooks), including such classics as *Ringworld*. He's also a terrific guy, a joy to work with, and his piece in this month's O.M.O. "Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex" is excerpted from my favorite science fiction book of all time, *All the Myriad Ways*, a collection of Niven's short stories published in 1978.

CURT SWAN

Illustrating Niven's essay is, without a doubt, the greatest Superman artist in that character's history. For over three decades, Curt defined DC Comics' "Man of Steel." Speaking as a former six year old who viewed your tales of "The Last Son of Krypton" by flashlight under the covers, thanks for dinosaurs, barber poles, weddings, gorillas and the heroic dreams. Welcome aboard, Sir Swan!

Happy New Year, Penthouse Pals!

Special Notice! Just before press time, we signed esteemed Marvel Comics Art Director Steve Geiger to the *Penthouse Comix* Dream Team. Be here next issue for the lowdown on our second *Penthouse Comix* Magazine: MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX coming in March! They say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but while others imitate, we innovate!

young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

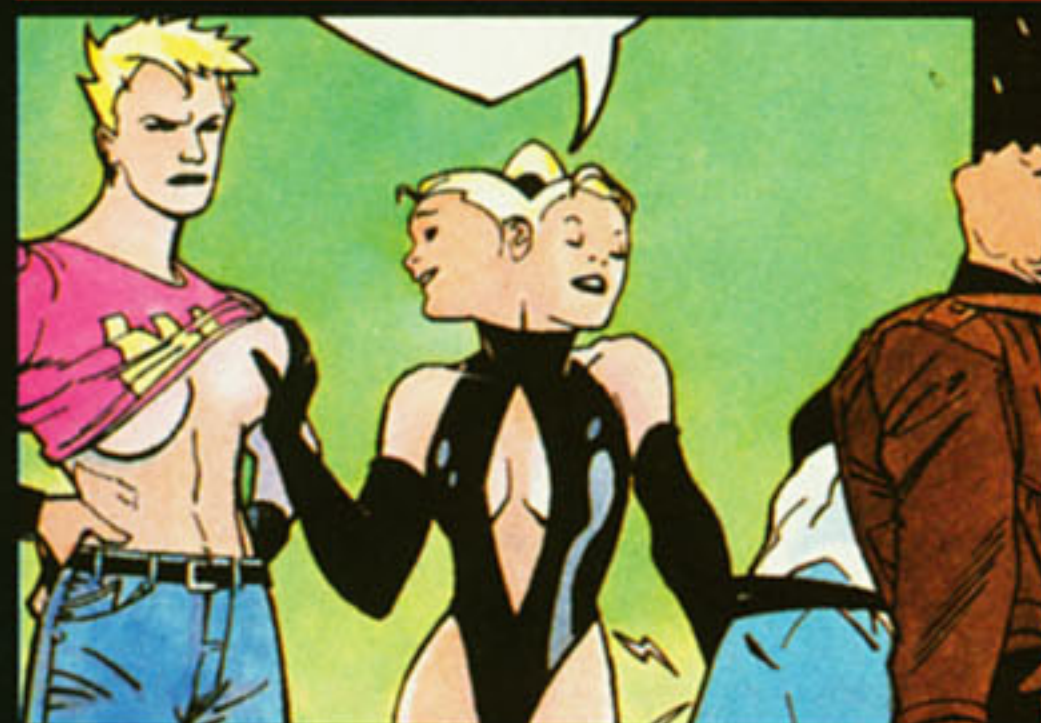
EPISODE 5: MR. PIKE GOES TO WASHINGTON

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

The legendary **Burning Ring O' Power**, first discovered in the 40's by fearless archeologist **Pat Pike** in an ancient Aztec Tomb, grants to it's wearer powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men. Young **Joey Pike**, like his father and his grandfather before him, possesses the ring and carries on the Pike family tradition as America's greatest champion of justice, Captain Adventure. Joey came to New York to join his dad's former superhero group ...



... the **Team Supreme**™ (etc.). Much to Joey's dismay, the group had now become a cheap pack of two-bit hucksters, making a fast buck on the legend that real heroes like Joey's dad had built. One member of the team befriended Joey, Emily Feldman (a.k.a. **Hericane**) the super-girl who just wants to have fun. In the weeks that followed, Joey battled **DarkBlood** and Hericane was forced by the diabolical demon king of villainy to endure a night of pay-per-view passion in order to save Young Cap's life!



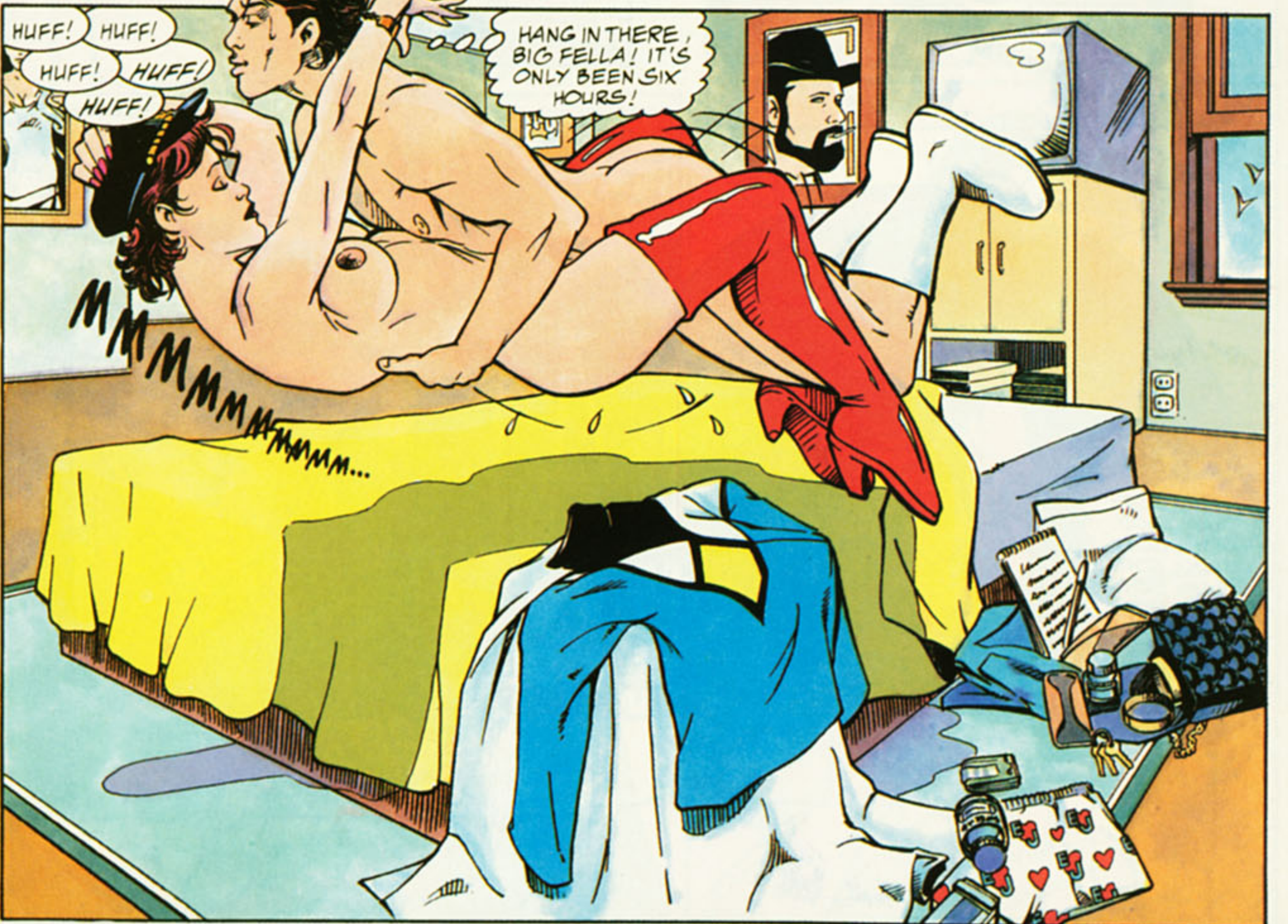
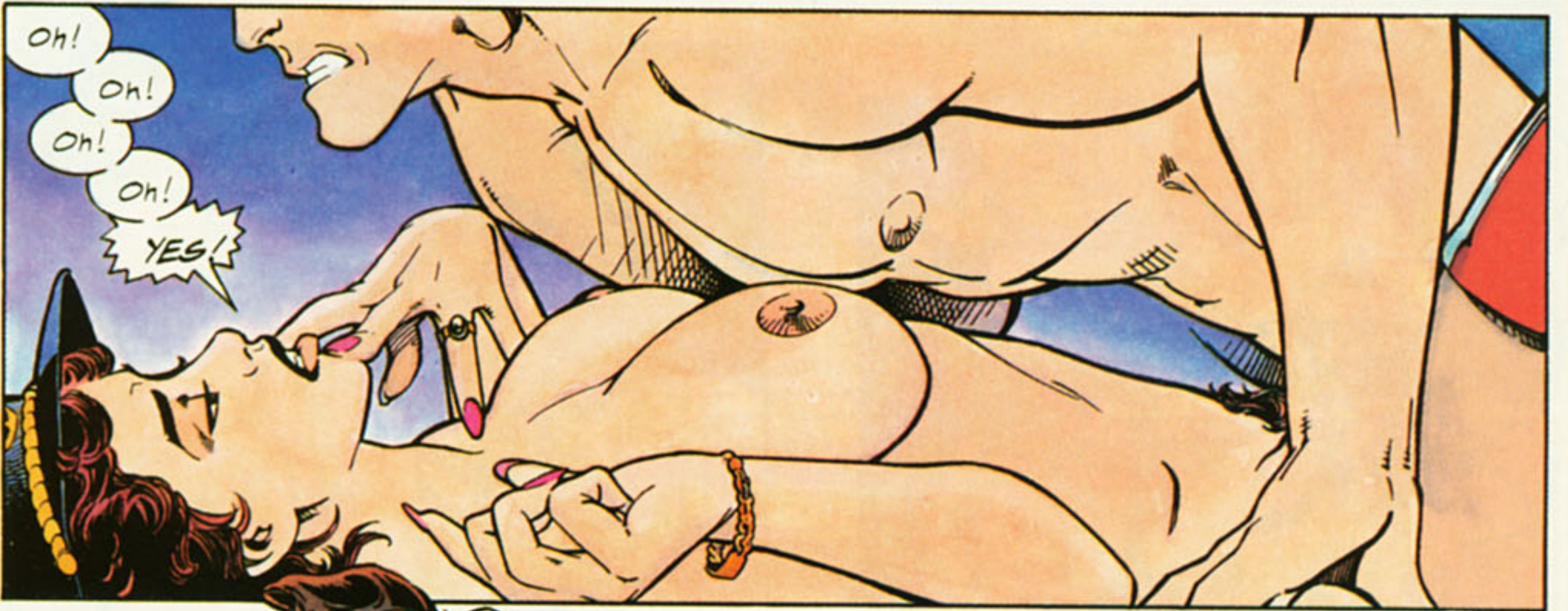
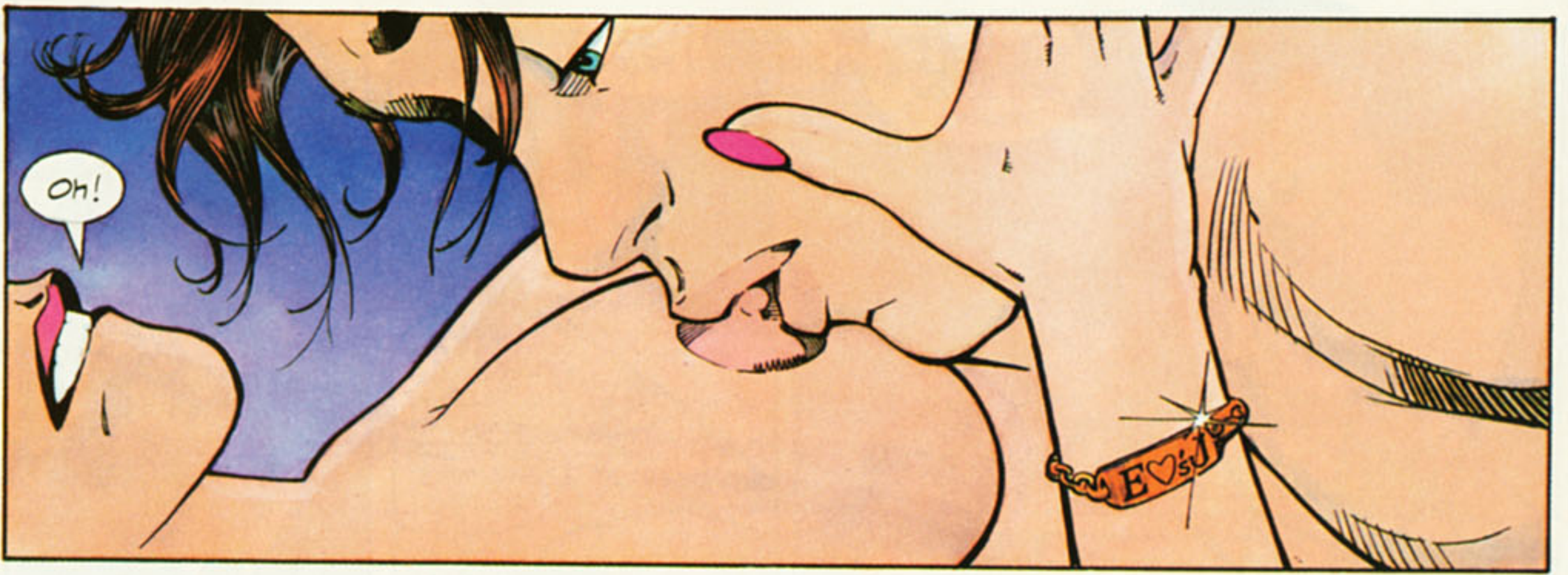
Next, Joey and Emily faced the mind altering machinations of the bodacious **Bad Girl**, who's **Emotion Reverso Ray**™ transforms everyone into their mirror opposite. Hericane became the man-hating lesbian, **Diesel Dyke**, and Joey became a worthless slacker super ... *well let's be honest* ... boy, who kicked the Team Supreme's collective asses. But in the end, true love triumphed; Joey and Hericane were restored to normal and together defeated Bad Girl.



Joey was, by now, as hopelessly in love with Hericane as she was with him. Which is hardly surprising when you consider that Emily and Joey's dad were bed-mates back in the 70's, though Joey is not aware of this fact as yet (and don't get any ideas, people, Joey's mom is not Hericane. That would be ... sick.).

As our story begins in Joey's upper east side apartment, things couldn't be going better for our Generation X superhero ...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton **BREAKDOWNS:** Adam Hughes
FINISHES: Joel Adams **INKER:** Bob Wiacek
COLORS: Suydam **LETTERS:** Lopez





OH...JOEY!
JOEY! I LOVE
YOU SOOOO
MUCH!

AND PRETTY SOON I'LL BE
MRS. EMILY FELDMAN-PIKE!



"FELDMAN-
PIKE"! HRUMPH!
GRRRR!

NOTHING
FILLS MY
HEART WITH
MORE JOY,
MY LITTLE
FIRE OPAL!



JOEY...

YES,
HONEY-
LAMB...

DO YOU
WANT
TO DO IT
AGAIN?



NOOOOOOO

OF COURSE,
MY PRECIOUS



HUFF

PUFF

BRING

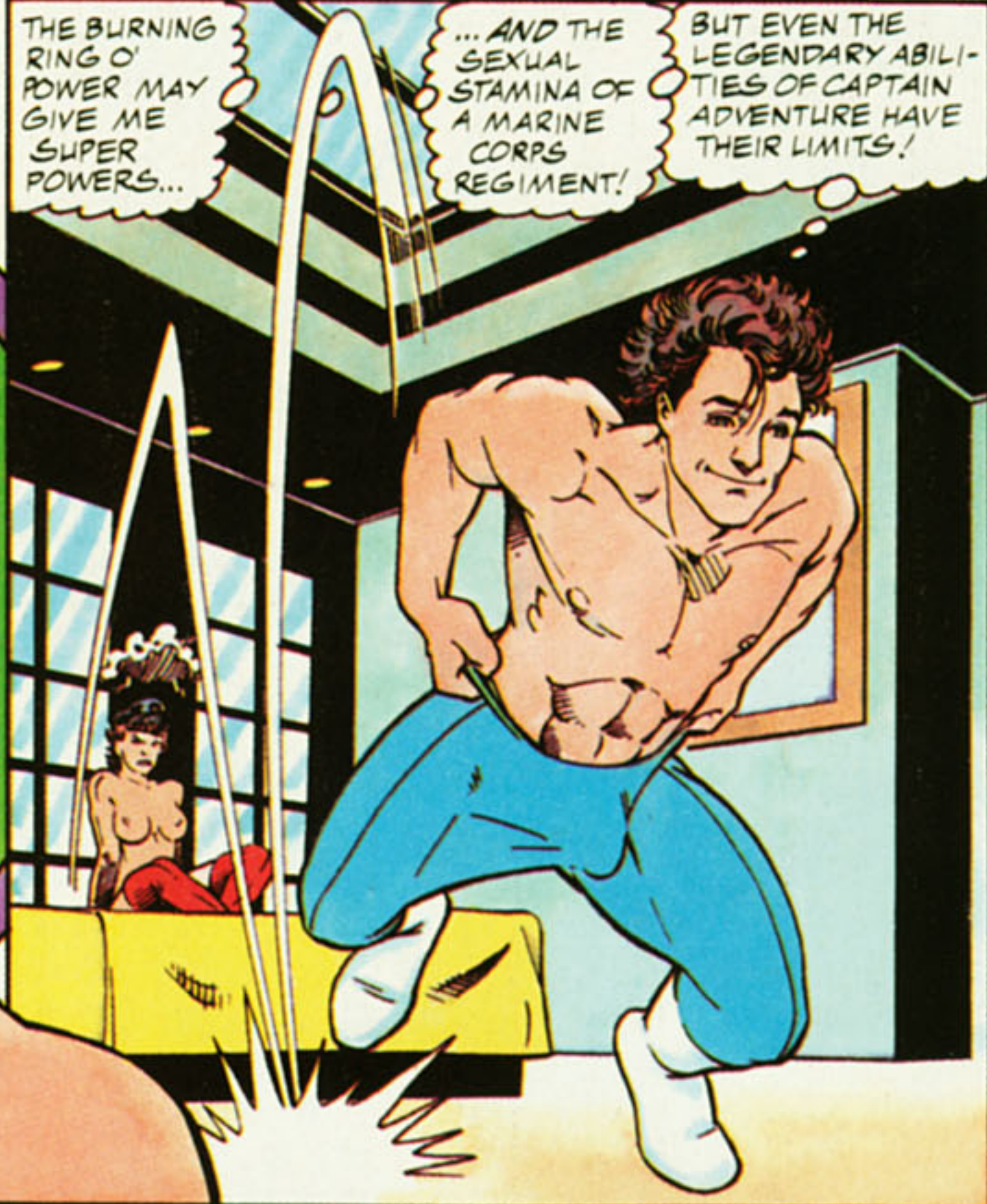
SOCKAMAGEE,
TURTLEDOVE!
DID YOU FINISH
ALREADY?

THAT
WAS THE
DOORBELL,
JOEY.



AWWW...
SHUCKS!

THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!



THE BURNING
RING O'
POWER MAY
GIVE ME
SUPER
POWERS...

... AND THE
SEXUAL
STAMINA OF
A MARINE
CORPS
REGIMENT!

BUT EVEN THE
LEGENDARY ABILI-
TIES OF CAPTAIN
ADVENTURE HAVE
THEIR LIMITS!



WHO IS IT!?

IT'S PAT PICTOWSKI, THE JANITOR FROM THE KIRBY BUILDING! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SIR?

STANDING IN YOUR HALLWAY COOLING MY HEELS LIKE I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO VASTE AT MY AGE! YOU SLACKER "GENERATION X" TYPES ARE ALL THE SAME! VASTING TIME! TIME IS THE MOST PRECIOUS THING VE--



IS THAT FOR ME?

OF COURSE IT'S FOR YOU, SONNY-BOYCHICK! OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT NOTICE OR SOME SUCH NONSENSE--

OH, NO! IT'S THE I.R.S.!



WHEW! IT'S JUST A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR.

-- DELIVERED TO THE TEAM SUPREME HEADQUARTERS THIS MORNING! WHY ELSE WOULD I HAVE SHLEPPED ALL THE VAY CROSSTOWN IN NOON TRAFFIC!?



SOCKAMAGEE! I'VE BEEN DRAFTED!



WHAT?!?

OH, HELLO DERE, MISS FELDMAN! DON'T YOU LOOK NICE TODAY. HOPE I AIN'T INTERRUPTING NOTHING!

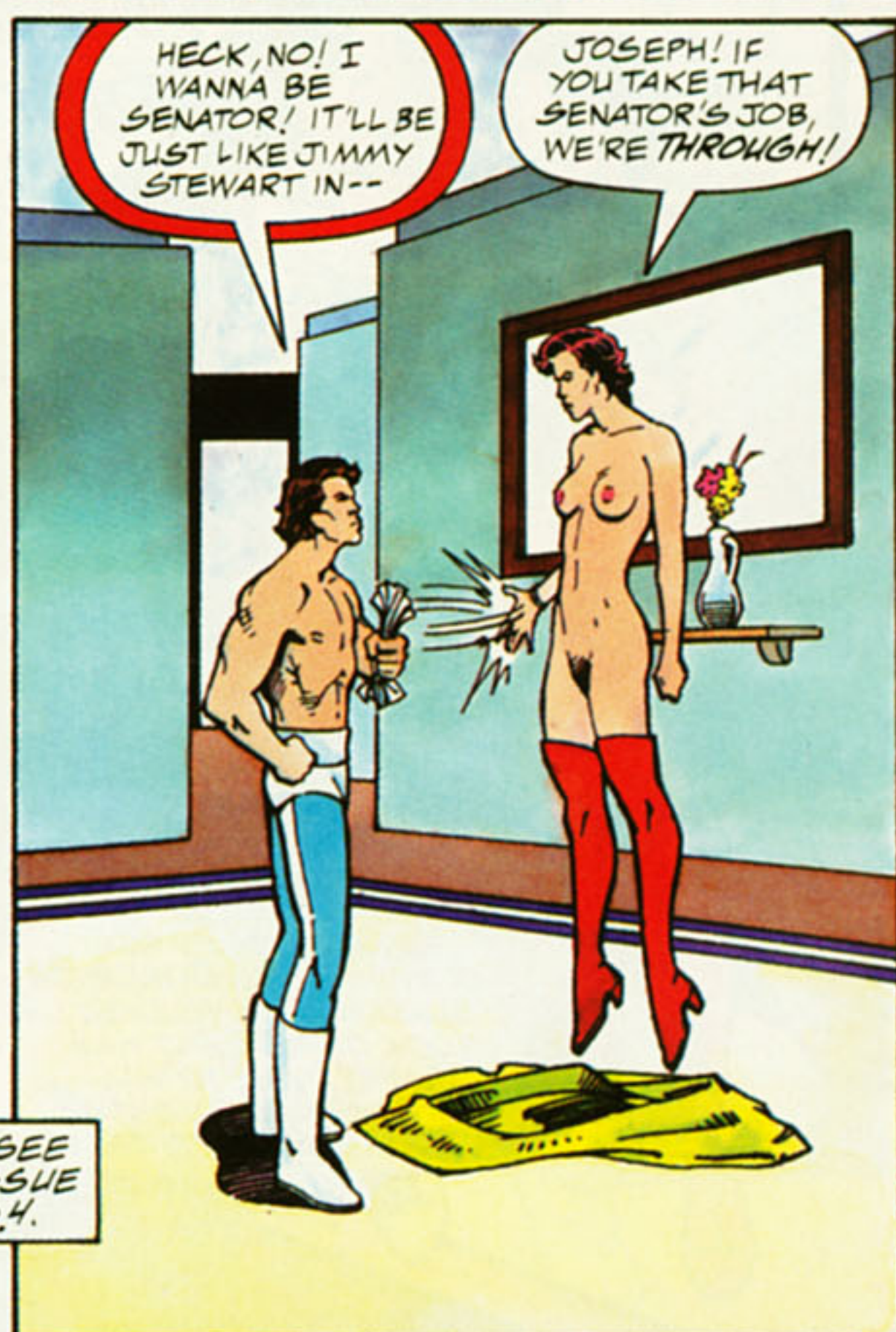
SENATOR BLUTARSKI, I GUESS HE'S GOVERNOR BLUTARSKI NOW, JUST TOOK OFFICE AND HAS DRAFTED ME TO FILL OUT THE LAST MONTH OF HIS SENATE TERM!

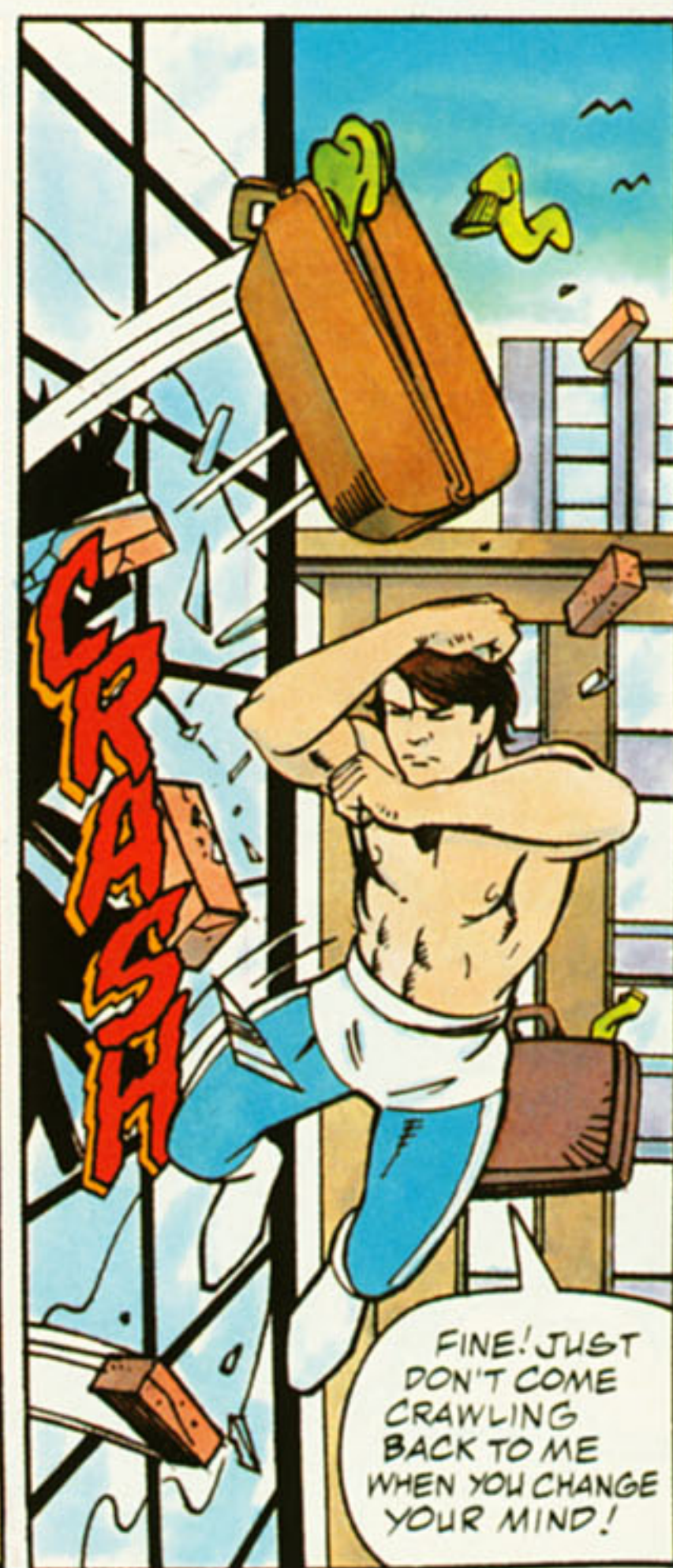
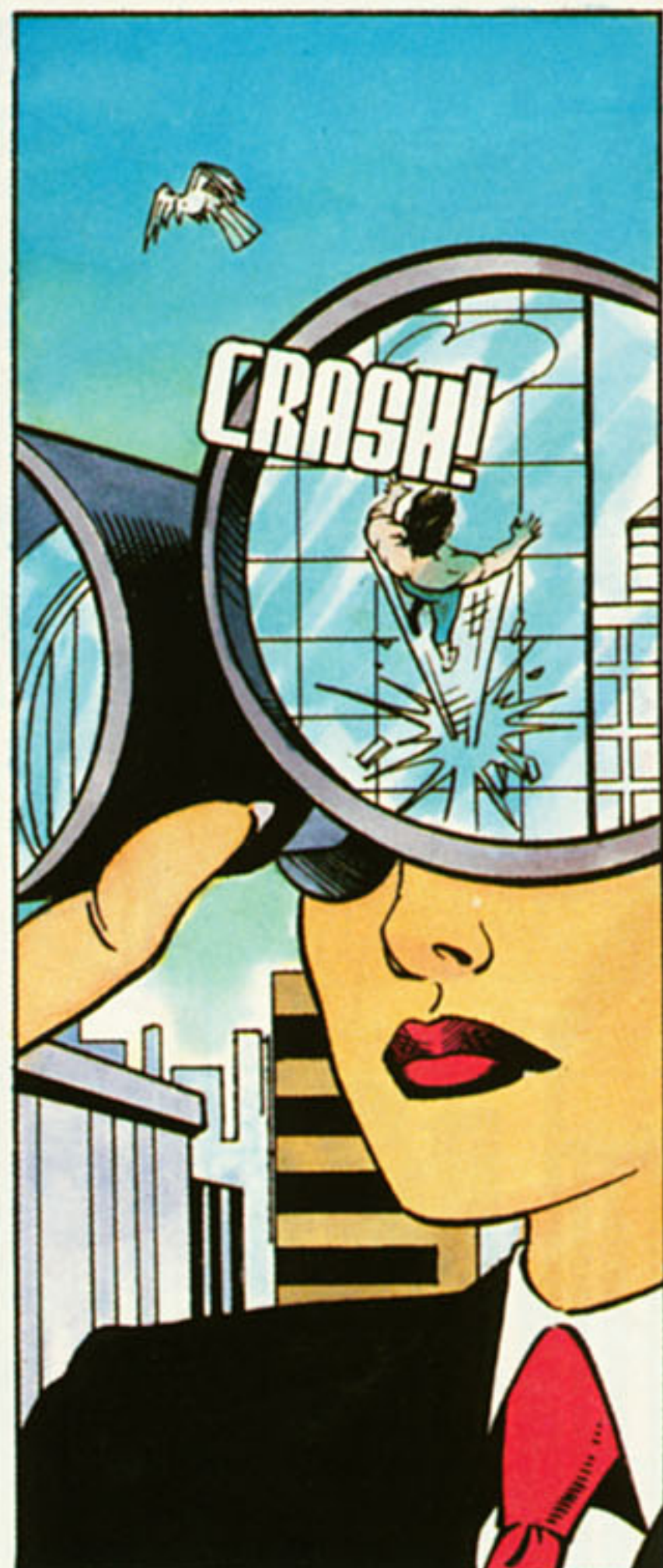


LET ME SEE THAT!

HONEY...

SLAM!







SHE'LL BE SORRY!
MARK MY WORDS!
SHE'LL RUE THE
DAY!



MEANWHILE, AT THE
KIRBY BUILDING...

HEADQUARTERS OF
THE EARTH'S
FORMERLY HOTTEST
SUPERHERO GROUP,
THE TEAM SUPREME™



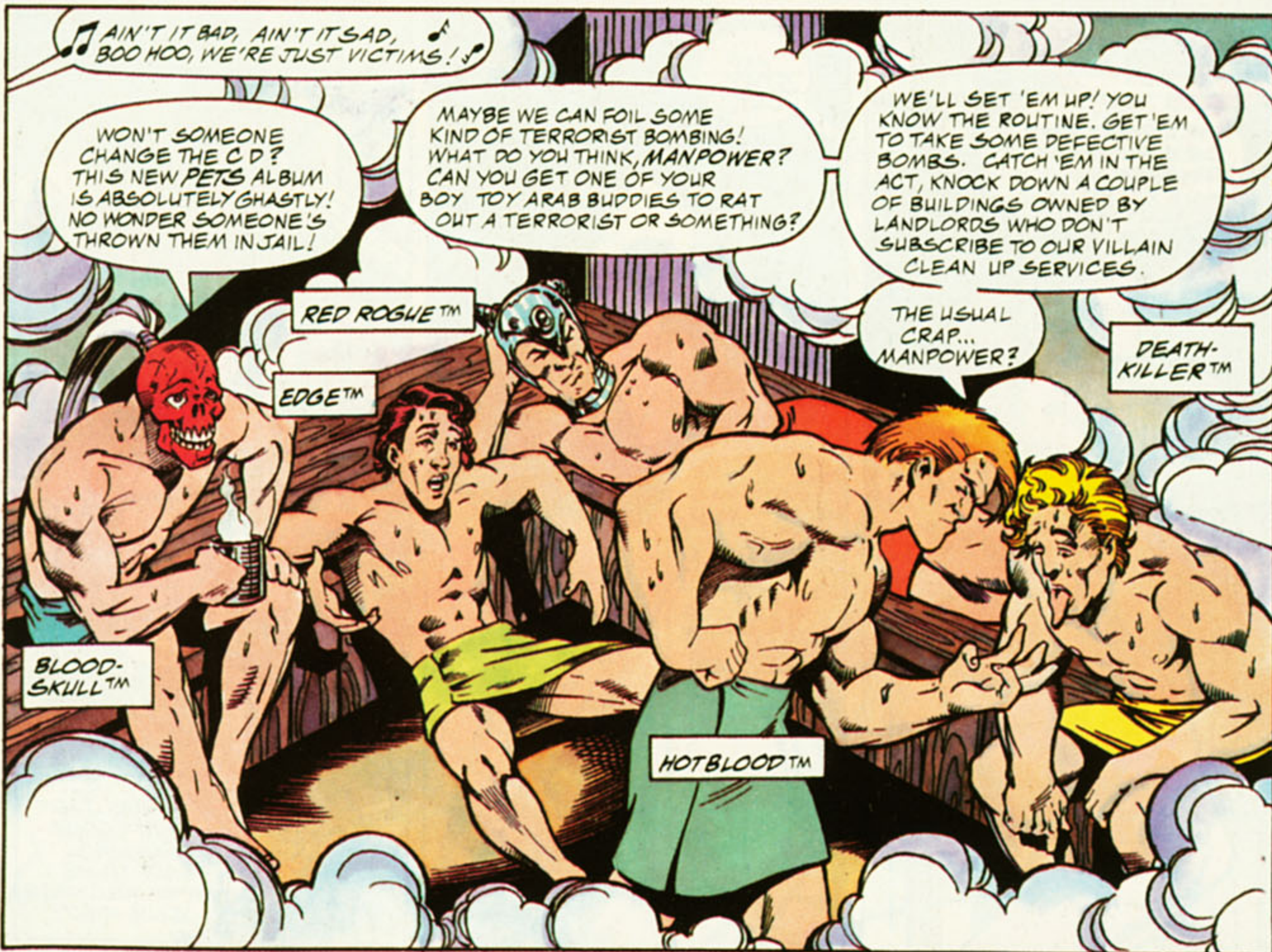
DUH...WHAT'S
EATING THE
BOSS?

THE WHOLE MARKET
IS REBOUNDING AND
OUR BOOKS ARE STILL
IN THE TOILET WITH
VALUABLE COMICS™!

WITH THE JOB WE
DID LAST MONTH,
WE DON'T HAVE ANY
SUPERVILLAINS
TO FIGHT!

DARKBLOOD IS STILL OUT
OF ACTION WITH THAT GROIN
INJURY*, AND WE CAN'T
GET OUR NUMBERS BACK
UP WITHOUT SUPERVILLAINS!

*SEE ISSUE NO. 2



♪ AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS! ♪

WON'T SOMEONE
CHANGE THE CD?
THIS NEW PETS ALBUM
IS ABSOLUTELY GHASTLY!
NO WONDER SOMEONE'S
THROWN THEM IN JAIL!

MAYBE WE CAN FOIL SOME
KIND OF TERRORIST BOMBING!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MANPOWER?
CAN YOU GET ONE OF YOUR
BOY TOY ARAB BUDDIES TO RAT
OUT A TERRORIST OR SOMETHING?

WE'LL SET 'EM UP! YOU
KNOW THE ROUTINE. GET 'EM
TO TAKE SOME DEFECTIVE
BOMBS. CATCH 'EM IN THE
ACT, KNOCK DOWN A COUPLE
OF BUILDINGS OWNED BY
LANDLORDS WHO DON'T
SUBSCRIBE TO OUR VILLAIN
CLEAN UP SERVICES.

THE USUAL
CRAP...
MANPOWER?

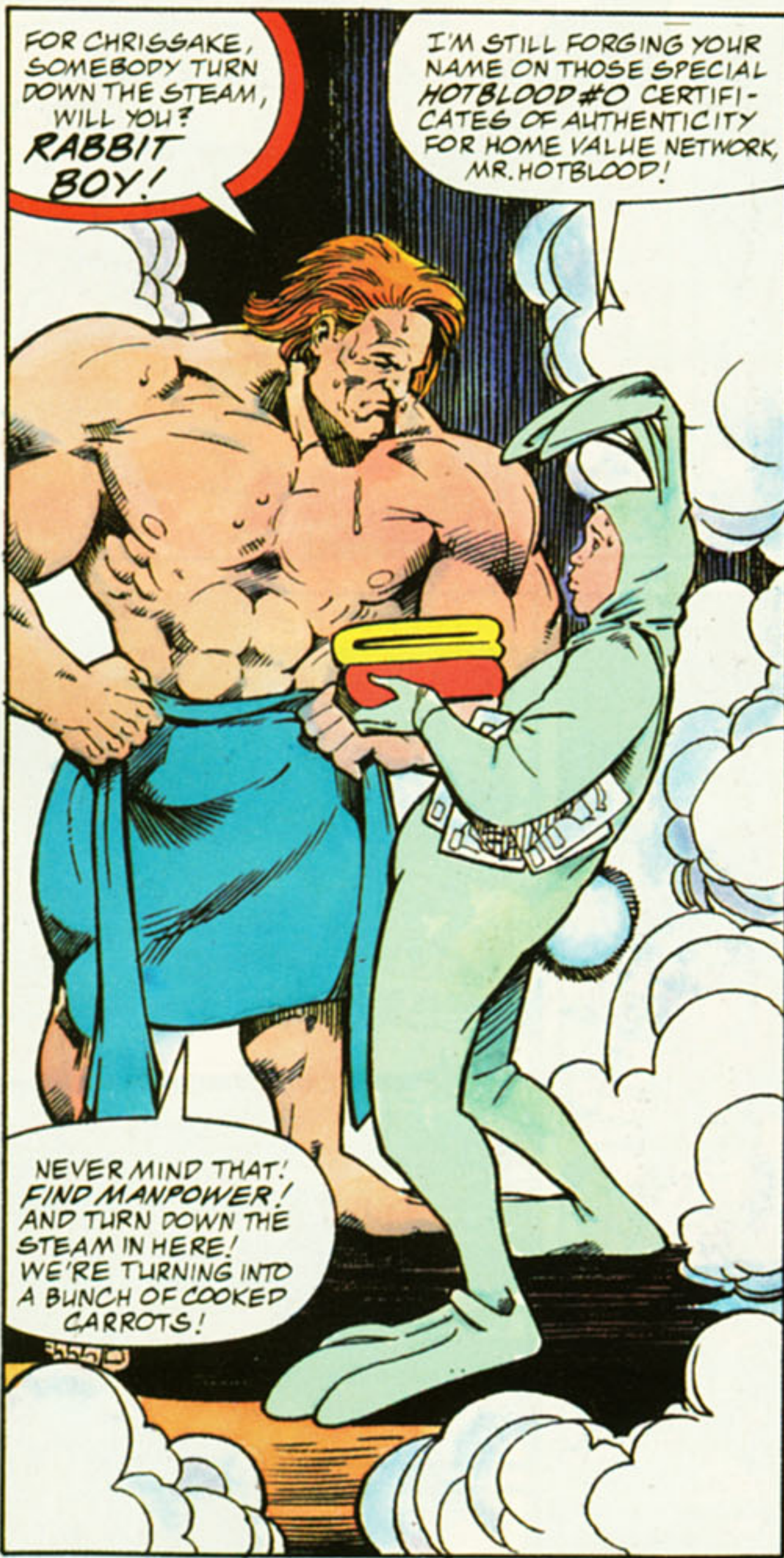
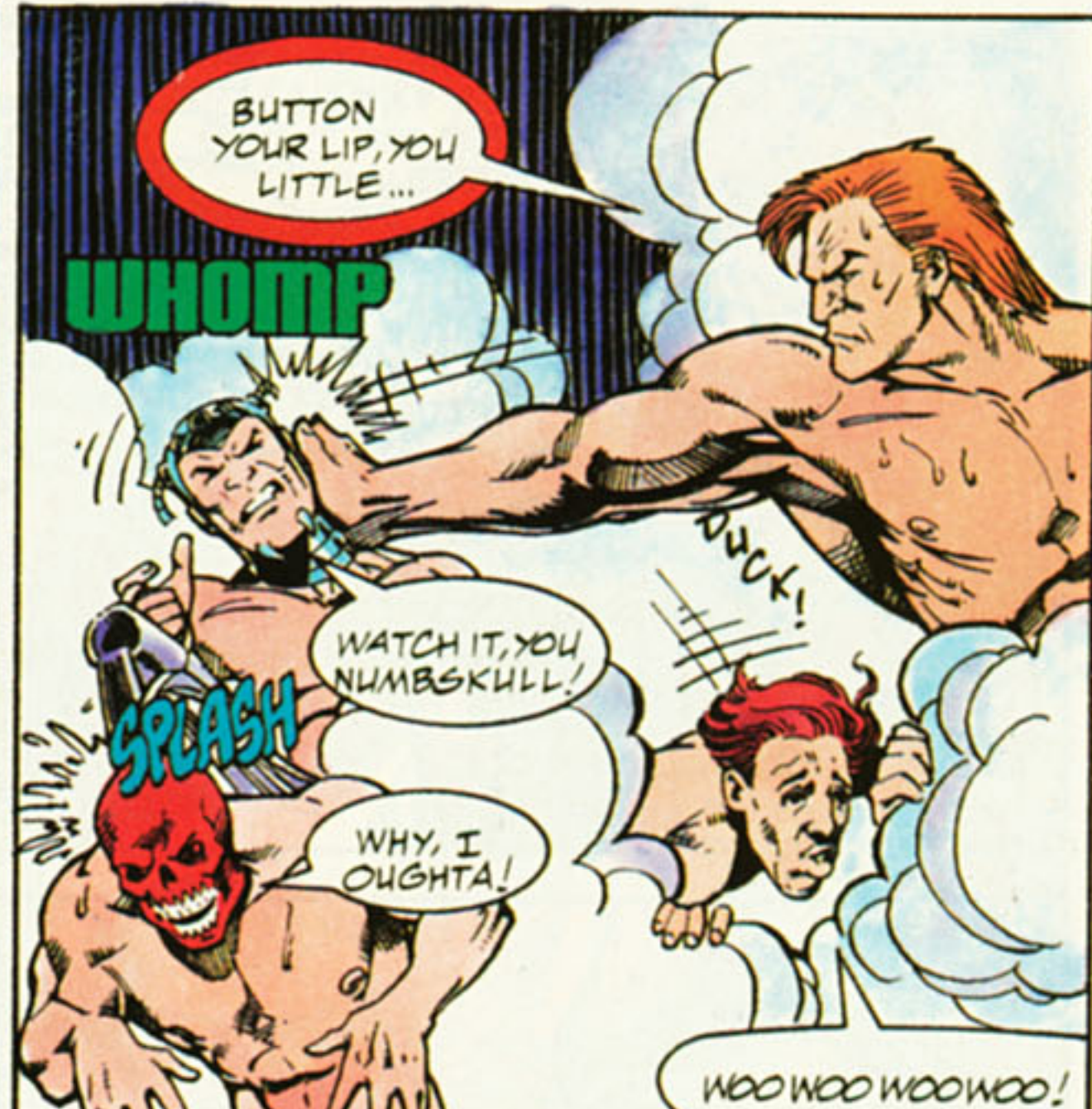
DEATH-
KILLER™

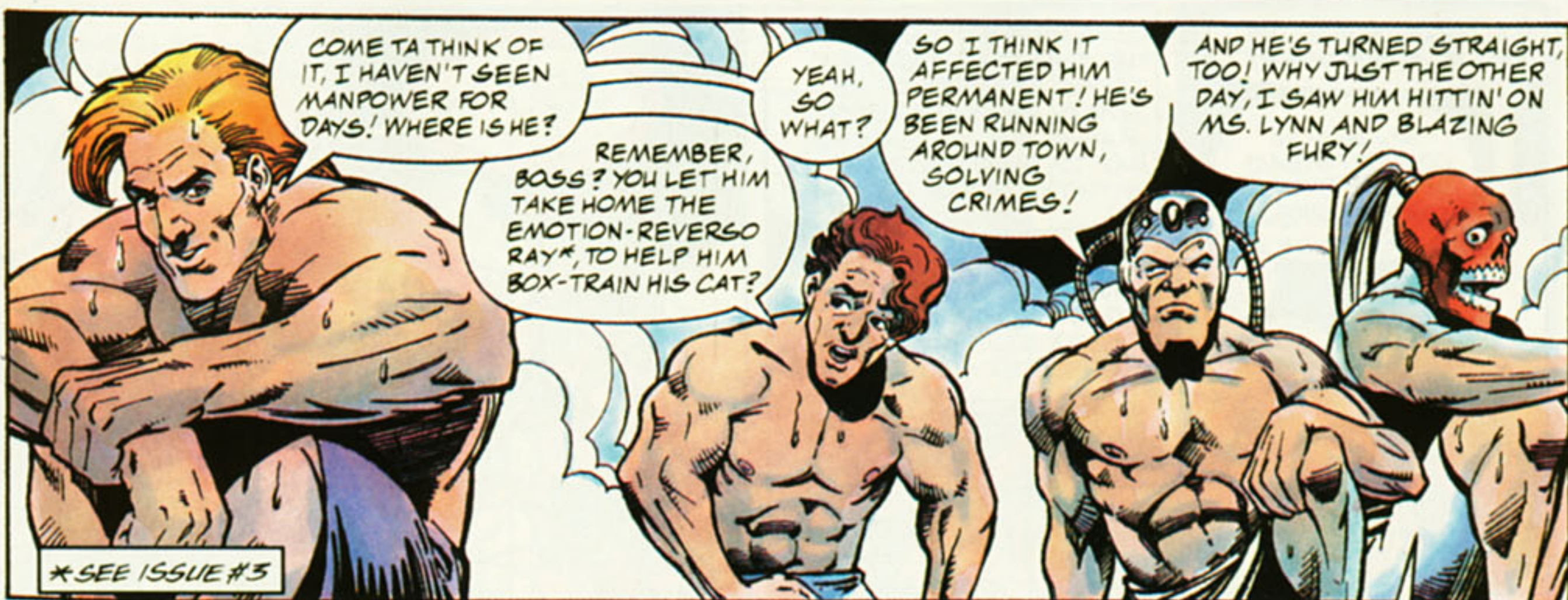
RED ROGUE™

EDGE™

BLOOD-
SKULL™

HOTBLOOD™





COME TO THINK OF IT, I HAVEN'T SEEN MANPOWER FOR DAYS! WHERE IS HE?

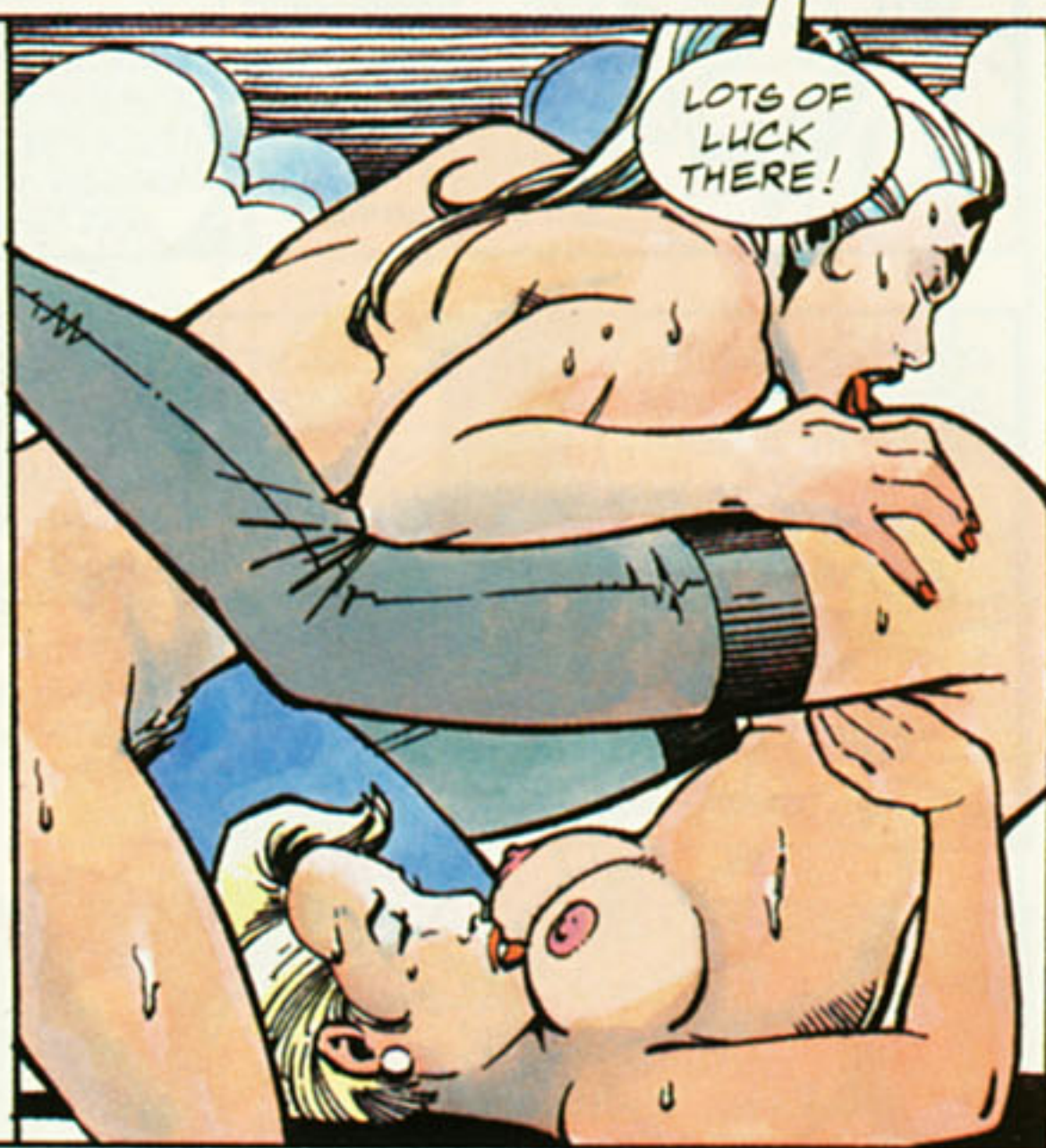
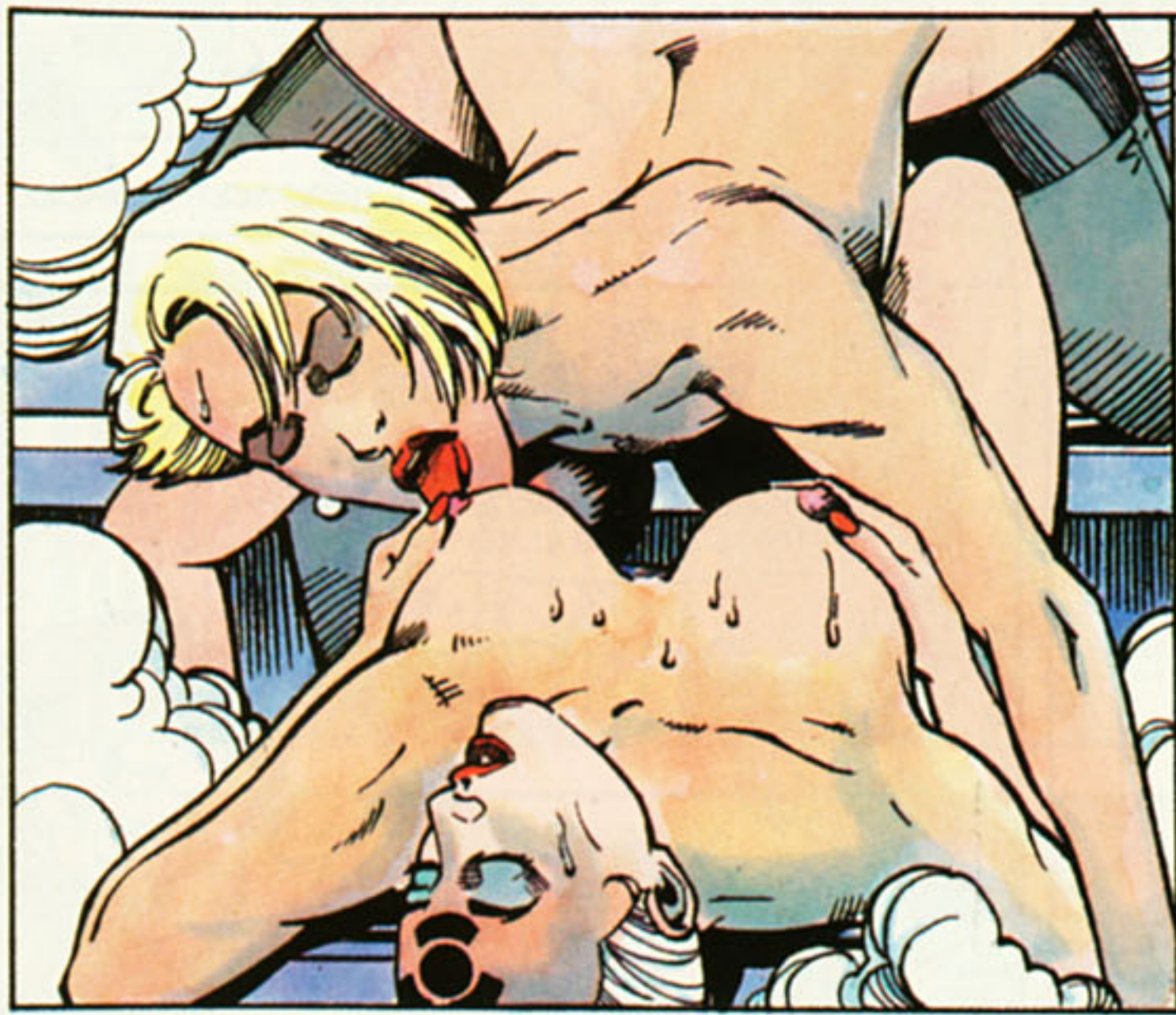
REMEMBER, BOSS? YOU LET HIM TAKE HOME THE EMOTION-REVERSO RAY*, TO HELP HIM BOX-TRAIN HIS CAT?

YEAH, SO WHAT?

SO I THINK IT AFFECTED HIM PERMANENT! HE'S BEEN RUNNING AROUND TOWN, SOLVING CRIMES!

AND HE'S TURNED STRAIGHT, TOO! WHY JUST THE OTHER DAY, I SAW HIM HITTING ON MS. LYNN AND BLAZING FURY!

*SEE ISSUE #3



LOTS OF LUCK THERE!



SO WHEN CAN WE EXPECT TO SEE SUPERSTUD'S HANDSOME FACE IN THE OFFICE?

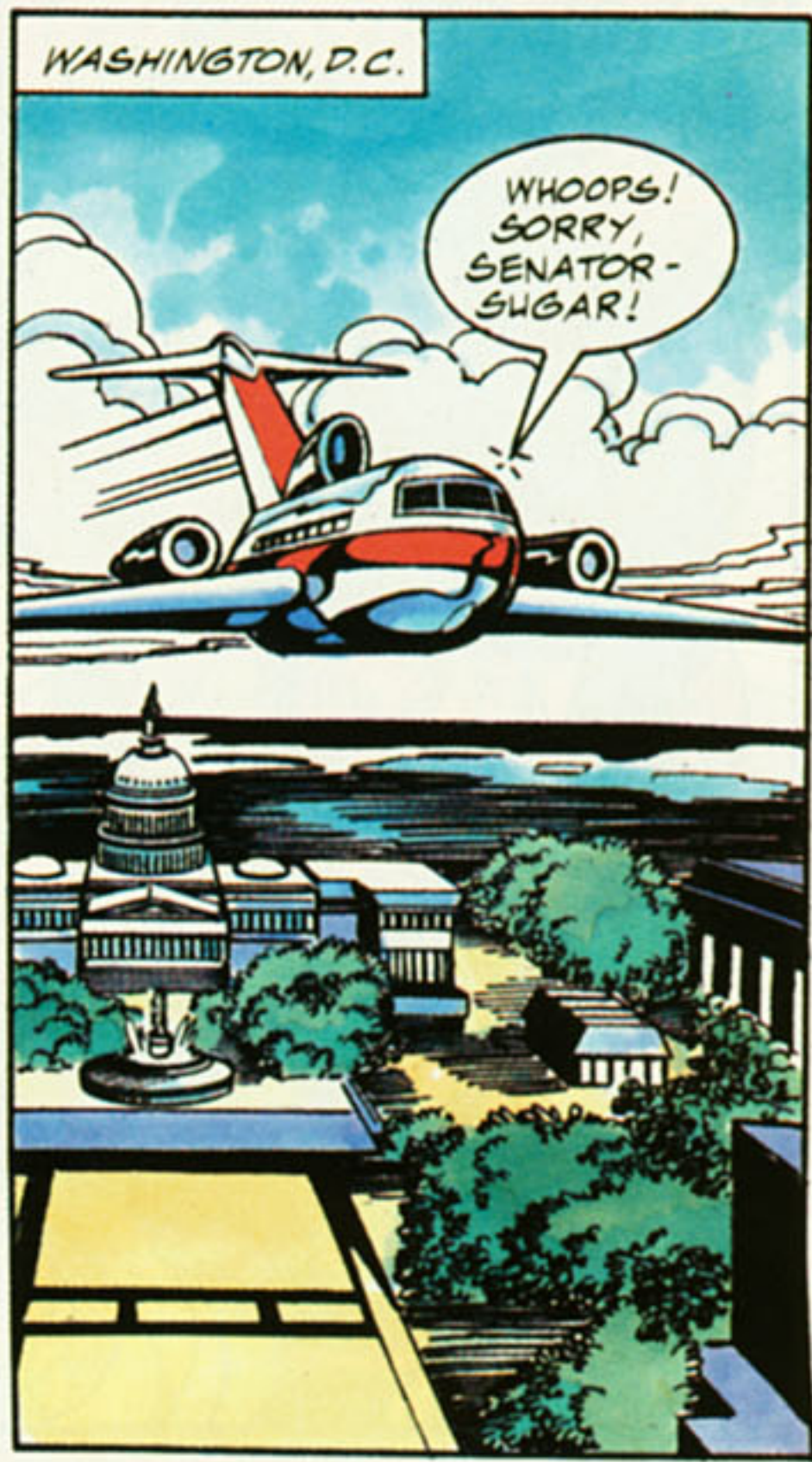
NOT FOR A WHILE, I THINK! THIS HERE NOTE FROM MANPOWER SAYS HE'S GONE TO WASHINGTON...



...WITH YOUNG SENATOR ADVENTURE!

SOCKAMAGEE!

SENATOR? WHERE'S OUR CHECKS?



WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHOOOPS! SORRY, SENATOR-SUGAR!



I SPILLED CHAMPAGNE ALL OVER BOTH OF US!

NOT TO WORRY, BELLE! I'LL JUST LICK IT OFF! HA HA HA!

OH, MISTAH PETER! YOU'RE SUCH A PANIC!

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, SENATOR?



ANYTHING AT ALL?

HEY, JOEY! TALK ABOUT THE FRIENDLY SKIES!

HUH? I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT--



THE EVIL ONE?

HOW COULD SHE JUST DUMP ME...

GLAP

YOU GOTTA PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, PAL! GET BACK ON THAT OLD HORSE AND JOIN THE "MILE HIGH CLUB"!

LOOK AT ME! FIFTEEN YEARS O' RIDIN' THE HERSHEY HIGHWAY, AND I WAKE UP H/K NEGATIVE WITH A HARD ON FOR BABES YOU COULD DRIVE NAILS WITH! LIFE'S KINDA FUNNY, HUH?

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT, PETE. THANKS FOR COMIN' ALONG AS MY AIDE!

DON'T MENTION IT, PAL!



WHOOOPS! I DROPPED MAH GUM DOWN MAH BLOUSE!

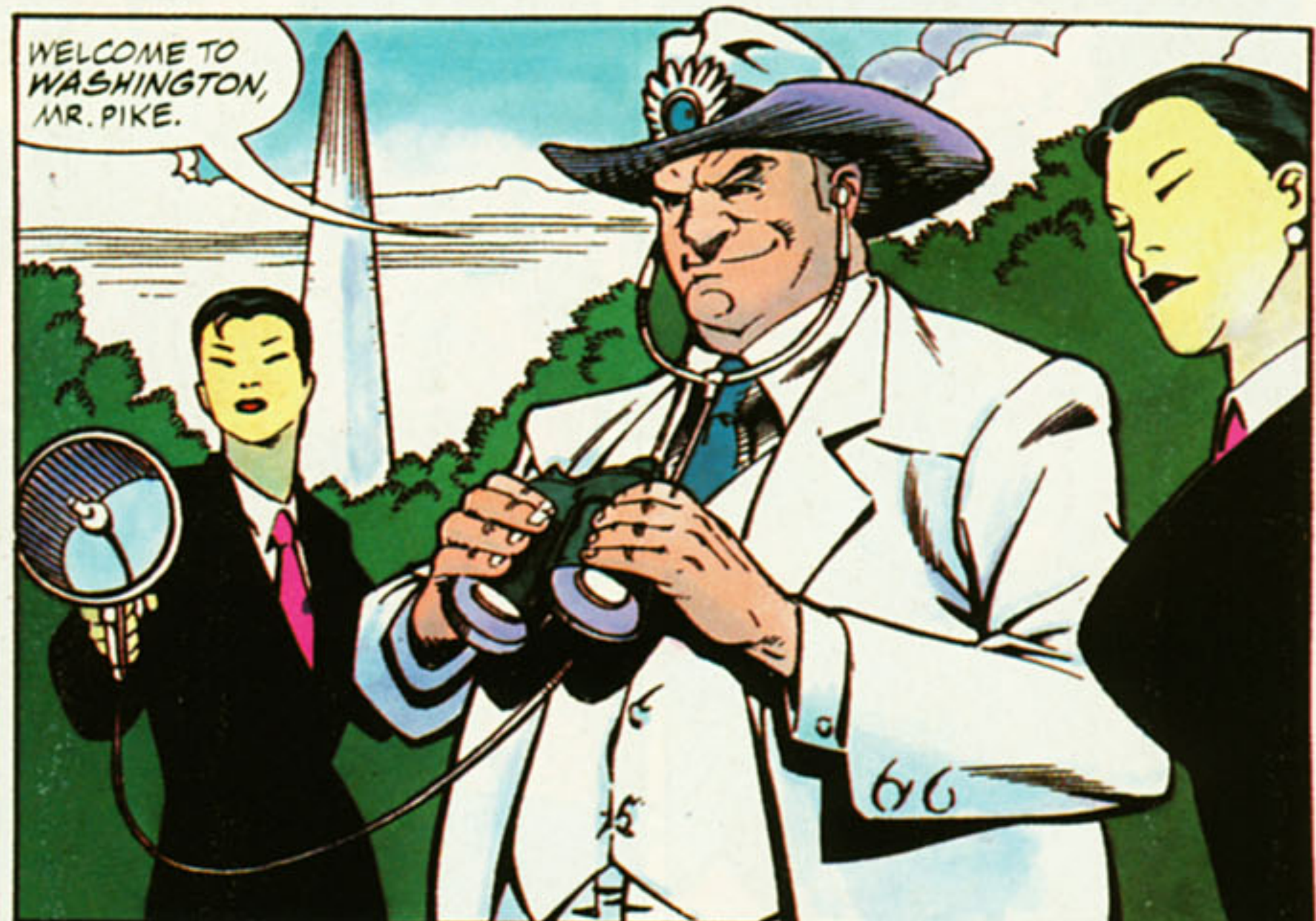
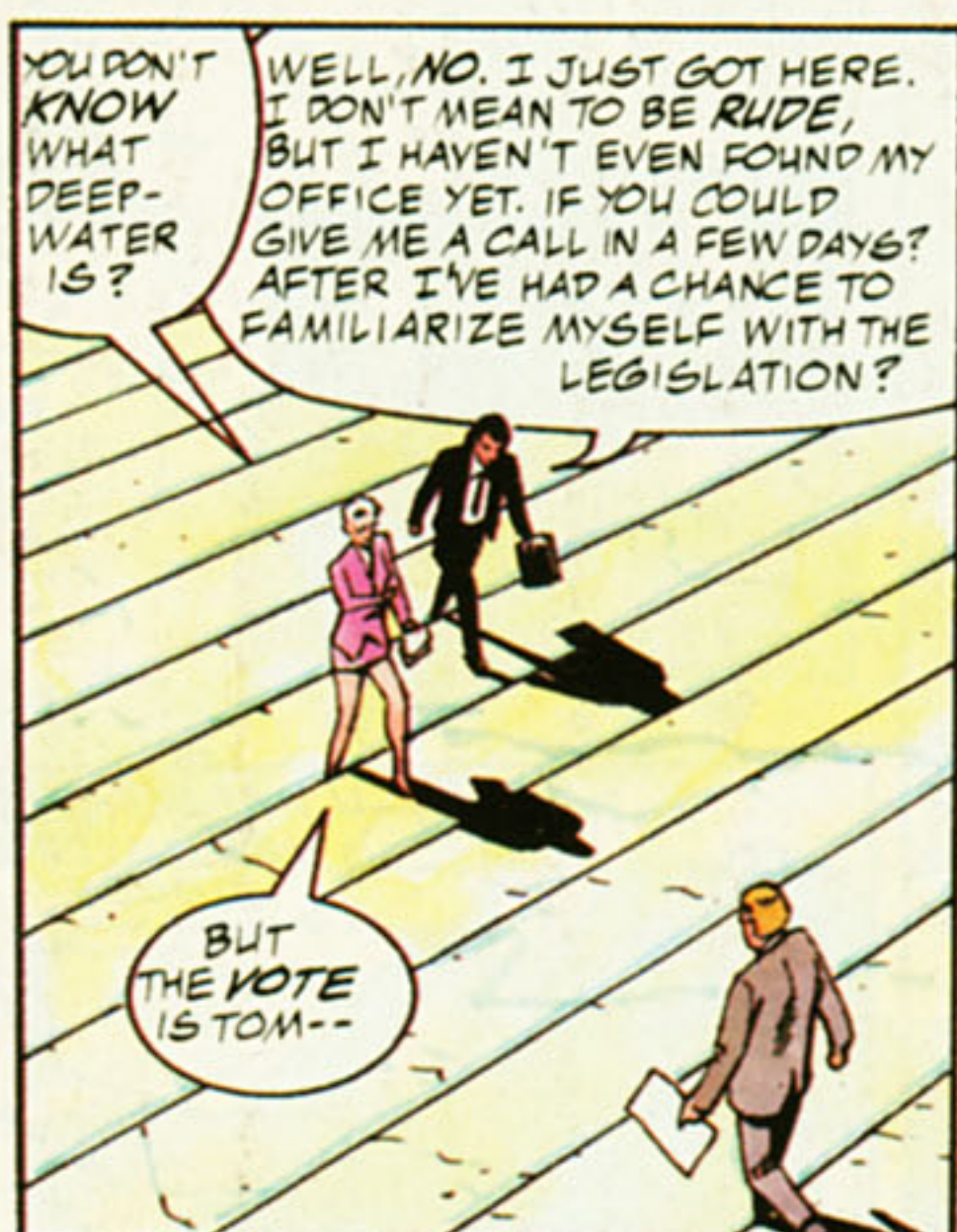
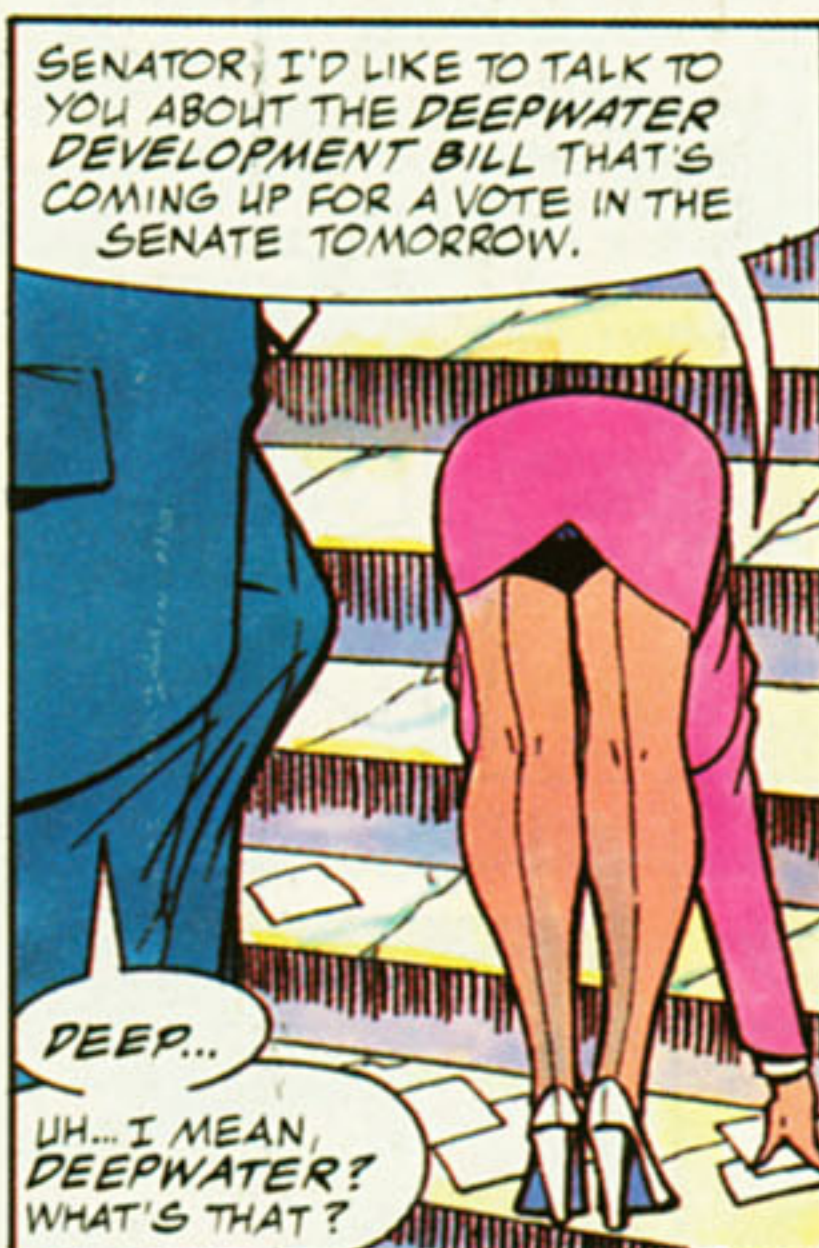
I'LL GET IT!



SOON, AT THE CAPITAL ...

GIVE ME A CALL WHEN YOU GET US AN APARTMENT!

WILL DO, BOSS! HANG ON TIGHT, GIRLS!





WELL, I SURE THANK YOU FOR THE TOUR, MISS HYDE-WHITE.

AND I HOPE YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT DEEPWATER!

I'LL CERTAINLY KEEP IT IN MIND!



YOU'LL "KEEP IT IN MIND"! I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE! OH, YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM, AREN'T YOU? A LITTLE CUTER, A LITTLE SLICKER, WITH THAT INNOCENT-COUNTRY-BOY ATTITUDE! BUT YOU'RE ALL THE SAME!

BUT--

PIKE, J. R.-NY

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THE MAN FORMER SENATOR "SLEEZE" BLUTARSKI APPOINTED WOULD BE A GOOD COMPANY MAN!



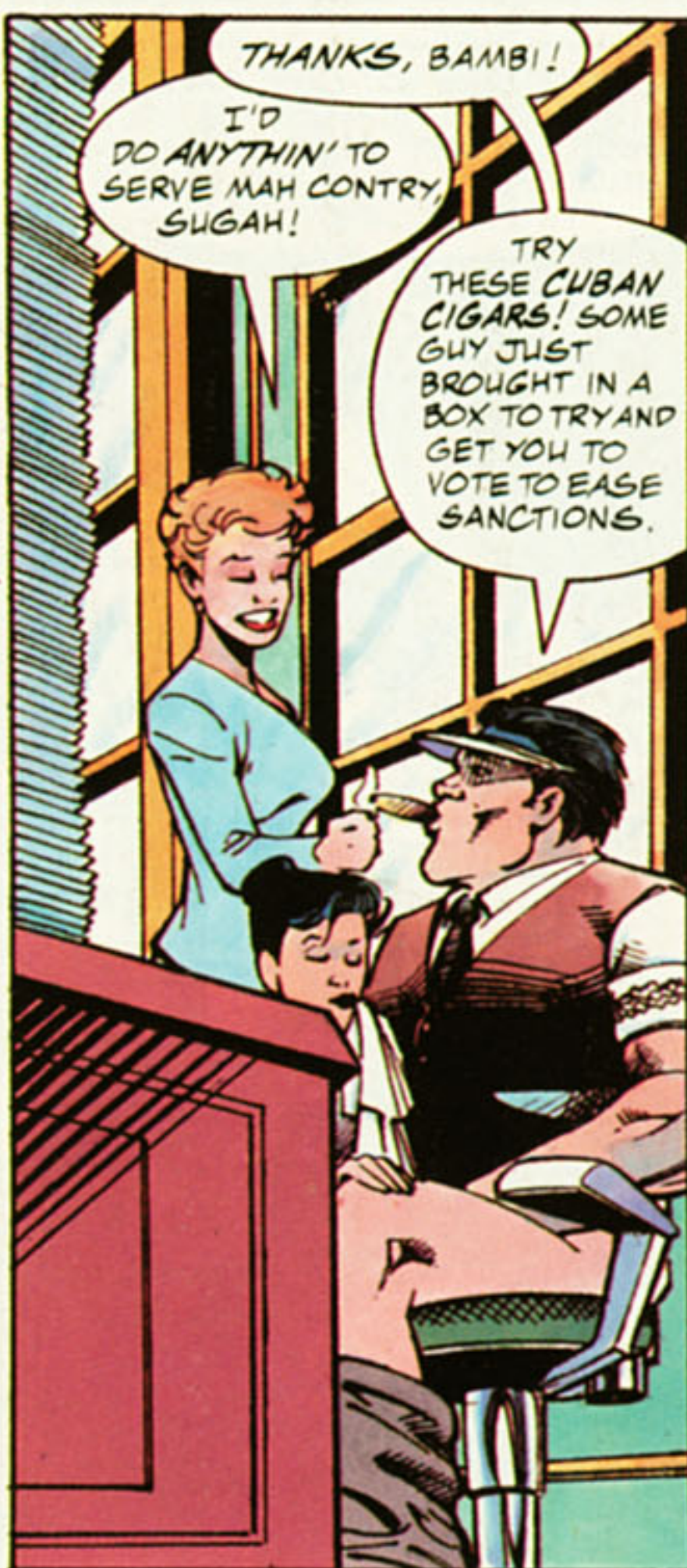
WAIT! I--

WELL, YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE IF YOU THINK WE'RE JUST GOING TO LET YOU DESTROY THE GULF OF MEXICO JUST SO YOUR FRIENDS CAN MAKE ANOTHER TEN BILLION TRADING IN OIL FUTURES!



HOW'S IT GOIN', BOSS? GUESS THEY LEFT US A LITTLE PAPERWORK, HUH?

THE GIRLS HAD A FIVE-DAY LAYOVER, SO I ASKED THEM UP TO COME IN AND LEND A HAND! DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GET EVERYTHING SORTED OUT!



THANKS, BAMBI!

I'D DO ANYTHIN' TO SERVE MAH CONTRY, SUGAH!

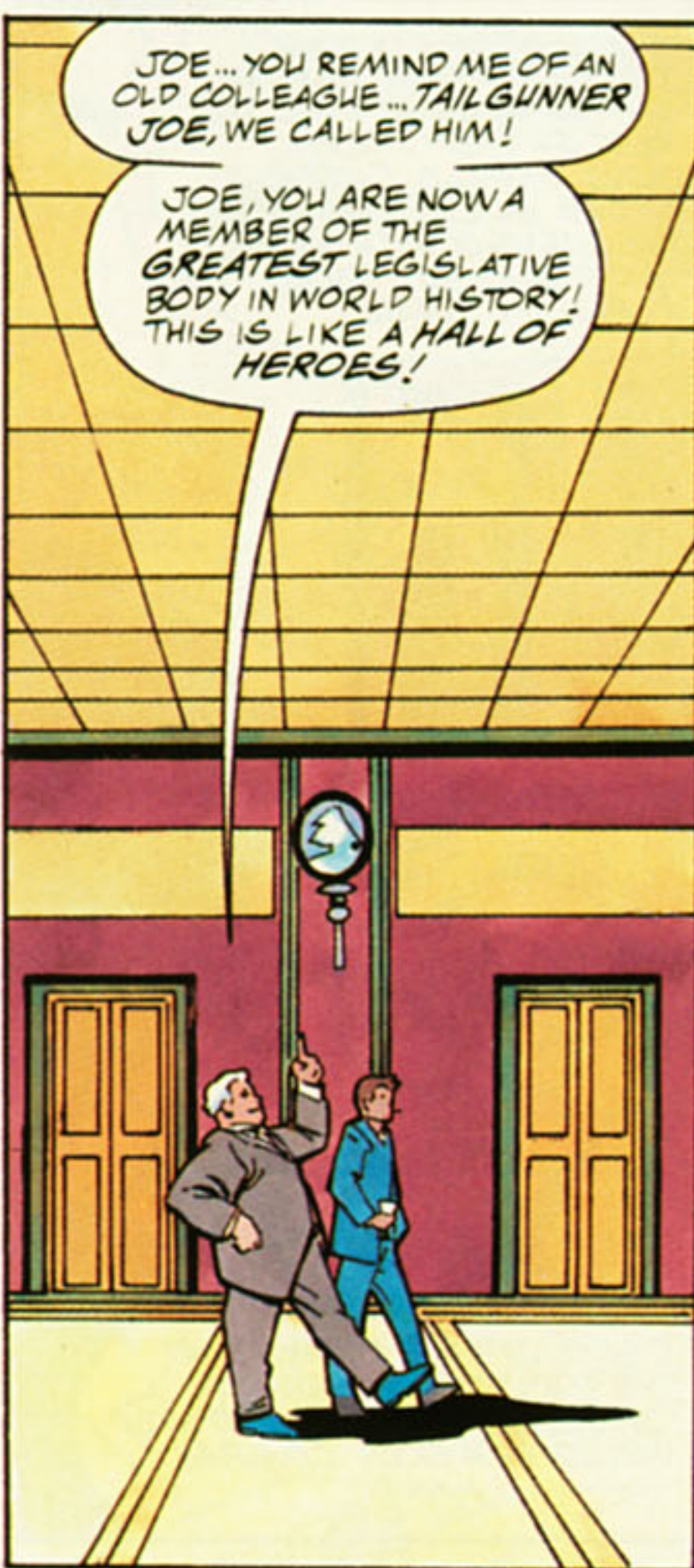
TRY THESE CUBAN CIGARS! SOME GUY JUST BROUGHT IN A BOX TO TRY AND GET YOU TO VOTE TO EASE SANCTIONS.



I TOLD HIM, "SURE, PAL!" WHAT A SUCKER, RIGHT?



AH! YOU MUST BE THE -AH NEW JUNIOR SENATAH FROM NEW YORK! WELCOME, SON! I'M SENATOR SIMPSON O'TOOLE. CALL ME SIMP! LET ME GIVE YOU THE OH-FICIAL TOUR OF THE PREMIS-SEES!



JOE... YOU REMIND ME OF AN OLD COLLEAGUE... TAILGUNNER JOE, WE CALLED HIM!

JOE, YOU ARE NOW A MEMBER OF THE GREATEST LEGISLATIVE BODY IN WORLD HISTORY! THIS IS LIKE A HALL OF HEROES!



WHERE THE RESPONSIBLE, HARDWORKING AND PATRIOTIC REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GREAT PEOPLE OF THE GREATEST NATION ON EARTH...



... ARE PRIVILEGED TO SERVE THEIR CONSTITUENCY. ONLY THE HIGHEST STANDARDS APPLY!

HEY, ISN'T IT ILLEGAL TO HAVE AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD SENATOR?

WHO CARES?! DEAL THE FUCKIN' CARDS!



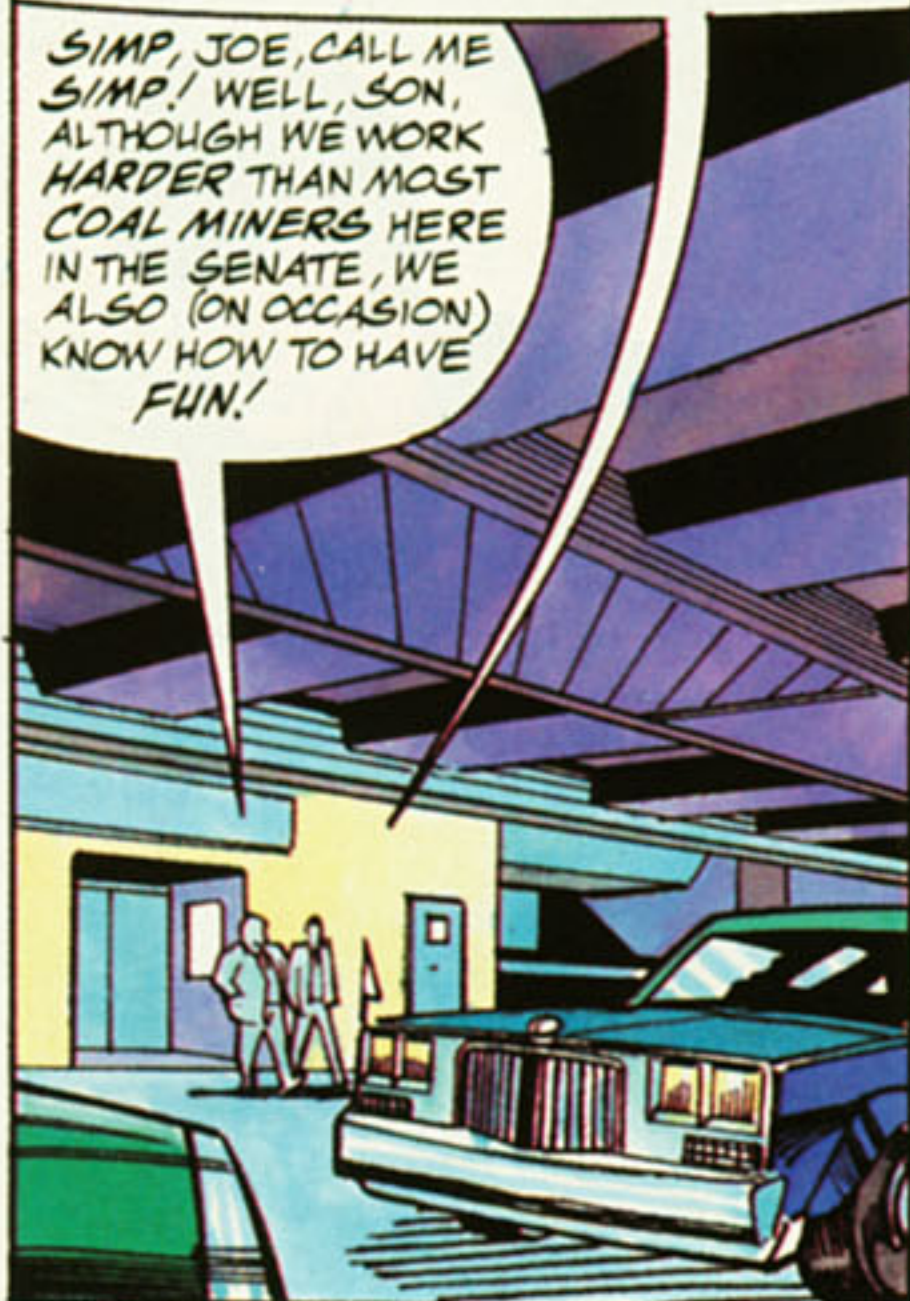
IT MATTERS NOT ONE WHIT HOW LONG AND HOW HARD WE POOR BELEAGUERED PEOPLE'S SERVANTS MUST TOIL IN THE VINEYARD OF DEMOCRACY!



THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA IS DONE HERE! RESPONSIBLE, PAR-SIMONIOUS BUDGETS ARE PRE-PARED AND THE WELFARE OF THE LITTLE GUY IS PUT PARAMOUNT IN THE CONCERNS OF THEIR VIRTUOUS, GOD-FEARING, FAMILY-ORIENTED SENATORIAL REPRESENTATIVES!

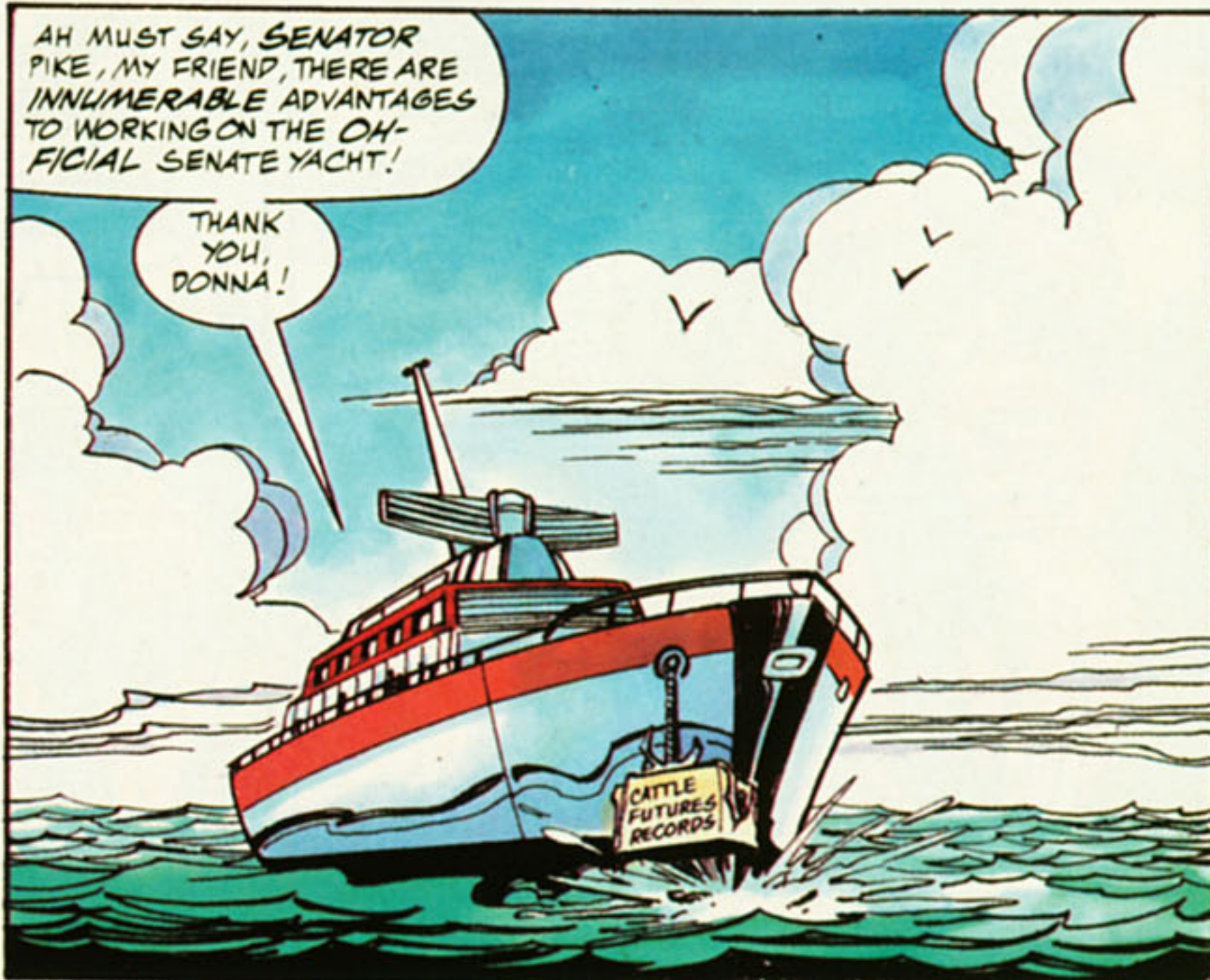
WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW, SENATOR?

SIMP, JOE, CALL ME SIMP! WELL, SON, ALTHOUGH WE WORK HARDER THAN MOST COAL MINERS HERE IN THE SENATE, WE ALSO (ON OCCASION) KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN!



AH MUST SAY, SENATOR PIKE, MY FRIEND, THERE ARE INNUMERABLE ADVANTAGES TO WORKING ON THE OFFICIAL SENATE YACHT!

THANK YOU, DONNA!



OH! SENATOR!

HA! HA! JUST PRESSING THE FLESH, AS WE POLITICOS LIKE TO CALL IT, DEAR!



ANOTHER ADVANTAGE TO OUR LITTLE SEA-FARING CRAFT IS THAT IT MAKES IT A LOT HARDER FOR THE LITTLE CUTIES TO GET AWAY!

TAKE IT FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, THOUGH! MAKE SURE THEY CAN SWIM, BOY!

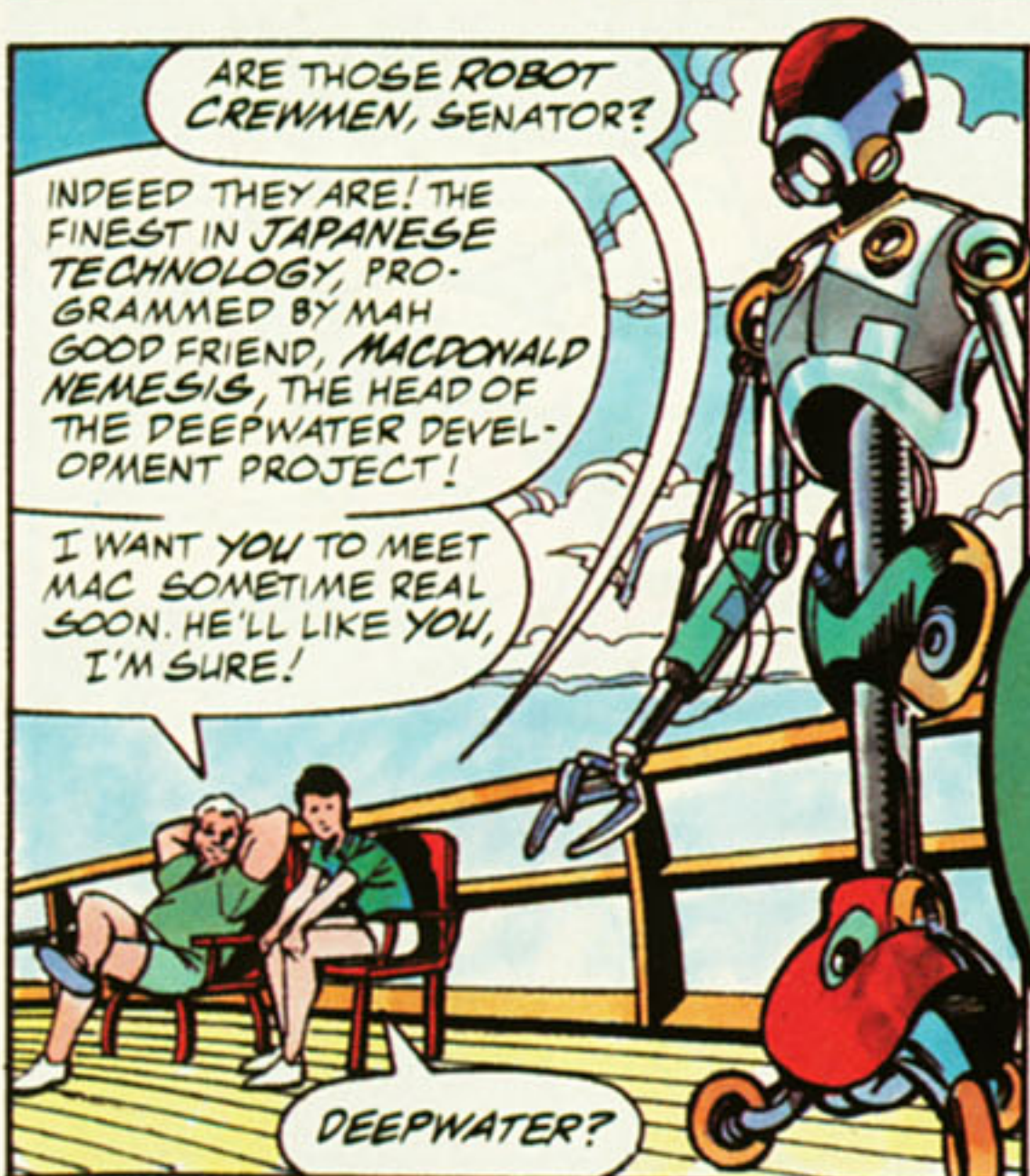
MAKE VERY SURE THEY CAN SWIM!



ARE THOSE ROBOT CREWMEN, SENATOR?

INDEED THEY ARE! THE FINEST IN JAPANESE TECHNOLOGY, PROGRAMMED BY MAH GOOD FRIEND, MACDONALD NEMESIS, THE HEAD OF THE DEEPWATER DEVELOPMENT PROJECT!

I WANT YOU TO MEET MAC SOMETIME REAL SOON. HE'LL LIKE YOU, I'M SURE!

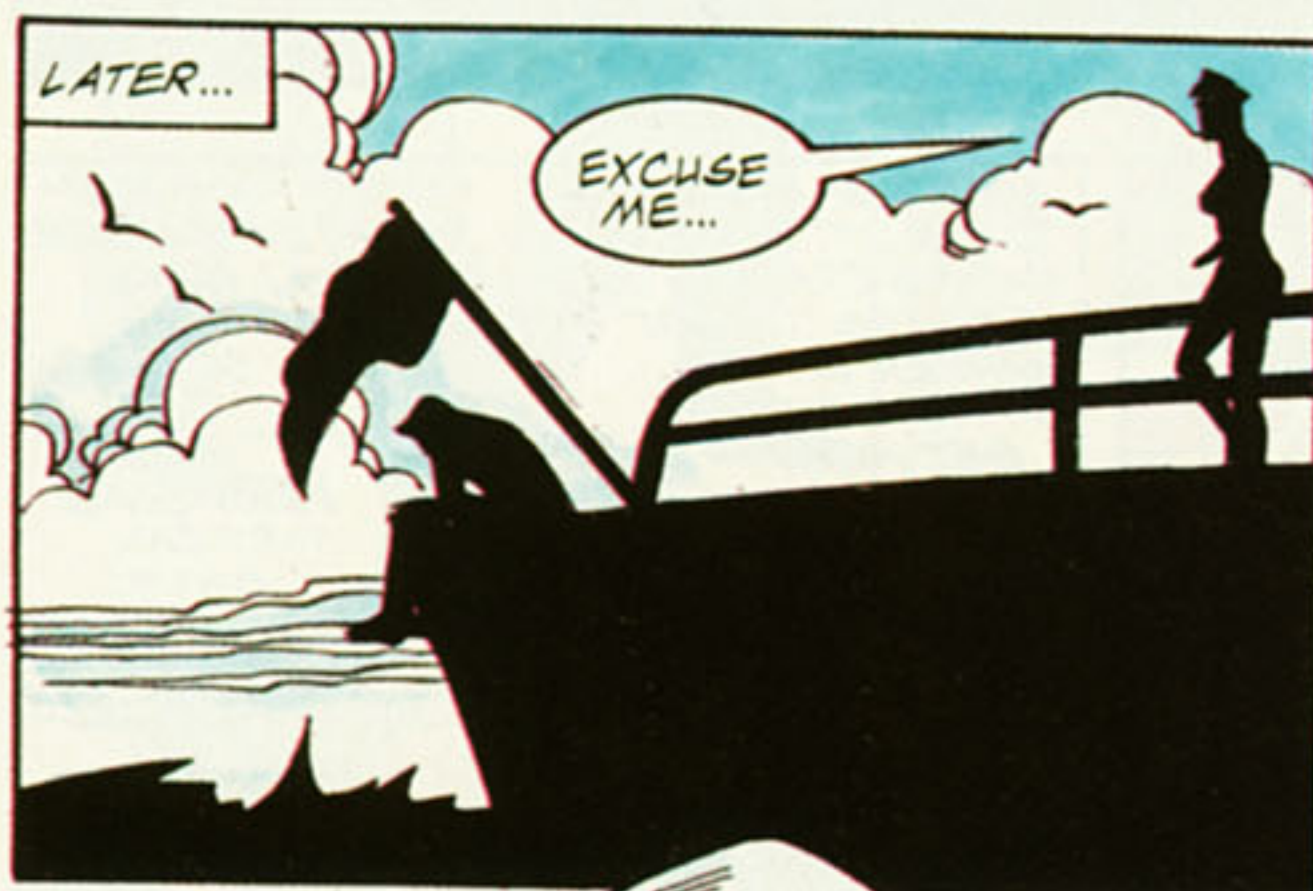


DEEPWATER?

THAT'S RIGHT, SON. AND I JUST WANT TO REMIND YOU HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO OUR CONSTITUENTS TO DEVELOP OUR OFFSHORE RESOURCES. NATURALLY, WE FAVOR THE DEEPWATER DEVELOPMENT PROJECT.

I'M SURE WE CAN COUNT ON YOUR SUPPORT IN TOMORROW'S VOTE, OF COURSE!







SCION™

EPISODE 5: THE PAST



RUSSIA, 1994:

In the 1960's and 70's, the KGB created a group of fifty superhuman children, codenamed **SCION**. After the fall of Communism, the Scion were scattered, most of them still unaware of their superhuman abilities, since sex between two scion is the trigger that activates their powers. Recently, a mysterious ex-KGB officer known as **THE COMMISSAR** dispatched **THE HUNTERS**, his own group of elite soldiers and assassins, across Russia to eliminate the Scion.



Thus far, we have met four of the Scion:

PETRA—A shapeshifter who has been seeking out her fellow Scion. The first one she contacted and had sex with was ...

ANDRA—A former street prostitute from Minsk, who wields vast telekinetic powers who despises...

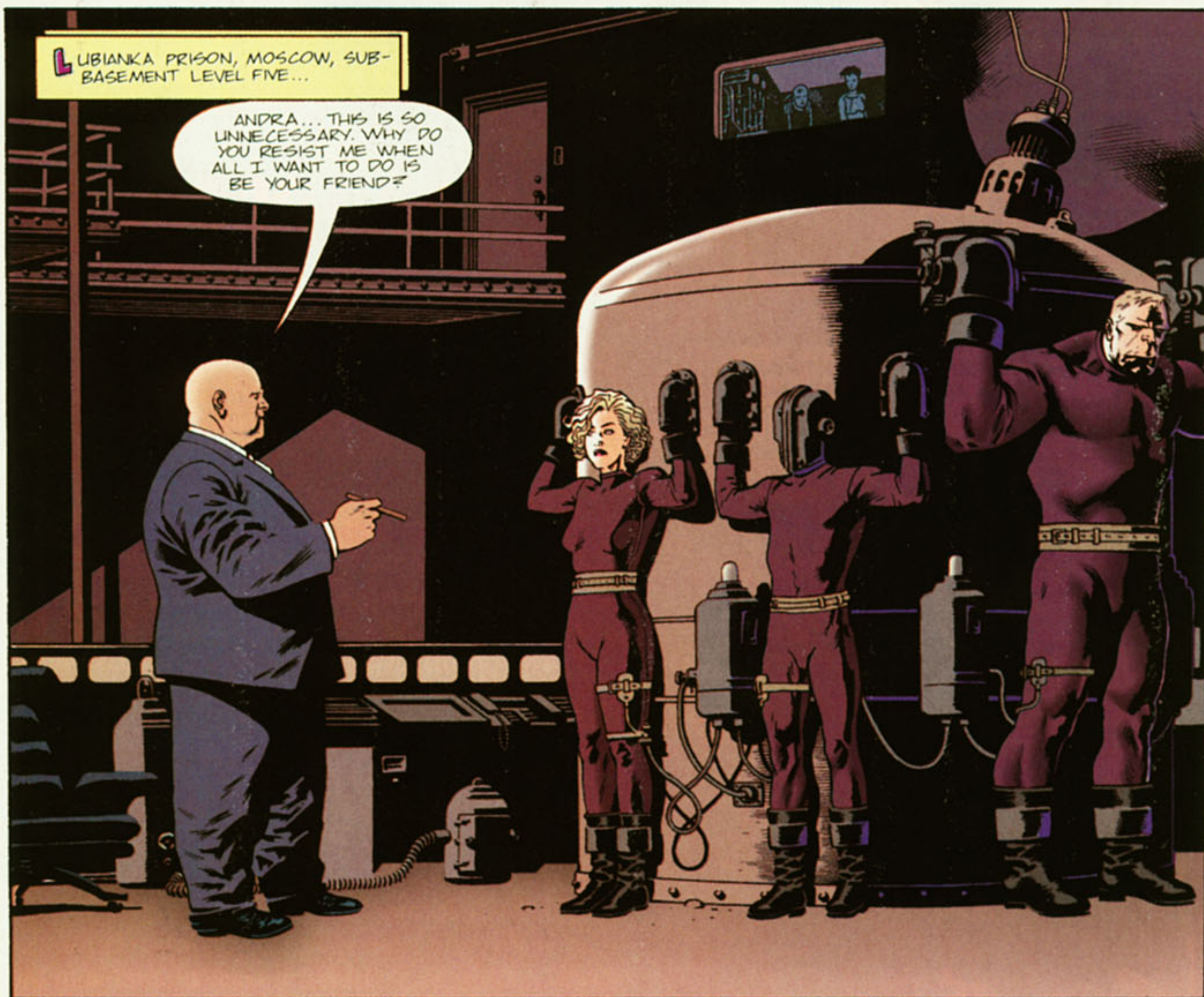
RASPUTIN—Petra's oldest friend, a mute with the power to control minds. Rasputin is always closely followed by ...

THE GREAT BEAR—A monstrous mutant Scion with superhuman strength who has shown a growing obsession with Andra.

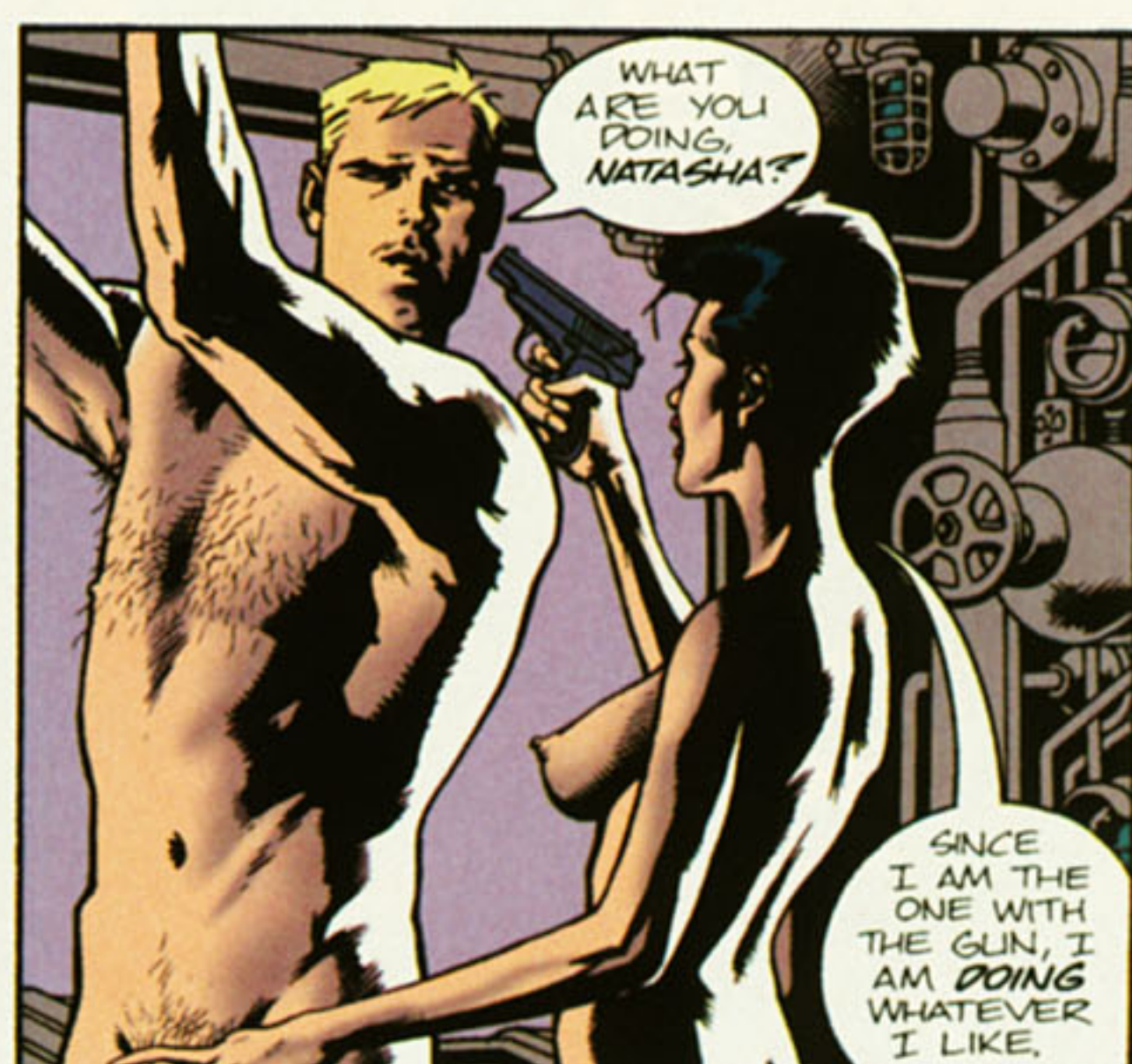


In addition, we have been introduced to **SARGENT SASHA KIROV** and his sister, **LIEUTENANT NATASHA KIROV**, the Commisar's closest aides and bodyguards. They arrived with the Commisar and his elite Hunter Task Force at Petra's hideout, an abandoned bomb shelter in Belarus. After a brief battle, during which the Commisar saw Andra's powers demonstrated for the first time, three of the Scion: Andra, Bear, and Rasputin, were captured alive and taken to the Commisar's Headquarters in Moscow ...

CREATED BY: Caragonne & Nowlan **WRITERS:** Caragonne & Thornton
PENCILS: Russ Heath **INKS:** Kevin Nowlan **LETTERS:** DeLepine **COLORS:** Kindzierski









KRUSCHEV SAID MY ABILITIES WERE BEYOND HUMAN AND PROMOTED ME AS A SUPERMAN FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION. THEY CALLED ME "MAYDAY -- HERO OF THE PROLETARIAT!"

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE COLD WAR, I WAS TROTTED OUT IN RED SQUARE, ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER WEAPONS ON PARADE, AS PROOF TO THE WORLD OF THE SOVIET UNION'S MIGHT.



I LIKED BREZHNEV. AN EMINENTLY PRACTICAL MAN, HE ALWAYS CO-OPTED HIS POTENTIAL ENEMIES, SINCE I WAS TOO VALUABLE TO KILL, I WAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF PERSONALLY CREATING THE NEXT GENERATION OF SUPERMEN. MY WORK WAS CARRIED OUT IN SECRET, THERE WERE NO PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF FOOLISHNESS.



ALL OVER RUSSIA, YOUNG WOMEN WERE TESTED TO BECOME CANDIDATES FOR THIS HONOR. THEY WERE CHOSEN FOR THEIR ESP POTENTIAL. AND SINCE I WAS CALLED UPON TO PERFORM PRODIGIOUS SERVICE TO THE STATE IN THIS AREA, I MADE SURE THAT THEY WERE ALSO CHOSEN FOR THEIR OTHER USEFUL TRAITS.



REGRETFULLY, THE "NATURAL" METHOD, NO MATTER HOW MUCH I MIGHT PREFER IT, YIELDED FLAWED RESULTS... HORRIBLY DEFORMED MONSTERS...

WITNESS THE BEAR. SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT.



WE REFINED THE PROCESS. MY GENETIC MATERIAL WAS ISOLATED AND PURIFIED. IT WAS INJECTED INTO SELECTIVELY CROSS-BRED FETUSES AND ENHANCED WITH RADIATION AND CHEMOTHERAPY.



THIS TIME, THE CHILDREN DEVELOPED NORMALLY... DISAPPOINTINGLY NORMALLY. WE KEPT YOU TOGETHER, ISOLATED, IN THE SCION COMPOUND AT CHERNOBYL.



OH, VERY WELL... I SEE THAT YOU CANNOT APPRECIATE A JOKE...

I AM NOT NATASHA, ALTHOUGH HER MEMORIES AS WELL AS HER BODY ARE MINE WHEN I WISH THEM.

I AM PETRA, THE CHANGELING, I TOO AM SCION.

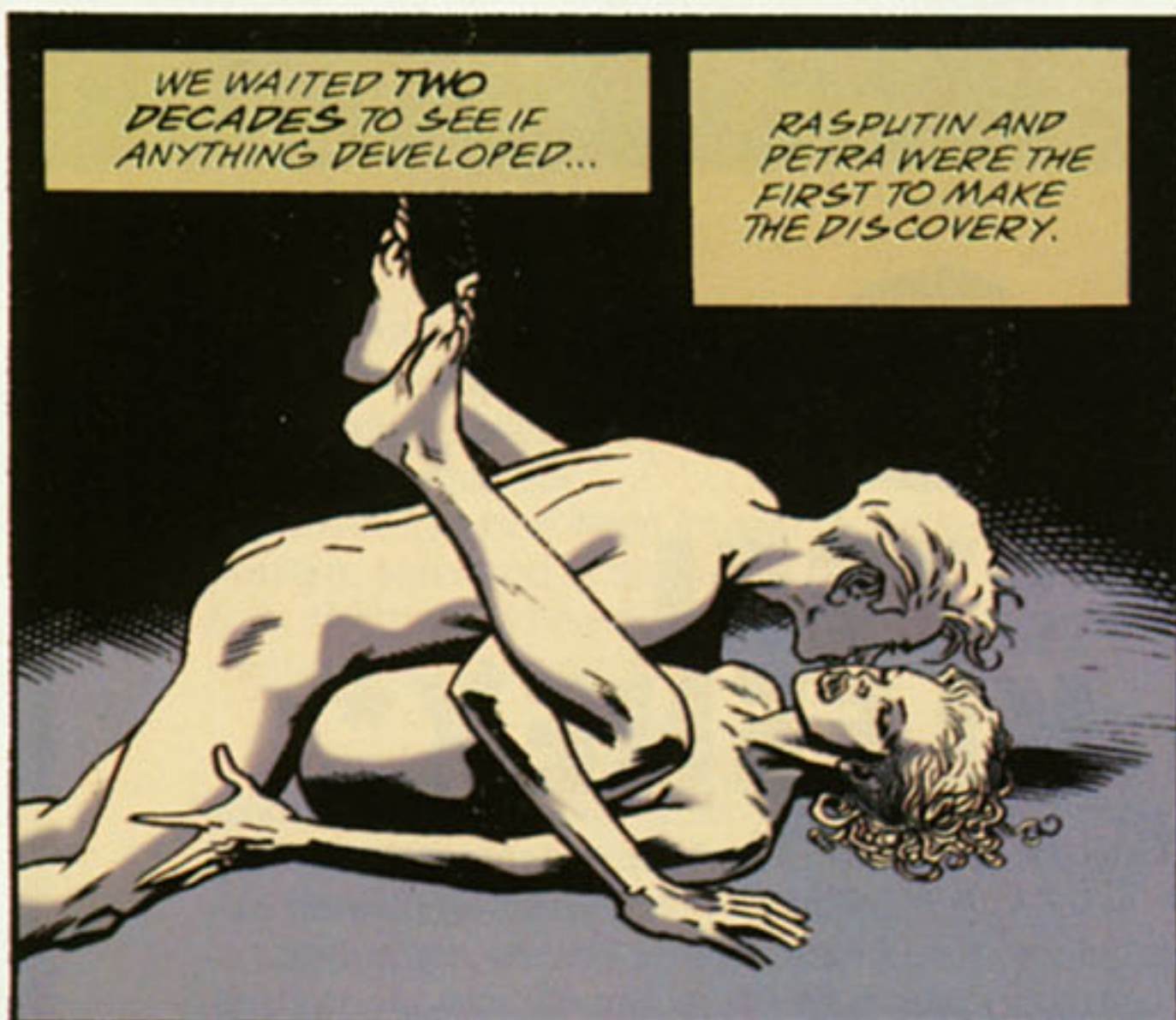


WHERE IS MY SISTER? HOW DID YOU FOOL THE SCANNER YOURSELF?

SO MANY QUESTIONS.

RELAX, SASHA. TRUST ONE OF YOUR OWN. LET ME LOVE YOU THIS ONCE.



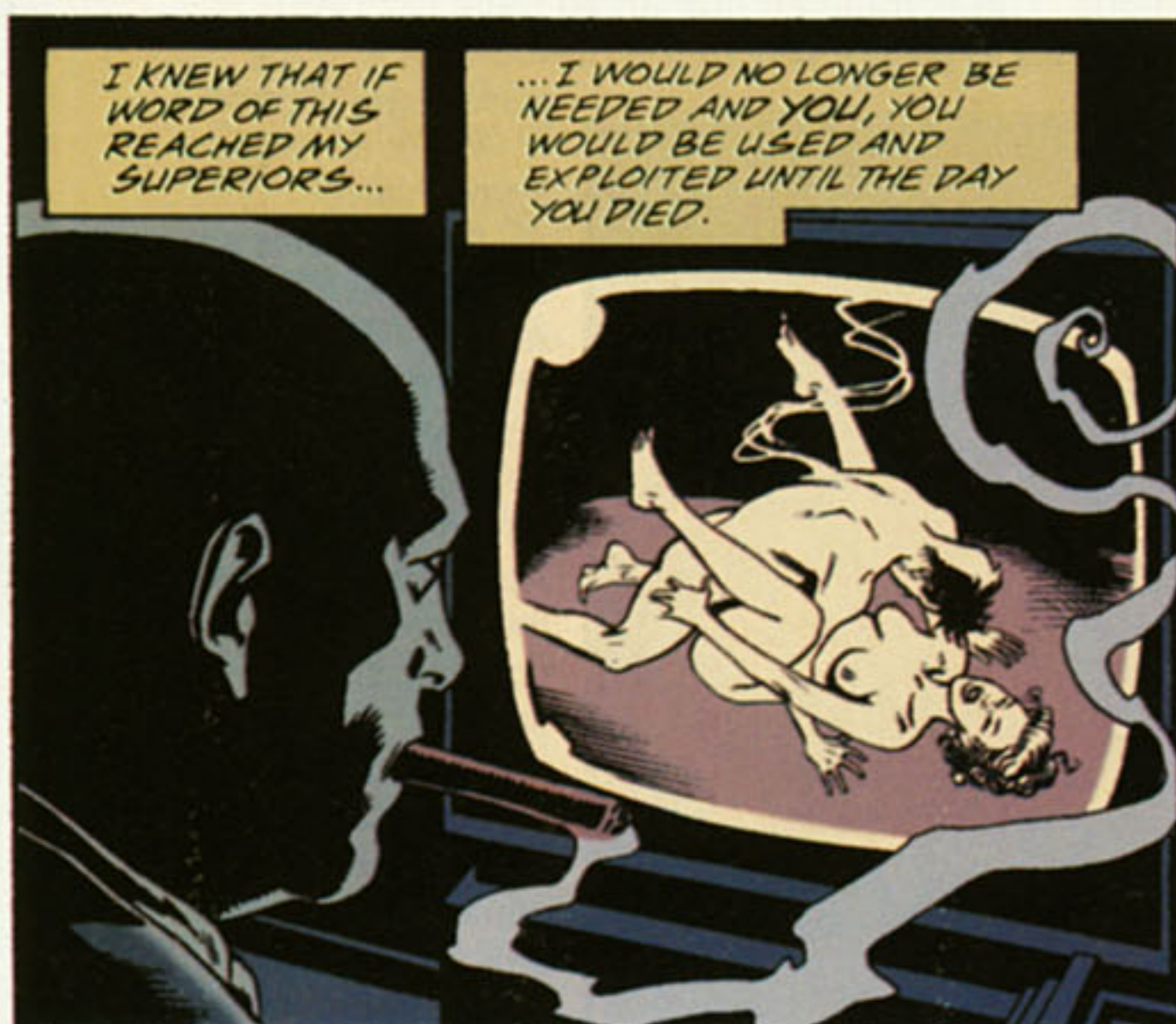


WE WAITED TWO DECADES TO SEE IF ANYTHING DEVELOPED...

RASPUTIN AND PETRA WERE THE FIRST TO MAKE THE DISCOVERY.



IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I SAW THAT ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.



I KNEW THAT IF WORD OF THIS REACHED MY SUPERIORS...

...I WOULD NO LONGER BE NEEDED AND YOU, YOU WOULD BE USED AND EXPLOITED UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIED.



AND SO I PROTECTED YOU. I SCATTERED YOU TO THE FOUR WINDS WITH ULTRA-HYPNOTIC CONDITIONING SO THAT YOU WOULD REMEMBER NOTHING OF YOUR SPECIAL HERITAGE.

BUT NOW THAT WE ARE REUNITED, MY CHILD, NOW THAT I HAVE SEEN HOW POWERFUL YOU REALLY ARE...

...TOGETHER WE CAN ACCOMPLISH EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DREAMED OF...



DON'T FIGHT ME, SASHA! I OFFER YOU...

NOT ONLY PLEASURE... BUT POWER!

NEXT: THE DREAM

ONE MAN'S OPINION

MAN OF STEEL WOMAN OF KLEENEX*

BY LARRY NIVEN
(Illustrated by Curt Swan)

At the ripe old age of forty¹, Kal-El (alias Superman, alias Clark Kent) is still unmarried. Almost certainly he is still a virgin. This is a serious matter. The species itself is in danger!

An unwed Superman is a mobile Superman. Thus it has been alleged that those who chronicle the Man of Steel's adventures are responsible for his condition. But the cartoonists are not to blame.

Nor is Superman handicapped by psychological problems.

Granted that the poor oaf is not entirely sane. How could he be? He is an orphan, a refugee, and an alien. His homeland no longer exists in any form, save for gigatons of dangerous, prettily colored rocks.

As a child and a young adult, Kal-El must have been hard put to find an adequate father-figure. What human could control his antisocial behavior. What human would dare to try to punish him? His actual, highly social behavior during this period indicates an inhuman self-restraint.

What wonder if Superman drifted gradually into schizophrenia? Torn between his human and kryptonian identities, he chose to be both, keeping his split personalities rigidly separate. A psychotic desperation is evident in his defense of his "secret identity."

But Superman's sex problems are strictly physiological, and quite real.

The purpose of this article is to point out some medical drawbacks to being a kryptonian among

human beings, and to suggest some possible solutions. The kryptonian humanoid must not be allowed to go the way of the pterodactyl and the passenger pigeon.

What turns on a kryptonian?

Superman is an alien, an extraterrestrial. His humanoid frame is doubtless the result of parallel evolution, as the marsupials of Australia resemble their mammalian counterparts. A specific niche in the ecology calls for a certain shape, a certain size, certain capabilities, certain eating habits.

Be not deceived by appearances. Superman is no



THIS IS NOT SUPERMAN.

¹ SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS AND THIS AIN'T HIM.

relative of homo sapiens.

What arouses Kal-El's mating urge? Did kryptonian women carry some subtle mating cue at appropriate times of the year? Whatever it is, Lois Lane probably doesn't have it. We may speculate that she smells wrong, less like a kryptonian woman than like a terrestrial monkey. A mating between Superman and Lois Lane would feel like sodomy - and would be, of course, by church and common law.

Assume a mating between Superman and a human woman, designated LL for convenience.

Either Superman has gone completely schizo and believes himself to be Clark Kent; or he knows what he's doing, but no longer gives a damn. Forty years is a long time. For Superman it has been even longer. He has X-ray vision; he knows exactly what he's missing².

The problem is this. Electroencephalograms

* ©1978 LARRY NIVEN

¹ Superman first appeared in *Action Comics*, June 1938.

This essay was first published in 1978. (Now, thanks to "Zero Hour," all history at DC Comics has been thrown out... again. This time it'll be perfect and they'll never do it again... yeah... this time for sure.) —GKC

² One should not think of Superman as a Peeping Tom. A biological ability must be used. As a child Superman may never have known that things had surfaces, unless he learned to suppress his X-ray vision. If millions of people tend shamelessly to wear clothing with no lead in the weave, that is hardly Superman's fault.

taken of men and women during sexual intercourse show that the orgasm resembles "a kind of pleasurable epileptic attack." One loses control over one's muscles.

Superman has been known to leave his fingerprints in steel and in hardened concrete, accidentally. What would he do to the woman in his arms during what amounts to an epileptic fit?

III

Consider the driving urge between a man and a woman, the monomaniacal urge to achieve greater and greater penetration. Remember also that we are dealing with kryptonian muscles.

Superman would literally crush LL's body in his arms, while simultaneously ripping her open from crotch to sternum, gutting her like a trout.

IV

Lastly, he'd blow off the top of her head.

Ejaculation of semen is entirely involuntary in the human male, and in all other forms of terrestrial life. It would be unreasonable to assume otherwise for a kryptonian. But with kryptonian muscles behind it, Kal-El's semen would emerge with the muzzle velocity of a machine gun bullet³.

In view of the foregoing, normal sex is impossible between LL and Superman.

Artificial insemination may give us better results.

V

First we must collect the semen. The globules will emerge at transsonic speeds. Superman must first ejaculate, then fly frantically after the stuff to catch it in a test tube. We assume that he is on the Moon, both for privacy and to prevent the semen from exploding into vapor on hitting air at such speeds.

He can catch the semen, of course, before it evaporates in vacuum. He's faster than a speeding bullet.

But can he keep it?

All known forms of kryptonian life have super powers. The same must hold true of living kryptonian sperm. We may reasonably assume that kryptonian sperm are vulnerable only to starvation and to green kryptonite; that they can travel with equal

ease through water, air, vacuum, glass, brick, boiling steel, solid steel, liquid helium, or the core of a star; and that they are capable of translight velocities.

What kind of a test tube will hold such beasties?

Kryptonian sperm and their unusual powers will give us further trouble. For the moment we will assume (because we must) that they tend to stay in the seminal fluid, which tends to stay in a simple glass tube. Thus Superman and LL can perform artificial insemination.

At least there will be another generation of kryptonians.

Or will there?

VI

A ripened but unfertilized egg leaves LL's

ovary, begins its voyage down her Fallopian tube.

Some time later, tens of millions of sperm, released from a test tube, begin their own voyage up LL's Fallopian tube.

The magic moment approaches...

Can human breed with kryptonian? Do we even use the same genetic code? On the face of it, LL could more easily breed with an ear of corn than with Kal-El. But coincidence

does happen. If the genes match...

One sperm arrives before the others, it penetrates the egg, forms a lump on its surface. The cell wall now thickens to prevent other sperm from entering. Within the now-fertilized egg, changes take place.

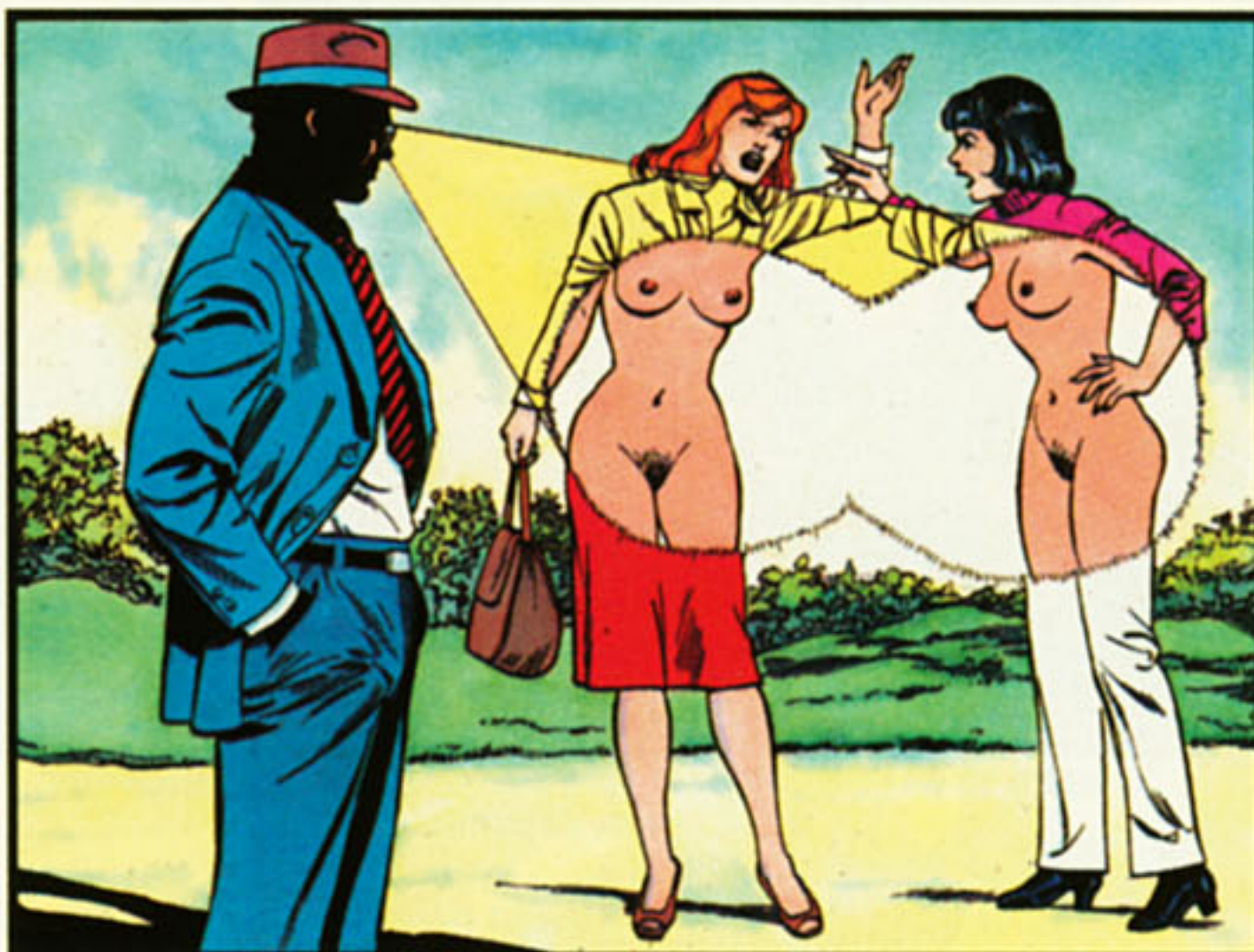
And ten million kryptonian sperm arrive slightly late.

Were they human sperm, they would be out of luck. But these tiny blind things are more powerful than a locomotive. A thickened cell wall won't stop them. They will *all* enter the egg, obliterating it entirely in an orgy of microscopic gang rape. So much for artificial insemination.

But LL's problems are just beginning.

VII

Within her body there are still tens of millions of frustrated kryptonian sperm. The single egg is now too diffuse to be a target. The sperm scatter.



...AND THIS IS ABSOLUTELY NOT SUPERMAN. WHY NOT?
BECAUSE SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS.

³One can imagine that the Kent home in Smallville was riddled with holes

during Superboy's puberty. And why did Lana Lang never notice *that*?

They scatter without regard to what is in their path. They leave curved channels, microscopically small. Presently all will have found their way into the open air.

That leaves LL with several million microscopic perforations all leading deep into her abdomen. Most of the channels will intersect one or more loops of intestine.

Peritonitis is inevitable. LL becomes desperately ill.

Meanwhile, tens of millions of sperm swarm in the air over Metropolis.

VIII

This is more serious than it looks.

Consider: these sperm are virtually indestructible. Within days or weeks they will die from lack of nourishment.

Meanwhile they cannot be affected by heat, cold, vacuum, toxins, or anything short of green kryptonite⁴.

There they are, minuscule but dangerous; for each has supernormal powers.

Metropolis is shaken by tiny sonic booms. Worm-holes, charred by meteoric heat, sprout magically in all kinds of things: plate glass, masonry, antique ceramics, electric mixers, wood, household pets, and citizens. Some of the sperm will crack lightspeed. The Metropolis night becomes alive with a network of narrow, eerie blue lines of Cherenkov radiation.

And women whom Superman has never met find themselves in a delicate condition.

Consider: LL won't get pregnant because there were too many of the blind, mindless beasts. But whenever one sperm approaches an unfertilized human egg in its panic flight, it will attack.

How close is close enough? A few centimeters? Are sperm attracted by chemical cues? It seems likely. Metropolis had a population of millions; and a kryptonian sperm could travel a long and crooked path, billions of miles, before it gives up and dies.

Several thousand blessed events seen not unlikely.⁵

Several thousand lawsuits would follow. Not that Superman can't afford to pay. There's a trick were you squeeze a lump of coal into its allotropic diamond form...

IX

The above analysis gives us part of the answer. In our experiment in artificial insemination, we must use a single sperm. This presents no difficulty. Superman may use his microscopic vision and a pair of tiny tweezers to pluck a sperm from the swarm.

X

In its eagerness, the single sperm may crash

through LL's abdomen at transsonic speeds, wreaking havoc. Is there any way to slow it down?

There is. We can expose it to gold kryptonite.

Gold kryptonite, we remember, robs a kryptonian of all of his supernormal powers, permanently. Were we to expose Superman himself to gold kryptonite, we would solve all his sex problems, but he

would be Clark Kent forever. We may regard this solution as somewhat drastic.

But we can expose the test tube of seminal fluid to gold kryptonite, then use standard techniques for artificial insemination.

By any of these methods we can get LL pregnant, without killing her. Are we out of the woods yet?

XI

Though exposed to gold kryptonite, the sperm still carries kryptonian genes. If these are recessive, then LL carries a developing human fetus. There will be no more Supermen; but at least we need not worry about the mother's health.

But if some of all of the kryptonian genes are dominant...

Can the fetus use his X-ray vision before birth? After all, with such a power, he can probably see through his own closed eyelids. That would leave LL sterile. If the kid starts using heat vision, things start to get even worse.



...THERE'S NO WAY THIS COULD BE SUPERMAN, NOPE, BECAUSE SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS.

⁴ And other forms of kryptonite. For instance, there are chunks of red kryptonite that make giants of kryptonians. Imagine ten million earthworm-sized spermatozoa swarming over a Metropolis beach, diving to fertilize the beach balls ... but I digress.

⁵ If the pubescent Superboy plays with himself, we have the same problem over Smallville.

But when he starts to kick, it's all over. He will kick his way out into the open air, killing himself and his mother.

XII

Is there a solution?

There are several. Each has its drawbacks.

We can make LL wear a kryptonite⁶ belt around her waist. But too little kryptonite may allow the child to damage her, while too much may damage or kill the child. Intermediate amounts may do both! And there is no safe way to experiment.

A better solution is to find a host mother.

We have not yet considered the existence of Supergirl.⁷ She could carry the child without harm. But Supergirl has a secret identity, and her secret identity is no more married than Supergirl herself. If she turned up pregnant, she would probably be thrown out of school.

A better solution may be to implant the growing

fetus in Superman himself. There are places in a man's abdomen where a foetus could draw adequate nourishment, growing as a parasite, and where it would not cause undue harm to surrounding organs. Presumably Clark Kent can take a leave of absence more easily than Supergirl's schoolgirl alter ego.

When the time comes, the child will have to be removed through Caesarian section. It would have to be removed early, but there would be no problem with incubators as long as it was fed. I leave the problem of cutting through Superman's invulnerable skin, as an exercise for the alert reader.

The mind boggles at the image of a pregnant Superman cruising the skies of Metropolis. Batman would refuse to be seen with him; strange new jokes would circulate the prisons... and the race of Krypton would be safe at last.

FIN

⁶For our purposes, all forms of kryptonite are available in unlimited quantities. It has been estimated, from the startling tonnage of kryptonite fallen to Earth since the explosion of Krypton, that the planet must have outweighed our entire solar system. Doubtless the "planet" Krypton was a cooling black dwarf star,

one of a binary pair, the other member being a red giant.

⁷She can't mate with Superman because she's his first cousin. And only a cad would suggest differently.



SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS, AND ANY UNAUTHORIZED USE OF SUPERMAN WOULD NOT BE NICE. FORTUNATELY, THIS IS NOT SUPERMAN.

NEXT PAGE: COVER BY KEVIN NOWLAN

A note to my loyal readers: This issue's cover portrays a scene that does not appear in this issue. I know that whenever I read comics, I hate that. My apologies. It does portray a scene from last issue's (#4) episode of Scion. As you may have guessed, this was originally the cover for issue #4, and it was bumped to #5 by the Frank Frazetta cover on our last issue. Mr. Frazetta asked me to run his cover on issue #4 to coincide with his spectacular show at the Alexander Gallery here in New York in November. Never one to deny the request of a living legend, I agreed, and Kevin was a real good sport about the whole business.

I've loved every cover on this book, but this issue's cover painting, by Kevin Nowlan, is a very special favorite of mine. Kevin is leaving Scion to do a Superman project at DC (remember, Superman is © and ® 1994 DC Comics), but if you're going out, this is the way to make your exit! Kevin's a real top notch professional, not to mention an artistic genius and it's been a real pleasure working with him for the last year. Now, let's take another look at that cover art, this time in its entirety, and without copy.

—GKC (11/94)



K. Nowlan

Bethlehem STEELE™

EPISODE 5: A SMALL SACRIFICE



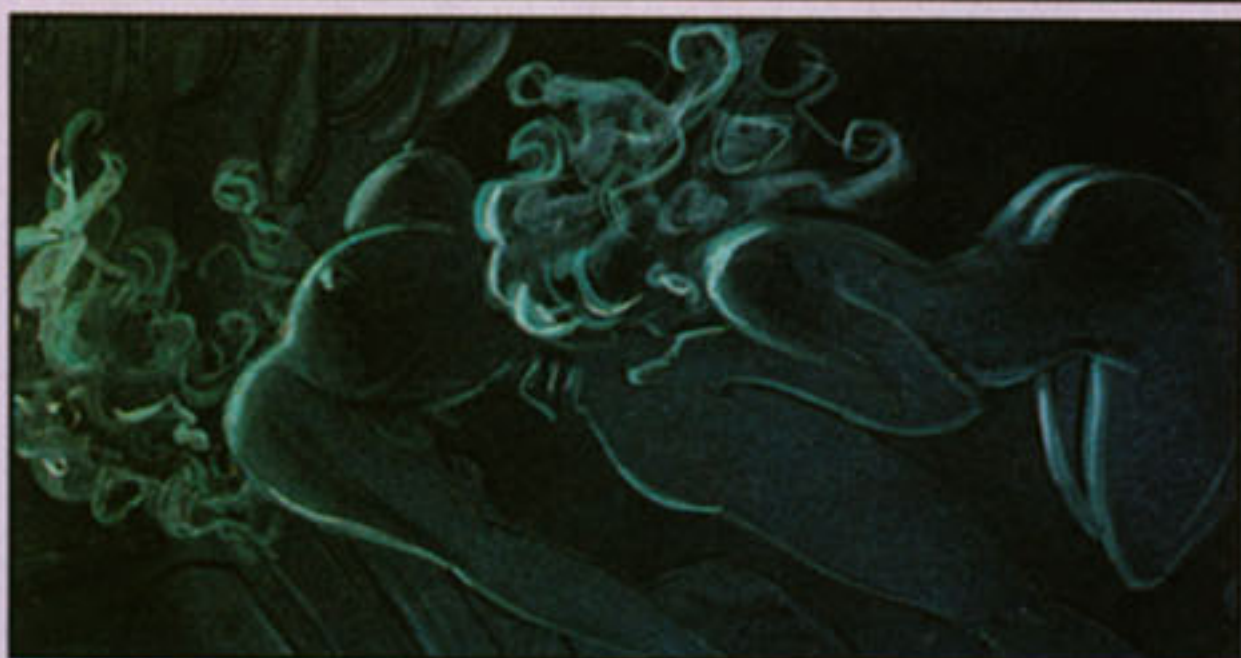
The year is 2194. Created as the perfect mate to the richest man in the galaxy, Baron Sho Tanaka, Bethlehem Steele is an android who's body mimics the human body and mind, but who possess powers, sexual and otherwise, that make her more than human. Being the perfect woman with a will of her own, however, Beth was not content to be another rich man's toy, Beth escaped Tanaka with the help of her designer (and lesbian lover), Thea Burroughs.



Thea and Beth were captured by, and later joined forces with, space pirate Rad Gemini. A romance between Beth and Gemini soon blossomed, though Rad was unaware that Beth was an android. But Tanaka was not about to let Beth escape him. He tracked her and her friends to the artificial planetoid New Tortuga, a pirate stronghold on the far side of known space.

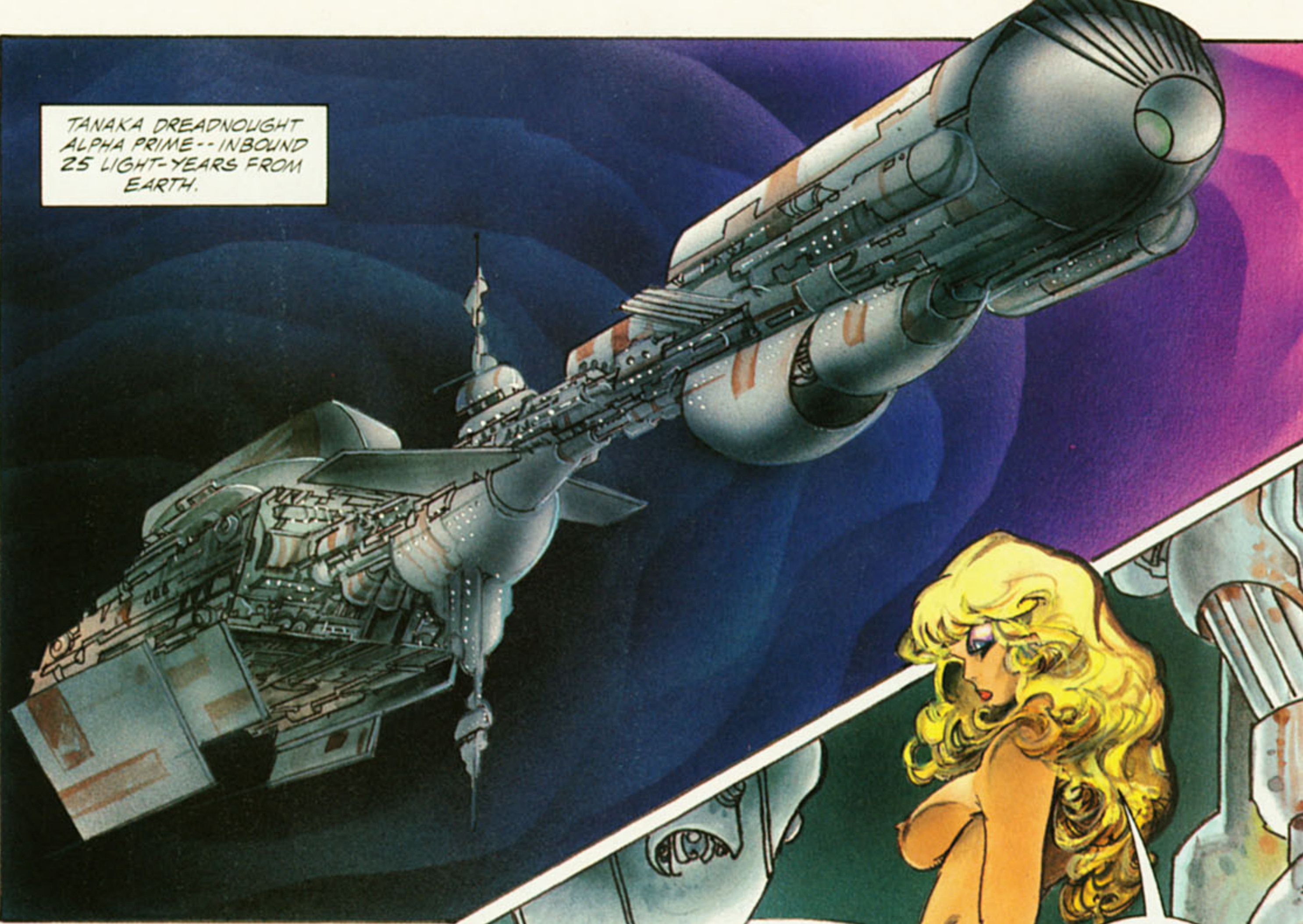


Beth surrendered to Tanaka in exchange for his pledge to spare her friends. Once Tanaka had Beth in his clutches, he revealed to her the existence of a twin android, fashioned in her image, but utterly loyal to Tanaka. As an amusement for Tanaka, both Beths were locked in a sexual dance to the death when...

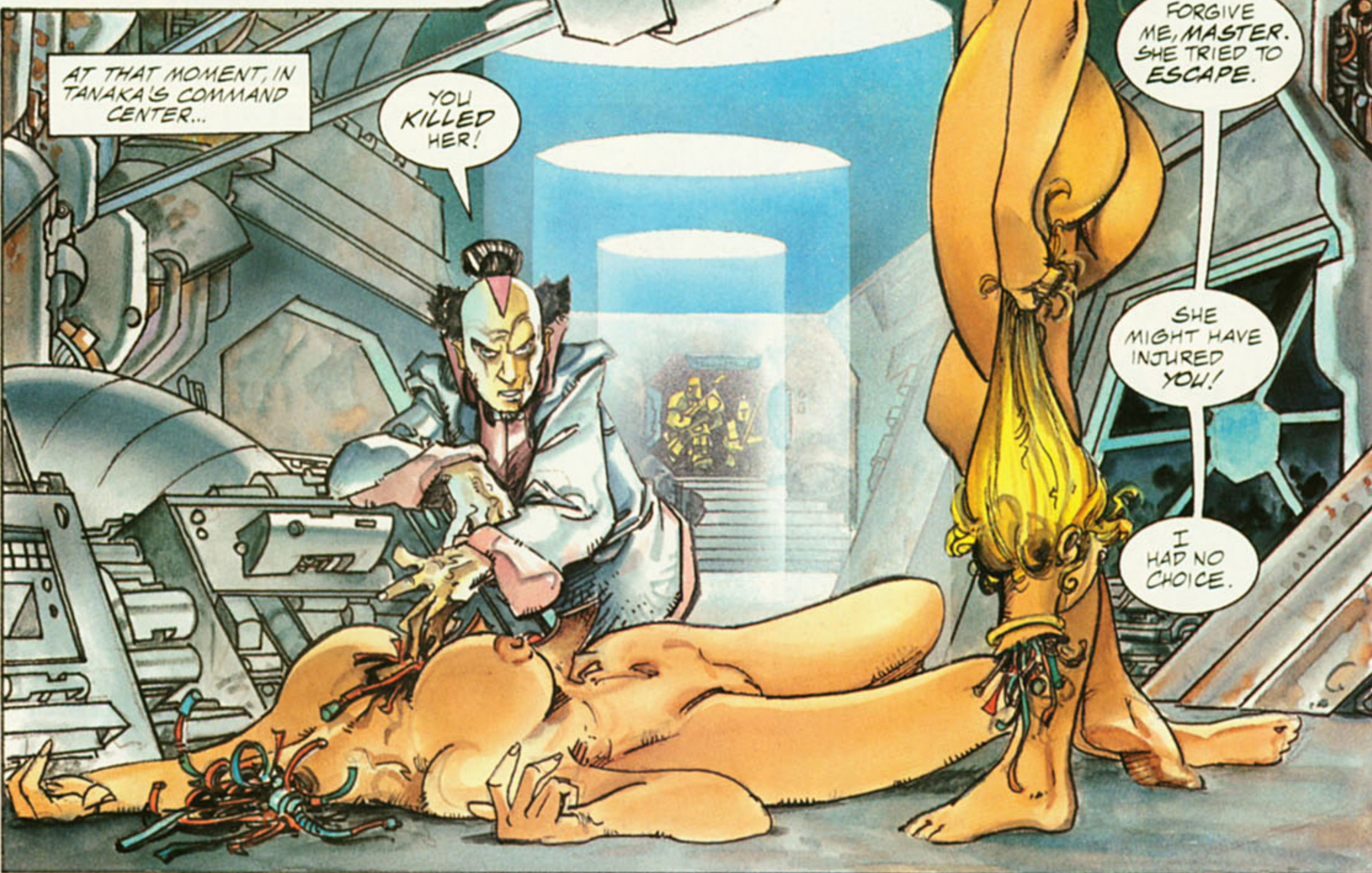


Tanaka's ship was sabotaged by Rad and Thea, who'd stolen aboard Tanaka's dreadnought. The two androids struggled and one of them was destroyed...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton **ARTIST:** Azpiri **LETTERS:** Lopez



TANAKA DREADNOUGHT
ALPHA PRIME-- INBOUND
25 LIGHT-YEARS FROM
EARTH.



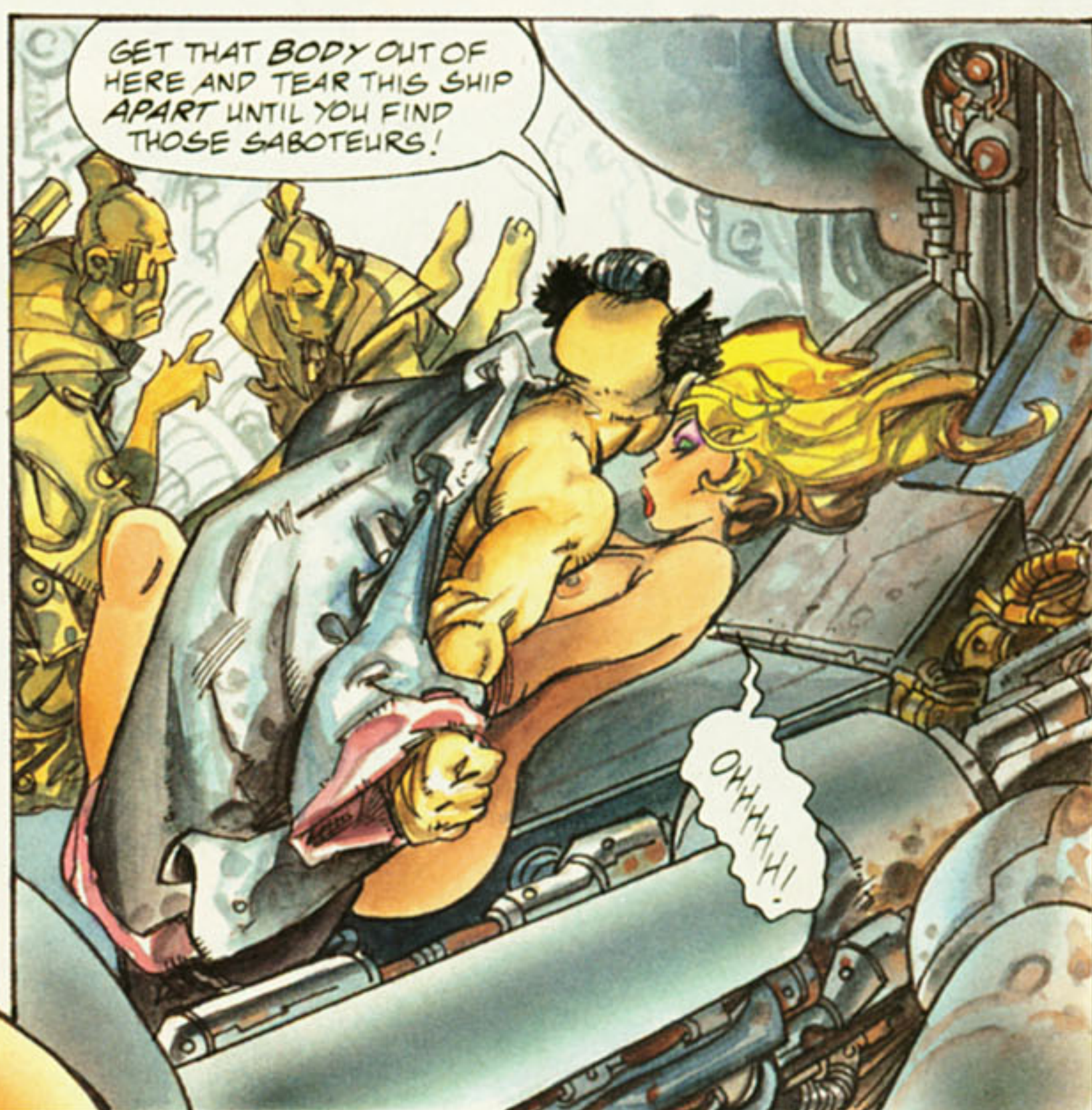
AT THAT MOMENT, IN
TANAKA'S COMMAND
CENTER...

YOU
KILLED
HER!

FORGIVE
ME, MASTER.
SHE TRIED TO
ESCAPE.

SHE
MIGHT HAVE
INJURED
YOU!

I
HAD NO
CHOICE.



AT THAT MOMENT, ELSEWHERE
IN THE MASSIVE STARSHIP...



I TAKE IT, LOVELY
THEA, THAT YOU HAVE
SOME KIND OF PLAN
TO GET BETH OUT?

OF
COURSE
I DO.

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE
OUR WAY PAST THE
GUARDS, GET INTO
TANAKA'S COMMAND CENTER,
FIND BETH, SABOTAGE THE
SHIP'S ENGINES, AND THEN
GET BACK TO THE COURIER
AND HEAD BACK TO NEW
TORTUGA.

IS
THAT
ALL?



CHOKE! BY THE MIST
OF THE BLACKEST
NEBULA! IT'S BETH!

I...



I KNEW IT.
THIS ISN'T
OUR BETH.

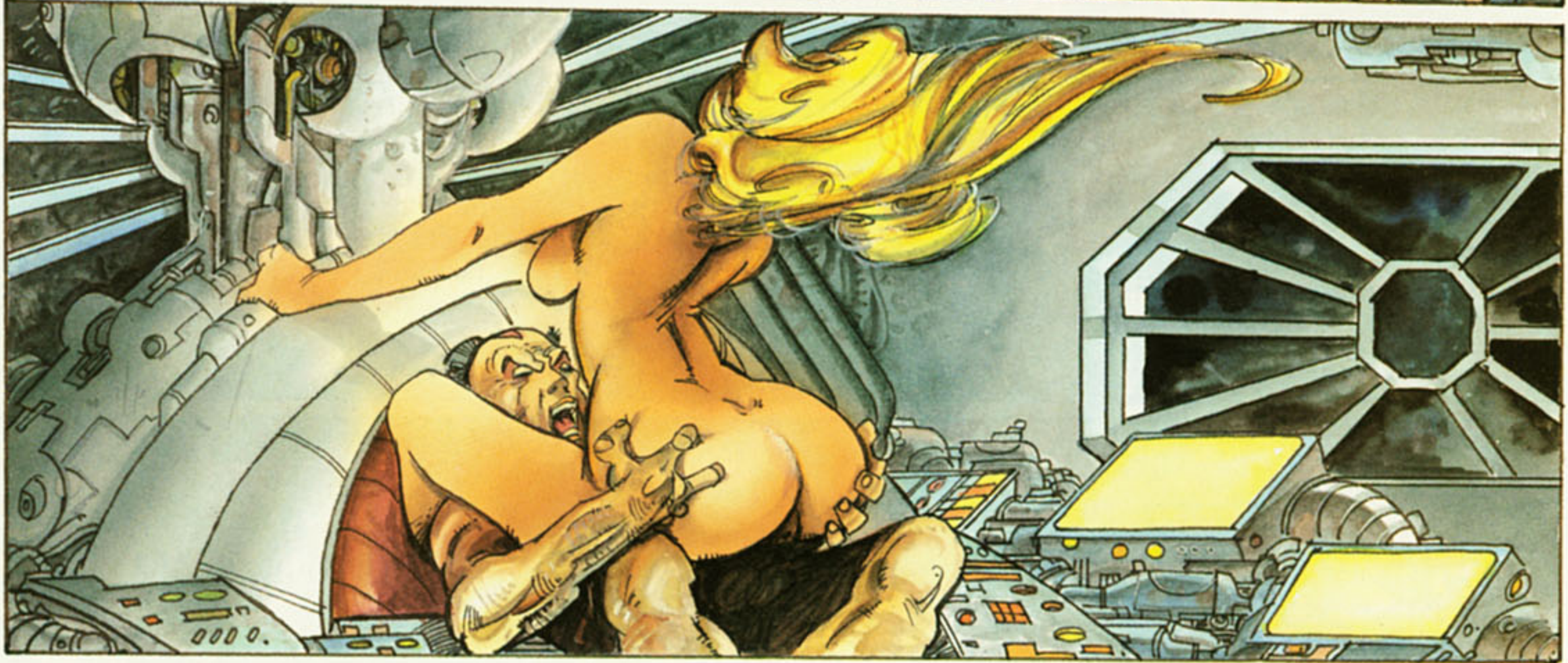
WHAT
HAPPENED?

TANAKA WAS VERY INSISTENT
ON GETTING EXACT PLANS OF
BETH THE MOMENT SHE WAS
COMPLETED. I ASSUME
TANAKA USED THEM TO CON-
STRUCT A DUPLICATE, AND BETH
SUBSTITUTED HERSELF FOR
THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

I CAN'T FEEL
THE "SCAR
TISSUE" WHERE
SHE WAS WOUNDED
ON TORTUGA.*

*SEE ISSUE NO. 1.







THERE'S
TOO MANY
OF THEM!

BAH! WE'VE
PLENTY OF DEATH
TO GO AROUND!



TURN
AND FACE DOOM,
MERCENARIES!

OR ARE ANY OF
YOU MAN ENOUGH
TO TAKE ME ON?

BLAST
HER!

AVAST!
YE SCURVY
SPACE
SCUM!





MY GOD...
LASSIE...IT DOESN'T SAY "CAPTAIN" ON MY CABIN DOOR BECAUSE OF MY LOOKS...

YOU'RE HURT!

FEH! IT'S NAUGHT BUT A SCRATCH!

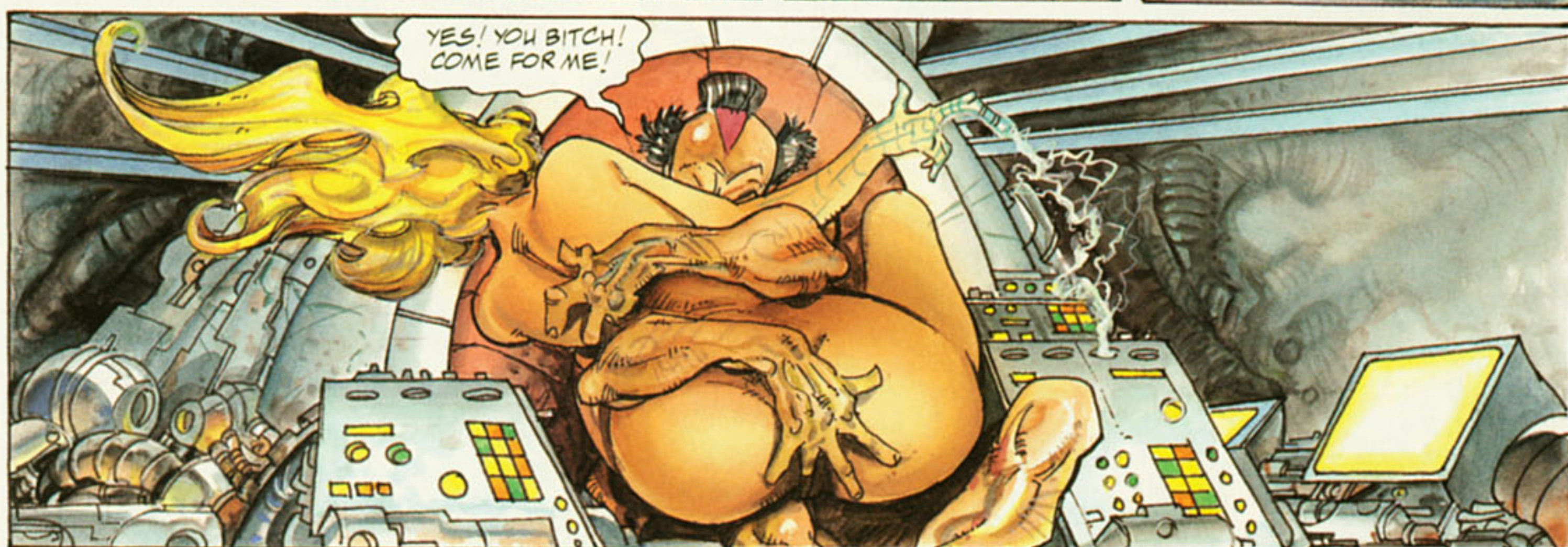
RAD, THEA, LISTEN TO ME! I'VE TAPPED INTO THE COMPTHERS, BUT I DARE NOT MAINTAIN THIS HOLOGRAM PROJECTION FOR LONG...



I'M WITH TANAKA IN THE COMMAND CENTER. I HAVE A PLAN TO END THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL.

HEAD BACK FOR YOUR SHIP AND WAIT FOR ME. I'LL JOIN YOU SOON...

HURRY!

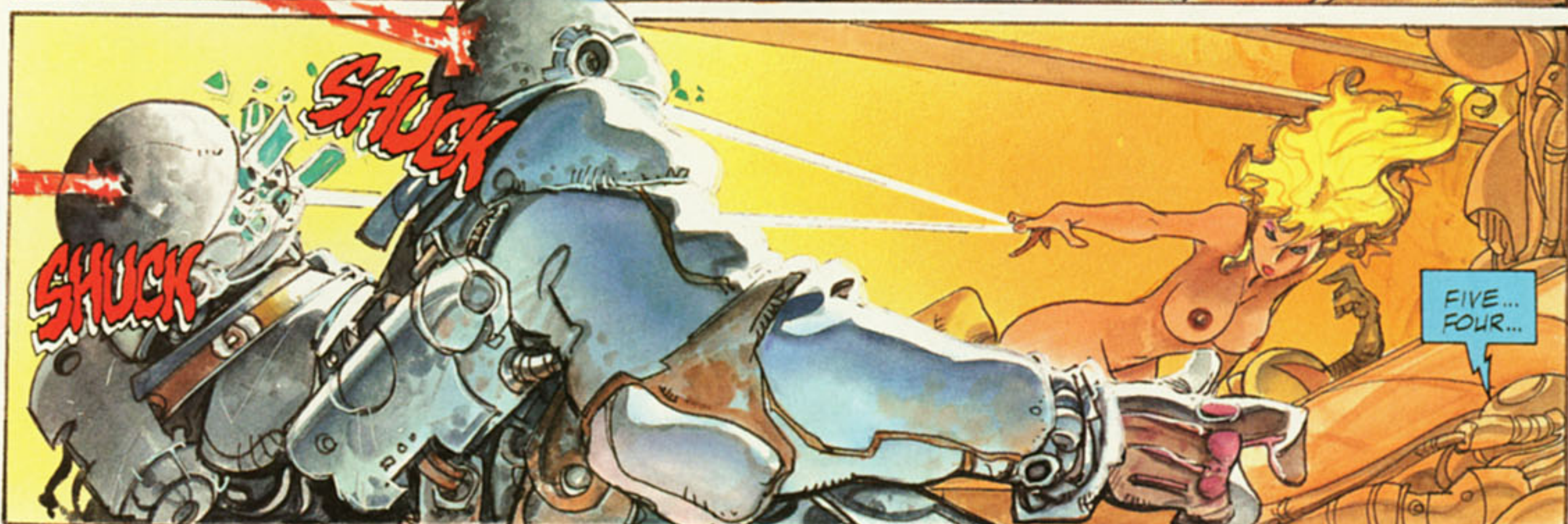
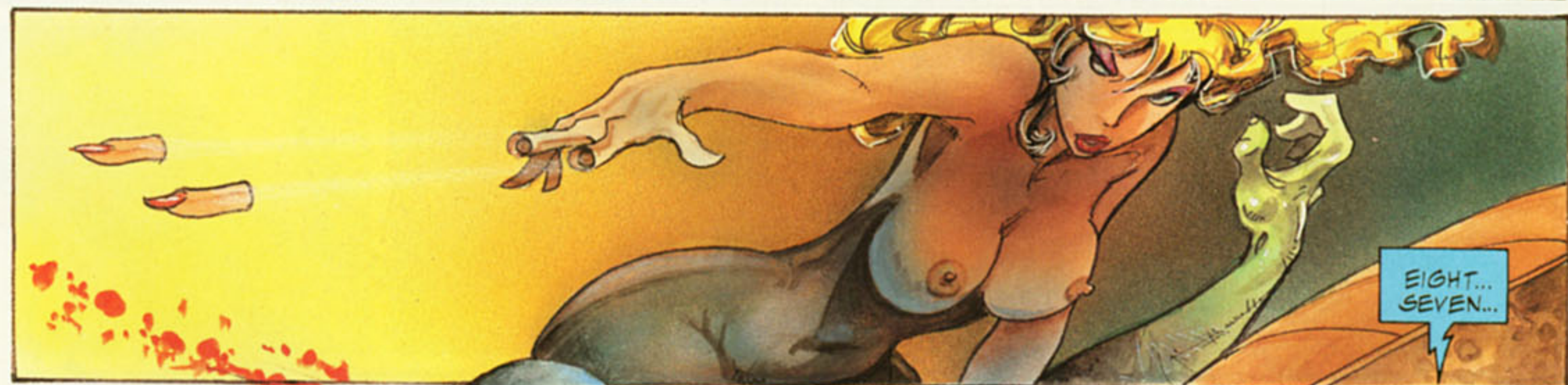


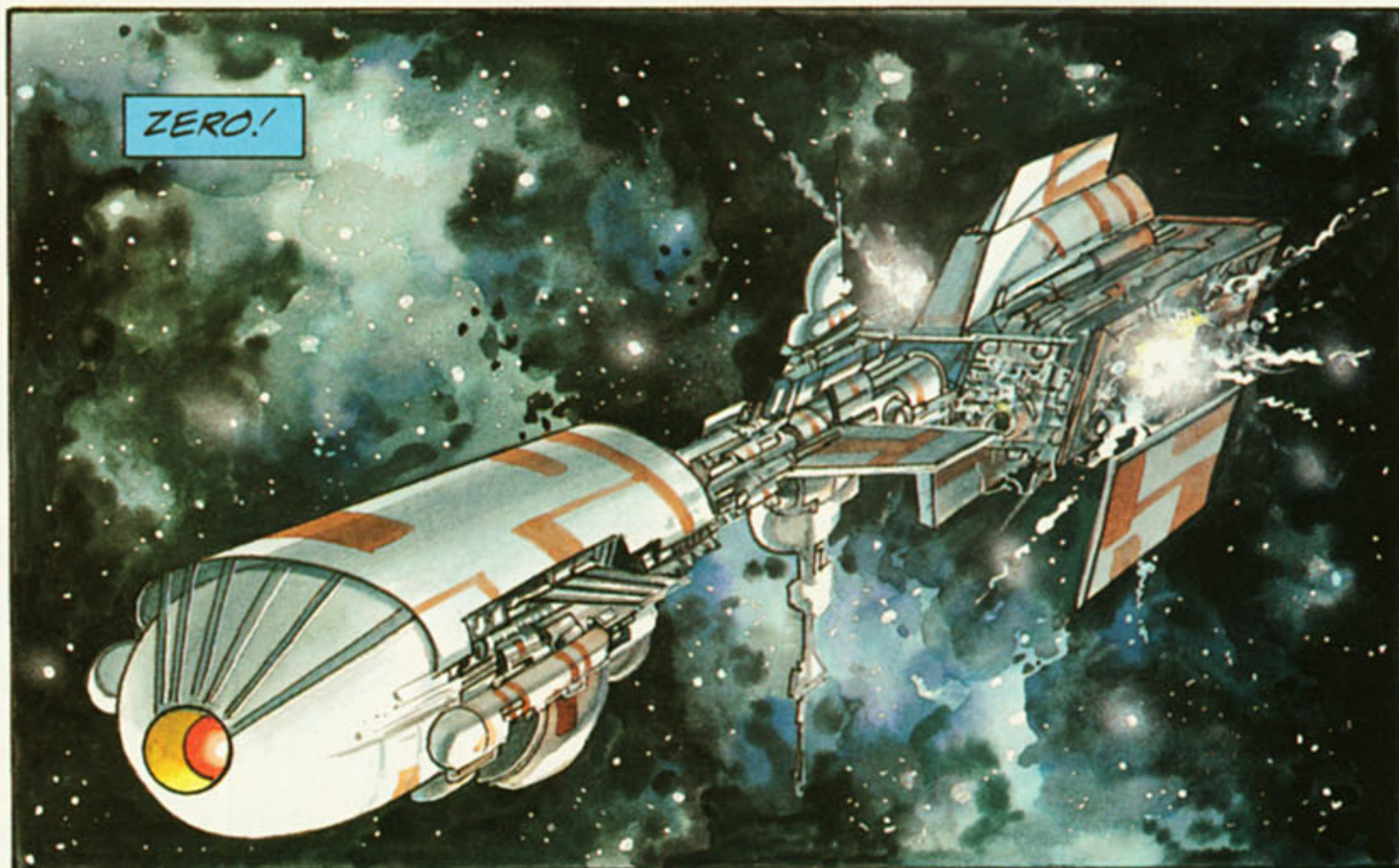
YES! YOU BITCH! COME FOR ME!



I HAVE COME FOR YOU NOW... "MASTER"!

URK!







LATER, NEAR
NEW TORTUGA...



SOB! SHE WAS THE
ONLY ONE... I MADE
HER... LOVED HER...



THERE,
THERE,
LASS...

WE'LL
BOTH LOVE
AGAIN.



I'VE NEVER
BEEN WITH
A MAN...

WELL...
NEITHER
HAVE I.



THE END

Libby IN THE LOST WORLD™



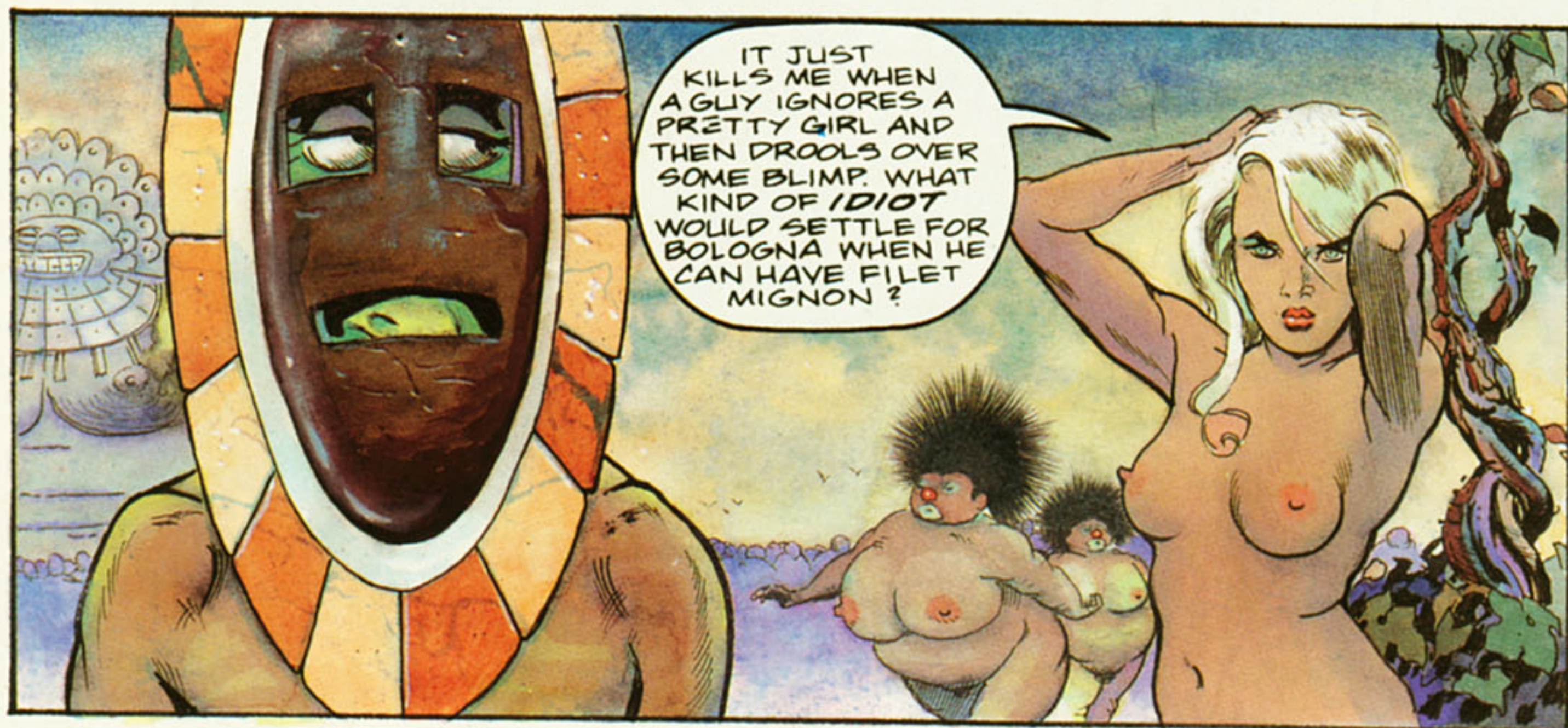
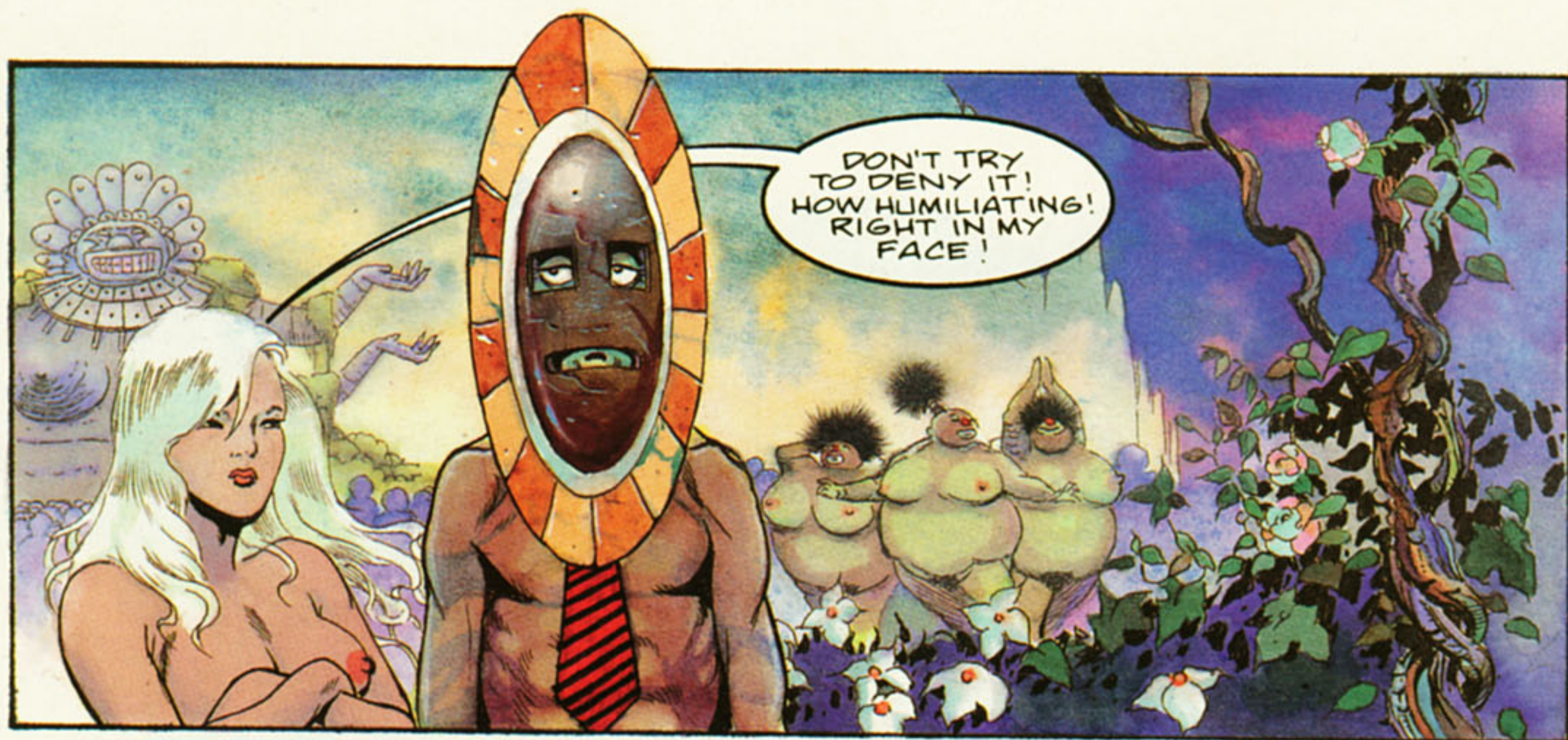
EPISODE 5: HEAVEN ON EARTH HELL ON WHEELS

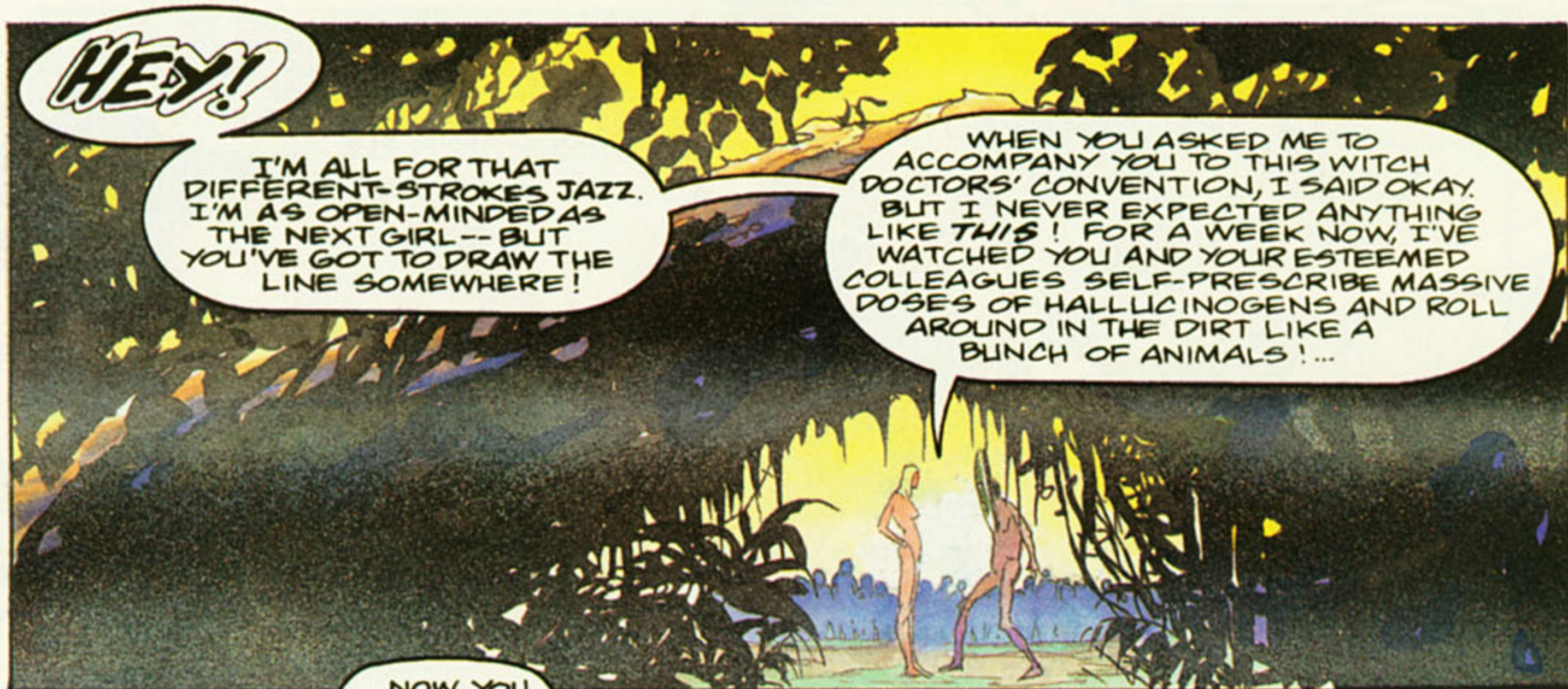
This is the story of Libby Eisenberg, a stuck up New York Princess, who, on her way to a glorious wedding with a rich doctor, crash landed in a mysterious lost world that time forgot.

Libby became a living goddess to a tribe of cavemen and live-in shrewish girlfriend to the tribe's Witch Doctor, the stoneage mastermind, Ugah Boogah. Can a big city girl find happiness in a world without-plumbing? Without shopping? <gasp!> Without Shoes?

**STORY AND ART BY
ARTHUR SUYDAM**
LETTERS: WILLIAMS



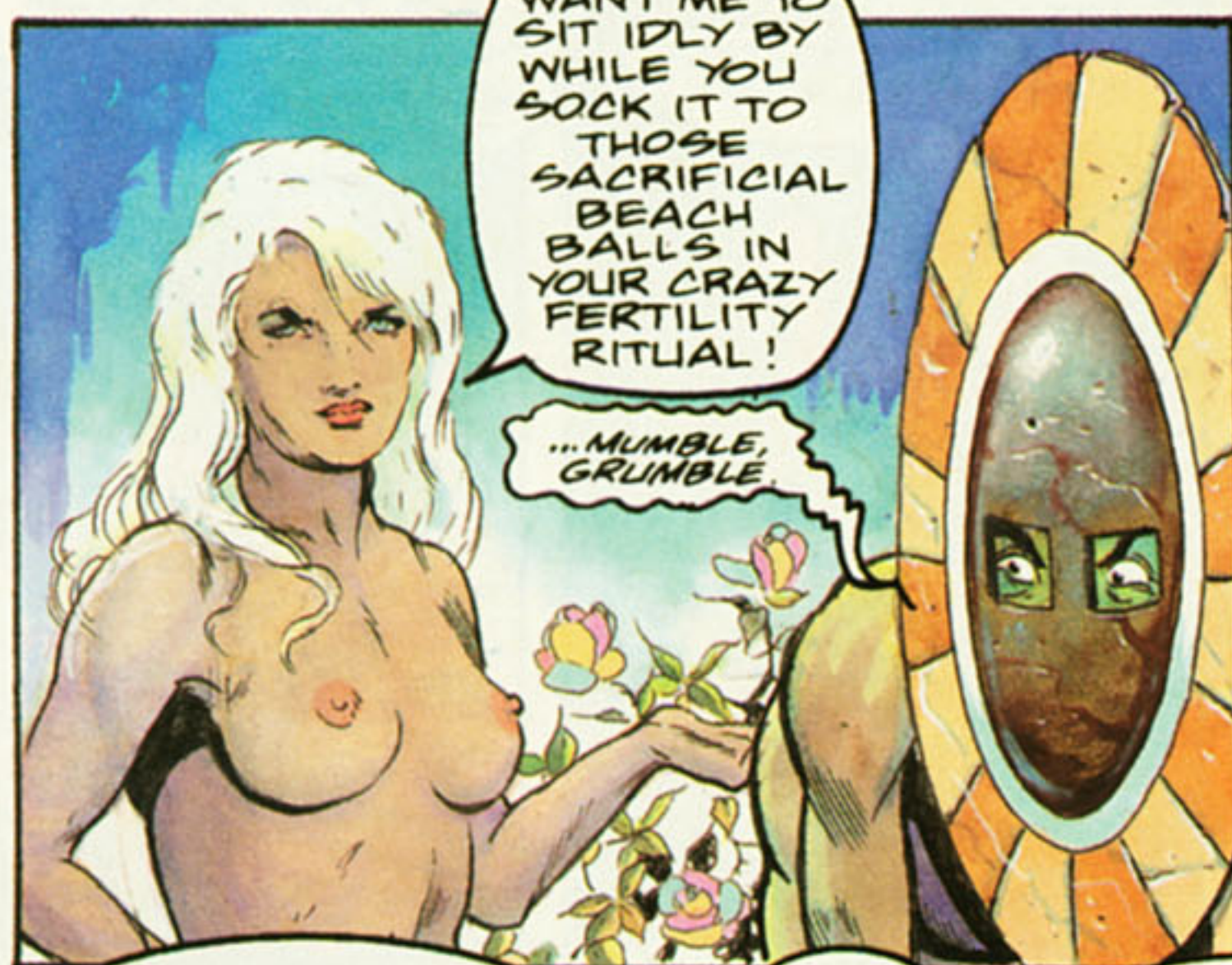




HEY!

I'M ALL FOR THAT DIFFERENT-STROKES JAZZ. I'M AS OPEN-MINDED AS THE NEXT GIRL-- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!

WHEN YOU ASKED ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU TO THIS WITCH DOCTORS' CONVENTION, I SAID OKAY. BUT I NEVER EXPECTED ANYTHING LIKE THIS! FOR A WEEK NOW, I'VE WATCHED YOU AND YOUR ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES SELF-PRESCRIBE MASSIVE DOSES OF HALLUCINOGENS AND ROLL AROUND IN THE DIRT LIKE A BUNCH OF ANIMALS!...



...NOW YOU WANT ME TO SIT IDLY BY WHILE YOU SOCK IT TO THOSE SACRIFICIAL BEACH BALLS IN YOUR CRAZY FERTILITY RITUAL!

...MUMBLE, GRUMBLE.



HEY! IN YOUR DREAMS, PAL!

?!?



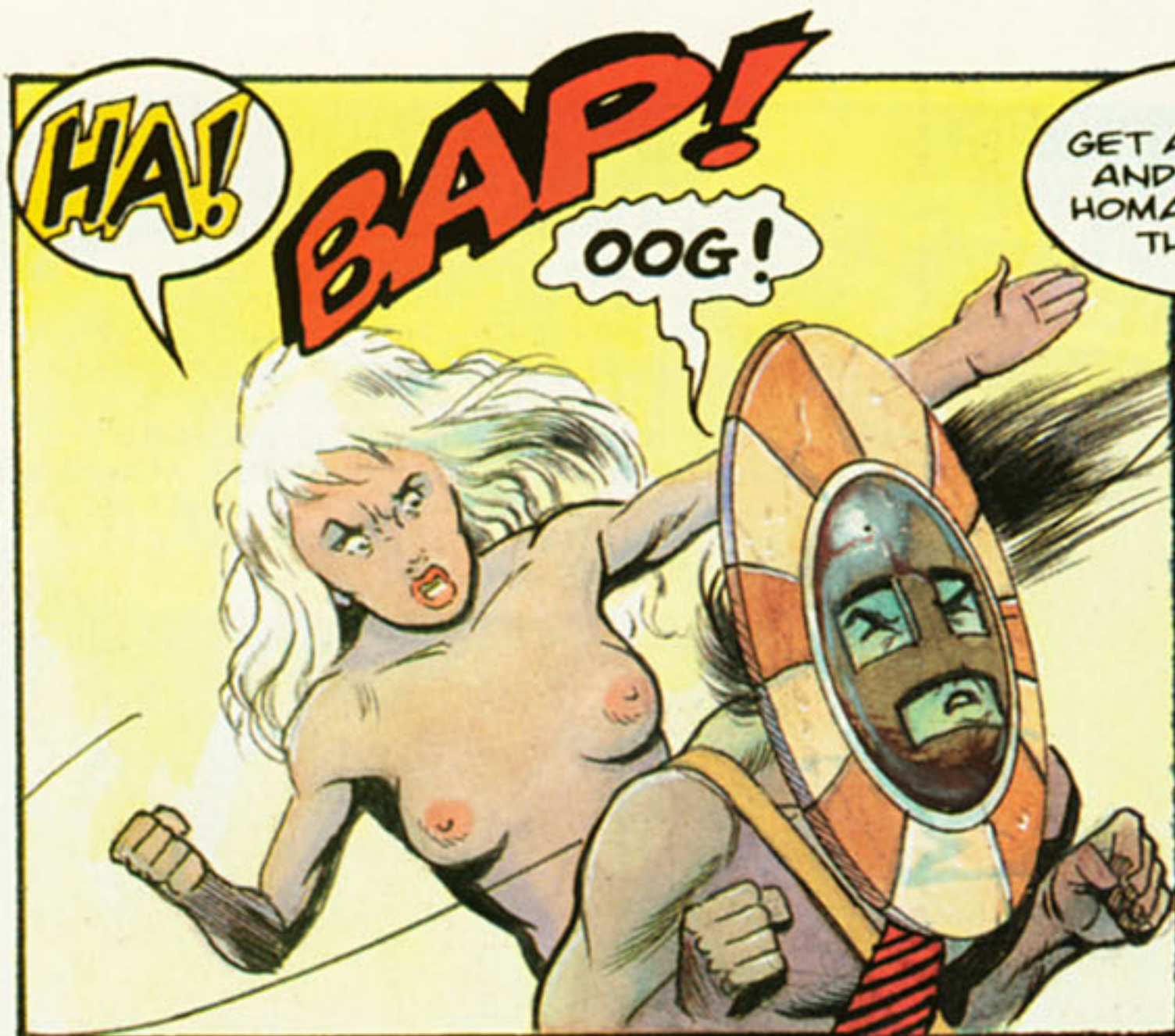
NO WAY, JACK! WE'RE OUTTA HERE! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET YOU TALK ME INTO...

...?!?

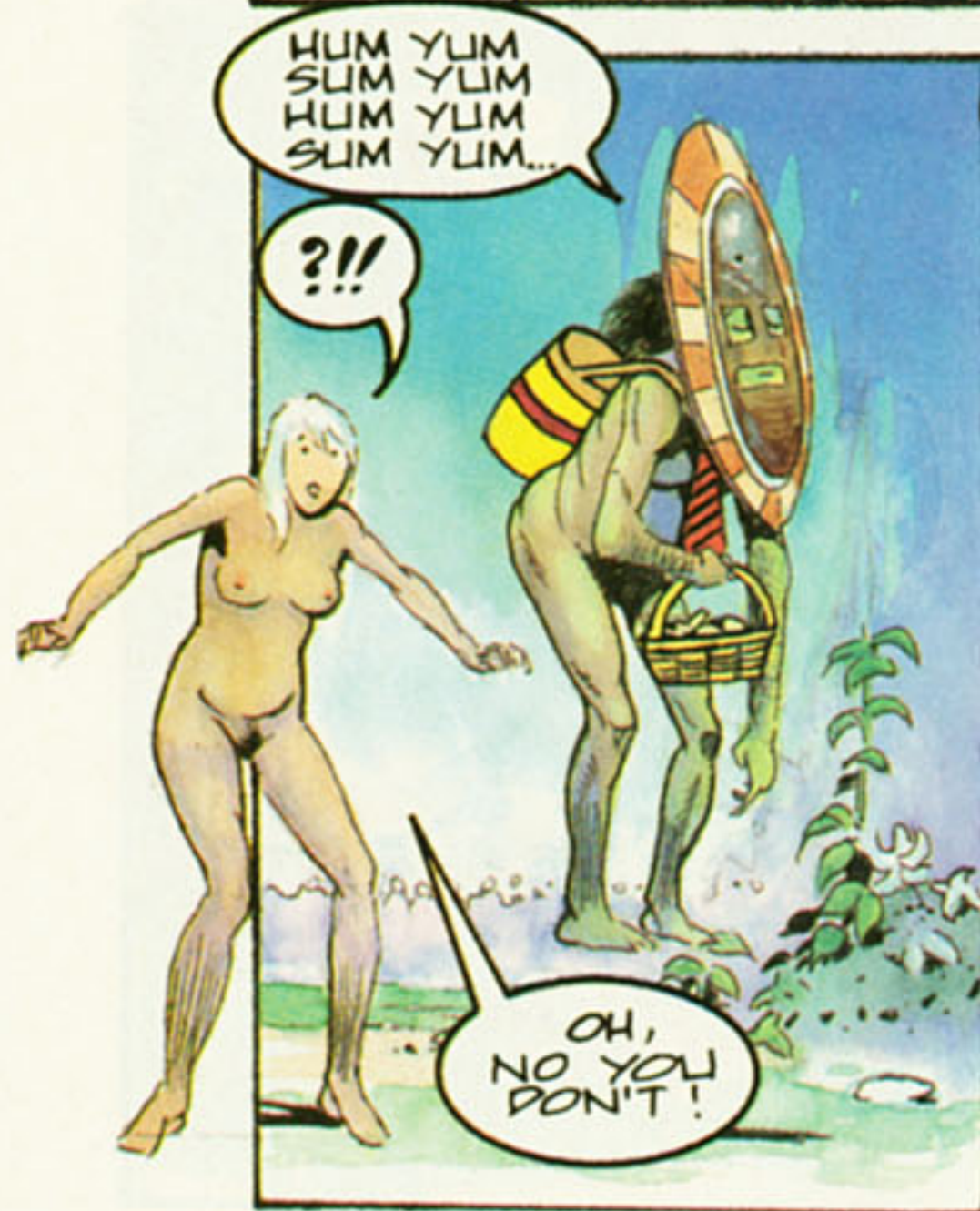
THERE HE GOES AGAIN! JUST LOOK AT HIM! A PRIME CANDIDATE FOR WHIP-LASH!



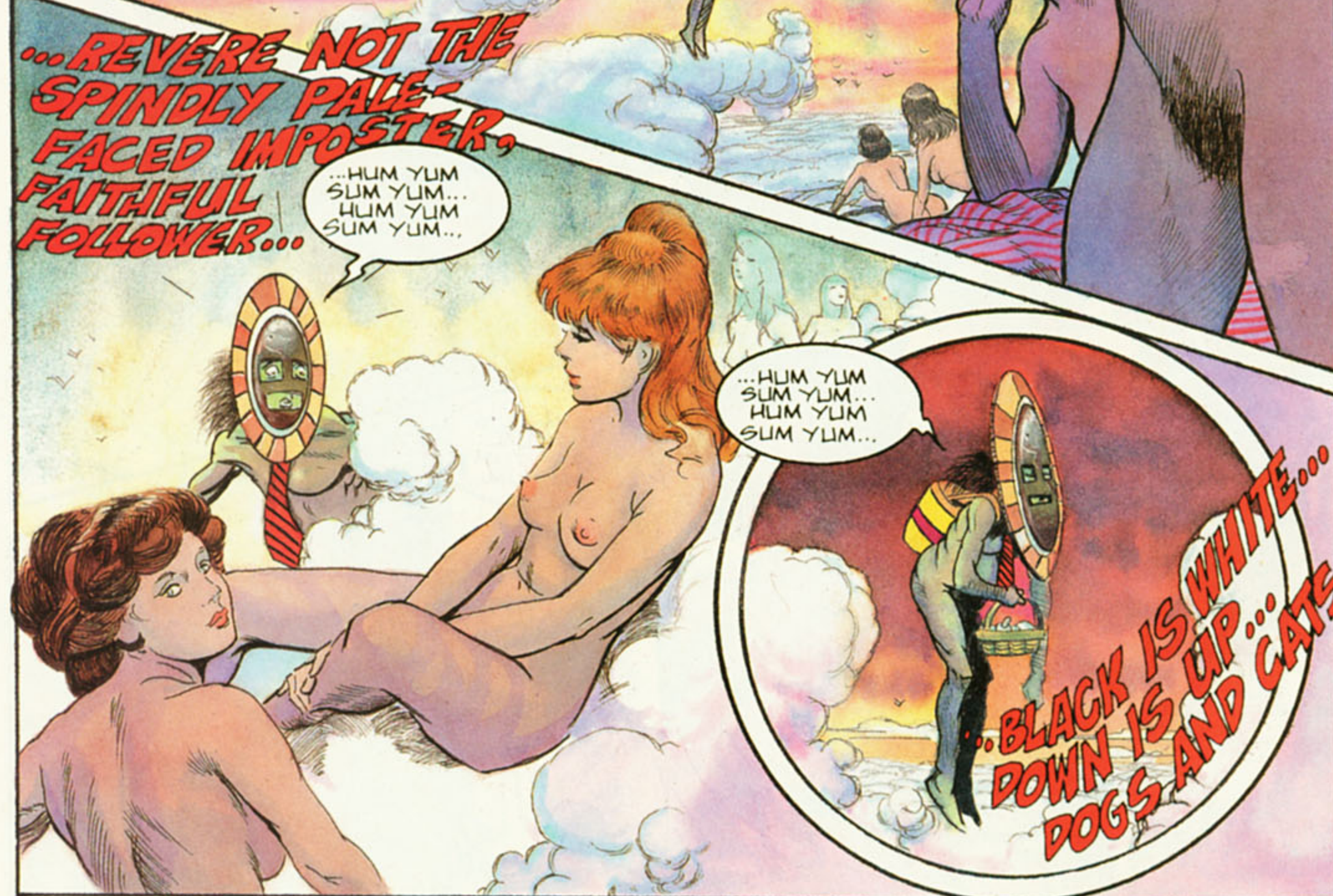
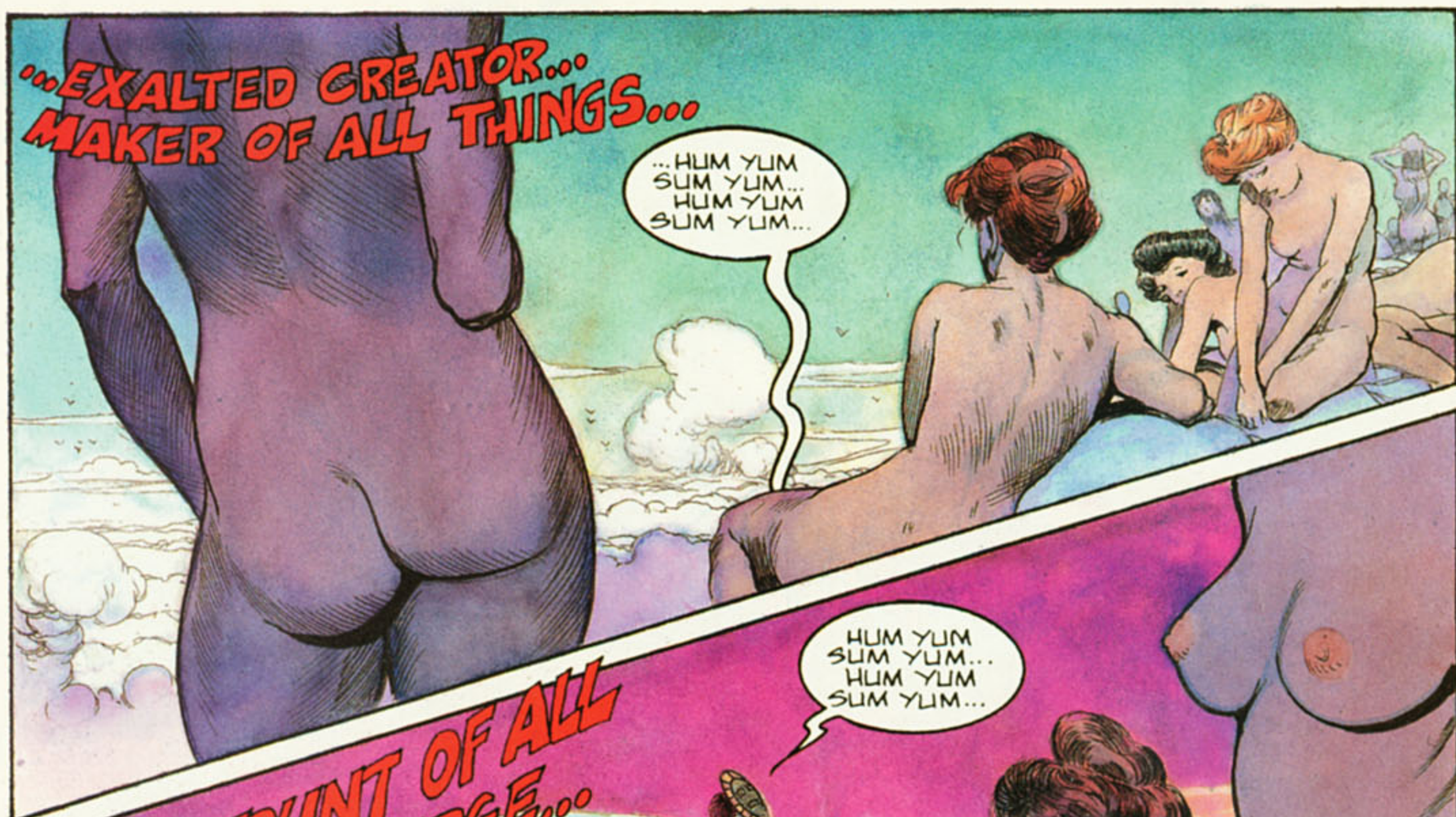
ROWL?!?



GRRR! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH LEERING AT CHUNKSTERS AND TRY TO PASS IT OFF AS PAYING HOMAGE TO YOUR PRECIOUS "SPIRIT IN THE SKY," YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING, BLUB!









**...LET THE DIVINE CEREMONY BEGIN...
...INTO THE LIGHT...**



**HUM YUM
SUM YUM!
YOU ARE
WORTHY,
DISCIPLE!
LET THE CON-
SECRATION
BEGIN!**



?!!

SQUEAL!

**HUM
YUM SUM
YUM!
BRANG IT
O-VUH HEAH,
SWEET
DADDY!**



**UGAH
BOOGAH
UGAH
BOOGAH
UGAH
BOOGAH
UGAH
BOOGAH
UGAH
BOOGAH**

**I DON'T
EVEN
WANT
TO
KNOW...**



DOCTOR DARE

AND THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

EPISODE IV

CARNAGE IN THE LOST CITY



The year is 1939. Plucky lady scientist, **Joanna Dare**, developed a serum that unlocked the human body's vast potential, but thanks to a tragic accident, she is its only recipient. Now, when ever she has sex, she is transformed into **Doctor Dare** a two-fisted adventuress with the strength of fifty men! Offering her services to the President, Franklin Roosevelt, Joanna was asked to carry out a secret mission for FDR's wife, Eleanor Roosevelt.



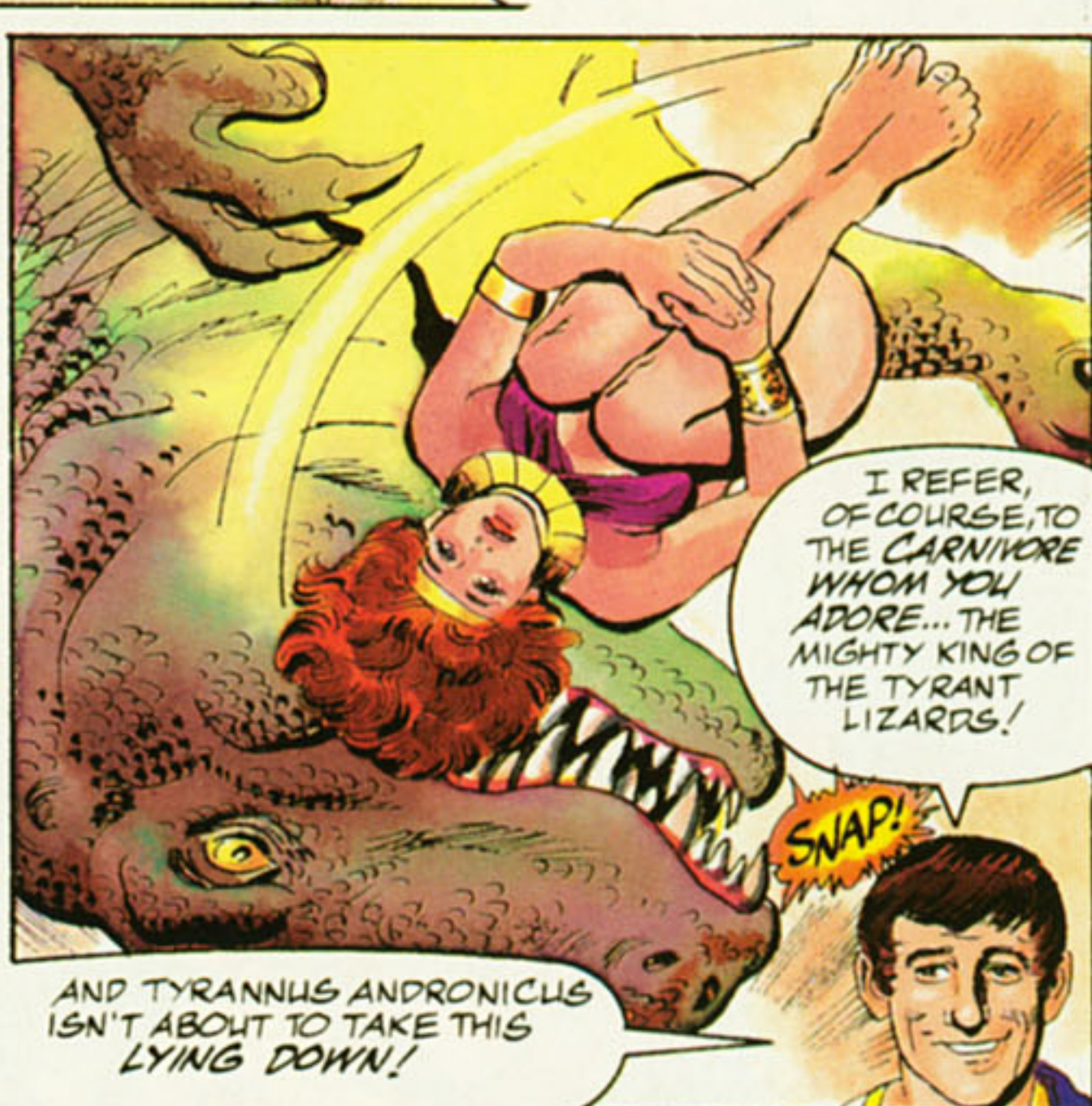
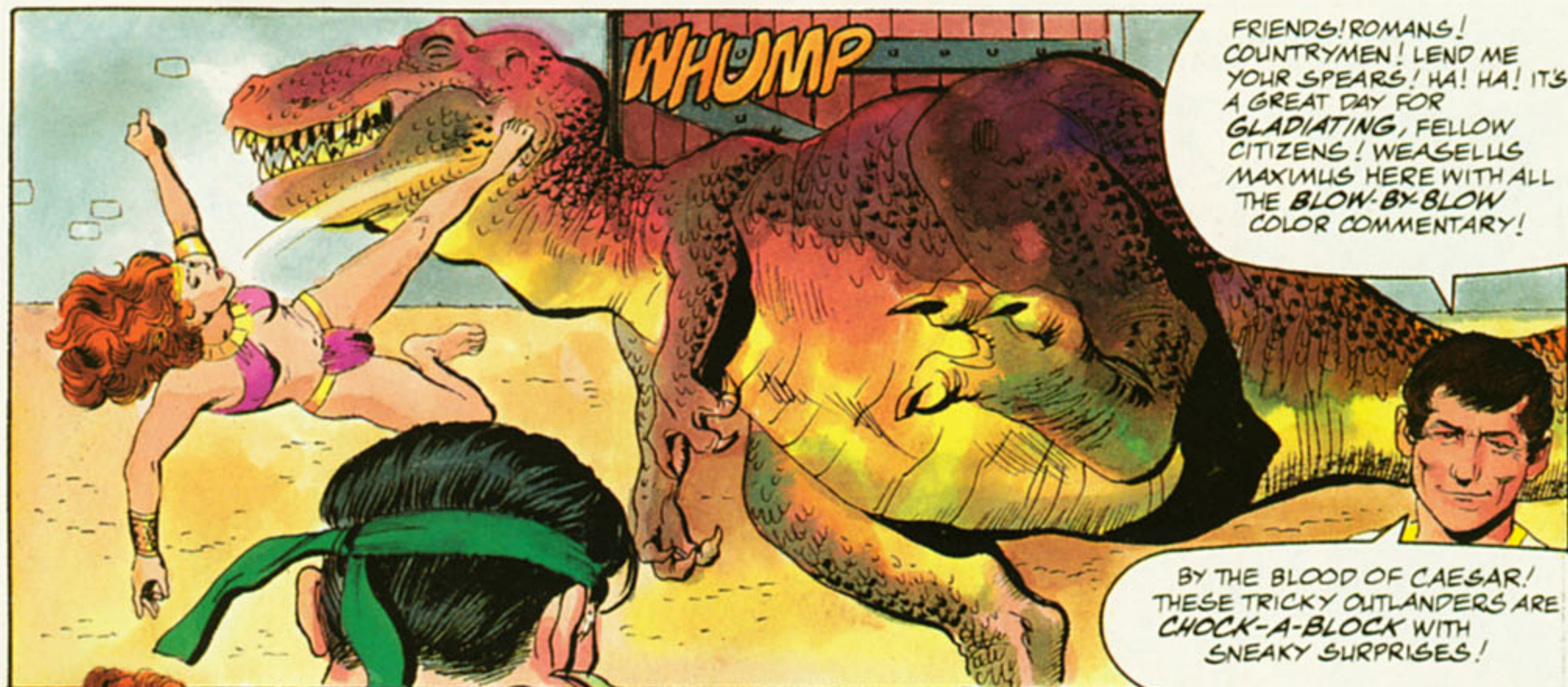
The mission, for which Joanna was teamed with fearless archeologist **Pat Pike**, was to travel to darkest Axis infested Africa and discover the true whereabouts of famed lost aviatrix **Emila Earhart**. En route, Joanna and Pat fell into the clutches of Dare's mortal nemesis, the fatal fem-inazi, **Agent D**. Only the chance arrival of a pack of prehistoric pterodactyls saved them from a fiery doom. Dare and Pike soon found themselves trapped in a mist shrouded ...



...world that time forgot. There, in a lost roman city, ruled by the legendary **Prestor John**, they found Earhart, who was suffering from amnesia and believed herself to be Prestor John's long dead wife. Dare and Pat convinced Earhart that she was indeed the famed lady flyer and were about to make their escape when they were set upon by Prestor John's warriors and thrown into the savage gladiator arena, there to face the deadliest beast to ever walk the earth!

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Gray Morrow LETTERS: Lopez





DOESN'T ANYONE AROUND
HERE KNOW HOW TO TREAT
A LADY?

ROAR! CHEER!
HOOT! YEAH!

OKAY, MR. TALL, DARK, AND SCALY...
YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT?

STOMP

ROAR!

GULP!

I'LL GIVE
YOU A
BELLYFUL!

SNAP

OR MAYBE
YOU JUST
NEED TO
GARGLE!

PHEW!
HAVE YOU EVER
CONSIDERED
FLOSSING?

ARRGH!



AH, AH, AH. DROP THAT PIGSTICKER, TROJAN!

IN FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS NONE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DISARM ME! YOU HAVE DONE IT NOT ONCE BUT TWICE! WHAT MANNER OF WOMAN ARE YOU?

WEEEEEE

THE ONE THAT'S GONNA PUNCH OUT YOUR LIGHTS--

--WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

LOOKS LIKE SOME UNINVITED SKY KRAUTS HAVE CRASHED THE PARTY!

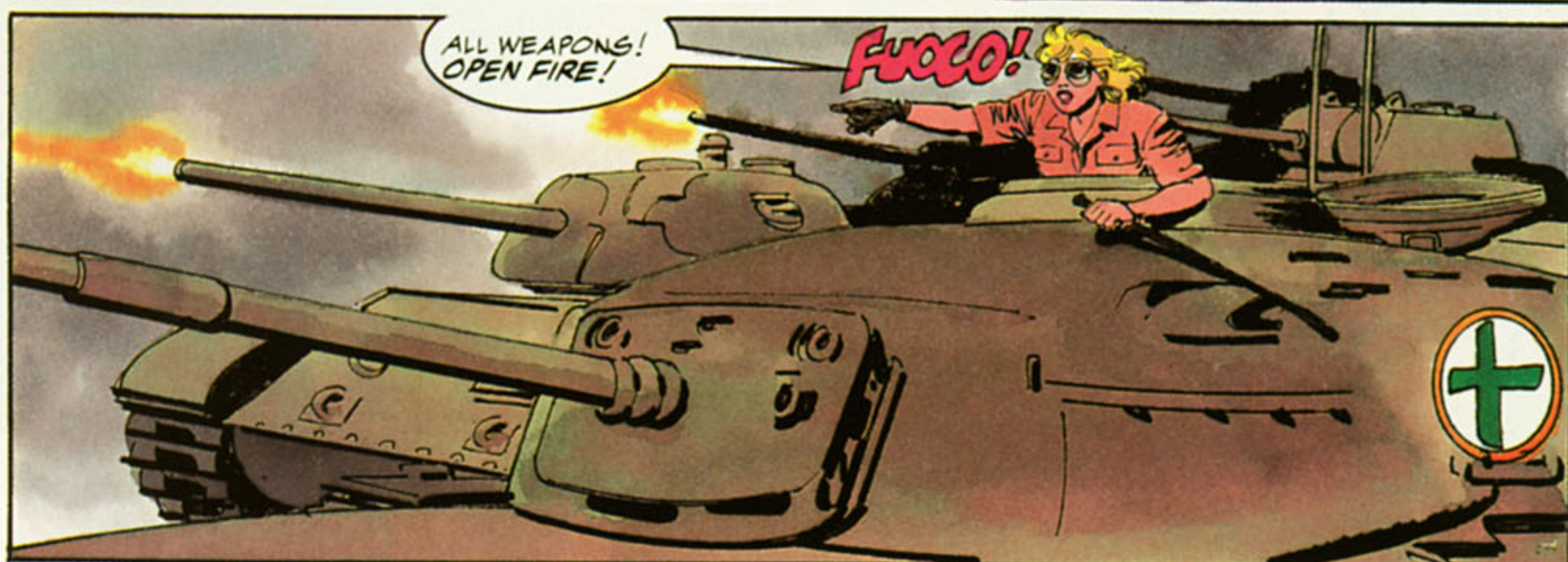
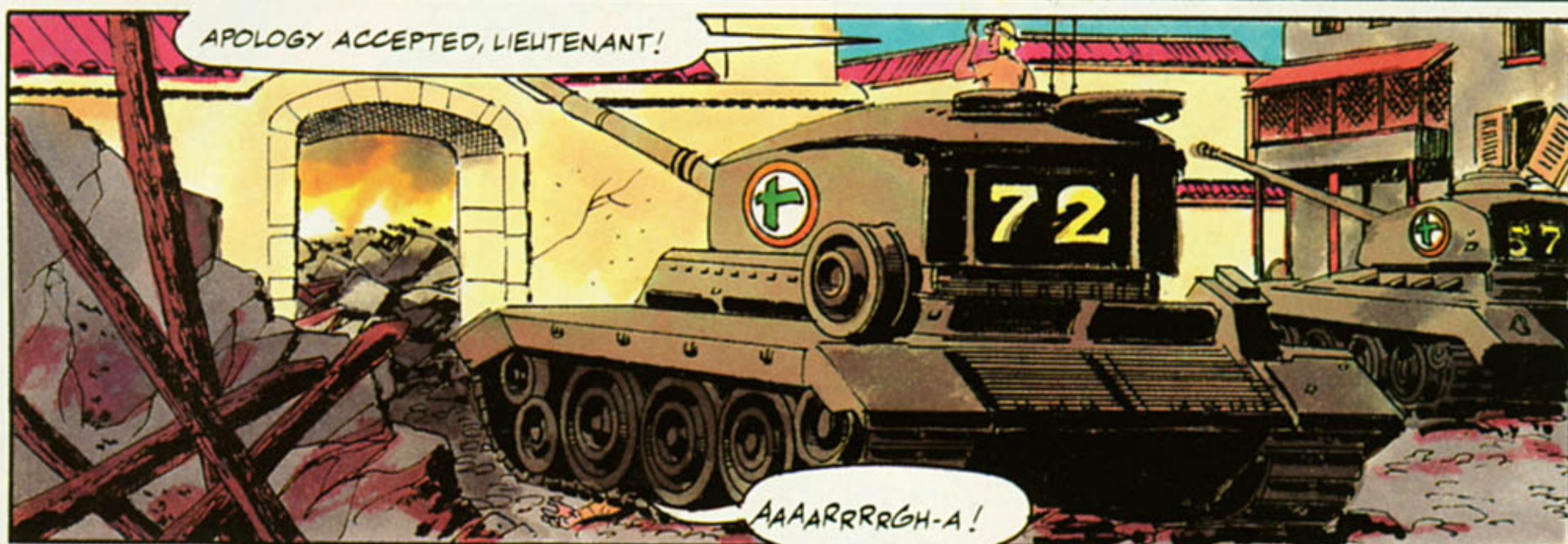
BOOM BOOM BA-WHOM

OUTLANDERS!

RIDING UPON HORSELESS CHARIOTS! AIEEEE!

AIEEEE!

FASTER! FASTER! I AM ALMOST THERE!



HEED ME, OUTLANDER! WHAT-
EVER QUARREL EXISTS
BETWEEN US, THERE IS A
GREATER SCORE TO BE
SETTLED WITH OUR COMMON
ENEMY.

YOU SLING
A PRETTY
GOOD LINE
OF BULL,
CHESTER.
BUT I
SAVVY.

IF I TEAM UP WITH YOU
AGAINST THESE NAZI
BASTARDS--YOU LET ME
AND MY FRIENDS GO!

I SWEAR BY SAINT MICHAEL, SAINT
JOHN, AND THE HEAVENLY THRONE
OF CHRIST HIMSELF--IT SHALL BE
EVEN AS THOU SAYEST!

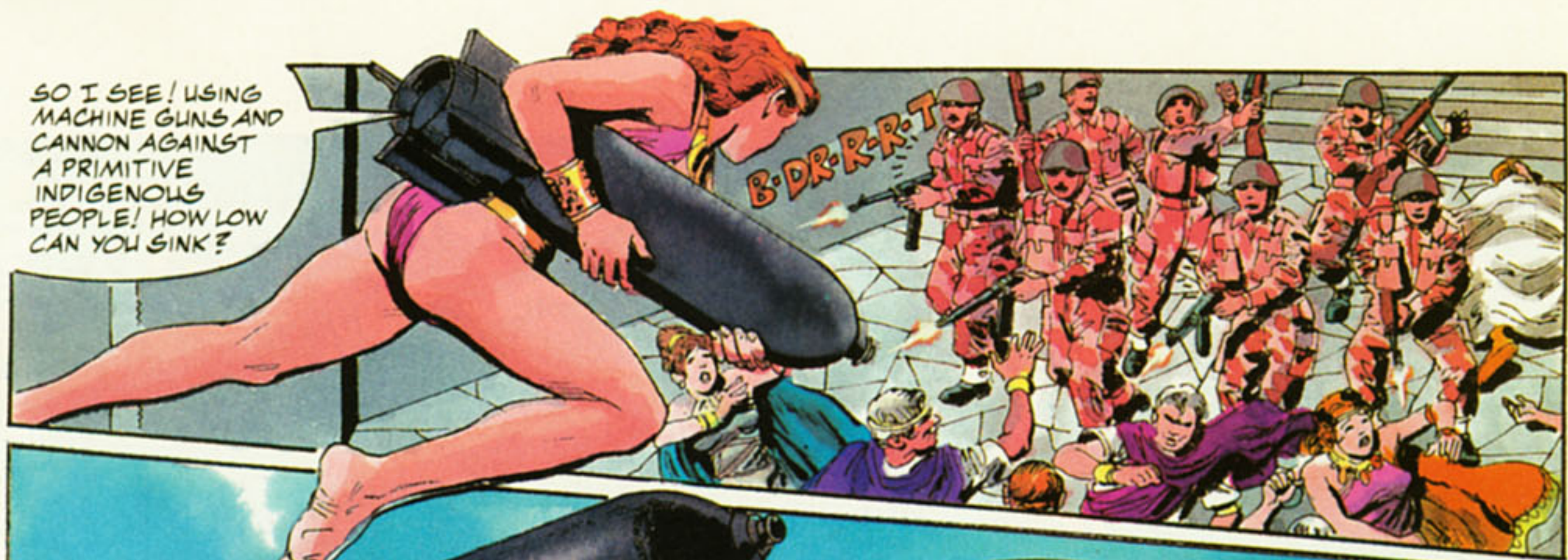
DEAL?

SPIT ON
YOUR HAND
AND WE'LL
SHAKE ON IT.
WAIT A
MINUTE...

PAT! GET
AMELIA
OUT OF
HERE!

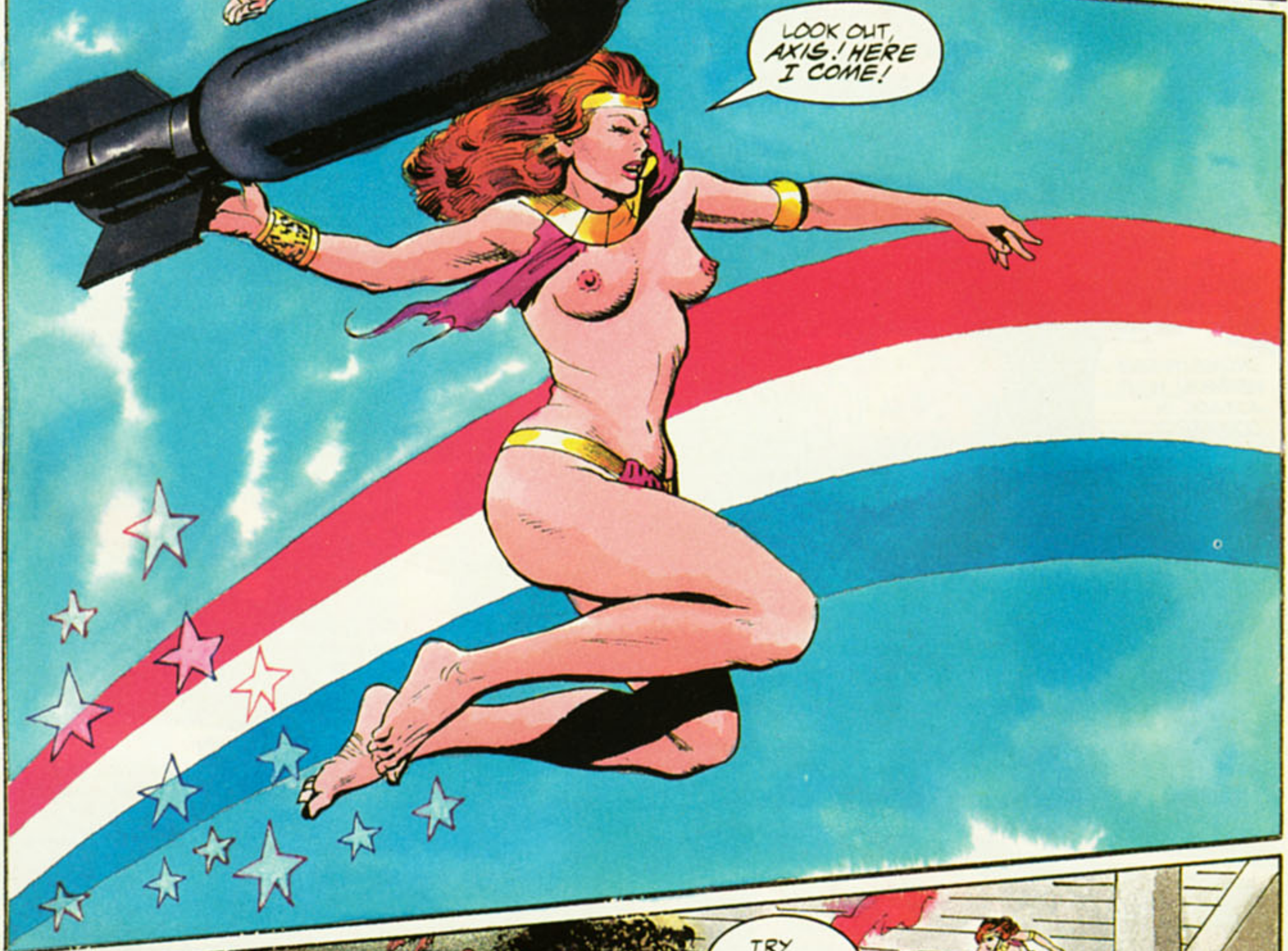
URF!

EASIER
SAID THAN DONE,
JO! WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!

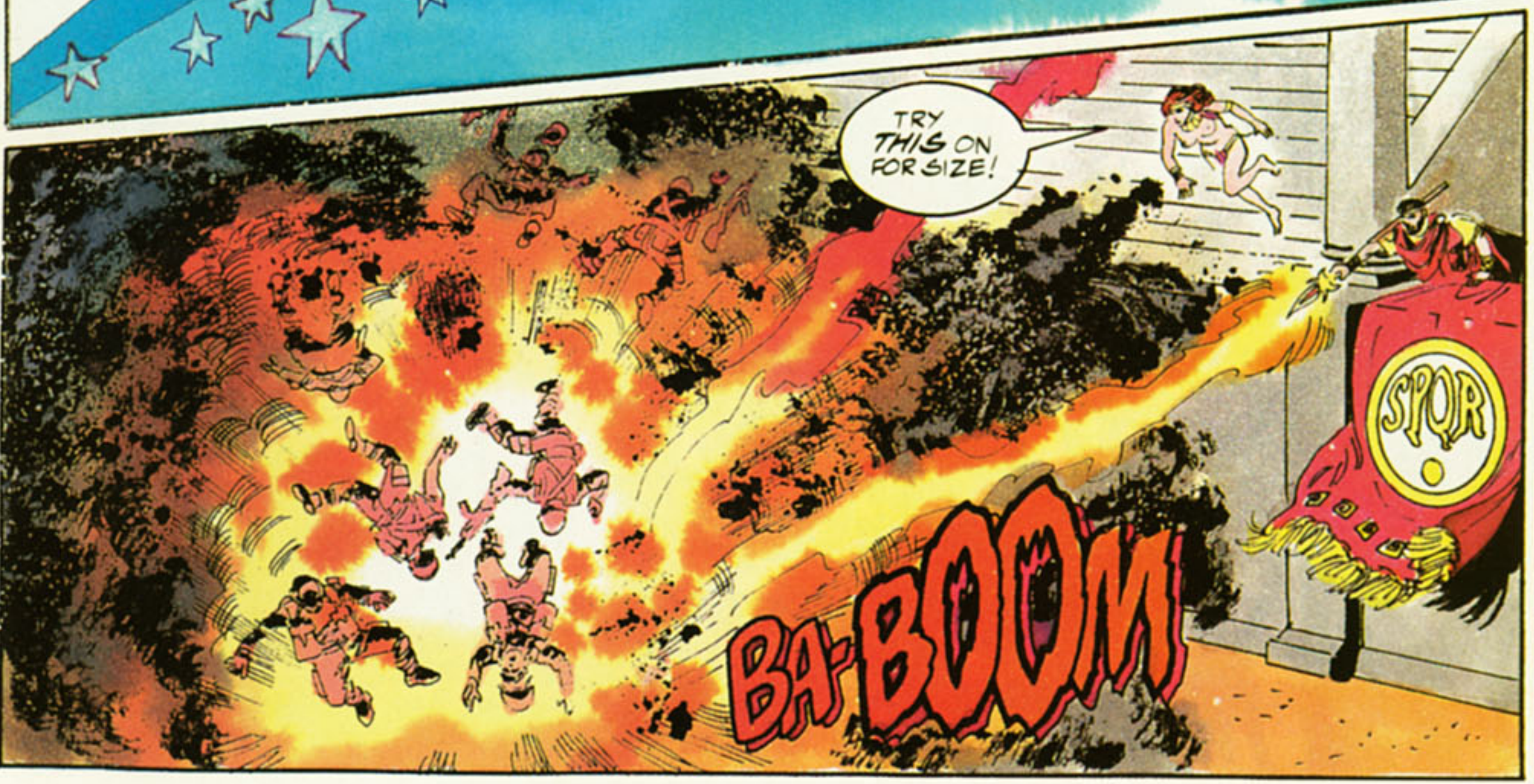


SO I SEE! USING
MACHINE GUNS AND
CANNON AGAINST
A PRIMITIVE
INDIGENOUS
PEOPLE! HOW LOW
CAN YOU SINK?

B-D-R-R-T

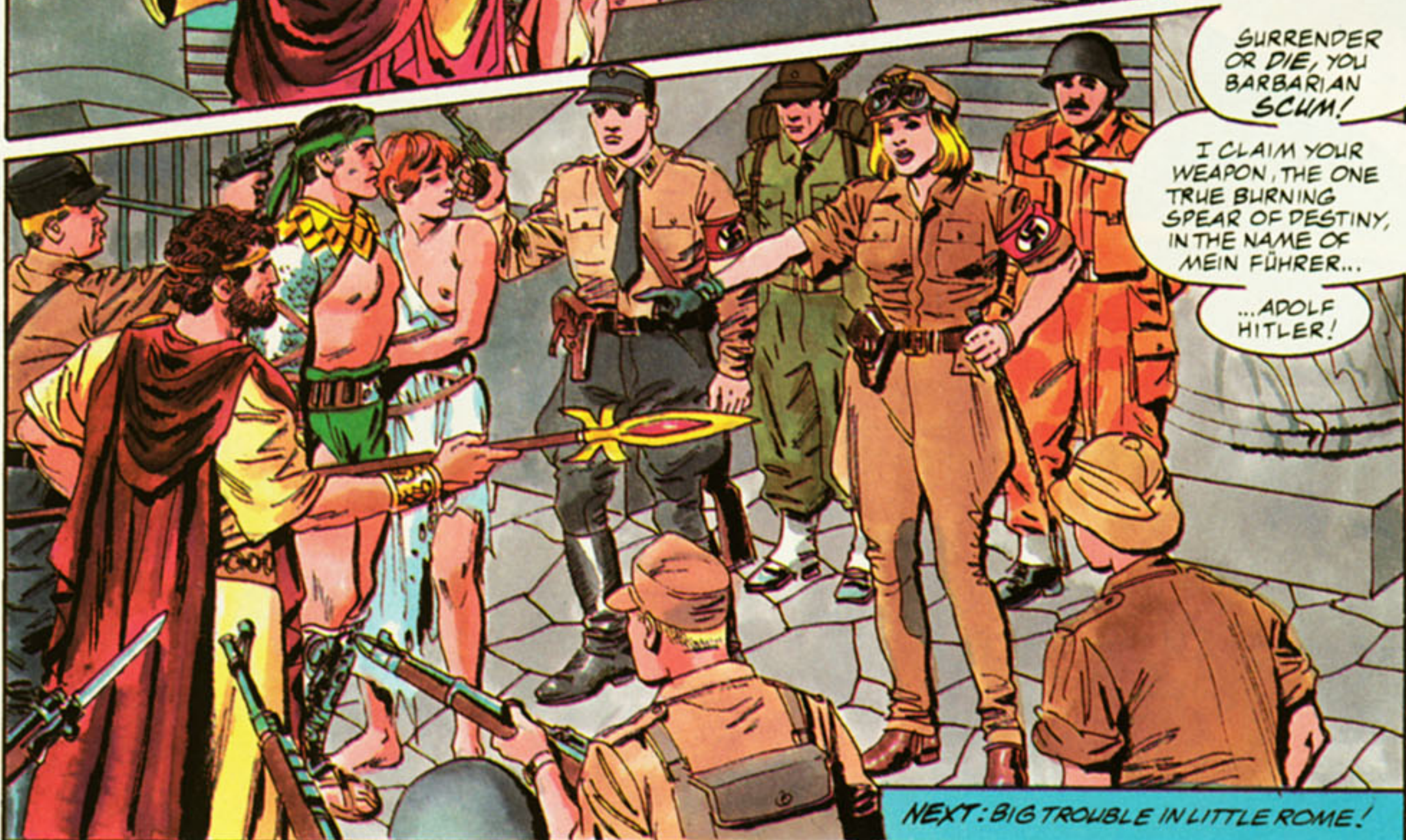
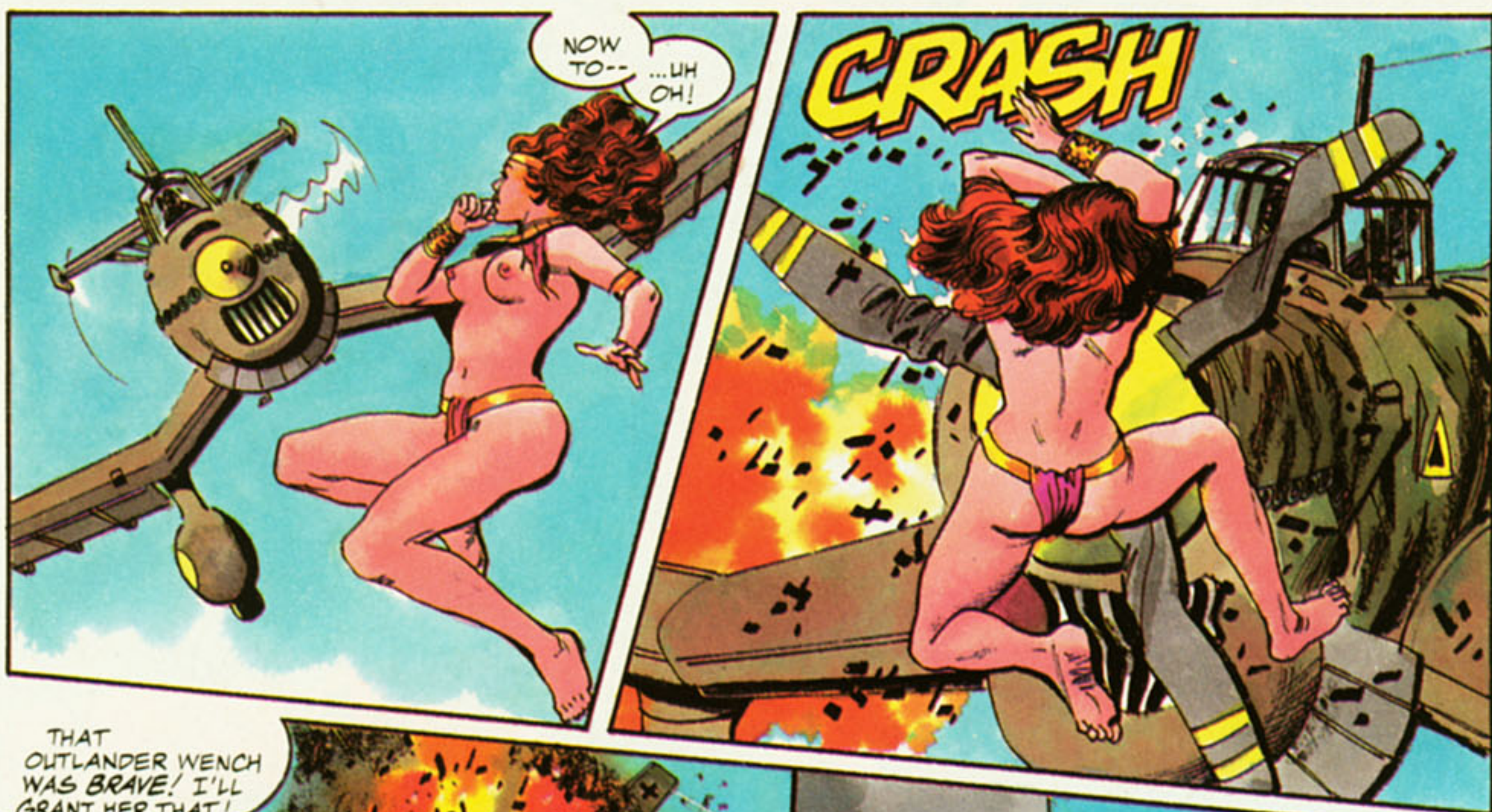


LOOK OUT,
AXIS! HERE
I COME!



TRY
THIS ON
FOR SIZE!

BA-BOOM!



NEXT: BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE ROME!

HOT Stories

EPISODE 2: HEARTBREAK HOTEL

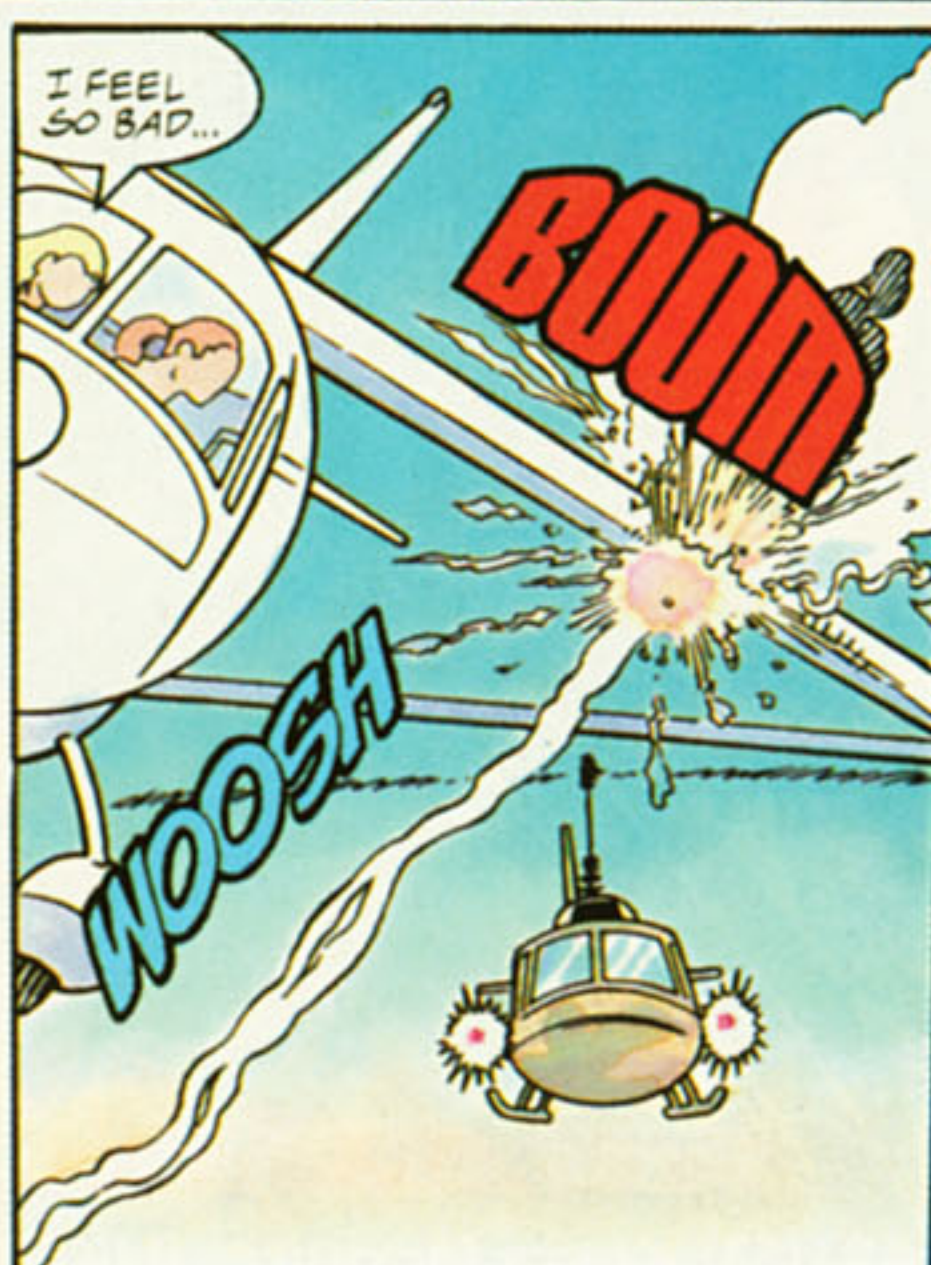
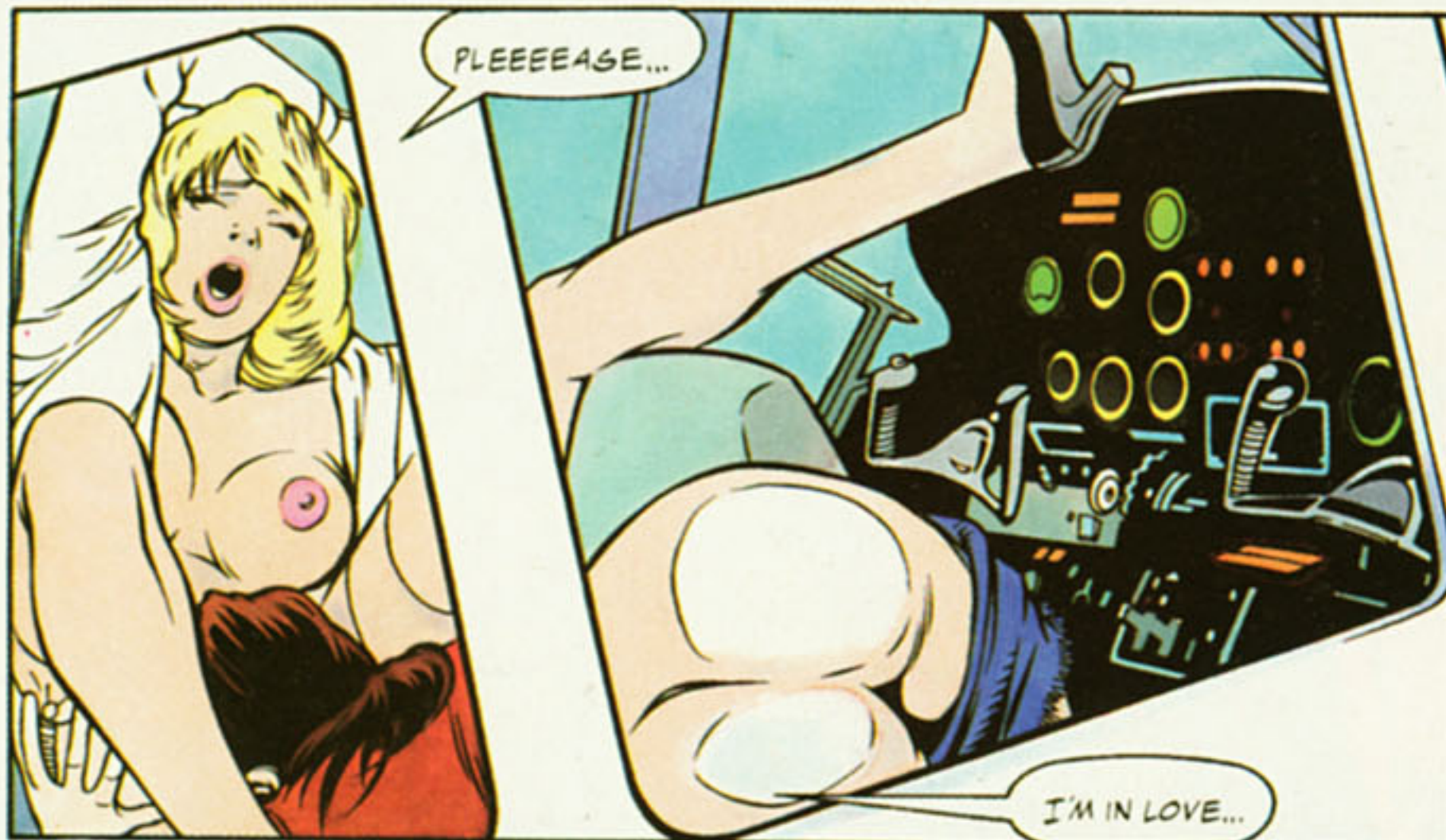


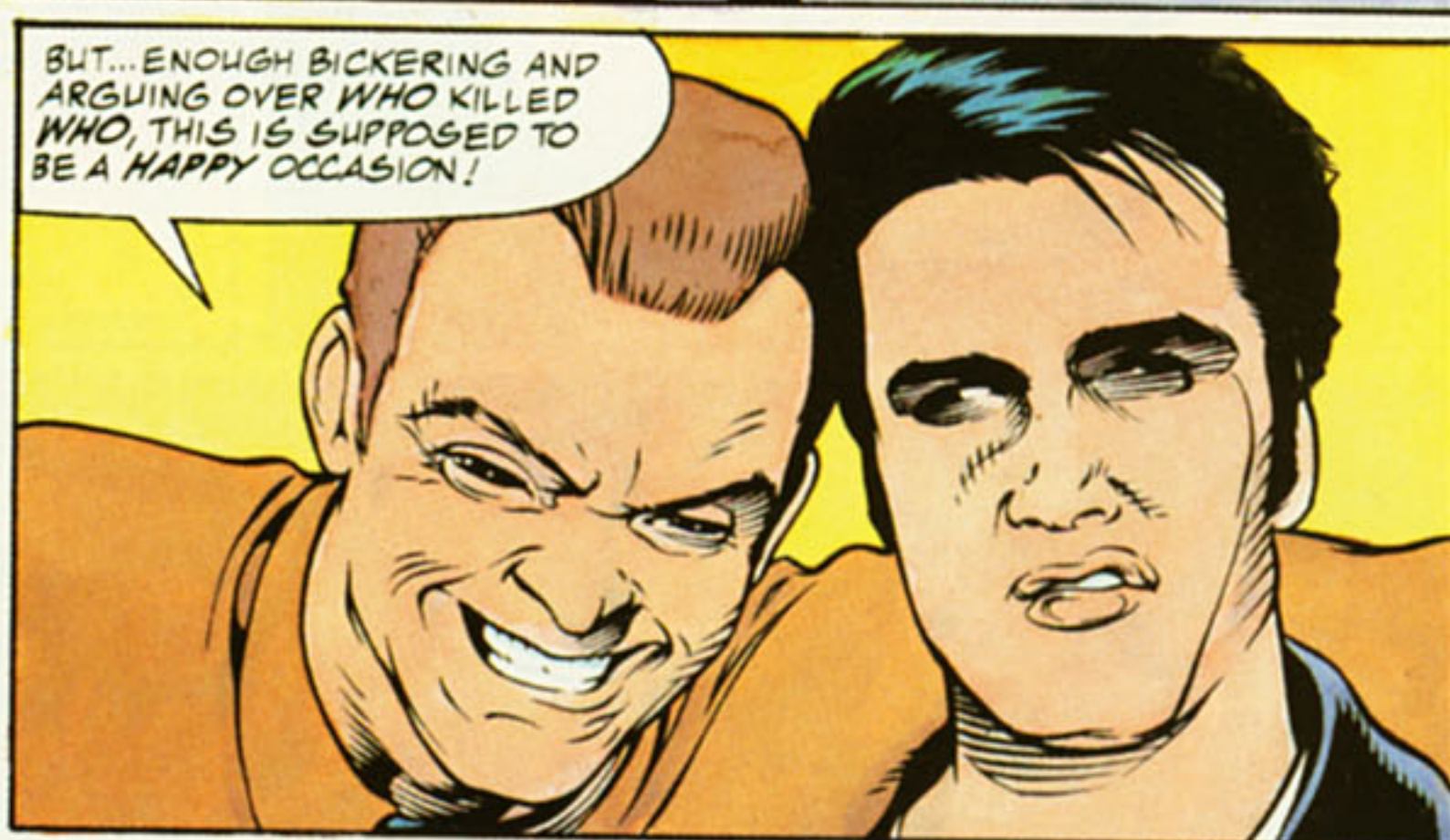
Back in the go-go 80's, a CIA funded Iran/Contra supply flight crashed in the jungles of Central America. It's cargo included a drum of radioactive defoliant which was recovered by a group of natives, who discovered that when mixed with the mud of their local volcano, the resulted in a muck that grants immortality. The Indians sold the drug to a group of South American Nazis who got rich by opening a highly reclusive and exclusive Health Spa, catering to celebrities who had faked their own deaths and were in hiding. Once they checked into the spa, however, they did not check out, thanks to the Nazis—who are determined to keep a monopoly on their secret formula.

By 1994, one of the captive celebrities, the King of Rock and Roll, managed to get word of the foregoing events to Rebecca Stori, ace reporter for the Weekly World Enquirer, who specializes in this kind of tabloid journalism. Rebecca set off for the Nazi stronghold in South America, along with Alexis Kash, a plucky southern belle/lip-stick lesbian pilot. The two women are flying over Belize as our story begins....

STORY: Caragonne & Thornton **ARTIST:** Kevin Maguire **INKER:** Karl Story
Colors: Suydam **Letters:** Lopez

(Special thanks to Joe Rubinstein who's inking credit was left off Episode 1 last issue)









WHAT ARE THE ODDS OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENING?

WELL, SHEOOOT! YOU MUST BE MY LITTLE GOOD LUCK CHARM!



LET'S MOVE IT, SUGAH!

HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU YOU'RE A HARD-HEADED WOMAN?



BARK! BARK!

ACHTUNG! SURRENDER!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

...I'M COMING!



ARE THEY FOLLOWING US?

NOPE. AH HAD A NICE LUNCH OF RAW MEAT IN THE BACK! NOTHING A HOUND DOG LIKES BETTER!

ALEXIS...

...YOU'RE THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE!



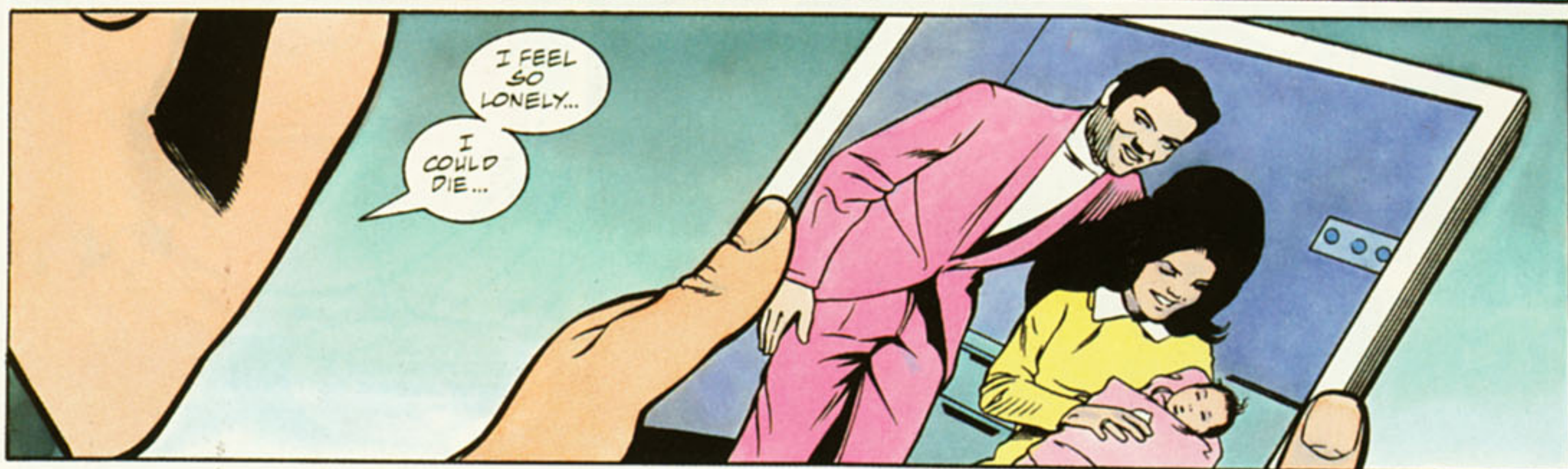
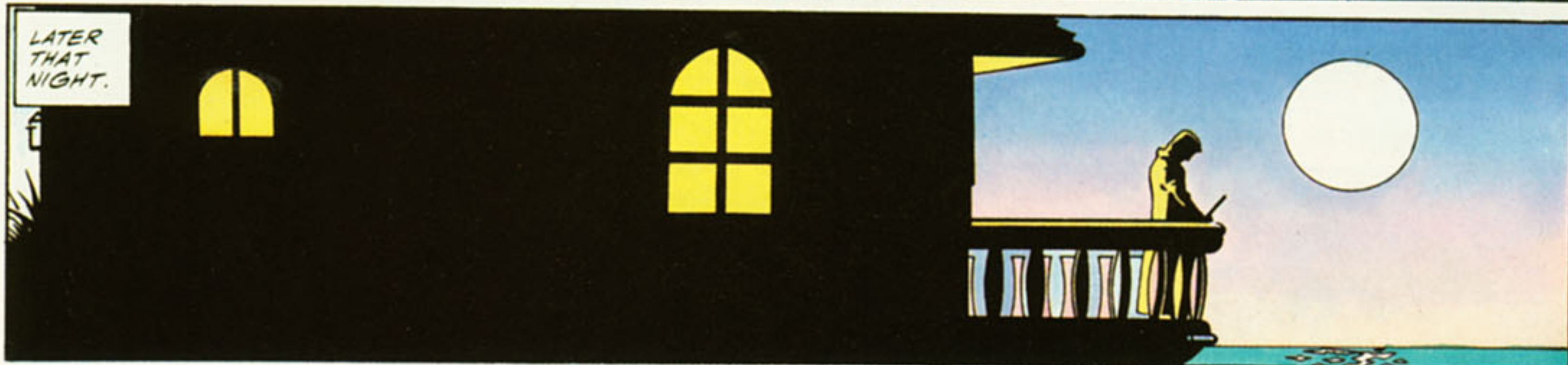
BECKY, DARLIN', I'M NOT THE KIND TO HAVE A SUSPICIOUS MIND, BUT YA'LL WANT TO TELL ME WHAT THIS ABOUT?

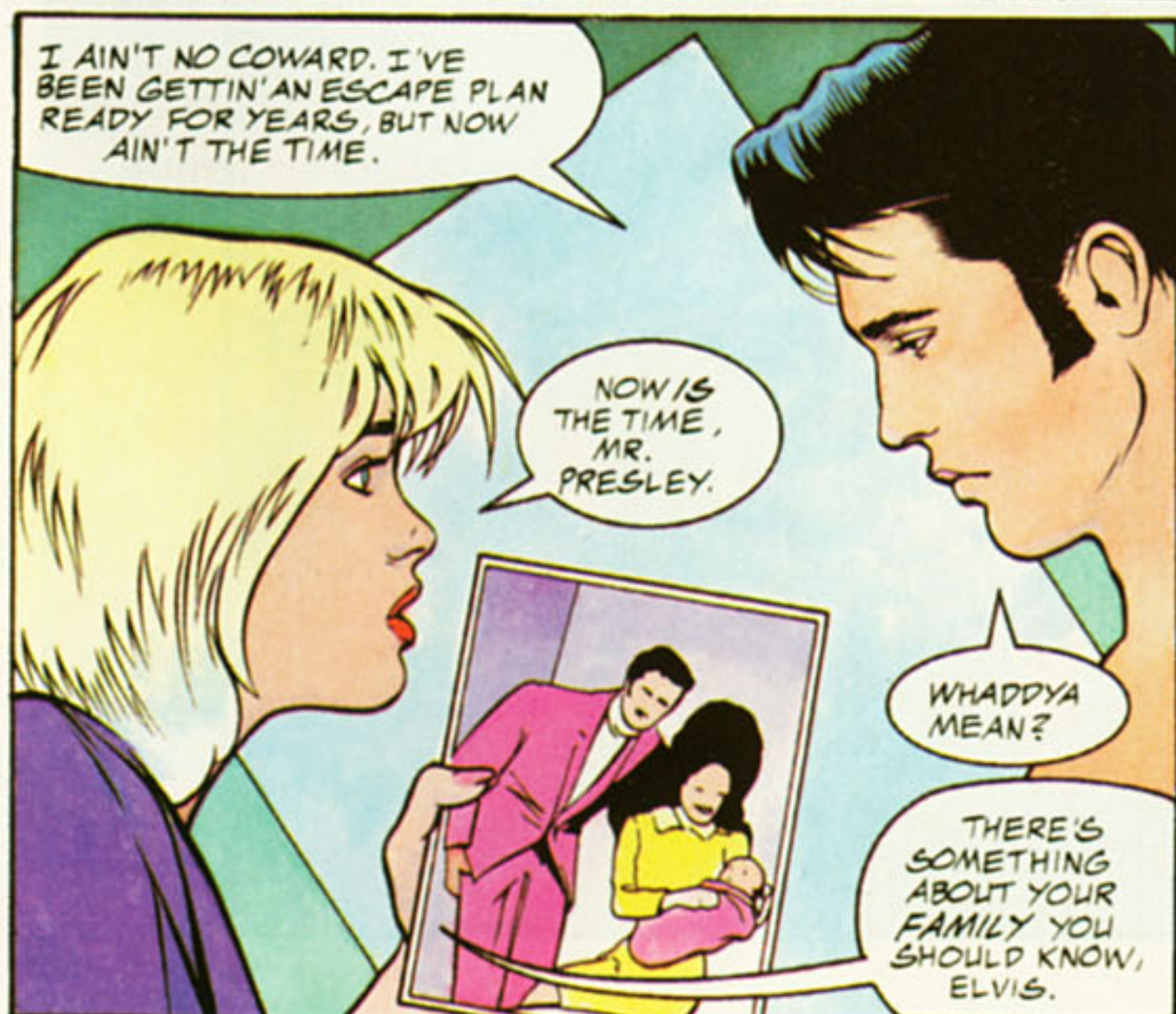
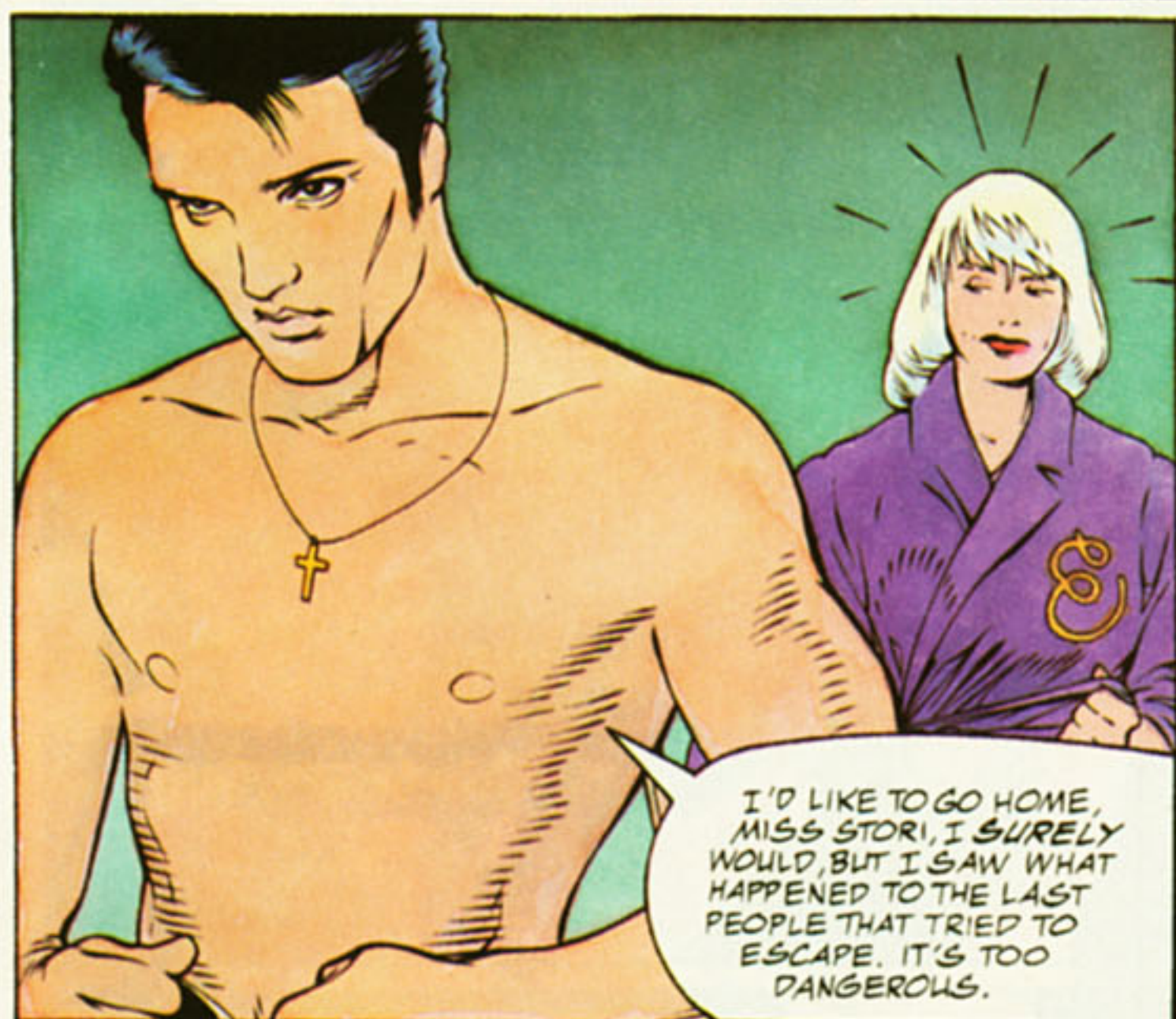
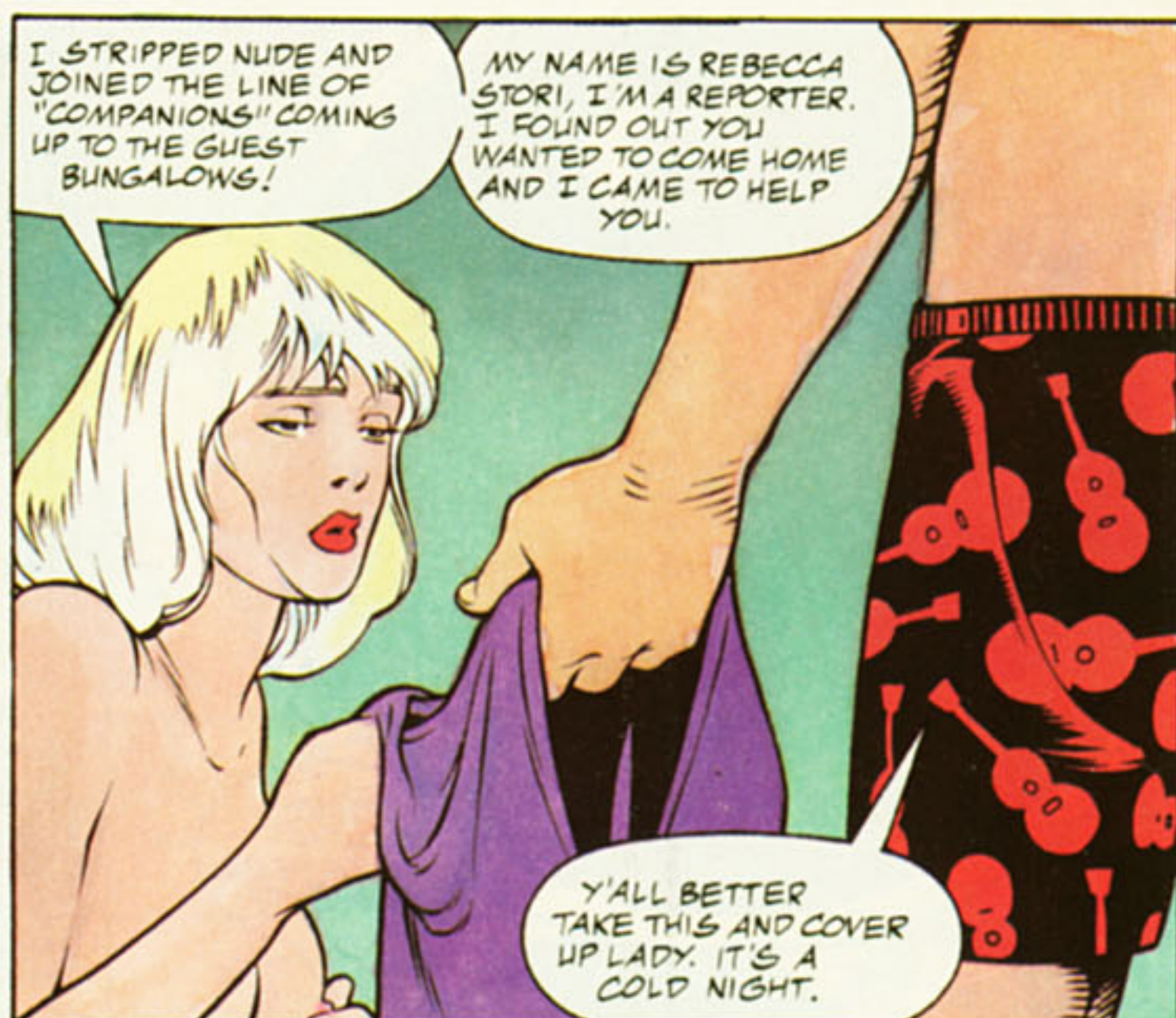
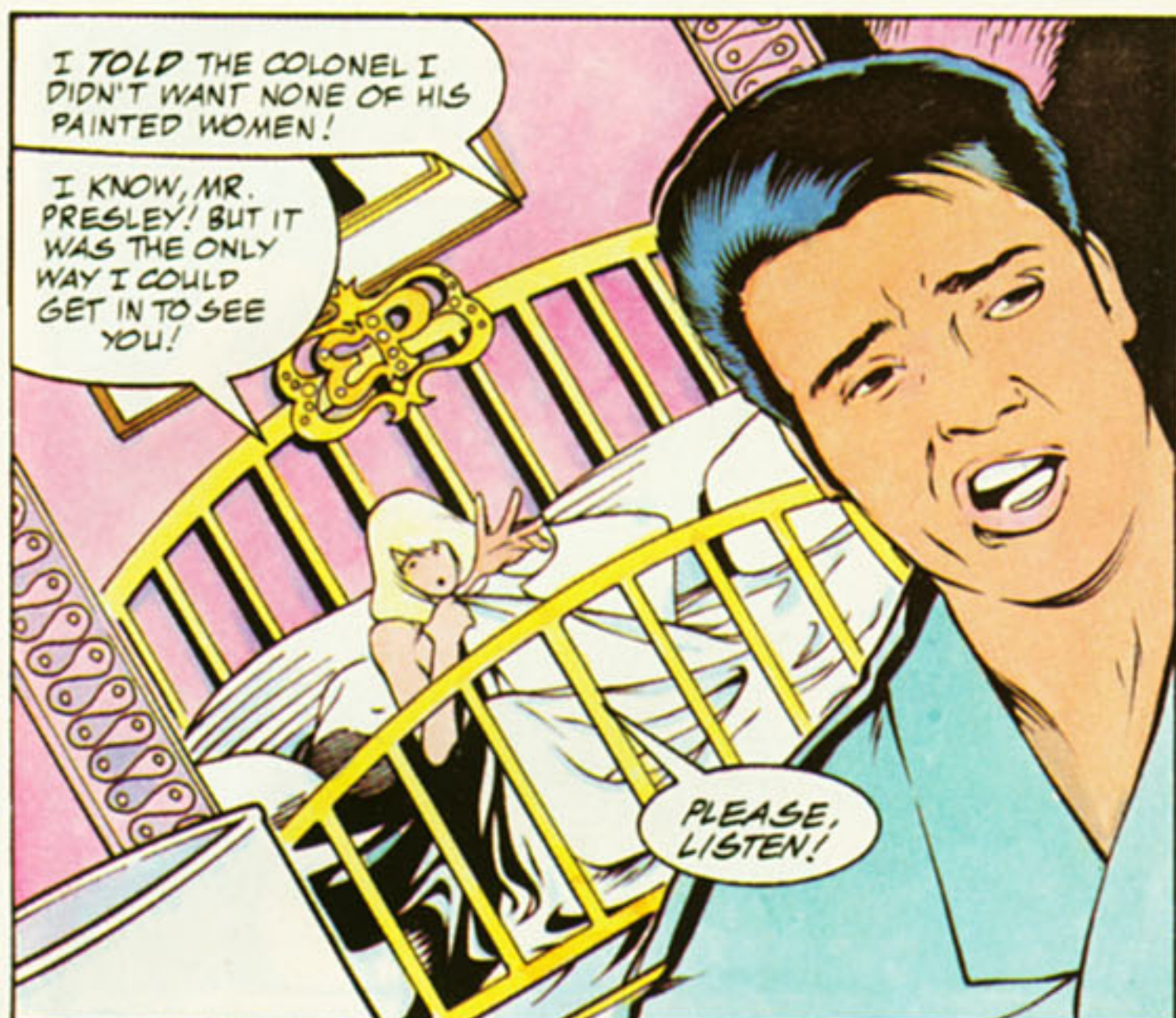
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME.

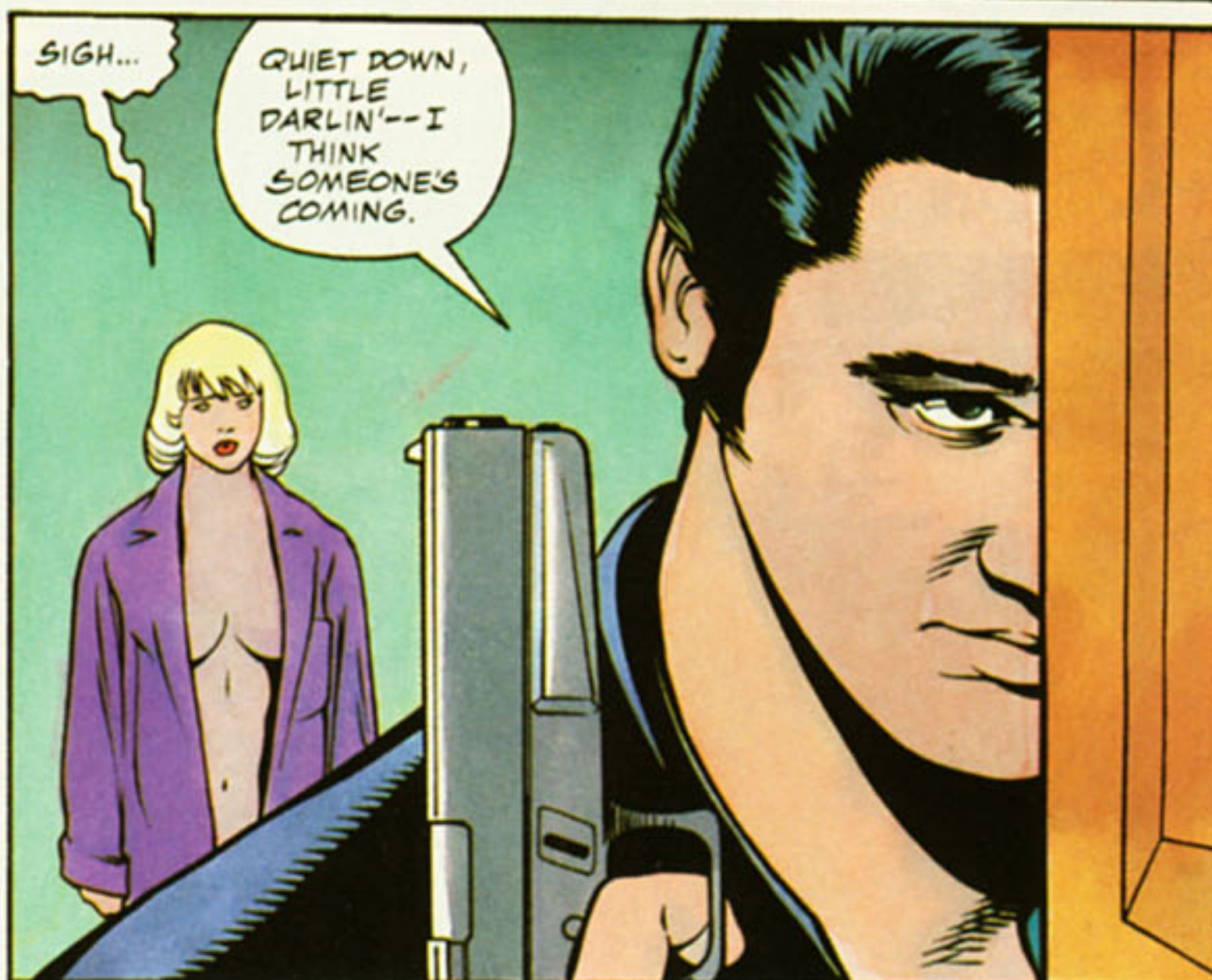
TRY ME.

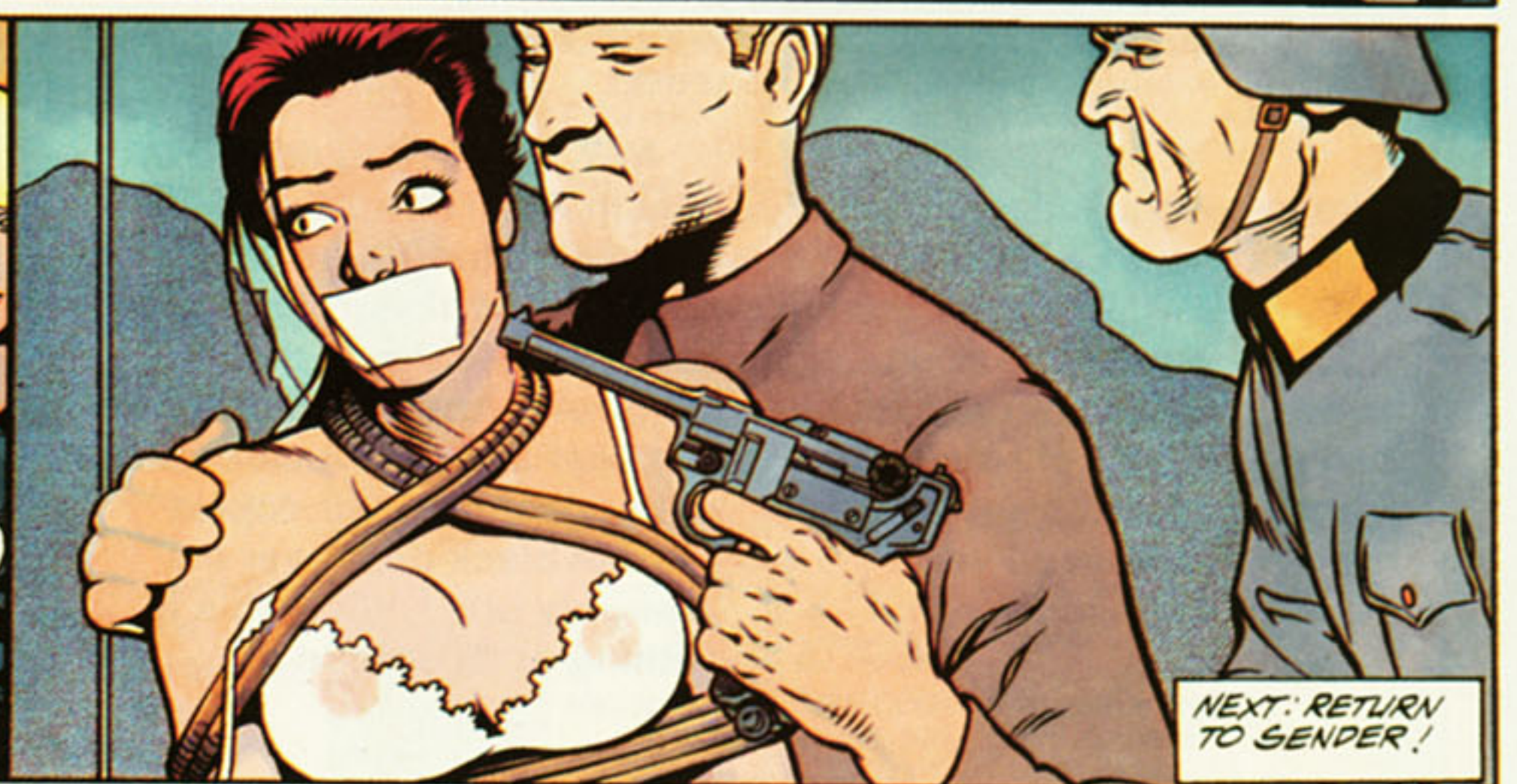
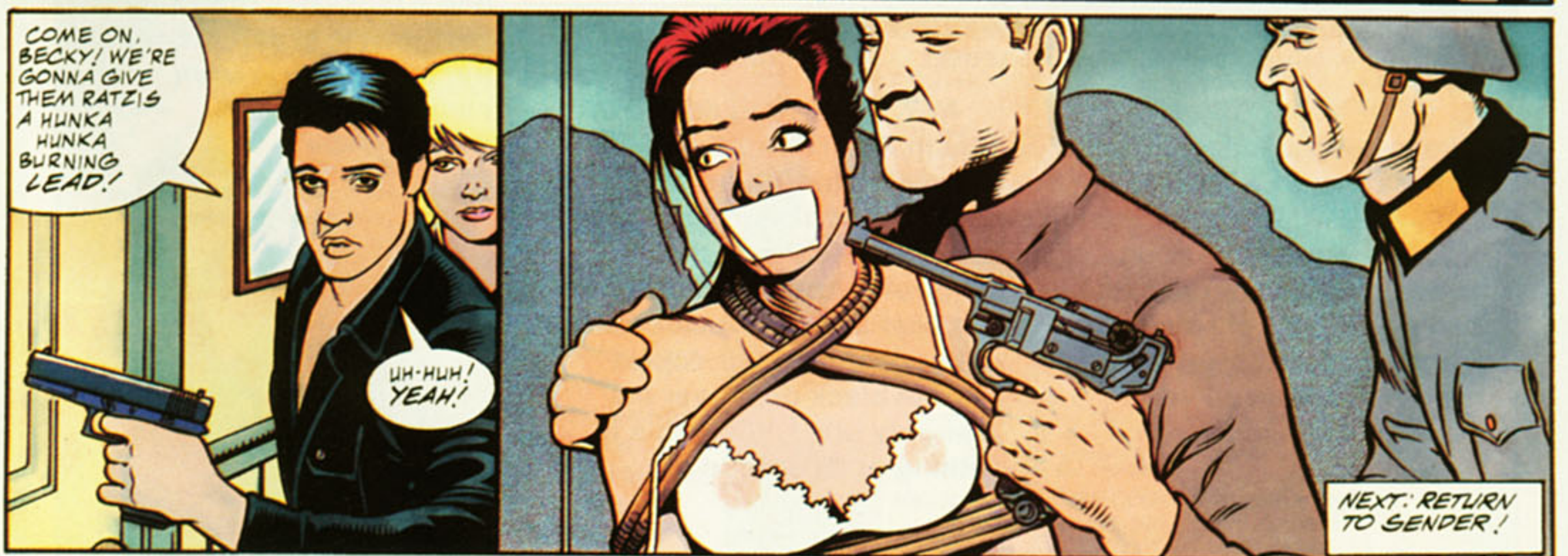
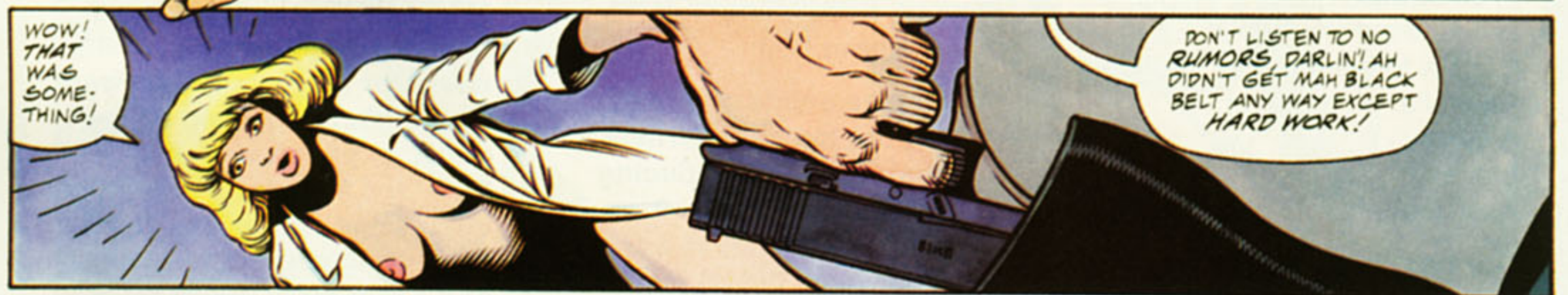


...ELVIS HELD PRISONER BY SOUTH AMERICAN NAZIS...









NEXT: RETURN TO SENDER!



LETTERS

Please send comments to;
LOVE/HATE Letters,
c/o PENTHOUSE COMIX
1965 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NY 10023

Dear PENTHOUSE COMIX,

I just picked up issue 2 at the newsstand and I like what I see! The stories and art are of a high quality, and I especially enjoy the Captain Adventure strip, which shows superheroes doing what they can't in mainstream comics. I also enjoyed "Scion" and "Click! 3." Although in your news column you say that the comic is selling extremely well (and I expect it to do so for a while), I feel that you ought to re-evaluate the content. Here's why.

PENTHOUSE COMIX is sexy, but it does little to extend what is already being achieved in other adult comics. In fact, I see little in PENTHOUSE COMIX to merit the "R" rating (in Australia) on its cover.

A.W.
Sidney
Australia

Our next letter makes similar comments, so I'll answer them together.

Sirs,

I have bought and read your new magazine, PENTHOUSE COMIX. I really liked the artwork and the storylines were good. But I was disappointed with the sexual action, I felt cheated. You should publish a second version that is "X rated" for those of us who like to see all of the action.

In its present form, I will not buy another issue.

John J. Tovar
West Dundee
Illinois

Dear A.W. and John,

Our goal at PENTHOUSE COMIX is not to extend the boundaries of *explicit* sex in adult comics, it is to extend the boundaries of the quality of *story* and *art* in adult comics. There are a lot of American adult comics that are more explicit, but they are, almost without exception, by unknown, little known or just plain untalented artists; printed on cheap paper, and, in general, have an aura of "low class" about them.

We take a different road: getting the top name artists in the business and producing the highest quality book money can buy and at a price (on a per page basis) that is literally the best value in the world.

A.W., While you may see little in PENTHOUSE COMIX to deserve the "R" rating, your government disagrees. We've had several serious discussions with Australian Customs this year and our Aussie fans will notice that their copies contain black dots over the "naughty bits." While this is nothing compared to our

"book burning" ban by the fascist Canadian Censors, they give us pause. It does little good for us to make the book more explicit to please you and then have it banned so that you can't read it.

John, if artwork you like and stories you like aren't enough to make you buy a comics magazine, there's very little else we can do to keep your business. Sorry.

In general, I'm happy with the level of explicitness in our books. You will notice that its about the same, or a little harder than our "father publication," *PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE*, which has sold billions of copies all over the world for 25 years. If you want to see giant, spurting cocks and anal penetration shots, there are an infinite number of videos and magazines you can buy. If you want hot sex, and a real story drawn by the best artists in comics, we're the only game in town. Any challengers? —GKC

Please note if you do not want your name and address printed. Letters have been edited for space requirements.

PENTHOUSE
Comix

BACKLASH

EPISODE 2: TROUBLEMAKER



OUR STORY SO FAR...

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a spike-heeled stiletto pump stamping on a human face ... forever!"

The year is 2014, and a "secret team" of radical, man-hating, lesbian gender feminists has taken over America. The sadistic **Suborna Ross**, the head of the Wollenstone Craft Health-Care Alliance, rules America with an iron fist. In her "Creche Chamber," all who refuse to follow her "guidelines" are brainwashed into becoming mindless "sex care providers."



Roberta Lindsey, the newest executive at Wollenstone Craft, had already been assigned **Patrick** as her well-trained "sex-care provider," but when Roberta discovered Suborna's top-secret "**DOUBLE•Y PROJECT**," a plan to identify aggressive males in the womb and have their sex changed to female, she refused to follow Suborna's orders and resigned from Wollenstone Craft forever.



Roberta quickly discovered, to her horror, that no one quits the Wollenstone Craft Alliance. As we return to our story, Roberta is being taught the heavy price of resisting Suborna and her Lipstick Lesbian Legion of Doom!

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Mark Beachum LETTERS: Lopez



WHY,
ROBERTA,
DEAR?

WHY DO YOU RESIST
US, YOUR SISTERS,
WHEN ALL WE WANT TO
DO IS HELP YOU DO THE
RIGHT THING?

THE
TECHNIQUES
WE USE ON
TRAITORS
ARE SO...

...MESSY!

MMMMPH!!!



...FIVE PERSONS WILL BE SELECTED AT RANDOM AND SHOT.

STOP RUNNING, ROBERTA.

WHO ARE YOU?

THE ONLY FRIEND YOU'VE GOT RIGHT NOW, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE.

REMOVE THE OBSTRUCTION.

NO FUCKING WAY!

REMOVE THE OBSTRUCTION!

ZARK

LISTEN, WISE ASS! I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU!

OUCH!

THAT WAS A WARNING.

THEN GO TO ELEVATOR BANK "E" AND PRESS "B" FOR BASEMENT 3 TIMES. IF YOU PRESS MORE THAN THREE TIMES, THE ELEVATOR WILL EXPLODE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

Y-YES.

WHEN THE ELEVATOR STOPS, YOU WILL HAVE TWENTY SECONDS TO CLIMB OUT THE TOP HATCH AND INTO THE FIBER-OPTIC TUNNEL. CRAWL UNTIL YOU REACH AN OPENING. AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

REMEMBER... BETRAYAL MEANS DEATH. UP THE RESISTANCE!

LOOK INTO MY EYE.

I AM MADAME W, QUEEN BEE OF THE RESISTANCE.

DO YOU WISH THE PROTECTION OF THE RESISTANCE?

YES! ABSOLUTELY!

ZARK

WHAT... I MEAN, WHO ARE YOU?

SOON.



PATRICK! MISTRESS SUBORNA WANTS TO SERVICE THIS GUARD. OVER-POWER HER! SHE LIKES THAT!





I HOPE I WAS ALL RIGHT.



YOU WERE WONDERFUL. SEE? SHE'S PASSED OUT WITH PLEASURE.

COME.

HERE? NOW?

NO, NO. COME WITH ME.



PATRICK, STRIKE THAT MAN.

MISTRESS SUBORNA'S ORDERS.



WHOMP



IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU, MIS--



--NOTHING YOU'RE CAPABLE OF...

...NOT ANYMORE.

THE SECURITY
CAMERAS WILL
SPOT ME...
UNLESS...

TEK!

PATRICK, MAKE LOVE
TO ME. MISTRESS
SUBORNA'S ORDERS.

THIS OUGHTA
GIVE THE
MONITORS
A NICE SHOW.

UH... GOING
DOWN? OH!
EXCUSE ME,
MISTRESS!

**YOU!
INSIDE!
NOW!**

WHAT ARE
YOU
STANDING
THERE FOR,
PRONE?!
I REQUIRE
SERVICE!

BUT, HE'S--

OR WOULD YOU
LIKE TO ANSWER
TO MISTRESS
SUBORNA FOR
YOUR INSUBOR-
DINATION?

I REQUIRE
A DOUBLE
HELPING OF
SERVICE!

NO, MISTRESS! THE
LAST TIME I TURNED
DOWN ONE OF MISTRESS
SUBORNA'S PEOPLE,
SHE DEMOTED ME TO
JANITORIAL SERVICE!

WELL, THEN GET
TO WORK BEFORE YOU
ARE DEMOTED TO
XEROXING BRIEFS
FOR LAWYERS!

DID YOU READ ANDREA DORK'S
OP-ED PIECE IN THE LATEST
"AGENDA" MAGAZINE?

YES... THE SPIKED DILDO
OF TRUTH PROBES DEEP,
DOESN'T IT? WHERE'S THAT
DAMNED ELEVATOR?



HUFF
HUFF
PING!
SHLURP
SHLURP

WELL,
THAT
LOOKS LIKE
FUN!



WE'LL
WAIT FOR
THE NEXT
CAR.



YOU WILL
BOTH FORGET
THAT YOU SAW
ME. MISTRESS
SUBORNA'S
ORDERS.

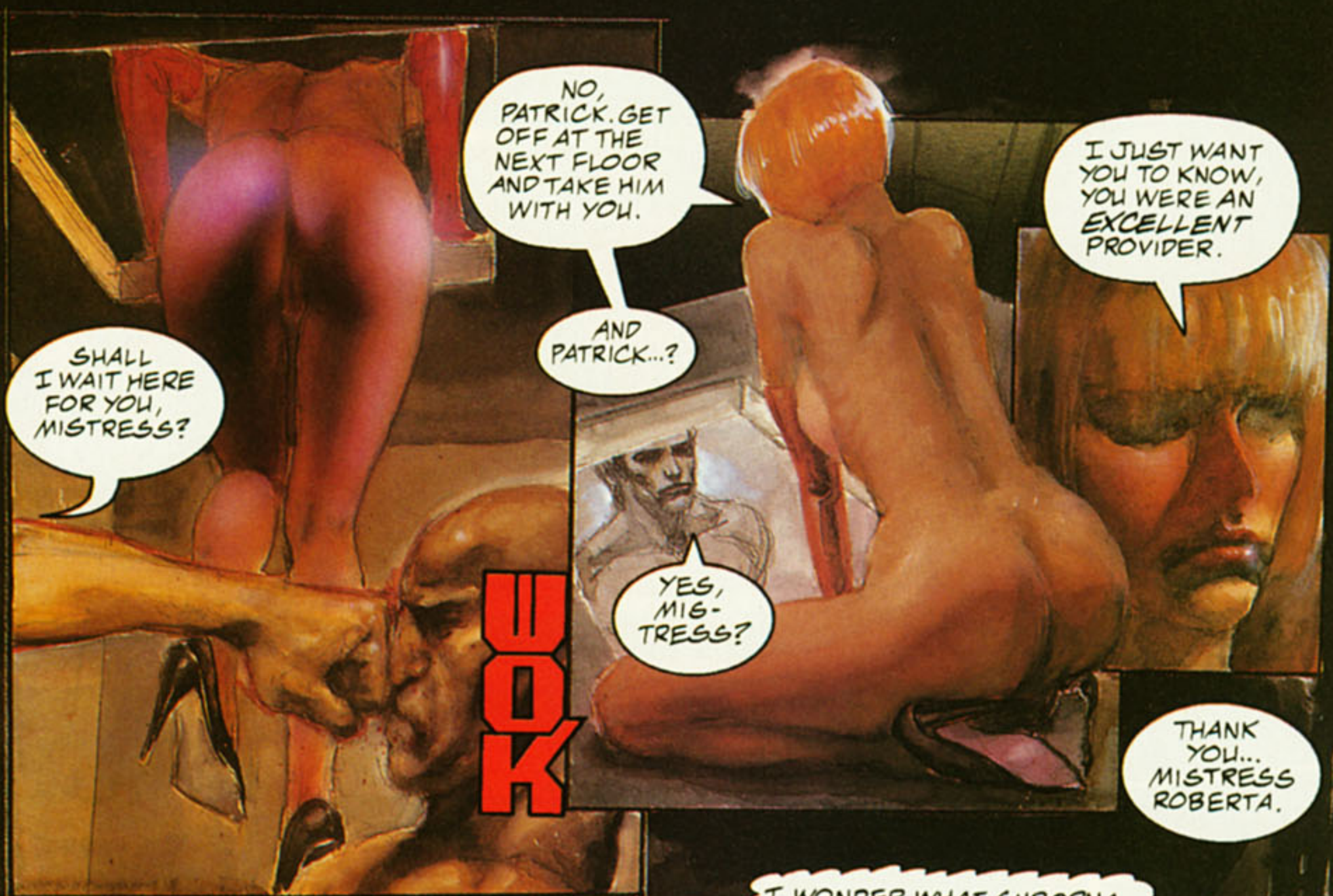


BUT,
MIS-
TRESS...

HOW DARE
YOU QUESTION
MY ORDERS!

PATRICK!
STRIKE
THIS OAF
AT ONCE!







HELLO?
IS ANYONE
HERE?

OF COURSE
NOT, MY
PRETTIES.

BRING
HER.

AND BE
CAREFUL WITH
HER! IF I'M
RIGHT, SHE'S
THE ONE WE'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR!




IS SHE DEAD,
MADAME W?



DID ANYONE
FOLLOW
YOU?

N-NO.

GOOD!



OHHHHH!

SSZZZZKKK!

NEXT: MADAME W'S
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS!