

# PENTHOUSE comix

THE INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR MEN



No. **6** MAR/APR. 1995  
\$4.95



NOT TO BE SOLD TO  
ANYONE UNDER 18

**INSIDE:  
SPECIAL  
PREVIEWS**

PENTHOUSE **MEN'S  
ADVENTURE  
COMIX**

**PLUS**

**comix**



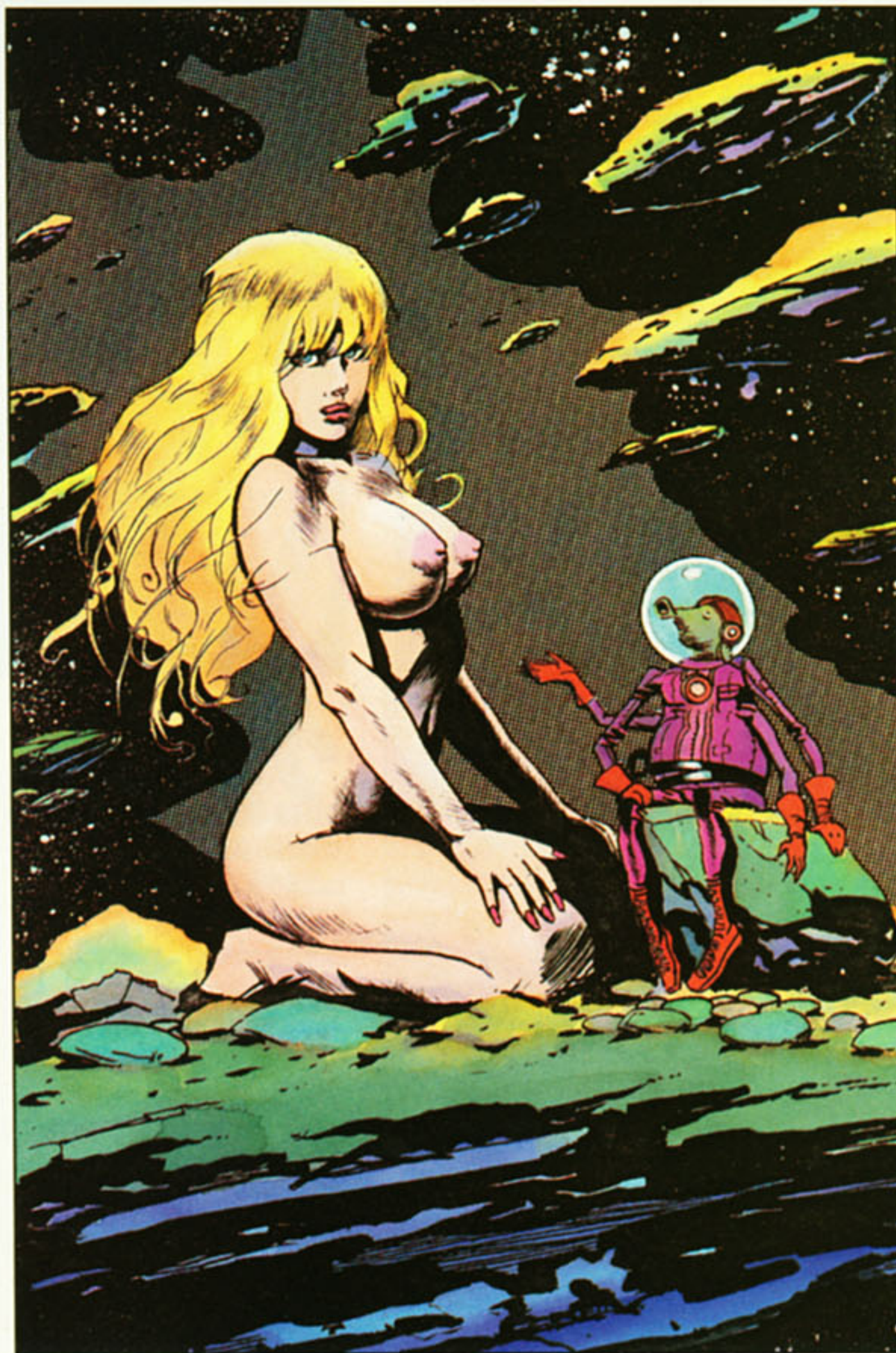
# PENTHOUSE Comix

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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**COVER ART  
BY ARTHUR  
SUYDAM**

For more all new  
Suydam-alicious™ art,  
check out our  
Pet of the Year  
Pictorial on page 93.

**FEATURES**

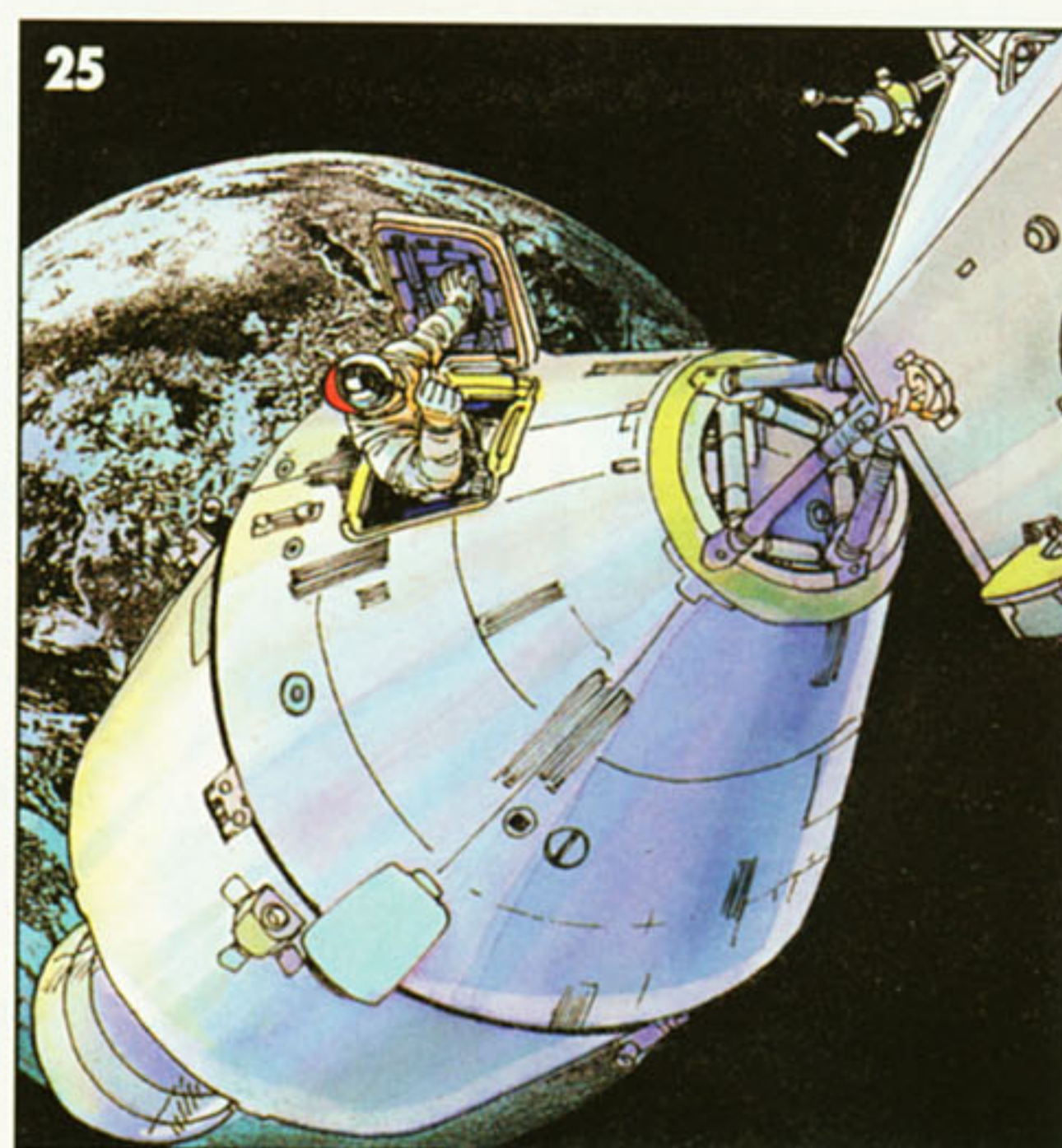
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issue...sort of...

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all-girl superhero group,  
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modeling agency, &  
escort service.

**Art by Jason Pearson  
& Karl Story**



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The untold story of America's  
race to the Moon. No sex in  
this one, *Penthouse Pals*,  
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**Art by Arthur Suydam.**

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**EPISODE 3:  
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FOR GIRLS!**  
Prisoner of lust in the secret  
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Roberta faces her greatest  
challenge, the fearful  
spectre of her own  
Politically Correct past.  
**Art by Mark Beachum**

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U.S.A.. Why are you reading this  
tiny type instead of looking at pic-  
tures of nude babes?





## 60 BEACHUM

Since man does not live by Backlash alone, our bad girl artist supreme presents a portfolio of his hottest images.



## 81 HOT STORIES

**EPISODE 3: RETURN TO SENDER**  
The King knows what the gloved one's been up to and now he's ready to dispense a little of his own special brand of rock & roll justice.

Art by Jeff Johnson & Terry Austin

## 93 PENTHOUSE COMIX PET OF THE YEAR

She's the best of the best, the Comix heroine you, our beloved readers, picked as this year's hottest.

Art by all of our best guys...



## 104 GALLERY SECTION

Featuring all-new art by Adam Hughes, Boris Vallejo, Milo Manara, Jason Pearson and Kevin Nowlan!

## 112 NEXT ISSUE

What's the only mag that gives you Adams, Azpiri, Beachum, Geiger, Morrow, Suydam, Texeira and special guest artist... Moebius? You're lookin' at it!

## 67 BETHLEHEM STEELE

**EPISODE 5: BETH ON THE BLOCK**  
A new life for Beth Steele as a love-slave in a far-flung star empire.  
Art by Azpiri

## 78 MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX PREVIEW

The return of the Pulps!!





# H O U S E C A L L



BEACHUM



WILLIAMS



CULLENS



SANGIOVANNI



ALEKMAN

## WHO'S WHO IN PENTHOUSE COMIX

Now that Ye Olde Editor-In-Chief has been doing this for a year, I can finally get something off my chest. When I started this gig, I didn't have a damn *clue* as to what I was doing. I had some good ideas, but I basically bluffed my way through, made things up as I went along and hoped for the best. Believe it or not, I actually started this whole thing to impress a woman! That being said, I think I've done pretty well for a first-timer and for that I must thank Mr. Bob Guccione and Ms. Kathy Keeton who trusted in my potential even more than I did. It just goes to prove, *Penthouse Pals*, that you never know what you're capable of until you try. Take it from a man once called "The biggest loser in comics." *Dare to take the big chances, never give up, never compromise on your principles, deal straight (even with your enemies), and the world is yours.*

In addition to Bob and Kathy, I have many others to thank for my success, too many to mention them all here, but I want to single out four: my second-in-command, *Mark McClellan*; *Tom Thornton*, the best collaborator a man could ask for; *Wayne Hawkes*, my art director; and *Arthur Suydam*, who bet on the right horse.

It's been a hell of a first year, and we have a lot of things brewing for year two: the debut of our second adult mag, **PENTHOUSE MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX** on sale in March, and **OMNI COMIX** (our first book for fans of all ages) in **OMNI MAGAZINE** on sale in February. I've assembled the best team in comics today and, with your help, we're changing the face of this industry.

Until next time, you tell 'em I'm coming and hell's coming with me.

### MARK BEACHUM

If there was ever an artist *born* to draw *Penthouse Comix*, it's Mr. Beachum. As with so many of our artists, Beachum has always done our kind of two fisted (no pun intended) sizzling action, but always had his hands tied (again, no pun intended) by gutless wimps at other comic companies, whining about PC bullshit. His brilliant eye for design and the female form are *welcome* here for many years to come.

### PARIS CULLENS

Coming on board the *Penthouse Freight Train* after penciling several issues of my upcoming *T.H.U.N.D.E.R. Agents* series, Paris is my "just so" penciller, virtually living in the mighty CDI Sweatshop night after night, working on making each page to perfectly visualize our stories. Paris is also doing much of the design work for our upcoming '95 characters, including about a hundred or so new Superheroes for the *Team Supremeverse™*.

### VICKIE WILLIAMS

With all the mugs we've been having on the old top row in the last year, we've been sadly deficient in properly thanking VW and her collaborator/husband Jack for all their hard work. Vic was the first letterer I hired, back on *Young Cap #1* (*Penthouse* November '93) and has been with me ever since. Look for Vicky on *Libby in the Lost World* each issue.

### SANGIOVANNI

Lou "Numbers" Sangiovanni is Mark "Mac" McClellan's second member of his "Unholy-Army-of-the-Night" and is the diabolical genius behind the finances of the Mighty CDI Empire. With payroll and panache, Lou is number one with a bullet at *Penthouse Comix*, *Omni Comix* and *Men's Adventure Comix*.

### ERIC ALEKMAN

Last month we screwed up big time in our credits and left out Newsstand Sales Manager, Eric Alekman. Under the command of GMI Circulation Czar Jim Martise, Eric works like a coolie to place our books on newsstands and comic shops. Eric also holds the title of Most Perfectly Developed (male) Physique at *Penthouse* and can often be seen leaving the office after a grueling day heading for the gym!

**Special Thanks Section:** Thanks to Tracy G. for her help in the office. Plus--have you noticed that there is no *Young Captain Adventure* or *Scion* this month. Why? Even the mighty *Penthouse* is not invulnerable to the dreaded deadline doom that plagues all comics some time or another. We decided to make it up to you with 18 extra pages at the same price with two of the best strips from our new *Men's Adventure* and *Omni Comix* books. All for the same low price. Is that fair or what? Let us know.  
—GKC 3/95



SOCKAMAGEE,  
EMILY! THERE'S NO

*young*  
**CAPTAIN  
ADVENTURE**

IN THIS MONTH'S  
PENTHOUSE COMIX!

HOW  
WILL I  
SURVIVE?

1ST ANNIVERSARY  
COMIX

RELAX  
JOEY...

GOOD THINGS  
TAKE TIME.

ART BY:  
JOEL  
ADAMS  
AND  
BOB  
WIACEK

**YOUNG CAP WILL  
RETURN NEXT ISSUE.**



# ACTION FIGURES

## EPISODE 1: FIRST BLOOD



PLEASE  
PICK UP  
PAYCHECKS  
AFTER  
3:00PM

BANG BANG  
(CHRISTY TYROS)  
SMART AND  
GORGEOUS, ARMED  
AND DANGEROUS.

MS. LYNN  
(LYNN DEVORAK)  
FORMER TEAM  
SUPREME  
SECRETARY AND  
BUTCH  
GIRLFRIEND OF...

BLAZING FURY  
(KARLA DAVIS)  
KICKED OUT OF THE  
TEAM SUPREME FOR  
SEXUAL HARASS-  
MENT, SHE'S GOT  
HARD RADIATION IN  
A HARD BODY.

WRITERS: CARAGONNE & THORNTON  
PENCILLER: JASON PEARSON  
INKER: KARL STORY  
COLORS: SUYDAM  
LETTERS: LOPEZ

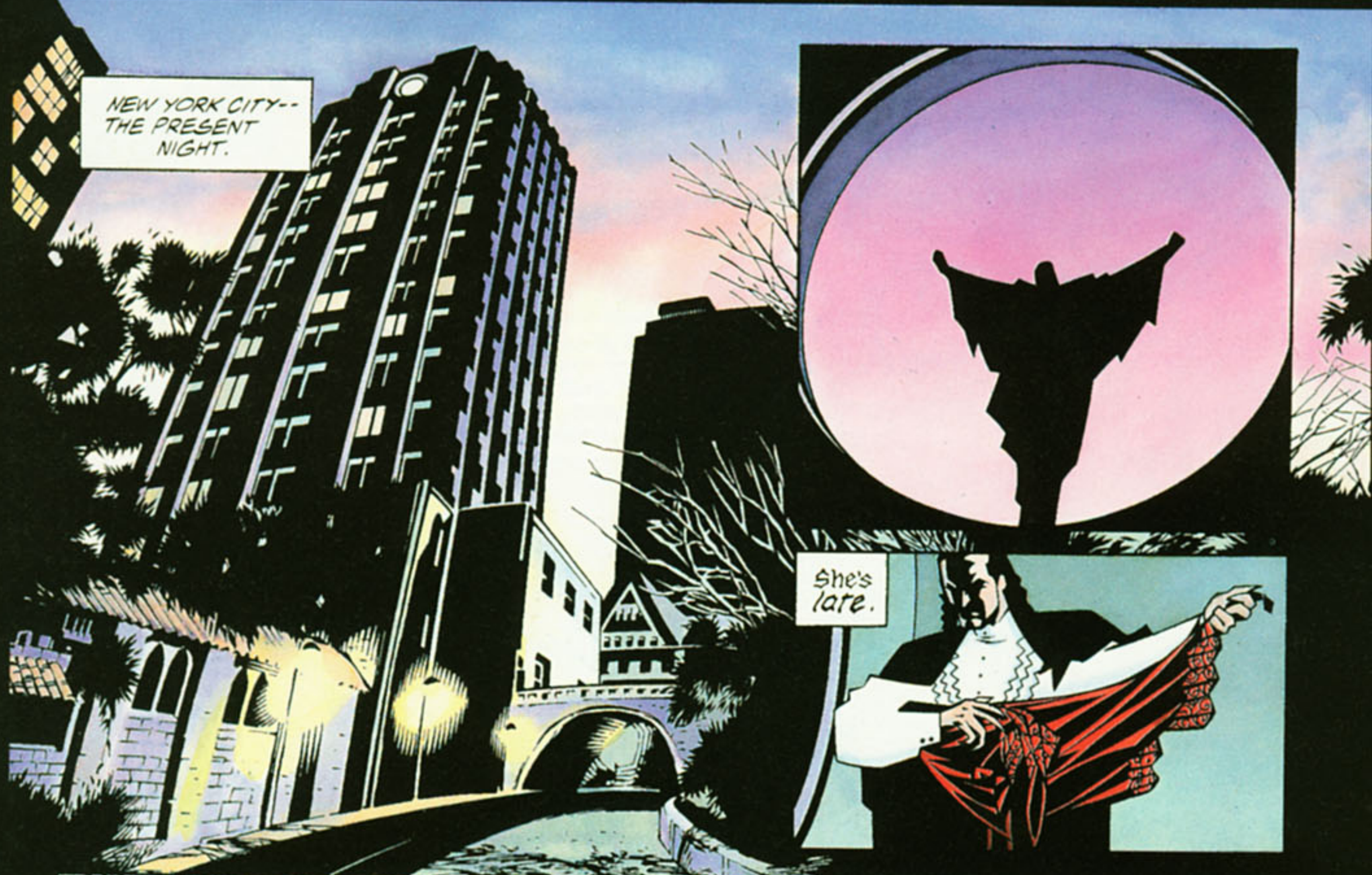
CRIMSON  
DOMINATRIX  
(LADY GENIVERE  
PRIMROSE)  
SHE KNOWS IF  
YOU'VE BEEN  
BAD OR GOOD,  
SO BE GOOD,  
FOR GOODNESS  
SAKE.

SARAPHIM  
(BRIDGETT CROCKETT)  
ALL ACTION FIGURES  
OPERATIVES ARE OVER  
19 YEARS OF AGE, PROOF  
OF AGE ON FILE.

A SPECIAL  
PENTHOUSE **MEN'S  
ADVENTURE  
COMIX**  
PREVIEW!

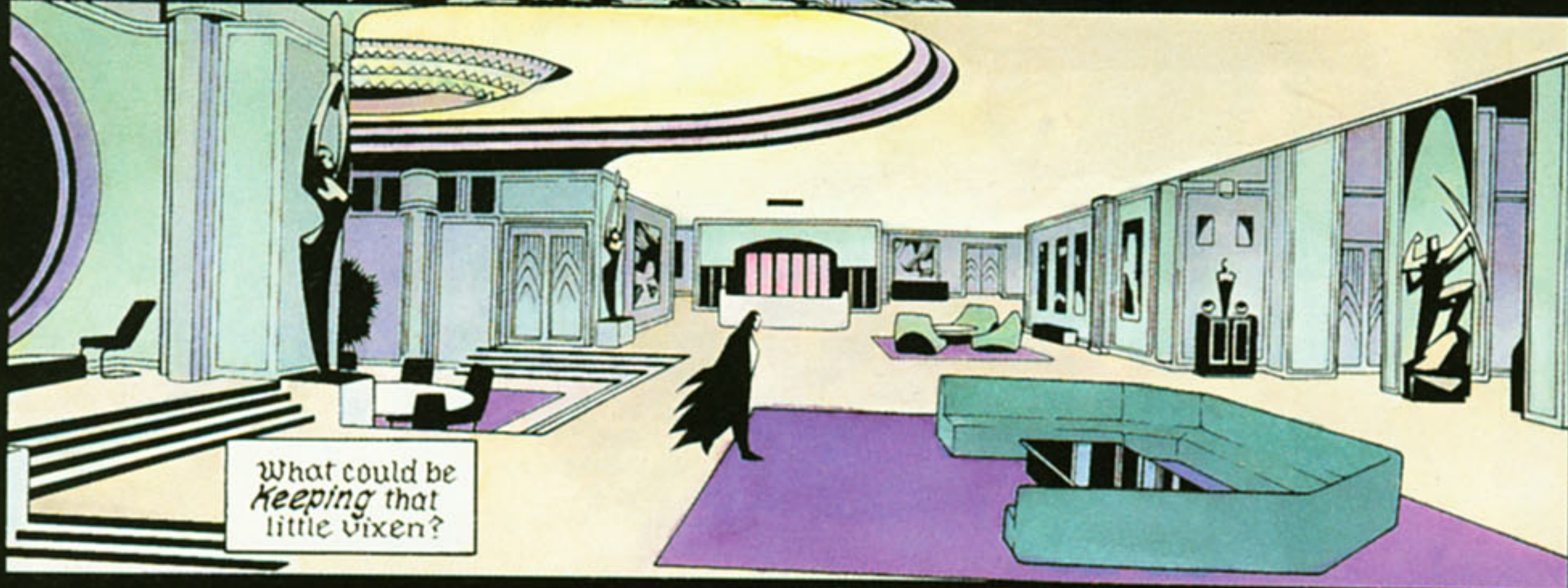
— J.S. 94 —





NEW YORK CITY--  
THE PRESENT  
NIGHT.

She's  
late.



What could be  
keeping that  
little vixen?



SHAKE  
SHAKE  
SHAKE

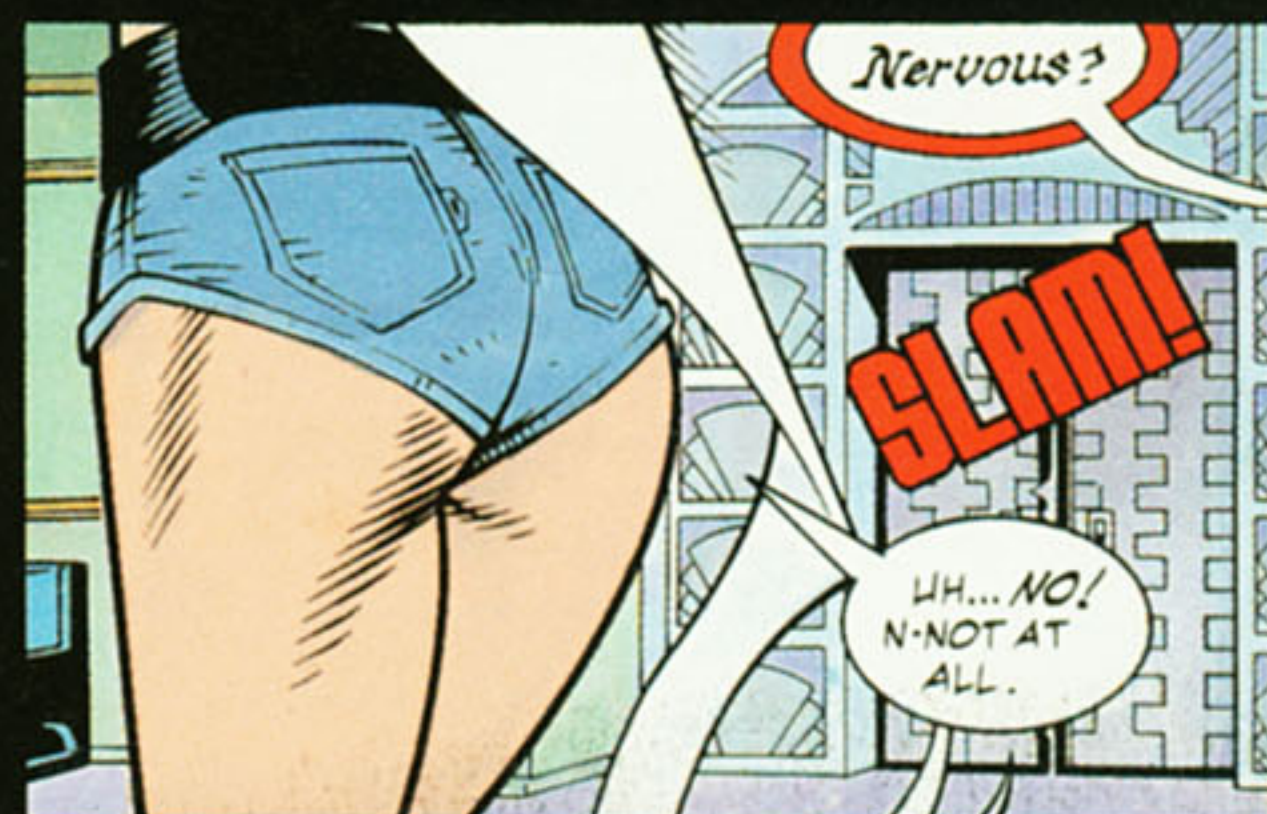
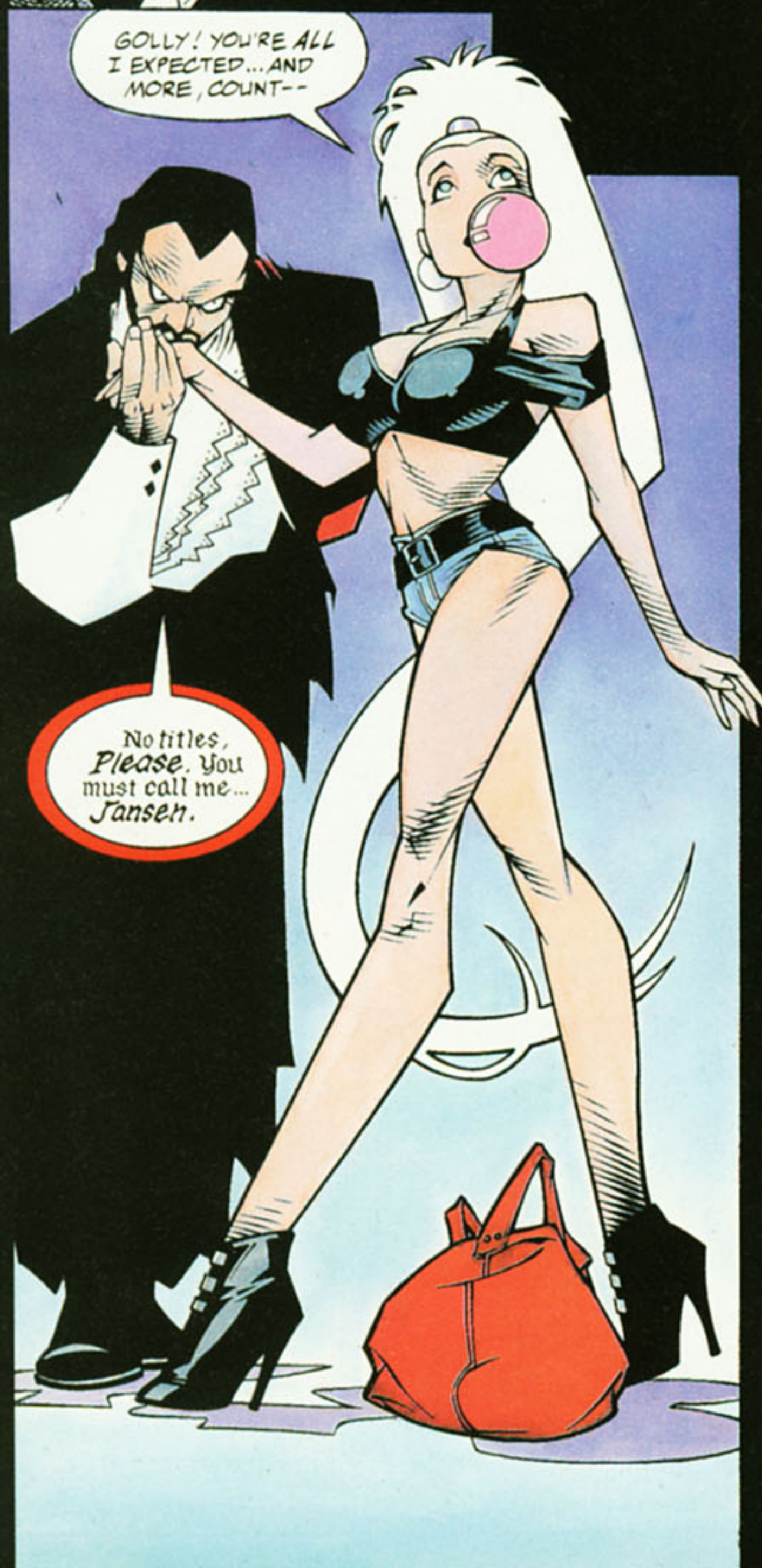
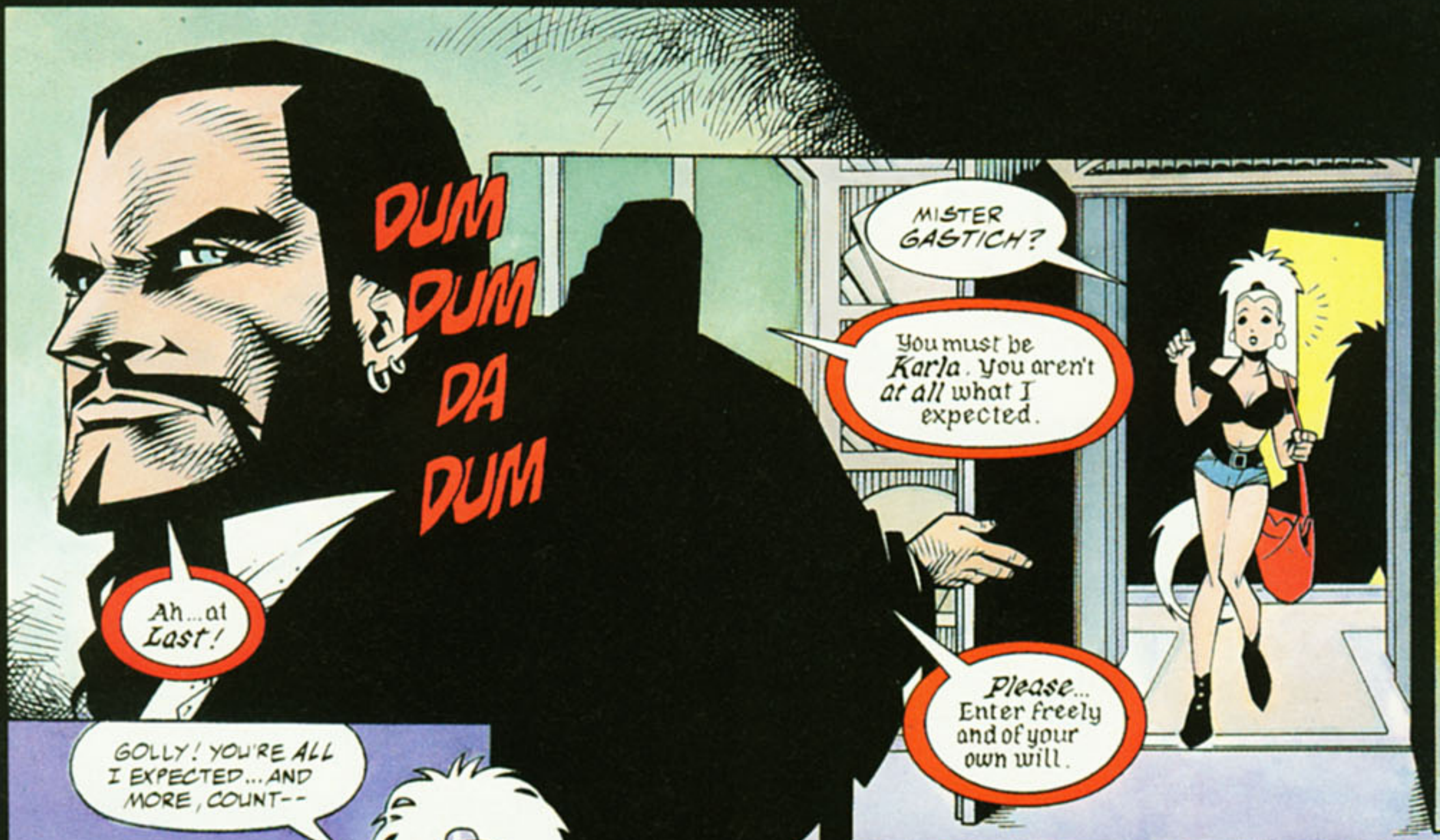


CH-CLINK  
CLINK  
CLINK

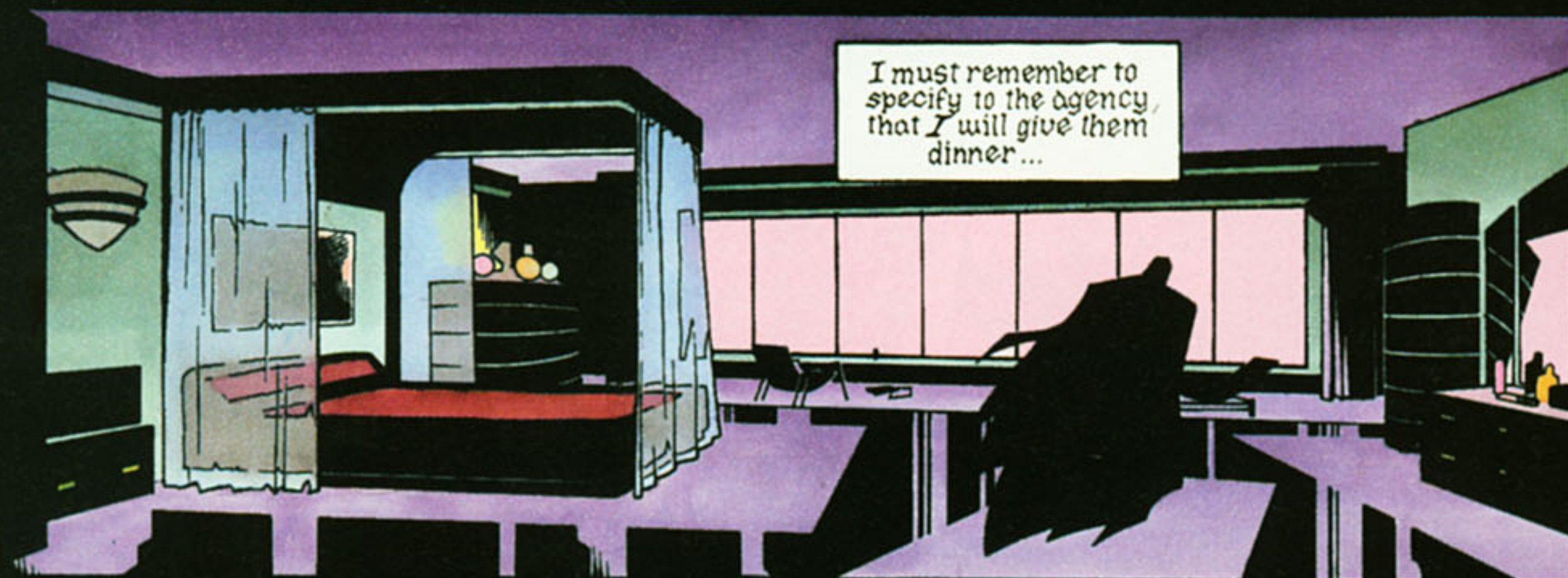


RRRRRAAGH!

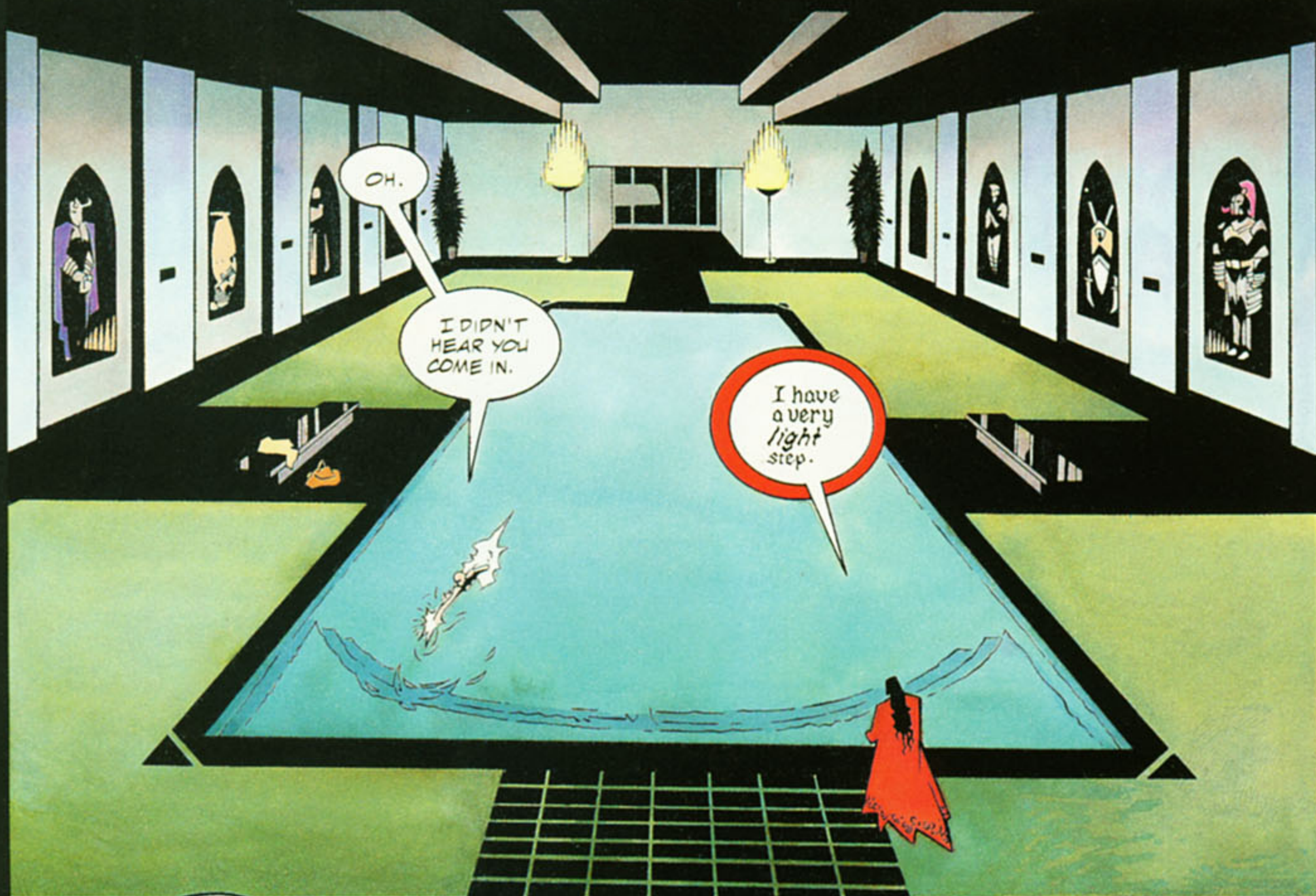












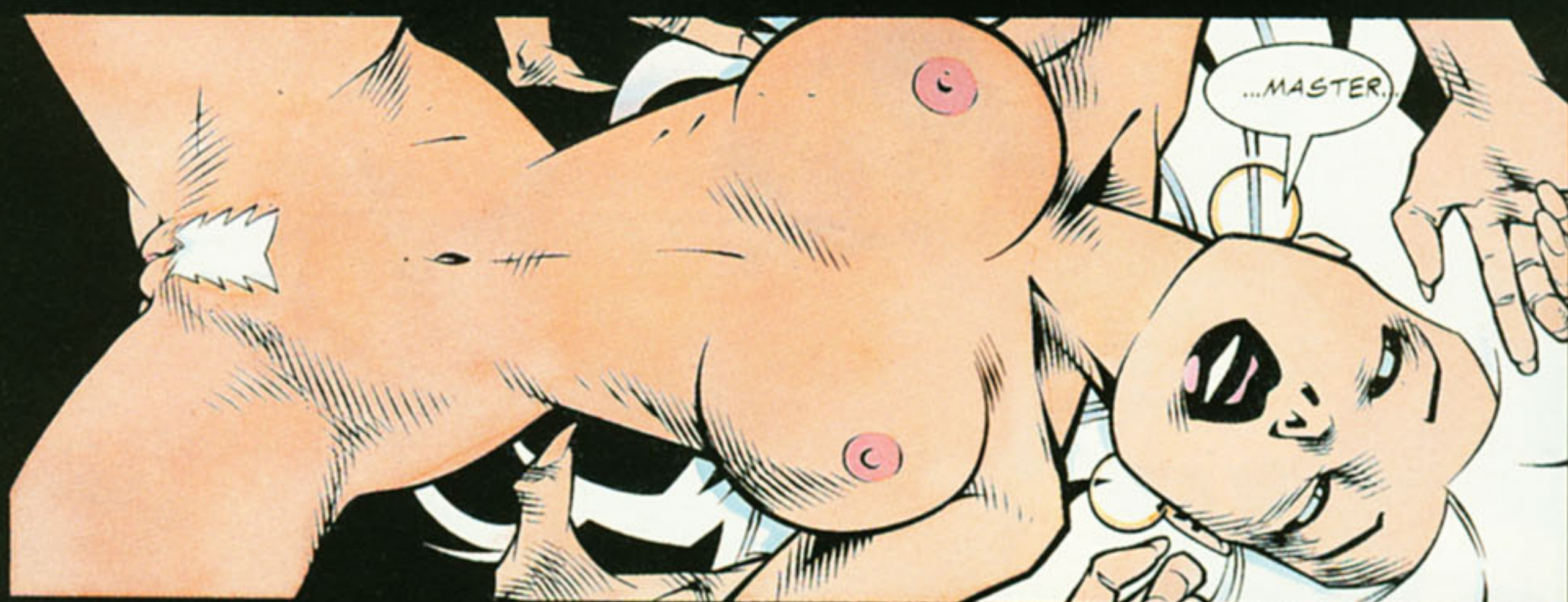
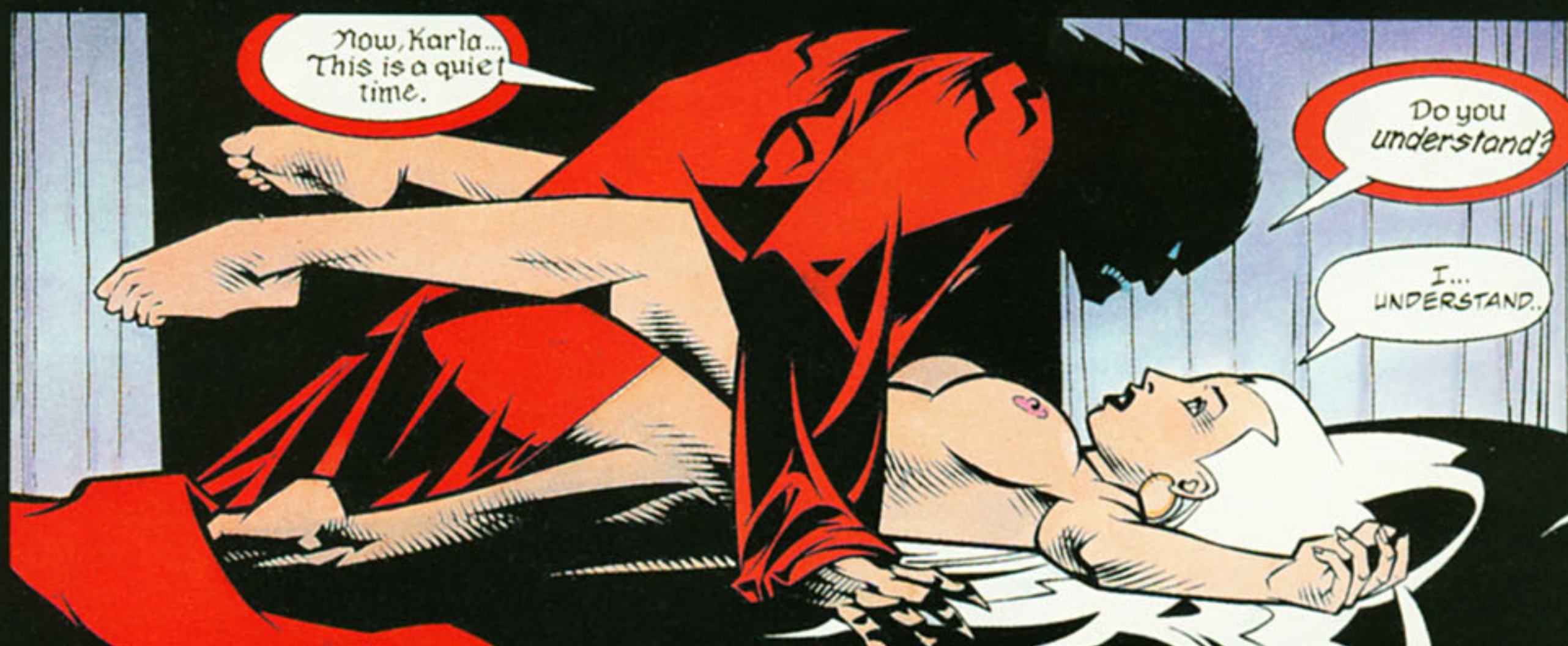












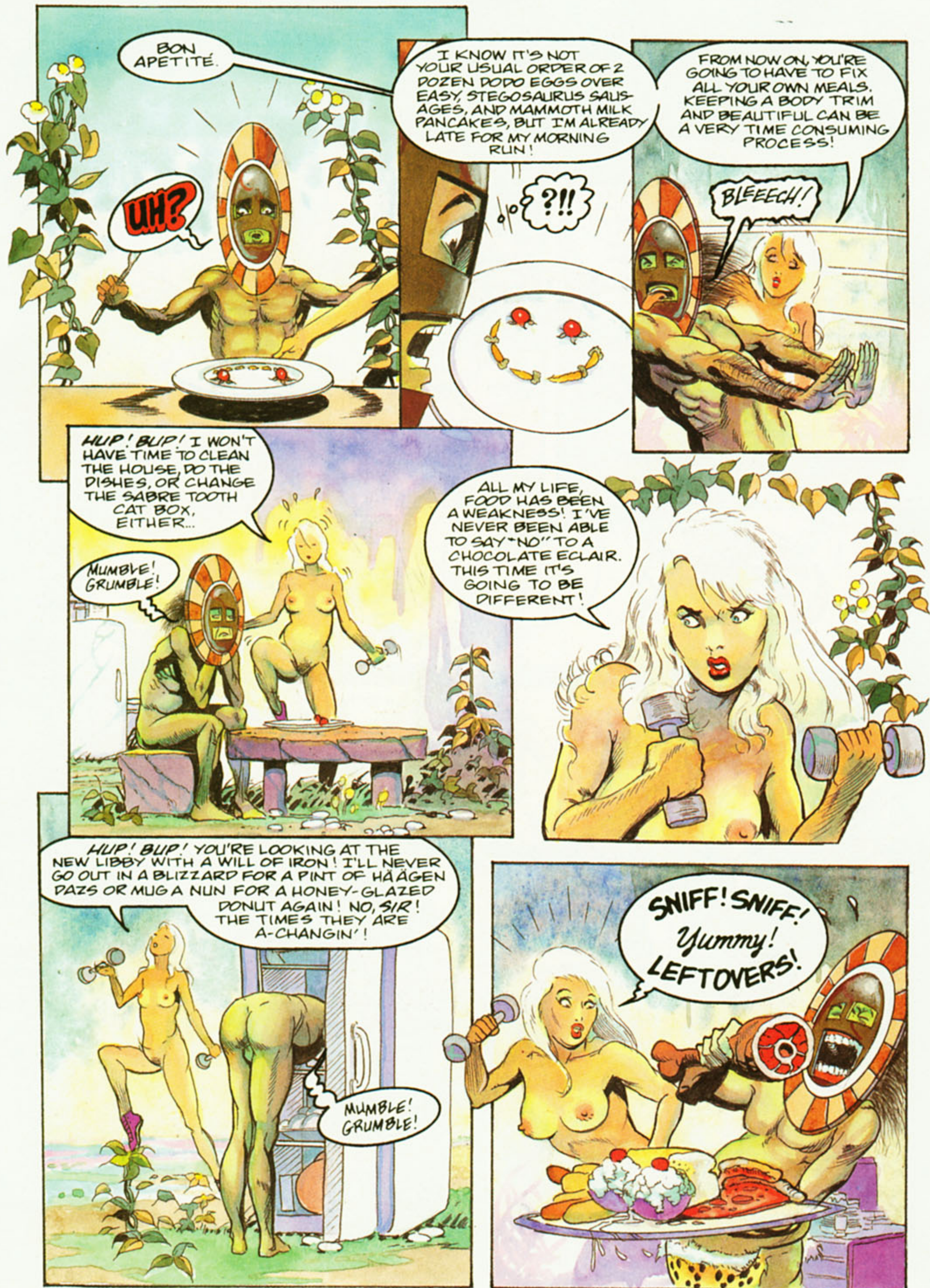


*Libby*  
IN THE  
LOST WORLD™



*Writers:  
Suydam, Caragonne & Thornton  
Lettering by Williams*





BON APETITE.

UHF?

I KNOW IT'S NOT YOUR USUAL ORDER OF 2 DOZEN DODO EGGS OVER EASY, STEGOSAURUS SAUSAGES, AND MAMMOTH MILK PANCAKES, BUT I'M ALREADY LATE FOR MY MORNING RUN!

?!?

FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIX ALL YOUR OWN MEALS. KEEPING A BODY TRIM AND BEAUTIFUL CAN BE A VERY TIME CONSUMING PROCESS!

BLEECH!

HUP! BUP! I WON'T HAVE TIME TO CLEAN THE HOUSE, DO THE DISHES, OR CHANGE THE SABRE TOOTH CAT BOX, EITHER...

MUMBLE! GRUMBLE!

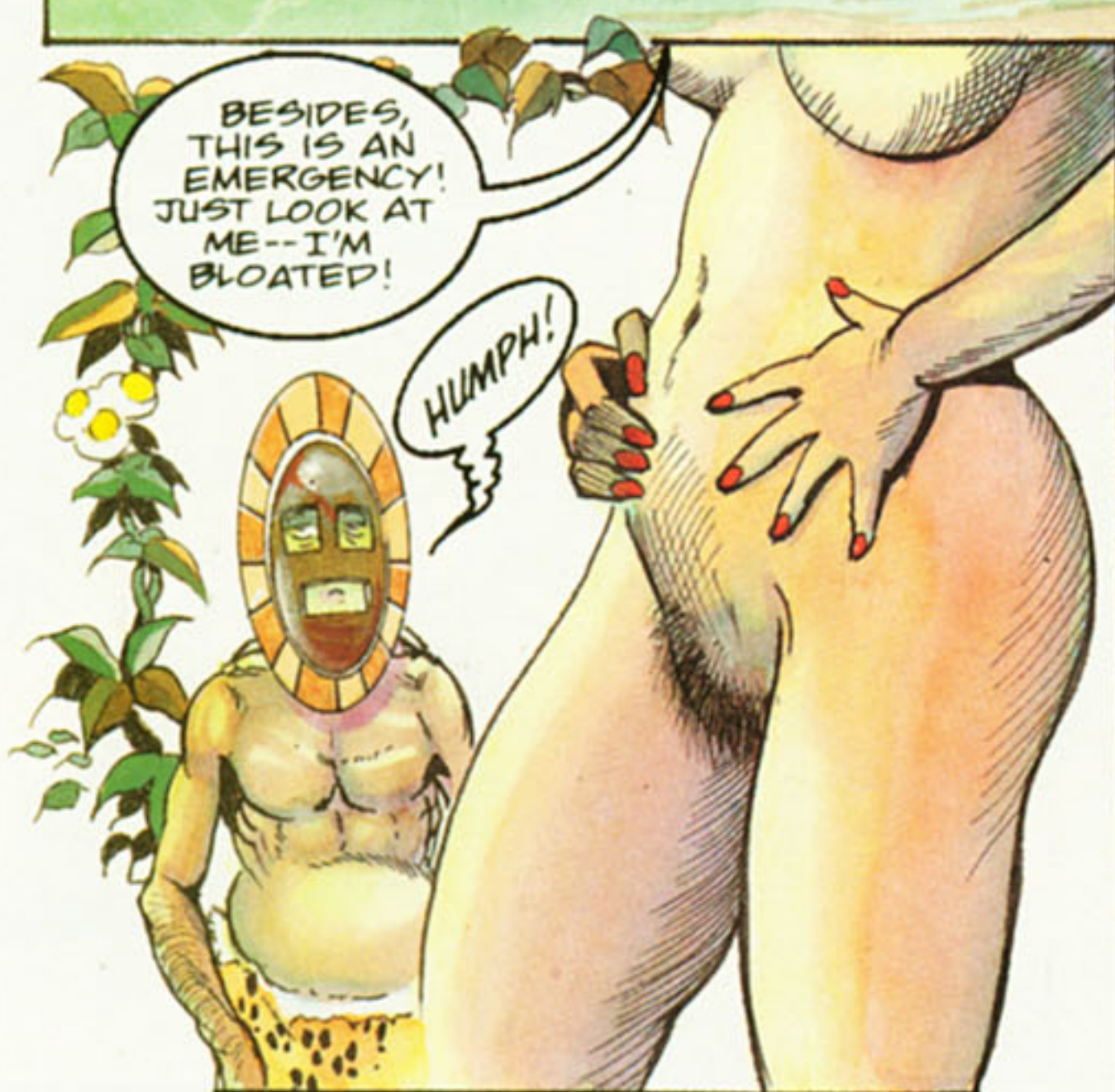
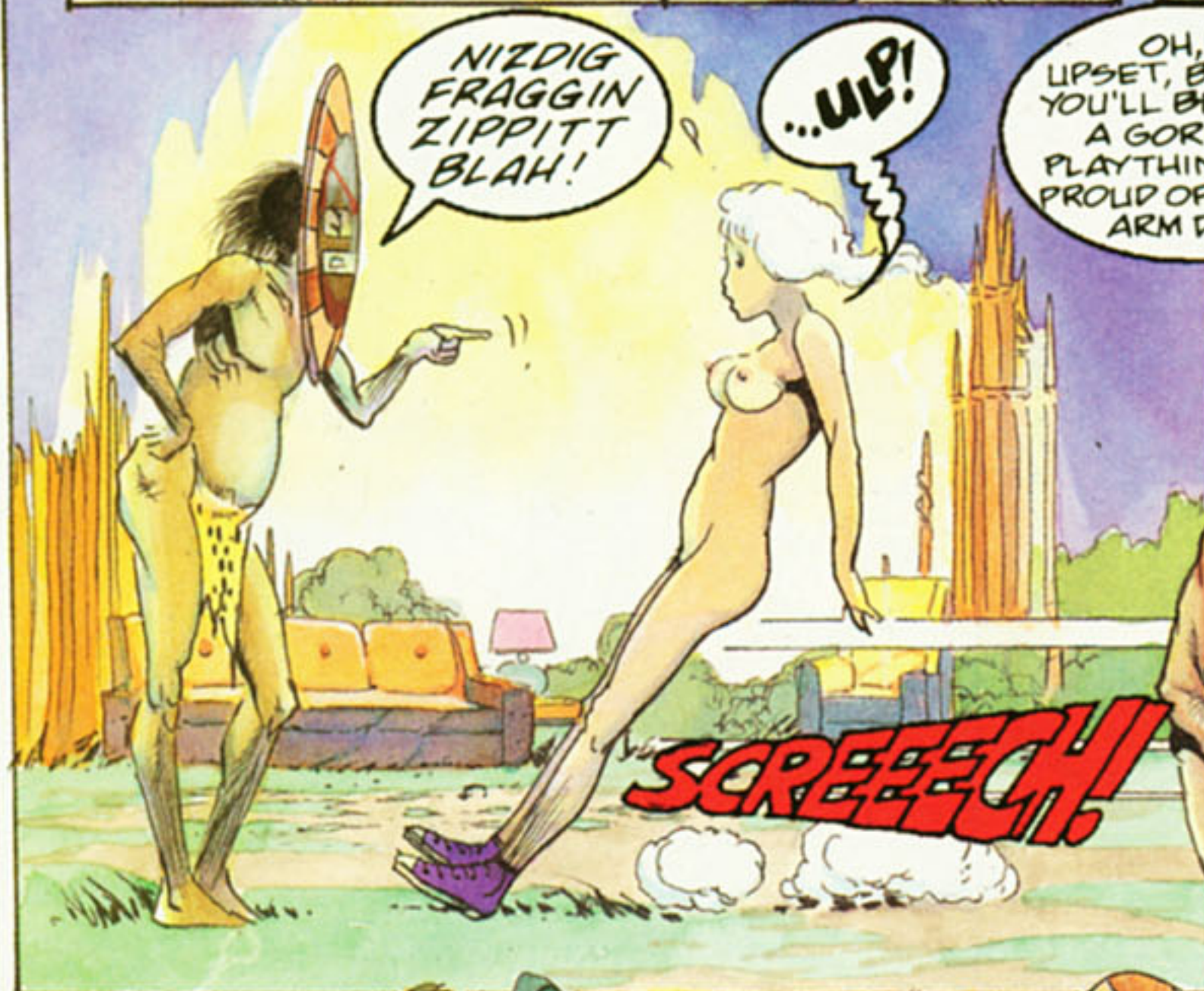
ALL MY LIFE, FOOD HAS BEEN A WEAKNESS! I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO SAY "NO" TO A CHOCOLATE ECLAIR. THIS TIME IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT!

HUP! BUP! YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE NEW LIBBY WITH A WILL OF IRON! I'LL NEVER GO OUT IN A BLIZZARD FOR A PINT OF HÄAGEN DAZS OR MUG A NUN FOR A HONEY-GLAZED DONUT AGAIN! NO, SIR! THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'!

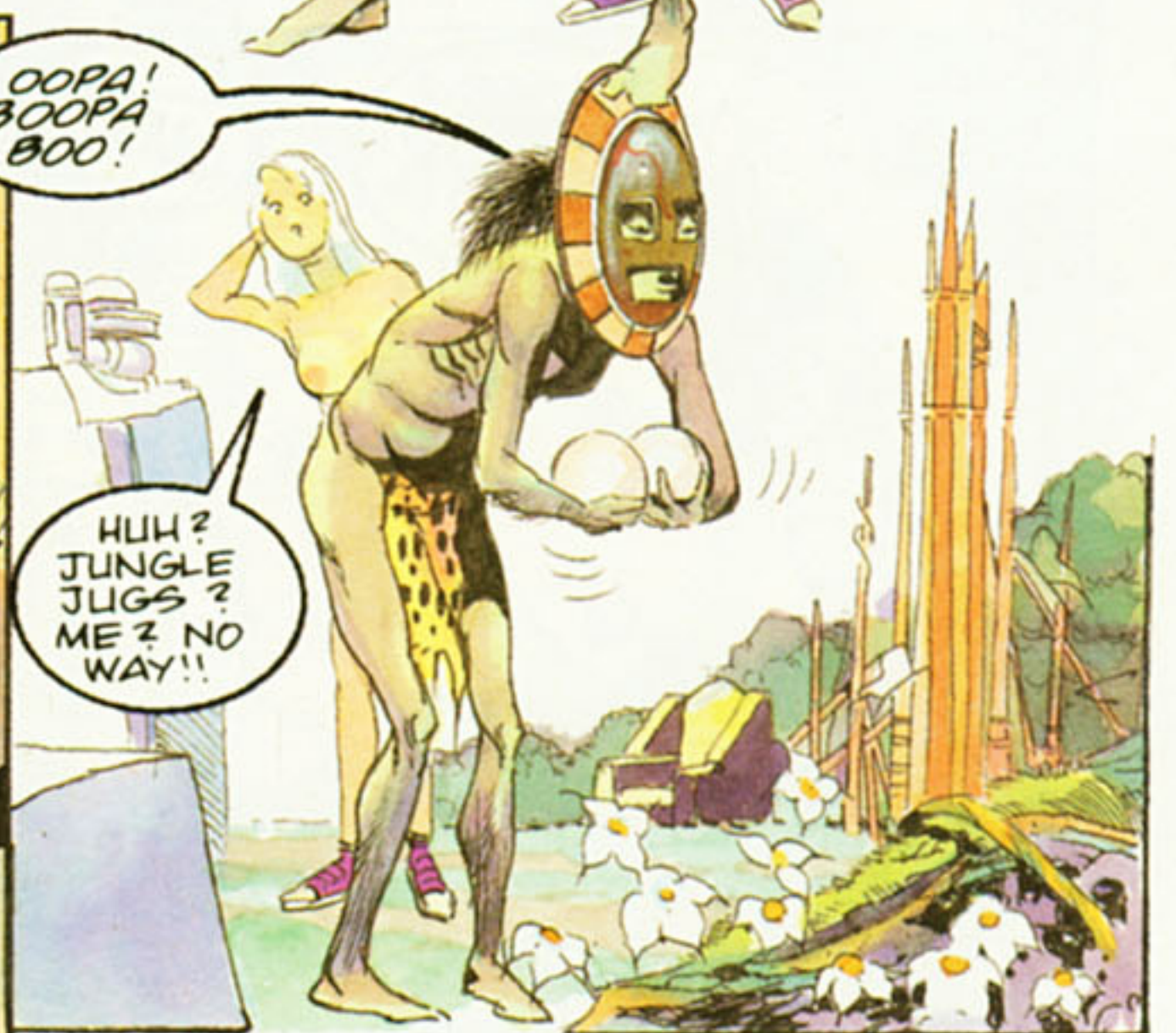
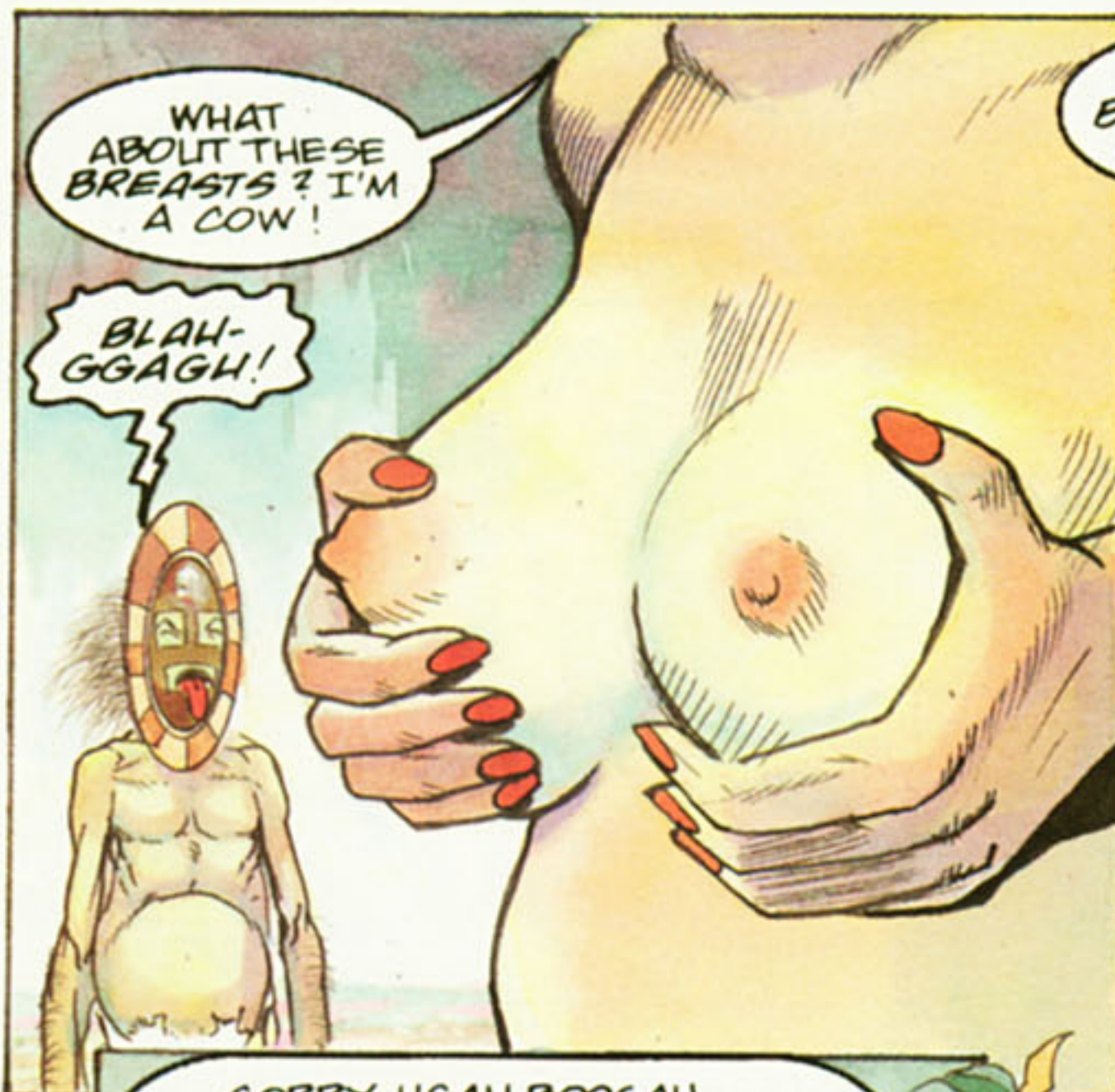
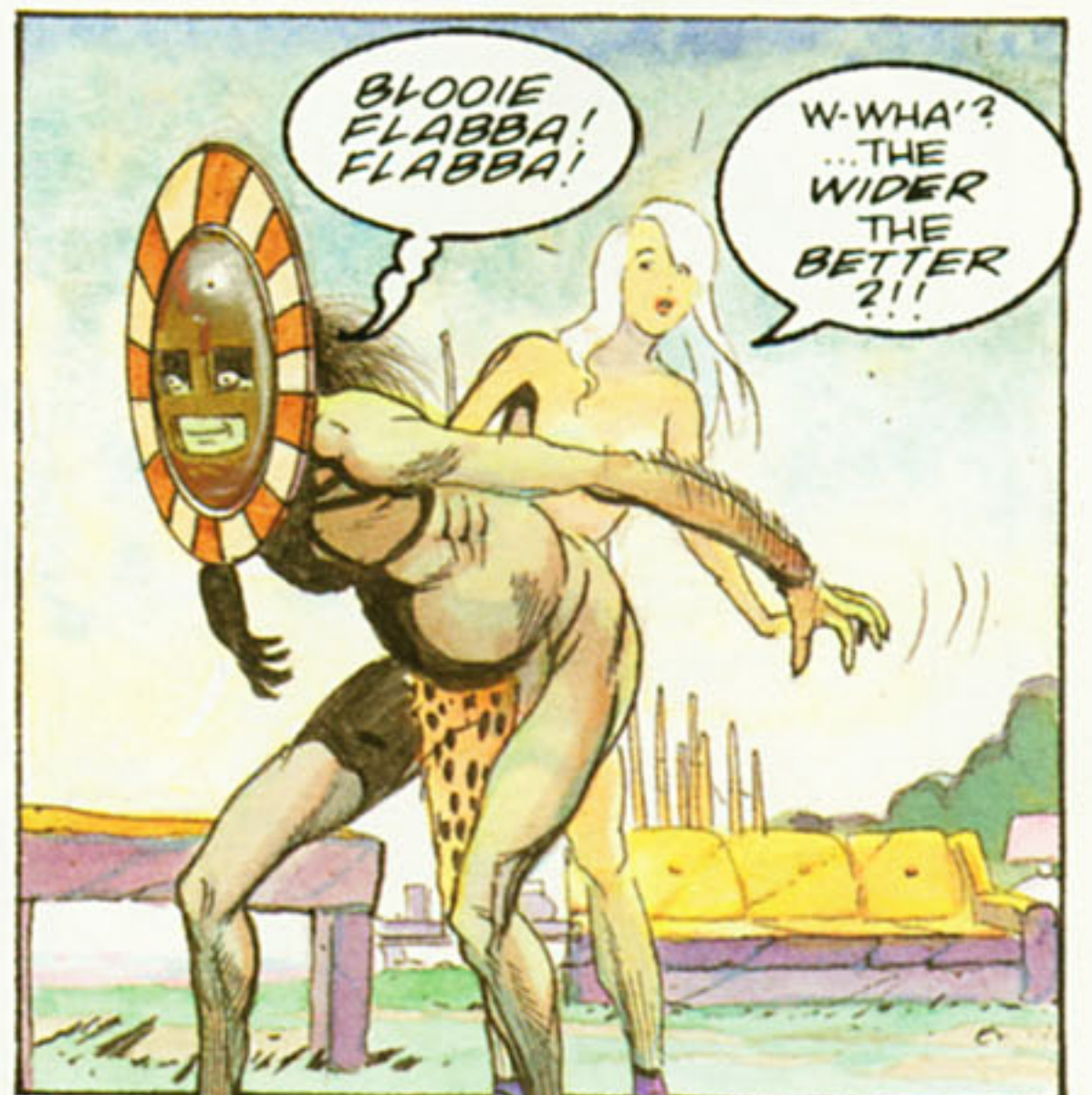
MUMBLE! GRUMBLE!

SNIFF! SNIFF! Yummy! LEFTOVERS!

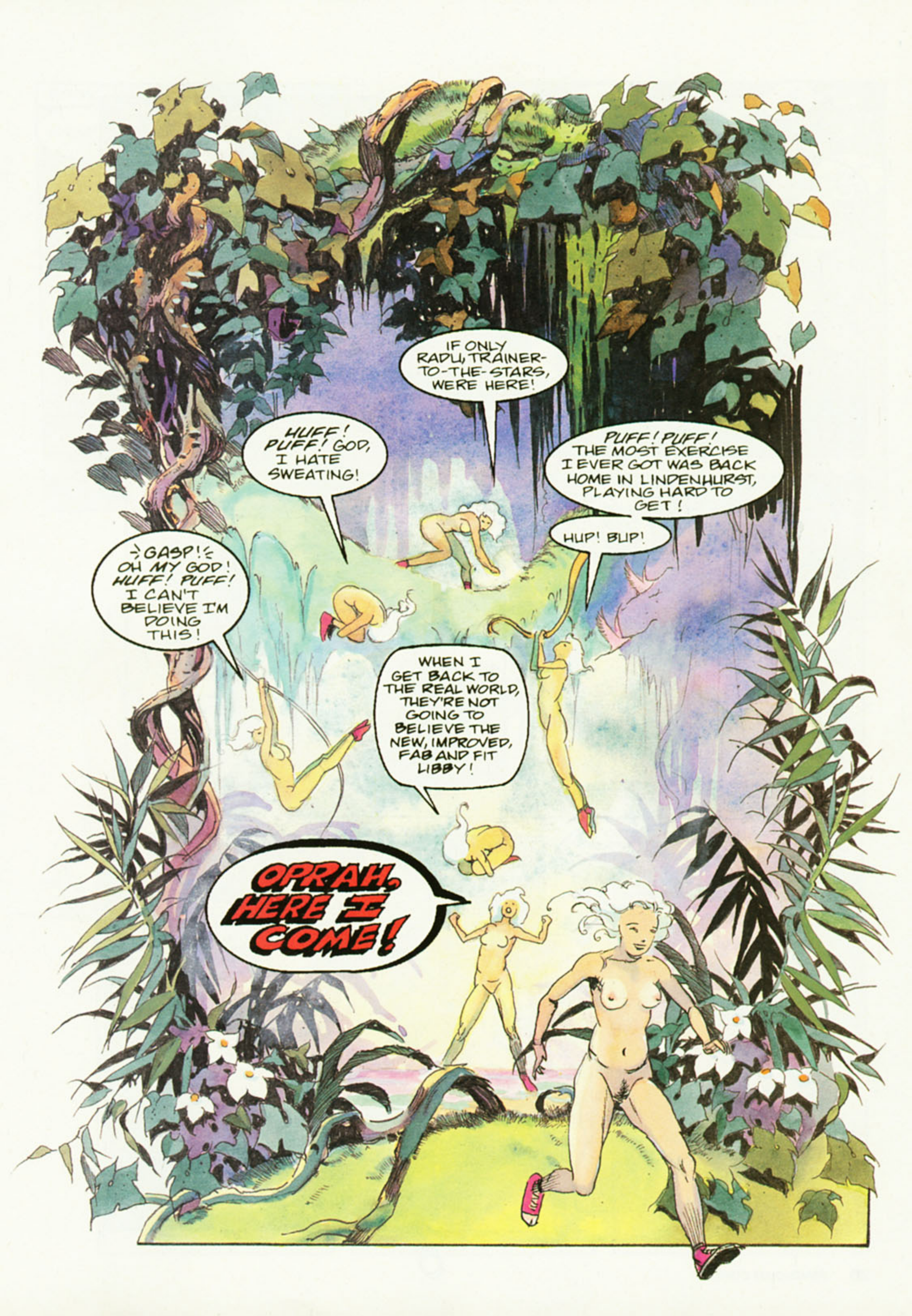












IF ONLY  
RADL, TRAINER-  
TO-THE-STARS,  
WERE HERE!

HUFF!  
PUFF! GOD,  
I HATE  
SWEATING!

PUFF! PUFF!  
THE MOST EXERCISE  
I EVER GOT WAS BACK  
HOME IN LINDENHURST,  
PLAYING HARD TO  
GET!

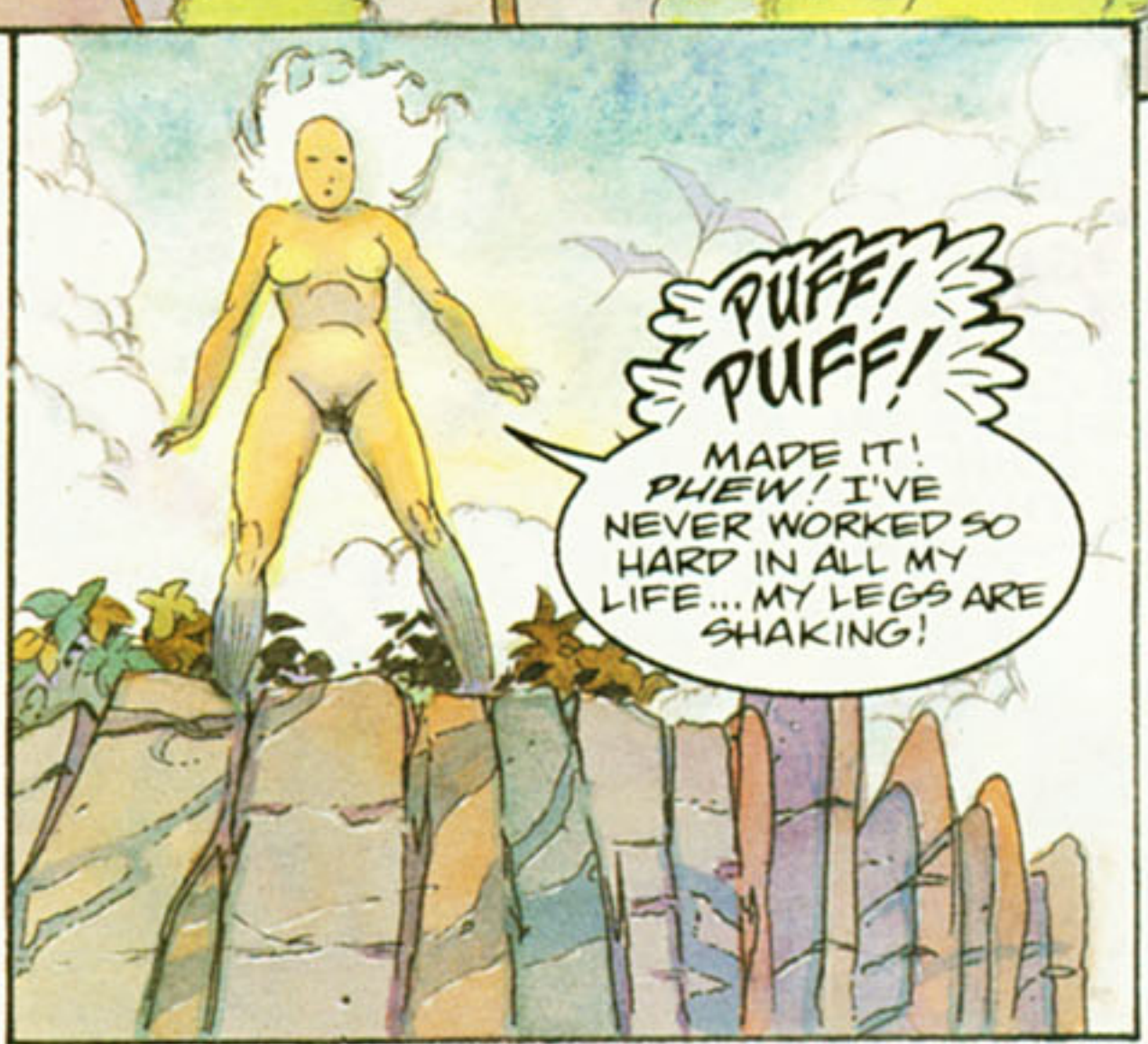
HUP! BLIP!

→GASP!←  
OH MY GOD!  
HUFF! PUFF!  
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I'M  
DOING  
THIS!

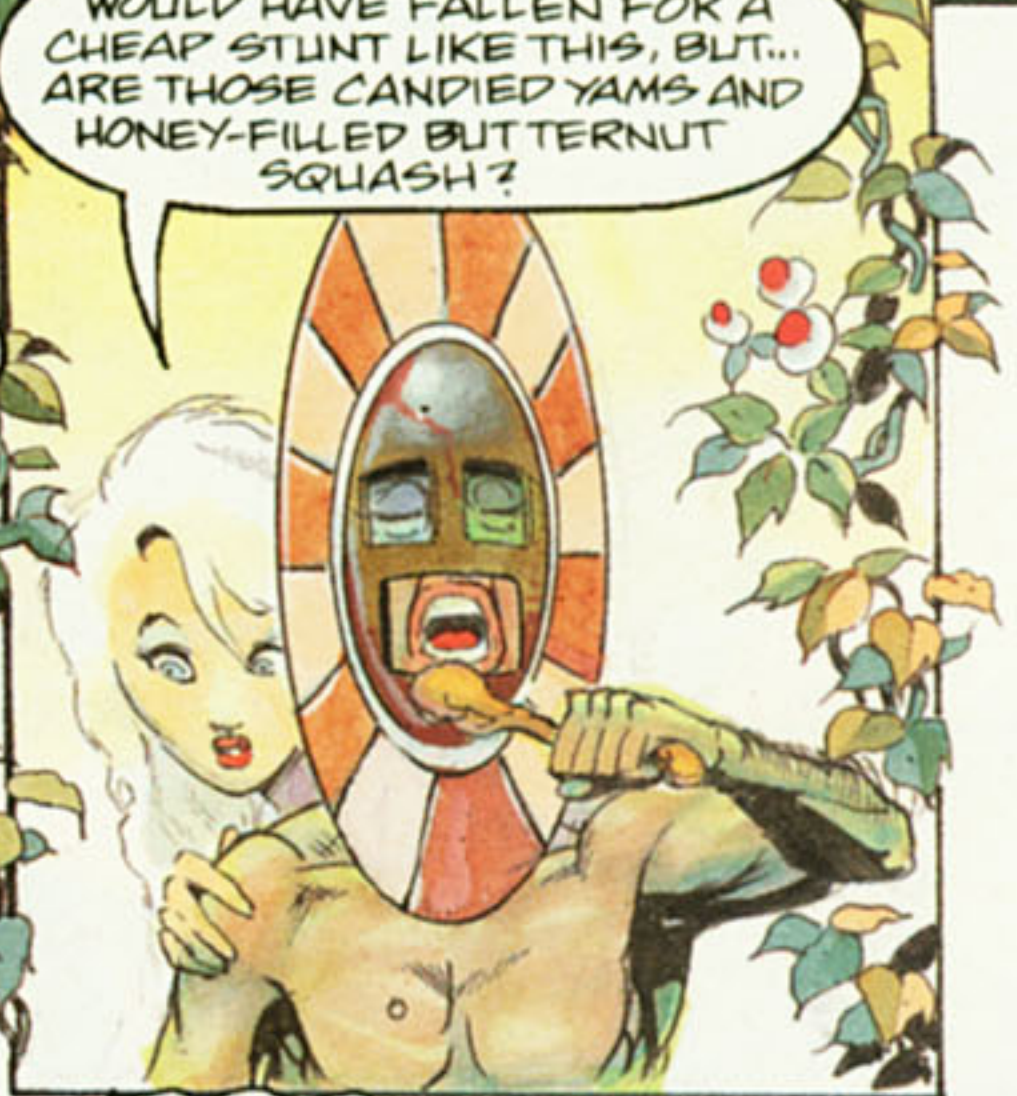
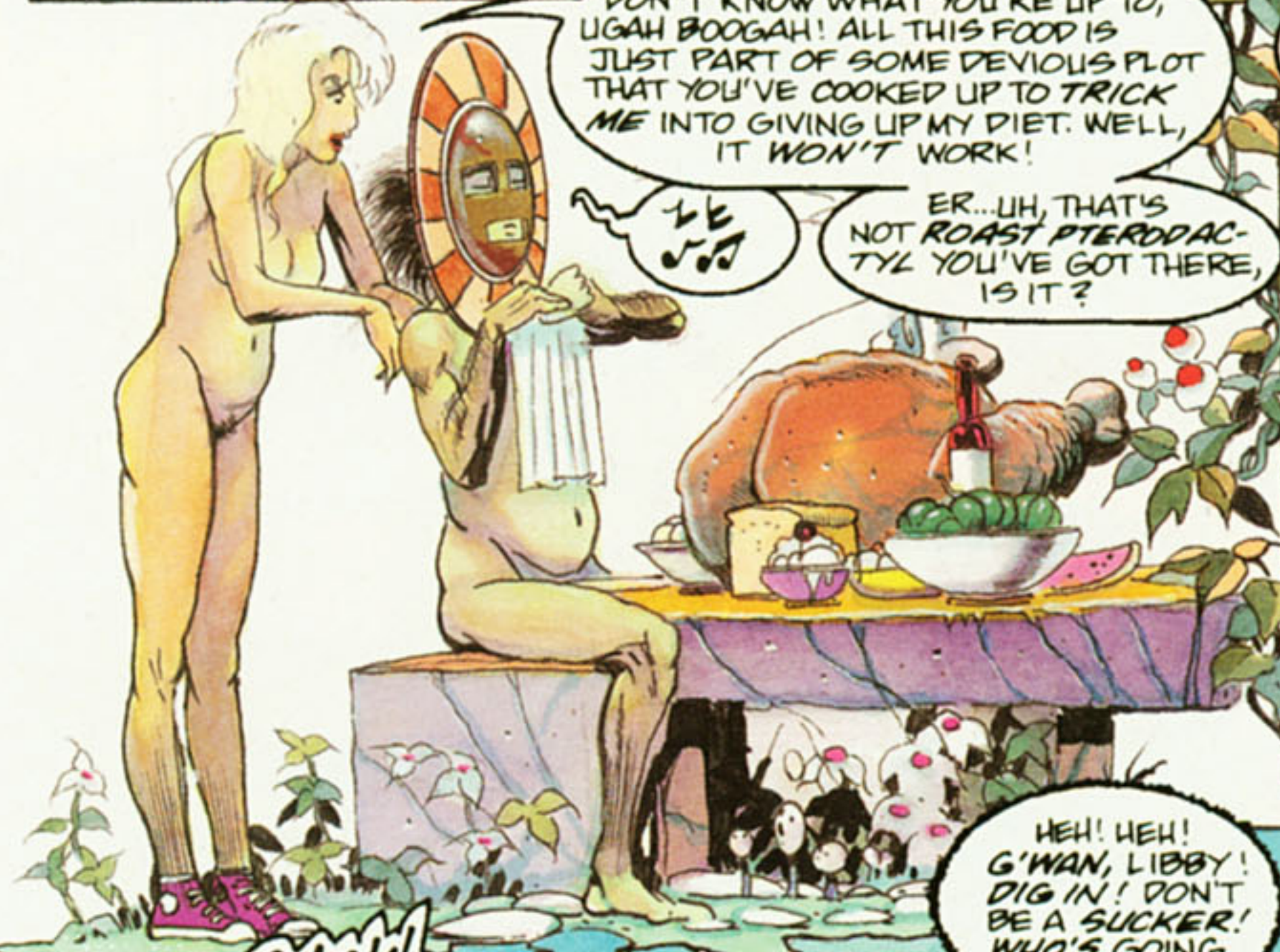
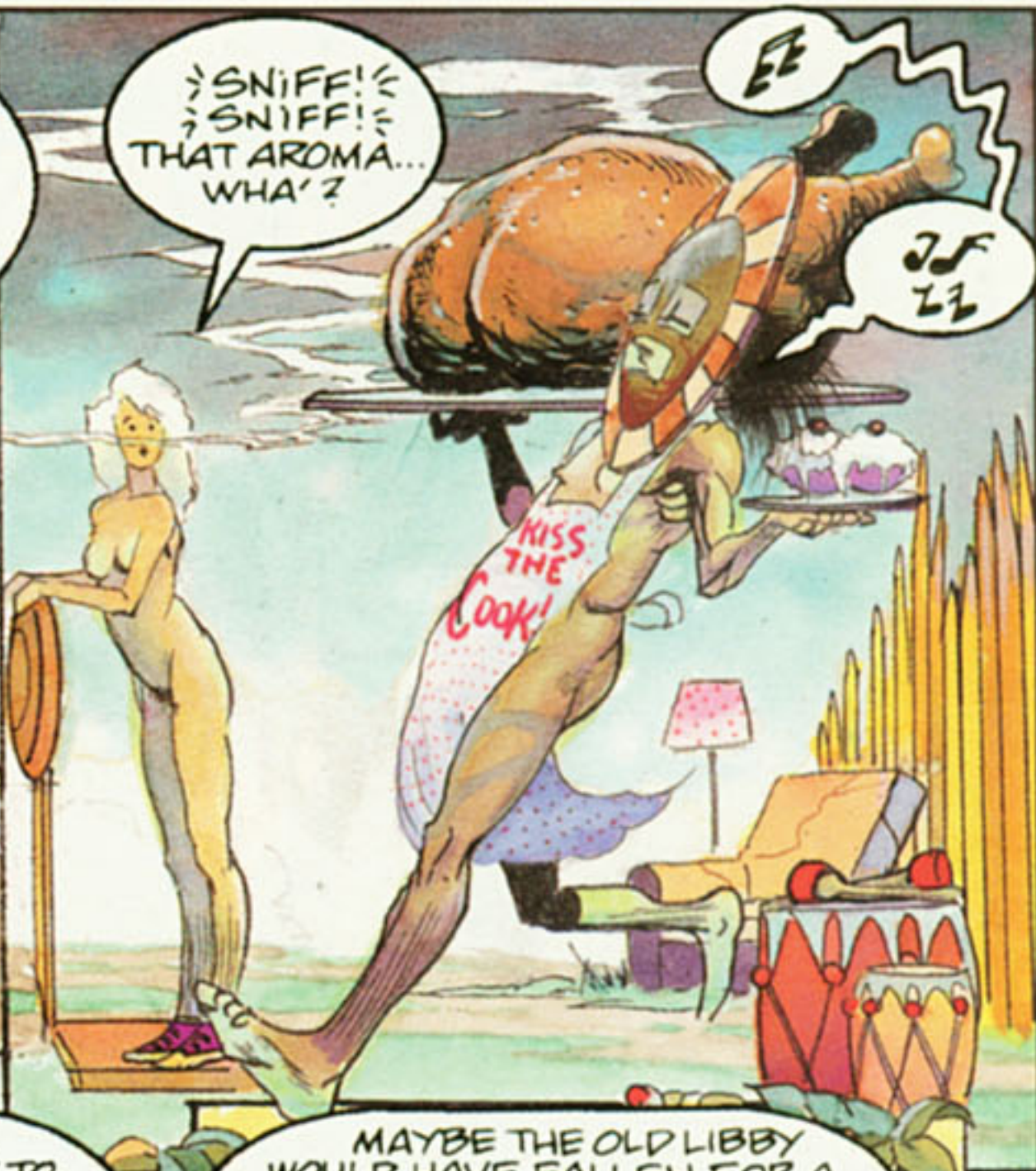
WHEN I  
GET BACK TO  
THE REAL WORLD,  
THEY'RE NOT  
GOING TO  
BELIEVE THE  
NEW, IMPROVED,  
FAB AND FIT  
LIBBY!

**OPRAH,  
HERE I  
COME!**

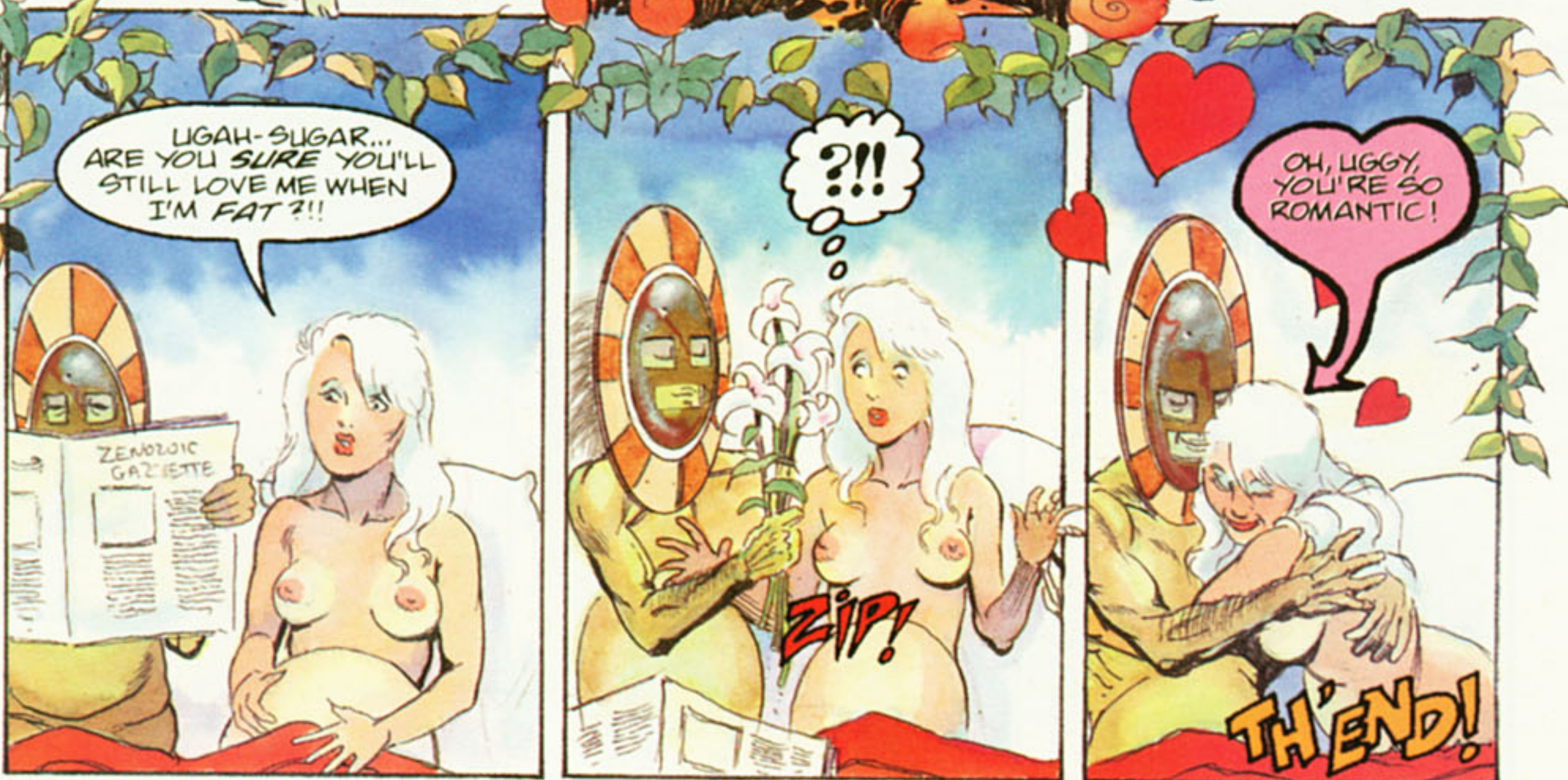
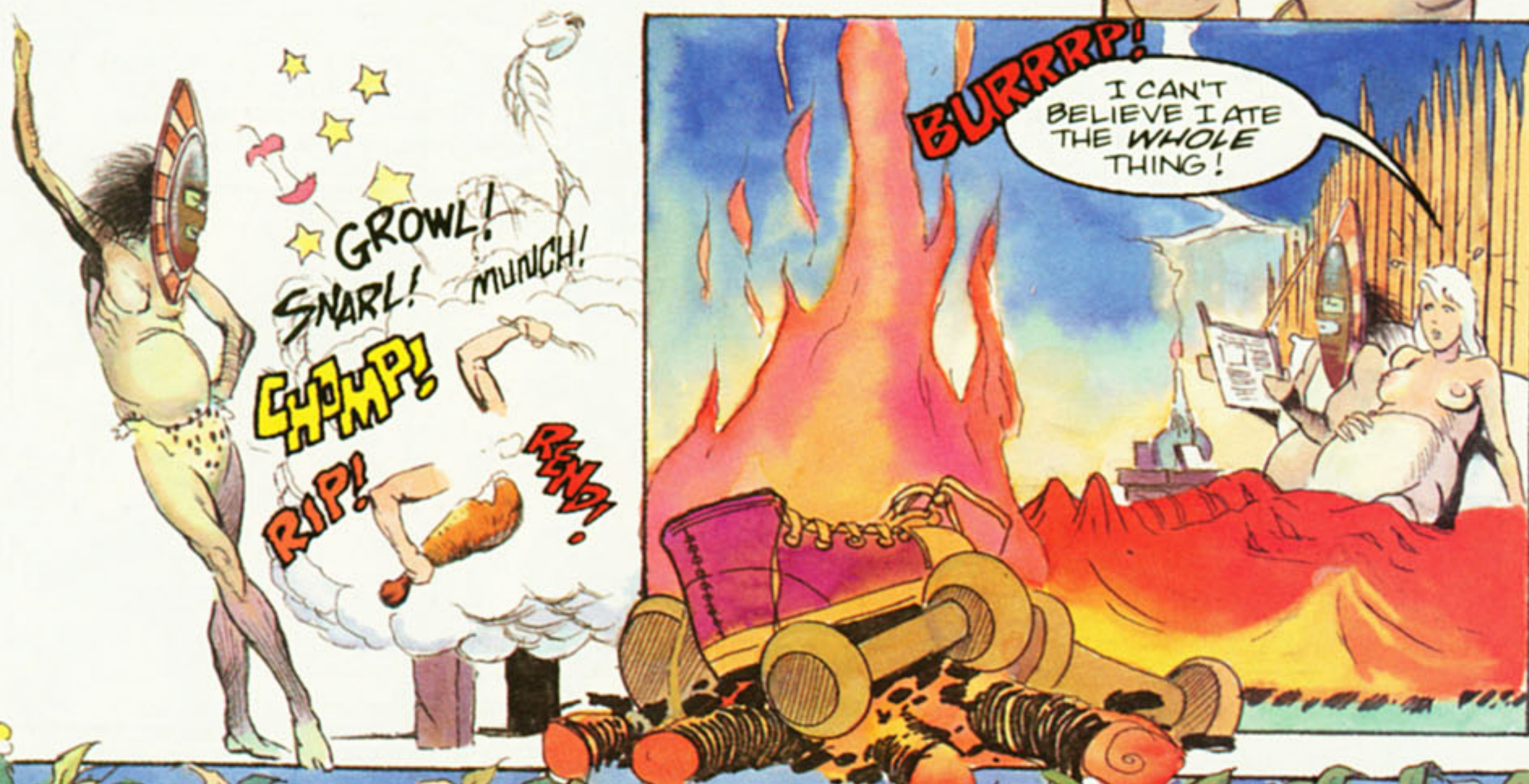
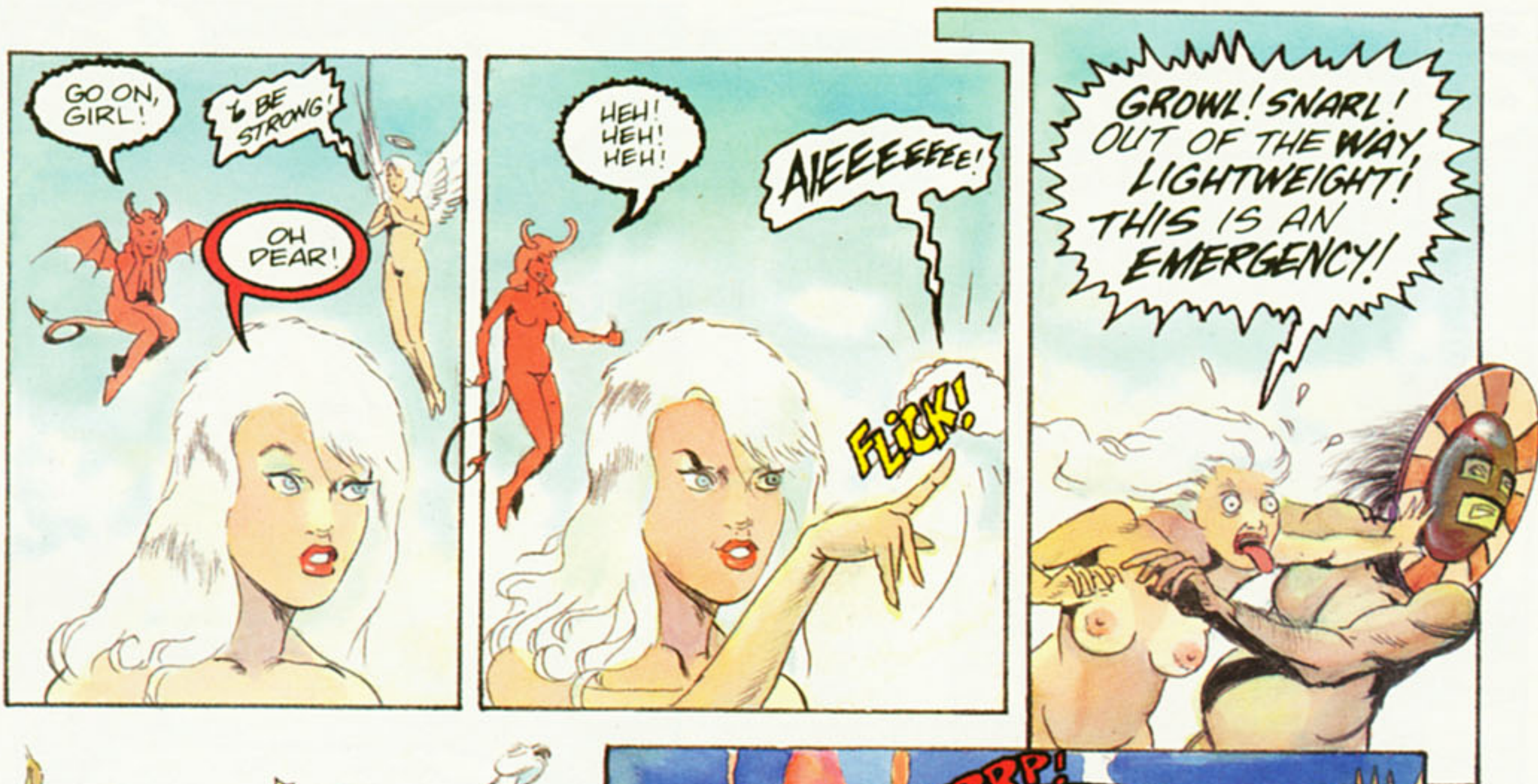














# HIGH GUARD

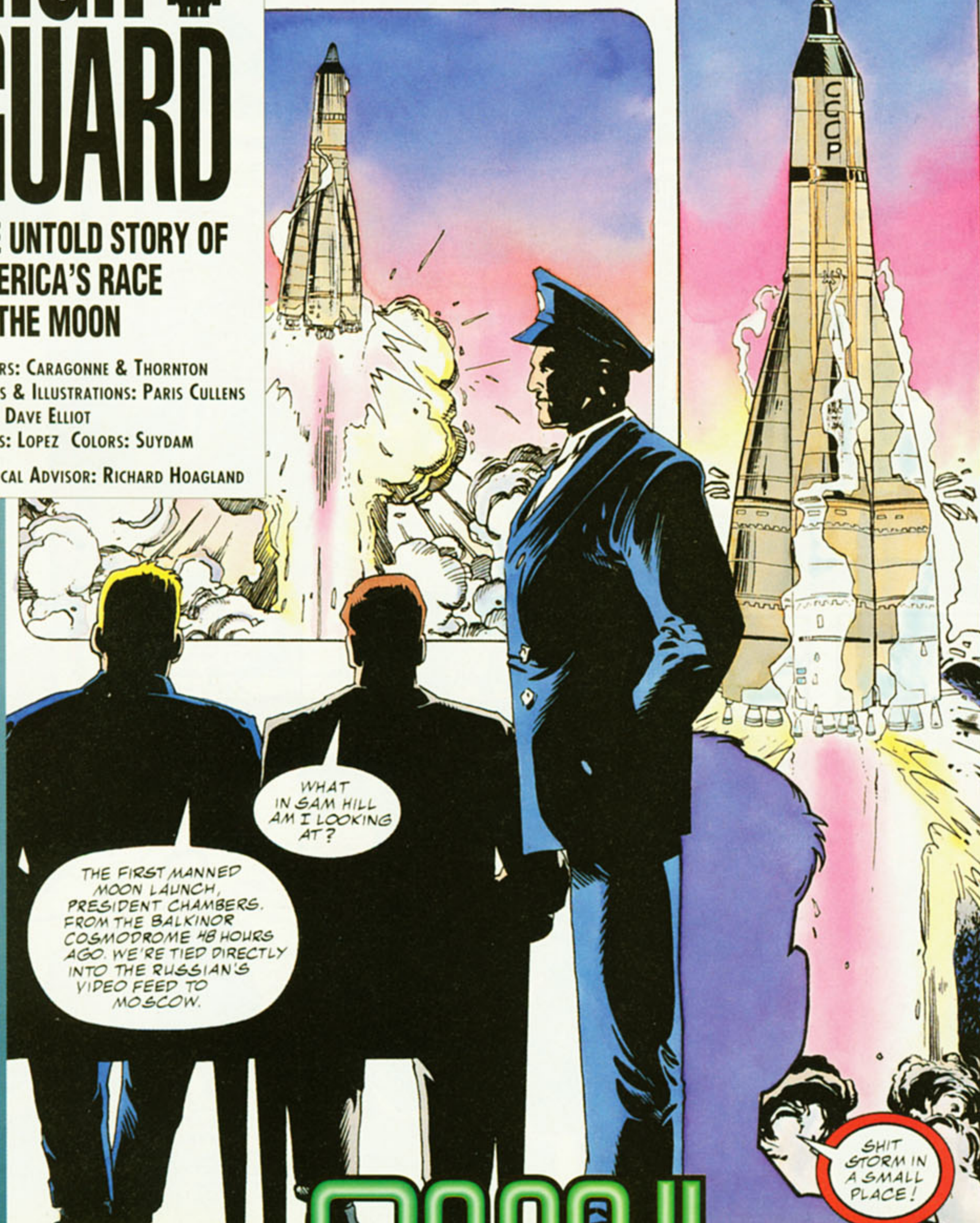
## THE UNTOLD STORY OF AMERICA'S RACE TO THE MOON

WRITERS: CARAGONNE & THORNTON  
PENCILS & ILLUSTRATIONS: PARIS CULLENS  
INKER: DAVE ELLIOT  
LETTERS: LOPEZ COLORS: SUYDAM  
TECHNICAL ADVISOR: RICHARD HOAGLAND

"I call upon this nation to commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the Moon and returning him safely to the Earth... No single space achievement in this era will be more impressive, more difficult and expensive to accomplish, or more important to the long-range exploration of space."

—President John F. Larrimore, Joint Session of Congress, January, 1961

THE WHITE HOUSE,  
WASHINGTON DC  
JANUARY 1967.

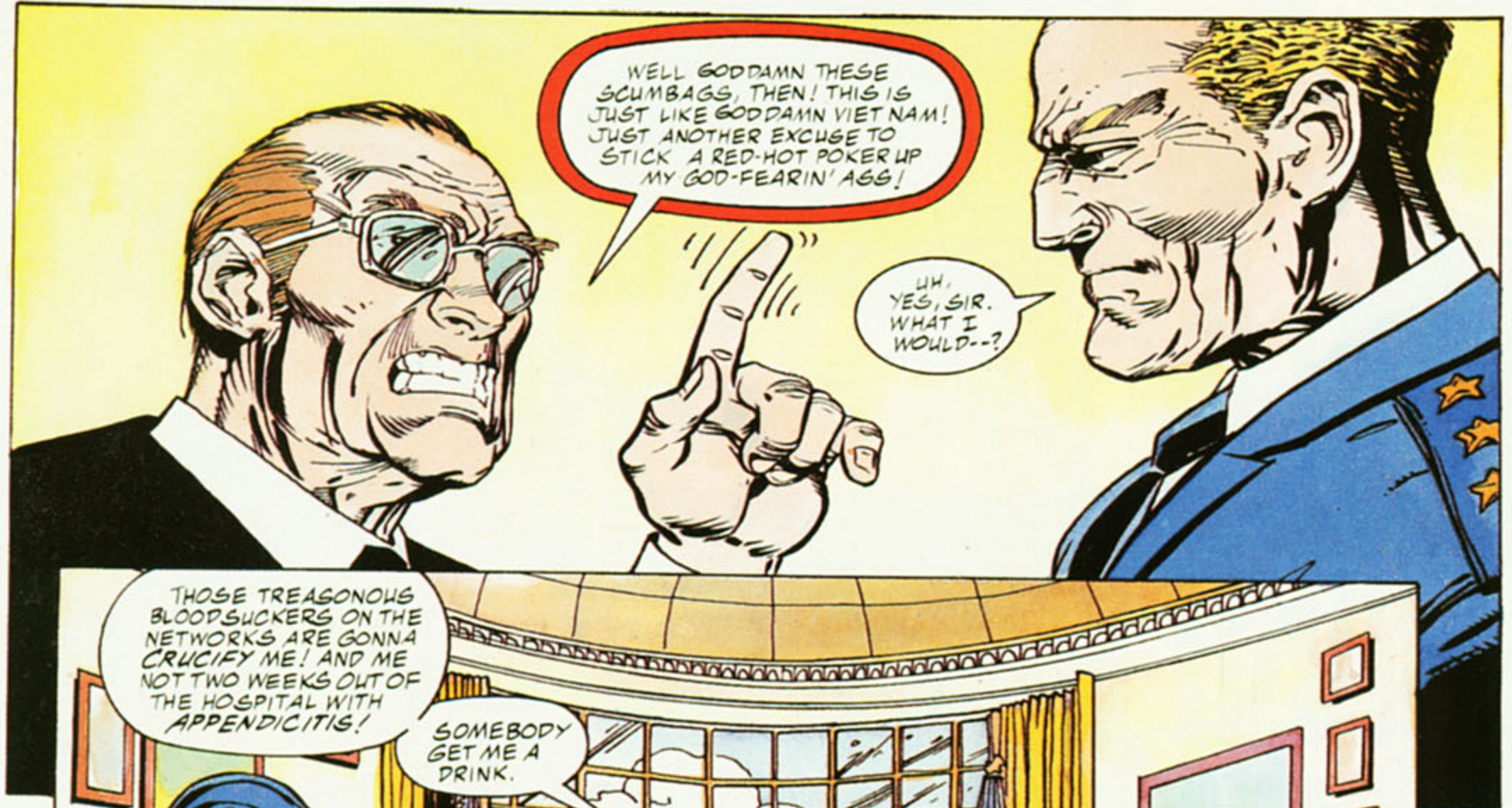


COMIX

SPECIAL

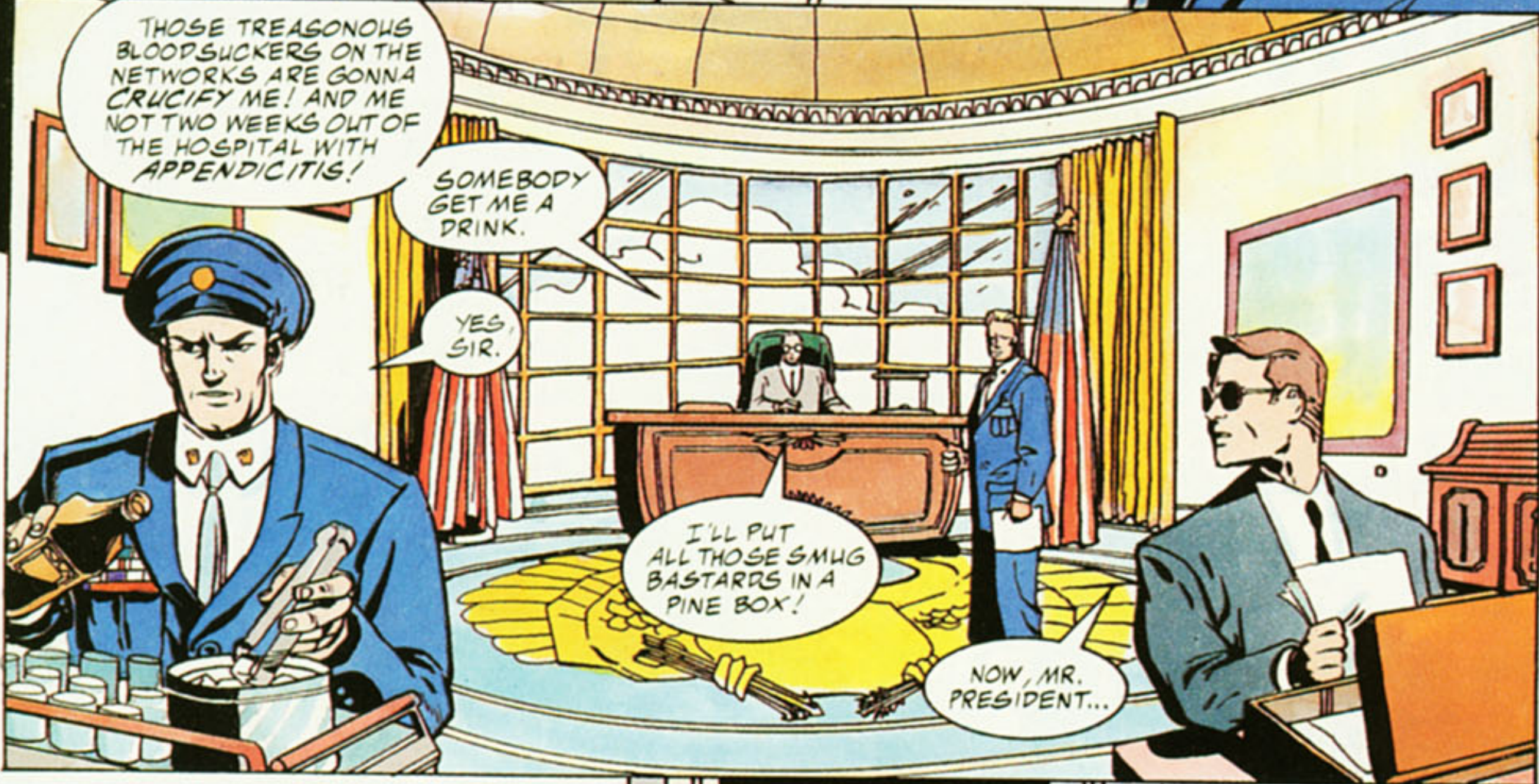
PREVIEW





WELL GODDAMN THESE SCUMBAGS, THEN! THIS IS JUST LIKE GODDAMN VIET NAM! JUST ANOTHER EXCUSE TO STICK A RED-HOT POKER UP MY GOD-FEARIN' ASS!

UH, YES, SIR. WHAT I WOULD--?



THOSE TREASONOUS BLOODSUCKERS ON THE NETWORKS ARE GONNA CRUCIFY ME! AND ME NOT TWO WEEKS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL WITH APPENDICITIS!

SOMEBODY GET ME A DRINK.

YES, SIR.

I'LL PUT ALL THOSE SMUG BASTARDS IN A PINE BOX!

NOW, MR. PRESIDENT...

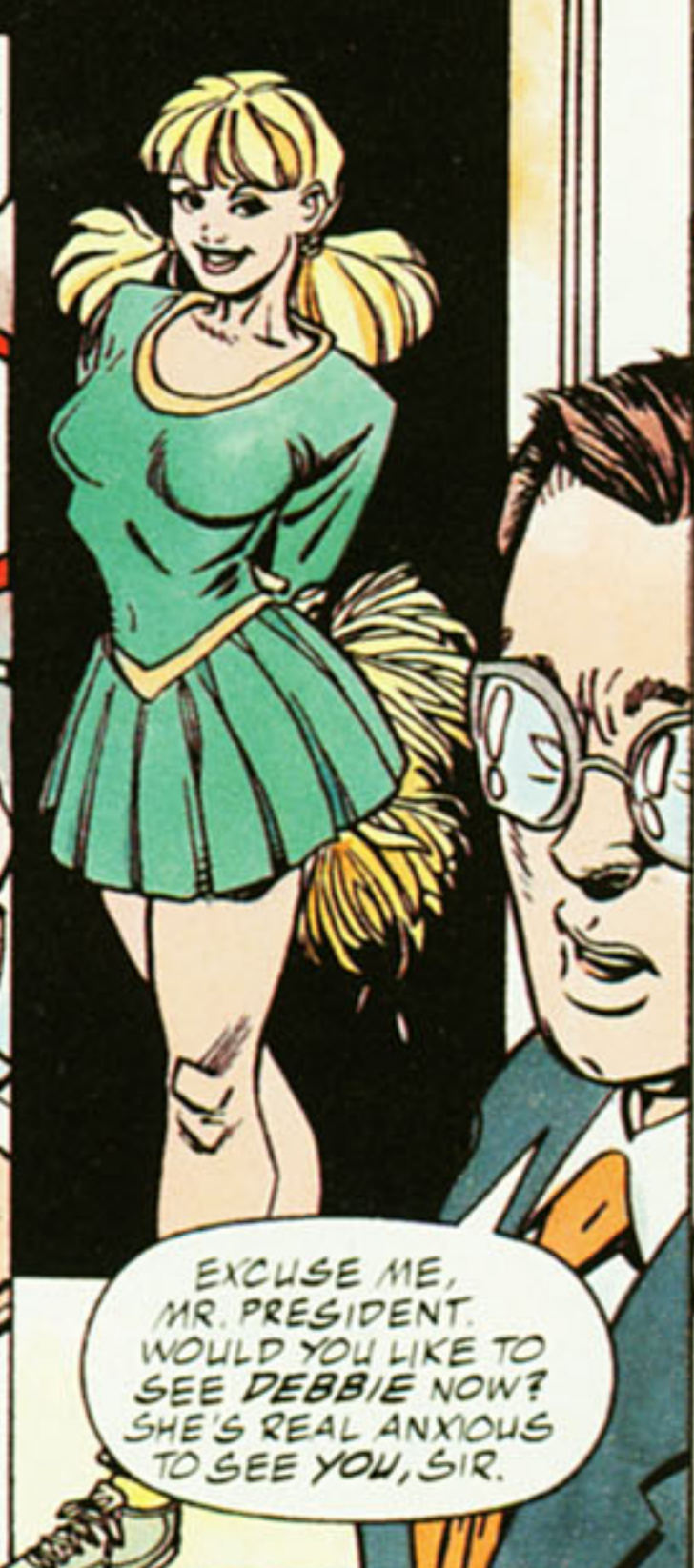


DON'T YOU CAUTION ME, BATES! IF I CAN DO IT IT TO THAT GOD DAMN HARVARD SNOT NOSE PISSANT I CAN DO IT TO A GODDAMN PIMP FOR TOILET PAPER NEWS READER!



I THINK, SIR. IF I MAY BE SO BOLD TO SUGGEST IT, THAT WE SHOULD IMMEDIATELY ENACT PLAN R.

WELL, ROCKER, WE SURE AS HELL GOTTA DO SOMETHING! WHAT IN SAM HILL IS PLAN R?



EXCUSE ME, MR. PRESIDENT. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE DEBBIE NOW? SHE'S REAL ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU, SIR.



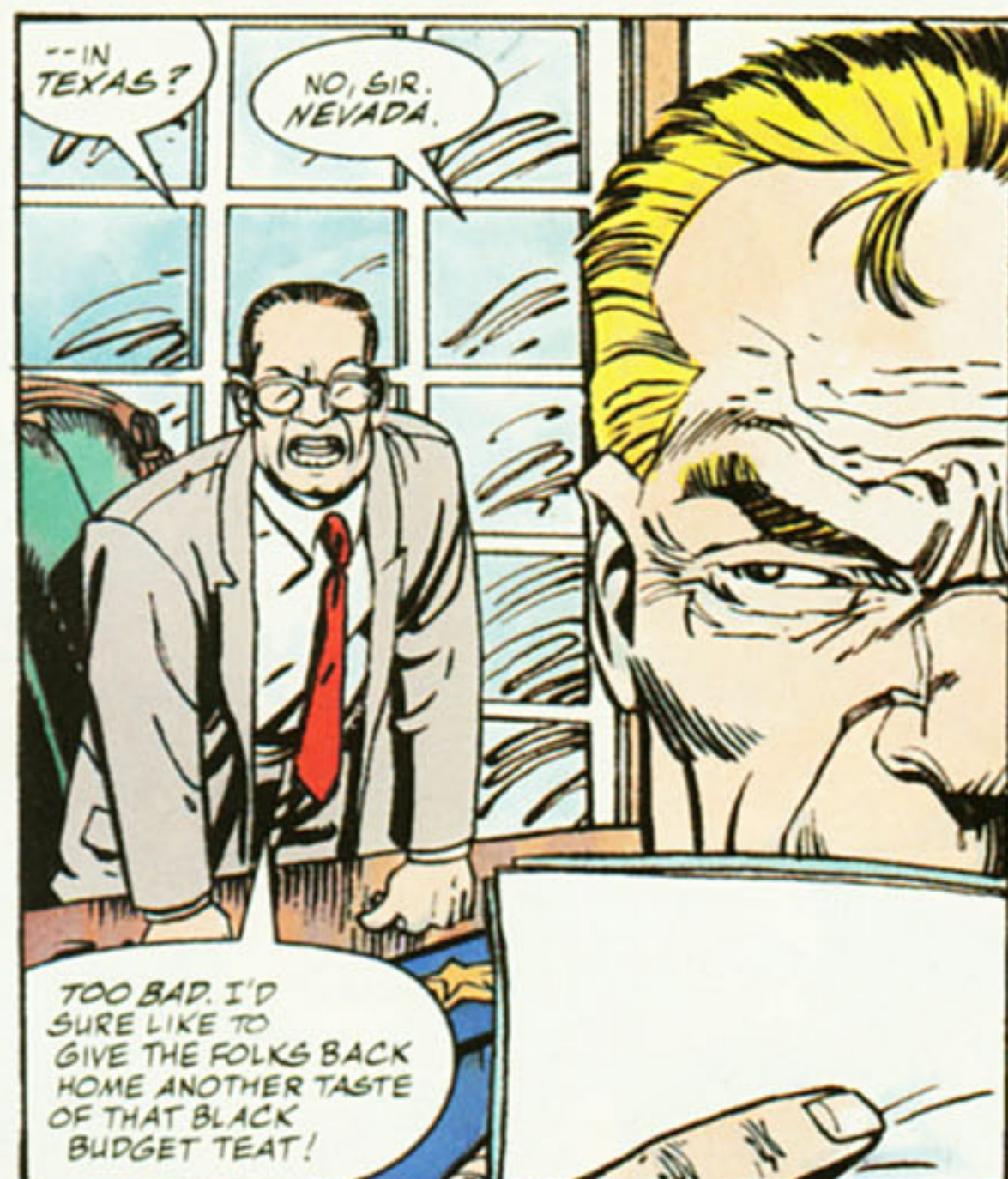
GOD DAMN IT, NO, YOU IDIOT! I'M IN THE MOOD TO FIGHT, NOT FOOL AROUND!

YOU WERE SAYIN', GENERAL?

UH... YES, SIR. PLAN R WAS ENACTED TO DEAL WITH EXACTLY THIS KIND OF UNEXPECTED SOVIET LAUNCH. TO BEAT THE REDS TO THE MOON.

IT'S AN EMERGENCY PROTOCOL TO LAUNCH A COVERT MILITARY MOON LANDING.







"WHO'S FLYING THIS BIRD, GENERAL? I HOPE WE'RE SENDING THE TOP ASTRONAUTS WE GOT."

"NO, SIR. SEEING AS OUR BEST ESTIMATE IS THAT THEY HAVE ABOUT A ONE IN TEN CHANCE OF MAKING IT..."



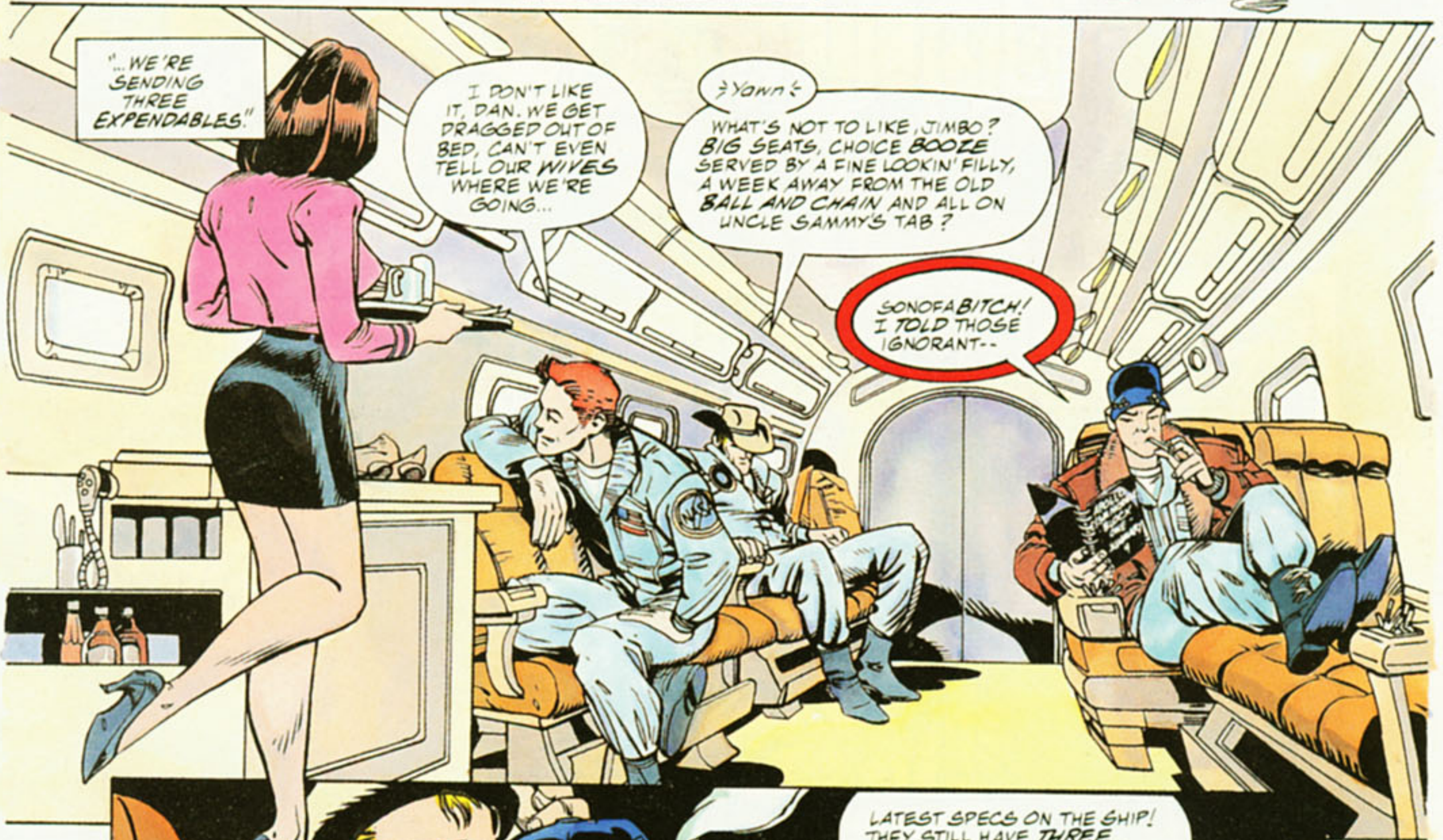
"...WE'RE SENDING THREE EXPENDABLES."

I DON'T LIKE IT, DAN. WE GET DRAGGED OUT OF BED, CAN'T EVEN TELL OUR WIVES WHERE WE'RE GOING...

YAWN

WHAT'S NOT TO LIKE, JIMBO? BIG SEATS, CHOICE BOOZE SERVED BY A FINE LOOKIN' FILLY, A WEEK AWAY FROM THE OLD BALL AND CHAIN AND ALL ON UNCLE SAMMY'S TAB?

SONOFA BITCH! I TOLD THOSE IGNORANT--



WHAT'S UP, SKIPPER?

LATEST SPECS ON THE SHIP! THEY STILL HAVE THREE UNSHIELDED ELECTRONIC CONDUITS IN THE COMMAND MODULE!

WE'VE STILL GOT A 100% OXYGEN MIX IN THE CABIN AND ALL IT TAKES IS ONE SPARK TO--



WE GOT COMPANY, SKIPPER!

LOOKS LIKE AN ESCORT. GUESS THEY'RE PRETTY TIGHT ON SECURITY 'ROUND HERE.

IS THIS EDWARDS?

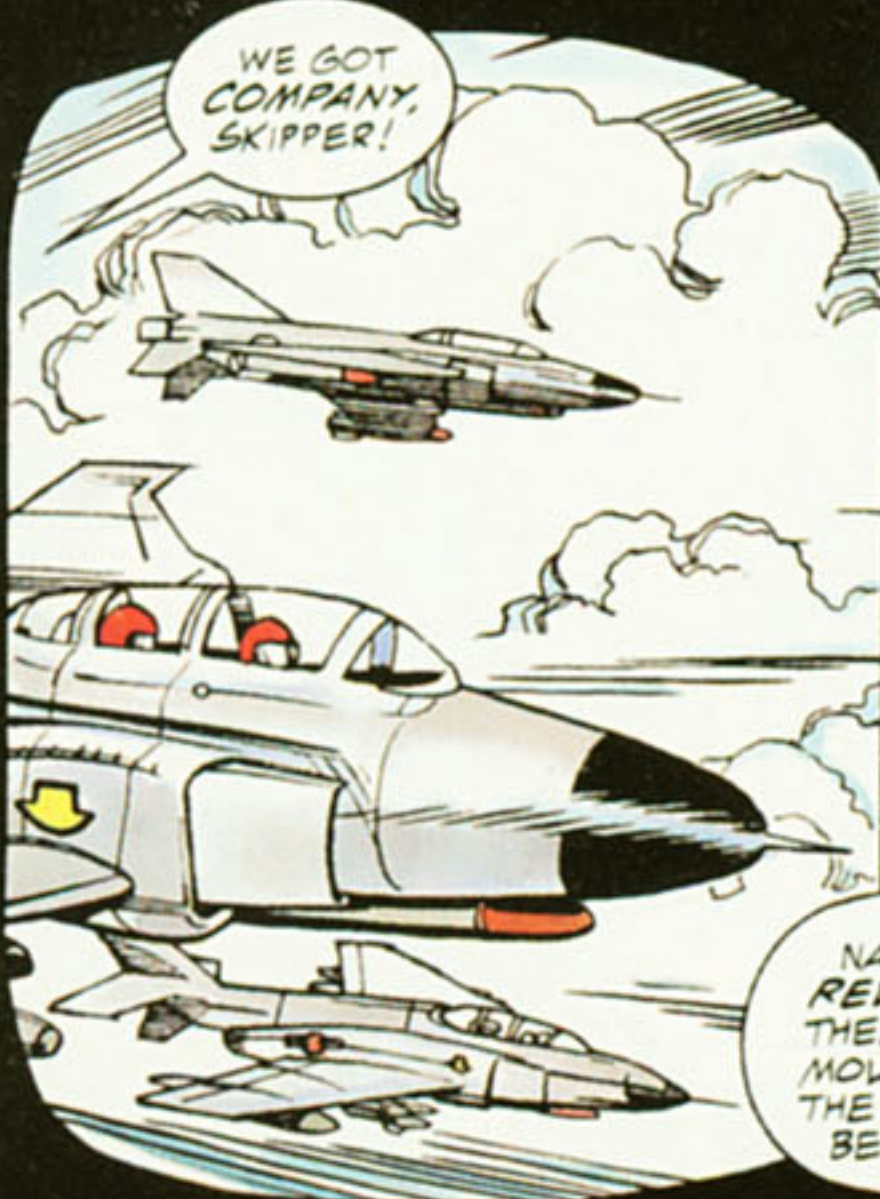
SKIPPER, THE KID MAY BE RIGHT ABOUT--

NEVADA?

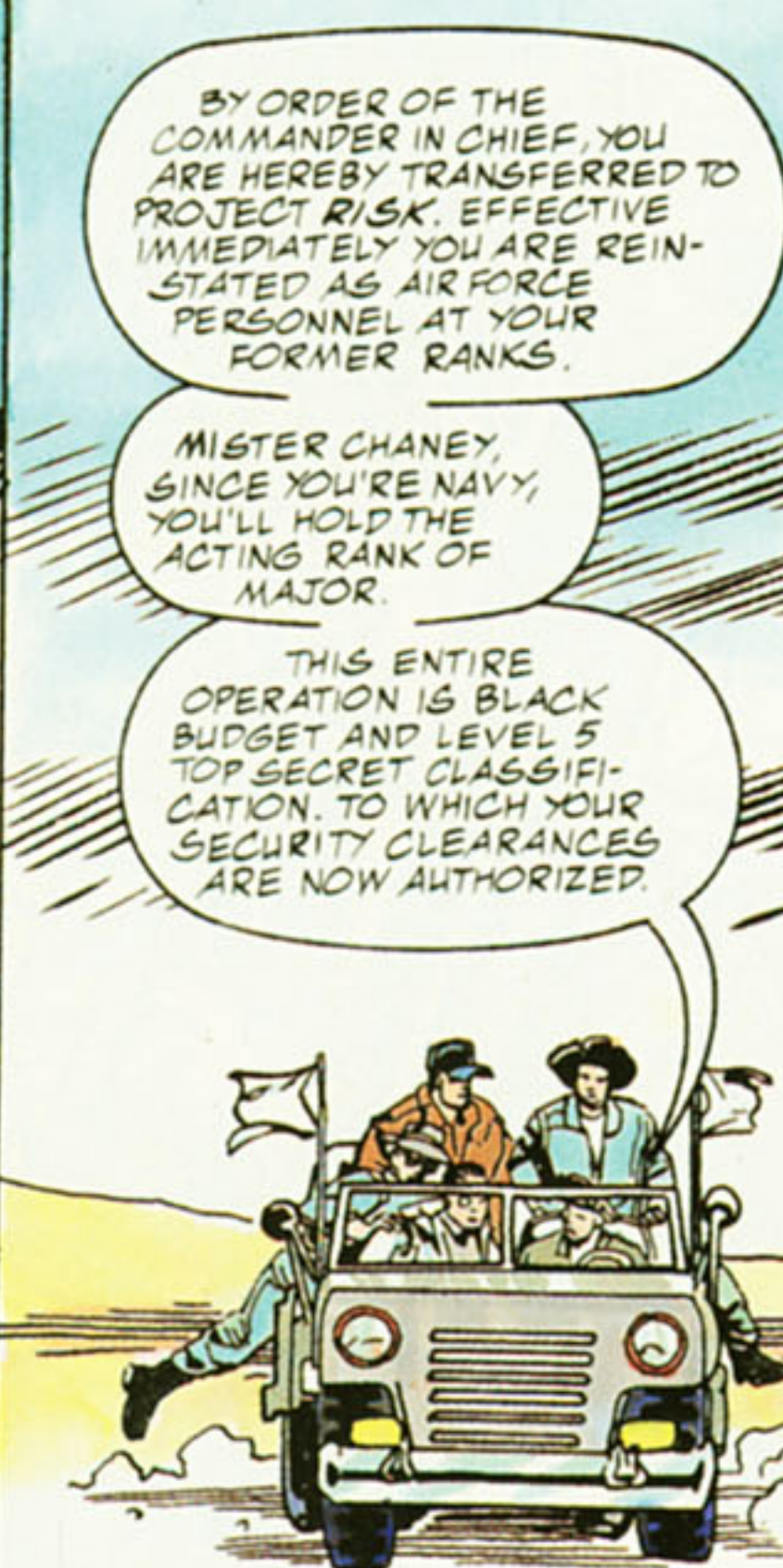
HEY! THIS MUST BE THAT BLACK BUDGET PROVING GROUND, S-4. BUCK YEARWELL'S TEAM--

BUTTON IT, KID. WE AIN'T HERE TO SPECULATE.

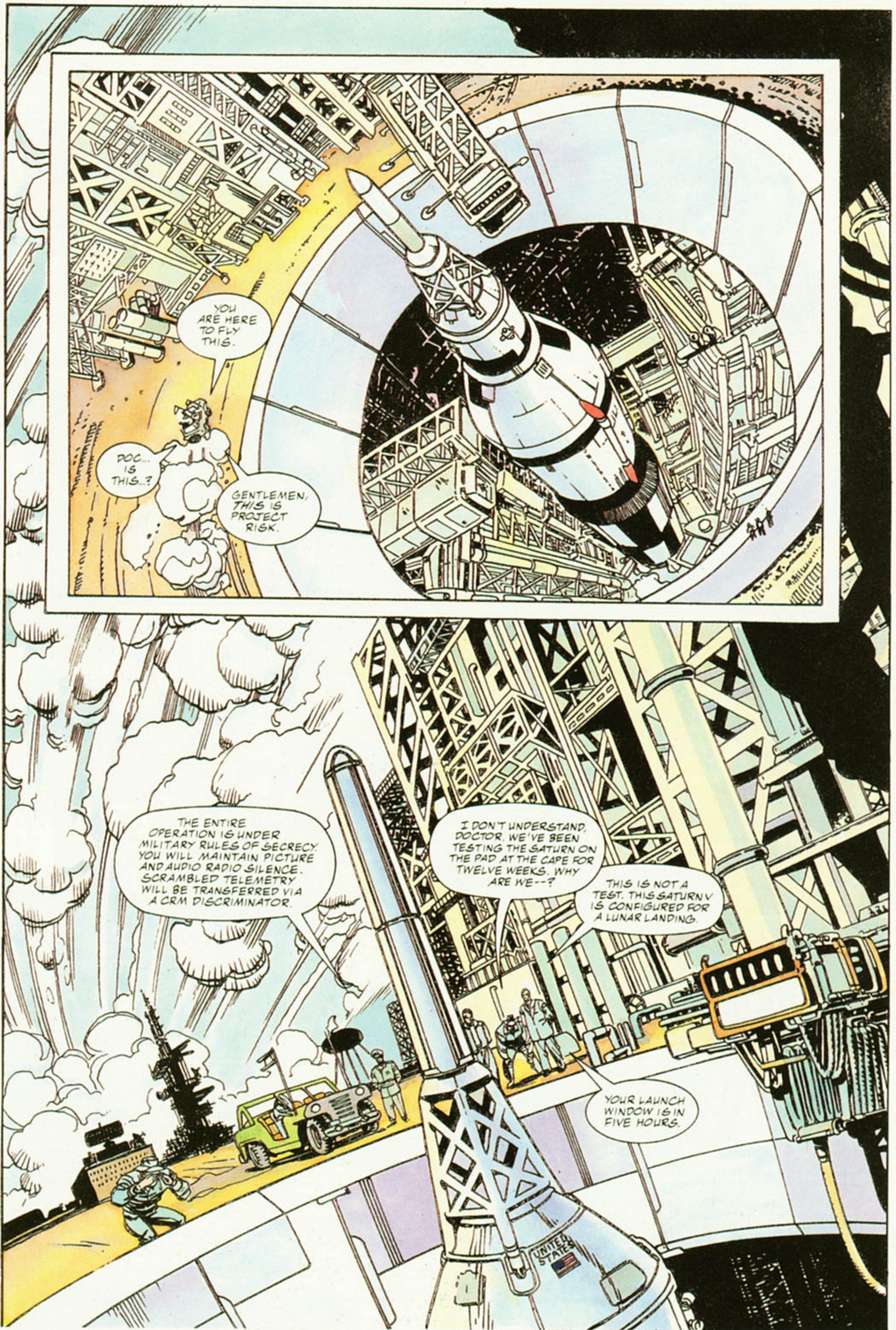
NAH. THOSE ARE RED HATS OUT THERE AND THOSE MOUNTAINS AREN'T THE SIERRAS. MUST BE IN NEVADA.











YOU ARE HERE TO FLY THIS.

DOC... IS THIS...?

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS PROJECT RISK.

THE ENTIRE OPERATION IS UNDER MILITARY RULES OF SECRECY. YOU WILL MAINTAIN PICTURE AND AUDIO RADIO SILENCE. SCRAMBLED TELEMETRY WILL BE TRANSFERRED VIA A CRM DISCRIMINATOR.

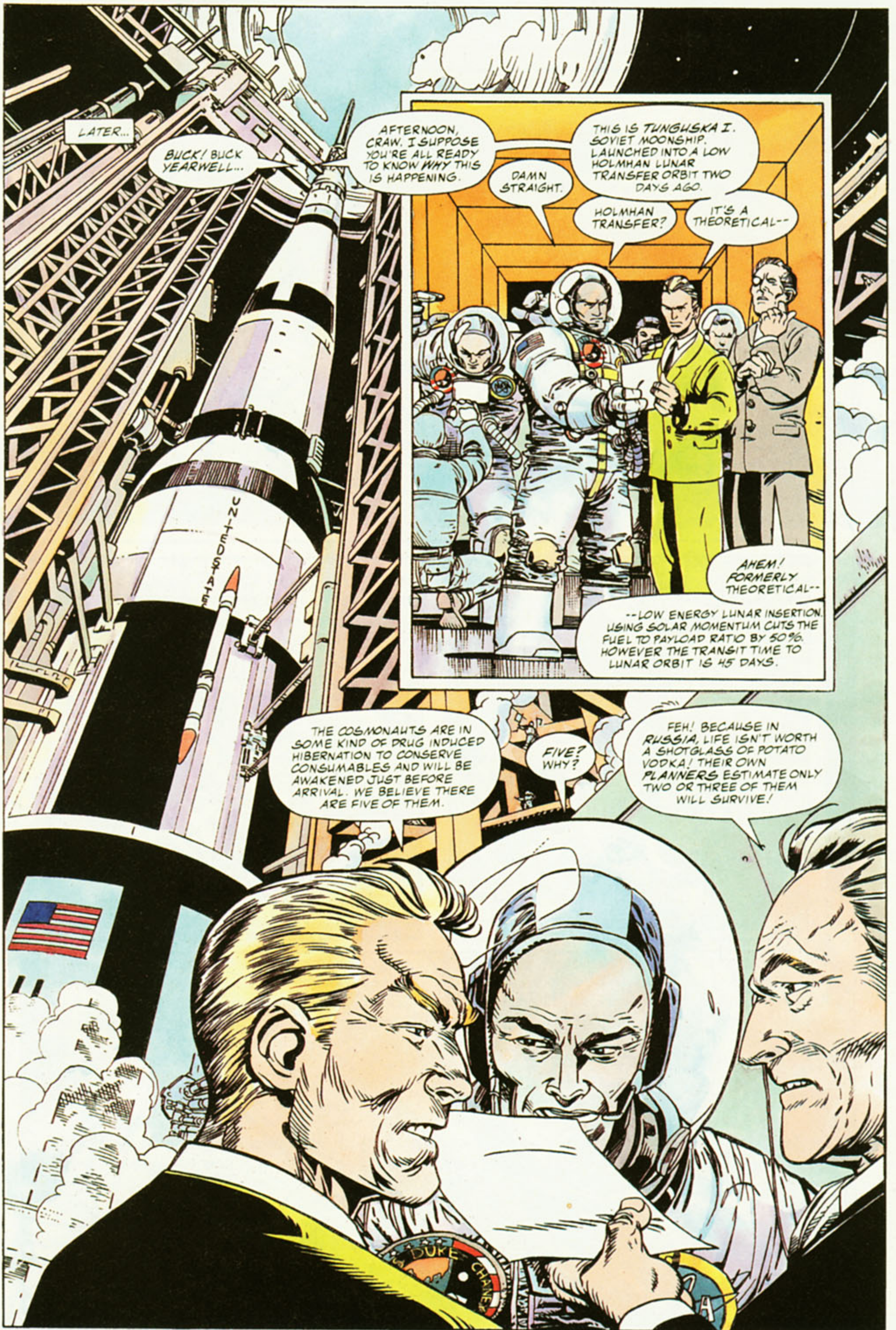
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR. WE'VE BEEN TESTING THE SATURN ON THE PAD AT THE CAPE FOR TWELVE WEEKS. WHY ARE WE--?

THIS IS NOT A TEST. THIS SATURN V IS CONFIGURED FOR A LUNAR LANDING.

YOUR LAUNCH WINDOW IS IN FIVE HOURS.

UNITED STATES





LATER...

BUCK! BUCK  
YEARWELL...

AFTERNOON,  
CRAW. I SUPPOSE  
YOU'RE ALL READY  
TO KNOW WHY THIS  
IS HAPPENING.

DAMN  
STRAIGHT.

THIS IS TUNGUSKA I.  
SOVIET MOONSHIP.  
LAUNCHED INTO A LOW  
HOLMHAN LUNAR  
TRANSFER ORBIT TWO  
DAYS AGO.

HOLMHAN  
TRANSFER?

IT'S A  
THEORETICAL--

AHEM!  
FORMERLY  
THEORETICAL--

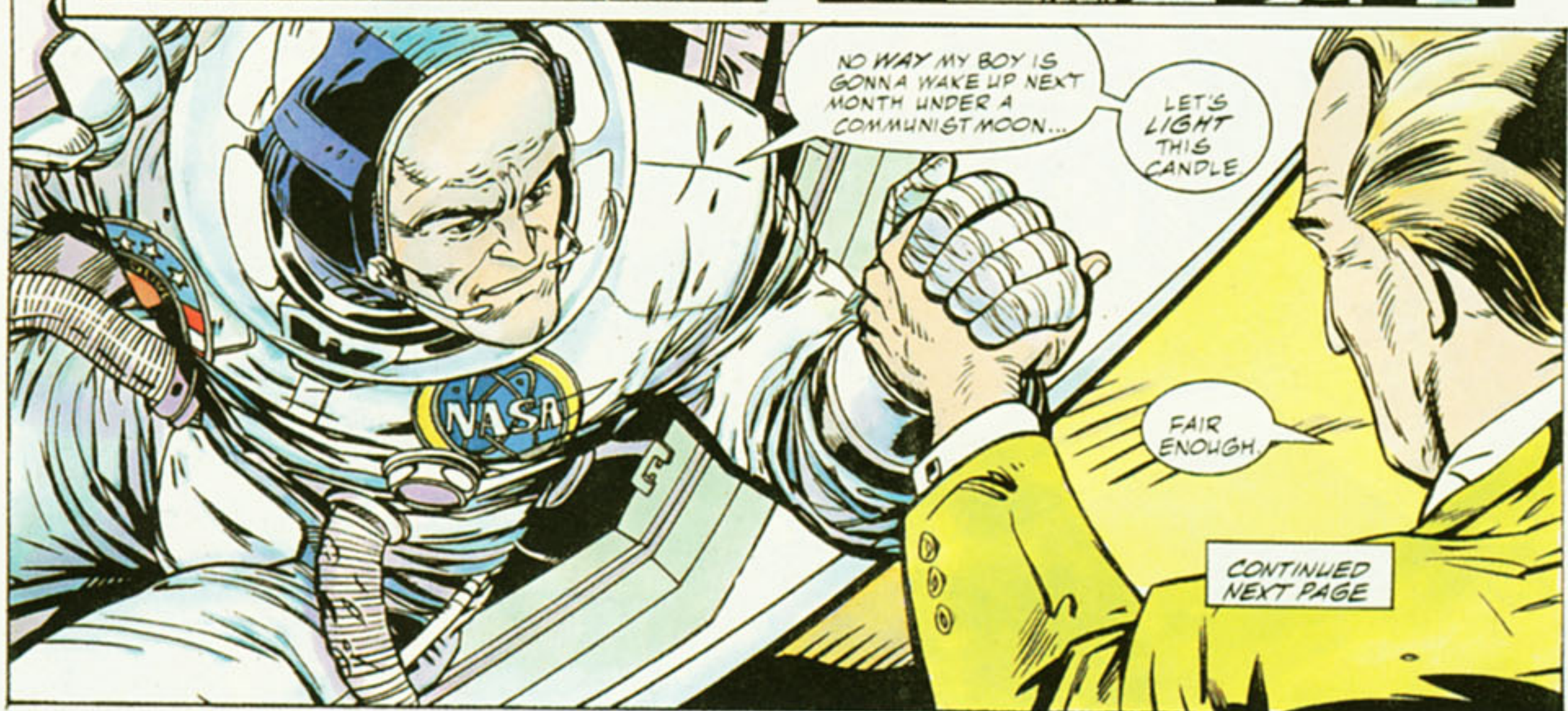
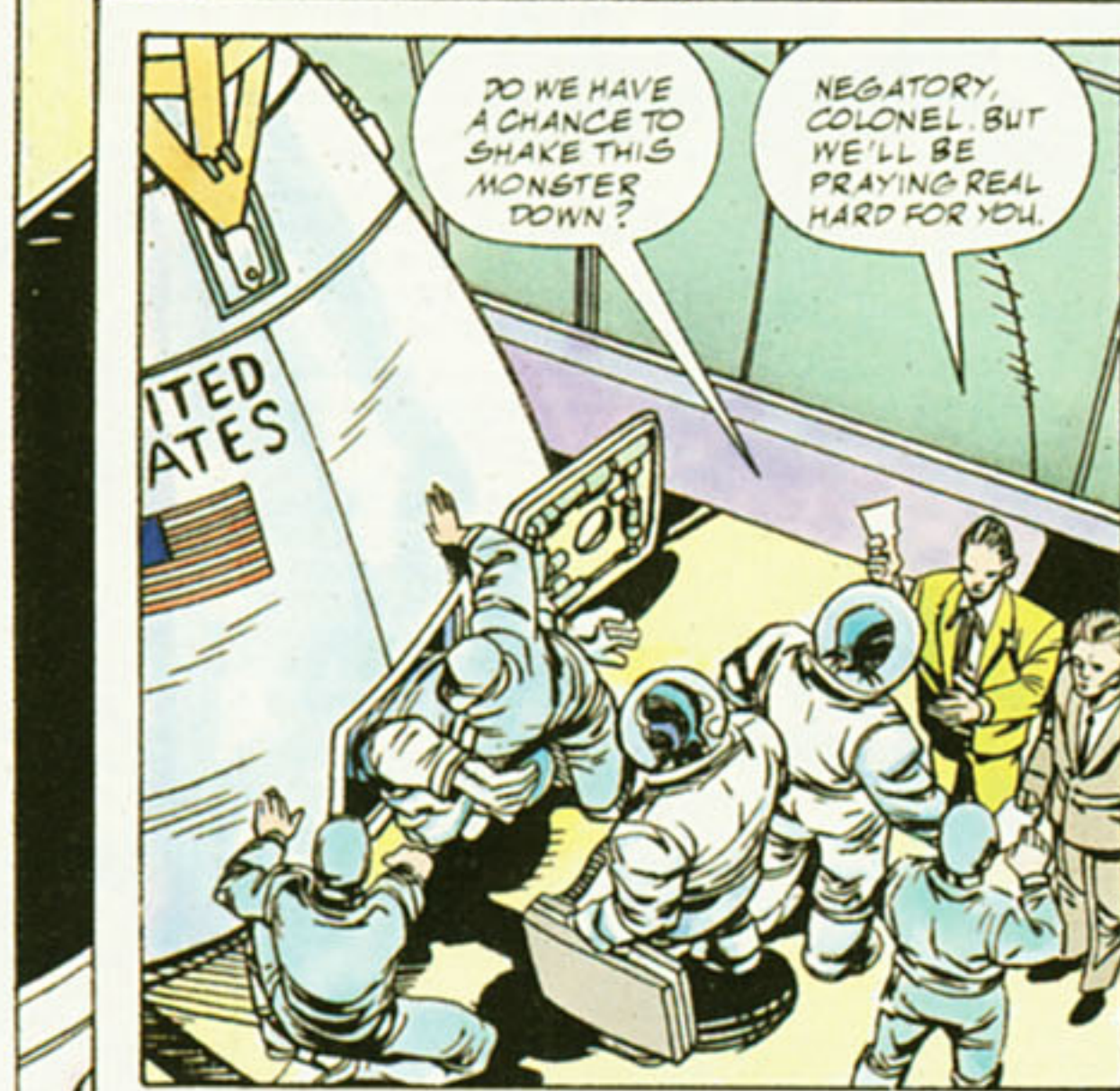
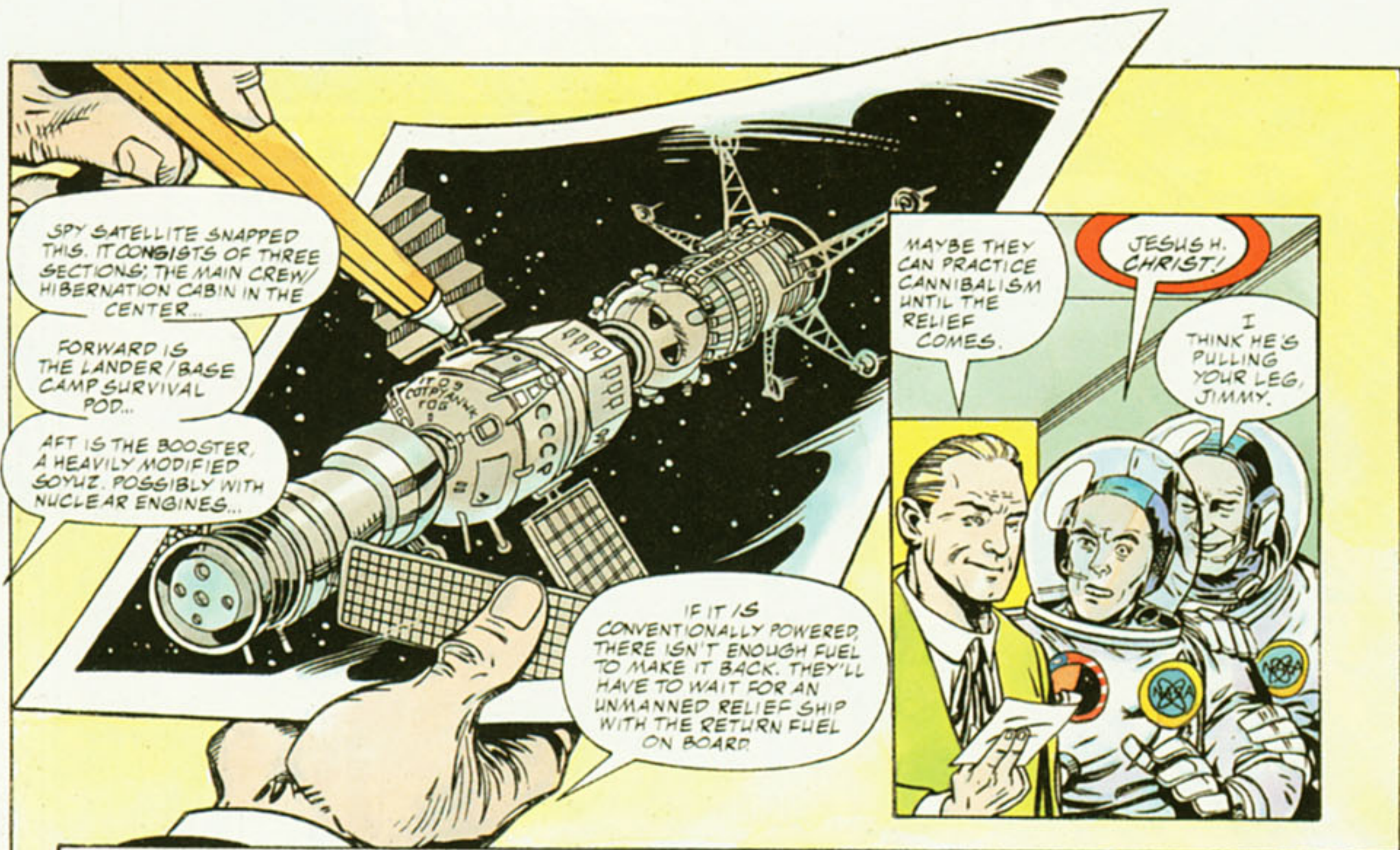
--LOW ENERGY LUNAR INSERTION.  
USING SOLAR MOMENTUM CUTS THE  
FUEL TO PAYLOAD RATIO BY 50%.  
HOWEVER THE TRANSIT TIME TO  
LUNAR ORBIT IS 45 DAYS.

THE COSMONAUTS ARE IN  
SOME KIND OF DRUG INDUCED  
HIBERNATION TO CONSERVE  
CONSUMABLES AND WILL BE  
AWAKENED JUST BEFORE  
ARRIVAL. WE BELIEVE THERE  
ARE FIVE OF THEM.

FIVE?  
WHY?

FEH! BECAUSE IN  
RUSSIA, LIFE ISN'T WORTH  
A SHOTGLASS OF POTATO  
VODKA! THEIR OWN  
PLANNERS ESTIMATE ONLY  
TWO OR THREE OF THEM  
WILL SURVIVE!

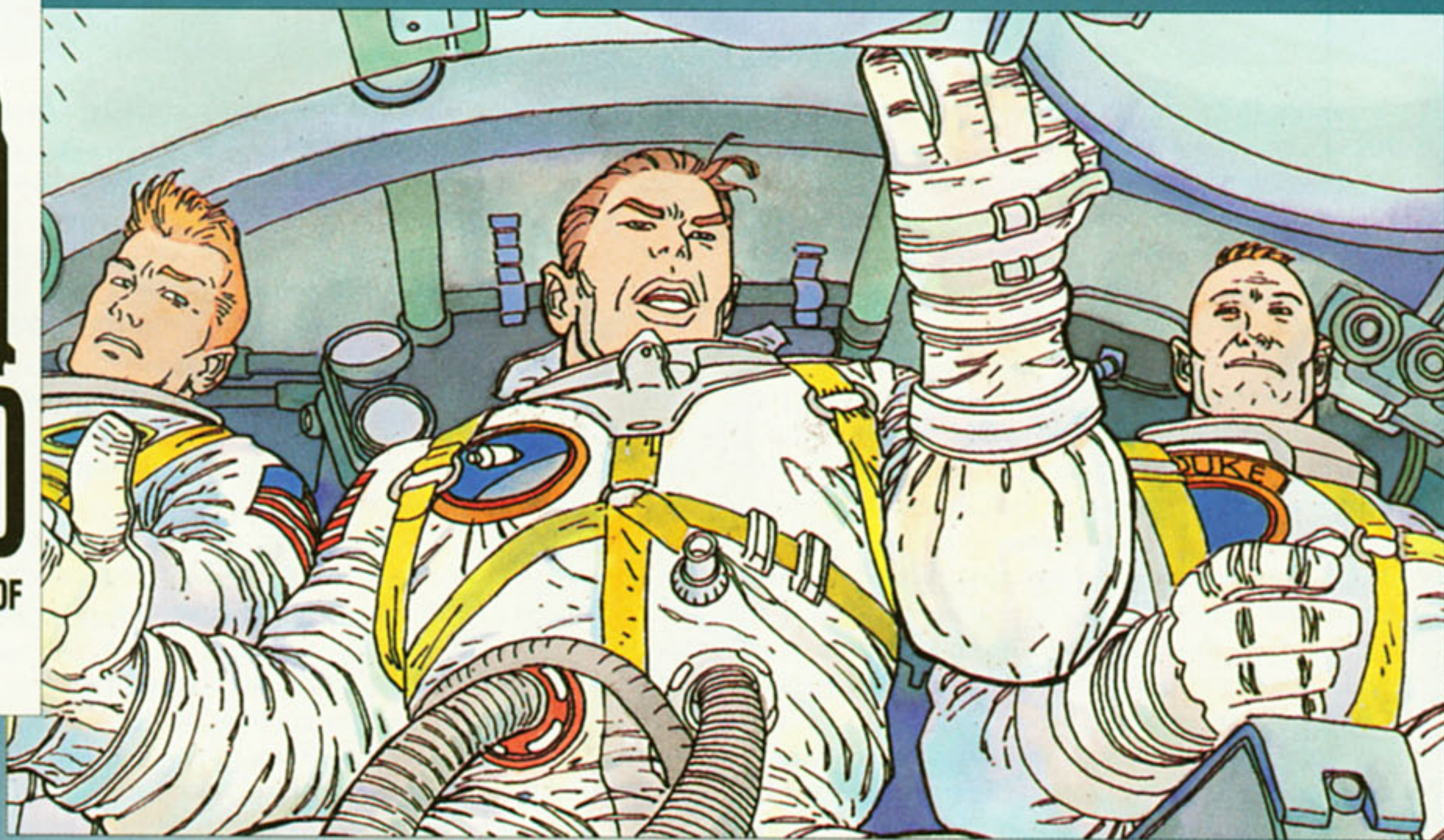






# HIGH GUARD

THE UNTOLD STORY OF  
AMERICA'S RACE  
TO THE MOON



Seven hydraulic lifts, grinding under the strain of their first and only use, slowly lifted the experimental Saturn V booster and its gantry, all eight and a half million pounds of it, out of the underground silo, like a steel furnace slowly extruding a metal rod. The heavy braces around the mouth of the silo locked into place and the Saturn now stood completely above ground and ready for launch. Near the top of the 314 foot rocket, the largest and most powerful ever built by man, was the Apollo 1 Command Module, now nicknamed *The Lark*. Inside, the three Astronauts, going through their pre-launch checklist at breakneck speed, heard the firm midwestern drawl of Dice Nelson breaking in, **"T-Minus four minutes and counting. All personnel clear gantry. Repeat. All personnel, clear gantry."**

Like army ants swarming out of a nest, the roughly 100 civilian and military technicians still working in the gantry and silo rode high speed elevators to ground level, all of them heading for the row of buses parked at the foot of the giant rocket. The plan called for the buses to pull out at t-minus two minutes, with whoever was on board and drive like hell across the dry lake bed to what was hoped would be a safe distance (since a Saturn V had never been launched before, this was only an estimate). Anyone who was not on board when the buses pulled out would receive a classified burial, with full military honors, of course.

The Astronauts, inside the fully-pressurized space capsule, were alone now. The commander, Calvin Crawford Duke, looked glumly at his instrument panel. This was a fine way for a whole new space program to start, he thought. In secrecy, in haste, and amid the kind of sloppiness that would have never been tolerated during the days of Mercury.

Unfortunately, the Mercury boys were just about gone now. Buck Yearwell, the former glory flyboy — whose bright claims in answer to any question that if they were looking for the best, 'they had no further to look than yours truly' — had

been grounded with a heart condition. He had been the oldest pilot at the start of the program and was now a grandfather. In truth, Yearwell could fly today as well as ever, but his braggadocio, mostly a put-on, had rubbed President Chambers the wrong way, and the Texas born Commander-in-Chief had personally insisted that the only other Texan in the space program be given a desk job.

Of the original seven Mercury astronauts, three had left the program, two had been grounded with medical problems — only 'Craw' Duke and Vincent 'Dice' Nelson, the CapCom (Capsule Commander) for this mission — were truly still active. The new breed of Astronaut, many of whom had flown during the Gemini years, had included Dan Wills, the first American to walk in space and Jimmy Chaney, who would be flying the Lunar module down to the surface with Duke while Wills stayed in orbit in the Command Module. "How's the checklist going?" Duke called over.

"Okay," Chaney answered. This was the first space mission Jimmy Chaney had flown. A former U-2 pilot during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the young aviator had been a last minute substitution on Duke's team for Paul Speraw, a Gemini astronaut, who had been killed in a training accident six months ago. "Cabin pressure relief valves open."

The voice of CapCom came through the console in response. "Check. How's your direct O<sub>2</sub>, Dan?"

"Open and A-OK, Dice," Wills responded. The massive strong man, nearly the same age as the two Mercury vets but from the second group of nine who had flown for the first time during Gemini, Dan Wills was practicing opening the main hatch. He was the only man in the program strong enough to do it all by himself, and although there was no plan to do a spacewalk, one never knew in a mission like this one what emergency was going to spring up.

"Too bad," Duke asked, feeling the pack of cigarettes he had sneaked on board inside his flight suit, "we couldn't stretch our legs one more time."



Wills laughed. "To quote the good doctor, 'Der Astronauts vill not leave der capsule for any reason'."

Duke turned to the smiling giant, an unembarrassed patriot who had posed for his official picture wearing a flag draped over his chest, and commented, "Well, Dan. If we have to abort after countdown, you can always fire up the escape tower."

The three men all had a laugh at that one. In the six years it was used in both Mercury and Apollo programs, the escape tower had never been fired off with a man on board. Even the designers of the spindly, solid rocket boosters mated to the tip of the Command Module gave it less than a one-in-four chance of successfully performing its function: that of lifting the cone shaped capsule off the top of the Saturn booster and carrying it to a safe distance where the Command Module's triple parachutes could open and bring the capsule to the ground without killing the men inside on impact.

Duke, listening in to the CapCom channel, heard Werner von Ley, the German engineer whose baby the Apollo Program was, nagging Dice Nelson in the background.

Von Ley, normally the most cautious man in the program, had finally been galvanized into action. The Soviet scientist responsible for the Russian Tunguska Moonship which the American team would be racing to the moon, Guenther Helm, had been Von Ley's protege back in their Peenemunde days, building "Vengeance Weapon" rockets for the Nazis. Back in 1939, Guenther had the audacity to lay out before the Fuhrer plans for a Nazi manned moonshot and designs for a massive complex of mirrors to be placed on the lunar surface to rain death rays on the Allies. Had Hitler not been preoccupied with his invasion plans for Russia, the mission might have been approved. When the Allies rolled into Peenemunde, Helm had offered his services to both the Americans and the Russians. In the end choosing the eastern side of the Iron Curtain, where his unusual sexual preferences could be easily satisfied from among the inhabitants of the slave labor camps of Siberia.

In recent years, Helm had been openly critical of Von Ley, saying that the old man should be put out to pasture. This was precisely the *wrong* tack to take with a man like Werner von Ley who was now not only determined to beat his Russian counterpart to the moon, but in so doing to so, embarrass the Soviets so that they would relieve Helm of both his position and his life in retaliation.

**"T-minus three minutes and counting. Switching communications to scrambled telemetry."**

Nelson's voice cut into the Command Module's audio alone. "Duke, engage your CRM Discriminator. As soon as we're sure we have secure Comlines, we'll show you the door."

"Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" Wills asked.

"Exactly." Duke nodded. "What about our families?"

Buck Yearwell's craggy voice came in over CapCom's line. He cleared his throat uncomfortably. "They'll be lied

to at first. Then, as soon as we know you're safe in space they'll be quietly briefed."

"I don't want my family worrying about me," Wills said at once.

Nelson shrugged. "I know, Dan. None of us like the idea - but look at it sensibly. What we're doing is dangerous. If you don't make it - who cares how you really died?"

"Maybe I do," Jimmy Chaney responded from across the capsule.

"I'm sorry, boys," Yearwell responded, as he left the capsule. "That's all I can say."

"Yeah," Duke agreed. "We know what the philosophy is now, boys. We're the best and last chance for this country to catch up to the Russians. They're committed and so are we."

"And if we fail?" Jimmy Chaney asked.

"You know the answer to that one, Jim," Duke responded quietly. "They'll blame it on us. Pilot error. Duke and his boys screwed the pooch."

Chaney shook his head, trying not to sound too self-pitying. "I wonder if the Cosmonauts have to put up with shit like this."

**"T-Minus two minutes and counting."** The voice of CapCom- boomed out from every speaker in the complex. Jimmy Chaney and Dan Wills ran the last of the pre-flight tests. Chaney, who had watched (to his quiet horror) the technicians load and install equipment as recently as an hour ago, looked on nervously as Wills did his series of check-offs. Wills had been a great fighter pilot in Korea and his strength and endurance during the much publicized first American space walk had been inspiring, but Wills had large fingers and a tendency to carelessness which could quickly result in disaster.

"Relax, little buddy," Wills boomed, seeing his junior partner fretting. "I got just one more to try here. Let's see - secondary evaporators..."

As Chaney saw Wills' hand snake in the wrong direction. He piped up quickly, "Uh, Dan. It's the other one."

"That's right," Wills responded, unconcerned, releasing, just in the nick of time, the switch that would have vented their fuel.

**"T-minus one minute and counting..."**

Duke looked around the capsule one last time to make sure everything that could move around was securely tied down. He remembered the long hours he'd spent waiting on the pad in his Mercury Capsule. One thought kept popping into his mind then as it did now. Every part of this ship, down to the last switch and dial, was bought from the lowest bidder.

**"T-minus thirty seconds and counting. We have transferred to internal power..."**

He also thought of his infant son, Jack. As a Test Pilot, Crawford Duke rarely allowed the possibility of death to enter into his thinking. Dead Pilots, the thinking was, were Pilots who *allowed* death to enter their minds. If any one of a million things that could go wrong did go wrong in the next few days, he would never see the young man grow up.



**"...And the transfer is satisfactory. T-minus twenty seconds and counting..."**

A reporter had once asked Duke about what he thought the reaction of the American public would be if one or more of the Astronauts died on a mission. Duke responded to the question in an even and unemotional tone: "I think people are mature enough to realize how important the program is, and that it's a program that must go on. And if something should happen...why, it happened. The rest of us have to go on living the next day and it's up to us to finish the job."

**"Thirteen, twelve, eleven..."**

'Go Fever' the Astronauts and technicians called it. The monomaniacal determination to be the first to push the envelope out beyond the edge and haul it back in. The Russians had been the first in space, the first to send up a man. Duke and men like him had taken up the gauntlet and accepted the goal of reaching the moon first. No matter the cost or risk.

**"Ten, nine...ignition start..."**

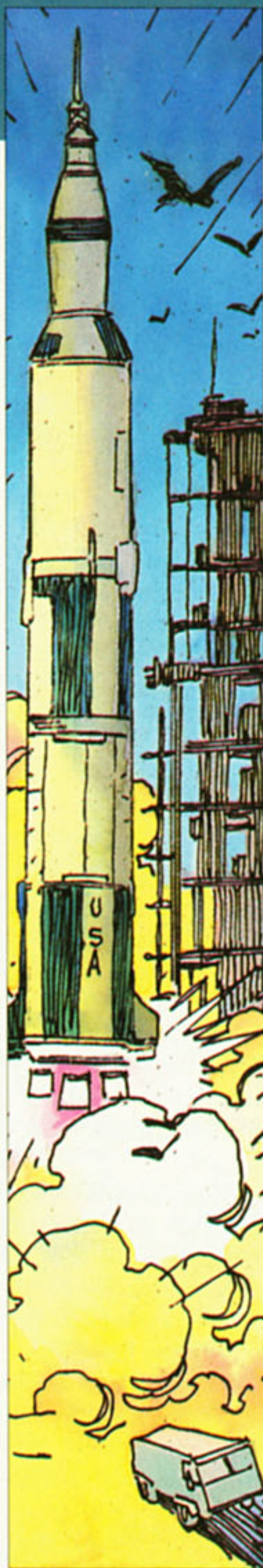
Now, with the Russians headed to the moon, Duke and his crew were the only hope America had left to win. Perhaps by the time Jack was a man it would not make sense to folks that so much time, effort, money and so many lives were spent trying to be the first. But to men like Duke, it was important. Important enough to go up in an untested spacecraft and show them who's number one...

**"Three, two, one...LIFT OFF! We have lift off and the clock is running."**

A torrent of fire erupted from the Pad. For an interval which seemed endless (although it was only a few seconds), the incandescent flame continued, hitting the cooling water released on the pad and turning it into steam. At zero, the Saturn cluster (which of course the men had dubbed 'The Cluster Fuck') slowly heaved itself off the pad.

The shaking from the mighty rocket could be felt as far away as Las Vegas. National Weather service employees were instructed to give out double-talk messages of "tectonic plate expansion" if anyone called to ask for explanations of the rumbling.

As the spacecraft crept up, blasting the support structures aside as if they were children's toys, a great wall of sound pounded against the building some five miles from the pad, housing Mission Control, making it shake. "Jeeze" Dice Nelson thought to himself. The crew must be feeling like they were in the middle of a tornado. It was, he thought to himself as the rocket slowly arced up into the clear night sky, the first time a spacecraft had taken



off while he watched and that he hadn't wished he was onboard.

Inside the capsule, the men were bearing up under the strain that would come as the Saturn V prototype punched its way up through dense layers of air. In addition the earth's atmosphere compressed at the nose of the craft, creating a building sonic boom, similar to those of jets or missiles.

"2.5 G's," Wills said at once, as the big Texan kept his eye on the pressure-readers, Chaney started to feel a tingling under his seat. "Three G's!" Wills updated, as a giant hand seemed to push them back into their lounges.

"What's that flutter, Chaney?" Duke asked.

Chaney's heartbeat increased as he tried to puzzle out what exactly was happening. "High frequency vibrations," Chaney forced out. "Probably from the pressure relief valves on the booster."

"Five-G's," Will Said tersely. "First Stage Separation in ...mark. Three. Two. One. First Stage away." As the second stage engines ignited, the three men braced themselves. The G forces raised to Five-five, then six. It was as if an elephant were sitting on their chests.

"C'mon, baby," Chaney thought to himself. "Hold together." As the pressure gradually decreased in the vehicle, the piping and popping noises, which Chaney assumed were caused by the metal flexing, finally stopped. As the vibrations slowly tapered off, Duke kept an eye on the "Eight Ball" - the artificial/horizon indicator that showed the spacecraft's orientation. It showed the craft rolling as the onboard computer steered onto the proper heading.

"Roll complete," Chaney announced. "Second Stage Separation T-Minus twenty seconds." All of a sudden, the Master Alarm started blinking, and within seconds all the electrical system warning lights came on.

"What the—?"

"Platform's gone," Chaney announced calmly. "We've got the AC busses 1-3 all indicating that fuel is gone."

Duke looked at his eightball and saw it tumbling like the pearl in the famous shampoo commercial. "Shall I break radio silence, Skipper?"

"I think I've got it," Chaney offered, looking at the Signal Condition Monitor which now was reading out an indecipherable stream of numbers instead of the usual telemetry circles. "I'm switching the SCE to Auxiliary."

All of a sudden the second stage fell away and the three men were slammed against their harnesses. "Third stage engines igniting!" Frank Wills sang out. The vibrations started again. The G-meter had now risen to 3 again.



"The orient timer's offline, Jimmy..." Duke forced out, his voice sounding like it was being played back on a record at a speed too slow.

Chaney nodded, and pointed to a row of green lights coming back on. "We've got our busses back, Cap. I'm going to cue the back-up EDS timer."

Later, the third stage engine, having pushed the moonship into orbit, shut down, what fuel remained in its tanks would be used for one final burn, sending the rocket and its cargo in Trans Lunar Injection, TLI, a orbital path that would carry them to the Moon in less than 72 hours.

Duke nodded and checked the star chart. "Swing me the com-box, Dan."

The big Astronaut swung a small screen with a "chiclet" style keyboard, about the size of fat paperback book. It had two rows of LED's to display text messages sent back and forth between the Command Module and the Ground along with the scrambled telemetry. With audio and video radio silence in effect, this was the only means of communicating with the ground. The screen read: "LARK - CLEARED FOR TLI - READY?"

Duke keyed in his response and grunted "I guess I'd better be, huh?"

All right, gentlemen," Duke commented, "Remember, you volunteered for this thing."

In the briefing room behind the hastily-put-together mission control, Alonzo Flagg, using a pull-down briefing map he'd borrowed from the nearby Area 51 facility, pointed to some pictures which had been neatly taped onto a large white screen. Near each picture was a paragraph of text written clearly in large, neat, block letters.

The briefing was for the military and security men in the complex, not for the civilian technicians. Specifically, the briefing was for the purpose of familiarizing the military pilots of Red Hat, the Air Force Intercept

Squadron stationed at the base and the handful of National Security Agency operatives (of the kind generally used for assassination and intimidation—it was the NSA and not

the CIA as often alleged—who had disposed of Jonas

Chambers' predecessor) assigned to this mission, and Bert Yearwell, who would command the back-up crew. This would become necessary if Apollo 1 was not successful and there was still enough time to send up another spaceship to beat the Russians to the moon.

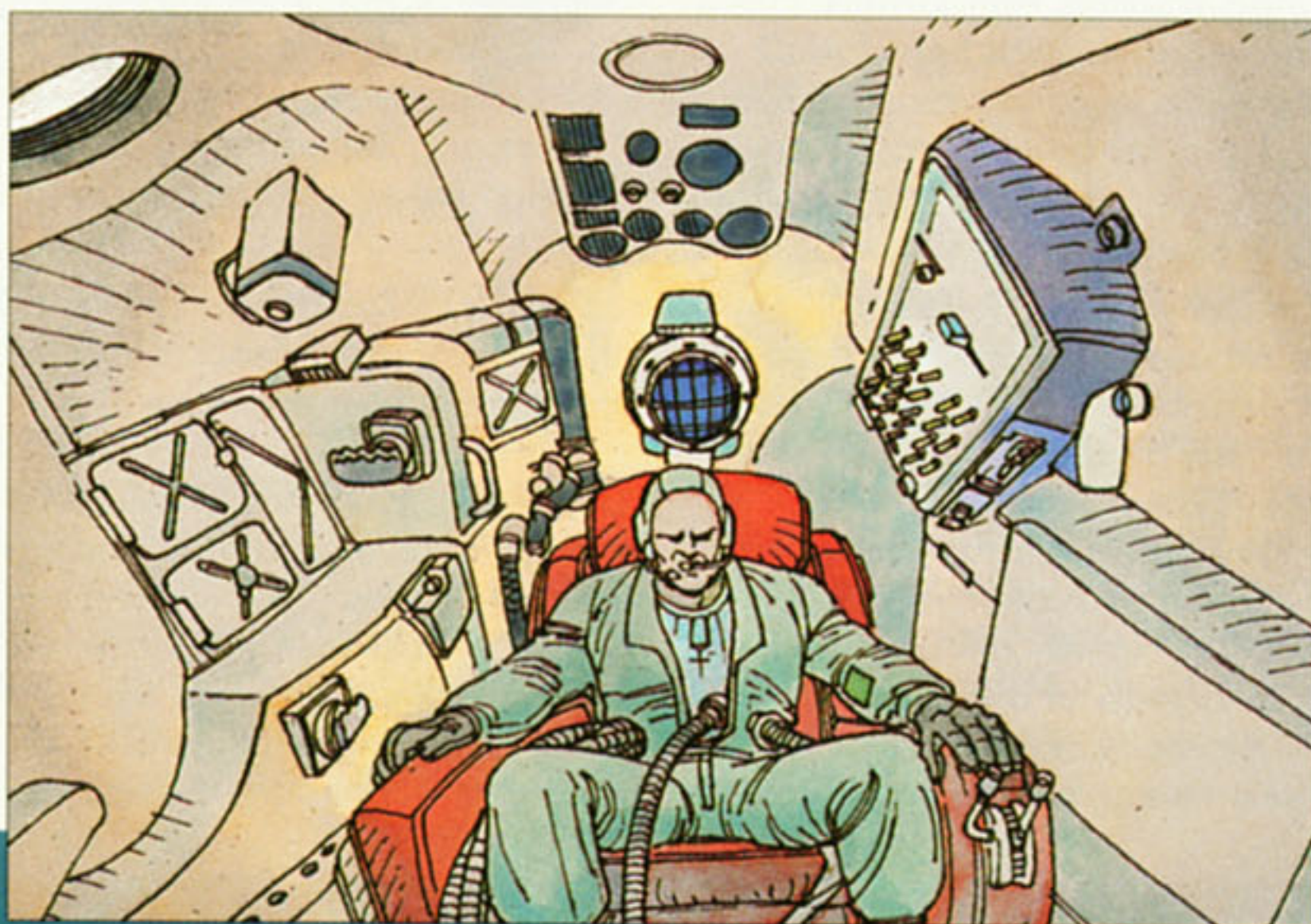
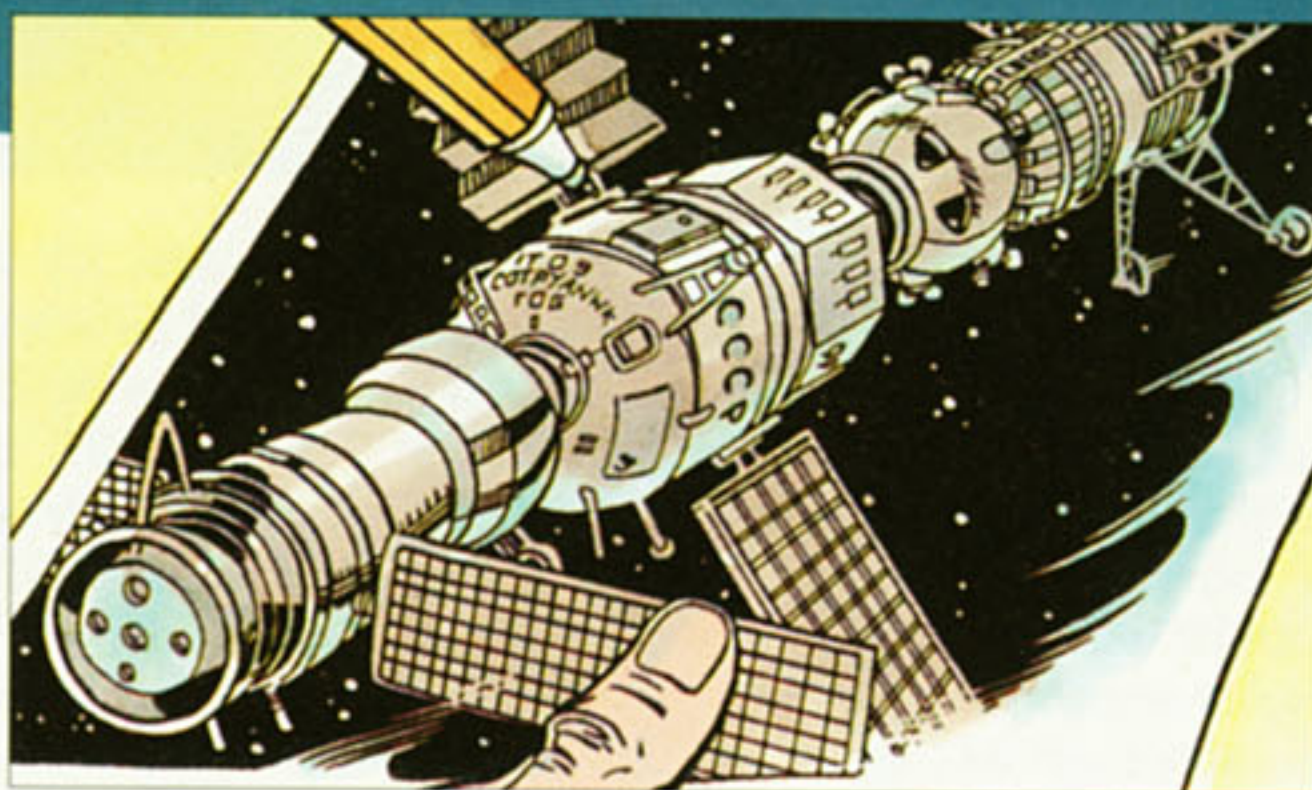
"Here's some information on the Tunguska crew," Flagg began, referring to the competing Soviet craft. "I'm hoping they don't come back, but we've got to proceed on the assumption that they could abort and parachute down — 'accidentally' — landing on United States soil and causing who knows how much damage. There's also the possibility, Colonel Gorman, that the bogies will turn one or more of their 'weather' satellites into killers, perhaps using them to attack our planes."

Colonel Eugene Gorman, in charge of the Red Hat Squadron, set his jaw and grimly determined that the first time something like that happened, that the goddamn Soviet ambassador in his goddamn Soviet embassy would be picking the shrapnel of a goddamn Minute Man missile out of his teeth. And if they wanted to start a shooting war, well goddamn it, Red Hat and the rest of the U S of A military were ready for them!

"Finally," Flagg concluded, "there's the possibility that they will make it to the moon and find some way to stay there. In that case, we'll have to send someone up to terminate them with extreme prejudice." Lowell Shipley, a large, block of granite and a fine NSA agent, nodded grimly. After years of killing assassination witnesses and anti-war protesters, it would be a pleasure to actually turn his killing skills to the pursuit of actual bad guys — especially if included in the package was a free trip to outer space.

Flagg then directed his wooden pointer to the first picture, depicting a craggy handsome, lean-faced man with straw-colored hair about forty years old. "This is Vladimir Krachev, The Commander, one of the original cosmonauts of the 'Twenty Group'.

He was the fourth Soviet to solo in space, where he was forced to abort early because of space sickness. They grounded him for a while - then he got lucky. They put him in charge of one of the middle Vostok flights when the prime cosmonaut developed a







KRACHEV



SOLOVEYA



KRISTIANOVITCH



TITOV



KHRONOV

hemorrhage during a centrifuge run. He's tough. A twice-decorated fighter pilot and a man who knows that to fail twice in the Soviet Union is a one-way ticket to a cold place. He is rumored to be fairly fluent in English, French and German, although that is unconfirmed."

Flagg then pointed to the next picture, a man with short, fiery red hair and huge eyebrows. His face was calicoed with patches of eczema, indicating a life of hard drinking. His eyes, even in the black and white photo, seemed bloodshot.

"...This man is Andrian Soloveya, a mean, crazy drunk. Absolutely fearless, even when sober, and a man who's flown everything from helicopters to rocket planes. The forty-five days or so he'll be in hibernation will probably be the longest he's been without a drink since he was old enough to pull the cork out of a vodka bottle. He's dangerous, a killer, deadly with his bare hands, absolutely ruthless. During his days attached to the KGB, it was said Soloveya always found some excuse to kill someone. Even on routine investigatory cases. He's also unpredictable. I doubt he has any friends on the crew, and if I were along, I wouldn't trust this bastard as far as I could throw him."

Flagg then pointed to a healthy-looking fellow with slicked back dark hair like Valentino, who looked like one of the Kirov Ballet who had defected to the United States. "This fellow is Mstislav Kristianovitch. A distant relative of the late Josef Stalin, a handsome stud who works directly for the Politburo. We assume he's KGB trained and that he's Moscow's insurance policy that everyone else on this mission does what he's supposed to do. Mstislav is almost certainly armed."

Flagg then pointed to a picture of a sloop-eyed woman, whose petite, heart-shaped Slavic-featured face was closely framed by jet black, wavy hair. She definitely carried some muscle on her otherwise shapely limbs. "This is Valentina Titov, a geologist, and former combat medic in the Red Air Force. There is an unconfirmed report that she was one of the cosmonauts in one of the Voskhod scientific flights, investigating the effect of zero-G on human sexual function. She speaks some English and some Japanese."

Flagg then brought the pointer down to the last man: a thin, balding, sad-faced Finn with a toolbelt strapped on his waist. "Last but not least, we have Pytr Khronov, a technician. He has served with Commander Krachev before and is probably just an expendable, brought along to keep the machines working smoothly while the others sleep. He's been surgically altered, meaning that one of his lungs has been removed, to survive on a minimum of oxygen during the flight. He's spent the last year living in a mock-up of the Tunguska, and he knows his craft better than any man alive. He may be more valuable to them than we can guess."

Having finished the briefing, Yearwell and Flagg walked back to the Director's Office where the fussy Werner von Ley was arguing with Dice Nelson.

"You have to convince this man," von Ley did not bother trying to remember Crawford Duke's name, one American was the same as another to him, and frankly he had been happier in the days when he was just flying chimpanzees. "To listen to our every order, mit out the usual kvetching and second-guessing. He must understand - virtually every piece of equipment on board is experimental, barely tested, extremely temperamental - and even the machines are temperamental, the operators must act like a machine. You understand?"

"I understand," Nelson answered non-committally. He knew that Crawford Duke was not likely to be any less abrasive on this run than any other. Indeed, if ever an Astronaut commander had an excuse to be recalcitrant, it would be on this mission.

Flagg ignored the power struggle for the moment and dialed the phone. It was answered on the first ring. "Oval Office, this is Charles Bates."

"Bates, this is Flagg."

"Yes, Major."

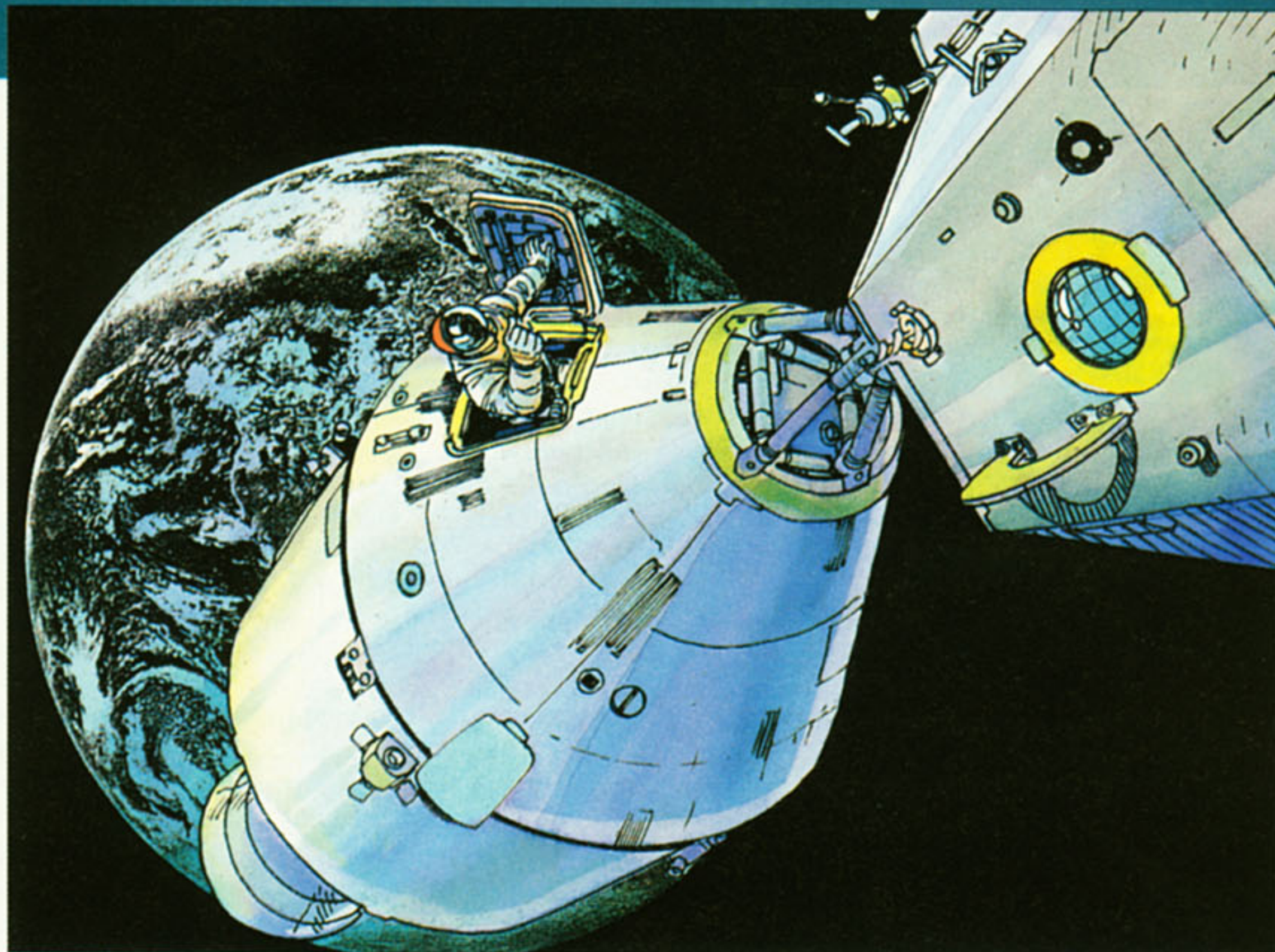
"Tell the President I'm leaving Nevada. One of the supervisors of S-4, Bert Yearwell, will be accompanying me."

"Yes, sir. I'll give him that message."

As Flagg hung up the phone, Nelson looked up at Bert Yearwell. "Going to Washington, Bert?"

"Yeah," Yearwell responded. "I just want to let the President know how we feel about this operation."





"Good luck," Nelson responded.

"We should all be blessed vis a little luck!" the eccentric von Ley shouted as he stormed out of the office.

"**We** are go for TLI," Wills announced as the third stage of the Saturn V ignited for the second time, giving the craft additional acceleration to escape the earth's gravity. It was known as Trans-Lunar-Injection and it meant that for better or worse, there was no turning back now. Apollo 1 was heading for the moon, some 240,000 miles and three days away.

Dan Wills compulsively squeezed the Command Module's joystick controller. The title of "Pilot" was more a point of pride with Astronauts than an accurate description of their function. Except for docking maneuvers and the occasional emergency, almost every movement of the ship would be controlled by craft's computers or from the ground telemetry. The margin for error in a craft moving at these speeds toward a target a quarter million miles away was well beyond the reflexes of a human being.

Dan Wills had grown up as a rancher's son amidst the dust storms and cow farts of the Texas panhandle. His father was a Fundamental Baptist who believed in the literal truth of the Bible. His mother, a woman of nature, was a lady with a great love for animals. She did not much approve of her husband's line of work, which she found cruel. Instead, she encouraged young Dan's interest in math and science, which irked Dan's father the moment the science went past what was laid out in Deuteronomy.

Dan had joined the Navy the day he had graduated from high school and had let them put him through school through their ROTC program. He had volunteered, all right, but it was not as if he'd ever had much of a choice.

Jimmy Chaney was encouraged to join the service by

his older brother who had inherited the family candy store. Roland Chaney had pointed out that Jimmy would make a lot more money as a pilot in the Air Force than he ever would knocking around his home town of Providence, Rhode Island. After a stint as a U-2 pilot, whose service included a vital but not publicly known role in the Cuban Missile Crisis, Chaney had been recruited for astronaut duty without having any real affection or enthusiasm for it.

Crawford Duke, on the other hand, had gratefully joined the Marine Corps, when he found out that he had knocked up his high school sweetheart. Duke had fought in Korea and was probably one of the few pilots in the program who actually felt he was a shirker for taking Astronaut duty, an assignment where he would only have to risk life and limb every couple of months or years instead of every day, like the men he had served with in the war.

Duke was worried. Everything seemed to be going smoothly. Too smoothly for a flight with this much experimental equipment. Once they had passed through Trans-Lunar-Injection, they disconnected the Command Module from the third stage. The three panels in the top of the third stage now swung apart to reveal the Lunar Excursion Module or LEM, which the crew had decided to call it the *Mayflower*. As Wills jockeyed the ship into position to dock the command module with the LEM, Duke checked the mission clock. So far so good. Letting the two ships touch gently, Duke listened for the familiar ripple-bang you get when the twelve docking latches snapped shut. He didn't hear the sound and a moment later they had drifted apart.

"Damn," Duke thought to himself. He should have known better than to ask for trouble from the dark,



humorless gods that controlled the lives of space travellers. "Dan, see what's wrong with the docking mechanism."

Wills, sitting in the center seat, slightly behind the other two men, released himself from his harness and floated to his feet. As he unhitched, Wills smiled broadly. This weightless business wasn't half-bad. It had been a while since his last mission and he had forgotten the way his spine stretched out in space, taking some pressure of his neck and lower back. Then, reaching up to the sill of the hatch window, he pulled himself up in a chin-up. "Looks like there might be some debris on her, Cap," he responded.

Duke cursed softly. "All right, damn me. Jimmy, take over the stick, hold her steady."

"Yes, sir."

"You'll need your helmets, boys."

Wills nodded, guessing what his Commander was fixing to do.

"Get your gloves and top hat on, Dan," Duke instructed.

Wills handed Duke his helmet.

"Should we break radio silence, sir?" Chaney asked.

"Negative." Duke responded, "Danny, we're gonna need that top hatch open." Wills nodded and moved to get a carbon rod from the tool box.

As he tugged on his gloves, Duke looked around to see if there was anything he needed to secure before depressurizing the cabin. "Skipper," Jimmy interrupted him.

"Yeah?"

"What if we fire the thrusters to hold the command module against the LEM? Then flip the switch to retract the docking probe out of the way. If the two craft are lined up properly, the contact might just trigger the docking latches."

"Try it, Jim. Dan finish your prep for EVA in case it doesn't work."

Jim Chaney did try. The Command Module jolted forward and the three astronauts felt it bump into the LEM and rebound back away from it just as quickly. "No go, Skipper." Jimmy then turned to Dan Wills, now grunting and groaning above him. "You need help up there, Dan?"

"Nah. Just... tell you what. Lean forward and let me step against your back. I need just a little more leverage..."

While his crew made their adjustments, Craw Duke tapped out a coded message to Dice Nelson on the ground. "ATTEMPTING MANUAL DOCKING EVA", it read.

Back in Mission Control in Nevada, Dice Nelson took a moment before speaking to the clearly livid Werner von Ley. "I think he's going outside to see if he can fix whatever's blocking the docking clamp. Fiddle with the probe or..."

Von Ley was practically foaming at the mouth. "Vot are they doing? Why von't they answer?"

"They've depressurized the cabin," Nelson pointed out on the capsule monitor lights.

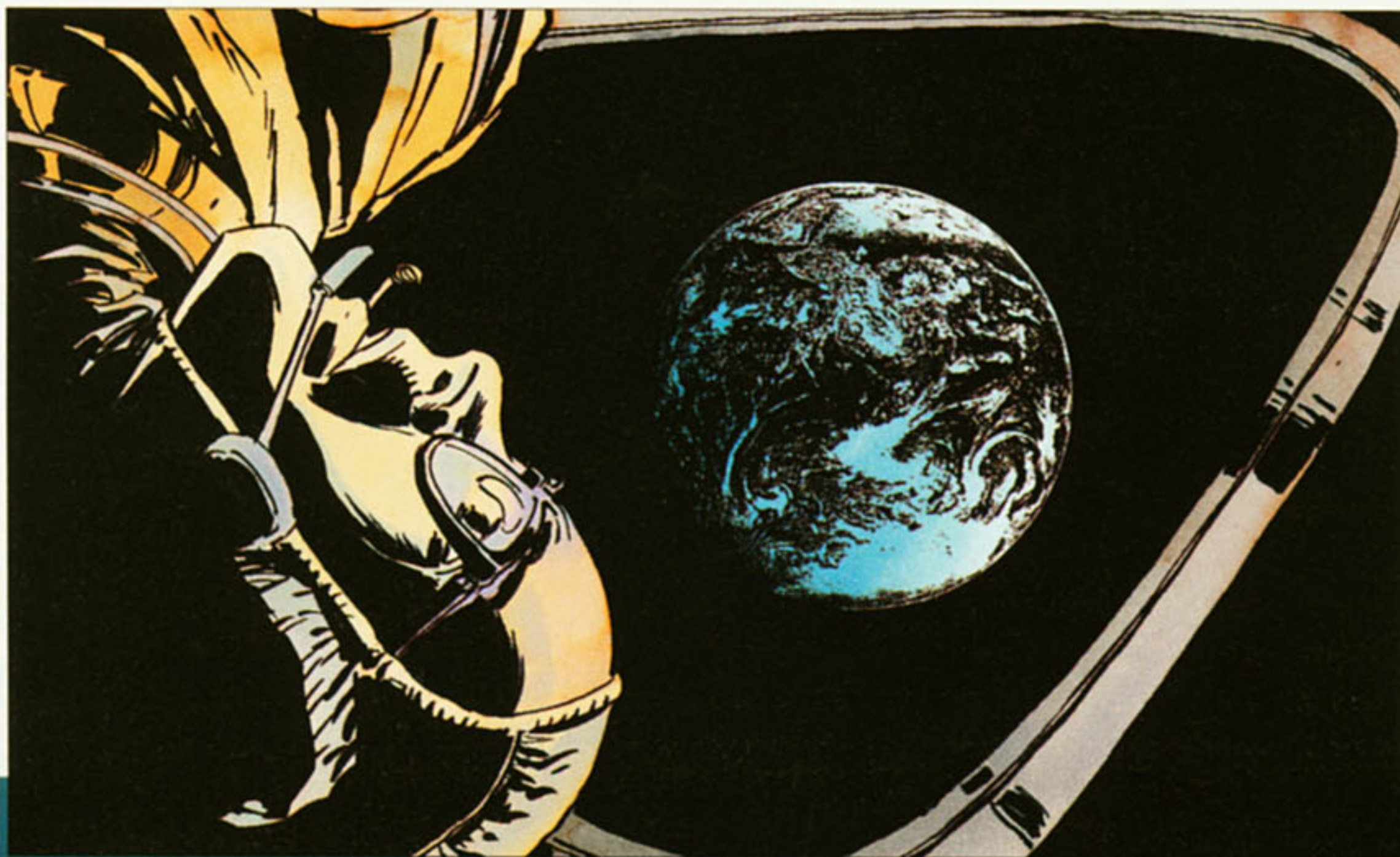
"I think he's going to try pulling the two ships together by hand."

"They've got a hardlock," a technician named Jenö, confirmed, pointing to the indicator panel in front of them which had gone from white to a pattern of stripes.

At the same time, back in the Command Module, a smiling Chaney showed his commander his indicator, which of course showed the same thing.

"Close her up," Duke then ordered Wills, while simultaneously pulling on one of the big Astronaut's tree trunk legs. "We've got a barberpole."

Later, with their helmets back off and Dan Wills snoring lustily on his couch (working in an unpressurized cabin was a terrific exertion - equivalent to an EVA - although not as rigorous as the one the big Texan had undertaken





eight months before when he had lost sixteen pounds during the exercise), Jimmy Chaney took a break to look back out the rear window. All of a sudden, as the craft rolled slightly, Chaney saw something that almost took his breath away.

The Earth.

'Wow, that's pretty,' he thought to himself as the radiant blue and white orb emerged from the black sky behind them. It was, Chaney noted, the only spot of color in the sky.

"Better get some sleep, Jim," a voice then said quietly.

Chaney half-turned and saw that his commander was standing next to him.

"Think we'll ever get back?" he asked the weary Marine.

"Someday," Duke answered. "Someday maybe when all the crap we're concerned about now doesn't matter any more."

Two and one-half nights later, giving up after an hour or two of restless sleep, Jimmy Chaney got up and went back over to his seat at the Command Module. He knew that for the time being, Isaac Newton was doing most of the driving, and that strict radio silence was being enforced because of the very real possibility that the Russians could overhear them. He could, however, make sure the onboard Navigation computer was working correctly. Having determined the command module's position using the star charts and his sextant, Chaney entered the coordinates and noted with approval that the sextant immediately swung to the right spot to determine the neat reading. It had even moved far enough to compensate for the spacecraft's swift forward motion.

"How are we doing?" a voice asked him.

Chaney turned to see Craw Duke, rubbing his face and chewing a piece of nicotine gum. "Pretty good, Skipper. We're about ready to drop into lunar orbit."

"Good," Duke popped another piece of nicotine gum, chewed vigorously (this was not the week he'd planned to give up cigarettes) and sat down beside his pilot. "Any sign of the bad guys?"

"No, sir."

"Good."

Six hours later, the Command Module went around the dark side of the moon and fired its main engine to slow them down into Lunar orbit. For the first time, they were truly all alone in the darkness. As Jimmy Chaney checked the lunar map for the coordinates of the Sinus Medii, the preferred landing site, Duke prepared to enter the LEM.

Some thirty minutes later, as they swung around the dark side, Craw Duke opened the command module's forward hatch and removed the docking mechanism. This opened up the tunnel between the two

craft. Pushing off the command module's floor and floating through the tunnel was like entering another world.

"Have a good time while we're gone, Dan," Jim Chaney called back to the pilot, as he opened the Mayflower's hatch.

Duke somersaulted into the tiny cabin and looked at the insides of the strange machine which by now he had come to know as well as anyone. The LEM looked like the inside of a submarine, generally. There were two sets of hand controllers at waist height, one for each man and two small triangular observation windows on either side of the square main instrument panel. There was another smaller, rectangular rendezvous window in the ceiling on the commander's side. The sidewalls were covered with more panels and circuit breakers, bundles of wiring and all kinds of plumbing all visible because covering them would have added more weight.

Behind where Duke would lean (there were no seats in the lander) there was a small ledge which one could lean on if one had to remove the can-shaped cover for the lander's ascent engine.

With no need for aerodynamic sleekness the lunar module was filled with strange angles and box shapes. Outside with its landing legs and its antennae jutting at all angles, the LEM looked like a strange sort of flying beetle.

The skin of the lander was thin, in some places little more than mylar wrapping stretched over a frame like a kite. When the cabin was pressurized, the front hatch bulged slightly and a thin stream of fiberglass leaked out of an insulator near the overhead light panel, making it look like it was snowing inside.

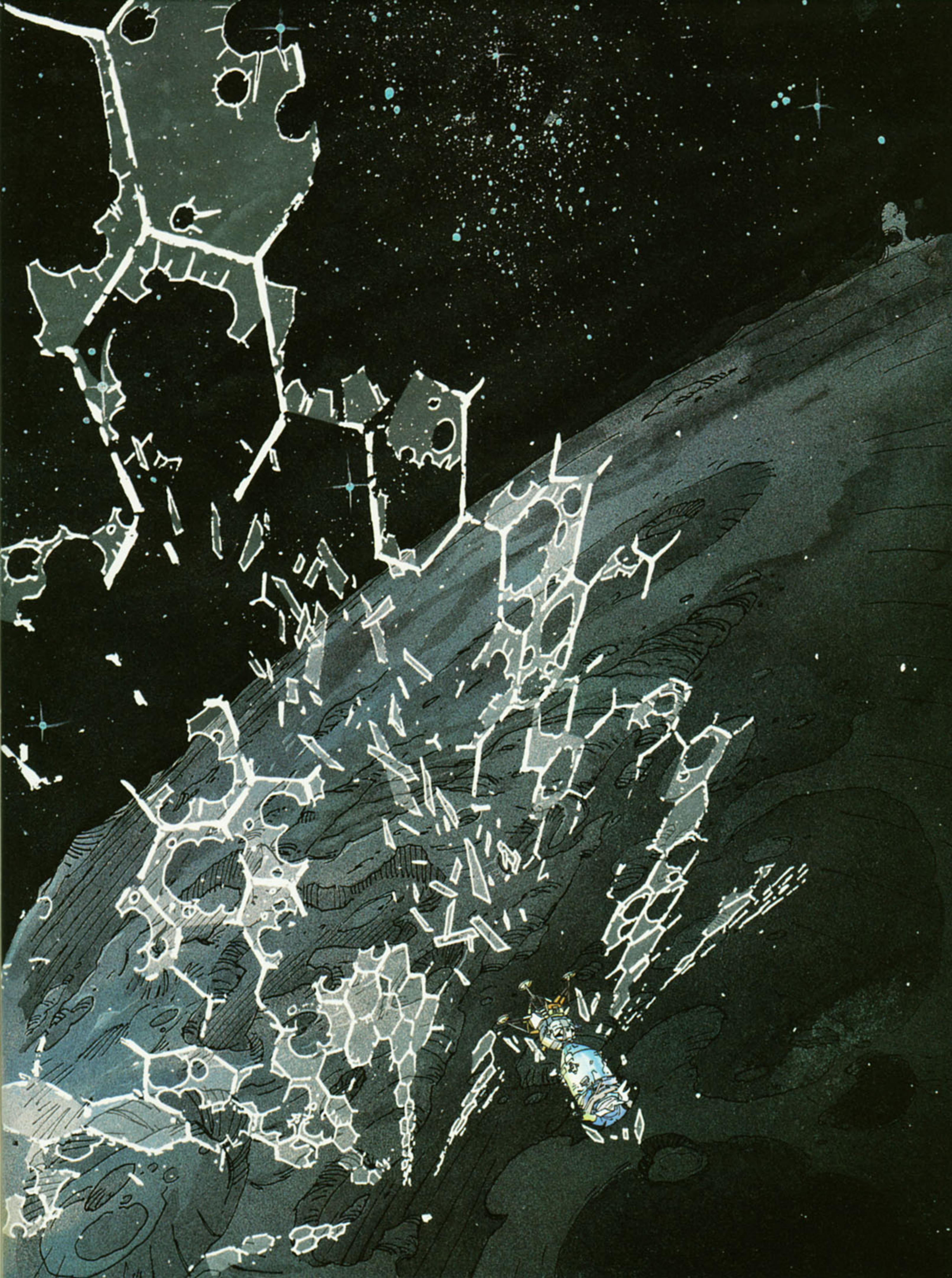
"Welcome to our new home, Jimmy," Duke joked. "Guess it's a fixer-upper. Oh well." He then burst into something resembling song. "Fly me to the moon. Let me swing upon the stars..."

"Standing by for roll," Wills then informed them. The Command Module and LEM would now be rotated 180 degrees so that the LEM'S main engine would be facing in the direction they were travelling, enabling it to slow the LEM for landing.

Inside the LEM, Jim Chaney looked up for a split second and saw past the Command Module. Coming out of the Sinus Medii, was a giant object, reflecting the sunlight, made of some sort of crystal, like a sloped wall of glass panels, suspended in the sky in front of them. Supported on a lattice work of more glass and metal, extending across the horizon. Though ruined and missing in many places, it loomed up some seventy miles above the Lunar surface... directly in their path.

"Great Mother of God..." Chaney managed to choke out just before the bottom of the Command Module smashed into the wall of crystal glass...







# DOCTOR DARE

## AND THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

### EPISODE VI

#### BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE ROME

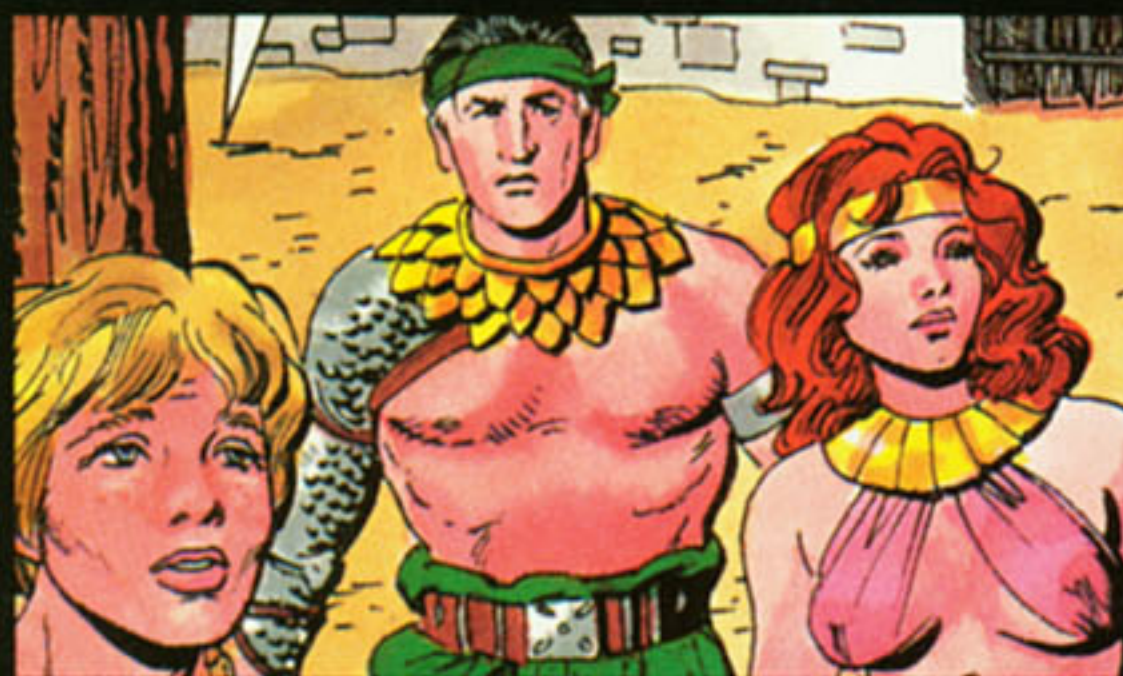


#### OUR STORY THUS FAR:

1939: The iron fist of Hitler's fascism has already engulfed most of Europe. Britain stands alone and though America is still *officially* neutral, First Lady **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT** and her husband, president-for-life **FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT** are lending a hand against the Axis in the form of America's newest secret weapon...



**DOCTOR JOANNA DARE**, a plucky lady scientist whose secret formula transforms her into a woman of steel whenever she climaxes! Dare and her trusty sidekick, two-fisted Archeologist-Adventurer **PAT PIKE**, have come to darkest Africa searching for the famed equity feminist and heroic aviatrix, Amelia Earhart...



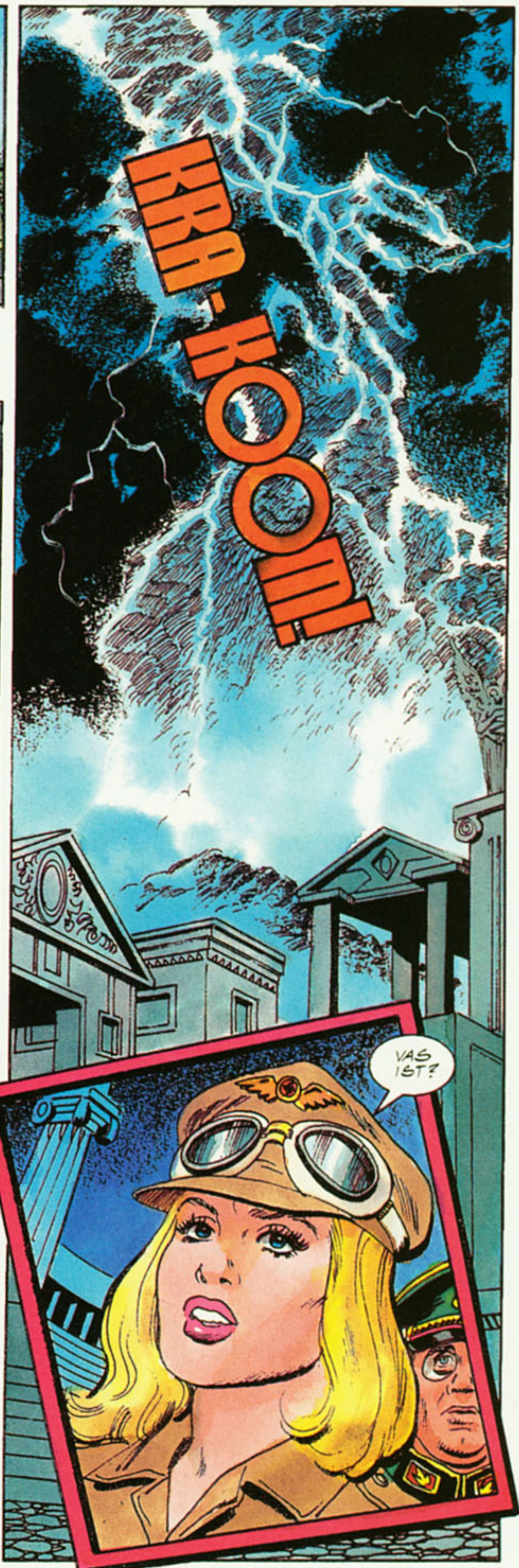
Sent to Africa to locate the famed aviatrix, **AMELIA EARHART**. Once there, Dare discovered a lost ancient Roman city, whose ruler, the legendary Prestor John, has taken Earhart (who now suffers from amnesia) for his queen. Believing that his beloved Queen had betrayed him when he caught her in the sack with Joanna (activating Joanna's powers of course), Prestor John sentenced all three to the Arena of Death...



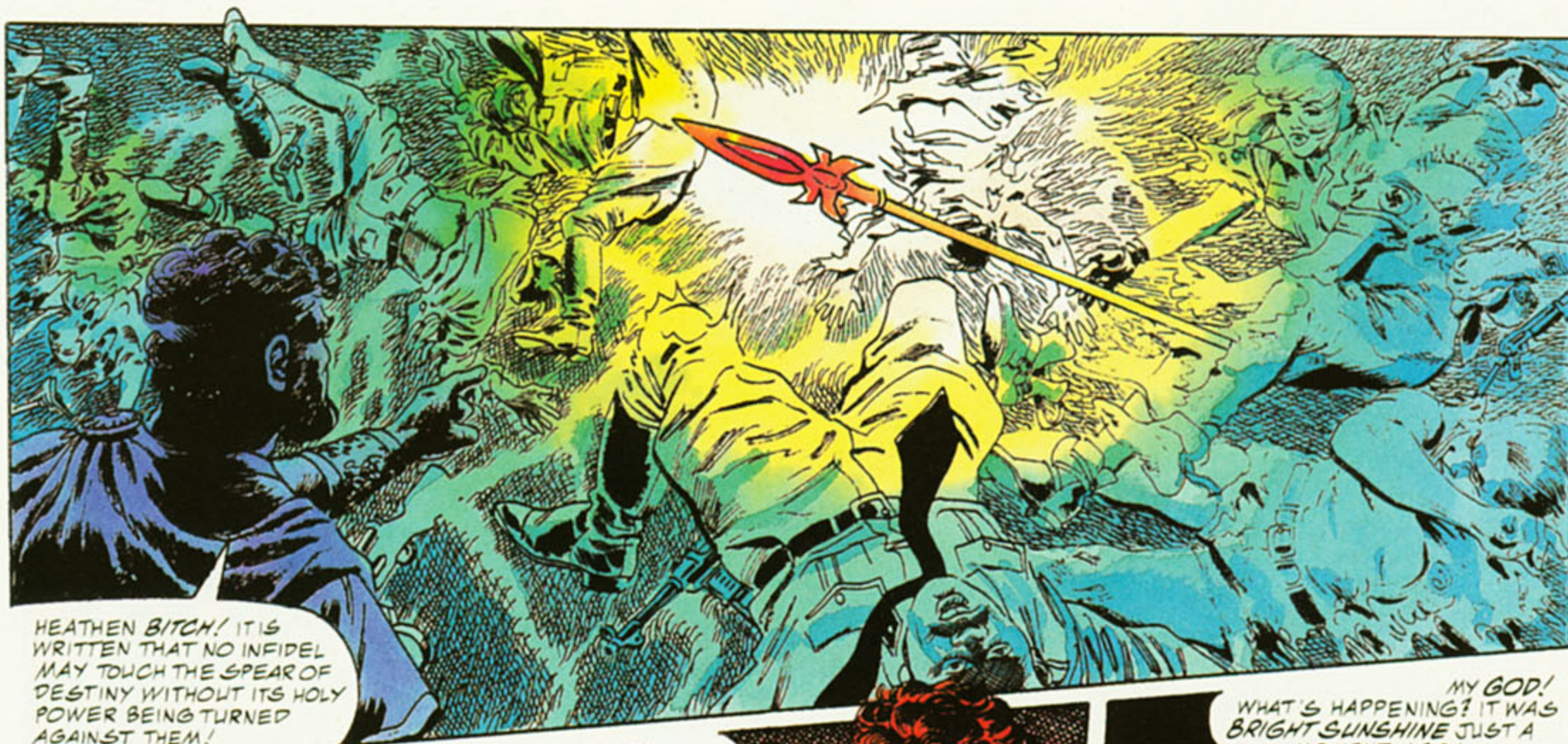
While Dare was fighting for her life against a Tyrannosaurus Rex, Nova Roma was attacked by Axis armies under the command of Dare's nemesis, the fearsome feminazi, **AGENT D** on a mission for Der Führer himself to recover Prestor John's mystical **SPEAR OF DESTINY**, the weapon purported to have pierced Christ on the Cross. It is said that the army that carries the Spear cannot be defeated. With Joanna, who'd joined forces with the Romans against the Nazis seemingly killed, Prestor John has been forced to surrender...

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









HEATHEN BITCH! IT IS WRITTEN THAT NO INFIDEL MAY TOUCH THE SPEAR OF DESTINY WITHOUT ITS HOLY POWER BEING TURNED AGAINST THEM!

NOW YOU SHALL KNOW THE FOLLY...

...OF THOSE WHO TEMPT THE WRATH OF GOD!

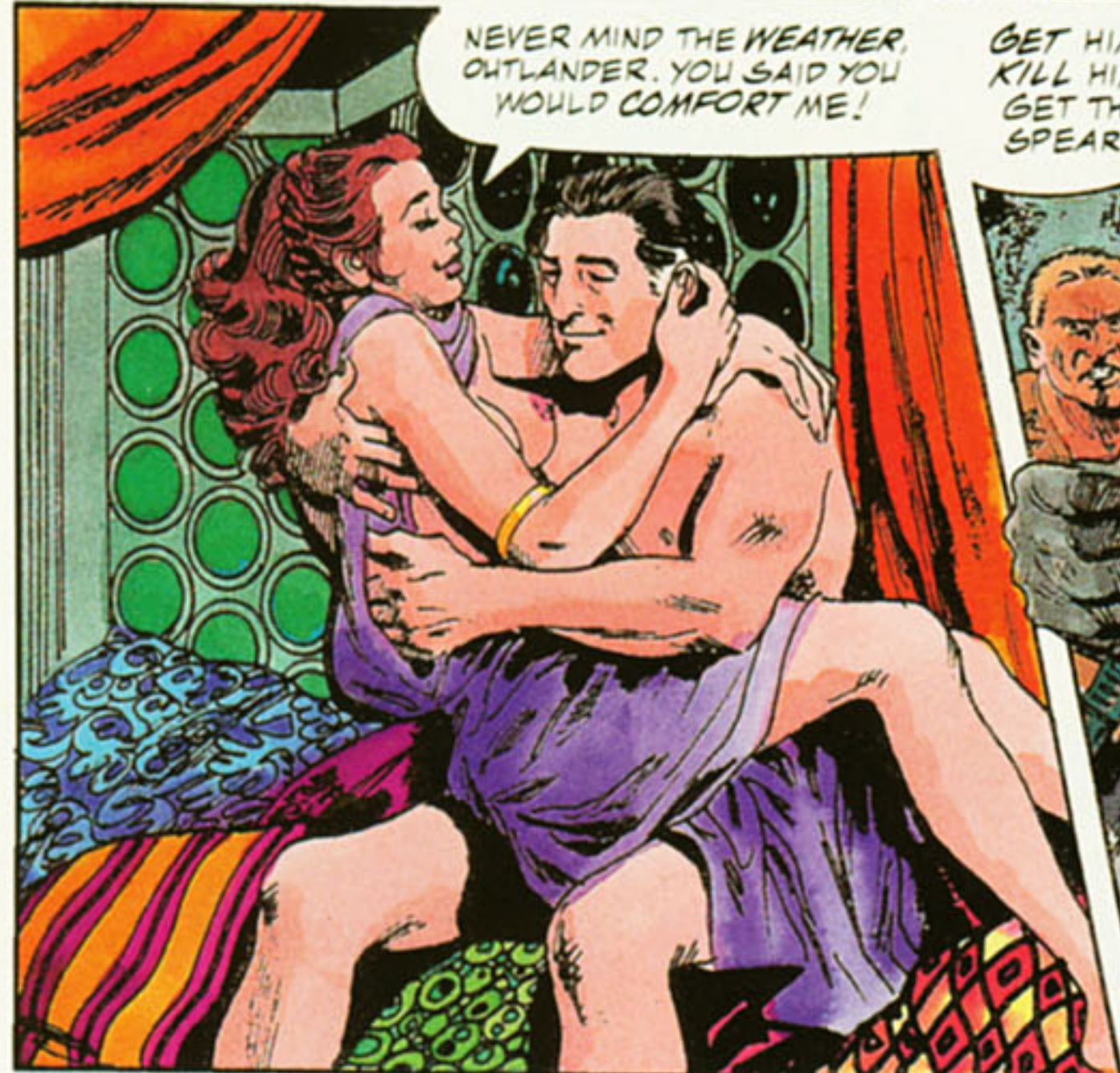


MY GOD! WHAT'S HAPPENING? IT WAS BRIGHT SUNSHINE JUST A MOMENT AGO!



NEVER MIND THE WEATHER, OUTLANDER. YOU SAID YOU WOULD COMFORT ME!

GET HIM! KILL HIM! GET THE SPEAR!





FOOLS! YOUR PUNY WEAPONS ARE TOYS  
BEFORE THE BURNING SPEAR OF DESTINY!

DUMBKOPFS! MUST  
I DO EVERYTHING  
MYSELF?

ONE QUICK STROKE AND THIS  
POMPOUS FOOL WILL TROUBLE  
US NO LONGER!

AIEEEEE!

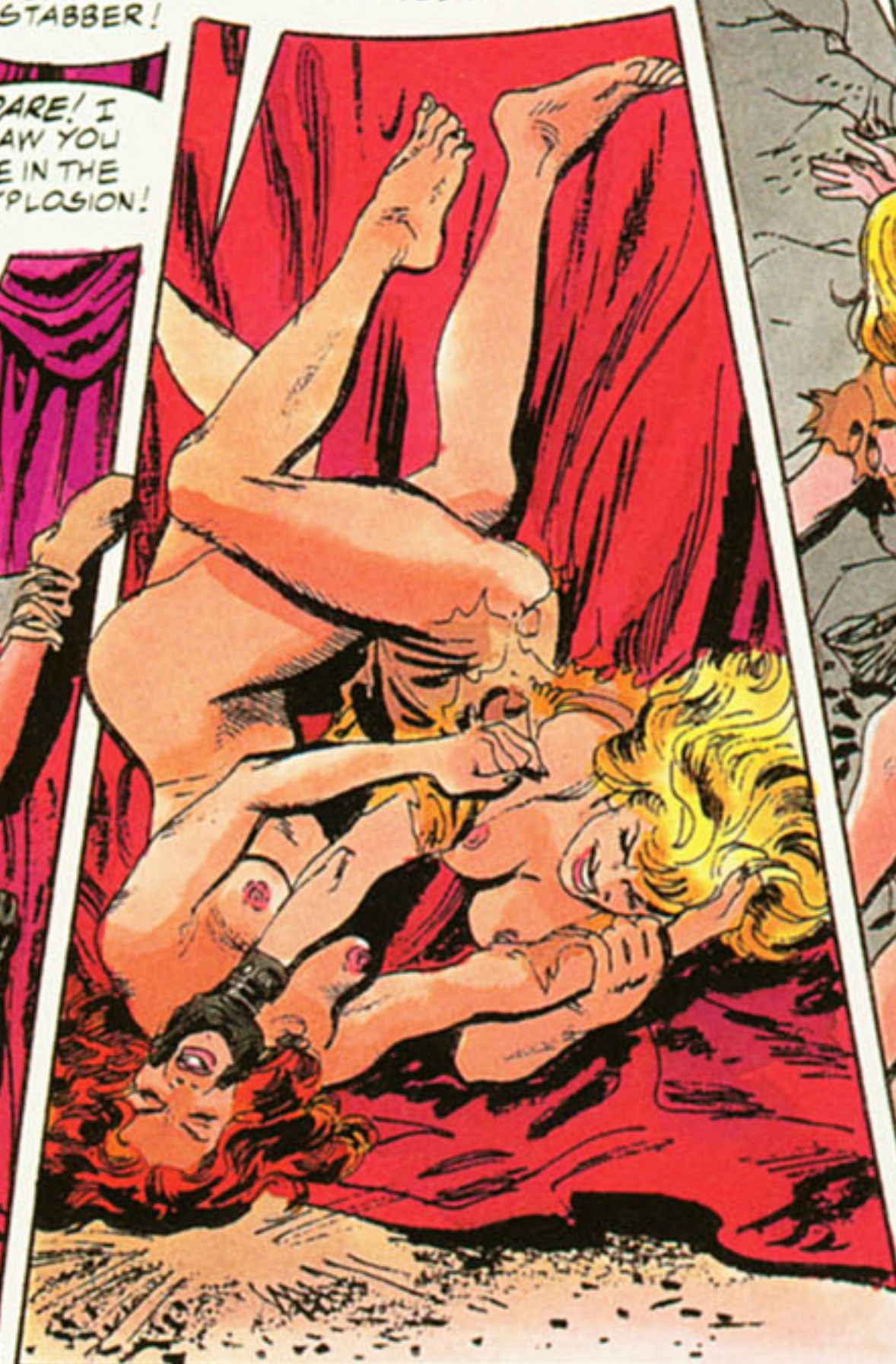


BAH!  
IF YOU ARE THE BEST  
SOLDIER ROOSEVELT HAS TO SEND  
AGAINST THE THIRD REICH, I WOULD HATE TO SEE  
THE WORST!

NOT SO  
FAST,  
FRAULEIN  
BACK-  
STABBER!

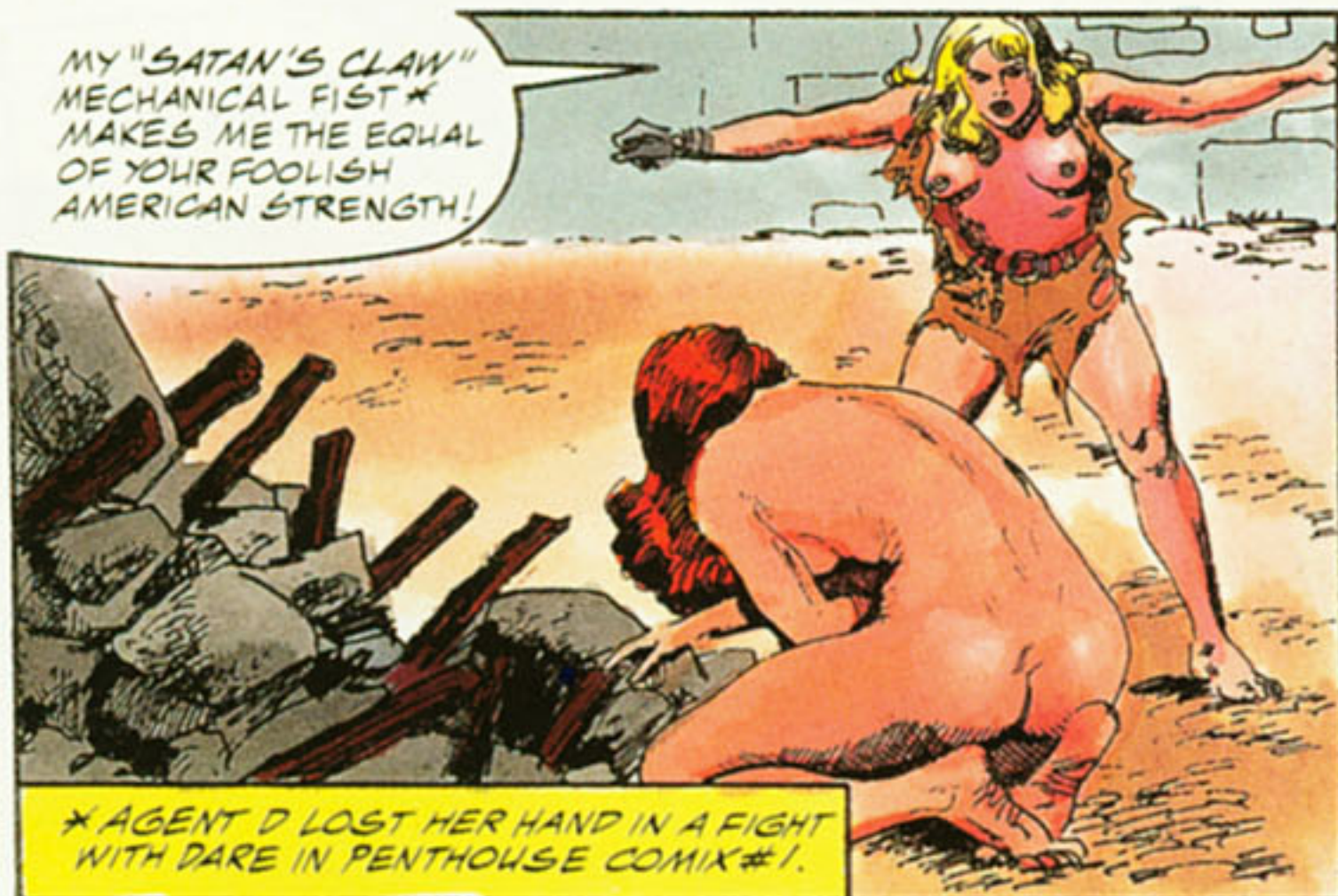
THE  
SPIRIT OF FREEDOM  
CAN NEVER DIE! NOT AS  
LONG AS ONE OF US IS  
READY TO FIGHT MONSTERS  
LIKE YOU!

DARE! I  
SAW YOU  
DIE IN THE  
EXPLOSION!





MY "SATAN'S CLAW" MECHANICAL FIST\* MAKES ME THE EQUAL OF YOUR FOOLISH AMERICAN STRENGTH!



\*AGENT D LOST HER HAND IN A FIGHT WITH DARE IN PENTHOUSE COMIX #1.

WE MAY NOT SPEAK AS LOUDLY AS HERR SCHICKELGRUBER, LADY, BUT UNCLE SAM CARRIES A HELLUVA BIG STICK!

SAY AUF WEIDERSEHN, BABY!



PLEASE, SIR. WE HAVE NO TIME TO TARRY. WE SEE YOU HAVE A WIRELESS RADIO ON YOUR CRAFT. YOU MUST CALL GENERAL MONTGOMERY IN EL ALAMEIN AT ONCE.

THE AMERICAN AVIATRIX, AMELIA EARHART, IS BEING HELD PRISONER IN THE BELGIAN CONGO AND UNLESS WE ACT QUICKLY, THAT GODLESS FIEND ADOLPH HITLER WILL OBTAIN THE WEAPON HE NEEDS TO RULE THE WORLD.



WHILE DOCTOR DARE AND PRESTOR JOHN'S MEN MOPPED UP THE REST OF THE AXIS BADDIES, HALFWAY ACROSS AFRICA, KING THE VISION-CHALLENGED ADVENTURE DOG FINALLY REACHES THE HELP HE'S BEEN SEEKING SINCE ISSUE 3!

HEY! TAKE IT EASY THERE, BIG FELLAH! WHERE THE HECK DID YOU COME FROM?

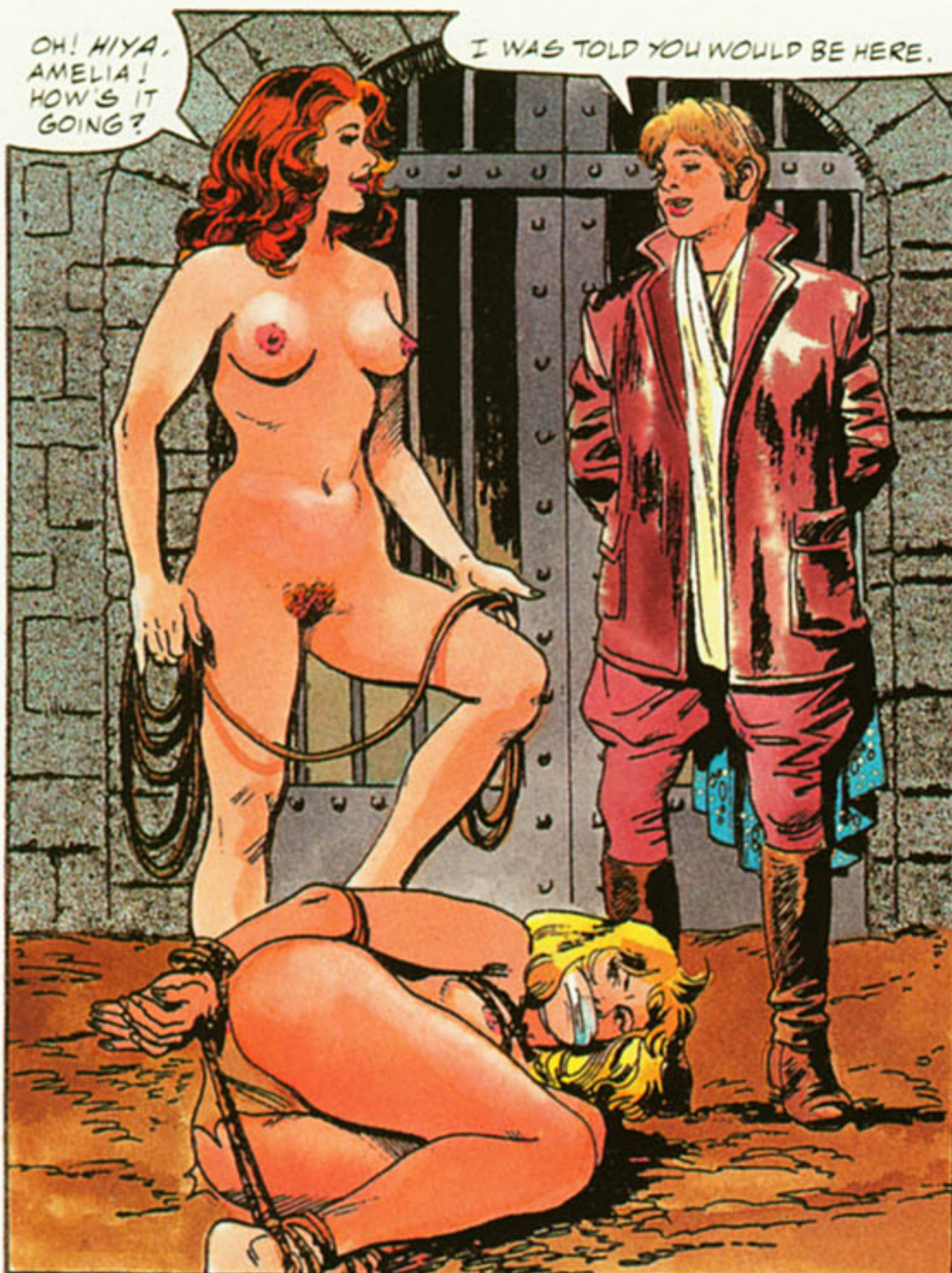


MEANWHILE, BACK IN NOVA ROMA...



GO AHEAD, D! KEEP STRUGGLING! YOU'LL SAVE UNCLE SAM THE COST OF A HANGMAN!





OH! HIYA, AMELIA! HOW'S IT GOING?

I WAS TOLD YOU WOULD BE HERE.

WHY DO YOU HATE THIS WOMAN SO MUCH?

WELL, OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT SHE'S A RUTHLESS NAZI/ BENTON CONQUERING THE ENTIRE WORLD...

...SHE KILLED THE MAN I LOVED.



AND SHE DID THINGS... TO ME...

...THINGS I'D RATHER NOT THINK ABOUT.



WELL, LOOK AT YOU! NOW YOU LOOK MORE LIKE THE AMELIA EARHART I'VE SEEN IN THE NEWSREELS.



YES--I'M BACK TO NORMAL. THANKS TO YOU.

WHAT'S THIS?

A DRESS. SEEING THAT YOU DON'T HAVE ONE. LISTEN, THEY'RE THROWING A GOODBYE BANQUET FOR ME TONIGHT.

WANNA COME AS MY DATE?







LISTEN, AMELIA. WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE WAS...

I KNOW. WE'LL BOTH GO HOME AND PRETEND IT NEVER HAPPENED. BUT...

IF YOU EVER NEED TO SUMMON YOUR POWERS AGAIN, I HOPE YOU'LL GIVE ME A CALL.

WELL... I MUST ADMIT, YOU WEREN'T THE WORST LOVER I EVER HAD...

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

PLEASE, MADAM! JOANNA! AMELIA! WOULD ONE OF YOU PLEASE TELL THIS YOUNG LADY THAT I WAS GLAD TO REASSURE HER, BUT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

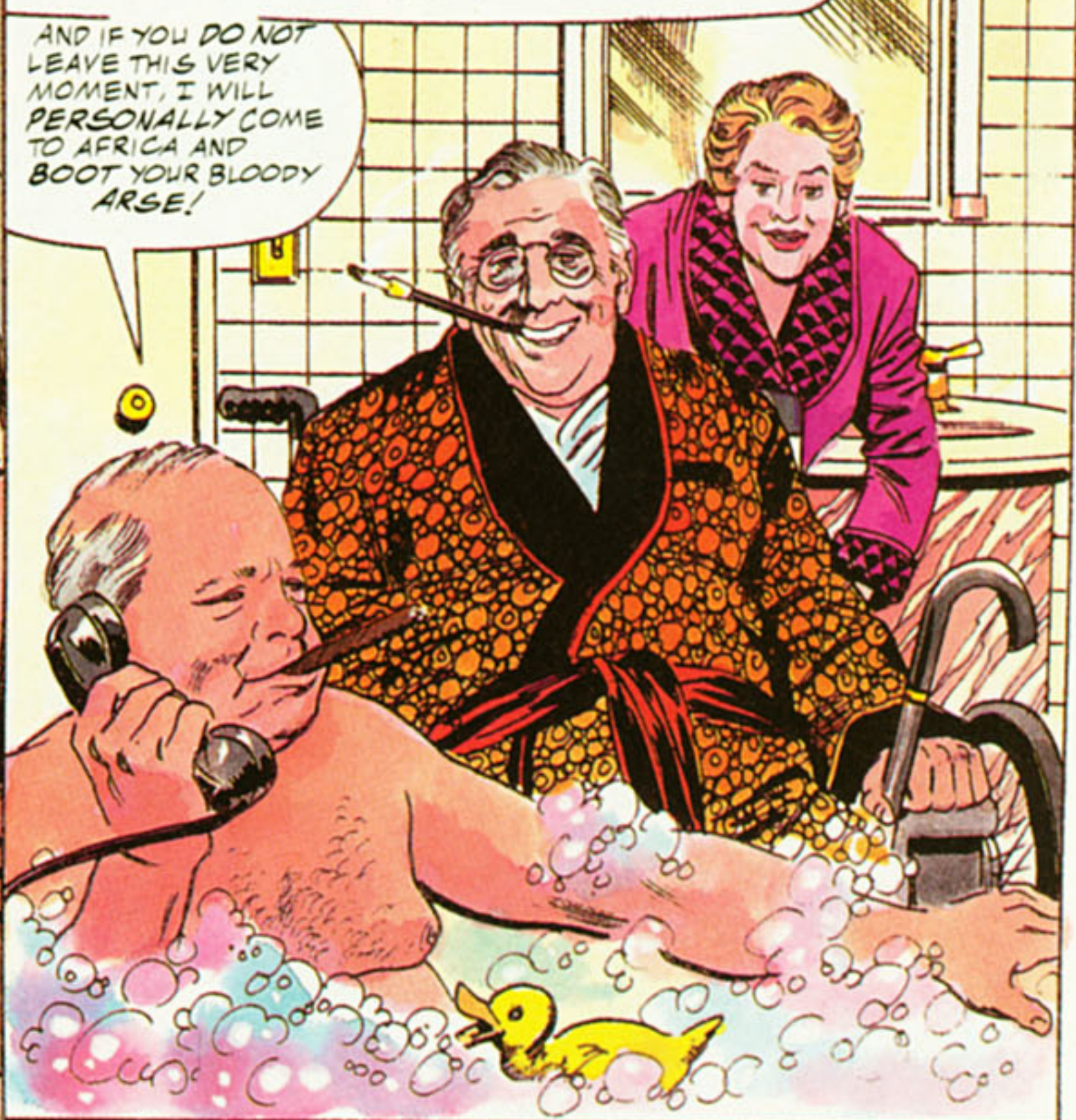
BRITISH ARMY HEADQUARTERS - EL ALMA MEIN...

WHAT'S THAT? THE BELGIAN CONGO? OF COURSE I COULD MARCH TO THE CONGO IF I WISHED TO! BUT WHY?!



NEVER YOU MIND *WHY*, MONTGOMERY! YOU GO WITH THOSE DAMNED NUNS AND THE ONE-EYED CANINE TO *WHEREVER* THEY TAKE YOU, THEN YOU BRING MISS EARHART AND HER PARTY *BACK* IN ONE PIECE.

AND IF YOU DO NOT LEAVE THIS VERY MOMENT, I WILL *PERSONALLY* COME TO AFRICA AND *BOOT* YOUR BLOODY ARSE!







THAT NIGHT...

I AM SO GLAD YOU COULD ALL JOIN ME TONIGHT. ALTHOUGH I AM VERY SORRY YOU MUST LEAVE MY CITY.

YOU ESPECIALLY, MY DEAR WIFE. KNOW THAT IF THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS NOT TO YOUR LIKING, MY CITY AND MY HEART WILL ALWAYS HOLD A PLACE FOR YOU.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR PLACE IN OUR WORLD, YOUR HIGHNESS. THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS GEARING UP FOR A WAR AGAINST TYRANNY, PRESTOR JOHN. OUR SIDE COULD USE SOMEONE WITH THE SORT OF POWER YOU WIELD.

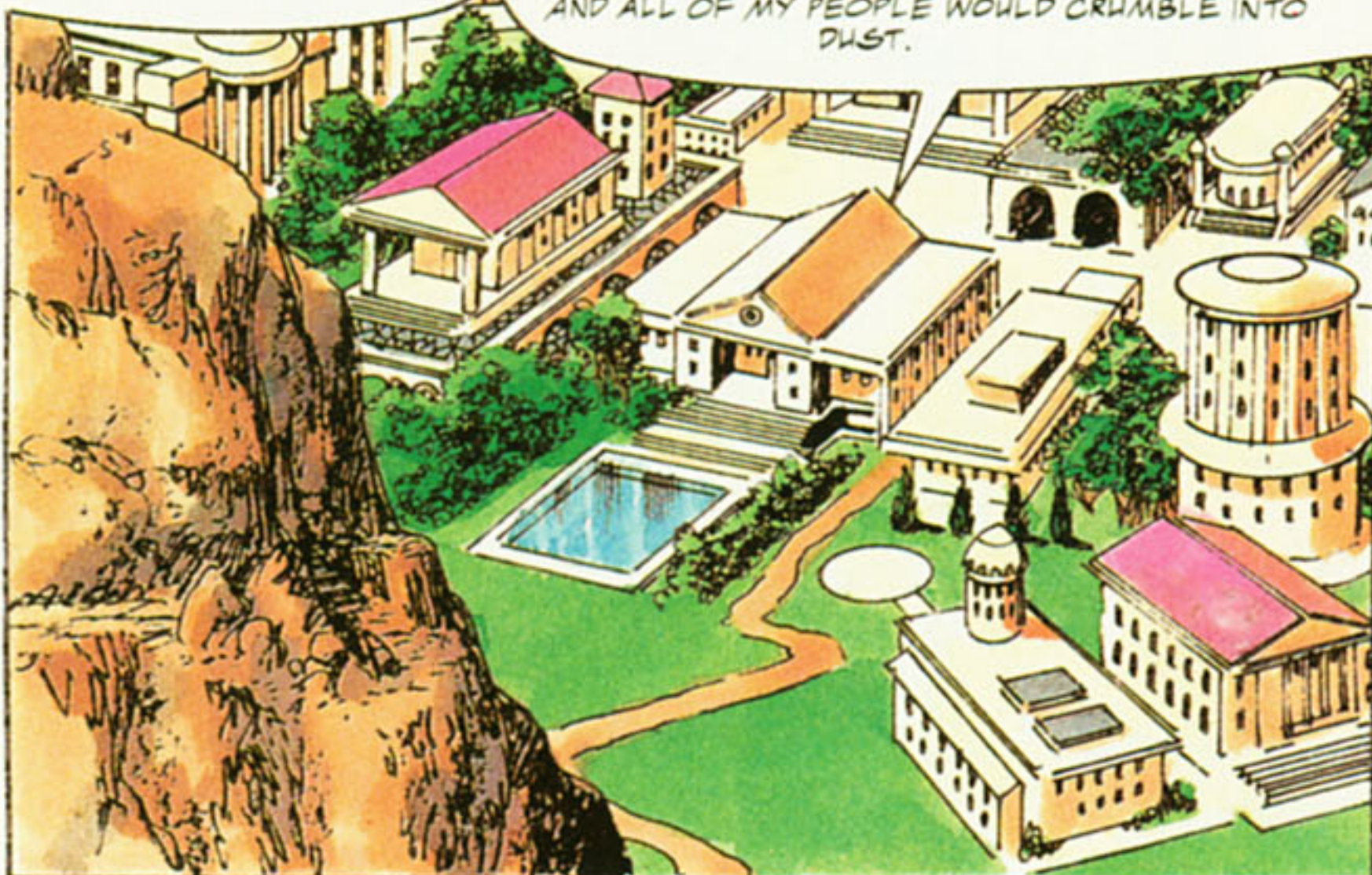
EVEN IF YOU COULD TEMPT ME INTO CARING ABOUT THE SORDID AFFAIRS OF A WORLD I FORESWORE MANY YEARS AGO, IT WOULD BE QUITE USELESS, I'M AFRAID.



OUTSIDE OF THIS VALLEY I AM POWERLESS. THE SPEAR OF DESTINY IS NOT FOR THE WORLD OF MORTAL MEN.

WHATEVER STRANGE AND WONDROUS PROPERTIES THIS MAGICAL VALLEY OF OURS HAS TO PRESERVE LIFE PRECISELY AS IT IS FROM THE DAWN OF TIME, VANISH WITHIN A DAYS MARCH OF THIS CITADEL. WERE WE TO LEAVE, I AND ALL OF MY PEOPLE WOULD CRUMBLE INTO DUST.

WHAT A RIPPING GOOD YARN THIS WOULD MAKE! TOO BAD I'M NOT A WRITER! PERHAPS I SHOULD TELL IT TO HILTON DOWN AT THE CLUB!







I'M SORRY, PROCONSUL WEASELUS, WE WERE GIVEN STRICT ORDERS TO WATCH THE PRISONER AT ALL TIMES.



THERE'S NO NEED FOR CONCERN, CENTURION! YOU MEN GO OFF AND ENJOY THE BANQUET! I WILL KEEP AN EYE ON THE OUTLANDER BITCH, AND IF SHE TRIES TO ESCAPE...

YOU GET HER NICE AND WET, WEASELUS! THEN WE'LL ALL HAVE A LITTLE FORBIDDEN FUN WITH THE WENCH.

THAT'S RIGHT, LADS. HAVE A GOOD FEED. ONE NEEDS ENERGY FOR AN ORGY!

YOU FOOL! WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG?





WATCH YOUR TONGUE, BITCH! OR I'LL MARCH A SQUADRON IN HERE FOR YOU TO SERVICE.



I SWALLOW ENOUGH SHIT FROM THE EMPEROR'S ASS! I WILL BE THRICE DAMNED BEFORE I TAKE ANY BACKTALK FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!



ALL RIGHT. I AM... ?CHOKES!... SORRY.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.



NOW, WILL YOU HELP ME TO ESCAPE AS YOU PROMISED?

I SAID I WOULD CONSIDER HELPING YOU. WHAT IS IN IT FOR ME?



NAME YOUR PRIZE AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE NORMAL DESIRES AND NEEDS, LITTLE HARLOT. AND YOU SHALL FULFILL EVERY ONE OF THEM.

OF COURSE, LIEBSCHEN! WHATEVER YOU DESIRE I SHALL DO WILLINGLY. JUST UNTIE ME SO I MAY SATISFY YOU MORE FULLY.

UNTIE YOU? SO YOU CAN WRAP THAT METAL HAND AROUND MY THROAT? I DON'T THINK SO.

I'M AFRAID FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR CAREER, YOU ARE UP AGAINST...

A SCHEMING MIND AS CLEVER AS YOUR OWN.



HAS THE INDOMINATABLE AGENT D FINALLY MET HER MATCH? WILL SHE GET FREE TO ONCE AGAIN PLAGUE THE PLUCKY DOCTOR DARE AND HER CREW? FIND OUT NEXT ISSUE IN THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF...

**DOCTOR DARE**



# BACKLASH

## EPISODE 5: MADAME W'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS



### OUR STORY THUS 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 this country with an iron fist. Those who refuse to serve end up as mindless sex slaves. In the case of **ROBERTA LINDSEY**, a Wollenstone executive who refused to follow Suborna's orders, an even worse fate awaits...



Roberta had been assigned to 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 escaped Suborna's clutches with the aid of the mysterious **MADAME W**, the queen bee of the underground resistance movement.



After a harrowing (and raunchy) series of adventures, Roberta escaped the Wollenstone Center and located Madame W and her Lipstick Lesbian resistance fighters. Madame W (also known as **THE MOSTRESS**), always on the look out for double agents, was taking no chances with Roberta. A well placed stun-beam renders our heroine unconscious and, as our story opens, Roberta finds herself in the inner sanctum of the Resistance, little realizing that her trial by fire has just begun...


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





STOP  
THE PROCESS FOR  
A MOMENT, DOCTOR  
SAPIEN.

BUT  
MOSTRESS...  
SHE'S TOLD US  
NOTHING!



I TOLD YOU,  
OAF! WE ARE NOT  
INTERROGATING HER.  
WE'RE DEPROGRAMMING  
HER.


AIEEEEE!!

THANK YOU,  
MOSTRESS, MAY  
I HAVE  
ANOTHER...?

**CRACK**







OH, MOSTRESS! I'M AN OLD MAN. YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO REMEMBER EVERY LITTLE DETAIL. AND THIS EQUIPMENT YOU'VE GIVEN ME. IT'S FORTY YEARS OUT OF DATE. WE HAD BETTER EQUIPMENT IN THE OLD DAYS...

HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN.

DRY YOUR TEARS, GIRL. WE NEED FIGHTERS IN THE RESISTANCE.

NOT VICTIMS.

WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

LET'S JUST SAY I'M A PATRIOT.

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? WHERE AM I?

THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR QUESTIONS LATER.

AFTER WE RELIEVE YOU OF CERTAIN CHERISHED ILLUSIONS.

I HAVE A HEADACHE. CAN YOU RELIEVE ME OF THAT?

OH, BY ALL MEANS. LET'S STOP AT ONCE, MOSTRESS. SHE HAS A HEADACHE. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS-- THE THRILL IS GONE!



**CRACK!**

OW!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MASTURBATION. IT'S SEX WITH SOMEONE I RESPECT.

PREPARE TO RESUME.

DON'T MIND HIM, ROBERTA. HE'S AN OLD FOOL, BUT A VALUABLE ONE IN THIS AGE, WHEN NO ONE CAN REPAIR THE MACHINES ANYMORE. HE'S JUST LIVED ALONE FAR TOO LONG.

DO I REALLY NEED THIS?

I'M AFRAID SO. YOU TOOK THE FIRST BRAVE STEP BY REFUSING THEM AND RUNNING AWAY. BUT UNTIL THEIR NEURAL PROGRAMMING IS GONE, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO USE YOUR OWN BRAIN AGAINST YOU.

THERE'S ANOTHER PART OF HER I'D LIKE TO USE.

**CRACK!**

OW!

SO SOFT. SO YOUNG. SUCH LOVELY BREASTS TO BE AN OLD MAN'S PILLOW.

**CRACK!**





WATCH CLOSELY NOW,  
DEAR. TAKE A RIDE DOWN  
THE MEMORY HIGHWAY TO  
PLACES YOU'LL NEVER  
HAVE TO VISIT AGAIN.

YOU LOST YOUR SISTER AT  
AN EARLY AGE. THE SENATOR  
SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. YOU  
HAD A STRANGE RELATIONSHIP  
WITH YOUR FATHER... WHO DIDN'T  
PAY ENOUGH ATTENTION TO YOU...  
OR PERHAPS A LITTLE TOO  
MUCH.

BAD  
EXPERIENCES  
SOURD YOU  
ON MEN.

AND YOUR  
RELATIONSHIPS  
WITH OTHER  
WOMEN WEREN'T  
ANY MORE  
SATISFYING.

IT WASN'T  
MY FAULT.

YOUR EXPERIENCES  
AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE  
CONVINCED YOU THAT  
PERHAPS POLITICAL  
CORRECTNESS WAS NOT  
ALL THAT IT WAS  
CRACKED UP TO BE.







BY THE AUTHORITY VESTED TO ME  
IN THE ANTIOCH CODE OF CONDUCT,  
YOU THREE MALE OPPRESSORS  
ARE CHARGED WITH THE FOLLOWING  
GYNO-CRIMES AGAINST  
WYMANITY...

THAT YOU REFUSED  
TO USE "HERSTORY"  
INSTEAD OF "HISTORY."

THAT YOU DID KNOWINGLY  
REFER TO A LEAN BODY MASS-  
CHALLENGED WOMAN AS A  
"FAT CHICK."

THAT YOU HAVE  
MISSED "CONFESSIONAL  
CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING  
SESSIONS" A TOTAL OF  
ELEVEN TIMES!

AND SHOWED UP FOR  
OTHER SESSIONS  
DRUNK, IN A "SILLY"  
MOOD, OR WITH YOUR  
SHIRTS NOT COMPLETELY  
TUCKED IN!

AND THOUGH  
THESE CRIMES WOULD  
BE ENOUGH TO CONDEMN  
YOU...

THAT WORST OF ALL...  
YOU DID WILLFULLY  
GIVE WOMEN ALCOHOLIC  
BEVERAGES FOR THE  
PURPOSE OF SEX!

NOT THE WEEK  
AFTER THEY DIDN'T,  
ACCORDING TO THESE  
SIGNED AFFIDAVITS!

BUT WE ASKED  
THEM! THEY  
WANTED TO!

HOW DOES  
THE TRIBUNAL  
FIND THESE  
DEFENDANTS?



GUILTY!

GUILTY!

GUILTY!

WOMYN!  
PREPARE TO  
CARRY OUT THE  
SENTENCE!

LADIES...  
PLEASE...



MAKE  
LOVE...  
NOT  
WAR!

**NEXT: SILVIO!**

NOTE: SILVIO IS NOT FABIO™



# Femmerotisexivision

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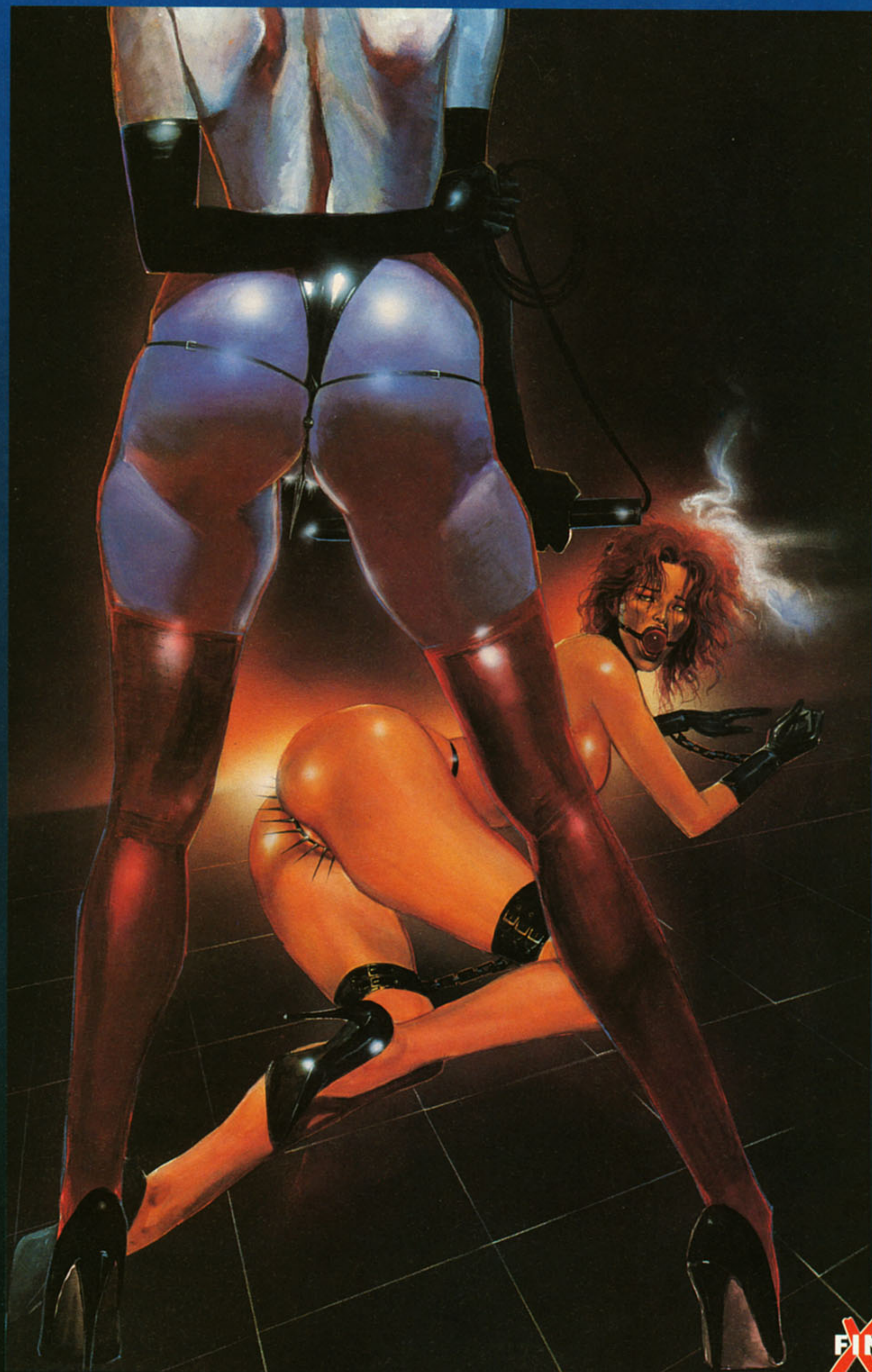
The Erotic Art Of  
**Mark Beachum**











**FIN**



# GENERATION SEX



FROM THE AGE THAT BROUGHT YOU LOWERED EXPECTATIONS, IT'S A  
BITE OF REALITY FOR SLACKERS FROM SEATTLE.

**ART BY MARK TEXEIRA**



# Bethlehem STEELE™



## EPISODE 6: BETH ON THE BLOCK

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Azpiri LETTERS: Lopez FRONTISPIECE: Suydam









HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

NOW WHAT DO THEY WANT?



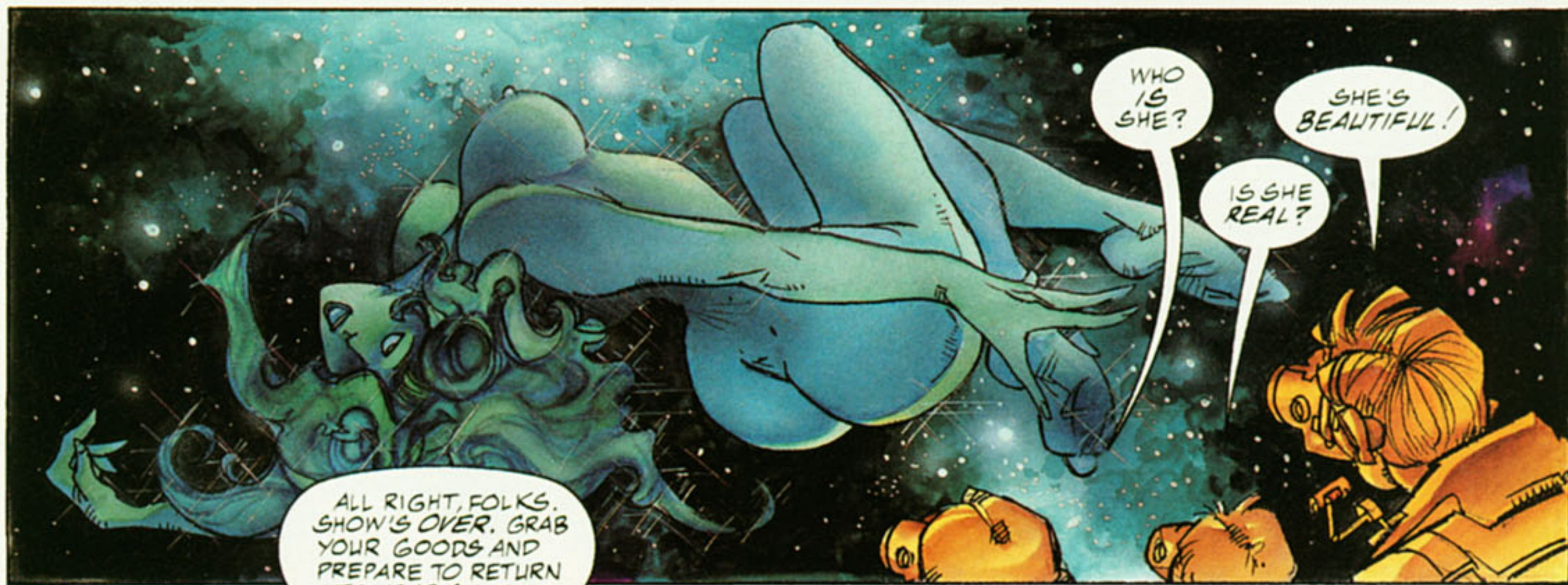
PAPA...

WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

YOU'D BETTER SEE FOR YOURSELF.



GREAT GAINOR'S NEBULA! WOULD YOU LOOK AT HER!



WHO IS SHE?

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

IS SHE REAL?

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS. SHOW'S OVER. GRAB YOUR GOODS AND PREPARE TO RETURN TO YOUR SHUTTLE.



WHO IS THAT WOMAN?

WHAT WAS SHE DOING THERE?



HA, HA. FOOLED YOU, DIDN'T WE? THAT IMAGE IS ONE OF THE EXCITING VIRTUAL REALITY WOMEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SELECT ON CAPTAIN EROTICA'S SEXSHIP!

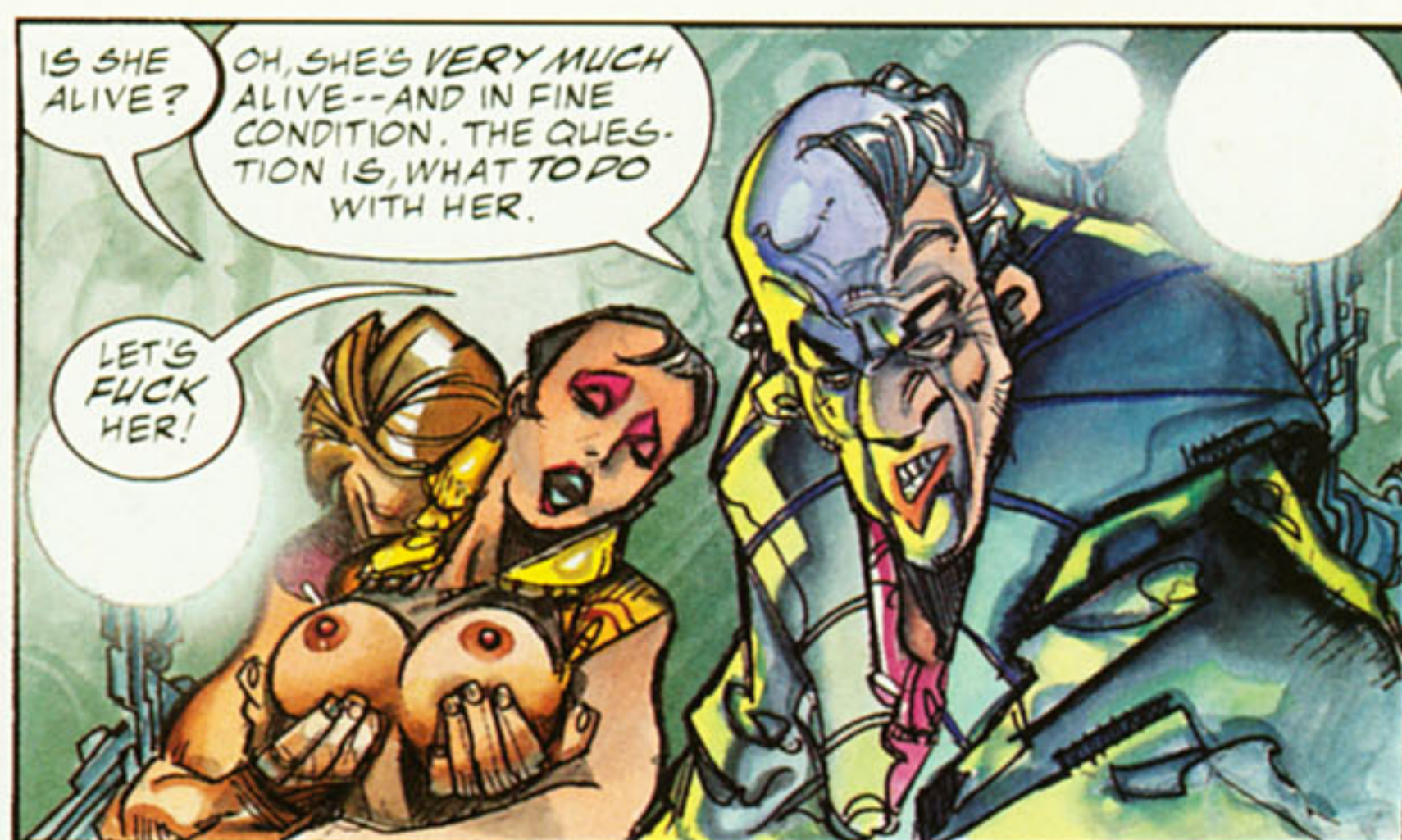
HURRY NOW! THE CAPTAIN STARTS HIS SHOWS PROMPTLY AND IF YOU SNOOZE, YOU LOSE.





IS SHE...?

SHE FEELS LIKE THE EMPRESS'S SATINS! I HAVEN'T SEEN A GIRL LIKE THIS SINCE I LEFT THE PLEIADES!



IS SHE ALIVE?

OH, SHE'S VERY MUCH ALIVE--AND IN FINE CONDITION. THE QUESTION IS, WHAT TO DO WITH HER.

LET'S FUCK HER!



FORGET IT! DON'T THE TWO OF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING BUT SEX? PAWING EACH OTHER ALL THE TIME! PUTTING ALL NIGHT AND SHOWERING TOGETHER IN THE MORNING--AND YOU'RE SISTER AND BROTHER!



YOU TOLD ME I'M ADOPTED!

SO WHAT!?! NO ONE IS DOING THIS ONE. NOT EVEN ME! AND I HAVEN'T HAD A WOMAN IN AN ELK'S SPAN!

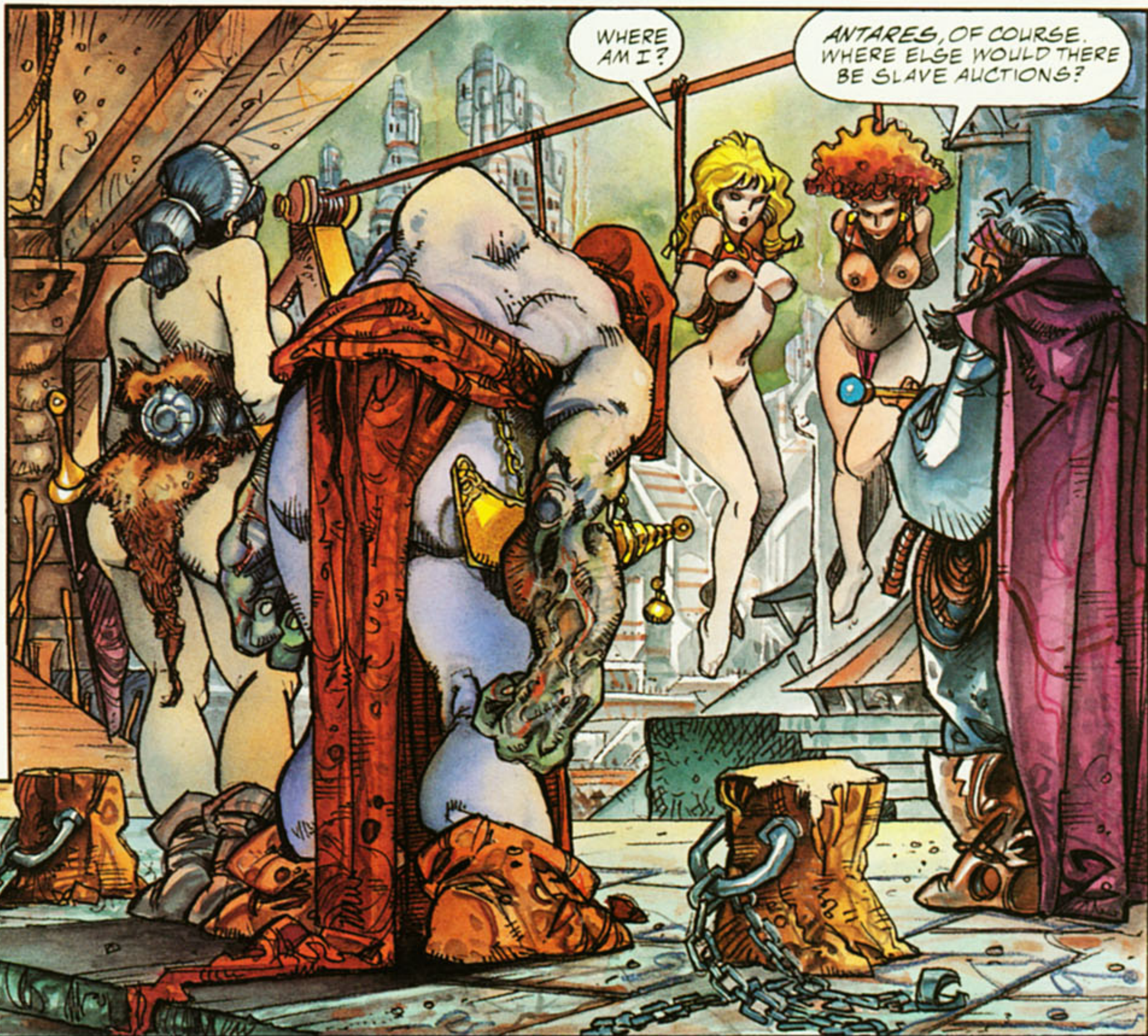


WHAT DO WE DO WITH HER, THEN? SELL HER TO THAT REPTILE CAPTAIN EROTICA?

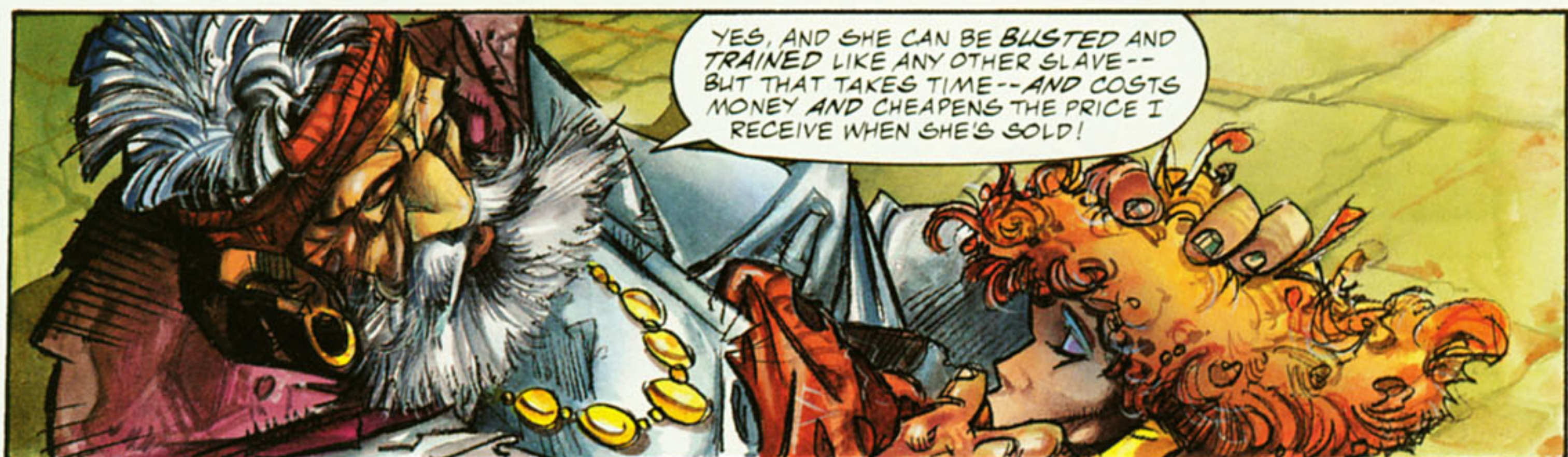
BETTER THAN THAT, BOY! OFFER HER TO THE FLESH PEDDLERS OF THE ANTARES AUCTION PLANET. SHE'LL BRING A FINE PRICE AND WE CAN ALL TAKE PART OF THE FEE IN SERVICES.

HA, HA, HA.













A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, WYNERO. BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, SHE WILL BE A PERFECT AND OBEDIENT SLAVE. PERHAPS A JOLT WITH THE OBEDIENCE HELMET...

GIVE IT HERE!



WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HER?

WHAT ELSE? REMIND HER SHE'S A SLAVE BRED FOR PLEASURE AND SERVICE, THE WAY A KHYMERIAN GOAT IS BRED TO PROVIDE CHEESE AND MILK.



SHE WILL SHOW INSTANT AND COMPLETE OBEDIENCE OR SHE WILL BE FED TO THE EMPRESS' TURTLES!



YOU SEE, WYNERO! JUST AS I PROMISED YOU. DOCILE AS A LAMB.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.



DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?





MOST REGAL MAJESTRIX!

YOUR PARDON, EMPRESS! I MEANT NO OFFENSE. I WAS CHASTIZING...



WELL, AS YOU KNOW, MERCHANT, I HAVE NO PROBLEM WITH CHASTIZING...



FIND ANOTHER NAME TO USE FOR YOUR IDLE THREATS, BUFFOON!



A THOUSAND PARDONS, EMPRESS.

ONE IS ENOUGH. IF IT IS SINCERE.



I THOUGHT THERE WAS GOING TO BE AN AUCTION. OR WAS THAT CANCELLED WITH ALL THE SQUABBLING?

OF COURSE, MAJESTRIX. YOU ARE JUST IN TIME.



GOING

CRO!





ONLY TWO?

IT'S THE BLOCKADE, MAJESTRIX. TERRIBLE FOR BUSINESS.



I HATE RED HAIR.



I SUPPOSE I CAN HAVE HER PLUCKED.



NICE, FIRM BREASTS. NATURAL, I TRUST?

AS FAR AS WE KNOW, MAJESTRIX.



GOOD. I FIND SUBSTANCE-ENHANCED TITS LIKE YOURS OFFENSIVE.

HAND ME AN EXTRACTOR.



HOW'S HER SUCK REFLEX?

QUITE GOOD, MAJESTRIX. WOULD YOU CARE TO TEST IT?





NEXT: SCULLERY MAID



# HOT Stories

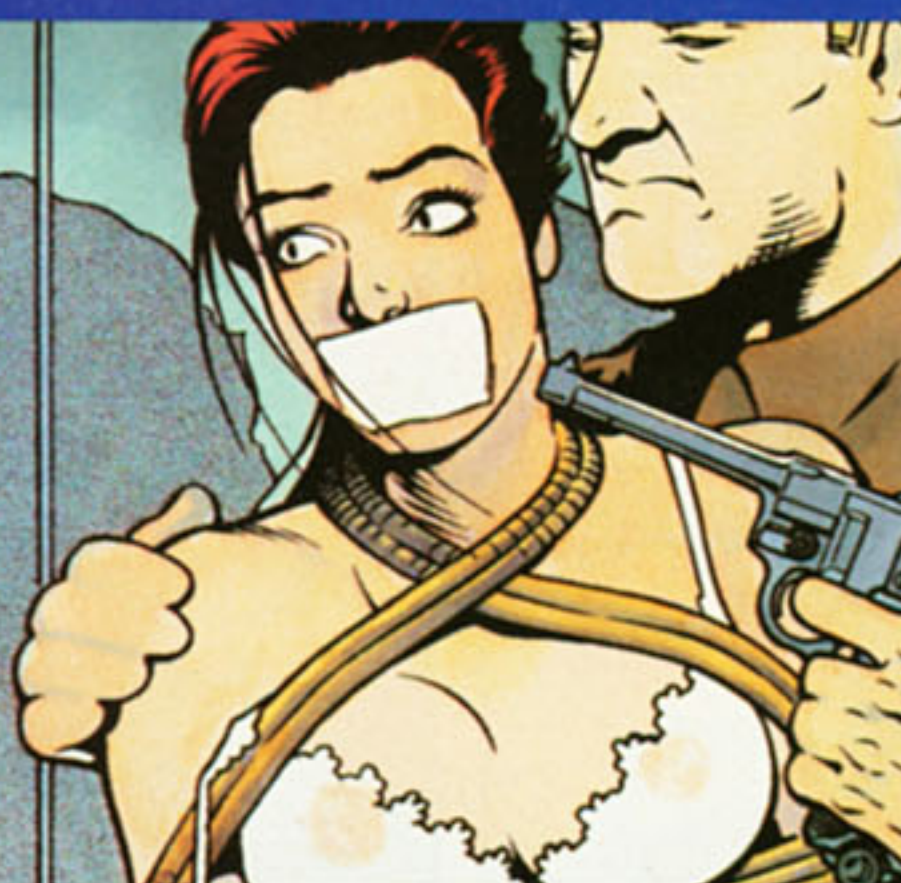
## EPISODE 3: RETURN TO SENDER

### OUR STORY THUS FAR:

**REBECCA STORI** is the *Weekly World Enquirer's* ace reporter, who races to every corner of the globe, covering stories far bigger than Wars, disasters, and terrorist bombings. This gorgeous and tough news babe covers the most topical, most sizzling news stories of our time: OJ'S CLONE KILLED NICOLE FOR DATING BIGFOOT! PRINCESS DI ABDUCTED BY ALIENS! MATLOCK'S DOG SOLVES REAL CRIMES! And, as we have seen in our story thus far: ELVIS HELD PRISONER BY SOUTH AMERICAN NAZIS! ...



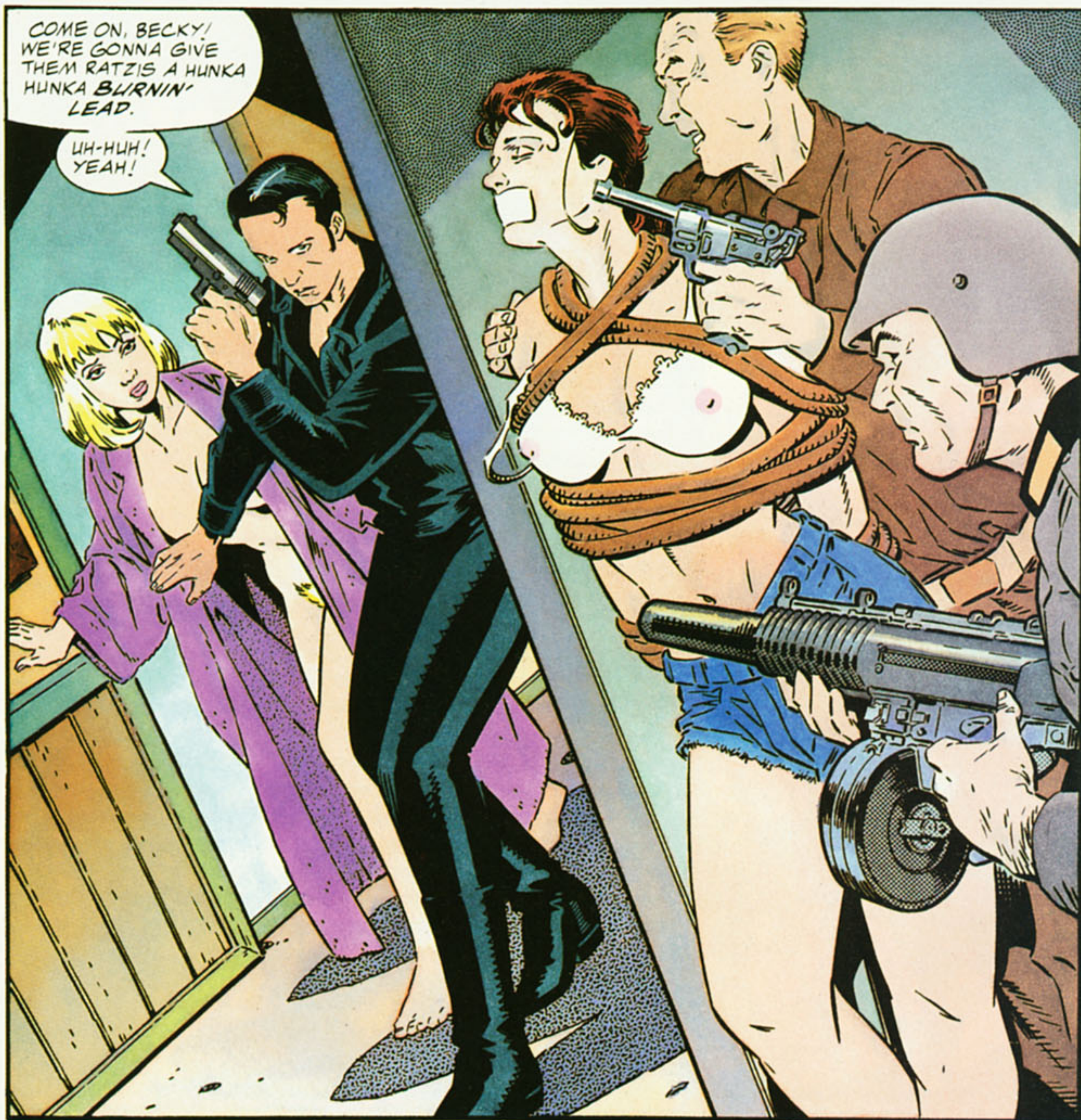
Having travelled to the hidden headquarters of a gang of ruthless wanted war criminals, Becky learned that these villains had discovered a secret formula that grants eternal youth and have used it to open a "health spa" catering to celebrities that have faked their own deaths over the last 30 years. Little did the superstars, like the legendary **KING OF ROCK AND ROLL** realize that as with the Eagle's *Hotel California*, "You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave...". Forced to sing in order to stay alive, the King learned from Rebecca the one thing that would make him risk almost *certain death* in a desperate bid to escape; she told him about Lisa Marie's marriage to Michael Jackson.



What Becky and the King don't know is that Rebecca's companion, the daredevil lady pilot **ALEXIS CASH**, has already been captured by the ruthless Nazi Colonel Rudolph to whom she spilled the beans. As we return to the action, the King and Becky are walking into a trap...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ART: Jeff Johnson INKS: Terry Austin  
COLORS: Suydam LETTERS: Lopez





COME ON, BECKY!  
WE'RE GONNA GIVE  
THEM RATZIS A HUNKA  
HUNKA *BURNIN'*  
LEAD.

UH-HUH!  
YEAH!

**CH-CLICK CH-CLICK**  
**CH-CLICK CH-CLICK**

WHAT'S  
THAT?

AH RECOGNIZED THAT SOUND FROM MY  
ARMY DAYS! IT'S THE STACCATTO CLICK OF A  
MACHINE GUN BOLT BEING CLICKED BACK.

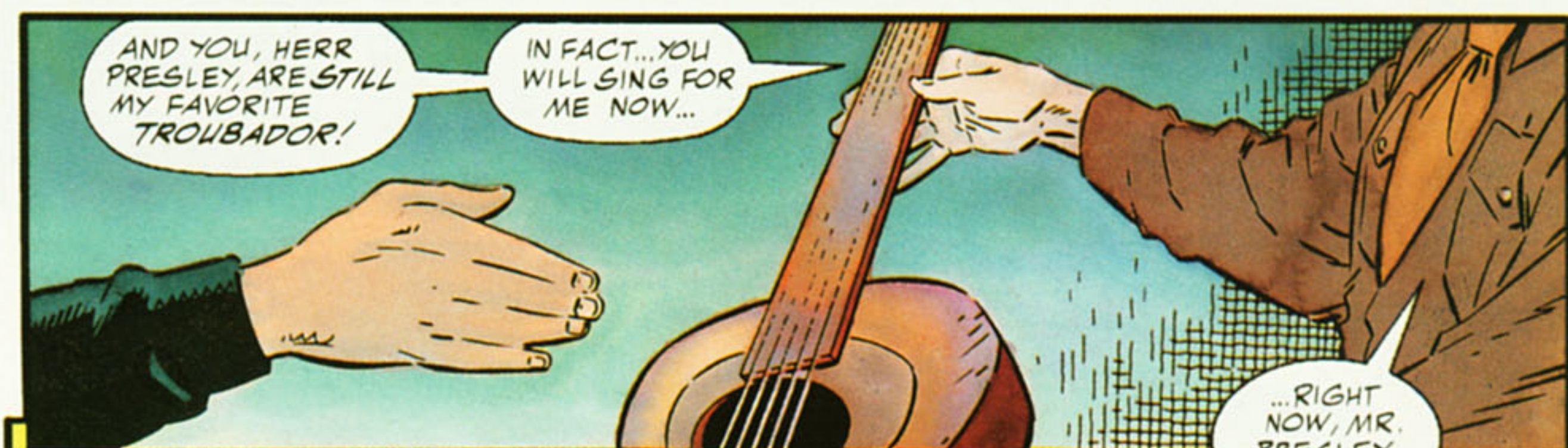
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT  
US, HERR COLONEL. DO  
I GET A LAST REQUEST  
BEFORE THE FIRING  
SQUAD?

MR. PRESLEY, I WOULD  
HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED  
IF YOU HADN'T TRIED  
TO ESCAPE.

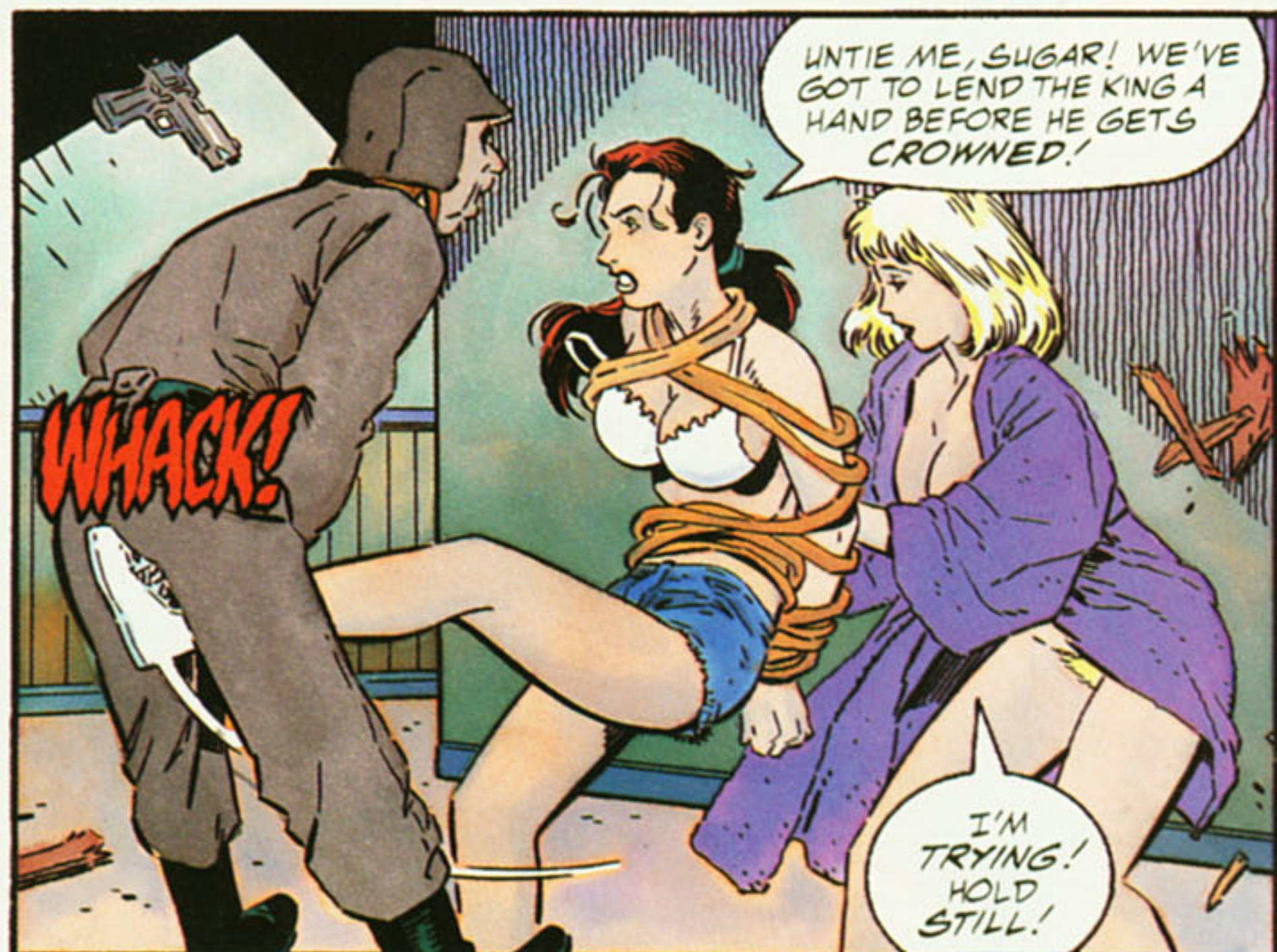
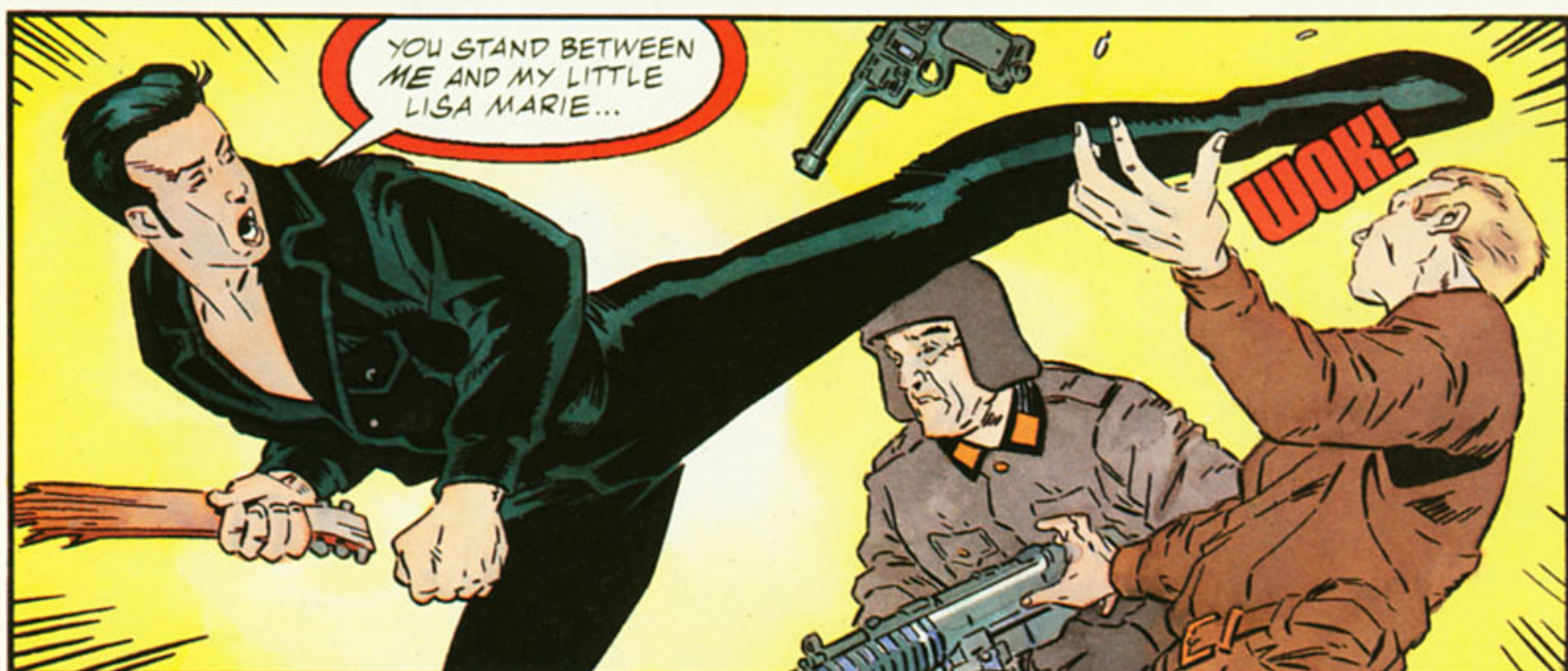
IT WAS ONLY  
A MATTER OF TIME  
ONCE YOU LEARNED  
THE TRUTH ABOUT  
YOUR... DAUGHTER.

GRRRRR...

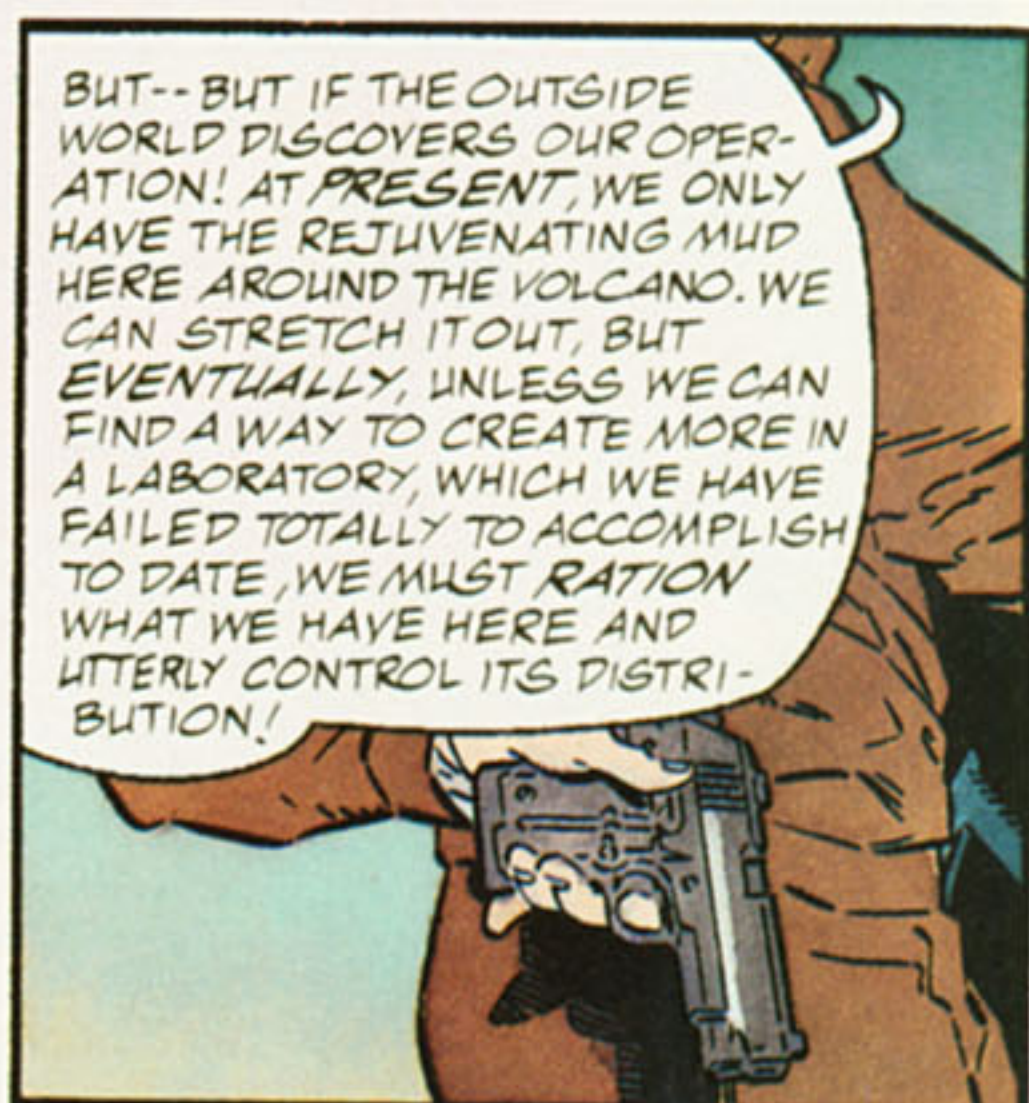
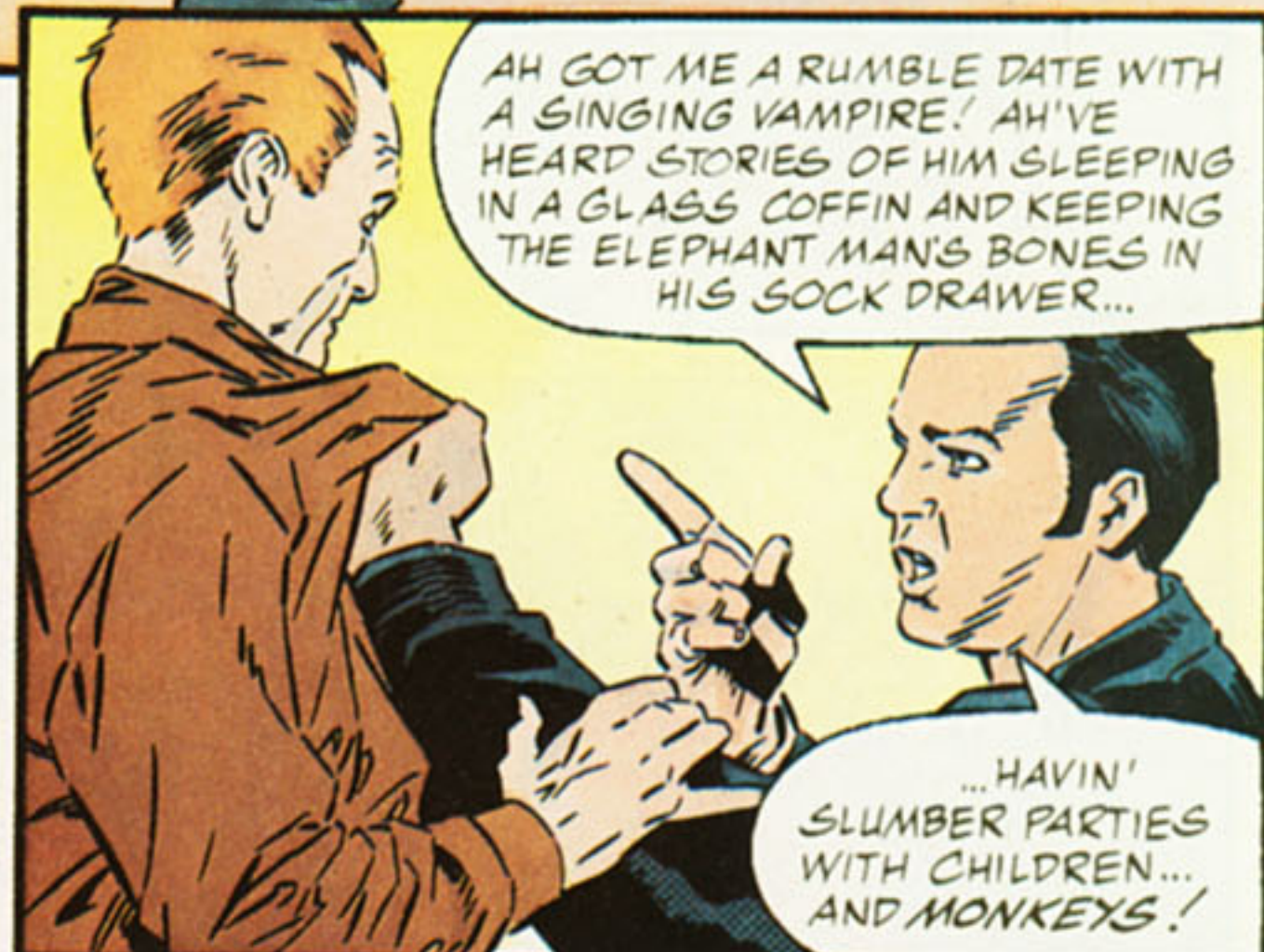
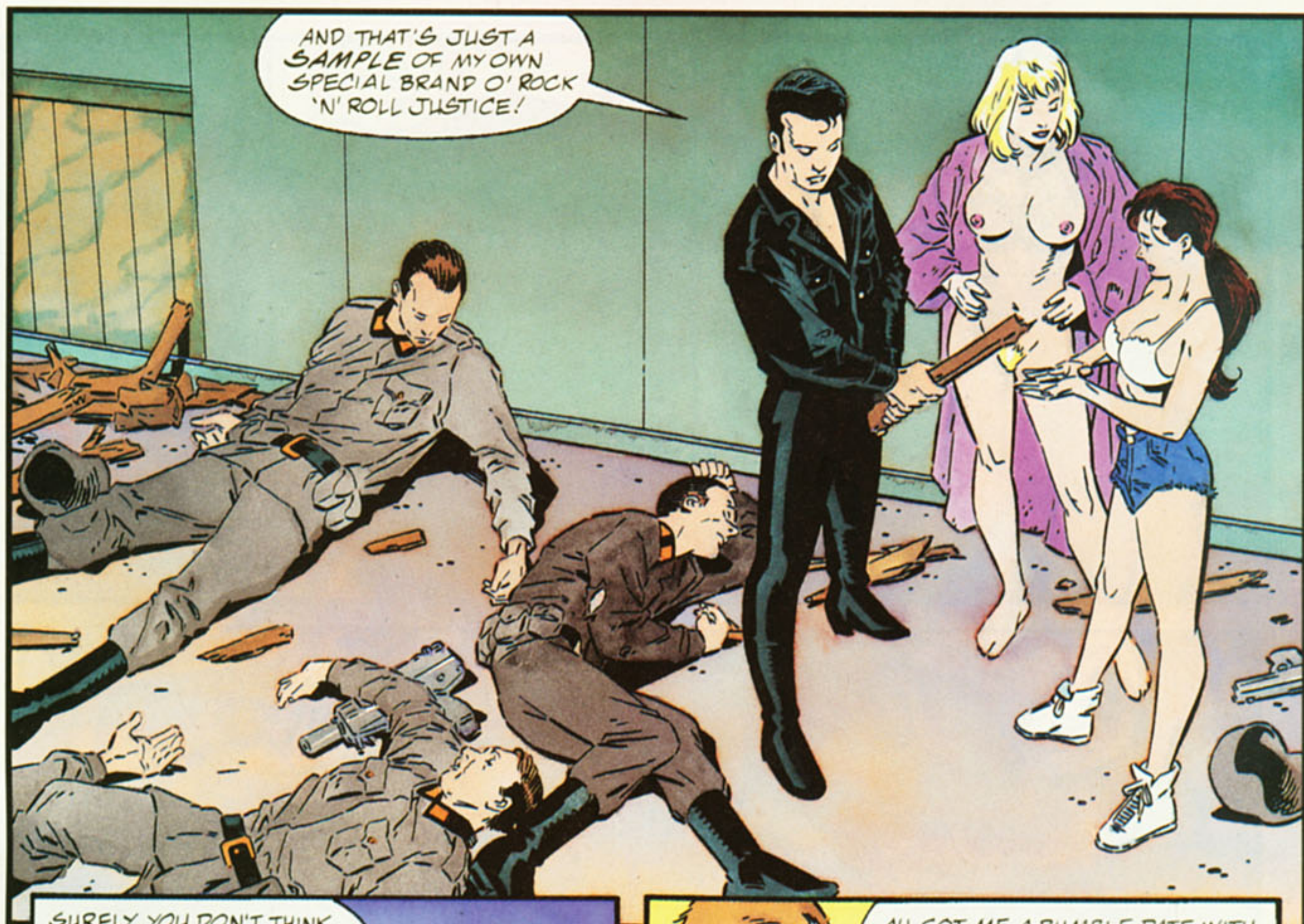








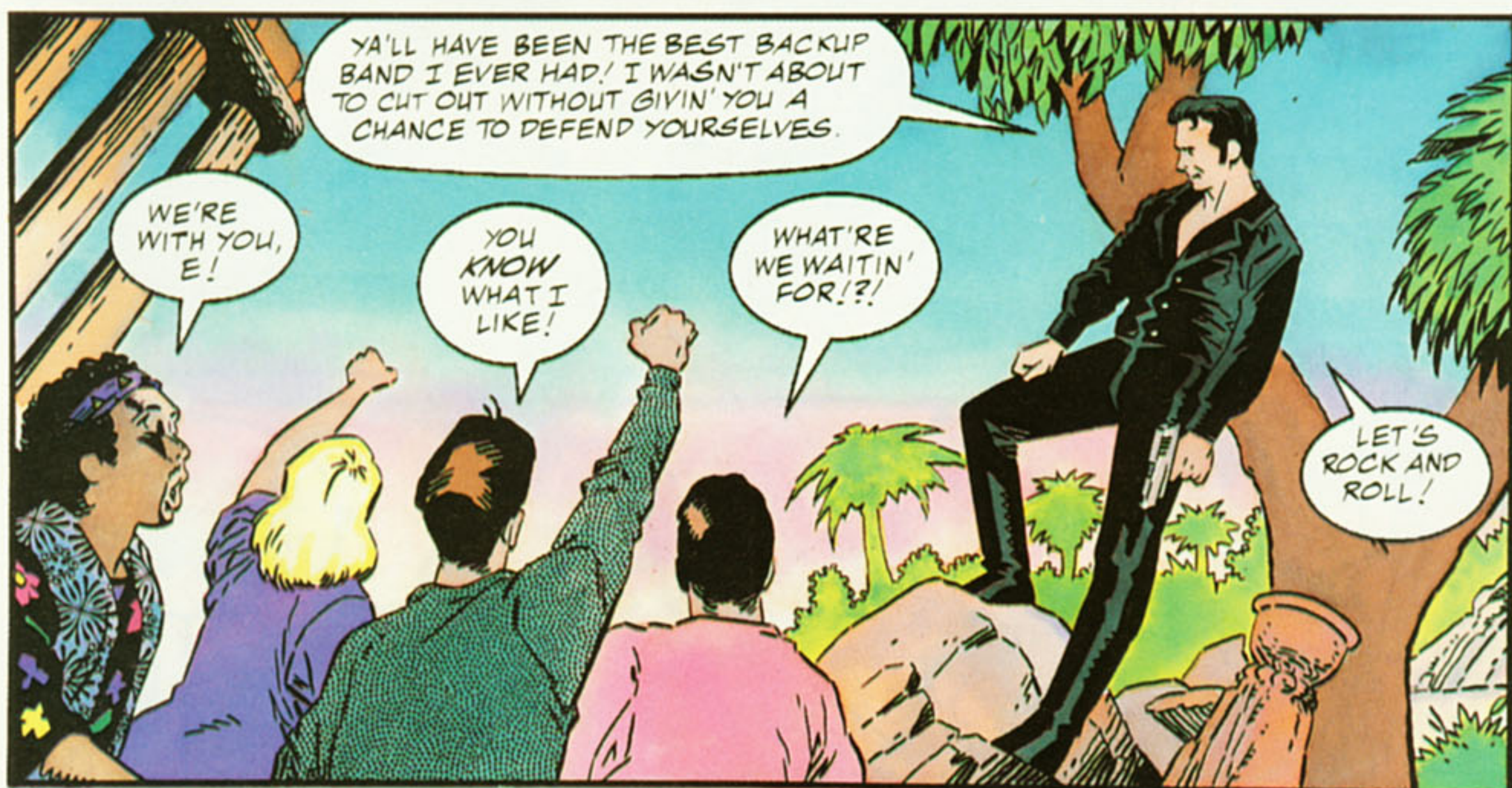














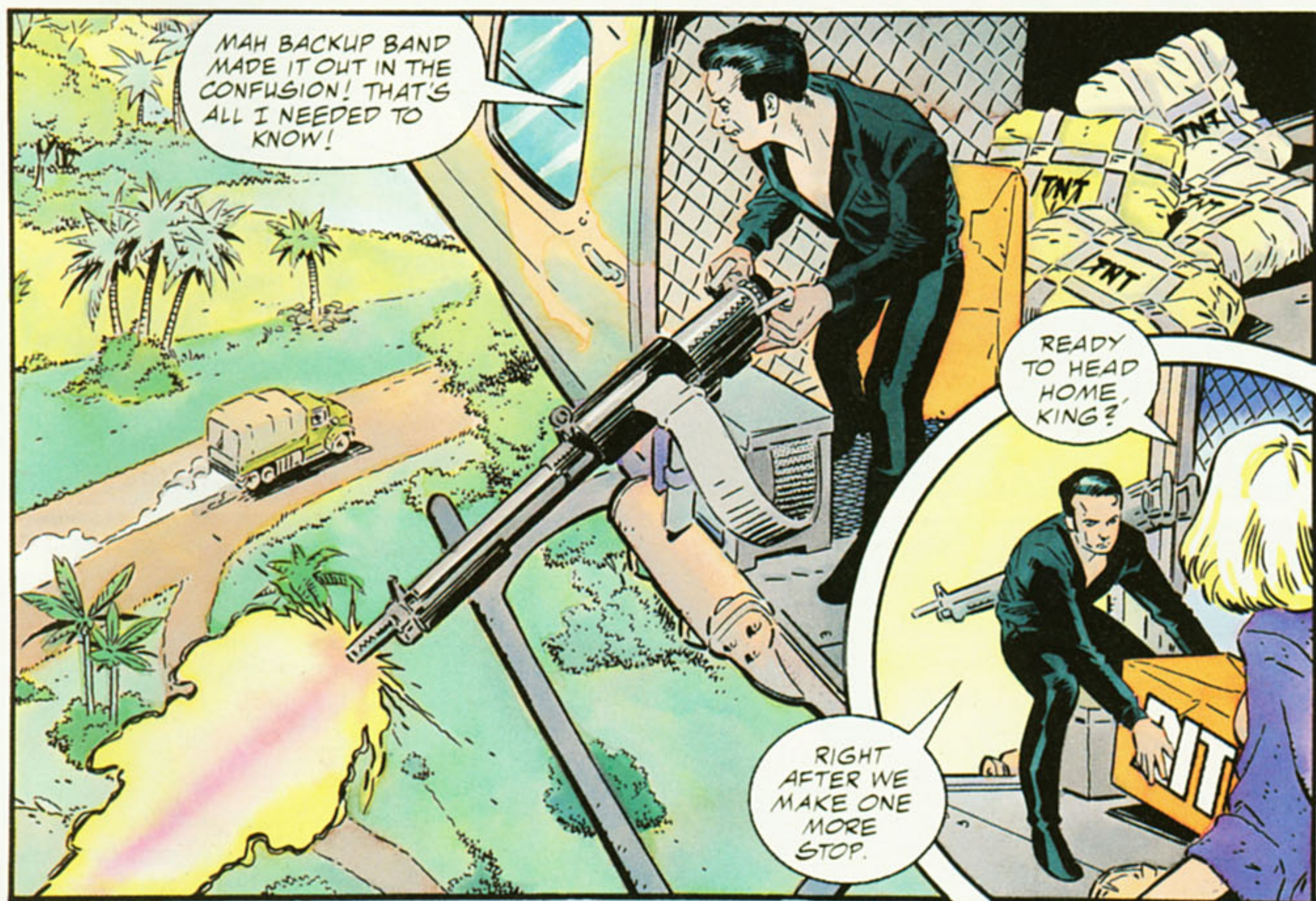
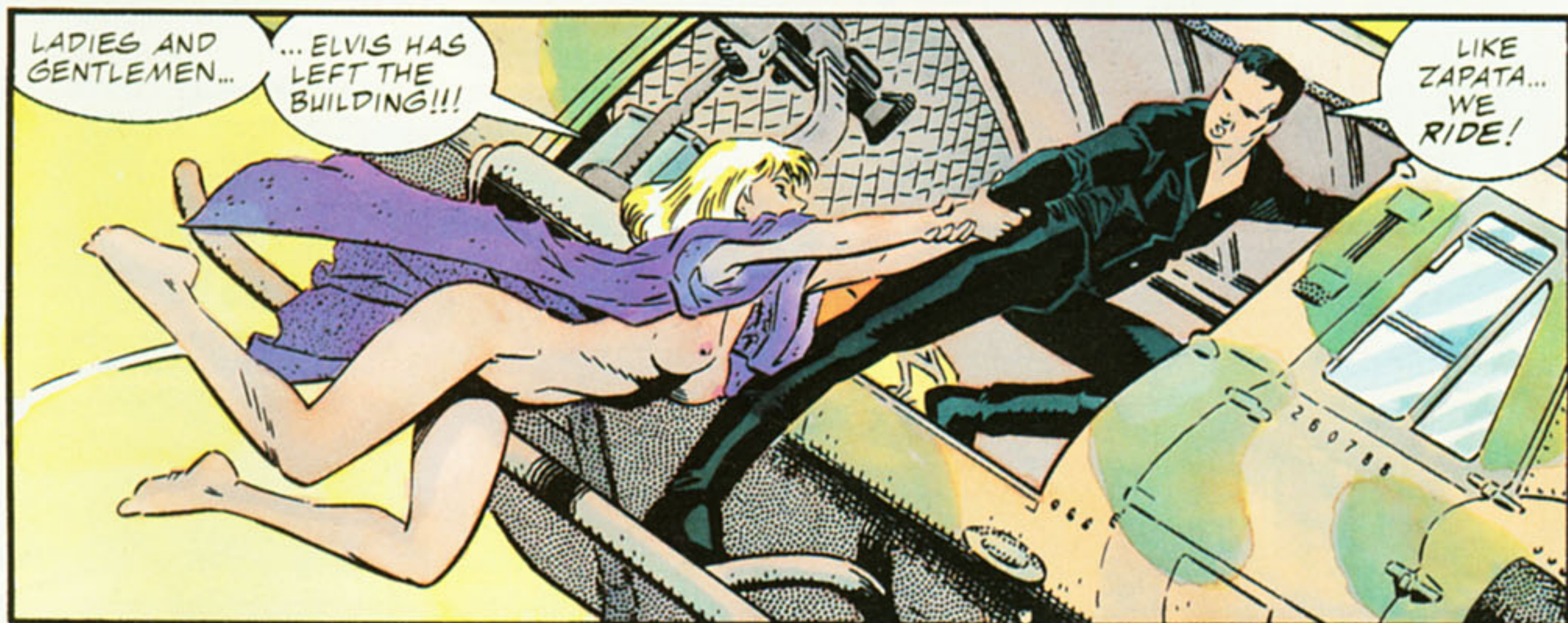
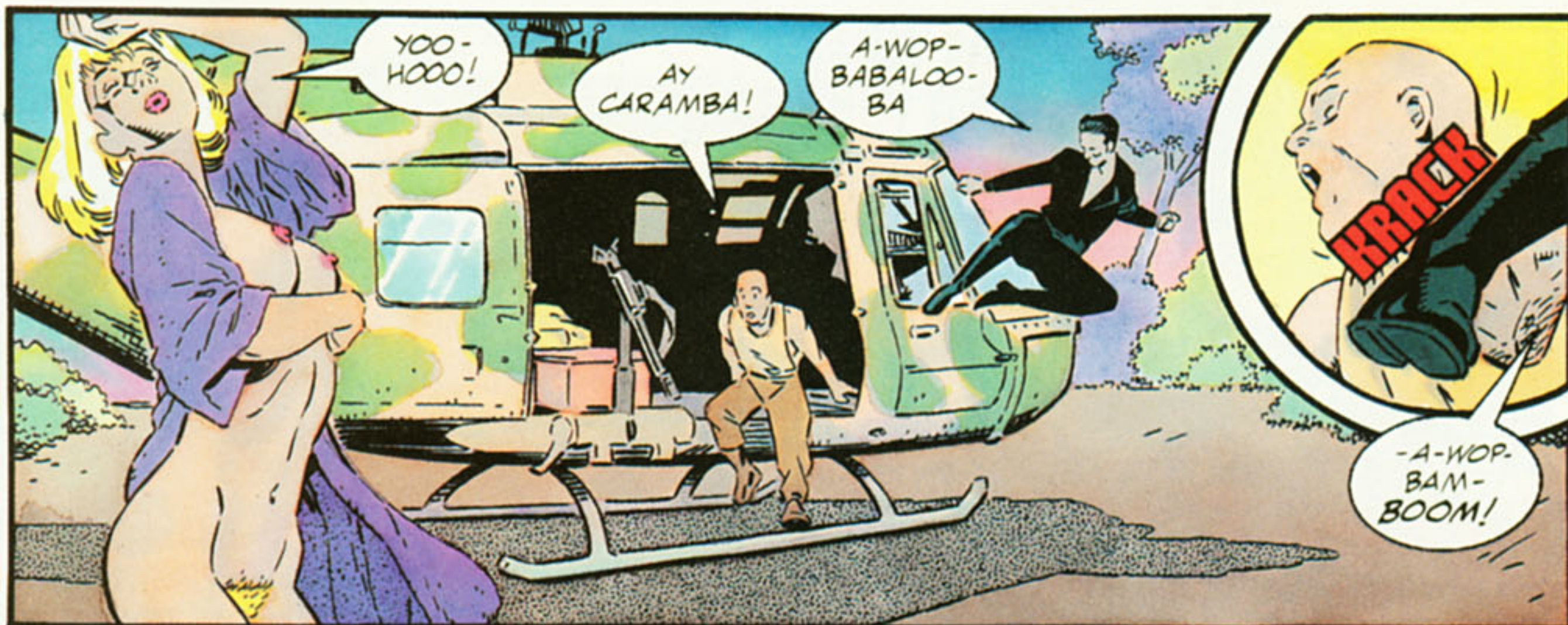
SECONDS  
LATER...

AN' THIS AIN'T  
NOTHING COMPARED TO  
WHAT AH'M GONNA DO TO  
THAT SQUEAKY-VOICED,  
LLAMA-LOVING MISCREANT  
WHEN I GET MY HANDS  
ON HIM!

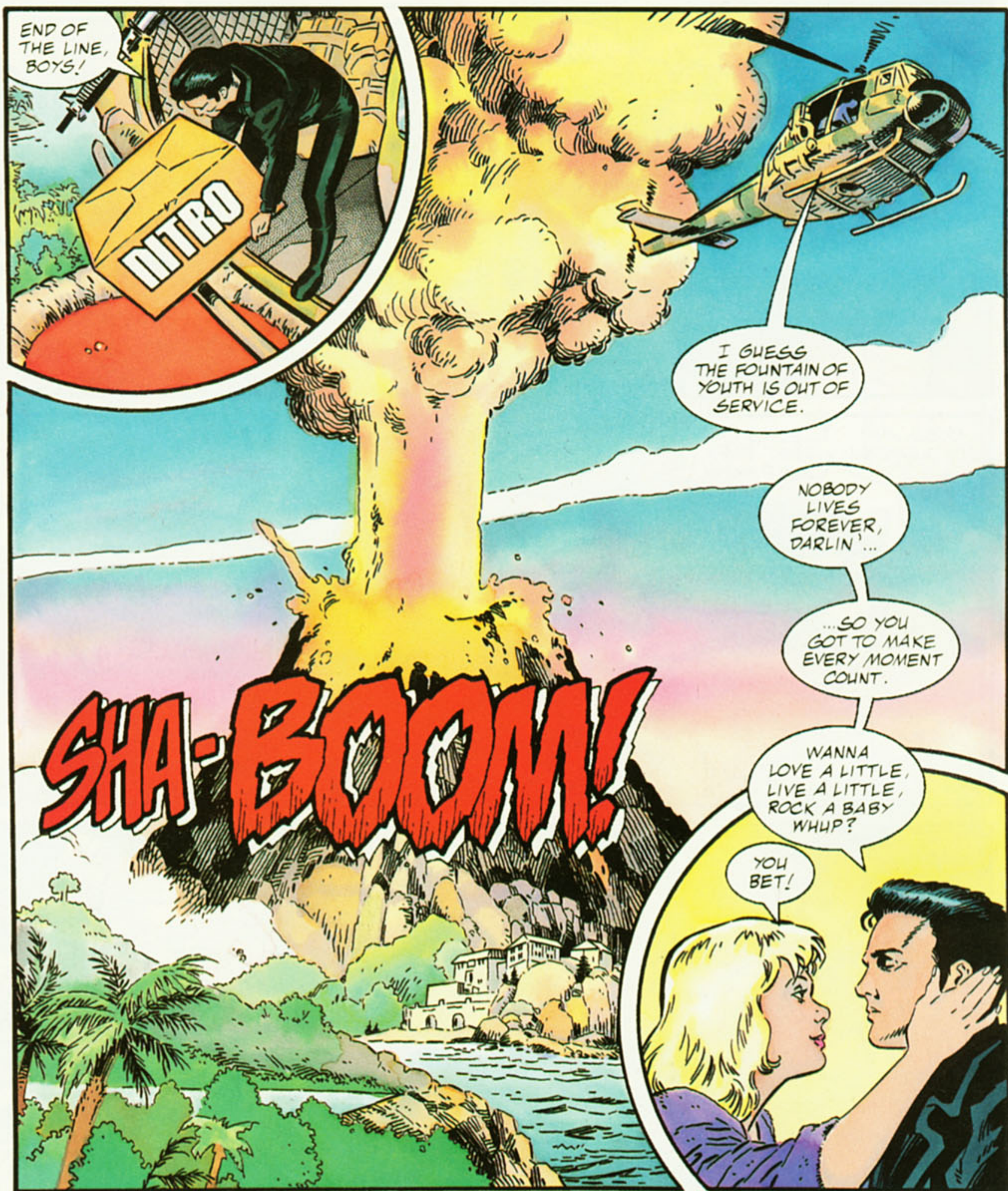
YOU KNOW  
HOW TO FLY A  
HUEY CHOPPER,  
'LEXIS-  
DARLIN' ?

THEY  
HAVEN'T MADE  
THE JOYSTICK  
THAT I CAN'T  
MOUNT, E!









END OF  
THE LINE,  
BOYS!

NITRO

I GUESS  
THE FOUNTAIN OF  
YOUTH IS OUT OF  
SERVICE.

NOBODY  
LIVES  
FOREVER,  
DARLIN'...

...SO YOU  
GOT TO MAKE  
EVERY MOMENT  
COUNT.

WANNA  
LOVE A LITTLE,  
LIVE A LITTLE,  
ROCK A BABY  
WHHP?

YOU  
BET!

WATCH  
OUT WORLD,  
THE KING IS  
BACK.

RETURN  
TO  
SENDER!  
ADDRESS  
UNKNOWN!

LONG LIVE  
THE KING!

Next: Princess Di  
Abducted By  
Aliens.





Suydam © 84

**Our cover  
"Space Abduction"  
By Arthur Suydam**



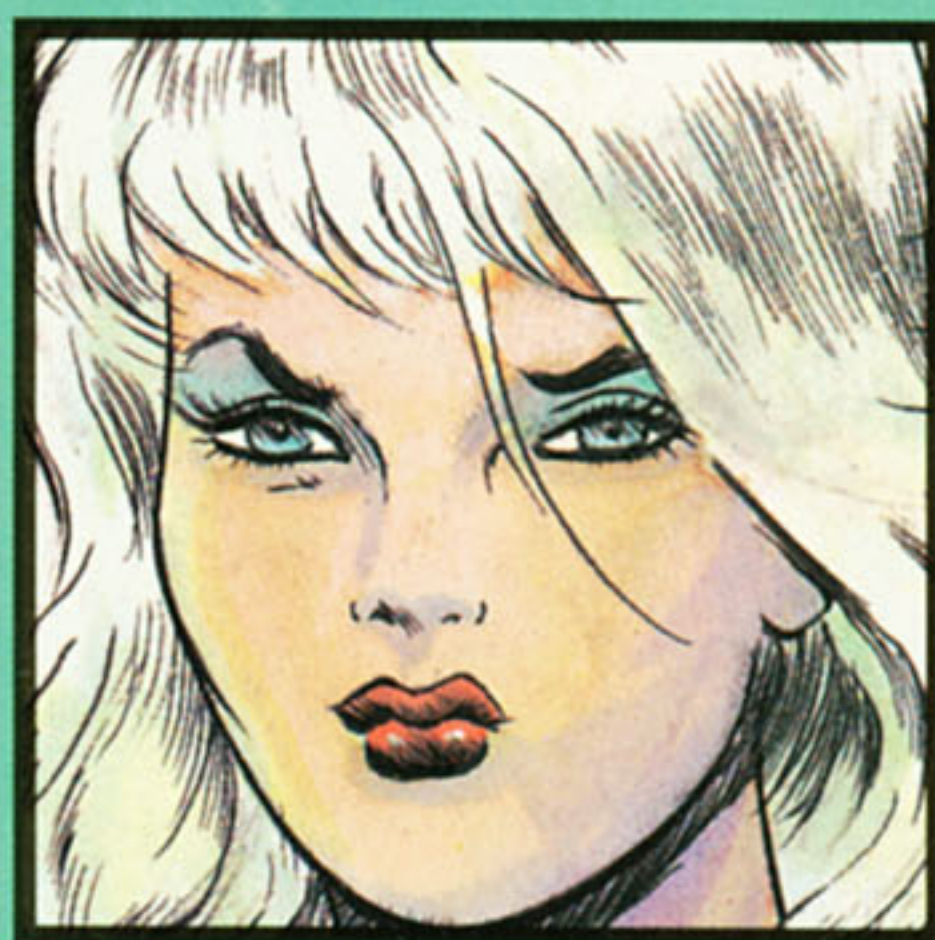
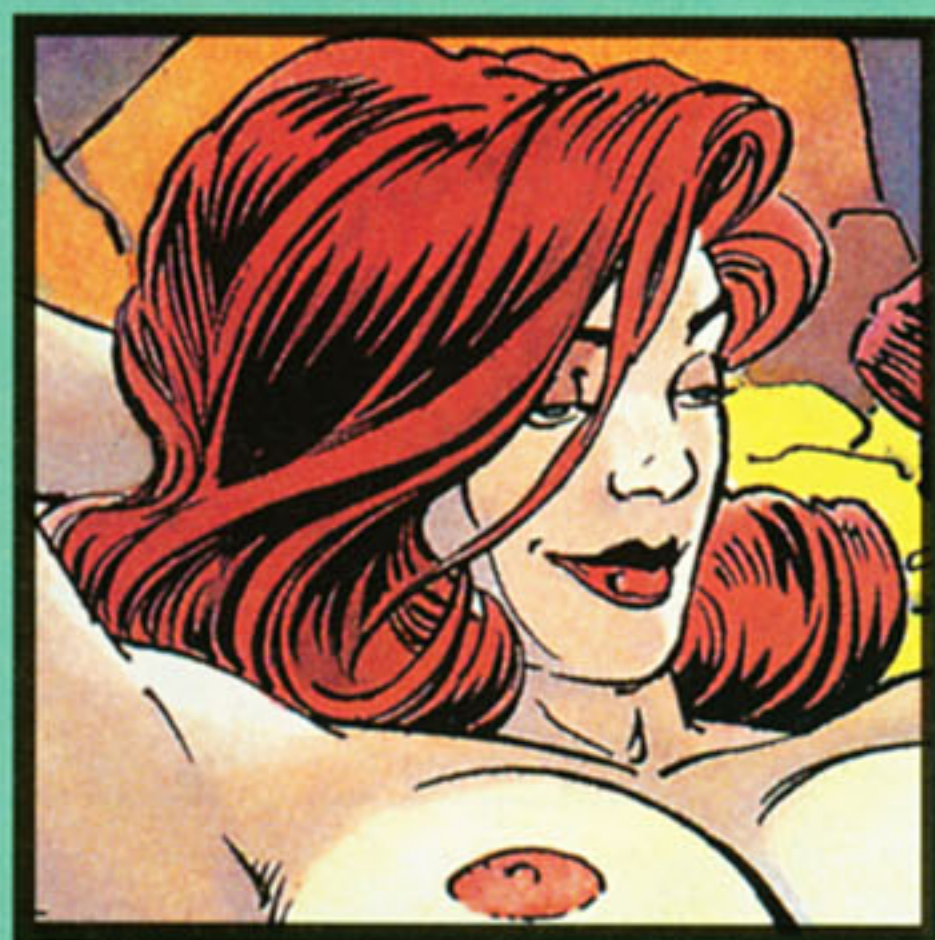
**Concept sketch for  
"Space Abduction"  
By Arthur Suydam**



# PENTHOUSE Comix



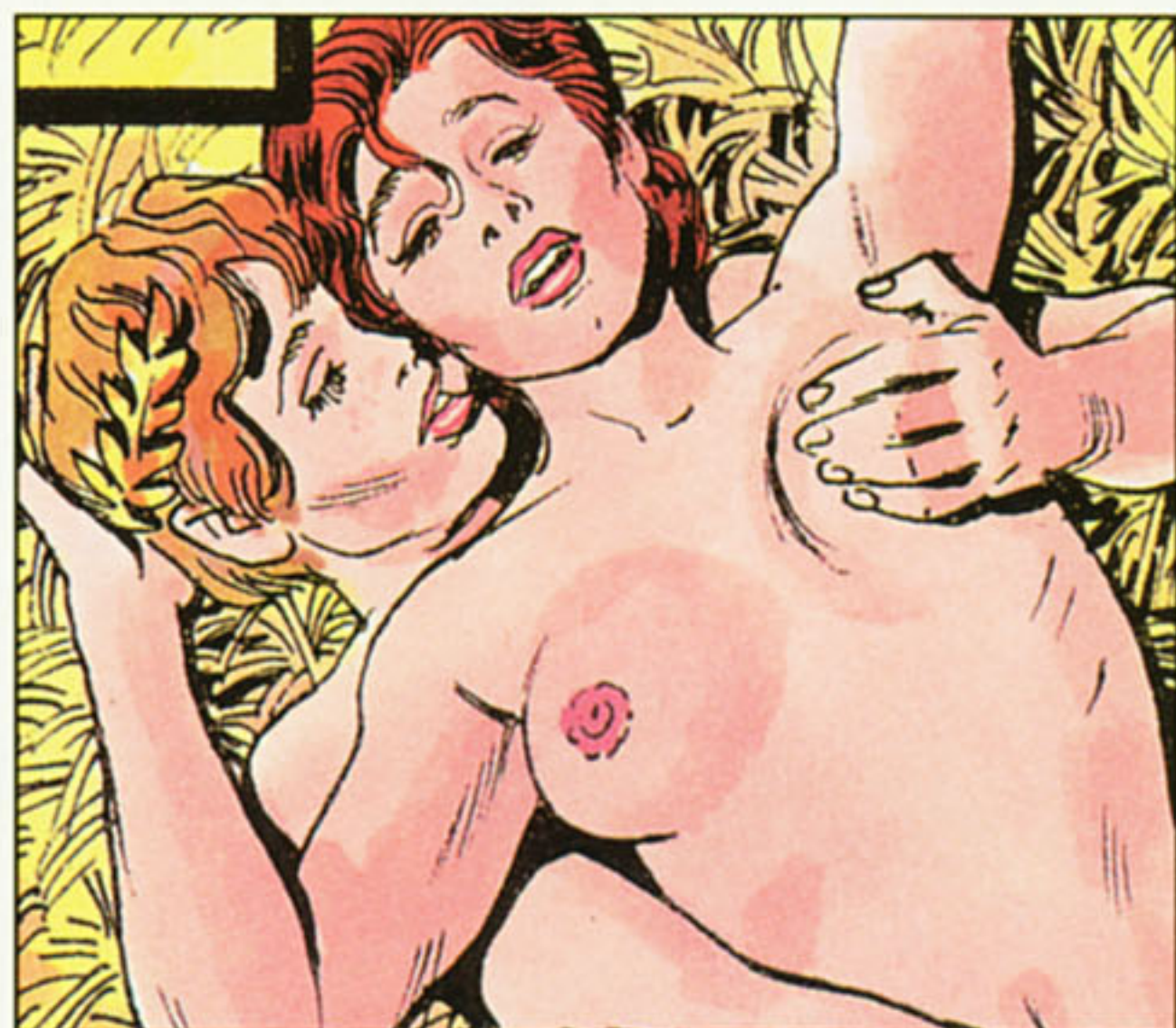
## *Pet of the Year*



**FEATURING THE ART OF**  
ARTHUR SUYDAM, MARK BEACHUM, ADAM HUGHES, KEVIN NOWLAN,  
KEVIN MAGUIRE, GRAY MORROW, AND MORE.

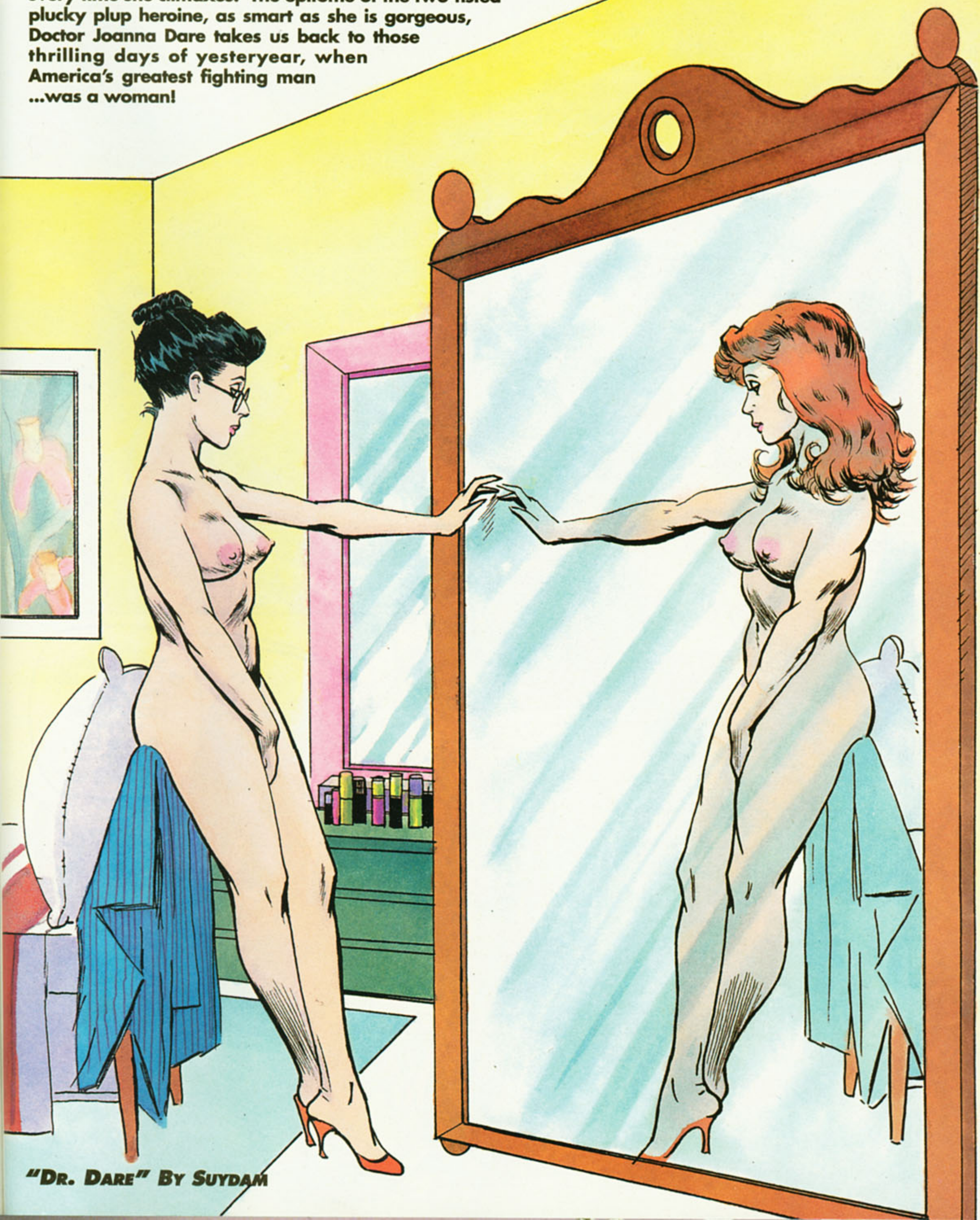


# DOCTOR DARE





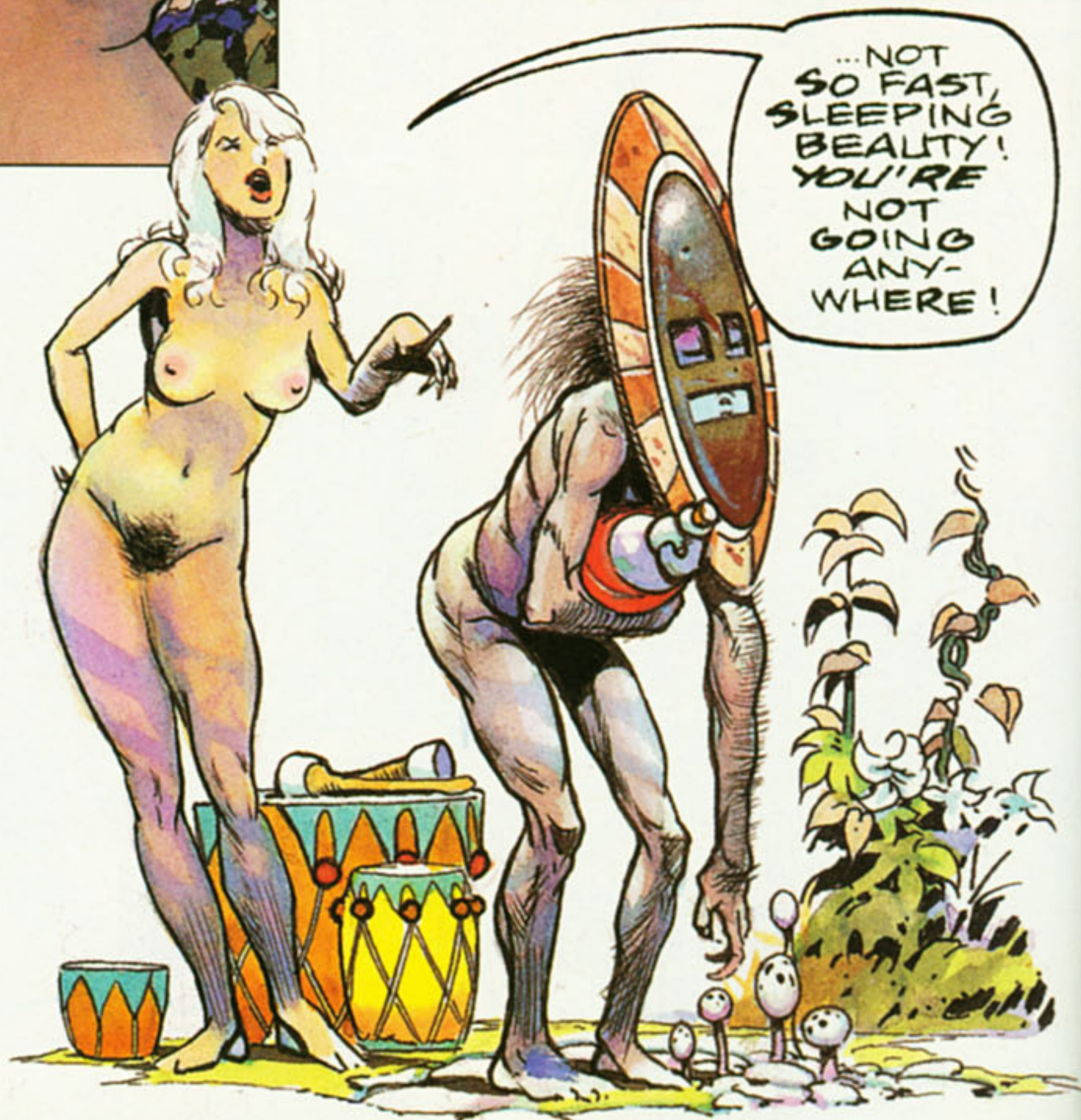
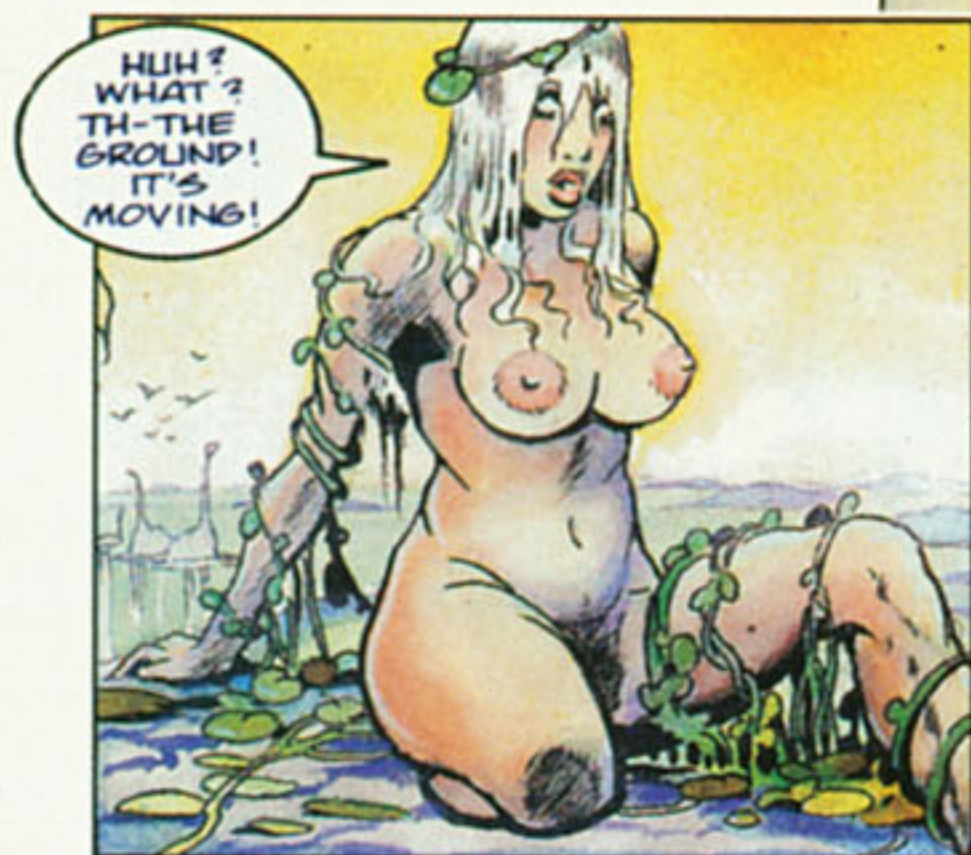
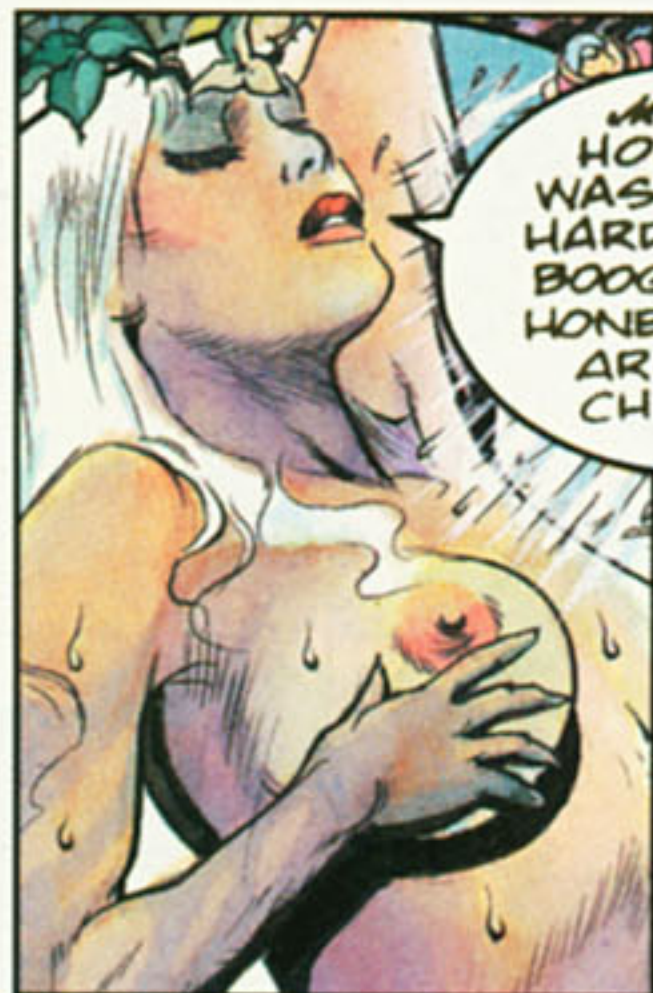
**I**n the dark days before world war II, she became America's greatest secret weapon, thanks to a special serum that grants her superhuman powers every time she climaxes. The epitome of the two-fisted plucky plup heroine, as smart as she is gorgeous, Doctor Joanna Dare takes us back to those thrilling days of yesteryear, when America's greatest fighting man ...was a woman!



**"DR. DARE" BY SUYDAM**

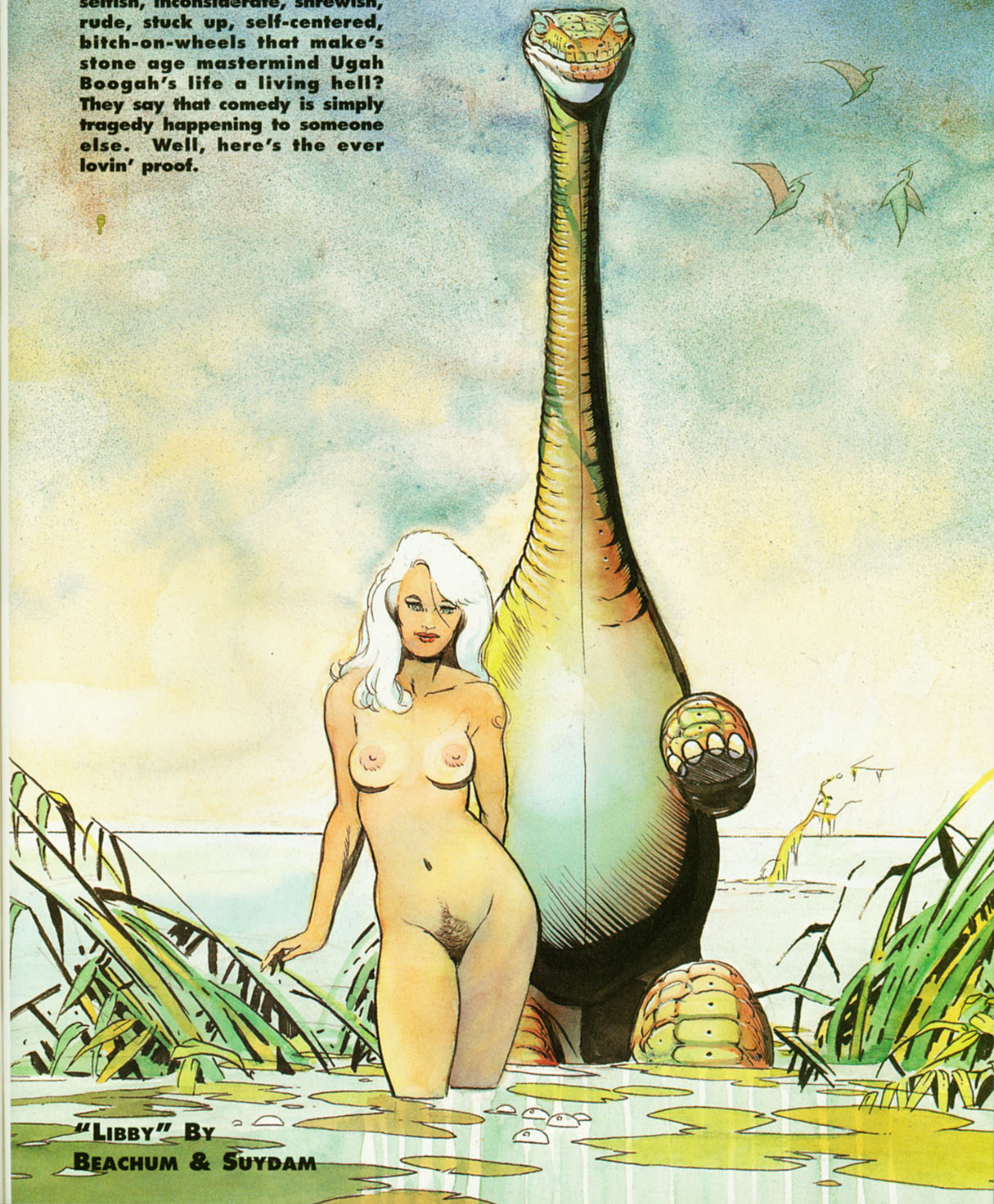


# Libby IN THE LOST WORLD™





**W**ho among us doesn't know a woman like Libby Eisenberg, the selfish, inconsiderate, shrewish, rude, stuck up, self-centered, bitch-on-wheels that make's stone age mastermind Ugah Boogah's life a living hell? They say that comedy is simply tragedy happening to someone else. Well, here's the ever lovin' proof.



**"LIBBY" BY  
BEACHUM & SUYDAM**

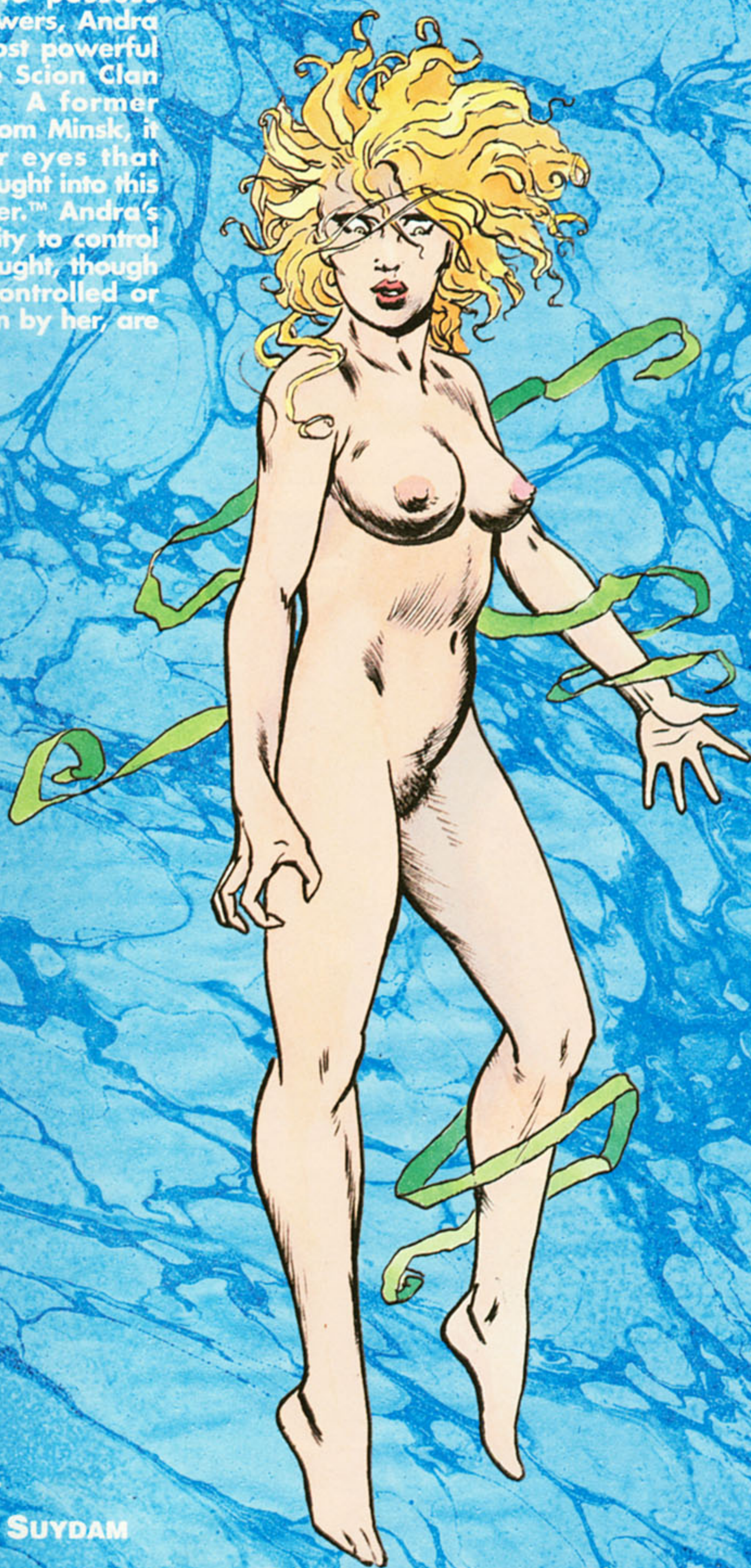


# ANDRA™





**O**f fifty Soviet children, genetically engineered to possess paranormal powers, Andra is easily the most powerful member of the Scion Clan seen thus far. A former street walker from Minsk, it is through her eyes that we've been brought into this Tech-Noir Thriller.™ Andra's power, the ability to control matter with thought, though still not fully controlled or understood even by her, are still growing.



**"ANDRA" BY  
BEACHUM & SUYDAM**







PENTHOUSE  
Comix



*Pet of the Year*



**"HERICANE"**  
By Suydam





# HERICANE



**"HERICANE"  
BY BEACHUM**

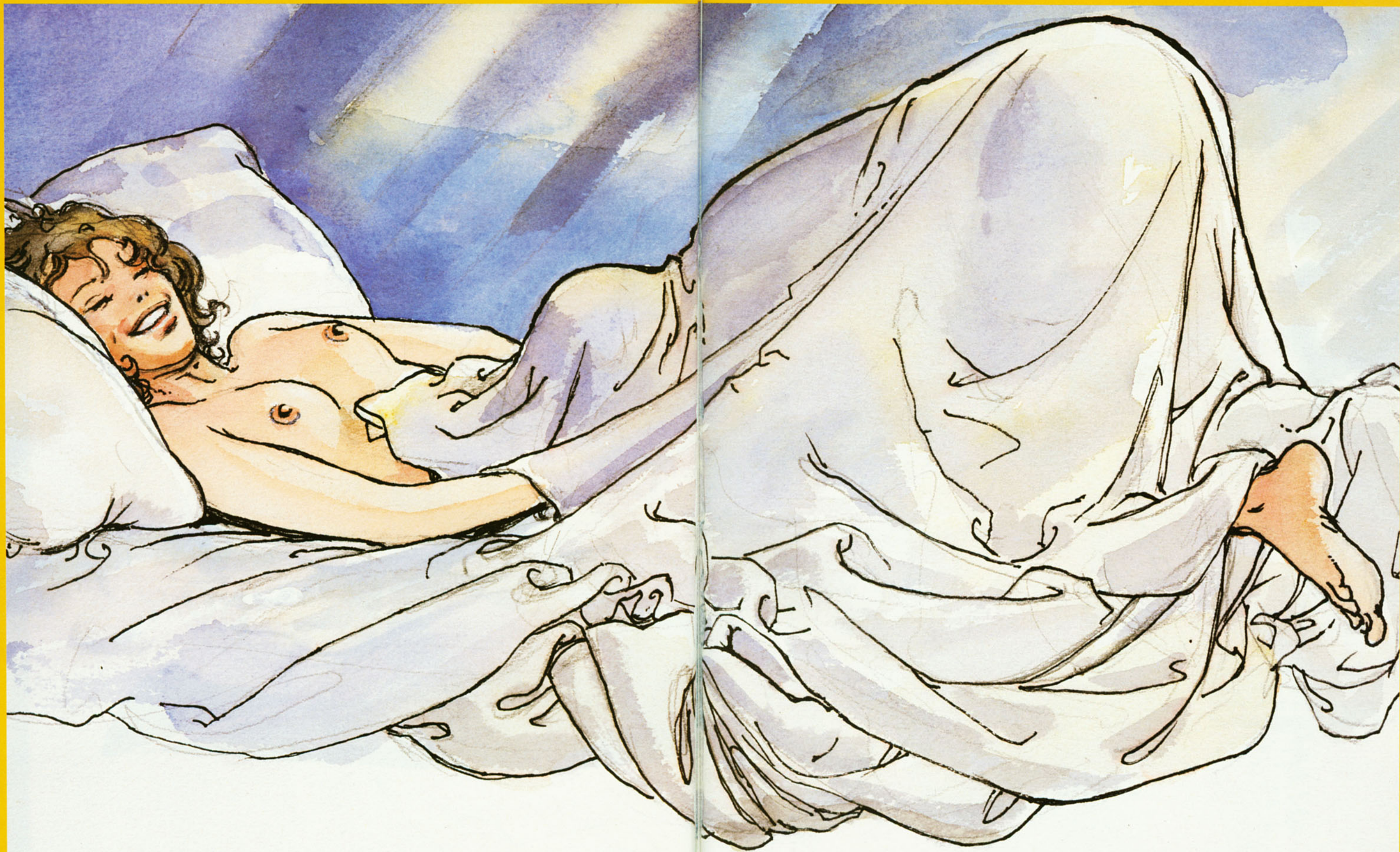
**S**he's every comic fan's dream come true, the supergirl who just wants to have fun. Ye olde Editor-In-Chief abandons the detached narrative now to wax rhapsodically about the winner of this year's coveted crown, Emily Feldmen. Hericane was the first character I created for Penthouse Comix, all the way back in 1991. Brought to life by the first artist I selected to join my all-star cast, good girl artist supreme, Adam Hughes. Emily Feldman's thrilling adventures continue in a brand new series in Penthouse Men's Adventure Comix, M.A.C. #1 featuring the now classic "Origin of Hericane" and M.A.C. #2 opens on a tale of horror such as the world has never seen... Hericane on the rag. Be afraid. Be very afraid. "DAWN OF THE LIVING PMS." in M.A.C. #2, on sale in May, art by Kevin Maguire and Karl Story



**"BAD GIRL"**  
By Jason Pearson









# PENTHOUSE Comix

## GALLERY '95



**First character designs  
for Miss Adventure  
by Adam Hughes**

**F**rom time to time I come upon individual pieces of art that don't neatly fit into any of our features, many from some of the most important artists in comics from around the world. In this first of what will be an annual series at Penthouse Comix, I present a gallery of the *rest of the best*.

—GKC (12/94)





Arthur is the brains,  
Morgana is the brawn.  
It's Camelot as you've  
never seen it before...  
**PENDRAGON**  
Coming soon in  
Penthouse Comix

BORIS ©81

Illustration © 1994 Boris Vallejo





Unused "Scion" cover  
by Kevin Nowlan