

~~XXX~~MAS SPECIAL ISSUE

PENTHOUSE

comix

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PENTHOUSE Comix

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PENTHOUSE Comix

Jan./Feb. 1996



**COVER ART
BY SORAYAMA**

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FEATURE

4 HOUSECALL

We put the hammer down when others pull over for a nap. With cries of "MORE COFFEE," and "SLEEP IS FOR THE WEAK," we plow on!



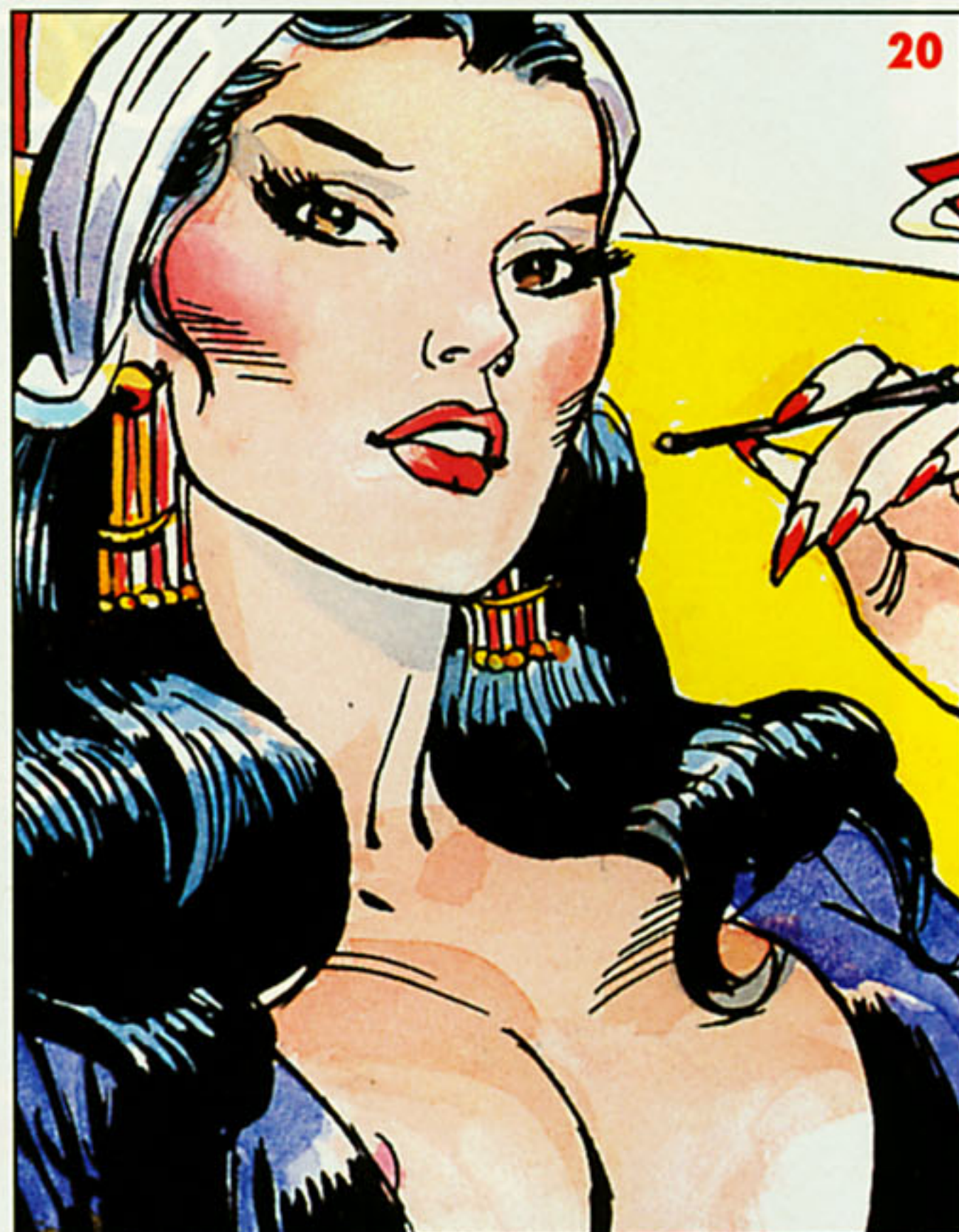
6 YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

EPISODE 4:

WHITE HOUSE BLUES

Joey is Ring-less but not powerless as he and his latest—or is it last?—girl-friend head for the bottom of the Potomac—there's still plenty of time for hallucinations; let's watch!

Art by Matt Haley & Bob Wiacek



20 DOCTOR DARE: SPACE 1939

EPISODE 4: CALL OF THE KODIAK

Nixon gets tricky, Joanna and hunky Dr. Sugarhill sleep it off, and who's left for the Nazis to make a deal with.

Art by Dan Barry

32 DOCTOR DARE: TECH PAGE

The "AMERIKA BOMBER" and a bevy of V&R rockets laid out in lavish detail by our resident technical wizard!

Art by Eliot R. Brown





50

36 BACKLASH EPISODE 8: IT'S NOT

OVER YET!

Can redemption ever follow a cardinal sin? The ultimate battle isn't always the ultimate end. The staggering climax—and we do mean to the series!

Art by Mark Beachum

50 STERANKO GALLERY: Steranko Girls: you've never seen any- thing like this... or have you?

63 MOEBIUS GALLERY: Erotic imagery from the French master of illustration, excerpted from "Griffes d'Ange."

70 TEAM SUPREME DEATHKILLER'S CHRISTMAS SPECIAL:

A tale from the sappy holi-day files of the Team Supreme. Guest starring Karl Kodiak and Hotblood in a tale that could warm a bill collector's heart.

Art by Chris Wozniak & John Lowe

91 READERS SURVEY

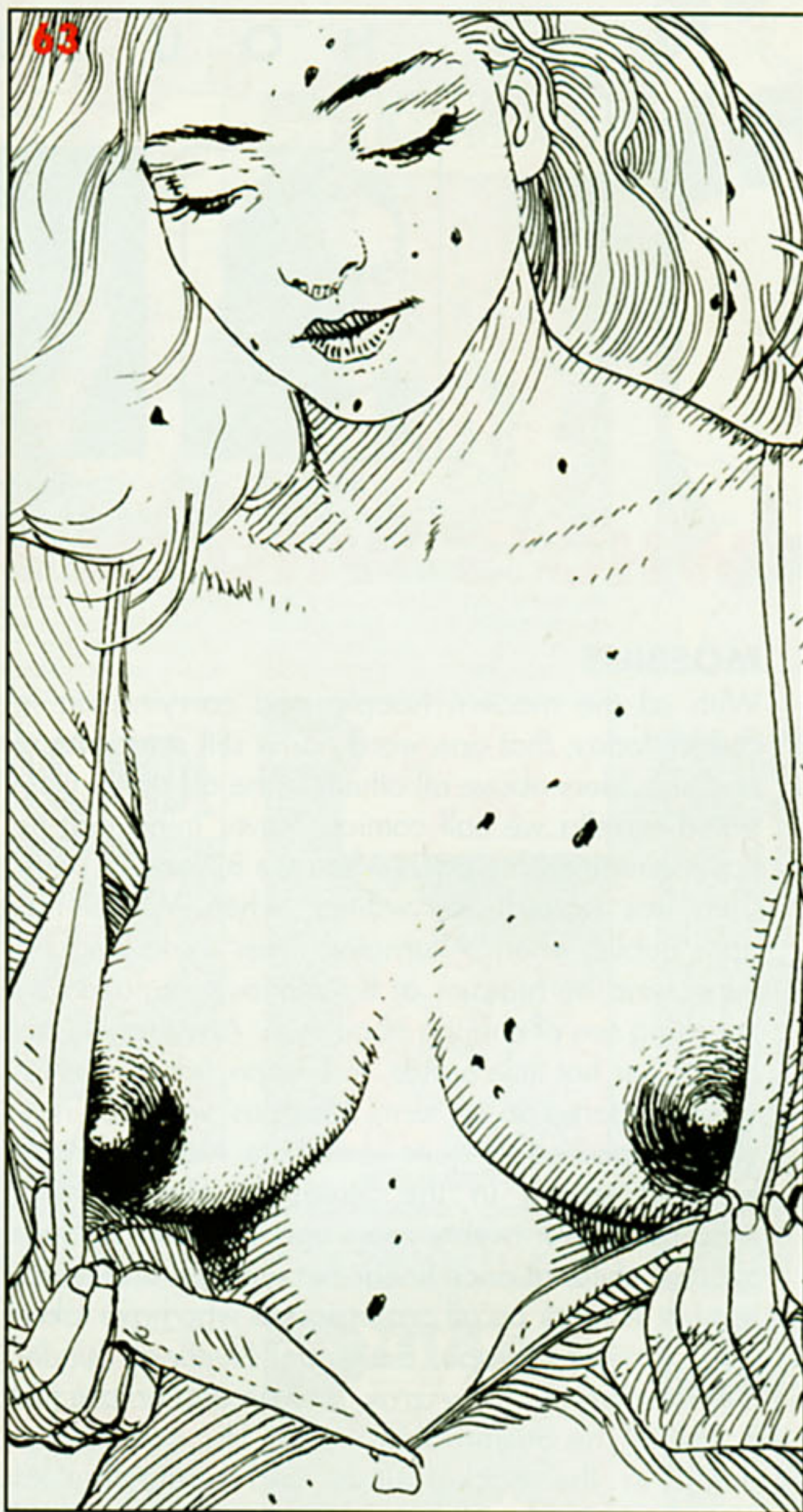
C'mon, it'll only take a few minutes and we really need to get to know you better.

92 LOVE/HATE LETTERS

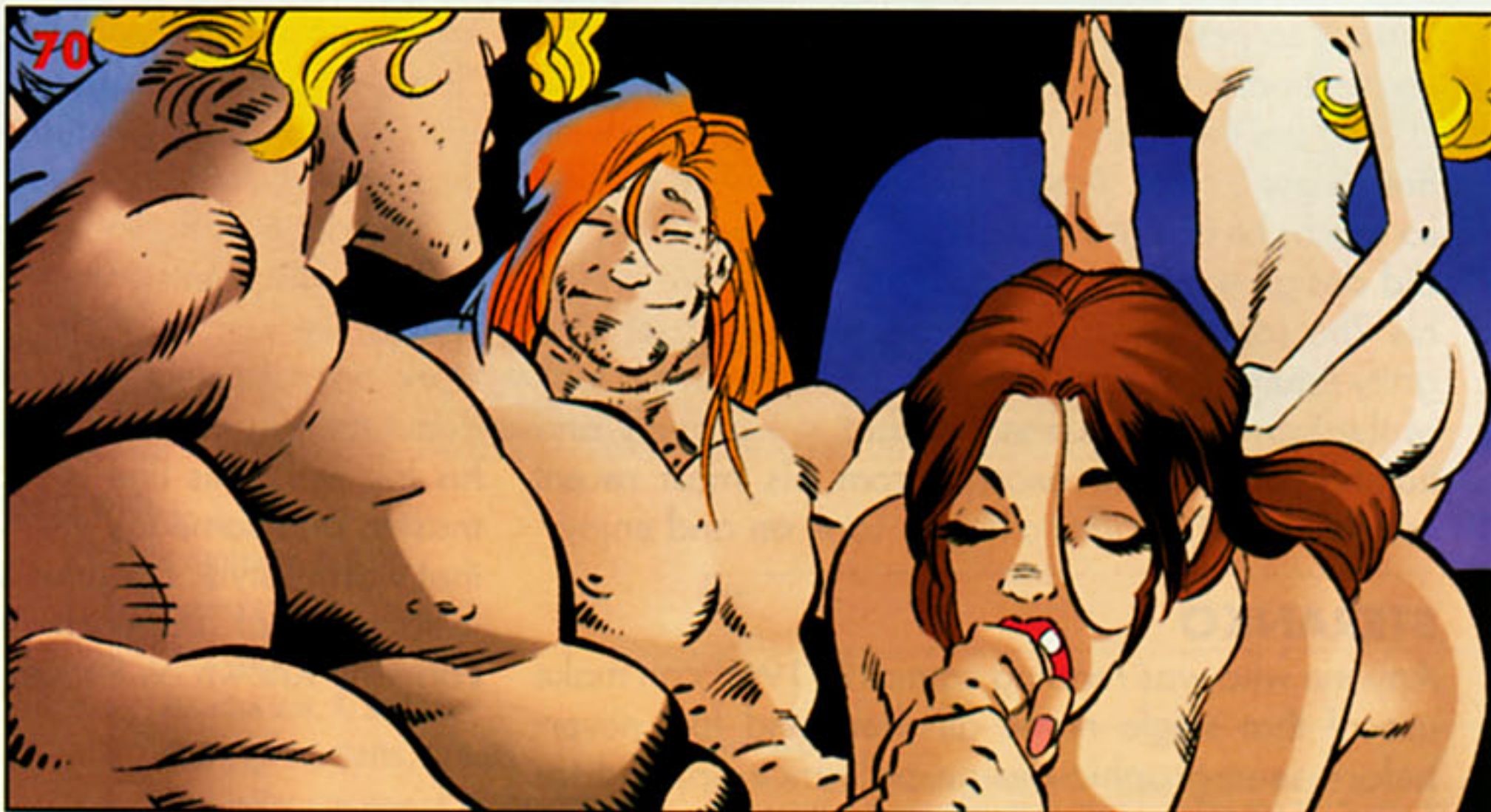
Read along as our readers give us 3 minutes on "high."

96 NEXT ISSUE

Stay tuned! Appearing two months from now...



63



70

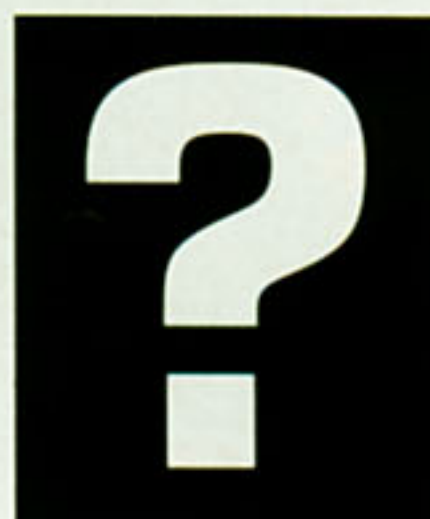
H O U S E C A L L



Moebius



Steranko



Beachum

WHO'S WHO IN PENTHOUSE COMIX

MOEBIUS

With all the modern hoopla and carrying on in comics today, that one-word name still stands head and shoulders above all others in the art of the illustrated novella we call comics. Never mind that he has maintained his status when the Billionaire Boys' Club has waxed and waned, when Marvel has gone public, when "Alternative Press" is no longer a curse, and he remains at his pinnacle, unfazed by the rising sea of change about him. And thus we get him in our hot little hands. In Europe, where comics are considered an art form, Moebius' work has regularly appeared for quite some time. Moebius made his first splash in the States in *Heavy Metal Magazine*, over twenty years ago. His lean, but lush graphic style, at once linear but with life and snap, has left its mark on all professionals who have taken it in. *Airtight Garage*, *Lieutenant Blueberry* (under the pseudonym Gir), *Azrak*, and on and on are just a few of his memorable works. His attention to detail in the backgrounds and equipment of *Lieutenant Blueberry*, a story set during our Civil War, is so perfect that it could be used for historical re-creations — and yet, he had not then visited the U.S. to see the countryside he had rendered so well. But he got it right. Apparently he liked what he saw so much, he has made the U. S. of A. his home. He did design work on the spaceships in *Alien*, and in his *The Long Tomorrow*, a detective story set in a gritty future, you can see much influence on the look of the movie *Bladerunner*. Withal, we proudly and humbly present an excerpt from his most recent graphic effort, *Griffes d'Ange*. Look on and enjoy.

STERANKO

Anyone who was reading comics in 1967 can make use of that single name as shorthand for: never-before-seen-graphic-design-brilliance-applied-to-

the-comic-medium. Jim Steranko's Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D., burned bright and hot and has left a clear-cut scar in all our psyches. To this day, no one has equaled the effect his roaring near-Pop Art style had on the readers and the industry. He steamrolled in and went on to do several Captain Americas — again leaving indelible images and powerful graphic methods in his wake. His subtle use of panel-wide surprints (a printing technique in which a separate black & white drawing is printed as a single color — like the word "STERANKO" at the top of this copy — is now a thing of the distant hand-separation past in this slick computerized coloring age) has only recently been approached. Now, of course, anyone can do it with the flick of a mouse click. He published *Prevue Magazine*, long on style and completeness of coverage of the movie industry, and put out the long-awaited *History of Comics*. See now, the greatness that is Steranko.

MARK BEACHUM

FEMMEROTISEXIVISION — a point of view honoring the power and erotic mystery of the force called "female." Mark's desire to explore the boundaries of explicit eroticism has found a forum here that, at least superficially, allows a range that shows what he has done in his pro career is only the tip of the iceberg. His painted work is mouthwatering, and of course, we want more and will get it; he is hard at work on a project called Night Klaw — soon to debut here in *Penthouse Comix*. But you should see his ink work; his line is reaching the maturity of a master, and someday we will present a portfolio of that worthy style. For now, sample the must-see final installment of Backlash. As TAFKAP (The Artist Formerly Known as Prince) would say — 2 SEXY!!

—ERB

young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE™

MR. PIKE GOES TO WASHINGTON PART 4: WHITE HOUSE BLUES

Our Story Thus Far:

CAPTAIN ADVENTURE is Joey Pike, the latest of his family to use the Burning Ring O' Power to fight for right and justice. Joey is the most recent celebrity to be tapped by Washington and is serving the last month of Senator John Blutarski's term. In D.C., and with his pal Pete Kodiak ("**MANPOWER**"), Pike is immediately enmeshed in the troublesome Deep Water Development Project. His interest in the project is mainly from the earnestness of lobbyist **AQUALINE HYDE-WHITE**.

Just as things were going well between them, project developer

MACDONALD NEMESIS and his Tong Girrl Gang attack them in Joey's offices. Nemesis holds Aqua hostage for the Burning Ring O' Power.

Even with their smaller guns, Pike and Manpower win against the Girrls and finally do get much bigger guns to attack Nemesis with. But he drops Aqua overboard and Joey heroically goes after her. Can the bottom be far away?

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton & Vallely
PENCILS: Matt Haley **INKS:** Bob Wiacek
COLORS: Suydam **LETTERS:** Bob Pinaha

DEEP BELOW THE POTOMAC, YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE STRUGGLES AGAINST HIS BONDS. HIS GIRLFRIEND, AQUALINE FLOATS NEARBY, NEAR DEATH...

THIS IS IT...
I AND THE WOMAN
I LOVE ARE GOING
TO DIE...

...WELL, AT LEAST
I CAN TAKE COMFORT
IN THE FACT THAT I'VE
GOT A ONE-HUNDRED
PERCENT PERFECT
FIGHTING RECORD...

...IN MY ENTIRE
SUPERHERO CAREER,
I NEVER WON A
FIGHT!

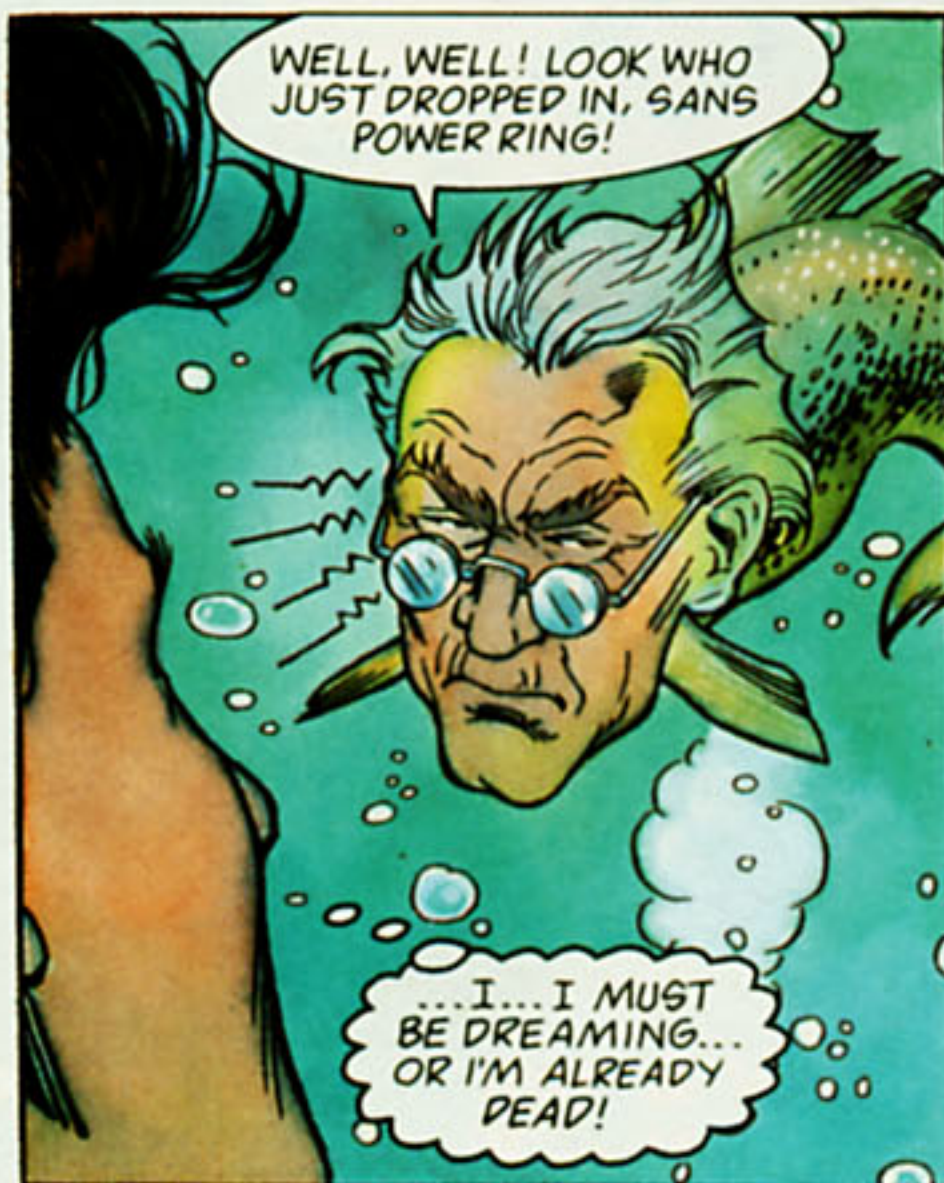
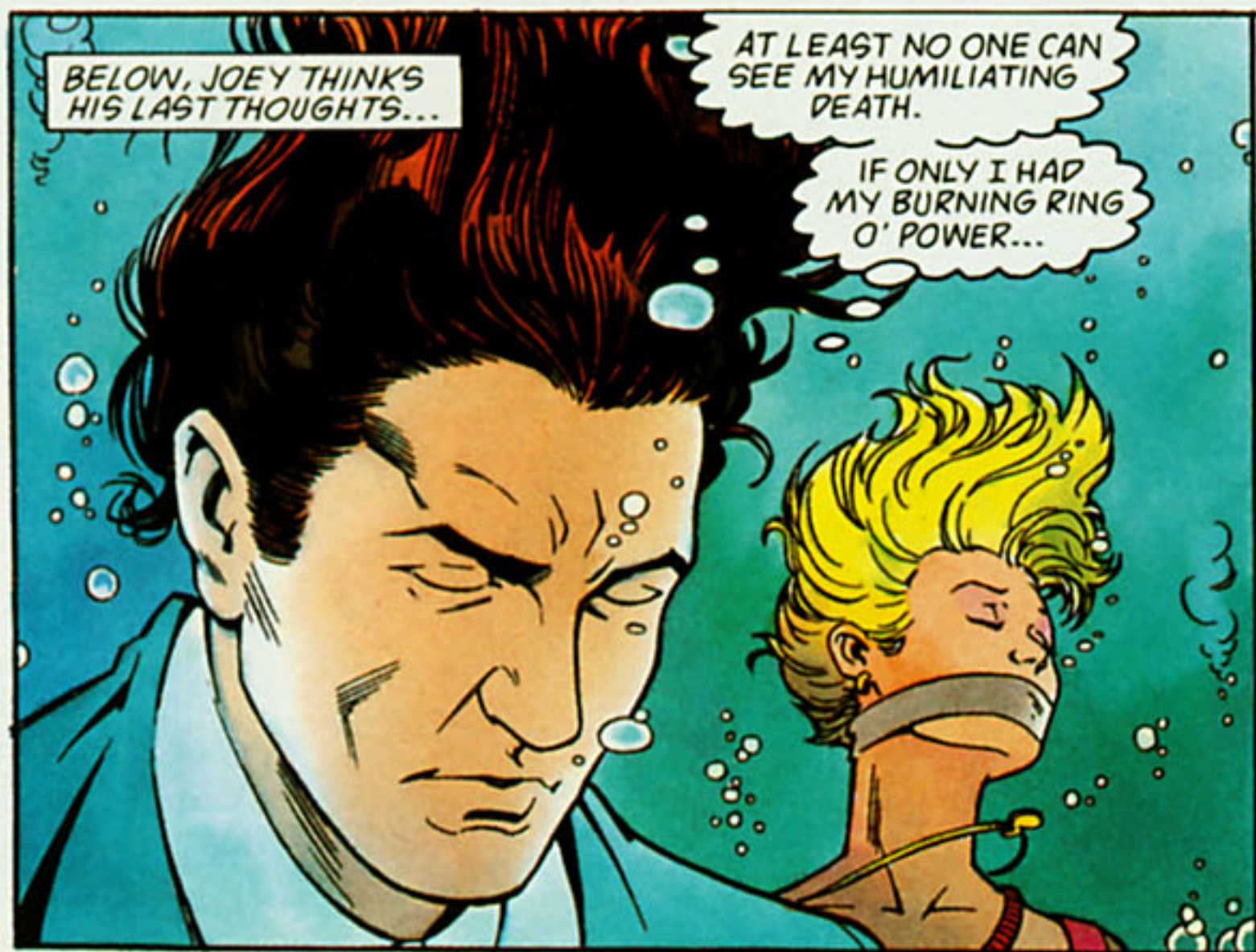
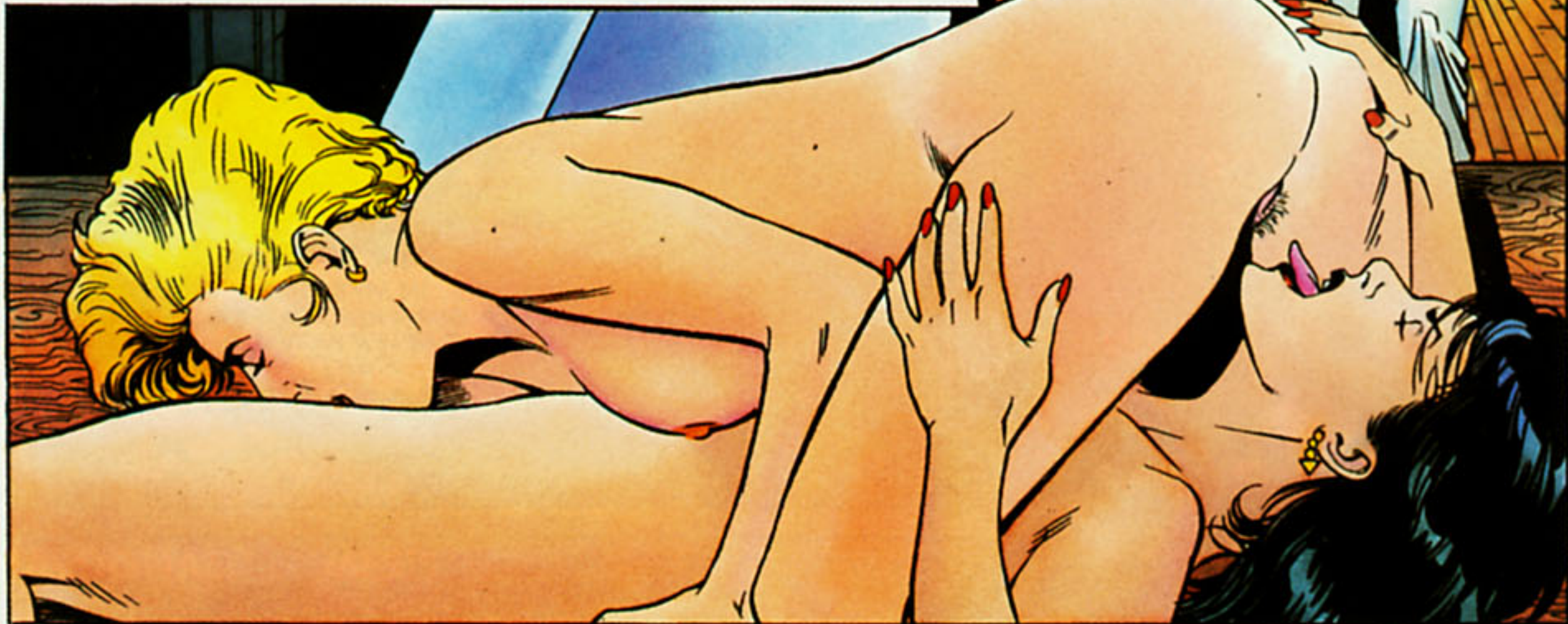
WHILE ABOARD SENATOR
NEMESIS' PLEASURE YACHT...

CONGRATS,
VICHY!

NOW, HEH HEH-- WHAT WAS
THE PIKE BRAT, YOUNG CAPTAIN
ASSHOLE, KNOWN FOR? HERICANE
BEATING HIM UP, DARKBLOOD
DEFEATING HIM, INVOLVED
IN SOME POLITICAL
SCANDAL...?

HONH, HONH,
HONH! KILLING HIM
WAS, AS YOU SAID,
ALMOST TOO EASY,
MONSIEUR
SENATOR!

~GIGGLE!~
READY FOR YOUR
CELEBRATION, MR. N.?





NOPE! I'M YOUR GRANDFATHER
CAPTAIN ADVENTURE, AS SEEN
THROUGH A NEAR-DEATH
DELIRIUM!

HE LOOKS LIKE
MR. PICTOWSKI,
THE JANITOR
FROM THE
KIRBY
BUILDING!

THAT RING
YOU LOST...



"...I GOT THE RING IN A DIME STORE,
TWENTY YEARS AGO. FELLA NAMED
GRACCIO GAVE ME A WHOLE BOX OF
THEM FOR FOILING A STICK-UP!"



"I GAVE ONE TO YOUR
DAD, AS A **SYMBOL**..."

"...BUT HE DIDN'T
NEED IT, NEITHER!"



DAD!

THEY'RE RIGHT
PRETTY, THOSE RINGS,
BUT THERE AIN'T NO
POWER IN THEM,
JOEY-BOY. NOT
A LICK.



"THE POWER'S
INSIDE YOU."

"ME?"

"I NEEDED WHATEVER
MAGIC THE ORIGINAL
RING POSSESSED, BUT
MY CHILDREN, JOEY...
THEY'RE **BORN** WITH
THE POWER!"

"THERE'S JUST ONE
THING YOU NEED,
JOEY, TO USE IT..."





SHE-EET!
ACTIVATE THE
PERIMETER
ROBOTS!

ASHOW



ULP! OR MAYBE
IT'S A BREAK
DANCE!



I WUZ
WAITING FOR YOUR
BODIES TO FLOAT
UP, BUT WHAT DO I
FIND INSTEAD...?



...A WUSSY BOY,
LIVING ON THE SAD
HERITAGE OF HIS
FAMILY, WAAAAAY
OUT OF HIS LEAGUE!

PERIMETER
GUARDS--
KILL!!



KER-RIPPP!

AQUA?!
HOW--?

I'M A
SUPERHERO,
TOO, SILLY.

"COME ON, LAD, DIDN'T
YOU SEE IT? HER
STRENGTH? STAYING
ALIVE UNDER WATER
AS LONG AS YOU, A
SUPERHERO, DID?"

JOEY, I'VE
TAKEN OUT ALL
THE GUARDS I
CAN--MY POWERS
CAN'T LAST THIS
LONG--

NOT TO WORRY,
THE SENATOR'S
DEEPWATER
PROJECT JUST
HIT...STORMY
WATERS!

"THAT'S IT, KID!
GOOD AND
MAD! YOU'VE
HAD IT WITH
YOU SINCE
YOU WERE
BORN...
USE IT!!!"





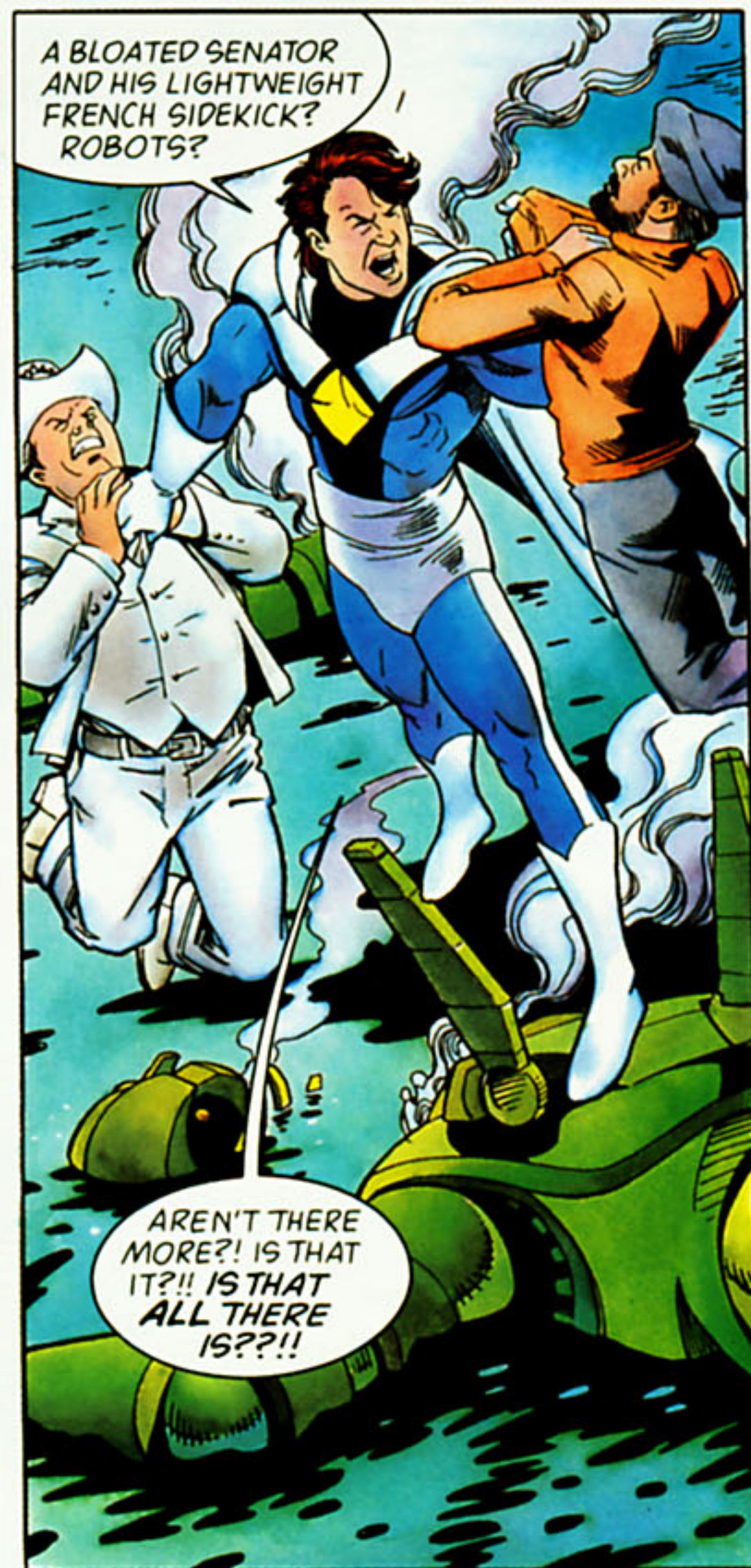
OH--!

YOU WANT
A PIECE OF ME
NEXT?!

RRRR--!



AH!



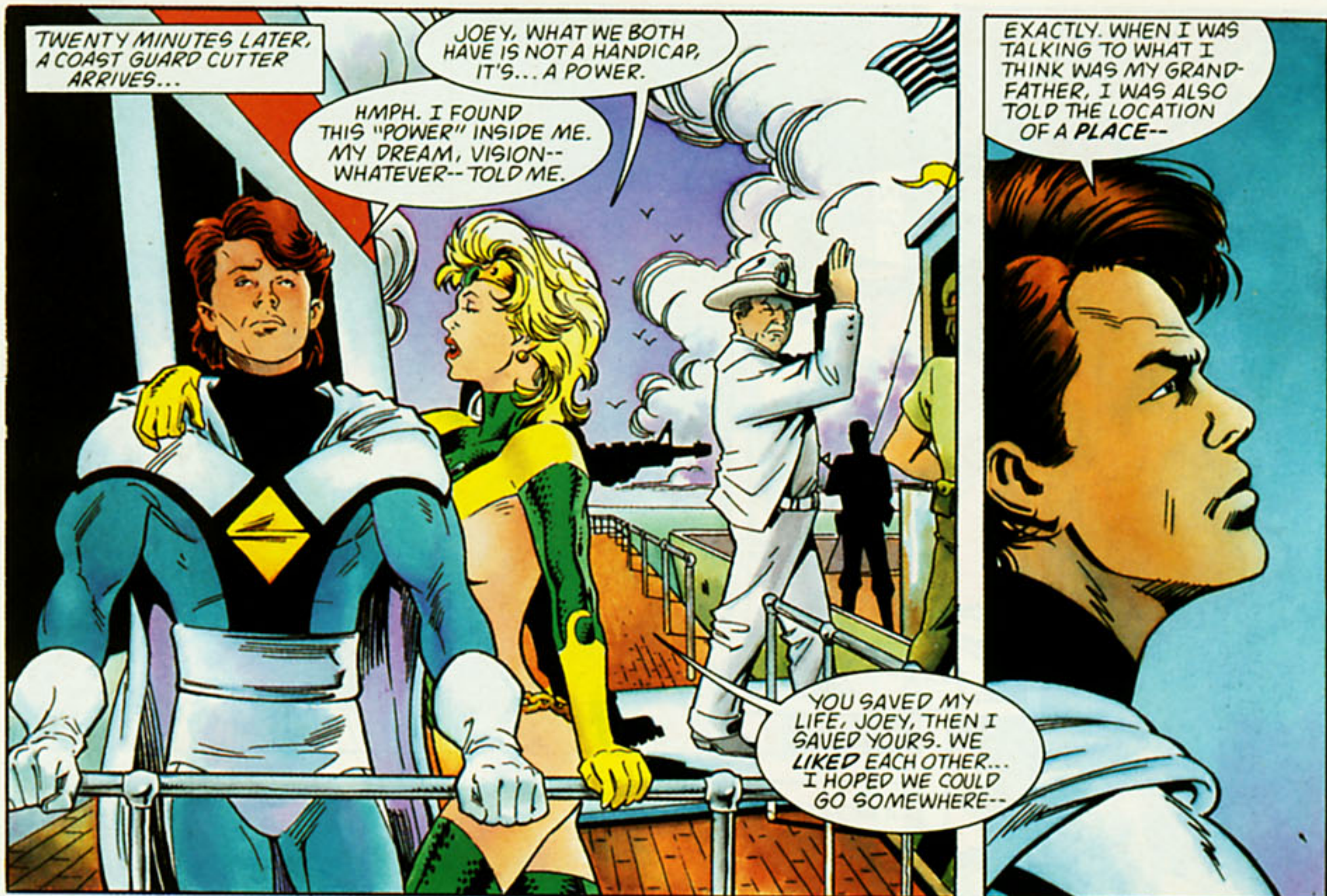
A BLOATED SENATOR
AND HIS LIGHTWEIGHT
FRENCH SIDEKICK?
ROBOTS?

AREN'T THERE
MORE?! IS THAT
IT?! IS THAT
ALL THERE
IS??!!



J-JOEY...?

TH-THAT
DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE...
YOU...



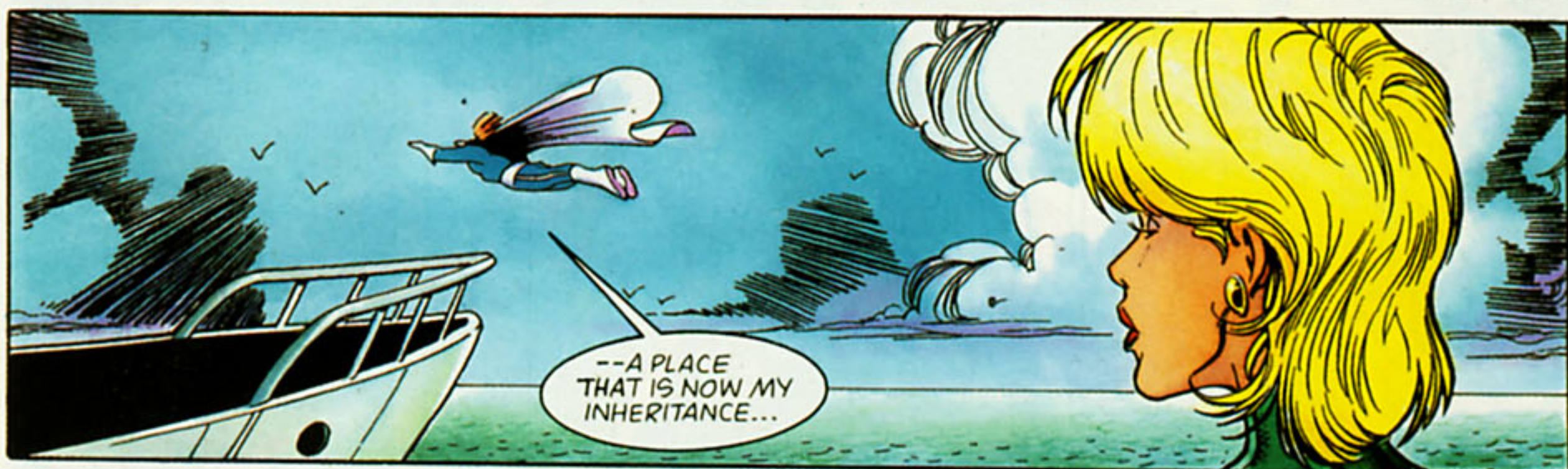
TWENTY MINUTES LATER,
A COAST GUARD CUTTER
ARRIVES...

JOEY, WHAT WE BOTH
HAVE IS NOT A HANDICAP,
IT'S... A POWER.

HMPH. I FOUND
THIS "POWER" INSIDE ME.
MY DREAM, VISION--
WHATEVER-- TOLD ME.

EXACTLY. WHEN I WAS
TALKING TO WHAT I
THINK WAS MY GRAND-
FATHER, I WAS ALSO
TOLD THE LOCATION
OF A PLACE--

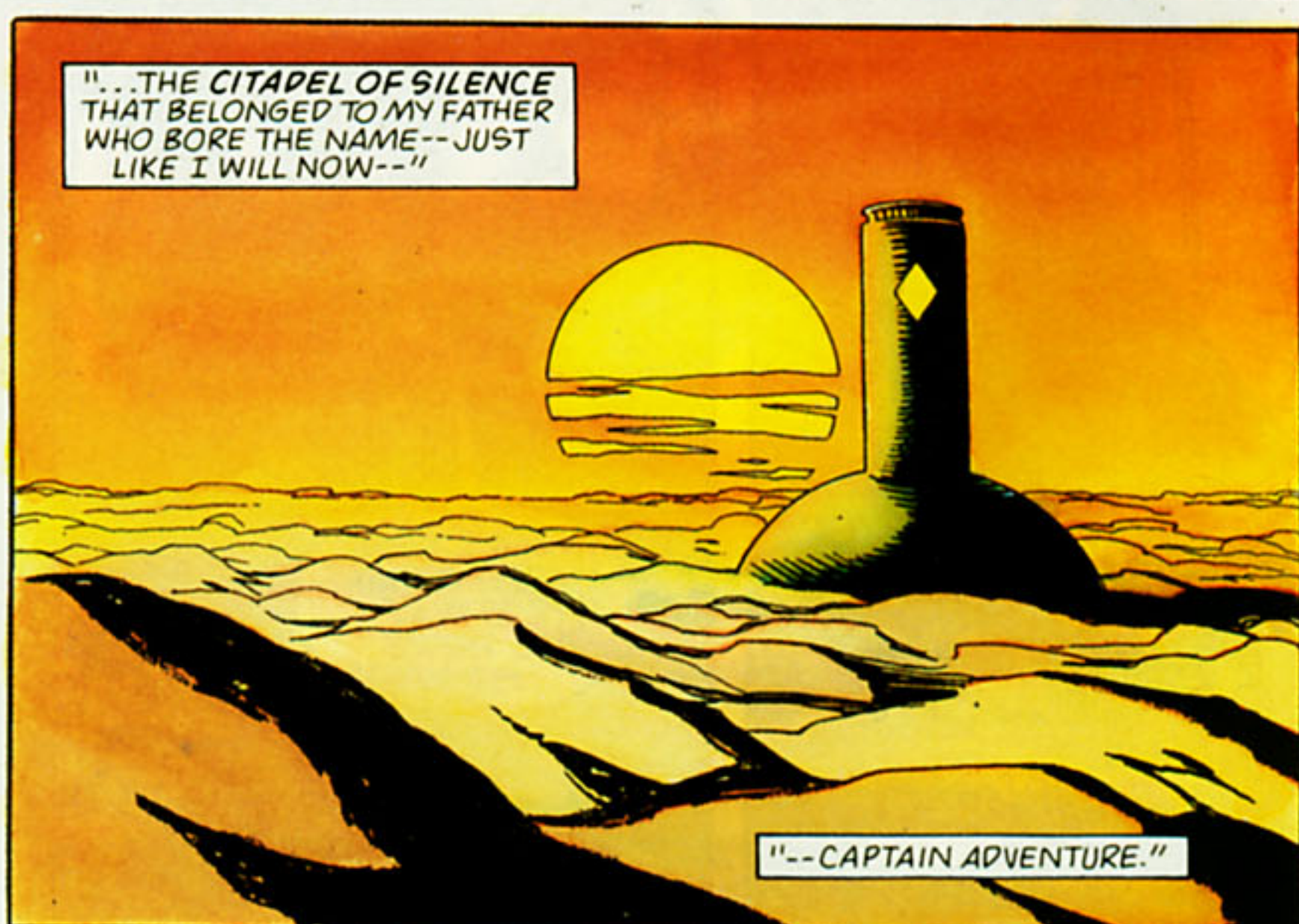
YOU SAVED MY
LIFE, JOEY, THEN I
SAVED YOURS. WE
LIKED EACH OTHER...
I HOPED WE COULD
GO SOMEWHERE--



--A PLACE
THAT IS NOW MY
INHERITANCE...



...A FORTRESS
THAT HAS BEEN
IN MY FAMILY FOR
GENERATIONS...



"...THE CITADEL OF SILENCE
THAT BELONGED TO MY FATHER
WHO BORE THE NAME-- JUST
LIKE I WILL NOW--"

"--CAPTAIN ADVENTURE."



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DOCTOR **DARE** **SPACE:** **1939**™

EPISODE 3: The Call of the Kodiak

Our Story Thus Far:

DR. JOANNA DARE, beautiful biochemist is the inventor and only taker of "The Gladiator Serum," which confers invulnerability and the strength of 50 men whenever she has sex. Frisky First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt has enlisted Doc Dare as an American secret agent in pre-war 1939. Joanna has joined forces with **DR. HANLON SUGARHILL**, American rocket scientist, to investigate wild rumors of Nazi rocket bases in the Pacific. Their island field agent and guide is young Richard Nixon. While Drs. Dare and Sugarhill separately toss and turn in the hot tropic night, Sugarhill dreams of rescuing Joanna from a trainload of Nazis. On horseback, Sugarhill takes them all out and frees Joanna who thanks him in a passionate way.

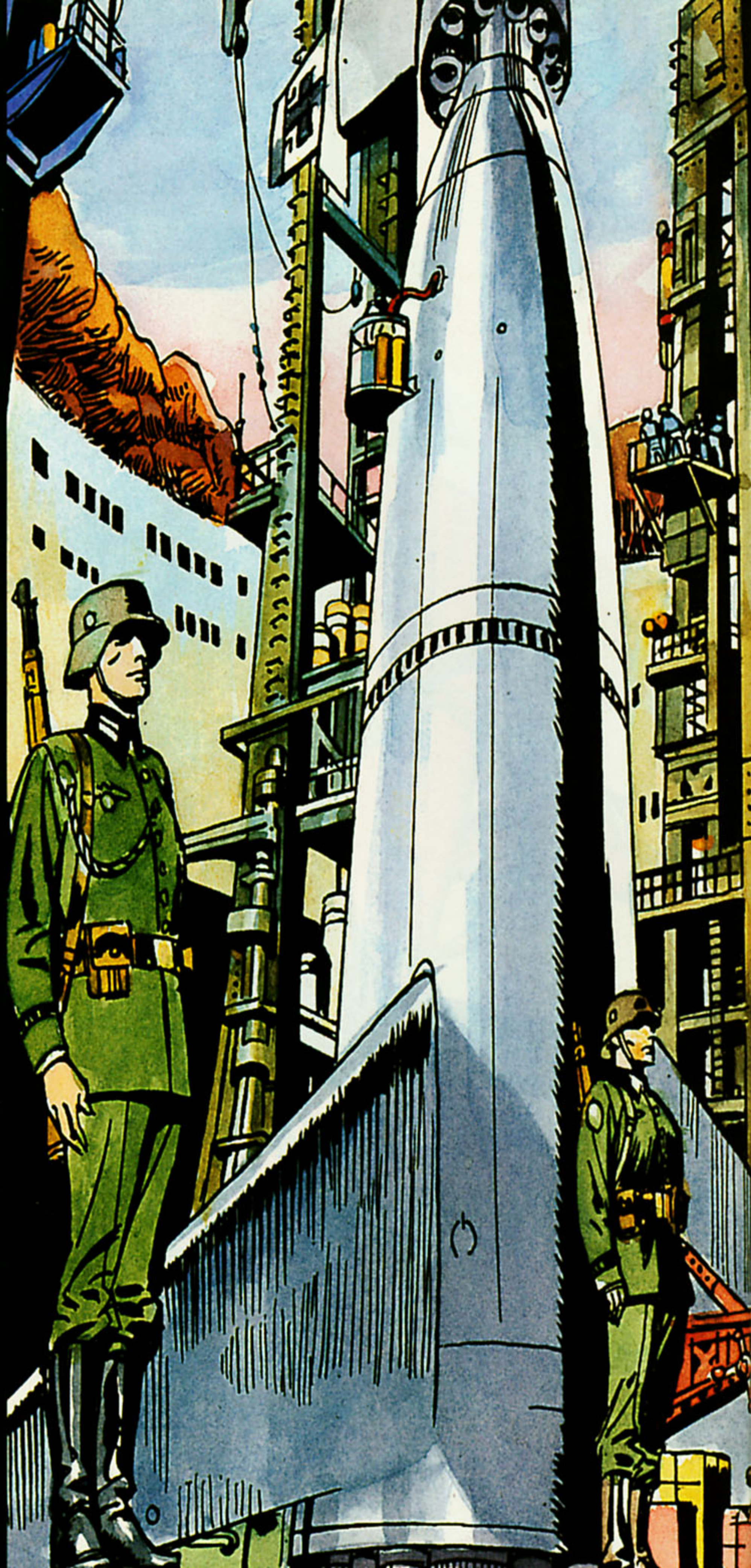
Joanna has a similar dream, but ominously pictures herself as Nazi operative **AGENT D**, who was instrumental in causing Joanna's superhero status and is presumed dead. Meanwhile, Agent D, very much alive and the slave of Werner Von Braun, a young Nazi rocket scientist, goes to meet with Japanese agent provocateur, **PRINCESS SINFAR**.

WRITER:

Mark McClellan

ARTIST: Dan Barry

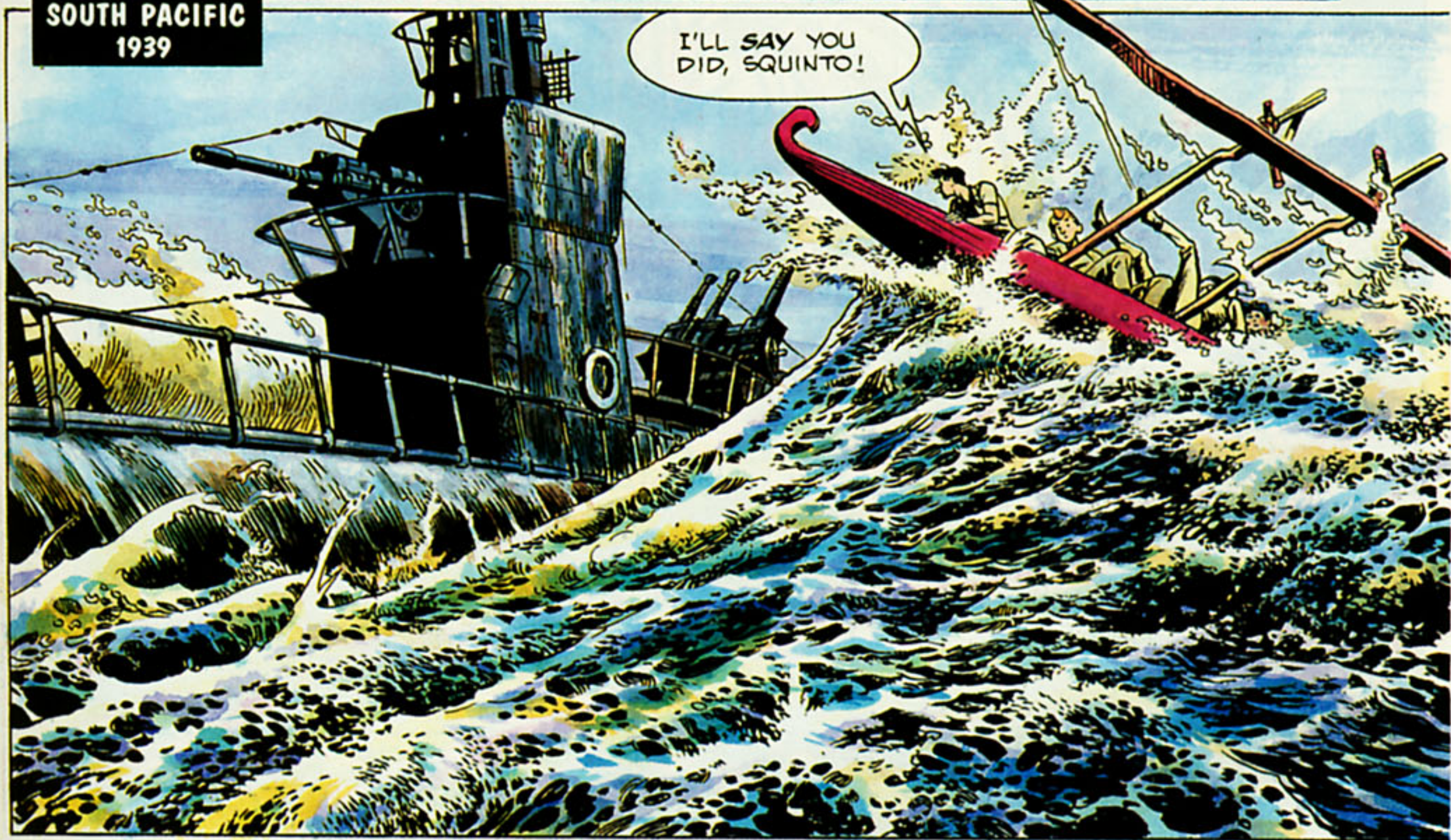
LETTERS: Gail Beckett





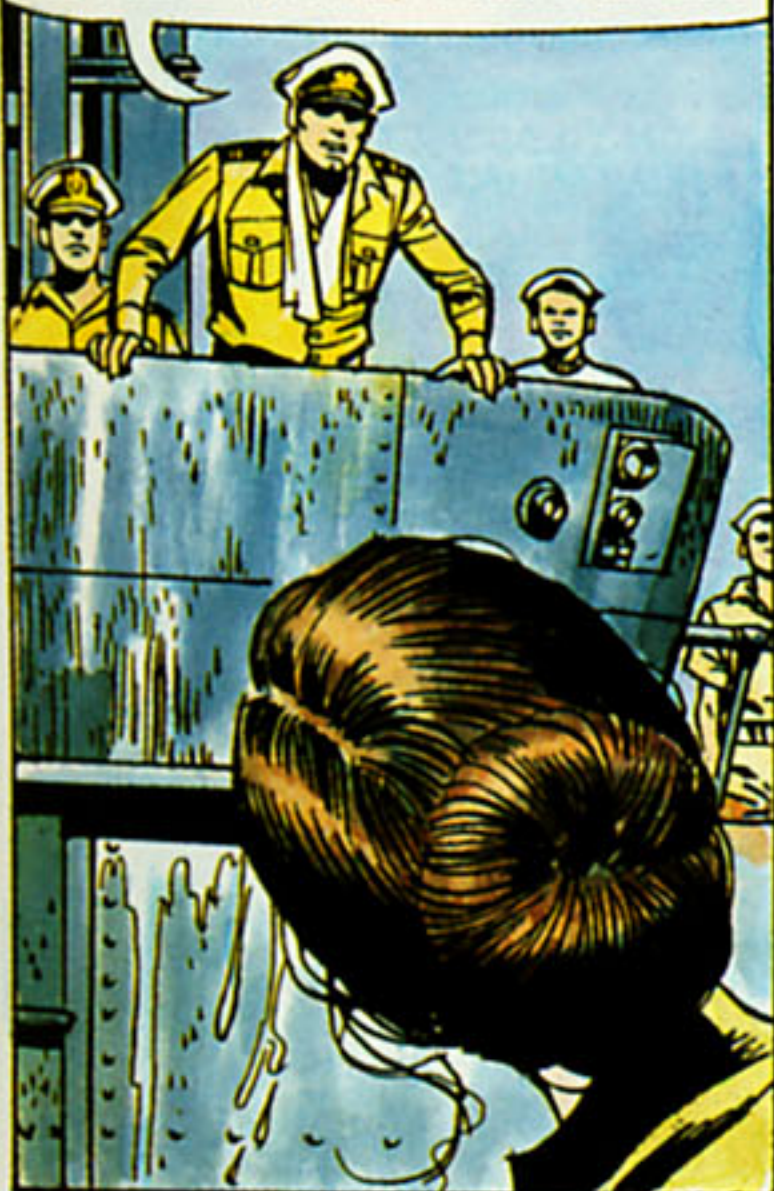
HEY, MR. DICK!
I GOT A *BIG* ONE!

The
SOUTH PACIFIC
1939



I'LL SAY YOU
DID, SQUINTO!

AHOY, THERE. DR. JOANNA
DARE, THE LEGENDARY LADY
G-MAN? I'M CAPTAIN RENICK.



WELCOME ABOARD
THE U.S.S. KODIAK.

THANK
YOU,
CAPTAIN.

HMM...
NOT
BAD!



AND DR. SUGARHILL.
I UNDERSTAND SHE IS
YOUR BODYGUARD?

DON'T LOOK SO
AMUSED. IT WASN'T
MY IDEA!





DAMNED ELEANOR. NEXT THING, YOU'LL HAVE WOMEN IN THE NAVY... EVEN AS OFFICERS!

NEVER HAPPEN!



GOOD LUCK, MISS DARE, DR. SUGARHILL. I'M... SN/FF... GOING TO MISS HER!

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MR. DICK. VA-VA-VOOM!



SQUINTO—THAT'S OBSCENE! BESIDES, I'M A MARRIED MAN—AND LET IT BE KNOWN THAT TRICKY DICKY NIXON NEVER CHEATS!

PREPARE TO SUBMERGE. WE'LL MAKE FOR THE NORTH SHORE OF HALLOWEEN ISLAND FOR A NIGHT-TIME INSERTION.

THERE'S AN INSERTION I'D LIKE TO MAKE...



JOANNA, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU PRIVATELY. I WAS TO GO ONTO HALLOWEEN ISLAND ALONE. YOU'RE A CAPABLE WOMAN, I'M SURE, BUT...

BUT NOT A GOOD BODYGUARD? IS THAT ALL YOU'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT? THOSE DREAMS LAST NIGHT...?



SUCH A JERK! WHY AM I FALLING FOR HIM? THAT GORGEOUS TOOL I GOT A PEEK AT? WHATEVER—I DON'T WANT HIM TO BE THE ONE TO SET OFF MY POWERS.



MA'AM, IT'S AN OLD NAVY CUSTOM TO SHOW A LADY AROUND A SHIP, SO...

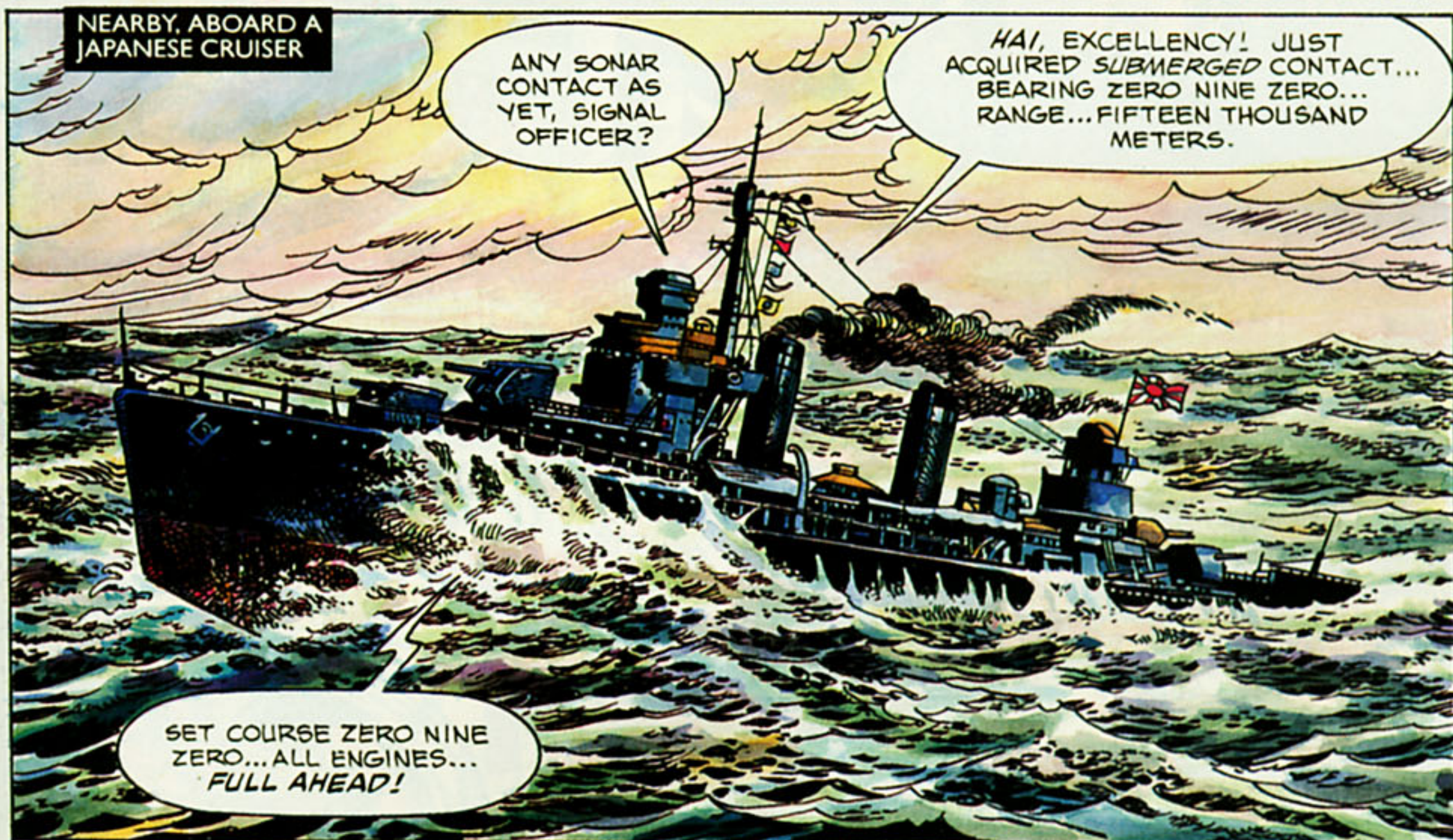
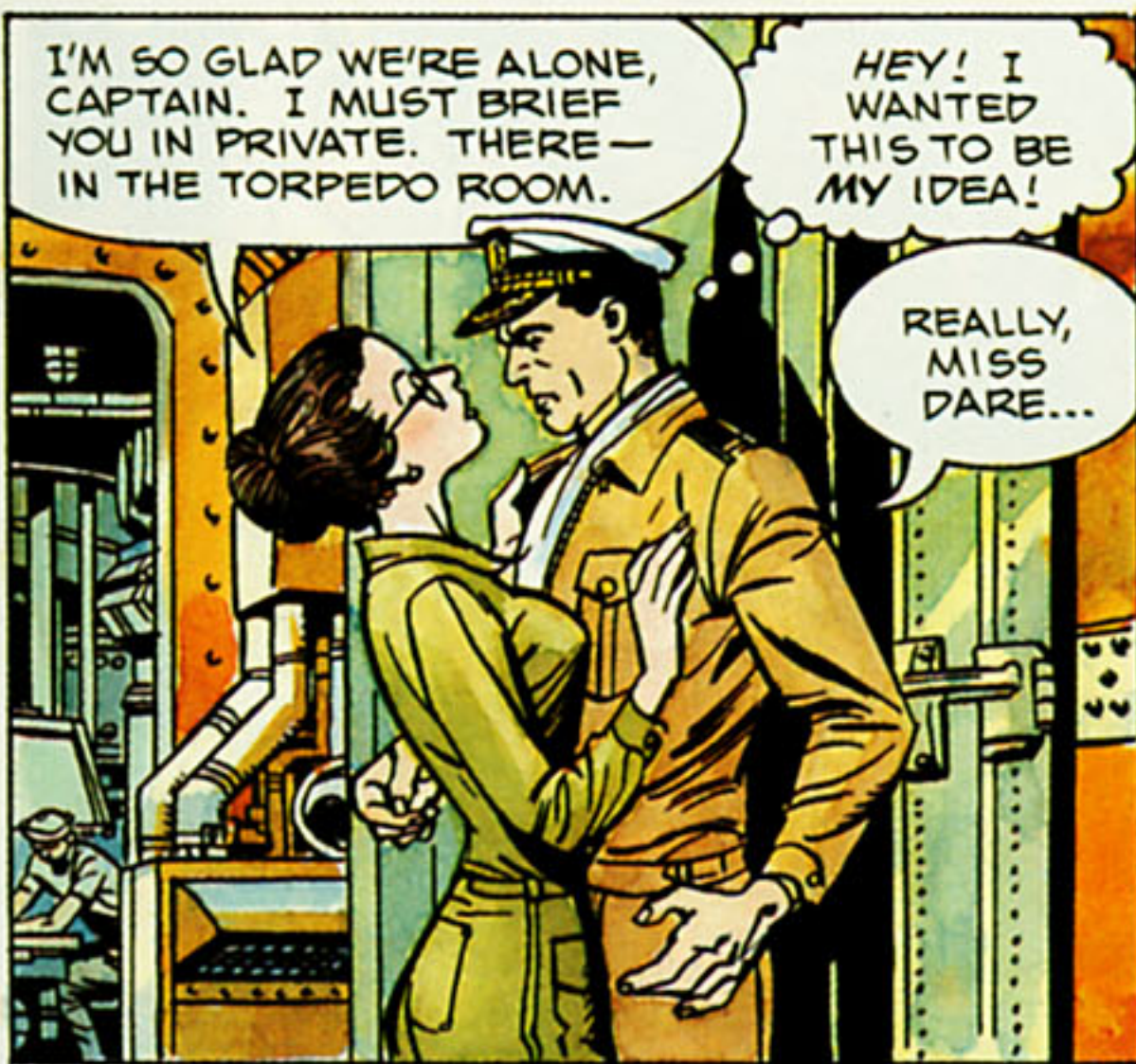
OH, WOULD YOU?

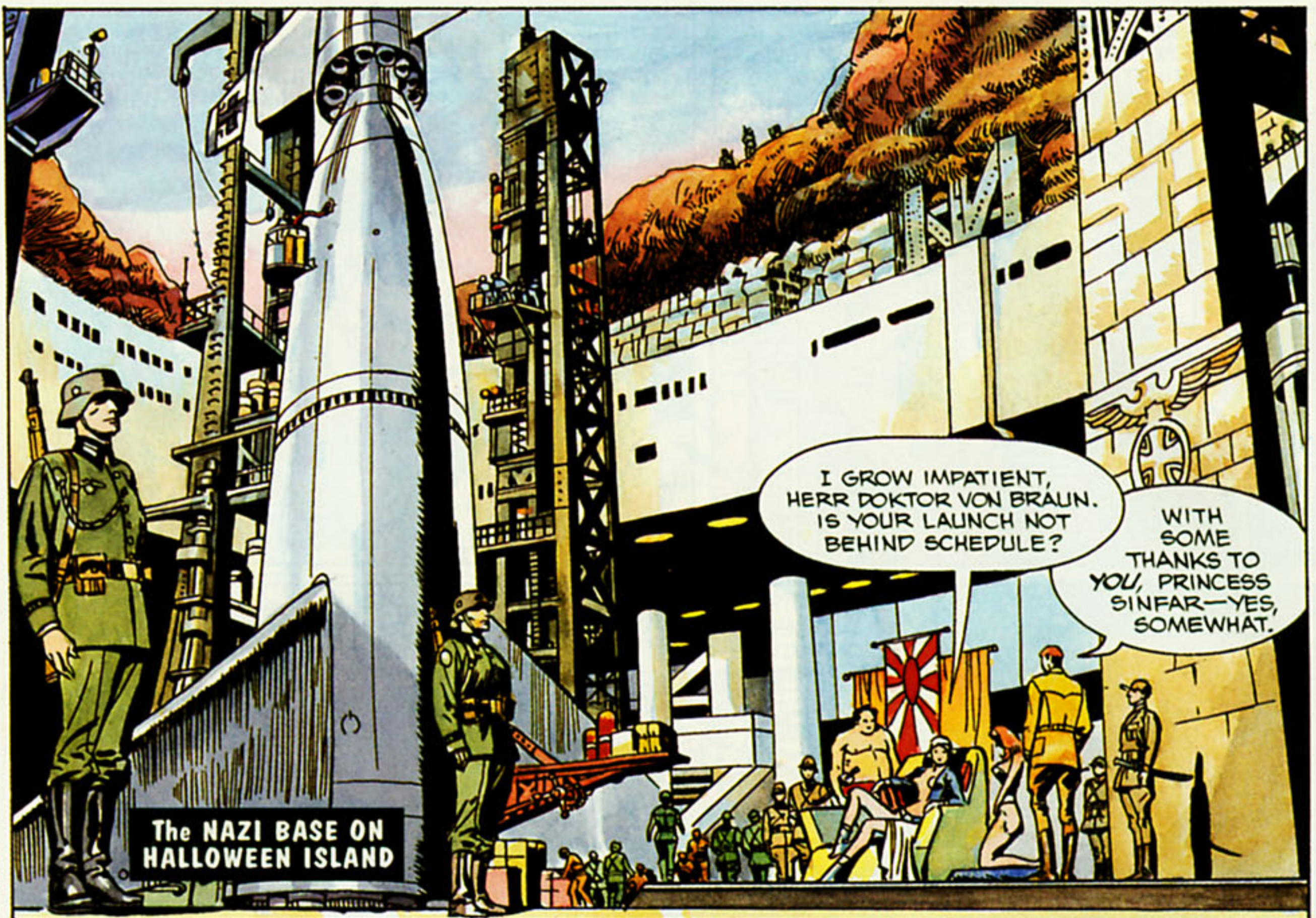


SMOOTH, OUR CAPTAIN.

THAT LADY DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HER.

HIT HER? WHAT A GOOD IDEA!





The NAZI BASE ON HALLOWEEN ISLAND

I GROW IMPATIENT, HERR DOKTOR VON BRAUN. IS YOUR LAUNCH NOT BEHIND SCHEDULE?

WITH SOME THANKS TO YOU, PRINCESS SINFAR—YES, SOMEWHAT.

YOU INSISTED UPON SETTING UP YOUR THRONE RIGHT ON MY LAUNCH FACILITIES FOR A CLOSER LOOK... I HAVE WARNED YOU, PRINCESS...STAY HERE AND YOU AND YOUR ENTOURAGE WILL BE REDUCED TO ASHES WHEN I PROCEED WITH THE LAUNCH!

HRRR...

SERGEANT SATO! NO! YOU ARE UPSETTING OUR GUESTS.

GUESTS?! THIS IS A GERMAN BASE, PRINCESS!

ON AN ISLAND UNDER JAPAN'S BENEVOLENT PROTECTION!

AN ISLAND YOU NEED, HERR DOKTOR, IN ORDER TO MAKE A PROPER ORBITAL LAUNCH!

AM I NOT RIGHT, DOKTOR?

YES, QUITE RIGHT. BUT...

FOR THE USE
OF THIS BASE
—AND FOR THE
SERVICES OF
YOUR FLEET
—THINK WHAT
YOU GET IN
RETURN!

WHAT IS
THE **GOAL**
OF THESE
LAUNCHES?

TO TEST MY NEW **SUPER-
VENGEANCE** ROCKET... A
WEAPON THAT **DWARFS**
MY DREADED V-2.

AND **YOU** — OUR TRUSTED
ALLIES — SHALL HAVE THAT
WEAPON TO RAIN DESTRUCTION
UPON THE AMERICAN MAINLAND!

BUT IS THAT
NOT THE POINT
OF OUR AXIS
ALLIANCE?

TO SHARE AND SHARE
ALIKE AGAINST OUR
COMMON ENEMIES?

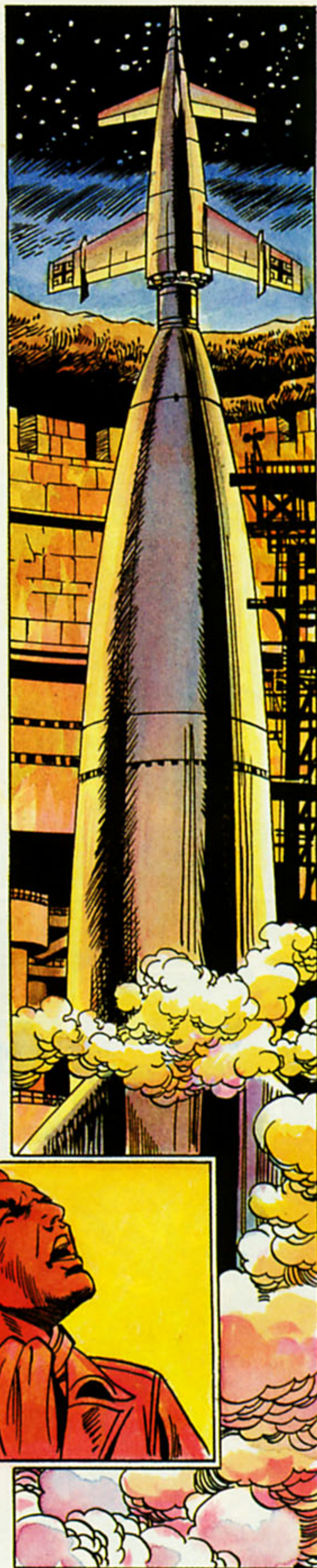
TO SHARE...
EVERYTHING!

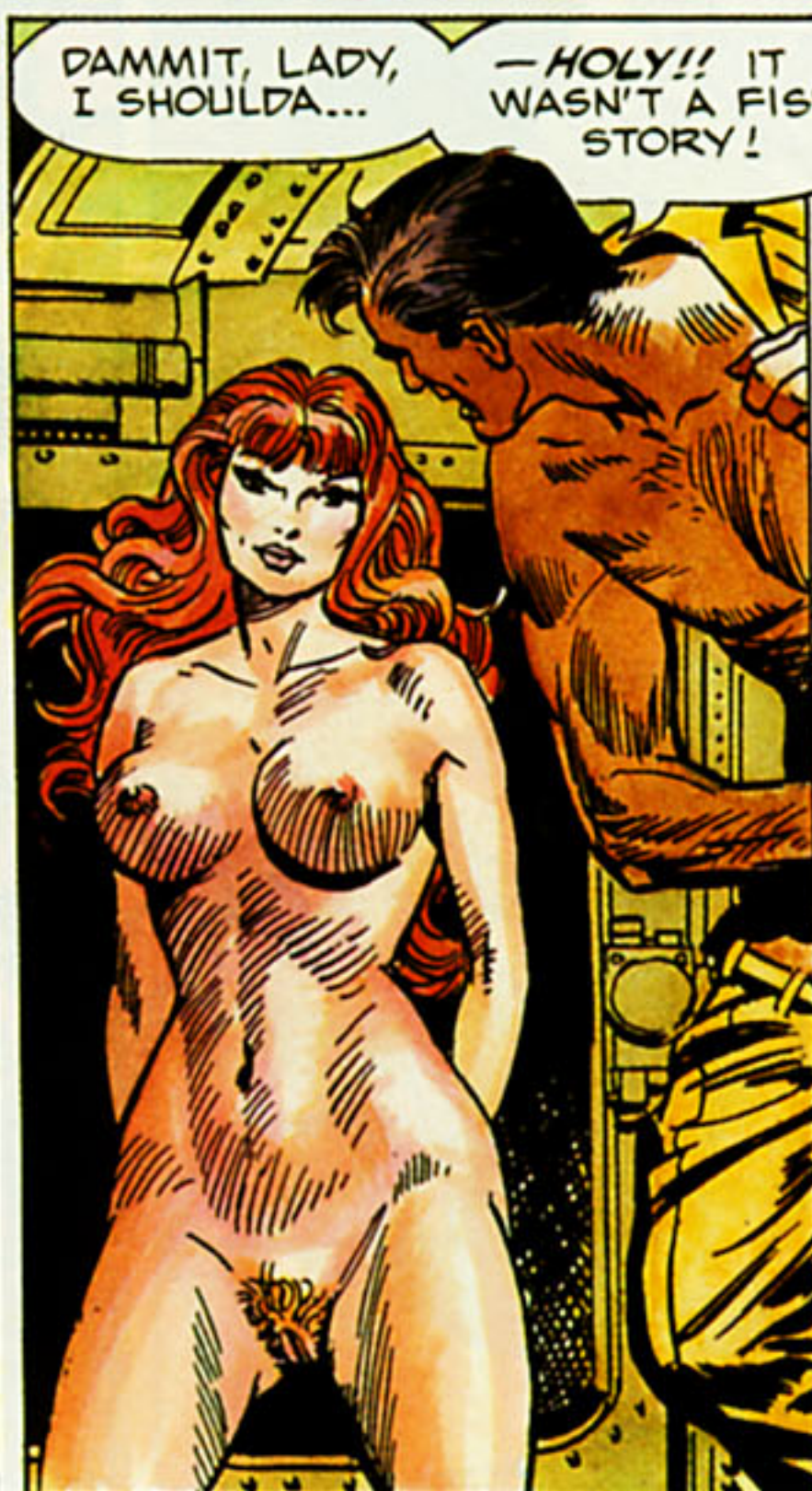
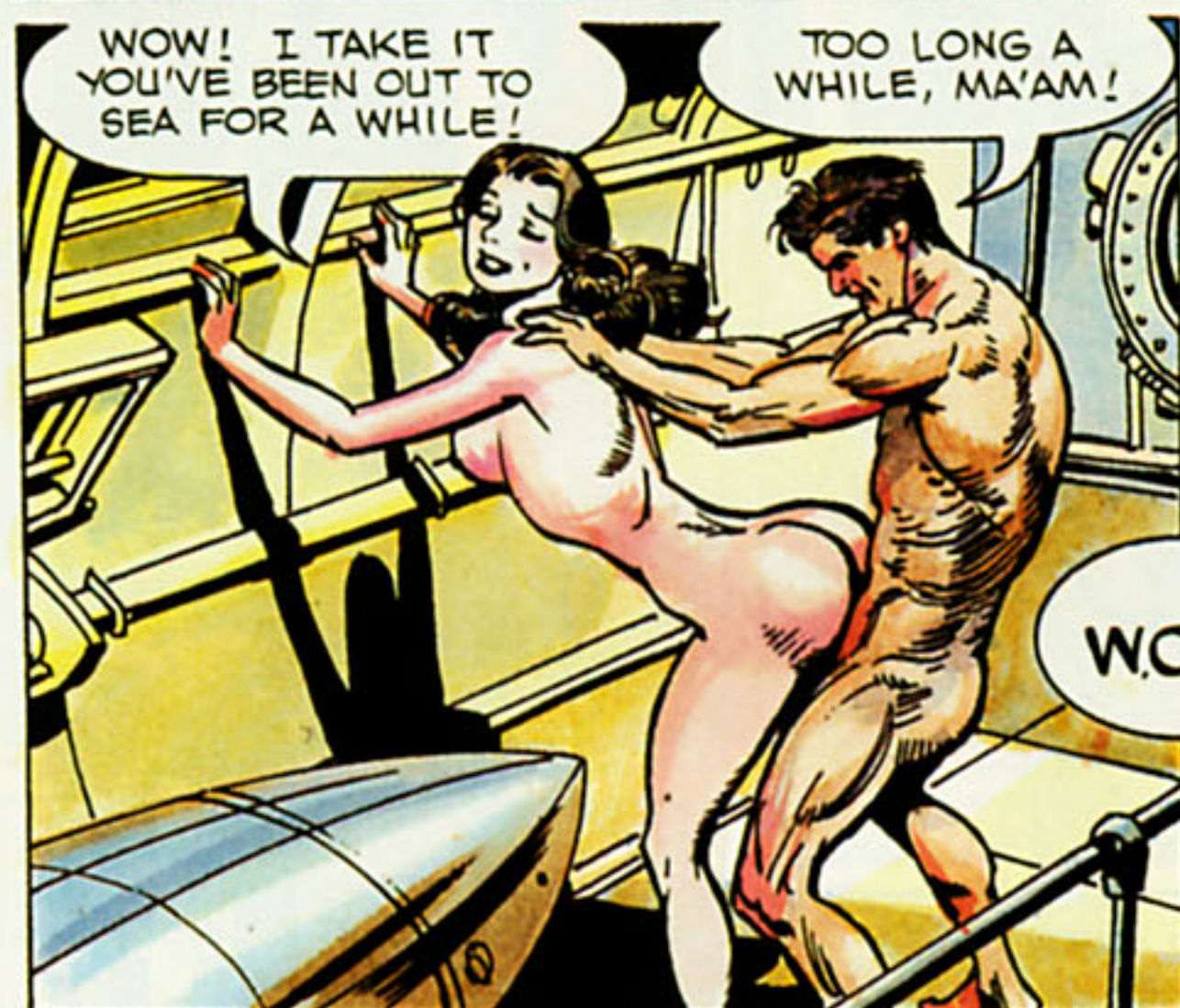
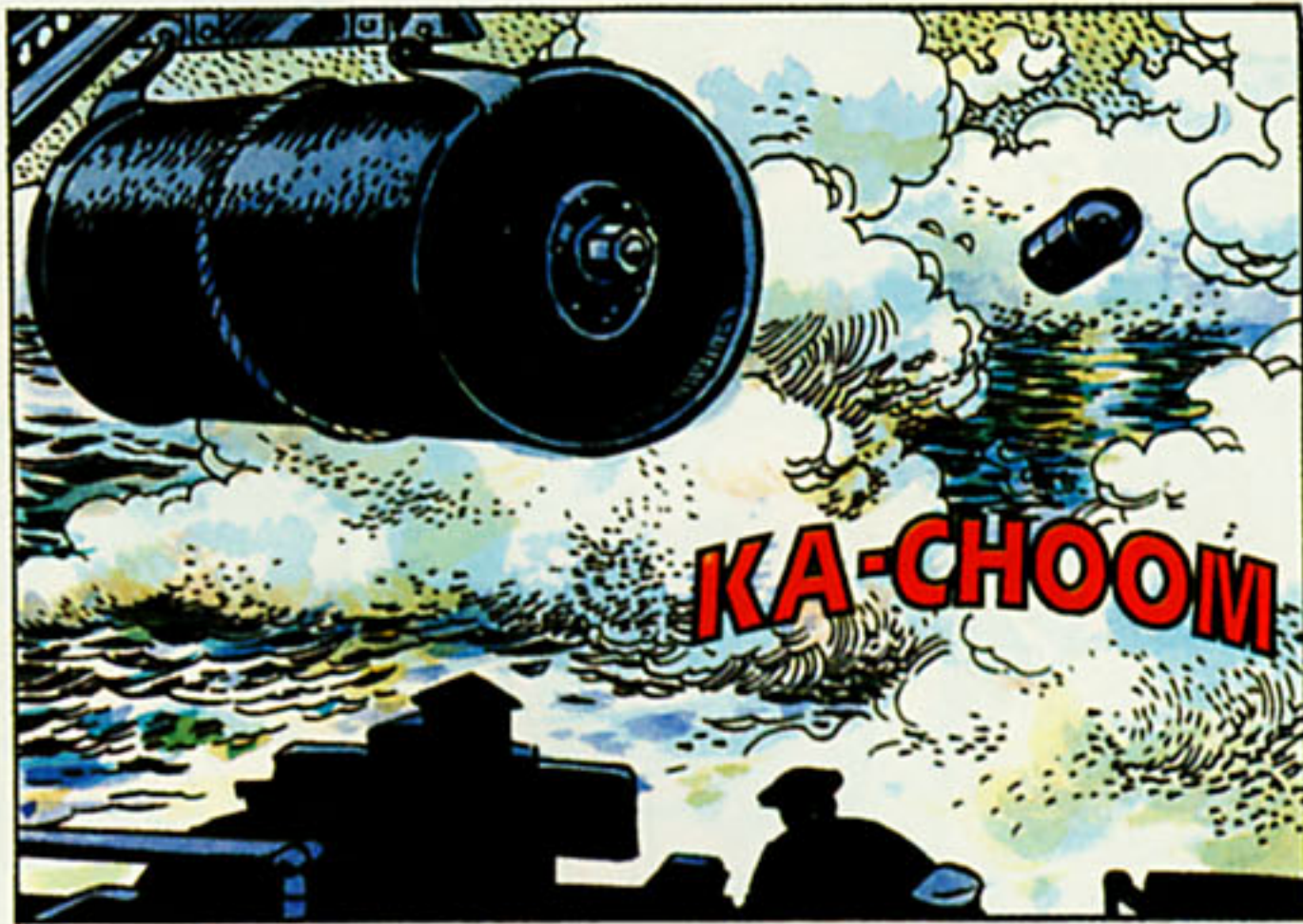
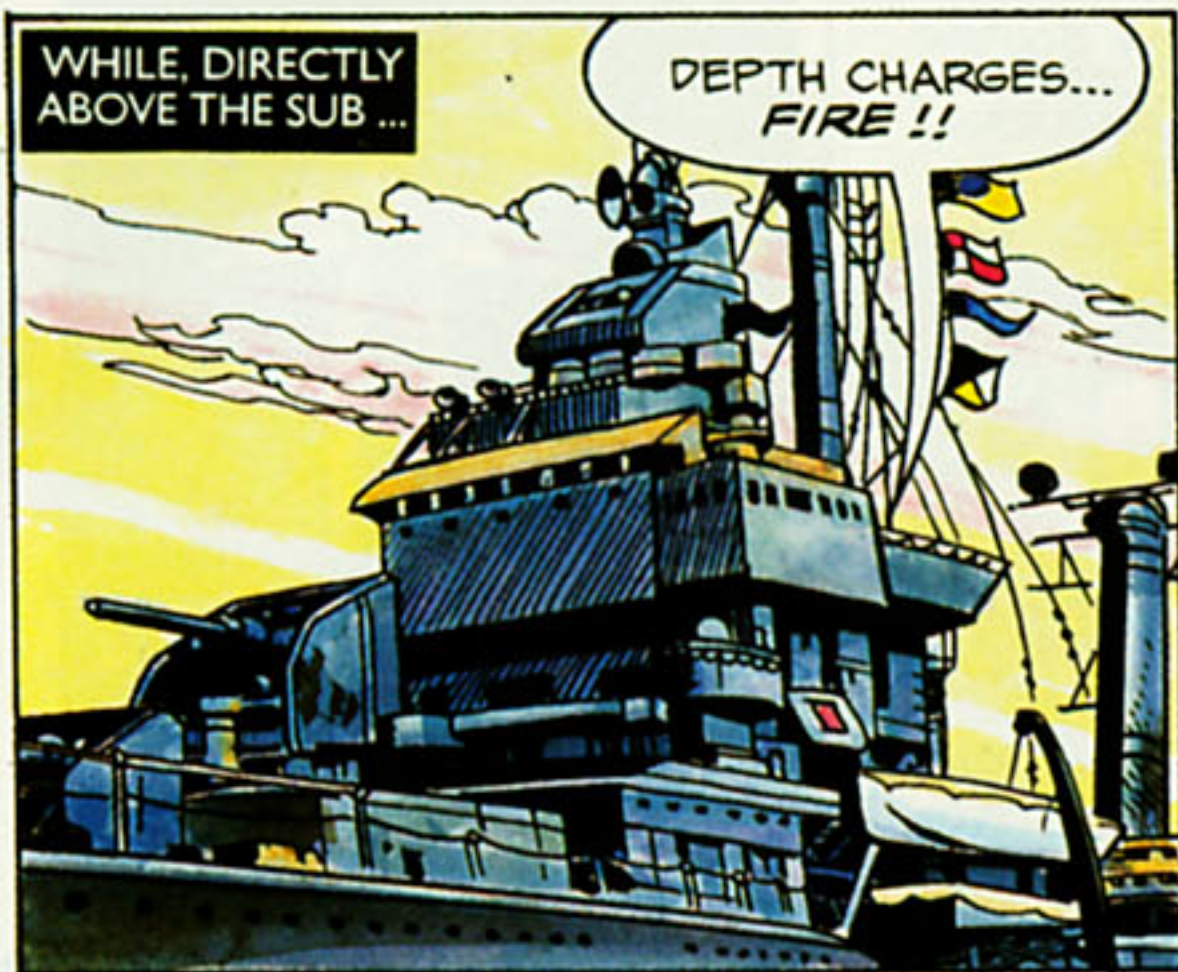
VIXEN! PERVERT!
MARK MY WORDS,
YOU SHALL **PAY**
FOR THIS!

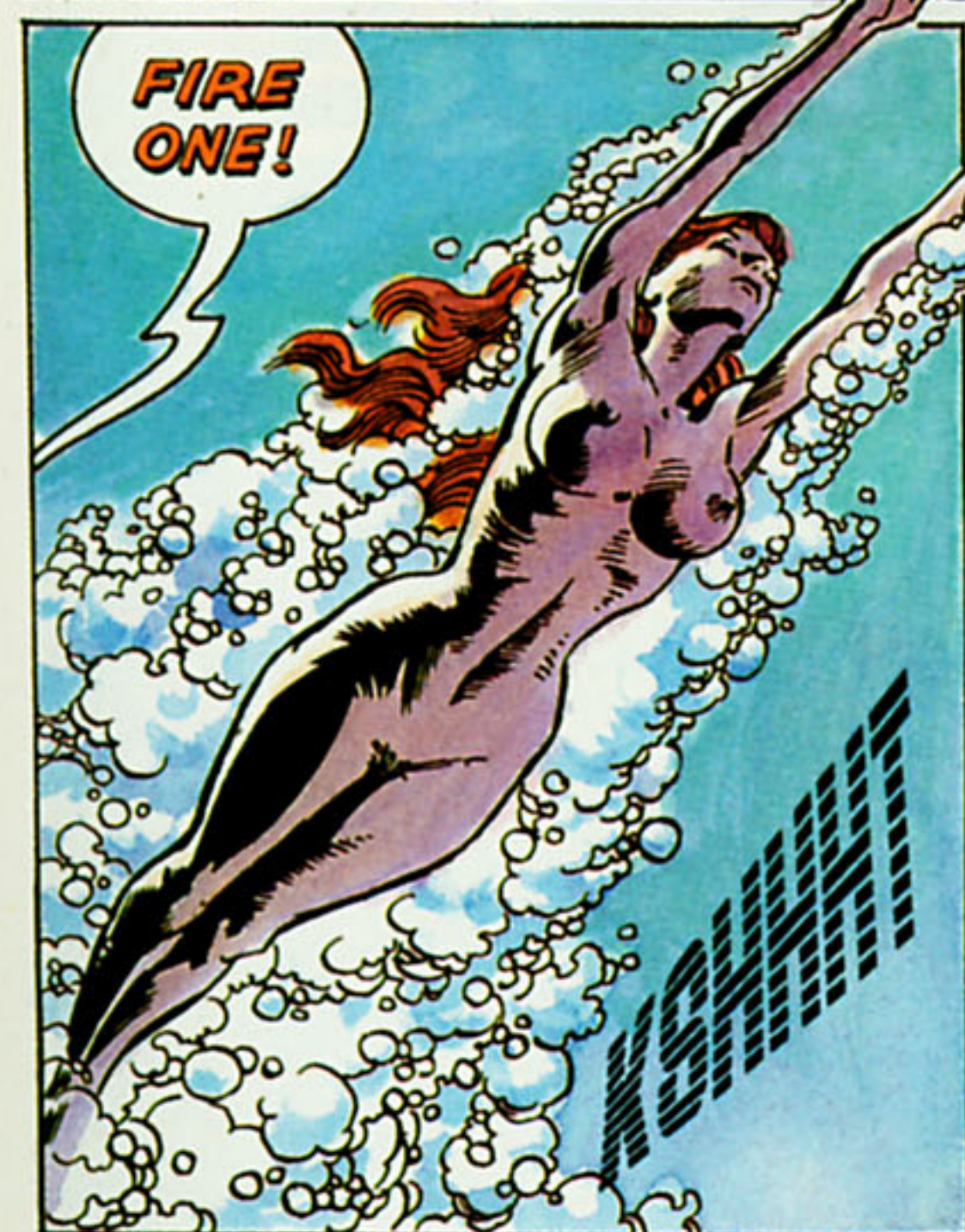
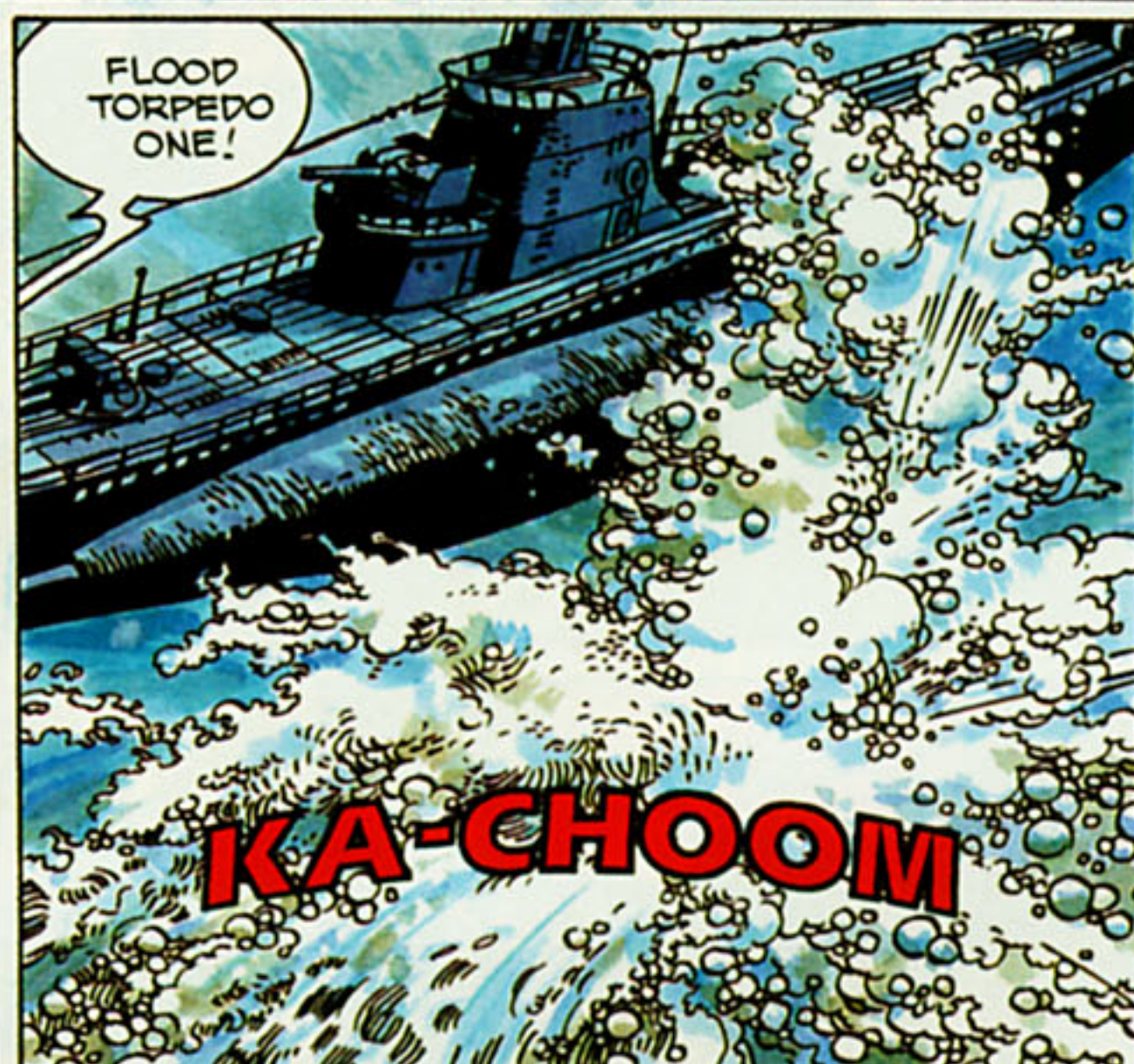
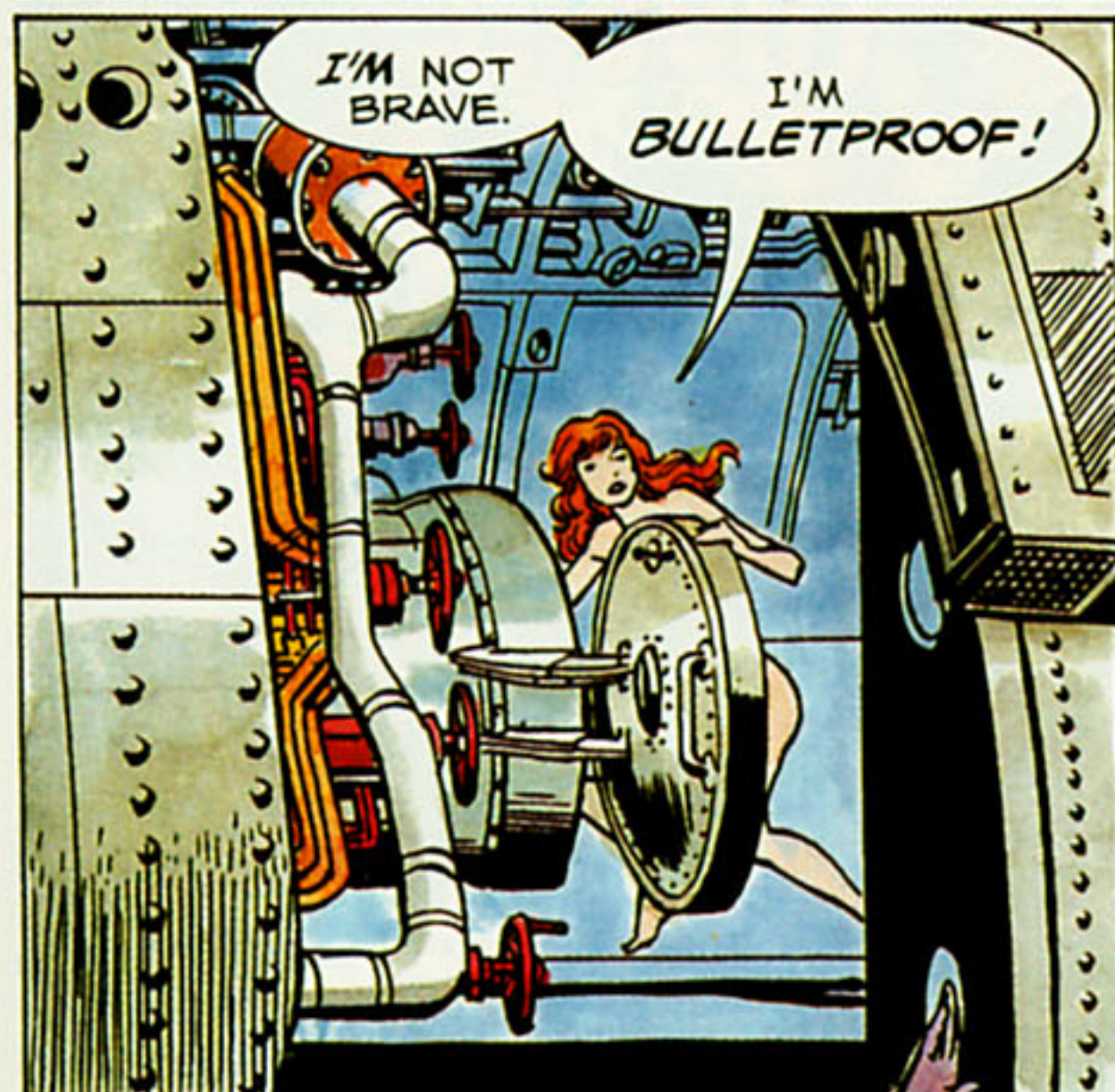
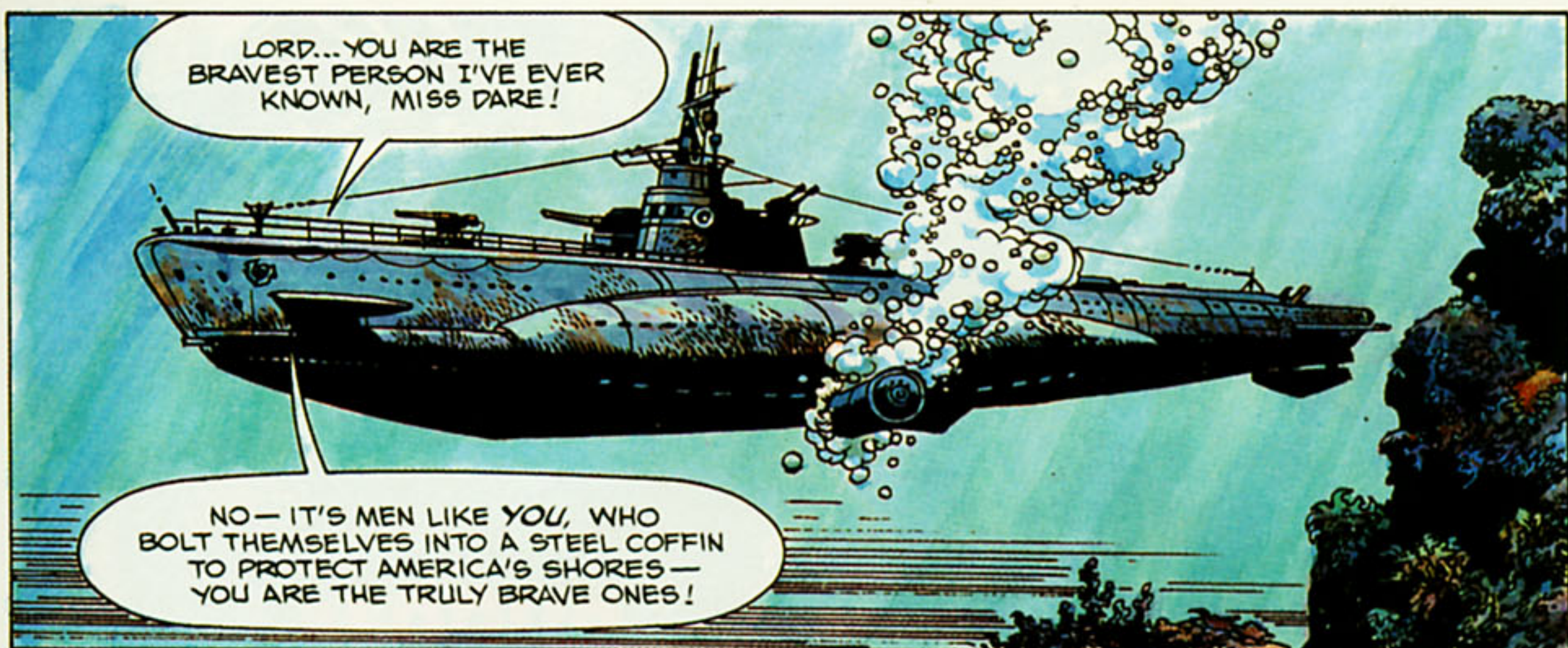
MY CREWS REPORT
ALL IN READINESS,
HERR DOKTOR!

WE ARE STILL
WITHIN THE PARAMETERS
OF OPTIMAL ORBIT
TIME...

FINE!
BEGIN THE
COUNTDOWN,
HERR OBERST!







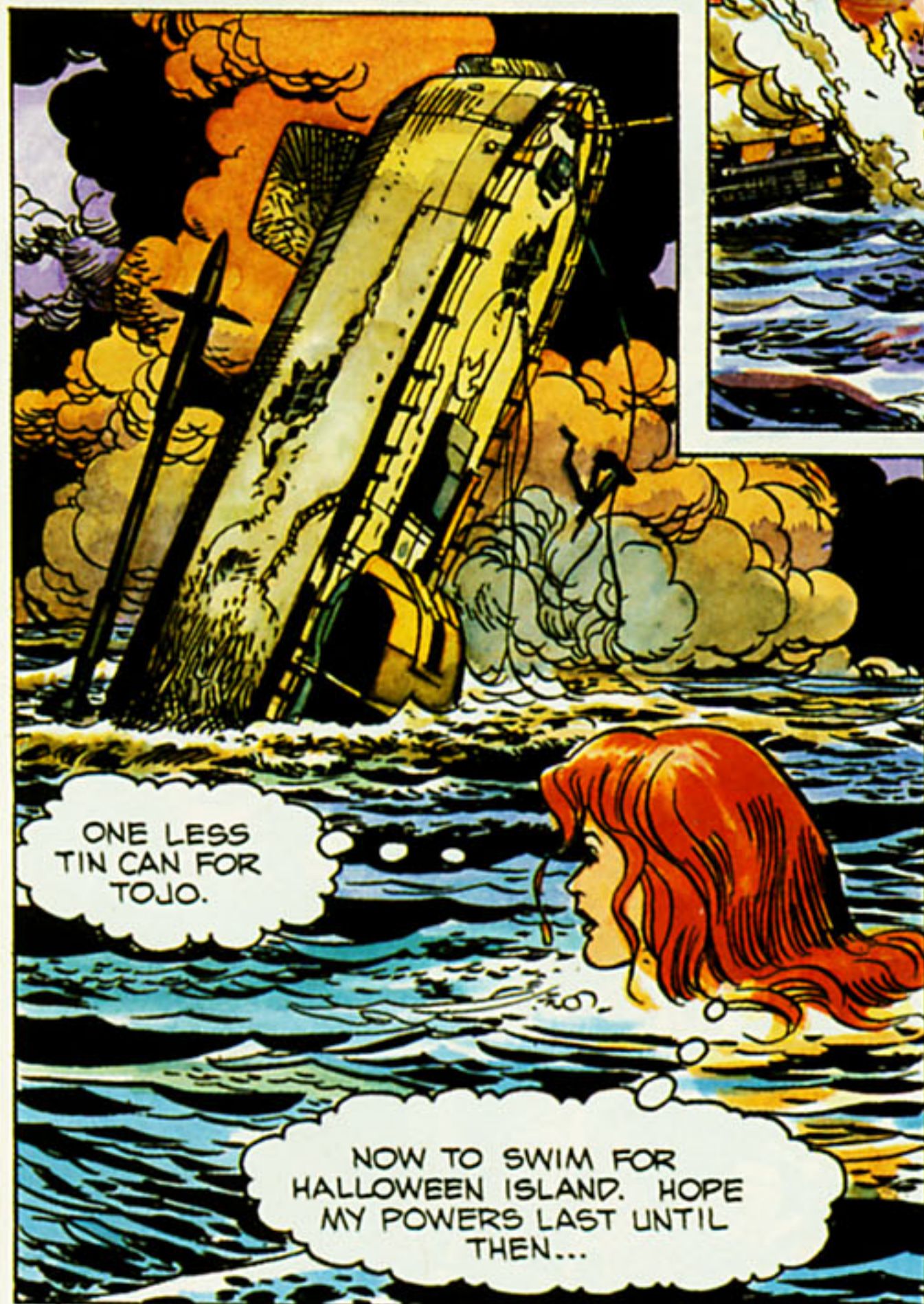


THAT'S FOR
CHINA...

AND THE RAPE
OF NANKING...

YOU
BASTARDS!

AIEEE!



ONE LESS
TIN CAN FOR
TOJO.

NOW TO SWIM FOR
HALLOWEEN ISLAND. HOPE
MY POWERS LAST UNTIL
THEN...



...I'M
GOING TO
NEED THEM!



YOU SEE, MY ANGEL, AGENT D?
WE'VE DONE IT! MAN HAS CONQUERED
THE SKY AND IT SHALL BE A **NAZI** MOON
THAT RISES OVER A NEW WORLD ORDER!



YOU MEAN
AXIS MOON,
DO YOU NOT,
HERR DOKTOR?

NATURLICH,
PRINCESS. AN
AXIS MOON.

HRRR...



OF COURSE. NOW,
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE
ME, THE LAUNCH
HAS TIRED ME AND
I MUST RETIRE TO
MY CHAMBERS...



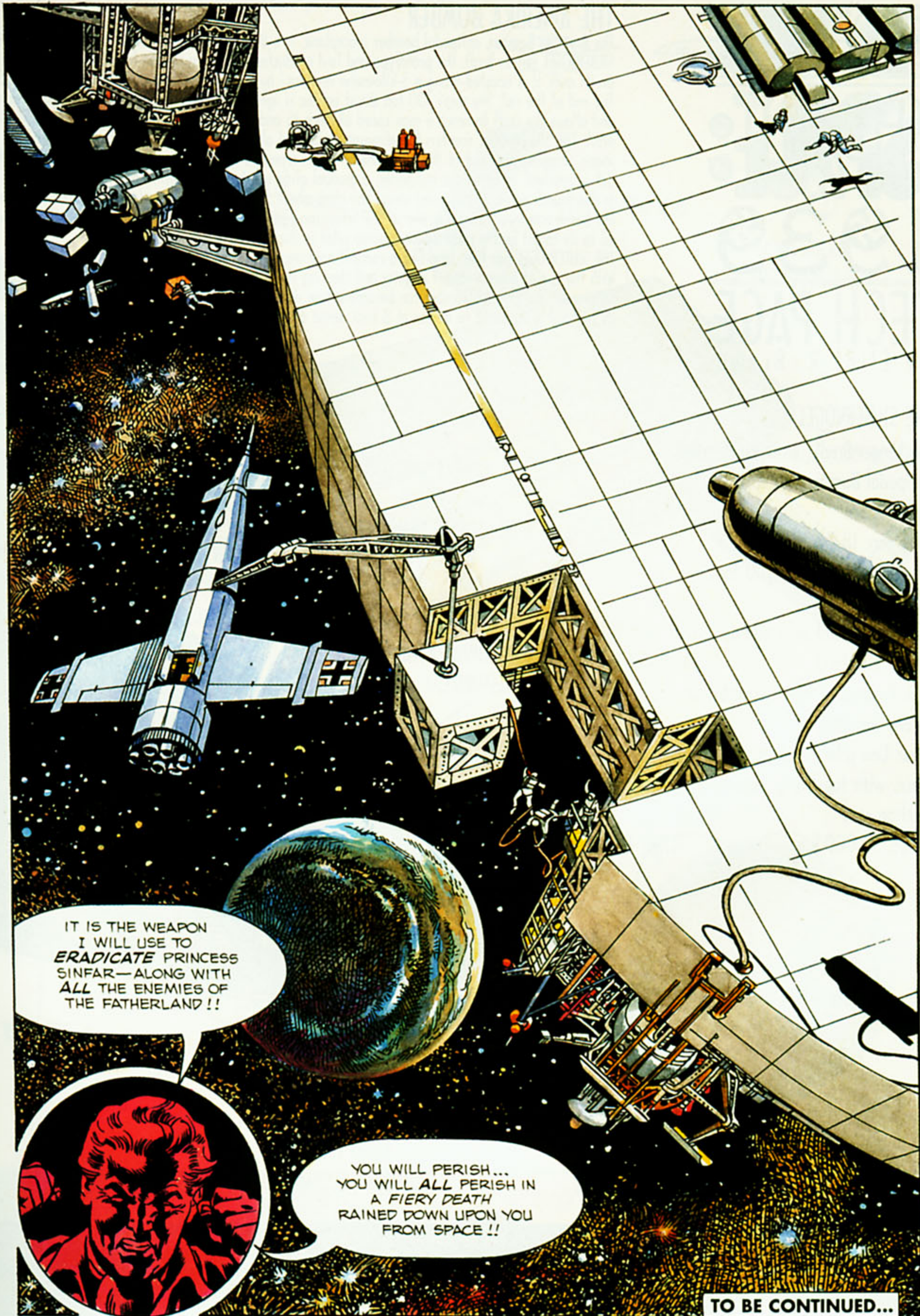
...TO RELEASE
MY TENSIONS!



TAKE MY BELOVED
ILSA NOW, YOU
DAUGHTER OF A
PERVERTED ROYAL
FAMILY...

BUT TOMORROW
I WILL TAKE
DOWN YOUR
EMPIRE!
WITH THE ULTIMATE
VENGEANCE
WEAPON
THAT ONLY A
GENIUS SUCH AS
I COULD HAVE
CREATED!





IT IS THE WEAPON
I WILL USE TO
ERADICATE PRINCESS
SINFAR—ALONG WITH
ALL THE ENEMIES OF
THE FATHERLAND !!

YOU WILL PERISH...
YOU WILL **ALL** PERISH IN
A **FIERY DEATH**
RAINED DOWN UPON YOU
FROM SPACE !!

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE SILBERVOGEL

The Snger-Bredt "Amerika Bomber"

Antipodal Bomber Spaceplane

Length: 35m

Wingspan: 18.6m

Max. Take-Off Weight: 100 tons

(sub-orbital);

112 tons (orbital with add-on

ramjet boosters)

Max. Payload: 4 tons (sub-orbital);

8 tons (orbital)

Crew: One pilot in pressurized
 cabin, with top-firing, high-Mach
 ejection seat

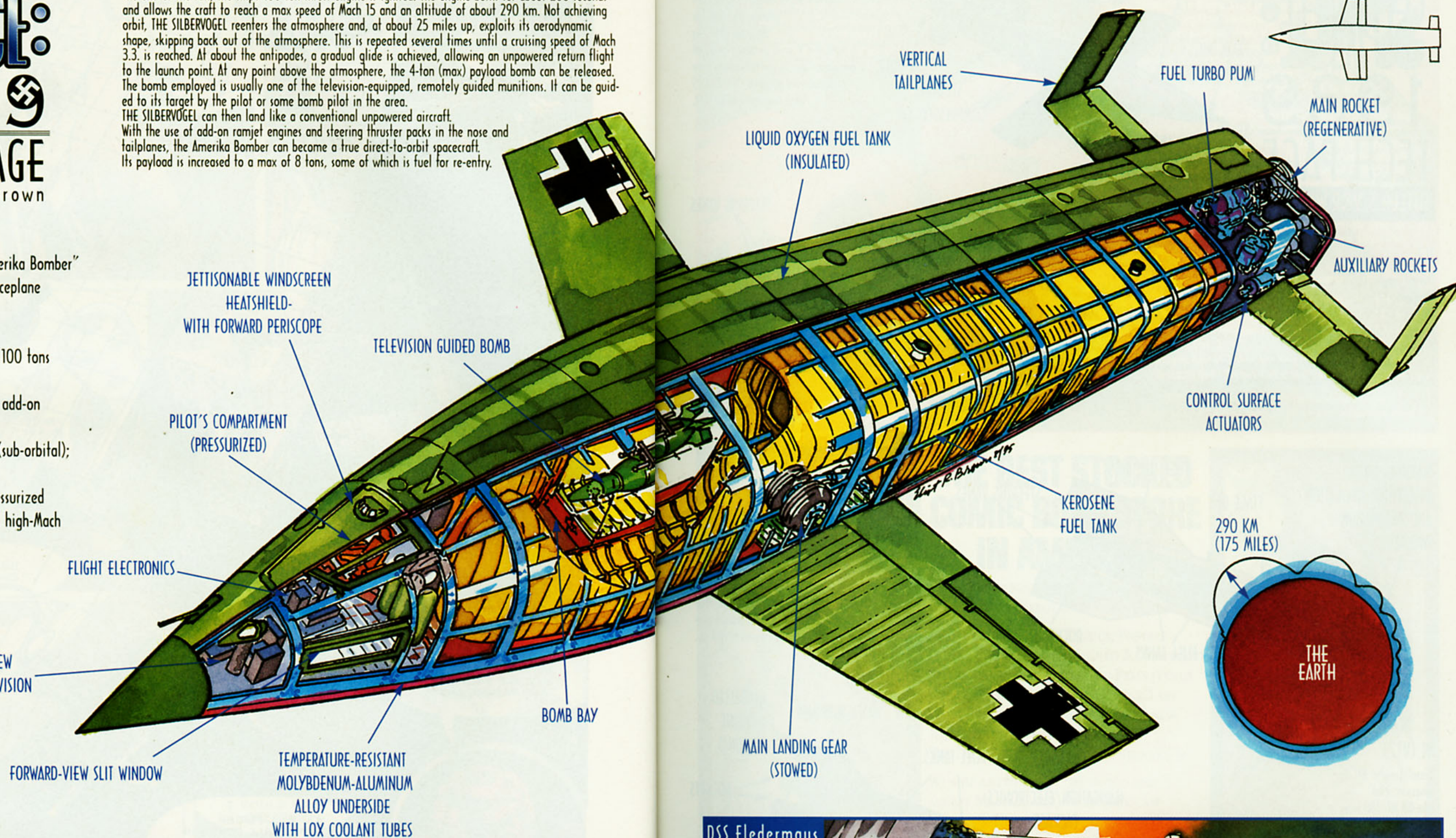
Range: 30,000 km

THE AMERIKA BOMBER

The Amerika Bomber, antipodal bomber spaceplane, is a direct-to-sub-orbit rocket-powered vehicle. THE SILBERVOGEL (Silver Bird), the prototype and first production model, is unable to achieve low Earth orbit on its own. It is boosted along a 3-kilometer monorail by a liquid-fuel rocket sled to about Mach 1.5. At the end of the rail, the ship's 100 ton thrust engine is ignited. The engine burns for about 200 seconds and allows the craft to reach a max speed of Mach 15 and an altitude of about 290 km. Not achieving orbit, THE SILBERVOGEL reenters the atmosphere and, at about 25 miles up, exploits its aerodynamic shape, skipping back out of the atmosphere. This is repeated several times until a cruising speed of Mach 3.3 is reached. At about the antipodes, a gradual glide is achieved, allowing an unpowered return flight to the launch point. At any point above the atmosphere, the 4-ton (max) payload bomb can be released. The bomb employed is usually one of the television-equipped, remotely guided munitions. It can be guided to its target by the pilot or some bomb pilot in the area.

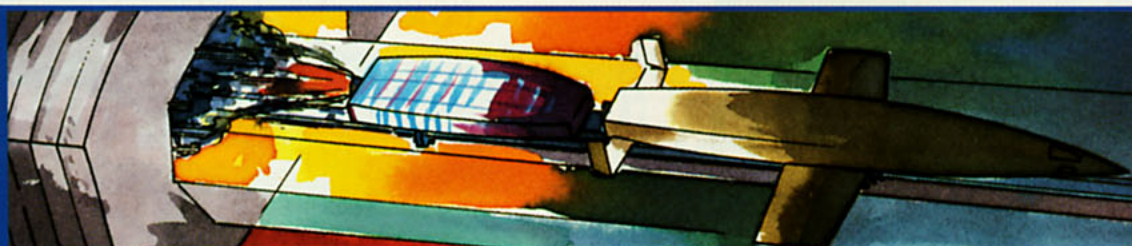
THE SILBERVOGEL can then land like a conventional unpowered aircraft.

With the use of add-on ramjet engines and steering thruster packs in the nose and tailplanes, the Amerika Bomber can become a true direct-to-orbit spacecraft. Its payload is increased to a max of 8 tons, some of which is fuel for re-entry.



Note: THE SILBERVOGEL was designed by Eugene Snger between the years of 1928 and 1941. In 1936, Snger became the director of the Hermann Gring Research Center, where he met mathematician Irene Bredt. Their theoretical work led to remarkable advance in electronics, television, and materials technologies. The flat bottom of THE SILBERVOGEL tends to be exposed to terrific heating stresses and led to the fabrication of temperature-resisting molybdenum-aluminum alloys and honeycomb-forming techniques. One of Snger's most important concepts/design was regenerative cooling, where fuel is pumped around the bell of the rocket engine, which cools the bell and heats the fuel, yielding higher fuel-energy potentials. A separate cooling system pumps liquid oxygen through tubing in the flat bottom of THE SILBERVOGEL.

DSS Fledermaus shown accelerating along its 3-km monorail within a bomb-resistant tunnel.



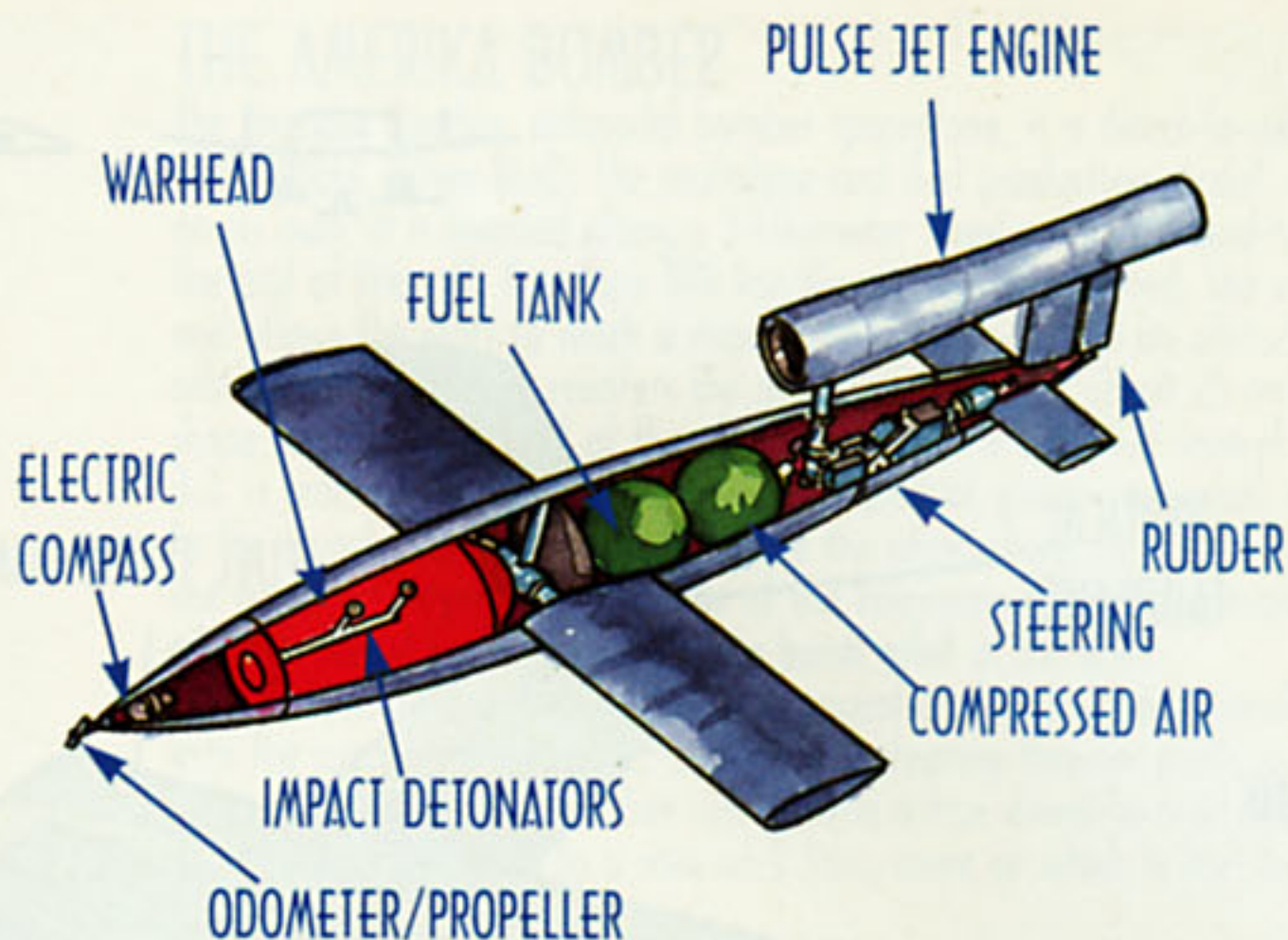
DARE

SPACE:

1939

TECH PAGE

HITLER'S V&R WEAPONS

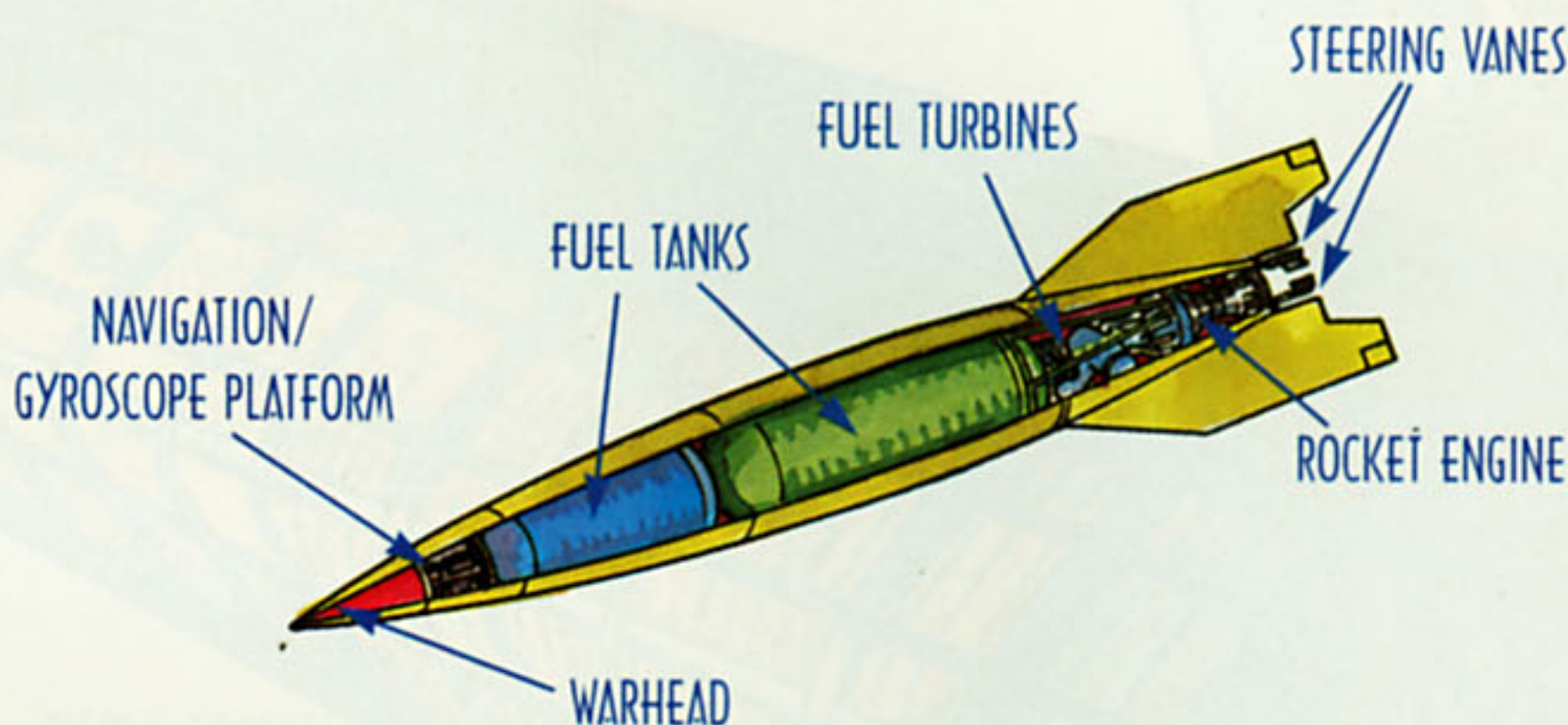


V1 (Vengeance Weapon)

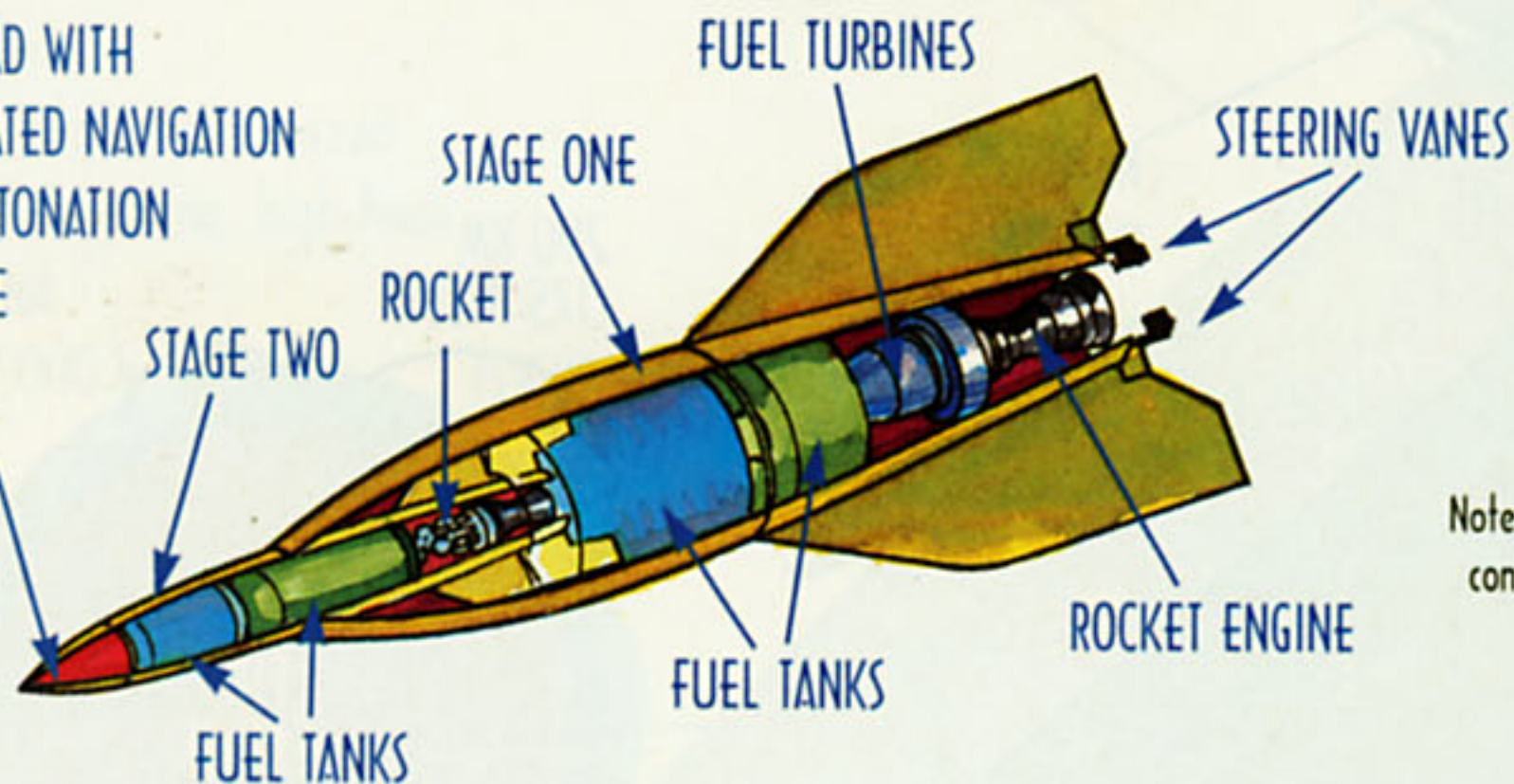
Overall Length: 7.7m
 Motor Length: 3.6m
 Wingspan: 4.9m
 Take-Off Wt: 2,300 kg (550 kg fuel)
 Range: 257-286 km
 Payload: 847.1 kg
 Note: The V1 used gyroscope-governed navigation and its control surfaces were pneumatically actuated. Over 23,000 were manufactured in 1944.

V2

Overall Length: 14m
 Wingspan: 3.75m
 Take-Off Wt: 12.9 tons
 Range: 330 km
 Payload: 909 kg
 Note: Limitations of fixed rocket engine steered by in-exhaust vanes led to expanded rocket-engine program.



WARHEAD WITH INTEGRATED NAVIGATION AND DETONATION PACKAGE



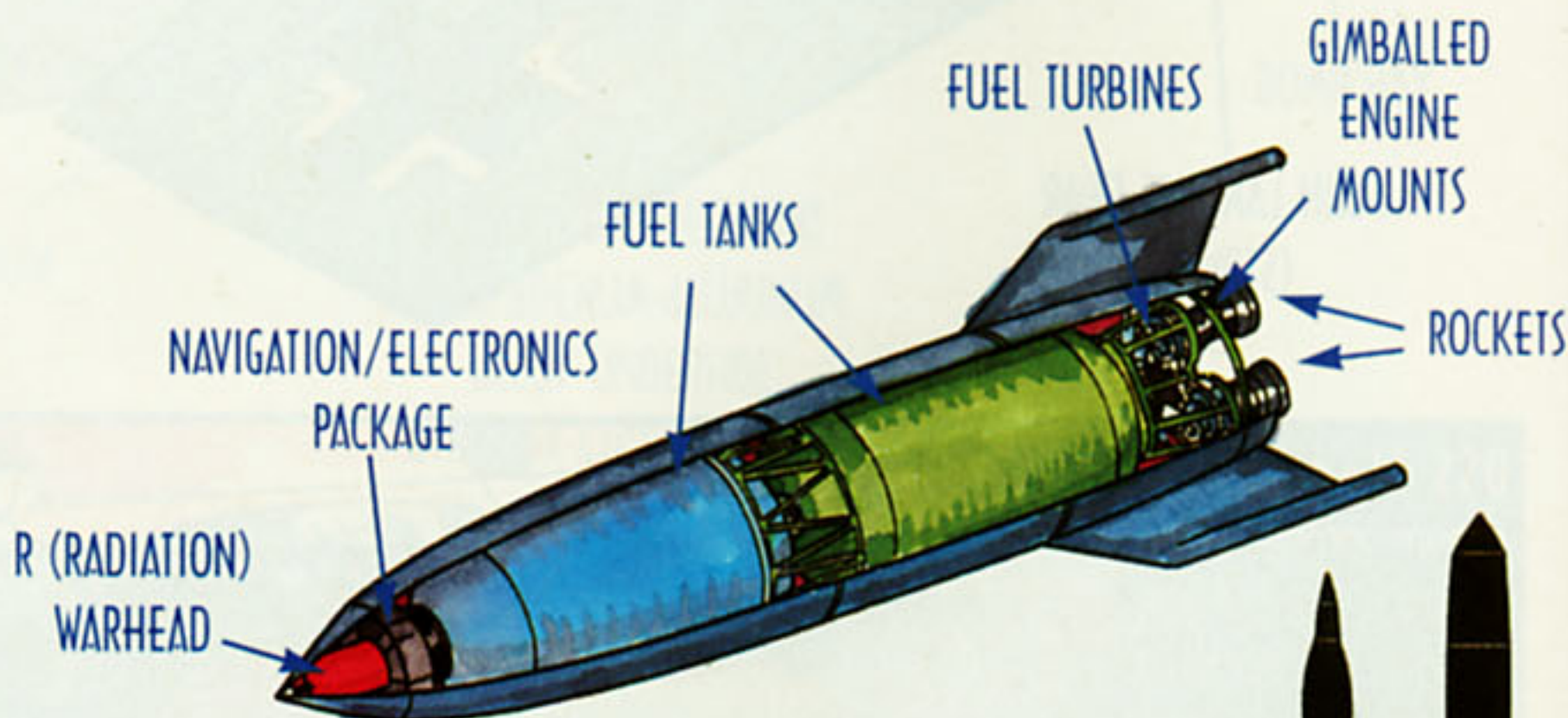
V9

Overall Length: 87m (Stage 2: 39 m)
 Wingspan: 30.1m
 Take-Off Wt: 200 tons
 Range: 5,500 km
 Payload: 1.7 tons

Note: First V weapon to strike at all Allied powers. Two-stage inter-continental high-explosive and R-weapon platform. R-weapon payload is U-235 dust with explosive deployment at altitude.

R1 (V12)

Overall Length: 107.3m
 Wingspan: 29m
 Take-Off Wt: 380 tons
 Range: 11,000 km
 Payload: 1.95 tons
 Note: True inter-continental ballistic missile capable of reaching antipodes. Delivery accuracy was within two-kilometer radius after 5,000 km. Accuracy improved to 150 meters with encrypted-signal television link for final guidance by remote pilot.



RELATIVE SIZES: V1 V2 V9 V12

BACKLASH™



EPISODE VIII: IT'S NOT OVER YET

Our Story Thus Far:

America, 2024 A.D. Man-hating, lesbo-feminists have seized the country. The **WOLLENSTONE CRAFT HEALTH-CARE ALLIANCE'S** tyrannical ruler is **SUBORNA ROSS**, who is engaged in a secret eugenics program to develop tame males—the **DOUBLE Y PROJECT**. A side benefit would be a race of super lesbians that would allow Suborna to take over the world. **ROBERTA LINDSEY**, an impressionable college student at the time of her recruitment into the upper echelon of the Alliance, discovered the Double Y Project and turned against Suborna. The mysterious resistance-movement leader **MOSTRESS W** saved Roberta from the fate of becoming a mind-altered "sex care provider" and instead transformed her into a female super-soldier. As **BACKLASH**, and equipped with a flying motorcycle arsenal, Roberta can strike a blow against the gyno-traitors of the Alliance.

Backlash penetrated a skyscraper stronghold where, using a phone, she attempted to electronically imitate a close friend—whom she just killed—of Suborna's in order to lure her into a trap. She was detected and ambushed in turn. Summoning her heavily weaponed motorcycle with a bio-remote control link, she escaped her tormentors... or did she?

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton & Tracey

ARTIST: Mark Beachum

LETTERS: Kenny Lopez

GET
HER, YOU
FOOLS!

WITH HER HEAVILY ARMED CYCLE
OUTSIDE TELEPATHICALLY LINKED,
ROBERTA DISTRACTS HER
ATTACKERS...

WITH SUBORNA'S
THUGS REACTING
TO MY RUSE,
THEY'LL LOVE TO
FEEL THE LASH
THAT GIVES ME
THE NAME OF...

BACKLASH!

"WEAPONS
GLOVE... ON!"

SHE'S TOO
FAST, SUBORNA--
SHUFFLE!

KICKA!

SCHRAZZ!

KRAK!

OOH!



"...MANIPULATING DNA
TO SUIT YOUR WHIM OF
AN ALL-FEMALE
SOCIETY..."

"... DESTROYING THE VERY
SYSTEM THAT ALLOWED
WHINY TYRANTS LIKE YOU
TO EXIST IN THE FIRST
PLACE."

"...YOU'RE DEAD.
ENJOY THE
EXPERIENCE,
DEAR."

"...GET USED TO THE
TWISTING IN YOUR GUT,
THE FEAR THAT YOU'RE
GOING TO HELL FOR
WHAT YOU'VE DONE..."

BACKLASH
ESCAPES, USING
HER ARMORED
CYCLE...

SMASH!

"...I'LL BE IN HELL WITH
YOU BECAUSE OF WHAT
YOU'VE TURNED ME
INTO... BITCH!"

HUNTED. DRIVEN.
BACKLASH HAS
NOWHERE TO RUN.

EXCEPT...

SUBORNA HAD,
INDEED, CREATED A
WHOLE UNDERCLASS
BASED ON HATRED...

...HATRED OF THE NEW WORLD
ORDER. BUT NOW THE ORDER WAS
DEAD, BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT. WITH
SUBORNA GONE, THE ARMY AND
SECURITY TEAMS COULD ONLY
FOCUS ON ONE THING...

VENGEANCE...

REVENGE UPON THE
FULCRUM OF CHANGE,
BACKLASH.

ATTACK
COPTERS!

WHUP WHUP WHUP

ONE OF THE
COPTERS
FIRES!

BRATTA!

BRATTA!

THE CREW CAUGHT IN THE
CROSSFIRE AS BACKLASH
ACCELERATES HER CYCLE
AT IMPOSSIBLY FAST
SPEEDS...

NOW THE
WEAPONS
GLOVE...

PSHT!

...TANGLES A SNARE
WIRE AROUND THE
COPTER BLADES...

WHA-BOOOOOOM!

AND AFTER HER
SUCCESS... AND
THE DEATH...

SHE NEEDS
A PLACE OF
HEALING...

OF
PEACE...

A
CHURCH...

INSIDE, STILL PEOPLED BY PERSONS
BACKLASH KNOWS TO BE MEMBERS
OF THE RESISTANCE WHO, EVEN NOW,
PREPARE TO HELP THE NEW GOVERNMENT
ACHIEVE PEACE.

INTO THE WATERS
OF FORGIVENESS,
MY SISTER... WHA?
WHO'S THERE?!

YOU ... PRIEST...
I WANT YOU TO
HEAR MY
CONFESSION!



I AM DELGADO.
WELCOME TO THE
CHURCH OF
FORGIVENESS.

SO YOU
ARE THE ONE
THEY CALL
BACKLASH?

YOU
EXPECTED
SOMEONE
TALLER?



SINCE YOU
LIVE, SUBORNA
MUST BE DEAD.
DO YOU WISH
PENANCE?

YES.
I HAVE
KILLED
TONIGHT.




"YOU HAVE CLEANSED,
NOT KILLED. WE HAVE
ALL BEEN FORCED TO
CLEANSE. THOSE OF
US, THAT IS, WHO
OPPOSE SUBORNA'S
NEW WORLD ORDER."

"NOW, I HAVE
SOMETHING
TO CONFESS."




I
WANT
YOU.



ALL THE VIOLENCE, THE
LONELINESS OF BEING HUNTED,
THE THOUGHTS AS SHE RAN...
FEMALE OPPRESSION... WOMEN
FORCING WOMEN TO HAVE
SEX...


THIS IS VERY...
SURPRISING.

AS LONG AS
WE CAN CHOOSE,
WE CAN LOVE. IT
IS A SACRAMENT.



SOON, THOUGH,
IT WILL BE TIME
FOR PAYBACK.
THOSE WHO TORTURED
ME-- CREATED ME--

SHHH!
FIRST A
TIME FOR
LOVE...



AS THE TWO KISSED GENTLY, BACKLASH
THOUGHT OF HOW SHE KILLED THE EVIL
SUBORNA... AND OF HOW THE ONE WHO
TRAINED HER TO KILL WAS AS CRUEL
AS ANY DESPOT SHE HAD TRIED TO OUST...

BACKLASH
THOUGHT OF
VENGEANCE.

AFTER LOVE, A
TIME OF HATE!

KA-

SLAM

LATER, AT THE HEADQUARTERS
OF THE ONE WHO DEPROGRAMMED
HER, WHO TAUGHT BACKLASH
TO HATE ... TO KILL ...

MOSTRESS
W!

AH, THE WANDERING
LAMB. LOOK, DEAR.
EVEN THE OFFICIAL
NEWS ORGANIZATIONS
HAD TO PROCLAIM THE
SUPREME LEADER,
SUBORNA, DECEASED.

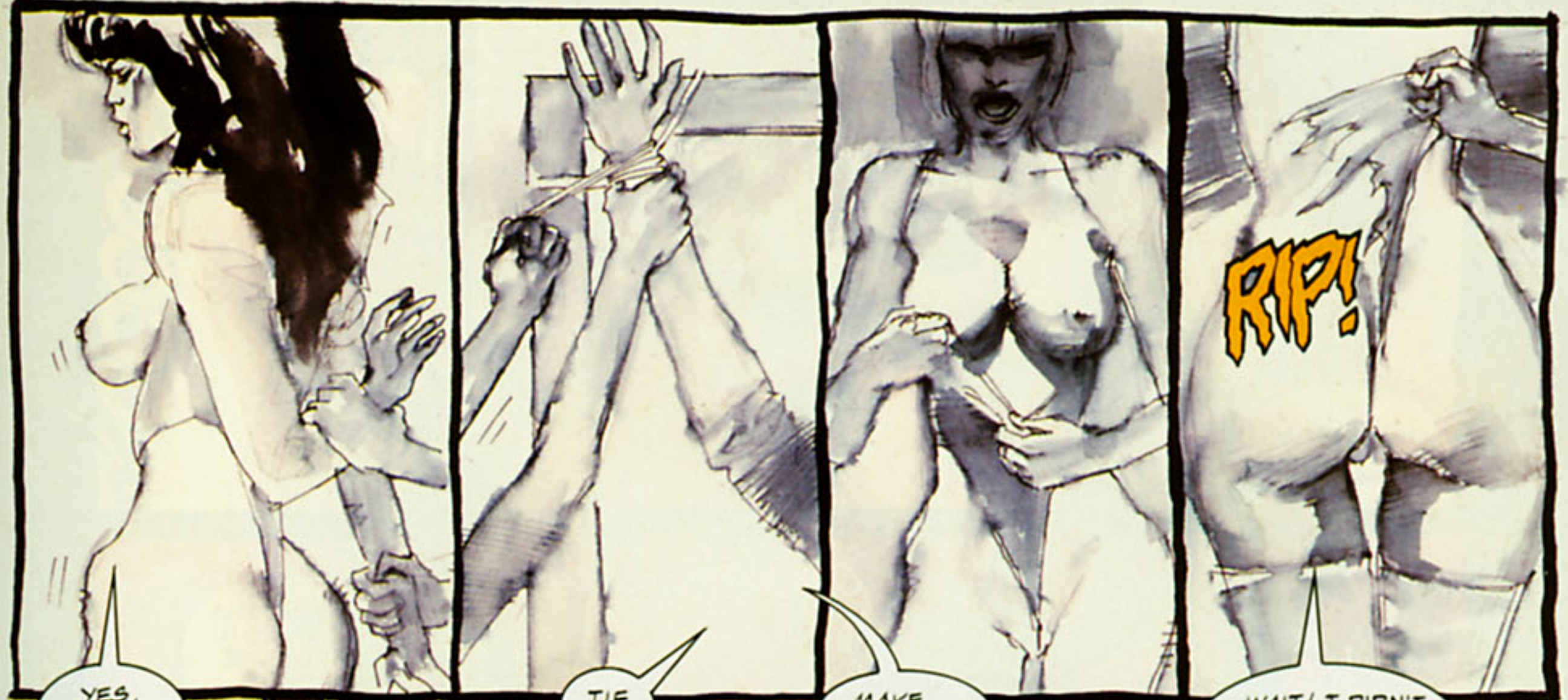
AND LOOK
WHAT IT DID TO
LECHER HERE.
DEAD FROM JOY.

YOU HAVE
DONE WELL, MY
TRAINEE.

COME IN, DEAR
I NEVER FUCK IN
MY OWN BEDROOM,
HA, HA. TOO MUCH
WEAR AND TEAR
ON THE SHEETS.

DON'T I
LOOK GOOD IN
THE MIRROR?

AND DO YOU
REMEMBER WHAT
I TAUGHT YOU?
YOU KNOW WHAT
I LIKE!



YES,
TAKE MY
HANDS!

TIE
ME!

MAKE
ME BLEED!

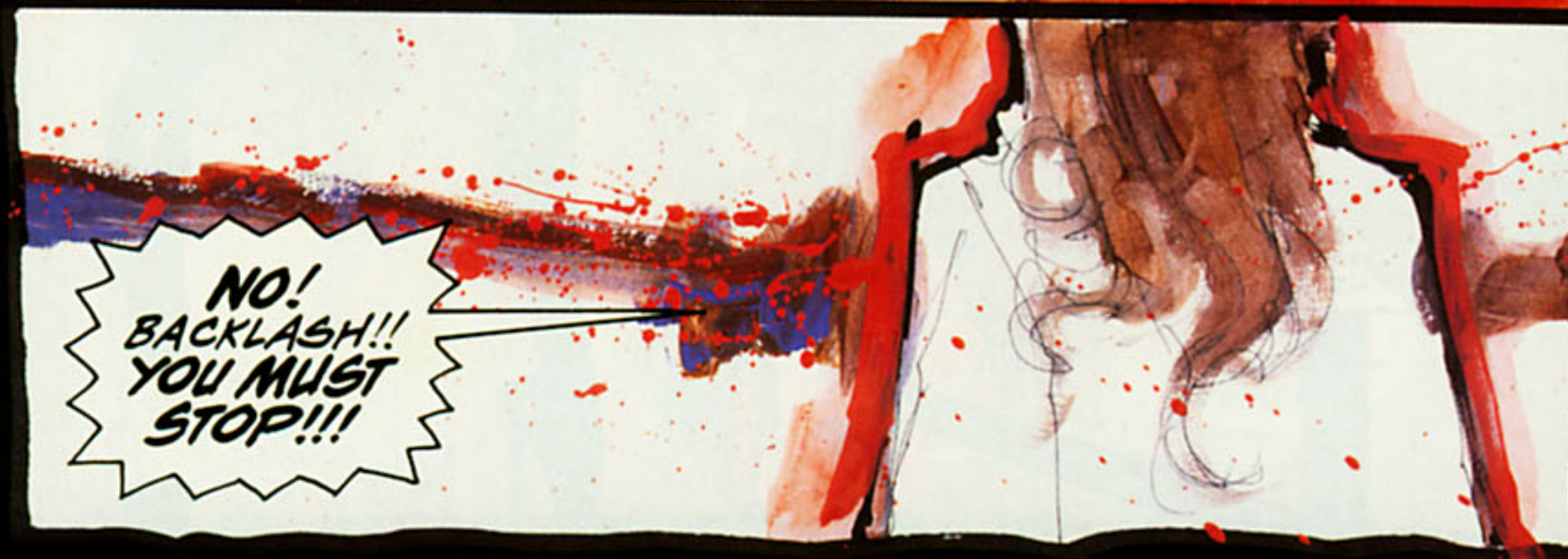
WAIT! I DIDN'T
WANT MY CLOTHES
TORN NOW! YOU'VE
MESSED IT ALL UP,
BITCH!

YOU KNOW,
SUBORNA ALWAYS
WANTED IT LIKE YOU
DEMANDED FROM
ME. EVERYTIME.

WH-WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING? WHAT'S
THAT?!

"IT'S ALL A GAME OF
POWER. OF HOW YOU LOST
CONTROL AS A CHILD AND
NOW FORCE IT UPON THOSE
WITLESS FOLLOWERS WHO
ENDURE YOUR ABUSE..."

"SUBORNA LIKED
IT TOUGH, SO I
FIGURED..."



DELGADO!
YOU FOLLOWED
ME HERE? YOU
KNOW I MUST
FINISH THIS!



BACKLASH...
IT IS FINISHED. IT'S
JUST THAT NEITHER
YOU OR THEY HAVE
REALIZED IT!

TAKE THAT THING
OFF. YOU HAVE ALREADY
ASSURED THAT, SHOULD
SHE LIVE, SHE WILL
NEVER HAVE PLEASURE
THERE AGAIN.



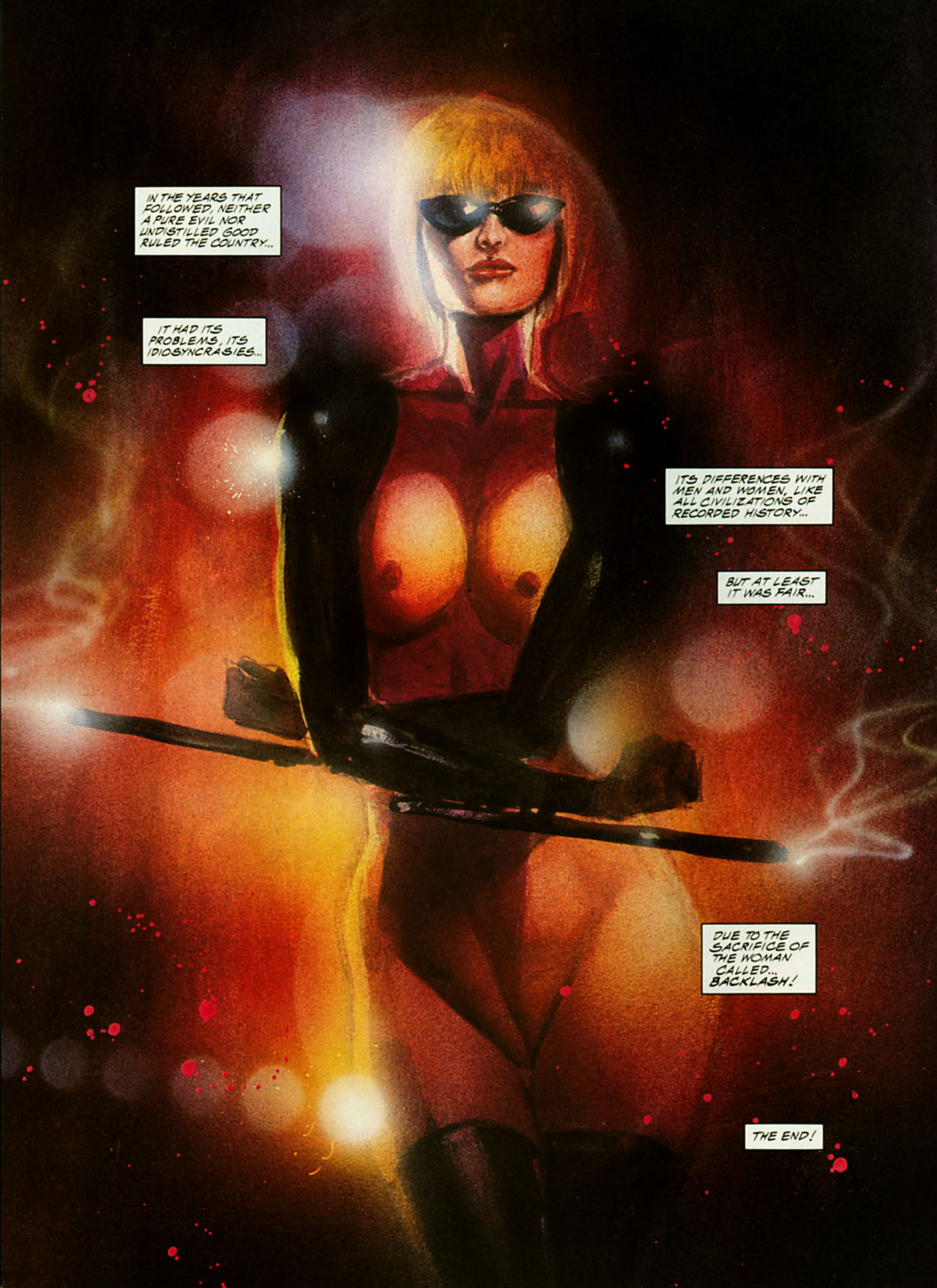
BUT, SHE
SHOULD DIE
FOR HER
CRIMES!

THINK, BACKLASH.
LOOK IN HER EYES.
SHE DIED A LONG
TIME AGO.



DON'T END UP WITH THAT
SAME LOOK IN YOUR EYES.
IT IS TIME FOR ROBERTA
LINDSEY TO CLEANSE
BACKLASH FROM OUR MIDST.

YOU HAVE HAD MORE THAN A
LIFE TIME'S WORTH OF HATE,
ROBERTA. NOW, YOU MUST
LEAVE THAT BEHIND, IF YOU
ARE TO LEAD THE WAY
FORWARD IN LOVE.



IN THE YEARS THAT
FOLLOWED, NEITHER
A PURE EVIL NOR
UNDISTILLED GOOD
RULED THE COUNTRY...

IT HAD ITS
PROBLEMS, ITS
IDIOSYNCRASIES...

ITS DIFFERENCES WITH
MEN AND WOMEN, LIKE
ALL CIVILIZATIONS OF
RECORDED HISTORY...

BUT AT LEAST
IT WAS FAIR...

DUE TO THE
SACRIFICE OF
THE WOMAN
CALLED...
BACKLASH!

THE END!

STERANKO

Welcome to the Steranko Gallery. This is a project that Grand Master Jim Steranko did that sent the industry into a surging tailspin... can you see why? Not known for his pinups, this should prove interesting to those of you who follow Steranko's work. Colors by Electric Crayon



**Kitty likes to stretch...
got any yarn?**



**Looks like I've got
the drop on you!**

**'A' is for Awesome,
Aroused Areola and Aw,
you know!**





Uncle Sugar never looked so good!

**You bring the 9mm...
I'll bring the hair
trigger!**





**Don't worry about
the leopard... I bite!**



My only weakness? Green money!!!



**How do you like my
racing stripes?
Anybody got a starting
flag?**

Parry? Riposte? Thrust!



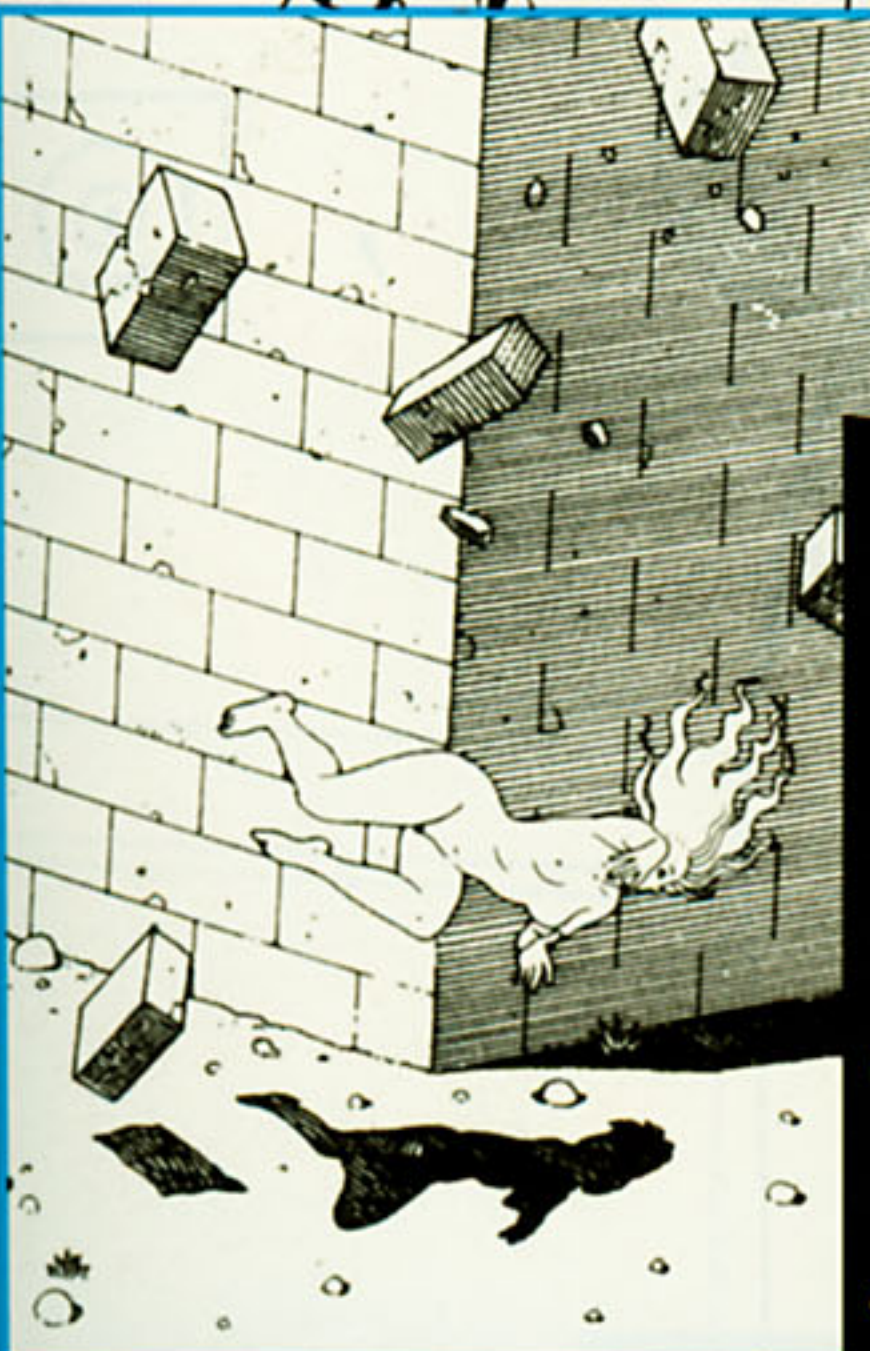
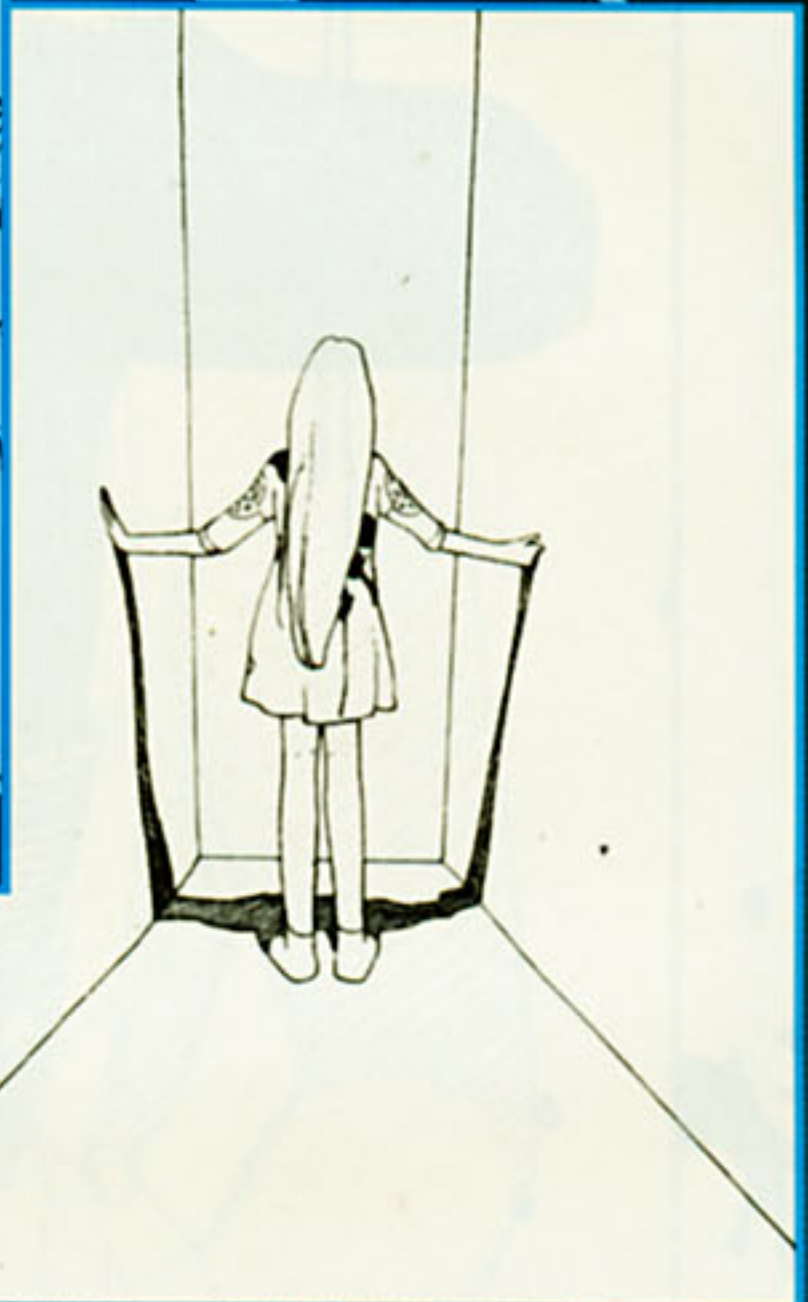


**Oh... the belfry's so
chilly tonight... won't
you keep me warm?**

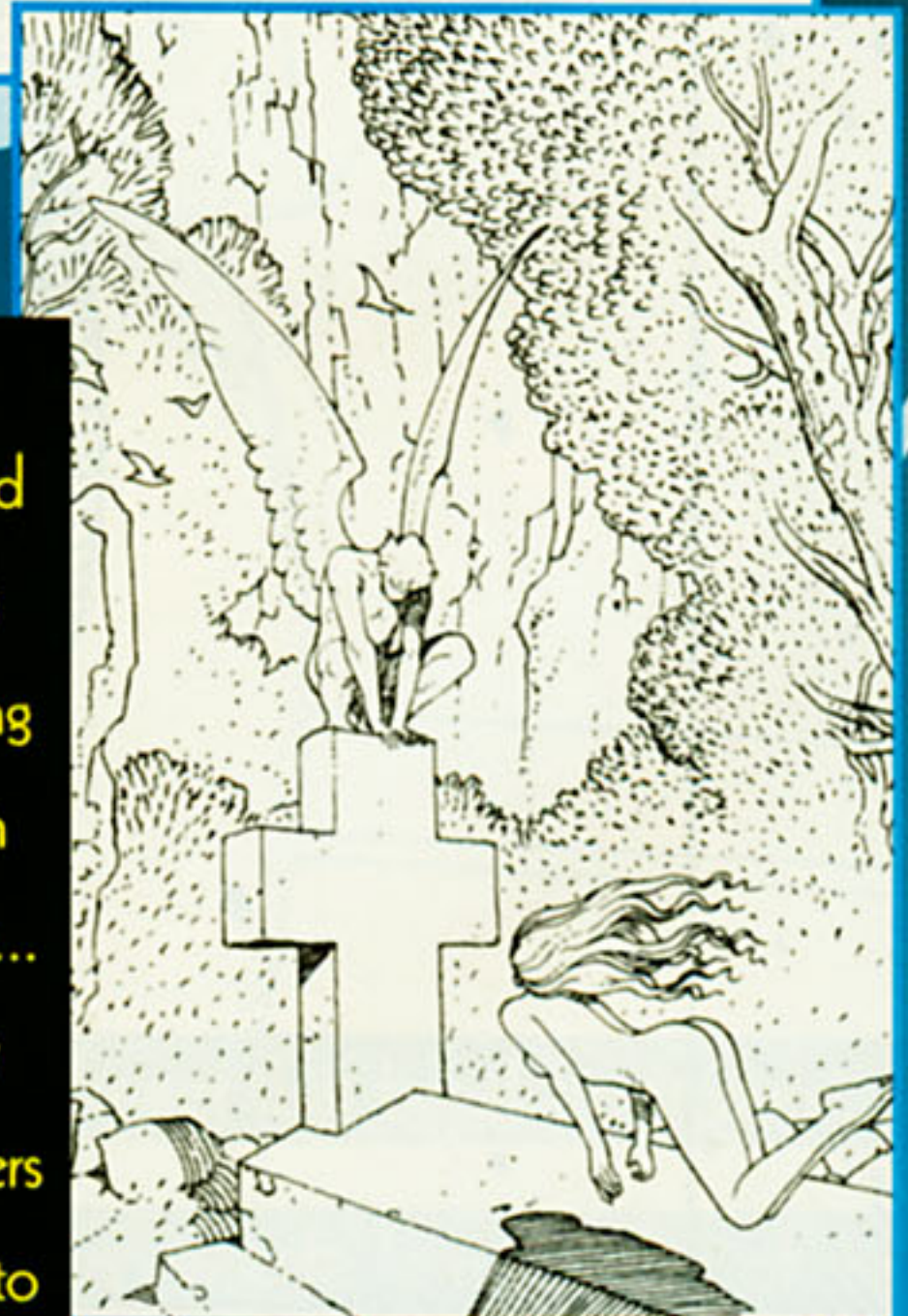
**I'm all a-quiver, boys...
who's got an apple?**



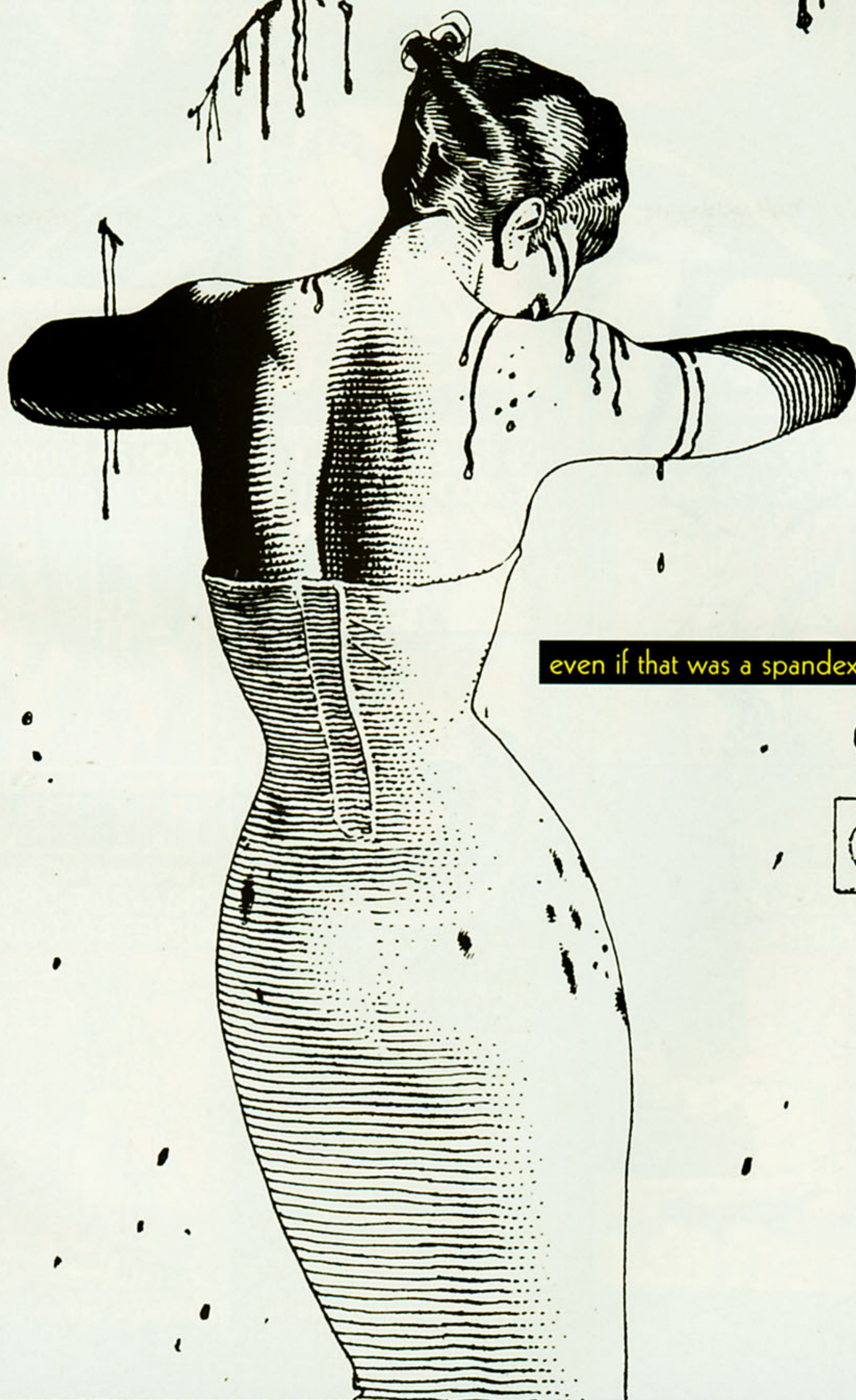
Moebius. One word that sums up a masterful line, at once loose and meaningful, gritty and light. The images he has presented to us since his arrival in America in *Heavy Metal Magazine*, numerous illustrated folios, graphic novels (*Lieutenant Blueberry*, *Airtight Garage*), his work in the comics industry (*The Silver Surfer*), have all served to change the face of modern linear art and storytelling. Moebius works and makes his home in Los Angeles. These pages are excerpted from the book "Griffes d'Ange."



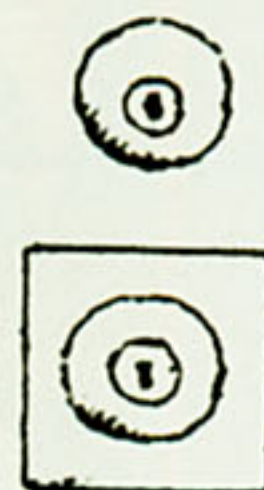
My life was a series of little frustrations that have remained so prominent they are what I am and I cannot escape them... during sleepless nights I run them like an old video and can't stop the tape... now they intrude during the day and I have given the wrong answers to questions because I am talking to the image in my head...



I couldn't stand the way she'd turn her back to me...this wasn't a relationship,



even if that was a spandex dress...





I'll never forget that break-front dress...

she would yank out those meat slammers, wiggle 'em in front of me

or scrape those rigid nipples up and down my shirt and snap the dress shut...

her silk rig was rough compared to her skin...



those greedy arms pulled me in again and again... I was young then, but I could wait... y'know what I mean? I was with, oh yeah, it was Mary, heh... I showed her I could handle the goods and not blow a gasket. Oh she was glorious... a good kisser, y'know?

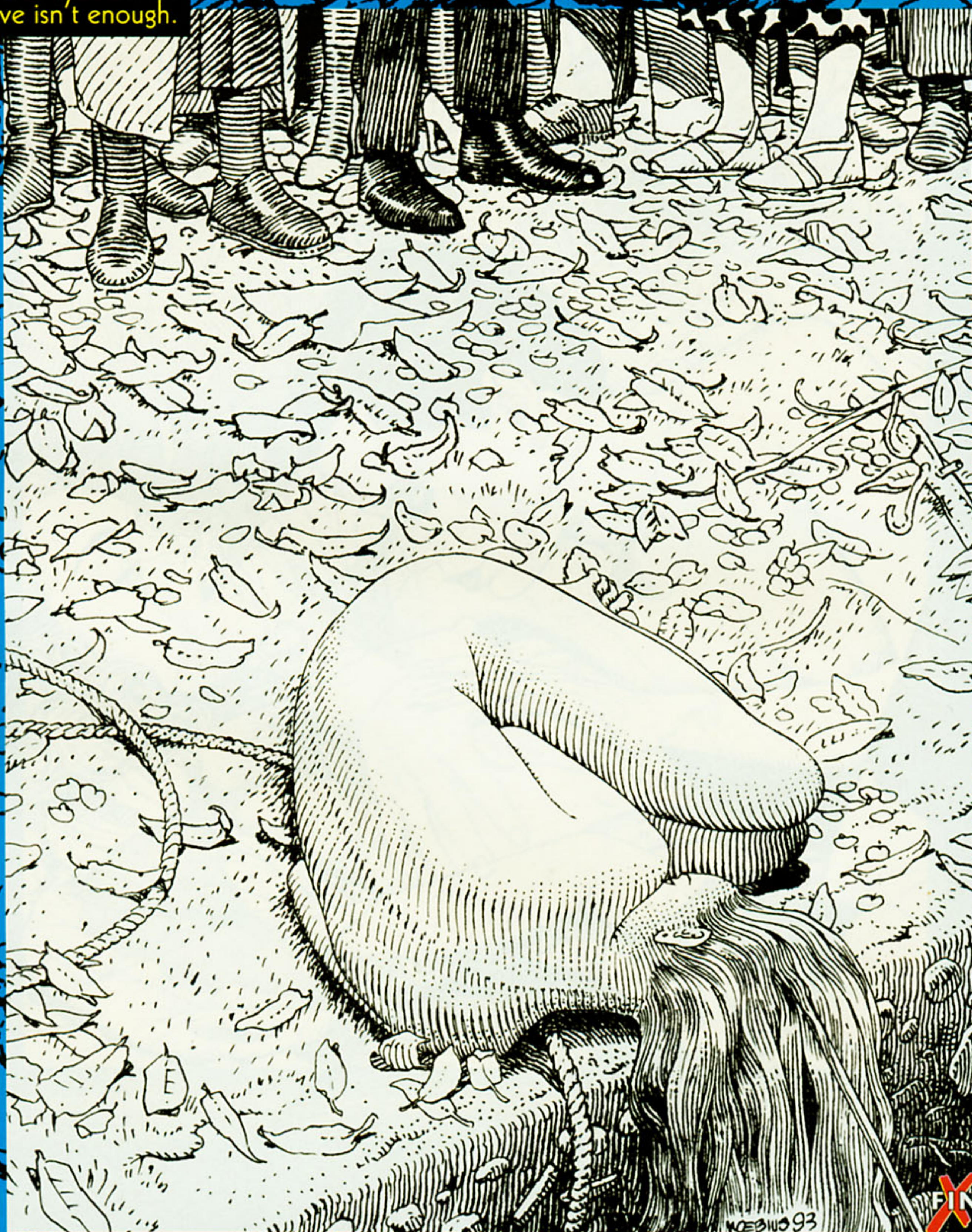
S'funny thing, really, it took two girlfriends

to teach me how to take a woman to the edge of orgasm

and hold her there...



I knew the girl... she was so young... she was the one who showed me that in the end
...love isn't enough.




THE
TEAM SUPREME

DEATHKILLER'S CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

IT'S CHRISTMAS. Y'KNOW: CHRISTMAS CHEER. MISTLETOE KISSES. HOT TODDIES. THOUGHTFUL GIFTS. WARM WISHES. WHINING MATCHGIRLS. TROD-UPON BEGGARS. ORPHANAGE MAYHEM. TIME TO BE WITH YOUR LOVED ONES. PERHAPS GO HOME. THEY SAY YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN. PERHAPS THEY MEAN YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER. SOMEONE WHO SHOULD KNOW VERY WELL, INDEED, IS **DEATHKILLER**, WHO LEFT THE TEAM SUPREME LONG ENOUGH AGO TO MAINTAIN HIS DIGNITY. **KARL KODIAK**, HARD-BOILED BULLET-PROOF GUMSHOE KNOWS THAT HOME IS WHERE THE MOST TROUBLE CAN BE FOUND. THE WARM HUMOR OF CHRISTMAS DAY WILL NOT BE FOUND WHEN THESE TWO RUN INTO EACH OTHER. SO JOIN US THEN, AROUND THE CRACKLING FIRE OF OUR PILED-UP TEAM SUPREME #1 ZINC- COVERED EDITIONS AS **DEATHKILLER** AND **KARL KODIAK** LIFT A FILMY GLASS OF ROTGUT WITH **HOTBLOOD**, LEADER OF THE TEAM SUPREME, IN A CHRISTMAS STORY THAT WILL SEND YOU RUNNING FOR YOUR CRYING RAGS. IT'S A LITTLE YULETIDE OFFERING WE CALL...
DEATHKILLER'S CHRISTMAS SPECIAL.

WRITERS:
CARAGONNE, THORNTON & TRACEY
PENCILS: **CHRIS WOZNIAK**
INKS: **JOHN LOWE**
COLORS: **DIGITAL CHAMELEON**
LETTERS: **KENNY LOPEZ**





CHRISTMAS.
NEW YORK.

KIND OF A
CONTRADICTION
IN TERMS.

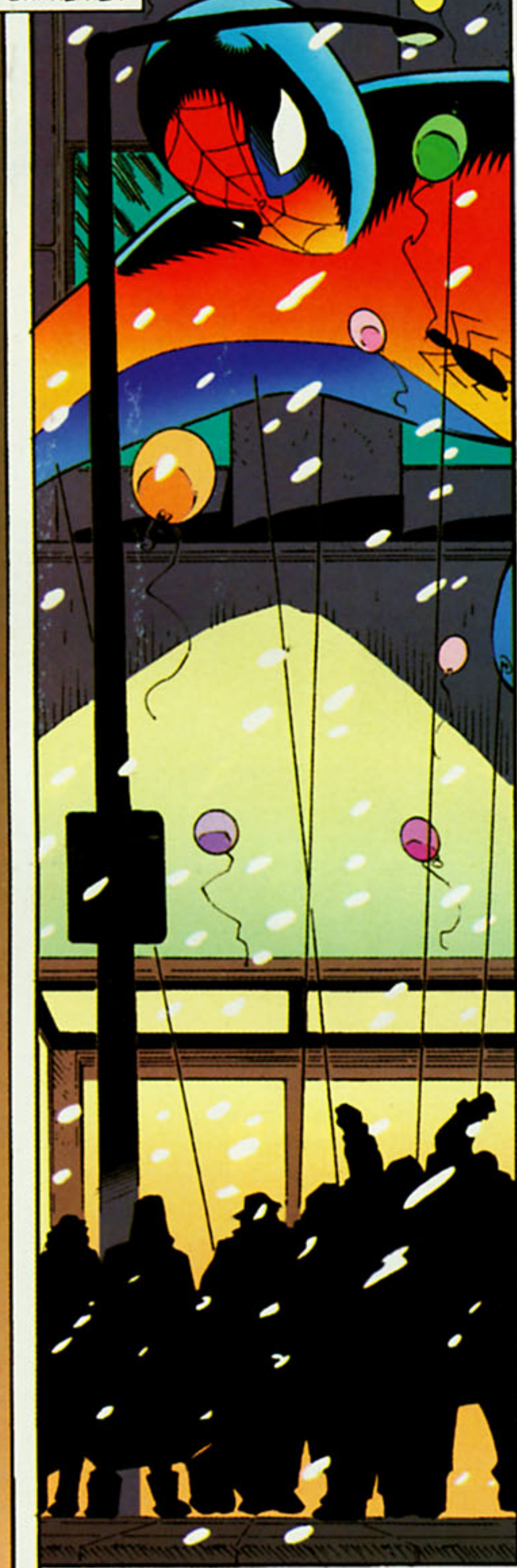
KARL KODIAK--DETECTIVE,
SUPER STRONG
CURMUDGEON, AND ALL-
AROUND ROLLSTABOUT--
HEADS DOWN TO THE
LOWER EAST SIDE, TO
REMINDE A FRIEND OF THE
OLD DAYS.

WHAT KARL WOULD
THINK ARE "THE
GOOD DAYS."

WHILE OUTSIDE THE
TEAM SUPREME
HEADQUARTERS...

A CHRISTMAS DAY PARADE, MASKING THE SOUND OF PARTYING WITHIN THE KIRBY BUILDING, HOME TO THE SUPERHERO GROUP...

THE TEAM SUPREME!



INSIDE...

CHRISTMAS!

HEY, HERICANE, YOU KNOW I KINDA THINK BABS HERE IS BETTER AT LAP DANCES THAN YOU. HOW ABOUT A CONTEST TO SET THE HOLIDAYS OFF?

I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT CHEAP SLUT!

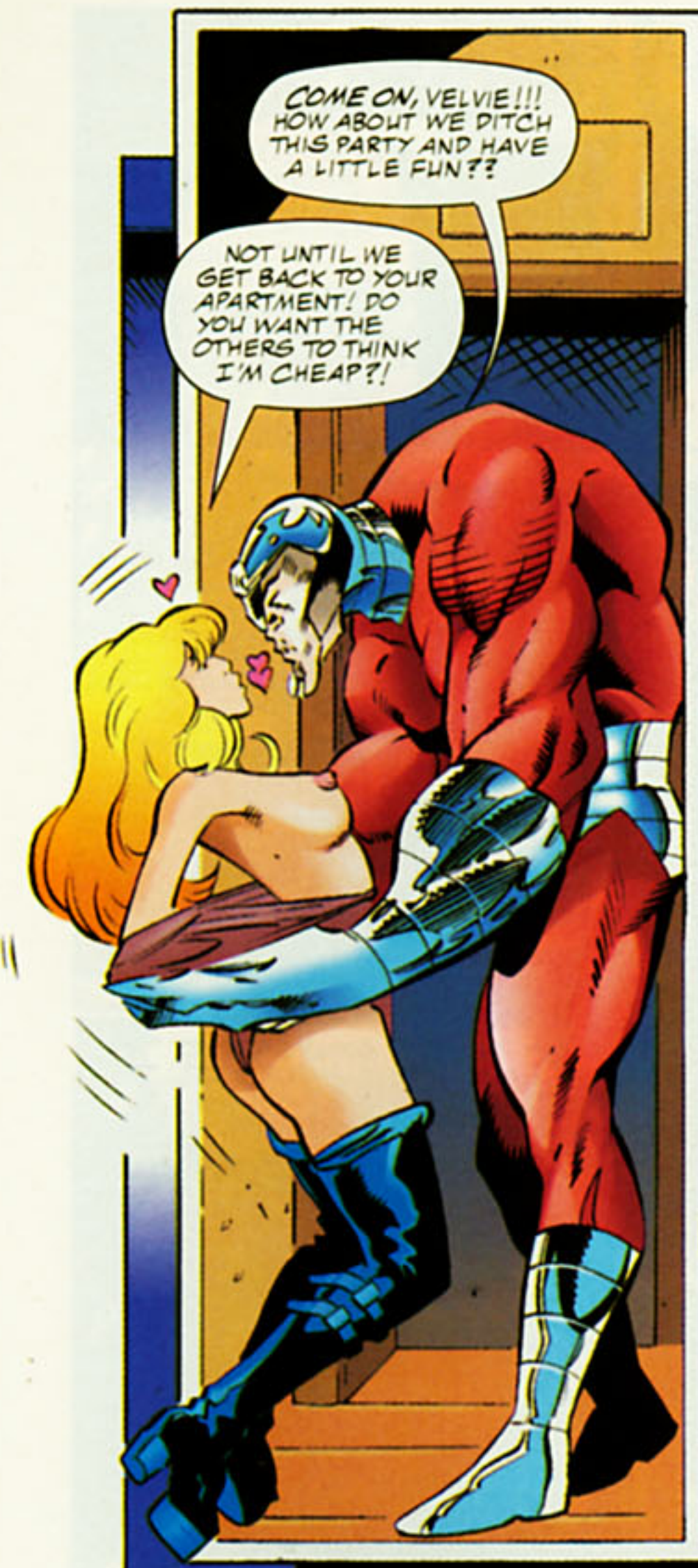
SORE LOSER WHORE!

HEY, HOTBLOOD, SOME CHRISTMAS FEAST, HUH?

FOR YOU GUYS, MAYBE!! I PUT ON A FEW EXTRA OUNCES, AND MY RAT BASTARD MANAGER, ANTONACHI, PUT ME ON AN ALL-BEETS DIET!!!

OCH! TWO DAYS OFF FOR THE TEAM SUPREME! FINE EXCUSE TO PICK A MAN'S POCKET EVERY 25TH OF DECEMBER!







HELL, PAT!! IT WASN'T ALL THAT LONG AGO THAT THESE WERE MY BUDDIES!!

YEAH, VELL!!! TIMES CHANGE, BOY-CHICK!! YE CAN'T ALL LOOK THIRTY-FIVE FOREVER--

YEAH, JUST DICK CLARK, PAUL MCCARTNEY, AND ME!!! HAVING EXTENDED LIFE AS ONE OF MY SUPERPOWERS SUCKS!



I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE JACK PIKE BACK AGAIN!! YOU REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS? CAPPY WOULD COOK A BIG FEED FOR EVERYBODY, AND INVITE A BUNCH OF DERELICTS UP TO BREAK BREAD WITH US?

FEH!! AND THEY'D STEAL EVERYTHING THAT WASN'T NAILED DOWN!!



YEAH!! AND THEN WE'D PRESS CHARGES AND THEY'D SLAP THE POOR SONS OF GUNS IN JAIL WHERE THEY COULD SIT OUT THE HOLIDAYS IN A WARM SPOT WITH THREE SQUARES AND A COLOR T.V.!!

EH-- BETTER PAYS!!

YOU GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS?



A VERY LONG CAB RIDE LATER--

NICE NEIGHBORHOOD ON SAINT NICK'S DAY, BUDDY!



OOOOOOOOHH-- A TWO-DOLLAR TIP!! NOW I CAN AFFORD THAT KNEE OPERATION!!!

SHUT YER YAP! YOU'RE LUCKY THAT YOU DIDN'T GET IT IN LIVE PRODUCE!!!



OH, LOOK!! FROZEN URINE ON THE SIDEWALK!! A SURE SIGN OF THE HOLIDAY SEASONS!!!

HEY, PACO!!!



DON'T YOU MEAN, "EXCUSE ME, CAUCASIAN GENTLEMAN"?



I'M GONNA CUT YOU A NEW ASSHOLE!!



YOU THINKIN' OF USING THAT ON ME, DUDE?



THUNK!

THE BAT'S FOR YOU!! IT'LL ALMOST EVEN THE ODDS!!!



SA-

KARUNCH!

AAAAIEEEEE!!!







NOW, SON--
YOU KNOW I'M
A SLATTERN
AND AN
ALCOHOLIC--
BUT I AIN'T
CHEAP!

SPEAKING OF WHICH--
DON'T THINK THAT I'M
GONNA BE RUSTLING
YOU AND TURKEY
DINNER!!! I'M GOING
DOWN TO THE SOUP
KITCHEN, WHERE ALL US
LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
TYPES CAN COUNT ON A
HOLIDAY HANDOUT!!
WANNA COME?



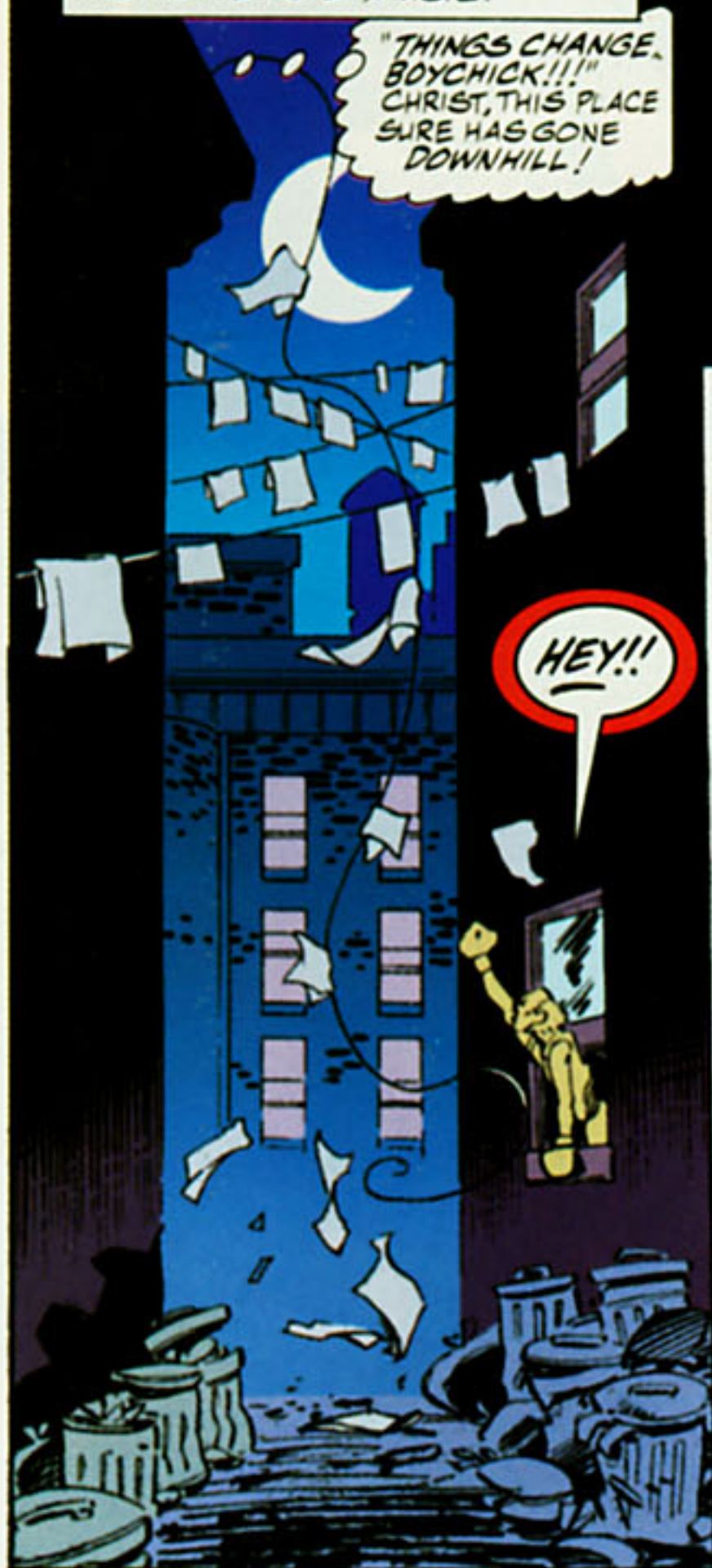
NAH!!! I THOUGHT
THAT I'D SWING
AROUND THE OLD
NEIGHBORHOOD,
REFLECT ABOUT
WHAT TO DO WITH
THE REST OF MY
EXTENDED
LIFE!!!



MY EX, AUGIE, ALWAYS SAID
TO ME, "LIFE IS THIS THING
YOU TOLERATE WHILE WAITING
FOR YOUR NEXT BLOWJOB!!"
SCUMBAG.

NOW WHERE
THE FUCK DID
I PUT MY
MILK-WHITE
CONTACTS???
THEY GIVE YOU
EXTRA DESSERT
IF THEY THINK
YOU'RE
BLIND!

LATER, AS DEATHKILLER INDEED
"SWINGS" THROUGH THE NEIGHBOR-
HOOD, HE TRAVELS OVER THE
APARTMENT OF EX-BOXER AND
HIS MOTHER'S EX, AUGIE.



"THINGS CHANGE,
BOYCHICK!!!"
CHRIST, THIS PLACE
SURE HAS GONE
DOWNHILL!

HEY!!

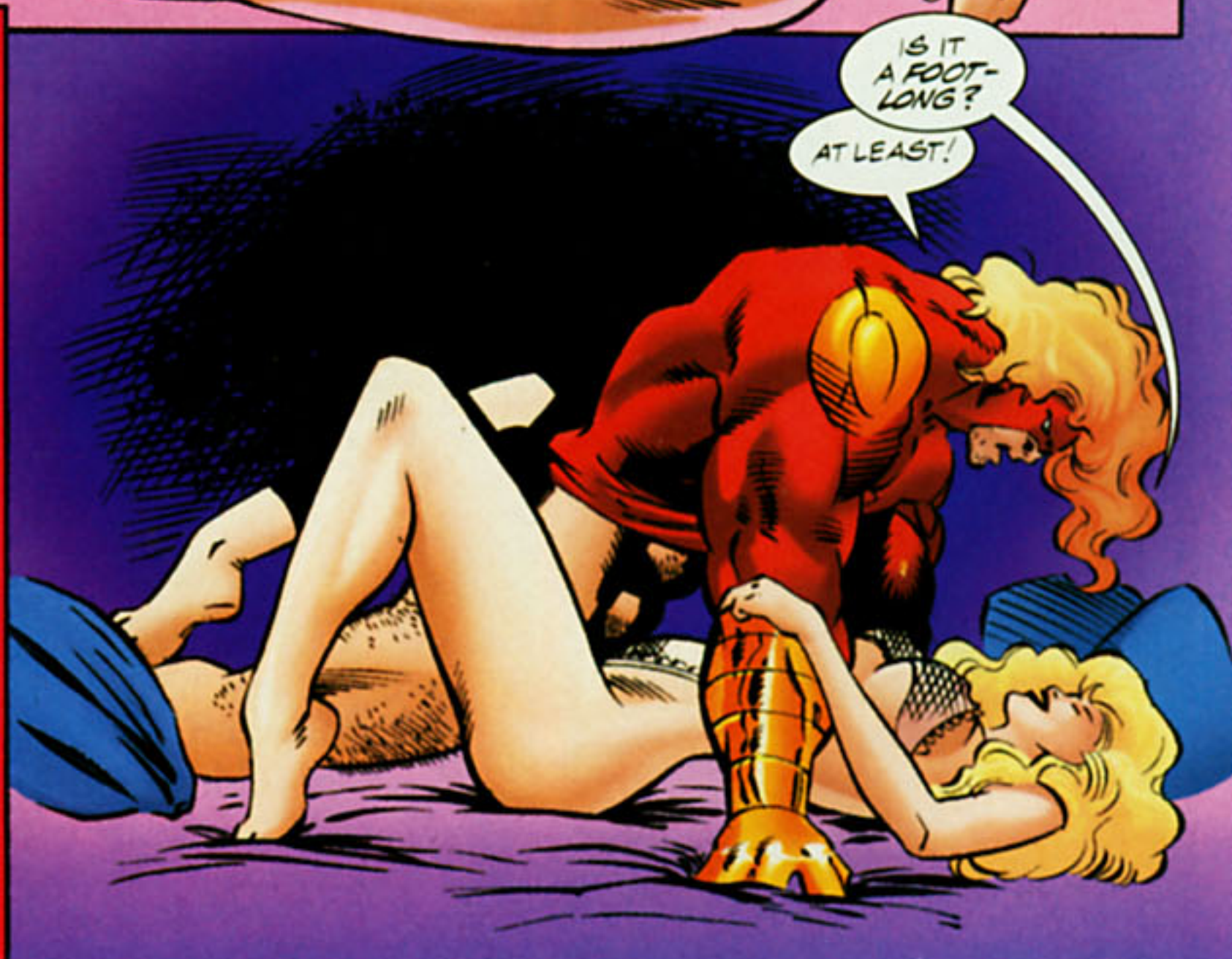
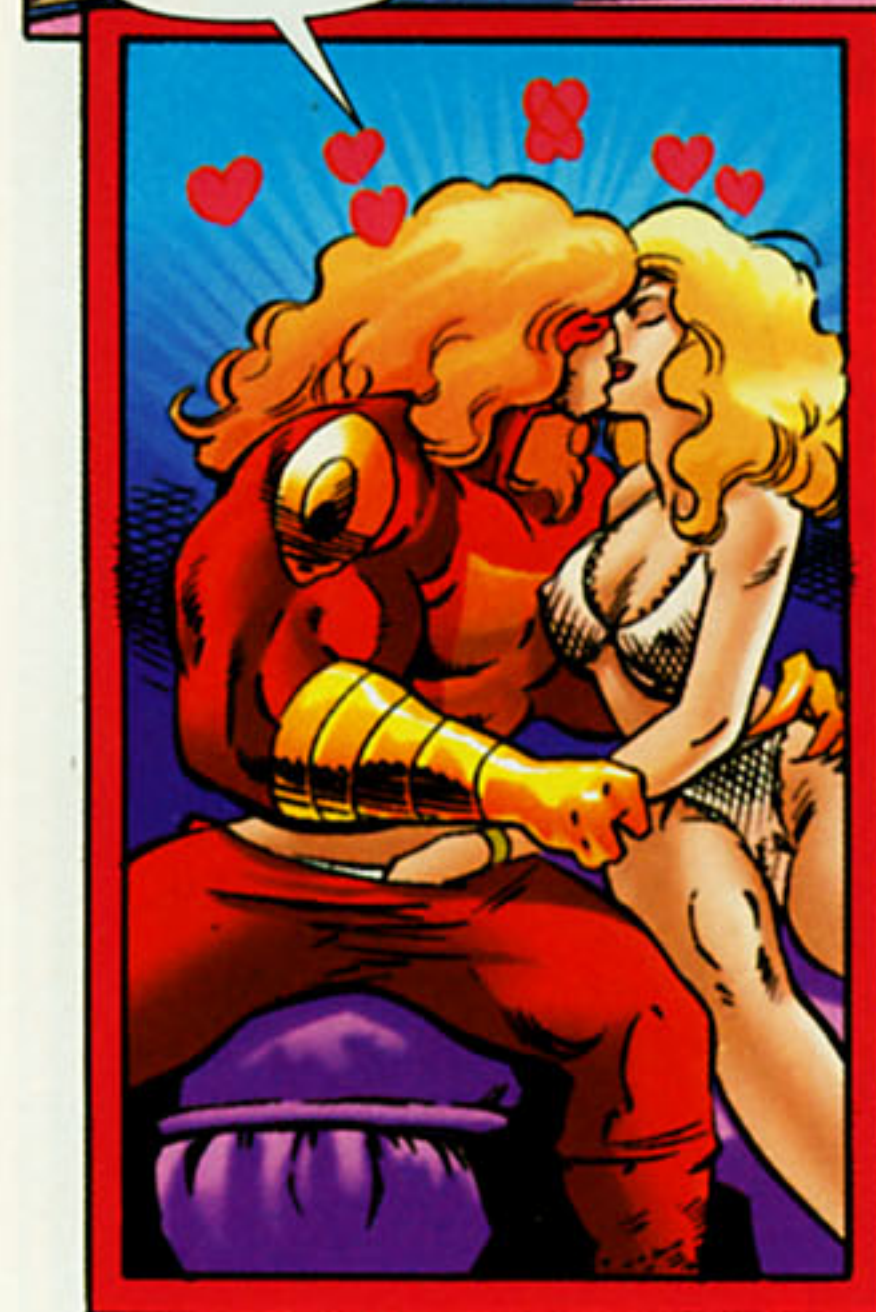
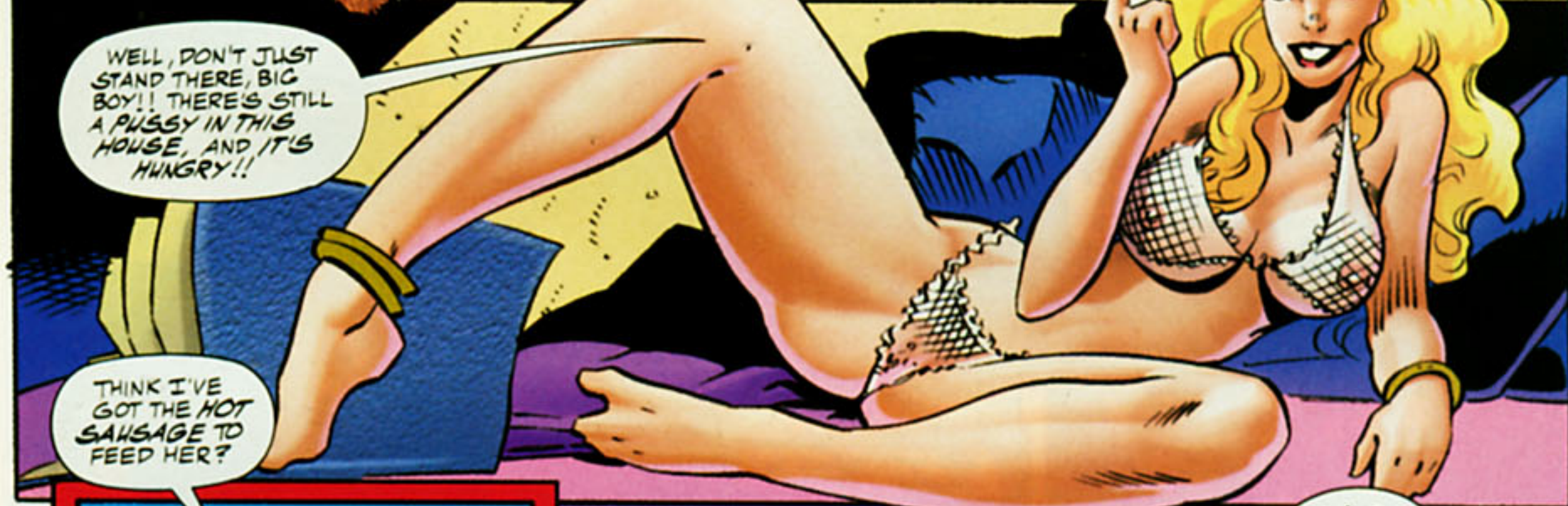


YOU VISIT
YOUR MA, YOU
STINKING LIVE-
FOREVER
SUPERHERO
BUM?!!

AND YOU BETTER NOT
BE MESSING WITH THAT
YOUNG GIRL IN 4B AGAIN,
OR I'LL SHOOT YOU WHERE
YOU STAND!



BUT SOME THINGS
NEVER CHANGE, ANGIE. CUTE
CHICKS WHO STILL SLEEP
WITH THE WINDOW OPEN!!!





MEANWHILE,
IN THE SOUP
KITCHEN--

AH CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MISSUS
DEATHKILLER--THEY HAD THE
NERVE TO SERVE POWDERED
MASH POTATOES!!

"SADIE" IF YOU DON'T MIND! AND
YOU'D THINK THEY WOULD HAVE
ADDED WATER OR SOMETHING--
NOT JUST SERVE THEM IN THE
FLAKE FORM!!!

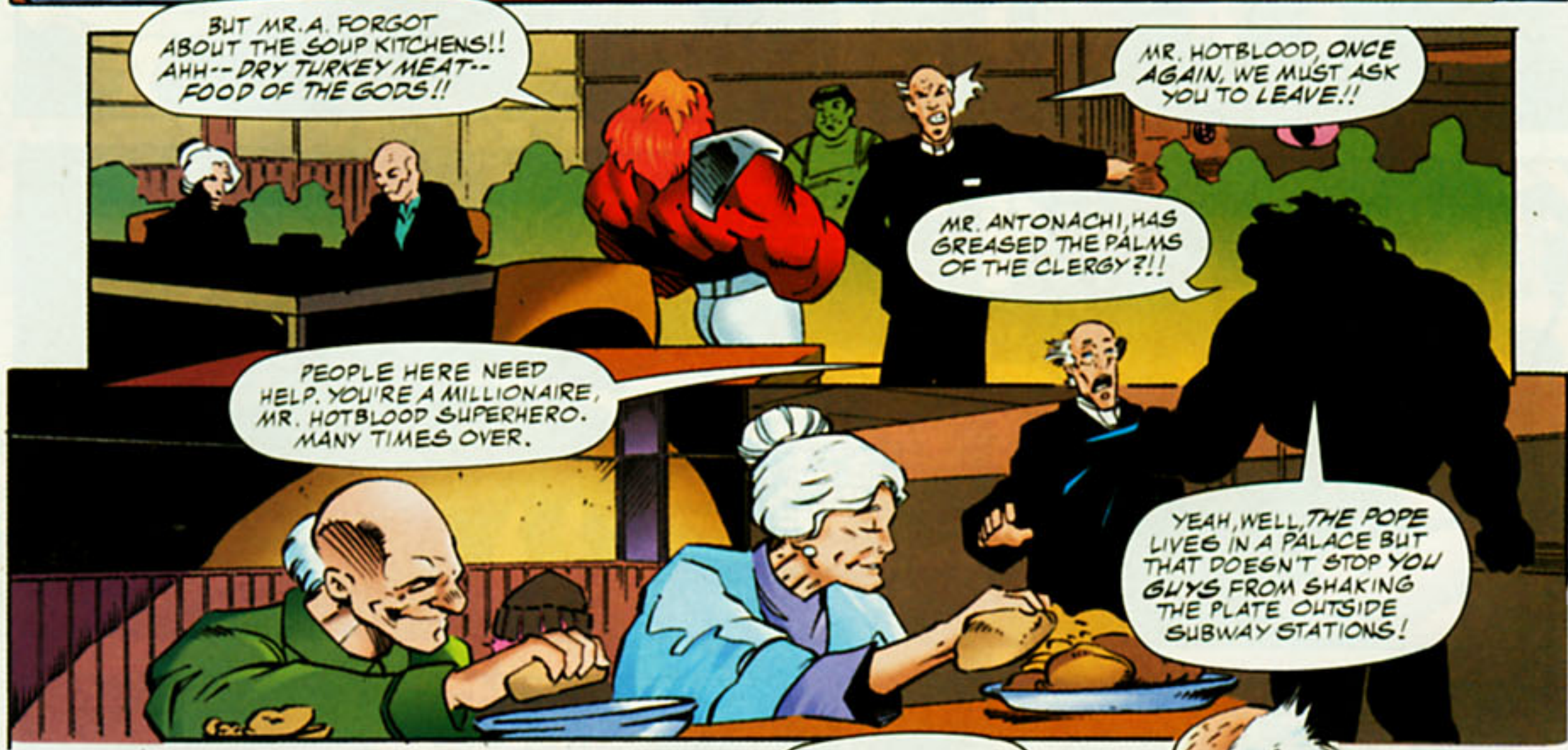
I THINK THAT YOU'RE
BOTH A BUNCH OF SPOILED
BABIES--THEY AIN'T
BEETS, ARE THEY?



BEETS? HEY,
AREN'T YOU
HOTBLOOD?

SNATCH!

YEAH!! MY BLOODSUCKER
AGENT, ANTONACHI, HAS BRIBED
EVERY RESTAURANT IN NEW
YORK NOT TO SELL ME A DECENT
MEAL, SO THAT I CAN STAY ON
HIS STUPID "BEETS" DIET!!



BUT MR. A. FORGOT
ABOUT THE SOUP KITCHENS!!
AHH-- DRY TURKEY MEAT--
FOOD OF THE GODS!!

MR. HOTBLOOD, ONCE
AGAIN, WE MUST ASK
YOU TO LEAVE!!

MR. ANTONACHI, HAS
GREASED THE PALMS
OF THE CLERGY?!!

PEOPLE HERE NEED
HELP. YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE,
MR. HOTBLOOD SUPERHERO.
MANY TIMES OVER.

YEAH, WELL, THE POPE
LIVES IN A PALACE BUT
THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU
GUYS FROM SHAKING
THE PLATE OUTSIDE
SUBWAY STATIONS!



SO, SADIE, HOW'S
YOUR BOY?

OKAY, I GUESS. HE'S HOME FOR THE
WEEKEND AND I HOPE HE DON'T FIND THE
BOTTLE O' RYE I GOT STASHED UNDER MY
BUNK. THAT BOY DRINKS LIKE A FISH.



BACK AT ANGIE'S
APARTMENT...

NICE A YA TO
BRING A BOTTLE
OVER, DEATHY.

LIKE I ALWAYS TELL
YA, I KNOW HOW TO
TREAT LADIES RIGHT.





NOW, YOU KNOW AND I KNOW THAT ANTONACHI HAS THIS CITY'S RESTAURANTS TIED UP TIGHTER THAN MS. ADVENTURE'S CUNT*!!

*MS. ADVENTURE IS OUR TOKEN VIRGIN. --ED.



TELL YOU WHAT, WHY DON'T WE STEP INSIDE THIS BAR HERE? I THINK ANGIE'S WORKING TONIGHT!

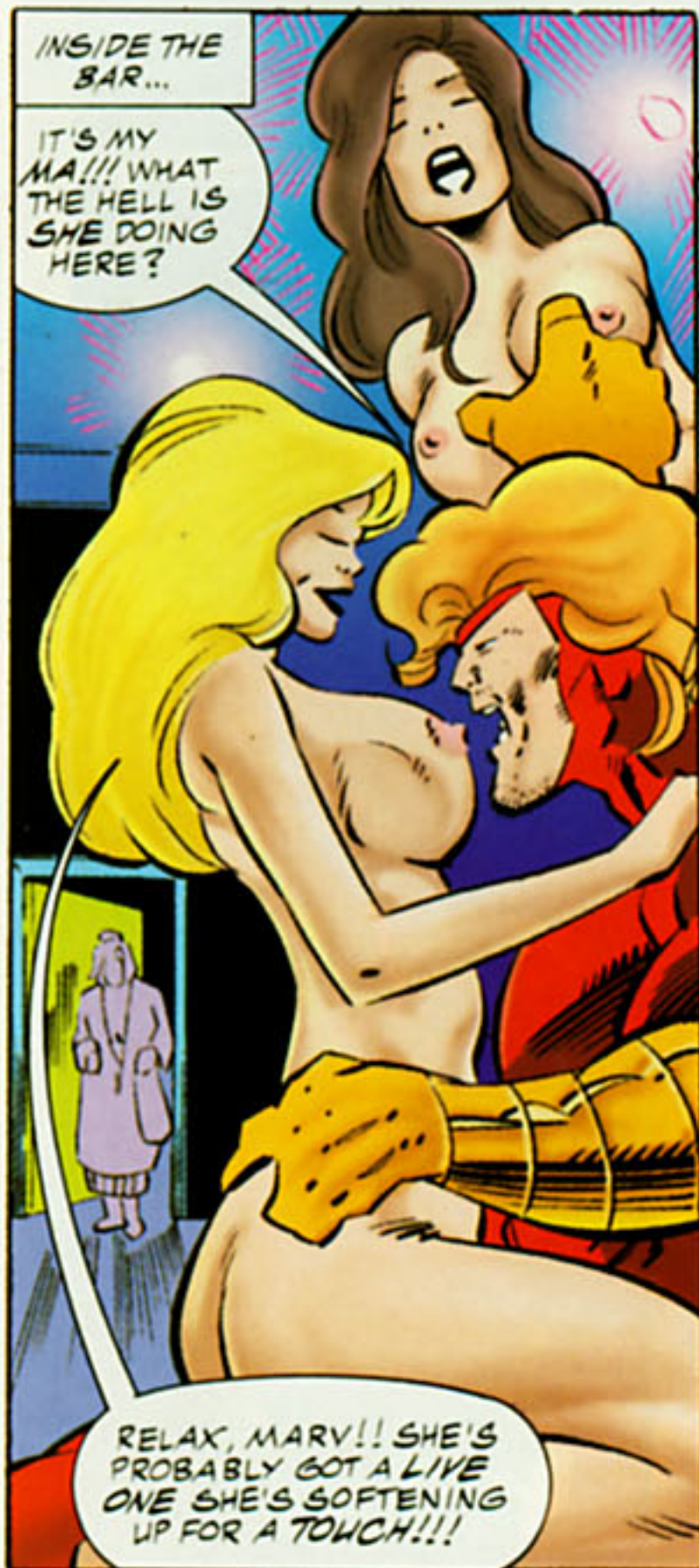
ARE YOU TRYING TO GET ME DRUNK AND TAKE ADVANTAGE?

TO THE HILTON, MY GOOD MAN!! I GOT A TON OF CASH BEGGING ON THE SUBWAY, SO MERRY FREAKIN' CHRISTMAS!



PRETTY MUCH COUNTING ON IT!!

OK, BUT I WANT MIXED DRINKS, NO BEER!!



INSIDE THE BAR...

IT'S MY MA!!! WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING HERE?

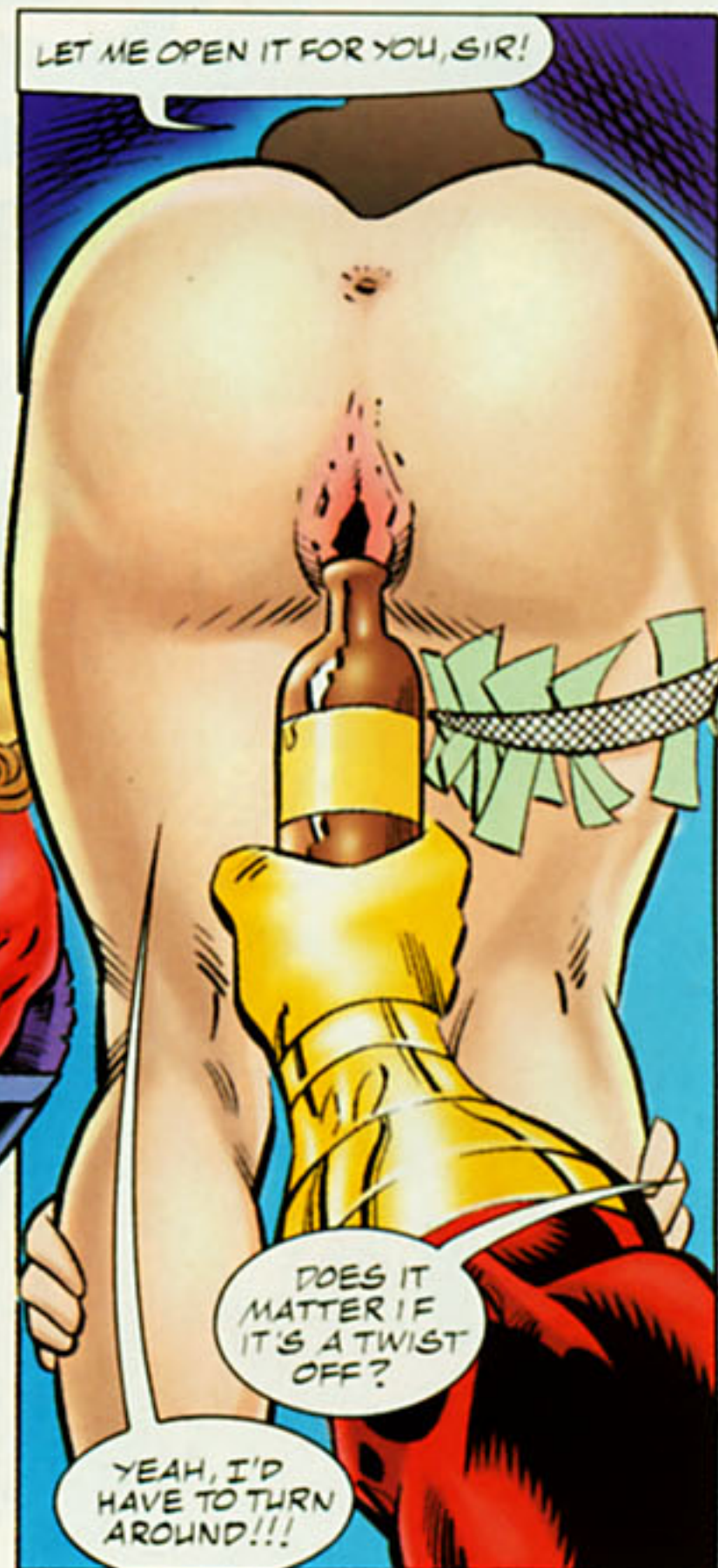
RELAX, MARV!! SHE'S PROBABLY GOT A LIVE ONE SHE'S SOFTENING UP FOR A TOUCH!!!



OH, THAT'S OKAY! I WAS AFRAID MA WAS GOING HOMO ON ME!!

DON'T BE SUCH A PRUDE, MARVIN!!! YOU KNOW I DRIVE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD!!

GOOD WAY TO GET RUN OVER!! WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THIS BOTTLE?

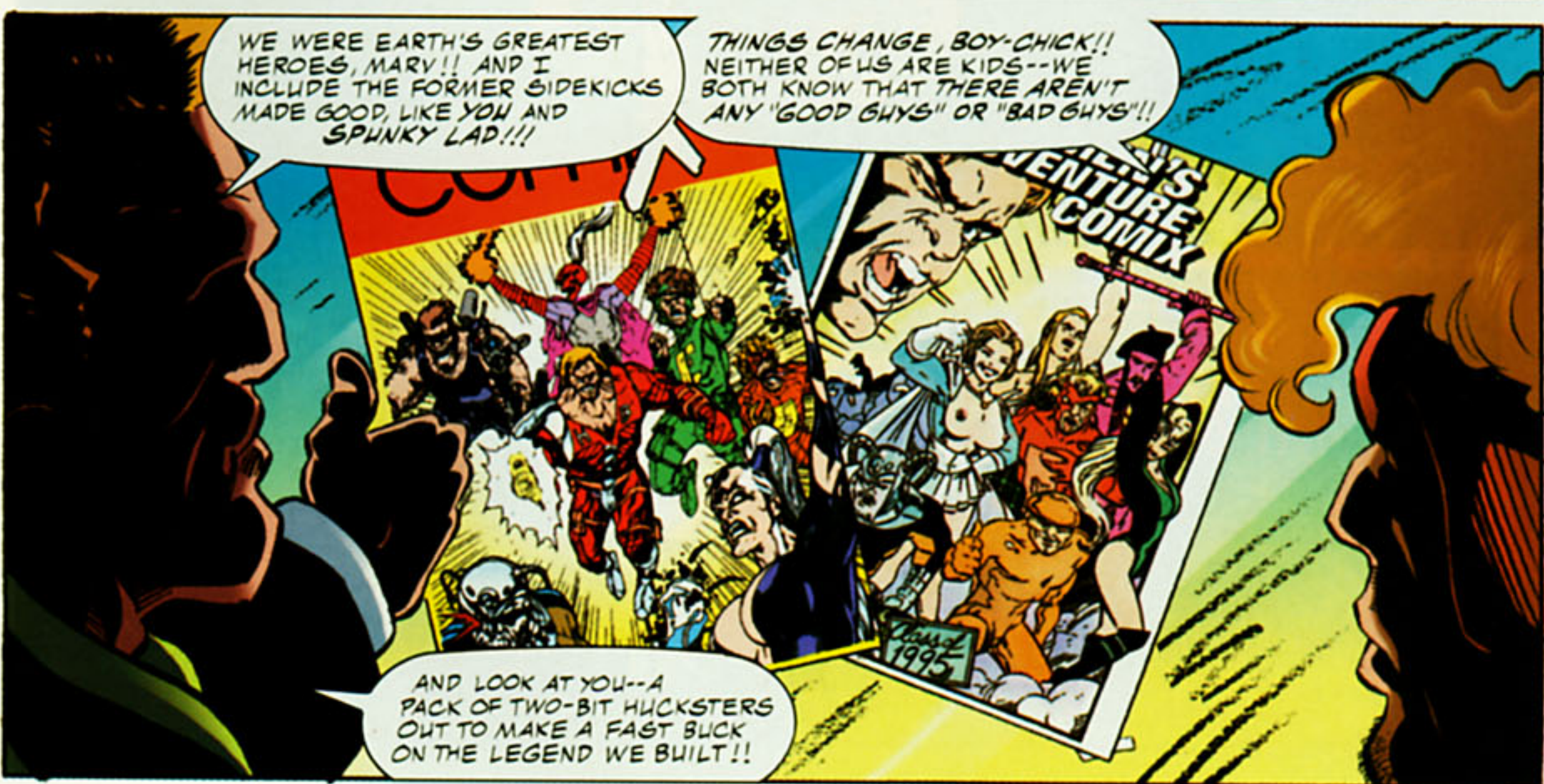


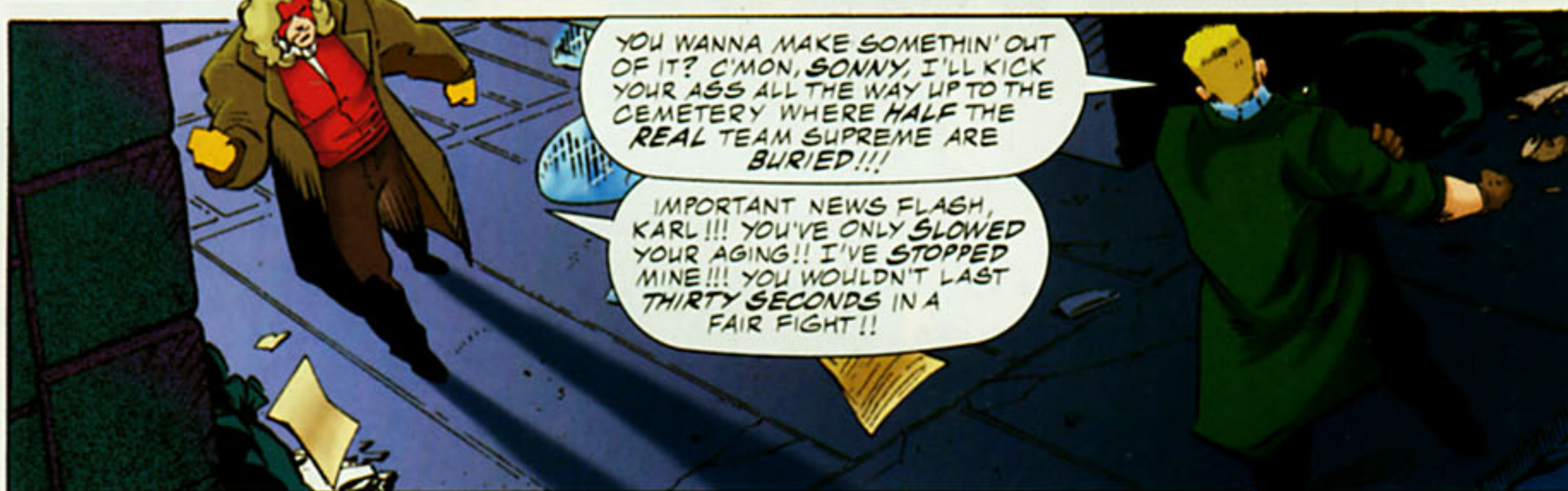
LET ME OPEN IT FOR YOU, SIR!

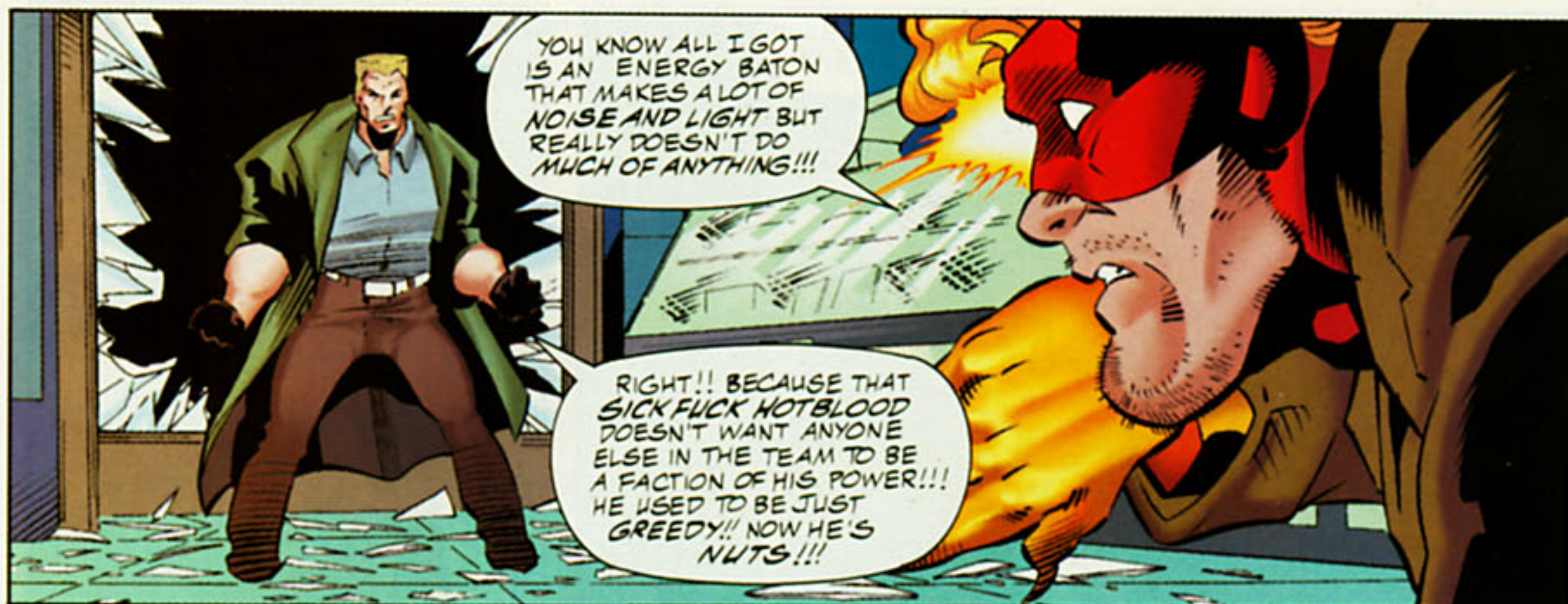
DOES IT MATTER IF IT'S A TWIST OFF?

YEAH, I'D HAVE TO TURN AROUND!!!













I CAN'T KEEP YOUR STUFF IN THE STORE!

PLEASE, MR. KODIAK. I MEAN, KING, SIR. WOULD YOU AUTOGRAPH MY COMIC, SIR?

PENTHOUSE MEN ADVENTURE COMI



DON'T TELL ME MY JOHN HANCOCK IS GOING TO MAKE THIS OLD RAG WORTH AN EXTRA FIFTEEN CENTS!



YOUR AUTOGRAPH TRIPLES THE VALUE! NOT THAT I'D EVER LET IT OUT OF MY PRIVATE COLLECTION. HECK, THIS IS THE SORT OF THING A FATHER GIVES HIS SON WHEN HE BECOMES A MAN!

BETTER GET A SHOVEL FOR ALL THE BULLSHIT! SO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, FAN BOY, MEMBER OF THE TEAM SUPREME?!!

WHAT, YOU SOME KIND OF PURSE-SNATCHER?



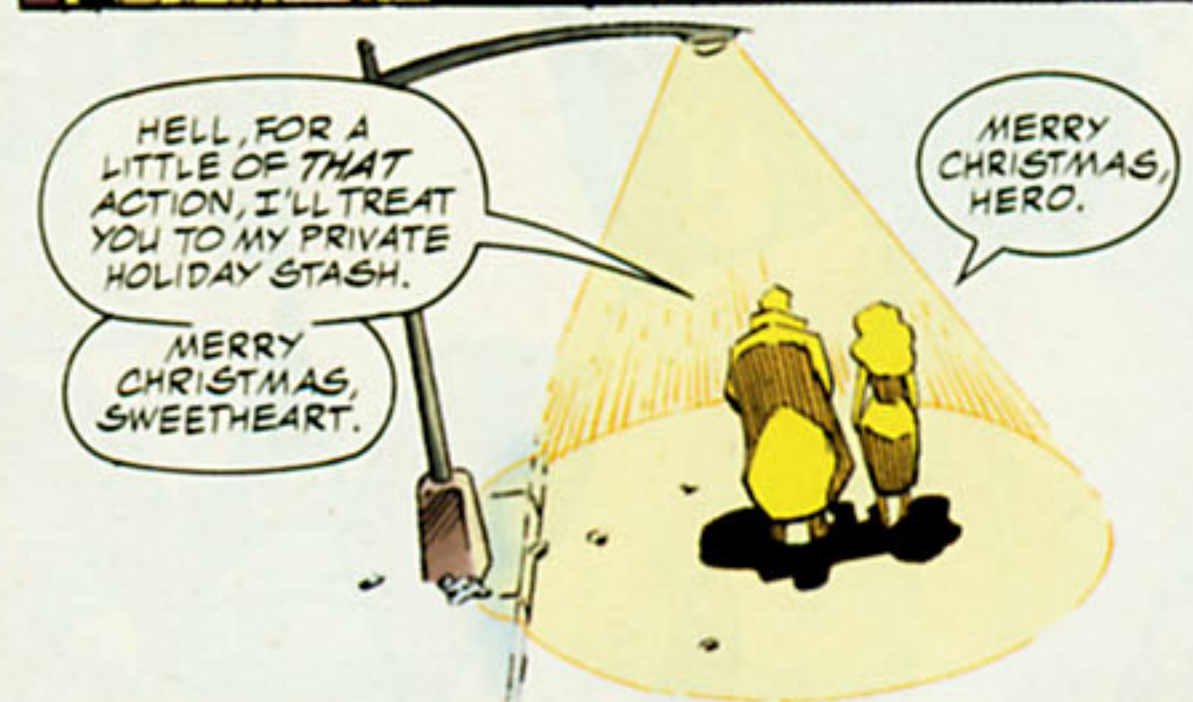
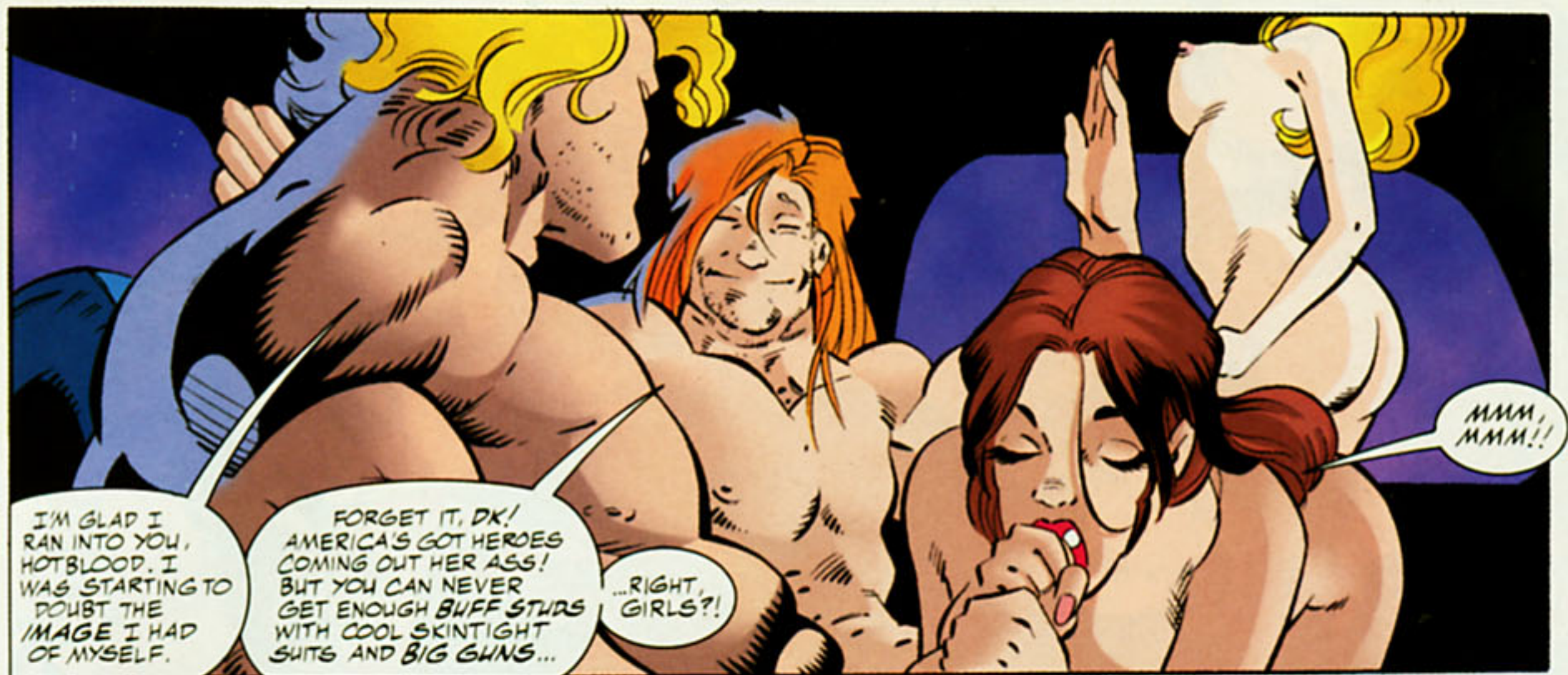
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I'M THE TEAM SUPREME'S THIRD-RATE DAREDEVIL!...

EXCEPT I'M NOT BLIND.

ALSO, I'M SCARED OF ALL KINDS OF SHIT!

FOURTH AND MOST IMPORTANT, DAREDEVIL IS A COPYRIGHTED AND TRADEMARKED CHARACTER OWNED BY MARVEL COMICS AND ME OR ANYONE ELSE COPYING HIS SHITICK WOULD BE MOST FOULLY AND CRUELLY WRONG!!







TO DEATHKILLER,
SOME CIGARS SO
WE CAN SMOKE
TO THE GOOD
BAYS MERRY
CHRISTMAS!
--KARL KODIAK

THE END