

PENTHOUSE COMIX

*Special
Valentine's
Issue*

FEBRUARY/MARCH 1997



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CHIODO

PENTHOUSE
comix

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The sexy, explosive climax! Can Never Where recover?

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Miss Adventure banging Young Captain Adventure? Sounds good, right?

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the PostMan always COMES TWICE

Special Delivery ... early morning style!

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THE postMan Always COMES TWICE

Special Delivery ... early morning style!

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nEXT Issue

We get harder yet!

comix

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PENTHOUSE COMIX is the only comic you read. Do you ever feel tempted to read anything else? There are a lot of good comics around right now. You just have to look and maybe take a risk with a new comic.

For erotic comics, Fantagraphics's EROS line often has some real gems. *Birdland*, which is available as a collection, is well worth taking time out to read. Gilbert Hernandez, better known for his *Love and Rockets* work, fills his work with a wide variety of characters full of emotion and a lot of good tongue-in-cheek dialogue that combine to make this still the best of their line. Also recommended are the collections of *Young Witches* and *The Blonde*. Also, for the more bizarre, check out their *Mangerotica* line from Studio Proteus.

If Manga is what you like, then your first port of call has to be Dark Horse Comics. Their line, again by Studio Proteus, is the cream of the crop. Applesseed, Orion, Ghost in the Shell (all by Shirow), Oh My Goddess, Spirit of Wonder, Dirty Pair, and The Legend Of Mother Sarah are the best of these and really worth trying.

Also from Dark Horse, Frank Miller's grim and gritty *Sin City*, Mike Mignola's *Hell Boy*, Arthur Adam's *Monkeyman* and O'Brien, and Jason Pearson's *Body Bags*—part of their creator-owned lines. These are the best examples of what happens when you let a creator do what he wants. There are several trade paperbacks of *Sin City* and one of *Hell Boy*. There is a trade collection of Arthur Adam's work for Dark Horse, which includes his adaptation of *Creature From the Black Lagoon* and a feature-length *Godzilla* story.

For Star Wars fans, Dark Horse is about to release its new adaptation of the first movie to tie in with the film's re-release. I have not seen any of it yet, but Al Williamson is working on it, so it must be worth picking up.

Next month I'll look at what Marvel, Image, and DC have to offer.

If you are unsure where your local comic shop is, call the Comic Shop Retailer Service from Diamond Comics Distributors on 1-888-266-4226 for their location.

Dave

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(CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE)

PENTHOUSE
comix
277 Park Ave. 4th floor
NYC 10172-0003
phcomix@aol.com

Greetings, PENTHOUSE COMIX reader:

Coupon time again, loyal Comix fans. As always we need to know, did our stories make you want to make yourself unclean in the eyes of God:

DENZ (pg. 4)
MISS ADVENTURE (pg. 18)
HIDDEN CAMERA (pg. 36)
SLIM & NUN (pg. 49)
ALTUNA (pg. 60)
ABDUCTED BY ALIENS (pg. 67)

YES

NO

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐



DENZ

PART VI—CONCLUSION: THE NETHER REGIONS!

by: JAN STRNAD and RICHARD CORBEN

Denz searches for his brother Den by following him through an interdimensional portal that brings them to NeverWhere. But all of Den's good work there as king is undone by Neema, here a whiney secretary—there a voluptuous mad, hell bent for revenge Queen.

Who, with the aid of the Locnar, a powerful object of the ElderGods, is consolidating her power among the warring tribes of NeverWhere. Thanks to his traitorous pal, Gabby, Denz is captured and made ready for the most horrible torture of all...



NOOT GORE **OOZED** DOWN THE GLASS WALL! HE HAD LITERALLY **EXPLODED** WITH SEXUAL FRUSTRATION!

HA HA HA!
THAT'S NOOT
ALL OVER!

AND YOU'RE
NEXT,
DENZEL!



NOW THAT YOUR
SEXUAL SOUL HAS
BEEN **AWAKENED**,
YOU'LL PROVIDE A
SPECTACULAR
DISPLAY!

NEVER! I CAN
CONTROL MY
PASSIONS!



YEAH,
RIGHT.

YOU, FISH-LIPS, WILL
DANCE YOUR **BEST**, OR
I'LL USE THE LOONAR TO
SUMMON THE **ELDER**
GODS TO YOUR LITTLE
FISHY KINGDOM!

AND THAT
WOULD BE
BAD.

© 1996 RICH CORBEN AND JAN STERNAD



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
HERE I AM, ONE OF THE
ELITE GUARD, ON MY
WAY TO ESCORT THE
GREAT **DEN** TO HIS
EXECUTION!

GOSH, LIFE IS
SWEET, ISN'T IT?
ESPECIALLY WHEN
YOU GET **TWO** OF
THEM!

DID I TELL YOU GUYS
ABOUT HOW I GOT AN
EXTRA LIFE?



I WAS STARING STRAIGHT UP INTO THE DARK BEAK OF DEATH, YOU KNOW, WHEN QUEENIE ZAPS ME WITH THE LOCNAR AND...

OH, WOW! THERE HE IS!



THE MIGHTY DEN.



SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS FOR HIM...DUMPED INTO THE PIT OF THE ELDER GODS!



KIND OF A SHAME, REALLY, HIM BEING A HERO AND ALL. MAYBE SOMEBODY'LL SHOW UP AND **RESCUE** HIM AT THE LAST MINUTE!

MAYBE IT'LL BE HIS **BROTHER DENZ**, OR MAYBE...

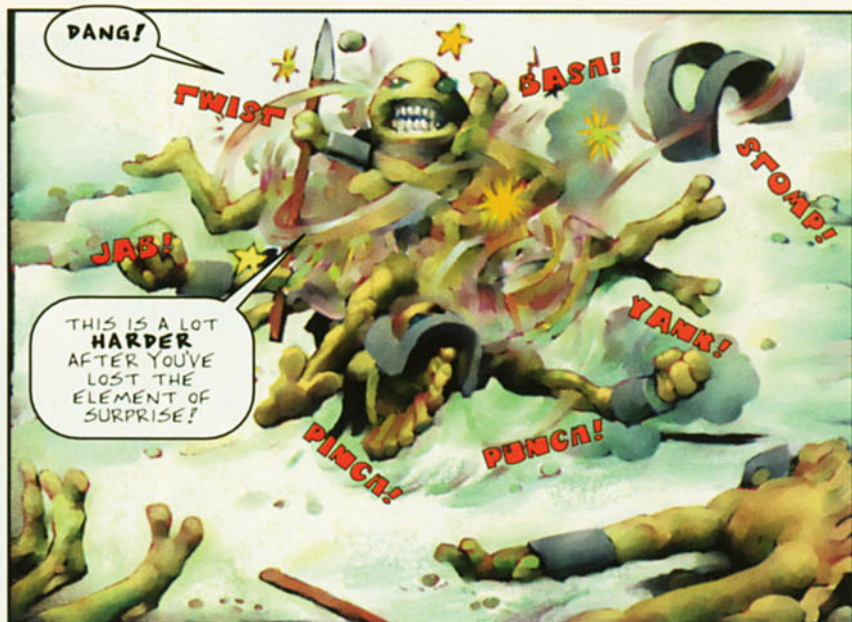


GRKK!

MAYBE IT'LL BE **ME!**



SORRY, NEST BROTHER, BUT DEN IS THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF NEVERWHERE!



THIS IS A LOT HARDER AFTER YOU'VE LOST THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!



HEH! OKAY! YOU PASSED THE TEST! QUEEN NEEMA WILL BE VERY PLEASED!



OR...MAYBE NOT.



ON YOUR FEET, DRAMITE!

IT'S UP TO US TO REGAIN THE LOCNAR AND FREE NEVERWHERE FROM NEEMA'S EVIL GRIP--

OR DIE TRYING!

RIGHT!

WELL, UP TO THE LAST PART, ANYWAY...



DESPITE HER
UNWILLINGNESS TO
PERFORM, PYSCIA'S DANCE
WAS MOST PROVOCATIVE!
I COULDN'T PREVENT MY
AROUSAL!



THE POWER OF THE LOCNAR
SWELLED WITHIN ME! IF ONLY
I COULD **TOUCH** MYSELF--



--OR **BE** TOUCHED, I COULD
FIND RELEASE. BUT THAT
WAS **IMPOSSIBLE!**



THE PAIN WAS
EXQUISITE...AND
TERRIBLE!

I HAD TO SELL OUT YOUR BROTHER TO GAIN NEEMA'S TRUST, DEN, SO I COULD RESCUE YOU AND YOU COULD GET THE **LOCNAR** BACK! IT WAS A HARD THING TO DO, BUT...WELL, HE'S KIND OF A GOOFBALL, YOU KNOW.

YES, BUT STILL...YOU MAY HAVE CHOSEN THE WRONG HERO!



I'M OLD, AND DENZ IS YOUNG!



IF HE'S ANY GOOD, HE'S ESCAPED FROM THE QUEEN BY NOW!



I WAS A GONER.



HAF! HERE IT COMES!









UUUH?
WHERE...?

THE PIT OF THE
ELDER GODS!
AND THE
LOCNAR!



DAMN YOU,
DENZEL!

UNGH!



YOU ALMOST
RUINED
EVERYTHING!
ONCE I RETRIEVE
THE LOCNAR, I'LL
FRY YOUR BUTT TO
A **CINDER!**



ANOTHER FEW INCHES AND
IT WOULD'VE FALLEN
INTO THE **PIT!**
WOULDN'T **THAT** HAVE
PISSED OFF THE **ELDER
GODS!**



YOU'LL NEVER REACH
THE LOCNAR IN
TIME, DENZ, BUT **I**
CAN...WITH YOUR
HELP!

CAN I
TRUST
YOU?



STUPID
QUESTION--
FORGET I
ASKED!



JUST GRAB
THAT
SCEPTER!

CONSIDER IT
GRABBED!



GOT
IT!



DAMN YOU
TO HELL,
DRAMITE!

REMEMBER ME,
DENZ!
REMEMBER
ME!



DEN...IS
HE...?

HE'S **DOOMED**.
HIS SECOND LIFE
PROVED TO BE A
SHORT ONE.

NOW LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!
THE LOCNAR WILL
IRRITATE THE
ELDER GODS!

THE GROUND TREMBLED UNDER OUR FEET! FROM BEHIND US CAME AN EARTHQUAKE **RUMBLING** AND A GREAT VACUUM **WIND** THAT THREATENED TO SUCK UP ALL OF NEVERWHERE!

RRRSSSSSLUUU K

WHEN AT LAST THE AIR WAS SILENT AND THE EARTH CEASED ITS SHUDDERING, WE DARED TO LOOK.

NOTHING OF NEEMA'S PALACE REMAINED, AND NO SIGN OF NEEMA HERSELF.

WHEN AT LAST THE AIR WAS SILENT AND THE EARTH CEASED ITS SHUDDERING, WE DARED TO LOOK.

NOTHING OF NEEMA'S PALACE REMAINED, AND NO SIGN OF NEEMA HERSELF.



THE EVIL WAS GONE,
BUT SO WAS PARADISE.
I WONDERED HOW WE
COULD POSSIBLY REBUILD
NEVERWHERE
WITHOUT THE LOCNAR.

THEN IT
APPEARED, SPIT
OUT BY THE GODS.



KR-
KONK!



YOU'VE DONE WELL,
DENZ. IF YOU LIKE,
I'LL MATERIALIZE A
PORTAL THAT
WILL RETURN YOU
TO EARTH.



NO, I'VE FOUND MY
HOME...**HERE**.

BUT----
THERE'S **ONE**
THING YOU
COULD DO,-



-SINCE WE'RE
SURROUNDED BY
QUOITS.

NAME
IT, DENZ?

BELLS, USE
THAT THING
TO WHIP UP A
NICE SET OF
BELLS.-

THE END

young
**CAPTAIN
ADVENTURE**

SO...
WHAT DO
YOU FIGURE
THAT'S ALL
ABOUT?

I THINK IT
HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
"HOPE SPRING
ETERNAL" ...



MEANWHILE, BACK
AT THE STORY
PROPER ...

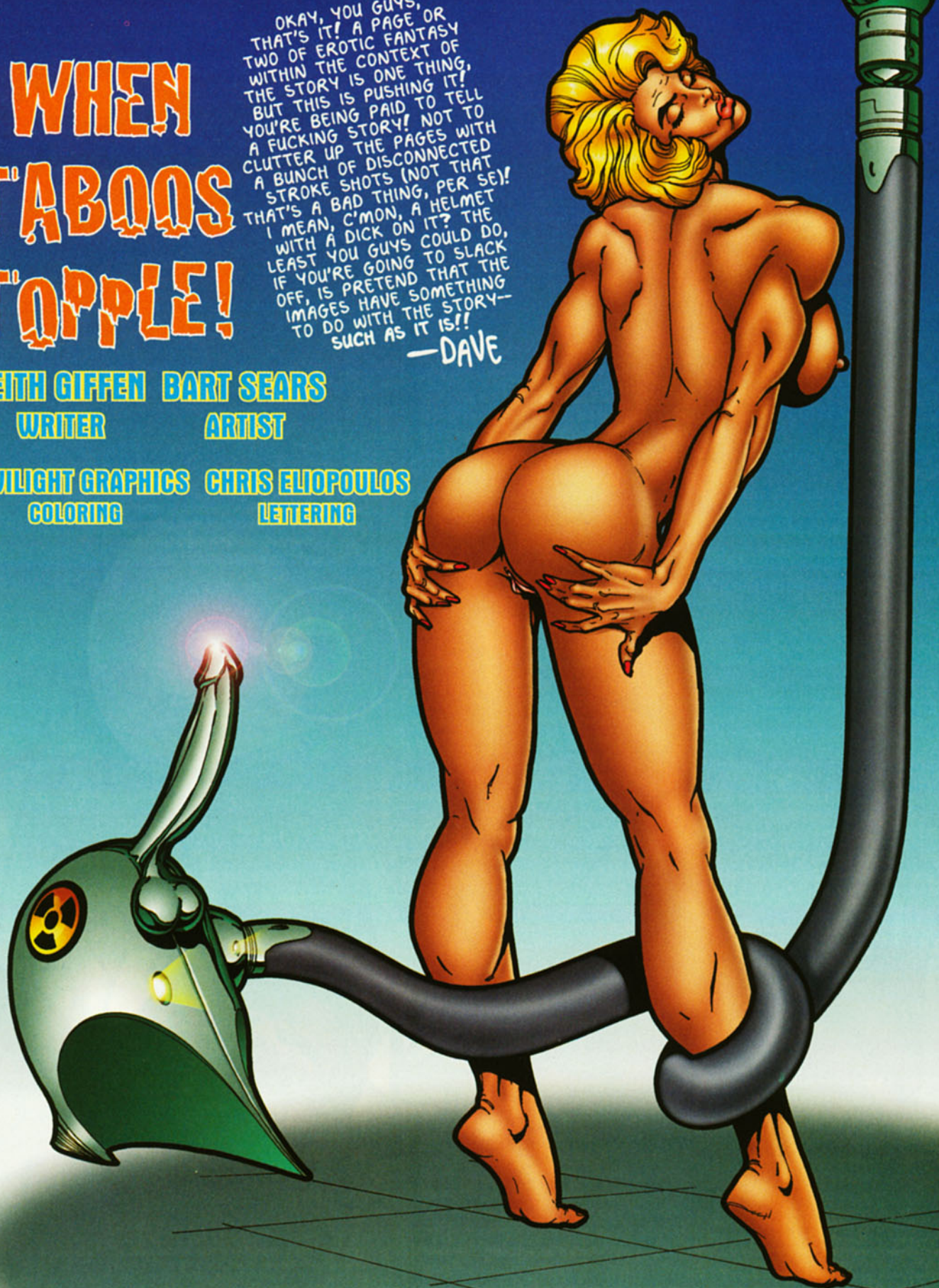


WHEN T'ABOOS T'OPPLE!

KEITH GIFFEN **BART SEARS**
WRITER ARTIST

TWILIGHT GRAPHICS **CHRIS ELIOPOULOS**
COLORING LETTERING

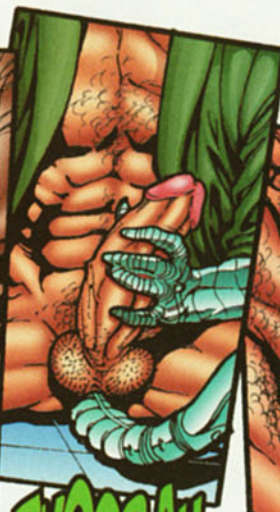
OKAY, YOU GUYS,
THAT'S IT! A PAGE OR
TWO OF EROTIC FANTASY
WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF
THE STORY IS ONE THING,
BUT THIS IS PUSHING IT!
YOU'RE BEING PAID TO TELL
A FUCKING STORY! NOT TO
CLUTTER UP THE PAGES WITH
A BUNCH OF DISCONNECTED
STROKE SHOTS (NOT THAT
THAT'S A BAD THING, PER SE!)
I MEAN, C'MON, A HELMET
WITH A DICK ON IT? THE
LEAST YOU GUYS COULD DO,
IF YOU'RE GOING TO SLACK
OFF, IS PRETEND THAT THE
IMAGES HAVE SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THE STORY--
SUCH AS IT IS!!
—DAVE











WHACK
WHACK
WHACK

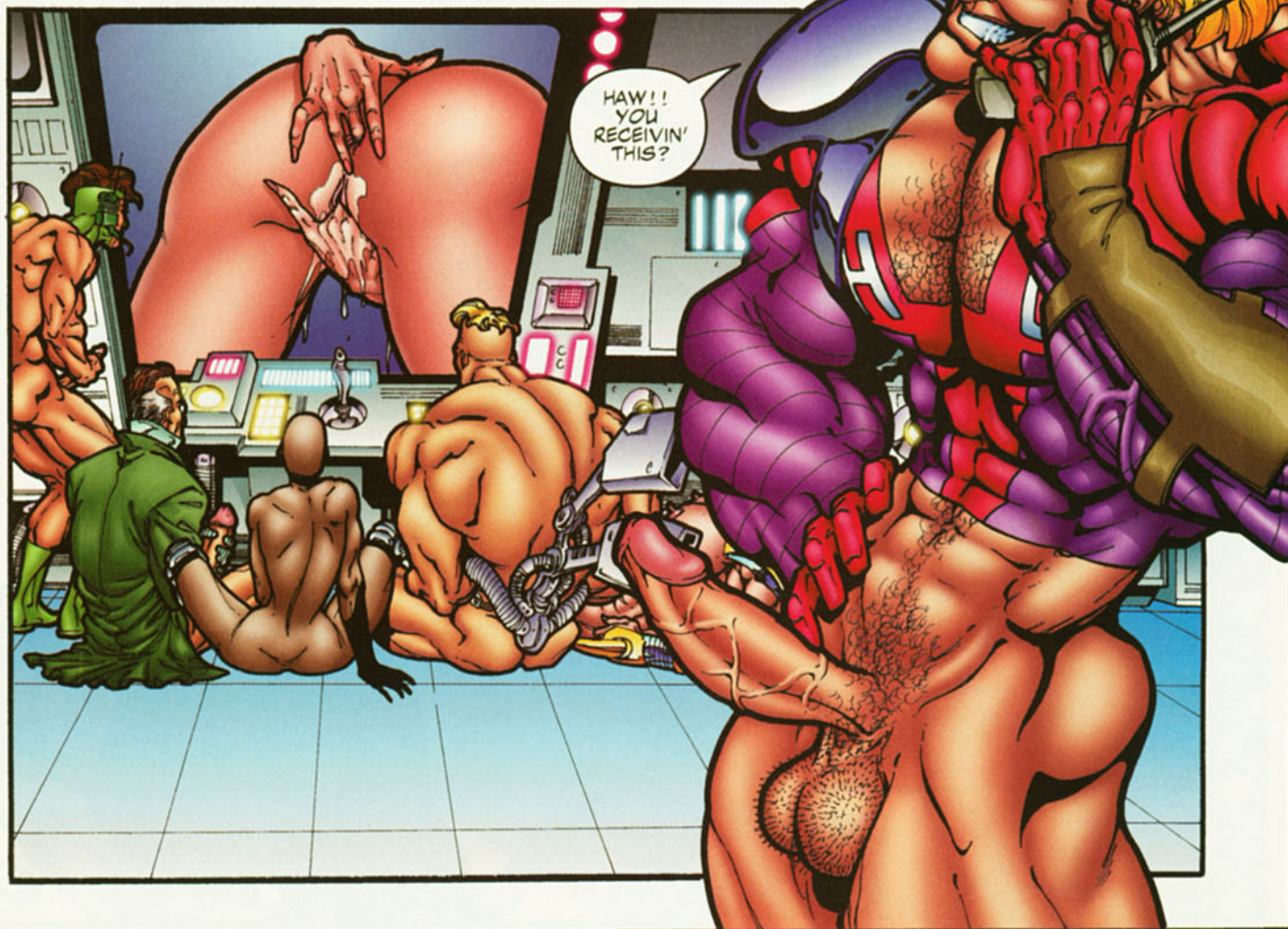
GASP...
PANT...

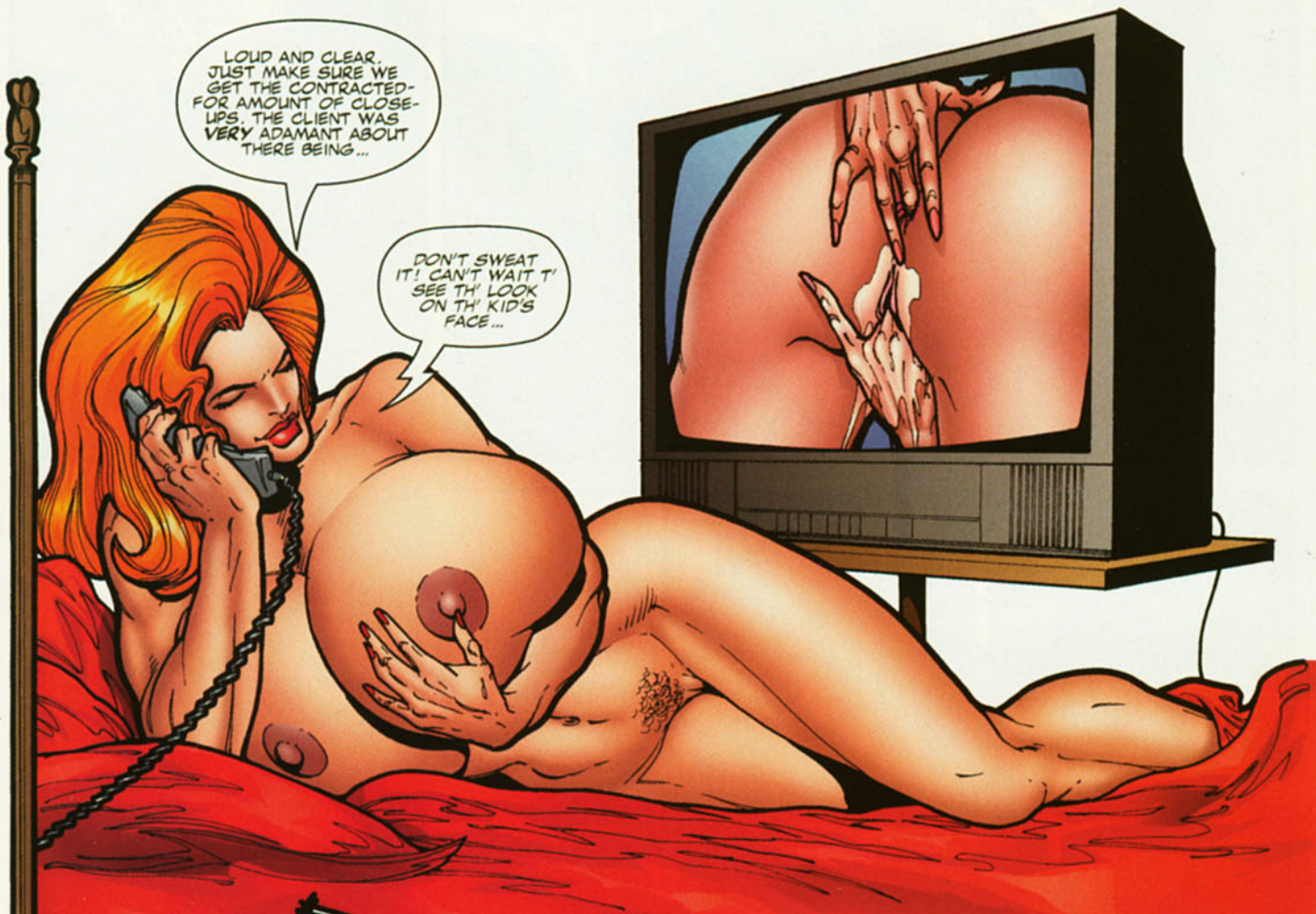
KLIK-
SCREE...
KLIK-
SCREE...

MO-OODANN-NN...

ZVOOP-AH...

ZVOOP-AH...

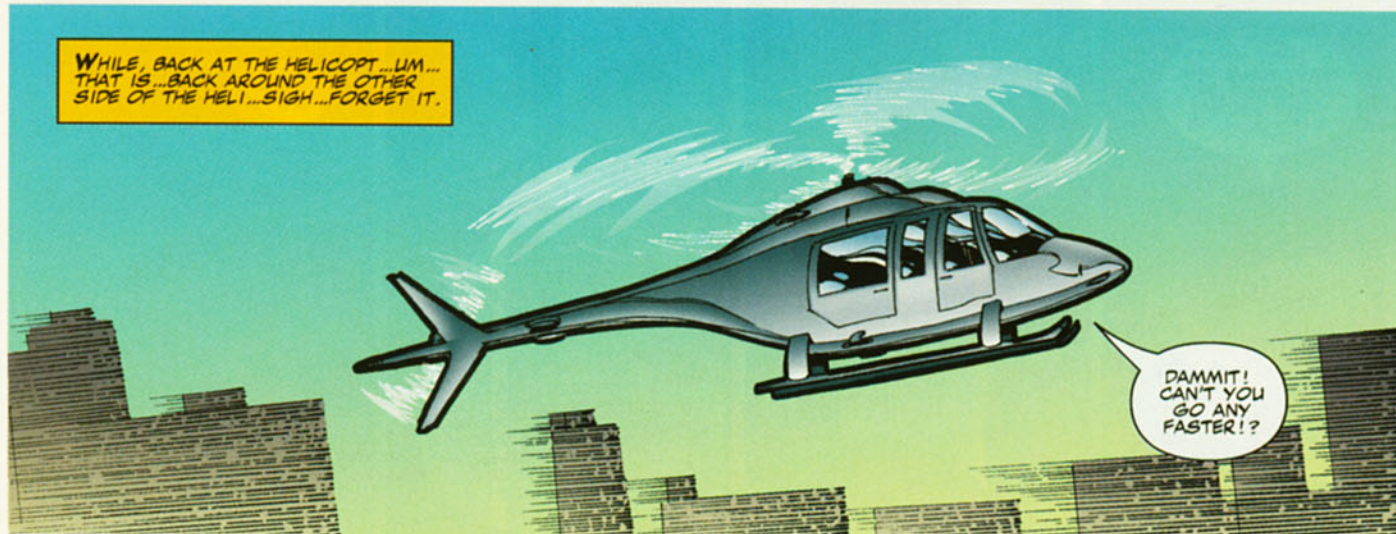








WHILE, BACK AT THE HELICOPT...UM...
THAT IS...BACK AROUND THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE HELI...SIGH...FORGET IT.



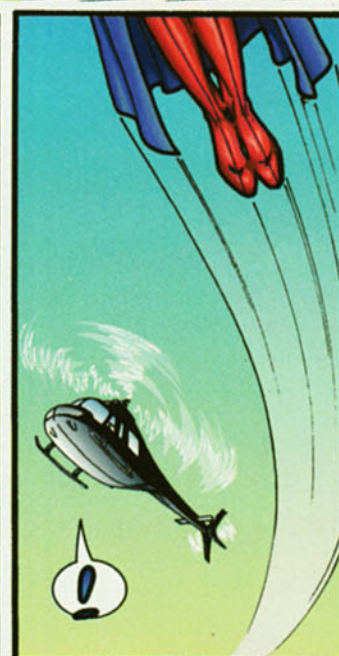
DAMMIT!
CAN'T YOU
GO ANY
FASTER!?



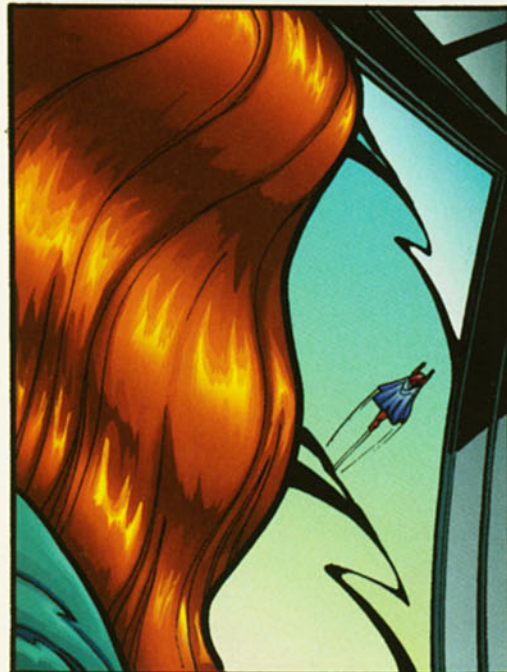
I GOT IT WIDE OPEN. WE
DON'T LOOK TO BE GOING
FAST 'CAUSE WE'RE DRAWN
AS STATIC IMAGES.



HMMM...THOSE LAST TWO
PANELS WERE REALLY SELF-
REFERENTIAL. I DON'T LIKE IT.
IT USUALLY MEANS THE
CREATIVE TEAM IS RUNNING
OUT OF IDEAS...



!



HERICANE...OH-HHH
SHIT...



DAMMIT! FASTER!!
I DON'T CARE IF
YOU'VE GOT TO GET
OUT AND PUSH!!

GLK!?



SIGH...JUST DO IT
AND BE DONE WITH
IT! PACK UP YOUR
GEAR AND GO.



AFTER WHAT THEY
DID...WE DID...
TO JOEY...

...I CAN'T TURN
A BLIND EYE TO
WHAT THE TEAM HAS
BECOME, NOT ANYMORE.
TOOK YOU DAMN WELL
LONG ENOUGH, EM'
OL' GAL.

MAYBE IT'S
TIME TO HANG
UP THE CAPE ONCE
AND FOR ALL. GET
ON WITH EMILY'S
LIFE. PUT ALL OF THIS
HERICANE NONSENSE
BEHIND ME...



...FIND A WAY TO
MAKE IT UP TO JOEY,
HELP HIM GET OUT
FROM UNDER.



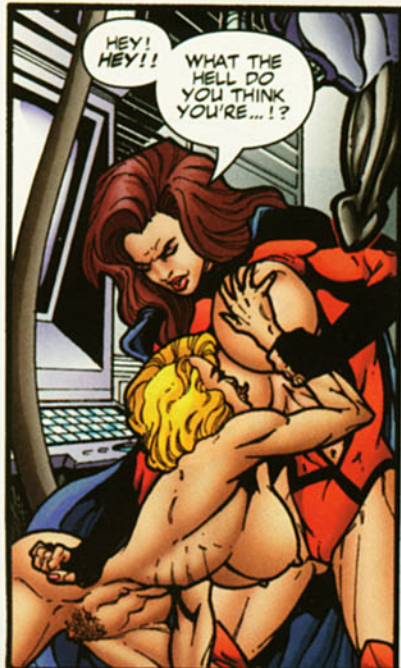
HEY,
JOEY.

EM'...









HEY!
HEY!!

WHAT THE
HELL DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE...!?



Y'WANNA QUIT SQUIRMING
AROUND SO'S I CAN
PASTE YOU ONE...
SNF...?



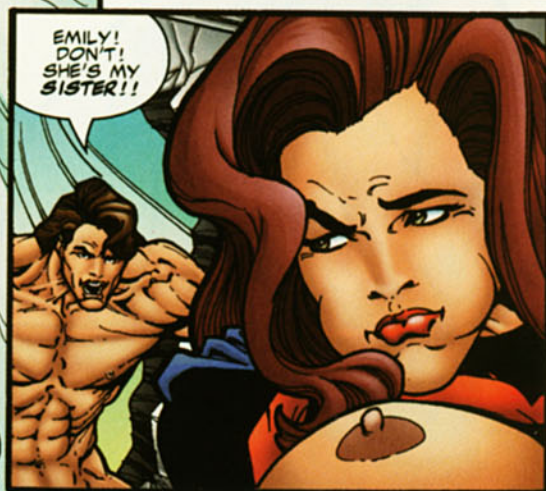
SNIFF-IF...WHAT
THE HELL IS...THOSE
FUCKERS!!



YOU LUCKED OUT, HON.
THIS PLACE REEKS OF SOME
KINDA GAS, SO I'M FIGURING
YOU'RE NOT ACCOUNTABLE
FOR YOUR ACTIONS.

JUST GIVE
ME A SEC'
HERE TO
CLEAR THE
AIR.

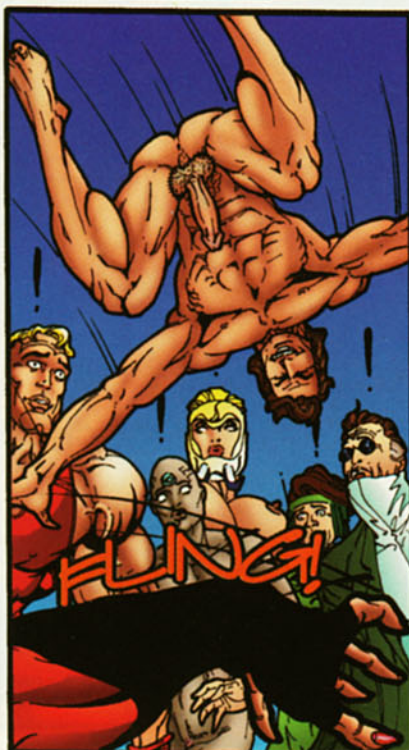
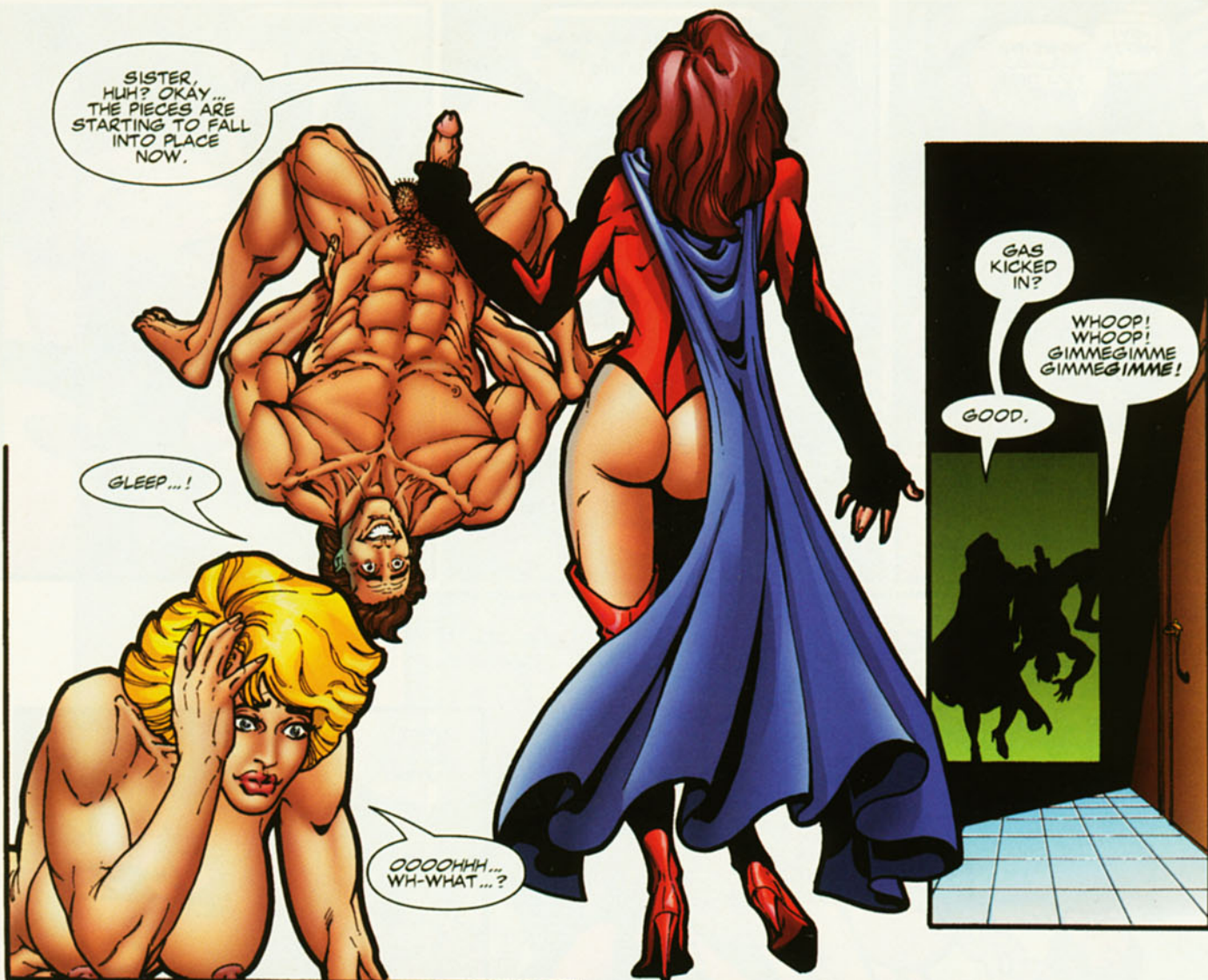
WH-HHOOOSSSSH



EMILY!
DON'T!
SHE'S MY
SISTER!!



PO-
OOOF!





"NOW, WHAT'S
ALL THIS BROTHER-
SISTER NONSENSE?"

"YOU SAID NOT TO
TALK ABOUT IT..."



SOME
THINGS NEVER
CHANGE.

"NOT THAT! THIS!!"

"WHAT 'THIS' ARE YOU
REFERRING TO?"

"THIS THIS!"

"OH, YOU MEAN
WHEN SHE VOMIT..."

"I THOUGHT I SAID
WE WEREN'T GONNA
TALK ABOUT THAT!?"



MILO MANARA's



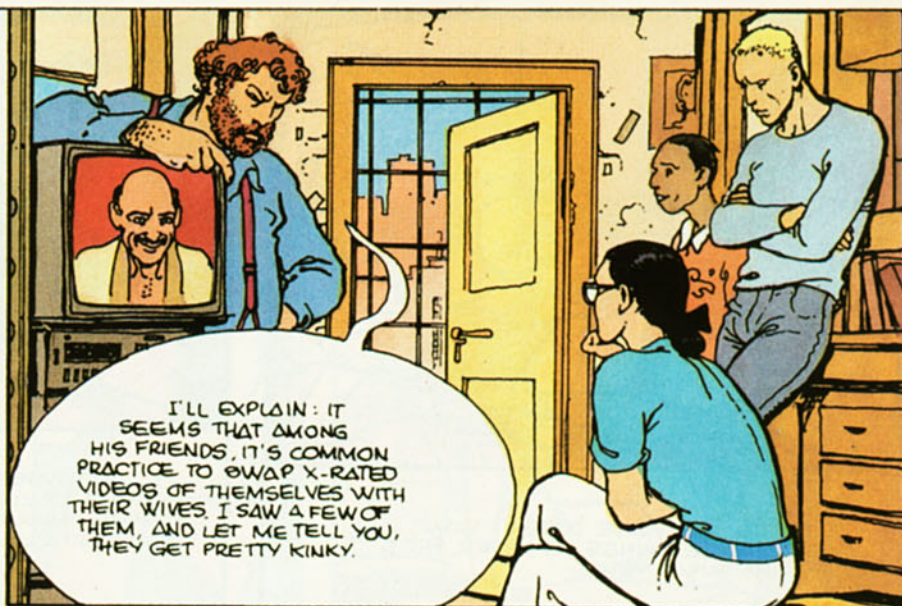
The Setup

part 4

HIDDEN CAMERA



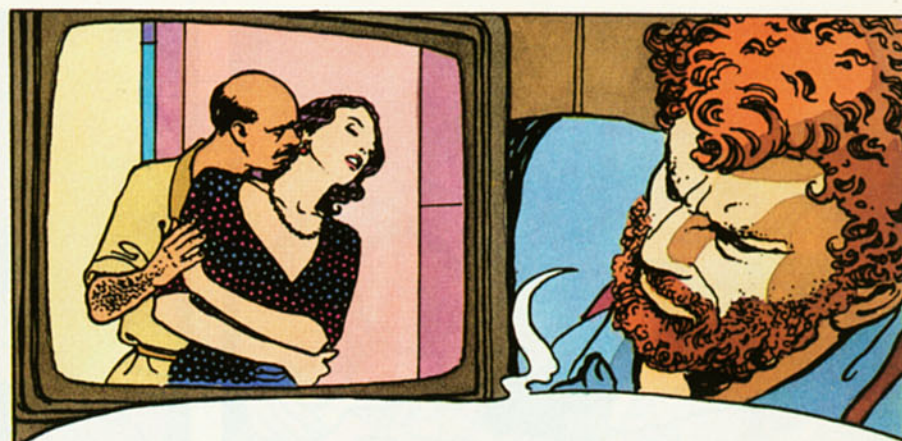
OK, HERE'S THE SITUATION. THE GUY'S LOADED AND HE PROMISED TO FINANCE OUR FILM BUT IN RETURN HE WANTS A FAVOR... HE INSISTS ON BEING FILMED IN BED WITH HIS WIFE.



I'LL EXPLAIN: IT SEEMS THAT AMONG HIS FRIENDS, IT'S COMMON PRACTICE TO SWAP X-RATED VIDEOS OF THEMSELVES WITH THEIR WIVES. I SAW A FEW OF THEM, AND LET ME TELL YOU, THEY GET PRETTY KINKY.



NOW, SINCE OUR MAN'S WIFE IS QUITE A LOOKER AND RATHER PRUDISH, HER VIDEOTAPES...



...WOULD GO LIKE HOTCAKES, BUT THE PROBLEM'S THAT SHE WON'T HEAR OF IT. SO THE GUY TURNED TO US TO FILM THEM IN SECRET. NO PROBLEM. WE WENT OVER THERE, REPLACED THE CLOSET MIRROR, AND HID THE CAMERA BEHIND IT. YOU'RE WATCHING THE RESULT...



HERE HE'S TALKING TO HER ABOUT JOYCE. WHY JAMES JOYCE?



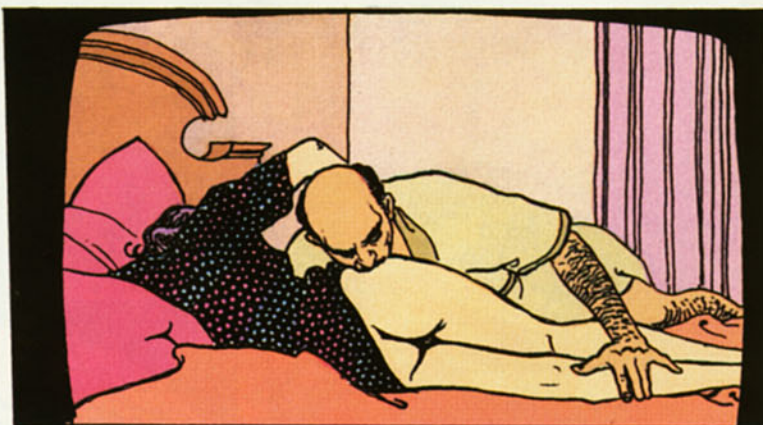
A WHILE AGO SOMEONE PUBLISHED SOME LETTERS FROM JOYCE TO HIS WIFE...



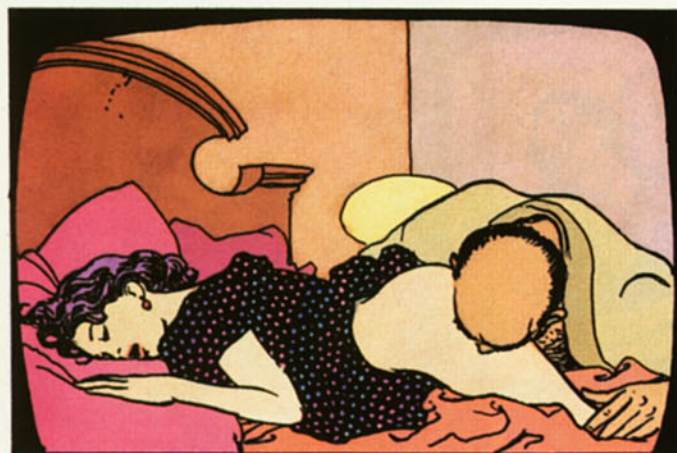
...WHICH REVEALED THAT THEY ENGAGED IN, LET'S SAY, "UNNATURAL" SEXUAL PRACTICES...



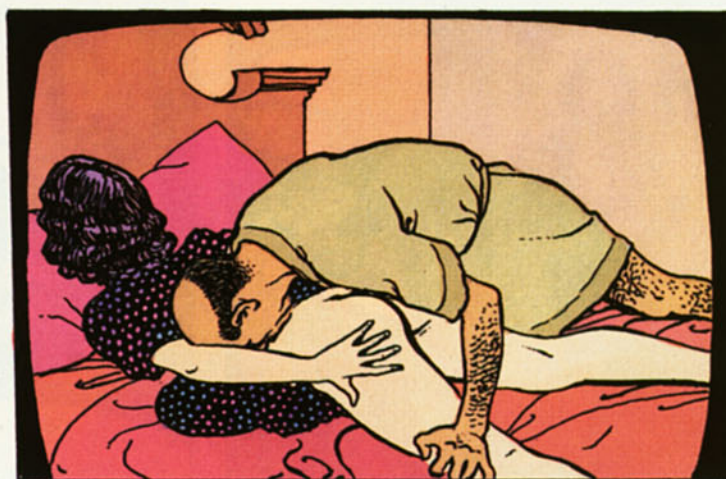
NOW, THE GUY'S WIFE DOESN'T WANT TO DO THESE THINGS, HOWEVER, SHE'S AN AMATEUR NOVELIST...



...WITH A GENUINE ADORATION FOR JOYCE...SO HE KEEPS TALKING ABOUT THOSE FAMOUS LETTERS TO MAKE HER SURRENDER...AS HE PUTS IT: "JOYCE MY ASS, BUT I'LL WADE THROUGH JOYCE TO GET TO HERS"...



HERE, AS YOU CAN SEE, IT LOOKS LIKE HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE IS ABOUT TO GIVE IN TO THOSE JOYCEAN CHARMS...



BY NOW HE SEES A GREEN LIGHT...

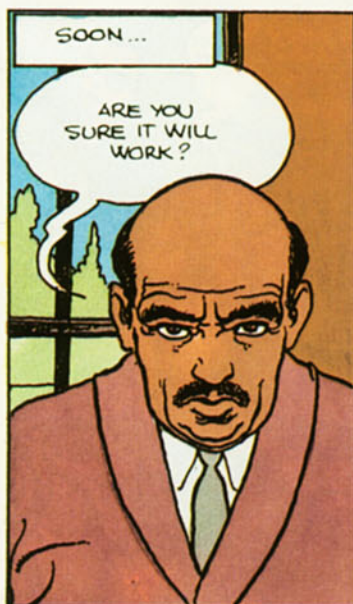


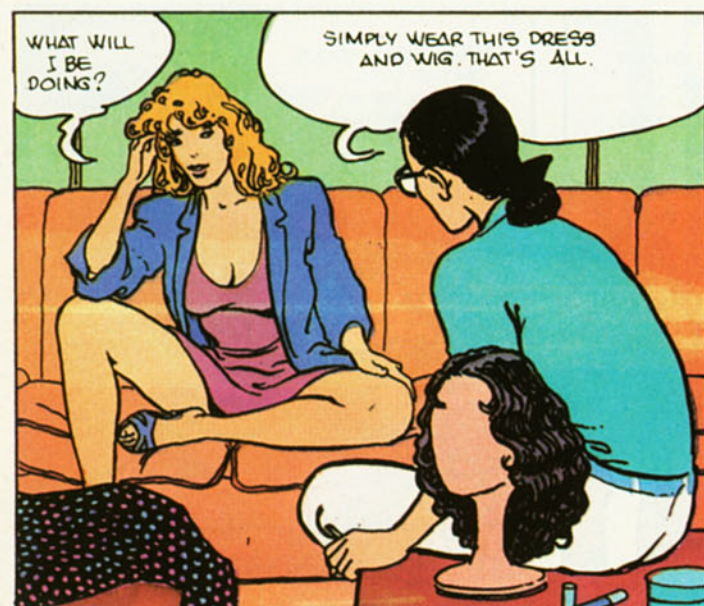
...HE'S ALREADY THINKING ABOUT WHEN HE'LL SHOW THE TAPE TO HIS FRIENDS...AND EXACTLY AT THIS POINT, THINGS GO WRONG!

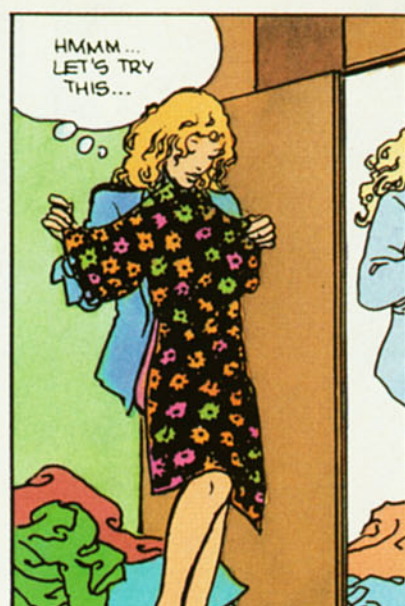
PATATRACK!

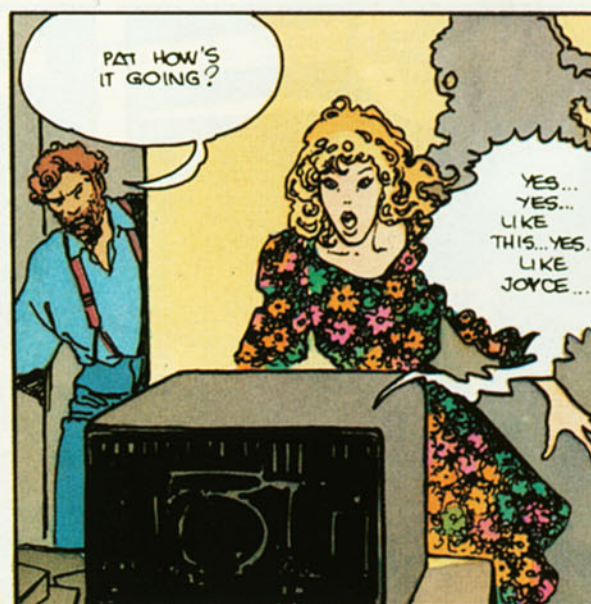
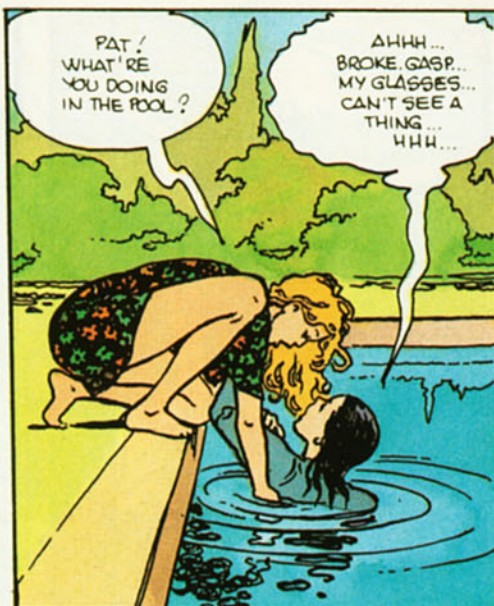
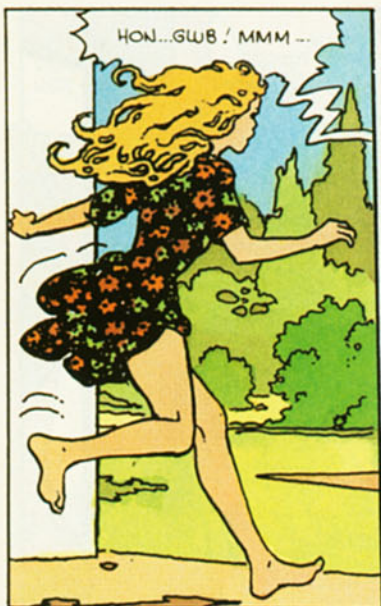


THE CAMERA FALLS WITH A LOUD NOISE AND SHE FINDS THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET. CONCLUSION: HE'S PISSED AS HELL AND OUR MOVIE'S UP IN SMOKE.









JOE CHIDO GALLERY

The 38-year-old California native is noted as a colorist for all the big comic houses and as a painter of girlie pinups. So good are his pinups, he has a trading-card set of them.



"A LEG UP"



"PIPE BENDER GENDER"

"UNDIES"

CHIODO

"GOTTA GO"

MIL

CHIODO

"I try to balance the painting and coloring to enhance each other. I find that later in your career you are able to put more of your personality into the work. What I like about comics is that you can do a series of paintings that are related, which helps you grow as an artist since you can delve deeper into a subject."

-JOE CHIODO



"CUPID"



SLIM CHANCE



SISTER JOAN

SLIM & nūn



J.R. CABOT



MAC McLAIN

EPISODE 9: "THE FLYING FORTRESS"

1871 Big skies. Great plains. The American West. **Slim**, a lean, hard-riding man, and **the Nun**, a gentle woman of God. They meet and begin their adventure of chasing down some gold that belongs to Slim and his pal "**Big Mac**" **McLain**. Robber baron **J. R. Cabot** is the one who swindled them out of their gold. He owns the local saloon and most of the "girls." The Mother Hen is **Rawhide Rita**, who may have something to do with the gold, and certainly has something to do with J. R. and wants something to do with Slim!

Slim and Big Mac enlist the aid of **Mick "The Quick" Quintin**, a renowned gunslinger, who brings his own gang of specialists: "**Bug-Juice**" **McBeam**, **Johnny "Reb" Russell**, and **Apache Joe**. Together, they can attack J. R.'s gold-transportin', near-impregnable armored **Hell Wagon**!

Slim and Nun are hounded by two sibling, renegade Royal Canadian Mounties, **Edward** and **Celeste Dupre**, who subvert the high principles of their uniforms by selling out to Cabot. This passel of good and bad are set to collide on a riverboat Slim and the Nun have commandeered! And now the **Thundering Conclusion**!

MICK "The Quick"
QUINTIN

RAWHIDE RITA



CELESTE DUPRE



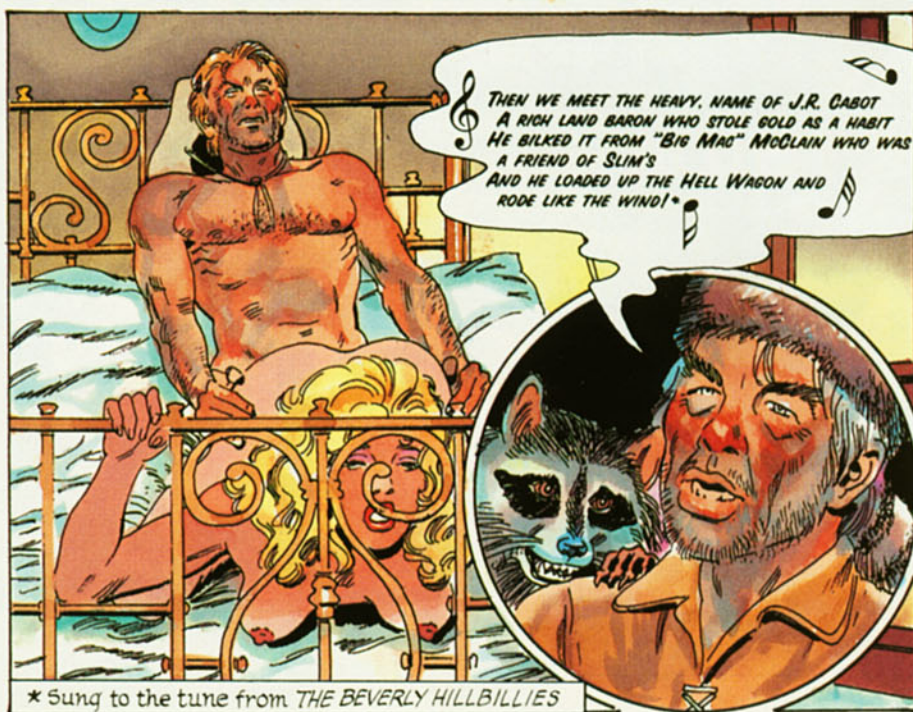
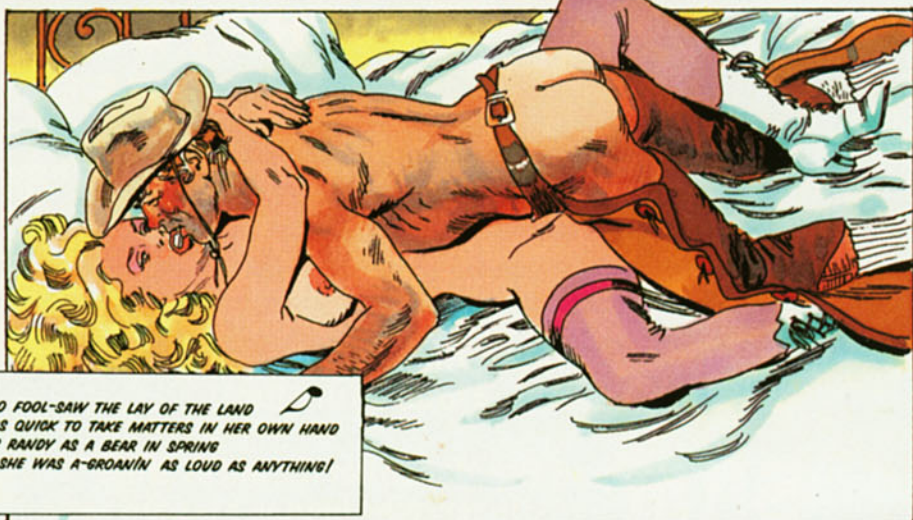
EDMUND DUPRE

JOHNNY "REB"
RUSSELL

ART & STORY BY DAN BARRY
LETTERING & COLORING BY GAIL BECKETT
COLOR ASSISTS BY DAN BARRY



THE NUN-NO FOOL-SAW THE LAY OF THE LAND
AND SHE WAS QUICK TO TAKE MATTERS IN HER OWN HAND
SLIM WAS AS RANDY AS A BEAR IN SPRING
AND SOON SHE WAS A-GROANIN' AS LOUD AS ANYTHING!



* Sung to the tune from THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES



IGNORE THAT FOOL BUGJUICE AND HIS MUSICAL RAT
WE'RE THE BEAUTIFUL SINGING SISTERS FROM THE EAST
SHE'S TOBACCO, I'M TILD, AN' WE'RE BETTER THAN THAT
FOR YOU'LL NEVER FORGET OUR RHYTHMIC SINGIN' FEAST.

RAWHIDE RITA - SHE'S OUR MOTHER HEN!
OF A CLUTCH OF THE FINEST WOMEN IN THE LAND
SHE SAYS THE NUN TOOK HER ROSE, BUT THEN--
RITA NEVER LIES BUT WE KNOW CABOT CAN.



THERE'S MICK "THE QUICK" WHO HATES J.R.
- SAY, THAT MICK'S WAY TOO QUICK IN THE SACK
BUT HE CAN SHOOT THE EYE OFF A FLY FROM PRETTY FAR
AND A ENEMY OF CABOT'S IS A FRIEND OF BIG MAC'S.

TWO EX-MOUNTIES ARE BRINGING SHAME ON THE RMP
TALO, THEY SAY THEY ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN
APAIR OF CABOT FLACKS, CELESTE AND EDWARD DUPRE
COULDN'T FIND THEIR ASSES WITH BOTH THEIR HANDS.



* Sung to the tune of any Salt 'n' Pepa song.



BIG MAC AND THE QUICK HAVE
ROUNDED UP THEIR POSSE
IT'S THIS FOOL OF A POWDERMAN,
"BUGJUICE" BEAM
AND BUNGHOLE, THE TALENTED 'DOON--
KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME!
APACHE JOE AND JOHNNY "REB" RUSSEL,
THE SOUL OF THE TEAM.



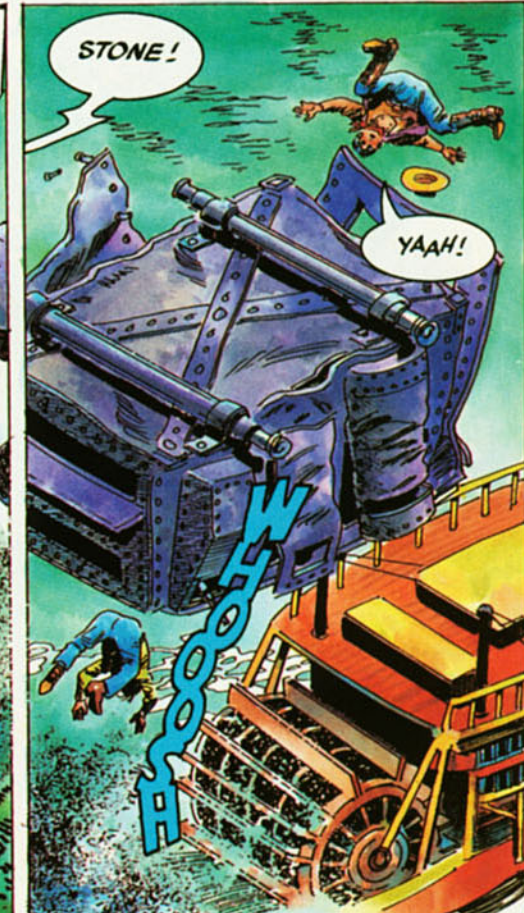
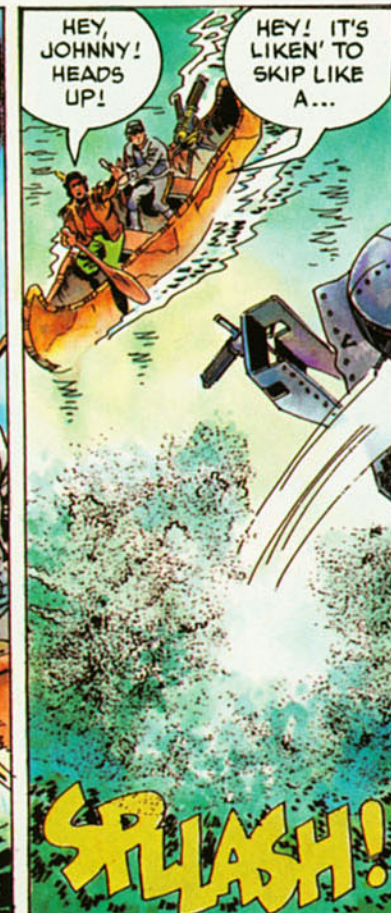
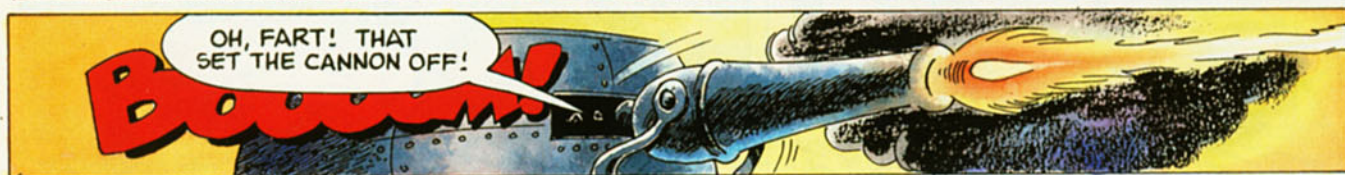
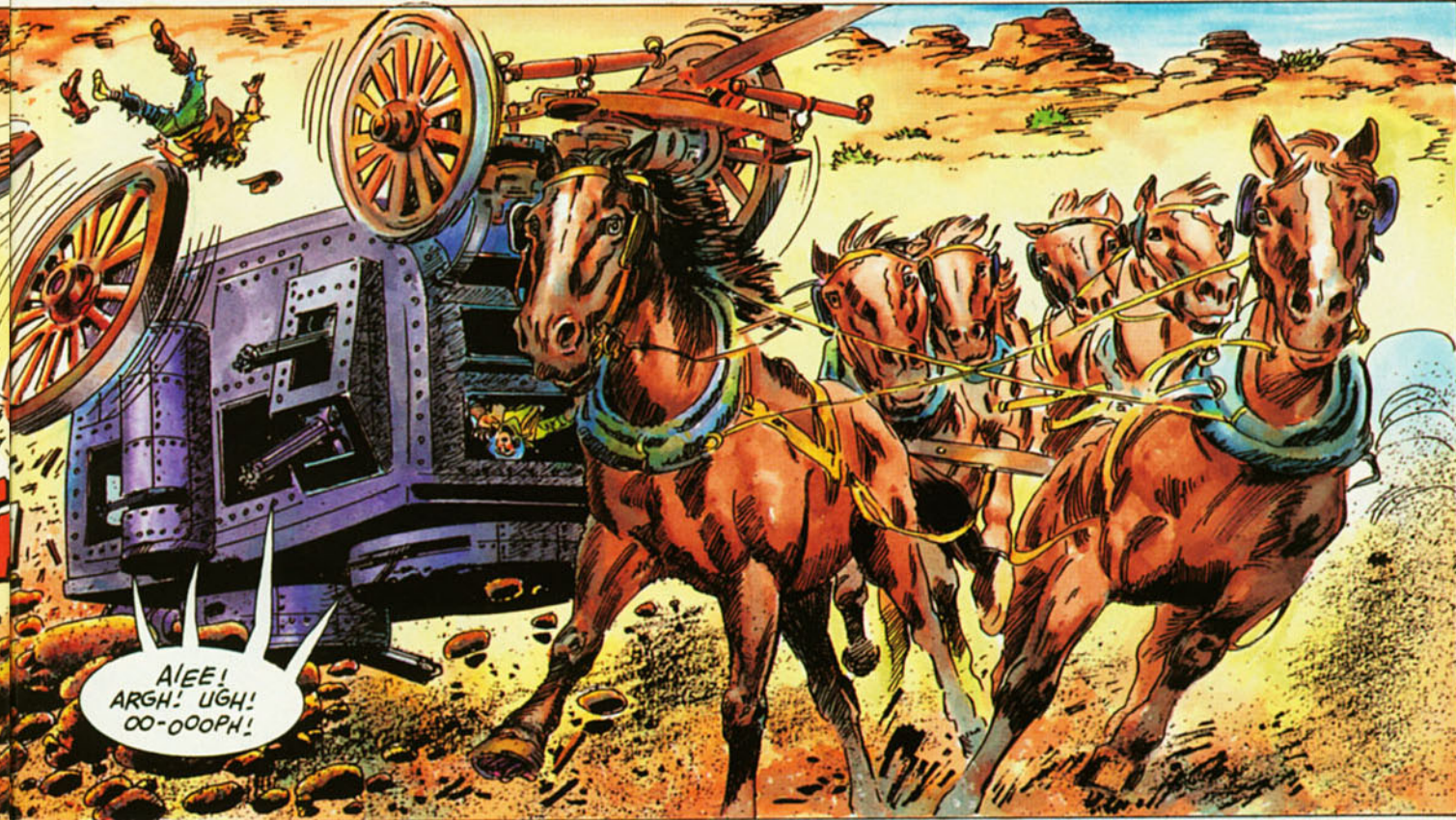
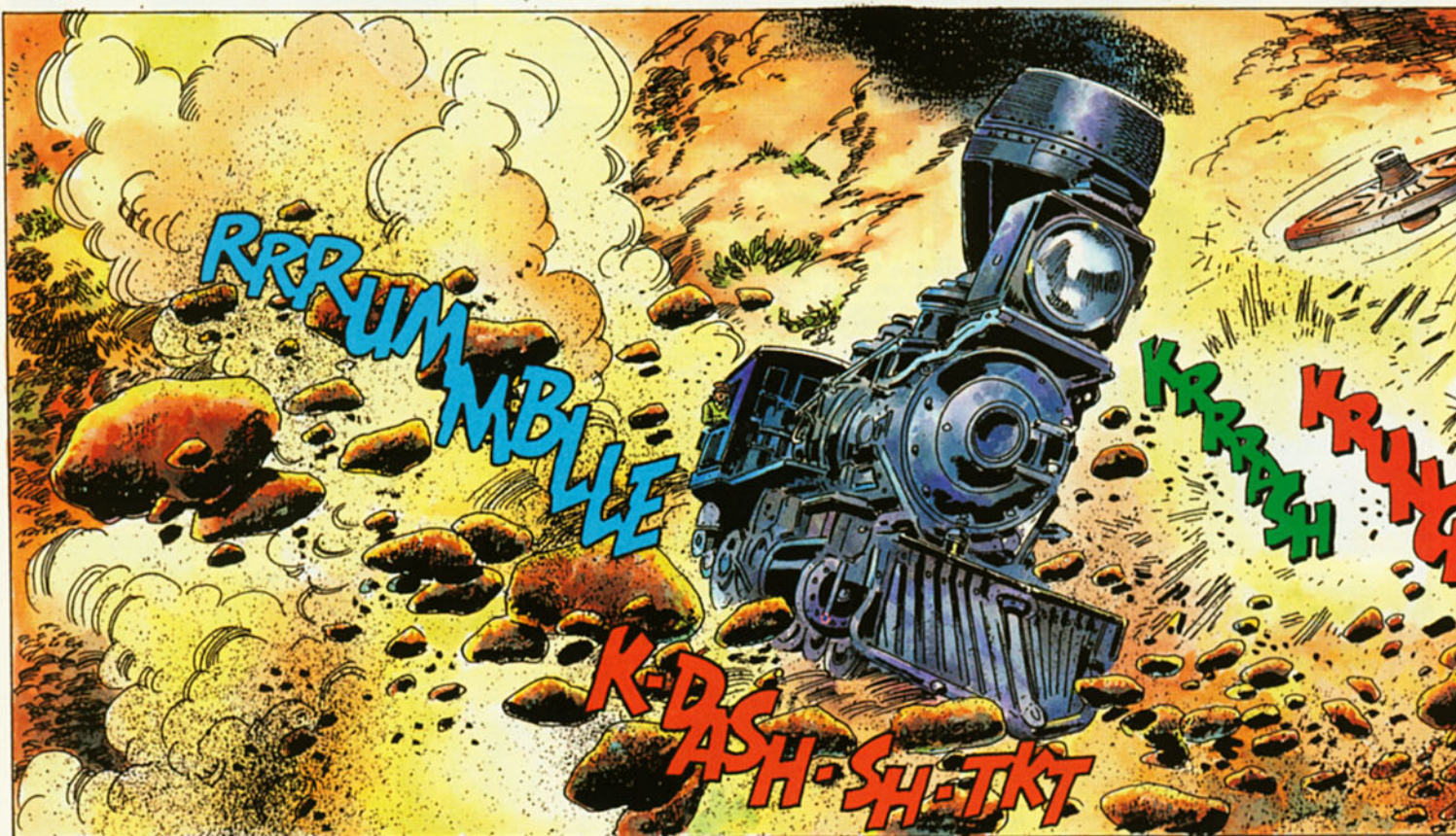
CRACK THE HELL WAGON--
HEY, THERE'S NO WAY!
THEN GET A BIGGER CAN OPENER--
USE A TRAIN!
STEAL A RIVERBOAT--
SLIM'S THE CAPTAIN--

OH,
WHO'S THAT
SING - SING -
OOOOHHH!

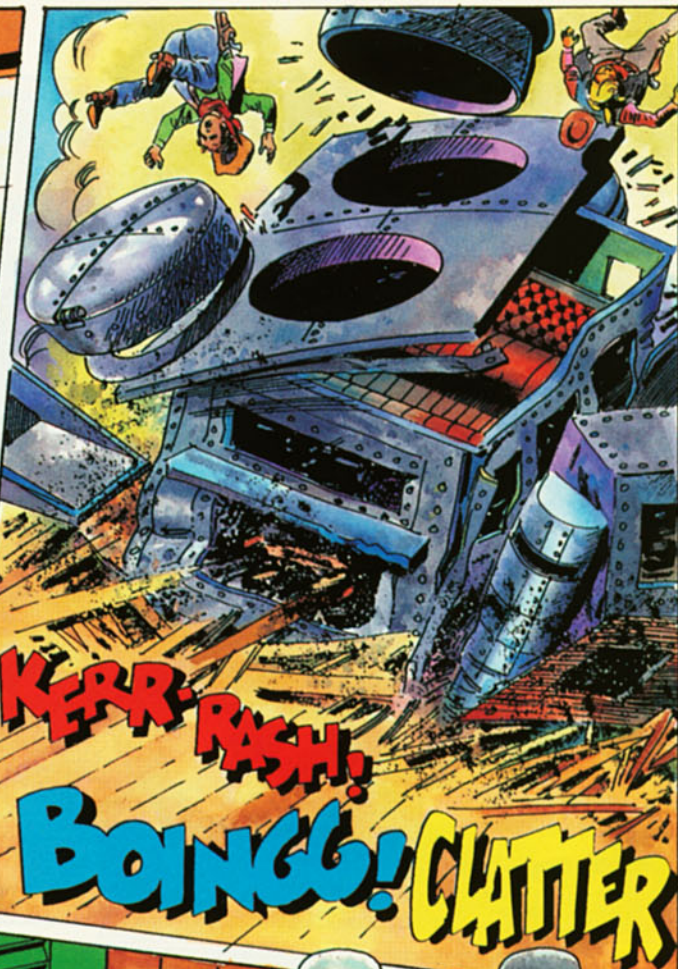


SO, OLD BUNGHOLE HE LAID THE NITRO WHILE I BLEW THE BRIDGE
THE 4:39 EXPRESS COMMENCED TO FLY--
THE HARD RIDIN' HELL WAGON HEADIN' RIGHT FOR IT
AND BIG J.R. CABOT SCREAMED, "WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!"

SQUASH, THAT IS.. BLOODY SPOTS, TWISTED STEEL
THE RIVERBOAT'S IN VIEW.. SLIM AT THE WHEEL..



HERE SHE
COMES, RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE!



WHAT
WAS
THAT?

GET BACK TO
YOUR GAMING, FOLKS.
WE'VE JUST TAKEN ON
SOME CARGO— AND
IT'S NONE OF YOUR
CONCERN—



DO I
MAKE
MYSELF
CLEAR?

HA-RUMPH!
UH, LOUD
AND CLEAR,
CAPTAIN!







THAT'S IT, CABOT! PITCH IN AND DO YOUR SHARE!
YOU MAY HAVE TO GET USED TO DOING AN *HONEST*
DAY'S WORK!

I BELIEVE
THIS IS YOURS,
BROTHER CHANCE!



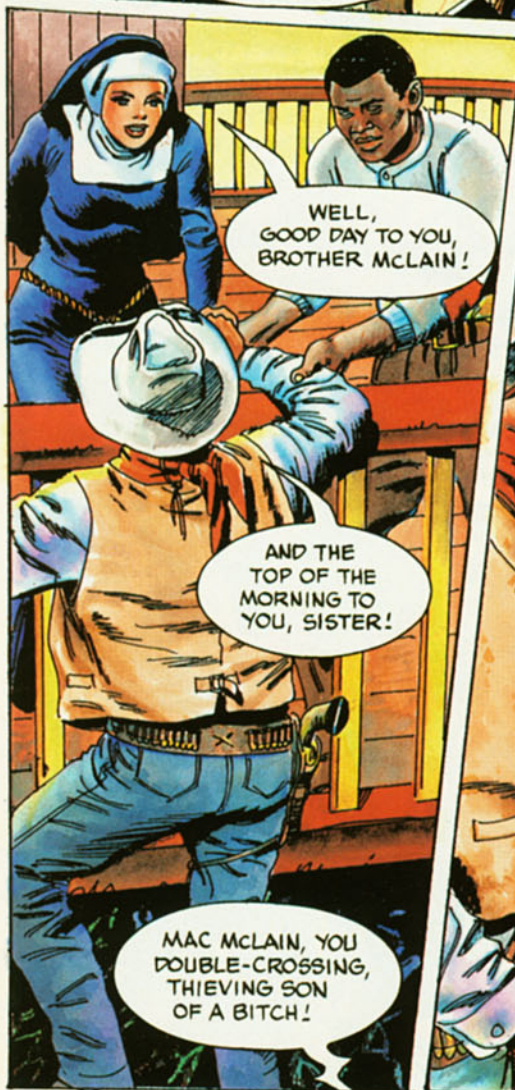
AH, SISTER JOAN! BACK IN YOUR
FORMAL ATTIRE. MOST BECOMING!

YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME TO WITNESS OUR
REAPING OF THE LORD'S
BOUNTY.

WELL,
MR. CABOT.
THE LORD
GIVETH, THE
LORD TAKETH
AWAY.

AND I AM SURE
HE WILL TAKE NOTE
THAT THESE SINNERS
ARE MERELY RECLAIMING
WHAT IS *RIGHTFULLY*
BROTHER MCCLAIN'S...

MINE... AND
A COUPLE DOZEN
O' MY MINING
BUDDIES'!



WELL,
GOOD DAY TO YOU,
BROTHER MCCLAIN!

AND THE
TOP OF THE
MORNING TO
YOU, SISTER!

MAC MCCLAIN, YOU
DOUBLE-CROSSING,
THIEVING SON
OF A BITCH!



NOW, RITA, YOU
KNOW YOU WERE OUT
TO SCREW ME OUT
OF THIS GOLD!

AND WHAT ABOUT
THAT WHORE SHIRLEY,
WHO STOLE MY GOLD?
SHE'S UP THERE WITH
YOU RIGHT NOW!



WELL, RITA,
I *DID* PROMISE TO
HAND SHIRLEY OVER
TO YOU ONCE THIS
WAS OVER.

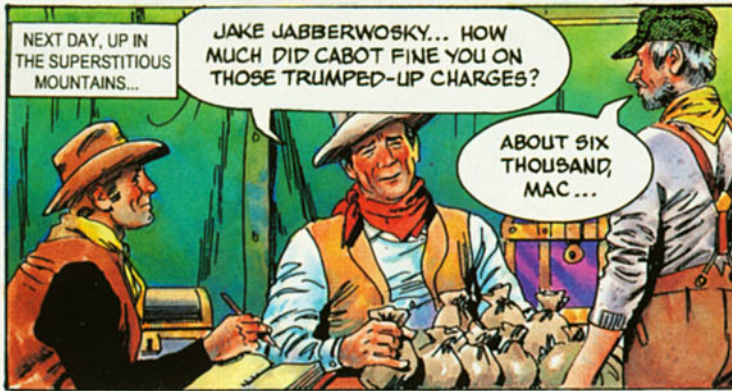
BUT YOU CAN'T
MEAN T' SAY THAT YOU'RE
MIXIN' UP THIS HERE PURE
UNTAINTED HOLY LADY,
SISTER JOAN, WITH NO WHORE!
FOR SHAME!



BESIDES, SHE'S
A REAL CLOSE FRIEND
OF MY PAL SLIM... AND
I SURE WON'T RAISE A
FINGER AGAINST THEM.
IT'S THE CODE OF
THE GUYS!



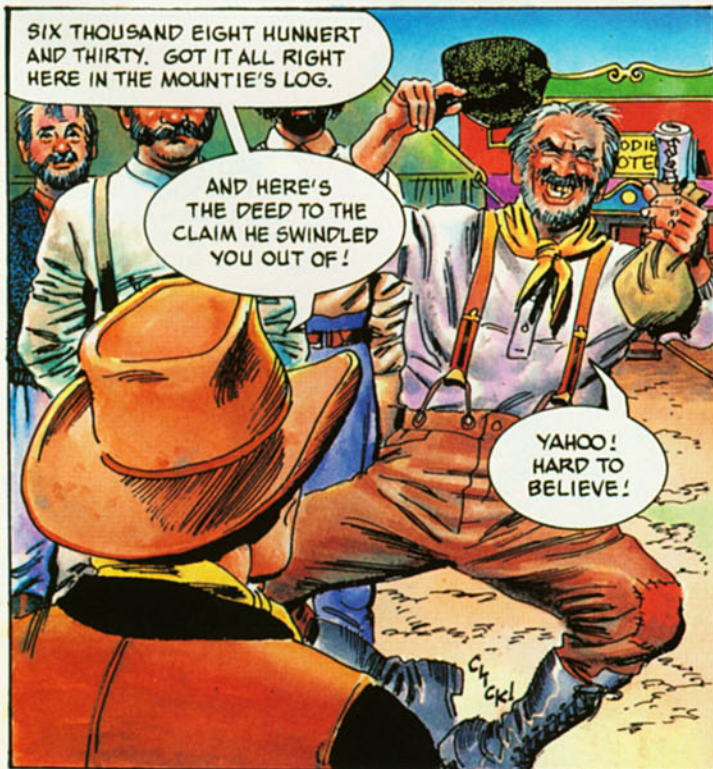
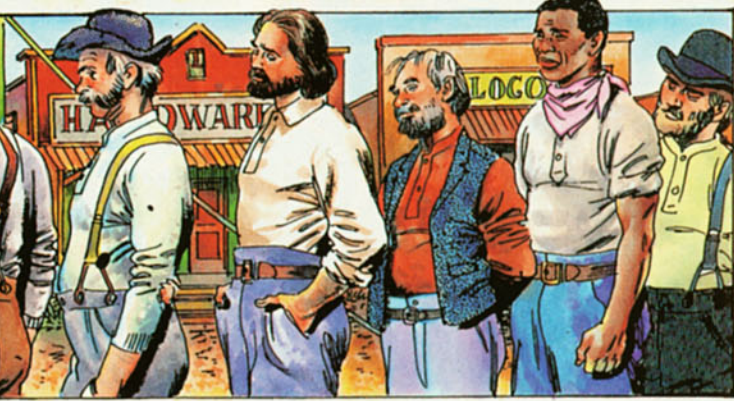
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY,
RITA— ONCE WE'VE GOT THE
MINE BACK, YOU GIRLS WILL GET
RICH KEEPIN' ALL THOSE
LONELY BOYS HAPPY!



NEXT DAY, UP IN
THE SUPERSTITIOUS
MOUNTAINS...

JAKE JABBERWOSKY... HOW
MUCH DID CABOT FINE YOU ON
THOSE TRUMPED-UP CHARGES?

ABOUT SIX
THOUSAND,
MAC...



SIX THOUSAND EIGHT HUNNERT
AND THIRTY. GOT IT ALL RIGHT
HERE IN THE MOUNTIE'S LOG.

AND HERE'S
THE DEED TO THE
CLAIM HE SWINDLED
YOU OUT OF!

YAHOO!
HARD TO
BELIEVE!



BROTHER MCLAIN,
ARE YOU NOT AFRAID
CABOT WILL RETURN
WITH HIS PRIVATE
ARMY TO ROB
YOU AGAIN?



HELL, WHAT ARMY?
I'VE H/RED THEM ALL.
AM I RIGHT, KIDS?

BUT, YES, M'SIEU MAC!
I AM AT YOUR SERVICE!



SO LONG, YOU LOVEBIRDS. YOU GET WEARY OF THE ROAD,
COME VISIT THE BIG MAC LONGHORN RANCH IN TEXAS.

THANKS,
MAC. TAKE
CARE NOW.

I SHALL
REMEMBER YOU
IN MY PRAYERS,
BROTHER!



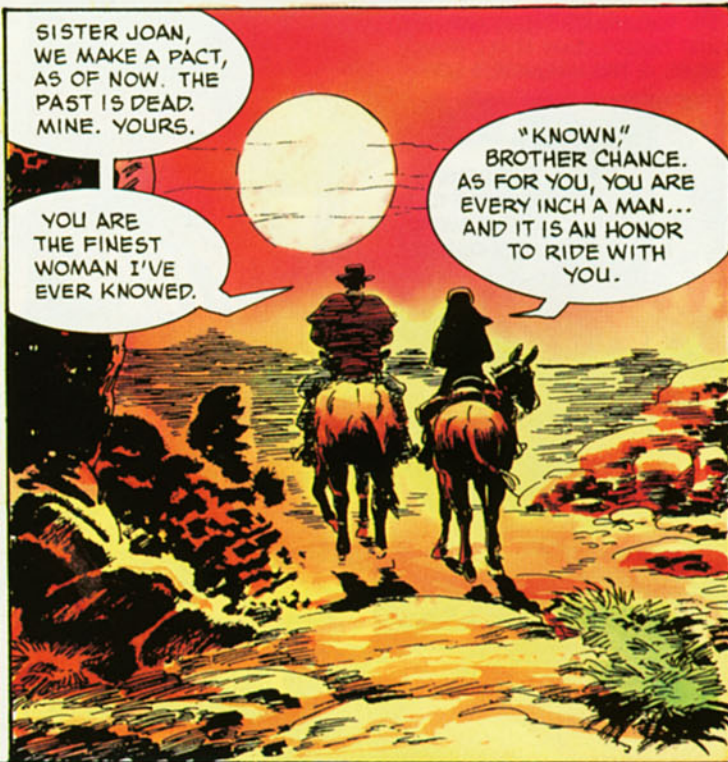
WELL, SISTER.
WE'VE COME A FAR
PIECE SINCE I
ESCORTED YOU OUT
OF YUMA.

YES, BROTHER
CHANCE. AND NOW
I STILL HAVE MY
MISSION IN
BAJA.



MIND IF I
TAG ALONG?

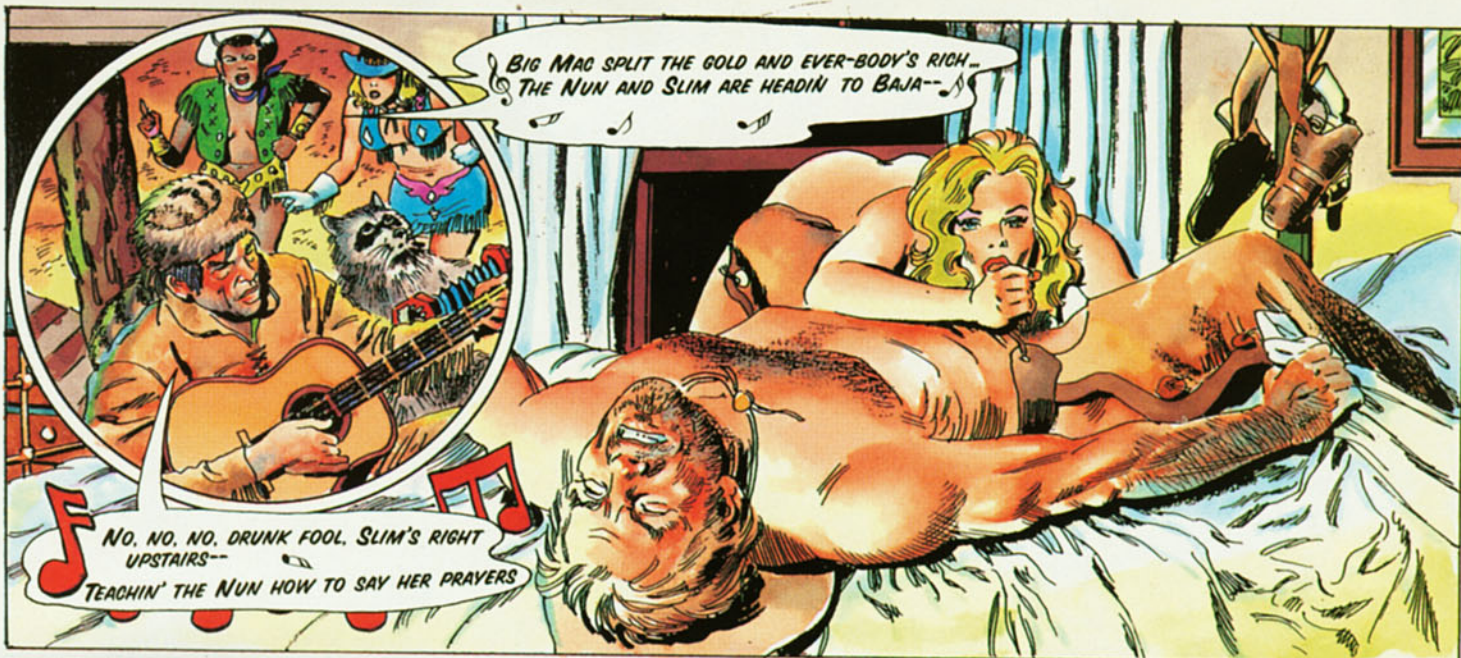
OH, BROTHER
CHANCE! WOULD YOU?
EVEN AFTER RAWHIDE RITA'S
TERRIBLE ACCUSATIONS?



SISTER JOAN,
WE MAKE A PACT,
AS OF NOW. THE
PAST IS DEAD.
MINE. YOURS.

YOU ARE
THE FINEST
WOMAN I'VE
EVER KNOWN.

"KNOWN,"
BROTHER CHANCE.
AS FOR YOU, YOU ARE
EVERY INCH A MAN...
AND IT IS AN HONOR
TO RIDE WITH
YOU.



BIG MAC SPLIT THE GOLD AND EVER-BODY'S RICH...
THE NUN AND SLIM ARE HEADIN' TO BAJA--

NO, NO, NO, DRUNK FOOL, SLIM'S RIGHT
UPSTAIRS--
TEACHIN' THE NUN HOW TO SAY HER PRAYERS

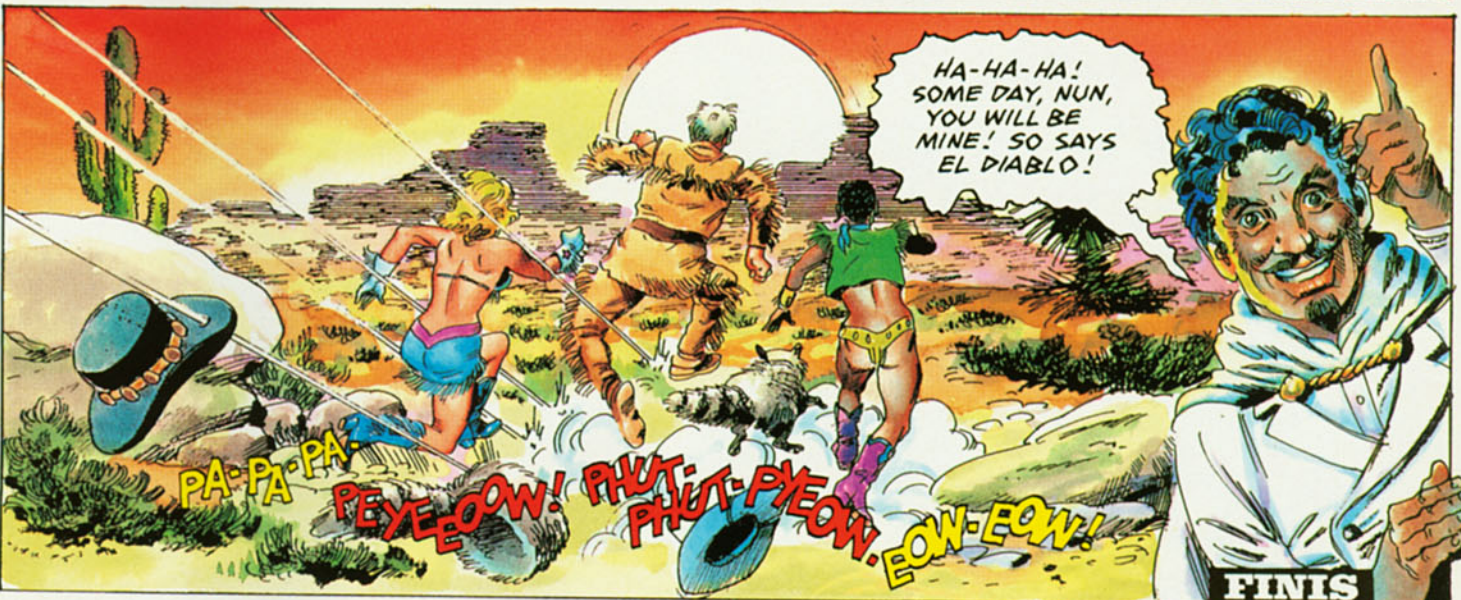


SHUT
THE FUCK UP,
YOU STUPID
BASTARDS!



OLD SCRATCH TAKE
YOU, SLIM, YOU JUST
KEEP RUFFLIN' THAT
NUN'S TAILFEATHERS...
I'M GETTIN' BEER MONEY
FROM THE TOWN COUNCIL
TO WRAP ALL THIS
SHIT UP...

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, SLIM, HONEY--
HE SMELLS LIKE A TEMPERANCE JUDGE
ON SUNDAY! WE'RE COMIN' UP TO DO
SOME PERSONAL SINGIN' WITH YOU...



HA-HA-HA!
SOME DAY, NUN,
YOU WILL BE
MINE! SO SAYS
EL DIABLO!

PA-PA-PA-
PEYEOW! PHUT-
PHUT-PYEOW!
EOW-EOW!

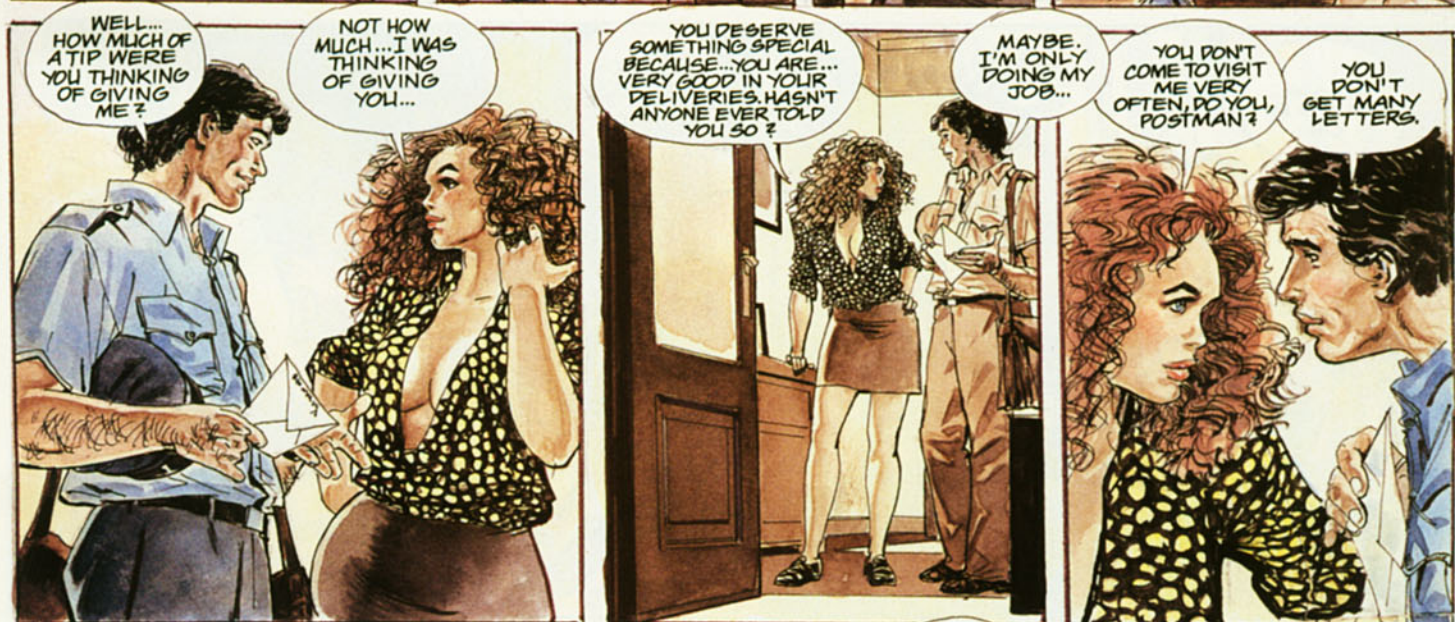
FINIS

ALTUNA



by HORACIO ALTUNA LETTERING: VICKIE WILLIAMS

The Postman Always Comes Twice





AND...IT'S COMING BY EXPRESS MAIL.



OUF...







LETTERS, OPINIONS AND NONSENSE

I thought you might like to know that some of your devoted readers are women. In fact, one of my husband's friends once asked him if I minded the fact that our end table is covered with these magazines. He had to explain that they are mine and that the subscription is in my name. Anyway, on to the gushing ...

I LOVE your magazine!! So does my husband, but for different reasons ... he knows he's in for a wild night when the Comix shows up. Pinocchia has been a special favorite for both of us. But where, oh where, did Missy Muerte go!! Just a little taste and then she's gone! I think she's great!!

In the hopes of getting that poster, here's a picture of me that my husband whipped up. Let us know if you want more, as he's been doing quite a lot of these "dirty" pictures lately.

**Nealie McBean
Ypsilanti, MI**

Dear Editors,

I address you in the fear of being perhaps your only reader at these "cruel provinces" (J. L. Borges dixit). There was only one local comic bookshop that used to bring in some few PHC issues, but it became reluctant to support a one-man market (while the superguys from DC, Marvel, independents, and the Manga are so successful and profitable among normal Argie fans)—so, I had no other way but to acquire #11 and #13 via my usual US supplier, BUD PLANT.

As a matter of fact, I'm not very fond of sex and nudity in comics, except when managed in a tongue-in-cheek way—as in LIBBY IN THE LOST WORLD or SALLY FORTH. My taste and preferences are decidedly aimed on classics (Caniff, Foster, Crane, and Wood)—so I don't fit the trend of general Argentine fandom. However, I'd have no regrets getting PENTHOUSE COMIX just for Dr. Dare—because it has everything I could like in a series: 30s and 40s regalia, WWII militaria, parody, and real-life character cameos. And above all, Mr. Dan Barry's work.

Alejandro Mari-Stjepovic

At this point, Mr. Mari-Stjepovic settled down into a lavish and quite heady praise of a little bit of work that I did. Since I choose these letters, it seemed impolite of me to just let him praise away. The work I did in SPACE:1939 around PH#13 was not the usual cup of tea for most Comix readers, the tech pages in particular, but I did try to inject a

big sex scene every 4 pages! Only an Argentine Naval Reserve Ammo & Ordnance Specialist Officer who also happened to be a modeling enthusiast would really see the historical interest in a Nazi secret weapon that has never quite seen the light of day.

But the real reason I halted his glowing tribute was that he went on to make really good suggestions about future Doc Dare series. To be reasonable, I did think up two of them on my own, but he came up with one that is too damn good to reveal to the world!

I would like to thank both our letter writers -- and artist -- this month. We rarely get letters from enthusiastic women and a mention of Borges is welcome anywhere!

Alejandro, I thank you! Dan Barry is taking it easy and preparing for a potential surgery, and he is still full of piss and vinegar!

ERB



Story: Caragonne & Dixon Script: Eliot R. Brown Art: John M. Burns Lettering: Vickie Williams

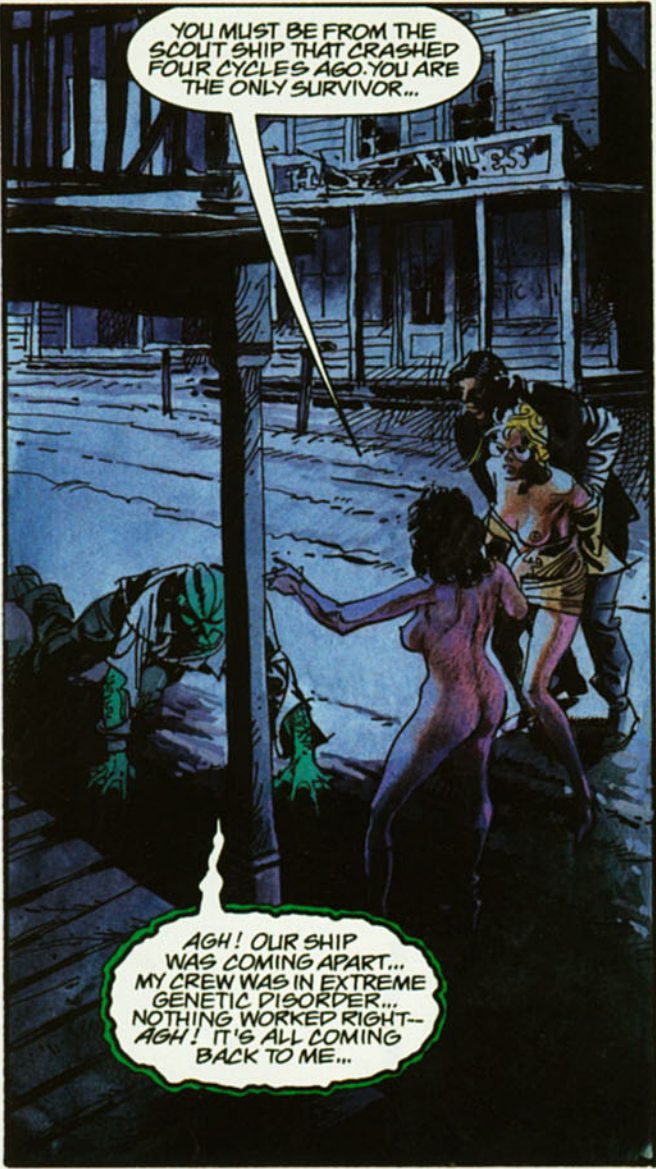
ABDUCTED BY
ALIENS
PART FOUR-CONCLUSION



An alien race abducts humans at will to perform genetic experiments in an effort to save themselves from genetic breakdown, while a U.S. shadow government's elite military forces seek to monitor all abductions and victims.


Richard and Thea are entangled UFO investigators who decide to re-open the case of Richard's wife's abduction seven years ago, but during an alien attack, Richard finds the answer to his worst nightmare...he was part of an alien landing team that changed his appearance and implanted false, human memories...

Enter the military!



YOU MUST BE FROM THE SCOUT SHIP THAT CRASHED FOUR CYCLES AGO. YOU ARE THE ONLY SURVIVOR...


AGH! OUR SHIP WAS COMING APART... MY CREW WAS IN EXTREME GENETIC DISORDER... NOTHING WORKED RIGHT—AGH! IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME...



RICH... RICHARD... ?


NO. MY NAME IS GUH'NAHD... THEA...

BUT... HOW... ?




MY LIFEBOAT LANDED NOT FAR FROM MY WRECKED SHIP... YOUR MILITARY SWOOPED IN...

...I ESCAPED WITH LITTLE MORE THAN MY SKIN INTACT AND A SURVIVAL KIT.



WITH THE KIT, I COULD BLEND IN TO HUMAN SOCIETY... IT NOT ONLY CHANGED MY APPEARANCE, IT IMPLANTED FALSE MEMORIES AND EVEN PROVIDED CLOTHING, MONEY, AND I.D.

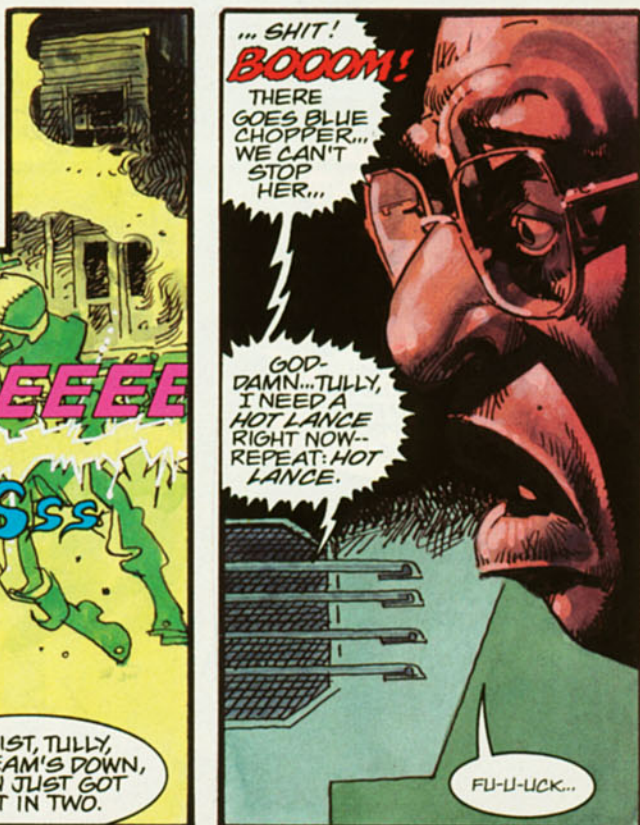
MY SHIP WOULD HAVE NORMALLY BEEN ABLE TO REPORT MY SURVIVAL, BUT THOSE SYSTEMS HAD FAILED TOO...



I HAD ESCAPED AND LATER, THE MEMORIES OF MY "ABDUCTED WIFE" AND "LIFE" ASSERTED THEMSELVES... I WAS A FUNCTIONING EARTHMAN...















CHRIST!
THAT'S A
100-KILOTON
WARHEAD!



DON'T WORRY,
COLONEL; THIS UNIT
IS SMALL BUT CAN
CONTAIN THE WORST
OF THE BLAST
EFFECTS.



STAND YOUR FORCES DOWN,
COLONEL--**NOW!**

TULLY--TULLY, MOVE
EVERYONE THAT'S LEFT BACK TO
A 10-MILE RADIUS... I--I'LL GET
BACK TO YOU ASAP...



ALRIGHT, I
WANT SOME ANSWERS
FROM YOU--AND CUT
THE CRAP ABOUT MY
BEING "HUMAN" TOO
LONG...

YOUR WORDS
BETRAY YOU...



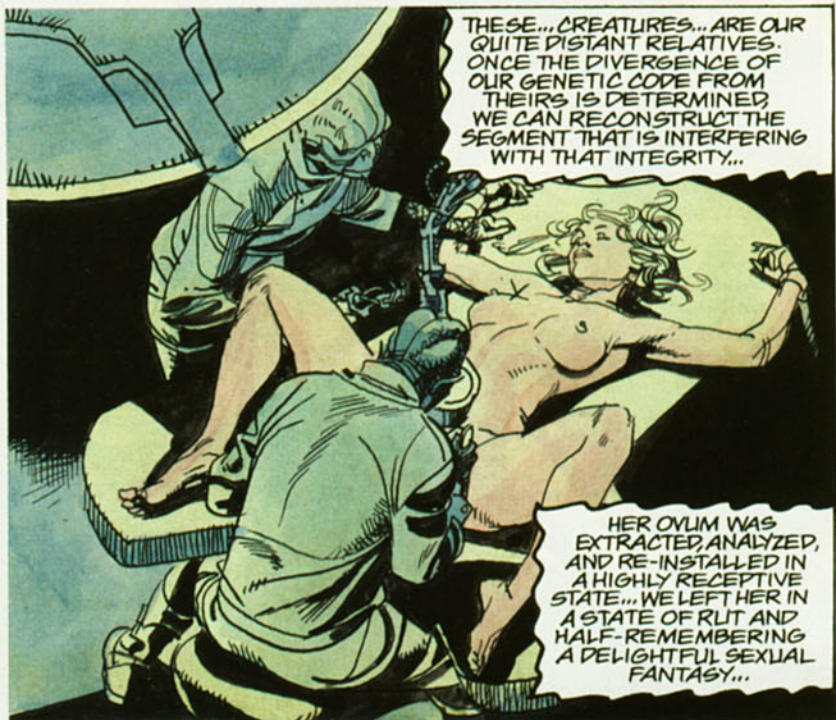
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN MONITORING THIS WOMAN?

SHE WAS IMPLANTED SEVEN CYCLES AGO AND WHILE WE WERE IN HER PROXIMITY ABOUT A TWENTIETH CYCLE AGO, SO WE TOOK HER IN... YOU WERE WITH HER THEN, BUT WE DID NOT SCAN YOU--OR WE WOULD'VE KNOWN WHO YOU WERE. WE MERELY IMMOBILIZED YOU.



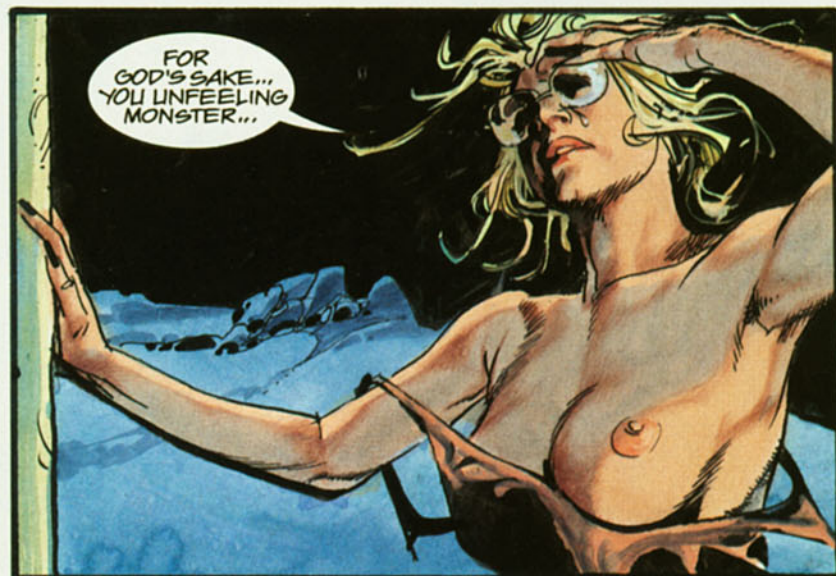
THE HUMANS CALL IT 'MISSING TIME' BUT IT WAS SIMPLY SPENT IN MEDICAL BAY 3, OUR SPECIALIZED EUGENICS LAB.

GUH'NAHD, YOU KNOW THAT OUR RACE'S GENETIC INTEGRITY IS FAILING. THE ELIXIR THAT WE MUST TAKE TO GUIDE THE REPLICATION OF OUR GENETIC CODE HAS LOST ITS EFFECTIVENESS...



THESE... CREATURES... ARE OUR QUITE DISTANT RELATIVES. ONCE THE DIVERGENCE OF OUR GENETIC CODE FROM THEIRS IS DETERMINED, WE CAN RECONSTRUCT THE SEGMENT THAT IS INTERFERING WITH THAT INTEGRITY...

HER OVUM WAS EXTRACTED, ANALYZED, AND RE-INSTALLED IN A HIGHLY RECEPTIVE STATE... WE LEFT HER IN A STATE OF RUT AND HALF-REMEMBERING A DELIGHTFUL SEXUAL FANTASY...



FOR GOD'S SAKE... YOU UNFEELING MONSTER...



