

PENTHOUSE **MEN'S** **ADVENTURE** **MIX**

DEC. 95/JAN. 96



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Australia \$9.95
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U.S./CAN. \$4.95
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PENTHOUSE **MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX**

THE ILLUSTRATED PULP MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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PENTHOUSE **MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX**

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An exclusive look at OMNI COMIX's preview of science-fiction legend Larry Niven's RINGWORLD THRONE. Featuring art by Simonson, Vallejo, Hildebrandt, Mignola and more. Bonus! A Bill Sienkiewicz piece appearing *only* in this preview!

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Art by Dan Barry

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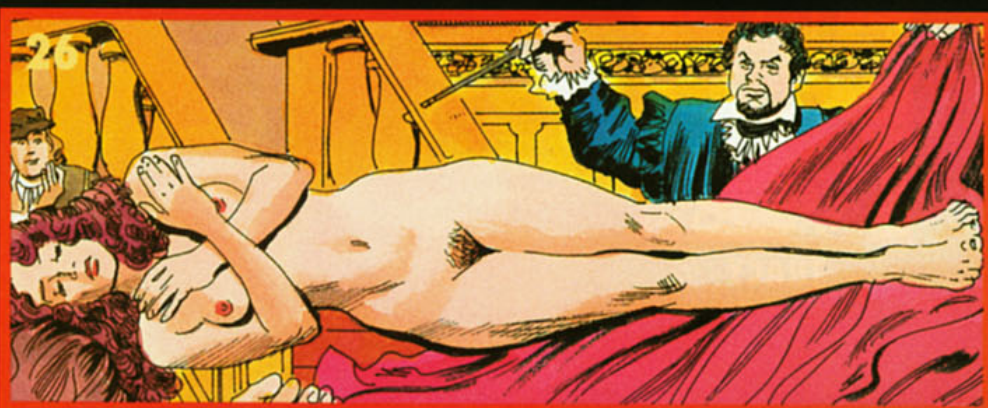
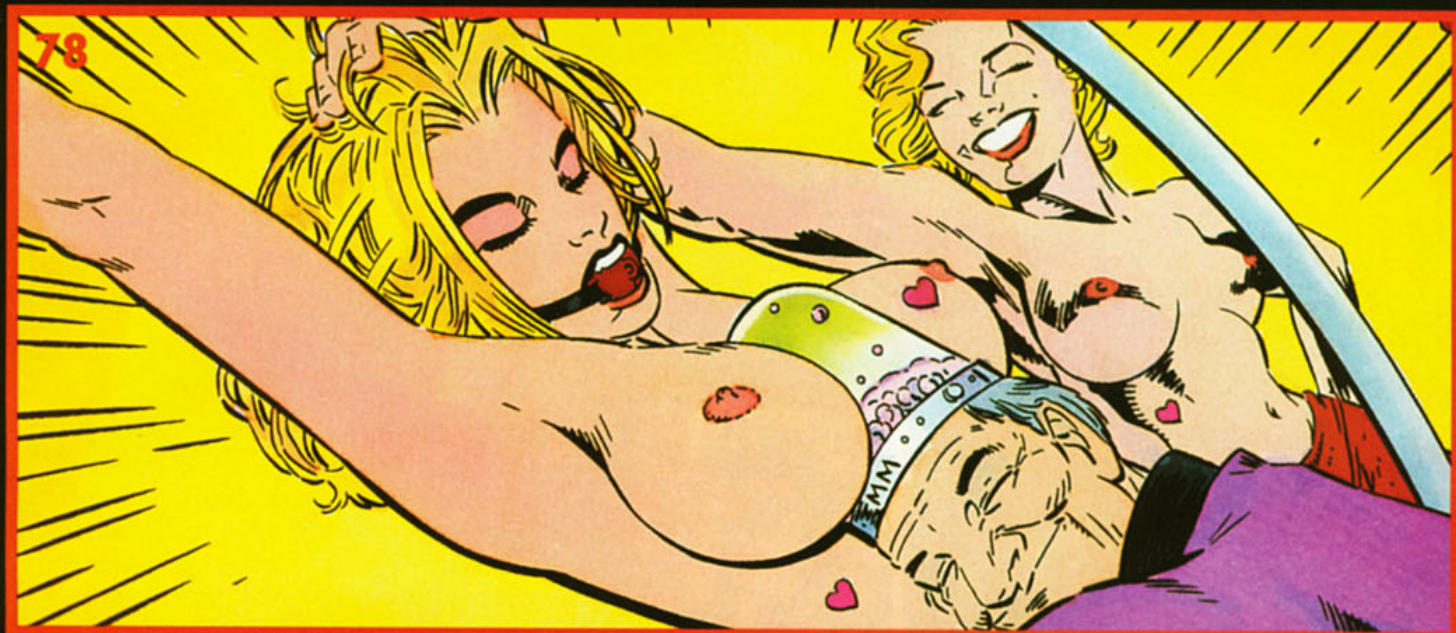
Men's Adventure Comix (ISSN 1080-8000)
Vol. 1, No. 5, Dec./Jan. 1995 issue.
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**COVER ART
"DADDY'S LITTLE
GIRL"**

Art by SORAYAMA





"THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS!"

Here, in the underground *Men's Adventure* editorial redoubt, deep below the Colorado mountains, we're endeavoring to present the best in erotic action and adventure comics. Now, I'm kidding about being below some mountains (the Air Force's nuclear direct-hit-proof NORAD installation is there, not us), but it sometimes feels like we don't see the sun because we are always inside, trying to bring you the best in comics.

Take a peek at our "New Look" page. We're going no-holds-barred in the action/adventure department, along with some arousing erotic series that are sure to please. In *Men's Adventure*, as well as *Penthouse Comix*, we are luring in superstar artists like Richard Corben, Cully Hamner, Moebius, and many more. Just gaze at this issue's Larry Niven *Ringworld Throne* gallery, for example.

So brace yourself for a thrilling ride. The countdown begins ... NOW!

—MKM



EDWARDS

Les Edwards

This issue, Les gives us a seedy slice of Tinsel Town with LA-X episode "The Black Hornet." But you may have seen the multi-talented artist's work on books by Michael Moorcock, Ramsey Campbell, Robert E. Howard, Frank Herbert, and many others. The always busy Les also finds time to illustrate album covers for Monty Python, Uriah Heep, and Krokus. "Blood & Iron," a collection of Les Edwards' paintings, premiered in England recently.



SORAYAMA

Sorayama

The creator of the bestselling "sexy robot" book *Gynoids* as well as the "Hyper Illustration" collection, Sorayama's work can be seen monthly in *Penthouse* magazine. Special thanks to Robert Bane of Robert Bane Editions (Sorayama's exclusive American dealer) and to *Penthouse's* own Jane Homlish for bringing us together. Look for more Sorayama in future issues of *Comix*.



HENDERSON

C.J. Henderson

Gritty detective stories are what you'll get out of C.J. Henderson, for the most part. He's just so damn good at it. Currently at work on Techno-Comics' "Lady Justice," juvenile and adult books, and our own "Kodiak" series, Mr. Henderson can be found working (again) on his horror and Hagee novels for Berkley Books. Lookie -- hyuck, hyuck -- we got ourselves an accomplished novelist!



TRACY

Jeff Tracy

Long-time dialogue partner to Mark McClellan is Jeff Tracy, who comes to us with no strings attached to help spice up some of our comic's dialogue. No man's puppet, Jeff is leader of our special action team spearheading the brand-new look to *Men's Adventure Comix*.

KODIAK

Last we saw, Karl Kodiak was bullet proof and could spin a manly tale of evil aliens, James Bond-type villains, gorgeous babes and mutant insects. Now, we see the offspring of the trench-coat-wearing guy; a woman so tough, so mean she could only be...

DADDY'S

**STORY: CARAGONNE & THORNTON
DIALOGUE: C.J. HENDERSON
LAYOUTS: TREVOR VON EEDEN / FINISHES: RICK BRYANT
COLORS: DIGITAL CHAMELEON
LETTERS: LOPEZ**



LITTLE GIRL

EVERY FAMILY HAS ITS PROBLEMS. MINE'S NO DIFFERENT THAN YOURS. NOT IN THAT RESPECT, ANYWAY.

HOW I BECAME A FATHER, WHY I DID IT... WELL, THAT'S NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS, IS IT?



AND IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. WHAT MATTERS IS THAT I HAVE A DAUGHTER AND I LOVE HER. SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE THINKS OF ME.

USUALLY I TRY TO STAY OUT OF HER WAY--GIVE HER HER SPACE--IF THAT'S STILL WHAT THEY SAY. BEING SOMEWHAT IMMORTAL MAKES IT HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF SUCH THINGS.

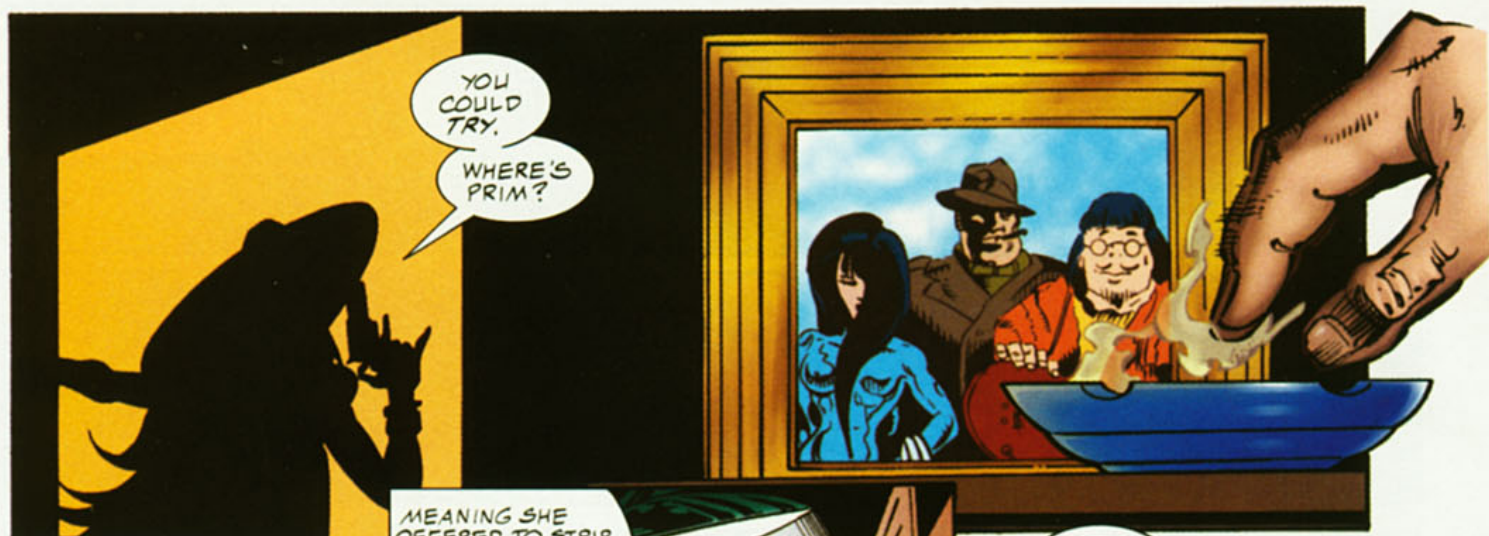
SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE IT MAKES EVERYTHING HARDER THAN IT SHOULD BE.

LIVING FOREVER, YOU GATHER A LOT OF EXPERIENCE. FUNNY THING IS, NOBODY EVER WANTS TO LISTEN TO ANY OF IT. I REMEMBER ONE RAINY NIGHT WHEN NO ONE SEEMED SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ALL MY WORLDLY WISDOM.

EVEN ME.

ESPECIALLY ME.





YOU
COULD
TRY.
WHERE'S
PRIM?



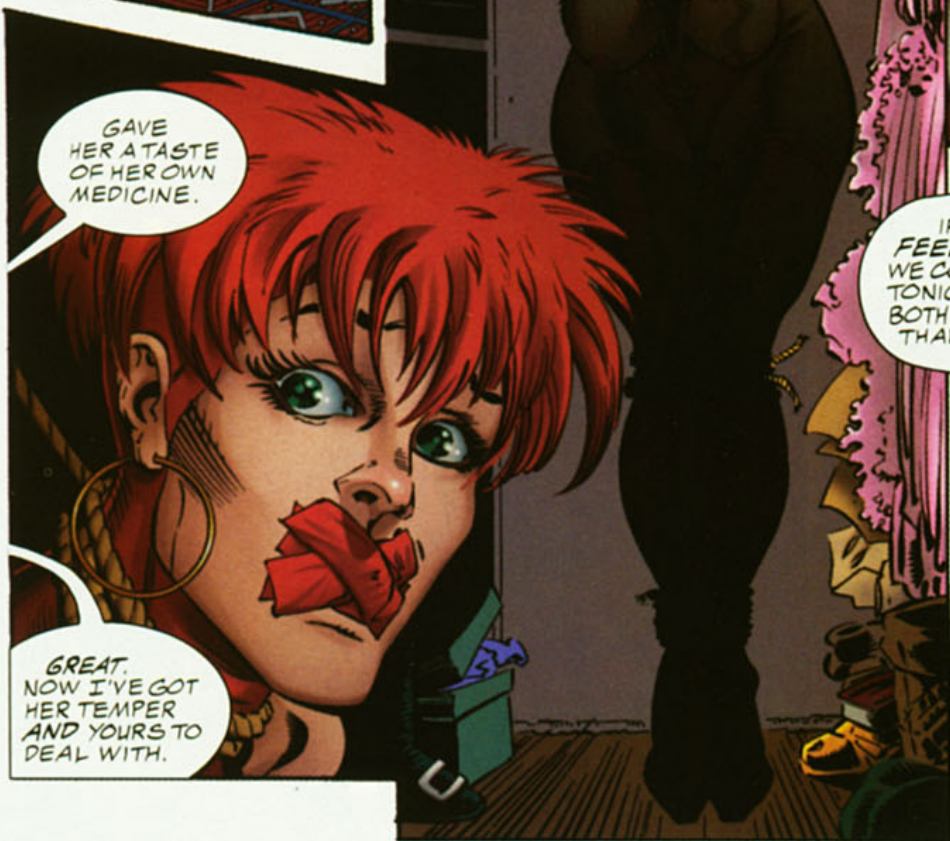
SHE WAS
INHOSPITABLE.

MEANING...?

MEANING SHE
OFFERED TO STRIP
YOUR OLD MAN,
STRING HIM UP
AND BEAT HIS
ASS BLOODY IF
HE DIDN'T
SHOVE OFF.



SIGH--
WHAT DID
YOU DO?



GAVE
HER A TASTE
OF HER OWN
MEDICINE.

GREAT.
NOW I'VE GOT
HER TEMPER
AND YOURS TO
DEAL WITH.



IF HURT
FEELINGS IS ALL
WE COME UP AGAINST
TONIGHT, CONSIDER
BOTH OF US LUCKIER
THAN WE DESERVE.

LATER--

ALL RIGHT, I'VE SENT MY DATE HOME AND CUT DOWN PRIM.

NOW... WHAT'S SO DAMN IMPORTANT?

I'VE FOUND A CONTACT WHO CLAIMS TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HUSBAND, GUS TYROS.



IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF TRICK...

WE BOTH GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO, BABY. YOU LISTEN TO THIS GUY'S STORY. JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

HE'S A PRINT-JOCKEY OUT OF CHI-TOWN.

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?
I HATE THE SMELL OF THIS PLACE.

HOW CAN YOU SMOKE THOSE THINGS?

FUCK YOU.

HEY, KARL. A MIDGET COME BY EARLIER SAYING HE WUZ GOIN' TA BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU. I SAID YOU WUZ HIDIN' IN THE LADIES ROOM.

THANKS FOR THE COVER, SHAUGHNESSY. LEMME HAVE A BOILERMAKER.

DOUBLE MARGIE WITH EXTRA SALT.



BOMBS AWAY. WHO'S THE CHOICE TOMATO?

NEIGHBOR OF YOURS. GO AHEAD, MAKE A PLAY FOR HER. YOU'D LOOK GOOD WITH A KNOT IN YOUR DICK.

OH, AND HARDEE HAR HAR.



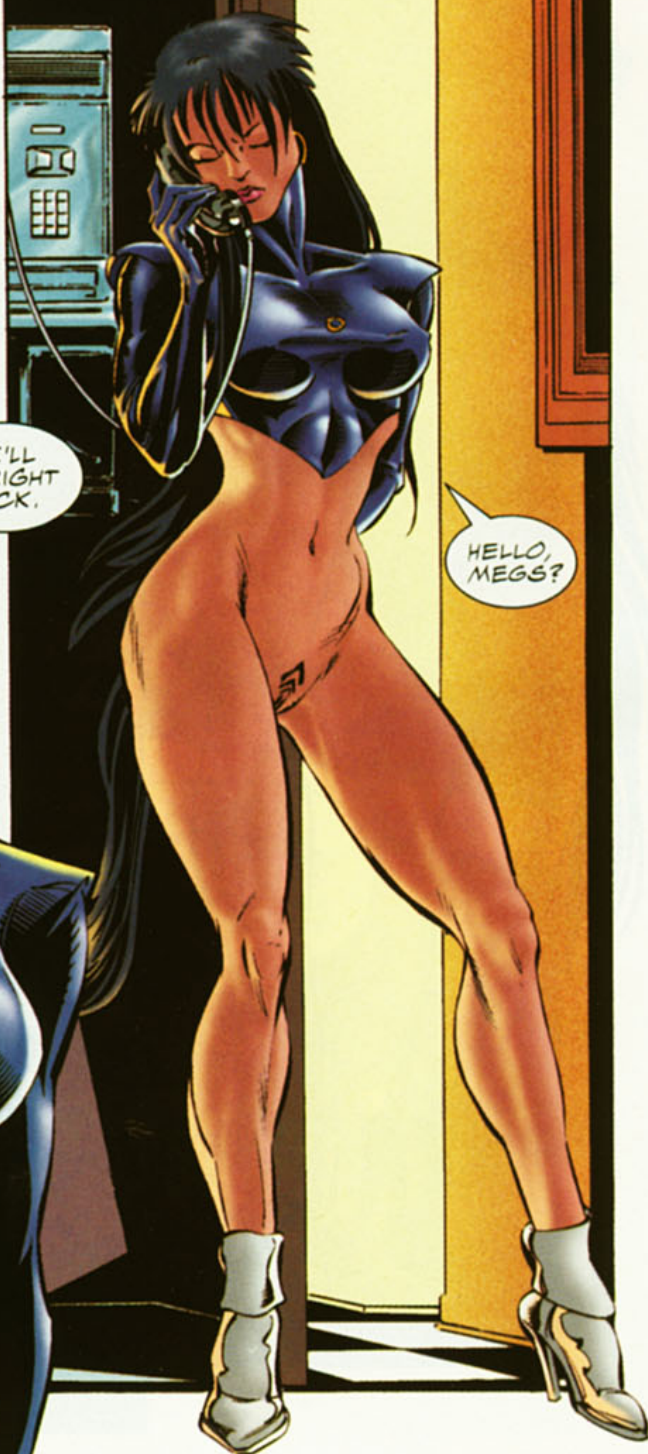
VENDEEN?

'CUSE ME, JUST LEAVING.



I'M KODIAK, DIMBULB. YOUR CONTACT. YOU SAID YOU HAD INFORMATION ON GUST TYROS?

OH, YEAH. SAY, I KNOW YOU, GIRLIE. SEEN SOME NUDIES OF YOU WITH...



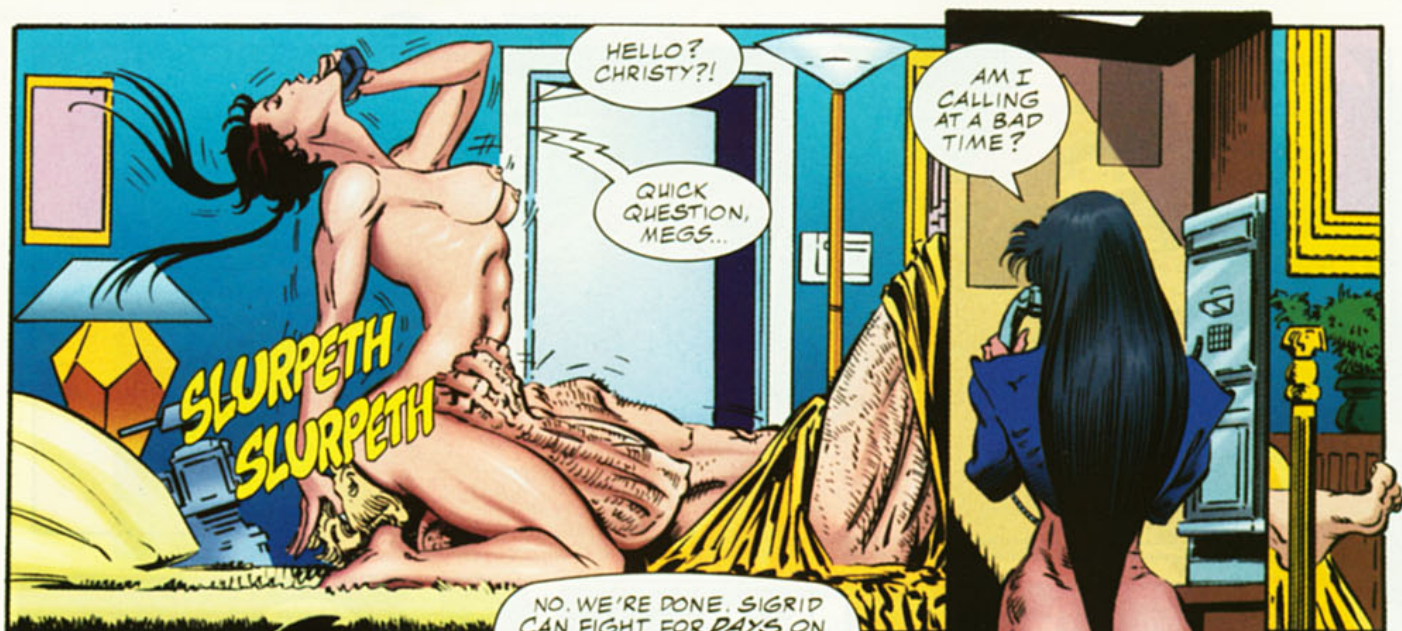
HELLO, MEGS?

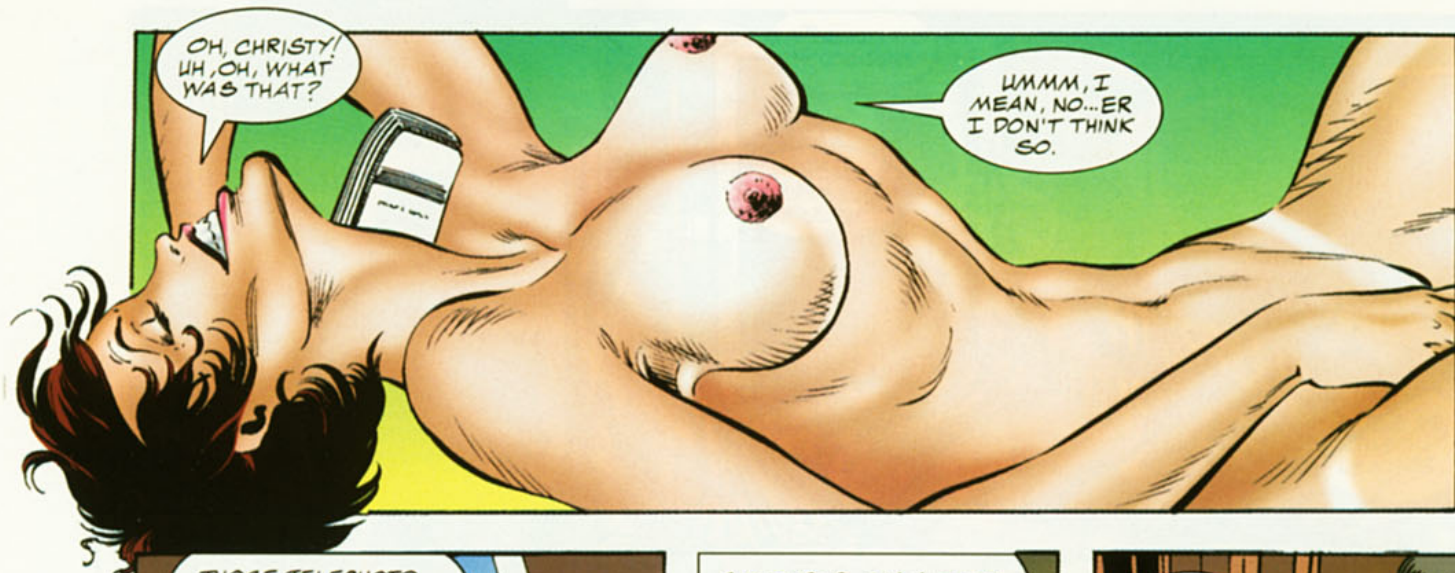


CUT THE SHIT AND GIMME THE DIRT.

OKAY, OKAY! GIVE ME THE DOUGH, I'LL FORK OVER AND BLOW.

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.







HE WAS WATCHING HER FOR THIS GUY-- BASIL FRANK. HE'S A PLAYER IN THE RICCI ORGANIZATION. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HE DOES, THOUGH.

GUS MENTIONED HIM ONCE. SAID HE WAS A SCIENTIST OF SOME SORT.

YEAH. NOW WHAT COFFEE, CREAM, BLIN, FRANK OR THE RICCI HAVE TO DO WITH GUS DISAPPEARING, I DON'T KNOW.

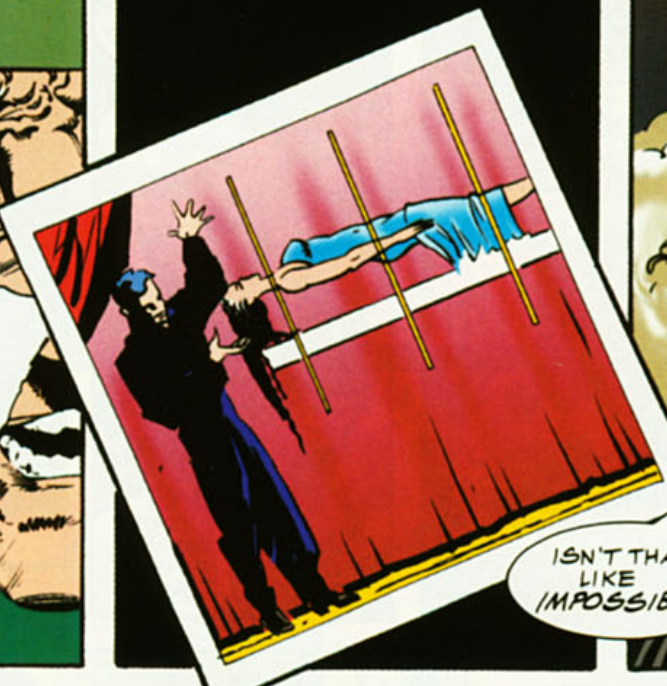
KNOW HIM?

BUT HERE'S WHAT I DO KNOW.

PHOTO--GUS WITH DON PELSO RICCI'S SISTER AT HER BIRTHDAY PARTY. JUNE 23RD. SIX MONTHS AFTER HE, AH, "DIED." EARLY EVENING. BRAZIL.

PHOTO--GUS ON STAGE. DOING THE EARLY EVENING DINNER SHOW.

JUNE 23RD. GERMANY.



ISN'T THAT LIKE IMPOSSIBLE?



YEAH. WHAT KINDA GOODS YOU SELLIN', VENDEEN?



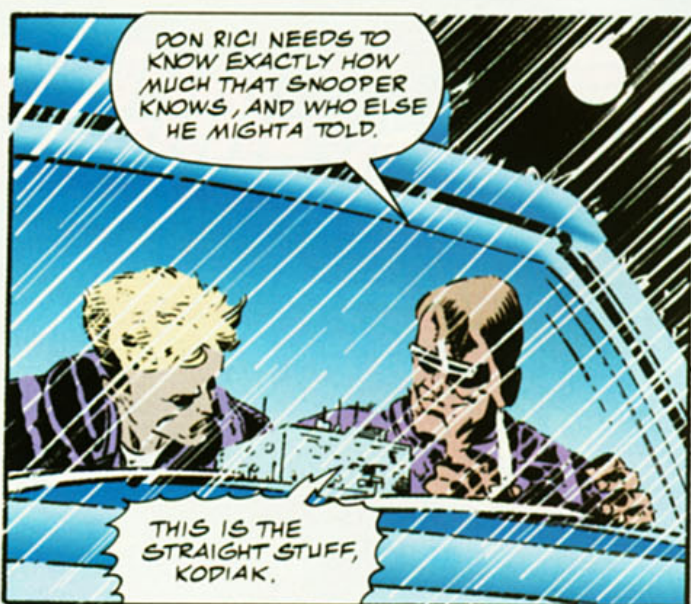
"HOW MUCH LONGER?"

PATIENCE, MY BRU-THA!



DON RICCI NEEDS TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW MUCH THAT SNOOPER KNOWS, AND WHO ELSE HE MIGHTA TOLD.

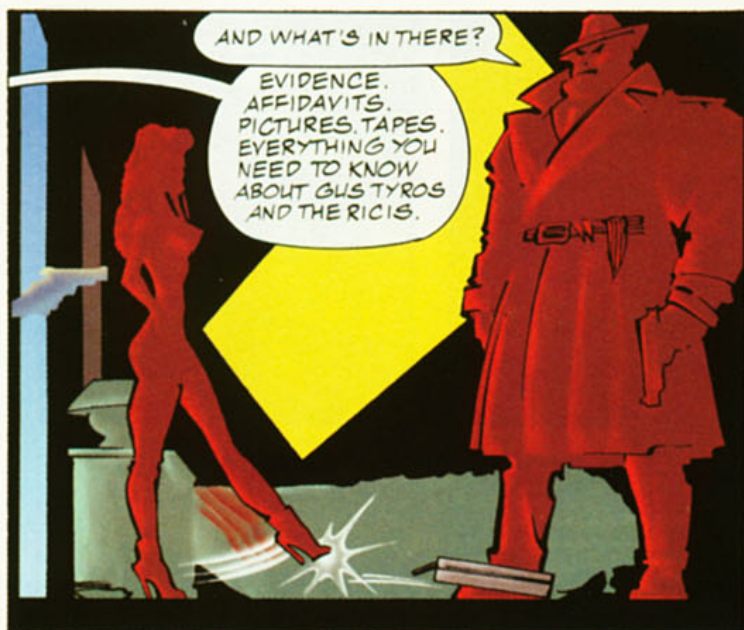
THIS IS THE STRAIGHT STUFF, KODIAK.

















HE HAS NO
US WITH YOU.
TELL HER,
GUS.

LISTEN, BABY. I WAS A
FUGITIVE PLENTY OF TIMES
BEFORE I MET YOU. I CAN
BE ONE AGAIN.

CLAUDIA AND
ME, WE'RE USED
TO IT. BUT, THAT'S
NO LIFE FOR A
GIRL LIKE YOU.



COM'ON, CHRISTY.
WE GOT WHAT WE
CAME FOR.

JUST
ONE
QUESTION,
GUS.



DID YOU
EVER LOVE
ME?



OF
COURSE
I DID,
BABY.

BUT LIKE
YOUR DADDY
SAID... IT IS
TIME TO GO.



THEY WON'T LET
US WALK OUT OF
HERE, WILL THEY?

WHICH
ONE DO YOU
WANT, LITTLE
GIRL?

SHOOT
HER RIGHT
BETWEEN
THE EYES.



I'M SORRY
I DIDN'T
TRUST YOU,
DADDY.

I'M SORRY
IT HAD TO
COME TO
THIS.





I THINK MAYBE WE'VE GOT
A CLUE HERE AS TO HOW
GUS SURVIVED DROWNING.

AND HOW
HE COULD BE
IN TWO PLACES
AT ONCE.

IT COULDN'T BE SOMETHING SIMPLE. NO.
IT ALL HAD TO TURN INTO SOMETHIN' BIGGER.

I'D THOUGHT I'D BE HELPIN' MY LITTLE
GIRL. GET SOME DIRTY PICTURES OF HER
OFF THE STREETS... GET TO THE BOTTOM
OF HER HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE.
GET HER BACK IN MY LIFE.

ALL I'D WANTED WAS TO CLOSE
THE RIFF BETWEEN US, BEFORE SHE
WAS AN OLD LADY AND I WAS
STILL... WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS
I AM.

YOUR CALL,
CHRISTY. YOU
WANT TO LOOK
INTO THIS?

BUT, IF I'D KNOWN THEN ABOUT
ALL OF THIS WHAT I KNOW NOW...



YES.

I'D'VE
PUBLISHED
THOSE PHOTOS
MYSELF."



TO BE
CONTINUED

Bill Shakespeare's



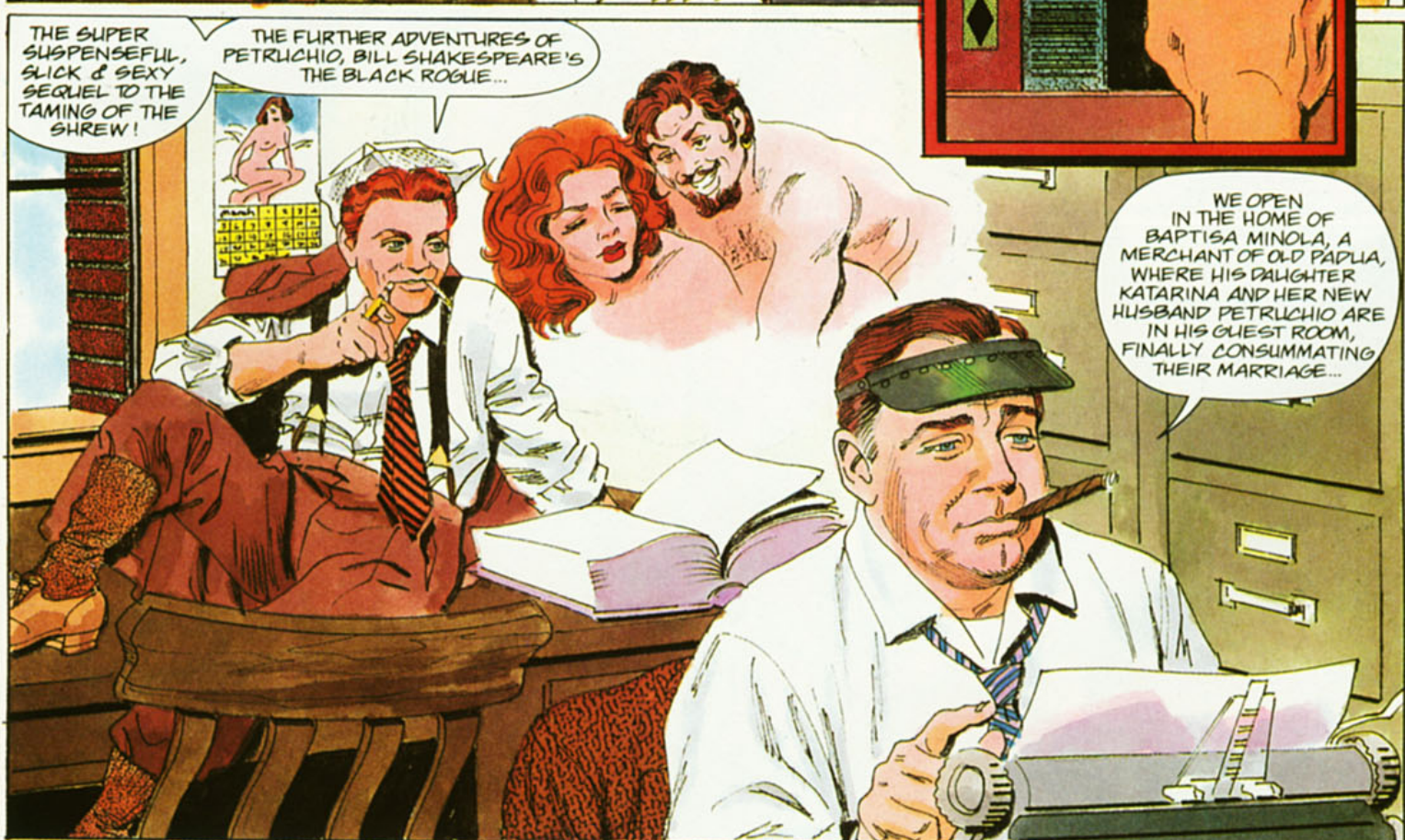
Black Rogue

WRITERS: CARAGONNE, THORNTON & TRACY

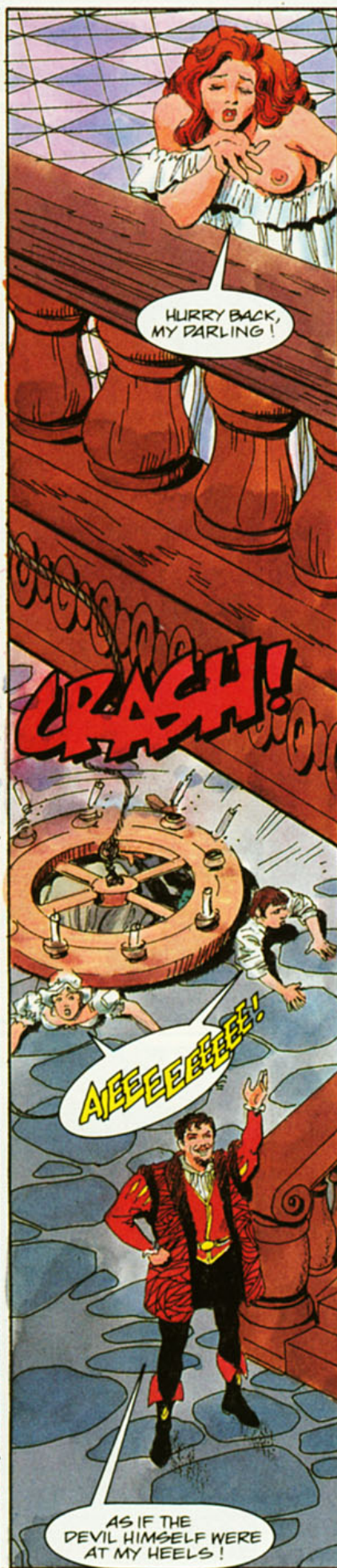
DIALOGUE: CARAGONNE, THORNTON & TRACY

ARTIST: GRAY MORROW

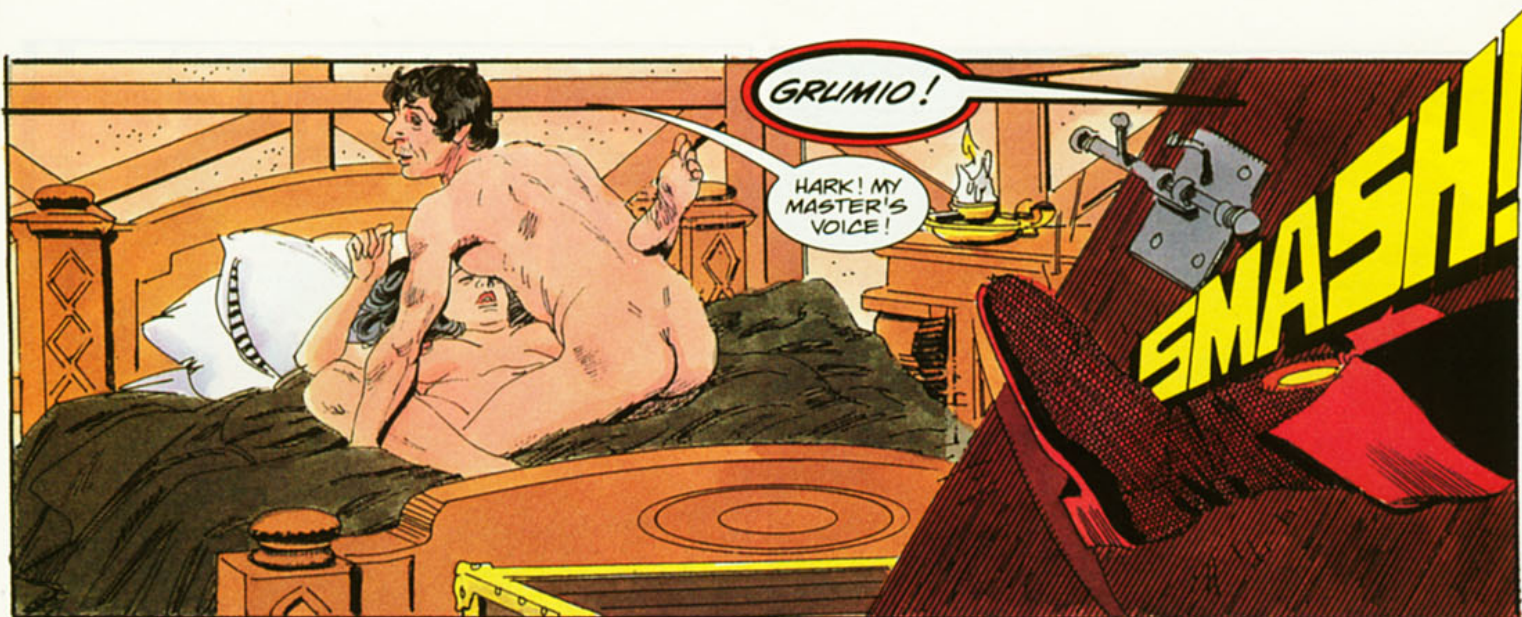
LETTERS: VICKIE WILLYAMS









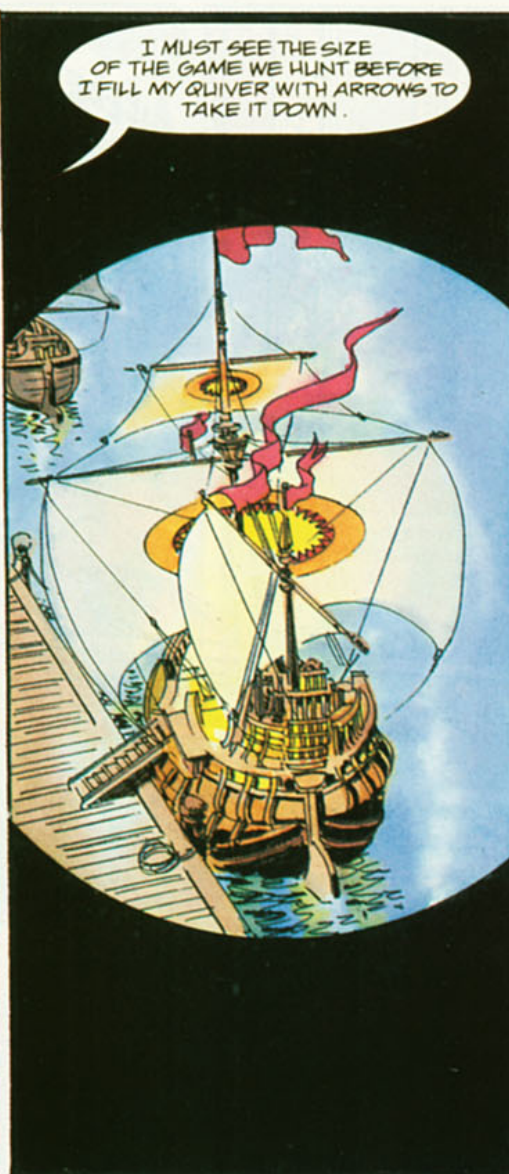






OH MASTER, IF THE NIGHTWATCH WERE TO SEE YOU THERE...

QUIET, LICKSPITTLE!



I MUST SEE THE SIZE OF THE GAME WE HUNT BEFORE I FILL MY QUIVER WITH ARROWS TO TAKE IT DOWN.



WHAT NOW, MASTER? AREN'T WE...?

GOING TO MARCH RIGHT DOWN TO THE BLACKGUARD'S SHIP AND HAVE HIM LAUGH IN MY FACE AND THROW ME OVERBOARD?

DON'T BE A FOOL!



OW!

I JUST WONDERED.

LET ME HANDLE WONDER--YOU HANDLE OBEDIENCE. IF YOU MUST PRY INTO YOUR MASTER'S BUSINESS, I WOULD TELL YOU WE ARE OFF TO SEE ...

SMCK!

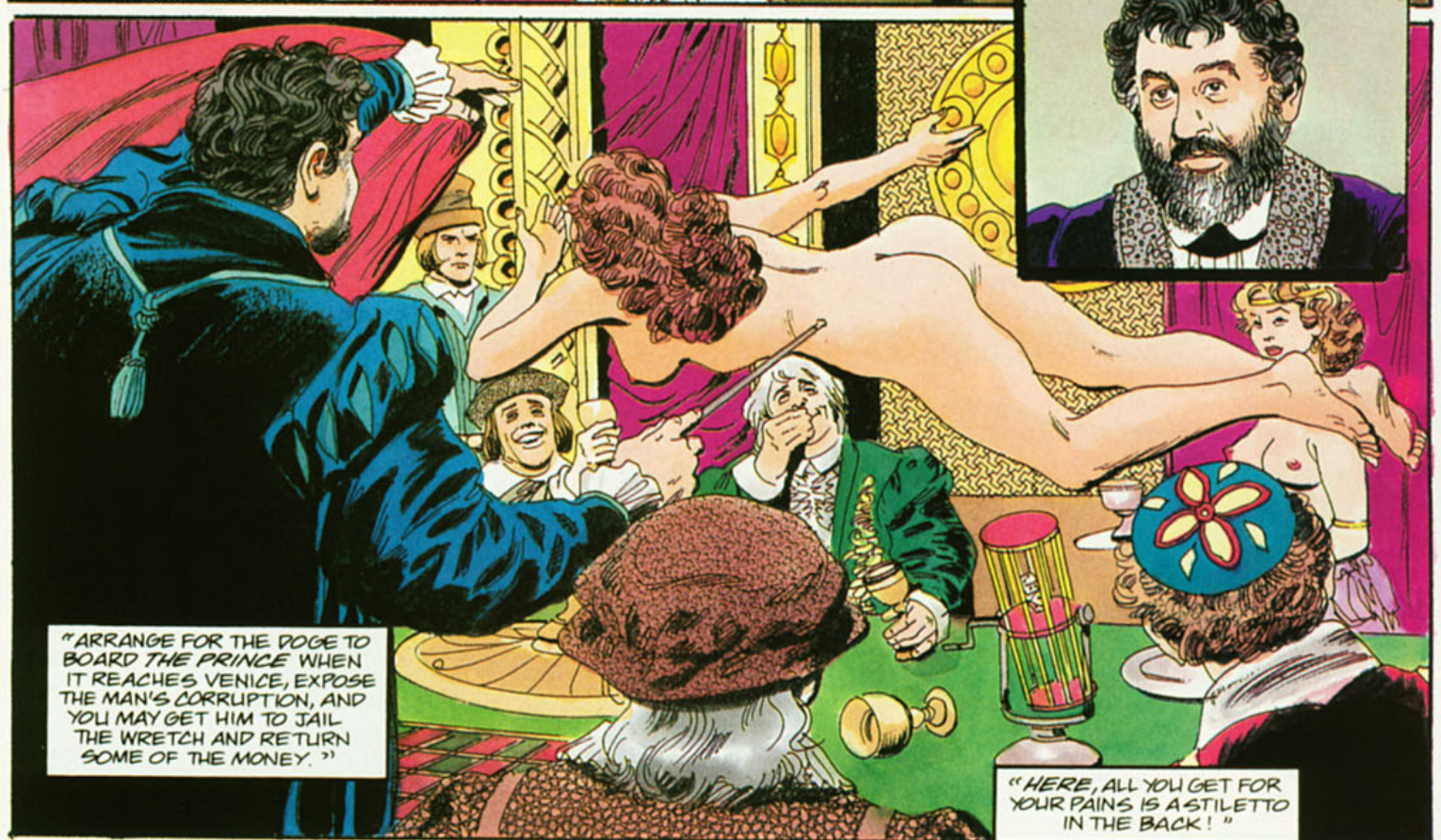
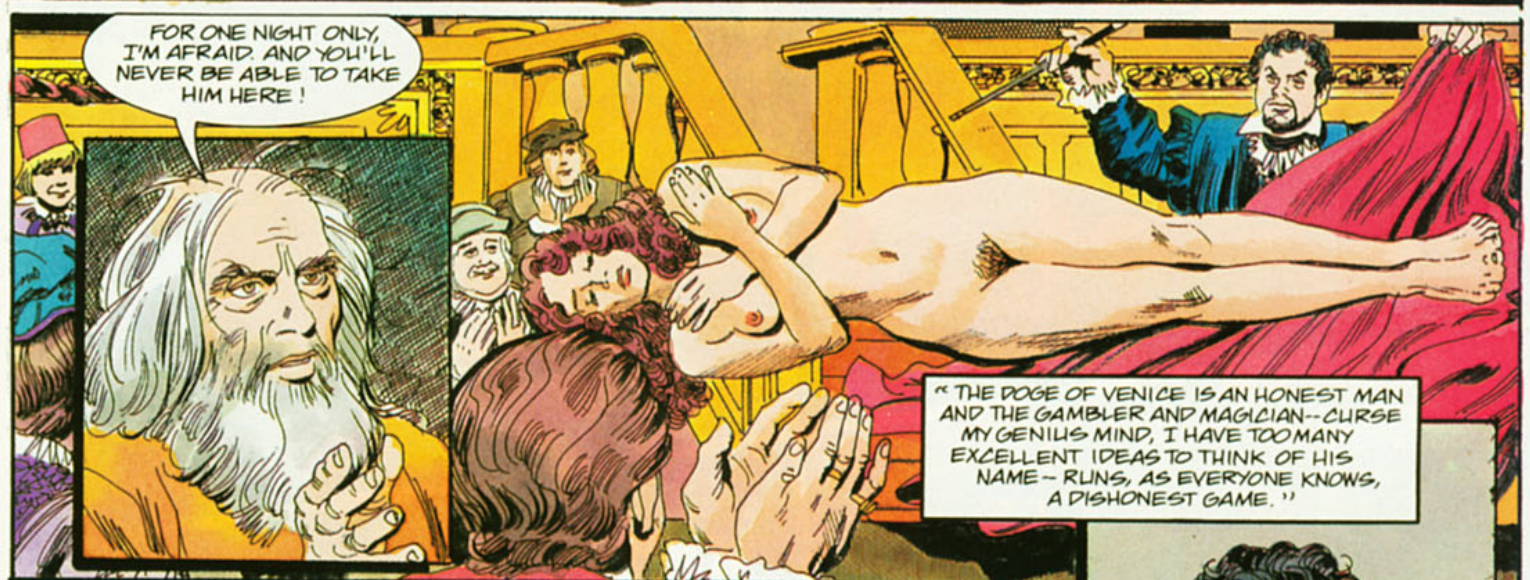


...LEONARDO! LEONARDO DA VINCI!!

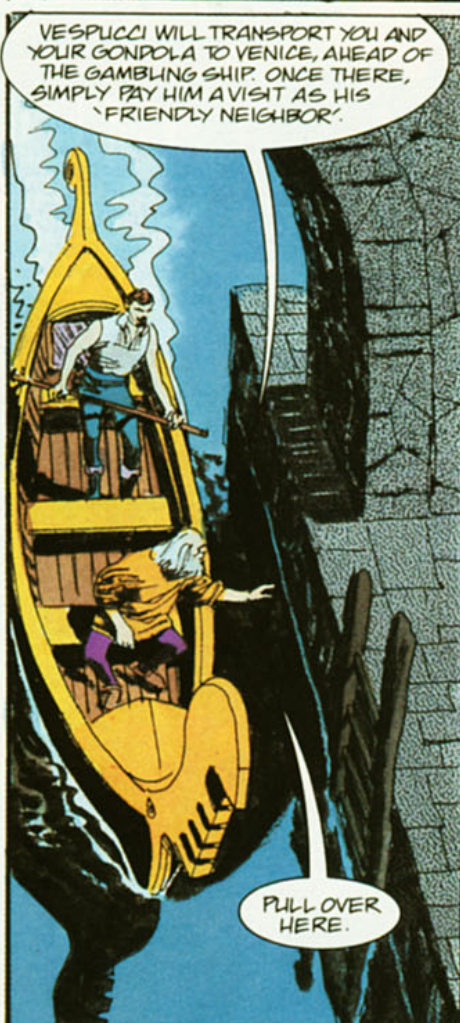


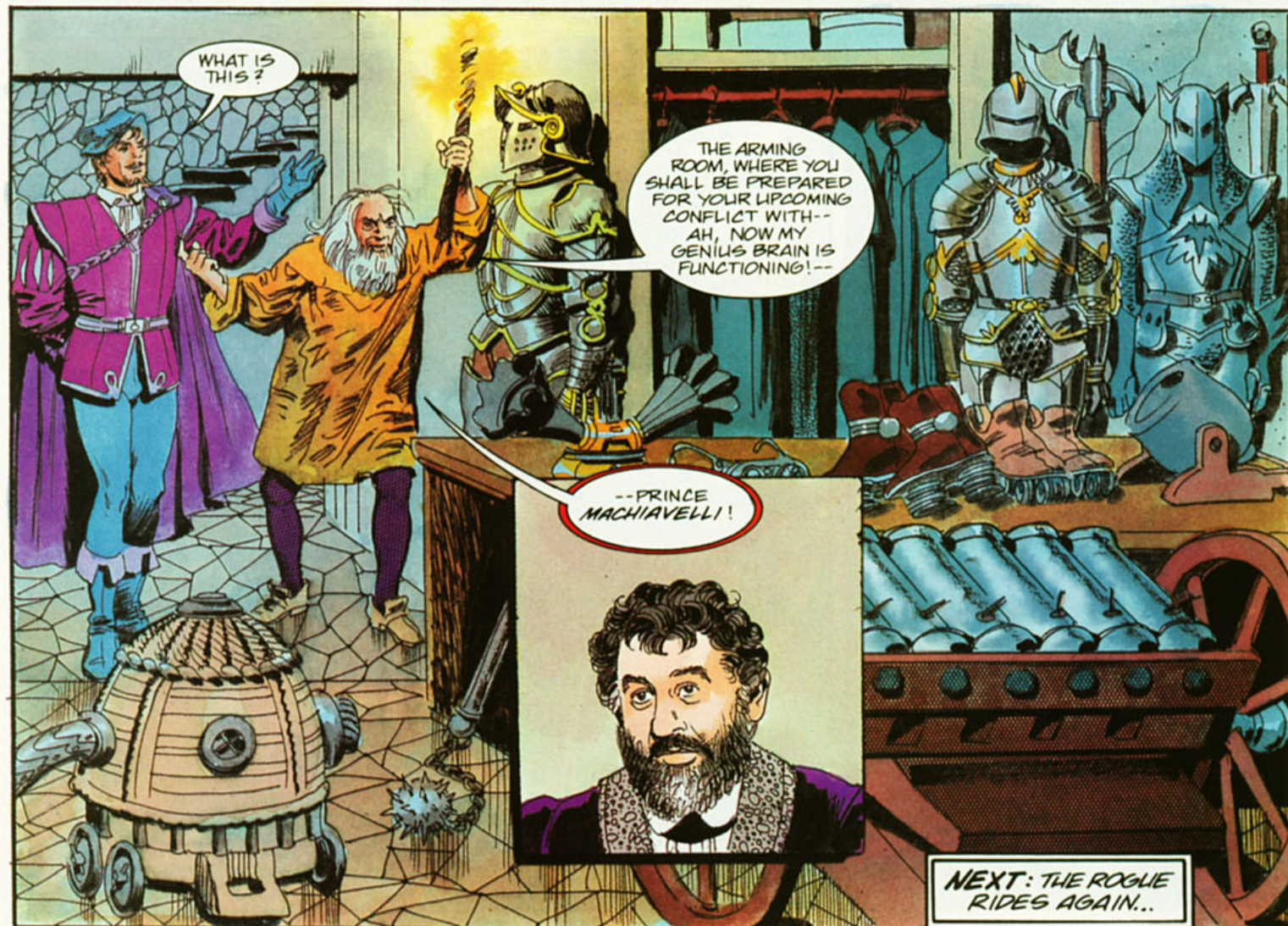












The following is a transcript of an interview with TV-writer-made-good McKinley "Mac" Reese, right after receiving his Oscar:

INTERVIEWER: "So, Mr. Reese, you encountered some resistance in pitching this Black Hornet idea ..."

REESE: "Christ! Sydney Goldfinch had us stuck in Australia, shooting these godawful LA-X Production Company shows of his—"

INTERVIEWER: "Sluts and sand in 'Babewatch.' Loch Ness monsters and lusty aliens in 'Sex Files.' Lotta winners."

REESE: "So you see how much I wanted to get out of Sydney's Australian salt mine and go legit."

INTERVIEWER: "And THAT'S when you got the idea for..."

the BLACK HORNET



SYDNEY GOLDFINCH
TV PRODUCER



McKINLEY "MAC" REESE
WRITER



JEAN SPRINGFIELD
SPOILED GEN X
HEARTTHROB



THE CREEPER
MR. GOLDFINCH'S
BODYGUARD

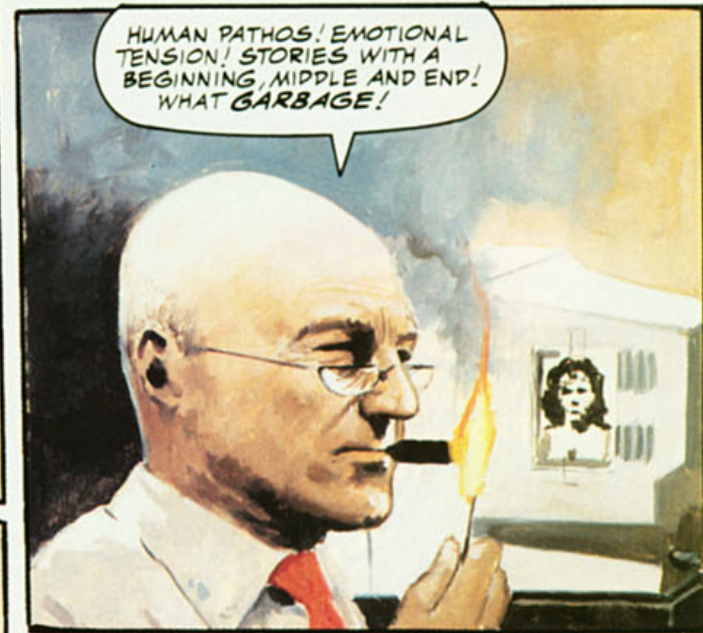


CARRIE FIERSTEIN
TV BIT ACTRESS



MS. NAISMITH
SECRETARY





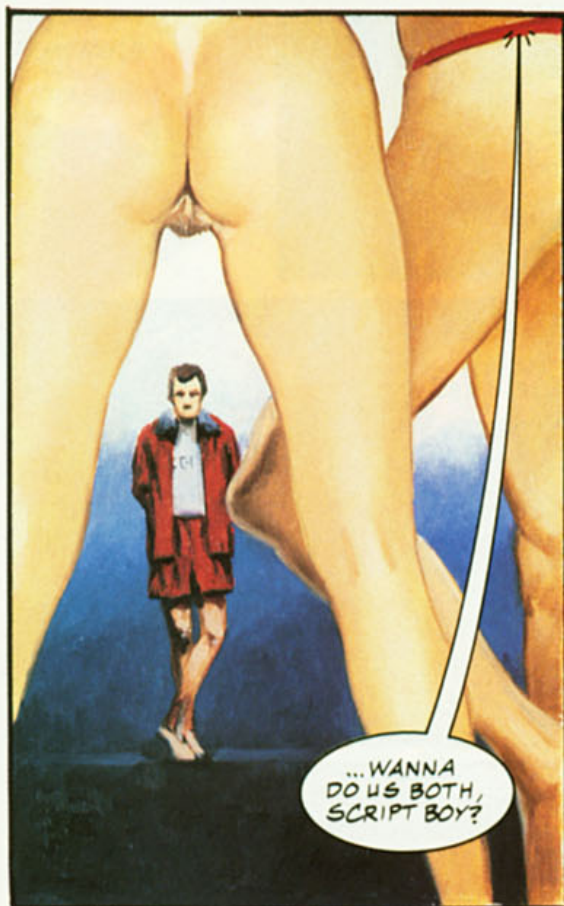














NATURALLY!
NOW, I GOTTA
GO DO THIS
SCENE IN ONE
OF SYDNEY'S
SHOWS...



SO WHY DON'T
YOU TWO TALK
ABOUT REESE'S
NEW EPIC.



NOW, TRACY, YOU'RE
SURE QUALITY IS "IN"
THIS MONTH?



OH, ABSOLUTELY! US
FUCKING HIM IS A
GOOD THING!

ALRIGHTY! JUST CHECKING!
YOU TWO HAVE FUN TALKING
ABOUT CLASSY ACTING PARTS
WHILE I PLAY...



--THE DEAF MUTE
PATIENT WITH A
HEART OF GOLD THAT
SEDUCES ALL THE
DOCTORS. TATA!

"I HAD FOUND MY GIG!
WITH JEAN'S NAME
ASSOCIATED WITH THE
PROJECT, MY BLACK
HORNET SCRIPT GOT
FUNDING..."



"...AND MY MOVIE
WAS MADE! THE
BLACK HORNET!"

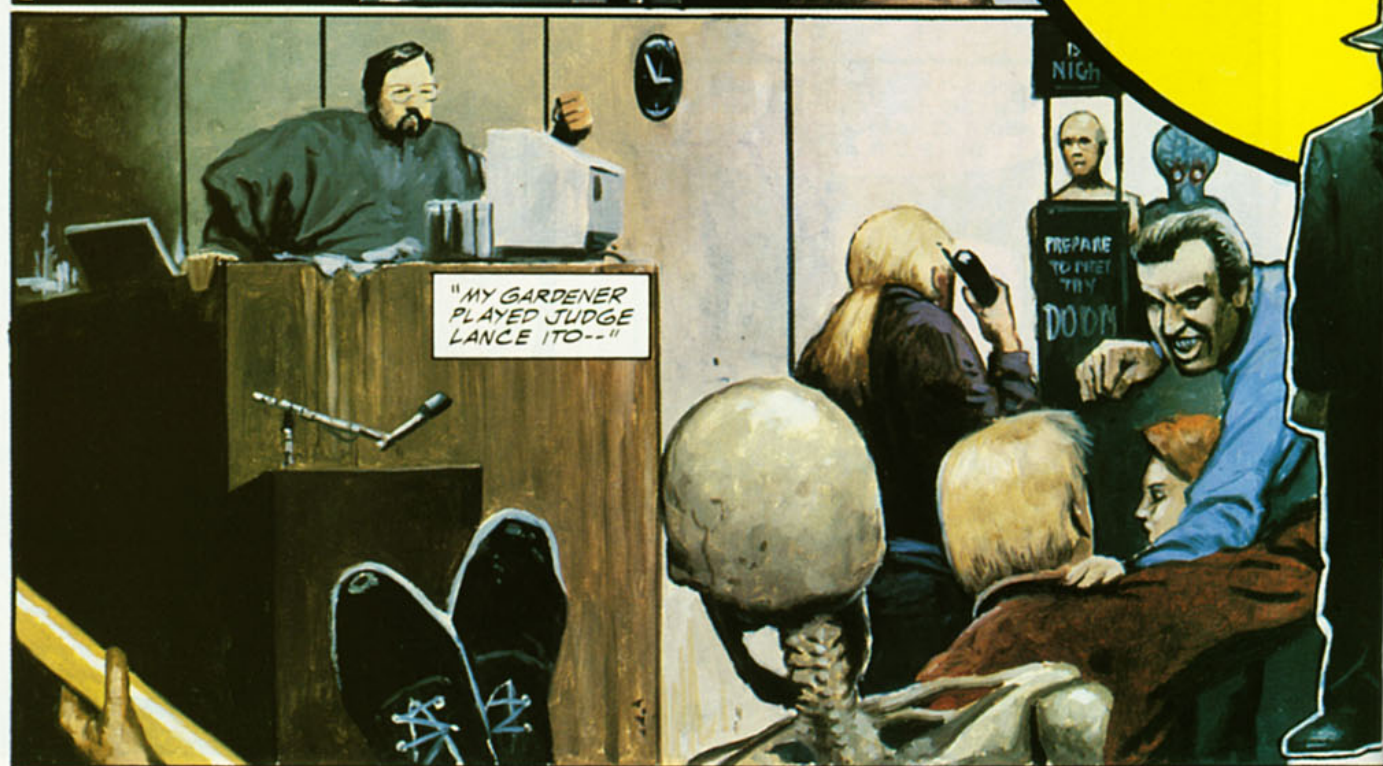
"WITH A GOOD WIG, JEAN
PLAYED THE TERRIFIED
AND TRAGIC HEROINE OF
THE PIECE."



"AND MY PIÈCE DE
RÉSISTANCE: THE
JUICE AS THE
BLACK HORNET!"

COME ANY
CLOSER AND
I'LL SHOOT
MYSELF!

DON'T
PUSH HIM,
HE'S DONE IT
BEFORE!



"MY GARDENER
PLAYED JUDGE
LANCE ITO--"

"THAT GOOFY STAGEHAND
GOT THE PART OF THE BLACK
HORNET'S SLEAZY SIDEKICK
WHO GOT ALL OF THE
HORNET'S 'STUFF' FOR HIM..."

"I SAW IN THE TRADES
THAT HE GOT A PART IN
THE NEXT ERNEST
MOVIE."



"JEAN'S FRIEND TRACY GOT
TO PLAY THE SPECIAL GUEST
VILLAIN, MARCIA CLARK!"



"IT HAD PLANE CRASHES,
SHOOTOUTS, MURDER, SEX...
FINALLY, A SCRIPT OF MINE
THAT HAD CLASS!"



"I HEAR JEAN'S UP FOR AN OSCAR FOR PLAYING A WOMAN DEALING WITH CANCER. AGAIN."



"JEAN'S FRIEND TRACY WENT ON TO THE LUCRATIVE FIELD OF DIRECT-TO-VIDEO GOLF TAPES."



"OT FOUGHT MIKE TYSON ON HBO AND RETIRED TO ARUBA."



"AND SYDNEY? WELL, HE DOES A FINE JOB POLISHING MY CAR! ...AND MY SCRIPTS!"



The End!

LARRY NIVEN'S RINGWORLD THRONE



Never before. Never like this. Never this ... cool. **MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX** presents a premiere gallery of science-fiction author Larry Niven's **RINGWORLD THRONE**. **OMNI COMIX** will be running the complete feature this month. To celebrate the event, we are giving you six illustrations in their entirety. **PLUS!** A piece by renowned comic artist Bill Sienkiewicz that is an exclusive to **MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX** readers.

MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX exclusive! "Vampire Woman," by Bill Sienkiewicz.



"Coin Toss," by Dave Gibbons. A comics legend gone digital, Dave computer-colored this piece. Note the detailed alien pressure suit.



"Portrait of Louis Wu," by Cam Kennedy. Cam Star Wars Kennedy was given a section of a Ringworld book to do this character. Only when I saw the piece did I realize the excerpt contained a party where women [and men] put on facial makeup.



"Lucky Teela Brown," by Boris Vallejo. I asked Boris to do a pinup ... and he astounded me with much more than expected: a cover-quality illustration with a background and a jaunty little swagger stick for Teela.



"Ringworld Ghoul," by Mike Mignola. Mike initially included a moon in the background—but then quickly caught and corrected his mistake. You see, on Ringworld, there are no planets in the sky, the whole "world" is a metal ribbon around a sun.



"Fist of God," by Walt Simonson. Larry Niven has asked me to note that the hole in the bottom of the Ringworld seen here is way too big. Think anyone would notice? Try attending a science fiction convention.

—Mark





SLIM CHANCE



SISTER JOAN



MAC McLAIN



RAWHIDE RITA



J.R. CABOT



MICK "THE QUICK"
QUINTIN



"THE HELLWAGON"



JOHNNY "REB"
RUSSELL



BUG-JUICE
BEAM



Our Story Thus Far:

1871. Between its coasts, America is still a vast wilderness with the haze of the Civil War just lifting from this still-new country. Nowhere is order and law less apparent than the Old West, where we have met:

SLIM CHANCE, drifter on the dusty plains, an unforgiven outlaw whose gun can be hired for a few dollars more ... maybe ...

SISTER JOAN of the Mothers of Invention, nun and woman of God traveling to Baja, California, to start a mission for ministering to the poor ... or is she?

RAWHIDE RITA, the tough-as-nails leader of the outlaw-hooker gang, who claims that Joan is an ex-prostitute who stole a fortune in gold from Rita and her gang but has she?

MAC McLAIN, Slim's ex-partner, who enlists Slim & Nun's help against **J.R. CABOT**, a corrupt land baron who swindled Mac out of his share of the Lost Dutchman Mine. With their sights set on robbing Cabot's gold-filled Hellwagon, Mac has recruited several of his roustabout itinerant buddies who together form a team that, if not magnificent, is at least marvelous ...

And now, he's dapper, he's daring, he's dangerous... he's the last word in ladykillers
"MICK THE QUICK!"

EPISODE 5: "MICK THE QUICK"

WRITERS:
CARAGONNE, THORNTON & BARRY
ARTIST: DAN BARRY
LETTERS: GAIL BECKETT









MICK
THE QUICK.
SURE...

WHAT IS IT
YOU WANT?

NOT A THING,
CABOT.

JUST ENJOYING THE FINE
AL FRESCO CUISINE FOR
WHICH STUMPY'S SALOON IS
DULY FAMOUS.



AND YOU,
SISTER.
WOULD YOU DO
ME THE HONOR
OF JOINING
ME?

I'D LOVE
TO, BROTHER
QUINTON.



MICK,
PLEASE.

GOOD. I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT. SO I TOOK THE
LIBERTY OF ORDERING A
SIZZLING SIRLOIN PLATTER
FOR TWO.



WELL, I SURE HOPE IT
DON'T GET COLD—'CAUSE SHE'S
GOT A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.
SOMETHING MORE IN
HER LINE—

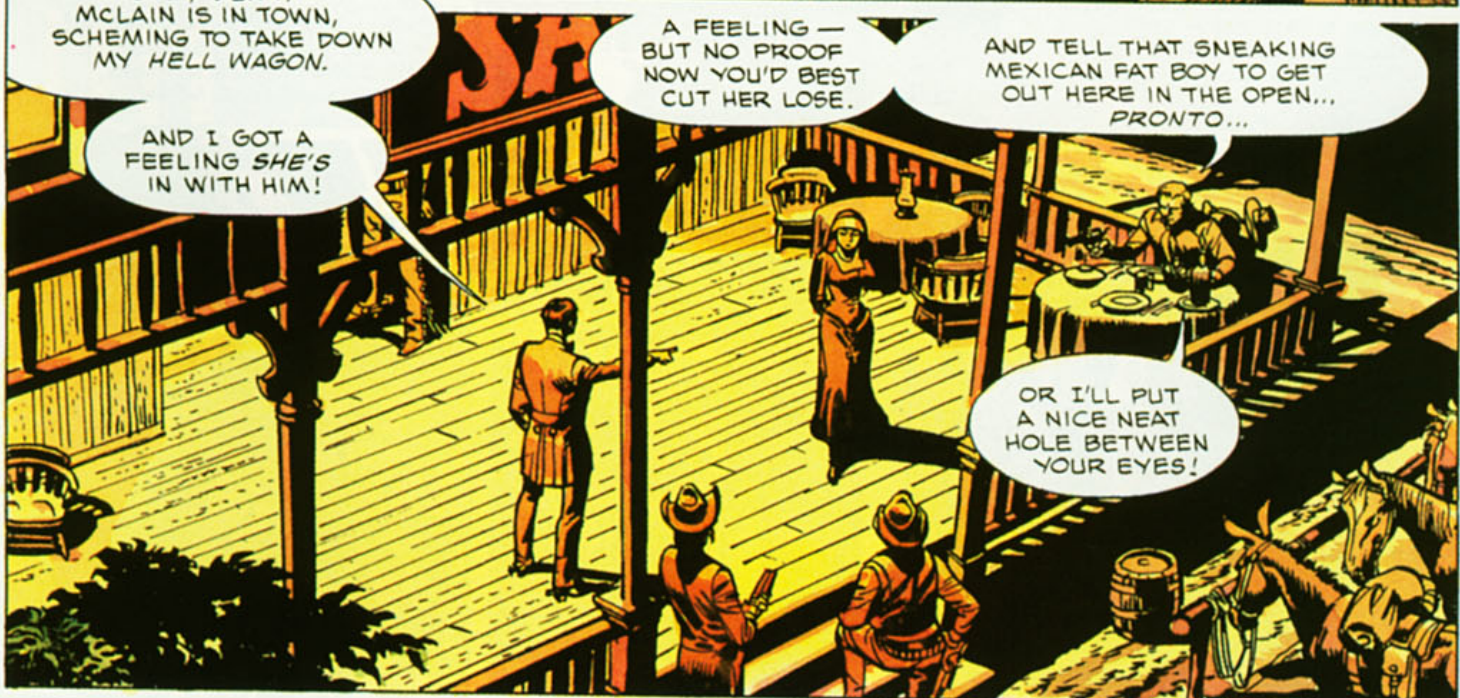
LIKE
CONFESSIONS.
YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO TAKE HER
AWAY FROM HER
HOLY DUTY?

TAKING YOUR
CONFESSION,
J.R., WILL TAKE
LONGER THAN I
CAN WAIT.



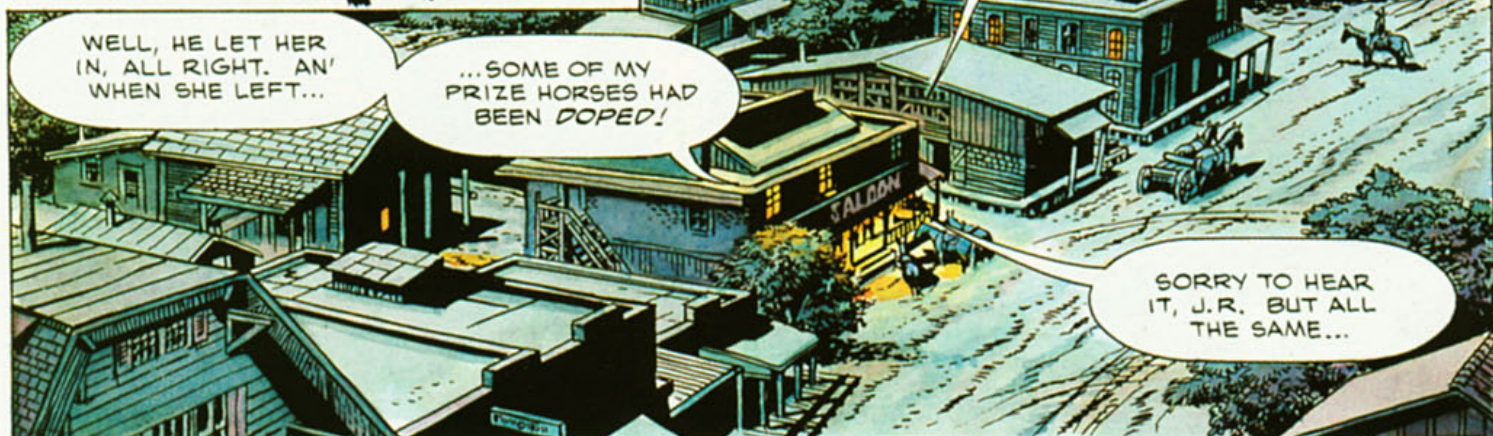
NOT MINE,
GODDAM IT. IT'S
THIS BITCH WHO'S
GONNA FESS UP.

MAY THE
LORD FORGIVE
YOUR BLASPHEMY,
BROTHER. AS I
HEAR IT, YOUR
SOUL IS ALREADY
HEAVY WITH
BURDEN.





MICK, WHY ARE YOU GETTING INVOLVED IN THIS? WHETHER THIS FEMALE IS A REAL NUN OR NO, SHE WAS AT MY STABLES TODAY, COZYIN' UP TO ONE OF MY GUARDS AS NO NUN OUGHT'A.







MAC CALLS IN HIS DEBTS. YOU MUST BE IN WITH HIM THEN.

LET'S JUST SAY THERE'S SOME QUESTION ABOUT WHO OWNS THAT GOLD IN YOUR HELL WAGON, J.R. AND I'M HERE TO HELP YOU AND MAC RESOLVE IT.



GIVE IT UP, MICK. YOU HAVEN'T A MONKEY'S CHANCE IN HELL. ANYBODY TRIES TO TAKE THAT WAGON IS BEGGING FOR AN EARLY GRAVE. AN YOU DO ENJOY LIFE.



I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN, J.R. BUT, AS I SAID, I'M ONLY HERE TO MEDIATE.

FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE SO. A MAN OF PROPERTY, LIKE ME, MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS. I'VE GOT AN ARMY OF GUARDS, WELL-PAID, WELL-ARMED, TO PROTECT WHAT'S MINE. AN ARMY TEN TIMES THE SIZE OF MAC'S GANG.

YOU FIGURE YOU CAN GUESS HOW MANY HE'S GOT?

OH, SIX, MAYBE SEVEN.



MMM... A TREAT! THANK YOU, BROTHER.

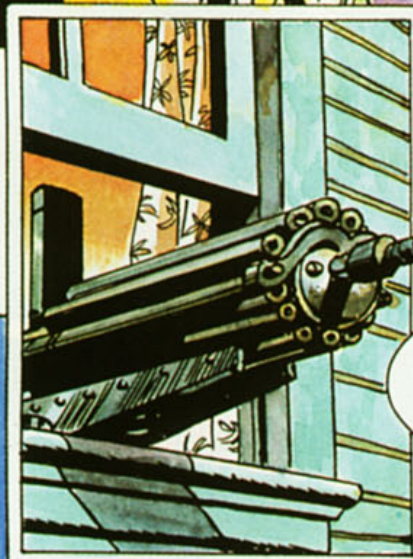


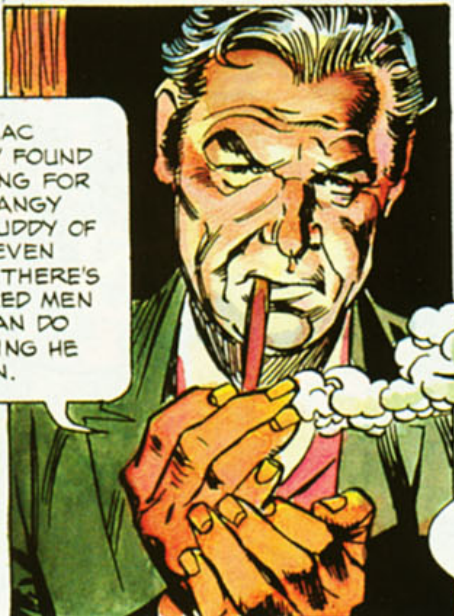
MAC IS GREEDY. A SMALL BAND. EQUAL SHARES. A NICE FAT PAYCHECK FOR EVERYONE. THAT'S MAC.



COULD WELL BE.

HOW'S YOUR STEAK, SISTER?






AND MAC
PROBABLY FOUND
SOMETHING FOR
THAT MANGY
INDIAN BUDDY OF
HIS— EVEN
THOUGH THERE'S
A HUNDRED MEN
WHO CAN DO
ANYTHING HE
CAN.



A SENTIMENTAL
MAN,
DENNY MCCLAIN.


AND YOU YOURSELF
WOULD NEVER LET
SENTIMENT INTERFERE
WITH A BUSINESS
DECISION?

PUFF, PUFF
OH, NO, MA'AM.
PUFF, PUFF.
THAT'S WHY I
HAVE THE GOLD
AND HE DON'T.




DAMN THESE
CHEAP
CIGARS!

YOU'D THINK A MAN WITH A
MILLION DOLLARS WOULD BE ABLE
TO FIND SOMETHING BETTER.



NOT IN
THIS TOWN.



I DON'T SUPPOSE I'VE
SUCCEEDED IN SCARING
YOU OFF?



NOPE.

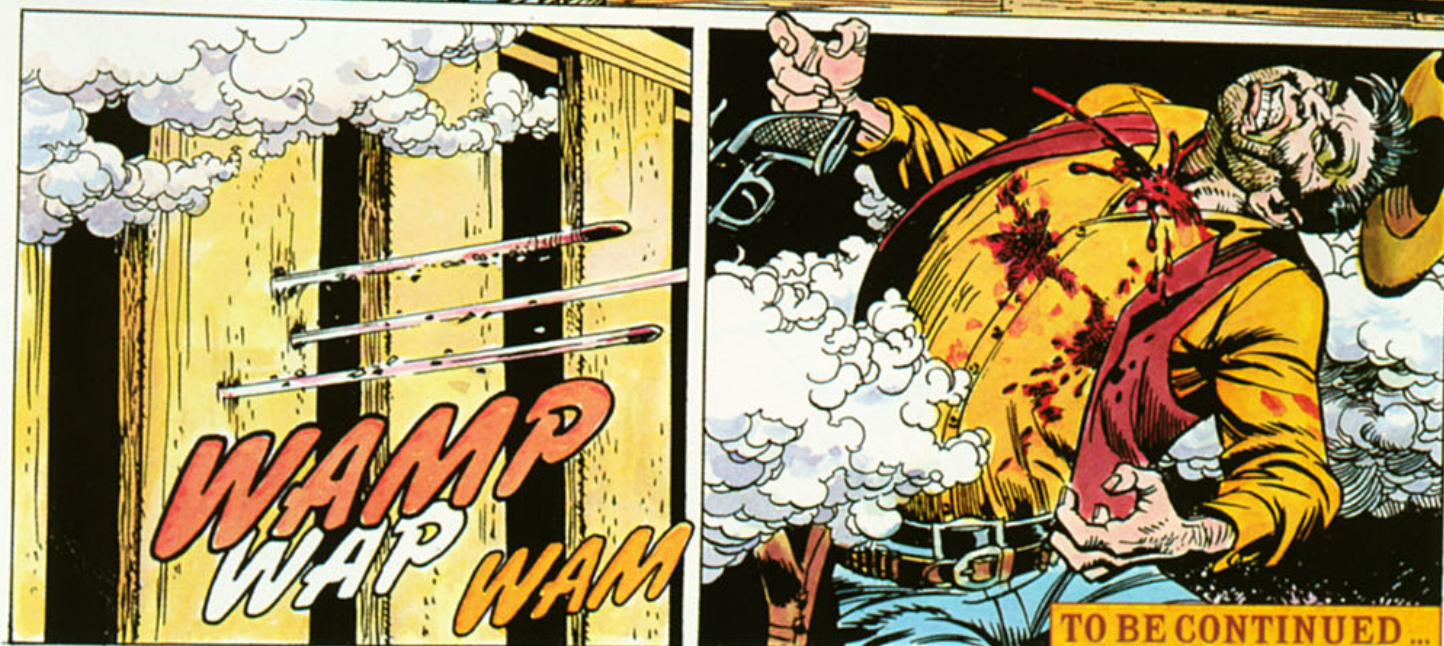
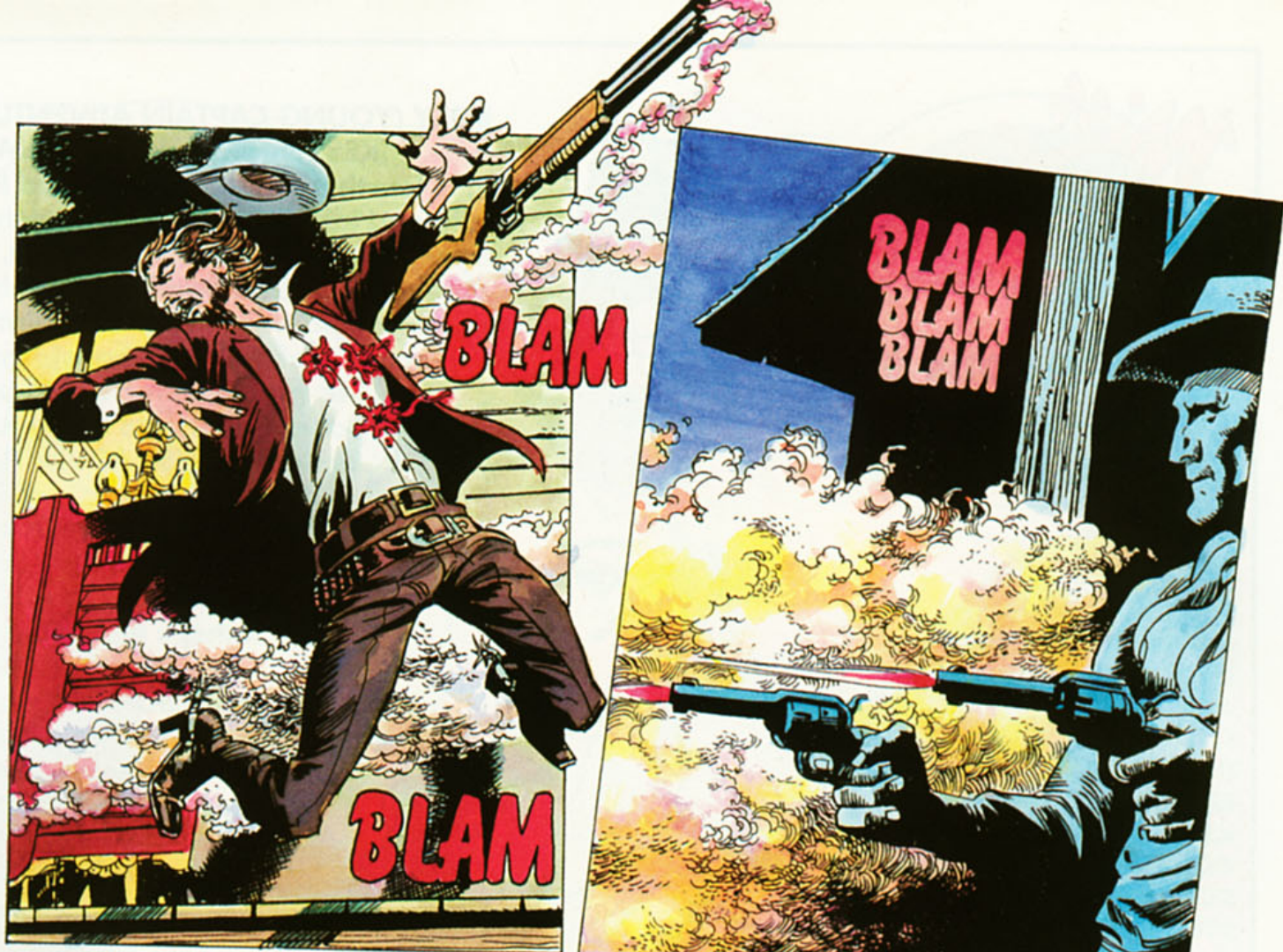
I DIDN'T
THINK SO.

BLAST
HIM,
BOYS!

BLAM



HIT
THE
GROUND,
SISTER.



~~Miss~~ **ADVENTURE**

EPISODE 5 "MEET MR. MENTOS"

STORY BY
CARAGONNE AND
THORNTON
ART BY
CARY
POLKOVITZ
LETTERS BY
KENNY LOPEZ
COLOR BY
SUDDAM
STUDIOS



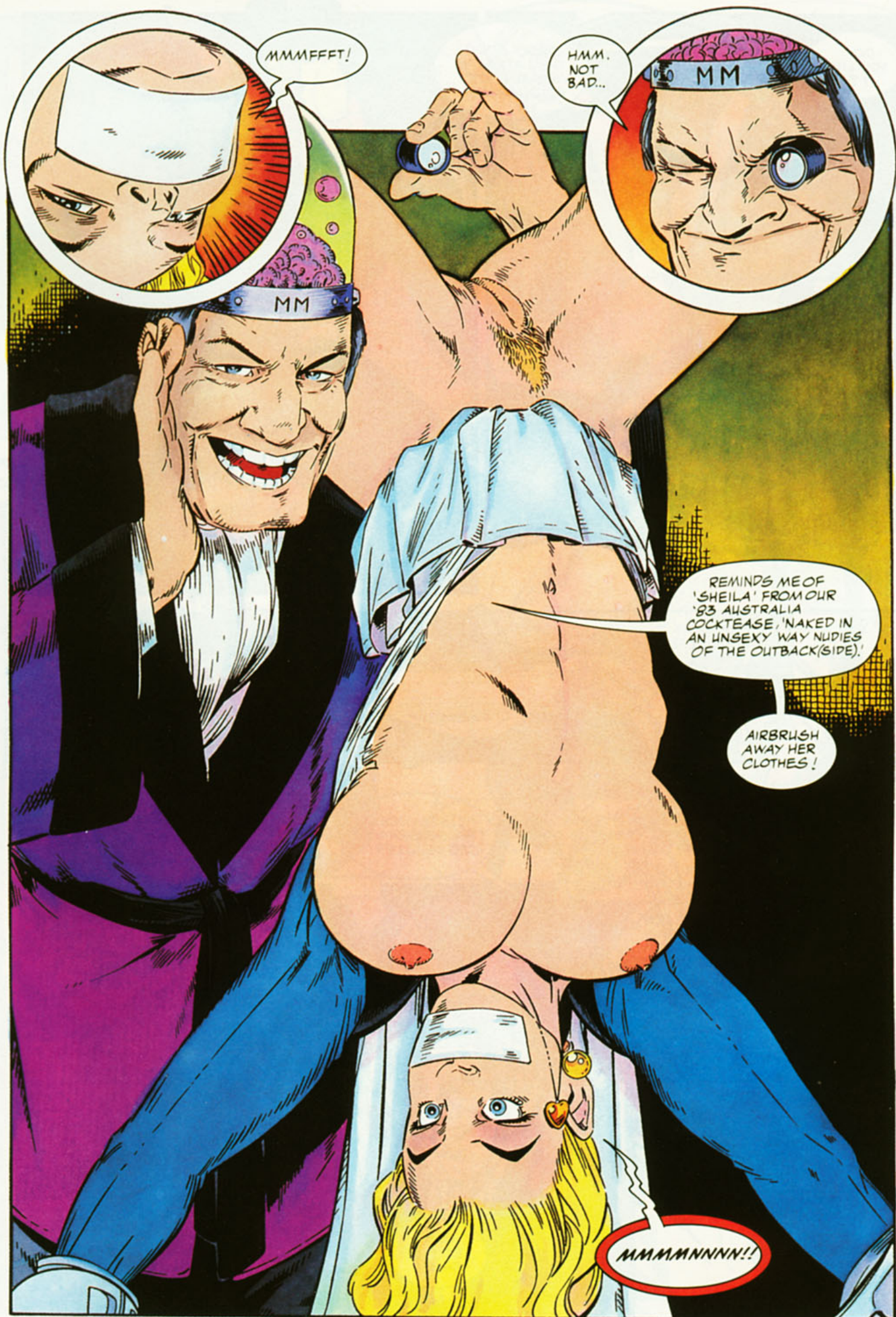
JOEY (YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE) PIKE's long-lost sister is CAMILLE PIKE, is fourth member of the proud Pike family and inheritor to the clan's genetic super powers. In the use of justice, the Australian-raised Camille has only to say the magic word "EKIP" (the French spelling of "Pike"), transforming her from a slim-chested Land Down Under lass to the fully-endowed MISS ADVENTURE.

Traveling from Australia where she was raised, Cammy has joined her father's old superhero group, THE TEAM SUPREME—once earth's greatest heroes, now a band of two-bit hucksters, out to make a fast buck.

After defeating SISTER SAPPHO at the Statue of Liberty, Cammy fell into the cold clutches of AUNTIE FREEZE.

Cammy broke the ice with the naughty Auntie, but soon crossed paths with chrome-dome himself, MR. MENTOS. The Team Supreme was also captured, and all writhe under cruel ministrations as they "Meet Mister Mentos."





MMFFFT!

HMM.
NOT
BAD...

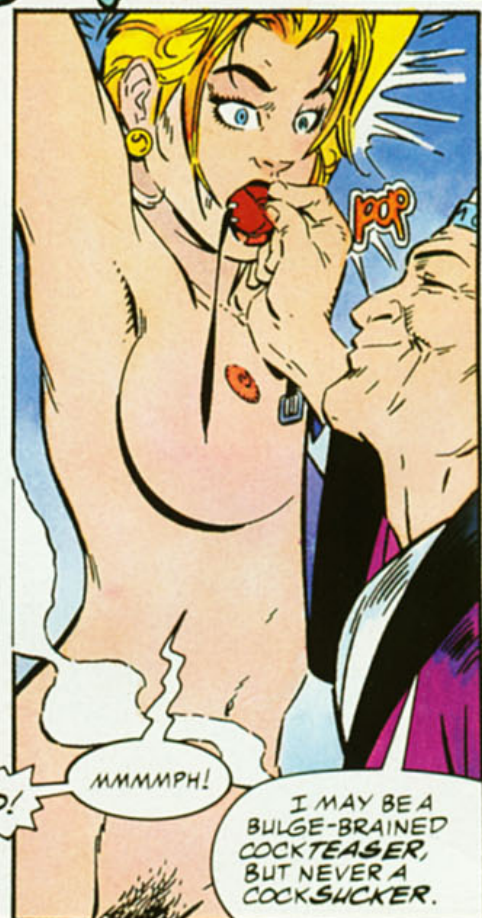
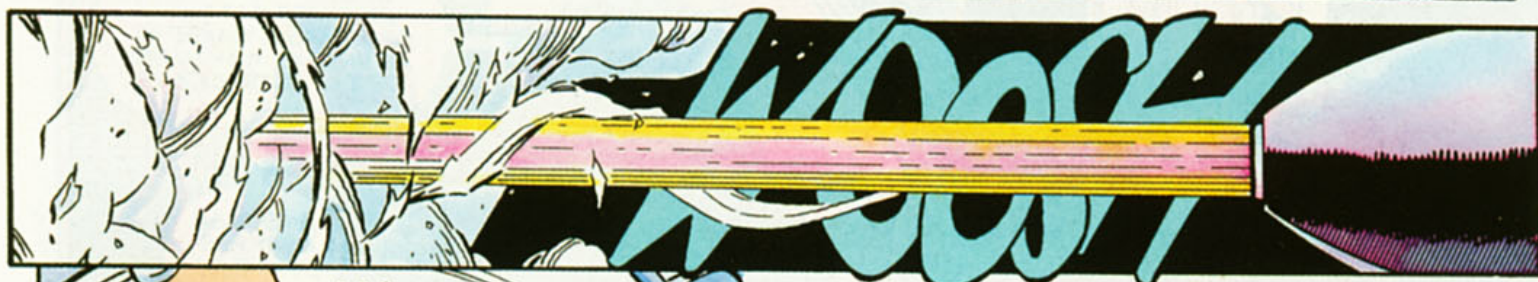
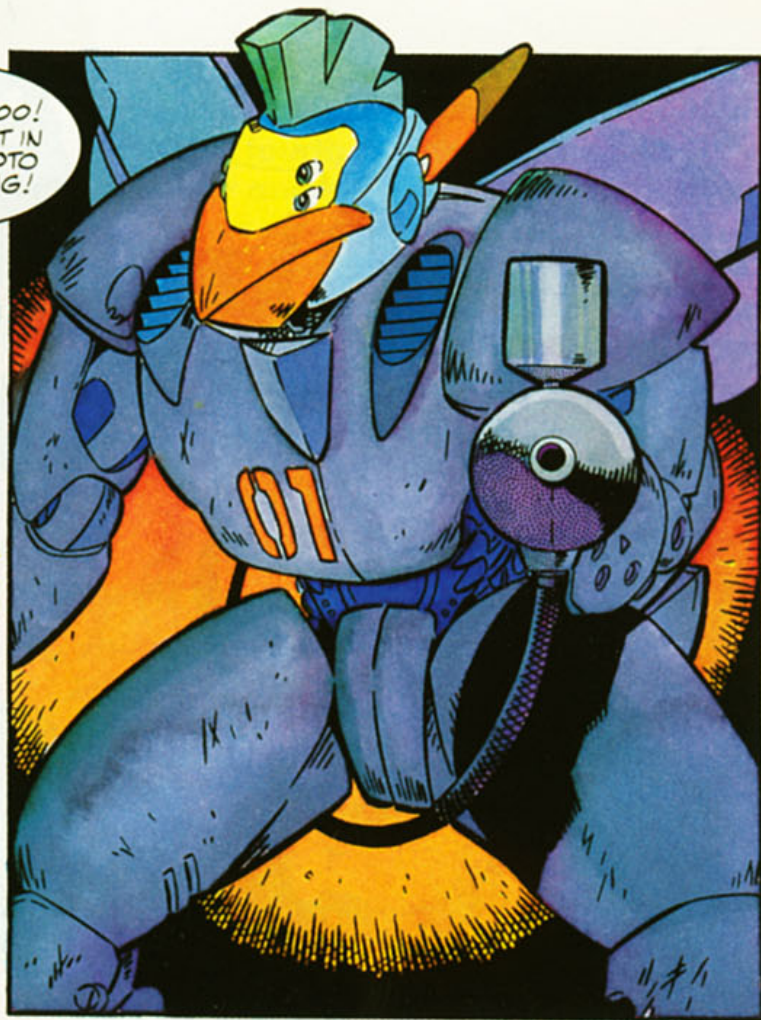
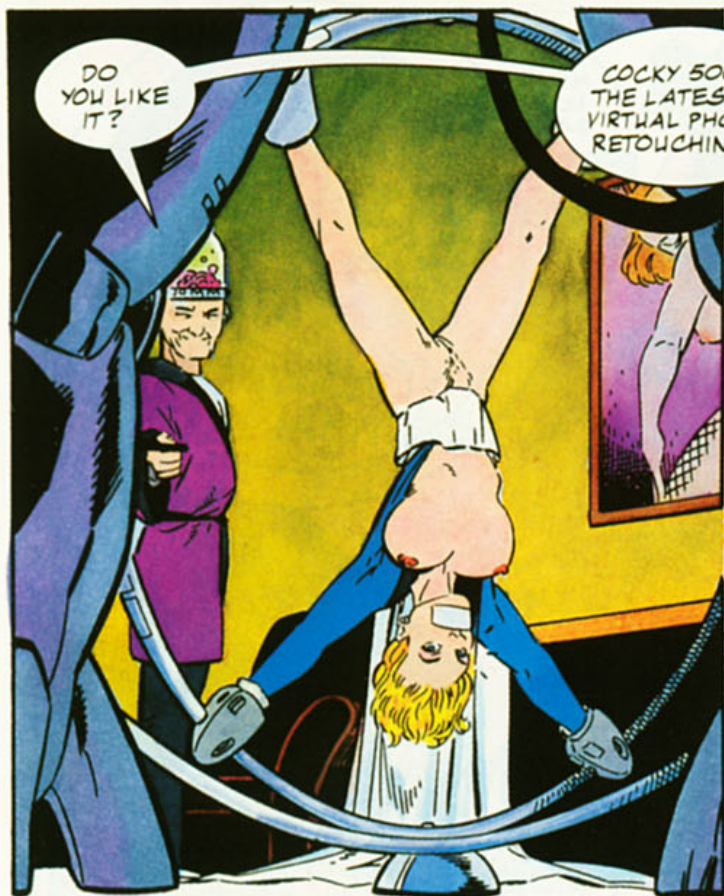
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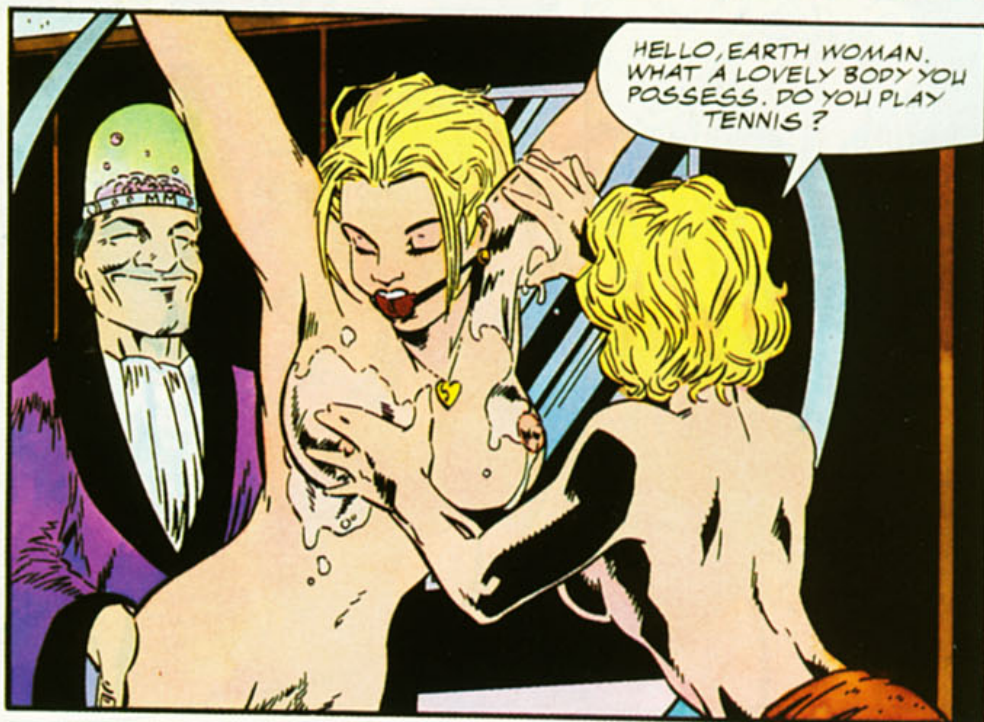
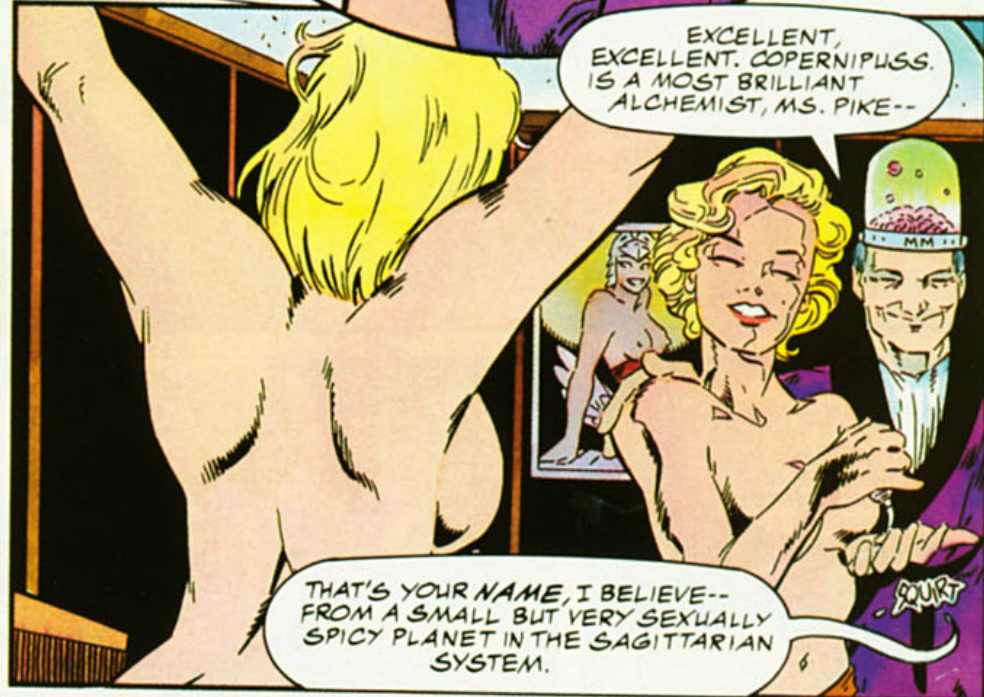
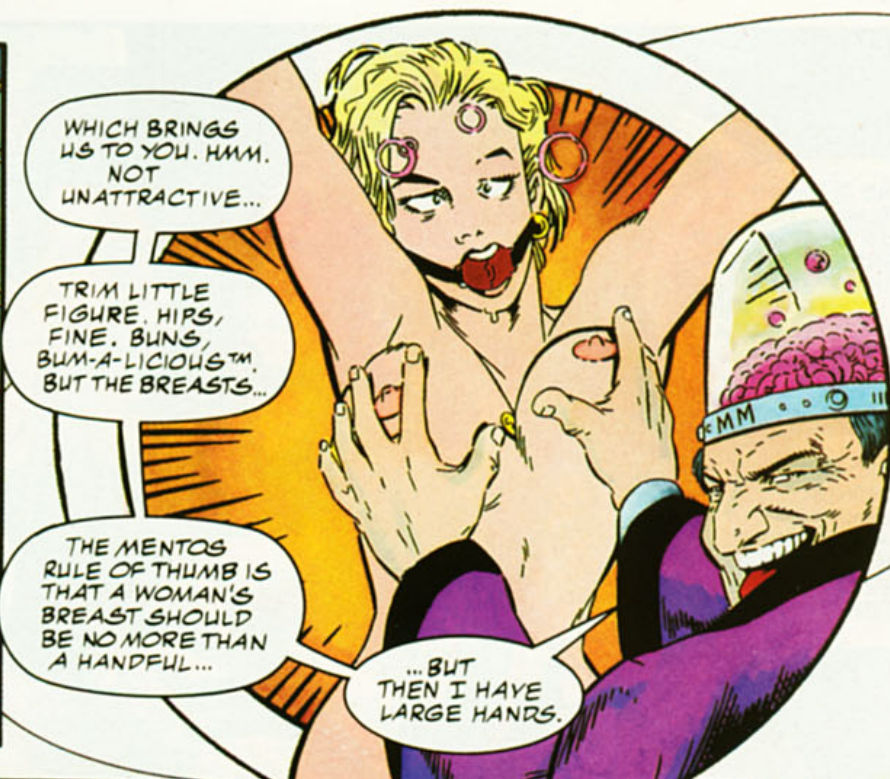
MM

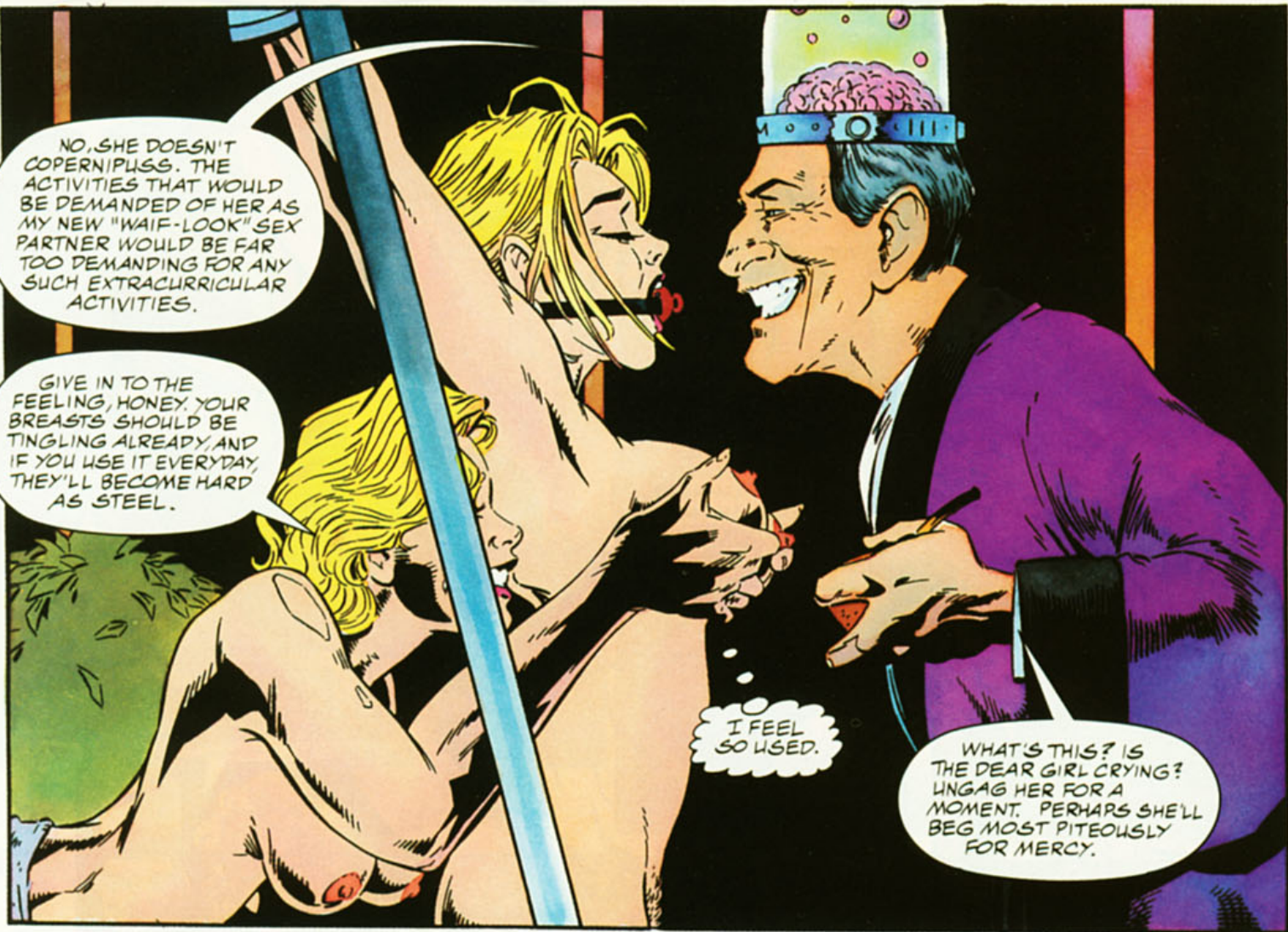
REMINDS ME OF
'SHEILA' FROM OUR
'83 AUSTRALIA
COCKTEASE, 'NAKED IN
AN UNSEXY WAY NUDIES
OF THE OUTBACK(SIDE).'

AIRBRUSH
AWAY HER
CLOTHES!

MMMMNNNN!!







NO, SHE DOESN'T
COPERNIPUSS. THE
ACTIVITIES THAT WOULD
BE DEMANDED OF HER AS
MY NEW "WAIF-LOOK" SEX
PARTNER WOULD BE FAR
TOO DEMANDING FOR ANY
SUCH EXTRACURRICULAR
ACTIVITIES.

GIVE IN TO THE
FEELING, HONEY. YOUR
BREASTS SHOULD BE
TINGLING ALREADY, AND
IF YOU USE IT EVERYDAY,
THEY'LL BECOME HARD
AS STEEL.

I FEEL
SO USED.

WHAT'S THIS? IS
THE DEAR GIRL CRYING?
UNGAG HER FOR A
MOMENT. PERHAPS SHE'LL
BEG MOST PITEOUSLY
FOR MERCY.



NOW, REMEMBER
DEAR. NO BITING OR
SPITTING OR WE'LL
START USING THE
NIPPLE CLAMPS...

KFF!



NOW, NOW, COPERNY.
WE DON'T HAVE TO
THREATEN THIS POOR
GIRL. I THINK SHE
KNOWS NOW HOW
UTTERLY HELPLESS
SHE IS.

IT'S TRUE. I'M
COMPLETELY IN
YOUR POWER.

AH, COMPLETE
CAPITULATION.
EXCELLENT. MY
VERY FAVORITE
RESPONSE TO
TORTURE!



THIS IS
ABOUT SEX,
ISN'T IT?

WELL, YES, OBVIOUSLY.
I HAVEN'T BOUND YOU UP
LIKE A TURKEY IN A BUTCHER
SHOP WINDOW, STRIPPED YOU
OF YOUR CLOTHES AND HAD
MY NUDE ASSISTANT RUB
BREAST GROWING UNGUENT
ON YOUR SADLY LACKING
MAMMARIES BECAUSE I
WANTED YOU TO RECITE
PITHY STIRRING PASSAGES
FROM SHAKESPEARE'S
HENRY V.



OH, OH, OH.

OH, PLEASE, MADemoiselle CAMILLE. SURRENDER AT ONCE! REMEMBER THE MOTTO OF BELLE FRANCE...

IT IS BETTER TO HAVE A SWASTIKA TATTOOED ON YOUR BUTTOCKS THAN TAKE THE CHANCE OF BEING KILLED BY ENGAGING IN COMBAT. GIVE HIM WHATEVER HE WANTS!

SACRE BLEU! GIVE MR. MENTOS THE STORE!

WELL SNIVELED. VERY WELL SNIVELED, INDEED, RE-GAG THE CRAVEN, WILL YOU? AND NOW FOR YOU, MISS...

CLAP CLAP

WHAT IS THIS SHIT?

ZZZZZZ...

HUNH?

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN, GENE.

I SURE HOPE I CAN GET SOMEONE TO TAKE OUT MY DIAPHRAGM SOON...

I DO IN FACT WANT SEX FROM YOU IN A HANDFUL OF VARIOUS POSITIONS. THEN A LITTLE TAP WITH FRIENDLY MR. ICEPICK AND YOU SHALL SERVE MOST DUTIFULLY AS ANOTHER CHEERFUL LOBOTOMIZED STRIPPER IN MY COCKTEASE CLUBS WHICH DOT THE PLANET.

I KNOW. IT'S JUST THAT... I'M A VIRGIN.



LIKE FUDGE.

MY WORD, GIRL...

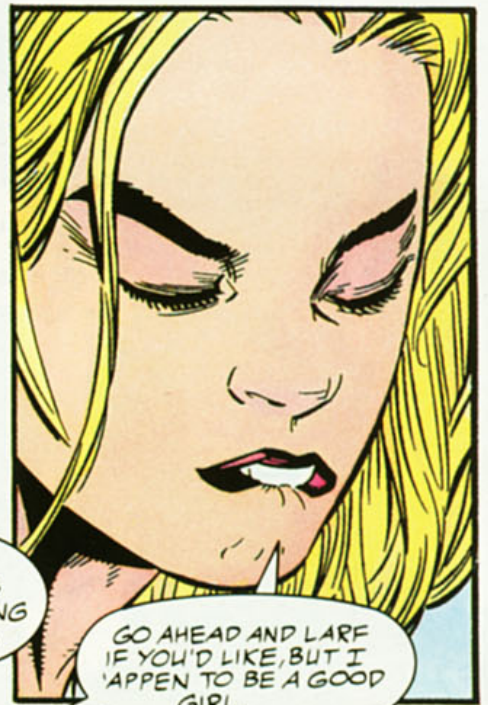


I'M OVER NINETEEN!

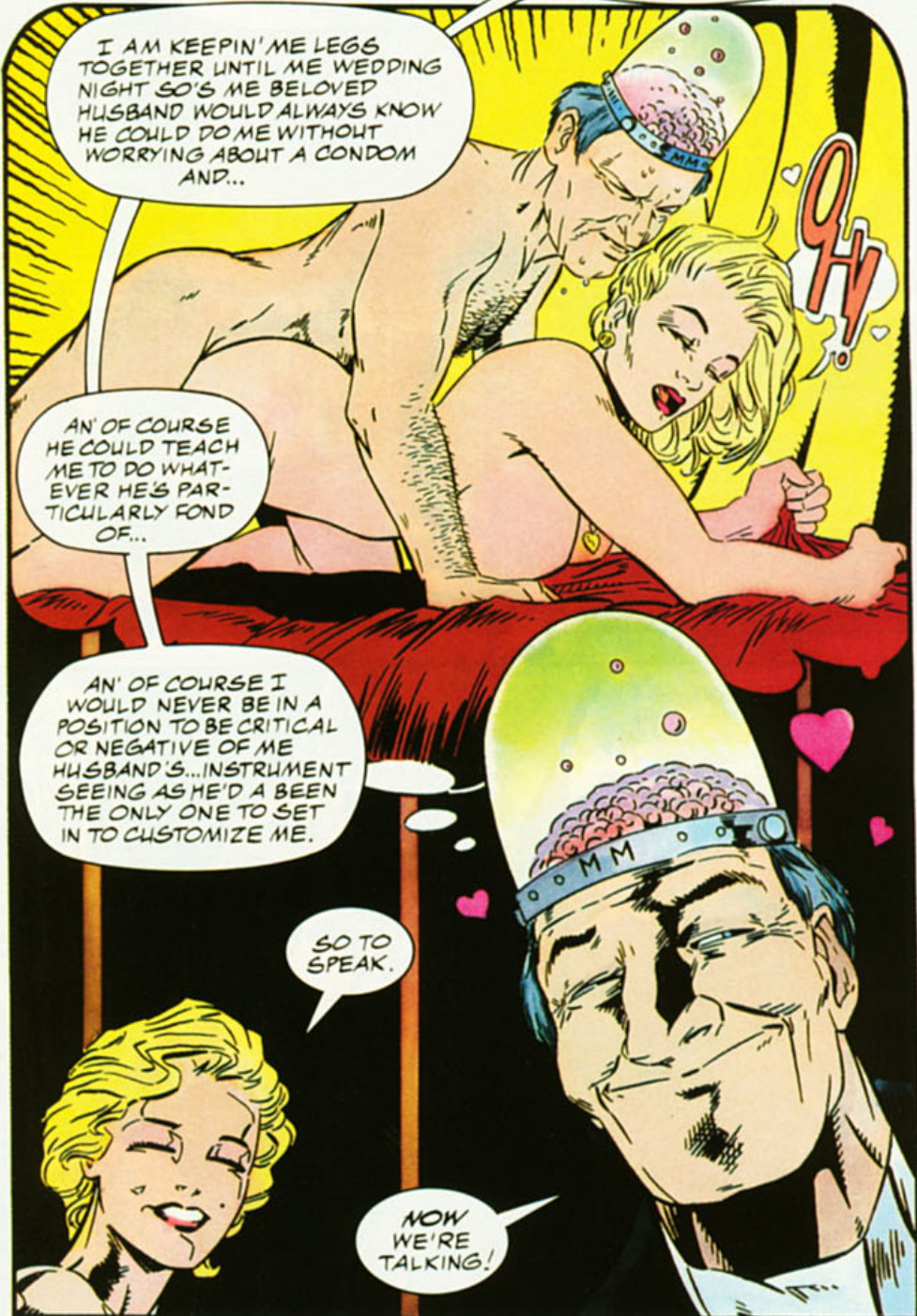
PROOF OF AGE ON FILE!



WHAT A CHARMING LITTLE THING YOU ARE.



GO AHEAD AND LARF IF YOU'D LIKE, BUT I 'APPEN TO BE A GOOD GIRL.



I AM KEEPIN' ME LEGS TOGETHER UNTIL ME WEDDING NIGHT SO'S ME BELOVED HUSBAND WOULD ALWAYS KNOW HE COULD DO ME WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT A CONDOM AND...

AN' OF COURSE HE COULD TEACH ME TO DO WHAT-EVER HE'S PARTICULARLY FOND OF...

AN' OF COURSE I WOULD NEVER BE IN A POSITION TO BE CRITICAL OR NEGATIVE OF ME HUSBAND'S...INSTRUMENT SEEING AS HE'D A BEEN THE ONLY ONE TO SET IN TO CUSTOMIZE ME.

SO TO SPEAK.

NOW WE'RE TALKING!

MISS PIKE...
CAMILLE...
ALTHOUGH
WE'VE ONLY
KNOWN EACH
OTHER... WELL,
TWENTY
MINUTES,
GIVE OR TAKE...
IT IS CLEAR
FROM WHAT
YOU SAY THAT
YOU AND I
WERE
DESTINED TO
BE WED.

COPERNY!

tap
tap
tap

WILL YOU,
CAMILLE...

I COME TO YOU
IN BENDED KNEE
THRONE TO ASK
FOR YOUR HAND
IN MARRIAGE...

AND MORE
IMPORTANT
YOUR SWEET
UNTRAMPLED
ORIFICE...

TWO OF
'EM, BOSS.
FORE AND
AFT!

GOOD POINT.
WELL, GO ON.
NOD HER
HEAD.

OH,
DARLING...

YOU'VE MADE
ME THE HAPPIEST
CRIMINAL MASTER-
MIND IN THE
WORLD!

TOO TRUE, I'M
AFRAID. TAKE THE
CASE OF YOUR
HUMBLE SERVANT,
DARKBLOOD.

IT'S TRUE... I HAVE TAKEN
OVER THE MONASTERY WHERE
THOSE OAFISH CHANTING
MONKS DOMICILE. I HAVE
MERCILESSLY SLAUGHTERED
EVERYONE BUT THE ACTUAL
CHARTERS THEMSELVES...

...AND IMPORTED THREE
SINGING DRUIDS FROM THE
PAST FOR MY EXCLUSIVE
SEXUAL AMUSEMENT, BUT
AM I ACTUALLY HAPPY?
THE TRUTH IS NO. IN ALL
HONESTY... I'M NOT MUCH
MORE THAN MILDLY
AMUSED.

TO DISCOVER THE
OUTCOME OF MY
BITTEREST RIVAL,
MENTOS, WEDDING
PLANS, CHECK OUT
OUR NEXT
INSTALLMENT...

...PRESSING
ENGAGEMENTS!



Salem

LAST WE SAW IN MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX SALEM, FBI CONSULTANT AND WICCA WISEWOMAN SALEM STEVENS HAD JUST SOLVED A HAUNTING IN THE WHITE HOUSE. BUT IN THE PROCESS, SHE NEGLECTED HER HELPER AND VERY PASSIONATE GHOST COHORT ...

Salem Stevens, you lusty little minx, this is Magnus. Your spirit mentor. You don't come to the meetings anymore.

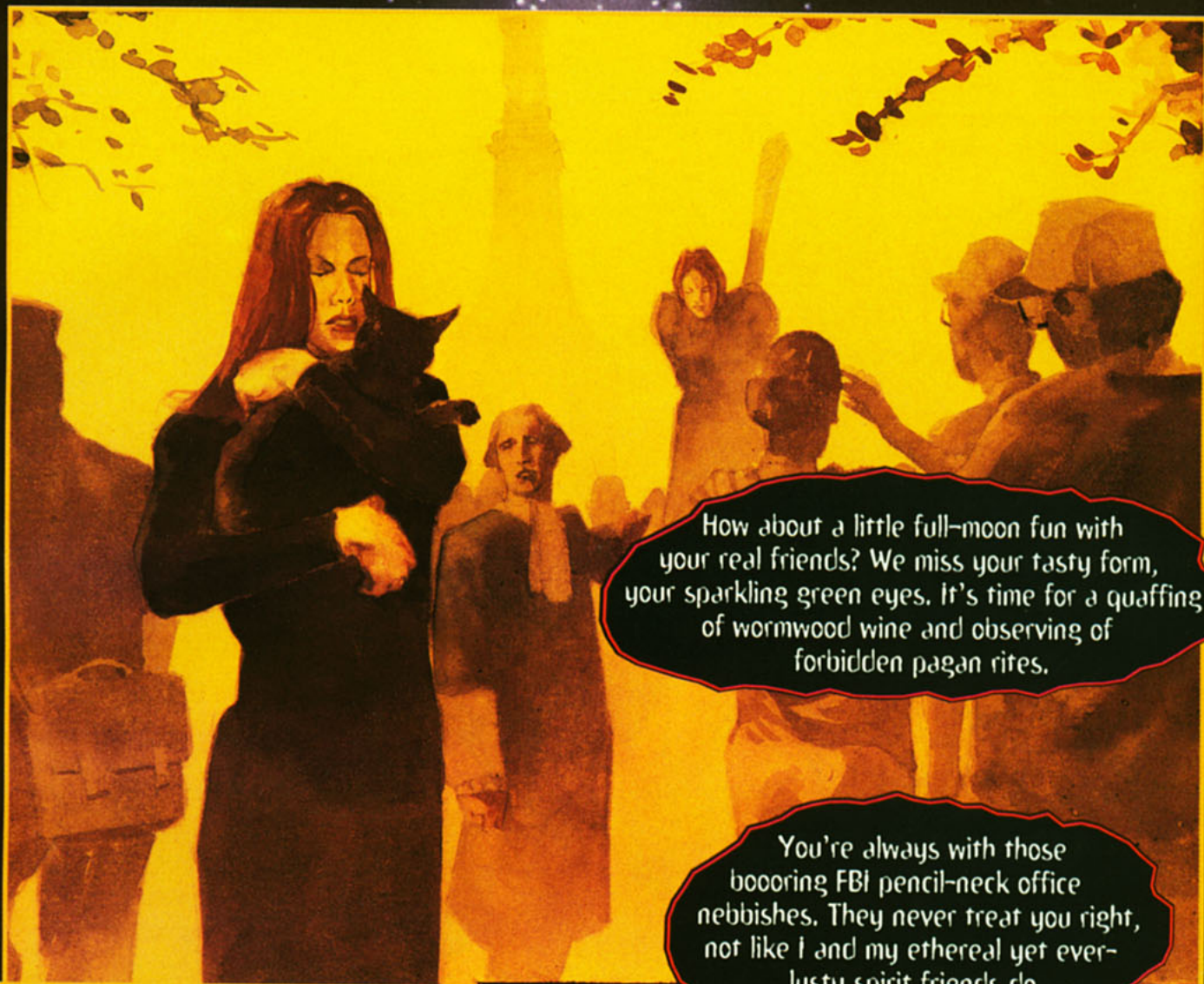
Especially since you solved the bewitching of the First Lady.

Our coven is absolutely beside itself... just like I'd like to be beside you. And in you.

The magic calls...



Rayo




How about a little full-moon fun with your real friends? We miss your tasty form, your sparkling green eyes. It's time for a quaffing of wormwood wine and observing of forbidden pagan rites.

You're always with those booring FBI pencil-neck office nebbishes. They never treat you right, not like I and my ethereal yet ever-lusty spirit friends do.



You want it. Admit it. Surrender to the magic.

A comic book panel depicting a man and a woman in a bathroom. The man, on the left, has a mustache and is wearing a white turtleneck under a tan bathrobe. He has a serious, somewhat menacing expression. The woman, on the right, is nude and standing in a shower. She has long, flowing red hair and is holding a purple shower scrub over her head with both hands. She has a confident, slightly defiant look. The background shows a tiled shower wall and a window. Four speech bubbles contain dialogue between them.

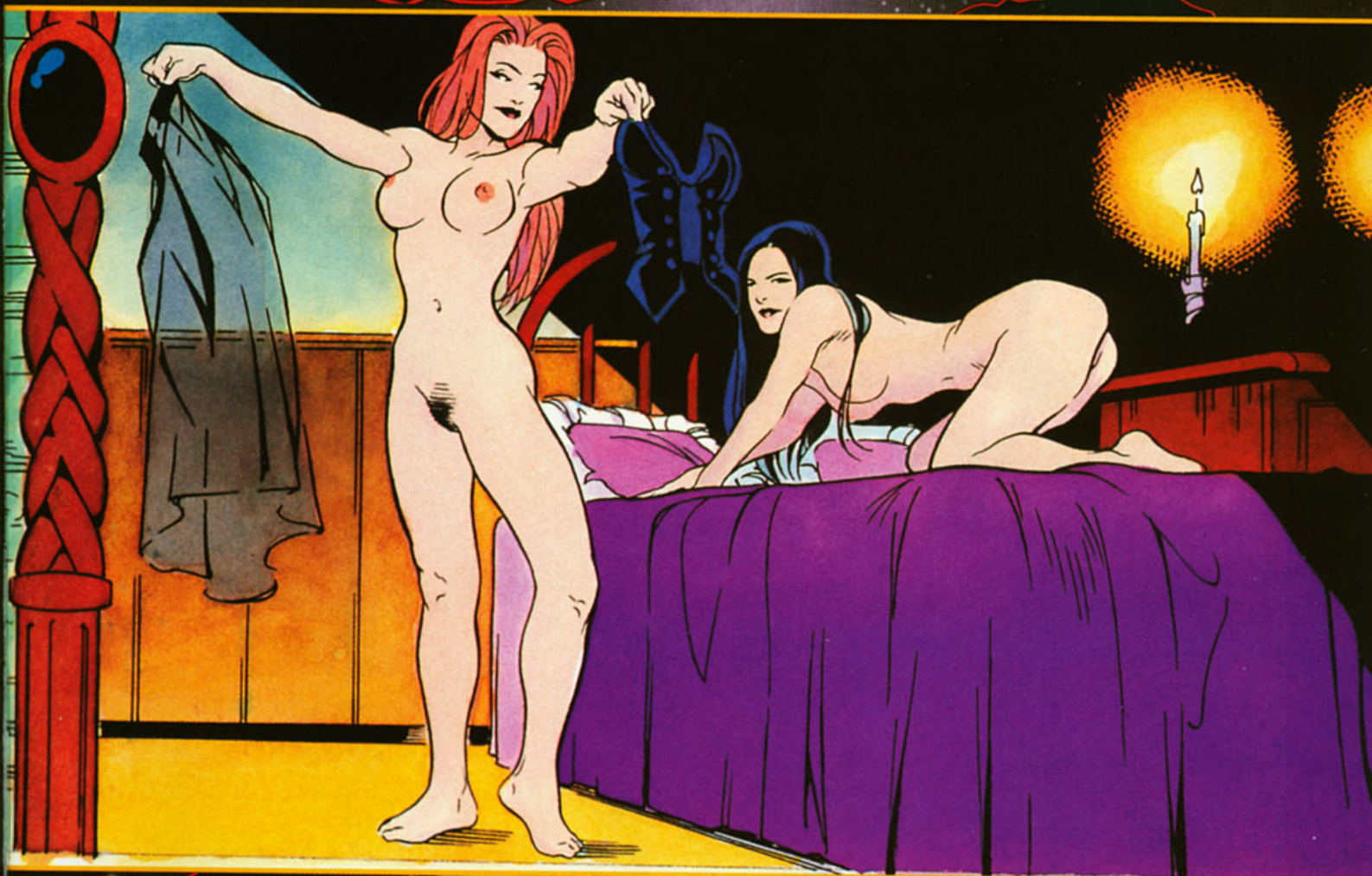
Right after your last FBI case, you were so upset you didn't let me give you your usual shower scrub. You said you were embarrassed. I say you've been indoors too long.

I may be dead ... but I make you live.

You've always listened to me... when it counted. These government types are not for you. You have to be out in the open, use your powers for good.

For when we're in the dark you are so very, very bad.

Remember when you, Tabitha and I were in your bedroom? No, after that, Tabitha had just transformed — like any self-respecting witch's familiar — and just licked herself clean. I approvingly observed your nubile body from above. And you told me how you hated the FBI. How you loathed their pettiness ...that dealing with the executives was like kissing an infected wound.




Yes, I and my other-worldly friends have endless seduction designs upon you, but you have to admit I had good advice ...

Ditch the Washington, D.C., career track, the black turtleneck and trendy lapel pins.

Put on a breastplate.

Be a super hero.
Be a god.

A comic book panel featuring two women with long red hair. They are both wearing black corsets with blue lacing and light blue skirts. The woman in the foreground is looking towards the viewer with a slight smile, while the woman behind her is looking away. A black cat is sitting on the floor in the bottom right corner. The background is a simple room with a yellow wall and a wooden floor.

Oh, yes, you little witch.
Tight leather bodice, drawing up
nicely around your firm breasts, your
erectnubs just showing through the
polished, quality material.

That crimson mane of
hair I've seen spread on
satin sheets so many times
with so many people...

I like your new friends, the
Silver Squad. All of you
powerful, relentless. Lots of
muscles. Lots of flesh.
Superheroes.

Thanks for listening
to me Salem.

Thanks for
surrendering
to the magic.

FIN



SORAYAMA



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For a catalog of Sorayam's work, send \$8.95 to: Exotica, 270 North Canon Drive, Suite 1637, Beverly Hills, California 90210. For more information on his originals and books, call (213) 852-6820