

# PENTHOUSE Comix

THE INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATION

EN



*K. Nowlan*

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

**NIVEN  
HEATH  
HUGHES  
SUYDAM  
NOWLAN  
BEACHUM**

NOT TO BE SOLD TO  
ANYONE UNDER 18

# young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

## EPISODE 5: MR. PIKE GOES TO WASHINGTON

### OUR STORY THUS FAR:

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



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



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

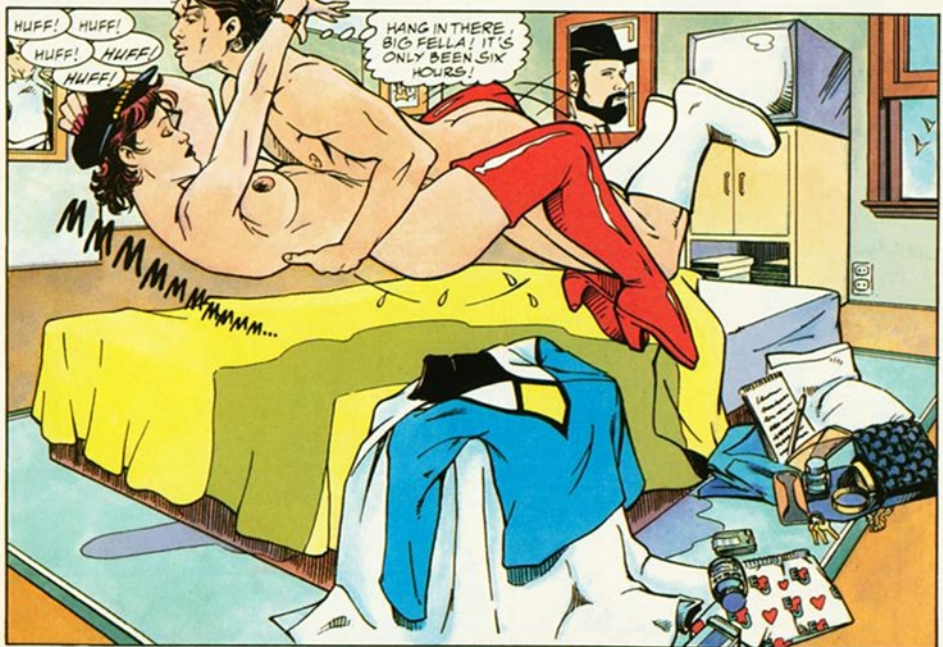
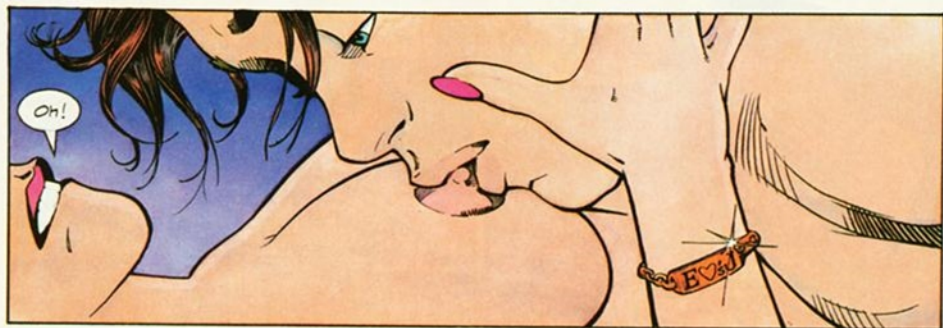


Joey was, by now, as hopelessly in love with Hericane as she was with him. Which is hardly surprising when you consider that Emily and Joey's dad were bed-mates back in the 70's, though Joey is not aware of this fact as yet (and don't get any ideas, people, Joey's mom is not Hericane. That would be ...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

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

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









AWWW... SHUCKS!

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





WHO IS IT?!

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

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



IS THAT FOR ME?

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

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



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

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



SOCKAMAGEE! I'VE BEEN DRAFTED!



WHAT?!?

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

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



LET ME SEE THAT!

HONEY...

**SLAM!**













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



MEANWHILE, AT THE  
KIRBY BUILDING...

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



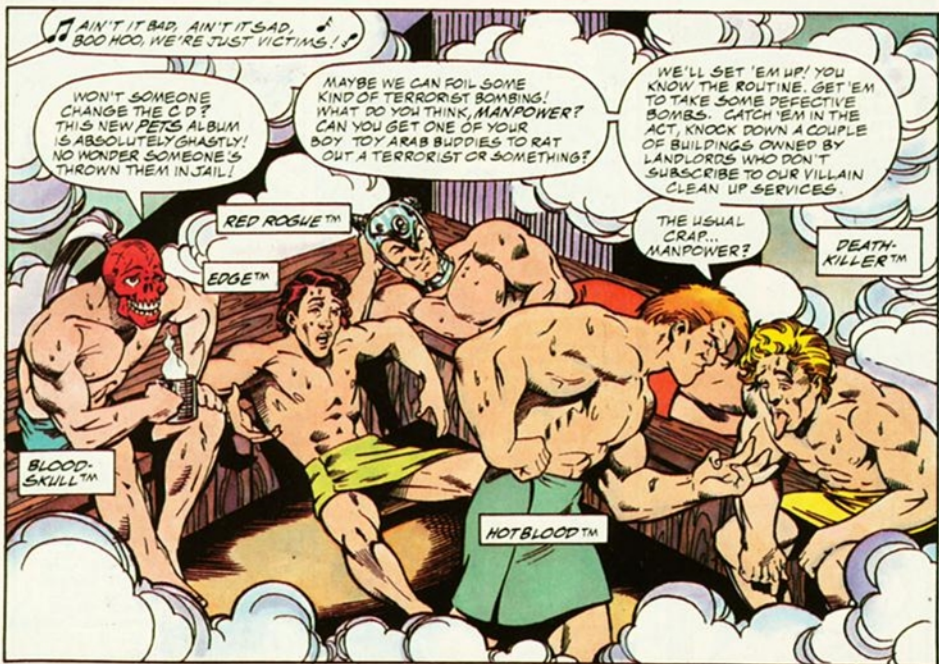
DUH...WHAT'S  
EATING THE  
BOSS?

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

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

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

\*SEE ISSUE NO. 2



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

WON'T SOMEONE  
CHANGE THE C.D.? THIS  
NEW PETS ALBUM  
IS ABSOLUTELY GASTLY!  
NO WONDER SOMEONE'S  
THROWN THEM IN JAIL!

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

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

THE USUAL  
CRAP...  
MANPOWER?

DEATH-  
KILLER™

RED ROSE™

EDGE™

BLOOD-  
SKULL™

HOTBLOOD™



YOU LUGS! WHERE THE HELL'S **MANPOWER?**

YOU SAID HE COULDN'T STEAM IN HERE WITH US ANYMORE, BOSS.

REMEMBER? EVER SINCE THE TIME YOU CAUGHT HIM TAKING PICTURES OF US FOR **BLUE PUP** HERO MAGAZINE, YOU SAID HE HAD TO TAKE A STEAM WITH THE GIRLS FROM NOW ON.

DAMMIT! WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO LET THAT SWISHY SUPER-HERO INTO THE TEAM SUPREME, ANYWAY?

YOOZE SAID YOU DIDN'T CARE WHAT WE WUZ INTO AS LONG AS WE CAME UP WITH THE INITIATION FEE AND MET OUR MONTHLY QUOTAS!

BUTTON YOUR LIP, YOU LITTLE...

**WHOMP**

WATCH IT, YOU NUMBSKULL!

WHY, I OUGHTA!

WOO WOO WOO WOO!

FOR CHRISSAKE, SOMEBODY TURN DOWN THE STEAM, WILL YOU? **RABBIT BOY!**

I'M STILL FORGING YOUR NAME ON THOSE SPECIAL **HOTBLOOD #0** CERTIFICATES OF AUTHENTICITY FOR HOME VALUE NETWORK, MR. HOTBLOOD!

HEH! HEH! HEH! THAT WAS FUNNY, BOSS / YOU TELLING **RABBIT BOY** THAT WE WERE TURNING INTO A BUNCH OF **COOKED CARROTS**? YOU'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T BITE YOU IN THE NOSE! HEH! HEH!

**SLAP**

DE-KILL!

YEAH, BOSS?

NEVER MIND THAT, **FIND MANPOWER!** AND TURN DOWN THE STEAM IN HERE! WE'RE TURNING INTO A BUNCH OF **COOKED CARROTS!**

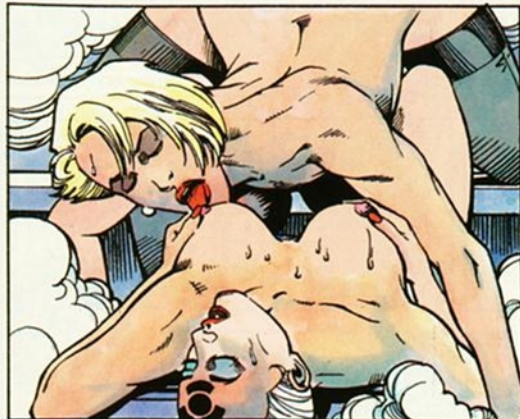
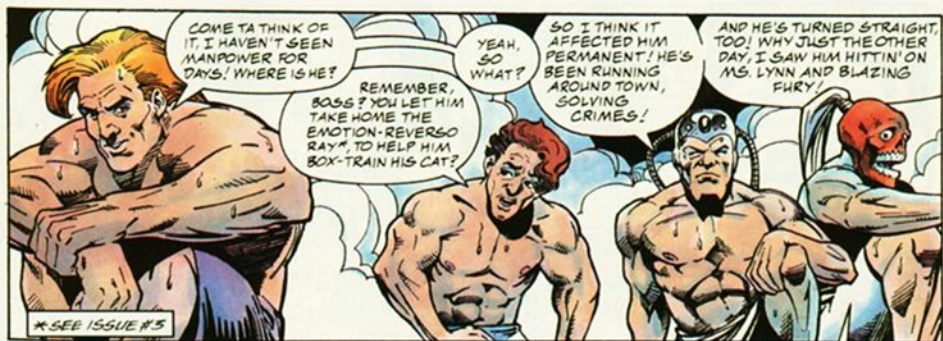
FIND EDGE AND SHACK HIM IN THE HEAD!

OKEE-DOKE!

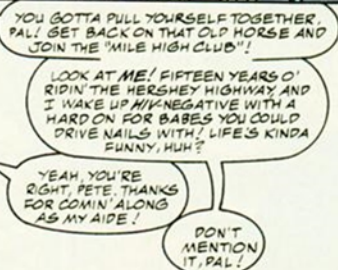
**WHACK**

OWW!

















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

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

I'LL CERTAINLY KEEP IT IN MIND!



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

BUT--

PIKE, J.  
R-NY

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



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

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



THANKS, BAMBI!

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

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



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



WAIT!  
I--

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

SWOT!



AH! YOU MUST BE THE AH NEW JUNIOR SENATOR FROM NEW YORK! WELCOME, SON! I'M SENATOR SIMPSON O'TOOLE. CALL ME SIMP! LET ME GIVE YOU THE ON-OFFICIAL TOUR OF THE PREMISES!



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

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



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



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

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

WHO CARES?! DEAL THE FUCKIN' CARDS!



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



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





WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW, SENATOR?

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



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

THANK YOU, DONNA!



OH! SENATOR!

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



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

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

MAKE VERY SURE THEY CAN SWIM!

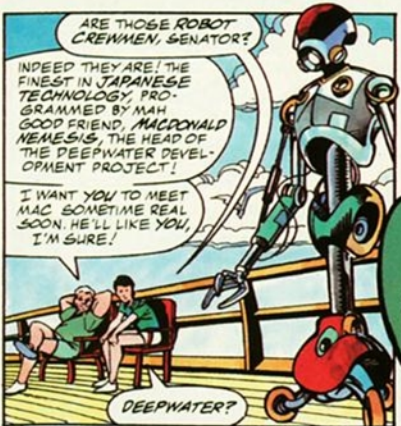


ARE THOSE ROBOT CREWMEN, SENATOR?

INDEED THEY ARE! THE FINEST IN JAPANESE TECHNOLOGY, PROGRAMMED BY MY GOOD FRIEND, MACRONALD KENESIS, THE HEAD OF THE DEEPWATER DEVELOPMENT PROJECT!

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

DEEPWATER?



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

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











NEXT  
TIME:  
**DEEP  
COVER!**



# SCION

## EPISODE 5: THE PAST



### RUSSIA, 1994:

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



Thus far, we have met four of the Scion:

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

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

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

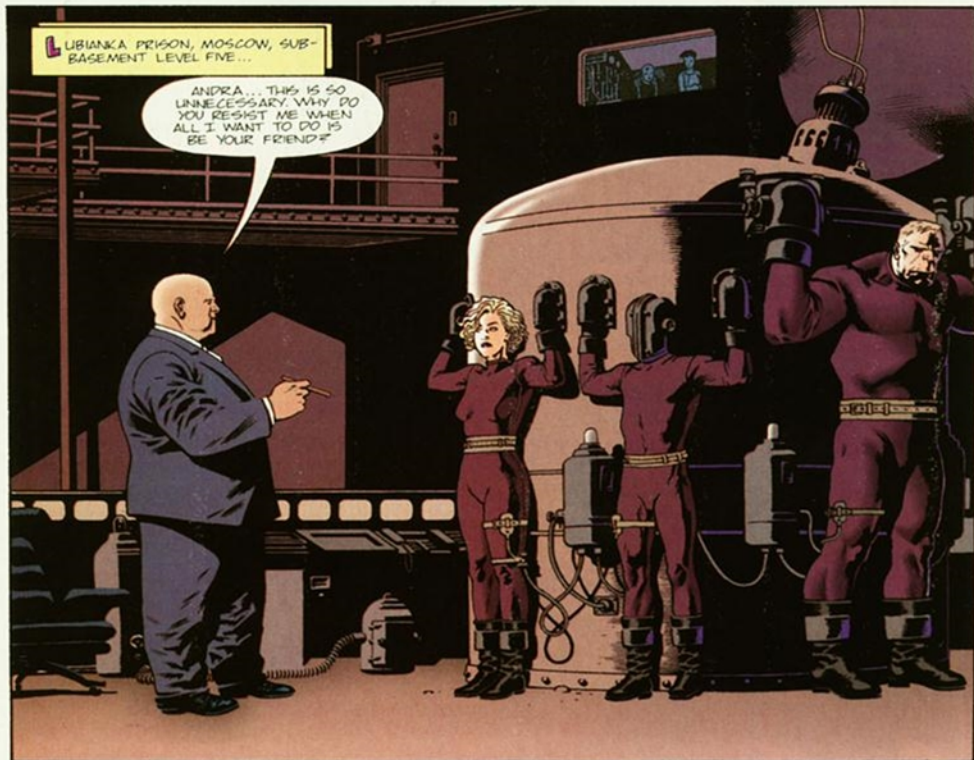
**THE GREAT BEAR**—A monstrous mutant Scion with superhuman strength who has shown a growing obsession with Andra.



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

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















I DID VERY WELL THERE. THE MERE WORD OF MY COMING FRIGHTENED MANY OF THE ENEMIES OF THE STATE INTO SURRENDER.



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

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



"MAYDAY" SUCH FOOLISHNESS, MY THANKS LENIN I ONLY HAD TO WEAR THAT IDIOTIC COSTUME ONCE.

WHEN BREZHNEV CAME TO POWER, ALL THAT CHANGED. HE WANTED MORE SUPERHUMANS.



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



THIS IS AN ABOMINATION!

IS IT? TELL ME THAT OUR BODIES ARE NOT EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL... A PERFECT FIT...



THIS CAN BE UNPLEASANT FOR YOU, SASHA...



...OR IT CAN BE VERY PLEASURABLE FOR BOTH OF US.





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



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

WITNESS THE BEAR, SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT.



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



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



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

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

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



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

SO MANY QUESTIONS.

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





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

RASPUTIN AND  
PETRA WERE THE  
FIRST TO MAKE  
THE DISCOVERY.



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



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

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



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

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

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



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

NOT ONLY  
PLEASURE... BUT  
POWER!



NEXT: THE DREAM





K. Nivola



# Bethlehem STEELE™

## EPISODE 5: A SMALL SACRIFICE



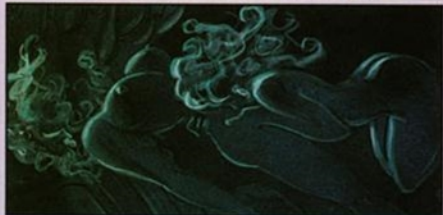
The year is 2194. Created as the perfect mate to the richest man in the galaxy, Baron Sho Tanaka, Bethlehem Steele is an android who's body mimics the human body and mind, but who possess powers, sexual and otherwise, that make her more than human. Being the perfect woman with a will of her own, however,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



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




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



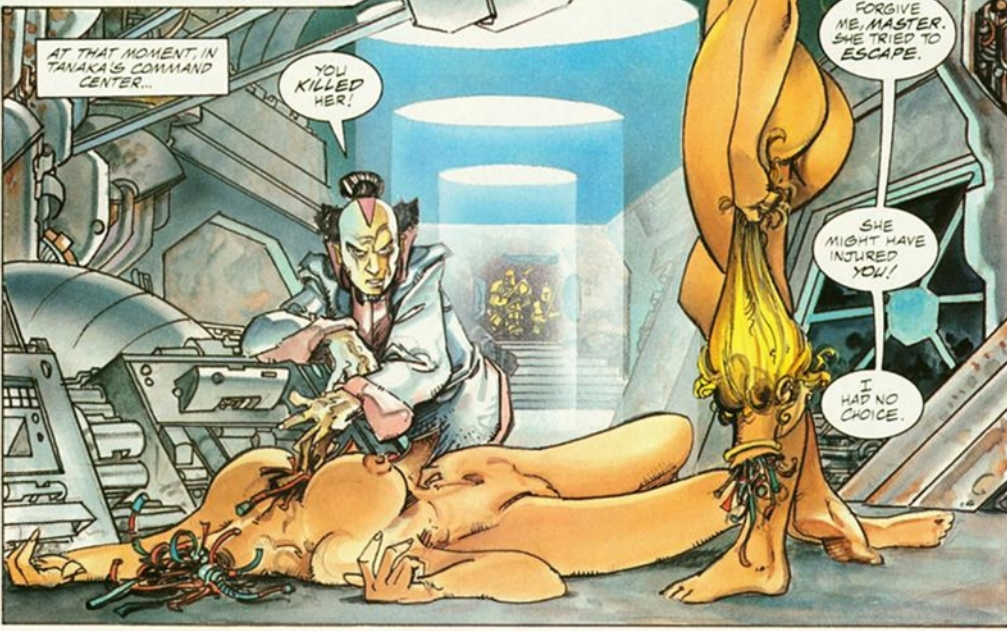
Tanaka's ship was sabotaged by Rad and Thea, who'd stolen aboard Tanaka's dreadnought. The two androids struggled and one of them was destroyed...

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





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



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

YOU  
KILLED  
HER!

FORGIVE  
ME, MASTER.  
SHE TRIED TO  
ESCAPE.

SHE  
MIGHT HAVE  
INJURED  
YOU!

I  
HAD NO  
CHOICE.







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



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

OF  
COURSE  
I DO.

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

IS  
THAT  
ALL?



THEA!  
DOWN!

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

I...



I KNEW IT.  
THIS ISN'T  
OUR BETH.

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



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

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



\*SEE ISSUE NO. 1.









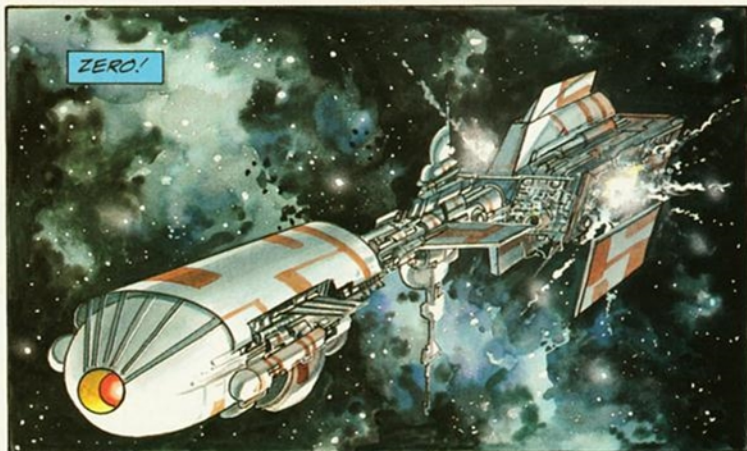


















# Libby IN THE LOST WORLD™



## EPISODE 5: HEAVEN ON EARTH HELL ON WHEELS

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

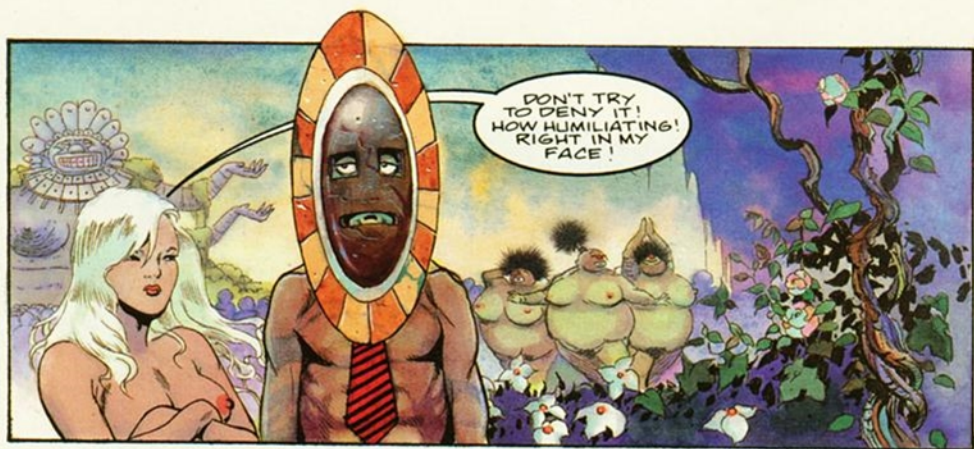
Libby became a living goddess to a tribe of cavemen and live-in shrewish girlfriend to the tribe's Witch Doctor, the stoneage mastermind, Ugah Boogah. Can a big city girl find happiness in a world without-plumbing? Without shopping? <gasp> Without Shoes?

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

















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



HUMPH! GO AHEAD, UGGY! LOOK ALL YOU WANT. THE ONLY WAY YOU ARE GOING TO GET ANY OF THAT BIG STUFF IS IN YOUR DREAMS, BECAUSE IF I EVER CATCH YOU LAYING SO MUCH AS A FINGER ON ONE OF THOSE HEAVYWEIGHTS, WELL, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT I MIGHT DO!



ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? PAY ATTENTION WHEN I TALK TO YOU!



HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM...

HUH? WHAT THE?!!



HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM...

?!?



HUM YUM SUM YUM...

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THAT EASY! COME BACK HERE, YOU!



HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM...

**OW!**



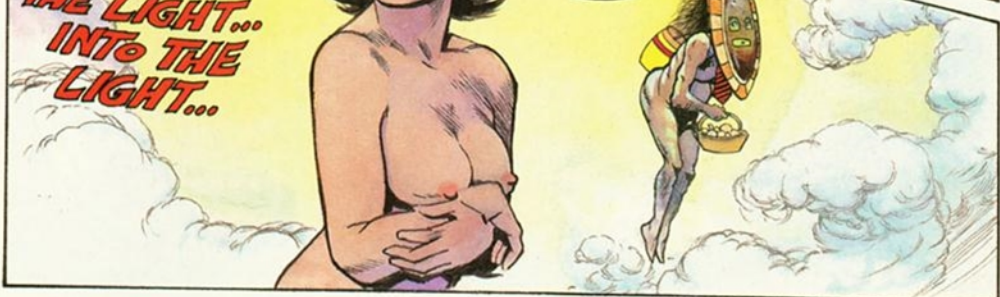
#\*2#!!

HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM...

**COME TO ME UGGAH BOOGAH!**









**...EXALTED CREATOR...  
MAKER OF ALL THINGS...**

...HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...  
HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...

**...THE FOUNT OF ALL  
KNOWLEDGE...**

HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...  
HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...

**...REVERE NOT THE  
SPINDLY PALE-  
FACED IMPOSTER,  
FAITHFUL  
FOLLOWER...**

...HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...  
HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...

...HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...  
HUM YUM  
SUM YUM...

**...BLACK IS WHITE...  
DOWN IS UP...  
DOGS AND CATS...**







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

HUM YUM  
SUM YUM

HUM YUM  
SUM YUM

HUM YUM  
SUM YUM

HUM YUM  
SUM YUM

HUM YUM  
SUM YUM!  
YOU ARE  
WORTHY,  
DISCIPLE!

LET THE CON-  
SECRATION  
BEGIN!

SQUEAL!

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

UGAH  
BOOGAH  
UGAH  
BOOGAH  
UGAH  
BOOGAH  
UGAH  
BOOGAH  
UGAH  
BOOGAH

I  
DON'T  
EVEN  
WANT  
TO  
KNOW.





# DOCTOR DARE

## AND THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

### EPISODE IV

#### CARNAGE IN THE LOST CITY



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



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



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

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











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

ROAR! CHEER!  
HOOT! YEAH!

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

STOMP

ROAR!

GULP!

I'LL GIVE  
YOU A  
BELLYFUL!

SNAP

OR MAYBE  
YOU JUST  
NEED TO  
GARGLE!

PHEW!  
HAVE YOU EVER  
CONSIDERED  
FLOSSING?

ARRGH!







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

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

WEEEEEE

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

--WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

LOOKS LIKE SOME UNINVITED SKY KRAUTS HAVE CRASHED THE PARTY!

BOOM BOOM BA-WHOM

OUTLANDERS!

RIDING UPON HORSELESS CHAROTS! AIEEEE!

AIEEEE!

FASTER! FASTER! I AM ALMOST THERE!









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

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

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

DEAL?

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



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



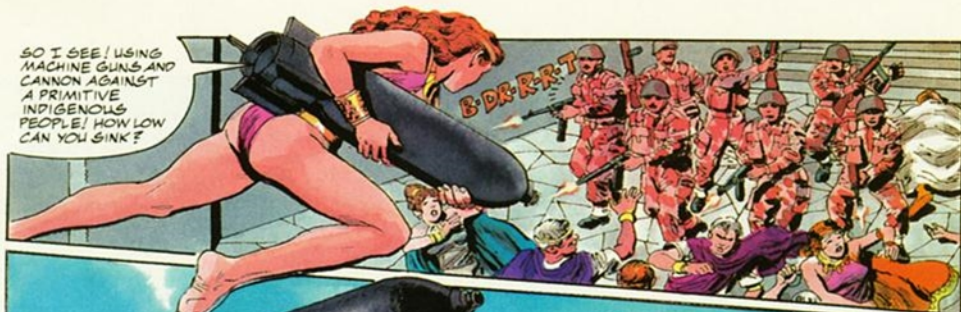
WRF!



PAT! GET  
AMELIA  
OUT OF  
HERE!

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











# HOT Stories

## EPISODE 2: HEARTBREAK HOTEL



STORY: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Kevin Maguire INKER: Karl Story

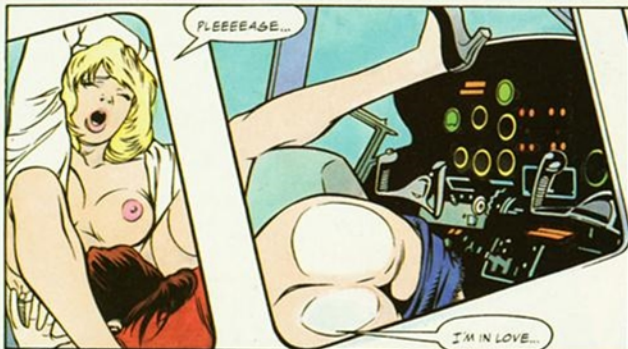
Colors: Suydam Letters: Lopez

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

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

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









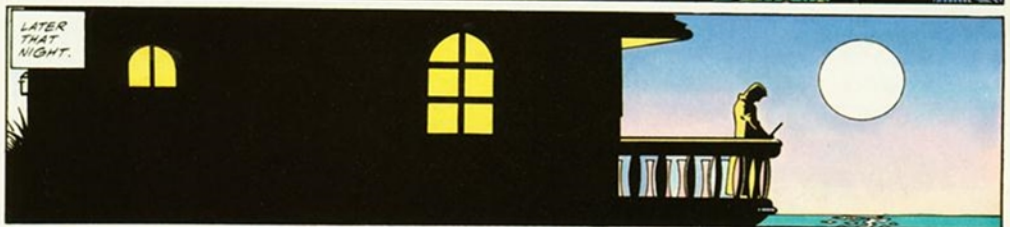




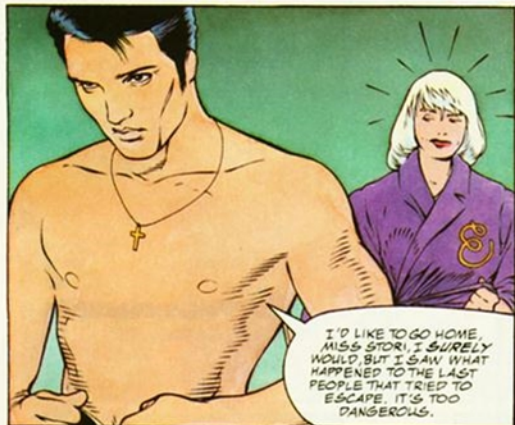






















# BACKLASH

## EPISODE 2: TROUBLEMAKER



### OUR STORY SO FAR...

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

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




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



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

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





WHY,  
ROBERTA,  
DEAR?

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

THE  
TECHNIQUES  
WE USE ON  
TRAITORS  
ARE SO...

...MESSY!

MMMPH!!!







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

STOP RUNNING, ROBERTA.

WHO ARE YOU?

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

REMOVE THE OBSTRUCTION.

NO FUCKING WAY!

REMOVE THE OBSTRUCTION!

**ZARK**

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

OUCH!

THAT WAS A WARNING.

WHAT... I MEAN, WHO ARE YOU?

LOOK INTO MY EYE.

I AM MADAME W, QUEEN BEE OF THE RESISTANCE.

DO YOU WISH THE PROTECTION OF THE RESISTANCE?

**ZARK**

YES! ABSOLUTELY!

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

Y-YES.

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

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



SOON.



I CAN'T LEAVE.

MISTRESS SUBORNA'S ORDERS. YOU DON'T WANT TO DISOBEY HER, DO YOU?

NO, OF COURSE NOT.



FREEZE, GYNO-TRAITOR!!

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



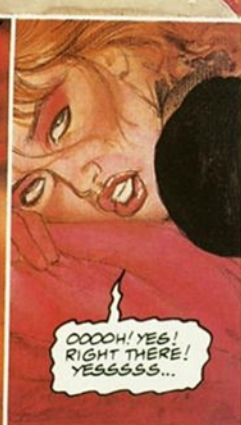
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU?

MMMMMMMMMM!



DON'T LISTEN TO ANYTHING SHE SAYS! IT'S ALL ROLE-PLAYING!

YES, MISTRESS!



OOOOH! YES! RIGHT THERE! YESSSS...





I HOPE  
I WAS ALL  
RIGHT.



COME.

HERE?  
NOW?

NO, NO.  
COME  
WITH  
ME.

PATRICK,  
STRIKE  
THAT  
MAN.

MISTRESS  
SUBORNA'S  
ORDERS.

WHOMP

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

--NOTHING  
YOU'RE  
CAPABLE  
OF...

...NOT  
ANYMORE.



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

TEK!

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

THIS OUGHTA  
GIVE THE  
MONITORS  
AN ICE SHOW.

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

YOU!  
INSIDE!  
NOW!

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

BUT, HE'S--

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

I REQUIRE  
A DOUBLE  
HELPING OF  
SERVICE!

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

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



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

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



HUFF  
HUFF  
PING!  
SHLURP  
SHLURP

WELL,  
THAT  
LOOKS LIKE  
FUN!



WE'LL  
WAIT FOR  
THE NEXT  
CAR.



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

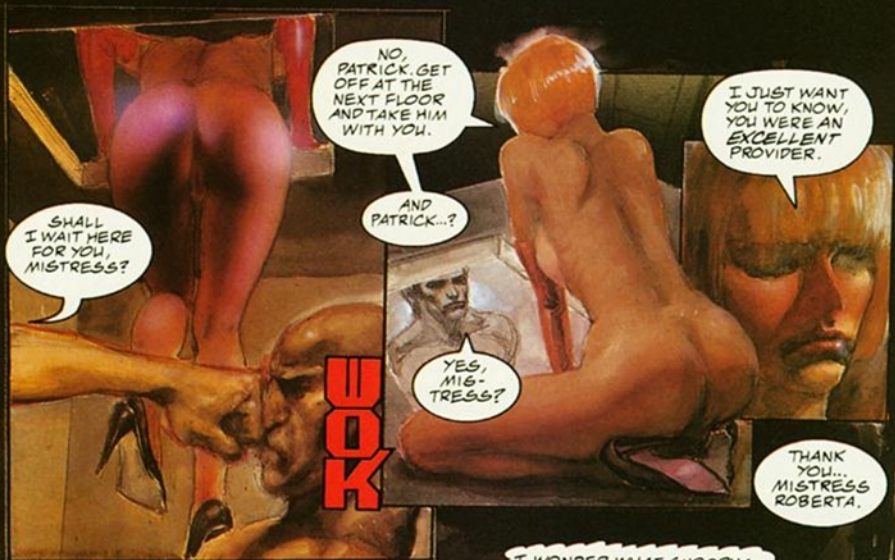
BUT,  
MIS-  
TRESS..

HOW DARE  
YOU QUESTION  
MY ORDERS!

PATRICK!  
STRIKE  
THIS DAF  
AT ONCE!







I WONDER WHAT SUBORNA WOULD THINK IF SHE KNEW THE RESISTANCE WAS AT WORK RIGHT UNDER HER NOSE?





