

VERTIGO
DC COMICS

WARREN ELLIS • DARICK ROBERTSON • RODNEY RAMOS

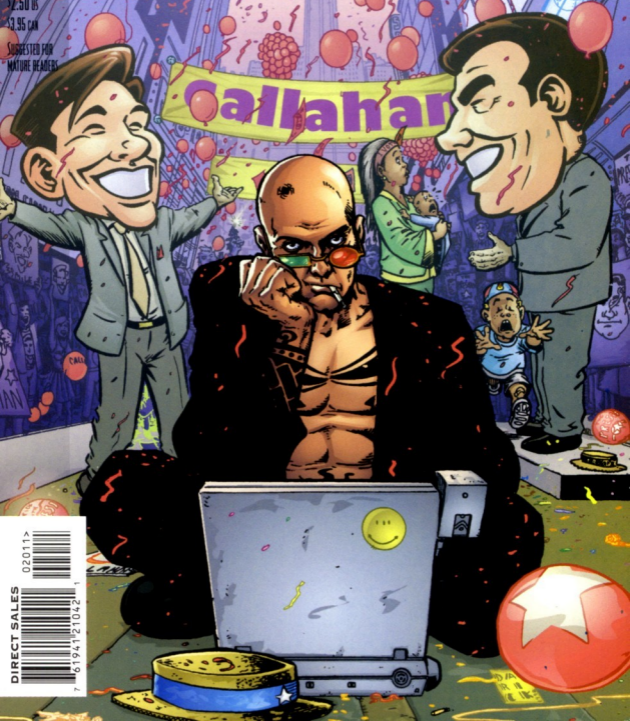
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LATE EDITION

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

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Warren Ellis writes and Darick Robertson pencils/layouts

The NEW SCUM

2: NEW CITY

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Transmetropolitan created by Warren Ellis & Darick Robertson

Back
on the
street.

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Just drifting through the City, wandering through its veins and arteries like an infection looking for a dodgy appendix to latch onto.



Looking for stories; looking for ways to record the cone of silence before the Election crunches into high gear.



Take a good look at the City today before I scuttle back into my little fucking luxury hole.





Let's get in there and cover the story--if just to confirm that I'm not having some kind of channeled flashback to eating mushrooms with Jesus by the sea of Galilee while watching the local lawmen work--



JOURNALIST. MIND IF I ASK EXACTLY WHAT IN THE NAME OF FUCK YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

WATCH YOUR FILTHY MOUTH OR YOU'LL BE--



SPIDER JERUSALEM!

DR. HANRATTY! SPIDER JERUSALEM'S HERE TO COVER OUR STONING!



EXCELLENT. EXCELLENT. LOVE IN JESUS, MR. JERUSALEM. HOW CAN WE BE OF AID?

YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON. I MEAN, SURELY YOU'RE NOT REALLY STONING THAT POOR GUY TO DEATH.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF RECHRISTIANITY, MR. JERUSALEM?



WE'RE RETURNING TO THE FUNDAMENTAL PRECEPTS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH AND ITS ORIGINAL CULTURAL MILIEU, MR. JERUSALEM.

OUR PRESIDENT DOES FAVOR A "BACK TO BASICS" APPROACH IN ALL THINGS, AFTER ALL.

I THOUGHT THAT'D APPEAL TO YOU, YOU BEING A POLITICAL WRITER AND ALL.



I'M SMILING INSIDE.

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL THAT POOR GUY?

WE'RE BRINGING MORAL ORDER TO OUR COMMUNITIES FIRST, BEFORE WE TAKE IT TO THE COUNTRY.



AND I'M AFRAID THAT HAS TO INCLUDE THE DEATH PENALTY.

FOR WHAT?

WELL, I CAN'T PROFFER YOU A COMPLETE LIST...



I'M RECORDING THIS FOR A COLUMN. SUMMARIZE. LET'S BRING YOUR TRUTH TO THE PEOPLE.

OH, I LIKE THAT. YOU'RE A FILTHY MAN WHO SHOULD HAVE GOD'S WRATH VISITED UPON HIS NETHER REGIONS, BUT YOU HAVE A GOOD HEART.

WELL, NOW... HOMOSEXUALITY, HERESY, UNCHASTITY BEFORE MARRIAGE, CURSING ONE'S PARENTS, FOGLITISM, WOMEN WHO GET ABORTIONS. PEOPLE WHO ADVISE THEM TO DO SO...



AND WHY STONING?

IT'S TRADITIONAL, CLEAN AND HOLY, AND CHEAP OF COURSE.

FURTHER-MORE, IT PUTS LAW IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE.

EXECUTIONS SHOULD BE COMMUNITY PROTECTS--NOT WITH SPECTATORS WHO WATCH A PROFESSIONAL EXECUTIONER DO THEIR DUTY, BUT RATHER WITH ACTUAL PARTICIPANTS.



PLEASE...



ALL I DID... WAS GO TO A PORN MOVIE--WITH MY GIRLFRIEND...



GET BEHIND ME.

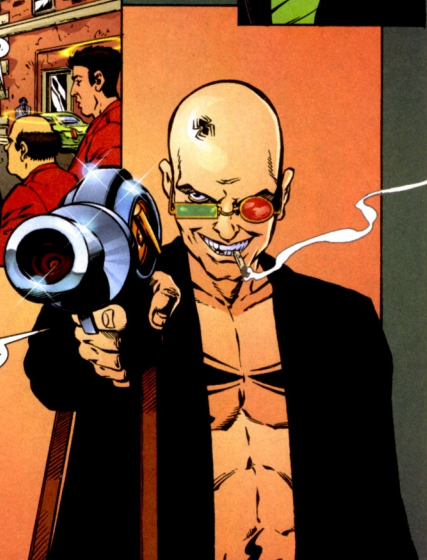
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?

NO.



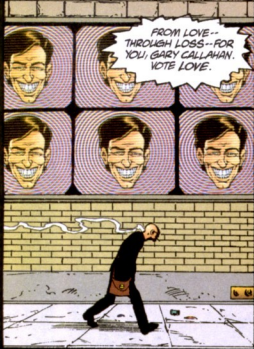
IT'S A BOWEL DISRUPTOR.

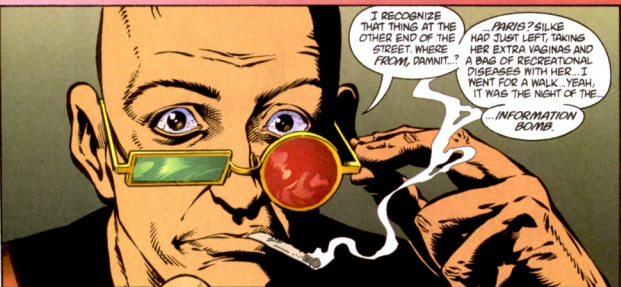
AND YOU ARE JUST FULL OF SHIT.





*Early morning grazing
at the Chadbourne-
Andreas Working Farm,
in the central district
of the City.*







I've never known such silence in this City. The hum of wearable computers, the thump and distort of musics, the jabber of phones-- all gone, suddenly.

Eye of the storm.





THIS IS ALL MY FAULT. HAHA ME AND MY CREW HERE.

YOU HAVE ENTERED A TECHNOLOGY-FREE ZONE.

ALL INFORMATIONAL DEVICES AND STORAGE MEDIA WITHIN THE ZONE NO LONGER WORK. THAT INCLUDES YOUR CREDIT CARDS. SORRY ABOUT THAT.



YOU ARE THE INFORMATION-RICH. YOUR ACCESS TO ELECTRONIC KNOWLEDGE MAKES YOU AMONG THE MOST PRIVILEGED CREATURES ON EARTH.

IT'S ALSO MADE YOU FORGET HOW TO BE HUMAN.

TECHNOLOGY-FREE ZONES BASE THEIR CONTINUED OPERATION ON HUMAN-TO-HUMAN INTERACTION.



THAT MEANS TALKING.

HOLDING HANDS TELLING STORIES DIRTY JOKES THAT SORT OF THING.

BEING PEOPLE.



IN A LITTLE WHILE, YOU CAN GO BACK TO THE WORLD OF INFORMATION, CONTINUE TO JABBER AND CLICK ABOUT BEING "TRANSHUMAN" OR "POSTHUMAN."

BUT, IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T REMIND YOU ABOUT BEING JUST HUMAN.



DEPARTURES

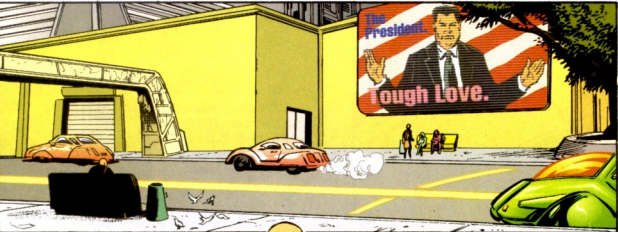
ARRIVALS

DEPARTURES

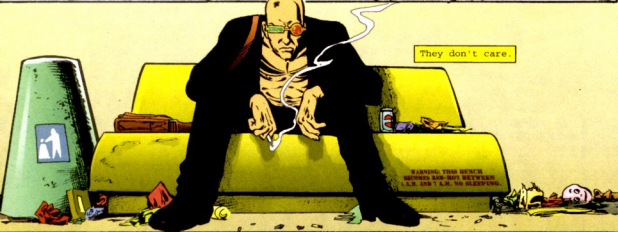
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Refugees from the Australian Civil War wait in City East Airport for their connecting flight to Norway.

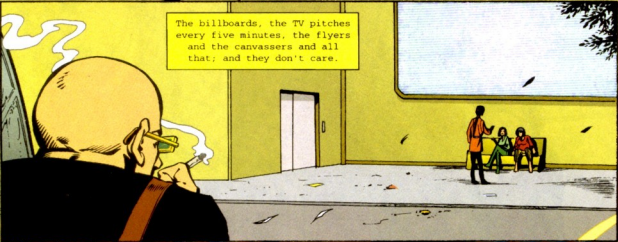




They don't care.



The billboards, the TV pitches every five minutes, the flyers and the canvassers and all that; and they don't care.



callahan

for the
people's
peace



They're not thinking about the election.

They don't even notice.



They're thinking about going to the movies and stoning people and reinventing the street and having a quick smoke during their lunch hour.



They're thinking about themselves. That's all.



I've let myself get locked away and sucked into this goddamn election.



I let myself make friends with Vita. Look where that got us.



(Parasitic
little
bastard.)



And
look.



I'm the
only one
who's
remotely
fucking
interested.



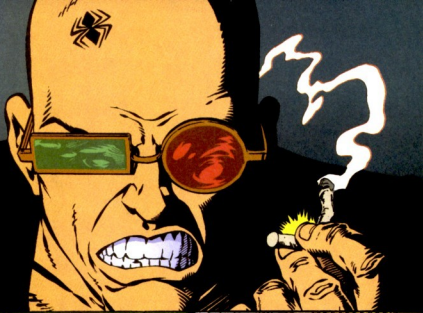
And look
what does
get their
goddamn
attention.



Stoning some poor bastard
to death because his values
are different from those
espoused by bits of a book
hacked together back in the
days when you were still in
danger of being eaten by
dinosaurs.

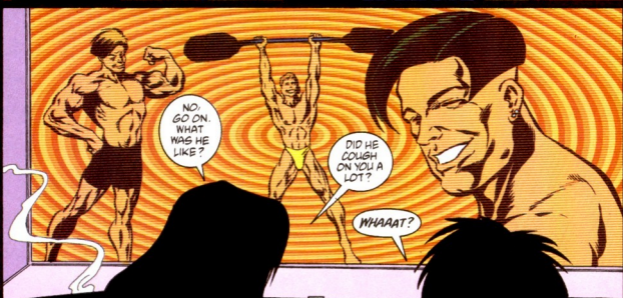
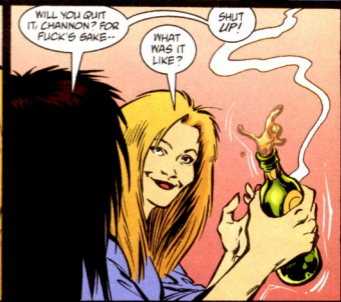


Some bunch of fucking students who think we don't love each other sufficiently because we've got goddamn telephones attempt to cure it by killing a section of street and hoping we all sit down and tell each other campfire tales.



Breakfast time
at the docks.







I ALWAYS IMAGINED HE WOULD YOU KNOW, ALL THE CRAP IN HIS LUNGS BEING STIRRED UP BY THE MOVEMENT, AND THE ACTUAL PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

BIG BLACK MOIST LUMPY SHIT. WITH GREEN BITS. COUGHING IT OUT ONTO YOUR BOOBS.



YOU'RE SICK.

DON'T CALL ME SICK. I DIDN'T FUCK SPIDER.



WHAT WAS IT LIKE? REALLY? YOU CAN TELL ME.

I DON'T REMEMBER.



DID YOU FEEL HIM...YOU KNOW?

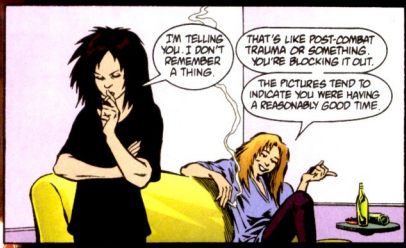
YOU KNOW WHAT? DAMNIT, CHANNON, I TOLD YOU--

DID YOU FEEL HIM COME?





ALL SPIDER'S GUYS ON THE MARCH, MILLIONS OF THE BASTARDS ALL JABBERING AND SMOKING AS THEY STOMPED OVER YOUR UTERUS WITH BIG FUCKING HOBNAILED SPERM-BOOTS...



I'M TELLING YOU. I DON'T REMEMBER A THING.

THAT'S LIKE POST-COMBAT TRAUMA OR SOMETHING. YOU'RE BLOCKING IT OUT.

THE PICTURES TEND TO INDICATE YOU WERE HAVING A REASONABLY GOOD TIME.



BITCH.



HEY, HOLLLLLD EVERYTHING

YOU "ALWAYS IMAGINED" HUH? YOU "HAD A THEORY," HUH?

EXACTLY HOW MUCH BRAIN TIME HAVE YOU DEVOTED TO THE CONCEPT OF FUCKING SPIDER JERUSALEM, CHANNON YARROW?



uh...

I GET BORED EASILY?

A Foglet celebrates its unbirthdny.



PASTORAL MEWS

HI,
HONEY. I'M
HOME.

SUCK
OUT MY
FARTS.

DIE.

NICE TO SEE
YOU TOO. ANY-
THING HAPPEN
WHILE I
WAS OUT?

YEAH. PRESIDENT
CALLED TO REQUEST
YOU INTERVIEW HIM
FOR THE WORD.
ROYCE BACKS
IT UP.

YEAH, RIGHT. AND THE ROPE
CALLED ASKING ME TO
DROWN HIM IN A MORASS
OF SEMEN AND
BURST
CONDOMS.

MEET HIM
AT THE HOTEL
FAT TOMORROW
AT NOON OR IT'S
YOUR ASS.

WE RECORDED
HIS CALL. AND ROYCE'S.
IT'S FOR REAL YOU AND
THE PRESIDENT,
ONE ON ONE.

OR
ELSE.

TO BE
CONTINUED