

VERTIGO
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***** LATE EDITION *****

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

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MATURE READERS

hard job
hard man
the President

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The Hotel Fat isn't just for any rich person. It's for dumb, ugly rich people who think that entrance glass, musical air and enough costly AÜgel flooring to carpet Brazil are badges of greatness.



As opposed to black marks branding you for all to see as Stupid Lucky White Trash Assholes.





I SEEM TO HAVE HORRIBLY FUCKED UP YOUR FLOOR.

I'M HERE TO SEE THE PRESIDENT.



SO YOU'RE JERUSALEM. I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.

I DON'T READ NEWSPAPERS, BECAUSE THERE'S NEVER ANYTHING INTERESTING IN THEM, SO DON'T EXPECT ME TO GET A HARD-ON BECAUSE YOU'RE APPARENTLY FAMOUS.

THIS WAY.



THESE TWO WILL LEAD YOU TO THE ELEVATOR AND ON TO OUR MOST VALUED GUEST.

AFTER THE INTERVIEW'S DONE, I TRUST I'LL NEVER SEE YOU WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS OF THE HOTEL FAT AGAIN.

NOT UNLESS I BREAK IN ONE NIGHT WITH A BATCH OF DYNAMITE STRAPPED TO A BUNCH OF DEAD WEASELS TO CREATE AN EXPLOSIVE MEAT GEYSER ALL OVER YOUR LOBBY.



YOU'RE SECRET SERVICE?

YES SIR, MR. JERUSALEM. STAND STILL WHILE WE GIVE YOU THE ONCE-OVER.



WHAT'S THIS?

mutter

I CAN'T HEAR YOU, SIR.



...BOWEL
DISRUPTOR



WONT BE
NEEDING
THIS, WILL
WE, SIR?

S'POSE
NOT.

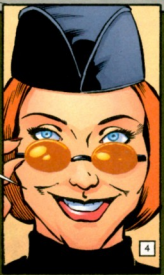


MIND
WALKING
THROUGH
HERE,
SIR?

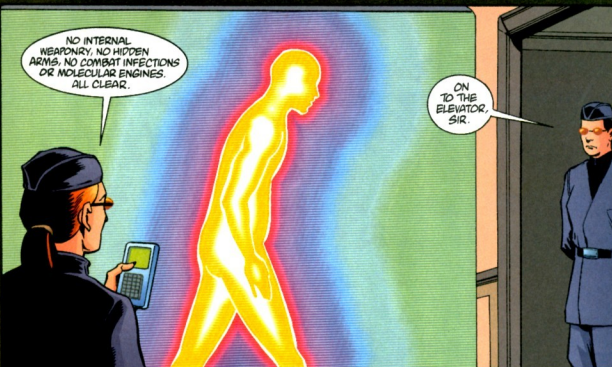
WHAT
IF I SAY
YES?

THEN WE SHOOT
YOU WITH A TASER AND
HAVE YOUR INTERNAL
CAVITIES SEARCHED
BY SURGEONS.

SOMETIMES
THEY'RE ALL FUCKED
UP ON CRACK WHEN THEY
DO THE SEARCHES.



I'M
WALKING



NO INTERNAL WEAPONRY, NO HIDDEN ARMS, NO COMBAT INFECTIONS OR MOLECULAR ENGINES. ALL CLEAR.

ON TO THE ELEVATOR, SIR.



ELEVATOR SECURITY CAM 12



SECOND SCREENING, SIR.

YOU'RE DOING A DAMN GOOD JOB OF THIS. I THOUGHT YOU SECRET SERVICE GUYS HATED HIM.



SURE WE DO. BUT IT'S AN ELECTION YEAR, AND HE'S STILL THE PRESIDENT.

YOU KNOW?

NO.



I'M NOT SURPRISED THROUGH THERE, SIR.



The President of the United States.





"THE HARD MAN OF AMERICAN LETTERS"?

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BOUGHT INTO YOUR OWN HYPE.

NEVER BELIEVE YOUR PRESS, JERUSALEM.

LISTEN, IF ANYONE SHOULD BE GETTING PISSED OFF HERE, IT'S ME.

AFTER ALL, I DIDN'T KICK YOU INTO A REST ROOM CUBICLE AND SHOOT YOU WITH A THING THAT MADE YOU SHIT YOURSELF, DID I?

I COULD HAVE HAD YOU PROSECUTED, YOU KNOW.

DISRUPTORS LEAVE NO EVIDENCE OF USE.

EXCUSE ME. WAKE UP. I'M THE FUCKING PRESIDENT.

YOU THINK EVIDENCE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH ANYTHING?



ONE OF US SHOULD BELIEVE IN SOMETHING.

OH, IS THAT YOUR PROBLEM WITH ME? THAT I DON'T BELIEVE IN ANYTHING?



OR THAT I DON'T BELIEVE IN ANYTHING YOU LIKE?



YOU
FALSIFY
EVIDENCE
NOW?



IF THE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES
DOES IT, IT CAN'T BE
A CRIME.



THAT'S
A JOKE, BY
THE WAY.



SO COME ON. ASK ME A QUESTION.
YOU'VE GOT AN EXCLUSIVE NO-HOLDS-
BARRED INTERVIEW WITH THE MOST
SUCCESSFUL PRESIDENT SINCE GOD-
KNOWS-WHO, SO SNAP IT UP..



HAVE
A DRINK,
I'VE FUCKING
POISONED
IT.



SO! WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO TALK ABOUT?



YOU'RE
REMARKABLY
CHEERFUL.



OF COURSE I AM. I'M THE PRESIDENT.

AND MY URINARY TRACT INFECTION HAS CLEARED UP.

I HAVE SMALL PEOPLE EMPLOYED TO BREAK UP THE ACCRETION OF BOILS ON MY ASS, YOU KNOW. THAT IMPROVED THINGS, TOO.



THEY USE LITTLE SPANNER THINGS.

PEOPLE ARE GOOD. YOU SHOULD HAVE PEOPLE.

PLUS I STARTED EATING CHILEAN BABY EXTRACT.



BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, IT'S TOUGH BEING PRESIDENT.

BUT LIFE IS GOOD.



YEAH, YEAH...



STOP BEING SO FUCKING HAPPY! IT MAKES ME WANT TO PUKE TWENTY YEARS OF CIGARETTE TAR DIRECTLY INTO YOUR MOUTH!

THE SMILER'S AFTER YOUR ZITTY ASS, BOY.

DON'T YOU READ THE POLLS? WATCH THE TV? PICK UP FEEDSITES?



Canvassers meet resistance downtown.

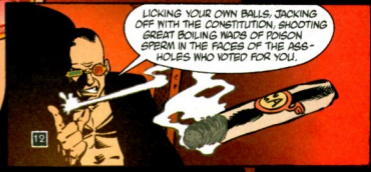


WHY DID YOU
START CALLING ME
THE BEAST?



IT'S
HOW I
THINK OF
YOU.

A BIG BLACK
ANIMAL SQUATTING
IN THE HEART OF
AMERICA, SHITTING
HUGE STEAMING
GREEN TURDS INTO
THE COUNTRY.



LICKING YOUR OWN BALLS, JACKING
OFF WITH THE CONSTITUTION, SHOOTING
GREAT BOILING WADS OF POISON
SPERM IN THE FACES OF THE ASS-
HOLES WHO VOTED FOR YOU.



YOU'RE THE... *THING* IN US THAT VOTES TO FUCK OTHER PEOPLE IN THE GALL BLADDER, THE LIZARD BRAIN THAT SAYS NOTHING BUT EAT-KILL-HUMP-SHIT...



...THE BEAST.
FLOWERY.
I WAS YOUNGER, THEN.



YOU WERE A DICK.
AND YOU WERE AN EVIL SCUMFUCK WHO'D CLAWED HIS WAY INTO POWER OVER--
YOU'RE STILL A DICK.



FUCK YOU!
FUCK YOU!
YOU TRADED ON FEAR AND HATE AND SNAKED YOUR WAY INTO A PLACE WHERE YOU COULD MAKE YOUR WET DREAMS COME TRUE--



--BY TURNING AMERICA INTO A FUCKING THIRD WORLD COUNTRY THAT BLEEDS MONEY AND EXPORTS FUCK ALL BUT SHIT TELEVISION AND TRANSPLANTABLE ORGANS--



--BECAUSE YOU KILLED MEDICAL AID AND CREATED A CULTURE OF CRIME AND PRESIDED OVER AMERICA BECOMING THE MURDER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT IT WAS FUCKING FUNNY, YOU PIECE OF SHIT, YOU--



--AND THAT'S JUST THE START OF YOUR TRAIL OF SHIT AND MY HATE AND I COULDN'T RESIST BEING LOCKED IN A ROOM WITH YOU YOU PIGFUCKER--



BACK OFF.



YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO BACK AWAY FROM THE PRESIDENT AND THEN I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.

TWO SECONDS.



LET'S GO WRITER BOY. A NICE QUIET EXECUTION DOWN THE HALLWAY, YOU WON'T FEEL A THING.

UNLESS I ACCIDENTALLY UNLOAD A CLIP UP YOUR ASSHOLE FIRST.

...NO, IT'S OKAY.

COUGH!



MISTER PRESIDENT--

NO, REALLY, IT'S OKAY.

HE'S LITTLE PEOPLE.

YOU HAVE TO ALLOW THE LITTLE PEOPLE THEIR SHOTS SOMETIMES.



Lovers surfing
feedsites on their
lunch hour.



WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES YOU HATE ME SO MUCH, JERUSALEM?



YOU REPRESENT AND ENCOURAGE THE WORST IN PEOPLE.

YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN ANYTHING OTHER THAN HAVING THE PRESIDENCY, BUT YOU'RE ALSO NOT INTERESTED IN ACTUALLY BEING A PRESIDENT.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN ANYTHING.

BULL-SHIT.

I SAID BEFORE: JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT I BELIEVE IN DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE NO BELIEFS.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT, YOU DON'T--

SHUT UP.

YOU CALL ME A LIAR TO MY FACE AGAIN, I'LL FUCKING GLASS YOU.



YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I BELIEVE IN?

I BELIEVE IN GETTING THROUGH THE DAY.



I BELIEVE IN KNOWING YOUR STATION.

I BELIEVE IN LIVING SOMEWHERE QUIET.



HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE AND GIVE ME THIS CRAP--

--YOU STICK POOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T VOTE FOR YOU IN POISONED HOUSING--



WHAT? THEY WANT TO LIVE OFF MY TAX MONEY, THEY GIVE ME SHIT IN THE POLLING BOOTH, AND I SHOULD GIVE THEM SOMEWHERE NICE TO LIVE? EAT ME.



THAT'S SICK.

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS.

LIFE SUCKS. WEAR A HAT.

LOOK, MY JOB ISN'T TO MAKE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL. MY JOB ISN'T TO MAKE LIVING LIFE A GOOD TIME.

MY JOB IS TO KEEP THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY ALIVE.

THAT'S IT.

IF FIFTY-ONE PERCENT EAT A MEAL TOMORROW AND FORTY-NINE PERCENT DON'T, I'VE DONE MY JOB.

ANYONE WHO SAYS OTHERWISE IS A CON ARTIST.

MY JOB IS JUST TO KEEP THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE. EVERYONE STAYS THE SAME.

I DO THE JOB. I KEEP THE MONEY COMING. I PROVIDE THE TELEVISION AND A FEW SPARE DOLLARS AND SPACE FOR A FUCK OR TWO.

YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE THAT.

THAT IS THE ABSOLUTE FUCKING LIMIT OF WHAT CAN BE DONE.

YOU MIGHT NOT THINK THAT'S THE WAY A PRESIDENT SHOULD BEHAVE

BUT, YOU KNOW...

...THAT'S FUCKIN' TOUGH.





NOW GET THE FUCK OUT. INTERVIEWS OVER.





I'M STILL GOING TO BE PRESIDENT NEXT MONTH. YOU KNOW WHY?

BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT A REAL AMERICA MEANS, AND I'VE GOT THE GUTS TO KEEP IT AFLOAT.


BECAUSE I CAN DO THE JOB. BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN IT.



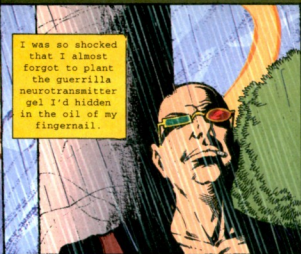
AND CALLAHAN DOESN'T BELIEVE IN SHIT.

SCUTTLE OFF, JERUSALEM. YOU GOT YOUR STORY NOW.

I'M TIRED.




And there you have it, reader. The Beast believes in something, perverted and filthy as it is. And The Smiler doesn't.



I was so shocked that I almost forgot to plant the guerrilla neurotransmitter gel I'd hidden in the oil of my fingernail.

And that, Mr. President, is why you've been hallucinating having sex with speed-crazed Barbary Apes suffering from Irritable Bowel Syndrome for the last week.

And now you know what it's like to have you as President; what it's like to be constantly fucked by someone who stinks of shit.



Spider Jerusalem: cheap, but not as cheap as your girlfriend.

TO BE
CONTINUED