

VERTIGO
DC COMICS

WARREN ELLIS • DARICK ROBERTSON

no. 35
AUG 00

*** LATE EDITION ***

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS



GOUGE AWAY.

Part two of three

dccomics.com

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gouge away

part two of three

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Brothers and sisters,
I have a scheme.

Journalism is a ticket to ride,
to travel deep into the dark heart
of the pictures you see on your
TV and feeds. And I'm going to
take you on a ride with me.



A short weird ride
to the heart of
darkness. You and
me, we're going
into the White
House. We're going
into the Callahan
team, the
President's Men.

And we're going to
see what they're
really like down
there in the dark.

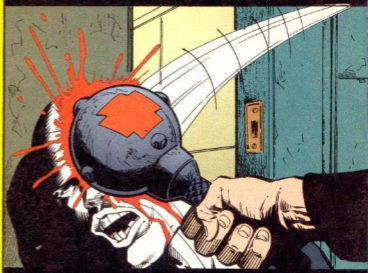
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AND WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?

NO, DON'T ANSWER THAT. WHAT YOU WANT DOESN'T MATTER. JUST TAKE YOUR VANILLA LITTLE CARTOON ASS OUT OF HERE.



DON'T WORRY! IT'S A MEDICAL-GRADE TRUNCHEON! STERILE VIOLENCE!

I OUGHT TO TEE-OFF WITH THIS AND SMACK THE NUTS OFF YOU JUST ON BASIC PRINCIPLES!



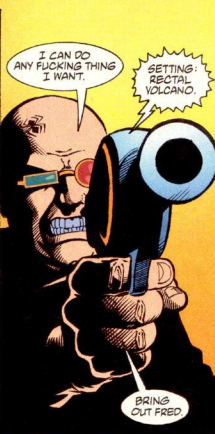
I'M HERE TO SEE THE ALIEN LOVE MESSIAH.





WE'RE GOING TO FUCK YOU UP, YOU BASTARD -- YOU CAN'T JUST ENTER A CHURCH PROPERTY AND--

OH JESUS--



I CAN DO ANY FUCKING THING I WANT.

SETTING: RECTAL VOLCANO.

BRING OUT FRED



I'M RIGHT HERE.

DEJA VU. TWO AND A HALF YEARS AGO, YOU PULLED THE SAME STUNT IN A BAR.

OF COURSE, YOU DIDN'T FEEL THE NEED TO BEAT ONE OF MY MEN HALF TO DEATH THAT TIME.



OH, I FELT IT. I JUST DIDN'T DO IT.

BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU THINK I'M STILL PLAYING NICE, FRED.



I AM NO LONGER FUCKING AROUND.



HHEEEHHGGHH



YOU AND ME, WE NEED TO TALK.

NOW, WE CAN SIT LIKE ADULTS.

OR YOU CAN GASP OUT WHAT I NEED TO KNOW IN BETWEEN APOCALYPTIC EPISODES OF DIARRHEAL ATTACK.

EITHER WAY, I GET WHAT I WANT.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

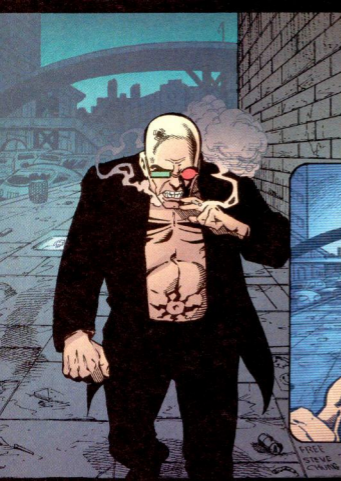
YOU AND THE CALLAHAN TEAM. ALL CONNECTIONS. ALL CONVERSATIONS. ALL DEALINGS.



YOU DON'T NEED TO SEE THIS.

IN FACT, YOU DON'T EVEN NEED TO BE HERE. GET OUT NOW.

CONTACT CHANNON YARROW VIA MITCHELL ROYCE AT THE WORD. SHE'LL SET YOU UP IN APARTMENTS ON MY CREDIT CARD. JUST TELL HER WHERE YOU CAME FROM AND TELL HER I SAID SO.



BRUCE CUHNT
FOR "STREET
STINK" LIVE FROM
THE STREETS
OF THE CITY!

APPROACHING
US NOW: SPIDER
JERUSALEM, FAMOUS WRITER!
LET'S ASK HIM IF HE FEELS
GUILTY ABOUT NOT BEING
A REAL REPORTER,
LIKE ME!

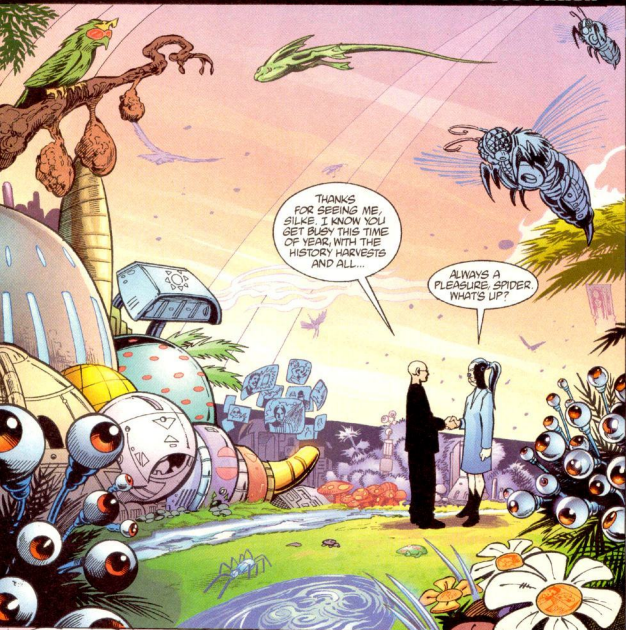


HELLO, SPIDER! BRUCE
CUHNT! WE MET ONCE! YOU
STOOD ON MY DICK DURING THE
CALLAHAN NOMINATION!

DON'T YOU
EVER FEEL LIKE A BIT
OF A FAKE?



BRUCE... BRUCE
...THE CAMERA
LENS CRACKED
WHEN IT REACHED
MY BOWEL,
BRUCE...



THANKS FOR SEEING ME, SILKE. I KNOW YOU GET BUSY THIS TIME OF YEAR, WITH THE HISTORY HARVESTS AND ALL...

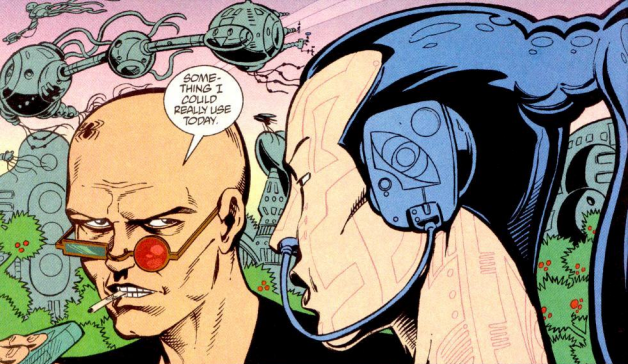
ALWAYS A PLEASURE, SPIDER. WHAT'S UP?



--AND THEN YOU PHONE US UP TO TELL US WE'RE CRAZY, YEAH.



--AND SOMETHING CAUGHT MY EYE A COUPLE MONTHS BACK.



SOME-THING I COULD REALLY USE TODAY.



THE TELEFACTORING SYSTEM.



WHAT ARE YOU LIP TO YOU SNEAKY LITTLE BASTARD?



IT'S A STATION-TO-STATION SYSTEM, RIGHT?



RIGHT. WE'VE GOTTEN SOME SERIOUS FUNDING FOR IT, AND IT'S BEYOND THE TEST STAGE.



DOES THAT SYSTEM HAVE A STATION IN CALIFORNIA?



OKAY, HERE'S THE DEAL: WE SPEED-CLONE YOU IN A TANK IN CALIFORNIA AND THEN INSTITUTE A THOUGHTSPEED TWO-WAY LINK BETWEEN YOU AND IT.

ITS BRAIN IS EMPTY--YOU PROVIDE THE MIND, FROM WAY BACK HERE.

YOU MOVE A HAND, IT MOVES AT THAT EXACT MOMENT IN TIME YOU SEND THE MESSAGE TO WALK, IT WALKS.

IT IS, ESSENTIALLY, YOU. BUT IT'S NOT, IT'S A TELEFACTOR.


SIMPLE. IF I'M SEEN TO LEAVE THE CITY, I WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION THAT I COULD DO WITHOUT.

IF I'M SEEN TO LEAVE THE CITY AND FLY TO CALIFORNIA, ALARM BELLS WILL GO OFF IN PLACES I'D RATHER STAYED QUIET.



USING YOUR TELEFACTOR STATION, I CAN GET IN AND OUT OF CALIFORNIA TODAY WITHOUT ANYONE BEING THE WISER.

WHY CALIFORNIA?



IT'S WHERE MRS. CALLAHAN AND HER KIDS STILL LIVE.



WHAT WE WANT TO USE THEM FOR IS EXPLORATION. WE CAN SHOVE A VAT AND A TELEFACTOR STATION INTO A SPACECRAFT, LAND IT ON THE PLANET ZOG AND TAKE A WALK AROUND FROM HERE.

BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU, I GIVE IN.

I CANNOT POSSIBLY IMAGINE WHAT YOU WOULD WANT WITH USE OF A TELEFACTOR.





Eight o'clock and the sun's gone down. I am about my filthy business in the dark, which is the way I like it.

Royce has been on the phone to Filthy Assistants, who have not given out the number on the phone I currently have grown into my head. They're stalling him.



I've got until midnight to get the latest column in.

Four hours to fit together the last parts of the bomb I'm throwing.

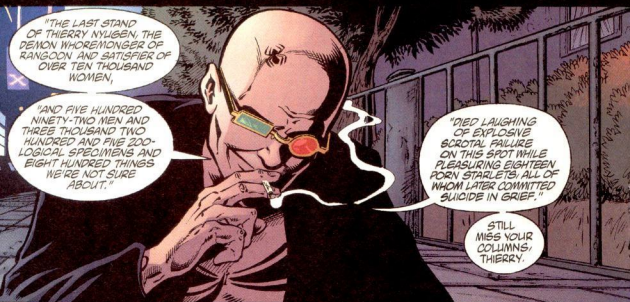
And these last parts are the ones that're most likely to get me killed...



I KNOW THIS PLACE...

MISS PALLAS GENTLEMEN CLUB ♀

And with the press still asking the White House about the "D-Notice" Situation – asking politely, mind you, and not doing any research of their own, just like the corporate-news authority-shills they're trained to be – there's not a better time to risk it.

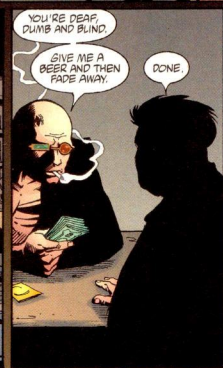
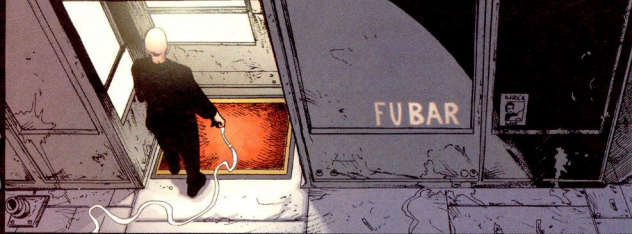


"THE LAST STAND OF THIERRY NYUGEN, THE DEMON WHOREMONGER OF RANGOON AND SATISFIER OF OVER TEN THOUSAND WOMEN,

"AND FIVE HUNDRED NINETY-TWO MEN AND THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIVE ZOOLOGICAL SPECIMENS AND EIGHT HUNDRED THINGS WE'RE NOT SURE ABOUT."

"DIED LAUGHING OF EXPLOSIVE SCROTAL FAILURE ON THIS SPOT WHILE PLEASURING EIGHTEEN PORN STARLETS, ALL OF WHOM LATER COMMITTED SUICIDE IN GRIEF."

STILL MISS YOUR COLUMNNS, THIERRY.







HELLO.
I'M A
JOURNALIST.



AND YOU'RE ONE OF THE
BASTARDS WHO KILLED RORY
FLANAGAN LOCKWOOD.

YOU SHOULDN'T
DRINK IN THE SAME
BAR EVERY NIGHT,
LITTLE BOY.

BARTENDER:
A BOTTLE OF
WHISKEY, CHEAP
WHISKEY.



I WOULD LIKE TO REQUEST AN INTERVIEW.

I WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW WHAT THE
DANTE STREET PRE-
CINCT HOUSE COPS
SAID TO YOU BEFORE
THEY LET YOU OUT
THE FRONT DOOR.

AND I
WOULD LIKE
TO KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT
YOU SAW.

I'D ALSO BE
INTERESTED TO
LEARN WHY YOUR
MURDERING SHIT-
FUCK ASS IS
OUT ON THE
STREET.







Snack bar
Smack Dab
in the Middle of
a Century with
NOTHING TO LOSE.

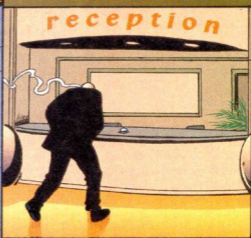
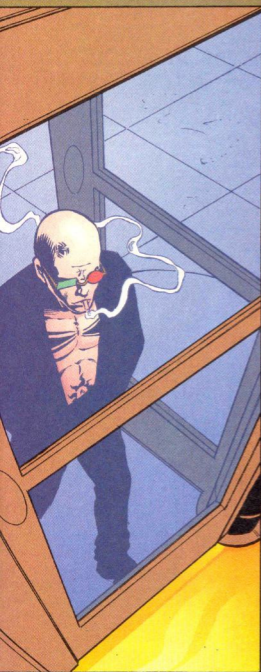
SALE!
50% OFF
EVERYTHING

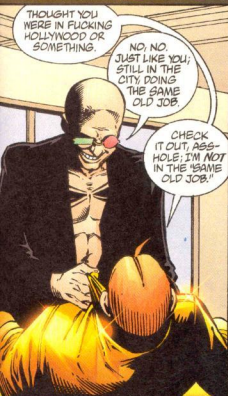
DOGGIE DINER

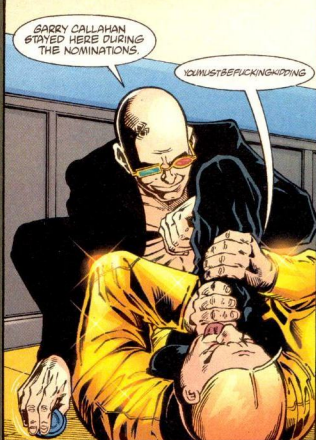
| | |
|---|--|
| <p>CITY VIEW</p>  <p>TOUCH OF THE HOUSE</p> <p>STEIN VAHGINAH FELLING IN FOR</p> <p>STEVE SNATCH</p> | <p>CALLAHAN</p>  <p>APPROVAL RATING 46%</p> |
|---|--|

It's not
the
fact
that
you
can
buy
a
house
with
a
dog
house
attached
to
it
that
makes
it
a
dog
house
TOUCHÉ

FREE
STEVE
CHUNG

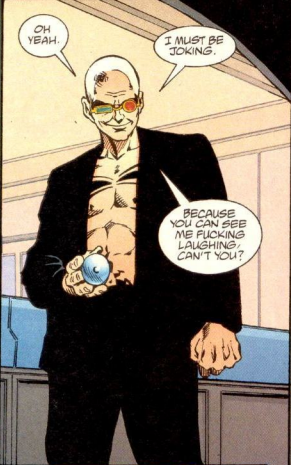






GARRY CALLAHAN STAYED HERE DURING THE NOMINATIONS.

YOU MUST BE FUCKING KIDDING



OH YEAH.

I MUST BE JOKING.

BECAUSE YOU CAN SEE ME FUCKING LAUGHING, CAN'T YOU?



DING



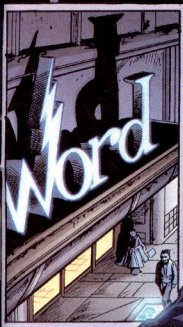
DING DING. ROUND TWO.

TAKE A DIVE, LINDSAY. JUST TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

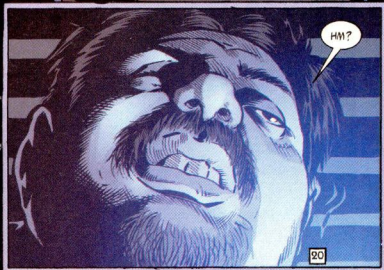
YOU DON'T WANT TO FUCK WITH ME TONIGHT.

I'M A MAN WITH A MISSION.

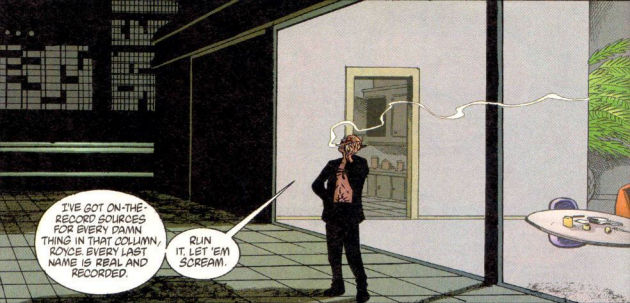




PREPROGRAMMED
ALERT NINE: A SPIDER
JERUSALEM COLUMN
HAS ARRIVED.





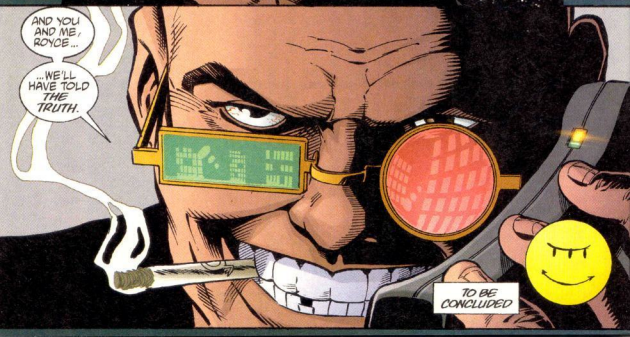


I'VE GOT ON-THE-RECORD SOURCES FOR EVERY DAMN THING IN THAT COLUMN, ROYCE. EVERY LAST NAME IS REAL AND RECORDED.

RUN IT, LET 'EM SCREAM.

FUCK THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS. THIS'LL BE THE BEST-SELLING ISSUE OF THE YEAR. THEY'LL ALL BE ABLE TO GO OUT AND BUY NEW PROSTATES BY THIS TIME TOMORROW.

PLATINUM ONES.



AND YOU AND ME, ROYCE...

...WE'LL HAVE TOLD THE TRUTH.

TO BE CONCLUDED

The L.A. of my memory has none of the yuppie gloss of a film like *City of Angels* or the noir romanticism of *Chinatown* or Chandler. The L.A. of my memory is more like *Repo Man* or a song by Fear—low budget and low res, yet exciting for all its cheap griminess. In fact, the griminess was part of L.A.'s twisted allure.

Wrapped in heat and smog dense and toxic enough to cause lung tumors and to strip the paint from cars, we Angelenos were enveloped 24-7 in a subtle, yet pervasive fifth. During those rare moments when you'd venture into the moneyed compounds of Beverly Hills or Brentwood you knew that no matter how beautifully coiffed and dressed the residents were, they were swimming through the same squalid air as you. The city was literally shitting on rich and poor alike in the form of microscopic particles of car exhaust and industrial toxins: machine agecrement.

What I loved about L.A. was its constant culture-morphing. I was in America, but some streets could easily have been some side boulevard of Mexico City or one of the tiny backstreets of Tokyo. Even the gangs were residents of separate micro-nations within the city. I'd never experi-

enced this collision of cultures so vividly before and it was thrilling, as if I'd been let in on some tremendous secret.

ON THE ledge

All those cultures have morphed again, of course. L.A.'s reach is global because of its deepgrip on media culture. I've seen Madonna and Rambo posters on the walls of mud huts in Thailand. I've seen street kids in Rage Against The Machine T-shirts coming out of mosques in Morocco. If you're alive right now, L.A. owns your brain. Or at least a good chunk of it.

These are some of the things that inspired me to write *ACCELERATE*. The comic isn't really a story about my past, but about one young girl's future in an L.A. that's even weirder than it is now. All this dithering with fantastic clarity by *ACCELERATE*'s artists, Arnold and Jacob Pander. If you haven't seen their indie comics *Triple X* or *Secret Broadcast*, or their work on *BATMAN CHRONICLES* and *Grendel: Devil's Legacy*, track these titles down. Now.

Like me, the Panders have done their own time at the edges of the film biz in L.A. That's why they were so good for this project. We share a vision of L.A. It's a city with no center, no heart. It's a rootless, crackhead town because there's nothing to do but burn through the place at the speed of light. Acceleration is your only real option in L.A.—every Angeleno's secret second job.

But at the end of every manic rush is the crash. That's also what *ACCELERATE* is about: the morning after the night before, when the party's over and your eyes are cracked glass and your heart is broken, broken, broken.

Survival is a messy thing, clumsy and inelegant. But as a species, survival is what we're best at. Just like the street kids in *ACCELERATE*. Just like L.A.



Richard Kadrey

AVAILABLE THIS JUNE

ACCELERATE #1 (of 4)

When Marie receives a message from her dead boyfriend on the anniversary of his murder, she and her outcast family of teens never meant to be born travel through the future world of Neo-L.A. in search of a "Great Escape"—a drug called Accelerate. By Richard Kadrey, with art and covers by The Pander Bros.

VERTIGO SECRET FILES: HELLBLAZER #1

The first of a series delving into Vertigo's mainstay characters explores the enigmatic John Constantine. All-new features including an interview with past writers reveal unseen secrets and backstories to Constantine, capped off with stories by Jamie Delano & Tim Bradstreet and Brian Azzarello & Dave Taylor. Additional art by Steve Dillon, Glenn Fabry, Paul Gulacy, John Ridgway, John Totleben and various. Painted cover by Phil Hale.

REINVENTING COMICS (PARADOX TRADE PAPERBACK)

UNDERSTANDING COMICS author/artist Scott McCloud takes comics to the next level—exploring how they are perceived, created, distributed and read today, and how the digital canvas will change the comics experience for the future.

THE BOOKS OF MAGIC #75 (FINAL ISSUE)

The consequences of Timothy Hunter's climactic confrontation with the Other and Barbato become clear—30 years into the future. This final issue sets the stage for the next chapter in Tim's quest to become the greatest mage on earth, to be chronicled in an upcoming miniseries and regular series by a new creative team. By Peter Gross.

BATTLEAXES #4 (of 4)

Hrotha and Freya lead the others against the invading hordes of the Tengut army, while Skold faces the unworshipful horror of the slimy Nolo Goth. Will an unexpected hero—or heroine—arise? By Terry LaBan and Alex Hrotha.

LUCIFER #3

Lucifer forces the Living Tarot Deck to give him a reading and learns that sometimes too much information is a dangerous thing. By Mike Carey, Chris Weston and James Hodgkins.

SWAMP THING #4

"Killing Time" Part 1 of 3: Tefé meets a kindred spirit in Pilate, an ex-sniper struggling to find a reason not to kill. By Brian K. Vaughan, Roger Petersen and Joe Rubinstein; painted cover by Rick Berry.

DEADENDERS #6

Beezer and Sophie continue life on the lam at the bookshop owned by the disturbingly "helpful" Daniel, as deadly Dodge closes in. Plus, a backup story about Beezer's ultra-cute cousin. By Ed Brubaker, Warren Pleece and Richard Case.

THE DREAMING #51

Maddy returns to Manhattan, now with a magical "sight" that allows her to see New York as a surreal landscape full of ghosts, fairies and monsters. Is it the world as we know it or the world as it really is? By Caitlin R. Kiernan, Christian Hijaard and Cameron Stewart.

100 BULLETS #13

"Parlez Kung Fous," Part 2 of 3: Dizzy learns more about Agent Graves' secret agenda—and the way she plays it in—on the mean backstreets of Paris, courtesy of a mysterious expatriate named Mr. Branch. By Brian Azzarello and Eduardo Rissio.

HELLBLAZER #151

"Good Intentions," Part 1 of 6: Released from prison, John Constantine embarks on a bizarre road trip through America to uncover the mysterious forces that have been making life so difficult for him. By Brian Azzarello and new regular artist Marcelo Fusin (FLINCH, WEIRD WAR TALES SPECIAL).

TRANSMETROPOLITAN #35

"Gouge Away," Part 2 of 3: Spider Jerusalem's on the offensive, one step ahead of the White House. Target: the President himself. By Warren Ellis, Darick Robertson and Rodney Ramos.

PREACHER #64

"Alamo," Part 6 of 7: Betrayals abound as Jesse confronts Cassidy about their fractured friendship, Tulip suffers a new betrayal, and Stair tests his relationship with Hoover and Featherstone to the next level. By Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon.

THE BOOKS OF MAGIC: THE BURNING GIRL

Tim Hunter and Molly O'Reilly get caught up in Hell's war with Faerie in a trade paperback reprinting *THE BOOKS OF MAGIC* #33-41. By John Ney Rieber, Peter Gross and Peter Snejbjerg; painted cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta

EVENTS NEXT MONTH...

HELLBLAZER SPECIAL: BAD BLOOD #1 (of 4)

In 2034 London, Royalist forces struggle with the neo-puritan government trying to track down the last heir to the crown: a bastard child born 25 years earlier whose identity has only recently been discovered. A 72-year-old, feisty John Constantine finds himself pulled into a royal set of politics, class warfare, scandal and murder. The black humor quotient is high when Constantine, as usual, follows his own agenda while trying to help his anarchist pals and attempts to navigate through a web of intrigue. By Jamie Delano and Philip Bond.

THE REMARKABLE WORLDS OF PHINEAS B. FUDDLE #1 (of 4)

When a brilliant-but-mad scientist in Victorian England decides to time-travel to the past and provide some "technical assistance" to some ancient civilizations, it's up to his two bumbling colleagues to follow after him and try to undo the drastic changes in history that have occurred. A fabulous adventure in the tradition of *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* and *Around the World in Eighty Days*. By Boaz Yakin and Erez Yakin.

THE SANDMAN: THE DREAMHUNTERS (TRADE PAPERBACK)

A stunning new cover by Yoshitaka Amano complements this softcover printing of the breathtaking fable by Neil Gaiman and Amano, one of Japan's leading artists.

HUMAN TARGET (TRADE PAPERBACK)

Collecting the critically acclaimed 4-issue miniseries by Peter Milligan and Edvin Biukovic.

REINVENTING COMICS: Revolutionary Stirrings, Part 1

In **REINVENTING COMICS**, the sequel to the acclaimed and award-winning **UNDERSTANDING COMICS**, the witty and profound Scott McCloud takes comics to the next level—charting 12 revolutions in how comics are perceived, created, and read today. He also takes an extensive look at the exploding world of digital technology, and explores the challenges and possible futures of the digital canvas for both artist and reader. McCloud took some time to chat with **SUBCULTURE** shortly before the book hit print.

DO YOU VIEW REINVENTING COMICS (RC) AS A CONTROVERSIAL WORK?

When I wrote **UNDERSTANDING COMICS (UC)**,

I said I hoped it would spark debate, not settle it. I think the same thing is true with this book. Certainly, there's no shortage of opinions about the comics industry, about high-quality literate comics, or about diversity in comics. All of these subjects are enormously contentious already, and there are people with very firm ideas about how comics can be improved. And when I hit computers in the second half of the book, well, there are whole sections of bookstores devoted to that, so I'm really stepping into a hornet's nest with this book. It was much easier with UC, because even though I was touching on a lot of topics that people had dealt with before, in many respects I was just making up a field of study which I could then stroll into and proclaim myself an expert in. It was a little easier.

RC OUTLINES 12 REVOLUTIONS, INCLUDING COMICS AS LITERATURE AND ART, INDUSTRY INNOVATION, GENDER BALANCE, AND DIGITAL DELIVERY AND COMICS. WERE THERE MORE?

There were 16 originally. I had one for Surrealism, and that pretty much needed to die; you can't really build a whole revolution on it,

although I'm a great fan of those artists who are pushing that envelope. There was one for International Exchange. And I just felt like I was opening the floodgates with that one, because I couldn't partially cover that field; I'd have to give it the same attention I gave American comics. Then there was one for

Academic attention to comics. That one was folded into Institutional Scrutiny of comics. However, I don't want to pretend for a minute that this is the chart that another objective observer might have picked. For instance, the fact that I devoted the last three to computers is a pretty clear indication that this is my own personal take on it. And I would just love to see alternate versions of the 12 Revolutions. You don't even need to be able to draw them up. I would love for people to respond just by saying, "No, this is how

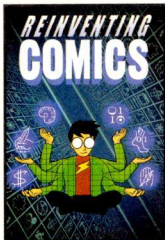
comics can move outward and into the future. These are the 12, these are the 9, these are the 47 Revolutions that I think are important." That would be a wonderful response to what I'm doing.

WHICH OF THE 12 REVOLUTIONS IS MOST IMPORTANT PERSONALLY TO SCOTT McCLOUD THE ARTIST?

There's no question; I finished the book with the one that I think is the most important [Digital Comics], which is how comics are going to completely reinvent themselves in the new century. Everything changes in that last one. The form itself changes, and everything else changes with it. And the second to last Revolution [Digital Delivery] is important too, because it relates to all of the 12. It's really the mechanism by which I think many of the problems I detail in the first 200 pages can be addressed. It's really amazing what a good job [Digital Delivery] does at striking at the heart of a lot of those problems.

LOOK FOR PART 2 OF SCOTT McCLOUD'S INTERVIEW IN NEXT MONTH'S SUBCULTURE.

REINVENTING COMICS IS IN STORES NOW.



Remembering Alfredo Alcalá
August 23, 1925 - April 8, 2000
By Heidi MacDonald

The comics medium lost one of its true originals when Alfredo Alcalá passed away recently at the age of 74. Alfredo is best known here in America for his inking work, on **BATMAN**, **WEIRD WAR TALES**, **UNEXPECTED**, **Conan**, and, of course, many classic issues of **SWAMP THING** with Rick Veitch. But in his native Philippines, Alfredo was a best-selling cartoonist in his own right. He created characters such as the barbarian *Voltar*, who was swinging a sword long before Conan appeared in any comic, and illustrating *Hiawatha* and many other classics for the thriving Filipino comics industry.

In the early '70s, Alfredo and great Filipino cartoonists—including Alex Niño and Nestor Redondo—started working in American comics. Alfredo's ornate, Gibsonesque line work, and sterling storytelling won him a whole new country full of admirers.

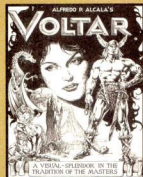
Alfredo lived for his art, but his entire life was as colorful and exciting as anything he created. As a teenager during World War II, he was a spy for the Americans. He'd ride his bicycle by the Japanese military installations, and then put his photographic memory to good use to draw perfect maps and diagrams of what he'd seen.

I was lucky enough to visit him many times with mutual friend Phil Yeh when we all lived in Los Angeles. Our dinners—always over Thai or Chinese food—would cover a panorama of art, music, comics and politics. Alfredo could correct Burne Hogarth's anatomy, dismiss Norman Rockwell with one sentence, compare different conductors' recordings of Tchaikovsky, and talk about Lou Fine until dawn.

To know Alfredo was to be transported to his world. Although I could barely find the Philippines on a map, when I heard him talk about his life there, it came alive as clearly as in one of his wonderful paintings.

Artist, teacher, friend—Alfredo was all three.

For information on the Alfredo Alcalá Memorial Fund go to Alcalá webpage at: www.ideaship.com.



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SUBCULTURE

feature. Where **LEDGE** gives you up-to-the-minute listings on **VERTIGO** monthly releases and a look at a spotlight project in the creator's own words, **SUBCULTURE** takes you even further behind the scenes on current projects, gives exclusive tidbits on new ones, and so on. It's enough to spin your head—which is, after all, the finest **VERTIGO** tradition there is.