

VERTIGO
DC COMICS

WARREN ELLIS • DARICK ROBERTSON • RODNEY RAMOS

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TRANSMETROPOLITAN

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SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS



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Back to Basics

Three of Three



written by
Warren Ellis

with pencils by
Darick Robertson

and inks by
Rodney Ramos



IT'S MY BABY, YOU SEE.

SHE BEATS ME.



SO YOU HAVE TO PUT ME ON TELEVISION.

GOOD MORNING, MR. McX. THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU IN ROOM ELEVEN.

AYE.



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Tim Bradstreet
color art/steps by
Nathan Eyring
calligraphy by
Clem Robins



VOICE DIARY, ROBERT McX, TUESDAY.

THE SECRET OF MY INFESTATION OF INTELLIGENT VENEREAL WORMS REMAINS SAFE FOR ANOTHER HORRIBLE DAY.

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MORNING.

I'VE A COMMENTARY TO RECORD BY ONE AND I NEED MY CRACK MEDIA SQUAD TO TELL ME WHAT'S NEW IN POLITICS TODAY.

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT "FELCHING" IS?

NO, WHY?

SOMEONE SAID THEY DID IT TO ME LAST NIGHT, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING.

THIS IS NOT IMPORTANT UNLESS YOU WERE BEING FELCHED BY THE SMILER, FEMI.

THE HOLE

THIS IS POLITICS,
CHILDREN. *WORSE*:
THIS IS TELEVISION.

GUNNAR,
GET THAT FUCKING
SPIKE OUT OF YOUR
NECK, YOU WEE
FREAK.

I FINALLY GOT
THE MAKER CODES
FOR HITLER'S URINE,
MAN. CIRCA 1940.

IT'S LIKE...
AMPHETAMINES, CONGRESS
WITH TEN-DIMENSIONAL TIME
GODS, WANTING TO TAKE A DUMP
IN MY GIRLFRIEND'S CLEAVAGE
AND NEEDING TO SEE CZECH-
OSLOVAKIA, ALL
AT ONCE...

IT'LL
HELP WITH
WORK.
REALLY.

YE GODS AND
LITTLE FISHES
I'M DOOMED,
DOOMED.

WHAT IS IT YOU
HEDONISTIC
TURPS DO IN
HERE ALL DAY
ANYWAY?

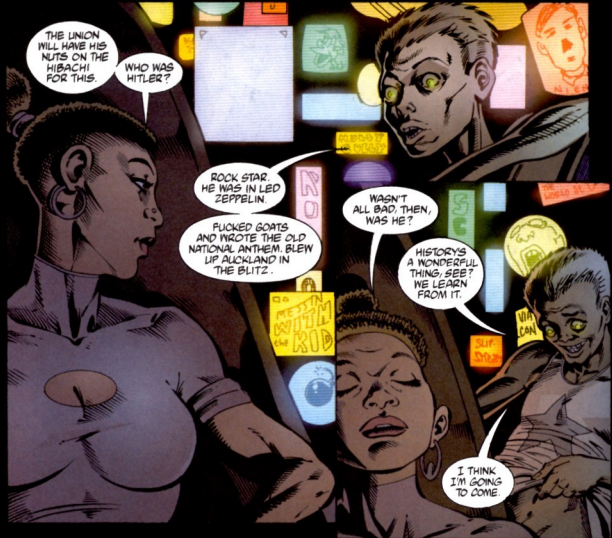
CHECK
ALL THE
FEEDSITES.
SEE WHAT'S
WHAT.

VERY
HARD. COSTS
LOTS OF
MONEY.

IF I'M READING THIS
CORRECTLY--AND I REALIZE
I'M NOT A MEDIA *SPECIALIST*
HERE--THEN YOU'VE SET UP A
VOICE-ACTIVATED SYSTEM
TO SEARCH THE MEDIA
FOR YOU.

SPECIALIST TOOL.
VERY HARD.

COMPUTER: FIND
ME SOMETHING
NEW, FOR
CHRIST'S SAKE.



THE UNION WILL HAVE HIS NUTS ON THE HIBACHI FOR THIS.

WHO WAS HITLER?

ROCK STAR. HE WAS IN LED ZEPPELIN.

FUCKED GOATS AND WROTE THE OLD NATIONAL ANTHEM. BLEW UP AUCKLAND IN THE BLITZ.

WASN'T ALL BAD, THEN, WAS HE?

HISTORY'S A WONDERFUL THING, SEE? WE LEARN FROM IT.

I THINK I'M GOING TO COME.



NOW I KNOW WHY I HIRED A MEDIA TEAM IN THE FIRST PLACE. YOU CAN'T BLOODY FIND ANYTHING ON THIS THING.

I MEAN, HOW DO YOU TELL ALL THESE NAMES APART?

WHAT DOES "THE HOLE" MEAN?



"THE HOLE..."

"NEW COLUMN BY..."



WELL, WELL... YOU WEE BASTARD...



Good morning,
my dirty
little city.
My name's
Spider
Jerusalem.



I used to
write for a
newspaper
called *The Word*.
But they decided
they didn't like
me anymore
because I did
a bad thing.

I followed
all their rules,
but I just kept
on telling
The Truth.

So they fired me.



So now I'm free
and on the loose.

Which I don't
think was the
desired effect.

**mitchell
royce**
city editor





RUNNING
MITCHELL ROYCE'S
LOGGED PREFERENCES

SEARCHING

FOUND

OPENING FILE:

"Good morning,
my dirty
little city..."

LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU'VE
GOT THEN.

I'M WARNING YOU--IT
HAD BETTER INCLUDE
HILLBILLIES BEING SHOT
WITH TASERS.

SPIDER.



There are now people all over town muttering, "He's not dead? Shit, this is awkward.."

No, I'm not dead. I cannot be killed. My own assistants have tried to kill me, but, like Rasputin, I notice not the poison and laugh at their icepicks. Shoot me in the lungs and I'll snarl and spit nicotine tar at you from the bullet holes.

You thought I was dead, but I sailed away, on a wave of mutilation.



And now I'm back, the big rock in front of the cave rolled away; gnawing on my nail-holes and wondering which Roman ass to kick first.

Because I'm not back to have fun, oh no. I'm back to do business.

I am in a fine tradition of City businessmen with sickening motives, though, do not fear. Take, for instance, political resurrectee Fred Christ—humiliated one-time Transient activist turned Transient religious supremo.

...You thought me dead,
but I sailed away, on a
wave of mutilation.

I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT I CAN
DO ABOUT THIS.



SHORT OF
OUTLAWING HIM?
NOTHING.

CAN
WE LAY OUR
HANDS ON
HIM?

OH, WE CAN
FIND HIM. PEOPLE
FORGET: EVERYONE
INHALES A CAMERA IN
THEIR TIDAL BREATH
ONCE EVERY SIX
MINUTES.



BUT THERE'S
A DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN FINDING
HIM AND FINDING
HIM LEGALLY.

WE COULDN'T,
FOR INSTANCE,
PROSECUTE HIM
OFF THE AIR. WE
DON'T HAVE A WAY
TO APPLY LEGAL
PRESSURE
TO HIM.

HE MUST
BE OPERATING WITH-
OUT JOURNALISTS
INSURANCE.



PROVE IT. HE'S TANGLED HIS
MONEY VERY EFFECTIVELY. I
DOUBT IF EVEN HE KNOWS
WHAT HE'S GOT AND
WHAT HE DOESN'T.

MR. PRESIDENT: WE
HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS
TO CONCENTRATE ON THAN
SPIDER JERUSALEM.

OKAY.
ALL RIGHT.
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

SHALL WE
GET BACK
TO WORK?



RIGHT.
THE
CONSTITUTION.

WHERE
DO YOU WANT
TO START
CUTTING?





Now here's a thing. Fred's fraudulent church has already been exposed as part-financing the vat-grown ringer Vice Presidential candidate run by right-wing elements of the Party Previously In Opposition as The Smiler's running mate.

And he somehow got away with that. Just a slap on the wrist. Because no one wanted to prosecute a religious representative of a minority group so recently traumatized by the rigged Transient Riots of three years ago.

Fred's a fake. No, he's worse; he's a knowing, callous fake whose lies and personal agenda repeatedly expose those around him to lethal danger and criminal prosecution.

Fred Christ is alleged by infamous longtime City pimp Lindsay Bishop - also employed at the Hotel Avalon - to have paid for the Transient prostitutes Bishop admits he had sent to Gary Callahan's suite at the Avalon when he was on the stump here last year.



I'M THIS CITY'S PREEMINENT SPIRITUAL FIGURE, YOU LITTLE FUCK-- YOU CAN'T ARREST ME LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL.

SHUT UP, GREY BOY.

I MEAN IT. THERE'LL BE A RIOT IF YOU CONTINUE TO HUMILIATE ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FUCKING STREET LIKE THIS--



SHUT YOUR MOUTH, CHRIST.

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING, NOTHING BUT THE WORD OF SOME GUTTER HACK WITH ACCESS TO THE FEED.



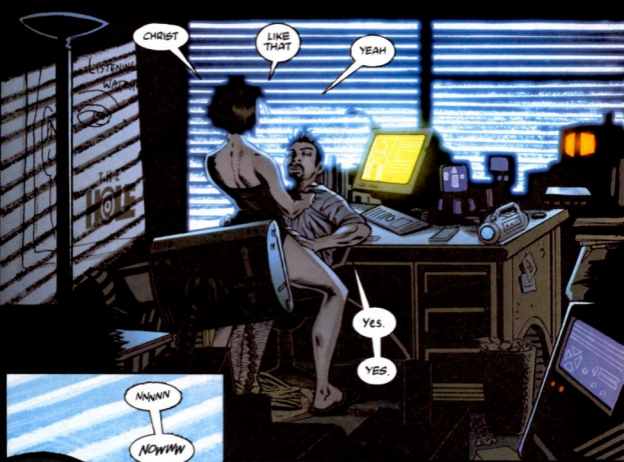
I DON'T RUN ANY WHORES AND NO ONE CAN PROVE I DO!

ARREST THIS "LINDSAY BISHOP," SEE WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY--



KNOWN PROCURER LINDSAY BISHOP DISAPPEARED ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK A WEEK AGO. NEVER GOT HOME. NOT BEEN SEEN SINCE.

PRESUMED DEAD.



CHRIST

LIKE THAT

YEAH

Yes.

YES.



NNNNN

NOWWWW

YES.

YESSS



NOW

AAAAAAA

GIVE ME A MINUTE.

GOD.
I NEVER KNEW THAT READERSHIP NUMBERS COULD MAKE ME SO HORNY.

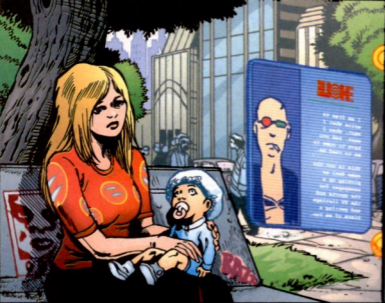
WANNA LOOK AT THEM AGAIN?



But, you know, enough of filthy politics and the unbounded fuckery of our President (fuckery and foul dealings that I, of course, was fired from a major metropolitan newspaper for discussing) while his attractive and intelligent wife remains essentially trapped in California with their children, wondering what she did to deserve such callous treatment other than to somehow love the grinning bastard...

No wonder their oldest child has been found wandering the streets of his town full of enough booze and uppers to make six hippos shit themselves and sprint, shooting out windows with a Ruger Super Blackhawk and proclaiming to neighbors and cops that "You can't touch me pigs my dad runs the fucking country borb hurg puke"...





...enough of that. Let me tell you how it's going to be.

I am free to write what I want, when I want. And you have to come to me to read me.

This is not the same deal as picking up a newspaper for the sports and the TV listings and getting a piece of me too.

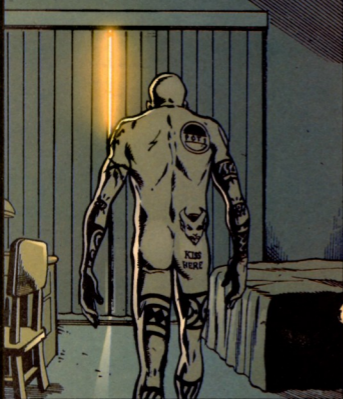


You actually have to sit down and poke your feedsite reader and come to me.

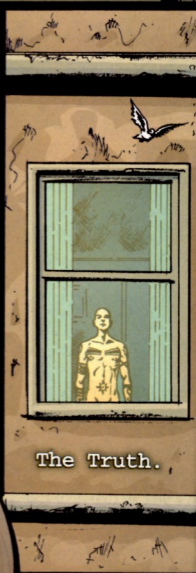
And I will tell you things that will make you laugh and I will tell you things that make you uncomfortable and I will tell you things that will make you really fucking angry and I will tell you things that no one else is telling you.



What I won't do is bullshit you.




I'm here
for the
same thing
you are.




The Truth.

HOTEL RYAN




My name's
Spider Jerusalem,
and here's the
horrible truth:

HOTEL RYAN



I'm just like you.
I live down on the
street with you.



I know what it's like down
here. And I know, possibly
better than you, how bad it
gets. And I know whose
fault it is.

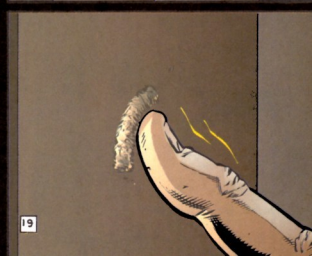


We're all stuck
here together,
after all.



Might as well
make the best of it.







SHIT.



...SO NOW WHAT?

OH, LEAVE HIM ALONE, FOR GOD'S SAKE...

NOW WHAT?

NOW WHAT DO WE DO, SPIDER?

I MEAN GREAT, YOU'RE WRITING WHAT YOU WANT TO WRITE AND YOU'VE GOT A BROADCASTER FOR IT.

BUT IT'S *NOT* A JOB. YOU'RE NOT GETTING PAID. WE'RE NOT GETTING PAID. WE CAN'T ALL LIVE OFF YOUR MONEY FOREVER.



SPIDER, I'M STICKING WITH YOU. BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND: I WANT THIS TO BE OVER. I WANT TO BE ABLE TO GO HOME.

AND I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS A DEAD END HERE.



THIS ISN'T A JOB ANY MORE.

IT'S A MISSION.



Everything's Great!

WE'RE GOING TO BRING DOWN THE PRESIDENCY.

Callahan: KEEPING HIS PROMISE

