

VERTIGO
DC COMICS

WARREN ELLIS • DARICK ROBERTSON • RODNEY RAMOS

NO. 42
MAR 01

*** LATE EDITION ***

TRANSMETROPOLITAN™

Having... with a kind of... else at the notion of a new year... we... the... **FORAMIS™**

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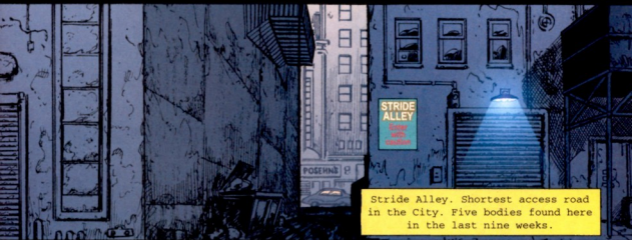


\$2.50 US \$4.25 CAN





Main Road. Roman Road, they used to call it. Straight and true, it runs right through the center of the city, from edge to edge, dead straight. The first road laid down here.



Stride Alley. Shortest access road in the City. Five bodies found here in the last nine weeks.

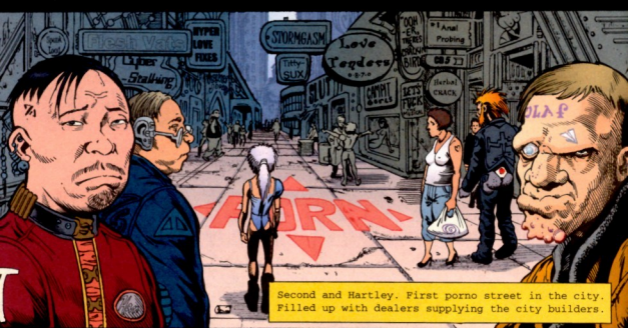


Here it all is.

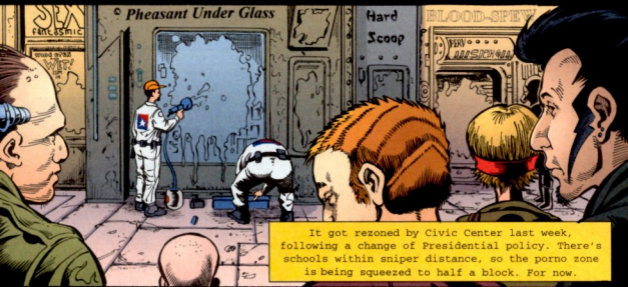
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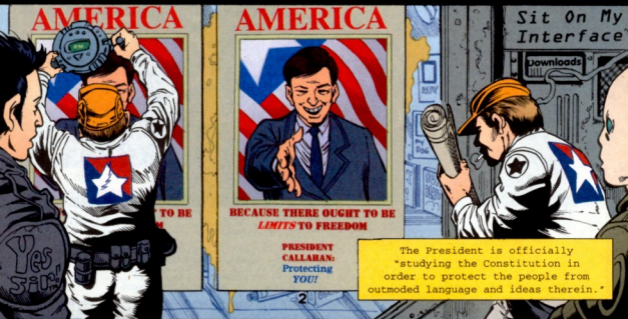
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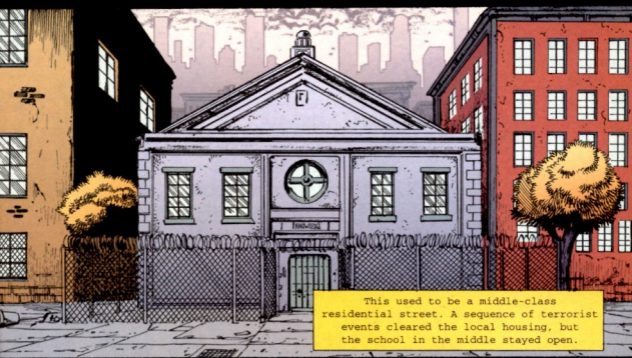
Second and Hartley. First porno street in the city. Filled up with dealers supplying the city builders.



It got rezoned by Civic Center last week, following a change of Presidential policy. There's schools within sniper distance, so the porno zone is being squeezed to half a block. For now.



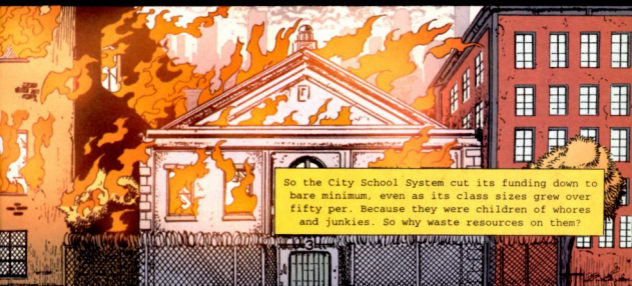
The President is officially "studying the Constitution in order to protect the people from outmoded language and ideas therein."



This used to be a middle-class residential street. A sequence of terrorist events cleared the local housing, but the school in the middle stayed open.



The housing was taken over by the local criminal element. Within five years the school was largely attended by children of prostitutes and addicts.



So the City School System cut its funding down to bare minimum, even as its class sizes grew over fifty per. Because they were children of whores and junkies. So why waste resources on them?



The cheap, dangerous and poisoned housing projects that spurred off the northern tip of Main Road are being torn down, as per The Smiler's electoral promises.



He said that no one should have to be punished by living in these, and that he would see them destroyed.



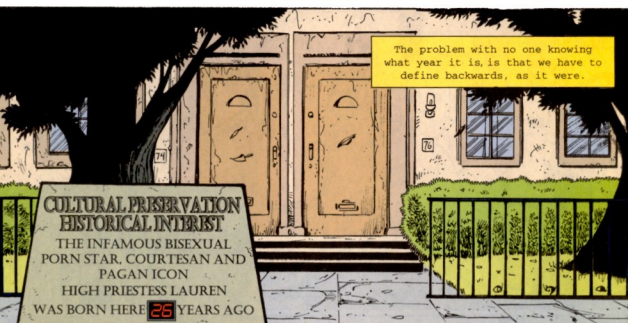
Note carefully how he said nothing about finding the inhabitants anywhere else to live.



My City changes by the second, but the history of the place is never erased. Cities wear scars deep.



Come with me.




The problem with no one knowing what year it is, is that we have to define backwards, as it were.

**CULTURAL PRESERVATION
HISTORICAL INTEREST**
THE INFAMOUS BISEXUAL
PORN STAR, COURTESAN AND
PAGAN ICON
HIGH PRIESTESS LAUREN
WAS BORN HERE **26** YEARS AGO

WE CAN'T SAY
"THAT YEAR"; WE HAVE
TO SAY "TEN
YEARS AGO."

**CULTURAL PRESERVATION
HISTORICAL INTEREST**
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WAS BORN HERE **26** YEARS AGO

OR "THE
YEAR THAT BOYBAND
EXPLODED ON STAGE
WHEN THEIR BODYSULPT
IMPLANTS OVERLOADED
THEIR SKIN'S SURFACE
TENSION."



Therefore, because it's difficult to refer back to the past, we tend to live in the present moment a lot more than we used to. Or, at least, than we presume we used to.



And as street names change and buildings' natures change, we lose sight of the forces that shaped the City. Take this place. This is Eighteenth and Goad.



And this monstrosity used to be the old Civic Center building, until about a century ago.



And for fifty years afterward, Goad was called Bad Heart Street.



The New City Militia sniper wing fired Cardiac Overclocker Bombs into the building from across the street. Anyone inside the bomb's emission radius found their heart working at 10,000% of top efficiency.

While two-thirds of the staff were ejecting their hearts out through their ribs, the air attack wing lobbed in grenades, boarded and went hand-to-hand with the survivors.

The City was actually without government for a two-year period, during which time the Militia reenacted most of the French Revolution and eventually executed each other with hand-held guillotines.

SO I WANTED
TO BE A SNIPER WHEN
I GREW UP.

DIDN'T EVERY-
ONE?

THOSE
WERE THE
DAYS.



How well do you know your
City? Do you have any idea
what your homes and streets
are built on?

NEW AMERICA--
CLEANER, HARDER,
STRONGER.

WE ARE A PIONEER
NATION. LIFE HERE WAS NEVER
SUPPOSED TO BE EASY--IT WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE HARD.

IT WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE
GOOD.



president gary
callahan



helping america
take out the trash

president gary
callahan



helping america
take out the trash

president gary
callahan



helping america
take out the trash

PRESIDENT
GARY CALLAHAN



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TRUTH**

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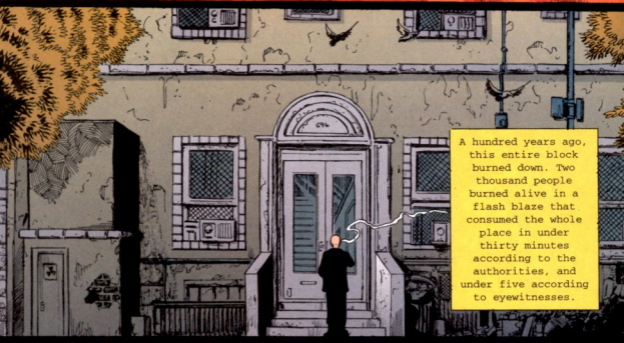
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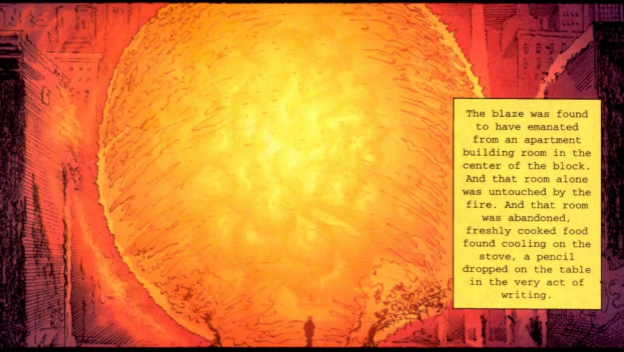
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ON SALE



A hundred years ago, this entire block burned down. Two thousand people burned alive in a flash blaze that consumed the whole place in under thirty minutes according to the authorities, and under five according to eyewitnesses.



The blaze was found to have emanated from an apartment building room in the center of the block. And that room alone was untouched by the fire. And that room was abandoned, freshly cooked food found cooling on the stove, a pencil dropped on the table in the very act of writing.



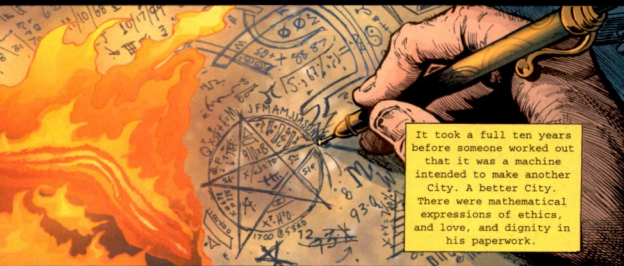
Writing what, no one's yet entirely sure. The place was covered in pages of arcane mathematical scrawl. They eventually found their way into the hands of a university, who studied them at CPD's behest.



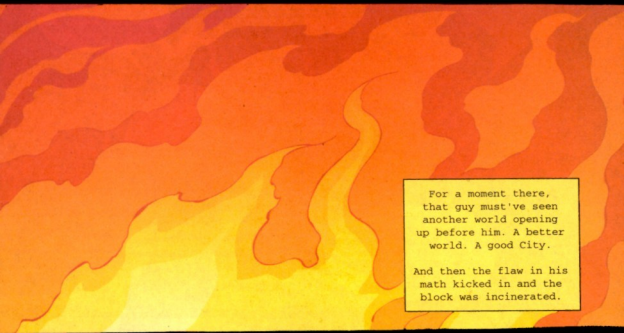
The scrawl appeared to comprise three equations. The three equations seemed to represent a machine. A machine that was just three ideas in motion around each other. Solving the equations activated the machines.



It took a full ten years to evolve any workable theories as to what the creator - a half-educated seventy-year-old man who had worked as a janitor for fully fifty years of his life - was trying to do. He himself had had to invent his own mathematical language to do half the work.



It took a full ten years before someone worked out that it was a machine intended to make another City. A better City. There were mathematical expressions of ethics, and love, and dignity in his paperwork.



For a moment there, that guy must've seen another world opening up before him. A better world. A good City.

And then the flaw in his math kicked in and the block was incinerated.



FIFTY YEARS TO INVENT THE MATH TO REMAKE THE CITY AS A GOOD AND RIGHT PLACE TO LIVE.

AND HE FUCKED IT UP AND KILLED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN THE FUCKING-UP OF IT.

AND HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.



THAT SORT OF THING MARKS A CITY AND, YEAH, THE YEARS KICK DUST OVER THE MARK, COVER IT UP.

BUT IT'S STILL THERE. IT STILL AFFECTS EVERYTHING AROUND IT.



THIS AREA HAS HAD, FOR NINETY-NINE YEARS, THE HIGHEST SUICIDE RATE IN THE CITY.

IN FACT, THIS BLOCK SKENS THE OVERALL SUICIDE FIGURBS FOR THE CITY SO HARD THAT THIS CITY HAS THE HIGHEST SUICIDE RATE OF ALL CITIES ON EARTH, EXCEPT CALCUTTA...



THIS PLACE JUST BREAKS YOUR FUCKING HEART.



But, as much as it hurts - look at it. Burn it into your eyes. Because it may not be the same tomorrow. And you'll never get the moment back.

P/P INDEX FOR THIS MONTH IN A MOMENT, BUT FIRST A SEVERE WEATHER WARNING FOR NORTH EDGE AND ALL COASTAL POINTS IN THE EASTERN DISTRICTS...

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU TODAY ABOUT CULTURAL POLLUTION...

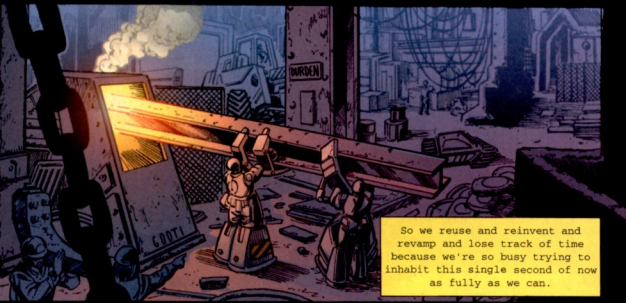
--RELEASED ON HIS OWN RECOGNIZANCE...





Save your City in your memory, because tomorrow some of it will be knocked down and rebuilt to match its own new moment.

This place is constantly being remade. We ran out of new land a while ago.



So we reuse and reinvent and revamp and lose track of time because we're so busy trying to inhabit this single second of now as fully as we can.



DURDEN
DEMOLITIONS
If it says DURDEN,
it's going down.

DURDEN
DEMOLITIONS
If it says DURDEN,
it's going down.

The past is in the way of the present. Kick it down, make way for right-the-fuck-now.



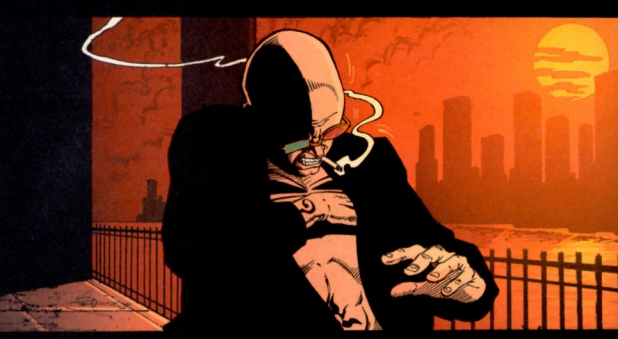
I used to hate that.



But, these days, I feel as chased by time as the rest of the City.

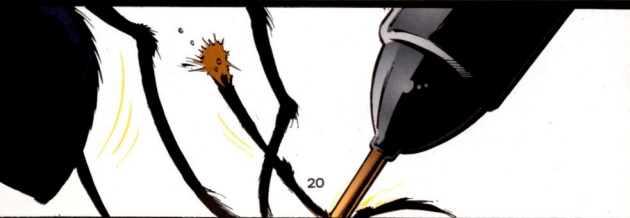
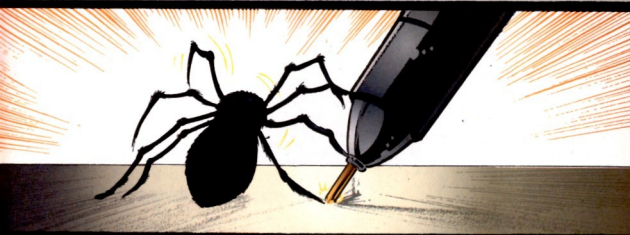


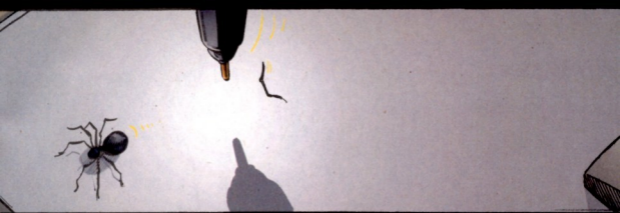
Like the rest of you: the past doesn't matter, and the future isn't promised to you. So there's just the moment we're in.





THESE
ARE THE THINGS
I NEED YOU TO
DO IF I DIE TOO
QUICKLY.







Warren Ellis writes & Darick Robertson draws

SPIDER'S THRASH

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Matt Wagner

TRANSMETROPOLITAN

created by



Warren Ellis and
Darick Robertson