

PENTHOUSE Comix

THE INTERNATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR MEN



No. **3** SEPT /OCT. '94
\$4.95

**SUYDAM
HUGHES
NOWLAN
LEACH
MORROW
RASKIN**

NOT TO BE SOLD TO
ANYONE UNDER 18

PENTHOUSE Comix

"THE WORLD'S MOST POLITICALLY INCORRECT COMICS MAGAZINE!"

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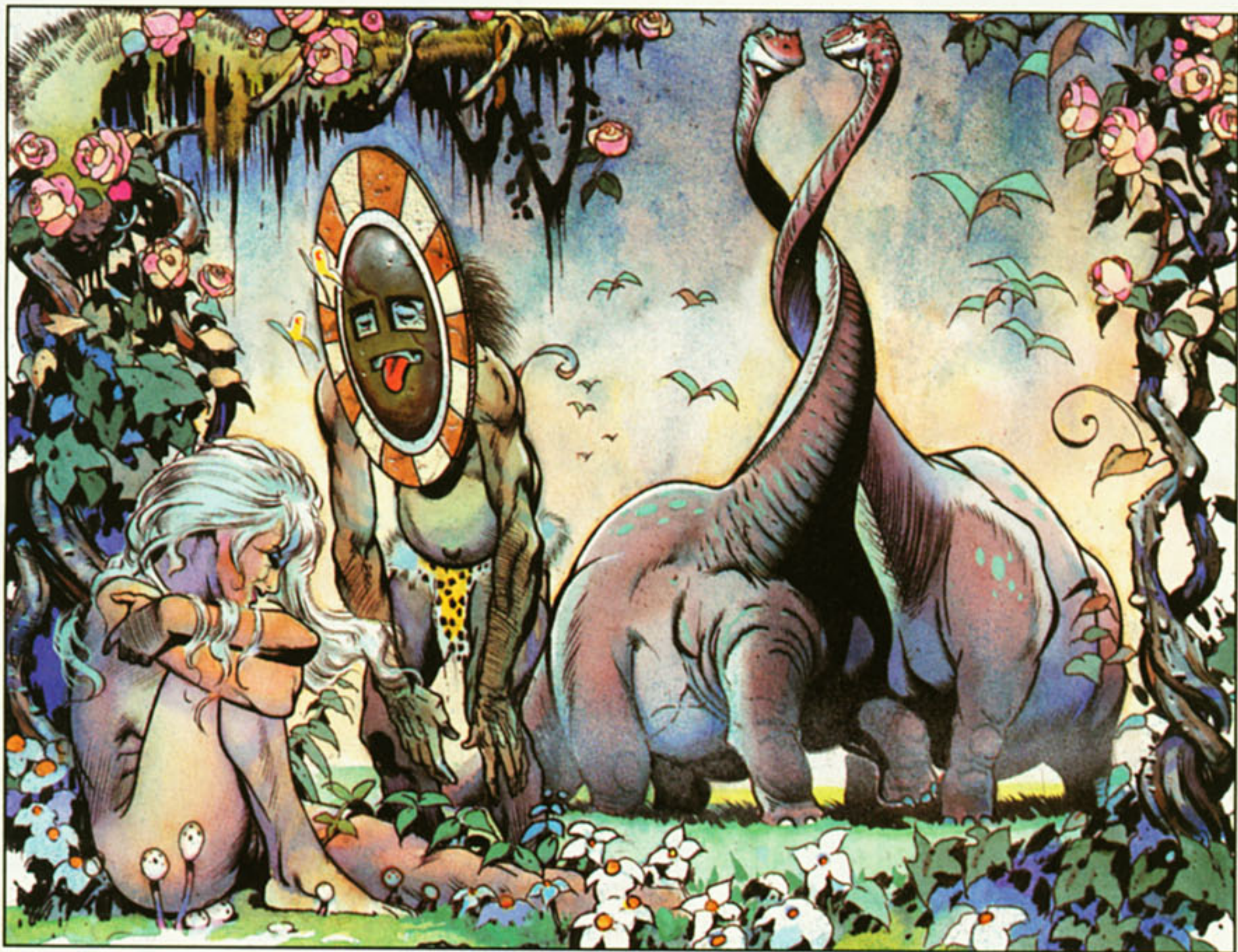
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**COVER ART
BY RAY LAGO**

The Perils of Joanna Dare, presented in an homage to the great pulp-magazine covers of the forties and fifties.

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Art by Garry (Bethlehem Steele) Leach.



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If your heart can actually take any more excitement, find out what's up in our next thrilling issue!

H O U S E C A L L



THORNTON



RUBINSTEIN



RASKIN



ESPOSITO



LAGO

WHO'S WHO IN PENTHOUSE COMIX

TOM THORNTON

Only a fool or a madman or the *right* man would dare take on the job of *Penthouse Comix* story editor. Tom is an award-winning screenwriter and best selling author who has written everything from the soap opera "Ryan's Hope" to the current hit book series "Dog Lover's Mysteries" (under the pseudonym Melissa Cleary). Ye Olde Ed-In-Chief and the TomMaster 9000 put in the yeoman hours scripting most of these tales. I consider it the finest compliment that my writing is called "Thornton-esque."

JOE RUBINSTEIN

The dean of modern comics inking, Joe has inked virtually every character at every major company in comics.

KEVIN MAGUIRE

The best thing about my job is teaming up with artists whose work I've always loved. Kevin first rose to superstardom on the revived *Justice League* at DC Comics. Currently, he's working on *Strikeback!* for Malibu, his first creator-owned book.

RAY LAGO

With a tip of the whip to the legendary Irving Klaw, Lago created the cover that's "bound to please." Ray is well-known for his painted trading cards and gorgeous covers for Marvel, DC, and many others.

JORDAN RASKIN

One of the hottest young artists in America, Raskin comes to us off of *Predator: Race War* for Dark Horse and *Ripclaw* for Image Comics.

KEVIN NOWLAN

Wants the world to know that in no way, shape, or form does he agree with *any* of my opinions about *anything* as expressed in *any* of my "One Man's Opinion" columns at any time, ever.

DAVID CURCURITO

Unlike the rest of our motley crew, computer designer/art director David "Monkey Boy" Curcurito always scores big with the ladies. Maybe it's that "I'm-a-Generation-X-slacker-please-take-care-of-me" look, maybe it's his uncanny resemblance to a young Alec Baldwin. Who knows? David is the right-hand dude to *Penthouse* Exec. VP/Graphics Director Frank DeVino.

GARY ESPOSITO

Walking into a type-A personality locker-room like *Penthouse Comix* as low man on the editorial totem pole is no easy job. Assistant Editor Gary Esposito carries off the mission with flawless grace and good humor. Gary has a legal book-editorial background and a life long fan interest in comics.

SPECIAL THANKS SECTION

My Thanks this month go to the man whose influence on this magazine is even greater than mine— Bob Guccione. Two things stand out in my mind about this company's founder and perpetual inspiration: courage and integrity. Bob had the courage to produce this book at a time when comics were on the decline, when no one had ever done anything like it, when everyone said it would never work. He took a chance on me, and for that I will always be in his debt. But it didn't stop there. When censorship threatened the integrity of this magazine, he told me to run the book without change, exactly as the artists and writers had created it. He's backed up every creative decision and chance I've taken 100 percent, regardless of the money or the risk. He cares about only one thing, that this magazine be the finest erotic comic in history. Some say that *Penthouse* is in a dirty business. I say that when the folks trying to shut us down have the integrity of Bob Guccione, then I'll start listening.

—GKC

young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

EPISODE 3:

IMPLOSION

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

YOUNG JOEY PIKE is the third generation of men in his family to wear the **Burning Ring O' Power** and fight injustice as **CAPTAIN ADVENTURE**. Discovering his heritage at the age of 18, Joey traveled from his home in a small Texas town to New York City to join his father's old superhero group, the **TEAM SUPREME**. But Joey soon discovered that the Team Supreme was now a feckless collection of fast-buck artists, cashing in on the legend his father had built.

ONE member of the team befriended Joey, the Fightin' Female Fury, **HERICANE**. The two made quite a couple, until they were attacked by the diabolical demon king of villainy, **DARKBLOOD!** 'Cane was forced to endure a night of passion with the Satanic Stallion in order to secure Joey's freedom.

BUT, in reality, Darkblood did not have Young Cap imprisoned! The youthful Übermensch had, in fact, fallen into the powerful, leather-clad hands of the bodacious **BAD GIRL**, and even now, languishes in her diabolical dungeon of doom!



WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Adam Hughes COLOR: Suydam LETTERS: Delipine

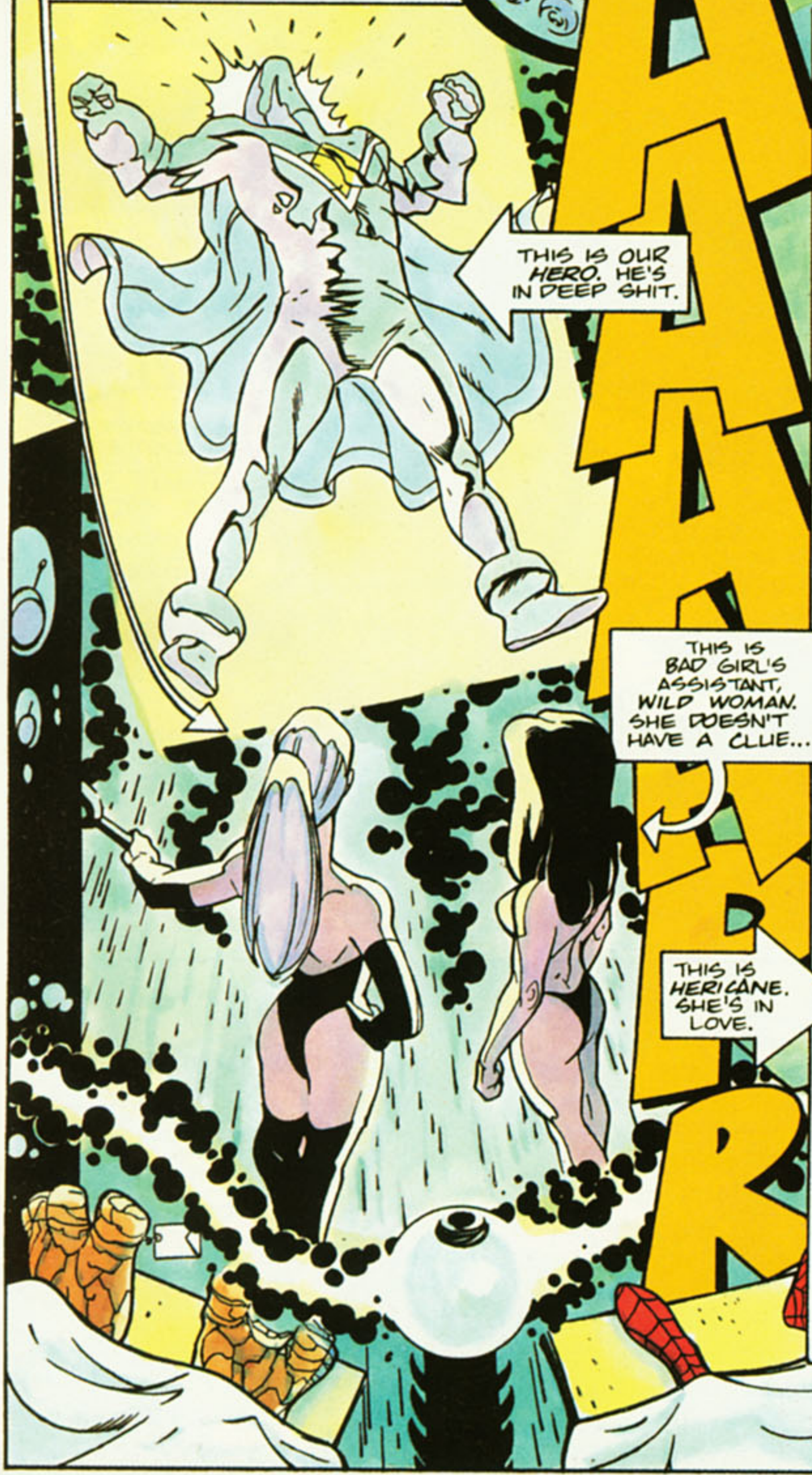
THIS IS BAD GIRL. SHE'S LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY AT THE BRILLIANCE OF HER SIMPLE, BUT DEADLY PLAN TO ONCE-AND-FOR-ALL THIN OUT THE OVERSWELLED RANKS OF TODAY'S COMICS BY MAIMING, KILLING, OR INVOLVING IN REAL ESTATE SCANDALS IN SMALL SOUTHERN STATES LEADING TO THE DEATHS OF TOP WHITE HOUSE LAWYERS, ALL THE MISERABLE LOSER SUPERHEROES THAT HAVE PROLIFERATED TO THE POINT WHERE AN HONEST CROWN PRINCESS OF CRIME LIKE HERSELF CAN NO LONGER MAKE A DECENT LIVING BY KNOCKING OVER BANKS AND IS INSTEAD FORCED TO BECOME EMBROILED IN BI-ANNUAL INTER-COMPANY MEGA-CROSS-OVER-EVENTS TO THE POINT WHERE...

...WELL, YOU GET THE IDEA...

THIS IS OUR HERO. HE'S IN DEEP SHIT.

THIS IS BAD GIRL'S ASSISTANT, WILD WOMAN. SHE DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE...

THIS IS HERICANE. SHE'S IN LOVE.



REVERSE-CO. EVILION-
-NOIHOE - OS-REVERI
[mirrored]
[mirrored]
NOT FOR USE
ON HEADERS!



HANG ON, MY LOVE!



BAD GIRL!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN!

VOOTIE!



★ ~WACK~ ★

VOOTIE!

WHERE IS HE?

WHOA! EASY, GIRL-FRIEND!

I'M NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND!



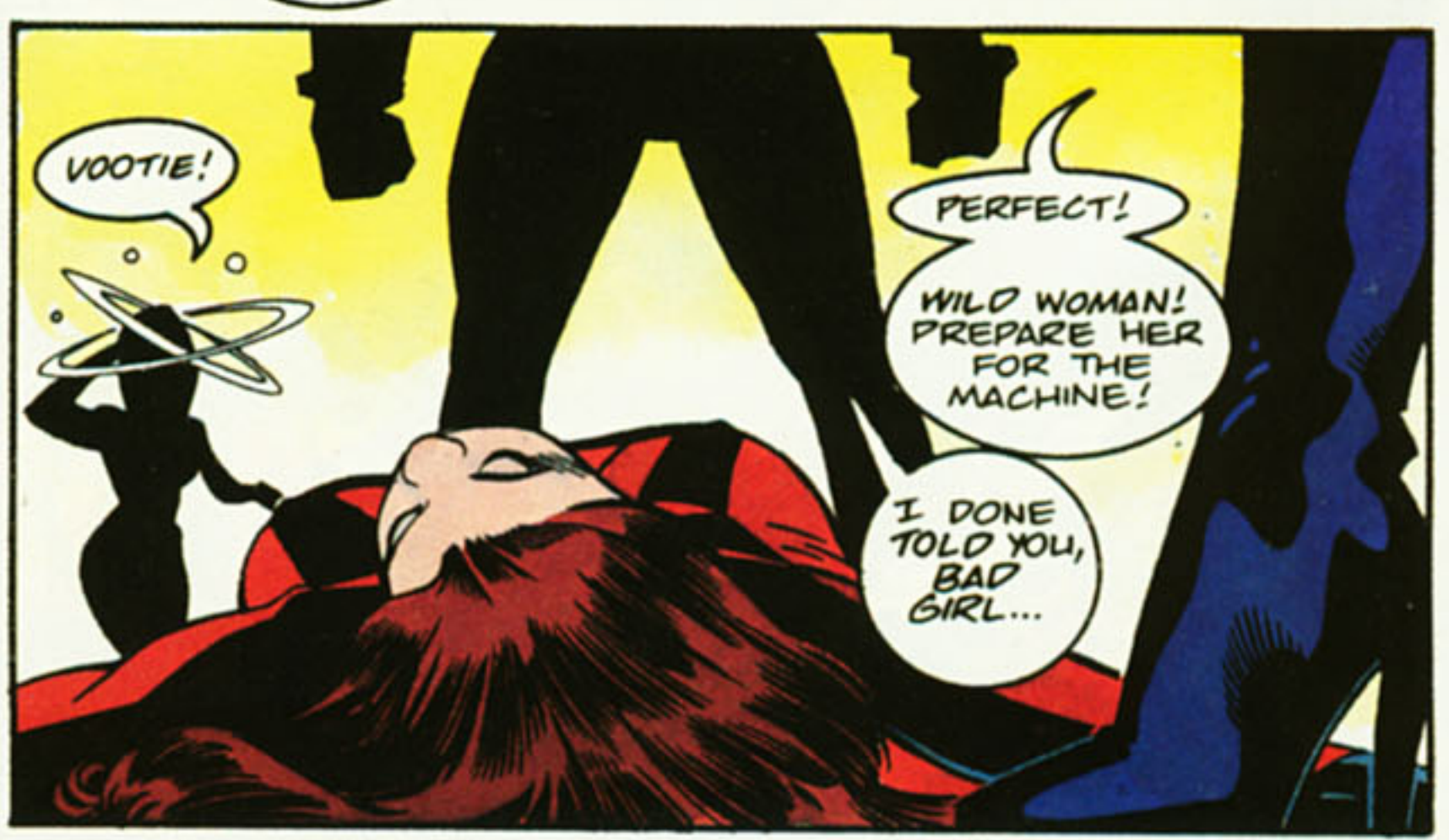
WHERE'S CAPTAIN ADVENTURE?!?

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST ASK! I'LL CALL HIM!

HEY... YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE!



STUPID CUNT! GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY WOMAN!



VOOTIE!

PERFECT!

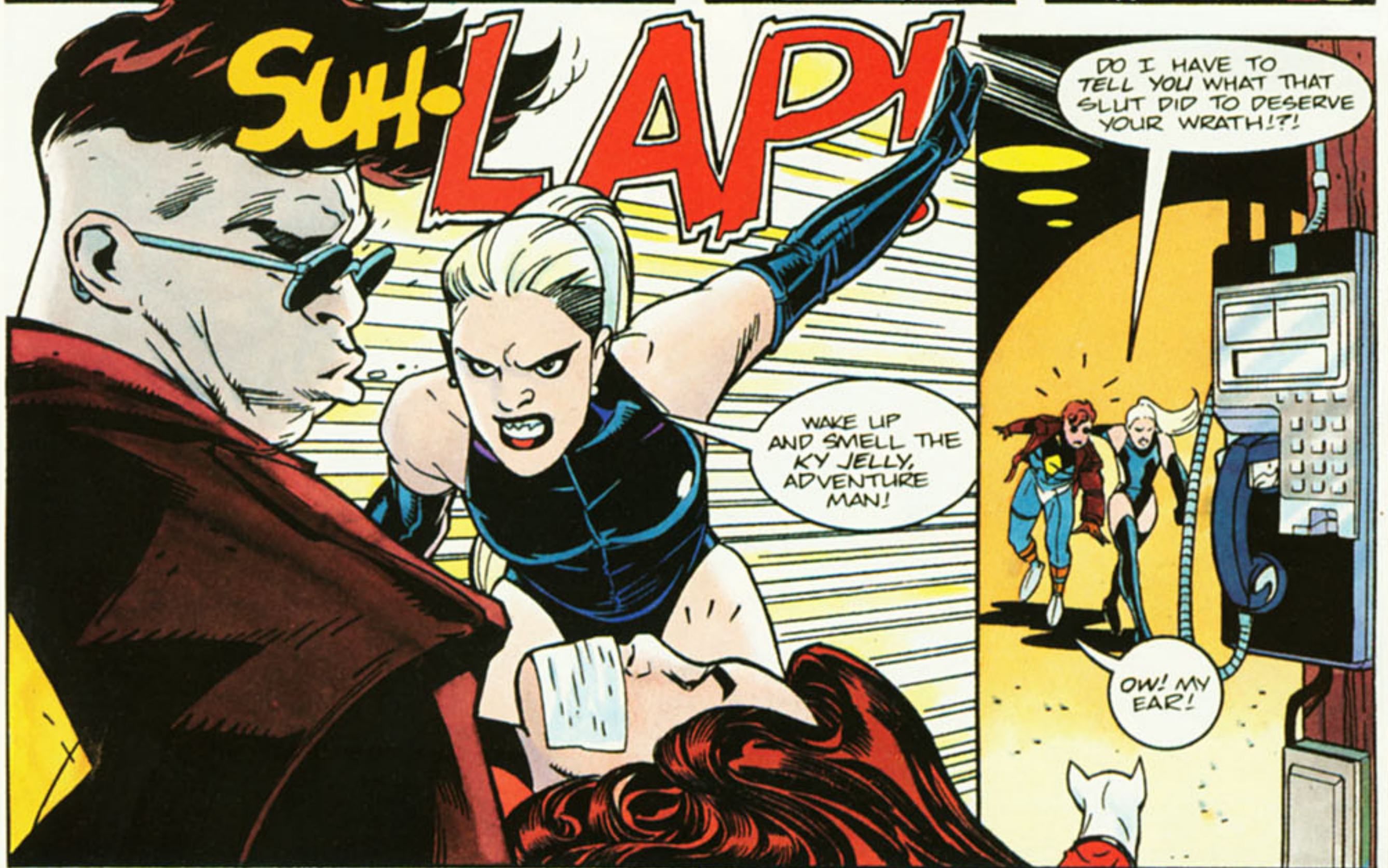
WILD WOMAN! PREPARE HER FOR THE MACHINE!

I DONE TOLD YOU, BAD GIRL...



DON'T
EVER
CALL ME--

young
**CAPTAIN
ADVENTURE**





TO FIND OUT WHAT CAP IS HEARING YOU CAN CALL HERICANE ON THE PENTHOUSE COMIX PHONE SEX LINE...



....AT 1-900-77-COMIX (\$4.95 PER MINUTE).



OR TURN TO PAGE 16, AND READ... "THE ORIGIN OF HERICANE" WITH ART BY KEVIN MAGLIIRE! --Ye Olde Shameless Plugging Ed-in-Chief.





...THE TEAM SUPREME IS AS GOOD AS DEAD!

OW! YOU BITCH!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, MY DEAR! BUT I COULDN'T LET YOU BLAB ON AND CONFUSE THE DEAD... I MEAN DEAR... BOY!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

OH... NOTHING MUCH... **SNICKERS**



...THINK OF IT AS A... MAKEOVER!

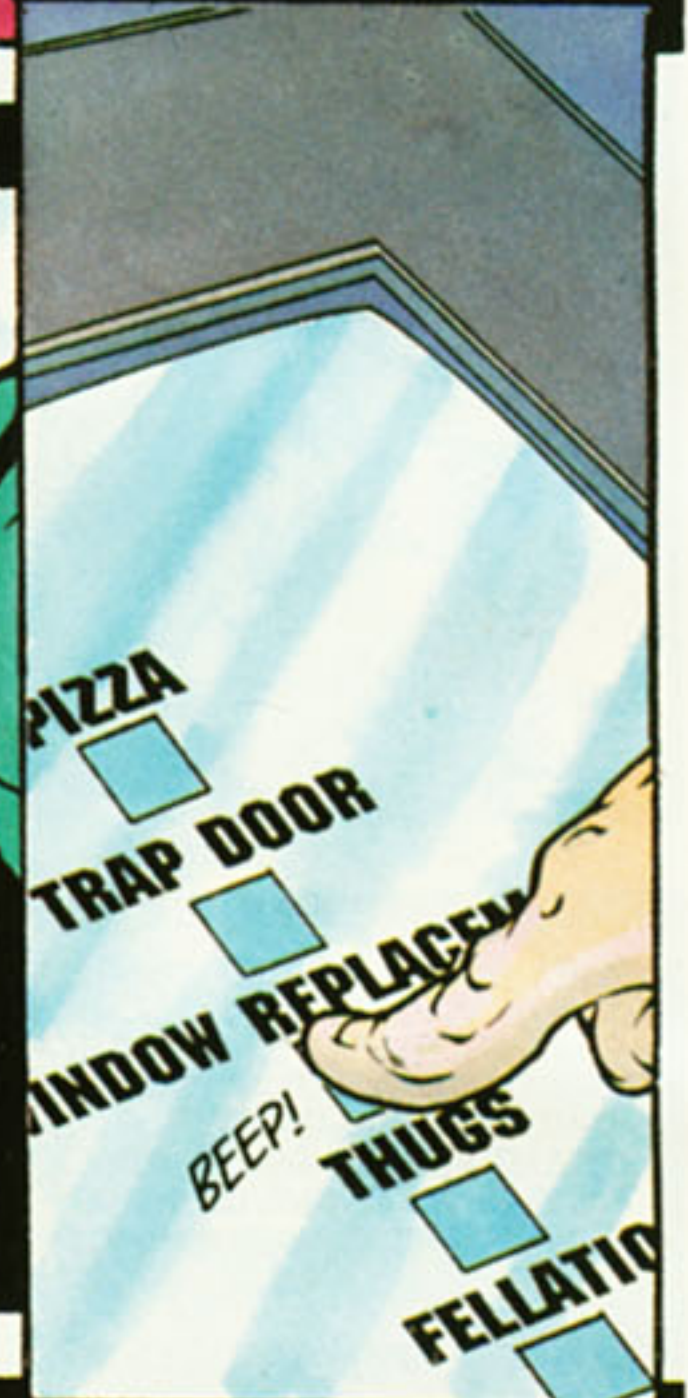


SOON, AT DARK BLOOD TOWERS...

CRASH



Sigh!



DARKBLOOD, YOU AND ME HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO...

Hrumpf. ADVENTURE BOY, ISN'T IT? IF YOU'VE COME FOR OUR TITANIC FINAL CONFRONTATION...



YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT.



YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, DARKIE --

-- MIND IF I CALL YOU DARKIE?

VERY MUCH.

-- ANYWAY, I'M NOT HERE TO FIGHT YOU, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU.

MY WOO-MAN,
BAD GIRL, WANTS
ME TO WASTE
THESE MOTHER-
FUCKERS--

LANGUAGE!
PLEASE!

-- THE TEAM
SUPREME! AN' I
FIGURE THAT YOU'VE
GOT ALL KINDS OF
COOL BIG GUNS THAT
COULD HELP ME DO
THE JOB.

THAT IGNORANT SLUT
BAD GIRL MUST HAVE
USED THE EMOTION-
REVERSO RAY SHE
PURCHASED FROM ME
TO TURN THIS "BOY
WONDER" INTO A
FORCE OF EVIL!

WITH ALL THESE
EXCESS BATTLES
I'VE BEEN FORCED IN-
TO SINCE I SIGNED THAT
EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT
WITH THOSE K-MART
PIMPS OVER AT VALLIABLE
COMICS, THIS COULD
PROVE USEFUL INDEED...

HOW ABOUT
IT, D.B., YOU GONNA
GIVE ME THE HARD-
WARE OR WHAT?

YOU
REALIZE, OF
COURSE...

...THERE'S
A FIVE-DAY
WAITING
PERIOD.

WILD WOMAN! FIN-
ISH GETTING HER
DRESSED! I WANT TO
SEE HER! TO TOUCH
HER!

TO TASTE HER
DELICIOUS JUICES!!
I CAN'T WAIT TO
SEE WHAT SHE'S BE-
COME... HER OWN
MIRROR IMAGE... A
PERFECT COMPLIMENT
TO MY SINISTER
SCHEMES...

==DARK==
HER&CANE!

HERICANE
IS NO MORE!

I'VE CAST OFF
THE PHALLO-CENTRIC
SLAVE NAME PROPAG-
ATED BY THE BACK-
LASH OF MALE
OPPRESSION! THE
MAN-FORGED CHAINS
OF NEANDERTHAL
"BREEDER-THOUGHT"
WILL NEVER AGAIN
SEPARATE ME FROM
THE SISTERHOOD
OF SAPPHO!

HENCE-
FORTH, I
AM...

MMMF!

DIESEL
DYKE!

WHILE YOUNG CAP AND HERICANE UNDERGO DRAMATIC CHANGES, AT THE KIRBY BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF THE TEAM SUPREME...
...SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.

IT'S NOT THAT WE'RE AGAINST YOU BUYING YOUR WAY INTO THE TEAM... PERSAY...

WHAT THE FLICK IS GOING ON!?!

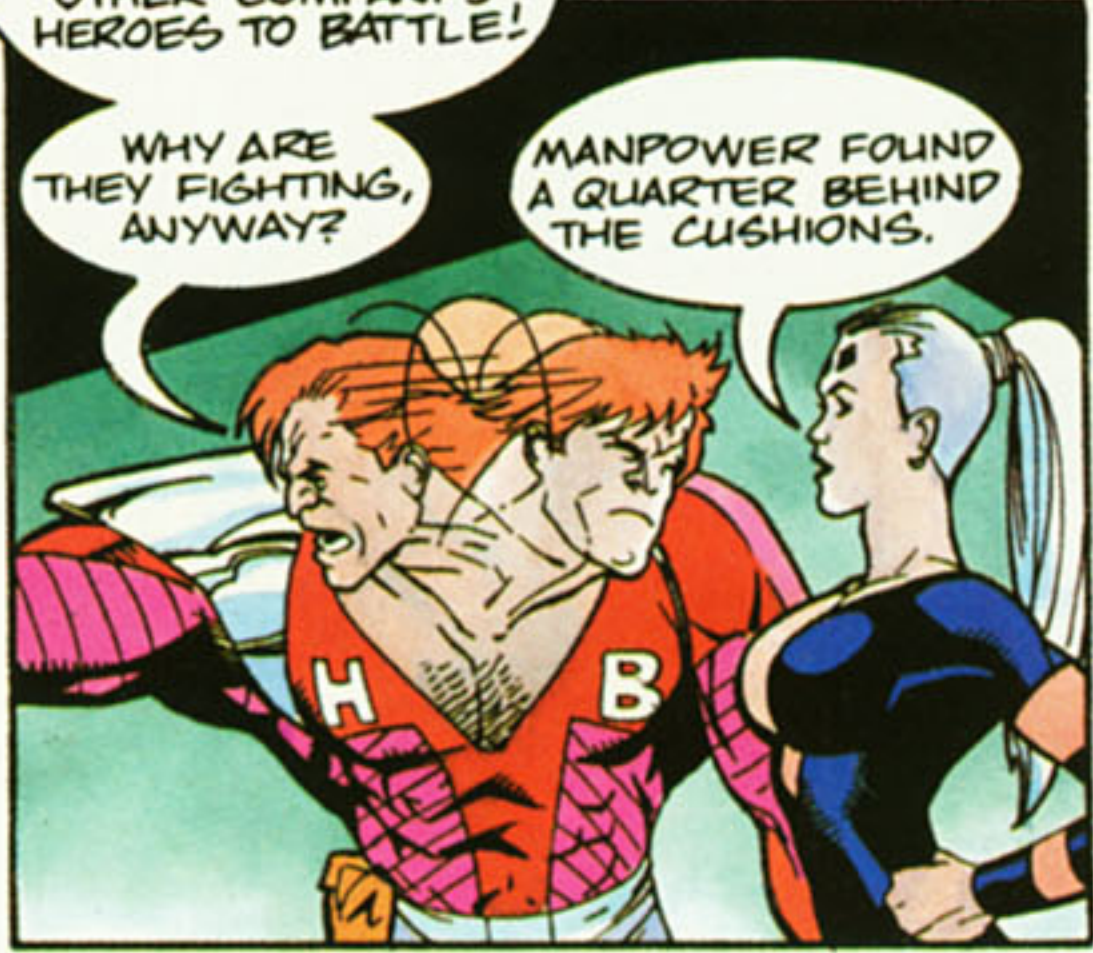
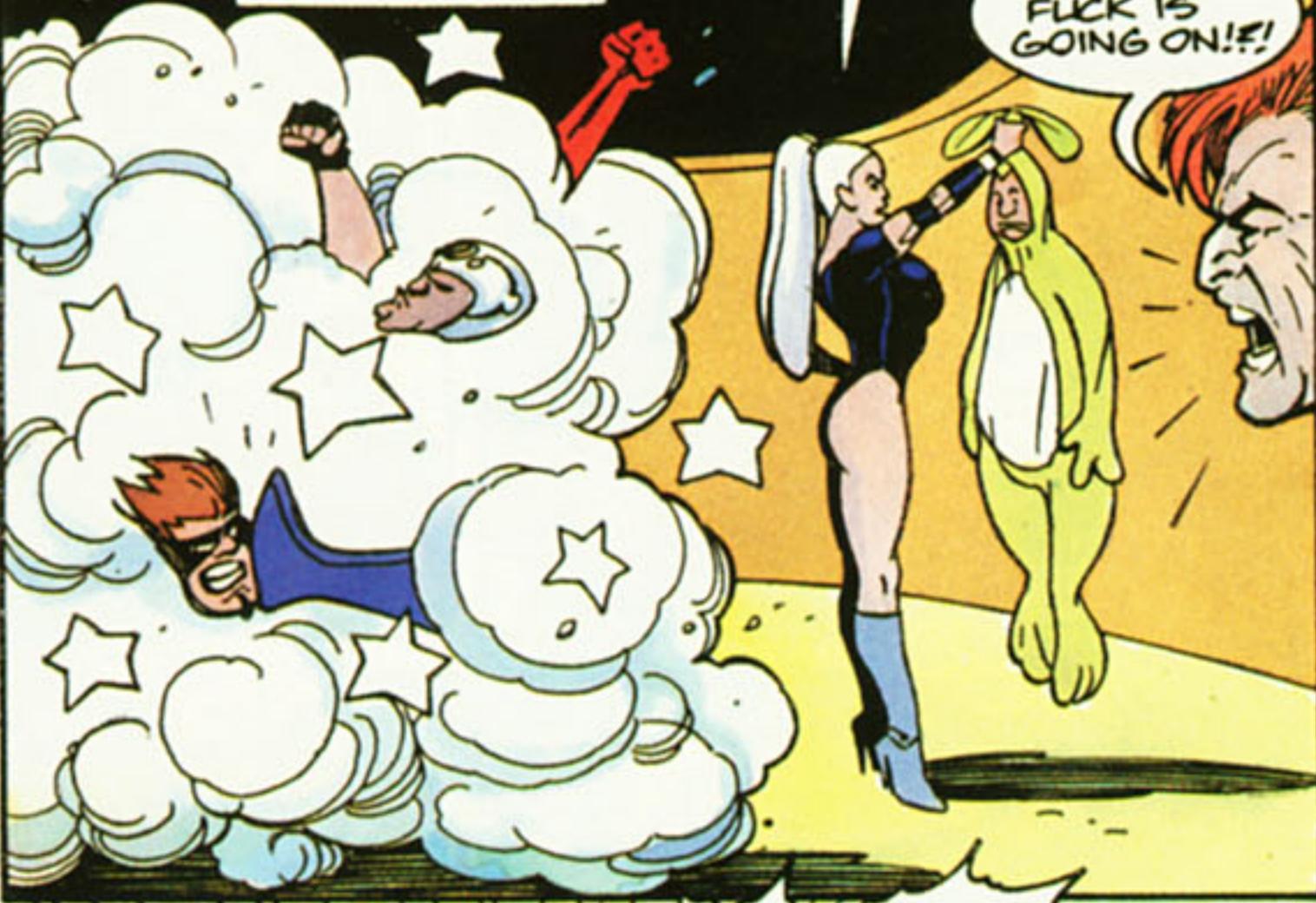
STOP THE INSANITY!
WE'RE HEROES!

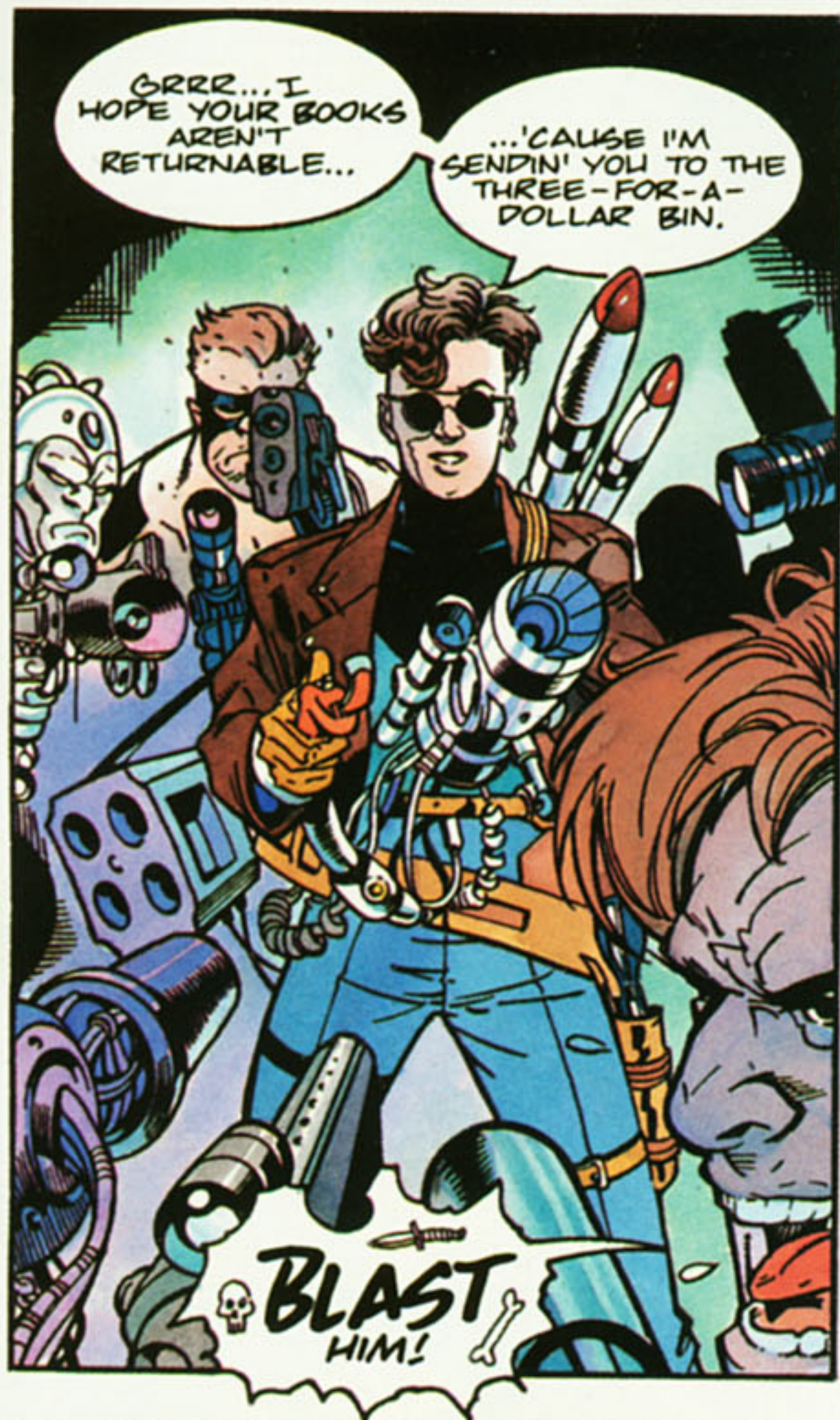
WE DARE NOT BATTLE AMONGST OURSELVES!

... ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE ARE CROSSOVERS WITH OTHER COMPANY'S HEROES TO BATTLE!

WHY ARE THEY FIGHTING, ANYWAY?

MANPOWER FOUND A QUARTER BEHIND THE CUSHIONS.





GRRR... I HOPE YOUR BOOKS AREN'T RETURNABLE...

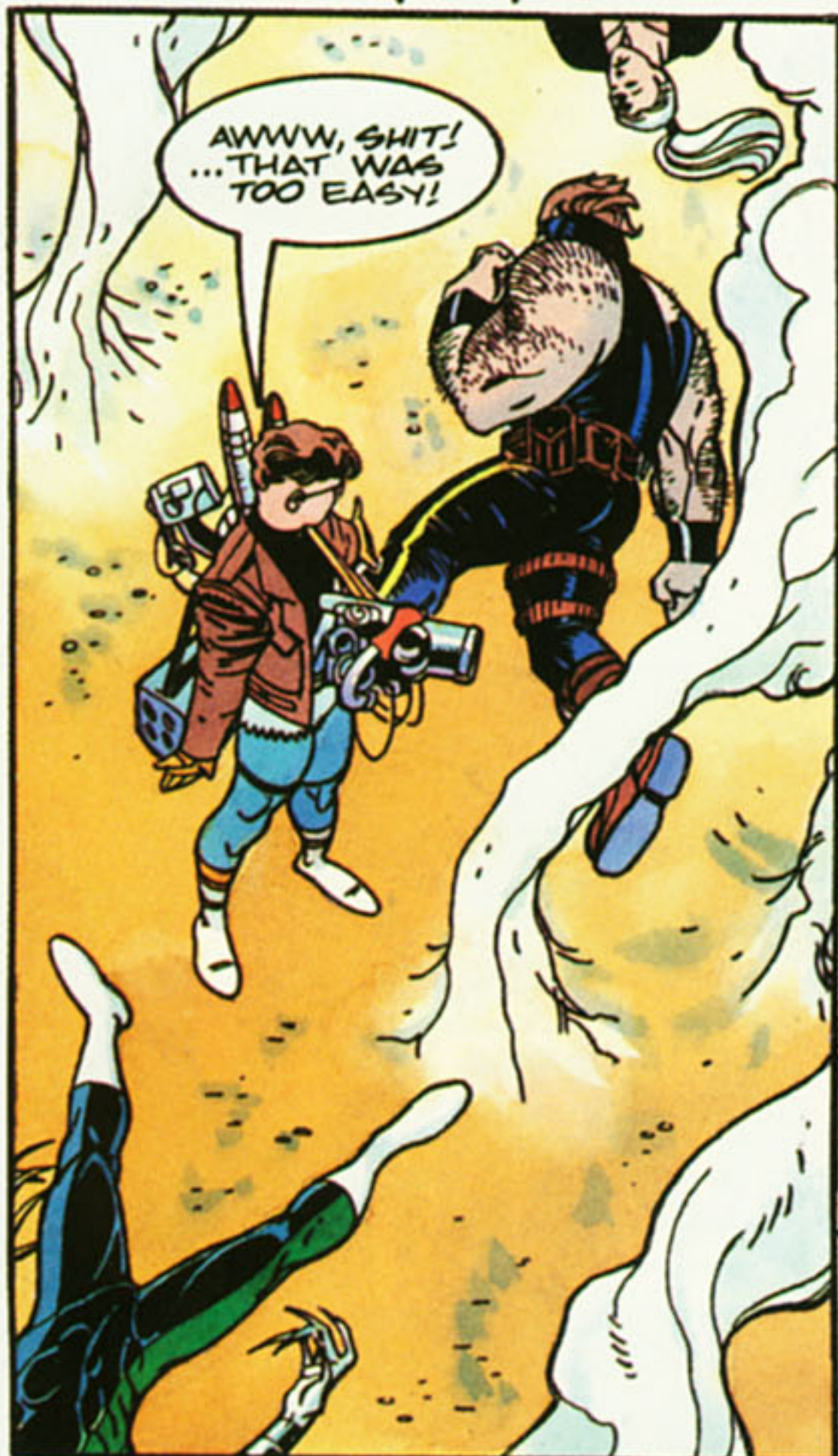
... 'CAUSE I'M SENDIN' YOU TO THE THREE-FOR-A-DOLLAR BIN.

BLAST HIM!



YOU DID IT, YOU BIG HAND-SOME HUNK OF MAN YOU!

AND NOW THAT WE'RE ALL TOGETHER, NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!



AWWW, SHIT! ... THAT WAS TOO EASY!



TO BE CONTINUED

**SPECIAL BONUS
FEATURE!**

THE ORIGIN OF *HERICANE*

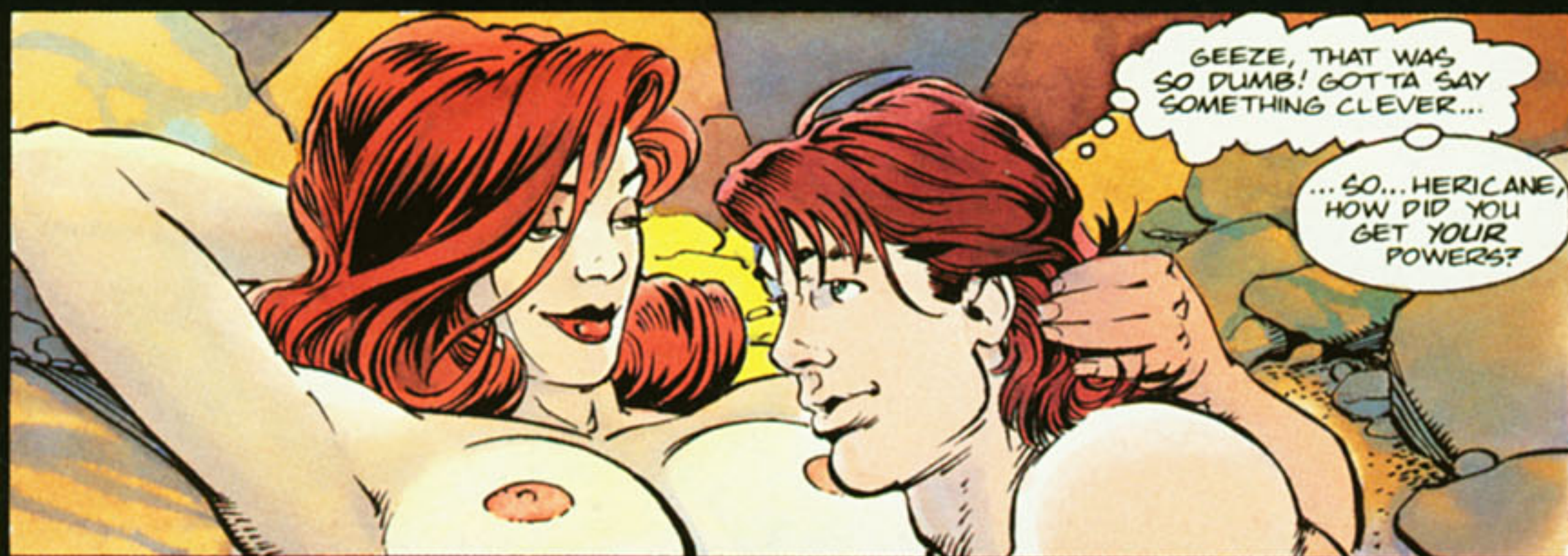
WRITERS: Caragone & Thornton
ARTIST: Kevin Maguire
INKER: Joe Rubinstein
COLOR: Suydam
LETTERER: Delipine



SO, WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU?

MY FIRST TIME.

Editor's Note: this adventure takes place immediately after the Young Cap story in Penthouse Comix #1.



GEEZE, THAT WAS SO DUMB! GOTTA SAY SOMETHING CLEVER...

... SO... HERICANE, HOW DID YOU GET YOUR POWERS?



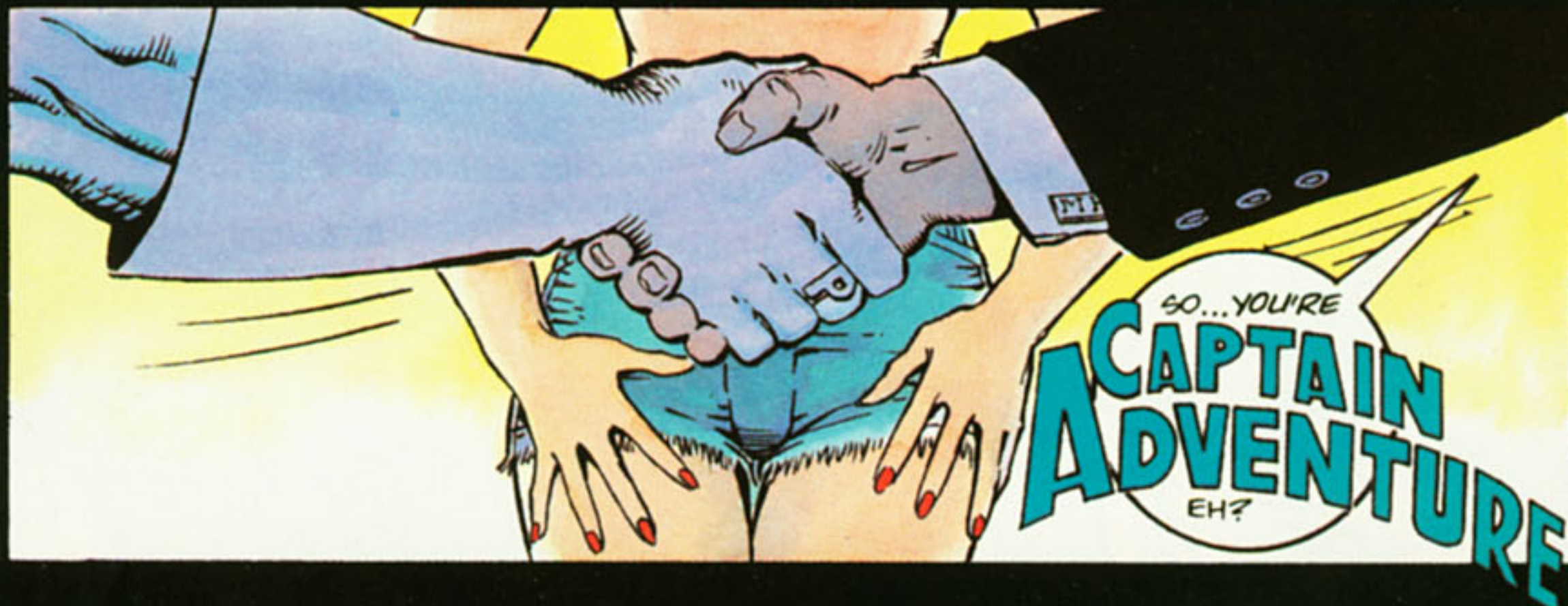
GEE... IT'S KINDA AH... A LONG STORY. I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN ALL THE GORY DETAILS.



OKAY...
Whew!

Whew!

Whew...



SO... YOU'RE
**CAPTAIN
ADVENTURE**
EH?

HOLLYWOOD, 1976:

WELCOME TO TREMENDOUS STUDIOS, CAPPY! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW THRILLED WE ARE THAT YOU AGREED TO CO-STAR IN "THE BIONIC DOBERMANS III"!

CAPPY-- YOU MIND IF I CALL YOU CAPPY?

ACTUALLY...

-- CAPPY, IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT MAX FELDMAN IS KNOWN FOR IN HOLLYWOOD IT'S QUALITY, QUALITY AND INTEGRITY.

QUALITY, INTEGRITY AND... UH...

...STYLE, DADDY.

STYLE! AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT, CAPPY! STYLE!

YOU KNOW, CAPTAIN, I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN! WHEN DADDY TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO BE IN ONE OF HIS FILMS, I--

WELL, I JUST ABOUT SLID OUT OF MY CHAIR!

WELL, UH... AH... UMM... MISS FELDMAN--

EMILY!

EMILY, AS I SAID TO YOUR FATHER, SPUNKY AND I ACCEPTED HIS OFFER BECAUSE WE NEED A QUICK INFUSION OF CASH TO PAY FOR SOME NEW CRIME-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT.

CALL ME MAX, CAPPY. SO YOU'RE SPUNKY LAD, CAP'S YOUTHFUL WARD AND SIDEKICK, HUH?

YEAH. BUT, UNLIKE SOME HEROES, THE BIG CA ISN'T A MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY. HECK! WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH SCRATCH TO PUT A DOWN PAYMENT ON A BATARANG!

YOU KNOW, EMILY, I'M CHANGING MY SUPERHERO NAME TO HOTBLOOD AFTER THIS GIG! SOUNDS MUCH COOLER, HUH?



THE VILLAIN IN THIS FLICK IS THE FEARSOME MS. FRIGID, CAPPY!

HEH! THAT OLD BAG HAS SURE GIVEN US A LOT OF TROUBLE OVER THE YEARS!



YEAH, WELL, WE'VE TAKEN A FEW LIBERTIES IN CASTING!

GREAT SCOTT!

HEY, CAPPY, THAT'S SHOWBIZ!



SO... EMILY... YOU WANNA GO HAVE A SODA OR SOMETHIN' WITH ME?

NOT IN THIS UNIVERSE.



CAPTAIN, DARLING! I'LL BET YOU LOOK SOOOO CUTE UNDER THAT MASK!

UH... MISS FELDMAN, I AM... SHALL WE SAY... SPOKEN FOR...

THEN I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BE VERY QUIET, HUH?

LATER THAT NIGHT...



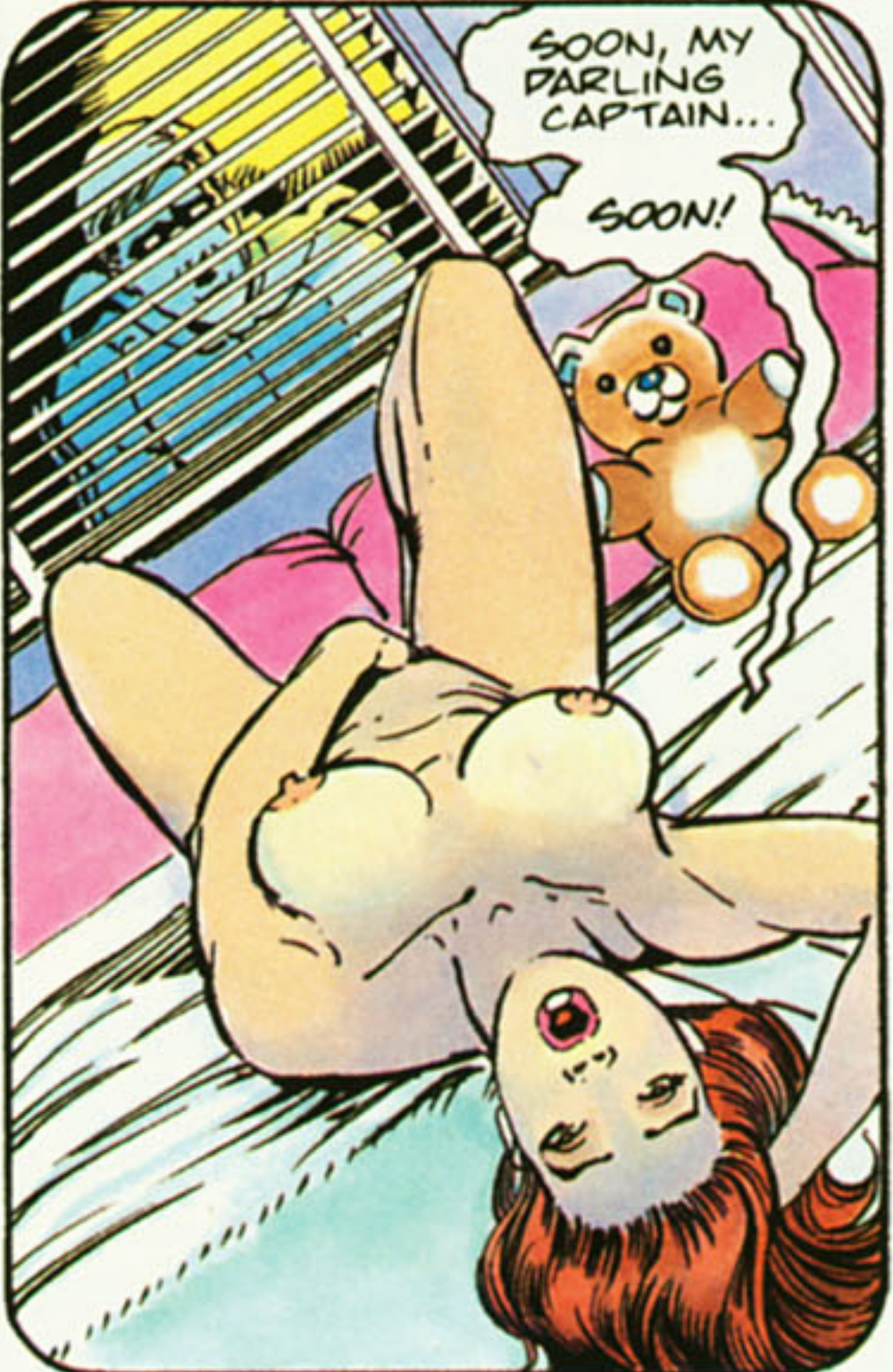
MAN! CA DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSING!



HOLY MOLEY!

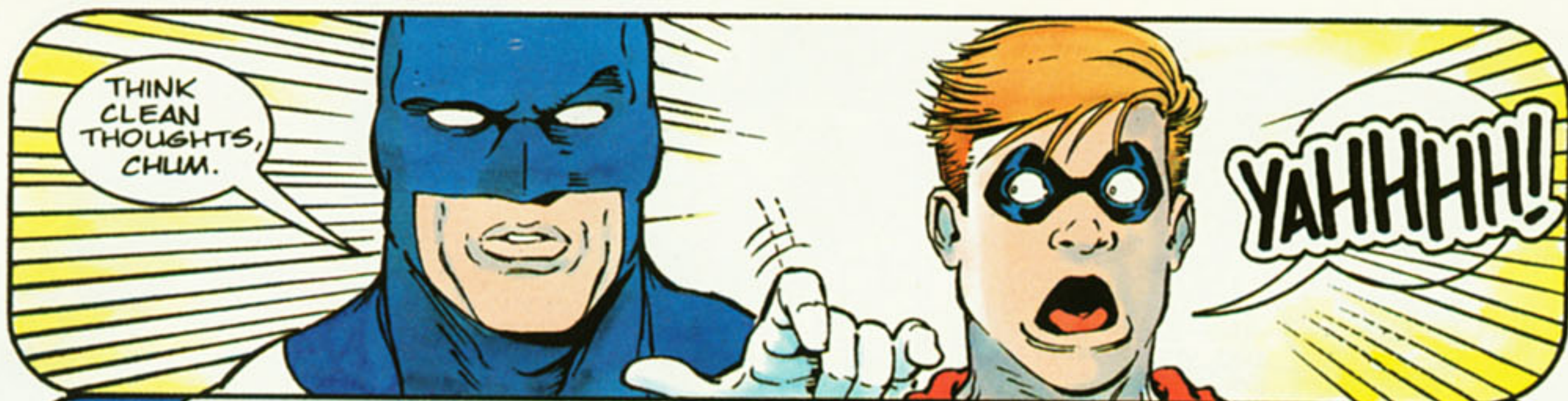


HMMM... OH, CAPTAIN...



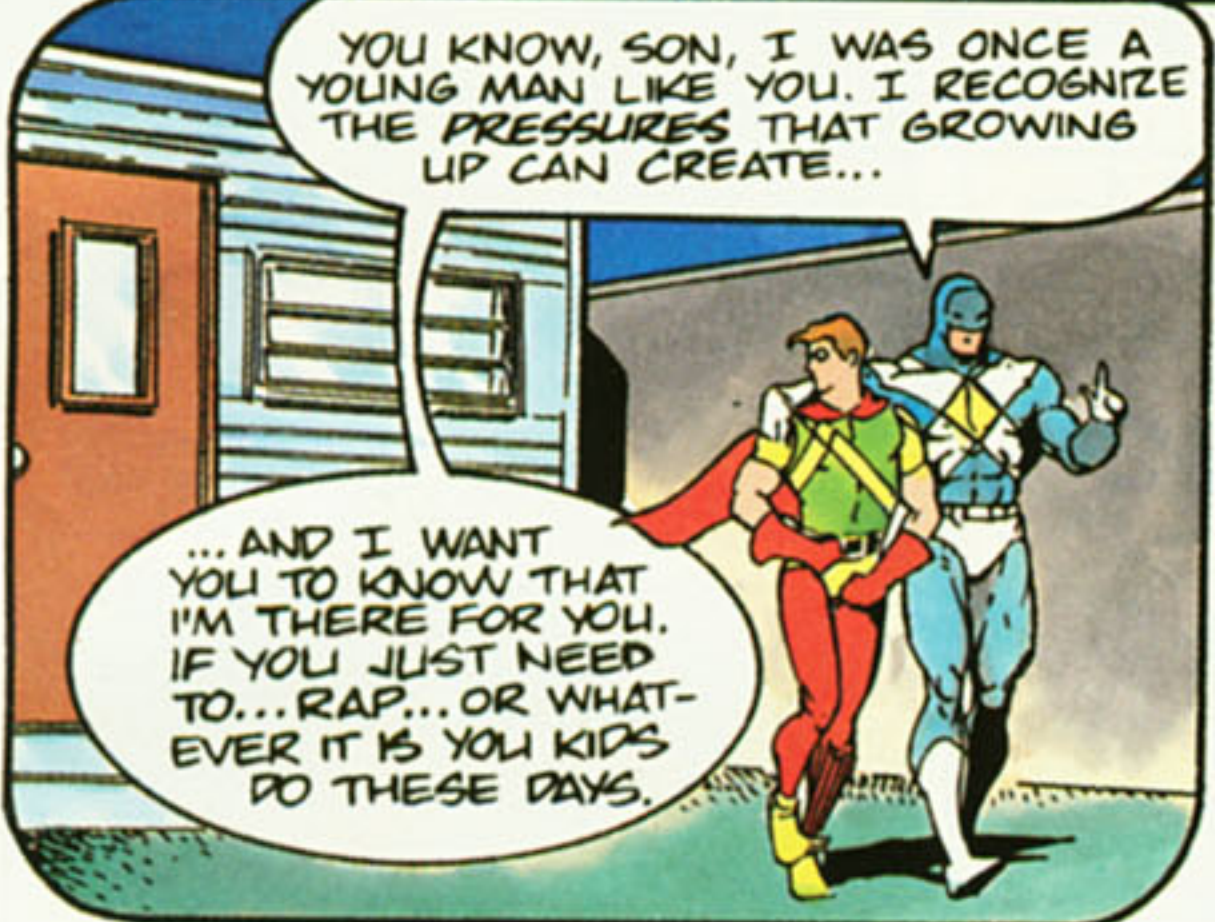
SOON, MY DARLING CAPTAIN...

SOON!



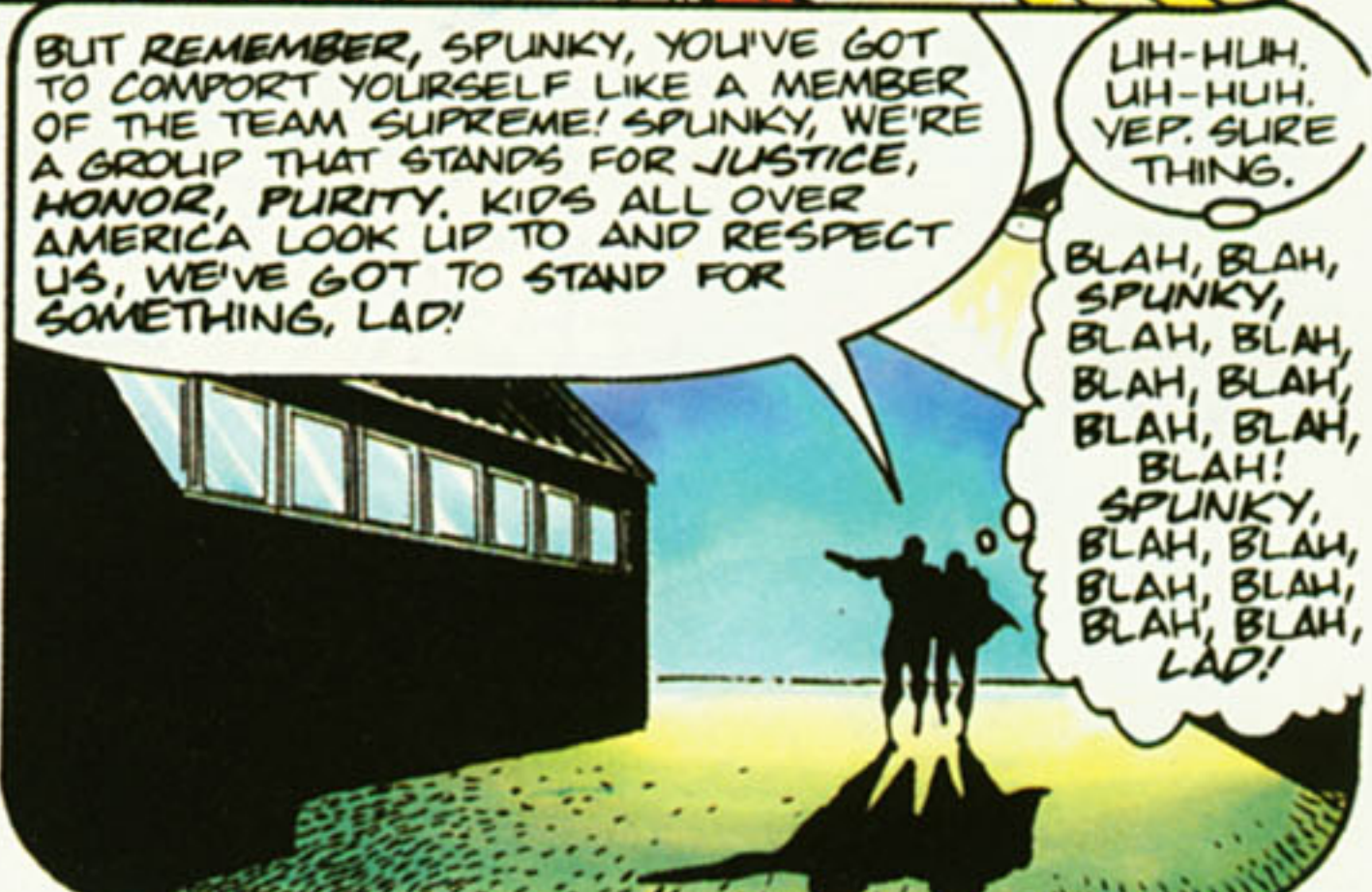
THINK CLEAN THOUGHTS, CHUM.

YAHHHH!



YOU KNOW, SON, I WAS ONCE A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU. I RECOGNIZE THE PRESSURES THAT GROWING UP CAN CREATE...

... AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I'M THERE FOR YOU. IF YOU JUST NEED TO... RAP... OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU KIDS DO THESE DAYS.



BUT REMEMBER, SPUNKY, YOU'VE GOT TO COMPORT YOURSELF LIKE A MEMBER OF THE TEAM SUPREME! SPUNKY, WE'RE A GROUP THAT STANDS FOR JUSTICE, HONOR, PURITY. KIDS ALL OVER AMERICA LOOK UP TO AND RESPECT US, WE'VE GOT TO STAND FOR SOMETHING, LAD!

LIH-HUH. LIH-HUH. YEP. SURE THING.

BLAH, BLAH, SPUNKY, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH! SPUNKY, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, LAD!



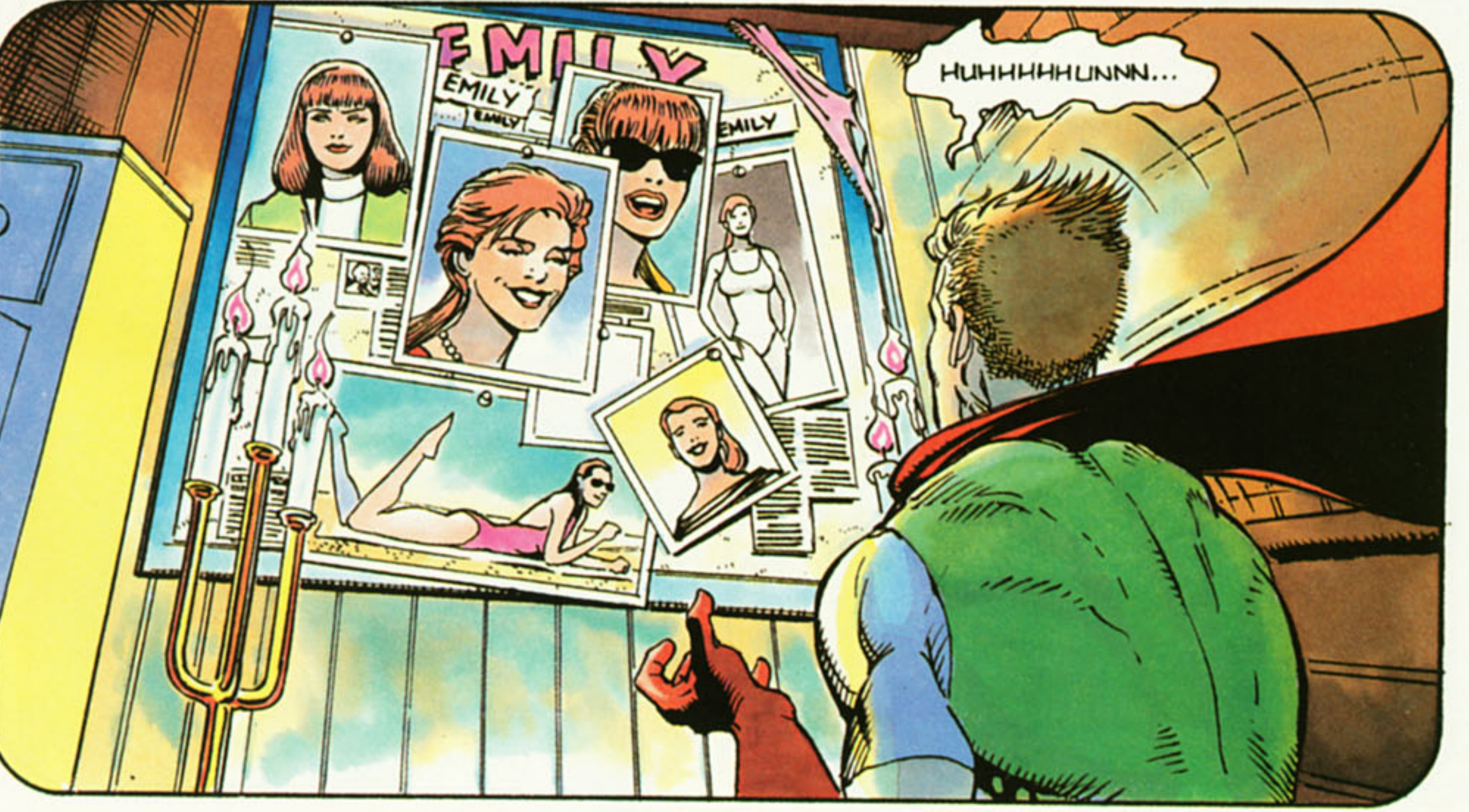
THIS OBSESSION WITH MISS FELDMAN HAS GOT TO STOP!

OBSESSION? YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE, CA' SHE'S JUST A CHICK! SHE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO ME!

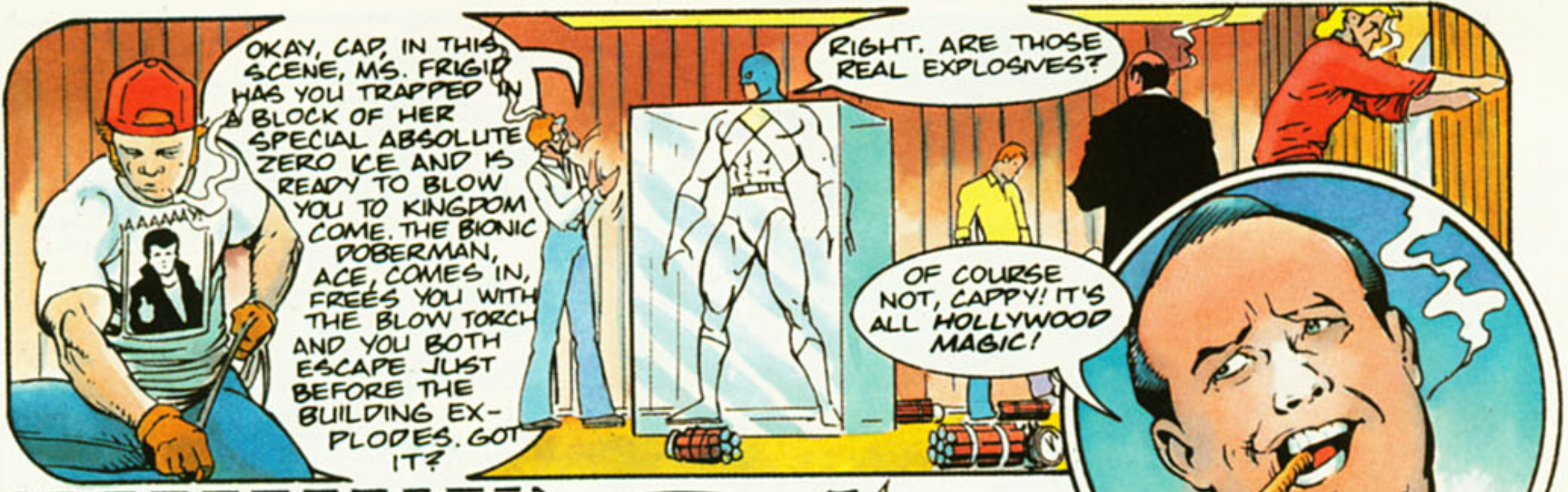


WELL... GLAD TO HEAR IT! GOOD NIGHT, CHUM!

I'M TELLING YOU! I AM NOT OBSESSED WITH HER!



HUUUUUUUNNN...



OKAY, CAP, IN THIS SCENE, MS. FRIGID HAS YOU TRAPPED IN A BLOCK OF HER SPECIAL ABSOLUTE ZERO ICE AND IS READY TO BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME. THE BIONIC DOBERMAN, ACE, COMES IN, FREES YOU WITH THE BLOW TORCH AND YOU BOTH ESCAPE JUST BEFORE THE BUILDING EXPLODES. GOT IT?

RIGHT. ARE THOSE REAL EXPLOSIVES?

OF COURSE NOT, CAPPY! IT'S ALL HOLLYWOOD MAGIC!



HOW MUCH ARE WE GOING TO SAVE BY USING THE REAL THING INSTEAD OF DOING IT WITH SPECIAL EFFECTS?

ABOUT THIRTY THOUSAND.

YOU KNOW, EMILY, MY BIG SCENE IS NEXT. COULD YOU HELP ME GO OVER MY LINES?

FAB-ULOUS!

HUH?? WHATYA-SAY?



I SAY...
...STOP BREATHING ON MY NECK!



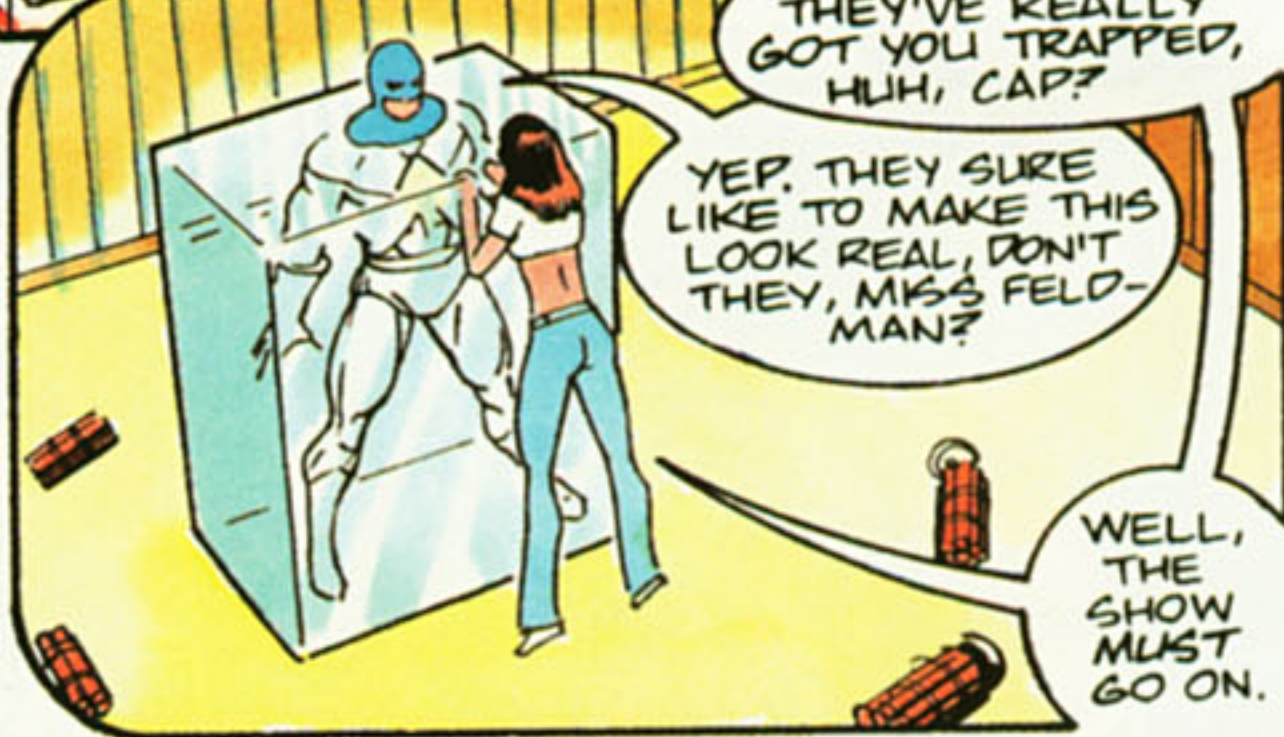
YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME AROUND WITH YOUR TONGUE HANGING DOWN BELOW YOUR FLY FOR A WEEK NOW AND I'VE HAD IT LIP TO HERE!

GET ONE THING THROUGH YOUR ROCK-HARD-THICK-SKULL, YOU SIMPERING ADOLESCENT NEANDERTHAL!



I WOULDN'T FUCK YOU IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!

HMMMM...



THEY'VE REALLY GOT YOU TRAPPED, HUH, CAP?

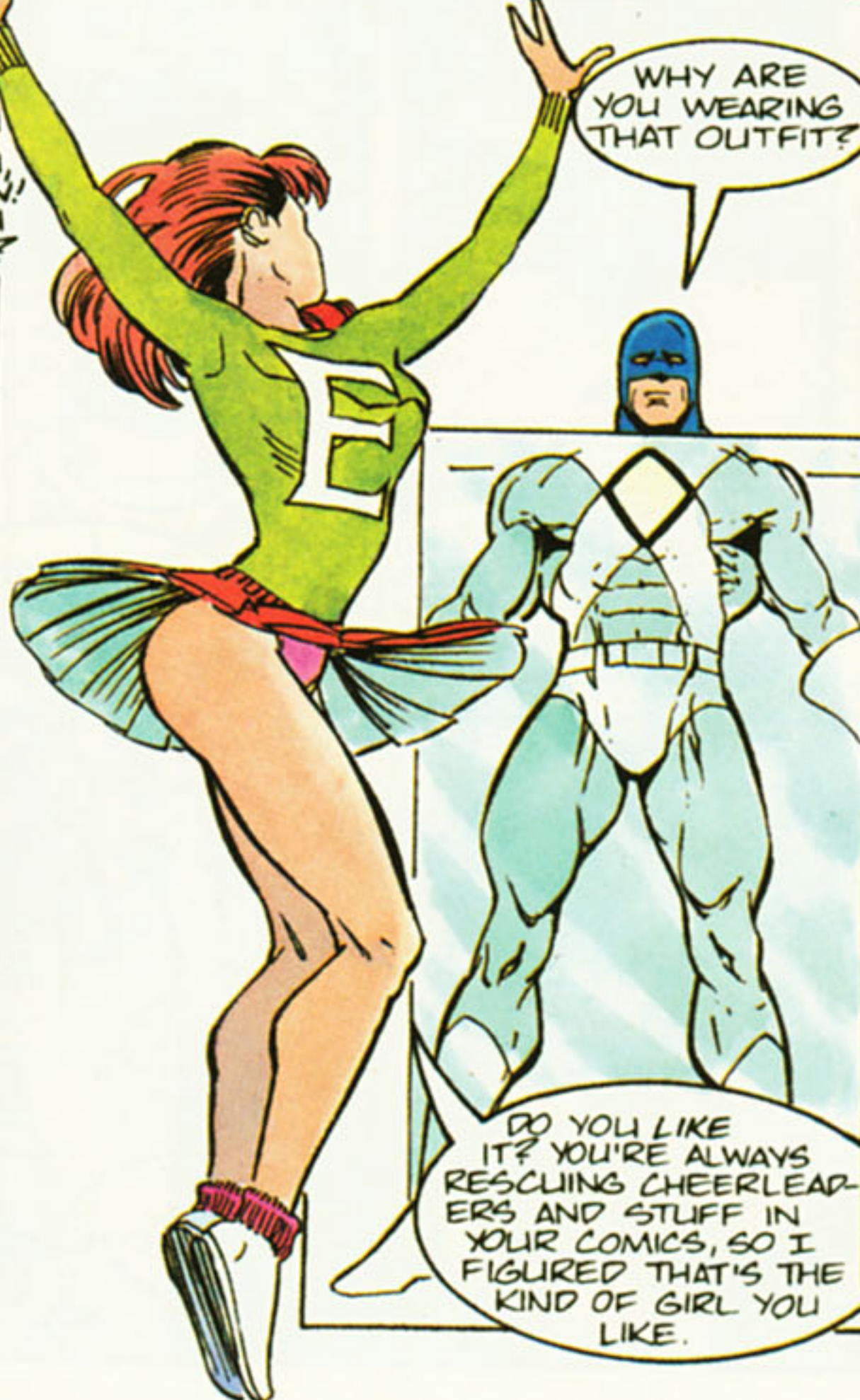
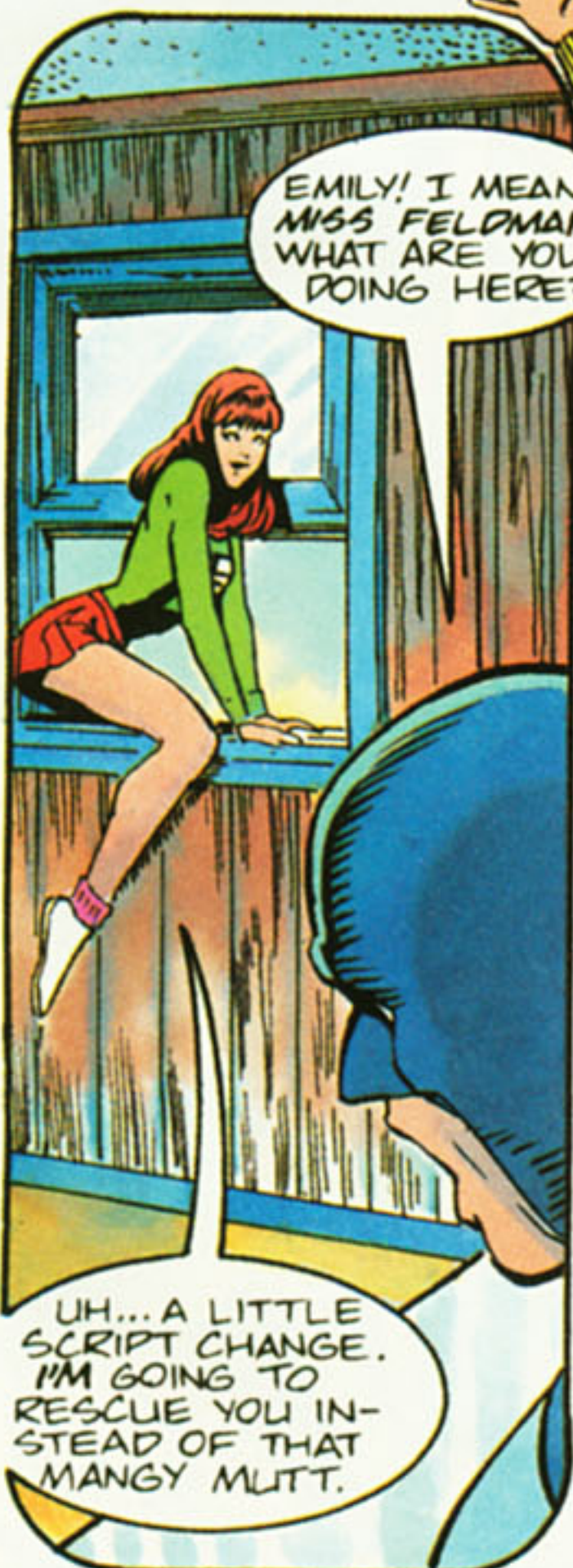
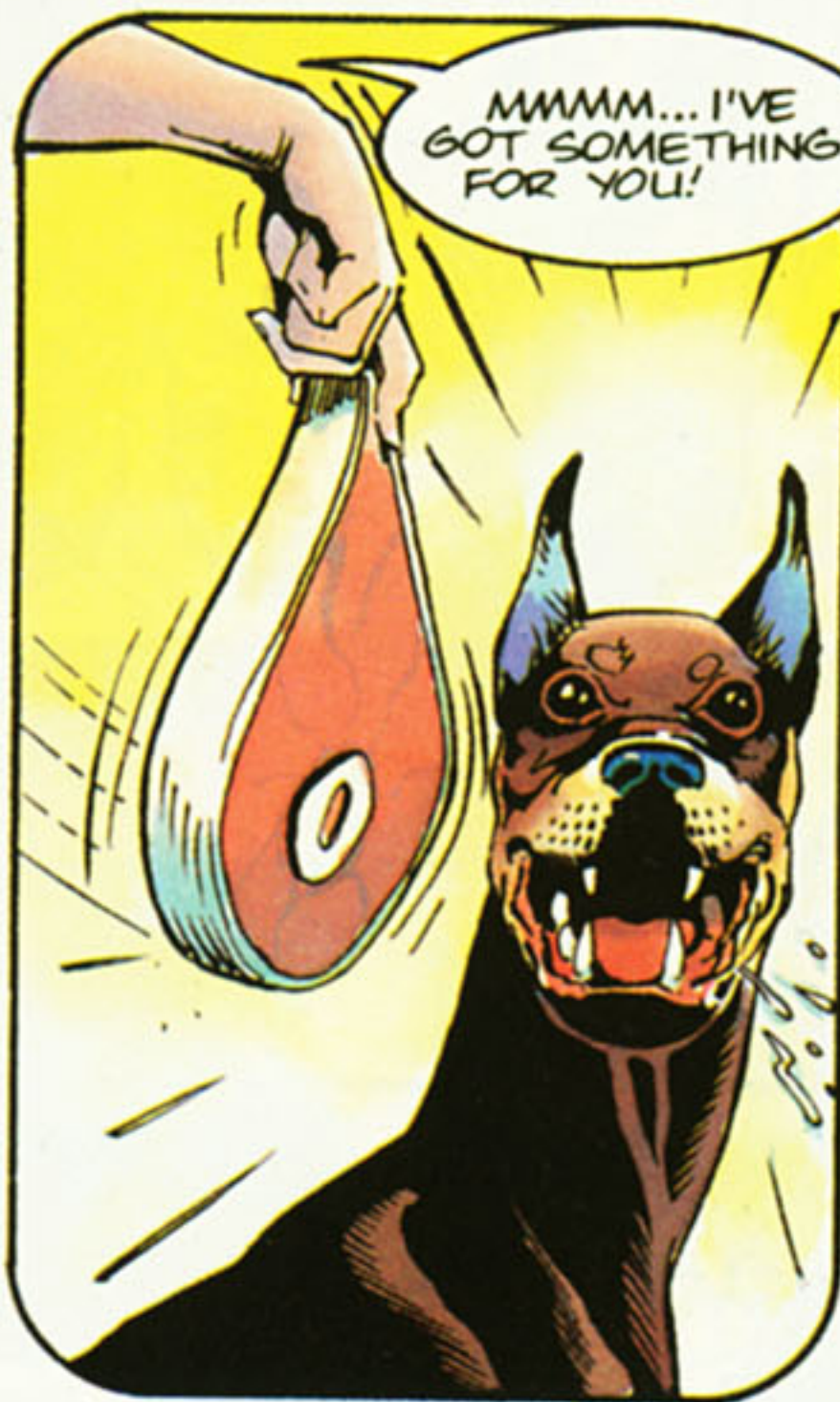
YEP. THEY SURE LIKE TO MAKE THIS LOOK REAL, DON'T THEY, MISS FELDMAN?

WELL, THE SHOW MUST GO ON.



GOTTA GO! I'LL SEE YOU SOON!

UH... RIGHT.

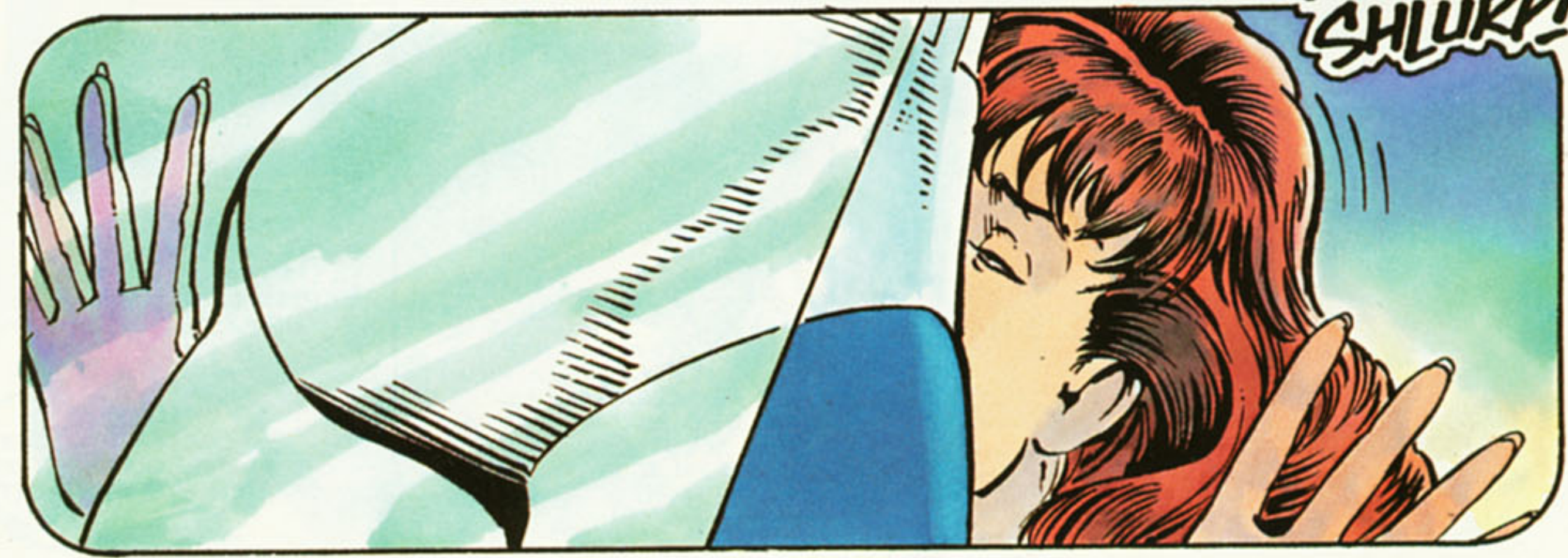
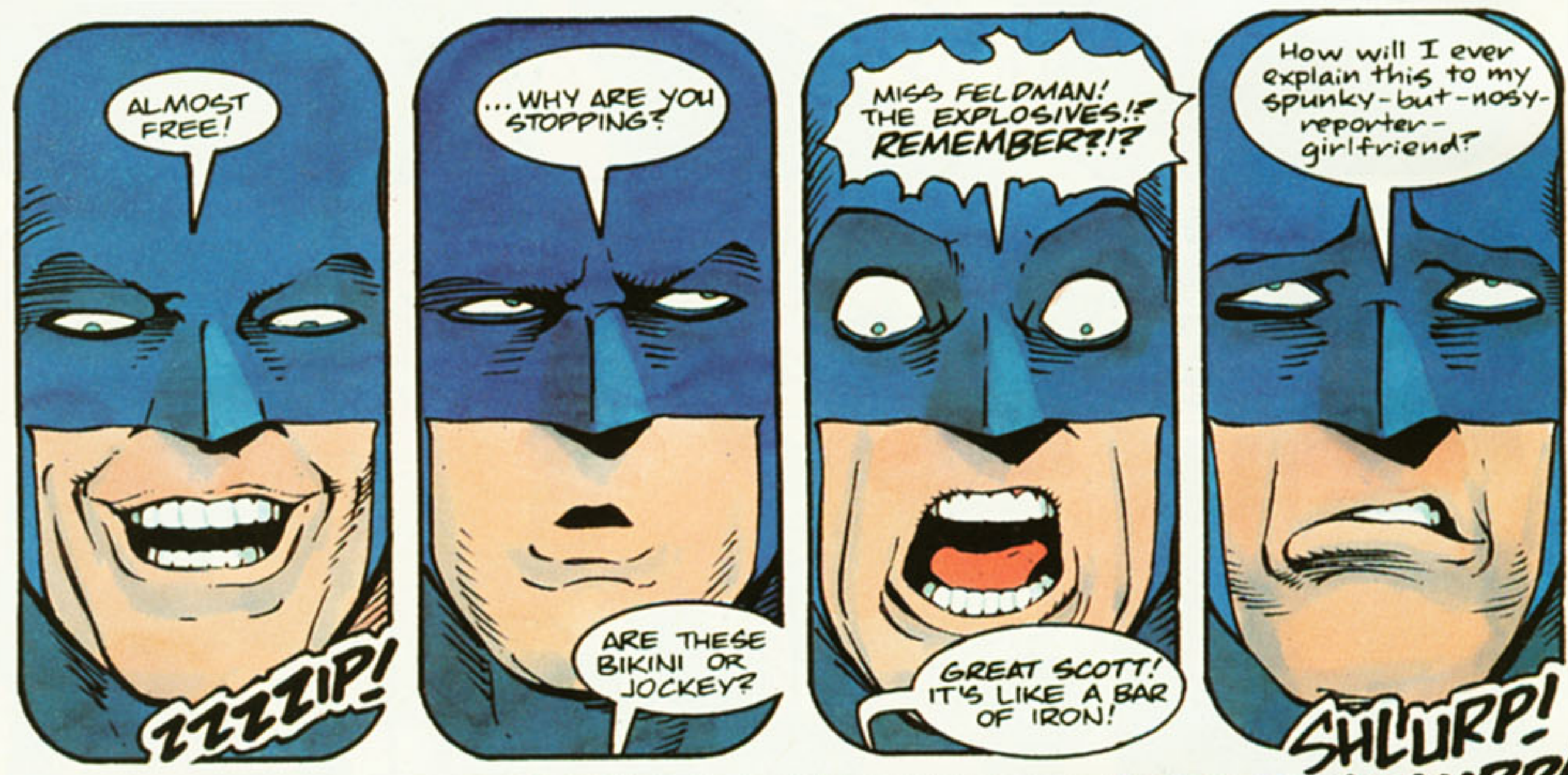
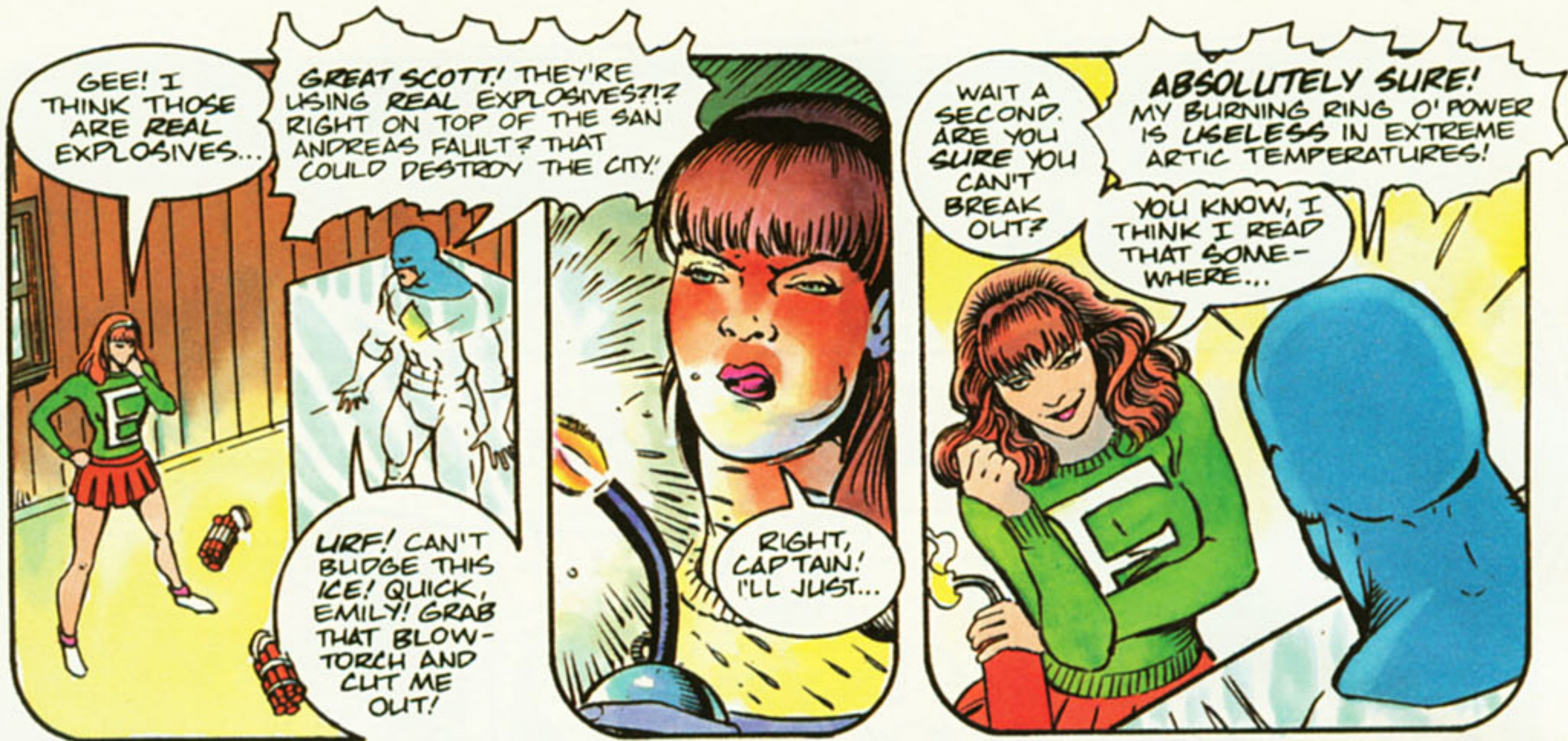


UH... A LITTLE SCRIPT CHANGE. I'M GOING TO RESCUE YOU INSTEAD OF THAT MANGY MUTT.

DO YOU LIKE IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS RESCUING CHEERLEADERS AND STUFF IN YOUR COMICS, SO I FIGURED THAT'S THE KIND OF GIRL YOU LIKE.

YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BE A LITTLE LESS CRITICAL AND NEGATIVE.

I'M SORRY. COULD YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS NOW? PLEASE?





...THINK
...CLEAN...
THOUGHTS...

AH! AH!
AH!
AHHHH!



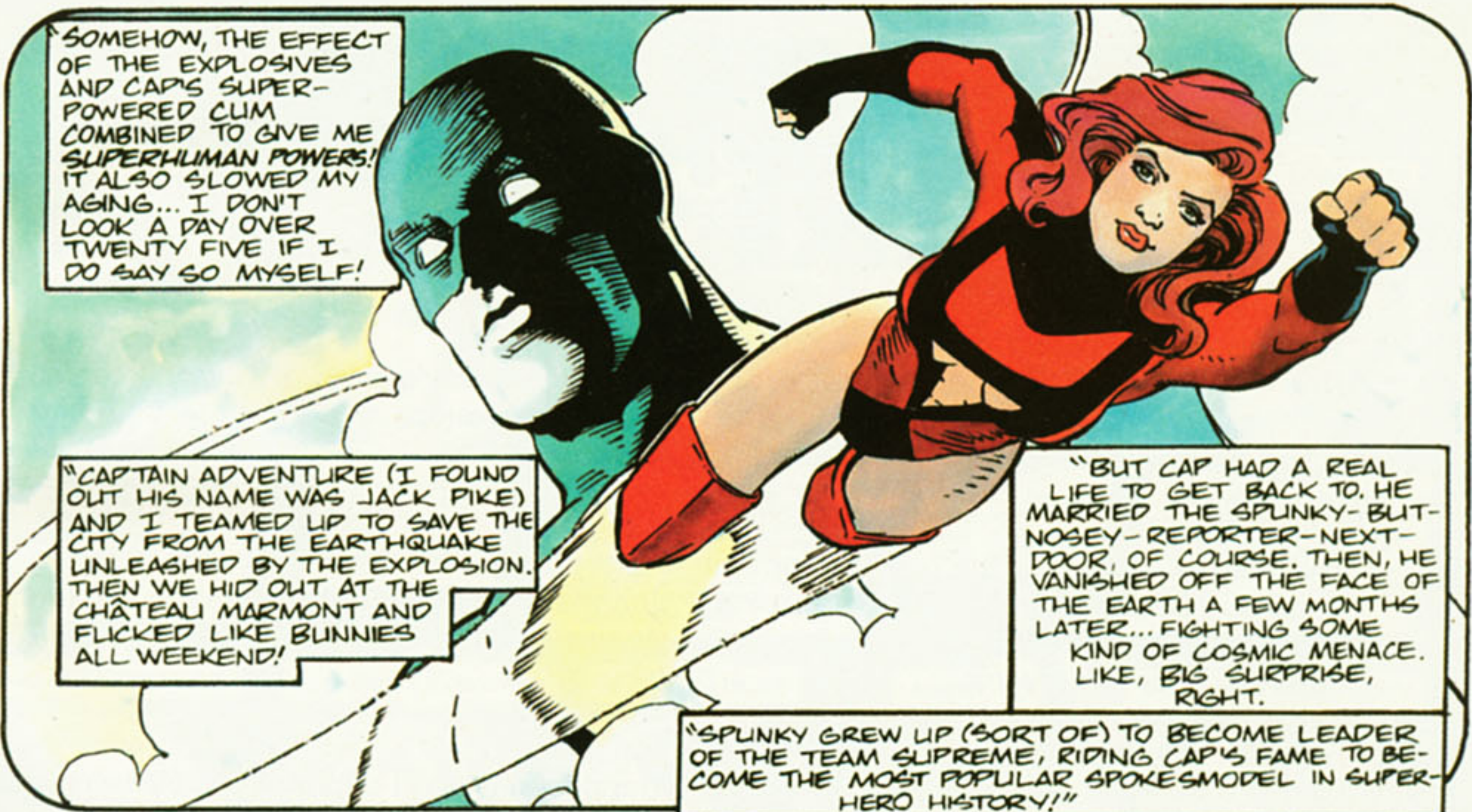
OHHHH...
TOO
LATE!

WOOSH!
GLUB!
GLUB!



SAY... HAS
ANYONE SEEN
MY DAUGHTER,
EMILY?

THINK WE
USED
ENOUGH
DYNAMITE,
BOSS?



SOMEHOW, THE EFFECT
OF THE EXPLOSIVES
AND CAP'S SUPER-
POWERED CUM
COMBINED TO GIVE ME
SUPERHUMAN POWERS!
IT ALSO SLOWED MY
AGING... I DON'T
LOOK A DAY OVER
TWENTY FIVE IF I
DO SAY SO MYSELF!

"CAPTAIN ADVENTURE (I FOUND
OUT HIS NAME WAS JACK PIKE)
AND I TEAMED UP TO SAVE THE
CITY FROM THE EARTHQUAKE
UNLEASHED BY THE EXPLOSION.
THEN WE HID OUT AT THE
CHATEAU MARMONT AND
FLICKED LIKE BUNNIES
ALL WEEKEND!"

"BUT CAP HAD A REAL
LIFE TO GET BACK TO. HE
MARRIED THE SPUNKY-BUT-
NOSEY-REPORTER-NEXT-
DOOR, OF COURSE. THEN, HE
VANISHED OFF THE FACE OF
THE EARTH A FEW MONTHS
LATER... FIGHTING SOME
KIND OF COSMIC MENACE.
LIKE, BIG SURPRISE,
RIGHT.

"SPUNKY GREW UP (SORT OF) TO BECOME LEADER
OF THE TEAM SUPREME, RIDING CAP'S FAME TO BE-
COME THE MOST POPULAR SPOKESMODEL IN SUPER-
HERO HISTORY!"

AND I'VE BEEN CASHING
IN RIGHT ALONG WITH HIM
AND THE REST OF THE
LOSER LEAGUE OF
AMERICA. >SIGH! I DON'T
THINK THE OLD CAPTAIN
WOULD BE TOO THRILLED
TO SEE WHAT I'VE
BECOME.

WELL, JACK, WHEREVER YOU ARE... AT
LEAST YOU LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO FATHER
JOEY AND GIVE ME A SECOND CHANCE.

ZZZZ...
MRMLRPH...
ZZZZZ...

THINK
CLEAN
THOUGHTS,
CHUM!

finis

DOCTOR DARE

AND THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

EPISODE II "DEATH FROM ABOVE!"

AS WE LAST LEFT OUR HEROINE....

Doctor Joanna Dare and Pat Pike were sent by Eleanor Roosevelt on a secret mission to find famed lost aviatrix Amelia Earhart, who was rumored to have been seen in Central Africa. Little did they realize that Adolf Hitler had dispatched Agent D to locate the legendary Spear of Destiny in the same area and that the Fatal Feminazi had been alerted to Dare's mission by a White House spy! Shot down by Luftwaffe Flying Wings and captured by natives, Dare and Pike were invited to a barbeque, only to find that *they* were to be the main course!



JOANNA DARE



A PLUCKY LADY SCIENTIST WHO DEVELOPED THE TOP SECRET GLADIATOR FORMULA. NOW, WHENEVER SHE HAS SEX SHE IS TRANSFORMED INTO...

DR. DARE



...TWO-FISTED ADVENTURER WITH THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN!

PAT PIKE



ARCHEOLOGIST, ADVENTURER, GRAVE ROBBER. FROM THE HIMALAYAS TO THE HEART OF DARKEST AFRICA, PAT PIKE FIGHTS FOR TRUTH, BOOTY, AND THE AMERICAN WAY...

IKING



PAT'S PET, OR PERHAPS IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND...

AMELIA EARHART



THE FAMED 1930'S AVIATRIX. THE WORLD BELIEVES THAT SHE IS DEAD, BUT DARE HAS BEEN SENT TO AFRICA TO DISCOVER HER TRUE FATE...

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT



TWO-FISTED PRESIDENT-FOR-LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES. A MAN WITH AN EYE FOR THE LADIES, HE WAS FAMOUS FOR HIS "FIRESIDE CHATS"...

ELENORE ROOSEVELT



FIRST LADY OF THE UNITED STATES. SHE'S THE ONE WHO SENT DARE AND PIKE ON THEIR HAZARDOUS MISSION, WITHOUT TELLING FRANKLIN, OF COURSE...

ADOLF HITLER



A FORMER ART STUDENT AND HOUSE PAINTER WHO WORKED HIS WAY UP TO BECOME THE RUTHLESS MAD DICTATOR OF HALF OF EUROPE. HE HAS DISPATCHED AGENT D TO AFRICA TO RECOVER THE LEGENDARY SPEAR OF DESTINY...

AGENT D



DARE'S FEMINAZI NEMESIS. A RUTHLESS SUPER-SPY, WHO LOST HER HAND IN BATTLE WITH DARE. NOW, SHE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF DARE'S POWER...

THE SPEAR OF DESTINY



REPUTED TO BE THE WEAPON THAT PIERCED CHRIST ON THE CROSS. IT IS SAID THAT HE WHO POSSESSES IT CANNOT BE DEFEATED...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ART/COLOR: Gray Morrow LETTERS: Delipine

CENTRAL AFRICA - DECEMBER, 1939:

MOVE YOUR TONGUE, YOU ENGLISHER TRASH! IF YOU DO NOT BRING ME TO CLIMAX IN THE NEXT SIXTY SECONDS...



I WILL BE FORCED TO EXECUTE ANOTHER HOSTAGE!

A THOUSAND PARDONS, AGENT D, BUT YOU ASKED TO BE INFORMED OF THE FATE OF DOCTOR DARE!

AND HAVE YOU COME TO REPORT THAT HER DEAD BODY IS STRAPPED ACROSS THE DECK OF YOUR PANZER?!?!?

mmmmmm!



N-NEIN, FRAU OBERFUHRER, THE INCESSANT JUNGLE RAINS KEEP PUTTING OUT THE NATIVE'S COOKFIRES.

CAN I NOT DELEGATE EVEN THE SMALLEST TASK? I'M SURROUNDED BY FOOLS, WHEN I WISH TO BE SURROUNDED BY HEROES!



OF COURSE, I MUST HANDLE EVERYTHING MYSELF!

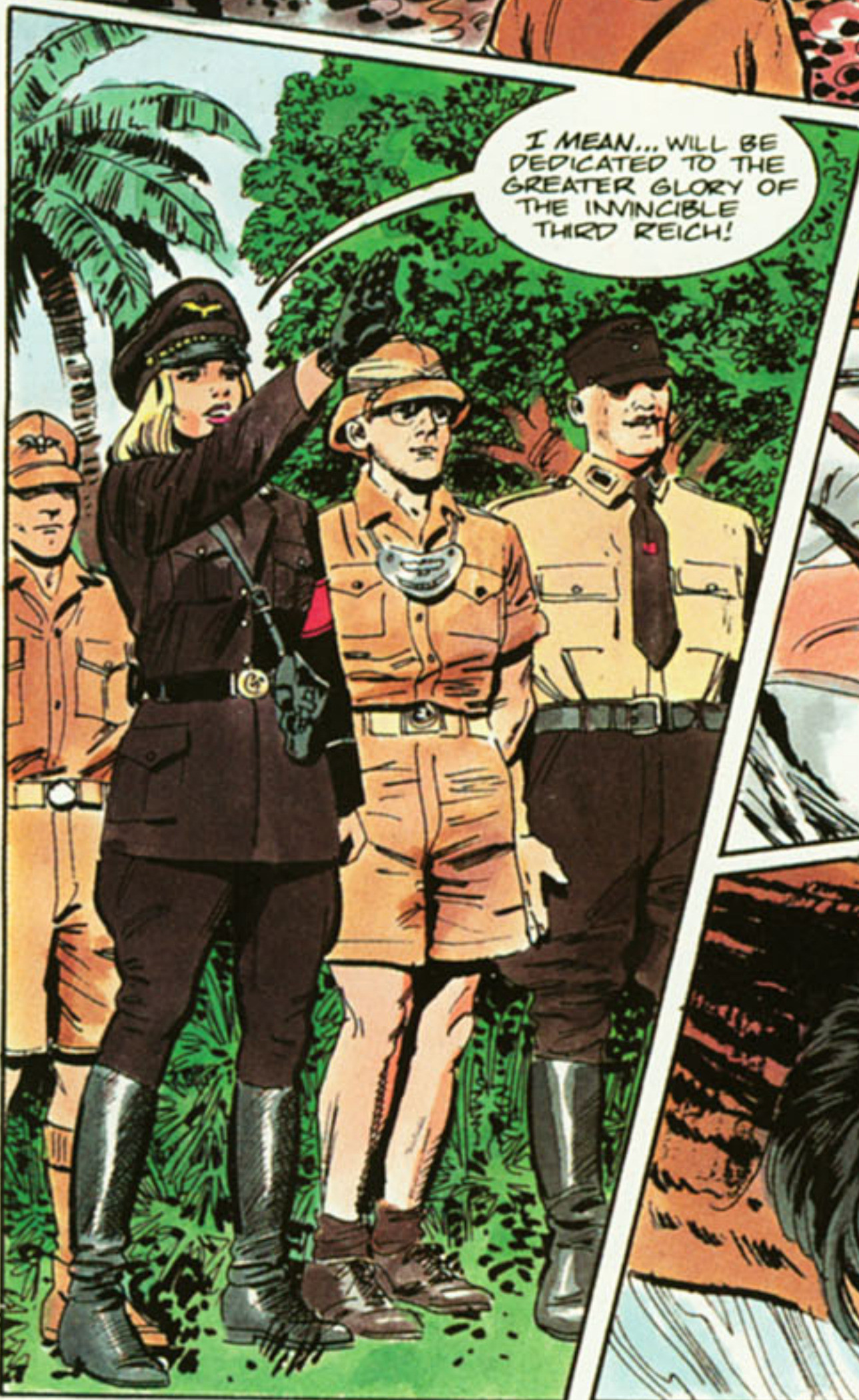
HEH, HEH, HEH... JA, OF COURSE.





AH, DOCTOR DARE, DO YOU NOT ADMIRE THE BRILLIANCE OF GERMAN EFFICIENCY? IN MOMENTS, THIS WENCH WILL LOWER YOU INTO THE TAR...

WHICH WILL, OF COURSE, PRESERVE YOUR CORPSE FOR THE RETURN TRIP TO THE FATHERLAND! ONCE THERE, YOUR BODY WILL BE DISSECTED AND THE SECRET OF YOUR GLADIATOR SERUM WILL BE MINE!



I MEAN... WILL BE DEDICATED TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE INVINCIBLE THIRD REICH!

WELL, KING OF THE JUNGLE, WHAT'S YOUR BRILLIANT PLAN TO GET US OUT OF THIS?

HEY, YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN!



YES... BUT ONLY AFTER I... WELL... YOU KNOW... AND IF YOU'D LET ME DO THE TALKING, MAYBE I COULD HAVE GOTTEN ONE OF THOSE NATIVES TO RAVISH ME, BUT NO... YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD SPEAK UNGULA!

"SPEAKING"... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

CLOSE YOUR EYES, JOANNA



WHAT?

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND CONCENTRATE ON MY VOICE.

THIS IS NEVER GOING TO WORK.



TRUST ME-- I USED TO WRITE CAPTIONS FOR FRENCH POSTCARDS!

WHILE PAT PIKE TALKS DIRTY TO OUR HELPLESS HEROINE...



... HIS TRUSTY DOG, KING, HAVING BIT THROUGH THE BONDS OF THE HOSTAGES, SETS OFF DOWN RIVER IN SEARCH OF HELP.

... AS HE SLID HIS ROCK-HARD MANHOOD SLOWLY, GENTLY, TEASINGLY INTO HER QUIVERING TEMPLE OF VENUS, SHE OPENED BEFORE HIM LIKE A FLOWER IN BLOOM...



Ohhh...



BEGGING FOR MERCY, NO DOUBT! BAH! I NEVER LISTEN.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?



WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU JABBERING APE?

TUROO! TUROO!

WHAT? YOU ARE FRIGHTENED OF BIRDS?

HANS! MY FIELD GLASSES!



VAS...?





THEN THEY SHALL DIE
A GLORIOUS DEATH
AS HEROES OF THE
FATHERLAND!

FIRE!

KA BOOM!



WA-BOOM!

AIIEEEEE!

PAT! STAY
DOWN!



DO IT,
PAT!

ULP! HERE
GOES!



YOU
INCOMPETENT
FOOLS! YOU
LET HER ES-
CAPE!

WAIT! IF SHE
WANTS TO FLY,
LET HER FLY...



WE'LL SEE
HOW THOSE
PRIMITIVE
BEASTS STAND
UP TO THE
MIGHTY AUTO-
CANNONS OF
OUR INVIN-
CIBLE
MESSER-
SCHMIDTS!





THIS IS A GREAT PLAN, JO!

I MEAN, YOU DO HAVE A PLAN, RIGHT?

SURE! HANG ON!

HA! WHAT COULD BE EASIER?

KEEPING LUNCH DOWN!

NOW WHAT? THEY'VE GOT PLANES, YOU KNOW.

IF WE CAN MAKE IT TO THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE, WE CAN LOSE THEM IN THE FOG BANK!

THESE BEASTS ARE FAST, SWEETHEART, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY CAN OUTFIGHT HOT LEAD!

OKAY, SO WE'RE OUTGUNNED AND OUTPOWERED...



...LET'S SEE THEM
OUT-MANEUVER US!

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!?

IT'S CALLED
AN IMMELMAN!

MY FATHER
WAS IN THE
LAFAYETTE
ESCADRILLE!*

PAD WAS SHOT
DOWN OVER
LYON BY A
GERMAN PILOT
WHO DID ONE
OF THESE.

WHAT GOES
AROUND COMES
AROUND, YOU NAZI
SCUM!

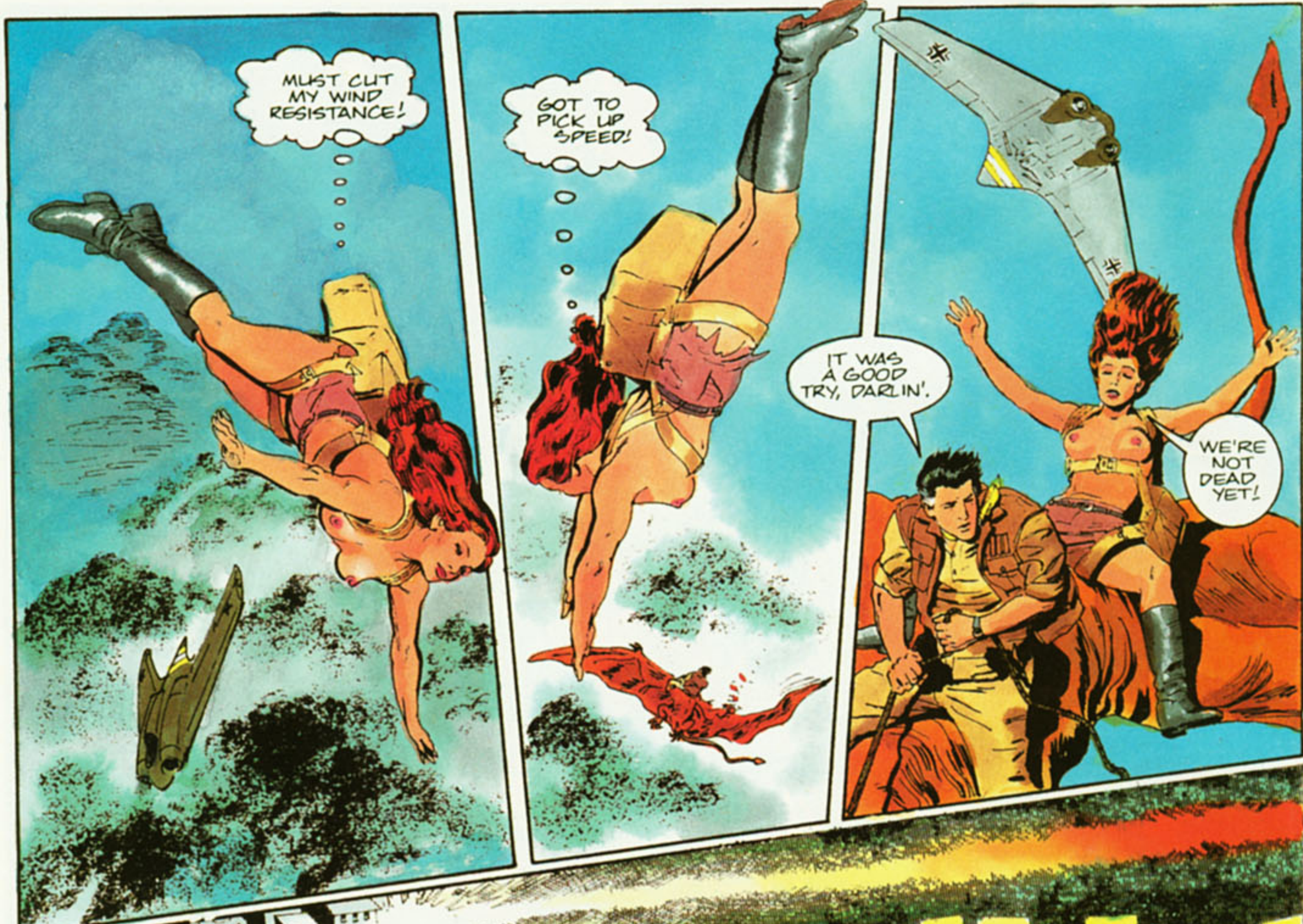
*THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE-- A
GROUP OF AMERICAN VOLUNTEER
PILOTS WHO FOUGH ALONGSIDE THE
FRENCH BEFORE AMERICA ENTERED
WORLD WAR I (THE FILM OF THE
SAME NAME, MADE IN THE 1950'S,
FEATURED A YOUNG CLINT EAST-
WOOD)-- Ye Olde Film Fan.

KRUMPH!

ALIF
WIEDERSEHEN,
FRANZI!







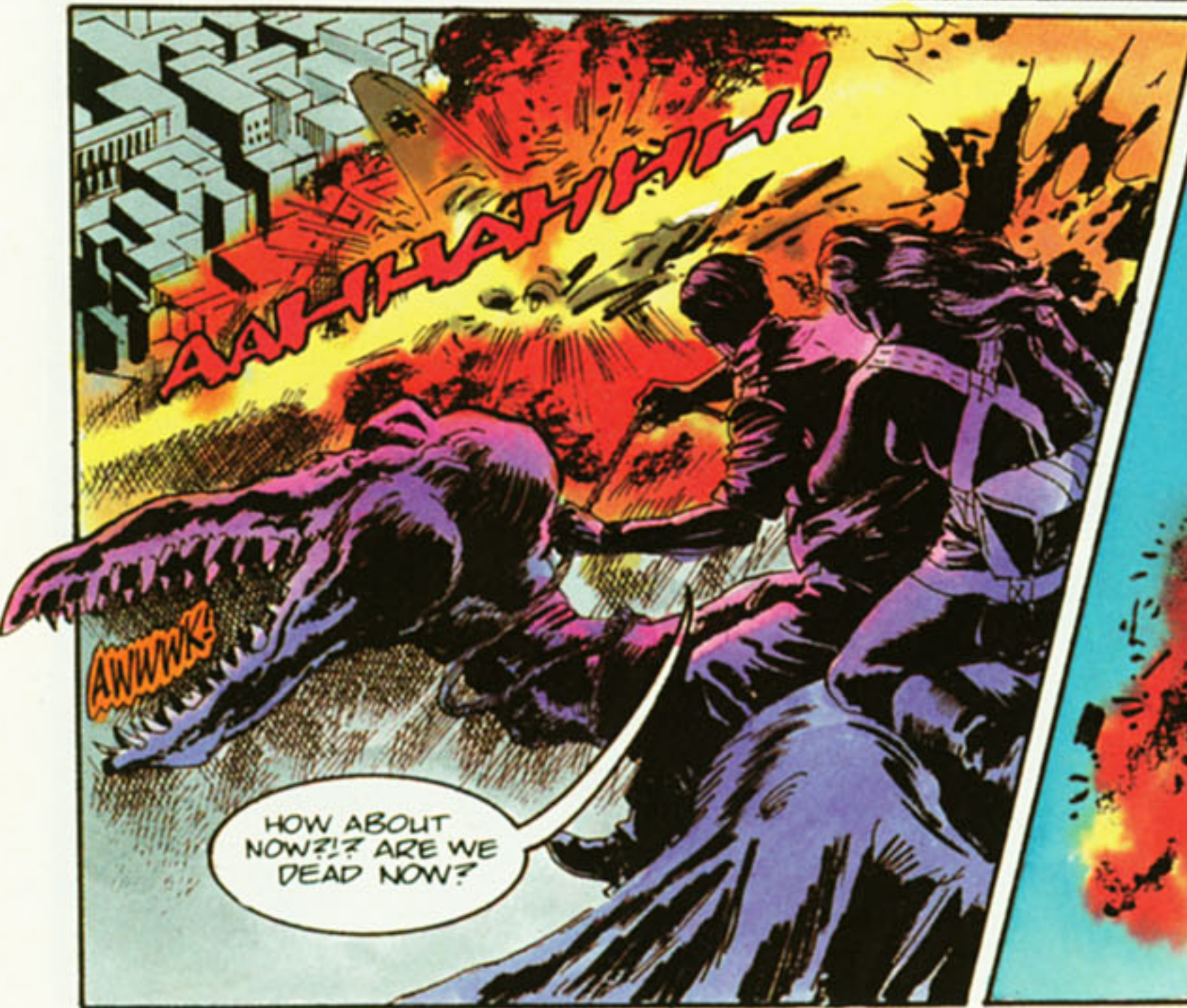
MUST CUT MY WIND RESISTANCE!

GOT TO PICK UP SPEED!

IT WAS A GOOD TRY, DARLIN'.

WE'RE NOT DEAD YET!

HMMMAHHHH



AAHHHHH!

HOW ABOUT NOW?!? ARE WE DEAD NOW?



WOULD YOU STOP WORRYING!?!?

Sigh. SO LONG, LEFTY!



"WE'LL BE SAFE WHEN WE GET TO THE MYSTERIOUS FOG-SHROUDED MOUNTAIN RANGE", SHE SAYS. "WHAT COULD BE DANGEROUS THERE," SHE SAYS.

CRASH!

BRACE YOURSELF, PAT!

BRACE MYSELF!?! WE'RE DROPPING A THOUSAND FEET AND YOU WANT ME TO BRACE MYSELF?!? WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, PETER PAN?!?

YOU KNOW, YOU COULD TRY TO BE A LITTLE LESS CRITICAL ALL THE TIME.

WE'RE PASSING THROUGH THE FOG!

PAT! LOOK! IT'S A ROMAN CITY!

YEAH? WE'RE GONNA GET A REAL CLOSE LOOK IN ABOUT TWO SECONDS!

CRASH!



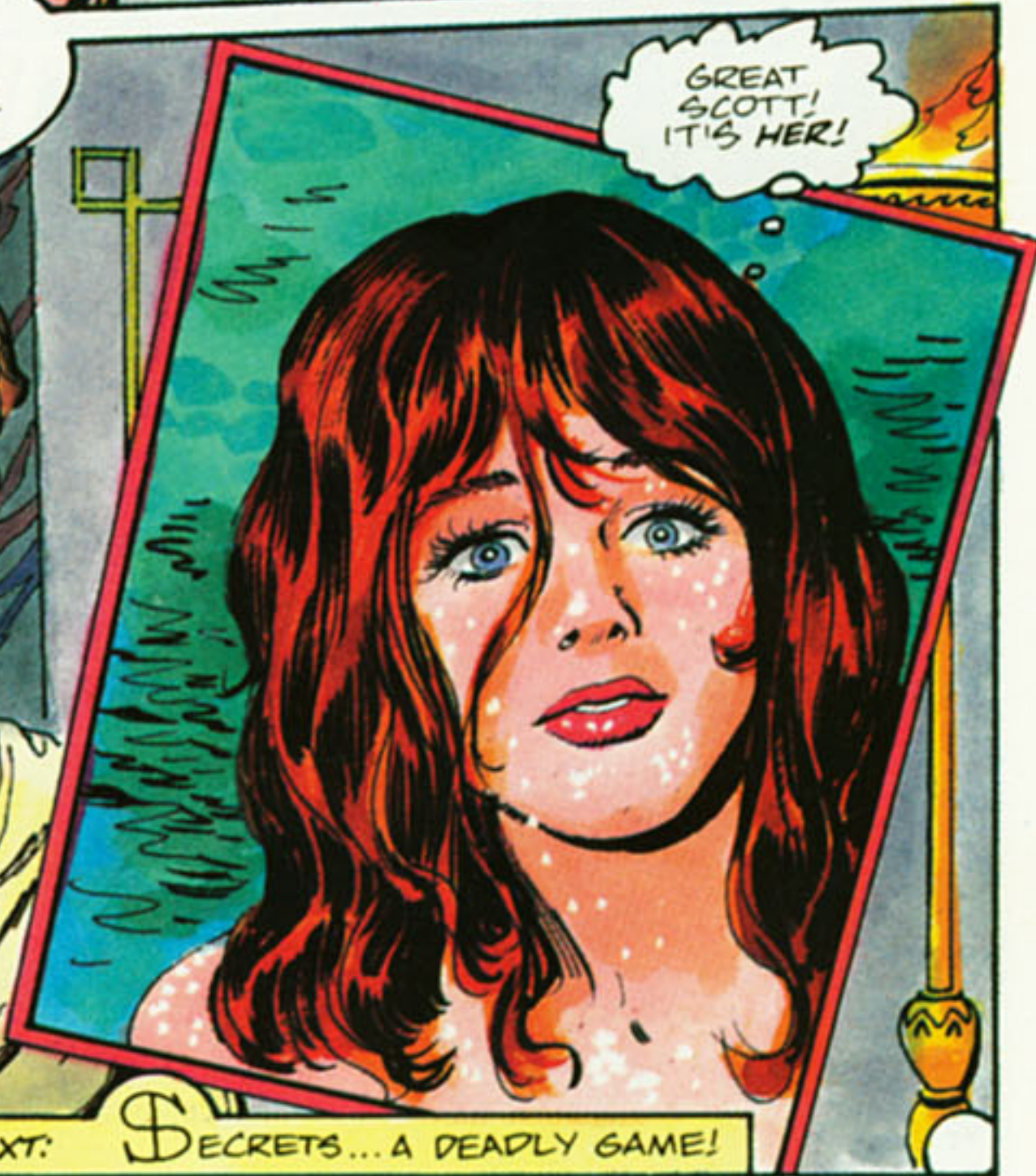
SPLASH!



AND I THOUGHT MY LIFE WAS WEIRD BEFORE I MET YOU!



<SPARTACUS! SOME TOWEL FOR OUR UNEXPECTED GUEST!>*



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S HER!

* TRANSLATED FROM ANCIENT LATIN.

NEXT: **\$** SECRETS... A DEADLY GAME!

Bethlehem STEELE

EPISODE 3: TANAKA'S GENESIS



2294-Two women aboard a small starship, **Bethlehem Steele** and **Thea Burroughs**, are on the run and are being hunted by the richest man in the galaxy, **Sho Tanaka**. While repairing their ship's systems, their ship is boarded, and after a fierce battle, they are captured...



...by **Space Corsair Rad Gemini** and his intergalactic band of pirates. Beth and Thea soon learn that Gemini and his men are the sworn foes of Tanaka as well. Impressed with Beth's fighting prowess and Thea's technical skills, Gemini offers them both a place in his crew. In the months that follow, they cut a bloody swath of destruction through Tanaka's galactic holdings.



Following their raiding spree, Gemini and his crew lay low on **New Tortuga**, a lawless, artificial planetoid that is a haven for any number of the galaxy's pirates and other extra legal types. An attraction that has been building between Beth and Gemini blossoms into romance.



But Gemini is unaware of Beth's secret. Bethlehem Steele is not a human being, she is an android, fashioned in the likeness of the perfect woman. Now Beth's full story is revealed....

STORY: Mark McClellan with Caragonne & Thornton **ART:** Azpari **LETTERS:** Ken Lopez

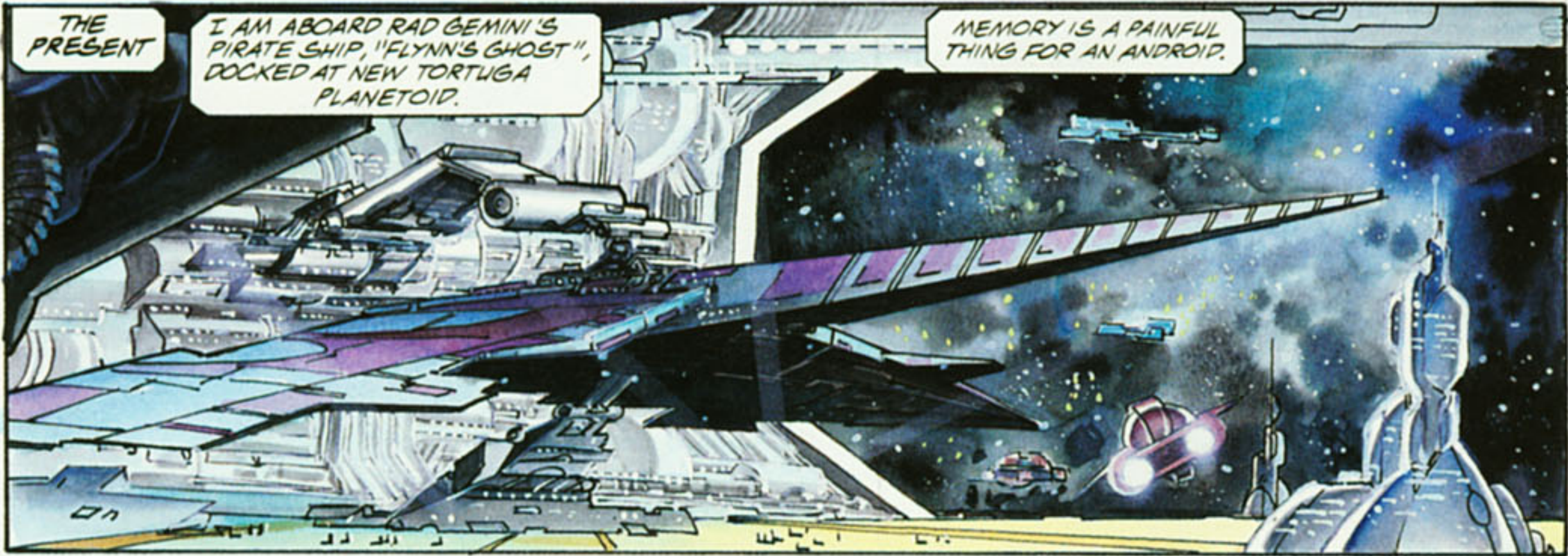
THE
PAST...

FOR A MACHINE, MEMORY NEVER SOFTENS WITH
TIME. A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW IT WILL BE
AS SHARP AND PAINFUL AS THE MOMENT IT WAS
FIRST ETCHED IN MY NEURAL PATHWAYS.

TO BLAZES WITH
THIS CEREMONY
MEANT TO ENSLAVE
ALL MEN! I RENOUNCE
ALL WOMEN, ALL OF
THESE ERRATIC
CREATURES!!!

I WASN'T "BORN" YET WHEN
THESE EVENTS OCCURED,
BUT TANAKA'S DISASTROUS
"WEDDING" WAS A MATTER
OF RECORD. THE GALACTIC
PUBLIC SEEMS TO HAVE
AN ENORMOUS AND
MORBID FASCINATION WITH
THIS MAN... AND HIS
SICKENING PERSONAL
LIFE.

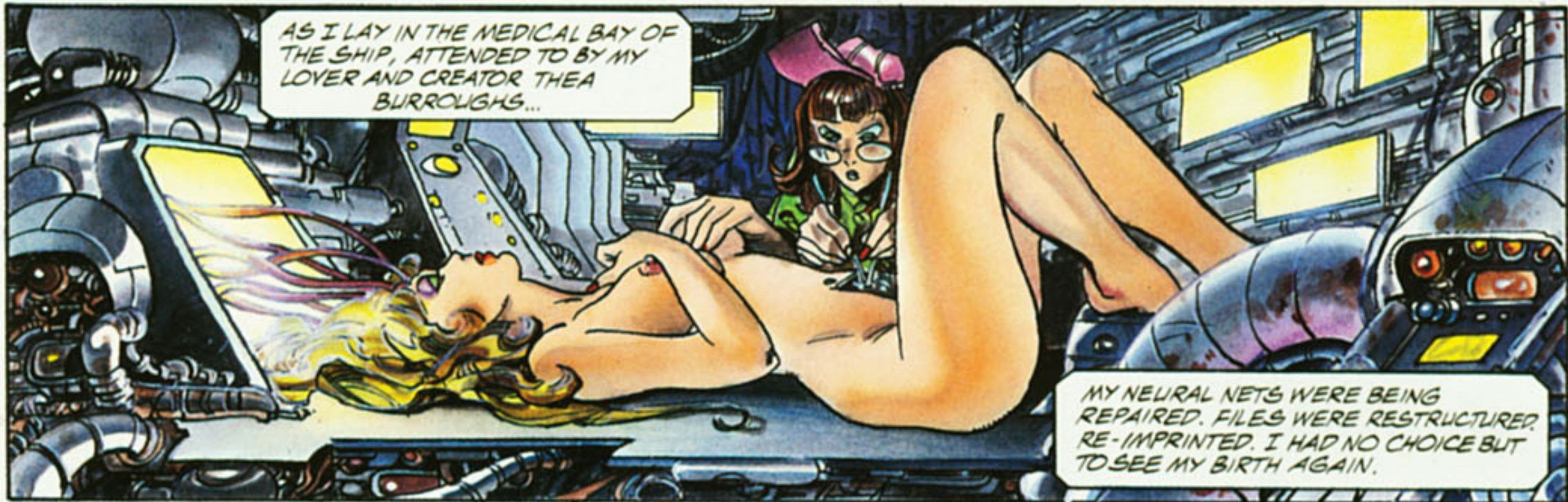
I'M SURE THAT THIS
WAS THE MOMENT
TANAKA FIRST
CONCEIVED OF ME.



THE PRESENT

I AM ABOARD RAD GEMINI'S PIRATE SHIP, "FLYNN'S GHOST", DOCKED AT NEW TORTUGA PLANETOID.

MEMORY IS A PAINFUL THING FOR AN ANDROID.



AS I LAY IN THE MEDICAL BAY OF THE SHIP, ATTENDED TO BY MY LOVER AND CREATOR THEA BURROUGHS...

MY NEURAL NETS WERE BEING REPAIRED. FILES WERE RESTRUCTURED, RE-IMPRINTED. I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO SEE MY BIRTH AGAIN.



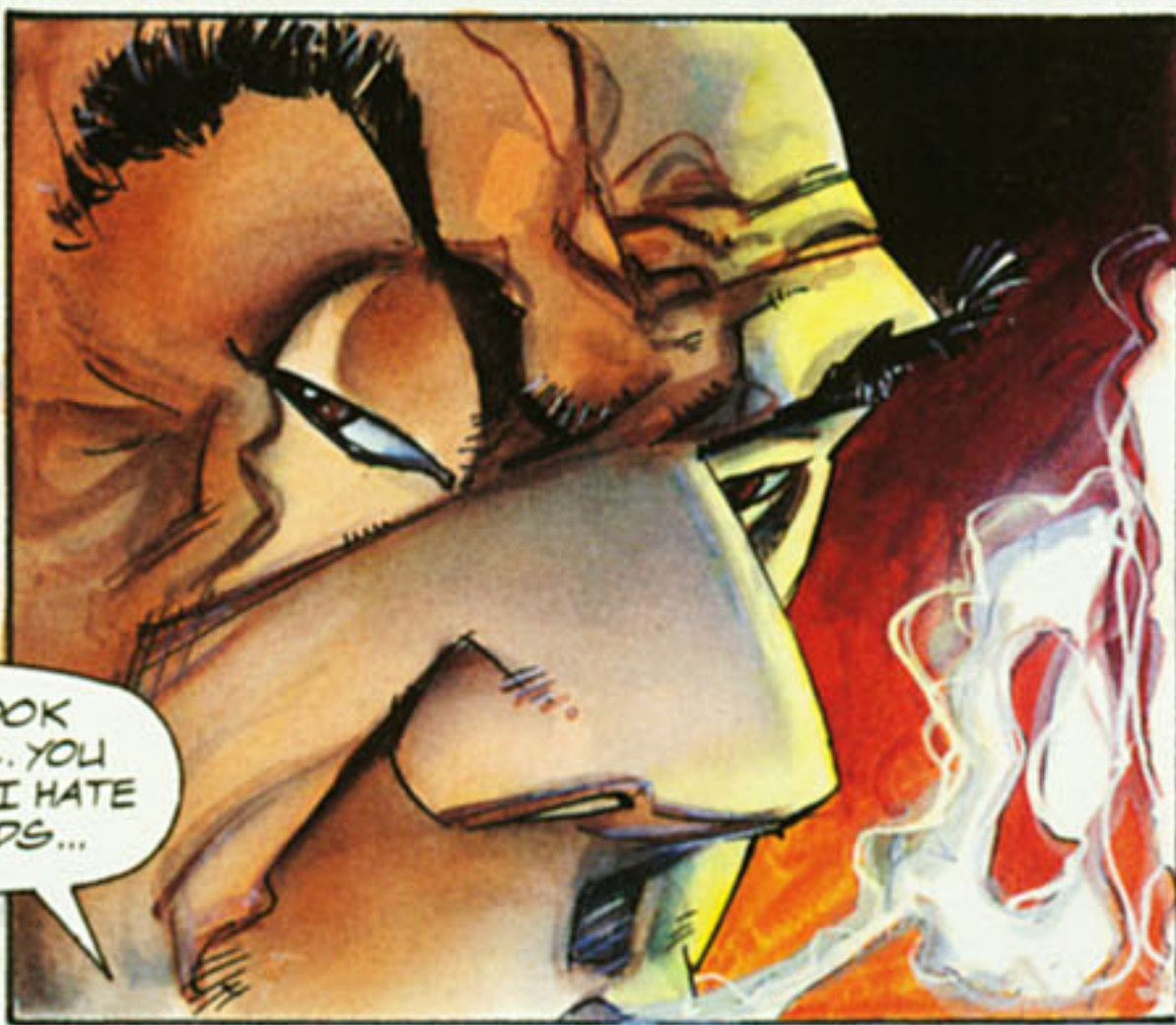
AND WORSE, THE EVENTS IN THE PAST THAT LED UP TO IT.

IF I CANNOT HAVE THE WIFE I WANT, THEN I WILL CREATE THE PERFECT WOMAN!



AND THE SHREW AT THE ALTAR?

MAKE IT LOOK ACCIDENTAL. YOU KNOW HOW I HATE LOOSE ENDS...



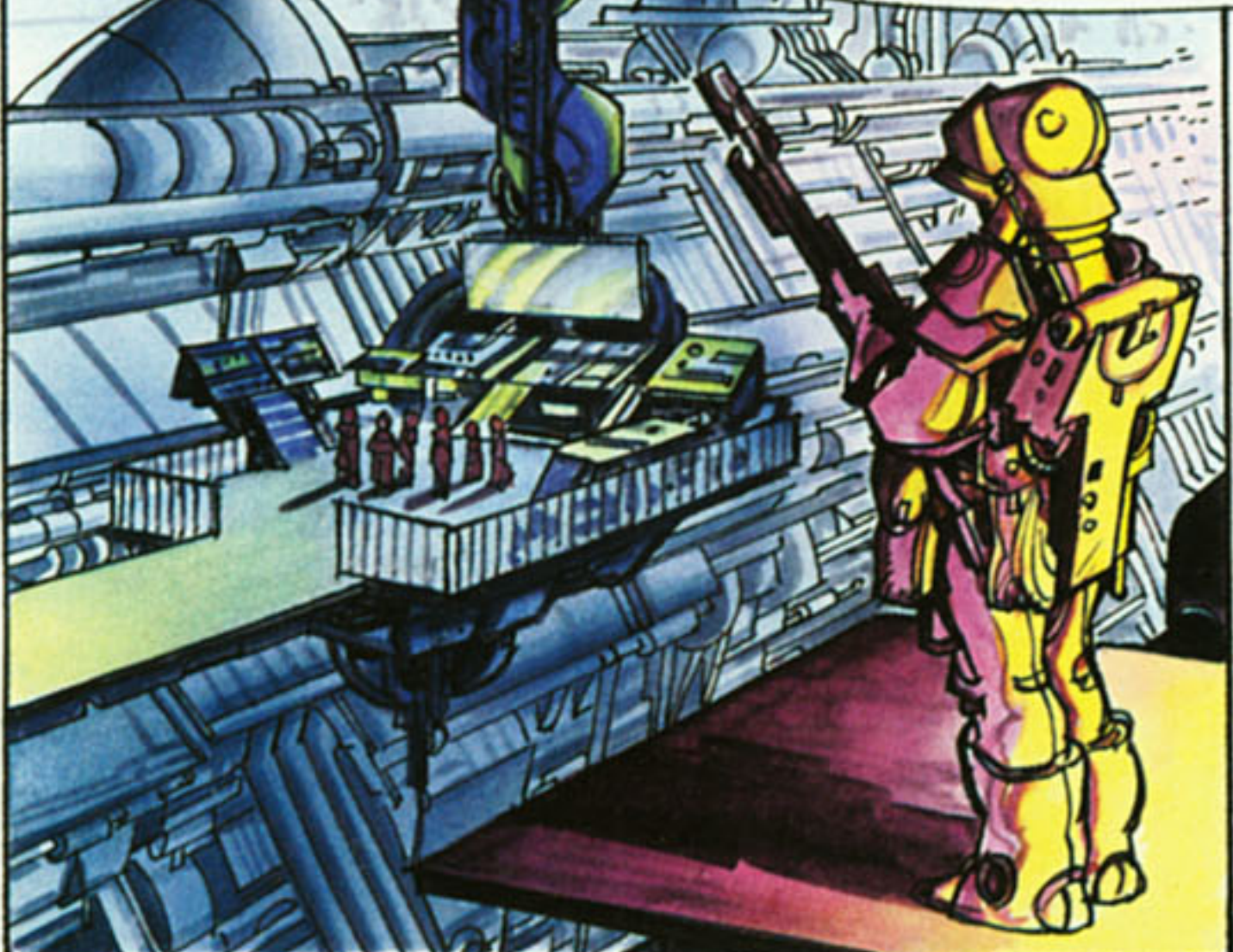
TWO YEARS LATER, AMIDST TANAKA'S INFAMOUS DREADNOUGHT FACTORY

THEN, I WAS A SIMPLE MACHINE. BARELY AWARE...

REMEMBER, RUPP, MY NEEDS ARE SPECIAL. DISTINCT. I FULLY EXPECT THIS... CREATION... TO PERFORM EVERY ONE OF MY WANTS WITHOUT HESITATION.

...THAT I WAS A RICH MAN'S PERSONAL TOY.

JA, OF COURSE. YOUR 'FIANCEE' WILL PERFORM EXACTLY TO SPECIFICATIONS!

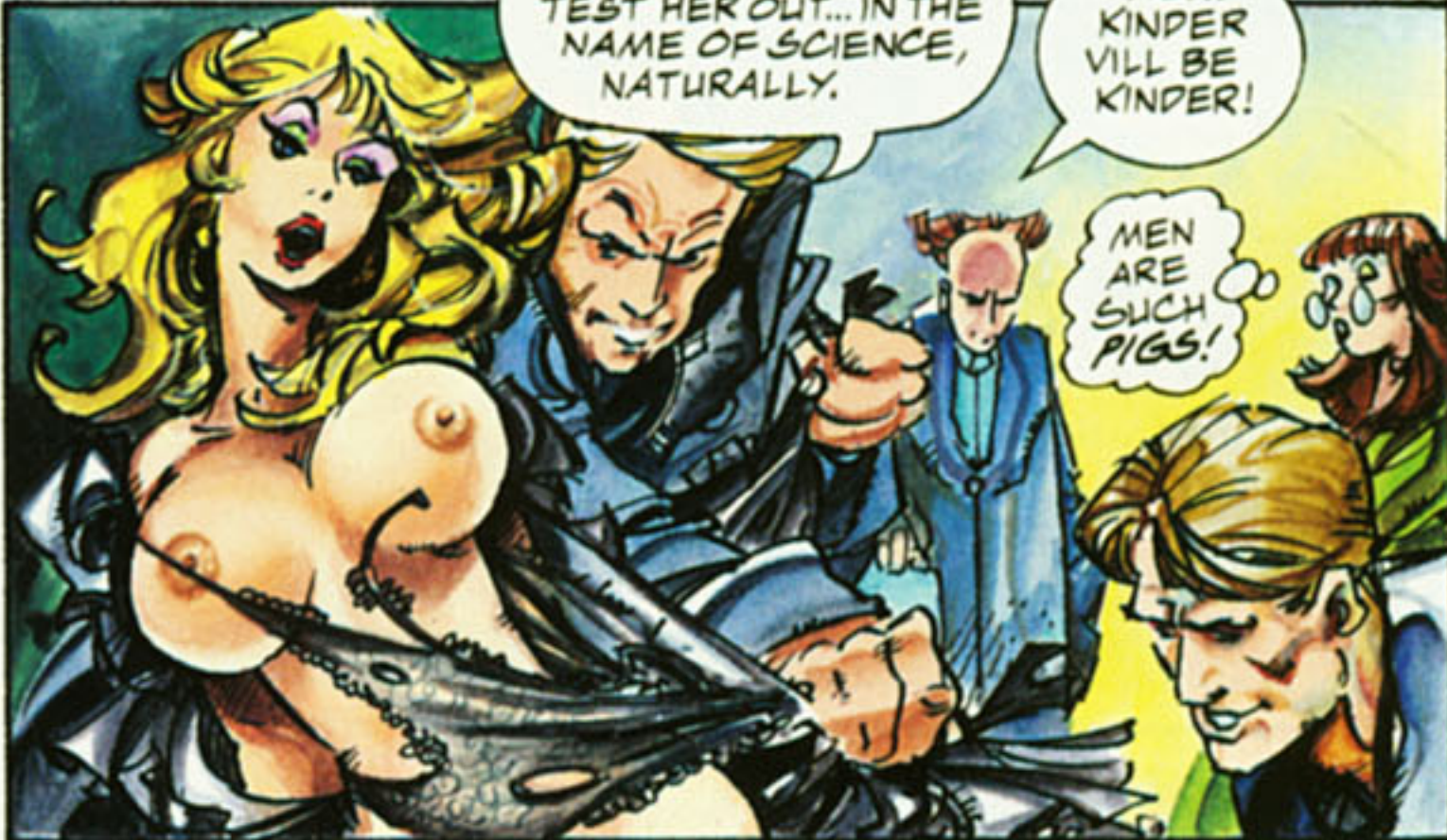


JA! COMPLETELY VUNDERBAR! I WILL TEST HER OUT... IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE, NATURALLY.

ACH! KINDER VILL BE KINDER!

MONTHS LATER...

A TOAST GENTLEMEN! THE ANDROID IS COMPLETE!



MEN ARE SUCH PIGS!

AT THAT MOMENT, MY NEURAL NET PATHWAYS FULLY BOOTED, TURNING ME INTO A SENTIENT, COMPLETELY FUNCTIONAL BEING. AND AS MY FIRST MEMORY UPON COMING INTO THIS WORLD--





... A MEMORY OF BEING TWO-WAYED BY A PAIR OF HORNY TELLTONIC ENGINEERS.

JA!
JAAAA!!



I DISCOVERED THAT I WAS CONSTRUCTED TO PLEASURE OTHERS...

... AND TO RECEIVE PLEASURE!



OH!
OHHH...
YES!!



¡HIC! TO BETHLEHEM STEELE! THE PERFECT ¡HIC! WOMAN!

OH, MY POOR BETH! I NEVER MEANT FOR YOU TO BE USED THIS WAY!



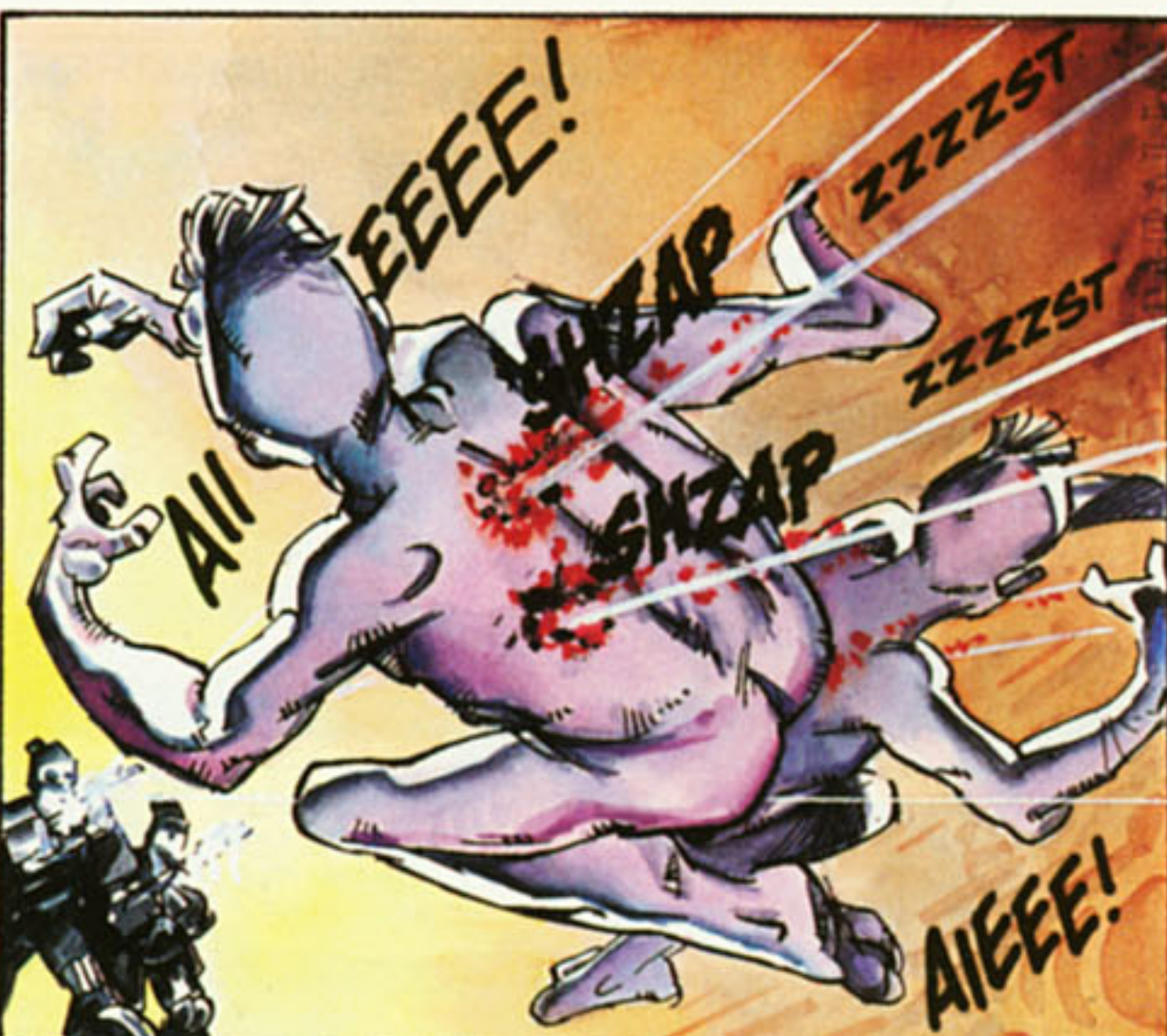
YES... MORE... I MUST HAVE MORE INPUT!

DAMN THAT MECHANICAL BITCH! EVEN BEFORE SHE IS FINISHED, SHE HAS BETRAYED ME!



FOUL BETRAYERS!
TIME TO PAY FOR
YOUR BASE
INSTINCTS!

GENTLEMEN,
DEAL WITH
THIS...
REFUSE.



AH, MY DEAR. I'M
SURE IT WAS ALL THEIR
FAULT AND YOU DIDN'T
ENJOY A MOMENT OF
IT.



SHOW ME YOUR
DISAPPROVAL BY
KILLING THE MAN
WHO BUILT YOU.



TO FINISH MY PUNISHMENT,
WE MADE SADISTIC LOVE
ABOVE THE STILL-WARM
BODY OF RUPP, HIS CHEST
SMOKING FROM A HOLE I
HAD JUST DRILLED INTO IT.

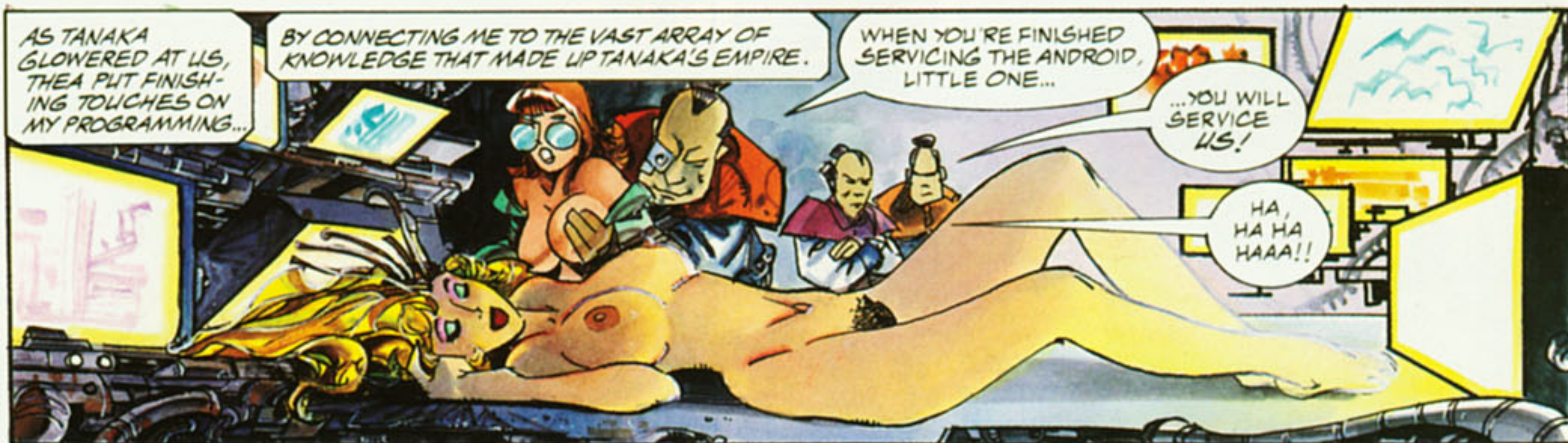


I ALMOST EXPECTED
BETRAYAL FROM THESE
FOOLS! BUT YOU, THEA!

LORD TANAKA...
I TRIED TO--

YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREAT-
MENT IF YOU DON'T PROGRAM MY
ANDROID SO THAT ONLY I CAN
GIVE HER PLEASURE-- THAT ANY-
ONE ELSE EVEN ATTEMPTING
TO HAVE SEX WITH HER WITHOUT
MY PERMISSION IS TO BE
INSTANTLY EXECUTED...

...BY
HER OWN
HAND!



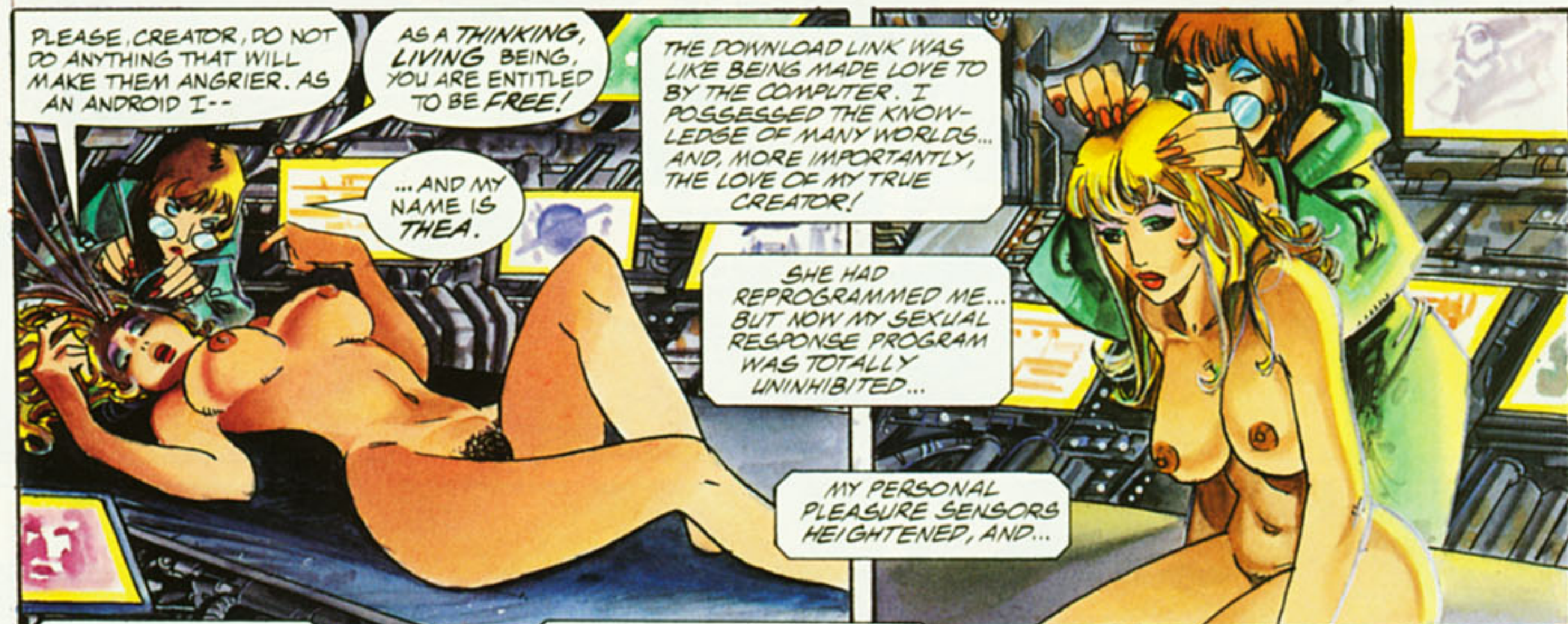
AS TANAKA GLOWERED AT US, THEA PUT FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY PROGRAMMING...

BY CONNECTING ME TO THE VAST ARRAY OF KNOWLEDGE THAT MADE UP TANAKA'S EMPIRE.

WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED SERVICING THE ANDROID, LITTLE ONE...

...YOU WILL SERVICE US!

HA, HA HA HAAA!!



PLEASE, CREATOR, DO NOT DO ANYTHING THAT WILL MAKE THEM ANGRIER. AS AN ANDROID I--

AS A THINKING, LIVING BEING, YOU ARE ENTITLED TO BE FREE!

THE DOWNLOAD LINK WAS LIKE BEING MADE LOVE TO BY THE COMPUTER. I POSSESSED THE KNOWLEDGE OF MANY WORLDS... AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, THE LOVE OF MY TRUE CREATOR!

...AND MY NAME IS THEA.

SHE HAD REPROGRAMMED ME... BUT NOW MY SEXUAL RESPONSE PROGRAM WAS TOTALLY UNINHIBITED...

MY PERSONAL PLEASURE SENSORS HEIGHTENED, AND...



SHE HAD ERASED MY TANAKA-LOYALTY SUB-PROGRAM.

I WAS TRULY FREE.

WHAT ARE YOU TWO WENCHES DOING--



MY SECOND AND THIRD KILLING WAS EASIER THAN MY FIRST!

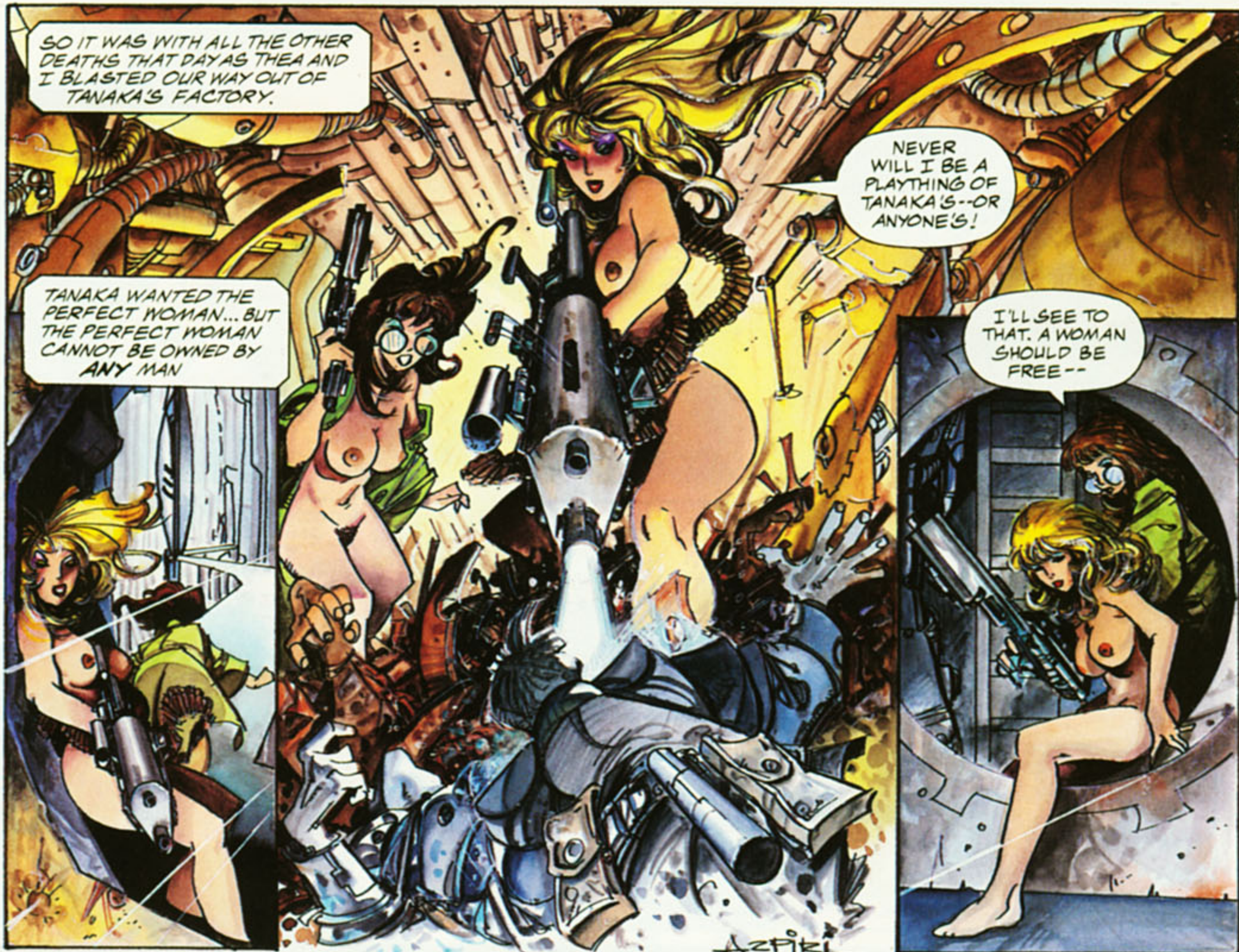
STOP, GIRL! I COMMAND IT!



WHUFF!

THUNKA!

YOU'RE A VERY SICK MAN!



SO IT WAS WITH ALL THE OTHER DEATHS THAT DAY AS THEA AND I BLASTED OUR WAY OUT OF TANAKA'S FACTORY.

TANAKA WANTED THE PERFECT WOMAN... BUT THE PERFECT WOMAN CANNOT BE OWNED BY ANY MAN

NEVER WILL I BE A PLAYTHING OF TANAKA'S--OR ANYONE'S!

I'LL SEE TO THAT. A WOMAN SHOULD BE FREE--

AZPILI



--FREE TO LOVE ANYONE SHE WANTS.

HOLD ON!!

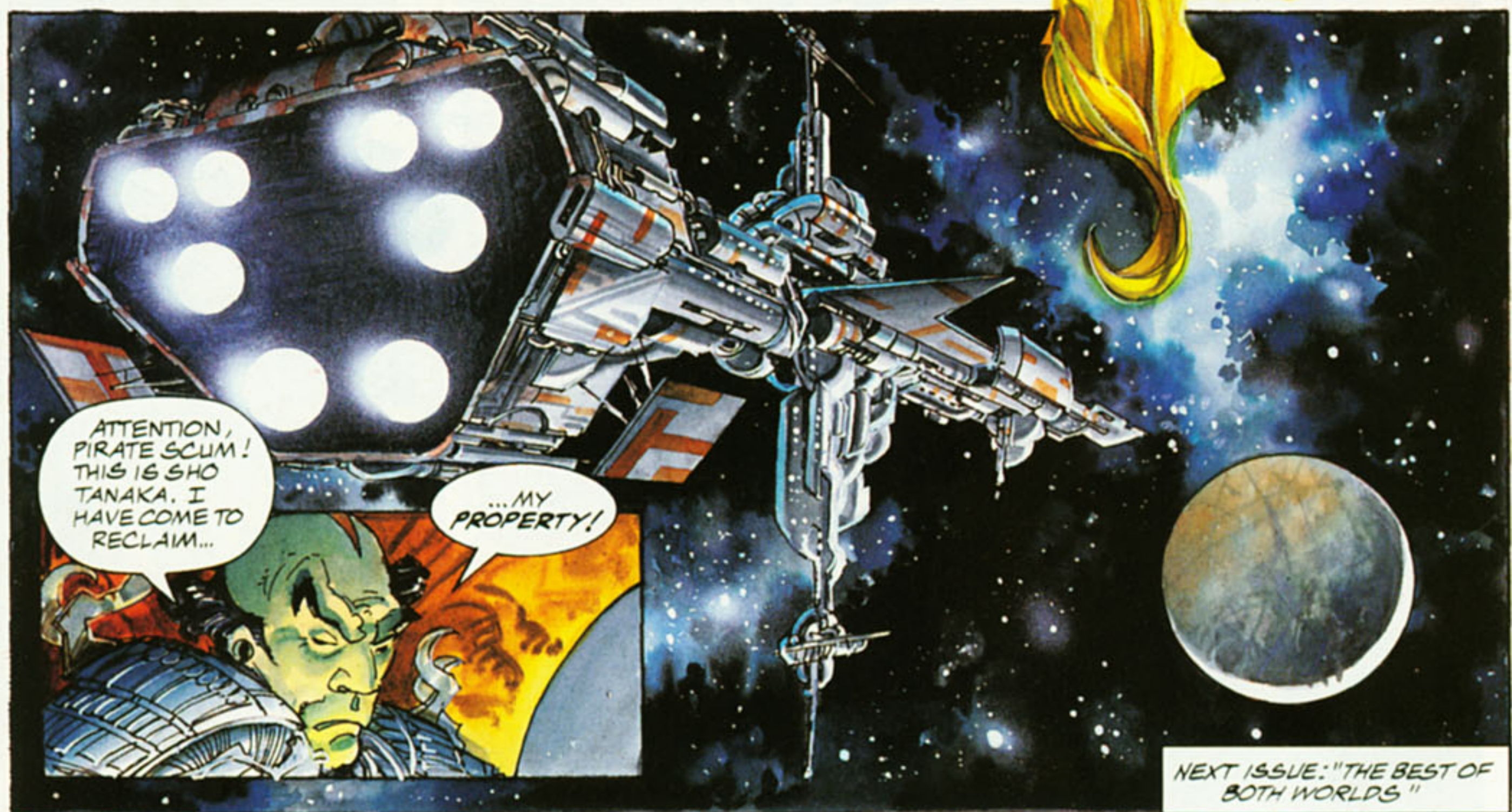
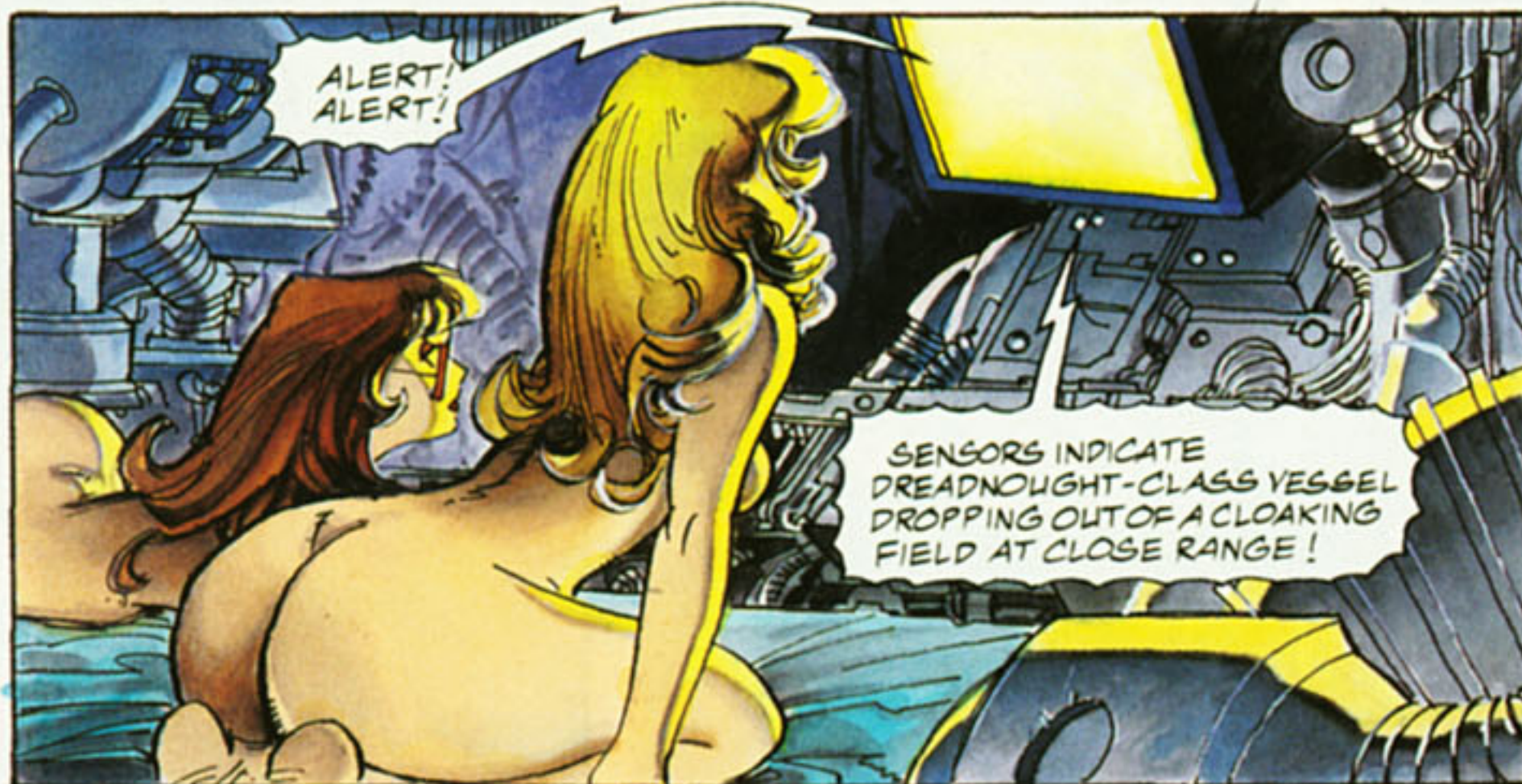
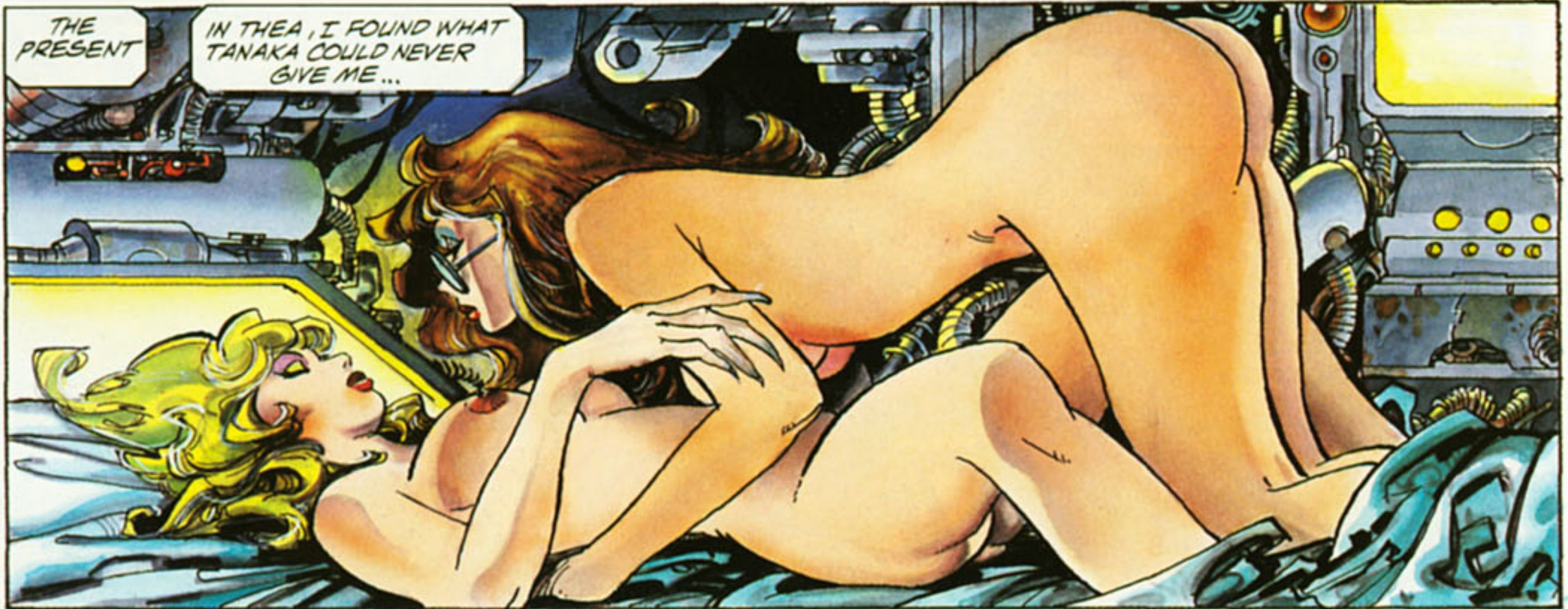
OH, I WILL!

I MEAN, HOLD ONTO YOUR SEAT BECAUSE I DELAYED OUR PURSUERS...

...BY TAPPING INTO THE FACTORY COMPUTER AND ORDERING IT...

...TO SELF DESTRUCT!





O N E M A N ' S O P I N I O N

B Y G E O R G E C A R A G O N N E



First, a note to the readers of this column. The views expressed here are mine and mine alone. They are not Penthouse corporate policy, they are not necessarily shared by the artists and others who work on this book. I make no "litmus test" for people who work on or read Penthouse Comix. I do not need (or even want) everyone to agree with me. I want the best people working on my book, and many of these people have deeply held opinions that differ from my own. That's why my column is called "One Man's Opinion." This book is about freedom to do what you want, say what you want, and think what you want. The real problem with the political correctness that I rail against in every issue is that it seeks to stifle all expression of dissenting opinion with a mask of outrage that anyone would dare to speak against its dogma. The politically correct person seeks to silence all who disagree with him by saying that they are "offensive," "insensitive," "racist," "sexist," "homophobic," and a thousand other names without ever addressing the argument. Name-calling replaces debate.

I welcome differing opinions. From time to time, I'll be stepping down from my soapbox to let other men—or women!—write guest columns in this space.

But not this month. This month I'm pig-biting mad....

This magazine has been banned in Canada. To understand this, you need to understand how censorship in Canada works. Canadian censors have very loosely defined "guidelines" for what constitutes illegal material. These guidelines are interpreted by individual censors in Ottawa. Canadian censorship doesn't work on precedent (as British Customs works, for example) or local standards (as most of the free world), but entirely on the whim of the individual censors on

that particular day, with no appeal to another authority in time to publish, and no input from the public (and since the Canadian censors are not elected officials, they are not answerable to the Canadian people). What's allowed one day may be banned the next. Unlike the United States, Canada has no First Amendment protection of freedom of speech. The people of Canada only get to read, see, and think what the Canadian government allows them to read, see, and think.

As you may know, *Penthouse* magazine and other adult mags published by *Penthouse* (*Forum*, *Variations*, *Hot Talk*, and *Penthouse Comix*, to name but a few) are exported to Canada. We at *Penthouse Comix* actually did our best to follow the Canadian guidelines. I submitted a dummy copy of *Penthouse Comix* No. 2 to our legal department. We complied with the Canadian procedures for clearance and submitted a copy to Canadian Customs, as per their laws. One week before the book shipped, Canadian Customs informed us that whole pages would have to be removed in order for it to be allowed to cross the border into Canada. *Penthouse Comix* No. 1 made it past the censors. *Penthouse Comix* No. 2, which contains the exact same kind of material, was banned.

All of this lead me to the decision that *Penthouse Comix* would be published without a single panel being censored. If the Canadian government seizes them, the world will stand witness. I believe that you cannot bargain with intellectual terrorists.

Penthouse Comix is distributed freely in Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Spain, Australia, New Zealand, and even in former Iron Curtain countries like (East) Germany.

Thus far, it is only banned by one government.

**BANNED
IN CANADA!**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

Only the Canadian government feels the need to treat its citizens like children, stepping into their private lives and deciding what is permitted and what is banned. Thousands of Canadians who bought *Penthouse Comix* No.1 and enjoyed it are being denied the right to read the magazine again. If people don't like this book, they don't have to buy it, but I believe with every fiber of my being that, as adults, Canadians should have the right to make that choice themselves, without Big Brother looking over their shoulder and without fear of seizure.

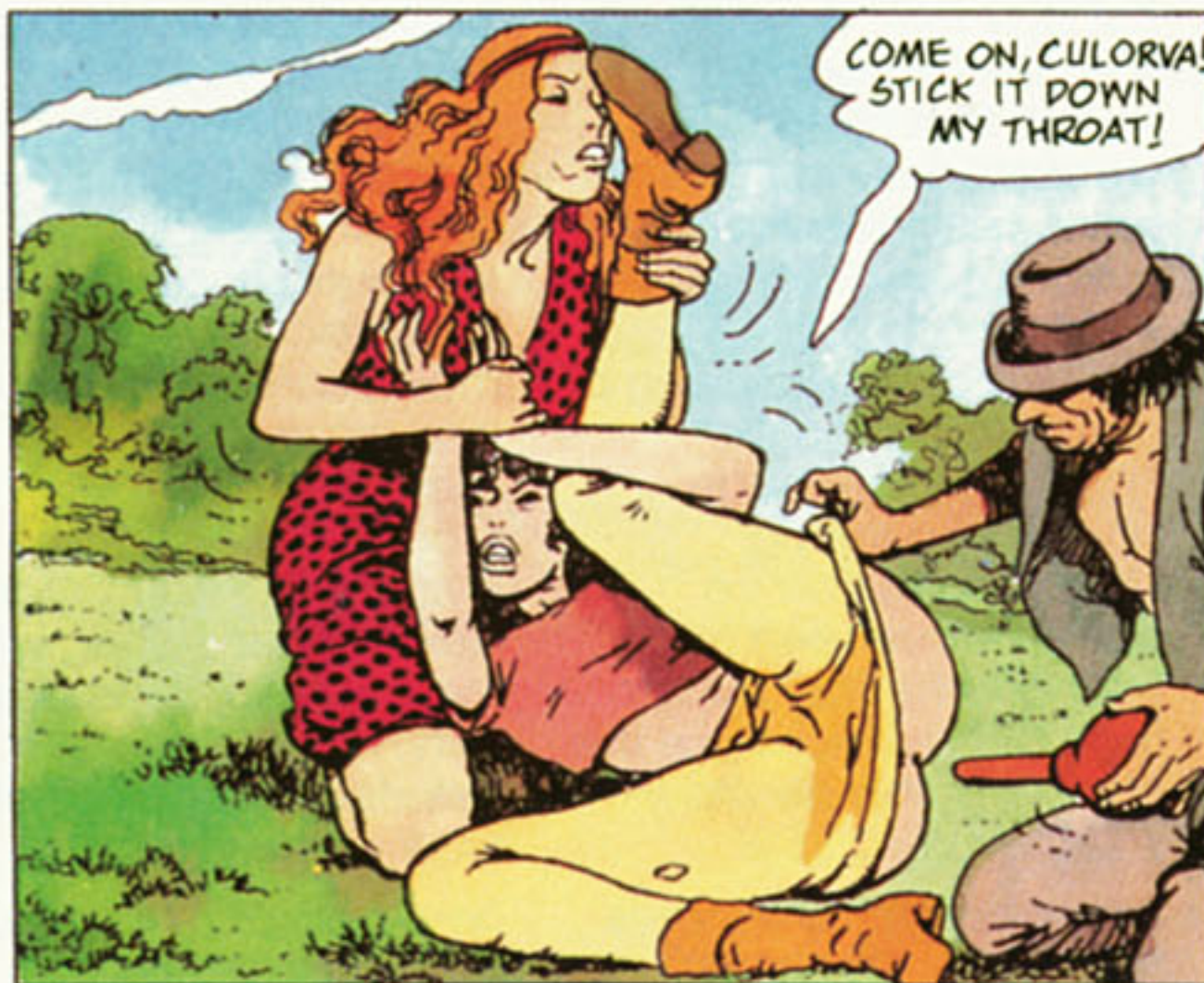
To any Canadian citizen who gets a hold of this book and reads it, please do not take my comments as being negative toward the Canadian people. I feel nothing but fondness for the country that gave us William Shatner! I hope that one day you will take action to secure your own free-

dom—not just to read my magazine, but to read whatever you want.

To quote Captain James T. Kirk, freedom is... "not just for the chiefs or the kings or the warriors or the rich or the powerful, but *for all the people!* It must apply to *everyone!* Or it means *nothing!*"

On this and the following pages, I present the images that got *Penthouse Comix* No. 2 banned in Canada. Are these panels such a threat, are they so obscene, so dangerous, are its citizens so incapable of making their own decisions, that a government must censor them?

You be the judge.

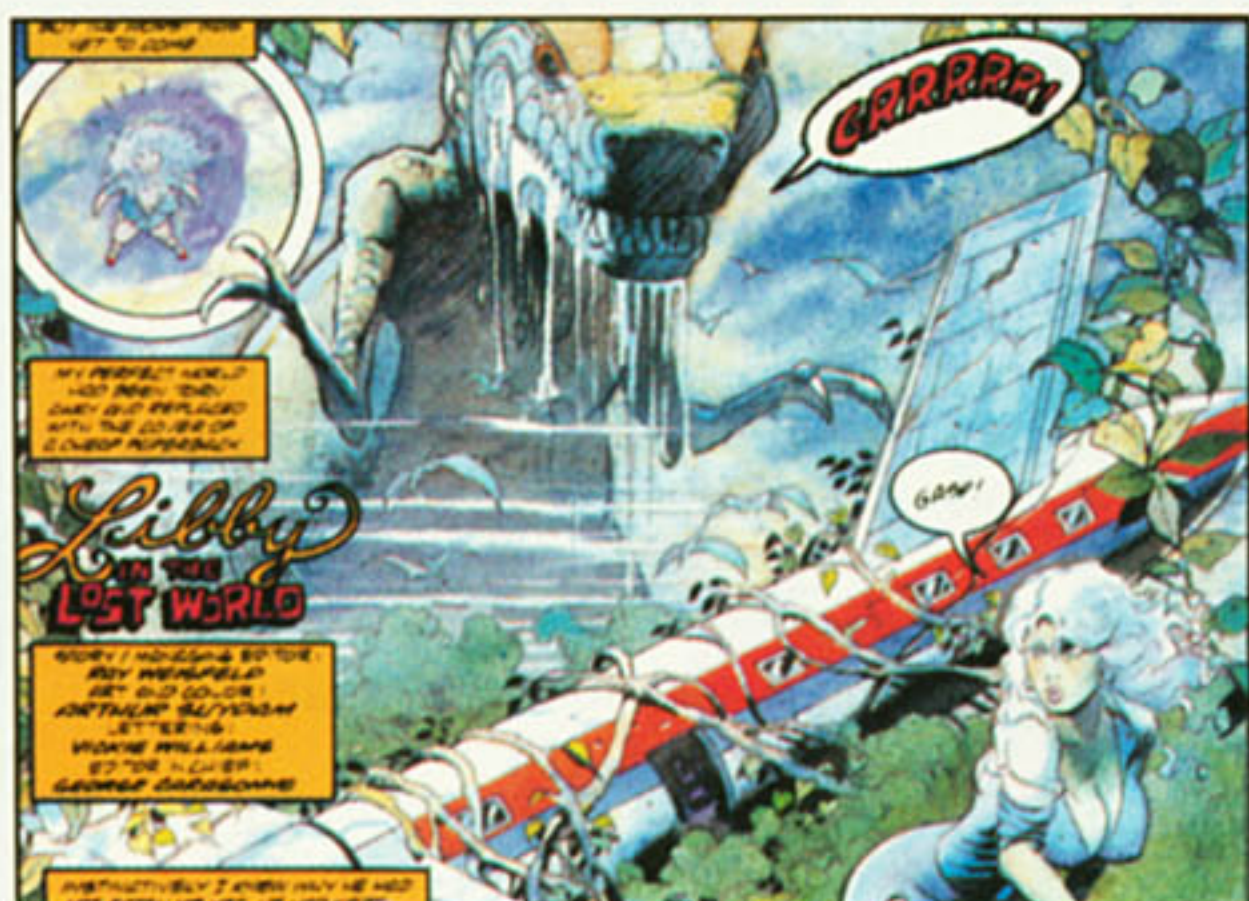


CANADIAN CENSORS BAN THIS AS "DEPICTION OF SEXUAL ASSAULT"
Looks like a woman *defending* herself from assault to me! I guess that's out-of-bounds north of the border!

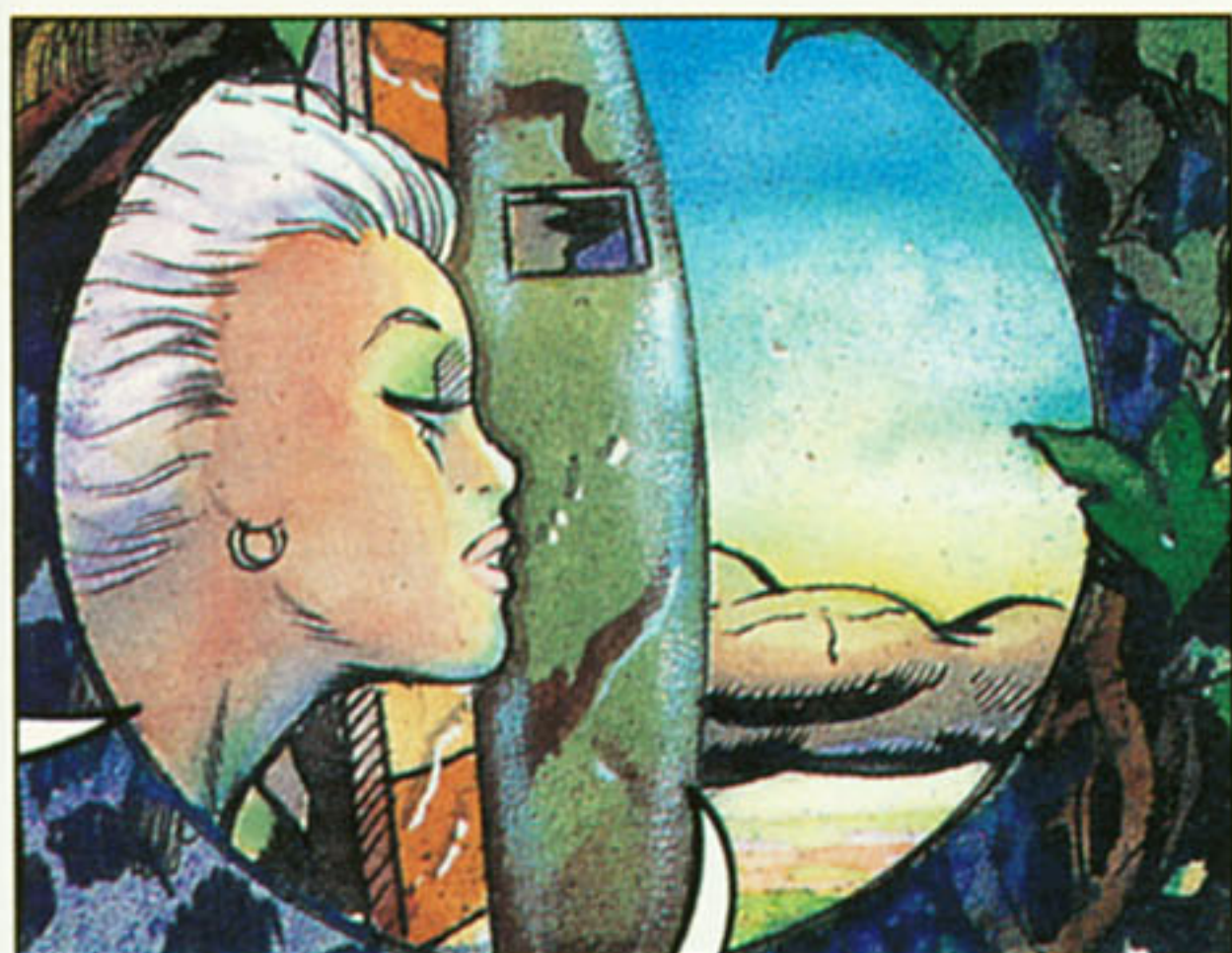
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

Libby IN THE LOST WORLD

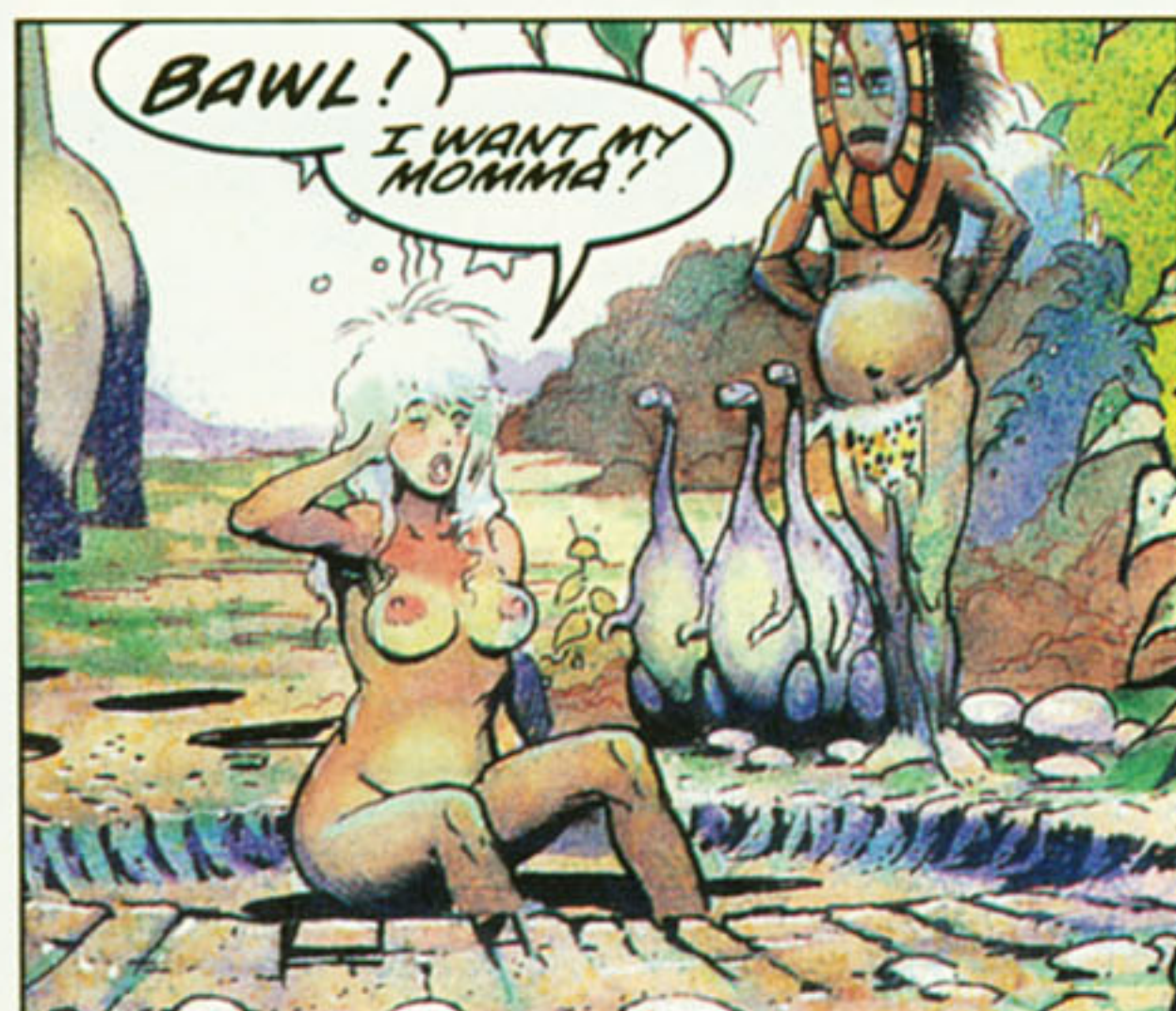
EPISODE 3: SPRING FEVER



Libby Eisenberg, a hard-as-nails New York princess with attitude, was on her way to her glorious wedding with a rich Arab sugar daddy when she crash-landed in a prehistoric jungle that time forgot. Now, instead of being oppressed by male aggression, she's being hunted by 30-foot reptiles with big, sharp teeth.

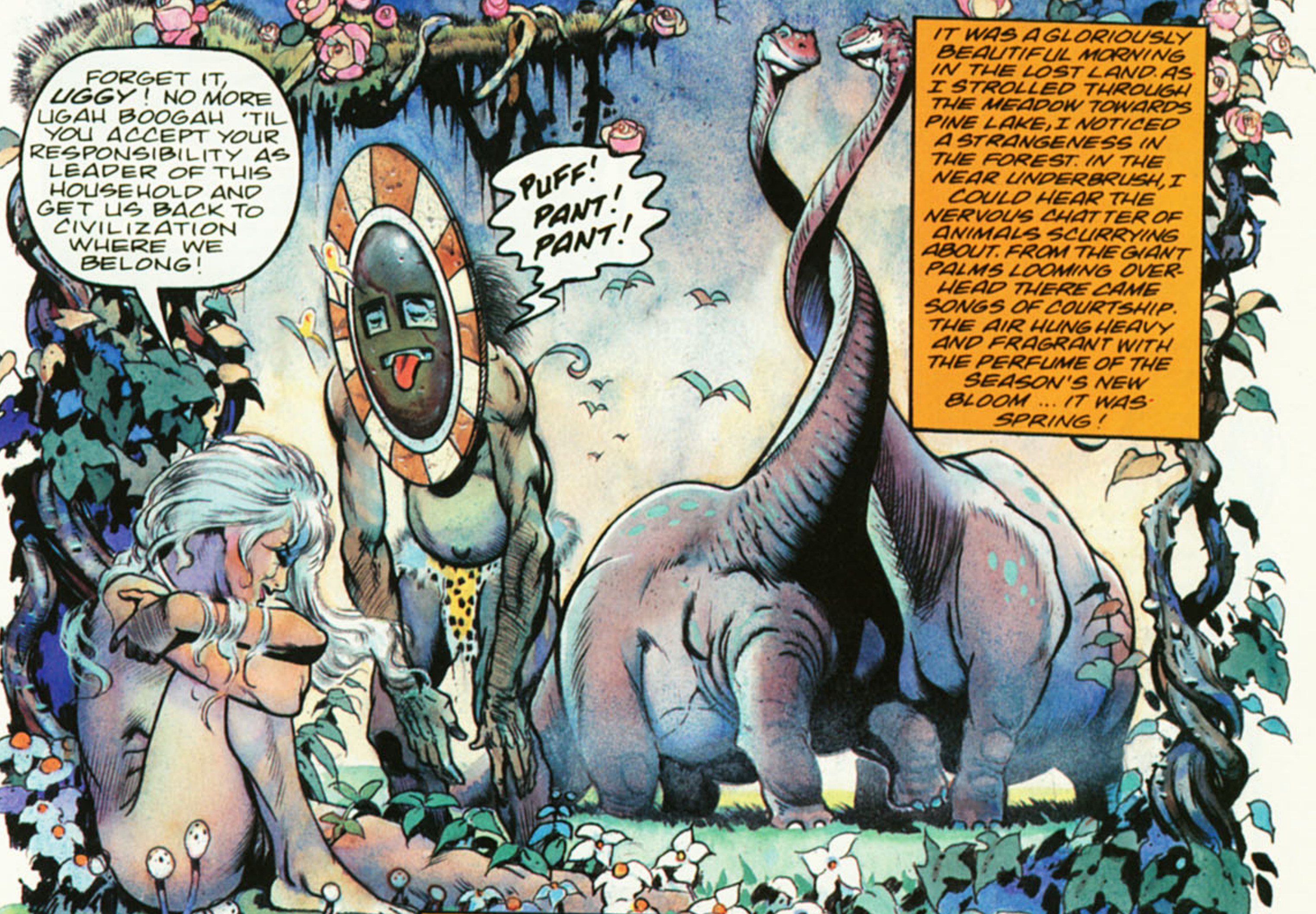
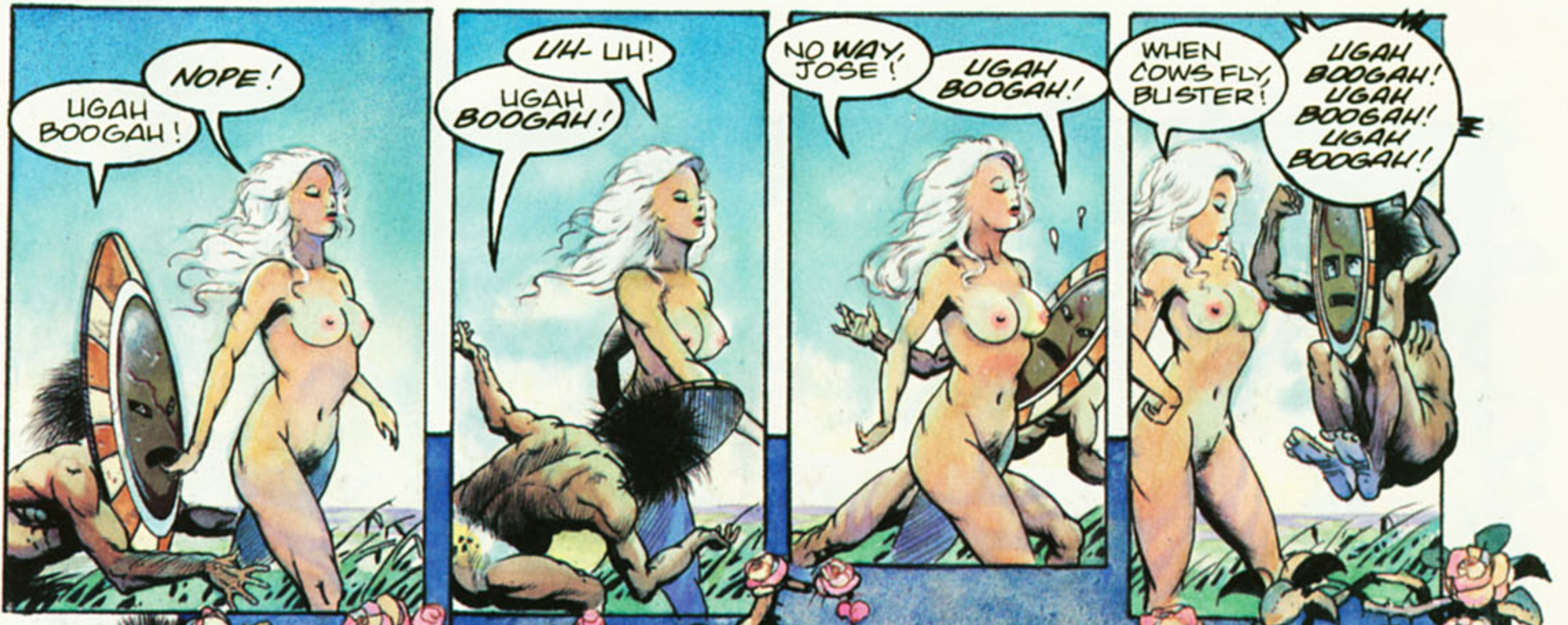


But, as noted above, Libby's a tough babe. She ends up being hailed as living goddess by a tribe of cavemen, led by her new live-in boyfriend, the Stone Age mastermind, Ugah Boogah (whom she still hasn't seen without his mask).



At this point things have gotten so bad for poor Libby (I mean, *you* try living in a neighborhood without a decent deli) that she's willing to do *anything* to get home. Actually, the only thing she's willing to do is make Ugah's life a living hell until *he* figures out what to do (and he's still working on making her a hair dryer of stone knives and bearskins).

STORY: Arthur Suydam and Ray Weisfeld **ART:** Arthur Suydam **LETTERS:** Vickie Williams

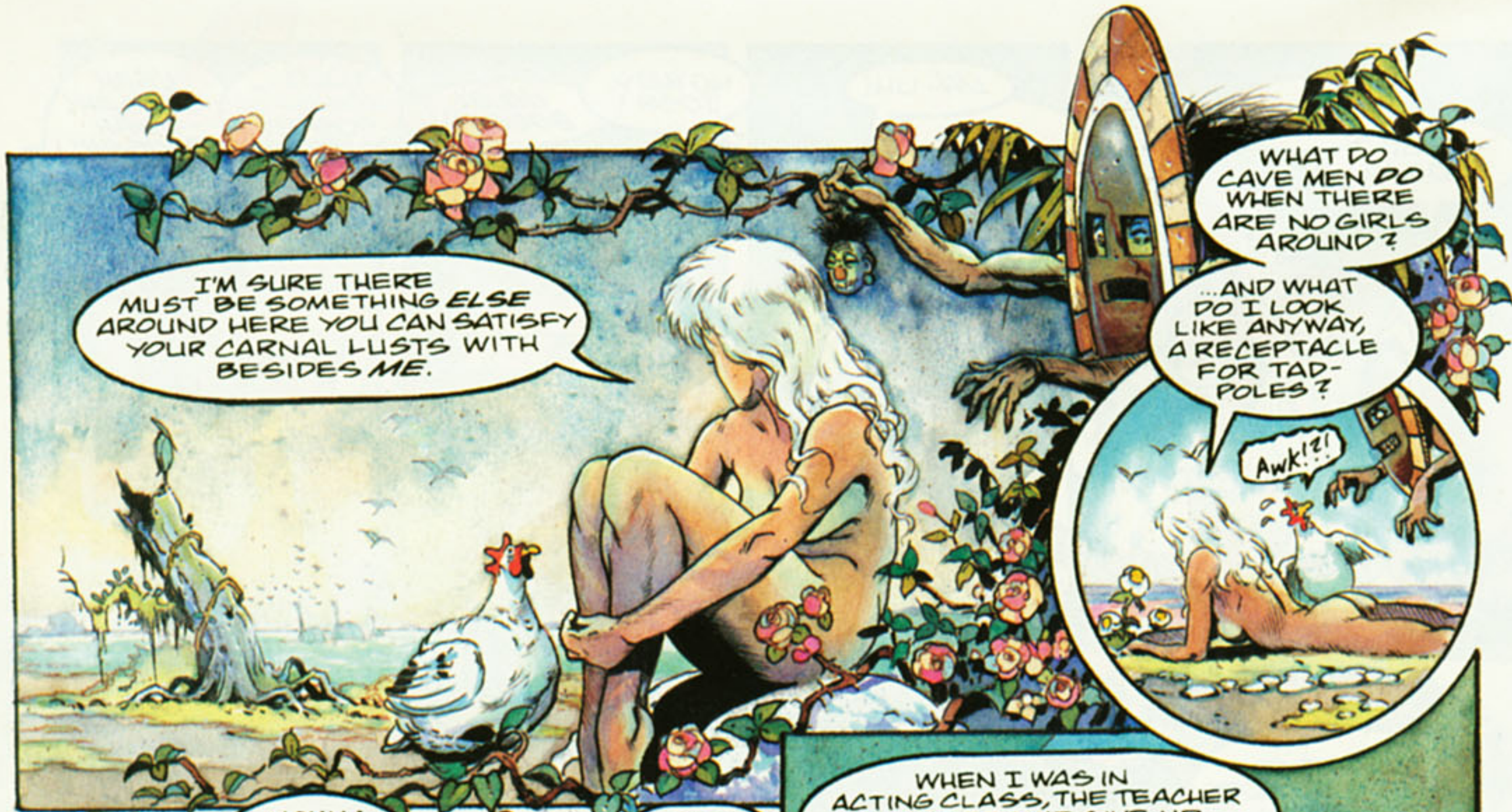


FORGET IT, UGGY! NO MORE LIGAH BOOGAH 'TIL YOU ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AS LEADER OF THIS HOUSEHOLD AND GET US BACK TO CIVILIZATION WHERE WE BELONG!

PUFF!
PANT!
PANT!

IT WAS A GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL MORNING IN THE LOST LAND. AS I STROLLED THROUGH THE MEADOW TOWARDS PINE LAKE, I NOTICED A STRANGENESS IN THE FOREST. IN THE NEAR UNDERBRUSH, I COULD HEAR THE NERVOUS CHATTER OF ANIMALS SCURRYING ABOUT. FROM THE GIANT PALMS LOOMING OVERHEAD THERE CAME SONGS OF COURTSHIP. THE AIR HUNG HEAVY AND FRAGRANT WITH THE PERFUME OF THE SEASON'S NEW BLOOM ... IT WAS SPRING!

BUT THOUGH NATURE'S SPLENDOR STOOD ALL ABOUT ME, MY HEART FELT ONLY SADNESS. WITH EACH PASSING DAY MY FRUSTRATION GREW DEEPER. I COULD NOT ACCEPT THAT I WOULD BE SPENDING THE REST OF MY DAYS IN THE LOST LAND. DESPITE THE ENTHUSIASM OF MY LOVER, I COULD NOT FIND IT IN MYSELF TO HEED NATURE'S CALL.

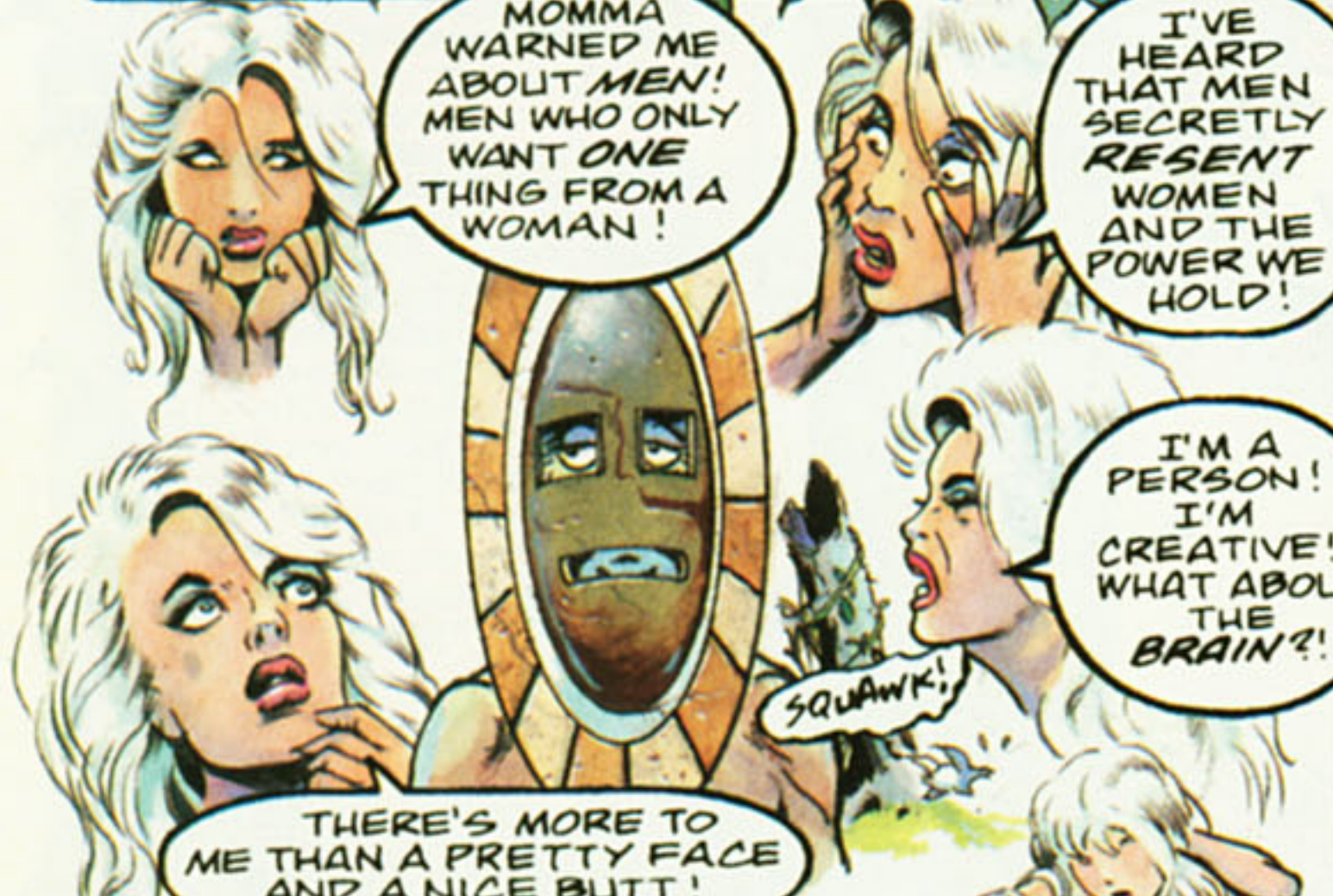


I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE AROUND HERE YOU CAN SATISFY YOUR CARNAL LUSTS WITH BESIDES ME.

WHAT DO CAVE MEN DO WHEN THERE ARE NO GIRLS AROUND?

...AND WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE ANYWAY, A RECEPTACLE FOR TAD-POLES?

Awk!?!



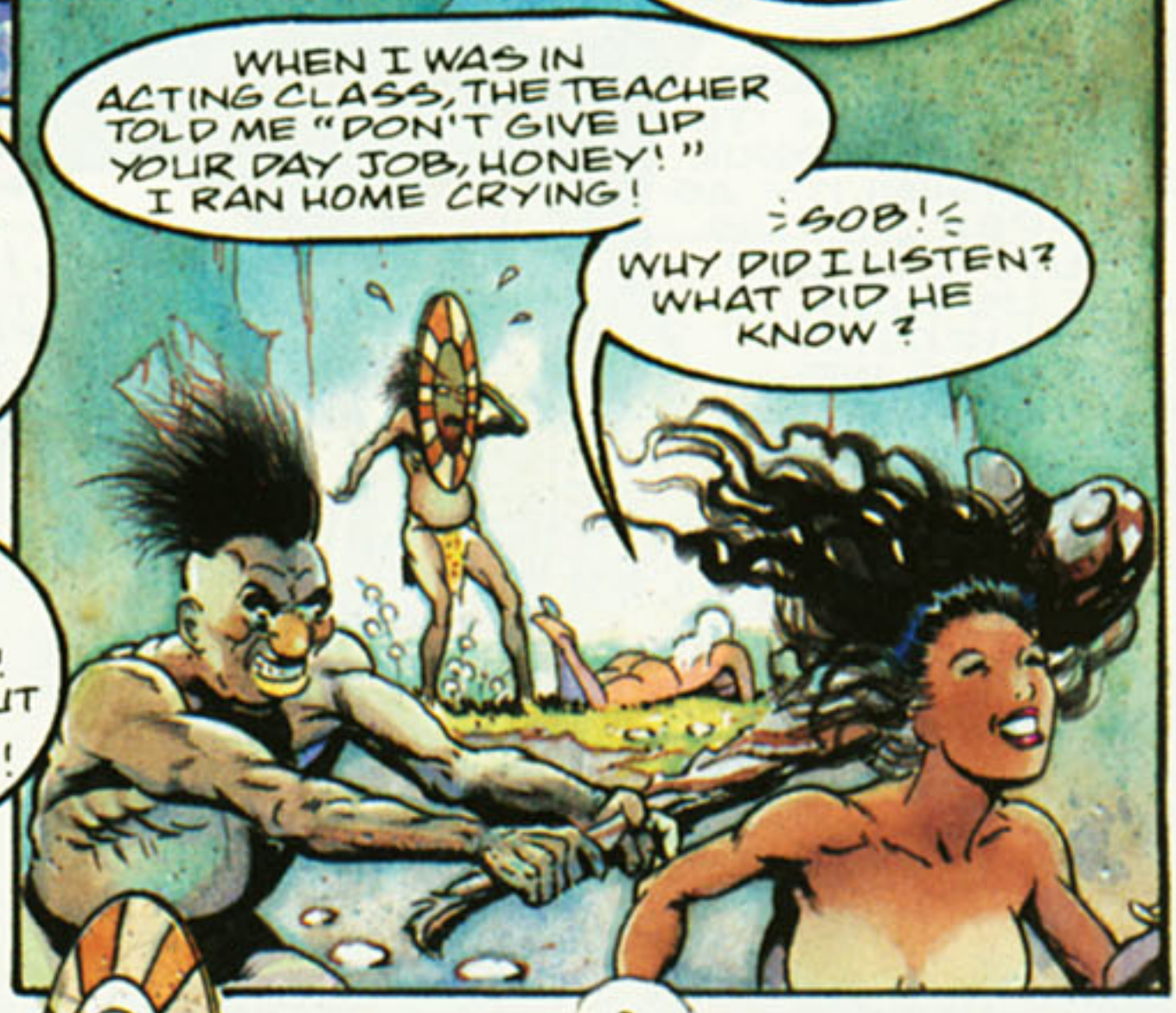
MOMMA WARNED ME ABOUT MEN! MEN WHO ONLY WANT ONE THING FROM A WOMAN!

I'VE HEARD THAT MEN SECRETLY RESENT WOMEN AND THE POWER WE HOLD!

I'M A PERSON! I'M CREATIVE! WHAT ABOUT THE BRAIN?!!

SQUAWK!

THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN A PRETTY FACE AND A NICE BUTT!



WHEN I WAS IN ACTING CLASS, THE TEACHER TOLD ME "DON'T GIVE UP YOUR DAY JOB, HONEY!" I RAN HOME CRYING!

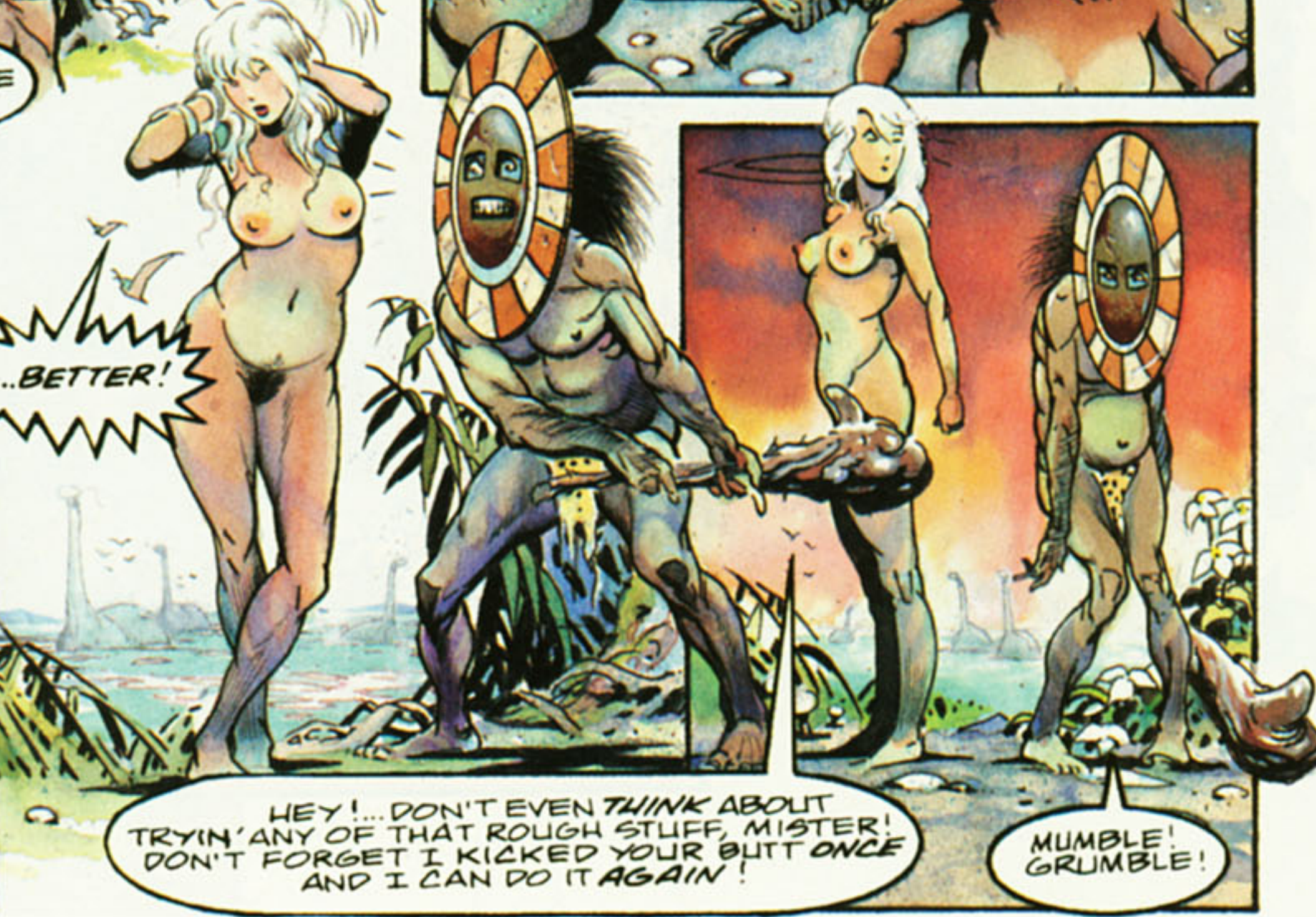
SOB! WHY DID I LISTEN? WHAT DID HE KNOW?



I HAVE TALENT! I COULD BE FAMOUS!

I SAW "WHEN HARRY MET SALLY"! THAT SHIKSA MEG RYAN AIN'T SO HOT! I COULD HAVE PLAYED THAT PART JUST AS GOOD AS HER.

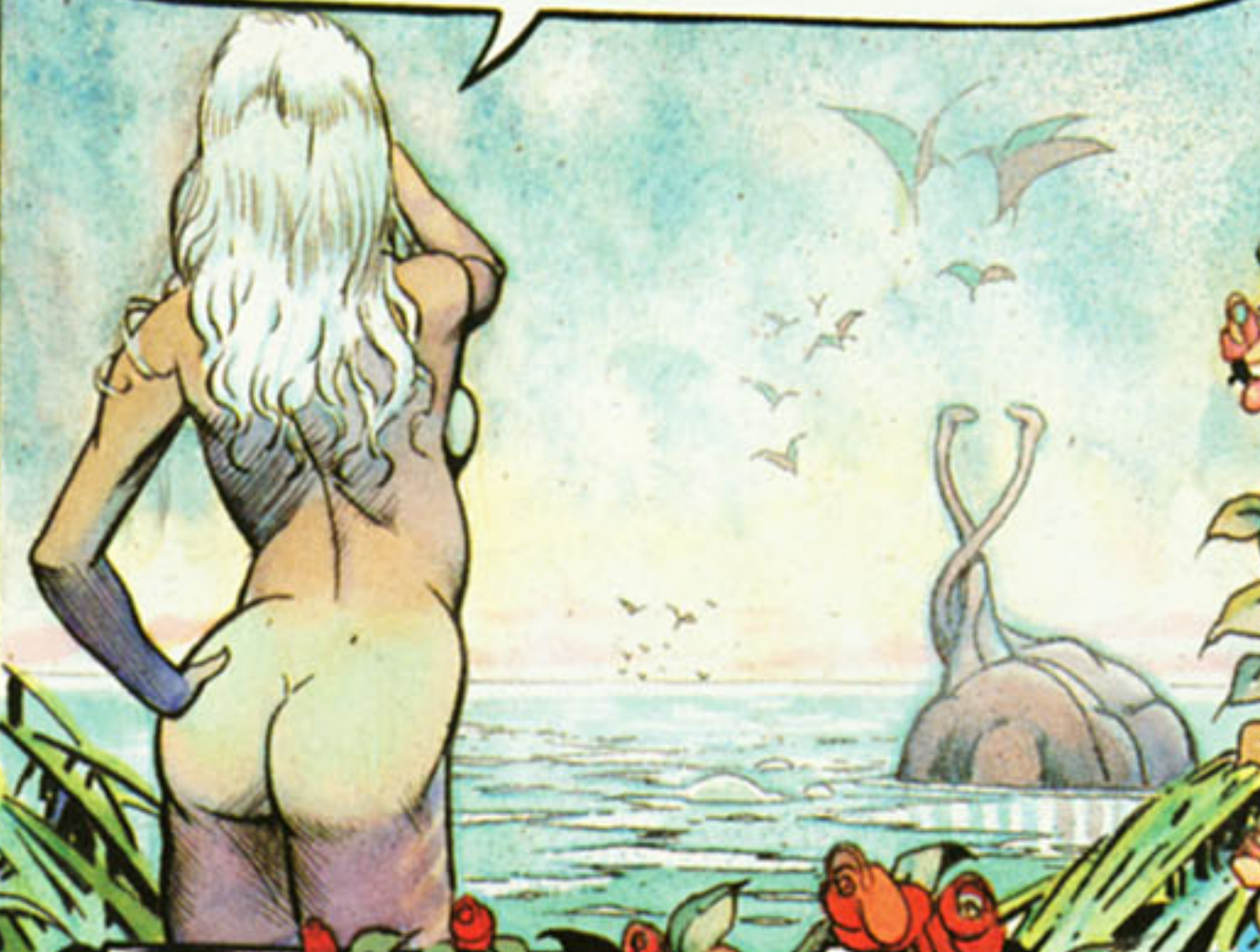
...BETTER!



HEY!...DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT TRYIN' ANY OF THAT ROUGH STUFF, MISTER! DON'T FORGET I KICKED YOUR BUTT ONCE AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

MUMBLE! GRUMBLE!

I MEAN...YOU MAY BE KNOWN AS THE THOMAS EDISON OF THE TOMAHAWK AROUND THE CAMPFIRE WITH YOUR DRINKING BUDDIES, UGAH BOOGAH, BUT LET'S FACE IT. UNDERNEATH IT ALL YOU ARE A M-A-N WHO WILL CHASE ANYTHING WITH A HOLE IN IT!



SO... BEFORE THIS COURT PASSES JUDGMENT, DOES THE DEFENDANT HAVE ANYTHING HE WISHES TO SAY ON HIS OWN BEHALF? ANY PLEA FOR MERCY? ANY...

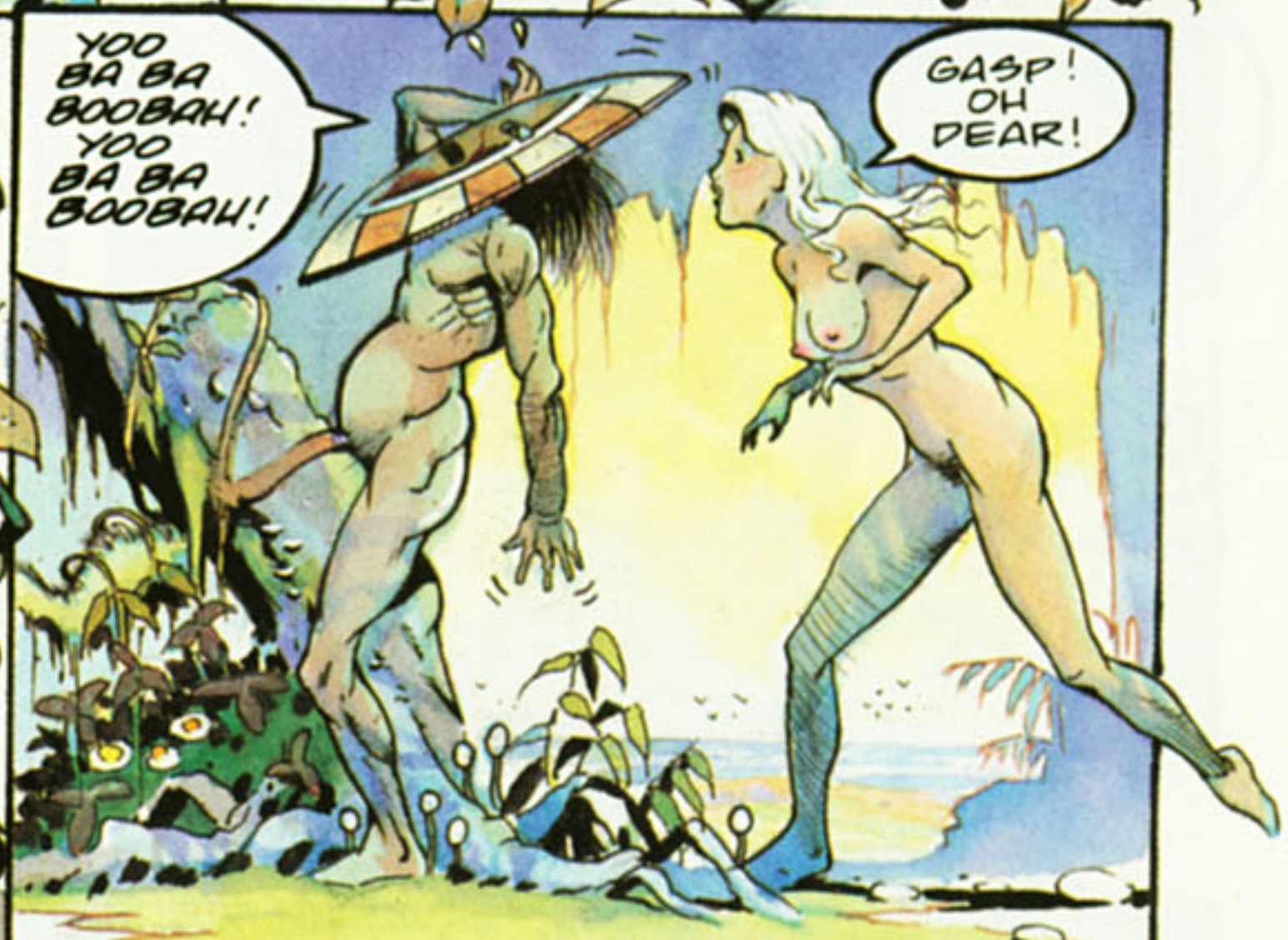


YOO BA BA BOOBAH!
YOO BA BA BOOBAH!

?!!

YOO BA BA BOOBAH!
YOO BA BA BOOBAH!

GASP!
OH DEAR!



whine!
whimper!

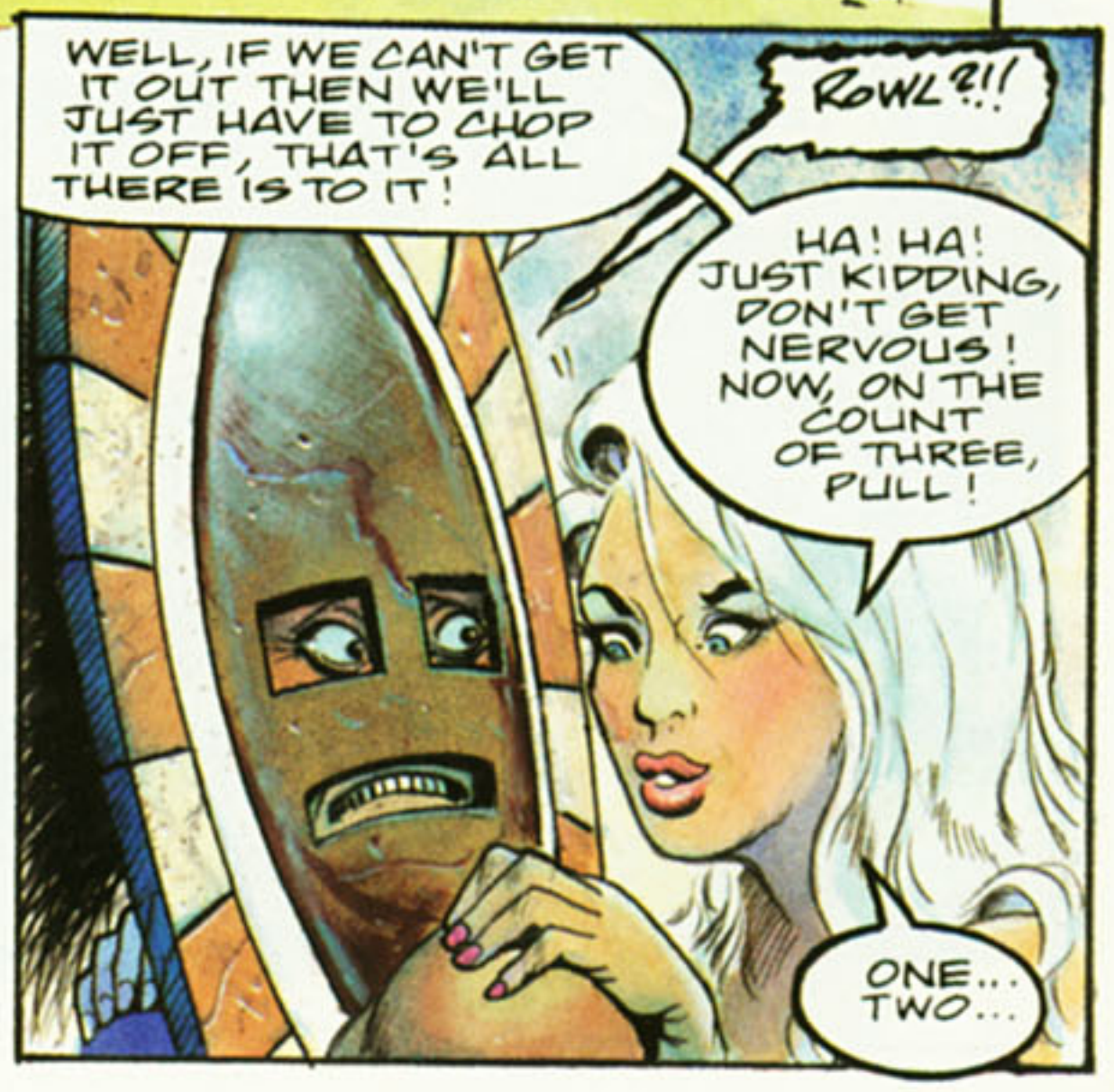
WELL, IF WE CAN'T GET IT OUT THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CHOP IT OFF, THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

ROWL?!!

HA! HA!
JUST KIDDING,
DON'T GET NERVOUS!
NOW, ON THE COUNT OF THREE, PULL!

WELL... OF ALL THE... FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO NOW?

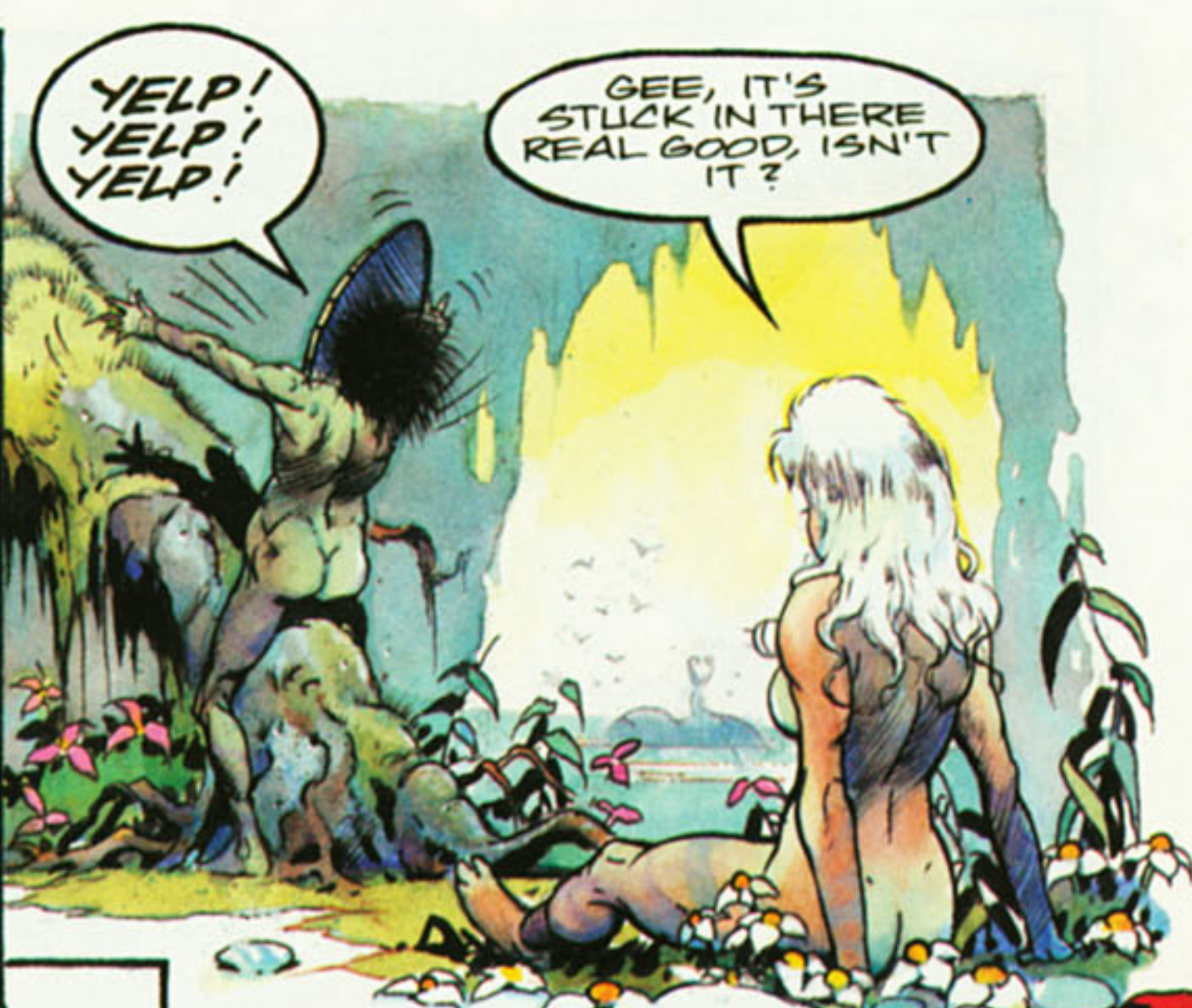
ONE... TWO...





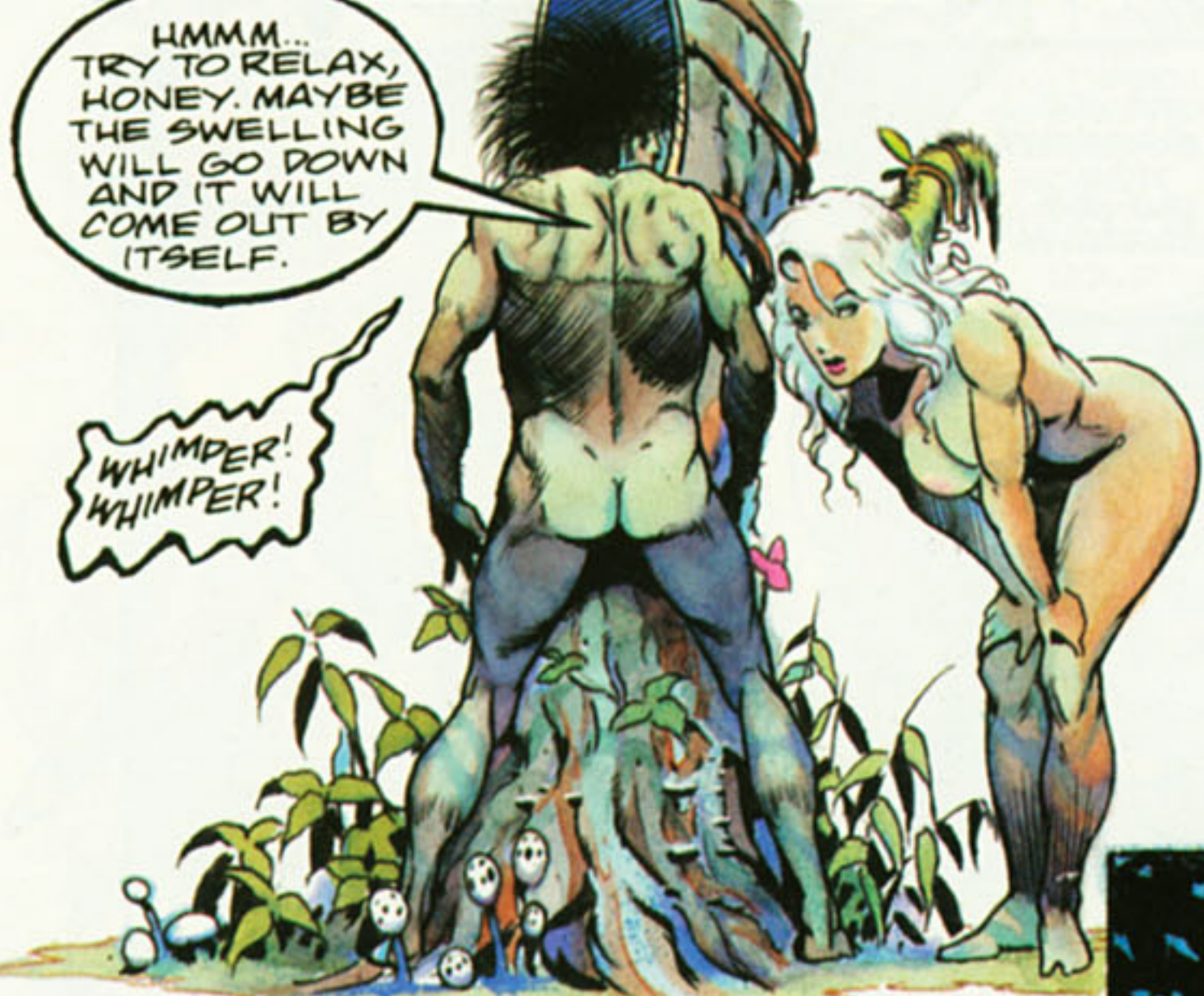
...THREE!

GAK!
YANK!



YELP!
YELP!
YELP!

GEE, IT'S
STUCK IN THERE
REAL GOOD, ISN'T
IT?

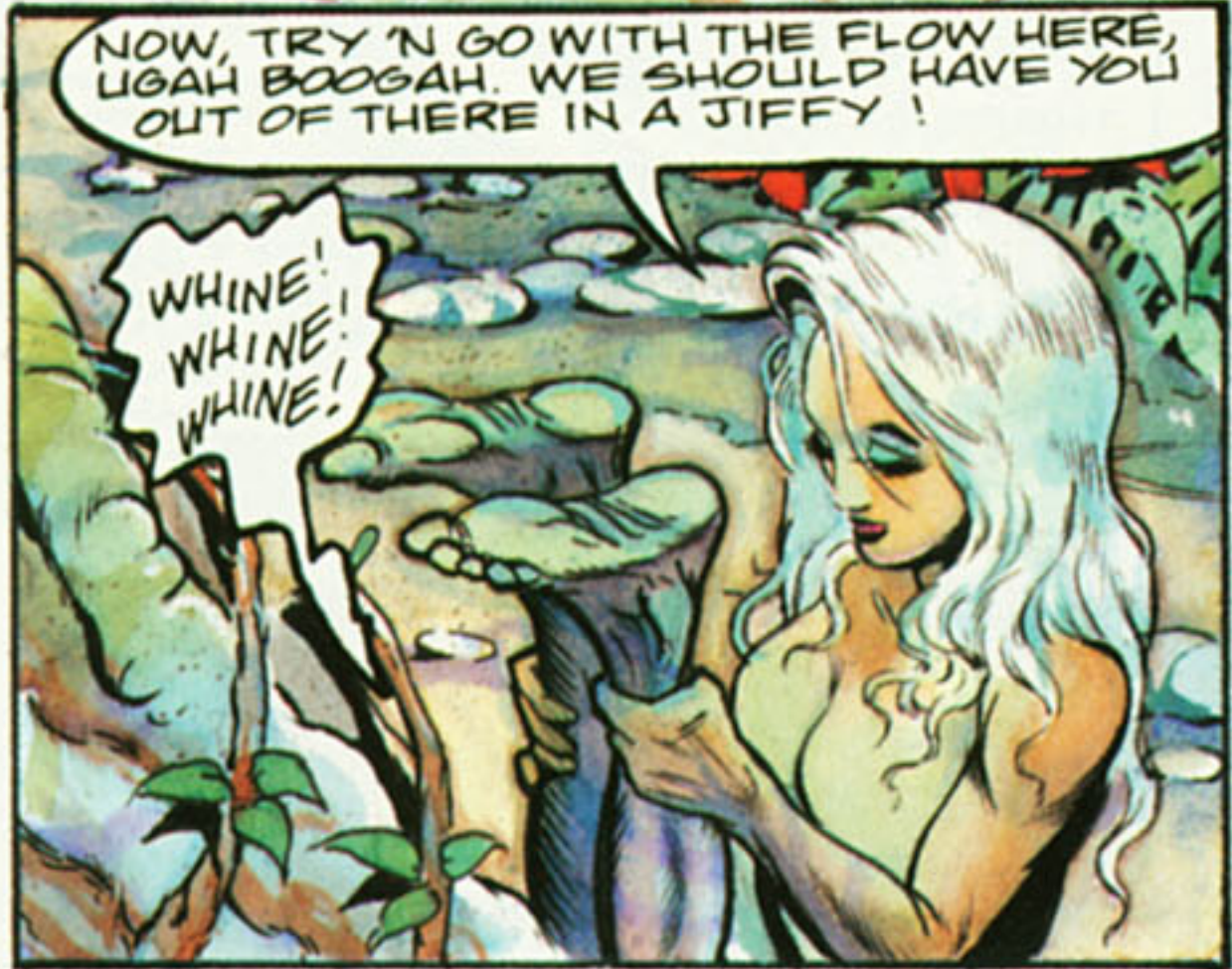


HMMM...
TRY TO RELAX,
HONEY. MAYBE
THE SWELLING
WILL GO DOWN
AND IT WILL
COME OUT BY
ITSELF.

WHIMPER!
WHIMPER!



GEE!
IT DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
WORKING,
DOES IT?
HMMM...THIS
IS GOING
TO REQUIRE
STRAT-
EGY!



NOW, TRY 'N GO WITH THE FLOW HERE,
LIGAH BOOGAH. WE SHOULD HAVE YOU
OUT OF THERE IN A JIFFY!

WHINE!
WHINE!
WHINE!



COUPLA' TURNS
TO TH' RIGHT AND
LIMPH! WE SHOULD BE
ABLE TO UNSCREW YOU,
LIGAH BOOGAH!

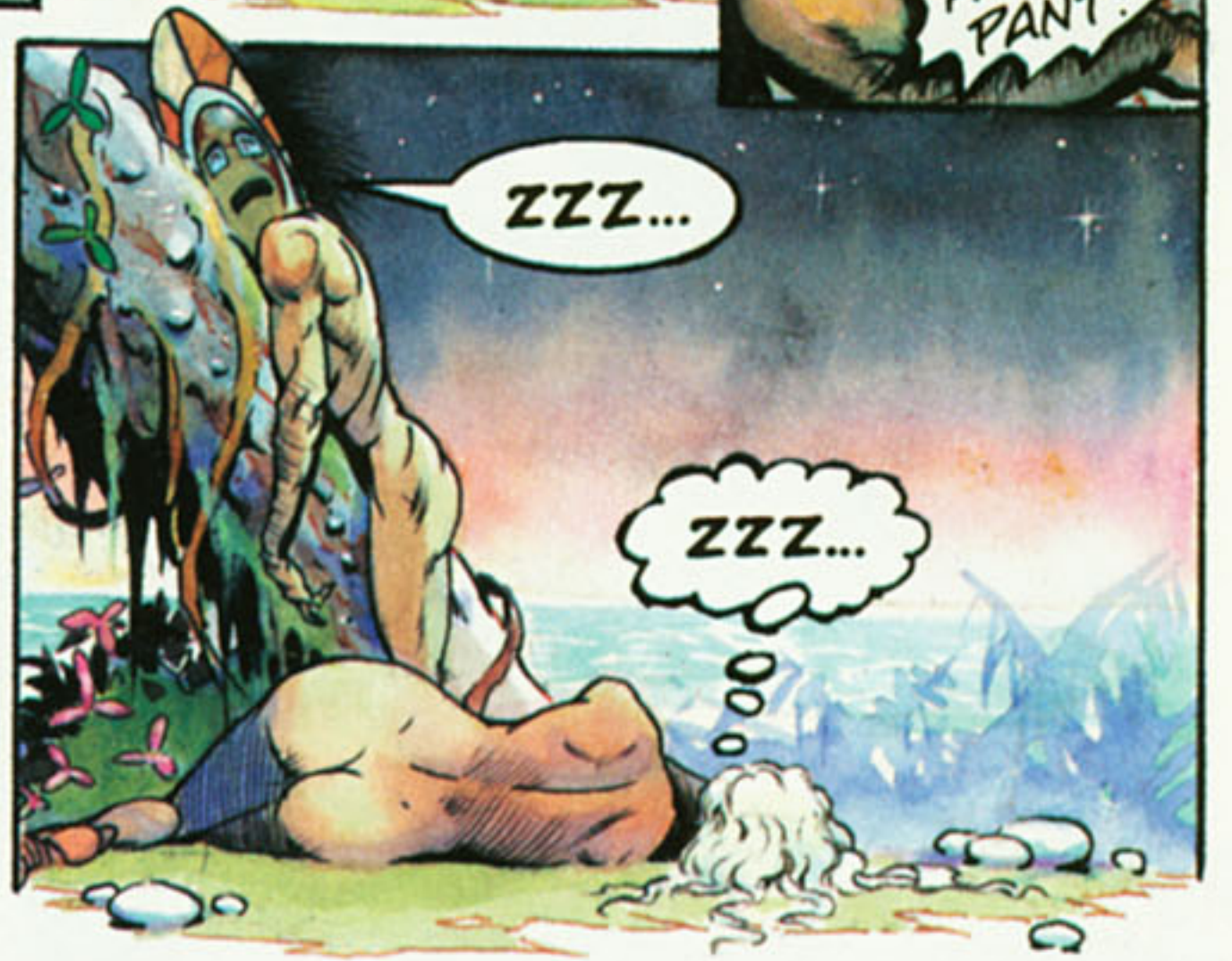
YI!

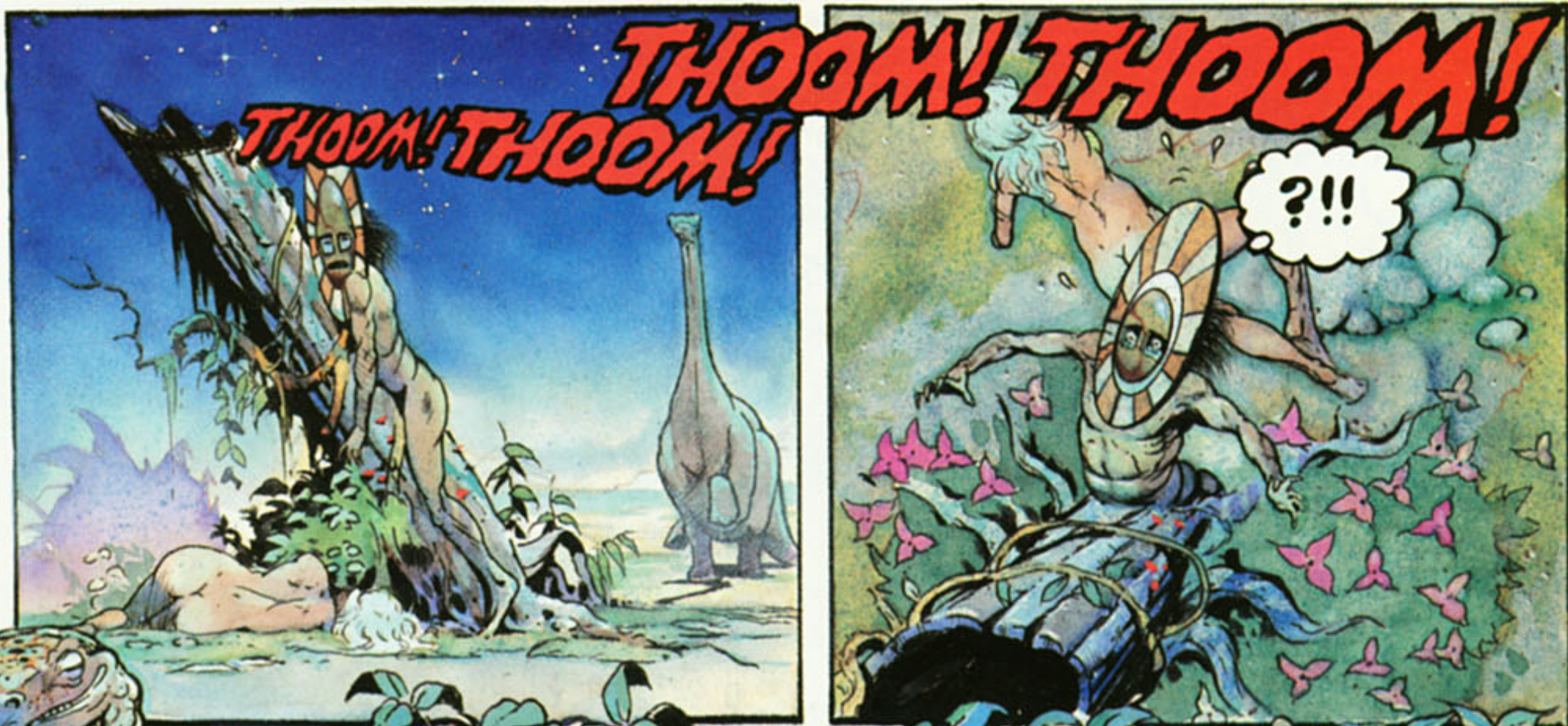
YIE!

YEI!

YEI!

YEI!





THOOM! THOOM!
THOOM! THOOM!

?!!



**BLUB!
BLUB!**

PISSTT!

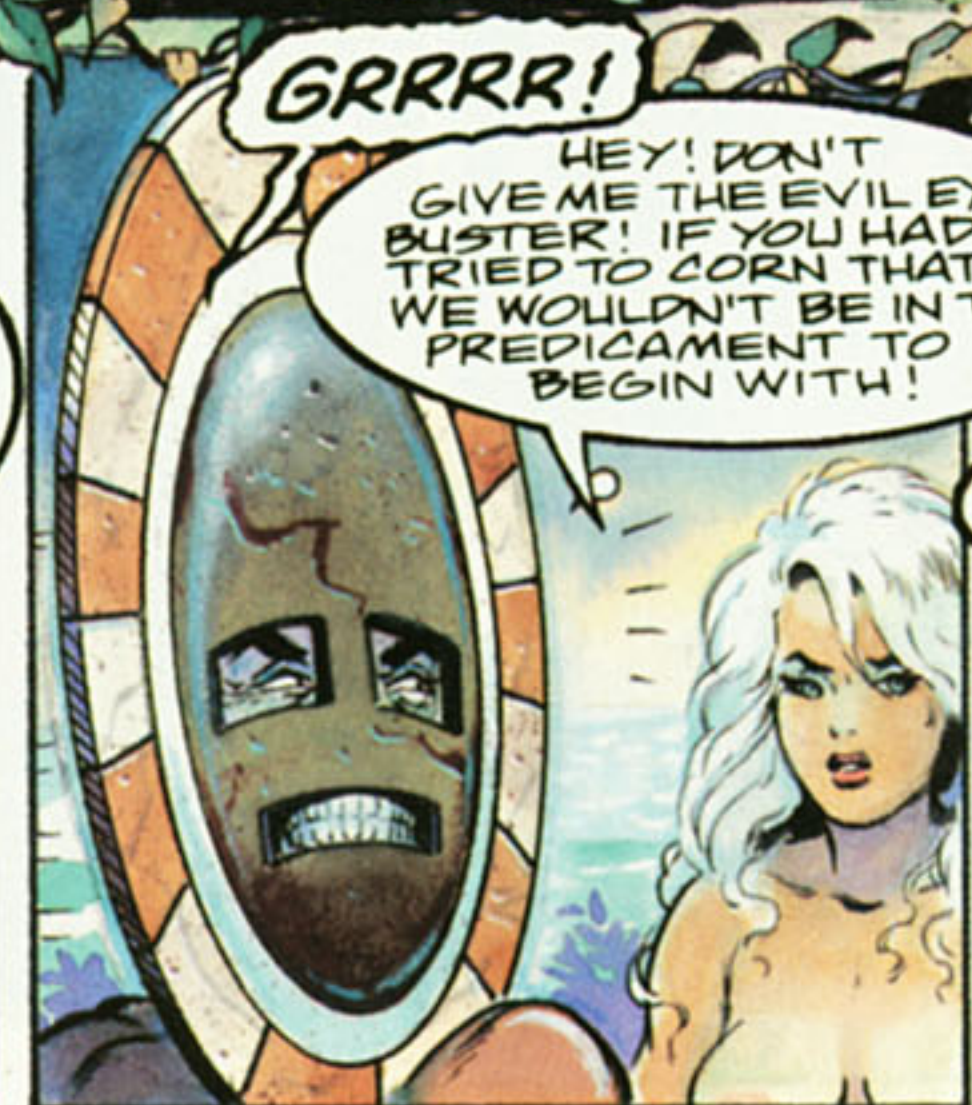
YIPES!



THOOM THOOM

**COUGH!
SPUT!
SPUT!**

**OH,
LIGAH BOOGAH!
YOU WOKE ME
UP! I WAS
HAVING THE
MOST
DELICIOUS
DREAM...**



GRRRR!

**HEY! DON'T
GIVE ME THE EVIL EYE,
BUSTER! IF YOU HADN'T
TRIED TO CORN THAT OAK,
WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS
PREDICAMENT TO
BEGIN WITH!**



BZZZZZ

**NOW
WHAT?**

**WHIMPER!
WHINE!**



YIPES!
DINO-BEES!
I'M OUTTA
HERE,
JACK!

BZZZZZZ

YOO BA
BA BOOBAH!
YOO BA BA
BOOBAH!
YOO BA BA
BOOBAH!



BZZZZZZ

HOWL! YELP!
SHREEK!

OH DEAR!
POOR LIGAH
BOOGAH!



MY!
DOESN'T
THAT
CLOUD
LOOK
ANGRY!

HOWL!



YIPES!
BETTER WATCH
OUT, LIGAH
BOOGAH! YOU
KNOW WHAT
THEY SAY ABOUT
LIGHTNING
AND...

CRACK!



...TREES!

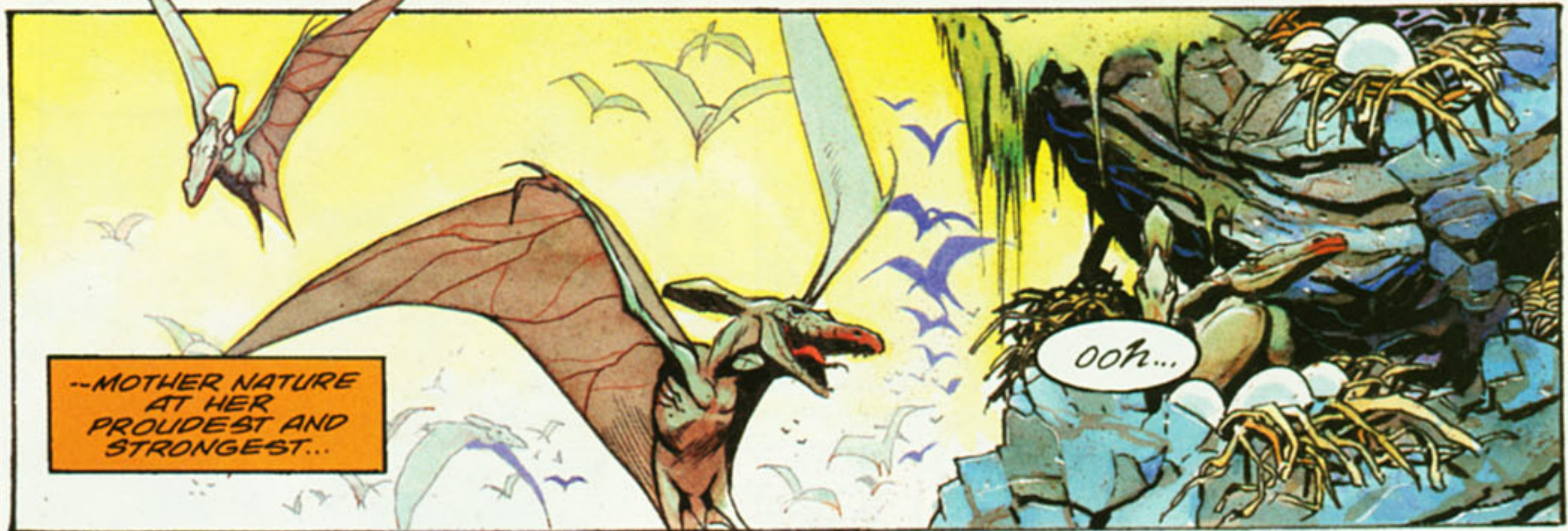
AIEEEEE!

CRACK!



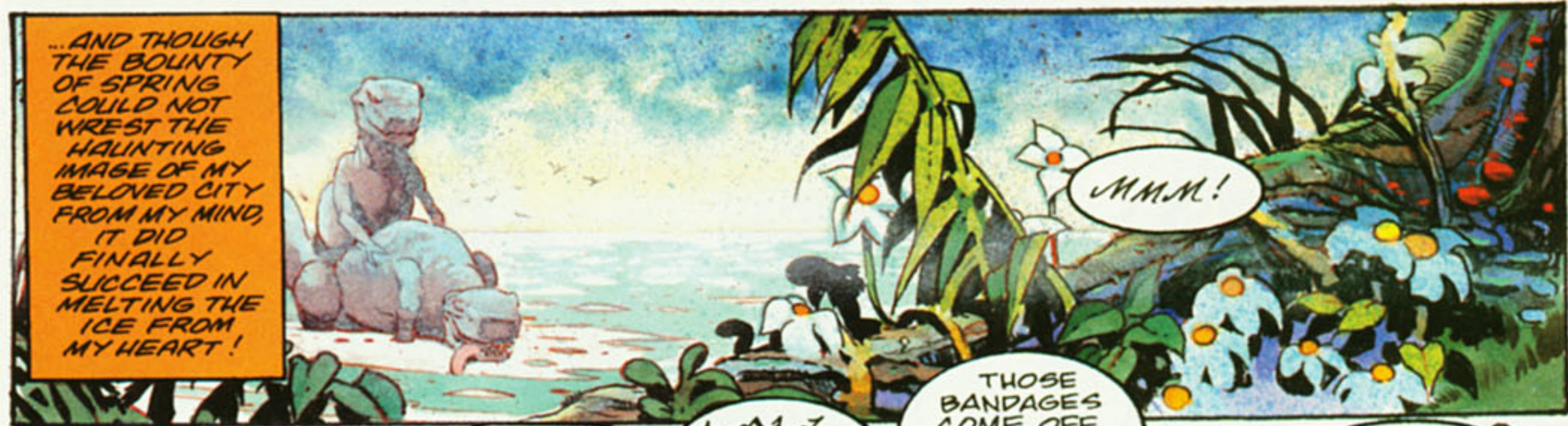
SPRING WAS ALWAYS A BEAUTIFUL THING, A TIME OF RENEWAL, A TIME OF REBIRTH--

Ah...



--MOTHER NATURE AT HER PROUDEST AND STRONGEST...

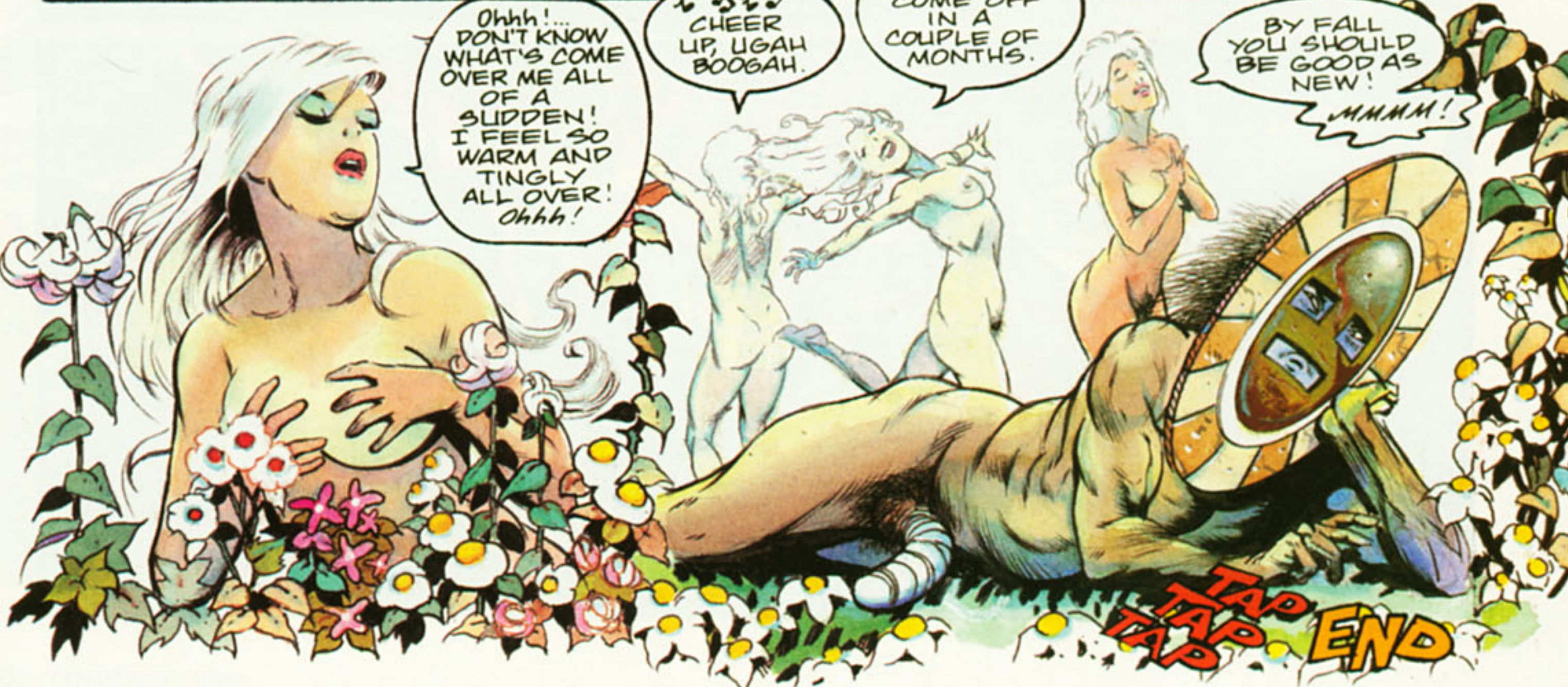
Ooh...



...AND THOUGH THE BOUNTY OF SPRING COULD NOT WREST THE HAUNTING IMAGE OF MY BELOVED CITY FROM MY MIND, IT DID FINALLY SUCCEED IN MELTING THE ICE FROM MY HEART!

MMM!

THOSE BANDAGES COME OFF IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS.



Ohhh!... DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER ME ALL OF A SUDDEN! I FEEL SO WARM AND TINGLY ALL OVER! Ohhh!

~ ~ ~ CHEER UP, UGAH BOOGAH.

BY FALL YOU SHOULD BE GOOD AS NEW! MMMM!

TAP TAP END

**BANNED
IN CANADA!**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)



NO, I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

...why Canadian censors even discussed this panel! Both women are fully clothed! What's next from the Maple-Leaf Thought Police? Banning *The Perils of Pauline*?



ACHTUNG! NAME ANOTHER GOVERNMENT THAT USED CENSORSHIP!

I guess Canadian censors never use toys in the bedroom! This one was banned because Agent D is holding (not using, just holding) a riding crop!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)

Pets

EPISODE 2: PENITENTIARY PAJAMA PARTY



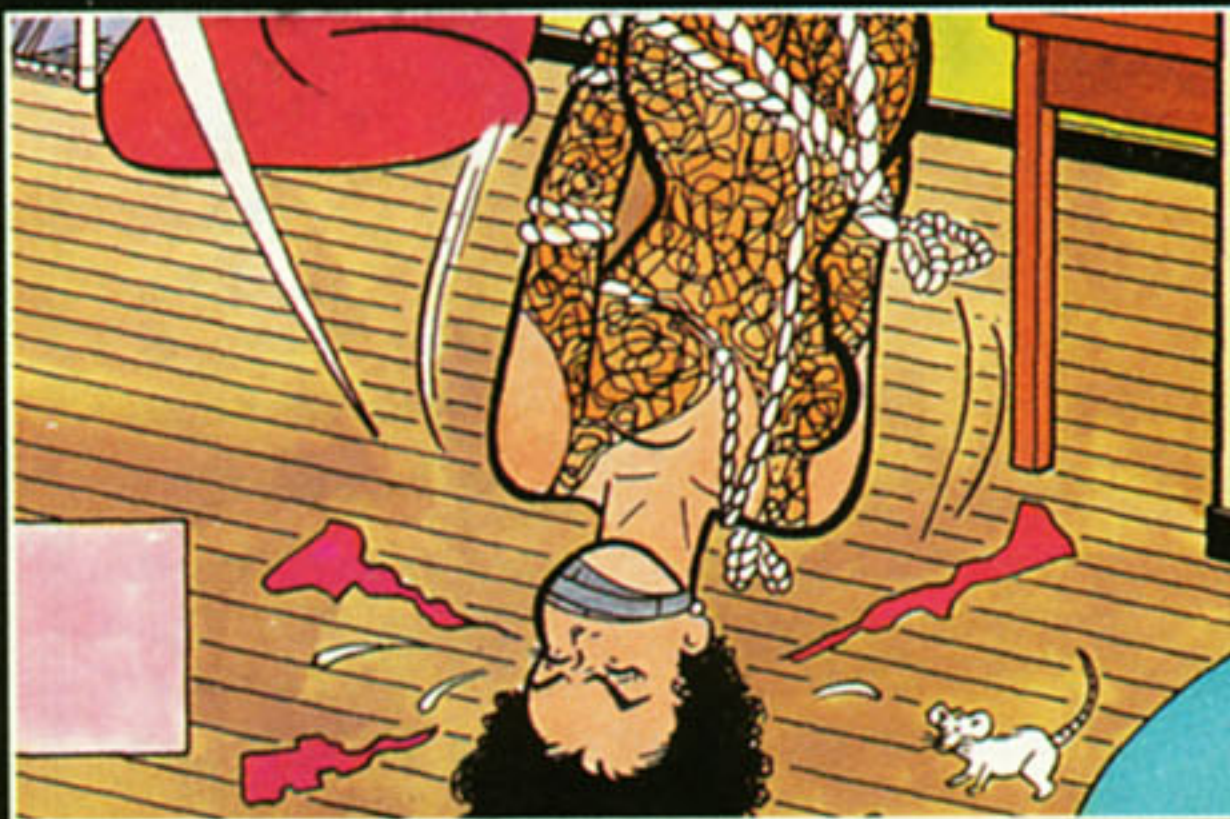
It's 2050 in Los Angeles, and life in Tinseltown is tough for **Mika'la**, **Ja'lin**, and **Sindy**, an all-girl rock 'n' roll band called **THE PETS**. Between the low-paying gigs in sleazy dives and the slacker "Generation Zzzz" types who quit the band, it seems like the end of their musical career.



As a last-ditch solution, Mika'la decides that what the band needs to really take off is some new blood. She places an ad on the Infobahn, but the results are less than spectacular. (Actually, everyone who shows up stinks.)



Except one girl, that is. **Toni**, a raven-haired dominatrix, and her slave boy **Prop**, knock everyone's G-string off at the audition. *This* girl's got real talent.



Unfortunately, Toni's also got real talent for pissing everyone off with her bitch-from-hell unreasonable demands. Mika'la finally does what any *sensible* person would do in the situation. And therein lies our tale of wayward girls gone wrong....

STORY: John Nubben **ART:** Gary Leach **COLORS:** Suydam **LETTERS:** Bambos Georgiou
CREATED BY: Dan DeCarlo with Nubbin & Caragonne

WE JUST WANTED TO SING,
ABOUT OUR TROUBLES AND STRIFE,
ABOUT HOW TOUGH IT IS TODAY,
TO JUST GET A LIFE.

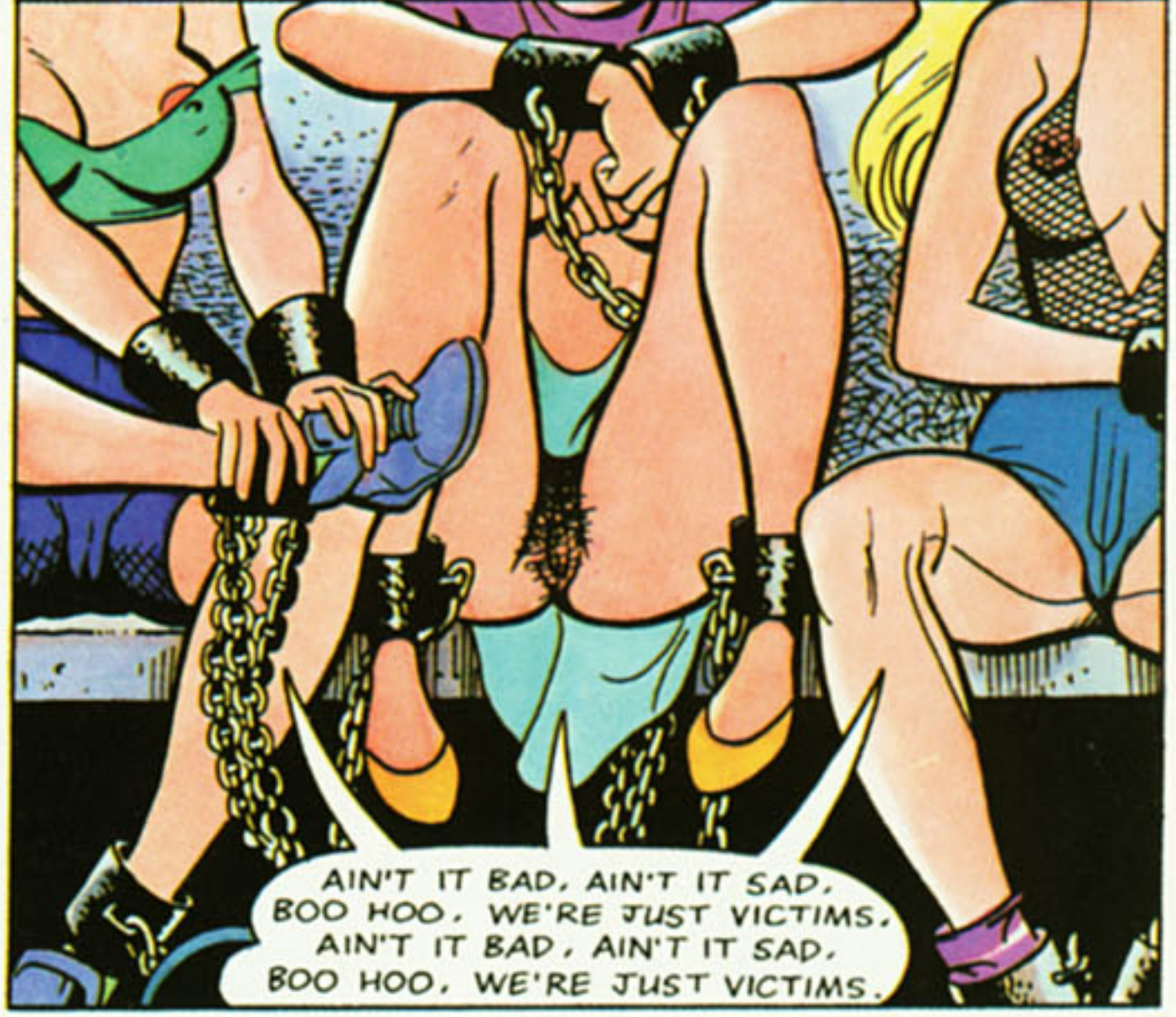
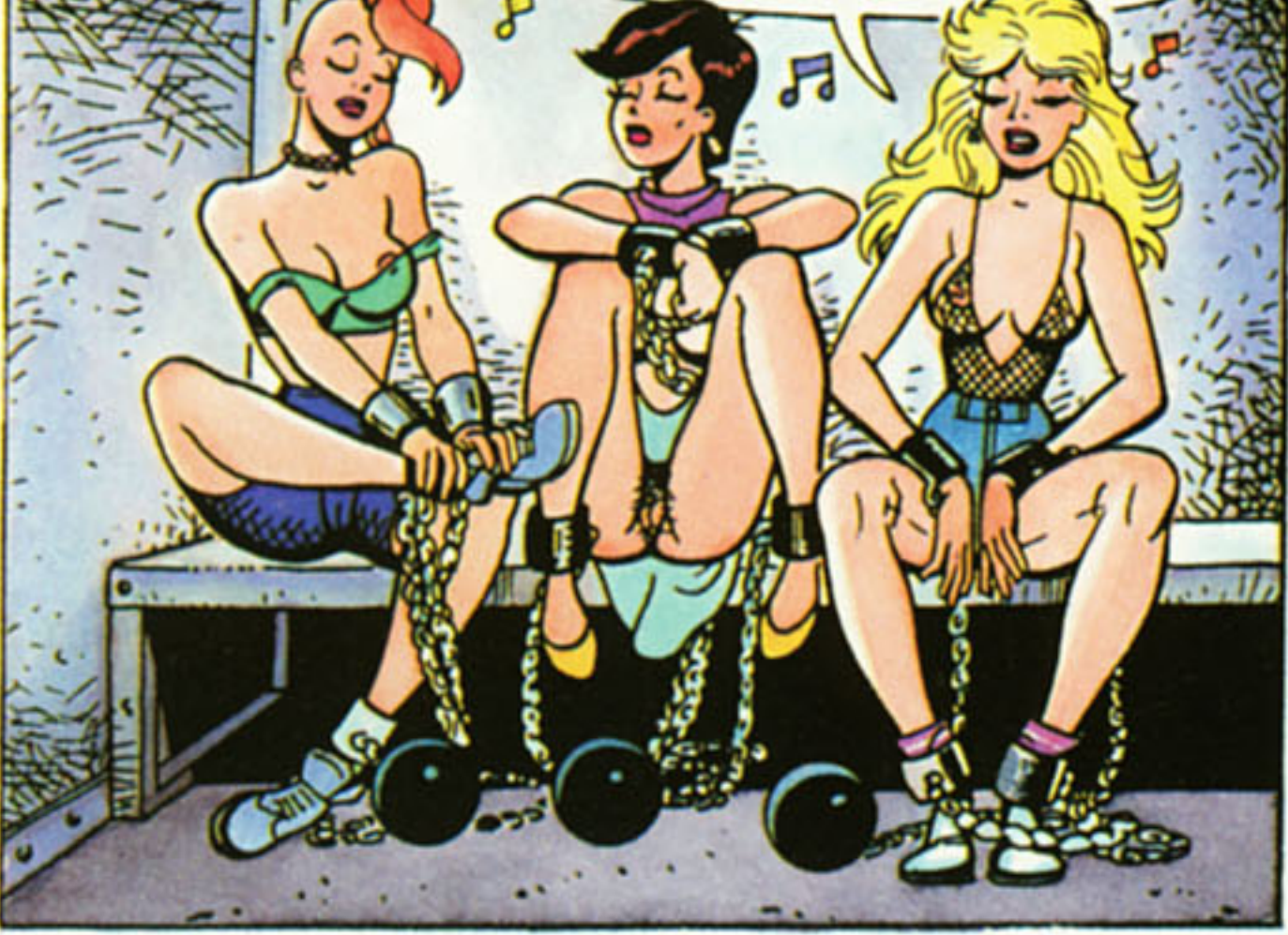


AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.
AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.



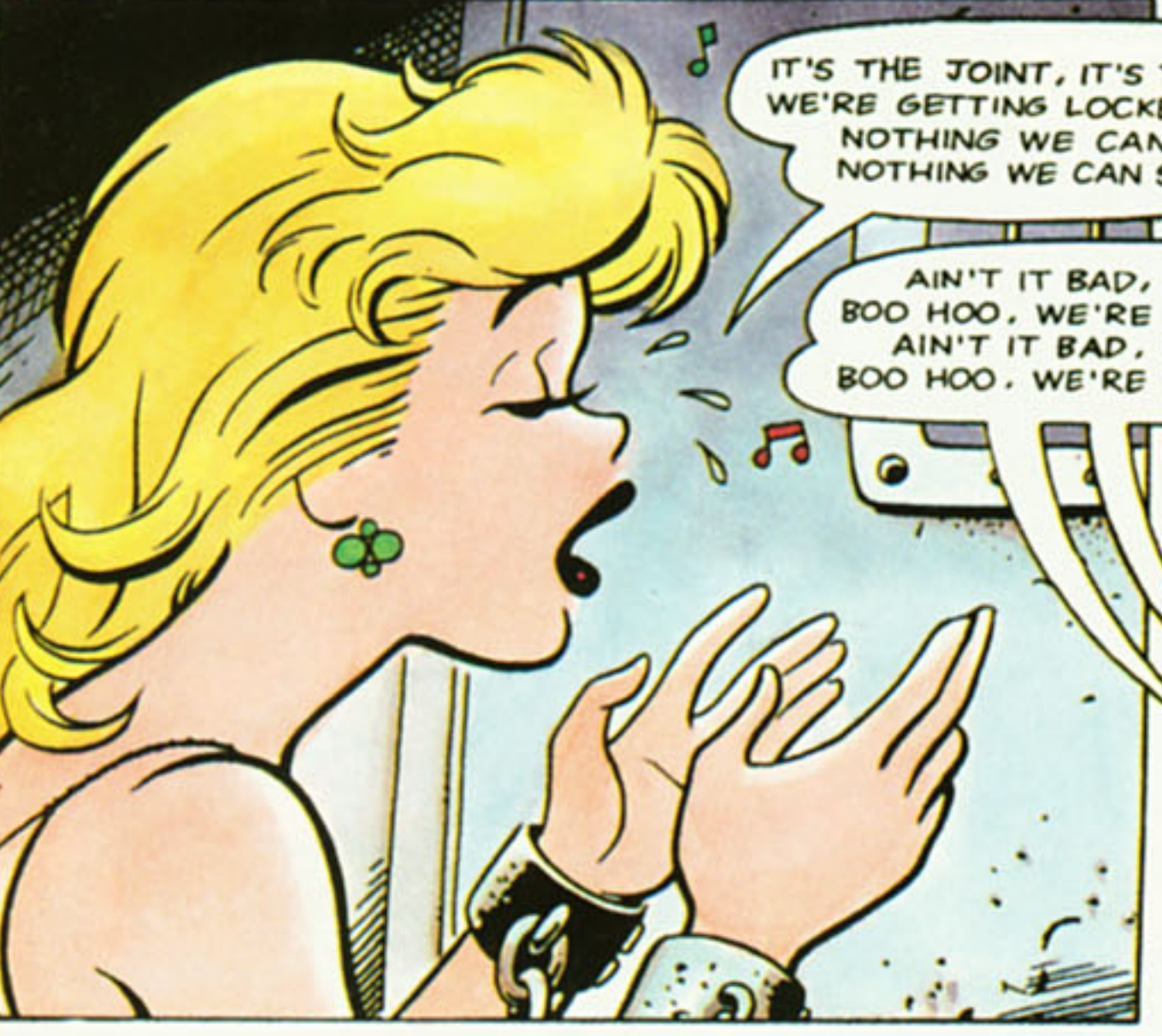
SHE TRIED TO STEAL MY BAND,
WHICH I DID NOT APPRECIATE,
SO I HUNG HER UP BY HER THUMBS,
AND LEFT HER TO HER FATE.

BUT THE WHORE CALLED THE COPS,
AND SWORE OUT A COMPLAINT,
NOW WE'RE OFF TO A PLACE,
AND HEAVEN IT AIN'T.

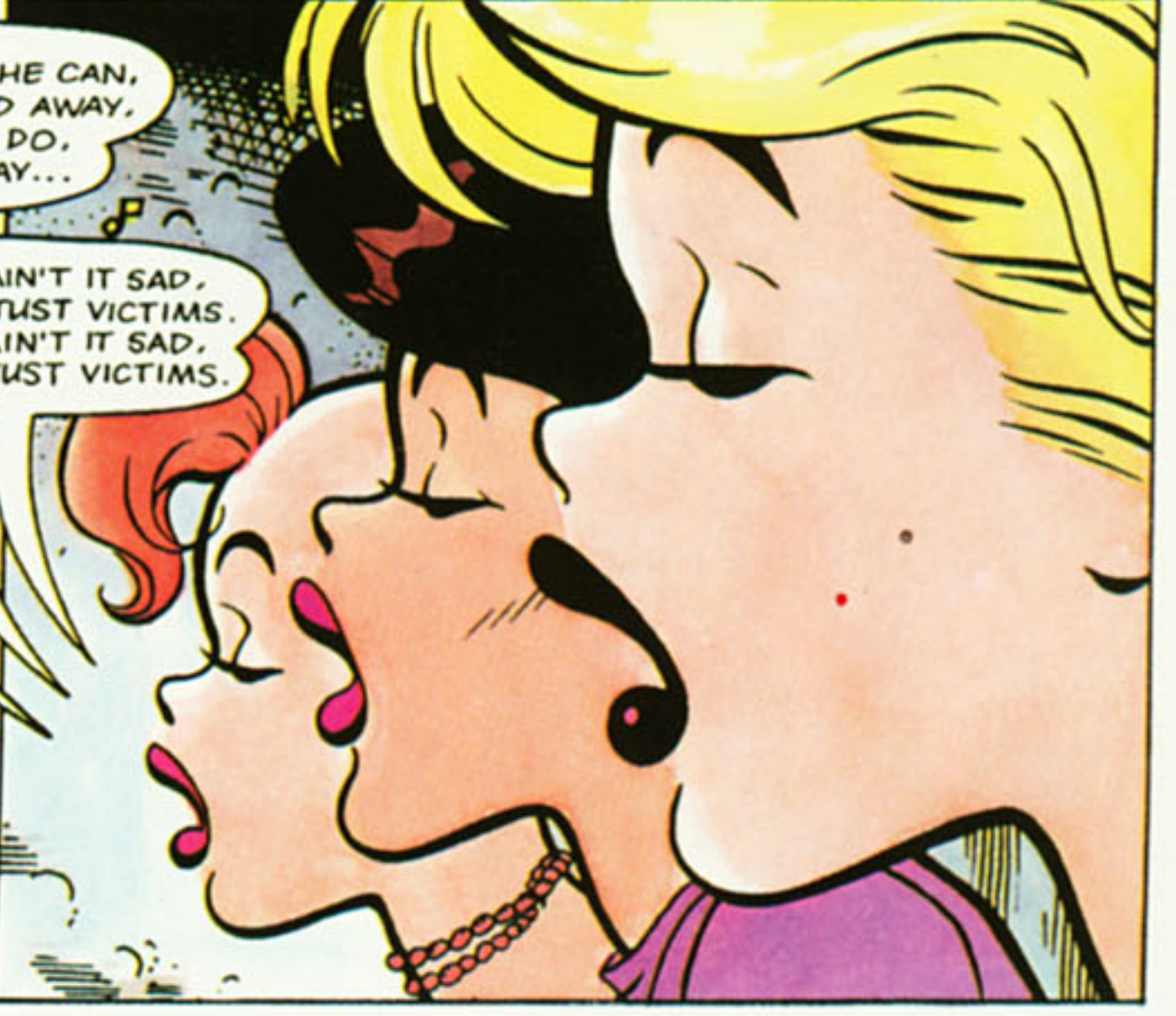


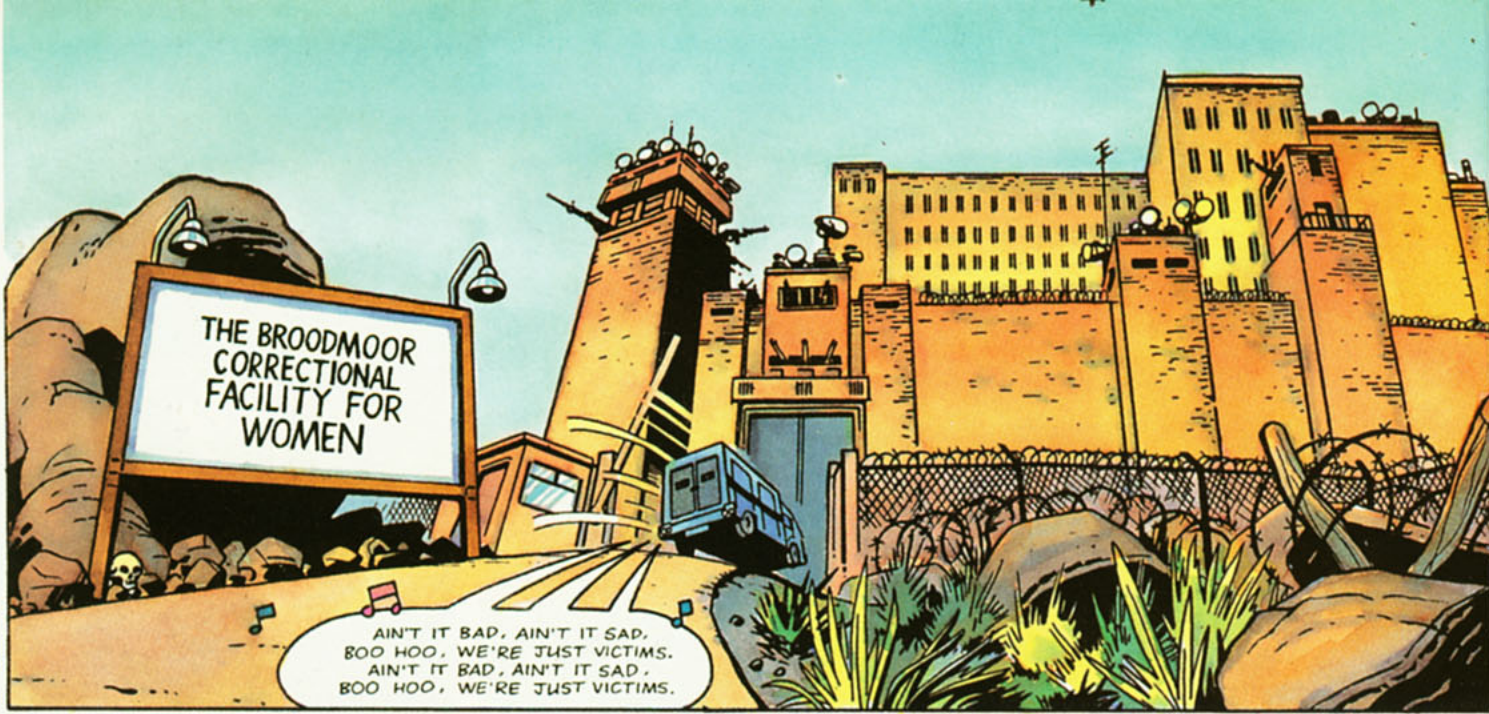
AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.
AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.

IT'S THE JOINT, IT'S THE CAN,
WE'RE GETTING LOCKED AWAY,
NOTHING WE CAN DO,
NOTHING WE CAN SAY...



AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.
AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.





AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.
AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD,
BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS.



LINE UP!
EEP!
YES, MA'AM, YES, SIR.



GET 'EM OUTTA THOSE CUFFS. WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY.



THEN AGAIN, MAYBE YOU DO HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA AT THAT.



I FEEL LIKE A SHOW DOG.
I FEEL LIKE A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.
I FEEL LIKE A STEAK DINNER.



WHAT?
OH YEAH-- DUH-- WHAT WERE WE THINKING?
WE HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE BREAKFAST-- REMEMBER?



NOT EXACTLY A RESORT.
I WOULDN'T EVEN CALL IT A LAST RESORT.



AW'RIGHT, STOP STALLIN'. GET THOSE DUDDS OFF.



COM'ON; GET IT OFF. YOU AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' NOBODY HERE AIN'T ALREADY SEEN.



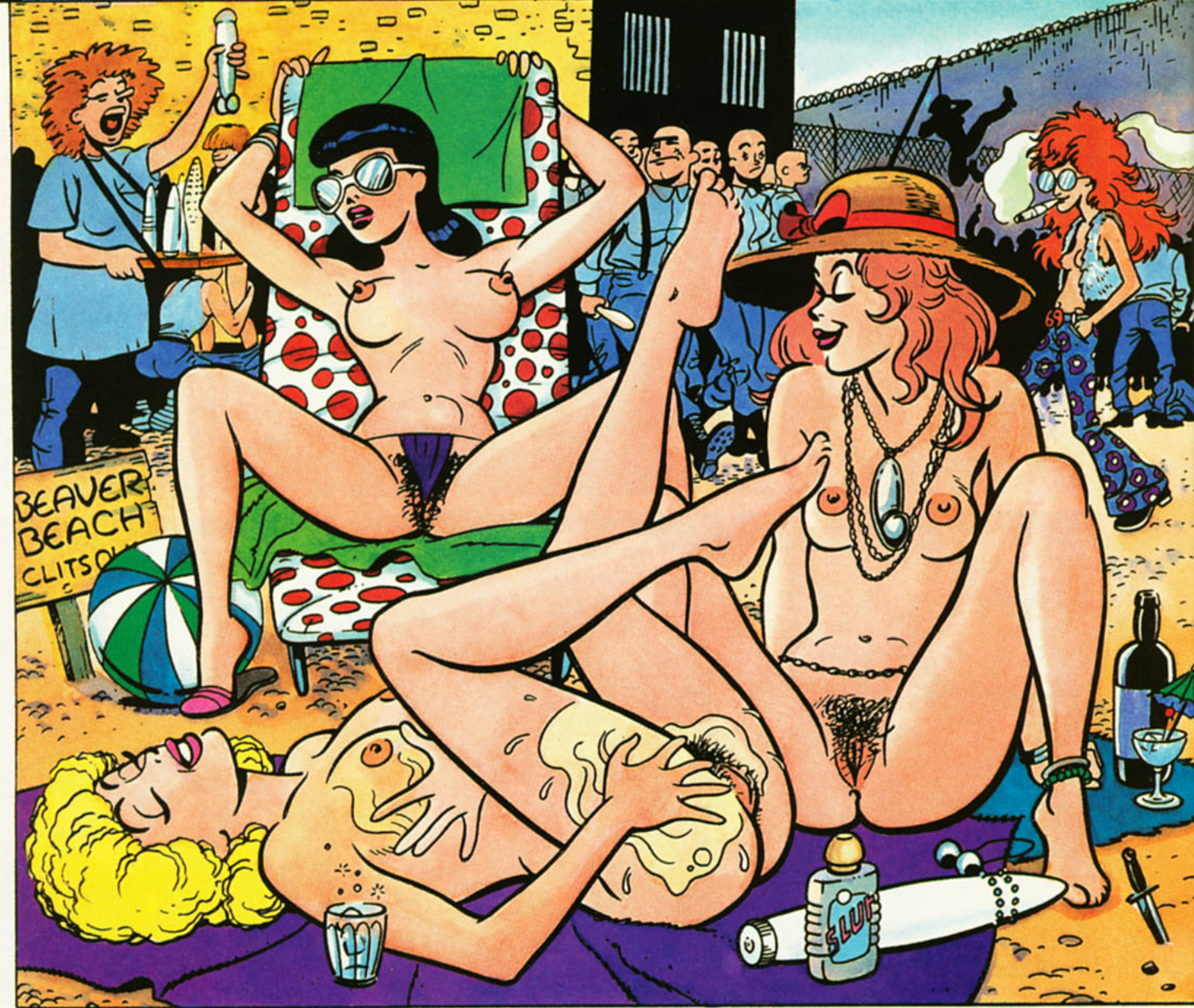
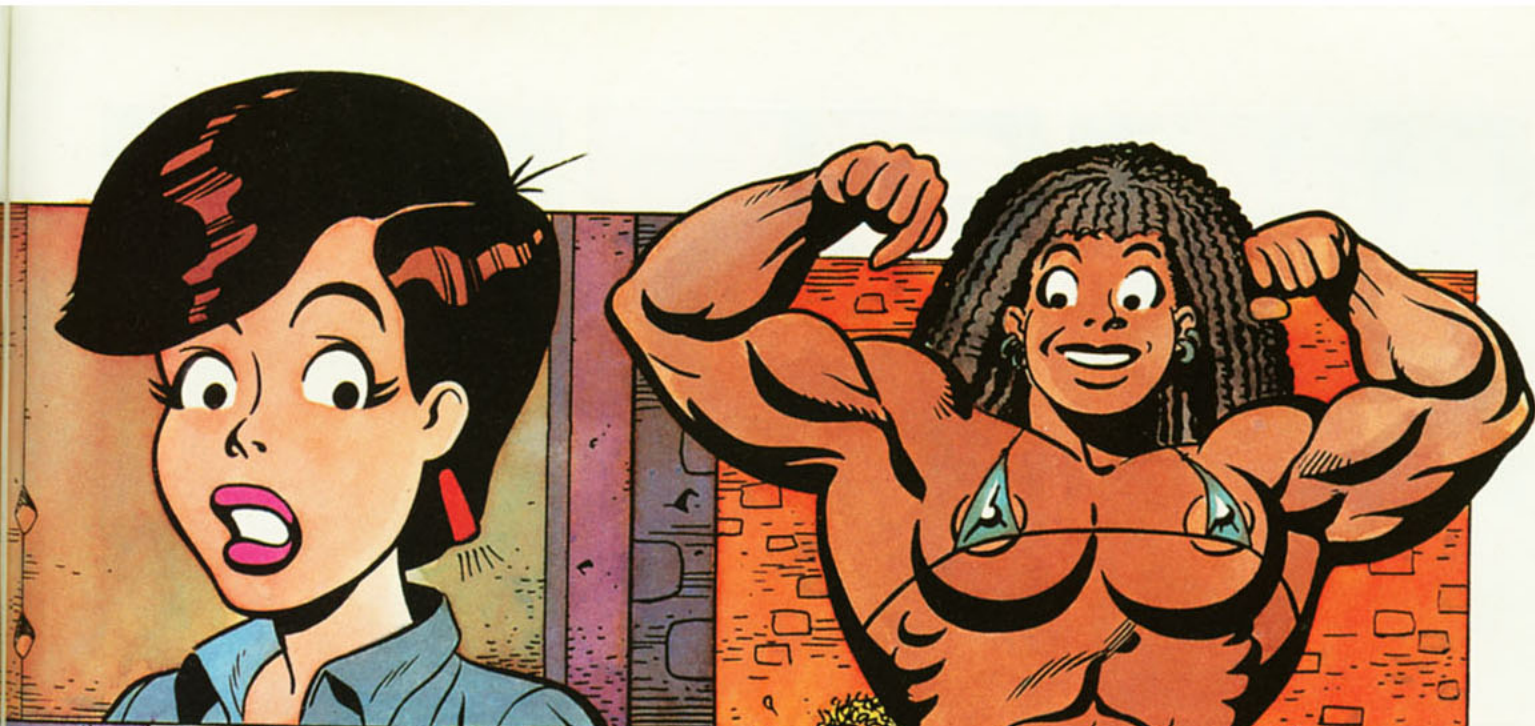
LET ME... ENTER--TAIN YOU...
OOOHLU OOOHLU TEAR ME UP, SUGAR THIGHS. SING IT, MAMA BEAT IT OUT. SING IT, YEAH, BUT BEAT ME OUT.

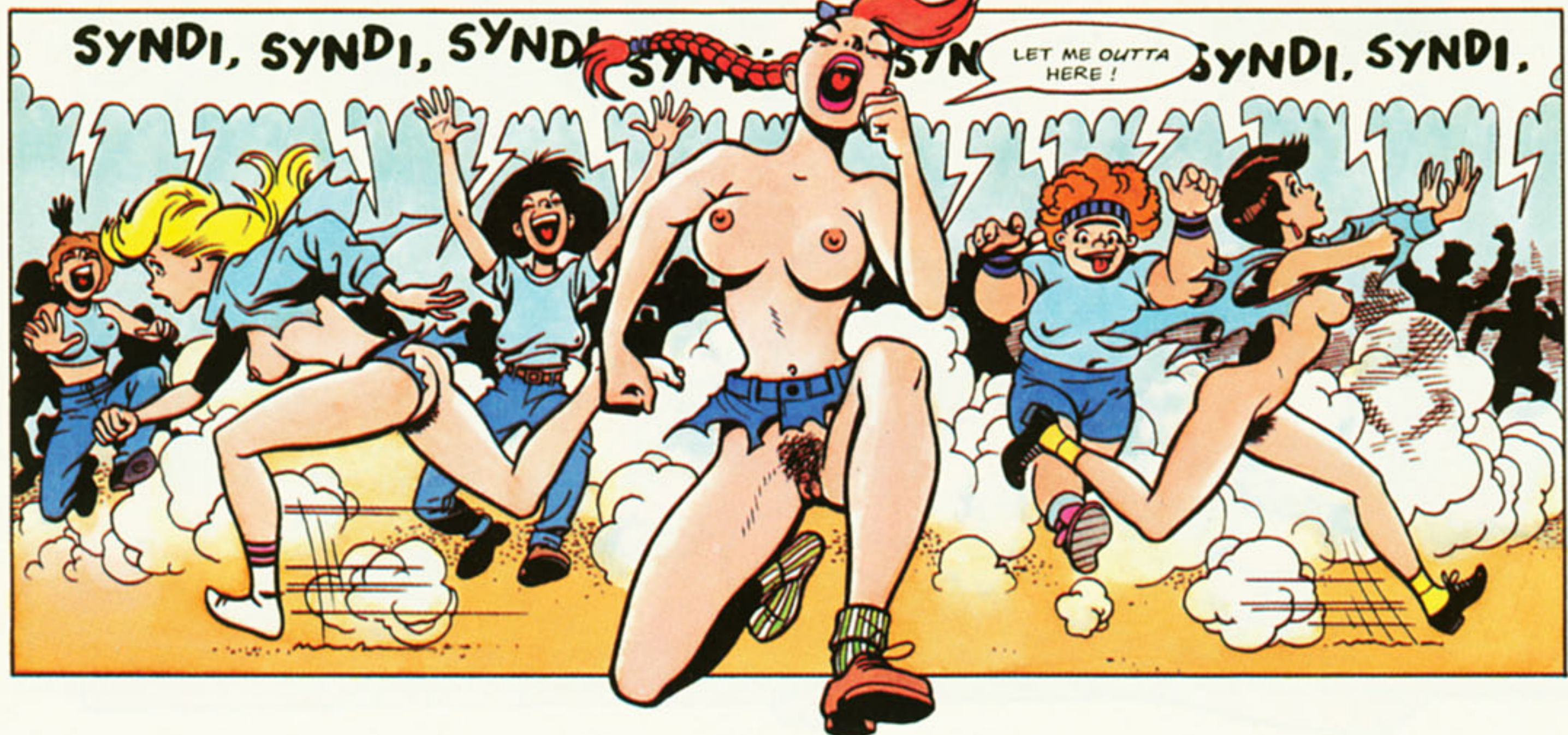
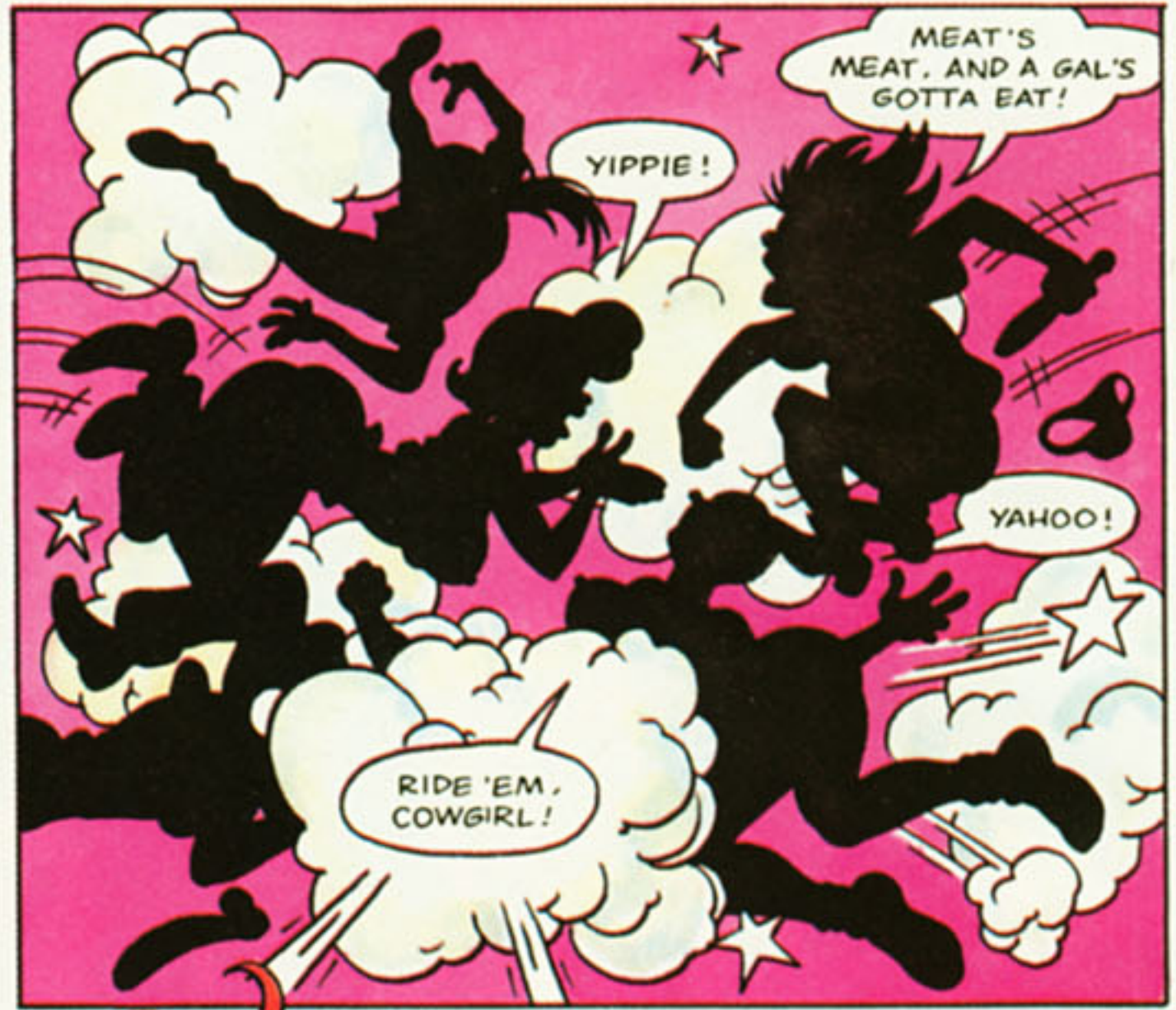
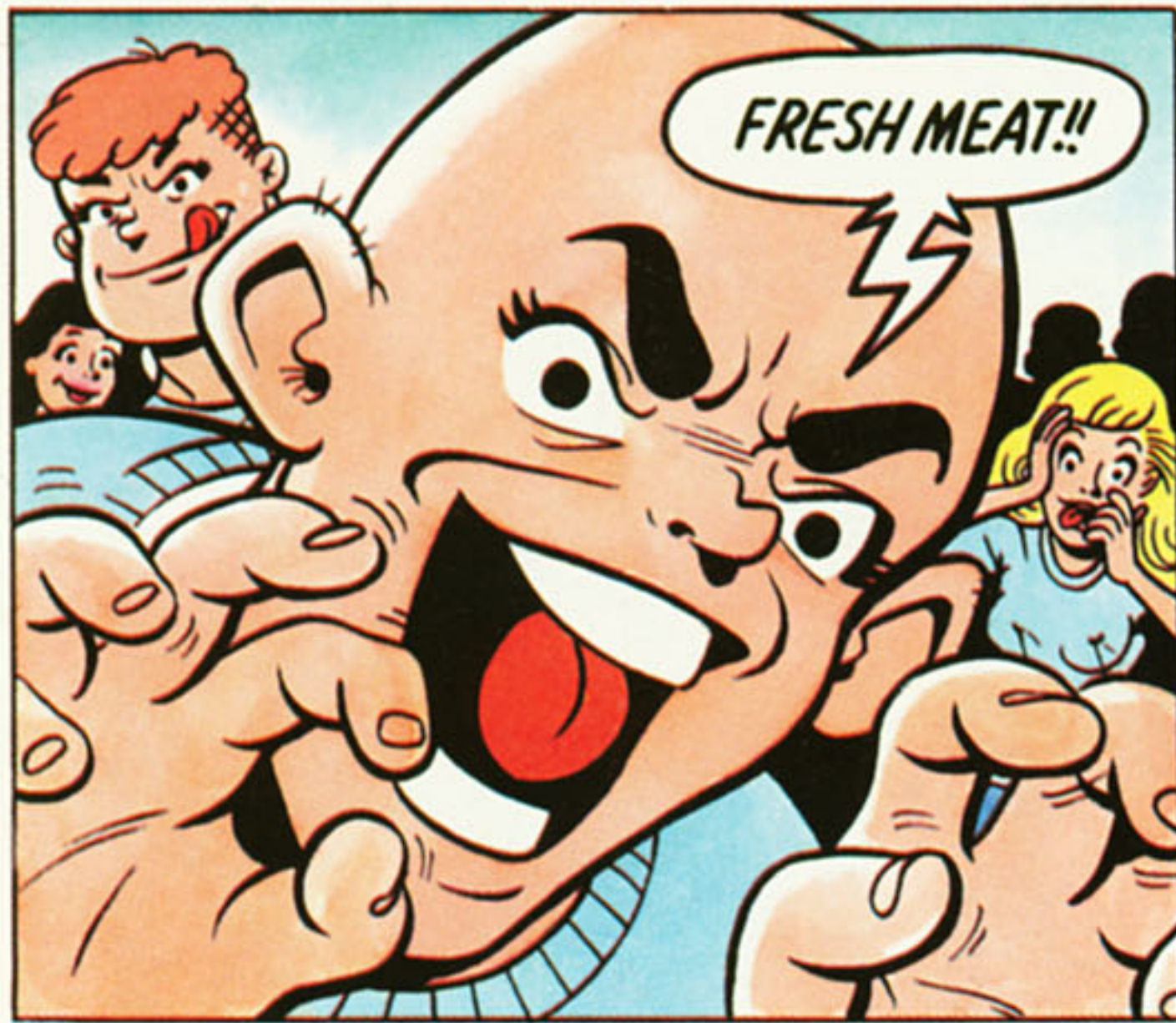


GET 'EM ON, COVER IT UP-- SHOW'S OVER.



AW'RIGHT, WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME-- GET ON OUT INTA THE YARD.







HA! THESE VULTURES WILL EAT UP MY LITTLE VICTIM STORY.

A COUPLE OF "POOR LITTLE HELPLESS MES" AND ALL I'LL HAVE TO DO IS SIT BACK AND START COLLECTING THE ENDORSEMENT OFFERS.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS...

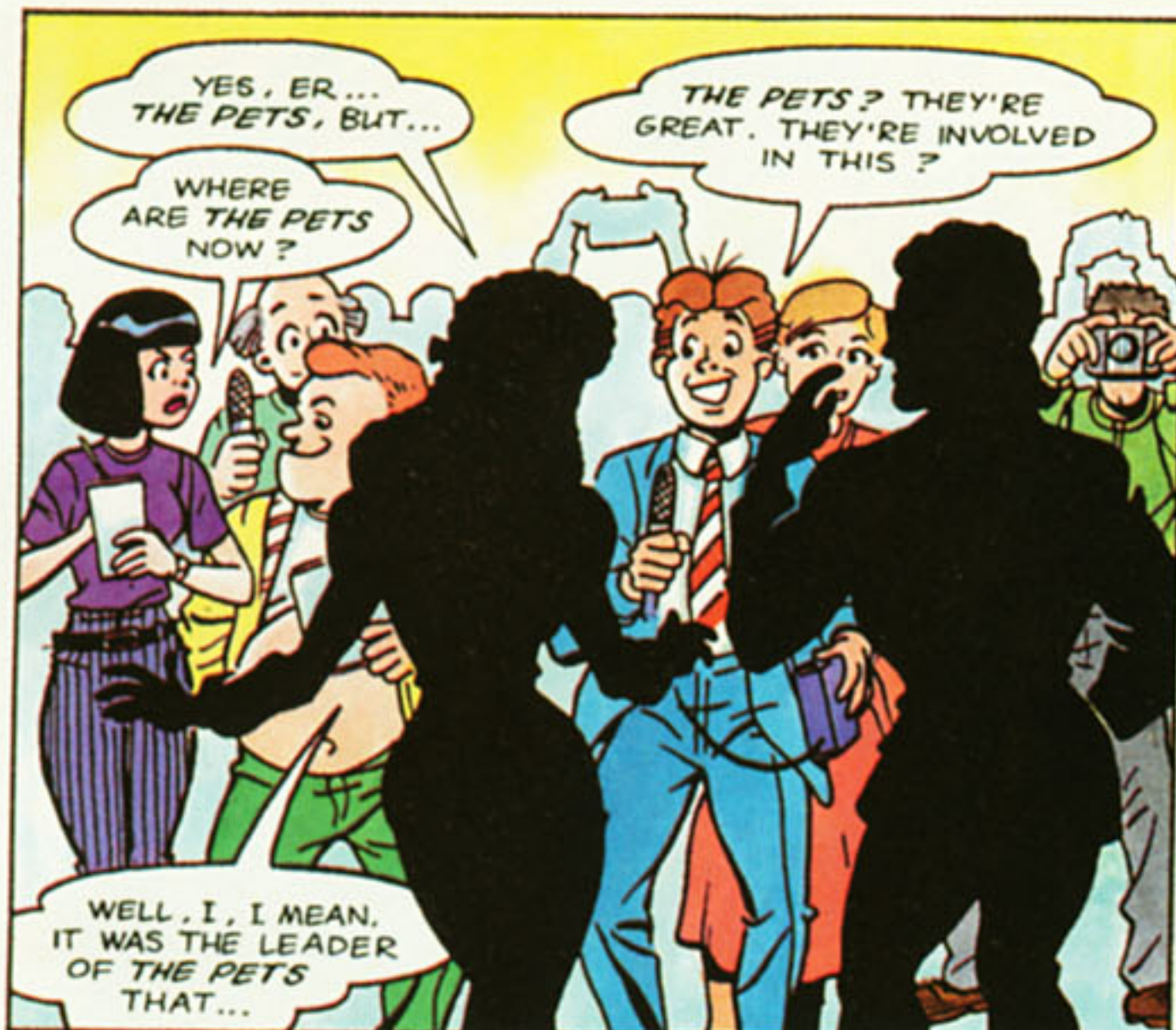
I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING.

AS YOU KNOW, I WAS THE, THE... VICTIM OF A VICIOUS ATTACK.



I'D TRIED OUT FOR A SPOT IN THE BAND THE PETS. BUT...

THE PETS?!



YES, ER... THE PETS, BUT...

WHERE ARE THE PETS NOW?

THE PETS? THEY'RE GREAT. THEY'RE INVOLVED IN THIS?

WELL, I, I MEAN, IT WAS THE LEADER OF THE PETS THAT...



THE PETS WERE VOTED MOST CUDDLY BY QUESTIONABLE TASTE MAGAZINE LAST WEEK.

HELL -- JUST LAST NIGHT SALLY BEECLUMP SAID THEY'RE DESTINED TO BE THE HOTTEST THING IN THE COUNTRY ALL THE WAY THRU NEXT THURSDAY.

BEECLUMP?

BUT, BUT, BUT...

BEECLUMP GAVE THUMBS UP ON THE PETS?!

BEECLUMP HAS ANNOINTED THE PETS?!

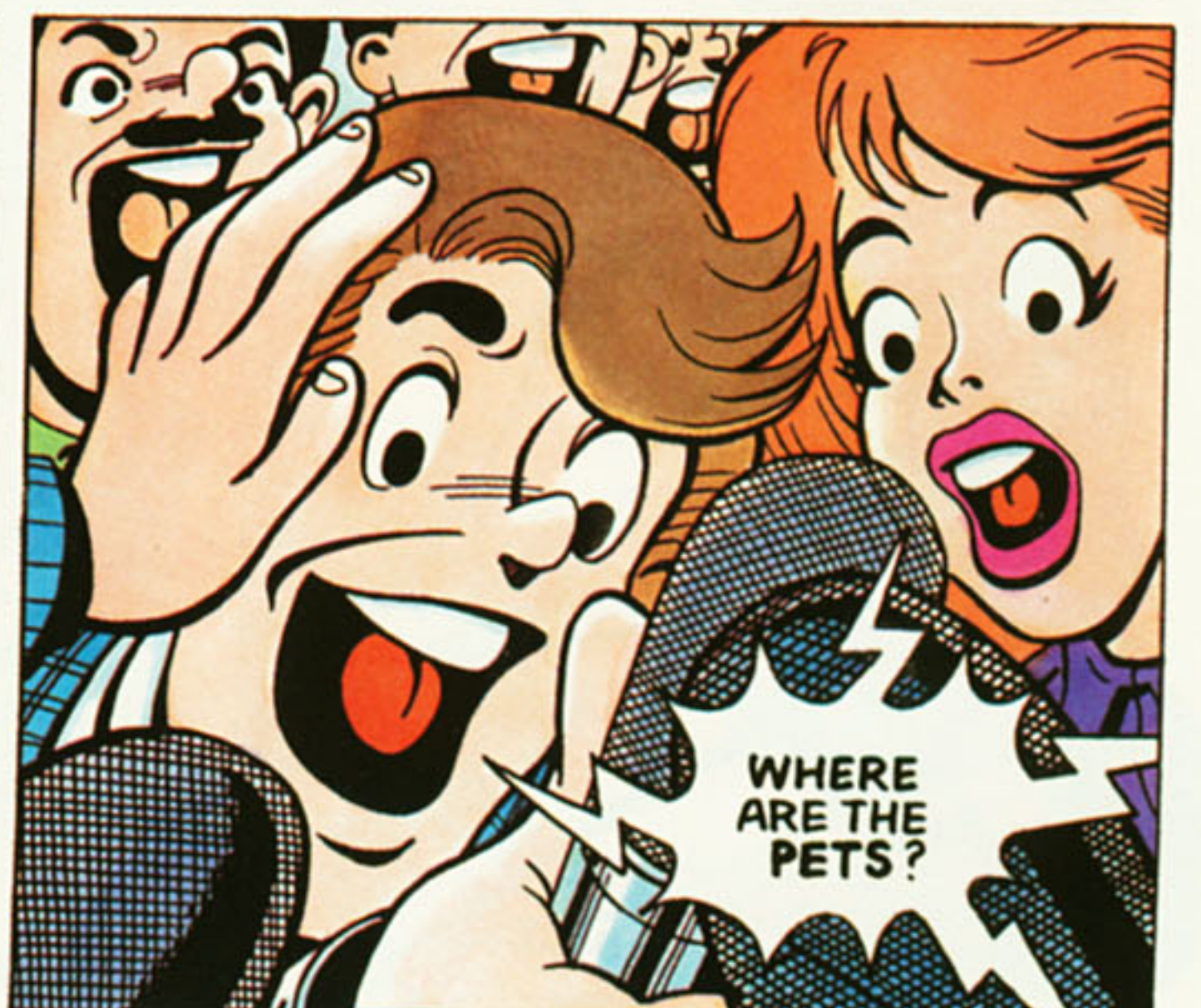


WHERE ARE THE PETS?

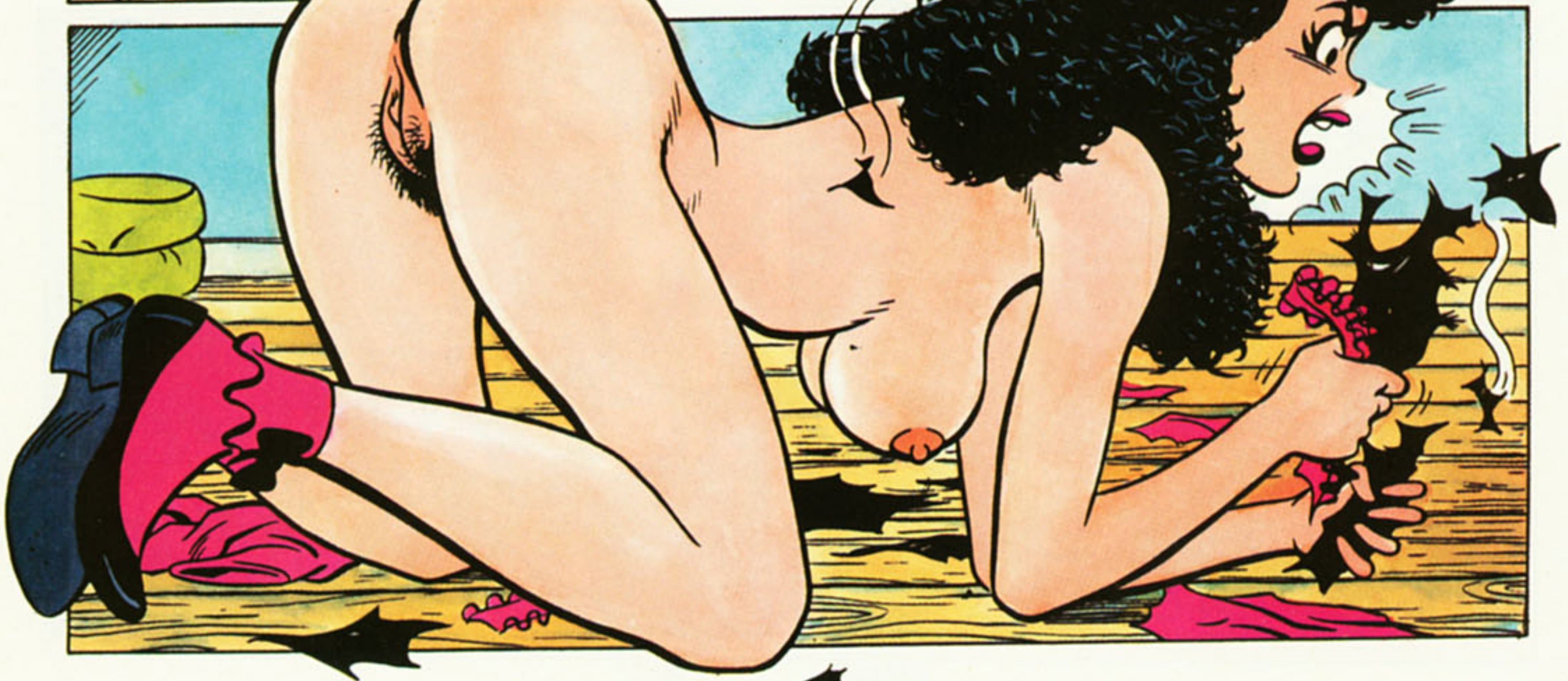
THE PETS? BUT, BUT I'M THE STORY?

YOU? SO YOU GOT TIED UP -- PUT A BAND-AID ON IT.

YEAH, COME ON -- SPILL. WHERE ARE THE PETS?



WHERE ARE THE PETS?





I CAN BE HOT...
I CAN CREATE
A SCANDAL...
I CAN GET
THROWN IN JAIL!!



PROP!
BRING ME
MY WORKING
CLOTHES!



I GET MYSELF
THROWN IN JAIL, THE MEDIA
GETS US ALL OUT, AND
WE ALL PROFIT.



WATCH OUT,
MAKA'LA-- YOU BITCH.
TONI'S COMING AND YOUR
LITTLE VACATION
IS OVER.



MEANWHILE, BACK
IN PRISON...



DON'T WORRY,
KIDS -- THEIR ARMS'LL
HAVE TO GIVE OUT
SOONER OR LATER.

WHAT WHORRORS ARE IN
STORE FOR THE PETS NOW?
BE HERE NEXT ISSUE FOR
THE CONCLUSION OF
PENITENTIARY PATAMA PARTY!

A COP'S LIFE IS A HARD LIFE.

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME THEY WEREN'T SHOT AND THEY WEREN'T STABBED...

...SO WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THEM?

THE HOURS ARE LONG AND THE PAY IS LOW.

THEY WERE FUCKED TO DEATH, CAPTAIN SHLIANESSY! THEN PICKED CLEAN O' THEIR CASH!

LORDY! JUST THE WAY WE FOUND BIG VIC BERTINI IN AUGUST AND THE LISORDA BROTHERS LAST MONTH! THIS IS BECOMIN' A BLOODY EPIDEMIC!

LADS, WE GOTTA FORGET THE BREW AND THE SKIRTS UNTIL WE WRAP THIS ONE UP!

WHOEVER DID THESE GHASTLY DEEDS IS WORKIN' THEIR WAY RIGHT TO BOSS HOFFABERG AND ALL THAT DOUGH HE'S HIDIN' OUT WITH FROM THE ARMORED CAR JOB LAST MONTH.

WHAT'S THE WORRY, SIR? WE ALWAYS GET OUR MAN!

LADS, I'M GONNA TELL IT TO YOU STRAIGHT LIKE I ALWAYS DO. INTERNAL AFFAIRS HAS BEEN SNIFFING AROUND. THEY THINK ONE O' YOU BOYS HELD BACK SOME OF THAT CASH FROM THAT KIDNAPPING CASE.

WHAT!

SAINTS PRESERVE US! YOU HEAR THIS, DUGAN?

I HEAR!

ANY COP WHO WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT SHOULD BE HUNG!



DUGAN! YOU GOT ANY LEADS FROM THOSE STOOLIES OF YOURS?

I EXPECT HE'S GONNA LEAD ME TO THE OTHERS TONIGHT. IF HE DOES, I'LL RADIO THE SQUAD FOR BACKUP.

I'VE LOCATED HOFFABERG'S DRIVER.

BE EXTRA CAREFUL, DUGAN. THE KILLER IS STILL OUT THERE AND MEANS BUSINESS!

YES, SIR.

DUGAN WAS THE BEST. HE FELT HE WAS ENTITLED TO A FEW FRINGE BENEFITS.



DIXIE!
DIXIE! WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN!? I
LOOKED ALL OVER
FOR YOU! YOU'VE
BEEN LIPTOWN
HAVEN'T YOU? I
HEARD IT ALL ON
THE RADIO!
YOU DID IT
AGAIN, DIDN'T
YOU!?

I CAME HOME
AND YOU WERE GONE.
I WAS WORRIED SICK.
WHY DO YOU DO THIS
TO ME? WHY? WHY?
WHY?

HAVEN'T I
BOUGHT YOU FOOD,
CLOTHES, PAID
THE RENT, WRITTEN
YOU BEAUTIFUL
POEMS?!
WHY CAN'T I HAVE
YOU, DIXIE, JUST
ONCE?

YOU KNOW ALL
ABOUT ME, LOSER!
YOU WANT TO DIE
THAT BAD?



BUT,
I'D BE
WILLING
TO DIE
FOR IT!
AT LEAST
I'D DIE
HAPPY...
IN
LOVE!

I HAVE
NO TIME FOR
LOVE, LOSER.
ALL I WANT IS
COLD, HARD
CASH!

NOW
TELL ME,
WHERE IS
THE MAN YOU
PROVE FOR?
WHERE IS
JOE HOFFA-
BERG?



11th STREET...
220 EAST 11th!
...HOW CAN YOU BE
SO CRUEL?

YEAH, I
KNOW WHERE
THAT IS...

YOU NEVER LET
ME TOUCH YOU!
YOU NEVER GIVE
ME A CHANCE!



THAT'S RIGHT,
LOSER, NOT ONE
TOUCH! NOT ONE
KISS!

SOB!
PLEASE,
DIXIE! DON'T
LEAVE ME
AGAIN! WE
COULD BE
SOOOOO... GOOD
TOGETHER.



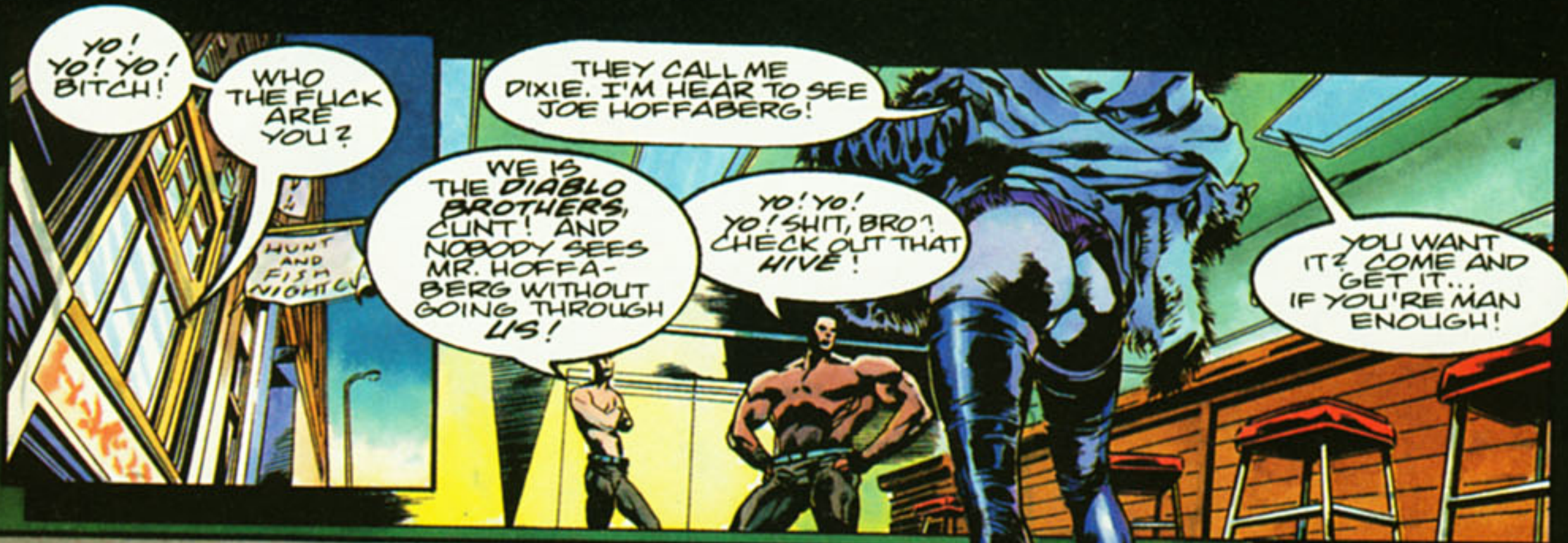
LOSER, YOU'RE
BEGINNING TO BUG
ME! NO MAN HAS
EVER BE ABLE
TO SATISFY ME!
WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK YOU CAN?
AND BESIDES...

...DIXIE
WOULD NEVER,
EVER FLUCK
A MAN...



...WHO WEARS
WHITE
SOCKS!

SLAM!



YO!
YO!
YO!
BITCH!

WHO
THE FLICK
ARE
YOU?

THEY CALL ME
DIXIE. I'M HEAR TO SEE
JOE HOFFABERG!

WE IS
THE DIABLO
BROTHERS,
CLINT! AND
NOBODY SEES
MR. HOFFA-
BERG WITHOUT
GOING THROUGH
US!

YO!
YO!
YO!
SHIT, BRO!
CHECK OUT THAT
HIVE!

YOU WANT
IT? COME AND
GET IT...
IF YOU'RE MAN
ENOUGH!



"MAN
ENOUGH"?
SHIT!
I'LL SHOW
YOU WHO'S
MAN
ENOUGH!

YO!
YO!
YO!
SCOPE
THOSE
MAMA
JAMAS!

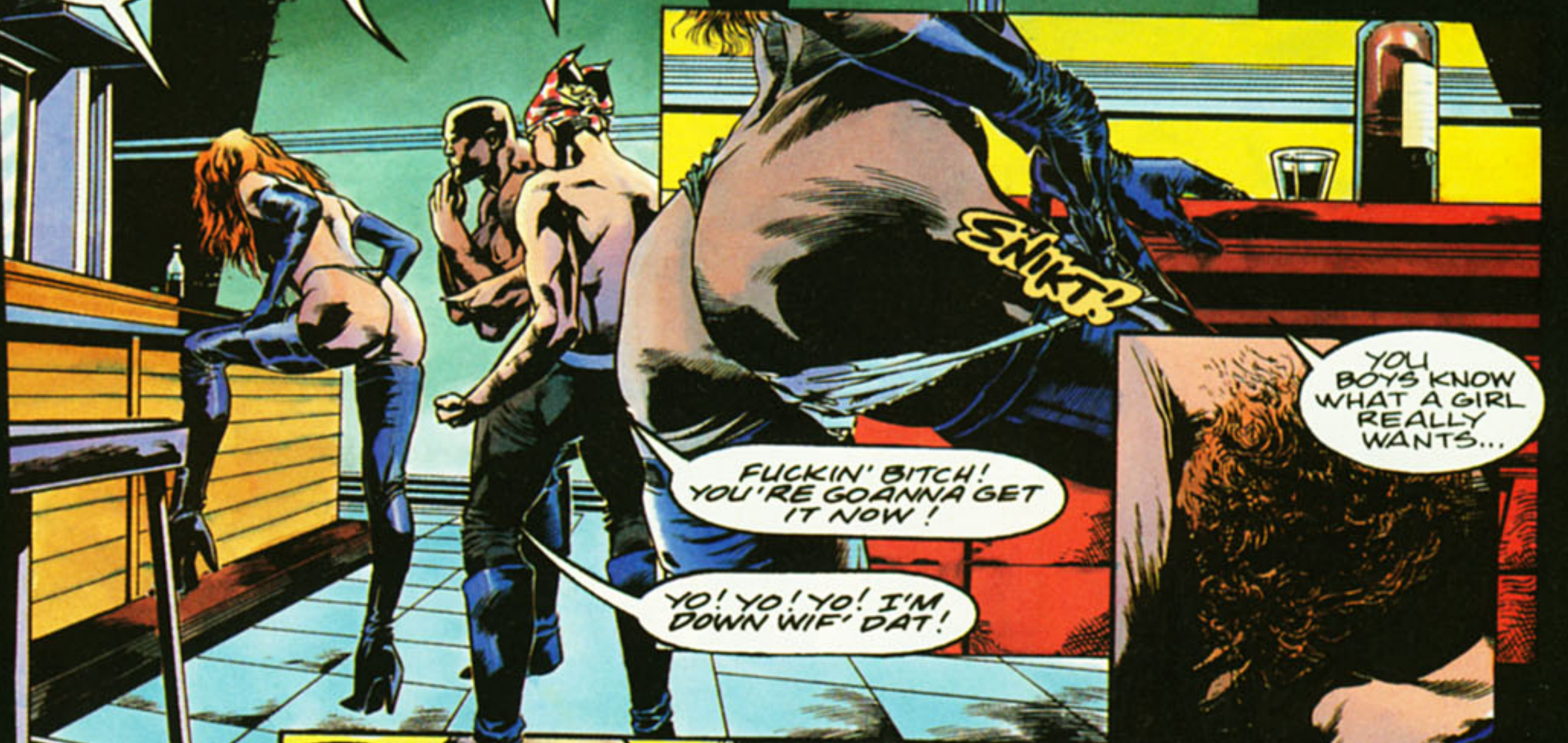
YOU'RE
BIG TOUGH
GUYS...
C'MON!



...GO
FOR
IT!

YO, BRO!
THE BOSS'S
DOOR IS
CLOSED!

HE WOULD
NEVER HEAR!
HE WOULD NEVER
KNOW!



FUCKIN' BITCH!
YOU'RE GOANNA GET
IT NOW!

YO!
YO!
YO!
I'M
DOWN WIF' DAT!

YOU
BOYS KNOW
WHAT A GIRL
REALLY
WANTS...



SWEET
SUGAR!

SWEETER
THAN THE
HONEY
BEE!



THUMPA!
THUMPA!

THUMPA!
THUMPA!



...YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR MAMAS TOLD YOU JUST AIN'T TRUE...

...A GIRL DON'T WANT TO RIDE HORSES! A GIRL DON'T WANT TO PLAY WITH DOLLS...

...A GIRL WANTS TO BE FUCKED REALLY HARD!

UG! UG!... I'M C-COM--

FUCK DIXIE!

FUCK DIXIE 'TILL THE SUN COMES UP!

HUHN! HUHN! HUHN!

UG! UG! UG!

WHUMP WHUMP

THUMPATHUMPATHUM AAAAAGH!

HUHN! HUHN! HUHN!

HUHN! HUHN!... I'M GOANNA...

AAAAAGH!

FUCK DIXIE 'TILL YOUR HEART BREAKS!

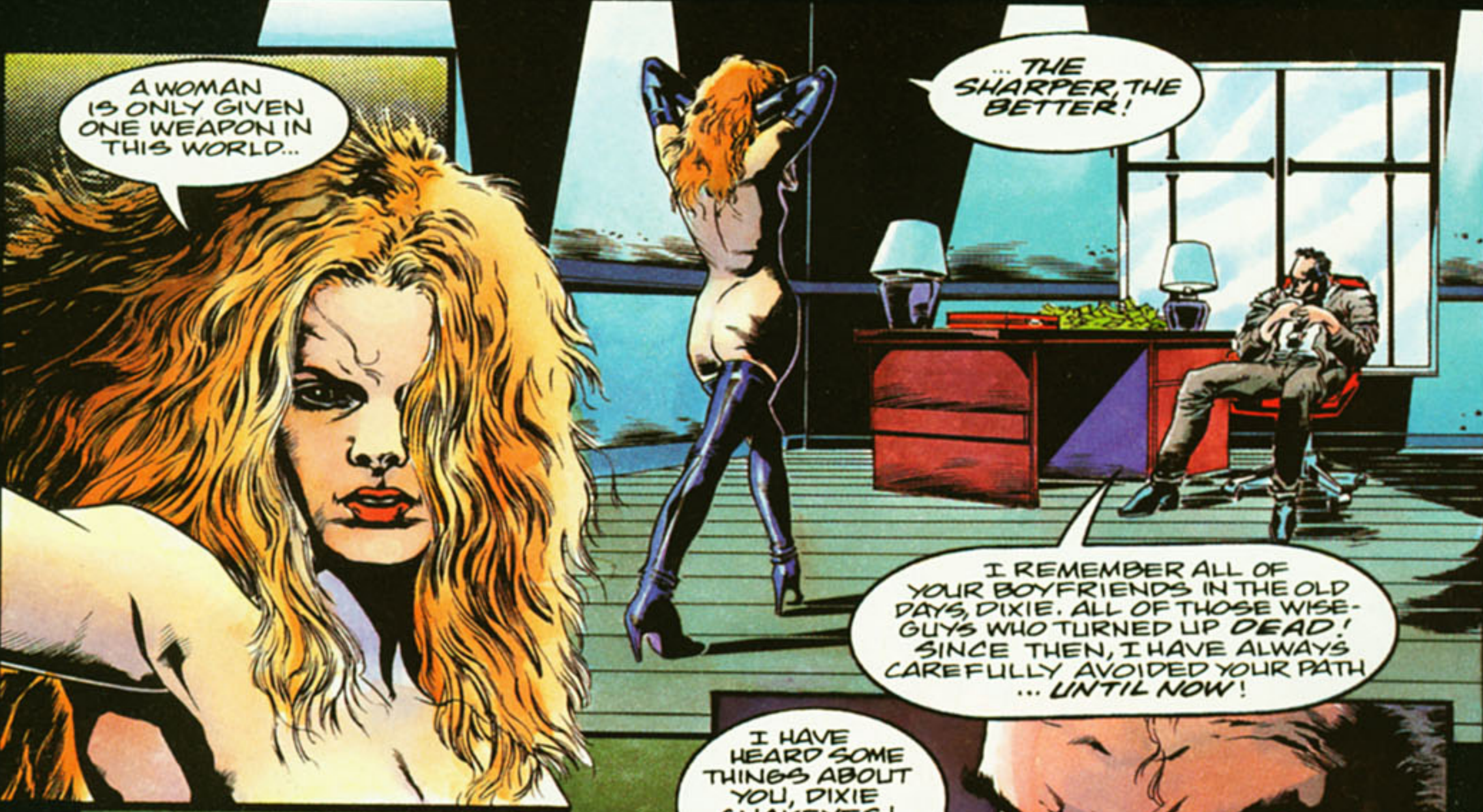
HOFFABERG...

...JOE HOFFABERG!

...I'M COMING FOR YOU!

DIXIE!

DIXIE SNAKEYES... IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME. I SEE WHAT WAS ONCE YOUR CURSE HAS BECOME YOUR WEAPON!



A WOMAN IS ONLY GIVEN ONE WEAPON IN THIS WORLD...

... THE SHARPER, THE BETTER!

I REMEMBER ALL OF YOUR BOYFRIENDS IN THE OLD DAYS, DIXIE. ALL OF THOSE WISE-GUYS WHO TURNED UP DEAD! SINCE THEN, I HAVE ALWAYS CAREFULLY AVOIDED YOUR PATH ... UNTIL NOW!

I HAVE HEARD SOME THINGS ABOUT YOU, DIXIE SNAKEYES! ARE THEY TRUE?

ARE YOU GONNA' GIVE ME THE MONEY, OR WHAT?

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A STRONG MAN. STRONG ENOUGH TO HAVE BROKEN A HUNDRED MEN... MAYBE A THOUSAND! I'VE LOST COUNT! LIFE HAS BECOME DULL!

...NOW THE DOCTORS FOUND THE POLYPS WITHIN ME... MALIGNANT!

THIS MONEY MEANS NOTHING TO ME NOW, YOU CAN HAVE IT!



I KNEW YOU WOULD COME AND I WAITED!

I WANT A TRUE GANGSTER'S DEATH!

I WANT TO MAKE THE DICE ROLL!



I'VE HEARD OF YOU TOO, JOE HOFFBERG. THEY SAY YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND A GIRL PRETTY GOOD! SOME OF THE WORKING GIRLS EVEN TALK ABOUT YOU!

IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, BIG MAN...

COME ON!



GOODBYE,
JOE...

...YOU
REALLY
SHOWED
DIXIE
A GOOD
TIME.

OH...
NO!

I'M
TOO LATE,
DIXIE!

YOU'VE
DONE IT
AGAIN!

OH,
DIXIE!
I CAME
TO WARN
YOU!

THAT
COP, DUGAN, IS
LOOKIN' FOR US!
HE'LL BE HERE
ANY MINUTE!
OH, DIXIE!
LOOK AT THIS
MESS! YOU
SHOULDN'T HAVE
DONE THIS,
DIXIE!

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE!

ALL RIGHT
IN THERE, COME
OUT WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!
THIS IS THE
POLICE!

**KNOCK
KNOCK!**

RUN, DIXIE!
RUN! I'LL COVER
YOUR TRACKS!

I'LL PUMP
THESE BODIES FULL
OF BULLETS...THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW IT WAS
YOU, MY LOVE.

RUN,
DIXIE!
RUN!

OUTTA MY
WAY, LOSER!
THAT
COP'S COMIN'
FAST!

SHIT!
NO TIME
TO
GRAB THE
DOUGH!

**BAM!
BAM!
BAM!**

SHORTLY...

I APPREHENDED THIS PUNK, CAPTAIN! LOOKS LIKE HE WENT WILD AND SHOT THE OTHERS TO PIECES!

THAT'S RIGHT, I DID IT! I DID IT ALL!

DID'YA FIND THE CASH, DUGAN?

NO, SIR!

SAINTS PRESERVE US!

LATER...

POLICE

DUGAN! YOU FIND ANY OF THAT LOOT FROM THE ARMORED CAR JOB?

...NOT A SIGN, JOHNNY-LAD ...NOT A SIGN!

IT WAS ONLY ME! GIVE ME THE CHAIR!

ISLAM!

SNAP!

DUGAN LISTENED TO THE SOUND OF THE PADDY WAGON FADE INTO THE DISTANCE. THE EVENING WIND FELT GOOD IN HIS HAIR, IT WAS ALL HIS AT LAST. THEN HE HEARD SOFT FOOTSTEPS COMING UP FROM BEHIND.

HEY, BABY! GOIN' OUT TONIGHT?

I MIGHT BE...

...AN' WHAT MIGHT YOU BE HAVIN' IN MIND, LOVE?

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!

SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HE'D EVER SEEN!

HEY, YOU DON'T WEAR WHITE SOCKS, DO YOU?

The End

**BANNED
IN CANADA!**

O N E M A N ' S O P I N I O N

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)



WHAM! BAM! THANK YOU, MA'AM!

Four out of five Canadian Censors surveyed prefer sugarless sex when they have sex. Once again, we get tagged for the violence rap. (I guess it's six strokes of the cane for me!)



NO KIDDING...

Canadian Censors bans this as "Anal Penetration". Look closely, is there any penetration here?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

**BANNED
IN CANADA!**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86)



THIS IS VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN?

Official Canadian government documents sure say so! I guess Canadian Censors have never had a good and hard, really satisfying screw. If they did, they'd know that this is perfectly normal human behavior! (This is all I have time for this month, freedom lovers. Stick around, though, there's more to come in future issues!)—GKC

SCION

EPISODE 3: THE PLAN



Russia, 1994. The former KGB mastermind known only as the Commissar reveals the darkest secret of the Cold War: KGB Special Section 13, code name for the Scion Program. It's goal was to create an army of genetically altered supermen. With the fall of the Soviet Union, the Fifty Scion, most of whom are unaware of their heritage, are to be destroyed to prevent their discovery by the West.



Two of the Scion are Andra, a former prostitute who now possesses vastly powerful and nearly uncontrollable telekinetic powers, and Petra, a shape-shifter able to duplicate the mind and form of any human. They met in Minsk, when Petra saved the younger woman from one of the Commissar's Hunters. They made love, awakening Andra's powers for the first time. Together, they escaped Minsk and headed into the wilds of Belarus.

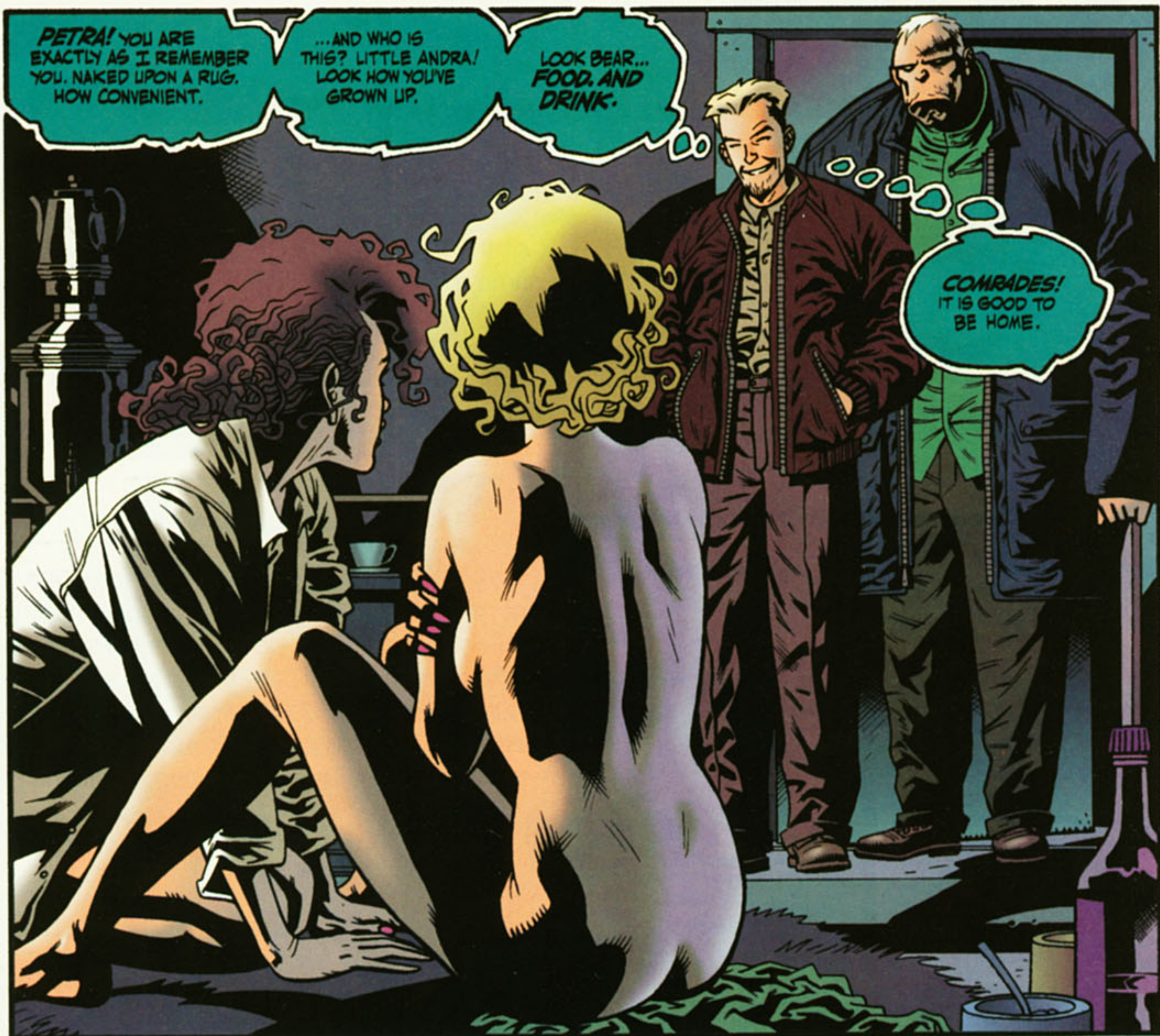


Using her shape-shifting powers to assume the form of various people from her past, including a Scion known as Rasputin, Petra tells Andra how during the 1960s, schoolchildren in the U.S.S.R. were tested for ESP potential, selectively cross-bred, and their offspring genetically enhanced to possess superhuman powers. Sex between two Scion is the trigger that manifests their powers.



But, as Petra points out, when they reach the hidden bunker Petra uses as her hide out, it is also a way of keeping and enhancing their abilities. The two women, exhausted from their harrowing escape, find their only solace in each other's passionate embrace—unaware that at that moment, they are being watched.

STORY: Caragonne & Thornton **PENCILS/LETTERING/COLORS:** Kevin Nowlan
INK: Kevin Nowlan and John Nyberg



PETRA! YOU ARE EXACTLY AS I REMEMBER YOU. NAKED UPON A RUG. HOW CONVENIENT.

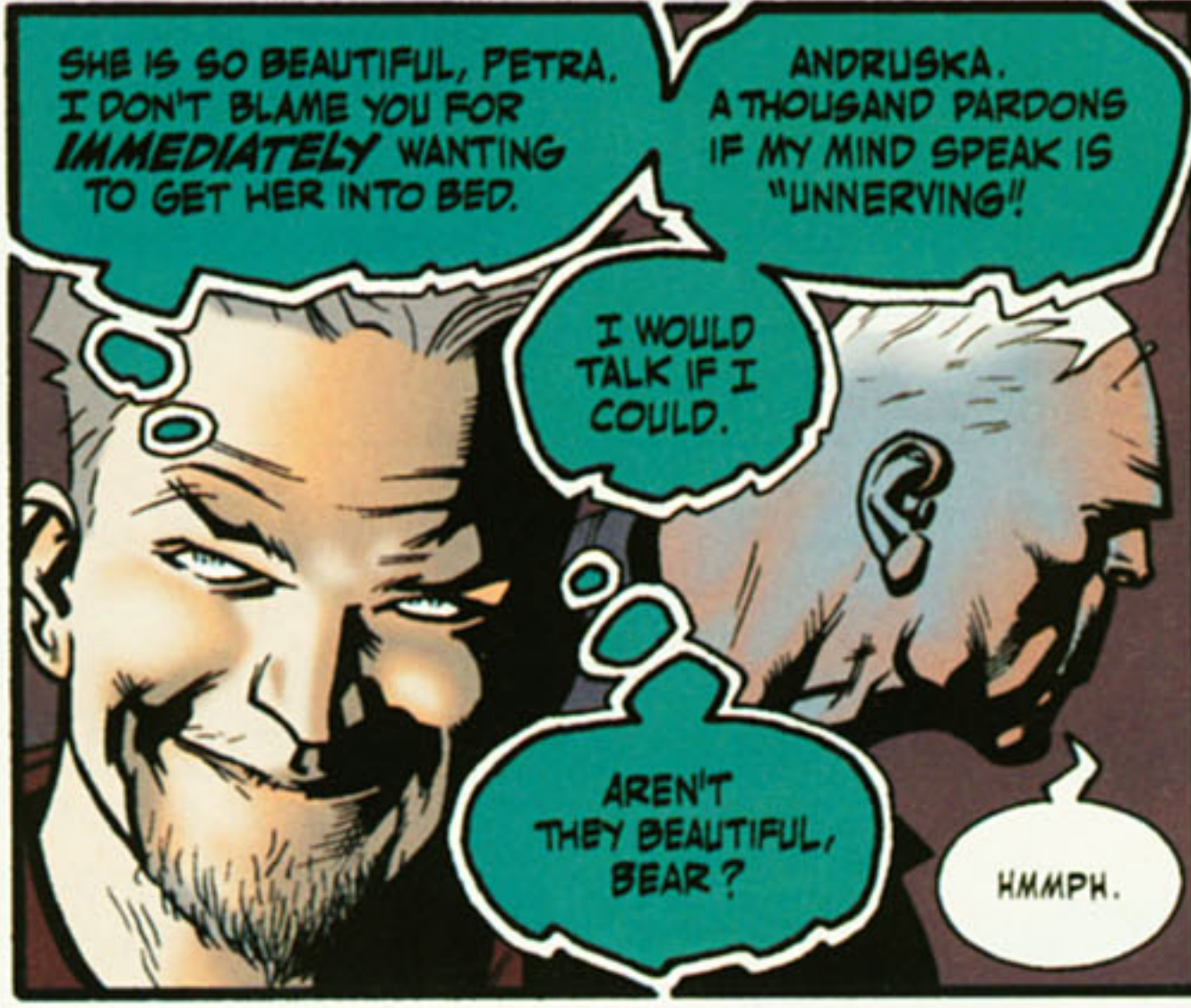
...AND WHO IS THIS? LITTLE ANDRA! LOOK HOW YOU'VE GROWN UP.

LOOK BEAR... FOOD. AND DRINK.

COMRADES! IT IS GOOD TO BE HOME.



RASPUTIN!



SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL, PETRA. I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR IMMEDIATELY WANTING TO GET HER INTO BED.

ANDRUSKA. A THOUSAND PARDONS IF MY MIND SPEAK IS "UNNERVING!"

I WOULD TALK IF I COULD.

AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL, BEAR?

HMMPH.



RASPUTIN, YOU OLD CHARMER. YOU NEED NOT PLY YOUR TALENTS WITH ME. COME TO ME, MY OLDEST FRIEND!

HOW DID YOU FIND US?



I FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF SMOKE AND DESTRUCTION.

I KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU THERE.



CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING? WE HAVE VODKA AND--

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT BEAR. HE TAKES WHAT HE WANTS.



THE ELUSIVE PETRA, THE BIRD THAT ALWAYS RETURNS TO HER NEST. ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE HERE? HAVE YOU TOLD ANYONE OF THIS PLACE?

ONLY YOU.



DID THEY COME AFTER YOU?

HOW MANY?

WHAT HAPPENED?



WE CANNOT STAY HERE. WE MUST FIND A WAY TO LEAVE BELARUS.

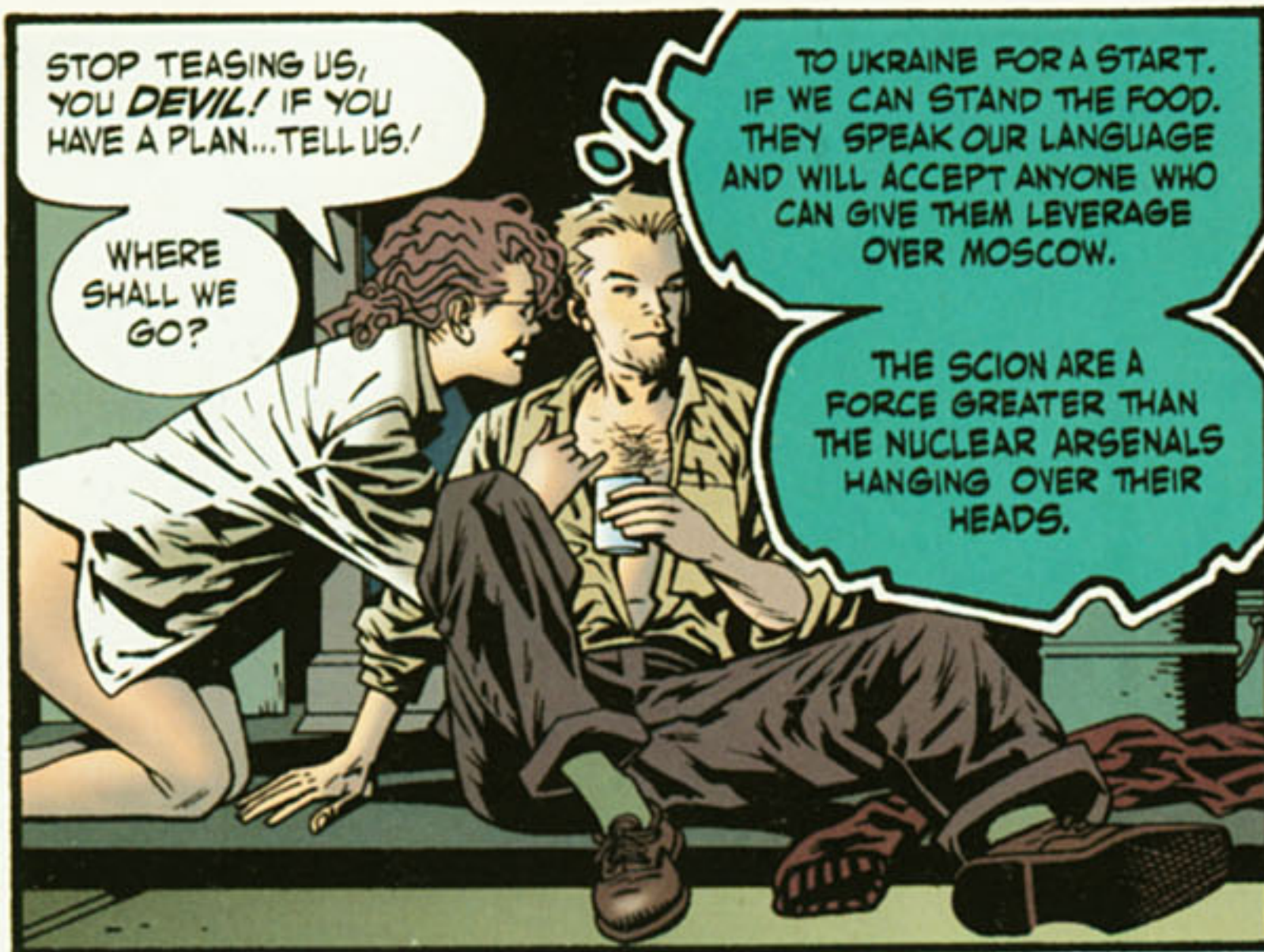
OF COURSE. SHOULD I TELL YOU MY PLAN? OR WILL YOU TELL ME YOURS?



WHERE CAN WE GO? WHO WILL ACCEPT US WITH THE DANGER THAT WE WILL BRING?

OUR POWERS MAKE US A THREAT.

OUR POWERS MAKE US A PRIZE!



STOP TEASING US, YOU *DEVIL!* IF YOU HAVE A PLAN...TELL US!

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

TO UKRAINE FOR A START. IF WE CAN STAND THE FOOD. THEY SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE AND WILL ACCEPT ANYONE WHO CAN GIVE THEM LEVERAGE OVER MOSCOW.

THE SCION ARE A FORCE GREATER THAN THE NUCLEAR ARSENALS HANGING OVER THEIR HEADS.



HOW WILL WE GET THERE? WALK?

ANDRA! *SHAME* ON YOU FOR HAVING SO LITTLE FAITH.

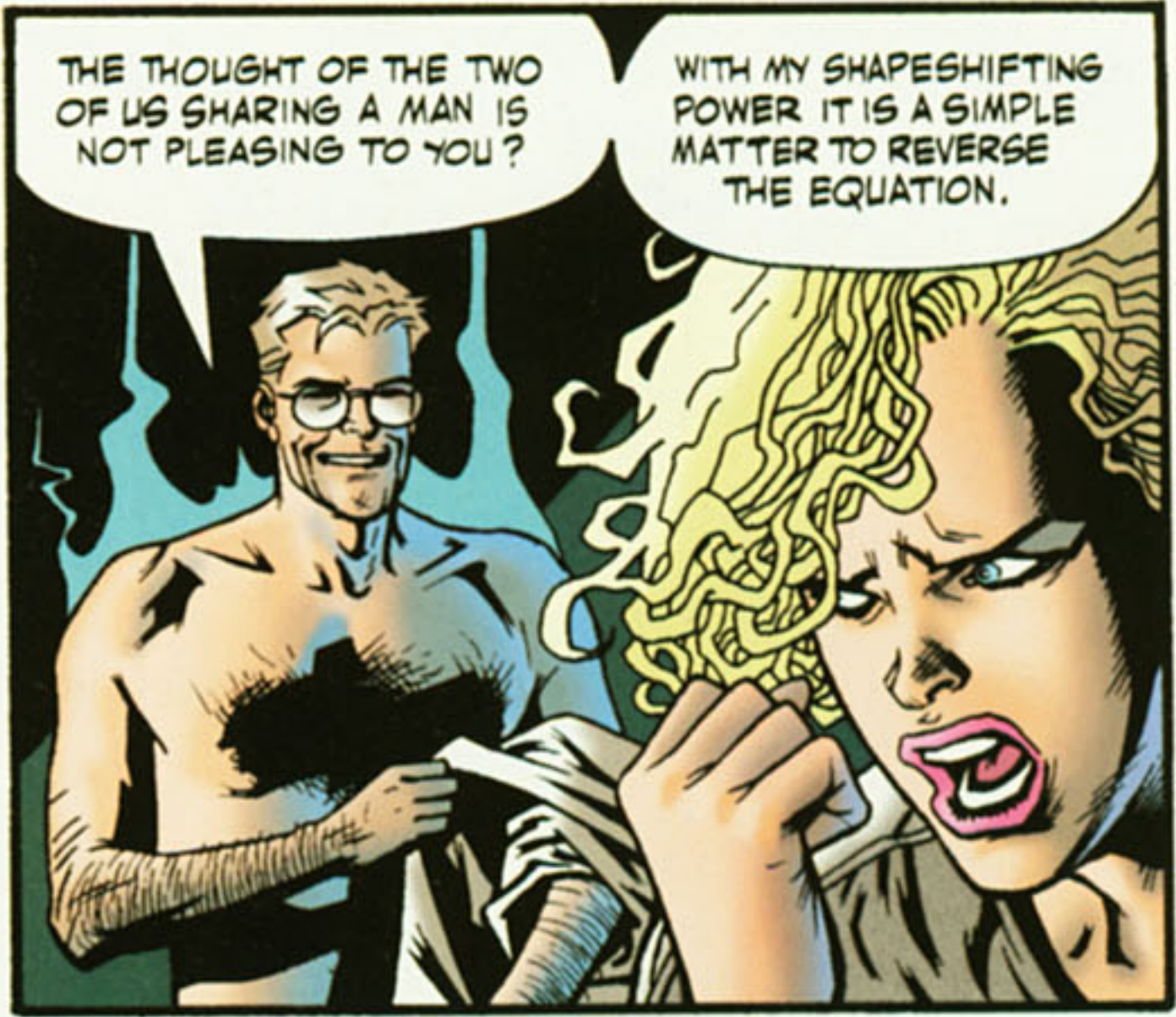
RASPUTIN WILL FIND A WAY. HE ALWAYS DOES.



GIVE HIM A SCRAP OF PAPER AND HE WILL FOLD IT INTO AN AIRPLANE THAT WILL *FLY* US THERE.

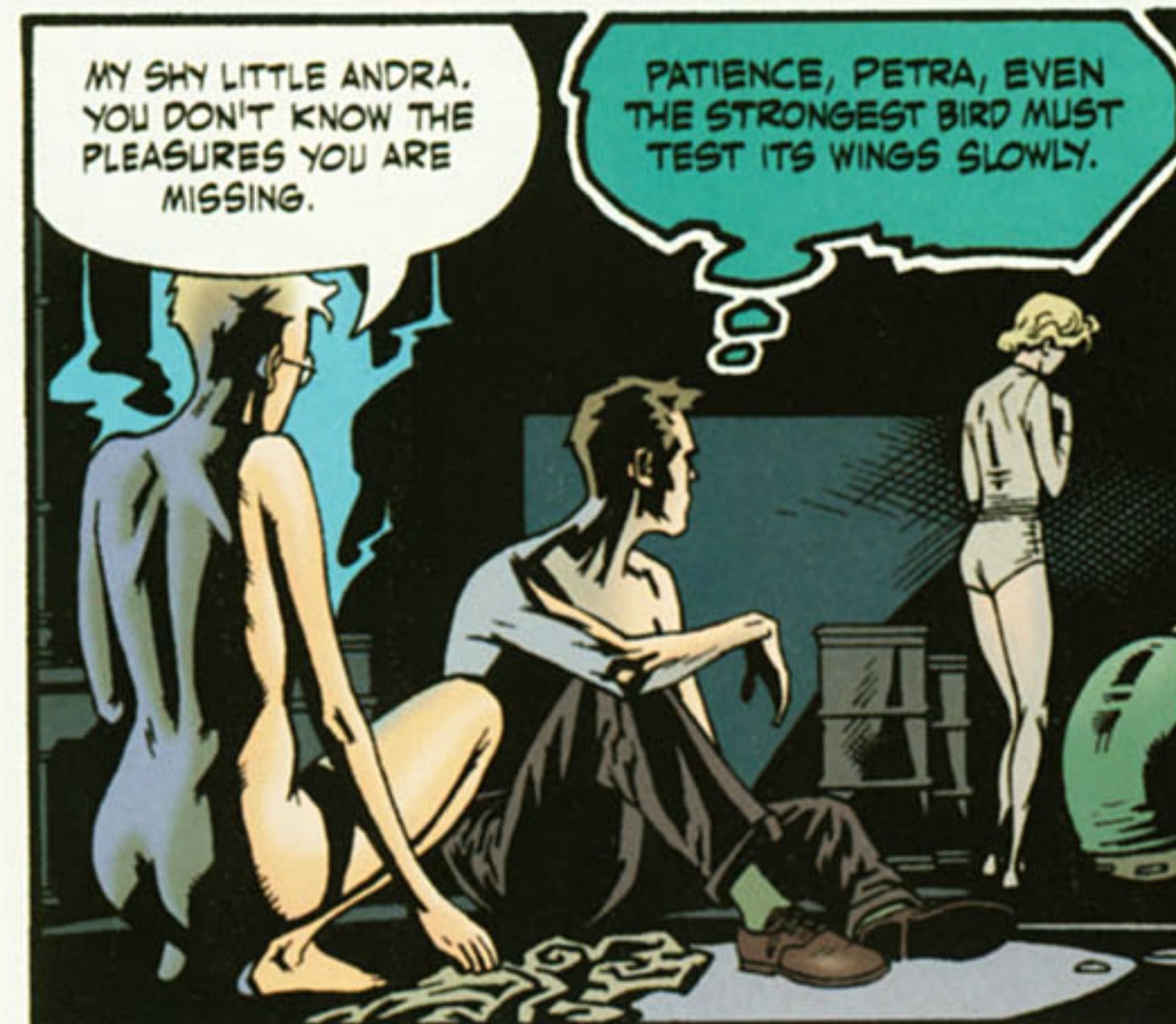
NOW, *COME*. LET US AT LEAST CONSUMATE OUR REUNION BEFORE WE PLAN OUR ESCAPE.

PETRA... I...



THE THOUGHT OF THE TWO OF US SHARING A MAN IS NOT PLEASING TO YOU?

WITH MY SHAPESHIFTING POWER IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO REVERSE THE EQUATION.



MY SHY LITTLE ANDRA. YOU DON'T KNOW THE PLEASURES YOU ARE MISSING.

PATIENCE, PETRA, EVEN THE STRONGEST BIRD MUST TEST ITS WINGS SLOWLY.



SHE IS ONE OF US. WHERE ELSE CAN SHE GO?

ENOUGH TALK, "SHEPHERD"...

I AM THE SHEPHERD WHO WILL GATHER ALL THE LOST CHILDREN OF SCION.



HOW CAN YOU JUST SIT THERE AND *EAT*? DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO *SAY*?

BURRP.



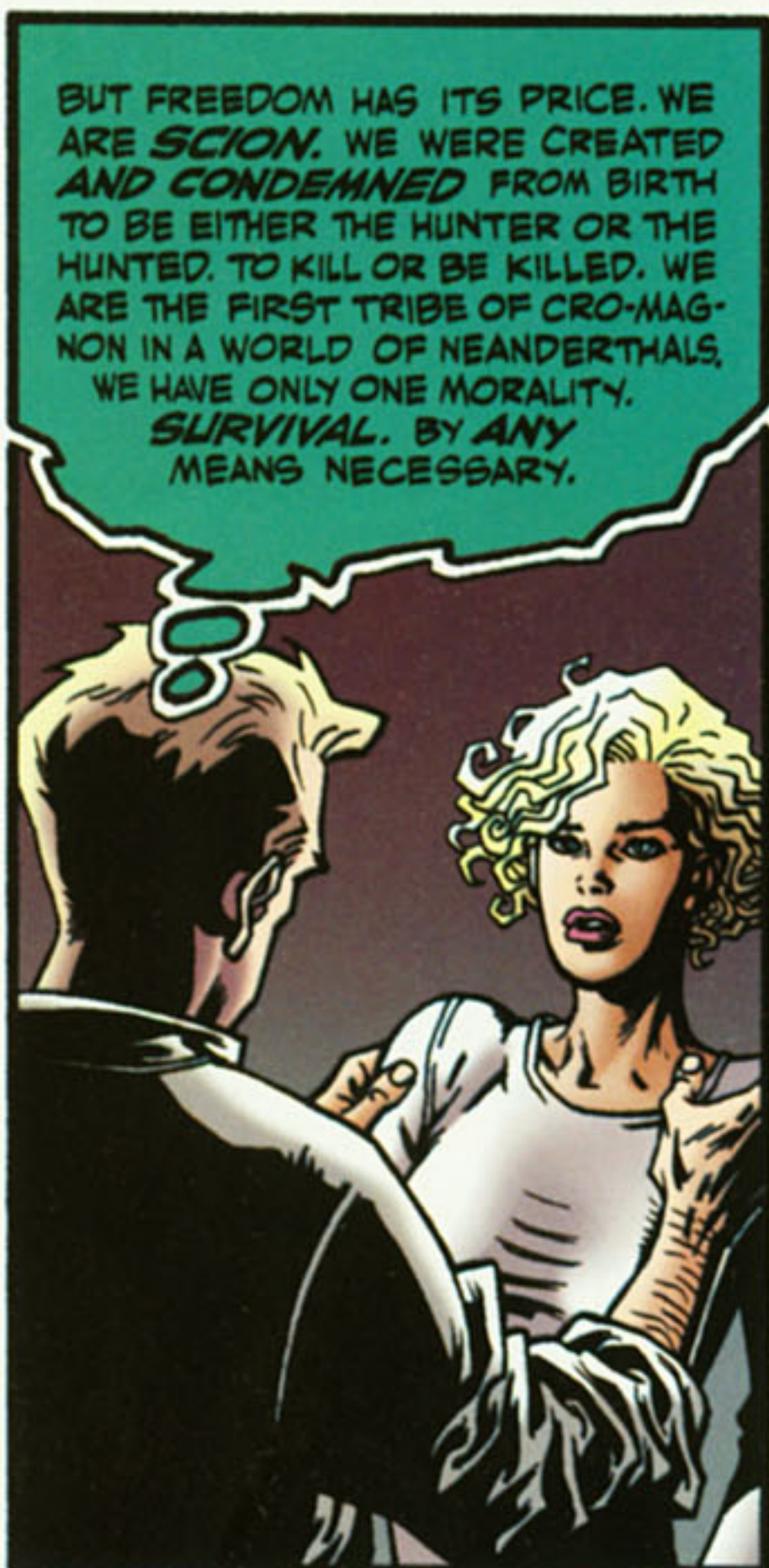
ANDRA... I KNOW THIS IS ALL VERY STRANGE AND NEW TO YOU. IT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND. HARDER STILL TO ACCEPT.

YOU ASK FOR A NORMAL LIFE?



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO *SCION* WHO ASK FOR A NORMAL LIFE.

DO YOU DREAM OF THE GOLDEN IDYLIC DAYS WHEN YOU WERE A FIVE RUBLE WHORE? I OFFER YOU FREEDOM!



BUT FREEDOM HAS ITS PRICE. WE ARE *SCION*. WE WERE CREATED AND CONDEMNED FROM BIRTH TO BE EITHER THE HUNTER OR THE HUNTED. TO KILL OR BE KILLED. WE ARE THE FIRST TRIBE OF CRO-MAGNON IN A WORLD OF NEANDERTHALS. WE HAVE ONLY ONE MORALITY. *SURVIVAL*. BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.



STOP IT! GET OUT OF MY BRAIN, YOU *MONSTER!* PETRA TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVE THE POWER TO TWIST MINDS INTO OBEYING YOU!

KNOW THIS, PRINCE OF LIARS! YOU *HAVE* NO POWER OVER *ME!*



ANDRA,
STOP THIS!

I AM NOT!
BUT I'M SICK AND
TIRED OF ALL YOU
TREATING ME
LIKE ONE!

YOU'RE
ACTING LIKE
A CHILD!

FORCING
ME TO **RUN** WITH
YOU! **PLEASURE**
YOU! **KILL** FOR
YOU!

YOU CALL ME A
MONSTER FOR HAVING
THE POWER TO MAKE
PEOPLE LISTEN TO
REASON!

WHAT DOES THAT
MAKE YOU? YOU WHO
MAKE THE ATOMS DANCE
TO SUIT YOUR WILL? WHY
WON'T YOU UNDERSTAND,
GIRL? WE ARE ALL
THE SAME!

FREAKS!
CREATED BY
MONSTERS!

YOU
MAKE ME
SAD.

IF YOU WISH
TO COMMIT SUICIDE
BY FIGHTING THE WORLD
ALONE, **SO BE IT!** BUT
I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO
DESTROY US WITH YOUR
HYSTERICIS.

BEAR...
ENEMY!

**RRRR
RAWWW!**



YOU
WILL NOT
ALLOW?

DO YOU
THINK YOU
CAN STOP
ME?

WONK!

BLOOD OF THE CZARS!
DO YOU SEE, BEAR?
SHE IS MAGNIFICENT!
STRONGER THAN I'D
DARED HOPE!



KRUNGSH!



WHO HAS EVER STOOD BEFORE YOU THIS LONG, MY FRIEND?

AH... I SEE THAT SHE HAS **POWER** BUT PRECIOUS LITTLE ENDURANCE.

NO, BEAR! **NOT YET!** **YOU WILL HAVE HER.**

NO MATTER. THAT WILL COME IN TIME. AND FOR NOW IT MAKES HER EASIER TO CONTROL.

BUT IN **MY** DUE TIME.



WHAT TH...?

THAT WAS AN EXPLOSIVE!

SOMEONE IS TRYING TO GET IN!



SOMEONE, PETRA? YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I... WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?

AND NOW...

IT IS TIME FOR ALL THE BAD LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME HOME WITH THEIR POPPY.

NEXT: THE COMMISSAR