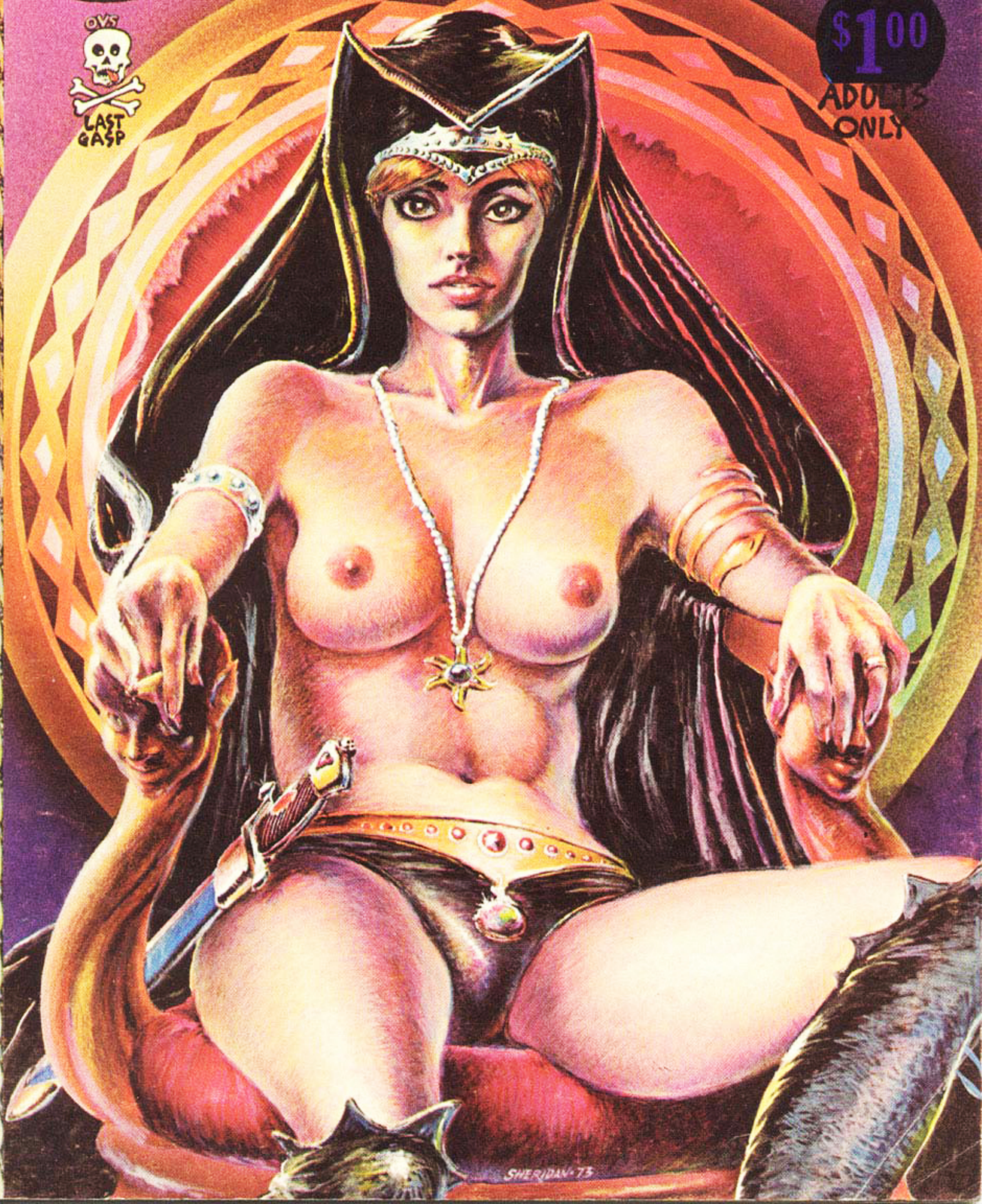


TALES FROM THE LEATHER NUN



\$1.00
ADULTS
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SHERIDAN 73



Tales from the Leather Nun

NUMBER ONE

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BRO. LINGUS
WILL NOW BRING
US...

CHAPTER ONE

TALES OF THE

LEATHER NUN

Once upon
a time...





LATER THAT CENTURY...

ANOTHER CAPTURED
AGENT FROM ROME,
DEGENERATE MASTER!

ANOTHER
SORRY
ATTEMPT?
HA!

DON'T THESE
TWIDDLING
SIMPS KNOW YET
HOW USELESS IT IS TO
STAND IN OUR WAY!!
WITH WHAT WE
NOW KNOW WE
CANNOT BE STOPPED!

THE
PIT!

THROW
HIM IN THE
PIT!!

HMM... YES, A VISIT TO "THE
MINDLESS QUALITY OF
TARTARUS" WOULD BEST
ILLUSTRATE OUR ADVANCES
IN THE DARKER AREAS
OF INTERNATIONAL COM-
MUNICATION...

NNNNNG!

COME...



THE PIT IS MERELY A CATALYST FOR THE GASEOUS FIRMENTATION OF THE THINKING PROCESS, MONSIGNOR, WHAT IT DOES TO YOU DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU DO TO IT!!

EVERYONE TO THE SCOPE'S!

GKK!

CHOOSING A CHANNEL
HAPPENS BY CHANCE,
AS YOU WILL SEE ON
YOUR WIRELESS PULP
RECEIVERS IF YOU JUST
LOWER YOUR VIEW A BIT.



...THIS MUST BE THAT "SPECIAL CASE" THE FIRST SERGEANT WAS YAPPING ABOUT!

IT SAYS IN HIS FILE HERE THAT HE GETS A FULL TOUR AND AN ILLUSTRATED DEMONSTRATION OF BASIC TRAINING.

M-MY CASSOCK!?! OH MY DEAR GOD! I'M NAKED! IT... JUST DISSAPPEA...

HI BOY, I'M YOUR DRILL INSTRUCTOR! WE GONNA SEE THE TOP! **MOVE IT!**

HE'LL HAVE TO BE PROCESSED JUST LIKE THE REGULAR TROOPS. WE'LL START WITH A NEW UNIFORM!

AANGHH!



NOW, THE FINALS IN THE MISS ORGASM CONTEST. WE'LL BEGIN WITH THE FREESTYLE ORGY POSITIONS!!! STARTING THE COMPETITION IS MISS CYNTHIA SALIVA, 19, FROM OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA...

PERMANENT PERSONNEL

THE TOP'S BEEN WAITIN' FOR YA! HE SAID I GIT TA SHOW YOU AROUND! AIN'T THAT SWEET?!

C'MON! LET'S US **TRIPLETIME**

THOSE RIVER BARGES YOU CALL FEET! HAAP!! WHOOP!! AREEP!!

ZAP!

WINK! PANT! GASP! PLEASE! I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING (PANT) INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE ARCH-BISHOP (GASP). HE TOLD ME TO FIND OUT WHAT THE ORDER OF **OWW!**

ST. KEMONGUS HAVE DISCOVERED FROM THE NEW SCROLLS. PANT PANT

STAFF SGT. UNKLE REPORTING
-WID A NEW MAN.

A VERY GOOD SALUTE, UNKLE, BUT YOU STILL NEED A HAIRCUT!

1ST SGT. THUCKIT

EXTRA DUTY

WELL, WHAT HAVE WE
HERE?? A NEW
RECRUIT? JUDGING
BY THAT GUT, HE'S A
CHRISTIAN! WHAT IS
HE, A POLITICIAN?

HE'S A
MONKEENYER
WID A CHOCH!

LOOKS
GOOD GNUF
TO EAT!
SNORT!

HE'S ON TEMPORARY HOLD FROM DAT NUN WHAT'S GOT DE SCROLLS.!!

VERY INTERESTING. LET'S SEE HIS FILE. HMMM... NOT MUCH HERE... VERY **PIOUS**... FOLLOWS ORDERS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL...

325970
73214
0-72

HE'S ON TEMPORARY HOLD FROM DAT NUN WHAT'S GOT DE SCROLLS.!!

VERY INTERESTING. LET'S SEE HIS FILE. HMMM... NOT MUCH HERE... VERY PIOUS... FOLLOWS ORDERS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL...

325970
73214
0-72

**OUR FILES ARE VERY COMPLETE
HERE...WE KNOW EVERYTHING
YOU EVER DID! IN DETAIL!!!**

WHAT'S THIS!?

IT SAYS HERE
THAT YOU ONCE
HAD SINFUL
THOUGHTS
REGARDING
A CERTAIN 13 YEAR-
OLD FEMALE...

OH, YOU NASTY
MAN!!

...WHO WAS IN YOUR
EMPLOY AS A MINI-
BEGGAR ... TO SHUCK
TOURISTS IN THE AREA
OF VATICAN CITY!!!!?

HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA

HA

BUT SHE...

...WHO WAS IN YOUR
EMPLOY AS A MINI-
BEGGAR ... TO SHUCK
TOURISTS IN THE AREA
OF VATICAN CITY!!!!?

HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA

HA

BUT SHE...

HAHA
HAHA
BURT HA
HAHA
HA

HE'S ACCEPTABLE!
WHY, HE MIGHT EVEN
RATE AN OFFICER'S
COMMISSION!! WE IS
GONNA SEND YOU OFF
TO YOUR NEW
DUTY SECTION
R'HAT
NOW!
YESSUH!

BOOT!

TWEAK!

HAHA
HAHA
BURT HA
HAHA
HA

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GONNA SEND YOU OFF
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DUTY SECTION
R'HAT
NOW!
YESSUH!

BOOT!

TWEAK!

Clergy
Next Exit

NEXT EXIT
The Pits

FREeway EN
3/4 MILE

Entering
Clergy
FOR 99.99
0.001

OBOY! LOOK
WHAT JUST HIT
THE SHIT SOUFFLE!!

SPLAT



OH, YOU NASTY DEVILS!!
HMM HMM!!

EEK!!
MY BEAUTIFUL
BUFFET IS
ABSOLUTELY
RUINED!

TFK! BRUCE EDITH
IS DUE ANY
MINUTE,
TOO!

HONK!!

GIVE'M
DA BOOT!

I THINK THIS ONE'S
HERE FOR THE
PERSONAL
DEVELOPMENT
SEMINAR.

HMM!
LOOKS MORE
LIKE A BUSBOY
TO ME!!
HYUK!!

HMM...NICE ASS.
WHAT'S FIRST
ON HIS LIST?
CUNNILINGUS?
FELLATIO??

LET'S BUST HIM
WITH A LUST THRUST,
THEN TIE HIM UP
WITH PRICKERS!



YOU'RE A SLIPPERY LITTLE...







OK, ROMEO, REEL UP THAT SALAMI!!
BIG SISTER IS HERE TO TAKE
YOU TO THE THEATRE!

AISLE 1

WHERE'D
EVERYBODY GO?
AW SHIT! WHAT
HAPPENED TO MY
GIANT PEE PEE?!

PANT!
PANT!
PANT!

THIS IS THE MOST EXCITING
THING TO HAPPEN TO HIM
SINCE HE TASTED HIS
FIRST TARTUFO!!

OHH!
I JUST
LOVE
TO DO
THAT!!

WHAT KIND OF
A HELL IS THIS, ANYW...

OW!

WHAP





OK LOU,
SHUT
OFF THE
SCOPES!
HE'S
DONE!

GOSH! THIS IS GETTING
STRANGER ALL THE TIME!
WILL I EVER GET BACK TO
REALITY??

FORGET IT, SWEETS,
YOU NEVER LEFT!
THIS IS ALL IN
YOUR HEAD!
AN ILLUSION!
C'ME'R! SLIP
INTO SOMETHING
COMFORTABLE!



LATER,
BACK IN ROMA...

I HATE TO TELL YOU
THIS, POPS... UM, BUT
I THINK I FORGOT TO
ASK ABOUT WHAT IT
WAS YOU WANTED
ME TO GET?

The
End

The Adventures of **R. CRUMB** himself

by
R. Crumb
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

I THINK I'LL
GO FOR A
WALK...







DUTY, HONOR, HARD
WORK, VIGILANCE, AND
STRENGTH OF
CHARACTER...

PUT
YOUR
GLASSES
ON...

YOU ARE NOW
READY FOR
GRADUATION...
STRIP DOWN,
BOY!!



HERE HE IS, SISTER!
READY TO GO OUT AND
MEET HIS RESPONSIBILITIES
AS A DECENT MEMBER
OF SOCIETY!

BET HE'LL BE
A MODEL
CITIZEN!

OOHH...GET
ME A
DOCTOR!

YOU'VE DONE A
FINE JOB...
STAND RIGHT
HERE, MR...UH...

CRUMB!
YES...



IN THE NAME OF THE
FATHER AND OF THE
SON AND OF THE
HOLY GHOST, I PRO-
NOUNCE YOU...



HEY! YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT!
THAT'S
MY-

A
SOLDIER
OF
CHRIST!



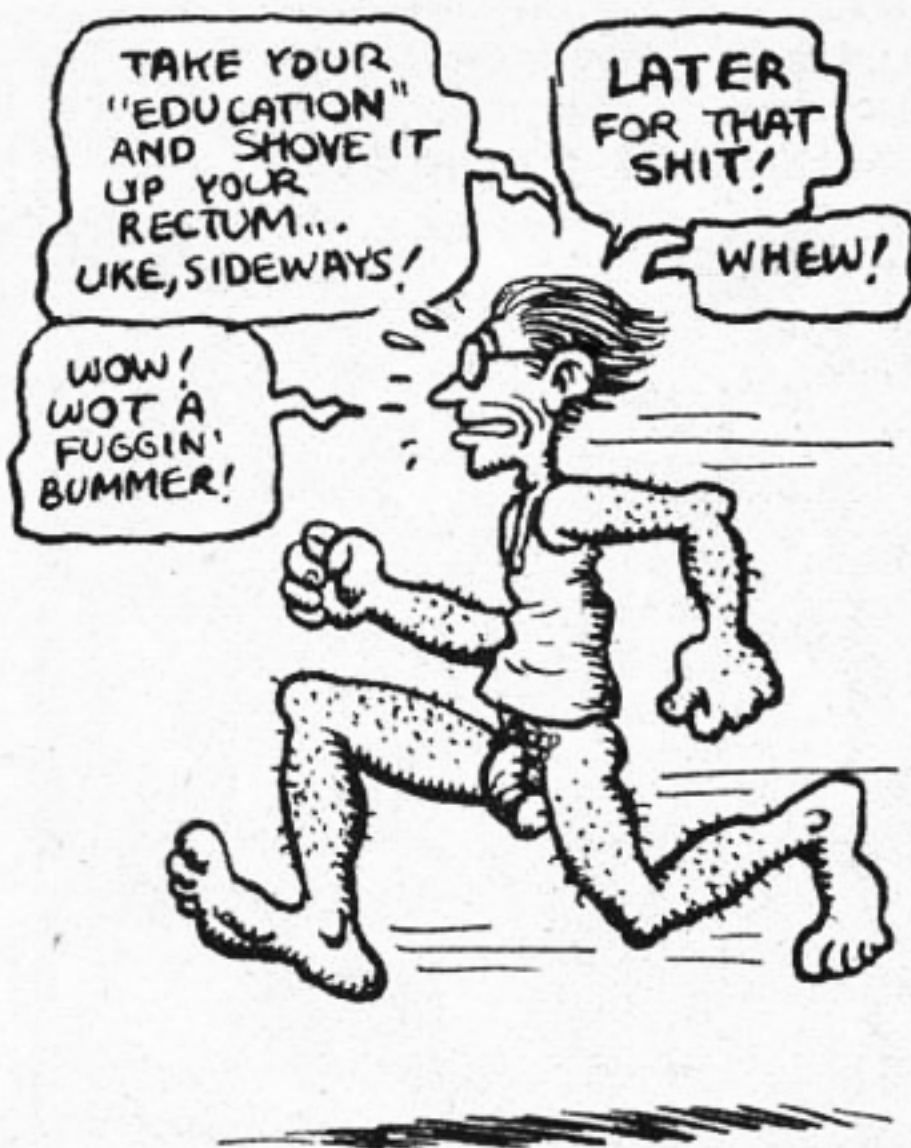
'FRAID
NOT
BITCH!

ZIP



HERE'S ONE FOR JEEZIZ!
EAT NUN'S BRAINS YA DIRTY
SLOBS!

THIS GIVES
ME A
HARD-
ON!



THE CLOISTERS, UPTOWN
MANHATTAN ...ROCKERFELLER
AS A GIFT TO THE PEOPLE
OF NEW YORK CITY



BUILT IN THE 13TH CENTURY THIS
MONASTARY WAS TRANSPORTED



STONE BY STONE, SOME OF IT
SHIPPED ABOARD THE FRIGATE..



Per Omnia
Seecula
seculorum
Amen



Gloria tu
Domine



et cum
spiritu
tua



SOME TIMES I THINK THAT THESE SINNERS DON'T APPRECIATE WHAT WE DO FOR THEIR SOULS

BY THE WAY HOW ARE OUR ACCOUNTS DOING BROTHER TERQUATO

NOT SO GOOD YOUR NASTYSHIP POLLUTO CHEMICALS DOWN .73 TRUE CROSS FRAGMENTS SALES DOWN .42, BONES OF ST. ROSILEA FRAGMENTS DOWN .27, INDULGENCE VENDING MACHINE SALES DOWN .13 IT LOOKS AS IF OUR "DOLLARS FOR DEVOTION" PROGRAM ISN'T DOING SO WELL

THUMB SCREWS

BY ST. SIMEONS WORMY FLESH WHY AREN'T THE DEVOUT COMING THRU ITS BECOMING HARD TO SPARE CHANGE EVEN FOR CHRIST

LATER

YOU! FETID SINNER YOU HAVE BLASPHEMED AGAINST ALMIGHTY GOD

YOU HAVE SUGGESTED THAT SOMETHING OTHER THAN HIS WRATH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR STORMS, DROUGHTS, PESTILENCES AND BLIZZARDS

OW! HEY, WHAT ARE YOU A SOME KINDA FEMINIST I WANT A FAIR TRIAL

POKE

OFFICIAL 16th CENT. CHURCH PROCEDURE E.D. NOTE

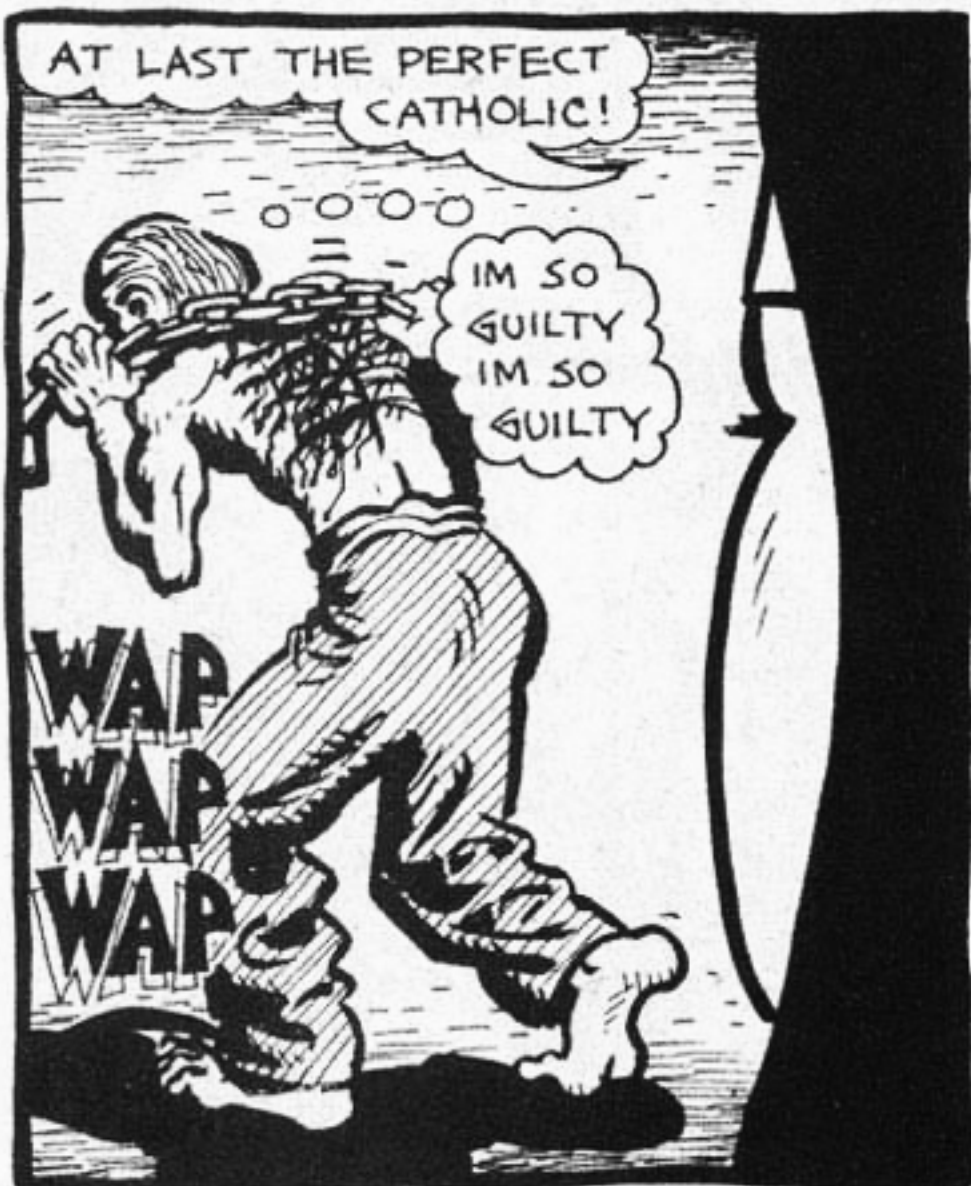
DO YOU THINK THAT THESE MEN DEDICATED AS THEY ARE TO THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD WOULD GIVE YOU ANYTHING LESS THAN AN IMPARTIAL AND FAIR JUDGEMENT?

AND LET ME INFORM YOU THAT IF YOUR MORAL RECTITUDE SHOULD BE INSUFFICIENT TO CAUSE YOUR REPENTANCE WE HAVE THE MEANS TO AID YOUR CONSCIENCE

BUT LISSEN LADY THATS MY JOB, I'M A METEOROLOGIST, A WEATHER MAN

YOU STILL PERSIST IN DOING LUCIFERS WORK TAKE HIM AWAY!

O.K. AWRITE, ILL REPENT JUST DON'T STICK ME IN THAT!



TALES OF THE

LEATHER NUN'S *Grandmother*

M'LADY, YOUR
BEAUTY BECOMES MORE
ENCHANTING WITH EACH
PASSING CENTURY...

THANKS TO YOUR DARK
SKILLS, ALHAZARED, BUT
SOME **STRANGE** THINGS HAVE
BEEN GOING ON SINCE MY
LAST LONGEVITY SESSION,
I... I NEED YOUR HELP.





AS ALWAYS, DEAR
ESMERELDA, I AM YOUR
HUMBLE SERVANT.

WELL... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
PUT IT. IT.. IT'S ABOUT **TWO** OF
MY FONDEST LOVE OBJECTS —
THE **RHINO HORN DILDO** THAT YOU
GAVE ME AND MY **DWARF STUD**
WITH THE **WARTY-KNOB DONG**.
THEY.. THEY'RE GONE!

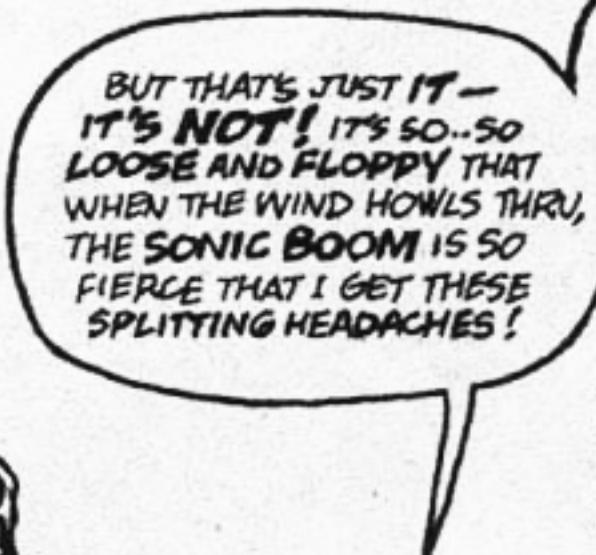


GONE,
M'LADY?

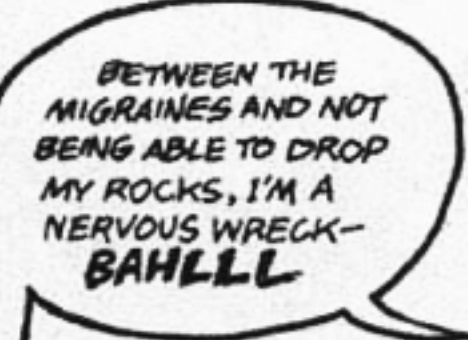
NOT EXACTLY.. **GONE**.. I GUESS
IT'S.. MORE LIKE.. **LOST**.. BOTH
SWALLOWED UP BY MY **CUNT**,
RIGHT ON THE BRINK OF **ORGASM**..



.. BUT YOUR **PUSSY** IS AS
DAINTY AND DELICATE AS IT
WAS BEFORE YOUR LUSCIOUS
MONS SPROUTED ITS FIRST
SILKY HAIRS, CENTURIES AGO.
SURELY IT COULD NOT RE-
CEIVE THE **BODILY BULK** —



BUT THAT'S JUST IT —
IT'S NOT! IT'S SO.. SO
LOOSE AND FLOPPY THAT
WHEN THE WIND HOWLS THRU,
THE **SONIC BOOM** IS SO
FIERCE THAT I GET THESE
SPLITTING HEADACHES!



BETWEEN THE
MIGRAINES AND NOT
BEING ABLE TO DROP
MY ROCKS, I'M A
NERVOUS WRECK —
BAHLL



TSK TSK..



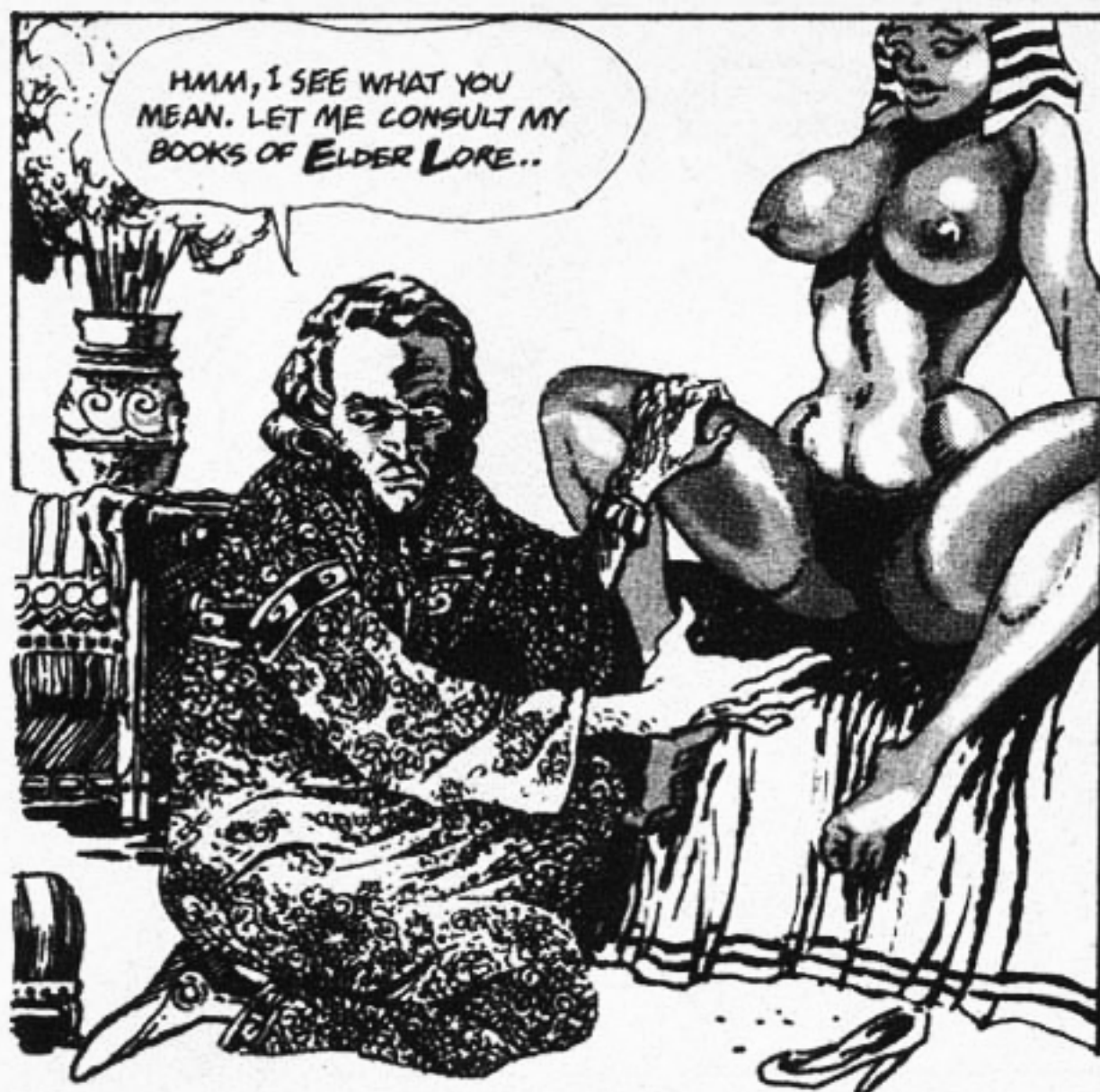
NOW TRY TO RELAX..
YOU PROBABLY IMAGINED
THE WHOLE THING — PERHAPS
DUE TO SOMEKINDA PSYCHIC
MENOPAUSE OR WEIRDSHIT LIKE
THAT. AFTER ALL, THIS PERPET-
UAL YOUTH BUSINESS HAS
STILL GOT A FEW KINKS
TO BE IRONED OUT...

SNIFF SNIFF



BUT WHEN ABDUL
PARTS HER LABIAL
LIPS AND LOOKS IN..

**GOOD
LORD!**





MEANWHILE, WITHIN ESMER-
ELDA'S MOIST BOOGIE...

SPARKLE
GLEEM

THERE!!
SEE, MASTAH? JUST
LIKE I EXPLAINED. THERE
IT IS — THE OPENING,
UHMM...HER PUSSY!

LUCKY FOR YOU,
DWARF, BUT REMEMBER,
NO TRICKS!

I STILL DON'T
BELIEVE IT. A WIN-
DOW, OR A MIRROR...
MAYBE, BUT A CUNT?!

.. WHILE OUTSIDE, ABDUL IS GOING IN...

.. EASY NOW... AHHHH,
WE'RE IN LUCK — IT'S A
VACUUM-TIGHT FIT!

OOOOUU...

WITHIN..

PING!

EH? WHAT'S THIS??
CRAP! THEY'VE MANAGED
TO PLUG TH' DIKE!

TAKE IT FROM ME
FELLAS — A DYKE
SHE AIN'T...

OUCHH

SMECK
SMECK

A WISEGUY,
HUH? TAKE THIS!
NOW FOR THE LAST
TIME — NO MORE
JOKES, CLOWN!

OUT..

OOH...OOOOUU OOUUHHMMM

WHAP
WHAP
WHAP

SLAP
SLAP
SLAP

IN..

WHAT WE GONNA
DO, CTHULHU?

I DUNNO.. THIS
WHOLE THING SMELLS
FISHY, IF YOU ASK ME..

MAYBE IT WUZ
ALL AN ILLUSION..
MAYBE TH' HOLE WASN'T
REALLY THERE IN
TH' FIRST PLACE..

I'LL BET IT'S
THOSE BLASTED
ELDER GODS, FUCKIN'
WITH OUR HEADS
AGAIN..



HUR-HURRY, ABDUL..
I CAN FEEL THE LEGIONS
OF CHAOS RINGING
MY BELL!!

NOTE: DUE TO THE TIME DIFFERENTIAL,
ALHAZARED'S COCK, WHILE PUMPING
AWAY FROM OUR PERSPECTIVE, IS VIEW-
ED BY THE INHABITANTS OF THE ALIEN
COSMOS AS VIRTUALLY SUSPENDED IN
MID-AIR. THIS DISPARITY IS EQUALIZED
AS TIME CATCHES UP WITH ITSELF.



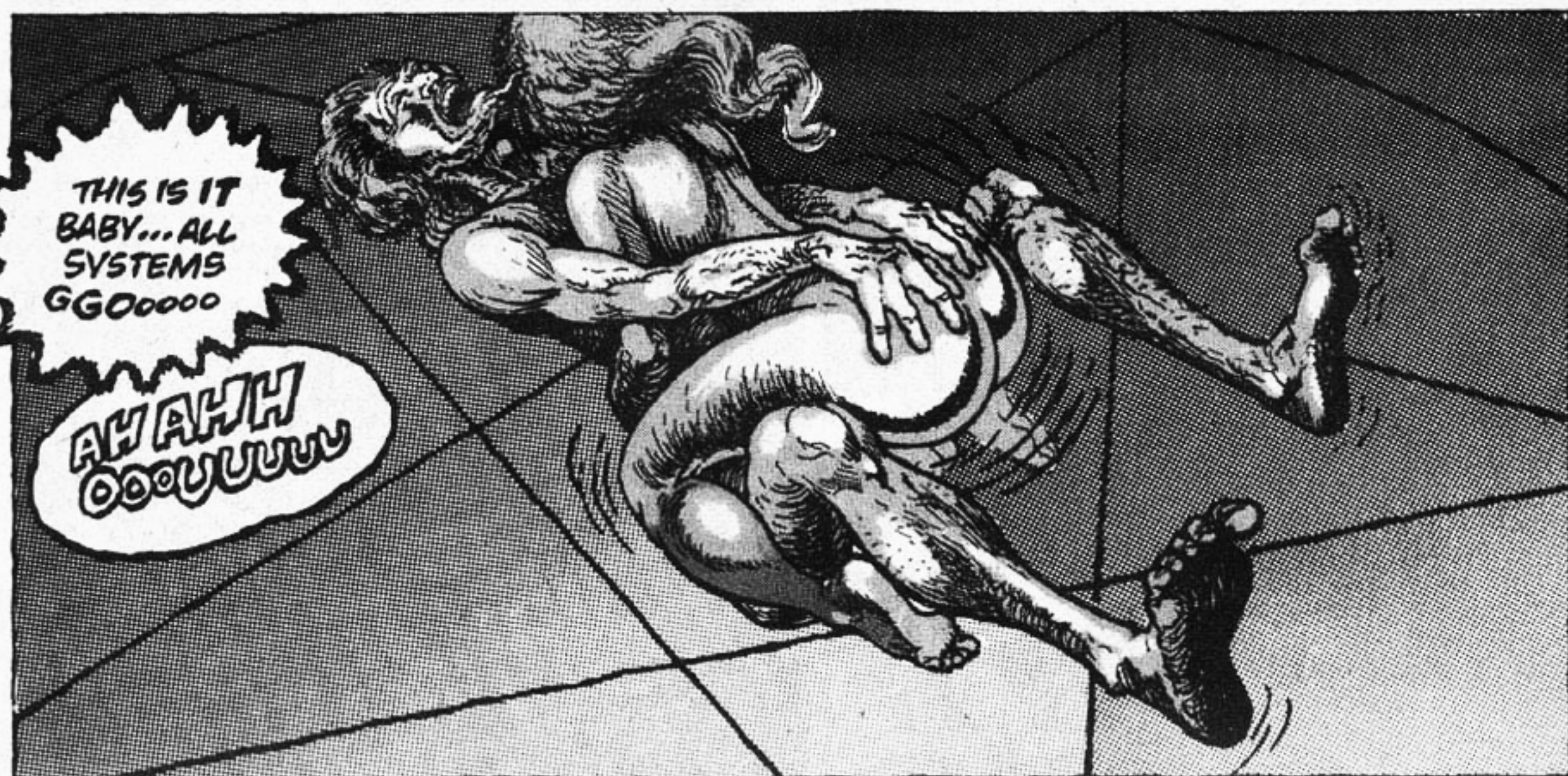
WELL, IF IT WAS
AN ILLUSION, THEN
WHAT'S **THIS**
THING??

TWEEK



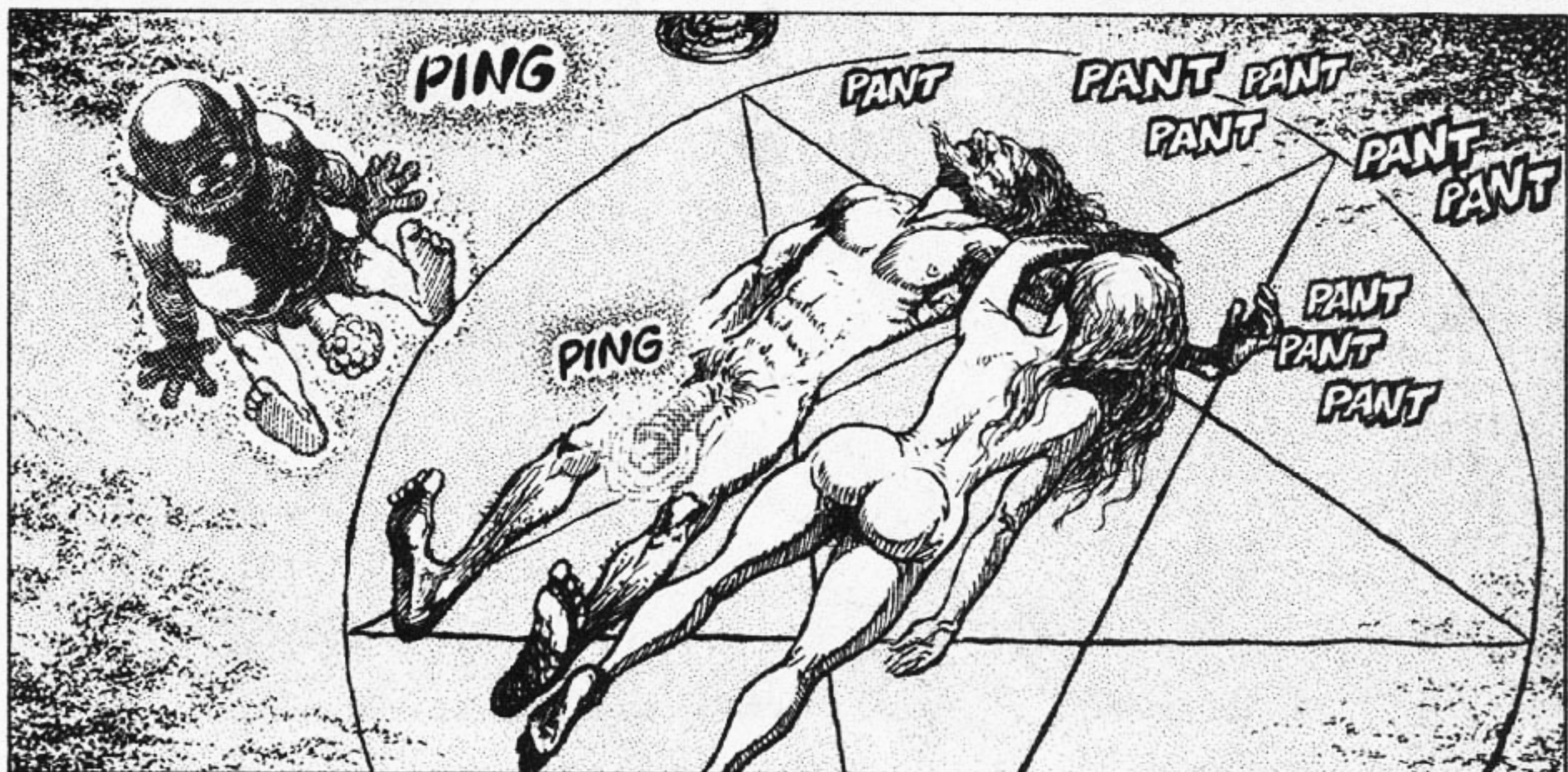
RUMBLE!

LOOKOUT!
IT'S ALIVE!



THIS IS IT
BABY... ALL
SYSTEMS
GGOOOOO

AH AH H
OOO UUU



HERE HE COMES AGAIN FOLKS! HIS EXCELLENCE...
(WELL NOT QUITE **EXCELLENT**, BUT HELL, WHO'S PERFECT?)

FATHER JUSTIN THYME

in "Confessions of a Teenage Confessor"

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FINDS THE INTREPID FATHER THYME OF THE ST. SYXPAX OF COORS HOLY ROMAN APOSTALIC CATHOLIC CHURCH HEARING CONFESSION AFTER CONFESSION, BORED BEYOND WORDS, BUT STILL GIVING COMFORT TO LOST SOULS GONE ASTRAY...

OH, HE'S
SUCH A NICE
YOUNG MAN.

Now, Now,
DEAR LADY... WE
ALL SIN SOME-
TIMES, AND AFTER
ALL, THE LORD
IN HIS INFINITE
WISDOM & MERCY
ETC., ETC., ETC.

© PAT RYAN - '72

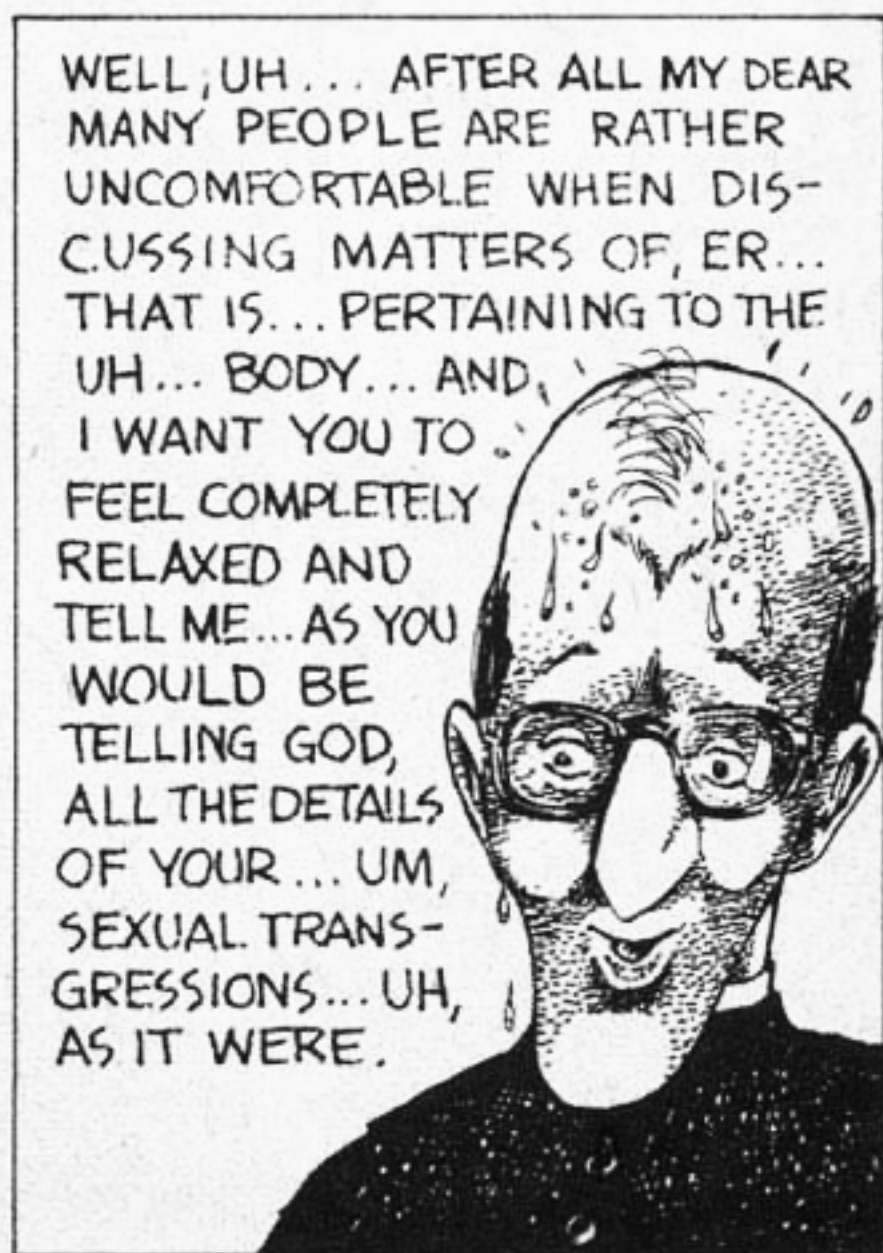
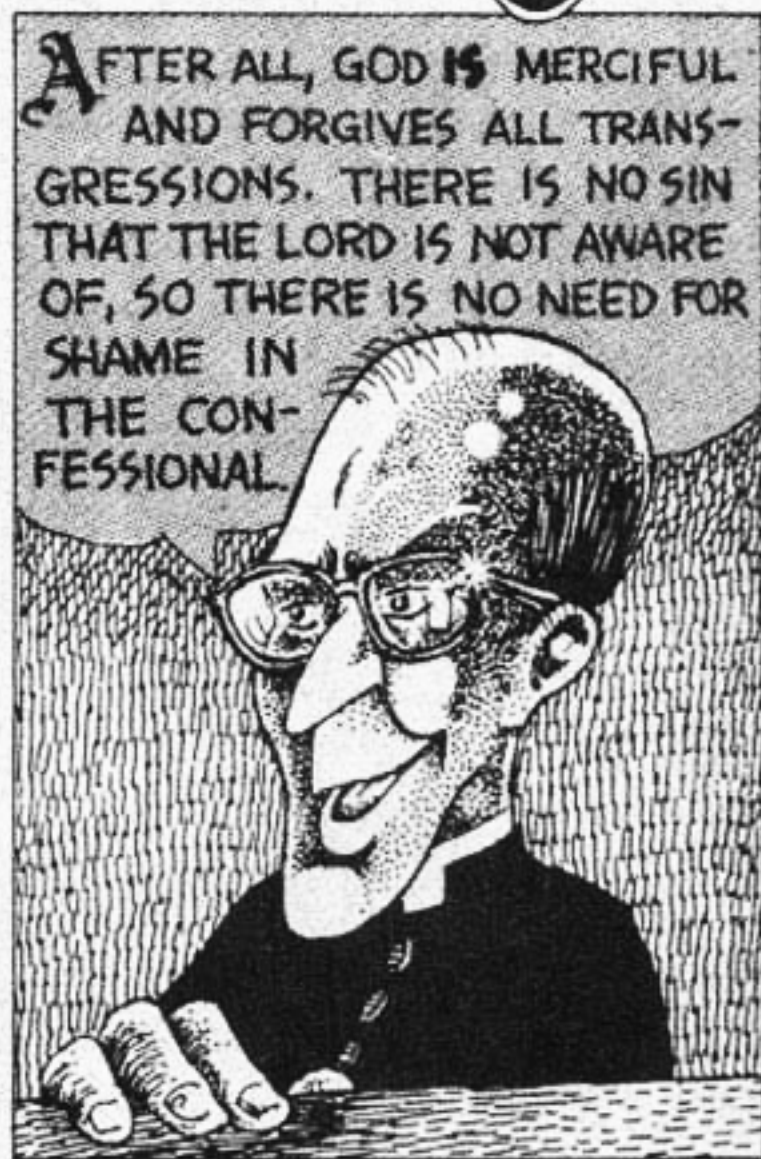
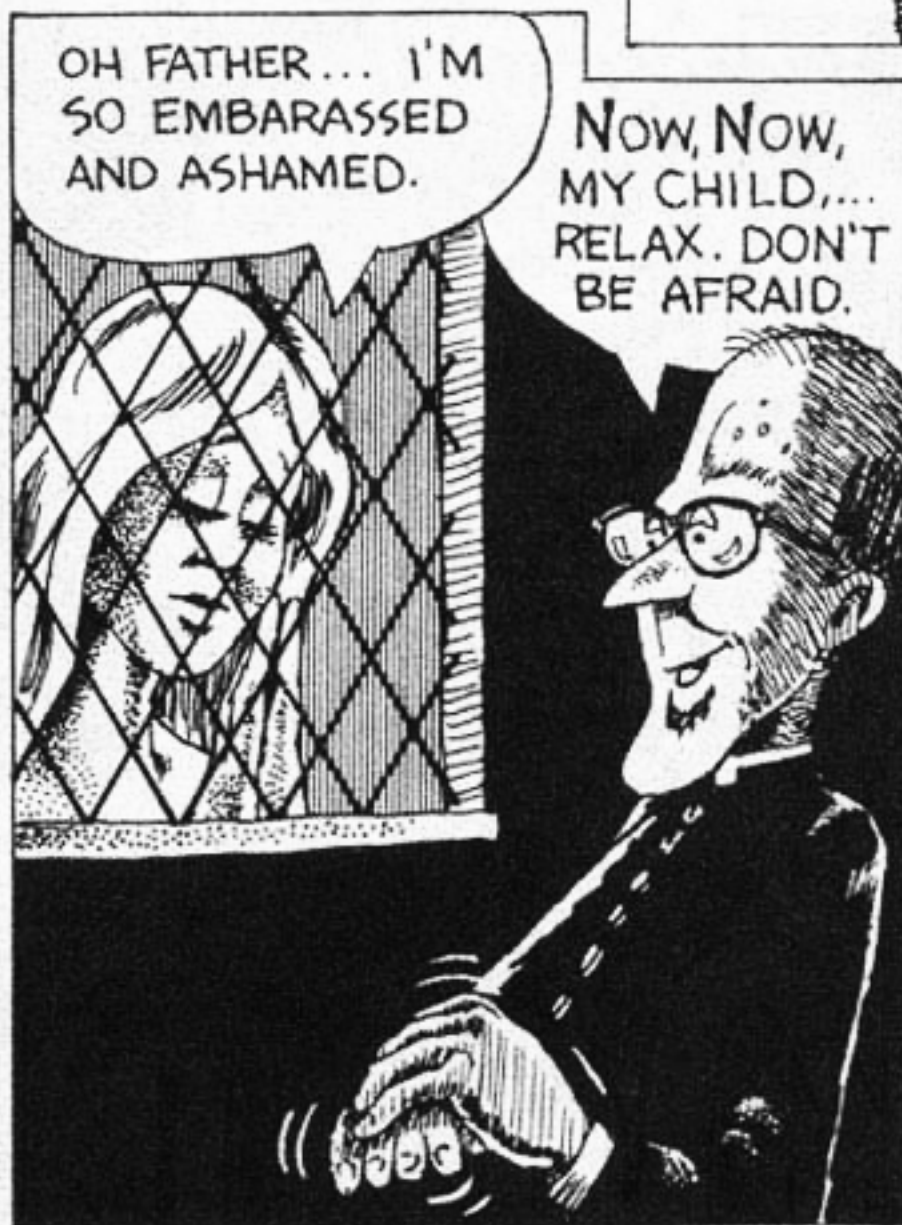
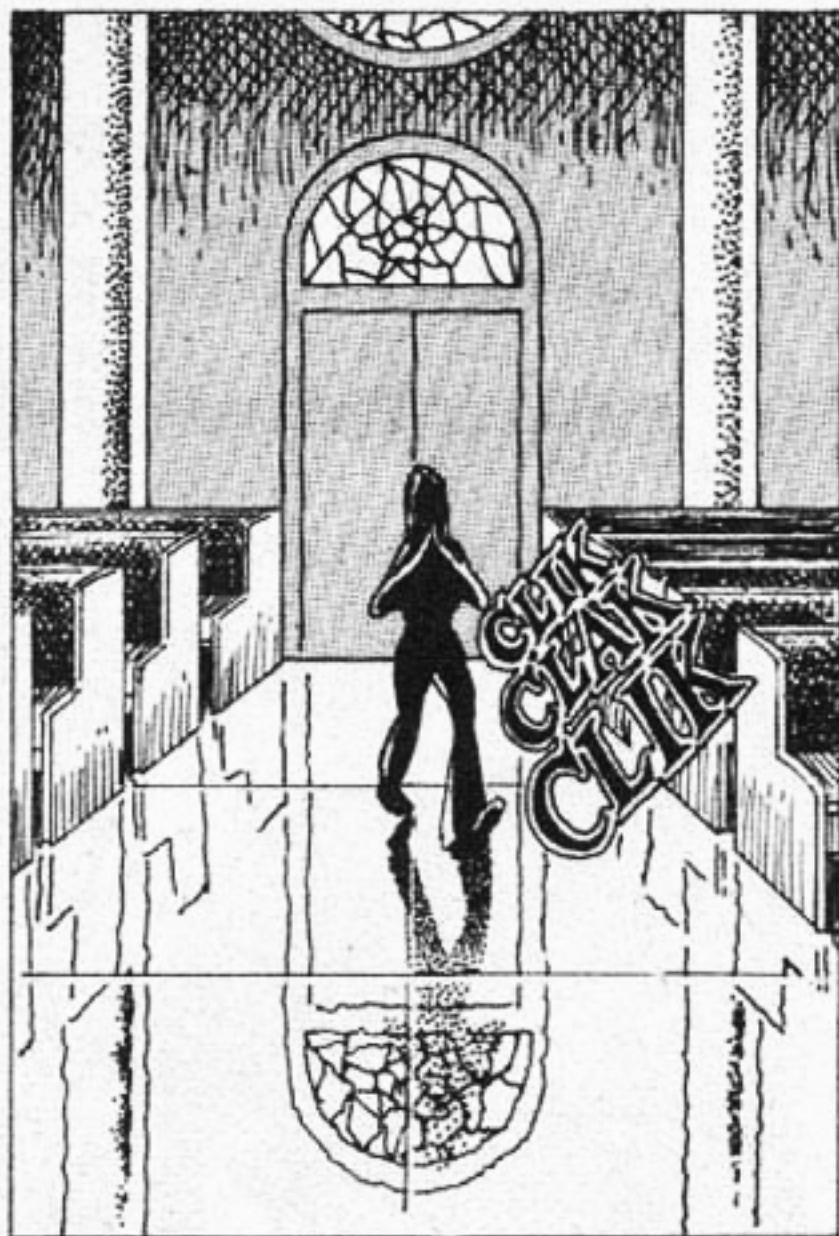
THANK YOU
FATHER
SNIFF
THYME

Bless you,
my Child...

YAWN

GOD DAMN! I SURE AM
GLAD THAT OLD BITCH
IS FINISHED. SHE WAS
LIKE LISTENING TO A
SOAP OPERA!

WOW! FIVE MINUTES TO SIX.
I GUESS THERE'S NOBODY
LEFT IN THE CHURCH. MAYBE
I CAN SPLIT EARLY
TODAY...



WELL, FATHER... I'VE GOT THIS BOYFRIEND NAMED ARNOLD, AND WELL... LAST FRIDAY NIGHT... OH, FATHER I'M JUST **SO** EMBARRASSED.



GO ON MY DEAR CHILD... GO ON...



WELL, WE WERE AT THIS HERE PARTY WHERE ALL THE KIDS WERE SMOKING GRASS... ER, MARIJUANA, YOU KNOW... AND WELL, THE NEXT THING YOU KNEW ARNOLD AND I WERE STONED. I MEAN **REALLY** WIPED OUT FATHER. (OTHERWISE I SWEAR I WOULDN'TA DONE WHAT WE DID THAT NIGHT. I SWEAR IT.)



DO NOT BE AFRAID TO TELL THE TRUTH, MY DAUGHTER, THE LORD IS JUST TO THOSE WHO SEEK HIS MERCY... GO ON.



WELL FATHER, BEFORE I KNEW IT, ARNOLD HAD ME LOCKED IN THIS BEDROOM AT THE PARTY, A REAL PSYCHEDELIC ROOM WITH BLACKLIGHT POSTERS ON THE CIELING AN' ALL, AND THERE WAS ARNOLD TEARING AT MY CLOTHES LIKE AN ANIMAL.

OF **COURSE** FATHER, WHAT KIND OF A GIRL DO YOU THINK I AM!

OF **COURSE** YOU RESISTED...?



WELL FATHER, ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN... WE WERE **DOING IT!**..... I MEAN "ALL THE WAY" AND I GUESS I GOT ALL CAUGHT UP IN IT AND LOST MY HEAD.



ER... UM... COULD YOU EXPLAIN IN A LITTLE MORE DETAIL, PLEASE, MY DEAR CHILD OF GOD?



WELL FATHER, I... I "WENT DOWN" ON ARNOLD... ER.... THAT IS I SUCKED HIS... UM, YOU KNOW... PENIS, AND... HE BECAME VERY EXCITED. HE STARTED MAKING WEIRD SOUNDS... THEN HE WAS "EATING" ME, AND... OH FATHER, IT FELT SO GOOOOD.



THEN HIS COCK STARTED TO SWELL TILL IT SEEMED IT WAS ON FIRE. I MEAN IT WAS PULSATING AND ALL.



OH FATHER!
I COULD HARDLY FIT IT
IN MY MOUTH! WE WERE
BEING SWEEP AWAY ON
WAVES OF SEXUAL DESIRE.

THEN ARNOLD
SWITCHED POSITIONS
AND STARTED
FUCKING ME LIKE
A MADMAN...
I MEAN, I HAD
NO CHOICE BUT
TO GO ALONG
WITH HIM.



MY LEGS WERE FLAILING
IN THE AIR... AND I
COULD FEEL THE POWER
OF OUR BODIES COMING
TOGETHER LIKE TWO
ROCKETS READY TO EXPLODE.



AND WELL, FATHER,
I KNOW IT WAS
WRONG AND ALL,
BUT...



BUT IT FELT SO RIGHT
AT THE TIME AND FATHER
DO YOU THINK THE LORD
WILL EVER FORGIVE ME,
I'M SO ASHAMED I JUST
CAN'T FACE
..... FATHER...?



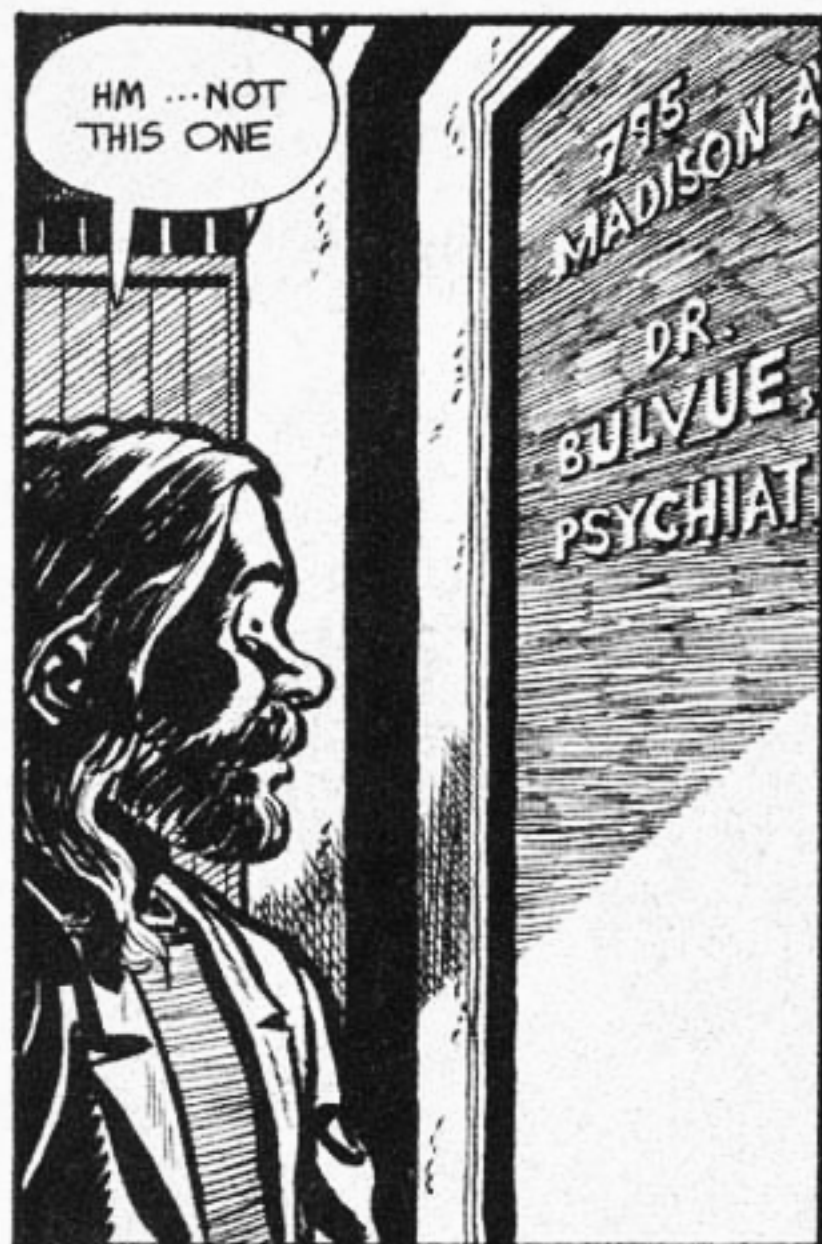
FATHER...?



FATHER...?



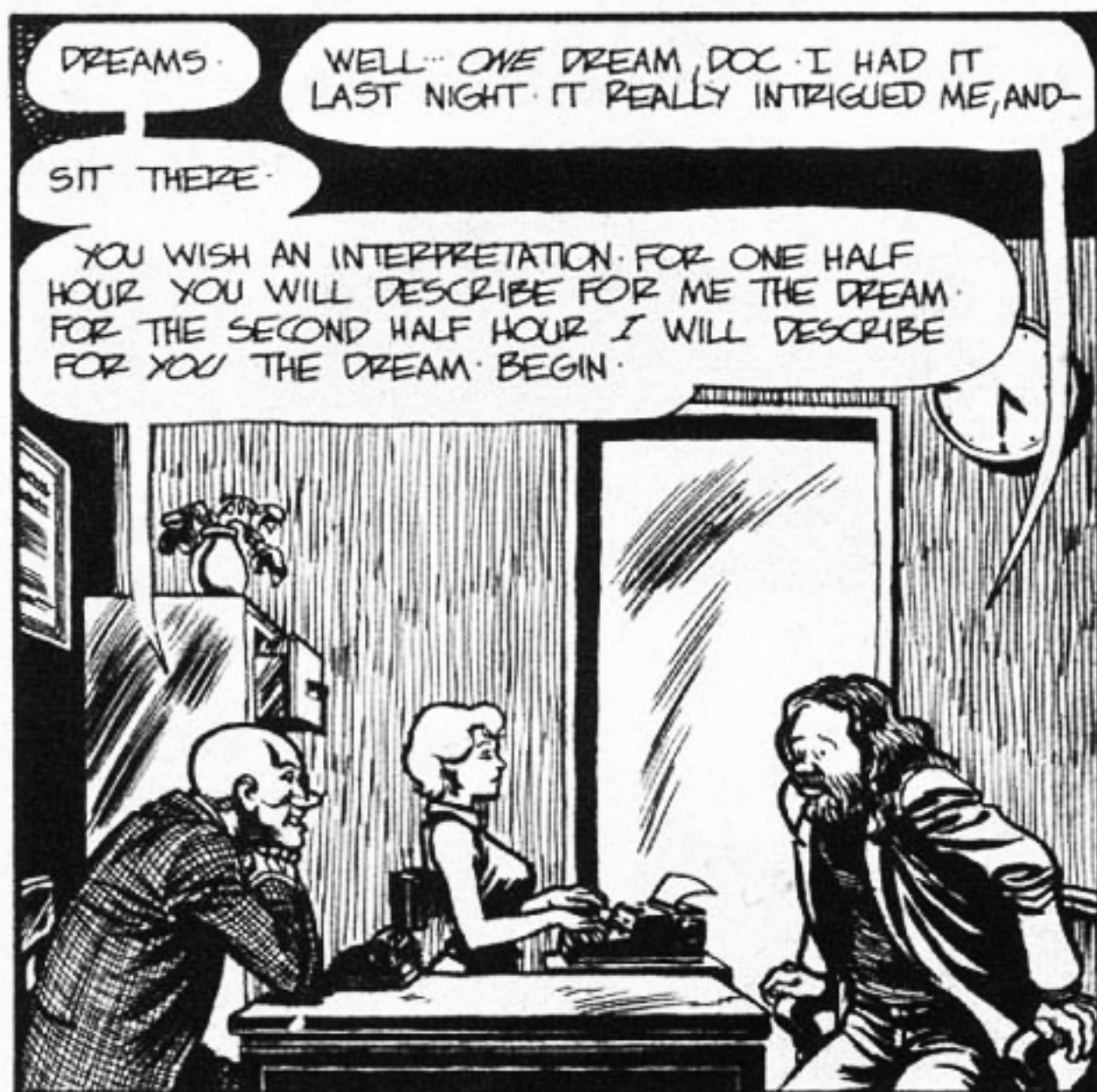
The End
FOR NOW...



"BR'ER DRAGON'S DREAM!"

OR: "THE MEAT WILL PLEASE COME TO ORDER!"





"I WAS IN A BIG CAFETERIA... LIKE THEY HAVE IN... INSTITUTIONS... LIKE A JAIL, OR A NUTHOUSE... IT WAS DEFINITELY A NEGATIVE PLACE, LIKE THE PEOPLE WERE CONFINED... I SEEMED TO BE JUST SORT OF OBSERVING...



THERE WAS ONLY ONE DOORWAY, BEYOND WHICH WAS BLACKNESS. THREE OTHERS WERE AT MY TABLE: TWO ANONYMOUS GUYS (WHO I THINK WERE CARTOONIST-BUDDIES OF MINE) AND A BLACK CHICK WHO WAS CALM, ALERT, AND INTELLIGENT... SORT OF A MODIFIED ANGELA DAVIS. OUR BACKS WERE TO THE WALL, SO WE HAD A GOOD VIEW.

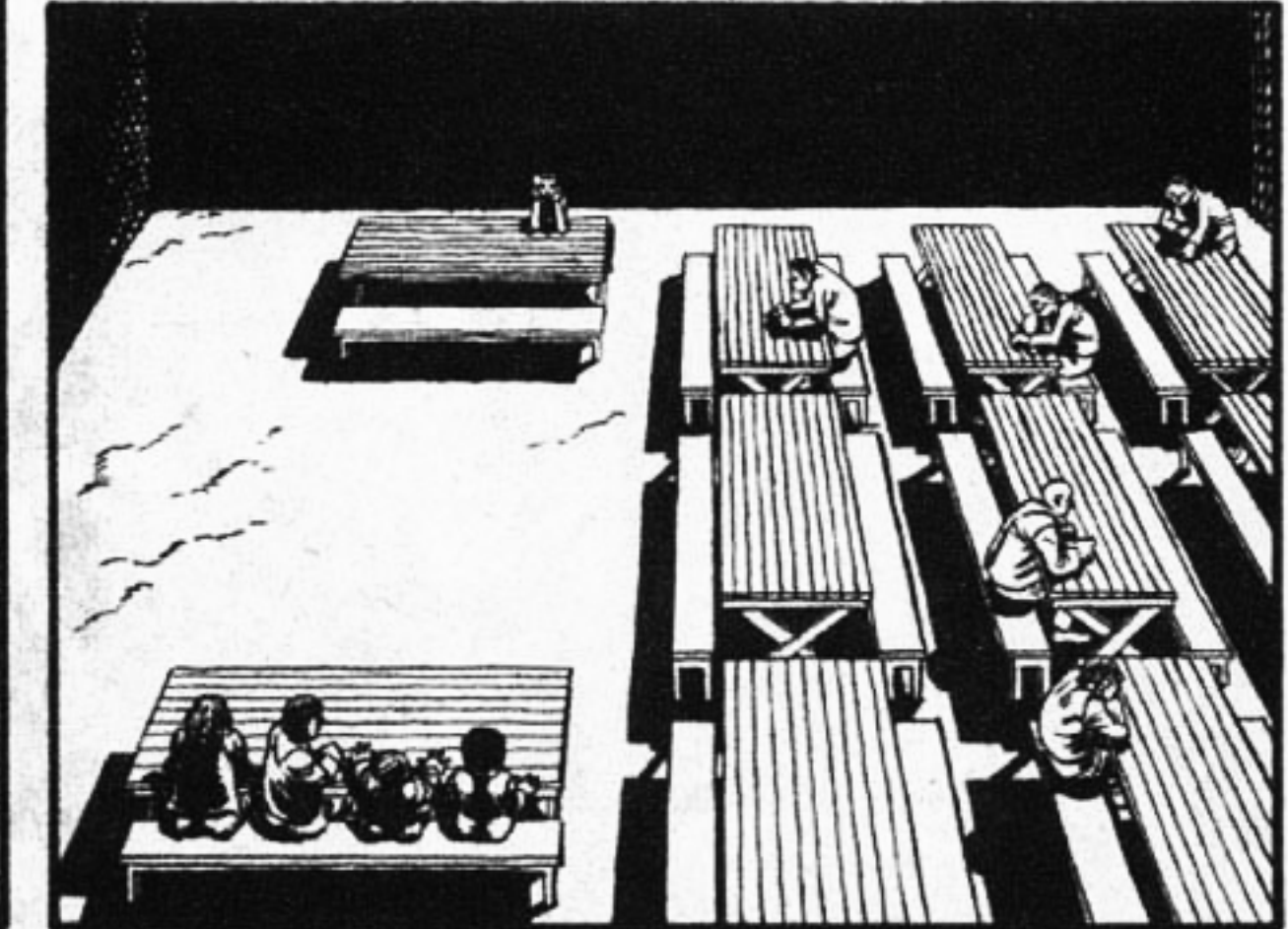


THE AMPLIFIED ANNOUNCEMENT MEANT THAT THOSE IN POWER WOULD TOLERATE NO ATTEMPTS TO BEAT THE SYSTEM.



I DON'T KNOW IF MY CAUTION WAS COMMON SENSE OR PACIFISM. THE SOUP WAS A RICH REDDISH MEAT-AND-VEGETABLES SOUP, LIKE SOME I'D HAD A FEW DAYS AGO.

THERE WAS A PASSAGE OF DREAM-TIME, DURING WHICH IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT MOST OF THE INMATES HAD BEEN ZAPPED AS THEY FLIPPED OUT, ONE BY ONE.



THEN ONE GUY (WHO I THINK WAS ANOTHER CARTOONIST-BUDDY) GRABBED A BUTCHER-KNIFE (LORD KNOWS FROM WHERE) AND RAN AT THE DOOR, AS IF TO TRY TO KILL A FEW OF THE BASTARDS BEFORE THEY ZAPPED HIM—



"-BUT INSTEAD HE PLUNGED THE BLADE DEEP INTO HIS OWN STOMACH...



"...HE MEANT TO DEPRIVE THEM OF THE PLEASURE OF ZAPPING HIM (THO' I DON'T THINK THEY CARED)..."



"IT TOOK SEVERAL SECONDS FOR THE BLADE TO EMERGE"



"I REMEMBER APPRAISING THE WHOLE SEQUENCE AS IF IT WERE A HOLLYWOOD SPECIAL EFFECT, IN TERMS OF TIMING, DRAMATIC EFFECTIVENESS, ETC. FINALLY JUST THE FOUR OF US REMAINED."



"THE SOUP HAD BEEN REPLACED BY SOME NUTRIENT THAT WAS IN THE HYPODERMIC. I WAS SCARED SHITLESS OF THE NEEDLE, BUT ONLY MOMENTARILY, BECAUSE THE OTHERS CALMLY HELD OUT THEIR ARMS AND WHEN I LOOKED AGAIN, THERE WAS NO NEEDLE POINT ON THE HYPO. IT WAS SOME KIND OF PRETEND, AS IF TO FOOL SOME ONLOOKERS, BUT THERE WERE NONE IN THE DREAM."



IT WAS STRANGE THAT ONLY I HAD BEEN SCARED OF THE NEEDLE, SINCE WE REACTED AS ONE TO EVERYTHING ELSE. ANYWAY, JUST AS I WAS STARTING TO WAKE UP, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT POSSIBLY THE SOUP AND THE CONTENTS OF THE HYPO WERE THE ... RECYCLED ... REMAINS OF THE ZAPPED HUMANS, WHICH THEY ALWAYS CARRIED AWAY THROUGH THE DOOR ... "



...I WAS THINKING OF THAT AS IF IT WERE A PLOT ELEMENT OF ALL THAT HAD GONE BEFORE. I GUESS THE OL' FUNNY-PICTURE INSTINCT WAS WORKING OVERTIME. THEN I WOKE UP.

WELL, WHATTAYA THINK? PRETTY MYSTERIOUS, EH?

UM.



MR. DRAGON, I AM AFRAID THAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR MIND ROMANTICIZED THE COMMONPLACE. THE INSTITUTION ... THE CONFINEMENT ... SO TYPICALLY THEY SYMBOLIZE IN DREAMS A REACTION TO LIVING IN MODERN CONFORMIST SOCIETY ...



THE FIRST UNFORTUNATE VICTIM, EVEN IN YOUR DREAM YOU SAW, MEANT THAT FRUSTRATING AS IT IS IN SUCH TIMES TO LIVE, ONLY REASON AND CONSTRUCTIVE EFFORT WILL FREE US FROM THE TENSIONS OF DAILY ...





THE GOOD DOCTOR EXPLAINS: "YOU SEE, HERR DRAGON, YOUR 'DREAM' WAS REAL. WE IN THIS BUILDING ARE A NEO-NAZI DECADENCE CULT. ON THIS STREET IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO ABDUCT PASSERS-BY LIKE YOURSELF, AND PERIODICALLY WE ACCUMULATE A 'HERD'. SOME ARE SET ASIDE FOR EXPERIMENTS, OR PERSONAL INDULGENCE, BUT MOST ARE GIVEN A SEDATIVE... AND BROUGHT TO THIS 'CAFETERIA'. ONE BY ONE THEY ARE GIVEN, IN THEIR FOOD, A SECOND DRUG WHICH INDUCES CLAUSTROPHOBIC HYSTERIA. IT IS THEN GREAT SPORT TO 'ZAP' THEM (AS YOU SO QUAINLY PUT IT)... WHICH CONVERTS THEM TO RAW MATERIAL FOR OUR NUTRIENT VAT.

"BY LATE LAST EVENING ONLY YOU FOUR REMAINED. OUR COOK WAS TOLD TO INJECT YOU WITH THE HYSTERIA DRUG TO HASTEN THE PROCEEDINGS, AND THAT SHE COULD FIRE THE RAYBEAM AS A REWARD FOR HER MANY YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE. SHE REPAYED OUR KINDNESS WITH ASTONISHING TREACHERY: SHE TOOK PITY ON YOU. FEIGNING THE INJECTIONS, SHE WAITED 'TIL NO EYES WERE ON HER, THEN SMUCK YOU TO THE STREET...

...LEAVING YOU TO MAKE YOUR WAY FROM THERE. OF COURSE, SHE THEN RETURNED AND SURRENDERED HERSELF FOR DISPOSAL.

WE KNEW THAT IN YOUR SEDATED STATE YOU COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR. WE QUICKLY RETRIEVED THE OTHER THREE. BUT YOU, BY A FLUKE, ELUDED US. WE WERE QUITE WORRIED, HERR DRAGON! IF YOU HAD GONE TO THE AUTHORITIES TODAY, AFTER SLEEPING OFF THE DRUG...! BUT TO OUR GOOD FORTUNE, YOUR MIND COULD NOT ACCEPT THE REALITY AND CALLED IT 'ALL A DREAM'. MOST COOPERATIVE OF YOU TO PICK ME TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU...

I THOUGHT THE PLACE SEEMED FAMILIAR

SO YOU'RE NOT JEWISH

NO, MERELY PASSING. I AM DR. ALBERT SPYDER -

...HITLER'S "ARCHITECT OF PLEASURE"! OF COURSE! SO YOU DIDN'T KILL YOURSELF WITH A RAZOR-BLADE-ENEMA AS WAS BELIEVED.

ACH! I TRIED. RATHER THAN KILLING ME, HOWEVER, THE EXPERIENCE WAS SO PLEASURABLE IT ONLY GAVE ME INCREASED WILL-TO-LIVE.

HUH. AND CURED YOUR CONSTIPATION, I'LL BET.

WHY, YES. IT DID.

BUT ENOUGH REMINISCING. THE FOUR OF YOU MUST BE DISPOSED OF. DIS-ROBE, PLEASE, WE DON'T WANT FABRIC IN THE NUTRIENT VAT.

??- BUT EVERYBODY WAS WEARING CLOTHES LAST NIGHT-

CLOTHES OF A DIFFERENT MATERIAL, I ASSURE YOU... A "SECOND SKIN", YOU MIGHT CALL THEM... COME. I'LL SHOW YOU THE NUTRIENT VAT BEFORE YOU GET "ZAPPED".

LAST NIGHT'S ACCUMULATION SEEMS TO HAVE STIRRED IT UP NICELY... IMPRESSIVE, NO?

...WELL. TIME TO JOIN YOUR COMPANIONS.

I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER BOWL OF SOUP.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL

I'LL HANDLE IT, BOYS.

BEAR IN MIND THAT THEY WILL BE OUT IN THE CORRIDOR WITH THEIR GUNS, SO LET DIGNITY BE THE WATCHWORD.

THE EXQUISITE TREMBLING OF LAST FAVOR OF INFERIOR FLESH

MAY I ASK A LAST FAVOR OF

-NKH- AAAH. THANK YOU SO MUCH... WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

SLURSH BLUP

ACH, IT'S THOSE GUARDS - HOLD IT.

BOYS, YOU'RE STILL ON THE JOB.

...NOW HOLD STILL, I MUST AIM

SLURSH



FEELING GUILTY?

NEED TO
CONFESS?

DO YOU FEEL THAT THE
TROUBLE WITH TODAY'S
WORLD IS THAT PEOPLE
DO WHAT THEY "FEEL
LIKE" INSTEAD OF
DOING WHAT THEY'RE
TOLD? THEN THIS
BOOK IS FOR YOU

LET THE
LEAKERS

IS

HELP YOU
GET IT OFF
YOUR
CHEST

