

BAD BLOOD

THE VAMPIRE COLLECTION

INCLUDES
FULL-COLOUR SECTION
OF EXCLUSIVE
VAMPIRE TATTOOS
AND ARTWORK
BY JOHN BOLTON

HEAVY 
МЕТАЛ АТОМНА

FOR MATURE READERS ONLY

A TOUCH OF EVIL WITH...

SWEETMEATS

Story

PETE VENTERS & STEVE TANNER

Art

PETE VENTERS

Lettering

CAROLINE STEEDEN

SUGARVIRUS

Story

WARREN ELLIS

Pencils

MARTIN CHAPLIN

Inks

GARRY MARSHALL

Lettering

WOODROW PHOENIX

NIGHT VISION

Story

DAVID QUINN

Pencils

HANNIBAL KING

Inks

JEFF AUSTIN

Lettering

SUSAN E. DORNE

VAMPIRE BLUES

Story

ANDY SEDDON

Art

PETER SNEJBJERG

Lettering

ANNIE PARKHOUSE

BAD BLOOD

SWEET MEATS



STEVE TANNER
PETE VENTERS

LOVEBITE



SOMETIMES I GET THESE **LURGES** Y'KNOW? TO DRINK **BLOOD**.

I FIRST DID IT WHEN I WAS THREE. I JUST SANK MY TEETH INTO ANOTHER KID'S NECK AND... WELL... **SUCKED**...



IT GAVE ME SUCH A THRILL.

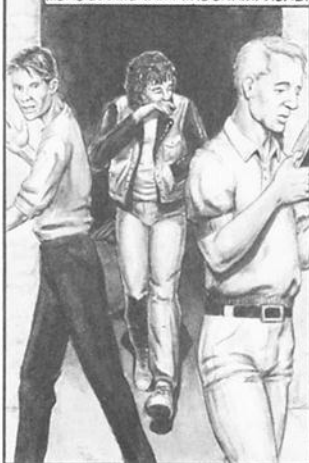
THE TASTE STAYED IN MY MOUTH FOR WEEKS - I REMEMBER ROLLING IT AROUND ON MY TONGUE, RELISHING IT. BY THE TIME I WAS TWELVE I WAS A CONNOISSEUR.



IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE THE TASTE. I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE SUCKING YOUR OWN WOUND.

BLOOD TASTES DIFFERENT FROM NECK TO NECK. IN FEMALES IT'S SWEETER, OLD PEOPLE TASTE **CORKED** AND KIDS ARE **REALLY** TASTY - LIKE SUGARED LEMONADE BUT **BABIES**...

...BABIES ARE VAMPIRIC CHAMPAGNE.



THE YOUNGEST I'VE HAD WAS SIX, COUPLE OF YEARS BACK IN A DESERTED PLAYGROUND. REALLY, I TRY TO STAY AWAY FROM KIDS IF I CAN, THEY **SCREAM** TOO MUCH, Y'KNOW?



I KNOW A COUPLE OF GIRLS WHO GO AFTER KIDS ALL THE TIME. I GUESS IT'S SOME KIND OF MATERNAL INSTINCT.

WHATEVER, ALL OF US ARE BASICALLY **SUFFERING**.
VAMPIRISM ISN'T A CURSE, IT'S A **DISEASE**.



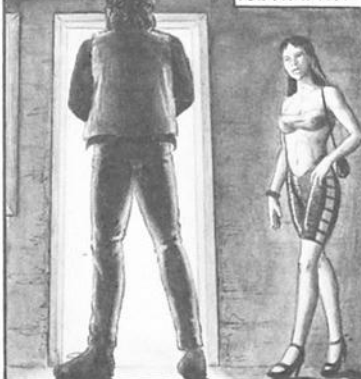
A RARE, INCURABLE
DISEASE.

Pete Ventres 90

I MEAN, MOVIES HAVE TURNED US INTO
MYTHICAL HORRORS. ALL CAPES, BATS
AND VIRGINS, SOMETHING TO HURL
POPCORN AT IN CHEAP THEATRES.

BOOKS

SO WHO'S GOING
TO RESEARCH
THE ANTIDOTE
FOR A MYTH?



LOOK AT ALL THAT BULLSHIT ABOUT VAMPIRES BITING
PEOPLE WHO TURN INTO **MORE** VAMPIRES. IF **THAT**
WAS TRUE, THE WHOLE WORLD WOULD BE INFECTED.
THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH BLOOD TO GO ROUND.



NOT THAT I **WANT** TO BE CURED, OF COURSE,
NOT WHEN IT GIVES ME SUCH A KICK.

ANYWAY LITTLE VAMPIRES ARE
CREATED JUST LIKE LITTLE
ANYTHINGS ARE CREATED GOOD
OLD FASHIONED COUPULATION.

URGES:

I'D LIKE
A GIRL
PLEASE.

YEAH?





CHAMPAGNE.



MY INTENTIONS OF SPREADING MY SEED VANISH. A THIRST COMES TO MY THROAT.

HELLO... MY NAME'S, AH, ALEC... I'M... I'M, ER, NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. COME HERE... COME CLOSER TO ME.



AND SHE DOES, WITHOUT HESITATION, EXPECTING TO BE ABUSED ONCE MORE. POOR LITTLE COW.

THAT'S IT, I WON'T UNDRESS YOU, DON'T WORRY, LET ME REST MY HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDER, SO I CAN HEAR YOU... WHEN YOU SPEAK. I WON'T HURT YOU.

POOR TRUSTING LITTLE COW. JUST A QUICK BITE, THAT'S ALL IT'LL TAKE



STRAIGHT THROUGH TO THE ARTERY, SHE'LL BE DEAD BEFORE THE PAIN REGISTERS. AT LEAST I THINK SHE WILL.



IF SHE DOES CRY OUT I CAN EASILY THROTTLE HER.

SLEEP WELL, LITTLE ONE, SLEEP-



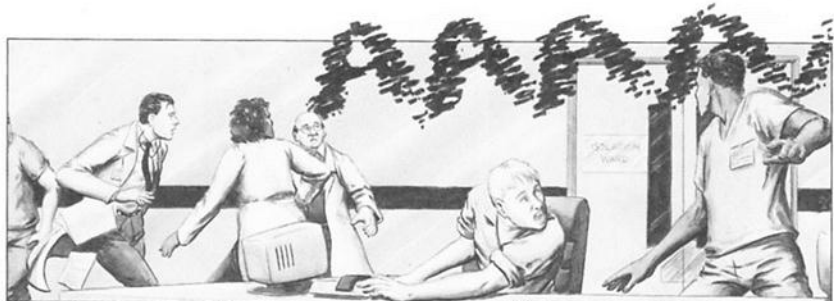


LIRGES.



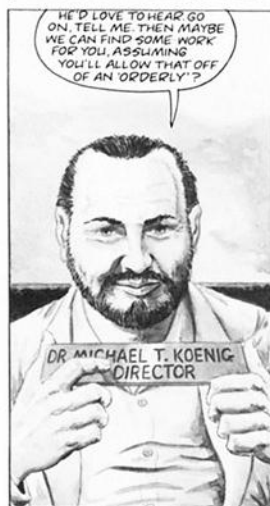
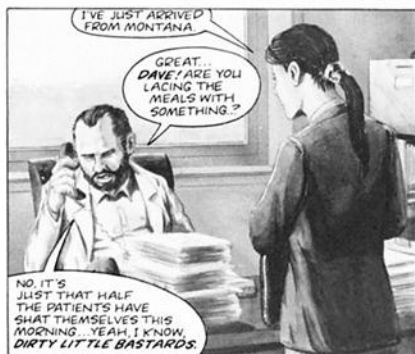








S W E E T M E A T S





FIRST INTERVIEW. JULY 14TH.





OF COURSE
I CAN. I'M
NOT DEAF

NO, NO OF COURSE NOT. I, ER
SEE FROM MY NOTES THAT YOU'RE
SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND WE'VE
BEEN LOOKING AFTER
YOU SINCE—



—SINCE I RIPPED
SOMEONE'S DICK
OFF WITH MY
TEETH.



—SINCE YOU WERE SIX
YEARS OLD. . .WHATEVER.
DO YOU WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT?



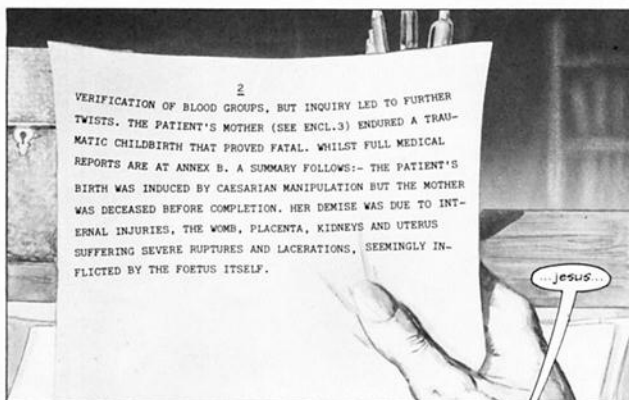
DO YOU WANT TO
LISTEN? IT WOULD
MAKE A NICE
CHANGE.

IT'S MY JOB TO
LISTEN. IT'S MY JOB
TO HELP.

I'D LIKE
YOU TO
HELP.



WHATEVER
I CAN DO.



SIXTEENTH INTERVIEW.
AUGUST 3RD.

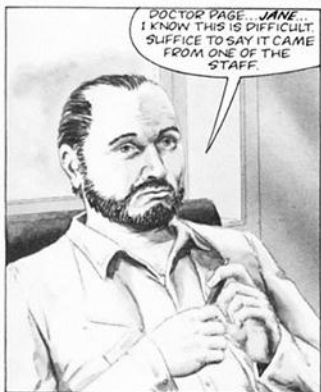
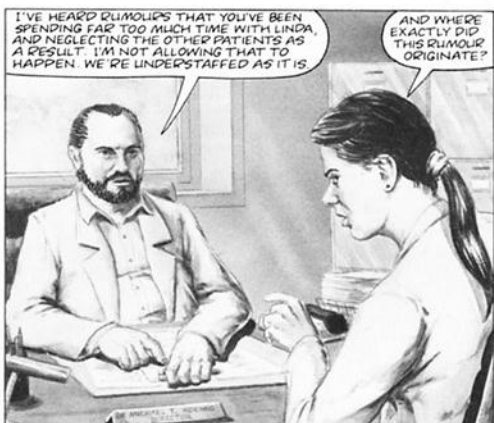
...LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR
AGORAPHOBIA. ACCORDING TO
YOUR FILE YOU HAVE FAINTING
FITS IF YOU COME INTO CONTACT
WITH THE OPEN AIR. WITH
REALLY PAINFUL RASHES HOW
LONG DO YOU REMEMBER
HAVING THAT?

SHALL WE
TALK ABOUT
THAT NOW?

UHM... I'M NOT SURE. IT'S ONLY
IF IT'S DAYLIGHT. I'M PRETTY
MUCH OKAY AT NIGHT. I'VE NEVER
BEEN OUT MUCH IN THE DAYLIGHT
ANYHOW. BEING SHUT IN THAT
ROOM MOST OF - WELL, Y'KNOW.







THIRTY-SEVENTH INTERVIEW.
SEPTEMBER 12TH.

I REMEMBER
ALL THE BLOOD
IT WAS EVERY-
WHERE - ON MY
FACE, IN MY HAIR,
ON MY TONGUE.
IT WAS LOVELY.

YOU
LIKED
IT?

I LOVED
IT. I STILL
DO.

LET'S TALK ON THIS AWHILE. I MEAN,
YOU'VE NEVER MENTIONED THIS
BEFORE - IT COULD BE IMPORTANT DO
YOU SEE THE BLOOD AS A PACIFIER?
A FETISH? TELL ME WHAT YOU
THINK?

A *DESIRE*. FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD
OTHERS SAY I SHOULDN'T THINK LIKE
THIS. I SHOULD FEEL SICK, QUEASY,
BUT I DON'T. I REMEMBER IT SO
WELL... I BIT INTO HIM, THERE
WAS A RUSH, AND A SWEETNESS
AND A... A... A SPECTACULAR
STRAWBERRY FOUNTAIN ARCING
AWAY ACROSS THE ROOM.

AND THE
TASTE...

OH, GOD. I CAN EVEN
REMEMBER THE *TASTE*.
MEAT. IT'S NOT THE SAME -
IT'S SOUR BUT THE BLOOD
THE BLOOD IS *NECTAR*.
I WANT THE TASTE
SO MUCH...

UH, OKAY. MAYBE
WE SHOULD WRAP
UP NOW...

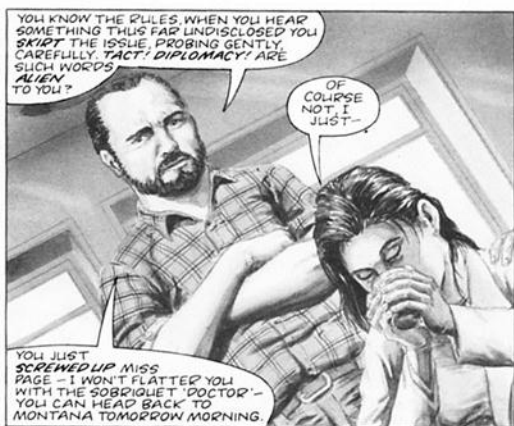
I WANT
THE BLOOD...

LINDA?

CHRIST, LINDA,
DON'T MESS ME
AROUND!

HMMMM.
I... WANT...







YOU GOT AN UNNATURAL FASCINATION WITH HER, MAN.



WHO ASKED YOU?



HEY, HEY, *TOLCHY!* I BIN WATCHING YOU, STARRIN' AT HER. GOT THE HOTS FOR THAT ONE, RIGHT?



YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND. IT'S A WORKING RELATIONSHIP - NOT THAT I LIKE WORKING WITH HER.



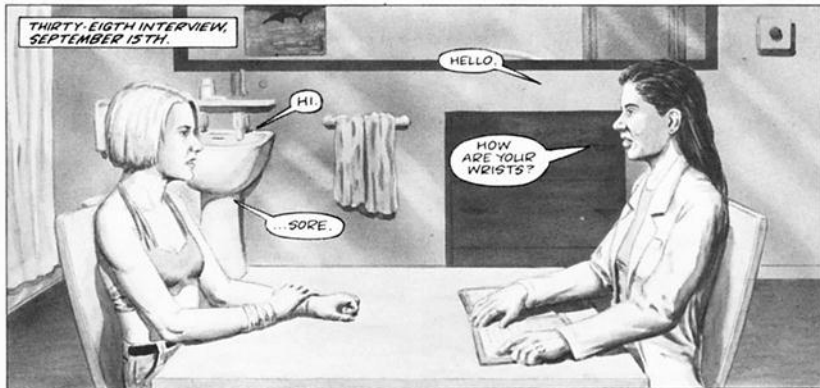
NOT THE DOC, MAN. HELL, YOU'VE BEEN SORE AT PAGE SINCE SHE TORE YOU OFF NO. IT'S THE *KID* YOU'VE GOT THE BULGE FOR. SHE'S ONLY *SIXTEEN* MAN!



IF SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BLEED...



HA! HA! YOU'RE A SICK MOTHER, MAN. A REAL *SICK* MOTHER.



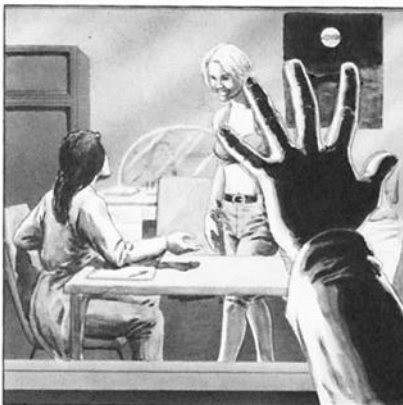
THIRTY-EIGHTH INTERVIEW, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

HELLO.

HI!

HOW ARE YOUR WRISTS?

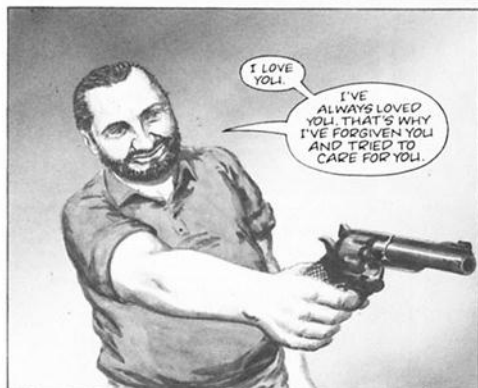
...SORE.





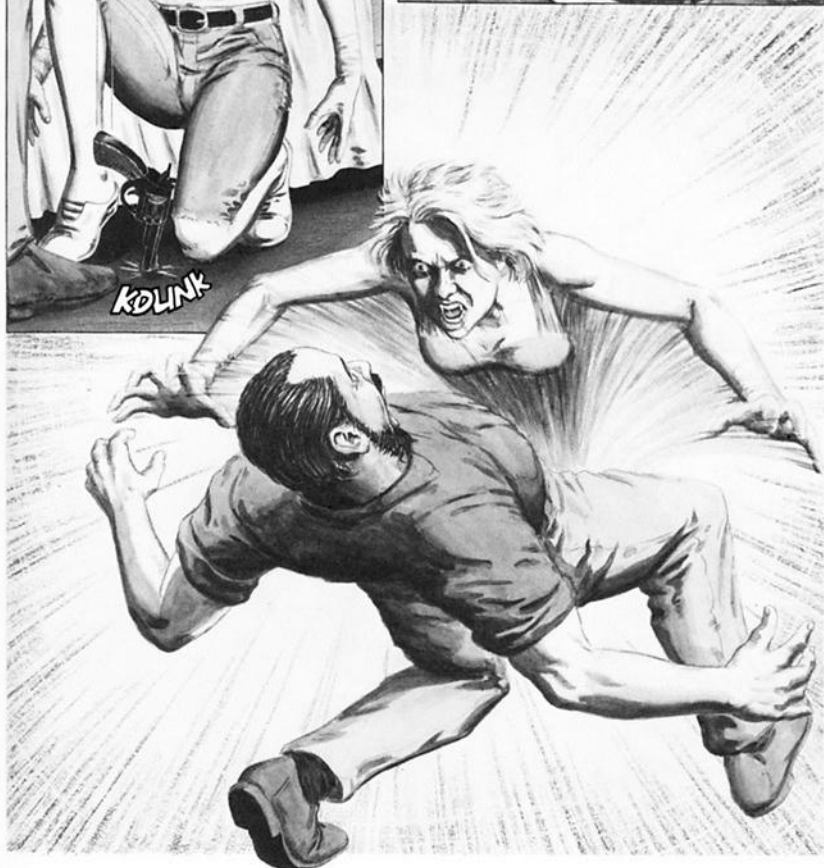


















LINDA, I'M NOT HERE
FOR YOUR REASONS OR
EXCUSES. I'M JUST
HERE TO SAY
GOODBYE.

'GOODBYE'?

I'M GOING AWAY FOR
AWHILE, ON VACATION. I CAME
TO TELL YOU YESTERDAY,
BUT YOU'D BITTEN
OFF KOENIG'S
BALLS.

SORRY

DON'T
APOLOGISE.
THE LITTLE SHIT
DESERVED IT.

I KNOW. I'M GOING
TO MISS YOU, JANE.
REALLY MISS
YOU.

CHRIST.
YOU NEVER
GIVE UP,
DO YOU?

I HAD A HUNCH, I ASKED AROUND.
IT'S NOT JUST *ME* YOU LOOK AT WITH
THOSE COME-TO-BED-AND-I'LL-SHOW-
YOU-SOMETHING EYES, IS IT? IT'S
EVERYONE. THE WHOLE DAMN
HOSPITAL. IT'S A WONDER
THIS HASN'T HAPPENED
BEFORE NOW.

IT'S JUST MY
WAY. I DON'T
MEAN ANY-
THING BY IT.

AND THAT'S
JUST THE
TROUBLE.

...MOST
OF THE
TIME.

YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?
EVERY THIRD SENTENCE
WITH YOU IS A COME-
ON. YOU DON'T REALISE
THE HELL YOU PUT
PEOPLE THROUGH.

YOU
LOVE ME.
DON'T
YOU?

EVERYBODY DOES. THEY ALL WANT A
PIECE OF YOU. BUT THEY DON'T
REALISE YOU WANT A PIECE OF THEM
TOO - LITERALLY. I MEAN IT'S CRAZY,
I'VE HAD BOYFRIENDS, I'VE HAD
SEX, BUT, BUT...



... I LOVE
YOU.



I LOVE
YOU TOO.
HONEST.



SHIT, LINDA, WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE
TO ME?

I - I
DON'T. I
CAN'T HELP
IT...

WILL
YOU MAKE
LOVE TO
ME?



...OKAY.





YEAH, I
CAN SEE HER
-IT'S OKAY.

SHE'S
ASLEEP.

SHE'D BETTER BE, MAN.
IF SHE COMES AFTER MY
BALLS, SHE'S GETTING
THIS RIGHT IN THE—

SHE COULDN'T
GET AT US IF
SHE TRIED.

WELL, YOU CAN
FEED HER YOUR
SWEETMEATS,
NOT MINE.

CLIK

SHE'S ASLEEP.
ANYWAY, SHE'S
WEARING A JACKET.

LINDA? LINDA
MONEY, IT'S WILL.
IT'S TIME TO
EAT, Y'KNOW,
CORNFLAKES,
LINDA?

LINDA'S
GONE.



"AS TO WHERE SHE'LL GO..."



"I GUESS SHE'LL JUST
FOLLOW HER URGES"



Tate Vinters 5-92

END

Gugarviri



WARREN ELLIS
MARTIN CHAPLIN
GARRY MARSHALL

-- In the eyes of Cindy Ruin --

BOTH SHE AND I WERE
FIRST KISSED HERE.

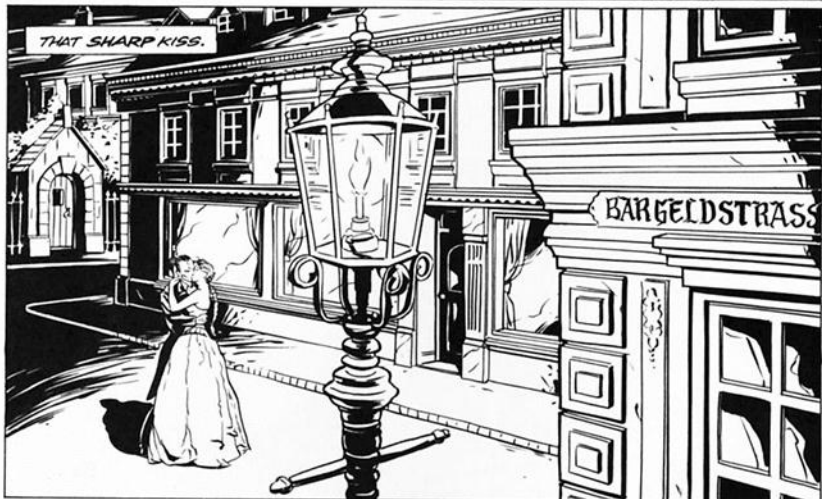
BARGELDSTRASSE:
BERLIN; GERMANY.

IT WAS GASLIT THEN;
ON THE CUP OF MORNING,
THE SMELL OF FRESHLY
BAKED BREAD ABOUT US.

DIE WISKO

BARGELDSTRASSE ^{Berlin 6}





DOWN IN THE DRY DARKNESS,
WE FUCKED LIKE ANIMALS.



EVEN TODAY, SO MANY KISSES
LATER, THAT NIGHT'S
DANGEROUS, WHITE-LIGHT
ORGASMS REMAIN FOREVER
AFTER, ALIEN.

I AWOKE THE FOLLOWING TWILIGHT,
WARM AND SOFT IN HIS VAST BED,
WITH THE TINY KISSES OF THE
SUGAR VIRUS PRESSING LIKE
CHILDREN AGAINST MY HEART.



I RECALL, STRANGELY,
LOOKING AT MY HANDS,
IN THE EMBERS OF
THE DYING DAY.



IT SEEMED THAT MY WHOLE LIFE
WAS FLYING FROM MY CUPPED
PALMS LIKE BUTTERFLIES.

I DON'T REGRET IT. DARKER
WINGS THAN THOSE SUIT ME
BETTER.

BUT HER. DID SHE REGRET
LOSING THAT GAUDY PAINTSTORM
FROM HER LIFE?



I DOUBT IT, BUT THAT
SECOND SHARP STROKE
- THAT ICY SLICE WITH NO
LOVE IN IT - DID THAT,
FOR A SECOND, MAKE
HER REGRET?



I NEVER KNEW HER.

YET WE CAUGHT THE SUGAR
VIRUS FROM THE SAME MAN.
CLOSEST THING TO FAMILY
THERE IS. FOR ME.

SO I'M HERE TO FIND THE
CREATURE WHO DESTROYED
HER.



--The pulse in the veins of John Cefalu--

IT'S GOTTEN DARK.
IT FRIGHTENS ME.

I BROUGHT INA HERE
TO COMFORT ME, BUT
SHE SCARES ME MORE.

WOMEN SCARE ME.

THEY SCARE ME BECAUSE
DEATH IS THEIR IDEA.



NIGHT. IT'S LIKE THE SKY
ROTS. DECOMPOSES. THE
GRAVENOSE MOON MAKES
THE SEXSWEAT ON MY
BACK GROW ICY.



I FEEL IT LYING ON ME IN
CURVES; COLD, COMPLEX
WRITING. THE OLD MATHE-
MATICS OF EX-LOVERS' SEX.



SHE ASKED IF THE STORIES WERE TRUE AS I
TRACED MY TONGUE ALONG THE STRAP OF HER DRESS.

"THEY'RE TRUE IF YOU WANT
THEM TO BE," I WHISPERED.

THEY'RE TRUE...IF...

I'M FRIGHTENED
TONIGHT.



I TOOK A WOMAN LIKE
NO OTHER -- AND
RECREATED HER.

I MADE A VAMPIRE
INTO A WORK OF ART.

AND...AND I'M SCARED.



--And the jukebox spins with something new,
a heartbeat rhythm and a late-night murmur--

Never thought the day would
end, never thought tonight
would ever be...

...this close to Me.

BLACK CROW KING ON PIANO; TRIES
FOR A BAR TO STRUT ALONGSIDE
THE ONE-STEP BEAT, COUGHS
AND DIES.



OLD WINGS CAUGHT ON
A DIFFERENT AIR.



HEY,
YOU YOU
CABARET
HAM.

THE
PAST HAS
COME A/
KNOCKING.









WHOEVER DID THIS
KNEW US.



IN FACT, I SUSPECT THE
FUCKER OF BEING ONE
OF US.



THEY KNEW THE NATURE
OF THE SUCRIVIRUS.



OUR WOUNDS HEAL, UNLESS
THEY ARE HELD OPEN.



HER FLESH WAS FORCED
TO HEAL LIKE THIS.



A CANDLE WAS PLACED HERE
WHEN WE FOUND HER.



--A snatch of breath between Rose's lips--

IT'S SO GOOD THAT I
FEEL LIKE LAUGHING.

I GAVE HIM HIS FIX, AND NOW
HE'S TRYING TO GIVE ME MINE.

POOR LOVER. HE'S THRILLING
ME - CHRIST, I CAN FEEL HIS
VEINS. TOUGH AND GORGED -
BUT IT'S NOT MY... FIX.

IT'S PERFECT - LIKE
SAND SLIDING AROUND
ITSELF ON A MIDNIGHT
DESERT.

VAMPIRE SEX, THE
ANTICIPATION OF
WHITE LIGHT BEATING
UNDER OUR SKIN
WITH BLACK, TINGLING
WINGS.

NO SWEAT. JUST DRY HEAT
BREEDING PRIMITIVE FRICTION.



-- The story written in Cindy's frown --

WE CAN'T SAVE HER.

THE SUGARVIRUS IS
SO... HA HA. SO STRANGE.

THE VAMPIRIC GERM BREEDS IN HUMAN
BLOOD SUGARS, BUT ONLY FOR SEVENTY-
TWO HOURS. AFTER THAT, WE NEED
BLOOD ONLY TO SUSTAIN PHYSICAL
ACTIVITY.



LOUISE IS DRAINED OF BLOOD...
BLOOD SHE NEEDS, FOR ITS
ENZYMES AND SUGARS, TO FEED
THE NEW ORGANS THE VIRUS BINDS.

OTHERWISE,
SHE REMAINS
IN DEEP COMA.
SHUTDOWN.



THE EXTRACTION AND FILTRATION PIPES THAT RUN FROM THE FANGS, THROUGH WHICH WE TAKE AND CLEAN BLOOD, HAVE BEEN CUT OUT.

WE CAN'T GET ANY BLOOD INTO HER WITHOUT KILLING THE VAMPIRIC HEART.

WE CAN'T SAVE LOUISE, AND I HATE IT.



THEY FOUND HER PROPPED IN THE DOORWAY OF THE RISIKO, STRAPPED TO A PLANK TO KEEP HER UPRIGHT.

A CANDLE BURNED IN HER THROAT, BALANCED ON PEARLY VERTEBRAE.

A TOOTHLESS RAT SCUTTLED AROUND IN THE WICKER CAGE WHERE HER STOMACH USED TO BE.



ONLY A VAMPIRE COULD KNOW HOW TO SO THOROUGHLY HUMILIATE AND CRIPPLE LOUISE.

BUT HOW? COULD THERE BE PSYCHOPATHIC VAMPIRES? SOMEONE WHO RECEIVED A RAZORED KISS AND FELT NO LOVE IN IT?





CINDY'S HERE FOR THE TRUTH.
SHE'S SO SEVERE... SMOOTH
ARMS LIKE STONE TO MY TOUCH.



I BROUGHT HER INTO THIS WORLD.
I KNOCKED THE DAYLIGHT FROM
HER EYES... JUST WISH I'D
KNOCKED SOME SENSE INTO HER.

IF SHE WERE ANY MORE STUPID,
SHE'D BE FRENCH.



AND, YES, I GAVE LOUISE THE VIRUS
TOO, BUT SHE WAS THICK AS SHIT
ANYWAY.

FRENCH
TOO, AS I
RECALL.

ONE NIGHT, BEFORE I KISSED HER,
I SAW HER TRYING TO SLASH HER
WRISTS WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR.

CINDY WAS WELL-EDUCATED. QUICK.
MIND LIKE A STEEL TRAP.

WISH SHE'D
LET ME
SCREW HER.

SAYS SHE
DOESN'T
'DO IT' WITH
VAMPIRES.

DON'T GET IT. I CAME ON
WITH ALL THE WELL-BRED
CHARM OF A CENTURY
AGO, AND ... NOTHING.



MAYBE SHE'LL END UP
THE SAME AS LOUISE.

MAYBE THEY
BOTH HAD
THE SAME
PROBLEM.



MAYBE THEY BOTH
JUST NEEDED TO
GET FUCKED MORE.









-- The Thread in Rose's old dress --

FIRST THERE WAS THE OLD NETWORK, THE INFERNAL GALLOP, THE CONCRETE JUNGLE DRUM FOR VAMPIRES WHO LIVED IN STEEL AND PLASTIC.

THEN CAME THE SUNLIGHT YEARS, THE NETWORK COLLAPSED WHEN THE SUNLIGHT PEOPLE RAMMED WOOD AND IRON INTO OUR SUGARVIRUS HEARTS.

THEN... IN PLACES LIKE DEAD ROCK, LONDON... SUSPIRIA, NEW YORK... RISIKO, BERLIN... IT STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN.

I HATE THEM LIKE I HATE THIS DRESS. TOO OLD. OUGHT TO BE THROWN AWAY.

WE WEREN'T MEANT TO RUN TOGETHER.

WE WERE PUT HERE TO HUNT IN THE NIGHT, NOT TO HUGGLE AROUND CAMPFIRES.

SINCE WHEN DID HUMANS DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS FUCKIN' CATTLE?

THE INFERNAL GALLOP WAS AN IDIOCY...

A CRIMINAL DENIAL OF OUR
NATURE, TRADITION AND NEEDS.

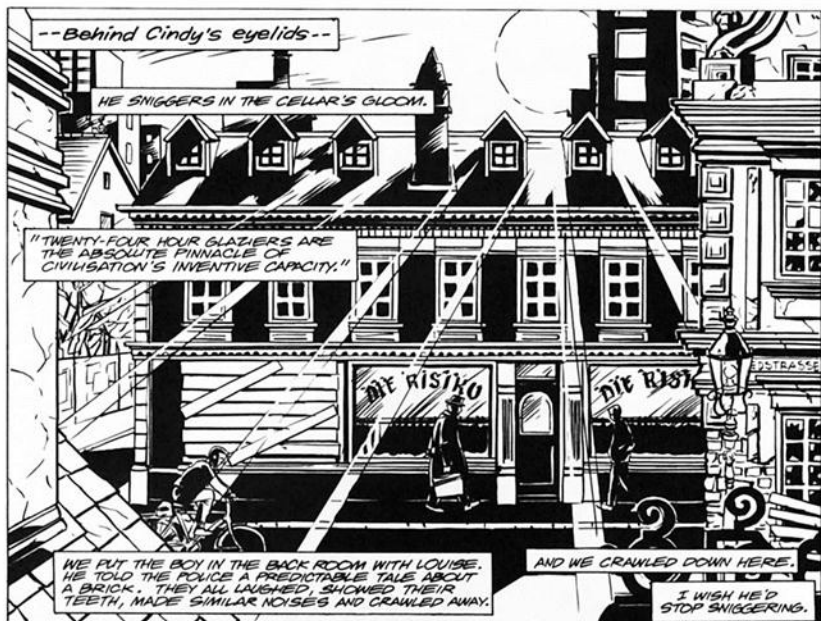


AND I WAS DAMNED GLAD WHEN THE
SUNLIGHT PEOPLE CRACKED IT OPEN
LIKE DRY MUD.



I OUGHT
TO BE
AFTER ALL.







--The last gasp of Cindy's past--

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D
LEARN TO HATE YOU.

THERE ARE CROSSHAIRS FILED ON THE
BHELLS OF MY EYES AND I CAN FEEL MY
TEETH STRETCH IN ANTICIPATION. MY
VERY BREATH BECOMES A CALLSIGN TO
ANYTHING WARM, SOFT AND PLUMP WITH
FOOD...

AND I HATE YOU BECAUSE
YOU DON'T WANT THE GALLOP
BACK, DO YOU? IN THE
GALLOP, WE DON'T HUNT WHAT
WE CAN FIND IN PEACEFUL,
UNOBTRUSIVE WAYS.

BUT, WHEN YOU SMILED I REALISED
YOU DIDN'T LIKE THAT WAY. YOU LIKE
YOUNG GIRLS ON STREET CORNERS.



TOO MUCH TO DRINK.



OR NOT ENOUGH. ONE OF THE TWO, CAN'T REMEMBER IT ALL. FEELS LIKE TORN TIN IN MY BELLY. STABBING MY GUTS WHEN I BREATHE WRONG.



ULCERS ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF AN ARTIST'S REPERTOIRE. YES.



KOFF
KAH

HURRRR
KAFFKAFFKAFF

DRINK TOO MUCH.
SMOKE TOO MUCH.

FUCK IT. ANYTHING TO GET ME THROUGH THE NIGHT. I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE OUT HERE. BASTARD AND BITCHES COULD BE ANYWHERE, WAITING IN THE DARK FOR ME.



GOD, MY THINKING GETS
UGLY WHEN I'M SMASHED.
ROSE WOULDN'T APPROVE.



ROSE LOVES THE ARTIST IN
ME. THE, AH, THE DISPASS-
IONATE AESTHETE. ONLY
SOMEONE LIKE ME COULD
APPRECIATE HER LOVE-
MAKING. SHARP BRUSH-
STROKES.



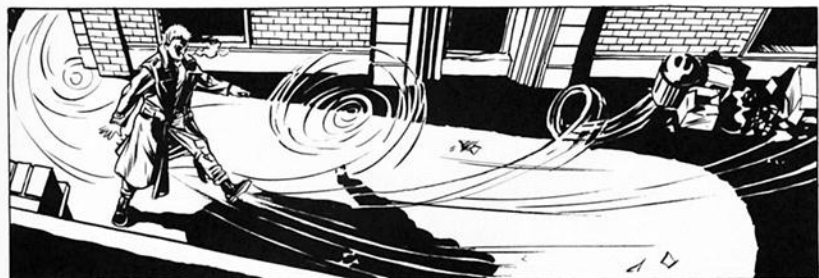
OOPS. DON'T LEAN ON
THE WALL, JOHN. YOU'LL
BREAK OPEN THE SCABS.



DON'T LEAN ON THE WALL, JOHN.

GO HOME, JOHN.

A WOMAN MIGHT
BE WAITING FOR
YOU.



I'M SORRY, I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED.
I CAN SMELL IT. BUT I HAVE TO
DO THIS.

I'LL TRY
TO MAKE IT
QUICK.

I'M... I'M
OUT OF PRACTICE. I'M
SORRY.

NO. I'M SORRY.
YOU HAVE TO DO IT BUT
HHKKKK?

SHUT UP!
I CAN
SMELL--



I WISH IT
WAS ROSE...

GOD, I CAN SMELL
ALL OF HIM.

CHEAP SCOTCH, HIS LAST MEAL,
CIGARETTES, FRESH URINE,
HIS TERRIFIED SWEAT...

IT FILLS ME WITH NATURAL
DISGUST. GOD, I ALMOST
WANT TO KILL HIM FOR THE
WAY HE SMELLS...

PISS AND SWEAT AND...















I WOULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING FOR ROSE. ONCE I'D DESTROYED THE REST OF YOU FOR HER, SHE WAS GOING TO...

ROSE WOULD HAVE BEEN UNIQUE THEN, YOU SEE. ART. THIS ONE'S, ASST NOW, TOO, UNIQUE.

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TAKE HER AND MAKE HER INTO SOMETHING YOU PEOPLE COULDN'T IMAGINE. AND IF YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE IT...



...YOU WOULD HAVE GONE OUT TO KILL US.



OH CHRIST. SHE GOT IT ALL WRONG. DIDN'T SHE? HOW WOULD A HUMAN KNOW HOW OUR BODIES WORK? THE BRUTALITY, THE THING SUPPOSED TO ENRAGE US, DEPENDED ON THAT KNOWLEDGE...

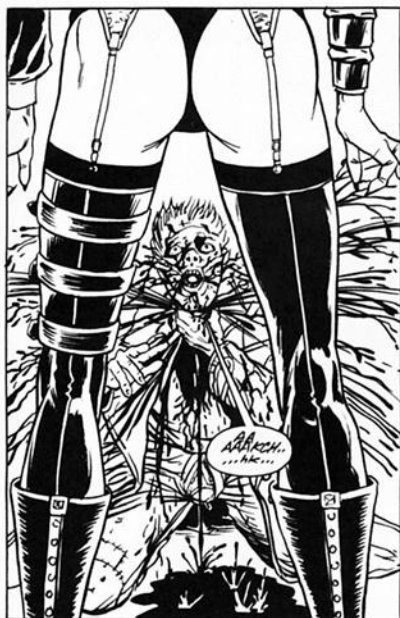


NO. YOU LITTLE SHIT, WHAT WAS THIS 'OLD IDEA'?













WELL,
CROW...



ARE YOU GOING TO
BE AWKWARD, TOO? WILL
YOUR TACKY OBSESSION
WITH LOST YOUNG WAIFS
BLIND YOU ONCE MORE?

I DID OFFER
TO SHARE THAT
CHILD WITH YOU...



I WISH I'D
FOUND OUT ABOUT
YOU EARLIER.

OH,
THAT'S
PATHETIC.



YOU DON'T
DESERVE
TO BE A
VAMPIRE.







I WALKED TO THE
STATION ON MY OWN.

Night Vision



DAVID QUINN
HANNIBAL KING



"I'LL BE WORKING DOWNTOWN FOR THREE NIGHTS -- THINK YOU CAN MAKE SURE YOUR COCKROACHES DON'T SKITTER OFF WITH MY MACHINE, JONESY?"

"COURSE, BLYTHE -- ALWAYS GOOD TO HAVE YOU IN Nueva York!"



"YOUR RATES, YOU OUGHT TO BE."

"AND IN CASE YOU'RE SPECULATING ON A TEST-FLIGHT, I CHECK THE MILEAGE, MY DEAR."



COMIN' HERE TWENTY YEARS AN' YOU JUST GET BETTER TO LOOK AT EVERY TIME, BLYTHE--

YOU DISCOVER THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH OR SOME-THIN'?

YOU KEEP FLATTERING ME, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU.

WOAH! 1954 BOOZOO CHAVIS' "PAPER IN MY SHOE"!

THE PREMIERE ZYDECO, AUTOGRAPHED! HOW'D YOU--



SMART SHOPPING. TRUST IS RARE, JONESY.

AND SO IS SILENCE.



ENJOY THE TASTE OF CREOLE, hmmm?

IT'S NO LONGER La Mode TO IDENTIFY NEIGHBORHOODS BY THE TRAPES FLIED WITHIN-- THE REAL ESTATE PARASITES MUST HAVE SOME UPSCALE NAME FOR MY HUNTING GROUNDS.

I, HOWEVER, PREFER THE UNEQUIVOCAL QUALITY OF ITS ANTIQUE DESIGNATION--



CARNIVAL
MANHATTAN...
YOUR VERMILION
QUEEN REQUIRES
YOUR UNDIVIDED
ATTENTION...

THE MEAT
DISTRICT.

Plus c'est
change...
YOU KNOW
THE REST.

BETTE NOIR'S
SPOTLIGHT PULLS
HER GENTLY OUT
OF THE SMOKE.



CARNIVAL
MANHATTAN...
YOUR VERMILION
QUEEN REQUIRES
YOUR UNDIVIDED
ATTENTION...

THE MEAT
DISTRICT.

AS REBEL
STUDIOS
PRESENTS!

DAVID GUINN & HANNIBAL KING'S

Nightvision: Intermezzo Bette Noir

WITH
JIM AUSTIN
ON INKS
AND LETTERS BY
SUSAN ROINE.

PLUS C'EST
CHANGÉ
YOU KNOW
THE REST.

BETTE NOIR'S
SPOTLIGHT PULLS
HER GENTLY OUT
OF THE SMOKE.

MY NIGHTVISION
JAGGED... SOMETHING
...BUT ALL MY
PERCEPTIONS SEEM
TO BELONG TO...

THIS DARK
CHINA DOLL?



AS REBEL
STUDIOS
PRESENTS:

DAVID QUINN & HANNIBAL KING'S

Nightvision: Intermezzo Bette Noir

WITH
JEFF AUSTIN
ON INKS,
AND LETTERS BY
SUSAN DORNE.

MY NIGHTVISION
GRASPS...SOMETHING
...BUT ALL MY
PERCEPTIONS SEEM
TO BELONG TO...

THIS DARK
CHINA DOLL?

NO. NO DOLL.
HER TURNS...
ALMOST THREATEN-
INGLY SEXUAL.

Iiiii...
wanted
everything

BUT COSTUMED AS A CHILD BRIDE.
A DEAD CHILD BRIDE. NOT YET
JUST ANOTHER EMPTY CHILD
PLAYING VIDEO LOLITA.

NO, WHAT SHE
CONCEALS IS
AS ARTFULLY
BEGUILING
AS WHAT
SHE BARES..

HIDING BY RE-
VEALING TOOK
ME THE BETTER
PART OF A CEN-
TURY TO MASTER
--IT'S PRESERVED
ME WELL, THE
CENTURY SINCE.

HOW LONG
HAVE YOU
DANCED TO
KEEP YOUR
SECRETS,
LITTLE ONE?

Yooooou
said
nothing
can
staaaay--

Yooooou
promised
nothing--

AND HIDING IN THE
DARK, THEMSELVES..

Iiiii... took
you that
waaaay.

THEY LOVE
YOU FOR IT.

BUT I'M NOT HERE TO
TRACE YOU, CHANTEUSE,
STRIPPER, PERFORMANCE
ARTIST..

NO USE FOR YOUR FILTHY
PAPER, LOVE... I'LL ACCEPT
ONLY YOUR BLOOD.

WHATEVER NAME
YOU SALOME
TRIPPERS WEAR
THESE DAYS.

YOU'RE
WONDERFULLY
Distracting
BUT THE
PURSUIT
IS ALL.

YES, HERE'S WHY
MY NIGHTVISION
DREW ME HERE.

THE GLAMROCK TWINS,
SEEDED BY OUR COMMON
WELL, BY IAN AT A
FREELOVE SAN
FRANCISCO CONCERT.

It's all right to
live for love, call it
as you bleeed...

BURN
BUSH

BABIES.

OUTSIDE SIMPLE ILLUSION-
INFLUENCING, THEY'VE
DEVELOPED NO AETHERIC
SHAPING, NO GIFTS AT
ALL, REALLY.

SQUANDERED THE YEARS OF
HEIGHTENED SENSES IAN
FORCED UPON US, DRUGGING
AND DEVOURING BOYS AND
GIRLS ENTANGLED IN THEIR
WEB. OH, AND I DON'T MEAN
THAT METAPHORICALLY.

SEE THEIR
SPIDERY LIMBS
AS THEY REALLY
ARE, THROUGH
MY EYES.
DISGUSTING.

Another
shot of
innocence...

A BORE, REALLY,
A WARM-UP
BEFORE I TAKE
THE REAL
CREATURES OF
THIS
NECROPOLIS.

FAT IN THE TWINS' DIET DULLS
THEM; TONIGHT LOOKS NO
EXCEPTION. I'LL ALLOW THE
ICKY THINGS A LAST SUPPER
BEFORE I STEP ON THEM.

MMMM, I
COULD
LINGER HERE,
GLADLY.

EXI

NO!



The same old
dying need..



THE BOY'S LESS THAN TRIVIAL..



BUT HIS DEATH WILL
BRING UNDUE ATTENTION
TO THE GLAMROCK TWINS,
AND THUS, ME.



I ATTEMPT
TO CONVINCE
MYSELF SHE'S
NOT SINGING
TO ME-- I
HAVE TO MOVE!



you can
talk forever,
just don't talk
so loud.



And when
you're feeling
lonely,
sister..



A face in the crowd
asks, "who's sorry
now?"

And when
you're getting
dirty, who's on
your mind?

I PIERCE HER
WITH MY LOUDEST
THOUGHTS..



sister,
sister..

THOUGH YOU
SING AS IF
YOUR LIFE
DEPENDS UPON
IT, YOU'RE
NOT MY
SISTER, BITCH!







NO!



**A FEAST FOR
THEIR UNHATCHED
BROOD!**



**YOU GOTTA
TALK T ME.**

NO!

**STAY
BACK IF
YOU WANT
TO LIVE!**





DAMN YOU, IAN!
AM I THE ONLY
CREATURE LEFT
BARREN, STERILIZED
BY YOUR FATHER'S
WORK?



I ALWAYS
FORGET-CHILDREN
IN THIS TOWN
ARE ONLY
DESIRABLE
UNTIL THEY
OPEN THEIR
MOUTHS.

FUCKIN' A.
OMYGAWD.

FUCKIN'
A.



BUSY **SEEDING**
...THEY DON'T SEE
US--UNDER HERE,
WE CAN **KEEP** IT
THAT WAY.

IF I HADN'T
...**MET** YOU, I COULD
HAVE **BLED THEM** BEFORE
THEY GOT YOUR **FRIEND**. I
WANT YOU INSIDE,
NOW.

'S NAME'S
LARRY. REAL LOSER,
BUT HE DON'T
DESERVE **THIS**.

YOU GOT
DROP DEAD GORGEOUS
TEETH, KNOW WHAT
I MEAN?



YOU SEEM
RATHER **BLASE**
ABOUT ALL THIS.
SHOULD I...**KNOW**
YOU, BETTE
NOIR?



HEY, STOP
AN' SMELL THE
RAINBOW, I
ALWAYS SAY.

OMYGAWD!
I KNEW IT!
I LOOKED AT
YOU AN' FUCKIN'
KNEW IT!



I, UH, HAVE
A **CONFESSION**.
I'M NOT A **REAL**.
LIKE, **VAMPIRE**.









THE TRACER,
BLYTHE--

THE FIRST TO BE SPANNED
BY SCIENTIFIC RAPE--

THE FIRE
FROM IAN
WRIGHT'S
LOINS--



MAY HAVE BEEN
BUT A RUMOR FOR
THESE *Petites*--

FELLOW CREATURES
OF THE *Ens Veneni*!



TONIGHT THEY KNOW.

HEAR ME
AT ALL



CIGARETTE?

YOURS IS
A LITTLE BLOODY,
SORRY.

BUT
THEN, YOU
DO PROFESS
TO SAVOR
THAT.



I SHOULD KICK,
BUT, WHAT'S THE
POINT, RIGHT?

SO.

NOW, YOU'VE
WITNESSED WHAT I
DO TO MY SISTERS.
ALL I HAVE LEFT.

'TIL I FIND
THE **BASTARD**
WHO FORCED--

WELL, OUR
"TRANSFORMATION"
TO BORROW
YOUR WORD

BEATS
STRIPPIN'
FOR WALL
STREET
JERKS.

FUCK
'S FUCKED
UP.

YOU, LIKE,
FELL PRETTY
HARD FOR THE
GUY, RIGHT?





THANKS,
MOM. FEEL
MUCH BETTER
NOW.

I DON' EAT
FOOD, 'CEPT OCCASION-
ALLY A PIECE 'A BLOOD-
RARE MEAT' AND SOME
TIMES, BUT ONLY IF I'M,
LIKE, REALLY, FUCKIN'
DEPRESSED, CHERRY
FROSTED POPTARTS!

I'VE TASTED
HUMAN BLOOD!
I, LIKE, SHUN
THE LIGHT OF
DAY!

I'VE READ
EVERY ONE 'A
ANNE RICE'S
BOOKS!

PLEASE!



I'LL HAVE NONE
OF THIS **PLAYING**
MONSTER--IT'S
A **GAME** FOR
YOU!

YOU **CAST OFF**
WHAT THOSE **FOUL**
INSECTS HAD **STOLEN**?
WHAT **THEY** **STOLE**
FROM **METALHEAD**
LARRY **BACK**
THERE?

HUMANITY--

LIVING
AS A **WOMAN**,
WITH ALL THE
PLEASURE AND
PAIN THAT
HUMAN **FLESH**--

GOD,
YOU LOOK
LIKE IT
HURTS
TO--

I HAD
A LIFE
LIKE YOU,
ONCE.

I SEEN
DEATH AN' IT
SURE THE **FUCK**
AIN'T NO
COMFORT.

YOU AWAIT THE
COMFORT OF THE
GRACE OF
BRINGING LIFE
TO A CLOSE--
NATURALLY.





"WEIRDED THIS GUY LORENZO OUT TOTALLY."

LORENZO,
SWEAR ON MY GRANDMA'S ROSEMARY BEADS, I WON'T DO IT AGAIN!



"BUT FUCK 'IM, RIGHT? HE WASN'T THE REAL LOVE I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT."



"HE'S LIKE 'I NEED SOME SPACE! FUCK ME, SPACE!'"

YOU'RE A STRIPPER, BETTE, JESUS, CAN'T YOU ONCE TAKE THE BOOTS OFF?!

I LIKE-- I LIKE BEIN' WITH YOU!



I LIKE KINKY, ARRRIGHT?! BUT YOU CAN'T GET OFF WITHOUT CHEWIN' ON MY FUCKIN' NECK?!



"I CHALLENGED HIM."

CALL ME, BETTE!

BUT FIRST, CALL A GOOD SHRINK!!



"ALL THOSE DENTAL SURGERY DOLLARS, DOWN THE TUBE."



"WELL, NO ONE WANTS TO BEAT A DEAD FISH OR ANYTHIN', BUT I WAS TOO FAR GONE TO QUIT."



"YOU KNOW **NEW YORK** --IF YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION, THERE'S **NINE** OTHER PEOPLE **BENT** JUST LIKE YOU."



"TWO WEEKS LATER, **MARY ELIZABETH** FOUND ME."

"A'COURSE I COULDN'T BECOME A **VAMPIRE** --I DIDN'T KNOW ANY RITES OF LIKE, **PERSONAL TRANSFORMATION**."



"**SISTERS OF THE VIOLENT FLAME**, SHE CALLED IT."



"**MARY-ELIZABETH** READ A LOT."



"BUT SHE DROPPED ME LIKE A **HOT TOMATO**, TOO."



"HARD TO BELIEVE,
ALMOST A YEAR
AGO, I NURSED
JIMMY... I
NURSED HIM
THROUGH... IT."

"HE LOVED
ME, SAID
HE DIDN'T
MIND, LONG
AS HE HAD
ME. **HIS
OWN FAMILY--**"

"WELL, THEY NEVER
USED TO RETURN
MY CALLS ANYWAY."

"EVEN HIS **INSURANCE
COMPANY** WAS ACTIN'
LIKE HE DIDN'T EXIST
ANYMORE."

"GOD, I
NEVER
WANNA
BE SO...
UNWANTED."

"HE DIDN'T TEST
POSITIVE, BUT
THEY SAY THAT'S,
LIKE, NO
GUARANTEE."

"**'COMPLICATIONS RESULTING FROM
AIDS,'** THE WHITE COATS CALLED IT
WHEN I SIGNED FOR HIM."

"KEPT AWAY 'OPPORTUNISTIC
INFECTION', BUT THE **AIDS** WAS
KILLIN' THE OXYGEN, LIKE
CHOKIN' HIS BLOOD."

"IT WAS NOT ONLY
LOSIN' THE FUCKIN'
WAR, IT WAS
JOININ' THE OTHER
SIDE, HIS BLOOD."

"I GOT
THIS
IDEA,
RIGHT?"





YOU'RE A
TRUE VAMPIRE,
MAYBE THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.

I'M
SCARED.

I AM...UH...THE PRODUCT
OF SCIENCE, NOT SUPER-
STITION.

MY...GIFT
OF NIGHTVISION,
AND CERTAIN AETHERIC
SHAPING...THESE ARE
ACQUIRED SKILLS, LIKE
SINGING FOR YOU,
I-I...

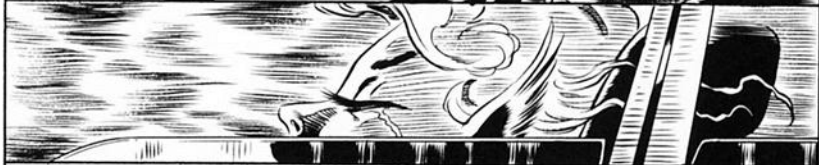
HOW...?

PEOPLE...
THEY'LL PITY, BUT
I'LL HAVE ONE FOOT
IN, LIKE, THE UNKNOWN
--THEY'LL HAVE TO
FEAR ME, HATE
ME, TOO!

AND WHAT'LL BE
WAITIN' FOR ME--OR
WORSE...WHAT IF THERE'S
NOTHIN' WAITIN' AT ALL?

YOU
HAVE
TO HELP
ME.





VAMPIRE

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a person in a suit, possibly a vampire, with a dark, moody background. The person is wearing a light-colored suit jacket and a dark shirt. The image is heavily stylized with high contrast, making the person appear almost white against the black background. The person's face is partially visible, and they appear to be looking towards the camera. The overall mood is mysterious and dramatic.

B L U E S

ANDY SEDDON
PETER SNEJBJERG



VAMPIRE-BLUES



BRIINNG
BRIINNG

BRIIN*

UH...
OH. SHIT...
HELLO?
YEH...

BOB, IT'S LLOYD HERE. I'M DOWN AT 365
LOCUST STREET. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE,
WHOLE FAMILY THIS TIME.

CHRIST, I'M NOT
ON DUTY FOR TWO
HOURS... HOW MANY?

THREE.
MOTHER AND
FATHER, AND THEIR
TEENAGE SON. IT'S A
REAL MESS, I THINK
YOU BETTER COME
RIGHT DOWN.

OKAY.
OKAY, I'M
ON MY
WAY.

HEY, YOU AWAKE...? LOOK,
I'M SORRY, MARY. WE'VE GOT
ANOTHER KILLING, I'VE GOT TO GO
DOWN TO THE WEST SIDE.

YOU LISTENING? I
SAID I'M SORRY...

...SHIT, DON'T KNOW
WHY I BOTHER...









SCREAM!

SLAM!

OH, HI,
HONEY.

GUH GUH
GUH

YOU POOR
BASTARD, YOU
STILL CAN'T
COPE WITH IT,
CAN YOU?

HOW LONG
HAVE YOU BEEN
ON THE NIGHT
SHIFT?

GUH GUH
GET
BACK!

WHEN ARE
YOU GOING TO
FACE UP TO WHAT
YOU ARE? YOU'RE
SUCH A DUMB
TURD.

I CAN'T
KEEP WATCHING
YOUR BACK, BOB.
YOU'RE OUT OF
CONTROL...

HEY!
SHIT-FOR
BRAINS! THE
GUN'S NO GOOD!
WE'RE BOTH
VAMPIRES,
REMEMBER?

YOU SCHIZO
MANIAC. YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO'S
BEEN EATING THE
POPULATION!

HELL,
YES! LOOK
AT THIS. YOU'RE
TOO STUPID TO
EVEN CLEAN
UP AFTER
YOURSELF.

I CAN'T BE
BOTHERED
WITH YOU
ANY MORE,
BOB, I'M
LEAVING.

BRING BRING

BRINK

YEH, UH...

WHAT? WHO
IS IT?

BOB, IT'S FRANK. WE'VE FOUND
LLOYD. YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN
HERE. WE'RE IN THE OLD
JOHNSON PLACE.

OKAY,
I'LL BE RIGHT
DOWN.



Flesh & Blood



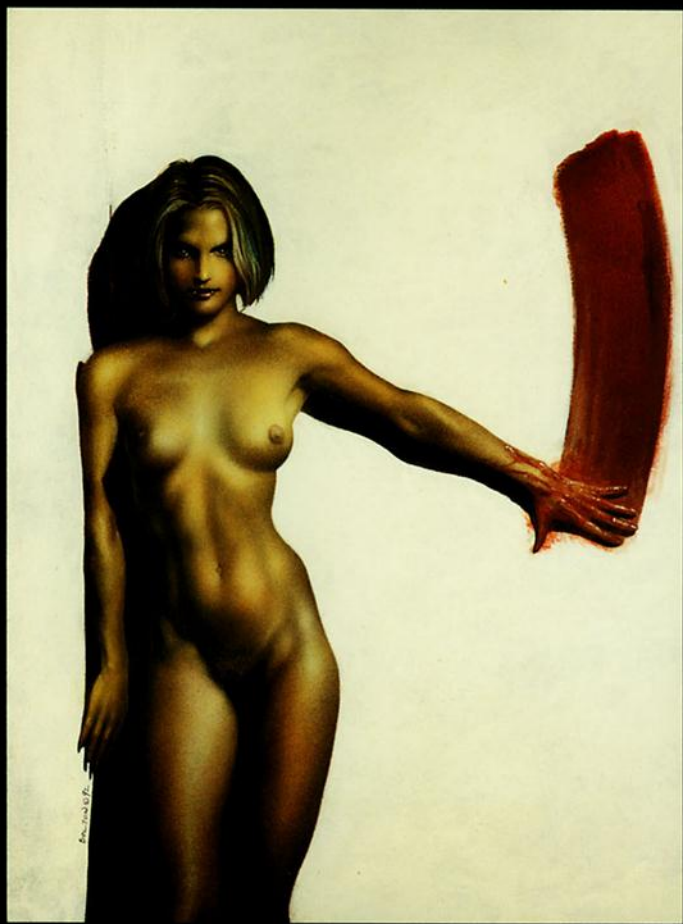
VAMPIRE TATTOOS AND ORIGINAL NUDE ARTWORK BY JOHN BOLTON



Bad Blood Cover Sketch



Bad Blood



Sweetmeats



Sugarvirus Cover Sketch



Sugarvirus



Night Vision Cover Sketch



Night Vision

Tattoos

BY GRAHAM MARKS

Back when the word 'tattoo' was normally preceded by the word 'Edinburgh' in 90% of households, the only people you saw with tattoos were the dangerous-looking types who rode on the back of your Dodgem car when the fair came to town. Their savage decorations were the mark of an outsider, the kind of person who had strayed off or, more likely, according to parental rumblings, never been on the straight and narrow. But that was half the fascination. Some of us knew then, as we careered round in those tin-can cars, that one day we would step over the invisible line and walk into a tattoo parlour, coming out with art on our arms.

Actually, what I walked out with was a bluebird. It was the least gruesome, most aesthetic thing available. The large, morose Scotsman whose emporium I was in didn't do originals, and anyway I hadn't got the bottle to ask for anything different.

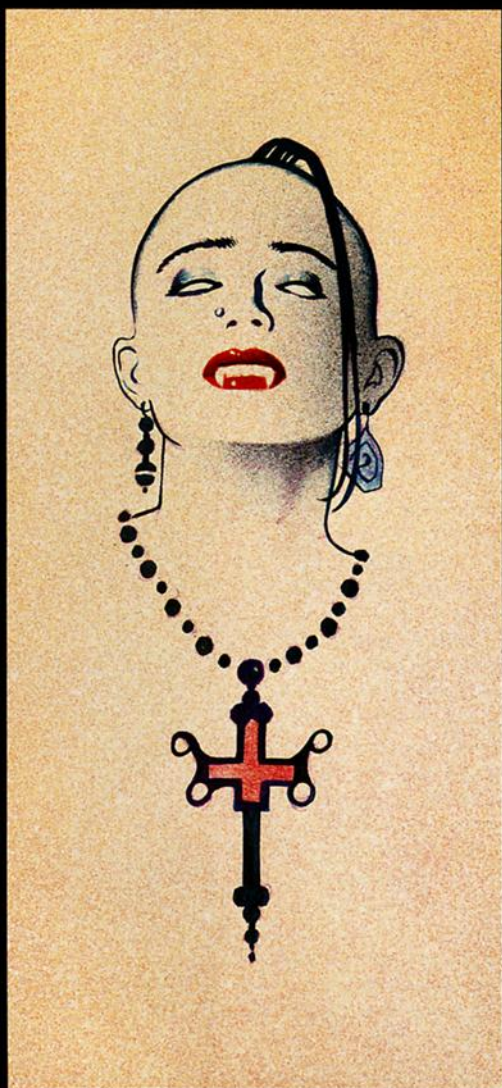
Things have changed. Tattooing has grown up and out of the seamy pit it once inhabited. It's still not something that 'nice' people do, but who the hell wants to be 'nice' anyway? Should you wish to indelibly stamp yourself there are now plenty of artists out there who can do truly beautiful things to your skin. What follows on the next few pages are the first of a series of tattoo images by John Bolton. He isn't a tattooist, but has been pursued over the years by people asking him to create pictures for them to have on their bodies.

"I've always been intrigued by the perception of extremes," he says, "particularly the extreme of being marked in perpetuity. Up until now I've never wanted any of my work on my body - I don't even hang it on the walls of my home.

"It's taken me a long time to come to terms with tattooing. Other extremes in the way people look can be reversed - hair can be cut, rings removed - but a tattoo isn't like that."

He admits he finds it difficult to imagine having one image there forever, but if he does get tattooed it would be something 'weird, sick and definitely macabre' on his shoulder or back. "I suppose what I'm doing here," he says, "is searching my imagination for a picture I'd put on myself."

On the opposite page is one that seems to me to fit the description, but John says it isn't even close. Titled 'Noëlle', it's designed to go on the upper arm and stare longingly at the neck of whomever might be standing next to the wearer.



How far have attitudes changed towards tattooing? Look no further than a 1955 edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which no doubt accurately reflects how people had felt for the previous half decade, and under 'TATTOO' it says 'See Mutilations and Deformations'. Lovely. But leap forward to the latest edition and the art of permanent skin marking has now got its very own section. What a difference a few decades can make.

People have been using their bodies as a canvas for as long as Man has run in organised packs. They've found tats' on Egyptian mummies from 2000 BC. In the Old Testament, the Book of Leviticus tells us that we should 'not make any cuttings in your flesh...or tattoo any mark upon yourself.' However it gives no reason, and everyone from ancient Britons, American Indians, Maoris, Japanese Ainu, Polynesians and late 19th century English aristos of both sexes, have at one time or another gone under the needle.

The upper class Englishman and his wife did it because, for a short time, it was fashionable. The Egyptian would have it done to show rank. Through history tattoos have been used to give magical protection, bear witness to the membership of a group or simply to decorate.

Apart from warding off evil spirits, the reasons for getting tattooed today remain pretty much the same as they always were. Hell's Angels do it to prove their everlasting love for Milwaukee's most famous combination of steel and rubber, and their brother bikers. Others do it for their love of country, wife, mother, lover or husband. Rabid fans of certain rock bands do it to show where their allegiance lies - if you see an arm swathed in Celtic patterns it probably belongs to a New Model Army aficionado and not a lover of Caledonian arts. A recurring pattern in John Bolton's work is that of the vampire; it allows full reign to his twin obsessions of beautiful women and the macabre, and has allowed him to produce some of his most stunning images. Many of these disturbing visuals have been used in the Italian magazine Glamour, Atomeka's Bad Blood collection and the Vampire Lestat comics, portfolios and calendar.

The image on this spread, called 'Bethany', uses a twin bat motif - the background one, like a grotesque slash in the curtain of skin, letting the night-creature loose in this world. It's been designed for the upper arm or shoulder blade.



Bethany

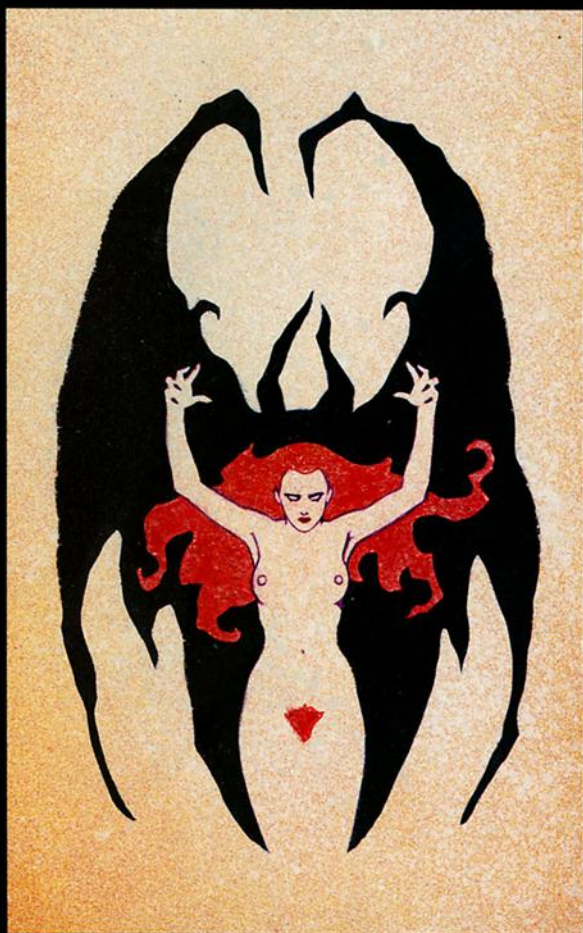
Primitive though the roots of tattooing may be, the best of today's artists use the latest hi-tech electrical equipment, in sterile surroundings, to imprint your chosen picture into your flesh. It wasn't always that way.

American Indians made tattoos with a simple pricking technique. Siberian tribesmen pulled threads coated with soot through the skin and in Polynesia a small sharp rake was the favoured method. Other cultures used brass 'pens', sharpened bone or even thorns as the medium to carry pigment and hammer it in, but whatever was used it was painful and took a long time.

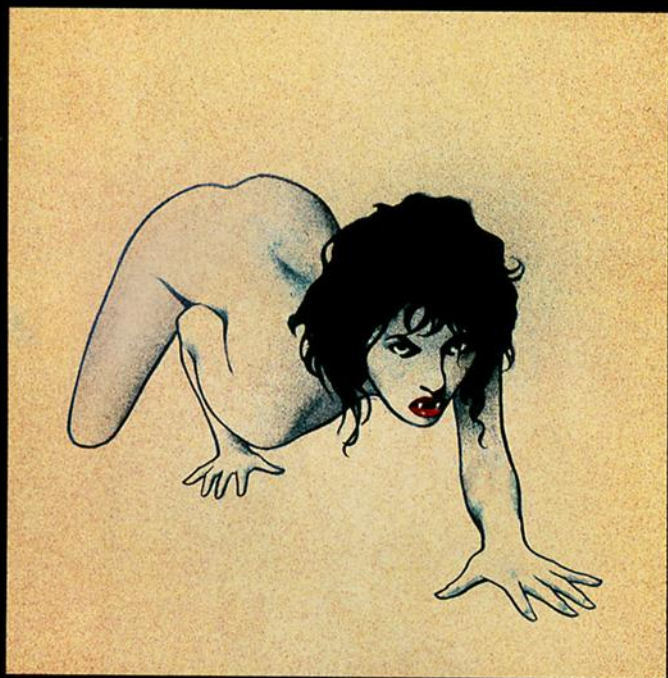
The first electric instrument was introduced into the tattoo parlours of the U.S.A. in 1891. The American 'professors', as tattoo artists were called then, took the art into the 20th Century and became its moving force as the practice died out in most other parts of the world. Rest assured that it's still painful, that's part of the ceremony, but it's a lot quicker now. So, after looking at this introduction to the Bolton Portfolio and staring for long enough at 'Siobhan' on the opposite page, you decide you want that needful lady right there on your back. What do you do? Where do you go? Lal Hardy, of the U.K.'s Association of Professional Tattoo Artists, says, amazingly enough, that the first stop is your local Yellow Pages. Then, he says, go visit, scope the place out and check that it's clean, that they always use new needles and new ink for every customer. Back in the good old days the worst you could get from a dirty parlour was hepatitis; today it's AIDS. Be careful.

The word also is - take your time and don't be rushed. You have the rest of your life to live with your decision. Make sure you're happy that the artist is capable of doing what you want. If you can't see proof that he or she can produce work of a standard that will do justice to an image like 'Deborah' on the back cover, then walk out the door and try another place.

Whether you want one of these pictures on your wall or on your skin, they are images that will remain with you. Powerful, graphic and erotic, they are just a taste of what's to come when the full collection of John Bolton's tattoo art is unleashed. Let the undead live a little. Get a tattoo. Especially if it's one of John's. You won't be breaking any copyright laws so long as you only use the image on your skin, and if you send a photo of the finished piece via Atomeka, John may actually use it in the complete works. So, go on. Step over the line...



Siobhan



Deborah

TAKE A BITTER PILL FROM THE ANTISEPTIC HELL
OF A SORDID PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. STIR IN
THE HEADY SPICE OF ANCIENT FEAR FROM THE
GOTHIC BACKSTREETS OF BERLIN. SEASON
WITH THE BLACK-FILLED HEART OF HIGH-
FASHION MANHATTAN. ADD THE SUBTLEST
TOUCH OF EVIL. SERVE TO THOSE WITH A TASTE
FOR BAD BLOOD.

Bringing together SWEETMEATS, by Steve Tanner & Pete Venters, SUGAR VIRUS, by Warren Ellis, Martin Chaplin & Garry Marshall, and NIGHT VISION, by David Quinn & Hannibal King, Atomeka's throat-tearing, soul shredding BAD BLOOD collection also features a searing new short story by Andy Seddon and Peter Snejbjerg plus a full-colour section which previews John Bolton's fantastic book of tattoos and includes sensational nude versions of his previous Bad Blood covers!

\$12.95

