

image

3
JUL

CITY OF

SILENCE

warren ellis
gary erskine
d'israeli
laura depuy



erskine



S 3



GILLIAN 724
CATCH 24

SHUT THE HELL UP.

THIS CITY NEVER
OFFERED PROTECTION TO
THE TIRED OR POOR.

IT NEVER SAID ITS
STREETS WERE
PAVED WITH GOLD.

"SHUT THE HELL UP,"
THAT'S ALL IT EVER
SAID.

I'M GOING TO TEACH
STEALTH SOME NEW
LINES.

WANTHOUSE

WARREN ELLIS
IS A STAR
255078C

JEEZ
BUZEEZ

FIONA D

BRASSY

SONIC
WHORE

K SOMERS

NORTH
STEALTH 90

283

CHOKER 08

kelly nino

Maloko!!

MALEDICTA
201 JAZZA C

JB

PINK
KROSS

PAUL R
GARUC'S
MY EVIL
BLOODY
VALENTINE

NIN

I WANT YOU
TO MEET
MY PAIN

K

47 MUSIC
CREW

HOUAR
NOW
LINDA

A85

283

DRY

DIABOL
MACH

842 EGIS

DEC

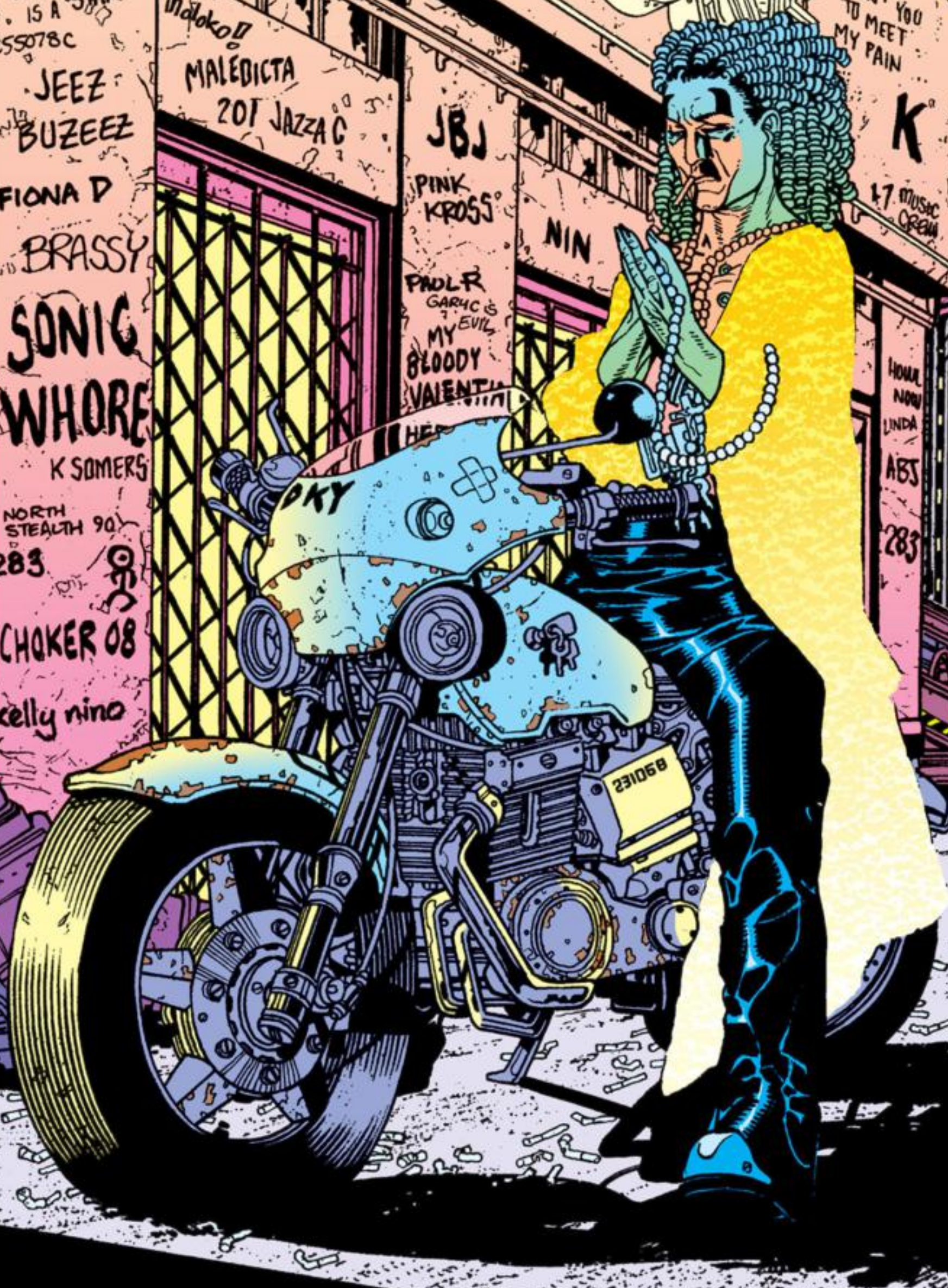
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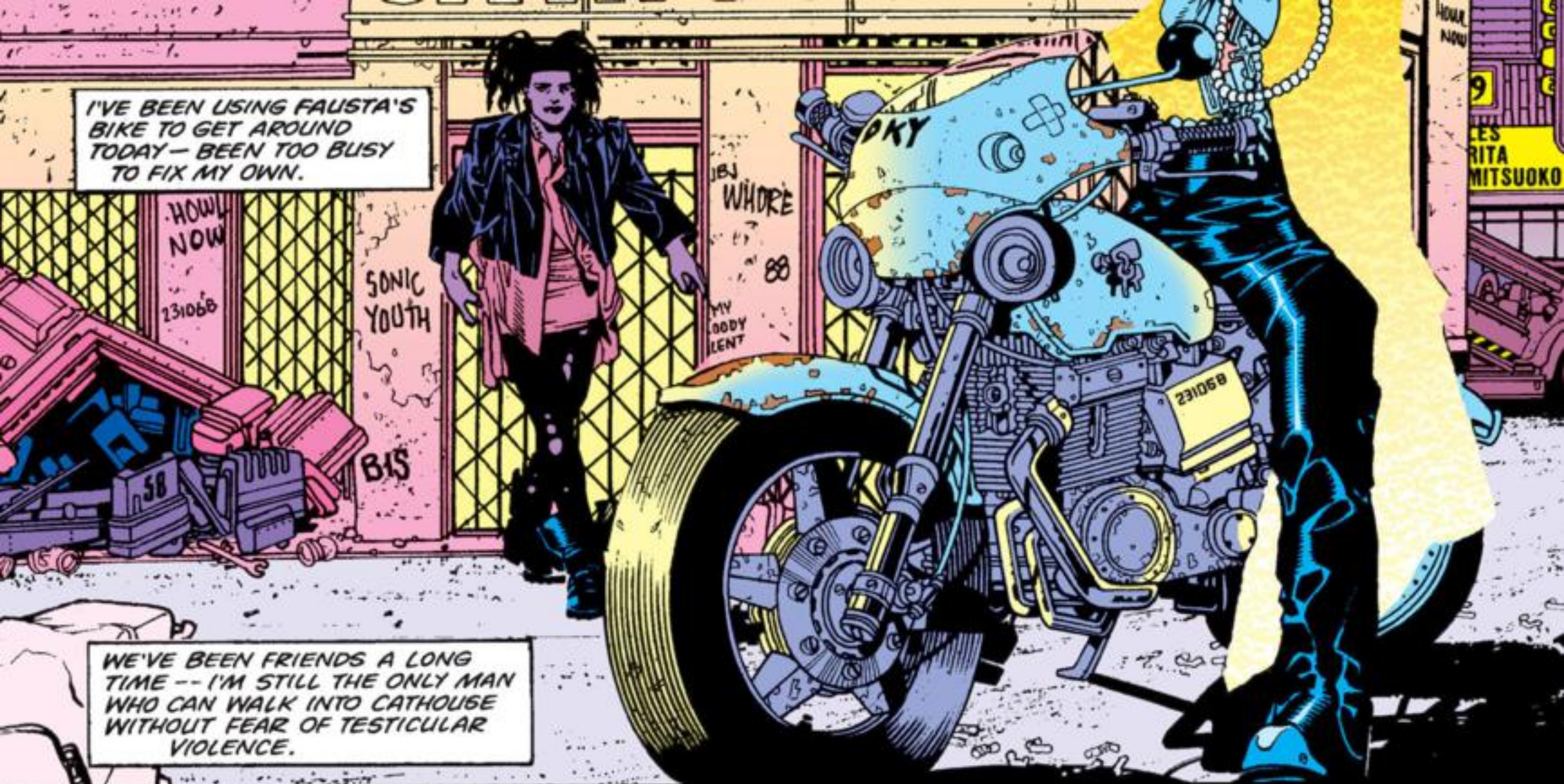
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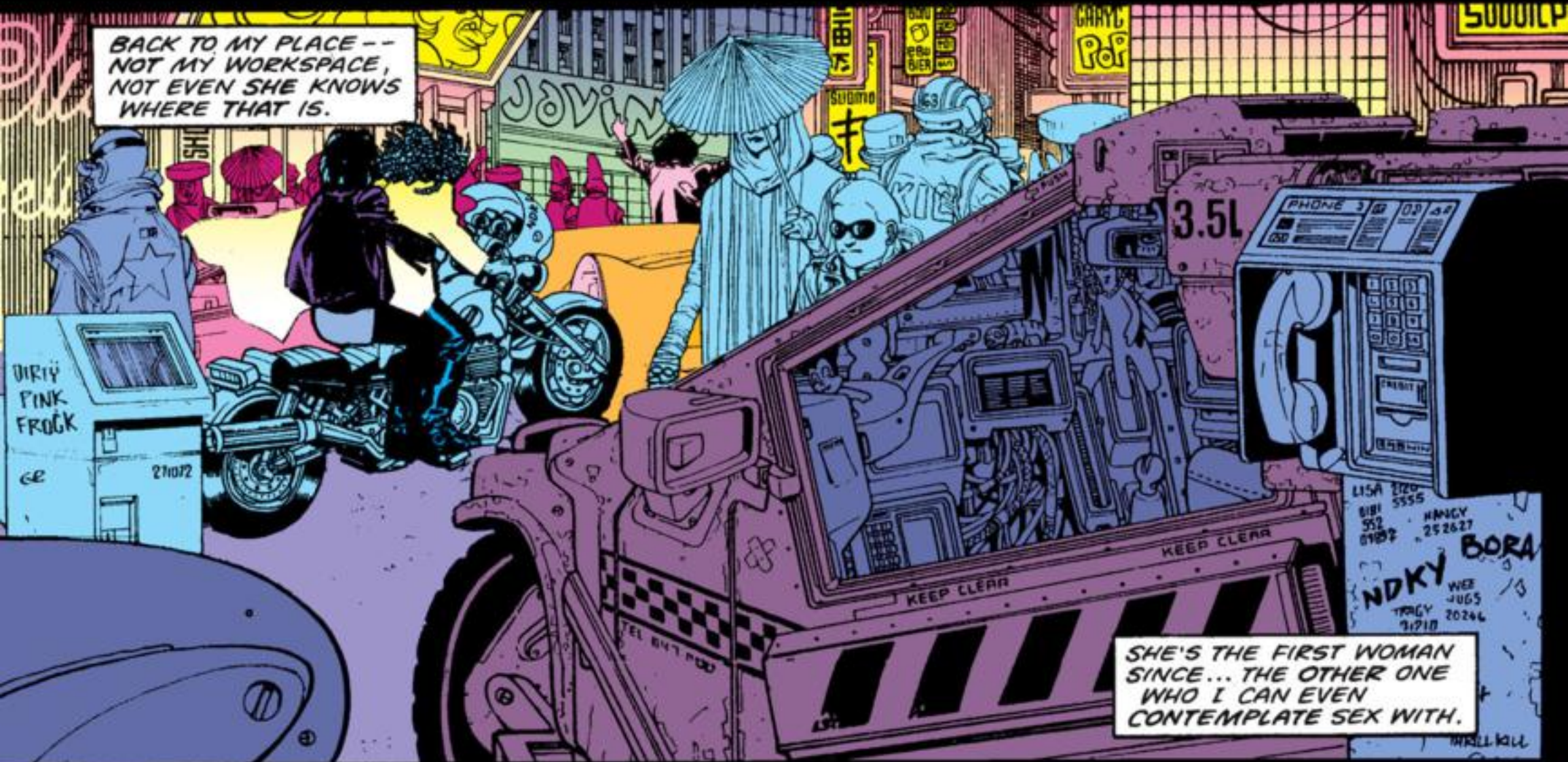
SEX





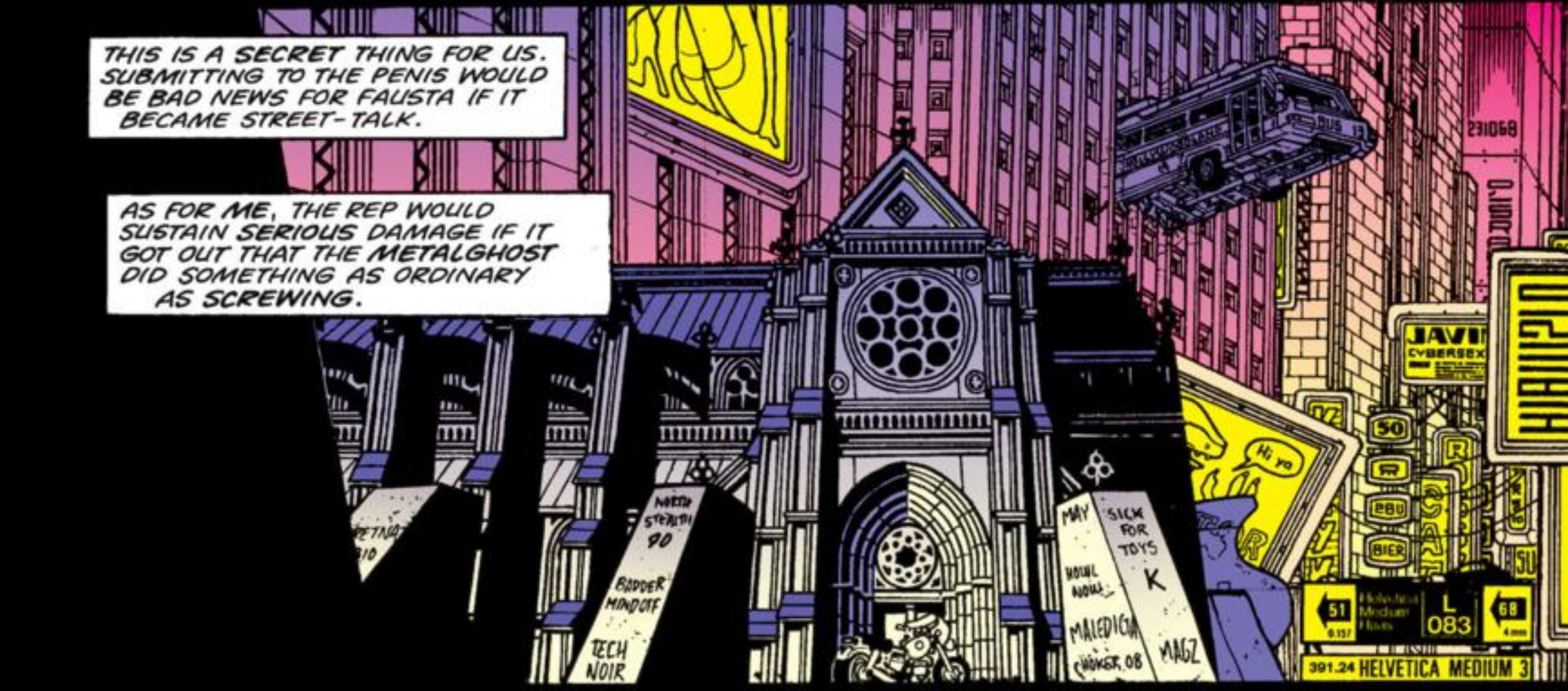
I'VE BEEN USING FAUSTA'S BIKE TO GET AROUND TODAY— BEEN TOO BUSY TO FIX MY OWN.

WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS A LONG TIME -- I'M STILL THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN WALK INTO CATHOUSE WITHOUT FEAR OF TESTICULAR VIOLENCE.



BACK TO MY PLACE -- NOT MY WORKSPACE, NOT EVEN SHE KNOWS WHERE THAT IS.

SHE'S THE FIRST WOMAN SINCE... THE OTHER ONE WHO I CAN EVEN CONTEMPLATE SEX WITH.



THIS IS A SECRET THING FOR US. SUBMITTING TO THE PENIS WOULD BE BAD NEWS FOR FAUSTA IF IT BECAME STREET-TALK.

AS FOR ME, THE REP WOULD SUSTAIN SERIOUS DAMAGE IF IT GOT OUT THAT THE METALGHOST DID SOMETHING AS ORDINARY AS SCREWING.

WE DON'T HAVE TIME
FOR FOREPLAY, AND
NEITHER OF US LIKE
IT MUCH ANYHOW.

I TEAR OUT THE GUSSET OF HER
TIGHTS. HER SMALL, STRONG HAND
GIVES ME TWO SHARP SQUEEZES
UNDER MY HELMET BEFORE SHE
SWINGS UP HER HIPS...



BURIED IN HER; SHE'S ALWAYS
LUBRICATED VERY QUICKLY.
WE'RE A LOT ALIKE IN SEX.

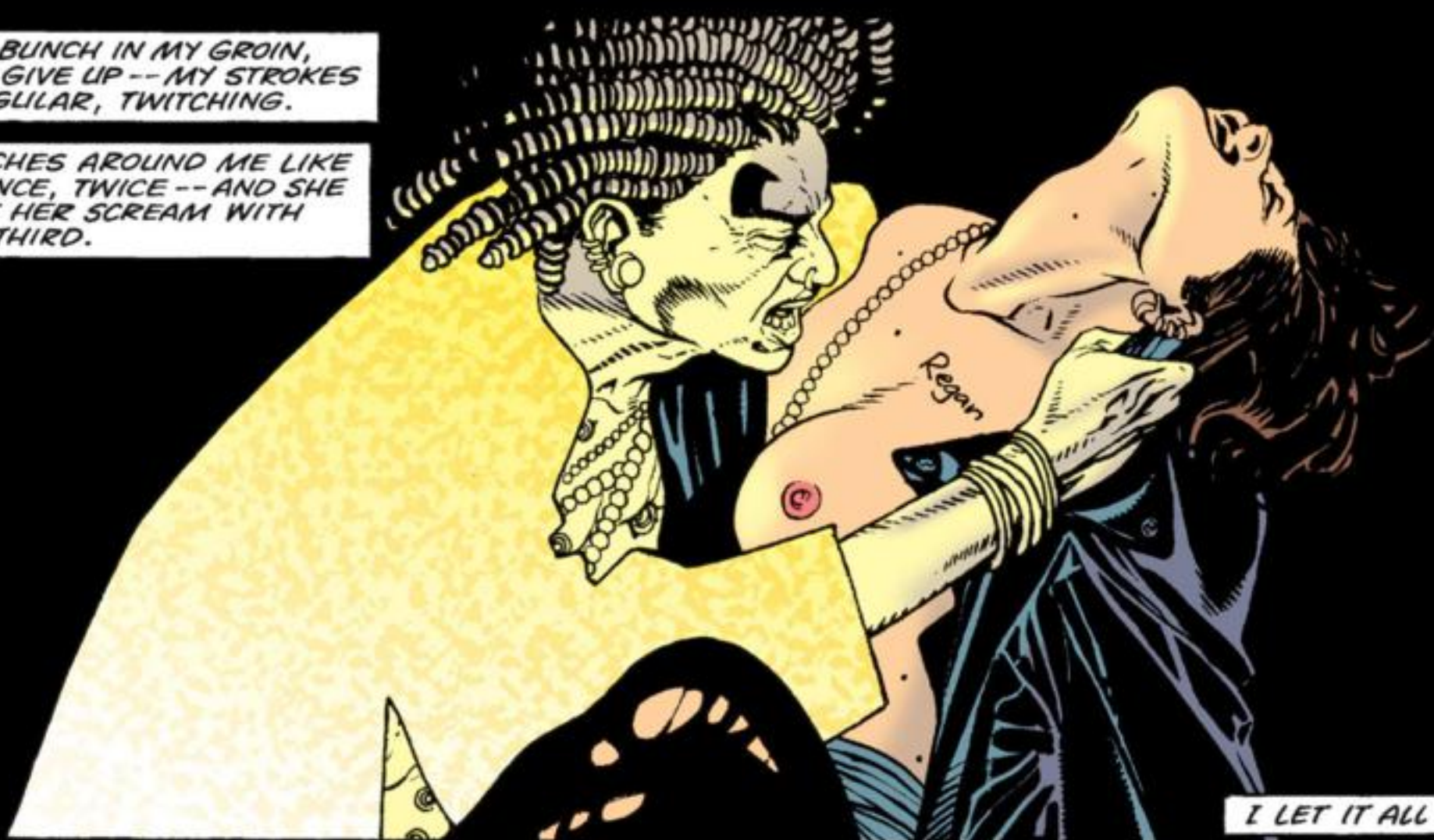
SHE SLAMS DOWN ON ME IN
HARD RHYTHM, SEARCHING
FOR HER ORGASM.

WE BREAK SWEAT
SIMULTANEOUSLY.



MUSCLES BUNCH IN MY GROIN,
READY TO GIVE UP -- MY STROKES
GET IRREGULAR, TWITCHING.

SHE CLENCHES AROUND ME LIKE
A FIST, ONCE, TWICE -- AND SHE
BITES OFF HER SCREAM WITH
THE THIRD.



I LET IT ALL OUT.



WELL, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE SECRET POLICE GOT TO ME.

YES. I AM HE.

YOU HAVE A VERY SMALL WILLY.

OKAY. I ADMIT EVERYTHING. WHY NOT?

I SUPPLY THE RIOT GIRLS WITH PSYCHORUNIC DATA. I TEACH ENOCHIA, THE LANGUAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL, TO THE VOLTAGE MONKS. AND MORE.

WHAT DID I MISS? HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?

THERE WAS THIS LITTLE BROWN DISCHARGE OF A MAN CALLED STATIC JOE RAMIREZ. SOMEONE KILLED HIM.

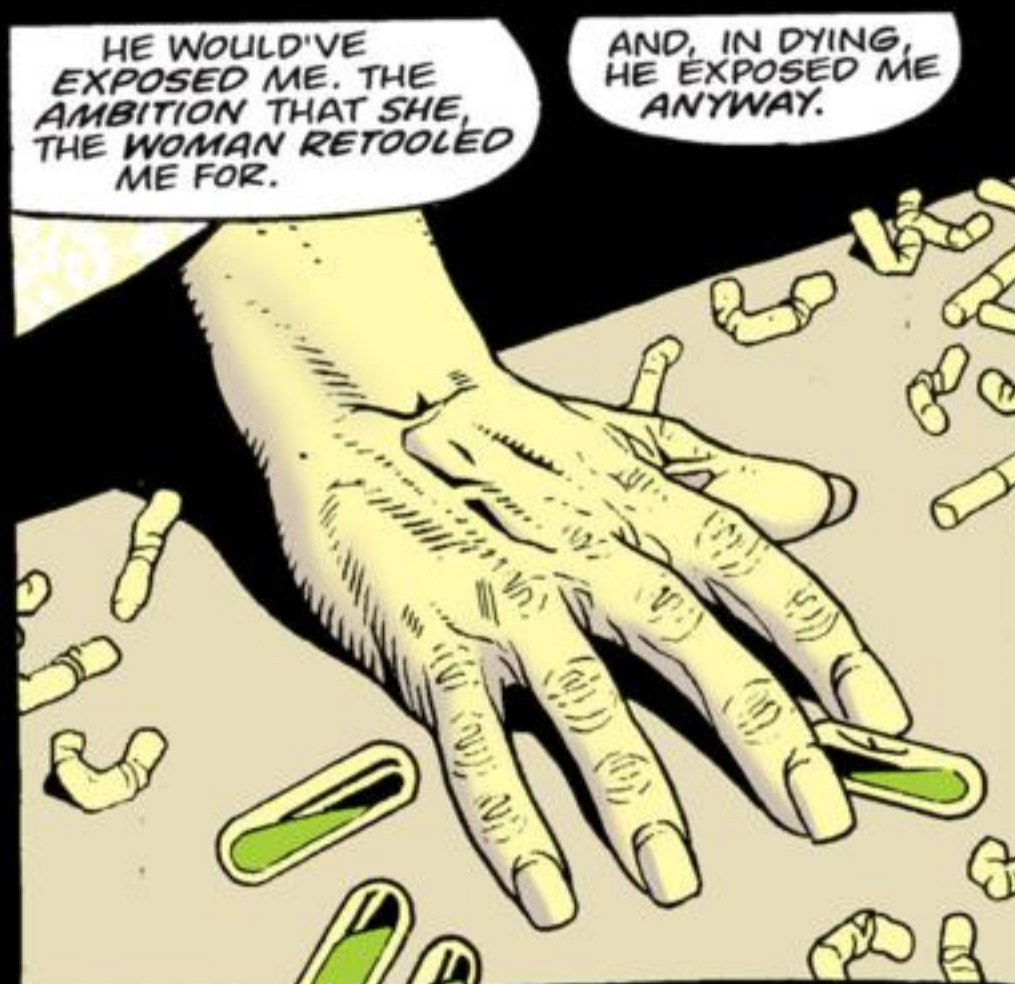
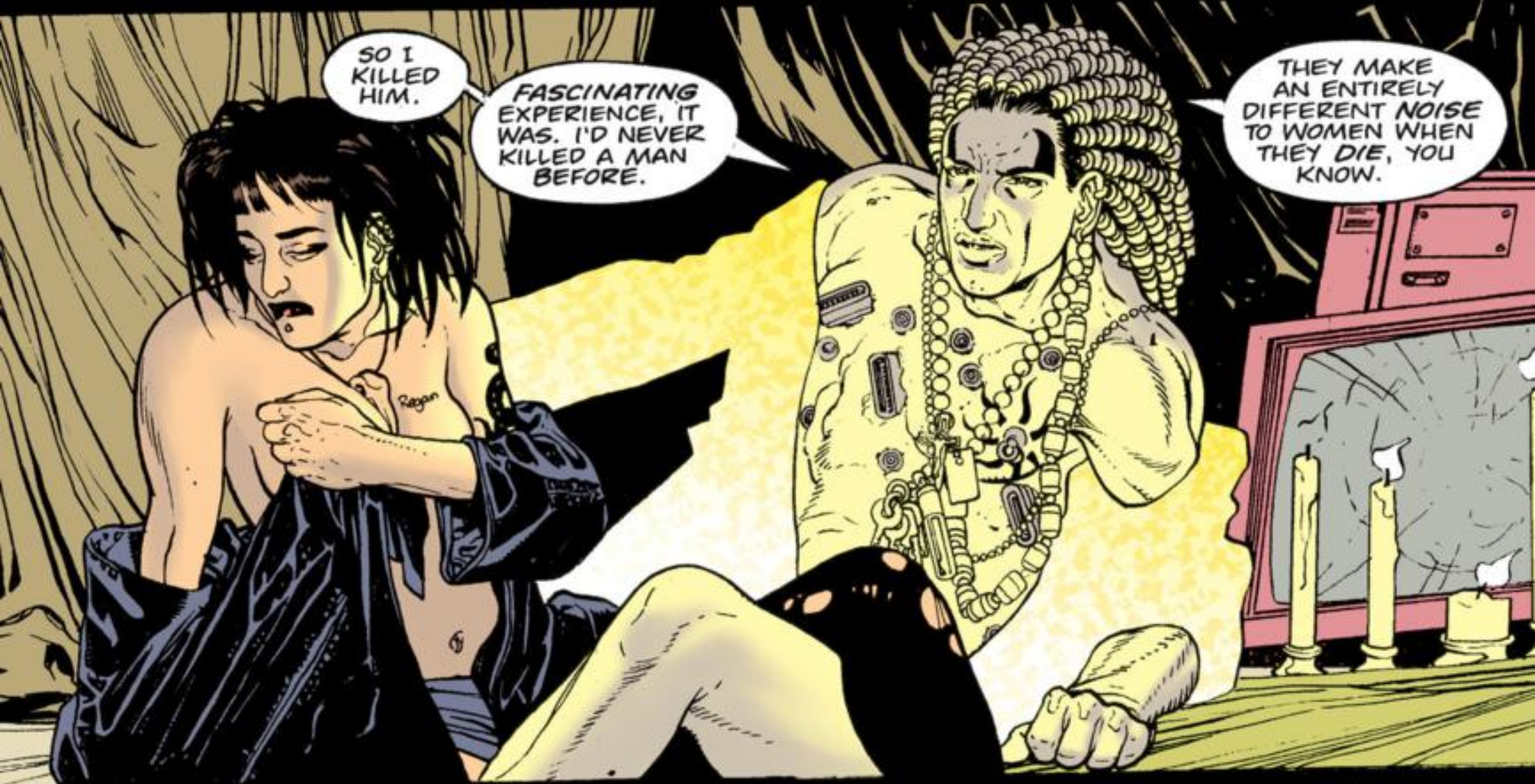
HE HAD ONE OF THESE ON HIS NECK. A SILICON PENTAGRAM. NEW TECH.

WE INVESTIGATED.

HAH!

OH, THAT'S VERY GOOD. VERY IRONIC.

IF I HADN'T HAVE KILLED STATIC JOE, YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN HERE.
HAH!



SHATTERGAS!
CONCENTRATE
ON METALGHOST,
FOR CHRIST'S
SAKE!

I THOUGHT
SHATTERGAS
WAS A DANCE
DRUG...

YOU SHITHEAD--
IT'S AN ASTRAL
CORROSIVE--
LOOSENS THE
IMPRINTS OF OLD
NIGHTMARES--

THIS ISN'T
FAIR. I REALLY
WANTED TO KILL
SOMETHING.

--LITANY!

AUUURRKK

Y'KNOW, I
QUITE LIKE THIS.
WHERE CAN WE
BUY SOME?

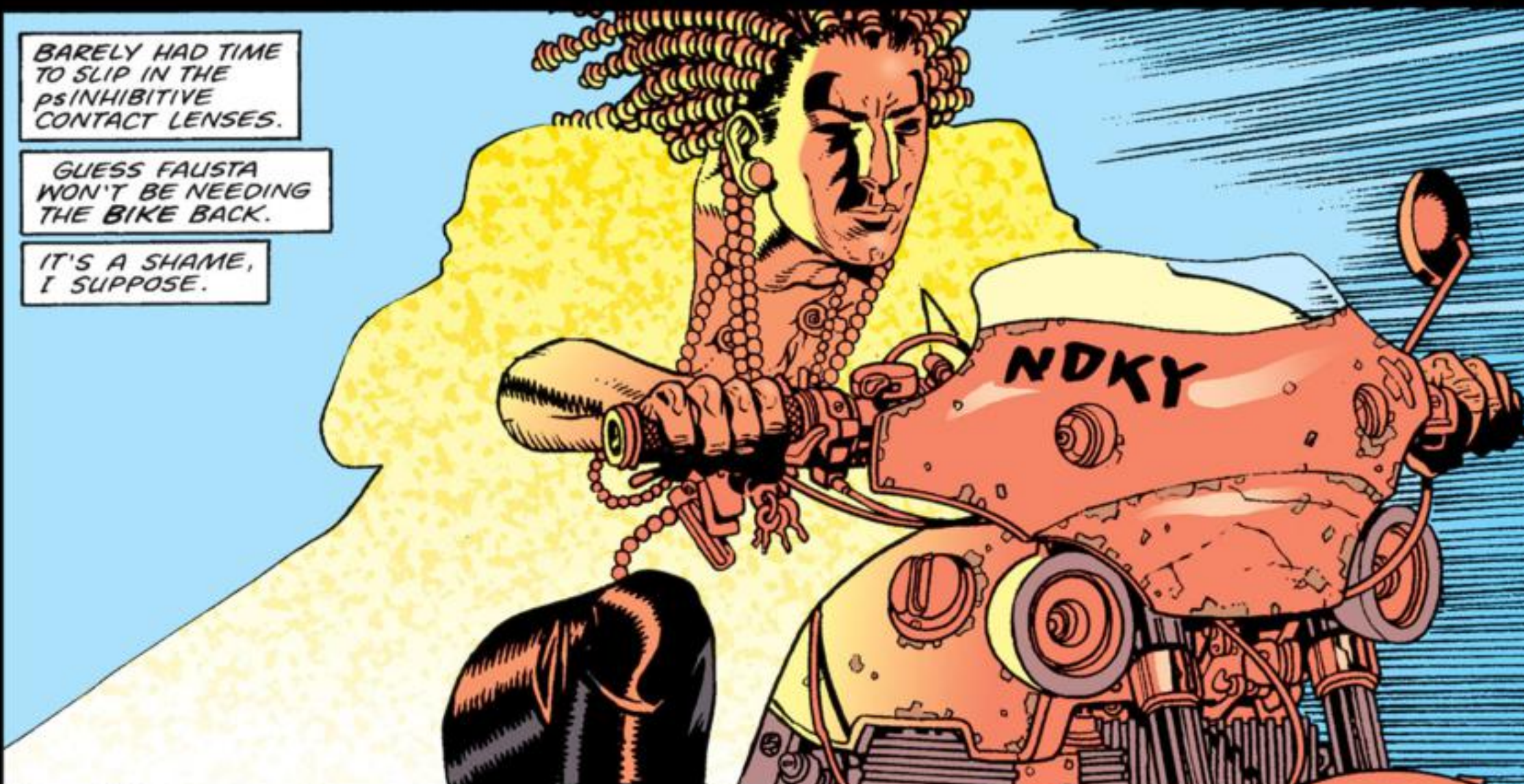
I HIT
SOMETHING,
GITANE, I SHOT
SOMETHING!

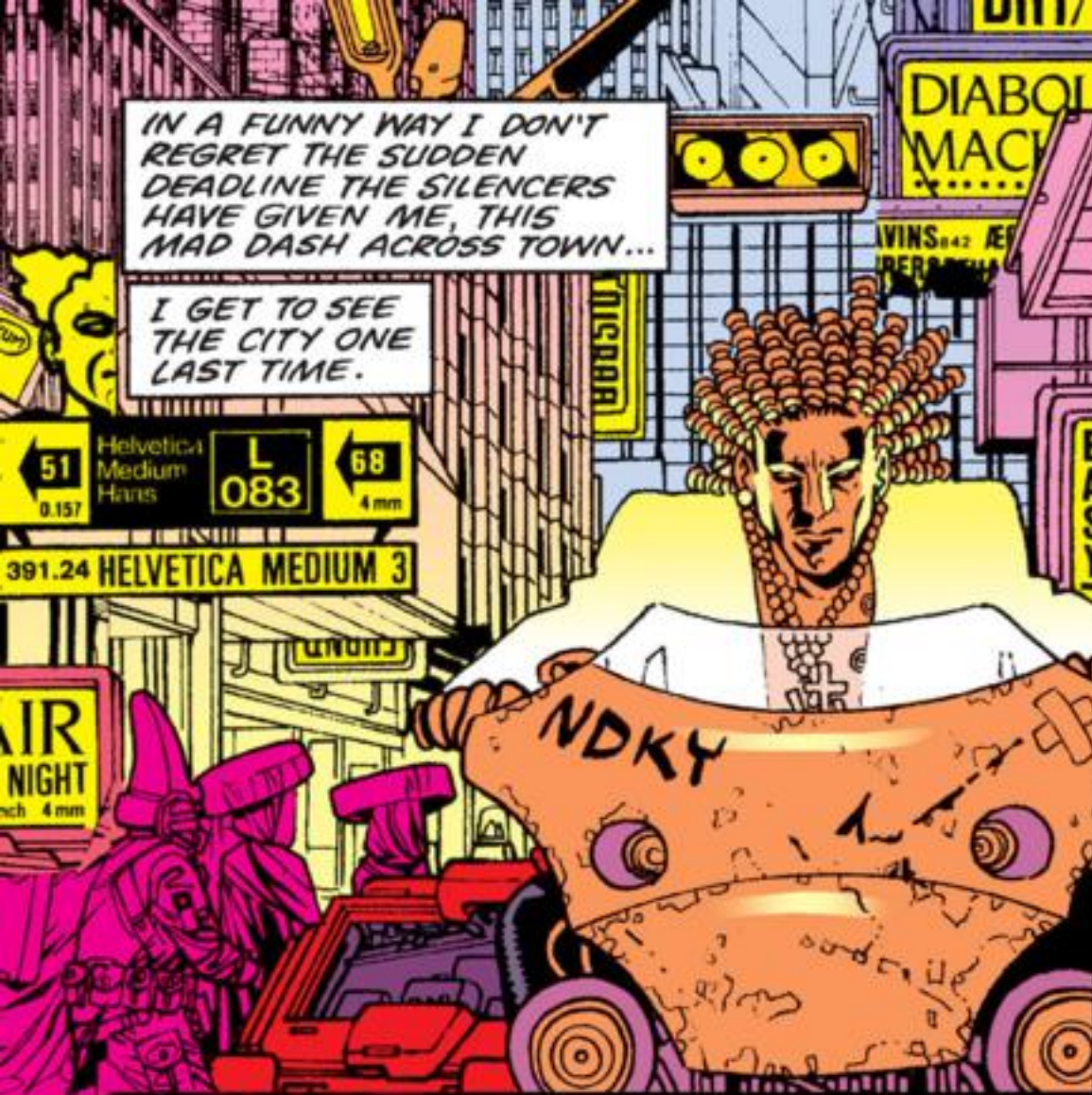
PROBABLY
A PASSING
HOUSEPET.

SHATTERGAS
PISSES YOUR
PERCEPTION
CENTERS ABOUT. OF
COURSE, METALGHOST
IS AS BLIND AS
WE ARE...

WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO WAIT
IT OUT.

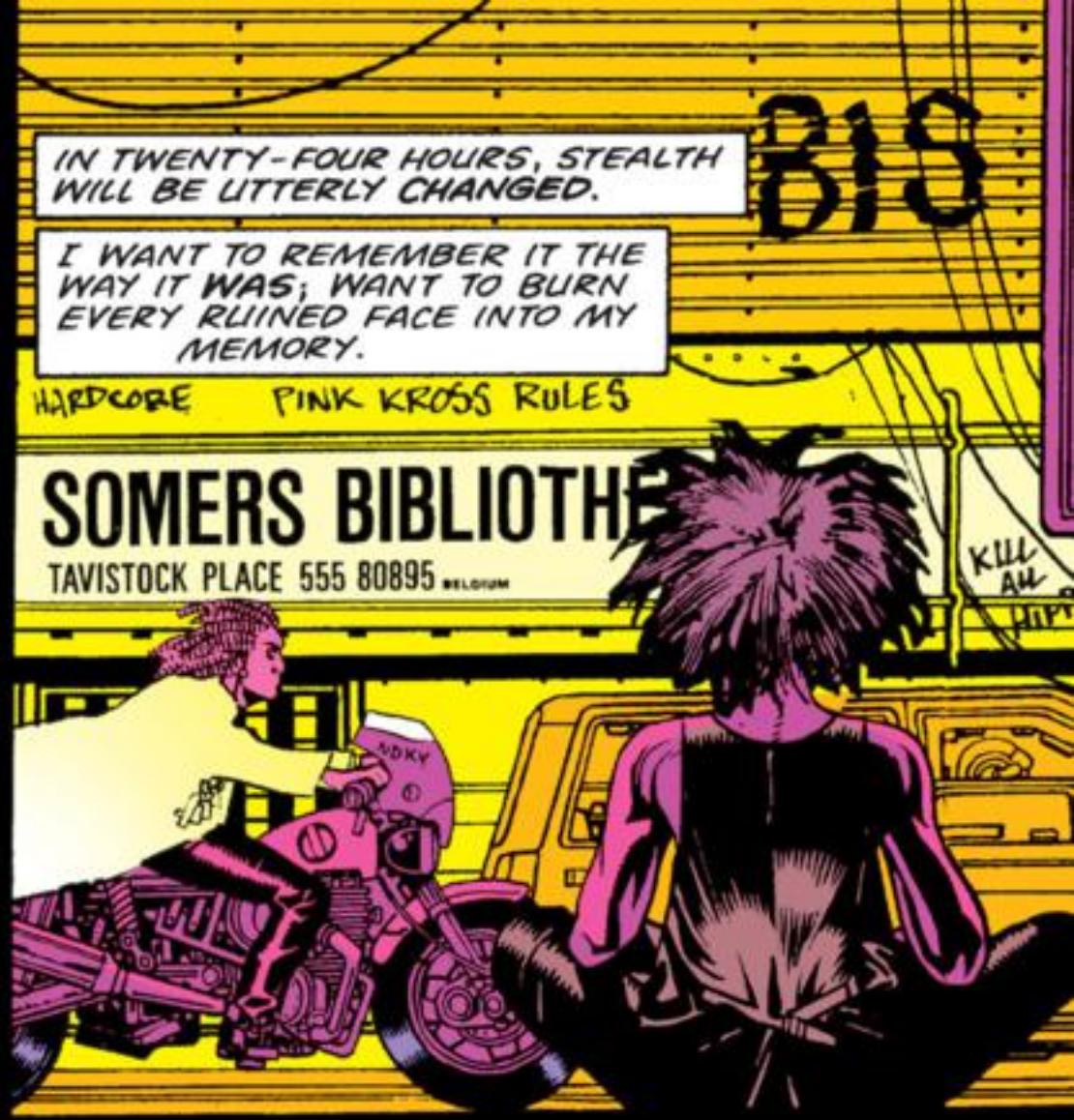






IN A FUNNY WAY I DON'T REGRET THE SUDDEN DEADLINE THE SILENCERS HAVE GIVEN ME, THIS MAD DASH ACROSS TOWN...

I GET TO SEE THE CITY ONE LAST TIME.



IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, STEALTH WILL BE UTTERLY CHANGED.

I WANT TO REMEMBER IT THE WAY IT WAS; WANT TO BURN EVERY RUINED FACE INTO MY MEMORY.

HARDCORE PINK KROSS RULES

SOMERS BIBLIOTHE

TAVISTOCK PLACE 555 80895 BELGIUM



THERE'S OLD MAN LINKLETTER, BEATING HIS 90% OUT OF HIS TRAPS ON EAST KLONG AND GACY.

AND A FIRST-STAGE SKOPTZY, HOPING TO GET HIS END AWAY BEFORE HIS CULT LEADER CUTS IT OFF.

SEXU ANIM
PORN06RÆP
NECRONOMIC
555 2167
Licence Haag



RUSSIAN CANNIBAL MILITARY WEREWOLVES TEAR DOWN THE SIDE-WALK--

--AN EMIGRÉ CADRE, TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL KIDS THE MORPHING DRILLS.



MEN IN BLACK PASS OUT ALIEN POLITICAL TRACTS TO UNSUSPECTING PEDESTRIANS.

香木屋 HARUKIY
2911
prac



I WON'T MISS IT.

I WILL RELEASE THEM ALL WITH SECRETS, AND REMAKE THE CITY.

I WON'T MISS IT.

THERE'S A SUDDEN ABSENCE
OF BACKGROUND NOISE--

-- THE HALLMARK OF ANTI-SOUND
SYSTEMS, KILLING NOISE WITH
COMPUTER-AIMED EQUAL-AND-
OPPOSITE FREQUENCIES...



...AS FOUND ON
VARIOUS STEALTH
CITY AUTHORITY
VEHICLES...



...SO I'LL ADMIT TO SOME
SURPRISE WHEN I
ATTAIN THE HILLCREST.



'EY! GRINGO!
WE KNOW WHERE
YOU LEEVE!

FROST,
YOU FROG'S DICK,
GIMME THAT
MIKE...



METALGHOST!

PULL IT
OVER, OR WE
OPEN FIRE!



IF THEY COULD'VE,
THEY WOULD'VE.

OBVIOUSLY, THEY DON'T
WANT ME DEAD.

OH,
ARSE...

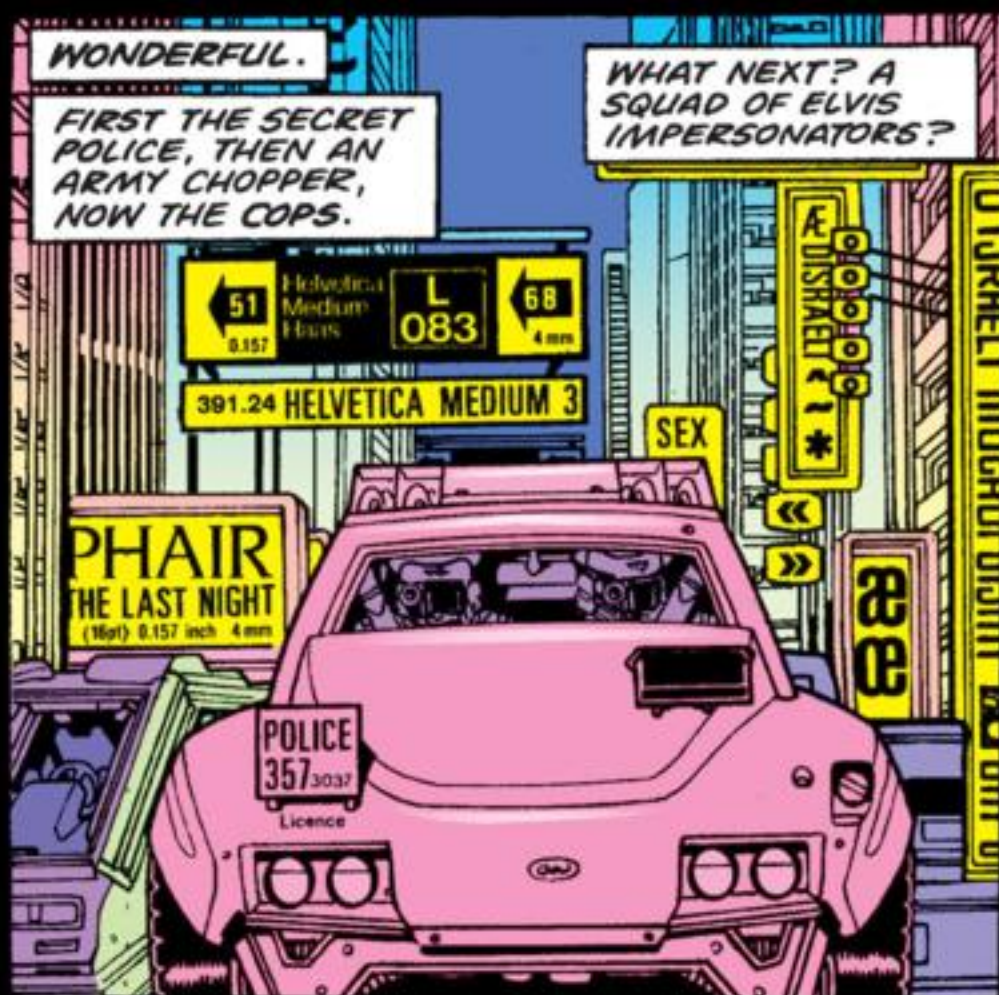


IDIOTS.



ONLY ONE
MORE MINUTE...

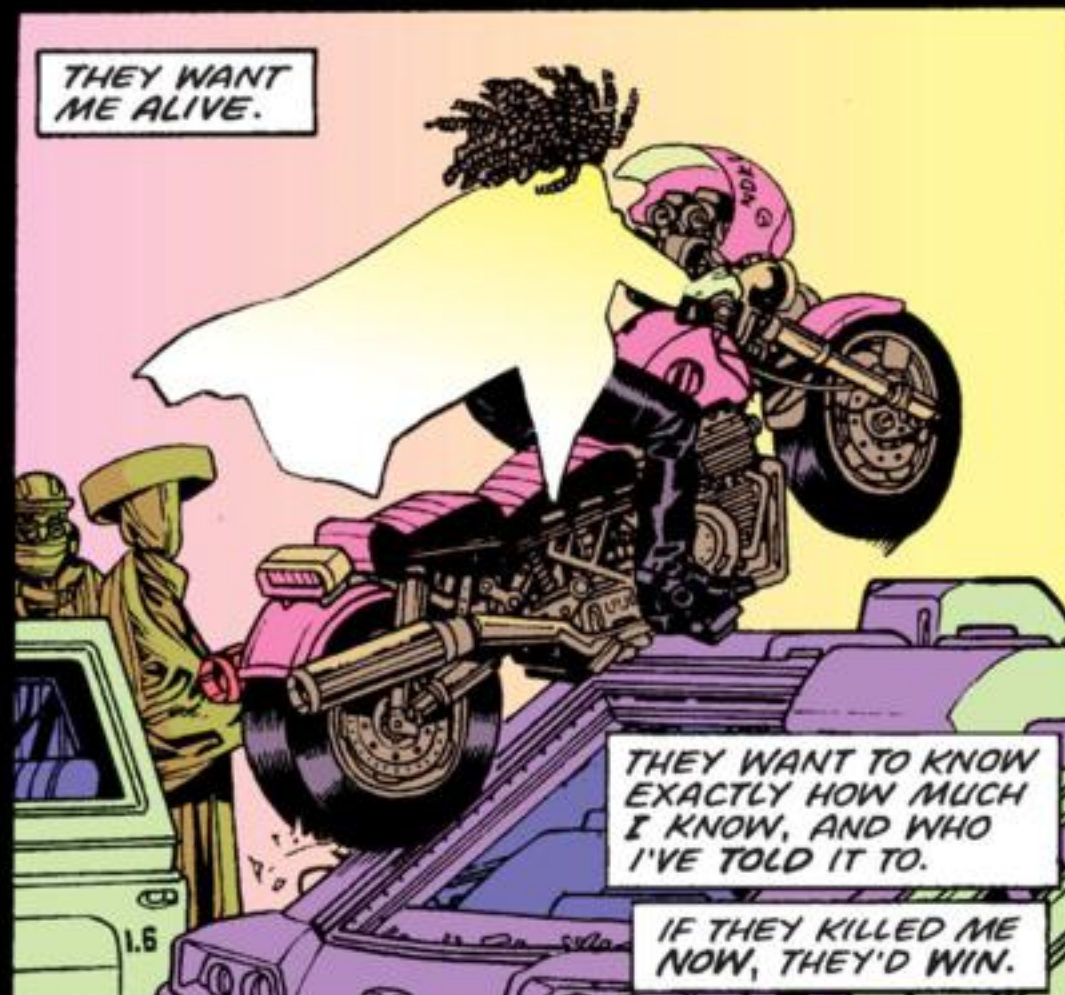
JUST LET ME GET TO
THE WAREHOUSE, TO
INVOKE, WITH A FEW
SECONDS TO SPARE...



WONDERFUL.

FIRST THE SECRET
POLICE, THEN AN
ARMY CHOPPER,
NOW THE COPS.

WHAT NEXT? A
SQUAD OF ELVIS
IMPERSONATORS?



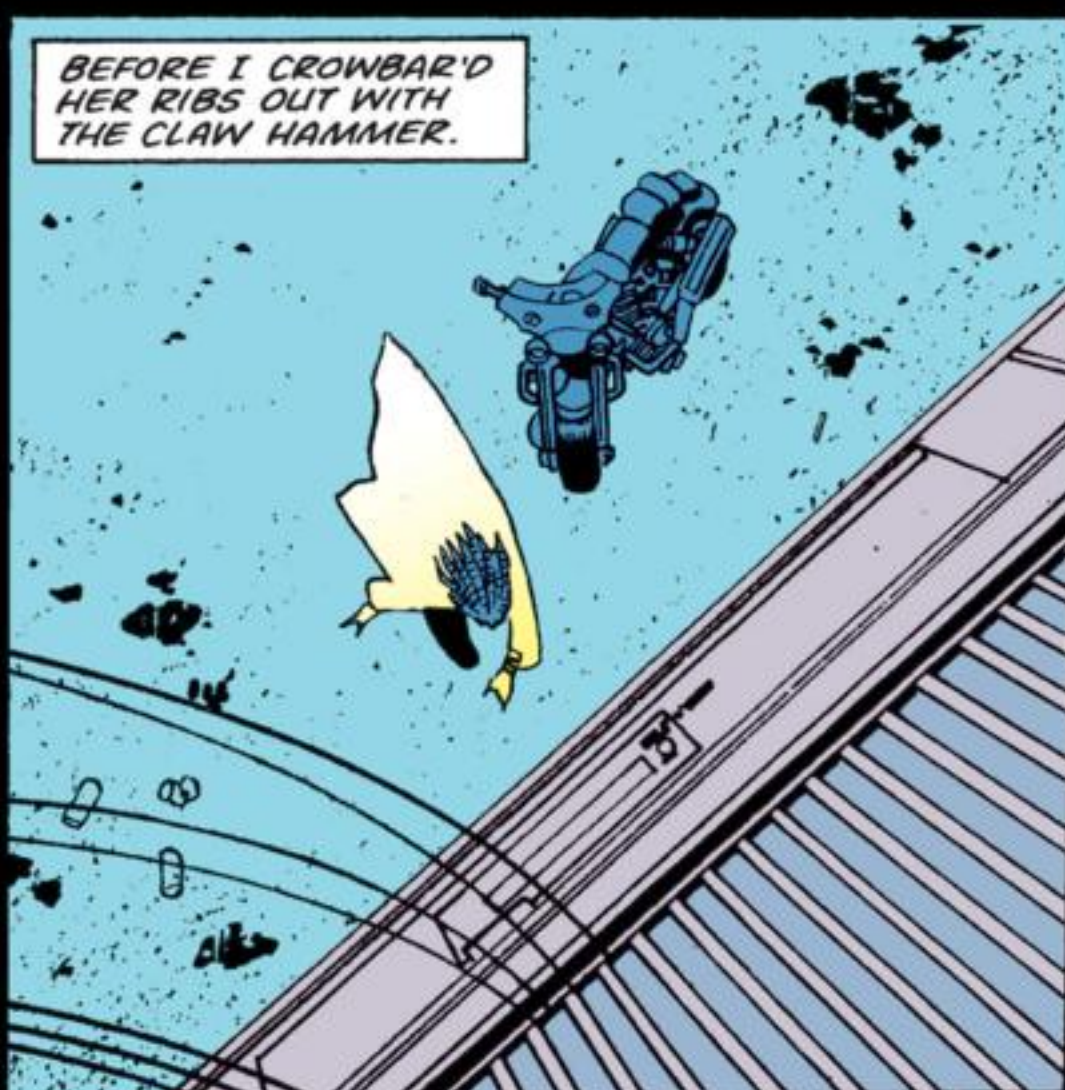
THEY WANT
ME ALIVE.

THEY WANT TO KNOW
EXACTLY HOW MUCH
I KNOW, AND WHO
I'VE TOLD IT TO.

IF THEY KILLED ME
NOW, THEY'D WIN.



ONLY BULLETS COULD
CUT THE KNOT OF THE
PROMISE I MADE HER.



BEFORE I CROWBAR'D
HER RIBS OUT WITH
THE CLAW HAMMER.

THE WAREHOUSE READS THE
SECURITY CODE-PHRASE,
MONATOMICALLY INCISED
ON THE RETINA OF MY
LEFT EYE.

BY HEARTBEATS
AND DEGREES,
MY WORKPLACE
COMES TO LIFE.

MY MACHINE
WAKES UP.

MY MACHINE;
EVERY BANNED
AND HIDDEN
THING I KNOW
IS ENCODED
IN IT.

MY MACHINE; SPEAKING
ENOCHIAN INTO OCCULT
MODEMS, POISED TO
DRAG EVERY LAST
SECRET FROM THE BASE
OF THE WORLD, INTO
THE LIGHT OF DAY.

THE COMPUTER THAT
CAN RAISE HELL.

MY MACHINE--
INVOKE.





METALGHOST.



MY SECRET.
MY ONLY
SECRET.

I ONCE
PROMISED SOMEONE
I'D LIBERATE ALL
THE SECRETS OF
THE WORLD. I WAS
MADE FOR IT.

I COMPLETED
THE COMPUTER YOU
STAND WITHIN THIS
MORNING. YOU BURST
IN DURING A SPOT OF
CELEBRATORY SEX.

THE MACHINE
INVOKES SPEAKS
ENOCHIAN, AND
HOLDS ONE HUNDRED
AND ONE MODEM
LINES TO HELL.

HELL'S
HIERARCHY
COMPRISES ONE
HUNDRED AND ONE
DEMONS. DID YOU
KNOW THAT?

AND STEALTH
CITY HAS ONE
HUNDRED
AND ONE TV
CHANNELS.



WELL, THIS IS ALL VERY INTERESTING, BUT I'M AFRAID WE HAVE TO SHOOT YOU NOW.



FINE. GO AHEAD.

I AM THE CONNECTION BETWEEN INVOKE AND 101 TV OVERRIDES.

THE MACHINES ARE UNBREAKABLE. FAILSAFES IN MY BODY WILL RETAIN THE CONNECTION AFTER MY DEATH.



INVOKE IS INVITING THE ONE HUNDRED AND ONE TO SPEAK TO THE WORLD.

THEY SHALL RELATE ALL THE SECRETS OF HELL ON LIVE TV.

NOTHING CAN STOP THIS. STEALTH SHALL BE SOAKED IN FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE.



INFORMATION WANTS TO BE FREE. I AM ARRANGING IT.

I AM LIBERATING THIS CITY FROM SILENCE.

IT BEGINS.

TUNE A RADIO TO 29
MEGACYCLES TO HEAR
THE CRYING OF VALIUM
SUICIDES.



THE FOLDS OF THE
HUMAN BRAIN ARE
ACTUALLY A SERIAL
NUMBER IN
ENOCHIAN.



THE BED OF THE
RIVER STYX IS MADE
OF EVERY BABY
KILLED IN BEIRUT.



WIPING THE
SPERM OF RAPISTS
ON A CATHODE-RAY
TUBE WILL RELEASE
TV FOOTAGE OF
LUCIFER'S FALL.



LETTERS ADDRESSED
TO 'DREAMLAND' ARE
FORWARDED BY USAF
INTELLIGENCE TO AN
ALIEN CULTURE
RESIDENT IN
NEVADA.



THE CORPSE
OF PAUL DAVIS OF
ZEALOTRY, IOWA,
HAS A POEM BY
SATAN INCISED ON
THE LEFT LUNG.



NO-ONE
HAS BEEN SENT
TO HELL SINCE
MARCH 1923



WIRING A WORD
PROCESSOR TO THE
HAND OF AN ABORTED
FOETUS WILL MAKE
THE MACHINE TYPE
EVERY BOOK THE
CHILD NEVER
WROTE.



DIAL FIVE
NINES TO SPEAK
TO THE KILLER OF
JESUS CHRIST'S
LAST LIVING
DESCENDANT.



ONLY THE
INSCRIPTION, IN
LOVER'S BLOOD, OF
THE 1593 MADRIGAL
"LADY THOSE EYES"
ON FORESKIN
PARCHMENT WILL
FORCE GOD TO TELL
THE TRUTH



THE PAPACY
HAS KNOWN THE
DATE OF THE END
OF THE WORLD
SINCE 1952.

IT TAKES ONE MAN
AND AN AMERICAN
BANKNOTE TO SELL
THIS WORLD TO
SATAN.



SUPERIMPOSING
Nambu's SUPERSTRING
THEORY OVER THE
LORD'S PRAYER REVEALS
A DIAGRAM OF GOD'S
SECURITY SYSTEM.



THE PICTOGRAM
FOR SUBCONSCIOUSLY-
INDUCED MASS
INSURRECTION CAN
BE FOUND ON THE
FIRST ALBANIAN
COIN HONOURING
KING ZOG.



SEX WITH GOD
CAN BE ATTAINED
BY DAUBING THE
SEXUAL PARTS IN
MUTTON FAT AND
COMMUNION WINE.



WOMEN OF ENGLISH
EXTRACT SHOULD
PERFORM COPROPHAGIA
ON THE ANNIVERSARY
OF BOADICEA'S DEATH
TO REGAIN RULE OF
THE WORLD.





SHUT UP SHUT UP
SHUT UP.

IT'S IN MY
HEAD TOUCHING
MY BRAIN GONE
BLIND.



...BLOOD?

MUST BE A TOUCH
OF FEEDBACK. DIDN'T
REALISE THEY'D TELL
SO MUCH...

BUT IT'S
WORKING. I'M
FREEING THE
CITY--



--JESUS
CHRIST--

--WHY AREN'T
YOU BASTARDS
MOVING?

CAN'T YOU
HEAR THIS?
CAN'T YOU
FEEL IT?



IT'S KILLING THEM.
THEY CAN'T HANDLE THE
RUSH OF IDEAS.

WE KILL THE
MACHINE, IT
CONTINUES. WE
KILL HIM, IT
CONTINUES.



THEY'RE BOTH
LOADED WITH
FAILSAFES...

GITANE--HE'S
THE CONNECTION.
HIS BODY.

HE'S FILLED
WITH LINKAGES.
SO, TO BREAK THE
CONNECTION...



IT WON'T WORK.

REALLY IT WON'T.

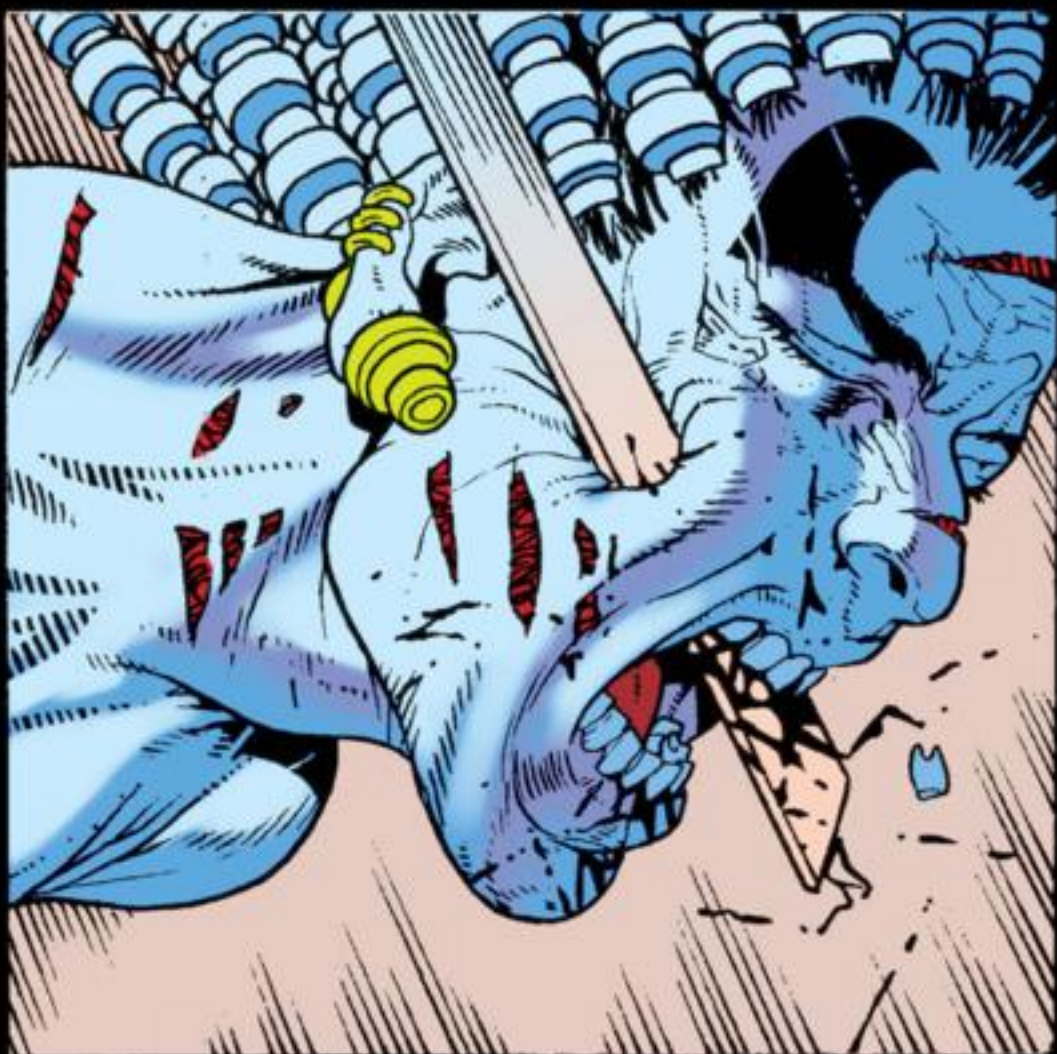


blessed
virgin mary
save me



I'VE GOT THE
TRANSMISSION
CORES.

SIGNAL-
DIAGNOSTIC
ARRAYS COULD
BE IN HIS
HEAD.



THE POLICE COLLAPSE, CUT LOOSE;
ALL OVER THE CITY, TUBE
ADDICTS HIT THE DECK AS THE
SCREENS GO SILENT...

...BUT INVOKE GROANS ON.

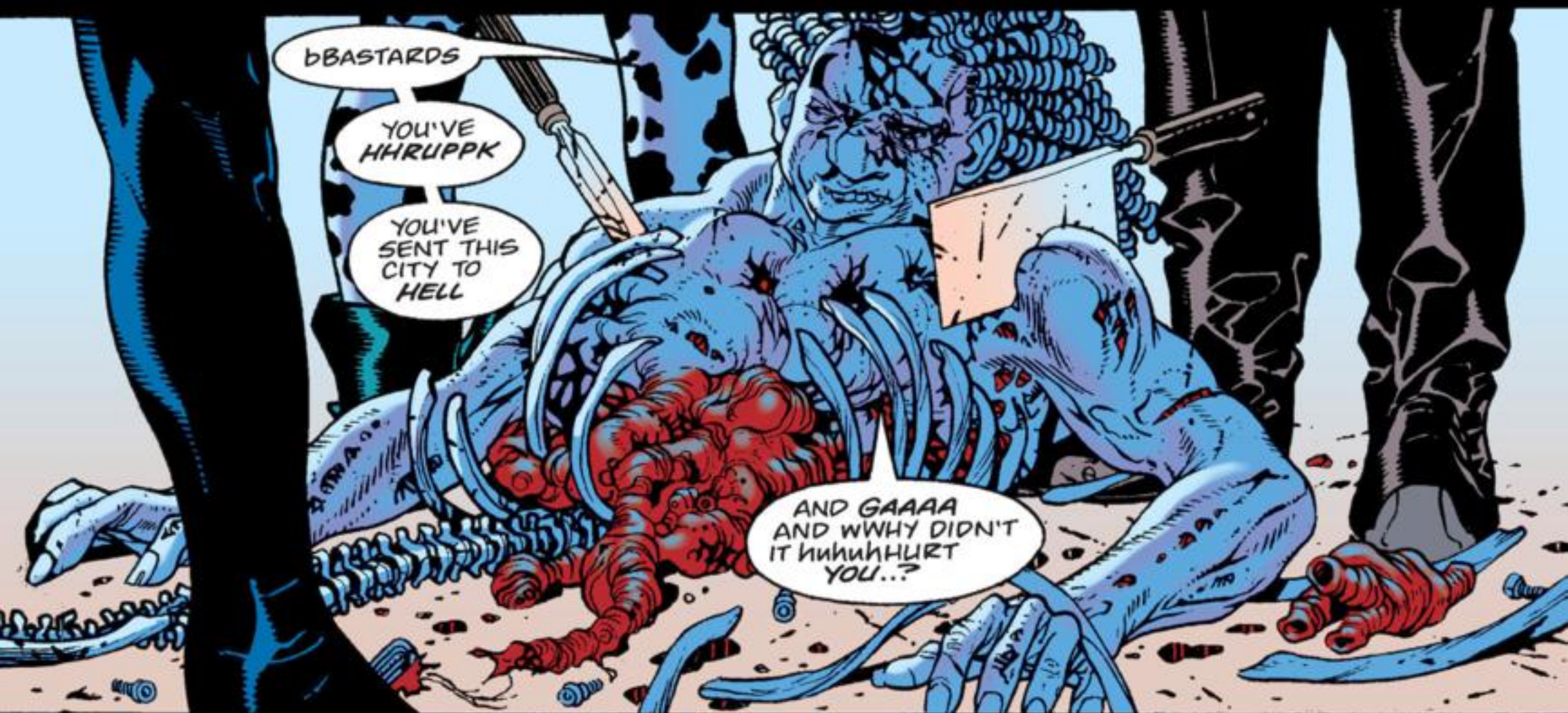
BROADCAST
LINKAGES
BROKEN—

BROADCAST
LINKAGES
BROKEN—

BR
LI
BR

WE'VE TAKEN
YOU OFF THE AIR, —
METALGHOST.

WHY DON'T
YOU DIE OR
SOMETHING?



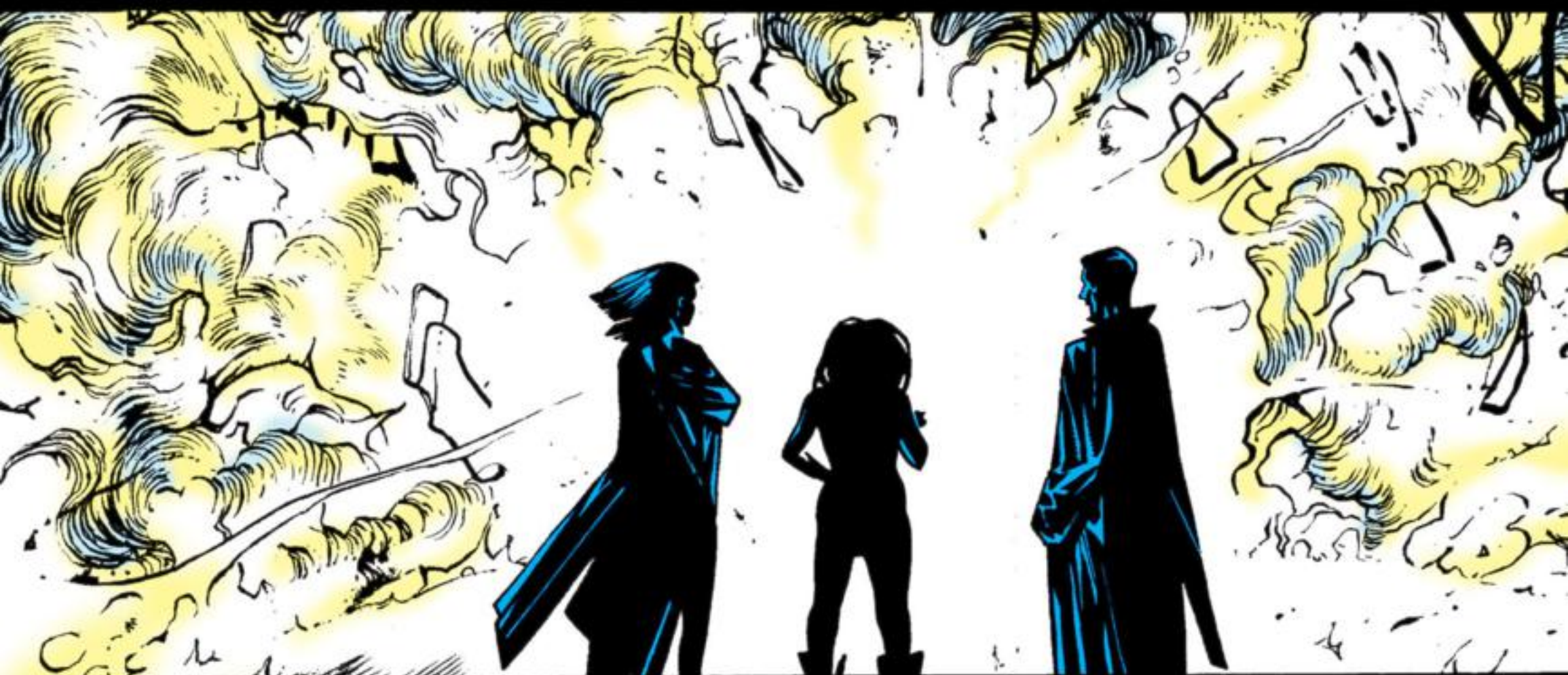
AND INVOKE GROANS ON.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF
MEAT SLAPPING RUBBER,
AND THE DAMP SCREAMS
OF CHILDREN DRINKING
ACID.

THE STENCH OF DEAD
MEN'S BOWELS BILLOWS
FROM THE OPENED
SCREENS --





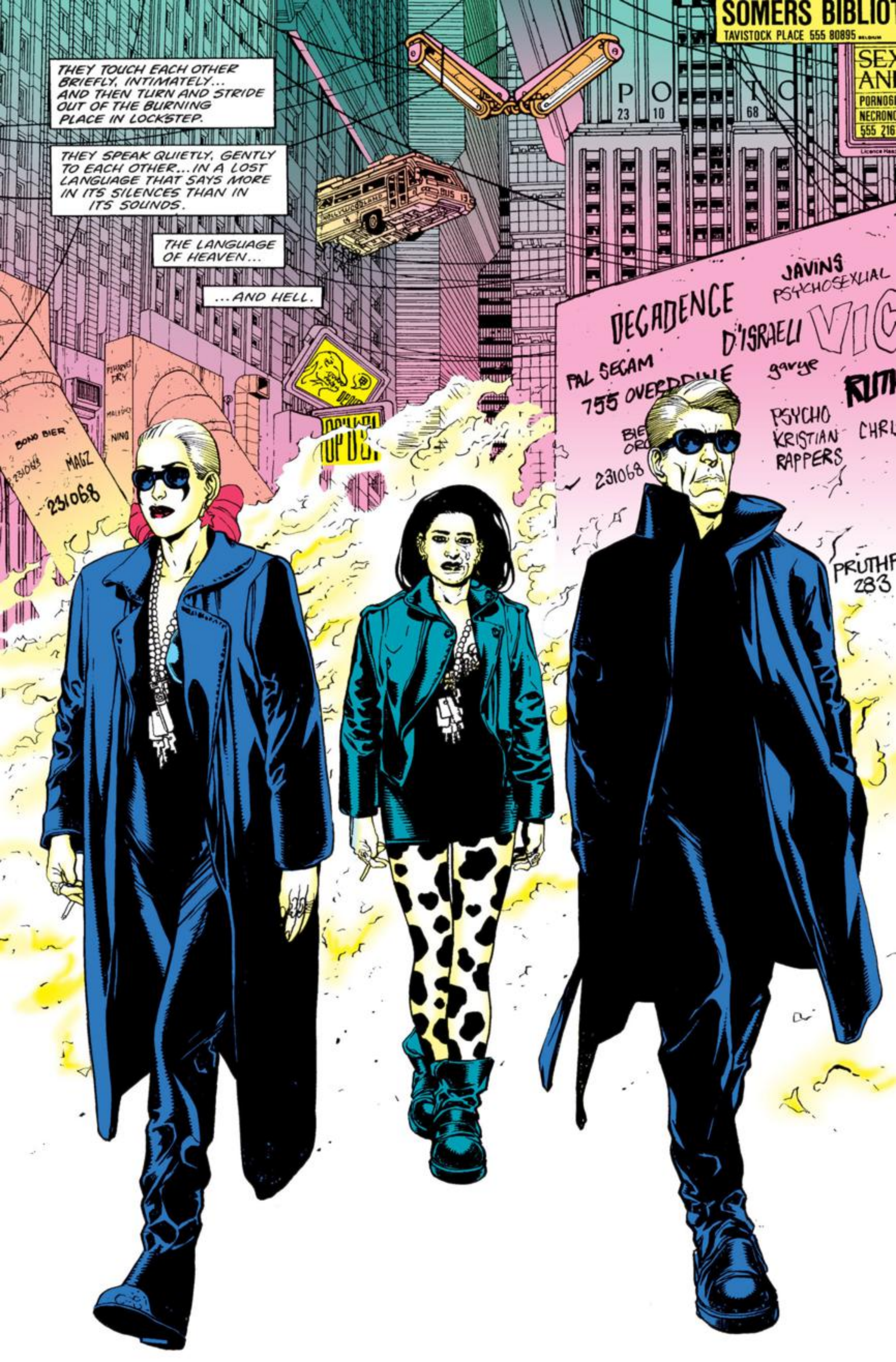


THEY TOUCH EACH OTHER
BRIEFLY, INTIMATELY...
AND THEN TURN AND STRIDE
OUT OF THE BURNING
PLACE IN LOCKSTEP.

THEY SPEAK QUIETLY, GENTLY
TO EACH OTHER...IN A LOST
LANGUAGE THAT SAYS MORE
IN ITS SILENCES THAN IN
ITS SOUNDS.

THE LANGUAGE
OF HEAVEN...

...AND HELL.



The stars grew bright in the Winter sky,
The wind came keen with a tang of frost,
The brook was troubled for new things lost,
The copse was happy for old things found,
The fox came home and he went to ground.
John Masefield
'Reynard the Fox'

