

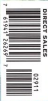
House of MYSTERY



VERTIGO

Matthew
STURGES
Luca
ROSSI
Esao
ANDREWS
José
MARZÁN, JR.

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suggested for
mature readers
vertigo.comics.com



EA
10

THE GUMMERLANDS.

All wars are
one war.

STILL
GLAD YOU
CAME?

I'M NOT
GLAD ABOUT
ANYTHING
RIGHT NOW,
DAPHNE.

There is only one battle,
and that is between the
head and the heart.

Everything else flows from that.
The justification of hatred, and
the emotional unraveling of reason.

They tell you to follow your
heart, even though your
heart so often betrays you.

KARG! I
NEED TO SAY
A THING TO
YOU!

They tell you that reason
is the pinnacle of human
advancement, forgetting
that reason is a means
to an end, and not an end
in itself.

WE MUST
CREATE THE
FORMATION WE
TALKED ABOUT
BEFORE.

WAIT--
WHY DOES
THE GROUND
SHAKE?

If there were no heart's
desire, there would be
nothing for reason to
strive for.

RUMBLE

All my designs, all my cleverness, have always been in the service of a desperate heart.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

WHOOOM

WHOOOM

WHOOOM

I learned the skills of an architect to fuel my obsession with the house of my dreams.

And somehow I created from whole cloth a man, Harry, to be the love of my life.

Maybe I should have been more reasonable, come to think of it.

mindworms / rejection, rejected / it's all done with rabbits now / bodies are easy / the eternal flame thingy

Matthew Sturges: writer
Werther Dell'edera: pencils
José Marzán, Jr.: inks
Todd Klein: letters
Lee Loughridge: colors
Esao Andrews: cover
Angela Rulino: editor

Safe as Houses
Part 4
of 5



Because without reason,
the heart would succumb
to its own madness.

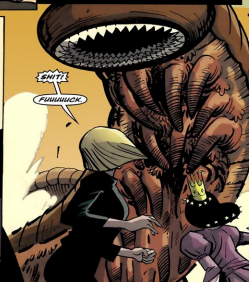


So should the
heart serve
the mind? Or
is it the other
way around?



In a perfect world
they'd be lovers.

But this is no
perfect world.













ORR,
ARE YOU
OKAY?

NO, I AM NOT!
KARG KILLED MY
LOVEWIFE IN FRONT
OF MY EYES!



WE WERE
GOING TO MAKE
SOME BABIES.

I AM
SORRY
ABOUT
IT.



THARSIS, I
AM SCARED. I DO
NOT THINK KARG IS
LEADING IN THE
RIGHT WAY.

HE IS
OUR LEADER.
WE *MUST*
LISTEN TO HIM.



DO YOU WANT
TO HEAR A STORY? I ALWAYS
LIKE TO HEAR A STORY WHEN
I AM SAD.

AND I AM
SAD A LOT, SO
I AM GOOD AT
IT.

I
DO NOT
KNOW.



DO YOU
KNOW THE STORY
ABOUT A GORLIN WHO
LOVED BABIES AND ALSO
THERE IS A HUNTER IN
IT? THAT IS A GOOD
STORY.

AND IT
HAS A *Twist*
ENDING.

YES,
I WILL TELL
IT.

"ONE TIME THERE WAS
A GOTLIN. HIS NAME
WAS SKØTJ, AND HE
LOVED BABIES.

"ACTUALLY, HE ENJOYED
MANY FOODS, BUT HUMAN
BABIES WERE HIS FAVORITE.



"HE LIKED FRIED BABIES,
AND TOASTED BABIES WITH
CHEESE, BUT MOSTLY HE
LIKED THEM SERVED ALIVE.



"FOR SEVERAL TIMES THERE
WERE NO BABIES TO EAT. HUMANS
DO NOT MAKE BABIES VERY FAST.



"AND ADULTS
DO NOT TASTE
AS GOOD.



"SO SKØTJ SET OFF FROM HIS CAVE
TO FIND FRESH BABIES TO TASTE!"

"THE FIRST VILLAGE SKÖJ CAME
TO HAD NO BABIES AT ALL.



"THAT MADE
SKÖJ ANGRY.



"...BUT IT ALSO HAD ADULTS WITH
PITCHFORKS AND TORCHES."



"THE SECOND VILLAGE SKÖJ
CAME TO HAD SOME BABIES..."



THE STORY ABOUT A GOBLIN WHO LOVED BABIES AND ALSO THERE IS A HUNTER IN IT

A Traditional Goblin Folk Tale

"BUT THE THIRD VILLAGE HAD MANY BABIES, AND THE ADULTS WERE *PUNY* AND SCARED!"

Matthew Sturges: writer

Esao Andrews: artist

Todd Klein: letters

Angela Rufino: editor



"GK&J LEFT THE VILLAGE FEELING VERY HAPPY, WITH A *SACKFUL* OF BABIES TO BRING HOME FOR A FEAST!"



"BUT THEN REMEMBER
ALSO THERE IS A
HUNTER IN THIS STORY.
A VERY *MEAN* HUNTER.



"WHEN HE FOUND THE
VILLAGE MISSING ALL
OF ITS BABIES AND
WHEN HE ALSO FOUND
SOME PEOPLE WITH
SPILLED ENTRAILS, HE
WAS *VERY* ANGRY.



"THE HUNTER CAUGHT
UP WITH SKBJ ON THE
WAY BACK TO HIS CAVE
AND *ATTACKED* HIM.

"IT IS HARD TO TRAVEL
FAST WITH A BAG FULL
OF WIGGLING BABIES.



"SKBJ DID NOT WANT TO
ALARM THE BABIES WITH
KILLING, SO HE ONLY TORE
OFF THE HUNTER'S ARM.

"SCARED BABIES GET
A *GAWEY* FLAVOR."

"BUT THE
SILLY
HUNTER
DID NOT
LEARN,
BECAUSE
HE CAME
BACK
AGAIN."



"SO GKØJ ALSO TORE
OFF HIS *OTHER* ARM."

"AND FINALLY, HE
TWISTED OFF THE
HUNTER'S HEAD."

"IT *IS* A
GOOD
TWIST
ENDING!"



"GKØJ BROUGHT HOME MANY BABIES AND
THERE WAS *PLENTY* FOR EVERYONE!"



"AND AS FOR THAT MEAN OLD
HUNTER, HE NEVER BOTHERED
ANYONE EVER AGAIN!"



THE SUMMERLANDS.

OW, MY
EVERYTHING.

BEFORE
YOU KILL ME,
AT LEAST TELL ME
WHY YOU DID
IT.

WHY DID
YOU DESTROY
THE SUMMERLANDS?
CONQUER IT, I
UNDERSTAND, BUT
DESTROY
IT?

BECAUSE
THIS PLACE IS AN
AFFRONT AGAINST
REASON.

MAGIC IS
METAPHOR, AND
METAPHOR IS
FALSEHOOD.

MAGIC
PISSES IN THE FACE
OF REASON.

THEN WHY
KEEP ME ALIVE?
WHY NOT KILL ME AND
HAVE **DONE** WITH MY
MADNESS?

WHY?
TO SHOW YOU
THE **ERROR** OF
YOUR WAYS, OF
COURSE.

I CANNOT
LET YOU **DIE** IN A
STATE OF UNREASON--
IT WOULD BE DIS-
HONORABLE.

THE **FUCK** ARE
THEY TALKING ABOUT,
DAPHNE? WHERE
ARE WE?

WE'VE BEEN
CAPTURED BY THE
THINKING MAN, AND
WE'RE IMPRISONED IN
THE CASTLE WHERE
I GREW UP.

ARE YOU
HAPPY THAT
YOU AND MY MOW
ARE BUDDIES
NOW?



YOU,
FIG
KEELE.
YOU
HAVE BECOME
THE BANE OF MY
EXISTENCE.

WHAT'D
I DO?



FIRST THE
CONCEPTION HIRED
ME TO CAPTURE YOU AT
ALL COSTS. THEN THEY
DEMANDED THAT YOU
BE *LEFT ALONE*
AT ALL COSTS.

AND NOW
HERE YOU ARE,
AGAINST ALL REASON,
AND I HAVE NO *IDEA*
WHAT TO DO WITH
YOU.



THE
CONCEPTION.

WHO *ARE*
THEY? WHAT DO
THEY WANT WITH
ME?

YOU MEAN
YOU DON'T KNOW?
AFTER ALL THIS TIME,
YOU *STILL* DON'T
KNOW?



NO. THEY JUST GO
ON AND ON ABOUT HOW THEY
LOVE ME AND THEY WANT ME TO
COME WITH THEM WILLINGLY
BUT THEY WON'T TELL
ME *WHY*.

AND I
AM *SICK* OF
BEING PUSHED
AROUND.



WELL.
ALLOW ME TO
EDUCATE
YOU.

YOU ARE A
KEYSTONE OF THEIR
AESTHETIC. THROUGH
YOU, THEY BELIEVE THAT
THEY CAN ACCOMPLISH
THEIR GRAND
PURPOSE.

YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND SOON
ENOUGH. I IMAGINE.
THEY CAN'T AFFORD
TO--



OH, COME
ON! JUST GIVE ME A
FUCKING STRAIGHT
ANSWER!

I'M SO SICK OF
ALL THIS MYSTERIOUS
BULLSHIT! JUST TELL ME
WHAT THEY WANT FROM ME
OR *LEAVE ME THE*
FUCK ALONE!

BLAM!



A stuffed rabbit walks into the room, guns blazing, and the head says, "Later, skater!" and bolts in the other direction.



A stuffed rabbit who I cuddled with at night until I was ten years old walks into the room and I can't think of anything, but it doesn't matter because I'm blinded by shock and fierce love.



WALDENT!

Score one for the heart.



HELL.

SO...
CRAC'LL BE
THREE BODIES,
WILL IT?

DO YOU
WANT TO LOOK
LIKE YOURSELVES,
OR...?

Hang
In
There!

NO, SIMPLE
REPLACEMENTS WILL
BE FINE.





YOU'LL
PROBABLY WANT
TO FIND SOME
CLOTHES.

SAVE
A NICE
DAY!



I'M ALIVE
AGAIN, *ALIVE*,
AFTER ALL THIS
TIME.

I FEEL LIKE
A MILLION BACKS
AND CHANGE.

YEAH, BUT
WHERE *ARE*
WE?



WE'RE IN
NEW YORK CITY,
PETER. IN *YOUR*
WORLD.

THERE'S
SOMEONE HERE
WE NEED TO
FIND.



CAN WE GET SOME CLOTHES
FIRST? I DON'T MUCH CARE TO
RUN AROUND NEW YORK IN MY
ALTOGETHER.

A FAIR POINT. LET'S SEE
WHAT YONDER PUMPKIN
MIGHT DO FOR US.



HANG ON, OLD MAN,
YOU SAID WE WERE
GOING TO MEET SOME-
ONE. WHO *EXACTLY*
ARE WE GOING
TO MEET?

AN OLD
FRIEND OF YOURS,
PETER.

AND
HE MOST
DEFINITELY
WILL NOT BE
EXPECTING
US.





HEY!

I NEED YOUR
HELP TO RELIGHT THE
IGNIS AETERNA. I CAN'T
DO IT WITHOUT YOU, AND
YOU WILL NOT LEAVE MY
SIDE UNTIL IT IS
DONE.



STOP
IT.

SEE, FIG, SHE'S
BEEN USING YOU. SHE
DOESN'T SEE YOU AS A
PERSON. SHE SEES
YOU AS A TOOL IN
CUTE BOOTS.



SHUT YOUR
MOUTH, YOU
TIRESOME
THING!

SLAP



WHAT A *DISAPPOINTMENT*
YOU'VE BEEN TO ME, DAUGHTER. WHAT
A *SQUANDERING* OF YOUR
PROMISE.

YOU THINK I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU DID IN THAT OTHER
WORLD, DRINKING AND DANCING
AND *WHORING*?



BITCH!



THAT
WILL BE QUITE
ENOUGH!

COME, FIG,
THE IGNIS AETERNA
IS JUST THROUGH
HERE.

THINK OF ME
WHAT YOU WILL, BUT
UNDERSTAND IF IT REMAINS
UNLIT, THEN ALL OF THIS
WILL HAVE BEEN FOR
NAUGHT.

HOW THE
HELL DID I GET
MIXED UP IN THIS?
WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT ME TO
DO?

The head or the
heart? Which is
more qualified
to lead?



TO ANSWER YOUR FIRST QUESTION--YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE I PREYED ON YOUR DESPERATE *DESIRE* FOR A MOTHER FIGURE.

It is, perhaps, wiser to ask which is *less* qualified.

The mind is crafty and can lead us to places fraught with danger.

But the heart? The heart is a killer.

AND TO ANSWER YOUR SECOND QUESTION--WHAT I EXPECT YOU TO DO IS DESTROY *THAT*.

There is nothing in heaven or earth more dangerous than the human heart.

So which is it? Head or heart?

That depends.

Which part of you is asking the question?



TO BE CONTINUED

ON THE LEDGE EDITORIAL BY INVERNA LOCKPEZ



I left Cuba in the late 1960s after I realized I could no longer live under the revolution I had once welcomed with open arms. For years, every time I would remember a story about that time—about my family, my artists' collective, my time in prison—I would tell it. Dean Haspiel is a member of my extended family, so he literally grew up hearing these stories. One day he told me I had to write them down. I told him there was too much to write, too much to remember. "You write it as a novel," he said, "and I will illustrate it."

What would happen when I tried to remember the details of what I had spent years trying to forget? I went to Florida for two weeks and returned to New York with more than three hundred pages. My memories gushed like the rush of water over a dam. To select what would move the story forward was like playing chess: every single move was important.

Finally, the collaboration with Dean began. Like me, he is very sure of himself, and I knew we would clash. I had always admired his work and for years I encouraged him to be true to his artistic principles. But now I had to ask myself, what about mine? He would have to recreate my memories and feelings visually, and what if I didn't like them? As a painter, I am accustomed to creating my pieces, identifying the pictorial problems, and solving them myself.

Weeks and months went by, and I learned that when you're working with someone at a similar level of creativity and experience, a miracle happens. We were a match, and after two years my world of words became a visual theater.

Seeing the stories in print, I sometimes remember the biting sting of the hose against my body, and smell my flesh burning from the wires. The fear will never go away, but I don't live at its mercy anymore. I now have a stronger sense of myself. I can write this work of fiction, inspired by my true experiences, with the hope of making my country a better place.

—Inverna Lockpez

CUBA: My Revolution



From first-time author Inverna Lockpez and Eisner-nominated artist Dean Haspiel, a powerful graphic novel inspired by a true story. Against the turmoil of the Cuban Revolution, a young medical student dreams of becoming a painter, but is caught between idealism and ideology under Castro's regime.

Harvey Pekar, 1939-2010

Harvey Pekar was the first writer I brought into Vertigo. My first week on the job. Needless to say, I was pretty excited.

Now it's six years later and suddenly, Harvey is gone. I'm still in shock. I knew about his health problems, but somehow, Harvey seemed like one of those guys who would just keep going and going. When we worked together, Harvey called every day. He read every script over the phone before he mailed it. [He always mailed it. The U.S. Postal Service could count on Harvey.] The first graphic novel he wrote for me was called *THE QUITTER*. The title was right for the book, but not for the Harvey I knew.

When I was editing his latest and, as it turned out, last issues of *AMERICAN SPLENDOR* and had a two- or three-page hole to fill, I called him. He often had a call with a different publisher going on his second house line, or a jazz disc on the turntable for a review he was writing.

But within an hour (usually quicker), he'd call back and read his new story to me. Nothing could stop him. It never even occurred to me that anything would. His comics were not "about" his life. They were, quite literally, his life, in pencil and ink.

So we now live in an America without Harvey Pekar, a place that for me becomes just a little more difficult to figure out. We produce, in this country, very few of those voices that can give us a bit of guidance through this maze of life.

Now we have one less.

Harvey created a new kind of comics. Call them "graphic memoir," "indie" or whatever; they were comics for anyone who's ever looked in a mirror, seen a less-than-perfect person, then gone on with life anyway. Harvey made comics into art for the people. For you and me.

He leaves an enormous body of work. But Harvey also leaves us a trust, that his art for the people will keep going and going. I hope that all of us who read, love and create comics remember to keep that trust.

Now that he's no longer part of my life, I hope I will.

At least I'll try to do what you would do, Harvey. The best I can.

—Jonathan Yankin



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minutemen

scans 'n edits



minutemen
Love as Person

