

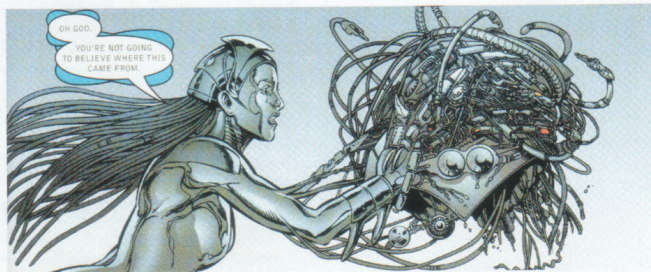
THE KILLING JOKE:

WARREN ELLIS BY ROOSEVELT FRANKLIN (FUCK YOU HERO)

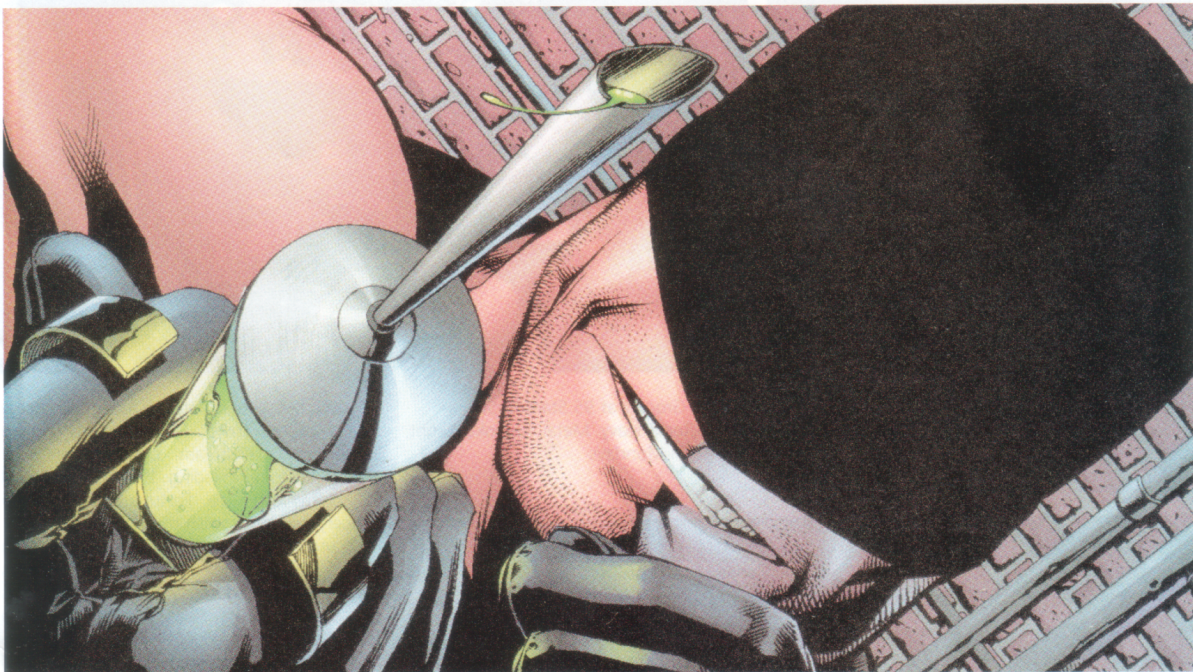


What he is to comic books is the equivalent of John Woo to Hollywood. Warren Ellis, who Rolling Stone recently dubbed one of the hottest writers out, is the British cat creating some of the most exciting work in today's comic book industry. Heads are checking for him like he's the next Alan Moore (author of *Watchmen*) who, along with Frank Miller (*The Dark Knight Returns*), in the 1980's revolutionized how comics can look, feel, and be written. With an imagination as freakish and playful as interlocking wildstyle graffiti letters, Ellis delivers tales that deconstruct superhero clichés. His characterizations and plot lines add a human face, albeit twisted, to traditionally two-dimensional story telling.

His heroes are anti-heroes. They're not your friendly neighborhood web slinger. They're not the type who let the villain get away (or even live) just so they can come back some other time with yet another Acme built doomsday device. The protagonists of his pulp fiction are loners, outcasts, narcotics gobbling anarchists and sexual deviants. In the end they win, but not without extreme consequences and just like in real life, there's no clean conclusion. It's often hard to tell what side the good guys are on or just who exactly the bad guy is.



Transmetropolitan follows the adventures of Spider Jerusalem, a new millennium Hunter S. Thompson. He's a gun toting journalist, a shock jock columnist in an urban world similar to *Blade Runner* on angel dust. With it's two headed cats, advertisements uploaded into people's dreams



published. The three man team that star in Planetary are archaeologists of the unexplained. Each gifted with different powers, they search the world for the mysteriously strange and unique, often uncovering secrets that could change the way people view the world they only thought they knew.

of this planet's puppet masters.

