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# LADY RAWHIDE™



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**McGREGOR** **MAYHEW** **PALMIOTTI** **GOLDEN**

# LADY RAWHIDE™

**LADY RAWHIDE CREATED BY DON MCGREGOR & MIKE MAYHEW  
ZORRO CREATED BY JOHNSTON MCCULLEY**

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE...

**LADY RAWHIDE/ ANITA SANTIAGO** has traveled from Los Angeles to San Francisco to gather some medicinal herbs that might heal the scars suffered by her brother, Ramon.



**NIKOLAI ANTONOV**, a Russian surgeon and naturalist, is saved by Anita in her guise as Lady Rawhide when he is accused of the savage slayings of San Franciscan women.



**DON RAFAEL and DONA ANTONIA CARMELO** let Anita Santiago stay at their cliff-side hacienda, not knowing she is Lady Rawhide, or that she has hidden the fugitive, Nikolai, in their barn.



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ANITA STANISLAWSKI LISTENS TO THE BRUSQUE VOICE, WATCHES THE EMPHATIC GESTURES OF HER HOST, DON RAFAEL CARMELO. A DOMINATING BASTARD HOLDING COURT OVER THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

SHE CHASTISES HERSELF FOR BEING SO JUDGMENTAL--

--BUT HER HOSTILE HOPE REMAINS--

--THAT SHE WILL DISCOVER THAT DON RAFAEL IS THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN SAVAGELY MURDERING WOMEN WHO LIVE IN THE VICINITY OF THIS ISOLATED COASTLINE.

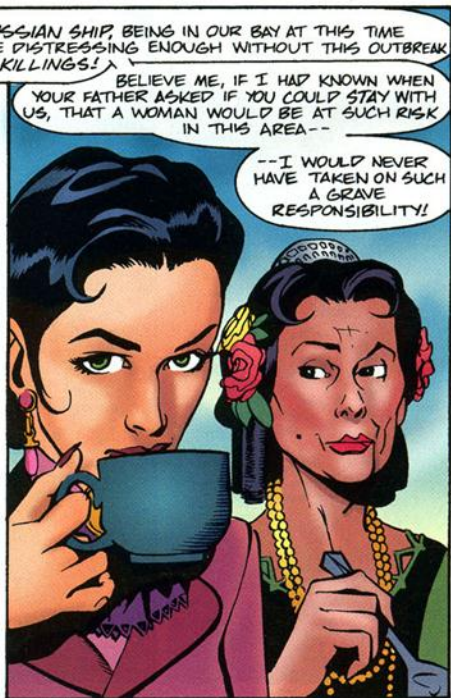


YOU'RE MISSING MY POINT, ANITA.

THIS RUSSIAN SHIP, BEING IN OUR BAY AT THIS TIME WOULD BE DISTRESSING ENOUGH WITHOUT THIS OUTBREAK OF KILLINGS!

BELIEVE ME, IF I HAD KNOWN WHEN YOUR FATHER ASKED IF YOU COULD STAY WITH US, THAT A WOMAN WOULD BE AT SUCH RISK IN THIS AREA--

--I WOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN ON SUCH A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY!







BUT WHAT REALLY CONCERNS ME WHERE YOU ARE CONCERNED, SEÑORITA SANTIAGO, IS YOUR IGNORANCE REGARDING THE RUSSIAN VESSEL IN OUR MIDST.

WITH MANY OF SPAIN'S NEW WORLD COLONIES OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA IN REBELLION--

--WE CANNOT AFFORD TO CONSIDER SUCH A SHIP WITH NAIVETE. THERE ARE MANY COUNTRIES WITH EXPANSIONIST POLICIES WHO WOULD LOVE TO CLAIM PART OR ALL OF THIS COASTLINE AS THEIR OWN.



BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE BOSTON SHIPS, FATHER?

DO YOU KNOW THOSE BOLD AMERICANS ACTUALLY ABANDONED TEN MEN... AND A WOMAN... AT CARMEL BAY ONE NIGHT.

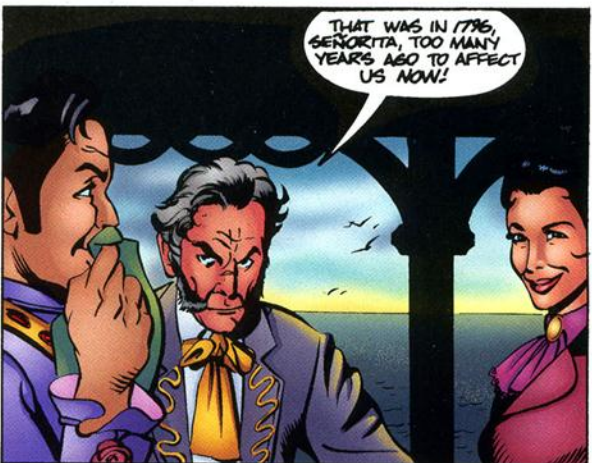
AND THEY WERE ALL FROM A PENAL COLONY. I SWEAR BY ALL THAT'S HOLY THIS IS TRUE.



CONVICTS!


MY WORD, JUST THE SORT WHO MIGHT HAVE SUCH A DEMONIO AMONG THEM--

--A DIABLO WHO PREYS ON WOMEN!



THAT WAS IN 1796, SEÑORITA, TOO MANY YEARS AGO TO AFFECT US NOW!




A man in a purple coat with gold trim is on the left, looking towards the center. A woman in a yellow dress is in the middle, pointing her finger at an older man with grey hair and a beard. The older man is wearing a blue coat with gold trim and is leaning forward, looking back at her. They are sitting at a table with a white tablecloth, with a blue mug and some food on it. In the background, there is a body of water and a sunset or sunrise sky.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU  
EVEN BRING IT UP, ADRIAN. THE  
AMERICANS ARE TRADERS,  
AVARICIOUS ONES, WITHOUT A  
DOUBT--

--AGGRESSIVE  
ONES, WITHOUT  
A DOUBT--

--BUT THEY  
AREN'T LOOKING  
TO TAKE OVER  
CALIFORNIA.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a blue headband with a crown-like ornament, large blue and gold earrings, and a blue and orange top, is shown from the chest up. She is looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT  
I THINK. I THINK IT IS  
TERRIBLE.

SINCE SPAIN HAS  
BEEN AT WAR WE  
SELDOM HAVE ANY  
OF THE PROMISED  
SUPPLY SHIPS  
ARRIVE IN OUR  
HARBOR.

AND THEN THE  
KING MAKES AN  
EDICT AGAINST  
OUR TRADING  
WITH FOREIGN  
SHIPS.

THEY EXPECT  
US TO LIVE LIKE  
SAVAGES!

A group of people are sitting around a table with a white tablecloth. The older man from the first panel is on the left, looking towards the center. A woman in a yellow dress is in the middle, looking towards the older man. Another woman in a blue dress is on the right, looking towards the center. There are blue mugs and food on the table.

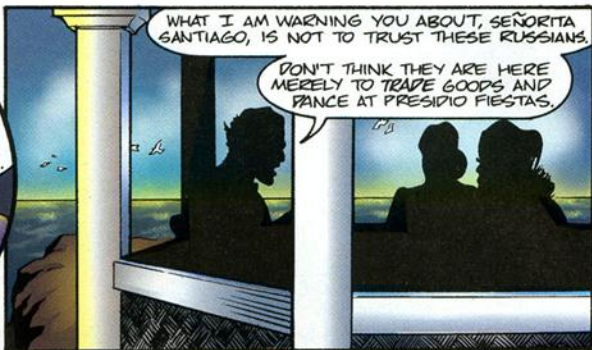
TRUST ME.

I KNOW  
WHAT I'M TALKING  
ABOUT.





THAT  
WOULD  
BE YOUR  
MAJOR  
CONCERN.



WHAT I AM WARNING YOU ABOUT, SEÑORITA SANTIAGO, IS NOT TO TRUST THESE RUSSIANS.

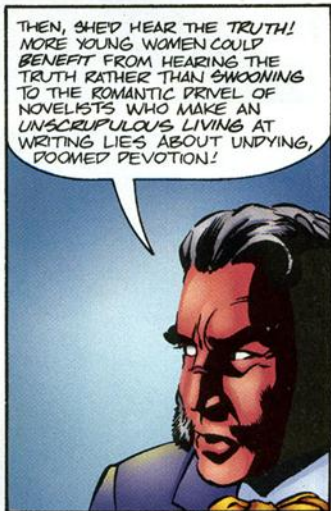
DON'T THINK THEY ARE HERE  
MERELY TO TRADE GOODS AND  
FANCE AT PRESIDIO FIESTAS.



ONLY FATUOUS ROMANTICS  
LIKE VICTORIA MARAGO  
WOULD BELIEVE SUCH  
BENIGN MOTIVES.

**SHUSH, FATHER!**

VICTORIA'LL BE  
HERE ANY MOMENT!  
WHAT IF SHE EVER  
HEARD YOU  
TALKING ABOUT  
HER THAT WAY?



THEN, SHE'D HEAR THE TRUTH!  
MORE YOUNG WOMEN COULD  
BENEFIT FROM HEARING THE  
TRUTH RATHER THAN swooning  
TO THE ROMANTIC DRIVEL OF  
NOVELISTS WHO MAKE AN  
UNSCRUPULOUS LIVING AT  
WRITING LIES ABOUT UNDYING,  
DOOMED DEVOTION!



DON'T YOU **CARE** ATTACK  
THE BOOKS SHE LOVES SO  
DEARLY; SHE'LL BE DEVASTATED!

SHE'S TOO  
DELICATE.



OH, I DON'T ARGUE THAT!  
BUT YOU REFUSE TO  
ACKNOWLEDGE HER  
GOOD HEART,  
FATHER!

AND...  
AND WHEN  
YOU TALK LIKE  
THAT, YOU MAKE IT  
SOUND AS IF YOU  
HAVE NO LOVE FOR  
ANYONE!



AND YOU KNOW YOU LOVE ME,  
JUST A TINY BIT, ADMIT IT,  
FATHER!

I'LL ADMIT YOU  
DRIVE ME TO  
DISTRACTION.

LIKE YOUR BROTHER,  
YOU HAVE LED THIS  
CONVERSATION AWAY  
FROM THE MOST  
ESSENTIAL POINT I  
WAS TRYING TO MAKE!





VICTORIA MARAGO SCOLDS HERSELF; SHE KNOWS SHE REALLY SHOULD RESUME HER JOURNEY; SAVANNAH AND HER NEWLY-ARRIVED GUEST WILL BE WAITING.

BUT THE OCEAN IS SO PERFECT THIS MORNING.

PERFECT BEAUTY.

VICTORIA MARAGO LIVED IN MISTY MELANCHOLY, EMBRACED IT AS SOME DID A LOVER--

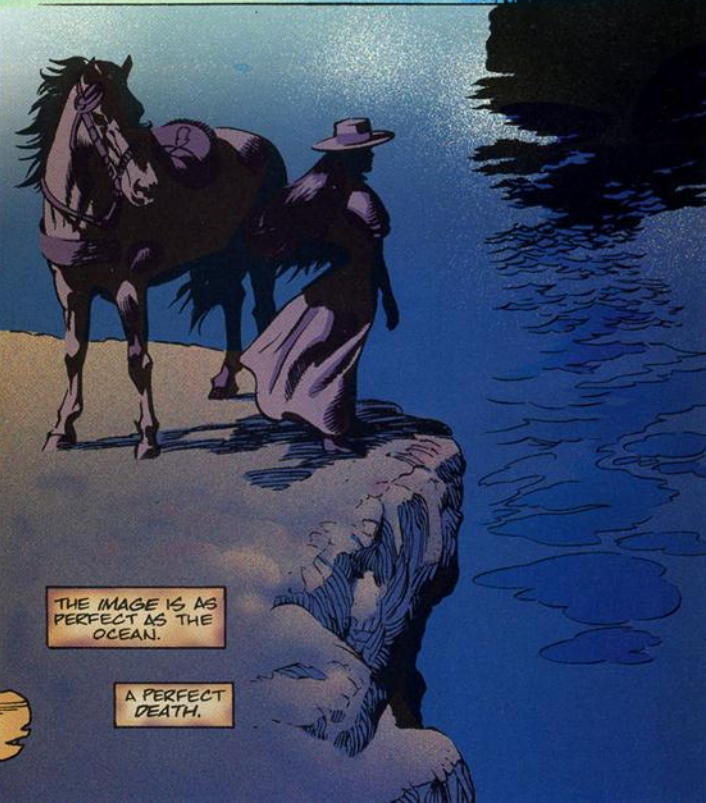
--THOUGH SHE HAD NEVER HAD A LOVER, AND WASN'T SURE SHE WANTED ONE--

--FEARED THE IDEA, DWELT ON THE POSSIBILITY, INTRIGUED AND ATTRACTED TO SOME AMORPHOUS PERFECT MALE, AS PERFECT AS THE OCEAN.

SHE DID NOT CONSIDER THIS ATTRACTION AS SEXUAL IN ORIGIN, WASN'T AWARE THAT SOME SENSATIONS SHE HAD WERE SEXUAL, THOUGH THE FEELINGS LEFT HER AT TIMES IN A STATE OF EXCITATION, WHICH WAS DISTURBING, AS IF SHE HAD DONE SOMETHING WRONG.

STILL, IF ONE HAD TOLD HER THIS WAS MERELY A NATURAL PART OF HER SEXUALITY SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN APPALLED, AND WOULD HAVE DENIED IT PASSIONATELY.

YET, SHE LINGERS, ENGULFED IN THE VISION OF DYING IN HER LOVER'S ARMS ON THE SHORELINE FASCINATED BY THE IMAGE OF SUCH PURE SACRIFICE, AND SHE HAS DIFFICULTY PERSUADING HERSELF TO LEAVE THE ALLURING FANTASY.



THE IMAGE IS AS PERFECT AS THE OCEAN.

A PERFECT DEATH.





YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE RUSSIANS ARE REALLY UP TO? I'LL TELL YOU!

SOME HOW I KNEW YOU WOULD.

ESPIONAGE!

OH, YES. THAT'S THEIR TRUE PURPOSE.

IT'S AS I TRIED TO EXPLAIN EARLIER: OTHER COUNTRIES CONVERT OUR PORTS AND LAND, YOU WAIT AND SEE, TIME WILL BEAR ME OUT!

YOU ARE AFRAID OF INVASION FROM THE RUSSIANS?

DON RAFAEL DOES NOT ANSWER HER. WOULD HE TELL A DECORATIVE FLOWER SUCH AS THIS HOW POOR THEIR DEFENSIVE POSITION IS?

THAT THE FEW CANNON AT THE PRESIDIO WERE OLD AND SUBJECT TO MALFUNCTIONING?

TELL A DECORATIVE FLOWER SUCH CRITICAL NEWS AND SHE WOULD LEAN TO THE NEXT DECORATIVE FLOWER, UNABLE TO RESIST WHISPERING THE VITAL SECRET--

--AS IF IT IS MERELY ANOTHER RUMOR TO SPREAD GOSSIP TO HELP PASS THE TIME OF DAY.

LET SUCH KNOWLEDGE REACH THE RUSSIAN SHIPS, ALLOW THEM TO SET SAIL AND RETURN TO THEIR OUTPOSTS--

--AND THEY WOULD SEND THE INFORMATION TO THEIR RULERS!

A DECORATIVE FLOWER--

-- COULD BRING DOWN ALL THAT MEN HAD SPENT YEARS OF THEIR LIVES BUILDING!





I'LL ANSWER FOR HIM, ANITA! HE CERTAINLY DOES FEAR THEM! HE FEARS ALL FOREIGNERS!

AND HERE'S WHAT I ASK YOU, DEAR HUSBAND! WHAT WOULD WE DO IF WE HAD NO TRADE WITH THE RUSSIANS...OR THE ITALIANS...OR THE FRENCH? NOT TO MENTION THE OCCASIONAL BOSTON SHIPS?

NOT JUST FOR LUXURIES, AS YOU SO SCORNFULLY SUGGEST. THEY BRING US GOODS THAT HELP US SURVIVE IN ISOLATION!



YOU MAY LOVE SPAIN, BUT YOU CANNOT DENY FACTS. THE SPANISH SUPPLY SYSTEM IS FAILING!

I SWEAR, I SEE MORE FOREIGN VESSELS, THAN OUR OWN!



AND THOSE SHIPS GIVE US MORE AID THAN THE COUNTRY THAT DEMANDS OUR LOYALTY!



STILL YOUR TONGUE, ANTONIA! OR I'LL STILL IT FOR YOU!



YOU TWIST MY WORDS! I DIDN'T ONCE MENTION THE ITALIANS OR FRENCH, DID I?

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY TOO COMPLICATED AN ISSUE FOR YOU TO DISCUSS RATIONALLY! AND IT IS CERTAINLY TOO IMPORTANT TO BANDY WORDS ABOUT OVER THE BREAKFAST TABLE!

YOU BROUGHT IT UP DEAR!



DON'T MIND US. I CAN'T SPEAK FOR AUNT DOLORES, BUT I SO ENJOY STIMULATING CONVERSATION AND DIVERGENT POINTS OF VIEW--

--AS LONG AS IT ISN'T ACCOMPANIED BY DEMONSTRATIONS OF PHYSICAL VIOLENCE.

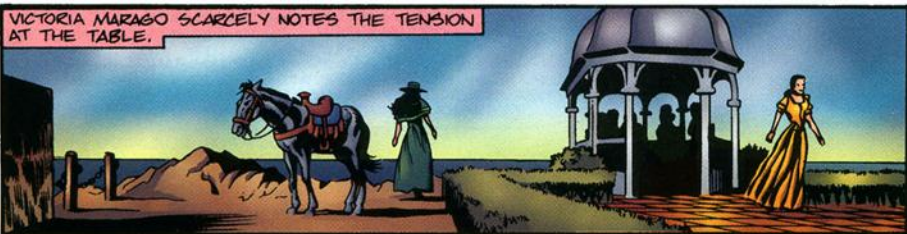


NOT THAT ANYONE AT THIS TABLE WOULD DO ANYTHING OF THE SORT--

--I'M SURE WE ALL AGREE ON THAT.



VICTORIA MARAGO SCARCELY NOTES THE TENSION AT THE TABLE.



SHE CONDUCTS HERSELF IN A SOLEMN WISTFULNESS--

--SEEKING SOLACE IN HER GLOOM--

--REFUSING TO LET HER LIPS BREAK INTO A SMILE.



SHE AND SAVANNAH ARE OPPOSITES; BUT DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER. SAVANNAH IS THE PERFECT CONFIDENT.



FINALLY, VICTORIA! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!



COME, ANITA! WE'LL GUIDE YOU TO THE MEDICINAL PLANTS.



THERE IS NO COMMITMENT TO VICTORIA'S HANDSHAKE; HER HAND LIMP AND DAMP.



ANITA SANTIAGO NEVER TRULY TRUSTED PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T HAVE A FIRM HANDSHAKE. PROBABLY PICKED THE ATTITUDE UP FROM HER BROTHER.



GOOD TO MEET YOU! THANK YOU FOR COMING.

DO YOU HAVE A HORSE I CAN RIDE, DON ADRIAN? MY HORSES ARE OKAY FOR PLODDING ALONG, PULLING A WAGON--

--BUT TERRIBLE NAGS FOR RIDING PURPOSES.







THE BARKING OF THE SEA OTTER  
COMPETES WITH THE CRASHING  
SURF.

THE SUNLIGHT GLISTENS OFF  
THEIR FELTS, WET WITH SALT  
WATER.

THEY NEVER  
SHUT UP, DO  
THEY?

THE  
PADRES CALL  
THEM LOBOS  
MARINOS.

I KNOW MORE  
ABOUT FOXES THAN  
I DO SEA OTTERS.





TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO DO, ADRIÁN?

DO WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW. RIDE. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, A HORSE IS LIKE A SPANIARD'S SECOND SELF.



WHEN THERE IS TIME FROM MY DUTIES AT THE RANCHERO I LIKE TO GO OFF ALONE INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO HUNT.

THERE ARE MANY MOUNTAIN LIONS AND DEER ALL ABOUT.



BUT YOU KNOW, THE TRUTH OF IT IS, IT'S NOT THE ACTUAL KILL, OR THE STALKING, I ENJOY SO MUCH AS...

OH, THE SOLITUDE, I GUESS, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING, LOOKING UP AT THE NIGHT STARS... ALL ALONE, HEARING THE NOISES OF THE NIGHT AROUND YOU.

IT GIVES ONE...HOW TO PUT IT...TIME FOR INTROSPECTION... TO CONSIDER ONE'S LIFE...WHAT ONE WANTS TO DO.

IT ALSO GIVES A MAN TIME TO COMMUNE WITH GOD.



IF I WAS INCLINED TO GO HUNTING, SOUNDS LIKE THE TYPE OF HUNTING I'D DO.



THE AROMA OF THE VERBA BUENA PLANTS PERMEATES THE AIR.

ANITA WONDERS IF THE BOILED AND WATER-SOAKED LEAVES CAN REALLY HELP HER BROTHER.

DON'T LOOK SO GLOOMY, ANITA. YOU'LL HAVE VICTORIA CONVINCED SHE HAS COMPETITION.

THESE PLANTS REALLY DO HAVE THE MOST AMAZING CURATIVE POWERS. WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU HAVE PLENTY TO TAKE BACK TO LOS ANGELES.

HOW PERFECTLY AWFUL, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BROTHER SCARRED SO TERRIBLY!

BUT I'M SURE THE SCARS NEVER REACH HIS SOUL.

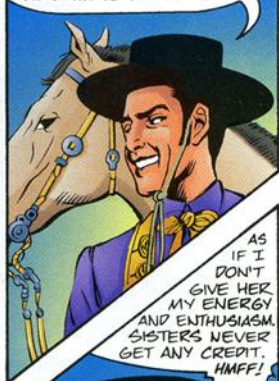


HIS SOUL? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. HIS PERSONALITY? WHO HE WAS? HOW HE LAUGHED? ALL THAT HAS SURELY CHANGED.

I PRAY THE CHANGE ISN'T FOREVER.



GOOD FOR YOU! A POSITIVE NOTE, VICTORIA NEEDS TO HEAR MORE OF THAT!

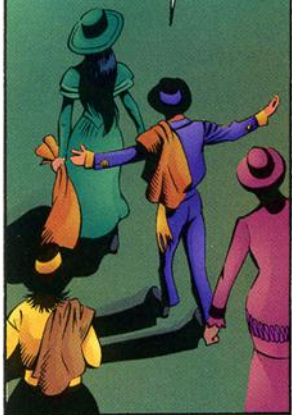


AS IF I DON'T GIVE HER MY ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM, SISTERS NEVER GET ANY CREDIT. HMMFF!



BUT YOU INDULGE HER MORBID FANTASIES TOO MUCH, SAVANNAH.

I'M GIVEN AT TIMES TO THINK YOU HALF BELIEVE THERE IS JOY IN SUFFERING AND DENIAL OF ATTAINING WHAT ONE LOVES. THAT'S SUCH TRIBE.





WATCH OUT, ANITA. TO VICTORIA,  
THOSE ARE FIGHTING WORDS.

I AM QUITE CONTENT. I  
DON'T NEED TO FIGHT.

AND YOU KNOW  
WHAT, ADRIAN?  
I'M NOT UNLIKE  
YOU. I, TOO,  
ENJOY TIME  
BY MYSELF.



DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
I SOME-  
TIMES DO?

I COULDN'T  
IMAGINE.

I SNEAK  
OUT OF THE  
HOUSE.



HOW HORRIFYINGLY  
DARING! WHERE DO  
YOU GO?

TO THE PROMONTORY.

THE ONE THAT  
OVERLOOKS  
LOBOS ROCK.  
IT'S SO PEACEFUL  
AND QUIET THERE.  
NO SEALS  
YAPPING ALL  
THE TIME, TO  
DISRUPT ONE'S  
CONCENTRATION.

WHAT ON EARTH  
DO YOU DO SUCH  
A THING FOR?



LIKE YOU, INTROSPECTION,  
AND TO GIVE ME FREE  
REIN TO MY IMAGINATION.

YOU'RE MAKING  
THAT UP TO IM-  
PRESS ANITA.



I AM NOT.  
IN FACT, I INTEND  
TO GO TONIGHT.



I FEEL THE URGE  
IS UPON ME AND  
MUST BE FULFILLED.



THE DRY LINGERS FOR NIKOLAI ANTONOV, AS IF IT WILL NEVER END.



THE SUN STUBBORNLY RESISTS SUBMISSION TO THE HORIZON.



YET, WHEN THE SHADOWS ARRIVE THEY BRING NEW ANXIETY.



HE YEARNS FOR LADY RAWHIDE'S BRIGHTNESS AND DARING.



AND FEARS DISCOVERY.

BET YOU WERE BEGINNING TO THINK I'D NEVER SHOW UP.

GOOD GOD  
ALMIGHTY!

YOU  
ALMOST  
MADE MY  
HEART  
STOP!

I'VE  
HEARD  
MEN  
TELL  
ME THAT  
BEFORE.



BETTER CALM YOURSELF, NIKOLAI. THIS COULD BE AN EXHAUSTING NIGHT.

WHY IS IT I SUSPECT IT'S NOT THE KIND OF EXHAUSTION I'D LIKE IT TO BE?

Oh, YOU SHOULD LIKE IT. WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO COULD REVEAL THE REAL KILLER--

--AND GET YOU OFF THE HOOK.

AND WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM.

YOU KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS? YOU REALLY DO?

I CAN'T PROVE IT, BUT I BELIEVE THERE'S A GOOD POSSIBILITY I'VE DISCOVERED WHO HE IS...OF COURSE, IF HE GOES TO BED AND TO SLEEP, I WON'T KNOW WHETHER I WAS RIGHT OR WRONG. I HOPE I'M RIGHT.

THE MAN WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW IS VERY IMPORTANT HEREBOUTS.

I SHOULD THINK YOU SHOULD FIND THAT SOMEWHAT SATISFYING.

HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO THAT?

WE RODE IN THE DARK. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WHEREABOUTS IS.

THE POINT IS, IF HE DISCOVERS US AND WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT, I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL PROVE IT.

WE'RE GOING TO HOPE THIS SADIST CAN'T RESIST THE IMPULSE TO STRIKE AGAIN... THAT THE URGE IS TOO STRONG IN HIS BLOOD.





WHAT KEEPS PUZZLING ME, NIKOLAI, IS THE FACT THAT THERE WERE APPARENTLY NO MURDERS BEFORE THE RUSSIAN SHIP.

MY SHIP!

I HADN'T GIVEN THAT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

HOW CAN IT BE? A WOMAN SO...SO LOVELY...SO OUTRAGEOUS...

AND ALSO, ASTUTE?



YES, YOURS...CAME INTO THE BAY.



I WORK HARD AT ALL THREE

YOU BETTER BE ABLE TO RIDE.

I CAN RIDE!

SOME.

NOW, LISTEN TO ME, NIKOLAI, BECAUSE IF IT ISN'T SOMEONE FROM YOUR SHIP WHO IS RESPONSIBLE, THEN IT SEEMS TO ME THERE HAD TO BE OTHER KILLINGS--

-- BUT IF THERE WAS, WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE, WHY DON'T ANY OF THE PEOPLE HERE KNOW ABOUT THEM?

HUNGH!





AND YET, YERBA BUENA IS SO SMALL, THERE'S NO WAY ANY OF THE WOMEN COULD DISAPPEAR AND NO ONE NOTICE, EVEN IF A BODY WASN'T FOUND.



IF THE WOMEN WERE DISAPPEARING FROM THE MISSION, THE PRESIDIO, OR THE HALTING PLACE, IT'D HAVE CAUSED THE KIND OF UPROAR WE EXPERIENCED LAST NIGHT.



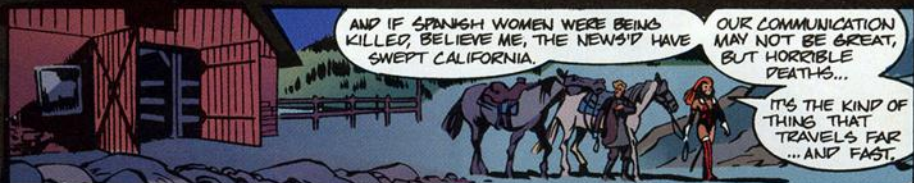
SO, IF THE KILLINGS DIDN'T START LAST NIGHT, AND I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD... THIS KILLER'S DONE THIS BEFORE!

I HAD THE IMPRESSION ...IT'S LIKE HE SAVORS THIS...



IT SCARES THE HELL OUT OF ME, BUT I HAVE THE FEELING HE HAS A WAY HE LIKES TO KILL, AND EVERY TIME HE TRIES TO EXECUTE THAT KILL IN THE SAME FASHION.

I DON'T KNOW... ONE THOUGHT I HAD WAS THAT HE TRAVELLED TO OTHER PUEBLOS. BUT I HAVEN'T HEARD OF ANYTHING MONSTROUS LIKE THIS IN MONTEREY OR LOS ANGELES.



AND IF SPANISH WOMEN WERE BEING KILLED, BELIEVE ME, THE NEWS'D HAVE SWEEPED CALIFORNIA.

OUR COMMUNICATION MAY NOT BE GREAT, BUT HORRIBLE DEATHS...

IT'S THE KIND OF THING THAT TRAVELS FAR ...AND FAST.



SO, WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA. SOMEHOW... IF THE ATTACKS WERE DONE IN SECRET ...ON WOMEN THE PEOPLE DIDN'T KNOW ...IF THE BODIES WEREN'T DISCOVERED...

BUT HOW HE COULD MANAGE THAT, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT. I WONDER IF ZORRO COULD.



ZORRO? WHO'S THIS ZORRO?

SHUSH, NIKOLA!!

HERE HE COMES!

THAT'S THE KILLER?

IF WE'RE LUCKY, ONE THING'S FOR SURE, DON RAFAEL IS OUT AND ABOUT TONIGHT.





THE WAVES SLASH  
ONTO SHORE AND  
AGAINST WATER  
SCULPTURED  
MOUNTAIN BASE.

SHE IS ALWAYS  
AFRAID THEY MAY  
LOSE DON RAFAEL,  
FOR SHE DARES  
NOT RIDE CLOSE  
ENOUGH FOR HIM  
TO HEAR THEIR  
HORSES' HOOF-  
BEATS.

BUT SHE NEED NOT  
HAVE WORRIED.

HER BROTHER, RAMON, WHEN HE WASN'T  
SCARRED, WHEN HE WASN'T BLIND, TAUGHT  
HER TO USE HER EYES FOR THE ART OF  
TRACKING.

AND SHE WAS A NATURAL AT TRACKING MOST ANYTHING--

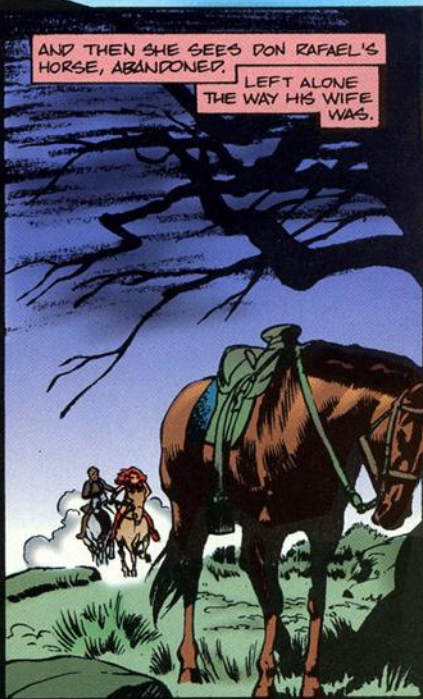
--OVER NEARLY  
ANY KIND OF  
TERRAIN.




AND THEN SHE SEES DON RAFAEL'S  
HORSE, ABANDONED.

LEFT ALONE  
THE WAY HIS WIFE  
WAS.

LEFT ALONE TO  
WAIT.





DON RAFAEL  
WENT THIS WAY...  
DOWN TOWARDS  
THE WATER.

WHY WOULD  
HE DO  
THAT?

HOW IN  
HELL SHOULD  
I KNOW,  
NIKOLAIZ?

DO YOU  
SPEAK LIKE  
THAT JUST  
TO SHOCK  
ME?

NO, BECAUSE I'M EXASPERA--\*

HER HAND SINKS INTO SOME-  
THING WET AND SQUISHY, AND  
HER HAND AND MIND RECORD  
THE HORROR.

SOMETHING ONCE DEFINITELY ALIVE,  
NOW DEAD AND COOLING.

DEAR GOD! IS HER  
FIRST THOUGHT.

PLEASE, DON'T LET IT BE  
ANOTHER DEAD WOMAN!





NOT HUMAN! THANK THE  
SWEET LORD FOR THAT! BUT  
WHAT--?

**SEA OTTERS!!**

AND HER EYES ADJUST TO THE  
GLOOM, AND THE DARK SHAPES  
BECOME RECOGNIZABLE.

MORE CORPSES!

MORE CORPSES SINKING INTO  
THE SAND ABOVE THE TIDE LINE.

SKINNED CORPSES LEFT TO  
ROT, THE VALUABLE PELTS  
GONE!

SHE CAN HEAR VOICES, HEAR  
THE INSISTENT SURF.



WHAT THE  
HELL WAS THAT?  
DID YOU LEAD THE MILITIA  
TO US, DON RAFAEL?

YUCHH.

MPFF

WHY WOULD I  
DO SOMETHING LIKE  
THAT? I HAVE AS  
MUCH TO LOSE AS  
YOU, CAPTAIN  
MARLOWE.



THE CONSTANT LANGUAGE OF THE SEA OTTERS IS STILLED, AS IF THERE ISN'T ONE LEFT ALIVE.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IS GOING ON HERE.

WELL, LET'S FIND OUT! WE'RE ALL HIP DEEP IN STINKING GUTS--

--AND TROUBLE THAT COULD TIE OUR OWN GUTS INTO KNOTS!

ALL DEAD! IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ARE TOO MANY!

NO ONE COULD KILL THEM ALL!

WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'VE HEARD US!

THANK YOU, NIKOLAI, FOR STATING THE OBVIOUS!

SHE PUTS THE OTTERS OUT OF HER MIND, HER EYES DRAWN TO THE WEAPONS IN THE ATTACKING MEN'S HANDS!

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE, WITHIN MOMENTS, THEIR VOICES WILL ALSO BE STILLED--

SHOULD WE TRY TO OUTFRAN THEM?

I DON'T THINK THAT'S AN OPTION!

--AND THEY WILL DIE HERE--

--ON THIS STRIP OF SECLUDED COASTLINE.



# THE WHIPPING POST

C/O TOPPS COMICS, ONE WHITEHALL STREET, NY, NY 10004

Lady Rawhide is snapping her whip in '96, big time! So those hypocritical politicians preaching frugality while giving themselves pay raises, and mouthing words about honesty while taking kickbacks, and forcing family values with venomous outrage while having mistresses they keep at the taxpayer's expense, and who threaten free speech, they better watch out! They might come face to face with Lady Rawhide and have to explain themselves!

I told you I'd keep you apprised of what was happening with our scintillating, scandalous heroine, and here's the inside scoop on just a couple of things she's doing in 1996!

First, WIZARD magazine is going to do its second (That's right, SECOND! As in Numero dos!) tie-in with our red-corseted lady. These folks obviously know a good bad-girl is hard to find in comics!

Now, what I'm talking about here is a Lady Rawhide 1/2 issue. There were "0" books. We had a ZORRO #0, and presently it's climbing in value all the time. And then ash-can editions were very popular, and we have a GoldenEye ash-can book that was only sold at the James Bond convention. But the newest big-deal, I guess, is 1/2 books! And what you have to do is buy the issue of WIZARD which has a special mail order form inside for LADY RAWHIDE 1/2, it's the only way you can get it! But don't worry, on the cover, or the plastic bag, or someplace, those Wizard people will let you know which issue you need to buy to get this special issue.

The story is called, "Playing With Violent Emotions," which will introduce for the first time anywhere, Star Wolf! And Star Wolf will end up being a major player in our ZORRO/TONTO/LONE RANGER series! The story is illustrated by the inestimable Esteban Maroto, and it has two of the

most powerful, provocative women you're going to see in comics in 1996 caught between two covers! Plus, it deals with the flip side of the serious issue explored in the Lady Rawhide story, "Nights Spent Unalone." Action-packed, sexy and thought-provoking, it's Lady Rawhide and Star Wolf squaring off against each other! I just hope they don't end up wrestling in mud!

If there's a first, there has to be a second! And here it is! Topps will present a trade-paperback edition of "It Can't Happen Here!" in April 1996, and listen to this! The first two issues of Lady Rawhide will be reshot and recolored by Electric Crayon, to showcase all of Mike Mayhew's beautiful art, from the full page establishing shot of Yerba Buena, to Lady Rawhide galloping away on White Phantom! And the thanks goes to Topps and Jim Salicrup, who want to put the best book they can into your hands! It's rare when you have a chance to make a product better, to correct any mistakes that you had no control over, and here we've had the opportunity to do it!

I'll save the other news concerning Lady Rawhide for the last issue of this mini-series. Right now, here's the place where I ask you kind folks to write us. We want your letters. No kidding! Your letters give these pages their identity. It gives us a chance to know what works for you... and what doesn't! It gives me the chance to answer you personally in these pages. So, take the time, please. Lady Rawhide and I and the whole creative team on this book will appreciate it. Your words keep us juiced! So deluge razzle-dazzle Renée Witterstaetter's office with missives, make it so she has to leap as high as Jackie Chan just to get over the heap of envelopes in her doorway just to get into her office!

And now, on to what you have to say!

Dear Don,

Greeting and best wishes from Pakistan. And Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all at Topps and to all the readers.

Although a man myself, I like the women with guts and muscles and those handy with weapons, especially those with some shortage (or lack) of dress. This makes Lady Rawhide my ideal. (Psst! Lady Rawhide, where have you been hiding all my life?)

Well, I say that you are doing a superb job at Topps on Lady Rawhide. The story, artwork, characters, everything is really marvelous.

I am a doctor (Medical), 31 years old. My field of specialty is Psychiatry and Drug Addiction. I may be coming to U.S.A. in the near future.

I hope my letter gets printed in The Whipping Post. I will be glad if any of the Lady Rawhide's among the readers would write to me.

Well, Don. Keep it up!

Dr. Saleem Adil  
477 - G/1  
Jomar Town  
Lahode, Pakistan

Where has Lady Rawhide been hiding all your life? I'm not sure she's hiding, Saleem, it's my personal belief she hasn't visited Pakistan yet. And then, of course, there's that pesky time factor you have to consider. Even if she made it to your area, it would be in the early 1800s, so you still wouldn't see her.

It's illuminating to know that the Lady Rawhide books have traveled to so many different places, and that she has been greeted enthusiastically.

And Lady Rawhide and I wish you success in your specialties of psychiatry and drug addictions.

Dear Don and Renée,

How long, do you know, does it take Adam Hughes to do a cover such as LADY RAWHIDE #3? It's a shame he can't do a monthly book. Not that Mike Mayhew's work is anything to sneeze at. I hope that, when ZORRO returns, he's back doing the art chores.

Not much to say about LADY RAWHIDE #3 because not much happened. Although, I'm pretty sure Don Rafael noticed that red boot sticking out of Anita's bed.

It was great meeting you, Don, at the Creation Bond-Con. I wish I had known ahead of time that you were going to be attending, then I would have brought my copies of JAMES BOND: THE QUASIMODO GAMBIT and the James Bond issue of TALES OF THE ZOMBIE for you to sign. (Although, I must warn you, I'm a Roger Moore fan and I don't take kindly to your comments of his portrayal of Bond.) Since you never received my letters concerning THE QUASIMODO GAMBIT, and while I have your attention, I thought I'd give you a quick summary of what my letters said.

In a nutshell, I thought the writing was amazing, and very reminiscent of Fleming. I also said you should get in touch with Glidrose about writing the Bond novels since Gardner's next is his last one. I hated the covers and I thought that the interior art could have been better. It seems to me that if you're going to paint a comic book, your talent had better be up there with Alex Ross. The only complaint I had, story-wise, was with the sequence where a bomb explodes at 666 Fifth Avenue. Having visited that building and since I work across the street from Rockefeller Center, I know the area pretty well. If a bomb exploded in a top floor of 666, flaming debris would never touch the tree in Rock Center because there are too many buildings, tall ones, in the way.



I think I've bent your ear enough, so I'll stop, now. Looking forward to LADY RAWHIDE #4, LONE RANGER/ZORRO, the return of ZORRO, the GoldenEye adaptation, and, hopefully, a James Bond continuing series if the aforementioned adaptation sells well.

Delmo (The Saint) Walters, Jr.  
Bronx, NY 10462

GOLDENEYE should be on sale at the same time as this very issue of LADY RAWHIDE, Delmo, so you have lots of reasons to write. It was good meeting you at the Bond Convention, as well as Desmond Llewellyn, who plays Q. Look for a photograph of Q and I in GOLDENEYE #3, with Q, believe it or not, reading our comic. Now, that was a blast!

And speaking of blasts, and I'll handle this quickly, since many of the readers of LADY RAWHIDE haven't read JAMES BOND: THE QUASIMODO GAMBIT, your comment is well-taken. In 1989, when I wrote the series, I actually photographed much of the area (Not much of those backgrounds, especially Shubert Alley, made it into the art), and I know it wasn't likely that the fiery debris would extend to Rockefeller Center, but that area, so well-known internationally, and with its visually evocative potential (not all realized in the version you saw) made me want to play with the notion that while improbable, it was not impossible, if wind current factors and other variables caused the freakish horror to occur. And I think you'll agree, freakier things have happened in Manhattan, Delmo!

But I will contest your declaration that not much happened in LADY RAWHIDE #3. Sure, there wasn't any explosions, although that flintlock aimed and fired at Lady Rawhide sure flamed and smoked furiously, but this issue was also the first time I had a chance to show an extended sequence with Anita Santiago, which I'm sure you'll agree is important. It was a risky and risqué way to go, but one I felt important in defining her character and giving her a life outside of her costume. For more on what was happening in LADY RAWHIDE #3, read Mitch Tart's letter below.

Dear Don,

The third issue of your latest series, LADY RAWHIDE, was my favorite to date, and not just because of the funny, eye-catching Adam Hughes cover. I have longed to catch a glimpse of what Anita Santiago's life is like without her red wig, and this issue fit the bill.

The ongoing storyline did not come to a complete halt, but

rather slowed just enough, so I'll stop, now. Looking forward to the boot-under-the-bed trick was tense and very well-done, and the subject of domestic violence was realistically tackled. It's refreshing to see some comics still taking chances within established storylines to branch out and explore new areas.

The three-part "Bad Girl By Any Other Name" was much appreciated, not only for its look at Lady Rawhide's early days, but for the presentation of the never before seen scripts and sketches. This feature had such a clarity to it that it could probably be used as a sort of textbook for aspiring creators when putting together proposals.

LADY RAWHIDE has thundered through the vast comics desert of 1995 like a runaway stagecoach. I look forward to the conclusion of the series and, as always, your future projects.

Mitch Tart  
5438 Attaway Ave.  
N. Charleston, SC 29406-3700

Mitch, your letter is like cool, cool water when you need it that doesn't turn out to be a mirage.

I worked on LADY RAWHIDE #3, as tense as Anita Santiago facing Don Raphael Carmelo in that bedroom. I hoped the suspense, humor and character interplay would involve the reader.

I discussed the sequence with Electric Crayon, saying the only red I wanted in that scene was her half-revealed boot, so our attraction is always called to it, much the way Hitchcock did in DIAL "M" FOR MURDER, when Grace Kelly is creaked in stimulating red, and we know she is the object of murder, and our eyes follow her everywhere. Since some of the stage-play didn't make it into the final book, I was worried maybe it hadn't worked as effectively as I'd hoped. So, I'm glad you enjoyed it.

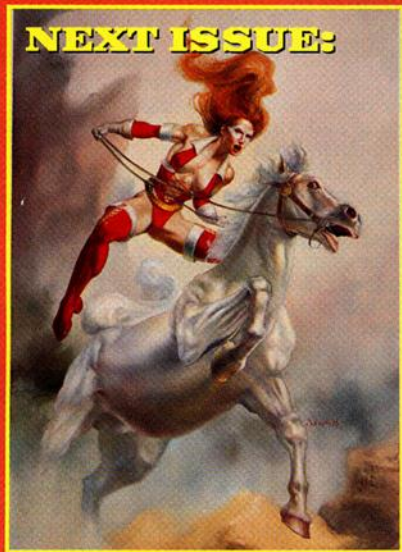
We've taken a few more chances with this issue, delving into so many characters, but I hope they make them real to the readers, and not just candidates for victims or suspects.

The "Bad Girl By Any Other Name" feature, by the way, will run through all five issues of "It Can't Happen Here." It's odd that I can in a way reach such a state of anxiety doing these text features, and even the letters page, as I do writing the script. Sometimes, I just shake my head at myself, I get so, as Popeye would put it, "Disjustipated" with myself.

Thanks again, Mitch.

Let's hear from you real soon.

## NEXT ISSUE:



**NEXT ISSUE:** Our galaxy of cover artist stars continues with the talented Julie Bell. I met with Julie at the San Diego con, and showed her some LONE RANGER and HOPALONG CASSIDY comic book covers from the 1940s and 1950s, which showed these charismatic heroes leaping onto their horses, and discussed with her the idea of having Lady Rawhide do what all the cowboys did, but that it should be wilder and more daring, with our heroine set off against the swirling fog of San Francisco. And did Julie ever deliver! Lady Rawhide is in motion! White Phantom is in motion! And so is the fog! Once again, LADY RAWHIDE will have a cover unlike any other you see that month!

And that's only the wrapping for the full page shots of Lady Rawhide in action, with sword and whip. We even have a double-page spread near the startling revelation of who the killer really is! It's all Lady Rawhide in action, on the move, and all yours in only two months!

So, be kind to each other.

Be kind to yourselves.

And hang in there!



**I**n June of 1993, Lady Rawhide was in danger of falling victim to Lady Mayhem.

Indeed, for at least one weekend, Lady Rawhide was never to be, and Lady Mayhem would be the name of this book you are reading. I wonder how that would have affected her destiny, if at all. Maybe everything would have stayed the same. Maybe this book would not exist.

The reason Lady Rawhide almost didn't keep her name was because everybody was being so reasonable.

I know that sounds like an unlikely reason, but it's the truth, and this is how the truth came to be.

Both Jim Salicrup and John Gertz had been so accessible and supportive during the long, hard months of shaping what would become known as "Zorro's Renegades" that I took any of their few concerns to heart, and I listened carefully to the infrequent reservations they had. I considered their opinions days and nights after they'd spoken them.

If I'd had edicts handed down to me from folks who had little involvement with the series, especially edicts I vehemently disagreed with, I may not have doubted Lady Rawhide's name. If I'd felt coerced into changing something that I felt seriously

compromised the book or the characters I'd worried about for months as I developed the project, knowing me, I'd probably have resisted tooth and nail, hook and claw. You can ask about anybody who knows me even slightly. One only has to look at my historical response in this area. Some might say, "That's Don, he's bone-headed," and they might be right. Others have said I'm an "Ironclad Iconoclast," and "idealist," a "believer in independent thought and action." Others have just said, "Hey! The guy's short!," basically because it hasn't become politically incorrect to make short jokes. Others have said pithier character assessments. Labels. It's easier to have a label for human beings, that way you don't have to deal with them as individuals. It may be I'm all of those things, and more. Or maybe less.

Personally, the bottom line for me is, it's

your name listed as writer and thus, you have to live with the words in that book. You have to live with it for the rest of your life. If that book represents something you don't believe, that you cannot defend in dramatic terms or in personal creative vision, if, indeed, it violates what you hold dear as a story-teller, the readers don't go in search of those other names, they look to the writer, as well they should. That implies he wrote the words, he expressed the ideas. If there are inconsistencies with the characters why then it must be the writer who was inconsistent.

If there is a screw-up in continuity, inconsistency in the plot, why then the writer must be the one at fault. If the writer goes off on a long tirade that appears a curious departure from the chronicling of the making of a bad girl, then the writer should be the one to take the rap. If there are mistakes to be made, I'd like them to be

honest mistakes I made, and not someone else's.

But I also appreciate it when other folks you see listed in the credits make me aware of a mistake I've made, draw it to my attention, and let me fix it before it gets out there and can't be changed. And when people are working with courtesy and respect for each other, it gives you

## **A BAD GIRL BY ANY OTHER NAME**

**(or: A Chronicling of the Making of a  
Bad Girl Phenomenon)**

**≡ PART FOUR ≡**

**BY**

**← DON MCGREGOR →**

the best possible book, and it makes me pause and consider respectfully the opinions that others have expressed.

All of this brings us to June 2, 1993. I was in the process of writing ZORRO #4, which introduced Moonstalker, so the Lady Rawhide issue, ZORRO #3, had already been written, and throughout she had been called Lady Rawhide. I was in Jim's office on June 2nd, and we were going over Mike Mayhew's pencils for ZORRO #1, and lest you think we were only considering Lady Rawhide's look (we didn't have to puzzle over Zorro's name), we were debating Zorro's face and costume. It'd be awhile before Mike reached the drawing stage of ZORRO #3.

We also discussed that bad girl's name. Jim had accepted her name after his initial reluctance, but I guess it was when John Gertz read the script for ZORRO #3 that he



told me he wasn't sure that that was the name she should have. I figured, Geez, if both Jim and John have had reluctance about this, I'd better rethink this, and continued to fool around with names.

I had been flirting with the name Lady Mayhem.

On June 10th, I talked with both Jim and John about Lady Rawhide's name. My wife, Marsha, thought I was crazy to change the name. John was reluctant to be the deciding factor on the name, if the rest of us felt strongly about it. John was leaning toward the Lady Mayhem name.

Now, on June 11th, the radiant and talented Paulette Powell had organized a fund raising session with comic book writers reading from their works. Paulette had put together the talent, the promotion for the show, and she would one day affect Lady Rawhide that no one could predict. On the day before the show, I called Jim, who was also going to read, not from his own work, but Stan Lee and Jack Kirby's. Jim warned me the reading would only be fifteen minutes per person. He also said that Rick Magyar would be inking the DRACULA VS. ZORRO book, and I was excited about that. And, oh, yes, since John liked Lady Mayhem, why don't we change the name to Lady Mayhem, and I agreed. I felt a little longing for the name; after all, I'd already written ZORRO #3, and to me, she wasn't just a name anymore, she was Lady Rawhide, although we all know that in early Spanish California, everybody would be calling her "Senorita" and not "Lady."

But on June 10th, I'd agreed, we'd all agreed, Lady Rawhide was going to become Lady Mayhem.

I might have had some regrets, but as far as I was concerned, it was a done deal.

On June 11th, I traveled into the city with my son, Rob, met my wife, Marsha, at the CB's 313 Gallery on the Bowery for Paulette's charity show to help kids with HIV and AIDS. I thought it was great that she had set up a way that comics writers could help sick kids, and I was glad to be a part of it. Neil Gaiman did an affecting reading of one of his short stories, perfectly capturing the two old ladies that the story was centered around. And I loved performing a scene from DETECTIVES,

INC., with my wife. I'd never had the chance to share the stage with her before, and she's an incredibly talented performer. But one has to say, the man who stole the show that night, and I say this not because he's the editor-in-chief, but because he was so energetically inspired, was Jim. He got up on that stage and read one of those old Marvel monster books, and soft-spoken Jim became this wild madman. I'd been sitting with him before he went up on the stage, and had no idea what he intended to do.

He had me laughing so hard, I had tears in my eyes. You should have been there.

Next time Paulette puts together one of these stage shows, if you're in the city area, you ought to check it out.

Now, again it would seem I've gone off on a tangent about the Gargoyles and Angels show, but once again, I'm going to bring this all around, hopefully, and show you how it was ultimately pertinent to Lady Rawhide.

After the show, Paulette had a reception at the Four Color Images on Broadway. And it was there, in that crowded room, that Lady Mayhem received her death notice and would be heard from no more.

I was talking with Leslie Senko, a friend of Marsha's, about the name change from Lady Rawhide to Lady Mayhem, and she narrowed her eyes and pinned me to the spot and said, "Why, Don, why would you do a thing like that? Lady Rawhide is a name of strength, of a woman who is tough and independent. Lady Mayhem implies a woman who is out of control."

And right there, without a further word, I knew she was right, and I knew Lady Rawhide couldn't be Lady Mayhem. And it was going to be a long weekend before I could call Jim and John and tell them we were back to Lady Rawhide, and explain to them the reasons why. And thanks to both of them for understanding.

The bad girl's name was never to change again.

There was still one thing Lady Rawhide didn't have.

And that was a corset!

And for some, that red splash of material would become a most controversial corset!



**TO BE CONCLUDED**