

# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

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# SONGS

OF

AND

# FLESH

PETER AKINS  
ARTIST

DAVE DOMAN & LURINE HANES  
ARTISTS

PHIL FELIX  
LETTERER



BEAUTY COMES IN  
AT THE EYE THAT'S  
WHAT THEY TELL YOU...



BUT THAT REALLY  
IMPROVED THE  
WORLD'S SENSORS TO  
DON'T YOU THINK I  
SMELL FOR A MOMENT  
ON THE CHEEK OF A  
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...

CONCENTRATE ON THE  
FEEL OF THE ROSE  
PETAL, THINK ON THE  
SMILE OF THE BE-  
LOVED'S TONGUE...



AND MOST OF ALL  
CERTAINLY LISTEN TO  
THE WORLD AS IT  
GRASS TO YOU.



ENJOY ENJOY I KNOW  
I USED TO FOR ME NOW  
IT'S DIFFERENT FOR  
ME NOW IT'S TRUE...



BEAUTY COMES  
IN AT THE EYE

REACH IS  
PRETTY  
SCARED,  
GIVEN BY  
COURTESY

DAFFY  
FEELS  
ASOUL

I'M SORRY,  
BUT I'M SURE  
THERE'S NO  
CHANGE

NO  
CHANGE AT  
ALL NOW IS  
THESE I HAVE  
TO BE

YOUR SON  
THINK  
HE'S BLIND,  
HE'S BLIND,  
HE'S BLIND,  
AND HE'LL  
BE IN THE  
BEST OF HIS  
LIFE

BOB  
ALONE

BUT, YOU KNOW, HIS OTHER  
SENSES WILL COMPENSATE,  
AND PROBABLY ALREADY  
BEGIN TO

HE DOESN'T KNOW  
THE HALF OF IT. I  
WAS HAPPY EVEN  
LISTENING. I WAS  
BUILT BACKING IN  
THE SPINAL  
RECORDS OF THE  
WORLD.

I COULD HEAR THE BUZZLE OF THEIR  
UNDERWEAR AS THEY GROPE.

I COULD SMELL  
THE UNDER-  
CURRENT OF  
AROUSAL IN HIS  
RESPONSE TO  
MY NOETHER

THE BUBBLES OF PAPER  
AND GLASS AS BREASTS  
UNPROTECTABLE BY MOST  
ENTERED HIS ROOM  
THROUGH GAPS IN HIS  
GLAZING EFFICIENCY

SUBTLE THINGS ON MY  
TONGUE AS TRACES OF  
HIS CHEMICAL MATHS  
WITH MY TASTE-BUDS

I COULD HEAR THE CONTRACTIONS  
IN HIS THROAT AS HE TRIED TO  
GULP IT INTO HIS MIND. COULD I  
ALMOST FEEL THE HEAT FROM HIS  
FLUSHING CHEEKS.

WHAT WAS I MISSING?  
EVIDENT ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF THINGS I ALREADY KNEW.

I HAD ALL I  
NEEDED

IT'S JUST --  
IT'S JUST -- THAT  
IT MATTERS, WHEN  
I THINK OF ALL  
I'VE BEEN WHEN  
I THINK OF ALL  
HIS ANSWERS --

SMELL SOUND TOUCH TASTE



...AND AGENCY?

I COULD HEAR MUSIC.

IT REPLACED THE AIR, YOU KNOW, IT CHANGED REALITY.

I COULD FEEL MUSIC. I COULD ALMOST SMELL IT.



IT'S AS IF IT TAKES UP SPACE. I NEEDED TO TOUCH IT...



...TO TOUCH IT  
...TO FIND IT...



THEY CALLED ME A PRODIGY. THEY CALLED ME INVENTIVE. I WASN'T INVENTING. I WAS UNCOVERING.

I WAS CAPTURING FOR THE DEPRIVED WORLD THE HIDDEN MELODIES IT WAS TOO DEAR TO HEAR FOR ITSELF.

AND THE MORE I FOUND, THE MORE I KNEW WAS STILL HIDDEN. THE MORE I SEARCHED, THE MORE TIGHTLY WRITING TO BE REVEALED.



AND I THOUGHT NONE OF US NEED ANY MORE CONVICTIONS OF WHY JEROME MARDINE HAS BEEN ACCEPTED INTO OUR SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAMS...

I DIDN'T LISTEN TO THE PLANET. I DIDN'T NEED IT. HE WAS RIGHT, BUT THE SHORTS OF THE NOTES FLYING AROUND ME WERE INFINITELY MORE INTERESTING.



THE ACADEMY WAS GOOD FOR ME. AT FIRST, NOT JUST MUSIC, BUT FRIENDS, MORE THAN FRIENDS THERE WAS PERSONAL.

IT'S SAFE BE WITH ME

SHE SOUNDED SWEETER THAN RUNNING WATER THROUGH REEDS



SHE SMILED MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MEADOWS AFTER SPRING RAIN.



THE TASTE OF HER SWEET SMOKE.



TOUCHING HER WAS LIKE FEELING HIS YOUR HAND TO THE BEACHES OF HEAVEN.

AND THE SOUND OF HER PLEASURE WERE THE HIGHEST SOUND COULD COME TO THOSE HIDDEN ISLANDS. THOSE MYSTEROUS HARBORS THAT I KNEW CROSSED SOMEWHERE BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND THE NEXT.



I LEARNED OTHER THINGS AT THE ACADEMY TOO...



STANLEY TEALOUSY...

STEPHEN ANDERSTON WAS THE BEST THE ACADEMY HAD EVER FROM ME.



HIS ENVOYING HATED SWARM IN THE AIR AROUND HIM EACH TIME HE SPOKE, DESPITE HIS FRIENDLY WORDS

YOU REALLY ARE DOING SOME THING SPECIAL, JASON. SOMETHING GREAT DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF US



THAT'S NOTHING! YOU'RE GREAT

IT'S TRUE I AM AN BLOODY GOOD BUT YOU'RE... DIFFERENT YOU MAKE IT ALL SEEM... NATURAL EASY.



IT'S EASY THAT'S THE PROBLEM IT'S NOT ABOUT WORK, IT'S LET ME SHOW YOU

YOU SEE, YOU THINK OF IT AS SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO MAKE OUT OF NOTHING, NO IT'S ALL THERE. JUST LET IT ALL OUT AND THEN CATCH WHAT YOU WANT...

JUST LET IT ALL OUT JUST LISTEN LISTEN AND WATCH.



THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A LITTLE SECRET BUT I KNEW, I COULD HEAR THEM. I COULD SMELL THEIR GREAT EXCITEMENT.



FASCINATING... I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.



BUT I PLAYED ALONG.







NOTHING WAS PROVED. I DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE. THEY'D GIVEN ME A LOT TO THINK ABOUT. I WAS VERY GRATEFUL.



THE CONTRAST BETWEEN HER MOUTH & PLAYFULNESS AND HER MOTHER'S BEHAVIOUR WAS MAGNIFICENT. LIKE PUTTING AN A NATURAL IN A ST SHARP MIND. LIKE BITING INTO A STRAWBERRY AND FINDING AN ANGRY WASP.



I COULDN'T SMELL IT. I COULDN'T TASTE IT. MY BODY BATHED IN THE SWEET SATISFACTION THAT MY MOTHER BROUGHT HER.

DEBORAH THEN VISITED THAT WAS ESPECIALLY GOOD.

OUR WORLD'S DYING.



STEPHEN GOT THE GLAMOUR THE TOUR'S THE RECORDINGS.

HE ENTERED DEBORAH IN EVERY TOWN HE PERFORMED IN. I LIKED THAT.

DEBORAH GOT CANCER AND DIED.



I VISITED. SHE SWALLOWED FABULOUS FEAR AND PAIN BOUGHT FOR DOMINANCE IN HARBOURS OF ANGER.



I GOT WHAT I NEEDED - AND FROM WHICH A CONCERT CAREER MAY HAVE DIVERTED ME. SPACE AND TIME TO RESEARCH AND COMPOSE. I HAD TO PUBLISH THE RESULTS I'D BEEN GIVEN.

THE PROBLEM WASN'T DEBARD OR NERAL - A ROYAL WHO TOOK LONGERS FOR WALKS AND HUNG HIMSELF WITH AN APRON UNLOCKED ONE DOOR.

I WORKED LONG HOURS BUT NOT LONELY ONES. I HAD MY BOOKS IN BRILLS. MY BOOKS ON TAPE. I HAD CAPTURES OF RIPPEN KNOWLEDGE TO KEEP ME COMPANY.

"BUT HE DISCOVERED THE DISCREPANCY SOULS AND HE WILL LEARN POWER IN THE BEST OF THE SPORTS."



HE WAS RIGHT, MUSIC WAS A PUZZLE. A MOST INCOMPREHENSIBLE PUZZLE, WHICH ALLOWED INSTANTS AT BEST A Glimpse OF THE MUSIC WORLD IT HINTED AT. THERE WERE NEW SCALES TO DISCOVER, NEW CONJUNCTIONS OF NOTES TO REVEAL, MELODIES OF UNIVERSAL ALLURE, COMPANIONS OF SUFFERING.



EVERY TIME WE FOUND SOMETHING CORRECT AND RIGHT AND THOUGHT WE HAD FOUND THE FACE OF GOD, WE'D BEEN SENT BACKUP AND KNOCKED INTO EARLY SOLUTIONS. THERE WAS A GREATER MUSIC, A FANTASTIC SCENE OF TERRIBLE BEAUTY. I WOULD OPEN THE DOOR OF THE WORLD TO THE SCREAMS OF AGONY AND IN TERROR TO THE DEATH-CRIES OF PAINING TO THE ETERNAL WOUNDS OF THE UNIVERSE AS ITS WOUNDS SPILT OPEN TO BLEED SPACE AND GOOD PLANETS.



I KNEW THE PUZZLE WAS SOLVABLE. I KNEW I WOULD FIND THE CLUSTERS OF NOTES THAT WOULD OPEN THE DOOR TO THE DOOR. I HAD HELP. SPIRIT GUIDES WOULD COME TO ME FROM THE WORLD OF DREAMS. BLUE ANGELS SINGING THE SONGS OF METAL AND FLUSH, WORDLESS AND SUBLIME.

BUT ALWAYS THE REAL WORLD WOULD INTERRUPT. ALWAYS THE MUSIC OF POWER WOULD SLIP BY ME AGAIN. IT WAS TERRIBLE. I KNEW THE SCORE WAS WITHIN ME. I JUST HAD TO LET IT OUT.



Then ONE DAY I UNDERSTOOD

I HAD TO  
MOVE BEYOND  
MY POSITION  
AS YOU'VE STUDY  
TO AN ACT  
OF FAITH.



TO  
UNLOCK  
THE  
CODES  
I HAD  
TO  
UNLOCK  
MYSELF





A DECADE OF RESEARCH AND COMPOSITION HAD SWELLED MY REPUTATION IF NOT MY BANK BALANCE. I KNEW I COULD GET IT PERFORMED, AND I KNEW WHO I WANTED TO PERFORM IT.

THE AUDIENCE WAS FULL OF THE INFORMED AND THE FASHIONABLE. PEOPLE THAT I KNEW, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WOULD APPRECIATE WHAT THEY WERE BEING OFFERED TONIGHT.

I WAS VERY EXCITED TONIGHT THE WORLD WAS TO HAVE ITS BLINKERS REMOVED, ITS EAR PLUGS TAKEN OUT. TONIGHT THE VEIL BETWEEN LIFE AND THE REAL WAS TO BE SHEPHERD.



THE PIECE HADN'T BEEN RE-HEARDED. I'D HAD THEM PREFERRED WITH WHAT I CALLED RELATED PIECES. I'D PUT THE MEDIA SOME CONCEPTUAL BUT BULLSHIT REASON FOR THAT. THEY LAPPED IT UP.

NOW IT WOULD BEGIN.





CRISP ATTACK



OH, HE WAS PLAYING WELL

SCREE TONES



THE AUDIENCE'S ENTHUSIASM COULD ONLY JUST BE RE STRAINED

THE ORCHESTRA PLAYED LIKE MEN POSSESSED



EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT.

EVERYTHING WAS PURE.



EVERYTHING HAD PASSION.



EVERYTHING WAS CALM.



THEN EVERYTHING WENT AWAY.





EVERYTHING  
WENT TO HELL.

I'M ALIVE!  
I THINK.



I CAN SEE.

I'M PARALYZED!  
I'M BRIBED!  
I'M TAPE!  
I'M TOUCH!  
I'M SMELL!



I'M DEAF.

(A TOUCH OF  
EXCLUSIVE  
CREDIBILITY  
THAT.)

I'M HERE FOR  
ETERNITY.

AND ALL I  
CAN DO IS  
WATCH.

THE AD BEAUTY  
COMES IN AT  
THE EYE.



The End  
BEAUTY SHOW

The delightful wickedness of Clive Barker's *Hell* waits for its victims in more than mere puzzle boxes.

It waits in the mystery of crystal lifeforms lightyears away. It waits in seductive whispers of evil at a Parisian artists' colony. It waits in the notes a musical genius plays on the way to madness.

Inside these pages, *Hell* waits for you—  
and it can afford to be patient.

It has eternity on its side.

