

# ROCKSTARS

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ISSUE # 1  
FULL COLOR

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FITZPATRICK

MICHAEL DAVID  
THOMAS

MEGAN  
**HUTCHISON**  
TOM  
MULLER



**Jackie Mayer knows what's actually hidden  
behind the music and what the backwards  
messages really say...  
BUT HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE LISTENING.**

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# ROCKSTARS™

## Nativity in Blacklight

ROCKSTARS CREATED BY JOE HARRIS & MEGAN HUTCHISON

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**SIDE 1**  
FULL COLOR



**Track 1**

COVER BY MEGAN HUTCHISON AND TOM MULLER © 2016

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THE CHICAGO COLLEGE  
DO IT FOR ZEP

FDPA  
C. CLIPPE, Doree Conner  
presents  
THE WE  
LBN. ADMIT. Doors @ 8:00-PM

18  
657 P. 610  
18  
SAN FRANCISCO \* FEB 24TH \* 8 PM  
THE HIGHLOWS

ROCK 'N' ROLL  
has always had its  
secrets.

MIL  
ICH  
THEY  
TIM

HAVE  
A NICE  
DAY

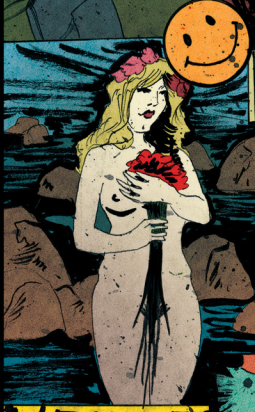
VIP  
ALL ACCESS  
KNIFE  
PUNCHA

DARK BLD  
217  
11345  
713

From backwards messages  
on classic albums,  
woven references to  
drugs and madness, or  
homages to fallen  
legends and lost  
friends.



Hidden declarations of  
sympathy for the devil  
are as stock and trade as  
anthem calls to both the  
faithful and the damned.



THE BRAGGLE  
2 1  
11:30 PM

BEATLES

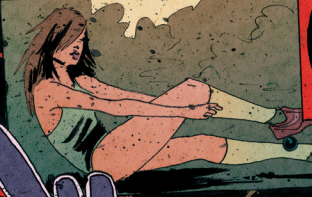


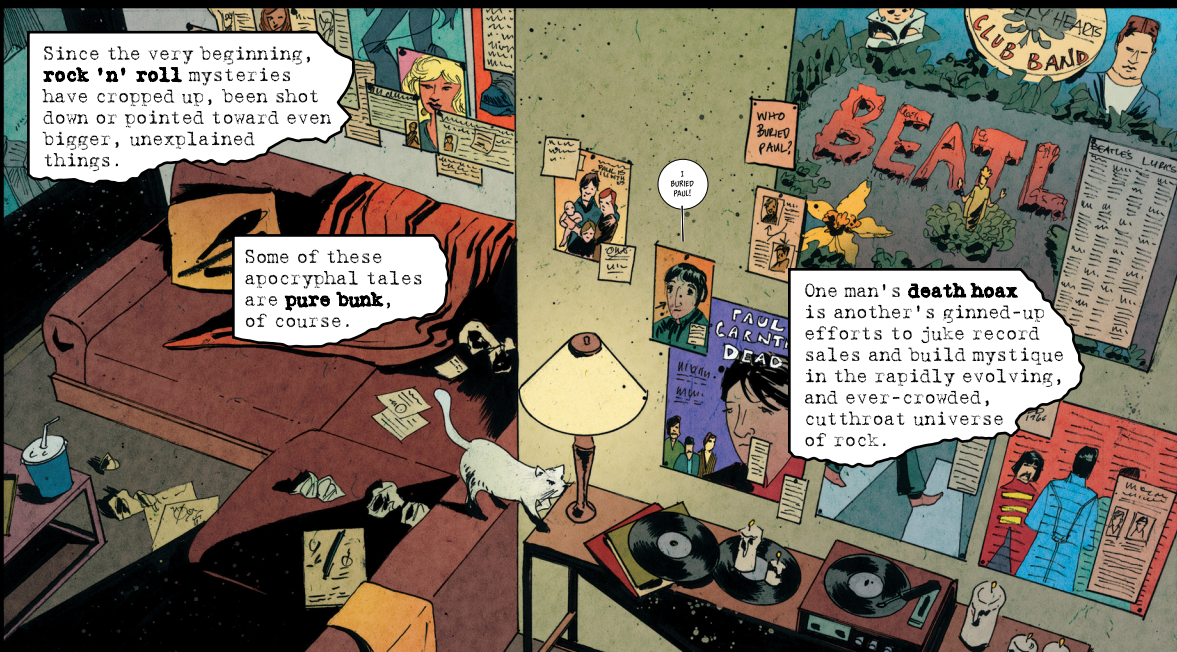
113 751  
14.50  
FURNITURE  
PRESENTING  
TESLAS  
LA MEXICAN POLINA  
6:00 PM  
JAN 11/17

BAILEY  
13 GEN ADMIT  
DOORS AT 8 PM



SYSK  
3  
CHAIRMAN  
10





Since the very beginning, rock 'n' roll mysteries have cropped up, been shot down or pointed toward even bigger, unexplained things.

Some of these apocryphal tales are pure bunk, of course.

One man's death hoax is another's ginned-up efforts to juke record sales and build mystique in the rapidly evolving, and ever-crowded, cutthroat universe of rock.



We look for patterns in-between the lyrics and the liner notes.

We trade in rumors while seeking legends.

And reality becomes myth becomes immortal.

One band's strange proclivities are transformed into fodder in a haze of tabloid tales told by intrepid young minxes who got to party with the band.



Next thing you know, Paul is Dead.

Pink Floyd secretly scored the best-selling album of its time to perfectly sync up with a trip down the Yellow Brick Road.

And the name for the lowly mudshark takes on a dimension that--

1974... 1977...

--well, just trust me on that one--

(Look it up if you're curious!)

MRROW?



COME ON, SKYDOG... YOU KNOW THIS ONE.

IT'S GOT EVERYTHING.

TEMPTATION.

INNOCENCE LOST.

ROCK 'N' ROLL REGALTY STRUCK DOWN BY THE HAMMER OF THE GODS.

**PRRR**



Long story short--

--ever since **Waylon Jennings** decided to ride the bus while **Buddy Holly** got on the plane that **Day the Music Died--**



--rock 'n' roll has known **conspiracies** and **puzzles** and **mysteries**, both hypothesized and truly unsolved.



And for almost as long--

--some people have tried to **decipher** them.

**Consider**

the strange, tragic case of **Suzanne Berrens** and **Becky Albright**.

**Best friends** since they could walk, they did **everything** together.



COME ONNN, BECKY... YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO FUCK A ROCKSTAR DRESSED LIKE THAT!



BUT I'M NOT TRYING TO FUCK A--

AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH HOW I'M DRESSED?

NOTHING... IF WE'RE GOING TO CHURCH SOCIAL.

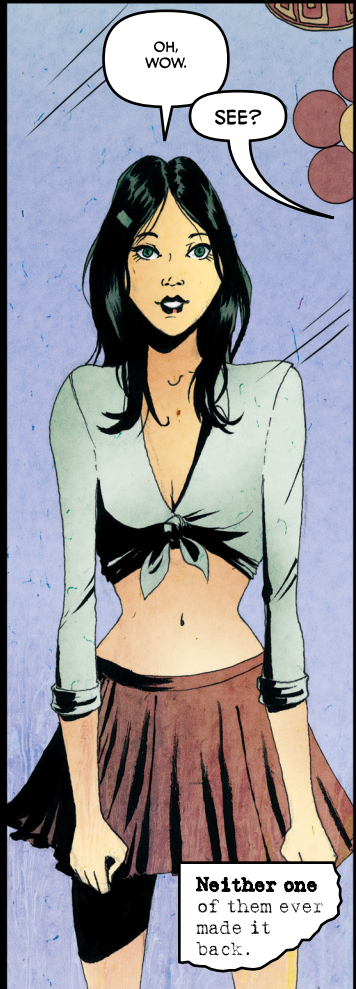


I MEAN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IF I SOMEHOW MANAGE TO GET YOU BACKSTAGE?

COME HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU--?

On a warm summer night in 1974, Suzanne and Becky went out for what they hoped would be the time of their lives.



OH, WOW.

SEE?

Neither one of them ever made it back.

## BLUE RIDER :

Massive band cobbled together from the ashes of the first British Invasion to become the **biggest** arena act of the 1970s.

FORUM

Reimagining the blues with a heavy-laden **crunch** that would churn from every high school parking lot and backseat virginity loss for almost a decade, the group **elevated** their music to something mystical and mysterious.

A swirling, crackling glimpse of the **higher forces** they reached for.

Their concerts were **near-religious** experiences. Their tours were debauched **circus processions** of excess.

They'd roll into one town, **consume** all of the adoration, narcotics and young pussy made available to them--

--then spit out the bones, pull up stakes and move on to the next stop on the crazy train.

HURRY UP, BECKY!

BUT WHERE ARE WE--?

The road became a **never-ending** party.

And **everybody** wanted to party with the band.

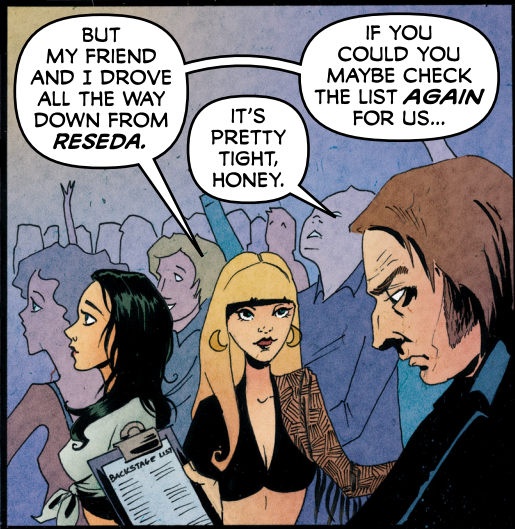


BUT MY FRIEND AND I DROVE ALL THE WAY DOWN FROM RESEDA.

IT'S PRETTY TIGHT, HONEY.

IF YOU COULD YOU MAYBE CHECK THE LIST **AGAIN** FOR US...

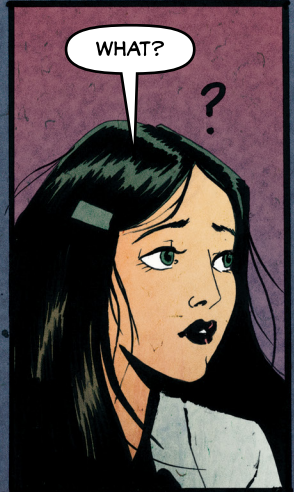
...I'M **SURE** WE COULD MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.



BE CAREFUL, LITTLE GIRL...



WHAT?





YOU PULL THE **BEAST** BY THE TAIL, AND YOU MIGHT GET BIT.

WANT MY ADVICE...?

OH, I'M NOT TRYING TO-- I MEAN--



GO FOR THE **HORNS!**



THERE YOU ARE! OH MY GOD, HURRY UP!

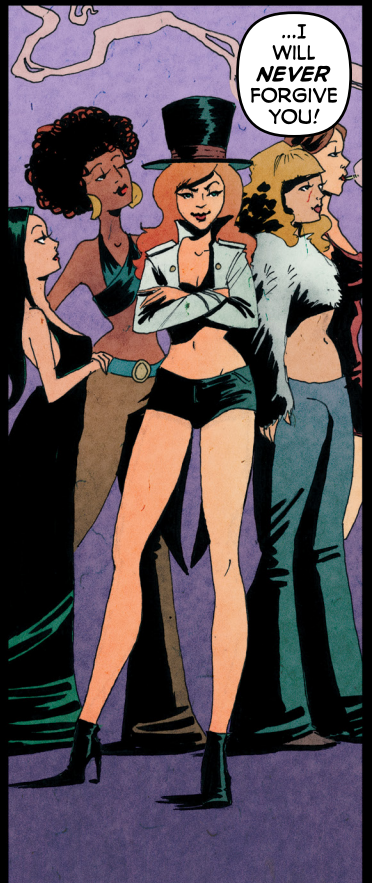
I WAS JUST WATCHING THE **BAND**--!



I **SWEAR**, BECKY...



...IF YOU **RUIN** THIS FOR US...



...I WILL **NEVER** FORGIVE YOU!



The brainchild of guitarist, architect and rumored practitioner of black magic **Jimmy James**--

--**Blue Rider** would cultivate a mystique and following that **endured** long past their demise.



But this **exclusive club** extracted a fee.



And **that's** the stuff that **legends** are made of.

After a Zeppelin show, or the Stones, Deep Purple, Blue Rider or **anyone** trying to crack that level on the L.A. scene, things ended like they always did back then--

--at the **Riot House.**

Continental **HYATT HOUSE**

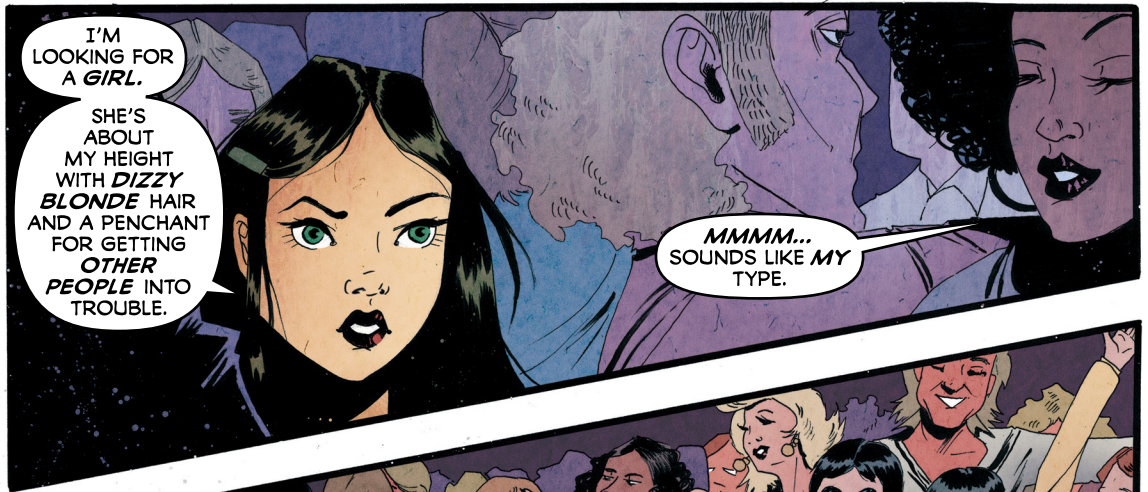
And **this** is where Becky and Suzanne's story gets **really** interesting.

Witnesses at the **after party** recalled Becky looking for her friend.

SUZANNE?

SUZANNE, THIS ISN'T FUNNY!





I'M  
LOOKING FOR  
A GIRL.

SHE'S  
ABOUT  
MY HEIGHT  
WITH *DIZZY*  
*BLONDE* HAIR  
AND A PENCHANT  
FOR GETTING  
*OTHER*  
PEOPLE INTO  
TROUBLE.

MMMM...  
SOUNDS LIKE MY  
TYPE.



HAVE YOU  
CHECKED THE  
*CLOAK ROOM*.  
HONEY? IT'S A  
WHOLE 'NOTHER  
*PARTY* IN  
THERE!

WHAT'S  
UP, SUGAR...  
YOU GOT SOME  
*SWEETS*?



SUZANNE,  
WHERE  
*ARE*--?

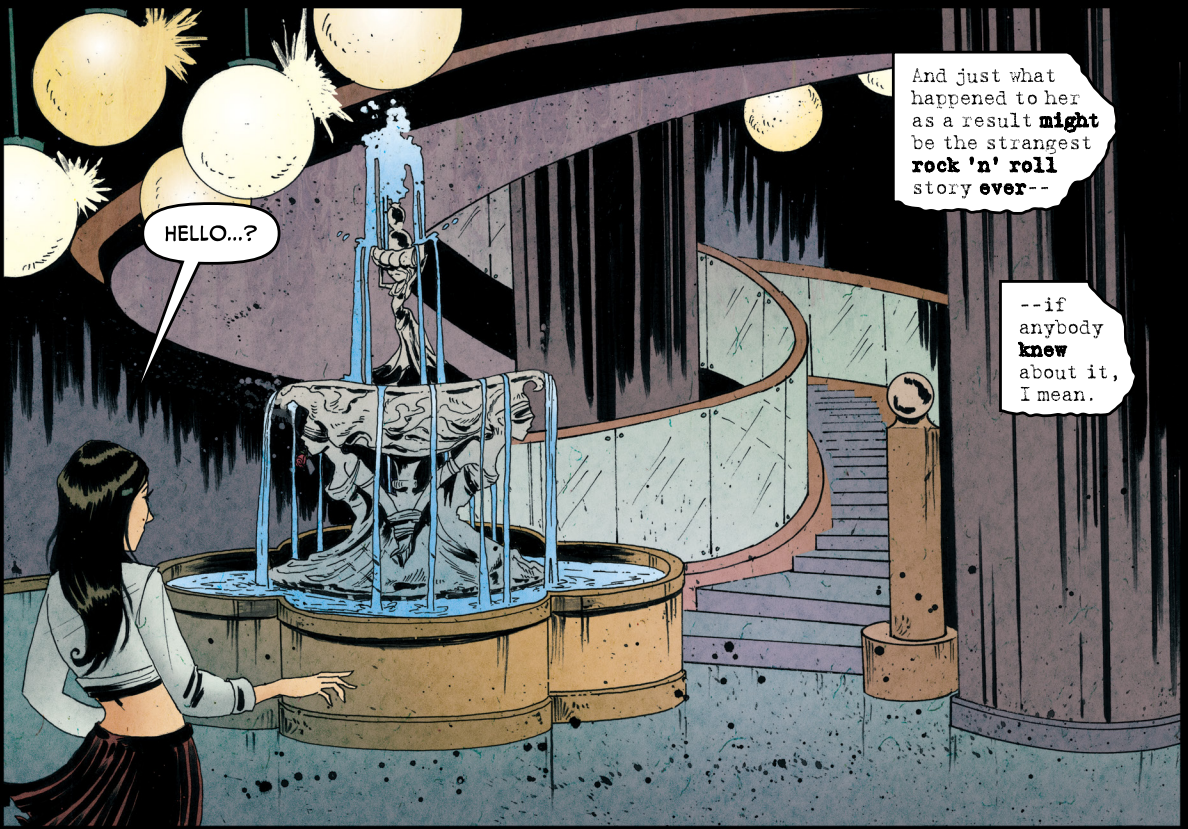
Whatever she  
**discovered** after  
she left the  
party remains  
a mystery.



SUZANNE--!

YOU  
CHASING  
ANYTHING  
*GOOD*, MISS  
MUFFIN...  
OR JUST  
YOUR OWN  
*TAIL*?

Whoever she  
**encountered**  
that night  
remains an  
even bigger  
one.



HELLO...?

And just what happened to her as a result **might** be the strangest **rock 'n' roll** story **ever**--

--if anybody **knew** about it, I mean.

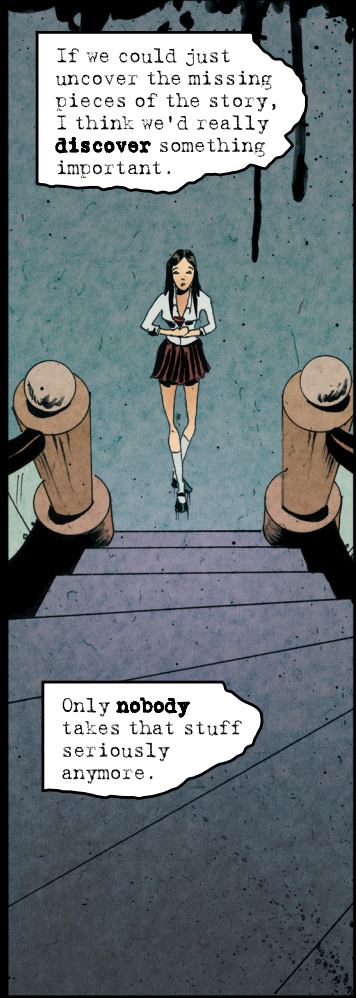


THE PENT-HOUSE.

Suzanne and Becky were just **average** girls riding rock's **golden** age.



**Everybody** wanted **backstage passes** and a glimpse behind the curtain.



If we could just uncover the missing pieces of the story, I think we'd really **discover** something important.

Only **nobody** takes that stuff seriously anymore.



Nobody  
except  
me.



YOU  
**READY,**  
JACKIE? GONNA  
PICK A CARD  
NOW.



I'M  
READY TO  
**SOLVE** THIS  
ONE...



HOLD  
IT UP -- JUST  
LIKE THAT SO  
**ONLY** I CAN  
SEE IT.



**ONLY**  
YOU  
CAN SEE  
IT...

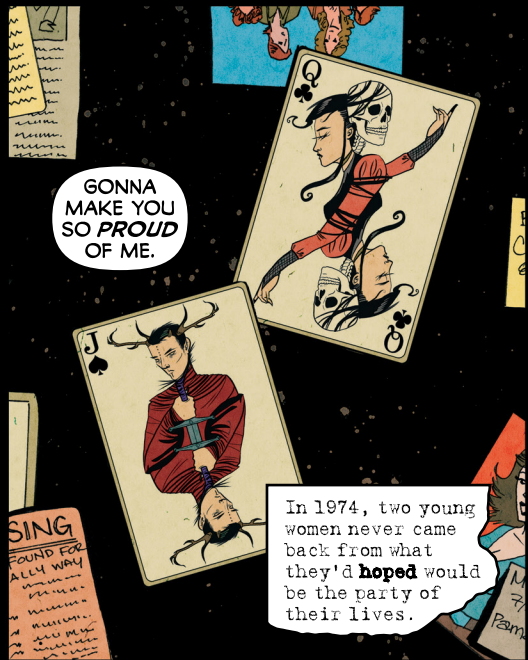


YOU  
DONE THE  
**MATH** ALL  
GOOD,  
KID.

YOU'RE  
**CLOSE**  
NOW.



I'M GONNA SOLVE THIS ONE, POP.



GONNA MAKE YOU SO PROUD OF ME.

In 1974, two young women never came back from what they'd **hoped** would be the party of their lives.



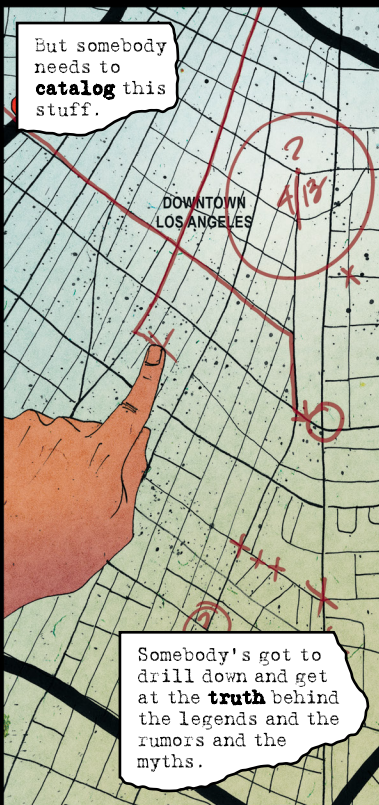
There were stories of **other** missing women over the years. **Party girls** when the party ended. **Groupies** who got on one bus too many.

Girlfriends who **never** made it home.

But if I've figured this **out** right, their **sisterhood** is about to grow--

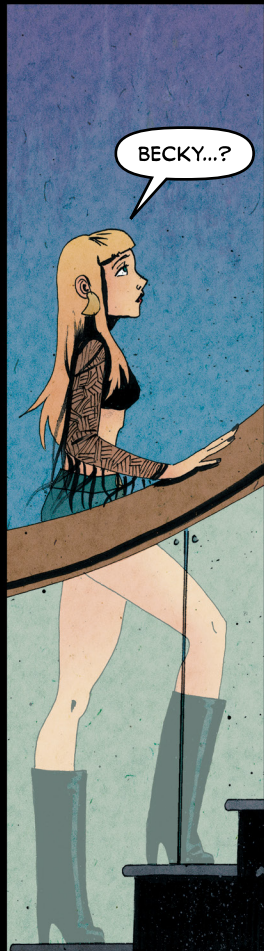
--and **nobody** knows about it but **me**.

next victim

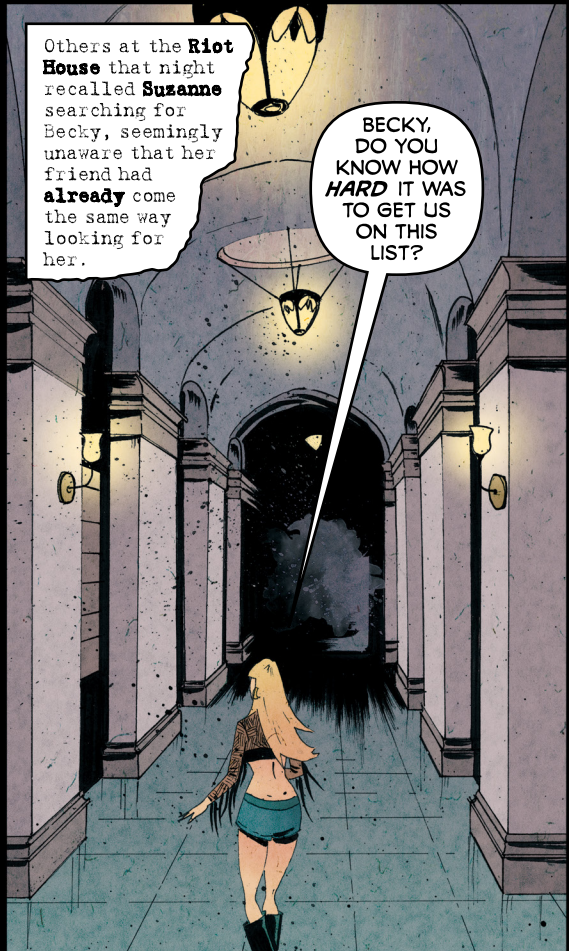




As for her friend--

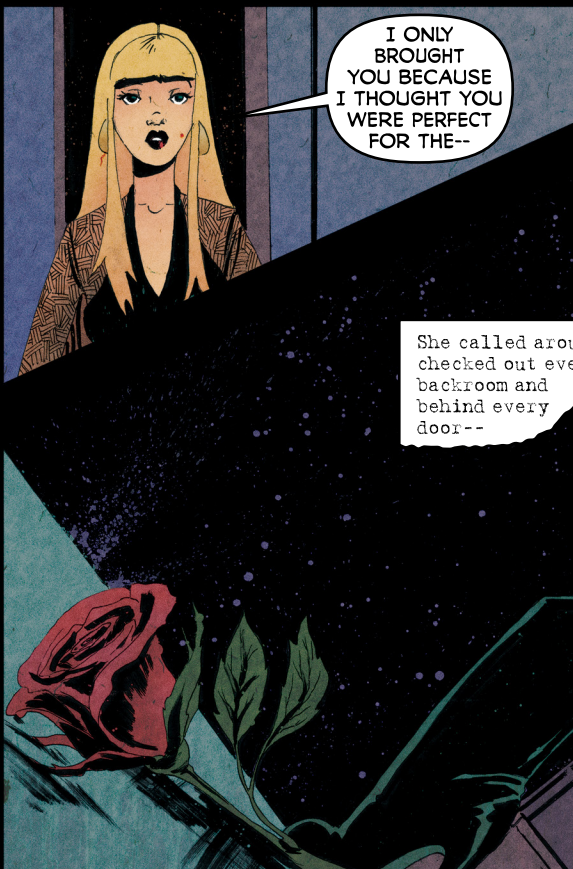


BECKY...?



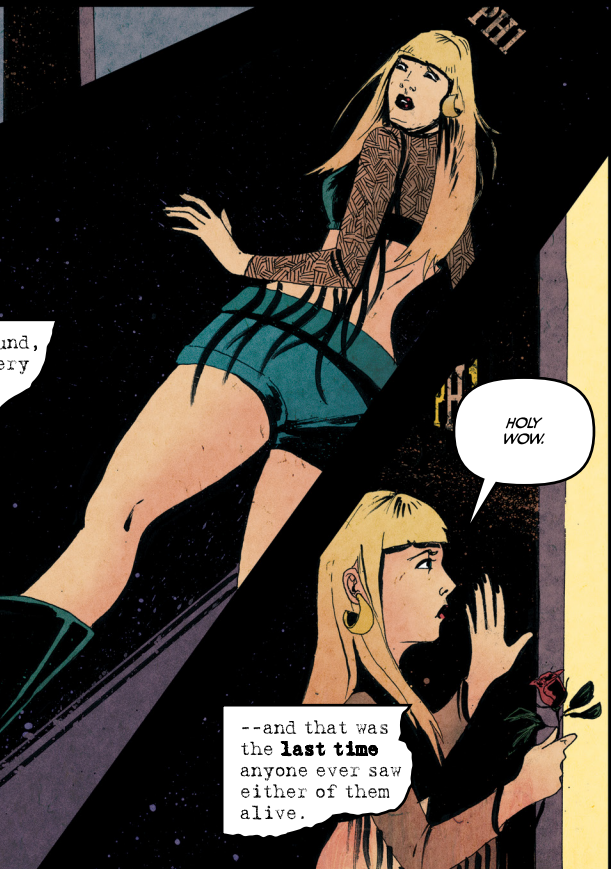
Others at the **Riot House** that night recalled **Suzanne** searching for Becky, seemingly unaware that her friend had **already** come the same way looking for her.

BECKY, DO YOU KNOW HOW **HARD** IT WAS TO GET US ON THIS LIST?



I ONLY BROUGHT YOU BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE PERFECT FOR THE--

She called around, checked out every backroom and behind every door--



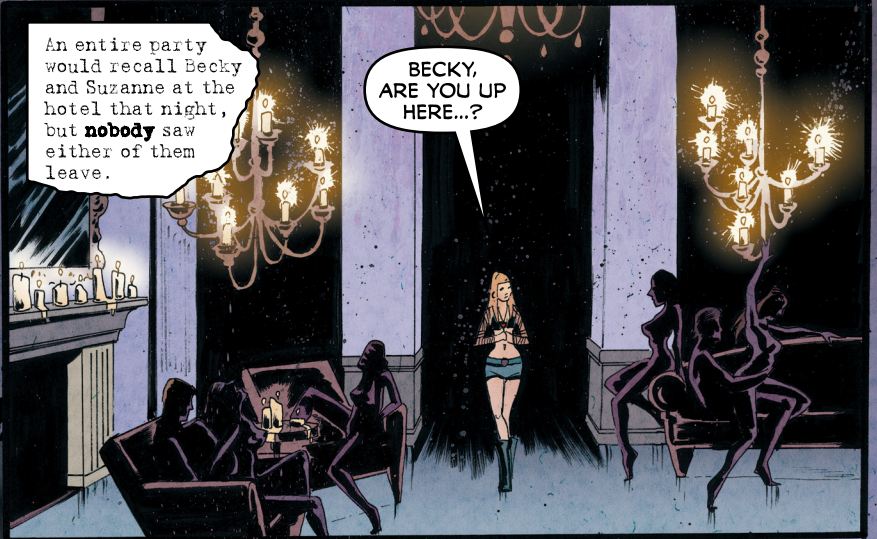
HOLY WOW.

--and that was the **last time** anyone ever saw either of them alive.

SOUTH  
SAN PEDRO,  
NEXT STOP.



An entire party  
would recall Becky  
and Suzanne at the  
hotel that night,  
but **nobody** saw  
either of them  
leave.



BECKY,  
ARE YOU UP  
HERE...?

LAPD Evidence 1974



Besides the **symbol** seared  
into her skin, Becky's  
**right arm** was discovered  
in an **extended position**,  
like she was **curtsying**  
to the Queen.

ARE YOU  
ALL WITH THE  
BAND...?

Or as though she  
were a **princess**  
accepting a **dance**  
from the suitor  
of her choice.

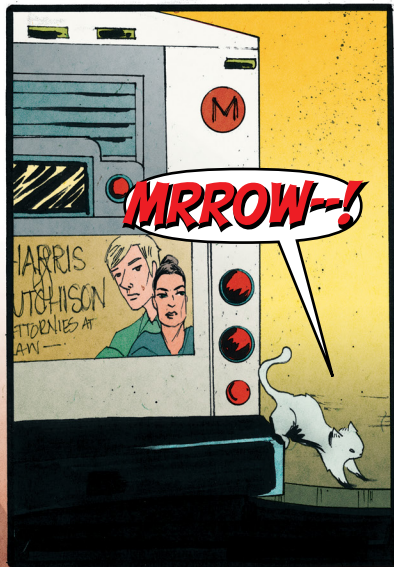
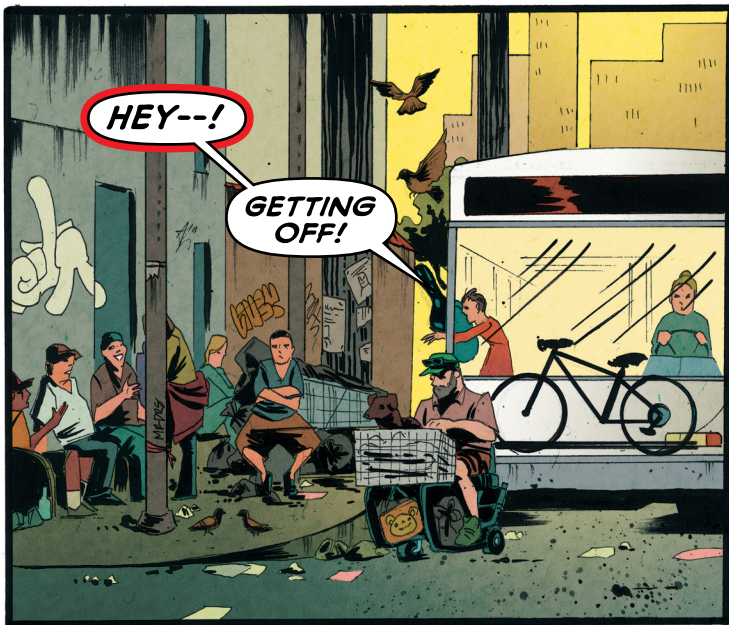


While **Suzanne**  
was never  
heard from  
again.

MAIN  
STREET  
NEXT.

SKID  
ROW.

WHAT--?





Just waiting for the right person--



--to discover it--

HEY, CHECK IT OUT!



LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE'S STILL READY TO PARTY.



MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE...?



UNATTENDED DEATH -- BUT **FORENSICS** IS GOING TO MAKE SURE IT'S NOT A HOMICIDE CASE BEFORE WE PUT IT TO BED.

COPY THAT, WE'LL INFORM THE CORONER.

POLICE LINE POLICE LINE POLICE



LOOKS LIKE A RUNAWAY, MOST LIKELY.

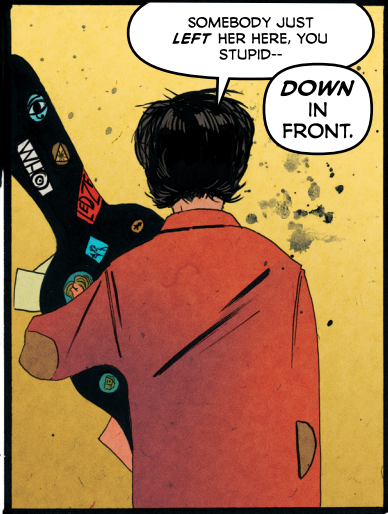
I'M THINKING SHE'S PICKED UP, THEY HAVE A PARTY. CONSENSUAL OR NOT, REMAINS TO BE SEEN--

SO WHAT'S HER *ARM* LIKE THAT FOR?

MAYBE SHE'S *POINTING* TO SOMETHING?

YOU KNOW, LIKE IN THAT *DA VINCI* MOVIE.

SHE WAS LEFT LIKE THAT...



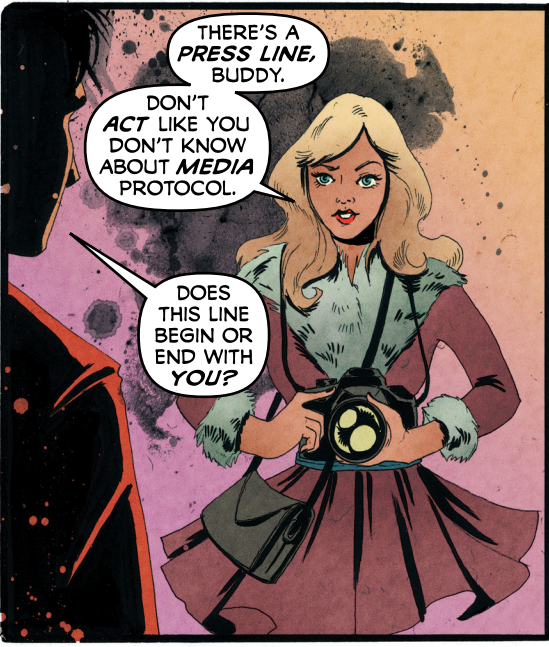
SOMEBODY JUST LEFT HER HERE, YOU STUPID--

**DOWN IN FRONT.**



**HEY-- DOWN IN FRONT, DUDE!**

EXCUSE ME?



THERE'S A **PRESS LINE**, BUDDY.

DON'T **ACT** LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT **MEDIA** PROTOCOL.

DOES THIS LINE BEGIN OR END WITH YOU?



AW, LISTEN TO **BIGFOOT**... POSTDOCTORAL PRACTITIONER OF THE **DICK MOVE** TRYING TO CUT HIS WAY IN LINE!

THE STATE OF JOURNALISM IS **BULLSHIT** TODAY.

OH -- I'M NOT WITH THE MEDIA.



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO...?



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU *THINK* YOU ARE, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE--

**DOROTHY BUELL.**

I **BROKE** THIS STORY.



WELL, I'M **ABOUT** TO ANYWAY.

**DOROTHY BUELL**  
MUSIC WRITER  
INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER



IN FACT, IF YOU *KNOW* SOMETHING YOU THINK YOU WANT TO SHARE, I CAN CREDIT YOU AS AN *ANONYMOUS SOURCE*.

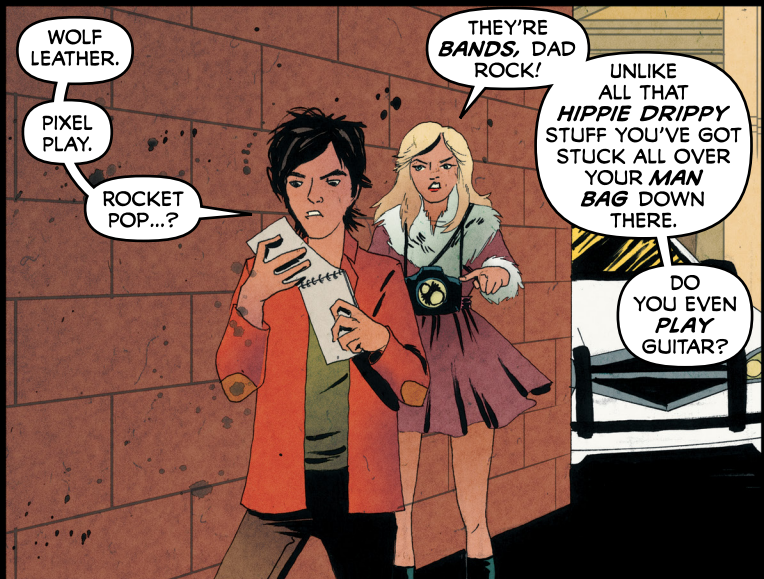
IT'S COOL, I MEAN... I CAN MAYBE SEND YOU A *COPY* WHEN IT'S PUBLISHED. BUT I CAN'T *AUTOGRAPH* IT, YOU UNDERSTAND.

IT WOULD JUST **DESTROY** THE MYSTIQUE OF THE--



WHO ARE YOU *WITH*?

HEY -- **FREEDOM OF THE PRESS**, BRAH!



WOLF LEATHER.

PIXEL PLAY.

ROCKET POP...?

THEY'RE **BANDS**, DAD ROCK!

UNLIKE ALL THAT **HIPPIE DRIPPY** STUFF YOU'VE GOT STUCK ALL OVER YOUR **MAN BAG** DOWN THERE.

DO YOU EVEN **PLAY** GUITAR?



HOW'D YOU *KNOW* ABOUT HER?

A MUSIC JOURNALIST ISN'T HUNCHED OVER THE *POLICE SCANNER* AND CHASING AMBULANCES.

DUDE, HAVE YOU *HEARD* THE CURRENT STATE OF POPULAR MUSIC?



I DON'T THINK SHE'S GONNA *FIT* IN THE--

JUST HELP ME *ZIP* HER *UP!*



WHO *TOLD* YOU TO COME DOWN HERE?

A *SOURCE*.

WHOM I *CANNOT* REVEAL, EVEN UNDER THREAT OF *WATER-BOARDING*.

*INTERESTING* IDEA...



HOW ABOUT *YOU*, SGT. PEPPER...?

WHAT'S *YOUR* STORY?

WHO, *ME*...?



I DON'T *HAVE* ONE, I GUESS.



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE CLOSING.

**PRRRR?**

MAYBE, IF I COME BACK IN THE MORNING, I CAN POSE AS A *RELATIVE* COME TO I.D. THE BODY AND--



IS *THAT* YOUR PLAN?

YOU'RE GOING TO COME BACK AND *CLAIM* YOUR DEARLY DEPARTED WITHOUT A NAME, A CAUSE OF DEATH OR A *CLUE*.



I NEVER WOULD HAVE *FIGURED* YOU FOR A CAT DADDY.

**HHHHH!**

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

*CHARMING.*

SAME THING *YOU'RE* AFTER, I RECKON.

SWEET BABY *JANE DOE* IS IN THERE LYING ON A SLAB WHILE EACH OF *US* SUSPECTS A CONNECTION TO EVENTS I'LL WAGER THE *COPS* KNOW NOTHING ABOUT.

EACH OF *US* *TASKED* BY SECRET PATRONS, HOPELESSLY LEFT TO OUR OWN DEVICES...

...WHEN *MUTUAL COOPERATION* SEEMS TO BE THE GOLDEN ANSWER.



I-I DON'T KNOW. THIS IS A DELICATE CASE AND I'M NOT SURE I CAN *TRUST* ANYONE WITH--

≡SIGH≡

TIME TO TAKE OFF YOUR *PANTIES* AND *STRAP ON* A COUPLE, COWBOY.

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU--?





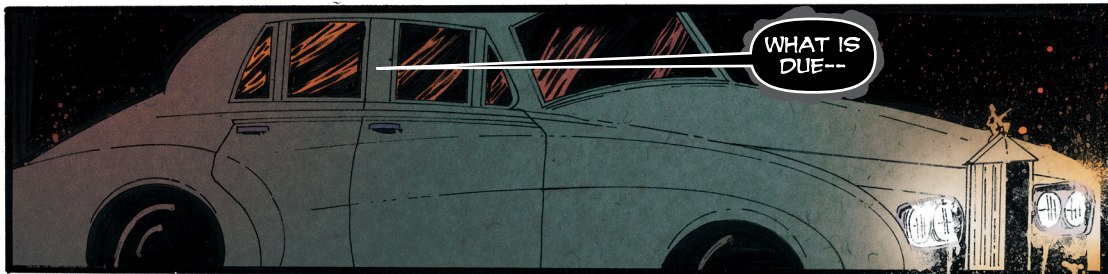
JUST TRY AND KEEP UP!

IT IS TIME.

ARE YOU INSANE---? WAIT FOR ME!



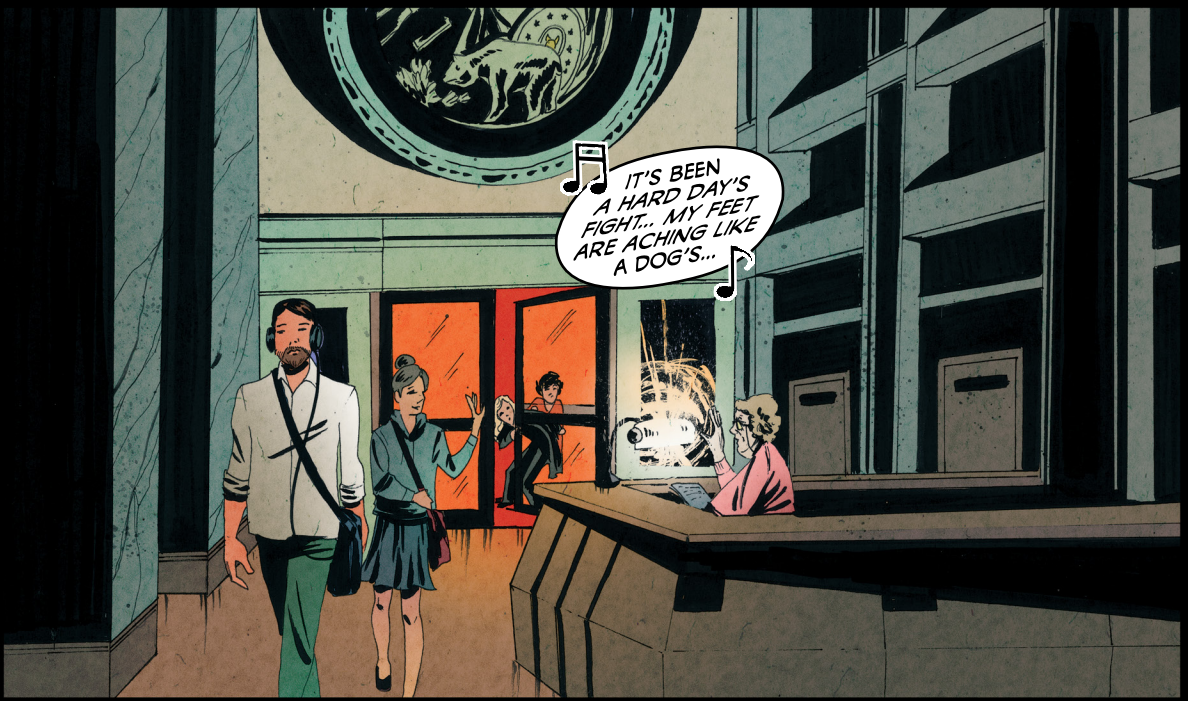
THE GAME IS UPON US.



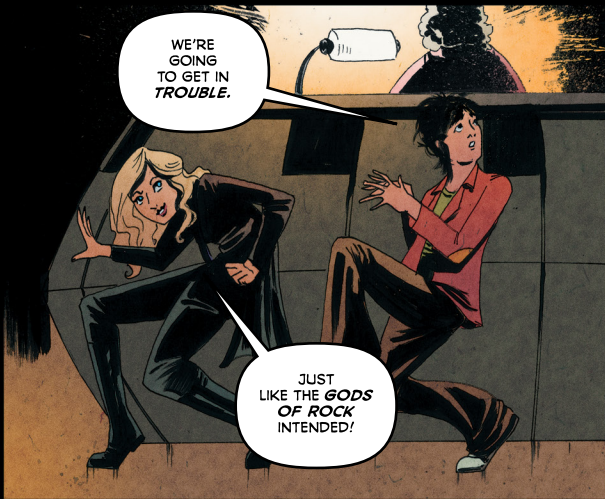
WHAT IS DUE--



--IS DUE.



IT'S BEEN A HARD DAY'S FIGHT... MY FEET ARE ACHING LIKE A DOG'S...



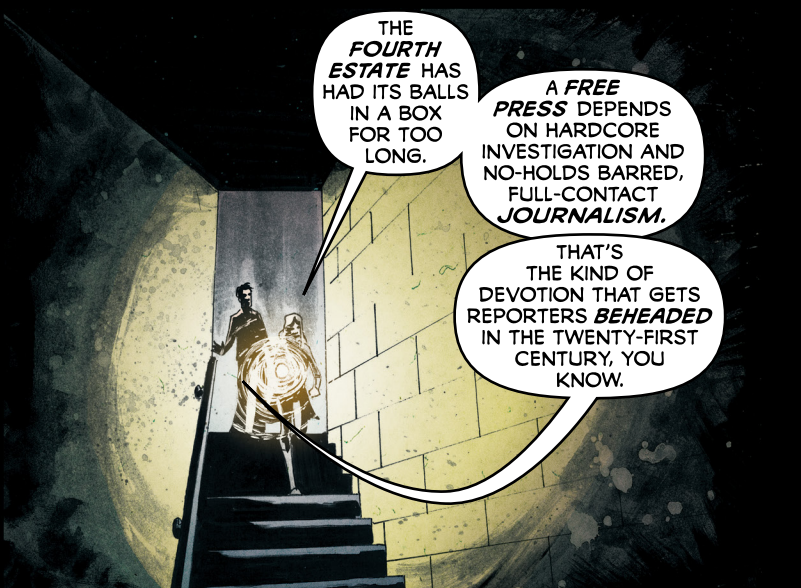
WE'RE GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE.

JUST LIKE THE GODS OF ROCK INTENDED!



THEY'RE SHUTTING OFF THE LIGHTS NOW!

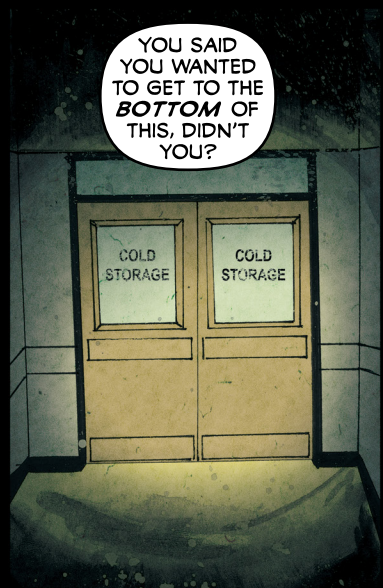
BETTER TO BURN OUT THAN IT IS TO RUST!



THE FOURTH ESTATE HAS HAD ITS BALLS IN A BOX FOR TOO LONG.

A FREE PRESS DEPENDS ON HARD CORE INVESTIGATION AND NO-HOLDS BARRED, FULL-CONTACT JOURNALISM.

THAT'S THE KIND OF DEVOTION THAT GETS REPORTERS BEHEADED IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY, YOU KNOW.



YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, DIDN'T YOU?

"SO LET'S  
SEE HOW DEEP  
IT GOES..."

I'M  
SORRY, THE  
CORONER'S  
OFFICE IS  
CLOSED.

YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
COME  
BACK...

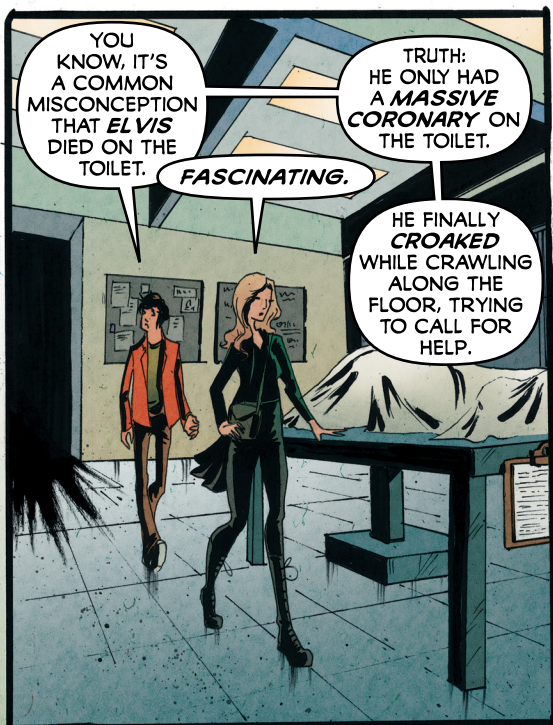


...TOMORROW.

BUT...  
WE'VE  
COME  
ALL THIS  
WAY.

SURELY  
YOU'LL  
PERMIT A  
MOURNING  
PARTY IT'S  
DAY?





YOU KNOW, IT'S A COMMON MISCONCEPTION THAT *ELVIS* DIED ON THE TOILET.

FASCINATING.

TRUTH: HE ONLY HAD A *MASSIVE CORONARY* ON THE TOILET.

HE FINALLY *CROAKED* WHILE CRAWLING ALONG THE FLOOR, TRYING TO CALL FOR HELP.



AND IS THERE A *MORAL* TO THIS CAUTIONARY TALE?

EVERYBODY *SHITS* THEMSELVES WHEN THEY DIE.



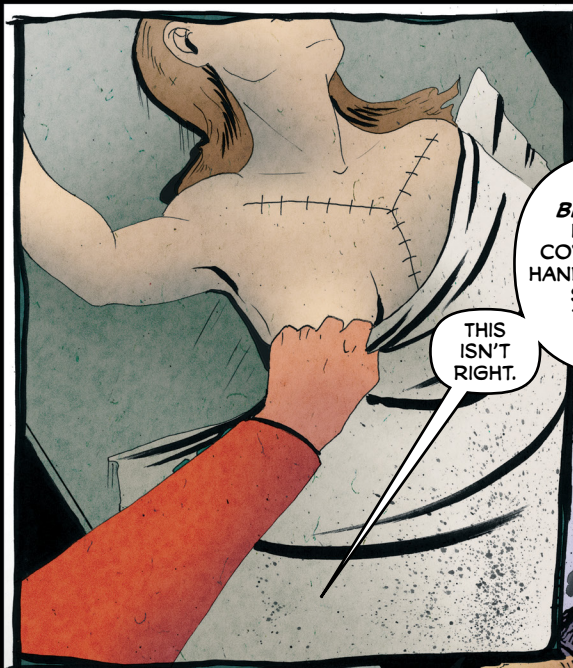
WHETHER WE LEAVE PEANUT BUTTER AND BACON *SKIDMARKS* BEHIND IS UP TO *US*.



HOW ABOUT YOUR *GIRLFRIEND*, THEN?

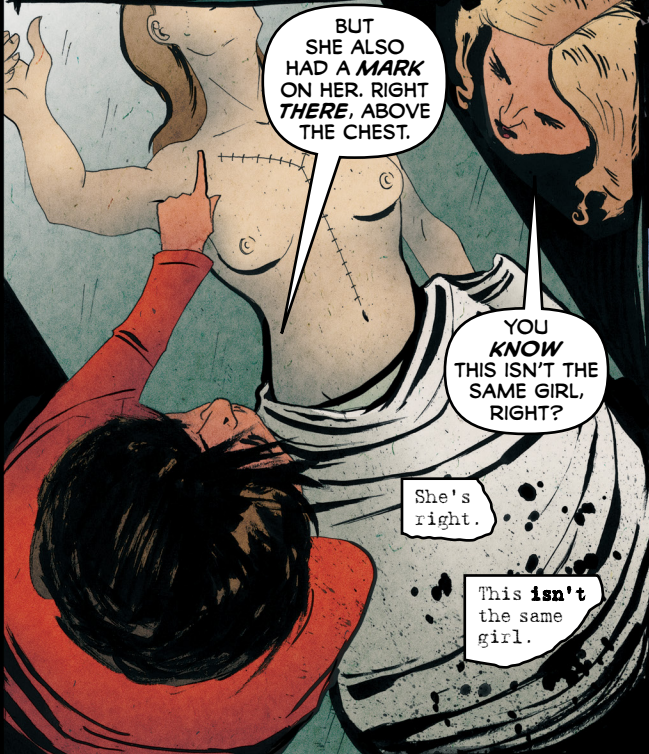


YOU STILL LOOKING TO TAKE *HER* DIRTY BLOOMERS FOR A TWIRL?



WHEN THEY FOUND **BECKY ALBRIGHT** IN 1974, SHE WAS COVERED IN BITES AND HANDPRINTS THAT DIDN'T SEEM TO BELONG TO *ANYONE* THE POLICE COULD IDENTIFY.

THIS ISN'T RIGHT.



BUT SHE ALSO HAD A **MARK** ON HER. RIGHT **THERE**, ABOVE THE CHEST.

YOU **KNOW** THIS ISN'T THE SAME GIRL, RIGHT?

She's right.

This **isn't** the same girl.



But **Becky Albright** was mysteriously **tagged**, and this **Jane Doe** doesn't appear to be.



WHO **SENT** YOU? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR HERE?

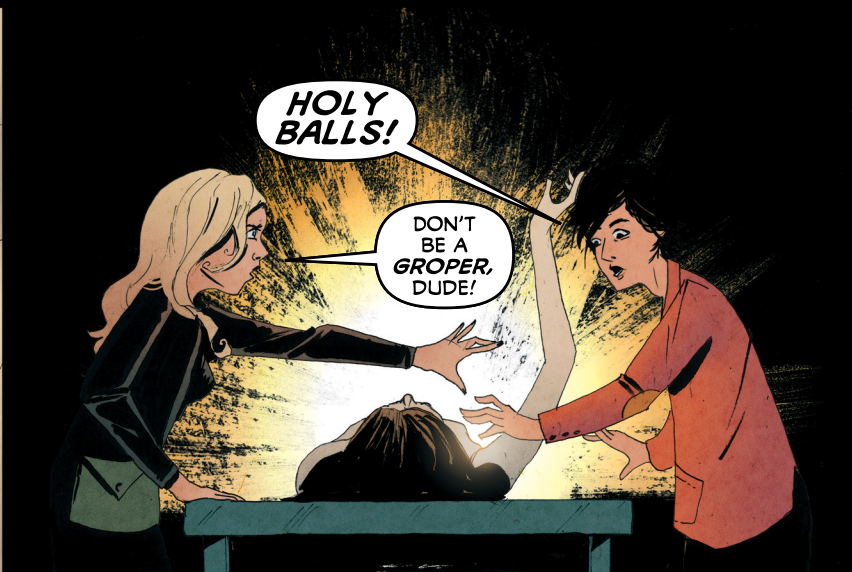
TELL ME WHAT YOU **REALLY** WANT WITH—

UH...





...JACKIE,  
LOOK!



HOLY  
BALLS!

DON'T  
BE A  
GROPER,  
DUDE!



YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND --  
THAT'S THE  
MARK!

THE  
SAME ONE  
THEY FOUND  
ON--

JACKIE --  
SHHH!

CRREEEAK



WE  
HAVE  
COME.

THE  
TIME IS  
NOW.



WHAT  
IS DONE IS  
DONE.

YOU'VE BEEN LEFT ALL ALONE...

...ABANDONED...

...BUT NOT BY US.

POOR THING.

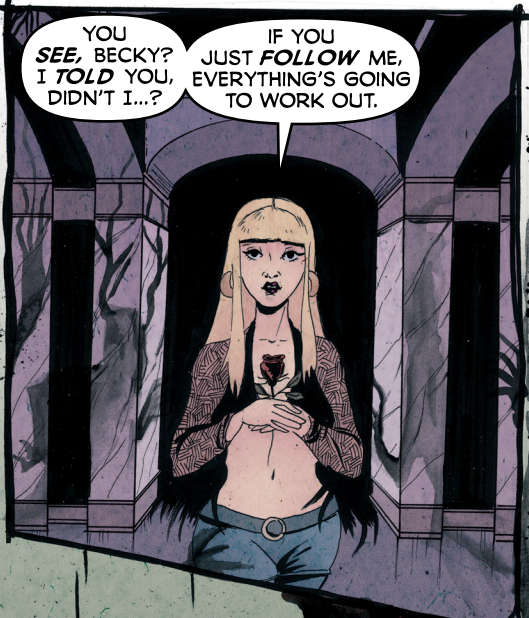
MMMPPH--!

HOLY SHIT, DOROTHY.



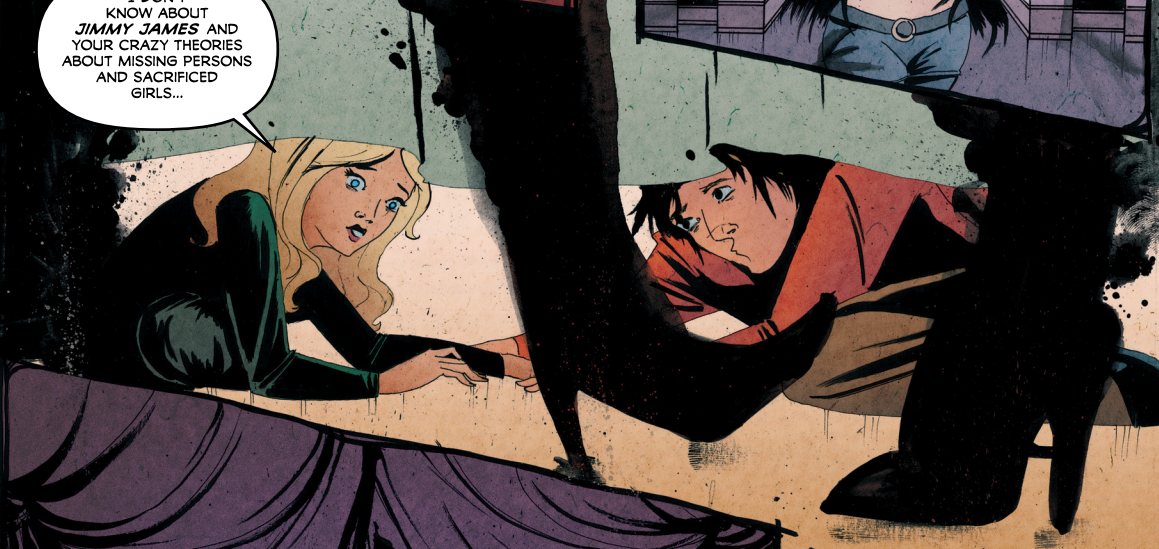


I THINK **THESE** ARE THE PEOPLE WHO KILLED BECKY.



YOU **SEE**, BECKY? I **TOLD** YOU, DIDN'T I...?

IF YOU **FOLLOW** ME, EVERYTHING'S GOING TO WORK OUT.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT **JIMMY JAMES** AND YOUR CRAZY THEORIES ABOUT MISSING PERSONS AND SACRIFICED GIRLS...



...BUT YOU SEE **ROSIE** OVER THERE...?



"...I THINK SHE'S MY SOURCE!"

**NEXT:**  
**NOT GROUPIES - GAMESMEN**

# THE GODS OF 'HEAVY' ROCK



Blue Rider publicity image

In a span of only five years, Blue Rider changed rock 'n' roll forever ... but at what cost?

By Trick Dixon

It didn't take the British group, Blue Rider, long to work their way to the top of the rock pyramid. With a heavy mix of chords, crunch and what the devil himself might describe as "the good stuff," they're everything your parents worried about and more.

But it hasn't been easy for the boys from Brighton. Police harassment over unruly lines of ravenous fans waiting to attend their concerts are dwarfed

by the municipal "States of Emergency" that seem to follow the band from town to town, along with more devoted fans, worried parents concerned just what their kids have gotten mixed up in this time around and the seemingly never-ending stream of groupies determined to get closer to the biggest group America has seen wash ashore yet.

Steppenwolf wrote of "Heavy Metal thunder," but these

guys seem to mean it. With the larger venues and expectations, the band hasn't rested on its laurels. Their sets are blistering processions that clock in at three hours-plus, and the kids in the front row seem to follow the piper's tune as they're called to whip their hair and bang their heads along with the steady, sturdy heaviness that pounds out of blown PA speakers like it has from parked cars and backseat petting sessions five years now.

## THE GODS OF HEAVY ROCK



Photo by Black eM

Jimmy James' big bet paid off big. The band officially changed their name to Blue Rider, and set out on the road to make that name stand up.

Blue Rider would tour, ceaselessly, though 1971 and 1972, all while writing new material and working it out onstage over marathon sets that grew from three to almost four hours a night on average before recording the next album and releasing it to

the growing masses of fans. News of the band's breakup hit suddenly and hard. Blue Rider had fundamentally changed rock music, but Jimmy James was never one to rest on his laurels. He described his seclusion as "necessary recharging" after the allegations against him failed to produce any leads for investigators.

Returning to his castle in the north of England, Jimmy said he would reemerge when the time was right, but for now the rock legend is declining all press requests.

Jimmy James had been convinced that American audiences wanted heavier music and more of it. The '60s were over. The revolution was done. The student bodies spilling out of the high schools of California, the New York/New Jersey Tri-State area and the upper Midwest were ripe for the lure of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll rebellion.

“  
**Steppenwolf wrote of 'Heavy Metal Thunder' but these guys seem to mean it.**  
”

Blue Rider, he would indulge them. Building from blues roots (at times accused of straight-up plagiarizing the original masters), the band not only elevated their music to epic heights, they tapped something even more primal that lurked beneath the music.



Jimmy's infamous symbol (or "rune"); its meaning is still a mystery.



Photo by Black eM

WARNING  
THIS RECORD CONTAINS

# BACKWARD MESSAGES

Please send letters to:  
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rockstarscomics.com

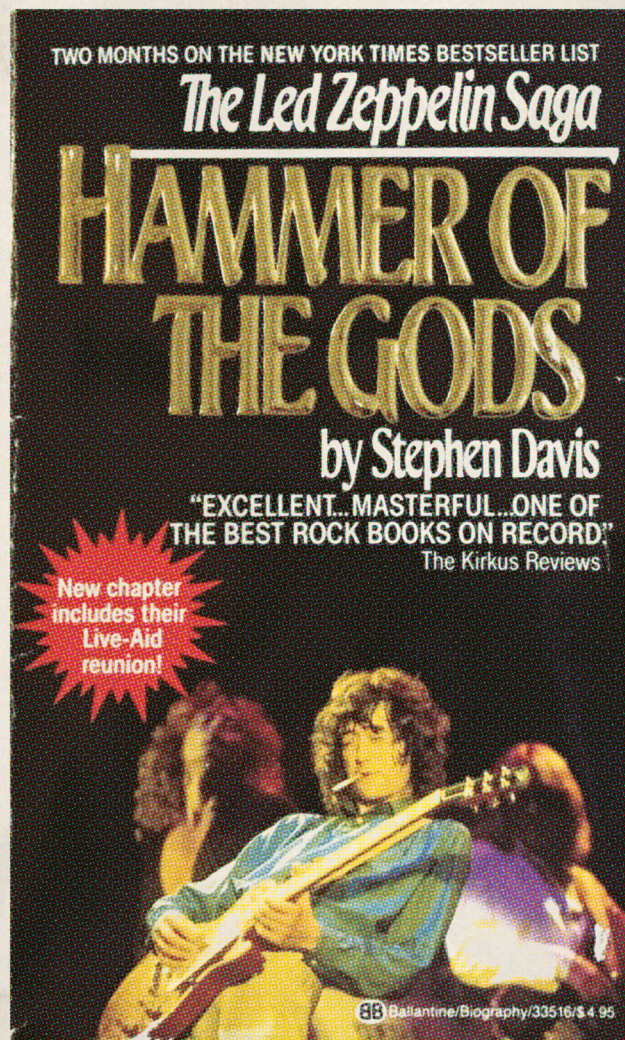
## SEND US EMAIL!

What are your favorite rock 'n' roll conspiracies and urban legends?  
What musical mysteries should we dig into?  
From the "Forever 27" club to just who killed Biggie and Tupac,  
everything is on the table!

### Mudsharks & Red Snappers

I first read about the "mudshark" thing in Stephen Davis' *Hammer of the Gods*. People commonly refer to it as just that—the "mudshark" story—but Davis reported that it actually involved a red snapper caught near where the band was staying while playing a show in Seattle. At around twelve years old, my imagination—along with other soon to be raging parts of me—was on the verge of being fully activated by Led Zeppelin. I was, of course, a generation younger than when this fascination might have been best indulged.

I grew up in the '80s, where hair metal was the closest thing to rock 'n' roll we really got, and where a few scattered and very forgettable Led Zeppelin reunions would leave fans confused and kind of concerned for Jimmy Page's well being. But the stories that survived Zeppelin's demise—from the Alistair Crowley fixations to the Dionysian excesses at the Riot House on Sunset, and every trashed hotel room, groupie gang-bang and groundbreaking, culture-



WARNING  
THIS RECORD CONTAINS

# BACKWARD MESSAGES

altering tour in-between—  
painted a portrait of a band  
that had achieved the pinnacle,  
and paid the price, for an  
unholy union that propelled  
them there.

Zeppelin is almost its  
own genre, but there are  
innumerable small, easily  
related stories surrounding  
rock 'n' roll that make it mythic  
and provide for a good amount  
of mystery. Everyone's heard  
about Ozzy Osbourne biting  
the head off a bat onstage.  
But did you know that Charles  
Manson wrote a Beach Boys  
song? Or that Waylon Jennings  
was forever haunted by the  
decision to give up his seat for  
Buddy Holly on the plane that  
Day the Music Died? That a  
line in "Stairway to Heaven"  
almost kinda does sound like  
"Here's to my sweet Satan..."  
when played backwards? That  
Gram Parsons' body was stolen  
from the morgue?

## Welcome to the the first issue of ROCKSTARS...

where we examine these sort of stories and imagine a rock 'n'  
roll landscape in which "Paul is Dead" might have another  
dimension nobody's uncovered yet, or where Brian Wilson's  
mental health decline was exacerbated by his intense drive  
to not be wholly annihilated by the Beatles' brilliant "Sgt.  
Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" release. It explores a  
reality in which "Dark Side of the Moon" really does sync up  
with *The Wizard of Oz* while potentially examining the hidden  
reason why, and where deals with the devil just might be  
worth it to all parties involved.

Send us some email and give us suggestions.

What are some of your favorite rock myths and stories you'd  
like to see us dig into?

Joe Harris  
NYC  
11/19/16

### ROCK'S MOST OUTRAGEOUS STORY, IN ALL ITS AMAZING DETAIL!

Led Zeppelin. The hottest, hardest, horniest, most  
hedonistic group in rock history. The daddies of today's  
heavy metal explosion. The band whose parties were the  
ultimate in '60s and '70s excess—round-the-clock blasts  
with ecstatic groupies and drugs galore. The band whose  
concerts were long, loud, thrilling tributes to the power of  
rock. The band who may have made a deal with the  
Devil—and suffered the consequences.

Based on interviews with the band and their friends,  
employees, and lovers, *Hammer of the Gods* reveals for  
the first time the truth behind the genius of Jimmy Page,  
Robert Plant, John Paul Jones, and the late John Bonham...  
the truth behind the mysteries and rumors that have  
surrounded Zeppelin from the start... the truth behind the  
tragedies they suffered and the triumphs no one will  
ever forget.

In a world of imitators, there is only one original.  
Led Zeppelin.

### ENTHRALLING... ONE OF ROCK'S GREATEST STORIES IS FINALLY TOLD.

Danny Sugarman  
co-author, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*



ISBN 0-395-33516-3

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Megan Hutchison  
@blackem\_art

# NEXT ISSUE: IS EVERYBODY IN? THE GAME IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

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**SIDE 1**  
FULL COLOR

## ROCKSTARS

Track 2

Nativity in Blacklight



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