

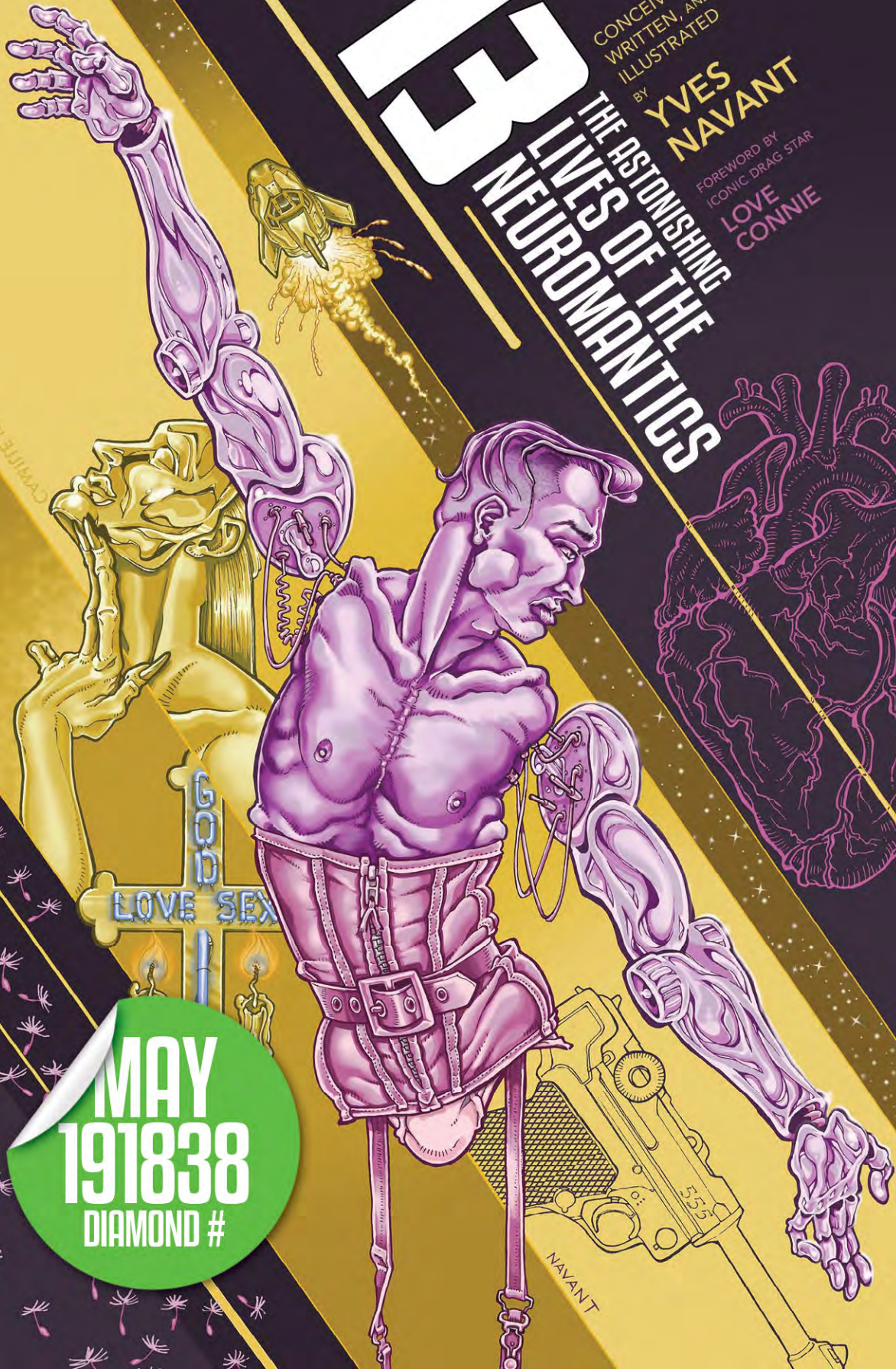
ER

CONCEIVED,
WRITTEN, AND
ILLUSTRATED

BY **YVES
NAVANT**

FOREWORD BY
ICONIC DRAG STAR
**LOVE
CONNIE**

THE ASTONISHING LIVES OF THE NEUROMANTICS



MAY
191838
DIAMOND #

CRAMER IS GOOD

LOVE SEX
GOD

NAVANT



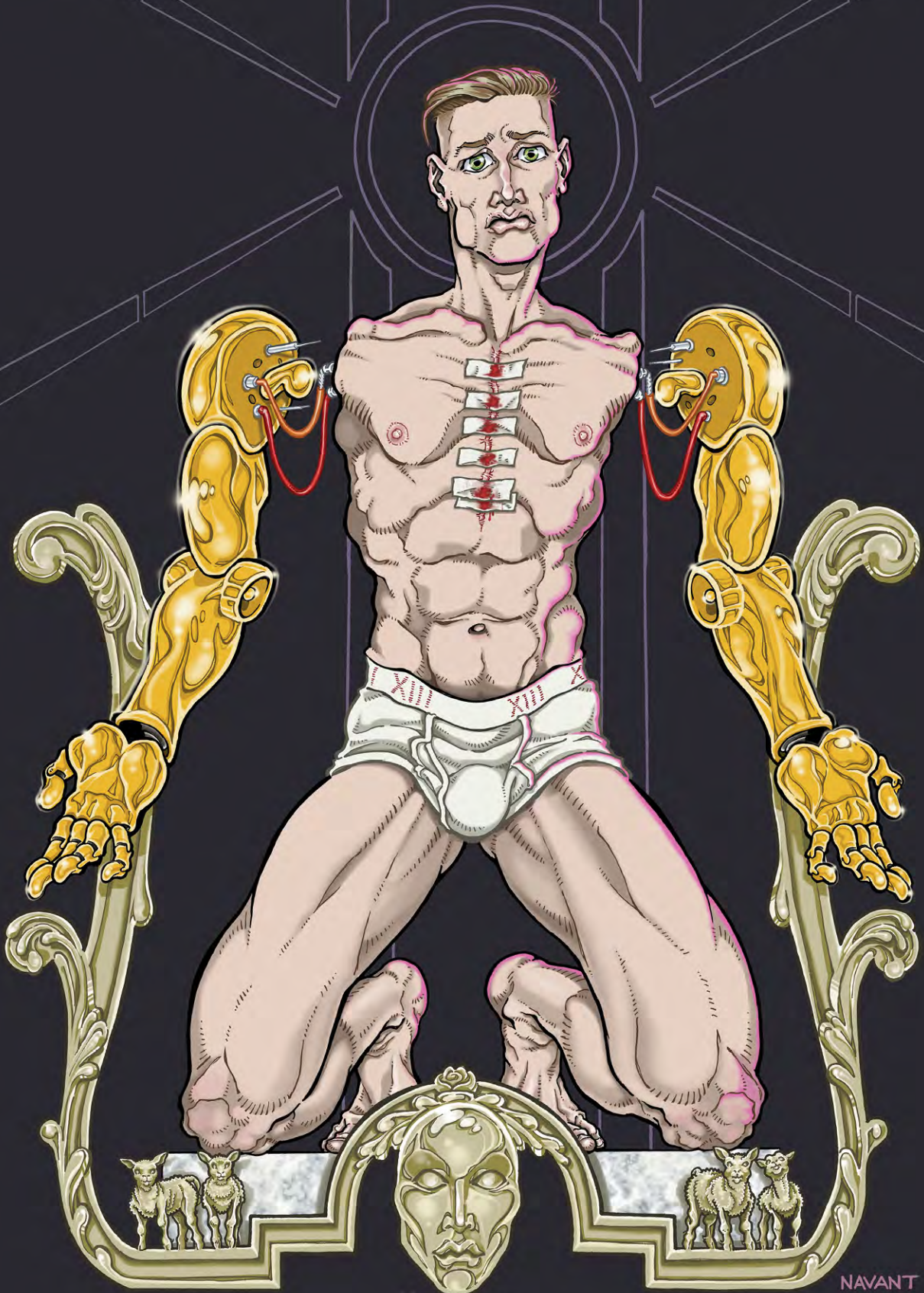
13 THE ASTONISHING LIVES OF THE NEUROMANTICS

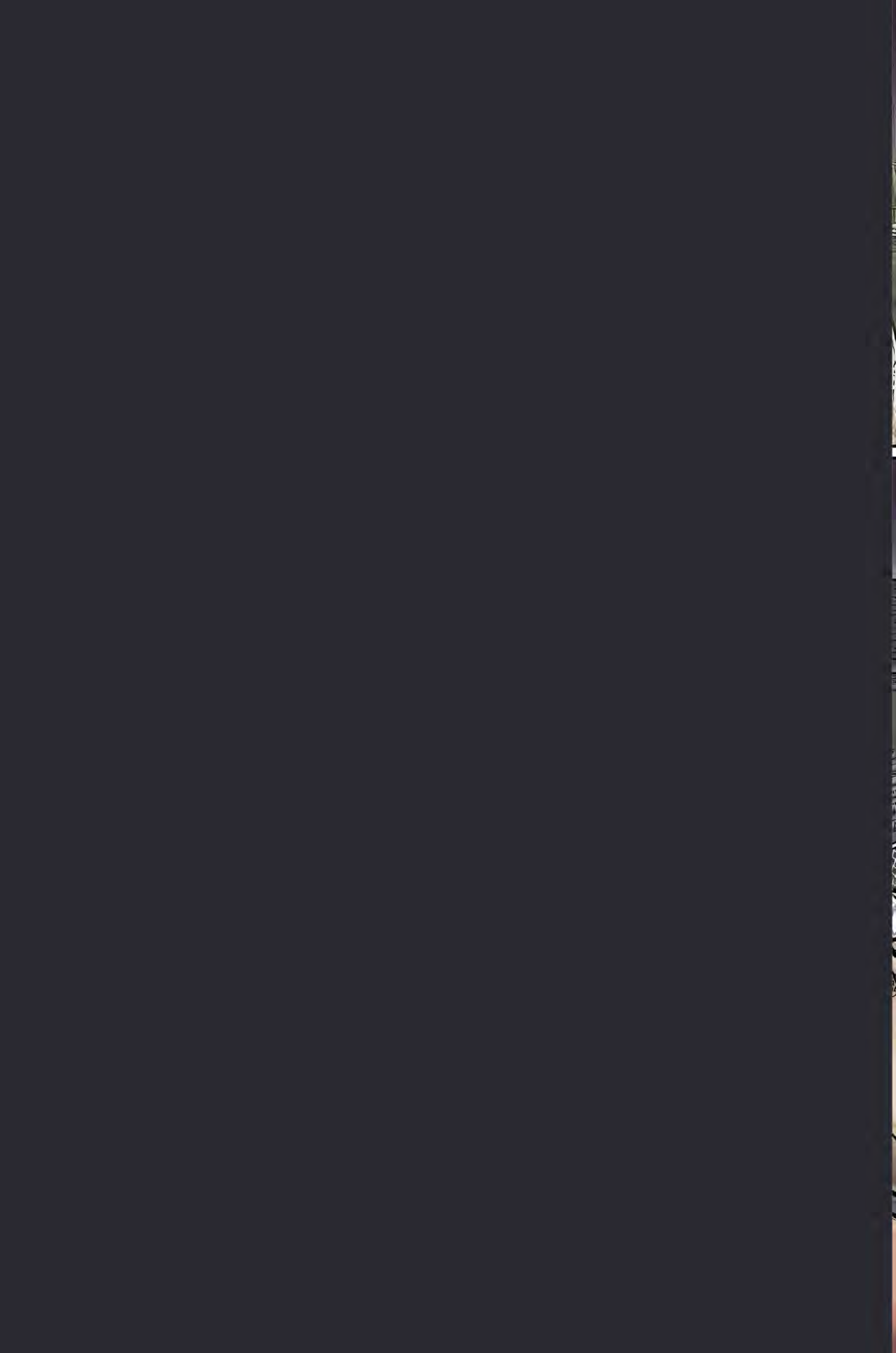
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AND ILLUSTRATED BY

YVES NAVANT

PART 1

**ASTONISHING
LIVES OF THE
NEUROMANTICS**







THE AMERICAN GHETTO.

THIS IS NOT A POLICEABLE ZONE

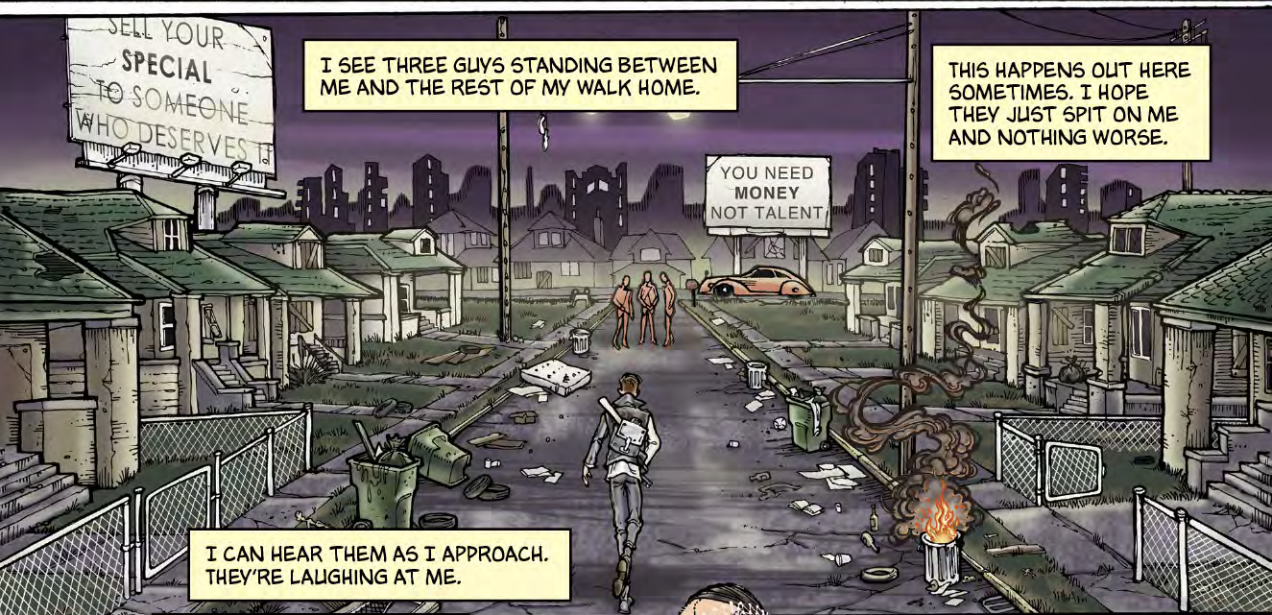
PRÓTESIS BARATOS!

GASOLIN

CHEAP LIMBS

YOU ARE NOT SPECIAL SELL IT.

IT'S A TERRIBLE PLACE, AND IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DREAM HERE.



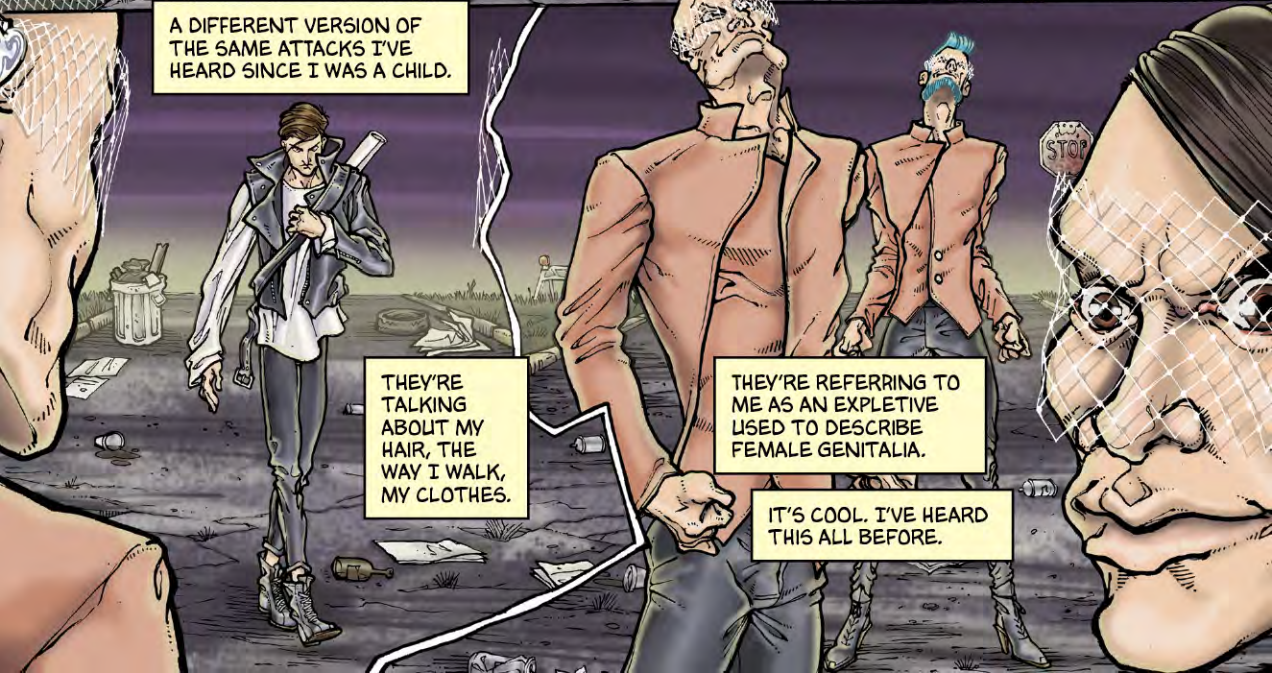
SELL YOUR SPECIAL TO SOMEONE WHO DESERVES IT

I SEE THREE GUYS STANDING BETWEEN ME AND THE REST OF MY WALK HOME.

THIS HAPPENS OUT HERE SOMETIMES. I HOPE THEY JUST SPIT ON ME AND NOTHING WORSE.

YOU NEED MONEY NOT TALENT

I CAN HEAR THEM AS I APPROACH. THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME.

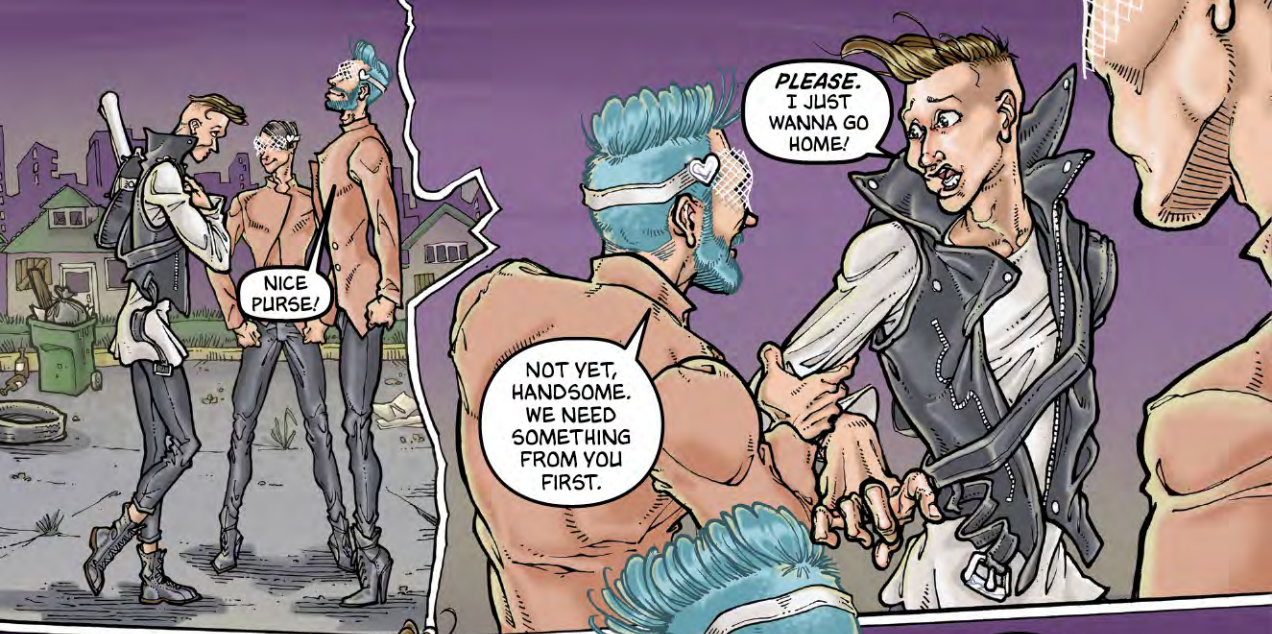


A DIFFERENT VERSION OF THE SAME ATTACKS I'VE HEARD SINCE I WAS A CHILD.

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT MY HAIR, THE WAY I WALK, MY CLOTHES.

THEY'RE REFERRING TO ME AS AN EXPLETIVE USED TO DESCRIBE FEMALE GENITALIA.

IT'S COOL. I'VE HEARD THIS ALL BEFORE.



NICE PURSE!



PLEASE. I JUST WANNA GO HOME!



NOT YET, HANDSOME. WE NEED SOMETHING FROM YOU FIRST.



I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING!

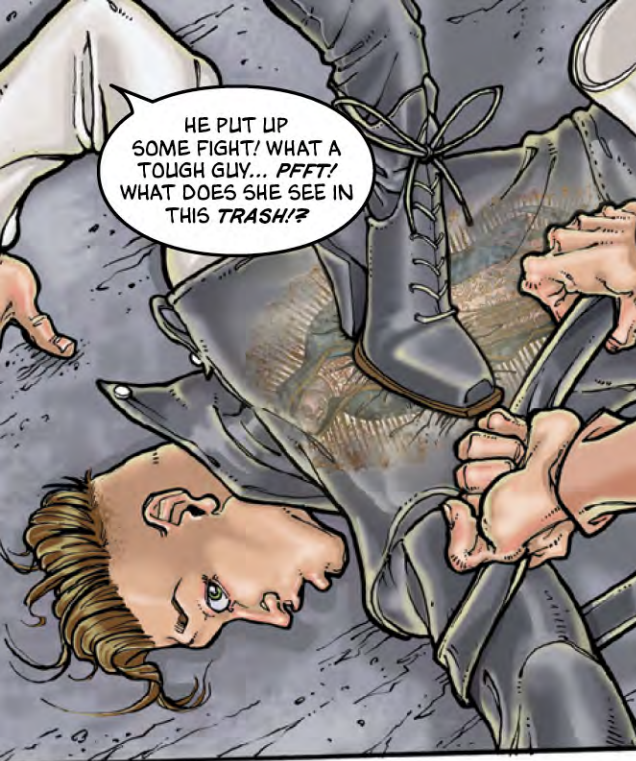
NAW, FAGGOT.

YOU AREN'T ANYTHING. BUT YOU HAVE SOMETHING...



...JUST NOT FOR LONG.

LUNK!



HE PUT UP SOME FIGHT! WHAT A TOUGH GUY... PFFT! WHAT DOES SHE SEE IN THIS TRASH?!



BLACK LEATHER LOSER. JACKET MAKES HIM LOOK TOUGH.

REAL, REAL TOUGH.

JUST GET THE BLOODY BAG AND GET TO THE CAR, BOYS!

WHAT WAS THAT? SOME REALLY FASHIONABLE STREET GANG? AVANT-GARDE BULLIES?

DAMN, ALL OF THAT FOR A BAG I BOUGHT USED; I CAN'T AFFORD TO REPLACE IT. MAYBE AFTER MY SURGERY I CAN GET A NEW ONE.

NO.

...I GUESS I WON'T NEED SOMETHING TO CARRY ART SUPPLIES IN...



AT LEAST I'M NOT HURT.

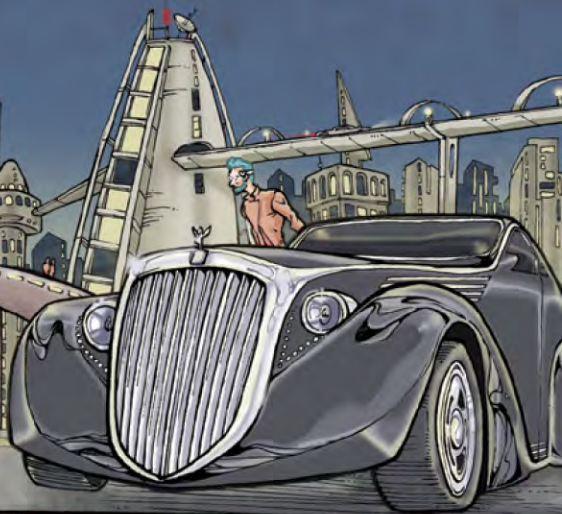


MOM WOULD'VE KILLED ME IF I INJURED MY ARMS BEFORE TOMORROW.

THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST INTO COMING DOWN HERE TO TERRORIZE DONORS.

UPTOWN. WHERE
THE PRIVILEGED LIVE.

A CLEAN, OPULENT PLACE.
ALL GILDED EVERYTHING.
IF YOU DON'T LIVE HERE...

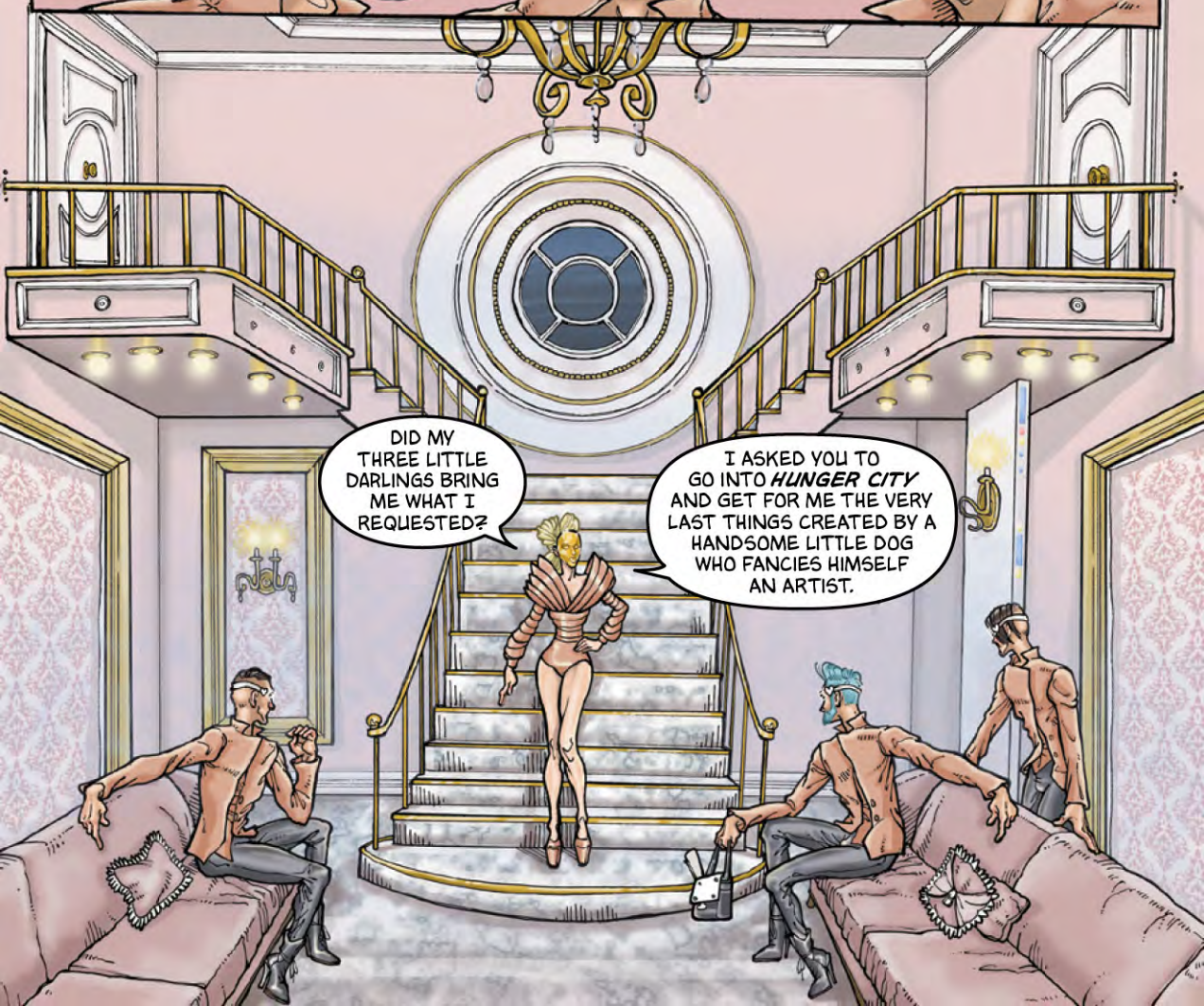


...YOU'RE LESS
THAN AN
ANIMAL.

SUSAN.

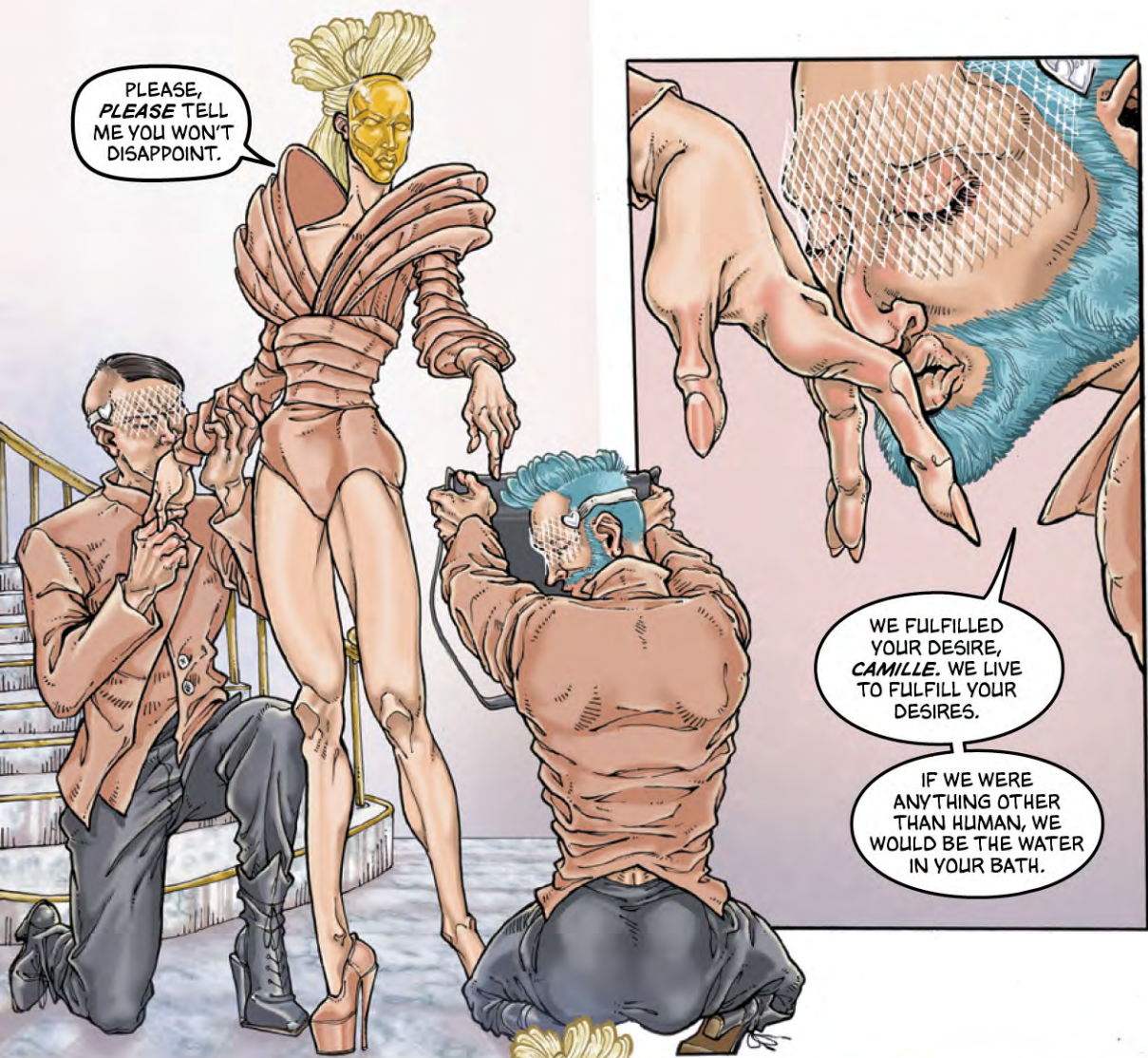
VIVIAN.

BRENDA.



DID MY
THREE LITTLE
DARLINGS BRING
ME WHAT I
REQUESTED?

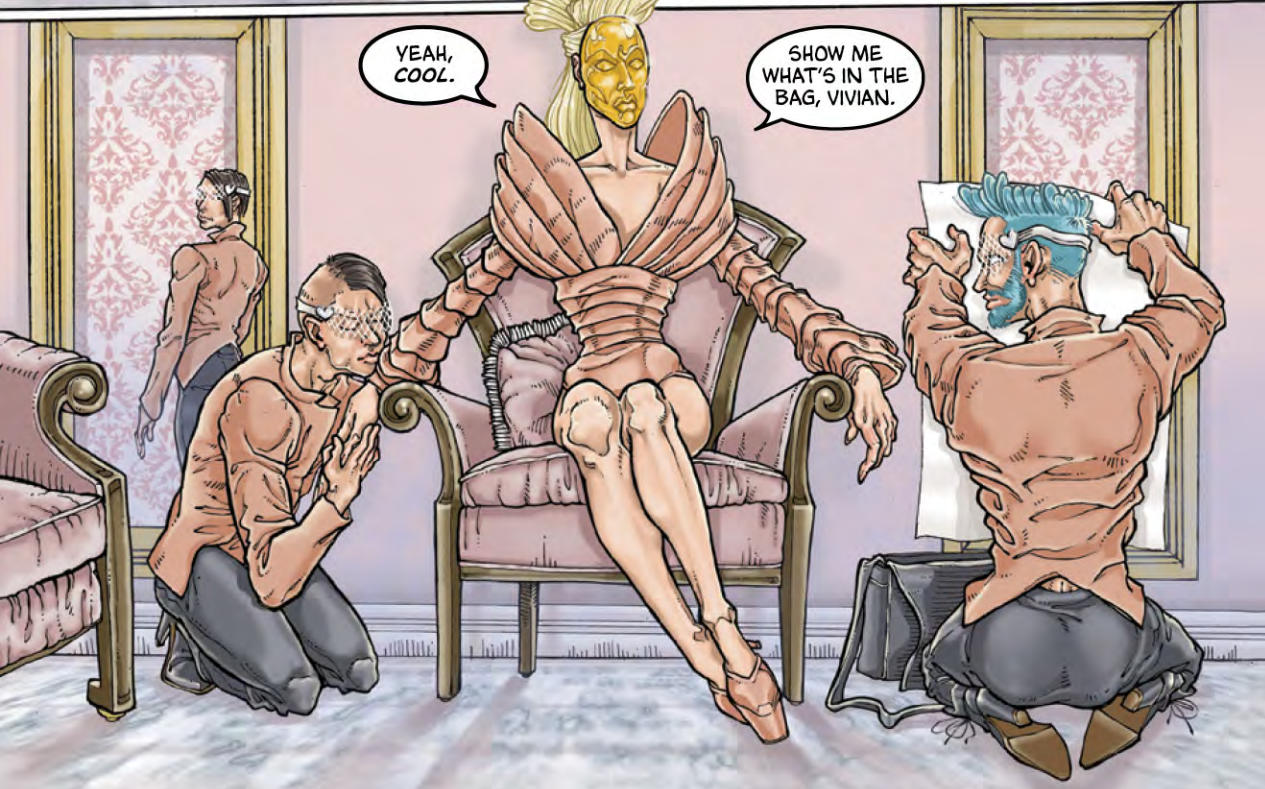
I ASKED YOU TO
GO INTO *HUNGER CITY*
AND GET FOR ME THE VERY
LAST THINGS CREATED BY A
HANDSOME LITTLE DOG
WHO FANCIES HIMSELF
AN ARTIST.



PLEASE,
PLEASE TELL
ME YOU WON'T
DISAPPOINT.

WE FULFILLED
YOUR DESIRE,
CAMILLE. WE LIVE
TO FULFILL YOUR
DESIRES.

IF WE WERE
ANYTHING OTHER
THAN HUMAN,
WE WOULD BE THE WATER
IN YOUR BATH.



YEAH,
COOL.

SHOW ME
WHAT'S IN THE
BAG, **VIVIAN**.



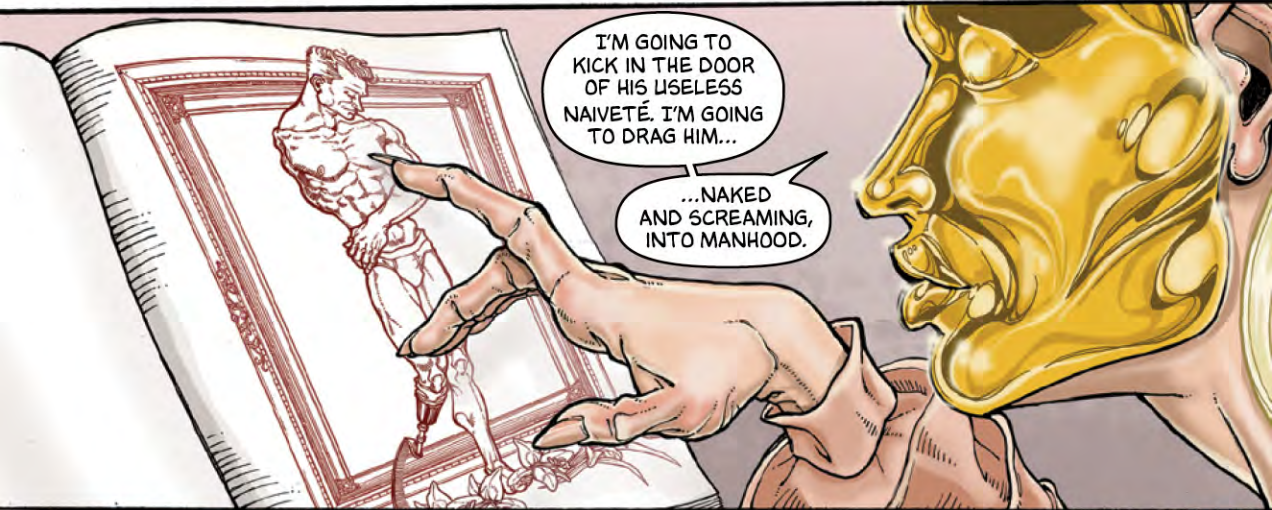
THERE'S A SKETCHBOOK.

SHOW ME.



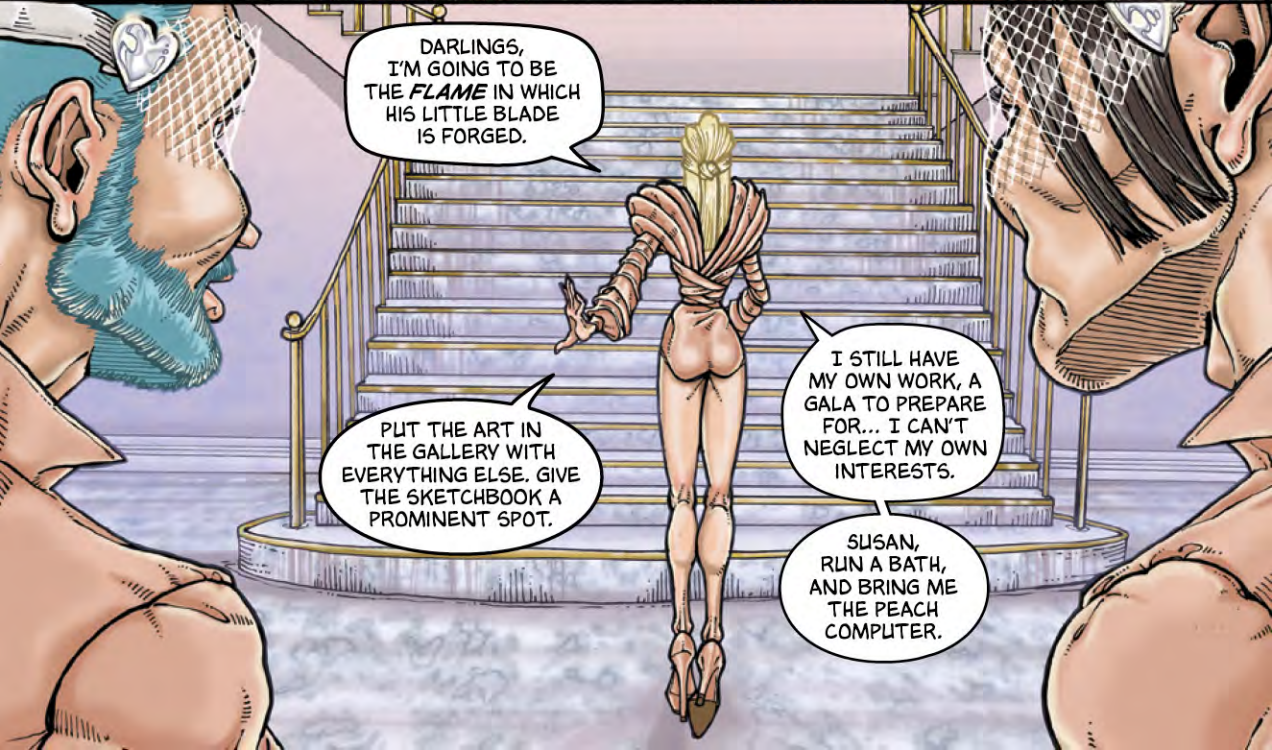
HM. ALL THOSE HOURS WASTED, SCRIBBLING IN THESE BOOKS. DAYDREAMING.

WHAT GOOD IS ANY OF THIS GARBAGE WHEN YOU CAN BE BOUGHT AND SOLD? UTTERLY FRIVOLOUS.



I'M GOING TO KICK IN THE DOOR OF HIS USELESS NAIVETÉ. I'M GOING TO DRAG HIM...

...NAKED AND SCREAMING, INTO MANHOOD.



DARLINGS, I'M GOING TO BE THE FLAME IN WHICH HIS LITTLE BLADE IS FORGED.

PUT THE ART IN THE GALLERY WITH EVERYTHING ELSE. GIVE THE SKETCHBOOK A PROMINENT SPOT.

I STILL HAVE MY OWN WORK, A GALA TO PREPARE FOR... I CAN'T NEGLECT MY OWN INTERESTS.

SUSAN, RUN A BATH, AND BRING ME THE PEACH COMPUTER.

FINALLY HOME.

I WALK THROUGH STREETS LITTERED WITH GARBAGE TO GET HERE.

YOU ARE NOT SPECIAL
SELL IT

THE WRECKAGE OF A POOR, NEGLECTED SOCIETY.

THE HOUSE IS DILAPIDATED;
I'M ASHAMED OF IT...

BUT, IT'S THE ONLY PLACE I'VE EVER FELT SAFE.

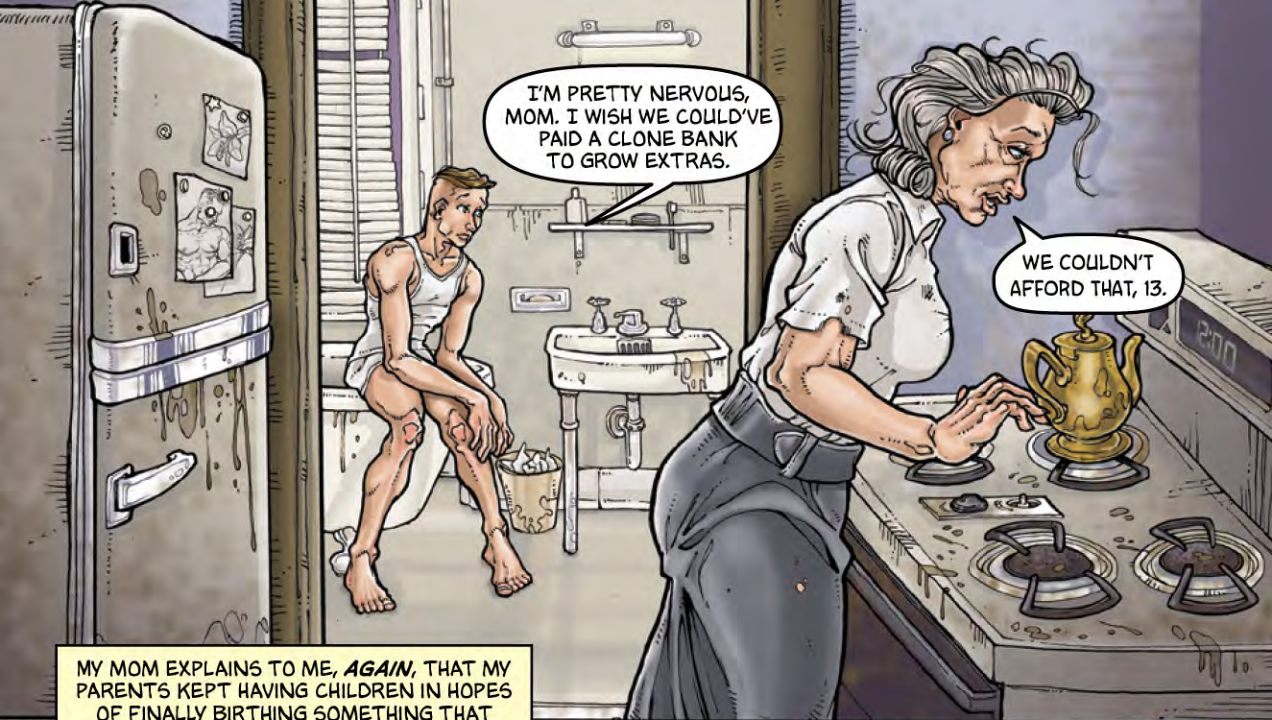
13! YOU'RE LATE! WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL?! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

I WAS MUGGED, MOM.

THEY TOOK MY BAG.

OH NO! ARE YOU HURT?
ARE YOUR ARMS OKAY?!

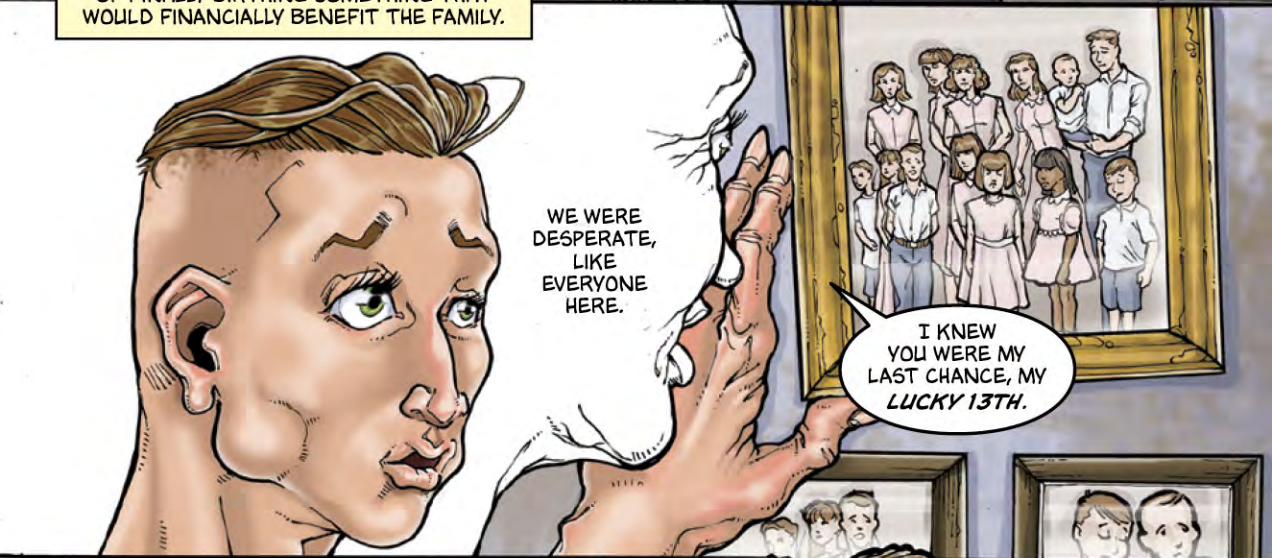
YEAH, MOM, YEAH.
MY ARMS ARE A-OKAY.



I'M PRETTY NERVOUS, MOM. I WISH WE COULD'VE PAID A CLONE BANK TO GROW EXTRAS.

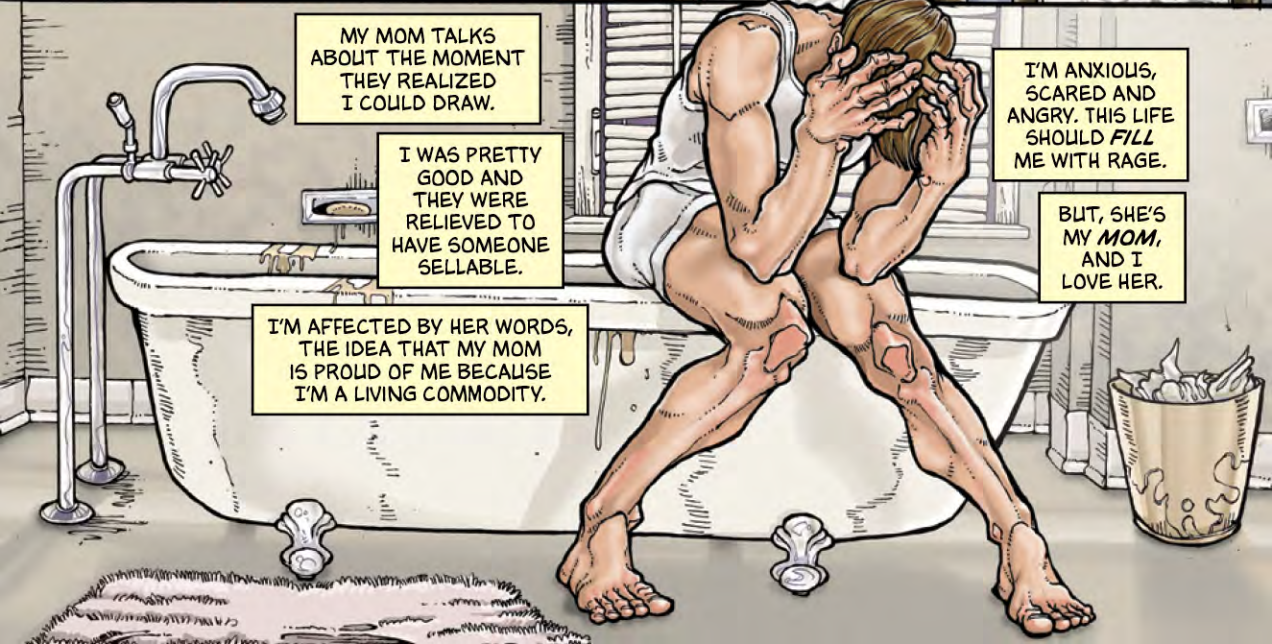
WE COULDN'T AFFORD THAT, 13.

MY MOM EXPLAINS TO ME, *AGAIN*, THAT MY PARENTS KEPT HAVING CHILDREN IN HOPES OF FINALLY BIRTHING SOMETHING THAT WOULD FINANCIALLY BENEFIT THE FAMILY.



WE WERE DESPERATE, LIKE EVERYONE HERE.

I KNEW YOU WERE MY LAST CHANCE, MY LUCKY 13TH.



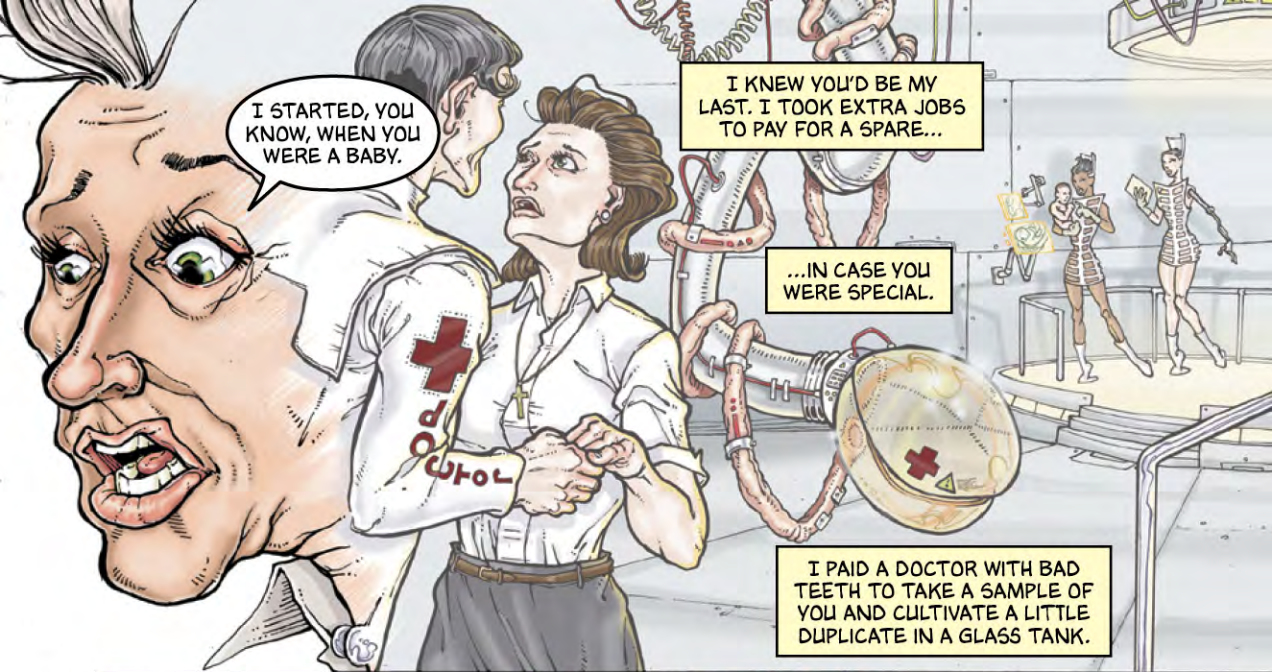
MY MOM TALKS ABOUT THE MOMENT THEY REALIZED I COULD DRAW.

I WAS PRETTY GOOD AND THEY WERE RELIEVED TO HAVE SOMEONE SELLABLE.

I'M AFFECTED BY HER WORDS, THE IDEA THAT MY MOM IS PROUD OF ME BECAUSE I'M A LIVING COMMODITY.

I'M ANXIOUS, SCARED AND ANGRY. THIS LIFE SHOULD FILL ME WITH RAGE.

BUT, SHE'S MY MOM, AND I LOVE HER.



I STARTED, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU WERE A BABY.

I KNEW YOU'D BE MY LAST. I TOOK EXTRA JOBS TO PAY FOR A SPARE...

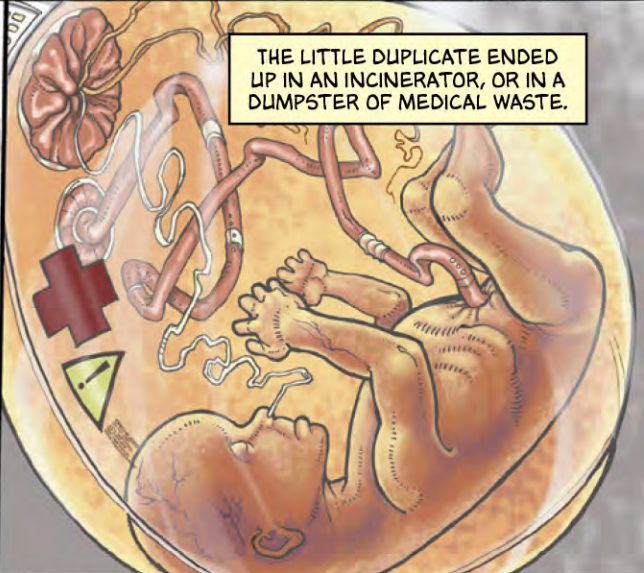
...IN CASE YOU WERE SPECIAL.

I PAID A DOCTOR WITH BAD TEETH TO TAKE A SAMPLE OF YOU AND CULTIVATE A LITTLE DUPLICATE IN A GLASS TANK.

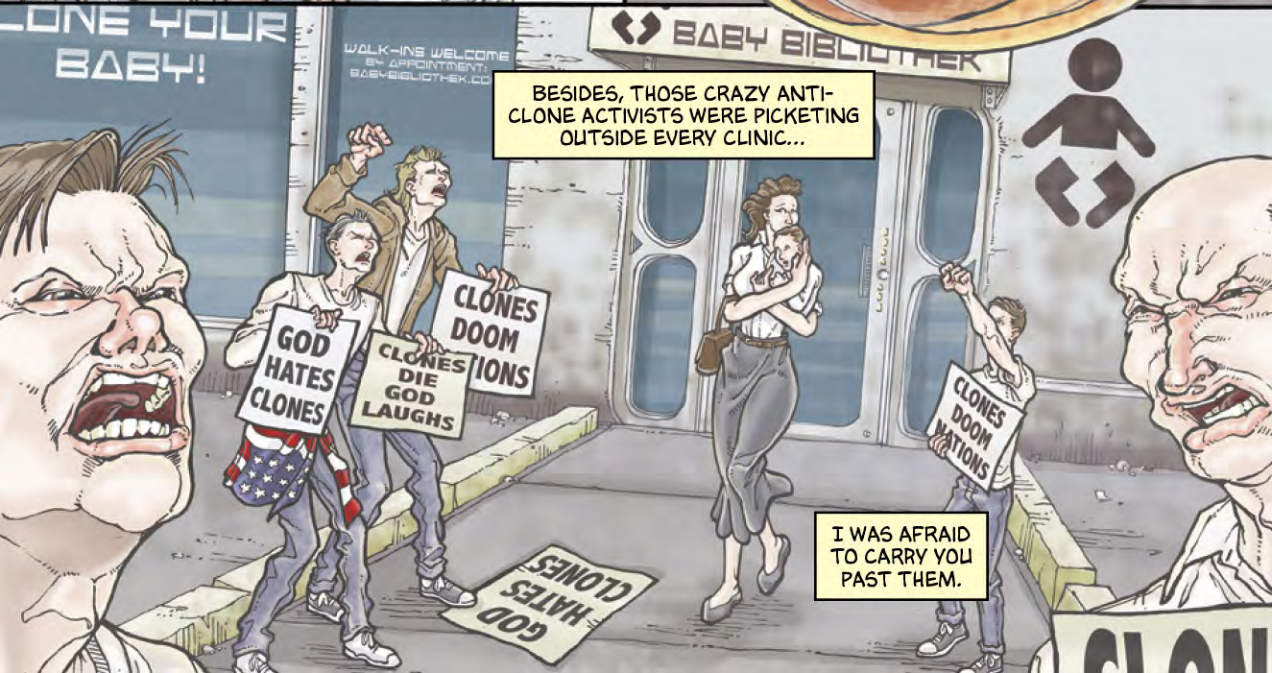
IT WAS YEARS AGO. EVERYONE WAS DOING IT.



BUT I COULDN'T AFFORD TO KEEP IT UP, THEN THEY WOULDN'T RETURN MY MONEY.

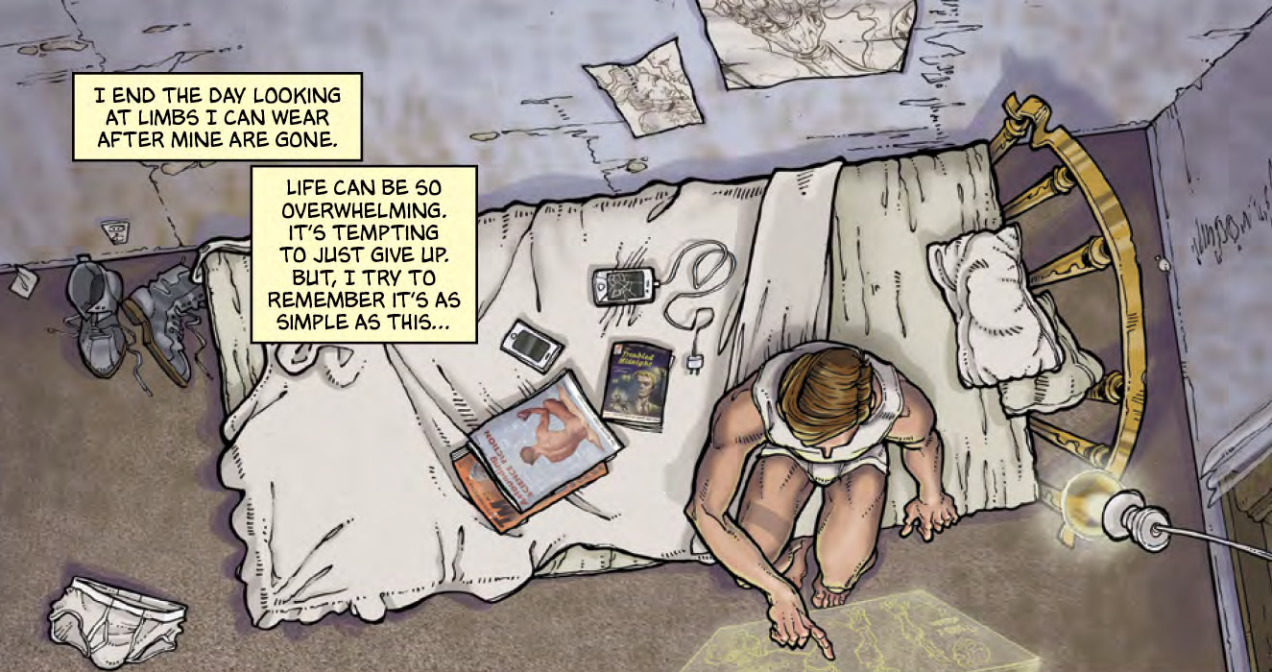


THE LITTLE DUPLICATE ENDED UP IN AN INCINERATOR, OR IN A DUMPSTER OF MEDICAL WASTE.



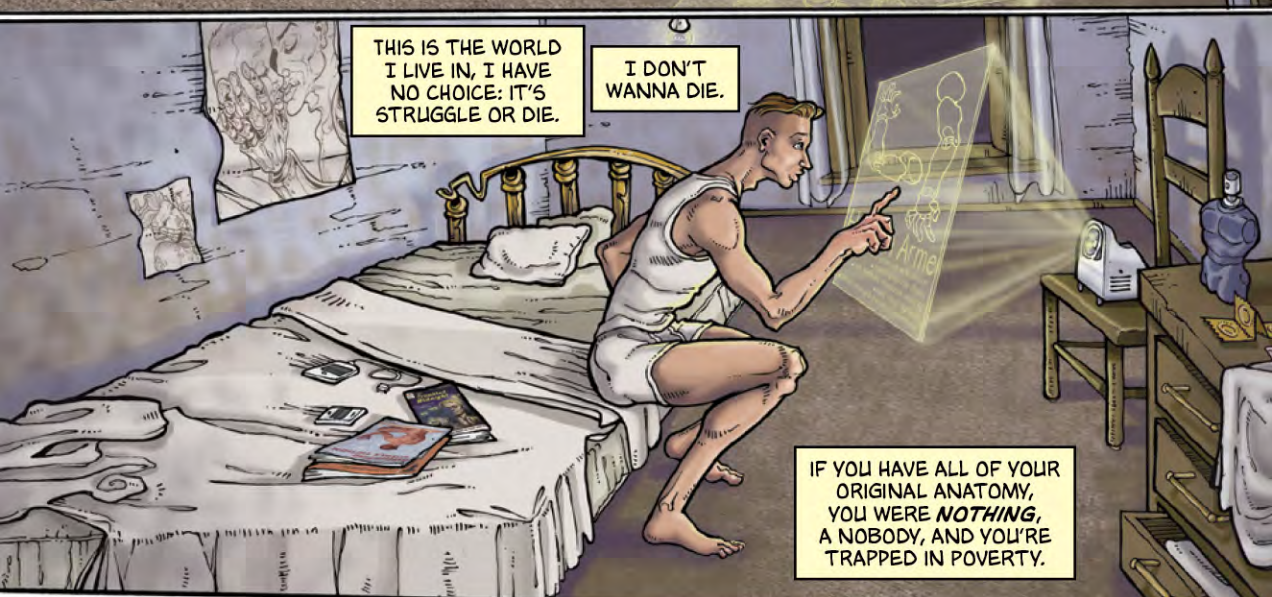
BESIDES, THOSE CRAZY ANTI-CLONE ACTIVISTS WERE PICKETING OUTSIDE EVERY CLINIC...

I WAS AFRAID TO CARRY YOU PAST THEM.



I END THE DAY LOOKING
AT LIMBS I CAN WEAR
AFTER MINE ARE GONE.

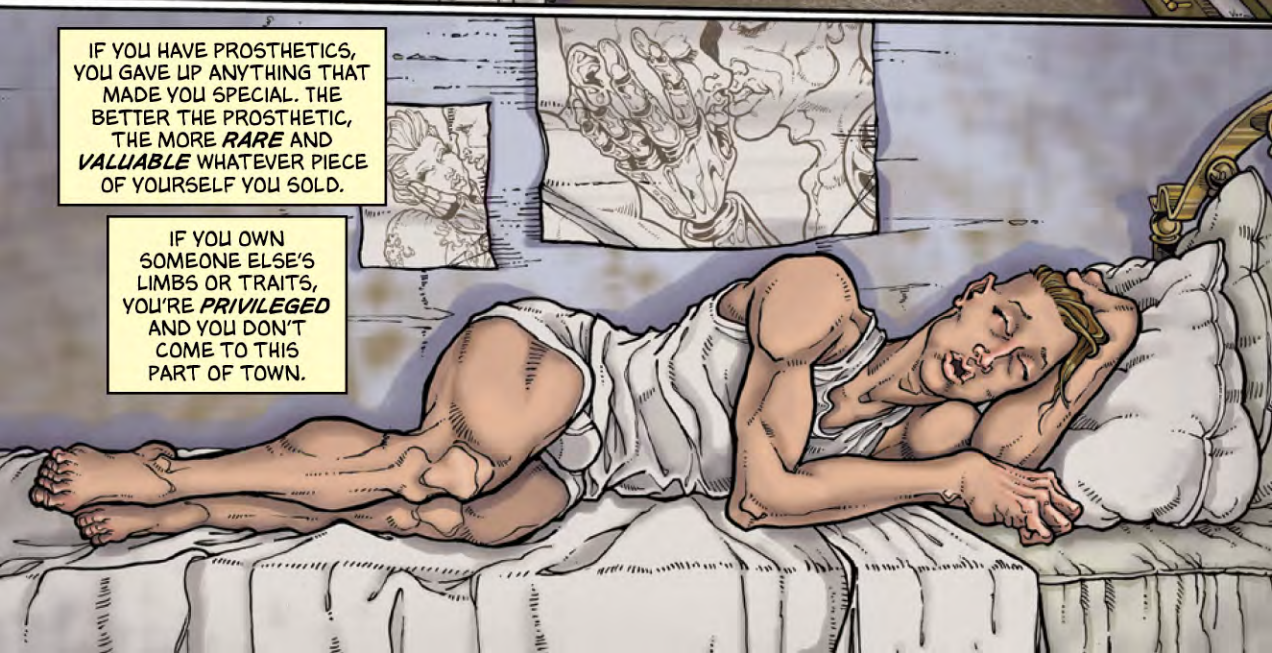
LIFE CAN BE SO
OVERWHELMING.
IT'S TEMPTING
TO JUST GIVE UP.
BUT, I TRY TO
REMEMBER IT'S AS
SIMPLE AS THIS...



THIS IS THE WORLD
I LIVE IN, I HAVE
NO CHOICE: IT'S
STRUGGLE OR DIE.

I DON'T
WANNA DIE.

IF YOU HAVE ALL OF YOUR
ORIGINAL ANATOMY,
YOU WERE **NOTHING**,
A NOBODY, AND YOU'RE
TRAPPED IN POVERTY.



IF YOU HAVE PROSTHETICS,
YOU GAVE UP ANYTHING THAT
MADE YOU SPECIAL. THE
BETTER THE PROSTHETIC,
THE MORE **RARE** AND
VALUABLE WHATEVER PIECE
OF YOURSELF YOU SOLD.

IF YOU OWN
SOMEONE ELSE'S
LIMBS OR TRAITS,
YOU'RE **PRIVILEGED**
AND YOU DON'T
COME TO THIS
PART OF TOWN.



I WAKE UP EARLY. THE AIR SMELLS LIKE HOT, WET GARBAGE.

I CAN'T WAIT TO BREATHE UPTOWN.

I HEAR IT'S SO CLEAN.

YOUR SPECIAL SOMEONE WHO DESERVES IT

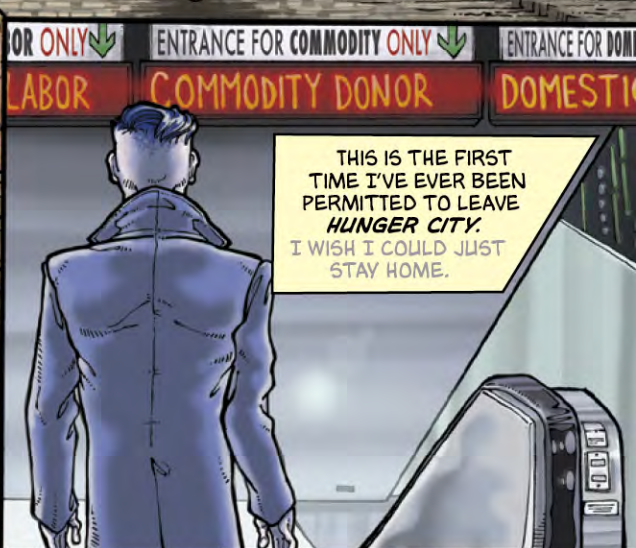
ZOMS

COME TO ZOMS

ZOMS
A PLACE TO EAT!



DONOR STATUS CONFIRMED. AUTHORIZED TO TRAVEL. PROCEED.



OR ONLY LABOR

ENTRANCE FOR COMMODITY ONLY COMMODITY DONOR

ENTRANCE FOR DOMESTIC DOMESTIC

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN PERMITTED TO LEAVE HUNGER CITY. I WISH I COULD JUST STAY HOME.



THE TRAIN STATION IS LOUDER THAN I EXPECTED.

ANGRY VOICES FILL THE TERMINAL. THEY'RE SHOUTING ANTI-DONOR CHANTS. SOME OF THEM ARE MISSING LIMBS.

IT'S A PROTEST. THIS IS BAD.



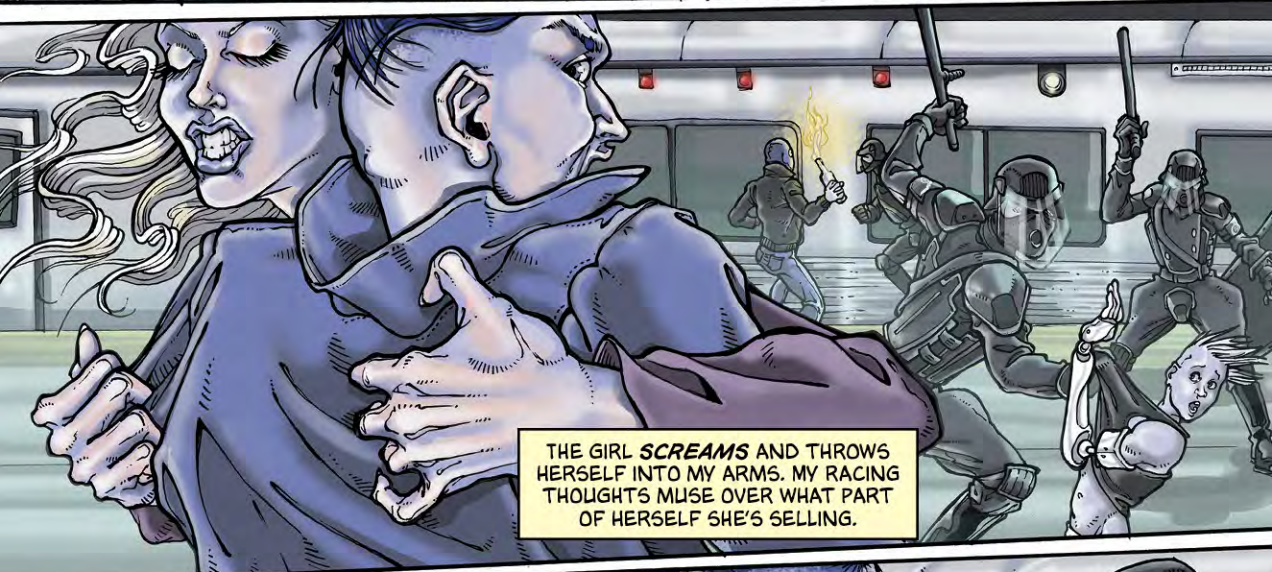
RIOT COPS APPEAR
OUT OF NOWHERE.

THERE'S A
BEAUTIFUL GIRL
BESIDE ME.

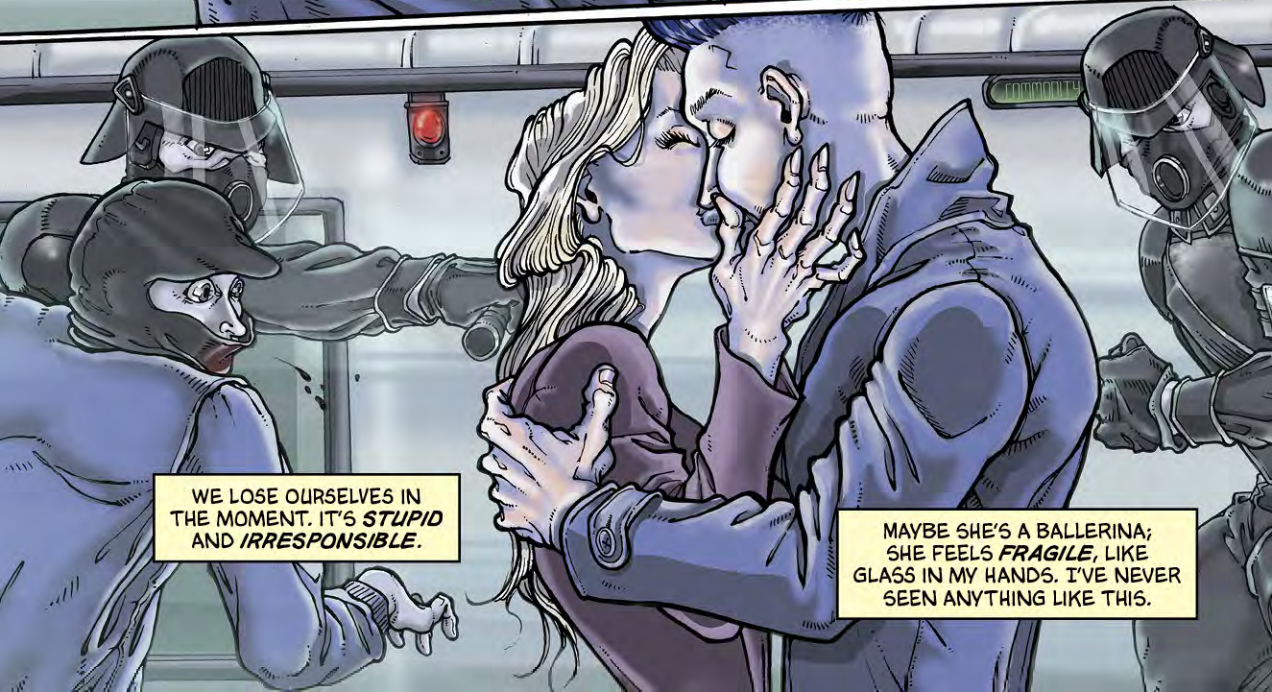
THE WORLD
EXPLODES
INTO CHAOS.



A PROTESTOR WITH PRETTY EYES
IS ABOUT TO THROW A MOLOTOV
COCKTAIL. MY HAND GLANCES THE GIRL'S
AND, FOR A SECOND, I LOVE HER.



THE GIRL **SCREAMS** AND THROWS
HERSELF INTO MY ARMS. MY RACING
THOUGHTS MUSE OVER WHAT PART
OF HERSELF SHE'S SELLING.



WE LOSE OURSELVES IN
THE MOMENT. IT'S **STUPID**
AND **IRRESPONSIBLE**.

MAYBE SHE'S A BALLERINA;
SHE FEELS **FRAGILE**, LIKE
GLASS IN MY HANDS. I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS.



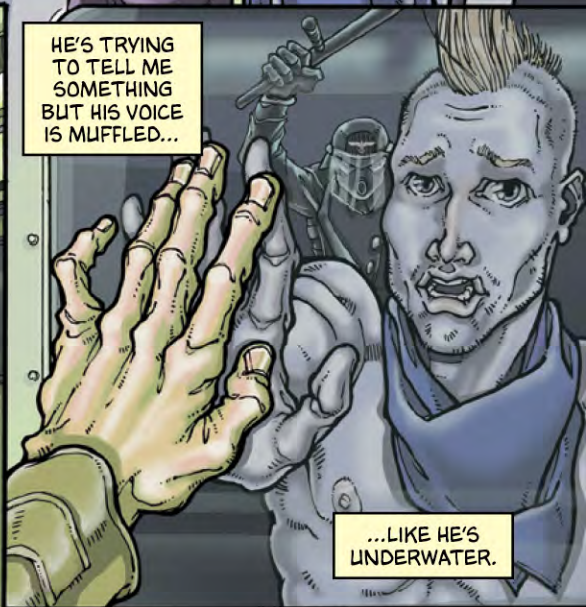
IF YOU HAVE BEEN APPROVED FOR TRAVEL, GET ON THE GODDAMN TRAIN OR I WILL SHOOT YOU.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, OUR LOVE STORY IS OVER.



I REALIZE, THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL TOUCH SOMEONE WITH MY OWN HANDS.

A RIOTER REACHES FOR ME THROUGH THE GLASS.



HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING BUT HIS VOICE IS MUFFLED...

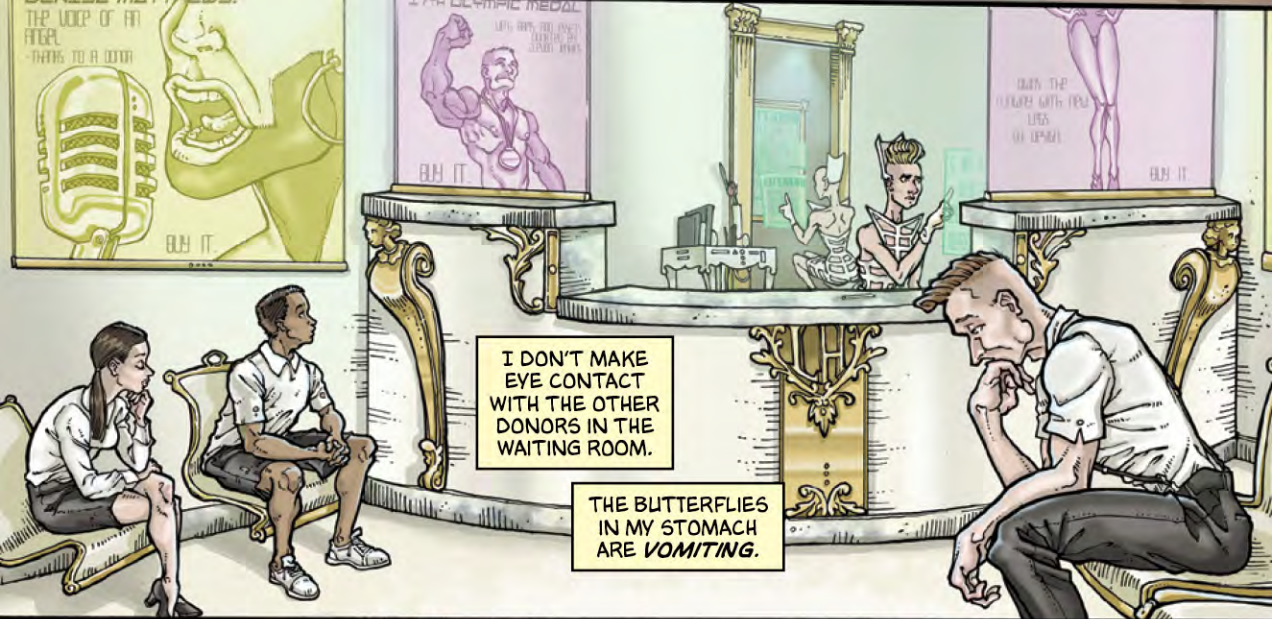
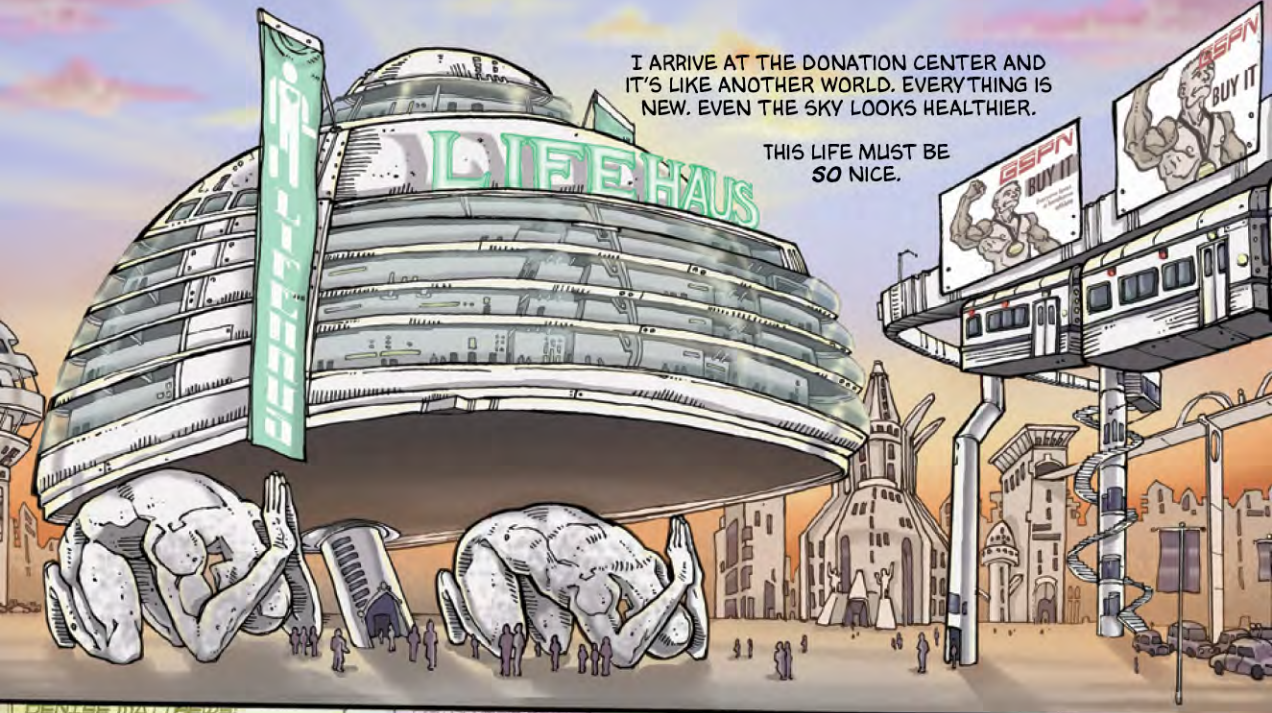
...LIKE HE'S UNDERWATER.



I WISH I COULD FEEL HIS HAND ON MINE.

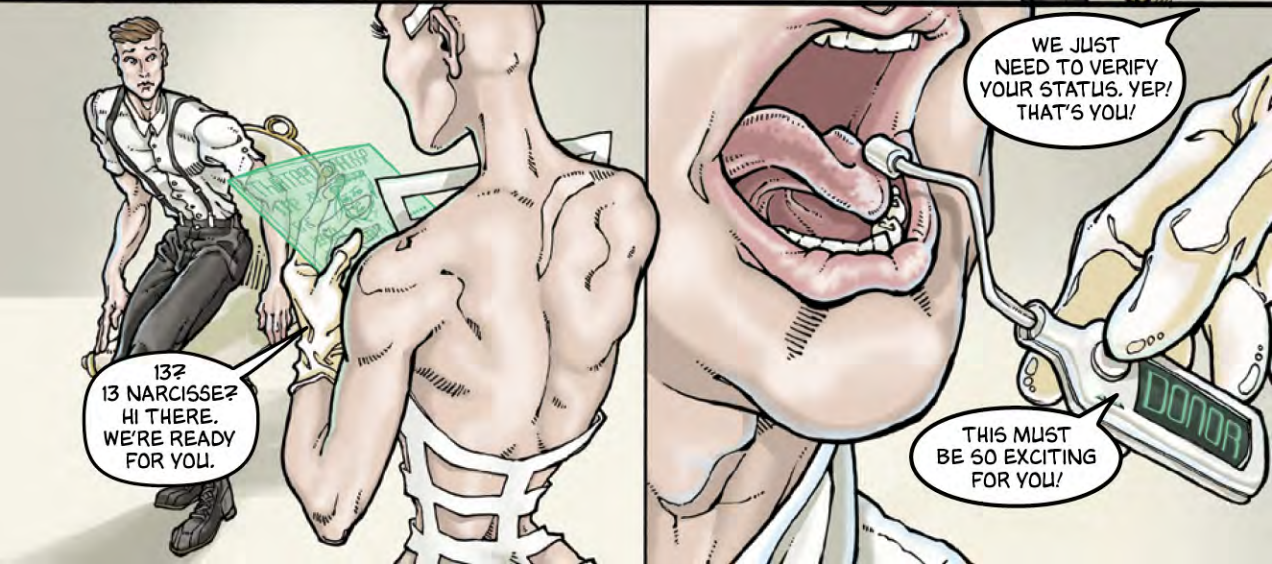
I ARRIVE AT THE DONATION CENTER AND IT'S LIKE ANOTHER WORLD. EVERYTHING IS NEW. EVEN THE SKY LOOKS HEALTHIER.

THIS LIFE MUST BE SO NICE.



I DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH THE OTHER DONORS IN THE WAITING ROOM.

THE BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH ARE VOMITING.



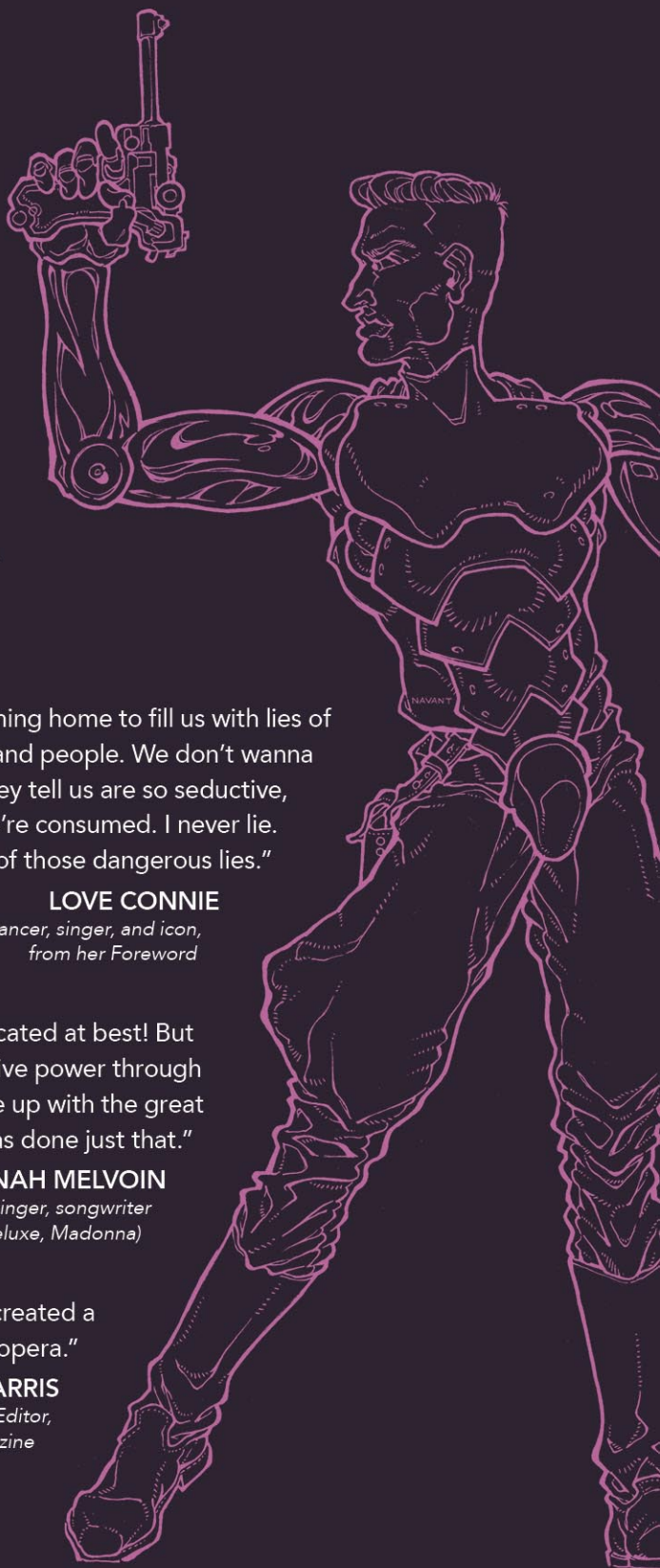
13? 13 NARCISSE? HI THERE. WE'RE READY FOR YOU.

WE JUST NEED TO VERIFY YOUR STATUS. YEP! THAT'S YOU!

THIS MUST BE SO EXCITING FOR YOU!

13: *The Astonishing Lives of the Neuromantics* is a space opera that evokes *Heavy Metal* in its sexuality, innovation, and flat-out strangeness.

In a future beset by poverty and subjugation, the privileged live in orbital penthouses and use the underclasses for parts. One young man has his arms stolen from him and undertakes an epic journey to become whole.



"Artists are like bad lovers, coming home to fill us with lies of beautiful and terrible worlds and people. We don't wanna listen to them, but the stories they tell us are so seductive, we can't help ourselves. We're consumed. I never lie. This book might be one of those dangerous lies."

LOVE CONNIE

*actor, dancer, singer, and icon,
from her Foreword*

"Human sexuality is complicated at best! But if one gives it transformative power through art and story you come up with the great release. Yves Navant has done just that."

SUSANNAH MELVOIN

*singer, songwriter
(The Family, F Deluxe, Madonna)*

"Yves Navant has created a revolutionary queer space opera."

KYLE HARRIS

*Culture Editor,
Westword Magazine*

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