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®  
WONDER  
WOMAN

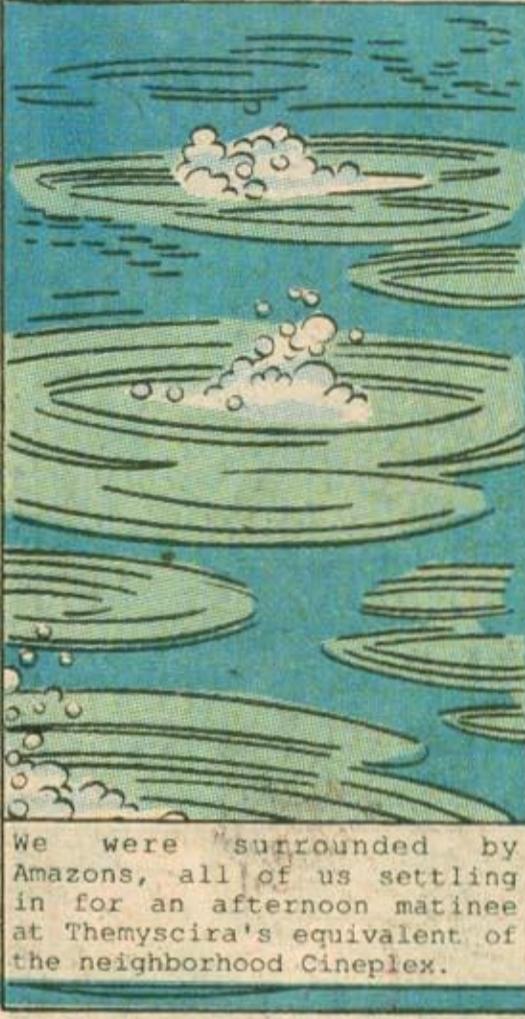
38 US \$1.00  
JAN 90 CAN \$1.25  
UK 50p

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# WONDER WOMAN



The echoing amphitheatre was quiet. To my left sat Phyllis Haller, American feminist author and hellraiser. On my right was Robert Cantwell, British history teacher and former POW bridge builder.



We were surrounded by Amazons, all of us settling in for an afternoon matinee at Themyscira's equivalent of the neighborhood Cineplex.

"AND THE CAVERN OF SOULS HELD WITHIN ITS WOMB THE SECRET SOULS OF WOMANKIND WAILING IN LIMBO."

"THEIR CRIES PAINED GAEA, AND SHE CALLED HER DAUGHTERS ATHENA, ARTEMIS, DEMETER, HESTIA, AND FAIR APHRODITE TO COMFORT AND MIDWIVE THEIR MOTHER IN HER LABOUR."



"THE SAC OF WATER, OF LIFE, BROKE AND SPILLED ITS SEED UPON THE EARTH, FOSTERING FAIR FLOWERS."



"THOUSANDS SPRUNG UP, AND THE FIRST WAS HIPPOLYTE, PALE-BROWED AND BLACK-HAIRED. BEAUTEOUS ANTIOME NEXT, AND THEN MENALIPPE THE BLESSED ORACLE."



As part of the festivities, and in honor of the delegates, Queen Hippolyte had arranged a command performance of her Queen's Players.



A passion play, complete with Greek chorus. A re-enactment of the birth of this proud and noble ancient race.



"ON THIS MORNING OF A NEW MOON  
WE BATHED TOGETHER IN  
THE FREEING WATER."

"WE GATHERED  
BRANCHES OF  
OLIVE AND  
ROSEMARY AND  
LAID THEM OUT  
INTO A CIRCLE,  
THUS THE NEVER-  
ENDING CYCLE."

"OF LIFE AND  
DEATH AND  
BLOOD AND  
CLEANSING  
TWILIGHT CAME  
AND WE LIT  
FIRES, AND  
PERFORMED,  
TO OUR GOD-  
MOTHERS, THE  
SACRED  
LITURGIES."

"AND THEY DREW FORTH FROM OUR  
BODIES THE BLOOD OF PURIFICATION,  
AND RENEWED OUR  
FERTILITY."



"HIPPOLYTE AND ANTIOPE OUR QUEENS WERE CHOSEN,  
AND TO THEM WERE GIVEN, TO WEAR IN GLORY, THE  
GIROLES OF GAEA."



"FROM DALLAS  
ATHENA CAME THE  
IMPLUSE OF THE ARTS,  
THE WARRIOR'S  
STRENGTH FOR  
DEFENSE, AND OUR  
TITLE, AMAZON."



"SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER WE  
CLAIMED PARTNERSHIP WITH  
MEN. FROM THE LOINS OF  
BROTHERHOOD AND THE MONS  
OF SISTERHOOD PAIRED WOULD  
COME HUMANITY."



"THEN BY UNCOILED  
MUSCLES AND OILED STEEL  
WERE WE TAKEN.

"CHAINED HIPPOLYTE!  
SHAMED HIPPOLYTE!  
WEEP FOR YOUR AMAZONS,  
HIPPOLYTE! THEN SHED NO  
FURTHER TEAR."



"BUT LET GAEA RENEW  
YOUR SPIRIT. LET  
OLYMPUS REGRAZE YOUR  
WOUNDED HEART. ONCE  
MORE THE RITUAL BLOOD,  
BUT DIFFERENT, SHED  
FOR PURIFICATION."



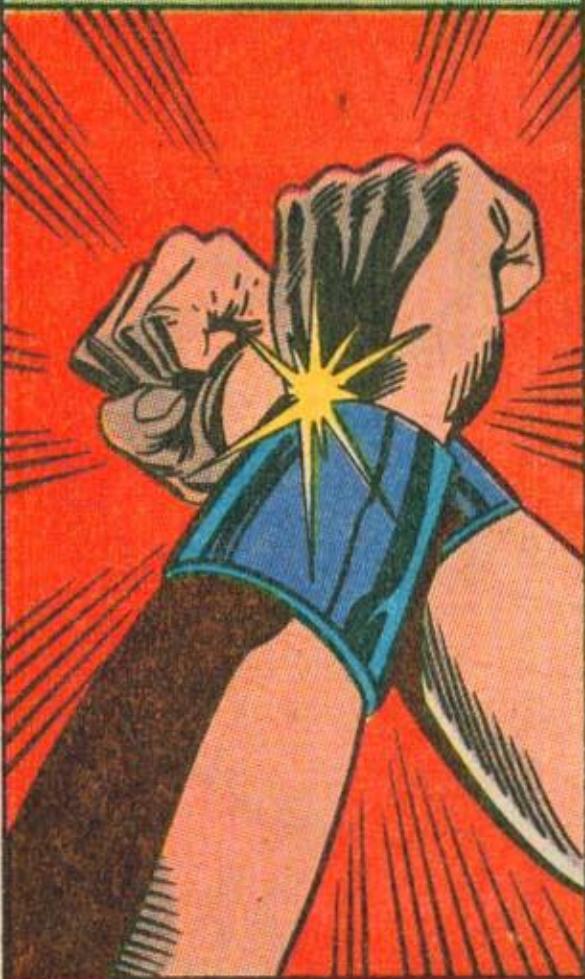
"THE CALL TO ARMS  
IS SOUNDED WITH  
A CAUTION TO  
ALLOW FOR GAEA'S  
WAY. BUT WE WERE  
LIKE THE EAGLE  
FEASTING ON THE  
LIVER OF  
PROMETHEUS,



"HADES, COLD AND PALE, THE  
FINAL KING, NOW RULED IN  
THEMYSICRA. AND CAME TO THE  
TWO QUEENS HIS BENEFICATOR  
THE WAR-GOD ARES."



"NOW BOUND TO OUR GODDESSES, NOW  
BOUND TO OUR BRACELETS OF SORROW  
AND REMEMBRANCE, WE FOLLOWED  
THE TRAIL TO THE AEGEAN SEA--  
BOUND FOR PARADISE."

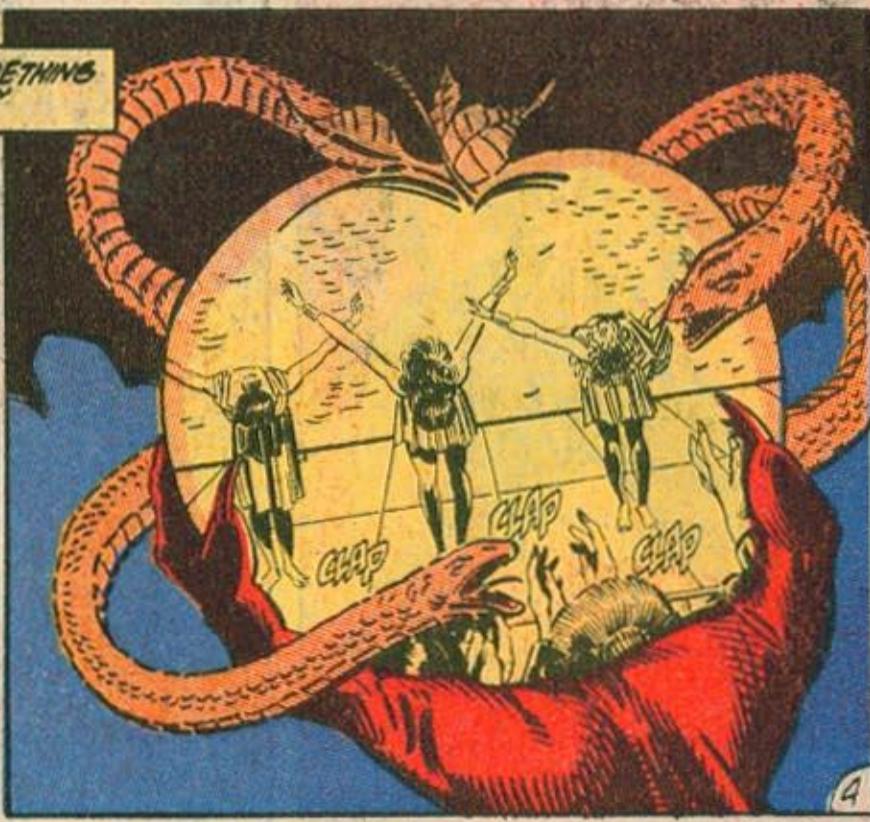


"WE CAME UPON THE SEASHORE. NO  
BOAT, NO RAFT, NO STICK OF WOOD  
TO BUILD A WORTHY SEACRAFT, BUT ONLY  
SAND AND FAITH."



"BUT SUCH FAITH AS TO CAUSE  
DEMETER TO WHISPER INTO A  
CONCH-SHELL SECRET WORDS  
TO A PAST LOVER. AND LORD  
POSEIDON ANSWERED.

"THE OCEAN PARTED AS HE  
LAY DOWN HIS BODY  
BEFORE US, A PATHWAY  
TO PARADISE. WE  
LEFT THE WORLD  
OF MEN BEHIND US AND  
TRESPASSED THE  
SEA-GOD!"



Elsewhere on this lush and paradisiacal isle, other Amazons prepared for the formal commencement of the "Feast of Five," ...

...a holiday that combines elements of Christianity's Easter, Judaism's Passover, and the Islam month of Ramadan.

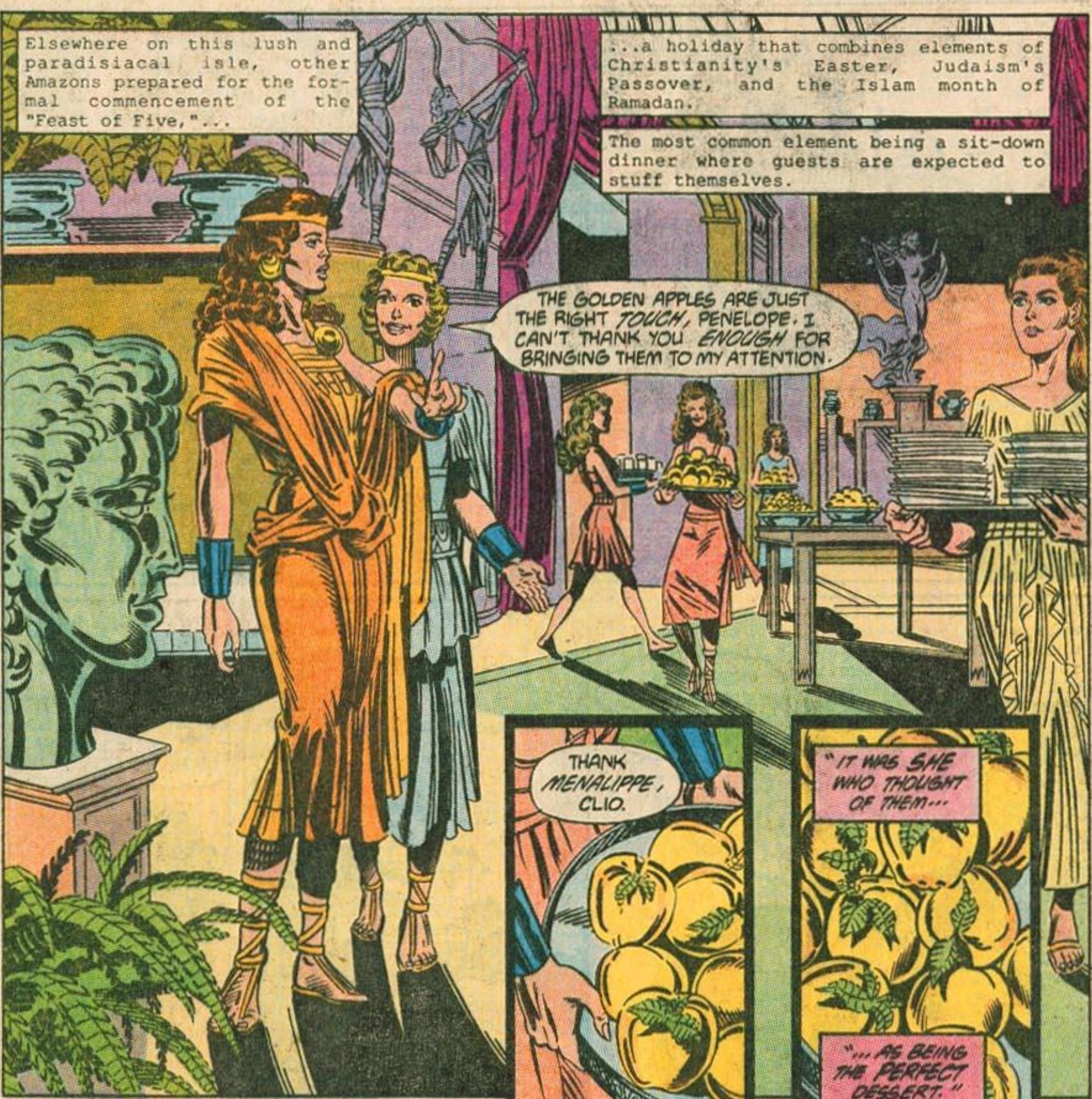
The most common element being a sit-down dinner where guests are expected to stuff themselves.

THE GOLDEN APPLES ARE JUST THE RIGHT TOUCH, PENELOPE. I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR BRINGING THEM TO MY ATTENTION.

THANK MENALIPPE, CLIO.

"IT WAS SHE WHO THOUGHT OF THEM..."

"...AS BEING THE PERFECT DESSERT."



**WONDER WOMAN**  
Created by  
William Moulton Marston ®

# FORBIDDEN FRUIT

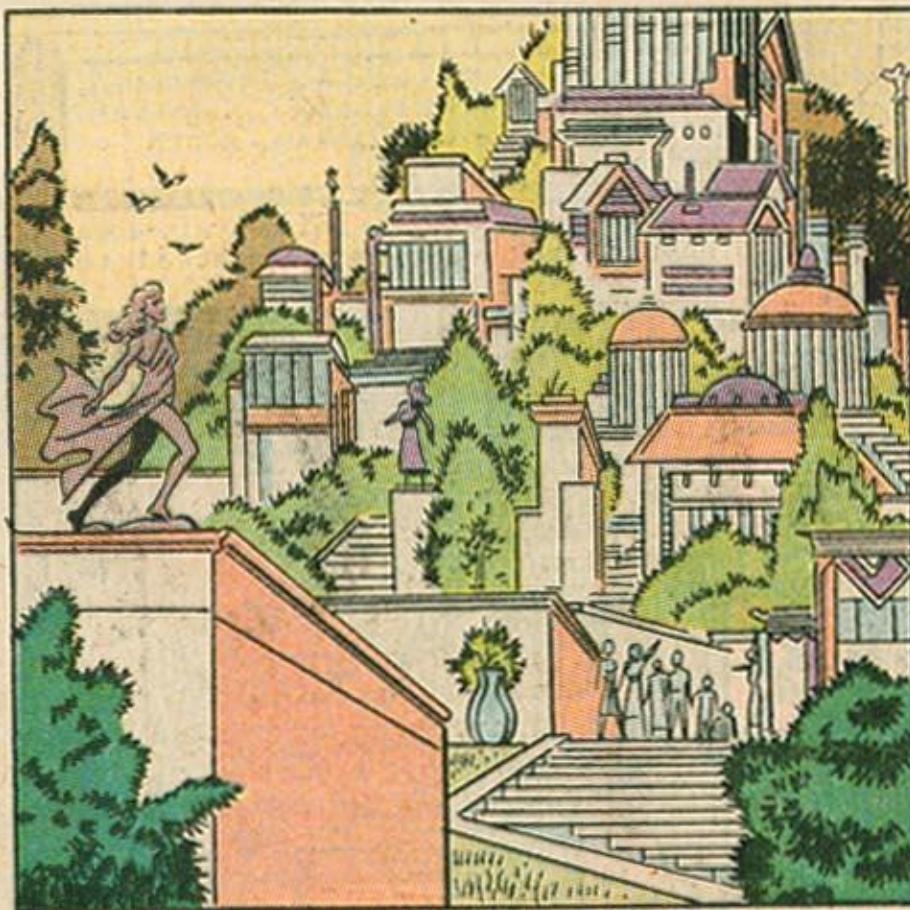
GEORGE PEREZ · MINDY NEWELL · CHRIS MARRINAN · MIKE MACHLAN  
PLOT SCRIPT PENCILS INKS

CARL GAFFORD · AGUSTIN MAS · MARK WAID  
COLORS LETTERS · ASSOC.EDITOR

KAREN BERGER  
EDITOR

WONDER WOMAN 38 Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to WONDER WOMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate \$12.00, Canada \$17.00, all other foreign \$24.00. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1989 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. All characters featured in this issue and distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of DC Comics Inc. Advertising Representative: Print Advertising Representatives, 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (212) 949-6850. Printed in U.S.A.  
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G-5282



To whet our appetites for this coming repast, we were treated to an afternoon of mingling, playing, and studying in this Grecian Never-Never Land.



Princess Diana basked in her role as guide. Mary Martin couldn't have been a better Peter Pan...



...leading us all to a second childhood filled with fairy dust and wonderful thoughts.



And her Amazon sisters welcomed this all-too-brief intermission of real time into their millennia of innocence.

THIS IS THE  
WORLD AS IT WAS  
IN THE GARDEN.  
I WONDER--  
ARE WE THE  
SERPENTS?



ONCE HOME WAS  
LIKE THIS. BEFORE  
DROUGHT AND WAR  
AND PESTILENCE.  
BEFORE THE HATRED  
CAUSED THE FOOD TO  
ROT IN ITS SACKS  
UPON THE DOCKS...

..SO  
THAT GUNS  
COULD BE  
TRANSPORTED  
INSTEAD.

THE LIBRARY CONSISTS OF THIS ATRIUM, A GENERAL REFERENCE AND READING ROOM, AND FOUR SMALLER ANTECHAMBERS FOR MORE SPECIFIC AREAS OF INTEREST.

HISTORY, FOR EXAMPLE, MR. CANTWELL, CAN BE FOUND TO YOUR LEFT.

DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH INBREEDING AND HOMOGENEITY AMONG YOUR AUTHORS, MNEMOSYNE? AFTER ALL, YOURS HAS BEEN THE ONLY CULTURE ON THIS ISLAND FOR MILLENNIA.

THAT COULD LEAD TO A DANGEROUS SITUATION OF SLANTED OPINIONS. AND FACTS.

AND FAITH. MR. CANTWELL HAS A POINT.

I FEEL THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A NATION OF ABRAHAMS, MNEMOSYNE. THAT THERE'S NEVER BEEN EVEN ONE DOUBTING THOMAS AMONG YOU.

HOW CAN ANY PEOPLE GROW IN SPIRITUALITY WITHOUT HAVING QUESTIONS? WITHOUT HAVING BEEN TESTED?

MAYBE MNEMOSYNE IS BEING TESTED RIGHT NOW, REVEREND. MAYBE YOU'RE THE INSTRUMENT OF THE TESTING.

OH, IGNORE THEM, MNEMOSYNE. THEY'RE JUST BEING MEN. TYPICALLY THREATENED BY THIS PROOF THAT WOMEN DON'T NEED THEM FOR ANYTHING BUT ONE THING.

I'M A UNITARIAN MINISTER, MNEMOSYNE, NOT A CHAUVINIST. AND IN MY RELIGION, WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN ARE ORDAINED.

BUT AS LONG AS MS. HALLER BROUGHT IT UP--

--DON'T YOU MISS THE SHARING GOD INTENDED FOR THE SEXES?

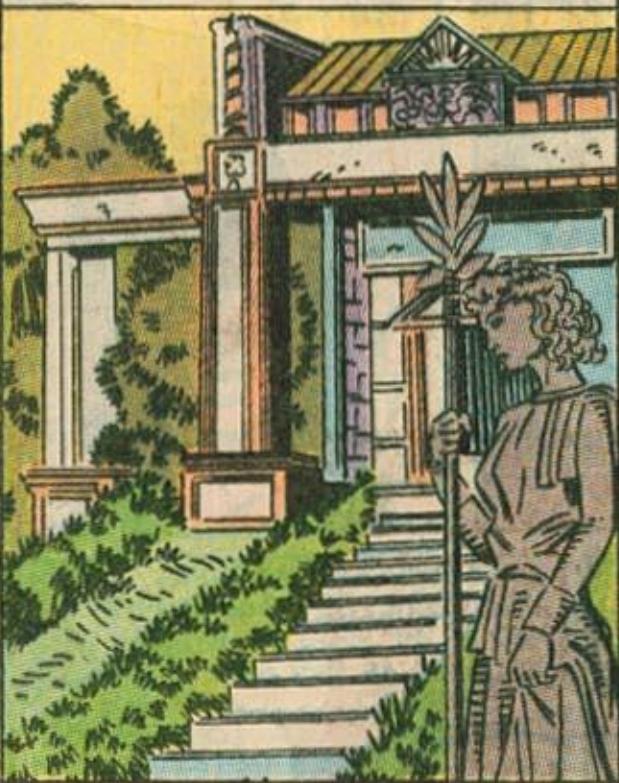
SOME DO. THEY HAVE SWORN THEMSELVES TO ARTEMIS, THE VIRGIN HUNTER, AND ATHENA, THE CHASTE WARRIOR. OTHERS CHOOSE THE WAY OF NARCISSUS.

BUT MOST OF US FIND SATISFACTION IN EACH OTHER-- THREE THOUSAND YEARS CAN BE A LONG TIME, REVEREND.

OH.



Where does an Amazon go on those odd days when she has a headache or a splinter or even suffers an injury? She heads out of the city--



--to a small islet that lies off the shores of Paradise. Here, in an atmosphere of verdant life, is the Pantheon of Apollo, dedicated to the healing arts.



Dr. Marakov, the Russian neurosurgeon, spent that afternoon studying herbology with the priestesses in exchange for modern medical information.



Meanwhile, in the capital city, Asmund Lindel visited with the Queen.

The modern reporter is believed to be a direct descendant of the royal scribe, whose function it was to follow the monarch through the day, recording for posterity all royal utterances.

Today I met my journalistic forebear. We made a strange pair, she with her quill and parchment, me with my Bic pen and steno pad. What goes around, indeed, comes around.

HAS THE PRINCESS NEVER TOLD YOU OF THE IRON CURTAIN, YOUR MAJESTY?

YES, SHE HAS, BUT THIS IS A BENEVOLENT MONARCHY, MR. LINDEL. I DO NOT RULE WITH TERROR, AND I BEND TO THE WILL OF THE MAJORITY.

I AM AWARE OF THAT, YOUR MAJESTY, AND I WILL REPORT IT IN MY PRESENTATION TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY...

...BUT THERE HAVE ALREADY BEEN COMPARISONS MADE BETWEEN THE CURTAIN AND THE PORTAL OF CHAOS. I THINK YOU SHOULD CONSIDER REMOVING IT BEFORE YOU COME TO NEW YORK.

SOME OF THE AMAZONS REGARD CHAOS AS A NECESSARY DEFENSE, MR. LINDEL.

DO YOU, YOUR MAJESTY?

IT'S A MOOT POINT. ONLY THE GODS CAN REMOVE CHAOS.

ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, MR. TIBET?

LET'S TALK ARCHITECTURE, TIMANDRA, YES?

YOUNG LADY, I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE, BUT IF ONE MORE AMAZON ASKS ME IF I FEEL ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING TO SCREAM BLOODY BLUE MURDER.

THEMYSIRA IS A MIXTURE OF DORIC, IONIC AND CORINTHIAN INFLUENCES.

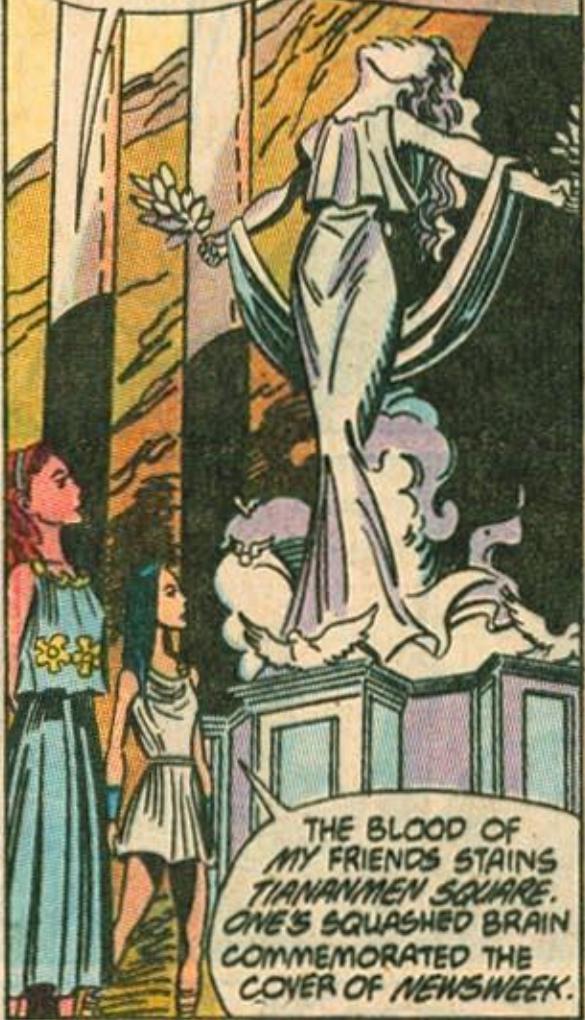
WAS THIS A DELIBERATE INTEGRATION, OR ARE THE LATTER SIMPLY A NATURAL EVOLUTION FROM THE FORMER?

IT'S TRUE I'M AN ARCHITECT, MR. TIBET, BUT MY AREA OF EXPERTISE IS IN THE DESIGN OF INDIVIDUAL BUILDINGS, WHERE I TRY FOR SIMPLE HARMONY AND SYMMETRY.

THEMYSIRA'S CITY PLANNER WAS CONSIVIA, AND SHE PERISHED LONG AGO, DEFENDING DOOM'S DOORWAY.

THIS IS A STATUE COMMEMORATING THOSE WHO DIED WHILE GUARDING DOOM'S DOORWAY.

THEY WERE ALL FRIENDS.



THE BLOOD OF MY FRIENDS STAINS TIANANMEN SQUARE. ONE'S SQUASHED BRAIN COMMEMORATED THE COVER OF NEWSWEEK.

YOU MUST MAKE PEACE WITH THEIR SPIRITS, LIN KOO, OR YOUR BITTERNESS WILL DRAG YOU DOWN INTO THE UNDERWORLD TO JOIN THEM.

THEY'RE DEAD, HELLENE! NOT BREAKFASTING ON POMEGRANATE SEEDS WITH PERSEPHONE!

WHAT KIND OF WORLD DO YOU COME FROM THAT GIVES NOT EVEN A BASIC UNDERSTANDING OF THE CYCLE TO THEIR CHILDREN?

WHAT CYCLE? I'VE NEVER READ OF THE GREEKS BELIEVING IN REINCARNATION!

YOU HAVE MANY MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT AMAZONS, LIN KOO. FIRST OF ALL, OUR ORIGINS ARE NOT IN GREECE, BUT ON THE AEGEAN MAINLAND. SECONDLY--



HEGATE TEACHES US THAT WITHOUT DEATH, THERE IS NO LIFE.

EXCUSE ME FOR INTERRUPTING, HELLENE, BUT I THOUGHT PERHAPS AN ORACLE COULD EXPLAIN TO LIN KOO MORE EASILY.



ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU HAVE ALMOST NO PATIENCE WITH OUR VISITORS.

HAS SHE BEEN TERRIBLY RUDE, MY DEAR?



YOU MISUNDERSTAND MENALIPPE. WE WERE JUST HAVING A LIVELY DISCUSSION. THAT'S ALL.

CAN WE GO, HELLENE?



GO AHEAD, HELLENE. DON'T MIND ME.

I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU LATER.

YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED THE LYRE BEFORE, ROVO?

NO, MISS.

THE CHILD IS TRULY GIFTED BY APOLLO. LISTEN TO HOW HIS FINGERS TOUCH THE SOUL OF THE LYRE, CONTROLLING THE MUSES OF THE STRINGS.

NETE, MESE, AND HYPATE COULD NOT BE MORE HONORED.

PLEASE, WHO ARE THEY, MISS?

THEY ARE THE PERSONIFICATIONS OF THE STRINGS UPON WHICH YOUR FINGERS DANCE. EACH NOTE YOU PICK IS A SWEET WHISPER IN THEIR EARS.

WHAT INSTRUMENTS DO YOU PLAY AT HOME, ROVO?

NONE, MISS.

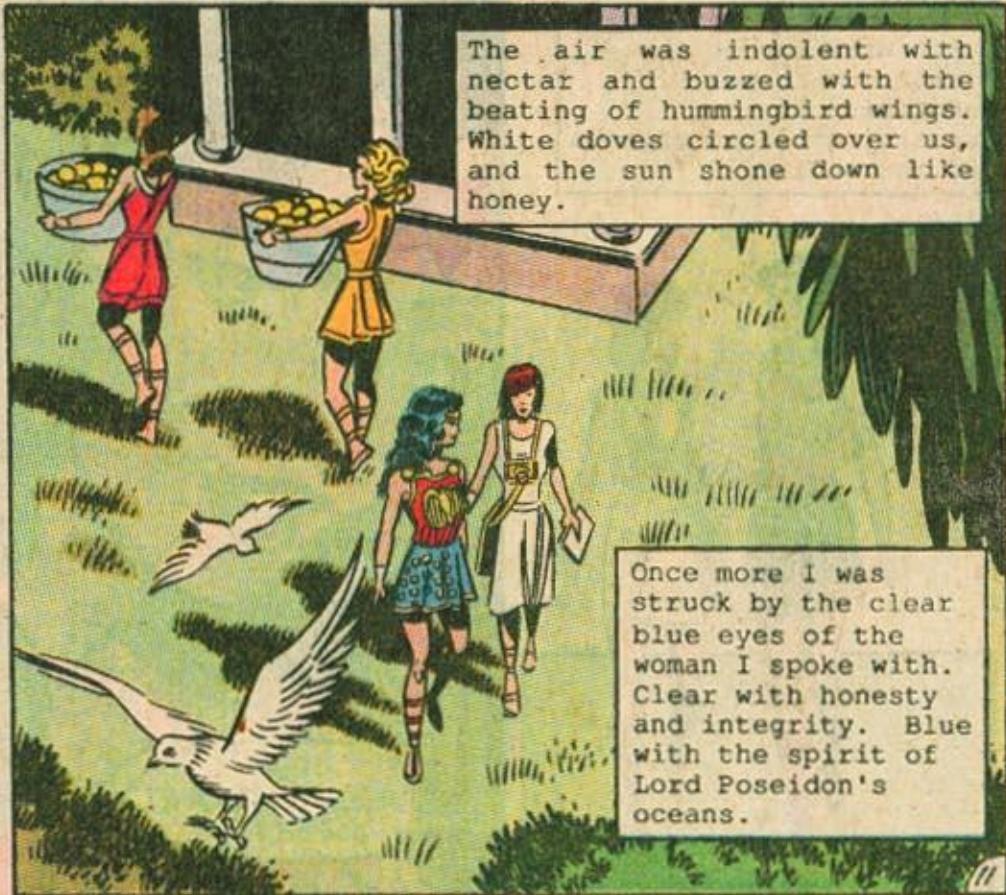
NONE?

EVEN YOUR MUSES COULD NOT PLAY ON STARVING STOMACHS, MISS.

I had a rare opportunity to speak to Princess Diana in the late afternoon, a time of quiet on Paradise Island.

The air was indolent with nectar and buzzed with the beating of hummingbird wings. White doves circled over us, and the sun shone down like honey.

Once more I was struck by the clear blue eyes of the woman I spoke with. Clear with honesty and integrity. Blue with the spirit of Lord Poseidon's oceans.



We spoke of many things. Her belief in her "Mission of Peace" and how it continues unabated, despite the baser aspects of human nature which she has discovered run in all of us, herself included.

She spoke of Professor Julia Kapatelis and her daughter, Vanessa, laughed, and then turned serious when I referred to all three of them as fulfilling the three faces of Eve -- maiden, woman, and crone.



I expected her to freeze up. Word has it that the Princess was sensitive to the sensationalistic aspects of journalism.



I like this Wonder Woman.



The Princess led us into the sanctum. Heavy drapes were drawn against the setting sun's rays.



If the Princess thought this unusual, she made no mention of it, but instead addressed Penelope about Rabbi Hecht's claim.



NOTIONS?! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW, LADY, THAT JUDAISM IS 5,750 YEARS OLD--!

--AND IN THE REAL WORLD, THAT'S A HELL OF A LOT LONGER THAN YOUR KIND OF PAGANISM LASTED!



-- RABBI, PLEASE--!  
I'LL APOLOGIZE WHEN SHE DOES!  
PENELope--



I knew I was sitting on top of a powderkeg of a story. Penelope had, by her words and actions, destroyed the illusion of Paradise.



Princess Diana, meanwhile, having by royal command forced Penelope to reveal Menalippe's whereabouts, had flown off...

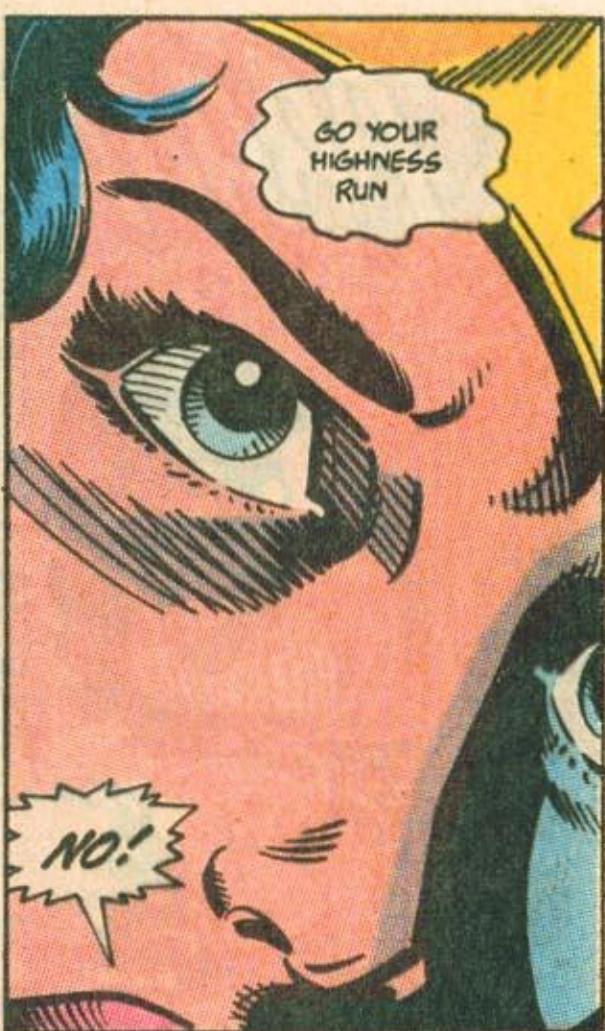


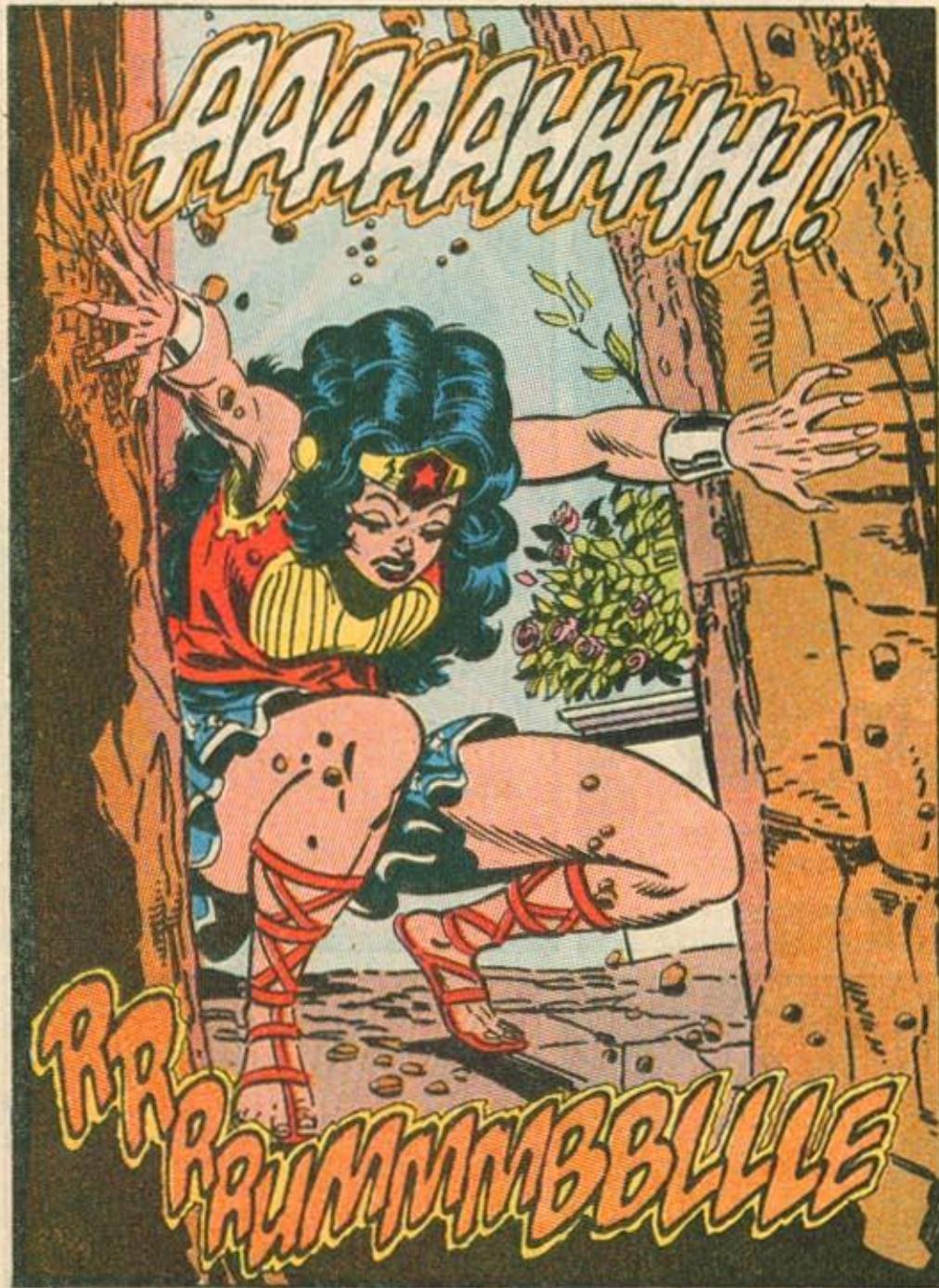
...and those left behind needed no oracle to know where she was headed.



"YOU'RE RIGHT. STILL, I WONDER WHERE SHE WAS GOING."







THE CAVE. GONE. NOTHING  
BUT THE WIND.

DIANA THIS WAY  
FREEDOM ESCAPE  
THIS WAY

THE LIGHT.  
MENALIPPE'S VOICE.  
FROM BEHIND THAT  
LIGHT.

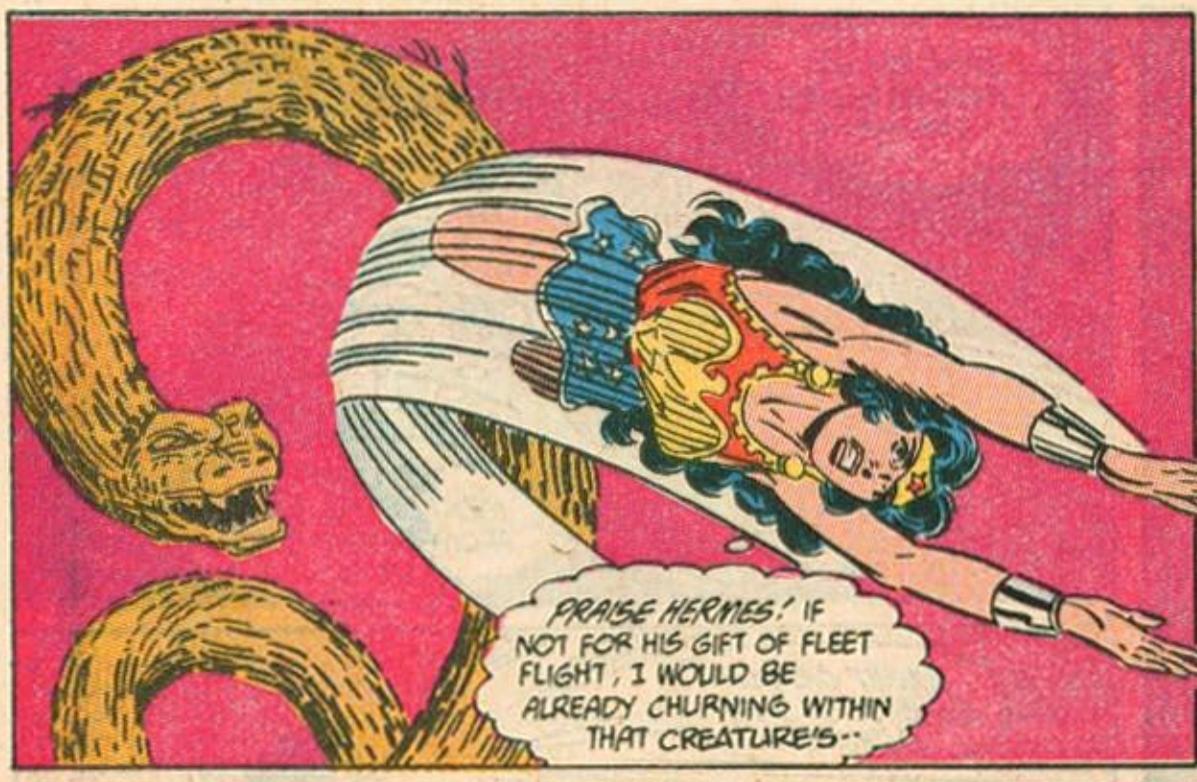
SWEET ORACLE,  
BE BRAVE! I AM  
COMING!

NOTHING TO  
USE TO FIND MY  
BEARINGS.

GREAT GAEA

WHAT DEMON'S  
SPIT SPAWNED  
YOU?!

HSSSSSSSSSSSTT





ARTEMIS  
IS BEYOND YOU,  
PRINCESS.

THEY ARE GONE, BUT  
NO MATTER. FOR A  
NEW ORDER ARISES.

I HAVE SEEN THE THREAD WITH  
WHICH CLOTHO SPINS. I HAVE  
PLAYED THE DICE OF CHANCE BY  
WHICH LACHESIS DEALS...

ALL  
YOUR PATRONS HAVE  
DESERTED YOU, AND  
THE AMAZONS.

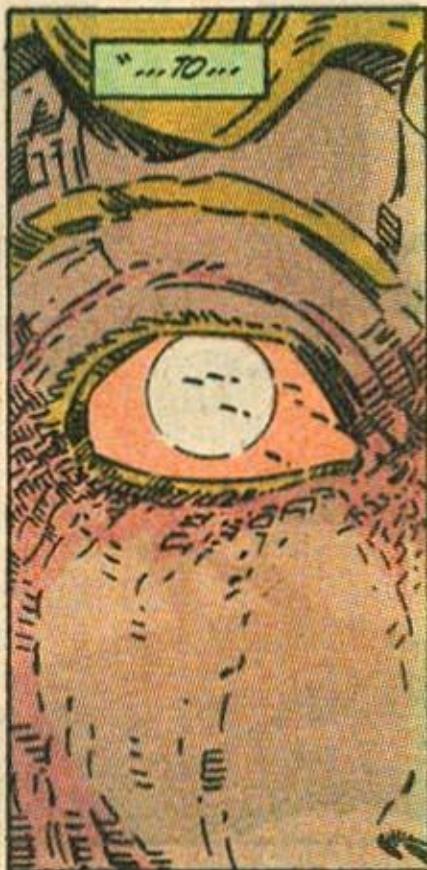
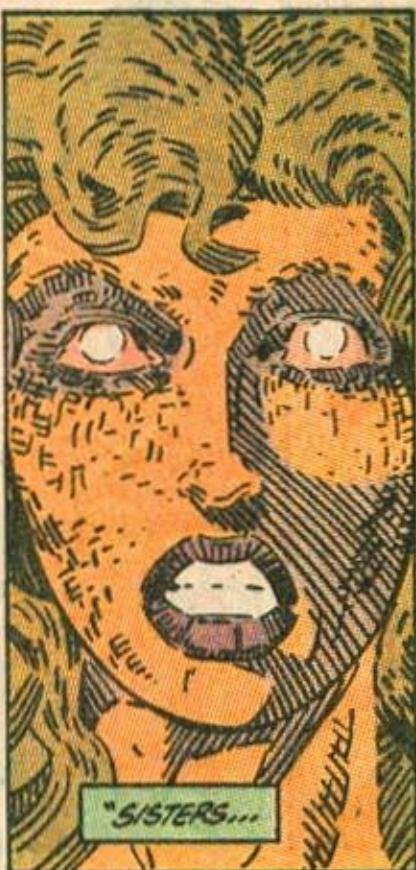
"MENALIPPE?"

THE MOERAE HAVE  
DECREED IT. I HAVE  
READ THE SIGNS.

...AND I HAVE BOWED MY  
HEAD AND ACCEPTED ATROPIS,  
THE INESCAPABLE FATE FROM  
WHICH THERE IS NO APPEAL.

WELCOME THE SAVIOR,  
PRINCESS DIANA. OUR TRUE  
DESTINY--

--FOR IN TRUTH WE  
AMAZONS ARE OF ARES. WE  
ARE WAR'S DAUGHTERS.



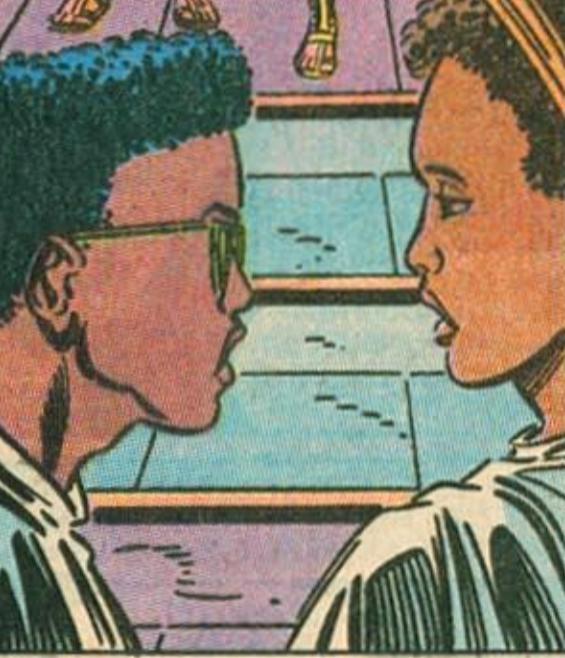
Night had fallen in Paradise, and we were to commence. But the Queen did not look happy.



THAT WILL NOT  
BE NECESSARY,  
PHILLIPUS.

FORGIVE US,  
MOTHER. WE WERE  
JUST BEING...

...FASHIONABLY  
LATE.



The Princess had been furious with Menalippe. Was she that forgiving? Or was she that adept at hiding her feelings in front of a room full of subjects and strangers?



I didn't think so. Diana is a woman whose eyes tell of her soul. I looked to her eyes. They told me nothing.

Nothing at all.

LET THE  
FEAST OF  
FIVE BEGIN!

