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WONDER WOMAN

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
C
AUTHORITY



MARRINAN
& PÉREZ

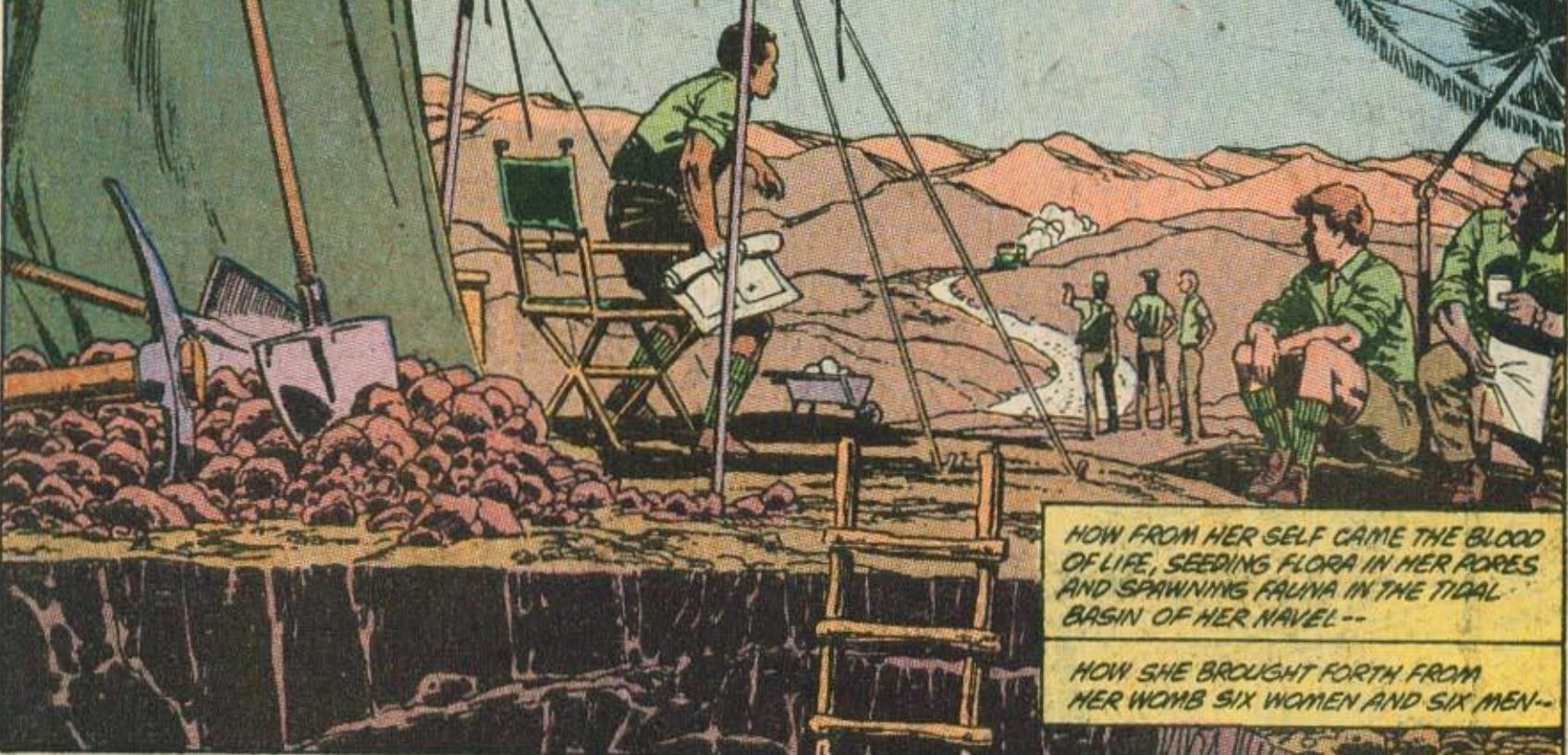
the
**TIES
THAT
BIND**

PÉREZ by NEWELL
MARRINAN TANGHAL

THE STORY WAS THE
SONG OF WOMAN--

WHO SANG OF THE ETERNAL
VOID, WHOM GAIA DIVORCED
TO STRIKE OUT ON HER OWN--

HOW SHE SPUN HER BODY INTO A
WHIRLING BALL, SCULPTING MOUNTAINS
ALONG HER SPINE AND VALLEYS IN HER
CLEFTS--



HOW THEY LOVED THEIR MOTHER,
SOURCE OF LIFE--

HOW THEY FEARED HER, SOURCE
OF DEATH--

HOW FROM HER SELF CAME THE BLOOD
OF LIFE, SEEDING FLORA IN HER PORES
AND SPAWNING FAUNA IN THE TIDAL
BASIN OF HER NAVEL--

HOW SHE BROUGHT FORTH FROM
HER WOMB SIX WOMEN AND SIX MEN--

JULIA.

AND HOW THEY
REVERED HER,
SOURCE OF
RE-BIRTH--

WHAT'S
UP?

FOR SHE WAS GAEA, THE ALL, ACTIVE
AND PASSIVE, CREATIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE,
FIERCE AND GENTLE.

RED CROSS PACKAGES
FOR THE PRISONERS.

HAHA.
VERY
FUNNY.



PROFESSOR JULIA KAPATELIS IS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST. SHE DIGS INTO THE PAST FOR A LIVING, COMBING THROUGH THE STRATA OF YESTERDAY FOR PROOF OF POETS' SONGS, TO RECONSTRUCT THE MYTHS.

THEMSYCIRA, THE PLACE SHE LOOKS FOR NOW, WAS THE STRONGHOLD OF A MatriARCHAL RACE, THE AMAZONS -- WORSHIPPERS OF GAEA, THE MOTHER IN ALL HER MANIFESTATIONS.



PROFESSOR KAPATELIS IS FUNDED AND SUPPLIED, AND ASSISTED BY A REGIMENT OF COLLEAGUES AND STUDENTS. EVERY TWO WEEKS THE LORRY COMES, LOADED WITH NEWS, PACKAGES, AND MAIL.

AND EVERY TWO WEEKS, JULIA REDISCovers THE PAIN OF DEMETER--

WHOSE DAUGHTER PERSEPHONE LEFT HER, AS GAEA LEFT THE ETERNAL VOID, TO STRIKE OUT ON HER OWN.



THE TIES THAT BIND

WONDER WOMAN
Created by
William Moulton Marston

GEORGE PEREZ STORY
CHRIS MORRISON, ROMEO TANIMAL
PENCILS
CARL GAFFORD, JOHN COSTANZA
COLORS
KAREN BERGER LETTERS
Editor

Dear Mom, how's Turkey? Don't stuff yourself, you don't want to get fat! Haha, only kidding. Camp is great! Orientation weekend was good, just us, no kids, like college. The head counselors are Linda Nagashii and Teddy Jones. Teddy owns the camp, he used to be a camper, then he grew up and bought it.



I guess you're right, mom, some boys really don't care if you're flat, but I still wish I was like Lucy, she's got a real bra already, 32 A. Yeah, I know, my time will come. But when?



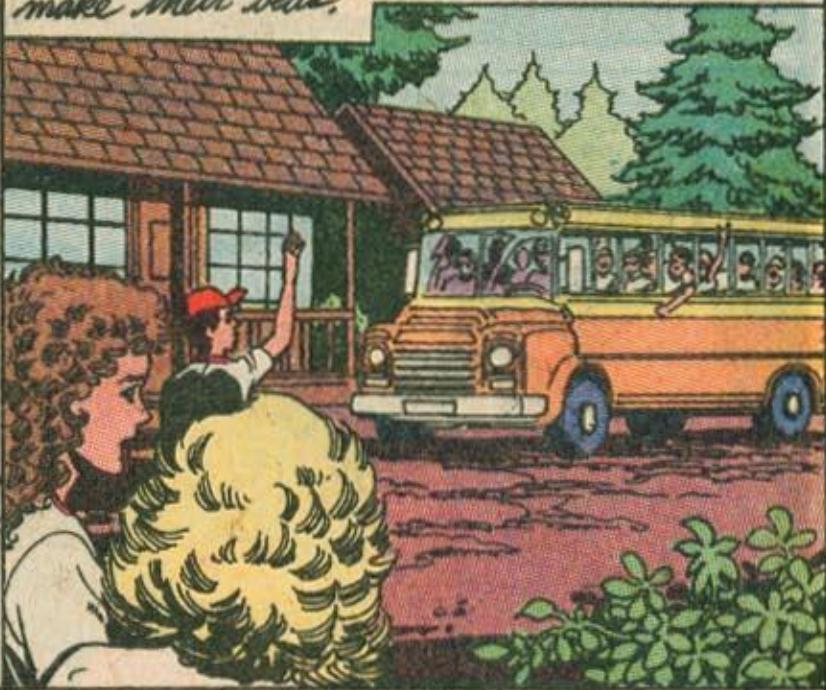
Can you imagine me showing somebody how to make a bed? After that we went to lunch, if you can call it that. I wrote Gloria to send me a care package quick before I starve to death! Write and tell her it's okay, okay? or call her!



They say Teddy got fired when he was a camper-waiter, so I guess there's hope for me yet, huh, Mom? Ha, ha, only kidding. There's this really cute guy here, his name is Dennis Dunn, and I think he likes me.

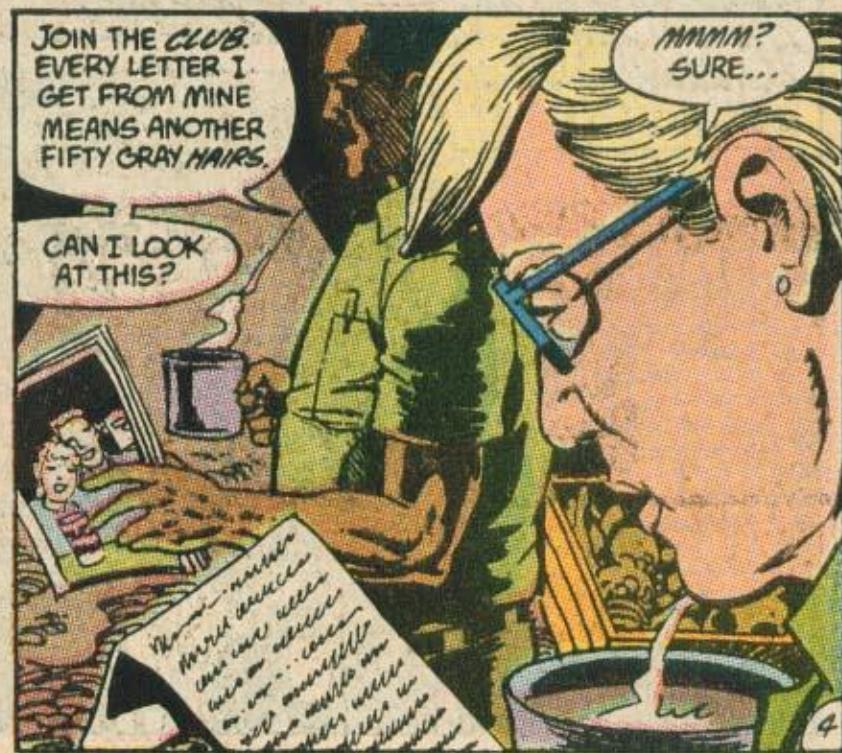
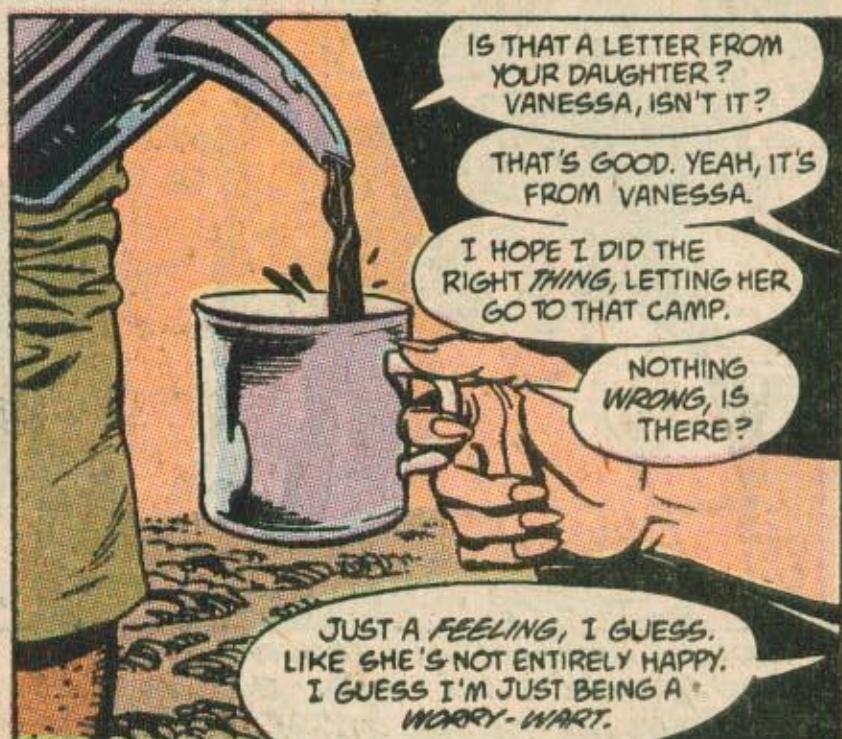


The kids came yesterday. I've got eight 9 and 10 year-olds in my bunk, plus me and the Senior counselor (her name is Edith, she's a senior in high school). First thing we did was help them unpack and make their beds.



They make us say the Pledge of Allegiance every morning. Just like school. Lucy (she says hi) says I'm being silly, but it is summer. Can't they ever give us a break?





Friday we went on a nature hike. Did I tell you Dennis is the nature counselor? He's gonna be a vet, so I guess that's how he knows all about animals and stuff.



I was thinking, maybe I'll be a vet, you know how I like animals, and I'm really good with them, really, you wouldn't believe how comfortable I feel in the woods.



Like Laura Ingalls in "Little House on the Prairie," remember that show? Some of the kids were scared, you know, of snakes and poison ivy, --



--but I told 'em, snakes are more scared of us than we are of them, right?



And poison ivy has two-pointed leaves, right, and berries. Or is that no berries and three-pointed leaves? Anyway, when we got back to camp we went swimming. Dennis is like the best swimmer in the whole camp...



...and you should see Lucy in her bikini! Holy cow! Makes me feel like such a baby! And Lucy doesn't seem to care one way or another! That girl...

...everything works out for her, Mom. I know Dennis likes her. She's got everything. She's even got her period already. How old were you, Mom? When you got it, I mean.

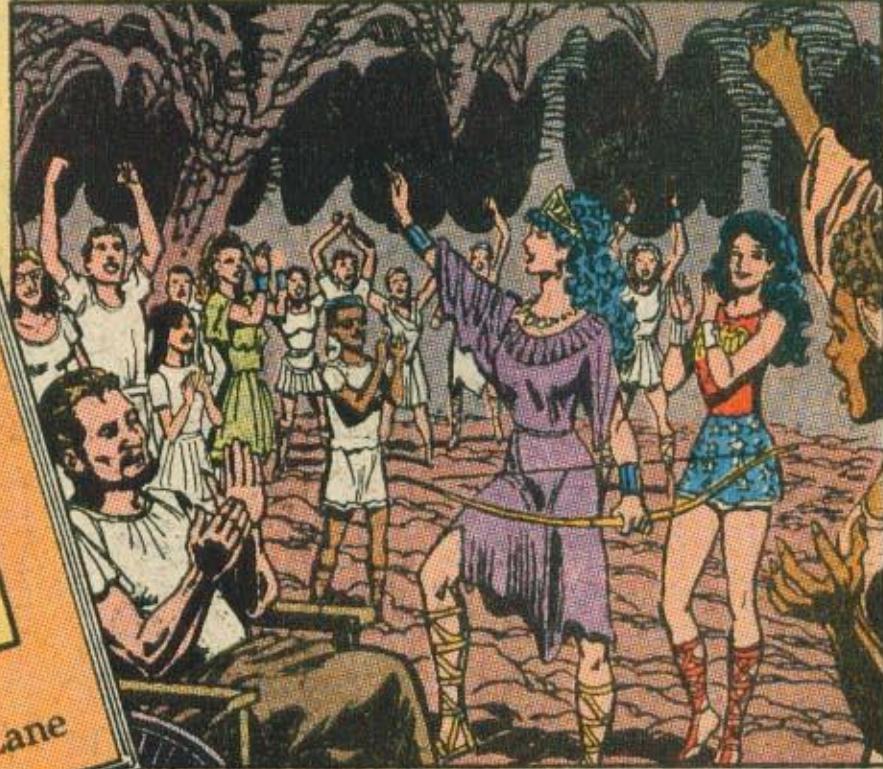


DAILY PLANET MAGAZINE



Strangers in Paradise
Conclusion of a 5-Part Series by Lois Lane

"OKAY... AMIDST THE RUBBLE OF FEAR AND BIGOTRY LEFT IN THE DUST OF ERIS' DEPARTURE, QUEEN HIPPOLYTE AND HER AMAZONS RE-DEDICATED THEMSELVES TO THE SPIRIT OF FIDELITY AND SISTERHOOD THAT WAS THE BASIS FOR THEIR FEAST OF FIVE AND THIS THEMYSIRAN SUMMIT.



OH, RIGHT, THE SUMMIT.
WHAT'S IT SAY?

LESSEE... UHHHHH,
WANT ME TO READ YOU
THE WHOLE THING OR
JUST SKIP AROUND?

YOU CAN
SKIP
AROUND.

"HER DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS DIANA,
KNOWN IN OUR WORLD AS WONDER
WOMAN, SPOKE OF HER GODS AND
THEIR DREAMS OF FULFILLMENT THROUGH
HUMANITY'S COMMON
DESTINY..."

"UHHHHH...
HANG ON,
THERE'S MORE...



"...SOMEWHAT SHAMEFADEDLY, WE RETURNED
TO THE SCENES OF OUR CRIMES. WE
APPROACHED THE CITY FROM THE WEST,
AS THE SUN WAS COMING UPON A
NEW DAY.



"FROM THAT VANTAGE POINT,
THEMYSIRIA WAS THE JEWEL IN THE
CROWN OF THE BRITISH RAJ; IT WAS THE
EMERALD CITY DONE UP IN MARBLE; IT WAS
TARA STANDING STRONG AGAINST SHERMAN;
IT WAS HOME."



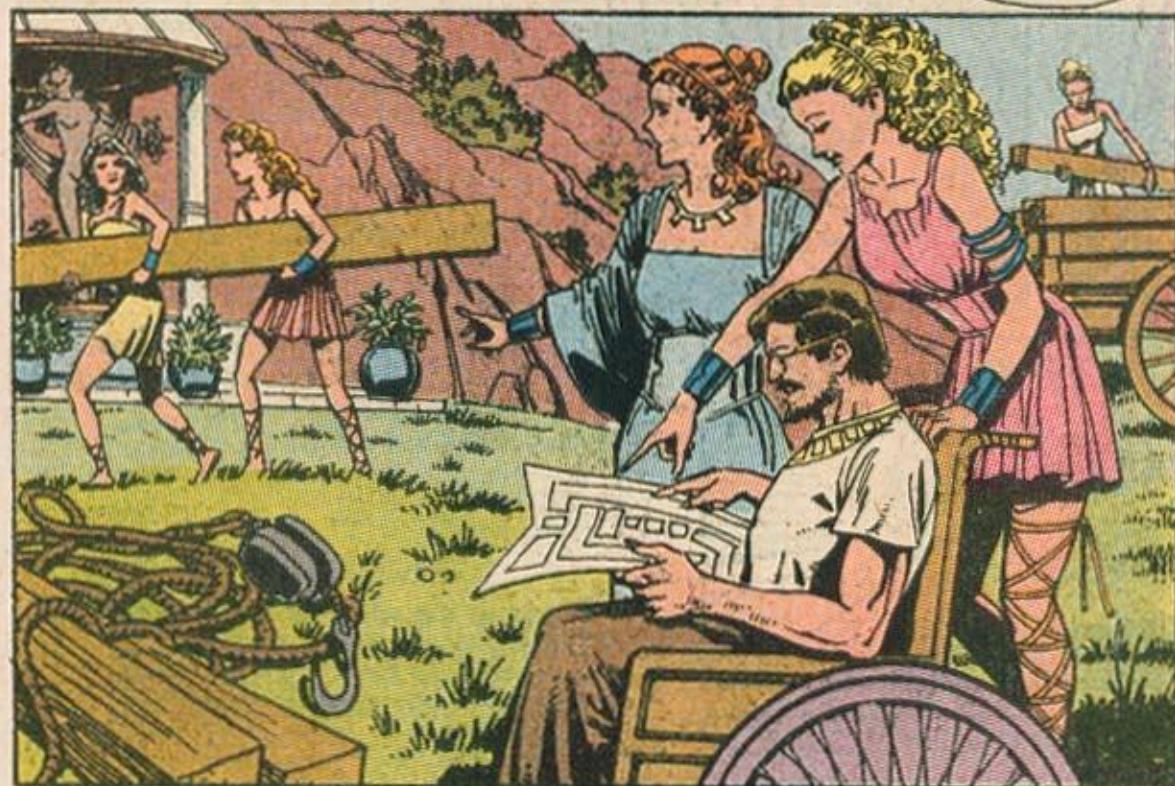
"BUT AS WE RE-ENTERED THE CITY, WE SAW IT WAS MORE LIKE PEARL HARBOR ON DECEMBER 8... ONE THING ABOUT IMMORTALITY. IT LEAVES YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO CLEAN UP."

TELL ME ABOUT IMMORTALITY, JULIA. WHAT'S IT LIKE?

IMMORTALITY? I DON'T KNOW. VANESSA AND I WERE THERE ONLY TWO DAYS. AND A WEEK-END DOES NOT AN EON MAKE.

C'MON, JULIA!

READ, CURTIS.

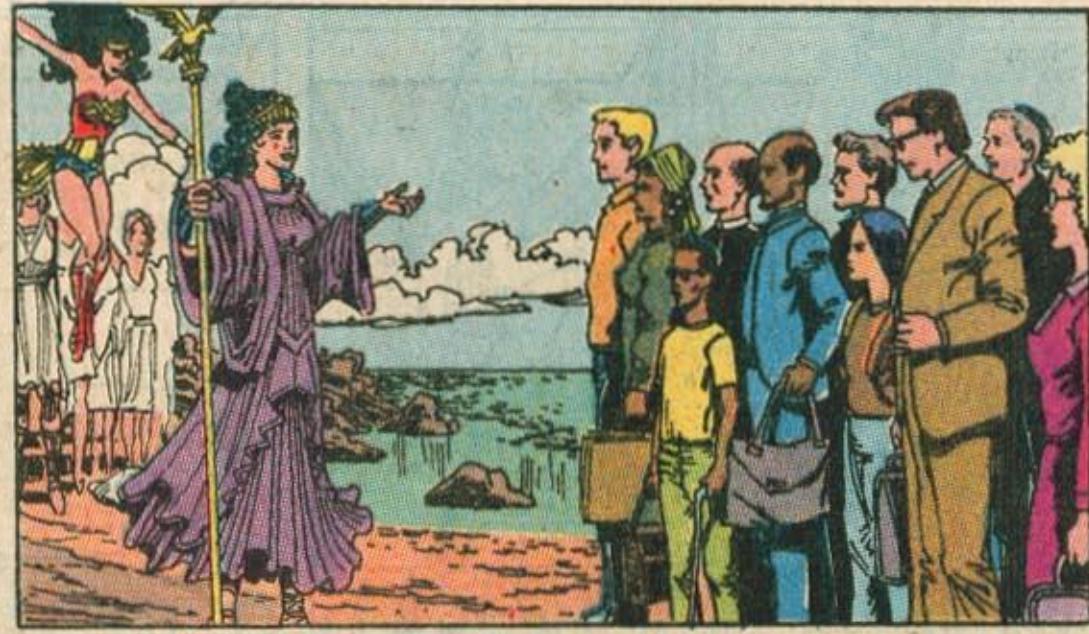


"OF ALL THE AMAZONS, MENALIPPE SUFFERED THE MOST. SHE FELT HER COMPLICITY WITH ERIS HAD DISAVOWED HER SACRED TRUST WITH THE GODDESSES."



"EVERYONE -- THE DELEGATES, HER SISTERS, AND HER SOVEREIGNS WORKED TO PERSUADE MENALIPPE THAT ANY ONE OF US COULD HAVE, AND HAD, FALLEN TO THE TAINTED SWEETNESS OF THE GOLDEN APPLES."

"BUT THIS REPORTER FEELS IT WILL BE A LONG TIME UNTIL THE ORACLE CAN FACE HER DELPHI AGAIN."



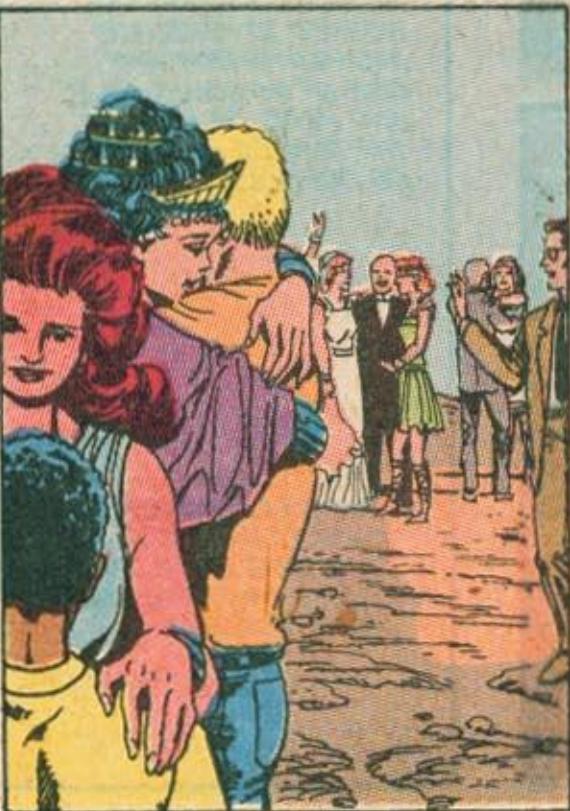
"TWO DISPARATE CULTURES STOOD AND FACED EACH OTHER FOR A FINAL TIME. FOR A LITTLE WHILE THEY HAD COME TOGETHER, BUT WOULD IT LAST? QUEEN HIPPOLYTE SPOKE ALL THE RIGHT WORDS -- HARMONY AND UNDERSTANDING, OPTIMISM AND PEACE, HOPE -- AND PROMISED TO COME TO THE UNITED NATIONS SOON."

"BUT IT IS SO HARD TO MAKE PLANS WITH IMMORTALS. THEIR TIME FRAME IS SO DIFFERENT FROM OURS."

"STILL, ASMUND LINDEL, AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THAT AUGUST AND BUCKERING BODY, PROMISED THE QUEEN WOULD BE MADE WELCOME WHENEVER SHE COMES. THIS REPORTER HOPES HE WILL NOT BE PROVEN A LIAR."



"THEN, AMIDST TEARS AND HUGS, THE THEMYSIRAN SUMMIT OFFICIALLY ENDED. THERE WERE AMAZON BLESSINGS, CHRISTIAN PSALMS, AND HEBREW PRAYERS CHANTED, AND THEN PRINCESS DIANA, ONCE MORE IN HER MODERN GUISE OF WONDER WOMAN, TOOK UP HER GOLDEN LASSO."



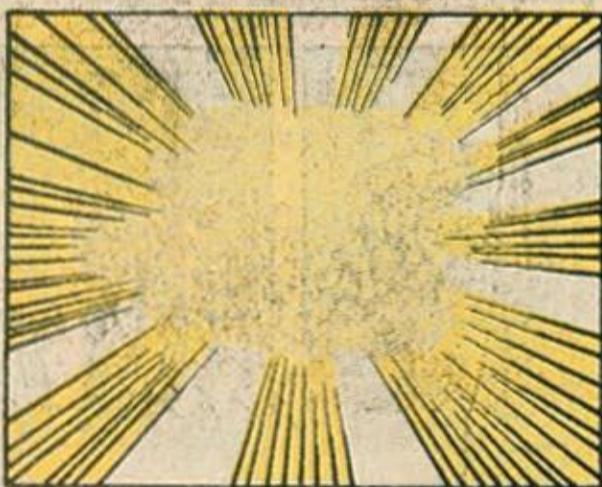
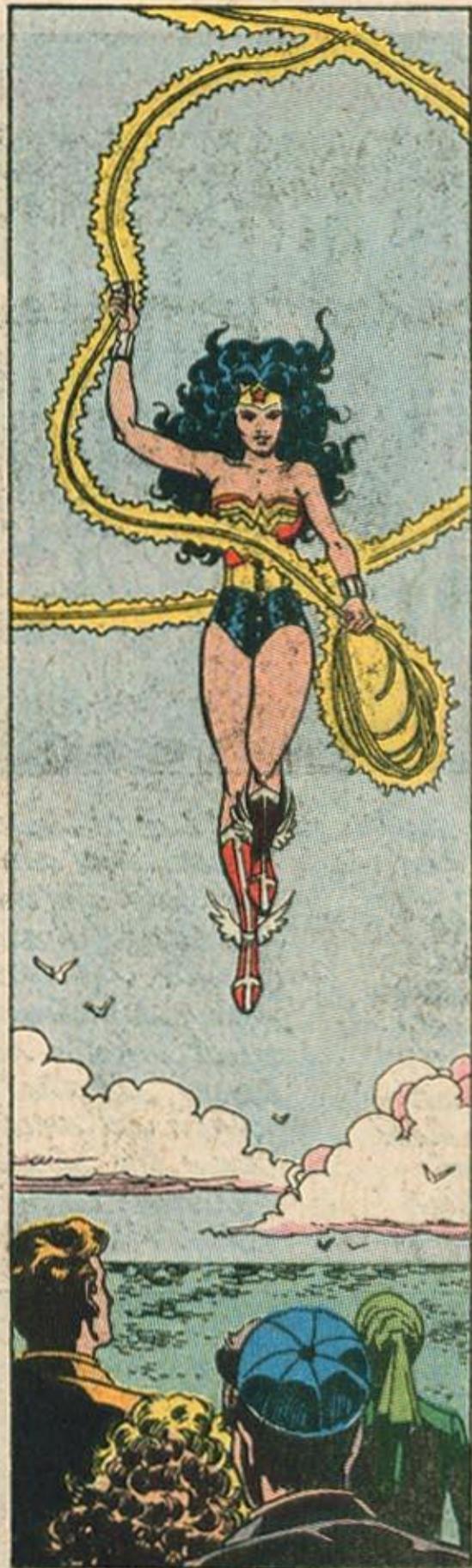
"LET US GO, SHE SAID."

"LIKE A BIBLICAL ANGEL OR A SHAKESPEAREAN SPRITE, SHE ROSE ABOVE US, BORNE UP BY THE GENTLE BREATH OF ZEPHYRUS, THE WEST WIND."

"SHE TWIRLED THE GOLDEN LASSO FASTER AND FASTER, UNTIL A CIRCLET OF HESTIA'S FIRE FLICKERED OVER HER HEAD. THEN, AS ONCE BEFORE, THERE WAS A SENSATION OF RAINING FLAME AND COLD HEAT, AND THE BURNING HALO ENVELOPED US."

"THE AMAZONS BECAME SHIMMERING IMAGES OF LIGHT AND SHADOW, TRANSLUCENT GHOSTS SEEN BY CANDLEWICK, FADING WISPS OF REALITY MELTING INTO ILLUSION, WIPE AWAY WITH A TEAR, BELONGING ONLY TO MEMORY..."

". . . AND MEMORY, AS WE ALL KNOW, CANNOT BE TRUSTED."





Instead of supper in the mess hall on Tuesday we had a campfire and cookout. Edith told the story of Cropsey (he was a crazy guy who killed kids who lived around here -- sorta like Jason, I guess), and then Lucy said I should tell everybody about Diana and Paradise Island. I kinda didn't want to, Mom, 'cause you know I worry about being liked for myself after what happened with Eileen and the bracelets that time, remember?

But Lucy's never been jealous, I don't think that girl's got a jealous bone in her body, and anyway, Dennis was there, and I did want to impress him a little. Is that wrong, Mom? I don't know, sometimes I get so mixed up about what's right and what's wrong, did that ever happen to you when you were growing up? I told them the story about that time on Paradise Island when I dived off the cliff. Remember that?



I didn't tell them about how scared I was, though. That's what I mean about being mixed up, Mom. I want to be honest and real and like Diana and all that, but it's so hard. Sometimes I look in the mirror and I hate myself. I don't look like anything I thought I would when I was little and pretended I was big. I know we talked about all this, and I know everybody is different and develops at their own pace, but it's so unfair, Mommy!



Lucy has got to be the luckiest person in the whole world. Except for Diana, I mean. Pretty, and smart and her parents are so rich it's disgusting. She's even been to Paris and Rome. Maybe I should've gone to Turkey with you, Mom. Diana's talking to Lucy about this, and she said a funny thing. She said I was the lucky one, that you don't smother me and treat me like a baby and then get mad when I don't act grown-up enough. She said in some ways it's better just to be me and 'cause I understand life better. I think she was trying to tell me something, Mom, but I'm not sure what. Oh well...





I WAS HEADED TOWARDS PROFESSOR KAPATELIS' TENT.

LUCY! LUCY!

LUCY! LUCY, GUESS WHAT!

CALM DOWN, NES.

BUT LUCY! I GOT IT!

GOT WHAT?

THAT'S GREAT, NES. I TOLD YOU YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, DIDN'T I?



Dear Mom,

July 2, 1989

Please note that date. On this date, at precisely 1:40 in the afternoon, your daughter, Vanessa Jane Kapatelas, became a W-O-M-A-N!

Don't worry, Mom. I feel great, and Lucy is here.

I'm sorry I was being such a pain in my last letter, whining about growing up and everything. I was just being stupid and immature. Now that I'm grown up, I promise I won't be like that anymore.

YOU FEEL OKAY? GOT ANY CRAMPS OR ANYTHING?

I FEEL GREAT!

I HOPE MY MOM IS COOL ABOUT THIS.

YOUR MOM IS GREAT. MY MOM CRIED LIKE A BABY AND MY FATHER FLIPPED OUT ENTIRELY. MY PARENTS--

YEAH... PARENTS.

YEAH.

I miss you, mom. Don't tell anybody, but I kinda wish you were here right now. Oh well, that is not being very grown up of me, is it? I gotta go, mom. I love you.

Neskie
XXXXX
hugs and kisses

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

ANYTHING
I CAN DO?

OH, CURTIS. NO, I'M ALL RIGHT.
IT'S JUST THAT I MISS VANESSA.

SOMETIMES BEING
A WORKING MOTHER
STINKS.

LISTEN, IF YOU WANT TO
BE ALONE FOR A WHILE--

NO, IT'S OKAY, IT'LL
TAKE MY MIND OFF
MY TROUBLES. WHAT
CAN I DO FOR
YOU?

SOME OF THE KIDS
SORT OF MADE A
DISCOVERY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
SORT OF--

MEANING IT'S
MORE ZOOLOGICAL
THAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL.

I KNOW. I WAS
IN PERU WHEN
JANET WAS BORN.

I HOPE
NOTHING'S
WRONG.

IT'S A MESSENGER
PIGEON..

I KNOW.

THEY'RE
EXTINCT,
JULIA.

NOT ON PARADISE
ISLAND.

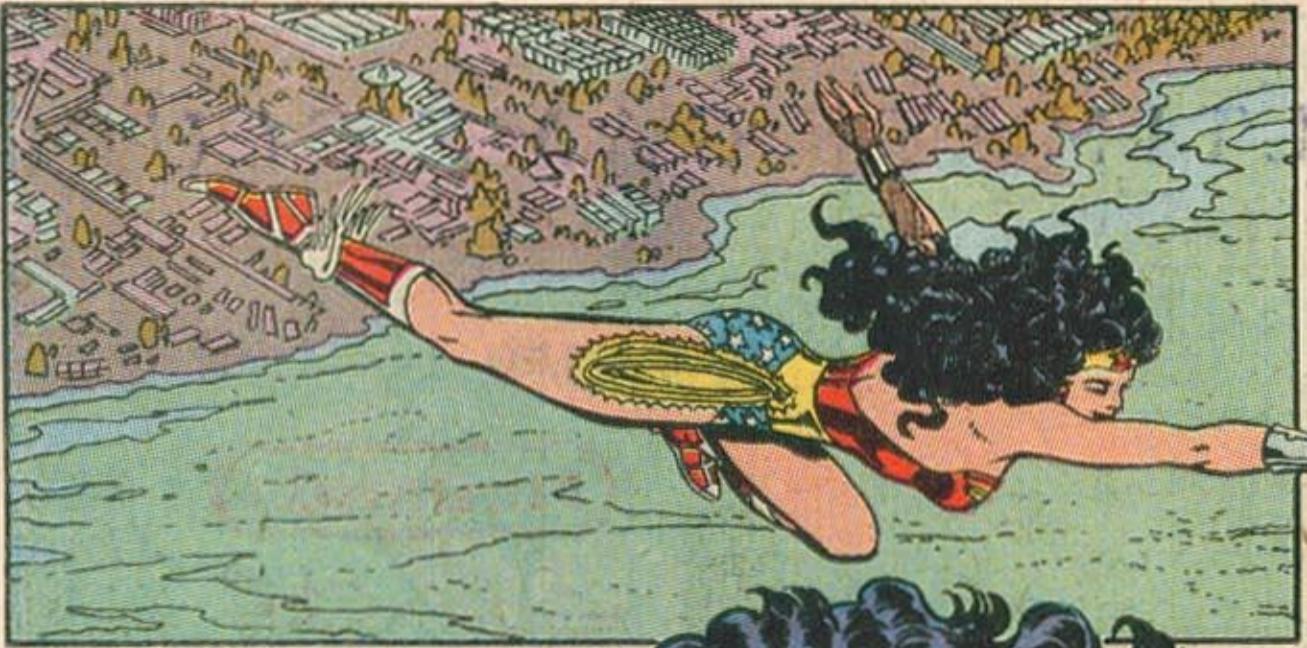
"IT'S FROM DIANA!"



DEAREST JULIA,

THOUGH THE SUMMIT ENDED WITH THE FIVE SMILING DOWN UPON US, AND WHAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED SURPASSED ALL MY DREAMS AND ASPIRATIONS, I FOUND MYSELF DELIBERATELY SHORT-CHANGING THOSE WHO HAD GATHERED AT THE UNITED NATIONS, AWAITING THE DELEGATES' RETURN FROM PARADISE, READY TO DELUGE ALL OF US WITH QUESTIONS.

I KNOW IT WAS RUDE OF ME, JULIA, BUT I JUST DROPPED OFF MY PASSENGERS AND LEFT.

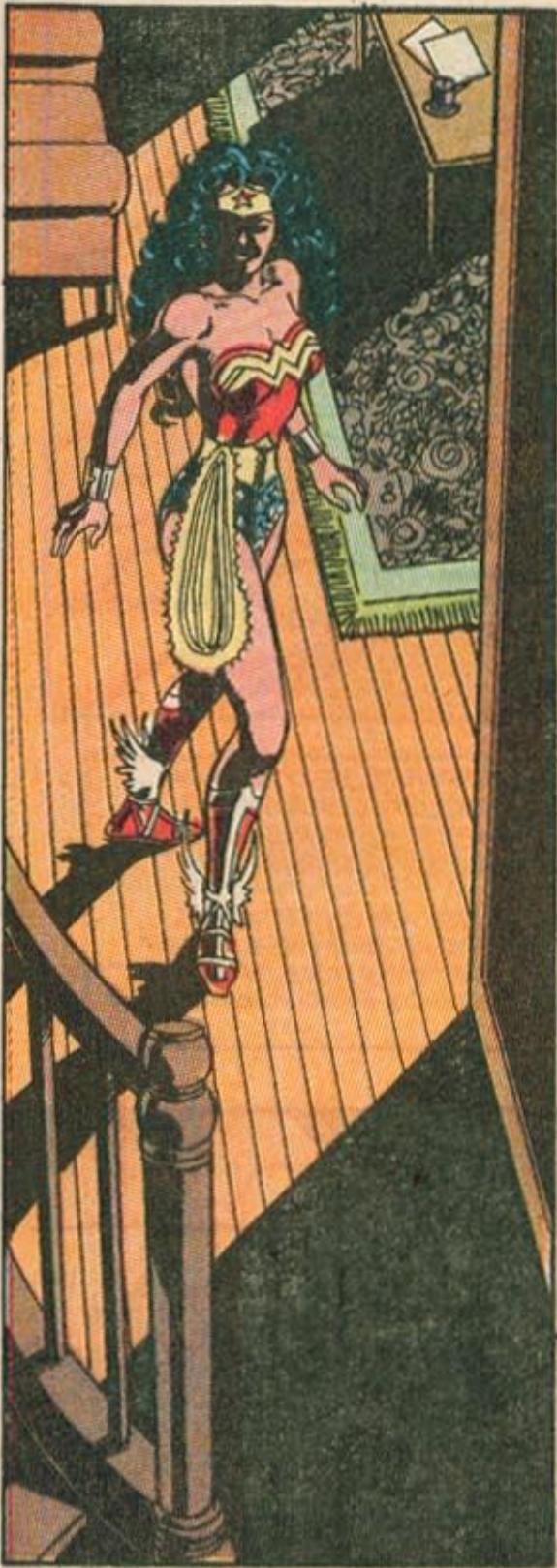


ALL I COULD THINK OF
WAS YOU AND VANESSA,
AND THE BLESSED
PEACE AND QUIET OF
YOUR HOME IN
BEACON HILL, WHERE
I CAN DROP THE
PUBLIC PERSONA OF
WONDER WOMAN AND
JUST BE MYSELF,
OR, AS VANESSA
WOULD SAY, JUST
CHILL OUT.



SOMETIMES I LOOK AT MY MOTHER, AND I WONDER, HOW DOES SHE DO IT? HOW DOES SHE BALANCE THE ROYAL MATRIARCH WITH THE WOMAN UNDER THE PURPLE ROBES OF STATE? ONCE I STUMBLED UPON HER AND HERCLES IN A PRIVATE MOMENT--I THINK IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I REALIZED MY MOTHER WAS A WOMAN BEFORE SHE WAS MY MOTHER, EVEN BEFORE SHE WAS A QUEEN.

SHE WAS BORN TO RULE, AND I WAS BORN TO GREATNESS. OR SO SAY THE FATES. IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T ACCEPT MY ROLE, JULIA. I DO. YOU KNOW THAT. BUT SOMETIMES I WONDER. WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE TO BE ORDINARY? TO BE LIKE YOU AND VANESSA?

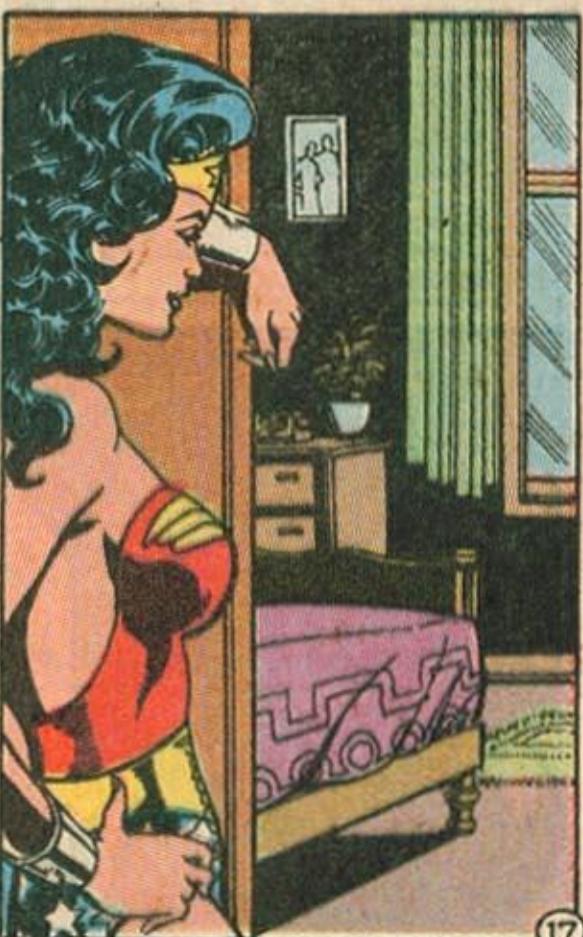


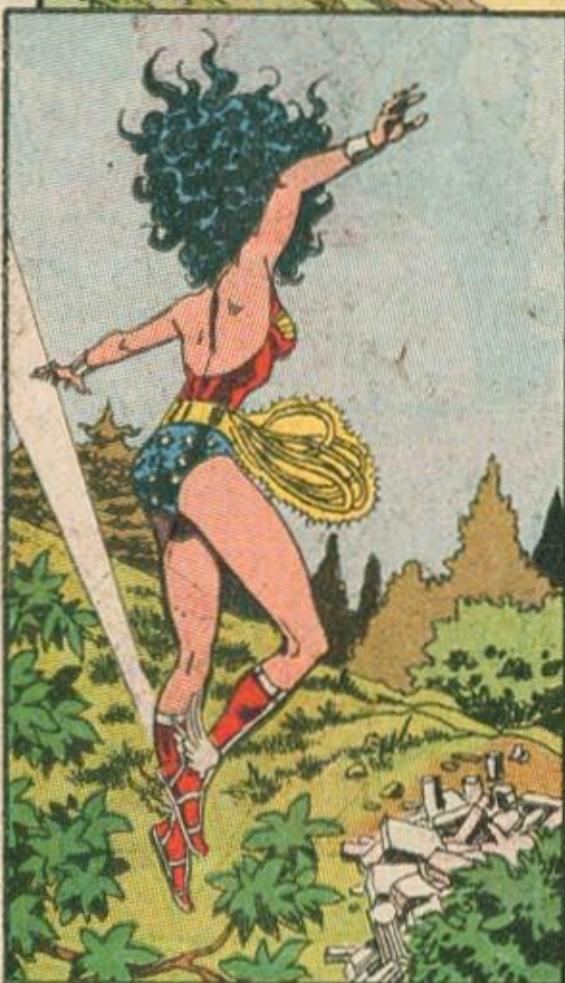
I DON'T MEAN ORDINARY AS UNREMARKABLE OR UNDISTINGUISHED. NEITHER OF YOU COULD EVER BE THOSE THINGS. I MEAN ORDINARY AS IN, WELL, THE WAY IT IS WHEN VANESSA IS UPSTAIRS IN HER ROOM, SUPPOSEDLY DOING HER HOMEWORK, BUT ACTUALLY TALKING TO LUCY OR EILEEN ON THE TELEPHONE WHILE THE NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK "HANG TOUGH," AND YOU ARE IN YOUR STUDY GRADING PAPERS, DISHES WASHED AND DRIED, AND ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS "BEGIN THE BEGUNIE" ON THE COMPACT DISC PLAYER.

SOMETIMES, JULIA, THOUGH IT SHAMES ME TO ADMIT IT, ENVY PLAYS ITS DISCORDANT NOTES UPON THE STRINGS OF MY HEART. BUT YOU AND VANESSA HAVE ALWAYS LOVED ME FOR MYSELF, AND ENVY CANNOT EVER STAND UP AGAINST SUCH GOOD AND HONEST FEELINGS. I GUESS WHAT I AM SAYING IS THAT TO RETURN TO BEACON HILL IS TO RETURN, IN A LARGE WAY, TO PARADISE.



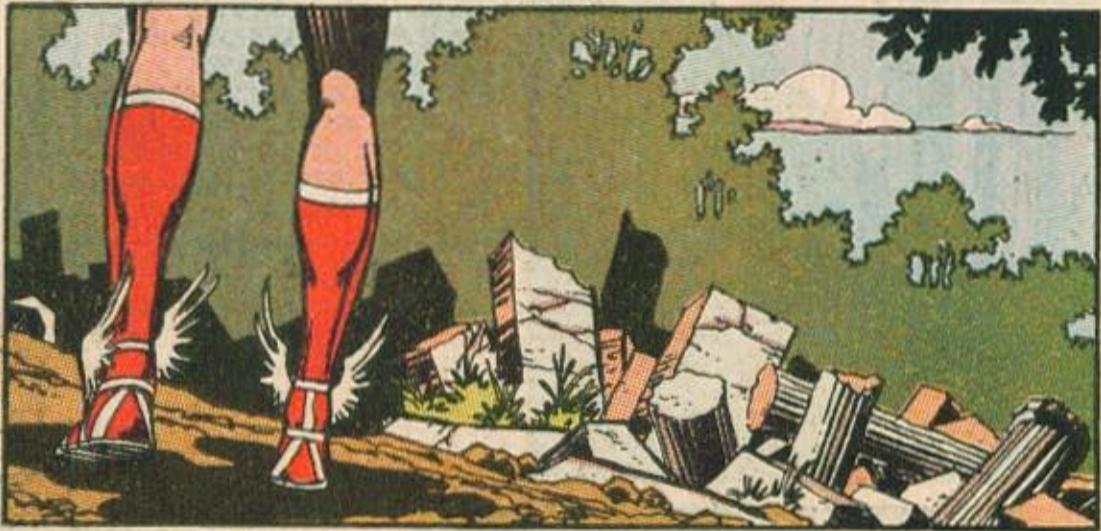
SO IMAGINE MY DISAPPOINTMENT WHEN I FOUND YOUR HOUSE TO BE EMPTY. AT FIRST I THOUGHT YOU HAD GONE TO YOUR SUMMER HOME IN WAKEFIELD, BUT THEN I REMEMBERED YOUR PLANS TO REDISCOVER MY MOTHER'S THEMYSCIRIA THIS SUMMER, AND THAT VANESSA WAS GOING TO BE A COUNSELOR TO OTHERS IN MONROE, NEW YORK.





I DECIDED THEN TO SEEK OUT MY LORD HERMES, BOTH TO THANK HIM FOR COMING TO MY AID WHEN ERISS HAD IMPRISONED ME IN THE BLACK VOID (HAVE YOU READ LOIS LANE'S ARTICLE YET?), AND TO QUELL MY FEARS THAT ALL IS NOT WELL WITH THE OLYMPIAN.

YOU SEE, JULIA, MY LORD HERMES HAS LOST HIS OMNIPOTENCE. HE EVEN BLEEDS, JULIA! I KNOW YOU AND HE NEVER REALLY GOT ALONG, AND I CAN IMAGINE YOU FEELING THAT A DOSE OF HUMANITY WOULD DO WELL FOR HIM, BUT IT IS A PITIFUL THING FOR A GOD TO WALK LIKE A MAN, JULIA.



AND MY LORD HERMES DOES NOT DESERVE PITY. I KNOW HE CAN BE ARROGANT AT TIMES, AND SELF-SERVING, BUT MY LORD HERMES CAN ALSO BE SELF-SACRIFICING AND NOBLE IN THE CAUSE OF MAN. MY LORD GAVE ME THE GIFT OF HIS CADUCEUS TO AID IN THE CROSSING OF THE DELEGATES THROUGH CHAOS, JULIA, WHEN IN TRUTH HE NEEDED IT HIMSELF AS A MEDIUM THROUGH WHICH HE COULD CHANNEL HIS FADING POWER.

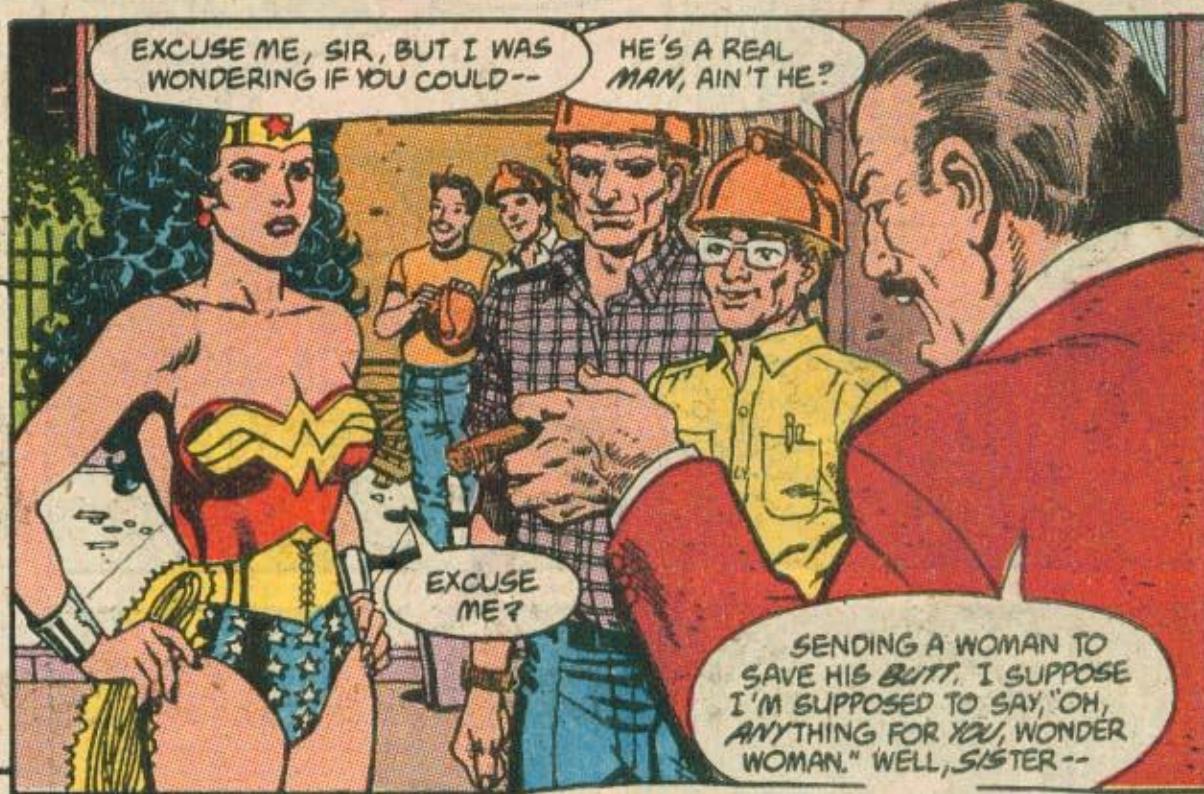
BUT TRY AS I MIGHT, JULIA, I CANNOT REACH HIM. HE HAD ESTABLISHED A SPIRITUAL CONTACT WITH ME DURING MY IMPRISONMENT IN THE TREE OF DISCORD, BUT IT HAS BEEN BROKEN, AND I CANNOT SEEM TO RE-ESTABLISH IT.





IT SEEMED A LOGICAL MOVE TO FLY TO FRAMINGHAM, WHERE MY LORD HAD TAKEN UP RESIDENCE WITH STEPHEN TREVOR.

THE HOLE HE ACCIDENTALLY BLASTED IN STEVE'S LIVING ROOM WALL IS STILL UNDER REPAIR... BY SOME LESS THAN COURTEOUS MEMBERS OF PATRIARCH'S WORLD! FOR A FEW MINUTES I WONDERED JUST HOW REALISTIC WERE MY HOPES OF TRYING TO BRING GAEA'S WAY TO THIS WORLD.





I CONTEMPLATED RETURNING TO THEMYSCIRA, BUT I AM TRYING NOT TO RUN HOME EVERY TIME I SKIN MY KNEE. STILL... I WAS THINKING... WOULD YOU MIND IF I JOINED YOU IN TURKEY, JULIA? IT WOULD BE SO EXCITING TO BE WHERE MY MOTHER AND MY SISTERS ROSE TO THEIR FIRST GLORY. AND PERHAPS I COULD HELP YOU? I WOULD NOT WISH TO... FREE-LOAD? IS THAT THE RIGHT WORD?

I DON'T MEAN TO IMPOSE. I LOOKED UP ETTA CANDY, BUT SHE'S ON AN ASSIGNMENT FROM GENERAL YEDZINIAK. SUPERMAN IS BUSY... IT'S SO HARD FOR MEN AND WOMEN TO BE JUST FRIENDS, ISN'T IT? THE PEOPLE AT THE MAYER AGENCY WERE BUSY. SINCE MYNDI'S DEATH, THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY TIME FOR ME... I GUESS I WAS JUST THEIR CLIENT, AFTER ALL. WELL, WHAT I'M SAYING IS, I MISS YOU AND OUR TIME TOGETHER. CAN I COME? THE GLORY OF GREECE BE WITH YOU.

DIANA



HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT
I WAS GOING TO SAY?

IT WASN'T
HARD.

THAT WAS FAST,

HOW LONG DOES
IT TAKE TO WRITE
YES?

OKAY, TINY ONE,
DELIVER THIS TO
YOUR MISTRESS,
AND BRING HER
HERE, UNDER-
STAND?

WAIT... I
THINK THIS BIRD
IS SICK!

MAYBE IT'S JUST TIRED.

MAYBE. WHERE
DID YOU SAY YOU
FOUND IT?

OVER.
HERE.
LEVEL 1.

I'LL
WRITE HER
RIGHT
AWAY.

WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH IT?

I DON'T
KNOW.

SQUAAKK
SQUAAKK

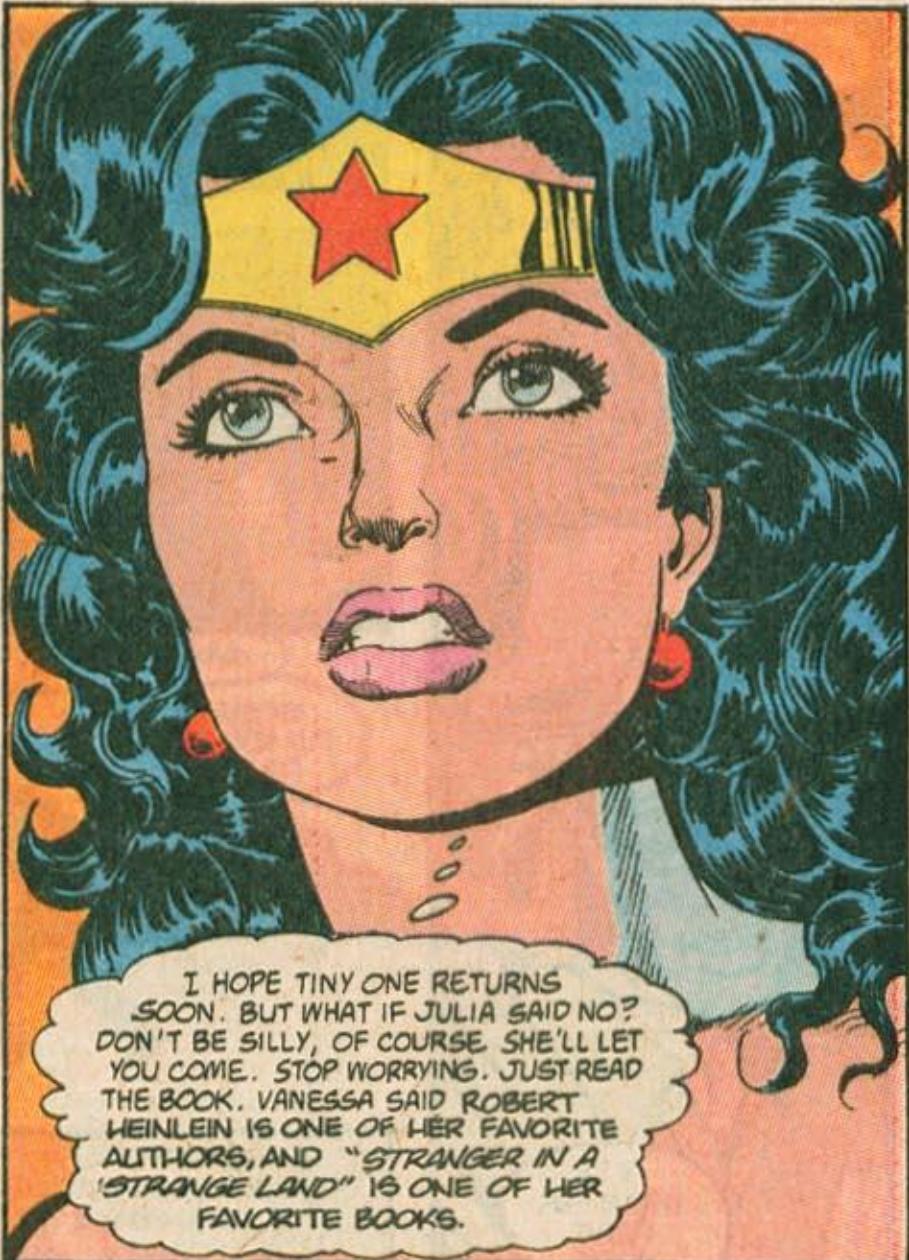
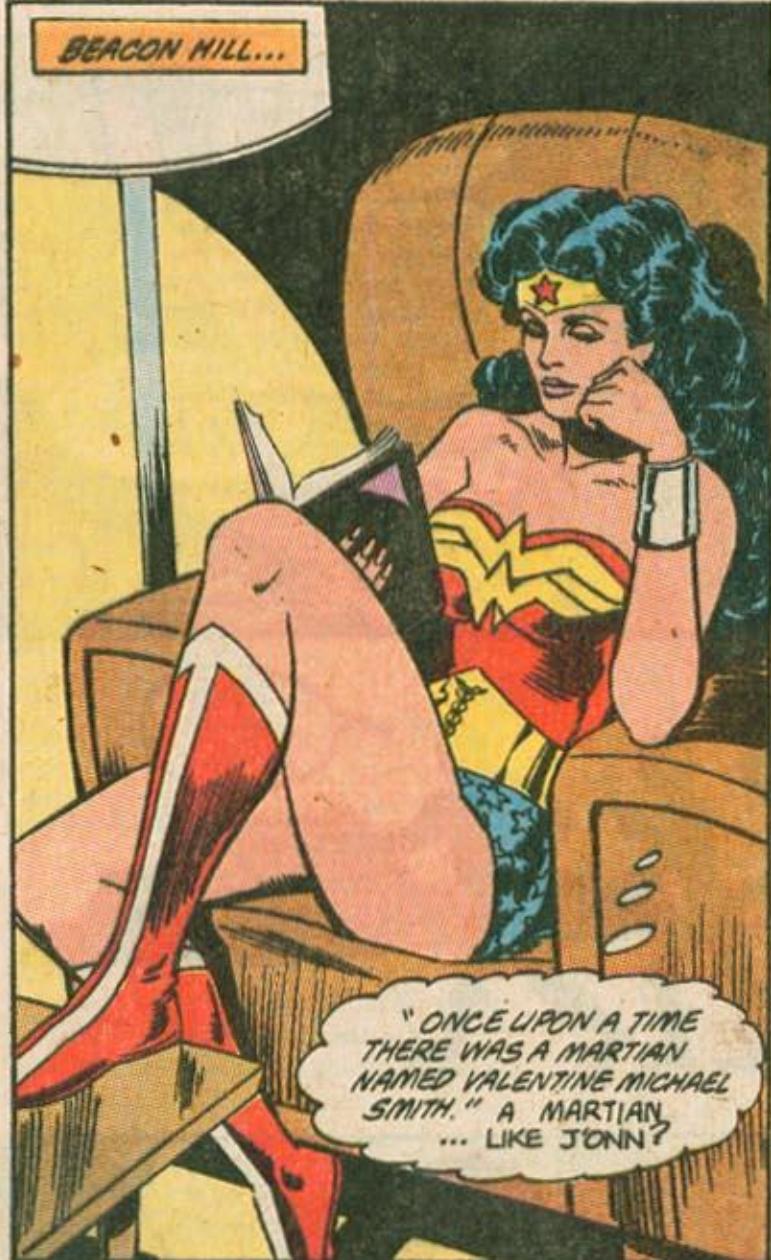
SOMETHING'S
SCARIN'--

IT'S FLYIN' STRONG.
GUESS WHATEVER IT
WAS WENT AWAY.

I HOPE
SO, CURTIS.

OWWW!
IT SCRATCHED
ME!

BEACON HILL...



...NOW, WHERE WAS I?... "ONLY BY REFUELING AT A SPACE STATION COULD THE ENVOY MAKE THE TRIP. ONCE AT MARS SHE MIGHT RETURN--

