

A collection of dark art, fantasy & sci-fi to entertain & horrify!

# ASYLUM INK

April 2011



Mature  
Content



# LEVELS OF THE ASYLUM

**SHOCK THERAPY:** They pave the way with their obsessions.  
**PATIENT SCREENINGS:** Curb violent tendencies with a look into horror cinema.  
**CLINICAL TRIALS:** Laugh or cry, but these comics will have you committed.  
**FEATURED PATIENT:** Your retinas will burn at the sights you will behold.  
**ISOLATION WARD:** Tales too disturbing for the outside world.  
**SELF MEDICATION:** Drinks of the Asylum used to quiet the voices.

**PSYCH EVAL:** A review of the inmates psychosis.  
**ACUSTIC THERAPY:** Eardrums will burst after sampling these audio treats.  
**CONFISCATED ITEMS:** Objects of beauty & uniqueness that have no home.  
**MEET THE PATIENTS:** Stop by and say hello!



Look for the best of  
the Asylum  
and vote on our forum!

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A horror-themed poster. On the left, a Grim Reaper with a skull for a face and a dark hooded robe holds a scythe. On the right, a woman in a white, tattered dress stands with a pale, bloody face. The background is a dark, industrial setting with bright blue lightning bolts striking down. The title 'Shock Therapy' is written in a stylized, white, serif font in the lower center.

# Shock Therapy

Your retinas will burn at  
the sights you will behold!



**"Extraterrestrial"**  
Jessica Walker



**"In One Word"**  
Johannes Eteläinen



**"Toxic Shock II"**  
Jessica Walker





**"Rapture"**  
Volkan Küçükemre



**"Dark Dolly"**  
MeliJulie



**"The Feast"**  
Volkan Küçükemre



*A Dark Rest Stop  
on the  
Information Superhighway*



*[www.deathheadgrin.com](http://www.deathheadgrin.com)*





**"He Who Stops  
For Nothing"**  
Andrew Mar



**"Devil With Apples"**  
Lois Van Baarle



**"Novocaine IV"**  
Jessica Walker





**"Skull Llama"**  
**Jorge Monreal Forcadas**

**"Mermaid"**  
**LoisVan Baarle**



**"2010 082"**  
**Angel Thanatos**







# Spatient Screenings

Curb your violent tendencies  
with a look into horror cinema





**PATIENT NAME:** Pitch Black

**STATE OF MIND:** Fight Evil With Evil.

**PATIENT HISTORY:** A group of marooned space travelers struggle for survival on a seeming-lifeless sun-scorched world.

**MANIC EPISODE:** ☐ Less Than a Lot Of Killing ☒ More Than A Little Killing  
☐ Just Right Killing ☐ Biblical scale killing

**FETISH:** ☐ Piercing ☐ Silk, satin, leather or latex ☒ Role playing  
☐ Nudity ☒ Cutting

**SHOCK THERAPY:** Stereo-type breaking characters, monsters, and Riddick! If you haven't seen it yet, do so!

**DIAGNOSIS:** ☒ Psychotic Break -A ☐ Schizophrenia -B ☐ Bipolar Disorder -C  
☐ Voyeurism -D ☐ Narcolepsy -F



**PATIENT NAME:** Silent Hill

**STATE OF MIND:** Welcome to Silent Hill

**PATIENT HISTORY:** A woman goes in search for her daughter, within the confines of a strange, desolate town called Silent Hill.

**MANIC EPISODE:** ☐ Less Than a Lot Of Killing ☒ More Than A Little Killing  
☐ Just Right Killing ☐ Biblical scale killing

**FETISH:** ☒ Piercing ☐ Silk, satin, leather or latex ☒ Role playing  
☐ Nudity ☒ Cutting

**SHOCK THERAPY:** One of the few game adaptations that didn't suck!

**DIAGNOSIS:** ☒ Psychotic Break -A ☐ Schizophrenia -B ☐ Bipolar Disorder -C  
☐ Voyeurism -D ☐ Narcolepsy -F





# Clinical Trials

Some will laugh, some will cry,  
but all will be committed after  
these comics!

**LIFE**

**DEATH**

# IMMATERIAL MATERIAL CULTURE

**RIGHT**

**WRONG**

WORDS - MARC N. KLEINHENZ  
PICTURES - GIOVANNI TIMPANO  
LETTERS - BRANT FOWLER

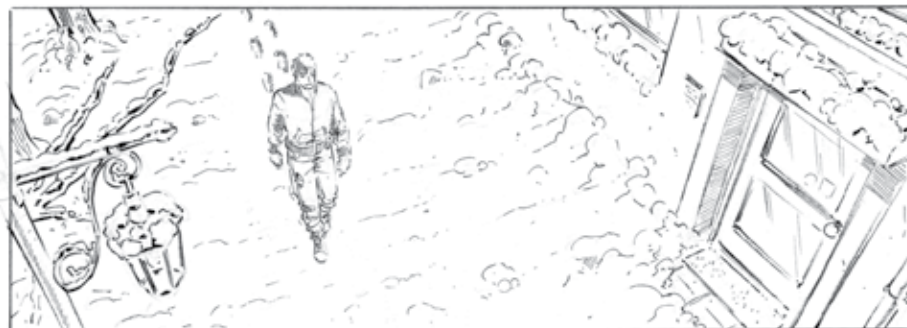
**FAREWELL**

**LOVE**

*DISTANCE.*

*EMPTINESS.*













I WANT HIM  
TO SMILE.



I WANT HIM.



YOU KNOW,  
I WAS THINKING...



I'LL MISS  
THIS PLACE.  
EVEN WITH ALL  
ITS JUNK.



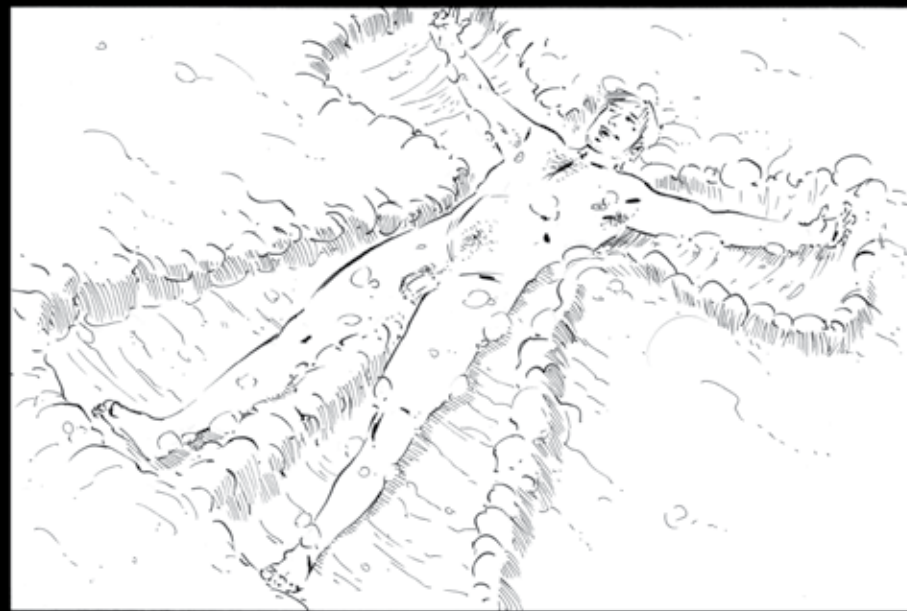
I SHOULD  
BE GOING.



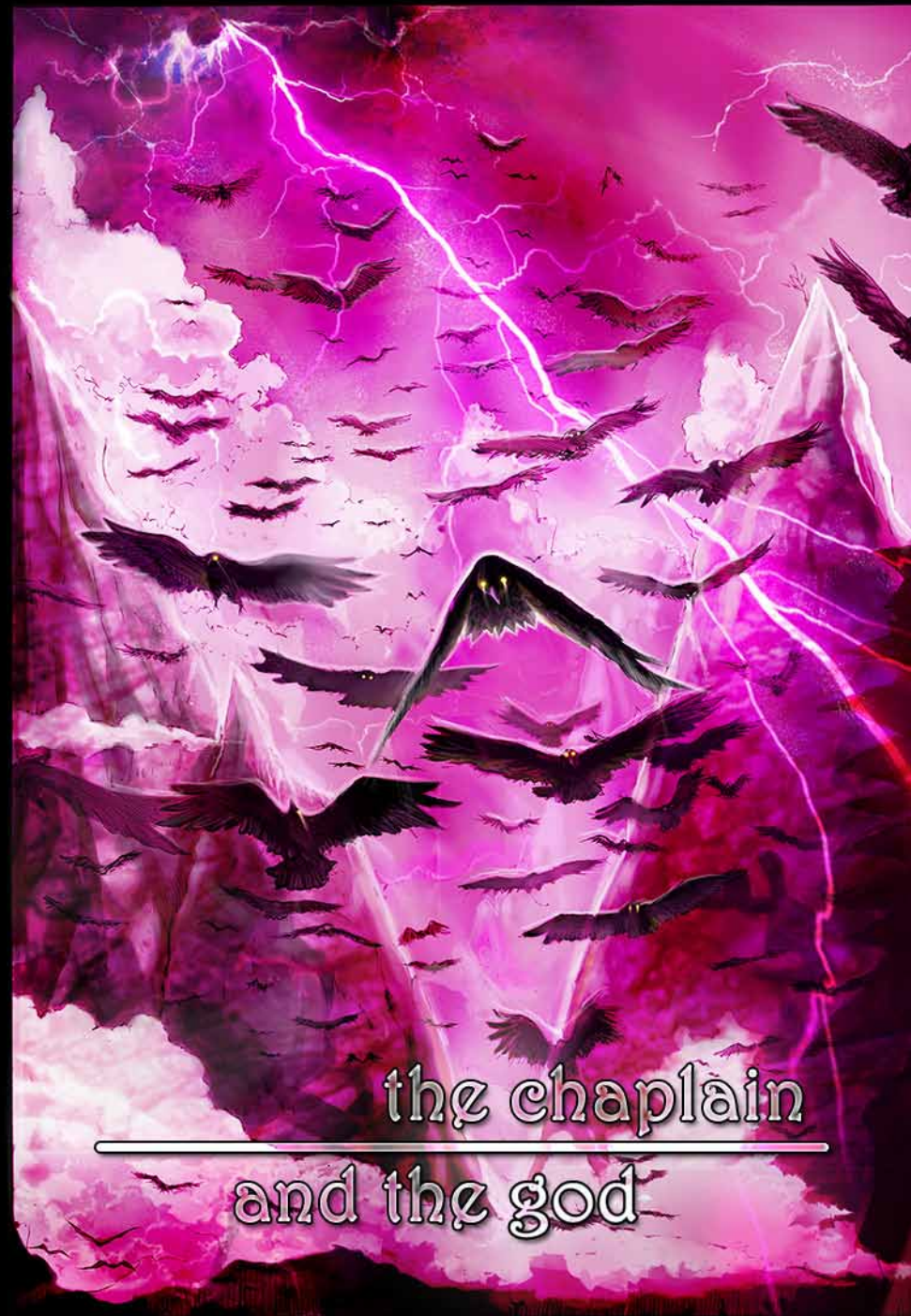












the chaplain  

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and the god



# Featured Patient

They pave the way with their  
artistic obsessions...







**"Penitence"**  
Heliakin Lopes

# THE ART OF:

Heliakin Lopes

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**"Well And Inseparable Evil"**  
Heliakin Lopes





**"Be My Autumn"**  
**Heliakin Lopes**

**"Lost"**  
**Heliakin Lopes**





**"The Last Symphony"**  
Heliakin Lopes



**"Queen of Vampires"**  
Heliakin Lopes



**"Cliff Of The Death"**  
Heliakin Lopes



# Isolation Ward

Tales too disturbing for  
the outside world.





# Jack For A Life

By Indrid Passion  
indrid.passion@yahoo.com

It was a dreary day in Cameron Park, a typical mid-December day in California; not a sign of snow. Weatherman had been forecasting rain for days, but instead a chilling wind blew through the hills, keeping kids inside and jackets on those that necessity brought out into the elements. Cars pulled in and out of the small liquor mart off highway 80, some screeching like a bat out of Hell, others creeping with patience. Christmas was in a week and everyone just wanted to be with their families. Except Elissa. She stood outside the store, leaning against the brick wall, watching everyone as they came and went. Two teenage boys had pulled up in an old green Chevy, eying her as they walked through the door. Minutes later they had come out with 2 large slushies, and one of the boys was trying to shove a box of condoms in his pocket. Looks like someone's going to have some fun tonight Elissa had thought, smiling slightly as the boy ditched the box and shoved a handful of condoms in his pocket. A man in a business suit had gone in and come out carting a case of Corona, and Elissa considered asking him, but his suit just screamed "I'm a square" regardless of how much beer he had just bought. Minutes before her candidate had pulled up, a woman and a small boy had walked in, only to walk out soon after, the boys mother pulling him towards the car as he squirmed and screamed about candy. Seemed to be a common theme among children.

Elissa had been sitting outside of the liquor store for nearly 3 hours, and was about ready to admit defeat and just walk back home. But that would mean seeing her strict parents, seeing those drab walls of their tiny apartment, and having to deal with her snot nosed brother again. She decided she could wait a little

bit longer. It wasn't dark yet, but the wind was starting to get cold. She definitely hadn't dressed for this occasion and regretted choosing fashion over warmth. That was when she saw him. Out of the corner of her eye she saw an old tri-colored beater pull up, heavy metal blasting and little trails of smoke pouring from the cracked window. A grimy looking man struggled to get out of the vehicle, his stomach almost making him look pregnant. His face looked worn and weathered, or what Elissa could see of it beneath his gray facial hair. He had on a carhart, jeans, and clunky black boots, and as he stepped away from the junker he flicked his cigarette across the parking lot, not even bothering to look where it had gone. "Excuse me," Elissa called out as he reached for the door. She moved a little closer to the door, but stayed out of sight of the cashier. He had yelled at her earlier for loitering and this guy seemed like her only hope. She smiled a sweet smile, hoping that he would buy it. Old men usually ate that shit up from teenage girls in tight clothes. He turned to look at her from under his old baseball cap, his hand still perched on the door handle. "Can you buy me something?" She asked, extending a 20 dollar bill in his direction. As he looked her up and down she glanced inside the window, checking to make sure the cashier wasn't watching. He was busy ringing up sour straws and a Dr. Pepper. The man looked around quickly then leaned in to grab the 20.

"What do you want?" He asked, his voice was deep and gruff, almost more a growl.

"Jack," Elissa said, then smiled.

"You got it princess," He said, smiling before walking into the store. Elissa walked in front of the glass doors and then back to her spot again, hoping that this wasn't a mistake. It had seemed almost too easy to get this guy to buy her liquor. She continued to pace nervously, and even considered hiding until he came out



with the Jack just to be sure, but instead she just sat down where she had been sitting and pushed her boobs up a little bit. She was finally about to get out of this weather, thank god, her tight black undershirt served really no purpose except to sparsely blanket her midsection. It kept none of the wind out though, and the "flannel" shirt she was wearing was in fact thin cotton with the fun woodsy print of flannel. She had seen a lot of stars in magazines wearing it so Elissa decided to give it a try. If it wasn't mid December and there was no wind it could have been pulled off properly. Two young girls walked out of the store before the man did, carrying a large brown paper bag. He glanced at Elissa and nodded towards his car before lumbering back over to it, quickly hopping in and starting the engine. Elissa looked around and walked over to the passenger side, grimacing as she opened the door and sat down. She considered leaving the car door open but thinking that might look a little suspicious she slammed it shut; finally getting it closed on the third try. "Did you get it?" She asked eagerly, turning sideways to face him.

"Oh I got it," He smirked as she shifted the car into reverse and sped out of the parking spot. Elissa grabbed the handle of the door, but it was too greasy and her hand only slid around.

"What are you doing?" She asked, trying to stabilize herself by placing her feet far apart on the floor, but there was too much trash and between the McDonalds wrappers, empty beer bottles and issues of Penthouse she couldn't steady herself, and as he slammed the car into first and peeled out of the parking lot, hanging a sharp right she was flung sideways into him. Almost gagging she managed to push herself back into her seat, but her attempts to open the window did no good. Instead the handle came off in her hand. "Oh, I'm uh..."

"Don't worry 'bout it, it does that all the time," He said, never

missing a beat. He turned the radio back up and as Elissa's ears were assaulted by heavy riffs and percussion she wondered where he was taking her. No where pleasant, she assumed as he smelled like moldy garbage and blood, and when she turned around to check the backseat a dead possum was laying in the middle, with what looked like a tire track right through its stomach. Trying to inconspicuously breathe through her shirt, she tried to see what else was in the backseat. A bag of dog food and more trash.

"Where are you taking me?" She finally got the nerve up to ask; although she wasn't sure she wanted to hear the answer. They were going down side roads now headed for Bass Lake, the exact opposite direction Elissa had intended to head with the Jack.

"We're going somewhere, I did something for you now you need to do something for me," He said, almost laughing as he said it. He turned to look at her but Elissa look away, not able to meet his gaze.

"I guess Penthouse only does so much for you huh?" She asked, trying to see out the dirty window. The man laughed aloud, shaking his whole seat as he did.

"You think you're funny don't you? How old are you?" He asked, slowing down for a stop sign but blazing right through it to veer left.

"17," She answered, adding a year. It wasn't much but maybe he would be put off by the fact that she wasn't legal. To her horror his only response was to turn down a small dirt road. Apparently it made no difference. It had gotten dark, and the headlights barely lit up the pothole filled road, and they bounced along on a squeaky suspension, passing nothing but tall grass and sparse oak trees. "Who are you?" She asked meekly, starting to feel



A SECRET SOCIETY DETERMINED  
TO SAVE THE WORLD..

# ELLIUM



WHETHER WE WANT THEM TO OR NOT!  
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tears welling up in her eyes. Maybe this wasn't really as bad as it seemed. Maybe this guy just wanted some company and lived out in east bum fuck nowhere. Elissas gut feeling told her otherwise and she silently prayed that she would make it through this.

"The names Wayne," Was all he said, swerving to miss a pot hole only to hit a bigger one. Elissa could see the little reflections of deer eyes out among the trees, and she found herself hoping that they would hit one, or a tree, or something, and she would have a chance to escape. She was no athlete but she figured and 3 year old could outrun Wayne with his huge stomach and smoker lungs. "And you are?" Wayne asked suddenly, scaring Elissa back to reality.

"Elissa," She answered, starting to shiver again. Apparently Wayne's piece of shit didn't have a heater. He said nothing in response but instead lit up a Marlboro Red, taking a long drag before blowing it out the crack in his window. There had to be a way out of this, Elissa thought, wondering what her parents and snot nosed brother were doing now.

"Didn't your parents ever tell you not to get in the car with strange men?" Wayne asked, his tone suddenly changing. His voice wasn't a growl anymore, and it wasn't as deep. He almost sounded rehearsed, as though he had done this many times before. Before Elissa could answer, he cocked his fist back and smashed her left temple, bouncing her head off of the window. She hadn't even had time to scream, and Wayne pulled his arm back again, but his first hit had done its job. Elissas head bobbed gently against her chest, and as Wayne turned off onto another small dirt road she flopped over on him like jello. He pushed her back onto her seat and her head bounced off the window again. She just looked like she was sleeping, but every time Wayne hit a bump her head would bounce off the window again, making him chuckle.



Teenage girls, he thought to himself. Supposedly it was cool to dress like a hooker nowadays. Wayne shook his head as he pulled off into a turn out and cut the engine and the lights quick. Usually there was no one out here but you never did know anymore. So many kids thought it was cool to hang out at graveyards at night his work was becoming harder.

Wayne reached over and placed a hand on Elissas thigh, stroking up and down, feeling her warmth. He was almost sorry that he had knocked her out for this part but then again, he had his reasons. Before he pulled her out of the car, he took her pants off and set them on the seat. All she was wearing underneath was a black thong, and he supposed that in todays world that passed as underwear. Things certainly had changed since he was a teenager. Throwing her over his shoulder he made his way through the trees in the dark. It was a half moon, and barely any light shone through the knarled branches of the overhanging oaks. He could barely make out the fence of the graveyard, but he knew exactly where it was anyways. He had traversed this same path many nights, alone most of the time, but lately he preferred company.

Five hours later Wayne arrived at home, eagerly checking his watch. He had wanted to hear her terrified screams when she woke up and realized she was 6 feet under encased in wood, but her screams would be muffled and wouldn't give him much satisfaction. The real satisfaction would be going back tonight. Her body would still be fresh, and it would be worth digging her up again to get off. As Wayne unlocked his door and swung it open it almost fell off the hinges. He would need to fix that sometime soon. He needed to fix his whole house. Fixing things cost money though, and that was something Wayne didn't have. Not very much at least, between digging ditches, doing odd construction jobs and unemployment he didn't bring in that much anymore, not with the large Mexican population taking up most of the jobs.

He would have to make do with what he had for now. He threw the dead possum he had found in the corner of the kitchen. He considered making it dinner but then again who knew what kind of diseases it had. He had seen on TV the other night about some guy in England that ate road kill. He never brought his home to eat. He brought it home just because.

Throwing some left over macaroni and cheese in the microwave, Wayne flipped on the TV to see if there was anything good on. What do you know, Dexter. Waynes favorite show.

That night, Wayne walked down the road to get the graveyard. Cars with headlights attract attention, and he wanted to be sure that there was no one around tonight. Last week he had almost gotten caught when he had come back for some fun, had to run off and leave the girl. Maybe that's why he had felt the need to do it again so soon. He hadn't gotten his, at least not all of his last time. This time he was determined it would be different. In the small of his back, tucked behind his belt he had brought his .45, just in case he met someone. There was a lot of room in six feet, and there was always room for one more. The moon was waning and was even dimmer tonight, making it that much better. No one would be able to see him walking up and although the grass was long it was damp from the cold weather and didn't make much noise as he treaded through it. It was another chilly night, but Wayne was impervious to the cold. Growing up in Wabasha, Minnesota it had never bothered him much. Why his parents had decided to uproot them and move to California when he was 7 he never knew, although he blamed them for all his problems now.

When he reached the graveyard, he slowed down, trying to be even quieter. He didn't see or hear signs of anyone or anything, but you could never be too safe. As he crept through the aging gate, he peered around, his eyes used to the darkness by now,

Nothing. This was what real silence was. The term rest in peace definitely applied. As he walked to the far corner of the graveyard, Wayne stayed vigilant. As he pulled his shovel from underneath the overgrown Oleander he looked around one last time. Still. Complete. Silence. Perfect.

He had dug for two and half hours last night, working as fast as he could. Having a history in construction he was pretty efficient at digging a hole, but a 6 foot by 5 foot hole was something special, something epic in the minds of most people. Something epic on the hands too, and Wayne's hands were calloused and rough from all the digging he had been undertaking lately. Not that it really mattered; the only women he touched were dead. Wayne dug the shovel into the still soft dirt, and traced to outline of the grave on the surface. He had ripped up clumps of grass and placed them on top, so if anyone did chance upon it, it wouldn't seem out of the ordinary. He had thought himself pretty smart, and as he started to dig down he started to get excited. Almost like a first date, he was getting to explore a new body. There just weren't the problems of personality in his situation, and he liked it like that. He liked it cold, stiff and pale, and he began to dig faster, the anticipation was killing him. After only an hour and a half, he reached her box, and using the shovel to pry open the top he popped it off and discarded it, not caring if it ended up in the grave later.

There she was in all her beauty. She was pale white as all the color had gone from her body. She had on only her bra and underwear, or thong, and her fists were raw as though she had been beating on her coffin to get out. Her eyes were closed as though she were simply sleeping, and as Wayne lifted her out of the ground her skin was ice cold to the touch. His heart beating faster he lay her down on the ground and quickly unbuttoned his fly. He was too excited to take everything off and simply pushing

her thong aside he touched her, feeling her, playing with her. He felt dirty, but exhilarated at the same time, and he was more than a little hard at the sight of her. Checking the time, he wished that he could bring her back to the house, but that was how people got caught. That was how people ended up in jail. Sighing, slightly down at the thought that he'd have to make this quick, he spread her legs and pulled her closer to him. She was tight, real tight, and Wayne guessed that she had died a virgin. The clothes had been a ploy in that case, and her lack of modesty was what had convinced him to buy her the liquor, the liquor that he never intended to give her. She had probably never imagined that this was how her first time would go, but here she was, helpless as he had her way with her, thrusting in and out. She was so cold but that made it feel better. That's why he liked them dead.

Five minutes later and he was done. He wished that he could stay and do it again but it was already 3. He needed to put her back in her hole and get home. Not gently in any way, he rolled her back in and she crashed into the wood, creating a crack in the bottom. The maggots would have their way with her tonight, Wayne smiled, as he threw the top back on and began to bury her again. Maybe he should come back tomorrow night for another visit, it's not like she had any objections.







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A person with cracked, blue-tinted skin is shown from the chest down, holding a small glass of blue liquid. The background is a dark, textured collage of newspaper clippings and images, including a person's face and various text fragments. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

# Self Medication

Drinks of the Asylum used  
to quiet the voices



## Eat My Cherry

### **Ingredients to use:**

1 oz Bailey's® Irish cream  
1 oz raspberry liqueur  
1 maraschino cherry

### **Directions:**

Shake ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice. Strain into a hurricane glass. Garnish with a cherry.

## Mad Scientist

### **Ingredients to use:**

1 oz Midori® melon liqueur  
1 1/2 oz sweet and sour mix  
1 splash soda water  
151 proof rum

### **Directions:**

Mix melon liqueur, sour mix, and soda water with ice in a shaker. Shake and strain into a martini glass. Top with rum and carefully ignite.

Extinguish before serving.

## Hammer Horror

### **Ingredients to use:**

1 oz vodka  
1 oz Kahlua® coffee liqueur  
4 tbsp vanilla ice cream

### **Directions:**

Blend briefly in a highball glass and sprinkle with grated chocolate. Serve with straws.

## Red Death

### **Ingredients to use:**

1/2 oz vodka  
1/2 oz Southern Comfort® peach liqueur  
1/2 oz amaretto almond liqueur  
1/2 oz triple sec  
1/2 oz sloe gin  
1/2 oz lime juice  
orange juice

### **Directions:**

Pour all ingredients (except orange juice) into an ice-filled collins glass. Fill with orange juice, and serve.

## Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster

### **Ingredients to use:**

1 oz Jack Daniel's® Tennessee whiskey  
1 oz peach schnapps  
4 - 6 oz orange juice  
1 splash Blue Curacao liqueur

### **Directions:**

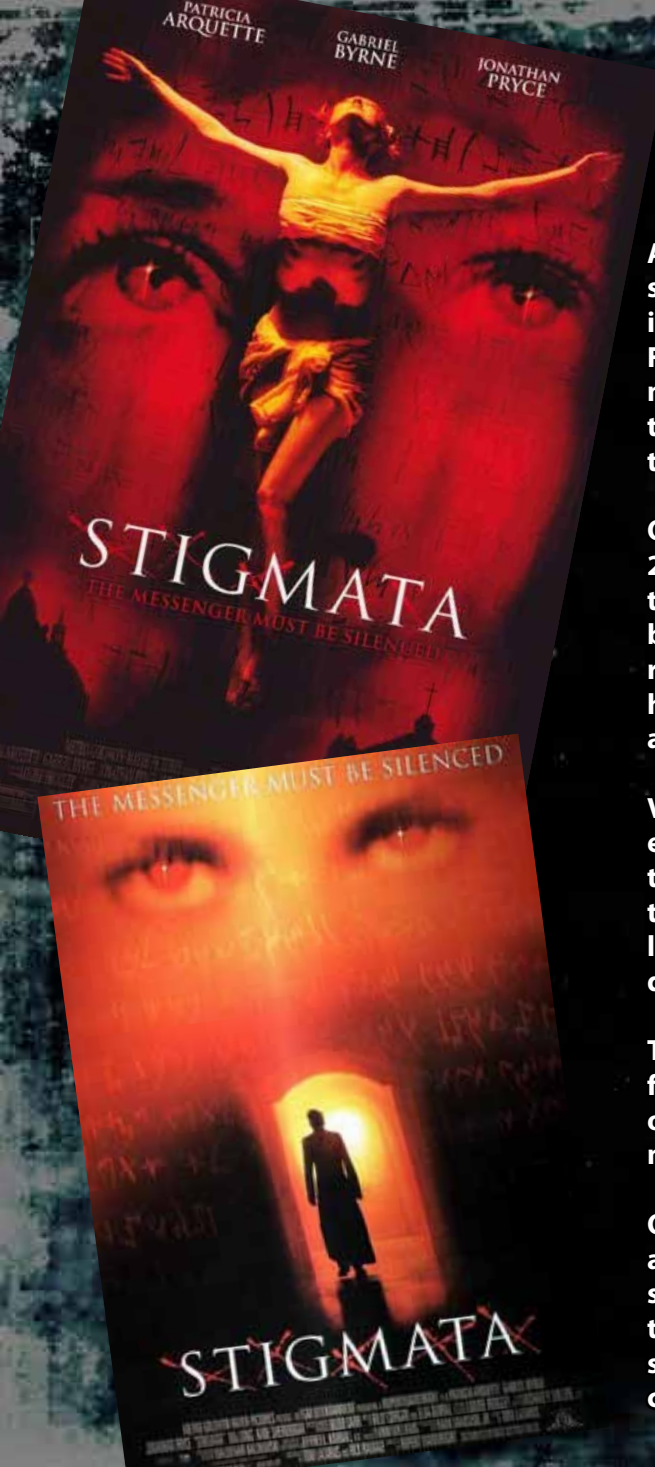
Shake the orange juice, the Jack and the peach schnapps in a shaker 3/4 full with ice cubes. When it's chilled, strain into the highball glass and drizzle some of the blue Curacao liqueur over the top of it. Add a citrus twist (and, bizarrely, an olive if you're a DNA purist), sit back and be prepared to have your brain smashed out by gold bricks, lemons and allsorts.



# Psych Eval

A review of the  
patients psychosis





# ***STIGMATA***

## ***Beware The Amount Of Blood***

*Reel Reviews By Amber Tejeda*

A film that can thrill and chill you all at the same time! Now before I even get this review started you should know I love movies that are about the darker side of religion. This film deals with both the ideas of Stigmata and the power of the church against its people. This film is about a priest named Father Andrew Kiernan, played by Gabriel Byrne. He travels around the world disproving so called miracles for the catholic church. At the start of our film he finds a statue in Brazil that is crying blood the day after the church's priest dies. Right from the beginning of the movie there is drama between the church and this statue.

Our next character is Frankie Paige played by Patricia Arquette and she is one wild girl. She is in her 20's and she is living the party life. She is as far from religious as one can get and at one point states that she doesn't believe in a God. Frankie gets the rosary in the mail as a gift from her mother and it belonged to the dead priest. This creates a bond between the two characters and Frankie starts to receive the stigmata. The stigmata is when a person receives the wounds that Christ suffered before he died. The afflictions are nails in the wrists, nails in the feet, whips on the back, crown of thorns, and a spear in the side.

Viewer should beware of the amount of blood in this film, it comes in by the gallons. At one point I even had to look away because of the amount of blood. Frankie gets one affliction at a time and by the second Father Andrew comes to investigate. He warns Frankie that as she receives more wounds, the more open she is to the torment of her demons. As she continues to suffer she starts writing in the language of Christ a new hidden gospel saying the kingdom of God is inside you. The catholic church decides that she must be silenced and then the battle begins.

The film is filled with amazing music that just pulls at your emotions. You feel what the characters are feeling and it haunts you after you watch it. The music starts out very rock in role and angry with bits of Bowie and slowly melts into more instrumental and moving. As the characters grow and mature the music also grows and matures.

Over all I give this movie an A+ because I love every moment of it. I love when Frankie is possessed and we hear the inner demons creep out. I love that Andrew has to decide if he wants to be a man of science, a man of God, or both. I love that it makes you think about the power that the church has and the way that God uses every type of person. The darker side of faith is an intense and engaging one. I say go out and rent this movie ASAP! I promise that if you like a bit of blood and a little bit of spiritual controversy then this movie is for you!

# Confiscated Items

Objects of beauty and  
uniqueness with no other home...







**"A Gift For  
The Royal's"  
Manuroartis**



**"Veronica"  
Piotr Konski**



**"Engraving A Knife 9"  
Manuroartis**

"For me, insanity is super sanity. The normal is psychotic. Normal means lack of imagination, lack of creativity."  
~ Jean Dubuffet

## SHOCK THERAPY

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NEXT  
Issue...

Fear The Unknown!  
4-07-77

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