



## Nameless

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*Nameless* tells the story of a down-at-heel occult hustler known only as "Nameless" who is recruited by a consortium of billionaire futurists as part of a desperate mission to save the world. A massive asteroid named Xibalba — the "Place of Fear" in Mayan mythology — is on collision course with the planet Earth.

If that wasn't trouble enough, the asteroid has an enormous magical symbol carved into its side and is revealed to be a fragment of our solar system's lost fifth planet, Marduk, destroyed sixty-five million years ago at the end of an epic cosmic war between the inhabitants of Marduk and immensely powerful, life-hating, extra-dimensional "gods."

One of those beings is still alive, imprisoned on Xibalba, dreaming of its ultimate revenge on all that exists. When Nameless and his teammates inadvertently unleash this malignant soul-destroying intelligence, the stage is set for a nightmarish, nihilistic journey to the outer reaches of human terror.

### Nameless Details

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**Download and Read Free Online Nameless Grant Morrison (Writer) , Chris Burnham (Artist) , Nathan Fairbairn (Colourist) , Simon Bowland (Letterer)**

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## From Reader Review Nameless for online ebook

### Andrew says

This has been an interesting read to say the least. I have been a fan of the work of Grant Morrison for some time but never got round to reading Nameless - a title that always seem to pop up in his bibliography but which I have never physically seen or read.

So I decided it was time to take the plunge. Now this book has had many references made to it - from it being a pet project, to an attempt at graphic horror to end of the world with a very Lovecraftian influence.

Well it is all of these things and more and at the same time not as extreme as you would think. Yes I will say now there are some graphic scenes and imagery which might not be to everyones taste but I have seen a lot worse and with a lot weaker justification than is given in this book too. So not for the feint hearted but definitely worth exploring.

But what of the story - not easy to say in the limited words of this review - and not because of my self imposed no spoilers rule but more the fact that there is so much going on and its so subtle and convoluted you have to stop and think about it to make sense of it.

I think the best way of describing this is that there are several layers of reality and the storyline jumps between them. Which is real I think is down to your personal interpretation - and that is something you will have to read the book to find. Now if you want to know more about what is going on there are some excellent reviews out there so I will not event try and complete but I would say that this book need to be read slowly.

Like a lot of Grant Morrisons work the panels and lavishly drawn and coloured which means that there is a lot to see and take in. This coupled with the fact that the storyline is intentionally oblique at at times slightly confusing you have to have your wits about you.

Now I will admit that its not prize winning work - Mr Morrison has written some amazing work but I have to say this is not a bad thing as reading this you feel as you are under no pressure to like it or hate it, its okay to be confused. And I think this is what I like about the book, with not preconceptions you really are left at the mercy of the storyline and that I think is its true strength.

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### Sr3yas says

**It was 9 at night**, and I'm sitting in my chair holding Nameless, thinking that I'll finish the book in an hour or so, then catch a movie and hit the bed like a good responsible adult. **At around 10.30**, I'm in my bed confused as an ostrich on the moon and I'm reading the reviews of my good GR friends and wondering what the hell did I miss. **At 11**, I'm on a Reddit thread discussion which is dedicated to the convoluted and complex plot of nameless. **At 11.30**, I rereading this six-part story again. **At 12.30**, I'm on a Wikipedia page researching complex Jewish mythology. **At 1 in the morning**, I'm reading the last two chapters of nameless in a crazy loop. **At 2**, I'm back on Internet, reading Aleister Crowley and Grant. **At 2.30** and I kid you not, I'm rereading nameless in reverse. **At 3.30**. I'm reading bible verses connected to wormwood while listening to LibriVox recording of Machen's Novel of the Black Seal. And finally, **at 5 in the morning**, my little brains understand about 70% of Morrison's fucked up story about gods, aliens, ancient wars, killer asteroids and good ol' fashioned gore.

My friend, Nameless is not a cake walk.

Honestly, There are some things you wish you'd never live long enough to see.

**Ah, the premise:** We are introduced to our hero who goes by the name "nameless". He is a Constantine style occult specialist who does odd jobs to make a buck. But his path takes a U-turn when Sophia and billionaire Paul Darius recruits him for a space mission to stop a deadly asteroid hurtling towards our little blue planet in full might.

Wait, what's an occult specialist doing on an Armageddon-style space mission?

Because the Asteroid is carrying something alive, something sinister.

What is Human?

Branding Nameless as a complex madness is actually an understatement. In one corner, It's **Event Horizon (1997) meets Prometheus (2012)** and in the other side of the aisle, it's the **bastard child of Inception (2010) and the Exorcist (1973)**. On the top of that, the story is filled with Jewish mythology and terms from Kabbalah, Thelema, Mayans, Enochian and other occult references. If you don't know any of this stuff, your head will be screwed with as you read the story. I knew mine was. I had to take an Internet crash course on all these topics just to understand Morrison's references.

Even though Morrison demands so much from his readers, I thought it was all worth it. Morrison brings a lot of unconventional elements together to create a story which is equal parts scary and mysterious. I loved the many themes and elements the story holds, like the concept of god, the secret twin (view spoiler), and the dream machine.

That art by Chris Burnham is another reason to love this story. It's gory when it needs to be (Which is a lot), and beautiful in others. But the mastery is in the design and placement of each panel, distinguishing the blurred lines of realities, half-truths, and dreams. The colors of Nathan Fairbairn is fantastic, especially on the gory side.

Overall, Nameless might feel like the most terrible and pointless book, but if you look hard enough, it might surprise you.

Image source----> <http://nathanfairbairn.tumblr.com/pos...>

## **K.T. Katzmann says**

I'm usually the guy who explain obscure bits of occult trivia and bizarre story structure to my friends, and I'm not sure what the hell I just read.

And I read The Filth.

Great concepts. Amazing and chilling thoughts on God. Brilliant art. I still don't know what parts were real, what weren't, and how things went together..

Is that the point?

I like the annotations; more Grant Morrison things should have those.

I was almost about to abstain from giving a star vote, but I did feel horror, disgust, disquiet, and thrills. I can't get over the feeling that this is exactly what Morrison wants me to feel.

I might add more stars after a few rereads.

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## **Artemy says**

So, ughh... 3.5 stars, maybe?

Anyway, this is yet another Grant Morrison book that doesn't make a bit of sense plot-wise. It starts off rather simple, with an Indiana Jones-type guy who is being sent to space to help save the world from an apocalypse. What happens next, though, is impossible to retell using words and sentences. But it is brutal and bloody and what the fuck did I just read?

And still. I liked it. I honestly don't know why. It's the angry, bitter emotion throughout the whole book. It kind of got to me. Nameless has a very strong subtext of "the world is shit so fuck all", and it kind of resonated with my personal emotional struggles lately.

The artwork by Chris Burnham, while many people seem to dislike it, looks gorgeous in this book. I never had any problems with the guy, I personally like his style much more than Frank Quitely's (an artist who has clearly been a big inspiration to Burnham). His panel layouts are just incredible. And colours by Nathan Fairbairn are absolutely astounding. Visually, it is an incredible book.

Plot-wise, though, yeah. It is your classic Grant Morrison. There are a lot of jump-cuts, flashbacks, flashforwards even, probably (who knows). And the ending leaves you with much more questions than answers. There are a lot of usual Morrison themes that he uses freely and in abundance in his other books, like aliens and alien abductions, possessed and/or crazy people, shady military organisations, mass murders, dismemberments and torture, animal cruelty, and none of it connects into a coherent story.

So, this probably is not as good a book as I rated it. Most people, unless they're a die-hard Morrison fan, likely won't enjoy it as much as I did. Hell, I am pretty sure that if I was in a different mood when reading this, I probably wouldn't like it myself, as I am usually not a fan of Morrison's documented mushroom trips

he calls comic books. But I do think it is worth giving a shot. Especially if you're into weird stuff and space horror. And who knows, maybe you will understand what this was all about.

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## Gianfranco Mancini says

**"Jesus. It's like the goddamn "Exorcist" meets "Apollo 13!"**

That quote is a good synthesis about what lurks between these pages waiting for the poor unaware reader, but for me it was more like John Carpenter's **"In the mouth of madness"** meets **"Event Horizon"**.

A disturbing and gory lovecraftian cabalistic nightmare of a tale that it's going to haunt my dreams for many nights ahead.

Not sure I've understood everything, but endnotes helped a lot and artworks were just over the top.

A must read for all fans of weird cosmic-horror.

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## Donovan says

Nameless is a nonlinear poem of magic, mythology, and nightmare logic. It's cerebral sci-fi horror, brutally violent, imaginative, bleak, and thought-provoking. But it needs to be at least twice as long for proper development. I'm still not 100% on what happens or when, but I'm getting closer. And Morrison clarifies the story and his inspiration in the afterword of this edition.

I have to give special credit to the visual design of this book. The typography, the design, the organic panel layouts, the lettering, all brilliant. The artwork here is downright *stunning*. Chris Burnham's illustrations are phenomenal, intense and beautiful, even in their revulsion. Nathan Fairbairn's colors are equally astounding, perfectly complementary. For pure horror this is a wonderfully visual book.

*A Short Note on the Deluxe Edition...*

Rating: A-

Surprise, Image put out an incredible book. This oversized hardcover is striking and beautiful without a dust jacket. The paper is thick semi-gloss. And the binding, although glued, can almost pass for sewn, laying fairly flat for such a short book with little gutter loss. If it had sewn binding it'd be perfect.

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## Sam Quixote says

An asteroid 14 miles long and 6 miles wide is hurtling towards Earth at 50,000 miles an hour - it's called

Xibalba after the Mayan underworld, the “place of fear”, and the extinction-level impact will be in 33 days. An eccentric billionaire called Paul Darius launches a crew into space to save the world, among them the occult expert Nameless whose sigils will hopefully stop whatever evil is contained within Xibalba. It’s Armageddon by way of HP Lovecraft with a dash of Inception and Prometheus!

I’m a huge fan of Batman Incorporated so I was really excited to see Grant Morrison, Chris Burnham and Nathan Fairbairn reuniting for this Image series. But holy fucking hell, what on earth is going on in this comic?!! If you’re one of those readers who can’t stand when Morrison goes completely off the reservation, don’t even consider picking up Nameless; if you’re not, buckle up - it’s a bumpy ride!

Xibalba is apparently emitting evil which is causing humanity to do evil things. Nameless is some kind of dream thief who goes into the nether realms, or something, to steal magic symbols like keys to somewhere. But once at the moon base he realises he wasn’t the first occult expert recruited - the last one went a bit mental and committed the first lunar murder! Then they land on Xibalba and wander around its black insides - from that point on it’s anyone’s guess what’s happening!

The action we think is taking place in the present is set on New Year’s Eve/Day. The only other plotline with a caption tells us it takes place on Halloween where Nameless meets up with characters he’s in space with at a haunted house for a seance that goes horribly wrong. Then Morrison starts throwing different story threads at the reader as characters go from being dead to being carved up by something to being on a beach somewhere to a psychiatrist’s office to a hospital to a hot house, razor house, dark house, Wormwood Palace - what’s the timeline, what’s real, what’s a dream, what’s important, what’s not? It’s like hurtling through different levels of inception and ALL of them might be dreams!

Burnham’s art is gorgeous but be warned - this is an extremely gory book and the sequences in Xibalba are nightmare fuel. Some of the panels are in the shape of glyphs or sigils while some warped versions of tarot cards pop up throughout but I’m not into chaos magic or tarot or any of that stuff so I have no clue if they have any significance. It looks right purty though, especially with Nathan Fairbairn’s colours!

Nameless says “Nothing is real” at the end of the first issue so maybe that’s the key - this is all one long horrible fantasy? I enjoy Morrison’s out-there stuff and am happy to follow him down whatever rabbit hole takes his fancy but this one went way over my head. The art is amazing and I enjoyed the roller-coaster ride of guessing what the story’s about, but the ending is completely unfathomable and left me completely cold by its inscrutability. Invisibles fans might enjoy Nameless but I think this is another instance where Morrison came up with an outstanding storyline and then mangled it by being way too abstract in the telling.

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## **Crystal Starr Light says**

Bullet Review:

I'm not 100% sure of 1) what I read or 2) what is going on, but hey, I enjoyed it. But geez louise, is there gore galore! Lots of pages I had to barely glance at or I would lose my lunch!

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## **Danielle The Book Huntress (Back to the Books) says**

I read this on Christmas evening, when I was coming down with the flu. I felt terrible, and this intensified the yuck feeling the book evokes. This is no less than cosmic horror. It's grotesque and macabre and brutal and

senseless. Probably everything I dislike in a horror story (I don't mind a bit of macabre, but I like mystery with my macabre, I'm a classic horror girl). The story is not very straightforward either. It's written in a surreal kind of manner in which one is not sure if this is happening or is it a worse nightmare scenario. I didn't like this book. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone. But I'm sure there will be others who like it.

I will associate this book with how awful I felt on Christmas as well, so there's that.

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### **Sud666 says**

Nameless is the kind of thing Grant Morrison excels at. It's a "big picture" kind of story with a lot of weirdness going on-vintage GM!

A consortium of billionaires funds a secret mission to stop a massive asteroid named Xibalba from hitting the Earth. But all is not as it seems. There is something far more nefarious going on. At its heart Nameless is a H.P. Lovecraftian story set in space. The well done artwork helps to solidify this twisted tale. The author credits Lovecraft but decided to change the mythology behind it. Instead of the Old Gods, GM uses gods out of the Mayan and other esoteric mythologies.

As with most thing GM this isn't for everyone. His stories tend to get confusing, but most of the time it is well worth it. There are some very interesting things going on and the overall story stays mysterious till the end.

While nothing amazing, by GM standards, this is still an entertaining, mysterious and creepy story set in outer space. The size of the catastrophe grows through the story. But it is some of the sheer weirdness of the story that hurts the overall plot.

I enjoyed this, but I tend to like GM. Not everybody will feel the same way. If you like weird science/occult stories and people doing strange thing in space, coupled with a mysterious hidden agenda- then check out Nameless. Any Grant Morrison fan ought to give it a chance.

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### **Dan says**

I received a copy of this for a fair and honest review. First off I have to say that this is definitely not safe for children, as it is a gory and very gruesome sci-fi/horror comic. So this was an interesting take on Lovecraft's lore about Cthulu, and the dark elder gods. It often reminded me of the film Event Horizon with the madness and sheer gore. I will not say too much more so I won't spoil it. But this was worth the read and I am not sure if this is an ongoing series or just a one-shot.

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### **EisNinE says**

'Nameless', Mimics, and Shit Only Vaguely Related to the Book Itself

Alright! Grant Morrison's finally decided to write something strange and unconventional! He's teamed up again with artist Chris Burnham for the cosmic horror tale 'Nameless', traversing the same parsecs that 'Event Horizon' did, but with elements of the shitty Michael Bay flick 'Armageddon' tossed into the mix. Oh, how the Morrisons have fallen! Borrowing ideas from Michael Bay... a group of obese Satan-worshipping Mimes will no doubt waylay him in the Scottish Highlands to take back his 'I'm an avant garde weirdo' card, if they haven't done it already for writing the latest 'Wonder Woman' catastrophe.

Nah, Morrison and 'Nameless' are still plenty weird, and he makes a brave attempt to reach the summit of his best work, where he has successfully united traditional comic styles with his delightfully fucked-up and ambitious Trans-Human Perspective; this eyrie looks down on reality, looking for thin spots, collecting subatomic samples to complement his Drug-god Revelations, and forging them into tiny 11-dimensional bullets designed to bounce around his cranium & light up his neurons, before being fired into the Mental-Morrison Super-Collider. The bullets do circuits, building velocity to maximize the kinetic energy before the inevitable collision with predictive physics, initiating a fusion reaction between 'M' Theory and Drug Perception, refining the latter and creating exotic narrative particles that are collected in Iridium tubes and stabilized before they can sever four dimensions to escape as seven dimensional memory-particles... like a snared wolf biting off its paw.

These exotic narrative particles, 7 of 11 dimensions hiding in the lightless black ink of dark matter & dark energy, are how human Super-Colliders like Morrison manage to rewire the reading public for 11-dimensional narratives. Morrison, like Alan Moore, is on the Bleeding Edge of fictional and factual Science; and Morrison, despite hating Moore, also shares his atheistic approach to the ritual magic of tomorrow, technologies sufficiently advanced enough to seem like magic. In 'Nameless', the magisterial fringe-science, meta-fictional conspiracy, and drug-related/inspired elements that define GMorn-classics like 'The Invisibles', 'Flex Mentallo' & 'The Filth' are present... but very diluted. Time for Grant to head for the nearest desert and eat Peyote, or find a jungle and nibble Yage, or do whatever shamanic vision-drug all the cool artistic types are using to recharge their imaginative batteries in 2016. Maybe he should try Ipecac. I've heard good things.

A John Constantine-type going by 'Nameless' is recruited as supernatural security for a private bid to destroy a massive chunk of Mayan hell -- a demonic city-asteroid named 'Xibalba', scarred with a miles-long magical symbol (the same mark Gutts has been branded with in 'Berserk', incidentally) -- that is on an apocalyptic collision course with Earth. Fortunately, his super-rich employer, who communicates with little drones equipped with crystal balls projecting his suspiciously beatific image, owns a secret base on the dark side of the moon.

From there, a team of typically diverse micro-focussed experts will take the eccentric billionaire's space shuttle and blow up the creepy fucking city-thing manufactured by and for Lovecraftian God-Monsters... which might be a prison, or a hell, or an extra-dimensional mind-fuck. It's Morrison, and it gets a bit odd, in the usual way. The first team ran into some problems of the Manson variety, after the original supernatural expert decided to paint the lunar base red with Enochian gobbledygook and the blood of cosmonauts.

Nameless manages to keep his shit together, sort of, using a slightly less murderous variation of his predecessors' plan -- covering their space-suits with occult wards and sigils. This provides an awesome cover image, but does fuck-all to keep astronauts alive on a Hell-missile programmed to kill everything that breathes.

*And they even include the slow-mo group glory-strut from 'Armageddon'. Nice.*

The drones navigate the blue-black corridors and streets of the city-asteroid (the creators cleverly switched from the Earth-drones using helicopter-type propellers -- they wouldn't work in the hard vacuum of space, requiring an atmosphere, surface and gravity to get lift and stabilize -- to drones using some kind of maneuvering thrusters, presumably gas-powered), encountering increasingly disturbing structures... and then reality turns sideways.

What follows is an incredibly horrifying excursion into a madness that thwarts every attempt to sort out truth and lie, to untangle the mess of tentacles and teeth and find out where the alien ends and the human begins. Is this a cosmic nightmare that will mean the end of the world, or has one man finally lost himself in the darkest regions of his dreaming mind?

Chris Burnham provides some impressive and disturbing art, and is responsible for some of this book's best moments... and its worst. I've followed Burnham's work for some time, from his Joe Casey collaborations like 'Officer Downe' to his work for Marvel and DC. He's one of several popular artists strongly influenced by 'ligne claire' masters like Geof Darrow and Frank Quitely (his 'ligne' hasn't been real 'claire' lately). Rafael Grampá, Langdon Foss and Nick Pitarra have more successfully adapted and made the Euro-comic influence their own, on 'Mesmo Delivery', 'The Surface' and 'The Manhattan Projects', respectively. With 'Nameless', the Quitely comparisons are impossible to miss, to an extent that's almost embarrassing. I'm still waiting to see the real 'Chris Burnham' emerge from behind the skilled-but-flawed imitator with a knack for stylistic mimicry. Still, the first issue features some beautiful art, and there are moments of near-brilliance throughout 'Nameless'. The longer it goes, however, the sloppier things get... both with the art and story.

In Quitely's post-'All-Star Superman' work, there is a 'looser', more organic feel. He now favors a finer, sketchier line, adding a less-restrained, Gary Gianni-style of hatching... instead of the bold outlines and tight spot-blacks of 'Flex Mentallo', 'We3', 'JLA: Earth 2'. Like Moebius and Schuiten, he's always been comfortable using a variety of tightly controlled texturing, but until recently, his figures always had a very solid delineation. Bold outlines, fine interior lines, and clean, judiciously employed spot-blacks -- often accompanied by painted colors -- these are the essence of the 'ligne claire' or 'clear-line' style\*(See Post-Script). I think Quitely's attempt to adapt his technique was for the sake of speed -- he is notoriously incapable of meeting deadlines, rarely exceeding 4 monthly issues before requiring a fill-in artist for the next arc -- and I see it as a decline in quality.

*Frank Quitely's earlier work, on 2000AD's 'Shimura' and 'Missionary Man':*

*Frank Quitely's still brilliant, but sketchier later style, on 'Batman & Robin' and 'Jupiter's Legacy':*

Burnham attempts something similar by merging Quitely's distinctive forms and faces with the equally

recognizable work of Gene Ha on books like 'Top 10'. This is far more ill-advised. Stretching Ha's skin over Quitely's skeleton doesn't work. They may not seem that far apart, but they really do belong to completely different artistic species, even if they share a Genus. It starts coming apart for Burnham in the second issue; the little mistakes, the details that look wrong and sloppy, increase in frequency and severity as the story continues.

Like Nameless the character, who finds himself lost in a maze intersecting multiple realities, 'Nameless' is a fugly and disappointing story on many levels. It starts ambitiously, with Morrison carrying big magical concepts on his shoulders and breaking into a dead run, only to find himself utterly winded and fatigued two-thirds of the way through. None of the characters are accessible; even Nameless himself uses false familiarity, combining the back-story and occult-noir vibe of Constantine or Gravel, but with a Scottish accent. Physically, he looks like 'Wolverine'. Shortcuts to character development never work. There's an unfortunate symmetry to the way that the story and art come unzipped, losing vital bits and pieces, as ambition's entropy carries Morrison and Burnham's effort deeper into the blackness of failed ideas, with the inevitable and fatal breakdowns in comic narrative. Strange is wonderful, but Morrison's biggest flaw as a writer is his tendency to let cool ideas disrupt the story.

I've provided examples of the artist at his best, because I don't think this is 'bad' art, by any means. Even though he's pretty fucking popular now, I don't want to slag Burnham, or give the impression he's a hack -- he's far from a hack. He's got talent, but hasn't figured out yet who he is as an artist, relying on derivative styles that will forever make him the 'poor man's' Quitely or Darrow. At this stage, I'm worried he'll just keep mimicking other artists, since he's been rewarded for doing so with lucrative assignments.

*Here's some of the sloppier work, in case anyone was curious... it's not horrible, but it's just... inexplicably rushed looking. Given the profile and importance, the most baffling question in 'Nameless' is why Burnham didn't take the time and effort to make every panel as close to perfect as he possibly could?*

*The first page shown below is very weak. Like many of the panels and pages, it's cluttered with every kind of hatching, cross-hatching and stippling, a hectic and confusing mess. It's not so easily noticed at this tiny scale, but still... what's up with those eyebrows?*

P.S.: Geof Darrow's 'Hard Boiled' is the purest and most stunning example of clear-line art, and as an American expatriate living in France, he's the perfect ambassador for the style. While it's a huge part of Euro-comic history -- *originated by 19th Century Swiss Symbolist painter Carlos Schwabe, appropriated for BD by Herge and E.P. Jacobs in the late 30's, and adapted by greats like Joost Swarte, Moebius, Schuiten, Milo Manara, and Vittorio Giardino* -- it can also be traced back to the earliest days of American newspaper strips, and animation, particularly with Winsor McCay, the genius who remade newspaper comics with 'Little Nemo In Slumberland' and pioneered modern animation with 'Gertie the Dinosaur' ... all in the first decade of the 20th Century. McCay used examples from fine art and illustration, the late Symbolist trend known as Art Nouveau, borrowing and adapting it for his familiar style, thanks to 19th Century greats like Carlos Schwabe, Alphonse Mucha, and Aubrey Beardsley.

It's not a coincidence that most 'ligne claire' masters have storyboard, concept and animation backgrounds --

Alex Toth (Space Ghost), Geof Darrow (Hanna Barbara, The Matrix Trilogy), Juanjo Guarnido (Disney), Mike Mignola (Disney), Asaf Tanuka (Waltz with Bashir), Moebius (Heavy Metal, Alien, Dune, The Fifth Element), Ricardo Delgado (Disney), Steve Skroce (The Matrix Trilogy). Whether it's cell animation, CGI, concept art or storyboards, the artist has to create clear and distinctive images. In the case of animation, the figures must be compelling but simple, allowing for frequent repetition and easy movement. Creating simplified forms requires a gift for composition, and allows for as much or as little detail as the artist sees fit. The cheats and shortcuts comic artists frequently use in comics don't work with cell-animation; when animators make the move to comics, this naturally carries over into the clear-line aesthetic. It's the most difficult to do right and the most impressive when it's done well, IMO. Here's a brief sampling of Clean Line stylists, just for the hell of it:

Carlos Schwabe:

Alphonse Mucha:

Winsor McCay:

Roy Crane:

Herge (George Remi):

E.P. Jacobs:

Milt Caniff:

Jacques Martin:

Joost Swarte:

Yves Chaland:

Moebius:

Vittorio Giardino:

Geof Darrow, an homage to Herge:

Geof Darrow:

Charles Burns:

Das Pastoras:

Ladronn:

Rafael Grampá

Frank Quitely -- *See, this is an example of what Frank Quitely can do when he's given the time. This is a promotional piece done recently for the new Star Wars. Wow... :*

Juanjo Guarnido:

Nick Pitarra:

Langdon Foss:

Chris Burnham:

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### **Benoit Lelièvre says**

Move OVER Event Horizon! Move OVER Dead Space! THERE'S A NEW SHERIFF IN THE VOID. Mother of God, was that TERRIFYING or what?!? In the afterword the book, Grant Morrison explains he wanted to create a mythos independent of Lovecraft's based on Mayan and Polynesian mythology and guess what? MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, SIR! I'm still reeling from the utter violence and boldness of what I've just read but never before in fiction I have gotten so close to what hell must feel like. Morrison writes cosmic horror the way it's meant to exist: fatalistic, nihilistic and excruciatingly nightmarish. There is no hope and no redemption for Nameless, the occult specialist who went too far into his exploration of the netherworld and stumbled upon the greatest secret in the galaxy. There is no hope for anybody yet I'm not sure there's anyone worth being hopeful for. Both terrific and terrifying. I'll have to cool down before writing my Dead End Follies review because that book SET ME ON FIRE!

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### **Jerry Jose says**

In our solar system, between Mars and Jupiter, there is an asteroid belt, which some people see as an anomaly in place of a should-have-been 5th planet. This hypothetical planet is named as **Phaeton** by scientists, and the pseudosciences behind it are collectively referred to as 'disruption theory'. This comic bends that theory and use it in its multi layered narrative, with one completely unfitting element - occultism.

Nameless is a name. It's the name of our protagonist who identifies himself as an expert on the occult (like *Constantine*). Story opens with a seance, of cosmic proportions, where Nameless is contracted to obtain an archaic key off someone's dream, by inducing dreams inside dreams. Pretty much like Cobbs from *Inception*, but with a *Lovecraftian* touch and *Legion(X-Men)* psychology.

A huge asteroid- *Xibalba* (Mayan underworld reference) with a weird *Enochian* symbol on its surface, is on a collision course with Earth, with a margin of 33 days. A group of scientists are stationed at the Dark side of the moon, to act as Planet's *Michael Bay*-ish 'Armageddon' crew. Things get weird and trippy when Nameless is recruited to decipher the asteroid symbol and solve the first murder on moon, which turns out to be more or less an *Event Horizon* scenario. Wrapping my head around this comic is still an ongoing process. It is a non linear acid trip with intertwined 'unreliable narratives', that borrows reality realms off *Kabbalistic* Tree of Life for plot. From comic's own panels, *Nameless is Exorcist meeting Apollo 13 in Dantes Inferno*.

There are *fish people*, door to an anti universe and exposure to *Elder ones*. Also you get to see serious people in space suits with *Gravity Falls* symbols painted all over, doing *Rendezvous with Rama* and *Mountain of Madness*. By later issues, it reminded me of *Warren Ellis Injection* in quality and mindblowing wtf contents.

I must remind you of comic's mature nature, with gruesomeness in levels with *Martyrs* movie, if it was a comic. Adding to the horrors is Morrison's spinning writing - obscure and lunatic (and awesome), much like its sci-fi premise. Nameless is further blessed by Burham's gorgeous artwork- properly inked and meticulously detailed, like a *Jodorowsky* panel. Also, the reading experience may not be for every body (definitely, not for me if ever cinematically adapted), especially with its vividly rendered physical violence, and existential (and arguably heretic) philosophy.

Though intellectually demanding (or confusing) and deep (or pretentious), this limited series was a solid mindblowing read; and weird fun, like all 6 issues in single sitting fun. To me, Nameless in its entirety felt like listening to *Tool*, while being relatively high.

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## Kellan Gibby says

I have decided to take down my original *Nameless* review, as I've come to grips with the fact that I gave it a negative rating not because it's necessarily bad, but rather because it just isn't really my thing, and, well, because I didn't get it. In retrospect, I realize this may have been a little unfair of me.

So, why didn't I like it?

Well, it confused me, disgusted me, depressed me, and slightly frightened me. Mostly confused me. It doesn't really work as a traditional story, but I suppose no one ever claimed that *Nameless* is a traditional story. From what I understand, Morrison wrote this with the hope of it feeling like a nightmare, and I also know he's said he wrote it more like a poem than a traditional story.

Poems can be looked at as puzzles of sorts, I suppose. Often times, a good poem has its deeper meaning hidden underneath subtle metaphors and symbolism, and it's up to the reader to dissect it and decipher what was really going on in the mind and life of the poet when they wrote it. Writing poetry can actually be very therapeutic. When you're angry or sad you can basically jot down whatever the first lines that come to your head are - even if the lines aren't directly about the source of your negative emotion - and you'll feel better afterward. Sometimes you don't even know what your own poem means until a year later in therapy.

I'll get back to that, but probably the primary criticism thrown at *Nameless* is that it's far too confusing, but I believe the confusing aspect was entirely intentional. So, why would an author intentionally

try to confuse his readers?

Well, because this is a horror story. More specifically, it's a nightmarish horror story. Nightmares are confusing. They're confusing and unpleasant and repulsive. It's what makes them nightmares.

Many believe nightmares and dreams to be our subconscious speaking to us. You wake up from a nightmare confused and disturbed, and you may try to ponder what it all meant. What internalized trauma was your brain trying to bring to the surface? Try as you will, sometimes they're simply impossible to figure out.

The most common elaboration on the complaints about the confusing nature of *Nameless* I hear said is actually "it went over my head," rather than "it didn't make sense." You finish *Nameless* sure it probably made sense in some way, you just didn't quite get it. So, kinda like a dream.

But as Neil Gaiman once said, dream logic rarely makes for good, cohesive stories, so instead Grant Morrison used poem logic, so to speak. *Nameless* seems to hide its meaning underneath poetic complexity, rather than under dream-like nonsense. It's meant to speak to your subconscious, rather than your rational mind. The perplexity only serves to make it all even scarier.

*Nameless* confuses with its poetically nightmarish writing, repulses with its over-the-top gore, and terrifies with its Lovecraftian themes and chilling ideas about humanity, god, and the universe. It's the makings of a perfect nightmare.

A specific part in the book even evoked a feeling of spiritual and religious dread in me that felt very much how I felt after waking one night from a nightmare in which I died and went to Hell. It's that well-written as a horror story and nightmare, but something that unpleasant isn't exactly enjoyable to read. The gore, particularly, keeps me from wanting to re-read it more and try to understand it better. Maybe I'm just squeamish, but I simply do not enjoy looking at pictures of people being burned alive, stabbed to death, raped, or any of the other such things contained in the book, no matter how well-drawn (and it is, admittedly, incredibly well-drawn).

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So, to close, is *Nameless* good?

Well, yeah, I guess. In its own right it's darn near a masterpiece.

...but do I like *Nameless*?

No. But I never exactly liked having nightmares either.

- K??