



## Preacher, Volume 1: Gone to Texas

*Garth Ennis , Steve Dillon (Illustrator) , Joe R. Lansdale (Introduction)*

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One of the most celebrated comics titles of the late 1990s, PREACHER is a modern American epic of life, death, love and redemption also packed with sex, booze, blood and bullets - not to mention angels, demons, God, vampires and deviants of all stripes.

At first glance, the Reverend Jesse Custer doesn't look like anyone special-just another small-town minister slowly losing his flock and his faith. But he's about to come face-to-face with proof that God does indeed exist. Merging with a bizarre spiritual force called Genesis, Jesse now possesses the power of "the Word," an ability to make people do whatever he utters. He begins a violent and riotous journey across the country in search of answers from the elusive deity.

## Preacher, Volume 1: Gone to Texas Details

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## From Reader Review Preacher, Volume 1: Gone to Texas for online ebook

### Paul Nelson says

I may be a little late jumping on the Preacher bandwagon but thankfully I'm on it and this is yet another one I should have read a long, long time ago.

Jesse Custer is our faithless priest who gets possessed by Genesis, the powerful offspring of a forbidden relationship between Angel and Demon. So the story takes place mainly on terra firma with interludes to heaven, where the powers that be don't really want Genesis around, too dangerous and too powerful. So they send the mean old saint of killers down to take out our hero.

Jesse is a pretty cool character and tagging along we have his ex-girlfriend Tulip who didn't really push any buttons for me and the vampire Cassidy who was a little more interesting in typically violent blood sucking fashion.

The artwork was ok, the story was the clincher for me, ending in our three heroes setting out to find the one and only, God, who has forsaken mankind and is apparently wandering about somewhere after acquiring a suitable disguise. So that's the endgame find the all-powerful, who probably doesn't want to be found, so let's get on it. And I've found God by the way, he's on Twitter and often professes words of wisdom for us mere mortals.

Next up The Boys & 100 Bullets, can't wait.

Also posted at <http://paulnelson.booklikes.com/post/...>

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### Brandon says

This was probably the easiest five stars I've handed out to a comic collection. From the **insane** violence combined with the *wildly* original story, the first volume of Preacher did exactly what it was supposed to do: hook me and leave me begging for more.

Following its unexpected escape, the dangerous offspring of an Angel and a Demon bonds with Jesse Custer, a lone Texan minister. Now with the word of God embedded within him, Jesse forms an alliance with his ex-girlfriend Tulip and a drunken Irish vampire named Cassidy as they embark on a journey to find God - and not in the "I'm saved/born again" sense but the "I'm going to kick your ass for deserting mankind" sense.

I'm going to try and give you my thoughts on the first volume but it would be hard for me to live up to the excellent review written by Kemper.

- I honestly have no idea where this is headed, which is awesome.

- The excessive violence and the profanity could be distracting **IF** the writing had been terrible (i.e. *Die Hard 2* ). Thankfully, it's not. It never feels like Ennis is throwing all of this offensive material at you to get your attention, it fits right in with the setting and characters he's presenting.

- I will admit to being shocked on more than a few occasions. I'm not saying that I have this wealth of experience in "torture porn" films or explicit writing but I've seen my fair share of gore. That being said, some of the stuff contained in this book can be anything from downright frightening to *gross*.

I finished this late last night around 2 a.m. I have a few of the following volumes on deck so I'm hoping this is going to be something I'll breeze through.

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## Oriana says

book #11 for Jugs & Capes  
& my latest entry at CCLaP

First of all, I understand that it is totally unfair to read only the first two volumes in a series and purport to have a reasonable grasp of said series. My friend Keith, a crazed comics fan who has become the unofficial backseat-driver of my comics tastes, criticized Jugs & Capes for this when we read the first two volumes of *Fables* a few months ago. He sees this as a problematic pattern: the indie comics we're reading are all self-contained, but then we're trying to "get a taste" of mainstream comic series by reading the intros to different series, thus putting mainstream comics necessarily at a disadvantage. But what else can we do? If you're not a die-hard comics-phile with limitless time to dedicate to seventy-plus-issue series, how else can you even get started? And listen: I get that you wouldn't try to judge an entire prose novel on the strength of its opening chapters, but you *would* decide from that whether you wanted to keep reading or just ditch the book and find something else. No one thinks *that's* unfair. So while I admit that I didn't read nearly enough to judge *Preacher* as a series, I do think I have the right to discuss how the first books affected me, and why I have little intention of reading any more.

The other introductory comment I'd like to make is that we were all primed for *Preacher* by reading reviews insisting that this series was not for the faint of heart, that there was pretty much something here to offend everyone—the blood and gore were horrifying, the language exaggeratedly profane, the plot obscenely sacrilegious, and on and on. So though I am a bit squeamish when it comes to violence, I love cursing and hate organized religion (more on this later), and I was kind of pumped to see if these books really could offend me.

Turns out: not really.

So. *Preacher* is the story of reluctant redneck preacher Jesse Custer, his sort-of girlfriend Tulip, who is a hitwoman and general bad-ass, and Cassidy, their angry drunk vampire buddy. Oh, and it's also about how God has abandoned his post in Heaven, a demon boning an angel to spawn a scarily powerful force called Genesis, Jesus as an overbearing prick, and a dirty, angry, cruel, horribly fucked world.

As expected, the profanity didn't bother me, the blasphemy made me mostly giggle, and the violence... well, the violence did upset me, but not how I'd thought it would. The truth is, I was more upset when the violence *stopped* upsetting me than I was when it did. I don't mean this in the "We're all going to become criminals because of desensitization to violence in pop culture" way, but I do think that desensitizing your readers does a serious disservice to your book and your point. *Preacher* is supposed to be edgy and dark and devastating, but after you see a man whose flesh has been cut from his face, a hideously disfigured failed suicide, an angel with the back of his head blown off (brains visibly dripping through the hole), and dozens and dozens of shootouts and bar brawls and stabbings, it just stops being shocking. And then what's the point? I suppose

I respect the fact that they kept finding new and different ways of hurting and killing people, but it was a somewhat bored admiration, a cataloguing of novelty rather than an appreciation of the intensity of the scenes. And to me, that's a failure.

And speaking of failures? Racism / homophobia. I get that this story takes place in Texas, and I get that there are all kinds of closed-minded people in the South. But there are scenes that are just too much, like one where a band of cops bat about the n-word and f-word (not *fuck*, the other one) willy-nilly. No. What's the point? It wasn't even as if it were targeted; if one of the characters had been black or gay and the cops'd shouted slurs at him or her, okay, maybe. But this was a different thing, this was just racism as a shortcut to characterization, which is awful. There are lots and lots of other ways to demonstrate that these men are ignorant and stupid. If this was done as an attempt to shock and push the same boundaries that the extreme violence does, that seems juvenile as well as offensive. (So maybe *Preacher* actually *did* manage to offend me?) Worse than lazy characterization, I think the racism played a part in making the overall plot more clichéd. Even though our "hero" is a gun-toting, violent semi-psychopath, our ragtag cast of "villains" are even worse—way worse. And one of the laziest ways to make a sharp distinction between the good guys and bad is to show that the bad cop is a racist homophobe.

I felt the same kind of failure—lack of nuance, lack of development—in the "good" guys. Jesse and Cassidy are dangerous motherfuckers, but they seem to view violence as an itch that needs to be scratched, not a last, or even second, reactive resort. At one point they kill a dozen men in a bar because one of them denigrated Laurel & Hardy. Sorry, but that's fucking ridiculous, especially since Jesse is meant in some ways to be a moral arbiter. He's a preacher, for goodness sake! I get that he's also a "good ol' boy," but that doesn't go far enough for me. In order to show morality, I need some gradual buildup to violence, I need to see him try to reason with people before breaking their fingers, I need to believe that he'd really rather not have to kill yet another yokel, but he will if he really *really* has to. Otherwise he's just a nasty thug, little better than the nasty thugs he's senselessly butchering.

And finally, let's talk about the religious stuff. I'm a pretty staunch atheist, raised Jewish, and I tend to regard modern religions in the same way I do ancient mythology: as wild stories. Often allegorical stories, sure, but I have none of the religious hangups or residual guilt that so many modern (and especially lapsed) Christians do. So the Catholic guilt aspect of this story—which is clearly another of its shortcuts to emotional intensity—didn't affect me the way it likely would have if I were, say, a Catholic. I guess that means I'm missing a significant part of the impact of this story, but it also means I could treat it like a story, without bringing any emotional baggage to it.

In any case, I'm not saying *Preacher* was all bad; I did find the plots engaging and the dialogue punchy and believable. The art was of a type, of course, but clearly top-notch, especially the poster-quality chapter openers (which Keith informed me are the original covers of the single issues). The cursing didn't seem nearly as overdone as the violence, and the religious themes were interesting in the same way any fantasy plot would be. But look, in such a massively overcrowded media landscape, when every book I read means at least a hundred others that I never will, this one (well, these two) just didn't do it.

Of course, let's bring it back to the idea that these two books are possibly just an intro, a bit of throat-clearing and balance-finding, and most likely if I were to read more of the series, I'd get more and more enmeshed in the story. But I just don't feel like it's a story I particularly *care* to get enmeshed in. As with all epic fantasy, I'm sure the good guys are going to win, and of course Jesse and Co. will kick a lot of motherfucking ass while doing it, probably up to an including the asses of God, Jesus, and all the angels. I'm sure it'll be an interesting (and very, very bloody) journey to watch them get there, and I hope lots of people enjoy following it. I just won't be one of them.

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## Renegade ♥ says

[

(hide spoiler)]

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## Donovan says

Well I wish could go back in time and punch myself in the face, because this book is awesome. Take it from me, sometimes one read is not enough for something that's really different.

Preacher is this insane mix of western, supernatural horror, romance, and black comedy. One of those "impossible" genre combos but it seems to work, at least for me on a second read. It's dark, romantic, creepy, hilarious, exciting, crude, and horrifying. It can definitely be offensive to the religious, the animal lover, the southerner, the Texan, the police, the criminal, the teenager, pretty much everyone. But that's good, because we're all too serious and self-important anyway.

"Christ, I think I'd grow old overnight if I lost you."

Hidden under Garth Ennis' wild violence and profanity is a story of drama. Jesse Custer, our hero, suddenly has incredible power and finds himself in the company of an Irish vampire, Cassidy, and his ex-girlfriend Tulip. There's John Wayne, angels and demons, something called Genesis, and the Killer of Saints. But it's really Jesse's story of coming of age through absolute hell, and his arrival upon his well-deserved power and vengeance, that is the meat and potatoes of the book. And it's filled with brilliant writing like the quote above.

Between Steve Dillon illustrating, one of my all time favorites Matt Hollingsworth coloring, and Glenn Fabry illustrating the covers, this is a fantastic looking book! It's basically the style that Image is going for these days, clean lines, deep colors, realistic but still cartoony. And it just works great. I really enjoyed looking at these images. And those covers are industry-topping. Like Brian Bolland-level.

Read this!

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## Andrew says

Some weeks ago I've seen the trailer of the tv series and with the help of a friend here (thanks a lot, Jessica) I started this first book. I didn't know much about the plot, only the few things I read in some reviews and on the book page. Nothing could prepare me to this. I heard the name of Garth Ennis for the first time with this comic, but I will not forget anytime soon.

This is an incredible story, with at the center three unlikely heroes: Jesse Custer, a preacher possessed by a spiritual force, able to compete with God, his old girlfriend, Tulip and Cassidy, an Irish vampire. The goal: find God, mysteriously disappeared and face him.

The story is amazing, violent, blasphemous, with some ideas about religion and myth that are brilliant, intriguing and crazy. Ennis put many human questions about God to a practical basis, using a disillusioned preacher to give a voice to them. Besides, he developed then in an excellent way, showing the worst side of the society through all the violence of which human beings are capable.

The artwork is not so defined, but you have to think that it has more than twenty years. Besides, it reaches the top in the pictures about supernatural, for example in the different types of angels and their skills, but also in the representation of violent scenes, that in many cases are more efficient than words.

Interesting to note that there is a western tone in this story, regarding the clashes between the team and the police, some of Jesse's principles, but also for a certain friend of him.

Personally, I love this series, but I understand this is not for all.

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## ??? 2.? says

### WTF??

Oh man, I was really expecting to be blown away here, but this was just a colossal disappointment. So much so, that I'm not sure if I even care to continue—it was a struggle to even make it through this one.

Let's see here . . . two-dimensional characters, cringe-worthy dialog, terrible jokes that mostly fell flat, and a rather dull, juvenile storyline lacking that vital spark. In particular, all the scenes with the Adelphi (some sort of administrative angels) were extremely lame. I didn't care much for the artwork either. Even the font was annoying and made it difficult to read.

Yada, yada, yada . . . no need to get all ranty. I will say that it picked up a bit towards the end, so maybe it does improve in the following volumes—God, I hope so! I just don't understand all the overwhelming love for this series.

To borrow a line from my friend Ed - **Final Judgment: Lower your expectations.**

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## **Shelby \*trains flying monkeys\* says**

This book is something else! Violence, sex, booze and craziness. Sign me up!

I read that Seth Rogan is trying to make either a show or movie from this. Lawd Help. Reverend Jesse Custer is just a Texas preacher-then at a service he bonds with a spirit force named Genesis that makes him be able to get people to do as he asks..just by saying it. He teams up with his gun toting ex-lover Tulip and Booze hound Vampire named Cassidy. And dudes..these are the good guys.

I need the rest of these books..Right now.

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## **Mark Lawrence says**

The young woman with the nose stud who took my payment for this in Forbidden Planet (Bristol) said: "You're starting a weird and wonderful journey, enjoy."

She was not wrong. And I did.

The story thrives on a combination of graphic violence, humour, and weirdness. The main character, Jessie, the eponymous preacher has acquired a rather fine super-power, he has the voice of God, and when he uses it everyone has to obey him. He is ably supported by his girlfriend (currently a freelance assassin) and a drunken Irish vampire. The opposition is provided by Jessie's less than lovely family, a Vatican hit squad, and also heaven and hell.

Jessie proves to be a rather unusual preacher, a hard-drinking and dangerous man with a violent past. He has questions for God and is unsure what to do with his newfound power.

The whole thing is off-beat and addictive.

The art is well done and supports the story. When I finished I immediately wanted the next one. It's a series with gallons of potential. My experience reading on is that it goes gradually downhill but even by book 6 it's still a fun read.

I've recently watched season 1 of the TV series based on the graphic novels. It's not a close match but retains the key elements and is good. Give it a watch. Season 2 is imminent!

Join my 3-emails-a-year newsletter #prizes

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## Kemper says

*Preacher* has so much graphic violence that the makers of the *Saw* movies can't read it without projectile vomiting.

*Preacher* has such profane language that Chris Rock would cover his ears if he heard it.

*Preacher* has acts of sexual perversions so disgusting that Larry Flynt once said he would have never taken his case to the Supreme Court if he knew that this was the kind of stuff that would get published.

But damn, is it a great story.

Jesse Custer, a reluctant redneck minister in a tiny Texas town gets endowed with the Word of God after bonding to an entity that escaped Heaven. Then he hooks up with Tulip, his gun-toting ex-girlfriend, and Cassidy, a 90-something year old Irish vampire who likes whiskey as much as he likes blood. The three join forces on a quest to find God and kick his ass for his neglect of humanity as they fight an international religious conspiracy and the toughest supernatural killer ever seen in all of creation.

It's not *Richie Rich*, that's for sure.

It's really easy to get caught up in the shocking stuff that happens in *Preacher*. This is a comic series where a character casually states, "*Curiosity won't just kill the cat. It'll bite it's head off and stump fuck the remains 'til the sun comes up.*" And that's mild compared to some of the other stuff that gets said and done. Frankly, there are images in the panels of *Preacher* that I've sometimes wished I could get out of my head.

But look past the shock value, and you'll find a comic classic with almost limitless ambition and wildly original story to tell. At times, *Preacher* reads like Irish-born Garth Ennis's love letter to America. It's also his exploration of the legends of the American West, the nature of religion, the depravity of people, and the limits of friendship and love.

Despite the gore, the sex, the language, and the violence, this is a series with a strong sense of morality. Jesse and his friends are outraged and disgusted by the depths people will sink too, and the quest to find God is a carry over from that. Jesse is angry with what he learns about the nature of God, and sees him as a vain hypocrite who created people and then just lets them suffer while expecting them to praise his name and not lifting a finger to help. And to Jesse's cowboy nature, that's an insult that deserves a reckoning.

Joe R. Lansdale says it best in his introduction in this volume: "*I'm not sure it's a learning experience, but it's a thinking experience, but most important...it's unique, and I hope it's uniqueness does not encourage a hundred writers to go out and try to repeat it. What they will come up with is just meanness for meanness' sake. It won't have the edge, the special feel of PREACHER. They'll just be imitations. Because there is only one Garth Ennis, and only one Steve Dillon, and only one PREACHER, a tale out of Ireland, dragged through Texas with a bloody hard-on, wrapped in barbed wire and rose thorns. And it's out to get you.*"

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## Sarah says

3.5 Stars.

To be honest, I was so close to marking this as a DNF at the start of this volume. I thought it was really hard to get into it and I wasn't enjoying it at all. I'm glad I gave it a chance though because I feel like I'll really enjoy reading this comic series. The second half of the volume was definitely much better than the first half. It also made a lot more sense to me. I wasn't really enjoying the artwork much either at the start but it definitely grew on me. I feel like this is a really original idea and I'm excited to see where it goes. I would recommend this series.

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### **Brad says**

This did not go the way I expected at all. I haven't heard a dissenting voice from anyone about *Preacher*. Not one, although I've not looked at any of the reviews here on goodreads. In fact, I've had numerous friends say, "You have to read this book," and, "Dude, you will love this book," and since it was all from people I trusted, loving *Preacher* was my expectation.

Nope. I hated this book.

First, this book is populated by the most idiotic array of stereotypes and caricatures (certainly these characters can't be called archetypes) outside of a Circus Sideshow:

- Foul-mouthed, sexed-up, lost his faith Preacher? ✓
- Foul-mouthed, sexy, Preacher-loving-hating Moll? ✓
- Foul-mouthed, ultra-violent Vampire (but he's Irish. Isn't that original? No. Not terribly.) ✓
- Foul-mouthed, racist, Texas sheriff? Cormac McCarthy-style, unstoppable, amoral Saint of Killers? ✓
- Cocky, arrogant, bureaucratic, disbelieving FBI Agent? ✓
- Too butch, sado-masochistic, homophobic homosexual? ✓
- Big city, throw-the-book-out-the-window, abusive super-cop and his bumbling partner? ✓
- Overbearing warrior Angels, sexy Demons, idiotic heavenly functionary Angels? ✓
- An absentee God? ✓
- Dog-faced boy? ✓

I find nothing compelling about this cast of assholes, and I am usually a fan of assholes. I can care about assholes if they are unique and I can believe their behaviour. Not this bunch, though.

Second, Garth Ennis is an Irishman writing about a Texan douchebag wandering the U.S., and there are times when it is distractingly obvious that Ennis is not American. His Texan characters speak in ways Texans would never speak. It might not happen often, but it happens enough that I noticed, and oddly enough, when they slip, they speak precisely like someone from Ireland. Go figure. Couldn't this story have been told just as effectively in Dublin or Belfast as the starting point? Couldn't the Preacher have been a priest? Perhaps the Vampire could have been a Yank, then? I think it could have been all of these things, and had it been I wouldn't have found myself constantly being yanked out of the comic by inappropriate vocabulary and regional cadences.

Third. the humor was awful. Had one character been a smarmy dipshit, quick with the cutting, insulting banter, I probably would have loved him/her? But the fact that EVERY-SINGLE-CHARACTER (with the exception of Saint of Killers and a cop named Tool) was capable of smarmy dipshittery drove me mad. The

dialogue was painfully one note -- and there was a ton of it. The dialogue just goes on and on, like a Quentin Tarantino table talk, but without the entertainment value. If this is any indication of Ennis' usual writing, my expectations have fallen into a muddy trench; one I'd be happy to leave for the danger of No Man's Land.

Sure there were some interesting moments and wannabe twists (all of which Ennis telegraphed too obviously), but they were not enough to save this comic for me. I worry that I expected too much, though. I truly expected greatness. I thought I was opening something on par with Alan Moore's best, and with expectations like that there was no way Preacher Gone To Texas could succeed. For that reason alone, I will take a crack at the second volume, but Ennis better hook me with that book or I am all out.

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### **Raeleen Lemay says**

WELL THAT WAS WEIRD

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### **Bradley says**

So great! I mean, if it hadn't been for just watching the first season of the TV series, I probably never would have picked this up to read, but then I would have been missing out on more irreverent goodness!

Believe it or not, this picks up right at the end of the first season's action, although, all the character building has already been done on the show, so I'm rearing to go and ready to see what comes next. Thankfully, there's plenty to enjoy!

The Saint of Murderers is great and the bits about the angels is too sweet and delicious not to chortle over, but the best parts have got to be the interactions between Jessie, Cass, and Tulip. Irreverent barely describes it, and it's a breath of fresh air.

New York was a great hoot, too. :) I hope the road trip continues on!

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### **Patrick says**

In my opinion, one of the best things about this series is its beginning.

If you've never read Garth Ennis before, this is a good place to start. Because odds are, you're going to love this series, or hate it. And, by no small twist of fate, odds are that you're also going to either love or hate Garth Ennis.

Why would you hate Ennis? Well, because his work contains graphic ultraviolence, vulgarity, and blasphemy on pretty much every conceivable level.

Why would you love Ennis? For pretty much the same reasons.

So my thought is you might as well just in and learn what side of the fence you're going to be on right off the

bat.

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### **Christian says**

My problem with some of these "comics for adults" books is that they seem like just that. Its as though a child wanted to prove how adult he was so he filled his book full of sex and swearing and crude jokes so everyone would know he was really mature. And so, as I have found with a lot of these adult comic books, it ends up feeling more juvenile than many of the ones that do not attempt to be labeled as adult.

I really wanted to like this book. I had heard it was funny and thought provoking but found it was neither. It tried really hard to be funny, almost as hard as it tried to be shocking. The main purpose of this book though is to shock. But it even fails there since it starts to all feel so juvenile that I can be no more shocked than I could be from a junior high kid who is trying to sound tough.

Demons and angels having sex, rapists, congregations exploding, and a kid trying to kill himself but ending up with an "ass face" make up just some of the events in this book put in merely in order to shock.

If you want an intelligent funny story with religious, and moral commentary and compelling characters than don't read Preacher. If you want a comic for adults don't read Preacher since it clearly was not meant for adults. If you want obscenity and violence put in for the sake of obscenity and violence, as well as constant attempts to offend, then Preacher is for you.

I'm starting to think I don't like Garth Ennis. I shall now put him in the same category as Frank Miller and Mark Millar. As in popular comic book authors that I am not interested in wasting any more time and money on.

I am honestly confused by the great popularity of this particular book series.

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### **Karl says**

In the collection "Preacher, Volume 1: Gone to Texas" the Hardcover we are presented with the first twelve issues of the comic collected together along with some nice extra's printed on some nice paper, not the cheap stuff that most comics are printed on.

The book is printed as a "Graphic Novel" and the empathies should be on the word Graphic, not that here is anything wrong with that (to quote the nice Seinfeld folks). I guess if you have young kids it would be best, if they can read, not to leave this book within their reach.

When books are compared to movies it has been my experience that for the most part, the books are better than the movies, except for perhaps "The Wizard of OZ" where the movie, in my opinion, is defiantly better. In the comparison of a graphic novel to a television show, it becomes quickly apparent that the story in the graphic novel could not be presented on the in home screen. And let me be clear I don't want to disparage the television show in the slightest, it is what it is and it's entertaining, and comparing the two is an apples and

oranges kind of comparison.

For a comic that is 20 years old now (originally published in 1996) and tells the story the way it does, it holds up amazingly well. The writing is crisp, the art is well done, the colors are eye catching. And it's a lot of fun and defiantly darkly funny.

I look forward to the next installment.

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### **Rebecca McNutt says**

Quite a weird book, but intriguing nonetheless and it's worth checking out for the immaculate artwork alone.

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### **Trudi says**

After reading Kemper's awesome review I knew I'd be getting to *Preacher* eventually -- now after having read the first volume I'm left wondering why the hell did I wait so long?!

It's bloody, gory grit and gasoline pulp Texas style, with demons and angels and a possessed preacher, an Irish vampire and a supernatural gunslinger known as the Saint of Killers -- who reminded me instantly of Roland Deschain crossed with Randall Flagg.

Something has gone very wrong in heaven: a terrifyingly powerful entity (the offspring of an angel and a demon known as Genesis) has escaped to earth and binds itself to a mortal man -- Jesse Custer (redneck preacher of a small Texas parish). Jesse needs answers fast as the dead bodies start to pile up around him and the po-po are hot on his tail. Joining him on his quest (and evasion of the law) will be his ex-girlfriend Tulip, and a ninety-something year old Irish vampire called Cassidy.

There's a vicious serial killer on the loose too just to keep things from, you know, getting boring.

The word from up on high is that God has left the building. Literally. Fucked off and left humans to fend for themselves. That's not going to stand for Jesse, and he's decided it's time to smoke God out of his hiding hole and get some answers. Maybe even a little payback, who knows? I surely don't, but I can't wait to find out.

Yeah so make no mistake: this thing is profane. It's violent. But there's an energy and an *aliveness* running through the story that's absolutely addictive. I can see why this series has stood the test of time (and will continue to do so I'm sure).

But don't take my word for it: in his introduction to the series Joe R. Lansdale calls *Preacher* "scary as a psychopathic greased gerbil with a miner's hat and a flashlight and your bare asshole in sight." Heh heh. An effective metaphor to make any butt clench up I'm sure. But this is what really got me:

Because there is only one PREACHER, a tale out of Ireland, dragged through Texas with a bloody hard-on, wrapped in barbed wire and rose thorns.

If that doesn't make you want to pick this series up then check your pulse, because you just might be dead.

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### ? Sh3lly - Grumpy Name-Changing Wanderer ? says

They're making a TV show based on the comic!!! This could be really cool! And it's got this guy (Dominic Cooper) playing the lead character named Jesse Custer.

I can get behind this idea. So this story is about a - yes you guessed it - preacher who is having doubts about his faith. He gets possessed by a half-demon, half-angel hybrid named Genesis. This entity can make people do whatever it wants. Turn them into puppets. Nifty trick, that.

Tulip is the whiny, angsty ex-girlfriend. (I hope she doesn't stay like that through the whole series. But she has a story and isn't quite what she seems either).

My favorite is Cassidy, the vampire (of course). He don't give no shizz 'bout nobody. An Irishman, smoker, drinker, rabble-rouser. Badass.

There were some funny moments in this. Like the introduction of a character named *Arseface* who tried to emulate Kurt Cobain by blowing his head off, but didn't quite do the job right and ended up surviving but with a mangled face, and you can't understand what he's saying, so there's this little translation box down in the corner. It's wrong, but so funny in an over-the-top, sick way.

I didn't really like all the police stuff. There's a side story of a nice cop who has the worst luck ever and his partner who is of course the cop of the year - steals all the glory - but is also a racist and homophobe (yet secretly gay and into messed up BDSM orgies). Yeah, there's some weirdness going on here. But I **like** it.

I didn't tear through this, and it's maybe more of a 3.5 star read, but I'm rounding up because it's twisted and right up my alley.

Custer's also got some supernatural, can't-die cowboy dude after him (well, after Genesis) and it's kind of a road trip story also? There's a lot of violence and generally offensive stuff like racist police officers using racist language. But I still enjoyed it. The illustrations were cool. The story could have been a little better overall, but this is the first volume, so a lot of it was set up.

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