

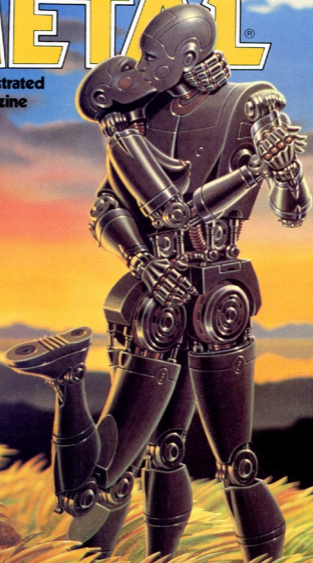
HEAVY METAL[®]

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JULY 1982

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ELECTRO-POPIISM

If the capitalist consumer culture has taught us anything, it's how to dress up old merchandise in snazzy new clothes and peddle it to a commodity-saturated public. While my cynicism about the pop biz doesn't approach Frank Zappa's—who sez all "new waves" are fashion initiatives serving clothing and accessory manufacturers—enough storm-trooped change has marched past these weary eyes to nudge an already hair-trigger skepticism reflex over the edge. Surveying the ascendant synthesizer pop sub-genre (and its attendant clothes consciousness) does tempt one into just such a snap judgment—a wrong one, if you delve any distance below the surface. Yeah, some of it might be the same old shit in new picture sleeves, but not all of these prettyboys (and a couple of girls) are content to mimic past forms and ideas.

Unfortunately, limey tune-tunes **Depeche Mode** (name copped from a Frog rag mag) seem blissfully happy to cohabit with hohum pop conventions on their *Speak & Spell* (Sire) debut LP. When collected together, their handful of zippy singles ("Dreaming of Me," "New Life," and their best, "Just Can't Get Enough"—love those Beach Boys harmonies!) reveals their Kraftwerk/Moroder Eurodisco heritage in unflattering nakedness, transforming dance-floor freshness into home-stereo tedium. A recitative live gig at the Ritz here in NYC only confirmed my doubts. Stick to the singles.

Fellow Brits/first timers/Sire-ees **Soft Cell** also flunk, but for different reasons. *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret* features superior synth work by Dave Ball (all flashing neon, icy chrome, and stiff

what their two self-produced singles promised (check *HM* 12/80 for pre-history). They remain one of the best live synth-pop acts I've seen, and with their decidedly امریکن pop sensibility, could easily crack the notoriously conservative U.S. record market. The Microwave's *Life After Breakfast* (Poshboy) is less consistent,

clean laundry but a whole new set of clothes, try the following on for size.

Fad Gadget, *Incontinent* (Mute UK import): Has its moments, but somehow the rage-sublimated-into-irony lacks the conviction of Fad's first, *Fireside Favourites* (also a Mute import).

Japan, (Virgin/Epic): If you can get past the painted faces (took me a couple of years), this compilation of Jap's last two UK releases surprises and shocks—gutsy percussive synth, serpentine fretless bass, oriental scales, and a singer with terminal Bryan Ferry-itis. Answers the eternal question, "What if Roxy Music had become Eno's band instead of Ferry's?"

Simple Minds, *Themes For Great Cities* (Stiff): A fascinating, brooding excursion into the heart of Eurodisco's darkness. *Themes* was assembled from this exceptional Scottish band's last four UK LPs (buy em!).

Yello, *Bastich* (Stiff EP), *Claro Que Si* and *Solid Pleasure* (both Ralph LPs): This Swiss trio's pop mini-epics are like Disney Silly Symphonies—witty, cinematic, omnivorously eclectic. Lou's pick to click.

Wall of Voodoo, *Dark Continent* (IRS LP), and eponymous EP on Index: As vocalist Stan Ridgway proclaims, "This modern world deserves a modern attitude." Indeed. Tense irritating and percussive; pop melodies slashed and punctured by rapierlike guitar; vocals dripping with sarcasm and self-parody... Voodoo's pop is both abrasive and reassuring.

This is one season's wardrobe you really do need to buy.

—Lou Stathis



Soft Cell:
Dave Ball, left,
and Marc Almond.
Olé!

leather) and excessively obnoxious posing by vocalist Marc Almond—whose mannered voice can't carry a tune for shit. If Almond can leave behind his adolescent, sleazy-sex obsessions (or at least illuminate their inherent humor or tragedy), Soft Cell could grow beyond their low rent up-market Suldisc status (a disco Benny Hill, maybe?).

Meanwhile, over in the Yank rookie leagues, **Our Daughters Wedding** and **Los Microwaves** electronically pepper the infield with solid one-base hits. With their synth trio craftily augmented by a session drummer (for added punch), ODW's mini-LP *Digital Cowboy* (EMI America) delivers

but always listenable and refreshingly, winningly naive.

As relative veterans, **The Human League** (who in a slightly different configuration helped pioneer the form with 1978's "Being Boiled") display unsurprising assurance with platinum pop hook architecture. Though ultimately hollow (and what of it?), the tunes on *Dare* (A&M—their first USA release, third overall) are flawless constructions of costume jewelry that almost physically attach themselves to your turntable. Very addictive.

The problem with this stuff becomes clear after prolonged exposure—it's fun okay, but ultimately unsatisfying. If you want not just

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Coal People

Mid-Gibson as the Road Warrior



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he allows her to live out
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her get exhibiting the su
nature.



Clooned Disney animals live in the Secret of NIMH Ranch in Utah, defused, castrated and photographed by multiplex cameras; this deprivation makes the worst plight of an advanced breed of rats who escape from the National Institute of Mental Health and form a sophisticated society (banned).



Arnold
Schwarzenegger as
Conan the Barbarian

Chapman, John. Northampton.

During their laboratory captivity, the rodents retained intelligence which increased their intelligence and enabled them to distinguish between right and wrong. Add to this setup a discussion pot of good versus evil and a dumb field mouse who is a criminal, is ill mouse-both (fine, fine), and you've got the perfect society conscious Disharmony for the Reason Era.

Adler's director, Don Baum, a Disney veteran, has pledged allegiance to restoring the glory of gay animation. His postwar allegory never lives up to Burt's flamboyant two-minute fantasy for "Don't Make Waves" performed by Electric Blue. Cheering in Aogoa, his co-ops to nuclear on the beach and motion back for Pompadour-colored seas and lovable animals with human characteristics. What doesn't do it for me is that Sunshine Schoondog laid down by the rats from Adler.

When Roger Corman first emerged as the king of low-budget horror flicks, there were few national film critics to put him in proper perspective. Thanks to the genre's new respectability and financial success, Corman is being reconsidered as a major talent for his ability to make

Meister

Spurred a raft of work by his major filmgoing choices—Francis Ford Coppola, Jack Nicholson, Ben Kingsley, Joe Dante, Penelope Spheeris, the group became the spice-and-onceness of whole music-making from bits of footage. Co-

magnate, gets credit for using New World, his distribution and production house, to offer his substar connections by distributing some of the best foreign films (Julie Andrews's *In Drum and Flute* and Burt Reynolds's *Deliverance*) among others, making his a movie graveyard to be reckoned with.

—Brad Ballou

ROBOT OVERKILL
The robot was clearly malfunctioning of some sort. Heavy industrial robots processing plant feedstocks, Japan, when Kuroki, a 37-year-old employee, went over to replace it. Presumably, the machine turned on him and crushed him to death. If robots can kill during a

malfunction, can they be programmed to do so deliberately? Imagine futuristic armies... which malfunction and attack the wrong side.

BOYS CHIEF
 ■ There are a few machines

optical now? Well until the computer age really sets in. An unusual progression from computer doing is a new device called the "love bug." It consists of two microchips packed into a small transmitter hung around the neck like a

pendent. One ship carries data about yourself; the other about your ideal mate. When someone wearing the Bug whose data collides with yours comes into range, your Bug and theirs start to beep. But if you don't like what you see, there's a built-in, emergency shut-off button.

—Julie Klayton



FUTURE FASHION:

POSITION, DISTANCE
AND DEAD RECKONING

Joey and Jonas, the multi-talented performers from Orange County and the Bronx

North Show debut their picks for coming trends: form, South, East, and West, the compass points too

Photography by Dean Chamberlain



▲ North: The Magnetic Pole. An area of space where magnetic objects manifest at minimum.

▲ West: The new frontier. The direction of the sunset is governed by none.



▲ East: The comic projections are mysteriously enchanting... don't you think?



▲ South: The horizon danger zone. The intensity of the sun will radiate from the incognito opposite.



Avoiding rock strictures and pop niceties, three English groups—**Throbbing Gristle**, **Cabaret Voltaire** and **This Heat**—use the raw material of sound to make some of the most visceral and intelligent music around. They may utilize tapes, synthesizers, treated guitars, etc., but they are definitely not removed or “modern.” You might call them expressionist, but that would be too personal. Instead, they pull back the scab covering our communal repressions and submissions.

A sampler culled from their previous releases, *Throbbing Gristle's Greatest Hits*, includes such memorable ditties as “Hamburger Lady,” “Subhuman,” “Six Six Sixties,” and “Tiab Guls” (“Slug Ball”). This is the music

Entertainment Through Pain

you'll hear as you prowls the sewers looking for food, or fuck in the sludge as the radiation settles aboveground. Thoroughly uncompromising, TG's invocations of psychic disarray never fail to expose a buried nerve. Their decision to deal with the “darker” side of things is not necessarily negative—you get the feeling it's realistic. (See also their live cassette, *Beyond Jazz Funk*.)

Relentlessly seductive rhythms and repetitive chant vocals, washed with guitar and synth textures, lay

out a thick heathen pulse on Cabaret Voltaire's LP *Red Mecca*, and double single (“Jazz the Glass,” “Burnt to the Ground,” “Eddies Out,” and “Walls of Jericho”). What they lose in immediate impact and clarity (particularly in the rarely understandable vocals), they more than make up for in subtlety of sound and shifting of textures. Neither arty field music nor minimalism, CV's primal voodoo chants insinuate themselves into your consciousness.

One of the most formally

inventive (and disruptive) groups, This Heat demonstrate on their second album, *Decell*, a natural ease with loops, pre-recorded rhythms, and textures, in addition to live playing. With precise irrationality they jolt from one passage to another, juxtaposing often lushly melodic vocals with white noise and cacophony. While their lyrics allude elliptically to mass passivity in the face of real disaster, they're never pedantic, only rooted in the immediacy of personal experience. Alternately ugly and sensuous, hypnotic and fractured, this music demands an active participation.

—Michael Gira

(All recordings available through Rough Trade, 1042 Murray Street, Berkeley, CA 94710.)

More and more sf writers rely on magic for inspiration. Some would do better to replace flashing words and abracadabra spells with real knowledge of cosmic energy and Tantric power. **Kundalini**, by Ajit Mookerjee (Destiny Books), subtitled *The Arousal of the Inner Energy*, is a profusely illustrated handbook of astral travel showing the actual diagrams of the body's circuitry and how to unlock the energy knots (chakras) in order to effect transformation. Every breath, about 21,600 a day, is a potential key to space travel, and Mookerjee gives scientific instruction as well as sound and color charts,



Charles
Henri
Ford

complete with sexual secrets and electronic crystal balls.

Lisa Goldstein's **The Red Magician** (Timescape Books) attempts to meld the mystical with science fiction. In a simplistic tale of good and evil magicians, set against the landscape of the holocaust, she turns the Wandering Jew into a hippy magician with a knapsack full of amulets and talismans; then pits him against

an evil rabbi, who escapes the Nazis by turning himself into a wolf. The best scene involves the attempted creation of a golem based on the Cabalistic legend. (For the real thing, read *The Golem* by occult master Gustav Meyrink.) The Red Magician saves a Jewish Cinderella from the death camps and gets her a ticket to America. Nice Jewish girl would like to meet tall, dark golem with own dental

practice.

Readers who can handle distillations of a more potent sort will welcome a collection of sf mythomagic poetry by surrealist Charles Henri Ford. His latest work, **Om Krishna II** (Cherry Valley Editions), begins where the others left off. A definite microwave boost to the brain, this multi-tiered performance sums up some of the esoteric psychosexual aspects of a polymorphous world. If you can stand to see what lies in store for us, drop into Ford's mental massage parlor where every poem's a print-out from the cosmic computer. A must for those who relish magic in the making and can't find it elsewhere.

—Ira Cohen

A classic short story works like a hit single. Meant to be absorbed in one gulp, its impact is dependent on attention-grabbing hooks (O. Henry surprise) or evocative texture (Ray Bradbury's autumnesque nostalgia). Such assemblages are often valuable in illuminating a writer's progression, telescoping quirky careers to add overview and autobiography.

In **A Life in the Day of...** (Bantam), by **Frank M. Robinson**, coauthor of *The Glass Inferno*, recounts his literary history from a pre-

SF Hit Parade

adolescent purchase of his first copy of *Astounding* to the thrill of his first sale to that magazine (“The Maze”); how writers develop plot ideas and deal with editors (“The Santa Claus Planet”); his growing grasp of style, characterization, and nuance (“The Wreck of the Ship John B.”); and his experiences in Haight-Ashbury during the ill-extended “Summer of Love” (*A Life in the Day of...*). Robinson's

own story has an upbeat ending, when the likable professional sells his blockbuster novel to Hollywood for a large sum, sees it become *The Towering Inferno*, and lives happily ever after.

Isaac Asimov and Martin H. Greenberg have come up with a new twist in Best of the Year compilations. Going back in time, they have assembled **The Great SF Stories** (DAW), an ongoing series that takes

place during sf's acknowledged golden era. The sixth and latest volume returns us to 1944, a year blackened with the charred debris of World War II. Despite harsh times, the talent in this collection glitters: A. E. Van Vogt's “Far Centaurus,” Lewis Padgett's “When the Bough Breaks,” Theodore Sturgeon's relentless “Killdazer,” and a trio from Clifford Simak—“City,” “Huddling Place,” and “Desertion” (incorporated into Simak's book-length *City*).

—Lenny Kaye

VIDEO

EYE MUSIC

Music-video or Video-music—where's the conceptual focus? Picture? Sound? Pick an option: a) Concept—match picture to sound; b) Soundtrack—wed sound to picture; c) Live—simultaneous picture and sound (performance); d) None of the above. Five music-videos offer directions but leave the viewer to grapple with the conclusions.

The Tubes, whose original 70s incarnation successfully integrated a conceptual video dimension into rock concertizing, have created a state of the avant-garde music-video that demands repeated viewing. Based on

material from their latest Capitol album, *The Completion Principle Backwards* ("Use your imagination as reality to see the things you want from the end backwards"), *The Tubes Video* (Thorn-EMI disc and cassette, 1981) synthesizes the band's abstract, funny, and profound approach to video. Surrealistic video director Russell Mulcahy injects his riveting sense of visual fantasy into the Tubes' nihilistic fascination with TV news, multi-national corporations, and ritual violence. Kenny Ortega, who stages the live shows, choreographs the flow from simulated concert footage to affecting narrative sketches and provocative landscapes. A rampaging R-rated rock-vid experience.

Spyro Gira, clinical jazz/rock fusionnaires, fail to capitalize on their only music-video shot at visualizing the non-semantic, "mood orientation" of their music, rather than their live, squeeze-eyed, mock-soul performances. *Live at the Park West* (Warner Communications cassette, 1981) gets smart only once—in the seven-minute "Lazer Material" where computerized special effects color,

animate, and transport the band from the stage to a memorable, swirling-vortex dimension-painting. Beware the pseudo-documentary segments, including the one explaining the Spyro Gira philosophy—they're strictly E-for-Edt-rated.

"None of the above" is always an inviting but tricky category. Ron Hays's *Odysey* (20th Century Video cassette, 1979) and Astralvision's *Electric Light Voyage* (Media Home Entertainment cassette, 1981) reveal the inconsistency inherent in this choice. Attempting to reflect the abstract nature of instrumental, synthesized music, Hays, a leading "visual music" creator, produces the more cohesive and polished music-video, while Astralvision's effort contains the more striking individual experiences. Often like being imprisoned in a cosmic Etch-A-Sketch, one can consider the uneven *Electric Light Voyage* a progression in audio-visual psychedelia. Promising to "test your inertia," *Odysey* delivers only a video Rorschach test. Given the proper poetic and narrative references, these inventive fantasy visuals could do for music-video what *Star Wars* did for movies.

Music-videos are a sure-fire safeguard against matter chaos. Digest some soon. —Alan Hecht

DISC-O-KODACHROME

Since the Polaroid and Instamatic, amateur photographers have suffered through the last few decades without any major innovations except smaller cameras. New horizons loom for budding paparazzi with Kodak's 4000, 6000, and 8000 Disc System. The cameras are very small (4" x 3" x 5"); standard 35 mm film is replaced by film a quarter the size. Instead of rolls as hard to load as child-proof bottles of aspirin are to open, the negatives come on a snap-in palm-size disc that costs \$3.19 for fifteen exposures. Disc cameras range in price from \$70 to \$150. Equipped with a digital alarm clock, the deluxe 8000 includes a built-in flash, good for at least 2,000 exposures, that's totally automatic—you don't have to decide whether you need it or not. Automatically focusing subjects from eighteen inches to infinity, the camera is about as complicated as a TV dinner. And, there's great news for the gang at the lab: dunked in a vat and spun-dry at 2,000 rpm, your film is ready for enlargement in six and a half minutes. If, for some circumstance beyond Kodak's control, you have a less-than-perfect shot, the developer will analyze an enlarged version of your problem picture on a video monitor and encode the necessary corrections onto the negative. Rumors abound that Kodak's Beta will soon drop into a Discamax-like apparatus allowing you to see your pictures on TV.

For even better photo funnies, be on the look-out for *Nimble* from Timex. Those inventive folks who gave us the horror-resistant watch offer the \$200 Nimble with four side-by-side lenses that shoot the same subject. The images are then composed without migraine-inducing 3-D glasses. Even if 3-D Nimble lasts as long as the mood ring or pet rock, yours will be a collector's item.

—Steven Maloff



SOME VIDEO GAMES ARE MERELY TEPID TESTS OF EYE/HAND COORDINATION. DONKEY KONG IS A LOVE STORY THAT MIXES THE CLASSIC BEAUTY AND THE BEAST TALE WITH A CINICAL LOOK AT TECHNOLOGY VERSUS MODERN MAN. DONKEY KONG TAKES ELEMENTS FROM TWO CLASSICS—DON QUIXOTE AND KING KONG—to add to the USUAL VIDEO GAME CHALLENGE: THE COMPUTER GRAPHICS, MUSIC, AND SPECIAL EFFECTS ALONE ARE WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

THE PLOT IS YOUR BASIC LOVE TRIANGLE—BOY MEETS GIRL, GORILLA STEALS GIRL, BOY RESCUES GIRL, BOY AND

GIRL FALL IN LOVE, GORILLA STEALS GIRL AGAIN, BOY THROWS GORILLA OFF A TALL BUILDING, BOY AND GIRL REUNITE. THE STORY IS TOLD IN FOUR PARTS. IN THE FIRST ONE, KONG KNUSS BARRELS DOWN A MAZE OF STAIRS AND LADDERS WHILE DON QUIXOTE ATTEMPTS TO SAVE THE GIRL. IN THE SECOND PART, A TRIUMPHANT KONG STANDS ON TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER, BEATING HIS CREST, WHILE THE DIMINUTIVE HERO TURNS THE WHEELS ON THE VILLAIN AND REUNITES WITH HIS LADY LOVE. FURTHER OBSTACLES CONFRONT THE PROTAGONIST LATER IN THE FORM OF A MAZE OF ELEVATORS AND FALLING MATTRESS SPRINGS STILL

LATER, KONG DEVICES A COAL MINE COMPLETE WITH BURNING FIRES, CONVEYOR BELTS, AND VEBLY MUD PIES. (IT DISTURBS ME THAT THE CREATOR OF THE GAME MADE KONG THE ABSTRACT OF THIS WASTELAND, KONG WAS ONCE THE VICTIM OF MAN'S RELENTLESS TECHNOLOGY, HOWEVER, DONKEY KONG SEEMS TO SUGGEST THAT THE UNMATES ARE RUNNING THE ASYLUM. THE DON QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS UNIQUE IN THIS VERSION SINCE THE GAME PLAYER PERFORMS THAT PART SO ANY HEROISM OR SKILL THAT DON K. SHOWS IS REALLY A REFLECTION OF YOUR OWN ABILITIES. THAT VIDEO GAMES

INVOLVE THE PLAYER MORE DIRECTLY AND INTIMATLY THAN FILM, BOOKS, OR TV HAS NOT YET BEEN APPRECIATED BY ANY MAJOR MEDIA CRITIC. INTERESTINGLY, THE DON QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS COMPLETED BY IMPOSSIBLE OPS, UNKINE ASTEROIDS OR CENTPEDES, YOU ARE AWARDED AN EXTRA MAN ONLY ONCE. THIS, I FIGHT IS GILBERT BUT MEANINGLESS. HERE THE GAME ECHOES MODERN EASTERNAL DESPAIR. NO MATTER HOW WELL YOU DO, THE MACHINE KEEPS THE GIRL, AND YOU DIE. I GUESS THAT'S WHY I DON'T DO VERY WELL ON DONKEY KONG AFTER A CERTAIN POINT.



GET OUT!
GET OUT!
ALL OF YOU,
GET OUT!

When we last saw Tarn, he was tricked into making love by the creature Jordella, who had taken the form of Tarn's love, Muuta. After their lovemaking, the creature died, leaving poor Tarn sitting around wondering what was going to happen to him.



Come sweet
oblivion.



DEATH! DEATH!
Die, you BASTARD!



What's the matter? I can't do it. I feel paralyzed the moment the point touches. Some demon spirit is saving me for yet further degradation and torture.



Muuta.



Muuta is not dead. One of those hideous monsters died. Not Muuta. She is back there ... on Muutaron.



I'll get
you. Muuta.



I'll allow
nothing to
stand in
my way. ...



... nothing
in this
world.

I'll reach to the farthest corners of Nev-
erwhere to get you.





EEYAAAUGH!





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CHAIN MAIL

Gentlepersons:

Rod Kierkegaard has created within the confines of your explicitly surrealist-fantasy magazine the best comic-intellectual thought piece since Dan O'Neill's *Odd Bodkins* series of the late (great) sixties. His Swifbian humor shall surely triumph without bloody victory.

David W. Huffman
Houston, Tex.

Dear Heavy Metal Babies:

Rod Kierkegaard, Jr., is a fucking genius!
In respect and awe,
Will Carter
Athens, Ga.

Dear Heavies:

By the way, "Killer" Kierkegaard, Jr., I like the tired old "Rock Opera" best. I don't think "Enlida" quite makes it.

Eddie Presley, Jr.
Melbourne, Fla.

Dear Editorial Staff:

Woe be unto those who would treat our minds as literary and visual garbage disposers; offending our senses with your meaningless tirade! We the world-weary find your artistic fornication is childish chaos damned to eternal decay and pointlessness. It is a brilliant creation of a migraine headache with no hope for relief. Alas! Those that never became great found wealth in pornography; the only quest you realized. Your only answer for humanity is to propagate the species until someone somewhere can find out where the science part of science fiction comes in.

Grid Mansfield
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Gub, gub, Grid. I think living too close to Ground Zero Country has gone to your head!—ls

Dear Sirs:

I find the caliber of your magazine has deteriorated considerably since I first started reading it a few years ago. The sophomoric editorial tone, the asinine inclusion of seemingly anything that's hip for that particular month, and the overall shoddiness of the writing everywhere in the text make me somewhat embarrassed to admit I have a subscription. Your Mr.'s Stathis and Balfour are particularly blatant examples of this. While their intellectual posturings may be impressive to themselves (*Not to mention our mothers.*—ls), I feel their talent could probably be better appreciated in the context of, let's say, a high school English class. If their "incisive" commentaries are meant in any way to represent the state of the art in rock or New Tech Age criticism, I sincerely fear for both movements.

Overall, however, it's the self-congratulatory and hipper-than-thou attitude of your magazine that I find obnoxious. Your constant playing to the galleries in the

guise of being sort of New Wave intellectuals or something, is an hypocrisy I just can't stomach. I think we both realize that you are business people first and foremost, and what matters most to you is what's printed at the bottom line of your quarterly reports. Why, then, this song and dance each month about your sterling artistic integrity or your desire to break new ground, or your constant (and empty) insistence about your easy relationship with the avant-garde? I'm sure if conservative politics were suddenly "in," you'd shortly be seen outdoing the *U.S. News and World Report*.

Thomas Dejesu
Denver, Colo.

You bet. Screw this unprofitable avant-garde shit. What we really want is to castrate dissidents, subjugate Third Worlders, and censor everything except monstrous mummies and brainless barbarians. What a great magazine this would be. Get my crewcut out of mothballs. Friday.—ls

Dear HM:

Lowest regards to the tasteless opinions of Michael E. Iaccao (Chain Mail, March '82). Anyone who can't appreciate the brilliant "Immortals' Fete" must have his taste buds in the wrong end of their anatomy. Wake up and realize that Enki Bilal is a very talented Genius!

P. S. Barr
Kenova, Ontario

Our Editor also reports that Mr. Bilal, besides being an adept artist, is cute as a button.—ls

Dear People:

"Grotesque art...wretched coloring?" What do you want, Mr. M. E. Iaccao of Bloomfield, N.J., cute, realistically etched rabbits? Bilal's "Immortals' Fete" displayed a style just short of being pure genius.

Richard MacKinnon
Dept. of Humanities
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario

To Whom:

All you guys out in magazine land quit bitching about artists and story lines! It seems like every issue there's some critic that feels like an editor died and left him in charge. If you don't like what's on the TV, just change the channel! I think you'd be happier watching "Laverne and Shirley" anyway—matches your intelligence better. If you don't like the magazine, leave it on the shelf just as you would leave an art gallery if you didn't care for its contents.

Robert Walsmith
Bazeman, Mont.

I didn't make this letter up. I swear.—ls

Dear People-in-Charge:

Kudos and questions for the new year. Kudos for Shakespeare for Americans, Rock Opera, and for keeping Lou Stathis

and his column. Questions about more material from Druliet (*Most certainly.*—ls) and more work from Matt Howarth about the Post Brothers (*Doubtful.*—ls). And why you continue to print that terrible Jeff Jones strip is beyond comprehension; it's poorly drawn and written and takes up space better used for something else. Still and all, I wish you all the best.

Walter E. Rittenhouse
Levittown, Pa.

Dear Editors:

What's this? After the extraterrestrial editorial communiques of Sean Kelly (1977-79), the intimate "inside HM" reader rapport of Ted White (1980), and Brad Balfour's Tofflerspeak (1981), has HM now spawned a new 1982 form of visual editorials with the January Lou Stathis/Steve Stiles "Walkman Terror Tales"? This collaboration might have been lost in HM's big sister, *National Lampoon*, but it gleams in HM like a crystal skull in the South American jungle. This Kurtzmanesque half-pager, capturing the quintessence of 1954 *Mad* more than any satire of the past twenty-eight years, is as perfect and right for HM as a four-page die-cut Kinuko Y. Craft illustration is for *Playboy*. It not only serves as an up-to-the-minute "editorial cartoon," more palatable than the Toffler talk, but it indicates why HM should be devoting more space to certain American artists. Idiosyncratic talents such as Stiles, George Metzger, and Mark Fisher should be cultivated by HM—not forgotten, sloughed over, or misused.

Bhob
Somerville, Mass.

Editors:

I like stories that have a plot, are well drawn, and don't make you spend half your reading time trying to figure out what the H. is going on. HM has been pretty disappointing lately, and if things don't improve, I'm going to let my subscription run out—as soon as I find out what happens to John DiFool.

Subscriber #069A060A14

Well, 069—do you mind if I call you that for short?—we feel there's nothing wrong with letting our readers think a bit while they read.—ls

COMING NEXT ISSUE

It's a hard and fast theory that science fiction and fantasy just ain't funny. "Au contraire," as our French brothers would say, "cause in the August issue of *Heavy Metal* we disprove this age-old belief with a special section chock full o' very funny material.

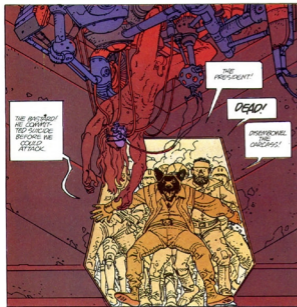
Plus: Berni Wrightson's
"Freak Show" premieres!

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY
AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

THE INCAL LIGHT

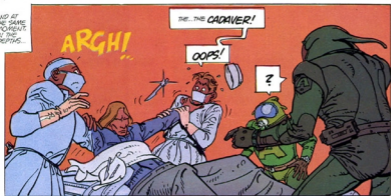
LAST TIME, JOHN DIFOOL WAS REUNITED WITH THE
SUPERHEROES, AND ITS REVENUE... WITH LONG DIFFICULTY,
WE MIGHT ADD.



SUPREMACY.



AND AT
THE SAME
MOMENT,
AT THE
DEPTHS...

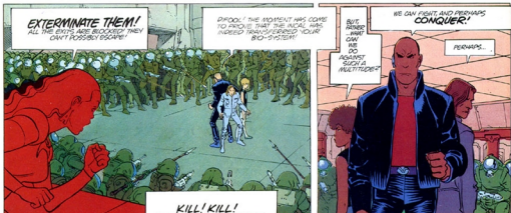


LOOK AT THIS, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN! ALL YOU
FOKS MUST AGREE: THIS
IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST
CATACSTROPHES IN THE
WORLD! OH, THE HUMANITY!



WE'VE BEEN
BETRAYED!
JOHN DROOL IS ALIVE!





EXTERMINATE THEM!
ALL THE EXITS ARE BLOCKED! THEY
CAN'T POSSIBLY ESCAPE!

PROOF! THE MOMENT HAS COME
TO PROVE THAT THE NCAL HAS
INDEED TRANSFERRED YOUR
BO-SYSTEM!

BUT FIRST—
WE CAN
WE CAN
DO
AGAINST
SUCH A
MULTITUDE?

WE CAN FIGHT, AND PERHAPS
CONQUER!

PERHAPS...

KILL! KILL!

I HAVE ALREADY EXTERMINATED
MORE THAN 100,000! SOON
ONLY ONE LIVING REBEL WILL
BE LEFT! AND AFTER THAT,
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE
JUGAL, WHICH I FEEL LURKING
DOWN BELOW. HAHAHA
AFTER ALL, THIS NEW BODY OF
MINE DOESN'T TOTALLY LACK
SENSITIVITY!

HOWEVER...



**GODMOTHER!
GODMOTHER!**





GODMOTHER! EVERYTHING IS LOST... THEY'VE THROWN THE NECRO-WAVE AT US!

THE NECRO-WAVE?

YES!

OH, THE NECRO-WAVE! SO THEY DARED TO LET GO OF THAT ABOMINATION! THAT HAS UNDOUBTEDLY OPENED AN ERA OF TERROR ON THIS WORLD. AS FOR ME... I MUST AFFIRM MY DEFEAT!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE AMOK GUARDS?

THEY MUST HAVE MET UP WITH THE WARRIORS!

HOWEVER, WE STILL HAVE ONE MORE TRUMP CARD. AND THAT IS YOU, JOHN DOOL. IN PRINCIPLE, YOU HAVE TWO INCAL IN YOUR POSSESSION. HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO



IT'S USELESS. I NO LONGER HAVE THE BLACK INCAL.

?

WHAT? WHERE IS IT?



HER NAME IS ANIMAH.

YOU GAVE IT TO HERE? DON'T BELIEVE IT! HUH? I NO LONGER HAVE A CHOICE. WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY.

ANIMAH, MY MOTHER. FINALLY, I WILL SEE HER AGAIN.

ANIMAH, THE QUEEN OF THE RATS.



I GAVE IT TO A WOMAN!

YOU GAVE IT TO A WOMAN? AMOK!

?

?



GOOD!

DEPRIVED OF THE BLACK INCAL, YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. DO YOUR THING! NO WAY THE INCAL LEFT ALONE CAN FIGHT THE NECRO-WAVE. IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE, WE BETTER UNITE OUR FORCES.

FOLLOW ME!



WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING US?

THE FURTHER
AWAY WE
MOVE FROM
THE SURFACE,
THE SAFER
WE'LL BE.

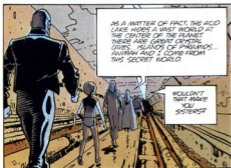
HEY! THE
GROUND'S
SHAKING!

BUT... BUT...
THERE'S
NOTHING AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THIS PIT
EXCEPT FOR
THE ACID LAKE!



THIS IS WHAT
EVERYONE
BELIEVES. I
KNOW DIFF-
FERENTLY.

CARE-
FUL OF
THOSE
LAND-
SLIDES!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE ACID
LAKE HIDES A VAST WORLD AT
THE CENTER OF THE PLANET.
THERE ARE GREAT CRYSTAL
DIVERS, ISLANDS OF PYRAMIDS...
ANUPAH AND I CAME FROM
THIS SECRET WORLD.

WOULDN'T
THAT MAKE
YOU
SISTER?



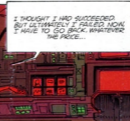
VERY PERCEPTIVE! YES, INDEED.
TOGETHER WE WERE THE GUARD-
IANS FOR THE TWO INCAL'S, BUT
DARKNESS CAME AND SHOWED
ME THE HOW SHALL WE SAVE THE
EARTH THINGS A LIFE. BY THEN,
I HAD DECIDED TO DISOBEY THE
BLACK INCAL AND TAKE POWER
UP ON THE SURFACE.



I EXCHANGED THE BLACK INCAL FOR
THE TECHNO-POPE. I TRIED TO
TAKE POSSESSION OF THE INCAL
LIGHT, BUT JOHN DROOL INTER-
VENED. IT IS HE WHO WE HAVE TO
BLAME FOR THIS WHOLE MESS. HE
CREATED THIS FATAL INTERFERENCE
THAT SET FORTH THE WHOLE CRYSTAL.



AH-HA! THE
SECRET
ANOK
BUNKER.



I THOUGHT I HAD SUCCEEDED,
BUT ULTIMATELY I FAILED. NOW
I HAVE TO GO BACK, WHATEVER
THE PRICE...



THE TWO INCAL'S
MUST BE REUNITED
BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE.

LOOK, THE
NEED-NAVE
IS DESTROYING
ALL OF
OUR ARMIES
ANGLE-
HAIREDLY!

I'M AGE



© J. JONES 1982



I WAS HOLDING
THIS ROSE.

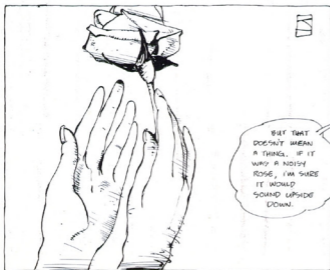


AND I
TURNED
IT
UPSIDE
DOWN.

I KNEW
IT WAS
UPSIDE
DOWN
BECAUSE IT
LOOKED
UPSIDE
DOWN.



BUT IT'S CURIOUS
THAT IT DIDN'T SMELL
UPSIDE DOWN.



BUT THAT
DOESN'T MEAN
A THING. IF IT
WAS A NOISY
ROSE, I'M SURE
IT WOULD
SOUND UPSIDE
DOWN.



ALL WORK FINISHED ©

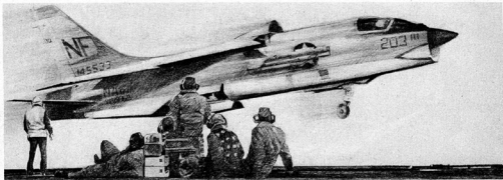
IT'S BEEN REPORTED THAT RADIATION FROM THE NOVA 2 METEORITE HAS CAUSED STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS ON THE NOMADIC TRIBESMEN IN THE SURROUNDING DESERT, EFFECTS IDENTIFIABLE AS SUDDEN ERUPTIONS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND INTO THE CONSCIOUS...



RENOWNED RESEARCHER CARLO FRABETTI, WHO ADVANCED SOME INTERESTING THEORIES ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF SMALL DOSES OF HALLUCINOGENS ON THE BRAIN IN HIS ESSAY "PHYSICS AND FREEDOM," HAS SUGGESTED THAT THE METEORITE'S RADIOACTIVE EMISSIONS ACT ON SPECIFIC MICRO-PHYSICAL CONTROL MECHANISMS OF THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...

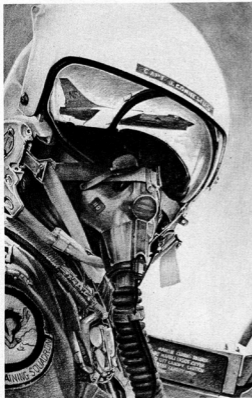


...WEAKENING THE CONSCIOUS MIND'S METHODS OF REPRESSING IMPULSES ARISING IN THE SUPEREGO.

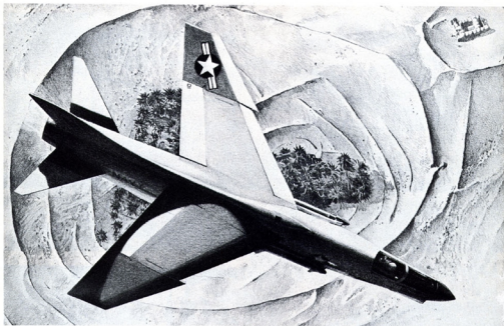


IN OTHER WORDS, THIS MEANS THAT AN INDIVIDUAL EXPOSED TO THE RADIATION WILL GIVE FREE REIGN—AS OFTEN HAPPENS—AFTER TAKING LCD—TO TENDENCIES AND FEELINGS USUALLY REPRESSED BY THE CONSCIOUS MIND.

ALTHOUGH THERE IS NO CONCLUSIVE PROOF, IT IS FEARED THAT THE THREE EXPEDITION MEMBERS OF THE FIRST PHASE OF NOVA 2 WERE CAPTURED OR KILLED BY SOME OF THE TRIBESMEN AFFECTED BY THE METEORITE—WHO AS A GROUP ARE ALREADY DANGEROUS RELIGIOUS FANATICS.



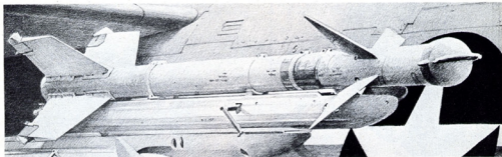
THIS IS THE OVALS NEAR WHICH THE METEORITE FELL, AND THE LAST PLACE THAT ANYTHING WAS HEARD FROM THE THREE EXPEDITION MEMBERS.



AND THIS IS THE WRECKAGE OF THE RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT, TRAGICALLY DESTROYED AFTER IT WAS SENT TO DETERMINE THE NATURE OF THE METEORITE DURING THE NOVA 2 MISSION. REPORTEDLY, THE PLANE'S PILOT RECEIVED AN INTENSE DOSE OF RADIATION DUE TO HIS PROXIMITY TO THE METEORITE. HE FELL INTO A TRANCE AND COMPLETELY LOST CONTROL OF HIS JET.



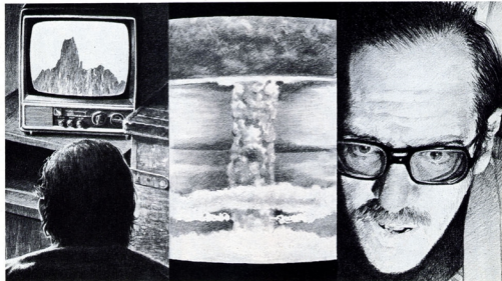
THE SECOND PHASE OF THE NOVA 2 MISSION CONSISTED OF DESTROYING THE METEORITE WITH A TACTICAL MISSILE, ARMED WITH A NUCLEAR WARHEAD THAT WAS INTENDED TO ELIMINATE THE DANGEROUS RADIATION.



THE MISSILE WAS FIRED FROM A DISTANCE OF TEN KILOMETERS, AND PINPOINTED AT THE TARGET WITH AS MUCH ACCURACY AS WAS ACHIEVABLE.

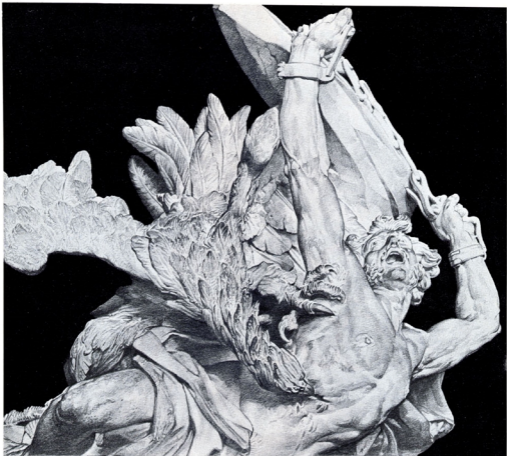


THE RESULTING EXPLOSION WAS FAR MORE INTENSE THAN ANYONE HAD FORESEEN, PROBABLY ATTRIBUTABLE TO THE STRANGE NATURE OF THE METEORITE. THIS, ALONG WITH THE STRONG WINDS TYPICAL OF THE REGION, CONTRIBUTED TO THE DISPERSAL OF THE PULVERIZED METEORITE PARTICLES OVER AN AREA OF MILLIONS OF SQUARE KILOMETERS, COVERING NORTHERN AFRICA AND PARTS OF SOUTHERN EUROPE.



IT'S BEEN VERIFIED THAT THESE PARTICLES REMAIN SUSPENDED IN THE AIR, AND WHEN ABSORBED INTO THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM OF A HUMAN BEING, THEY CAUSE SUCH SYMPTOMS AS INFANTILESM, AUTISM, MYSTICISM, HALLUCINATIONS, AND EVEN EPISODES OF APPARENT INSANITY DUE TO THE RELEASE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND'S THOUGHTS THAT WE DETAILED EARLIER. NEVERTHELESS, THE PREVAILING OPINION OF THE AUTHORITIES IS THAT THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL TO BE ALARMED ABOUT...







RE
ALE DE
LPTURE

BAROQUE & ROCOCO

Musée des Beaux-Arts de Paris



"HAVEN'T YOU FELT IN THE NIGHT, / WHEN 'SHADOWS' RULE, A DRAFFENING VOICE THAT SINGS, / AND AN IMMENSE SADNESS THAT CRIES?"



"DON'T YOU HEAR IN YOUR VIRGIN EARS, / THE SILENT SIGHS AND TRAGIC TONES, / THAT MY FINGERS OF DEATH PLAY / ON THIS MEDIEVAL HARP?" / DIDN'T YOU FEEL A TEAR OF MINE, / SLIP SADLY INTO YOUR MOUTH? / NOR DID YOU FEEL MY HAND OF ICE / STRETCH OUT TOWARD YOURS OF ROSE? / DON'T YOU SEE IN YOUR DREAMS, / A SHADOW WANDERING THROUGH THE AIR, / DIDN'T YOU FEEL A KISS ON YOUR LIPS, / EXPLODE MYSTERIOUSLY IN YOUR BEDCHAMBER?"



"SO I SWEAR BY YOU, MY LIFE, / THAT I SAW YOU AFRAID IN MY ARMS."



"THAT I FELT YOUR BREATH OF JASMINE AND CLOVER, / AND YOUR MOUTH PRESSED AGAINST MINE." *



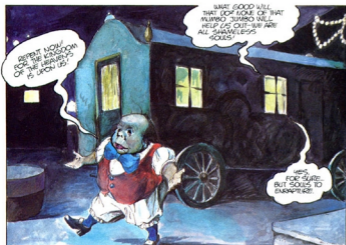
THE END.

Life at the Circus































YEAH... IT WAS BASICALLY THE SAME KIND OF LIFE FOR ME. THEN DROPPED ME LIKE A BOM FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER—YOU SEE, MY FATHER DESPERATELY WANTED A BOY, AND WHEN I CAME ALONG—WELL, I GUESS HE WAS A BIT DISAPPOINTED. THEN WAITED FOR DAYS TO HAVE ME JEAN-MADE—THEN PROBABLY THOUGHT THAT IF THEY PRAYED LONG AND HARD ENOUGH, I'D EVENTUALLY TURN INTO A BOY. I CAN AWAY FROM THEM WHEN I WAS QUITE YOUNG. I'VE ALWAYS ACTED AND FELT LIKE A WOMAN—OH, HOW I WANT TO BE A MOTHER. FOR ME, WELL, THAT WOULD BE THE ULTIMATE IN WOMANHOOD... IN FEMININITY.





I REALLY NEED SOME
STRONG COFFEE... WOULD
YOU HEAT UP THE WATER?

SURE, I'D
LIKE.

I'VE HAD IT WITH THAT
SOAP I'VE BEEN USING—
IT MAKES MY SKIN BURN.

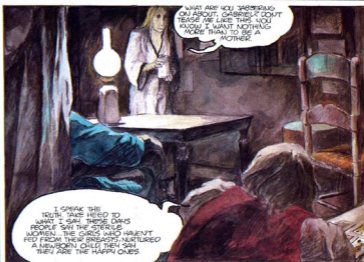
DO YOU HAVE ANY
PERFUME I CAN BORROW
FOR THE TIME BEING? I
THINK THEN CALL A PERFUME
BATH A "WHORE'S BATH."
FITTING, HUNT?

HERE YOU
GO—A CLIENT GAVE
IT TO ME. HE LIKES TO
PUT IT ALL OVER ME IN
EXOTIC PLACES.

BUT HUNT THAT AGAINST
THE RULES? NO GIFTS
FROM OUR, HOW SHOULD
I SAY, ADMIRERS?

I DUNNO. I
THINK IT'S "SWEET—
YOU KNOW, THE FACT THAT
THESE GUNS THINK ENOUGH
OF US TO GIVE US A GIFT
ONCE IN AWHILE.

REMEMBER. AN
EVIL MAN IS WORTH MORE
THAN A CARESSING WOMAN.
BECAUSE ONE HUG, AND A WOMAN
IS COVERED WITH DISGRACE AND
SHAME FOR LIFE...





















END

Gallery:

Richard Corben's Flights into Fantasy



by Pete Hamill

In the late 1960s, the work of Richard Corben found its way out of Kansas City into the rest of America and then the world. From the beginning, it was clear that Corben was an American popular artist whose energy, power, and originality equaled those other children of Kansas City, Count Basie and Charlie Parker. Each had a unique vision, a way of seeing the world through a medium that had been dismissed as common and vul-

gar; Basie made swing music sound as fresh as a mountain stream; Charlie Parker could make you believe that nobody in history had ever played a saxophone. Corben took the comic strip, a form that seemed exhausted or in slick decay, and he seemed to reinvent the form.

Now there is a book—*Flights into Fantasy*—that tells us something about how Corben came to be Corben. I say "something." No book can tell us everything about a great artist, and I think Corben is a great artist.



CORBEN
1977

Obviously, his draftsmanship is powerful and original, but that is not why he is great. His squat, muscle-laced men do not exist in life; his voluptuous women are products of his imagination, not the gene pool; when they come together to make love, we don't observe delicate brief encounters so much as violent collisions, primitive needs sated in dense, thick receptions and penetrations. Corben has created in the tale of Den, his

masterwork, visual metaphors for fucking. Not love-making. Fucking. You do not experience such extraordinary couplings in a world fashioned by Henry James or Henry Miller or even in the fevered pages of the skin magazines. Corben's power, the sheer lust of his imagination, demands its own world, and he has created that world. For me, the ability to invent an alternate world is the absolute mark of a great artist.

In this book, we can trace influences on Corben's work: just as Lester Young pointed the way for Charlie Parker, Will Eisner showed Corben the possibility of the comic book page. Panels shift in size and scale, figures burst out of perspective or recede into vast, barren distances. Eisner taught everybody in comics how to use sound, and Corben has built on Eisner's use of lettering to express inexpressible sound. He has also made short films that not many people have seen, but we don't need to experience Corben in a theater; he has frozen on the pages of books and magazines some of the most remarkable movies of the era. He has taken us to Neverwhere.





Corben also learned from others: Harvey Kurtzman, Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Jim Steranko, and the terribly undervalued Alex Toth; he absorbed what there was to learn from Wally Wood and Jack Davis. But Corben's work never smells of the swipe file. He looked at the best people, absorbed what they had to teach him, and then went his own way.

In this album we can watch the Corben style as it


develops and matures. From the beginning, his sense of color was exquisite and original. Some of the earlier pictures are, for my taste, over-detailed, a hair too tight; he had to learn what every artist eventually learns: when to finish. For me, Corben is at his mature and confident best when he is most loose. That is when he is also his most fearless; he goes to a page knowing that the page cannot defeat him, that work will come off



that page, when he is through, that has never before existed in the world. Again, like the great artists and the most brilliant musicians.

With some artists, you wish you could function as a fight manager and show the artist how to use his strengths and minimize his weaknesses. You don't feel that way with the mature work of Richard Corben. Somehow, during the long years when he was working as a commercial draftsman at an industrial conglomerate

called Calvin Communications, Inc., Corben became his own manager. He tried various idioms, mastered them, discarded them, and what remained was Richard Corben.

And being Richard Corben is no small thing. He is in his mature years now, and you don't ever wish for him to embark on specific projects. You wait, and you look. He will always do one thing: he will surprise us. We can ask nothing more of an American artist than that. 







WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHAT'S ALL THAT
NOISE?

WELL, THERE'S A
LIGHT OVER!
THERE LET
ME GO AND
CHECK.



SEPTEMBER 27.
A DAY OF ALL SADNESS, PROFOUND HEAVEN'S DEATHS AND TAKEN ITS TOLL
AND THE EXPEDITION FOR NOW HAS BEEN DISMISSED. BECAUSE OF THE
LOCALS OF WHOM HE HAD A PROFOUND SERVICE, HE HAD OUT OF THE
QUEST FOR A TREASURE. "SHEILA" HAD TO DO AS A FOLK'S BROTHER, WITH
THE OTHER EXPLORATIONS—SHEILA TO SAY, IT WAS LESS THAN COMING.



GOOD! GOOD! WHY DO YOU
TALK? WHY? INDIAN'S WORK
ALL NIGHT OF THE DAY AND
NIGHTS. WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU EXCITING THERE?

LOOK, YOU HADN'T
YOUR EXPEDITION YOUR
MEN AND I'LL TELL YOU
WHY THE WAY I SEE
IT WE DON'T HAVE THE
LUXURY OF TIME THAT
YOU SEEM TO HAVE.

BUT WHY ARE YOU
HURRYING? YOU
HE TOLD YOU
THERE ARE NO
TOWNS.



OH, GIVE YOUR HANGING
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE. JUDGMENT
BEHINDS, I'M FARTING
THESE STORIES QUITE.

SURE, YOU'RE PAYING
AND THERE WITH THE
BLOWS OF A NEW
STICK!

LEAVE US BE, GET ON
WITH YOUR WORK,
YOU ANSWERS!



ELIZABETH, I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS
BELIEVER AND HE'S EXPLODING
THOSE INDIANS. AND HE'S BEEN
NIGHT UP TO NO GOOD! ELIZA-
BETH, ARE YOU ASLEEP?

VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN AGAIN. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN SO UPSET FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS. IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING TO US, LOW FOR A BIT, AND SEE WHAT BELHEM DOES NEXT.

YEAH, BELHEM AND THAT ENTREPRENEUR, PROFESSOR'S FRIEND OF HIS. I BELIEVE HIS NAME IS BROOKS.

DESPITE WHAT YOU THINK OF HIM, HE MIGHT BE OF SOME USE TO US. BELHEM HE HAS A BRIDE, AND WE MUST SEND OUT THE NEWS OF PROFESSOR HENFREY'S DEATH.

OKAY, I'M GOING TO LOOK OVER THE SURROUNDING AREA. I'LL JOIN YOU LATER.

SO LONG!

ASKING THOSE SAVAGES WORK A WHOLE NIGHT, AND FOR WHAT? NOTHING! NOTHING MORE THAN A FEW GUARD PEBBLES, BROOKS? AND AS FOR THAT DAMNED SHIRT, AS BIG AS A BEEHIVE, THINK ABOUT AS ANOMALOUS AS THE TOURS OF YOURS. YOUR SCIENTIFIC THEORIES AREN'T WORTH SHIT, ARE THEY, BROOKS?

BUT BELHEM, BELIEVE ME, NOTHING HAS CHANGED. WE JUST HAVE TO GO DEEPER. GET THE INSIDE, BACK TO ME, AND FIND THAT PIOUS CHAIR AND RETURN TO AME. I KNOW, YES, THERE WILL BE RESULTS SHORTLY!

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE HELL YOU'RE WALKING ABOUT THESE INDIANS REFUSE TO PICK UP A SHOVEL OR A PICKAX. THEY'VE HAD IT, AND PARANALLY, SO HAVE I!



IT'S INCREDIBLE. THE EARTH SEEMS TO HAVE SHAKEN AND FUNDAMENTALLY ALL THIS ANTHROPOLOGICAL CHANGES NOW COULD THAT BE?

A SKELETON?



AN OTTOMAN SKELETON? I'M ALMOST SURE OF IT! WHAT COULD IT BE DOING HERE? AND THOSE STONES - THEY'RE ENGRAVED WITH OUR DRAWING! THESE INDIANS DEFINITELY KNOW MORE THAN THEY'RE LETTING ON!



ALL THOSE 'SHADES' DON'T WANT TO WORK ANYMORE!

COME ON! LET'S FOLLOW THEM! THIS GUY IS CRAZED! HE'S NOT ABLE TO DO ANYTHING!



AND YOU, YOU'RE BARBOK! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE BLADES ON YOUR HANDS! I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TWO MINUTES TO GET YOUR EYES BACK TO WORK OR I'LL MAKE WATCH STICKS OUT OF YOUR HORRIBLE TORN TROUSERS!



MAYBE HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE TOO BAD FOR HIM!

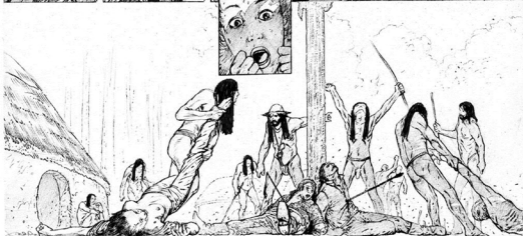
BEHOLD! PLEASE WAIT!

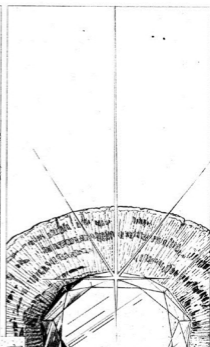


CUCKY

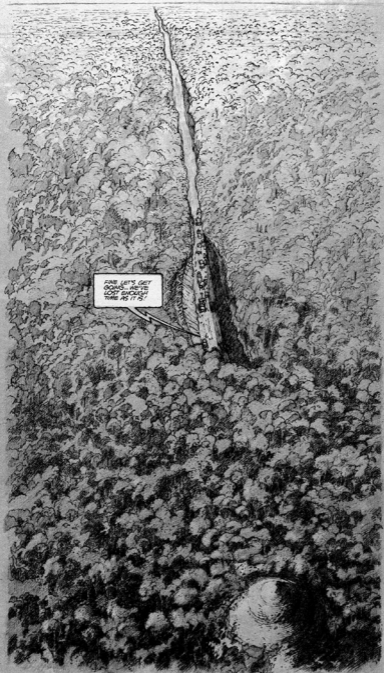












51 PERSONS CLINIC NEW YORK NEW YORK
USA STOP WE ARE HEALING BACK STOP
HAVE LOST MOST OF OUR REPUTATION
INCLUDING PROFESSOR HENRY STOP
NO PHARMO TO BE FOUND HERE STOP
MUST HAVE BEEN A HOAX STOP WILL
ENHIND ON LATER STOP

FIN.

ART AND STORY: F. SCHÜTEN AND C. REYNAUD

I SEARCHED AMONG THE RUINS OF THE NEW U.N. PALACE UNTIL I FOUND THE PRESIDENTIAL COMMAND CHAIR. IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD FIT. I HAD ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY SPANISH SPEAR, AND NOW I FELT LIKE A CHARACTER FROM ONE OF HIS TRAGEDIES...

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT HERE. I SHOULD'VE BEEN DEAD BY NOW. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON—MAYBE THERE'S A MEDICAL FACILITY NEARBY THAT CAN EXAMINE MY BODY.

ZORA

SO FAR FROM THE NUMEROUS SISTERHOOD OF THE HONEYCOMBS ON AN ABANDONED RADIATION-BATTERED EARTH, THE FOUR ESCAPEES—COMMANDER ZORA, LEUTENANT NYLDA, AMON, AND BRONCO—LISTEN TO ROB'S FIFTEENTH ACCOUNT OF THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF EARTH, CENTURIES EARLIER...

I FOUND ONE, WITH ITS EQUIPMENT IN GOOD WORKING ORDER.

INCREDIBLE! THIS BIO-SPECTROGRAPH INDICATES THAT THE RADIATION I ABSORBED IN SPACE HAS AFFECTED ME LIKE A VACCINE, ALTERING MY BLOOD CHEMISTRY AND MAKING ME IMMUNE TO THE DEADLY BACTERIA SPREAD OVER THE EARTH!

AND BEYOND THAT, THE RADIATION DOWN HERE ON THE SURFACE, TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER THINGS MY BODY HAS ABSORBED, HAS ALTERED MY METABOLISM AND RATE OF CELLULAR REGENERATION. I WILL NOW AGE IN A THOUSAND YEARS WHAT MY BODY USED TO DO IN ONE!

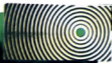
SINCE THEN, WITHOUT ANY SENSE OF TIME, I'VE LIVED TO WATCH EVERYTHING AROUND ME SLOWLY MUTATE—HIVING FROM THE HONEYCOMBS' ASSASSINS, AND WAITING...

AN INCREDIBLE STORY, ROB, CLEARING UP EVERYTHING ABOUT THE FIRST BRONCO AND I WERE UNSURE OF.

FOR YOU, PERHAPS, BUT NOT US. I'VE STILL GOT PLENTY OF QUESTIONS... LIKE WHY DID THE SISTERHOOD DESTROY THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF MANKIND?

AND IF THEIR MOTIVES WERE "JUSTIFIED," WHY DID THEY THEN HIDE THE TRUTH FROM US, AND FALSIFY THE HISTORICAL RECORD? AND WHEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS LATER, DO THEY PERSIST IN THEIR ELIMINATION OF MEN? COULD THEIR HATRED AND FEAR BE THAT STRONG?

ZORA, IT ISN'T ONLY WHEN WE
FIGHT THE SISTERHOOD THAT I WANT
TO BE AT YOUR SIDE, RIGHT NOW, I
DON'T EVER WANT US TO BE
SEPARATED...



IN THE IMPROVISED CAMP, THE OTHERS
SLEPT. ONE LOVE WITHIN A DISTANT INHUMAN,
AN UNKNOWN THING-OBSERVED THEIR
ENCOUNTER...



AND SO LOVE-BOTH FRUIT AND
SEED OF MAN- WAS REBORN
ON EARTH AFTER A LAISE
OF CENTURIES OF MADNESS...



ONCE AGAIN, INSTINCT AND PLEASURE BECAME THE EYEBARS FOR LIFE'S GARDEN. MAN AND WOMAN HAVE ACCEPTED THEIR MYSTERIOUS DESTINY... AND THE DISTANT THING CEASES ITS OBSERVATIONS.



AAAAAAGGGG!



IN A THOUSAND HORNETS THAT WAS NYLEA WHO SCREAMED!



fernandes



TO BE CONTINUED...

The Third Sexual Revolution

Part Two: The Macho Woman and the Priestess



by David Black

I. Some Notes on the Difference Between Macho and Character

Although my wife always has claimed to dislike macho movies of the Sam Peckinpah-Clint Eastwood type (the only movie she ever walked out of was *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*), the other day she wandered into the living room during the last half hour of *Ride the High Country* and sat enthralled as Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea strode together into the film's final gunfight. And it struck me that a certain quality which lately has been assumed to be a form of macho is not necessarily macho, and to dismiss it as such not only confuses thinking, but also inhibits action.

This quality, dramatized at the end of *Ride the High Country*, is the acceptance of fate, a willingness to do what has to be done no matter what the consequences may be. It can lead to spectacular exploits (a fireman risking his life to save a child from a burning building) or less obvious forms of heroism (a man going to work every day at a job he hates to support a family). It is character.

Character is not a very fashionable word. And, in fact, people who have character are often considered eccentric or unrealistic. Our culture values flexibility, realism, and pragmatism. Character seems more and more to be a luxury we cannot afford. People who take a stand because they believe it is right, even if their cause is hopeless or suicidal, seem, according to our new cost-benefit system of moral accounting, stubborn and foolish. It does not make sense for Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea to walk into a gunfight knowing the chances are that at least one of them will get killed; that is, it does not make sense unless character is taken into account.

By itself, character can seem to be a kind of masochism or theatrical martyr-impulse, and I suspect one of the objections my wife had to macho movies was what she saw as a glorification of a senseless desire to sacrifice the self. The sacrifice seemed to her merely a way of proving masculinity. What held her attention at the end of the Peckinpah movie was the realization that the two old cowboys were sacrificing themselves, not on the altar of some phallic god, but for principles.

Principle has become almost as quaint a word as character. In our business and personal lives, principles often seem to be obstructions rather than guides. Or they are temptations which we ought to resist. A friend who bought a stolen Betamax at a very low price justified himself by saying, "I would have been a fool not to." Principles, like character, can make one look foolish to the unprincipled.

It is this apparent foolishness which the scourges of macho have exploited. A woman friend dismisses writers like Kipling, London, Hemingway, and Mailer as being nothing but poseurs; and the pose she objects to, in their works and in their lives, is the stand each one takes in defending his principles. It was not so much the principles themselves she objected to (although she did disagree with many of them), but the inflexible loyalty with which they held to their codes. "They were naive," she said; "they never realized all life is compromise."

All life is not compromise, although in our pathological gregariousness we have made a virtue of getting along. Getting along has become confused with living a life with a decent respect for others. Getting along has come to mean going along, just as going along has come to mean getting ahead. Getting along has taken on the dignity of necessity, as though getting along meant being civilized. Getting along has seized the high ground; it has become the opposite of being selfish. Hawthorne's Mr. Smooth-it-Away is our tear guide,

and the Celestial Railroad has merely been transformed into the Soul Train. Standing by your principles is seen as almost barbaric; my feminist friend's favorite description of Peckinpah's gunfighters is Neanderthal.

Like the suffragette Alva Belmont, my friend wants to take the vote away from men. Women, she believes, would run the world with fewer international tensions and virtually no wars. They would not have to prove their virility by getting into showdowns. They are more civilized than men. They know how to get along.

While her position is extreme, there seems to be a growing acceptance among men and women of the myth that men are more aggressive and hostile than women. Men are advised to accept the feminine sides of their natures, to learn how to be softer, to resist the lures of macho. Even the word macho has come to have a slightly comic and derogatory meaning.

And I suppose certain aspects of macho should be discouraged. But this is where a discrimination should be made between the cult of the male and the acceptance of fate. Those who object to macho tend to lump both concepts together and reject the whole package, as my wife used to. But at the end of *Ride the High Country*, when I twitted her about enjoying a Peckinpah movie, she said, "It wasn't the macho" which held her, it was "something else." The something else was that quality of doing what you have to do, of character, which, of course, is not just an aspect of the male.

Antigone risking her life to bury her brother is acting according to a code just as any Hemingway hero does, and she is not masculine in doing so. By defining character as a function of macho and condemning macho as adolescent, primitive, and somewhat silly behavior, we are doing ourselves a disservice. We are impoverishing our lives.

In denying character we are eliminating an agent of form. Living according to a code, like any conditional activity—playing in a sport, worshipping, writing a sonnet or a mystery novel—limits action. This limitation of action appears from the outside to be a loss of freedom rather than the exercise of choices. It is this formal, almost ceremonial nature which gives a successful Peckinpah movie, a good Hemingway story, and a life lived according to a code, dignity. And it is the testing of these limits, the possibility of failure, the threat of a loss of courage which make those movies, those stories, and those lives—whether lived by a man or a woman—not macho, but heroic.

II. The Heroic Woman As Priestess

According to legend, Adam had a wife before Eve. Her name was Lilith. She was created as he had been out of the dust of the earth, and was therefore his equal. This caused strife in Paradise. Soon, Lilith escaped to the Red Sea. Three angels flew after the runaway and told her that if she did not return to Adam, each day a hundred of her children would die. Lilith did not want to go back to Adam and take an unequal place at his side. Like the two cowboys in *Ride the High Country*, she did what she felt she had to do—despite death. In this case the death of children, which is far worse than one's own death.

As a revenge for the death of her children, Lilith—according to legend—soared around the earth, injuring newborn babies. She was a she-demon, a succubus, a vampire, who, though beautiful, loved without giving satisfaction. She was an erotic monster: the more one was aroused by her, the more one needed to be aroused. Not *world without end, Amen*; but *orgasm without end*.

She was, in some versions of the legend, appropriately, sterile; a symbol of recreational, not procreational, sex. Eve was the symbol of procreational sex. Eve was also, unlike Lilith, subservient to Adam. Less than Adam. Part of Adam. Originally, Adam—like Plato's original human—was two beings in one. He had two faces, which were separated when Eve was born. Not wanting Eve to be arrogant, wanton, proud, God made Eve from a chaste part of Adam's body, and, as God formed her bit by bit. He repeated over and over, "Be chaste, be chaste." As Louis Ginzberg, one of the greatest of Talmudic scholars, pointed out after reciting this legend, God seemed to have failed in His intent.

But if Eve was not chaste, she was not free of shame: the product of disobeying God's orders doubly. When she ate of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, the first thing she did was to clothe herself.

So in Biblical tradition, two females represent polar ends of the woman's experience in the world. Or of man's experience of women in the world. There is independent, proud, beautiful, seductive, endlessly arousing Lilith: the cosmic suffragette, who is not ashamed of her devouring sexuality, who, in fact, finds power in her sexuality. And who pays for her sexuality heroically, preferring sacrifice to defeat, to powerlessness.

And there is submissive, ashamed, retiring, but fertile Eve, who in her first act of independence gives birth to all humankind's miseries: death, pain, the need to work to reclaim what had been given as a gift—life. And, having transgressed, Eve, unlike proud Lilith, hid herself from the unavoidable, from the consequences of her act, from God.

Eve went on to become mother of a race. Lilith went on and, after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, became the consort of God. According to the early gnostic Cabalists, Lilith seduced God and will remain His mistress until the coming of the Messiah.

These two figures represent two experiences not merely of sexuality but of life itself. For women, they represent types: psychological masks to wear. For men, they are choices. The woman as Eve or Lilith guards the gate to the future—not only of the individual, but of the race. Eve represents continuity—although continuity with sorrow, death, and pain; life in its endless circle of death and rebirth. Lilith represents an escape from that cycle of sorrow. The endless arousal she creates, the lust that feeds on itself, growing stronger as it consumes itself, is a perfect metaphor for a nuclear holocaust, a fire that feeds on itself, sucking the whole world into its flame, the brightest and most beautiful of all lights.

But there is another pairing of archetypes, which offers a mediation, a merging, of living-sorrow and dying-arousal. If Lilith was God's consort after the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple, the Matronit or the Matron was, according to Cabalistic tradition, God's consort before the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple. The Matronit was Ishtar, the Babylonian goddess of love and war, as macho as any Hemingway hero. She had four faces: chastity and promiscuity, motherliness and bloodthirstiness, according to Raphael Patai, an expert on Jewish myths who has worked at the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Columbia (*The Hebrew Goddess*, Avon, 1978).

The Matronit rages and copulates her way across history, bedding with mortals and Satan as well as with God. She is the Divine Whore—free of any shame or blame for her wantonness because, as a goddess, she is beyond human law. Her eroticism is a sign of her divinity. And one of the chief attributes of her eroticism is cruelty. She is the Hebrew version of Kali, the Hindu goddess, who, according to Marvin H. Pope in his book *Song of Songs* (Doubleday, 1977), was beautiful and young and "insatiable in her thirst for blood and flesh, wine and sexual intercourse."

In every way she is the mirror image of Lilith. The Matronit breeds Godly children; Lilith, in some legends, demon children. Her lust is holy; Lilith's, profane. Taking the place of the Angel of Death, the Matronit kills with an ecstatic kiss; Lilith sucks the life from men with a kiss less satisfying. Together they make up The Great Goddess, each, in their many aspects, aspects of Her.

Women, any woman, as representative of the Great Goddess, becomes Lilith or the Matronit, shows one aspect or another, is the destroyer, the divine whore, the mother, the virgin, God's mistress or Satan's or man's. And sex, when engaged in, becomes—not merely recreational or procreational—but a cosmic copulation with one form or another of this Goddess. Like Shakti in Tantric lore, who dances the dance of illusion, creating the false reality of separate things, women—as Lilith or the Matronit—create what passes for the objective world. They become ministers of experience, priestesses who lead men into the mystery of life, which is also the mystery of death. And, as priestesses, they are divine or satanic—the Matronit or Lilith—according to the face they happen to be showing at the moment illusion is finally ripped away and true reality in either its glory or horror is revealed.

Part 3 (September 1982) will trace the secret history of spiritual transcendence through sex from the present to its source—with stopovers in the Renaissance, Middle Ages, and ancient Greece.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Visa ☐ MC Intbk # _____

Acct. # _____ Exp. _____

ancient innocence
she passed
a shadowed reflection
of ancient innocence
pressed in white
and wondered sense

PRATT
4/22/82



THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

LAST WE SAW THE TWO TRAVELERS TOLD THE VILLAGERS OF DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS TAKING PLACE AT THE ARMY BASE...







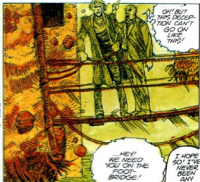
YOU WERE ONE OF THE DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE ARMY CAMP LAST YEAR YOU AND YOUR KIND TRIED TO HAVE THE CAMP CLOSED DOWN!!

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?



AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT YOU WERE AT THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL RALLY I SAW YOU THERE BECAUSE I'M PART OF THE COUNCIL!

NO KIDDING!



OH! BUT THIS DECEPTION CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

HEY! WE NEED YOU ON THE FOOT-BRIDGE!

I HOPE SO! I'VE NEVER BEEN ANY PLACE EXCEPT FOR THIS OLD TOWN!



COME ON! GIVE US A HAND!

DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP OR SOMETHING?



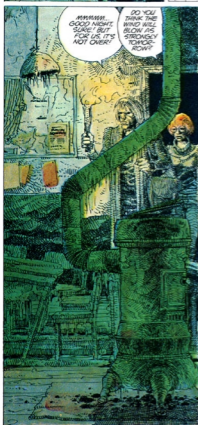
AND IN THE LATER PART OF THE AFTERNOON...



... JUST BEFORE DUSK...

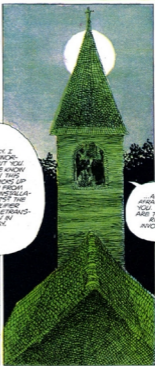
ALL OF LITERNOS WAS BUSTLING ABOUT...








FRANKY, I
AM VERY NER-
VOUS ABOUT YOU
HOW DO WE KNOW
JUST HOW THIS
MACHINE PICKS UP
THE ENERGY FROM
THE ARMY'S INSTALLA-
TION PLANTS? THE
HUMAN ANTI-
MATTER TELETRANS-
PORTATION IN
EVERY WAY,
AND...



...AND I'M
AFRAID FOR
YOU. THERE
ARE TERRIBLE
RISKS
INVOLVED.

TO BE
CONTINUED.



IN THESE TIMES OF PEACE IN THE TEMPLES,
THE BELLIES OF METEORS, MAD PRIESTS
SANG THE NAME, YRAGAEI, PRINCE OF
MEN.

YRAGAEI

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

TEXT BY DEMUTH, TRANSLATED BY
PAULINE TENNANT. REPRINTED
WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUACK
FOX, FROM THE BOOK
"YRAGAEI URYA," BY DRUILLET.





BUT AS ON THE CONFINES OF
THE EARTH, THE GLACIERS
WERE BEING WORN AWAY AGAINST
RAMPARTS OF STONE IN THE YOUNG
MOUNTAINS... AS IN THE TROPICS THE
TORRID VAPORS WERE DISPERSING
BEFORE THE FLOWER-ISLANDS
THE GODS WERE WEARIED, WERE FRETTING
AND PILING UP CYCLONES OF CINDERS, AND
TERRORS, AND
CRYSTALLIZING WINTERS..UNTIL ONE DAY,
DAWN, NIGHT, TEMPEST...



TO BE CONTINUED...



HEAD METAL

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#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts. "Roger" the paranoid puppet. "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more. (\$4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more. (\$3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow"; also, the final installment of "Sunset." (\$3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue. (\$3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius." (\$3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Arlight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more. (\$3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." (\$3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuz," by Drullet, "Fortuna's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Clavieux, and Moebius. (\$3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Picard update Ulysses, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues. (\$3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wrap-around cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. (\$3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow; and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urn," and yet more "Den." (\$3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9" and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up. (\$3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urn the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. (\$3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilmann." (\$3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Drullet's "Gail," and yet more "Heilmann," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." (\$3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "The Last Days of Moebius's Major," "Heilmann," "Orion," "Gail," and Harlan Ellison.

SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. (\$3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilmann," "Orion," "Gail," and more. (\$3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kitchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. (\$3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trinia makes her debut here, and Drullet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? (\$3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starborn," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Biala, and Macedo. (\$3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starborn" II, and Ellison's late show. (\$3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: "The Stars My Destination" continues, with Chaykin and Wein's "The Stars My Destination," "Starborn" II, and Val Mayerik's "The Stars My Destination." (\$3.00)

SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Drullet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke); fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." (\$3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: "The Stars My Destination" continues, with Chaykin and Wein's "The Stars My Destination," "Starborn" II, and Val Mayerik's "The Stars My Destination." (\$3.00)

SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hings debuts. (\$3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. (\$3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Elvis," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius. (\$3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breckia, Drullet, Suydam, others. (\$3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Hops," Biala's "Zooks," Bruner's "Elvis," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kozoff, Suydam, Stries, Trinia, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." (\$3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — a new decade — begins with a new look for HIM with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPherson and Dan Stephan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rex," and much more! (\$3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courtain cover adorns this winter issue, Corben's "The Beast of Wolftron" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. (\$3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take leave? For the answer read the Schulze Bros. story! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Les Marr's "Good Vibrations." (\$3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Arlight Garage," plus Caza, Biala, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more! (\$3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Aule ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. (\$3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day, and in their revenge, the Flying Walendas vs. Earth! (\$3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues, while Aule learning the truth about his sidekick Musky, Biala's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." (\$3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Drullet returns with the first installment of "Salommo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed); Biala continues "Progress" (\$3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Biala's "Progress" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kitchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Drullet, Yeates, He, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! (\$3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Clavellous, Moebius, Kahla, Springetti, and Bilal! (\$3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and the Fog's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! (\$3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronatan returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his HM debut with "Bang, Nah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mazieres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Planeton!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Crivan Defense," while "The Horny Goat," an indestructible Moebius character, gets himself in and out of trouble. Special: added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterday's Lily and an interview with the man himself. (\$3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: "Tex Arcana," John Finley's epic Western, begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue; and Druller's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salambo* comes to an end. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. (\$3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Don't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? (\$3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fate!" Plus: Sydram's "The Toll Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. (\$3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view, Jim Steranko's adaptation of Outland premieres, and Howard's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! (\$3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Steranko's adaptation of Outland continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. (\$3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981: Spirad on the Immortal Majority, the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. (\$3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "Im Age," Juan Giménez's "Intimacy/Intimacy," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. (\$3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981: "Shakespeare for Americans," the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druller; plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko. (\$3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: Jeronatan's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully. (\$3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben. Plus the odd ending to "The Immortals' Fate." (\$3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He, and Gilson; and "The Automobile Man," by Davis, Chudrow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al. (\$3.00)

#59/FEBRUARY 1982: Begins with the further adventures of John Doolin in "The Incal Light." Wren and Chaykin's Golem Faust gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schulten, et al. (\$3.00)

#60/MARCH 1982: Our second Special Rock issue, featuring Dick Mahe's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova II" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy. (\$3.00)

#61/APRIL 1982: Our 5th anniversary issue offers you a variety of material. What with Clavellous, Druller, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be kept busy until our 6th! (\$3.00)

#62/MAY 1982: In this issue, we give you the first part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De la Schwerdtfeger." Plus "Satan and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lacey. (\$3.00)

#63/JUNE 1982: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Scobelli, and R. Cumbis. They are all surrounded by regulars: Druller, Moebius, Schulten, and Fernandez. Enjoy. (\$3.00)

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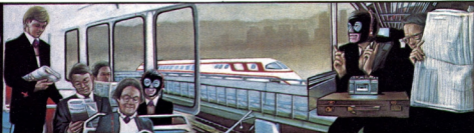
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I never ride the monorail to work in the morning without feeling the thrill which accompanied my first day at Universal Volcanic Byproducts (Lava-Chip Division). Jammed into my sanitary pedestal, armed with my briefcase, I felt myself part of the vast machinery of a great city.



Its power and glory radiated invisibly outward along power lines snaking across the sky; "I am Work," it seemed to whisper--"Serve me well..."



and I, a humble legionnaire in its service, march in step through the electronic doors, humming the anthems of industry.

Condo bondage

Part 2





Coffee,
Mr. G?

There is a poetry in the
rhythm of the working day.



Thanks,
Estrella.



Don't forget
that Mr. Bub
is flying in
from the coast
this morning.

I felt a ripple of panic--Bill Z. Bub,
the Vice President in Charge! His por-
trait loomed over me from the wall of
the conference room.



A lifetime later, after having
been raked over the coals for
the latest sales projections, I
lunched with Ms. Adeline Jones
from Marketing.



I'm a broken man, a piece of flotsam
washed ashore...you are my beach.



But what about
your wife?



She blushed
prettily.

It's just that
I've won the
Employee Sublimi-
nal Motivation
Award. I'll be
leaving with Mr.
Bub on a cruise
to the Clouds of
Magellan...

She is a harpy, a nagging
automaton. It's you I love.

The trip back to my suburban condominium seemed to take all night.



I was so depressed the rest of the day that I forgot to take my drug quota.



I imagined that I was forced to stand all the way home in a press of store-window dummies.

Jesus Christ! What a rotten call!



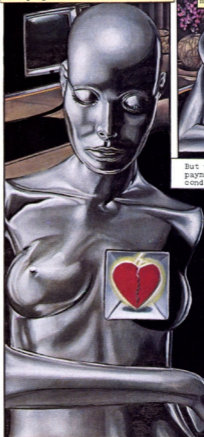
That night I watched the UFL playoffs on TV. I gibbered with fury at the referees and spilled my beer.

I'll default.



And I plugged her into the toaster.

My wife froze, her face reflecting the glare of the TV set; she hadn't been programmed to deal with this.



She began to babble mechanically.



But what about the condo payments? What about the condo payments?



Meadows, my neighbor, wasn't very happy to see me when I pounded on his door.



--Why don't we all do some coke in the jacuzzi?

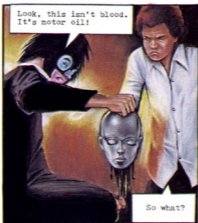
All right! Let's party!



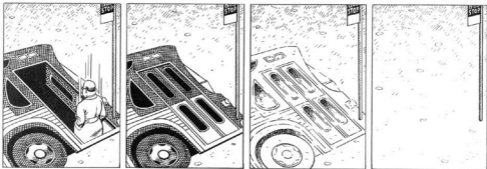
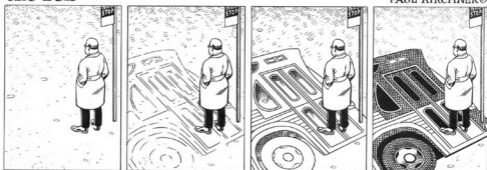
I picked up Marty's Rondo Weedeater and knocked their heads off.



They rolled around on the floor like silver eggs.



To Be Continued



**1. BEAM ME UP,
SCOTTY,
THERE'S NO
INTELLIGENT
LIFE DOWN
HERE**

**INSTANT RESPECT
GET IT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE
NOTICE T-SHIRTS!**

(BUY 4 TAKE 1 MORE FREE!)

2. PARADOX ME, BUT YOU OBVIOUSLY MISTAKE ME FOR SOMEONE WHO OWNS A SHIRT. 3. I USED TO BE DISGUSTED. NOW I'M JUST AMUSED. 4. WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOOD. 5. THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO. 6. I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE. AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. 7. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT. 8. IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE ME WITH BRILLIANCE, BATTLE ME WITH BULLSHIT. 9. WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE. 10. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME. 11. HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY WITH LITTLE "Sneaky Fuck". 12. QUESTION AUTHORITY! 13. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN EVERYONE ISN'T OUT TO GET YOU. 14. DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS. I JUST WANTED TELL YOU THE TRUTH IS. 15. IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS. 16. DON'T. 17. I'M NOT CYNICAL. JUST EXPERIENCED. 18. THERE ARE NO RULES. 19. ASK ME IF I CARE. 20. THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS. 21. IF I TELL YOU YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY YOU'LL BE AGGAINST ME! 22. ROCK N' ROLL IS NOT POLITICS. 23. IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU, YOU'VE NEVER HAD ONE. 24. WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WHY BOTHER? 25. I KNOW YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT I SAID BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT I MEANT. 26. I DON'T CARE. I DON'T HAVE TO. 27. BAH! I'M GOOD! I'M VERY GOOD. BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER. 28. I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 29. IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS. 30. WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS' WARRIORS DISOBLIG. 31. I'D RATHER LAUGH WITH THE SINNERS THAN CRY WITH THE SAINTS. 32. MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL. 33. LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU'RE BUSY MAKING OTHER PLANS. 34. SEX IS DIRTY BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT. 35. THE MEER SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH. 36. I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE. 37. DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE. 38. IMMORAL MINORITY. 39. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET. I AM HARD TO GET. 40. NEVER EXPLAIN. YOUR FRIENDS DON'T NEED IT. AND YOUR ENEMIES WON'T BELIEVE IT ANYWAY. 41. NEVER ARGUE WITH FOOLS. PEOPLE WHO DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. 42. IT IS MORALLY WRONG TO ALLOW SUCKERS TO KEEP THEIR MONEY. 43. LIFE ISN'T GRANT ANYMORE. IT'S TWO GRAMS. 44. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT. BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU NEED. 45. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS. 46. EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO DIE. 47. LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE. 48. POVERTY SUCKS. 49. LEAD ME INTO TEMPTATION. I CAN FIND MYSELF. 50. IF YOU'RE SO SMART WHY AREN'T YOU RICHER? 51. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DREAM AND AN FANTASY. 52. BUT THEN WHAT DO YOU KNOW? 53. YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD. 54. I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING. 55. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE. 56. WHEN YOU GO TO GET THEM BY THE BALLS THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS WILL FOLLOW. 57. I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU. YOU TELL I SNOT TALK AGAIN. 58. SOON, OK? 59. ARE ALL FEMALE. BUT SOME OF US ARE MORE QUELICAL THAN OTHERS. 60. BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT! 60. DON'T GIVE ME THAT GOODIE-GOODIE BULLSHIT! 62. FIGURES YOU HAD TO BE THERE. 63. WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND. 64. MY WILL BE DONE. 65. NICE GLYCE. DON'T FINISH. 66. HOW MUCH CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN? 67. AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL. 68. DAMN I'M GOOD! 69. THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH. BUT I'M JUST VISITING. 70. POWER MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY. I TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION. 71. TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. 72. NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED. 73. REMEMBER WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE. 74. YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER. YOU'RE GETTING BITTER. 75. I'M EASY TO PLEASE AS LONG AS I GET MY WAY. 76. WHY IN SOME LOOK HERE FOR THE JACKPOTS ALL AROUND US. 77. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE US. 78. THERE IS NO FUN. 79. NOT SHIRT READING IN THIS AREA. 80. I AM DEAD. PLEASE PUT YOUR COMPLAINT IN WRITING AND MAIL IT TO YOURSELF. 82. POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND. 83. HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PRETENDING TO BE EVIL AND SECRETLY BEING GOOD. THAT WOULD BE DISHONEST. 84. GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS. 85. I'M HERE. 86. NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PRO TO SING. IT WASTES HIS TONGUE. 87. I WOULD LOVE TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF. 88. YES. I DO MIND. 89. NO. IT'S NOT ON US. ONLY THE YOUNG ARE GOOD. 90. WE SHOULD DEFEND OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER THE OTHER. 91. WE ARE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE. 92. WHERE YOU STAND DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU SIT. 93. ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG. 94. NEVER RICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S STRAIGHTENED OUT. 95. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF. 96. YES. I DO MIND. 97. NO. IT'S NOT ON US. ONLY THE YOUNG ARE GOOD. 98. WE SHOULD DEFEND OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER THE OTHER. 99. 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