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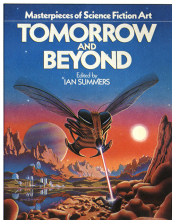
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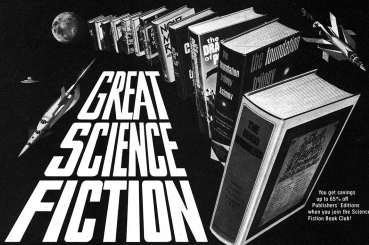
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no-ghost

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Illustration by Ron Wozniak

...Thirty-five...

There's an air of excitement around the *Heavy Metal* offices these days. Putting the magazine together has never been more fun. Adding the new feature section has given us an added dimension to play with. And then there's the pleasure that always occurs when exciting new material comes in. Angus McKie has always had this effect on us. We serialized *So Beautiful and So Dangerous* here in eight installments that had everyone waiting eagerly for the next. But this issue we present McKie's new masterpiece, "Experiment With the Air Pump," complete in one lovely sixteen-page whack: no waiting! Speaking of waiting, we've been waiting several months now to publish Jonathan's "Chungking," which recently concluded its run in our French sister magazine, *Métal Hurlant*. The French doled out this sixty-four page story in eight-page bits; we decided to wait until we could fit you with a big chunk of it all at once. Next issue—knock on wood!—we will be presenting thirty-three pages of this gorgeously lyrical story, with two more sixteen-page installments to follow!

Two new serials do begin this issue: Richard Corbin's "The Beast of Wollton," and Steve Stiles' "Thirwhistle." Corbin requires no introduction here—he's been a faithful and valued contributor since our first issue—but Stiles, who made his debut in these pages with "Conquering Out The Kinks" and "Work and Win" last December, began his collaboration with Richard Lupoff on "Thirwhistle" in 1966 in the pages of an SF fanzine of that period. Lupoff turned the neo-Victorian adventures of the Good Professor into a Dell book, *Into the Aether*, in 1974, but Stiles' collaborative art got lost by the wayside (although the book did have an unusual *Frazer* cover). But virtue has triumphed, and Stiles and Lupoff are back together once again with a fresh new rendition of the Professor's adventures on his journey to the moon.

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sirs:

Being stoned and reading *Heavy Metal*—just can't do one without the other.

Having accomplished that just now with the November issue, I must say I hate to see the incredible artwork in the story "Eric" confined to the pages of a magazine (although it's a damned good one).

The artwork of Brunner/Mooncock deserves to be made into T-shirts and/or posters and the like. (Without the wording, of course.) [That leaves out Mooncock's part. —TW]

Also, the artwork of Philippe Druillet in "Um the Mad" (April '78, pp. 24-25, by far the best) and, more recently, "Gall" deserves praise.

I can't help wondering if these and others are stoned, if not more, when drawing these masterpieces. The detail is astounding, and even more so with the help of that "Rolled Gold."

T. H. C.
Decatur, Ind.

In Europe, ash is much more common than "Rolled Gold." —TW

Sinjorij:

En "The Story of Rowf" Ian Corben (November 1979), kial lacetegulaj vendaj soldanoj parolas Esperanton?

Ciu sciadas ili parolas nur volapuk.

Mi dankas vin,
J.D. Bolling
Mitchell, Ind.

Shucks, I bet you say that to everyone who sees *Espresso* in a story. —TW

Dear Ted:

The grapevine tells me that you've stepped into a strategic position at *Heavy Metal* and I thought it imperative to speak to you. I've let my subscription run out and you ought to know why.

By any definition, I'm certainly a potential consumer of *HM*. I have a vast collection of underground comix, which of course includes graphic art very similar to that which is featured in *HM*. I certainly own every comic in which such American greats as Corben, Metzger, Holmes, Jeff Jones, and Eric Kimball have appeared.

HM has had two shortcomings. One is an overemphasis on serialized stories and the other is a fascination with morbid material. There clearly has been underexposure of American graphic artists, and while most of the European material exhibited has been quite good, I do believe there is a lot of graphic illustration work which is equally good from the US and Canada.

As a small-time writer for the *Comics Journal* and a couple of smaller fanzines, I do try to stay on top of developments in adult graphic art, and I'd love to see *HM* move into more contemporary American

trends—although it's certainly great to catch the Europeans as well. I'll certainly pick up an occasional *HM* in the future to see how it's going.

Bruce Sweeney
Boston, Mass.

I hope so—otherwise, how can you tell whether your comments have had any earth-shattering effect upon us? But, seriously now, we have just so many pages in which to publish each issue's material, and we can't get everything into one issue, especially without serializing anything! I'd just as soon avoid national chauvinism, as well. There are great artists working out superb material all over the world. Our only criteria is quality—we're not snobs about the country of origin. In this issue we have Americans like Siles, Corben, Howarth, and Kierkegaard

rabbing elbows with Europeans like Matena, Ilie, Bilal, Cazu, and Moribus. Coming up soon: Japanese artist Shinobu Kaze. Don't you think you ought to resubscribe? —TW.

Dear HM:

Just read the October Lovecraft issue and I gotta say it looks like you guys are on the upswing again. I mean I actually managed to finish half the stories (a great achievement for your recent staff). A real joy was seeing another story by Mr. Szydan. While not as good as "Mama's Place," "Bad Breath" was some of the best black and white artwork I've seen in a long time. Keep up the overall good work and I might even buy your mag on a monthly basis.

Brad Durkes

You mean you haven't been? —TW.

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...Thirty-five...

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Matt Howarth is a crazed acidhead who has built up an elaborate mythos over the past five years concerning the Post brothers and their friends, Professor Ed, Savage Henry, Caroline the Clown, and the whole gang at the Cold Front in Bagtown. Next issue we'll begin serializing his epic comic-novel, *Changes*, but this issue we have two brief tastes of his lunacy, "The Snow Gods" and "The Children's Hour," to introduce you to the gang. As someone once said, "It may stop, but it never ends. . ."

Our friends from France, Mochias, Caza, and Bilal, are here with typically brilliant work. "Airtight Garage" is nearing its conclusion, by the way, with just two more installments to come.

From Holland and *Gauche* magazine we've imported Dick Matena, who gives us "9 A.M." This one's wordless—pictures are

the universal language, after all—but Dick has some wordier stories coming up here as well.

And from Yugoslavia we have Mirko Ilic's "Survival," another finely crafted wordless piece. With any luck at all, Ilic, too, will be here again soon.

Finally—but definitely not to be overlooked—Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.'s "Rock Opera," which began here last issue in black and white, moves into full color this issue. "Rock Opera" was originally a black-and-white strip that ran in Washington DC's *Unicorn Times*, a monthly entertainment paper for which yours truly is a columnist. Kierkegaard is reworking and coloring his original strips for us and will continue the series beyond the point where it terminated in *Unicorn Times*.

This is only our second issue of the new decade, but already we're gathering momentum—it's no wonder we're caught up in the excitement! How about you?

—Ted White

MUZICK



Lou Stathis

Yes, boys and girls, once again the inexorably plodding march of time has carried us into a new decade, whether we wanted to go there or not. It's now 1980, for those of you who haven't been paying too much attention to reality lately. This means that we're pushing into the last one-fifth of a century that has been notable mostly for its ball-bat plunge into the devouring gawky well of its own uncertain future. Never before have human beings been so obsessed with their own future. That's not surprising though, considering that never before has the future arrived so quickly. Technological progress in the twentieth century has slipped along at such a maddening pace that for too often the future is here before we've even noticed the present go past. This results in a rather unpleasant feeling in the brain's chronological stabilization system, a sort of psychological motion sickness in which the mind feels compelled to reach out for a crutch in order to stay sane—usually a steady hand-held into the familiar past (aka nostalgia). What we like to call "art" is the result of the struggling mind endeavoring as it digests and attempts to correlate the inequities of external reality. Is it any wonder, then, that the art of the twentieth century has been so obsessed with the concept of *fantasia*?

Take science fiction as an example. It is an art form that confronts directly the dislocations of the onrushing future, or at least it does so in its purest form. The development of SF has closely paralleled the era of accelerated progress that began over 150 years ago with the Industrial Revolution. Few, if any, human beings felt the need to invent science fiction prior to that time; only since then has the true power of technology to transform our lives while we were living them become obvious. Once the form of SF was forged (perhaps by Mary Shelley, as Brian Aldiss has suggested), it spread and flourished, as more writers found it an appropriate vocabulary to express the strange feelings in their guts and the visions in their heads. It was segregated from other literature and christened (with the thankfully forgotten appellation of "sciencefiction") in 1926, its equivalent of puberty, and then entered a long, baying adolescence. Only recently has it entered what could be considered adulthood—it might be just another stage for all I know, but it has, at least, begun to loosen its grip on its adolescent neuroses and phobias (women and sex-role stereotyping, style deafness, characters without feeling or depth, etc.).

The story of rock is a similar one. Like science fiction, it is a guitar art form, an existence for only the last twenty-five years or so. It is fundamentally tied to technology—electricity—because its ex-

NASH THE SLASH



The crowd at Harnah's in NY on a Tuesday night, was waiting for Ultravox, the British new wave group, when a quiet figure slipped out onto the dirty lit stage. The figure was a man dressed in a white tux with a white top hat, and his face—hard to tell in the blue light, but wasn't his face white, too? Shades covered his eyes, but—yep!—his face, his whole head, was covered with white bandages. Shades of the Invisible Man! People sensed that something was about to happen, and suddenly there was a crowd in front of the stage.

The figure began touching the banks of controls, and sounds welled up: mechanical rhythms, synthetic sequences—modern sounds, the sounds of Eno and Cluster, the sounds of Kraftwerk—the sounds of modern music-making machines. Then, as the light changed from soft blue to brilliant white with tinges of red and green, the silent figure picked up a mandolin—yes, a mandolin!—and struck it, producing a massive power chord, a blast of sound that would have made more sense coming from a guitar. From that minute on, Nash the Slash had the audience completely under his control.

Working with lights and slide projections—which, among other functions, announced the title of each piece for him, silent screen style—Nash the Slash put on an engrossing hour's worth of music and performance, never lagging, and climaxing with his stunning version of Peter Townshend's "Baba O'Riley," putting aside the mandolin for a

violin. He ended the show by attacking his violin with a power saw, slashing it to splinters that he threw into the eager audience. He did no encore.

Although Nash's showmanship is unique and reveals a considerable flair, his music lies at the core of his performances. It too is unique: a blend of modern, post-Roxy Music new wave with echoes of Eno's work; archetypal, Who-inspired power chords; and King Crimson-like contrasts between riveting dissonances and lyrical beauty. And all by one man, alone on a stage: a man and his machines.

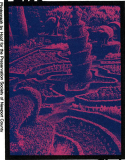
"Actually, my set-up is like the Model-T of synthesizers," he says. "I don't use any real synthesizers. I have a couple of drum machines, Crumar's Multirun String Machine, Crumar's bass pedals, and a whole lot of stock guitar components—fuzzboxes, flangers, octaplexes, that sort of thing. I could have spent ten thousand dollars on a fancy synthesizer or two, but instead I spent that money on a lot of fifty-dollar devices, which I've mounted and interconnected myself. I prefer it. It gives me complete control over what I'm doing."

Nash uses the machines to set up his accompaniment—the key-shifts of which he controls with his bass pedals—over which he "solos" on violin or mandolin, both electrified and subjected to modification by other devices. (All of his music is produced in "real time" except for the backing

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FLIX



Bhob

Although Carrie White "had her face, her dull, stupid, bovine face, the vagrant eyes, the red, shiny pupils, the nests of blackheads," the 1974 Carrie hardback ignored Stephen King's descriptions of his oppressed high school misfit in favor of a slick, glamorized photo for the jacket, and the book chalked up respectable sales. With the release of the 1976 film adaptation and its reverse (twist on Hollywood's perennial exploitative "woman as victim" theme, the paperback was re-packaged as a movie tie-in showing *Sissy Spook* drenched in pig blood (actually Karo syrup and food coloring). This key book jacket/film poster image of the bloody From Night humiliation that sparks Carrie's telekinetic wave of destruction subliminally suggests a subverted allegory of militant feminism (underlined by the cover blurb, "THEY NEVER KNEW SHE HAD THE POWER..."). Echoing the earlier locker room scene of Carrie's first period (when she also reached her TK "mental puberty"), it showed Carrie, herself not unlike a stained sanitary napkin, as she stood there in her white, blood-bespattered dress. Triggering the audience's collective unconscious to witness forgotten and repressed high school memories ("A prom is like your first sexual experience," said Carrie director Brian De Palma), the film has since achieved a remarkable popularity. In TV ratings it ranks sixth among all 199 theatrical motion pictures given network showings during the '78-'79 TV season—beaten out only by *Rocky*, *The Sting*, and re-runs of *GWTW*, *The Two Commandments*, and *New You See Him, New You Don't*. When I mentioned this to Stephen King, he seemed blithely unaware of the film's large pull on TV: "Really? Wow, that's incredible. I'm really surprised."

Not only did Carrie win *Sissy Spook* a National Society of Film Critics Award for Best Actress, it catapulted King's career. When the paperback switched its cover to the Spook photo, sales soared toward four million copies. In only five years King has totaled an awesome ten million copies in print of all his books, published in hardback by Doubleday and Viking and in paperback by New American Library (Signet). Estimates have it that movie tie-ins and other editions during the coming year will more than double this figure, explaining, perhaps, why the NAL promotion department has labeled him "the best selling author in the world in 1980."

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SE



Steve Brown

For thousands of years the human race has projected its fears and desires onto the Universe in the form of myths. From the moody storn and drang of the Norse sagas to the sophisticated soap operas of the Greeks and Romans, these stories act as grand metaphors for the cultures that created them. There is something inherently fascinating about tales of immortals with god-sized problems who manipulate the stuff of existence itself, a fascination that lies behind the creation of the literature of fantasy, when the culture stopped believing in myths, and science fiction—the streamlined modern descendant of fantasy.

One of the most interesting creators of modern myths, and a powerful manipulator of archetypes, is Roger Zelazny. Zelazny has devoted a career spanning myriad short stories and eighteen novels to an attempt at fashioning his own contemporary mythology, from the hermetic mauling of Hindu myth structure and modern technology of his Hugo-winning novel, *The Lord of Light*, to the gaudy paganism of his five-book Amber series.

All too often Zelazny's purpose became obscured in bombast, as in the tedious squabbles of the *Princes of Amber*. But in his newest novel, *Roadworks*, he has honed his storytelling (and myth building) skills to the sharpest of edges.

The Road marked in the title is nothing less than Time seen as a literal highway complete with off- and on-ramps, rest stops and gas stations, traffic cops, and an odd variety of traffic:

Red Dorakem was on a quiet section of the Road, straight and still as death and faintly sparkling. A pair of futuristic vehicles had passed him several hours earlier, moving at fantastic speeds, and he had later overtaken a coach-and-four and then a solitary horseman. He kept his blue Dodge pickup in the right-hand lane and maintained a steady 65 MPH. He chewed his cigar and hummed.

Red Dorakem smokes cigars, wears a baseball hat, and possibly isn't human. He has been traveling the Road in his pickup for a very long time, making a living transporting items from one historical era to another, and searching for his beginnings. He seems to be growing gradually younger; his earliest memory is of walking on *offshoot* of the Road as an old man. Probably he is descended from dogs, but he isn't sure. He keeps trying to change the past in various ways to create new exits and side-Roads in an attempt to find his way back to where he thinks he came from. Time in this book is presented as not only mutable but in a constant state of flux.

Roadworks is a book that should appeal to *Heavy Metal* readers of all varieties. The surface plot is an exciting vendetta against Red Dorakem by an old partner of his. Chadwick has declared a blood decade: the Games Board in the twenty-fifth century has allowed Chadwick his chances to kill Red. He may, and does, use hired agents ranging from a fantastic tank controlled by a wired-in

continued on page 52

COMIX



Jay Kinney

It is difficult to discuss the evolution of underground comics from 1967 to the present without simultaneously examining the myths of the generation that came of age as the sixties became the seventies. And it is always hardest to step back and view one's own myths dispassionately.

Myths are shared beliefs that give meaning to our lives. Sometimes they are ideas associated with words or numbers that come to symbolize history in easy to digest form. (The notion of the virgins itself is such a myth, as is the loss of innocence associated with the Alamo myth.) Sometimes myths are ways of looking at people and events that enable us to establish our own identity or label others (the myths of freaks and straights, of superstars, and, more recently, of punks).

But whatever their role, one thing seems to be true of our modern myths, and that is that they are as changeable as fashion—as transitory as the events for which they provide explanations.

This is certainly true in the case of the prime mass-bohemian myth of the late sixties, the counterculture. Like all good myths, the counterculture seemed real as long as its citizens believed in it. But once that faith began to ebb, as the subculture's symbols and trappings spread far beyond the enclaves, the counterculture as an actual entity seemed to evaporate like a puddle of spilled *Amor Gracioso*. A mixed legacy of peer foods, alternate life-styles, environmental concerns, and expensive drug habits are all that remain—echoes of a once unified gestalt.

continued on page 55

In remote ancient lands north of Carisland there lay vast forests called the Direbok. The people that lived there shivered and hid in the gloomy dark. Their fears were founded in more than groundless myths. Here the unknown menace was substantial and hovered hungrily just beyond perception's limits.

THE BEAST OF WOLFTON

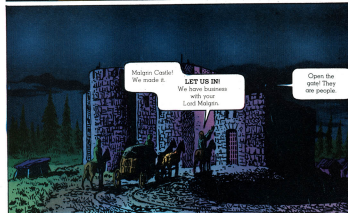
1972, 1979 Richard Corben



Sir Horatio led the coach through the deepest part of the woods. He hoped to reach the safety of Wolfton Castle before darkness or the threatening rain overtook them.

A phantom dread clutched at the lonely travelers. Strange rumors had saturated the land. Mangled bodies had been found. Could it be the work of a huge, bewitched bear? A wolf pack? None who had seen the truth, lived to tell.









Their rough bathing disturbs my fine sensibilities. Doubtless they are on the subject of sex.

After an hour or more . . .



CHABITA!
Chabita, my love!



Be gone, servant! My desire is up.
I will melt Chabita's frozen loins.



Goddamned pig! Let me be!
Christ save me from this foul mal-
odorous morose!

Ha, ha,
ha, ha!

Lightning flashed and thunder roared as Harish assailed his reluctant wife. However, her resistance finally caused him to withdraw.



Malgrin suggested
something that
will ignite
your lust.

OUGH!
Vile squamous
beard!



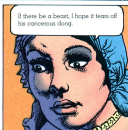
Move your
leg here.

AJUNG!
Disgusting
leprous
debauch
worn!



Nasty repulsive
abnormal slug!
Bun is **HELL!**

Some day I'm
going to kill
you, bitch!



The wary soldiers went to the most recent site of the beast's rampage. They reached the abandoned inn before noon.



What incredible strength it must have to have mangled this iron rod.



Nothing here.
Lead on to
the next place.



Dancing shadows
suggested sinister
phantoms. The
hosemen penetrated deeper
into the wilds.



What manner
of strange
beast . . . I can
not imagine.

A lord's
country house.



Yes! Here, Lord Malgrin's brother
was slain. He was dismembered.

Who was killed
at the inn?

Why . . . It was the
baron's nephew and his
baili . . . er, guards.



Smashed furniture,
blood stains. That
table looks as
though it was
thrown.

What's
in here?

That's the
kitchen.





From the bam's hayloft, two bestial eyes watched the soldiers leave. To be continued.



BEHOLD,
THE
AIRTIGHT
GARAGE

INDESCRIB-
ABLE...
INMEASUR-
ABLE

THIS
IS IT!...
WE'RE IN
FREE SPACE
AGAIN!...

DIVINE
FREE-
DOM!

CERVIC!
CONTACT
THE
MAJOR!

IT'S
WONDERFUL!...

BUT...
LADY MALVINA!
ALL
COMMUNICATIONS
ARE OUT!...
OUT!...

FLAMMAY
LEAVING
OUT!

LOOK!
A SHIP JUST
GOT AWAY!

GOT
PREPARED
TO BEAM
DOWN!

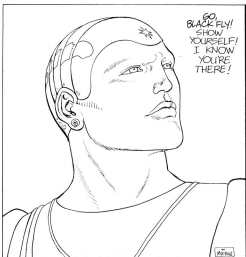
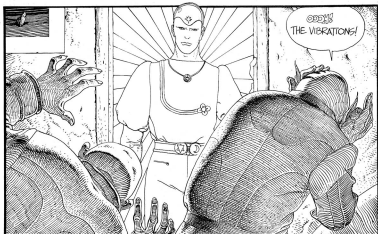


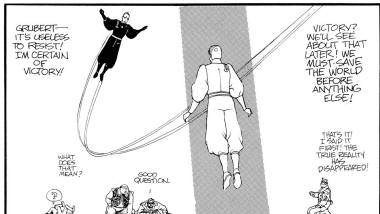
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE by MOEBIUS

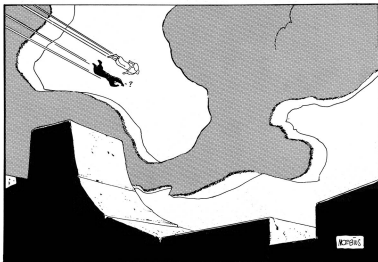
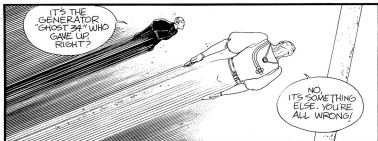


THERE!
THERE HE
IS! I CAN
FEEL HIM!

The anti-matter Vibrant with similar qualities of the planetary sediment, whistles through the air—looping over two octaves. A crash! The burning explosions! The pitiable cries of the victims! The crowds shout and run.... Then silence....





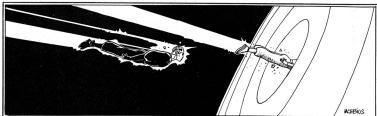


MEGATROPOLIS SITE

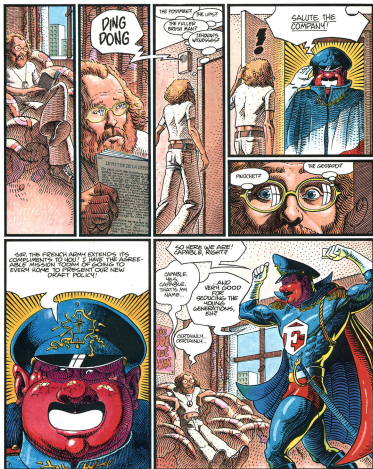
MAJOR GRABER

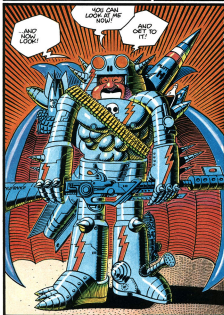
NO GARAGE AIRTIGHT

THE WAVES OF FORMS



TO BE CONTINUED...









THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER

BOB LUDOFF

STEVE STILES



FABLES

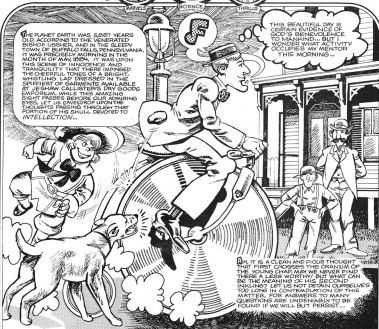
SCIENCE

FIRES

THE PLANET EARTH WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD, ACCORDING TO THE VENERATED BISHOP UDDER, AND IN THE SLEEPY TOWN OF BUFFALO FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA, IT WAS PLEASANTLY MORNING IN THE MONTH OF MAY 1894. IT WAS UPON THIS SCENE OF INNOCENCE AND TRANQUILITY THAT THERE IMPRESSED THE CHEERFUL TONES OF A BRIGHT WHISTLING LAP DRESSED IN THE SPIRIT OF GARMENTS AVAILABLE AT JESSEY CALLISTER'S DRY GOODS EMPORIUM WHILE THIS AMAZING SIGHT PASSED BEFORE OUR ADMIRING EYES, LET US DROPTOP UPON THE THOUGHTS PASSING THROUGH THAT PORTION OF HIS SKULL DEVOTED TO INTELLECTION...

F

THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY IS CERTAIN EVIDENCE OF GOD'S BENEVOLENCE TO MANKIND... BUT I WONDER WHAT ACTIVITY OCCUPIES MY MENTOR THIS MORNING...



WHILE IT IS A CLEAN AND PIOUS THOUGHT THAT FIRST CROSSSES THE CRANIUM OF THE YOUNG CHAIRMAN WE NEVER FIND THERE A LESS WORTHY BUT WHAT CAN BE THE MEANING OF HIS SECOND INKLING? LET US NOT DETAIN OURSELVES TOO LONG IN CONTEMPLATION OF THIS MATTER, FOR ANSWERS TO MANY QUESTIONS ARE UNDENIABLY TO BE FOUND IF WE WILL BUT PERSIST...

BUT SUDDENLY...



...THE YOUNG LAD'S DEEP
RUMINATIONS ARE
INTERUPTED AS HIS
CRIS EYES A SIGHT
OF SUCH ASTONISHING
NATURE THAT...

CRIMEY!



...OUR YOUTHFUL NAVE SON
LOSSES HIS PURCHASE UPON HIS
TRUSTY VELOCIPED WITH AN
ABRUPT VELOCITY SO THAT...



A PORTION OF
HIS ANATOMY
MAKES VIOLENT
CONTACT WITH
THE SIDEWALK!

UP MY SHOES HAVE
NOT "TAKEN LEAVE"
I DO BELIEVE THERE
IS A REMARKABLE
EXCAVATION
IN THE PROFESSOR'S
BACKYARD!

my
GOSH!



THE YOUTH ADVANCES TO
THE VERY PRECIPICE, AND
BODY INCLINED FORWARD
TO ASSURE HIM OF AN
IMPROVED LINE OF VISION,
PEERS INTO THE DARK
DEPTHS BENEATH HIS
PERSON...

...THE SOUND OF
A SHOVEL WORKING
THE EARTH...

AHOY
BELOW!

IS THAT
YOU IN
THAT HOLE,
REVERED
GIR?

EXALLO! AHOY!



THUD!



SIGH!
YES...
IT IS
INDEED I
WHERIMER!

...MOAN...

YOUNG HERKIMER—FOR THIS WAS INDEED THE WOMAN BY WHOM THE LAD WAS KNOWN—GAZED ADMIRINGLY UPON HIS ELDER, PROFESSOR THEOBALD URIAH THINTWHISTLE, AS HE EMERGED FROM THE STYGIAN DEPTHS...



PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE, OR "OLD TUT," AS SCHOOL WISACRES REFERRED TO HIM, MADE HASTE TO ANSWER, EVEN AS THE USUAL SMALL DISGUSTING THOUGHT HAD ITS BIRTH IN HIS WELL-STOCKED CRANIAL DOME...



WOODEN STAIRS DEBOUCHED UPON A LARGE PLATFORM BEYOND AND ABOVE WHICH THERE TOWERED A COMPLEX DEVICE THAT BOTH DAZZLED AND IMPRESSED HERKIMER AS THE MOST MARVELOUS AND REMARKABLE SIGHT TO EVER BEFALL HIS VISION...



YOU SEE, I WAS DIGGING FOR **COAL**, MY BOY; FINE ANTHRACITE COAL IN WHICH OUR REGION SO FAMOUSLY ABOUNDS.

BEHOLD NOW THE REASON I EXERTED SUCH AN EFFORT...

...THE COAL, LAD, WILL IN DUE COURSE SERVE AS FUEL FOR THE BOILERS OF THE MECHANICAL MARVEL OF ALL THE AGES--

THEOBALD THINTWHISTLE'S **INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER**, THE "CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR," THE UNPRECEDENTED STEAM-PROPELLED CRAFT IN WHICH I SHALL **ASTOUND THE WORLD!**

HATH MAN DARED TOO MUCH!



"NOT SO!" REJOINED THE PROFESSOR, WHOSE MODERNISM AND **RADICAL THOUGHT** HAD OFTEN PROVIDED SCANDAL FOR WAGGING TONGUES IN THE PANTRIES AND LOWER INNS OF HIS BELOVED BUFFALO FALLS...

HAD HEAVEN **NOT** INTENDED THE "ARTHUR" TO SUCCEED, PENNSYLVANIA WOULD HAVE BEEN CREATED ENTIRELY **DEVOID OF COAL!**



...THUS, NATURE **PROVES** HER FAVORABLE ATTITUDE TOWARD THIS HIGH AND NOBLE ENDEAVOR!

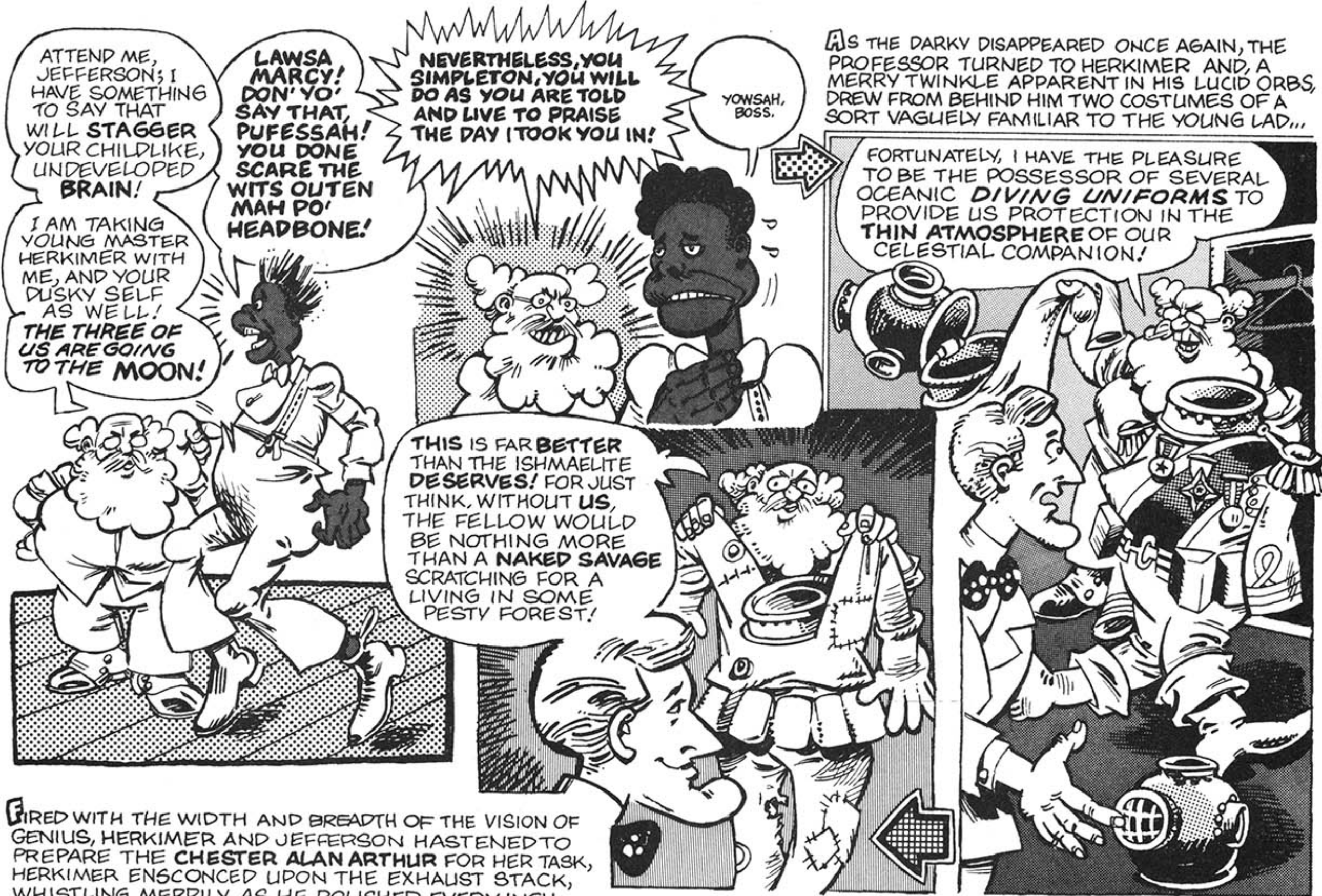
IS SHE FULLY MANNED, SIR? HAVE YOU ROOM IN YOUR CREW FOR **ME?**



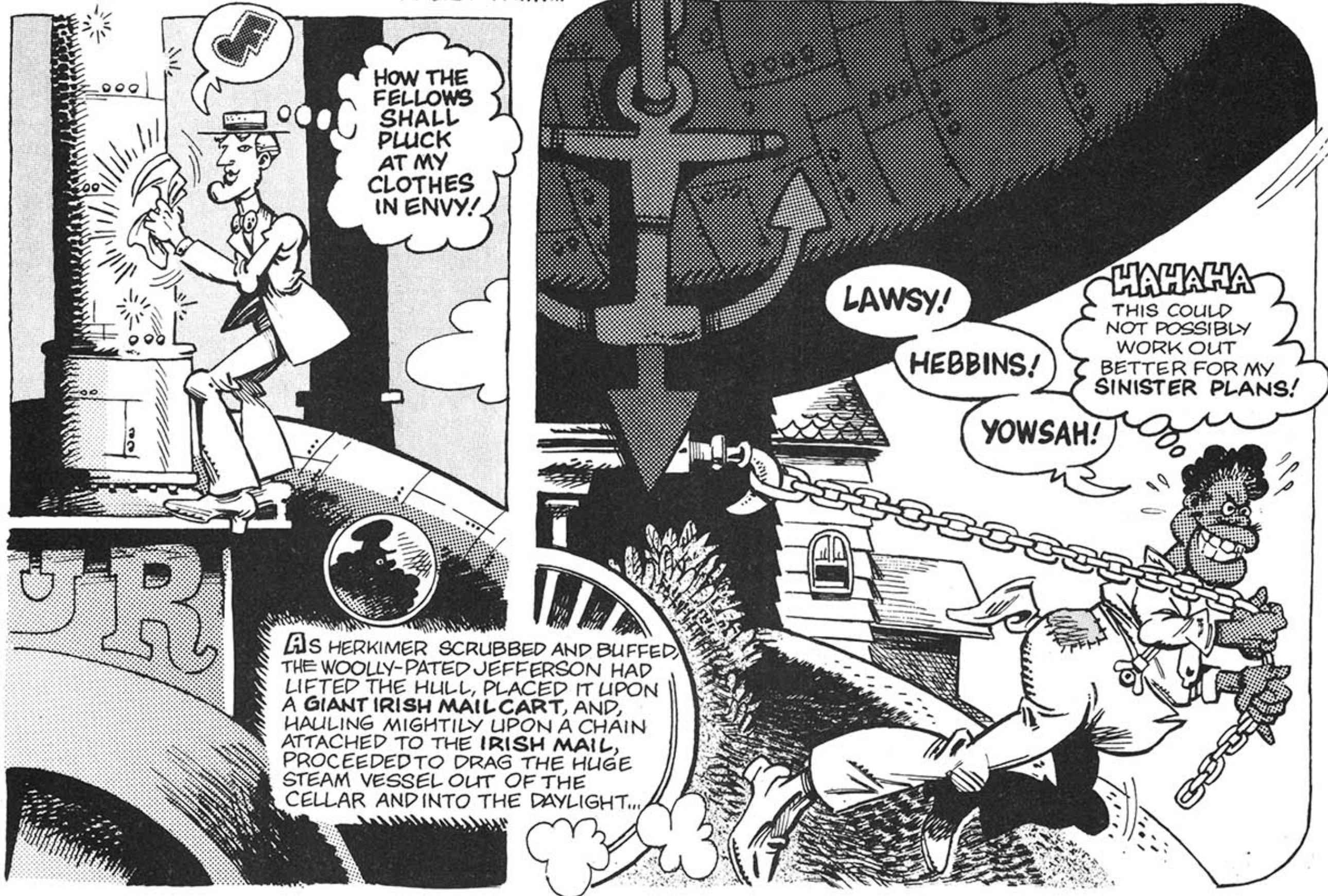
THIS DAY I DO **SWEAR** IT, HERKIMER! THIS TWENTY THIRD OF MAY, 1884, DO I AFFIRM BY ALL THAT'S HOLY...

...I SHALL TAKE YOU WITH ME! AND JEFFERSON AS WELL! THE THREE OF US SHALL FLY TO THE **MOON!**





F IRED WITH THE WIDTH AND BREADTH OF THE VISION OF GENIUS, HERKIMER AND JEFFERSON HASTENED TO PREPARE THE CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR FOR HER TASK, HERKIMER ENSCONCED UPON THE EXHAUST STACK, WHISTLING MERRILY AS HE POLISHED EVERY INCH OF BRASS ON THE STARBOARD EXHAUST TRIM...





AT LENGTH, HAVING REACHED THE CREST OF THE HIGHEST PEAK WITHIN THE VILLAGE INCORPORATION LIMITS OF BUFFALO FALLS...



IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE SEALMART THREE WERE GATHERED IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS...



HIGHER WITH EACH RISE AND LOWER WITH EACH DIP MOVED THE BOW OF THE FLYER, UNTIL WITH A SCRAPE AND A THUMP SHE DIPPED OVER THE EDGE OF REVOLUTIONARY HILL...



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EXPERIMENT WITH THE AIR PUMP

BY ANGUS MCKIE





THE EXPERIMENT THIS MORNING SEEMS TO HAVE UPSET THE CHILDREN.

I KNOW, BUT THEY MUST LEARN. KNOWLEDGE IS THEIR ONLY GUARANTEE OF SURVIVAL.



CONSIDER THIS... IT MAY BE THAT **THEY** ARE THE VERY **LAST**.



A MILLION YEARS OF EVOLUTION... AND IT COULD END TOMORROW.

I CANNOT CONCEIVE OF IT!

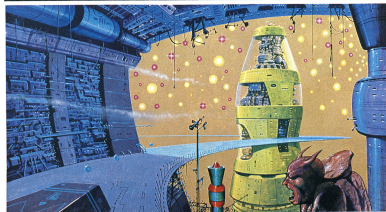
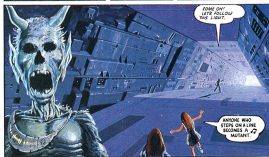
NEVER! IF NOT THE GODS WOULD NOT ALLOW IT!



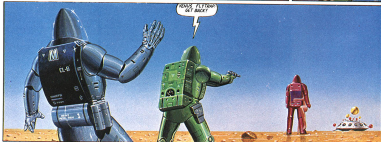
GODS! GODS! THE GODS DIED WHEN THE ROBOTS CAME.

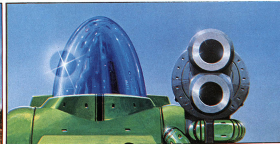


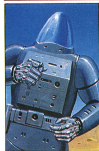
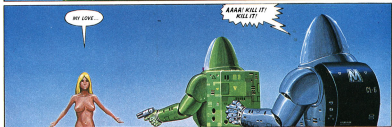
ONLY WE METAL MEN AND THE CHILDREN REMAIN.

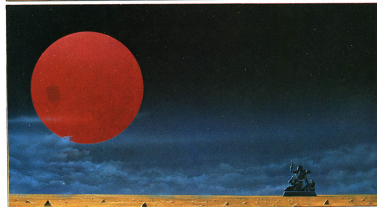










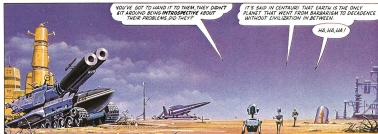




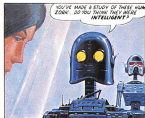
YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THEM, THEY DIDN'T
KIT AROUND BEING INTROSPECTIVE ABOUT
THEIR PROBLEMS, DID THEY?

IT'S SAID IN CENTAURI THAT EARTH IS THE ONLY
PLANET THAT WENT FROM BARBARISM TO DECADENCE
WITHOUT CIVILIZATION IN BETWEEN.

HA, HA, HA!



YOU'VE MADE A STUDY OF THESE HUMANS,
ZORNE. DO YOU THINK THEY WERE
INTELLIGENT?



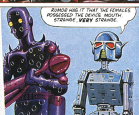
WHAT MADE AN EVEN **ASK** SUCH A
SILLY QUESTION?



WHY IS SHE
COVERED?



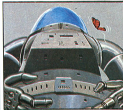
ROMBER HAD IT THAT THE FEMALES
POSSESSED THE DEVICE, MOUTH-
STRANGE, VERY STRANGE.

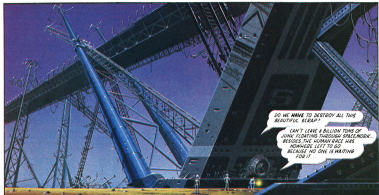


IN FACT, WHENEVER THE WORD **FUCK** APPEARED IN PRINT
EVERYBODY WOULD GET TERRIBLY UPSET.

... **REALLY!** I'M GLAD I'M A ROBOT THAT LIVES IN CENTAURI!...
WELL, THIS WORLD MIGHT BE GOOD FOR AT LEAST **ONE** THING...
THIS IS PRETTY HIGH CLASS SCRAP.





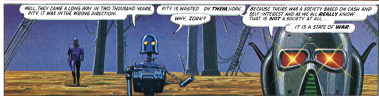


DO WE HAVE TO DESTROY ALL THIS BEAUTIFUL STUFF?

CAN'T LEAVE A BILLION TONS OF JUNK FLOATING THROUGH SPACE, NOW, BESIDES, THE HUMAN RACE WAS NOWHERE LEFT TO GO BECAUSE NO ONE IS WAITING FOR IT...



NOT EVEN GOD...



WELL, THEY CAME A LONG WAY IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS. PITY IT WAS IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

PITY IS WASTED ON THEM, NOW.

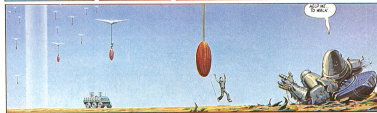
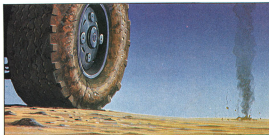
WHY, ZORAN?

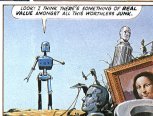
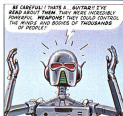
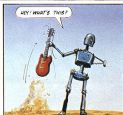
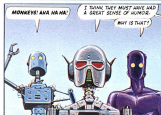
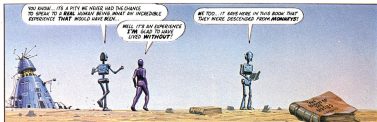
BECAUSE THERE WAS A SOCIETY BASED ON CASH AND SELF-INTEREST AND AS WE ALL REALLY KNOW, THAT IS NOT A SOCIETY AT ALL...

IT IS A STATE OF WAR.



IT'S SO BAD I HAVE THIS SECRET DESIRE FOR MERCY, BUT JUSTICE IS WHAT KEEPS HAPPENING TO PEOPLE.







IF THERE IS ANYONE LEFT OUT THERE, REMEMBER ONE THING... GOD WILL NOT LOOK YOU OVER FOR MEDALS, DEGREES OR DIPLOMAS, BUT FOR SCARS.



LOOKING WROTE SOMETHING BEFORE HE DIED.

LET ME SEE.

AND LO!... IT IS WRITTEN, BROTHER, THAT THE HEAVEN SHALL INVADE! WHAT'S LEFT OF THE EARTH. NO-HA-HA!



TELL EVERYBODY TO WATCH FROM THE OBSERVATION DOME.



GOLLY!



I WISH I COULD READ.



HE ISN'T UGLY AT ALL.



HE'S BEAUTIFUL!



EIGHT, SEVEN, SIX, GET READY! FOUR, THREE, BRACE YOURSELVES, ONE.

ZERO!



IS THAT IT?

IT JUST WENT OUT!



I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS GOING TO BE A GREAT BIG BANG!

A MEANLY PATETIC WHIMPER! NO SELF-RESPECTING PLANET IN CENTAURI WOULD DARE BURN UP LIKE THAT!

LET'S GET FAR AWAY FROM THIS PART OF THE UNIVERSE. IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

"IT IS CRAZY AT THIS MOMENT TO TRY AND CHANGE THE WORLD!"-PHILANTE, THE MISANTHROPE

HOW'M I DOWN?

SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 6

human brain, to a sixteenth-century Buddhist monk, to a thought-controlled Tyrannosaurus Rex. Along the way Red encounters a kaleidoscopic list of minor characters drawn from odd corners of history and literature. He meets Adolf Hitler idling down the Road in his small, black Volkswagen; Doc Savage, a sentient "microdon army" computer with an acid personality constructed in the shape of a paperback copy of *Madeline's Flowers of Evil*; an amiable killing machine named Monday—left on Earth by an alien race who had departed thousands of years earlier—who has digitized itself as a fat pot maker in eleventh-century Tibet; the Marquis de Sade; Leila, a mysterious woman who has followed, and been followed by, Red down through history, and who may or may not be related to him (or may even be Red himself); and Red's son Randy from Cleveland, who drives the Road in search of a father he has only heard of but never met.

The subplot concerns the day-to-day accretions of memory Red is experiencing, which bring him ever closer to an understanding of his strange and terrible prophesy. Each of these implied clues changes Red's perception of his role, until the novel becomes twisted into an unexpectedly different story.

In his Amber novels, Zelazny painted a picture of an immortal race of aristocrats and the universe they created (in which our own universe is but the tiniest out-of-the-way shadow) in overly exhaustive detail. This concept, in various permutations, is at the core of Zelazny's struggle to invent a new mythology. In *Roadmarks* he gives us a new version of Amber and its Lords with all the scope and background intact, but in 181 slim pages. The author created the universe of the Amber series with endless and exhausting explanations; in *Roadmarks*, by slight and subtle hints. All of the information is there, but it must be carefully unearthed and pieced together by the reader.

I found the first thirty pages enigmatic to the point of incomprehensibility. After that, the hints and almost-clues began to fall into place. When I finished the book, I immediately read it through again, and thoroughly enjoyed watching the puzzle pieces hover and glide into position. Zelazny is giving the reader no quarter.

In the past, Zelazny has been known for his pyrotechnic prose. He dearly loves elaborate metaphors, complex puns, and bright fantastic images. But in *Roadmarks* he has trimmed his language. For the most part, to a flat narration. In the words of Mark Twain, his "couplings of fervid eloquence" are confined to rare moments. Given the unfettered imagination at work in the book, this becomes quite effective. For example, when you encounter a passage like:

Dreaming roadmaps and gold, the great dragons of Belkewish drift and twist on the breezes of morning, when they were not dreaming in their caves. Timeless collaborators with destiny, they move their wings across the landscape of dreams and desire....

You stop and pay attention, giving this very significant scene the consideration it deserves. Contrast this with the bald statements (no matter how odd the content) of the passage quoted earlier.

Zelazny plays a lot of games. The chapters are numbered beginning with two, then one, then two again, then one, two, one, etc., giving the book a sense of static circularity that aptly fits the story. His playfulness shows up in symbol manipulation. French decadent poetry is a continuing metaphor that the author literally embodies in the form of a

major character (the sentient book mentioned earlier; and so is cigar imagery—note who smokes cigars and who doesn't), and compare this information with the dreamy quote from Mallarmé:

All the soul summed up
...anxiously to some cigar burning skillfully.
However little the ash separates itself
From its clear kiss of fire....

Zelazny's sense of humor is never absent. He gleefully invests all of his dramatic moments, particularly the *High Noonish* scene with Red's old friend the killing machine gunning for him under the insouciant control of an enemy. The author's joking crops up in the most serious of passages, such as this description of night falling on an ancient *sunara* battlefield littered with broken machines:

The sky blackened, came down with a cast of stars. A piece of moon drifted matterless, low in the East.

The contrast between those two juxtaposed sentences—the slapstick of the first, and the evocative moodiness of the second—sums up the mood of the entire book. A lesser writer wouldn't have been able to get away with a juxtaposition like *Roadmarks*, but Zelazny never jots; it always comes out sounding just right.

Roger Zelazny has come the closest yet to creating a genuine mythology out of the bewildering panoply of modern existence, and has created something far larger than the confines of his material. He once collaborated with that master of rubber-sheet reality, Philip K. Dick, on an unsuccessful novel, and I think the experience gave him just the touch of broadened interior scope he needed.

Roadmarks is a book that some Zelazny fans, particularly the Amber fans, are not going to like very much. It is vastly entertaining, and a hell of a lot of fun to read, but a true appreciation of the book requires more than simply sitting back and watching the parade created by the author's fertile imagination. The reader must join the characters and apply some effort for the full understanding of the story's nuances. For myself, this is the most richly satisfying reading experience I've had from Zelazny in many years.

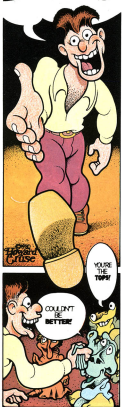
Writing is the most solitary of the arts.

Musicians and actors can take their craft in front of an audience and get immediate feedback. Filmmakers can sit in a theater and listen to the reactions of their audiences. Even painters can look in galleries and hear museum curators. But unless writers are successful enough to have the mean grinder of an author's tour thrown upon them, they must settle for impersonal sales figures, reviews, and the once-removed contact of fan mail.

Some writers attend the various trade conventions, such as the Frankfurt Book Fair, or the annual ABA (American Booksellers Association) bash. But these are merely large-scale business lunches. The author is tested not by the readers but by industry people (publishers, editors, agents, and booksellers) as the creator of a product, a generator of capital.

Science fiction is unique in the visibility of its fans. SF fandom is a complex and vocal microcosm without precedent. SF fans write thousands of letters to authors and each other. They organize into regional groups and clubs. In their hundreds of fanzines, they critically analyze the fiction, form new alliances and break old ones, argue infinite nuances, and generally interact at the top of their printed lungs. And they put on scores of conventions every year in this country alone, ranging from small weekend get-togethers of a hundred or so people, to massive five-day affairs that draw several thousand.

Other authors of genre fiction, from westerns to



gothic romances, lead quiet, anonymous lives, unrecognized by their neighbors. Science fiction writers live under the acidic glare of constant attention.

The most extreme recent example of the SF fan's insatiable curiosity is the case of James Tiptree, Jr. Tiptree is the pseudonym of a retired psychologist with sound personal reasons for anonymity. A brilliant and flamboyant writer, Tiptree quickly garnered a few awards and established a cult following. Suddenly Tiptree found himself the target of a concerted campaign to learn his true identity and any detail of his personal life. Some fans (and at least one professional writer) flew in from the West Coast to sit vigil in front of Tiptree's Melrose, Virginia, post office box, hoping to catch a glimpse of him. Tiptree's identity was finally revealed as a result of some fanzine detective work. Tiptree's true name is Dr. Alice Sheldon. The ensuing attention and bullying (Tiptree is a woman!) gave this sensitive writer a block that has lasted for almost two years. Sheldon has said that she considered releasing a story that Tiptree had died in a car wreck, to quash the increasingly strident speculations. Then there would be a new brilliant and mysterious newcomer in the field. . .

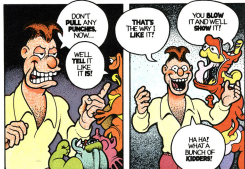
But an SF writer who does want to meet his or her public, who is starved for the attention that sales figures can't give, doesn't have to go far. Every major population center in the country hosts one or more SF conventions every year. It is possible for your hypothetical lonely writer to spend fifty-two weekends out of the year at a con, usually with agonizing choices as to which one to attend.

The yearly con season culminates every Labor Day in the biggest one of them all, the Worldcon, the one where the Hugo awards are presented. The Worldcon is everything a regional convention is, but much more so. There are panel discussions, author's readings, elaborate art shows, a costume ball, various specialized activity rooms (computer games, old radio show listening rooms, mimeograph rooms, etc.), constantly running movies—from old classics to first-run premieres, a vast book-dealer's room offering for sale everything from rare first editions through everything in print to special books published specifically for the con, dramatic presentations—from full-fledged plays to wandering magicians, and the backbone of every SF con: dusk-to-dawn parties.

The party is the true reason for attending an SF con. There the lonesome writer can be surrounded by garrulous readers until he or she drops from exhaustion. Entire networks of friendships exist at these parties—people who only see each other at cons. New friendships are made and old ones broken, legends are created and debunked, love affairs are begun and ended, the whole frenzied pecking order restructured.

In England (the most recent Worldcon was held in Brighton), the publishing industry has always taken SF far more seriously than in American counterpart. SF is considered to be just another, and equally valid, form of literature; while in this country it has been looked upon as a minor aberration suitable for gawdy adolescent misfits.

The publishers in Brighton were out in force with their elaborately catered parties and guest lists at the door. The fans there, used to the free-form US con parties, didn't appreciate this touch of creeping ABA professional elitism. It became a status symbol to be kicked out of a British publisher's party by one of the army of blond, middle-aged PR clones guarding the guest list. It entitled one to wear the coveted Yankee Riffraff badge. There was ferment in the hallways and stairways in the lobby. It seemed to be a symbol of the growing acceptance of SF as a viable and commercial form of literature. This is great news for the authors and vindication for the readers who have long chafed under the contempt their literature





has been held in, but it is a tendency that is the kiss of death to the delightfully infernal nature of the SF con.

We have a wonderful cottage industry. The SF con is merely a visible symbol of the serving activity, intense loyalty, and outspokenness of the SF reader—people who make SF the liveliest form of literature in the world today. It would be a real shame to see the Worldcon turned into another version of the ABA.

When I was nine years old, my local library had no SF section as such. I was forced to work my way methodically through the general-fiction stacks, carefully studying every title that looked even remotely SF. It took me many months to work my way down to the Ws, but it was worth the wait. There I found a book by James White called *Hospital Station*.

James White is an Irish author known for his series of stories about Sector General—a tremendous interstellar hospital floating in space (a visual precursor of the Death Star) with the capability of handling thousands of exotic alien patients. My nine-year-old self was entranced with the ingenuity of White's aliens, from crystalline beings living close to absolute zero to the planet-size person whose cure was "more of a military than a surgical operation." The sheer scope of Sector General, with its level upon vast level of wildly varied environments, is still a vivid memory for me today.

When I found *Ambulance Ship* in the mall, a brand-new Sector General book, I put aside the book I was reading and plunged right in with glad cries of anticipation. But, alas, you truly can't go home again.

Ambulance Ship consists of three overlapping novellas about the first hyperspatial ambulance designed to answer distress signals from ships previously unknown to the Galactic Federation, which is based, needless to say, at Sector General. The major characters are old friends of mine: Pricilla, the gentle and fragile insectoid psychologist-empath who spends most of its time clinging to the ceiling, out of harm's way; Senior Physician Conway, the Earth-human protagonist; Diagnostician Thornmaster, a sort of squat six-legged elephant with an awesome medical reputation. The situations hew to a well-remembered formula—a peculiar alien suffering from something incomprehensible must be cured before time runs out.

The adult me and the inner child had a war over this book. White's writing is flat and lifeless. None of the characters are more than ciphers. The narrative is riddled with people telling each other things they already know but the reader doesn't (the technical term for this is the "as-you-know," or A.Y.K.). The A.Y.K. situation gets so bad at times that the characters themselves begin to get annoyed:

... Conway, trying to hide his irritation at being treated as a complete ignoramus in all matters outside his medical specialty.

The first two novellas are dull and lacking in the inventiveness necessary to raise a story above its pedestrian prose. The first involves some humans and a human disease (the flat that was thought to have been eradicated seven centuries earlier. It would have been rejected as a "Star Trek" script). The middle story is a little more interesting. We have an alien who has apparently managed to contaminate members of four different races with the same respiratory ailment, something that is supposed to be impossible. But this too lacks imagination and resolves as futility. It doesn't even address its basic problem. The contamination turns out to be chemical in origin, which still leaves unanswered the question of how this can affect four radically different metabolisms in the same way.

I am now afraid to reread *Hospital Station* and *Star Surgeon*. Perhaps some memories are better left as memories. ●

FLIX by Bhob

(Continued from page 3)

Plamen's ecclesiastical solution for the initial paperback printing of *Salem's Lot* won an award from the American Institute of Graphic Arts. This was a cover of lustrous solid black—no title, no blurb, no byline—with a single, tiny drop of red blood at the mouth of an embossed head, hardly visible unless held and angled so that the embossing can catch the light. Plamen chose type designer Pete Gutz to handle the illustration because Gutz had previously worked with embossed type. A follow-up version of this cover added a silver embossed title above the embossed head. In its final form (the one currently in bookstores), the embossed cover was replaced by a photograph of the same cover with regular flat printing. "That happened because we ran out of the special black stock," Plamen explained. "I had no idea that the original, better than I thought it would be, rich dramatic lighting on the raised surface. When we ran into this emergency, I pulled this photograph out and decided that it could be used for art."

When Jim Phelan's conceptual transpositions of King's writing into innovative paperback covers have been appropriate, relevant, and ambiguously intriguing, the Doubleday hardbacks, with a yawning indifference to King's fresh slant on contemporary horror fiction, have featured only mundane designs and illustrations so trapped in tradition that they lack any genuine imaginative thrust. Stephen King's own reactions to the art that wraps his words kicks off Part II of this serialized interview.

king). I think that was intentional. The flag copy on *Salmon's Law* is a real collaboration; my editor wrote part of it, his secretary wrote part of it, I wrote part of it, and my wife wrote part of it. It was just an effort to say something without saying anything. Oh all the Doubleday jackets, I think that I like *The Sound the Best*, but *Salmon's Law* runs that a close second. I like the idea of the black background with the town inset in the "O" of *Law*. You can look into the town, and you see the Marston house. That's a pretty decent jacket. That was the best produced book by Doubleday: all the way around, that was a good piece of work. The illustration for the backcloth of *The Sound* was taken from a Goya painting, *The Battle of Good and Evil*; it was repainted. I was mad that they didn't give poor old Goya a credit. There are a lot of people who are either stressed-minded, kind of nerdy about books





jackets, who don't like it because they say that it doesn't look like what the book is about. But it looks like what the spirit of the book is about. NAL's *The Sound* cover is super. I think that it's a good one; I like the dark blues and turquoises in it.

The paperback covers have always been better because paperback people seem to understand how to market books, how to go about that. Illustrators and designers don't get credit on paperback jackets the way they do on hardcovers.

Rhoh: Then there's *The Shining* in mylar...

King: Except that it was discontinued, as was the dead black cover on *Salon's Fat*. Both of those were expensive covers. The *Salon's Fat* cover cost seven cents right off the top of a book that originally sold for \$1.95. The mylar was nine cents, and, in addition, the mylar cover huffs. It doesn't peel, but the lettering and picture gradually buff off the book. Now they just have a plain paper cover with the same picture; it's not as eye-catching, but it lasts longer.

Rhoh: Did it occur to you that the wearing away of fragments of *The Shining's* cover produces a strange, corrosive effect that some readers might consider an additional horrific bonus?

King: I hadn't thought of it that way—maybe it is. There are people who treasure those copies; someday maybe those will be worth some money, especially the ones that are in good condition, because on the ones that have been read, the cover wears off very quickly. The mylar was really discontinued not just because it buffed in people's hands, but because it buffed in the boxes when they were shipped. I also like the paperback *Night Shift* cover: it's a deep, dark, rich blue. Some of the collars are perfect, and, on some, the holes are not over the eyes. Again, that was a difficult one to do; there is such a thing as being too clever by half.

Rhoh: What was on the *Carrie* paperback before the movie did it?

King: That cover has gone totally out of print. The original paperback had no title, no author, no printed material of any kind on the front cover. It simply showed a girl's head floating against this blue backdrop—a pretty girl with very dark hair swept back. It was a pointing, a rather nice one [by James Buckley]. Inside, there was a second jacket. Originally, it was to have been die-cut down the side in a two-stop effect: the title, *Carrie*, reading vertically down the right-hand margin, was supposed to show, and, at the last minute, their printer told them that he couldn't do it. Inside there's this town going up in flames, and that is an interesting effect. You reach the end of the book, and there's a photograph on what they call the third cover of the same town crumpled up into nothing but ash. I don't know if that's ever been done before: having another picture inside the back jacket. These were photographs [by Allen Vogel] of flames and a model town that looks as though it was one of these original things created out of cardboard.

Rhoh: The One = One Studio's design for *The Dead Zone* (Viking) illustrates the negative shade-of-Satan device used throughout the novel.

King: I like that jacket pretty well. I think that, in a large measure, it's been responsible for some of the book's success because it's a very high contrast type, something I think Viking might have lifted from the paperback houses. It comes out at the reader because there's so much black. The thing I don't like is the photographic effect. I've never cared for photographed jackets. I can't really even say why, but they seem too realistic to me. I would have liked that jacket better if it had been that same cover design—only painted.

By the time you get up to six books, you have mixed feelings. *Salon's Fat* was the best produced of the Doubleday books; *Night Shift* would be second, and probably *The Shining*, third. *The Dead Zone* is the best produced of all the works. But it's

more than just cover. The cover is something that, you hope, entices readers who don't know your work to look. But it probably doesn't mean that much to people who have read you before. If they really turn on to what you're doing, they look for the name, and they'll buy the book on the basis of that. Like this new Lad Zappelli album packaged in brown paper with "Lad Zappelli" stamped on the front—you buy the name. I like books that are nicely made, and, with the exception of *Salon's Fat* and *Night Shift*, none of the Doubleday books were especially well made. They have a ragged, machine-produced look to them, as though they were built to fall apart. The *Sound* is worse that way; it looks like a brick. It's this little, tiny, squatty thing that looks much bigger than it is. The *Dead Zone* is really nicely put together. It's got a nice cloth binding, and it's just a nice product.

Rhoh: With *The Dead Zone* having climbed so high on the best-seller list...

King: Wonderful. I love it.

Rhoh: Have there been any film offers?

King: Lorimar bought it for Sydney Pollack to direct, and it would be produced by Paul Monash, who produced the film of *Carrie*, and also written by Monash. And if for some reason Monash's screenplay was unacceptable, or Monash had to leave the picture, I'd get second shot. Or at least we're trying to work that detail out. That's not in the deal that we skyped, but we're going to try to get that. They bought it for well in excess of a quarter of a million dollars. They paid good money for it, so I'm hoping to see a front line theatrical film out of it—depending on how fast they move. And that's the deal.

Rhoh: In "Strawberry Spring" you write about Springfield Jack. The few mentions of Springfield Jack that I've run across seem to indicate that he was a mythical British character who was luminous and was witnessed leaping twenty-five or thirty feet.

King: Yeah. That's him! That's him! My Springfield Jack is a cross between Jack the Ripper and a mythical stranger—like Burke and Hare or somebody like that.

Rhoh: But you embellished that history?

King: Yeah, right. I did. Robert Bloch has also done some of this embellishing, and he mentions Springfield Jack in a third context. He's like Plastic Man or Superman—a weird folk hero.

Rhoh: I think it was a nonfiction UFO book where I first encountered a description of him suggesting that he was...

King: ...A creature from outer space. [See Jacques Bergier's *Extraterrestrial Visitation from Prehistoric Times to the Present*, New American Library, 1974.]

Rhoh: What happened to the *Night Shift* TV anthology pilot [a planned trilogy of "Strawberry Spring," "I Know What You Need," and "Battleground"]?

King: It's not going to be done for TV because NBC rated it... too gruesome, too violent, too intense. It's the atmosphere of TV today; five years ago it would have been done, but the standards and practices people just said, "No." What's going on now is that the production company people have gone to Martin Poll in New York, and he would like to produce it. So we'll see what happens. I don't think anybody's falling over themselves to do it right now.

Rhoh: But "Battleground" seems more like a story that would work in a Milton Subotsky film rather than being grouped with the stories set in a college town.

King: The way this works out is that I can see a lot of possibilities that just can't be realized because people take these options in a human-ecumen way, and then they're out on it. We discussed this with the folks for NBC. There's a rooming house in the town, and the bit runs from "Battleground" lives in this rooming house. The premise is that reality is

thinner in this town, and things are weird in this one particular place. There are forces which focus on this town and cause things to happen. On the other hand, there's another college story, set on a mythical campus, Horlicks University, called "The Crate." It was published in *Gallery* [July, 1979]—and that's the third college story. So you have "Strawberry Spring," "The Crate," and "I Know What You Need," which are all really set on the same campus. They are called by different names because I invented Horlicks later. They'd make a beautiful trilogy together, but there's no way that we can do that because George Romero owns "The Crate," and these other people own the other two.

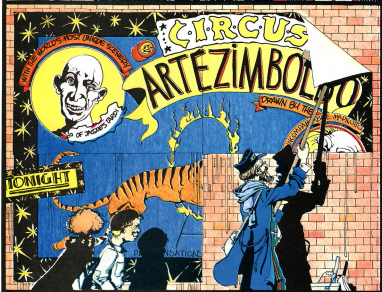
Bhob: Kubrick's film of *The Shining* reportedly replaces your topiary animals with a hedge maze, an idea you had originally considered. On page 203 of the book, there's a mention of hedge billboards in Vermont. Do these exist and is this what inspired your topiary?

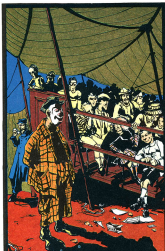
King: They're really there. The idea for the hedge maze is really Kubrick's and not mine. I had considered it, but then I realized it had been done in the movie *The Maze* [1953] with Richard Carlson, and I rejected the maze idea for that reason. I have no knowledge as to whether or not Kubrick has ever seen that movie or if he'd even considered that or if it just happens to be coincidence. The billboards advertise some kind of ice cream; they're on Route 2 in Vermont. As you come across this open space where there are no trees, you can look across this rolling meadow to the land which I assume that the ice cream factory owns. The words of the ad have been clipped out of hedges. To hype the contrast, these hedges have been surrounded with white crushed stone so that the letters just leap right out at you. You know the first time you see them that there's something very peculiar about them, and then you realize, as you get closer, that it may be one of the world's few living signs—because they're hedges. But I got the idea for the topiary from Camden, Maine—where *Peyton Place* [1957] was filmed. You come down Route 1, you go through Camden, and there are several houses there that have clipped shrubs. They're not clipped into the shapes of animals, but they're clipped into very definite geometric shapes. There's a hedge that's clipped to look like a diamond. That was my first real experience with the topiary. There is a topiary at Disney World where the hedges are clipped to look like animals, but I saw that long after the book was published. In some ways, I like Kubrick's idea to use a maze. Because it's been pointed out to me—and I think there's some truth to this—that the hedge animals in my novel are the only outward empiric supernatural event that goes on in the book. Everything else can be taken as the hotel actually working on people's minds. That is to say, nothing is going on outwardly. It's all going on inwardly, and it's spreading from Danny to Jack and, finally, to Wendy, who is the least imaginative of the three. But the hedge animals are *real*, apparently, because they cut open Danny's leg at one point in the book. Later on, when Halloran comes up the mountain, they attack him. They are really, really *there*. Kubrick told me, and he's told other people as well, that his only basis for taking the hedge animals out was because they would be difficult to do with the special effects—to make it look real. My thinking is that maybe the maze is better because maybe the maze can be used in that same kind of interior way. A person could get into a maze and just be unable to get out and gradually get the idea that the maze was deliberately keeping him in, that it was changing its passages—like the mirror maze in *Something Wicked This Way Comes*.

Next issue, as the release date of Kubrick's *The Shining* moves one month closer, we continue to talk with Stephen King. See you then. ●









LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

TONIGHT YOU WILL HAVE THE CHANCE TO OBSERVE AN EXCEPTIONAL ACT, UNIQUE IN ITS FIELD, WHICH WILL BE EXECUTED FOR YOU AND IN FRONT OF YOU BY AN ARTIST OF INTERNATIONAL FAME. ★ I REFER TO—

Marcello Deplum



FOR THIS EXTRAORDINARY ACT TO SUCCEED, HOWEVER, THE CO-OPERATION OF ONE SPECTATOR IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY—

LIKE... HERE, THIS GENTLEMAN WHO, I'M SURE, WILL BE TOTALLY CHARMED TO AID OUR ARTIST.







AND SO THE SPECTACLE
ENDS! WE HOPE THAT
WE HAVE ENTERTAINED
YOU WITH OUR AMUSE-
MENTS...AND LONG LIVE
THE ARTISTS WHO
WORKED TONIGHT FOR
THE JOY OF BOTH THE
YOUNG AND THE OLD...



...WITHOUT DISPLEASED
ANYONE! THE CIRCUS
IS NOT DEAD,
IT IS CERTAINLY
LIVING!

THANK YOU, THANK
★... ALL OF YOU...
LONG LIVE THE BIG TOP!

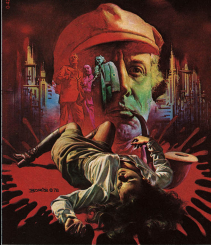


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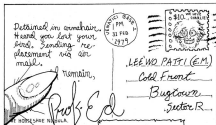
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the children's hour



—And Russ, can you get me a cup o' tea?



Fall!



FOR ROBIN...



Your Bugtown is so huge it must have a government to overthrow!

Meet your new ruler.

Henry—nice to see you back in town...

Hi, Ed. Fancy my returning in time to save Boche and liberate my conquered hometown.

And you'd better acknowledge my victory before Boche—

Yes, isn't circumstantial evidence curious. Leave his army alone though, Henry, please?

Their panic will spice up the areas they've razed in their attack.

Anarchy is Bugtown's only rule.

—Dies—

Now, what am I going to do about the tree nuts in the Sector O hills...?

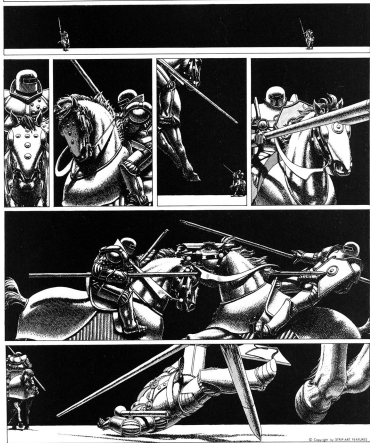
BANG
BANG
AND
BANG
AGAIN

It may stop, but it never ends.

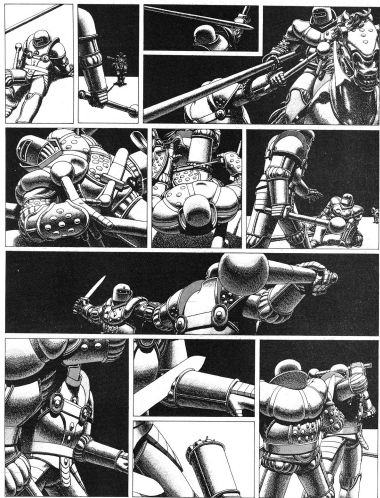
SURVIVAL

Artist: MINDO LLC

Writer: LEE USURY

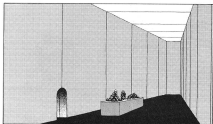


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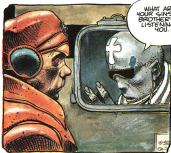




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THE ROAD TO RUIN

BY BILL





TEXT: PHOEBE DE LA VARECH — ART: BILAL



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: The Collector's Edition, with the debut of Mandrake's "Agnostic Confessions," "Duck's Den," "Duck's Den," and more. (\$5.00)

#4/AUGUST, 1977: Last of Mandrake's "Agnostic Confessions," also the final installment of "Duck's Den." (\$5.00)

#1/OCTOBER, 1977: Edition by Thomas Burgess Mandrake's "Agnostic Confessions," "Duck's Den," and "Duck's Den." (\$5.00)

#1/DECEMBER, 1978: More Mandrake's "Agnostic Confessions," "Duck's Den," and "Duck's Den." (\$5.00)

#2/MAY, 1977: Russian astronaut, Roger the parrot, "Conquering America," the ultimate 500 festival, and more. (\$4.00)

#3/AUGUST, 1977: The saga of Professor begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "The World Apart" and "Duck's Den" resumes. (\$3.00)

#4/OCTOBER, 1977: New Italian film, one also seen by Mandrake and Professor, concludes for "Professor" and "World Apart." (\$3.00)

#1/FEBRUARY, 1978: New adventures of Mandrake, "Agnostic Confessions," "Duck's Den," and "Duck's Den." (\$5.00)

#1/JUNE, 1977: Mandrake's "Agnostic Confessions," the highly praised "Duck's Den," the beginning of "Duck's Den," "Duck's Den," "Duck's Den," and more. (\$3.00)

#2/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zinzany has a short story, Mandrake's "Agnostic Confessions," "Duck's Den," and "Duck's Den." (\$3.00)

#3/OCTOBER, 1977: Extra report for the complete "Agnostic Confessions," "Duck's Den," "Duck's Den," and "Duck's Den." (\$3.00)

#1/MARCH, 1978: Mandrake's "Duck's Den" makes a debut, Mandrake's "Duck's Den," and "Duck's Den." (\$3.00)

NASH THE SLASH

continued from page 6

track for "Baba O'Riley," which is taped.)

What is perhaps most amazing is the range of sounds he evokes from two such unlikely—for rock—instruments as the violin and mandolin. "The secret of the mandolin is the tuning," he points out. "There are eight strings, and these are paired and tuned exactly like the four strings on the violin. Unlike a twelve-string guitar, where the paired strings are tuned an octave apart, the paired strings on the mandolin are tuned to the same note. But, inevitably, in the course of a performance, those strings each go a little out of tune, and since they're slightly out of tune with each other in each pair, you get a richer, fatter sound."

But, it's not really that simple, since Nash can hold his violin like a guitar and flail away at it in classic Townshend style, producing the kind of raw, gut-wrenching power one associates entirely with guitar. (Nash doesn't play the guitar—"I never learned.")

"Power chords," he offers as an explanation. "Every great rock band, from the Who to King Crimson, used power chords. That's the real difference between a band like King Crimson and a band like Yes. Yes didn't use power chords." They bring a raw energy and excitement to his music, contrasting with the machine rhythms and scoring a sense of the human element.

This philosophy also underlies the split that occurred between Nash and the band with which he first recorded, FM.

Nash is a Canadian, a resident of Toronto. His training on the violin goes back to the age of nine, but even as he was learning classical violin he was listening to classic rock and roll, such as Jerry Lee Lewis and others of that era. In 1966 he formed his first band, Breakdown, with whom he played for five years. The band is still spoken of with both awe and affection by knowledgeable Canadian fans of progressive rock.

In 1974 Nash went solo for the first time. It was at this point that he took the name Nash the Slash.

"I saw this old movie, Laurel and Hardy's *Do Dancers Think?*, made in 1918, and in it they're the detectives and they're tracking down this criminal, who is called Nash the Slash. It was perfect!"

In 1976 Nash formed a duo with bass and keyboards man Cameron Hawkins, and this became FM. A year later they expanded to a trio, adding Martin Deller on drums. In November 1977, they recorded their first album, *Black Noise*. No one in Canada wanted to release it, but they found a label in the States, and *Black Noise* was released by Jive Records' Visa label. It was then picked up in Canada by GRT, where it promptly sold 50,000

copies and "went gold". (Unfortunately, GRT subsequently went bankrupt, depriving the group of a portion of its earnings.) Although the album got little airplay here, it also enjoyed a modest success in the US. But by then Nash had left FM to pick up this solo career once again. He left the trio, in fact, only a month after *Black Noise* was recorded. In December 1977.

"It was a difference of musical directions. I guess you could say. If you want to put it in parallel, I was pursuing a King Crimson thing, and Cameron was into a Yes thing." Power chords, again.

FM has recorded two subsequent albums, using Nash's friend, Ben Mink, whom he introduced to the band, as his replacement on violin and mandolin. One was a limited pressing, direct-to-disk album, which is difficult to find. The other was the very recently released *Surveillance on Arica*.

Nash recorded a twelve-inch EP, *Redside Compulsion*, and set up his own label, Cut-Throat Records, to release it. When you can find it, it's in the import bins. Nash set up his own independent distribution for the record.

He released a full album, *Dreams and Nightmares*, also on Cut-Throat, in late 1979, and has plans for two more to be released in 1980. *Dreams and Nightmares* does not reflect my live show. It's made up of music I put together over the past couple of years for visual shows—paintings by Rob Vanderhoeft, photos by Paul Till, some dance pieces, and my own sound track for the classic film, *On Chien Aoudoua*. No vocals, all instrumental."

Nash has two—at least—vocal approaches in his live show: lyrics and wordless falsetto screams (inspired by an octave splitter that gives him an extra-high range). "My next album will be made up of live material, the stuff I do in my shows, like 'Children of the Night' and 'Anthrax Garage.' [The latter combines an insane boogie beat with electronics.] Then, as a sort of companion album—a complementary album—I'm going to do an album of covers of other people's music—really oddball stuff like the Kirk's 'Who'll Be the Next in Line', 'Jan and Dean, that sort of thing.' He yells.

Nash not only records himself, he is his own manager. He is, in nearly every sense, a one-man band, although he gives full credit to Stephen Pollard for his stage show visuals and to his occasional lyricist, Tilly Danneris. He has taken Robert Fripp's dictum that the modern rock musician should be a "small, mobile, independent unit" to heart, and he has already achieved considerable success for himself.

Nash the Slash is clearly ready for the eighties. It is to be hoped that the eighties will be ready for him.

—Ted White

Photograph by Brad Bellour



MUZICK by Lou Stathis

continued from page 6

since its leadenness and power, achievable only with amplification. Rock has done a better job than science fiction of keeping itself vital by not restricting its vision to the forward direction, but by also looking outward and actively assimilating external influences. Rock began as a bastard form, and it will live only so long as it interbreeds with other forms. That's been the course of its history so far—alternating periods of dedication (early '60s, mid '70s) and vitality (mid '60s, late '70s) as mainstream artists ignore what's going on around them, and then suddenly discover that those obnoxious extremists might actually have something there after all. The old fans then either steal the artists' licks and co-opt their success, or produce the "snoopy kids' records and force record company people (not noted for their foresight) into releasing them. Or, equally as likely, someone new comes along to soften the sound or otherwise make the innovation more palatable to the mass taste, and consequently makes a bundle.

Dragging this rock/SP parallel still further, both have seen a division develop at their respective points of maturity. I don't mean stylistic diversification (that happens from the very beginning), but the two divisions of rock/SP for adolescents (Blondie, Generation X, 999, Ramones, *Heat Solo* or *Ravenous's* *End*, anything by Alan Dean Foster, and, for that matter, just about any SP published by Del Ray Books), and the staff for adults, preferably adults with some sparks in their synapses (King Crimson, Ultravox, Eno, Magazine, Peter Dinklage and Van der Graaf Generator, Brian Auger, J.G. Ballard, Ian Watson, Christopher Priest, Dickie Baugh, D. G. Company, and Philip K. Dick). Especially interesting are the rare examples who actually grow before our eyes from one division into the other in the course of their respective careers—Michael Moorcock, David Bowie, the Beatles (who single-handedly pulled rock into adulthood), John Banarer, Frederik Pohl, Robert Wyatt, Peter Townshend, and Robert Silverberg.

The most interesting rock muzick being made today is made by/for adults—who have synthesized a balanced integration of all that is adult and all that is adolescent in rock. The fusion of energy and intellect. These esteemed personages are also mutant-assimilators—humans who can digest and utilize new technology, disparate musical philosophies, and present-remote interdisciplinary modes of thought. As any authentic outlaw art must be, rock is constantly changing, always different, never formalized—there is always that bubbling undercurrent of malevolence, always something to make the complacent nervous. Around us are arrayed a bewildering assortment of types practicing the form: almost as many practitioners as there are styles—most of them converging, obvious, or, at least, uninterested in what the others are doing. No question in my mind that rock will have continuing relevance through the '80s and beyond. Not in its currently recognizable form, no doubt, but it'll be rock, alright. What'll it sound like? I certainly don't know, but my guess is that in the near future, at least, it will be some mixture of punk feminism, dance muzick, and textual electronics. Keep your ears clean.

Duty Now for the Future

The 1980 Future-Mutant's Core Record Collection

Eno: The Man. Anything. Period.

Dave: The pioneers of punk feminism. As hilarious as they are interesting, and a gas to watch. Q: Are



©1992 DC

We Not Mex? A: *We Are Devo* and *Duty Now for the Future* (both available domestically on Warner Bros. though the Virgin import packages are much nicer), and the three early singles: "Mongoloid"/"Jacko Home," "Satisfaction"/"Sloppy," and "Be Stiff"/"Social Fools."

David Bowie: Getting on in years, but can still answer the door: *Low*, *Heroes*, and *The Lodger*—his last three, and best, courtesy of massive jolts of "Enochianism."

Ultravox: One of the first bands to turn their instruments to "Enoize." *Ultravox!* (domestic Island label, discomfiant), *Ha, Ha, Ha* (import blind, difficult to find), *Systems of Romance* (a masterpiece, domestic Aniflex), numerous singles: "Rock on!"/"Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Young Savage"/"Slipway," and a truly isolated live EP called "Live Retro." They have since been dumped in Japan in the UK and have changed vocalists.

Magazine: Howard Devoto's paranoid alteration set to a dreamlike, Romyesque score. *Real Life* and *Secondhand Daylight* (both domestic Virgin International) and some savage singles: "Shot by Both Sides"/"My Mind Ain't so Open," "Tweak and Go"/"Goldfinger," "Give Me Everything"/"I Love You, You Big Dummy," "Rhythm of Cracks"/"TV Baby" (all imports).

Gary Numan and Tubeway Army: The man who has turned the Eno/Bowie/Ultravox sound into a chart success in UK. *Replicas* (domestic Ace/ Beggars Banquet), *The Pleasure Principle* (import Beggars Banquet only at this point, but probably domestic by the time you read this). Two great singles: "Are Friends Electric?"/"We Are So Fragile" and "Cars"/"Asylum."

Bill Nelson's Red Noise: Former leader of Be Bop Deluxe comes out of the closet. Obviously he's been listening to some Eno and new wave. A bit studied but rewarding nonetheless. *Sound as Sound* (domestic Capitol, dumped just after its release)

and "Pumice Music"/"Wonderboys (that Last Forever)" and "Acquainted by Miram" (two songs of synthetic reggae on the B side).

XTC: Parveying Andy Partridge's own unique blend of twisted pop. *White Music*, *Go 2*, *Drums and Wires* (all imported Virgin, the third on Virgin Atlantic) and at least half a dozen spectacular singles.

Talking Heads: Mutated dance music that even readers of *Rolling Stone* can snap their feet to. *Talking Heads 77*, *More Songs about Buildings and Food*, and *Fear of Music* (all on Sire). The first is wimpy and boring, the following two are fascinating and catchy (with *The Man* presiding).

The Contortions and/or James White and the Blacks: New wave discofunk led by an obsessive asshole who also calls himself "James Chance." An intriguing, tension-ridden display. *Bay Consortium*, and *James White and the Blacks' Off White* (both domestic on ZE/Arista).

The Urban Verbs: From our nation's capital, and squarely in the Romy mold. Albums probably released on Warner Brothers by the time you read this.

The Normal: One of the great electropunk singles of all time. "TVOD"/"Warm Leatherette" (domestic Sire).

The Silicon Teens: This is electropop. "Morphis, Tennessee"/"Let's Dance" is *Mute Records* import.

Cowboys International: Bouncy pop-dance music with an electronic chase. *Original Sin* (Virgin import).

Pere Ubu: Twisted new wave/Captain Beefheart from Cleveland. *The Modern Dance* (Black Records, hard to find), *Dub Housing* (domestic Chrysalis), and *New Plastic Time* (import Chrysalis only, at this point).

More next time.

COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 7

Such a fate, of course, was still a ways down the road in 1965 and 1966 as the idea of a counterculture—an alternative, oppositional culture challenging the mainstream—was just forming.

JFK's assassination, the Watts and Detroit riots, and the growing Vietnam War had already scored a break with the repressed calm of the fifties. Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll (the three bobbyhooseans of the apocalypse) were to guarantee that there would be no turning back.

It was probably only natural that the young cartoonists, whose beginnings in *Satire Fandom* and the college humor magazines of the early sixties would end up in the counterculture. The cartoonists' penchant for social satire and "sick" humor found their first outlets for their work in the conservative world of slick publishing. The Underground (UG) Press, which sprung up in the major cities around 1966, welcomed them with open arms.

The UG Press of course was never really "underground" in the sense of "secret and clandestine," yet the paranoid camaraderie of early dope smokers, acidheads, and war protesters lent a certain credence to the term—and it stuck. Linked by the informal agreements of the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), the UG papers could reprint art and text from each other without charge, a practice that led to work by Crumb, Shelton, Williamson, and others being read all over the country by millions of people. Financial rewards were usually nonexistent, but the exposure seemed to make up for it.

In Berkeley, Joel Beck and John Thompson cartooned for the *Berkeley Bash*, one of the earliest and most sensationalist UG papers. In Chicago, Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson drew comics and covers for the *Chicago Seed*. Ron Cobb penned the best political cartoons of the decade for the *LA Free*



Do you want to talk about it?



What kind of job can I get? I don't know how to do anything.



You know computer assembly languages--you can do line treatments and voice switching.



But I only do that in my spare time.

Prem. However, the UG paper that undoubtedly played the biggest role in the growth of comics was the East Village Other (EVO) in New York.

EVO was founded in late 1965 by Walter Biewart, John Wilcock, and others living in the budding cultural scene on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Early on it distinguished itself from the increasingly staid Village Voice by reveling in Alfred Hitchcock's macabre, apocalyptic visions, visceral writing, and chaotic layout. It was a heady brew, and a vital ingredient was comics.

Bill Beckerman's "Captain High" and Fancyska's "Gentle's Trip-out," along with occasional strips by Biewart himself (signed S. Dangerfield), were EVO's first comics in '65 and '66. At this point, Spain Rodriguez, a Marxist member of the Road Veterans Motorcycle Club out of Buffalo, New York, began visiting EVO periodically and doing spot illustrations. Spain's art was still crude, but Biewart saw possibilities and commissioned him to do a whole comic book. Zodiaf Moudouze was the result, a one-shot comic hybrid that came out in late '66. Zodiaf's sales were disappointing, but Spain became an EVO regular, his style improving by leaps and bounds over the course of the next year.

The summer of '66 was the season of the Levitt Spoolfests' "Summer in the City." It was also the

time when Trina Robbins moved to New York City and walked through EVO's doors. Originally raised in Queens, Trina had spent the last several years in Los Angeles designing clothes for rock stars and the burgeoning musical scene there. Joni Mitchell aficionados may have noticed that Trina is one of the ladies of the caryen in Joni's song. I In New York she opened a successful boutique called Broccoli on East Fourth Street and contributed the cartoon adventures of "Sassy Shangodules" to EVO.

By early '67 the East Village was thriving in its scruffy way. Head shops and vegetarian restaurants were firmly wedged in between old Ukrainian social clubs and Puerto Rican groceries. Spain moved to the neighborhood for good and Kim Deitch also arrived. Deitch, the son of the creator of the Tom Terrific cartoons and an old friend of Bill Griffith's from art-school days in '62, decided to try his hand at comics and originated "Sunshine Girl" for EVO. Sunshine was literally a "flower child," with a strange sunflowerlike head. There were plenty of psychedelic optical effects floating out of the panels. Given the tenor of the strip, it was probably not totally coincidental that Sunshine shared her name with a favored brand of LSD.

Eventually Kim and Spain were put on salary at

EVO (a big forty dollars a week), in return for which they each supplied a weekly page of comics and assisted in layout, design, and illustration. Spain created his resident Trudman. Agent of the FBI In'ter-VU—a classically naive revolutionary hero battling a fascist police state of the future. Kim produced a host of characters, including Wabbs the Cat, Uncle Ed the India Rubber Man (who bore a distinct likeness to the Michelin tire man), and the Laughing Cow (a cheese trademark now converted into a Cheshire catlike archetype).

Meanwhile, all hell was breaking loose in San Francisco. Copious amounts of acid had triggered an outpouring of hallucinogenic music and art. The rock shows at the Avalon and Fillmore were weekly places to be and, as mentioned in the last issue of AM, the posters for the shows often outdid the music itself for lush hypnotic beauty. In contrast to the mainstream graphic design of the time that emphasized crisp, stark type and photos geometrically arranged on a Swiss conceptualized grid system, the rock posters radiated hand lettering, sinuous, organic designs, and electric color clashes. After seeing the art of Kelly/Morse, Victor Moscoso, and Rick Griffin it was hard to tell whether the eidetic images one saw with closed eyes on acid just happened to resemble their

fashioning designs, or whether their art had forever after influenced one's hallucinations.

Posters were booming, and it soon became apparent that as much money could be made from selling the posters for the events as from the events themselves. The Print Mint, originally a fine-art print store in Berkeley, was one of the local firms to get into poster sales in a big way. A national distribution network of head shops, poster outlets, and bookstores was developed... a network that would come in handy when the Print Mint started publishing UG comic.

All this graphic excitement had a way of attracting artists hoping to make their mark to San Francisco. Robert Crumb was perhaps the most famous immigrant, but there were others. Many of them ended up helping build the UG comic movement. Greg Irons, expelled from high school in Pennsylvania, arrived in early '67 and produced posters for local concerts and events before setting off for Europe. Jim O'Brien, quitting his position as management trainee with W.T. Grant's in Texas, came to town as Irons left and soon became one of the first of the new cartoonists.

1967 was also the year that John Thompson moved to the Bay Area. John had an art major and political cartoonist for the school paper at UC Davis, as well as active in antiwar and Student

Nonviolent Coordinating Committee politics. After he began tripping in early '67, his cartoon subject matter increasingly shifted from the political to the mystical and visionary. John was a prolific poster artist for local events, and in mid-October he did four posters for the Print Mint: surreal cityscapes populated with naked cyclopes. One of those posters was to become the cover of his *The Kingdom of Weaves It Within You* comic, published by the Print Mint two years later.

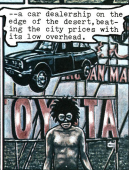
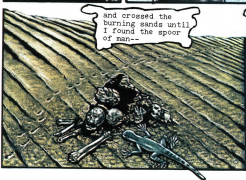
There is a moment on acid where one thinks, "Maybe this will go on forever!" But of course it doesn't. The summer of '67 was the much hyped "Summer of Love" during which thousands of runaways and youthful escapees from suburbia flocked to the Haight. Some were undoubtedly on a kind of incense spiritual pilgrimage, while others may simply have come for the reputed drugs and fun. Whatever the case, the intensity of their numbers helped choke the spontaneity and vitality of the very scene they came to enjoy. In response, many of the original hip locals started packing up for the country, tired of urban crowding and hoping for a quieter life in rural communes.

Enter Zap #1 and underground comics. Is retrospect seems fitting that the sudden blossoming of UG comics—of comics for heads and the hip—should happen after the San Francisco scene had

peaked. What better time to sit back and learn to laugh at yourself and your subculture than in the potentially depressing period following the Big Bazz. Certainly much of the attraction of Robert Crumb's early work was its ability to both express that era and gently mock it at the same time.

Crumb had already begun producing zoned comics before Zap #1 was published in February 1968. The previous year he had several pages of strips in EVO and had done a special one-man comic issue of *Yerrowastalk*, a literary magazine out of Philadelphia. Encouraged by the magazine's publisher to draw up his own comic book, Crumb produced Zap and sent it to the publisher. The publisher's and Crumb's originals disappeared. Undaunted, Crumb drew a second issue, which became the official Zap #1.

Don Donahue was a native San Franciscan with an ambition to be a publisher. A friend of his, poet Charlie Fyrmel, had a *Multilish* 1250 press. The two were excited by Crumb's work in *Yerrowastalk* and EVO, so when Donahue met Crumb at the end of 1967 he offered to publish him. Don arranged for Charlie to print 5,000 copies of Zap #1 in trade for Don's tape recorder. Donahue, Crumb, and Crumb's wife, Dana, collated and stapled the issues and went down to Haight Street, where they sold them for twenty-five cents each out of a baby



carriage.

Meanwhile, back in the world of posters, the boom was over. Moscoso and Griffin had been doing these weekly for over two years and were ready for something new—comic. Griffin was no stranger to comic art, having drawn "Morph the Seal" several years before for a southern California surfing magazine. Moscoso, coming from a fine-art background, tackled comics with the same aesthetic spirit he had brought to the posters. Art was where you made it—why not in comic books?

S. Clay Wilson took San Francisco by storm the same month that Zap #1 came out. Raised in Nebraska, educated in art and anthropology at the University of Nebraska, Wilson ended up living in Lawrence, Kansas, and working as a model for drawing classes at the university there. A compulsive cartoonist since grade school, he already had a sophisticated drawing style by the mid '60s. In 1967 he drew a portfolio of twenty drawings that was published in a limited edition by a small press in Lawrence. It was powerful stuff—scenes of battling bikers, scummy prizes, and horrific portraits.

Myself, originally from Kansas, was a friend of the publisher of the portfolio. When Wilson hit San Francisco he looked him up. One thing led to another, and Donohue introduced Wilson to Crumb. In Crumb's own words, "I was just completely

blitzkrieged by the guy. I'd never seen anything like those drawings of his before."

The two cartoonists conferred with the two poster artists and decided to make Zap #2 a group production. Spirits were high and momentum was building. Where it might lead to was hard to say, but something was in the air.

John Thompson was friends with Joel Beck, and the two of them discussed the idea of a weekly underground paper composed entirely of comics. As a tribute to the early days of comic art, they planned to call it *Puck*, the *Yellow Kid*. Don Schenker, at the *Print Mint*, had already published Beck's art and was now involved with publishing Zap #2, so he was approached by Thompson and Beck in April 1968. Their original title could not be used for copyright reasons, so Schenker renamed the paper *Yellow Dog*.

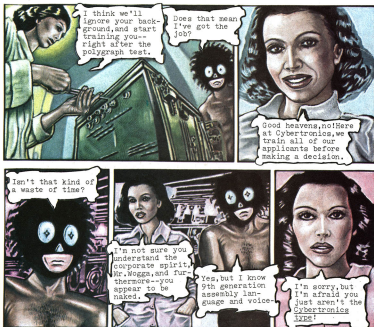
Published "as weekly as possible," *Yellow Dog* initially consisted of four tabloid-size pages selling for fifteen cents. Crumb contributed the cover and a "Mr. Natural" strip. Thompson did the first of many "Spiritual Stag Films" (starring Sam Goddard and Beck did a Disney satire with Mickey and Donald as alcoholics). Andy Martin, a UC Berkeley architectural student, rounded out the editorial crew with a Steadmanish strip about Professor Asshole Manzyer.

Yellow Dog soon doubled in size, raised its price to twenty-five cents, and totally abandoned set attempts at a weekly schedule. The list of contributors expanded rapidly to include Wilson, Griffin, and Moscoso. Jim Osborne's densely detailed strips first appeared in #5, while Robert Williams (soon to be a Zap regular) turned up in #7. As the first real "open" UG comic, *Yellow Dog* played a key role in encouraging new artists and keeping the ball rolling.

Copies of Zap were wending their way around the US and having a significant effect on the cartoonists who had known of each other's work since the days of *Hop!* In Austin, Texas, Gilbert Shelton was drawing "The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers" for his local UG paper, *The Rag*. A copy of Zap #1 fell into his hands in early '68 and inspired Shelton to collect his own strips into a self-published comic—*Freaks and Meats*.

In Chicago, Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson, friends from the days of *Satire Fandom*, were publishing the *Chicago Mirror*, a "humor magazine for hippies." Puns on acid shared the pages with surrealistic comic strips and gag cartoons. The *Mirror's* quality was mixed, at best. Lynch and Williamson were struggling to put out the third issue during the summer of '68, when Crumb came to Chicago for a visit. Jay and his wife, Jane, had





To Be Continued

already been corresponding with Crumb, and it was only natural that Crumb would stay with them while visiting. With an amazing black-bound sketchbook full of ideas, drawings, and strips, as well as copies of the new *Zip #2* in hand, Crumb was, whether intentionally or not, a highly inspiring figure.

Comix was the wave of the future, not humor magazines! *The Mirror's* third issue was its last. *Rip's* *Funnies* was the new project, rising from the *Mirror's* ashes.

It was at this point that I enter into the chronology. Eighteen and fresh out of suburban high school, where I had been editor of a student underground paper, I contacted Lynch about doing cartoons for the *Mirror*. As the *Mirror* became *Rip's*, I was with Ray, Stop, and Crumb, and was invited to contribute a strip. "New Left Funnies" was the result—a rapidographed attempt at political satire stylistically inspired by Shelton, Crumb, Lynch, and Williamson, who were all present in the issue. The sixth cartoonist represented was Dave Herring, a friend of mine from our early days in Comix Funnies.

Rip's #1 was labeled "Adults Only" on the cover, though a casual glance at its overwhelmingly wholesome contents makes one wonder why.

Sex, drugs, and politics were all rather obliquely present, but the general tone was one of slightly naughty giddiness perhaps typified by the back cover's command: "Don't woe woe on yer Tee Vee set." Over the course of its next several issues, *Rip's* contents would get considerably bolder, but good solid laughs remained the number-one priority.

Next month: Part Three: So Long to the Sixties.

New Publications

A couple of new comic from Kitchen Sink are worth your attention. *Dupe Comic #3* is the best nose jet of this blatantly risqué comic. While, in general, I've come to find drug humor rather tedious, *Dupe #3* either sidesteps the usual clichés or satirizes them in a wholly enjoyable fashion. Howard Chase and Steve Sikes each do anecdotal stories about "true" LSD incidents that veer off into fantasy at key points, while Dan Steffen does a crazy tale of a Good Humor man who gets frozen in the back of his truck and wakes up in the thirty-sixth century. New cartoonist Joe Schwend debuts in this issue with several impressive pages, including a two-page photo-collage strip with a narrative reminiscent of Kurosawa and Barroths meeting in a dark

alley. *Rip* and *Whitney* also contribute amazing strips, but the issue's real dazzler is a six-page tribute to the old Merrie Melody animated cartoons by Doug Hansen, entitled "A Night in a Head Shop." In classic fashion, the shop's products and rodent inhabitants come alive at night and stage a battle royale. What could be an exercise in kitsch is pulled off with flying colors by Hansen, establishing him at last as an artist fully in command of the medium.

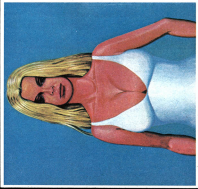
Also from Kitchen comes *The Beach's Power Pak Comics* by Aline Kominsky-Crumb. In mind-boggling detail, Aline leads us through the autobiographical adventures of her alter ego, the Beach. Over half the comic is devoted to Beach's girlfriend with her parents, Blabene and Amie, on Long Island. Aline's sense of humor manages to dwell on the particularly grotesque incidents until an aura of absurdity envelops the whole comic. Stylistically, the art is simultaneously crude and sophisticated—which means you usually either love it or hate it. For my money you can't find a better hour's entertainment.

(Both *Dupe #3* and *Power Pak* retail for \$1 and should be available wherever underground comics are sold. If they're not, raise hell with your local dealer.)

The Heavy Metal Bookshelf: A Universe of Fantasy

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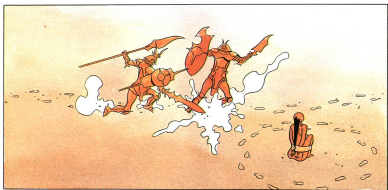
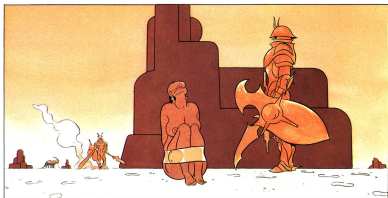
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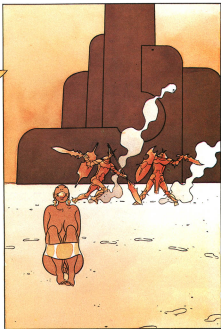
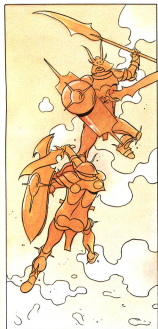
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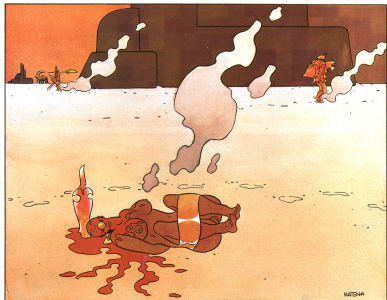
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