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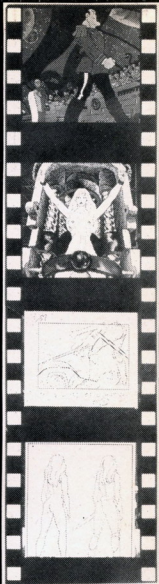
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Heavy Metal Animation Cel Portfolio

Heavy Metal Pencil Animation Portfolio



Heavy Metal Movie Portfolios of Original Art. We are proud to announce an entirely new concept for both portfolio and original art collectors. It is no secret that the fantasy/animation motion picture release of the fall is the eagerly awaited *Heavy Metal Movie*. This film is the result of a huge collaboration of creative talents, including over seventy animators from fourteen different countries. There are eight segments in the finished film, each inspired by a feature in the magazine. The portfolio consists of one original hand-painted animation cel from each segment. The cels have been carefully selected: they are all prime cels showing full figures or head-and-shoulder shots. There are no "throw-away" cels. Each cel will be embossed with a seal designating it as a part of this limited edition of 1,000 portfolios. Original animation-cels are highly collectable, and it is not unusual to see a single cel going for more than the entire cost of this portfolio.

The eight segments of the film are stories within themselves. "Soft Landing" is the opening sequence, which evolves into the "Grimaldi" story that is the key bridge between segments, the first of which is Richard Corben's "Den." This is Corben's long-running series from *Heavy Metal*, and the animators have gone to great lengths to translate Corben's unique graphics into an animated format. We are then treated to the farcical outer-space adventures of "Captain Stern," faithfully animated from Berni Wrightson's *Heavy Metal* story of the same name. On to "B-17," which is billed as the "first true EC-style horror story to be animated." The work is based on the art of Mike Ploog, who needs no introduction to comics or animation fans. The next feature is "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," which combines illustrator Angus McKie's intensely detailed backgrounds with a couple of Cheech-and-Chong-inspired space jockeys. Gimenez's "Harry Canyon" is a mind-bending trip through New York City of 2031. The climber of the film is the 27-minute "Taarna" sequence. This is a sequence that could only be animated: full of wild beasts and impossible events.

Here is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to own an actual frame from the movie. The package measures 11" x 14"; the majority of the cels are approximately 10" x 13". The portfolio is packaged in a full-color, numbered folder. No two are the same. This outstanding package will coincide with the new release date for the film.

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Back cover, And the Children Play, by **Tito Salamoni**

Tito Salamoni and George DeHoff are both represented by Will Stone Associates, San Francisco, California.

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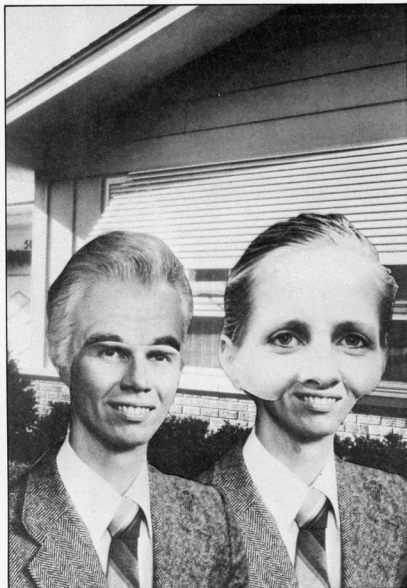
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EDITORIAL

Illustration by Christopher Hoffman



It's four months down the pike since the release of the *Heavy Metal* movie and we're still recovering. In the office we've now seen *Heavy Metal*—the magazine (after *Metal Hurlant*—the magazine), *Heavy Metal*—the movie, *Heavy Metal*—“the making of” book, *Heavy Metal*—the booklet, *Heavy Metal*—the poster, *Heavy Metal*—the record, *Heavy Metal*—the radio show, *Heavy Metal*—the T-shirt/satin jacket/bibs with studs (for you hard-core freaks), *Heavy Metal*—the promotion, *Heavy Metal*—the event (more to come on that), even *Heavy Metal*—the shopping bag.

And the beat goes on. Thanks to *Heavy Metal*...yeah, the movie, the record, most of America is now familiar with the name. Moms and dads think we plug in to the boom of heavy-metal savagery to start our workday. And they probably figure we strap in to our leather chaps and spurs the moment we walk in to our offices. But all is sedate here. There's a return to some semblance of normalcy.

Not so in the weeks and months of this year preceding the completion and release of the film. They weren't busy only in Montreal; we had our moments of mania too. Like the day Devo came to visit the offices and see a line test of the film. The Space Shuttle was landing and all were in an office viewing it on TV. Devo as well. That's when one secretary (she's not bright but she's got that ultra-bright smile) whispers, “They sure look normal...for Devo, don't they?” So we all met with little incident and only one autograph hunter.

We haven't stepped “beyond science fiction.” But we sure did learn a lot about ourselves and the machinations of media manipulation: how it's supposed to work and how it isn't. And we had our share of soirees along the way as well. We partied at NYC's Guggenheim Museum, where Columbia's premiere invited Cheap Trick to play two songs for ten minutes for oodles of dough. But this was the calm event compared to all the staff members and more whooping it up to dance bands like Joy Division and the Sugar Hill Gang at a local hot spot called (science-fictionally) Interferon. We never knew our business staff could move so well.

On to media manipulations. We won't get into all the preparations, mastications, and obfuscations that go along with trying to get hundreds of newspapers and magazines to run stories on the film (favorable, of

course), while planning all the advertising, marketing, and licensing in a short period of time. But the tables do get turned, when you're going from being media to being media event. Like when our staff was interviewed by a N.Y. *Daily News* reporter, nice enough woman and an earnest, occasional *HM* fan. Yet, to our minor consternation and chagrin, she misquoted and confused some of our comments. Julie said we don't consider *Heavy Metal* “heavy,” as in gawdawful-serious-man-just-look-at-them-muscles - and - see - her - get - it-wow tone but, as Brad said, maybe “heady.” We came out in print saying we took it awfully serious, like wow, man. And when Brad said don't use sci-fi because it's a pejorative term, he ended up sounding like a religious zealot in his defense of “sf.” Zealot maybe, but one can certainly understand from the

subject's point of view why so many rock performers complain of other writers' misquoting them.

And we witnessed associate producer Michael Gross in a curious exchange with a reporter during one of the roundtable interviews Columbia publicity had arranged. Let it be said beforehand, *Heavy Metal's* (the movie's) rather blatant frolic with S&M and bondage as well as its abundant display of buxom nude lasses didn't go unnoticed by the female members of the press. One woman reporter was most direct. “Don't you think,” she pointedly asked Gross, “that after spending millions of dollars and having millions of people go to see this you have some social responsibility toward certain issues such as feminism and exploitation of women?” Needless to say, it wasn't all Gross's doing. He said no. “We were just having fun,” then replied, “I guess when She passes judgment, we're going to burn in hell.” What else could be said?

“Obviously, She never reads the magazine,” whispered a friend-journalist. But now the magazine is under scrutiny as well. On our behalf, as well as the public's, we produced a new survey, which told us some surprising facts about you guys out there. The average *Heavy Metal* reader is approximately twenty-seven years old and has an income of \$29,000. With 65 percent having some college education, you read *Omni* and *Scientific American* as much as you do *Playboy*. Not bad for something that grew out of American comics as well as the French stuff.

—The Eds.

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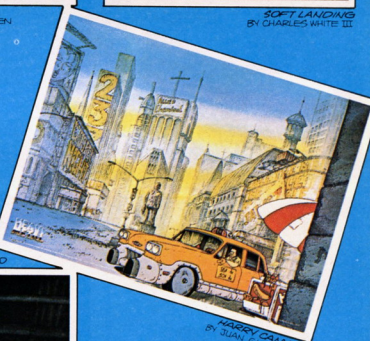
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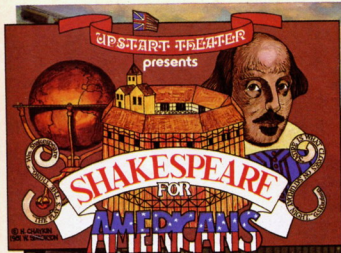
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MOTHER IS IN
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SUSPECTED YOU
WERE A SOILED
DOVE, BUT...
JESUS, MAW...



YOU DROVE MY SISTER
CRAZY AND KILLED MY PA.
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THERE'S NO WAY OF CONTROLLING HIM JUST NOW. BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY; HIS INSTINCTS WILL LEAD HIM TO WHERE THE LICHENS GROW, AND HE'LL STOP TO FEED ON THEM FOR A WHILE. IT SHOULD BE EASY TO REACH YOUR HUSBAND'S CASTLE FROM THERE.



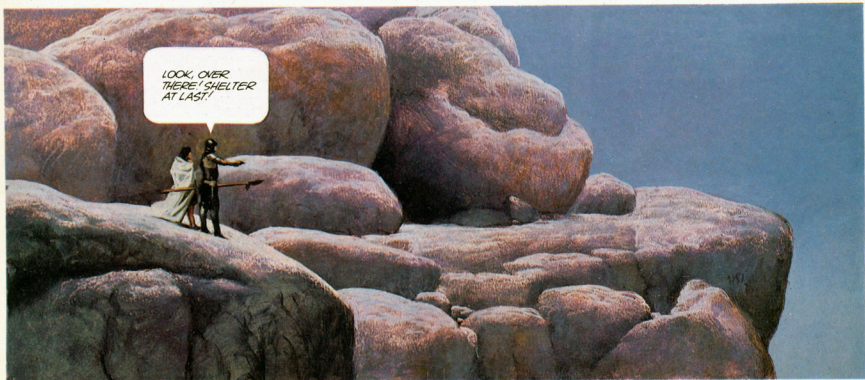
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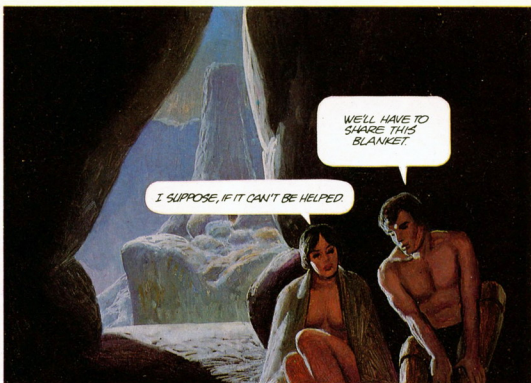
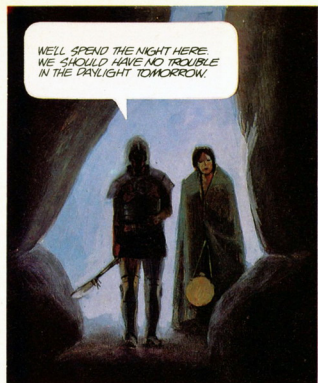


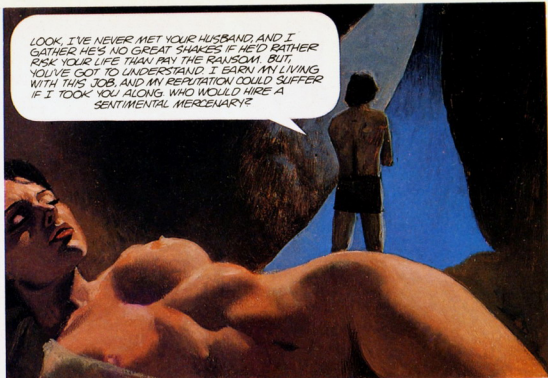
PERHAPS BUT I'D FEEL EVEN MORE NAKED THAN YOU ARE WITHOUT THEM.

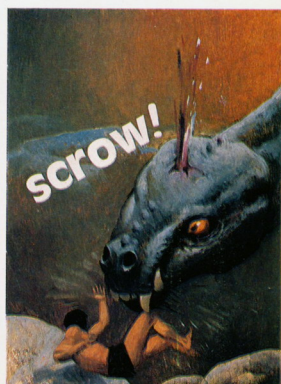
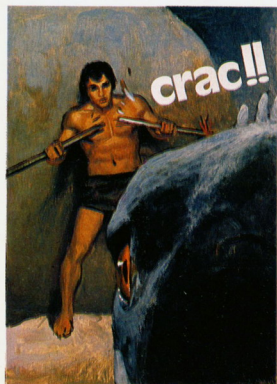


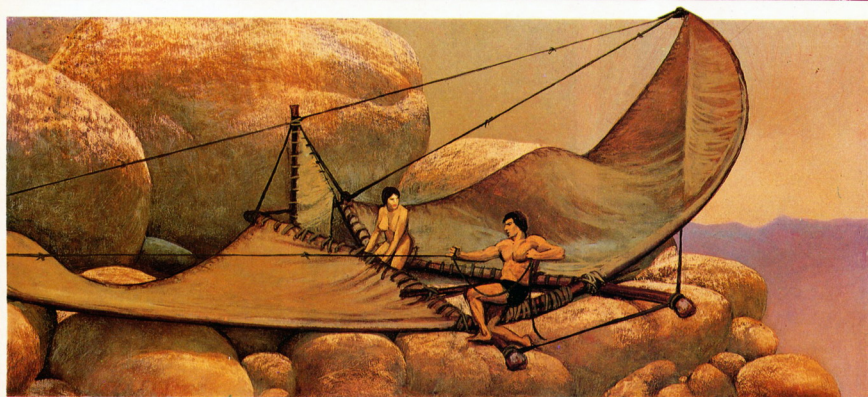
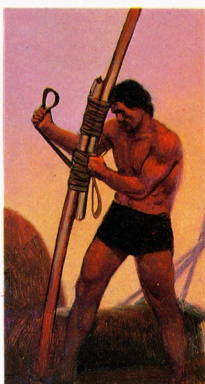
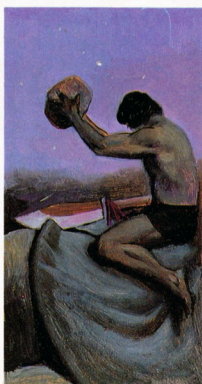
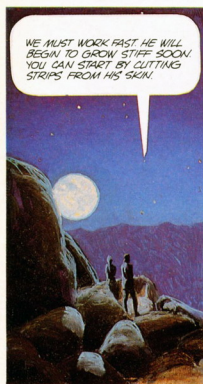
I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY US BOTH FOR TOO MUCH LONGER. AT THIS SPEED, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAINTAIN A STEADY COURSE.











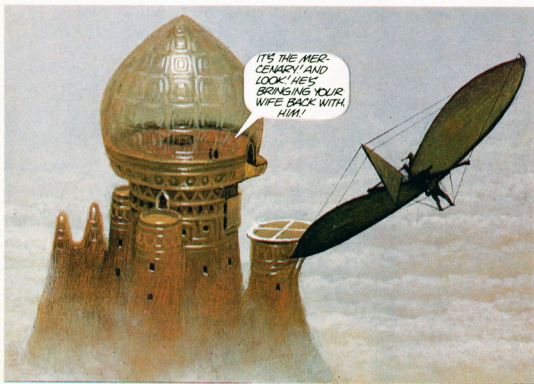


DO YOU HAVE TO PUT YOUR ARMOR ON AGAIN? YOU DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME.

DON'T WORRY THIS TIME WE'LL FLY. BESIDES, I'VE ALREADY LOST TOO MANY THINGS ON THIS JOB.



LOOK, THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND'S CASTLE!



IT'S THE MER-CENARY! AND LOOK! HE'S BRINGING YOUR WIFE BACK WITH HIM!



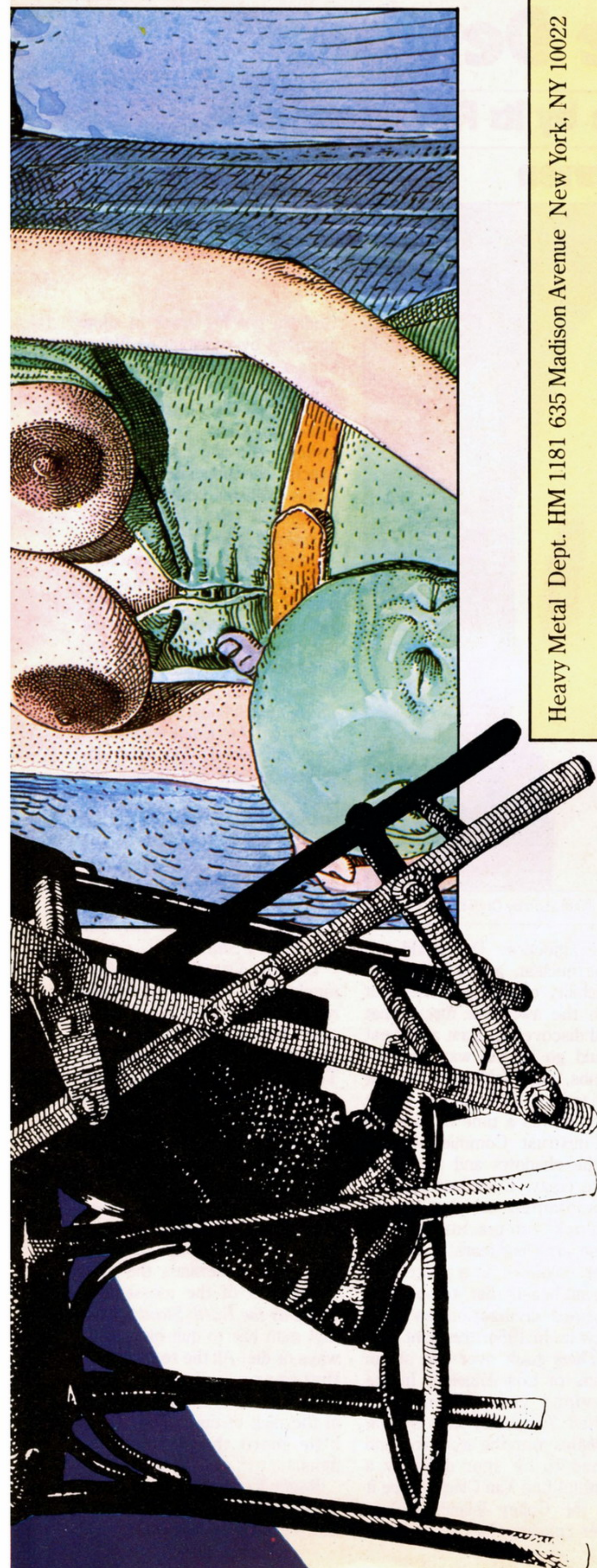
SHE SEEMS TO BE FINE! BRING HER HERE AT ONCE AND LEAVE US BE!

YES, SIR!

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Afterwards **Moebius** invites us all to join him on his summer vacation, where he and his family come across some real oddballs.

We also witness the signing at **Wounded Knee** and check in to the **Grand Hotel**, an off-the-wall retreat where the happenings are goofy and soooo unpredictable.

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Spotting the Demons

Getting to Know a Culture by Its Fear Fantasies

by Mick Farren

If you happen to be in the civilization-inventing business, find out what a people fears. Take a look at the dark side of its collective fantasies. Primitive cultures tell firelight tales of the varied nasties that lurk in the nighttime places of nature: the demons, goblins, ghosts, and evil spirits; all the nameless supernatural horrors of dark forest or fog on a bare mountain. More developed societies corral their more sophisticated terrors into the fantasy end of entertainment: into speculative fiction, horror movies, and ray-gun operas. In either case, the culture processes its fear and attempts to make it manageable by transforming menacing reality into drama and symbolism.

Take the Victorian middle class as a perfect example—the class that threw up H. G. Wells and Bram Stoker. It had come out of the industrial revolution ahead of the game. After an era of such massive change, its members craved stability in which to enjoy their new affluence. Invasion by a foreign foe or uprising by the new class of industrial workers—whom they were so busily oppressing—were the twin perils to the Victorians' comfortable lives. It was little wonder that *War of the Worlds* and *The Time Machine* were best-sellers. The invincible Martians were the ultimate horrible invaders. The sinister and subhuman Morlocks, who lived under the ground and tended the bowels of industrial Utopia, were an equally form-fitting representation of the Victorians' frightened vision of the workers. Wells's novels took these fears to the most terrifying extremes but, comfortingly, offered a way out. Bacteria killed the Martians, and the Morlocks were defeated by a leap through time. The Victorians didn't want

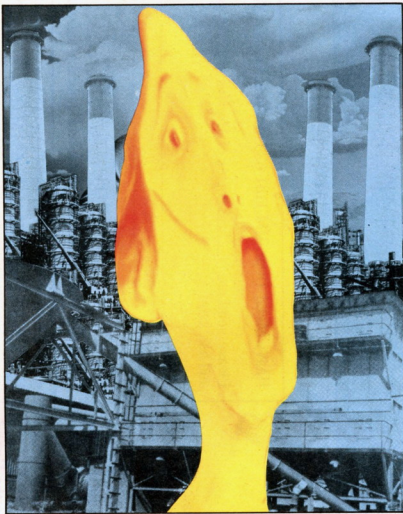


Illustration by Christopher Hoffman

only security; they wanted reassurance.

They also hated sex. It was a random, uncontrollable factor in their world view. If not heavily shackled by a patriarchal morality, they believed, it threatened to destroy family ties and the system of inheritance that was the core of their system. Count Dracula's night creeping embodied all of those anxieties. He was irresistible, he was immortal, and he had the strength of ten. He was a snappy dresser and an aristocrat (and thus superior to the middle-class male). Worst of all, he was a foreigner. As the spirit of unbridled passion, he could tear daughters from fathers, wives from husbands; he could ruin reputations and families. Fortunately, he could be offed by a well-placed wooden stake.

The 1950s were also a time of affluence, an even more inse-

cure affluence. The world had gone nuclear, and man had the capability of wiping himself out with the awesome forces that he'd discovered. East and West would go all the way with H-bombs, and we'd either be vaporized or back in the Stone Age. It was a time of paranoia and mistrust. Commies skulked in the shadows and teenagers were crazy. Even bad weather was blamed on the bomb. Schlock cinema interpreted these crawling fears of the nuclear unknown as a procession of giant beasts that stomped and ravaged civilization as they knew it. In 1954, the giant ants in *Them* took over the storm drains of Los Angeles. In the previous year, atom tests melted *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* from the arctic ice, and it had to be shot dead by a youthful Lee Van Cleef before it ate the Coney Island Cyclone roller coaster. Two years later,

Godzilla got his break in show business by snacking on Tokyo after a similar rude awakening. The big beasts lumbered on and on: *Gorgo*, *The Deadly Mantis*, *The Giant Claw*, *The Giant Behemoth*. A radioactive fog had exactly the opposite effect on Grant Williams when, in 1957, he turned into *The Incredible Shrinking Man*.

Anything alien was instantly distrusted. Something close to a post-McCarthy psychosis imagined extraterrestrials as ravening monsters with fangs and tentacles, super-Russians who arrived in flying saucers. *The Thing* ate humans; the creature in *Not of This Earth* wanted to steal our blood. *The Blob* absorbed us and got bigger and bigger. The pods waited to snatch our bodies. About the only alien in the fifties' pop mythology who meant us any good was Michael Rennie, when he came to save us from our nuclear folly in *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

Like the Victorians, the fifties moviegoers were also seeking reassurance. They were being overwhelmed by the information that they were helpless. The cold-war news was too much. If the nuclear nightmare or the menace of the unknown was represented by a giant ant or a Blob, they demanded a James Amess or a Steve McQueen to save them. They wanted a way out, and the movies almost always provided one. This underlines the near uniqueness of the message in *The Day the Earth Stood Still*—that man has to quit his atomic ways or die. All the rest claimed that man, civilization, and America would always triumph in the nick of time. They were little more than propaganda films.

Roger Corman's *Panic in the Year Zero* was the most graphic and the most dishonest. An all-

American family under the patriarchal leadership of Ray Milland discover to their dismay that Los Angeles has been nuked while they were on a camping trip. The unthinkable reduces itself to an aggressive pastoral romp. Distant mushroom clouds mark the fall of H-bombs. Beyond that, not a leaf moves and nothing glows in the dark. Gee! Atomic war can be fun. It frees the survivors to have every adventure of the popular postdisaster genre. Ol' Ray immediately grabs all the supplies he can and hightails it out to hole up in a cave until World War III is all over. The family studiously avoid all contact with humanity, except when Ray and teenage son Frankie Avalon get to blow away a gang of juvenile hoodlums, and Frankie scores a girl friend. Finally, the military shows up to restore law, order, and morality. The unthinkable even has a happy ending.

In the sixties, fear evolved, and the entertainment forms reflected the evolution. It was an introspective decade, despite all the upheaval and tumult, and a lot of its troubles started because the results of that introspection clashed with an entrenched status quo. Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* (1964) marked how our attitudes had changed. We really had stopped worrying about the bomb; we feared the men who were messing with it. We tried to laugh at them, because we had realized that there could be no happy ending in that story.

Somewhere between the fifties and sixties, the collective fear switched from the external to the internal. We stopped fretting about Soviet missiles or Chinese invasions. We stopped grasping for mommy/daddy reassurance and began to wonder about ourselves, our culture, "our purpose here on the planet." The Kennedy assassination and its murky aftermath triggered fears of vast, dark conspiracies so secret and so powerful that they were impossible to fight. It generated an almost universal distrust of government. The morally dubious Southeast Asian war polarized the culture into violently reacting hawks and doves. Teenagers bombed banks, and blacks torched the ghetto.

In the media, shock-symbol climaxes reflected the emotional chaos and conflict. In Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde* the

venal and sexless forces of law and order machine-gun the bank-robbing, antihero lovers to jerking, orgasmic death. Peckinpah's *Wild Bunch* gleefully butcher the soldiers of civilization up to the moment when they are overwhelmed. Grinning rednecks blow the bikers after-truth clear to nirvana in the last minutes of *Easy Rider*. Peter Fonda is racked by hallucination horrors of the fun kind in *The Trip*, and Michael Caine is racked by hallucination horrors of the secret-police-torture kind in *The Ipcress File*. It was a culture being bent out of shape by a basic ambiguity. There was a desperate desire for enlightenment, but at the same time there was an equally desperate fear of what that enlightenment might reveal.

In the sixties, we prayed for saviors. The aliens were prime candidates. Tentacled horrors no longer drove the flying saucers. Aliens in the sixties were golden beings with a third eye: cold, efficient, and honorable, like Spock, or just plain enigmatic, like the 2001 monolith. It was all a part of the children of the cowboys praying to the Indians to save their souls, part of the search for a cozy, comfortable god to make things nice. Only the "Invaders" TV series presented bad extraterrestrials, and this was just the conspiracy view of Roy Thimmes, the central silent-majority paranoid character who was attempting to warn us of the invisible invasion. "The Invaders" was a rare glimpse of the other side of the coin.

The search for God was abandoned somewhere between Kent State and Watergate. Culture turned on itself. We moved into the era of est, analysis, psychobabble, jogging, Jacuzzi, and Led Zeppelin. Self-awareness turned quickly to self-absorption. Conditioned to living with anxiety, we began to use fear as a means of titillation. Rats, snakes, sharks, and bees, Texans with chain saws, and the living dead crawled from the media swamp to deliver unpleasant but irresistible jolts. Fear itself was being rendered manageable. Entertainment, particularly the cinema, passed to the realm of the tactile. Form and content were abandoned. The Me Generation wanted only a physical sensation from what they saw up on the screen. Even children were being conditioned to the idea of fear as a

plaything, with their nonstop diet of Alice Cooper, Godzilla, and Kiss.

We even got the demons back. (In what was almost the search for God in reverse, the devil searched for you.) Fright entertainment reached a low point with the box-office success of *The Exorcist*. The cinema placed itself in the roller-coaster and flume-ride business. There were rumors of subsonics and subliminals. People even became paranoid about what was being done to them inside a movie house. Some of the audience threw up, others had nightmares, and a few actually shrieked themselves to death, as exorcism, a rash of cast-out devils, swept through supposedly civilized communities.

The Exorcist was a low point in the seventies only because nobody had seen the eighties. In many areas today, we can smell panic in the air. Punk rockers and survivalists tell us there's no future. Environmentalists point out that we are walking around in a miasma of carcinogens, toxins, dioxins, and radiation leakage. Nothing is safe and nothing can be trusted. We are constantly being bombarded by information, most of which is depressing. The culture is overburdened by information, and inputs are being ripped out as individuals flee to the comfort of Jesus, fascism, watching the president act belligerent on TV, or buying a gun. Entertainment spirals between total escape and total unpleasantness as though it could hardly manage to keep up.

The Stephen King genre of fiction offers a play world that confirms the idea that everything's threatening. Horror lurks in familiar places. Telekinetic teenage girls destroy the junior prom; old, empty, snow-bound hotels turn writers into psychopaths. From a single cell to a suburban house, anything can go berserk. In the junior leagues, slice and slash provide the prelude to teen sex. Foreplay happens against a background of sexually loaded, mass meat cleaving. The only respite comes from the big-screen, special-effects romps or the Kodachrome, erotic *Blue Lagoon*. You only had to be in a movie house last summer for *Superman II* or *Raiders of the Lost Ark* to realize that a lot of the attraction is being in a womb of darkness, with a huge screen

and Dolby sound. It's likely that the *Star Wars* saga will go on for the next twenty years—if the civilization lasts that long.

Star Wars notwithstanding, we don't seem to be expecting any outside help. The idea of benign intervention from space died when *Alien* became a box-office hit. Our first contact with a being from beyond had to be with the baddest mother in the galaxy. Good aliens had their swan song with Spielberg's *Close Encounters*, and even that was only a lavish compendium of UFO paranoia topped by an almost hippie nostalgic happy end.

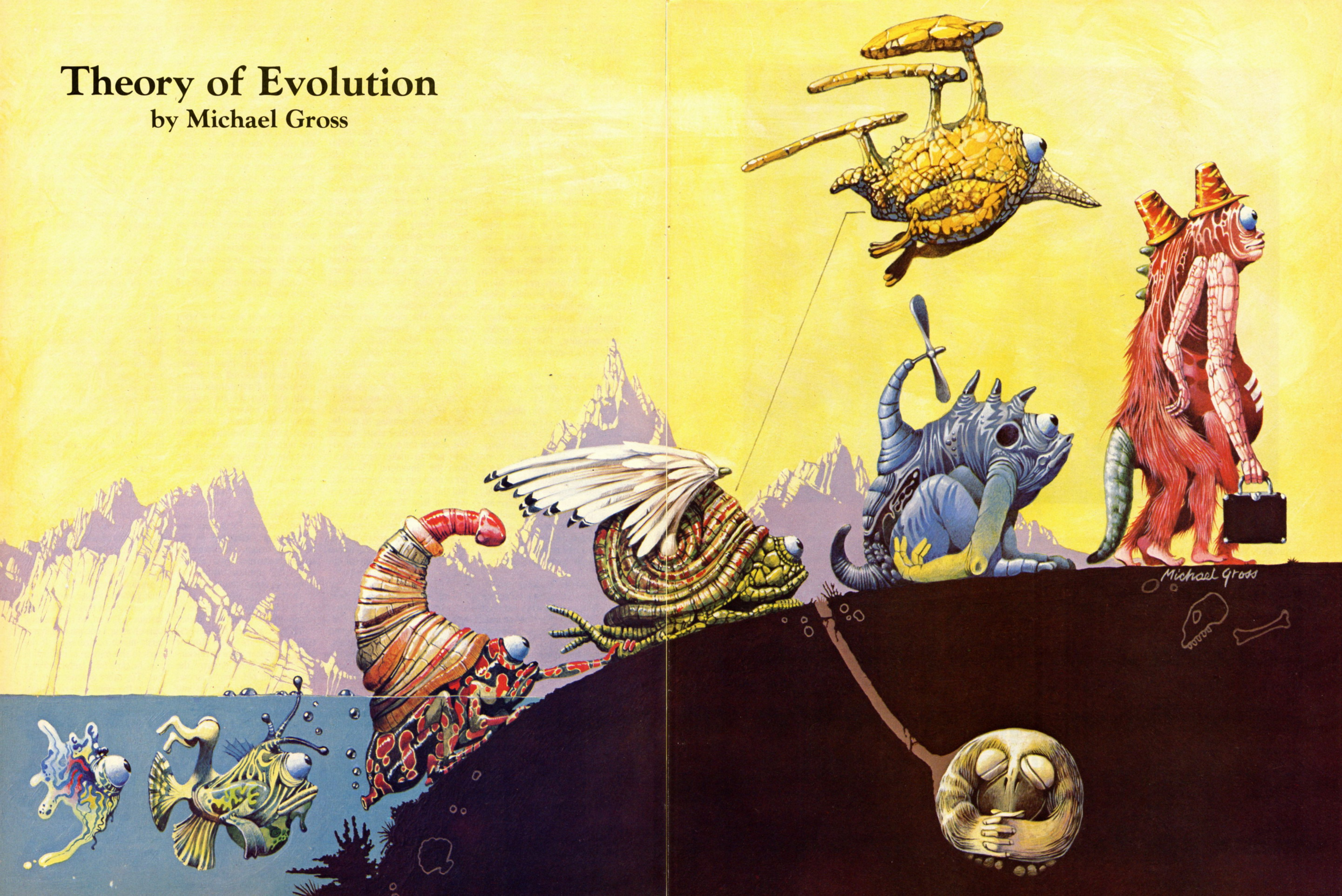
When measured jolts of either fear or escapism become a form of entertainment in themselves, they tend to act as an addictive drug. It was true of the Roman games, and it is true of today's slash cinema. The audience builds a tolerance; the shocks have to get stronger, and the message more absurdly soothing. Fifty years ago, Lugosi and Karloff actually made people's flesh creep. Now they run on Saturday-morning TV as a laugh riot for the tots—along with the Count Chocula breakfast-cereal commercial. This week we need an electric carving knife to get off; next week, a sliced eyeball. When entertainment gets that hyper, you reach the *Caligula* point, when fantasy and reality become interchangeable, and the sliced eyeball and the neutron bomb are equally fantastic. (Who can fear the bomb when they've been playing Missile Command since the age of four?) We no longer use fantasy to examine our fears from a safe distance. It's an aid to wrapping ourselves in a cocoon of dangerously numb belligerence. It occurs to the puritan in me that it may be time for a cultural drying out. The other alternative is sitting in the ruins with no culture at all, apart from some scary campfire tales.

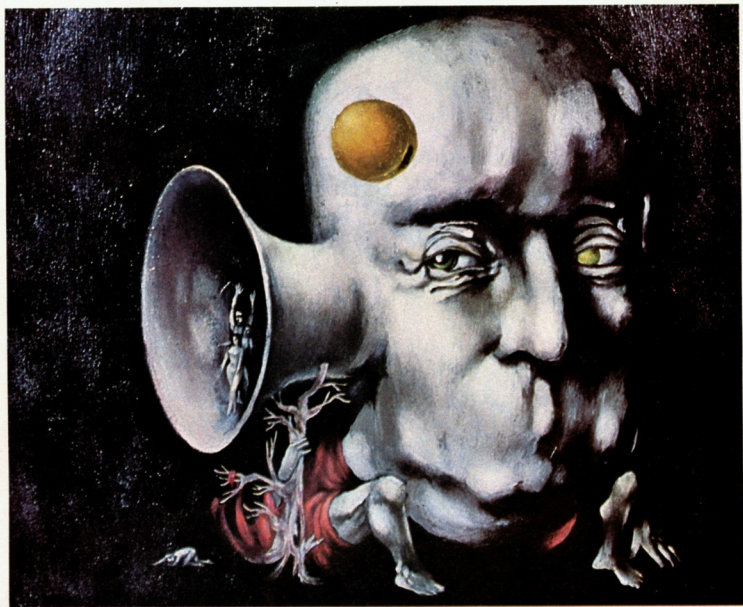
I think this is where I came in. ●

An English writer living in New York City, Mick Farren contributes regularly to New Musical Express, the Soho News, and assorted international magazines. He has six sf novels published in the U.K., the latest being The Song of Phaid the Gambler.

Theory of Evolution

by Michael Gross





On a tree-lined street in a borough of brownstones stands a surprisingly sleek building four stories high. It is a quiet intruder in this domain of neighborhood life, a modernist illusion amid nineteenth-century styles. The borough is Brooklyn, rich in artistic heritage. Walt Whitman, Hart Crane, and Richard Wright lived there; McKim, Mead, and White designed its famous museum; Olmstead and Vaux planned its graceful Prospect Park. Brooklyn was a birthplace of American vision; it remains so today.

On the fourth floor of that unusually modern Brooklyn building, sunlight streams through tall glass windows, glazing the surface of two ebony drawing boards within. There, under pastel and palette, an illustration takes shape. Soft colors grace subtle figures, robust hues adorn crisp-edged backgrounds, and the air is filled with the jazz of hand in harmony with thought. It is an artist's music, the music of movement. As the music plays, a picture is born, and it, like the sleek white building, shares a secret that is the artist's own: they are all illusions. Neither picture, structure, nor artist is what it seems. The illustration is a canny display of hidden images, kaleidoscopic *trompe l'oeil*. The structure is an ambitious renovation, the transformation of a brick row house into a modern residence in which to live and work. The artist is not one artist, but a "third artist," the collective talent of two individuals whose visions and skills have been wondrously united in their work. They are Leo and Diane Dillon.

In two decades, the Dillons have established a reputation at the

top of three challenging fields. They have twice received the Caldecott Medal for children's-book illustration from the American Library Association, the Hamilton King Award for excellence in illustration from the Society of Illustrators in New York, and the Hugo Award for science fiction and fantasy art.

This focus of attention on their illustrations, however, has obscured a fuller picture of the Dillons' art, and their penchant for privacy has helped to perpetuate a provincial view of their versatility as artists. For behind the work that has earned them a place in the history of American illustration are aesthetics that root the Dillons in the tradition of a movement that blossomed over a century ago and led to a revolution in applied art: the English arts-and-crafts movement.

In his American lecture tour of 1882, Oscar Wilde eloquently defined the ideals of that group of artists:

People often talk as if there was an opposition between what is beautiful and what is useful. There is no opposition to beauty except ugliness: all things are either beautiful or ugly, and utility will always be on the side of beautiful things, because beautiful decoration

is always an expression of the use you put a thing to and the value placed on it. . . . Every material and texture has certain qualities of its own. . . and the use one puts the object to should guide one in the choice of design. . . . We should remember that all the arts are fine arts and all the arts are decorative arts.

THE ART OF LEO & DIANE DILLON



Above: Illustration for a collection of Mark Twain stories

Opposite: Illustration for Harlan Ellison's collection **I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream**



Nine years later, at the annual exhibition of the Belgian avant-garde group the Société, or Cercle des Vingt, the children's books of Pre-Raphaelite artist Walter Crane, the new poster art of France, and the ceramic art of A. W. Finch were displayed alongside the latest Symbolist and Post-Impressionist paintings. For the first time since the Middle Ages, the applied arts were accorded the same status as the "fine arts" in Europe. The seeds of art nouveau had been sown, and it is fitting that seventy-five years later, the art of Leo and Diane Dillon stands as testimony to the vitality of two movements whose ideals were so close to their own. Their work confronts the same concerns that gave rise to the arts-and-crafts and art nouveau artists. Then, as now, contemporary applied arts were ignored by an establishment of critics and academicians. Then, as now, mass production had led to a decline in the style and quality of functional objects.

The Dillons' response to these conditions has been much the same as those of Walter Crane, Hector Guimard, Will Bradley, and Louis Comfort Tiffany: to produce illustrations, objects, and architectural designs so beautiful that they must be viewed as works of art.

Art nouveau was, as its impresario Samuel Bing said, "a movement, not a style." Its goals were to elevate the aesthetics of ap-

plied art to the level of fine art and to embody organic form and practical function in decorative design.

It is to these principles that the Dillons aspire today. An overriding concern of their work is to produce art whose beauty is in harmony with its purpose. With their illustrations, this frequently extends to an active role in the overall design of the book jackets and album covers on which the art will appear. In their private work, this includes planning, construction, and decoration of a four-story residence and studio incorporating their aesthetics of space and design. As both illustrators and artisans, their work merits serious consideration for the unique way in which it has come to reflect the ideals of both the arts-and-crafts and the art nouveau movements.

Simply stated, they have adopted multiplicity of style and technique as a characteristic of their art and they have applied it with a methodology of true collaboration. Whereas many artists will interpret a subject according to their singular styles, the Dillons have turned this approach upside down and made diversity their form of expression. They agree upon a style and technique to suit a subject and apply it in their own expressive ways. The results reveal an eclecticism of unusual depth and character.

—Byron Preiss

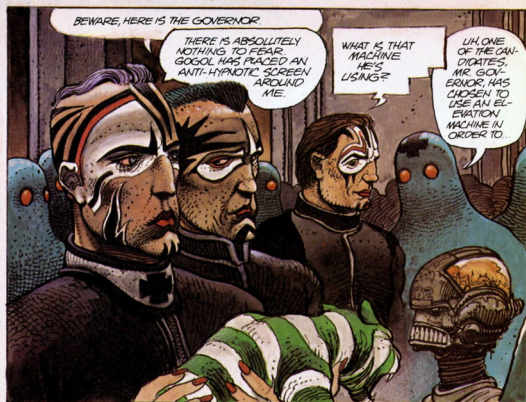


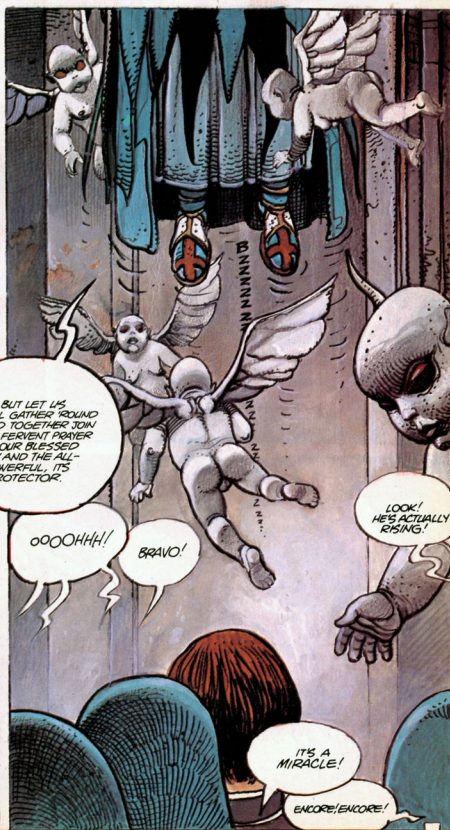
Above: **Owl Woman**, a limited-edition print for Cathcart Galleries

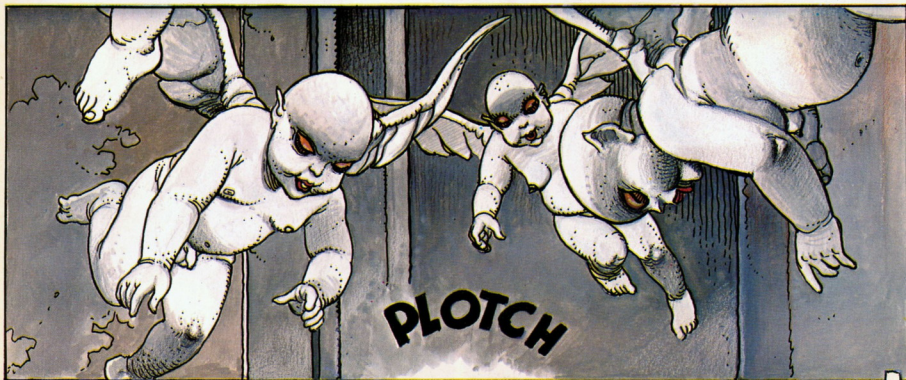
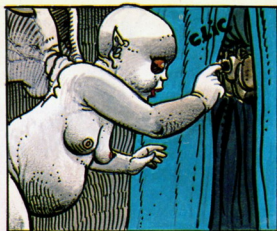
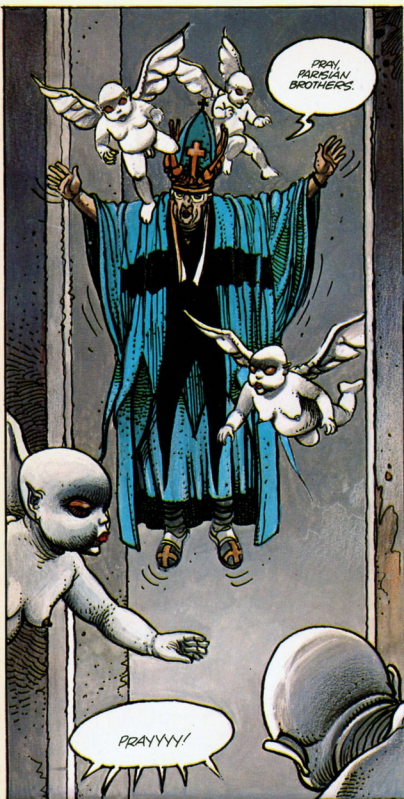
Opposite: Illustration for record-album cover of Ray Bradbury's **The Illustrated Man, The Veldt, and Marionettes, Inc.**

THE IMMORTALS' FETE

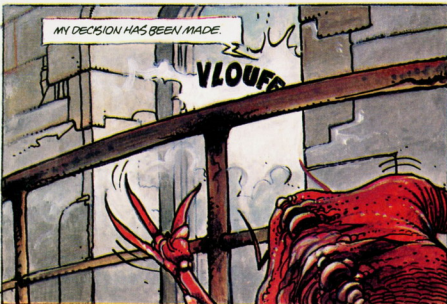
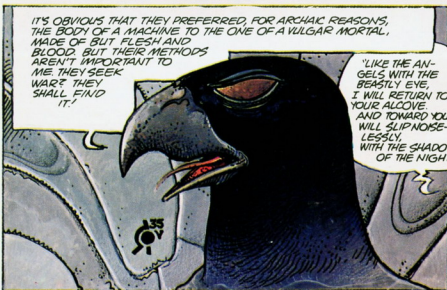
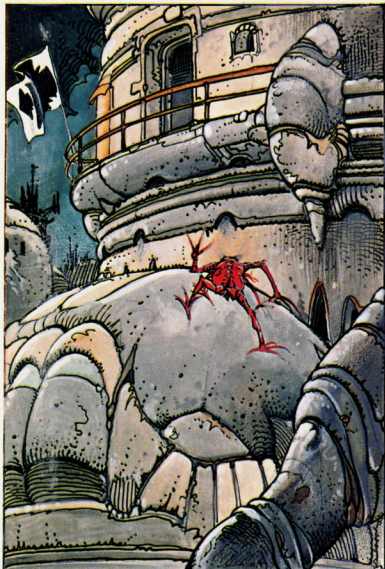
Last week we saw, Horus, comfortably compact in Nikopol's body, hypnotized Gervor Choubanc during a television interview, forcing him to endorse Nikopol in the forthcoming election. Choubanc's followers are aghast, but so far the indestructible duo seem to have gotten away with it.

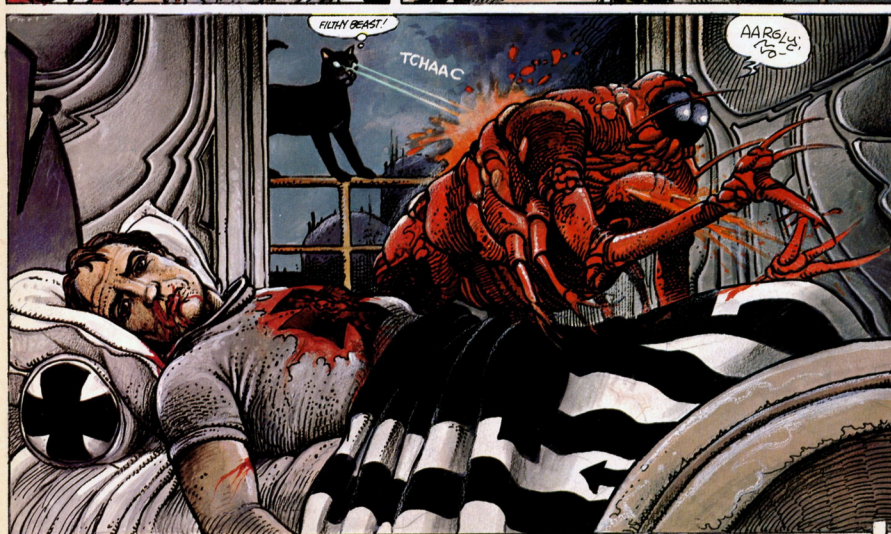
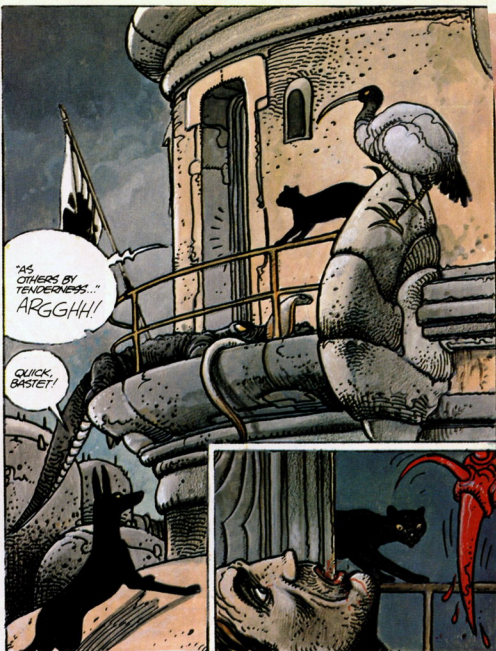






MARCH 7, THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE ELYSÉE. THE PARISIAN ATMOSPHERE IS HEAVY WITH MISTRUST AND APATHY.







WHAT A SUPERB NIGHT. SHALL WE DRINK TO YOUR SUCCESS, DEAR AURELIEN, AND TO A RENEWED ORDER?

CERTAINLY, MY NOBLE FRIEND I HAVE ONLY TO WAIT UNTIL I AM DEFINITELY ASSURED THAT THERE ARE NO LONGER ANY OBSTACLES IN MY WAY.



THERE HE IS!

GOGOL'S WARRIORS ARE ACTING UP!

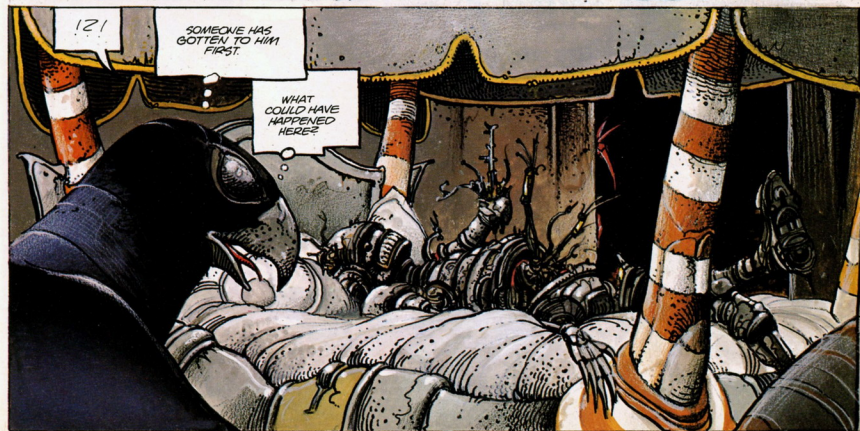


HA, HA, ONCE MORE!

AAAA!!!



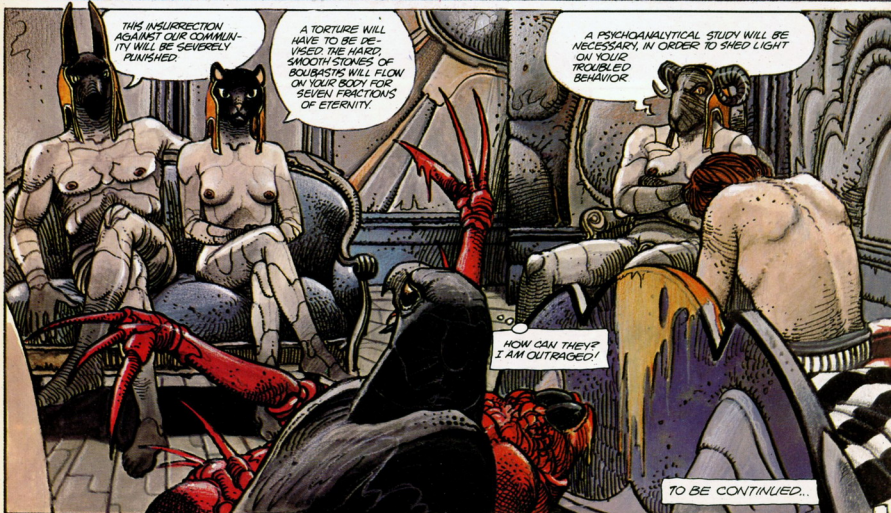
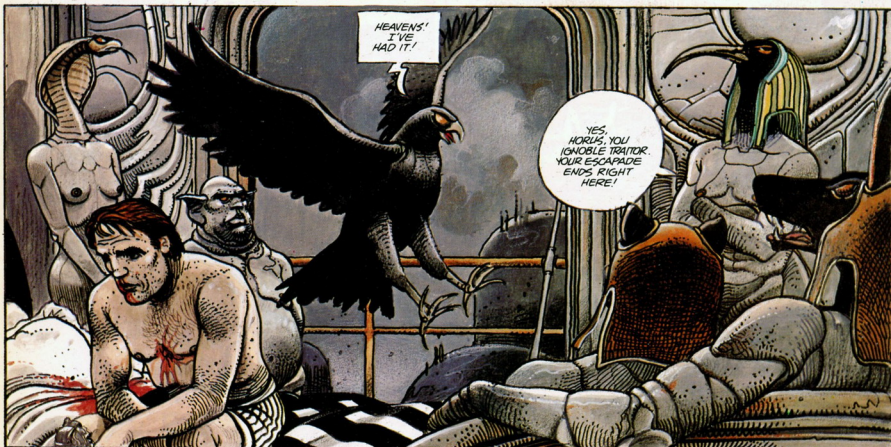
THE OTHER ONE...

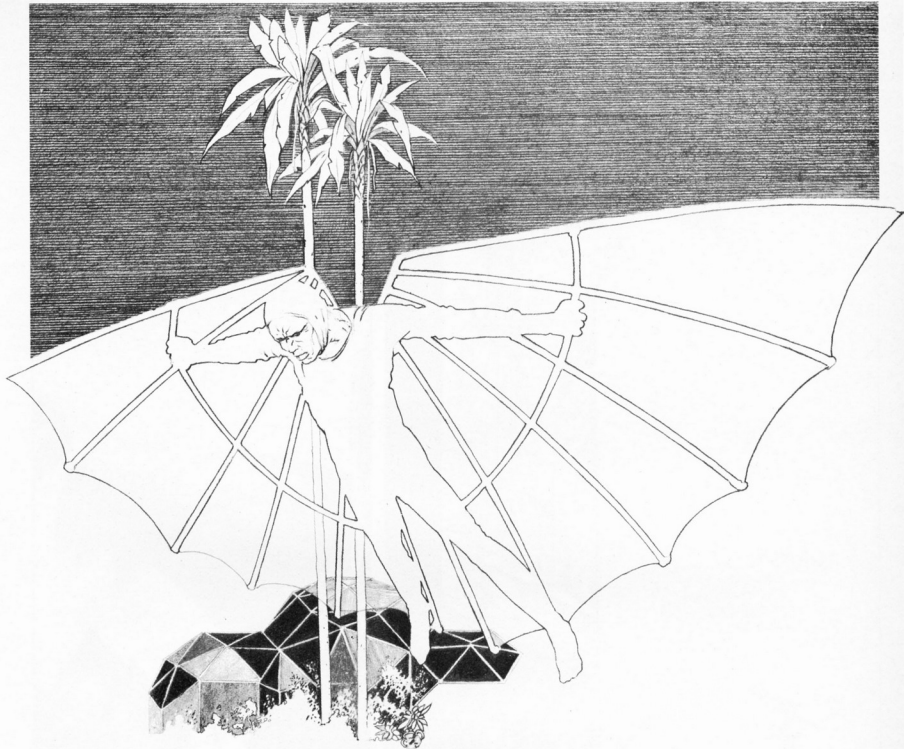


121

SOMEONE HAS GOTTEN TO HIM FIRST

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED HERE?



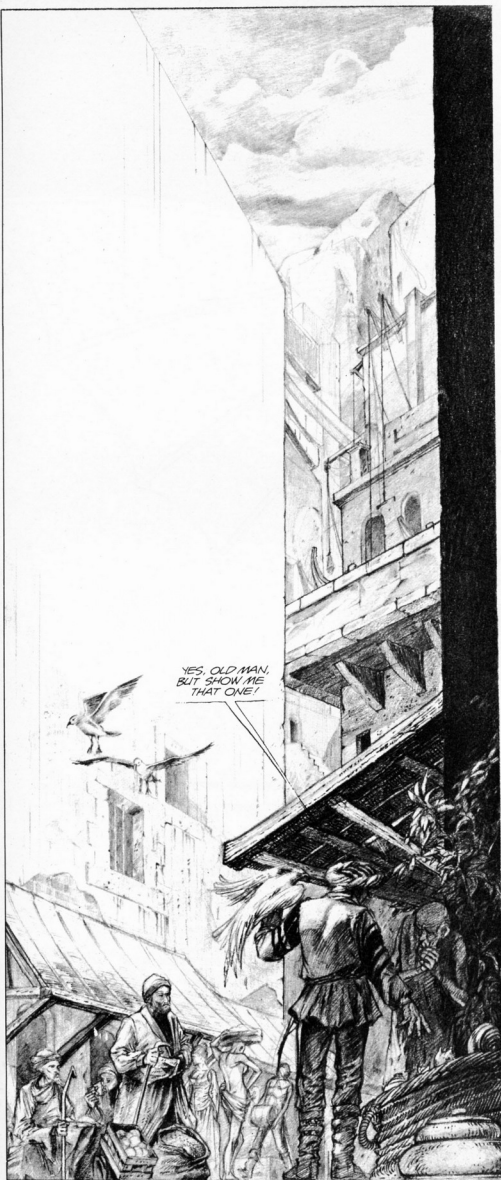


CYMBIOLA

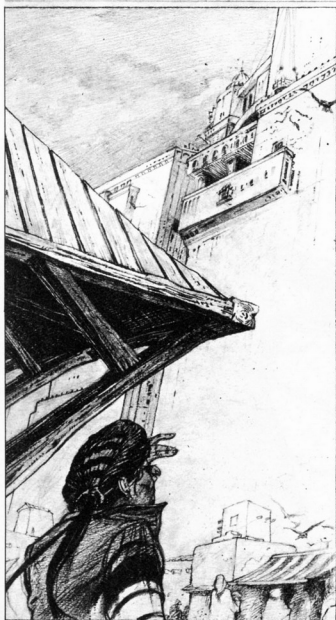
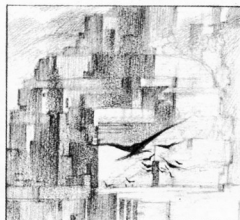
THE ATTEMPT

CYMBIOLA VOLUTOCORONA IMPERIALIS

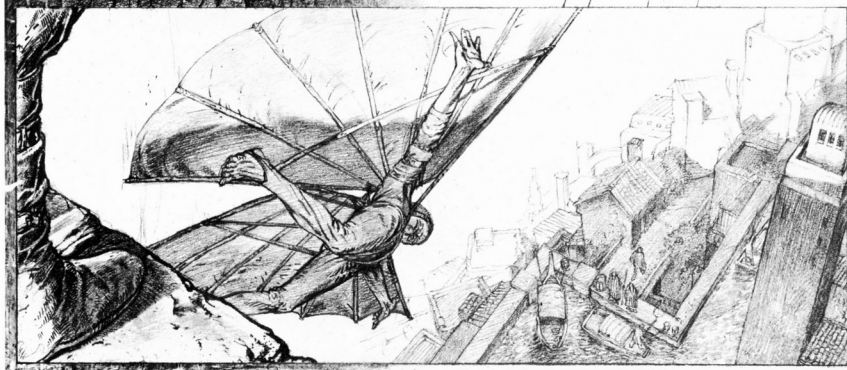
ONE OFTEN SEES THAT QUOTED IN CHRONICLES USED BY HOBBYISTS INTERESTED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CYMBIOLA IS BEST KNOWN FOR ITS IMPOSING SIZE. AN ARCHEOLOGIST PROMINENT IN THE STUDY OF CYMBIOLA ARRIVED IN THE NORTHERN QUADRANT NOT TOO LONG AGO. IN DIRECT PARALLEL TO HIS NORMAL ARCHEOLOGICAL INTERESTS, HE TOOK UNDER HIS WING A GROUP OF YOUNG FANATICS, WHOSE ABSORPTION WITH DÉJÀ VU HAD INTRIGUED HIM. MANY OBSERVERS HAD ACTUALLY NOTED THE FEELING OF "ALREADY LIVED" THAT THEY HAD EXPERIENCED DURING THEIR NOCTURNAL FLIGHTS. THEY DIDN'T NEED ANY APPRENTICESHIP. THEY ALREADY KNEW HOW TO FLY. THEY ASSUMED THAT THE APTITUDE THEY HAD DISCOVERED DURING THEIR SLEEP WAS DUE TO AN ATAVISM THAT CAME FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE AGES, JUST BEFORE THE FLOOD. THIS WAS NOT ONLY A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST BUT ALSO A MEMORY OF THE FUTURE.

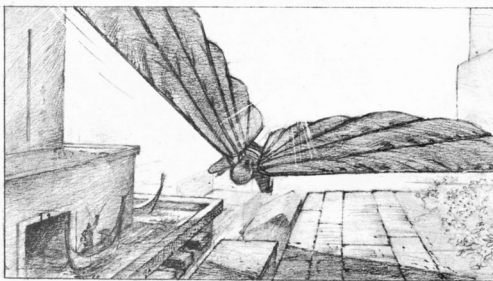
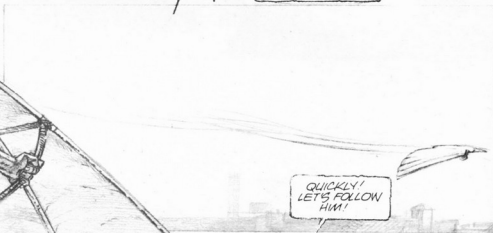
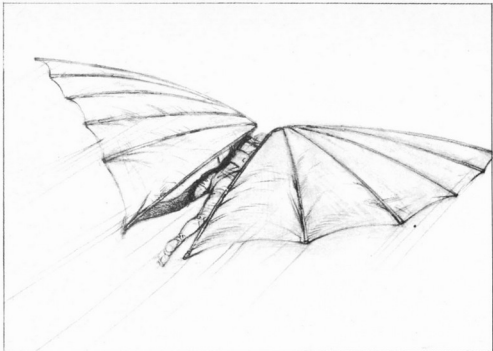


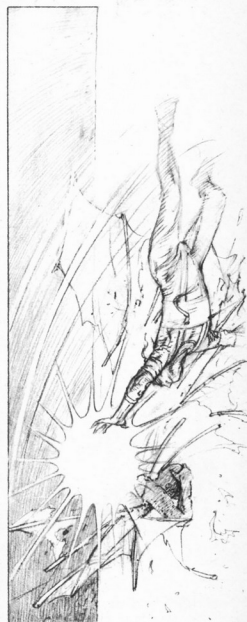
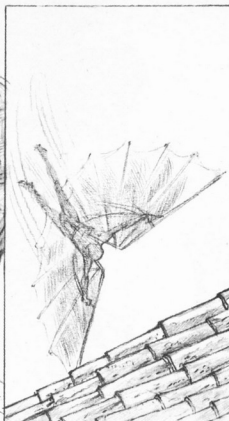
CYMBIOLA NORTH

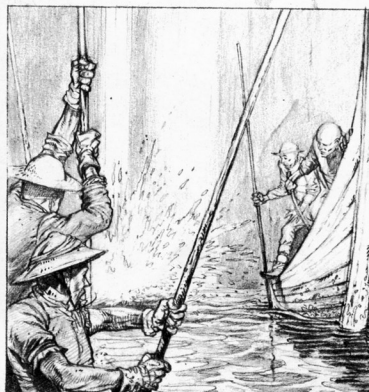
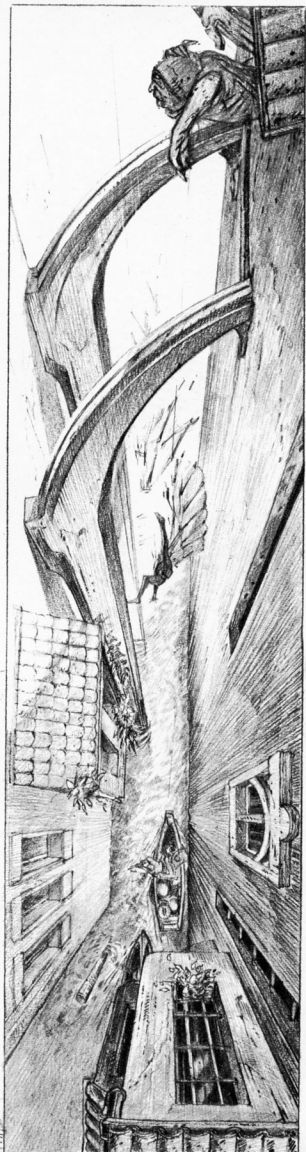












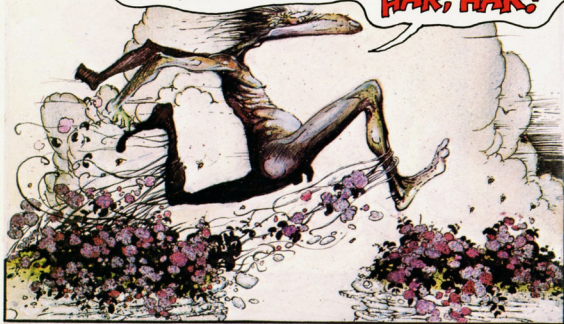
MUDWOG

HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST WHEN
ROLLIN' STONES GET NONE OF TH'
MOSS. A PENNY EARNED IS NOT SO
GOOD AS A NICKEL STOLE. OPPORTUN-
ITY KNOCKS ONCE, BUT IF MY CAT GOT
A FACE LIKE YOU I SHAVE HIS ASS AND
MAKE HIM WALK BACKWARDS. CHICKS
AND BEER WAIT FOR NO BIRD NO MAT-
TER HOW BIG HIS WORM. LIKE SAND
THROUGH AN HOURGLASS, TIME FLIES!!!

HERE HE COMES.

ARTHUR SUNDAM

I'M LATE, I'M LATE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT DATE.
HAR, HAR!



HAVE AT 'IM...

REAM HIS ASS...

DUH...
YEAH...



HA!

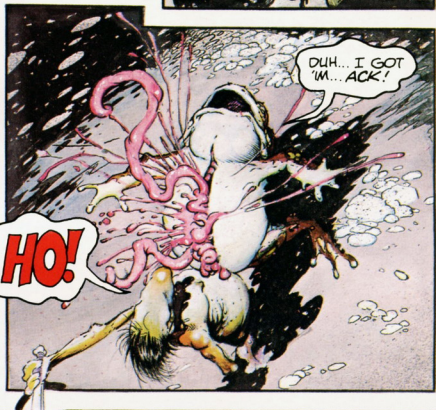
HE'S COMIN'
MY WAAA-ERF!

WUNK!



HO!

DUH... I GOT
'IM... ACK!



YOU DIRTY NO-GOOD SLIM-SUCKIN'
WART!!! DAT WUZ ME
BROTHER!

TAKE DIS!

TAKE THE
"A" TRAIN...



**SLASH
SWISH
ZWAP
SLIT**

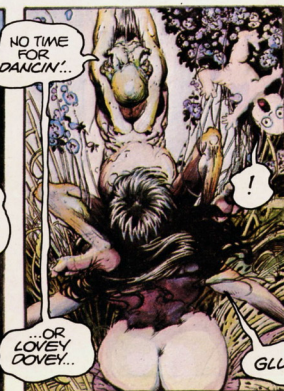
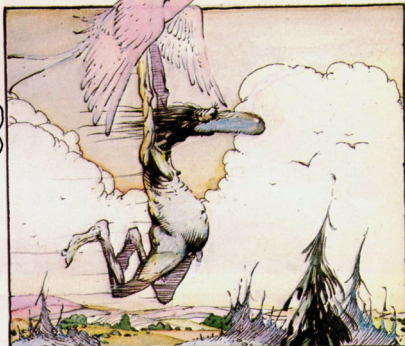
COME BACK
HERE AND FIGHT,
YA GODDAMN
COWARD!

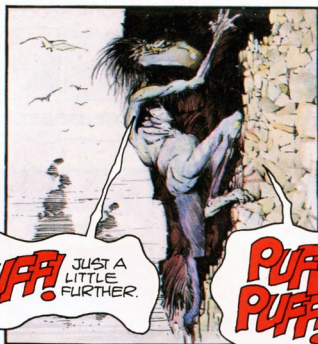
TWENTY-THREE
SKEE-DOO.





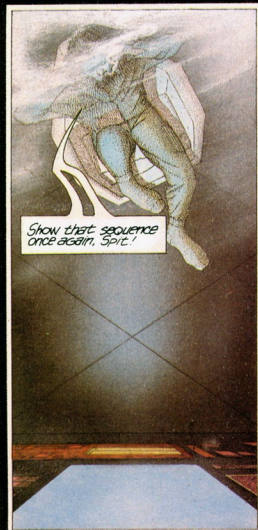
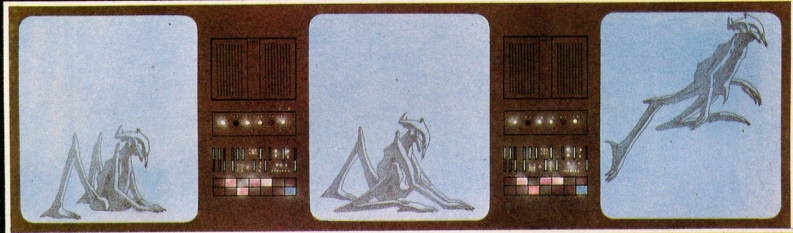
SAFETY NOTE: ALWAYS LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE CROSSING THE STREET.

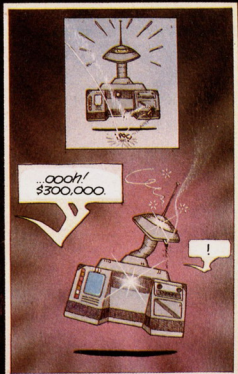


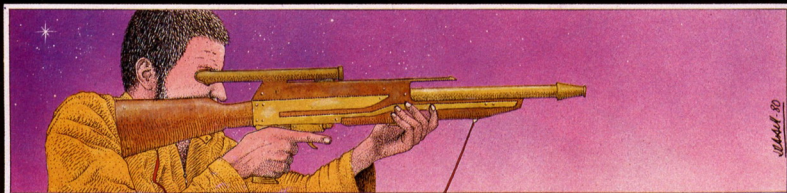
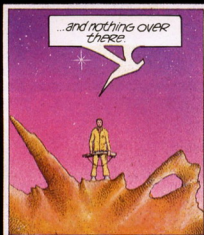
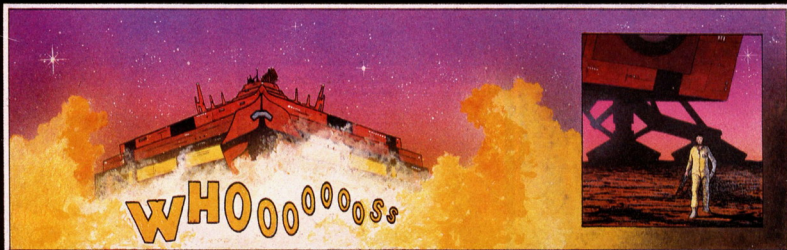


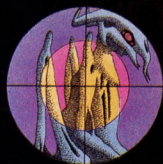
HIMES







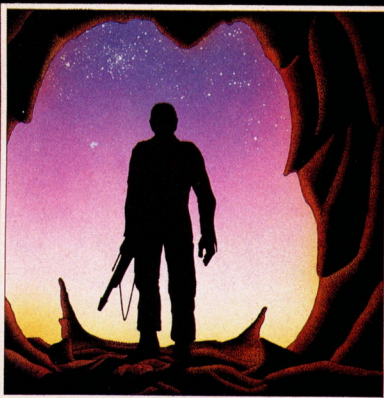




Ah, it's so
peaceful!



Got 'em!
You're mine!



Shit! Forgot the lantern!



Why are you
yelling?

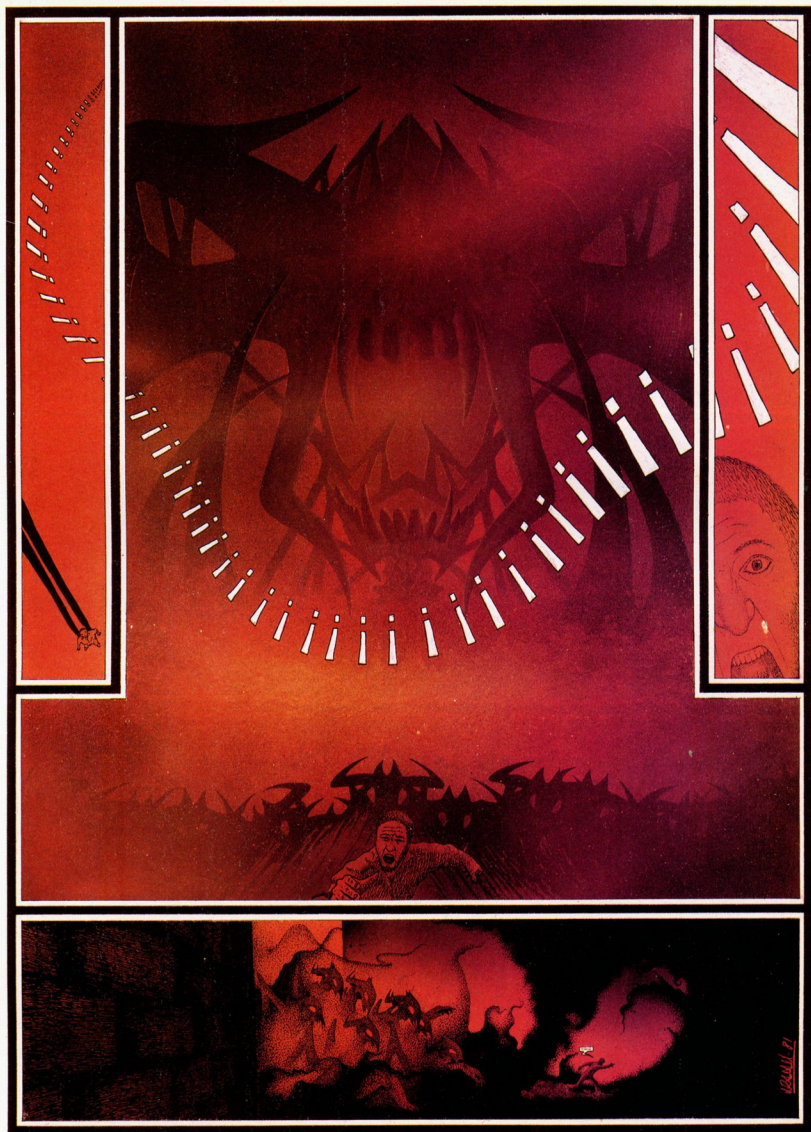


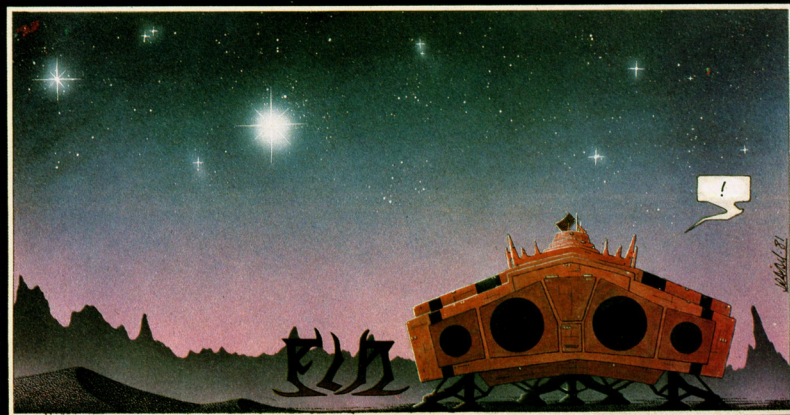
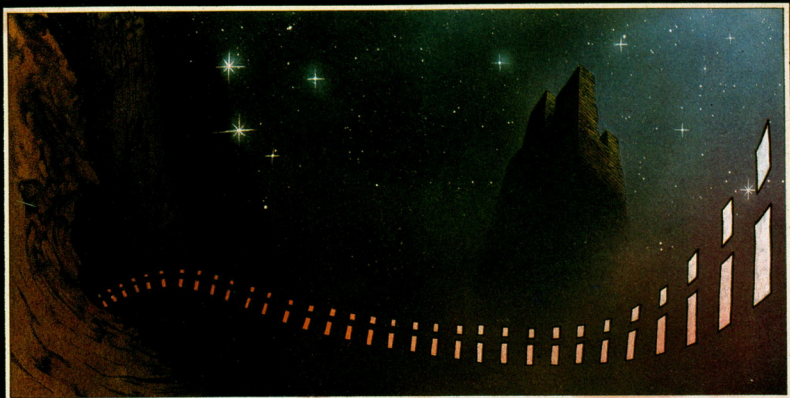
BLAM!
BLAM!





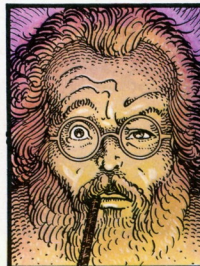
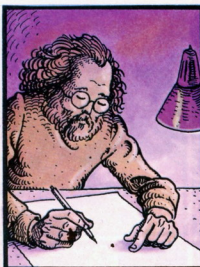
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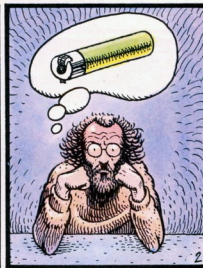
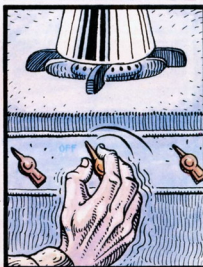
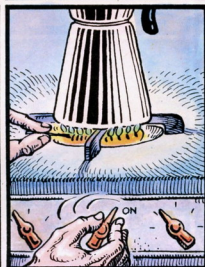
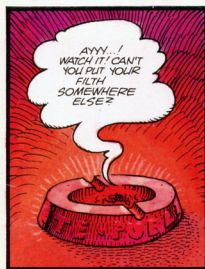


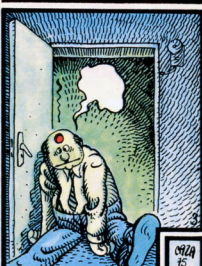
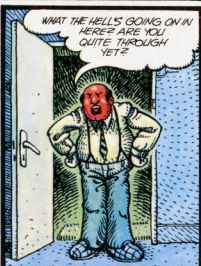
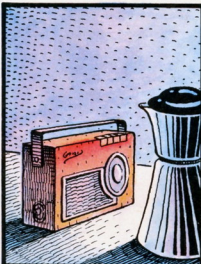
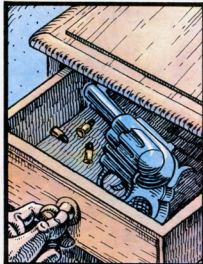
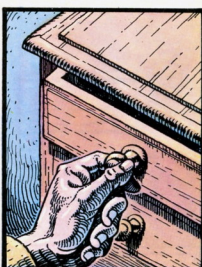


ONE EVENING, I SAW RED!

SILENCE...







I'N AGE



© J. JONES 1981

CERTAINTY,
SAFETY, AND
UTILITY
ABOUNDED.

A WASTE.

BUT PROBABLY
THE ONLY USEFUL
THING HE
EVER DID.

HE SLID IT SO CASUALLY
INTO HIS
GUT.

SUCKING UP
THOSE "BURIAL
CLOTHES."

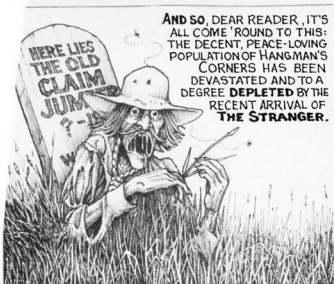
BUT WE
BURIED HIM
NAKED AND
USED THE
CLOTHES.

WHAT GOOD
WAS HE?

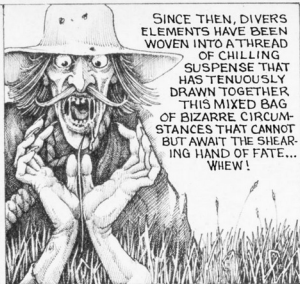
MAYBE WE
SHOULD HAVE
EATEN HIM.

WITH HIS DEATH DIED
EVERYTHING USELESS.

© 1981 JEFFREY JONES



AND SO, DEAR READER, IT'S ALL COME 'ROUND TO THIS: THE DECENT, PEACE-LOVING POPULATION OF HANG-MAN'S CORNERS HAS BEEN DEVASTATED AND TO A DEGREE DEPLETED BY THE RECENT ARRIVAL OF THE STRANGER.



SINCE THEN, DIVERS ELEMENTS HAVE BEEN WOVEN INTO A THREAD OF CHILLING SUSPENSE THAT HAS TENUOUSLY DRAWN TOGETHER THIS MIXED BAG OF BIZARRE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT CANNOT BUT AWAIT THE HEARING HAND OF FATE...
WHIEW!



... POSSIBLY THE HAND OF OUR MYSTERIOUS LADY IN WHITE, WHO IS, EVEN NOW, SLIPPING INTO A TRANCE... DEEP IN THE WOMB OF THE EARTH.

TURSTAR CANVA

PART SEVEN

©1981 John Findley

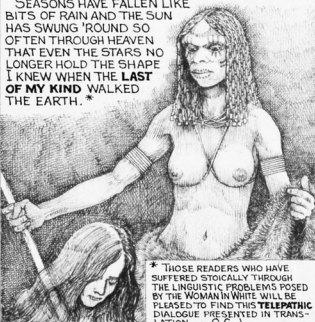


Lilip. Lilip. Lilip.
ieldost modor wisdomes full...
onfonne pu bin fa&mdost p&egm.
Lilip Modor....

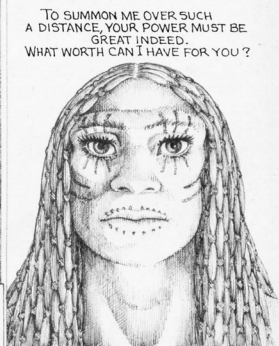


Lilip.
pu cum&

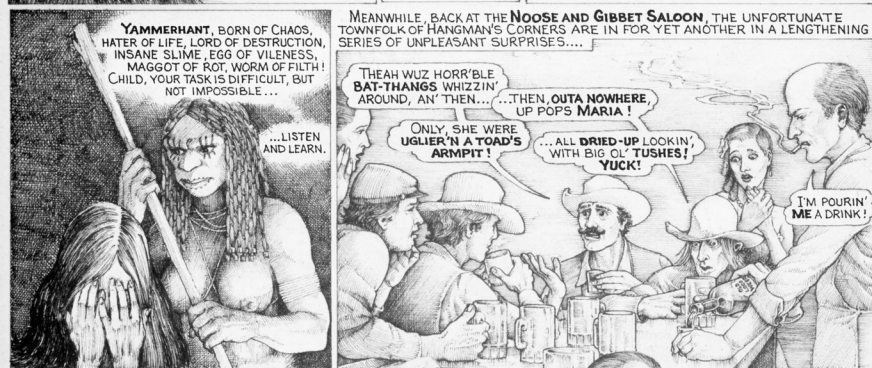
YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME A WONDERFULLY LONG WAY, LITTLE CUB. NEVER HAVE I TRAVELED SO FAR. SEASONS HAVE FALLEN LIKE BITS OF RAIN AND THE SUN HAS SWUNG 'ROUND SO OFTEN THROUGH HEAVEN THAT EVEN THE STARS NO LONGER HOLD THE SHAPE I KNEW WHEN THE LAST OF MY KIND WALKED THE EARTH. *

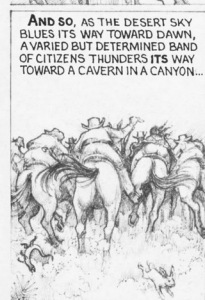
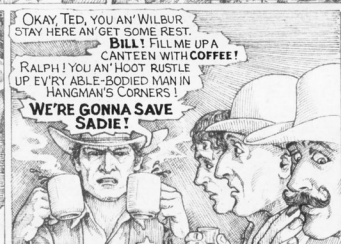
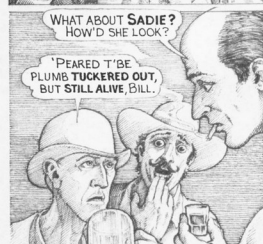


* THOSE READERS WHO HAVE SUFFERED STOICALLY THROUGH THE LINGUISTIC PROBLEMS POSED BY THE WOMAN IN WHITE WILL BE PLEASED TO FIND THIS TELEPATHIC DIALOGUE PRESENTED IN TRANSLATION. - O.C.N.



TO SUMMON ME OVER SUCH A DISTANCE, YOUR POWER MUST BE GREAT INDEED. WHAT WORTH CAN I HAVE FOR YOU?

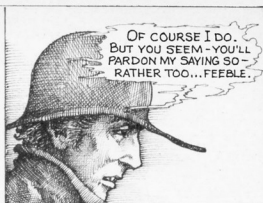




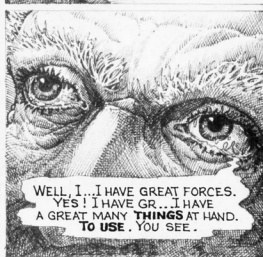


YES, I'M YAMMERHANT.
HI!

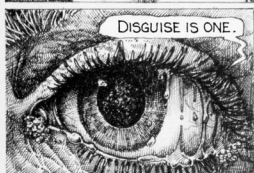
AND I'M HERE... I'M YAMMER...ER,
AND I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, HELP YOU,
NOT, YOU SEE, TO **HARM** YOU...NOT TO
HURT YOU AT ALL. YOU DO UNDER-
STAND THAT, DON'T YOU?



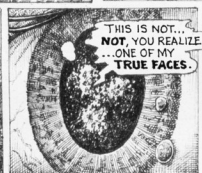
OF COURSE I DO.
BUT YOU SEEM--YOU'LL
PARDON MY SAYING SO--
RATHER TOO...FEEBLE.



WELL, I...I HAVE GREAT FORCES.
YES! I HAVE GR...I HAVE
A GREAT MANY **THINGS** AT HAND.
TO USE, YOU SEE.



DISGUISE IS ONE.



THIS IS NOT...
NOT, YOU REALIZE
...ONE OF MY
TRUE FACES.



I...I'M YAM-M...HI!
I HAVE **THREE**. BUT IT'S
SOMETIMES **HARMFUL**
TO...TO...



STOP! PLEASE!
I UNDERSTAND!

OUTSIDE THE CAVE, THE SUN SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE SHERIFF AND POSSE.



I ALWAYS WANTED
TO BE A LAWMAN!

LORD! THIS HERE'S
RIGHT **MANLY**.
SHERIFF!

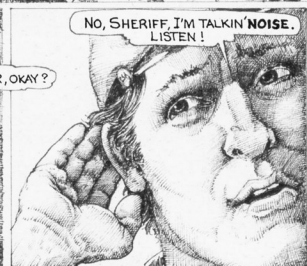
CLAM UP!
WE'LL CATCH 'EM
WITH THER PANTS
DOWN.



SHERIFF... LISTEN!

MORE O' THAT
CHICKEN CRAP?

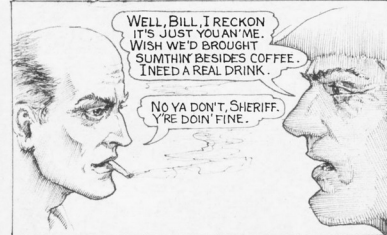
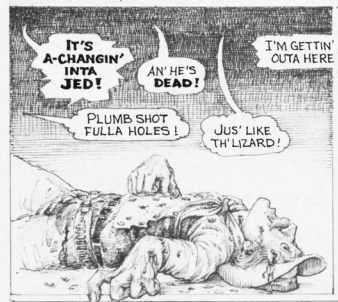
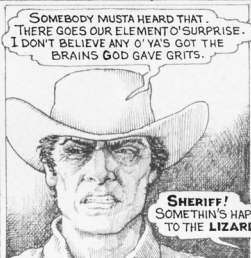
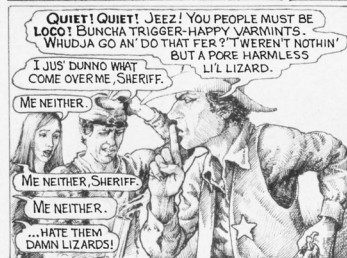
LATER, OKAY?

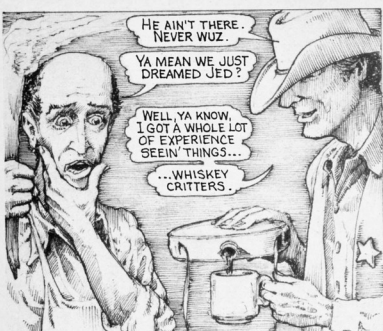


NO, SHERIFF, I'M TALKIN' **NOISE**.
LISTEN!



AN' IT'S COMIN'
THIS WAY!





HE AIN'T THERE.
NEVER WUZ.

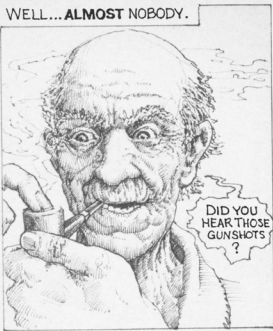
YA MEAN WE JUST
DREAMED JED?

WELL, YA KNOW,
I GOT A WHOLE LOT
OF EXPERIENCE
SEEN THINGS...

...WHISKEY
CRITTERS.

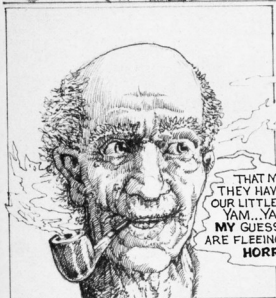


BESIDES, NOBODY
COULD FIT A MAN JED'S
SIZE INTO A LIZARD.



WELL... ALMOST NOBODY.

DID YOU
HEAR THOSE
GUNSHOTS
?



THAT MEANS
THEY HAVE FOUND
OUR LITTLE SURPRISE.
YAM...YAMM'S...
MY GUESS IS THEY
ARE FLEEING IN TE...TERR...
HORROR!



HA! YOUR INTREPID
RESCUERS,
SADIE, MY DEAR.



YES! RUN!
GET AWAY FROM
HERE!



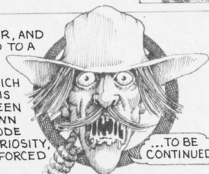
GOOD! NOW THAT THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF,
WHAT ABOUT **THE RING**?

OH, YES...
YOUR LITTLE
PROBLEM WITH
THE RING.

I... I FEEL IT...
IT IS COMING SOON.



WELL, ER... **YOU**, DEAR READER, AND
EVEN **I**, HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED TO A
COUPLE OF PRETTY ODD, AND
HEAVY CHARACTERS, AS WELL
AS SOME SURPRISING TWISTS WHICH
LEAD ME TO WONDER JUST **WHO** IS
REALLY IN CHARGE HERE. I HAD BEEN
TOLD I WAS, BUT I HAVEN'T KNOWN
WHAT WAS GOING ON SINCE EPISODE
THREE. OR FOUR. SO, OUT OF CURIOSITY,
IF FOR NO OTHER REASON, I AM FORCED
TO SAY...



...TO BE
CONTINUED...
EVENTUALLY...

NEW
MUSICS

I used to hate reggae. Bland and boring, I thought, melodically clichéd and rhythmically static, favored by knee-jerk patronizing honky wimps who embrace all minority-certified, "third world" music. Even sent myself to a Bob Marley show six years back, and barely stayed conscious (tedium, not drugs).

My sphincter held firm until last summer, when—in the grip of a suggestive condition—I was strapped down and forced to ear out Black Uhuru's *Sinsemilla* (Mango). Yow—El Exigente approves! Hell, I even stumbled out the next day and cash-dumped for it, devoting the subsequent months to an obsessive groove-grinding campaign in pursuit of saturation. Once my body had downshifted into the reggae rhythmic mode—a subtypical, timeless suspension—I found that not only did I like the stuff, but I was goddamn addicted. Black Uhuru's latest, *Red* (also Mango), reaffirms that initial response: cerebral surrender to a mesmerically seductive, physically captivating body music.

Lotsa credit must go to the rhythm section, drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare (a workaholic pair if there ever was one—they play on five of the records mentioned here), who grease the works with an effortless shuffle. Black Uhuru's live performance impresses even more; singer Michael Rose charismatically commands the stage of New York's Palladium, as Shakespeare's bass thunders subsonically, snaking sexily into the body southward of the large intestine. And the elasticity of Dunbar's rhythmic pulse reassures you with liquid flow while it plays tricks with wryly off-beat syndrum accents.

Not surprisingly, these two boffo talents ain't content to be mere utility backfielders. With their own Jamaican record company, Taxi, they produce, provide backup, and write songs for some of the best reggae singers in the biz. *Sly and Robbie Present Taxi* (Mango) is a compilation of pop-reggae singles by Dennis Brown, Gregory Isaacs, Junior Delgado, and other well-known island crooners—each cut stylistically singular but indelibly marked by the Dunspearean instinctual mastery of smooth, Motown-soul melodies and burping-amoeba rhythms.

Normally I avoid compilation albums—the stuff I dig inevitably gets sandwiched between excruciatingly offensive slices of sonic Wonder bread. Only when the record as a whole makes a

point is its existence justified. *Taxi* works, and ditto *The "King" Kong Compilation* (Mango), a collection of pre-deluge (1968–70) reggae tunes produced by the late Leslie Kong. Numbers like Desmond Dekker's "Israelites," the Maytals' "Monkey Man," and the Melodians' "Rivers of Babylon" give the sense of a music in transition, crossing from the cranking dance beat of ska and rock steady into the sublime soulfulness of reggae. The record clarifies the music's hybrid roots in American soul and Caribbean beat music (calypso, etc.).

The effort to straddle genres doesn't always strengthen a record. Sometimes it only weakens the impact that a more purist approach might have had. Dennis Brown's American debut, *Foul Play* (A&M), suffers this way: passion sacrificed in the name of slickness. His more purely reggae moments work best when he seems to believe in what he's saying ("The World Is Troubled") instead of perfunctorily singing a nice pop song.

The same problem besets *Jah Malla* (Modern/Atco), the first effort by the same-named band of Jamaicans-by-way-of-Brooklyn. Jah Malla engage the Jamaican-American crossover on more obvious terms, closing their LP's first side with a truly awful reggaed "Bad Moon Rising." It totally blows the rest of the record for me, which ain't

bad at all (keep your Curtis Mayfield records, boys, but ditch the John Fogartys).

Peter Tosh can't use youthful inexperience as his excuse for *Wanted: Dread & Alive* (Rolling Stone/EMI America); as a founding member of the Wailers almost two decades back, he should know better. Maybe his duet with old Mick two years ago permanently impaired his judgment, but this platter just doesn't do him justice. Bland soul crooning (the painfully pandering "Nothing but Love"), limp philosophizing ("We gotta find a solution to all this pollution"), and a plodding beat (Sly and Robbie, no less!) suck this one right down the dumper. A shame.

And what would a reggae-yap be without a nod to Bob Marley, eh? Well, I've wised up since the first paragraph and now can appreciate the strength of the man's conviction and the beauty of his statement. In a shocking display of restraint and good taste, Island Records has decided not to unleash the expected stampede of posthumous moneymakers. They say the ten discs already in the catalogue are enough, with last year's *Uprising* the final release. I recommend it highly—it's got all the oppression-bred, restrained passion (an almost gospel/spiritual feel at times), and transcendent lyricism that Marley seems to have owned the patent on.

—Lou Stathis

CONSPICUOUSLY
CONSUMED

No holds barred, the new British rock set come out thrashing as if their lives depended on it—and in an odd sense, they do. No down-home, crying-in-the-beer or contrived paens for them; Souixie and the Banshees, Killing Joke, and even the more mollified Psychedelic Furs all fume with unrepentant glorification of either a personal or a general apocalypse. Purification seems the hope; a search for new values in a world rendered amoral and ever shallow accounts for this frenzied productivity.

Souixie and crew have produced four albums of charged fury. On her latest, *JuJu* (PVC Records), dark tribal stomp intermingles with the charge of electric guitars, enhancing a drive toward some ultimate, cleansing vision. As she wails in her low-register voice about the ravages of pain and love, she offers but a hint of redemption.

For Killing Joke, the only redemption is in the searing assault. Charred cities and brains might as well suit their notion of recovery through total overload. And input overload it is, as they charge up guitars, synthesizers, and throbbing bass drums to burn through resisting neural circuits on both their first album and *what's THIS for...* (Editions EG), their newest feat.

As for the Furs—the most romantic of the set (if that's the word for it), overt gesturing renders some of their efforts on *Talk Talk Talk* (Columbia) a bit more apologetic. But the vaguely opiated pop-isms of organ and sax don't distract the listener from being aware of their moral and spiritual *raison d'être*. Poignancy never really deters the Furs from fighting the hard struggle, with buzzing guitars and battering-ram drums, toward some enlightened breakthrough.

But when it comes to being completely consumed by the traumatized world and its salvation, look to the late Ian Curtis and Joy Division. When he lived to lead them—creating brilliant albums like *Closer* (Rough

Trade) and singles like "She's Lost Control"—he stoked the fires of fulsome anguish to search the depths for redemption. Unfortunately, he became lost in the effort to a fatal degree—ultimately dying as a presumed suicide. But rock has always demanded putting one's life on the line as the paradigm for the visions expressed. And in the world Curtis constructed he saw little relief from the painful, cumbersome emotional baggage we carry around. Now the remnants of his group, reformed as New Order, are seeking a brighter side—listen to the single "Ceremony" (Rough Trade)—but the quasi-spiritual cause infused in this band and other new wavers remains.

—Brad Balfour

HEAVENLY CHOIR

At a very early age, we fantasize about the world's bending to our desires. When it doesn't, we adjust our fantasies, let the world in on its own terms (more or less), and grow. Others, however, amassing money, fame, and power, never have to abandon the illusion that the world bends.

Dougal Butler's slangy, informal memoir of his ten years as Keith Moon's personal manager, *Full Moon* (Morrow Quill, written with Chris Trengove and Peter Lawrence), reveals the pitfalls of the illusion. A fabulous original, Moon didn't care about anything, satisfied to be a genius at the drums with a genius for destruction. One financed the other: the ledger included smashed hotel rooms and totaled expensive cars, groupies and hookers, alcohol, ups, downs. One especially careless day, Moon took in a little too much of several substances simultaneously, and that was that. As Butler reveals, Moon's introspective moments were too few and not the sort to get him beyond the illusion.

A similar end came to Elvis, a man in most other ways unlike Moon. Elvis grew more conservative, was awarded honorary nardom, and eventually denounced the Beatles as subversive. Steve D. Temerius and Fred L. Worth have compiled a truly unusual book, an Elvis encyclopedia, *All About Elvis* (Bantam), a virtual gold mine of fascinating trivia. Elvis, that American Dream Machine, was entranced by the fantasy of his own image. Held in thrall, he never resolved adulthood's problems and anxieties, instead smothering them under a mountain of ice cream and peanut-butter sandwiches followed by an injudicious choice of pharmaceuticals. Resultant physical problems led to more anxiety, followed by further ingestion of said materials—a vicious circle that spun him into the grave at the age of forty-two.

Al DiOrto's *Borrowed Time* (Running Press), though a straight bio of the fairly straight Bobby Darin, tells the same kind of story. After "Spish Splash," Darin dissociated himself from rock, opting for the more "legitimate" realms of pop entertainment, such as Vegas. And that's how we remember him—the self-conscious lounge-lizard style, the good-looking, petulant face. Yet DiOrto shows Darin to be more intelligent and sympathetic than

our memories suggest. Darin had some very real physical limitations (a result of a rheumatic heart condition) that he unfortunately never quite adjusted to. He resorted to overwork, perhaps in order to demonstrate a mastery over his body, thereby hastening his death. Adherence to the illusion was the ultimate self-betrayal. For all of them.

—Jonathan White

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRIC

In David Henderson's biography of Jimi Hendrix, *Scuse Me While I Kiss the Sky* (Bantam), an irony emerges from the account of the musician's love affair with life. Like Shelley, perhaps his nearest English counterpart, Hendrix in his short lifetime encapsulated all the youthfulness and mature reflectiveness of a normal life span. For this reviewer, who, living in England, was just too young and distant to have a finger hold on the Hendrix pulse, this book is a revelation: enigma, ambiguity, rumor, hearsay, hippie propaganda, and the aura of this strange man are isolated in the book, as anecdotes mingle with surmise and generally

accepted fact.

Today, a dichotomy exists between the images of Hendrix the composer (unprecedented feedback from two strings, a melody played in synchrony on four more), the introverted poet sitting in a corner at his first London party, taking note, and the obsessed craftsman, the sole survivor of the days of mixing a single track in a studio. Appreciation of the Hendrix persona grew rapidly in the sixties, as word spread of the music's effect. But when this general consciousness (spurred on by commercial interests) mustered its forces into an almost childish worship of a static god-head, something had to break. Shelley's experience was closely akin to this—"Spanish castles, made of sand, slip into the sea, eventually..." as Hendrix was to observe.

Finally, torn between musical instincts and managerial policies, the FBI and the Mafia, the increasingly immobile expectations of audiences and a state where he and his muse might lie suspended together in harmony, Hendrix died at the age of twenty-seven. This moving book cleaves the mediocre uniformity of today's music scene with legerity. It's a powerful antidote to exhaustion in the face of contemporary popular games of musical chairs.

—Duart McLean

Real rock 'n' roll springs eternally hopeful. Even when it's called punk and is laden with thoughts of death and "anarchy," the pure excitement of the form makes it ultimately optimistic (if paradoxically so). At its best, punk (or its spirit, which lives on in various forms, not the trend, which is dead) encourages our most guiltily naive fantasies—seeing music not only as the ultimate tool against the evil of banality but also as (gasp!) utopian revolutionary force.

But what happens to these fantasies when the music's over and the real world looms before you? In *D.O.A.*, a documentary about the Sex Pistols' U.S.A. snuff tour, punk's abstract politics (which seem so eloquent in the world of art) are forced to tackle "reality" (i.e., an Ameri-



WESTERN DECLINE

can audience that doesn't know what to make of them. Director Lech Kowalski makes it a study in isolation—on the one hand, presenting the Pistols' revolutionary concert footage and, on the other, giving equal attention to audience members who act as poseurs, thrill seekers, or plain assholes. The out-of-whack sensibilities wind up cinematically expressing regret for the ignorance that surrounded the band, reducing their met-

aphoric "anarchy" to being just another trendy freak show.

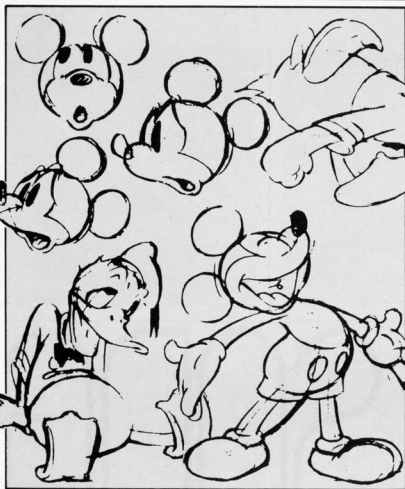
In Penelope Speer's *The Decline of Western Civilization*, an all-too-reverent look at L.A.'s slam-dunk punk scene, the bands and audience are more in synch. Unfortunately most of the music deserves the ignoring that the Pistols experienced. Since L.A. is incorrectly known to most as a city-sized sensory-deprivation tank, local punk becomes an odd proposi-

tion—potentially revealing the scummy underbelly and consequences of the palm-treed, supposed promised land. Yet only the band X has the power to get it across. The rest so lack persona or conviction that their would-be witty shock has no value. The film becomes trivial, and the bands' self-serving anger betrays the L.A. punk.

Still, in both the irrelevance of *The Decline* and the pessimism of *D.O.A.*, moments arise which prove that rock's utopian dreams do not have to be mere airy-fairy notions. X and John Lydon present their art as a realistic way of life, as an inspiration. Their idealism obviously won't change the world. But punks (unlike hippies) don't expect it to. Their ideals do change them. And maybe that's all one lifetime can do.

—Jim Farber

Animatus Incredibilis



DIS-MISSION

The late Walt Disney's successful (depending on your definition) mission: to have moviegoers surrender to overwhelming visual ecstasy and to be transported to "a place they had never experienced and where they believed in cartoon inhabitants and were emotionally moved by them." Celebrating this constantly evolving post-modern pop art are both New York City's Whitney Museum's first-time installation "Disney Animation and Animators" (which travels to L.A. and possibly elsewhere at the year's end)—spotlighting the innovative decade 1932 to 1942—and also the stunning anthology *Disney Animation—The Illusion of Life*, by Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston (Abbeville Press). Of these two veterans of forty-three fantasy-filled years at Disney, Thomas, for example, oversaw animation of "sincere" characters like Pinocchio.

This chock-full-of-propaganda book and exhibit exemplify Disney's animation principles

and endlessly repeated credo "to make it believable—not realistic—but believable." His tyrannical control of mind and sophisticated motion is fascinatingly duplicated in 1,500 drawings, painted backgrounds, cels, and videotaped selections, which ramble from the spiritually psychedelic *Fantasia* to the ethnically stereotyped Mickey and Minnie Mouse. Mounted on dark walls with silvery lighting, evoking the "wombiness" of movie houses, the Whitney's show must be making the master illusionist beam from his crypt as busy neophytes carry his kitsch to greater glory. The book itself almost creates the science-fictional sense of wonder that the Disney-created anthropomorphized animals, creatures, and inanimate objects aroused on film. The bewitching believability of images and ideas transferred through illusion now remains the obsession and font of inspiration for animators from Disney onwards.

—Daphne Davis

HAND JOB

I flipped when I got this package of paper movies, *Flip-Pack*, a set of six sixty-page flip books by independent animators. You'll flip too. In the jazzy *Barrelhouse Bop*, anticartoonist George Griffin uses a variety of styles for an aural effect, riffing on Bird, bop, and new wave, and goes one step beyond. Interweaving planes and textures by Sara Petty quadruple in four-fold fascination once the flipper realizes that the title, *Family of Four*, refers to tactile possibilities—her book can be flipped in eight directions, four forward and four backwards. You'll also find Tony Eastman's explosive cartoon action, Kathy Rose's reprise of her *Pencil Bookings* film, and Roger Kukes's se-

quential drawings (similar to time-lapse photography, as his cukes and other plants flower forth in a garden of delights). The schematic ballet of intergalactic blueprints in Paul Glabicki's *Wipes* succeeds best for me with metadimensional illusions reminiscent of his *Diagram Film* (1978). Around since the nineteenth century, when they were called "flipper books," this proto-animation art form is rarely toyed with; the current production is state of the art, with biographical notes on the artists, side-stitch binding, plastic laminated full-color wraparound covers, and a sturdy card stock that flips perfectly. Price of each: \$4 (from Metropolis Graphics, 28 East Fourth Street, New York, NY 10003), but spring instead for the entire set (\$20), housed in a black thumb-holed cardboard slipcase. And throw in an additional \$6 for *Frames* (a 1978 softcover book of wild, unleashed imagery and personal statements by seventy independent American animation artists) so that you can get an idea of what to expect in forthcoming future *Flip-Packs*. This could catch on like hula hoops.

—Bhob



Depending on your prejudices, *Computer World*, by Kraftwerk (Sire), is either trance/dance music for vegetables or trance/dance music for the next step in human evolution. Or, if you're really prejudiced, it's both. I waffle among all of these prejudices, but some part of me likes this record a lot—even though the copy I got from Warner Bros. has a huge plastic-tumor nodule on the edge so that I can't hear the first three minutes. "Pocket Calculator" is fortunately the second cut, beyond the nodule, and it gets my vote for being the

best new-age electronics song I've heard (along with "Computer Games," by Mi Sex). "I am the operator of my pocket calculator" and "By pressing down a special key/It plays a little melody" are also on the ballot for being the best lines of the year. They almost inspire me to take out my pocket calculator and balance my checkbook, but not quite. Although guitars that snarl remain my first love, synthesizer weirdness is growing on me. Honk-beep-beep-twut-whock-whock-zoooooop... get down and get to the next century.

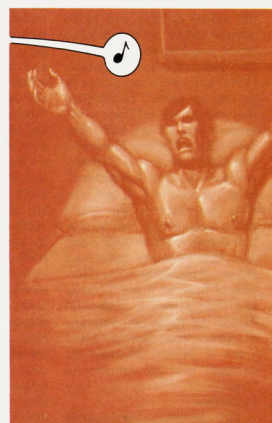
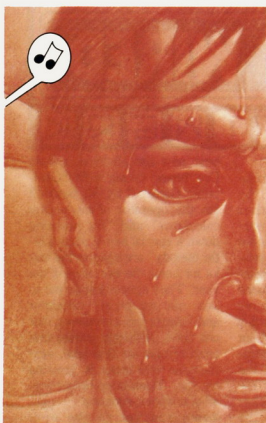
—Charles M. Young



SIREN SONG

STORY-JIM CUMMINGS

ART-PAUL ABRAMS





NO HE
HASN'T BEEN
WELL IN DAYS,
BUT.



NO, NO... FOR A
COUPLE... FOR A COUPLE
OF DAYS NOW...

...MMMM...



I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW. THE
DOCTOR LEFT AN HOUR AGO... AND... AND HE
COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS WRONG
EITHER. *SNIFFLE*



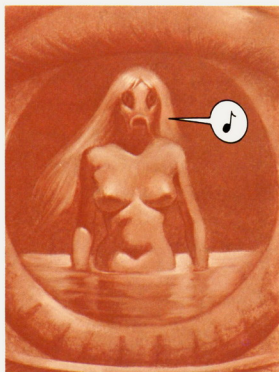
YEAH. WELL... SOMETHING
LIKE A FEVER. PETER KEEPS
SWEATING... I'VE CHANGED
THE SHEETS THREE
TIMES TODAY.



YEAH...
YES, OF
COURSE.
NO, I TRIED
THAT,
BUT



♪



I WOULDN'T BE SO CONCERNED IF THAT WERE THE CASE, DAN. HE KEEPS DRINKING... LIKE A FISH! NO, NO, I MEAN ALL LIQUIDS. HE'S GONE THROUGH ALL THE MILK AND JUICE IN THE HOUSE!



MMMM, OKAY, BUT THE DOCTOR SAID IT MIGHT EVEN BE ALL IN HIS HEAD...

A PHOBIA HE DEVELOPED. "FEAR OF DEHYDRATING." I DON'T KNOW

AT THIS POINT, ANY GUESS IS A GOOD ONE.



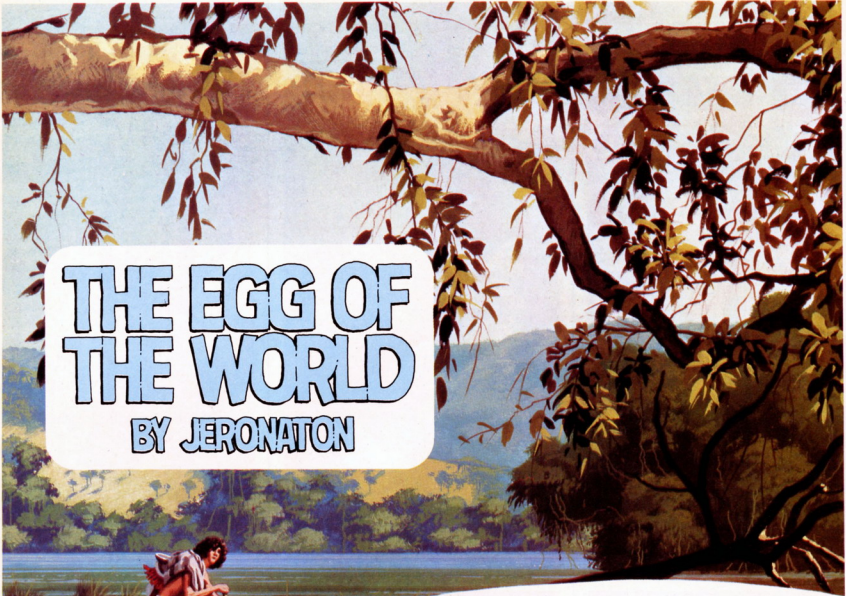
WELL, WHAT THE HELL DO YOU EXPECT? I WAS ALL SET TO TELL HIM, AND THEN HE GOT SICK!





YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM.





THE EGG OF THE WORLD

BY JERONATON

2

THE EGG OF THE WORLD MAY BE FOUND VERY FAR AWAY, TOWARD THE EAST. IT EMBODIES ALL THAT IS WISE AND POWERFUL. NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO REACH IT—UNTIL NOW, THAT IS, THOSE WHO HAVE SOUGHT AFTER IT HAVE DISAPPEARED FOREVER.



FOR DAYS, FOR WEEKS, FOR MONTHS, IN FACT PROBABLY FOR YEARS, TWO MEN HAVE BEEN WALKING TOWARD EACH OTHER, QUESTING FOR THIS ALMIGHTY FORCE. HUNDREDS OF LEAGUES SEPARATE THEM. IMPENETRABLE VIRGIN FORESTS, DESERT SANDS, ARID BOULDERS, SWAMPS, AND STEEP CLIFFS HAVE KEPT THEM APART FROM ONE ANOTHER. THEIR EXHAUSTION IS GREAT. WHAT IS THEIR MISSION? WHY SO MUCH EFFORT, PATIENCE, PAIN? WHAT PUSHES THEM TOWARD THIS GOAL THAT NEITHER OF THEM KNOWS THEY HAVE IN COMMON?



3 OUR FATHERS AND THE FATHERS OF THEIR FATHERS HAVE TRIED TO REACH IT. BUT WE HAVE RESIGNED OURSELVES TO THE FACT THAT THE TREASURE IS INACCESSIBLE. YET WE STILL YEARN FOR IT. WE KNOW NOW THAT LIFE IS BITTER, AND THAT THE TRIBE OF OSSIRAS HAS NO BETTER CHOICE THAN TO FIGHT THE CRUEL MERCHANTS OF OVETAS.





4

AS FAR BACK AS ANY OVETIAN CAN REMEMBER, THEIR LIVES HAVE BEEN SHADOWED BY UNHAPPINESS AND DEATH. THE OVETIAN IS NOT MEANT TO LIVE LIKE A BEAST. HE MUST BE AWARE OF THE WHYS AND HOWS OF LIFE. I WILL GO MYSELF IN SEARCH OF THE EGG.

6

SO LESA, THE OVETIAN, AND NAIC, THE OSSIRIAN, BEGAN THEIR JOURNEY, QUITE SOME TIME AGO. LESA CAME FROM THE RICH AND MOIST LANDS WHERE THE OVETIANS, SEDENTARY FARMERS, LIVE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND AND THE SALE OF THEIR PRODUCE.



7

THE NOMADIC HUNTERS ARE LAZY. THEY PROSPER AT NOTHING, LIVING OFF STOLEN GOODS. THEY SEIZE AT EVERY OPPORTUNE TIME TO KILL AN OSSIRIAN. IS A GOOD THING, BECAUSE THE NUMEROUS TRIBESMEN OF OSSIRIAS HAVE DESTROYED THE GREEN CLOAK OF THE LAND. SUCH IS THE LAW OF RAGON, OUR VENERATED GOD.

5

THE OSIRIANS ARE OVERRUN BY SICKNESS, MISERY, AND ANGUISH. IT SEEMS THAT FOR THEIR MEN THERE EXISTS ONLY THE ABILITY TO ASK THEMSELVES QUESTIONS THAT ARE UNANSWERABLE. I LONG TO KNOW THE MYSTERY OF LIFE, EVEN IF I SHALL RISK LOSING MY OWN LIFE WHILE DOING SO



BENAIK LEFT THE DESERTED AND ROCKY STRETCHES OF THE NORTH: THE TERRITORY OF THE OSIRIANS, THE ROUGH NOMADIC HUNTERS OF THE STEPPES.




THE QVETIAN FARMERS HAVE DISFIGURED OUR MOTHERLAND WITH THEIR WORK. THEY SEIZE THE RICHNESS THAT SLEEPS IN HER BREAST AND MONOPOLIZE IT. THE INFINITE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS AND OUR PREACHERS COMMANDS US TO DESTROY THESE QVETIANS WHO IMPEDE THE MARCH OF THE TROOPS AND THE FREEDOM OF MEN WITH THEIR ENCLOSURES AND THEIR UNNECESSARY GARDENS.

5

THUS, AN UNAPPEASABLE HATRED EXISTS AMONG THE MEN OF THESE TWO TRIBES. VIOLENCE RULES THIS WORLD WHERE THE BLOOD OF THE OSSIRIANS, LIKE THAT OF THE OVETIANS, HAS BEEN SPILLED TIME AND TIME AGAIN.



LEBA AND NAIC HAVE NEVER MET ONE ANOTHER. THEY HATE EACH OTHER AND IMAGINE THEMSELVES TO BE VERY DIFFERENT. HOW-
EVER, LIKE TWO SEPARATED BROTHERS WHO LONG TO REUNITE, THEY APPROACH ONE ANOTHER. BUT THEY ARE TWO ENEMIES ON
THE PROWL...



ANYHH! THIS
MOUNTAIN IS DANGER-
OUS. IT DEFENDS ITSELF
WELL, BUT IT WON'T
HAVE ME.

THE EGG CAN-
NOT BE TOO FAR AWAY
NOW, FOR I AM STILL ALIVE.
VICTORY WILL BE
MINE!




BUT AS THE TWO WARRIORS APPROACH THEIR GOAL, DANGERS AND EVILS SEEM TO MULTIPLY.



ONLY BONES. IS THIS WHAT
IS LEFT OF MY FOOLHARDY AN-
CESTORS, OF WHOM IT IS SAID
THEY NEVER RETURNED?

WHAT HORROR HAS
CRUSHED THEM THIS WAY? I
SHALL KEEP ON MY GUARD THE
MOMENT TO BRANDISH MY
WEAPONS HAS ARRIVED





A dramatic comic book illustration. In the foreground, a warrior with a mohawk, wearing a silver helmet and a tunic with a black and white pattern, stands on a pile of broken, translucent blue crystal blocks. He holds a sword in his right hand and a large, round, black shield with white skull-like patterns in his left. He is looking up at a massive, dark, jagged archway that dominates the middle ground. The archway is made of dark, rocky material and has a small figure of a person standing on its right edge. Above the archway, a bright, glowing orb sits atop a pile of jagged, dark rocks. Two bright yellow lightning bolts strike down from the orb. The sky is a deep blue with dark, swirling clouds. In the background, through the archway, a landscape of rolling hills and mountains is visible under a pink and orange sunset sky. Several tall, sharp, translucent blue crystal spires rise from the ground around the warrior. A speech bubble from the warrior contains the text: "OH MY GOD! THE EGG OF THE WORLD! IT'S EXTRAORDINARY! MAGNIFICENT! BUT... AM I ALONE?"


OH MY GOD!
THE EGG OF THE WORLD!
IT'S EXTRAORDINARY! MAGNIFI-
CENT! BUT... AM I
ALONE?

O MEN OF EARTH, YOUR ETERNAL SEARCH HAS COME TO AN END I AM THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF SUCH QUESTS, THE RECOMPENSE AND REPOSE OF ALL MEN. WHOEVER BREAKS MY SHELL WILL CAPTURE THE POWER, THE GLORY, AND THE PRAISE OF ALL NATIONS. BUT THERE ARE TWO OF YOU WHO WANT ME, AND I CAN BELONG TO ONLY ONE. LET THE BEST MAN WIN AND I SHALL BE HIS. LET LEBBA, THE OVIETIAN, AND NAIC, THE OSSIRIAN, CONFRONT EACH OTHER IN ONE LAST BLOODY DUEL.



AN OSSIRIAN.
HEREZZ EVERYTHING
THAT I SUBMITTED MY-
SELF TO, HE HAS ALSO EN-
DURED. NOW IS THAT
POSSIBLE?

AN OVIETIAN! ITS
INCREDIBLE! HE TOO WAS
NOT AFRAID TO FIGHT THE
SAME TRAPS! HERE IS AN
OVIETIAN WORTHY OF NAIC,
THE OSSIRIAN!



QUETIAN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT LED YOU HERE UNDOUBTEDLY YOU ARE HUNGRY FOR THE POWER THAT THE EGG EXCLUDES, IN ORDER TO DOMINATE MY PEOPLE. BUT HOW IMPORTANT IS THAT? YOU ARE PROOF OF COURAGE, WHICH UP UNTIL NOW ONLY MY PEOPLE POSSESSED RETURN TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE. I WOULD NOT LIKE TO KILL YOU, BUT UNLESS YOU LEAVE, I MAY HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.

I HAVE NO USE FOR YOUR OFFERING, WHICH IS ONLY A SWEETENED TRAP LIKE THAT OF POWER MY JOURNEY IS ONE OF KNOWLEDGE, AND ONLY THAT MATTERS TO ME. I RESPECT YOUR GESTURE, BUT IF YOU PREVENT ME FROM BREAKING THE EGG, I WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU.

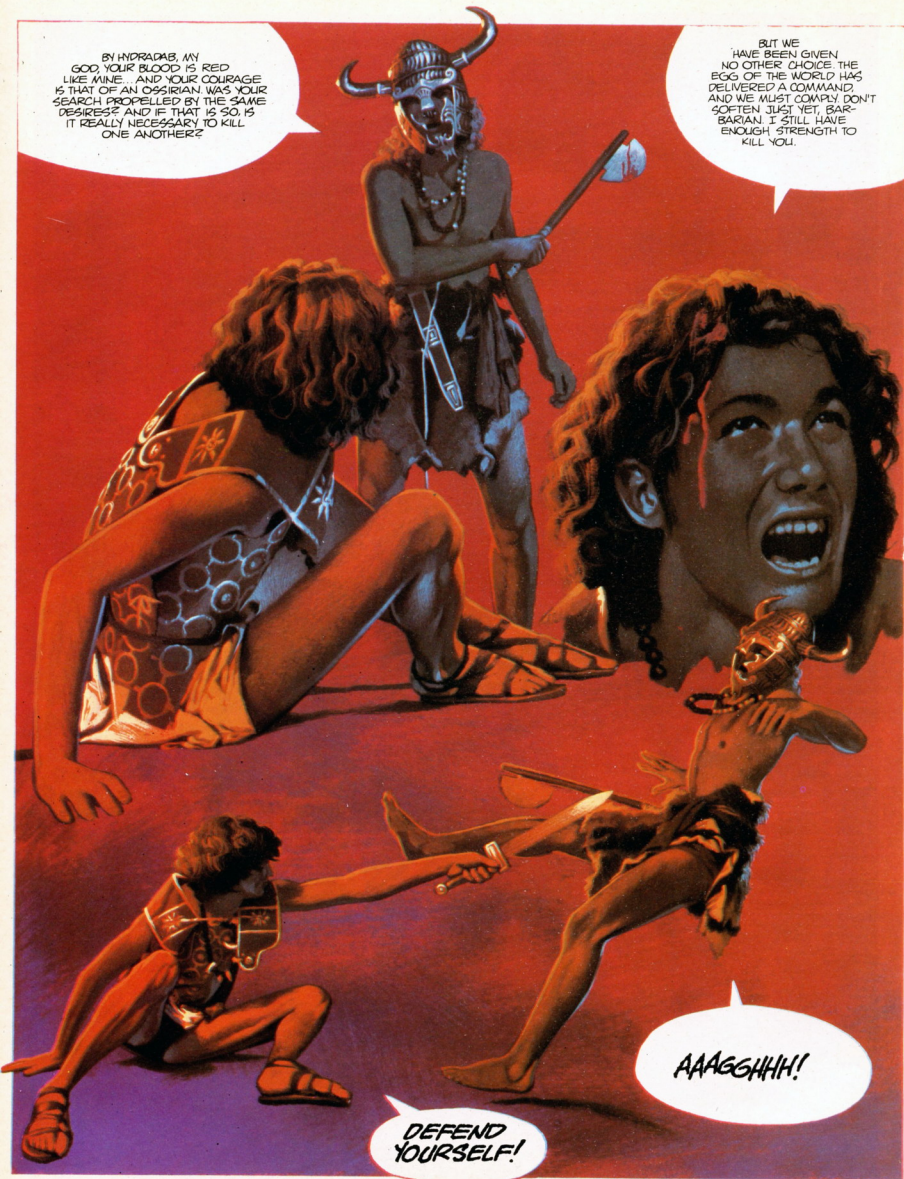
ONE OF US MUST DIE. LET THE BEST MAN WIN.

THIS IS THE FALL OF THE ALL-POWERFUL EGG.



BY HYDRADAB, MY
GOD, YOUR BLOOD IS RED
LIKE MINE... AND YOUR COURAGE
IS THAT OF AN OSSIRIAN WAS YOUR
SEARCH PROPELLED BY THE SAME
DESIRE? AND IF THAT IS SO, IS
IT REALLY NECESSARY TO KILL
ONE ANOTHER?

BUT WE
HAVE BEEN GIVEN
NO OTHER CHOICE. THE
EGG OF THE WORLD HAS
DELIVERED A COMMAND,
AND WE MUST COMPLY. DON'T
SOFTEN JUST YET, BAR-
BARIAN. I STILL HAVE
ENOUGH STRENGTH TO
KILL YOU.




DEFEND
YOURSELF!

AAAGGHHH!

THE VICTORY PRIZE IS MINE. BUT THE OSSIRIAN
COULD HAVE KILLED ME. WHY DID HE SPARE MY LIFE?






COMMIT ONE LAST ABSURD-
ITY, IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND
YET ANOTHER?

WILL TRUTH COME
WITH THIS PRIZE? KEEP YOUR
KNOWLEDGE FOR YOURSELF. YOU
EVIL EGG, HOW MANY DEATHS HAVE
YOU, DESPICABLE TREASURE,
BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR?







I AM THE "VICTORY PRIZE," AS YOU HAVE CALLED
IT. YOU HAVE TRIUMPHED? YOU HAVE RENOUNCED THOUSANDS
OF YEARS OF ECOTISM AND HAVE GONE BEYOND THE SCORN OF ALL
CONVENTION. I AM PARADISE, THE RECOMPENSE TO ALL HEROES, THE
DOOR TO THE HEART AND TO LIFE. FOR CENTURIES, I HAVE WAITED FOR
YOUR KIND, YET ALL HAVE FAILED FOR LACK OF HEART.

COME THEN, LEBBA AND
NAIC. COME SATISFY YOURSELVES WITH
THE HAPPINESS OF A SUN THAT IS NOT OB-
SCURED BY THE EVERLASTING RIVER OF
FRIENDSHIP, OF LOVE, AND OF JOY.





HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Drullett; "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Sinbad," Moebius's Major, "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. (\$3.00)

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

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sinbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" a final rebirth, more. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the "Alien" portfolio, and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more. (\$3.00)

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

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Cravasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schulten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." (\$3.00)

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

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

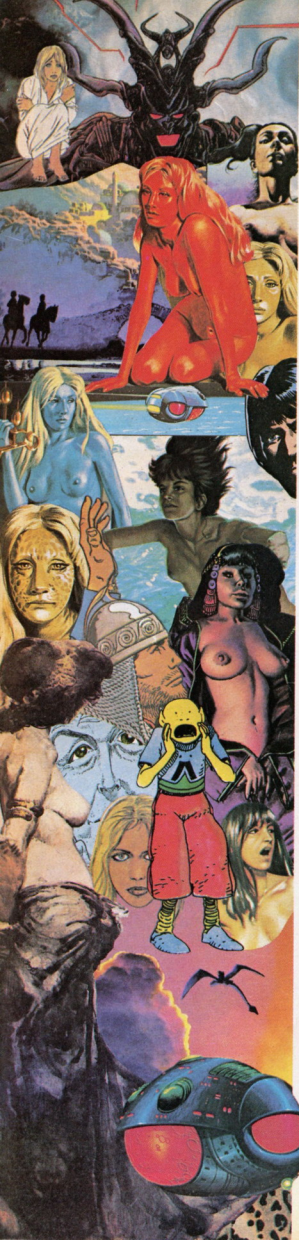
#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! (\$3.00)

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

#41/AUGUST 1980: Drullett returns with the first installment of "Salambo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress" (\$3.00)

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 11-81
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

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CHAIN MAIL

On Platt's "Curse of the Hobbit"

Any of Samuel Delany's books—extreme fantasy, especially *Dhalgren*, but well written, with characters the reader winds up caring about.

Ann McCaffrey's *The Ship Who Sang*—primarily a relationship study about what will happen when the human spirit is forced into paths it was never designed to walk.

The Eternal Warrior series by Michael Moorcock, all sixteen of the damn things. A single story intertwined through sixteen separate narratives. An amazing feat even if they hadn't been exciting and readable—which they were.

Yes, and the first five Gor books by John Norman. Sexism aside, they are fun to read and are able to involve the reader in a culture not too dissimilar to what our history has seen before and may see again.

Last, through considerations of space alone, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's *Ariosto*—a jewel of a book that finds a small man thrust into his fantasy and not found wanting. Heroic stuff on all levels.

There are many, many more that fit all or part of Mr. Platt's criteria for obscurity but are selling and selling for a reason. They fill a need. Having that need filled is not making people less attentive to the reality about them; rather, it offers a pause to regroup and consider. After all, what was *Watership Down* (which Mr. Platt maligns without naming) but an allegory about strength and adaptability in the face of adverse conditions? I don't think you could find anyone, except Mr. Platt, who believes that any "community of rabbits" was literally acting in that manner.

Not all of us want "nuts and bolts" science fiction. We get glimpses of the future and our own mortality every day. There is a part in every person that desperately wants to believe that somewhere, sometime, there is a man, or woman, who can make the world a little better—all on his own, be it with "a magic amulet and a sword" or the simple power of a thought. As a generation, we have been carefully taught that we are ineffective cyphers and helpless without big government, big business, or big whatever to tell us when to jump and how high to do it. The watchword is "obey." It's a stranglehold that's hard to break, but maybe, like Ariosto, we'll find the balls to live our fantasies of self-determination and freedom. Who knows? But without fantasy there's only the reality, and that's damn depressing.

I guess it boils down to "but is it art?" Mr. Platt says it ain't—I say it is.

M. C. Dixon
Longmont, Colo.

P.S. It's odd that the article appeared in *HM*, a magazine that embodies all that Mr. Platt seems to detest.

Dear Heavy Metal,

By damn, Charles Platt smacked the rusty nail right on its ugly head with his essay on the current trend toward fantasy ("Curse of the Hobbit," Sept. '81). It's about time somebody spoke out against these pansy-boy adolescent sword-and-sorcery lovers, these technological cowards who can't face up to the brutal realities of the eighties, who revel in sissy rabbit stories and mad-rapist bar-

barian tales. It's about time someone had the guts to spit in the eye of these drug-muddled old-age hippies who dropped out long ago to "get off" on this wizard-and-dragon shit, these money-minded publishers who want only financial clones of Dune, these stomach-turning romantics, these simpliminded readers of cut-and-dried cardboard-character children's stories. Mr. Platt is a man after my own never bleeding heart. And that's why I'm going to plug in my computer, load my handgun, replace my subscription to *HM* with *U.S. News and World Report*, check on the current gold prices, stock up on my food rations, and get out the vote to elect (Mr. Neutron) Pres. Reagan in 1984.

In other words, Mr. Platt—think again.

Tim Karter
Livermore, Calif.

Caza: "We Hardly Know Ye!"

Dear Heavy Metalers:

Who is Caza?

Please do a bio/story/interview/peek thru the keyhole on this wondrous folk SOON, as I'd like to know where Caza has been. *Pilote* seems a possible hiding place. Can I get a subscription to *Pilote*? Is there a compendium of lotsa Caza work available here or in Europe? Does anyone realize how fantastic Caza is? Please supply name, address, favorite wine, shoe size, brand of cigarette or drugs as the case may be, and where I can meet. Much admiring of the person/works, long may Caza wave! Viva la Caza!

Jesse Bogart
King of Prussia, Pa.

We agree! We don't know much about the guy either! Soooo, in the near future, HM will run a gallery section displaying his work and talking about his life! Look for it in the beginning of the coming year!

—The Eds.

Mr. Chaykin, We Presume?

Dear Sirs:

Howard Chaykin's avant-garde storytelling style distinguishes him as one of the most innovative artists in the illustrated sf/fantasy medium, and I was very impressed with the debut of his colorful Cody Starbuck series in your May issue.

After Starbuck has run its course, is there any chance that you might be serializing the unpublished second half of his visual adaptation of Bester's *The Stars My Destination*? Since this fine graphic novel was originally previewed in *Heavy Metal*, it seems as though these same pages would be the proper place to conclude it.

Kevin C. McConnell
Warren, Pa.

Sorry, Kevin. HM will not be running "Stars," but we will run the continued adventures of Cody Starbuck. It will be coming up early next spring. In the meantime, feast your eyes on his collaboration with Walt Simonson, "Shakespeare for Americans." Ah, the English never had it so good.

—The Eds.

THE CURSE OF THE HOBBIT

by Charles Platt



Dear Heavy Metal folk:

I can only suspect that your printing of Charles Platt's editorial "The Curse of the Hobbit" (*HM*, Sept. '81) was meant to stir a little healthy controversy. On my part, it did. To damn an entire section of the literary community, pretty much out of hand, on the grounds that it sells and is inducing mind rot in the reading public, smacks of sour grapes on the first point, and perhaps a tint of bigotry on the second.

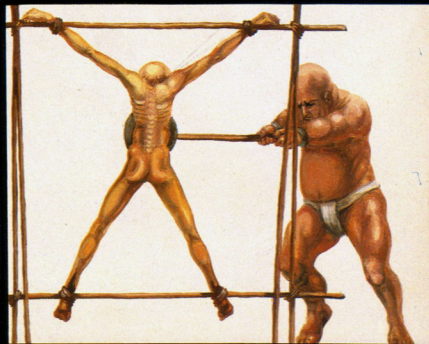
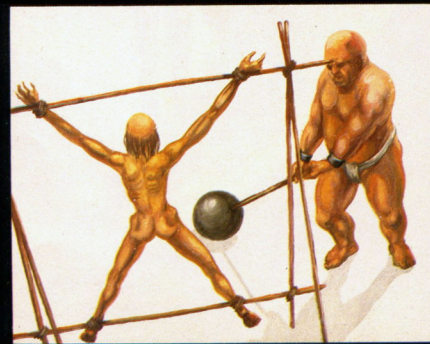
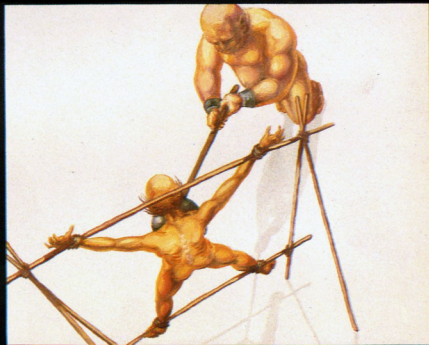
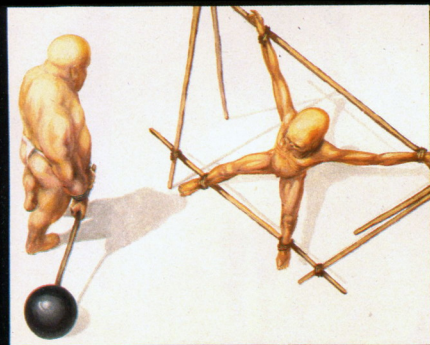
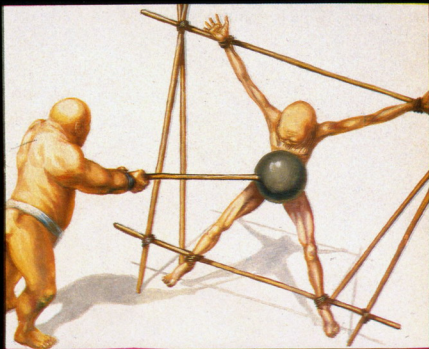
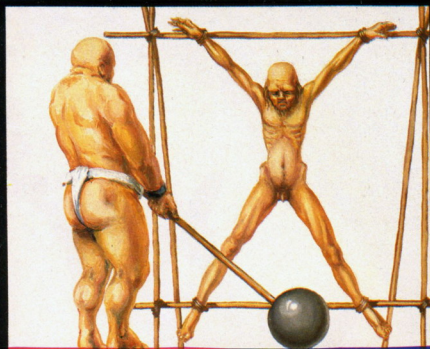
A great number of Mr. Platt's points are well taken, but *Conan the Barbarian* was a formative stage, a plateau which most good fantasy writers have gone beyond, thankfully. To me, good fantasy is:

The Darkover series by Marion Zimmer Bradley—dealing with, among other things, the uses and abuses of power and human/alien sexuality. These books are nicely crafted and deal with their subjects in a manner both believable and caring.

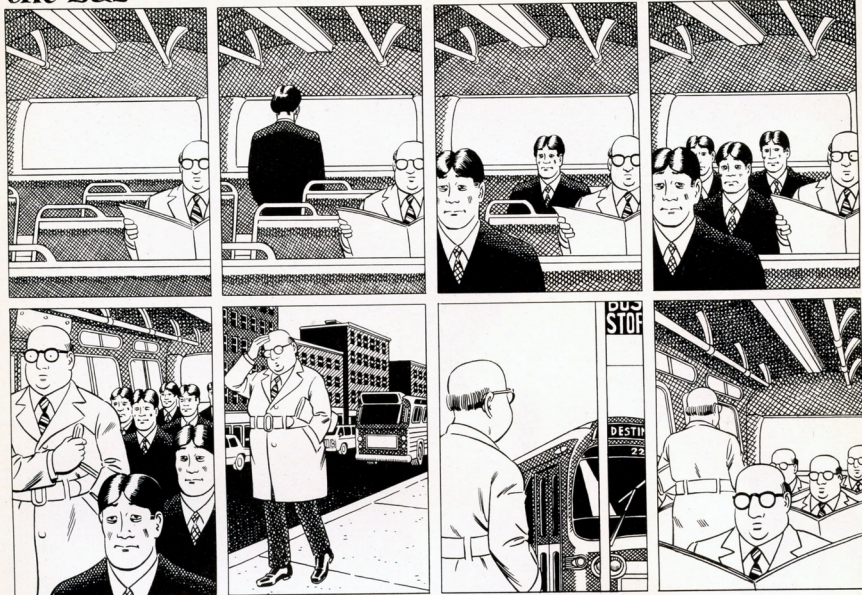
C. L. Cherryh's *The Book of Morgaine*—the first two nicely handled a number of complex interpersonal relationships, and the third really wasn't all that bad, suffering only by comparison.

A. ALTARRIBA

L. ROYO







COMING NEXT ISSUE...



December

The December issue is sort of a pot-pourri (office mates have been calling it a "hodgepodge," but we ask you, where's the class in that?), offering some of our best artists' work.

After many months of the continuing

saga of O'Niel and his screwy crew, **Steranko's** "Outland" concludes.

And speaking of conclusions, **Bilal's** socialist (?) "The Immortals' Fete" winds up just around Christmas-time.

Plus: the continuations of **Segrelles**, **Corben**, and **Findley's** nemesis, "Tex Arcana."

See you then! Under the mistletoe, that is!

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