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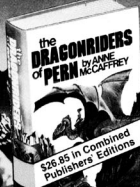
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EDITORIAL

Christmas. A time for those who believe, truly, with all their heart, that there is a Santa Claus: a round, jolly man who can fly through the air, with no strings attached. What a lovely fantasy to grow up believing in, and what a horrible realization when your big brother says it just ain't so.

Heavy Metal is for people who still believe in that bearded man. Those who still wish (and don't tell) when they blow out candles on a cake. For those who wish upon a star.

Within the pages of *Heavy Metal*, one can become anything one chooses. A human eagle with wings the size of elephant ears. A Chandler-esque private eye who longs for a soft woman, a bottle of bourbon, and that one big break. Or a swashbuckling pirate who commandeers condos. All of these identities are as real to some as breathing is. The ability to let oneself loose, to fantasize without a moment's hesitation, to "fly through the air with the greatest of ease."

In our society, we must make a painful transition from childhood to adulthood. No more Howdy Doody time. Giddy-up, Mr. Ed! Come puberty, we are supposed to shed our fantasies as easily as we stripped ourselves of our frills and baseball caps.

Storytelling has been a cultural mainstay throughout the ages. Merry minstrels performed for the young and old, and there was no embarrassment on the part of the adults who reveled in the musical splendor. *Alice in Wonderland* has been enjoyed by "kids of all ages," and its existence on adult bookshelves has never been questioned.

But we're in the eighties now. Kids are growing up faster than they ever have before. They often replace Jack and Jill with joints and jive by the time they've reached twelve, without looking back. And perhaps it's because of this that adults have become cynical and uninterested in the make-believe.

If we can bring you just a little closer to the days of Peter Pan and the Green Hornet (Cinderella would never set a glass-slipped foot into a magazine like this!), then we must be doing something right.

As far as I'm concerned, Alice really did walk through that looking glass.

—JSL



RUN AMOK THROUGH FANTASY...



... BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

Heavy Metal is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining... and front pockets, too. Our original *HM* T-shirt is also available.

So order today! Pick up a few for stocking stuffers, too.

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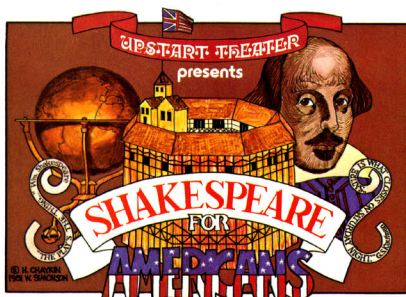
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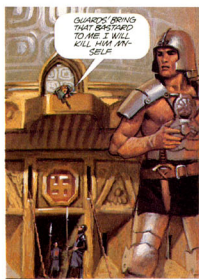
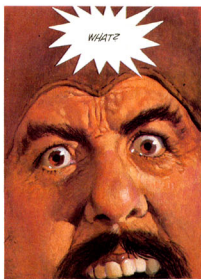
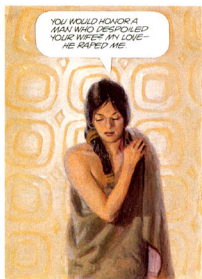
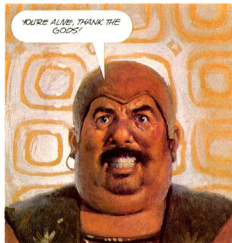
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COMING TO THEATRES EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS DAY

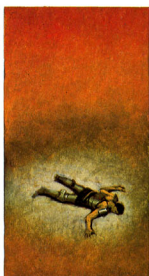


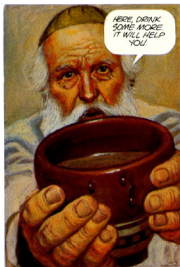
THE MERCENARY

Having saved the "damsel in distress," the Mercenary fled on his newborn saurian. Young and weak, the bird dropped them on a nearby cliff, unable to carry them any further. They decided to camp there for the night, but when the Mercenary would not yield to the woman's flirtations, she became outraged. The following morning, he returned her to her home.

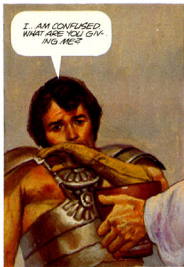








HERE, DRINK
SOME MORE.
IT WILL HELP
YOU.

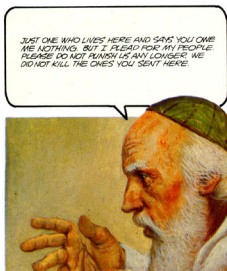


I AM CONFUSED.
WHAT ARE YOU GIV-
ING ME?

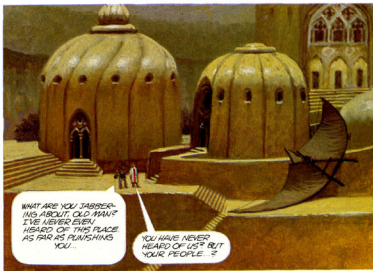


BREATHE? THEN I
AM ALIVE? AND I
OWE YOU MY LIFE.
BUT, WHO ARE YOU?

AN HERBAL EXTRACT TO CURE YOUR
ALTITUDE SICKNESS. IT WILL ALLOW
YOU TO BREATHE HERE.

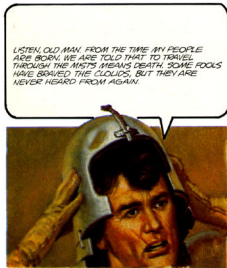


JUST ONE WHO LIVES HERE AND SAYS YOU OWE
ME NOTHING. BUT I PLEAD FOR MY PEOPLE.
PLEASE DO NOT RUN US ANY LONGER. WE
DID NOT KILL THE ONES YOU SENT HERE.



WHAT ARE YOU JABBER-
ING ABOUT, OLD MAN?
I'VE NEVER EVEN
HEARD OF THIS PLACE
AS FAR AS PUNISHING
YOU...

YOU HAVE NEVER
HEARD OF US? BUT
YOUR PEOPLE...?




LISTEN, OLD MAN. FROM THE TIME MY PEOPLE
ARE BORN, WE ARE TOLD THAT TO TRAVEL
THROUGH THE MISTS MEANS DEATH. SOME FOOLS
HAVE BOARDED THE CLOUDS, BUT THEY ARE
NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.



YES, WE HAVE SEEN THEM FALL FROM THE SKY
AND DIE. THAT IS WHY WHEN OUR CHIEF'S
DAUGHTER WAS TAKEN WE THOUGHT YOUR
PEOPLE WERE PUNISHING US, THINKING WE
HAD KILLED YOUR WARRIORS.

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.
WHY DO YOU THINK MY
PEOPLE ARE BEHIND THIS?




THERE IS THE REASON, MY FRIEND THAT
LIGHT AMIDST THE CLOUDS, AND THE
CAGE THAT MYSTICALLY HANGS THERE
WITH OUR CHIEF'S DAUGHTER HELD
CAPTIVE INSIDE.

IT DEFIES THE VERY FORCES
THAT PULL ALL THINGS
GROUNDWARD? NO, OLD
MAN, MY PEOPLE ARE IN-
CAPABLE OF SUCH MAGIC.



MY PEOPLE. WE AL-
WAYS TALK OF MY
PEOPLE. WHERE ARE
YOURS?

THEY HAVE GONE TO
THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE THEY
ARE PRESERVING THE RAMSON
OF ONE THOUSAND SKINS OF
ALCOHOL. PLEASE COME SEE
THEM, BUT LET ME WARN THEM
OF YOUR COMING.



ALCOHOL AND NOT GOLDS
BY THE GODS, THIS PROVES
THAT YOUR WOMAN STEALER
IS NOT FROM MY LAND.

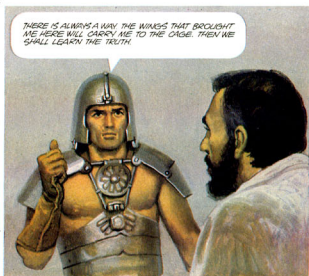
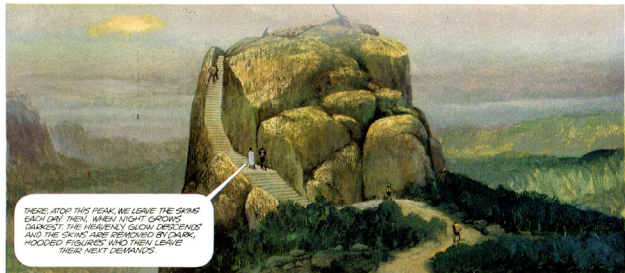


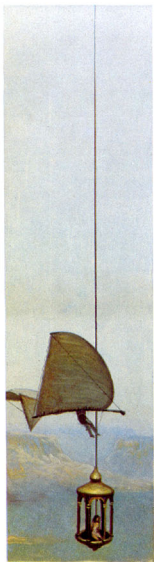
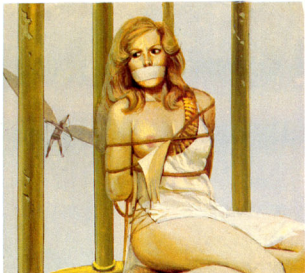
SO GRANDFATHER HAS TOLD ME, STRANGER,
BUT NOW I ADMIT TO BEING MORE CON-
FUSED THAN EVER. IF YOUR PEOPLE DO
NOT HOLD MY DAUGHTER CAPTIVE, WHO
DOES? WHO IS DEMANDING THE RAMSON?



PERHAPS, IF YOU ARE INTER-
ESTED, THAT IS SOMETHING I
CAN DISCOVER. FOR A PRICE,
OF COURSE. SUCH MERCENARY
WORK IS MY JOB, AFTER ALL.

COME THEN,
STRANGER. LET
US WALK.







TO BE CONTINUED

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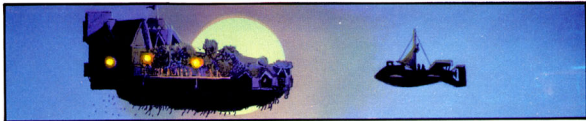
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Thank you, Den. With your help I was assured of success. You and Kath come to my study tomorrow at noon. Your wish will be fulfilled.



Den, may I speak to you a moment?



DEN II

Muuta

While searching for the queen's powerful stones, Den, Tarn, and the others came across the queen's guards and a pit chock full o' hungry reptiles. Once the stones were found, the group's almost futile effort to return to their ship proved nearly all for naught, when Den and the stones went tumbling off the side, as the ship took flight. Tarn, an eternal enemy of Den's, caught him and saved Den's life.

Den, I know you intend to leave Never where. Come to the garden. What I have to say is most important.



I'll soon be returning to Muutaron, my island estate. It is very beautiful there and I am rather rich and reasonably attractive.



Yes.

It is common knowledge that you and Kath are having some difficulties.



Muuta, what are you getting at?

Don't go, Den. Let Kath go and you can come and stay with me.

Muuta, I appreciate your feelings and your offer, but...



How long has it been, Den... since you've had some good play?



No, Muuta! I am loyal to Kath.



You FOOL!! I want you. I'll do anything you want.



Shit!

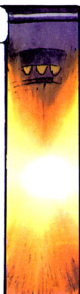
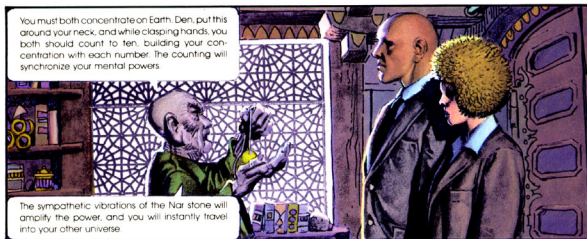


Kath... erine, I am going to take you back to Earth.



David! Really? Do you mean it?!







Tell the quartermaster we need more Gazir. The level is diminishing and we've dropped to under eighty meters.



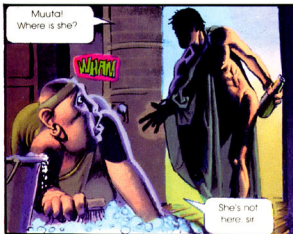
Damn women!
Always chasing
some big supercock.

I go out and get
mangled by those things
and this is my reward.

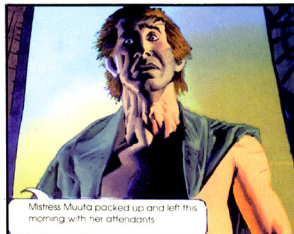


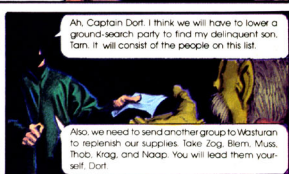
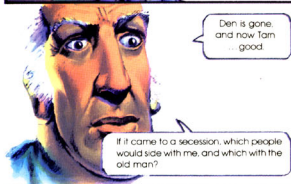
GODDAMNED BITCH!

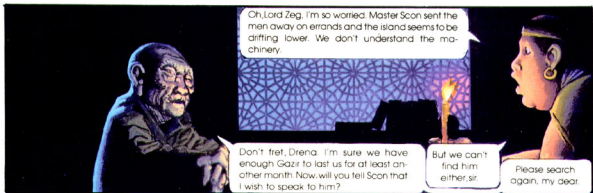
Size isn't everything.
I'll teach her that
I'm a better man
than Den.



She's not
here, sir

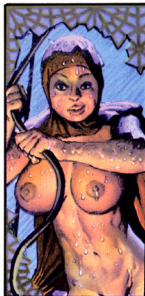




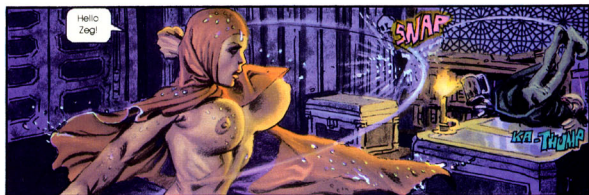




Scon missing
What is he
up to?



The
queen!



Hello
Zeg!

SNAP

1971-1974

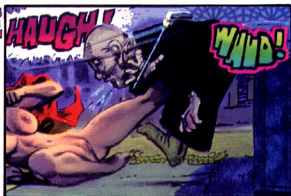


All right, you sniveling little bastard, I'm going to tell
you this only once. Give me the Nar stones or I'm
going to start breaking bones, beginning with
fingers, then wrists, arms, toes, legs, ribs, and then
I think I'll work on your ugly little face.

Wait! Wait,
please! I haven't
got them!



Get back! Keep away from me!
GUARDS!



TEX ARCANA

PART EIGHT

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AH, DEAR READER, WOE IS ME! AND WOE, TOO, TO THOSE HAPLESS INHABITANTS OF **HANGMAN'S CORNERS** FOR, SUSPECTED BY SOME, BUT UNBEKNOWNST TO MOST, A HIDEOUS PALL OF PURE **EVIL** HAS SILENTLY SLITHERED UP AND LOOPED ITS CURSED COILS AROUND THAT UNFORTUNATE COMMUNITY. AND THIS EVIL GOES BY THE NAME OF **YAMMERHANT**.

O IMAGINE THE **HORROR** THAT LIES IN WAIT FOR THEM, MUCH LESS PROTECT THEMSELVES AGAINST IT.

AND YET... AND YET PERHAPS ALL IS NOT LOST. EVEN NOW, IN A SECRET, SACRED GROTTO DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH, OUR **MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN WHITE** IS TELEPATHICALLY PALAVERING WITH A PALLID WRAITH FROM BEYOND THE MISTS OF THE DAWN OF TIME, THE GHOST OF...

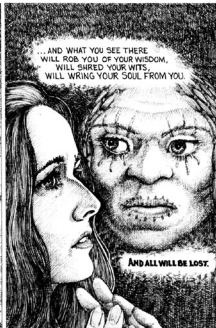


...LILITH, MOTHER OF WITCHES!

USE THESE THINGS
I HAVE GIVEN YOU, CUB.
REMEMBER THE WORDS
THAT WILL SEND THE MONSTER
PULING AND CRINGING BACK TO
HIS LAIR.



BUT THIS ONE THING YOU
MUST NOT DO... LOOK NOT INTO
THE EYES OF YAMMERHANT.
YOU WILL YEARN TO, BUT
YOU MUST NOT, FOR YOU WILL
SEE INTO HIS MIND...



...AND WHAT YOU SEE THERE
WILL ROB YOU OF YOUR MIND,
WILL SHRED YOUR WITS,
WILL WRING YOUR SOUL FROM YOU.

AND ALL WILL BE LOST.



THE WORDS, CUB...
REMEMBER.



Arisa! I
dysigane men.

WUH?
WHIA?











TO BE CONTINUED...

CHAIN MAIL

HM Movie Madness

Dear Sirs,

With your *Heavy Metal* movie, you are bringing fantasy and rock 'n' roll even closer together than before, which it seemed to me was your original intention. Any chance that we'll be seeing more rock-oriented stories in the near future? The likes of Devo and Stevie Nicks would make fascinating characters.

Bob Thouvenot
Pasadena, Tex.

Yes, HM will be running more rock-'n'-roll-related material. In fact, we will have a special music section in our March issue.
—The Eds.

Dear Heavy Metalites,

I've just come back from seeing the *Heavy Metal* movie for the third time, and my mind is still reeling with joy and ecstasy. Boy, for someone who has been involved in the making of only one movie (the sacred *Animal House*), Mogel sure seems to learn fast. Congratulations, Leonard, the *Heavy Metal* movie is a masterpiece, a rock-and-roll sex fantasia. The high element of fantasy, science fiction, the unique, and sex combined with the explosive sound track is mind-blowing! I also shouldn't forget to praise Reitman, Potterton, Gross, Blum, and Goldberg. They too did a great job. All of the stories (as told by the evil Loc Nar) were faithfully and realistically reproduced from the magazine. Except for one, though: "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." The original story had meaning and depth; the movie version was void of this except for some fine humor and Angus McKie's excellent backgrounds. Besides that, the film was perfect.

I also would like to say a few things about the MPAA. They are full of shit! I've read that scenes had to be cut from the movie because the Association was wagging an X-rating in the film's face. Also, when I went to see the film I was confronted with "To see *Heavy Metal*, must have ID for over 17." Since I'm only fourteen I practically had to

bribe a guy to get him to say he was my father. Sheesh, I've been going to R-rated films since I was seven. And I'm not going to the Funny Farm. (Am I??)

Stuart Attinello
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs,

Cut the fucking hype. I'm sick of it. How can you be proud of *Heavy Metal*, the movie, when just its presence degrades and defames *Heavy Metal*, the magazine? In the beginning, when you didn't know what you were doing, *Heavy Metal* was free; it was a blazingly original concept (in America); it was daringly uncommercial. Your editorials, written in a crazy stream-of-thought fashion, gave the impression that you wanted it that way. In fact, in the November '77 issue your fear of becoming popular precluded you from putting Harlan Ellison's name on the cover. I can see the same issue now with a screaming *New York Post*-style headline blaring Mr. Ellison's presence. But that was in the beginning, when *Heavy Metal* was synonymous with *Metal Hurlant* and meant "screaming metal," a term completely dissociated from Judas Priest and AC-DC.

Heavy Metal used to be a forum for the new and different. Lou Stathis's music column gave deserved attention to interesting "rok" bands that were not given exposure elsewhere, due to their refusal to be mediocre and commercial. The Sex Pistols were more closely attached to *Heavy Metal*'s musical leanings than Van Halen ever was. But the columns went away also, along with Ted White, the most intelligent editor you've ever had. Now he's listed as a consultant. I wonder what he does now.

And now comes *Heavy Metal*, the movie. What a piece of shit. What commercial trash. I can see you're milking it to the last drop. Movie souvenir books, posters, shirts, etc., etc. It makes me sick. But this wouldn't be so bad if the movie had some redeeming qualities, if it was anything like the old *Heavy Metal* magazine. But it's not. Richard Corben's "Den" is reduced to juvenile sexual fantasy; "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," to a drug joke. Because of the green-ball bit, Wrightson's story lost its entire punch. Jesus, the movie sucked.

And now I'm stuck with the task of explaining to all my friends that the movie was nothing like the magazine. "You've been reading that stuff!" Yeah, I tell them—but it was different. Remember Moebius, remember Arzach, remember Voss, remember Montellier, Davis, Drulle! The entire fucking *Heavy Metal* movie did not have one damn French artist!

And while I'm raving—who the fuck is Brad Balfour? What does he know about comic art, about any art, about anything? The man is a moron masquerading as an intellectual. Has anyone out there really read his editorials? Tell me about the "intimate gathering at the electronic roost." Brad, I too want the age of mass spectacle to be doomed. And maybe more people will relate intimately at home through "electronic systems interplay" than through "depersonalized groupings" (Sept. '81). Jeze, I sure hope

so, Brad. And Brad, while we're at it, tell me more about "visual ecology" (Oct. '81) and the balance between "organisms and inorganic elements of the environments." Tell me more about the balance between "good and evil, light and dark, hard and soft." Tell me more, Brad, tell me more.

David Fleissig
Great Neck, N.Y.

Phew! Slow down, li'l doggie! In answer to one of your many jabs, the HM movie-ites did attempt to employ Moebius, Caza, and the Schuiten Bros., among other French artists. Unfortunately, none were able to make long-term commitments. —The Eds.

Dear Sirs:

Ever since I saw *Heavy Metal* (the movie), I have been fascinated with Taarna. After I saw it the second time, my fascination turned into an obsession, then into something more. There is not a day going by that I have not thought over and over about her.

I have been reading *Heavy Metal* for some time, but I have not seen anything like her. I love everything about her, but I cannot explain specifically. The beauty, the independence, the warriorlike qualities (among other things) are all things that make me feel this way. She is everything I would love to be with and even to be like.

I have thought it over time and again, and I have decided that the only reason I can be so upset and preoccupied with her (close to crying a few times in my frustration) is that there must be something seriously wrong with me (which makes me even more upset, realizing this). I cannot think of any other reason. After all, it's only a character in a movie, and an animated one at that. But somehow that thought does not comfort me much. I wrote hoping that you could help me in some way, and for others who may have the same problem.

I hope that after a time I will forget her, but something inside me hopes that I will not forget her.

H. Zahakos
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear H.Z.: No reason to feel funny about your infatuation with Taarna. Heavy Metal and fantasy, together or as separate entities, tend to do that to people. As a matter of fact, I found Benny in American Pop real sexy. As a wise man once said, "Good animation beats the real thing, by a long shot." —JSL

Dear Sirs,

I have recently seen the *Heavy Metal* movie (several times, in fact), and I was very impressed. I felt that it was worthy of its name, although I do not recall a sequence entitled "Neverwhere," by Cornelius Cole, which was described in the August issue of *HM*. The drawings on pages 46 and 47 looked very promising. Could you explain what happened to this sequence, and why it was not used in the final version of the film?

Gerard Damiano

Yep, Cornelius Cole's "Neverwhere" was unfortunately cut from the final version of the HM

him. It was a simple case of fitting ten pounds of sugar into a five-pound bag. Couldn't fit it in, so they had to snip somewhere.—The Eds.

Dear Ed:

An unexpected situation is to find a major change in the format of a regularly produced newsstand magazine. Generally things tend to plod along regardless of staff changes, desertion of artists and writers, or even in the face of slipping sales. Uniquely enough, *Heavy Metal* has experienced a major overhaul under the wise control of Leonard Mogel.

In the past, the magazine evolved into a "slick underground." While normally this would be a compliment, it isn't intended as such. The glut of undergrounds in the late sixties—early seventies left us with a great pool of talent, but it also produced a major portion of (North) America's illiterate comics. Without editorial control, the criterion of "readability" fell out of windows and dashed creative brains on the sidewalk below. A flood of incomprehensible, unresearched, stick-figure comic attracted no one's eyes, but were published all the same.

To question the applauded genius of R. Crumb, Spain, S. Clay Wilson, etc., is a certain folly that can be matched only by discussing the merits of the (too many) poor, unforgotten talents that produced uncalled-for work.

But to return to an earlier wordage (of my own choice): "The magazine evolved into a slick underground" comic. Past issues were sprawling with (technically) poorly drawn, ill-conceived, perennially continued vignettes of minimal interest (at best) and basically short chapters (and half-pages) that contained no forward or continuity or followable characterization.

At one time *Heavy Metal* exploited the worst efforts of undergrounds but wrapped it up in a formal package that cost too much. The regular readers of comics I know skipped numerous editions, and those that did continue to steadfastly buy did so only for the reprinted Richard Corben works that they had missed in earlier years.

The changes in *Heavy Metal* under Mogel can lead any reader to only one exit of thought: "Why hadn't this happened earlier?"

The magazine was dead on its feet and either a resuscitation was inevitable or (under those then current standards) *HM's* cancellation was. An abundance of predictable material was published—well, either predictable or simply "without point."

A certain example was the long-running, continually boring "Changes," by (I believe, off the top of my head without the magazines in front of me) Matt Howarth. What could have begun as an interesting two-chapter story dragged its artistic legs page after page, month after month, to present itself as a variation on the famed "Chinese water torture."

This magazine, *Heavy Metal*, has the finest-quality printing available to comics, and yet at said time it was searching out the worst dreck it could find. No wonder comics carry the air of a "bad word" in some very limited

social circles.

The new *Heavy Metal* proves itself as the booklet everyone (or at least I) has been patiently waiting for over the past fifteen years. There was much talk (fandom talk) in the sixties about slick-styled comics, and numerous attempts were made by small publishers (whose fanzines/prozines rapidly faded...). Always the potential of *Heavy Metal* has been without limit. The quality of reproduction for comic artwork has been elsewhere unmatched in (North) America.

Now the magazine of "excellent comic-strip reproduction" is giving its audience what it requested in the first place, "excellent comic strips." It was folly from the beginning NOT to publish the top comic-strip artists. But now we have them.

Applause comes for the present intervention of Steranko, Jeffrey Jones, Chaykin, (again) Corben, Simonson, and, well...you name him.

As you know well, the readers of your magazine (I hope) are not morons or strung-out "dopes" (looking for quick kicks); they are serious people expecting their due of serious literature and serious comics. The appearance of a writer of William Burroughs's stature can only add important significance to *HM's* political weight. There simply is no reason why anyone informed enough to collect *Esquire*, Charles Bukowski's poetry, or *Time* or *Mother Jones* or *Rolling Stone* should feel slighted by a two-dollar comic book.

In the past several issues of *Heavy Metal*, the said pamphlet has reared "its ugly head," as it should. The current *HM* is Stravinsky's *Firebird* rising.

The current magazine fits well into any treasure trove.

It is, though, time for *HM* to reconsider its audience, and a time for the motors behind this publication to accept that its audience is made up of (of course) Marvel Comics fans, and some drugged-out hippie hangers-on and so on; but more important are people who prefer Nelson Algren to Schulz's "Peanuts," individuals who select Selby over "She-Hulk," and Fassbinder followers who would rather see the old *Three Stooges* reruns than be exposed to (yet another) foolish Carmine Infantino "Dial H for Hero" comic.

Do not under-observe us. Remember that Malcolm McLaren made a good fortune by providing the opposite.

Comics have never been something to laugh about, as I'm assured Harlan Ellison would announce.

Ronn Sutton
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Misc. Repartee

Dear Ed:

I would like to know how Den, at the bottom of page 40, *HM* Oct. '81, still has his prick on after his encounter with all those little munchers.

John Casten
San Francisco, Calif.

J: Who are we to question what turns Den on?—The Eds.

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Len Mogel, Publisher

—Bhob

NIGHTMARES

In an almost rock-'n'-roll sense (terse, rhythmic prose; stark, unrepentant images), science-fiction writer Dave Skal seeks an answer to a traumatized world in his two books *Strangers* and *When We Were Good* (Pocket Books). Backdrop: desolate emotional landscapes with children feeding off of various obsessions (in the first, the shooting up of memories contained in RNA; in the other, the institutionalization of children as parasitic power figures in a world desolate of naturally born children). Skal features characters trying to break free of such despairing scenes, to no avail. Yet for him, the search continues regardless of the feeling that ultimately nothing can be resolved.

—Brad Ballou

While all love a good mystery. They serve as mirrors to the ambiguities and who-did-it nature of our very own day-to-day lives. And what real life avoids in the study of actual villains and their victims, a good mystery will provide. The four books reviewed here are all well entrenched in the genre and feature interesting geometric angles.

Two mysteries set in alien societies are *Gorky Park* (Random House), which takes place in modern-day communist Russia, and *Brinkman* (Doubleday), in a not too far away but futuristic America, South America, and France. Both novels record extreme sociological mutations: good ideas gone bad. And the two novels share a fascination with wealth and power, however diverse their settings may be. (Some things will never change.)

The hero of *Gorky Park* is a Moscow detective not unlike *Malcolm* or *Sam Spade*. His general optimism has faded since deteriorated, along with his marriage, but he is still willing to fight the good fight, for lack of anything more stimulating. He battles corruption in his

MYSTERIOUS MANIA

own government as well as a sinisterly interesting American fur trader. Author Martin Cruz Smith has included all the right elements: there are a beautiful girl and a good twisting plot. All in all, it offers compelling reading. Best of all, the strangeness of the Soviet system transforms the reader into the stranger in this strange land.

In *Brinkman*, set in the not so distant American capitalist future, Goulart walks through his terrain with the surefootedness of Yonogut. Democracy has turned to fascism, but there is still plenty of room for our rebellious hero, Justin Brinkman, to play around in. This is no 1984-ish "no exit" society. Delightfully, the enemy is a fast food called

"Grab." Goulart portrays the evolution of our culture as always fascinating and amusing, his superstar female newscaster delivers broadcasts either from a shower (morning news) or from a bed while dressed in a negligee (evening news). Futuristic gogles indeed.

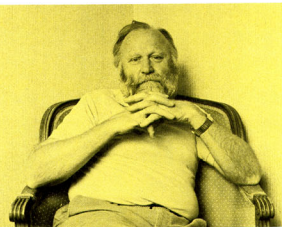
Only a poet such as D. M. Thomas could have constructed as fascinating a mystery as *The White Hotel* (Viking). This innovative novel paints the portrait of a young lady from Vienna, Lisa Erdman, as she barely trends water above her all-consuming neurosis and hysteria, which threaten to drown her. Similar to the best-seller *Ragtime*, *The White Hotel* uses real charac-

ters, such as Freud, to establish a firm footing for a tale so devastating in its humanness and sorrow that I doubt whether few who enter its world will not return somewhat haunted. Into the realm of the unconscious with that master detective Sigmund Freud, we follow the clues of the ego, id, and notorious libido in *The White Hotel*.

Onward to Hong Kong, where the cast of characters in *Sci Fi* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) reads like a who's who at Marvel Comics. The "All-Asia Science Fiction and Horror Movie Festival" serves as the backdrop for William Marshall's latest Yellow Thread Street mystery. Always fast-moving, with an intoxicating Mardi Gras atmosphere, its characters range from The Subject and The Slime to the notorious Spaceman, complete with ray gun, who follows detective Chief Inspector Harry Feiffer through this ghoulish criminal terrain. *Sci Fi* combines the slapstick of the Keston-Cong (gone Hong Kong) with the suspense of a Sam Spade novel for a close encounter of the gonzo kind.

—Elliott Murphy

Photography by Marcus Landerholm



Frank Herbert

MYSTICAL HERBERT MIX

For a genre that calls itself science fiction, novels written with a mystical impulse and grokked as such by the readership have long been a staple of the sf genre. Indeed, it could be said to be rather central to its spiritual, aesthetic, and commercial core, from Stapledon to Clark, from *Stranger in a Strange Land* to *Dune*. A. A. Attanasio's im-

pressive first novel, *Radix* (Morrow Quill), is such a novel, at least seemingly informed by the writer's genuinely felt vision of a very different future, in which the earth has been transformed by a seven-century intersection with a beam of physical and mystical nature streaming from a "naked singularity" at the galaxy's core. Marred only by a final section of resolution

that really should have been presented near the novel's beginning as setup, *Radix* is that current rarity—an sf novel of mystical vision, ambitiously written and conceived in sincerity.

Dune, that is to say, the first novel in Frank Herbert's now seemingly endless series, was also such a novel, transforming the consciousness of a generation of young readers with its archetypal tale of Paul Atreides, the boy who becomes a messiah and then a god, *God Emperor of Dune*—aka *Dune IV* (Putnam), however, is a hideous textbook example of how mystical vision degenerates into mere religiosity via the pursuit of Mammion. Paul is long gone, succeeded by his son Leto, who has turned into an immortal worm-thing, and instead the old clarity of *Dune* is replaced by a story sufficient for a 15,000-word novelette, padded out to book length by the spouting of pseudo-profundities, and serving mainly as a bridge to *Dune V*, which will probably be called *Sandworms of Dune*. *Dune* is to *God Emperor of Dune* as *Zen* is to *East*. Come on, Frank, let it be!

—Norman Spinrad

valued shock

While hanging out during Tab Hunter's recording session for the title song of John Waters's latest film, *Polyester*, I told the director about the only time I ever went to his hometown, Baltimore, Maryland. I was a preteen, and we stayed in a hotel that once had been the city hospital; throughout the night my mother kept insisting we had had the unfortunate luck of renting the operating room. Since reading Waters's memoirs, *Shock Value* (Delta), I will not hesitate to visit Baltimore, Maryland, again. And I might even go there on purpose. John has generously outlined everything a tourist to Maryland's capital city should know and needs to know: shopping, night spots, outstanding architecture, even historical landmarks.

Regardless of how merely functional Shock Value appears to be, the author never lets the

reader's mind wander or wonder. With precise recall all the way back to his earliest adventures, Waters brings to life his vision of embarrassing examples of bad taste. From the first to the last vitriolic word, there's no doubt as to what John Waters thinks of you, your friends, and your relatives.

Now John Waters lets us in on his genius philosophy. He tells how he did it (the real truth), how he got all those disgusting moments captured on film—as if anyone wanted to know in the first place. As a semi-autobiography *Shock Value* is hilarious. With scathing humor the author reveals what unique vision *Pink Flamingos*, *Multiple Maniacs*, *Desperate Living*, and now *Polyester* share with the film lovers of the world. And remarkably, I'm left with the idea that John Waters has a very big heart.

—Deborah Hall



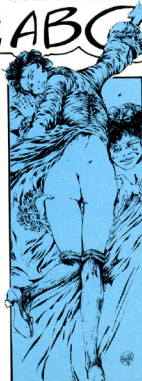
Divine, John Waters.

Photography by Christopher Makos

DE SADE ABC

It should have been a darkly divine meeting: the major work of history's grand master of eloquent, erotic fantasy, fully illustrated by one of today's most acclaimed erotic artists. Yet somewhere along the line the whole project slips out of focus, and disappointment results. It's too late to start questioning De Sade's credentials, so I guess the responsibility must rest on Crepax and his version of *Justine* (Guio).

Both Guido Crepax's draftsmanship and his imagination are of the highest order. His *Valentina* forced the reader to drift with the hallucinatory, hot-afternoon fantasy. His strip-art version of Pauline Reage's *Story of O* pioneered illustrated erotica in strip form. *Justine* ought to have crowned this phase of his career, but somehow comes off forced and repetitious. The usual ingredients are there: slim



patrician figures contrasted with writhed grotesques; flesh that is always sensually credible. Somehow, though, the parts lack motivation and enthusiasm.

Crepax appears starved of inspiration in De Sade's eighteenth-century France. He takes little joy in the trappings of the period. There is none of the gusto with which he approaches the deco interiors, the forties autos, and the bondage-mag accessories in *The Story of O*. *Justine* bears all the marks of a project cooked up by agents and publishers and then presented to the artist as a *fait accompli*. Perhaps it's time that Crepax went into print (at least English-language print) with his own work rather than allowing himself to be pressed into continuing to produce this series of S&M Classics Illustrated.

—Mike Farren

TATTOO SPLENDOR



With the pluralization of the arts, tattooing has gone from being a subterranean, semi-outlaw art form (it was worn by the Yakuza—the ancient Japanese criminal gangs—as a badge

of membership) to something of semilegitimacy. At least, that seems to be the case with the outpour of books on the subject, such as the current *Skin Shown*—*The Art and Craft of Tattoo*

(Dragon's Dream), by Christopher Wroblewski, and the past release of Spider Webb's *Pushing Ink* (Fireside) and *Heavily Tattooed Men and Women* (McGraw-Hill).

Webb, New York State's master of the art, has gone so far as to forge the ties between fantasy and the art by doing a show in conjunction with artist Boris Vallejo. But the connection with fantasy is obvious, not only in the mystic images now being grafted to skin but in the whole mystique surrounding the act of tattooing. Once it carried the sublime significance of a shaman's blessing; now it still carries the notion of some trial by fire. Certainly, given the blessing of it as a folk art, greater care is taken with the images added to skin. But, though these

books argue fast and furiously for its acceptance not only as some magic ritual but as an art form done on just another of the many kinds of canvases, it still has room to evolve aesthetically.

Even if it never receives the acceptance Webb yearns for, he maintains a dedication to the extreme—from his devotional collection in *Heavily Tattooed*... to his consummate research in *Pushing Ink*. Although Wroblewski's book places tattooing in the context of hardcover coffee-table splendor, it doesn't compare with the range of pictures and background of Webb's. The former is a mere introduction to the degree of obsession; Webb's work is obsession itself.

—Brad Balfour

My Ten Favorite Japanese Monster Movies



by Glenn O'Brien

Godzilla (1956) The first, the best. Raymond Burr appears in one of his more believable roles.

Rodan (1957) One of the first flying Japanese monsters, this flying dinosaur is still the most handsome. Special effects and solid directing by the great Inoshiro Honda.

Gamera the Invincible (1966) This 400-foot flying turtle obliterated much of Tokyo but without malice. As the little boy who befriended him put it: "Gamera doesn't mean to step on people. He's just lonely." A great Batman-style theme song, too: "Sayonara Gamera."

Mothra (1962) An Inoshiro Honda classic with tremendous subliminal political and metaphysical implications. The beast is hypnotically controlled by twin toddler girls and their strange cult.

King Kong vs. Godzilla (1963) King Kong gets to be the good guy we knew he was all along,

making the world safe for warm-blooded bipeds.

Attack of the Mushroom People (1963) The first fungoid creatures in a toadstool precursor of *The Alien*, directed by Honda. Unfortunate picnickers are transformed.

Ebirah—Terror of the Deep (1966) The world is threatened by a giant lobster, the largest non-kosher beast on record.

Frankenstein Conquers the World (1966) He tries to, anyway. Not the real Frankie, but a very large imitation. Nipped in the bud by Nick Adams. TV's "The Rebel."

Destroy All Monsters (1968) The all-star game of monsters with Godzilla turning good guy and leading a beastly alliance against the challengers from planet Kilaak. Godzilla, Jr., steals the show—rooting on the sidelines.

Space Amoeba (1970) Not a masterpiece film but the ugliest star of them all—not so much an amoeba as a giant scungilli.



Not all horror films require an obvious monster. The best monsters come out of the mind, not the body. Witness Joan Crawford in *Straight-Jacket*.

An irresistible dead-movie-star horror flick, *Mommie Dearest* delivers buckets of surreal, mother-love child abuse. A necrophiliac's delight, Faye Dunaway, in synthetic wigs and tons of *Planet of the Apes* makeup, transforms into a frightful, wax-museum Joan Crawford in the comic nightmare of daughter Christina's poison-pennie book about life with mommie weird-est.

Every horror movie needs an outrageous set and costumes. While the atrocious psychodrama script and everything else in the movie go floozy, the eerie, art deco Beverly Hills movie-queen mansion and the 1940s retro costumes are drop-dead

menacing. La Crawford, it seems, even slept in monstrous shoulder-padded pajamas and trademark fuck-me high-heel ankle-strap pumps.

Reliably mesmerizing, Faye Dunaway gets real wacky when she "trashes" her alter screen-goddess ego in Crawford's insane *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* emoting. Looking like the wicked witch of the North, with her face covered in white cold cream, Dunaway/Crawford commits the ultimate atrocity. She beats the shit out of poor little Christina with a can of scouring cleanser, all because the girl hung a dress on the wrong type of clothes hanger.

Truly great cult-movie trash, *Mommie Dearest* is right up there with *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

—Daphne Davis

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When Chris Stein and Debbie Harry first came to Heavy Metal with these photographs, we all were overwhelmed by the results of their collaboration with Giger. Giger, of course, was already a highly esteemed contributor to the magazine and had long been considered not only a megastar in the field but almost in a class of his own. Debbie and Chris not only suited the general musical tastes already represented within the pages of HM, but had proven their credentials as purveyors of fantasy. (They have just completed the musical score for the upcoming animated film *Drats*.) So, when these photos landed on the desk here, we all said, "Sure, but how?" Well, it was decided that nobody except Debbie and Chris themselves could speak of their experience with and observations about Giger, his success, and the effect of his art. So, the forum has been turned over to them (with a little bit of help from me).

—BB

H. R. Giger is a man easily misunderstood. Dressed in black, with his intense fascination with bones and skulls, he's been accused of practicing black magic and witchcraft. He's been dubbed this generation's Aleister Crowley, or worse. To many, he seems like unleashed voodoo hell. And in Switzerland, his home, he's known among journalists as "Horror Rex."

Yet, like his many fantasy-art contemporaries, he is merely attracted to the imagery. As with Nazi imagery, which has historically had its magnetic appeal, there's a sense of the pagan and forbidden to his work as well. The clandestine has always attracted people, just as the forbidden fruit has. The same goes for Giger and his powerful work. He goes beyond the conventional; he takes things further than most of us do.

When the movie *Alien* first appeared, it was Giger's designs that stirred up all the pseudo-sensationalist bullshit. Giger became internationally notorious as *Alien*, and the *Alien*'s images became banned. Theaters in England even offered special treatment for *Alien* shock. The full-sized *Alien*, face hugger, and baby *Alien* that burst out of the man's stomach were all "too"

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS OF THE SWISS KIND

by Deborah Harry and Chris Stein

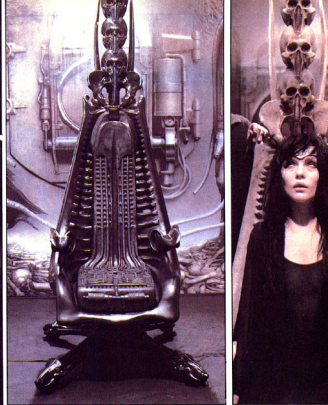


Photographs by Chris Stein

From left to right: Giger and Debbie Harry in metal face masks; another style of body and face make-up; Debbie with sarophagus; the members of the cast all together.



Photographs by Chris Stein



strong. (Giger even scared himself one night when he went to brush his teeth and ran into his *Alien* model in the dark.)

When *KooKoo* came out, there was the same intense reaction. "Did you hear about your cover being banned by British Rail?" asked an English journalist during a phone interview while we were in Switzerland. That was the first we heard of the reaction. Then another British station banned the cover from television. The explanation: it was too disturbing.

We knew the cover would cause reaction, but maybe were overconfident, even naive, to believe it would simply be taken as art. It was a risk we were willing to take.

Risk taking was something we have been familiar with. We were very conscious of what was involved. It is a matter of having style more than anything else, something Giger understands and possesses as well. When we began doing what we're doing, we didn't think in terms of *new wave*, we thought of having a sense of style. Having style meant not walking with the crowd but being either a bit forward or behind it. When we started out we were called a nostalgia act because we did sixties

pop material rather than the get-down-and-boogie stuff which was popular then. We did the opposite of what was current, and we've never stopped trying to do the unexpected.

Giger also plays with opposites; that's the essence of his work. In a philosophy called aesthetic realism, the use of opposites makes things in art and life challenging. What is beautiful and horrible, appealing and frightening, whatever draws you in and repels, biological and organic—in Giger's own vision—is all related. Even in music production it's the same combination of opposites, of working with machines to produce the organic sounds of music.

Ever since we met Giger at the Hansen Gallery in New York nearly two years ago, we've thought of working together. Similar loves for science fiction, skulls, and pagan archetypes forged an automatic union. We remembered his posters in the late sixties when he was the first European psychedelic-poster artist. Then we knew of him as the artist of *Alien*. And we found out that Giger began listening to us while working on *Alien* in England. Our ascendance paralleled his as we simultaneously became aware of each other.

So, when the decision faced us to do the album cover, a phone call was made, arrangements were discussed, and Giger was on the job. From a head shot by English photographer Brian Aris, Giger did four massive airbrushed paintings (two have never before been seen and will be in his next book), all of his own design. But that was only the beginning. We decided he would direct the promotional video made from two songs off the album—and he chose them.

When we landed in Zurich to do the taping, we didn't even know whether Giger, his wife, Mia, and his manager, Ueli Steinly, would be there. But they were, in their customary clothes: Giger and wife in black, and Steinly, would be there. But they were, in their customary clothes: Giger and wife in black, and Steinly, would be there.

Giger lives in a quiet section of Zurich, in a couple of modest, simple houses—the semidetached kind that one often sees in England. He bought and combined two of them to create both a home and a studio. Outside was quiet as in the rest of the neighborhood. Only his garden, wild with untrimmed shrubbery (growth which he has purposely maintained because he likes the

random images and shapes that occur), suggested the atmosphere inside.

Walking into his house, one sees that it's totally his environment, from the burning frankincense on. It's like stepping into a world completely black and white. It seems to be a huge collection of opposites—both cluttered and orderly at the same time. He's the perfect counterbalance to the typical staunchly conservative citizen of Zurich. As he jokingly told us later, "Until I was on television my neighbors regarded me with extreme suspicion. Afterwards, it was all right."

From the foyer at the entrance, either the stairs, country kitchen, or dining room confronts you. But the dining room is the temple—a shrine for Giger's art, with huge floor-to-ceiling paintings and objects Gigerian. In the middle sits a black dining table, biomechanically designed with a marble-slab centerpiece inlaid with a gold pentagram. And atop that sits a black candelabrum with Christ figures upside down and right side up (that's pagan).

Giger is an industrial designer, which is very apparent to you the moment you step into his home. Even something as alien-

looking as his chairs is structurally sound. The alien creature—with its McLuhanesque quality of being the machine as an extension of the organic—makes sense biologically. The face huggers, with its air sacs, isn't just decorative. Giger's work has a subconscious effect: it engenders the fear of being turned into metal. It's awesome—the work of an ultimate perfectionist, a true obsessive.

For his work with our video, he was as driven as he always is. He gathered together the huge murals as backdrops, made a sarcophagus, special stencils, a headband, and exaggerated acupuncture needles, which were used for the album cover. Like the Phantom of the Opera looming over his organ all hours of the night, Giger was completely immersed in the two productions. From the moment we arrived he

fired questions at us to work out concepts he had in mind. And compulsive man that he is, he was always supercritical of himself, forever meticulous and careful to get what he wanted.

The shooting didn't take long at all, only four days, in fact. In *Backfire*, they had to reshoot the explosions of the sarcophagi to get it right. Using a smoke machine that looked something like a mechanical vacuum cleaner out of a Max Ernst painting, they kept yelling, "More smoke, more smoke." In German. With *Now I Know You Know*, Giger assembled a whole temple made from the multipanelled *Passageway* painting. Within the painting is the image of a huge cock made of melting babies coming out of an even larger abstract zipper. A portion of it, called "The Steps of the Magician," has all his weird male/female symbols. And

From left to right: Giger stands menacing in his own "Passageway"—part of the temple used in *Now I Know You Know*; (top) Debbie in cover makeup with Giger; (bottom) sarcophagus and needles used in *Backfire*; Debbie looking perfectly Morticia-fied with a black wig and bone-colored chair designed by Giger; Giger's ebony version (one was bought by Debbie and Chris); "Are you boys from around here?" asks Ms. Harry.

worked into it are the serene and haunting eyes of his dead girl friend, who can be seen almost symbolically peering from the passageway, out of which Debbie—looking like a Martian whore—comes dancing. But the video can hardly capture the true, massive sense of proportion to Giger's work.

In the two weeks we stayed in Switzerland we not only saw Giger at work, but also at play. His manager is something of an entrepreneur and owns both a restaurant and a club—each with a touch of Giger in it. But despite a huge reproduction of one of Giger's temples, the Ugly Club is just an ordinary rock club. On Saturdays they would hang out there cooking hamburgers 'til five A.M. Occasionally everyone would dress in monks robes and hold a ceremony, all the while burning torches and carrying around Ueli's costumed girl friend.

Just as we were exposed to Giger's world, we exposed him to a little bit of ours when we

went to England together after the taping. He seemed a little bemused and caught off guard with all the fans and star treatment we encountered. We kidded him a bit in our brash, curt, but not disrespectful American way—but he soon got used to it. He gave interviews and learned to "enjoy." And as we found out later, we might even have helped to inspire his next book, a series of paintings of New York. No other city inspires him as much; no wonder, with the smoke coming out of the manholes, the machines, and all the other images he loves.

While we were there on the last day of business, it was a total panic. A Swiss-German friend of Giger's was shooting a documentary of us doing the video. Then a BBC crew came to shoot a story on all that was going on. All during this, we were taking photographs of our own. If any scene had us swimming in opposites, and layers upon layers—just like Giger's work—it was this scene, our final one.

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3. BEND OVER, I'LL DRIVE
4. CHAMPION MUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RODE THE MUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. I DRINK.
7. I GET DRUNK. I FALL DOWN. NO PROBLEM.
8. I MET LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. I MET LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. I MET LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
11. I HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. PICK UP IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.
13. NO FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT CHICKS
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE.
16. ANY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW
17. IN D-T-SPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU LAUGH
18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FUCK AROUND
19. NO TEENIE WENIES
20. MOM'S BIGGER
21. I'LL WALK OVER YOU TO SEE THE WHIP!
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE NO GREAT AS I AM.
23. BOY, SURE (BUT TO TOUCH THOSE)
24. PARTY SQUAT
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS - FAST WOMEN
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27. LOVE ME, TELL I SCREAM
28. THOUGH YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
30. STROUDING LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
31. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GID POUND SAND!
35. EDDIE'S SUCK!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNEW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
39. TAKE THIS JOE AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS GO TO ON ALL FOLDS
42. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT

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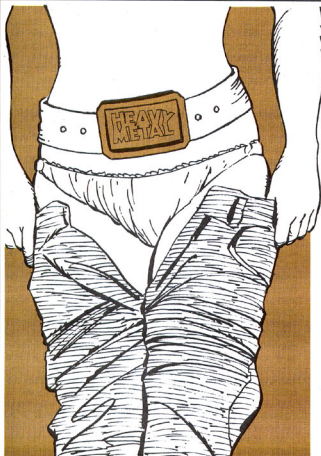
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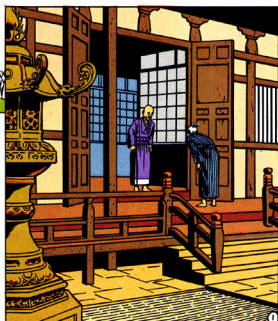
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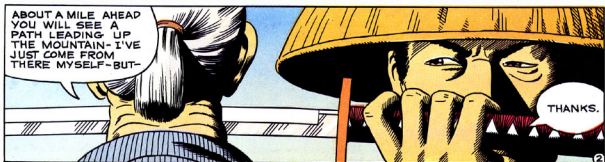
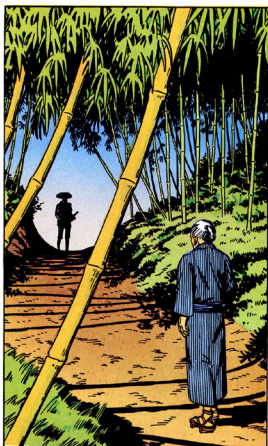
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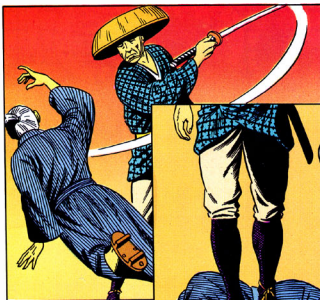


MIRRORS OF DREAMS

© 1981
PAUL KIRCHNER







THAT'S ALL
I WANTED
TO KNOW.



I'VE COME FOR
THE TREASURE...
THE TREASURE
OF GOBUJO!



THERE
IT IS.

THAT MIRROR?
DON'T PLAY
GAMES, HOLY MAN.
I'M LOOKING FOR
GOLD... THE KIND
OF GOLD IT TAKES
TO RUN A PLACE
LIKE THIS.

THERE IS NO GOLD
HERE, BANDIT. THIS
TEMPLE IS BUT AN
ILLUSION... A
CREATION OF MY
IMAGINATION... A
REFLECTION OF
MY DREAMS...



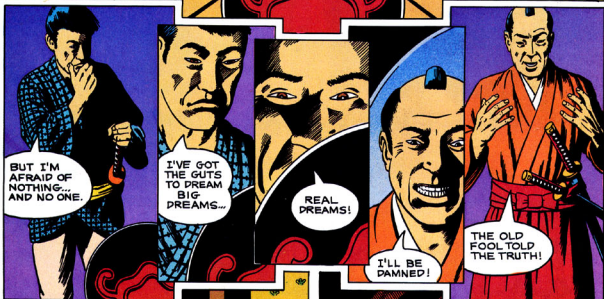
I'LL CUT YOUR TONGUE
OUT BEFORE I'LL LISTEN
TO THAT PIOUS CRAP!
NOW TELL ME—

I'VE TOLD YOU. THAT
MIRROR IS THE TREASURE
GIVEN ME BY GOBUJO. IT
IS NO ORDINARY MIRROR...
IT HAS THE POWER TO
REFLECT A MAN'S DREAMS
AND BRING THEM TO LIFE.
WITH IT I FORMED THIS TEMPLE.



BUT I THINK THAT ONE SUCH AS YOU SHOULD NOT GAZE INTO IT...

YOU DO, EH? AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ONE SUCH AS ME...AND MY DREAMS? YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST OF THE GUTLESS PEASANTS—SCARED OF LIFE, SCARED OF DEATH...



BUT I'M AFRAID OF NOTHING... AND NO ONE.

I'VE GOT THE GUTS TO DREAM BIG DREAMS...

REAL DREAMS!

I'LL BE DAMNED!

THE OLD FOOL TOLD THE TRUTH!

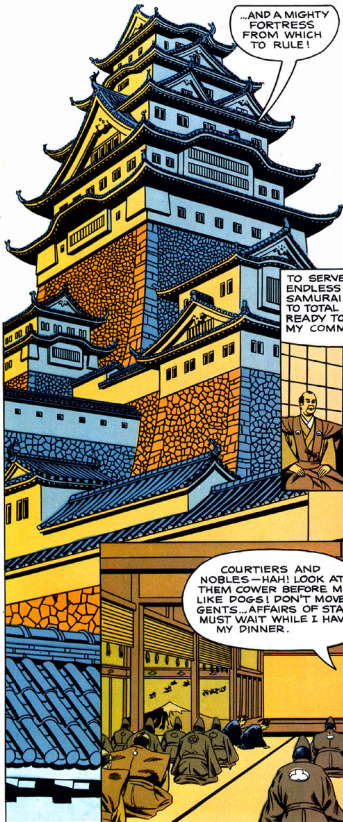


IT'S JUST AS I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED! I'M A DAIMYO...A GREAT LORD!

ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD NOTHING I COULD CALL MINE... NOTHING THAT LASTED... BUT NOW I'VE GOT IT ALL!

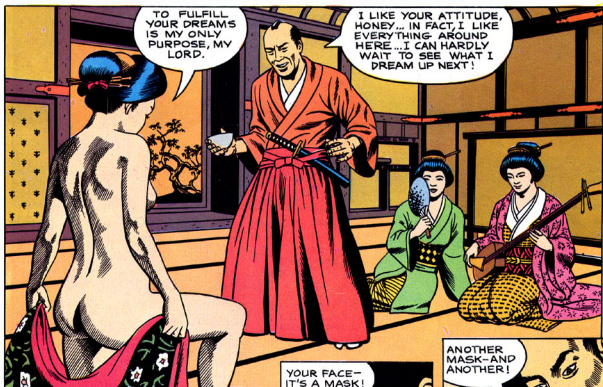
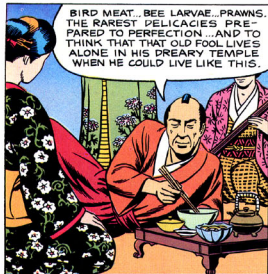


A PROSPEROUS KINGDOM STRETCHING AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE...



TO SERVE ME—AN
ENDLESS ARMY OF
SAMURAI... SWORN
TO TOTAL LOYALTY...
READY TO DIE AT
MY COMMAND!

COURTIERS AND
NOBLES—HAH! LOOK AT
THEM COWER BEFORE ME...
LIKE DOGS! I DON'T MOVE,
GENTS... AFFAIRS OF STATE
MUST WAIT WHILE I HAVE
MY DINNER.





YOU'RE ALL WEARING MASKS ... SMILING, PHONY MASKS! LIKE EVERY BROAD I EVER KNEW...



TO FULFILL YOUR DREAMS IS OUR ONLY PURPOSE, MY LORD.



GUARDS! KILL THEM! KILL THE WHORES!



MOVE WHEN I GIVE AN ORDER, YOU WORTHLESS SCUM!



MY SAMURAI... THEY'RE JUST PAINTED ON THE SCREENS! THEY'RE NOT REAL... LIKE EVERYONE I'VE EVER COUNTED ON...



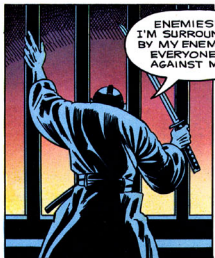
I'M ALONE - AS I'VE ALWAYS BEEN... BUT THERE'LL BE OTHERS... A GREAT LORD GETS WHATEVER HE WANTS! I'VE STILL GOT MY KINGDOM - MY CASTLE - AND MY GOLD!



BONES!

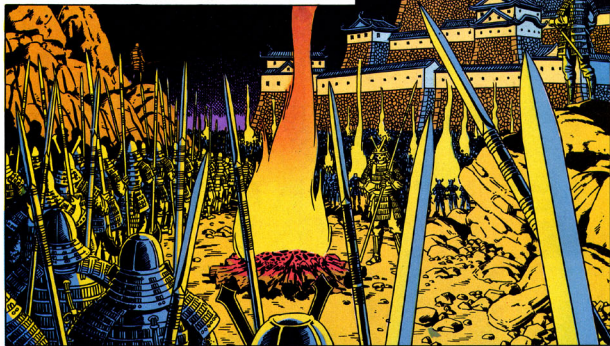


WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND?



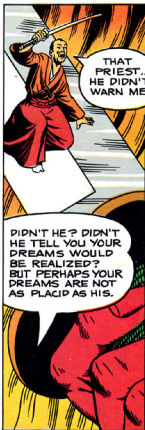
ENEMIES!
I'M SURROUNDED
BY MY ENEMIES!
EVERYONE'S
AGAINST ME!

THEY'LL NEVER
GET ME! I CAN
HOLD THEM OFF
FOREVER IN
HERE!



THE SKY-IT'S
TEARING OPEN!
THE GODS ARE
ANGRY- GOBUJO
HIMSELF COMES
TO PUNISH ME
FOR ROBBING
THAT PRIEST!





END.

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HEAVY METAL

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#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

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

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also, the final installment of "Sunplot." (\$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 "Airtight 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 Druliet, "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," wraparound 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 "Uim," 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: "Uim 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 Druliet'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 "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. (\$3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 12," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. (\$3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

#25/APRIL 1979: 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 Druliet's "Darien" 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: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. (\$3.00)

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

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Einc," "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, Druliet, Suydam, others. (\$3.00)

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

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Giza, Corben, Koford, Suydam, Moebius, and more. (\$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 McPeckers and Don McPeckers, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowell," and much more! (\$3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courtain cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfen" 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 Grevasse" take Jannette? For the answer read "The Schuten Bros. strip" plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs' "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 "Airtight Garage," plus Giza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode—and more! (\$3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Dold of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marijyn, 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 Musty, Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." (\$3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druliet returns with the first installment of "Salamambo" 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 Lee Duranton all contribute ill-fated shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druliet, 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 Claveaux, Moebius, Kaku, 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 Wuk makes his HM debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Phenixion!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny Goo," an immitable 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 Drullier'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' Fete!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. (\$3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of Outland premieres, and 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 Steranko's adaptation of Outland continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. (\$3.00)

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

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantimilitarism," 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 Drullier, plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko. (\$3.00)

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

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Beautiful binder!
Get 'em while they're hot!
For just \$5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with pictures of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. OR, our new, more sophisticated black "Naugahyde" binder with silver letters, for just \$5.95. Each can be obtained quick full or back issues (January through December, of 1978, 1979, 1980, are \$26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!

el Rhodento
del Astro IN

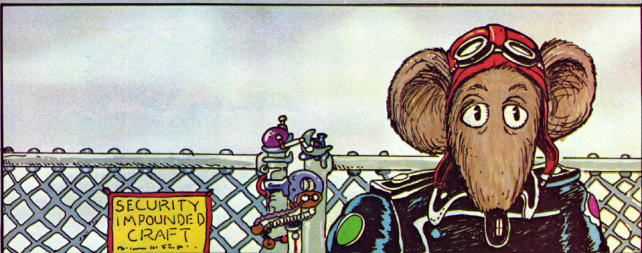
AVEC
"LIL' AMBROID"

ROSE LIGHT GROVE

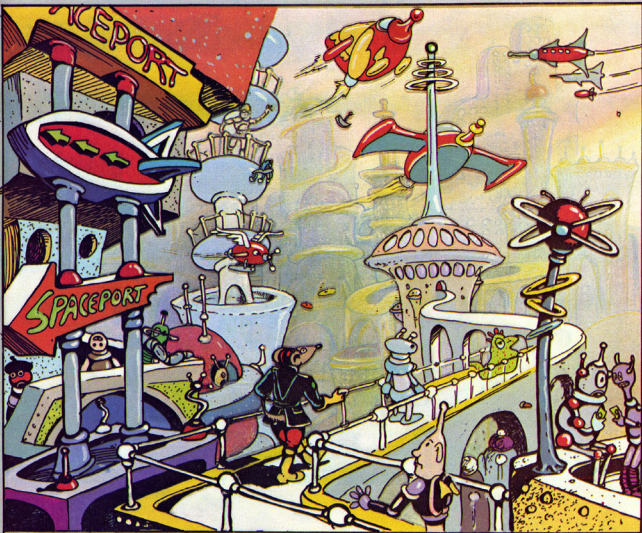


YEOW! THEY'S GOT MY BUDDY, LIL' AMBROSE. MUKS' BE 'CAUSE I DINT PAY MY BACK RENT YET WHATTA BUNCH OF GREEDY, SCUM-SUCKIN' LOW LIFE' AND DESE LAND GRUBBERS RUN DIS DUMP OF A PLANET.

WELL, NO AC-DC SLIMY-FINGERED FED'S GONNA KEEP MY BUDDY FER LONG. CAT LACKEY HAS GOT A 'SURPRISE IN STORE FOR DEM! ERR... HEMMMM, I TINKS.'



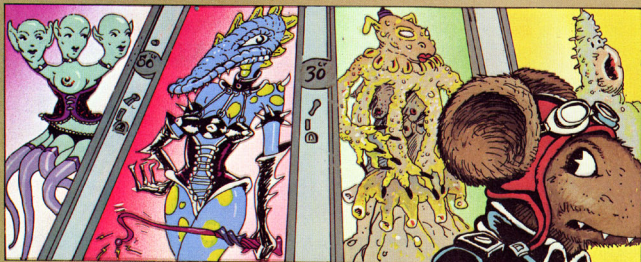
OH BOY! PINHEADS, PIEHEADS, AND PIE-EYED CUTIES—DER LOT ARE OUT TONIGHT. MUST BE SOME KIND OF HUSTLE GOIN' ON. I CAN PULL OFF HERE AT 42ND AND REX.



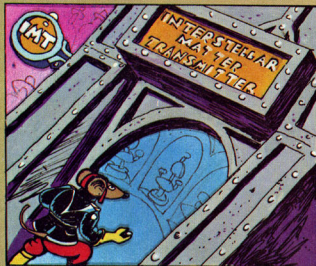
AHH, SEEMS LIKE A NIGHT OUT FOR THE ELITE. VERITABLE CREAM OF DA COSMIC CROP



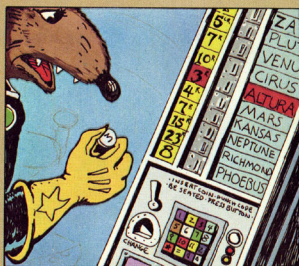
AND ME HERE WIF ONLY TREE CREDITS TO ME NAME. DAT AIN'T EVEN ENOUGH FOR A MARTIAN BLOWJOB. GIVES ME THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES JUST TA THINK ABOUT MY PERSONAL STATE OF ARREARS.



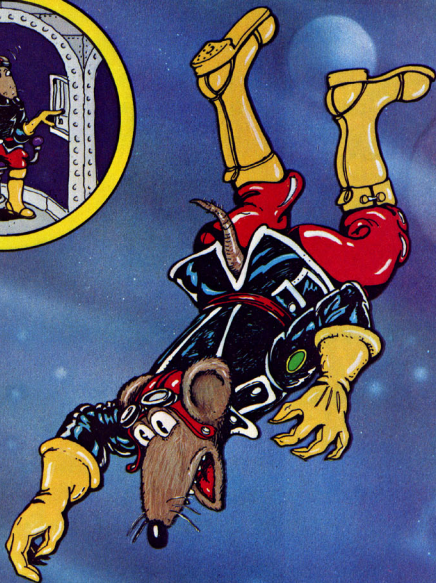
MAYBE I KIN HUSTLE UP A LIL SCAM OF SOME SORT. ENTERTAINING BORED TOURISTS! NOW DERES A PERRFUNCTORY IDEA!



AW! DAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE TREE CREDITS IS GONNA GET ME.



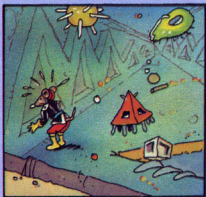
OKAY, SUCKERS, HERE I IS.



HEY!!! WHAT A REVOLVIN' DEVELOPMENT D'S HAS TURNED
OUT TO BE!



YARG! AM I ALIVE?



IF DIS PLACE IS ALTURIA...



...I'LL EAT MY GRANNY'S SHORTS.



WOTTA MESS!



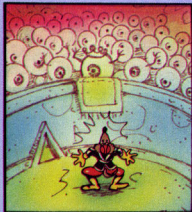
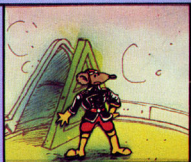
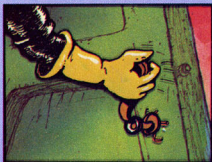
FER A LI'L FELLER...



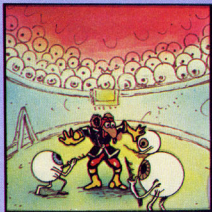
...LIKE ME...



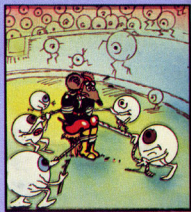
ONLY ONE WAY OUTA HERE! AN' I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR ME OUT DAT DOOR!



SHIT! HUMAN EYEBALLS!

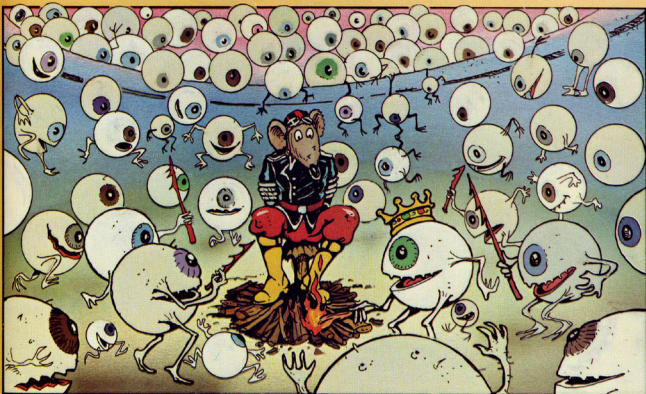


AVE! WHAT'S DIS? (ERR, WHAT DO YOU CALL DEM EYE M.D.S?)... A PROCTOLOGISTS CONVENTION???



YOU'D NEED A HEFTY LOAD OF SPECS FOR THE LOT OF YOU.

AW, 'YOUSE FELLAS IS NO FUN AT ALL.' HEVY! IX-NAY ON THAT TORCH, BUDDY. I'S GOT FEELINGS, TOO. DESE BOOTS COST A LOT OF CREDITS. DON'T YOU GO GIVIN' ME NO HOT FOOT! YOU PROBABLY AIN'T SMELLED BURNING MOUSE. WELL, IT'S A AWFUL STINK. REALLY PUTREFIED! YOU'LL NEVER GET THE STINK OUTA YER CLOTHES. HEY, WATCH IT!



MUSE-EATING EYEBALLS. WHAT DIS WORLD COMING TO?

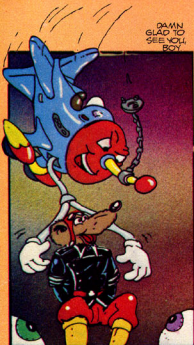


IT'S GONNA DIE!

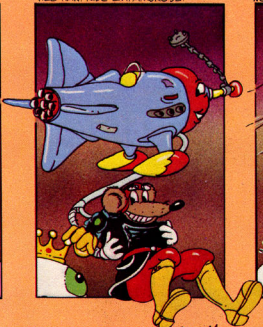


HEY! DAMNED IF IT AIN'T LIL AMBROSE!

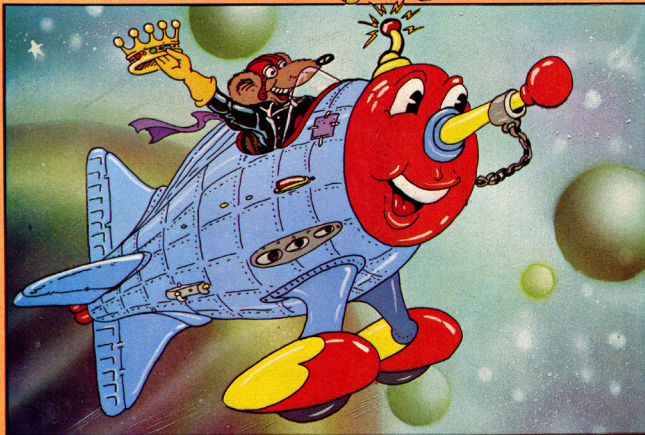
DAWN
GLAD TO
SEE YOU,
BOY



HEE-HAW! RIDE 'EM, AMBROSE!

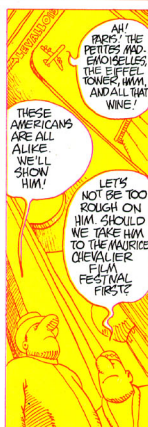
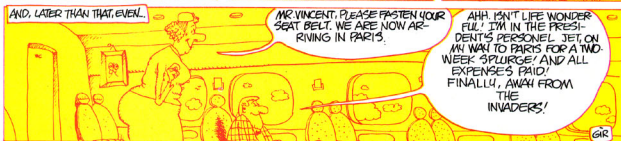


WOTTA COWBOY!



WIF DIS CROWN, WE GETS RENT AND LOTS MORE. MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO GETS ME A PLUTONIAN WOMAN FOR DA NIGHT. HURRY, LIL FELLA. MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT BACK IN TIME FOR DE HAPPY HOUR!

THE END



HEAVY METAL

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 clincher 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.

\$70.00

Heavy Metal Movie Original Pencil Art Portfolio. This portfolio is a companion piece to the above-mentioned cel portfolio. During the animation process, the artists produce a large number of pencil drawings as a guideline for the cels. We have compiled portfolios of an original pencil drawing from each of the eight segments. The pencil drawings are designed to capture the character and quality of motion. Each of the drawings is original and done expressly for the film. Packaged in a handsome illustrated folder featuring a pencil-stage drawing of Taarna, as the cel portfolio features the finished art version of Taarna. Limited to 1,000 numbered copies.

\$25.00

HEAVY METAL

Heavy Metal Original Cel Portfolio
Heavy Metal Original Pencil Art Portfolio
Enclosed please find my check or money order for the portfolio(s) indicated above. U.S. orders add \$1.75 postage and handling; Canada add \$3.00; Europe, Asia, Australia add \$4.00. U.S. funds; do not send cash. Please send free Fantasy Catalogue only.

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OVER THERE!



AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

AFTER AN ATTEMPT AT FLYING, THE CYMBIOLIAN FELL INTO THE GONDOLA-LADEN WATERS AND WAS RESCUED...

HE'S ALIVE! IT'S A MIRACLE!

HEY, LOOK! HE'S OPENING HIS EYES!



HE'LL DEFINITELY COME OUT OF IT!



THE GARGOYLE! IT WAS THE GARGOYLE!



IT'S HIT AT THE SECOND PLATEAU! IT'S REALLY QUITE INCREDIBLE!

YOU MUST BE RIGHT! IT STANDS BETWEEN THESE TWO WALLS!



IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING
BUT THOSE BEASTLY
ANIMALS FROM UP
ABOVE ARE...

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT
THESE QUARTERS
WERE SO NARROW.

HE'S REALLY
PUSHED HIS
LUCK THIS
TIME.

HOW ARE THE WISE
MEN GOING TO REACT
NOW I'M ABLE TO
HEAR WHAT THEY HAVE
TO SAY TO US.

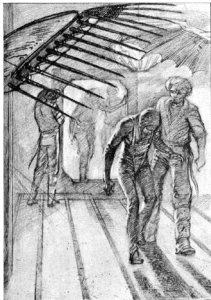


WE'LL SEE AND
SOON ENOUGH.

HE SURE IS. THE MAN ON
THE CHOCOLATE HAD ALREADY
GOTTEN UP LAST WEEK.

THAT FELLOW IS
STRANGE, DON'T
YOU THINK?

HE MIGHT BE WEIRD, BUT THANKS TO
HIM WE WERE ABLE TO MAKE THE
ATTEMPT.



YOU HAVE REACHED THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF EXPERIMENTATION. I KNOW THIS HAS BEEN LONG AND DIFFICULT FOR YOU, HAVING OVERCOME THESE DIFFICULTIES, DAY AFTER DAY...



YOU HAVE INDEED BARELY TOUCHED ON THE PREMISE OF THIS GREAT ART. YOU MUST NOW CONTRIBUTE YOUR RESEARCH IN ORDER TO REACH THE GOAL THAT OUR PEOPLE HAVE LONGED FOR.



YOU MUST LEAVE. GET AWAY FROM THE HIGHWAYS, WHICH SPOIL COMMERCE AND ALL OF ITS EXCESS. FOLLOW THE OLD ROADS, THEN ONCE YOU HIT THE WISDOM OF OUR SYSTEM, YOU WILL HAVE COME TO YOUR SOLUTION.

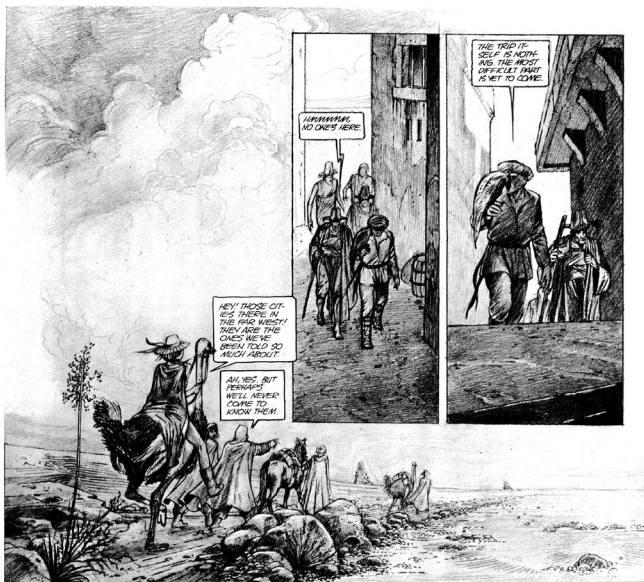
NOW, WORK AND MAP OUT YOUR TRIP.

I HAVE DECIDED THAT YOU FIVE WILL LEAVE ON SUNDAY. THE COMING EVENING WILL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO PREPARE FOR YOUR DEPARTURE.



SO, DRAWN BY THE DESIRE TO FLY, AND INTRIGUED BY THE MYTH OF ICARUS, WHICH IS SO INTIMATE TO THE HISTORY OF THEIR CITY, THE GROUP LEFT IN SEARCH OF THE MIDDLE OF CYMBRICKA. PATHS MORE OR LESS FAMILIAR TO THEM DO EXIST, BUT, UNDER SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS FROM THEIR MENTOR, THE GROUP DECIDED TO TAKE ROADS THAT WERE NOT AS YET KNOWN, FOR IT WAS ALONG THESE UNTOUCHED AVENUES THAT THEY WOULD FIND THEIR GOAL.





DON'T COME BACK
UNTIL YOU HAVE
SOMETHING WORTHY
TO SHOW US

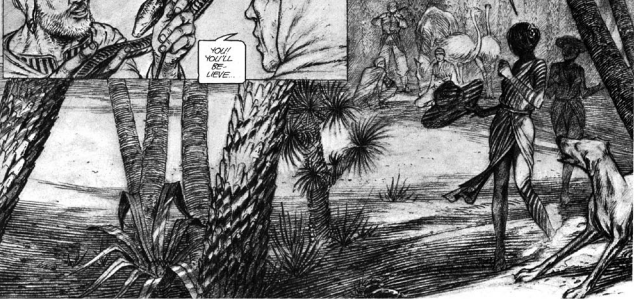


LOOK, AN
AMPHISBAENA.
ISN'T IT SUP-
POSED TO
HAVE TWO
HEADS?



YOU!
YOU'LL
BE-
LIEVE...

HEY, YOU, STOP
EATING THAT
BEAST. COME
WITH US



AND SO, FOR LACK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO, THE MEN FOLLOWED THE WOMEN. THEY BATHED WITH THEM. THEY MADE LOVE TO THEM. BUT WHEN NIGHT GREW NEAR, THEY PICKED UP THEIR GEAR AND CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH FOR THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA.



DEAR READER: IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO ASSESS JUST HOW DRIVEN THESE FIVE MEN WERE. BUT FOR THEM, THE KNOWLEDGE OF FLIGHT, AND THE UNDISCOVERED HISTORY OF THEIR CITY, MEANT ALL THE WORLD.

TO BE CONTINUED...



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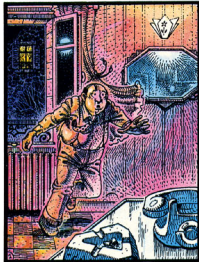
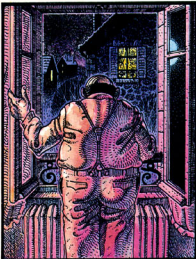
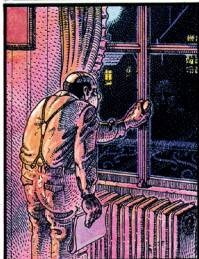
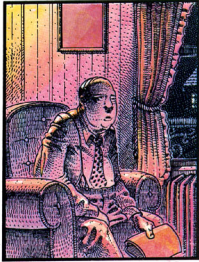
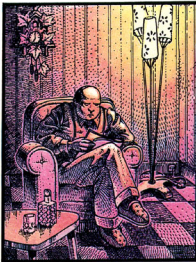
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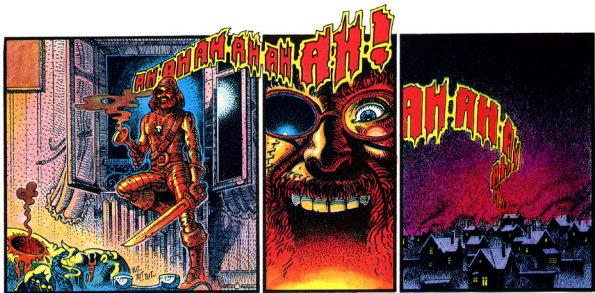
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|---|-----------|------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball Jersey — White/Black (A) Taarna | \$9.95 ea | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball Jersey — White/Black (B) Den | 9.95 ea | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball Jersey — Heather/Black (C) Heavy Metal | 9.95 ea | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> T-Shirt — Black (D) Corvette | 6.95 ea | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kami — Yellow or Blue (E) Heavy Metal | 5.95 ea | *S M L XL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sweatshirt — Gray Heather (F) Heavy Metal | 12.95 ea | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nightshirt — Tan or Lt. Blue (G) Heavy Metal | 7.95 ea | one size |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball Hat — Black/Gray (H) Heavy Metal | 5.95 ea | adjustable |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nylon Backpack — Black (I) Heavy Metal | 12.95 ea | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nylon Shell Coach's Jacket — Black (J) Heavy Metal | 14.95 ea | **XS S M L |

*Runs small

**Runs large

ONE NIGHT...





IT WAS SEVEN O'CLOCK ONE WINTER'S EVENING IN A SUBURB BY THE SEINE. THE FLABBY NATIVES ARE RESTLESS NO LONGER AND ARE GETTING READY TO RETIRE. TELEVISIONS ARE BATHING LIVING ROOMS WITH THEIR ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT. ONE CAN EASILY HEAR THE CLINKING OF COCKTAIL GLASSES, THE GRILLING OF STEAKS, AND THE BEATLES RECORDS BLASTING FROM THE "MODEL" KIDS' ROOM. OUTSIDE THERE IS NO ONE. ZIPPO. IT'S DESERTED. NO-MAN'S-LAND. IT COULD JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, THE KALAHARI DESERT, OR THE SARGASSO SEA. OUTSIDE AT A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, THERE WAS A CRY, A GUNSHOT, A LAUGH. IF YOU HAD THE NERVE (OR THE WANT) TO LOOK OUTSIDE, YOU JUST MIGHT SEE SHADOWS MOVING ABOUT YET. YOU MIGHT NOT. FOR THOUGH SOMETHING DEFINITELY WAS HAPPENING, NOTHING APPEARED TO BE OUT OF THE ORDINARY. BUT WAIT! IT HAS RETURNED AND IT IS HERE. AND IT KNOCKS. AND IN THIS SMALL SLEEPY TOWN THE SHADOW SPREADS. IT IS THE ACCURSED SHADOW OF THE

SKULL AND CROSSBONES





AH, YES, I HAVE RETURNED, THIS TIME AS A PIRATE. THROUGHOUT THIS SUBURBS, I HAVE BEEN DUBBED "BLOODBEARD," AND I SORT OF LIKE THAT IT HAS A NICE RING TO IT.



I WON MY SHIP, MY DREAM, OFF AN OLD ALCOHOLIC SAILOR WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ACE AND A DEUCE.

WITH A FEW JUGS OF WINE AND A HANDFUL OF BEAUTIFUL PROMISES, I GATHERED A FINE TEAM OF PIRATES, DERELICTS, PIMPS, THE LOT, BUT THEY SUIT MY PURPOSES JUST FINE. WITH WINE IN OUR BELLIES AND A MACHETE IN EACH HAND, WE EMBARKED ON OUR VOYAGE OF VIOLENCE.

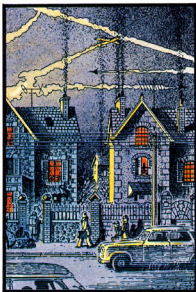


OF COURSE, MY DREAM WASN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT. BROKEN ROOF TILES AND A GROWLING CERAMIC DWARF WERE PILED UPON SIX SQUARE METERS OF BADLY KEPT GRASS. BUT UNDER ITS BAVAL EXTERIOR IT WAS A WONDERMENT OF BEAUTY. A CHARGER OF GRAND CLASS. A THOROUGHbred, EASY TO HANDLE AND QUICK TO RUN. BY MIDDLE-CLASS STANDARDS, MY DREAM WAS ORDINARY. THUS OUR MOST PRECIOUS TRUMP IT ALLOWED US TO SLIP IN AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF OTHER HOMES JUST LIKE IT WITHOUT CAUSING SUSPICION. SO, DISGUISED AS "FEATHER PEACE," ON MY TRUSTY SHIP, WITH MY CREW BY MY SIDE, I SAILED.

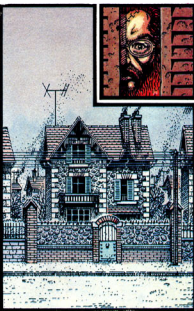
IT WAS AT FOUR O'CLOCK ONE MORNING, IN THE MIST OF SUBURBAN QUIET, THAT WE THREW OUT OUR ANCHOR BETWEEN TWO ANONYMOUS HOUSES. WE SAT UNOBSERVED, JUST WAITING.



AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, IT WAS LIKE WATCHING SATURDAY-MORNING CARTOONS. NICE CHILDREN GO SKIPPING OFF TO SCHOOL, NICE DADS STRUT OFF TO THE OFFICE, AND DILIGENT MOMS WALK AROUND THE PARKING LOT AT THE SUPERMARKET. HUNDREDS MUST HAVE WALKED BY MY DREAM AND NOT NOTICED. HMMMM, INDIFFERENCE, LETHARGY, BLINDNESS.



AS FOR ME AND MY CREW, WE SLEPT. WELL, MY MEN SLEPT. I OBSERVED. YES, IN SPITE OF MY APPARENT VISUAL IMPAIRMENT (I HAVE ONLY ONE EYE) I SEE, AND WELL.



AND AT THE END OF THEIR BUSY DAYS, THE NATIVES RETURN HOME, HAVE A BEER, AND WARM UP THEIR TELEVISIONS AND THEIR INSTANT POTATOES. IT'S THAT TIME, THE FEEBLE HOUR, WHEN DOGS AND MEN, IN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR SOFT CORNERS, GORGE THEMSELVES AND REVERT TO A STATE OF HOMIEY BLISS.



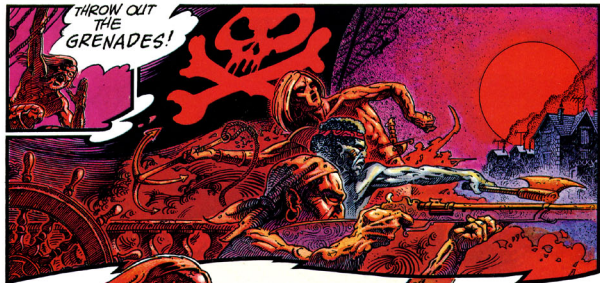
AT THIS POINT, MY MEN HAVE AWAKENED. THEY EAT, QUENCH THEIR THIRSTS, STRETCH THEIR MUSCLES, AND POLISH THEIR GUNS. SO, WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY,

**RUN UP THE
SKULL AND
CROSSBONES!**



SO, MAJESTICALLY AS EVER, THE ETERNAL SYMBOL OF VIOLENT DEATH, PILLAGING, AND RAPE RISES HIGH UP INTO THE SKY. AT THIS VERY SIGHT, HOUSEWIVES TREMBLE IN THEIR FURRY SLIPPERS, THE RETIRED BURY THEMSELVES IN THEIR MOTHBALLS, AND THE CHILDREN WHO ARE PLAYING OUTSIDE ON A PILE OF BLACKISH SAND RUN TOWARD THE WARM SHELTER OF THEIR NEON YELLOW KITCHENS.

IT'S THE MOMENT OF ATTACK!



THROW OUT
THE
GRENADES!



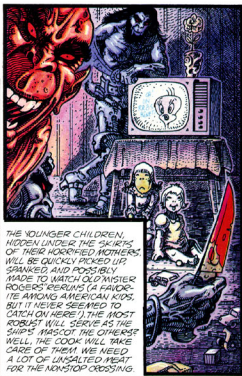
LIKE VAMPIRES THIRSTY FOR BLOOD,
WE SPANG FORTH, GRABBING ON
TO BALCONIES, BREAKING IN
OUR RAGE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE
NEGRO JOCKEYS THAT STAND
ON GUARD BY EACH HOUSE.
NEVER DID UNDERSTAND
WHAT THOSE THINGS WERE
ANYWAY, ICONS OF SOME
SORT, I GUESS.



KILL!
KILL!

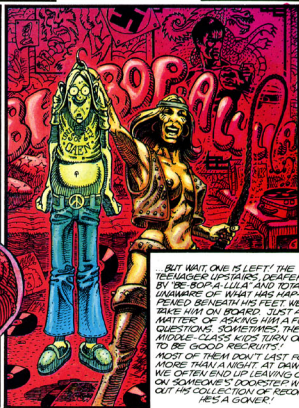


ONCE INSIDE, IT'S A MASSACRE! (DEAR READER-I KNOW I'M CRAZY, BUT YOU LOVE IT!) THE NICE DAD, PROBABLY EMPLOYED AS A CLERK, IS GENERALLY NOT IN SHAPE FOR MAN-TO-MAN COMBAT Faced with swords and grapnels he'll never last for more than a few seconds.

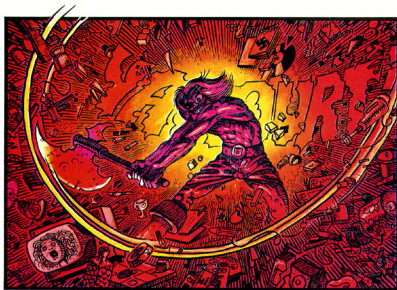


THE YOUNGER CHILDREN, HIDDEN UNDER THE SKIRTS OF THEIR HORRIFIED MOTHERS, WILL BE QUICKLY PICKED UP, SPANKED, AND POORLY MADE TO WATCH OLD MISTER ROGERS' REERUNS (A FAVORITE AMONG AMERICAN KIDS, BUT IT NEVER SEEMED TO CATCH ON HERE!). THE MOST ROBUST WILL SERVE AS THE SHIP'S MASCOT (THE OTHERS WELL, THE COOK WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM WE NEED A LOT OF UNSALTED MEAT FOR THE NONSTOP CROSSING

AS FOR THE WOMEN, THE MENOPAUSAL ONES ARE KILLED ON THE SPOT (DON'T SHRIEK, DEAR R. IT'S DONE WITH JUDGMENT AND COMPASSION!) THE YOUNG ONES ARE PUT ON MY DREAM AND TIED AT THE BELT BUT IT IS REALLY OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF MY HEART THAT I SPARE THEM THE SINISTER DESTINY WHICH SHORTLY AWAITS THEM...



...BUT WAIT, ONE IS LEFT! THE TEENAGER UPSTAIRS, DEAFENED BY 'BE-BOP-A-LULA' AND TOTALLY UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED BENEATH HIS FEET, WE'LL TAKE HIM ON BOARD. JUST A MATTER OF ASKING HIM A FEW QUESTIONS, SOMETIMES, THESE MIDDLE-CLASS KIDS TURN OUT TO BE GOOD RECRUITS! MOST OF THEM DON'T LAST FOR MORE THAN A NIGHT AT DAWN, WE OFTEN END UP LEAVING ONE ON SOMEONE'S DOORSTEP WITHOUT HIS COLLECTION OF RECORDS, HE'S A GONER!



MOST IMPORTANT, WE GAVE THEIR MONEY, JEWELS, ANYTHING OF VALUE. I DO THIS BECAUSE SOON I WILL NEED MONEY, AND LOTS OF IT!

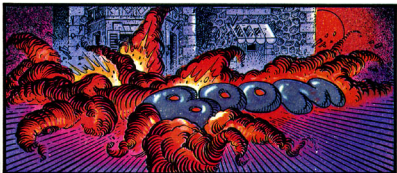


THE REST, THE KNOCKKNACKS, PLASTIC OBJECTS DART, POLYESTER FURNITURE, CINIZANO ASHTRAYS, BING CROSBY AND FRANK SINATRA ALBUMS (ESPECIALLY CROSBY!), BIDEPS, RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, VIBRATORS, AND THE PARALYZED FORGOTTEN GRANDFATHER—I BROKE IT ALL, I BROKE IT SAVAGELY. I CRUSHED IT, I MANGLED IT, WE'RE TALKING PULP HERE. I DO THIS BECAUSE MY DREAM WAS BOUGHT ENTIRELY FURNISHED. MY COLLECTIONS OF NAT KING COLE RECORDS AND THE EARLY EC HORRORS ARE ALL I NEED.

AND WE TOOK OFF AGAIN. EVERYTHING HAPPENED VERY QUICKLY. THE NEIGHBORS DIDN'T MOVE. NEIGHBORS NEVER MOVE. IF THEY HEAR SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS THEY'LL PULL DOWN THEIR SHUTTERS AN INCH OR TWO MORE, DOUBLE-LOCK THE DOOR, AND TURN THE TV ON LOUD.



AS A FINISHING TOUCH, WE BROUGHT A BARREL OF GUN POWDER DOWN INTO THE CELLAR OF THE SACKED PAVILION AND LIT A MATCH. THE REST IS...



...HISTORY!

THUS, THE END HAD DRAWN NEAR FOR THE PROLID PAVILION, GLORIOUS, SAILING ALONG THE RIVER SEINE. NO MORE NICE MOM AND DAD, NOR SWEET BABIES. SO, WE TAKE A MOMENT NOW, IN MEMORIAM...

AND MY DREAM, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CLOUDS OF STEAM AND SOOT HIDING THE LIVELY OUTBURST OF THE MOON, MELTED INTO THE ANONYMOUS, ELUSIVE DARKNESS.



NOW, INSIDE, IT'S CELEBRATION TIME. THE COOKING SHERRY AND THE WHISKY GUSH FORTH. THREE RECORD PLAYERS SHOUT AT THE SAME TIME, AND THE VOICES OF ELVIS PRESLEY, EDDY MITCHELL, AND JOHN LENNON MIX IN A DISSONANT CHORUS. THEY ARE ALL SINGING "BE-BOB-A-LULA" BUT NOT AT THE SAME TEMPO. JOYOUS ROCK-AND-ROLLING HAS BEGUN ON THIS FINE SHIP, AND WHO KNOWS HOW LONG IT WILL GO ON... MAYBE MONTHS.



BUT AS FOR ME, WELL, I DON'T FEEL LIKE LAUGHING, DRINKING, OR CUDDLING OUR BARELY PUBESCENT CAPTIVES. I HAVE NO ROOM FOR SUCH TRIVIALITIES. THE PASSION WHICH ANIMATES ME IS FAR ABOVE SUCH PLEBEIAN PLEASURES. THE PASSION I SPEAK OF IS MY DREAM. AS SHE CARRIES ME TO A REMOTE CREEK, A PLACE OF SERENITY, I CHART, WITHOUT DELAY, MY NEXT PLAN OF ATTACK.

AH, MY PLANS ARE GREAT IN NUMBER AND GRANDIOSE IN EXECUTION. BUT SOON, ALL OF THIS WILL BE FINISHED. NO MORE SHABBY TWO-FLOOR PAVILION WITH ITS SIX SQUARE-METER GARDENS AND CERAMIC DWARFS. THERE ARE VASTER LANDS WHICH AWAIT MY ARRIVAL.

TREMBLE, PREFABRICATED CAMPER. COLD STONE BUILDINGS. TOWERS OF GLASS! TREMBLE, CROSS-ROADS! TREMBLE, MAMMOTH SUPERMARKETS AND SUBURBAN MALLS! TREMBLE IN YOUR STABLE CEMENT!

SOON, SOON, I WILL HAVE ACCUMULATED ENOUGH GOLD TO ANCHOR MY DREAM FOR GOOD AND ARM AN ENTIRE BUILDING, IF I SO CHOOSE.

IN THESE GAPING PORTHOLES, I'LL PUT ONE HUNDRED CANNONS! ITS DEEP STOREROOMS WILL OVERFLOW WITH FUEL, WHITE RUM, AND ARMS.

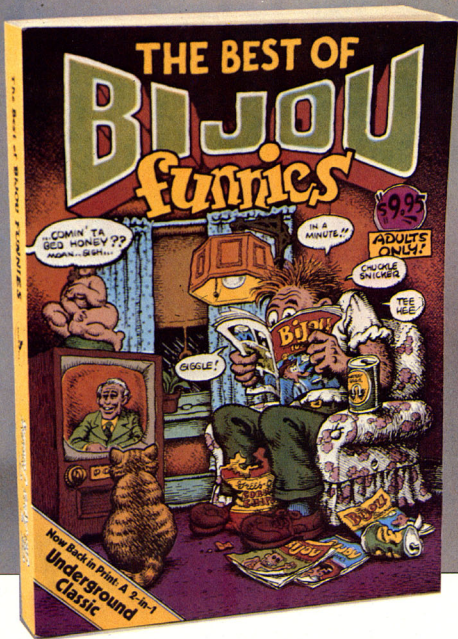
SOON, STANDING ON AN ARMED DECK, UNDER THE BLACK WIND DRIFTING FROM THE SLEEPY SUBURBAN CHIMNEYS, I WILL PILOT HER.

SHE WILL BE MADE OF PRESTRESSED CONCRETE AND WILL BE ENORMOUS AND TERRIFYING.

THE SOFT TOWNSPEOPLE WILL SHUDDER WHEN THEY SEE THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK FLAG, AND OF ME, "BLOODBEARD" THE PIRATE. ONLY ONE NAME COULD WELL DESCRIBE THIS STUNNING VESSEL:

NIGHTMARE.





What do Bobby London, Jay Lynch, Robert Crumb, and Art Spiegelman all have in common?

Why, they're artfully displayed in the new Apex Treasury of Underground Comics/The Best of Bijou Funnies book.

For just \$9.95 you get the Freak Brothers, Mr. Natural, and a lot of obscure strips that you probably haven't thought about in ages!

See, what ya got here is the following: on one cover they're offering ya "The Best of the Bijou Funnies." And on the back cover ya got the "Apex Treasury of Underground Comics," soooo, sandwiched together you have one hefty package!

Order today!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 282, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please send me _____ copy (ies) of the Bijou Funnies/Apex Treasury book. I have enclosed \$9.95 (plus 75¢ for postage and handling) for each book.

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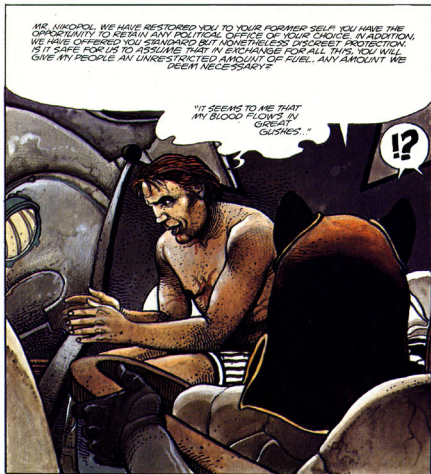
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New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

THE IMMORTALS' FETE

Last we read, Horus/Nikopol, the newly appointed governor, was caught by the immortals. Considered a traitor to his people, Horus was condemned to a slow, harsh torture.



"IT SEEMS TO ME THAT MY BLOOD FLOWS IN GREAT GUSHES."

!?



PARIS 23 MARS 2023 - REVUE DE PRESSE.

"L'ANNUAIRE DE LA PRESSE"

PARIS, MARCH 23, 2023, THE PRESS
THE REVOLUTIONARY AIR
CIRCULATION, 160,000 COPIES

EDITION LEGALE - TIRAGE 160 000 ex.

**LE FASCISME EST MORT
VIVE NIKOPOL!**

FASCISM IS DEAD!
LONG LIVE NIKOPOL!

TODAY, MARCH 23, 2023, MARKS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA FOR ALL OF PARIS. NIKOPOL, THE LIBERATOR HAS ARRIVED! LET US HOPE THAT THE SMOULDERING COALS OF THE EVIL FASCIST FORCE WILL BE SCATTERED FOREVER BY THE WINDS OF HISTORY. LET US HOPE THEY WILL ERASE THEMSELVES FROM OUR RAVAGED MEMORIES.

AUJOURD'HUI, 23 MARS 2023, MARQUE LE DÉBUT D'UNE NOUVELLE ÈRE POUR TOUS LES PARISIENS ENFIN UNIS. NIKOPOL, LE LIBÉRATEUR DE PARIS, EST ARRIVÉ! ESPÉRONS QUE LES CHARBONS BRÛLANTS DE LA FORCE MALEFICANTE DU FASCISME SERONT ÉPARpillÉS À JAMAIS AU VENT DE L'HISTOIRE ET S'EFFACENT DE NOS MÉMOIRES.

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LES FEMMES FINALLY LIBÉRÉES

WOMEN FINALLY LIBERATED
ONE OF THE FIRST MEASURES TAKEN BY THE NEW REVOLUTIONARY POWER CONSISTED
OF LIBERATING 25 000 WOMEN WHO HAD BEEN LABELED "REPRODUCERS" AT THE
ST SAVOIR BIRTH CENTER.
THIS REPORTER HAS ALSO LEARNED THAT NIKOPOL PLANS TO APPOINT AT LEAST
THREE WOMEN TO HIS CABINET. WHAT A STRIDE FOR WOMAN!
L'une des premières mesures du nouveau régime a consisté à libérer 25 000 malheureuses femmes dites « reproductrices ». Il est évident que la femme retrouvera, dans la nouvelle société, son rôle de femme. Il revient de droit et que le fascisme phalocratique lui avait interdit de jouer. Nous pouvons d'ores et déjà annoncer que trois femmes au moins siégeront en conseil collégial mis en place autour d'Alcide NIKOPOL. Ce pouvoir collégial, renforcé d'intellectuels sortis miraculeusement en vie des imputoyables prisons politiques fascistes, nous permettra, dans les prochains jours, de définir de manière généreuse les grandes lignes de la nouvelle marche en avant de la société parisienne.

FAITS DIVERS LE PAPE

Le pape...
NEWS FLASH!
THE POPE IS DEAD!
THE POPE DIED TODAY, THOUGH HE
POPE THEODORE DUE TO THE FALL
IT WAS LATER HEARING OF THE CHANGE OF REGIMES
ATTACK UPON HEARING OF THE CHANGE OF REGIMES

LA PYRAMIDE QUI S'EN VA LES MYSTÉRIEUX PARTIS REMAIN A QUESTION MARK IN THE MINDS OF PARIS SAVING PLANS TO LEAVE FROM THE LANDS ASTROPORT FOR AN UNKNOWN CELESTIAL DESTINATION

La mystérieuse pyramide qui s'en va, toujours tout des occupants, ces bien informées, quitteront trop tôt de Paris-Sud pour une destination inconnue.

LA RUBRIQUE MODE MAQUILLAGE : NOUVELLES TENDANCES

THE FASHION TIMES
THE TRENDS FOR SPRING
MAKEUP THE TRENDS FOR SPRING
IN A FIT OF REVOLUTIONARY SPLENDOR, THE NEW
LOOK IN MAKEUP IS DESTINED TO CHANGE
STRENGTH IS IN AND IS LUSH, GREEN FOR THE
LIPS AND RED FOR THE FACIAL AND BODY (FOR A DISTINCT
COMPLEXION WILL REMAIN PALE, FOR A DISTINCT
CONTRAST (DETAILS AND PHOTOS ON PAGE 9.)
-MR. MARK
Détails et photos p. 9.

DERNIERE MINUTE

Éprouvé par son implacable lutte contre le fascisme, Alcide NIKOPOL, notre sauveur, a décidé de prendre quelques jours de repos. Son départ pour la même destination n'a pas encore été annoncé.

NON

NO, FASCISM IS NOT DEAD! WE MUST
UNITE AND FIGHT AGAINST THE RED VER-
MIN NIKOPOL! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY
OUT! TERRORISM!
UNE SEULE ISSUE:
TERRORISME!!!
Gogol d'Algol

THAT SAME DAY, ABOVE THE CITY...

RIE DE LA PAIX I'LL BURN IT! I LOVE MONOPOLY!

AND IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE NEW REVOLUTIONARY POWER AT ELYSEE HEADQUARTERS...

SO, DOCTOR WHAT IS YOUR CONCLUSION?

THIS IS A CASE UNPRECEDENTED!

THE HEADACHES HAVE DISSIPATED, BUT PARTS OF THE BRAIN SEEM TO HAVE BEEN COMPRESSED, ALMOST AMPUTATED. NOTHING APPEARS TO BE MISSING, THOUGH ACCORDING TO MY FINDINGS, THE HEART HAS BEEN RESTORED, YET IN A WAY UNBENOWNST TO ME. AND FINALLY, THERE IS THE STEEL LEG WHICH HE SPORTS. AT THIS POINT, IT SEEMS TO BE AS NATURAL TO HIM AS IT IS AMAZING TO US. THE ONLY PROBLEM HE SEEMS TO HAVE WITH IT IS ITS EXTRAORDINARY WEIGHT, VERY OFTEN IT HINDERS HIS NORMALLY RAPID GAIT.

THE MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM WE HAVE HERE IS HIS LOSS OF REASON. I SEE NO WAY TO AID HIM IN HIS RECOVERY. THE POOR MAN CONSISTENTLY RECITES NONSENSICAL POEMS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER. HE REMAINS EXHAUSTED OR BURSTS OUT IN FITS OF LAUGHTER FOR NO APPARENT REASON.

MMM WELL, THESE FINDINGS CERTAINLY MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE HIM A ROLE MODEL FOR OUR PEOPLE.

HA HA HA HA HA!

THERE HE GOES! HE'S STARTING UP AGAIN!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? ALL OF PARIS SEES HIM AS THEIR SAVIOR... THE ULTIMATE HERO...

AND WE CAN'T DENY THE FACT THAT HE HAS BROUGHT ON THIS POLITICAL COUP EVEN IF HIS BEHAVIOR WAS QUESTIONABLE AT TIMES, HE IS STILL THEIR MAN!

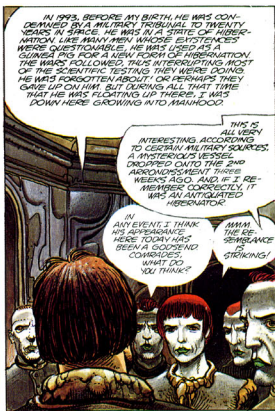
THIS IS VERY BOTHERSOME, INDEED!

OUR POWER IS STILL TOO UNSTABLE TO...

LET ME THROUGH! I AM HIS SON!

NOW, WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?

CENTRE
ST
SAUVEUR





SINCE THAT DAY, WEEKS HAVE FOLLOWED THE NEW POWER, ORCHESTRATED BY A MOTIVATED YOUNG ALCEDE NIKOPOL, STRUGGLES WITH THE NEW EGALITARIAN SOCIETY.

IN ADDITION TO THE ECONOMIC AND ENERGY PROBLEMS THAT HACE THIS LAST CITY, THERE ARE THREADS OF INTER-URBAN WARS. THESE JOUSTS ARE MOST PROMINENT AMONG NORTHERN AND WESTERN CITIES.

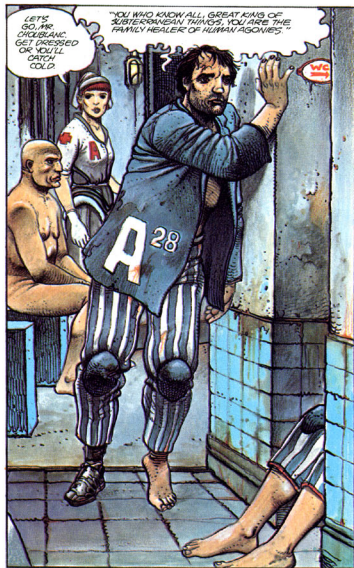
THERE ARE A LARGE NUMBER OF PROBLEMS CONCERNING COEXISTENCE WITH EXTRATERRESTRIAL RACES. THE POPE'S LITTLE CHERUBS FROM DIPHDA NOW OCCUPY ALL OF NOTRE DAME, AND THEIR BREEDING HABITS ARE CONSISTENT.

THERE ARE TERRORIST ATTEMPTS ON THE LIVES OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, BUT ALAS, THAT HAS COME TO BE EXPECTED.

AND FINALLY, THERE HAS BEEN A RASH OF MUTATED NEWBORNS. THIS EPIDEMIC IS BELIEVED TO HAVE STEMMED FROM THE SEXUAL RELATIONS THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE BETWEEN PARISIANS AND EXTRATERRESTRIALS, BUT NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE.

PARIS, 2023. LIFE HERE IS FRAGILE, BUT FREE. PEOPLE ARE GETTING READY TO SAIL THROUGH VERY TROUBLED WATERS, AND IT WILL BE EVEN MORE DIFFICULT WITHOUT THEIR LIBERATOR, THE UNFORTUNATE, OFTEN PITIFUL ALCEDE NIKOPOL.

END.

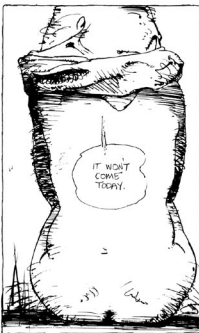


STORY, ART, AND COLORING: EBILAL

IMAGE

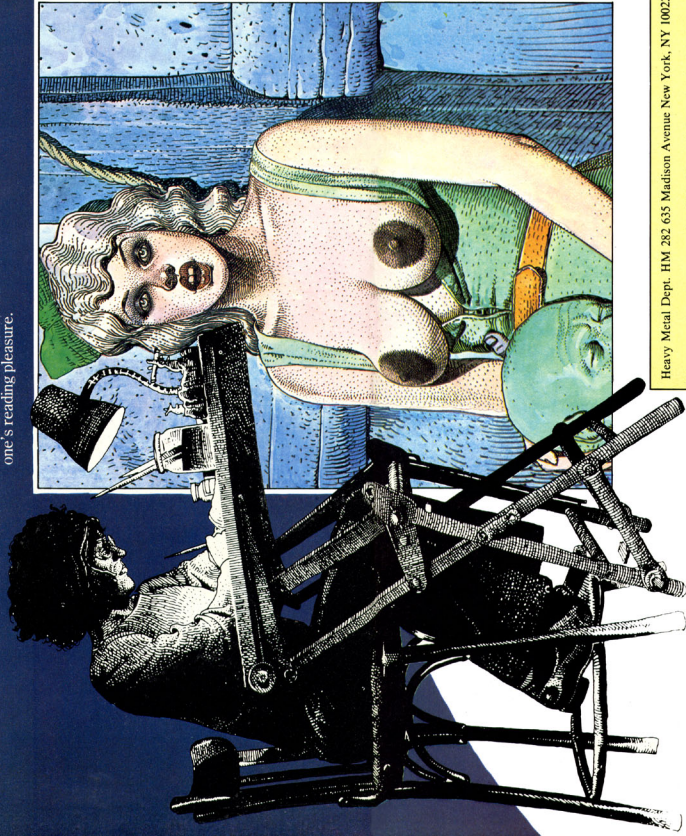


(C) S. JONES 1991



MOEBIUS

"Mobius strip mō(r)-ē-as/ A one-sided surface that can be formed from a rectangular strip rotating one end 180° and attaching it to the other end."
Moebius strips. Pure enjoyment. A wonderment of fantastic images, specifically drawn for one's reading pleasure.



Henry Metal is proud to present an extravaganza of **Moebius** material never before published in the States. With eighty pages of full color, this retrospective is bound to delight anyone with a lust for fantasy, science fiction, adventure, the absurd, and sex (and occasionally absurd sex).

This fabulous anthology begins with a forty-four-page collaboration between **Moebius** and the noted film director **Alexandro Jodorowsky** (of *El Topo* fame). Their colorful strip "The Black Incal" offers intrigue and espionage funneled by a group of slightly confused agents.

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 sooo unpredictable.

Plus: a gallery section, depicting a variety of topical illustrations. In this glorious full-color, sixteen-page display, you will see everything from movie posters to Gerald Ford (!!) to French science-fiction book ads to Western chivalry to soft porn.

Introduced by **Federico Fellini**, this book explores **Moebius**'s multiple styles, a task never before undertaken by an American publisher.

So, pick up a copy for yourself and a couple of extras for stuffing Xmas stockings! Any way you look at it, this book is a must for the **Moebius** aficionado or anybody who's looking for a good time.

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Within a few days we were all going to die inside the fuelless Space Skuttle...Marty, who'd gotten us into this mess,

twelve tearful "Miss Moral America" semi-finalists, a swinging secretary of state, and (most important)--

Christ, what rotten luck... if I get out of this alive, I'm never going to die again.

Will you shut up? That's all you ever talk about!

Temper had not been improved by our diet--Marty had forgotten to bring any food along on his anticipated orbital orgy, except for a case of champagne and 24 packets of birth-control pills.

--ME. I just wasn't ready for the "Big D," as Marty kept referring to it.

...and she even pads her joggling suit!

The girls refused to take the pills (fearing bloating) and spent most of their time on the telescreen--or reciting the names of candy bars.

Three Musketeers.

Mounds.

Mallo Cups.

Mars Bars.

Milky Way.

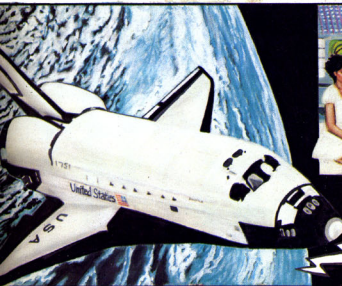
It was impossible for us to forget our fate.

During the rest cycle, we were woken up by Dr. Isaac Liftov, from Mission Control.

Listen, I think I may have come up with a way for you guys to stay alive for a while.

How long is "a while"?

Well, a couple of million years, maybe. You'll have to flash-freeze yourselves--like coffee flakes.



How the hell do we do that?

Well, two of you are going to have to go out in space suits and wrap a long length of hose around the ship. Then you use the fuel pump to blast all the air in the cabin out, and then back in again.

It sounds pretty dumb, but it's your only chance.



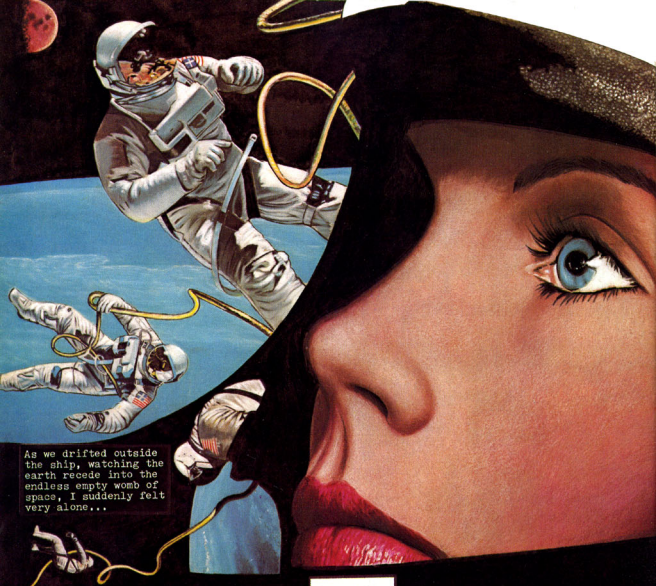
Ouch!

Marty pretended to have diarrhea, so in the end,



I had to go out with Miss Canada, Adeline Jones. She looked very fetching in her suit.

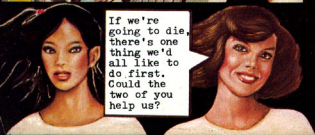




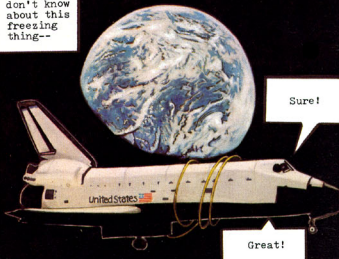
As we drifted outside the ship, watching the earth recede into the endless empty womb of space, I suddenly felt very alone...



Listen, we don't know about this freezing thing--



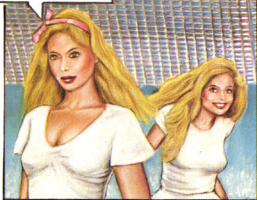
If we're going to die, there's one thing we'd all like to do first. Could the two of you help us?



Sure!

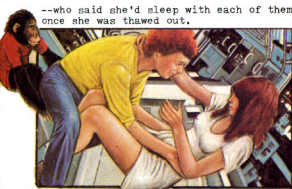
Great!

Good--we want you to pick a pageant winner.

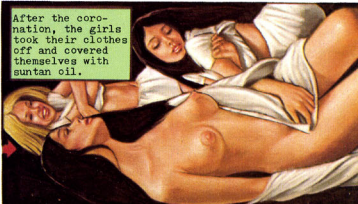


I voted for Adeline, but Marty and the secretary of state held out for Miss Nevada--

--who said she'd sleep with each of them once she was thawed out.



After the coronation, the girls took their clothes off and covered themselves with suntan oil.



Then after a certain amount of bickering, it was our turn.



Hey! You guys are peeking!

I'm sorry--it's just that you're so beautiful, and these could be our last moments together...



This was good stuff, and I think I was really getting somewhere, when she turned the fuel pump on, and we were suddenly fro--

To Be Continued

BELIEFS REGARDING DEATH AND THE AFTERLIFE

END OF SERVICE



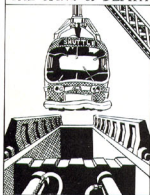
FINAL JOURNEY



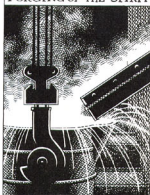
HALLOWED REST



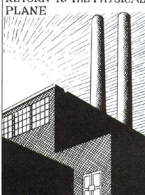
THE JAWS OF DEATH



FORGING OF THE SPIRIT



RETURN TO THE PHYSICAL PLANE



REINCARNATION AT A HIGHER LEVEL



COMING NEXT ISSUE...

A look into the future

In the January issue we do just that. *HM* will devote a section (sorta like a magazine within a magazine) to wishing you all a "Happy Future!" In it, a group of the French artists will illustrate odd projections, including—but could it be?—the man of the future; what we will look like in years to come. Oh, it's frightening. Brad Balfour interviews some of notables on what they see ahead. **Robert Silverberg**, **Robert Sheckley**, and **Greg Benford** are but a few of the men who speak out. Plus, the continuations of **Corben's** "Den II," **Segrelles's** "The Mercenary" (will he get the girl in the end, or what?), and **Schuiten's** "At the Middle of Cymbiola." **Steranko's** "Outland" will conclude. Honest.



A woman with long, flowing yellow hair and a matching dress is floating in a dark, starry space. She is holding a sword in her right hand. She is wearing multiple gold-colored bangles on her wrists and a necklace with red and gold beads. The background is a deep blue with white stars and a large, curved yellow shape that looks like a comet or a piece of fabric.

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- "a visual feast"
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just how she (with a little help from Giger)**

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