

# HEAVY METAL<sup>®</sup>

January 1982

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The  
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illustrated  
fantasy  
magazine



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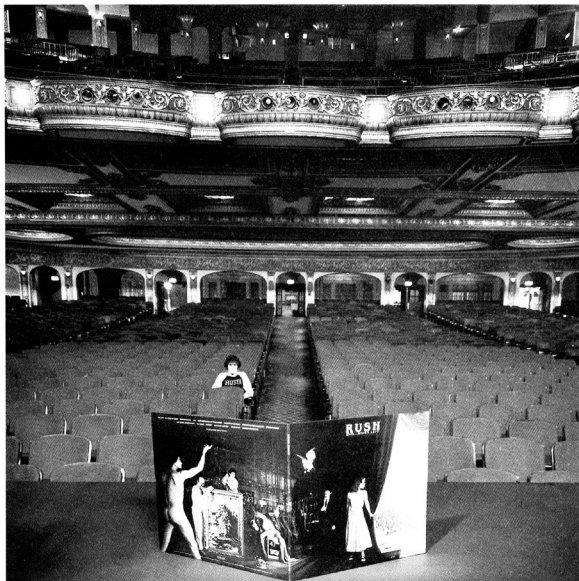
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# EDITORIAL

Photograph by Dean Chamberlain



**T**he dawning of a new age. Sounds corny, doesn't it? Or is it "the eve of destruction," as the song goes? Just as corny, I think. But I remember when I was eight or nine getting a magazine called *Junior Scholastic*. An issue arrived one month with a cover story about the future. The future, then, was 1980. The issue predicted clothes being washed while we wore them; everyone was plugged in to teaching machines while asleep. Cars floated on air cushions, and we all rode to work in monorails. Huge weather stations controlled storms, and travel to Mars was a daily event. The future was to be a rosy, Disney-colored fun fest fraught with no greater problems than what the day's synthetic home-computer marvel would be.

Then, not too many years later, as the Aquarian Age was in full swing, the doomsayers held sway with predictions a la *1984* and *Brave New World*. Either pollution or overpopulation would kill us if we didn't blow up the planet first—that is, if we didn't change our rampant technological ways and our dependence on scientific solutions rather than humanistic ones.

The debate still rages, and the dichotomy of those two future scenarios within my consciousness still plagues me.

On the one hand, I marvel at the pleasures and possibilities of our technology; the cluster of conceptual realizations it offers in terms of human growth, both physical and cultural, impresses me. We have paper clothes, chemicals that alter moods and memory, full-body scanners, and surgical techniques to sew on limbs. Bullet trains carry passengers at speeds of 300 miles an hour, while jets travel between New York and London so fast that because of the reversal of time zones, a person can arrive before the hour when he left. The acceleration of technological development has far surpassed what was expected fifty years ago or even in the twenty years since I read that grade-school magazine.

And accordingly, the world

problems seem far more severe. Radiation wars are possible with the neutron bomb, while the advent of regular satellite launchings could lead to war in space at any time. From the ravages of the extreme right wing to the terrorism of the extreme left, peace seems buried forever. The gulf between poor and rich nations is wider than ever before, while the commonly held notions of good and evil are more obscure. Consensus reality seems to be slipping away, so we grasp at some conceptual thread, however fragile, to unite us. Even if it's something as rigid as the Moral Majority or the Moonies, we seek solace in it.

Somewhere between the doom and the techno-nirvana lies the actuality. The problem is in the perception of that actuality. How we view the future affects its outcome. And since the future is just that—"the future"—it is an unreality as yet un-

formed. Yet because so many people stand transfixed by static notions of what must be, they become immobilized. They neither see the future as a process they play a part in nor do they understand that it is not the extremes but the tensions (and often, the chaos) in between. Because the objective of a future seems so distant and hazy in the clear light of day-to-day present, people see it as disconnected from their own reality. It's no wonder the future seems full of extremes. Most people trust only their past in order to plot their future.

Any view of the future, any acceptance of it, makes way for a happy future. To have a future is in itself a happy prospect. Barring the possibility of dire dystopia, the act of living the future is sufficient. Survival is what matters; understanding how to survive is what counts. Unless the collapse of the species is imminent, we seem fated (or doomed, depending on your own individual gloominess) to survive. That is inherent in our definition of ourselves as a living species, however young a species we may be.

—BB

---





{VO} Beneath the glitter of the show-biz world of Vegas lies the tawdry underbelly of organized crime, where the only law is the Main Chance...

Iago: I tell you, Rod. I break my back for that job when he promotes Casey over me. I'm going to nail him good--and get that Desdemona back to you into the bargain.

Iago: See, what'd I tell you? She's screwing around with him behind your back.

Othello: I can't believe it.

{VO}...where even the innocent are caught in webs of duplicity...



Casey: Merry her? Are you kidding?

Othello: He's got my medallion. The one I gave to Desdemona.

{VO}...where the net of subterfuge spins on the shoulders of those who least deserve it...

Desdemona: Willow, weep for meeee. Thanks--I love you all.

{VO}...and where death is swift and scarlet both for the guilty--



{VO}--and the virtuous.

{VO} Upstart Theater presents...

{VO}...Othello.



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# THE MERCENARY

While fleeing from a jealous husband and his spear-happy guards, the Mercenary got caught in a heavy fog and was unable to reach his destination. He happened upon a nearby village, where he was nursed back to health after a tumultuous landing. The townspeople told him of the kidnapping of their chief's daughter, and he offered to rescue her...for a price, that is. Last we saw, the Mercenary had partially succeeded in his task.



*STAND STILL, WARRIOR. YOU AND THE FEMALE ARE OUR PRISONERS.*

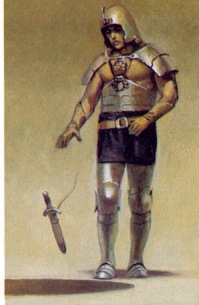


*AND YOU WILL REMAIN SO UNTIL THE RANSOM HAS BEEN PAID US.*



*BUT FIRST, WARRIOR- STRIP YOURSELF OF YOUR WEAPONS, AND Toss THEM THROUGH THE TUNNEL FROM WHICH YOU CAME.*

THE KNIFE IS MY ONLY  
WEAPON...



...AND MY ARMOR  
COSTS A YEAR'S  
HARD-FOUGHT WAGES.

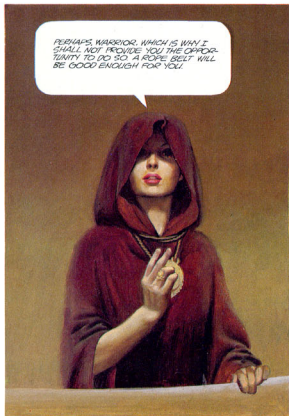


THE BELT WARRIOR  
REMOVES IT YOU ARE  
NOT PERMITTED TO  
KEEP METALLIC THINGS.



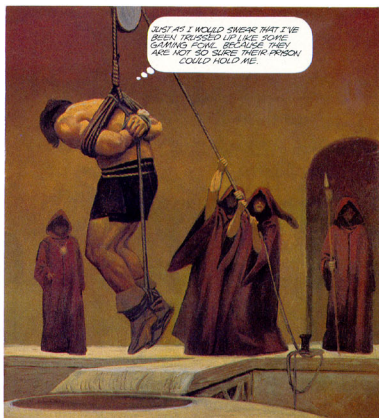
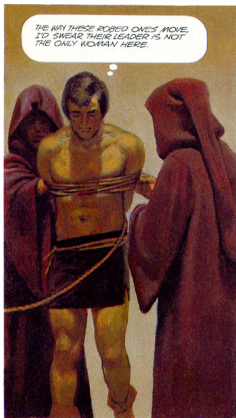
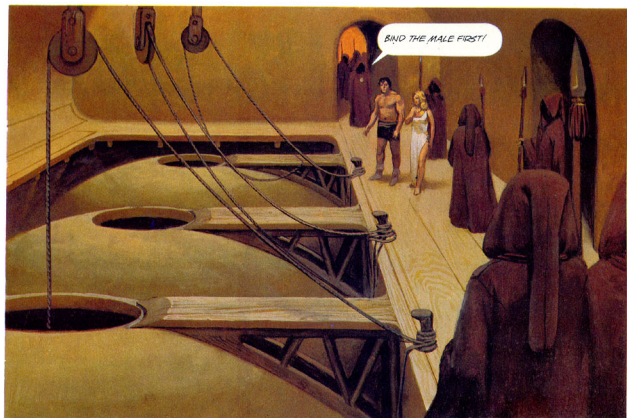
MY BELT YOU THINK  
I'LL USE IT TO FIGHT  
MY WAY FREE?

PERHAPS, WARRIOR, WHICH IS WHY I  
SHALL NOT PROVIDE YOU THE OPPOR-  
TUNITY TO DO SO. A ROPE BELT WILL  
BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

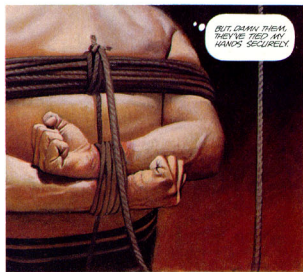
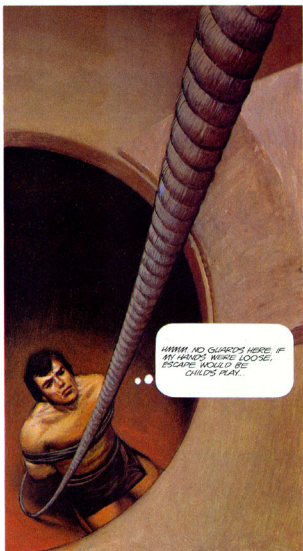


AND NOW YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO  
YOUR CELLS. BUT REMEMBER, WAR-  
RIOR, RESIST US AND YOU WILL DIE  
IN A MOST FRIGHTFUL MANNER.



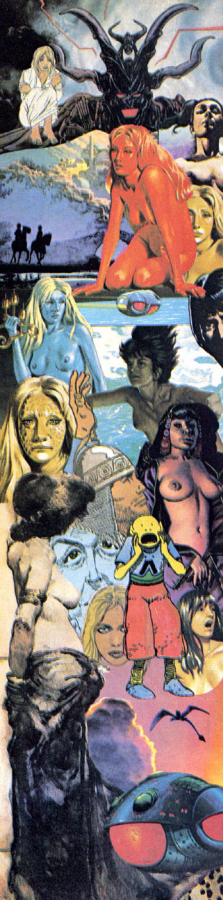






TO BE CONTINUED...





# HEAVY METAL

## COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

### #1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, 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: "Elinc," "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 "Elinc," 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 Jaganette? 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 Duranona all contribute 151 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 Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal! (\$3.00)

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

**#46/JANUARY 1981:** Jeronaton returns with "Woman," Don Wood 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 Phoenix!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)

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

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

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

**#50/MAY 1981:** The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fate I," Sydnam'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 Howerth'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 Immoral Majority: the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

# HEAVY METAL

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|               | July 1981  | \$3.00 |
|               | Aug. 1981  | \$3.00 |
|               | Sept. 1981 | \$3.00 |
|               | Oct. 1981  | \$3.00 |
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For just \$5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, our new, more sophisticated black "Haugheyder" binder with silver letters, for just \$5.95. Each can be obtained chock full of back issues (January through December of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, are \$26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!

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If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.



# OUTLAND

WRITTEN AND  
BY  
STERANKO

SATURDAY, 1128 P.M. O'NIEL'S OFFICE WITH THE CONFISCATED PDE SHIPMENT SAFELY HIGHLY AWAY INTO A DEPT. RECORDING OF SHEPPARD'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE CONSPIRACY, THE MARSHAL HAD THE HARD EVIDENCE HE NEEDED AGAINST THE DRUG RUNNERS. HE'D STOP THE DEATHS ON SO HE COULD ELUDE THE ASSASSINS SHEPPARD HAD ORDERED ONTO THE NEXT SHUTTLE. O'NIEL PREPARED FOR THE FINAL ENCOUNTER WHEN THE PHONE BUZZED.

CAROL... I'VE MISSED YOU... AND PAULIE!

WE'VE MISSED YOU, BILL... VERY MUCH!

OUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE TRIP BACK TO EARTH HAVE COME THROUGH! WE BOOKED A SEAT FOR YOU! I KNOW HOW STUBBORN YOU CAN BE WHEN YOU'RE ONTO SOMETHING, BILL... BUT IS IT WORTH GIVING UP YOUR FAMILY FOR? IS IT THAT IMPORTANT? I HOPE THIS ISN'T GOOD-BYE. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, BILL! I LOVE YOU!

THE WOMAN SMILED GENTLY TO MASK THE PAIN AND LONELINESS THAT FILLED THE GULF BETWEEN THEM. IT HAD ALL BEEN SAID BEFORE! THERE WAS NO NEED TO GO OVER IT AGAIN. O'NIEL STOOD TRANFIXED, TRYING TO HOLD HER IMAGE AS THE SCREEN WENT BLACK. HE NEEDED HER. MOMENTS LATER, HE LEFT THE ROOM.

IT LOOKS LIKE AN EPIDEMIC IN THE OLD INFIRMARY MARSHAL! I'M GUESSING THAT EVERYONE WILL BE SICK WHEN THE SHUTTLE GETS IN TOMORROW!

HEY, DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! IF IT'S CHARACTER YOU WANT, THIS IS THE WRONG PLACE! ANYWAY, WHY STICK YOUR NECK OUT FOR GOD'S SAKE?

THE MACHINE WORKS BECAUSE EVERYONE DOES WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO DO! I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO... MY LITTLE PART IN THE ROTTEN MACHINE! I WANT TO FIND OUT IF THEY'RE RIGHT!

HOW ABOUT YOU, BALLARD? WOULD YOU AND THE OTHERS LIKE TO FIND OUT?

BALLARD STARTED TO ANSWER, BUT COULDN'T FIND THE WORDS. HE SLOWLY TURNED AWAY FROM THE SHUTTLE CLOCK AS IT COUNTED DOWN THE HOURS, MINUTES AND SECONDS...



SUNDAY  
8:51 A.M.

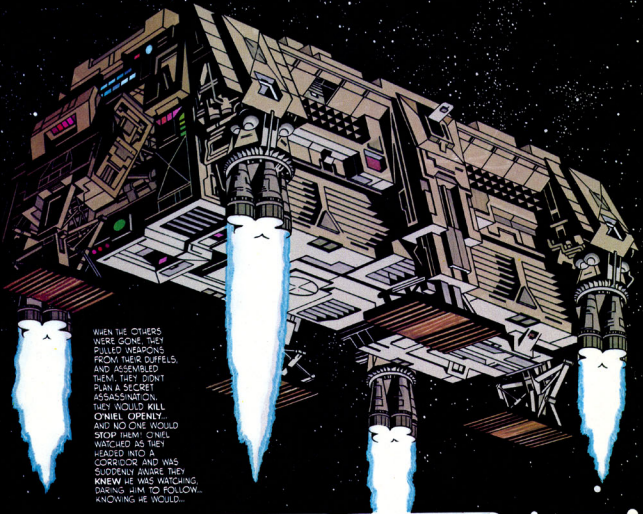
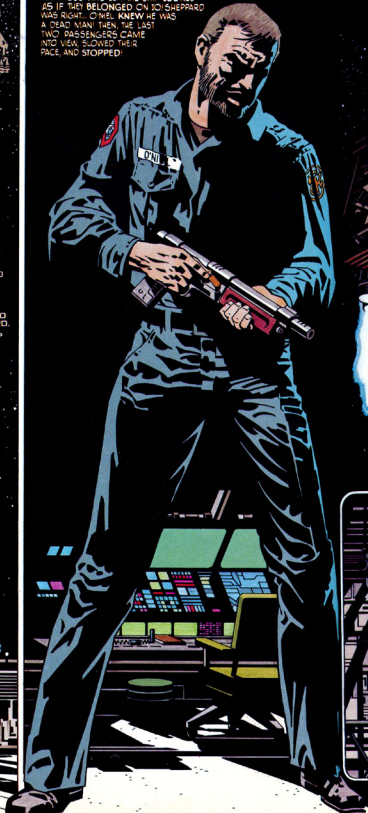
THE BLAST OF HORNS  
ECHOED  
HARSHLY  
THROUGH THE  
CORRIDORS  
OF 10,  
ANNOUNCING  
THE ARRIVAL  
OF THE  
SHUTTLE AS  
IT DROPPED  
OUT OF  
SPACE LIKE  
A GREAT  
METALLIC  
BEETLE!  
THE CON-AM  
GROUND  
CREW  
SWARMED  
TO MEET  
IT AS IT  
TOUCHED  
DOWN  
ON THE  
FROZEN  
LANDING  
PAD...

ONEL DIDN'T ATTEND THE EVENT  
HE WAS FRANTICALLY TRYING TO  
GATHER VITAL DATA FROM THE  
COMPUTER. INFORMATION HE  
NEEDED... TO SAVE HIS LIFE!

ONEL W. T. EMERGENCY  
REQUEST LINES OF  
PERSONNEL ON SHUTTLE  
PASSENGER MANIFEST  
WHO WERE TICKETED  
WITHIN THREE DAYS  
OF DEPARTURE. CROSS-  
REFERENCE WITH AN  
PRIOR ARREST RECORD.  
NEGATIVE DATA AVAILABLE.  
WHY NEGATIVE RESPONSE?  
NO MANIFEST TRANSMITTED  
FROM SPACE STATION.  
TRANSMIT DATA FROM  
SPACE STATION.  
NEGATIVE. AUDIO AND VIDEO  
TRANSMISSIONS TERMINATED.  
REASON FOR TERMINATION?  
NEGATIVE DATA.

ONEL POUNDED HIS FIST IN FURY  
ON THE CONSOLE TABLE. A  
SECOND LATER, HE TURNED TO  
THE BATTERY OF SURVEILLANCE  
SCREENS AND TRIED TO CHAIN  
DOWN, TO KEEP HIS WITS. AS  
HE WATCHED THE ANONYMOUS  
LINE OF PASSENGERS DEPART TWO  
OF THEM WERE THERE TO KILL HIM!

HIS ONLY HOPE WAS TO SPOT THE ASSASSIN! THE  
LAWMAN'S HEART POUNDED FURIOUSLY WHEN  
HE REALIZED HE COULDN'T FIND THEM!  
ALL THOSE WHO LEFT THE SHIP LOOKED  
AS IF THEY BELONGED ON TV! SHEPPARD  
WAS RIGHT. ONEL KNEW HE WAS  
A DEAD MAN! THEN THE LAST  
TWO PASSENGERS CAME  
INTO VIEW. SCANNED THEIR  
FACE, AND STOPPED!



WHEN THE OTHERS  
WERE GONE, THEY  
PULLED WEAPONS  
FROM THEIR DUFFELS  
AND ASSEMBLED  
THEM. THEY DIDN'T  
PLAN A SECRET  
ASSASSINATION.  
THEY WOULD KILL  
ONEL OPENLY.  
AND NO ONE WOULD  
STOP THEM! ONEL  
WATCHED AS THEY  
HEADED INTO A  
CORRIDOR AND WAS  
SUDDENLY AWARE THEY  
KNEW HE WAS WATCHING.  
DARING HIM TO FOLLOW...  
KNOWING HE WOULD...



THE CON-AM COMPLEX  
LOOKED DESERTED.  
AS IF SOME POWER  
HAD ELIMINATED  
EVERYTHING  
BETWEEN  
O'NEIL AND  
THE KILLERS.  
THE WORD  
WAS  
OUT...

SHEPARD WAS THE POWER, AND HE WANTED  
NO WITNESSES TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED; BUT  
THE LAWYMAN HAD HIS OWN PLAN: TO INTERCEPT  
THE PAIR OF ASSASSINS WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE  
AN EDGE. HE COUNTED HEAVILY ON HIS KNOWLEDGE  
OF THE MINING COLONY'S LAYOUT, AND DECIDED  
ON THE CAFETERIA. IT WAS AN OBSTACLE COURSE  
TO ANYONE NOT FAMILIAR WITH IT. O'NEIL SAUT  
OFF THE CORRIDOR LIGHTS, AND ENTERED THE ROOM.

HE STOPPED, LISTENING  
FOR THE SMALLEST SOUND,  
BUT HEARD NOTHING EXCEPT  
THE ROAR OF HIS OWN HEART  
BEATING. HIS MOUTH WAS  
BONE DRY AS HE PICKED UP  
AN ASSHTRAY AND HURLED  
IT ACROSS THE ROOM.  
STILL, NOTHING!

IF THEY  
WERE THERE,  
O'NEIL HAD TO  
MAKE HIMSELF  
A TARGET.  
HE MOVED  
AWAY FROM  
THE WALL  
AS IF INTO  
AN ARENA.

SUDDENLY, AN  
EXPLOSION OF  
SEMI-AUTOMATIC  
TRACERS SHATTERED  
THE SILENCE. THEY  
CAME FROM THE  
CEILING GRILL, ABOVE  
THE LAWYMAN,  
AND TORE INTO  
HIS SHOULDER  
AHEAD OF HIM.  
ANOTHER BLAST  
ROCKED THE ROOM,  
CREATING A DEADLY  
CROSSFIRE. BUT O'NEIL  
MOVED SWIFTLY, ROLLING  
AND TWISTING ACROSS  
THE FLOOR AS HE SPOTTED  
THE ASSASSIN AND PULLED  
THE TRIGGER OF HIS RIOT  
GUN. THE DARK FIGURE  
CRUMPLED AS RUNNING  
FOOTSTEPS, SOUNDED  
FROM ABOVE!

HE SWORE  
AS THE  
SEARING  
PAIN IN  
HIS ARM  
ALMOST  
MADE HIM  
PASS OUT!  
THEN,  
HE  
GOT  
UP!



ONE KNEW THE KILLER HAD CUT HIM OFF.  
"TRAP HIM IN ONE OF THE LONG 'STAG-' CORRIDORS,  
AND HE WAS LEAVING A TRAIL OF BLOOD. A BLIND MAN  
COULD FOLLOW. HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING QUICKLY."

THEN HE NOTICED  
A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA  
TRACKING HIM. SOMEONE WAS  
WATCHING HIM. SPAND OR ENEMY?  
MAYBE HIS DEPUTIES WOULD RALLY TO  
HIS DEFENSE. HE GOT AN IDEA AND SIGNALLED  
TO HAVE THE ACCESS CORRIDORS LOCKED BY REMOTE  
CONTROL. IF HE COULD FORCE THE HIT MAN ALONG THE RIGHT  
ROUTE. O'NEIL CLIMBED RAINFULLY INTO A PRESSURE SUIT AND  
VANISHED THROUGH THE AIRLOCK. MOMENTS LATER, HE WAS OUTSIDE  
THE PLANNING COMPLEX, WORKING TO A Vantage POINT WHERE HE COULD  
OBSERVE ANY MOVEMENT IN THE PASSAGEWAY BELOW.

ONLY A FEW MINUTES  
HAD GONE BY WHEN  
THE LANNMAN SPOTTED  
THE ASSASSIN. INSIDE  
ON THE GREENHOUSE  
CANAL. BUT BEFORE  
HE COULD MAKE A  
MOVE, THE EXTERIOR  
LIGHTS BLAZED ON.  
SOMEONE KNEW  
EXACTLY WHERE HE  
WAS. THE LIGHTS  
GAVE THE MARSHAL  
AN IDEA HE'D LET  
THE LANNMAN SEE  
HIM THROUGH THE  
HEAVY, TRANSPARENT  
CEILING PANELS!

HE SCRAPED HIS SUIT SHOE,  
LOUDLY ACROSS A WINDOW.



HE WAITED A  
FEW SECONDS  
THEN JUMPED  
ACROSS TO  
ANOTHER  
SECTION.



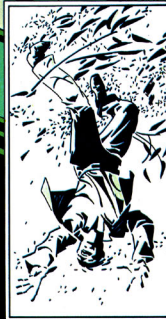
A VOICE  
AT ONCE  
THE MAN  
FIRED HIS  
WEAPON,  
PUNCTURING THE  
GREENHOUSE  
WALL.



AIR BEGAN  
TO ESCAPE!  
AND THE MAN  
RAN FOR THE  
GREENHOUSE  
DOOR. IT WAS  
SEALED!



THE IMPACT  
SHATTERED THE PANEL,  
AND INTERIOR PRESSURE  
BLEW IT VIOLENTLY  
INTO SPACE! THE  
LANNMAN CROUCHED  
DOWN AS THE OTHER  
PANELS CRACKED  
UNDER THE RAPID  
PRESSURIZATION!  
THE CONTENTS OF THE  
GREENHOUSE WERE  
SUCKED THROUGH THE  
BREAKS, INCLUDING  
THE SCREAMING KILLER!



WHEN  
IT WAS OVER,  
O'NEIL STOOD UP  
AGAIN. HE DID NOT  
SEE THE SHADOW  
THAT PURSUED HIM.

THE PRESSURE-SUITED FIGURE HIT O'NEIL LIKE AN  
ANALOGUE, ALMOST KNOCKING HIM FROM THE WALKWAY  
WHERE THE FALL WOULD KILL HIM IF THE ENERGY-CHARGED  
SOLAR COLLECTOR PLATES DIDN'T. THE MARSHAL WAS  
STUNNED. BOTH ASSASSINS WERE DEAD NOW. A THIRD  
MURDERER MATERIALIZED TO COMPLETE THE EXECUTION.

IT TOOK ALL  
OF O'NEIL'S  
STRENGTH TO  
HANG ON TO  
THE GRILLWORK.  
HIS ARM WAS ABLAZE  
WITH PAIN FROM THE  
GUNSHOT WOUND.  
THE FIGURE  
LOOMED UP  
ABOVE HIM  
AGAIN.

AND  
THRUST A  
WEAPON.  
POINT  
BLANK AT  
THE LAYMAN!

SUPPERN, O'NEIL RECOGNIZED  
HIS ATTACKER. HIS DEPUTY  
BALLARD! NEW FURY GAVE HIM  
STRENGTH. HE GRABBED THE  
TRAITOR. ANGLE RULLED FORWARD.  
THE MAN LOST HIS BALANCE AND  
DROPPED THE GUN. IT FELL, CREATING  
A SHOWER OF SPARKS AS IT HIT THE  
PLATES HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW.

BALLARD REACTED INSTANTLY, BY  
BATTERING THE MARSHAL, KNOWING  
HE COULD NOT SURVIVE THE FALL.  
BUT THE LIGHT GRAVITY MADE THE  
STRUGGLE ANKWARD AND ALLOWED  
O'NEIL TO PULL HIMSELF BACK ONTO  
THE GATWALK TO FACE HIS ADVERSARY!  
THEY CLASHED HEAD-ON! O'NEIL  
GRAPPLED IN FIGHT AND TOOK THE  
SERGEANT'S AIR MOBE FROM  
THE BACK OF HIS HELMET!

BALLARD  
JERKED  
UPRIGHT  
JUST  
BEFORE  
O'NEIL  
HAMMERED  
HIM  
OVER  
THE  
EDGE!

HIS BODY  
SLAMMED INTO  
THE PLATES AND  
WAS FRIED IN A  
STORM OF ELECTRICAL  
FIREWORKS THAT  
CONTINUED UNTIL  
HE FELL INTO  
THE SHADOWS  
OF THE PIT BELOW.

O'NEIL  
STOOD  
STILL,  
TRYING  
TO  
GATHER  
STRENGTH  
TO MOVE.  
ON IT  
CAME  
SLOWLY  
BECAUSE  
HE  
KNEW  
HE  
HAD  
WON!



SUNDAY, 3:30 P.M.

DR. LAZARUS TENDED TO ONIEL'S WOUND AS SHE TOLD HIM HOW SHE HAD WATCHED HIS PROGRESS ON THE SECURITY-OFFICE VIDEO SCREENS. SHE HAD SEALED OFF THE ACCESS CORRIDORS AND TURNED ON THE EXTERIOR LIGHTS TO HELP THE MARSHAL. "YOU DID GOOD," THE LAWMAN TOLD HER AS THEY SAID GOOD-BYE. HE HAD ONE FINAL TASK TO UNDERTAKE.

THE CROWDED LOUNGE FELL SILENT WHEN HE ENTERED. WITHOUT STOPPING, HE STRODE DIRECTLY TO SHEPPARD'S TABLE AND AIMED HIS WEAPON, POINT BLANK, AT THE GENERAL MANAGER. THE ARROGANCE HAD TURNED TO STARK FEAR! FURY BLAZED IN ONIEL'S EYES, HIS MOUTH WAS A HARD ANGRY LINE, HIS TEMPLES PULSED WITH HATRED, BUT HE COULD NOT PULL THE TRIGGER. HE DROPPED THE GUN AND SHOOK, PHYSICALLY THEN HE STRUCK OUT, EXPLOSIVELY SMASHING HIS FIST IN THE FAT MAN'S FACE.

SHEPPARD WENT DOWN, AND ONIEL WAS ON HIM, BATTERING HIM INTO BLOODY UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HIS FIST ROSE AND FELL AGAIN, AND AGAIN, WITH THE HARD, RELENTLESS FORCE OF A JACKHAMMER. HE STOPPED WHEN HE COULD NOT RAISE HIS ARM AGAIN; NO ONE MOVED UNTIL THE LAWMAN LEFT THE ROOM.

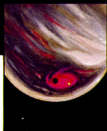


ONIEL TRANSMITTED A MESSAGE TO THE SPACE STATION. HE'D BE ON TIME FOR THE TRIP BACK TO EARTH WITH HIS

WIFE AND SON IF HE COULD MAKE THE RETURN SHUTTLE! HE CLOSED THE SECURITY-OFFICE DOOR FOR THE LAST TIME.

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AN INDICTMENT WAS ISSUED, ALONG WITH ARREST WARRANTS FOR A LONG LIST OF PEOPLE.

THE MACHINE HAD BROKEN DOWN...

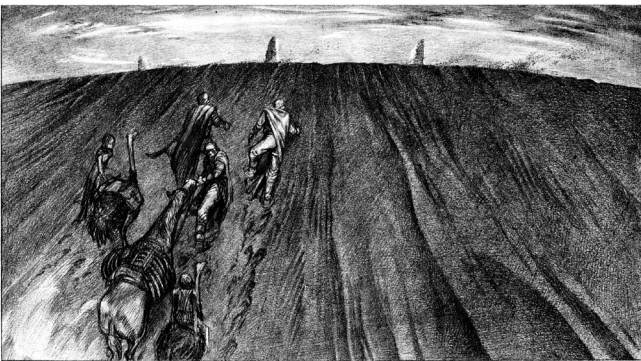
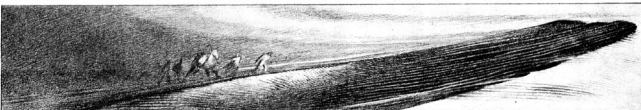


SECURE IT WELL.  
THAT'S PRECIOUS CAR.  
SO YOU'VE GOT THERE

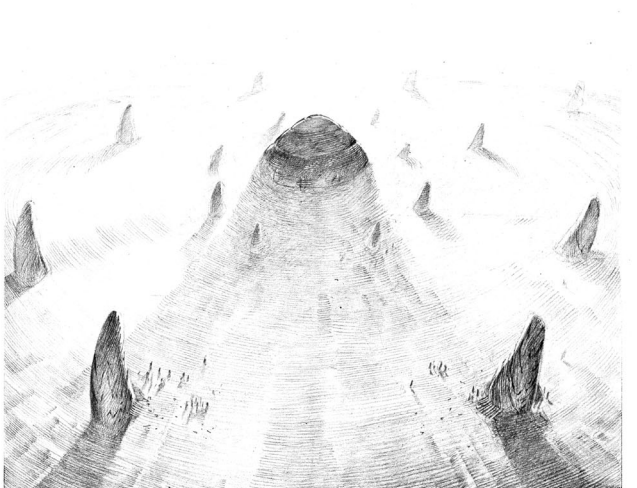
## AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

LAST WE SAW, THE MEN,  
UNLIGHTED BY THE EX-  
TERIOR CONDITIONS OF  
THE THICK TERRAIN,  
TROD ON TO DISCOVER  
THEIR ROOTS, AS IT  
WERE, AND HOW IN  
THE HELL THEIR AN-  
CESTORS COULD  
ACTUALLY FLY.







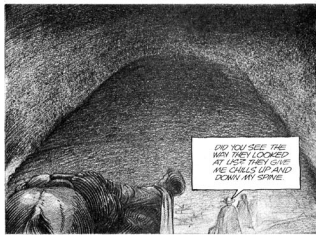


THE MEDIAN! WE SHALL BEGIN OUR WORK HERE,  
AT THE PYRAMID.





WHAT ARE ALL THESE  
PEOPLE DOING HERE?  
WHAT COULD THEY POS-  
SIBLY WANT?



DID YOU SEE THE  
WAY THEY LOOKED  
AT US? THEY GAVE  
ME CHILLS UP AND  
DOWN MY SPINE.

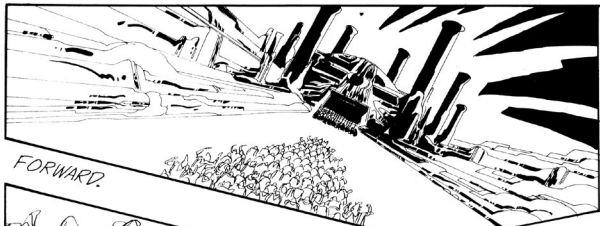
TO BE CONTINUED...

TOWARD A NEW DAY, by DRUILLET

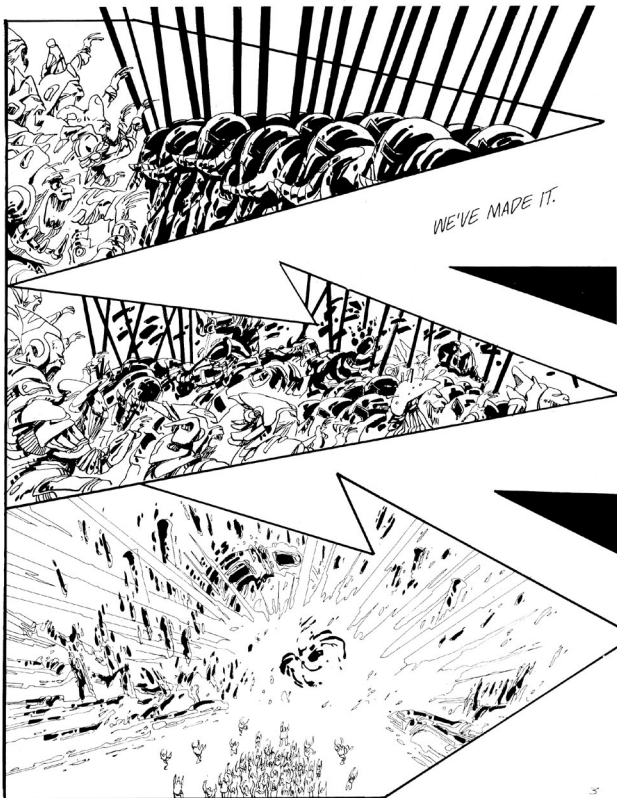


ARADIANT FUTURE...









WE'VE MADE IT.





**HAPPY**

# **FUTURE**

**A  
GLIMPSE  
OF  
THINGS  
TO  
COME**



## Autonomous Man

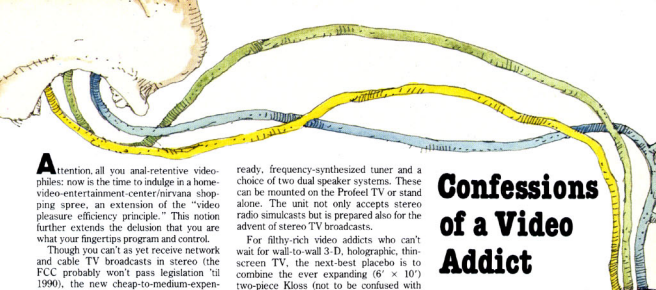
**F**orget Dick Tracy and his wrist radio: they're long since obsolete. The true electronic interface is at hand: Toffler's electronic roost; McLuhan's global village. The linkup between man and media opens up an infinite array of new relationships between individuals, groups, or even nation-scale gatherings. With video tie-ins, a colossal spectacle can become an intimate exchange; a couple's poignant moments alone can become an ideal experience shared by many.

But until the age when we have full-scale electronic implants secured within our skull case, carrying on telepathic contact on every sensory level, we'll need external aids. Television screens, miniature sound generators, and laser-beam digital audio-playback systems are still necessary in order for you to become "the self-contained man" within the global network. And the ramifications of the birth of the autonomous man—the man linked to the world as a small, mobile, intelligent unit, attached only to a small room's worth of equipment—are mind-boggling. Already this means increased individual capabilities at ever decreasing costs both at the moment of purchase and for the maintenance of equipment. Eventually, such high-technology setups could conceivably free somebody from ever needing a permanent home. Through the increasing interplay between individual micro- and mini-home-computer setups and portable individualized video hookups, a person could effectively be in many places at once. His home base picks up messages and relays them; another nexus point is for work (whatever the job), and another, a center for play or information. Without international travels (though could that be far off?) the autonomous man can be just as involved by being in one place as by being in many.

And, in that place, he can control his environment, be a total manipulator of the ambience he desires. For him, real autonomy may still be only an illusion, as it is for the rest of us now. Because of the nature of the hardware, as it's perfected (meaning that its capabilities are increased), the prices lower and it becomes more accessible. Only the problem of fresh software remains, both for the running of hardware and in the cybernetic relationship between man and machine. But what may develop in that direction is infinitely open-ended. Only the breadth of human imagination can truly tell that tale.

—Brad Balfour





**A**ttention, all you anal-retentive videophiles: now is the time to indulge in a home-video-entertainment-center/nirvana shopping spree, an extension of the "video pleasure efficiency principle." This notion further extends the delusion that you are what your fingertips program and control.

Though you can't as yet receive network and cable TV broadcasts in stereo (the FCC probably won't pass legislation 'til 1990), the new cheap-to-medium-expensive mono and stereo videodisc players, big-picture and wide-screen TVs with hookups to stereo speakers, and Sony's brand-new line of stereo-sound TV sets can transport you light-years beyond Midnight Special, Soul Train, American Bandstand, HBO movies and concerts, and the Top 40 cable TV music channel.

The hardcore fun of discs ("the 45s of video") is flipping them on and off, as you used to do with 45 RPM singles, and playing your favorite parts over and over. In Japan, where stereo TV became standard in 1978, they already have state-of-the-art stereo vid-disc jukeboxes. A magnetic videodisc you can record, erase, and re-record on has just been developed by TV Disc Corporation of Waltham, Mass., and will be available soon, along with videodisc recording systems.

Though choices in stereo videodisc players and TVs are limited, you can hook up RCA's under-\$500 SelectaVision disc player (a stereo model is slated for 1982, and a disc recorder in the very near future) to either a) Hitachi's better-amplified, fifty-inch-wide projection TV with separate audio and video input jacks and terminals for extension to speakers, or b) RCA's Color Trak 2000 projection TV, which has separate bass and treble controls and speaker-connection terminals, to achieve a stereo-sound effect.

SelectaVision discs, which range from \$20 to \$50, have it all over Pioneer and MagnaVision videodiscs as to color enhancement (blinding early Technicolor) and in their multitude of catalog titles. Because of the low cost of videodiscs, the prices of Beta and VHS cassette tapes are expected to drop by 25 percent.

For more serious video addicts, Pioneer's optical videodisc player features output jacks for stereo hookup (a digital adapter is on the way). This system segues nicely with Sony's new-for-the-holidays Profeel Trinitron component television in nineteen- and twenty-five-inch screen sizes. The Sony sets incorporate a cable-

ready, frequency-synthesized tuner and a choice of two dual speaker systems. These can be mounted on the Profeel TV or stand alone. The unit not only accepts stereo radio simulcasts but is prepared also for the advent of stereo TV broadcasts.

For filthy-rich video addicts who can't wait for wall-to-wall 3-D, holographic, thin-screen TV, the next-best placebo is to combine the ever expanding (6' x 10') two-piece Kloss (not to be confused with Advent) projection system or a quartz-synthesized expanded MGA V5520 stereo projection set with a videodisc player and your own state-of-the-art, multidirectional, digital-range-capability stereo speakers.

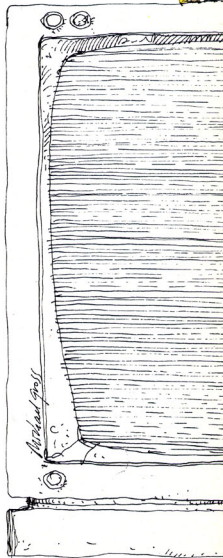
Once you have this equipment installed and flawless, you and your friends instantly qualify as "interactive videophile" programmers and can trade off as videodisc DJs. When you can act out to your favorite movie and sing and dance along to your favorite group or artists, you become, at last, the medium as well as the message.

Best of all, you can tape or create the latest video vanity rage—at-home video dance parties—just the way chichi trendies at new-wave-rock dance clubs do with multiple TV sets, videodisc players, videocassette recorders, and videotape cameras. In this way, you can dance along to what's on the disc player and record yourself at the same time for posterity, with a Panasonic 801 or an RCA CC011 video camera.

Say, for example, you can't bear another rerun of the old "Saturday Night Live" show or fighting the crowds at a disco; then take the drudgery out of any-night dance fever with a videodisc party.

This interactive video pastime has spawned video encounter therapy and analysis. It's more than a trip to watch the closet Bruce Springsteen, Bo Derek, Mick Jagger, Harrison Ford, Debbie Harry, Stevie Nicks, and so on in your circle come out with a wicked imitation of these superstars on a videodisc. While everyone harbors the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers fantasy on the disc of *Swing Time*, I'm constantly amazed by which friends (generally the most bland and timid) see themselves as Blondie's Debbie Harry and Chris Stein and start painting their faces and carrying on the way the couple do on the punk/psychedelic disc of *Eat to the Beat*. Not to mention those who project into *Alien* (with super stereo sound track), and the Ann Reinking and Bob Fosse characters in *All That Jazz* who attempt the show-stopping

## Confessions of a Video Addict



nude choreography of "Air Erotic" and the contorted, leaping sequences of the Felliniesque "Bye Bye Life" finale.

You know that an interactive videophile has gone into the zone when he/she begins to scream like Richard Pryor having a heart attack in the videodisc of his comedy crippler *In Concert*. When your videodisc party reaches the Richard Pryor exorcism cycle, you know it's over. Inexorably the link between the "video pleasure efficiency principle" and Freud's pleasure/death principle has been consummated.

Taking video vanity to the ultimate, however, are two-way TV phone with Qube hookup and satellite-telephone TV wrist bands. For rabid interactive-video nuts the most dazzling piece of video technology is electrode TV. A headset fitted with electrode sensors is placed on the head. Anything the wearer imagines is conjured, as if by magic, on a JPL monitor and can be recorded for instant replay on quarter-inch tape on the portable, twenty-four-pound, battery-rechargeable Technicolor TV/VCR with a seven-and-a-half-inch color picture tube.

As with the "videoid" manchild in *The Artificial Kid*, by sf genius Bruce Sterling, electrode TV allows you to become a walking, breathing, living specimen of state-of-the-art video.

—Daphne Davis

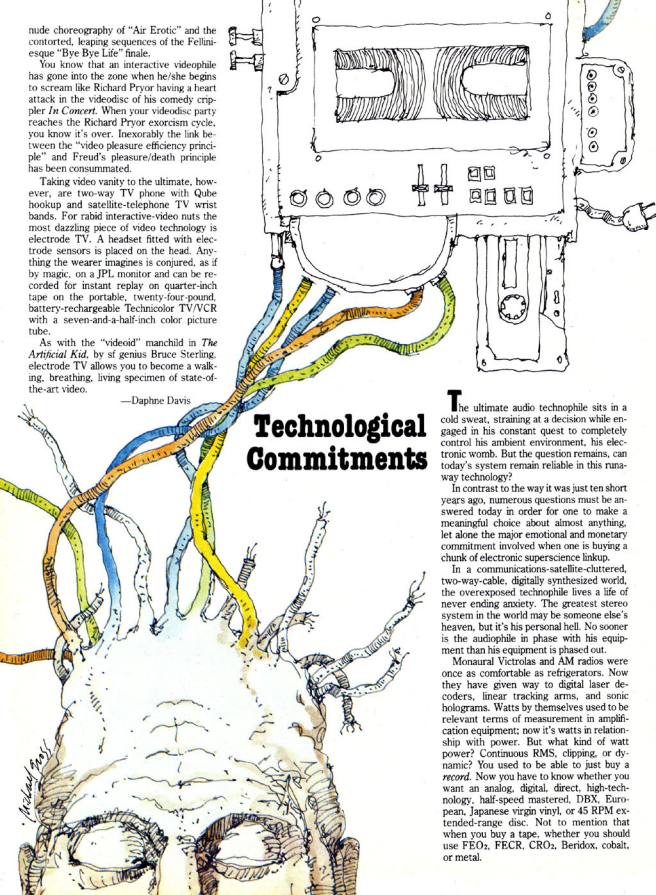
## Technological Commitments

The ultimate audio technophile sits in a cold sweat, straining at a decision while engaged in his constant quest to completely control his ambient environment, his electronic womb. But the question remains, can today's system remain reliable in this run-away technology?

In contrast to the way it was just ten short years ago, numerous questions must be answered today in order for one to make a meaningful choice about almost anything, let alone the major emotional and monetary commitment involved when one is buying a chunk of electronic superscience linkup.

In a communications-satellite-cluttered, two-way-cable, digitally synthesized world, the overexposed technophile lives a life of never ending anxiety. The greatest stereo system in the world may be someone else's heaven, but it's his personal hell. No sooner is the audiophile in phase with his equipment than his equipment is phased out.

Monaural Victrolas and AM radios were once as comfortable as refrigerators. Now they have given way to digital laser decoders, linear tracking arms, and sonic holograms. Watts by themselves used to be relevant terms of measurement in amplification equipment; now it's watts in relationship with power. But what kind of watt power? Continuous RMS, clipping, or dynamic? You used to be able to just buy a record. Now you have to know whether you want an analog, digital, direct, high-technology, half-speed mastered, DBX, European, Japanese virgin vinyl, or 45 RPM extended-range disc. Not to mention that when you buy a tape, whether you should use FeO<sub>2</sub>, FECC, CRO<sub>2</sub>, Beridox, cobalt, or metal.



There are two basic types of turntables: belt drive and direct drive. Some opt for the simplicity and splendid acoustical isolation afforded by such belt-drive models as the Linn Sondek LT-12 and the Regal Planar 3. The new isolation-technology, direct-drive models such as the linear-tracking Revox B790 and the Sony PS-X800 are also becoming available. Cartridges for these turntable choices come from three technologies: the low-output moving coil like the Dynavector Ruby (which requires a "head" or pre-preamplifier), the high-output moving coil like the Adcom Van Den Hul, and the moving magnet such as the Grace F9E or Grado G2+. Although there are many good receivers, like the Tanberg, Yamaha, and Luxman models, the future flexibility of the component system is preferable.

The speed, accuracy, and features of a preamp and the heart of a component system are the main factors to be considered when choosing one. Newer, more esoteric electronic manufacturers continually develop preamps utilizing new technologies: the Hafler DH110, NAD 3020, or either of the Carvers. Not to forget some of the older, more established models, such as McIntosh and Crown. The preamp must totally meld with its power supply (amplifier) to make the whole body work. Hafler, NAD, Carver, McIntosh, and Crown all offer amps compatible with their preamps—but there are many mix-and-match complementary choices.

Most tuners, in high-airwave-saturated areas such as cities, operate equally well for day-to-day use, unless the ultimate enclosed environment is in the country, where radio waves need a strong tuner pickup. The dynamic range most radio broadcasts used is so compressed in comparison to even today's records that it has become a no-win situation. However, a few tuners worth mentioning are the NAD 4020, Adcom GFT-1, Sony STJ75, and Yamaha T7.

For ultimate atmospheric-control buying, the speakers are the most critical matter of personal taste. Speakers should be purchased by the consumer who is going to listen to them. Do not be persuaded by other ears. What sounds good to you is what will work for you in the long run.

Since speaker systems come in two variants—full range (usually in one enclosure) and satellite format (separately contained modules)—a custom-made environment is endlessly possible. Full-range systems favored are the Snell Type A, Fried E, Acoustat #3, and AR9. A preferred satellite system is the Fried C+O+ super-tweeter. Other worthy satellite systems are those created by RTR, M+K, Polk, ADS, OHM, and Braun.

Within every satellite system rests its "mini" speakers, which when used in pairs in a small room can fill up an entire space all by themselves. One standard of mini-speakerdom for years has been the Rogers LS35A. Other exciting entries are the Linn Kahn, Braun L300, and Sequerra Model 7. Or just forget about speakers altogether, and sink into digital isolation via a pair of

Stax Sigma headphones.

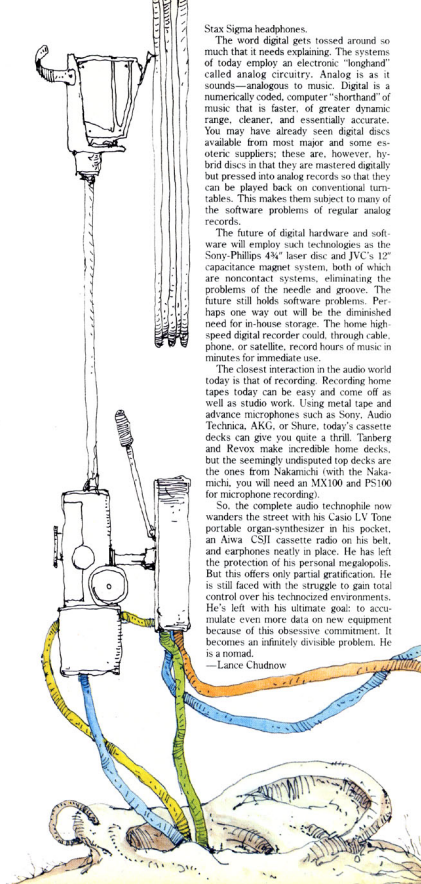
The word digital gets tossed around so much that it needs explaining. The systems of today employ an electronic "longhand" called analog circuitry. Analog is as it sounds—analogue to music. Digital is a numerically coded, computer "shorthand" of music that is faster, of greater dynamic range, cleaner, and essentially accurate. You may have already seen digital discs available from most major and some esoteric suppliers; these are, however, hybrid discs in that they are mastered digitally but pressed into analog records so that they can be played back on conventional turntables. This makes them subject to many of the software problems of regular analog records.

The future of digital hardware and software will employ such technologies as the Sony-Philips 434" laser disc and JVC's 12" capacitance magnet system, both of which are noncontact systems, eliminating the problems of the needle and groove. The future still holds software problems. Perhaps one way out will be the diminished need for in-house storage. The home high-speed digital recorder could, through cable, phone, or satellite, record hours of music in minutes for immediate use.

The closest interaction in the audio world today is that of recording. Recording home tapes today can be easy and come off as well as studio work. Using metal tape and advance microphones such as Sony, Audio Technica, AKG, or Shure, today's cassette decks can give you quite a thrill. Tanberg and Revox make incredible home decks, but the seemingly undisputed top decks are the ones from Nakamichi (with the Nakamichi, you will need an MX100 and PS100 for microphone recording).

So, the complete audio technophile now wanders the street with his Casio LV Tone portable organ-synthesizer in his pocket, an Aiwa CSJ1 cassette radio on his belt, and earphones neatly in place. He has left the protection of his personal megalopolis. But this offers only partial gratification. He is still faced with the struggle to gain total control over his technized environments. He's left with his ultimate goal: to accumulate even more data on new equipment because of this obsessive commitment. It becomes an infinitely divisible problem. He is a nomad.

—Lance Chudnow



2081 A STREET GANG'S  
HIDEOUT IN AN OLD  
FACTORY, SOMEWHERE  
IN THE NEW BRONX.

# ROMEO AND JULIET

BY MAXIMY AND ARNO

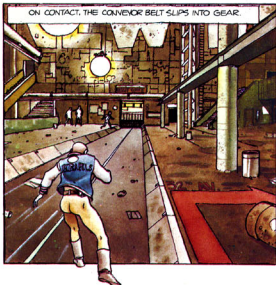
WILL YOU  
FORGET ABOUT  
THE GIRL ALREADY  
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR  
LOVELY  
SOAP  
OPERAS.

THEY'RE ALL  
BITCHES, EACH  
AND EVERY  
ONE OF  
THEM

?!?



ON CONTACT, THE CONVEYOR BELT SLIPS INTO GEAR.

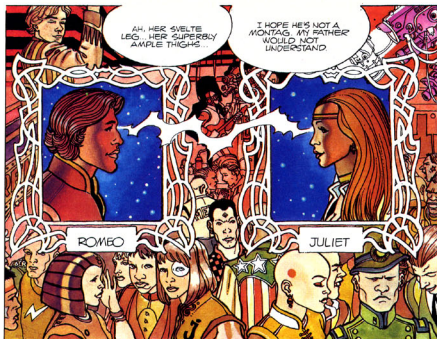


THIS IS  
CRAZY! LET ME  
GET THAT  
MANIAC ONCE  
AND FOR  
ALL.



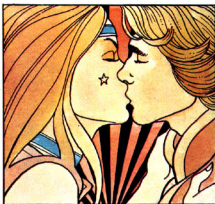


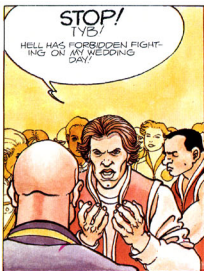
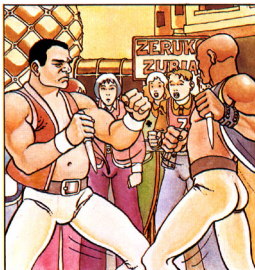
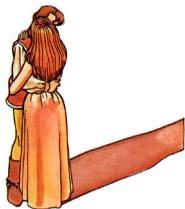


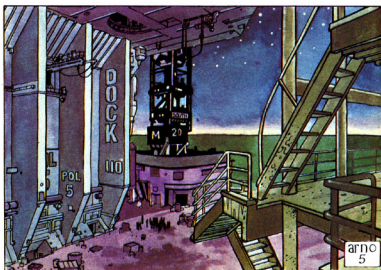
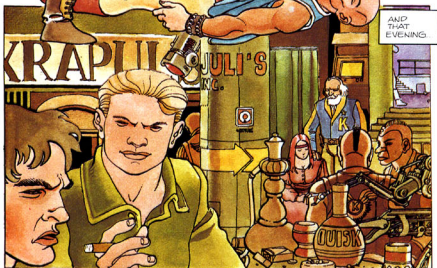
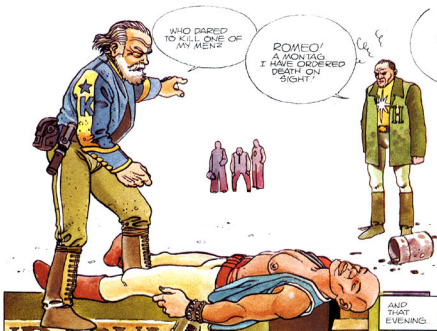


3 O'CLOCK. HAUNTED BY THOUGHTS  
OF JULIET, ROMEO WALKS AIMLESSLY  
THROUGH THE STREETS

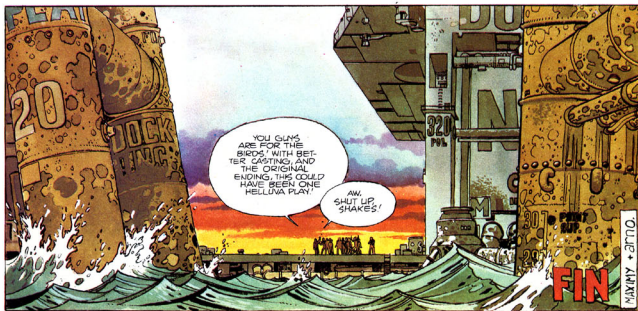
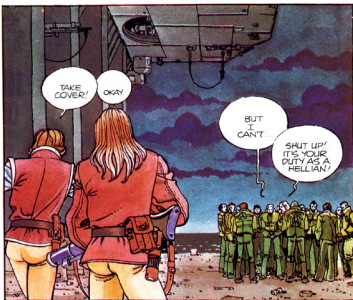
O CELESTIAL NIGHT! CAN ALL  
OF THIS BE A DREAM? O GOD,  
WHEN WILL I SEE...  
IT IS SHE!

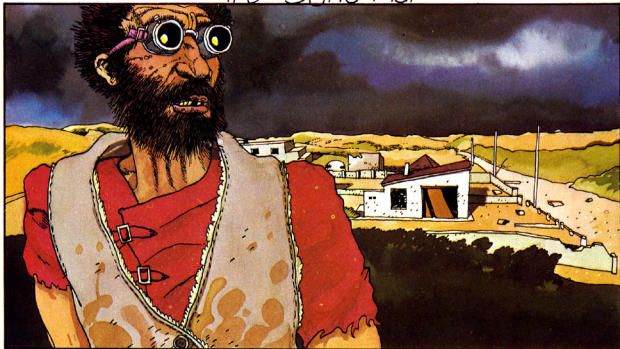












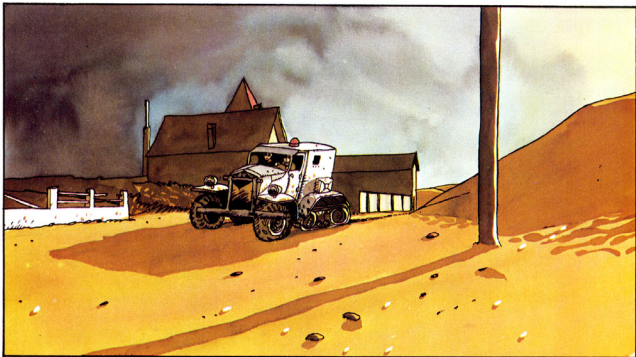
EVER SINCE THAT LAST TIME, I HAVE HEARD NOTHING—SAVE MY FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND AND MY NAILS AGAINST MY SKIN. THE WIND WHISTLES NO LONGER AND THERE ARE NO BIRDS LEFT TO SING. I STOPPED SCREAMING SOME TIME AGO.



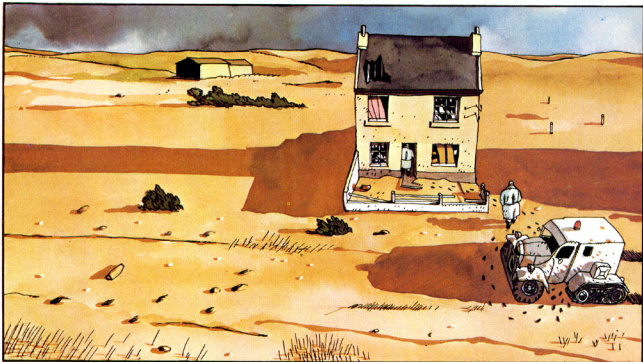
I DON'T EVEN ANY LONGER HEAR THE SEA, WHICH POUNDS AGAINST THE SHORES NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE. I HEARD THEIR CAR, FOR WHAT SEEMED CENTURIES BEFORE I ACTUALLY SAW THEM. BUT I STAYED BY MY SHACK, JUST STARING AT THE ROAD. I GUESS YOU CAN CALL ME THE LAST OF THE REDSHIRTS.



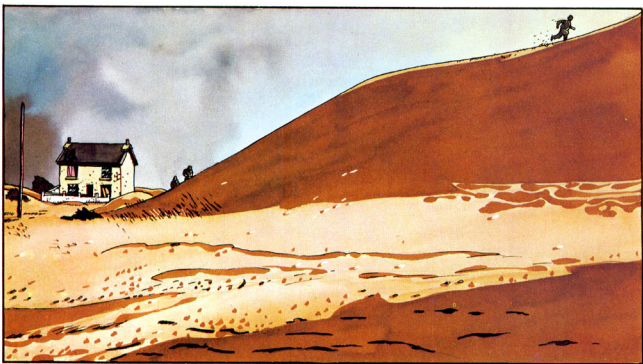
IT WAS THAT SAME CAR THAT DROVE ROUND AND ROUND THE DESERTED VILLAGE. OUT OF FEAR, AND JUST NOT CARING, I PISSED DOWN THE SIDE OF MY LEG. THIS HURT ME, FOR SOME ODD REASON, AND I FELL TO THE GROUND, WRITHING IN PAIN. AT THIS POINT, I WAS SO THIN FROM NOT EATING THAT I COULD HAVE HIDDEN BEHIND A BLADE OF GRASS, AND NEITHER OF THEM WOULD HAVE BEEN THE WISER.



I SLOWLY ROLLED ATOP MY KNEES (WHICH WERE ACHING), LEANED AGAINST MY STOMACH (FELT PANGING) UP FROM MY ELBOWS (FILTHY), AND SAT UPRIGHT AND THOUGHT. AND THOUGHT. AND THOUGHT. MY THOUGHTS BECAME REVERIES, AND I DREAMT OF ANTOINE AND LUCIEN AND HOW THEY RULED 100,000 YEARS AGO.

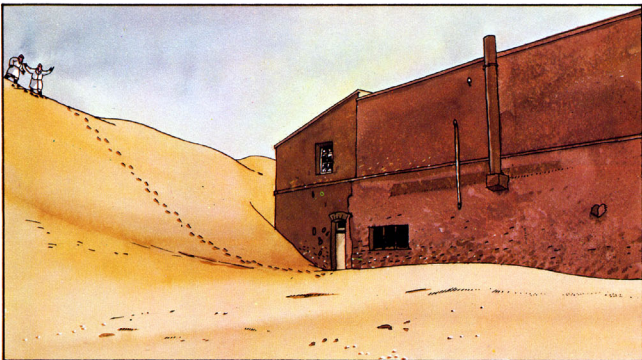


AH! I SENSED THEY HAD THEIR WATCHDOGS OUT FOR ME NOW! THEY WERE POSSESSED: TREKKING THROUGH THE SHANTY, RUMMAGING THROUGH THE GARBAGE. I WAS ENRAGED BY THEIR CLEAN CLOTHES AND WELL-FED BODIES. I CURSED MYSELF FOR BEING SO PETTY, AND SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE PHOTO...



...OF ANTOINE AND LUCEN. MY HEART TIGHTENED. THE ASSASSIN'S DIRTY THUMBS ON THE SWEET FACES OF MY SONS. I CRIED OUT LIKE AN ANIMAL, BUT WEPT SILENTLY AS THE SAND GREW HOT BENEATH ME.





*I HAVE SLEPT IN EVERY RECESS OF THE DUNE, I BROKE EACH WINDOW THAT HAD REMAINED INTACT, WITH CLENCHED FISTS, I CAN DRIVE THEM MAD. THEY HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ME. I WAS THE FOREMAN HERE WHEN IT WAS JUST US...*



*...US, WHO BLACKENED THE SKY WHEN ANTOINE AND LUCIEN WERE BEATEN SENSELESS BY THE SONS OF THE REDS... WHEN THEIR MOTHER HAD LAUGHED JUST A BIT TOO LOUD IN THE OFFICES OF THESE MEN AND...*

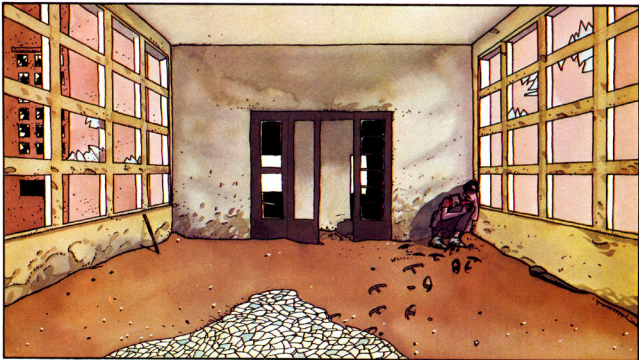




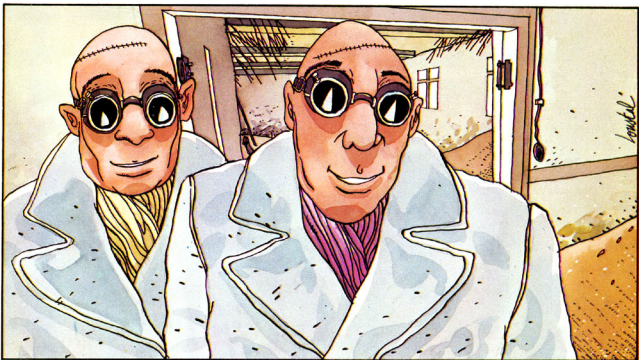
AH WELL, WHAT'S THE USE? THAT SUNDAY THREE OF US TOOK A STROLL. I SMOKED A CIGARETTE AND FELT AS IF POSSIBLY, WITH BUT A BIT OF LUCK, THINGS WOULD WORK OUT. BUT THE BOYS WERE SCARED AND THEY HID. THEIR CRIES HAUNTED ME FOR YEARS, BUT I HAVE YET TO FIND THEM.



I WORKED MANY YEARS IN THE FACTORY. DAY IN AND DAY OUT, SOMETIMES EVEN SIX DAYS A WEEK. TODAY IS LIKE A SUNDAY-THE MACHINES ARE ASLEEP, AND I, WELL, I JUST SIT AND WAIT AND WONDER...



NO ONE IN THE WORLD COULD EVER FIND ME. OOOH, MY STOMACH HURTS SO MUCH I THINK I HEAR THEM. THEY WON'T FIND ME. THEY WON'T. WHEN I SNAP MY FINGERS, THEY WILL BE GONE. TOO BAD, I DAMN THEIR HAPPY FUTURE.



"WE DIDN'T BELIEVE AT FIRST EITHER. IN THE BEGINNING WE WERE JUST AS YOU ARE NOW. BUT LOOK AT US. LOOK AT US! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE US? WHY, WE'RE AN TOINE AND LUCIEN, AND WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY."

# MOBY DICK

PREPARE TO  
LEAVE ORBIT,  
GENTLEMEN!

ART AND  
STORY:  
AL VOSS

SLOWLY  
BEGIN RE-  
ENTRY INTO  
THE  
ATMOSPHERE!

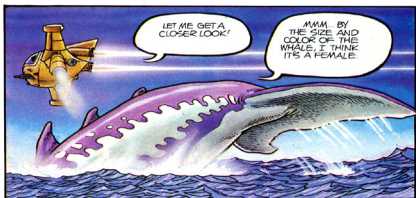
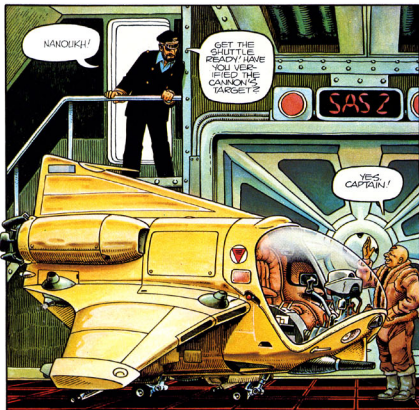
INFORM  
ME OF THE  
SLIGHTEST  
'BIP' ON YOUR  
RADAR,  
MATE

SIR!

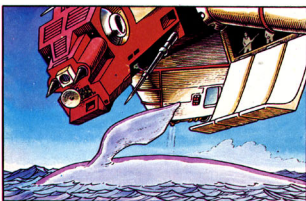
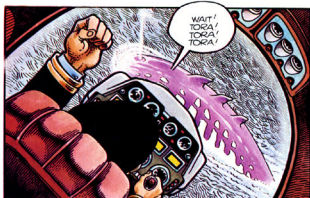
I, I  
THINK I'VE  
JUST PICKED  
ONE UP,  
CAPTAIN  
AHAB!

BRAD! WE'VE  
FOUND HER! AND  
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL  
SPECIMEN!

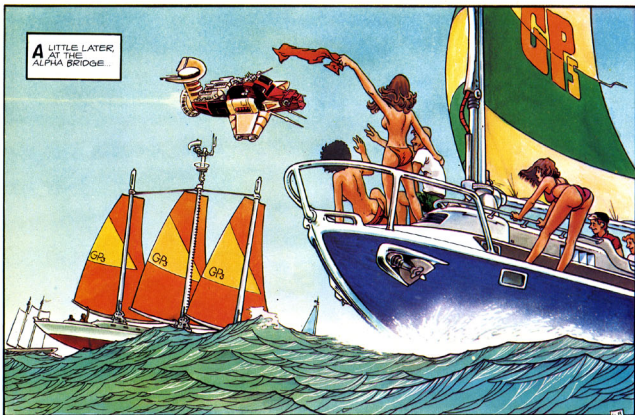
STOP!  
LAND  
HERE!

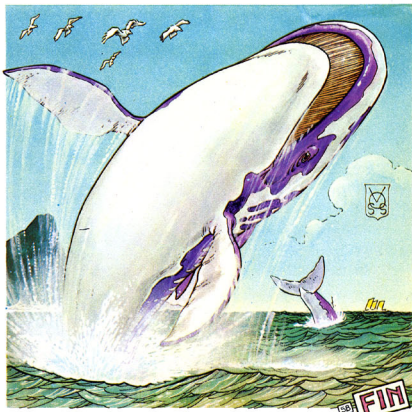
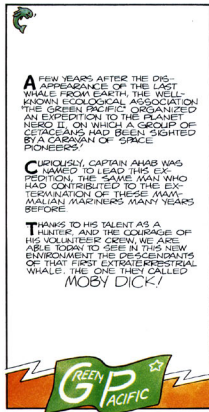
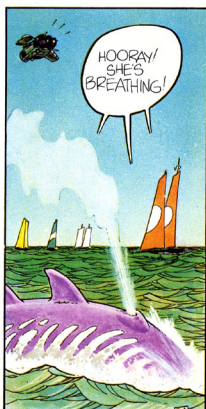
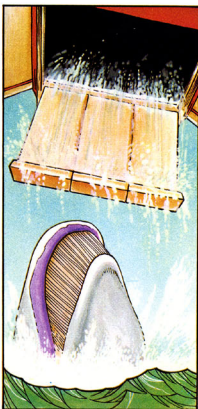
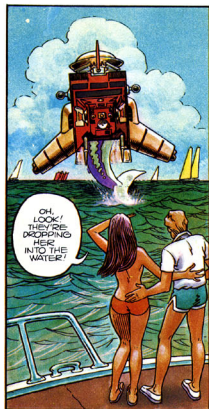








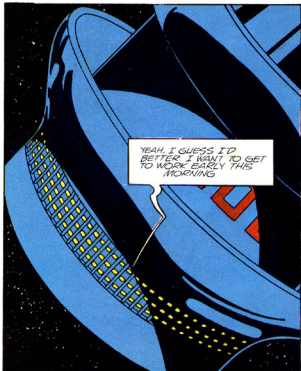




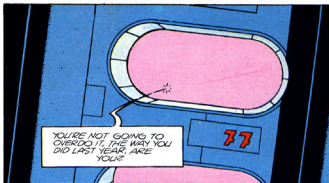
# TRINITROMONOL SAVED OUR LOVE

A NOVEL ABOUT OUR  
HAPPY EXISTENCE  
BY  
DOMINIQUE HÉ

HONEY, IT'S ALREADY  
11 O'CLOCK. HOW'S  
ABOUT GETTING UP  
NOW?



YEAH, I GUESS I'D  
BETTER. I WANT TO GET  
TO WORK EARLY THIS  
MORNING

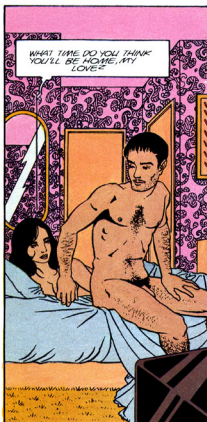


YOU'RE NOT GOING TO  
OVERDO IT, THE WAY YOU  
DID LAST YEAR, ARE  
YOU?

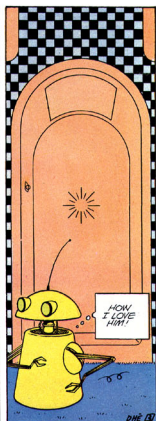
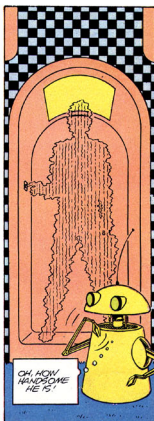
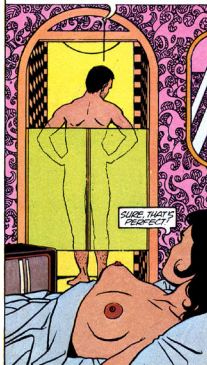


NO, DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
IT. I LIKE TO STOP BY THE  
OFFICE ONCE IN A WHILE

GOOD  
MORNING!

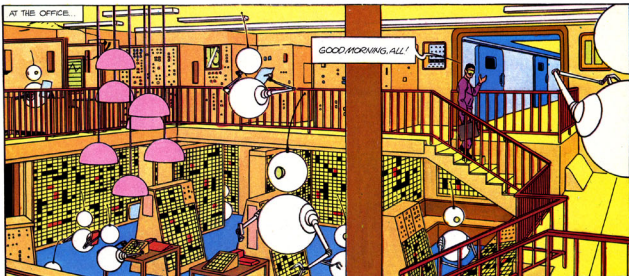


I'M NOT SURE YET ALL DEPENDS ON IF I'M HAVING FUN OR NOT. I'D SAY ABOUT 6 O'CLOCK IS THAT OKAY WITH YOU?

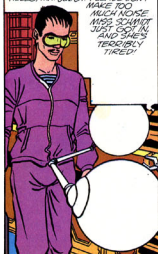




AT THE OFFICE.



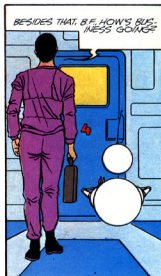
HELLO, MR. BUZBY! PLEASE DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE. MISS SCHMITT JUST GOT IN, AND SHE'S TERRIBLY TIRED!



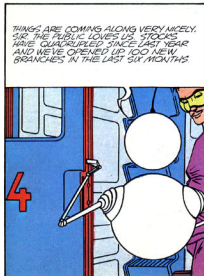
POOR GIRL. SHE GOT SO TIRED AT THE GIGC LAST YEAR. I GUESS SHE JUST CAN'T HACK IT.



BESIDES THAT, B.F. HOW'S BUSINESS GOING?

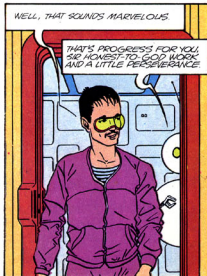


THINGS ARE COMING ALONG VERY NICELY, SIR. THE PUBLIC LOVES US. STOCKS HAVE QUADRUPLED SINCE LAST YEAR AND WE'VE OPENED UP TOO NEW BRANCHES IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS.



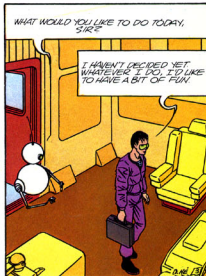
WELL, THAT SOUNDS MARVELOUS.

THAT'S PROGRESS FOR YOU, SIR. HONEST-TO-GOD WORK AND A LITTLE PERSISTENCE.



WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO TODAY, SIR?

I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET. WHATEVER I DO, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A BIT OF FUN.



BY ALL MEANS, I'M GOING TO PLUG YOU IN TO A NEW CHANNEL. YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT SOME OF THE NEW GAMES WE'VE INSTALLED.

THAT'S TERRIFIC, B.F. STICK AROUND. I'LL CALL YOU IF I NEED YOU.

I AM AT YOUR DISPOSAL AT ALL TIMES. HAVE A GOOD DAY.

ONE HOUR LATER

XEPHILON 13 MARKS C24.

POPULATION OF CERVISTAN EXTERMINATED. CONGRATULATIONS. YOU HAVE WON!

Bzzzzzzzzzz!

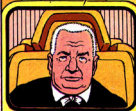
?

MY RESPECTS, NUMBER ONE!

HELLO, BUZZBY!

BUZZBY, AS YOU KNOW THE INTENTION OF OUR SOCIETY HERE IS TO INSURE THE WELL-BEING OF OUR EMPLOYEES. YOU HAVE THINED YOUR ARRIVAL TO THE OFFICES PERFECTLY. THE TRUSTEES HAVE AWARDED YOU A RAISE AND A PROMOTION.

WELL, THANK YOU VERY MUCH. WHAT WONDERFUL NEWS, NUMBER ONE.



DON'T THANK ME. YOU SHOULD THANK THE TECHNICAL PROGRESS THAT HAS ALLOWED OUR LITTLE SOCIETY HERE TO GET BETTER AND BETTER, DAY IN AND DAY OUT. GOOD-BYE FOR NOW, BUZZY!

GOOD-BYE,  
NUMBER ONE.

I MUST TELL GILDA THE GOOD NEWS.

B.F., I'M GOING HOME.

FINE, SIR. I'LL GO AND GET YOUR PAYCHECK FOR YOU. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR PROMOTION, SIR.

THANKS.

ON RETURNING TO THE CONJUGIAL CON-APT.

HELLO, PHINT. IS MADAME HOME YET?

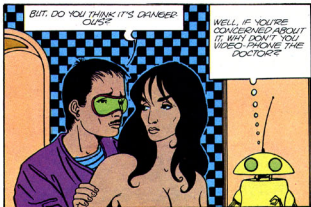
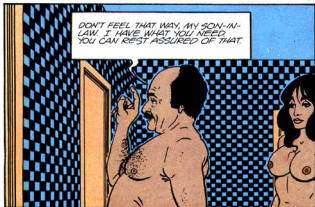
YES, MASTER. SHE'S IN THE BEDROOM, MAKING LOVE WITH HER FATHER.

I LOVE YOU.

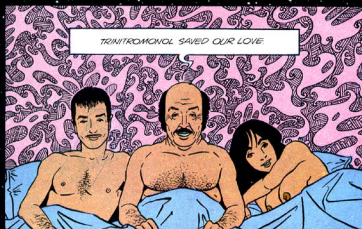
HELLO, MASTER. GOOD TO SEE YOU EARLIER THAN EXPECTED.

WHAT'S WRONG, MASTER. ARE YOU ILL?

I'M NOT QUITE SURE. CALL MADAME IMMEDIATELY.







AND WE LOVE YOU  
ALL, TOO.  
GOOD  
NIGHT.

ATTENTION:

TRINITROMONOL IS A MEDICINE. MAY CAUSE DROWSINESS.  
USE WITH DISCRETION WHEN OPERATING MACHINERY.  
KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN.

# MADEMOISELLE, MY WIFE! BY GILLON

A FRENCH COLONY ON THE SPACE  
SHUTTLE CHEVAL

THERE IS NOTHING MORE BORING  
THAN THESE DAMNED TRANSPORTS!  
I AM SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY,  
BUT I PRESUME YOUR HUSBAND  
MR DE NOIRHANT, WILL BE IN ON  
THE NEXT SHUTTLE. ONE CAN  
ONLY HOPE.

CALM DOWN, MY DEAR COUSIN. YOU  
KNOW, I'VE BEEN CALLING YOU MY  
COUSIN FOR YEARS, BUT I'M NOT  
QUITE SURE WE'RE RELATED.  
LET'S SEE, YOU'RE THE NEPHEW  
OF THE BROTHER, NO, NO, THE  
FATHER. NO, YOUR FATHER WAS  
THE BROTHER OF THE NEPHEW OF  
THE FATHER OF MY UNCLE. AH,  
FORGET IT. SUFFICE IT TO SAY,  
YOU'RE MY COUSIN. YOU KNOW I  
HAVE ALWAYS FELT CLOSE TO YOU.

NOT TO WORRY YOUR  
CHARMING COMPANY IS  
MAKING THIS DREADFUL  
WAIT BEARABLE. THE  
PRESENCE OF YOUR  
LOVELY FRIEND MAD-  
MOISELLE DE ROCHAT  
DOESN'T HURT EITHER.

MADEMOISELLE  
DE ROCH. OH!  
HENRIETTA! I  
ALWAYS FORGET  
HER LAST NAME!  
HOW SILLY OF  
ME!

AH! FINALLY  
THEY HAVE AR-  
RIVED! MAYBE MY  
HUSBAND WILL BE  
WAITING AT THE  
GATE FOR US!

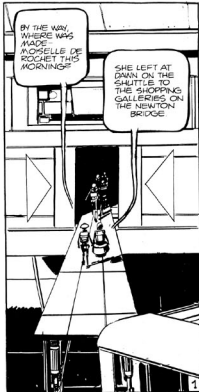
GISELLE! I AM  
CRAZY IN LOVE!  
PLEASE HELP  
ME SEDUCE  
HER!

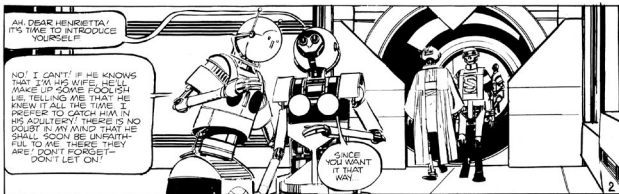
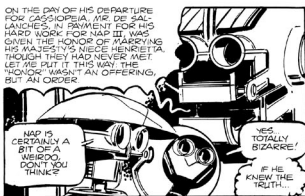
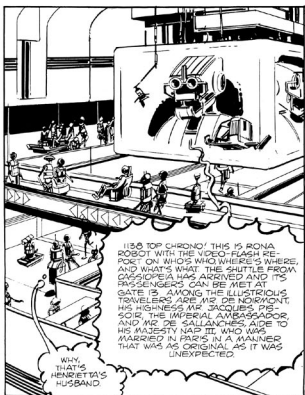
BUT HOW CAN I  
HELP?

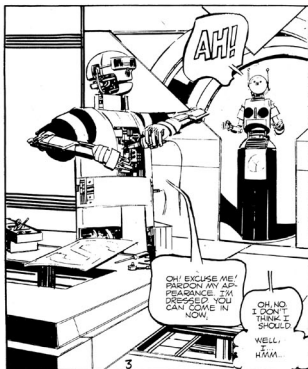
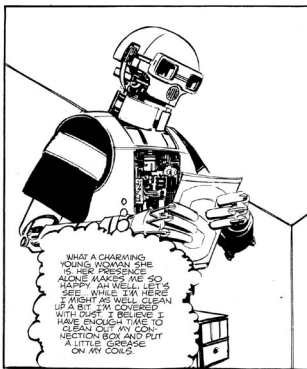
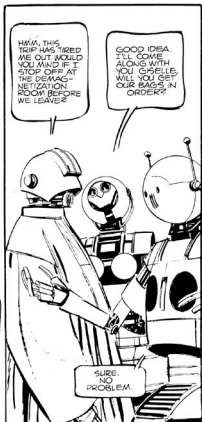
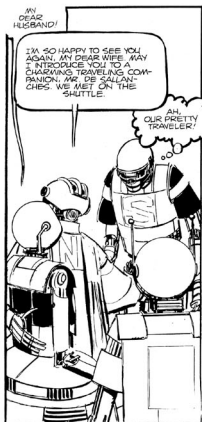
IF ONLY HE KNEW  
SHE IS MARRIED!  
BUT I PROMISED  
TO KEEP HER  
SECRET!

BY THE WAY,  
WHERE WAS  
MADE-  
MOISELLE DE  
ROCHAT THIS  
MORNING?

SHE LEFT AT  
DAWN ON THE  
SHUTTLE TO  
THE SHOPPING  
GALLERIES ON  
THE NEWTON  
BRIDGE.

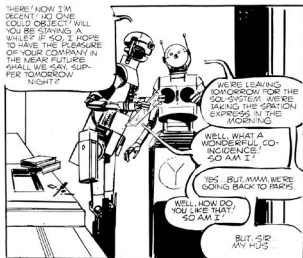








THERE! NOW I'M  
DECENT! NO ONE  
COULD OBJECT! WILL  
YOU BE STAYING A  
WHILE? IF SO, I HOPE  
TO HAVE THE PLEASURE  
OF YOUR COMPANY IN  
THE NEAR FUTURE.  
AHHH, WE SAY, SUP-  
PER TOMORROW  
NIGHT?



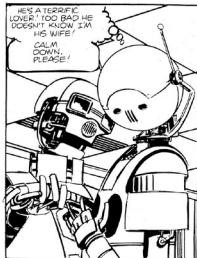
OH, PLEASE! DON'T CAST  
ME ASIDE ANY LONGER.  
HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED IT OUT,  
FLAMMFACE? YOU DRIVE ME WILD!

WELL...



HE'S A TERRIFIC  
LOVER! TOO BAD HE  
DOESN'T KNOW I'M  
HIS WIFE!

CALM  
DOWN,  
PLEASE!



I AM ON FIRE! I WANT  
YOU FOR MY OWN! YET  
YOU REMAIN SO  
DISTANT! DO YOU, BY  
ANY CHANCE, HAVE  
ANOTHER LOVER?

ANOTHER  
LOVER? WHY, YES!  
OH, SWEET  
REVENGE!

AS A MATTER  
OF FACT,  
I DO!



WHAT IS THE NAME  
OF THIS BAG-THIS  
LUCKY GENT?

WELL, ERRR, IT'S  
NAQUET, MR.  
NAQUET, AND HERE  
HE IS NOW. HE IS  
TERIBLY JEALOUS.  
I'LL BE A GONER  
IF HE FINDS ME  
HERE WITH YOU.  
PLEASE, HIDE HIM,  
OVER HERE!



BUT THIS IS THE  
OBSERVATION  
TOWER, AND I  
DON'T HAVE A  
PRESSURIZED  
SUIT.

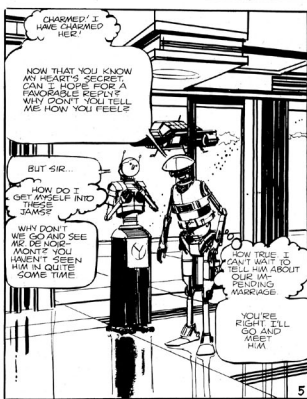
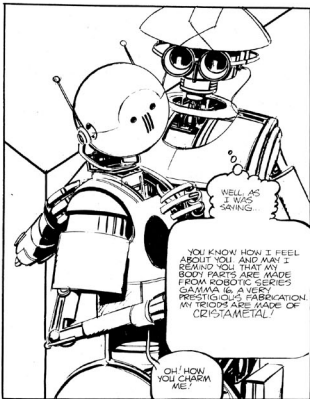
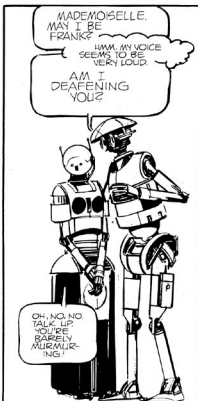
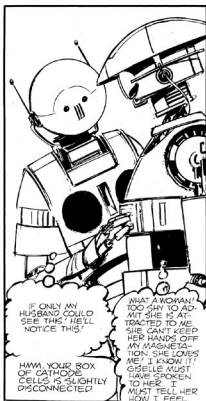
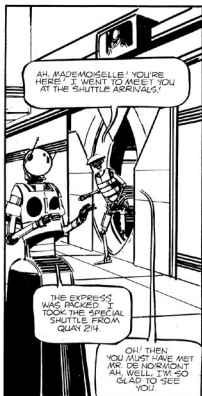


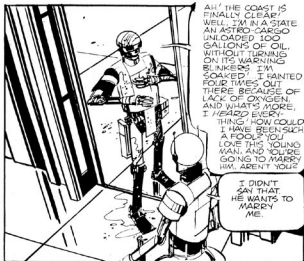
HOLD  
YOUR  
BREATH!

BUT, BUT, OKAY,  
I SHALL DO  
THIS FOR YOUR  
HONOR.

IF SHE HIDES  
ME, IT MUST BE  
BECAUSE SHE  
LOVES ME.







AH! THE COAST IS FINALLY CLEAR! WELL, I'M IN A STATE AN ASTRO-CARGO UNLOADED 100 GALLONS OF OIL, WITHOUT WARNING ON ITS WARNING BUNKERS I'M SOAKED! I HATED FOUR TIMES OUT THERE BECAUSE OF LACK OF OXYGEN, AND WHAT'S MORE, I HEARD EVERY-  
THING! NOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SUCH A FOOL? YOU LOVE THIS YOUNG MAN, AND YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY HIM, AREN'T YOU?

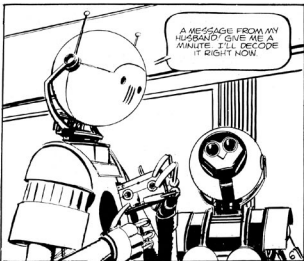
I DIDN'T SAY THAT HE WANTS TO MARRY ME.



HENRIETTA! I JUST RAN INTO YOUR HUSBAND HE WAS REJOICING! CAN I ASSUME ALL WENT WELL?

I'M NOT QUITE SURE. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM. HE IS IN LOVE WITH ME, SINCE HE WANTS TO PLAY THE PART OF THE SEDUCER. HE CAN COURT ME THE WAY HE WOULD HAVE BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED GISELLE, I MUST ADMIT, IN SPITE OF HIS LIES, HIS ADULTEROUS WAYS, AND HIS ARROGANCE, I REALLY DO LOVE HIM.

PAGING MAD-EMOISSELLE DE ROCHAT. I HAVE A VOCA-CAS-SETTE FOR.



A MESSAGE FROM MY HUSBAND! GIVE ME A MINUTE I'LL DECODE IT RIGHT NOW.

BUT I DO, TOO. MY PRIMARY AMBITION IS TO MARRY YOU. THIS WOULD BE MY ONLY HAPPINESS! BUT ALAS, THAT TECHNO-IMPERSONATOR NAP WOULD NOT ALLOW ME TO MAKE SUCH A MOVE. HE DETESTS MARRIAGE AND CLAIMS THAT A DIPLOMAT SUCH AS MYSELF MUST REMAIN FREE WITH NO COMMITMENTS. BUT I THINK I CAN CHANGE HIS MIND AS FOR YOUR SUITOR, THOUGH, I SHALL KILL HIM IF YOU DON'T GIVE HIM UP.

LOOK! DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS! THIS WHOLE THING HAS BEEN TOO IMMEDIATE FOR ME, BUT WELL... I WILL THINK ABOUT YOUR OFFER.



AH, MADEMOISELLE, I WILL BE HAPPY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU AS MY WIFE. I SHALL LEAVE YOU NOW SO YOU CAN THINK OVER MY PROPOSITION.



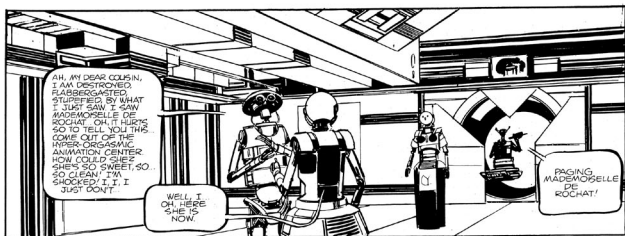
"I SHALL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE HYPER-ORGASMIC ANIMATION CENTERS AT 1800. MY RHEOSTATS ARE WILD DON'T MAKE ME LANGUISH IF YOU DON'T COME, I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS OR MY FUSSES!"

WHAT AIDACTY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

HMM, HE'S A BIT OF A RAKE, BUT I'LL ACCEPT.

YOU'RE CRAZY!

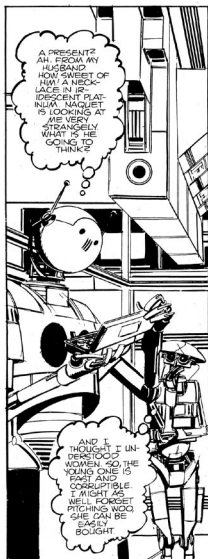
HE IS MY HUSBAND, AFTER ALL I SHALL MEET HIM!



AH, MY DEAR COUSIN, I AM DESTROYED, FLABBERGASTED, STUPERFIED, BY WHAT I JUST SAW. I SAW MADMOISELLE DE ROCHAT. OH, IT HURTS SO TO TELL YOU THIS, COME OUT OF THE HYPER-ORGASMIC ANIMATION CENTER. HOW COULD SHE? SHE'S SO SWEET, SO... SO CLEAN! I'M SHOCKED! I, I, I JUST DON'T...

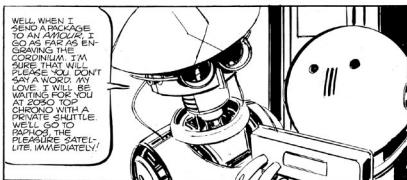
WELL, I OH, HERE SHE IS NOW.

PAGING MADMOISELLE DE ROCHAT!

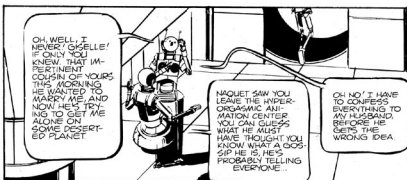


A PRESENT? AH, FROM MY HUSBAND. HOW SWEET OF HIM! A NECKLACE IN IRIDESCENT PLATINUM. NAQUET IS LOOKING AT ME VERY STRANGELY. WHAT IS HE GOING TO THINK?

AND I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD WOMEN. SO, THE YOUNG ONE IS FAST AND CORRUPTIBLE. I MIGHT AS WELL FORGET PITCHING WOOL. SHE CAN BE EASILY BOUGHT.



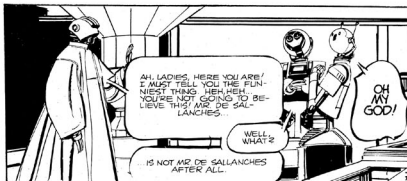
WELL, WHEN I SEND A PACKAGE TO AN APOCAL, I GO AS FAR AS ENGRAVING THE CORDINIUM. I'M SURE THAT WILL PLEASE YOU. DON'T SAY A WORD, MY LOVE. I WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT 2050 TOP CHRONO WITH A PRIVATE SHUTTLE. WE'LL GO TO PAPHOS, THE PLEASURE SATELLITE, IMMEDIATELY!



OH, WELL, I NEVER! GHELLE! IF ONLY YOU KNEW THAT IMPERIVENT COUSIN OF YOURS THIS MORNING HE WANTED TO MARRY ME, AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO GET ME ALONE ON SOME DESERTED PLANET.

NAQUET SAW YOU LEAVE THE HYPER-ORGASMIC ANIMATION CENTER. YOU CAN GUESS WHAT HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT YOU KNOW WHAT A GOS-SIP HE IS, HE'S PROBABLY TELLING EVERYONE...

OH NO! I HAVE TO CONFESS EVERYTHING TO MY HUSBAND, BEFORE HE GETS THE WRONG IDEA.



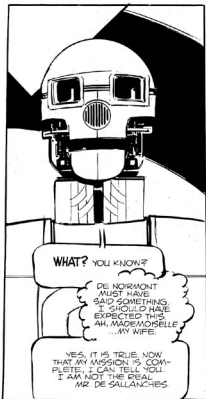
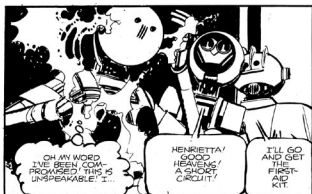
AH, LADIES, HERE YOU ARE! I MUST TELL YOU THE FUNNIEST THING. HEH, HEH. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS! MR. DE SALLANCHES...

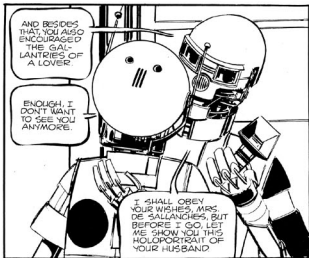
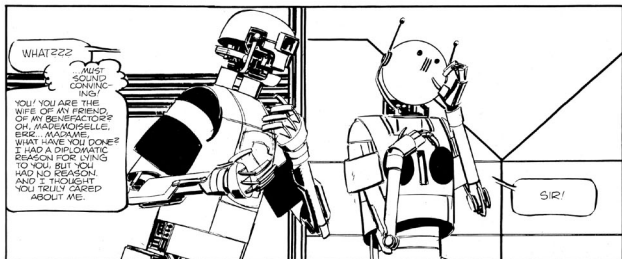
WELL, WHAT?

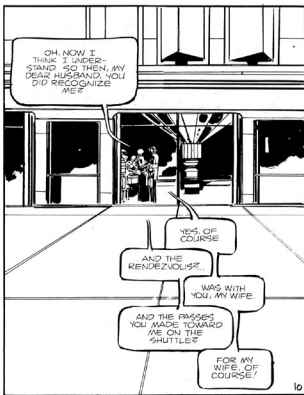
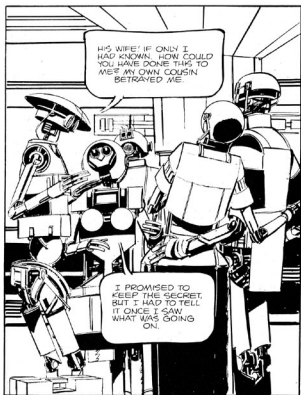
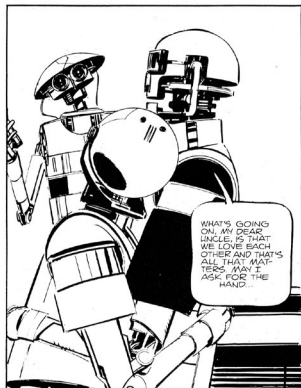
IS NOT MR. DE SALLANCHES AFTER ALL.

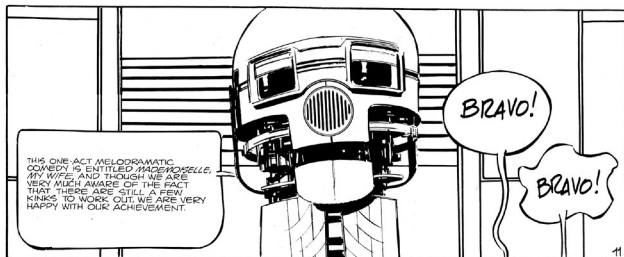
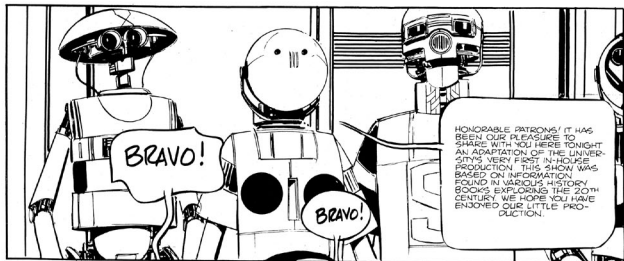
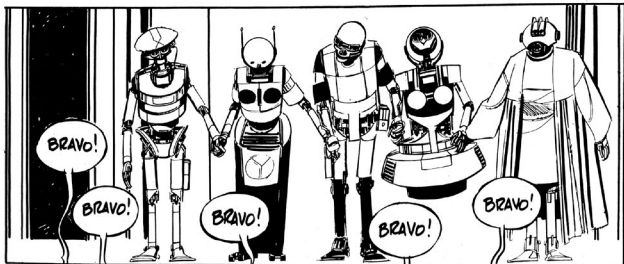
OH MY GOD!















A VERY ADMIRABLE UNDERTAKING

I GOT LOST ONCE SHE BECAME HIS NIECE...

AN INTERESTING BIT OF HISTORY, THOUGH I AM GLAD TO SEE WE HAVEN'T GONE THE SAME ROUTE

THE TROUPE WAS ATTENTIVE AND WELL VERSED. THIS PLAY HAS MARKED A TERRIFIC FIRST ACHIEVEMENT

Zai



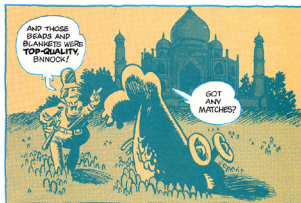
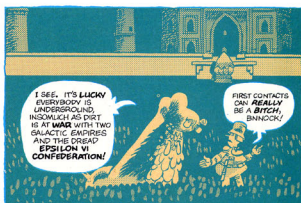
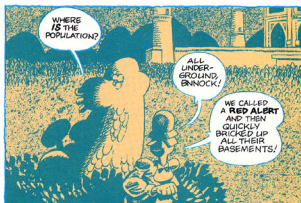
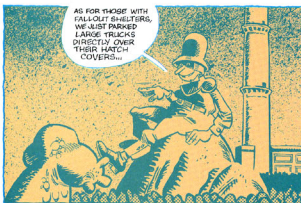
HOW LUCKY WE WERE TO WITNESS HISTORY IN THE MAKING. THESE YOUNG ACTORS ARE BOUND TO MAKE IT BIG.

THESE ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS ARE REALLY VERY FASCINATING. WHAT HUMAN QUALITIES THEY ALL HAD!

FIN

PROPHETIC FICTION IS THE MOTHER OF SCIENTIFIC FACT

# WORK AND WIN



# TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING!



Photography: Robert A. Smith

## Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn!

You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, and now you can see them coming and going! This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is being air-expressed from Santa's workshop just in time for the Christmas crush.

Order today!

**Heavy Metal, HM 2-82, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022**

\_\_\_ small \_\_\_ medium \_\_\_ large

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me \_\_\_ Captain Sternn T-shirt(s) at \$6.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) each.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

If you do wish to order, but don't want to cut the coupon in this ad, please print the necessary info on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order.



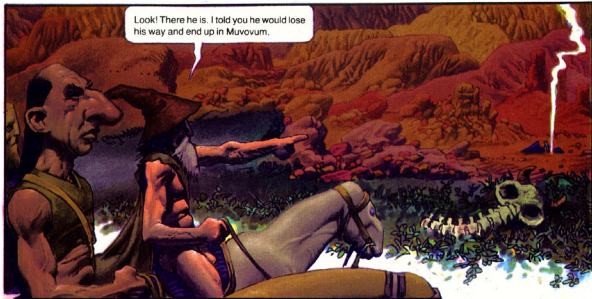
DEN II ©1981 Richard Corben



Den and Kath have bid farewell to Neverwhere and departed for Earth. Meanwhile, old Zeg has been confronted by the evil queen, who is searching for the Nar stones.







Look! There he is. I told you he would lose his way and end up in Muuvum.



YOooo!  
Master Tarn, are you all right?



Moda, Taz! Thank God, you've come. This damned flyer gave out on me.

Lord Zeg and Master Scon will be very happy to see you're unharmed.



They'll have to wait a while longer to see me, but Lomb, Taz, and Greb can reassure them.

Sir?

Moda, you will accompany me to Muutaron. The other three can share two horses returning to Zegium.



But sir—

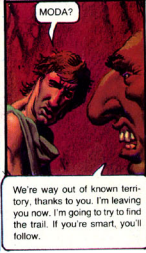
It is an order. By your oath of loyalty to my grandfather and to my father, you must obey.



Excuse me, Master Tarn, the way to Muutaron continues east another day before turning north. This way leads only deeper into Muuvum.



Nonsense! Even you servants persist in treating me like a child. I know the way to Muutaron.



We're way out of known territory, thanks to you. I'm leaving you now. I'm going to try to find the trail. If you're smart, you'll follow.



# 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.

**Heavy Metal**  
Dept. HM 2-82  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

The prices below include postage and handling per item.

I'd like \_\_\_\_\_ *Heavy Metal* jackets,  
\_\_\_\_\_ sm. \_\_\_\_\_ med. \_\_\_\_\_ lge., at \$35.00 each.

And why not \_\_\_\_\_ *HM* T-shirts,  
\_\_\_\_\_ sm. \_\_\_\_\_ med. \_\_\_\_\_ lge. / \_\_\_\_\_ red  
\_\_\_\_\_ black, at \$6.75 each.

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

# MARS ATTACKS!

## Death and Bubble Gum from Above

Illustration by Rick Lovelace



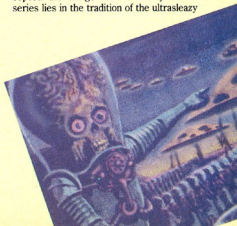
by Lou Stathis

I remember these sick things. Chances are good that most of you—even those old enough to have caught their initial appearance—don't. And if you do, you sure as hell wouldn't admit it. Lurid packages of *Mars Attacks!* cards first turned up, with a suddenness befitting their content, on a local candy-store counter sometime near the passing of my first Earthly decade. Seeing them again for the first time in twenty years, I find I'm a bit taken aback by their graphic brutality and relentless, unrestrained xenophobia. But to a bent-brained adolescent routinely frenzy-cranked by girl-chewing cinematic reptiles (and bored comatose by the static-tableau, polite formalism of baseball cards), they were hot stuff, exciting in me and my similarly twisted cronies a near-prurient, breathless awe.

That same sensitive nerve was touched in artist Rick Lovelace. A third grader when the cards hit the stores, Rick collected a complete set and, unlike the rest of us foolish mortals, hung on to the things long after they were forgotten. Rick rediscovered the cards while he was a student at the San Francisco Art Institute in the early seventies, as he was combing his image bank in search of a potent death/destruction symbol. He recalls, "I came to the number-two card, with the huge Martian head, and it just struck me immediately as the perfect icon for fear, terror, and death." Lovelace found that not many kids of his generation remembered the cards, while the few who did were blown away to see them again. After some legwork, Rick discovered that the cards hadn't penetrated the cultural psyche nearly as deeply as they had his own head, thanks to a clamorous negative reaction from distributors, retailers, and parents who discovered their little innocents

cackling gleefully over smashed skulls and incinerated corpses.

"The terror and violence were actually pretty secondary in my attraction to the cards," Lovelace says. "It was more the flamboyant colors, and the humor—I thought the Martians were real funny guys. I was totally unaware of the sexual overtones of the violence." The pop-cultural context from which the cards emerged was instrumental in the natural way kids accepted the things. The ancestry of the series lies in the tradition of the ultrasleazy







pulp magazines, a form birthed in the twenties with such "under the counter" titles as *Saucy Stories* and *Pep*, openly erupting—like adolescent acne—with the 1934 appearance of *Spicy Detective* and its host of similarly seasoned, lingerie-obsessed sister publications (*Detective*, *Western*, *Mystery*, et cetera). Popular Publications' group of *Horror Stories*, *Terror Tales*, and *Dime Mystery* soon added torture, sadism, and drooling detailed body mutilation to the brew, while sf rags like *Startling*, *Planet Stories*, and *Marvel Science Stories* served up a steady wartime diet of scantily clad females menaced by sex-crazed monsters. The Sleaze Banner passed on to the comics after the pulps' demise, waving high and free until the neurotically protective Comics Code Authority cut it down in the mid fifties.

Life for the thrill-thirsty preteenager became damn dull after that. There we were, bottle-fed on the likes of "The Twilight Zone," *Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman*, and *I Married a Monster from Outer Space*; drilled repeatedly in school for the advent of nuclear attack; and ever vigilant against the leering visage of communists behind every plot—and we were supposed to get our kicks from the wimpish likes of Superman and Batman? No way. Enter *Mars Attacks!* cards, sexless enough to pass preliminary muster as kids' stuff, but far more explicitly violent than the tight-assed Code allowed in the pages of comic books (still...). Where else could a clean-living kid get his hands on such titillating savagery as "Burning Flesh," "Smashing the Enemy," and "Destroying a Dog" (the fiends!)? This was the real thing, dangled like a lure to snare the fickle attention of jaded juvenile TV babies such as myself. This was conflict, graphic and simple, dramatically reduced to one essential image: fifty-five frozen moments of crisis survival, joined by a frightening, powerful narrative sequence—like fifty-five pulp-magazine covers, each with a vignette behind it, each with only part of the whole story. Continuity trimmed of comic-book padding; no buildup and no heroes who always emerged from adversity unscathed. Meat only: the immediate gratification of a sucker punch with a delivery less subtle than a Bowery hooker's come-on.

The artist hired for the job by the Topps trading-card company (who published them as "Bubbles, Inc.," probably to avoid any association of their wholesome baseball cards with these satanic atrocities) was Norman Saunders, a veteran pulpster (now dead) whose cover work had appeared at least as early as the premier issue of *Marvel Science Stories* in 1938 (E. C. Comics great Wally Wood apparently did some preliminary work). Saunders nicked the wrinkle-domed aliens from the film *This Island Earth*, modeled the ships after those in Harryhausen's *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers*, and borrowed much of the scenario from George Pal's adaptation of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*.



The idea of a Martian invasion wasn't new, of course. It dated back at least to Nostradamus's sixteenth-century prediction of the event for 1999, and more recently to the 1898 Wells novel, Orson Welles's 1938 radio drama (itself legendary in the annals of alien-fear scenarios), and the monumentally paranoid *Invasion from Mars* (1953). What is it about the Red Planet that makes it such a powerful symbol of menace? Presumably, it begins with the mythic resonance (Mars=war god, for you sixth-grade dropouts) and rises to push all the contemporary, invading-race fear buttons lurking just beneath the surface of tense times. The post-World War II popular culture had already prepared us to accept this scenario. After the howling yellow hordes of suicidal Nips, the coldly inhuman, machine-efficient Nazi juggernaut, and the devious, mole-burrowing commie cancer, who on Earth remained for us to fear? Metaphorically, Mars is no farther away than Moscow, and to a nation obsessed with security and the preservation of a life-style, the sky becomes an unplumbed well of paranoid delusion.

It was precisely these images of fifties fear obsessions, serving the function of subconscious exorcism in the popular culture, that formed the satirical vocabulary of

sixties camp. Mundane images, torn from their context and ballooned absurdly out of all proportion—to a Lichtenstein, Warhol, et al.—present an ironic commentary on the emotional subcurrents of more serious times. And this is the work to which Rick Lovelace puts the *Mars Attacks!* imagery, moving the natural step beyond collage into transforming the entire artwork into huge silkscreened prints, and altering the colors to suit his vision. Purple seems to be a favorite, its gauzy softness humorously counterpointing the cards' hard-edged garishness. Rick has also taken to hand-tinting the serigraph prints with an airbrush, occasionally using a stencil, but for the most part free-handing it. After forming his own screen-printing business, Vision Magic, in 1977, Rick began to arrange for the marketing of his prints. He's also set up an operation devoted to rescuing great pulp, art from obscurity, called the Red Planet

Project, establishing and exploiting the emerging interface between the pop and fine-art sensibilities. The prints—much—are for sale, and you can get more information about them and about future undertakings of the Red Planet Project by writing to Rick Lovelace, Red Planet Project, 2200 Adeline St., Suite 340, U.F. Oakland, CA 94607; or to The Will Stone Collection, 560 Sutter Street, Suite 201, San Francisco, CA 94102. Watch the skies. ☼

### HE BEAUTY

menacing invaders as they  
out the world. No barrier was  
and powerful weapons, which  
it was a slab of butter. De-  
during the night, leaving fami-  
to a sense of fate. The aliens destroyed  
the terrified population without any  
warning, gripped the world, and civil-  
the Mar-



their assault on the city. The fire was  
of the jammed roads. New York City  
burning down and no one could do any-  
thing to help.

COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 32**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### PAPER TUMBLER

In flames as hundreds of workers  
disaster. The attack took place  
before men and women were to  
their families. Thousands of lives  
were lost, hoping to escape the flames  
the police completely helpless dur-  
ing the attack. The invaders continued  
where, as the saucers continued  
their assault on the city. The fire was  
of the jammed roads. New York City  
burning down and no one could do any-  
thing to help.

COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 33**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### ROBOT TERROR

The sound of metal vibrating through the city streets became an  
announcement of impending disaster during the Martian invasion.  
Giant robots stalked the streets, destroying everything in their path.  
Moving slowly, with a Martian warrior at the controls, the steel  
monster reached down and plucked a captive in a deathlike grip until  
he felt only rubble in their place. The  
final squeeze. Powerful melting  
left only brick and mortar in their place.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 34**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### WATCHING FROM MARS

From their observation post in the capital city of Mars, the Martian  
leaders, excitedly watched the progress of the invasion against  
Earth. Their advanced civilization had developed TV cameras which  
were capable of sending pictures millions of miles through space  
Through their long range telescopes, they watched the Earth's  
cities being destroyed. Paris was crushed under the potent heat  
rays from the saucers, seeking new victims.  
The Martian leaders were pleased with  
what they saw and boasted the future  
success of the invasion.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 35**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### CRUSHING THE MARTIANS

The Martians in hand to hand combat on the  
city. Puny in size, the Martians weren't any  
physical strength with the powerful soldiers. The  
lifted one of the aliens over their heads and  
the air. Continually pouring forward and at-  
tacking with knives and blunt instruments, the Martians  
their oxygen tanks. The superior fighting force  
of the Earthmen knew further and further back  
the city was the center. Their aim was  
center.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 36**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### THE BEAUTY

menacing invaders as they  
out the world. No barrier was  
and powerful weapons, which  
it was a slab of butter. De-  
during the night, leaving fami-  
to a sense of fate. The aliens destroyed  
the terrified population without any  
warning, gripped the world, and civil-  
the Mar-



their assault on the city. The fire was  
of the jammed roads. New York City  
burning down and no one could do any-  
thing to help.

COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 37**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### DESTROYING A DOG

The Martians not only attacked the big cities, but also struck at  
the less populated sections of the country. Frightened citizens had  
fled into the woods for safety or be burned with their homes.  
The invaders would leave their families. In one case, a Martian  
looking for signs of six people huddled together in fear. Before the  
found a group of six people huddled together in fear. Before the  
invader could use his death weapon, a dog leaped up at the alien.  
The startled spaceman in the barking  
turned his deadly ray on the barking  
dog, destroying it as the young boy cried  
out in horror.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 38**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### DE CHINA

The Martians in hand to hand combat on the  
city. Puny in size, the Martians weren't any  
physical strength with the powerful soldiers. The  
lifted one of the aliens over their heads and  
the air. Continually pouring forward and at-  
tacking with knives and blunt instruments, the Martians  
their oxygen tanks. The superior fighting force  
of the Earthmen knew further and further back  
the city was the center. Their aim was  
center.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 39**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### CRUSHING THE MARTIANS

The Martians in hand to hand combat on the  
city. Puny in size, the Martians weren't any  
physical strength with the powerful soldiers. The  
lifted one of the aliens over their heads and  
the air. Continually pouring forward and at-  
tacking with knives and blunt instruments, the Martians  
their oxygen tanks. The superior fighting force  
of the Earthmen knew further and further back  
the city was the center. Their aim was  
center.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 40**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### THE MONSTER REA

The Martians in hand to hand combat on the  
city. Puny in size, the Martians weren't any  
physical strength with the powerful soldiers. The  
lifted one of the aliens over their heads and  
the air. Continually pouring forward and at-  
tacking with knives and blunt instruments, the Martians  
their oxygen tanks. The superior fighting force  
of the Earthmen knew further and further back  
the city was the center. Their aim was  
center.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 41**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### MARTIANS APPRO

The long journey through space was over and the  
were eager to start the attack. Finally at rest af-  
600 miles, the saucers awaited the instruc-  
base on Mars. Powerful weapons had been tr-  
weapons so destructive that Earth wou-  
pair. Centuries ago the Martians had lea-  
sun's energy. This solar energy now spe-  
to build beautiful cities and ingenious  
inventions. All this was changed now.  
Earth was to be conquered.

COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 42**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### BEA

Nothing seemed to be  
conducted their vigi-  
strong enough to be  
were fleeing thro-  
senseless victims  
lives without an-  
rives of wor-  
sanctuary in  
nation beca-  
tions reign-



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 43**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

### THE MONSTER REA

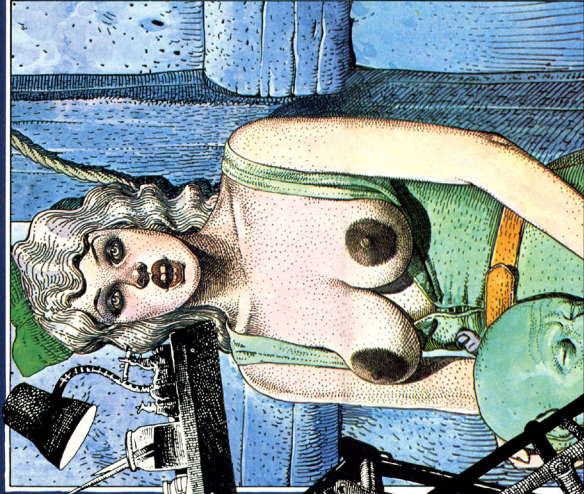
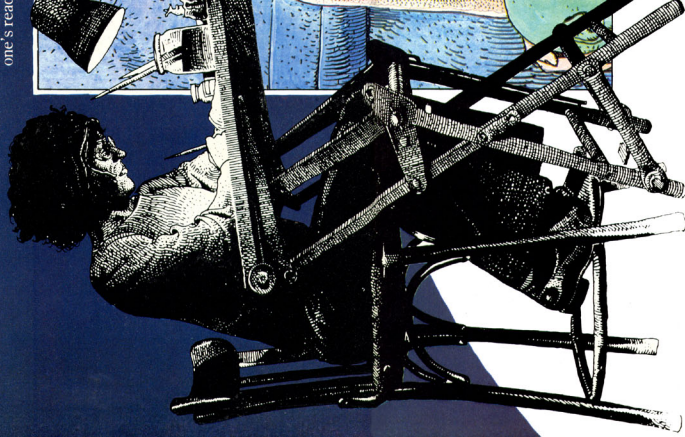
The Martians in hand to hand combat on the  
city. Puny in size, the Martians weren't any  
physical strength with the powerful soldiers. The  
lifted one of the aliens over their heads and  
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tacking with knives and blunt instruments, the Martians  
their oxygen tanks. The superior fighting force  
of the Earthmen knew further and further back  
the city was the center. Their aim was  
center.



COOPER INC.  
**SEE CARD 44**  
**"DESTROY THE SET OF 55"**  
COLLECT THE SET OF 55

# 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.

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

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *Moebius* at \$2.95 each (plus 75¢ for postage and handling).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

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

Please send a copy of *Moebius* to my buddies listed below. What a great idea for a Christmas gift. I have enclosed \$2.95 for each copy, plus 75¢ for postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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# I'N AGE



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© J. JONES 1981



# DOSSIER

**B**een for a ride on the subway recently? Noticed all those mini-headphones growing from people's heads? Commercially available for about two years, the Sony Walkman (and subsequent imitations) has transformed in-public listening habits more radically than anything since the bullhorn. No longer must innocent bystanders endure the plebeian musical tastes of urban mutants who obsessively mark their territory with sound like piss-spraying hounds. The perfect defense is an offensive offense, and leave it to the Japanese to come up with it—these things are polite to the point of solipsism, uniform yet totally adaptable to the needs of the individual, and the perfect psychic armor against the rigors of rush-hour public transport. And now, even those of us laboring down on the technophobic peon sublevel can afford one (I just bought myself a play-and-record unit for \$125!).

Now we've got cassette-only recorded music. The trend started a couple of seasons back in (where else?) the U.K., with releases by A Certain Ratio (*The Graveyard & the Ballroom*

on Factory) and Rottenflogger Malcolm McLaren's current playthings, *Bow Wow Wow* (the tedious "C30 C60 C90 Go!") and *Your Cassette Pet*, both EMI.

Yankee cassette-onlies premiered last spring, marketed by a new outfit called Reachout International Records. ROIR has released four tapes so far, all of a live and/or documentary nature. James Chance and the Contortions' *Live in New York* runs one minute short of an hour—and frankly that's too much for me. Chance's performances here lack the dynamic obnoxiousness that marks his best gigs and only occasionally follows him into a recording studio (check the seminal/unlistenable *No New York* anthology for the Contortions' best recorded moments). Chance's voice is so pathetic on numbers like "I Got You, I Feel Good" that you want to force-feed him watermelon rinds until he gives up his (James) Brown-Like-Me routine. *8 Eyed Spy Live*, while more essential as documentation, does little better than the Chance tape in the performance

department. Lydia Lunch yelps and moans with all the allure of a hyena in heat, while the band struggles manfully to keep from drooling all over their instruments. *The Dictators Live: Fuck 'em If They Can't Take a Joke* makes it on all counts—superb recording, inimitable performance (the Handsome Man in Rock 'n' Roll returns for a re-match!), and of course a scientifically proven concept. *My fave tape of the lot, and R. (the King) Meltzer's liner notes*—an illuminating treatise on *'The Spirit of Wrestling'*—perfectly completes the package. Suicide's *Half Alive* mixes performance tapes with pre-Cambrian home-studio demos (yes, these bullet biters were doing this in 1975!). Historically significant chapters in this pioneering synth-band's paradoxical existence—rock's most boring geniuses, or most dynamic losers? A definite contender for the time capsule, but I wouldn't recommend it for late-night subway runs. If you can't secure these things through your local retailer, write: ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 214, New

York, NY 10012.

My current favorite pair of public-transport sound-track tapes includes the industrial psycho-trance metal of *Cabaret Voltaire Live at the Lyceum* (Rough Trade) and the British Electric Foundation's *Music for Stowaways* (Virgin import). With the Cabaret Voltaire (recorded on a Walkman for playback on a Walkman) I can't tell whether the ripping aluminum noises are emanating from the headphones or from a derailed IRT mankiller bearing down on my back. Music that perfectly merges with my environment, lulling me with a primal, Henry Ford beat. The B.E.F. tape (put together by half of the old Human League) mixes melancholy twilight-of-civilization music with viciously insidious programmed disco, like the clack-clack of a Metroliner on amyl nitrate.

Next, I'm waiting to pick up the perfect Walkman tape: one that reflects no other reality but the one you're strolling through, an endless tape loop that's the spontaneous, reactive sound track to your life.

—Lou Stathis

## WALKMAN TERROR TALES



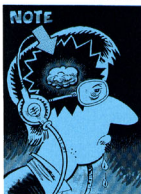
THEY ALLENIATE US FROM OUR ENVIRONMENT



THEY ALLENIATE US FROM OUR BODIES



THEY ARE RECEIVERS FOR ALIEN MIND-CONTROL MESSAGES.



THEY DESTROY BRAIN CELLS.



THEY CAUSE AN INCURABLE ADDICTION TO MUSIC.



THEY CAUSE IRREPARABLE PHYSICAL DAMAGE.



THEY ENFORCE THE DELUSION THAT WE ARE CHARACTERS IN A GRADE B MUSICAL.



THEY HAVE TOTALLY CONVERTED ME TO THE WAY. GOT ANY SPARE TAPES?

# Inter-Videous

You can be private in public with films, or private in private with books. Home videocassettes give you both options plus a few more—such as a selective audience if you want to go public, or audiovisuals if you choose to go private. With all of these options, you can grow extremely close to your home videos.

Devo's future-as-fact music has always been visualized in a challenging conceptual fashion that has made them masters of the promotional video. *Devotion: The Men Who Make the Music* (Warner Home Video) is the first full-length collection on videocassette of their de-evolution philosophy, in the form of a fifty-five-minute stockholder's report by pentago phaser-blasters General Boy, spokesperson for Devo, Inc. The narrative segments and conceptual

music-videos bring the *Devo-vision* theories of technowonder and corporate sloganism into riveting focus, but the intercut concert segments—where the Devo creature evolves—seem already obsolete. Another linkup to the concept of this pioneer video is the band's decision to invest in recombinant-DNA labs—a fascinating premise for a sequel.

Although Gary Numan's home-video release *The Touring Principle '79* (Warner Home Video) is almost entirely a concert video, the environment looks more like a spaceship's engines than the stage of London's Hammersmith Odeon. Pop futurist Numan doesn't use concept, just atmosphere, as he performs in blasts amidst two twirling pyramid companions, glowing neon plexiglass, and his former band, Tubeway Army.

Like a man alone on a moon walk longing for a woman back home, Numan juxtaposes an impassive face and depersonalized music with hurt lyrics to create a warm, electronic video.

The premise of a compilation of NASA and National Archives footage of space exploration—which is available to almost anyone for free—was insulting as a movie when Virgin Films released *Space Movie* (1980, Warner Home Video) to the midnight-movie houses. But as home video, it works as an effect. Even without a high-resolution large-screen TV, seeing space as we've seen it with our eyes can still dazzle. Rather than constricting our sense of the universe, it makes unknown space seem even more infinite. Although Mike Oldfield's score is sometimes too "spacey" (try adding your own sound track), and the patriotic news footage is distracting (edit), this video successfully documents our visual experience with space.

Science-fiction themes of distorted reality and romantic alienation permeate Dire Straits' *Making Movies* (1980, Warner Home Video). An impressionistic visual interpretation of three of the group's songs in which they appear only briefly (wisely, since they are static performers), the video is a work of future art. Painted in a glaring white environment, it is neither concept nor concert but images. Despite the lack of depth in their music, Dire Straits and director-conceptualist Lester Bookbinder have established some new boundaries for rock video.

But remember, although these Warner Home Videos are available only for sale now, by next year they'll probably be only for rent. Onward to the phosphorescent future.

—Alan D. Hecht



Colette (Giancarlo Politi Editore, Milano, Italy—available through *Flash Art* magazine) is the first book entirely concerned with the work of the French environmental artist Colette. Though inadequate because it's a small black and white book, it is exquisite because it is the *only* book I have of Colette's work. *Heavy Metal* is a fantasy magazine, visualizing mythic imagery from the collective unconscious. Colette is a *living* fantasy, acting out imagery from the weaving and churning of the feminine archetype. With paintings, sculpture, "room installations," and art performances, she con-

## Fabric Fantasy

fronts the viewer with a pulsing, breathing artistic reality. Her room installations, using intricately convoluted folds of silk as well as mirrors, audios, ribbons, birds, and fluorescent

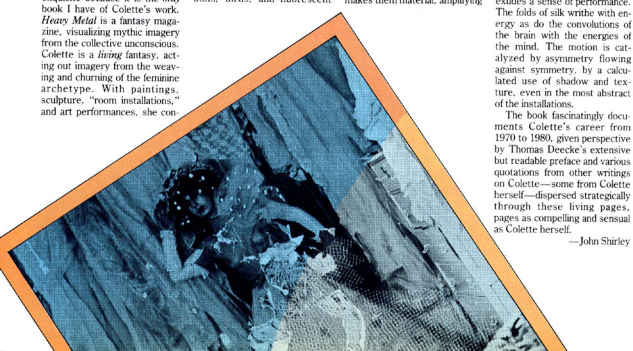
lights, compound "the vibrations of the space given" into a three-dimensional organism of form. It is as if she takes the native vibrations of the room and makes them material, amplifying

the viewer's sense of hidden anatomy, unifying the disparate elements of the environment.

Sometimes Colette herself is physically part of the exhibits—she has appeared at the Whitney and numerous other galleries—but even when she's not there in person, the work exudes a sense of performance. The folds of silk writhe with energy as do the convolutions of the brain with the energies of the mind. The motion is catalyzed by asymmetry flowing against symmetry, by a calculated use of shadow and texture, even in the most abstract of the installations.

The book fascinatingly documents Colette's career from 1970 to 1980, given perspective by Thomas Deecke's extensive but readable preface and various quotations from other writings on Colette—some from Colette herself—dispersed strategically through these living pages, pages as compelling and sensual as Colette herself.

—John Shirley





# LEFT MY ART IN SAN FRANCISCO

## THE BLOWDRYERS



WITH JENNIFER BLOWDRYER  
FRIDAY MARCH 23

PHOTO BY JAMES STARK

THE DEAF CLUB

San Francisco rises and falls as America's West Coast equivalent of New York's Greenwich Village. Sure, there are lots of rich people there on Nob Hill, but whom would you rather think about, Jack Kerouac or the rich and boring? When punk drifted westward, the West Coasters injected their own peculiar brand of enthusiasm into it. Down south L.A. way, it was media-fied punk (visibly shallow rage on-stage), while those northerners took a more serious new-wave approach.

And along with all the emergent record companies, clubs, and stylized bands came a wealth of avant-garde poster art, which graces the pages of *Street Art—The Punk Poster in San Francisco 1977-1981* (The Last Gasp of San Francisco, Berkeley, CA 94704). Though too localized and incomplete, this retrospective fully states the implications of this art. The book effectively arranges enough of the poster art in chronological order (by years and bands) to give force to the visuals' presence. Much of the work is compelling and noteworthy but occasionally is amateurish. In spite of making some serious comments that

distract from the punch and irony of these works, *Street Art* more than documents; it augments the new-wave music scene.

*Re/Search* magazine does more than augment the new-wave scene; it serves to ratify it ideologically, as did its predecessor, *Search And Destroy*. But it does so while setting out, seemingly, to be America's foremost continuing journal of primitive futurism. By mixing articles on cannibalism with ones on *Sordide Sentimental* (a French experimental music label), Fela Anikulapo Kuti (the African music star), and science fiction, editor Vale acts as a funnel for the integration of the primitive with the futuristic in art forms of all sorts. This mag does more than report; it acts to establish a trend (or at least to follow up on the one defined by musician Jon Hassell as Fourth World ideas). Worth looking into: *Re/Search*, 20 Romolo B, San Francisco, CA 94133.

No one except Lawrence Ferlinghetti—long-standing poet laureate of beat and North Beach—could have assembled and codified a pictorial history of the unwieldy, influential literary history of San Francisco. But in

*Literary San Francisco* (Harper & Row) Ferlinghetti and Nancy J. Peters successfully organize it into one terse volume. In the process, the link with the past, present, and future of bohemian literature remains firmly fixed, and although Ferlinghetti ignores new wave's place in it all, the historical connection remains.

No thoughts on the creative juices flowing from San Francisco should go unprinted without reflecting the underground-comix industry, which spews forth such clever and tart pamphlets as the Jay Kinney-edited *Anarchy Comics* (Last Gasp). Already out with its third issue, AC capably mixes its medium with a serious political message, conveyed with a sense of humor long missing from both the left and the right sides of the political spectrum. The primary force behind it is Kinney himself, responsible for such stories as his collaborative (with Paul Mavrides) punk spoof "No Exit." What has made San Francisco the invigorating creative realm it has long been considered is the inhabitants' ability to lend each trend a peculiar sf stamp—even down to these sincerely political and serious funnies.

—Brad Balfour

## HOT TIME

*Time Bandits* is a kids' film for adults who have faced the adult world and beg to be made children again. This attractive fantasy is about Kevin, an English boy whose unhappy, middle-class, consumer-conscious home life is invaded one night by a pack of renegade dwarfs. Using a map "borrowed" from God, they travel through time and plunder the riches of various epochs. Sick of the greedy game-show mentality of his parents, Kevin joins the pack and becomes embroiled in adventures involving Napoleon Bonaparte, Robin Hood, the R.M.S. *Titanic*, and Evil (David Warner) itself. While these exploits are unreel with enchanting verve by director Terry Gilliam, *Time Bandits* ultimately wanders astray from any guiding philosophy. Though Kevin is desolately unhappy with the real world, his imaginative odyssey with the dwarfs (who steal all but the kitchen sink—and that hasn't been invented yet in the places they visit) is no less materialistic than that world, nor is the opulent kingdom where he (briefly) finds true happiness as the adopted son of a king. This thematic disunity shines especially brightly in a quirky Sherwood Forest episode, as a smirkingly fey Robin Hood (John Cleese) divvies the dwarfs' loot with the poor. "Awfter awll," he fawns, "it does seem to make them less unhappy and also, well, less poor!" With everyone on the take, *Time Bandits* paints a monotonous portrait of adulthood, offering no solution at its conclusion other than nullity and obliteration.

*Time Bandits* conspicuously owes much to *The Wizard of Oz* (1939) but fails to duplicate that film's most important signature: its conclusive reduction to a simple, illustrative message, "There's no place like home." Such nonsense would never be tolerated in a 1981 children's film, *Time Bandits* seems to say, but it can't offer its own audience a message even half that sophisticated.

—Timothy R. Lucas

## Oh You Kid!

**W**e are in an age where Dick doesn't "see" Jane without discussing it with his analyst first. Spot doesn't "run" after his ball; he jogs.

In this day of large-print editions of Proust and Nietzsche, there is a much needed influx of real honest-to-god fantasy books for children. Now more than ever, publishers are hyping the slick, full-color approach to storytelling, which, though expensive, makes it a pleasure to read what otherwise might be trite retreadings of classic fairy tales. A coming trend in kids' books today boasts a distinct blend of maturity with innocence: nothing too heavy, sometimes a bit naive, but a whole lot of fun. Kit Williams's *Masquerade* (Mayflower Books) and Ralph Steadman and Bernard Stone's *Inspector Mouse* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) exemplify this balance.

Through jingles, hidden rabbits, and fortunes lost, *Masquerade*'s reader becomes engrossed in a brain-picking treasure hunt. Williams has actually hidden a solid gold necklace—a rabbit-shaped pendant in the image of our hero—somewhere in Britain. "Easy," you say. "It's only a kids' book!" Forget it! You might not find the treasure at the end of the rainbow, but the book's lyrical text and the splendid Escher-like imagery are worth all the hare pulling.

When the cheese cellar is raided at a neighborhood shop, Inspector Mouse is called in to investigate. Steadman and Stone's tale is a tongue-in-cheek *Casablanca*-esque detective spoof, right down to the very last "Play it again, Toothy." The lighthearted text and Steadman's maniacal, sketchy style make a perfect combination of credulity and just plain fun. And that's A-OK with me.

—Julie Simmons-Lynch



## Publishing Peril

**I**n this era it is possible for an unknown science-fiction writer to be hyped into instant superstardom with an early novel, as long as it is a stirring science-fiction saga of the dragon-ridden starwars and forced down the demographic throat of the audience, which has recently graduated from *Star Wars*. It is paradoxically much easier than it used to be for a first novel of genuine literary promise to be published without a ripple.

Here are three of them. *The Man in the Darksuit*, by Dennis R. Caro (Pocket Books), is a kind of fairly-near-future thriller, written as if Caro were Robert Sheckley heavily under the influence of Philip K. Dick; in other words, written with

irony, wit, and some psychic depth as if by a practiced novelist well in command of what he is doing.

Somtow Sucharitkul's *Starship & Haiku* (Timescape) may not be quite as polished, but it is much weirder, in a positive sense. An end-of-the-world novel of utterly unique conception, the book is informed and enriched by Sucharitkul's cross-cultural connections and inhabited by a cast of admirably un-stereotyped characters.

*Tintagel*, by Paul H. Cook (Berkley), is perhaps the most mature work of the three, a political and psychological novel set partly in high circles. Cook renders the characters with sympathy and psychological depth, captures the political

levels with a sense of reality, and illuminates the whole with a certain sense of suspicion.

In other words, here are three first novels of maturity, wit, original conception, sophistication, and some literary ambition, likely to be enjoyed by intelligent adult science-fiction readers. So why do they languish in relative obscurity while crudely written science-fiction novels and fantasies endlessly cloned from each other can put new writers' names up in lights?

Could it be that publishers no longer believe that science-fiction novels written to please intelligent adults have as large an audience as well-designed cult objects keyed in to capturing the same audience that made George Lucas a superstar? Could it be that by believing this they have made it so? Or could it just be that they are right?

—Norman Spinrad

## CITY STOMP

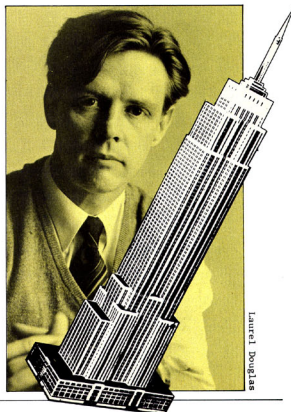
you like to see the Eiffel Tower on the same street with Westminster Abbey? Turn your apartment into a self-contained urban landscape.

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—Steven Maloff

**T**he city of New York cowers beneath you. With one swoop of your hand, you topple the Chrysler Building. You squeeze the tip of the Empire State Building and it crumbles in your powerful grip. With one stomp of your foot, you bring the Brooklyn Bridge to ruins. No, you have not been exposed to nuclear radiation nor grown a mile tall. But if you ever wanted to be the Amazing Colossal Man or the Fifty-Foot Woman, this is your opportunity to do so without tearing your clothes. The Gotham skyline is provided by graphic designer Alan Rose's *The World at Your Feet*, a series of paper reproductions scaled 350 to 1, issued by Putnam Books. Each book houses an introduction explaining the landmark's history and significant features.

Although clear instructions come with each of the authentically detailed and fully colored models, you're free to place the roof of the Taj Mahal on the Sears Tower, thus discovering your architectural talents. Or how about city planning: would



Laurel Douglas

A woman with long red hair, wearing a yellow dress and jewelry, is floating in space. She is holding a sword. The background is a dark blue space with stars and a large yellow structure.

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--Zen.

For millions--maybe billions--of years  
we must have drifted through space,  
sealed inside the Space Skuttle...



Death, according to  
Bridey Murphy, is a  
little like being  
stuck inside a closet.  
Naked, pink, and vul-  
nerable, frozen like  
popsicles to the tem-  
perature of space, we  
waited out the count-  
less, uncounted hours  
inside our metal closet.  
Technically, we  
were dead--

--the phospholipids  
surrounding our  
ganglia had been  
destroyed, our epi-  
dermal cell walls  
had ruptured...



Yet somehow we emerged in dim, fitful  
dreams to enact incomprehensible scenarios.





Millennia might pass, galaxies grow old and die,  
civilizations come and go in the blink of an  
eye...none of this mattered. All I cared about  
was sex.

I drifted in the  
Dreamtime into a  
daisy chain of  
domestic routine--  
Miss Hawaii, Miss  
Puerto Rico,  
Adeline Jones--

--the ship seemed to  
become an extension  
of my body, fertiliz-  
ing the universe  
with its seed...

Something like this  
probably got the Myth  
of Creation started.



Then, after an eternity of frozen death-- a glare detected through bruised eyelids, a rush of light-- and the dreams of forever receded to dark, vague memories.



I was reborn into a world blazing with pain.



Oooog...my breath-- it's terrible!

We're alive!  
We're alive!

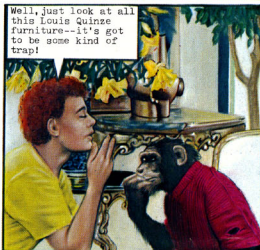


Marty....  
Adeline--  
Where are we?

I think we're being kept alive by a race of superior creatures-- like in 2001!



What makes you think that?



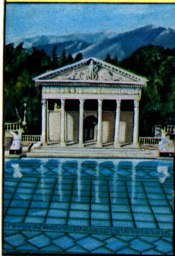
Well, just look at all this Louis Quinze furniture--it's got to be some kind of trap!

Maybe we're in Miami Beach-- let's go take a look...



copyright 1982 Rod "Cordoba" Kierkegaard, Jr.

We walked through the door  
into paradise.



The lenses  
of our eyes  
seemed to be  
smeared with  
Vaseline,



turning the sunlight into a fractured radiant glow,  
the trees and the buildings into gentle abstractions.



I could smell gardenia and the breath of  
the sea; I could hear the calls of jungle  
birds, as the Dallas Cheerleaders emerged  
from the pool...

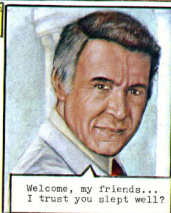


Jesus, we are  
dead--we're in  
heaven!

For a moment, we stood still--then  
a tiny figure in a white tropical  
suit trotted toward us.

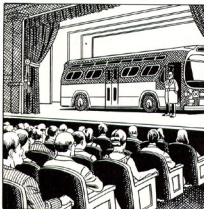
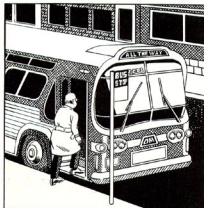


Bauth! Bauth!  
De pippie from  
de plane, Bauth!



Welcome, my friends...  
I trust you slept well?

To Be Continued



## What to expect in February...

If you happened upon *Heavy Metal*'s book of **Moebius**, you must have read his epic collaboration with film director **Jodorowsky** entitled "The Black Incal." You also might have noticed that the story didn't end exactly the way you might have liked. Beginning in February, *HM* will run the sequel to this comedic detective chase starring none other than that master of intrigue Mr. John Difool and his goofy feathered sidekick Deepo. You ain't seen nothing' yet!

Plus: **Fernando Fernandez**'s sensual strip "Zora," **Howard Chaykin**'s "Gideon Faust," and the continuations of **Segrelles**'s "The Mercenary" and **José Bea Font**'s "Tales of the Galactic Inn."





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featuring a pullout section on what to  
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