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HEAVY METAL

March 1982

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USPS 380-070

The
adult
illustrated
fantasy
magazine

**SPECIAL
ROCK
SECTION
IN THIS ISSUE!**



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March 1982

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WPS 36567

The
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**SPECIAL
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A magnificent tribute to one of the world's greatest comic book artists, this lavishly illustrated volume spans the prolific and many-faceted artistic career of Richard V. Corben.

Just how prolific he is, will become obvious from this book. Here for the first time are reproduced paintings and comics pages which are unknown even to Corben's most assiduous fans. Some of his earliest works — as well as his most recent drawings and paintings — are published here for the first time. Many of the paintings which were commissioned as book jackets can be seen here unmarred by titles and text. The selection was made in terms of quality in an effort to present the reader with a representative sampling of Corben's best and least-known work.

The well-paced text brings to life Corben's career, and the artist's love for his craft. His is a wide-ranging talent, and chapters have been devoted to his work in the fields of comics, animation, painting and sculpture. The 80 full-color pages include two stories, a sampling of his early work and a portfolio of over 40 paintings, which prove that besides being a major force in comics today, Corben is also a master of fantasy illustration.

An indispensable book for the Corben completist, this is also an excellent introduction to the work of an artist of astounding craftsmanship and fathomless imagination.

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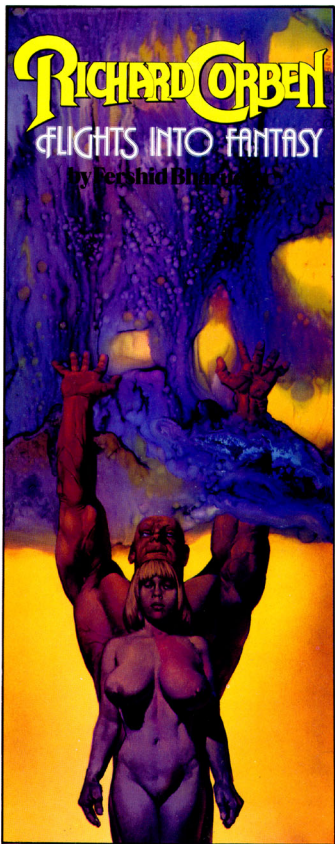
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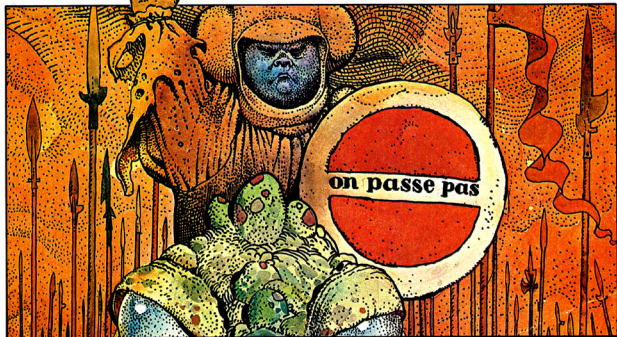
by Fershid Bhargava



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Howard Jursky

As both science fiction and rock music have matured, the juncture of the two is closer than ever. This juncture exists not simply because of parallel (and often common) histories—though both have come from steel-level, commercially crass origins, went through their ghettoization, and then blossomed through a creative revolution, as both financially successful and worthy of critical analysis. They've also come to share similar hierarchies, aesthetic values, and futuristic ideas. This was never so clear to me as after I had seen *The Catherine Wheel*.

When I witnessed this Broadway collaboration between Talking Head David Byrne and modern dancer/choreographer Twyla Tharp, I was affected less by the performance than by the idea of such cooperation. Although the dance was not so impressive as Byrne's Afro-influenced rhythmic variations (now available in edited form on Sire Records), the gestalt was captivating. Costumes and set surpassed Tharp's usual simplicity. *The Catherine Wheel* itself—an elaborate bronze latticework fashioned like a floating mutant bicycle—provoked further thoughts on the contrasts already rampant in this work.

From its themes (the urban vs. the primitive; the technological vs. the spiritual) to its very context (vanguard new-wave music/modern dance on Broadway), *The Catherine Wheel* was more than just another happening; it was the conjunction of two polarities in the performing arts—dance, usually considered a "high art," and rock music, at the other end of the spectrum. These distinctions aren't that easily defined. In dance, ballet is really the high art. Tharp's modern herky-jerkisms have long been an anathema to ballet's conservatism. Byrne's intellectually self-conscious rock is hardly fashioned of the same crude stuff that characterized fifties street music or even modern corporate rock, against which his music reacts. Yet, Tharp's troupe held respect from the hardest-arsed pointy-nosed critics; Byrne's music still has a backbeat that arouses its audience to dance. Such blurred lines of contrast illustrate not only *The Catherine Wheel's* ef-

EDITORIAL

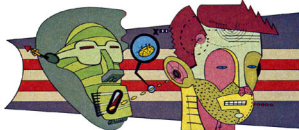


Illustration by David Allen

fect as an interdisciplinary collaboration, but also a profound redefinition of high/low art, commercial/creative ideas, and, most important, collaboration/synthesis.

The collaboration between Tharp and Byrne represented an interaction but not a merging. Tharp was—in Hegelian terms—the thesis; Byrne, the antithesis. Though the synthesis didn't emerge, the possibility of its occurring was at hand. The next logical step is for something entirely new, with its own conceptual language, technical vocabulary, and social implications. *The Catherine Wheel* pointed out what is happening: the interaction of rock and sf points to what could happen.

Such a synthesis is forthcoming with the evolution of the postindustrial world. Machines are going beyond mere servitude. Through cybernetics, they are becoming mystical shamans granting wishes as well as fulfilling commands. In the post-industrial, high-tech world, we have become alienated from our primal roots, and the Old World institutions of culture, such as the traditional barriers between high art and mass culture, have yet to be replaced with something truly new and appropriate. In order to survive such changes, which bewilder, swamp, and thoroughly disorient, we need to digest the new influences and new forces of culture (and try, as Jon Hassell's article in this issue suggests, to assimilate primary-culture forms in new ways). We must move on toward synthesis. *The Catherine Wheel* is one attempt: the conjunction between sf and rock, another.

Contemporary rock no longer derives from a basic R & B progression. Style and concept are

no longer the immediate result of proximity to roots, but have evolved aesthetics on their own grounds which barely imitate the points of origin (as Elvis imitated southern black music). Nor does the best modern rock merely substitute bits and pieces of source material (as Emerson, Lake, and Palmer did with classical music). The English new wave and American bands like Devo have successfully incorporated the new technologies of synthesizer and studio, adding unusual rhythms and effects to form new musical vocabularies. Now we have rich stuff that would be "bebop-funk-pop-new wave" if we still followed the old considerations of criticism. Everything gets divided into smaller categories because so much is staking out new territories beyond the original confines of rock.

Rock has always suggested a crossroads for pop culture and high art as well. Once it had begun defining its own aesthetic in the early sixties, it began shifting toward other disciplines. Witness the association between Lou Reed's Velvet Underground and pop-art doyen Andy Warhol in the mid sixties (as *The Exploding Plastic Inevitable* happening), or Pink Floyd's dalliances with soundtrack music. The eruption of rock not only influenced but also created styles. Rock today dominates and often dictates fashion trends, such as the much touted "pirate look" born out of the English New Romantics. It has created fresh culture myths (Jim Morrison as death's poetic angel) and generated future-oriented media from laser light shows. (Remember the Fillmore's light shows?)

While rock was moving into its second age of grace in the

sixties (the Beatles take the responsibility for this with their innovative sound techniques and composition, as does Dylan for borrowing from poetry), sf underwent a similar redefinition. Prompted by rock, the sixties new-wave sf not only assimilated refined literary techniques that integrated alternate realities into its very form and structure; it also pulled away from the first state of sf ideology—technology as mankind's unadulterated savior. Drugs had become so popular that their presence seeped into literature. Sf, like rock, was ripe for pharmacological effects. Stories by the likes of Ed Bryant, George R.R. Martin, Tom Disch, and J. G. Ballard don't seem particularly new-wave now, yet would have been fifteen years ago simply for their themes or refined techniques. But more than incidental alliances exist between sf authors and rock: writers like Norman Spinrad, John Shirley, and Mick Farren have made rock music while rock musicians like David Bowie and groups like Joy Division have either composed sf-oriented music or adapted sf stories for music (listen to J. D.'s *Atrocity Exhibition*, inspired by Ballard's experimental novel of the same name).

I suspect sf and rock will continue this intermingling until a virtually new medium is created. At least sf sensibilities will be filtered through the video/music connection, and dance like Tharp's will become a critical component for tape. (She's tested video before, composing several video dances that were shown on PBS a few years back.) Computer games are another example of this synthesis, given their science-fictional nature. (Are these the space-pilot training tools of the future?) They draw both sound and high-tech fury into a new context. The growing video matrix (cable, cassettes, and so on) will affect the course of human society—video grew naturally out of a synthesis of sound, film, and story, another collaboration in play.

This growing conjunction between sf and rock (and animation, video, and performance) bodes well not only for a new aesthetic but also suggests that we can always devise creative

continued on page 83

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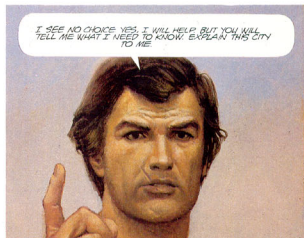
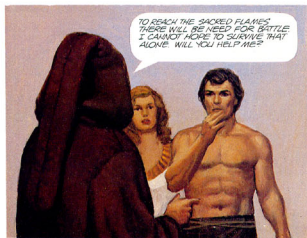
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THE MERCENARY

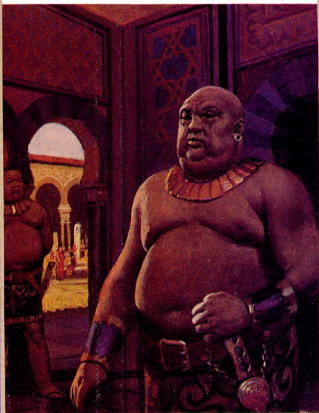
The Mercenary, having escaped, rescued the chief's daughter from her cell, and together they tried to find a way out of the floating prison. But despite their efforts they were going around in circles.



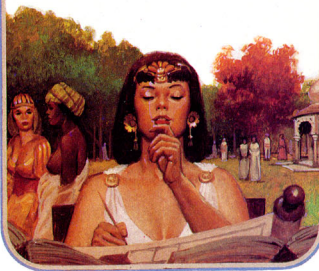
YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU ARE ASKING OF ME, OR THE RISKS I TAKE IN EVEN TALKING TO YOU. BUT ALL RIGHT, IT IS NECESSARY THAT YOU TRUST ME. IF YOU HAD NOT GUESSED BEFORE, I AM A WOMAN, AS ARE ALL THE PEOPLE HERE--ALL OF US YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL...ALL OF US AT ONE TIME DESIRABLE



AND ALL OF US THE SLAVES OF A POWERFUL SULTAN. OH, WE CALLED US HIS HAREM, BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBT WHAT WE TRULY WERE. ONE BY ONE HE KIDNAPPED US FROM FARAWAY CITIES OR BOUGHT US FROM SLAVE CARAVANS. ONE BY ONE HE WOULD LOVE US UNTIL A NEW FEMALE FOUL'D HIS FANCY. OH, WE HAD TREASURES BEYOND THE DREAMS OF GODS--JEWELS, HAREM WOMEN, BUT NOT EVEN THE MOST VALUABLE. JEWELS MADE UP FOR OUR LOSS OF FREEDOM AND LOVE.



ONE OF US WAS A SCIENTIST WHO PLANNED FOR MANY YEARS TO ESCAPE. IT WAS SHE WHO CONCEIVED "THE CITY OF SACRED FIRE" AS OUR MEANS OF BREAKING FREE.



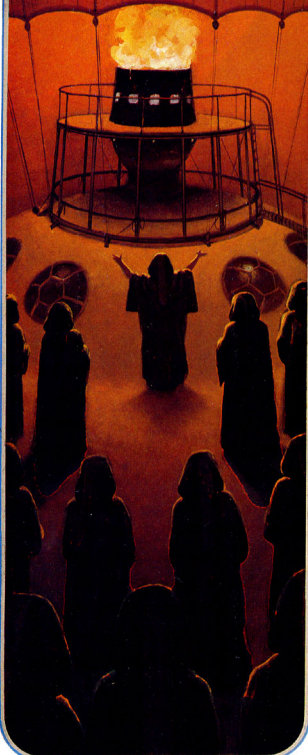
BUT HOW TO BUILD THE CITY? OH, THAT WAS SIMPLE! CITY ITSELF WITH BRICKS WE DECEIVED THE SULTAN BY CONVINCING HIM HOW HAPPY WE WERE TO BE HIS LUSTFUL BEDMATES. WE TOLD HIM WE WISHED TO PRESENT TO HIM A GIFT UNLIKE ANYTHING THIS WORLD HAD EVER KNOWN, A GIFT THAT WOULD MAKE HIM THE ENVY OF ALL OTHERS. SHE SHOWED HIM OUR PLANS FOR A FLOATING CITY MADE FROM LIGHT BALSA WOOD AND PARCHMENT AND WILLOW. WE TOLD HIM THAT WE WHO NUMBERED NEARLY 100 WOULD TAKE CARE OF THE MATERIALS, EMBROIDERY AND DECORATION, AND THAT ALL WE NEEDED FROM HIM WERE THE CARPENTERS TO MAKE OUR PLANS A REALITY.



OH, HOW QUICKLY HE AGREED. YOU SEE, WE KNEW HE SAW THIS FLOATING CITY NOT ONLY AS AN HOMAGE TO HIM, BUT ALSO AS A FORTRESS FROM WHICH TO MAKE WAR UPON HIS ENEMIES FOR FIVE YEARS WE LABORED, THEN AT LAST THE CITY WAS READY. THAT NIGHT WE TOOK TO THE CITY SUPPOSEDLY TO MAKE FINAL IMPROVEMENTS. WE LIT THE SACRED FIRE AND ROSE INTO THE AIR, LEAVING THE SULTAN BEHIND. WE WERE FREE AT LONG LAST, BUT THE SULTAN SWORE HE WOULD NOT REST UNTIL ALL OF US WERE SLAIN AND OUR FLESH FED TO THE VULTURES.



I RISK MY LIFE TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE WE ALL
TOOK A SACRED OATH OF SECRECY. IF THE SULTAN
KNEW WHERE WE WERE WE WOULD SURELY DIE.



BUT THIS FLOATING CITY, WHICH WAS TO
BE OUR MEANS OF REACHING FREE-
DOM, HAS ONLY BECOME ANOTHER
PRISON--A PRISON I CAN NO LONGER
TOLERATE. PLEASE, YOU MUST HELP
ME FLEE.



OF COURSE I WILL, THOUGH
I STILL DO NOT UNDER-
STAND HOW THIS CITY
STAYS AFLOAT.

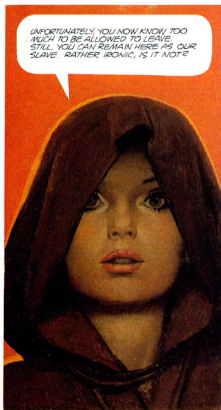


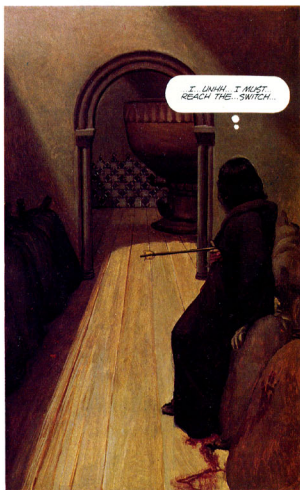
THAT IS SIMPLE, MERCEN-
ARY. COME QUICKLY TO
THE SACRED FIRE AND
YOU WILL SEE.



SILENCE, ZAIDAT! YOU
HAVE ALREADY TALKED
TOO MUCH!







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5. I ♥ COCAINE
6. I ♥ TO BULLSHIT
7. I ♥ DICKS
8. I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
9. I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
10. I ♥ HEAD
11. I ♥ FAST WOMEN
12. I ♥ DRUGS
13. I ♥ TO PARTY
14. I ♥ MYSELF
15. I ♥ FAST CARS
16. I ♥ TO DICK
17. I ♥ LONG LEGS
18. I ♥ THE BIG ONE
19. I ♥ MONEY
20. I ♥ ANYTHING
21. I ♥ NEW WAVE
22. I ♥ YOU
23. I ♥ IT
24. I ♥ MONEY
25. I ♥ LUCKY
26. I ♥ ROCK
27. I ♥ IT WET
28. I ♥ TIGHT ASSES
29. I ♥ FREEDOMS
30. I ♥ BUNGLERS
31. I ♥ FREEDOMS
32. I ♥ FREEDOMS
33. I ♥ YOUR BODY
34. I ♥ SNOOW
35. I ♥ SKINNY
36. I ♥ TO PART
37. I ♥ MOTORCYCLES
38. I ♥ COUNTRY

41. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT
42. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
43. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO" FILM AT 11
44. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR
45. I ♥ MOUTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
46. BEND OVER I'LL DRIVE
47. IN OUTERSPACE, ANYBODY CAN HEAR YOU FAST
48. CHAMPION MOUTACHE RIDER WITH ARTWORK
49. I RODE THE MOUTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)

51. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK
52. I GET DRUNK
53. I FALL DOWN, NO PROBLEM
54. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN, I'M FOR SCREWED WHO GIVES A SHIT
55. SCUMPS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
56. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANNY?
57. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANNY?
58. SAVE OUR BEACHES, HARRYDON A FAT CHICK!

61. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
62. FUCK YOU, IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
63. NOT FAT CHICKS
64. NO FAT DIETS
65. WE OWE AT FIVE
66. ANY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
67. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND
68. NO TENSE VERBS
69. MINES BIGGER
70. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
71. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!

76. I'M SO HAPPY, EVEN THE CRACK OF LUNAR ROOST SARE
77. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
78. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
79. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED, FUCK YOU VERY MUCH
80. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
81. FUCK OFF
82. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE THICKS
83. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LESS, HELP SPREAD THE WORD!
84. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF
85. I'M THE KING OF GUTS, YOUR MOTHER WANNES YOU ABOUT?
86. PARTLY GUT?
87. I'M SO BLOWN CARS—FAST WOMEN
88. I DO
89. BUT NOT WITH YOU
90. I WANT TULL I SCREAM
91. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
92. I'M FOR LUST
93. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
94. ONE OF A KIND
95. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLUNT?
96. YOU'VE SARD!
97. SCHOOL SUCKS!
98. ASK ME IF I CARE
99. I'M FOR BLUNT
100. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY
101. TAKE THE JOB AND SHOVE IT!
102. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
103. KAY! RACING GO! ON ALL FOUR!

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by Jon Hassell

From an October 29, 1981, *New York Times* background story on Chad/Sudan/Libya: "Geneina lies on the indistinct border between the Sudan and Chad. This region is known as Darfur, an area the size of France which was once a proud, independent sultanate run by a dynasty of rulers that lasted 560 years. From Geneina, caravans of pilgrims heading overland to Mecca make their way east. Men of the Tuareg stock of desert nomads roam the area, dressed in long white robes and white turbans. With their camels and mules and trappings they recognize no international boundary lines that appear on maps but not on the shifting sands and dry river beds they traverse..."

Life is increasingly filled with abstraction—things you can't see or touch or taste but to which we collectively give the power to rule our lives. Lines that exist only on paper and in the mind; tick marks on the face of a watch which arbitrarily segment the steady, unbroken flow of time/space into separate units (who invented the second?); the technology of language, which by the very naming of an experience separates this act from the seamless landscape of inner life (and allows us to use the word "love" a million times without having to experience it once) are all abstractions which rule our lives.

Note this passage from anthropologist/McLuhanite Edmund Carpenter's book *Oh, What a Blow That Phantom Gave Me!* (the phantom in this case being invisible electronic media which surround and swallow cultures): "In preliterate societies the separation of spirit from flesh is thought to occur in the surrealist realm of dream, art, ritual, myth. Daily life, in the field or on the hunt, is intensely sensate, with all senses alert and the spirit imprisoned in the body."

"We reverse this. Our electronic workaday would divorce images from physical reality. As counterpoint, we turn physical reality into pastimes: the hippie world of sensate experience serves to balance the nonsensory spirit world of electronic media. Like natives, the young enjoy the best of both worlds though it's hard to know which one of these worlds to call 'real.'"

A direct result of these workaday, electronic media technologies taking effect at the same time as the population explosion is the creation of a public climate where reputation looms larger than achievement, image is substituted for character, and the cardinal sin is to be unknown.

Continues Carpenter: "News" is what is reported; what isn't reported isn't news. Unreported events don't cease to exist, of course; they simply fall into an area devoid of social responsibility and moral restraint. "In other words, what you don't know about, you can't be expected to respond to."

Let's look at some unreported musical events (cultures) on this planet before they become surrounded and swallowed by contact with the self-conscious-making magic of recording and broadcasting technologies, and allow them to take their rightful place in the evolution of consciousness.

Overuse=Trivialization

An important lesson to learn when examining the music of many small tribal cultures is their embracing of music as a sacred gift, a "beyond-words" way of expression that is reserved for use at the right time, to be perceived by ears and bodies fresh for the experience.

In Western technoculture, the use of totally abstract music à la Muzak as background for human events inevitably results in trivialization and a loss of the sense of specialness and meaning. Brian Eno's creation of the genre "ambient music" formalizes this affectless situation as it exists. In effect, the concept of ambient music says, "If there's such constant sound input that you can't listen to it all, why not say it's okay *not* to listen and here's some music for listening or not."

New Simplicity

The optimistic view might be that we're going to reach such an overload level of symbol density that we'll be forced to arrive at a new simplicity—an ability via artificial intelligence (computers) to combine many individual symbols operating in complex relationships into "chunks" of information which can then be treated as a single megaword.

The heading "new simplicity" is itself a simple example of a "chunking" or a higher-level description of the detailed information in these paragraphs. Douglas Hofstadter, in his book

Gödel, Escher, Bach, refers to this as "pruning the giant tree of possibilities."

Break-up Points

Given the number of people expected on the planet by A.D. 2000, this notion of an overloaded symbol bank breaking up into chunks suggests a similar pattern for a high-density future population breaking up into clusters of New Tribal territories (a persistent visual theme of the fantasy illustrators found in this magazine). This doesn't seem unlikely considering the present situation of tribes walking among tribes whose boundaries are no longer defined necessarily by geographical proximity or background but are delineated by life-style and held together by a principally media-imparted sense of nationality.

Perhaps concepts such as majority rule, which came out of small-number experiences, also have break-up points in a mega-populated world. For example, if 101 people of a tribe of 200 vote for a particular course of action, this leaves only 99 disgruntled people. But in a megatribe of 200 million, this would translate to 99 million who are forced to live under choices they don't approve of. The equation changes when multiplied by such enormous factors.

This is a difference in scale which those excessively hypnotized by abstract thinking ignore. Instead, they prefer to point out that the percentage is the same. To them, "average" means that a man with one foot in ice and the other in boiling water can be said to be "comfortable."

Perhaps, in some unforeseen way, the corporate musical imperialism which irons out regionalisms in its drive toward worldwide musical hits in Western pop style (Coca-Cola everywhere!) will also ultimately exceed public tolerance levels. Perhaps the result will be a return to a multiplicity of musics arising from tribes of like-minded people once again living within boundaries formed by hills and river beds (like the Tuareg nomads mentioned in the opening), linked worldwide by satellites.

This new respect for ancient ways facilitated by selective use of advanced technology must surely be one of the key ideas of our time, and will ultimately affect the way we think in the future.

Separating the Baby and the Bathwater

Just as many natural things may be separated by abstract boundaries, so other things may be joined artificially, by either habit or custom.

In Western culture, religion is naturally associated with sobriety and rigidity. Cultures where spirit life is joyful and sexual, or where leaders are expected to communicate the wisdom of grace and strength by dancing, are seldom taken seriously by Eurocentric minds, who, by media habits, are taught to observe this from a safe distance as a bizarre kind of *Mondo Cane* behavior.

In the same way, classical or formal music in the West takes place in an atmosphere of reverence and rules of etiquette. In Euroculture, no form in which improvisation is a major element is considered classical, while in most other parts of the world the high musical experiences are always those in which some response to the feeling of the moment is included. Furthermore, Western thought habits dictate that anything that is overtly sensuous, with certain rhythmic inflections or even certain kinds of instruments, is automatically perceived as belonging on a lower rung of the cultural ladder (jazz, rock, pop, and so on). Obviously what we have here is a kind of cultural racism that reduces non-European-derived art to "curio" status and thus neatly dismisses it from serious consideration in the same rank as our Western masters—all of whom, it may be pointed out, are white, born in the last three hundred years, and from cold climates.

This outlawing of certain attitudes in formal, structural music forces a strict dichotomy between what high culture salutes and what high culture likes to dance to. A sharp separation such as this can't exist in small, integrated cultures where both the young and old members of the tribe participate in common ceremonies and celebrations whose function is directly related to the major events of daily life and existence; "... each member of the community knows perfectly... which variations he can execute. As great as the improvisation may seem, it is thus restricted to within this framework that is simultaneously metric, rhythmic, and melodic.

"This technique is the fruit of long apprenticeship... Just as every child learns to speak by hearing speech, so does the Pygmy child learn to sing by hearing singing, the boy with his father, the girl with her mother. Thus, the children progressively acquire the repertory of formulas that later, in their turn, they will use and pass on. This is the sole means, purely organic, of learning polyphony." (These are liner notes from Ocora LP 558526 and discuss Central African Empire Pygmy music.)

The Four B's: Beethoven, Brown, Ba-Benzélé

This statement illustrates a desirable balance between formality and vitality: faced with a choice of Brown (James) or Beethoven (Ludwig van) as my only records on a desert island, I'd say J. B. wins hands down. But the balance of structure with on-the-spot fun which is transmitted by the polyphonic after-the-hunt music of the Ba-Benzélé Pygmies endures beyond both.

The Same Yardstick

I have this make-believe idea: imagine a record store with bin dividers labeled "News-papers" (good for a day or two's listening), "Magazines" (keep it around for a week or a month), "Novels" (finds a semipermanent place on your bookshelf), and "Reference" (source works to be consulted for a lifetime)—along with appropriate pricing related to disposability. Perhaps this method of classification would cause music writers and readers alike to think twice before devoting a lot of time to preparing and/or digesting lots of words about Newspaper-Q (for Quality) music written in serious art-criticism style, as if Elvis Costello and Jackson Pollock were cultural equals.

Given the limited choice in Western music between energetic, trendy ephemera and dead high-culture masterworks, perhaps it's not so strange that I notice a great many artists (or people in other disciplines) who in their own fields are quick to discern Newspaper-Q (derivative, one-trick) from Novel-Q (original, multileveled), yet remarkably fixed on Newspaper/Magazine-Q music.

Perhaps this is the inevitable fallout of the pop movement as summed up by the elevation of the Campbell's soup can to iconic (worthy-of-serious-consider-

It's a matter of degree: too much attention is paid by too many to too narrow an idea of what possible musics there could be.

ation) level—an individual's okay art statement in its time, but hardly the stuff to build a culture on.

"A genuine culture," wrote anthropologist Edward Sapir, "is the expression of a consistent attitude toward life, an attitude which sees the significance of any one element of civilization in its relation to all others. It is, ideally speaking, a culture in which nothing is spiritually meaningless."

Beyond Conditioning

To anyone who takes this seriously, it's obvious one must attempt to transcend the fixed game of technoculture, beyond passive consumption of media-ordained "right stuff," just as one's emotional growth can build on or proceed from the childhood "givens" via a wider knowledge of possible responses.

It's a matter of degree: too much attention is paid by too many to too narrow an idea of what possible musics (or futures, for that matter) there could be. And that's because few people really have a comprehensive knowledge of what's been happening on a global level all these years.

Virtually all the pop music in the West (excepting jazz, the first modern collision of tribal music with Euromusic) fits into the song-with-accompaniment form (chords and melody). When kid-with-guitar says "I'm a musician now," or a pop star is called a "composer," some rudimentary ability in this simplest of forms is all that's being talked about.

This is somewhat the same situation as having nearly all attention in visual art focused on the collage form, or the Polaroid, and all reportage of work in other forms—sculpture, painting, and so on—relegated to the esoteric "specialist" magazines.

Brian Eno deserves the Trojan Horse Award for being the first to slip music of more unusual form (*Discreet Music, Music for Airports*) in front of a pop audience whose attention his song-with-accompaniment efforts had previously captured.

What's Wrong with This Picture?

One has the tendency to im-

agine both the past and the future in terms of the present. Just as a vision of the past should not be conjured up as if all events took place in the glow of the electric light bulb, a vision of the future with people zipping around in antigravity devices listening to some hyper-song with hyper-guitar accompaniment is equally unimaginative. Are there going to be Republicans and Democrats forever?

Overvaluation of Cold-Climate Thinking

Buckminster Fuller says that evolution is basically a matter of synthesis.

Although it may, at first, seem an oversimplification, try squinting your eyes to see the big picture without the confusion of detail: what's happened is that cold-climate tribes had to develop technology in order to control a hostile environment, and now that very technology has developed in ways which enable them to impose their attitudes on warm-climate tribes (who have, quite naturally, evolved in other important but undervalued ways).

Now is the time for the technoworld to use its knowledge to go beyond this pattern—to begin to see the unforeseen ways in which the best of their attitudes will become ours, and ours become theirs, resulting in modes which I refer to as Fourth World—a returning to and a stepping forward at the same time.

It seems natural to me that a step into the future, musically or in any other way, will have some relationship to a deeper comprehension of the rich multiplicity of the earth's tribal musics. Like a scientist who must isolate a single element from a compound in order to understand its nature and how it acts within a complex structure, we should make an effort to preserve the remaining pure traditions with the same concern shown toward the works of Michelangelo and Gauguin—to understand how these sounds made the day brighter and gave courage before the hunt; to understand which music made sorrows bearable and expressed the mystery of creation before the entry date of the first transistor radio into the village.

A few ethnic-music record labels and selected LP's:

1. UNESCO/Barenreiter Musicaphon—Music Anthology of the Orient
The Music of the Ba-Benzile Pygmies (BM 30 L 2303)
The Music of the Dan (BM 30 L 2302)
Music from Rwanda (BM 30 L 2301)
Central African Republic (BM 30 L 2310)
 2. Ocora-Radio France (catalog available from Theodore Front Musical Literature, 155 N. San Vicente Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211)
Burundi (558.511)
Music of the Aka Pygmies (558.526/8) (3-record set)
Bali (OCR 72)
Tibet (OCR 71)
Northern India (OCR 69)
Papua, New Guinea (OCR 86)
 3. Nonesuch Records/Explorer Series (665 5th Ave., NYC 10022)
Music of the Javanese Gamelan (H-72031)
Africa: Witchcraft and Ritual Music (H-72066)
The Soul of Mbari: Traditions of the Shona People of Rhodesia (H-72054)
 4. Folkways Records (43 W. 61 St., NYC 10023)
Music of Chad (FE 4337)
Music from an Equatorial Microcosm (FE 4214)
 5. Lyricord Records (141 Perry St., NYC 10014)
Ghana: Music of the Northern Tribes (LLST 7321)
Divine Horsemen: Voodoo Gods of Haiti (LLST 7341)
- A wonderful nonspecialist look at the music of the world is David Reek's *Music of the Whole Earth*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1977.

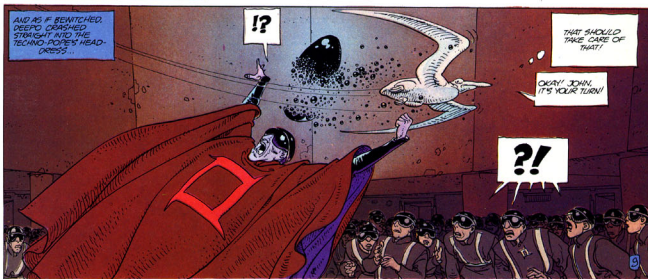
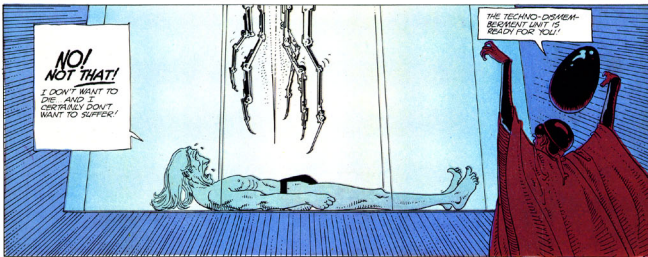
Born in Memphis, composer-trumpeter Jon Hassell has spent the last two decades working with the world's major musical figures—Karlheinz Stockhausen, La Monte Young, Terry Riley, Brian Eno, and Indian vocalist Pandit Pran Nath. His ethnic and futuristic musical blend first appeared on Vernal Equinox (*Love's Music*) and more recently Possible Musics (*named* a New York Times 1980 top-ten release) and Dream Theory in Malaya (both Editions E.G.).



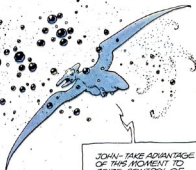
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

THE INCAL LIGHT PANIC ON THE INTERNAL EXTERIOR

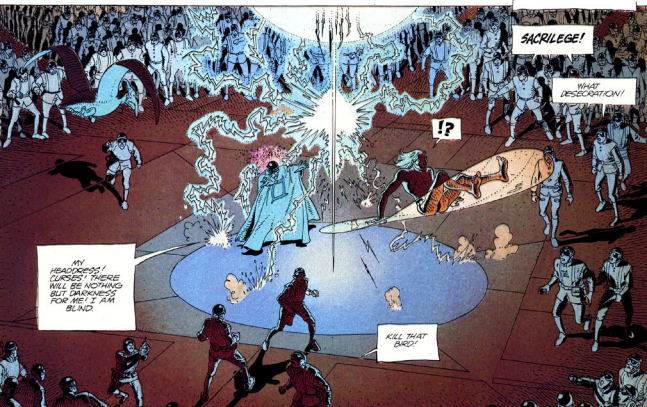
JOHN DIFOOL IS ABOUT TO BE DISMEMBERED BY THE MANIACAL TECHNOPORE. DEIRO FUTILELY FLIES TO THE RESCUE, BUT LET'S BE FRANK... WHAT CAN A SILLY LITTLE BIRD DO AGAINST A MASTER GROUP OF FANATICS?



THE "PSYCHO CENTER" OF THE TECNO-ROPE EXPLODED INTO A BILLION MINUSCULE BALLS, ALL BRILLIANTLY GLOWING. DEEPO'S EFFORTS WERE NOT FUTILE AFTER ALL. THIS MADMAN'S POWER MECHANISM WAS A SHAMBLES!



JOHN—TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS MOMENT TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE TRANSPARENT BOARD!



SACRILEGE!

WHAT DESECRATION!

!?

MY HEADREDS / CURSED! THERE WILL BE NOTHING BUT DARKNESS FOR ME! I AM BLIND.

KILL THAT BIRD!

INCALZ

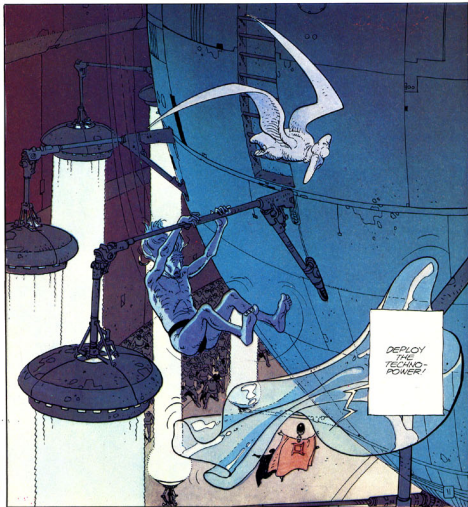
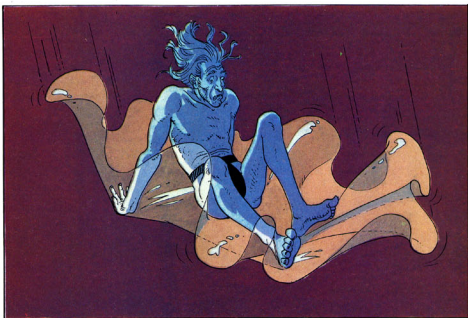
I AM FREE! AND YOU? CAN YOU TALK TO ME AGAIN?

ONLY FOR A FEW SECONDS! THE PSYCHO CENTER WILL MEND ALL OF THIS, BUT YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY!



JOHN, LOOK QUICKLY!

HUINE WHAT DO YOU MEANE





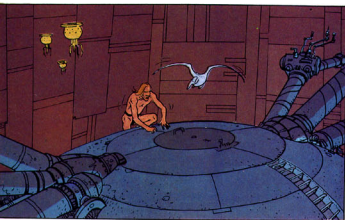
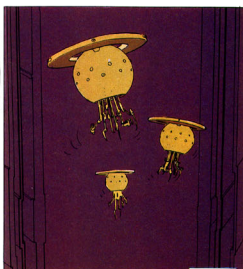
UP THERE! AT THE TOP OF THE SPHERE, THERE'S SOME SORT OF TRAPDOOR!

BRABO! WE BETTER GET OUTA HERE!

LOOK! THEY'RE ESCAPING!



THE PEGAZI! SEND IN THE PEGAZI!

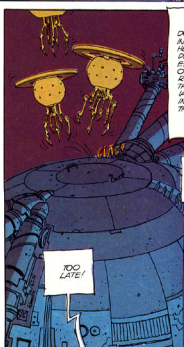


QUICKLY!



YOU KNOW? WHENEVER SAID DETECTIVE WORK WAS "ROMANTIC" WAS FULL OF SHIT!

CLOSE THE TRAPDOOR QUICKLY! THEY'RE GAINING ON US.



TOO LATE!

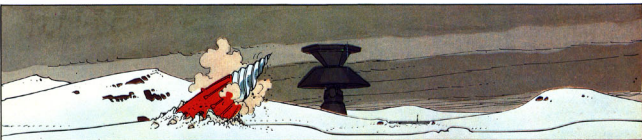


THE CARDIOCLAW!



NOT THE CARDIOCLAW!

HOWEVER, A SHORT
DISTANCE AWAY...



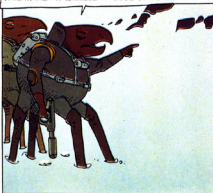
THE DETECTION POINT IS EX-
PLICIT. WHAT WE'RE LOOK-
ING FOR IS IN THE HEART
OF THE CONSTRUCTION!

UHM, THAT
SEEMS TO BE
A VERITABLE
CITADEL, CHIEF!

HAVEN'T WE EX-
PERIENCED
ENOUGH
DEATH, SIR?



YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BAND OF SISSIES! REMEM-
BER, THE EMPEROR HIMSELF IS SUPERVISING
THE COMMANDOS BY COSMOVIDEO! THIS HILL
WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT OBSERVATORY!



WON'T YOU BEHAVE
LIKE REAL BERG
HEROES, IN THE
NAME OF GOD?

DON'T GIVE
ME THAT HIGH-
AND-MIGHTY
CRAP! WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH
HELL!



STOP!
SILENCE! I
WANT TOTAL
IMMOBILITY!

WHAT'S
HAPPEN-
ING?



IT'S A
NATIVE
HUMAN!

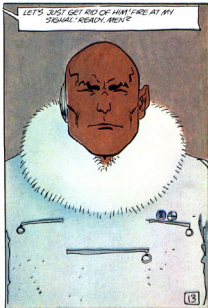
IS HE
ALONE?

WHAT
SHOULD
WE DO?

I'LL GIVE
YOU THE
ALERT



LET'S JUST GET RID OF HIM! FIRE AT MY
SIGNAL! READY, AREN'T



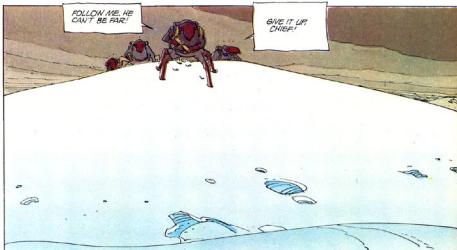
INCREDIBLE! HE WAS THERE,
AND IN A FLASH... HE, HE
DISAPPEARED!

IT'S A TRICK,
CHIEF!

YEAH, IT'S A
TRAP OF
SOME KIND!

FOLLOW ME, HE
CAN'T BE FAR!

SAVE IT UP,
CHIEF!

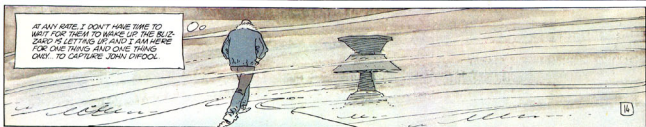


HMMM, THE BERGS, THEY
REALLY DO EXIST!

ARE THEY HERE BY COINCIDENCE,
OR WERE THEY AFTER THE SAME
THING I AM?



AT ANY RATE, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO
WAIT FOR THEM TO WAKE UP. THE BLIZ-
ZARD IS LETTING UP, AND I AM HERE
FOR ONE THING AND ONE THING
ONLY... TO CAPTURE JOHN DIFDOL.



HOWEVER, INSIDE THE
TECHNO-CITADEL...

LOOK, IT'S AMAZING
WE PERMEATED THE IN-
TERIOR AND FOUND OUR-
SELVES ON THE EXTER-
IOR. FOR ONCE SOME-
THING IS GOING AS IT
SHOULD.

AND THEY
AREN'T FOL-
LOWING US!
DEFO!
WE'RE SAVED!



JUST THINK, I CONQUERED THE TECHNOS, ME!
BY MYSELF! NO STRINGS ATTACHED. LITTLE OL'
JOHN DFOOL, DETECTIVE CLASS R... HE HES
HAAAAHAHAHA!



THAT'S IT! HAHA!
AND WHAT ABOUT
ME? I DIDN'T
BURST THAT PSY-
CHO CENTER. HA!
ALL BY YOURSELF,
HUNK!

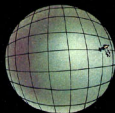
'POOK! THIS PLACE MAKES
ME SICK. IF I HAD HAIRS,
THEY'D ALL BE STANDING
ON END!

'POOK, IS
RIGHT.



AND HOW ARE WE
GOING TO GET OUT
OF HERE? I DON'T
SEE AN ESCAPE
HATCH ANYWHERE.

GET OUT OF HERE???
TO MEET UP WITH THOSE
MADMEN AGAIN DOESN'T
APPEAL TO MY SENSE OF
BETTER JUDGMENT, BUT...



LET'S EXPLORE THIS BALL.
THERE MUST BE A SAFE
WAY OF ESCAPE!

DFOOL, YOU MUST ASK
THE INCAL WHAT WE
SHOULD DO NEXT.



THE INCAL, THE INCAL! ALWAYS THE
INCAL! YOU KNOW, I HAVE LIVED A
PRETTY DECENT LIFE WITHOUT IT,
AND I CAN...

LOOK!
OVER
THERE! IT'S
MOVING!

WE'RE UNARMED!
HOW WILL WE
FIGHT SUCH A
MONSTER?

BAH! THIS IS
ONE OF THOSE
TECHNO-NIGHT
MARES. IT
WILL FALL
APART WITH
THE PECK OF
THAT BEAK
OF YOURS!

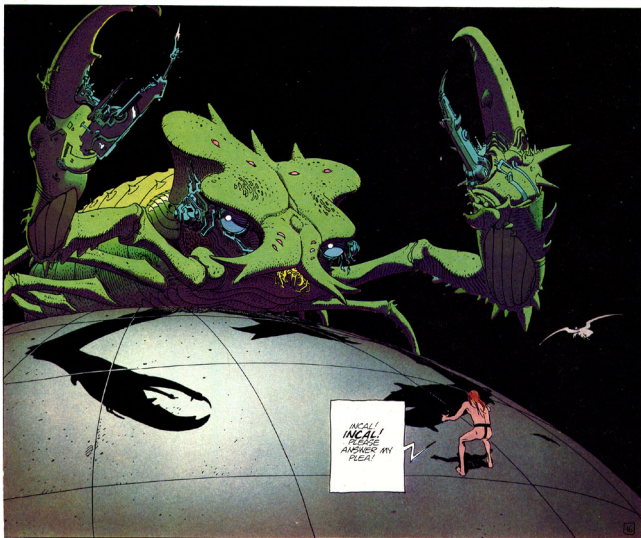
I DON'T THINK
SO! THIS IS
MORE SERIOUS!
WE NEED THE
INCAL'S HELP.

AND
NOW!

YOU'RE RIGHT! UN INCAL...
YOU THERE?

INCAL! YOU'RE MINE! HELP ME KILL THIS MONSTER!

AND THAT'S
AN ORDER!



TO BE CONTINUED...

NOVA 2

"I SAW THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION, DESTROYED BY MADNESS, STARVING HYSTERICAL NAKED DRAGGING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE NEGRO STREETS AT DAWN..."



"WHAT SPHINX OF CEMENT AND ALUMINUM BASHED OPEN THEIR SKULLS AND ATE UP THEIR BRAINS AND IMAGINATION? MOLOCH! SOLITUDE! FILTH! UGLINESS! ASHCANS AND UNOBTAINABLE DOLLARS! CHILDREN SCREAMING UNDER THE STAIRWAYS! BOYS SOBBING IN ARMIES! OLD MEN WEEPING IN THE PARKS!"



"MOLOCH THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE PRISON! MOLOCH THE VAST STONE OF WAR!"



"MOLOCH WHOSE MIND IS PURE MACHINERY! MOLOCH WHOSE BLOOD IS RUNNING MONEY! MOLOCH WHOSE FINGERS ARE TEN ARMIES!"



"MOLOCH WHOSE EYES ARE A THOUSAND
BLIND WINDOWS! MOLOCH WHOSE 'SKY-
SCRAPERS' STAND IN THE LONG
STREETS LIKE ENDLESS JEHOVAHS!"



"MOLOCH WHOSE FACTORIES DREAM
AND CROAK IN THE FOG! MOLOCH
WHOSE SMOKESTACKS AND ANTEN-
NAE CROWN THE CITIES! MOLOCH
WHOSE LOVE IS ENDLESS OIL AND
STONE!"



"MOLOCH WHOSE POVERTY IS THE
SPECTER OF GENIUS!"

اقتلوا الذين لا يؤمنون بالله
وبيوم القيامة وكل الذين
لا يقوم بدين الحق. ليس
أهل الكتاب ...



"MOLOCH WHOSE FATE IS A CLOUD OF SEXLESS HYDRO-
GEN! MOLOCH WHOSE NAME IS THE MIND!"



يقول اليهود: ازباس
ابن الله ويقولون
المسيحون: المسيح
ابن الله

"MOLOCH IN WHOM I SIT
LONELY! MOLOCH IN WHOM
I DREAM ANGELS! CRAZY
IN MOLOCH! COCKSUCKER
IN MOLOCH! LACKLOVE AND
MANLESS IN MOLOCH!"



هذا كلام فيه وهم
يتفكرون ما قال الكافرون
قبلهم طرسم الله
أحتم كاذبون (1)

(1) DEATH TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE NOT IN ALLAH, OR IN THE ULTIMATE GOD, AND TO THOSE WHO PRACTICE NOT THE RELIGION OF TRUTH
AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE RECEIVED THE BOOK. THE JEWS SAY: 'ESORAS IS THE SON OF GOD.' THE CHRISTIANS SAY: 'THE
MESSIAH IS THE SON OF GOD.' THESE ARE HIS WORDS. THEY WHO FOLLOW THE UNBELIEVERS... THEY ARE WHO ALLAH MAKES WAR
ON! THEY ARE THE LIARS." (KORAN, BOOK IX, 29-30)

"MOLOCH WHO ENTERED MY SOUL EARLY!
MOLOCH IN WHOM I AM A CONSCIOUS-
NESS WITHOUT A BODY! MOLOCH WHO
FRIGHTENED ME OUT OF MY NATURAL
ECSTASY!"



"MOLOCH WHOM I ABANDON! WAKE UP IN
MOLOCH! LIGHT STREAMING OUT OF
THE SKY! MOLOCH! MOLOCH!"



"ROBOT APARTMENTS! INVISIBLE SUB-
URBS! SKELETON TREASURES! BLIND
CAPITALS! DEMONIC INDUSTRIES!
SPECTRAL NATIONS! INVINCIBLE MAD-
HOUSES! GRANITE COCKS! MONSTROUS
BOMBS!"



VISIONS! OMENS!



HALLUCINATIONS!
MIRACLES!

**BLAM
BLAM**

•

**FLOP
FLOP**

ECSTASIES!

**BLAM
BLAM**

•

**FLOP
FLOP**

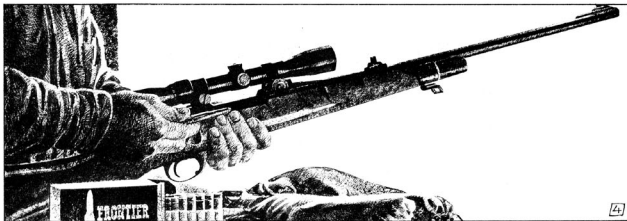
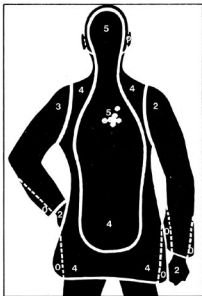
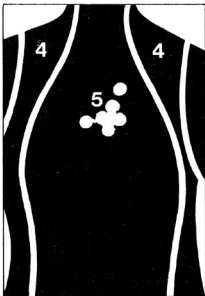
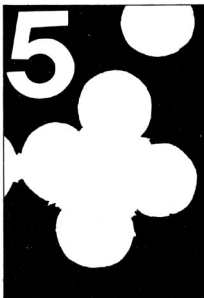
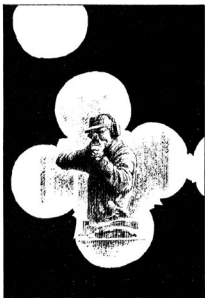
GONE DOWN THE AMERICAN
RIVER!"*

**BLAM
BLAM**

•

**FLOP
FLOP**

*EXCERPTED FROM "HOWL" BY ALLEN
GINSBERG. (C) 1956 CITY LIGHTS BOOKS.
USED BY PERMISSION.



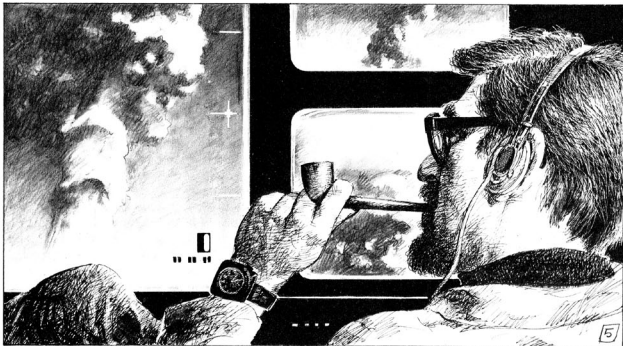
...9...8...7

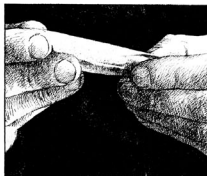


...6...5...4

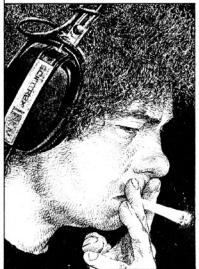


...3...2...1...0

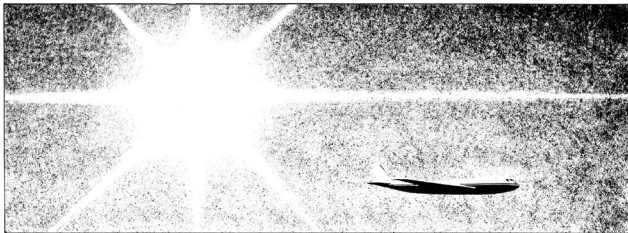




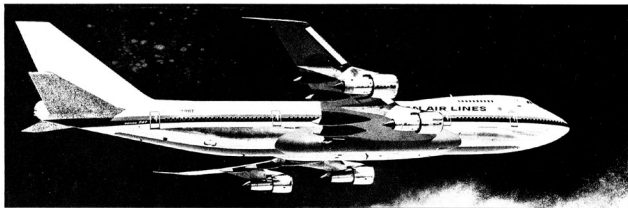
♪ "PICTURE YOURSELF IN A BOAT ON A RIVER..."
"LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS..." ♪



WHY HAVE WE CHOSEN THREE SUCH DIFFERENT MEN FOR A MISSION AS IMPORTANT AS NOVA II? WHY, GENTLEMEN? IN THE FIRST PLACE, BECAUSE OF THE COMPLEXITY OF THE PHENOMENON. HOPEFULLY, THREE SUCH DIVERSE POINTS OF VIEW WILL YIELD NEW INFORMATION ABOUT THE METEORITE... AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, WE'RE HOPING THAT BESIDES LEARNING ABOUT THE OBJECT...



... WE CAN DISCOVER SOMETHING ABOUT THE RESULTS OF A UNION OF THE THREE CLASSES—OR TYPES OF CITIZEN, IF YOU WILL—THAT THE MEN CHOSEN REPRESENT. IT'S SOMEWHAT OF AN INQUIRY INTO OUR NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE. I MUST TELL YOU, HOWEVER, THAT OUR SUBJECTS HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THIS PART OF OUR MISSION...

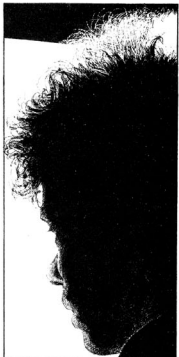


... OF COURSE, YOU WONDER WHY, IF OUR TRUST IN OUR SUBJECTS IS SO COMPLETE, WE HAVE WITHHELD INFORMATION ABOUT NOVA II THAT IS IN OUR POSSESSION. I MUST ADMIT THAT I HAVEN'T TOLD OUR MEN THE WHOLE TRUTH... TRUST, GENTLEMEN, IS A COMMODITY IN SHORT SUPPLY AROUND MY DEPARTMENT...

OUR APPROXIMATE ARRIVAL TIME WILL BE 6:00 A.M., AND AIR TEMPERATURE AT THE LANDING ZONE WILL BE APPROXIMATELY 40 DEGREES CENTIGRADE.



HOW LONG DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'LL TAKE
TO GET TO THE SITE FROM THERE?



FOUR OR FIVE DAYS. THE ROUTE I'VE
BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE ISN'T THE
SHORTEST OR THE BEST, BUT IT AP-
PEARS TO BE THE SAFEST.



ONLY
APPEARS?



SOME STRANGE
THINGS HAVE BEEN
HAPPENING IN THIS
DESERT.

WHAT SORT OF
STRANGE THINGS?



YOU THREE COME FROM A DIFFERENT WORLD,
AND YOU HAVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF PER-
CEIVING YOUR SURROUNDINGS. BUT FOR
THOSE BORN HERE, THE DESERT SAND IS
REMINDER ENOUGH THAT THIS IS A DYING
LAND.

THEY ARE AS ALIVE AS WE FOUR AT THE MOMENT...
HERE IT IS... THE LAST OASIS ON OUR ROUTE--FROM
HERE ON WE WON'T FIND ANY MORE WATER, EX-
CEPT FOR A FEW SHALLOW PONDS.





THESE PEOPLE
CERTAINLY ARE
STRANGE...

PERHAPS THEY APPEAR STRANGE TO
YOU, AMANFRED, BECAUSE OF THE
UNIQUE COMMUNION THEY HAVE WITH
THEIR ENVIRONMENT...



NO, PIERRE, LET'S TRY AND KEEP THE
WHITE MAN'S WESTERN PATERNALISM
OUT OF OUR REPORT... TAKE OUR
GUIDE AS AN EXAMPLE...

WE COVER OUR WORLD WITH OUR OWN IMAGES AND LIKENESSES... AND OUR
PERCEPTIONS OF HIM COME TO US REFLECTED AS IF BY A CONCAVE
MIRROR. AND WHAT WE HAVE IN REALITY.



...IS A STRANGER, A PERFECT
STRANGER WHOM WE CAN UNDER-
STAND SOLELY IN TERMS OF WHAT
HE TELLS US ABOUT A HIGH POINT
IN OUR JOURNEY, OR SOME
BIRDS THAT HAVE FLOWN TOO
LOW...

A NOT-SO-STRANGE STRANGER...



BE QUIET A
MINUTE!



WHAT'S WRONG?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR
IT?

HEAR WHAT?

THAT NOISE...

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.

MUSICS



REPORT
#57RNR:

ELVIS PRESLEY: THE PELVIS CULT BY ELLIOTT MURPHY

Illustration by Larry Lee



Dear Julie and Brad:
Found this transmission
recorded over a tape of,
I think, from Vegas
with Love—you know,
that old Elvis album.
Thought it might be of
interest to you. Let
me know what you
think.
Elliott

© 1981 Elliott Murphy

Immortality may not be absent from the planet Earth, as previously reported! New findings show increasing evidence of a symbiotic form of infinite life appearing in "cult" status. This phenomenon bears a striking resemblance to the previously studied Egyptian mummification process, although physical preservation does not seem to be as important as spiritual continuation. (Note: Report #25Ez—"Life of a Pharaoh: Riches to Rags.") But the data confuse and contradict; the natives fail to comprehend the significance of a personality cult immune to the power of death.

Case in point: one male human (as far as we can ascertain). Background: name, Elvis Presley, now seemingly deceased. Cause of death: a matter of great debate among interested humans due to their inability to recognize long-term suicide combined with the subject's vast material wealth and fame. This failure to comprehend the disorienting effects of such extremes persists, although endless examples have emerged in postatomic history (future reports will refer to present age as AB—After Bomb). I refer you to previous case studies: "Marilyn Monroe" (Mass Sex Report #432A) and "James Dean" (Roots of Teenage Trauma Report #55n7).

The immediate significance of the subject, Elvis Presley? He was the major figure to emerge from the newest postatomic cultural nerve release: rock 'n' roll (I use local grammar).

He was created on Earth by standard human reproductive methods (similar to the way they drill for the energy source oil) in a very recently civilized area known as America. It is in the political boundaries of a fairly smooth-running anarchy called the United States of America. To be more specific, he came from "the South," the warmer-climate region, which holds the dubious distinction of being very reluctant to let go of an antiquated concept known as "slavery" wherein humans can double as property. They were forced to modernize their thinking in a struggle known as the Civil War, which was not very civil at all and I suspect had more to do with whether blue or gray would be the fashionable color for future military uniforms, although the color green won out, as it usually does here.

Rock 'n' roll has performed a major cultural skip, one of the early steps in the recognition of a group called the Third World, who actually live on the same world as everybody else—quite confusing. The roots of this cultural nerve release lie with the darker "black" humans in politico-musical forms such as Blues (could relate to victorious side in aforementioned Civil War), Jazz, Gospel, and Soul. These were all forms of protest or declarations of humanity, due to the black humans' misfortune of being victimized by this schizophrenic system of slavery.

Elvis Presley was one of the earliest white humans able to voice this same emotional protest convincingly. Today, many white humans take rock 'n' roll regularly for nerve relief, sort of like a musical aspirin (see Report #26K—"Headache Inventions"). I cannot say for sure what has caused this cultural skip, but I suspect that like most new cultural phenomena here, it was the explosion of the atomic bomb. This gave all humans enough of a "mental sunburn" to enable them to come a little bit closer to the black humans' experience, by considerably darkening their outlook.

But the subject, Elvis Presley, was not first recognized for his cultural skip but rather for his overpowering sexuality, that nasty human habit which is highly addictive, I

might add. I find nothing to verify that he had sexual capacities different from other humans' having his external gyrational powers in the region of his sexual organs could generate impressive results from amazed onlookers. He would combine this gyrational movement with his musical performances and, due to humans' oversensitive sex-detecting equipment, gained notoriety, becoming known as "Elvis the Pelvis." I also suspect this had something to do with these pathetic creatures' fascination with anything that orbits. They are constantly launching little pieces of metallic junk to orbit around their planet and they keep little dogs as pets who orbit around them on leashes. I find it all very dizzying.

Of course, there are countless examples of other humans whose overt (though mostly unextraordinary) sexuality produced startling results (remember Helen of Troy? Report #3546P—"War Is Hell But Popular"). But Elvis Presley's effect was accelerated by his ability to bring his private fertility rites into the private residences of other humans via three technological achievements—motion pictures, television, and phonograph records.

I have previously reported on motion pictures (Report #56K—"Celluloid Life Substitute") and television ("Advanced Fireplaces"—Report #899llm), but allow me to tell you about these "records"—they're quite bizarre.

Records are round, saucerlike pieces of vinyl, a by-product of oil, the main cause of worry here lately. Oil is formed by decomposed organic substances that seep toward the center of the planet until they find something to rest on. Eventually this all turns to a gooey substance that is really quite tasty. (Report #XX99—"High Priority—Earth Energy: What a Mess!")

Vinyl comes from this once living matter and has a great ability to cause trouble by trapping other living sounds when combined with the proper electrical and magnetic hardware. They are very much into containerization here (Report #34AF—"The Package Racket"); they even put a container around their own body called "clothes." So, naturally, these "sound containers" are quite popular.

Vinyl-powered Presley fame soon spread like an aggressive virus. Younger humans were at first more susceptible to the Elvis infection (and infection, too), though now this is irrelevant, as most of his die-hard fans have reached middle age. (Die-hard fans are fanatics whose fanaticism has a hard time dying; perfect term for this particular case study. They are not to be confused with normal "fans," whose fickle nature is their most predominant ingredient.)

Aside from making a great deal of vinyl-packaged-and-powered rock-'n'-roll music, Elvis Presley made a great many motion pictures. I must admit, though, I have not viewed too many, because all these little pictures moving at such high speed make me nauseated. And please—if you have developed any more effective motion-sickness devices I sure could use them; the speed of the earth's orbit is ridiculous.

After twenty years of exposure to the public, Elvis Presley died. His death caused great sorrow—these humans are not as cold-hearted as we suspected. They felt a personal loss and I think may be the first link of media as part of personality. Any loss to the media is a personal loss, now. This began with the American royal family (Report #3B—"King Kennedy"). Somehow, Presley's technologically created ability to be in many places at one time (movies, television, and records) had totally eluded the humans' ability to detect fraud. He had begun to exist, to many of them, on a mass-personal level. Since all humans consider themselves to be members of the media family, they somehow feel connected to the famous. The American art packager known as Andy Warhol once said: "In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes." Although I feel he was probably joking when he said these words (he's a great prankster), many humans and especially Americans have taken this to heart. I call it the "Mount Rushmore of the Mind Syndrome."

At the time of Elvis Presley's death, the ferocious media appetite hungered for little else, and his likeness appeared with greater frequency than ever before—the first sure sign of symbiotic immortality.

Allow me to present other examples of his impending religious-cult status:

1. Another sound-and-image rock-'n'-roll purveyor from England (Report #3597—"The Folly of Empire") has emerged, also using the strange title "Elvis"! (Second name is Costello, possibly derived from the now deceased American tragic humorist Lou Costello.) Die-hard Elvis Presley fans do not relate the two Elvises together, and I have witnessed no crossover of emotional response. Personally, I don't find a big difference between the two. Appearance is similar except for visual aid (glasses) on the Costello version. But I do feel strongly that this transfer of name is significant and can take the form of forerunner of religious development. Remember all the Mohammeds in the Moslem part of Earth? And all the Jesuses in the Spanish sector? I predict that a great many Elvises will soon appear in the southern American sector, and I want this prediction put on my record! We must carefully monitor this neoreligious activity, for a cult can be quite harmless entertainment, but as we have witnessed (Report #36KKK—"Killing for Love"), an organized religion can wreak havoc wherever its path might lead.

2. The Elvis clones. You wouldn't believe it, but on Earth they clone from the outside in! I saw one of these Elvis Presley clones in a place called Las Vegas (Report #33K—"Gambling: The Human Love of Loss"). (I enjoy Las Vegas very much; it reminds me of my mother-in-law's apartment, and I would be happy to take any future assignments there, for it is one of the few civilized places on this planet where one can get away from these annoying clocks and their constant tick-ticking.)

Anyway, the Elvis clone I saw bore a striking resemblance to the once real thing, in both sight and sound capabilities. But I don't understand how these humans are so easily fooled by these clones. There are many of them around, and their ranks are growing. Don't misunderstand—this is not a case of deception or fraud as has been witnessed on... where was that awful place?... oh yes, on the Omega VII. And the profit motive for these clones is pitifully slim considering the personality sacrifice they must make. The humans are fully aware that these clones are not the "real" Elvis, yet they do not seem to care. Perhaps this is because the original was mainly a product of vinyl and celluloid and it is hard to make any distinction; or perhaps because Elvis himself was just a vision of these advanced media in his own mind too. I am beginning to suspect that the human brain does not develop as one unit. At times I think they will run back into the nearest cave during a solar eclipse, as they did only a few time periods ago.

3. Geographical-human transference or "shrines." The subject's main habitat was not far from his place of birth, in an area called Memphis. (Also, Memphis was a city in the advanced ancient culture of Egypt—another example of the demigod system.)

Elvis's own particular dwelling was a large empire-scale place called Graceland (not to be confused with Greenland). Graceland is playing a part in the "Mecca Syndrome," which is not too unlike the migratory habits of lemmings. The Elvis followers feel the need to visit Graceland. This reduces their feeling of loss, though I can't understand why. Crowds of increasing size appear in front of the gates of Graceland. (See the similar scene in the capitalist-religious motion picture *King Kong*: Report #35mm—"What, Me Worry?"), as if they are waiting for HIM to make an unscheduled appearance.

Although the humans are reluctant to accept the concept of infinity except on the most theoretical level, slogans of belief in this concept such as "He lives on!" or "Elvis lives forever!" come from his fans. Strangely enough, the one human who tried to spread the belief in infinity, Albert Einstein (Report #123a—"E=MC²" or The Poetry of Science...), has attained little of the status Elvis has (I've found no Einstein clones in Vegas) and is only now experiencing a rebirth of interest on the more religious level (this could be due to the false rumor that he was responsible for the Bomb): note the evolution of the literature called science fiction. Although the concept of infinity is most comforting, humans find it frightening. Maybe it's due to their overly oppressive gravitational forces, which cause such phenomena as falling water called "rain."

When the organic Elvis Presley was placed in the ground but not expected to grow (which is strange, since humans usually expect *anything* they stick in the ground to grow), the opposite effect occurred—he *did* grow. His vinyl is continually consumed in new "packages," and movies and books of his life are beginning to pop up like seedlings.

Take note that in one of these pseudo-bios which appeared on television an Elvis clone played the major role. Could there be a clone conspiracy here? They're known to get nasty when pushed. (Give me the word and I'll investigate further.)

The same technological achievements that brought Elvis Presley to the public eye and ear will continue to keep him and his cult growing. His hero-worship will likely surpass that of all others we have witnessed, even the short-lived James Dean, who was the first recorded case of terminal adolescence (or was it Alexander the Great? I get the time sequences out of sync), and this coupled with his "unnatural death" should perpetuate his myth into infinity. Maybe this is how humans understand infinity. They still thrill at the exploits of the famous Ulysses, who we all know did not even set foot on Earth! He had much too much class for such a low adventure.

I swear I have never met a group of beings so compulsive in their dedication to duplicate themselves. I think this has something to do with their fascination with their own reproductive systems, which though primitive do seem to have quite a healthy half-life and were the basis for Elvis Presley's rise on the ladder to success and his swirl into infinity. Indeed, they are a very nervous bunch, which is to be expected from a planet located so close to its sun.

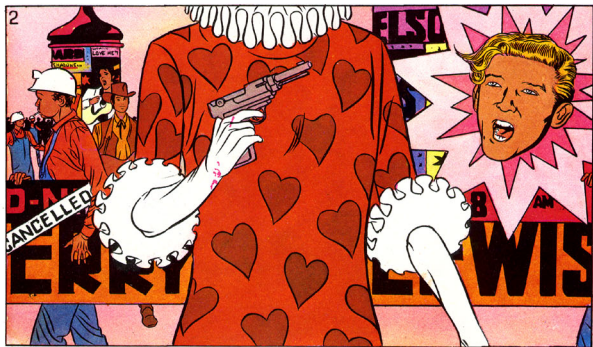
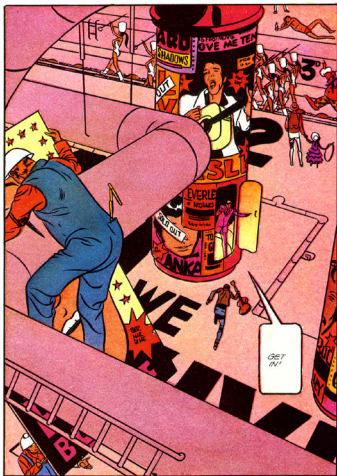
Another point regarding a possible basis for Elvis Presley's "charisma": most of these rock-'n'-roll stars are either surrounded directly by an electromagnetic field (many play an electronic instrument other than their own low-voltage system) or they work in close proximity to an electric voice clone (microphone). The humans overlook the possibility that constant exposure to large doses of atmospheric electromagnetism (remember those ions!) can amplify normal personality and charismatic traits.

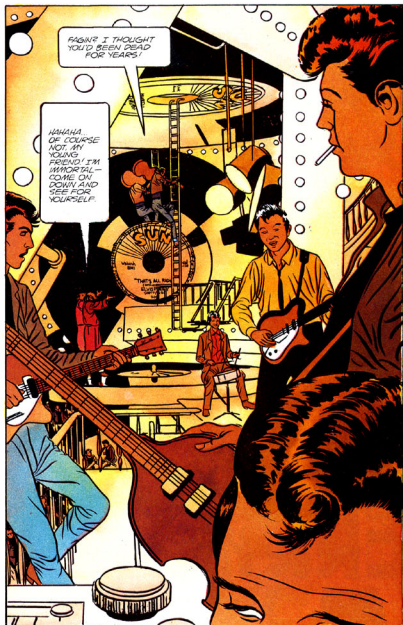
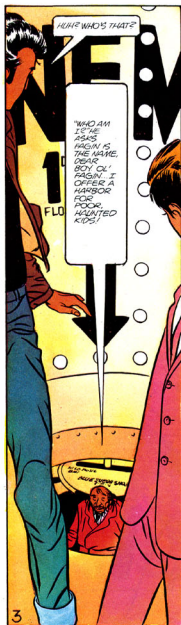
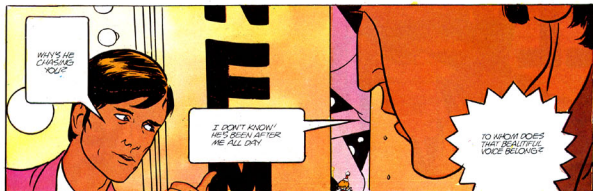
Also, as we know, this constant subjection speeds electrons of organic molecules and makes them "nervous." Those humans (hardly bearable creatures as they are) with a low tolerance for such molecular activity seclude these electrons through the use of synthetic and organic drugs, psychiatrists, or some combination thereof. I feel that Elvis Presley's "unnatural death" may be directly linked to this.

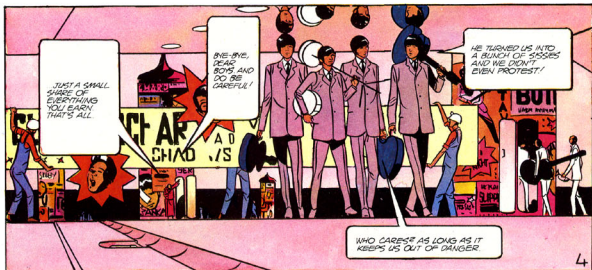
It wasn't until after his death that his drug intake was made public, due to the secretive nature of changing one's consciousness on Earth. Oddly enough, what you do in your sleeping hours is totally permissible—any kind of dream life is without punishment (no dream police here). Maybe an absence of dream life caused Elvis Presley to go to such extremes. Or maybe it was because his dream came true.

That's it for now. I'm off to study something called "fast food," which they say all tastes the same. I don't understand that at all: *everything* tastes the same to me here. Or at least all the humans I've consumed so far.









WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

HUH? HUH?

VERNON
REY & THE INFLUENCES
WITH THE BEATLES



THE
BEA

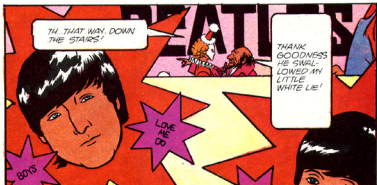
WHHH--
WHO
DO YOU
MEAN,
SIR?

YOU KNOW
WHO? THE GUY
WITH THE
GUITAR! YOU'VE
BEEN HIDING
HIM FROM ME!



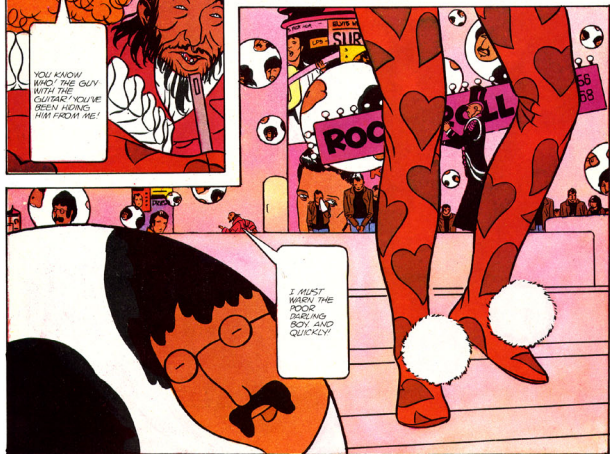
THAT WAY, DOWN
THE STAIRS!

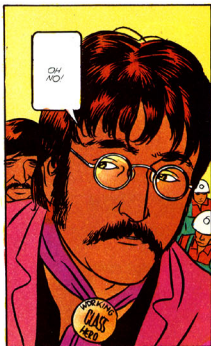
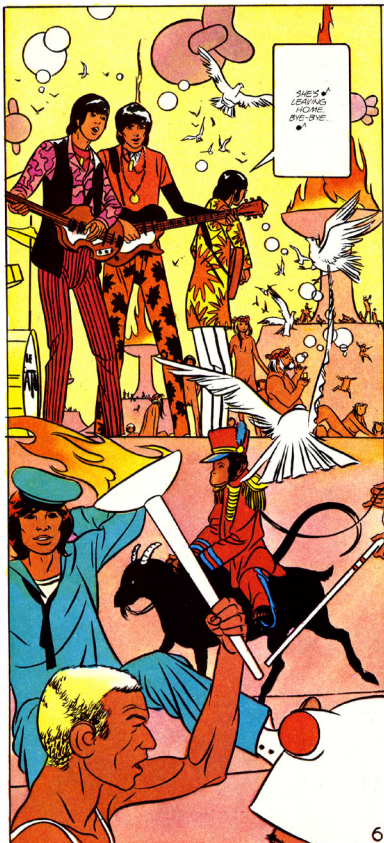
THANK
GOODNESS
HE SWAL-
LOWED MY
LITTLE
WHITE LIE!



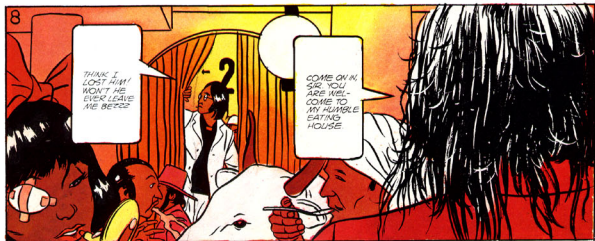
ROCK

I MUST
WARN THE
POOR
DURRANG
BOY AND
QUICKLY!

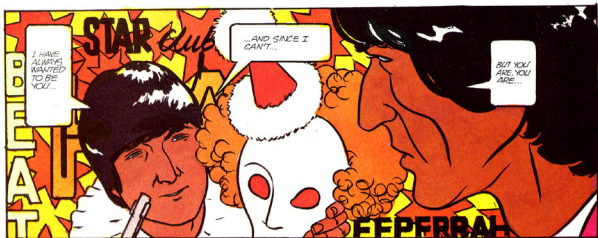
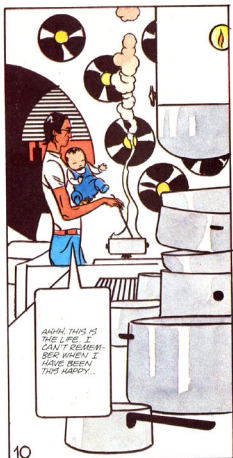












BLAMBLAMBLAM



JUNGLE ROCK

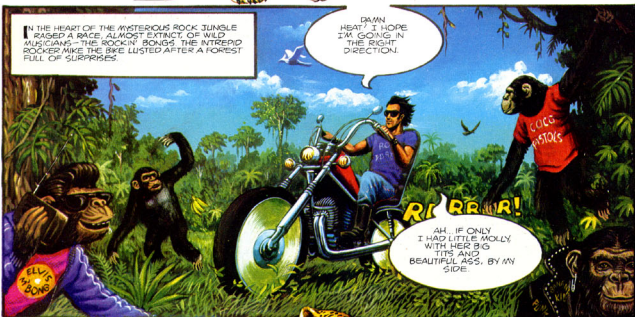


by Sergio
Macedo



IN THE HEART OF THE MYSTERIOUS ROCK JUNGLE RAGED A RACE, ALMOST EXTINGUISHED, OF WILD MUSICIANS—THE ROCKIN' BONGS. THE INTREPID ROCKER MIKE THE BIKE LISTED AFTER A FOREST FULL OF SURPRISES.

DAWN
HEAT! I HOPE
I'M GOING IN
THE RIGHT
DIRECTION.



RI RRRR!

AH... IF ONLY
I HAD LITTLE MOLLY
WITH HER BIG
TITS AND
BEAUTIFUL ASS, BY MY
SIDE.



I
CAN'T GET THAT
CHICK OUT OF MY
MIND... I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE
THAT SHE LEFT
ME--
HEY!!...



SUPER
CONCERT IN 10
MINUTES, AT ROCKIN'
BONGOLAND!
CAN I BUM A
RIDE?



SURE!
HOP
ON! WE'LL
BE THERE IN
TWO
SECONDS!





LET'S GO THIS WAY. WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE COAST. DO YOU FEEL THE BREEZE?

YOU BET-I CAN SMELL THE SURF!!

POSITIVE VIBRATION YEAH!



THESE GUYS ARE GREAT! THEIR RHYTHM REALLY MOVES...

WHAT A FANTASTIC BEACH! COULD WE FIND A LITTLE CORNER, YOU KNOW? JUST THE TWO OF US...

OH, MIKE...

MOLLY!
B-BUT HOW

FORGET IT, MIKE!
JUST GET YOUR CLOTHES OFF!
THAT WILD BEAT MADE ME HOT!
VERY HOT!



Surprise Party

STORY:
BRENDA
JACKSON

ART:
SERGE
CLERC



CHRIS LENNY AND HIS BAND WERE ARRIVING FROM NEW YORK... WHERE THEY HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO TRASH THEIR ROOMS AT THE PLAZA BEFORE LEAVING FOR PARIS. THE HOTELS OF FRANCE HAD A SIMILAR FATE AWAITING THEM. WHILE THE MUSICIANS TANKED UP IN THE PRIVATE JET'S CABIN, THE PILOT NARROWLY AVOIDED CRASH-LANDING AT ROISSY AIRPORT, FLYING UNPERTURBED THROUGH THE ON-BOARD BATTLE WAGING BETWEEN PARTISANS OF JACK DANIELS AND REMY MARTIN.

THE PLANE FINALLY LANDED BEFORE THE WORRIED EYES OF KEZ RECORDS' PUBLICISTS, WHO'D COME TO WELCOME THE MOST FAMOUS ROCK STAR OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS (AT LEAST!).

I HEARD THESE GUNS SMASHED EVERYTHING IN THE KEZ BOSTON OFFICE!

HANGING ON HIS ARM WAS CANDICE BOMBHELL, A SUPERB BLOND HE'D PICKED UP AT A CHIC MIAMI CLUB CALLED THE KIT-KAT. SHE WAS A BIG HIT WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WOW!

HOT STUFF!

YOU'RE NOT JEALOUS, ARE YOU? YOU UNDERSTAND... I JUST HAVE TO SEE HIM. HE'S AN OLD FRIEND, THAT'S ALL.

I DON'T CARE!

WHY DOES SHE REALLY WANT TO SEE CHRIS LENNY?

AT THE AIRPORT CHRIS WAS INTRODUCED TO AT LEAST 12 PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES HE IMMEDIATELY TRIED TO FORGET. ONLY ONE THING WAS IMPORTANT TO HIM: TO GET TO THE HOTEL AND FAST...

HOTEL
BELVEDERE

SUITE
NUMBER
TWO FOR
MR.
LENNY!

WELL, MISS CANDICE, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND PARIS?

EUPEHEMISM USED OFTEN BY PUBLICISTS AND SIMILAR TYPES, MEANING, MORE OR LESS, "I'M GREAT IN THE SACK, BABY."

THE ARRIVAL OF CHRIS LENNY'S ENTourage CAUSED QUITE A STIR IN THE QUIET, RESPECTABLE HOTEL. THE SWITCHBOARD WAS SUDDENLY INUNDATED WITH CALLS AND ALL SORTS OF COMPLAINTS...

DAMN! THERE'S NOT EVEN A MAGNETOSCOPE IN THIS SHITTY BATHROOM. DO YOU HEAR ME?

WHAT? YOU'RE THE MANAGER? WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ME? MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, OLD MAN! GET ME SOME STUFFED CRAB!

WHAT? NO 'BURGERS?' BUT THAT CAN'T BE!

SHIT!

THE FEMALE EMPLOYEES LEARNED QUICKLY THAT IT WASN'T A GOOD IDEA TO WALK AROUND IN THE HALLS...

SAN FRANCISCO DOESN'T ANSWER!

Y-YOU WANT WHOSE NUMBER? BRIGITTE BARDOT?

MIS-TER LENNY ISN'T TAKING ANY CALLS. I'LL CONNECT YOU WITH THE MANAGER.

THE NEAREST DRUG-STORE IS...

ONLY BILL WHITE, LENNY'S MANAGER, KEPT A COOL HEAD...

LISTEN! TWENTY THOUSAND BUZZES OR NO TV SHOW! EVEN FOR CHANNEL 2!

THE 'DIOTS! THE WAY THEY FAWN OVER THEIR PRECIOUS ROCK STAR! LIKE HELL THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS! EVERYTHING WAS SO MUCH EASIER WHEN I KNEW HIM IN L.A.

AND I CAN CALL SOPHIE AT VO REC-ORDS—SHE'LL KNOW WHERE HE IS!

2



BUT YOU HATE HER!

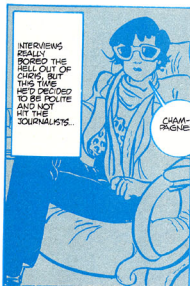
SO?

PHIL PERFECT, OF ROCK EVERING, AND ALEX LOUKOUM, FROM ROCK NEWS, THE ONLY JOURNALISTS ALLOWED NEAR CHRIS, WERE WAITING FOR THE PROMISED INTERVIEW. LENNY WAS ALREADY 45 MINUTES LATE, BUT WHAT REALLY BOTHERED THEM WAS THAT THEY HAD TO DO THE INTERVIEW TOGETHER, AND THEY DIDN'T EXACTLY LOVE EACH OTHER...



I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY SENT THAT GRETIN! THOSE GUYS AT THE NEWS ARE STUPIDER THAN I THOUGHT!

HE WON'T LET ME GET ONE QUESTION IN!



INTERVIEWS REALLY BORED THE HELL OUT OF CHRIS, BUT THIS TIME HE'D DECIDED TO BE POLITE AND NOT HIT THE JOURNALISTS...

CHAMPAGNE?



WOW! HIS GIRL FRIEND! I MUSTN'T SHOW ANY REACTION!



ALEX LOUKOUM IMMEDIATELY LAUNCHED HIS OFFENSIVE...

AND WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?



WHAT A JERK! WHY NOT ASK HIM HIS BIRTH-DAY?



DO YOU THINK I LOOK BETTER IN JEANS OR A DRESS?



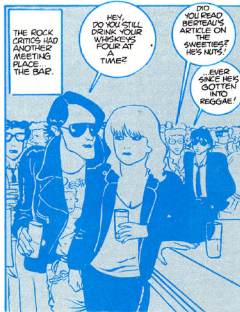
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE... EITHER WAY, YOUR ASS IS TOO FAT!



AN HOUR LATER, PHIL PERFECT AND ALEX LOUKOUM LEFT THE HOTEL. THEY DIDN'T SAY GOOD-BYE TO EACH OTHER...



BACKSTAGE: A MAGIC, BEHIND-THE-SCENES PLACE, WHERE ONLY A PRIVILEGED FEW ARE PERMITTED. A HUNDRED PEOPLE BACKSTAGE MEANS A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT. A STAR WITH AN EMPTY DRESSING ROOM HAD BETTER START WORRYING ABOUT HIS POPULARITY...



THE CROWD DANCED
WITH PLEASURE /
CHRIS REALLY KNEW
HOW TO TURN THEM
ON!

BABY, BABY,
WE LIKE
YOUR
LEGS!

NOT ALL ROCK CRITICS SPEND CONCERTS
BY THE BAR... ONLY A FEW...

YOU
DIDN'T UNDER-
STAND ANYTHING,
YOU OLD FART!
YOU WERE TOO
BUSY LISTENING
TO THE
SOUND

YEAH,
BUT IT AIN'T
AS GOOD AS
DUANE
SCOTT'S
LAST
SINGLE.

ARE
YOU GOING
TO THE
PARTY AT THE
BELVEDERE
HOTELS?

THE SCREAMS DOUBLED
WHEN CHRIS STARTED
SINGING HIS BIG HIT...

IF YOU WANT MY
BODY, IF YOU
THINK I'M
SEXY, COME
ON, HONEY,
LET ME
KNOW...

PAUL PERFECT
LOVED THE
SHOW...

ASK
ME NO
QUESTIONS
AND I'LL
TELL YOU
NO LIES!

SHIT.
I'M SO
FUCKING
BORED EVEN
THIS DRINK
TASTES
LOUSY.

CHRIS LENNY GOT
THREE ENCORES,
A REAL TRIUMPH!

GO
JOHNNY,
GO!



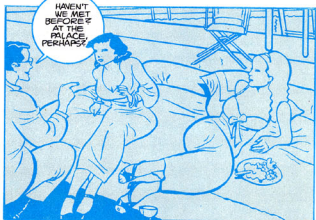
MOMENTARILY SATISFIED, GLASSES CLUTCHED IN THEIR HANDS, THE GUESTS COULD NOW INDULGE IN THEIR FAVORITE PAST-TIME... NONEURISM. THE EVENING PROMISED A LOT...



MAUD,
MY DEAR,
YOU LOOK
SIMPLY
RANVISHING
TONIGHT!



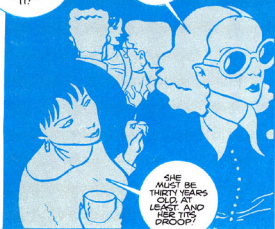
HAVEN'T
WE MET
BEFORE?
AT THE
PALACE,
PERHAPS?



IT'S MY
THIRD
PARTY THIS
WEEK.
NOTHING'S
HAPPENING,
BUT I LOVE
IT!



I DON'T
THINK
CANDICE
BOMBHELL
IS ALL THAT
GOOD-
LOOKING.

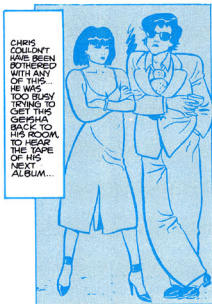


SHE
MUST BE
THIRTY YEARS
OLD, AT
LEAST. AND
HER TITS
DROOP?

I DON'T
THINK HE IN-
TENDED TO PUT
OUT THAT
FEELING AT ALL.
I FEEL
SOMETHING
MUCH
DEEPER...



AN
ALMOST
SUICIDAL
SONG!





SHIT!
THERE'S
NOT EVEN
ANY MORE
BEER!



ONE BY ONE,
THE LAST
DRINKERS
STAGGERED
OFF INTO
THE NIGHT...
TO THE
GREAT RE-
LIEF OF
THE HOTEL
BARTENDER...

PFUU!



MARE-LINE DIDN'T SEE CHRIS LENNY
THAT DAY, BUT SHE TOLD HERSELF
SHE'D HAVE BETTER LUCK TOMOR-
ROW...



EARLY THAT MORNING,
CHRIS'S BODY WAS
FOUND FLOATING IN
THE SWIMMING POOL...



PHIL
PERFECT
HEARD
THE
NEWS
EARLY.

HE
DIED LIKE
BRIAN
JONES!

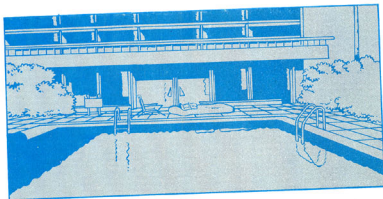
MORE
LIKE WILLIAM
HOLDEN IN
SUNSET BOULE-
VARD! YEAH, OKAY!
I'LL DO TEN
PAGES FOR YOU
BY MONDAY!



DO
YA THINK
I'M
SEXY?

CANDICE WAS
QUITE UN-
CONSOLABLE...

9



FIN

FUTURE REVIEWS

by Lenny Kaye
Paintings (and
thunk of) by
Jim Cherry

He was the Hunter. Sometimes it would be stacks of old records, labels glinting off shards of history, the vibrato sounds of long-gone worlds echoing back at him. Each had its own mode of communication: cylinders, flat disks, 78s and 45s and 33s (some 16s), videar cassettes. Or it would be old books, their colors still lurid with the displayed longings of a time and place, the written folklore of a people universally the same, forever different.

Today it was ancient magazines, a passion all the more breathtaking for its temporality. These were not meant for longevity, he noted, even as they crumpled in his hands while he turned page after page. Yet they captured a moment far more closely than some things destined for immortality do: an innocent naiveté, the ability of a race to indulge its own foibles far better than any other earthly animal does.

He liked the science-fiction magazines the best, especially as they grew more archaic, the author's fantasies progressively more ecstatic in light of duller current events. He'd move from there to the sex periodicals, searching for his favorite perversions through many decades. Then, relaxed, he'd head to the music magazines, a diary of man's most abstract art, and his favorite: shredded *Hip Paraders*, the yellowed newsprint of *New Musical Express*, the scrapbooklike *Rock Scene*, *The Face* (still shiny after all these years, he marveled), *Techno Times*, the populist *O Music Mine*...

Here, for instance, was a great one. The October 16, 1993, issue of *Our Stars*. Almost forty years ago, thought the Hunter. He regarded the magazine sadly, as he would a lost child, leafing through it. They cared so much about what they were doing. What would they think when it all fell apart a few years later?

There was no answer, just an empathy that transcended nostalgia. Sometimes he thought he came into this place to ask himself the same questions, surrounded by the artifacts of a world that could never exist again.

He adjusted his breather, placing the magazine in a pouch of his raid suit. He'd read it more carefully when he got back to his quon hut by the edge of the 'burbs. If he went out tomorrow, he would find some of the records in the review column. That would be a treat. Then he could turn on his 'cap, read the magazine, and pretend he was there.

He knew just where to look. After all, he was the Hunter.

Note: Laser-disc technology has reduced record size to that depicted here.

Mind Life
Tari Hitori
(Yen 4067-DE*)

The Japanese rock boom (or rok-i-wara, as "the divine electric typhoon" came to be known) has produced many spectral performers since the advent of Machiko in the late eighties.

Even those who saw it coming (John Lydon's self-exile to the city of Atami in '85) were not prepared for the tenacity with which Japanese original music took hold, rejecting Western scales while at the same time taking advantage of Japan's superior instrument-making technology. For the first time, purity of tone within tone could become a primary concern to Japan's synthesist masters, whose symphonies constructed on the variations of shapes within the sawtooth wave. It called for a surprising delicacy, as nationalistic as it was cerebral, and Tari Hitori demonstrated early on that she had her traditions well absorbed.

Still, the jagged, unpredictable intervals of *Mind Life* play havoc with the unity of mood she elevated in such earlier works as *House of Atlantis* and *Cave*: the result is unsettling, a quality that promises rapprochement with Western music even as that music is in the process of rejecting itself in favor of more introspective metaphysics.

Mind Life recognizes the need to move on, to place in motion the wheels of change. A round sound, this note of perpetual turning.



Really Play
The Arch Angels
(Tooth and Nail 34593)

Rock 'n' roll has always been a music of violence and anger, but it's taken the metropolitan street gangs to bring the form into new and terrifying immediacy. Based loosely on the late-seventies punk explosion and its eight-years-later revival, hardcore, this new generation of high-frequency kamikazes are *Really Playing* their deadly games for keeps.

The Arch Angels lead this terror brigade in both casualties and inflicted wounds from their home base of Gary, Indiana. Using digitally encoded instruments whose aim is to do ear-shattering bodily harm (on rivals such as the neighboring Beast Eaters), they have blazed a bloody path through the Midwest, arriving at national recognition in time for last year's Mayhem Days. This prolonged riot, the result of a gauntlet tossed to seven equally billed bands, left scores of spectators and musicians wounded, the final death toll estimated at eighteen (with two life-support systems still in operation).

No wonder the Angels, survivors of that body-strewn bash, like to crow a little on this latest release. "The Photographer's Pit" is ringleader Dario Fabio's good-humored recreation of the event, while the brutal "Ear Drummer" shows where the group likes to aim its sonic assault. Don't expect subtlety; in fact, don't expect.

March of Progress
The Silicon Chippies
(Foxy 2N08)

Miniaturization is one of the stated aims of electronics, but the Silicons have gone to extremes. On each one-hour side of this laser disk are no fewer than three hundred individual "cuts," speeded up or slowed until your brain is able to catch only fleeting aural patterns, heard differently each time as the impulses register emotionally (sublimated) or logically (understood).

Several short pieces run together, or they might fragment and be heard on their own. Longer selections ("The Black Camel") extend to more traditional song length despite the mind's desire to hurry on. As an experience, it is somewhat akin to the jerking start-and-stop of a broken elevator, the same vertiginous rush of blood to the head and dizziness.

The ultimate question is "Why?" By choosing radically to place form over content, the Chippies enhance what they feel is a concept album based on the parade of technology from the industrial revolution to the present day. After all, it's not what you make, it's how you make it. That said, why is the progression of textures so static? Progress implies movement from place A to place B (or the reverse, depending on your moral code). The Silicon Chippies, running in place through the strata of their sides, go nowhere, symbolizing a computer-age obsolescence for the new assembly line.



July 27, 1980
Ocean to Ocean
(Mer 110)

Long rumored, presumed lost, and recently uncovered when producer Ray Fourchette was going through some old audio rehearsal tapes, these are the celebrated first performances given by Ocean to Ocean. Though success for the band was still several years in the future, you can hear the first tentative reachings for what would become an imaginative fusion of the classical and popular music idioms, a unity from which they drew their name as well as inspiration.

Hindsight makes this seem easy enough, but it must be remembered that prior to Ocean to Ocean, such efforts were either superficial (the ill-advised "rock opera") or ridiculously top-heavy (Samuel Turner's doctrine of "The New Pythagorean"). Ocean to Ocean scratched the surface under the tutelage of Glenn Branca in 1983 with their first actual release, *Singapore Exile*, and once honed, their technique was prodigiously applied in a quest to bring together all musics. The aptly named "Ulysses Symphony" needed practically a full annotation to track its many academic sources, and when, in 1989, the group performed an early show at Carnegie Hall for the musical establishment followed by a late improvisation at the chic Zut! club for the avant-underground, their cultural cachet was established.

July 27, 1980 contains none of the later sophistication, however, and much of their sense of adventurous fun. "Sommerville" is almost pastoral in its blend of sarangi and Egyptian zither, and the field hollers overlaid by Wilson Wilson are both referential and enervating. Truly trance-continental.

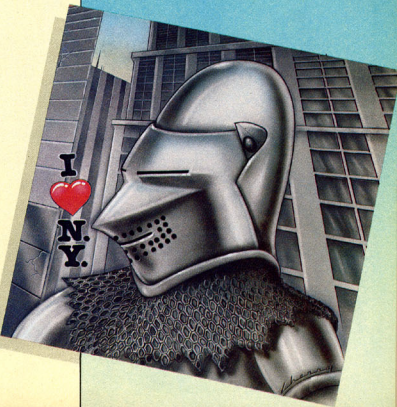
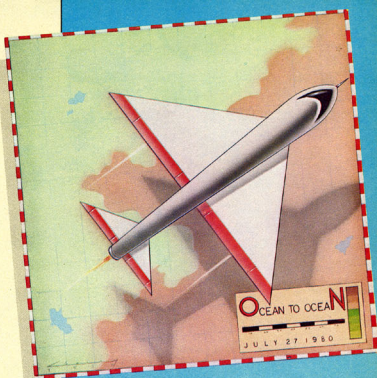
I Love N.Y.
Various Artists
(Dem Eyes 4444)

Modern compilation albums have the lucky attribute of introducing a music scene in sweeping gestures. By the listening (or watching—this is tracked from a documentary video) end, one knows who's who, the range of goods and bads, and a host of other subcultural trivia that are probably out-of-date by their very inclusion. In the case of the *au courant* Seven Gen ("-eration") bands, this kind of guided tour is essential for those who don't want to be run over roughshod by a synths-cannon.

Musically, these groups are mediocre at best, not even having paused to learn the basics of much vaunted punk primitivism (i.e., that of the Arch Angels); still, it is interesting to uncover what a trend-setting city like New York (actually, New Bronx, where most of these bands are based) makes of its blunter outland competition. Predictably, the style is razor sharp, a fine line that belies security; and under the banner of Unrealism, combinations like Knit One Slash Two and Jugular show they have the willpower to draw a comfortable bead on the weapons stockpiles of their local arenas.

The Devil's Own, for example, offer up sentiments like "Bone Drone" amid the sound of real limbs cracking. Also predictably, there are no credits on the sleeve for such sacrifices.

It is tempting to decry such mindless torture as art for anybody's sake, but after the bland, survival-oriented grindstone that characterized the eighties, it's even more welcome to see the shackles of self-restraint lifted. As the Rabies sing in what has become a movement anthem: "Stick it in/Stick it in/And let the Seven Gen begin!"





On the Siegfried Line
Blazing Bongos
(Carolyn SMAK 2646)

This is familiar territory, a virtual Greatest Hits from that pluperfect pop group of the nineties, Blazing Bongos. Composed of twins Vern and Bern Odalisque and their hook-laden henchman and henchwoman, Rick Lime and Tara Scott, this band has demonstrated the dictum that no matter what style of music is successful, or how it may be presented, the eternal verities of the Top 40 hold true.

"Your Pet Regrets" was the one that begat the band's life-in-a-litter-box stance, introducing the Bongos' twin-pronged edge of wry emotionalism. They hurt and feel, but they're as likely to pull a smile from those tear-soaked orbs as another frown. "My Nose Is Runny. It Knows You're Gone" is a step either way from the sniffles, while "Light-Years from You" posits an interstellar heartbreak.

Meanwhile, the Bongos know that lyricism is only partially the path to people's hearts (and credit cards). Using the full resources of the Recreation Studio (their programming of instruments is especially noteworthy), they have also compu-modeled key phrases, judging each chorus for balanced sibilants and vowels. The result is that you begin humming Bongo tag lines long before you're aware of their meaning—a hypnotic trigger that has you carrying the record out of the store in the guise of instinct.

Like the original *Siegfried Line*, *On The...* is an implacable defense that makes up in solidity what it lacks in mobile imagination.

Rivets
Zowie Bowie
(Azrak 5054L-346)

And so the boy of legend grows to be a man. Sharing his famous father's sense of commitment and harkening back to David's early years as a musician, Zowie Bowie was among the first Western artists to embrace the Japanese drive into inner space. As the dialog heated between increasingly acrimonious cultures, swiftly scissoring communications, Zowie was forced to choose between two worlds. He opted for the East and spent his adolescence in one of the many pop-music conservatories that, dojolic, sprang up throughout Japan in the late eighties.

He now returns to tell us his tale, or rather, in the Japanese manner, unfold his perception. His theme is the Idea, Idea-as-Theory if you will, the instant of creativity. He has threaded his carpet so that where one instrument begins and another leaves it's impossible to tell, even in the total immersion of the Mitsui Porta-cap Zowie models on the cover, sound vibrations delivered directly to audio pressure points on the skull, subverting the need for outside ears.

Rather than attack the problem from several angles, as a multisonic approach, he has opted for a single threnody, an uninterrupted environment that might well be the sound of nature on another plane. It leads to a telepathic level in which all thought is Idea, the unexpected commonplace; perhaps it becomes a path to a whole new chain of being. Zowie Bowie knows a lot more than he's telling, but that, too, is the Japanese way.



I'M AGE



© J. JONES 1982



WHEN I'M
DEAD, CAT,
I WON'T
KNOW CATS.



I WON'T KNOW
CATS FOREVER, CAT
FOREVER.

SO THIS IS ALL
THAT'S LEFT
AFTER A
BIGHEAD DIES.



THAT'S A
LONG TIME
NOT TO
KNOW CATS.



GLAD TO KNOW
YOU, CAT.



AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

THE MEN WERE ENTHUSIASTIC BY A PHILOSOPHER'S OMEN OF POWER AND GOOD FORTUNE THAT EMANATED FROM THE MESSIAN AT CYMBIOLA. THE KEY WITH WHICH TO UNLOCK THE PYRAMID WAS SAFE AND BY THE STORYTELLER'S SIDE AT ALL TIMES. THEY WERE JUST ABOUT TO TAKE A PEEK, WHEN...





IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY NOW THIS
HAPPENED! MAYBE THE BIRDS
ATTACKED HIM DURING HIS
GUARD DUTY, BUT WHY?



WE MUST BEGIN OUR WORK
AGAIN IMMEDIATELY IF NOT,
ALL OF THIS, INCLUDING
OUR DEAR FRIEND'S
DEATH, WILL HAVE
BEEN FOR
NOTHING



"YOU TWO! GO GET THE
BOX!"



WHAT'S WRONG WITH
THE AVIARIST? WHY ARE
THEY ACTING UP SO?



I DON'T KNOW - WATCH
THE HORSE - IT IS GOING
BACK UP!



FETTER
BEASTS THIS
IS ALL WE
NEEDED





THEY'RE GONE CRAZY!!
THEY'RE DESTROYING
THE DOME!!

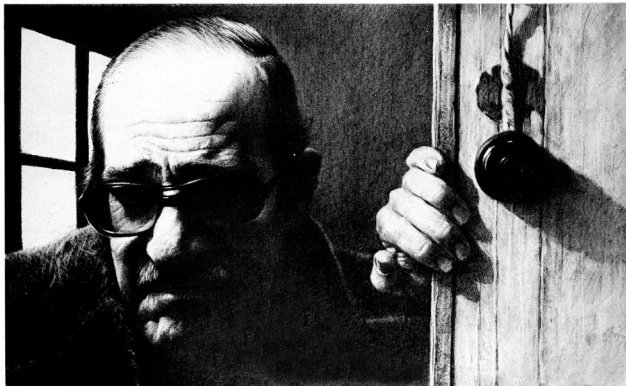




TO BE CONTINUED.



WHEN HE LEFT HIS HOUSE, VÍCTOR RAMOS—A NATIVE BARCELONIAN AND, SO HE SAYS, A DESCENDANT OF THE HAPSBURGS*—DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS GOING IN SEARCH OF DEATH.



*HAPSBURGS: AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY, ORIGINATING FROM THE CASTLE OF THE SAME NAME CONSTRUCTED BY WERNER IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, IN THE TOWN OF HAPSBURG, CANTON OF AARGAU (SWITZERLAND); RUDOLPH I WAS THE FIRST OF THE RAMEN TO OCCUPY THE GERMAN THRONE IN 1273. SINCE THEN, MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY HAVE OCCUPIED THE THRONES OF BOHEMIA, HUNGARY, SPAIN, THE AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS, THE NETHERLANDS, PART OF ITALY, MEXICO, AND LAST, THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF AUSTRIA UNTIL 1918; THE FAMILY'S GREATEST FIGURE WAS CARLOS I OF SPAIN AND KARL I OF GERMANY. PHILIP THE HANDSOME, WHO MARRIED JOAN THE MAD, STARTED THE SPANISH HAPSBURG LINE, WHICH DIED WITH CARLOS I; IN MEXICO THEY WERE REPRESENTED BY MAXIMILIAN, YOUNGER SON OF THE EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF OF AUSTRIA.

VICTOR RAMOS WAS IN NO WAY A REVOLUTIONARY, AND ALLOWED HIS LIFE ITS OWN CONSIDERABLE FREEDOM, FOLLOWING NO ONE ELSE'S RULES OR MANIFESTOS...



HE TOLD HIS FRIENDS THAT THE ULTIMATE REFINEMENT OF PHILOSOPHY LAY IN THE DISCERNING OF DIFFERENCES BETWEEN EQUAL THINGS, AND THAT NOT ONE...



...OF THE COUNTLESS PHILOSOPHERS SINCE HERACLITUS HAD UNDERSTOOD THAT ONE CAN NEVER ENTER THE SAME RIVER ON TWO SUCCESSIVE MOMENTS.





DEATHS! SUICIDES! INSANITY! ASSASSINATIONS! THEY ARE DESTROYING THE MYTHS AND SYMBOLS OF A GENERATION...A GENERATION THAT ASTONISHED, UPSET, AND SPREAD WIDE OUR SOCIETY WITH THEIR DEMANDS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE!



... ELVIS PRESLEY, HENRY MILLER, HERBERT MARCUSE, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, ALEJO CARPENTIER, ALFRED HITCHCOCK, JEAN SEBERG, ROMAIN GARY, LOUIS ALTHUSSER, MARSHALL McLUHAN, JOHN LENNON...



"THE DREAM IS OVER"

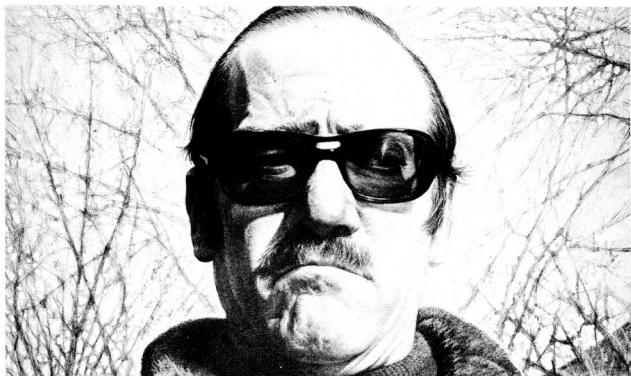
VICTOR RAMOS WAS KILLED, PUSHED TO SUICIDE, DRIVEN CRAZY, ASSASSINATED...



AND WITHOUT KNOWING WHY, HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERED AN OLD POEM...



"I CANNOT KEEP MY SILENCE, WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A FINGER, WHETHER TOUCHING MY MOUTH, OR POINTING TO MY FOREHEAD, COUNSELING SILENCE OR THREATENING FEAR. HAVE YOU NOT A VALIANT SOUL? ALWAYS MUST YOU FEEL WHAT YOU SAY? AND NEVER HAVE TO SAY WHAT YOU FEEL?"



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

OUT TO LAUNCH

The Columbia Takeoff

Last year's public attention focused on *Voyager II*'s Saturn flyby, the space shuttle *Columbia*'s two orbits, and Reagan's budget cuts sparks anew an old debate: Do we need a space program? To judge from three new nonfiction books, the answer is yes, yes, yes.

Potentially the most influential among them, Ben Bova's *The High Road* (Houghton Mifflin) disastrously undercuts its propagandistic intent. As befits the executive editor of *Omni* magazine, Bova displays a masterly command of historical, sociopolitical, and—of course—scientific fact in a thoroughly convincing argument for the use of space as an infinite resource for energy and social betterment, passionately believing this to be intrinsic to our future survival on Earth. *The High Road*'s opening chapters, how-

ever, express such bitterness over the delays and lack of faith that have plagued the space program since the Nixon years—a bitterness that becomes understandable when Bova details NASA's original prospectus for the seventies and eighties—that they manage to alienate all but those who either already agree with the author or treasure a sense of "science club" superiority.

Meshing agreeably with *The High Road* are 2081: *A Hopeful View of the Human Future*, by Gerard K. O'Neill (Simon and Schuster), and *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Space Technology*, by Kenneth Gatland et al. (Harmony Books). Both contain not a whit of Bova's acerbity. In 2081 O'Neill, an eminent physicist, conducts a visionary exercise as to what life will be like among commonplace technological wonders a century hence,

were we to make decisions of the sort Bova supports. O'Neill's method is first to examine the overly wishful or cautionary futures of Orwell, Huxley, and others for flaws in their reasoning and, keeping within the strict parameters of present-day science and the probabilities of social acceptance, then to take an exhaustive, lucid tour through the most "average" future landscape O'Neill can imagine.

Subtitled "a comprehensive history of space exploration," the *Illustrated Encyclopedia* works in much the same way. Those who find (or seek) solace in the space efforts of the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and other nations—or are simply curious about how the John on Skylab functioned—will delight in this beautifully laid out and meticulously researched volume.

—Robert Morales

The captain says, 'The ship is sinking.' People say he's a pessimist. He says, 'The ship will float indefinitely.' He's an optimist. But this has nothing to do with whatever is happening with the leak and the condition of the ship." So, rightfully, believes William Burroughs. This fundamental difference of opinion between optimists and pessimists is evident in new books about the seaworthiness of spaceship Earth by three science-fiction writers, all of whom share the unquestionably appealing notion of getting off the planet and into space, outer or inner.

As the nation's chief advocate for space colonization, Gerard K. O'Neill is solidly in the optimist camp. This is immediately clear from the subtitle of his latest offering: 2081: *A Hopeful View of the Human Future*. Sure, there'll be nuclear wars and all manner of lesser disasters, but, irredeemably hopeful, O'Neill predicts that—despite them all—technological achievement in the coming years will be of such sweeping magnitude as to totally revolutionize life as we know it, bringing about a new

order of plenty by 2081.

O'Neill's optimism is shared, to some extent, by Ben Bova, as is obvious to anyone familiar with *Omni*'s salvation-through-technology party line. But Bova also writes fiction, and in *Kinsman* (Dell), a new novel, optimism is tempered by political realities. The book's astronaut hero, Chet Kinsman, is dedicated to the dream of founding a moon colony. Like Gerard O'Neill, he sees space as a chance to create a new and peaceful world, free of the problems so threatening to this old one. But as the book progresses, such ideals are discarded as readily as last year's worn-out space suit. The way to salvation, Kinsman discovers, is a ruthless round of backslapping and backstabbing, at the conclusion of which he's learned to live with compromise. In fact, he fully accepts the certainty that his cherished peaceful little moon base is likely to become "the biggest military operation the world's ever seen."

John Lilly—whose vanguard experiments combining isolation tanks and powerful drugs, with

himself as the guinea pig, provided inspiration for the movie *Altered States*—is a pessimist. If we're to believe his "novel autobiography," *The Scientist* (Bantam), he has spent the last several years in inner space, obsessed with the drug ketamine, an anesthetic which—unscientifically speaking—chemically severs the cerebral cortex from the lower brain, conducing to incredible out-of-body experiences. His main obsession, however (or so he claims), has not been the drug per se but the drug as a means of contacting certain noncorporeal Others beyond the e.t.r. ("extraterrestrial reality"). And they informed him that a "solid-state entity" in some far-off galaxy intends, with the help of our own computers, to sink the ship: to occupy the earth, dry up the seas, and enslave and eventually kill all living things. Or at least John Lilly. In the course of his research, Lilly has broken numerous ribs in nasty falls and nearly drowned once. In fact, it's a wonder he's still alive at age sixty-one to write his autobiography.

—Jeff Goldberg

You're in Florida, bored out of your brain. Suddenly, it's shuttle-launch time at the recently redesignated "Kennedy Spaceport Center." With a cooler of six-packs, you cruise to Cocoa Beach on A1A. At what looks like land's end, you will arrive at Jetty Park, a *Man Who Fell to Earth* ocean-front park preserve directly south of Complex 39, *Columbia*'s cradle. Natives and tourists unanimously agree it's the most transcendental spot to watch the blast-off from. While many go berserk when the *Concorde*-like *Columbia* lands, the unparalleled thrill of getting it up is what gets science-fiction and -fact space nuts off.

When *Columbia* makes a right turn, thrusts into orbit, and bends into the horizon before your eyes, you osmotically acknowledge the weirdness of the curvature of the earth that the astronauts themselves see.

—Daphne Davis

Additional Flights of Space Fancy

Earth Watch, by Charles Sheffield (Macmillan), leaves the impression that abstract expressionist painters get their ideas from some primal knowledge that the earth as viewed from space looks like the most unimaginably abstract image. Scientist-writer Sheffield presents images that expand man's sense of place in the universe. Given this confirmation of our basic beautyousness, no mysticism is required for inspiring awe.

Space Liner: The New York Times Report on the Columbia's Voyage, by William Stockton and John Noble Wilford (Times Books)—A solid, entertaining hard-facts primer on the shuttle's evolution and launch, with a little carping on the derauling of the original notion of reusable space transport (the Russian deployment of manned rockets forced us away from the X-15-style flight toward the Mercury program). Not much philosophy, just the facts.

—Brad Balfour

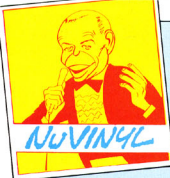


Illustration by Larry Lee

Joy Division?), and an expressive, unusual voice.

A day doesn't go by, however, when one or more of these critical principles doesn't suicide down the dumper. That's healthy, I think. In fact, since I've become a world-recognized rock-music authority, my tight spinner has loaned to such an extent that a well-crafted, appealing bit of pop, like Olivia Newton-John's *Physical* (MCA), can catch my fancy without gutturing me like I really get it. Not that I'm ready to go out and buy her appalling records—but it does illuminate the virtue of flexibility. As does Frank Sinatra's new LP *She Shot Me Down* (Warner/Breprise). I never thought I'd be able to stomach this sort of Vegas-slick, boogie sentimentality, but damned if the old diva's portrayal of a self-pitying sinner's drunken stupor, crooning doesn't get to me. Slickness doesn't always conceal vapidity.

As an innately curious, obsessive music listener since childhood, I took up writing about rock as a way of figuring out just why I lived ordered noise—in essence, rationalizing my gut responses. Most of the clowns already doing it had either horribly pedestrian tastes or negligible writing ability (often both), so here was my chance to be paid for self-examination (which I do anyway) and simultaneously to propagandize for the music I liked (thereby countering all the years of moronic criticism I'd endured in silence).

In the past two years I've learned enough to begin drawing tentative parameters defining my tastes (instincts determine ideas, not vice versa). The bottom-line attraction for me is sound texture, the tactile sensuality of music. Nihilism, such as myself require that good music be somehow unique, perhaps stylistically derivative but expressively specific to itself. Introspection is important—reaching either into oneself or outside the mainstream for a statement beyond transitory pleasure (the goal of most pop music). Emotional depth and honesty should also be present, and the music must withstand repeated listenings in a variety of circumstances. My sucker buttons include synthesizers (funny noises make me hot), compelling rhythms (no special variety, just ones that are viscerally involving), a tragic/pessimistic world view

heart. I've fallen for the Cars' Rick Ocasek's voice (Bryan Ferry with a whiplash) and Synth Hawkes's grinning-idiot sprog, while hometown favorites the Ramones have entertained me with their tongue-in-cheek, militant regressivism since '75. I'm forced to view these as flirtations, though, and not as involvements (that'll stand the test of time [check back in five years]).

Feelings of loyalty introduce complications with old faves (Ultravox's *Rage in Eden* [Rhysaids] and Devo's *New Traditionalists* [Warner Bros.]). From a totally detached viewpoint, each record constitutes the respective band's weakest effort: Ultravox's *Drums* (Rhysaids) is concept formalized and emasculated. But there is something in the Ultravox that compels a daily turn on the table, while the Devo has long since been buried. Nostalgia triumphing over reason? I frankly can't tell.

Now Bow Wow's debut, *See Jungle! See Jungle! Go Join Your Gang! Yeah! City All Over. Go Up Crazy* (RCA), poses a more convoluted argument. Basically, I hate it—from the Malcolm McLaren contrived address to the conspicuous tribalism, all ringing less true than Reaganomics. But so what—I spent a whole goddamn day last week whining "Chihuahua" to myself on the subway, proving

that a conceptual offense isn't automatically an aesthetic one as well. (I pray for more records like Prince's *Controversy*, on Warner Bros., which I can hate on all levels, no matter how many people tell me it's "hilarious.")

Music that challenges casual listening habits is more up my alley, and naturally it confounds most record buyers. What's the point of purposefully offensive things like *Ze's The Salt of Heavy Metals* (Lust/Unlust), a barrage of Neanderthal pounding calculated to frighten rowdy neighbors of all species? Or Wire's studied exercise in sloppy brutalism, *Document* and *Eynortimes* (Rough Trade)? There's little to say about people who can't differentiate between intensity and offensiveness, free for the drug cabinet when things get ugly. Is it they who suffer because they shut down on the Residents' brilliant *Mark of the Mole* (Ralph) before it gets a chance to spread itself out? Or does the band suffer its obscurity? I know this stuff isn't for everybody, but does that mean I can't review it favorably without appending "Buy at your own risk" to the rave? If I do that, then should I also announce "I hate the Beatles" every time I review a pop record? Like I said, it's a filthy job. Wanna trade?

—Lou Stathis

Wandering Minstrels

You're part of a rock super-group, unconditionally adopted by hordes of young consumers. Silk-suited capitalists bloody themselves in checkbook jobs for the rights to the group's as yet unconceived products. Freed from the global constraints of wage earning and office politics, your ego grows unchecked. Who needs these geeks, anyway? So you leave the womb of past patrons and take wing as a wandering minstrel, spreading your own vision

of modern music (with a satchel of golden oldies to toss to the ignorant masses if they can't quite place the face).

Recently, as fewer super-groups find it economically or personally desirable to work (work?), the record stores are teeming with solo albums. The question is who pulls it off and who's jerking off.

Greg Lake (Chrysalis): Long ago, Emerson, Lake & Palmer's prog-rock became an exercise in excess. Lake's self-titled escape is brooding and uneven, but the best cuts are surprisingly melodic and graceful.

Marty Balin's Balin (EMI America): Formerly the male voice of the Jefferson Airplane/Sears, Balin rebels from his nation's "rock music." *Rock Justice*, with a catchy pop

package. Lightweight, but listenable.

Ozzy Osbourne's Dirty (Jr.): Ozzy tries to bring back heavy to metal music. He fails: Last laugh goes to his old mates in the original heavy-metal joke, Black Sabbath.

Michael Schenker's MSG (Chrysalis): The ex-UDF ace man proves that heavy metal and music are not contradictions. The best hard rock since Led Zep got fat.

Mike Love's Looking Back (Capitol): Mike Love, of the Beach Boys, Carl Wilson died, grew up on his solo LP, albeit unsuccessfully, but Love's is strictly cover-band nostalgia.

Lindsey Buckingham's Live at the Beach Boys were still a vital

force, they might sound like this. Clever, harmony-rich, fun-pop from Fleetwood Mac's resident eccentric.

John Entwistle's Two Late the Hero Atoms: The Who's bassist leads a band of wandering Joe (Eagles) Walsh and Joe Vitale. Together, the trio got lost in a maze of conflicting styles, though they do have moments.

The Power of Mother's Love (Capitol): A shot with the Stones, Woody's opinion on his own. A classic example of rock-star masturbation.

The Power of Mother's Love (Capitol): A shot with the Stones, Woody's opinion on his own. A classic example of rock-star masturbation.

—Joe Berlin

Three recent rock videos illustrate problems inherent in shooting a rock band live.

Granted Willy DeVille, Ian Hunter, and the Rockets aren't the most theatrical rockers, but the camera angles, directing, and editing here show clearly that it takes musical and visual imagination and empathy to get a group across, beyond the one-dimensional concert view.

Although in *Live at the Savoy* (Warner-A&M) Willy DeVille excludes street reality through

VIDEOED OR FRIED

every sweaty, zitty pore—the cool hester reborn into a world he never made—the camera doesn't need to swoop in to capture his delivery from one close-up to another. DeVille emanates such hipness he doesn't need the camera two inches from him—he's the kind of guy you wouldn't want to get that close to—so the director's

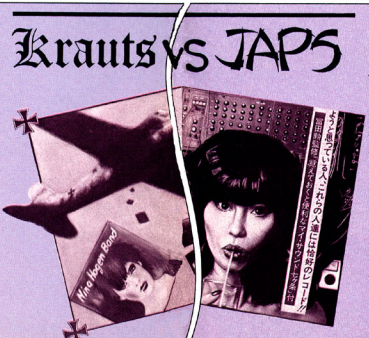
only shot produces a flatness instead of impact. The editing, which is consistently executed behind the beat, interferes with the dramatic timing of DeVille's delivery. Director Bill Boggs could take a hint from D.A. Pennebaker and Ricky Leacock directing Jimi Hendrix or Otis Redding in *Monterey Pop* for the relative merits of the close-up.

and how to avoid showing too much of the backing group when filming a riveting performer.

The same holds true for Boggs's direction of Ian Hunter *Live at the Dr. Pepper Festival* (Warner-A&M), except that he is faced with other dilemmas: Hunter's schleppey back-up band; and a large stage where each musician is two arms' length from the other. The solution is needed to make Hunter look good even with a visual fail such as his previous side-men Mick Ronson and Billy Michaels, but with this bland band (and the film) becomes immediately dismissible. Todd Rundgren once suggested, "If you have a dramatic presentation where an actor does a bad job of portrayal, you can just cover it with psychedelic blobs falling across the screen." An exception should have been made in this case.

The Rockets' attempt onstage excitement in *Live at the Ritz* (Island Video) but fight the cameras with every move. As soon as lead singer Dibbs does something interesting, the stand-up bassist blocks the shot with his instrument. Directors Mike Liebert and Tommy Wiener switch from camera to camera with such abandon that it's impossible to get a clear view of the group. To judge rock videos by these three examples, the medium would seem to be in such a crude state that one could do better with sport event producers handling the equipment.

—Jon Tiven



So you think we need the Second World War, huh? Well, if we had, we'd all be driving Hummels instead of Toyotas and Volkswagens, and America's streets might be safe from the sound of Kraftwerk's "Pocket Calculator" blaring forth from Sanyo ghetto blasters. But the German group's new-wave-disco hit may be only the spearhead of a modern musical blitz: das neue Reich & Roli seems poised for an electronic invasion.

In the vanguard is Lene Lovich's cory Nina Hagen, famed for her televised display of masturbatory techniques on a recent European talk show. Her latest, *Unbehagen* (German CBS), takes her a step farther from the Tubes while continuing to showcase her early East German operatic training. Der Plan's *Normale Surprise* EP (OPTIMO) and Deutsche Amerikanische Freundschaft's second album, *Alles Ist Gut* (Virgin), have a klangende electronic sound chained to the drive of the Sex Pistols. D.A.F.'s darkly nihilistic lyrics echo the slogans of the mysterious Zurich "Movement."

If Kraftwerk is the VW of this bombastic analogy, then Tangerine Dream is surely the Mercedes-Benz. Their creamy, melodic sound track to the motion picture *Thief* (U.S. Elektra) has finally found some American attention (the world's premier synthesizer group; and its haunting sequel, *Elektra* [Elektra]) may capitalize on it. Fellow synthesist Knut's *Rebonds* (Strongly) from the debacle of his *Dune* album with the digital *Rebonds* (Strongly) (get it? Brain Records). So, Achtung, Jürgen—and HEIL HAGEN!

(Most German releases are available from JEM Record Distributors, South Plainfield, N.J.)

Forty years after its demise, the Greater Asian Coprosperity Sphere has risen from the ashes to bomb Pearl Harbor once again this time with a new wave of technology. The new wave of the hardware came the Casio VL-Tones of techno-pop, the first truly Japanese entry into the world-music market.

Techno-pop's pioneers, the Yellow Magic Orchestra, after an unhappy earlier experience with disco, show influences of EMS, Ultravox, and Rat Patrol in their latest release, *BGM* (S. A&M), influences that they've translated into a disciplined synthetic sound riddled with harmonic genius—and incomprehensible lyrics. As in WWII, communication seems to be a problem for the Yellow Peril: Sheena & the Rokkets, influenced (like YMO before them) by Devo's *Space Junk*, pronounce their version "Reedo Yank!" (Japanese Alfa Records). Even so, they have a fresh, vivacious sound more appealing than the spastic rhythms of the Plastics (U.S. Island). Both groups' subliminal eroticism adds a new weapon to the invaders' arsenal.

The Japanese fare better when they eschew English altogether, and solo synthesist Kikage gades it in his *Silk Road* trilogy (Parts 1 and 2, released as single albums [Jap. Canyon], have had such impact abroad that they were recorded as a symphony by the London Philharmonic, and Part 3 is due any day. This epic is as delicate and exotic as Zen mysticism. You can't read the liner notes! We'll all be turning Japanese soon enough. BANZAI!

(Most Japanese releases are available from Greenworld Record Distributors, Torrance, Calif.)

—Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

As the techno-revolution goes on, so do those capitalizing publishers ready to focus on an ever more specialized world. Now for the techno-freak and techno-peasant alike comes *Technology Illustrated* (\$15 a

year, Box 2806, Boulder, CO 80322)—a simple consumer guide to machine fetishism. From digital recording to autoerotics, it's there for the fad gadgeteers. Real diehards should check out *High Tech-*

nology (\$18 a year, Box 2810, Boulder, CO 80322), the hardcore journal for the truly addicted techno-freak. Language here is more on the order of *Scientific American* than of *Omni*, but it's not altogether dry.

where tag. Erstwhile *Trouser Pressers* say this is only the beginning of TP's flexi-treats.

And joining the flexi-fad, *New York Rocker* has intro-ed its disk—a two-sided, four-song, thirteen-minute-long set of songs by Hazel O'Connor, 999, the db's, and Ian Gomm. Done in cooperation with Albion Records, it appears in NYR's issue #47—for subscribers only (\$11 per year, 166 Fifth Ave., NYC). More to come, possibly with Stiff and Lovely Music.

Good for them, good for us, but tape the disk after the first play—they wear down very easily. That's something *Flexi-Pop* readers in England know about, for it was the first rock 'zine to do the flexi-fun in each issue. Issue #12 even had two! (Get 'em from 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1, England, or Bonaparte Distribution, 5 Crosby St., NYC 10003.)

AddendA

—Brad Balfour

Report from the hinterlands: In this case, Maine and Pittsburgh, Pa. The matter at hand: horror Meister Stephen King and all his projects underway. 1) *Creepshow* (King's E.C.-comics-inspired multistoried script as directed by George Romero) is in postproduction, thus leaving King time beyond his acting role (he plays a main character in one of the segments) to finish his comic-book script writing toil: that is, doing a sixty-four-page adaptation of his film script with artist Bernie Wrightson—and there could be no better choice. New American Library will be publishing it as a large-size paperback. 2)

Romero will be directing King's screenplay of his book *The Stand*. 3) Dino De Laurentiis has bought the rights to make *The Dead Zone*. 4) Deals are in the works for *Firestarter* and *Cujo*. 5) Meanwhile, King is putting finishing touches on a four-short-novel collection tentatively entitled *Different Seasons*, to appear in August '82. 6) And in the midst of all that, he and Peter Straub are pursuing their collaboration on a novel of—you guessed it—mystery, suspense, and horror, called *Talisman*. 7) (Finally!) The busy guy is also at work on another novel all his own. Isn't that enough? It's just a horror thing about it all.

Long in its postfanzine state of grace, *Trouser Press* has leapt into that hallowed realm of magazine enterprising—the giveaway. Now comes the step forward as *Trouser Press* (\$15 a year, 212 Fifth Ave., NYC 10010)—one of America's foremost, and few, journals of the rock underbelly—joins the flexi-disk revolution by introducing, in its January '82 issue, a series called "The Flexi-File." Orchestral Manoeuvres begins the run; it's followed up by Holly and the Italians, Japan, and more to come. The series boasts the not-available-else-

And two personal oddments: Don't forget (as we did) to grab a glimpse of Terry Gilliam's book *Time Bandits*, a very funny look at a surprisingly funny film. And speaking of fun

—as in the Fun Boys Three—let's get something straight (something our editorial mite didn't): they and their first single do make it, despite the erroneous report of last issue's Addenda.

Seit and Books and Rock'n'Roll...

HEINLEIN'S STAR, FROM GLORY ROAD WAS GREAT GIRL-SUPPER HEROES. WE'RE FUN BUT FEEL SHORT ON SUBSTANCE. NO FALLIBILITY—NO FEMININE INPUT THEY WERE MEN'S CHARACTERS ONLY.

SO NOW WOMEN WRITE IT BUT IT'S STILL FULL OF FAIRY TALE SHIT, ENDLESS COSTUME DESCRIPTIONS AND GRATUITOUS MAKE-OUT SCENES.



WHAT ABOUT CHERRY MYNTE OR OCTAVIA BUTLER? THEY OFFER THE EXCITEMENT OF A REALLY PERSONAL STYLE, PLUS A BADLY NEEDED AUTHENTIC CONSCIOUSNESS—

MYNTE'S FIRELOOD? TOO SAD; TOO MUCH ISOLATION. I LOVED THAT CHARACTER LAENA, BUT SHE WAS SO TRAGIC...

STILL, IT'S FRESH INPUT THE BODY AWARENESS INTO TECHNOLOGY; THE BIO-CONTROL; HER VISION OF THE DARK SIDE OF FUTURE SOCIETIES; AND, ABOVE ALL, SPIRITUAL SURVIVAL...

I SUPPOSE YOU LOVED WAIVE WITHOUT A SHRETT WITH ITS MORAL MINDGAMES AND TULKEN AFTERTASTE.



YOU MISS THE POINT. CHERRY MYNTE SAYS CREATIVITY IS BOTH MYSTICAL AND POLITICAL. HOW MUCH MORE TIMELY CAN YOU GET?!



AT LEAST ADMIT BUTLER SCORED WITH WILD DESIRE A LUSHY SENSUAL GRASP OF THE SUPERNATURAL; SO EMOTIONALLY COMPLEX FOR A FANTASY! THAT SHE SPEAKS ONLY SECONDARILY AS A BLACK ARTIST JUST SERVES TO UNDERSCORE HER POWER AS A COMMUNICATOR AND RAconteur.



"YOU TRYING TO MAKE SOME KIND OF STATEMENT OR SOMETHING?"

BUY ME A DRINK, SMARTASS.

GARÇON! OH! IN THERE.

* TIME SCALE 1 DAW

* TIME SCALE

(C) 1982 by William S. Burt

EDITORIAL

continued from page 4

options from the technologies at hand. The fundamental structures that run our brains give shape to an ability to adapt. And such collaboration reveals to us that whatever traditional barriers may exist can be thrown aside according to need.

I've seen the power rock and roll has incited and the wonder of arousing, consciously or not, about the intrusion of such high-tech realities. But are we going to be like dogs responding to Pavlovian signals from our technological masters? Or will we take active roles in the postindustrial revolution? Both of us and rock raise these necessary questions about our future, and offer synthetic options.

—Brad Balfour

Editor's Note

Aaah, those little mistakes in life—such as our reporting that longtime fantasy and science-fiction artist Norman Saunders, who did the original "Mars Attacks!" cards, is dead. Not true. Thanks to our correspondent Bob Stewart, we found that artist Saunders still resides on Manhattan's Upper West Side, and although he's hit eighty is still at it, creating those classic images. We hope to see more of him in *HM*. Again, our apologies to Norman. But as the old saying goes, he took the news of his death well.

And while we are on the subject of mistakes—Adalberto Maldonado's story "Stolen Moments" (*HM*, February 1982) acquired a few extra words in panel four. It should have said, "Adolfo, don't you realize you dreamt the world, so now the world can dream you?" Oooops.

One more to go: In our January issue the article by Lance Chudnow entitled "Technological Commitments" contained two errors. The Linn Sondek model is LP-12, and "Regal Planar" should read "Rega Planar."

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Julie Simmons-Lynch & Chain Mail:

Since I am a charter subscriber, surely it isn't drooly knee-jerk enthusiasm that urges me to write: Segrelles's "The Mercenary" is the very best art I have ever seen in *HM*. Complete, hyper-detailed, brilliant realism—in pure fantasy! I hope there's a lot more Segrelles to come, and I wish he'd painted the covers of about half of my sf and fantasy novels rather than some of those... others.

This sort of beauty-from-genius makes the idiom of "The Immortals' Fete" (and the interminable) "Rock Opera" acceptable, if not bearable. I very much hope that if it ever ends, someone writes a script worthy of Kierkegaard's often beautiful painting.

Andrew J. Offutt
Haldeman, Ky.

Ed:

"Rock Opera" is the most entertaining and coherent sociopolitical statement on this planet—*U.S. News and World Report* and *Pravda* notwithstanding!

Buckie Pashear
Gunnison, Colo.

Agreed!

—ls

Dear Euphoric Envisionaries and Masses of Plasmic Retributes of Heavy Metal:

We think that Paul Kirchner's "The Bus" envelops the full dynamic range of perspectival cataclysm. In Paul's art, psychoanalytic aspects of spatial distortion are drawn to us through misceptions that occur between cranial lobes. Please tell Paul that he is a major catalyst of Brainioactive Space Spasms.

Bill Shure
Michael Siegel
Baltimore, Md.

Couldn't agree with you more, guys.

—ls

Dear Heavy Metal:

You've been continually progressing this year and have weeded out almost all the garbage that has infested *HM*. [Where? And we thought we'd missed some!—ls] However, series like "The Immortals' Fete" I can do without! It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the grotesque art and wretched coloring. The story itself is quite good, and I wouldn't

mind seeing Bilal write a story so long as he doesn't do the illustrations.

Michael E. Jacca
Bloomfield, N.J.

Couldn't disagree with you more, guy.

—ls

Dear Ed:

Constructive Criticism: There's too much Corben, and he's overrated. On the plus side, "Changes" was one of the best things ever. Will Howarth be doing any more work for you? I hope so; it was A-1 essential reading.

Robert Connolly
Lancashire, England

Matt Howarth's "Changes" provoked a totally polarized reader response—people thought it was either brilliant or the worst horseshit ever published. The editorial powers here are equally divided. Personally, I'm quite fond of horseshit.

—ls

Dear Julie and John:

I find little to enthuse about in *HM* anymore. When I looked at the cover of the August issue, in fact, what sprang immediately to mind was, of course, *Epic*. There seems to be a concerted effort to make *HM* out-*Epic Epic*. Consider the cute neo-Wolverton "5:00," by Mark Fisher, "Pigs on the Wing," and "Cody Starbuck." Then, in the October issue, "Shagsbeard [sic] for Americans," "The Mercenary," "Nil-Gish," "Tales of the Galactic Inn," and "Fever." Are any of these worth the space? Does anything happen of interest, so far as story or graphics are concerned, that hasn't been done, and done much better, elsewhere and elsewhere? And that October cover—nothing, I think, has ever embodied TITillation more eloquently or rapidly.

Larry Stark
Decorah, Iowa

Dear Heavy Metal People:

I am getting pretty disgusted with your cover policy lately. I have the last nine issues before me, and every single one contains an unclad or scantily clad lady. I don't think this is a good representation of what your magazine is all about. This isn't *Playboy*. When I think back on some of your past covers by the likes of Moebius, Wrightson, Druliet, and others, I just don't understand why you're doing it. Keep the outside as diverse as the inside, and everything will be just fine with me.

Bill Tulp
Missoula, Mont.

It's simple, really. In a word: covers cluttered with buns and jugs produce a noticeable rise (so to speak) in newsstand sales, our accountant, David Stockman, informs us.

—ls

DEP II

Tarn, left alone by Moda, was attacked by a strange creature, who was in turn attacked by the unusual Muvovum folk. Now a prisoner, Tarn awoke in a cell with Moda. It looked like curtains for both of them.



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Welcome, my friends. Come on in and sit down. Let me have them bring you a refreshment.

I'm really so glad you came. It seems like years since I've had human company.

Oh, pardon me. Where are my manners? I am Jord. What are your names?

Oh, look who has come out to see the company. This is Jordella. Isn't she just the cutest little thing?

I don't understand.
Who are you?
What is going on here?

I am Tarn of Zegium. This is my servant, Moda.

I'm very glad to meet you, Tarn... and Moda.

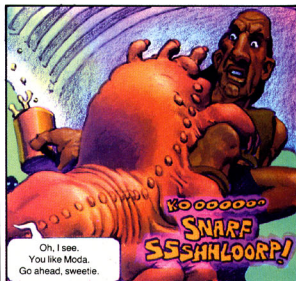
There you are.
It's honey wine.
Taste it!
It's delicious.

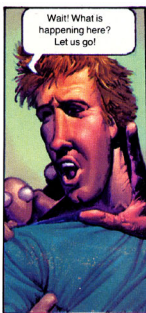


Jordella, this is Tarn and Moda. Aren't you glad they came to see us?



Kitchy, kitchy! She just loves being scratched on her chin.

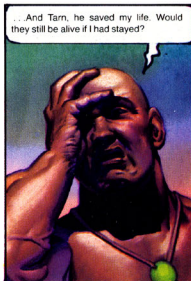






NO! NO! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGG!





To Be Continued

[illegible]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fate!" Plus: 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 Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He, and Gilson; and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chudnow, and Ballout. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, Jones, Schulten, et al. (\$3.00)

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

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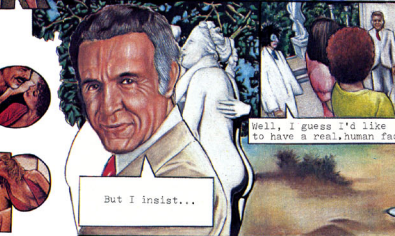


We had awakened from our frozen sleep to find ourselves living in a dream world--but what price would our menacingly genial host extract for our lives?

Ah, my young friend-- it is now *your* turn to have a fantasy come true.



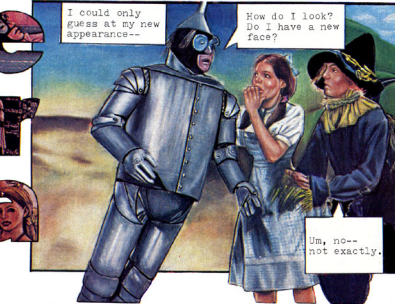
No, I'd really rather not--



As soon as I'd spoken, we seemed to be whisked into another reality, acquiring bizarre costumes during the transformation.

Well, I guess I'd like to have a real human face.

But I insist...



I could only guess at my new appearance--

How do I look? Do I have a new face?

Where the hell are we, anyway?

Um, no-- not exactly.

Where do you want to be?



I guess we'll have to find Mr. Gabriel so he can give the Gollywog a face.

Hey, Banzai! Wait for us!

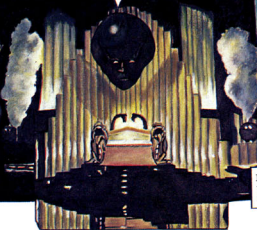
Follow the Black Asphalt Road!
Follow the Black Asphalt Road!



We had entered the domain of a powerful wizard...



WHAT MISERABLE WORMS ARE YOU, WHO DARE TO DISTURB MY QUALITY LEISURE TIME?

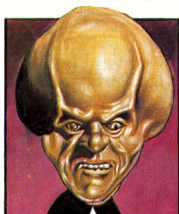


Jutht follow de Black Athphalt Road!

At the end of the turnpike stood a mighty city made entirely out of gray concrete.



Please, sir-- we've come to get a new face for my friend.



A FACE, HUH? HOWZABOUT IF I TURN YOU INTO A MUSCLE-BOUND CRETIN IN STRETCH TIGHTS, INSTEAD?

THEN YOU COULD HAVE YOUR OWN MONTHLY COMIC BOOK!



Wow, financial security...a piece of the rock!

But as I wavered, Banzai pulled away a side curtain to reveal a familiar figure at the "wizard's" controls--



I barely had time to recognize him as our host before he dissolved, and the scene faded into flames...

We were inside the Space Skuttle once again, choking on the acrid smoke around us.



The ship had crashed at the end of its long, frigid journey.

The heat generated by its entry into an alien atmosphere had revived us seconds before impact...



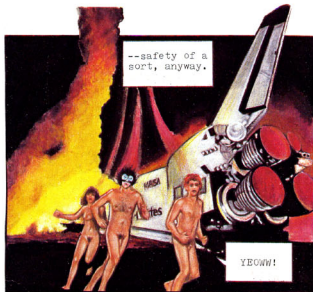
It was General Banzai who saved us. Screaming with pain, he kicked out one of the windows and disappeared into the darkness.



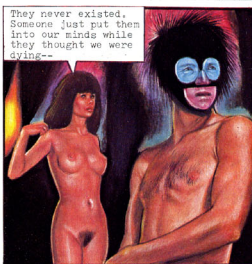
WAAUGH!



At this point, Adeline claims, she dragged me to safety.

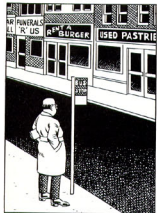


We stood outside the burning spaceship, naked and gasping for breath in the ultraviolet night of a faraway world--



the bus

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COMING

The April issue is so chock full o' new and exciting strips that frankly we don't even know where to begin. Let's see...

In addition to the continuations of **Moebius's** "The Incal Light" and **Garcia's** "Nova II," we premiere **Bilal's** newest strip, "The City That Didn't Exist" (the title says it all).

Plus: **Nicole Claveloux** makes a splendid comeback with her surreal strip "The Whore and Prince Charming." All the while we excerpt the new illustrated book *She* and meet via writer **Toby Goldstein** the noted **J. G. Ballard**.

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