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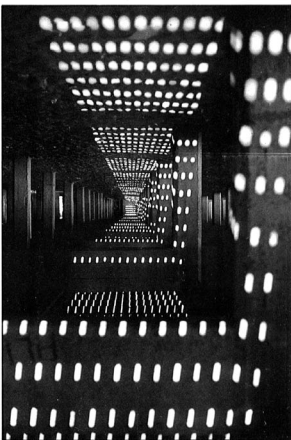
Whenever I hear the phrase "sci-fi" I cringe. I cringe not only because of its pejorative implications, but because the term was originated by a prominent member of the science-fiction community. And it is this argot and this fan community which painfully retards science fiction's bid for respect and influence in the world at large.

When the Paperback Talk column of the *New York Times* Book Review recently noted that, according to the fan community's own newsletters, "nine paperback publishers are issuing books at a rate of 1,000 [SF] titles a year, many of them 'junk,'" I couldn't help but squirm again. No wonder the Book Review—hardly a fan of the science-fiction-as-serious-literature school of thought—doesn't give the genre much due; even by these leading SF people's own assessment, this literary ghetto nurtures not only good stuff but a lot of junk. So much for policing one's own literary neighborhood.

I stopped to consider one case fresh in mind—that of Elizabeth Lynn's *Sardonyx Net*. Not a bad read by pop standards; quickly paced, clearly styled, I devoured it in one sitting. But then stacked up against the overwhelming praise from within the fan community for Lynn's supposedly challenging themes and technical capabilities I found myself assailing the book for wooden phrasing, pat situations, and facile plot construction. Such expectations had set me up to knock the book down.

So I stopped to rethink. If Lynn had been working outside this insular, self-justifying little community, would she have received such trumpeting? If my critique was at all accurate, then I'd say no. But I already knew that. Enough critics from within the field have said as much (some of them saying so in *HM's* own Dossier). Witness these comments offered by Poland's dean of SF, Stanislaw Lem—hailed by mainstream critics as a major literary light and yet a virtual unknown among the hard-core fans. "...Without a doubt, there is a difference between science fiction and all other neighboring, often closely related types of trivial literature. It is a whore, but a quite bashful one at that; moreover, a whore with an an-

EDITORIAL



Photography by Hughes Colson

gel's face. It prostitutes itself, but like Dostoevsky's Sonya Marmeladova with discomfort, disgust and contrary to "its dream and hopes.

"True, science fiction is often a liar. It wants to be taken for something else, something different from what it really is. It lives in perpetual self-deception. It repeats its attempts to disguise itself. Has it got a shadow of a right to do so?"

Well, even in light of my grouching, I'd offer an unequivocal yes, for even the crudest science fiction performs a function no other literature does as well. Science fiction behaves as an authentic anthropological fiction.

Good science fiction, *competent* science fiction—even the most limited but internally logical tale of technological advancement—describes mankind in anthropological terms, at least by the open-ended definition of SF. And bound up in its

roots as ghettoized pulp trash is this redemption for SF. If SF operates according to not only literary form (metaphor, allegory, etc.) but also extrapolation and general speculation about man in the universe (our inherent reference point is *man-made*), then SF must take a distant look at its sources.

When Hugo Gernsback first published *Ralph 124C41* + in an electronics-for-amateurs journal in 1911, *science fiction* hadn't been coined and no one, especially Gernsback had thought much about its long-range implications. But he and his ilk did think of storytelling as a way for young engineers and inventors to solve problems. SF was born as a literature of ideas. But it wasn't until after World War II and, finally, the '60s that people realized it was *literature* and that the external trappings of SF could be totally integrated into the fabric of the form (as with William Burroughs).



Built on the notion of "what if..." characters at first were mere devices to set up elements of a particular problem. But, by virtue of a history which stressed problem-solving rather than character development or invention, science fiction was free to consider man as a totality among totalities. In other words, man's fundamental assumptions about his behavior could be questioned through nonterrestrial environments and radically altered realities. Once removed from his home turf—no longer lord and master of his own castle—man loses his *particularness* and becomes just another creature to be examined. However a writer might skew it, the genre as a whole took a theoretical distance from man in his conventional time and space. Like an actual anthropologist working among Aranda aborigines or the Bedouins, the science-fiction writer had to do as the situation called for, not as he expected.

Theoretically then, the science-fiction writing community has generated a rationale for itself. Under these terms, SF-as-anthropological-literature renders individual man into man-as-archetype and the characters of stories—the memorable, such as those seen in J. G. Ballard's *Crash* or Phil Dick's *Ubik*—are made into mythic figures. Mainstream literature does the same in certain cases, but it's most effective when a novel acquires the ghostly surrealism effected by SF's time/space altering properties. The interior monologue within a confessional novel like John Cheever's *Falconer* would be more easily transferred into a science-fiction context than it would be to reduce a book like Phil Dick's *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* or Thomas Disch's *334* to a more contemporary setting. In fact, it would render the novel immaterial.

The story of *334* necessitates being science fiction. If a science-fiction story can simply be a case of substituting aliens for Indians, then it might as well have been done as another Red Ryder adventure. Yet *334's* very existence embodies the whole notion of speculative fiction.

In *334*, Thomas Disch describes the lives of several people struggling to survive in a future fifty years hence. All endure their toil in building 334 on

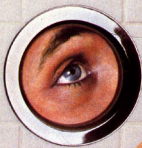
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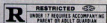
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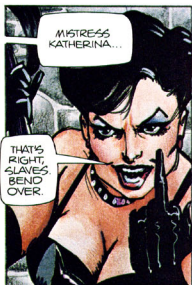
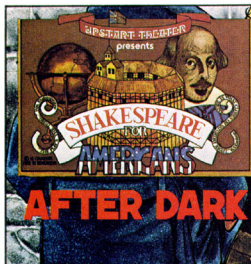
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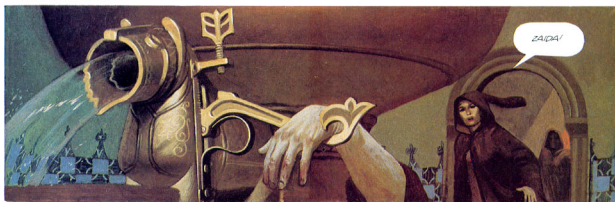
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THE FLAME!
BY THE GODS—IT GROWS
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While trying to escape the floating prison, the Mercenary and the chief's daughter came face to face with one of their captors who was also trying to escape. After telling the Mercenary the truth behind the floating prison the former captor was shot by a prison guard.

QUICKLY—WE MUST GET
TO THE REGULATION
CHAMBER BEFORE--



SHE IS DEAD SHE FELL ON
THE LEVER AND TURNED
OFF THE FIRE!

IT NO LONGER MAT-
TERS. IT IS ALREADY
TOO LATE.





AFTER THE FIRE WAS
EXTINGUISHED, THE
MERCENARY EVALU-
ATED THE DAMAGE
THE CHAMBER HAD
INCURRED.



CLAC



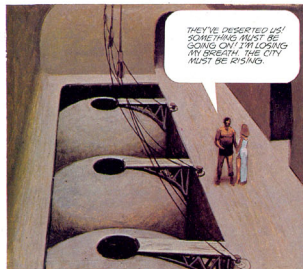
HEY! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

MY GOD! THE CABLES
HAVE BEEN SINCED!
SOUND THE ALARM!



WRONG

THE ALARM! WE MUST GO
QUICKLY TO THE HIGH-
PRESSURE CHAMBER

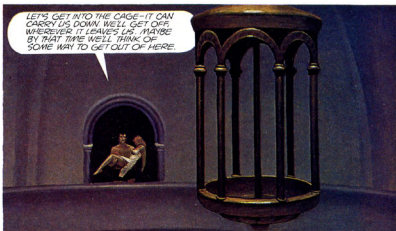


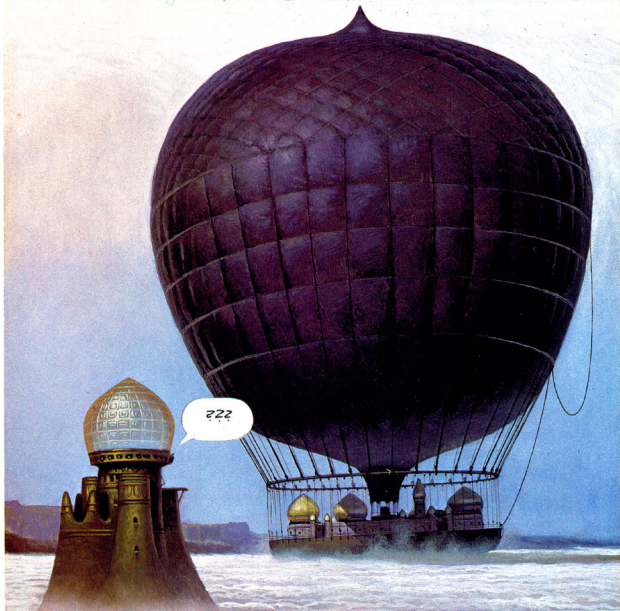
THEY'VE DESERTED US!
SOMETHING MUST BE
GOING ON! I'M LOSING
MY BREATH. THE CITY
MUST BE RISING.



IF WE CONTINUE LIKE
THIS, WE'LL END UP
RISING ABOVE THE
CLOUDS AND ON THROUGH
THE HEAVENS!

I FEEL AS IF I'M
GOING TO FAINT.
I CAN'T GET ANY
AIR!





TO BE CONTINUED...

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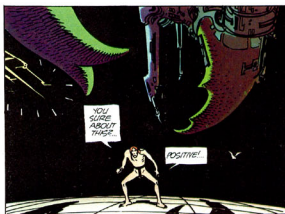


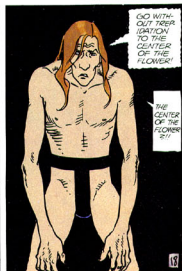
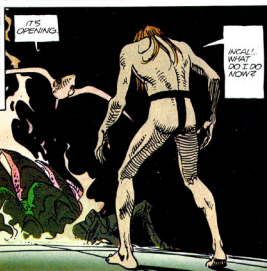
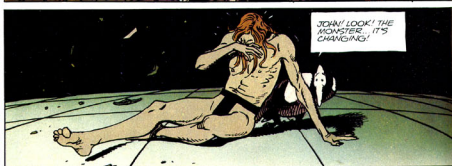
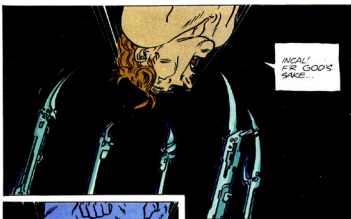
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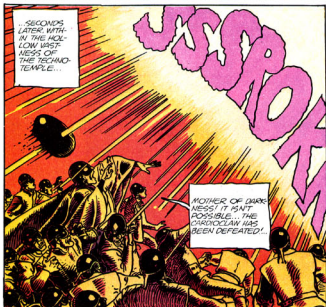
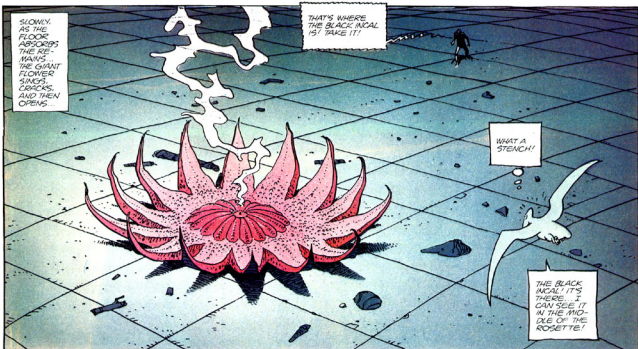
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AND MOEBIUS
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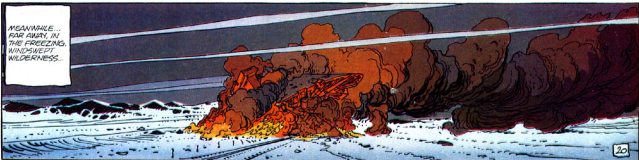
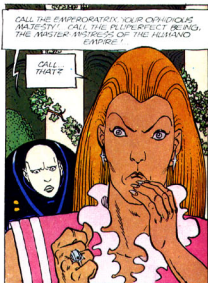
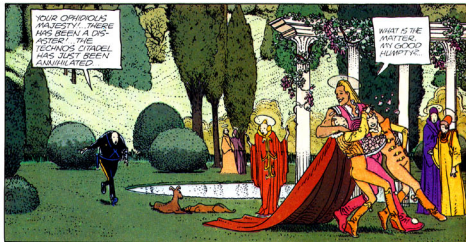
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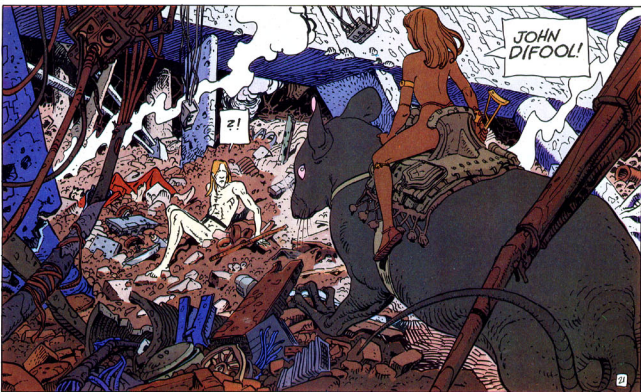
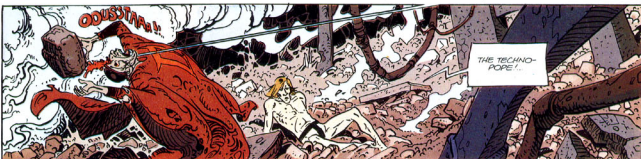
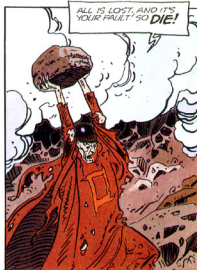
JOHN DIFUOL HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE TECHNO-DISEMBEUREMENT; HOWEVER, HE FACES EVEN MORE SINISTER PERIL FROM THE CARDIOCLAW, THE FEARFUL GUARDIAN OF THE EXTERIOR INTERIOR...



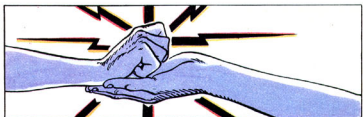
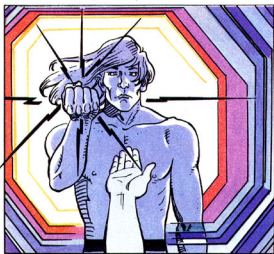
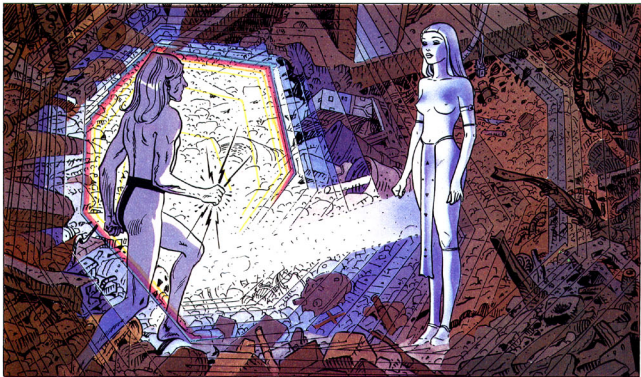
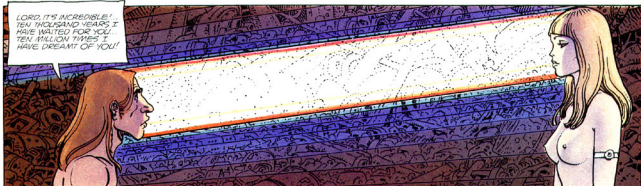


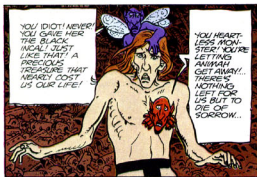
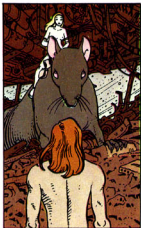
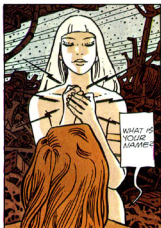


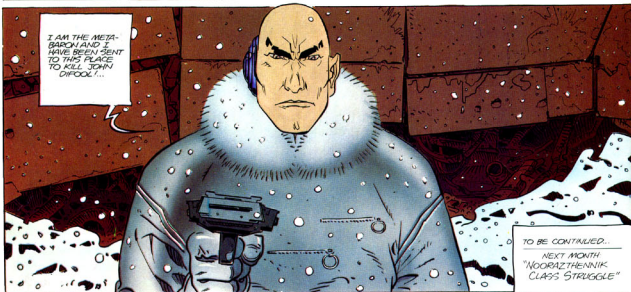
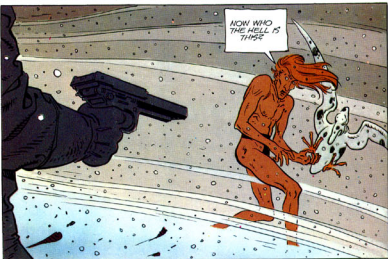
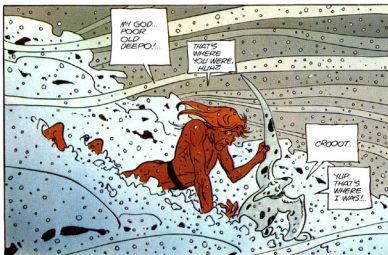


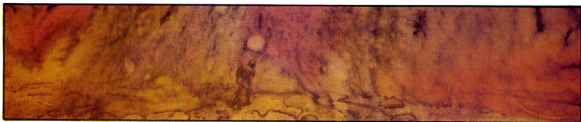
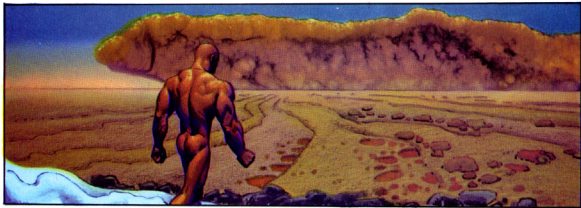


LORD, IT'S INCREDIBLE!
TEN THOUSAND YEARS I
HAVE WAITED FOR YOU!
TEN MILLION TIMES I
HAVE DREAMT OF YOU!



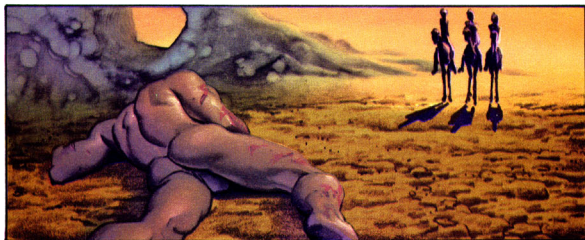
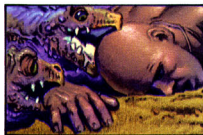
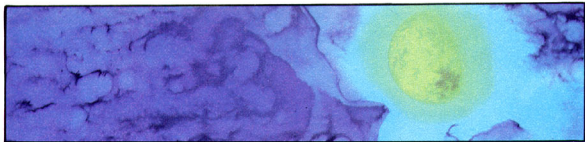






DC II

When we last saw Tarn and Moda, they were in the presence of Jord, the leader of the Muxorum people. He was accompanied by his pet, Jordella, who took an instant liking to Moda. Unfortunately, the feelings weren't mutual, and Moda threw Jordella to the ground. With that, the guards carried him off. The rest remains to be seen.





LENN J. COHEN & RICHARD CORBEN

I'm treated as a king, here among the
Dramites. They'll work themselves to
death for my every whim.

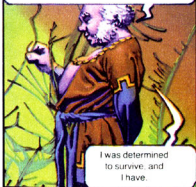


I was once a rug merchant in the world
outside Muvovum. Then I brought a car-
avan through these rocky hills. The
Dramites captured us.

You see, they need us . . . us humans. I
didn't understand then, as you don't
understand now.



Some of my associates were revolted by
our captors. They became royal food . . .
like your servant. As the survivors
learned what their purpose here was to
be, they senselessly rebelled . . . and
were also eaten.



I was determined
to survive. and
I have.



As I said, the Dramites will do anything for me... almost. There is one thing they won't do that you must do.



THUD



There is a secret passage from this room to the surface that is never used. You could escape through it.

Where is it?



Its location is written on a scrap of parchment in my robe pocket.



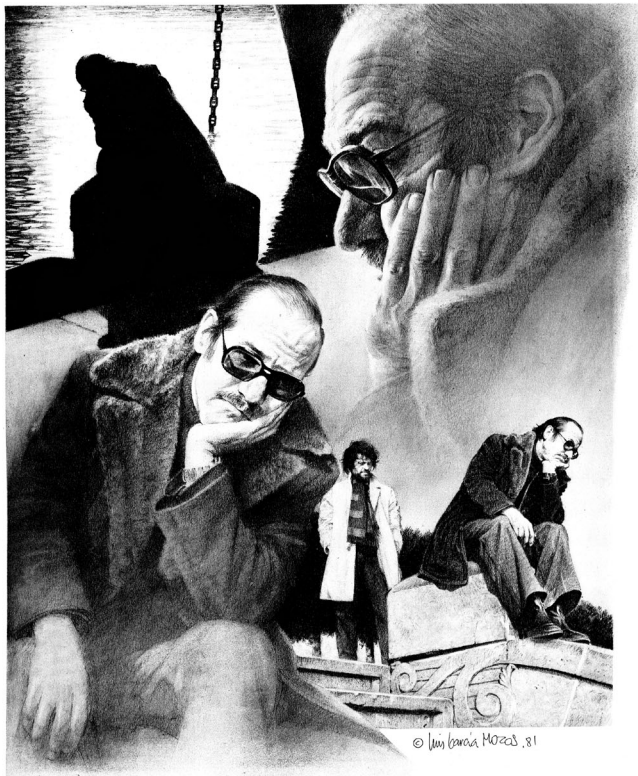
There is only one way you'll get it from me.

To be continued

NOVA 2

CHAPTER II: A GUN FOR SALE

LAST ISSUE... AN UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT FROM SPACE
CRASHED IN THE DESERT.
THREE MEN OF DIVERGENT POINTS OF VIEW
WERE SENT TO INVESTIGATE.
VICTOR RAMOS, AN ARTIST IN THE GRIP OF
EMOTIONAL TURMOIL, LEFT HIS BARCELONA
APARTMENT LOOKING FOR SOMETHING...
DEATH?



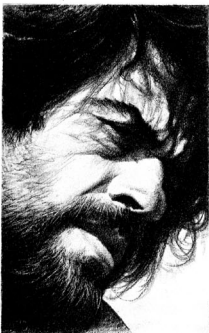


I ALSO THINK AT TIMES, BUT ONE CANNOT EXIST ON THINKING ALONE. TELL ME, CAN ONE DO NOTHING BUT THINK?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OH...
THINKING....



NO, ONE MUST ALSO DO SOMETHING. "LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT," AND WE CAN'T AVOID WORK IN THIS LIFE. IT'S TERRIBLE BUT TRUE. THE MAN WHOSE WORK IS TO BE AN ASSASSIN, HAS TO BE THAT. DESTINY IS THAT WHICH WE CAN'T AVOID... WE ARE LIKE PEOPLE PROGRAMMED WITH THE NECESSITY TO BE REALIZED.



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME. ANSWER ME THIS: IF SOMEONE COMES TO YOU FOR HELP, AND YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO GIVE HIM THAN THIS GUN AND NO OTHER SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEMS, THAN TO SHOOT HIMSELF IN THE MOUTH... AND TO SELL THIS GUN TO HIM WOULD FREE YOU FROM HUNGER... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

DO YOU REALLY WISH TO
SELL IT?

I HAVE NOTHING BUT THIS GUN
AND MY HUNGER.

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE...



THE MAN TOOK THE MONEY...VICTOR RAMOS PUT THE GUN IN HIS POCKET AND
LEFT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, NOT EVEN THANK YOU. THE HEELS OF HIS
BOOTS RANG SADLY ON THE DAMP COBBLESTONES...

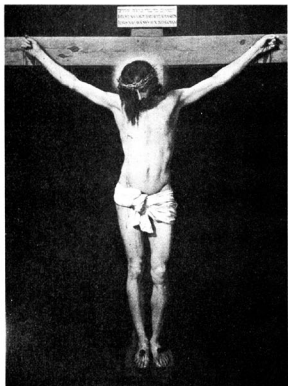






ALTHOUGH VICTOR RAMOS HAD ENDEAVORED NOT TO THINK OF IT, THAT MORNING'S IMPULSIVE PURCHASE LEFT HIM FEELING DISTURBED THAT NIGHT, AFTER A DAY AS HORRIBLE AS ALL THE REST—DRAWING THE ROMANCE COMIC THAT HE HAD WORKED ON DAY IN, DAY OUT, FOR 22 YEARS—HE TOOK THE GUN FROM THE BOTTOM OF HIS COAT POCKET, HOLDING IT IN HIS HAND, HE UNDERSTOOD THAT CERTAINLY AN ENEMY HAD ENTERED HIS HOUSE. HE FELT LIKE THROWING HIMSELF FROM THE WINDOW...

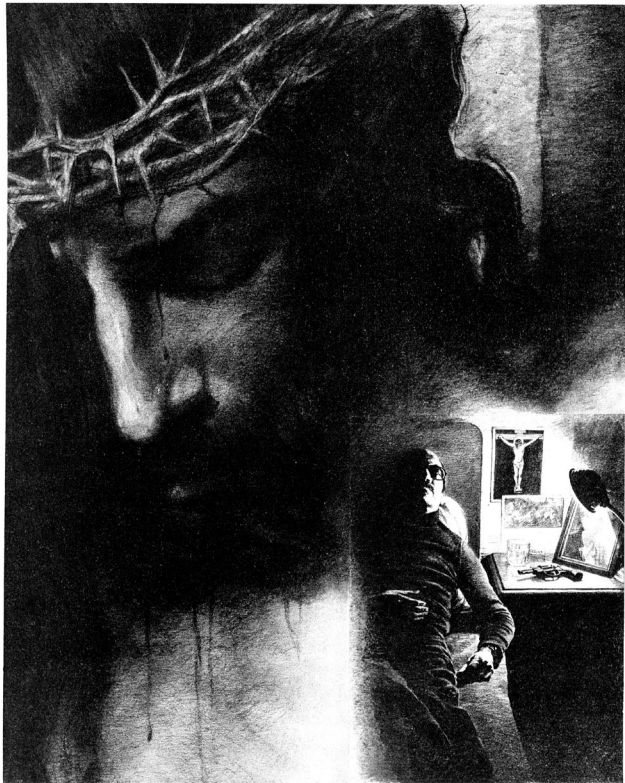
...HE PUT THE GUN ON THE NIGHT TABLE, WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF YELLOW LIGHT...



45. THE PARABLE OF THE BLIND. 1508. Canvas, 86 x 154 cm. Naples, Museo Nazionale



HE HATED HIS APARTMENT, DIRTY, DISORDERED, AND STINKING FROM THE URINE OF HIS CAT... BUT A FAR WORSE ENEMY WAS THE REPRODUCTION OF VELASQUEZ'S "CHRIST". LOOKING AT IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ALL OF HIS DESIRES DO SOMETHING. HE WISHED THAT EVERY LONGING HE HAD FELT TO CREATE A MASTERPIECE, WOULD DISAPPEAR FOR AN ENTIRE DAY.



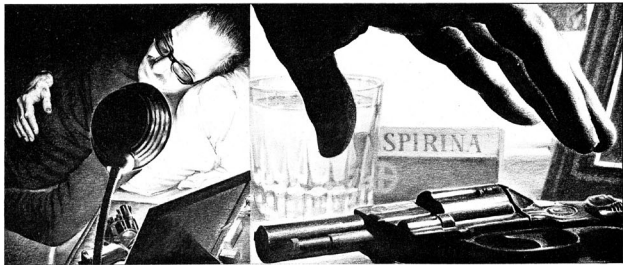
THAT NIGHT—AFTER ALL THE TV PROGRAMMING HAD ENDED—HE BEGAN TO THINK, AS SLEEP SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE, HOW MANY BOOKS ARE THOUGHT OUT BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 2 AND 5? HOW MANY PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS HATCHED WHILE THE HEAD IS ON THE PILLOW? HOW MANY BODIES ARE EMBRACED IN THE IMAGINATION? HOW MANY FANTASIES DREAMED WITH CLOSED EYES?



INSOMNIA WAS STIMULATING TO HIM... HIS UNREALIZED WORKS FELL INTO PLACE BEFORE HIM, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, PRESERVED ARTIFICIALLY IN HIS MEMORY LIKE DREAMS.



BUT THAT NIGHT, THE POINT OF DEPARTURE WAS THE GUN.



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

Prince Charming

and a Very Patient Young Lady

BY
NICOLE
CLAVELUX

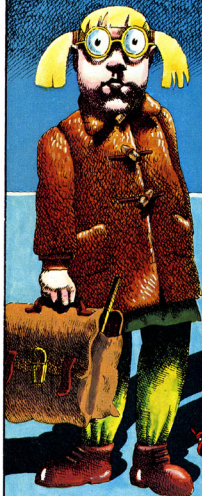
WHEN SHE WAS BUT A TODDLER,
THE YOUNG GIRL KNEW THAT
SHE WAS DESTINED TO MEET
PRINCE CHARMING...

BILL!!!

...SHE WAITED AND WAITED
FOR THE DAY SHE KNEW
HER PRINCE WOULD COME...

BARELY A TEEN, SHE CONTINUED TO
WAIT. AFTER ALL, WASN'T A PRINCE
CHARMING WORTH A BIT OF Tedium?

SHE WAITED WITH
PERSEVERANCE...



AND SHE WAITED... AND WAITED...

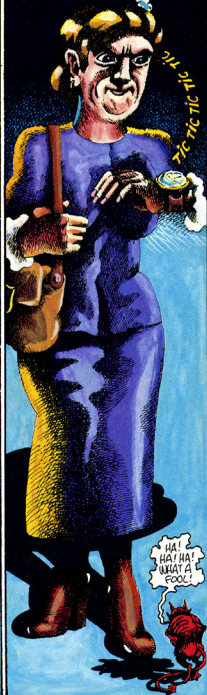


HA!
HA! HA!
HELL
NEVER
COME!

AND WHEN SHE GREW A BIT IMPATIENT...



TIME IS FLYING BY,
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?



HA!
HA! HA!
WHAT A
FOOL

...SHE DECIDED TO GO AND LOOK FOR HIM,
SINCE HE OBVIOUSLY WASN'T COMING AFTER HER.

NOTHING.

...NOT
A SOUL!

HE'S GOT TO BE AROUND
HERE SOMEWHERE!

SHE LOOKED HIGH AND LOW!

AND
STILL
NOTHING!

THIS IS SORT OF A
MONOTONOUS STORY
—PRETTY BUT TRITE!

I DON'T SEE
HIM COMING!

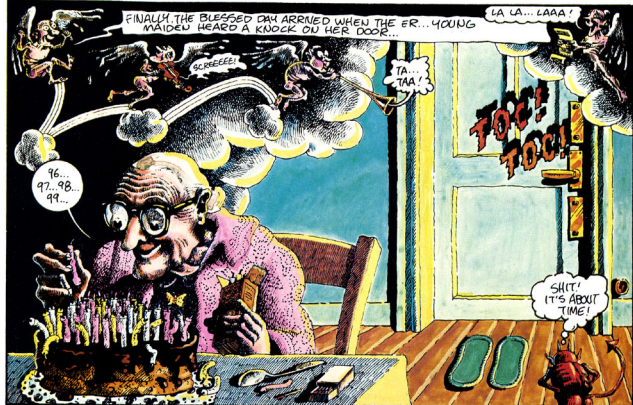
HE
DOESN'T
EVEN
EXIST!

UH-
UH!

ALWAYS
NOTHING!

THIS IS A BIT
DISCOURAGING!

HEH,
HEH!





MORAL TO THIS FAO TALE-A PRINCE IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

British Rail's cavernous Waterloo Station hummed with the atonal robotic chatter of brake screeches, engine hisses, and human holiday babble. An issue of British *Penthouse*, reading material for the forty-minute journey from London to Shepperton, portrayed James Graham Ballard broad-grinned behind a smashed windshield. I pulled out the relevant pages and deposited the rest of the mag on a seat at the opposite end of the rail car. An unsavory-looking young man picked it up and studied the girlie photos meaningfully. As we rode, the rusting corridors of South London council flats merged into the well-watered playing fields of Wimbledon, then to Shepperton's neat suburban rear gardens and cheerful red-brick homes.

Writer Ballard lives in a placid London suburb called Shepperton, but his daily concerns comprise a far greater scenery. I stumbled across my first Ballard tale almost fifteen years ago and have noted the consistent accuracy of his internally catastrophic world view since that time. "For the last thirty years we have been living in J. G. Ballard's world," wrote David Pringle and James Goddard, frequent Ballard critics. I set out to explore the topography of his landscape.

Today's headlines deliver a diet of riots and mayhem. The six o'clock news recites its daily litany of rape, murder, accident, and international brinkmanship as if it were some contemporary catalogue of sins. Moral arbiters in the United States and Europe attempt to impose rigidity upon free thought and action, and have by

doing so increased the tensions which result in internalized violence. Certain Americans demand "right to life" and the death penalty, both in God's name, and certain Britons follow a hate cult called "oi," in the name of patriotism. Others stick their heads in the sand. As in every terminal society, more than a few eat, dress up, and are merry.

Since the mid 1950s, Ballard, an author of *speculative fiction* (not "science fiction"), has been interpreting the psychological unrest pervading our society in concise, extreme language. He writes of violence beyond comprehension, that which possesses strength to buckle a concrete sidewalk, shatter safety glass, pulverize a wind-shield. Ballard has been called, along with Jean Genet and William S. Burroughs, one of punk's major literary figures. He has inspired brilliantly reckless performers like Suicide, Joy Division, and The Normal aka Daniel Miller—composer of a paean to Ballard's apocalyptic novel *Crash* called "Warm Leatherette." Ballard's words are adapted by artists who stroke violence and transform it into ecstasy.

In America, J. G. Ballard is little known by the general science-

J. G. BALLARD:

VISIONARY OF THE APOCALYPSE

by Toby Goldstein

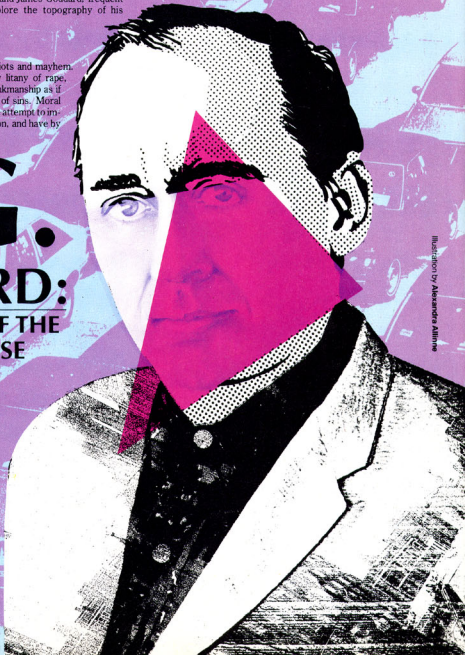


Illustration by Alexander Alltime

fiction community, never mind the average reader. Yet upon discovery of his work, one gains the awareness of having opened some new "door of perception." His fixations with technological overload, impersonal compulsive sex, and self-destructed societies speak to the heart of twentieth-century malaise. It is no great distance from reading about arson for profit to understanding Ballard's novel *High Rise*, in which the inhabitants of a plush skyscraper compellingly revert to savagery.

III.

There were no motorcycles wrapped around lamp posts, no crushed kiddies bleeding in the streets, and no black leather wallpaper in Ballard's comfortably cluttered house. Ballard, who at fifty-one resembles your favorite balding uncle, is used to the disappointment of first-time visitors. "I feel like I should be on a twelve-lane turnpike for them, and a huge interchange, instead of this little quiet suburban street with his happy children and pretty gardens... it ought to be covered with a miasma of drugs, violence, and child molesting." Contrast is spice for the senses.

J. G. Ballard's relationship with modern traumas seems to follow directly from his rather unusual upbringing. Born in Shanghai, Ballard was interned with his family in a civilian prison camp by the Japanese during World War II. In 1946, he moved to England, where he studied medicine at Cambridge, worked as a copywriter, a Covent Garden porter, and an R. A. F. pilot until he was able to write full-time, in the early 1960s. At some time, Ballard was involved in a very serious auto accident whose details would obsess him in his most apocalyptic work, *Crash*.

From the time he first started writing "science fiction," Ballard never stressed the medium's conventional themes of bug-eyed monsters and invaders from Out There. Like Ray Bradbury and Richard Matheson, whom he admires, Ballard preferred to discuss humankind's inner visions and document our love-hate relationship with technology. Ballard's early novels *The Drought* and *The Drowned World* terminally altered the planet, while his heroes were as fascinated as they were repelled with the prospect of their doom.

The title tale of his second short-story collection, "The Voices of Time," introduced an early recurrent theme—Eniwetok, an original location of atomic Armageddon. As Peter Nicholls wrote in the British science-fiction journal *Foundation*, "From the beginning, Ballard's theme has been alienation, obsession, and entropy."

IV.

With the arrival of the mid-sixties mental/physical/social/moral revolution, J. G. Ballard adjusted his milieu to pit so-called civilized invention against primeval ego needs. The personal apocalypse had begun. As people were more and more bound to their machines, they expressed outrage through the apparatus. Marshal McLuhan wrote of "tribal man," and Ballard's post-sixties creatures were elemental and extreme.

Says Ballard, "Everything happened during the sixties. The Kennedy assassination was the key event, the catalyst that got it all moving. Thanks to TV, mass communications, and all the rest, you got strange overlaps between the assassinations and Vietnam and the space race and the youth pop explosion and psychedelia and the drug culture. It was like a huge amusement park going out of control. And I thought, well, there's no point in writing about the future. The future's here. The present has annexed the future onto itself." McLuhan prophesied that technology was to become the future "extension of man," and Ballard documented what happened when nirvana short-circuited.

In a collection of narrative essays called *The Atrocity Exhibition*, Ballard threw himself fully into his love-hate relationship with modern technology. The book became a blueprint for his major works of the 1970s: *Crash*, *Concrete Island*, and *High Rise*. On the surface, *Atrocity* follows a deranged doctor as he reconstructs his death-wish dreams in living tableaux. Its centerpieces are a headless Elizabeth Taylor, a limbless Jackie Kennedy. Fundamentally, Ballard is altering our awareness of contemporary icons by subjecting them to a net of death, destruction, and inescapable, overwhelming sex.

Ballard shifts his protagonist's name every few sequences, transforming Talbot-Travers-Tallis into a modern Everyman. He creates a pilgrim who seeks the light of truth in the scrambled grillwork of a crushed Pontiac. Via his character, Ballard states that psychosis is normal, especially when broadcast through the wounds of napalmed Vietnamese and auto-crash victims. Ballard's highway to heaven is paved with billboards blaring Jayne Mansfield and John F. Kennedy's death ecstasies. He reinterprets the JFK assassination as a high-speed auto race. The President's widow survives as the ultimate technosexual symbol.

Almost fifteen years before Ronald Reagan would be elected president, Ballard incisively analyzed Reagan's personality in an essay, "Why I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan," in which he wrote, "During these assassination fantasies/Tallis became increasingly obsessed/ With the pudenda of the Presidential contender/mediated to him by a thousand television screens./The motion picture studies of Ronald Reagan/created a scenario of the conceptual orgasm/a unique ontology of violence and disaster." Do you suppose Hinkley read it?

The work outraged America's conservative literary establishment, and *Atrocity* was immediately suppressed. Doubleday pulped its entire press run while Ballard's editor was at lunch. After a second publisher, Dutton, backed off from the book, Grove Press published the volume, but—in an obvious play for the early 1970s market—called it *Love and Napalm: Export U.S.A.* That title was conceptually misleading. Ballard's re-creation of the napalmed Vietnamese was only one contemporary archetype introduced in *Atrocity*. His four-wheeled mushroom cloud that haunted the highways was a much more pervasive death image. Ballard got that message across when he staged an actual exhibition of crashed cars.

"It occurred to me, when I started thinking about *Crash*, that I ought to put on a show of crashed cars to test my hypothesis, and I mounted the show as a fine-arts collection of sculpture. I had an opening night and invited all the art critics and media people. I laid on a lot of wine. And although it appeared to be a gallery opening, I was really setting up a confrontation.

"I've never seen people get so drunk so quickly. Admittedly, I probably went over the top, because I had a closed-circuit television system, and I hired a topless girl to interview people on TV among the cars. It was obviously too much for the girl, because she originally agreed to come nude and when she saw the cars she suddenly said she would only go topless. It was too much for the people who watched themselves being interviewed—the girl was nearly raped in the back of a Pontiac.

"While the cars remained on show, they were repeatedly attacked. There was an enormous latent hostility released, a whole range of ambiguous emotions that surprised me."

V.

No one is very comfortable admitting to this truth, but in the United States, the automobile is our most obvious sexual extension. Small men become motivated by high-octane machines, while the notion of a "family car" removes the immediate lure of sex in the backseat. Wrote famed French linguist Roland Barthes, anticipating Ballard's stage event and the responses it provoked, "In the exhibition halls, the car on show is explored with an intense, amorous studiousness; it is the great tactile phase of discovering, the moment when visual wonder is about to receive the reasoned assault of touch... The bodywork, the lines of union are touched, the upholstery palpated, the seats tried, the doors caressed, the cushions fondled; before the wheel, one pretends to drive with one's whole body.

It is not a long journey from psychological identification with the automobile to becoming pathologically obsessed with it, as *Crash*. Ballard's next book, would layer in loving detail. "The layout of the instrument panel, like the profile of the steering wheel bruised into my chest, was inset on my knees and shin bones. The impact of the second collision between my body and the interior compartment of the car was defined in those wounds, like the contours of a woman's body remembered in the responding pressure of one's own skin for a few hours after the sexual act."

Crash makes people nervous. Its characters derive their greatest

You're about to see the transformation of the home to a TV studio, in which we're each the star, director, scriptwriter, and audience of our own continuing movies.

sexual justification in the environment of broken limbs and streaming body fluids—auto accident as ultimate ecstasy. By naming the book's protagonist Ballard, its author meant to convey a deeply elemental truth.

"I wanted to anchor the book as much in reality, and to write the book I needed to identify myself totally with the narrator. And I thought, as the narrator is in effect me, I may as well call him myself. I may as well be an imaginary version of myself.

"In writing books like *Crash* or *The Atrocity Exhibition* or *High Rise*, I was exploring myself, using myself as the laboratory animal, as it were, probing around. I had to take the top off my skull when I was writing *Crash* and start touching pain and pleasure centers to see what happened. Now I can distance myself from the book and see it as a cautionary tale.

No doubt as much for its close-to-the-bone technological frenzy as for its surfeit of sex and violence, *Crash* was condemned as pornographic in the U.S., but in France, the book was a huge success, and eventually a film of the book (as yet unreleased) was made in that country. However, Ballard has received some, shall we say, unusual letters from Americans concerning *Crash*. He regrets tossing them into the rubbish.

"I've had some extraordinary mail, particularly from Los Angeles. (Are you surprised?) Things like sadomasochistic erotic fantasies. Letters that start straightforward, which soon get into a zone of 'as I ride my bike,' which I assume means a motorbike with enough power to go into orbit, 'I think of *Crash*.' All these letters adopt a sort of lyrical death tone and they all culminate in some horrendous accident image. 'As I read your book I stroke my wounds' kind of stuff. I thought, God almighty! I hope this is confined to a very small number of people. I wouldn't want to cause any accidents on your beautiful highways! Why don't we do it in the road....

Concrete Island, the follow-up to *Crash*, was more of a subtext for that book, describing what befell a man trapped between the two whizzing directionals of a huge motorway. In *High Rise*, the final volume of Ballard's high-tech years, he moved indoors and painstakingly detailed the decline of civilization with a middle-class multistory apartment book. Just like yours.

Ballard could have taken the easy way out with *High Rise* by setting it in a British council block (like our public housing), considering the frequency with which those inhabitants rebel against their dwellings. More to his point was documenting the processes that would cause a well-off twentieth-century community to unravel. Punk was originally a frustrated middle-class movement.

High Rise was an astonishingly accurate forecaster of European disaffection. While the most recent British riots have pitted the least-advantaged against the status quo, Ballard had read in a paper of European nihilists who stemmed from placid suburban towns. "A lot of the developments I describe, the alienating effects of modern technology, I see as becoming more and more apparent. Whatever implicit prophecies there are seem to be coming true in a frightening way. In France there were some violent riots that were almost a ritualized armed combat between the police and a group called The Independents [a close translation].

"The reporter said, 'These are not the working class, these aren't the proletariat of the Ballard-Burgess-*High Rise* thing, but many of these are middle-class children of respectable families who come in from the suburbs.' Well, I thought, that guy can give my book a plug, but he actually hadn't read it because the whole point of *High Rise* is that the tenant's block are themselves middle-class. You can see it in the Baader-Meinhof gang in Germany. I sometimes wonder how much real political motivation those people had. I made a long trip to Germany several years ago. It's a very strange place.

"I still have to make a guess. I'd say the future was going to be like a suburb of Düsseldorf. The whole of Germany is like an enormous well-heeled housing estate. There are all these immaculate, brand-new suburban houses in nicely wooded suburbs; every house has got a boat and a BMW in the drive. The schools are built according to the most advanced thinking about what a school should be like; there are

recreation aids and sports facilities. Even a drifting leaf looks like it's got too much freedom. And this all adds up to the death of the soul in the whole place. There's a desperation just waiting to be born there. If you live in a totally civilized society, madness is the only way you can express your own freedom!"

The madness of *High Rise*'s luxury tenants becomes a normal way of life for them, just as our cities foster the breakdown of civilized behavior behind a mannerly facade.

"I'm not interested in the street crime," continues Ballard. "I'm interested in the communications landscape, where your responses to violence are on a much more conceptual level. The danger lies in ambiguous responses, where one doesn't know one's own moral direction. How should you, as a responsible and moral human being, react at a Grand Prix when there's a big pileup and cars start exploding all over the track? Should you enjoy it? Should you give in to the thrills and excitement?"

"Then, if its okay to enjoy that sort of stylized violence, what happens when on the TV after the commercial break, you're getting newsreels from the latest war? Are you allowed to enjoy those? There's a whole new moral system to contend with."

VI.

Last year, Ballard moved from the obsessive technological standpoint toward considering fantasy in a post-technological society. *The Unlimited Dream Company*, whose hero, Blake, literally flies over earthly matters and transforms a town into birdlike freed creatures, implies the possibility of happiness stemming from one's inner landscape. Like his destructo-trilogy, *Dream Company* is located in Ballard's familiar territory of suburban London, but its implications of freedom without a chaotic termination are completely new.

Ballard does not name all his heroes idly. William Blake was an eighteenth-century writer and artist whose detailed, finely colored drawings transformed mythological prophecies into awesome visions. His beatific poetry described the transfiguration of earthly matter into transcendent spirit. Ballard's Blake operates as if he were the poet-painter incarnate in fantasy fiction, relishing the "fearful symmetry" of the townspeople as they transmute themselves to bright birds in their dreams.

Perhaps it is for the best that Ballard's most recent work, a short novel entitled *Hello America*, is unlikely to be issued in this country. Although it is written with Ballard's gift for elemental portrait, its theme of a future America, covered in sand because of some ecological cataclysm, reverts to Ballard's early books. But instead of simply retracing past landscapes, the novel abandons Ballard's mastery of complex, internal catastrophe for the far easier imposition of technology, a convenient outside force. The writer does this not just in the plot structure but actually in the novel's very form. With any luck he is just taking comfort in the familiarity of the past, before reckoning with the awesome probabilities of the near future.

Says Ballard, "A lot of my prophecies about the alienated society are going to come true. Given the physical expansion of the world's economy slowing down, I think the only area of future expansion is going to be into one's own head. You're about to see the transformation of the home to a TV studio, in which we're each the star, director, scriptwriter, and audience of our own continuing movies."

"Everybody's going to be staring in their own porno films as an extension of the Polaroid camera. Electronic aids, particularly domestic computers, will help the inner migration, the opting out of reality. Reality is no longer going to be the stuff out there, but the stuff inside your head."

"It's going to be commercial and nasty at the same time, like 'Rite of Spring' in Disney's *Fantasia*. One's going to need educated feet to get out of the way. In the past, one could invoke 'sympathy for the devil' with fancy footwork, but in future times, our internal devils and angels may simultaneously destroy and renew us through the technological overload we have invoked. J. G. Ballard will chronicle the passage."

EDITORIAL

continued from page 4

East 11th Street deep in lower Manhattan. They cope with conditions which even by present New York standards would seem near-calamitous. Yet, these people live, love, and die in much the same manner as we or someone we know now do. Between criminalized paternity and desensitized homicide (committed to obtain body parts for the organ transplant market), life is trivialized by a society terminally in decay. But through this series of intertwined vignettes, it soon becomes clear that although the details seem frightfully severe to us, to people who have read

science fiction fifty years ago, the conditions in our time might seem as equally severe and near-calamitous.

What Disch achieves through 334 is a phenomenal sleight of hand. The people of this future reflect how we all survive however grim the situation, somehow tidying up our lives into an acceptable order; the novel also fatalistically implies that no matter how hard we try, sustained decay continues. The very act of describing this future world where people remarkably act *unremarkably* emphasizes that the very order of our world today could appear as either utopia or dystopia according to the relative point of view. This revelation could not have been so clearly illuminated in any other

form but science fiction.

Quality science fiction places us at a distance from the individual man in his particular situation so that we can see man-as-a-whole responding to laws (according to the particular author's viewpoint) which govern him as a species.

And therein lies the problem for SF internally and with the mainstream critics at large. While it distances us from man-the-individual to see man-the-idea, such literature of ideas seems to alienate us from the function of fiction itself. Fiction in general isn't merely supposed to solve problems or entertain but somehow to illuminate or at least identify (though not necessarily clarify) the ambiguities which make us human. SF actu-

ally redefines the way literature identifies the ambiguities which connect us.

Though the era of the novel of manners, the confessional book, is hardly at an end, the quality of science-fiction novel—or at least the best of those which merges with literary overachievers such as William S. Burroughs and Italo Calvino—will continue to forge a truly anthropological literature. Even though the SF fan committees will continue to voice justifications for its own ghettohood, such narcissistic needs must be put aside in favor of the larger vision inherent in science fiction itself. If SF is to function and enlighten it must be free of the shackles of its own overprotective fans.

—Brad Balfour

Dear Heavy Metal:

I love *HM*! It's a shining light in my life, and I hope it never ends. It's a place where one can live out his internal emotions of violence, sexual erotica and surreal fantasies, all in a harmless, controlled form (better to dream of killing than to actually do it!).

Why are most of your contributing artists' names too hard to pronounce? ('Cause most of 'em are foreigners.—ls) Aside from Corben, my other faves are a bitch to say: Moe-bius, Drulliet, Bilal, Sydnam. How do I know if I'm saying them right?

The articles are good, too (changes mean progress, and that's good). Thanks to Lou Stathis for turning me on to some great 'wave' music—Ultravox, XTC, etc. (*Shucks*—ls).

Keep up the good work, *HM*!

Ric Masek
Cicero, Ill.

P.S. If Giger is the devil, then Dali is God.

Does that make Andy Warhol Lot's wife?—ls

Dear Guys:

Yes, I liked the movie. Is the Elliott Murphy who writes the occasional column for you the Elliott Murphy who released *Night Lights* in '76? Love that album. Always wondered what happened to that Elliott.

Do you guys really need to run shit and trash like "Outland"? Where is Tex? Ms. Harry never looked better! Thanks for giving us Mr. Stathis again (all that alteration just may give me a headache, but I like his opinions—has he ever heard of Peter Hammill?).

Dorothy Butcher
Vancouver, Canada

Taking yer questions one at a time: 1) Same Elliott Murphy. I prefer Aquashow from '73, myself. You might like to get a copy of his latest, *Affairs (Courtisane)*, which ain't bad, either. 2) No, we don't need to run shit and trash, but sometimes it seems like a fun thing to do. 3) Tex is off at the Keith Richard Clinic in Switzerland having his blood rotated. 4) You're welcome, and thank you. I have indeed heard of Peter Hammill, and enthusiastically

CHAIN MAIL

recommend his latest LP, *Sitting Targets*, on the PVC label (Virgin in the UK).—ls

Dear Sirs: (*That's two of you who haven't noticed the sex of this magazine's editor*—ls)

Believe it or not, I hadn't seen one issue of *HM* until just recently, following the release of your movie. Since that time, I've found a place here that sells past issues of comics and magazines, and I've now got one of every issue you've put out. It cost me over \$100, but it was well worth it! After reading them all, I changed my style of drawing completely. It was no longer cute little animals and friendly neighbors, now it is killer deer and people blowing each other's faces off.

Carl Booth
Norwalk, Calif.

Jesus. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. You are kidding, aren't you?—ls

Dear Sir:

I really love *Heavy Metal* magazine, but there just isn't enough rock'n'roll and sex. In '77, '78, and '79 the issues were stuffed with it.

Chris Palylyk
B.C., Canada

Dear Sir:

Ten hours at work, home to my *Heavy Metal*. What a disappointment. I've been meaning to write sooner; you show glimpses of tits and ass, but what's wrong with showing humans, robots or creatures fucking (intercourse)? This used to be a pretty good

magazine, what happened? Get off this PG-rating bullshit. 1) Change before you bite the dust. 2) Your readers are not senile. 3) My dick has more imagination than some of your writers. Thank you.

Robert Doi
Philadelphia, Pa.

Yeah, but I'll bet your dick has to hunt and peck when it types.—ls

Dear *HM*:

How can Segrelles sell such a shoddy piece of work to a nationally circulated magazine and still maintain a clear conscience? Sure, "The Mercenary" is impressive to look at, but let's get realistic! In the first installment the barbarian's flying iguana suddenly sprouts a gaping stomach wound. Yes, I did see that panel where *someone else's* lizard got gutted—but maybe I just missed something somewhere. In the November issue, the Mercenary's dead bird seemingly changes sex and has a baby. Funny, last month it was still a male—but maybe I missed something somewhere. The cave-carnivores incident was rather unbelievable as well. It seems that a seasoned mercenary has no trouble constructing a working hang-glider from the remains of a dead beastie, but not enough sense to check out the cave for any danger in the first place. This boy definitely never made it past the Cub Scouts. And after escaping an outraged husband's "legions" (I counted only a few guards), he encounters natives that are manufacturing alcohol in the Grand Canyon. What are they distilling, rock? For sure I missed something there!

Am I getting technical? Maybe, but it's things like these that totally ruin what could have been a promising story. Segrelles's "The Mercenary" is definitely missing a lot everywhere.

Robert L. Lackore
Cross Plains, Wisc.

More letters on page 50.

The Poetics of Derangement

by Brad Balfour

*I say that one must be a seer, make oneself a seer.
 "The poet makes himself a seer by a long, prodigious, and
 rational disordering of all the senses. Every form of love, of suffering,
 of madness; he searches himself, he consumes all the poisons
 in him and keeps only their quintessences. This is an unspeakable
 torture during which he needs all his faith and superhuman
 strength, and during which he becomes the great patient, the great
 criminal, the accursed—and the great learned one!—among men.
 For he arrives at the unknown because he has cultivated his own
 soul—which was rich to begin with—more than any other man! He
 reaches the unknown; and even if, crazed, he ends up by losing the
 understanding of his visions, at least he has seen them! Let him die
 charging through those unutterable, unnameable things; other hor-
 rible workers will come; they will begin from the horizons where he
 has succumbed!"*

—Rimbaud

Though these grandiose words from the seventeen-year-old Arthur Rimbaud weren't meant specifically for Drulliet, they apply just as well. Both revel in blood and froth, psychedelized images, and their own grammar of derangement. And both leap into the fray of enlightenment with their own frightful depictions, each to his own generation in the manner suited to the times. For Rimbaud, it occurs through poetry; for Drulliet, through *bandes dessinées*. That's not meant to award Drulliet the same critical accord as Rimbaud (that's a matter for time), but it's to say their positions are often comparable.

When the rebellious Rimbaud burst onto the scene in the 1870s, the Romantic tradition was flourishing. Poets wrote rich paeans to all manner of decadence and social corruption, and novels reveled in stories of degradation and the decay of social norms. But Rimbaud, in trying to do his elders—such as Baudelaire—one better, wrote with a spunk and energy unrestrained by formal education or social order. He was a kid from a small city and simple background (like Drulliet) without a father or many friends. Rather than remain within the confines of respectability, he continued to challenge any establishment until he decided to drop away from involving himself at all. Quite a character, Rimbaud, and a poet who produced lines like these:

*I managed to erase in my mind all human hope. Upon every joy,
 in order to strangle it, I made the muffled bound of the wild beast.*

*I called up executioners in order to bite their gun-butts as I died. I
 called up plagues, in order to suffocate myself with sand and blood.
 Bad luck was my god. I stretched myself out in the mud. I died
 myself in the air of crime. And I played some fine tricks on
 madness.*

—“A Season in Hell” (1874)

Rimbaud added new meaning to the epic poem: his writings crossed with impunity the boundary between poetic illumination and narrative, just as Drulliet has done with the comic story and illustration. Rimbaud has influenced the whole dark underbelly of poetry and pop culture.

Drulliet, as well, in his own intoxication with the dark and despairing, has sought to redefine both the aesthetics of his medium and its intent. A page isn't a series of panels to him: it's an entire cathedral ceiling rich with three-dimensional, illusory possibilities. Like M. C. Escher before him, he toys with perspective and depth, with hallucinatory results. Rimbaud gave vowels colors; Drulliet transforms text into design as if the words are actually threaded into the fabric of images. Borders aren't mere borders; they are portals, entranceways into different continuum existing simultaneously in his drawings. Like William S. Burroughs, he toys with the very conventions of time and space in his work: things don't seem to proceed across one narrative line but emerge as the primary action continues. Often compulsive, he reiterates his universe in all his work from *The Six Voyages of Lone Sloane* to *Yrsgael* and *La Nuit*.

Within Drulliet's macabre and labyrinthian universe (reminiscent of that of Hieronymus Bosch), mysterious quests take place that include incalculable distances, obscure lands, and almost unfathomable purpose. The purpose seems understood only by the characters—it's possible that not even Drulliet fully comprehends his magic. Grandiose battles ensue, whole civilizations rise and fall, vast roccoco cities emerge and disappear; and yet when all is said and done, everything returns to a deathly tranquility, with the HERO destroyed or surviving by sheer tenacity. Even in victory there is no triumph, simply a cessation of action and conflict. It's bitter, obsessive stuff—all the essential material of epic myth out of Wagner, or like the totally florid, decadent world of Carthage from Gustave Flaubert's *Salammbô*. (See *HM*, August 1980.) It's heady stuff, consciously and clearly delineated by someone whose tradition includes equal doses of Jack Kirby and El Greco, Aubrey Beardsley, Van Gogh, H. P. Lovecraft, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and Jim Morrison.

No better example serves to illustrate the Drulliet mythos than his graphic narrative poem *La Nuit* (Les Humanoides Associes, 1975). Set against one of Drulliet's most visually passionate and graphically innovative environments, *La Nuit* vaguely chronicles an eternal battle between the forces of ultimate death and disintegration and the savage angels of ecstatic violence. Since the death of his first wife, Nicole, compelled its creation, *La Nuit* dwells on characters frantically, almost joyously rushing to agonizing yet ecstatic deaths. Drugs, derangement, and pain are sewn into the very fabric of each page's design. If any story fulfills Rimbaud's proclamation of disordering illumination, it's this one. Ultimately, the raging forces of anarchy seeking the sacred poe (like rampant cancer cells descending onto the final battleground) are rallied by clusters of pastel, octagon-shaped orbs blasting everything to oblivion. Above all the destruction rises the image of Drulliet's beautiful wife—a delirious mirage hovering in space. For Drulliet, the story is revolt unto death: an impassioned struggle to accept his wife's death from cancer and cope with death on his own terms. Witness this raving passage from *La Nuit*'s introduction—and notice the stylistic similarity to Rimbaud's own verse:

*Century of enlightened people, if we wish to live better lives,
 let us learn about death . . . I who have held it in my arms,
 I still tremble . . .
 Together we howl
 and fight
 . . . but, after all, are we really from here? We await the instant
 of the sublime adventure . . .
 Future corpses, get ready, and fasten your seat belts!
 I'm learning to love death . . . I have taste.*

Drulliet—the intoxicated seer—endows his work with poetic visions, just as Rimbaud used the shards of narrative to hinge his

continued on page 50

YRAGAEZ

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

IMAGINE
THE
OCEANS-PH-S-PH-E-
THE
VISCOS
UNIVERSE

AND THE
VORACIOUS
SPINNING EYE
OF MATTER IN THE
BLACK AND SLIPPERY
BLOOD OF THE
SERPENT.
A FLASH OF FROST
IN AN INKY SPHERE
LIMPID SPIRAL OF
THE SURGING LYMPH.





IMAGINE
THIS LUMINOUS EYE HAIR
SPLITTING THE HYDROGEN
THAT DRIPS FROM PLANETS
ON THE PRISMATIC FUSION.

IMAGINE THE EXPLOSION!



THE GOAT DANCE-THE FLIGHT OF LUTIPHEL
-AND HIS SPEAKING TO MILLIONS OF KEEP
WORLDS-AND BEHAL IN THE MOUTH OF
CYRENE-AND THE PANDEMONIUM
OF THE CELLULAR ADAMS...



TEXT BY FANTASY, ILLUSTRATED BY PAULINE THOMAS
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TO BE CONTINUED

The Poetics of Derangement

continued from page 42

poems on to the actual fabric of existence. Both men craft set pieces, and both, through naive self-education, manage to resist their specific medium with figures of their own making. Through his primal antiheroes—the forever morose and unpredictable Lone Sloane and the ironic, comical, almost pathetic Vuzz—Druillet displays a profound mistrust of an idyllic life and conventionality. He's an ultimate decadent who would prefer glorious death to banal existence throughout all his extended epics to the shortest piece.

His works seethe with a visual debauchery as lavish and complete as a wanton night on the town in Manhattan, replete with cocaine, women, opium, ghostly rock bands, and smoky back rooms. As exhausting as a night like that is, so is the intricate imagery of Druillet. His panels cover the space with action and complicated embellishment. And it's no wonder Druillet should feel so comfortable adapting Gustav Flaubert's *Salammbô*, for the two share the same lust for lavish detail, of blood, flesh, decay, and death.

"I disembowel men with prodigality, I spill blood, I write in a cannibalistic style," said Flaubert. The same could be said of Druillet. Both relish—in the words of literary critic Victor Brombert, referring to the use of Africa as the setting for the original *Salammbô*—"the theater of the elemental mysteries of life, where sex was related to infinity and death, where a permanent original creation was also close to permanent undoing and nothingness, and the dawn of religions announced the twilight of the gods." Flaubert's *Salammbô* seems like the perfect literary analog to Druillet's visual stories. Laden with nightmarish brutality and hallucinatory sexuality, Flaubert's tale of the Lybian Matho's mercenary revolt against the conqueror Hamilcar and his subsequent romance with Salammbô, priestess of Tanit and his betrayer, forms the foundation for Druillet's latest episode in the Lone Sloane mythos. Sloane,

forever the distant, brutal agent of chaos, "becomes Matho, a necessary incursion of my own personal fantasy into the story, since I orchestrate everything around Sloane," says Druillet in the introduction to the first volume of the French edition. "*Salammbô* is a bit of the story of a world... which is collapsing. So here I am in this barbarian gallery..." Apt materials for one who often throws off the thin cloak of civilization within the most intricately constructed of future societies. Says Druillet: "Most people don't like to be told the individual is a mixture of violence, sensuality, savagery, and barbarism, and the world is a world of fools gone out of control." There is an act of living a life to its fullest in the face of all its brutality, hardness, and pain (more often than not self-inflicted and/or encouraged) which permeates Druillet and Flaubert in spite of all the evident nihilism.

Maybe the source for such a tradition lies in the very roots of French history. Long before Christianity was planted among the Romans, France—then Gaul—was a prosperous Roman colony with an established pagan religion of animism. The druids were the priests, and the woods, their temples; the source of knowledge was God. Through ecstatic measures uniting mind and body, flesh and earth, they sought God through animal sacrifice and sexual abandon.

Or maybe the source rests in the nature of comics as both a relatively recent art form and an ancient one—witness the sequential cave paintings found in Southern France. The pagan and the modern, the primitive and the futuristic, the animistic and the metallic are all fused within Druillet's work. It's a result of a man's own search for a life separate from his peers. Like Rimbaud, Druillet, the painfully shy and odd youth burdened with an ambivalent sexuality and fragmented family life, forged a new approach to his medium.

Yragael/Urm (*Dragon's Dream*, 1977) was originally two books. Yragael ou La Fin Temps, 1974, and Urm Le Fou, 1975, published by Dargaud.

Dear Ed:

By the way, does Caza have the same hero in every story? I have a theory (shoot me if I'm wrong) that Caza's hero is a self-caricature. Right, huh?

Ed Schultheis
Goleta, Calif.

Indeed, that bearded, bespectacled burn-out is Philippe Caza.

—Is

Dear Heavy Metal's Little Helpers:

Once again my void-sucking existence has been violated by that glossy asterisk named *Heavy Metal*—the cramp that refreshes. As a collector of socially aberrantly etched gazettes, I bathe in your monthly's humor and lack of self-importance, while each dawning day gives absurdity sociopolitical relevance no three-ply trash bag could handle without splitting its sides. Some of the finest articles written habitually grace *HM*, but a favorite of someone I've known since birth is Lou Stathis, whose critical prose nose nose bounds.

Lawrence A. Shaver
aka Tragic Ant
Aurora, Ill.

Couldn't agree with you more.

—Is

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Brad Balfour:

We were totally astonished and delighted when we read your review of *Re/Search*, the only insightful one ever in print (Jan.). I felt the overall article was excellent—and was happy to note that you did *not* praise the lame text in *Street Art*. Discernment is all too rare...

Val
Re/Search Magazine
San Francisco, Calif.

Almost as rare as a letter praising our associate editor. After the beating poor Brad has taken in past columns, we just had to print this. Anything to stop him from sulking.

—Is

Dear Editor:

Who the hell is this (narrow-minded geek) Lou Stathis? I think he's a jerk and has his head way up his you-know-what. I mean, anybody that puts down heavy-metal rock 'n' roll is full of crap! His December New Music column makes me sick every time I read it.

Lou should have a little more respect for great hard-driving rock 'n' roll, like Iron Maiden, Krokus, Saxon, etc. In conclusion, Lou, Ozzy ain't a boring old fart; you are!

Stephen Nanle
Sonoma, Calif.

How'd this get in here, huh? You ain't seen sulking yet.

—Is

Dear Brad:

I was much impressed by the December *HM*. It's strange, but the prose stuff was far and away the best part of the magazine. Recruiting Debbie Harry, Mick Farren, and Elliott Murphy to write was a genuine coup. I think you're really starting to deliver on some promises you made in earlier issues, and some real interest and excitement are starting to stir.

Bruce Sterling
Austin, Tex.

To whom it may concern:

About Lou Stathis's self-made and forced change in music views (Nov.)...he's full of shit.

(unsigned)

Oh yeah? Well, I've had it. I'm going home.

—Is

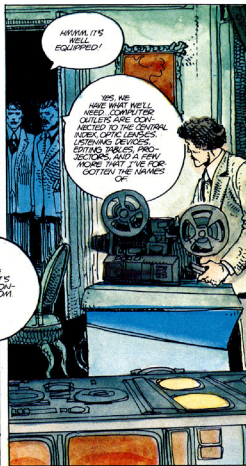
THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

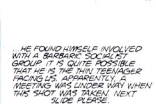
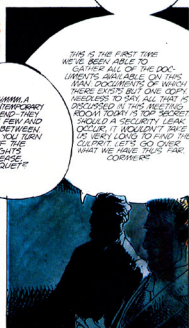
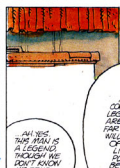
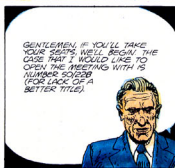
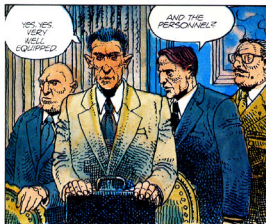
BY CHRISTIN AND BILAL

AND THUS THE LEGEND WAS BORN.

SOMEWHERE IN PARIS...









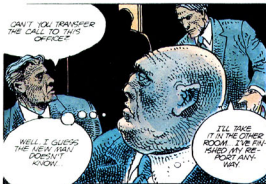
AFTERWARD, HE WENT UNDER THE NAME OF GUDONI, A NAME JUST AS PHONY AS THE NAME GUESDON. APPARENTLY, IN 1966 THERE WAS AN INDIVIDUAL WHO STRONGLY RESEMBLES SOZEB WHO GRAVITATED TOWARD LEFTIST GROUPS AT THE HIGHER EDUCATION SCHOOL. OUR SERVICE WAS UNAWARE OF HIM AT THE TIME. THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN THE SCHOOL YARD OF THAT SAME SCHOOL BY ONE OF OUR INFORMERS. ALAS, THIS TOO IS A BAD PHOTO, BUT THE SUBJECT IS INDICATED BY AN ARROW.



I HAVE NOTHING ON HIM AFTER THAT. HE SEEMS TO HAVE JUST DISAPPEARED.

THERE'S A CALL FOR MONSEUR CORMIER ON LINE 2. I BELIEVE IT'S FROM THE REG.

ERRRRR!!!



CAN'T YOU TRANSFER THE CALL TO THIS OFFICE?

WELL, I GUESS THE NEW MAN DOESN'T KNOW.

I'LL TAKE IT IN THE OTHER ROOM. I'VE REQUESTED MY REPORT ANYWAY.



OKAY, LET'S GET BACK TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND. THE INFORMATION FROM THE GUIN OURS SEEMS VERY STRAIGHTFORWARD. ANYWAY, YOU PROCEED.

FOLLOW ME, SIR...

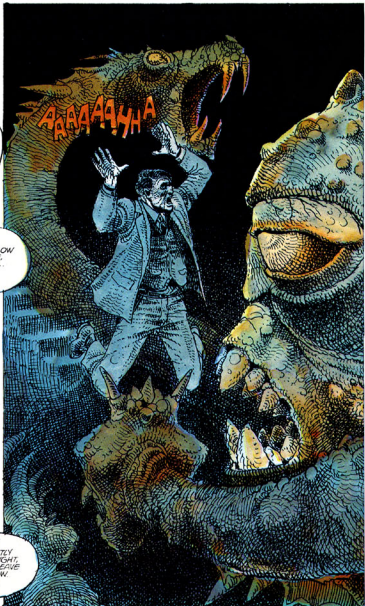


OH, IS THE TELEPHONE IN HERE?

YES, IT'S RIGHT BY A DIRECT ROUTE TO THE FALLOUT SHELTER. I GUESS YOU WERE NEVER TOLD ABOUT THIS.

NO, I GUESS NOT...

IT'S DIRECTLY TO YOUR RIGHT, SIR. I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW.



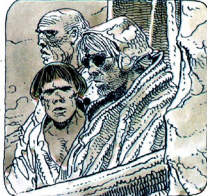
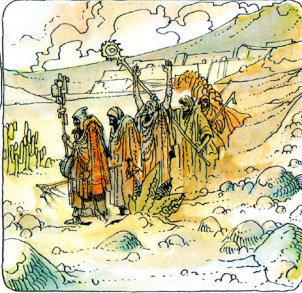


HE WAS LAST SIGHTED IN PEKING, WHICH IS WHY WE HAVE NO FURTHER INFORMATION ON HIM. HE WAS THEN SIGHTED IN CUBA, USING THE NAME BALINSKI. HE WAS IN A COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA FILM HARVESTING SUGAR. THE LAST MY DEPARTMENT SAW OF HIM.



IT IS BELIEVED HE WORKED WITH CHE FOR A WHILE. THERE IS A PHOTO ABOUT, BUT IT HAS BEEN GREATLY TOUCHED UP AND IT IS DIFFICULT TO TELL IF IT IS ACTUALLY HIM OR NOT.

AND WHAT'S EVEN MORE CURIOUS IS THAT HE BECAME PART OF THE EL CIEGO RILLA GROUP AND UNDER THE NAME OF EL CIEGO, LEAD THEM TO A NOT TOO SUCCESSFUL COUP AT THE ANCIENT AZTEC TEMPLE AUAVIA. PLEASE REFER TO THE SLIDE BEFORE YOU.



AN EYE INFECTION ENABLED HIM TO PLAY A VERY COVINOUS, BEDDING BLIND MAN THROUGHOUT CENTRAL AMERICA. AND HE RECENTLY ISSUED OF A FRENCH RATH HEALER WHO WAS FOLLOWED BY ONE OF OUR AGENTS IN COLOMBIA. HE TOO WAS BELIEVED TO BE SOJEBZ.

THE LATEST REPORT IS FROM OUR SAN FRANCISCO CONSULTANT WHO CLAIMS HE HAS SIGHTED OUR MAN AMONG A GROUP OF BLACK PANTHERS WHO CONGREGATE IN THE WATS CHETTO. WE SALVAGED THIS BIT OF ELM FROM THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR OVER AT NBC IN THE STATES. AS YOU CAN SEE, THE RESEMBLANCE IS STRIKING.



THERE! THAT'S ALL I HAVE ON HIM!

EXCELLENT. MANY FINE DOCUMENTS.

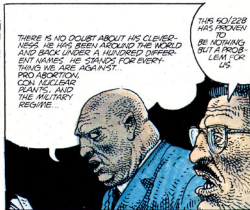


LET'S TAKE A MOMENT OUT FOR A LITTLE REFRESHMENT, UN, MRS. SIR!

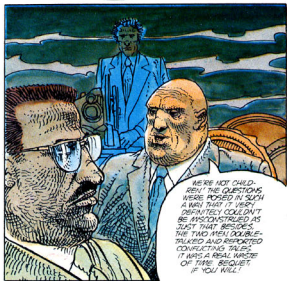


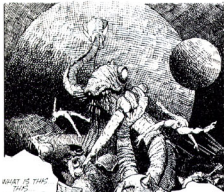
THAT'S FUNNY. THE NEW BUTLER BEHAVES AS OF SOMEONE. BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHO.

I WONDER WHERE CORMIER HAS GONE OFF TO. ON THOSE R.O.S. ARE SO TALKATIVE.



I FOUND THIS CARTOON IN A LOCAL UNDERGROUND PAPER.





WHAT IS THIS
THAT HORROR?



SO WHAT DO YOU
HAVE TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF ENKI?
BUT THE MAN
IN QUESTION HAS
BEEN SEEN IN
YOUR ESOTERIC
LITTLE STRIP



DIFF.
WHEN I
THINK THAT
OUR YOUNG
PEOPLE
BELIEVE
IN THIS
GARBAGE



THIS SLIDE
IS A BIT OF
HANDWORK ON
THE PART OF OUR
PHOTO LAB. I HAVE
HAD THEM SUPERIM-
POSE AN ILLUSTRATION
BEHIND THIS FOOT-
AGE. THIS GIVES
ME AN IDEA OF
WHAT WE ARE
ACTUALLY
DEALING
WITH.



SO WHAT YOU ARE
TALKING ABOUT IS
A MYSTERIOUS BE-
ING WITH UNUSUAL
POWERS WHO'S
COME FROM SOME-
WHERE AND IS
GOING NOWHERE. A
SOLITARY ENTITY
WHOSE BEING IN-
TANGIBLE QUEST IS
UNNIPPING TO OUR
DISINTEGRATING
WORLD.



AND YOU
PEOPLE
CHRISTIAN
YOU SHOULD
BE AWARE OF THE SOME-
BEING IN-
TROUSERS
THAT ENVELOPE
ON THIS CASE?

THIS MAN, AN
ABSENCE, AN
ANTI-HERO, A
PRODUCT OF OUR
SOCIETY TO WHICH HE BELONGS
IT IS A SIMPLE CASE OF HISTOR-
ICAL Rhetoric. A MAN WHO IS A
CATASTROPHIC FOR SOCIAL CHANGE.
WHO FOUGHT AGAINST OPPRESSION
WHO IS THE MAN WHO IS BEING HEATED
LIKE AN ANIMAL BY OUR GOVERNMENT!
A GROUP OF HIERARCHICAL HYPOCRITES
WHO ARE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS
THEMSELVES.



BEQUET!
CUT OFF THESE
IDIOCS AND
TURN ON
THE
LIGHTS!

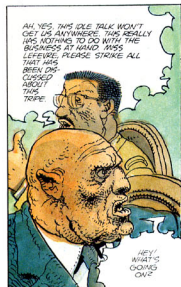


ARE YOU
CRAZY?

THAT'S IT
I HAVE ALL THE
DOCUMENTS.

I'LL
PULL OUT
THE
PLUGS!

OKAY,
NOW WE
HAVE TO RUN,
BECAUSE
IN TWO
MINUTES...



AH, YES, THIS IDLE TALK WON'T
GET US ANYWHERE. THIS REALLY
HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE
BUSINESS AT HAND. MISS
LEFEVRE, PLEASE STRIKE ALL
THAT HAS
BEEN DIS-
CLOSED
ABOUT
THIS
TRIP.

HEY!
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?



BUT HEY!
YOU OVER
THERE, YOU'RE
50/228!



CHRIST!
THE LIGHTS
ARE OUT
AGAIN!

THE DOOR
IS BLOCKED AND
THE TELEPHONE
LINES HAVE
BEEN
CUT.



THESE
DAMNED
SHUTTERS ARE
STUCK!
AH...

DON'T
PANIC!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOME FANCY HANDEWERKING TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE. I'LL BE PRANED IN HIS BE TRAPPED IN SOME CORNER LIKE RARS.

COME ON, SCHMELTZ! LIKE IN THE MADUIS LIKE IN GERMANY LIKE IN ITALY. LIKE ALL OF YOUR LITTLE SPY ESCAPADES.

THIS IS CRAZY. I COULD RA.

GO OLD MAN, GO...

FRAUUUFFF

AND LATER SOMEWHERE ELSE IN PARIS.

IT SEEMS THAT THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF LANDSLIDE.

SOMEONE SAID THEY HEARD AN EXPLOSION!

APPARENTLY, SOME PEOPLE ARE MISSING.

RAH! NO GREAT LOSS, I'M SURE.

MYH. SOMETHING WEIRD WAS GOING ON IN THERE.

YOU MEAN... MAYBE THIS PLACE WAS HAUNTED?

AND EVEN LATER, SOMEWHERE ELSE IN PARIS...

HEY, ARE YOU THERE, GLANDIERE?

OOOH, THIS REALLY STINKS!

YES, YES, BUT NEVER IN MY LIFE DID I THINK I WOULD BE...

LET ME SEE. I REMEMBER SEEING A PLAN OF THE "SEWERS" IN '54 IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER...

DON'T PANIC. WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE.

"DON'T PANIC" DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. WE'RE BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED. NO DOCUMENTS, NO 501228, NO 11958, LEFEVRE...

TO BE CONTINUED...

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.



SHE

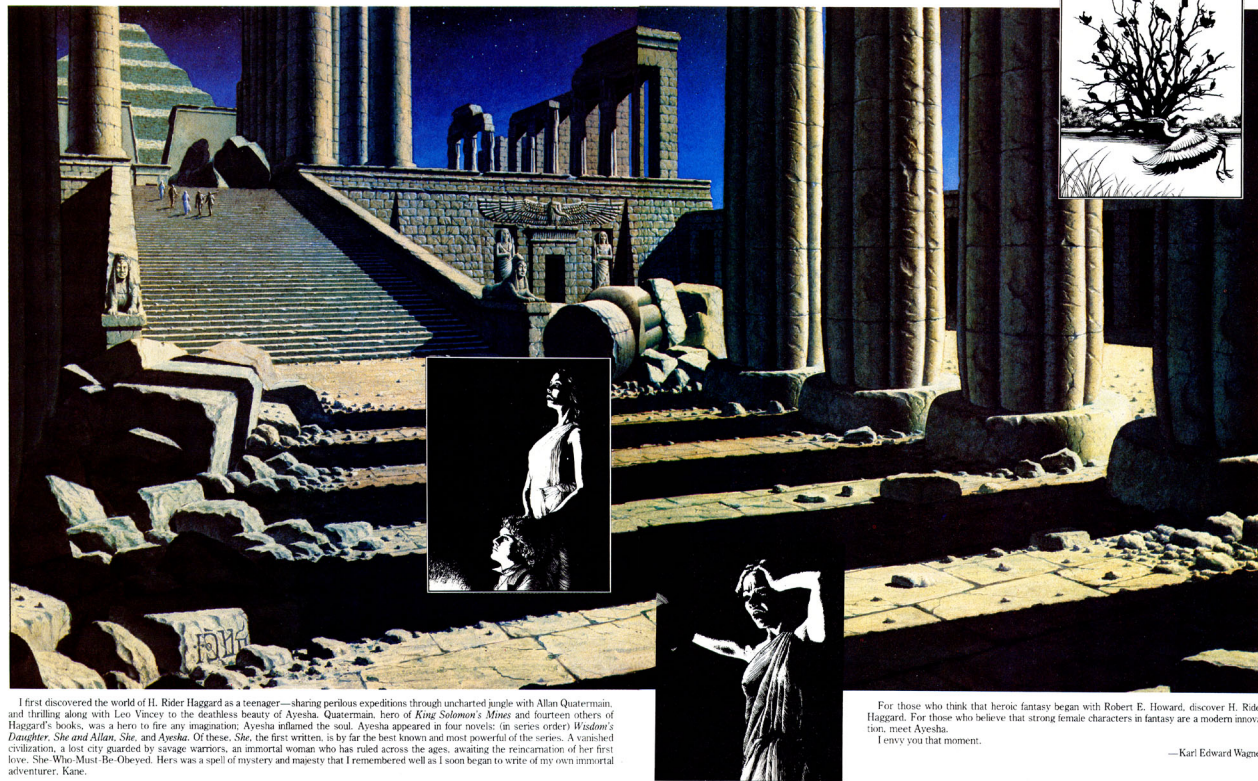
H. RIDER HAGGARD

Almost a century has passed since readers were introduced to one of the most fascinating women in the history of fantasy literature—a century that would mean nothing to an immortal beauty whose bare feet had worn smooth the stone steps of her hidden fortress, Ayesha. She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed. *She!* Since its first appearance in 1886 running as a serial in *The Graphic*, H. Rider Haggard's novel, *She*, has virtually remained in print ever since—passing through countless editions and translations and at least two film adaptations.

H. Rider Haggard (1856-1925) was the most important writer of fantastic adventure of his day. Born in Norfolk, England, Haggard as a young man spent six years in the colonial service in South Africa, an experience which furnished material for most of his writing. Returning to England to study law, he became a London barrister in 1884, a career that was cut short the following year with his first major literary success, the classic adventure novel, *King Solomon's Mines*. The author of some seventy-five books, Haggard popularized the lost-race novel, as exemplified by *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*: stirring tales of modern adventurers who encounter the sorcery and romance of lost civilizations in the secret vastness of unexplored regions.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MIKE EMBDEN & TIM GILL

Enormously successful. Haggard's novels inspired numerous imitations; jealous rivals wrote parodies of his work, and modern pasticheurs have made use of his characters. He was a major influence on subsequent generations of adventure writers, among their number Talbot Mundy, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and Robert E. Howard.



I first discovered the world of H. Rider Haggard as a teenager—sharing perilous expeditions through uncharted jungle with Allan Quatermain, and thrilling along with Leo Vincey to the deathless beauty of Ayesha. Quatermain, hero of *King Solomon's Mines* and fourteen others of Haggard's books, was a hero to fire any imagination. Ayesha inflamed the soul. Ayesha appeared in four novels: (in series order) *Wisdom's Daughter*, *She and Allan*, *She*, and *Ayesha*. Of these, *She*, the first written, is by far the best-known and most powerful of the series. A vanished civilization, a lost city guarded by savage warriors, an immortal woman who has ruled across the ages, awaiting the reincarnation of her first love. She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied. Hers was a spell of mystery and majesty that I remembered well as I soon began to write of my own immortal adventurer, Kane.

For those who think that heroic fantasy began with Robert E. Howard, discover H. Rider Haggard. For those who believe that strong female characters in fantasy are a modern innovation, meet Ayesha. I envy you that moment.

—Karl Edward Wagner



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[only]
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by H. Rider Hag-
gard, illustrations
by Michael Embden
and Tim Gill. Published
by Quick Fox. All rights
reserved.

AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA



FOR MANY YEARS, SCIENTISTS HAVE COMPARED WEIGHT TO A MATHEMATICAL POWER—MATTER IS A DESIRE AND WEIGHT IS AN EXPRESSION OF IT.

"A DAY WILL COME, A DAY IN THE INFINITE FUTURE, WHEN BEINGS WHO ARE NOW LATENT IN OUR THOUGHTS, AND HIDDEN IN OUR LOINS, WILL STAND UP ON THIS LAND, AS ONE STANDS UPON A STOOL, AND TOUCH THE STARS."

AT CYMBIOLA
NORTH.



SORRY, OLD
MAN, I
REALLY DON'T
WANT THAT.



BUT IT'S YOURS,
MASTER, YOU
PAID FOR IT.







JUST INCRED-
IBLE... I
CAN'T BELIEVE
PEOPLE LIVE
HERE!

EVERYTHING SEEMS
SO FRAGILE ... SO
BALANCED

IT'S SO DIFFERENT
FROM WHERE I
CAME FROM... JUST
LOOK AT HOW
MUCH MORE...


OOOH,
LOOK
AT
THAT...



HMMMM. WHAT
IN THE WORLD
IS HE DOING?



I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE THAT BEFORE.



AND ON SUCH THIN
THREADS... IT'S SIMPLY
FANTASTIC.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT THE
PEOPLE AROUND HERE
TAKE THIS FEAT FOR
GRANTED. MAYBE IT'S
OUTA BOREDOM...
HABIT... I'M NOT QUITE
SURE.



YOU SEEM
JUST AS IN-
TRIGUED AS I
AM. AREN'T
YOU FROM
AROUND
HERE?

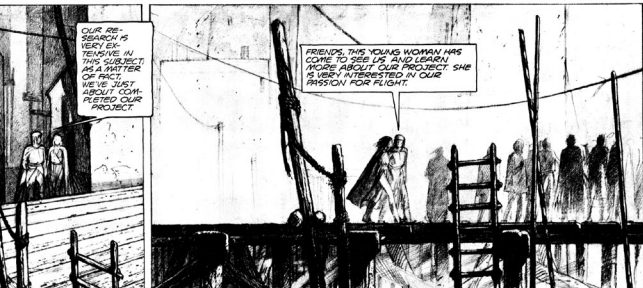
I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT BE-
FORE. I'M
FROM THE
NORTH.



WELL, IF YOU'RE
NEW AROUND
HERE, LET ME
SHOW YOU
AROUND.



WE, THE TOWN-
PEOPLE THAT
IS, ARE FAS-
CINATED BY
THE SCIENCE
OF BALANCE.





WAIT... WHY ARE
YOU IN SUCH
A HURRY?

?



YOU CAN'T
LEAVE OUR
CITY WITH
OUT A HAPPY
REMEM-
BRANCE.

"HAPPY REMEMBRANCE" HE'S
MY "HAPPY REMEMBRANCE."
THAT OLD MAN WITH THE BIRD.
I HAVE BEEN TOLD TO FOL-
LOW HIM... AND HE HAS
BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO
WISDOM AND TRUTH
THAN I COULD HAVE EVER
DEEMED POSSIBLE.
AND NOW, WELL,
NOW I AM LOST.

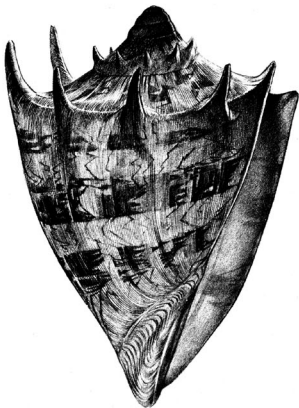


THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF
YOUR MEMORIES. WHY
DON'T YOU ASK THE
FOOL WITH THE BIRD
WHY I FEEL THIS WAY?

HEY!!!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
YOU CRAZY
GIRL?



ARE ALL WOMEN FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY SO VOLATILE? WHAT COULD MY LITTLE OFFERING HAVE TRIGGERED INSIDE OF HER? OBVIOUSLY, THIS "BIRD MAN" HAS DISTURBED HER IN SOME WAY.



TO BE CONTINUED...

I'N AGE



© J. JONES 1982

I'M THE
NAKED TRUTH!



I'LL
SHOW
THEM.



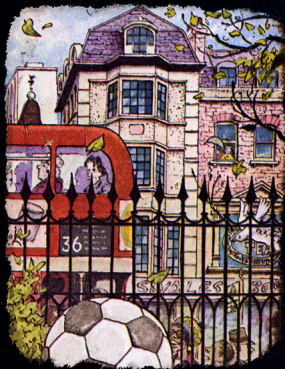
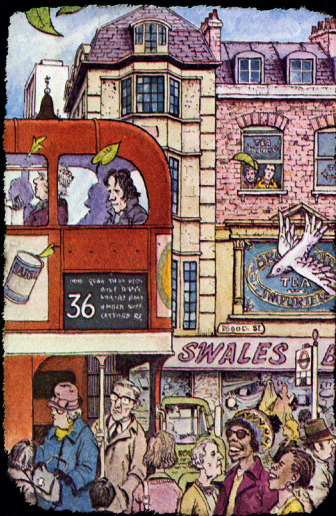
I HOPE THEY DON'T DEMAND
PROOF.

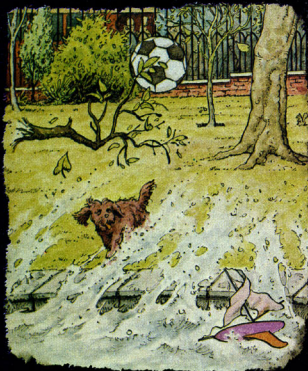


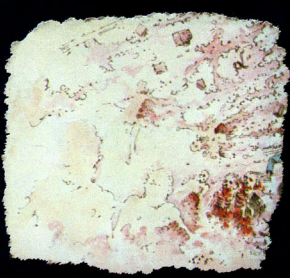
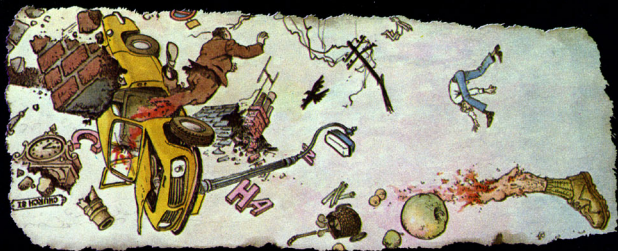
WELL, THEY
GOTTA BELIEVE
I'M NAKED.



THE MOMENT









HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Giza, Corben, Koford, Suydam, Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the Shogun spirit abate, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Clavexlous, Moebius, Kaluta, Springetti, 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, Madres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Plexikon!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny God," an inevitable 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 Drulllet'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: Spirad 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 "Infantymen! Infantymen!," 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 Drulllet; 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 Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al. (\$3.00)

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

#60/MARCH 1982: Our second Special Rock issue, featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova II" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy. (\$3.00)

HEAVY METAL

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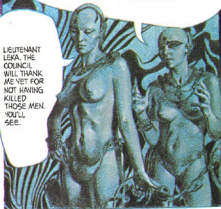


THE TRANSFERENCE OF THE HIBERNALITS WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH. SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE COMMAND TO RETURN TO HONEYCOMB CAME THROUGH.



YOU HAVE A BRILLIANT CAREER AHEAD OF YOU, ZORA. WHY RISK IT BY DISOBEYING ORDERS? WE SHOULD'VE ELIMINATED THE ALIENS IN THE LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY. THE ROYAL COUNCIL IS INCLINED TO DEAL HARSHLY WITH YOUR INSUBORDINATION—ESPECIALLY AFTER TURA'S DEFECTION.

LIEUTENANT LEVA, THE COUNCIL WILL THANK ME YET FOR NOT HAVING KILLED THOSE MEN. YOU'LL SEE.



ZORA

I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT YOUR REASONS, BUT KEEP AN EYE OUT OF YOUR REPORT. I REFUSE TO SHARE THE RESPONSIBILITY.

NATURALLY, I'LL TAKE THE RISK, AND I'LL GET THE CREDIT. THE OLD LABORATORY ON THE MOON REACTIVATED THE HIBERNALITS A VERY SHORT TIME AGO—THAT'S HOW WE CAN TRACE THEM!

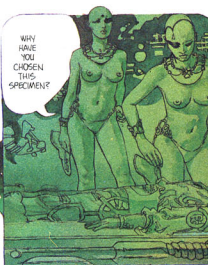
Fernandez



BUT IT'S BEEN
SEALED UP FOR THOUSANDS
OF YEARS! I MUST FIND
OUT WHY!

YOU
SHOULDN'T...

SKILLFULLY, ZORA MANIPULATED
THE CAPSULE'S CONTROL MECHANISMS,
ACCELERATING THE FINAL PHASE OF
RESUSCITATION...



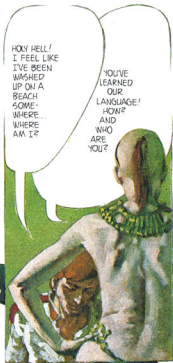
WHY
HAVE
YOU
CHOSEN
THIS
SPECIMEN?

AN
IMPULSE
I ASSUME
THEY'RE
ALL
THE
SAME.



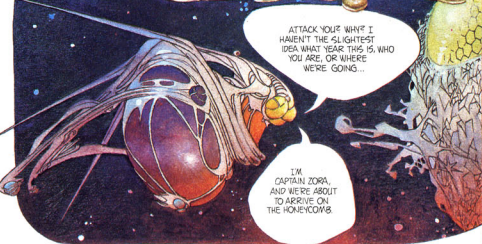
HON! HELL!
I FEEL LIKE
I'VE BEEN
WASHED
UP ON A
BEACH
SOME-
WHERE...
WHERE
AM I?

YOU'VE
LEARNED
OUR
LANGUAGE!
HON?
AND
WHO
ARE
YOU?



ASTRONAUT COMMANDER
AMON, ON A SPECIAL MISSION
FOR THE EARTH SCIENTIFIC
COUNCIL, MY ORDERS
PROHIBIT ME FROM
TELLING YOU
MORE...

EARTH? AND WHAT ORDERS
ARE THEY? TO ATTACK
US, PERHAPS?




ATTACK YOU? WHY? I
HAIEN'T THE SLIGHTEST
IDEA WHAT YEAR THIS IS, WHO
YOU ARE, OR WHERE
WE'RE GOING...


I'M
CAPTAIN ZORA,
AND WERE ABOUT
TO ARRIVE ON
THE HONEYCOMB.



I ASSURE
YOU, CAPTAIN
ZORA, THAT
NEITHER I
NOR AN MEN
KNEW OF
YOUR
EXISTENCE.




ZORALET THE MATTER DROOP:
BUT GRANTED THE MAN'S RE-
QUEST TO RESUSCITATE
ANOTHER OF HIS CREW.



INCREDIBLE, COMMANDER?
WE WERE PUT TO SLEEP DURING
A DEGRADING WAR... AND WHERE
HAVE WE
AWAKENED?

IN PARADISE,
SURROUNDED BY WOMEN...
RIGHT, BRONCO? ONLY THEY'RE
ARMED...

THE ROYAL COUNCIL
LISTENED TO ZORAS' REPORT
TO HER ASTONISHMENT--AND TO
LEKAS--SHE WAS NEITHER CON-
GRATULATED NOR CONDEMNED
FOR HER ACTIONS. SHE WAS
TOLD ONLY THAT THE ALIENS
HAD BEEN GRANTED AN
AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN.



I AM RASAM, SUPREME
SISTER OF THE SISTERHOOD AND QUEEN
OF THE HONEYCOMB. I AM TOLD YOU CLAIM
TO BE OF EARTH...

IT'S NOT JUST
A CLAIM, MAJESTY.
WE ARE OFFICERS
OF THE NORTHERN
ARMY OF EARTH.
WE HAVE
PROOF.



YOUR MAJESTY,
OUR "SCIENTIFIC
AND SECURITY DE-
PARTMENTS
ARE VERIFYING
THIS.

BE
THOROUGH BUT
DISCRETE, SHAR'A.
SECURITY KEY AH.



VERY WELL,
"EARTHLINGS."
YOU ARE
NOW THE
HONORED
GUESTS OF
HONEY-
COMB.

CAPTAIN
ZORA WILL BE
IN CHARGE OF
SHOWING YOU
OUR WORLD...
I PERSONALLY
WILL
ATTEND TO
YOUR
COMPANIONS.

SURREPTITIOUSLY,
THE GROUP'S
EVERY MOVE
WAS MONITORED.

YOU MAY OBSERVE
THE MARVELOUS WORLD
OF THE SISTERHOOD,
AND ASK ANY QUESTIONS
YOU WISH—BUT ONLY I
AM AUTHORIZED TO
ANSWER.

I SUPPOSE
THAT'S TO INSURE A
MINIMUM AMOUNT OF
PROBLEMS. FOR THE
CLEAN-LIVING
AND HARDWORKING
SISTERS OF THE
HOMECOMB
CORRECT?

AND DON'T FORGET
THAT YOUR FRIENDS' LIVES
ARE THE GUARANTEE OF
YOUR PRUDENCE,
CAPTAIN.

SAY WHAT
YOU MEAN, WOMAN!
LET'S TALK ABOUT
"HOSTAGES" AND "EN-
FORCED CON-
FINEMENT"

TOO BAD ABOUT
THESE WOMEN SUCH
BEAUTIFUL BODIES,
BUT SUCH ROTTEN
DISPOSITIONS!

THIS IS THE PALACE OF LIFE.
HERE THE EGGS ARE FERTILIZED
BY BIOLOGICAL SYNTHESIS. THE BIOTYPES
ARE CONTROLLED IN REGARD TO BOTH
PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER-
ISTICS. A PERFECT SYSTEM, DON'T
YOU THINK?

EFFECTIVE,
MAYBE. BUT DAMNED
INHUMAN.

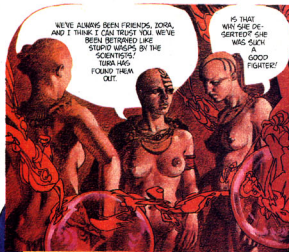
I PREFER
MY SYSTEM—PRIM-
ITIVE AND IMPERFECT,
BUT LOTS OF
FUN!

WE'VE ELIMINATED DISEASE,
MENTAL INCOMPETENCE,
EMOTIONS, AND ANYTHING
ELSE THAT CAN INHIBIT A
PERSON'S GROWTH.
AMAZING, ISN'T IT?

TO YOU,
PERHAPS,
BUT YOU KNOW
NO OTHER WAY
ON ANY WORLD
WE THINK A LITTLE
DIFFERENTLY.

ZORA! I'VE FOUND
YOU AT LAST! I MUST TALK
TO YOU ALONE! IT'S
URGENT!

THIS IS
NILEA, A MEMBER
OF THE ROYAL COUNCIL.
WAIT FOR ME
HERE...



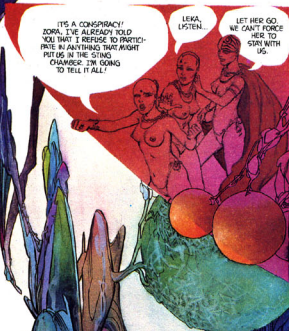
WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDS, ZORA, AND I THINK I CAN TRUST YOU. WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED LIKE STUPID WASPS BY THE SCIENTISTS! TURA HAS FOUND THEM OUT!

IS THAT WHY SHE DESERTED? SHE WAS SUCH A GOOD FIGHTER!



AFTER ASKING THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL ABOUT OUR TRUE ORIGIN, SHE WAS HARASSSED BY THE POLICE. BEFORE FLEEING SHE GAVE ME THE CLUES SHE HAD FOUND... WHICH LED TO THESE MEN!

TO THE ALIENS? WHAT HAVE THEY TO DO WITH OUR PAST?



IT'S A CONSPIRACY! ZORA, I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT I REFUSE TO PARTICIPATE IN ANYTHING THAT MIGHT PUT US IN THE SING CHAMBER. I'M GOING TO TELL IT ALL!

LEKA, LISTEN...

LET HER GO. WE CAN'T FORCE HER TO STAY WITH US.



IT'S THE ALARM FOR OUR CAPTURE! WE MUST GET TO THE AIRCAR!

ALARM? WHAT'S HAPPENED?



DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

izzzing!
izzittzzz!

HURRY, ZORA! GET IN! I'LL HOLD OFF THE BLACK WASPS! WE MUSTN'T FAIL. NOW THAT WE'RE SO CLOSE!

COME ON, STUPID! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET IN!



WE SHOULD
SAVE THE OTHER
EARTHMEN!

MEANWHILE,
LEKA
DENOUNCES
ZORA
AND
NYLEA...

YOU SAY
YOU HEARD THE
HERETIC NYLEA
CLAIM THAT
THE AURENS
WERE
INSTRUMENTAL
IN OUR
ORIGIN?

THAT'S TRUE,
SUPREME ENFORCER.
I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE
I COULD RESTRAIN MY-
SELF NO LONGER.
THEY'VE ALREADY
BEEN ARRESTED
BY YOUR
AGENTS.

THE POOR
IMBECILE DOESN'T
SUSPECT THE IMPORTANCE
OF WHAT SHE KNOWS.
I MUST CLEAN UP
THE MESSY BUSINESS
THAT YOUR SPARTED-
BEFORE I GIVE
THE QUEEN AN
EXCUSE TO HAVE
MY HEAD!

THEY HAVEN'T
DEPLOYED THE
CAPTURE NET
YET!

FFfiiRRST!

GUARDS,
ARREST
LIEUTENANT
LEKA FOR
HIGH
TREASON!

BUT
SHAZTA!
YOU'RE
WAS-
TAKEN!

LOOK!
THEY'VE AR-
RESTED LEKA.
EVEN THOUGH
SHE'S BETRAYED
US!

LEAVE HER
BE—SHE WAS TOO
WEAK. WE
MUST JOIN THE
EARTHMEN IN THE
PROTECTED ZONE.
LET'S GO!



GOOD THEY'RE
STILL HERE! AMON,
ORDER THEM TO
FOLLOW US.

TARON,
AZIB, ORVA, AND
THE REST OF YOU—
THEY'VE PREPARED A
SECOND-ARY
PARTY FOR US!
LET'S GO!



MY GOD!
WHAT'S
WROTH WITH
THEM? THEIR
EXPRESSIONS...
THEIR
EYES!

WE'RE TOO LATE!
RAGAM HAS WIPED THEIR
MINDS AND TAKEN CONTROL
OF THEIR BODIES!
THE PROCESS IS
IRREVERSIBLE!



NO,
DON'T KILL
THEM!
THEY ARE
STILL
MY MEN.
ONE DAY
I'LL
RETURN
AND MAKE
THE QUEEN
PAY FOR
WHAT
SHE'S DONE
TO THEM.

iwop!



THE QUEEN AND HER
MINIONS HAVE MUCH WORSE
CRIMES TO PAY FOR, AMON.

ZORA!
WE'VE BEEN
SPOTTED AGAIN!
WHERE TO
NOW?



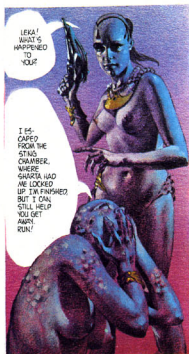
THERE
THEY ARE!
FIRE!

iBANG!
iZZZZING!

TO THE
SPACE-
PORT—
QUICKLY!

WAIT!
THERE'S A
WOUNDED SOLDIER
UP THERE...

ZZZZING!
ZONG!



LEKIA!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO
YOUR

I ESCAPED
FROM THE
STINK
CHAMBER.
WHERE
GHARTA HAD
ME LOCKED
UP. I'M FINISHED,
BUT I CAN
STILL HELP
YOU GET
AWAY.
RUN!



IXZING!
IZZUUMP!

LEKIA'S SACRIFICE GIVES THEM ENOUGH
TIME TO BOARD A SHIP...



LEKIA
REGAINED
HER
LOST
HONOR...

ZORA,
IT'S OBVIOUS
OUR HONOR
CODE IS
WORTH-
LESS!

IT'D LIKE TO HAVE A
"MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE"
WITH THESE BITCHES
IN ORDER TO
CLEAR UP A FEW
MISCONCEPTIONS.



OUTSIDE
OF HONEYCOMBS,
OLD EARTH
IS THE
ONLY PLACE
WE CAN
HIDE-THE
SHIP CAN
GET US
NOWHERE
ELSE.

HOME
TO EARTH
IT IS,
THEN.

ZORA AND ANLEA KNEW ALMOST
NOTHING ABOUT THE EARTH-OTHER THAN THAT
IT WAS AN UNDESIRABLE AND CONTAMINATED
WORLD, WHERE NO HUMAN COULD SURVIVE
FOR MORE THAN A FEW MONTHS. IT WAS IN-
HABITED ONLY BY MUTANTS-MONSTROUSLY
DEGENERATE LIFE-FORMS.



ANOTHER DRY, ROB, AND
ANOTHER STRANGE DREAM, IN WHICH
MEN LIKE MYSELF RETURN FROM AN IMPOSSI-
BLE TIME TO THE MOTHER EARTH, AND
YOUR DREAMS, ROB, SOMETIMES FORETELL
THE
FUTURE...



ILWRPOOM!

feranuchs

TO BE CONTINUED



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specializes in entertainment with factual, evocative on-the-spot reporting that is frequently the most definitive written about the subject—without reprints, rewrites or rehash!

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There's even more! Previous issues have featured giant 12x36" Double Gatefold Center-spreads, 40-page Animated Flipbooks, Full-color Pull-out Poster Books, Bonus Insert Posters, 20-page Film Preview Photobooks and 16-page Color Art Portfolios—at NO EXTRA COST!

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PREVIEW is produced by award-winning artist and writer Jim Steranko, whose editorial concept combines blockbuster entertainment events with a unique, imaginative presentation. Every issue is a kaleidoscope of wonder designed for those who take their entertainment seriously.

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PRISON READING

In this corner, wearing black suit, black cowboy boots, black tie, and black bushy mustache—Ph.D., lawyer, ex-government agent, convicted burglar, wire-tapper, author (but no stoolie)—G. Gordon Liddy.

And in this corner, the challenger, wearing psychedelic suit, dilated eyeballs, and shit-eating grin—ex-Columbia professor with PhD in clinical psychology, the man who turned the world on to LSD 25, author, convicted drug taker, and poet who coined the blank verse poem *Turn In Turn On Drop Out*—Timothy Leary.

Tim Leary and G. Gordon Liddy are traveling together across America to debate the world's problems before thousands of impressionable college students. Can it be true? Yes, and the odds are on even money for this heavyweight, mobile feast of the minds.

Sixteen years ago Liddy met Leary for the first time, but the conditions for their first encounter were a bit strained, to say the least. Liddy, working for the Dutchess County District Attorney's office, appeared along with a shill of sheriffs at Leary's Millbrook estate in hopes of finding the largest supply of LSD ever. As the cops spread out, rounding up Leary's disciples from their rooms (some of them in very embarrassing situations), Liddy confronted Leary. As he and his wife descended the staircase

barely clad, Leary asked, "Would someone mind telling me what is going on?" Liddy was there to do just that—to make sure the bust was entirely legal so as not to give the opposition any legal loopholes in court, and also to question Leary. After Liddy found out Tim a pair of pants and read him his rights, Leary decided to remain silent and seek counsel. Liddy said fine. Seeing that Liddy was quite civilized about the whole thing, and intrigued by this civil Philistine (as Leary called Liddy), they verbally sparred for a while before they called it a draw. Just passing ships in the night, both Leary and Liddy were bound for bigger and better adventures. Viet Nam, Nixon, Watergate, sex and drugs, ah, the good old days. Boy, things were exciting then; even if you got caught it was well worth it.

So what are the two ex-cons going to do now? They still have mouths to feed, bills to pay, for one, dope to buy, the other, ammo. "Hey, Tim, let's put on a show!" "Golly, G. Gordon, it sounds like a swell idea."

—And to honor this great meeting of the minds, *Heavy Metal* offers Timothy Leary's and G. Gordon Liddy's *Fantasy Prison Readings Lists* (or *What To Do on a Rainy Day Behind Bars*) as told to Legs McNeil.

G. GORDON LIDDY'S RECOMMENDED READING LIST

("I read most of this stuff in prison when I had more time to kill. Now I'm reading mostly nonfiction.")

Dune, by Frank Herbert—Epic fantasy marked by creative consistency, mysticism, and adventure.

Slam, by A. E. Van Vogt—A human tale in which human insights are revealed through the perceptions of nonhumans.

Out of Control, by G. Gordon Liddy—a spy thriller which realistically portrays the intellect and spirit of woman, but then I'm prejudiced, I wrote it.

The Light That Failed, by Rudyard Kipling—Kipling was a man at one with his time.

Atlas Shrugged, by Ayn Rand—Rand writes without illusion.

Arc de Triomphe, by Erich Maria Remarque—The real triumph was that of human spirit in a time of darkness.

Idylls of the King, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (from *Le Mort D'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malory)—See *Dune*, but in this world at another time and in poetry.

The Big Sleep, by Raymond Chandler—Chandler knew the human condition and could find and depict honor among shades of gray.

God Is an Englishman, by R.H. Delderfield—A marriage of venture capitalism and romance which works splendidly.

Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger—Everybody was first Everybody.

TIMOTHY LEARY'S RECOMMENDED READING LIST

Divine Comedy, by Dante—Encyclopedic epic which summarizes the world view of the Middle Ages, written by an exile in prison of women.

Huckleberry Finn, by Mark Twain—The rowdy, comic, irreverent American bible about a trip down the river of life by two young outlaws engaged in a criminal caper to free a slave.

Ulysses, by James Joyce—This is the most important book in the English language. It did for language what Einstein did for

physics. Relativistic, evolutionary, and ultimately funny.

Gravity's Rainbow, by Thomas Pynchon—The great American writer of the twentieth century has written a classic comic psychological encyclopedia.

Cat's Cradle, by Kurt Vonnegut—A terrific book by a wonderful, witty philosopher.

Childhood's End, by Arthur C. Clarke—An amazing prophecy about higher intelligence and a baby-boom generation that leads the planet to mutate into the future.

Changing My Mind, Among Others, by Timothy Leary—Collected life writings selected and introduced by the author. A scientific philosophy of human evolution.

2080, by Gerard O'Neill—The architect of space migration describes how our species will move into the high frontier.

Tim's list is a little bit shorter because he didn't have to wait for a Presidential Pardon as G. Gordon did; the Weathermen busted him out of some California prison and helped him flee to Algeria.

You might wonder how the two get along these days. Of Leary, Liddy says, "He has a wonderful Irish wit and doesn't take himself too seriously which makes the debates a lot of fun, although we are 180 degrees opposed on most issues. I tried to do this debating thing with Daniel Ellsberg but he took himself more serious than God. It didn't work out. But I'm having a lot of fun with it now."

On Liddy, Leary says, "He is an intelligent, courageous, sincere reactionary. I admire him, although we disagree on every social or philosophical issue. G. Gordon Liddy has mellowed a lot from the Millbrook days." Gentlemen, shake hands, go to your corners and at the bell, come out fighting!

—Legs McNeil

Illustration by Alan Lynch

When *The Prisoner* first appeared nearly fifteen years ago, it was hailed as a major conceptual breakthrough in television programming. Cloaked under the scant pretext of a secret agent mysteriously being whisked away to some bizarre island called the Village for interrogation, internment, and rehabilitation, the show incorporated intellectual substance as well as action. Writer-director lead actor Patrick McGoochan

had everybody fooled; since it was released in the late '60s all its fans—incipient hippies, marveled at what seemed to be a trenchant critique on society. It was later learned that McGoochan was actually expressing his own ultraconservative views. But that was the

magic of the show, a magic which continues now with the continuing surge of *Prisoner* fans forever hungering for reruns. Currently it has become an obsession of VTC fans the world over to have the tapes bootlegged.

Apparently, the North Ameri-

can serial rights were sold so sixteen of the seventeen episodes have been transferred to 120-minute video tapes and can be obtained by contacting Jerry Ohlinger's Movie Material, 120 W. 3rd St., New York, N.Y. 10012 (212/674-8474). Or try Forbidden Planet, 821 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003 (212/473-1576). And remember, you are not a number, you are a free man.

—Brad Balfour

IM-PRISONED



ALVIN & THE CHAMELEONS

Daryl Hall

Funny guys these whiteskins. Whether motivated by racial guilt-pangs or just a morbidly perverse irony, we pale-faces have repolstered the cultural furniture of a simultaneously repressed racial minority for a good sixty years, usually passing the stuff off as our own.

But take heart, honkies. While spades might be superior pop-music makers and all-around cool guys—setting styles, devising dances, introducing clever neologisms into the language—they don't got it *all*. Like they don't seem to understand rock'n'roll (with a couple of major exceptions: Chuck Berry and Jimi Hendrix). Rock is essentially *ofay music*—or more correctly, whites attempting black music, but creat-

ing something new because we just *ain't* kneegrows. Art, if at all honest, reflects experience; it incorporates and builds on acquired traits, not merely duplicates them. But that doesn't stop whites from trying.

They use it all, "blue-eyed soul," and they use it all Hall & Oates the '70s Righteous Brothers. While *Private Eyes* (RCA) won't change any minds, it does serve up a happy heaping helping of snappy pop-soul tunes. Daryl Hall's got the pipes (muscular yet compassionate), and together Hall and John Oates apply silken textures and melodic inevitability in an approximation of Philadelphia soul that's damn near good enough to pass.

Talking Heads' preppie rhythm twins Tina Weymouth

and Chris Frantz know the moves almost as well as Hall & Oates. Their monstrously successful LP of omni-racial dance-club fodder, *Tom Tom Club* (Sire), suavely impersonates vinyl of the disco-rap subgenre, adding an eccentric egghead veneer to dupe unsuspecting new wavers into dancing. But you gotta wake up *early* to fool old Lou. Forget the swell sound tricks and appealing naivete—one dumbass line like, "Who needs to think from your feet just go?" (from "Genius of Love") is enough to curl my lip.

Lucky for the stomach, neither of the preceding apes its black masters with quite the lobotomized obedience of Gino Soccio's *Closer* (RCA/Atlantic). Soccio, a Canadian disco-morician of no audible merit, drains what little life-force remained in the old nag, and replaces it with a bloodless, soulless concoction, next to which Yoo-Hoo looks like Dom Perignon.

Shuffling southward, we encounter a trio of bleach-blond beach cuties who spread reggae seeds in a rock'n'roll field, and harvest bushels of cabbage. The Police's fourth album, *Ghost in the Machine* (A&M), offers the usual quality single-serving radio food without the roughage required for steady diets. It feels undercomposed, as though the boys weren't trying too hard, and figured they didn't have to. Normally, I wouldn't give much of a shit, but tantalizing weeds of musician-ship and textural hypno-beat lead me to believe they're slumming.

British rock'n'roll doctors have been busy hatching a new musical subspecies: the post-

new wave, psychedelic funk android (characteristics: enlarged cranium, no chin, and feet the size of Volkswagens). Newly-extinct sourpusses Magazine established one of the breed's templates three years back, but somehow their exit, *Magie, Murder and the Weather* (IRS) sounds feeble next to last year's fave *the Correct Use of Soap* (Virgin/Atlantic, if you can still find it). Cheezy production and walking-dead performance torpedoed the tension between singer Howard Devoto's ironic reptile poseur and the songs' bouncy, juvenile Motownisms.

Medium Medium's debut, *the Glitterhouse* (Cachalot/Cherry Red, dist. by Jem), courts the extremes of compelling black beat and sonic safari-ism, instead of attempting a Magazine-like synthesis. And succeeds by excelling at both.

Hot items from the recent barrage of white-eats-black EPs include Tiny Desk Unit's *Naples* (9½ x 16" Records, 1737 De Sales Street #300, Washington, D.C. 20036), where bone-crushing rhythm meets chattering synth behind a nasal moan, and Liquid Liquid's *Successful Reflexes* (99 Records, 99 MacDougal Street, New York, N.Y. 10012), in which previously restrained white beat boys finally let loose. Stinkers to avoid include the Black Tettas' *Rituals* (Stiff), derivative oatmeal from a band that knows better (pick up Fetish import single "Boom"/"Das Ah Riot" for proof), and Pigbag's *Sunny Day* (Stiff), which demonstrates the uselessness of limey James Brown rewrites. As grandma used to say, "Beware of wolves in black sheep's clothing."

—Lou Stathis

Ever since Diana Ross and the Supremes were immortalized in the "White Boys" parody-number from the '60s musical *Hair*, it's simply been a matter of time until black-on-white pop stylists would be glorified in an all-plastic American musical. Michael (A *Chorus Line*) Bennett's smash Broadway/Motown rip-off *Dreamgirls*—and its MOR original-cast album (Geffen Records)—takes up where "Baby Love" left off. It proves there never was an eleven-thousand commandment that only blacks had soul.

Not only does *Dreamgirls* insist on being the Broadway musical of the '80s, but it also per-

manently identifies the whiteness in certain chocolate megastars. As demonstrated on her LP *Why Do Fools Fall In Love* (RCA Records), high-fashion airhead Diana Ross makes a smooth-and-tan composite of Barbra Streisand and Doris Day. The "EST"-inspired "Get The Message, It's Never Too Late" is Ross's version of "Ce Sera, Sera."

As for other black beauties... An all-in-one Kim Carnes/Britt Ekland/Stevie Nicks, old "Hot Legs" Tina Turner ranks as the

BLACK INTO WHITE

first black honky-tonk blonde. On the *Endless Love* soundtrack (Polygram), the Commodores' dashing Lionel Richie has established himself as a better-looking Billy Joel composer/performer of love song jingles with the fake inner-city delivery and emotional commitment of Tony Bennett, Daryl Hall, and Barry Manilow.

As for sex-and-love messiah/munch, the crown goes to Stevie Wonder, our sweet lord of all ideas and religions. The prince of peace continues to

spread his gospel through mindless R&B popcicles such as "That Girl" on the new *Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium* (Motown).

Meanwhile, Richard Pryor is the *toast* of Sunset Strip in his second concert movie which equals Lenny Bruce with genuine neurotic drug problems. Smokey Robinson is Frank Sinatra with talent and a voice to match. Prince is secretly Bruce Springsteen and not a Mick Jagger imitator, while Jimi Hendrix thought he was the real Keith Richards. And, the Jackson Five are the spiritual inheritors of the Beach Boys' party music.

—Daphne Davis

As bandleader and lead instrumentalist of Television, Tom Verlaine initially made his mark as the first guitar god of new wave. His second solo album, *Dream Time* (Warner Bros.), features music that's slower at breaking the ice than was his first solo effort, but is the more calculated and cocky of the two. The overall sound is

Guitar God-dom

Part Two

aerial without being lofty, hesitant without exposing artistic insecurity; and it showcases some of the most liberating choruses in rock. At its best, his guitar playing has the aura of a grand indulgence lifting even the most

predictable four/four beat out of itself and into a hypnotic tour of tonalities. When he sings, "So Lara, I came to the water/Without a word on my breath," Verlaine weaves an anthemic, mythopoetic metaphor for a

vague sense of barrenness, thereby uniting all who have shared it into a familial tribe.

An act worthy of personal delivery, but this music's almost too noble for the rock-concert forum, where Verlaine often forsakes art in favor of his guitar-god image, ending each song on a ridiculously long crescendo.

—Timothy R. Lucas

The State of Science Fiction

I'm looking for tightrope walkers, searching for sf and fantasy writers who walk the line between commercial, escapist fiction and literature. I'm queesting for the visionary adventure. This time, I've found Jack Vance. Philip Jose Farmer, and Nancy Kress.

Vance's latest, *The Book of Dreams* (DAW), is the final in the Demon Princes series. An elaborate tale of vengeance, this story tells of a manhunt in which the hunter has become nearly as cold-blooded as the infamous criminal he pursues. Indeed, Vance toys with our sympathies, by making the Demon Prince more colorful, more imaginative, and more interesting than the book's hero. As the story develops we are party to a fascinating insight into the origin of the villain's psychotic quest for absolute power. A number of distinct personalities—each with its own name, physical description, and personal history—take control of the Demon Prince. The Demon Prince's growing madness is documented with chilling believability: "Sympathy for the Devil" is good background music for this one. Vance never fails to make us question the nature of psychological reality. We can always rely on him to provide an interplanetary background that comes alive as suspense mounts from scene to scene. Vance walks the line without falling.

Philip Jose Farmer, on the other hand, falls off halfway across the tightrope—and into the vat of cheap pulps. In his glaringly symbolic *The Unraveling Mask* (Putnam), Farmer's Arabic starship captain steals an artifact that leads him on a quest both mystic and political—revealing the two as one and the same.

The energy and fertility of in-

vention bubbling throughout this book almost redeem its slapdash writing, uneven tone, and odious melodrama. Far more interested in conveying his variation on dream interpretation and Jungian symbolism than in skillfully entertaining us, Farmer divides his intentions when they should be neatly interwoven. Consequently neither his vision nor his adventure works. Living spaceships, which change shape according to aero- and aether-dynamic necessity, eccentric alien races, and bizarre interspecies sexual encounters still are not enough to relieve the headache brought on by stumbling syntax, muddy scene painting, and sheer self-indulgence.

Nancy Kress's *The Prince of Morning Bells* (Pocket Books) succeeds where Farmer fails. Her novel of an impulsive young princess's quest for the heart of the world develops winningly into an allegory of woman's search for personal identity and her role in the universe itself. Witty, endlessly diverting, and beautifully written, Kress's novel never throws too much meaning at us, yet never includes a scene that doesn't hum with quiet insights.

The setting of *The Prince of Morning Bells* is a classic medieval fantasy world, given new life with Kress's carefully interposed anachronisms and confident mix of modern viewpoint with Arthurian chivalry. She introduces what may intentionally be the opposite, the charming inverse, of Anne McCaffrey's dragons: the wiggins, mini-dragons two or three inches long, engaging but never too cute. In writing a genuine old-fashioned quest fantasy without getting all fuzzy-toed hobby, Kress explores the dignity, resourcefulness, and intelligence of Woman.

—John Shirley

Heads or Tails

Through the '50s and '60s, the breast reigned as the main icon in the soft-core pornographer's collection of dreams. During the '70s and into the '80s, the breast was replaced by the ass as soft-core porn's most popular image. And the change in attention is dramatically represented in these four books: two on sex goddesses of the '50s and '60s and two on contemporary butts (with a few historical shots for perspective). But, out of the four, only one has any value as a book: Joel Oppenheimer's *Marilyn Lives* (Dellali).

In *Marilyn Lives*, Village Voice writer Oppenheimer turns his common sense and lucid prose to a subject that has been mined repeatedly. But his book does not so much demand comparison with others—such as Norman Mailer's biography—as it offers a shared appreciation. The books do not have to compete to be the book on Marilyn Monroe; they can be read together as two points of view that allow us to triangulate on a myth.

And, like Mailer, Oppenheimer treats Marilyn as much as a myth as a woman. Which is what Neal Peters and David Smith attempt to do in *Ann-Margret* (Dellali). If they fail, it is not necessarily the lack of a good subject, for, although Ann-Margret does not have the mythical presence of Marilyn Monroe, she is interesting as an extension of and variation on the sex-goddess myth at a transition point: when the goddess turned her back on us.

Ann-Margret presided as a sex symbol during the time when sex was becoming increasingly disconnected from procreation: the age of the Pill, the age of recreational sex. As one would expect, when sex became separated from pro-

creation, those parts of the body that are connected to procreation would lose some sexual charge in favor of other parts of the body that are not connected to procreation.

During the '50s, when Marilyn Monroe reigned, the most sexualized part of the body, the breast, offered an icon of an extension of the reproductive functions, what is needed after the act of procreation. Breasts, sexual or not, are meant to feed new life; they are emblems of the gift of life. Pin-ups teased, but they teased us with a source of food; and food, as Freud has taught us, is love.

Once sex was disconnected from procreation, the ass was eroticized. It was a sexually taboo area of the body. And, not only was it not an emblem of nurturing, it was in fact the opposite of that function. If the breast teased us with images of food, the ass teased us with images of excretion: not food, but waste.

And it is a sign of how much sexuality has moved away from its connection to procreation that the other two books—*Real Vice* (Dellali) with an essay by Nick Tosches and *Buns 1952 Calendar* (Perigee)—are so popular. Both are photographically well done (*Buns* is solely done by the book's creator Christie Jenkins); but both exalt a sexuality that trembles on the edge of anger and violence. Traditionally, just as breasts are associated with nourishment—and nourishment is associated with love—the buttocks are associated with punishment. Our sexuality in America has become a function of punishment. And, like medieval martyrs who scourged themselves, we use our sexuality to punish and purify us for doing what we cannot help but do.

—David Black

SPECIALLY EFFECTIVE

Traveling mattes, motion control systems, and other special-effect techniques haven't replaced Harrison Ford on the cover of *People*, but the enthusiastic interest in the subject justifies a 184-page how they do it book entitled *Special Effects in the Movies* (Ballantine). John Culhane explains how explosives, makeup, miniatures, and opticals are used to create or destroy monsters, muppets, and planets. Though Culhane's often oversimplified explanations suggest to the reader that they have arrived at the Universal Studios tour, there is probably no better introduction to the subject than this book. There's a possibility that anyone with a serious interest in ef-

fects will know most of the personalities and techniques described, but there are hundreds of little surprises in this well-designed volume that make it a well-worth-it encyclopedia to have tucked between your copies of *The Movies* and *The Making of 2001*.

In his bibliography, Culhane lists *Cinefex* among his sources. A quarterly devoted exclusively to special effects, *Cinefex* contains no editorials, letters or reviews, and is almost academic in its approach. Despite the no-frills format it manages, within its supposed narrow subject, to explore the workings of film in total. I learned more about the making of *Altered States*, *Cave-man*, and *Star Trek the Motion Picture* from the people creating

the effects than from any other source in print. The producers and directors are almost never interviewed in *Cinefex* and by concentrating on the specialist's problems (technical, political, and financial), it cuts through the bullshit generated by studio PR machines. It's like checking out what makes an oil company work by going to the rigs instead of corporate headquarters. *Cinefex* is unquestionably the best source of information on special effects for the serious fan.

(For subscription and back-issue information—*Cinefex*, Box 20027, Riverside, CA, 92516.)

—Michael Gross
(Associate Producer,
Heavy Metal, the Film.)

BLOOD LEST

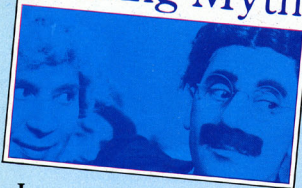


John McCarty's *Splatter Movies* (Fanta Co Enterprises, Inc., 21 Central Ave., Albany, N.Y. 12210) entertainingly surveys a film genre not always entertaining in itself—the technicolor, widescreen epics of Slans 'N Drip. Snubbing the censorious stance pompously assumed by the genre's trendy detractors, McCarty presents an historical overview (beginning with the 1890s *Grand Guignol*, closing with a peek into the gory makeup kit of Tom Savini) and a valuable explanation of the genre's function. It isn't to sicken or even frighten audiences with vivid violence, but to *astonish* them with convincing cosmetic trickery.

While some of McCarty's opinions are arguable (he ascribes to "Martin," George Romero's tabloid lament to our generation's loss of spiritual strength, a heavy debt to EC Comics), he works relative wonders with basically brief—at times defeatingly brief—chapters. His sociological analysis of Hammer Films, for example, I found highly astute and illuminating. McCarty's prose, which frames a gallery of black and white photos, is personable and pun-loving (he gleefully refers to certain films as having made "big grosses" at the box office, and to their directors as "carving out" new creative territory). The book is among the best "Arguments For" I could cite. Lighthearted and clear-headed, *Splatter Movies* is an admirable, sane (I'm tempted to add "rippingly good") piece of work.

—Timothy R. Lucas

Making Myth



If movies are the secular religion of America, or at least the new mythology, then film reference books become either the bibles or the concordances of the age. Previously confined to a readership of film historians, critics, and serious buffs, these volumes have become useful even to people who see most of their films on television.

James Monaco's *Who's Who in American Film Now* (New York Zoetrope) subdivides the American film industry into its various professions: writers, producers, actors, tx cinematographers—the bunch—and provides a credited alphabetical listing in each category. Both

Monaco—a media-studies professor at the New School and a prolific author on film (*The French New Wave*, *Alain Renais*, *How to Read a Film*)—and his publishing house, New York Zoetrope, have made strides in popularizing cinema studies.

Who Played Who in the Movies, by Roy Pickard (Schocken), answers the question "How many actors have played Jesse James?" or for that matter Napoleon, Baby Face Nelson, and/or Jesus Christ. With its listing of screen characters (in each case followed by a brief description of person and then a chronological compen-

dium of the actors and films related to the roles), the book starts to establish the gods, demigods, and lesser beings of cinematic mythology.

For the cream of the film crop, Pickard's *The Award Movies* (Schocken) provides a convenient companion volume, in two parts, to *Who Played Who*.... Part One alphabetically lists movies that have won best-picture awards over the past fifty years (Oscars, and the awards of the British Film Academy, the New Critics Circle, the National Board of Review, and international festivals). Part Two covers chronologically the awards organizations and the major categories of award. Both Pickard books further establish the input of film to general culture and act to canonize those already granted nearly sanctified status in places like *People* magazine and the *National Enquirer* (other sacred texts of the age), the seventh edition of Leslie Halliwell's *Filmgoer's Companion* (Scribner's/Avon) is a 700-plus-page volume of film titles and their makers in front of an behind the camera. This great-granddaddy of film books detail the breakthrough from the old-line cineaste parochialism to mainstream insinuation now in the making.

—Steven L. Kaplan

If you had more money than God does and no taste (but thought you had taste) and considered yourself a connoisseur, you would need a very special magazine. Or if you just liked to fantasize about what you'd buy if you had tons of money and cared not a whit or a fig what anyone thought of your taste, you would need a very special magazine, also.

A magazine that combines tackiness and elephant dollars on a scale never previously dared in the history of publications is the *Robb Report* (\$5 from Robb Report International, Inc., 5025 Roswell Rd., Suite 110, Atlanta, GA 30342). Flip those slick

AMERICAN FANTASY

pages. Imagine how neat it would feel to own Hitler's dinnerware, Valentino's yacht, an Auburn boat-tail speedster, two or three of the dozens of Rolls-Royces or Bentleys offered, a mink teddy bear, an entire thirty-six-horse early 1900s carousel. Hog heaven. No bathroom is complete without a copy.

The biker's life is another expression of the great American dream—the freedom of the road, rowdy buddies and biker

mommas to share it with, a hot Harley roaring like a lion between your thighs. Hog heaven: Mark II. For most of us, the fantasy is better than the reality. Safer, anyway.

But the best way yet to fantasize about the bad biker's life is through the pages of *In the Wind*, the quarterly collection of photos from "the great readers of *Easysiders* and *Iron Horse* magazines," two mags for motorcycle fan-addicts worth checking out for shock value alone. (*In the Wind* 2 and 3 are

\$2.50 by mail; *Wind* 4 is \$2.95; 5 and 6 are \$3 to *Wind*, c/o *Easysiders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.) Hundreds of photos, well over 100 in color, mostly funny, gross, and/or beautiful, of bad bikers and bad bikes; bad biker mommas flashing tits, tattoos, and tattooed tits; biker funerals; bikers mooning cop cars; a six-biker pyramid mooning the camera; etc. . . . "These are not your ordinary 'lookit the shiny chrome' motorcycle magazines," their ad reads. You betcha!

America is chock full o' possible fantasies—what else can you say?

—Peter Stampfel

Ever since I moved to NYC, I've discovered no better fantasy food than sushi. Just the reaction on a disbeliever's face when you eat raw fish is enough to make you cherish the stuff, but when you actually take food into another dimension as a transformed visual fantasy... that's a whole 'nother thing. I don't want to touch it, just look and drool. And the physical sensation of sushi alone is practically an alien experience—subtle light meat, tasting more like a rare fruit than an uncooked edible. But what about those midwesterners lost in the wilds without an opportunity to taste fresh fish shipped in daily? Well, then, get *The Book of Sushi* (Kondansha), by Kinjiro Omae and Usuru Tachibana, to satisfy you at least conceptually. A perfect intro, both visually and historically, to the act of eating sushi—from proper preparation to listings of preferred sushi bars. What was it that Freud said about food being a substitute for sex?

In this age of further specialization, what is next but the *Airbrush Digest*, dedicated to the proposition that man does not make only better mousetraps but also superscience arts tools? Stories range from how to paint plastic models to a profile of artist Charles White. Since *HM* too is part of their subject matter (*HM* readers are huge fans of the field—look at some of our cover choices), the mag's dedication to specialization is for the real *HM* fan as well (\$2.50 per copy/\$21 yearly, 521 S.W. Eleventh Ave., Portland, OR 97205).

AddendA

Current rock oddities (musical and otherwise): Columbia Records' funny repackaging of a "Pink Floyd's greatest hits" variant—*A Collection of Great Dance Songs* (hey, guys, maybe you were seminal influences, but a great dance band you ain't). A new version of "Money" redeems this disk from being an expensive in-joke. Girl friend Bebe Buell's (is she to marry Psy Furs' Butler?) four-song EP debut, *Cover Girl* (Rhino, 11609 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90064), with producers Rick Derringer and the Cars' Ric Ocasek (the value of connections!), has the strangest, damniest version of Iggy's "Funtime" I've heard. The Nails' new-Lou Reed rap song (a la "Walk on the..."), "88 Lines About 44 Women," from their *Hotel for Women* EP (City Beat/Jimboco Records, Box 203, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023), makes one wonder about their own sex life. Cachalot Records' (55 Mercer St., NYC 10013) release of the song "Burundi Black"—a Rusty Egan/J. P. Illiesco remix of a classic African drumming tune—was first a commercial hit ten years ago in the U.K., so watch out for this one. Adam Ant. And *Recorder Three*, an inventive combination magazine/album features major new-wave/progressive music (Robert Fripp, Essential Bop, etc.), with some unusual primitive futurist articles (16 Ambrose Rd., Cliftonwood, Bristol 8, England).

When I first saw *Elquest* (the magazine), I never thought it would last. The execution of the drawings was rudimentary at first glance, the stuff of the story seemingly inconsequential—another set of irrelevant fantasy tales, by my standards. But gain glories it did; and along with such a following, this deluxe edition of the first book of *Elquest* (Donning Company, 5659 Virginia Beach Boulevard, Norfolk, VA 23502) as well as a large-size paperback have appeared. After hacking through its often juvenile fare, we see a charming and engaging story emerge, one that cleverly recasts the elf/troll/wild-ones myth in a more modern context. There's always room for ambitious independent publishing ventures.

So, when you hit it big, you hit it even bigger in comics fandom! Enough so, in Wendy Pini's case, that it warranted the creation of the *Elquest* Gatherum (Fanta Graphics Books, 196 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Conn. 06903). So there you've got it, a catalog, sketches, interviews, analyses, and extraneous bits.

With the demise of comic-book newsstand sales around the corner, standard American comics will be radically altered. One step in the direction of that change has been recently made by Marvel, with the introduction of their graphic-novel series (looking something like *HM*'s comics version of *Alien*). It begins with a new version of "Captain Marvel," by Jim Starlin. But the series in general is expected to create both new characters and new universes: in production now are Walt Simonson's sf mercenary epic *The Star Slammers* (Simonson recently collaborated with Stephen King on a comic for Marvel) and Craig Russell's new stylizations of Mike Moorcock's Elric mythos. Most unusual about the series is not only the quality of production—these are camera-separated color-art trade paperbacks, not shoddy newspaper magazines—but also the artists' control of copyright. And that theoretically means greater quality control of marketing and conception. Maybe it finally means that mainstream, big-business comics will actually enter the adult world rather than remain cheap juvenilia.



reply:

Crash, by J. G. Ballard; *Atrocity Exhibition*, by J. G. Ballard; *The Illustrated Man*, by Ray Bradbury; *The Green Brain*, by Frank Herbert; and, he emphasized again, anything else by Ballard.

—Brad Balfour

And what's your favorite color? . . . When British avant-rockers Siouxsie and the Banshees hit town, I stepped backstage to ask bassist-songwriter Severin what his list of favorite flights of science-fiction fancy might be. Here's his off-the-cuff

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Mr. Kierkegaard,
I am shocked and dismayed at your repeated attacks on my husband, who is only trying to preserve the rights of people like you to "express" yourself. That's why I think you should stop. Irony must always fall if it is not constructive. I think you must be a very sad person, probably a drug addict.

Sincerely,
Conan

Dear Creep,

How come the girls in your strip have such little tits?
You should have more action sequences too.
What's the matter, pansy?
Afraid of a little blood?
This is your final warning.

Conan Schwartz
muller

Maybe they're right--
maybe I have lost touch
with reality...



I know what--I'll give
the Gollywog huge muscles
and a sword--



And...and...I'll
change the name
of the strip to--

SPACE OPERA

I HAD CRASHED IN
THE SAVAGE EM-
BRACE OF A HOSTILE
WORLD!

AS I SPRANG
LITHELY TO MY
TANNED, MUSCULAR
FEET, I COULD
SENSE
THAT
SOME-
THING
WAS
AMISS...

PRINCESS
ENILED!...
SHE'S BEEN
KIDNAPPED!



READERS...THE NEW,
IMPROVED SPACE OPERA
IS ON THE LEFT...



--and I'll
make Adeline
into a princess
with mammoth
breasts,
and spell
her name
backwards.



The Space Skuttle had ended its long
journey in a blazing crash on an alien
world. Miraculously, we had survived, but
the Miss Moral America contestants were
still trapped inside the burning craft.

Well, don't just
stand there--let's
go look for help!

Are you kidding? In
the dark?--there
might be monsters
or something.

You two are
the biggest
cowards I've
ever seen.
I'm going!



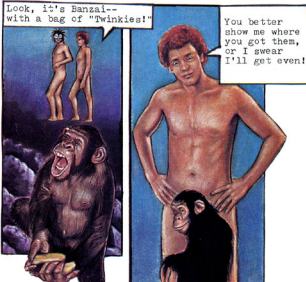
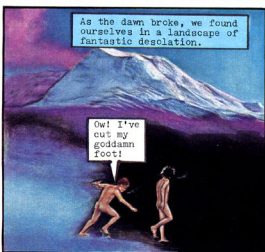
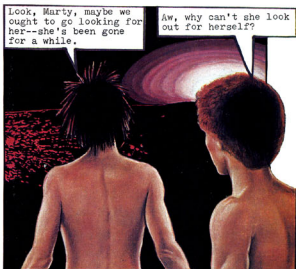
...AND THE OLD,
TIRED ROCK OPERA
IS ON THE RIGHT!

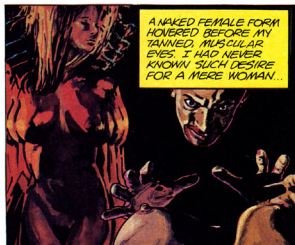
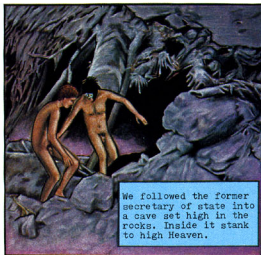
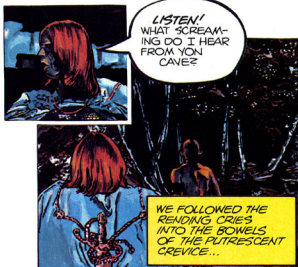


LOOK! THE REMAINS OF IAZNAB, THE SOOTH-SAYER! I WAS SICK OF HIM SAYING "SOOTH" ALL THE TIME, ANYWAY



...THAT I WILL AVENGE YOUR DEATH. POOR IAZNAB, AND RESCUE YOUR MISTRESS!





AARGGH!



WITH A STRANGLING CRY I LEAPT INTO THE DEN OF THE UNHOLY THING!

WE BATTLED LONG--
AND MY SWORD SANG
WITH ITS FOUL BLOOD
AND LEPROUS SINEW!



Don't you dare!
This is his
planet and he
was nice enough
to save our
lives.



IN ITS ENTRAILS I FOUND
THE PRINCESS STILL ALIVE,
ENCASED IN A CRYSTAL
EGG!



WHEN IT SEEMED THAT I
MUST SURELY DIE, I
FOUND THE EYE OF THE
THING-- BEHIND WHICH
LODGED ITS BRAIN!

WHAT MIRACLE
IS THIS THAT WE
ARE ALIVE AND
ALONE IN THE ARMS
OF THE NIGHT?



Adeline! Are
you OK?

Sure...listen, let's
go outside for some
fresh air and I'll
explain everything.



© 1982 BOB "KILLER" KIERKEGAARD, JR.



It's a miracle our
finding you like this.
I was really worried--
I think I love you...

...AND
ME AS
WELL,
FOR I
AM
YOURS!



IT WAS THE
RING WHICH
HE WANTED,
AND NOW YOU
MUST TAKE IT...

That's very
flattering--
it's just that
I'm not ready
for a relation-
ship...



TO BE CONTINUED...

- 1x I ♥ TO GET DOWN
- 2x I ♥ BEND IT
- 3x I ♥ SEX
- 4x I ♥ CAGANE
- 5x I ♥ BULLSHIT
- 6x I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
- 7x I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
- 8x I ♥ HEAD
- 9x I ♥ FAST WOMEN
- 10x I ♥ DRUGS
- 11x I ♥ TO PARTY
- 12x I ♥ MYSELF
- 13x I ♥ FAST CARS
- 14x I ♥ TO DRINK
- 15x I ♥ LONG LEGS
- 16x I ♥ THE BIG ONE
- 17x I ♥ BROODIE
- 18x I ♥ I DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
- 19x I ♥ NEW WAVE
- 20x I ♥ IT
- 21x I ♥ MONKEY
- 22x I ♥ LUCY
- 23x I ♥ ROCK
- 24x I ♥ NET
- 25x I ♥ NIGHT JESSES
- 26x I ♥ FIDOLAYS
- 27x I ♥ BURLITTES
- 28x I ♥ KIDNAPES
- 29x I ♥ MIDNAPES
- 30x I ♥ YOUR BOOBY
- 31x I ♥ SNAKE
- 32x I ♥ TO PARTY
- 33x I ♥ MOTORCYCLES
- 34x I ♥ COUNTRY



ALL T-SHIRTS
FINEST QUALITY
100% COTTON
MADE IN U.S.A.

I ♥ FAST WOMEN



ALL BASEBALL
HATS
FINEST QUALITY
100% COTTON
MADE IN U.S.A.



ALL B.B.HATS
FINEST QUALITY
ADJUSTABLE

PLUS OVER 100 MORE OF THE MOST RUDEST SAYINGS ON BASEBALL HATS AND SHIRTS!

47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT
48. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
49. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR
50. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHOT"
51. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR
52. FREE MISTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
53. BEND OVER Y'LL DRIVE
54. IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU PARTY
55. CHAMPION MISTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
56. I ADORE THE MISTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)

57. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM
58. I GET DRUNK
59. I FALL DOWN
60. NO PROBLEM
61. PAROON ME, BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
62. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
63. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
64. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
65. TO SAVE OUR BRACKES, HADDOON A FAT CHICK!

66. I MAKE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
67. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
68. NO FAT CHICKS
69. NO FAT CHICKS
70. WE OWE AT FIVE
71. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
72. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOO! (ARTWORK)
73. NO TIME WHINES
74. MINE'S BIGGER
75. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
76. SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!

77. I'M SO WORRY, EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN DON'T SUE!
78. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
79. HOW CAN YOU SCAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WERE BORN WITH TURKEYS?
80. YOUR CRITERIA IS GREATLY APPRECIATED, FUCK YOU NEW KACK!
81. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
82. FUCK OFF
83. LET'S BE A REB OF ASSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
84. THE MORE OF THE DAY IS LESS, HELP UPREAD THE WORDS
85. YOU ARE CORNALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF
86. I'M THE KING OF GUY YOUR MOTHER BASTARD! YOU ASSHOLE
87. PARDY, DICK!
88. I'M THE SLOW CAIS—FAST WOMEN
89. I DO
90. BUT NOT WITH YOU
91. LOVE, TELL I SEXUAL
92. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
93. I'M FOR LUST
94. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
95. QING OF A KIND
96. DON'T LASH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
97. GO POUND SAND!
98. SCORPS, SUCKS
99. ASK ME IF I CARE
100. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY
101. TAKE THIS JOE AND SHOVE IT!
102. WHEN EVERYTHING'S BURNING, NOTHING MATTERS
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