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essay on Eroticism in the Eighties.  
**MOEBIUS** and **BILAL** get caught  
up in more intrigue and espionage...  
as **SCHWERTBERGER**'s stone men  
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# HEAVY METAL

The  
adult  
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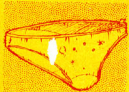
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## NU VINYL

## Rock'n'Roll Museum

A recent night out at the Metropolitan Opera, leaching up a tankful of Wagner (*Iannhäuser*, to be exact),\* left me reflectively ruminating on the imminent fossilization of rock'n'roll. Now a notch or two past its happy thirtieth, rock has evolved a "tradition" with an aligned series of stylistically linked cisterns (when one overflows it dumps the runoff into the next). Along with tradition come the obediently heel-trotting keepers of the faith—hip-swiveling brothers to those stumpy bellowers on the Met stage. Rock'n'roll's Messianic and/or pandering preservationists, purists, revivalists, fundamentalists, and taxidermists.

ONE OF THE MAIN DISPLAYS FEATURES A PAIR OF ELVIS PRESLEY'S FAVORITE WHITE PANTIES.



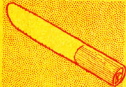
THIS EXHIBIT MAY BE VIEWED THROUGH ONE-WAY GLASS!

Rock's genealogical linearity has succumbed to necrophilic plurality. Six examples of a recently voguish pursuit—rockabilly re-creationism—provide corroborative illustration. Of the bunch: one sucks, one resists judgment, three pass, and the remaining platter actually yanks my patrician lobes.

The lone stinker, *The Rockats Live At the Ritz* (Island), exemplifies everything that's wrong with the Peabody & Sherman Way-Back Machine approach to music-making. Like religious cargo

cultists, these limey-fied colonialists ritually mimic the rockably mystique in an effort to summon forth its true spirit. Reverently, they mouth the correct lyrical clichés, slap a stand-up bass, hiccup at appropriate moments, and—most important—impeccably cool, drope, and manure their darling little bodies. But their devotion is hollow: walking-talking musical junk food for a style-obsessed culture. Wake me when it's over

MANY CALIFORNIA ROCKERS FLOCK TO THE BRIAN WILSON EXHIBIT—WHERE THEY EXPECT TO FIND A PIANO IN A SANDBOX.



BUT INSTEAD THEY FIND THE REAL INSPIRATION FOR THE HIT, 'GOOD VIBRATIONS'!

OF GREAT INTEREST TO GUITAR BUFFS IS OUR ERIC CLAPTON EXHIBIT, FEATURING A PAGE FROM ERIC'S CALENDAR.



THE DATE IS THAT OF ERIC'S VICTORY OVER DRUGS, AND COINCIDENTLY, THE DAY HE WROTE HIS LAST GOOD SONG!

At least Robert Gordon and Dave Edmunds have the decency to spend more time in front of the turntable than the mirror. These rock-war veterans draw on a variety of late-fifties rock'n'roll idioms and display equally distinctive flairs. Gordon's *Are You Gonna Be the One* (RCA) moves away from the

single-minded purism of past LPs, revealing a better-than-average mainstream rock crooner bullied by a bashing beat. Robert kick-starts his hog to open side two, but somehow forgets to crank his own engine, taking the record at cruising speed. He still doesn't sound like he means it. Edmund's *Twangin'...* (Swan Song/Atlantic) and a Christmas-time *Blessed* of collection, both sport slick, tuneful ditties (I especially enjoy his Everly Bros. pastiches) but lack real identity or dynamism.

The *Blasters* LP (Slash) is the first rockabilly resuscitation record I felt like listening to more than twice. Finally, a pompadoored pack who believe what they sing and can write new songs instead of assembling xerox collages. Dave Alvin's "American Music" should be our national anthem.

KNOWN TO SOME AS 'THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROCK & ROLL BAND,' THE ROLLING STONES EXHIBIT IS OFTEN OVERCROWDED.



ONE VERY POPULAR ITEM IS THIS BOTTLE OF KEITH RICHARDS' ORIGINAL BLOOD!

On the other hand, I hope the Cramps don't believe what they sing. Whew. *Psychodelic Jungle* (IRS), their third album, revels in the perverse interbreeding of autistic rockabilly and pre-adolescent horror-movie paranoia—the vinyl equivalent of *Invaders From Mars*. I love it, but don't listen to it much. However, I have to admire heroically insane singer Lux Interior (illegitimate offspring of Iggy and Elsa Lanchester) and hunger for guitar-combie Ivy Rorhatch's velvet-ice thighs. Even more confounding is *Behind the Magnolia Curtain* by Tav Falco's Panther Burns (Rough Trade), containing some of the worst

recorded performances since my high school band. Vito and the Vomits, last entertained. Sounding like a nuthouse Cramps study-group recorded on a passing orderly's walkman, the record qualifies as an instant nominee for the Jack Henry Abbott Room of Fatal Mistakes.

LOVERS OF BRITISH TECHNO-ART ROCK FIND MUCH TO VIEW AT THE BRIAN ENO DISPLAY.



ON DISPLAY IS THE ELEVATOR IN WHICH ENO FIRST CONCEIVED HIS GROUND BREAKING AMBIENT MUSIC IDEAS!

Up the hall a ways we find the Fleshtones, a New York quartet who've spent entirely too much time in the pre-psychedelic "Nuggets" wing (AKA the Lenny Kaye Collection). Their new album *Roman Gods* (IRS) and a just-released 1978 LP-session *Blast Off!* (Reach Out International cassette) flawlessly re-create the circa '66, West Coast garage-punk sound: nasal teenage vocals, rinky-dink organ chording, reverbed Fender guitar and breakneck surf-beat (ref: the Seeds, the Electric Prunes, Shadows of Knight, etc.). Fun in their scrupulous naivete and exuberant pre-hippie frenzy, the Fleshtones make a dust-free spot for themselves on a damn crowded shelf. Two items are enough for me. I only have so much interest in time-warping reality away. Ultimately that's the problem with all these albums. I don't care how fun-loving the stuff is, it's still locked in the past. And I'm honestly bored with the past.

—Lou Stathis

\*To answer your obvious questions: 1) Yes, they let my kind in there, and 2) Well-yelped Wagner turns my knees to playdough.



It's that time of year when everything Nazi is new again.

For five startling prime-time hours, ABC-TV brings alive Albert Speer's ghoulish *Inside the Third Reich* complete with imperialistic art deco sets, costumes, and villains. Speer, who died last fall, served twenty years in Spandau Prison where he wrote his best-selling recollections of the trials and nightmares of the Führer, touching also on Nazi aesthetics.

## Springtime for Hitler

### Speer Chucker

Playing Hitler's man of art, culture, and architecture is Dutch-born Arvan sweetheart Rutger Hauer (who surfaces this summer as Harrison Ford's warrior adversary in the futuristic reasons for not missing this video spectacular 1) *Mort Sal* portrays

izing his complicity in the look of extermination design. Right up there with the eighteen missing minutes of *Watergate* tape.

Among the many theater-of-the-future reasons for not missing this video spectacular 1) *Mort Sal* portrays



Derek Jacobi (left) as Hitler, Rutger Hauer as Albert Speer. Courtesy ABC-TV.

powering Nazi doom-terror.

In *Johnny Got His Gun*, Dalton Tumbao personified an experience of supreme horror. He again enters the head of the beast—an unrepentant Nazi—in *Night of the Aurochs* (Bantam Wind-stone). Left unfinished at his death in 1976, the novel skillfully avoids glib Freudianisms in its penetration of SS-officer Ludwig Grieben's psyche, portraying Nazism as a corruption of love and its resulting despair. Despite its puzzle-piece state, *Aurochs* has power, insight, compassion, and more understanding of the human condition than any historical recounting of the period.

Like an unrepentant demon, the Götterdämmerung spectre of Hitler stays with us—not because we want it, but because it's as much a part of us as anything we cherish.

—Lou Stathis

## Lord of the Swastika

Führer taste for Wagnerian space opera.

But are all of these individualists dedicated to genocide, mass psychosis, and German Lebensraum? For that matter, were all of the Germans who found themselves goosestepping to the glory of Führer and Fatherland?

Let's face it, Adolf Hitler didn't know jack shit about economics or international affairs. And he wasn't such a hot military strategist either. He was a mediocre painter and architect. But he knew how to key symbols and rituals—like the twisted cross (swastika), death's heads, the old German imperial

eagle, mass torchlight rallies, gargantuan fetishistic military parades, and Albert Speer's "cathedral of light" into the Jungian collective unconscious. He knew how to put together a sound track. He knew how to design costumes and sets and how to use color. He had a good sense of choreography and an unlimited budget but no scruples about how he used them.

In *The Iron Dream*, had Hitler dying broke as a science fiction writer. But if he had been making TV commercials on Madison Avenue, he'd be king of the hill. And if he had worked in Hollywood and had the right

lawyer, he'd be a multimillionaire from the merchandising rights alone.

—Norman Spinrad



Werner Finck, a political standup comic the Gestapo eventually found unfunny and sent to Auschwitz (which he survived); 2) Derek Jacobi, at *I Claudius* fame, drooling and going deliriously berserk as the megadomestic Hitler; 3) Sir John Gielgud, Arthur's butler, in an off-the-wall bit as Speer's politician father; 4) for comic relief Viveca Lindfors as a gypsy who prophesies Speer's illustrious and unfortunate future. Achtung!

—Daphne Davis

## Dreaming

Borges and Calvino, erudite, sophisticated, bookish writers. Along with Gabriel Marquez in Colombia and Raymond Queneau in France, they have refreshed contemporary literature by restoring to it the possibility of fantasy, the sense that dreaming is legitimate.

Calvino's *If on a winter's night a traveler* (Harcourt,

Borges, Jovanovich) is a charming dream about reading itself. A Reader picks up a book called *If on a winter's night a traveler* and only to find out that it's gentle parodies of modern fiction: an Eastern European proletarian novel, an over-refined Japanese tone-poem, etc., etc. As the Reader keeps searching for the "real" novel he's pined by a woman, the Other Reader, and in the book's finale, art and life merge. The Reader decides he must marry his opposite, and the two go off to live happily ever after between the covers. Calvino's *Italian Folk Tales* (Pantheon), surely enough, is a disconcerting series of little stories—full of stock characters like the king and his eligible daughter, the monster waiting to be turned into a prince—so too familiar and artless to be very gripping.

Better known than Calvino, Borges is also more ambitious. He's gained an impres-

sive reputation for his tiny, crystalline stories, the best of which convey a sense of imaginative possibility, a feeling that thought itself is a creative act. While *Six Problems of Don Isidro Parodi* (Dutton), a series of "mysteries" Borges wrote with a view to finding the meaning of his best work, it does offer us a typically Borgesian figure in the jailed detective, a man who solves crime simply by thinking. Borges a Reader (Dutton) is much more successful. Not only does it include previously untranslated criticism and essays but some of his loveliest pieces. "The Aleph" a story about finding the center of the universe in a Buenos Aires cellar. "The Circular Ruins," about a man dreaming himself into being, and "The Library of Babel," in the voice of the Minotaur. In these, Borges takes elements of fairy tales and myths and personalities them by turning them into a kind of universal feeling. The quest for the center of the universe, for instance, is really a quest for the ability to love.

—George Biecher

## Light My Fire

*Quest For Fire*, an exciting and thoroughly absorbing anthropological fantasy, set 80,000 years ago, takes you on an epic journey as mythical as those of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. In addition to the brutal battles over human Homo sapiens, the novel features a raiding Neanderthals (sporting Planet of the Apes/elephant man makeup), the comic book adventure soap's main message is that aggression and fear coupled with necessity are the true progenitors of invention and progress.

To get us into the spirit and culture of late Ice Age nomadic tribes, Anthony Burgess (who invented *A Clockwork Orange's* futuristic "Nadsat") creates a half dozen incomprehensible dialects that could possibly have been spoken by early man. These connect with Desmond (*The Naked Ape*) Morris's dynamic body language. Consequently, observing these human-like creatures nibbling on insects and learning to laugh appeals to the *National Geographic* explorer in all of us.

But the movie's biggest attraction is the hilarious noble savage love affair between Noah (Everett McGill) of the up and coming Uruk tribe (which doesn't know how to make fire) and Ika (Rae Dawn Chong, daughter of Cheech's buddy Tommy Chong), a character of the lyloka tribe (which does). Their romance cries out for the tag-line, "Love means

never having to say light my fire."

Noah rescues Ika from the Kzamm cannibals. She takes him home to her people. Smarter and more verbal than he is, this Eve not only makes better fire than her Adam but she also persuades him to switch from the animal to the missionary position during lovemaking. *Quest For Fire* concludes with Ika pregnant and the happy couple caressing under a full moon with great expectations for the future.

Visually this prehistoric travelogue is a knockout—from Claude Aoustani's sumptuous cinematography of Alberto's Badlands, Scotland's Clangorms, and Kenya's Lake Magadi to HM-artist Philippe Druillet's collector's item poster of the film, published here.

Daphne Davis



## Iraq Lobster

The B-52's' beach party days are over! Mesopotamia (Warner Bros.), the latest venture into retro-rock, is an excursion down the Tigris River to that ancient Near-Eastern civilization, "Iraq Lobster."

The first B-52's album, *The B-52's Wild Planet*, and *Party-Mix*—summed up a period at art, influencing dance music and fashion more than any album since Nancy Sinatra's *These Boots Were Made for Walkin'*.

All the cool girls started leading their hair again. The B-52's weren't just nostalgic though; they successfully revived the kitsch and camp that made early 1960s pop so embraceable. While the new music scene was dominated by second-wave bands like the Clash, *Strangely* suddenly made perfect sense. Does "Party Out of Bounds" sound so funny anymore?

The band and their new producer, David Byrne (re-

main in light, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, and *The World Is a Beautiful Place*—offer a collaboration of the epicurean kind. At best, Byrne could have given the B-52's a funkier, even Motown sound. But this album comes off like Paula Abdul meets Cleopatra. Byrne's hands all over the record. As a result, the B-52's are looking a lot farther east than Detroit. They're looking in their own Private Baghdad.

Fleeting marks of B-52's humor surface now and then on the disc's six songs—like when Cindy Wilson (tongue) they successfully revived the kitsch and camp that made early 1960s pop so embraceable. While the new music scene was dominated by second-wave bands like the Clash, *Strangely* suddenly made perfect sense. Does "Party Out of Bounds" sound so funny anymore?

Steven Maillot



## ST/PU.

Most major publishing houses in the USA are in the hands of massive corporations, and for the first time there is real money in it. But it comes at a hideous social cost. Like other old, mucklike forms of life, big corporations pull back their eyes, blink, and retreat within a shell of oil fear and investor-bread stupidity when threatened by economic hard times. The innate greed that drives these organizations to power can only be satisfied in times of prosperity. Until such times return, science fiction will be an increasingly dull and conventional market product.

Nothing illustrates this process better than George R. R. Martin's fourth *New Voices* (Berkley) collection, Martin, an important writer and editor with integrity, had the fine idea of introducing new authors of proven merit to the audience. Hence the title. The anthology is now called *The John Campbell Award Nominees* and the title "New Voices" has shriveled with embarrassment. The "voices" are no longer new; they are fluent and successful with award-laden masterpieces. Attached to the corporate anal, the whole enterprise is still logging through the year 1977! Technologically, it even includes an author who has been dead for two years—Tom Reamy. The whole novel enterprise has become a travesty, a pathetic joke. While a frightened world

begs for visions and new hope, today's writers churn out power fantasies.

Terry Carr's *The Best Science Fiction Of The Year 10* (Timescape) has always demonstrated the state of the art. 1981 looks bad. Or better stories, four are over-written to the point of impenitability. These fussy, bloodless, rococo pieces lie on the reader's mind like chains. Two major writers, Philip K. Dick and Clifford Simak, produced minor pieces, far from their best efforts but among the best '81 had to offer. A bright spot is Howard Waldrop's "The Ugly Chickens," a clear and vigorous story with a hidden streak of powerful anger that may bode well for the future. Two other writers, John Varley & George R. R. Martin, to be sharp and dangerous, but lack all conviction.

The *Berkley Showcase*, Volume 4 (Berkley) is simply and genuinely dull. Seven out of ten stories are unreadable, ranging from trivial half-baked fantasy to tedious, wrongheaded & devoid of vision. Even the editor's brief introductions reek of pomposity and arrogance. Where is the vision, the excitement, the sense of wonder? Why are we splattered by stop-sticky bogus fantasies, death-marched to the corporate anal, and sold, self-important, pretentious prose? The idea behind *Showcase* is a good one. It could be useful to readers and profitable to the mass-market corporation that owns Berkley's soul. But, my God, not like this.

—Bruce Sterling

## THE FRONT LINE

As people in the 1960s gear up for catastrophe, brought on by either nuclear firestorms or mutant fish, the bulk of the population opts for escape. Some escape through religion; others through chemicals. But the sanest escape is through imaginary war with battles fought on paper or in the mind.

Trad. war games like Avalon Hill's *Squad Leader* or SPI's *Out Racer* are steeped in tactics and strategies: fleets and divisions, disguised as cardboard markers battle across stylized hex maps. Fantasy role playing as typified by games like *Chitron* (Meta-Gaming) or the *Mechanoid Invasion* (Paladim Books) involves the exploits of imaginary individuals as well as historical figures: fighters, thieves, wizards, hobbits, etc., all rage in the minds of the players. And while war games are governed by fairly limited tactics and strict rules (a tank battle, in so many words, can only move in so many ways at all), fantasy role playing is laden with action that involves infinite possibilities of compromise, trickery, and improvisation. Your characters' personalities are of far more importance to survival than knowing a clever battlefield maneuver.

Among the most popular war games is Avalon Hill's

*Panzer Blitz*, simulating tank warfare in Egypt during WWII. It combines realism with the ease of play. *Fall of the Third Reich*, also Avalon Hill, is a bit more complicated but allows two or more players to fight out the whole of WWII month by month, army by army, both militarily and economically. *Battle Fleet Mars* (SPI), perhaps the most complex of the fiction biggies on the market, needs only a little skill for the maximum ease of play and realism. Also from SPI is a series of historical period games including *Charlot* (Egyptian), *Spartan* (Greek), *Legion* (Roman), and *Musket and Pike* (16th century English)—all with interchangeable units so that you can change Cromwell to battle Caesar.

The most widely known role-playing game is *Dungeons and Dragons* (T.S.R.), in which, hobbits and dwarves fight for treasure in a fantasy setting. *Traveler* (G.D.W.) takes the action into outer space and creates a world of merchants and pirates not unlike Isaac Asimov's *Second Foundation*. Meanwhile, in *Bushido* (Fantasy Games International) players explore the world as Japanese myth figures with Samurai competing for gold and glory amidst demon haunted palaces.

—William F. Loeb

ed Records, by Roy Carr and Charles Short Murray (Avon), purports to be an analytical autobiography rather than a bio. Instead of a life-size group of Bowie's world view, critic Murray offers breezy and sometimes aggravating assumptions. Still, this work is the most successful of the three, and if combined with the others would make one hell of a Bowie book.

Only when David Bowie writes the autobiography will his mystique be captured. But that book too will probably arouse as many questions as answers.

—Brad Ballou

# FANTASY GAMING

## HOME CATAclysm (A VIDEO FANTASY)

"AtariNation" is upon us. Within two years, every home in America will have three televisions (one for viewing, two for playing). Recreational activities which require leaving the home will be considered "cult eccentricities." "Atari Football" as the national pastime; N.A.S.A. scientists will stay home and play "Missile Command" instead of going to work, and Las Vegas will become a ghost town due to its refusal to "Algorize." Why tangle with the torments of modern societal

interaction when you can master the skills of simulated survival in the security of your home?

The "Home Cataclysm Center" offers a complete selection of situational video games which allow the participant to face the terrors of a violent society on his own terms. Be a hit-man or a prospective target without leaving the sanctity of your fallout shelter.

SHUTDOWN: There's been an accident in the plutonium reactor and it's up to you to activate the cooling system. Your joystick controls a battery of firemen who attempt

to hose down the machinery, but the further the contamination spreads from the center of the plant, the more points are tallied against you. Special attraction of this cartridge: infrared rays holographically emanate from the screen when radiation reaches the reactor's outer layer (protective visor not included).

PAPARAZZI: You're a society photographer in a shooting gallery game, trying to snap moving celebs of escalating value. The targets range from Rod Stewart (the easiest) to Frank Sinatra (the pinnacle), but watch out for bodyguards and injunction notices, which, when hit, score points against you.

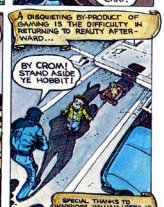
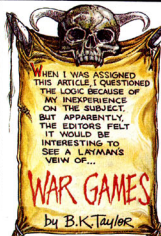
ASSASSIN: Colonel Khadim has sent you on a mission to the USA. Navigate through a moving field of senators, cabinet members, and congressional pages who you must eliminate in order to get to the commander-in-chief. You are vulnerable to arrest and/or fire from Secret Service and F.B.I.

agents, and points are scored against you if you run out political liabilities (i.e. Richard Allen). Additional options of this game include a competition in which you become the target of J.D.I. hit men as you try to seek asylum at your embassy.

ILEGAL ALIEN INVASION: This three-dimensional sequel to the famed *SPACE INVADERS* puts you in the president's chair, trying to thwart Haitians, Mexicans, and boat people from immigrating to the land of the free. To protect the demographics of the nation you've got to be on guard on all three levels, as undesirable approach by air, sea, and land. Unlike *SPACE INVADERS* the enemy doesn't destroy you, they merely become your constituency.

So while you're lying back enjoying the mental caress of your videogames, just remember that those same guys who lost the Second World War have just captured your mind.

—Sally Tiven



## Mystique Is the Message

**Bowie Black Book** (Quick Fox). He has combed-poly files, called on numerous associates to unearth once-forgotten anecdotes, and the striking and enigmatic mystique of David Bowie, the problems multiply. He possesses a rich humanity, and yet his image is painted by the alienation of the character he has created. The *Man Who Fell to Earth*.

With an encyclopedic eye, British rock critic Miles succeeds with *The David*

Chris Charlesworth's *David Bowie Profile* (Proteus/Savoy) not only lacks analysis but also has an immediate visual appeal. (Where are all the pretty color pictures?) He musters up fresh data but not enough to distinguish his work from that of Miles. Quotes from Charlesworth's own interviews and songs to Bowie's enigmatic mystique but they do little to explain the power Bowie possesses.

David Bowie—An Illustrat

**THE FURTHER ADVENTURES  
OF JOHN DIFOOL  
BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY  
AND MOEBIUS  
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND**

# THE INCAL LIGHT NEURAZTENIK CLASS STRUGGLE

LAST WE SAW JOHN DIFOOL  
HAD SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING  
THE TECHNO-POPE'S CARDPO-  
CLAWS ONLY TO RUN SWACK  
JAB INTO META-BARON- THE  
MOST INFAMOUS KILLER OF  
THAT GRA.

MEANWHILE...

THE REBELS  
ARE UP TO  
SOMETHING,  
CHIEF!

...YEAH! AND HIS  
MAJOR ORPHIONTE  
CAN'T MAKE UP  
HIS MIND WHETHER  
OR NOT TO CALL  
THE EMPEROR-  
ATRIZ!

STORY: JODOROWSKY  
ART: MOEBIUS

READY FOR THE  
NUCLEO-TACTICS?

READY!

OKAY  
CONTACT!

EVERYTHING'S  
ROCKING

GYROSCOPES  
IN POSITION!

DAMN THEM!  
THEY USED  
THEIR  
NUCLEO!

WE'VE  
BEEN  
VIOLATED!

# GROBOUM!

EUREKA! WE'VE  
OPENED A HOLE!

ATTACK!

IN THE NAME  
OF GOD-  
CONTINUE  
TO FILM!

ONE FOR  
THE  
AMOK!  
GO!



ATTENTION ALL 3-D TELEVISION VIEWERS. TODAY WE ARE ATTENDING A SPECTACULAR FETE. MORE THAN 1,000,000 DEMONSTRATORS HAVE THROWN THEMSELVES INTO THE DYNAMITE-GARING HOLE OPENED BY THE NUCLEO. WE ARE COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM THE FLYING PALACE.

LET'S RAISE THE PALACE AND TAKE SHELTER UP ABOVE!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! OUR GRAVITY UNITS HAVE BEEN DAMAGED IN THE SHOOT-OUT. IF WE DON'T REMAIN ON THE GROUND, LORD ONEY KNOWS WHERE WE'LL END UP!

IN THE NAME OF THE BLUE SECENTARIST  
**MARCH ON!**

ARE YOU IONIST  
PHALANXES WITH ME?

GOODNOTHER!  
EVERYTHING IS GOING  
PERFECTLY!  
DON'T LET  
THEM BREATHE!

TIGHTER SHOT OF THIS  
BOMBING!

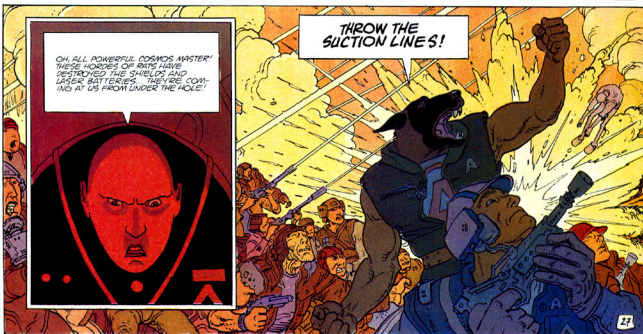
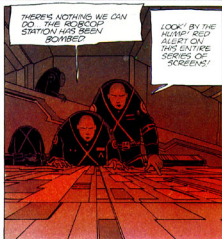
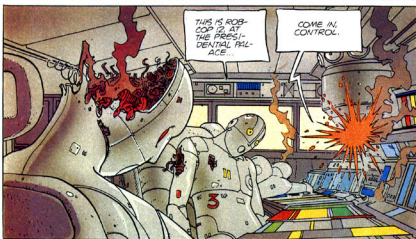
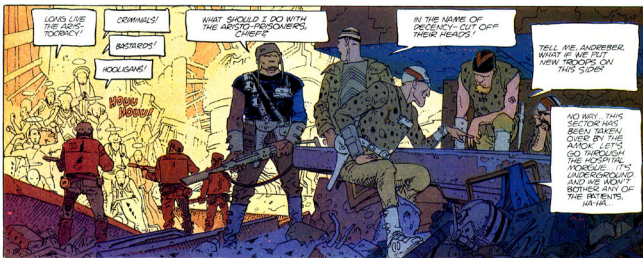
ADD A  
FEW TEARS!

MY DEAR TELE-ADDICTS, YOU ARE ONE  
GROUP. SNIFF. SNIFF. SNIFF. OF LUCKY DOGS-  
SNUG IN THE CONFINES OF YOUR CON-  
APTS. THE HORROR IS INDISCRIABLE...  
WHAT CAN I SAY. WHAT CAN I SAY...

SNIFF. HERE MEN ARE FIGHTING FOR  
THEIR FREEDOM... THEIR RIGHT TO  
SURFACE FROM THE UNDERGROUND  
ONCE AND FOR ALL. THEIR RIGHT TO  
SELL SPV DRUGS FREELY--NOT THAT  
WE'RE COMPONING THAT--MIND YOU!  
AND FRANKLY, THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR  
THE FREEDOM TO FIGHT. NUFF.

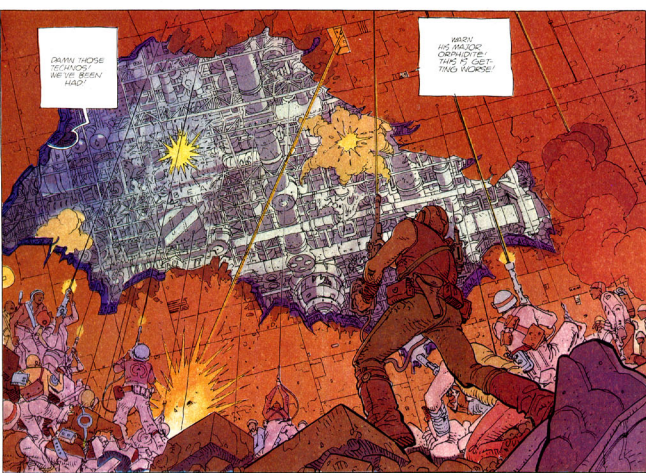
DON'T FOR-  
GET THE  
FAKE BLURBS!

UH, STRIKE THAT LAST  
LINE. I'M SO OVER-  
WHELMED BY THE  
CRUELTY AND BLOOD-  
SHED THAT I JUST  
CAN'T GET MY  
THOUGHTS STRAIGHT.  
AFTER THIS COM-  
MERCIAL, INTERRUPTION  
OUR CAMERAS WILL  
TAKE YOU DIRECTLY TO  
THE PRESIDENTIAL RE-  
TAKING PLACE! WE  
OFF THE AIR. GOOD-  
BOY. DO I NEED A  
DRINK!



DAMN THOSE  
TECHNOS!  
WE'VE BEEN  
HAD!

WARN!  
HIS MAJOR  
ORDINATE!  
THIS IS GET-  
TING WORSE!



THE ONLY THING  
LEFT TO DO IS  
TO TRIGGER THE  
HYPER-  
AUREOLE!

BUT BUT  
THAT WOULD  
BE ATRO-  
CIOUS!

LOOK!  
THE  
REBELS  
ARE  
DESCEND-  
ING!

ZICBZZZCB

SHIT! THEY'VE LET  
THEIR HYPER-  
AUREOLE LOOSE!  
WE'RE ALL DONE  
FOR!

GET  
BACK!

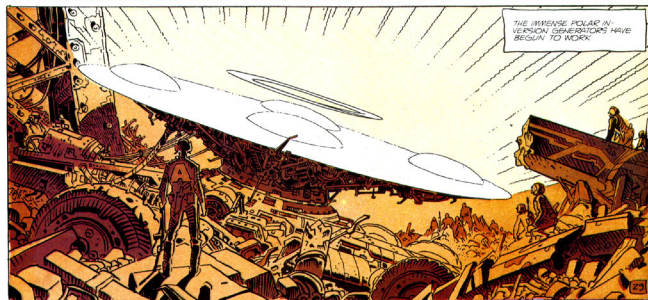
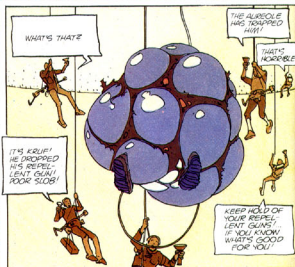
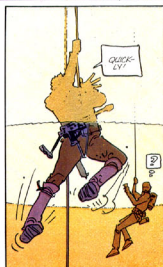
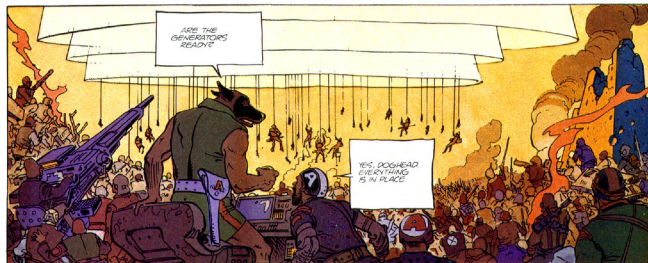
LET'S GO!

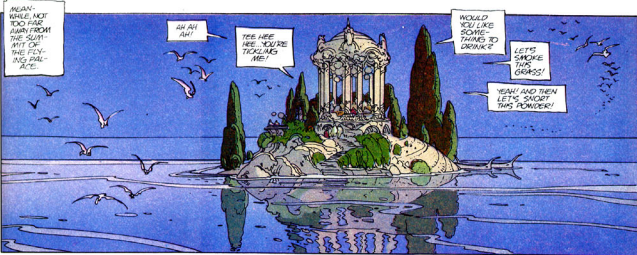
NO! LET THEM  
CONTINUE ON!  
THE AMOK HAS  
SOMETHING IN  
STORE FOR  
THEM!

SOLDIERS OF AMOK! GET  
READY FOR ACTION! BRING  
OUT THE INDIVIDUAL DIRECTORS!









MEAN-  
WHILE, NOT  
TOO FAR  
AWAY FROM  
THE SUM-  
MIT OF  
THE FLY-  
ING PAL-  
ACE...

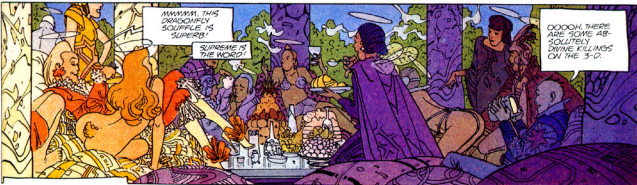
AH AH  
AH!

YEE HEE  
HEE YOU'RE  
TICKLING  
ME!

WOULD  
YOU LIKE  
SOME-  
THINGS TO  
DRINK?

LET'S  
SMOKE  
THIS  
GRASS!

'YEAH! AND THEN  
LET'S SNOOT  
THIS POWDER!



MMMMM, THIS  
DRAGONFLY  
SCUMBLE IS  
SUPERB!

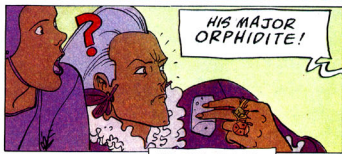
SUPREME IS  
THE WORD!

OOOOH, THERE  
ARE SOME AB-  
SOLUTELY  
DIVINE KILLINGS  
ON THE 3-D.

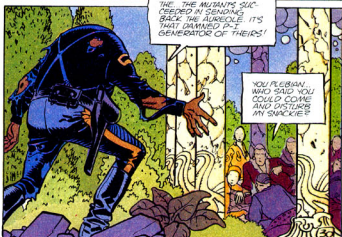
THESE INTER-CITY REVOLTS  
ARE GREAT! THEY SHOULD  
DO IT MORE OFTEN.



HIS MAJOR... HIS  
MAJ...

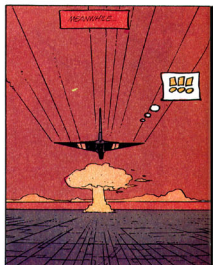
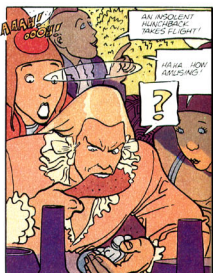
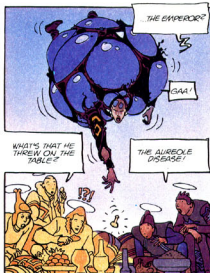
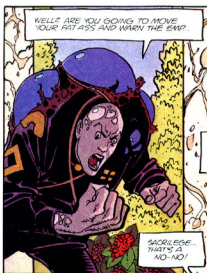


HIS MAJOR  
ORPHIDITE!

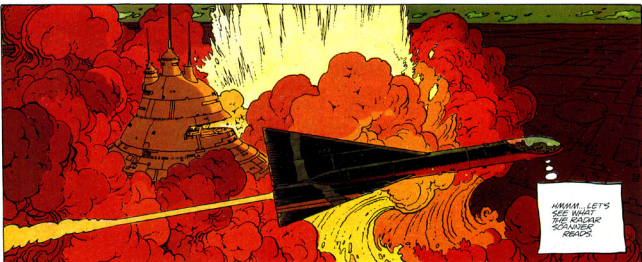


THE THE MUTANTS SUC-  
CEEDED IN SENDING  
BACK THE AUREOLE. IT'S  
THAT DAMNED P-L  
GENERATOR OF THEIRS!

YOU FLEEBAN,  
WHO SAID YOU  
COULD COME  
AND DISTURB  
AN SNAKIE?



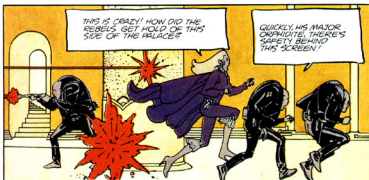




HAHM... LET'S  
SEE WHAT  
THE RADAR  
SCANNER  
READS.

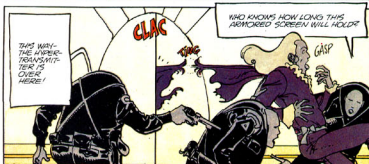


THERE! A HOLE! IT'S  
BIG ENOUGH TO  
PASS THROUGH!



THIS IS CRAZY! HOW DID THE  
REBELS GET HOLD OF THIS  
SIDE OF THE PALACE?

QUICKLY, HIS MAJOR  
ORPHANTE, THERE'S  
SAFETY BEHIND  
THIS SCREEN!

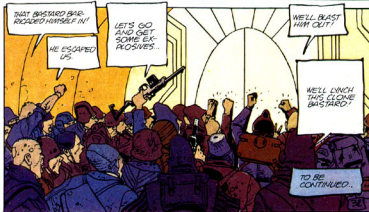


THAT WAY--  
THE HYPERT-  
TRANSMIT-  
TER! IT'S  
OVER  
HERE!

CLAC

WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THIS  
ARMORED SCREEN WILL HOLD?

GASP



THAT BASTARD BAR-  
RECEDED HIMSELF IN!

HE ESCAPED  
US.

LET'S GO  
AND GET  
SOME EX-  
PLOSIONS...

WE'LL BLAST  
HIM OUT!

WE'LL LUNCH  
THIS CLONE  
BASTARD!

TO BE  
CONTINUED..

# The Third Sexual Revolution: Transcendent Eroticism in the Eighties



Illustration by Anne Truitt

by David Black

"I forsee the age when we shall be free to accost each other, limited only by common civility . . . It will be an age not perhaps of gold, but at least of glitter . . ."

John Galsworthy, *Maid In Waiting*

**T**he third post-World War II sexual revolution has begun.

The first post-war sexual revolution, which took place from the mid-fifties to the mid-sixties, was a crusade against censorship. Its tone was high-minded. And it was more concerned with the defense of the Constitution, particularly the First Amendment, than with sexual pleasure.

The second post-war sexual revolution, which took place from the mid-sixties to the mid-seventies, was a guerrilla war against sexual convention and habits. Its tone was practical. And it was concerned with the restructuring of male-female relationships. Hippies claimed that free love and group marriage were psychologically healthy for participants and offspring, and suburban swingers claimed that trad-

ing partners fostered intimacy and strengthened marriages.

The third post-war sexual revolution, which started in the mid-seventies despite the Moral Majority, is rallying new forces every day. It is an imperial campaign, setting up colonies in conquered territory. Its tone is neither high-minded nor practical but merely—and unabashedly—erotic. It is concerned with heightened sexual arousal. It is playful (or at least apparently playful) and oriented toward couples in a way that the previous revolutions were not.

This orientation toward couples is a result of a new openness to erotica on the part of women, an outgrowth of feminism. "Women are more sexually assertive today," says Dennis Sobin, a sociologist who runs The Adult Business Report, a Washington-based trade

newsletter, which in the two and a half years since it was started has quadrupled its circulation. "Even the mode of dress now—women are really dressing in a provocative way and not worrying about being labeled prostitutes. Women are buying more than ever before in stores like Frederick's of Hollywood. And the trend is not just in big cities like New York or Chicago, but throughout the United States. Also, women have more earning and purchasing power today than ever before. So they're not only becoming interested in erotic boutiques and adult movie theaters, but they have the money to buy."

The customers, who are mostly middle class and in their late twenties to late thirties, were adolescents during the first post-war sexual revolution and young adults during the second. They are free enough from the old taboos to spend their money on erotica openly and hedonistic enough to spend a lot. Sobin estimates that last year Americans spent over \$4 billion on sex—and the demand for erotica is rapidly growing. To meet the demand—especially among women, who were loathe to shop in sleazy districts like 42nd Street in New York City, the Combat Zone in Boston, and 14th Street in Washington—clean, attractive, and safe stores selling erotica (everything from baked goods to massage oil) began opening up five to six years ago in fashionable parts of town like New York's Soho and Upper East Side and even in suburban malls like Buckingham Square and Cinderella City in Denver, which both have branches of Frederick's of Hollywood. Department stores, which a decade ago would not touch vibrators, now carry a variety of models as well as X-rated videotapes. Healthy sales can validate almost any industry.

Class is one of the secret ingredients of the new eroticism. Class promises immunity from shame, because shameful feelings about pornography typically have been projected into the sordid milieu surrounding places that sold pornography. Shame has been replaced by a nostalgia for an earlier time when pornography and class were successfully fused and when that fusion seemed—at least in retrospect—innocent: The Victorian Era.

This new generation of erotic lingerie shops can trace their immediate roots back to Frederick's of Hollywood, which shortly after World War II began with missionary zeal redeeming the erotic for the middle class. "When we first opened in 1947," says Frederick Mellinger, the store's founder, "we had a black nightgown that wasn't see-through and that buttoned up to the neck; but because it was black it was a no-no. Black indicated a painted woman. Back then, the only acceptable colors for nightgowns and undergarments were white and beige."

But the new stores are in some ways radically different from Frederick's, which is still male-oriented. Stores like New York's Beneath It All sell things that are designed to appeal first to the women and then to the man. "What I design, I design essentially for myself," says Emilie Mills, who has a line of garter belts, panties, thongs, g-strings, and crotchless panties sold exclusively at Beneath It All. "I think the modern woman wants to please herself before she pleases anyone else."

Taking their cue from women, men will begin discovering what they really want—not just what they have grown up feeling they ought to want. Role-models for male sexuality will no longer be drawn primarily from locker room myths.

The sex boutique, in safe and clean shopping districts, is another flourishing business. The largest distributor of sex toys in the United States, The Pleasure Chest (which has a huge mailorder business and eight retail outlets), offers about 2,200 different items and makes an estimated yearly profit of \$10 million. Such a large stock obviously has items that appeal to the most diverse markets, and many of the things The Pleasure Chest sells are unsavory even by today's tolerant standards. But many things that seemed perverse ten years ago when The Pleasure Chest first opened are no longer taboo. "In 1971 our customers may have been the freakier, the more bizarre people," says Duane Colglazer, founder of The Pleasure Chest, "but slowly it got to be the established thing."

Colglazer agrees with most others in the new erotic businesses that women have legitimized the field. But he also thinks that the new sexual revolution is partly the result of couples staying together more.

The generation that makes up the majority of the new sexual revolutionaries spent their twenties experimenting with casual sex

and have learned that novelty is no substitute for intimacy. With someone you know well you can be less guarded and therefore more open to the intensity of feelings, both physical and emotional. "Instead of finding someone else to play around with," returning to the superficialities of casual sex and the dangers of precipitating an unwanted divorce, Colglazer says, "they take toys into the bedroom and play around with each other."

The toys—and the other erotica—can be expensive. A Texan, David Brown, has invented an erotic computer program, Interlude, which offers 127 sexual scenarios for couples to play out, probably the strangest sex toy on the market. As for the most extravagant—there is virtually no limit. The ten leading sex magazines sell 16 million copies each month at an annual profit of about \$500 million. According to newsmagazines, it is not unusual for a regular customer to buy three magazines at about \$3 each every week—which is over \$450 a year; and some people buy more.

A couple can easily spend twice that a year on X-rated videotapes, which cost \$50 to \$100 each and make up about 50 percent of the home videotape market, according to David Friedman, president of the Adult Film Association, a Los Angeles-based organization of erotic film producers, distributors, and exhibitors that has 280 members. Of the 100 adult movies made each year in the United States, Friedman estimates almost all end up on videotape. Two of the top ten videotapes sold last year were X-rated: *Debbie Does Dallas*, number 6, and *Deep Throat*, number 9. A million American families own videocorders, and this represents a small fraction of the future market. The profitability—and potential profitability—of just this one segment of the sex field can be gauged by a recent investigation the Los Angeles Police Department made into nine distributors of X-rated videotapes, who were selling \$2 million worth of cassettes each month, wholesale.

The economic possibilities of the field are finally attracting the attention of the large corporations, which for years had abandoned the sex scene to entrepreneurs who were less fastidious. In one sense, the third post-war sexual revolution is as much a capitalist's dream as a wet dream; the revolution opened up a whole new market—and, as in every new market, the pioneers blazing a trail are quickly followed by the engines of industry.

Department stores like New York's Bloomingdale's have erotic lingerie sections comparable to those in boutiques like Beneath It All. Corporations like Hitachi have entered the vibrator market, which was staked out by Tex Williams, developer of the Prelude 3. MCA has produced a sensual videocassette, "The Touch of Love Massage." And cable companies, which have long resisted X-rated movies, are surrendering their electronic virtue.

In a Columbus, Ohio, poll, 95 percent of those surveyed liked the idea of soft-core pornography on cable; in an Illinois poll, 55 percent wanted X-rated films on cable; in Casper, Wyoming, 2,000 families signed up for a ten-day experiment with X-rated cable; and recently Bob Sumner of Mature Films, one of the leading producers of erotic movies, closed a twenty-picture deal with a Los Angeles cable station, a breakthrough agreement. "The video-cassette, videocassette, and cable television are to X-rated films today what the movie theater was to X-rated films back in the 1970s," Sumner says. After only half a year of services, Sumner's films reached 600,000 cable subscribers, out of a potential market of over 2 million.

But his success—and how attractive it is to bigger corporations—made Sumner nervous. "My biggest concern about the survival of my own company is that I'm going to have to compete against the major studios—which is obviously going to be happening in the next couple of years. Two years ago, Warner Amex joined the Adult Film Association; that was a big step for a major corporation to come into our fold."

Squeezed by the major studios on one side and the growing home market on the other, the 800 full-time and 400 to 500 part-time porn theaters in the United States are in danger of extinction. "The whole idea of porno films playing in an X-rated theater is a contradiction," says Al Goldstein, publisher of *Scene*, a popular sex and satire tabloid, and producer of "Midnight Blue," an erotic cable show that is on sixteen systems nationwide. "It's the wrong place. You get turned on with your girlfriend or wife, and what are you going to do? You're not going to get it on in the movie theater."



# The new sexual revolution is nothing less than the return of the White Goddess, who is ready to take her place as a peer beside the Male God.

To lure couples away from their bedrooms full of erotica, theaters will have to offer something not as readily available in the home: live shows.

The trend toward live shows for couples started two or three years ago, about the same time the home videotape market began expanding. At Show World Center, an erotic circus in New York, which has been renovated to make it more attractive, four different live shows have used the same performers for about two years. "Everyone knows all the skits," says Ed Curelli, Show World's manager; "it's become an erotic repertory company. We try to give shows that are comparable to those Off-Broadway or even Broadway. More like 'Oh, Calcutta' or 'Let My People Come.' The quality is definitely upgraded."

The improved quality was the result of a better audience. Over the past few years, more and more middle-class couples—not typical for traditional live shows—began coming to Show World. By last year 5 percent of the house was couples; this year, Curelli says, it is more like 20 percent and often higher.

It is a jump as small as a flash across a synapse from going to a live sex show to going to a sex club like New York's Plato's Retreat to watch; and, according to Larry Levinson, Plato's founder, "Almost everyone who comes down here to watch ends up participating. After the initial shock, you see everyone else having fun, and you're standing there like an idiot. Why not join in?"

Plato's, which was founded five years ago, recently moved into lavish new quarters, a half-harem and half-fast food franchise version of sex. The direct, uncomplicated, no fuss encounters at Plato's fill the same kind of need McDonald's does: how to satisfy appetite with the least amount of trouble. "What we do here, is *nothing*," Levinson says. "Only physical pleasure. No emotion. Emotion is a threat." A threat about 3 million registered swingers in 280 clubs want to avoid.

The threat is a specific emotion: love. Swingers are more virtuous than non-swingers who have secret romantic affairs. In fact swingers are—in their fashion—Puritanical. Eighty-five percent of the people who go to Plato's are either married or living together; and they want to save, not their bodies, but their souls for each other. Most couples go to Plato's to intensify the erotic experience between themselves; they use the other people there as sex toys—inflatable dolls suddenly given the gift of life. The point of Plato's is not so much the experiences that happen there as the shared breaking of taboo.

Because breaking the taboo is the thrill, once couples get used to Plato's, to maintain the thrill they must find other, more dangerous taboos to break. The new eroticism is a slippery slide that leads beyond Plato's to S-M clubs like Club O in New York or, even more extreme, to scenes out of Hieronymus Bosch like New York's Hell Fire Club, named after an 18th century sex club in London, where the merely curious mingle with the intensely involved. At the Hell Fire Club anything can—and does—happen.

What links all elements of this new revolution from erotic cakes to anything-goes clubs—is the trend toward longer foreplay. Lingerie, sex toys, movies, live shows—all extend arousal time; and, historically, extended arousal has been associated with changes in consciousness, transcendent states. "Couples are catching on that there may be, not just a greater variety of erotic diversions available to them than there are, say, for singles who simply meet and have one-night stands, but that there is a lot more to sex itself than what they had previously imagined," says Alex Gross, author of *Beyond Orgasm*, an intensely, even excruciatingly personal book, which plunges into the history and sorcery of sex. "I think many couples sense that something very big—bigger than the West has traditionally assumed—is involved in love-making. Something much larger than Alex Comfort's (author of *The Joy of Sex*) gimmicks and quickies." This larger thing has gone by many names throughout history. In China, it's called Huan Ching Bu Nao. In the Islam World, Al Insak. In India, it appears as Tantra. In the Europe of the trouba-

dours, it was referred to as L'Assag. All share with the third post-war sexual revolution delayed gratification and heightened arousal, which lead to what Gross describes as "ultra-organic sex, an entirely new dimension to sex. The main purpose of ultra-organic sex is to reach some kind of merging with forces that appear to be there."

This merging with forces, the transcendence that is brought on by prolonged arousal, satisfies a need that had been going begging in the United States: the need to connect with the infinite. In a secular society, where fewer and fewer people go to church or synagogue, and even among those who do, fewer and fewer believe enough to feel connected with an infinite power, this new eroticism offers the consolations of religion.

But, if the new eroticism is to some extent a form of worship, what is being worshipped? Look at any pornographic picture: what is being worshipped is what is between a woman's legs—the source of life. "The iconography of the whole thing goes back to very, very early cultures," says Karen Dwyer, founder of the New York lingerie and mask store, 1001 Nights. "There was always a high priestess. She was It. They worshipped menstrual cycles and women's powers." The Greeks with their cult of Persephone. The Egyptians with their cult of Isis. The Romans with their cult of Cybele, the Phrygian Mother of Gods. The corn goddess. The sacred tree. The masks and feathers, which many sex stores sell, the ritualistic aspect of the new eroticism, the breaking of taboos—all hint that the new sexual revolution promises (or threatens) to return us to the world of the golden bough.

The sexual revolution that is underway is not a mere spasm in mores. It is an eruption of primal images. In the early days of mankind, before people had connected sex with procreation, women were worshipped because they seemed to be solely responsible for the birth of new life. Then, at some point, people realized sex had something to do with the process; and, because men produced the visible seed, it seemed that they, not women (who seemed merely the vessel for the seed), were solely responsible for creating new life. That was the moment when the Female Goddess was overthrown by the Male God—and the beginning of centuries of the subjugation of women. The new sexual revolution is nothing less than the return of the White Goddess, who is ready to take her place as a peer beside the Male God.

Men and women are engaging ancient issues, and naturally it will be expressed sexually. But this revolution—like all revolutions—can be dangerous. People shouldn't conjure up the Devil, unless they can control him. And Western culture as yet has no social form for dealing with the powerful psychological forces being unleashed.

The last time such primal changes occurred, the history of humankind was transformed. The coming transformation will be as great. The future of this third post-war sexual revolution is the future of civilization.

*Part 1 of THE THIRD SEXUAL REVOLUTION followed eroticism from pornography to transcendence—from the marketplace to the temple. And it found, in the temple, the shadow of the Great Goddess.*

*Part 2 (July 1982) will examine manifestations of the Great Goddess: first, in the heroic woman; and second, in the sexual priestess.*

*Part 3 (September 1982) will track the secret tradition of sexual transcendence back through history to its source.*

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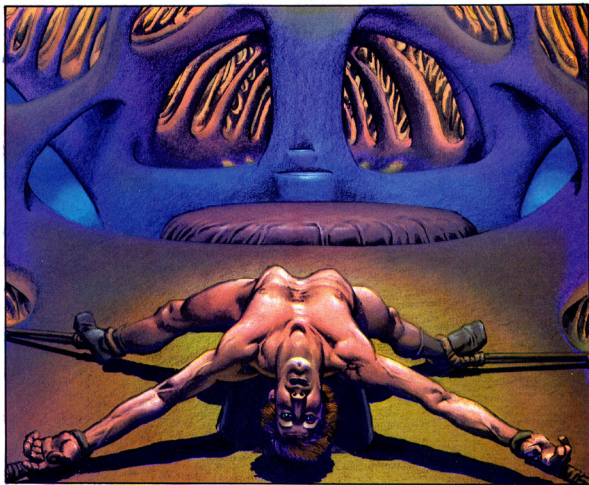
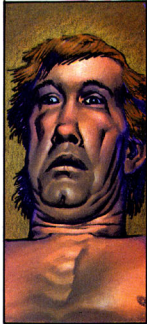
*David Black is an award-winning journalist. His novel *Lake Father* and his biography of August Belmont, The King of Fifth Avenue, were both chosen as Notable Books of the Year by The New York Times. His new novel *Minds* will be published this spring.*

# DEN II

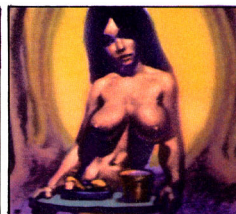
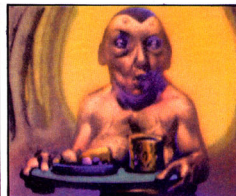
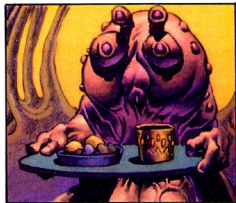


When last we read, Jord told Tarn that he, too, was held prisoner by the Dramites. Prisoner maybe, but he was treated like royalty! Once again, Den was unable to deal with Earthlings, and hightailed it back to Neverwhere.

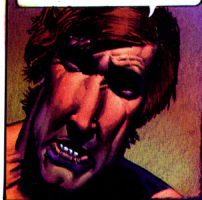








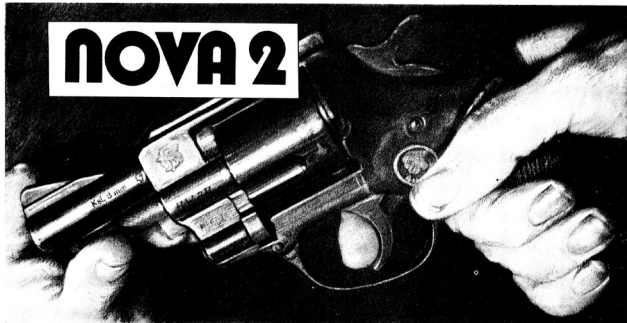
No, you're not Muuta. You're that hideous creature that ate Moda.



THREE MEN ARE SENT TO INVESTIGATE AN UNKNOWN OBJECT CRASHED IN THE DESERT. IN BARCELONA, VICTOR RAMOS GOES SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING... AND RETURNS WITH A GUN.

"THIS REVOLVER—WHICH I DIDN'T SEEK OUT, AND WHICH IN MY HEART I NEVER WISHED FOR—GIVES ME NO PLEASURE WHATSOEVER AND SHAPES WITH ITS ESSENCE A PART OF MY LIFE. IF THIS ISN'T TRUE, THEN NEWTON'S LAWS AS WELL ARE NOT CERTAIN... BESIDES, I AM A MAN, AND CONSEQUENTLY, RATIONAL AND ECONOMICAL."

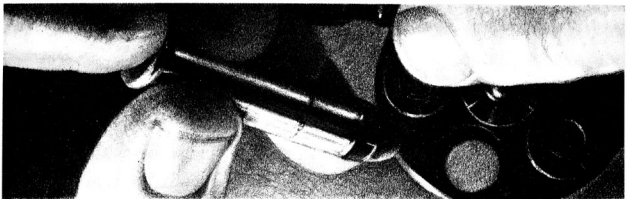
# NOVA 2



"AS ONE WHO IS RATIONAL, I CAN'T PERMIT WHAT MUST ONLY BE A MIDDLE TO BECOME AN END. AND I KNOW THAT AN INSTRUMENT IS SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO ITS WORK."

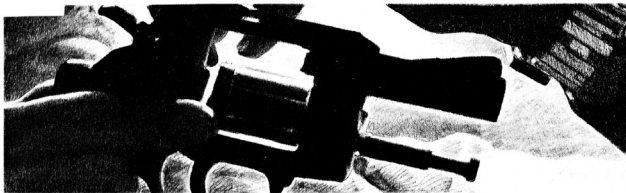


"AS ONE WHO IS ECONOMICAL, I AM UNABLE TO TOLERATE THE EXPENSE OF A SACRIFICE OF THE HEART, UNLESS, WITHOUT WAITING, IT BRINGS SOME RESULT."





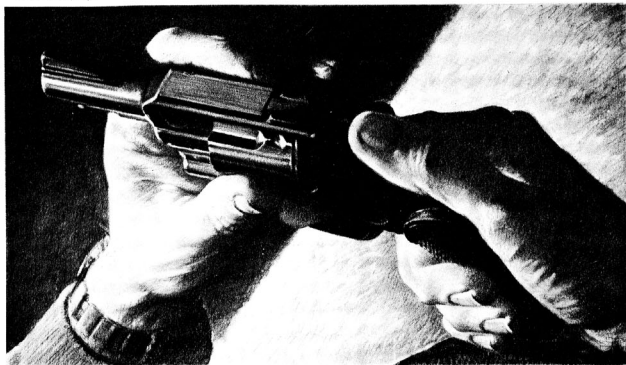
"GUNS ARE INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH... AND GOVERNMENTS ALLOW THEIR PEOPLE TO MANUFACTURE AND BUY THEM, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT A GUN HAS NO OTHER USE BUT TO TAKE SOMEONE'S LIFE..."



"... BUT NOW THIS GUN IS MINE. IT'S LOADED. IT'S READY FOR ANYONE—OR RATHER ANYTHING. BUT HOW WILL IT BE USED?"



"THERE CAN BE NO MORE THAN TWO POSSIBILITIES: TO MAKE OTHERS MY TARGET, OR TO FIRE IT AGAINST MY OWN HEAD OR MY OWN HEART."



"I DISCARD THE FIRST POSSIBILITY. I DON'T BELIEVE I WOULD HAVE THE COURAGE TO USE THIS GUN ON ANYONE ELSE, EVEN IF THEY WERE THE MOST LOATH-SOME DOGS ON EARTH."

"BESIDES, IT IS THE GOVERNMENT THAT CONTROLS THE LAW AND DISPENSES JUSTICE. IT'S A BRAVE THING TO LOSE ONE'S LIBERTY DEFENDING THE FREEDOM OF OTHERS."

"THAT LEAVES THE OTHER POSSIBILITY... A SHAME THAT IT HASN'T PRESENTED ITSELF TO ME UNTIL TODAY."



"IT'S A SUBJECT I OUGHT TO HAVE CONSIDERED EARLIER IN MY LIFE, EVEN AS A BOY IF IT WOULD'VE BEEN POSSIBLE."



"ACTUALLY, IN MY CASE, I HAVE NO STRONG REASON TO TAKE MY OWN LIFE... I AM NOT DYING OF HUNGER. I AM NO MORE BORED THAN ANYONE ELSE. I AM THIN. I HAVEN'T BEEN REJECTED BY A WOMAN... PERHAPS BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD THE LOVE OF ANY WOMAN..."



"BUT IS A REASON TO DO IT NECESSARY? LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER--"



"WHEN ONE HAS AN IMPORTANT REASON, SUICIDE SEEMS LOGICAL AND NATURAL. KILLING ONESELF FOR A GOOD REASON, THOUGH, ISN'T A SUBLIME THING—IT'S A FALL... A FALL INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT... AND THE ULTIMATELY TRUTHFUL SUICIDE VICTIM WILL BE THE ONE WHO PONDERES HIS LIFE ANALYTICALLY AND OBJECTIVELY... AND KILLS HIMSELF IN COMPLETE FREEDOM... FOR THE SIMPLE REASON OF DECIDING TO DO SO."





"BESIDES, OLD AGE IS FAR WORSE THAN DEATH... AND DEATH WILL COME ANYWAY, AND BY THEN BE MUCH MORE TERRIBLE. IS IT NOT BETTER TO ANSWER THE CALL WHILE IN THE FULLNESS OF LIFE, SEIZING IT WITH ONE'S OWN HANDS INSTEAD OF LIVING TO FEAR IT DAY AFTER DAY? IS IT NOT BETTER TO BE A HERO IN A SINGLE MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE... TRUTHFULLY AND SPIRITUALLY FREE?"

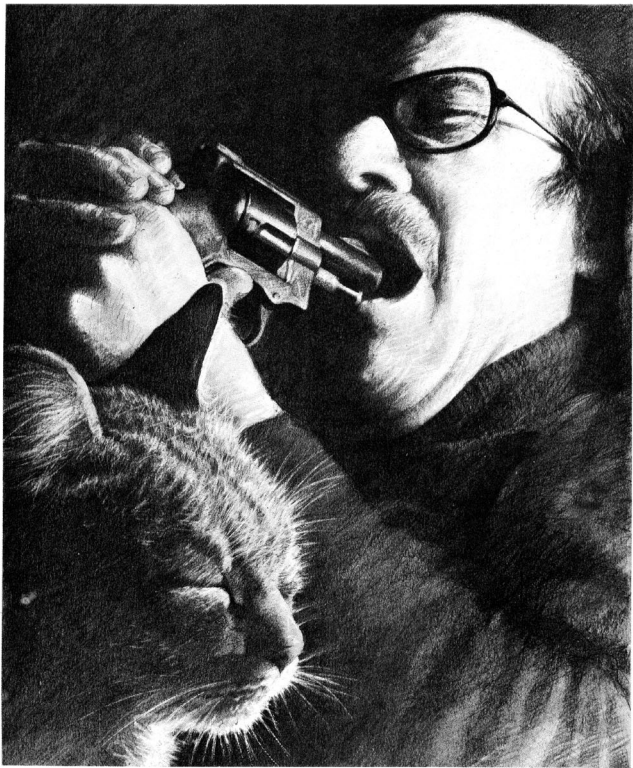


"I MUST FIND OUT IF I'M MISTAKEN, AND IF, IN THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES, I CAN EFFECTIVELY AND REALLY KILL MYSELF."



VICTOR RAMOS FELT, FORESAW, AND RESOLVED THAT IT WAS NECESSARY TO DO IT... HE PALED AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER FORCEFULLY...

NOTHING! SILENCE. NO RESOUNDING SHOT. NOTHING FELL. HE WAITED IN VAIN FOR TWO OR THREE SECONDS. WHAT HAD HAPPENED? THE TRIGGER HADN'T MOVED, AND FOR ALL THE EFFORT HE HAD MADE WITH HIS TREMBLING THUMB, THE GUN DID NOT FIRE.



FOR THREE OR FOUR MINUTES HE WAS ABSORBED AS THOUGH TOTALLY WRAPPED IN A MECHANICAL GAME, FORGETTING COMPLETELY THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH HE HAD PUT THAT METAL OBJECT IN HIS HANDS.

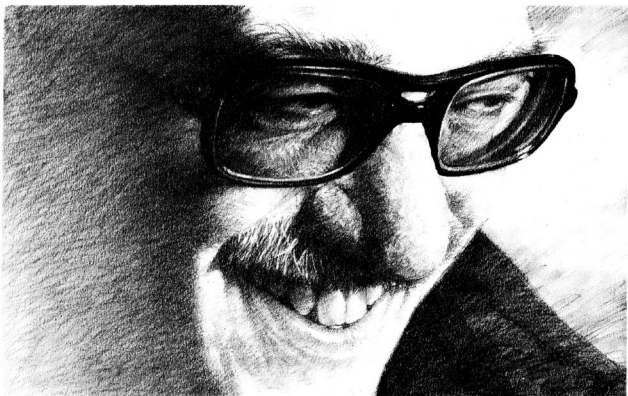
"OH, TO HELL WITH EVERYTHING!"

"AND I WANTED TO KILL MYSELF?"

"AM I GOING TO KILL MYSELF IN A  
MOMENT?"



THAT ABSURD MISFIRING OF THE MALFUNCTIONING PISTOL HAD TOTALLY TRANSFORMED THE WORLD...IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WAS  
SUDDENLY REJUVENATED. HE LEFT HIS HOUSE...





THE CITY BEGAN TO COME ALIVE. HE TOOK A LONG WALK... THINKING ABOUT HIS LIFE AND FEELING THE JOY OF HIS BLOOD AS IT CIRCULATED WARMLY THROUGHOUT HIS LIMBS. VÍCTOR RAMOS REMEMBERED THE SONG "NOWHERE MAN" BY THE BEATLES, AND SANG IT TO HIMSELF THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE DAY.



**GALLERY:**

**THE ART OF  
DE ES  
SCHWERTBERGER**

**by Jeff Goldberg**







Time portals beckoning from primeval forests, giant monoliths floating weightlessly above gray, limitless landscapes, ponderous rock-encrusted figures with faces like Easter Island totems, conspiring in silence or huddled under the oppressive weight of their own gravity. This is the mysterious universe of De Es Schwertberger. It's a universe familiar to European art audiences and to readers of *Omni* magazine, where his work has appeared regularly since 1979. But while some may find these floating stones and massive frozen figures alien and strange, De Es himself does not. "All ancient cultures tell us their stories through stone," he explains. "I'm simply trying to use the same language to tell our story. I'm obsessed with stone and light. They're really the same thing. Stone is just solidified light, vibration slowed down so it doesn't move anymore."

A squat, muscular man in a rumpled blue sweatshirt, reclining on a giant gray pillow in his spacious Manhattan studio, De Es bears a slight resemblance to the hulking phantasms he paints. Jagged bits of stone and crystal and a book on the Bermuda Triangle are spread on the coffee table beside him.

"I like to paint stones and figures which levitate and float freely because I like to violate the laws of nature," he says with a thick Viennese accent. "Our universe is a matter of agreement. We agree that stones can't fly. I say they *can*."

"I believe there actually are places on earth like the Bermuda Triangle, where the laws of gravity don't apply. I was in Oregon recently and visited a place called the Oregon Vortex. It's an area about fifty yards in diameter where strange things happen. People change in size—often two to three inches—stones roll uphill. No one knows why. It's like a place from one of my paintings."

Propped against the walls of his studio are a dozen huge (80" x 80") canvases, the first of a series of 100 paintings he envisions finishing over the next five years. He plans to call the project "The Hall of Transformation" and exhibit all one hundred in a big, circular room entered from below.

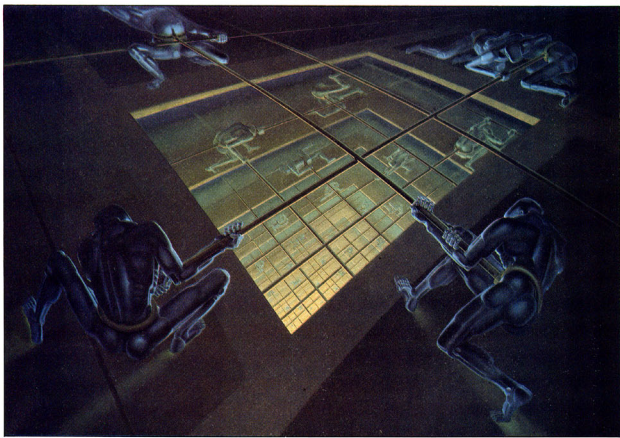
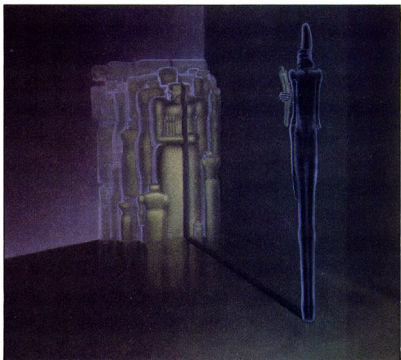
"Often when I'm working intensely, weird things start to happen. De Es points to a giant figure consumed in flames. "When I was painting that, the basement caught fire. But that's just a sign that you're on to something."

De Es Schwertberger has been on to something for the last two decades. Born in Gresten, Austria, in 1942, he developed his style in his twenties, influenced by Goya, Dali, and the Viennese School of Fantastic Realism. He's had numerous shows in European galleries, including a 1971 exhibition with H. R. Giger, with whom De Es feels a close kinship. "Giger, myself, and a few others," he believes, "represent a new school of painting—the International School of Transformative Art. People are changed by our work. There's nothing intellectual about it. I like strong images that stab you with a knife. The viewer doesn't have to understand anything about art to appreciate it."



He moved to New York in 1974, and his unique talent was quickly recognized by the editors of *Omni*. Though he still considers himself an "underground phenomenon" here, his reputation in the U.S. as a creator of mysteriously beautiful paintings is beginning to catch up to his fame in Europe, and De Es along with a number of other transformative artists will be represented in a group show at New York's Graham Gallery in May.

Though the monstrosities and marvels he paints invite comparisons to the work of prominent science fiction writers, De Es good-naturedly rejects the sf label. "I'm not a science-fiction painter," he laughs. "I'm an Old Master of the New Age." While the old Old Masters employed their skills to create a third dimension on flat canvases, this Old Master, writes one critic, has "transcended his role as an artist to become an explorer." De Es Schwertberger is an explorer of the fourth, fifth, and other dimensions—the dimensions of myth and mystery, of outer and inner worlds, of light and stone.



HE STANDS LIKE A ROCK ATOP THE FIRM FOUNDATION ON WHICH IS BUILT  
THE VALUES OF AN ENTIRE WORLD... HE IS THE...

# SUPERHERO



MOST BITS BY ANGEUS NYRÉ  
OTHER BITS BY ALAN CRADDOCK

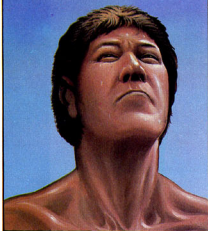
THE EYES OF MILLIONS  
ARE UPON HIM ...

THE FATE OF MILLIONS  
HANGS IN THE BALANCE...

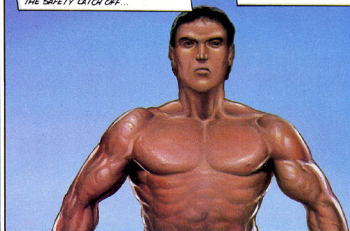


© JAMES FINE ART GALLERY

HIS EYES STRAIN, SEARCHING  
FOR THE FIRST SIGN...

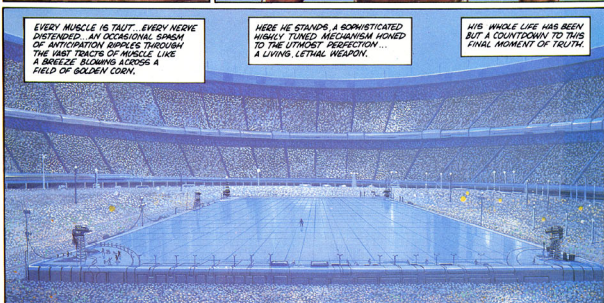


HE STANDS, FISTS CLENCHED, FEET  
APART, PERFECTLY BALANCED, A COBRA  
READY TO STRIKE, A PISTOL WITH  
THE SAFETY CATCH OFF...



HIS SMOOTH SKIN, MOIST  
WITH SACRED OILS, REFLECTS  
THE SUNLIGHT...

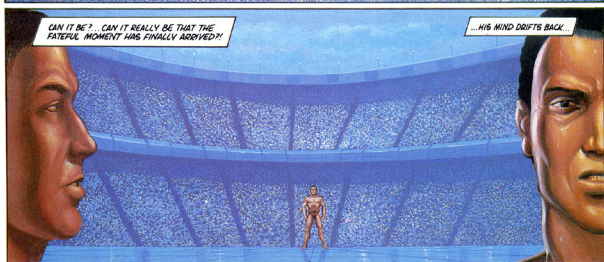
EVERY MUSCLE IS TAUT... EVERY NERVE  
DISTENDED... AN OCCASIONAL SPASM  
OF ANTICIPATION RIPPLES THROUGH  
THE VAST TRACTS OF MUSCLE, LIKE  
A BREEZE BLOWING ACROSS A  
FIELD OF GOLDEN CORN.



HERE HE STANDS, A SOPHISTICATED  
HIGHLY TUNED MECHANISM HONED  
TO THE UTMOST PERFECTION...  
A LIVING, LETHAL WEAPON.

HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN  
BUT A COUNTDOWN TO THIS  
FINAL MOMENT OF TRUTH.

CAN IT BE?... CAN IT REALLY BE THAT THE  
FATEFUL MOMENT HAS FINALLY ARRIVED?!



...HIS MIND DRIFTS BACK...



TO THAT MOMENTOUS OCCASION  
OF FIRST CONTACT... LONG  
BEFORE HIS BIRTH...

THERE IS NO  
MISTAKE SIR  
IT IS VERY  
DEFINITELY  
AN ULTIMATUM!

AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF A TOP LEVEL  
U.N. SELECT COMMITTEE

THEY'RE HUMANOID,  
LIKE OURSELVES  
BUT BRACE YOURSELVES,  
THEY'RE **HOSTILE**.

GENTLEMEN, EVENTS AS THEY HAVE OUTLINED  
THEM TO US ARE SOMEWHAT GRIM, IN FACT,  
THEY READ RATHER LIKE THE PLOT OF  
CERTAIN BADLY WRITTEN COMIC BOOKS.

IN THE STYLE OF ANCIENT CLASSICAL  
CIVILIZATIONS THEY HAVE DEMANDED THAT WE  
NOMINATE A CHAMPION. IF HE CANNOT DEFEAT  
THEIR CHAMPION IN UNARMED COMBAT  
...THEN EARTH IS TO BE ENSLAVED!

GENTLEMEN, PLANET EARTH HAS FIFTY YEARS  
IN WHICH TO BREED THE **ULTIMATE** WARRIOR.

HE RECALLED THE WIZENED FACE OF THE GREAT ELDER  
OF THE HIGH COUNCIL AS HE RELATED THIS AMAZING  
STORY AND REVEALED TO HIM THE AWESOME PURPOSE OF  
A LIFETIME OF SAVAGE, GRUELING TRAINING.

...HAD THAT **REALLY** BEEN ONLY **YESTERDAY**?

HAD IT **REALLY** BEEN ONLY YESTERDAY THAT  
HE HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO THE MASSES AS  
MOTHER EARTH'S BELOVED SON.

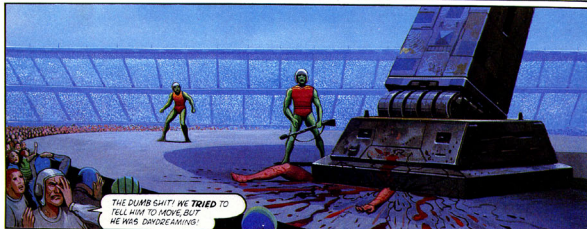
THEIR HERO, EARTH'S **ONE** CHANCE,  
THE MAGNIFICENT RESULT OF GENERATIONS  
OF PAINSTAKING GENETIC PLANNING.

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD ECHOED  
IN HIS MEMORY SO CLEARLY IT  
WAS AS THOUGH THEY WERE ALL  
SHOUTING FOR HIM AT THIS  
VERY MOMENT...

INHUMAN EYES GAZE UPON PLANET EARTH—  
THE ALIENS HAVE LANDED.

WE ARE HERE. THE APPOINTED PLACE,  
THE APPOINTED TIME...  
OPEN THE HATCHES.

EARTH'S MOMENT OF RECKONING  
IS AT HAND! WHERE IS YOUR  
MIGHTY CHAMPION?



THE DUMB SHIT! WE TRIED TO  
TELL HIM TO MOVE, BUT  
HE WAS DAYDREAMING!

## AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

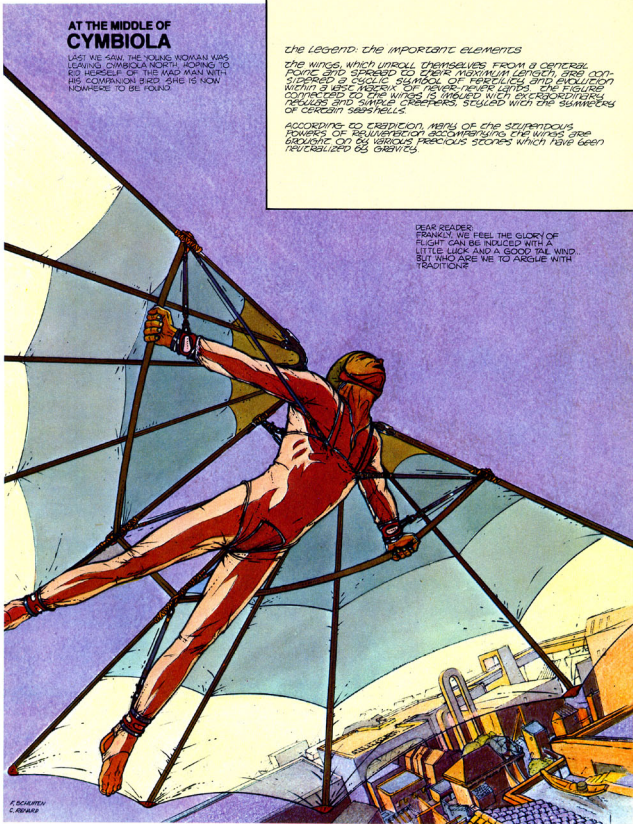
LAST WE SAW, THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS LEAVING CYMBIOLA NORTH, HOPING TO FIND HERSELF OF THE MAD MAN WITH HIS COMPANION BIRD. SHE IS NOW NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

### *the Legend: the important elements*

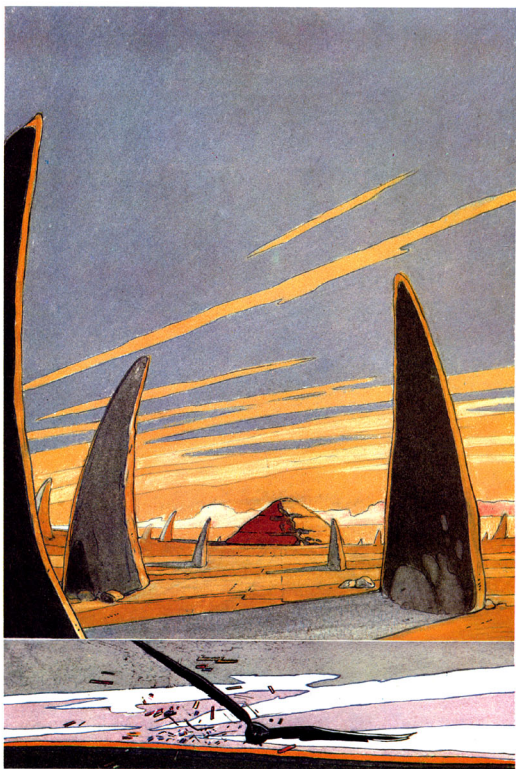
THE WINGS, WHICH UNROLL THEMSELVES FROM A CENTRAL POINT AND SPREAD TO THEIR MAXIMUM LENGTH, ARE CONSIDERED A CYCLIC SYMBOL OF FERTILITY AND EVOLUTION WITHIN A VESTED TRADITION OF NEVER-ENDING LIPS. THE FIGURE CONNECTED TO THE WINGS IS IMBUED WITH EXCELSIOR, REGULAR AND SIMPLE CREEPERS, STYLED WITH THE SYMMETRY OF CERTAIN SEASHHELLS.

ACCORDING TO TRADITION, MANY OF THE STUPIDOUS POWERS OF REGENERATION ACCOMPANYING THE WINGS ARE BROUGHT ON BY VARIOUS PRECIOUS STONES WHICH HAVE BEEN NEUTRALIZED BY GRAVITY.

DEAR READER,  
FRANKLY, WE FEEL THE GLORY OF FLIGHT CAN BE INDUCED WITH A LITTLE LUCK AND A GOOD TAIL WIND. BUT WHO ARE WE TO ARGUE WITH TRADITION?



F. SCHULTEN  
C. ADAMS












*TO BE CONTINUED.*

# YRAGAEZ

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

TEXT BY DEMUTH, TRANSLATED BY  
PHILIPPE TENANT. REPRINTED  
WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUICK  
FOX. FROM THEIR BOOK  
"YRAGAEZ URM," BY DRUILLET.

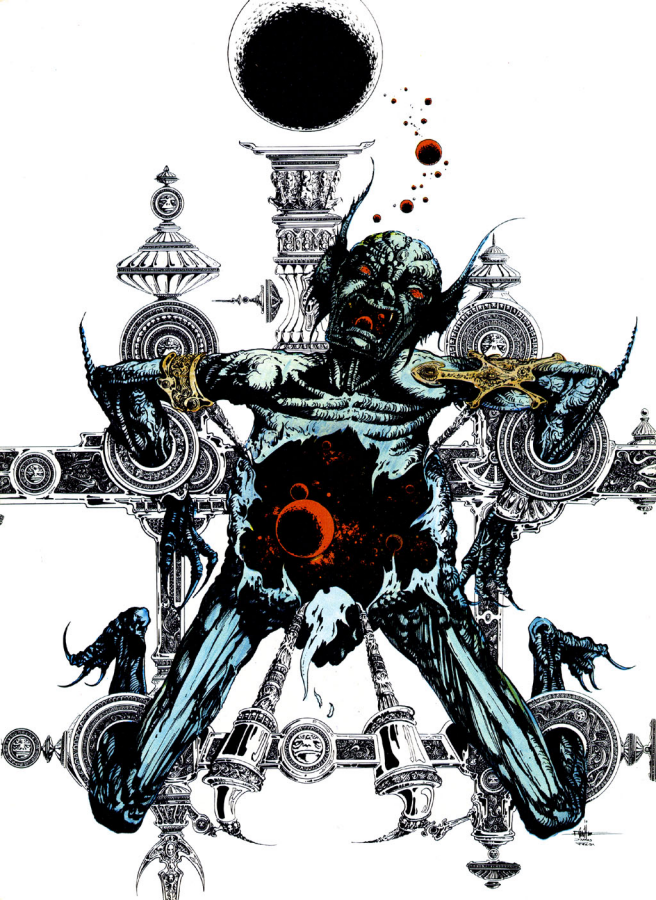


THE SERPENTS AND  
SIRENS ON THE PERIPHERY  
OF THE SLAG HEAP. MEDUSA  
IN THE HELIUM AND THE META-  
MORPHIC SONGS OF THE ANGELS  
IN VOLCANOS MAMMON AND  
LEVIATHAN.

THE SYLPHS AND  
THE SALAMANDER. THE  
AGE THE SLIME, THE ASHES,  
THE TREE OF LIFE IN THE FOREST  
OF PIECES. ACHERON AND THE  
ETERNAL CONFLAGRATION OF FIRE  
SPREAD BY THE SATELLITES OF  
MOLOCH.

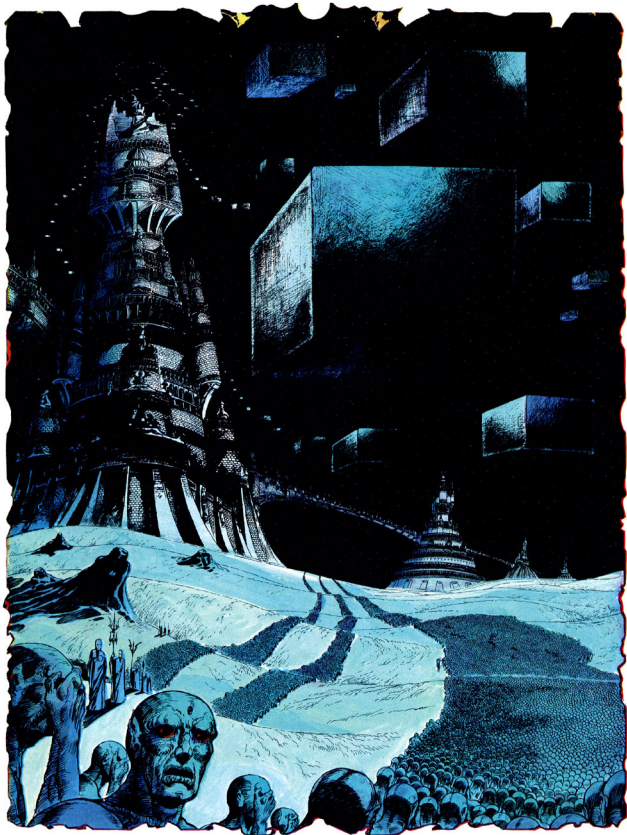
IMAGINE THE TIME!

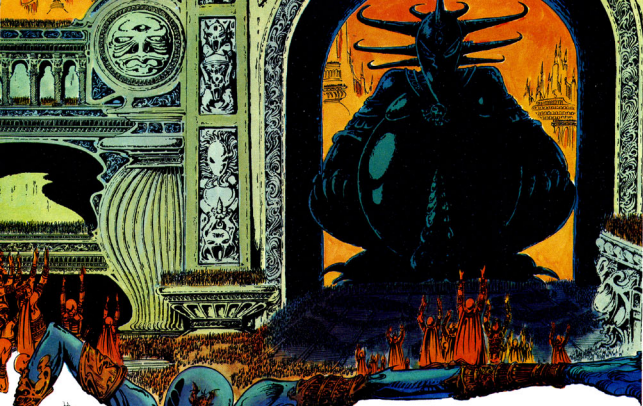






THE UNUTTERABLE MATERIAL OF TIME  
KEEPS WITHIN ITS DARKEST FOLDS THE  
SECRETS OF MANY A POWERFUL CITY  
WHOSE NAMES SHONE OVER THE EARTH  
BEFORE FLOUNDERING UNDER THE  
NIGHT AND WITHIN THE LONG GENERATING  
SLEEP WHEN THE OCEANS BOILED TO  
THE SOUND OF THE GIANTS' RUMBLING  
BREATH AND IN THE SLENDER REIGNS  
OF SUMERIA, BABYLON OR BYZANTIUM,  
THERE WAS NO GREATER GLORY THAN  
THAT OF CEMEROON... CEMEROON...  
BORN OF THE SPORT OF GODS AND  
MEN UNITING THEIR INNUMERABLE  
THOUGHTS IN ONE SOUL... CEMEROON...  
MADE OF BASALT, PORPHYRY,  
MARBLE OF METEORS RAISED  
IN MAD TOWERS WHICH GROPED  
THE SKY WHERE THERE STILL  
STALKED THE CLOUDS OF BIRTH...





THE GODS  
BREATHED  
IMAGES.  
MEN RAISED  
IDOLS EACH  
BLOCK TURNED  
FROM THE  
QUARRIES, FROM  
THE GULFS, FROM  
THE VOLCANOES,  
AND FROM THE  
SKY, AND COULD  
HAVE CRUSHED ANY  
ONE OF THE CITIES OF  
FORGOTTEN NAMES.  
NIGHT, COMING  
FROM THE EAST,  
SEEMED TO BATTLE  
WITH THE SHADE  
OF THE TEMPLES...





AND THE SUN AT EVERY  
DUSK AVOIDED THE TRAP  
OF MOUTHS OF STONE  
WHICH FLOATED AND ROLLED  
WITH THE TIDE  
OF THE CROWDS...

TO BE CONTINUED...



THE NEXT TIME WE HAVE  
TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING,  
PLEASE GIVE ME THE CONTROLS!  
I DON'T THINK MY NERVES  
COULD HANDLE THAT  
AGAIN.

YOU STUPID  
BARBARIAN! IT'S  
BECAUSE OF ME THAT  
WE'RE STILL ALIVE! YOU  
NEVER COULD HAVE  
GOTTEN US THROUGH  
THAT MAGNETIC  
TURBULENCE ON  
YOUR OWN!

STOP YOUR  
BICKERING  
AND LET'S GET  
OUT OF THE LANDING  
ZONE BEFORE THERE'S  
AN EXPLOSION.

# ZORA

THEIR SHIP DISABLED, THEIR WEAPONS INADEQUATE, AND STRANDED IN UNKNOWN TERRITORY, THE FUGITIVES FROM THE HONEYCOMBS SYSTEMHOOD SEEMED LIKE EASY PREY. ULTIMATELY, THEIR GOAL WAS TO SOLVE THE MYSTERIES THAT IMPRISONED THEM BY SIFTING THROUGH THE PAST... BUT FIRST THEY HAD TO FACE A MORE IMMEDIATE DANGER.

HERE,  
BARONCO,  
YOU'RE STRONG  
ENOUGH TO CARRY  
THIS LASER CANNON.  
SHARTAS, SEARCH PATROLS  
WILL GET HERE ANY MINUTE  
NOW.

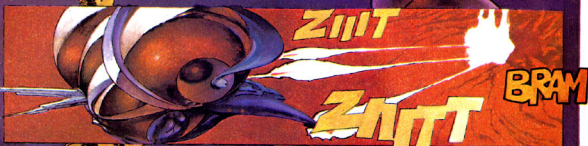
NICE TOY,  
I HOPE IT  
WORKS.

THERE THEY  
ARE! THEIR BIO-  
SENSORS ARE  
SURE TO  
FIND US.



THOSE DAMN BLACK SPIDERS DON'T HAVE THE GUTS TO LAND, BUT THEY'RE HAPPY TO FRY US FROM ABOVE.

BRAM



ZIIIT

ZIIIT

BRAM



YOU'RE CRAZY, BRONCO! TAKE COVER! EVEN IF YOU WERE AN EXPERT WITH THAT WEAPON, YOU WOULDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO USE IT!

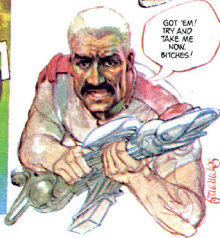
NOW YOU'LL GET A TASTE OF HOW A GOOD NORTHERN SOLDIER FISHES, TAKE THAT!

BRAM

WRÖM



KABRUM



GOT 'EM! TRY AND TAKE ME NOW, BITCHES!



QUICKLY! FOLLOW ME IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR SKIN!

BY THE HONEYDOOMS! WHO...?

WE'LL HAVE  
TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS  
LATER! COME ON! TAKE  
COVER IN THAT  
CAVE!

WHO SAID  
THERE WERE  
NO HUMANS  
LEFT ON  
EARTH?

MY NAMES  
ROB, AND UP TIL  
NOW I  
WAS THE  
ONLY  
HUMAN  
BEING  
ON THE  
PLANET.

THANKS  
FOR SAVING  
OUR LIVES, BUT  
TELL ME, WHO  
ARE YOUR  
ANOTHER  
EARTHLINGS?

WHAT  
ARE A  
COUPLE  
OF MEN  
DOING  
WITH  
WOMEN  
FROM  
THE  
SISTER-  
HOOD?

WE WERE THEIR PRISONERS  
UNTIL WE ALL FLED THE HONEY-  
COMB TOGETHER THE SHIPS.  
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE  
GONE.

NO  
SUCH LUCK,  
MY BOY.  
WHILE THEY  
MIGHT BE  
SCARED TO SET  
FOOT ON EARTH,  
I'M SURE  
THE CY  
WILL KEEP  
PATROLLING  
FOR DAYS.

IF THE  
RADIATION LEVEL  
DOWN HERE IS  
50 HIGH, HOW  
COME YOU SUR-  
VIVED? ARE YOU  
IMMUNE, OR  
DO YOU KNOW  
SOME KIND  
OF TRICK?

THERE IS NO  
DEFENSE AGAINST  
THE RADIATION. IT HAS  
CAUSED A GREAT TRANS-  
FORMATION IN THE EARTH.  
MY STORY'S QUITE A  
LONG ONE, AND I'D  
RATHER SAVE IT UNTIL  
WE GET HOME.

HERE IS ONE OF  
MY HIDEOUTS. A  
CITY OF FRIENDLY  
MUTANTS. WE WILL  
BE QUITE SAFE  
HERE FROM THE  
SISTERHOOD AND  
OTHER DANGERS  
AS WELL.

IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL,  
BUT IT  
LOOKS  
UNINHABITED.  
ARE THEY  
HIDING FROM  
US?





KRAMBA! FORTIAD!  
COME OUT! DON'T BE AFRAID,  
THEY'RE FRIENDS. THAT'S STRANGE,  
THEY'RE NOWHERE AROUND.  
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE  
FLED.

THIS COULD BE A SIGN OF  
DANGER, ROB, BUT NOTHING CAN  
MAKE ME LOSE MY  
APPETITE FOR A  
GOOD MEAL AND  
A SHOWER!



MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME,  
MY FRIENDS. SHOWER AND EAT  
YOUR FILL. MY SUPPLIES HERE  
ARE QUITE ABUNDANT.

YOU FIRST,  
ZORA. I WANT  
TO LOOK AT THESE  
STRANGE,  
ARCHAIC  
DOCUMENTS  
ROB HAS.

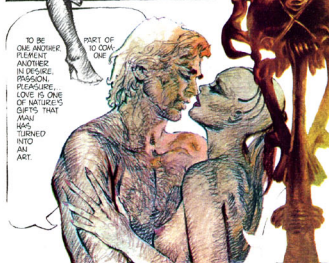


READING ABOUT THE THIRD-MILLENNIUM  
BARBARIAN CULTURE IN BOOKS THAT HAD  
NOT BEEN CENSORED BY THE HONEYCOMB'S  
SCIENTISTS WAS AN EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE  
FOR NINEA. MEANWHILE, IN THE SHOWER,  
ZORA WAS BEING SILENTLY OBSERVED...



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SUCH A  
MARVELOUS BODY HAS NEVER  
BEEN LOVED BY A  
MAN.

LOVER  
WHAT  
DOES THAT  
WORD  
MEAN?  
AMONG?



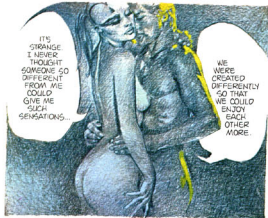
TO BE  
ONE ANOTHER  
PLENENT  
ANOTHER  
IN DESIRE,  
PASSION,  
PLEASURE.  
LOVE IS ONE  
OF NATURE'S  
GIFTS THAT  
MAN  
HAS  
TURNED  
INTO  
AN  
ART.

PART OF  
TO COM-  
ONE

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND I  
KNOW HOW TO  
SATISFY MY  
NEEDS FOR  
PLEASURE  
BUT YOUR  
TOUCH PLEASES  
ME, AND YET...  
DISTURBS  
ME AS  
WELL  
TELL  
ME  
MORE.



WORDS  
ARE ONLY  
ONE SMALL  
PART OF  
IT...



IT'S  
STRANGE  
I NEVER  
THOUGHT  
SOMEONE SO  
DIFFERENT  
FROM ME  
COULD  
GIVE ME  
SUCH  
SENSATIONS...

WE  
WERE  
CREATED  
DIFFERENTLY  
SO THAT  
WE COULD  
ENJOY  
EACH  
OTHER  
MORE...



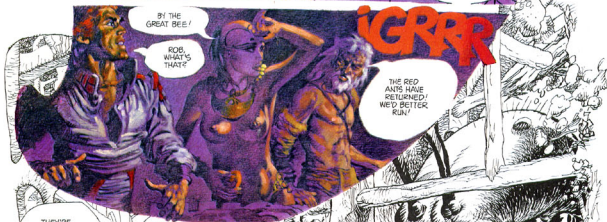
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THE  
SHOMER WAS AN EXCITING PLACE.  
LEAVE THAT 'TIL LATER. MY  
YOUNG FRIENDS THE  
FOOD IS GETTING  
COLD.



NOT ONLY ARE  
THEY NATIVE TO EARTH,  
ZORA. BUT WE AND THEY  
ARE OF THE SAME  
RACE. I KNOW IT  
SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE,  
BUT THERE'S  
PROOF...



YES, PROOF  
THAT SHOWS  
THEY'VE DECEIVED  
YOU AND THAT THEY  
WILL NEVER  
LET THINGS  
CHANGE.



BY THE  
GREAT BEE!

ROB,  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

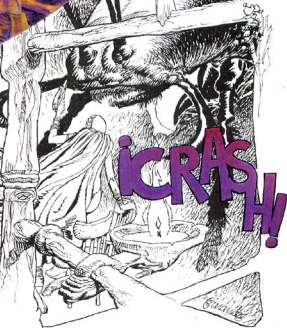
**IGRRR**

THE RED  
ANTS HAVE  
RETURNED!  
WE'D BETTER  
RUN!



THEY'RE  
HUGE! BRONCO,  
THE  
LASER!

JUST WHEN  
I WAS BEGIN-  
NING TO EN-  
JOY MY  
FOOD...



**ICRASH!**

ZZUUITZZZ

ONE  
KIND WHAT  
HE DESERVES,  
BRONCO? HE  
WRECKED THE  
BACK OF MY  
HOUSE!

WEEGG

BRAAMMM

IRLOMB!

THE RADIATION  
AND THE DESTRUCTION OF  
THE GENETIC WEAPONS  
LABORATORIES SPRAWLED  
SOME AMAZING MON-  
STERS. THIS IS ONLY  
ONE OF THEM!

IF, DESPITE  
THEIR ENLARGED SIZE,  
THEY BEHAVE LIKE  
THEIR ANCESTORS,  
THIS ONE IS ONLY A  
SCOUT. WHICH MEANS...

THAT  
THEY'LL BE COM-  
ING IN BY THE  
HUNDREDS!

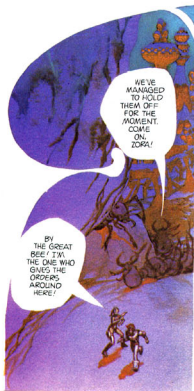
WE'VE GOT  
TO BLOCK THEM  
OFF AT THE CROSS-  
ROAD IF WE WANT TO  
MAKE IT TO THAT STONE  
BRIDGE. IT'S OUR ONLY  
WAY OUT OF THE  
CITY.

YOU  
SHOULD'VE LET  
NYLEA HELP ME. WHAT  
ARE YOU TRYING TO  
PROVE-YOU  
BRAVERY?

I WANT  
AT LEAST ONE  
MAN AND WOMAN  
TO SURVIVE  
THIS MADNESS.  
I'M A ROMAN-  
TIC.

ZZUUP

WEEEE



WE'VE  
MANAGED  
TO HOLD  
THEM OFF  
FOR THE  
MOMENT.  
COME  
ON, ZORA!

BY  
THE GREAT  
BEE! I'VE  
THE ONE WHO  
GIVES THE  
ORDERS  
AROUND  
HERE!



THAT'S ODD. THIS  
IS THE PLACE, BUT THE  
BRIDGE IS OUT AND THERE'S  
NO SIGN OF THEM.

ROB  
MUST HAVE  
TAKEN THEM  
TO ANOTHER  
SAFE PLACE.



LOOK  
OUT, AMON!  
SOMETHING'S  
MOVING IN  
THE  
SHADOWS!

HEY!  
WHO THE  
HELL ARE  
YOU?



DON'T BE ALARMED.  
WE'RE FRIENDS OF THE  
HUMAN RACE. HE AND THE  
OTHERS WENT TO SET A TRAP  
FOR THE GIANT RED ANTS.  
WE'RE WAITING FOR  
THEM TO COME BACK.

ZORA AND AMON TRIED TO KEEP THE SHOCK AND  
REVENUSION THEY FELT AT THE SEMI-HUMAN  
MUTANTS FROM SHOWING ON THEIR FACES.

WE'VE FOUGHT OFF SMALL  
GROUPS MANY TIMES BEFORE,  
BUT NEVER ONE THIS  
LARGE AND  
HUNGRY.

THERE  
THEY ARE!  
AGAIN,  
THEY'RE  
ATTACKING  
FROM THE REAR!

DO YOU  
THINK WE'VE  
GOT A CHANCE  
TO BEAT AN  
ARMY OF  
GIANTS?

BUT...  
WHAT ABOUT  
ROB AND THE  
OTHERS?



A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION WAS ZORAX'S ANSWER. AN ENTIRE MOUNTAIN BLEW APART, BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITY.

THAT LASER WORKED JUST LIKE A HIGH-POWERED BOMB. GOOD IDEA, BRONCO.

IT WAS NILEA'S IDEA, NOT MINE. SHE KNOWS THE WEAPON BETTER THAN I DO.

NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN SEPARATED FROM THEIR ARMY, THEY'LL BE EASY TO ELIMINATE.

# BARROOUMM

I THINK WE'VE TAUGHT THOSE RED ANTS A GOOD LESSON. THE CITY IS SAVED.

NOW ROB MUST FIND A WAY TO AID HIS NEW FRIENDS. YOUR SYSTEMS CAN'T WITHSTAND THE RADIATION, LIKE THOSE OF THE ANT-MEN AND THE OTHER MILITANTS. THEY ARE THE RESULT OF SLOW ADAPTATION, TAKING THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

WITH YOUR SPACE-CRAFT WRECKED, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN GET OFF EARTH. IT'LL BE DIFFICULT, PERHAPS IMPOSSIBLE. WE'LL HAVE TO CAPTURE THE GENESIS II.

I REMEMBER GENESIS I, A STARSHIP THAT LEFT THE SYSTEM YEARS BEFORE OUR HIBERNATION.

AND IF THEY TRY AGAIN, WE'LL BE READY TO STOP THEM!

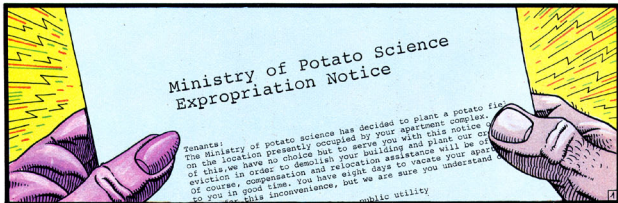
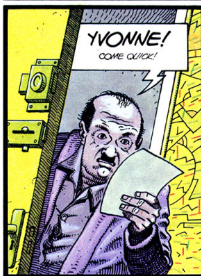
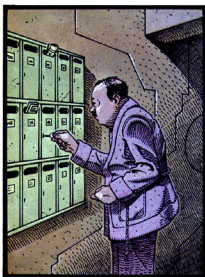
WELL, GENESIS II IS ITS TWIN—THE LAST ONE BUILT BY THE SCIENTIFIC FEDERATION BEFORE THE NORTHERN ARMY WAS DEFEATED.

AND WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, ROB? FINDING ITS FUEL? OR IS IT DAMAGED?

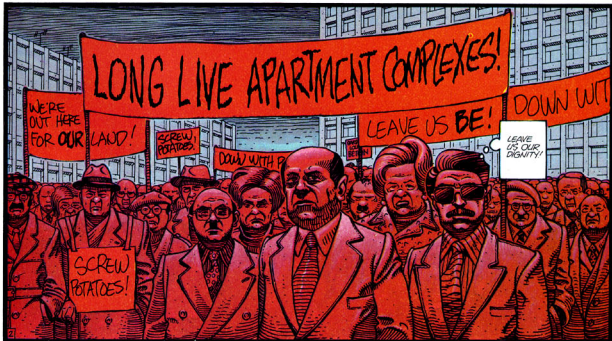
TO BE CONTINUED

HEAVY METAL 59

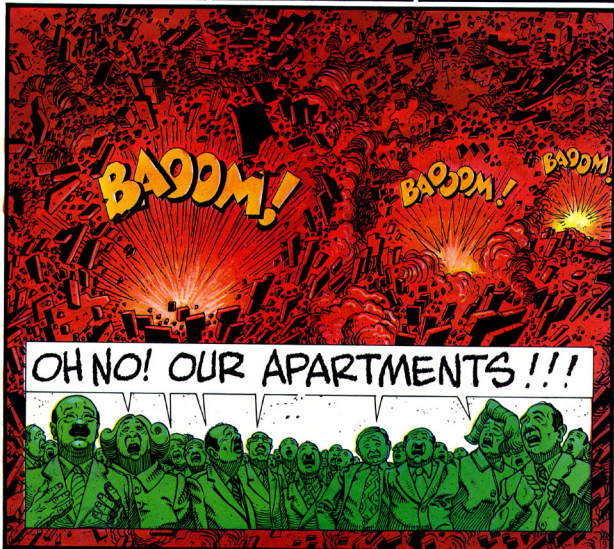
# EXILED by Caza



THE ANGRY APARTMENT DWELLERS MET IN THE GARAGE BENEATH THE COMPLEX.

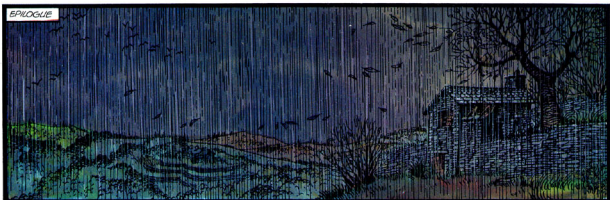








EPILOGUE



...THERE YOU ARE, LADIES AND GENTS. YOUR NEW HOME, COMPLETE WITH A SCENIC VIEW, AS YOU CAN SEE, THE MINISTRY OF POTATO SCIENCE ALWAYS KEEPS ITS WORD! YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY NEW 'COMPLEX'—WE HAVE OUR POTATO FIELD. WHAT MORE COULD ONE ASK FOR?

GOOD LUCK!

TAKE CARE!

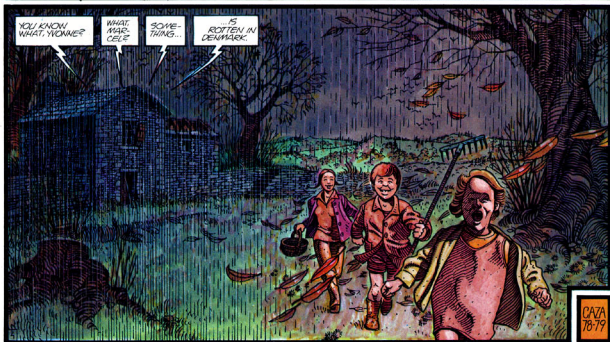


YOU KNOW WHAT, YONNER?

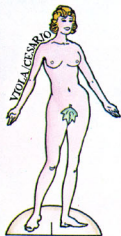
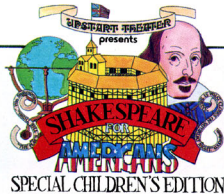
WHAT, YAR, CELE?

SOME-THING...

IS ROTTEN IN DENMARK.



CAZA  
78-79



# Twelfth Night

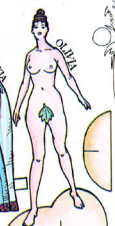
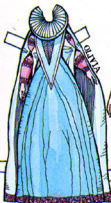
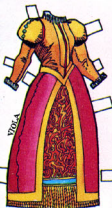
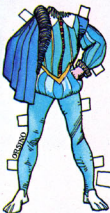
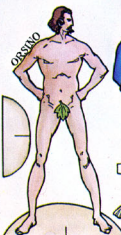
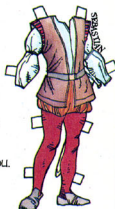
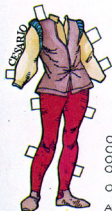
## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VIOLA } TWINS  
SEBASTIAN }

ORSINO - DUKE OF ILLYRIA  
OLIVIA - A COUNTESS

## THE PLAY

V I'VE JUST BEEN SHIPWRECKED AND MY BROTHER IS DEAD.  
S I'VE JUST BEEN SHIPWRECKED AND MY SISTER IS DEAD.  
V I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A BOY AND CALL MYSELF CEZARIO.  
OR I WANT TO MARRY OLIVIA.  
OL I DON'T WANT TO MARRY ANYBODY.  
OR CEZARIO, ASK OLIVIA TO MARRY ME.  
OL I DON'T WANT TO MARRY ORSINO, CEZARIO, BUT I LOVE YOU.  
V OOPS.  
OL I'LL BE YOURS IF YOU MARRY ME AT ONCE.  
S ACTUALLY, I JUST GOT HERE, BUT SURE!  
ALL NOW THAT I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE, LET'S GET MARRIED.  
WHAT WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?  
EXIT



© 1982 W. SIMONSON / H. CHATKIN

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR LIBRARY.

SPECIAL THANKS AND A FLOURISH OF THE QUILL TO WEEZIE.

"SHAKESPEARE FOR AMERICANS" IS MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM HEAVY METAL CORPORATION.

THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND I CURSED AT THE DAMNED STARGUYS.

MY FEET NESTLED IN, MY FINGERS AT THE CONTROLS. I ZIPPED UP THE SUIT.

A MINUTE!

EARL,  
YOU READY  
TO GO  
ON?

NEED  
ANY  
HELP?

PLEN-  
TY OF  
TIME, PAUL.  
I'M FINE.

I GAVE HIM A WARM SMILE.

BECAUSE HE'S  
SO NERVOUS,  
PAUL SPTS  
EVERYTHING  
OUT IN BEL-  
LIGERENT  
TONES. SOARES  
HIM WHEN I  
SMILE AT  
HIM.

DIDN'T MEAN TO  
BUG YOU, EARL.

I'M READY FOR  
THEM NOW.

CULTURE FOR THE MASSES.

# SIXTEEN AND VANILLA

A FULL HOUSE. I GAVE THEM MOZART FOR OPENERS, TO MAKE THEM FEEL AT HOME. THEN A LITTLE SATIE, CARTER, AND FINALLY A PIECE OF MY OWN THAT'S ALL TONE-CLUSTERS AND BRAVURA. POLITE APPLAUSE. NO ENCORE.

BY TED WHITE  
ADAPTED BY  
DAVE BOSCHOFF  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
VAL LAKEY/ARTIFACT



PAUL  
CLOSED  
THE DOOR  
BEHIND  
HIM

OH, OH

SIT DOWN,  
WHY DON'T YOU?  
RELAX  
FIRST TIME?

I, WELL, I, I REALLY  
SHOULDN'T CAUSE  
YOU ANY TROUBLE.

I'M SO GLAD  
YOU COULD VISIT  
OUR TOWN, MR.  
THOMAS. YOU WERE  
WONDERFUL.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH.  
IT WAS A PLEASURE.

I'LL BE  
OKAY,  
PAUL.

YES, AHH.  
I HAVE TO  
SPEAK TO THE  
STAGE  
MANAGER.

OH, NO, I MEAN,  
YES YOU, AH, YOU  
PLAY VERY  
WELL. I MEAN,  
I'VE HEARD  
YOUR RECORDS  
BEFORE, BUT...

GO ON, SIT  
DOWN. DRINK?

I GOT THE DRINKS AND TURNED OFF THE  
BRIGHTS, LEAVING ONLY A LAMP ON IN THE  
SOFTER LIGHT. SHE LOOKED MUCH YOUNGER.

I WANTED TO TELL  
YOU JUST HOW MUCH  
I'VE ENJOYED YOUR  
PLAYING. I... I'M PLANNING  
TO GO TO JUL-  
LIARD NEXT YEAR  
AND...

WOULD YOU PREFER  
SOMETHING ELSE? COCAINE?

WHAT? OH, UHM, NO, NO, I'LL  
JUST, AH, DRINK THIS.





SHE THREW IT  
BACK LIKE WATER,  
WHICH MOSTLY IT  
WAS NOT.

YOU HAVEN'T  
TOLD ME YOUR  
NAME.

JUDY

NICE  
ANOTHER  
DRINK?

THANKS.

I REACHED OUT WITH MY  
OTHER HAND AND TOOK  
HERS. THE ELECTRICAL  
FEEDBACK TINGLED MY  
FINGERTIPS. HER LIPS  
PARTED.

HER LIPSTICK TASTED  
INNOCENT:  
SIXTEEN AND  
VANILLA.

I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND WHY AM I  
HERE?

HERE DRINK. A  
GOOD QUESTION.  
WHY ARE YOU  
HERE?

I DON'T KNOW.

SHE DRANK IT VERY QUICKLY AND NERVOUSLY.  
I STOOPED UP AND TOLD HER TO STAND AS WELL.

I BENT AND PICKED UP THE DRESS. I PUT IT ON  
THE DOUGH.

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

OH.

AM I  
GOOD  
LOOKING?

VERY  
MUCH  
SO.

YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN ANY  
PANTIES OFF. HOW CAN  
YOU TELL IF I'M GOOD  
LOOKING IF YOU DON'T  
DO THAT?

I TOOK  
OFF HER  
PANTIES.

YOU KNOW HOW OLD I AM?  
SIXTEEN.

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

AND I'M A VIRGIN.

YOU'LL STILL BE A VIRGIN.

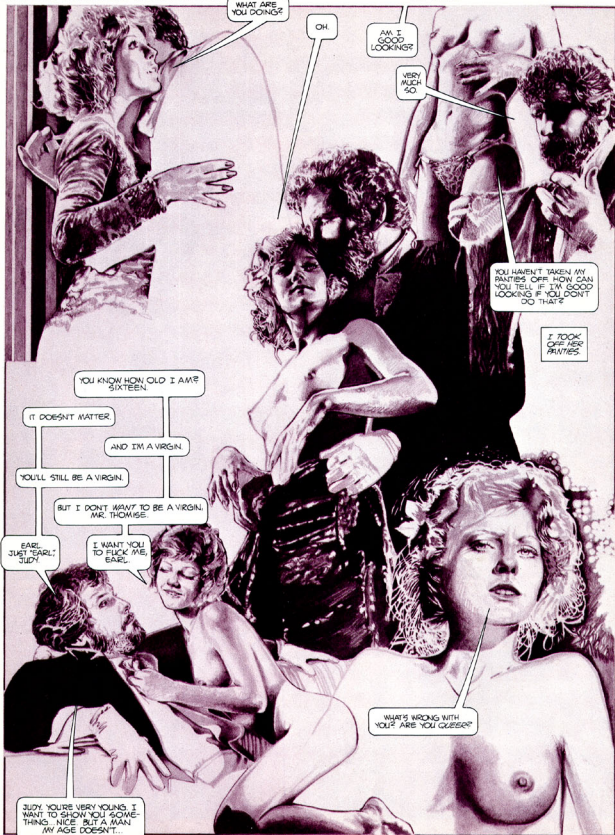
BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A VIRGIN.  
MR. THOMAS.

EARL,  
JUST "EARL,"  
JUDY.

I WANT YOU  
TO FUCK ME,  
EARL.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
YOU? ARE YOU QUEER?

JUDY, YOU'RE VERY YOUNG. I  
WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME-  
THING. NICE. BUT A MAN  
MY AGE DOESN'T...



I HAD TO PLAY THIS EXACTLY RIGHT, OR THERE WOULD BE BIG TROUBLE. SIXTEEN YEARS OLD FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? AND TO THINK, I THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT PAUL HAD GOTTEN HER FOR ME



JUDY PLEASE YOU DIDNT COME FOR THAT YOU CAME IN TO HERO WORSHIP A BIG TIME CONCERT PLUNKST YOU DRANK TOO MUCH YOU DONT HAVE TO PROVE YOURSELF TO ME... OR TO YOURSELF FOR THAT MATTER

I WAS RIGHT YOU ARE QUEER! JUST... QUEER!

COME IN, SEE IF YOU CAN HELP ME GET HER DRESSED.

YOU DO SOME DUMB THINGS SOMETIMES, EARL.

YEAH

DONT YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO STICK TO PROSE?

WHAT COULD I SAY THAT I'D WANTED TO BELIEVE SHE WAS YET ADORER SHE WASNT THAT I WANTED, JUST ONCE, SOMETHING THAT I HADNT PAID FOR, SOMETHING REALZ THAT I'D NEVER BEEN SIXTEEN AND I'D NEVER BE SIXTEEN!

NO, IT WOULD BE LIKE STRIPPING MYSELF NAKED IN FRONT OF SOMEONE, I'VE NEVER DONE THAT

I PUT SOME COFFEE INTO HER AND FRESH AIR I'LL GET HER HOME SHE'LL BE OKAY.

THANKS, PAUL.

IT'S WHAT I'M PAID FOR.

THE DOOR CLOSED, LEAVING ME ALONE



I UNZIPPED MY SUIT, UNHOOKED MY FINGERS FROM THE ARM CONTROLS, KICKED FREE THE STIRRUPS, AND WADDLED MY RUND OFF THE PROSTHETIC SADDLE.

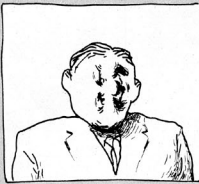
I GAVE A FINAL NOD TO THE MIRROR, AND THE BULKY OVER-WEIGHT CREATURE, ARMLESS AND LEGLESS, FLIPPERED AND GROTESQUE, THALIDOMIDE BABY ALL GROWN UP RETURNED IT.

YOU CAN CHASE ALL YOU WANT, BUT YOU NEVER CATCH UP WITH THE PAST.

THE END



# MR. DULL...

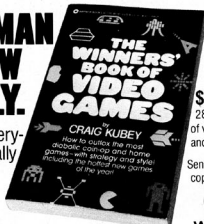


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# I'N AGE



© J. JONES 1982



ICE AGE. A SIEGE TO LAST TEN THOUSAND YEARS WAS BREATHING FAR AWAY.

IT HEAVED HIGH IN THE NORTH AND LEFT SLOW CHANGES ON THE LAND.



BUT AT TIMES IT SLAPPED WITH UNFORSEEN SUDDENNESS; AND WHEN IT SLAPPED, SOME PERISHED WITH FROZEN LAUGHTER STILL ON THEIR MOUTHS.



AND NO ONE NEEDED STRANGERS RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND TO CONVINCE THEM.



THE TIMID CAME TOGETHER, THE TIME HAD COME TO GATHER.



THE TIME HAD COME TO LOOK FOR NUTS.



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# THE TWILIGHT ZONE MAGAZINE

ROD SERLING'S

*"There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between science and superstition, and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area which we call The Twilight Zone."*

—Rod Serling

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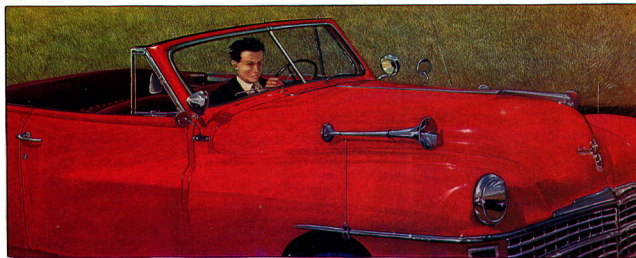
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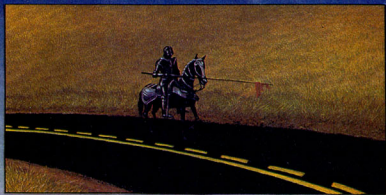


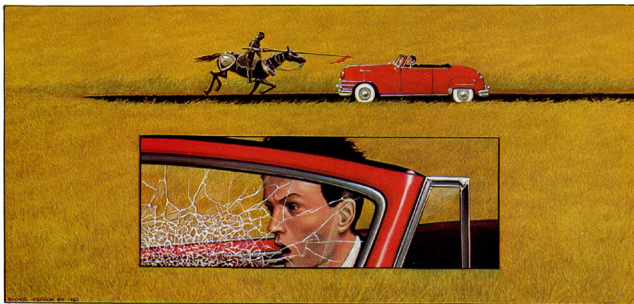
# the black Knight

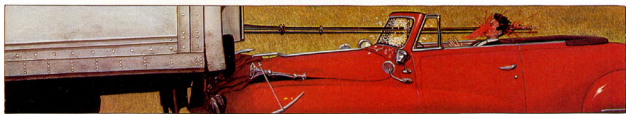
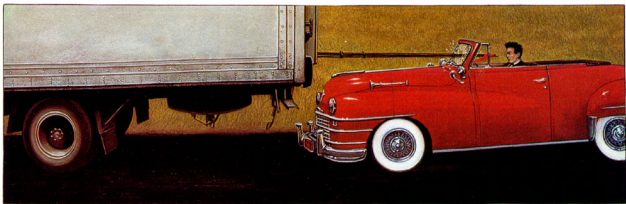
BY EBERONI











**FIN**



# 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 "Darcon" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Grevasse" take 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 Duranton all contribute 151 shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

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



**#44/NOVEMBER 1980:** With the Shogun spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveaux, 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:** Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *r/m* debut with "Bang, Han." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mazieres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Phenicon!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)

**#47/FEBRUARY 1981:** William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny God," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and out of 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 Drulillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic Salomoe 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," Gimenez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stores from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Don't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**#60/MARCH 1982:** Our second Special Rock Issue, featuring Dick Materna'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)

**#61/APRIL 1982:** Our 5th anniversary issue offers you a variety of material: What with Claveaux, Drulillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be kept busy until our 6th! (\$3.00)

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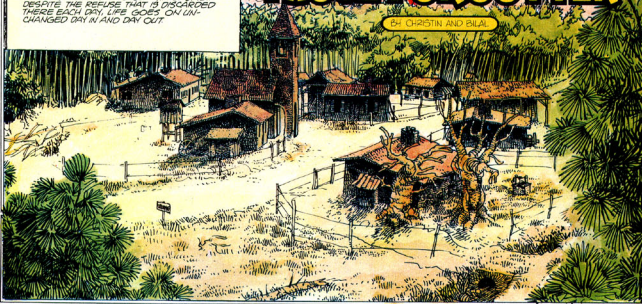
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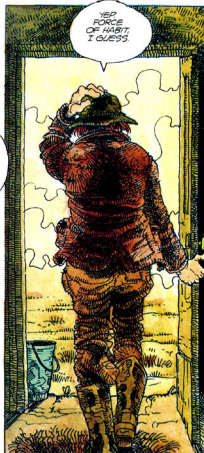
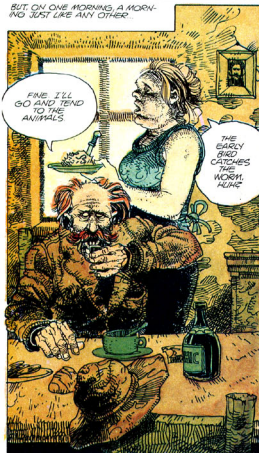


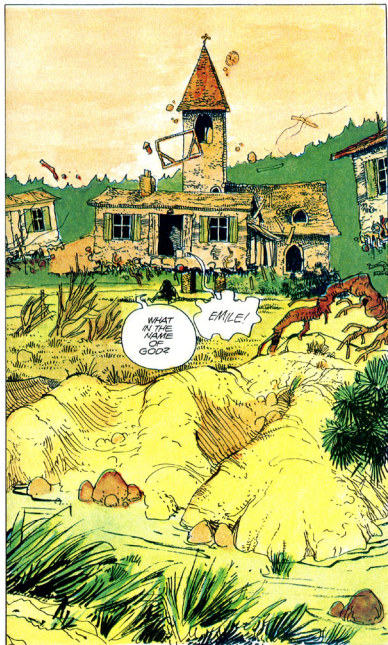
**LES LANDES** IS AN IMMENSE FOREST ALONG THE OCEAN. IT IS A SERENE ATMOSPHERE, FRESH AND CALM, UNFERTILE. THERE IS A PASTE FACTORY BY THE SEA WHICH SPITS BY-PRODUCTS INTO THE LOVELY GREEN WATERS. AND THE MILITARY COMPLEX, HIDDEN BEHIND BARBED WIRE AND ARMED GUARDS, DISPOSES OF MANY AN UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE INTO OUR WATERS. YET, DESPITE THE REFUSE THAT IS DISCARDED THERE EACH DAY, LIFE GOES ON UNCHANGED DAY IN AND DAY OUT.

## BY CHRISTIN AND BILAL

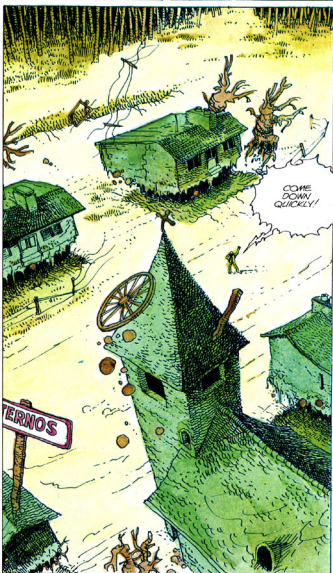


BUT, ON ONE MORNING, A MORNING JUST LIKE ANY OTHER...



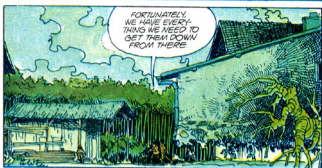


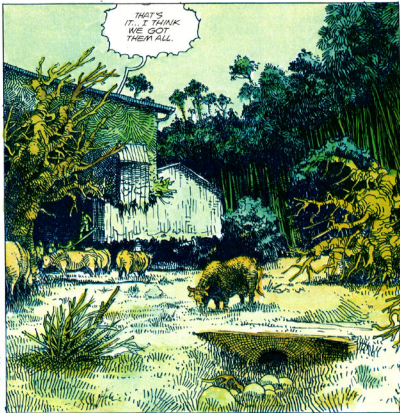
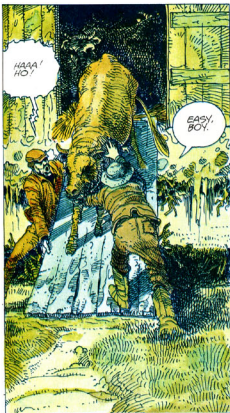


















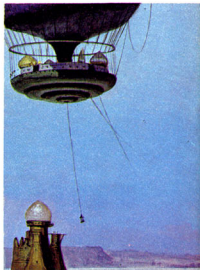
# THE MERCENARY

As Zaida fell dying, she triggered the floating prison mechanism. With that, the flame, which had kept the city in place, died out and the city began to float higher and higher into the sky.

THIS FLOATING  
HELL-HOLE IS  
RISING, BUT WE  
STILL HAVE  
SURVIVE...

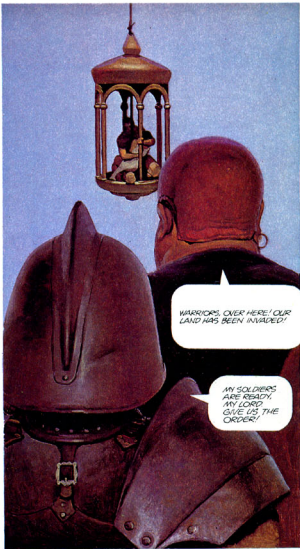


...IF THE GODS ARE  
WITH US! HURRY  
AND HOLD FIRM!





DAWN OUR LUCK! WE'VE  
FLOATED BACK TO MY  
WORLD—AND THE OVER-  
LORD'S CASTLE THAT PIG  
WILL SEND HIS WARRIORS  
TO KILL ME.

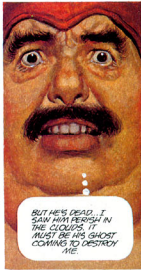


WARRIORS, OVER HERE! OUR  
LAND HAS BEEN INVADED!

MY SOLDIERS  
ARE READY,  
MY LORD.  
GIVE US THE  
ORDER!!

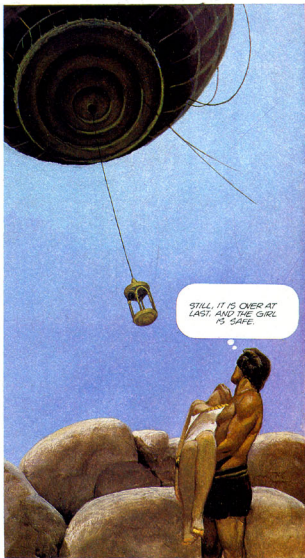
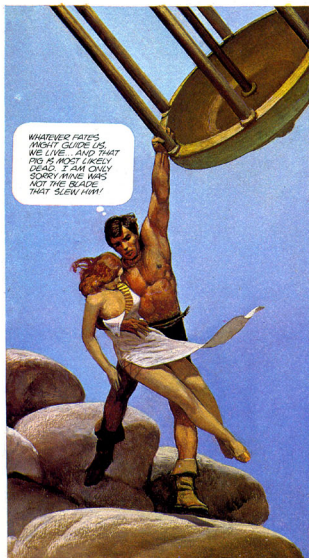
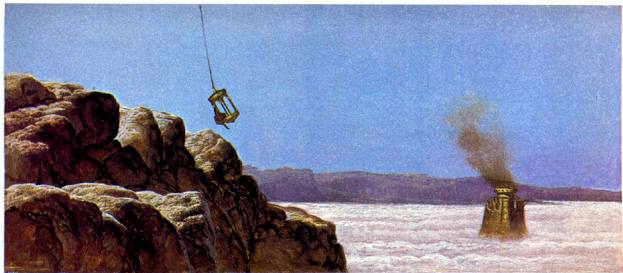


ORD... BY THE GODS!  
THAT MAN—I KNOW  
HIM! IT IS THE  
MERCENARY!




BUT HE'S DEAD. I  
SAW HIM PERISH IN  
THE CLOUDS. IT  
MUST BE HIS GHOST  
COMING TO DESTROY  
ME.









YOU'RE AWAKE? GOOD.  
WE'RE NOT FAR FROM  
YOUR COUNTRY, ARE WE?

WE'RE  
VERY  
NEAR.



BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO  
BACK DOWN THERE  
ALONE. THE OLD  
WOMAN'S POTIONS  
ARE WEARING OFF. I  
FIND THE THIN AIR  
DIFFICULT TO BREATHE.

I AM ONLY SORRY  
YOU CANNOT JOIN ME.  
MY FAMILY WOULD  
GIVE YOU GREAT RE-  
WARDS. THERE WOULD  
BE CELEBRATIONS FOR  
WHAT YOU'VE DONE  
FOR MY PEOPLE.



PERHAPS SOMEDAY, IF  
YOU CAN FIND A WAY TO  
GET ME THAT POTION.  
NOW PLEASE, BE CARE-  
FUL... THE PATH TO YOUR  
WORLD IS TREACHEROUS.

AND YOU TAKE CARE,  
MY HANDSOME ONE. I  
WILL FIND A WAY TO  
BRING YOU TO ME.  
TRUST ME, I SHALL FIND  
A WAY.

THE  
END

Oh, boo hoo hoo... oh boo hoo—nobody liked my "Space Opera" strip last month. The critics said it was "arch and pretentious—"

Rex Reer dismissed it as "crapola—a nauseating mish-mash of adolescent sex and violence..."

Maybe I should try something more Depression-era, something sort of sci-fi but sentimental, something like—

# MONSTER LOVE COMICS

NO. 24  
SEPT.  
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APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

WHY, HER NEW  
BOYFRIEND'S NOTHING  
BUT A BLOB OF  
SLIME!

—BUT ONCE THEY CHECKED OUT HIS PORSCHE...

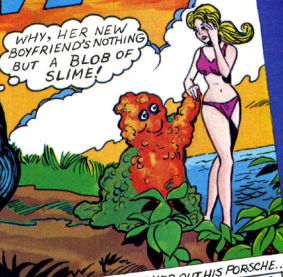
THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL CUT ME DEAD WHEN

I  
MARRIED  
A  
MONSTER  
FROM  
OUTER  
SPACE!



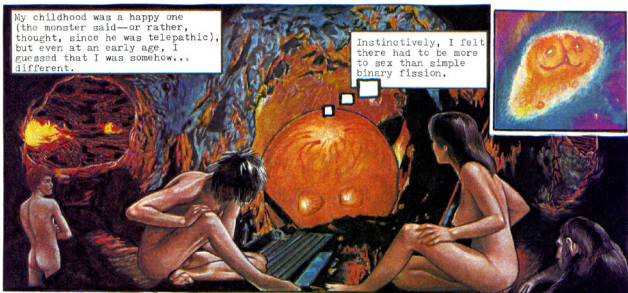
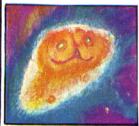
HE'S MACHO!  
WOW! DIG  
THOSE GROOVY  
PSEUDO PODS!

A  
TRAIL  
OF SLIME  
CAN BE  
CUTE..



My childhood was a happy one (the monster said—or rather, thought, since he was telepathic), but even at an early age, I guessed that I was somehow... different.

Instinctively, I felt there had to be more to sex than simple binary fission.



But this obsession only incensed my monozygotic twin.

I began to wear make-up and frequent the sleazy dives which festered in the city's underbelly—

Leave your nucleus alone—at least until you're old enough to reproduce!

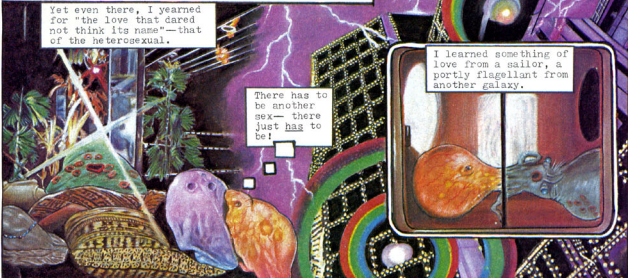


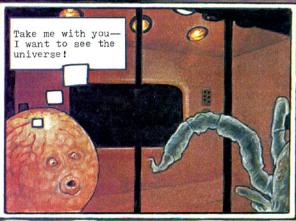
—"clubs" which catered to the perverse tastes of off-worlders...

Yet even there, I yearned for "the love that dared not think its name"—that of the heterosexual.

There has to be another sex— there just has to be!

I learned something of love from a sailor, a portly flagellant from another galaxy.





Take me with you—  
I want to see the  
universe!



You're a romantic,  
Gill-EE-Gan—you're  
going to end up  
shipwrecked on the  
shoals of your dream—

The "Skipper's" words  
were eerily prophetic—

—caught in a magnetic  
ion storm, the tiny  
ship was tossed.

The ship's  
breaking up!  
Save yourself,  
little buddy!

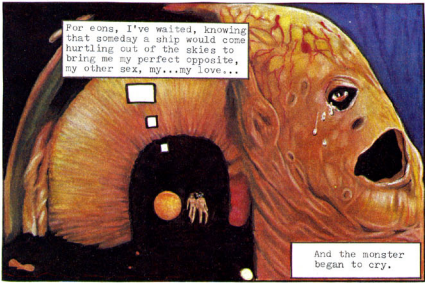
If not for the courage  
of the fearless mold-  
spore, my life would  
have been lost...

Oh no!  
SKIPPERRR!

But it was  
too late.  
The pod's  
hatch  
closed—

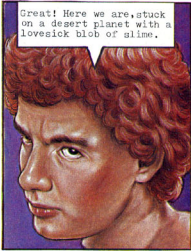
—and bore me aground on  
this uncharted desert  
planetoid.





For eons, I've waited, knowing that someday a ship would come hurtling out of the skies to bring me my perfect opposite, my other sex, my...my love...


And the monster began to cry.




Great! Here we are, stuck on a desert planet with a lovesick blob of slime.



There, there—don't cry. I'm sure your girlfriend will turn up someday.



No, she'll never find me now—look what they're doing to my planet!



As we watched, a fleet of spacecraft rose menacingly over the horizon, carving up the ground below as if it were a giant tub of margarine.



Waaahhh!

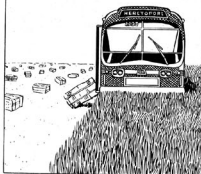
What—what are they doing?



I think they're terraforming—they seem to be the equivalent of real estate developers...

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