

HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

June 1982

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Feature:
Ridley Scott's
BLADE RUNNER!



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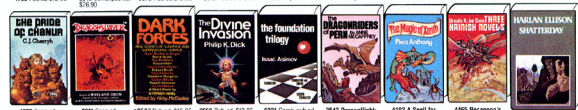
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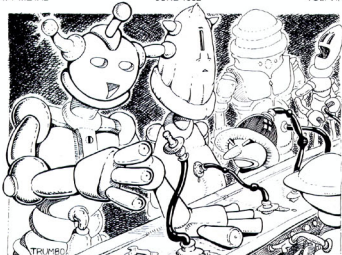
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roads will become battlefields
and the hope of mankind
will appear as a stranger.

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"THE ROAD WARRIOR" EXPERIENCE STARTS SOON!

Philip K. Dick (1928–1982)



Photograph by Nicole Olivetti Panter

It's almost impossible to write an obituary for someone you care about deeply without sounding maudlinly sentimental. Inevitably, the first thoughts to arise are selfish, and the pain ripping at you caused by the sense of *your* loss. It's a personal and private thing.

Philip K. Dick died this past March 2, from a stroke he had suffered eleven days earlier. Expressing the shock and rage fired in me by Dick's untimely death has proven excruciatingly difficult, the anguish knife-twisted by the stabbing realization that my chance to meet face-to-face the person whose work most influenced my life is gone. I've blown it, and it hurts.

So this won't be an obituary or eulogy. The only salve for the very tangible ache I feel is to ignore it—shut out the self-pitying selfishness and probe the special qualities of Dick's writing that so profoundly touched me and a great many people I know as well. Communicating a sense of this unique power might offer a small consolation.

Dick's thirty-year body of work (forty published books, of which six collect most of the 100 short stories not adapted into novels) yields a compassionate and sensitive man's complex response to an absurd world that sometimes seems out to get you. Individually, the books are inconsistent; crankily idiosyncratic, frequently brilliant but hastily written, and occasionally so full of holes that your fingers stick through. But you can't let that matter. The effect seeps in gradually over the course of several books, leaking through the cracked walls fortifying your worldview,

taking root in your subconscious like some insidious contagion. Unaware of this steady erosion of complacency, you're jolted by the sudden-dread realization: *Reality is not what it seems.* In *UBIK*, common items form-devolve into their mechanistic ancestors. In *Time Out of Joint*, a soft drink stand in a park disappears, and a piece of paper flutters to the ground. Printed on it are the words: "SOFT DRINK STAND." and the façade crumbles. In *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, the title character's leering visage of menace, slot-eyed and iron-jawed, intrudes into every

aspect of the hallucinogenic-distorted reality of the protagonist. In "Faith of Our Fathers," the hero *stops* taking his mandatory dose of hallucinogens and begins to perceive things as they *really* are. In *The Penultimate Truth*, the world's population labors in subterranean factory-habitats manufacturing weapons for use in the devastating, aboveground war. Until someone climbs to the surface and discovers something quite different . . .

The cumulative impact is devastating. In Dick's universe you take *nothing* for granted. Not only have all authority figures lied to you, but *reality* has

lied to you as well. Says a character in *Galactic Pot Healer*: "In our society, *everybody* is aced out." But however paranoid, Dick's vision isn't despairing. There is always hopefulness within the entropic decay, humor in the absurdity, and redemption in the superhuman abilities of ordinary humans to cope with extraordinary circumstances. We can make it. We may not triumph heroically (who the hell does, anyway?), but, goddamn it, we'll survive. Humans will survive as long as they retain their humanity, Dick says, and the measure of humanity is the capacity for caring. In both *The Zap Gun* and *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* the characters' ability to feel empathy both marks them as human (distinguishable from near-perfect simulacra, in the latter) and assures their salvation (learning empathy from a children's toy saves them from an alien invasion, in the former).

And it's all so fucking ironic . . . a writer most concerned with the power of human caring was cared for so little by the rest of us. . . and now just as he had achieved some measure of comfort in his life, recognition and appreciation for his value as a contemporary American writer, and seemingly imminent mass-culture success (courtesy of *Blade Runner*—by all accounts, including Dick's own, an accurate portrayal of his vision) . . . he dies. It's so maddening it's almost funny—and as Dick was driven to find the humor in even the most hopeless of circumstances, I'm sure somewhere he's getting one goddamn big laugh out of this. I hope I will at some point.

—Lou Stathis

DOSSIER

NU VINYL

Popism

Why I Hate It



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I just love Chic and Gary Glitter, Flying Lizards' head herpetologist David Cunningham gushed a few years back. With clenched teeth stifling a gag, I foolishly allowed the man to continue. "More creativity goes into pop music than rock'n' roll by far."

While two years' worth of liberal Preparation-H application seems to have helped my swollen snoot glands, I continue to resist any taste-change operations. Alleged creativity or not, most pop still comes in as lowest-common-denominator aural Wonder Bread, beamed at Twinkie-fed brains in order to render them tranquilized and harmless. Except for a few rare innovators (producer/arrangers like Phil Spector and George Martin), pop product lacks adventure, risk, challenge, and originality (its very nature demands familiarity). Designed chiefly for consumption by adolescents (and those of comparable maturity), it for-mutes complex adult emotions into Precambrian simplicity via one-syllable truisms, industrial-strength artificial sweeteners, and pasteurized-process love

food. The creativity Cunningham cited exists only in construction, not in substance.

Fully cognizant of these prejudices, I steer clear of such obvious danger zones as radio (both am and fm), TV rock shows (Wolfman Jack meets Don the Mummy), and pop rock manufactured with those markets in mind. That way, my tender sensibilities are spared the torment of vacuous garbages like **Quarterflash** (Geffen), retrogressive inanity like the **Go-Go's Beauty and the Beat** (IRS), and even half-horrible stuff like **Dwight Twilley's Scuba Diver** (EMI America). Twilley's songs are driving and pleasantly catchy in a Tom Petty-ish way, but devoid of any new ideas whatsoever (ditto T.P., who acknowledges the worthlessness of his confections).

Pop needn't be a vast wasteland, and some folks do work at bootstrapping it up. **ABBA**, a band I've resolutely ignored for years, prove with *The Visitors* (Atlantic) that adult Euro-pop needn't be an oxymoronic description. They combine Beatle-ish melodicism (simple yet unique) with lush,

Spectoresque arrangements, and lyrics that actually say something (yowl) with understated humor and cleverness. Interesting how ABBA's moving toward a central "progressive pop" ground, as ex-"progressives" like **Renaissance**—*Camera Camera* on IRS—and **Genesis**—*Abacab* on Atlantic—head for the same spot from the opposite direction. Genesis in particular sound revitalized—could drummer **Phil Collins** (whose refreshing *Face Value* Atlantic released last year) be exerting more influence?

Persons of the Afro-American persuasion frequently possess a midas pop touch, and undisputedly, **James Brown** is the King of Kings. While poorly packaged and hastily slapped together, Polydor's *Best of James Brown* struts the Man's stuff convincingly. Inevitably, considering the career expanse covered, quibbles arise (where's "I Feel Good," huh?), but hell, it's only a single LP; more than enough to convey Brown's enormous influence on pop's last two decades. Compare the instrumental interaction of "Sex Machine" and "Pop-

corn" with that of Sly and Robbie's reggae or Kraftwerk's electropop—like Brown's own elastic body, the parts work brilliantly both as independent entities and in congress.

While his Lordship could be held partially responsible for disco, he can't be blamed for his imitators hosing the soul-sweat out of seventies dance music. Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards' **Chic** (organization, they aptly call it) have produced a string of successful antiseptic disco platters, transforming perspiration into a glow, as it were. *Take It Off* (Atlantic) does it again—okay for a tune or two, but soon smothers itself in Arrid Extra Dry. England's **Modern Romance**, on *Adventures in Clubland* (Atlantic), bypass the sweat glands entirely by mixing Chic-ish rhythmic rigidity with rap's self-inflating narcissism. Sleek and stylish, but unfit even for the "Soul Train" caboose.

Lastly, we have **XTC**—the world's best most unsuccessful white pop band. Brilliant but penniless, their five superb LPs issued here on four different labels, are perpetually mistitled with the "too clever for their own good" tag, etc. Criminal horshitis this is. Even better than its predecessors, *English Settlement* (Virgin/Epic) is so full of energy, pure melody, textual embellishment, and classic songwriting, that the ten songs included are only half the band's current output (the import LP has five more songs, a single has three more, a flexi yet another...). Like Bowie, XTC are eccentric traditionalists—the only real pop way to go these days.

—Lou Stathis

Popism

Why I Love It

I confess. I am a pop music junkie. I can't deny the wacked-out power am/fm rock schlock has over my underconsciousness, the jolt of feeling alive and that I'll live forever. When I die I

want to come back as Bruce Springsteen, Stevie Nicks, Debbie Harry, Linda Ronstadt, Mick Jagger, and Joan Jett singing "I Love Rock 'n' Roll" (put another dime in the jukebox, baby). I reaffirm the rites of rock/role passage as frequently as possible. If there's a J. Geils, Police, or even a Foreigner concert at a mega-sports arena, I want to be there. I buy singles, videodiscs, and albums by

golden-oldie superstars and fave-rave new artists and stage rock dance parties with my friends where we trade off as lead singer and backup vocalists.

Like Patti Smith and everyone else who fell in love with rock pop, I'm brain-damaged by the "star making machinery behind the popular song." My lowest moments come when I hand over money for Bee Gees, Barbra Streisand (who

I despise), and Willie Nelson albums. I have no tolerance for Broadway show tunes. (please go back to Argentina, Evita), Frank Sinatra, and certain forms of country. However, J.S. Bach and Mozart send me; I think of them as the Who, The Beatles, and Talking Heads' David Byrne without hooks and bridges. So, "Start Me Up" because the beat goes on forever.

—Daphne Davis

TOUGH GUYS



Noir Has a Thousand Eyes

Jagged slits of light in the slanted silhouette of a venetian blind angle across a seedy room's darkened wall. The menace of mocking laughter echoes through the narrow alley outside as the shadow of a paranoid fleeing figure extends two stories high up the brick wall. Out of the ominous blackness, neon blinks forever at a bar oasis, signaling impending doom.

The night has a thousand eyes—all watching late show film noir, the filmmaking style that flourished from 1941 (*The Maltese Falcon*) to 1958 (*Touch of Evil*). The term film noir was coined in 1946 by the French critic Nino Frank, who noted a new strain of cynicism and pessimism in American crime films and its similarity to American authors Cain, Chandler, and Hammett, published in France as *Série Noire*.

To feminist film critics writing in *Women in Film Noir* (NY: Zoetrope, 31 E. 12 St., New York, NY 10003), the movement represents a period when patriarchy was challenged by strong female film characters who did not play out the stereotyped Hollywood roles of subordinates to men. Film historian Foster Hirsch illuminates this "dark, urban world of neurotic entrapment leading to delirium" in *The Dark Side of the Screen: Film Noir* (A.S. Barnes, 11175 Flinckote Ave., San Diego, CA 92121) by relentlessly backtracking noir's narrative patterns, literary tradition, and the stylistic influence of both the German Expressionist and Italian Neo-Realist schools. The full scope of

noir unfolds in *Film Noir—An Encyclopedic Reference to the American Style* (Overlook Press, Box 427, Woodstock, NY 12498), a mammoth 400-page compilation of synopses/credits/critiques of 300 noir titles, all cross-indexed for reference value.

Musical homages to noir have surfaced in both the sandpaper-on-mahogany voice of Tom Waits and the evocative, smoky jazz piano nocturnes of Ran Blake (*Film Noir* on Arista). Filmmakers have recently recycled noir conventions in such films as Walter Hill's *The Driver* (1978), Mark Reichert's 1980 *Union City* (with Deborah Harry), Amos Poe's *Subway Riders* (1981), Bob Rafelson's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1981), Lawrence Kasdan's *Body Heat* (1981), and Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*.

Twenty-nine movies (including *Union City* and Hitchcock's 1954 *Rear Window*) have been adapted from stories and novels by Cornell Woolrich (1903-1968), ranked by Hirsch as "the writer whose sensibility is most deeply noir." Woolrich wrote: "I was only trying to surmount for a little while the darkness that all my life I surely knew was going to come rolling in on me some day and obliterate me. I was only trying to stay alive a little brief while longer, after I was already gone." Woolrich lives—not on the mass-market paperback racks—but inside flickering televisions, his luckless, doomed characters, pinioned between brassy commercials, racing through the night toward a deadline at dawn.

—Bhob

Hard-Boiled Dicks

Mickey Spillane is one of the world's best bad writers. His 1947 novel *I, the Jury* (Signet), just re-released as a tie-in to the movie adaptation starring Armand Assante as Mike Hammer, shows its age. The "negroes" in the story (called "jigs" and "bucks") say things like, "Yassuh, boss," while rolling their eyes at Mike "beat-it-out-of-'em-if-they're-slow-to-talk" Hammer. Spillane also tosses in a number of irrelevant references to "pansies" and how very revolting they are.

Partly borrowed from Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, the plot of *I, the Jury* is twisty and treacherous. It features a seductive female who leads the detective around by his nose—perhaps nose is the wrong organ here—until he gets wise to her deadly game. Hammer shafts her, as it were, in the finale.

The novel's killer commits a string of grisly murders to cover up an extremely implausible narcotics racket. Spillane clumsily links these killings to a contrived scheme for compelling young women to become hookers. But did I quibble with this while reading the book? Hardly! While Spillane's mucked-up grammar did jolt me now and then, I kept right on. The man's a mesmerist with a gift for sharp, red-edged imagery, and I'd have plugged you in the belly with my trusty .45 if you'd tried to take the book from me.

Mike Hammer's grim

lance's Death Wish-esque, ultraviolent vengeance fetishism, it's where *I, the Jury* interfaces with *The Savages of Gor*, the latest (17th) novel of women "finding themselves" as bondage slaves in John Norman's *Gor* series.

Despite appearances, Spillane is most definitely a fantasy writer, and at bottom, he and Norman are in the same league. While the *Gor* books are "science fiction" with explicit kinky fantasizing, Spillane's detective stories have a strong undercurrent of s&m erotic fantasy—check out the execution scene at the end of *I, the Jury*. Both Spillane and Norman clearly believe that weaklings are best dead or enslaved, that survival of the fittest is an ideal system, that women like to be dominated, and that violence is the quickest way to solve most problems.

The fetishism in *The Savages of Gor* is right out of the *Story of O* but without Pauline Reage's elegance. Norman's hero Tarl Cabot relishes making his "beautiful female slaves" sleep nude on "the cold stone tiles." They speak only when given permission, they call him "Master," and are given a bowl of "slave gruel" after a day's lowly work.

After a tedious initial lecture series the pace picks up when Norman tells vividly of Tarl Cabot's quest into the "Barrens" to solve a monstrous alien warlord who was once his hated enemy. It's a muscular narrative and if you have any affinity for Norman's outright perversity and don't mind wading through a few lengthy dis-



sense of humor and S.S.-style ruthlessness appeal to my worst adolescent instincts. Hammer bruises his women when he kisses them. And they love it. Along with Spil-

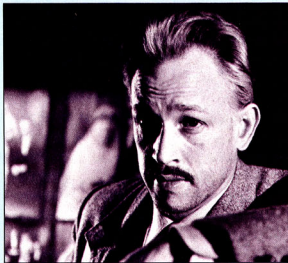
lance's *Gor* and Norman's anthro-pology, you'll likely get caught up and have a pleasantly rugged, manly, macho time of it.

—John Shirley

A Man Called Hammett

In 1917 in Washington, D.C., I met a young woman who did not remark that my work must be very interesting." When Dashiell Hammett wrote those words in 1923, the author of *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thin Man* was into his second year as a professional writer, but in 1917, into his second year as a Pinkerton private investigator. As writers Jim Trombetta and Richard Blackburn observed in *Crawdaddy*, "In most Hammett novels, the character of the detective is the real mystery." The same can be said of Hammett himself, who has been subjected to as much public scrutiny as Hemingway and Mailer—first as a celebrated novelist and then as a suspected communist sympathizer, jailed for refusing to testify during the 1950s witch-hunts.

The speculation about Hammett's "true" nature



Frederic Forrest as Hammett

continues with Richard Layman's *Shadow Man* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) and the upcoming film based on Joe Gores's novel *Hammett*. Layman's ex-

haustively researched biography falls short of the definitive Hammett study—the relevance of Hammett's world-weariness and love of impromptu character as-

sassination are beyond Layman's comprehension. Whether Wim Wenders's adaptation of Gores's novel will hit the mark remains to be seen. The German director's first English-language film, *The American Friend*, compensated for a thin plot with great characterizations—the exact opposite of Gores's strengths and weaknesses. The two may complement each other. The most hope for success, however, lies in the casting of Frederic Forrest as the 1920s Hammett, beginning his writing career and being lured into his last big murder case. One of the best character actors today, Forrest will likely bring the young Hammett to life, as Jason Robards did the older Hammett in the otherwise tepid *Julia*. If not, it doesn't matter; Hammett's books are still in print.

—Robert Morales

Scores of hydraulically-swaged, round-nosed projectiles¹ ripped into the wall behind the man in the skin-tight, black combat suit.² He smiled grimly as he pulled his cocked and locked, fully-automatic Metalified VP-70 from its shoulder-stock holster³—the underarm SMB's eighteen 210-grain, hollow-tipped flesh-shredders should be enough to punch these fools' ticket to ride.⁴ Before he stepped from the shadows he reflected, "It's a tough life catching bullets," but once the guns and fighting get in your blood it's hard to shake them loose.⁵

When Publishers' Row realized that their men's books weren't moving—that the dependable old cowboys, detectives, spies, and Nazis were out there rotting on the stands—panic ensued. The solution: forget the story and give them nothing but guns, blood, and battles. There are a dozen new men's series whose heroes have declared total war on the

Happiness Is A Warm Gun

Mafia, the Red Menace, drug runners, international terrorism, and a whole range of uppity Third Worlders. The new boys on the block are all thirtysix, Vietnam vet, adrenaline junkies with jutting chins. Collectively, they've gunned down enough people to populate Cleveland, and they feel naked wearing anything less than one assault rifle (M-16, AK-47, FLN, AKM, or Stoner), a very heavy handgun (.44 Automag, .45 Colt Hardballer, Browning Hi-Power, or an Ingram), and an assortment of high explosives. Needless to say, none of these guys goes swimming.

All you can pick up from this bunch are points for your weapons proficiency exam or a certificate in sudden death. Take away most of these writers' Shooter's Bible and you

could end their careers. A hardware junkie's paradise where the solution to your frustrations is putting the good guy on one end of a gun and splattering the bad guy with the other.

1. *Death Merchant* by Joseph Rosenberg (Pinnacle). One of the longest running and worst written series, this is blood porn of the lowest order, featuring a mad dog who changes guns more often than his clothes.

2. *Mack Bolan, the Executioner* by Don Pendleton (Pinnacle and Gold Eagle). The godfather of gore wiped out the Mafia and has now started in on terrorists. Dependable if formulaic but a little heavy on the philosophizing.

3. *They Call Me the Mercenary* by Axel Kilgore (Zebra). The most authentic mercenary details but the author can't write.

4. *Marc Dean, Mercenary* by Peter Buck (Signet). Multitalented wimp (from harpichords to high explosives). Stories run in fits and starts as author introduces wildly improbable complications to keep from running out of plot.

5. *Soldier of Fortune* by Peter McCurtin (Tower). Works the Third World circuit and, despite combat bubble gum cards on the back cover, reads like *Perils of Pauline* on PCP.

6. *The Destroyer* by Warren Murphy (Pinnacle). The very best because this bullet-catching hero lambasts and lampoons the whole gang. Also includes a martial arts master who's one of the great Jewish mothers of all time. A real hoot.

All of the above are awaiting the NRA Seal of Approval.

—Bob Mecoy



SEQUELITIS

Summer's here and junk food sequels engulf us. Back for round two are... dancing/all-singing Rydell High gang in *Grease 2* and Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, and the *Enterprise* crew in *Star Trek: The Voyage of Khan*.



The 23rd century dwains with Kirk promoted to space admiral and Spock the mentor of a liberated femme protégée named Lt. Saavik (Kristie Alley). She's half-Romulan and half-Vulcan and slightly more emotional than Spock but possessed of his problem-solving instinct. As for the villain, Ricardo Montalban re-surfaces as Khan, a creature from a 1967 "Star Trek" episode. An early mistif of genetic engineering, Khan's hell-bent for revenge on Admiral Kirk. Keeping up with the latest in fact and special effects, this trekie sequel offers a strange cinematic scientist. Dr. Carol Marcus (Bibi Besch), who's involved with changing matter on Space Laboratory Regula One. The optical miniaturization photography of the 23rd century comes from none other than Industrial Light and Magic. Pass around the popcorn and hallucinogens, please.

At a time when there's a massive baby-boom drop in population, it's eternally 1961 and everyone's going back to school at *Grease 2*'s Rydell High. In several roles, she's the greasy T-Birds. One tough chick, Michelle's also a grease monkey at her dad's garage. In an about-face, Maxwell Caulfield last year's John Travolta heart-throb lead as a preppy British exchange student. Pfeiffer's got a fierce case of advanced teenage lust for Caulfield, both as a dumb jock and his secret identity as the masked macho Lone Biker.

Evie Arden, the beleaguered principal, and Sid Caesar, Coach Calhoun, return for more student abuse. Mixing the ridiculous with the sublime, weirdo Tad Hunter drops into Rydell High as a substitute sexed teacher. In a perpetual hard-on for noble young things. Somehow he pairs off with music and art teacher Connie (*Where the Boys Are*) Stevens as wild dance production numbers erupt in hygiene class and bowling alleys and at a luau party on the football field. For *Grease 3*, there's only one route left for the gang to go—hardcore sex porn. That's when Travolta and Newton-John return and really get physical.

—Daphne Davis

BETTER BOOBS THROUGH BIOLOGY

Physicians have been toying with electricity as a way to treat human illness since the first century A.D., when Scribonium Largus recommended application of live eels for the relief of headache and impotence. In 1970, three inventors—Norman Holzman, Stanley McDonald, and Clayton Jensen—updated Scribonium's theories when they developed the Transcutaneous Nerve Stimulator (TNS), a small black box resembling a Sony Walkman (with electrode wires replacing earphones). Placing the electrodes near aching joints and muscles, over acupuncture points, and even behind a subject's ears have led to impressive results. With patients reporting only a mild, tingling sensation, the TNS has proven remarkably effective in treating chronic pain, arthritis, migraine, multiple sclerosis, and drug addiction (Keith Richards and Eric Clapton both attribute past-life smokes cured to a black box). But mere pain relief is only the beginning. Researchers at Johns Hopkins report that by making small adjustments in pulse rate and frequency, they can use the black box to produce visual and auditory hallucinations in subjects. Can Aldous Huxley's *Feelies* be far behind?

Horror-film visions of mad scientists surgically transferring one person's brain into another's skull may be just fantasy, but three scientists at the National Institute of Mental Health can't help commenting with something equally amazing. In May 1979, Richard Wyatt, Mark Perlow, and William Freed announced "the first demonstration of the grafting of mammalian brain tissue from one animal to another." The brain transplants were performed on nine rats, whose *substantia nigra* (an area of the brain linked to nervous system activity)—had been chemically destroyed and replaced with SN cells from rat

fetuses. After nine months, the transplanted brain tissues were not only doing fine, but had also extended dendrites, or "new brains," to the rest of the body. Wyatt speculated that "because of its potential clinical applications, this opens up a new area of investigation." Parkinson's disease, stroke, senility, and other central nervous system disorders. "The mechanisms of grafting in the human would actually be easier," a small black box. One problem: scientists need the brains of human fetuses, and they may not prove easy to obtain.

USING THE BODY ELECTRIC

The search for a genuine aphrodisiac (to return vigor to the flapping profligate or to turn him into a man of ordinary carnal appetites into sex machines) marches on with mixed results. A few years back, wilding hopes rose over something called p-Chloro-phenylalanine (PCPA)—which was reputed to drive male cats crazy. Trouble was it made them crazy for cats of the same sex—seemingly out of tune with the "mountings." Further, PCPA just made them crazy. The animals were observed to hiss and strike out at unseen objects," reported one researcher, "and even to interrupt ongoing sexual activity to attend to nonexistent stimuli." Instead of trying to concoct a new love drug, scientists have recently focused on the power of yohimbine. Derived from the African yohimbé tree, the drug's reputation as an aphrodisiac dates from time out of mind. Researchers at Concordia University report that laboratory-synthesized yohimbine relieved impotence in ten out of twenty-three test subjects and significantly improved sperm count.

Yohimbine futures might well be a better investment than soybeans or sowbelles. —Jeff Goldberg

The obsession with tits and ass will never die; but it is being eclipsed worldwide by an intense fascination with p.b.s. and biceps. For 1980s narcissists of both sexes, a sculptured body has become the ultimate status symbol, and bodybuilding bibles abound. These dieties are written in the hip-bone's connected—to, the thigh-bone style, and in rah-rah, ego-boosting tones. In their program of weight lifting, Chazman, claims she doesn't want to gain power over people—just confidence, strength, and stature. She informs female readers, "You will look better and more feminine and not

"Once you realize that life is an athletic event, it follows that you can train for it." Says Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Arnold's Bodybuilding for Men* (Simon & Schuster). Suddenly I felt my entire life

had been shot down the tubes because I'd failed to see it as a bodybuilding event. I promptly did twenty push-ups, then passed out.

Author and body-builder
Lisa Lyon on...

Mind and Body: There are people who create a distinction between the mind and the body—a kind of academic snobbery that says if you give too much attention to the body you then sacrifice any kind of intellectual activity. The ability to change and to evolve the body is totally contingent upon the ability to animate it with the mind. As long as you're functioning with your body, to even begin to think that you can let your mind operate or not to take care of it is foolish. You are a body; your mind and brain are part of your body. There is research indicating that most things people die of, with the exception of accidents, are life-style created. Cancer, heart disease, and arteriosclerosis are some choices you make in terms of diet, tension, and body maintenance. I think a lot of blueprints for universal realities are contained within in the body and that learn-

BODYBUILDING BIBLES

In Lisa Lyon's *Body Magic* (Bantam) we learn that "it's okay for women to sweat and that no exercise should be torture." The key term here is "body awareness." Were not just talking about lifting weights, we're talking about exploring our inner, outer, and under-consciousness through understanding our bodies. Lyon, the first World Women's Bodybuilding Champion, claims she doesn't want to gain power over people—just confidence, strength, and stature. She informs female readers, "You will look better and more feminine and not

body erection." This may give you a clue to what the real goal of working out is: bigger, and better muscle development is all about. "I don't think anyone can look at me and say I look like a man," says Lisa. True, but I wouldn't say Arnold Schwarzenegger looks like a man either. He looks like a mutant brontosaurus (an Austrian one, of course).

Super Bodies in "2 Weeks (Simon & Schuster) by Frank and Christine Zane comes

with paragraphs like "Arguing at mealtime or playing loud music with a fast-beating rhythm can cause stomach and digestion problems. If you suffer an emotional upset right before a meal, it is probably better to skip the meal until a time when you are in a better state of mind and body and eat before eating."

With each step toward body awareness, the Zanes tell us to write down our feelings ("don't intellectualize") and also to take ego-lifting, self-love, and after photos. "When you try," they tell us, "you'll see that it's impossible to feel bad when thinking cheerful and up thoughts."

Even with detailed programs and lots of photos, it's hard to fill these books. What these bodybuilding author-authorities never admit is that insecurity is the motivating force behind body fat and pain. Anyone can try to improve his or her physique. That is, anyone who is fulfilling the new American Dream of clean living, good nutrition, solid body, and empty mind.

—Michael Musto



SOUND MIND SOUND BODY

ing through them is one way to learn about coping with external realities. Factors of discipline, strength, and control have tremendous effect on our ability to function in the external world.

Drugs: I've read studies that indicate certain hormone drugs can in fact make your body a more efficient machine. The problem is that the people taking these drugs are not scientifically experimenting with an overall view, they're just talking about getting good muscles. Drugs are current-day tools that can advance mankind an enormous quantum leap—as hand tools did thousands of years ago.

The Sexes: I think 90 percent of what we consider miraculous is just exercising a capacity in an area where it hasn't been exer-

cised before. For example, I was told that as a woman I could not develop my muscles. There are certain hormonal limitations I've already transcended that people said were impossible—just because no one ever tried. It amazes me when people say, "Well, you're going to become so unfeminine," and they don't even look. They're so locked into their idea systems, I find myself, in some ways, extremely "traditional" in external appearances I am married, live with one man, and believe in mating. I find all of that important and crucial. Yet people are defensive, and rightly so, because of a lot of social complications and操操操 that exist all over the world. It's like mothering. You (the woman) still bear the child. I mean, I don't care how you divide

the labor after it's born, there are instincts and certain physical realities, and femininity that are innate and that are unfortunately associated with all this socially oppressed falsehoods.

Fantasy: The word fantasy, fantastic, bigger than, I've been inspired by that whole idea, and you know *Star Trek*. Or the possibility of Superman. As for *sf*, it doesn't necessarily reflect the reality of life off the planet. Some of it is imaginative, but it reflects our qualitative qualities—like stars in space. The majority of stuff that I was exposed to as a child was never joyous... more horror movies than I could read. I was exposed to what appeals to the highest and most advanced possibilities. I rebelled against the negative stuff. But I love fantasy.

The Future: It's going downhill from here. I don't care, I don't think that's bad. I know I'll survive.

—Brad Balfour

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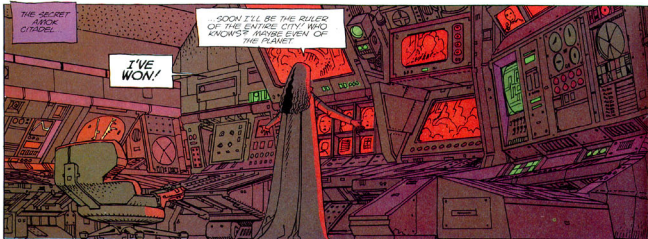


OPENS JUNE 25TH AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

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

THE INCAL LIGHT EMPERORATRIX

LAST TIME, THE ROBOTS HAD TAKEN OVER THE PALACE AFTER A FIERCE AND COSTLY BATTLE. HIS MAJOR ORPHANATE HAD TO BRIBED HIMSELF IN A ROOM. MEANWHILE, META-BARON WAS BRINGING BACK WHAT LOOKED LIKE THE LIFELESS BONES OF JOHN DIFOOL AND DEEFO.



THE SECRET
AROK
CITADEL...

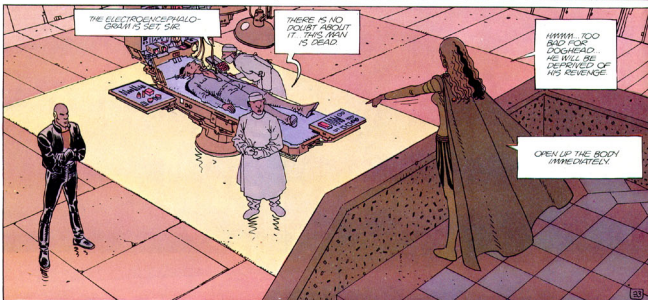
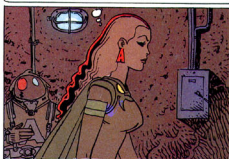
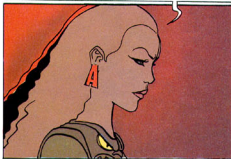
...SOON I'LL BE THE RULER
OF THE ENTIRE CITY! WHO
KNOWS? MAYBE EVEN OF
THE PLANET.

I'VE
WON!

WHILE LOLLING ATOP HIS FLYING PALACE, THAT
PUPPET OF A PRESIDENT HAS BEEN REDUCED
TO A STATE OF POWERLESSNESS, AND SOON,
THESE REVOLUTIONARY NOVENTITIES WILL BE
GROVELING AT MY FEET.

BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, THE INCAL LIGHT IS IN
MY POWER. ONCE I CAPTURE THE BLACK
INCAL FROM THE TECHNO-POPE AND UNITE IT
WITH THE INCAL LIGHT...

...MY POWER WILL BE LIMITLESS.

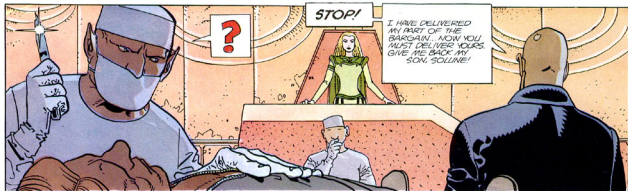


THE ELECTROENCEPHALO-
GRAM IS SET, SIR.

THERE IS NO
DOUBT ABOUT
IT. THIS MAN
IS DEAD.

HYMM, TOO
BAD FOR
DOGHREAD...
HE WILL BE
DEPRIVED OF
HIS REVENGE.

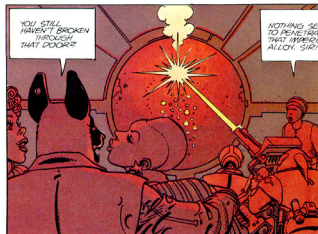
OPEN UP THE BODY
IMMEDIATELY.



?

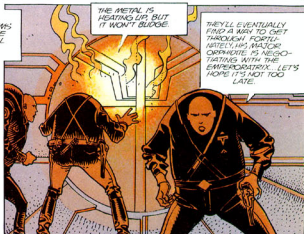
STOP!

I HAVE DELIVERED
MY PART OF THE
BARGAIN... NOW YOU
MUST DELIVER YOURS.
GIVE ME BACK MY
SON, SOLLINE!



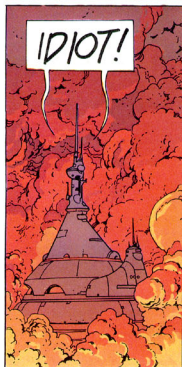
YOU STILL
HAVEN'T BROKEN
THROUGH
THAT DOOR?

NOTHING SEEMS
TO PENETRATE
THAT IMMENSE
ALLON, SIR!

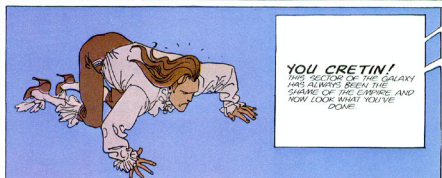


THE METAL IS
HEATING UP, BUT
IT WON'T BUDGE.

THEY'LL EVENTUALLY
FIND A WAY TO GET
THROUGH. FORTU-
NATELY, HIS MAJOR
CORPORATE IS NEGOTI-
ATING WITH THE
EMPERORATRIX... LET'S
HOPE IT'S NOT TOO
LATE.

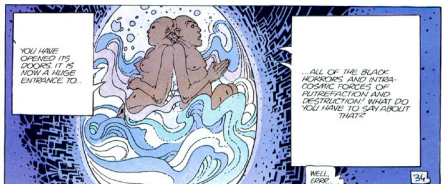


IDIOT!



YOU CRETIN!

THIS SECTOR OF THE GALAXY
HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE
SHAME OF THE EMPIRE, AND
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE
DONE.



YOU HAVE
OPENED ITS
DOORS. IT IS
NOW A HUGE
ENTRANCE TO...

...ALL OF THE BLACK
HORRORS AND INTRA-
COSMIC FORCES OF
PUTREFACTION AND
DESTRUCTION! WHAT DO
YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT
THAT?

WELL,
GRRR.

34

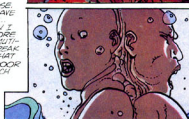


WELL, GEE, I'M SORRY. I SEE I'VE REALLY PUT YOU IN A SPOT. I GUESS HER MEGA-HOLINESS WAS BEEN RIGHT 1000 TIMES OVER ABOUT ME...

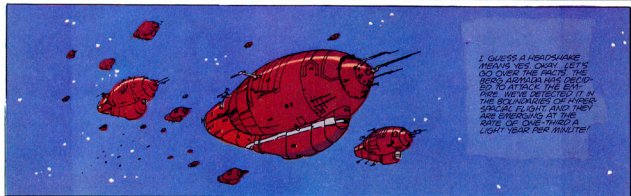
BUT, PLEASE, DON'T LEAVE ME NOW. WHAT CAN I DO BEFORE THOSE AGIT-NEES BREAK DOWN THAT METAL DOOR AND LYNCH ME!

LET THE ULTRASONIC BAZOOKA PASS THROUGH IF IT CAN'T DESTROY THE DAMNED DOOR... NOTHING WILL!

WHOOA! THE BAZOOKA!



LISTEN TO ME, YOU CLUMP OF STERILE LARVAE! BEFORE I TELL YOU HOW TO ESCAPE, ASK YOU NON-CONVINCED THAT YOU HAVE, INDEED, FUCKED UP IN GENERAL WITH YOUR IN-MEASURABLE FOOLISHNESS!



I GUESS A HEADSHAKE MEANS YES, OKAY... LET'S GO OVER THE FACTS. THE BEES, AGMADA HAS DECIDED TO ATTACK THE EXT-PRR. WE'VE DETECTED IT IN THE BOUNDARIES OF INTER-SPACIAL FLIGHT AND THEY ARE EMERGING AT THE RATE OF ONE-THIRD A LIGHT YEAR PER MINUTE!

WE HAVE ON RECORD THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR TECHNO-CITY! THE PROGRESS OF THE RIOTS, ETC. BUT SINCE THEN, GRAVE DISTURBANCES OF THE SOLAR CROWN HAVE OCCURRED, LEAVING THE SURFACE SPOTTED WITH VIOLENT ERUPTIONS!

IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE CURIOUS ORB, WHICH APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE ONE DAY, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THIS TURMOIL.

WHO PUT IT THERE? HOW CAN WE DESTROY IT?

THAT'S WHAT YOU MUST FIND OUT. DON'T BE AFRAID YOU SURPLEONS ALWAYS HAVE A TRICK OR TWO UP YOUR SLEEVES. YOU'VE GOT TO, HOW ELSE WOULD YOU SURVIVE?



ANY QUESTIONS?





HHMM... SOMETHING ODD IS HAPPENING. I FEEL A FORCE OF ENERGY EMANATING FROM YOUR SECTOR... A GROWING CONSCIOUSNESS SUPERIOR TO OURS.

HHMM... HE HAS FELT THE INCAL!



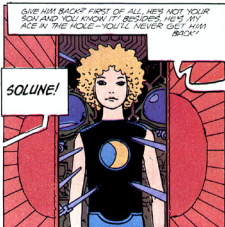
OH! THIS OLD RIOT PROGRAM AGAIN. IT'S GETTING A BIT TEDIOUS. SEEING THIS DAY IN AND DAY OUT.

THE BARDOCKA IS POWERLESS BRING IN THE ANTI-MATERIAL AMMUNITION!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CONCEPTS.

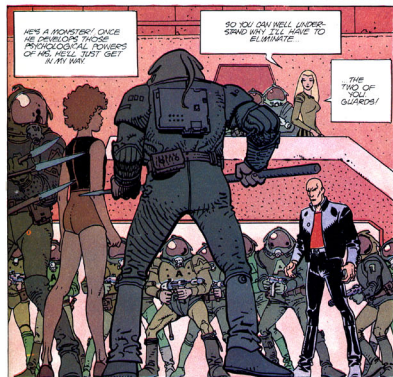
BOY, THAT DOGHEAD IS A SCREAM!

ON THE CONTRARY, MAD, I FIND THIS QUITE INTERESTING THERE! LOOK AT THAT! THEY'RE TRYING TO UNCHAIN THE PRESIDENT!



GIVE HIM BACK? FIRST OF ALL, HE'S NOT YOUR SON AND YOU KNOW IT! BESIDES, HE'S MY ACE IN THE HOLE--YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM BACK!

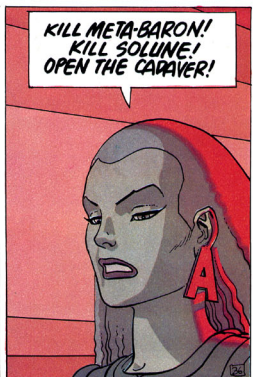
SOLUNE!



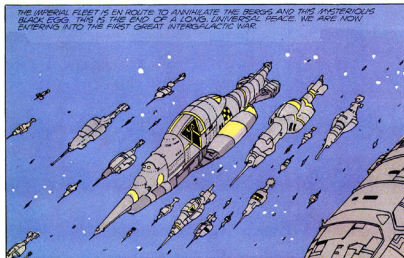
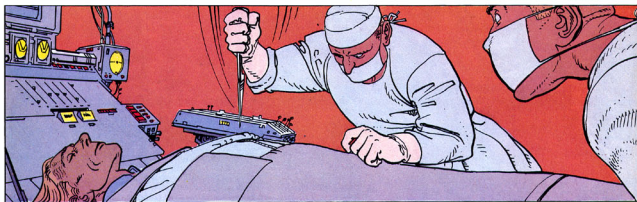
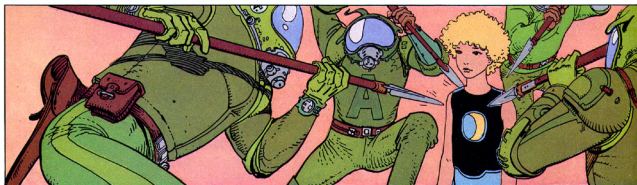
HE'S A MONSTER! ONCE HE DEVELOPS THOSE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWERS OF HIS, HE'LL JUST GET IN MY WAY.

SO YOU CAN WELL UNDERSTAND WHY I'LL HAVE TO ELIMINATE.

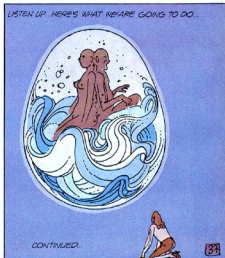
...THE TWO OF YOU, GUARDS!



**KILL META-BARON!
KILL SOLUNE!
OPEN THE CADAVER!**



THE IMPERIAL FLEET IS EN ROUTE TO ANNIHILATE THE BERGS AND THIS MYSTERIOUS BLACK EGG. THIS IS THE END OF A LONG UNIVERSAL PEACE. WE ARE NOW ENTERING INTO THE FIRST GREAT INTERGALACTIC WAR.



CONTINUED.

COMING THIS SUMMER.



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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 "Sunpot." (\$3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" continues. (\$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 Drulllet, "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 Richard 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 Urm," 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: "Urm 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 "Heilmann." (\$3.00)

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

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: "Heilmann" continues, "More Than Human" concludes, "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. (\$3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 17," 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, "Heilmann," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Aerial Nights." (\$3.00)

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

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

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," 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," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show. (\$3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: "Sindbad" concludes, "Exterminator," "Urm the Mad," "Orion," "More Than Human," "Aerial Nights," "Heilmann," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Aerial Nights." (\$3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Drulllet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke); fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alan." (\$3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: "Sindbad" concludes, "Exterminator," "Urm the Mad," "Orion," "More Than Human," "Aerial Nights," "Heilmann," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Aerial Nights." (\$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: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayekir, Suidam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. (\$3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Eric," "Black 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, Drulllet, Suidam, others. (\$3.00)

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

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolfoed, Suidam, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." (\$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 McPheters and Dan Steffen, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowell," and much more! (\$3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue, Corben's "The Beast of Wollton" 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 Crevasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read The Schullen Bros. strike! Plus: Corben, Malena, Moebius, and Lee Marr's "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 Caza, 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 Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, 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 Walendas vs. Earth! (\$3.00)

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

#41/AUGUST 1980: Drulllet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo" 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 Leo Duranona all contribute risqué shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

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



#4/JANUARY 1980: With the *Shogun* strip abounds, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Clavelious, Moebius, Kaluta, Springetti, and Bilal. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

#49/APRIL 1981: "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!", Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn'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 Immortal Fate!" Plus: Sydram's "The Toll Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. (\$3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Craxep, 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 "Dan II," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantimlment Infamyment," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Amo, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gilson; and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

#62/MAY 1982: In this issue, we give you the first part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lahey. (\$3.00)

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Muuta,
it is you.
It is you.

DEAD II

Last time around, Tarn stabbed Jord to death after being told that there was a secret passage to the surface. Unfortunately for Tarn, this was not true. After Jord died, the Dramites took Tarn and tied him up. He was being served by Jordella, who can take any form. In this case, that of Tarn's love, Muuta.



Muuta.

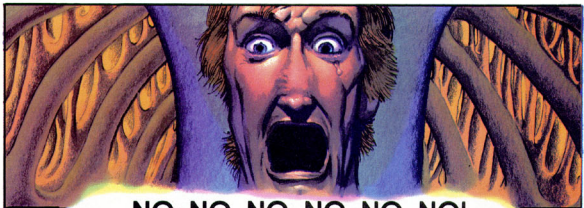
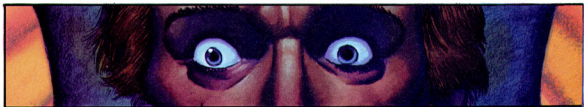
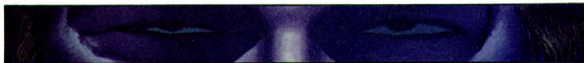
You are mine.

I love you.

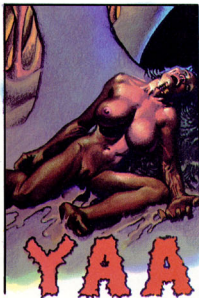
Muuta.

Muuta.

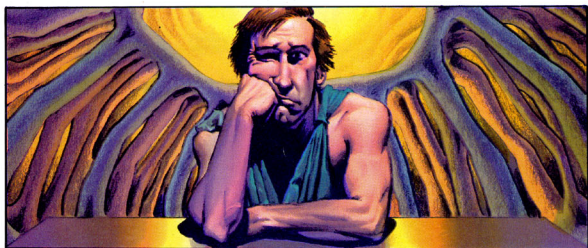
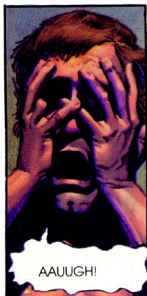
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NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!



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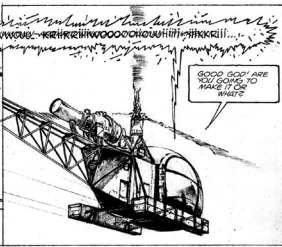
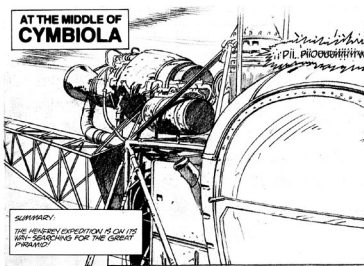
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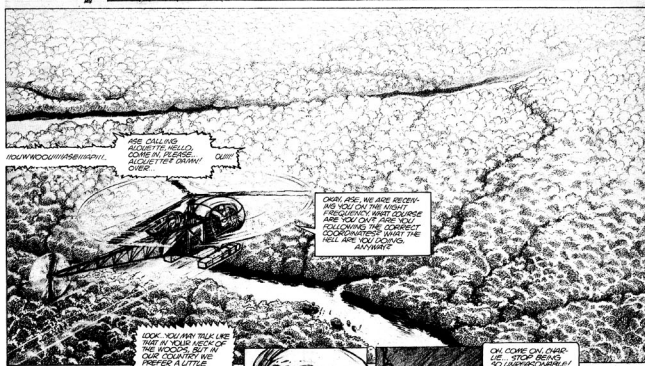
AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

SUMMARY:

THE HINGERY EXPEDITION IS ON ITS WAY—SEARCHING FOR THE GREAT PYRAMID!



GOOD GOD! ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE IT OR WHAT?



ARE CALLING ALQUETTE NELLO, COME IN, PLEASE. ALQUETTE OHMY! OVER.

OKAY, ARE WE ARE RECEIVING YOU ON THE NIGHT FREQUENCY. WHAT COURSE ARE YOU ON? ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE CORRECT COORDINATES? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, ANYWAY?

LOOK, YOU MAY TALK LIKE THAT IN YOUR HEAD, BUT IN OUR COUNTRY WE PREFER A LITTLE MORE PATIENCE AND UNDERSTANDING!

HA HA, MY GOOD MAN! HOW'S IT GOING? BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU FOUND THE MONEY TO PAY FOR THIS LITTLE ESCAPE AND THE HORRIBLE AND IS GOING TO LAND ON THAT ROTTEN LITTLE PYRAMID OF YOURS.

OH, COME ON, CHAD. LIE... STOP BEING SO UNRESPONSIBLE! DO YOU HAVE THE MATERIAL OR WHAT?

AFFIRMATIVE, ANOHA! WHAT WITH YOUR GUSH AND THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS IN HIGH PLACES... I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU ENOUGH TO INVESTIGATE THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE.



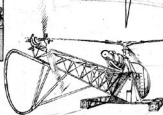
INCIDENTALLY, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT WE ARE ADVANCING IN THE GREAT V FORMATION. I'M GIVING YOU A LITTLE OVER A MONTH TO BRING IN AN AVERAGE OF 20!



OH SHIT. YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING. IT'S DARK FOR YOU, YOU'RE OFF SOON... BUT WE HAVE TO WORK ALL NIGHT!

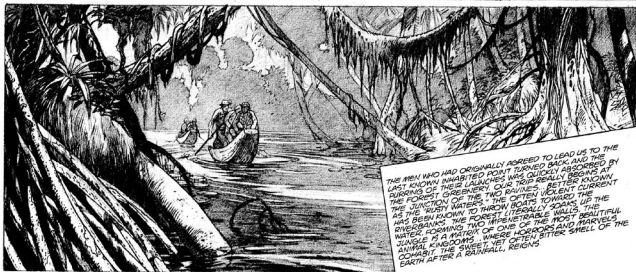


NIGHT OR DAY... WHO CARES? THAT'S NOT MY PROBLEM. TIGHTEN YOUR TENSION RODS. I'M COMING...



LAND LIKE A DEAD LEAF, MAN, AND DON'T WRECK MY HANDWORK.

RECEIVED JARAH! OPERATION AUTUMN TO BEGIN IN FOUR OR FIVE MINUTES.



THE MEN WHO HAD ORIGINALLY AGREED TO LEAD US TO THE LAST KNOWN INHABITED POINT TURNED BACK, AND THE SURVIVORS OF THEIR LAUNCHES WERE QUICKLY ABSORBED BY THE FOREST'S GREENERY. OUR TRIP REALLY BEGINS AT THE JUNCTION OF THE TWO RAVINES... BETTER KNOWN AS THE "RUSTY WATERFALL". THE OFTEN FEROCENT CURRENT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO THROW BOATS TOWARD THE RIVERBANKS. THE FOREST LITERALLY SOAKS UP THE WATER, FORMING ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL JUNGLES IN A MEXICO OF HORRORS AND MARVELS. ANIMAL KINGDOMS... WHERE HORRORS AND MARVELS COEXIST. THE SWEET, YET OFTEN BITTER SMELL OF THE EARTH AFTER A RAINFALL REIGNS.



GOOD GOD! EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY RUIN THE LANDS, HE SCAVES THE NATIVES HALF OUT OF THEIR WITS! NOW I'LL NEED AT LEAST A DAY TO CALM THEM DOWN.

EVERY LEAF, EVERY TREE, EVERY PLANT IS AN GOD AND MYSTERIOUS DOMAIN WHEREUPON MILLIONS OF INSECTS BATTLE. ONE SINGLE BUG IS MAINTAINED HERE. THE BEET WILL MOST OBVIOUSLY NOT INSECT THE EARTH SINCE OUR SEPARATION FROM THE GUIDES. EVERYONE HAS PRETTY MUCH KEPT TO HIS OWN WORK... THE FEW WORDS THAT ARE EXCHANGED ARE TECHNICAL ONES.

ELIZABETH MARRETT DIRECTS THE ANTHROPOLOGY RESEARCH LIBRARY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT.

DOCTOR PETER HENFREY IS PROFESSOR OF SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY. HE IS FIFTY-THREE YEARS OLD AND HAS PUBLISHED SEVERAL WORKS ON THE EMAROS AND KIKIRIN TRIBES AND A GENERAL STUDY ON THE POPULATIONS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN LOWLANDS.



RUSO KATHLEEN IS THE ASSISTANT TO DR. HENFREY AT THE UNIVERSITY. HE IS THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD AND WAS BORN IN LOS ANGELES. HE IS HIGHLY PROFICIENT IN LINGUISTICS, HAVING MASTERED FIVE INDIAN DIALECTS.

DOCTOR JUNE WELLSER IS ATTACHED TO THE ARCHEOLOGY AND ART HISTORY LABORATORY AT THE SCIENCE IN PARIS.

CHRISTOPHER MORRISON IS THE HEAD OF THE SOCIOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENTS AT LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY IN CALIFORNIA. HE IS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.



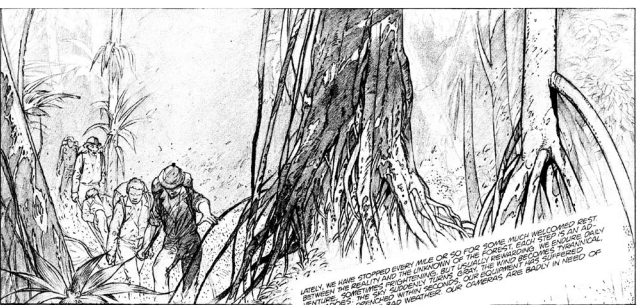


THE ATMOSPHERE OF WATER AND JUNGLE IS WEIGHED DOWN WITH A HEAVY SKY OF RAIN, WHICH CONTRIBUTES TO AN ALL TOO PAINFUL CLIMATE AROUND US. HERE A VEGETABLE Labyrinth OF FLOODED REGIONS WHERE THE VEGETATION IS INEXTINGUISHABLY THICK, AND WHERE WE HAVE TO FORCE OURSELVES INTO THE THICKETS FOLLOWING THE JUNGLE DE HEUREN HAS DIFFICULTIES FOLLOWING OUR SCHEDULE. HE ADDRESSES TO BE CONSUMED BY A FEVER WHICH HAS SPREAD INTO THE LIVER OF GLANDS AND WHICH IS AGGRAVATED BY THE HUMID AND STIFLING ATMOSPHERE.



USUALLY WE WALK ON FLAT GROUND COVERED WITH A SPONGY, LEAFY MOUND FOR HOURS. THE FOREST ASCENDS UNTIL SUDDENLY IT OPENS ONTO A BIG WHITE MOUNTAINOUS ROCK A FEW MILES HIGH. AT QUICK GLANCE THE STRUCTURE LOOKS LIKE THE LOCH NESS MONSTER.





LATELY, WE HAD STOPPED EVERY MILE OR SO FOR SOME MUCH WELCOMED REST
BETWEEN SOME REALITY THE UNRAVELING OF THE FOREST, EACH STEP IS AN AVALANCHE
BETWEEN SOME REALITY THE UNRAVELING OF THE FOREST, EACH STEP IS AN AVALANCHE
BETWEEN SOME REALITY THE UNRAVELING OF THE FOREST, EACH STEP IS AN AVALANCHE



?! ? ? ?



WHO ARE YOU WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE JUNGLE?



WE ARE OF THE HEMISPHERE EX-
ACTLY. WE ARE THE HEMISPHERE
LOOKING FOR A PHASE-ABOUT
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WE KNOW
VERY LITTLE.

A TOWER? WHAT TOWER?
WHAT EXPOSITION DID YOU
GO TO? YOU ARE MANY OF US
THE CRITICAL EXPOSITION
IN THE MIDDLE OF A JUNGLE?

THE PHASE-ABOUT
BUT WE'VE BEEN
ON THE MIDDLE
FOR TWO HUNDRED
YEARS. IT TO
FIND THE TOWER
IN THE MIDDLE OF
OR SO.



WE'RE NOT WORKING
UNDER THE CONTROL
OF ANY GOVERNMENT
ANYMORE. THIS IS A PRIVATE
EXPOSITION. PURELY OUT OF
ARCHAEOLOGICAL
CURIOSITY. ALWAYS
WORKS WITH US.

THIS IS THE HEMISPHERE.
IN THE MIDDLE
FELDER WITH A LITTLE
TITLE COMPLICATIONS.



P.L.E. IS BASE
OUR CAMP IS
FIFTEEN MINUTES
AND FORTY-ONE
FOLLOW ME.



WHAT IS THAT? NOT
BRINGING US NOW?

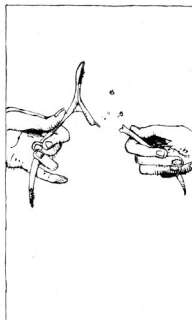
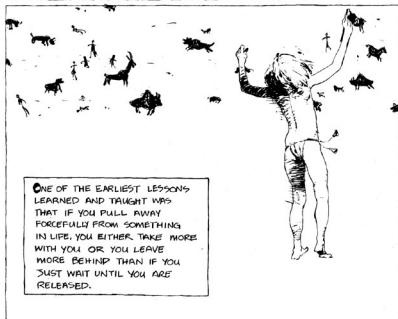
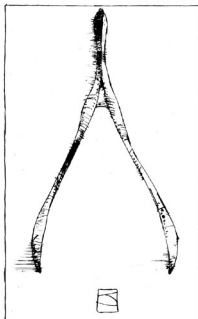
ELIZABETH
THE PHASE-ABOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED

IMAGE



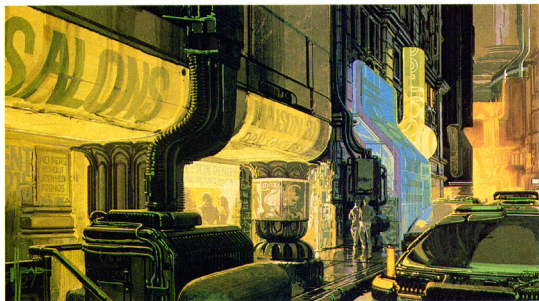
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Futuropolis

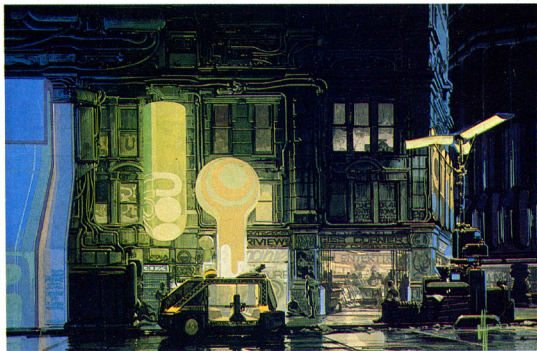




Production paintings by Syd Mead of two city streets from *Blade Runner*.

BLADE RUNNER

THIS IS THE CITY



Although Mead was originally asked to design just vehicles for the film, his subsequent work included not only the vehicles, but the street environment as well. After Ridley Scott saw the initial paintings, he had Syd elaborate on the designs of the entire cityscape and urban lifestyle.

Harrison Ford as Deckard—a hard-boiled detective of the year 2019 whose specialty is tracking down renegade replicants (genetically engineered people) who have infiltrated the city.

THERE ARE
106,000,000
STORIES IN
THIS
NAKED CITY—
AND BLADE
RUNNER IS
ONE OF THEM.

If you're still in the dark, *Blade Runner* is this coming summer's main contender. Based on the late Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, directed by Ridley Scott (*Alien*), with production art by Syd Mead (*Sentinel*), special effects by Douglas Trumbull (*CE3K*, 2001), and starring Harrison Ford.

Ford plays Rick Deckard, an ex-police detective, late of the Rep-Detect Division—street moniker, Blade Runner. Before he quit, Deckard was the top Blade Runner in the city, charged with the highly sensitive task of tracking down and eliminating escaped replicants—manufactured people you can't distinguish from the real thing. These genetically engineered “humans” were developed for combat and space colonization—man-made labor, they like to call them—but occasionally some manage to get back down to Earth. The problem is, they got no feelings, no remorse, no guilt. They'll do anything to stay free, and that's why the Blade Runners were formed. They're the only cops trained to tell the difference between reps and real people.

Harrison Ford and director Ridley Scott



Photographs by Steve Vaughn



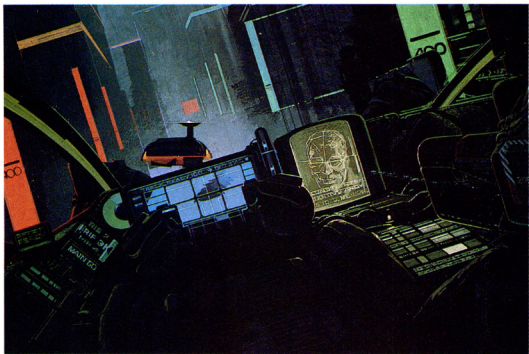
Deckard and police Lt. Gaff (Edward Olmos—*Zoot Suit* and *Wolfen*) in the Spinner cockpit.

Blade Runner is not just another hardware movie. It's not one of those gadget-filled pictures where the actors are there only to give scale to the sets and special effects.

Blade Runner takes place about forty years from now in a major American megalopolis that looks like one of today's cities gone mad. All the street signs are in several languages, the parking meters give off lethal jolts if tampered with, the phone booths have tv's and so do the traffic intersections. Most animals are extinct, but you can buy artificial pets down at Anamoid Row (if you got the bucks) and the only fresh meat is fish—the age of junk-food sushi. The sky is yellow with poisonous pollution and the acid-

rainfall is constant. The cars and buildings are fitted with whatever it takes to keep them in working order; but decent folks don't live below forty stories—most fashionable apartment buildings climb up to 400 floors. And if you're a cop or some high-society politico, you get to drive a Spinner, the state-of-the-art flying car, capable of vertical lift-off, hovering, normal street driving and soaring through the canyons of the city and on out to the industrial wastelands surrounding it.

Production painting by Syd Mead of interior cockpit of Spinner in flight showing another spinner and various vid-screen read-outs.

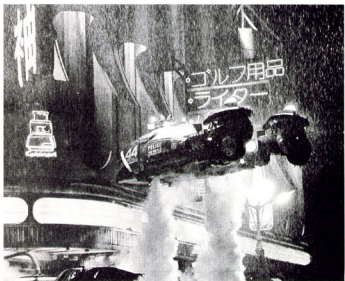


"The sort of future romanticism," Syd Mead admits, "that satisfies a desperate longing to do certain things. Like when you're sitting in a traffic jam for two hours on the Santa Ana Freeway and you wish you could just lift your car off the ground and zip away... fantasy wish-fulfillment. It also gives whoever's driving the car, whether it's the hero or villain, an advantage that's tremendously exciting."

But, veteran industrial designer Mead notes, "*Blade Runner* is not just another hardware movie. It's not one of those gadget-filled pictures where the actors are there only to give scale to the sets and special effects. We've created an environment to make a story believable. The machinery and effects appear only when needed and fit tightly into the plot."

Ridley Scott also insisted on a "familiar atmosphere, a Sam Spade-type environment. While this story takes place some forty years hence, it's being made in a style reminiscent of forty years ago."

The architectural look of the city is based on the principle that eventually it will become too cumbersome and expensive to tear down old buildings and erect new ones, Mead explains, "The overall visual idea was a society where the normal supplies had broken down. Life had be-



Full-scale Spinner lifting off from the midst of a virtual "Times Square of the future" where a climatic chase scene takes place.

Blade Runner takes place about forty years from now in a major American megalopolis that looks like one of today's cities gone mad.



Top: Deckard tries to locate a suspect from atop Syd Mead's taxi of the future.

Bottom: Deckard in a rooftop chase, several hundred stories above the street.

come very difficult—mechanical fixtures, automobiles, buildings—the whole urban plant had become like a trap. Starting with cleanly designed concepts, we layered on details, fixtures, repairs, and extra equipment to achieve this accumulated fix-it-because-it-won't-run-and-it-has-to-run visual flavor."

Ridley Scott elaborates, "Think of New York or Chicago right now, how impossible it is to actually maintain many of the buildings. Think how expensive it would be to tear down the Empire State Building. Eventually they'll just have to 'retro-fit' things on the face of buildings instead of being able to rebuild or renovate."

"And the street level will become like the sewers or underside of the city," Syd Mead continues. "Being trapped on the street will be a thoroughly nasty way to spend your life. The streets will be nothing more than a service access to the city's mega-structures, and those who can't afford to move up will simply be forced to live in this left-over society."

Another streetcar by Syd Mead. The pillars are a recurring architectural image, as is the second-story level of boutique display windows.



However, all these dire depictions aside, Scott insists that *Blade Runner* is not doom-saying. "This film is very simply a thriller set in slightly futuristic terms," he says. "It's not a warning in any sense."

As Syd Mead likes to point out after painting this bleak picture, "I think life forty years from now will be fabulous. Over 90 percent of all the scientists who ever lived are alive right now. Our technology is able to process information and construct alternatives faster than ever. If we let technology do what it's supposed to do, I think we'll go back to a very humanistic, personal-scale lifestyle that's nice enough so you can think about other things than just survival."

And in creating the first hard-boiled, science-fiction detective suspense thriller, Ridley Scott assures us that *Blade Runner* is "meant to be good fun, a kind of comic strip. The films that have fascinated me most over the last few years are those that have derived from comic strips...and some of the great comic strips have been the first to spot emerging truths and enlarge upon them. That's the direction I've chosen to go in with my films...lots of broad strokes, fast, bold action, and very colorful characters."

—Claude Rathbone



Zhora (Joanna Cassidy), a suspected replicant, tries to elude Deckard in the teeming streets. Note that in this view of the future, Atari continues to thrive.

LITTLE STAR IN NEW YORK

BY CEESEPE

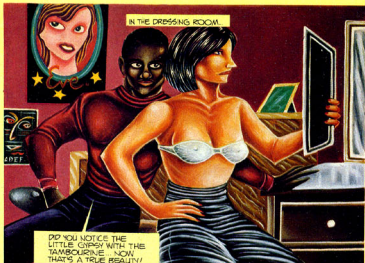
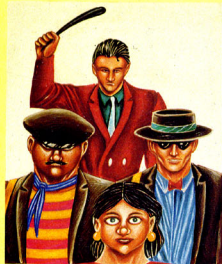


THIS IS PARIS DURING THE SPRING OF '42. WE ARE NOW ENTERING THE CABARET OF MESSIE GALLOISE, WHICH IS ONE OF THE FEW CABARETS STILL OPEN. AS YOU KNOW, MANY CLUBS WERE CLOSED DOWN DURING THE OCCUPATION, BUT BECAUSE OF THE MONSIEUR'S DEEP FRIENDSHIP WITH A HIGH COMMANDER OF THE S.S.—NEED WE SAY MORE?

MESSIE GALLOISE HAS SOMEWHAT OF A SWEET TOOTH.

A FEW FRANCS FOR THE MUSICIANS, MONSIEUR.

I WANT THAT GEL. GET HER FOR ME, GASTON.







KATIA AND LITTLE STAR
ARE INTERROGATED BY
AN OBSCENE NAZI
CAPTAIN



MY LITTLE BUNDLE,
TOMORROW THE
WHOLE 3-S
ARMY WILL BE
LOOKING FOR US.

WE'LL HAVE
TO FLEE
FROM
PARIS.

MADRE PABLO
WILL BE ABLE
TO HELP US
OUT.

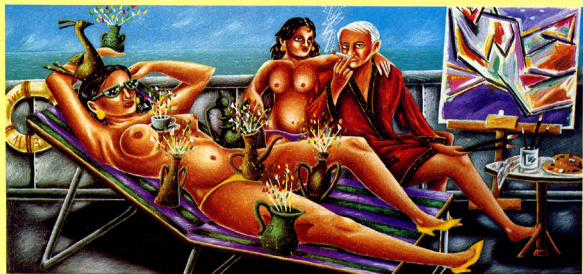


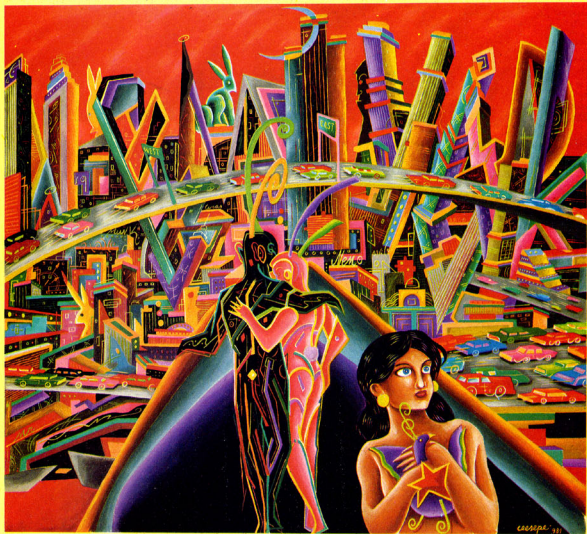
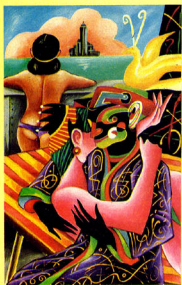
HOW ARE
YOU,
PABLO?

KATIA...
HOW GOOD
IT IS TO
SEE YOU!

PICASSO IS PAINTING THE
PORTRAIT OF MADAME
OLGA LELE.

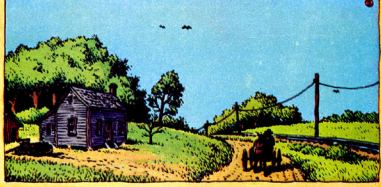
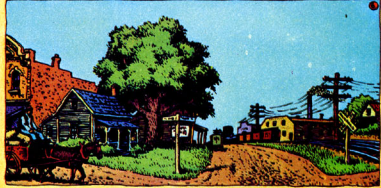
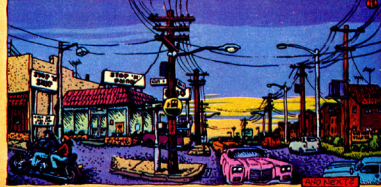
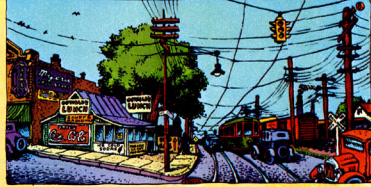
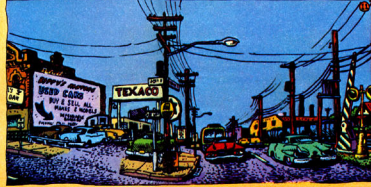
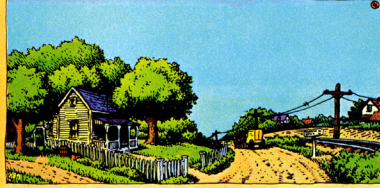
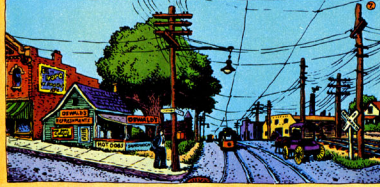
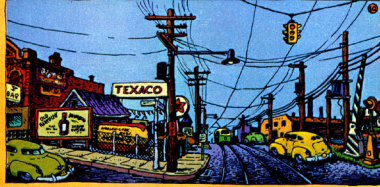






A HISTORY OF AMERICA

BY R. CRUMB



It was a long walk home past Hell Gate Station. A long night followed by the myriad rumblings and oscillating voices of a city waking. Northern lights animated the vaporous river--a ghostly barge blinked its vague outlines in the serpentine mist. The edges of the city melted away under the leaden sky. It was like a false dawn, but the invisible rooftops and the uncertain river with its phantom lights and sputtering diesels accentuated the permanence of the city. Spreading wings harnessed the rooftops and river as the voluminous roar of a throttled engine sheers the sky. It was the first Messerschmitt 109, pride of the Condor Legion, diving out of the clouds. A lovely airplane...

My Messerschmitt, my auger of dawn and usher of night, comes to my ears and the pit of my stomach like clockwork. I breathe ever so softly, waiting for the great ribbed wings to land.



June 11

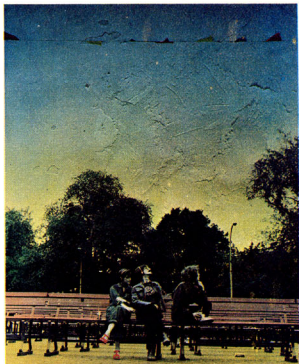
Shit! I've got to do something about this. This can't be for real! I saw one that morning and another appeared at 5:20 PM--sharp, as I knew it would. They always descend upon me, and they're always so god-damned loud! They're not just mirages, and they can't be figments of my imagination! Could they be seizures or fits of some kind? I just can't understand it!



Actually, there is something I like about it. Ahhh...Messerschmitts in flight. The sky changes...it shifts about...almost as if it envelops the clouds. I guess it's not that bad after all...but I should check it out...tell someone about it...but who?

July 11

She and I met this afternoon during one of the attacks. Actually, it was pretty funny. When she saw the plane...and she saw my plane, she began to scream, but couldn't move--not a muscle! Everyone was looking at us (well really, only one or two people) but they couldn't see the plane...just she and I. Apparently, that wasn't her first attack; there had been at least five others. I had never met anyone else who had experienced one before. She told me that she and her husband had both seen the flying "demons."





They were together once in the park and an American P40 flew over them. Apparently, it really freaked her out. He convinced her that the planes could only hurt them if they let 'em.

We said we'd keep in touch. He told me that they had married soon after they had discovered their mutual problem. Now tell me, dear diary, do you think this is a good basis for marriage? I figured why not...it was a startling coincidence. Personally, I think he was a bit jealous that she shared in my Messerschmitt experience...but he didn't let on.

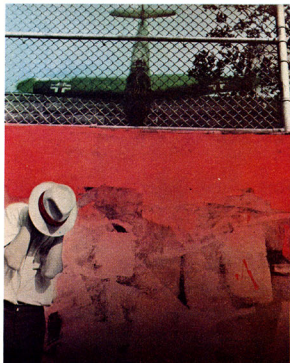
August 11

That couple I told you about separated last week. Seems the attacks had become more frequent, and she couldn't handle it. He advised her to take her life. What a prick!



I met a little girl at the beach the other day. We've been spending a lot of time together. She reminds me of my little sister. She too has these "nightmares." She said they aren't very loud--they just putter above her. Funny, they don't dive straight at her either... they seem to be a bit more considerate with her...almost as if they sense that she is terribly young and probably couldn't handle the intensity that I endure. She pinches herself, just as I do, to see if she could possibly be dreaming. She said she hasn't told a soul about them but me. I wonder if those who experience this have a sixth sense of some sort. They know who to confide in, and who not to.





September 11

The strangest thing happened to me this morning. I saw a Messerschmitt that wasn't mine! It was as if it was looking for someone, but not me. When I turned the block, I saw a guy running terribly fast, as if the plane was attached to him by a piece of string. I recognized him from an old neighborhood hangout, but couldn't recall his name. Within moments, he was down. It was incredible... something I'll never forget...the plane actually killed him. What an awful way to go--but one saving grace was that it obviously was a very quick demise. He didn't even have time to scream.

At this point, I don't know which way to turn. I didn't think these things could kill. Something has got to be done, but who could I tell? And if I told the world, would anyone listen?





The Messerschmitt Syndrome

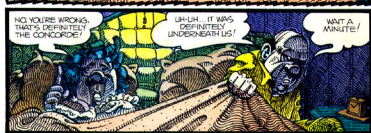
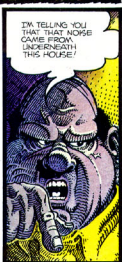
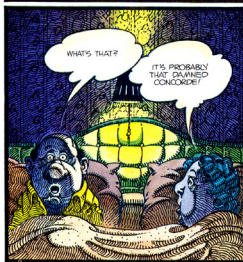
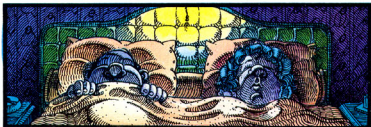
Observation of subjects proceeds with secondary introduction of control group. Apparent behavioral patterns: subjects were isolated and targeted at periodic intervals. Target group integrity variable. Correlative data qualified. Qualifications:

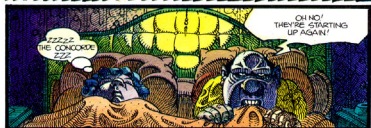
Known: Two individuals believed to have exhibited said symptoms, terminated within 142 hours of one another. Subjects--white Americans, under thirty, one urban male and one suburban female. Traced symptoms of psychotic manifestations include dehydration, disorientation to time and place, dizziness, ending with death. Untreated condition leading to gross metastasis. Two victims observed shared single idea: a loud airplane can harm them.

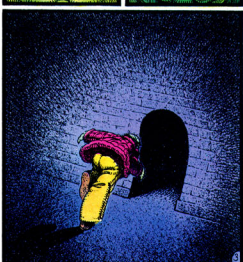
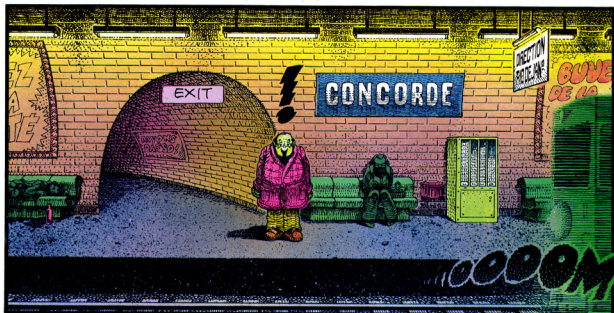
Unknown: Extent of awareness of general population unknown. Evidence of psychotropic substance is possible, but unavailable at this time. Evidence of mass hysteria unknown. The self pinch reflex and aesthetic arrest have no known precedent in medical history. No data on possibility of subjects receipt of treatment for depression and/or drug abuse.

Additional information unavailable at this time.

Concorde











THE GLADIATORS

By VOSS



THE 215TH GROUP WITH THAT NAME IS COMPOSED OF RATS PUDDING (BASS), ERO (GUITAR, VOCALS), ELLY COITAL (DRUMS), AND TEDDY FEEBLE-MINDED (BASS). VETERANS ERO AND ELLY HAVE ALREADY PARTICIPATED IN FOUR PREVIOUS "CONCERTS."



ERO MET ELLY A FEW MONTHS AGO IN THE "CREATURE'S CAGE" OF A CRSS WAGON.



MY NAME IS
ERO AND
YOURS IS

AT THE STATION...

BOT!

WE
BROUGHT
YOU A PAIR OF
TROUBLE-
MAKERS!



THE WHITE KID HADN'T
BEEN AT THE FACTORY FOR
THREE DAYS. THE BLIND ONE
INJECTED HIMSELF WITH A
NON-REGULATION DOSE OF
KTC-78!



THAT'LL BE ALL
WE HAVE WHAT IS
NECESSARY FOR
THESE GOOD-FOR-
NOthings!



ONE WEEK LATER...

WHAT A
SAD SIGHT YOU
ARE, YOUNG MEN.
I CAN TELL YOU
NOW... YOU HAVE
NO FUTURE...
UNLESS...

HMM... ACCORDING TO YOUR
RECORDS, YOU ARE BOTH GIFTED
WITH MUSICAL ABILITIES. COME
CLOSER.

SIGN THESE CON-
TRACTS AND EVERY-
THING CAN CHANGE
FOR YOU.

WHAT IS
IT, ERO?

A FEW HOURS AFTER SIGN-
ING THE CONTRACTS, THEY
WERE WHISKED AWAY
FROM THE CITY...

I'D RATHER
DIE THAN RETURN TO
THE FACTORY!

WHERE
ARE WE
GOING, ERO?

STOP

EVERYTHING IS
IN ORDER. YOUR ES-
CORT IS WAITING.



HELLO, CRAW! I BROUGHT YOU TWO VOLUNTEERS!

A SHRIMP AND A BLIND MANE AND YOU WANT TO MAKE GLADIATORS OUT OF THEM?



I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THESE CRETINS!



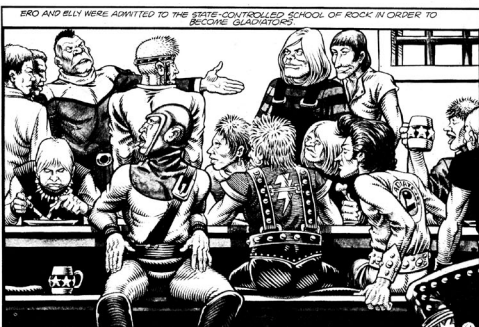
UNNNH!

BUMP!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU, DUMBO!

EXCELLENT REFLEXES! HEH!



ERO AND ELY WERE ADMITTED TO THE STATE-CONTROLLED SCHOOL OF ROCK IN ORDER TO BECOME GLADIATORS.

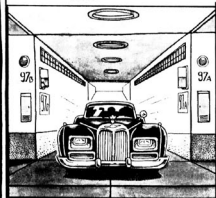
LET'S RETURN TO THE PRESENT AND THE DEMONSTRATIONS WHICH TROUBLE THE SOCIAL ORDER OF THE FACTORY-CITY.



THE INSUBORDINATE NUCLEUS IS ISOLATED, MASTER! WE'RE GOING TO DRIVE IT BACK TOWARD THE SECTOR 112B ARENA!



LATER, IN THE SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL OF THE CITY.



HIGHER UP, THE TERRORIZED CROWD, PUSHED BY THE CLUBS OF THE CRSS, IS DRIVEN INTO THE SECTOR 112B ARENA.



AND AS SOON AS THE HEAVY DOORS CLOSE—WHAM!



THE WILD MUSIC OF THE GLADIATORS...



...BUILDS UP A WAVE OF MADNESS WHICH ENGULFS THE SURPRISED DEMONSTRATORS...



AFTER SOME EXPLOSIVE NUMBERS, THE TENSION BECOMES UNBEARABLE...



RAT'S PUDDING DISAPPEARED FIRST, SNAPPED UP BY THE HALLUCINATING CROWD...



BUT THE BEAT GOES ON... THE SHOW MUST CONTINUE...



...UP TO THE END!



AFTER LONG, BLOODY MINUTES, ERO IS ABLE TO LEAVE THE STAGE.

SHIT! THE IDIOT!
HE WAS EATEN UP
BY THOSE
JERKS!

HEY?! A
SURVIVOR!
AND LOOK-
IT'S... IT'S
HIM!
AGAIN!

HE'LL GO
FAR... IF
HE LIVES!

I HAVE
TO GET OUT
OF THIS
PLACE...

CIGARETTE?

OR I'LL
LEAVE MY
SKIN
HERE!

AT THE SAME MOMENT...

GOOD WORK,
LINEO! THE SUPE-
ROR MACHINES
WILL BE VERY
PLEASED!

THANK YOU,
MASTER. BUT THERE IS
A SMALL PROBLEM...
ONE OF THE GLADIATORS
SURVIVED THE...UH,
CONCERT AND THIS
IS THE FIFTH TIME
HE'S DONE IT!

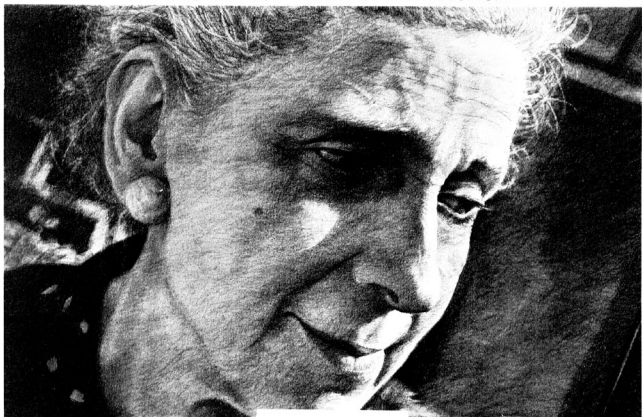
MMM-WHMM, AND WE DON'T
WANT IDOLS. ISN'T THAT RIGHT,
LINEO? DON'T LET HIM
TARNISH THE SUCCESS OF
THIS DEPOPULATION OPERATION.
I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND
THE MEASURES TO BE
TAKEN, LINEO...?

YES,
MASTER. I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THE PRO-
BLEM IMMEDIATELY!

THIS IS THE END,
MY ONLY FRIEND.



"IT'S SAD WHEN A MOTHER HAS TO SPEAK THE WORDS THAT CONDEMN HER OWN SON..."

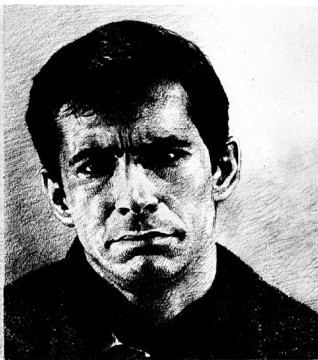
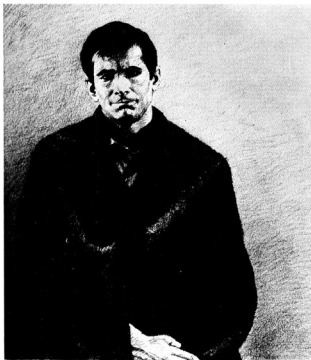


"I CAN'T ALLOW THEM TO THINK I WOULD COMMIT MURDER..."



"PUT HIM AWAY NOW, AS I SHOULD HAVE YEARS AGO. HE WAS ALWAYS BAD, AND IN THE END HE INTENDED TO TELL THEM I KILLED THOSE GIRLS AND THAT MAN..."

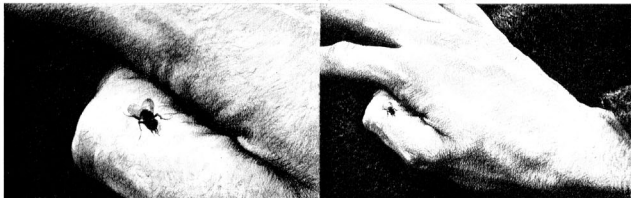
"AS IF I COULD DO ANYTHING BUT JUST SIT AND STARE, LIKE ONE OF HIS STUFFED BIRDS. THEN KNOW I CAN'T MOVE A FINGER, AND I WANT TO JUST SIT HERE AND BE QUIET, JUST IN CASE THEY SUSPECT ME."



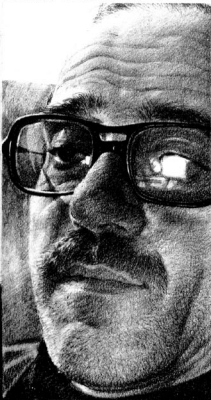
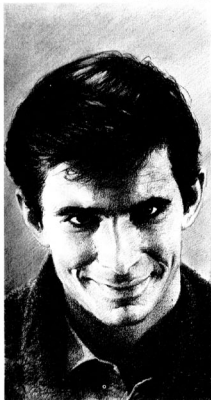
"THEY ARE PROBABLY WATCHING ME. WELL, LET THEM. LET THEM SEE WHAT KIND OF PERSON I AM."



"I AM NOT EVEN GOING TO SWAT THAT FLY. I HOPE THAT THEY'RE WATCHING..."



"THEY WILL SEE, AND THEY WILL SAY, 'WHY, SHE WOULDN'T EVEN HURT A FLY!'"*



*THE VOICE OF THE MOTHER FROM ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S *PSYCHO*.



STAY TUNED TO THIS STATION FOR A
REPORT ON THE NOVA II MISSION,
COMING UP IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS.



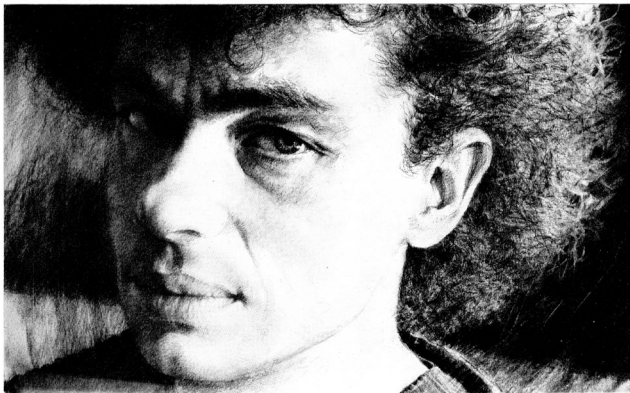
IN THE FIRST PHASE OF THE NOVA II MISSION, AN EXPEDITION CONSISTING OF THREE MEN DEPARTED THIS PAST
DECEMBER 12, SENT BY THE UN TO INVESTIGATE A STRANGE OBJECT FROM SPACE.



IN CHARGE OF THE GROUP'S SECURITY IS US ARMY CAPTAIN DICK DOUGLAS, VIETNAM VETERAN AND AN EXPERT IN ANTI-GUERRILLA ACTION. ALFRED SOMMER, A GERMAN NUCLEAR PHYSICIST WHO HAS LED IMPORTANT STUDIES OF COSMIC RAYS AND SO-CALLED "HOT PARTICLES" (HIGH ENERGY PARTICLES THAT BOMBARD THE EARTH FROM SPACE), IS IN CHARGE OF...



...STUDYING THE RADIOACTIVE EMISSIONS FROM THE METEORITE, AND LASTLY, JEAN PIERRE GUILLEMOT, PARA-PSYCHOLOGIST AND ADJUNCT PROFESSOR AT THE SORBONNE, WHOSE MISSION IS TO STUDY THE PSYCHIC EFFECTS OF THE OBJECT'S RADIATION ON THE PEOPLE EXPOSED TO IT...



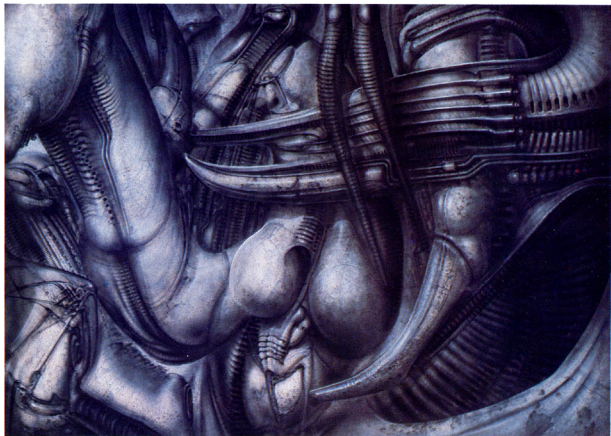
TO BE CONTINUED...

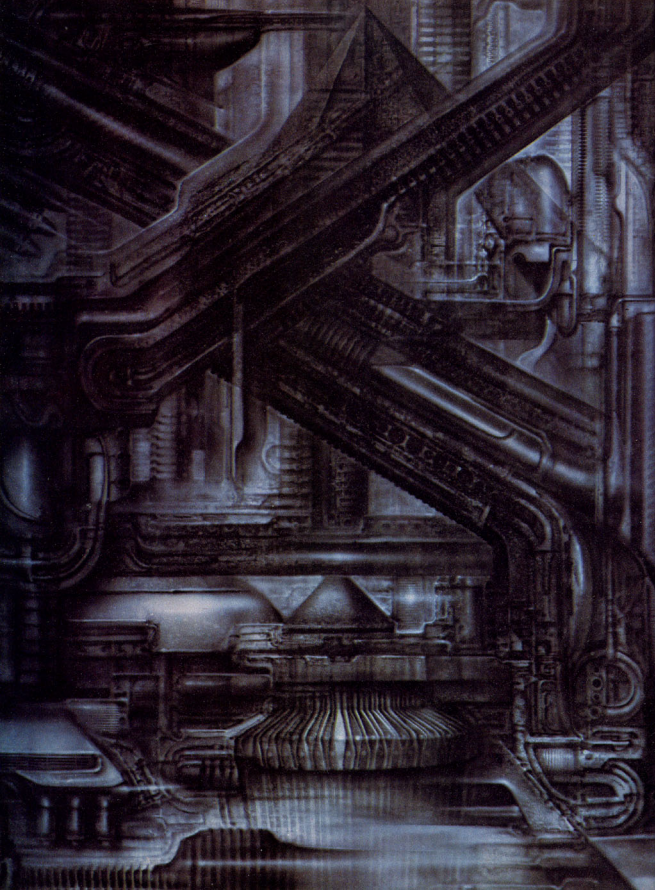
GALLERY:

H. R. GIGER'S NEW YORK CITY

I never did like traveling—and never again in a brand new pair of shoes. Personally, I'd rather just drift off to sleep, wake up and be there already.

The idea for the pictures in the *N. Y. City* series grew out of my five visits to New York—and an important “stencil” contributed by Cornelius de Fries, who’s been working with me since mid-1980 on our furniture program. The stencil was actually a sheet of scrap from which electrical components had been punched out, something Cornelius picked up as he was scavenging around in one of those electronics establishments he frequents.





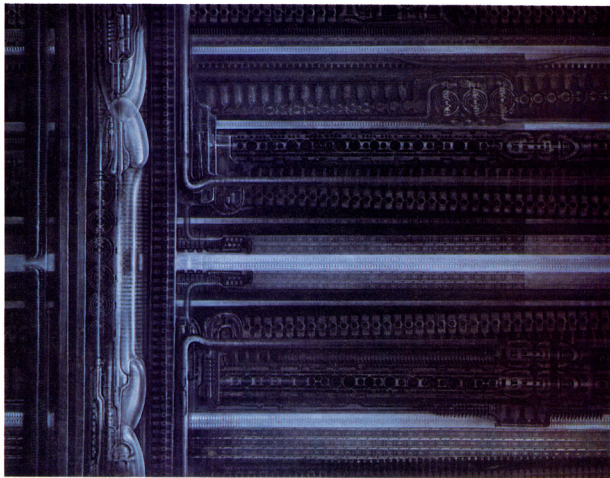
I've been painting by airbrush since 1972. I use it to put watercolors and acrylic paints directly onto the paper without any preliminary sketching. With the small airbrush and a nozzle opening of just 0.2 mm I can draw very fine lines indeed. To get really sharp definitions, though, it takes a stencil or template of some kind—a rubber ruler, say, or a cardboard cut-out with the right design. Splatterwork is a good way to add more surface and avoid too much of a spray-painting look. You can also try additional stencils with different structures.

Various materials can be used to create these richer, more interesting textures: paper (like a cake-box doily), lace trimming (on tablecloths, antimacassars, curtains, etc.), or strips of metalpress scrap and waste stampings from an electrical parts production line.

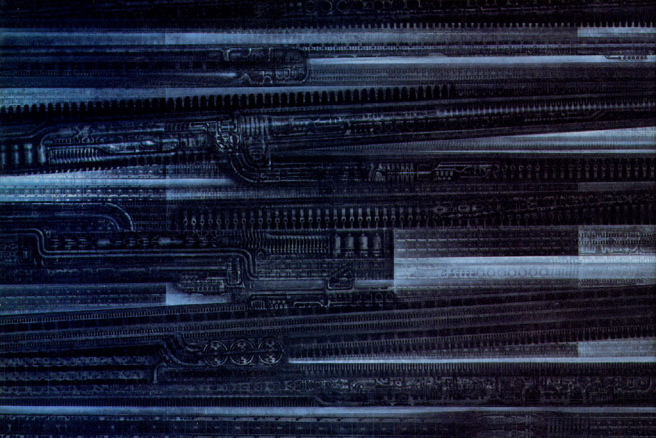
At first I didn't particularly like the look of these stencils. My world works organically, and these objects were generically hostile to it. The best I could imagine happening was something essentially boring, like the façades presented by a modern housing development. So the first time I actually used them it was to doctor the background of a large

The New York cabbies are intensely proud of their city—and they're right: there is no crazier place imaginable. I was half in a trance, and totally overwhelmed. Two slightly-used hippies were dancing in front of the Chelsea Hotel, our destination, in a kind of unearthly pantomime. They bowed and curtsied their way through the most improbable contortions and danced us into the lobby.

The biggest hassle in New York was figuring out the subway. The only thing I found enormously fascinating was the beautiful graffiti inside and outside the cars: this was art, and basically it was the only new art that struck me as totally convincing. Except for the well-known greats—and also with the exception of the works on loan from the Hansen Galleries (NYC)—all I saw at the exhibition were third- and fourth-rate imitations of Warhol, Rauschenberg, etc. Nothing that I could see betrayed any originality.







A couple of Viennese artists I knew, Fantastic Realists like Schwertberger, Mati Klarwein, etc., explained to me that the chances of Fantastic Art's coming back "into fashion" were slim, despite the general artistic slump that followed the Radical Realists. The trend setters would never have the guts to declare that Fantastic Art was "in"—especially since most of its exponents were foreigners. The only new art that didn't leave me cold—besides those graffiti—was the adult comics. People like the American Rich Corben or the Frenchman Moebius are solitary geniuses. Of course, their work is put down by the art world's ruling elite as "mere" illustration or folk art.

composition that had become too fidgety, too nervous. And the picture that emerged—part of a temple environment entitled "Anima Mia"—was more settled, at ease with itself, better.

Suddenly, my picture had given birth to architecture reminiscent of the United Nations building in New York or the World Trade Center.

In fact, the effect of the stencils was so striking that I made up my mind to start a series of smaller compositions—100 cm×70 cm—in order to explore the enormous possibilities they opened up in combination with other stencils and templates, less severe.

Since that first application of these intrinsically "anti-Giger" elements I've been working on new variations almost nonstop, literally day and night. And that's how the *N.Y. City* series took shape at my studio in Zurich.

New York itself has been a constant presence throughout the project. Memories keep floating up of this magical city whether I'm actually painting or not. And I keep trying to get a handle on this abyss, the soulless machine they call "New York City," and to articulate my own reactions and perceptions in the composition.

But anybody who thinks the stencil technique makes the job go faster is in for a letdown: more hours and days of endless searching, groping, and laboring for solutions are embodied in these pictures, I'm afraid, than in practically all my previous work.

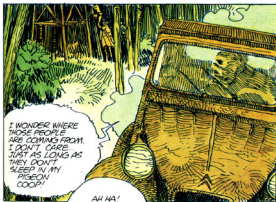
—H. R. Giger

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

by LINDSEY AND TUCK

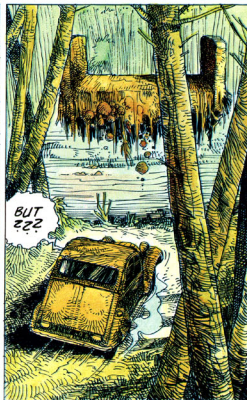
THE VILLAGERS OF LES LANDES WERE BEMUDERED BY AN ODD PHENOMENON THAT HAD LEFT THEIR VILLAGE VIRTUALLY CRIPPLED. THEY AWAKE ONE MORNING ONLY TO FIND THAT THEIR HOMES HAD GROWN A GOOD SIX FEET ABOVE THE GROUND! LAST WE SAW ONE OF THE TOWNFOLK HE WENT OFF TO VISIT THE MARKET AND THE FIREMEN! AND THE POLICE! AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO WOULD LISTEN!

THE
MAYCO'S
NEVER GOING
TO BELIEVE
THIS!



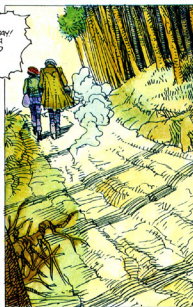
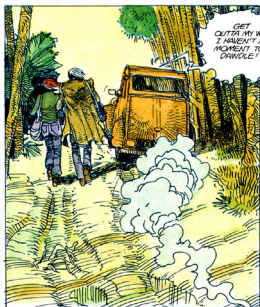
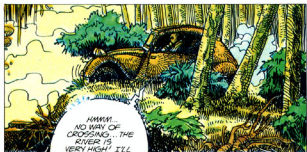
I WONDER WHERE
THOSE PEOPLE
ARE COMING FROM.
I DON'T CARE
JUST AS LONG AS
THEY DON'T
SLEEP IN MY
PIGEON
COOP!

AH HA!
THERE'S THE
BRIDGE THAT
LEADS BACK
TO THE
ROAD!



BUT
ZZZ





OH, FORGET THOSE MISSILES, WILL YOU. THE REAL TEST WAS THOSE PIGEONS. THEY DON'T COME AROUND HERE ANY LONGER.

'BAH' AND WHEN THEY BEGAN TO CLEAR LAND BY THE CANAL FOR THEIR NEW EXPERIMENTS...



AH! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START UP WITH THAT AGAIN! WITHOUT THE ARMY, OUR COUNTRY WOULD BE IN SORRY SHAPE!



I KNEW THIS CONVERSATION WOULD LEAD TO YOU GOING ON AND ON... WITH THOSE POLITICAL DIATRIBES OF YOURS!

WORST OF ALL THERE WASN'T BEEN A SINGLE BROWN-FEATHERED WOODCOCK ON THE POND SINCE THE CAMP WAS EXTENDED. THAT'S WHAT YOUR WONDERFUL ARMY HAS GIVEN US!



THE SCHOOL HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR WEEKS NOW, AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE ARMY REOPENING IT.

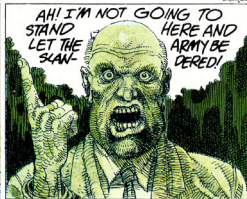
'BAH'... BUT IT WOULDN'T DO THEM ANY HARM TO COME OVER TO THESE PARTS!

DID YOU SAY THE SCHOOLS WERE ALL...

DIDN'T YOU HEAR? THE SCHOOLS ARE ALL CLOSED! NOW WE CAN GO!



AH! I'M NOT GOING TO STAND LET THE SLAN- HERE AND ARMY BE DERED!



COME ON, LET'S HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF WINE.



SURE, TODAY'S A HOLIDAY HERE EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY!

OH, YVONNE, BRING US MORE CHAIRS!

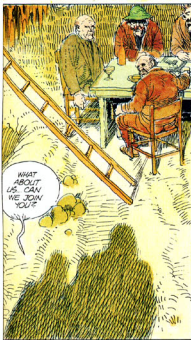


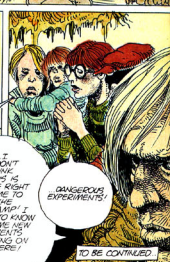
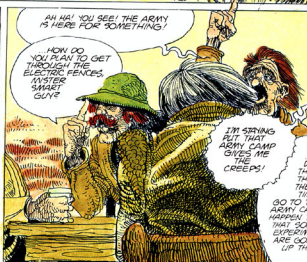
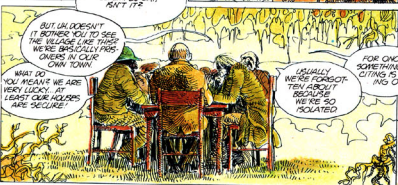
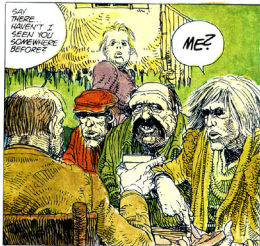
SIT DOWN... SIT DOWN.

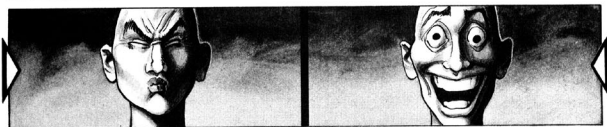
WINE? RATS? BREAD?



WHAT ABOUT US, CAN WE JOIN YOU?







1. BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY. THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE

INSTANT RESPECT GET IT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE NOT NICE T-SHIRTS! (BUY 4 TAKE 1 MORE FREE!)

2. PARADISE ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT 3. I USED TO BE DISGUSTED, NOW I'M JUST AMUSED 4. WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOD 5. THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO 6. I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T CARE, AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE 7. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH - THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE, THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT 8. IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE ME WITH BRILLIANCE, BATTLE ME WITH BULLSHIT 9. WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE 10. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME 11. HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY WITH US! 12. SMILING FACE 13. QUESTION AUTHORITY 14. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN EVERYONE ISN'T OUT TO GET YOU 15. DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS, I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH 16. BETTER 28. I WANT IT ALL AND WANT IT NOW 29. IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKES 30. WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT 31. A BEAUTIFUL BODY WILL HOLD IT AGAINST ME 32. ROCK 'N' ROLL IS NOT POLITE 33. IF YOU HAVE TO ASK ME, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW 34. WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WHY BOTHER? 35. I KNOW YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT I SAID, BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT I MEANT 36. I DON'T CARE, I DON'T HAVE TO 37. WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M NEVER GET OUT OF IT 38. 26. IMPURE, MINORITY 39. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET, I'M HARD TO GET 40. NEVER EXPLAIN, YOUR FRIENDS DON'T NEED IT AND YOUR ENEMIES WON'T BELIEVE IT ANYWAY 41. I NEVER ARGUE WITH FOOLS, PEOPLE MIGHT NOT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE 42. IT IS MORALLY WRONG TO ALLOW SUCKERS TO GET THEIR MONEY 43. LIFE ISN'T GRAND ANYMORE, IT'S TWO GRAND 44. YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT, BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU NEED 45. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS 46. EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO DIE 47. LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE 48. POVERTY SUCKS 49. LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION, I CAN FIND IT MYSELF 50. IF YOU'RE SO SMART WHY AREN'T YOU RICHER? 51. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DREAM AND A FANTASY 52. BUT THEN WHAT? DO YOU KNOW? 53. YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD 54. I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING 55. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN REFUSE 56. WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM BY THE BALLS THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS WILL FOLLOW 57. I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU, LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SOON 58. WE ARE ALL EQUAL, BUT SOME OF US ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS 59. BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT 60. DON'T GIVE ME THAT GOODIE-GOODIE BULLSHIT 62. I GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE 63. WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND 64. MY WILL BE DONE 65. NICE GUYS DON'T FINISH 66. HOW MUCH SIN CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN? 67. AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL 68. DAMN I'M GOOD 69. THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, BUT I'M JUST VISITING 70. POWER MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY 71. I TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION 72. TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING 73. NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED 74. REMEMBER, WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE 75. YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER, YOU'RE GETTING BITTER 76. I'M EASY TO PLEASE AS LONG AS I GET MY WAY 77. WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? IT'S ALL AROUND US 78. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE US 79. THERE IS NO FUN 80. NOT SHIRT-NAKED IN THIS AREA 81. AM DEAR, PLEASE PUT YOUR COMPLAINT IN WRITING, AND MAIL IT TO YOURSELF 82. POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND 83. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PRETENDING TO BE EVIL, AND SECRETLY BEING GOOD, THAT WOULD BE DISHONEST 84. GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS (A. Einstein) 85. NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING, IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG 86. WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? 87. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK ME 88. WHEN YOU'VE GOT NOTHING YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE 89. WHY ARE WE HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? 90. WHERE YOU STAND DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU SIT 91. ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG 92. NEVER KICK A MAN LIKE LESS, HE'S DOWN 93. I WOULDN'T, I COULDN'T, BUT I CAN'T SO I WON'T 94. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE 95. EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT 96. I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 97. YES, I DO MIND 98. NO, IT'S NOT OK 99. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 100. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT 101. THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY, ONCE YOU'RE FAKE THAT YOU'VE GOT IT MADE 102. BE REASONABLE, I DO IT MY WAY 103. I'M NOT AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK 104. IT'S HARD TO BE A SAINT IN THE CITY 105. I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT, WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN? 106. DO IT ANY DAMN WAY YOU PLEASE 107. EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING, I BELIEVE I HAVE ANOTHER BEAR 108. I ENJOY EVERY WORD YOU DON'T SAY 109. TELL ME LIES 110. HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LOVE ME? 111. A SMART CAT KNOWS WHEN TO HOWL FAR TO GO WITHOUT CROSSING OVER THE LINE 112. PUNISH ME WITH KISSES 113. NO EXCUSES WILL BE ACCEPTED 114. I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PRISSED ON 115. DON'T BE HUMBLE, YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT 116. IT'S NOT MY JOB 117. BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME, LET'S TALK ABOUT ME 118. RAISE-HELL 119. TOO RIPPED, GOTTA GO 120. SAVE THE HUMANS! 121. DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM 122. ARE YOU MAKING THIS UP, YOU GONKALONG? 123. OH, REALLY? 124. THERE IS NO GRAVITY, THE EARTH SUCKS 125. YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY FOR BISHOP TIT AND SYMPATHY IN THE DICTIONARY 126. WHEN IN DOUBT, HUMBLE WHEN IN TROUBLE, DO FLAUNT 127. I WOULDN'T INSULT YOU, BUT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SO I WON'T 128. DON'T GIVE ME ANY SHIT 129. THAT'S A SANE THING, I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT THEM YOURSELF INTO 130. IF YOU CAN'T LAUGH AT YOURSELF EVERYONE ELSE WILL BE HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU 131. TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE IS UNUSUAL 132. THOSE NOT BORN BEING BORN ARE BUSTY DIRT 133. YOU MAY KNOW IT ALL, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND SHIT 134. WHAT THE FUCK, OVER IT 135. WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU 136. LET'S GET PHYSICAL 137. LET'S GET HORIZONTAL 138. WHO DOES LOOK LIKE WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, TOKYO? WHAT YOU MEAN WE? WHAT MEANT? 139. LIFE IS PERVERSE, IT COULD BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT WON'T 140. POWER CORRUPTS, BUT ABSOLUTE POWER IS ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTFUL 141. IF IT'S NOT FUN, FORGET IT 142. ARE YOU FOR REAL? 143. I'D RATHER BE RICHER 144. CAN I LIVE WITH EM? CAN I LIVE WITH EM? 145. DON'T TAKE EVERYTHING SO IMPERSONALLY 146. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SERVE SERVICE TO ANYONE 147. OF ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET YOU ARE CERTAINLY ONE OF THEM 148. IF IT DOESN'T FIT, FEEL GOOD DON'T DO IT 149. DO YOU HAVE TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS OR DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY? 150. ZAPPA, IS FRANK, FIRST QUALITY 100% cotton, MAMES, medium weight, shirts directly hand sewn, screened, SIX COLORS AVAILABLE. White print on BLACK, NAVY, or RED. BLACK print on WHITE, LIGHT BLUE, or YELLOW. Indicate 2nd and 3rd color combinations. We may substitute colors unless you specify otherwise. S-M-L-XL, BE SURE TO SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS (PLEASE) \$9.95 each (including postage and handling for 4-6 weeks delivery). TAKE 1 MORE FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! RUSH SERVICE. Add \$1 per t-shirt for 2 weeks delivery. CA: people add the sales tax. US & Funds Only. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. INMATE, 2000 Center, Berkeley, CA 94704

60 FAR: CAPTAIN ZORA AND LIEUTENANT ANLEA, RENEGADES FROM THE FEMOCRATIC PLANET HONEKOMB, FLEE WITH THE REVIVED MALE HIBERNANTS TO THE NOW-ABANDONED EARTH. THERE THEY FIND ROB, THE LAST HUMAN INHABITANT, AND A SHIP CALLED GENESIS II--THEIR ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE...

NO, ZORA, GENESIS II'S PROBLEM IS SOMETHING FAR MORE SERIOUS. THOUGH IT HAIN'T BEEN USED IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS, IT'S STILL IN FLAWLESS CONDITION WITH ALL MECHANISMS INTACT...

...AT LEAST THE LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL PANELS ARE STILL LIT. THE NAVIGATION LIGHTS STILL BLINK ON AND OFF, AND THE SOLAR ENERGY COLLECTORS KEEP THE SHIP SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH POWER FOR TAKEOFF...

IT'S UNCHANGED FROM THE TIME IT SAT READY HOURS BEFORE ITS LAST DEPARTURE... WHEN THE ENTIRE CREW DIED HORRIBLY, APPARENTLY ATTACKED BY SOME KIND OF BACTERIA.

ZORA

THAT HUGE BLACK MONSTROSITY, WITH LIGHTS BLINKING DAY AND NIGHT, BECAME A GOD, AND SO IT REMAINS IN AGRA-TANGOR, CITY OF THE NEOROPHILES, SERVING AS A TEMPLE AND ALTAR FOR SACRIFICES.

WHEN WE FIRST DISCOVERED ACRA-TANJOR, THERE WERE MORE THAN A HUNDRED ANI-MEN IN OUR PATROL—ONLY THREE RETURNED, BADLY WOUNDED. THIS TIME, WE'RE ALONE.

WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, DO WE? WE MUST GO... DON'T YOU ALL AGREE?

WE'RE WITH YOU, ZORA.

OUR SOUTHERN FORCES'S LAST OFFENSIVE LEFT THE NORTHERN ALLIANCE ARMIES ALMOST DEFENSELESS...

THEN WE'RE ENEMIES!

THE TINY GROUP FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY BEGAN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE ONLY THING THAT COULD SAVE THEM. ROB, AS GUIDE, LED THEM OUT, AND AFTER MUCH PRODDING FROM THE REST OF THEM, BEGAN RELATING THE STORY OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY LIFE. "THINGS HAPPENED QUICKLY IN THOSE TURBULENT TIMES..."

HOW RIDICULOUS THAT SOUNDS NOW, AMON! AFTER 50 MANY YEARS, IN THOSE DAYS, I WORKED IN SPACE...

AS ALWAYS, WE TECHNICIANS BELIEVED THE WAR WOULD END SOON WITH A TREATY, AND THAT NO ONE WOULD DARE USE THEIR ARSENAL OF SPACE WEAPONS.

THAT MORNING, I WAS AWAKEN FROM MY MEN, REMOVING A CONDOR II'S SOLAR PANELS FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES. WHEN I SAW THE MISSILES COMING, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! THEY HAD TAKEN THE WAR INTO SPACE!

ON THAT VERY SAME DAY—THE DAY OF THE ATTACK—WE WERE PUT INTO HIBERNATION.

THE FIRST THING TO GO WAS THE REPAIR STATION WHERE ANI-MEN WERE. AFTER THAT, THE CARGO SHIPS, THEN THE PATROL SHIPS, THE MULTIPLE WARHEADS DISPERSED, SEEKING OUT ALL MECHANISMS, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, AND DESTROYING THEM!

BRAAMM!



"IT REMAINED STILL,
FROZEN BY TERROR, AS THE
DEGRADATING ATTACK CONTINUED,
WAITING FOR THE END TO COME."

"WHEN IT WAS
OVER, I LEARNED
WHY I SURVIVED.
MY HANDS WERE
GRIPPING THE CONTROLS,
BUT THE POWER FOR THE
CAPSULE'S THRUSTER WAS
SHUT OFF AND THE SATELLITE
DISCONNECTED. THAT'S WHY
THE MISSILES DIDN'T
SEE ME!"

"MY GOD!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHAT ABOUT THE
SPACE NEUTRALITY
PACT?" THOSE VICIOUS
NORTHERNERS USED IT TO
WIPE THEIR ASSES!"



"THE 'TREACHEROUS
SOUTHERN
ARMIES' ATTACKED
OUR OUTER
SPACE
DEFENSIVE
PERIMETER!"

"IS THAT
NOT POSSIBLE?
HAVE THEY
GONE
CRAZY?"



"THE REACTION OF
THE NORTHERN ARMIES HIGH
COMMAND HAS BEEN
SWIFT AND FIRM.
WE HAVE ELIMINATED YOUR
EFFECTIVENESS FROM
SPACE! THE FINAL
VICTORY WILL BE
OURS!"



WHOSE FINAL
VICTORY OVER WHOM?
MALIGNANT
POLITICIANS AND
MILITARY SONS
OF BITCHES!"

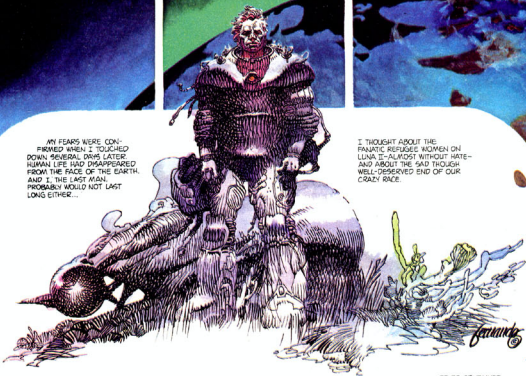
THE LUNAR BASES WERE DESTROYED ALONG WITH THE SATELLITE SYSTEM. ON EARTH, NOT ONLY WERE THE ARMIES AND ALL THE CITIES DESTROYED, BUT THE RADIOACTIVITY WAS SPREADING LIKE A MORTAL PLAGUE!

AND SOMETHING ELSE WAS ADDED TO THIS DRAMA TO MAKE IT EVEN MORE CRUEL. THE SISTERHOOD SEIZED CONTROL OF LUNA II, AN ENORMOUS SATELLITE THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE FLEET REMAINING INTACT, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAOS, THEY LAUNCHED A BACTERIOLOGICAL ATTACK ON THE EARTH!

I WATCHED THE TRAGEDY IMPOTENTLY FROM MY CAPSULE, ENLARGING AN ORBITAL RADIUS, I TRIED TO PREVENT MY CAPSULE FROM FALLING INTO THE ATMOSPHERE AND BURNING UP. I DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE A FAST DEATH- EVEN THOUGH I KNEW THAT THE RADIATION OR THE BACTERIA WOULD FINISH ME OFF.

MY FEARS WERE CONFIRMED WHEN I TOUCHED DOWN. SEVERAL DAYS LATER, HUMAN LIFE HAD DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH, AND I, THE LAST MAN, PROBABLY WOULD NOT LAST LONG EITHER...

I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FANATIC REFUGEE WOMEN ON LUNA II- ALMOST WITHOUT HATE- AND ABOUT THE SAD THOUGH WELL-DESERVED END OF OUR CRAZY RACE.



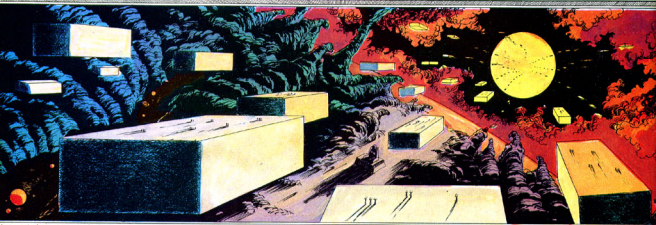
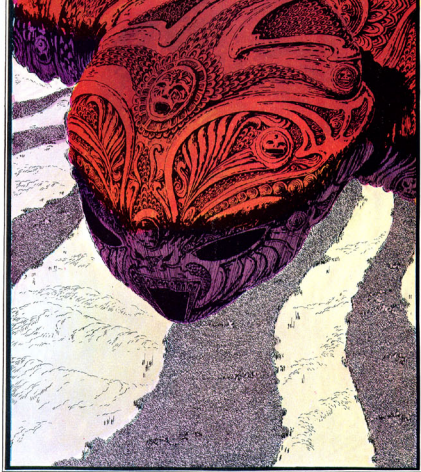
TO BE CONTINUED...

YRAGAEZ

by PHILIPPE DRAULLET

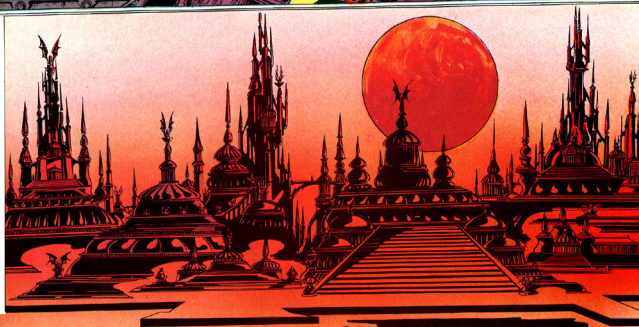
TEXT IN FRENCH, TRANSLATED BY
THE EDITOR OF "YRAGAEZ"
WITH THE PERMISSION OF "YRAGAEZ"
"YRAGAEZ" LIVES IN "YRAGAEZ"





TOWARDS CEMEROON THERE FLOWED RIVERS
OF MONOLITHS, AND IN THE CLOUDS OF HIS BIRTH
THE HEADS OF TITANS WITH EYES LIKE CHASMS
OPENED THE STRAITS OF MIRAGE BETWEEN
CONTINENTS OF STORM





IPOLS, PILLAR WITH AVID MOUTHS
THREATENED THE SKY, GUARDED IT...
IN THE THOUSANDTH SUMMER
THE MOON OF THE GIANTS COULD SLIP
BETWEEN THE ULTIMATE PALACES...



continued

In our first issue, we blew the whistle on PEDERASTY ON THE SCI-FI CONVENTION WORLDS OF BETAELGEUSE!

Next, we went undercover to expose the shocking FESTIVAL OF THE FLAGELLANTS on Fandom IV!

--and now...

STARFLOG

THE INTERSTELLAR MAGAZINE OF CULT FETISHISM



RETURNS FROM
A TINY,
INSIGNIFICANT
PLANET CALLED
EARTH...



...WHERE
WE'VE
DISCOVERED
THE MOST
MASOCHISTIC
SOCIAL CUSTOM
OF ALL
TIME...

OK! OK! I'll
co-sign the
application!
I'll buy the
apartment!

17%!
18%!
19%!

We'll need a
list of your
assets for the
settlement...



CONDO BONDAGE!

STARFLOG

In our last issue, GILL-EE-GAN, the lovesick monster, told us the story of his life. He had hardly finished, when his desert planetoid was invaded by the most feared creatures in the galaxy--a race of Real Estate Developers; And now the tractor-beams from their craft were coming closer and closer...



4 WHAT YOU SHOULD DO IF YOU GET CAUGHT BY A TRACTOR-BEAM AND SUCKED INTO AN ALIEN SPACE-CRAFT.....
By Adeline Jones



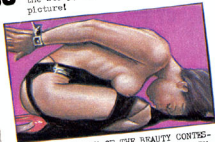
10 PANIC.....By Marty Mesdows



26

HOW TO DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT ON THE BODY OF A NAKED GIRL WHILE YOU'RE PANICKING...
By GILL-EE-GAN
(a blob of protoplasm)

30 COVER STORY: Actually, the cover has nothing to do with the story, but what a great picture!



36 THE MYSTERY OF THE BEAUTY CONTESTANTS: ARE THEY STILL TRAPPED INSIDE THE BURNING SKUTTLE?.....
By A Worried Reader



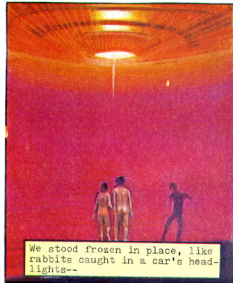
46 HOW TO FLOG B-MOVIE STILL'S & HACK WRITING TO SCHOOLCHILDREN AT AN OUTRAGIOUS COVER PRICE.....
By the Editors of Starflog Magazine



The beams came closer and closer...Suddenly, with a soundless scream of panic--



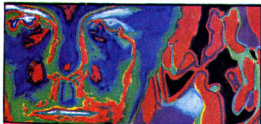
GILL-EE-GAN leaped onto Adeline's naked body and coalesced into a mottled one-piece bathing suit.



We stood frozen in place, like rabbits caught in a car's headlights--



--then we were sucked up into the pulsating saucer.



The monster's thoughts were twisted with fear and disgust.

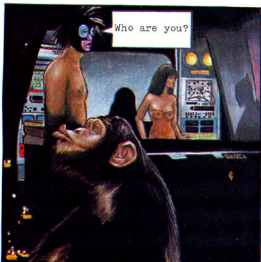
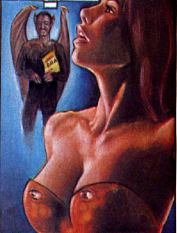


Where are we?

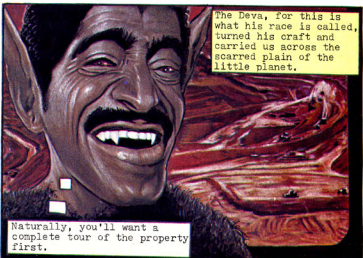


We're inside the--
sales
office...

Hello, here are your free gifts-- the lava chips and frozen ammonia crusher!

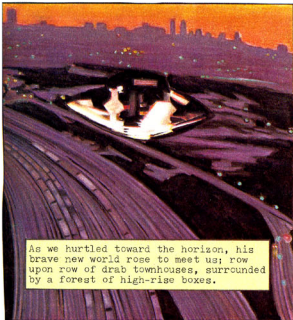


Who are you?



The Deva, for this is what his race is called, turned his craft and carried us across the scarred plain of the little planet.

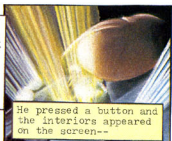
Naturally, you'll want a complete tour of the property first.



As we hurtled toward the horizon, his brave new world rose to meet us; row upon row of drab townhouses, surrounded by a forest of high-rise boxes.



We've tried to think of everything you could want...



He pressed a button and the interiors appeared on the screen--



--complete with nagging wives pushing vacuum cleaners, sullen husbands reading the Sports Page, children screaming, TV sets blaring... they had thought of everything.

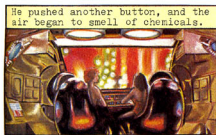


In the red glare of the sunset, their windows glowed like the coals of Hell.

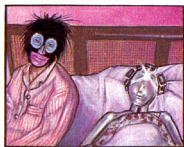
We can't afford to buy condos--we don't have jobs.



You can work at the lava chip plant or the crusher factory!



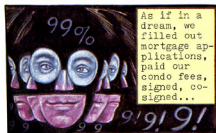
He pushed another button, and the air began to smell of chemicals.



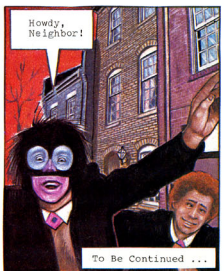
When I woke up it was morning --time to go to work. After all, I was a homeowner!



BZZZZZZZZ!!!

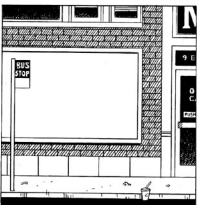
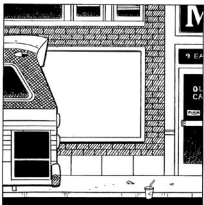
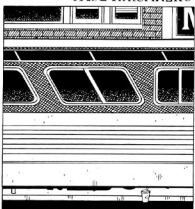
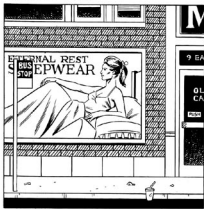


As if in a dream, we filled out mortgage applications, paid our condo fees, signed, co-signed...



Howdy, Neighbor!

To Be Continued ...



72. FUCK OFF & DIE
73. HOW DO YOU SPEEL MEELO? F.A.R.T
74. WHEN I WANT YOU I WANT YOUR DICK. I'VE GOT
75. I'VE GOT YOUR DICK
76. WHEN I'M GOOD YOU'VE VERY GOOD, BUT
77. WHEN I'M BAD YOU'VE VERY BAD
78. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET
79. I AM HARD TO GET
80. I CAN ONLY LOVE YOU WHEN YOU ARE
81. SITTING ON MY FACE
82. I CAN ONLY LOVE YOU WHEN SMALLWAINS
83. SEX WITH ANIMALS IS BETTER THAN THE
84. CHICK YOU'RE WITH
85. I'VE GOT YOUR DICK
86. I'VE GOT YOUR DICK
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100. I'VE GOT YOUR DICK



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



- 38c. ♥ KIDDE POPP
39. ♥ GO GET DOWN
41. ♥ WINE AT
42. ♥ DEER
44. ♥ SEX
45. ♥ COCAINE
46. ♥ BULLSHIT
47. ♥ TIGRES
48. ♥ LITTLE BOYS
49. ♥ HEAD
50. ♥ FAST WOMEN
51. ♥ GIRL
52. ♥ TO PARTY
53. ♥ MYSELF
54. ♥ FAST CARS
55. ♥ TO GO
56. ♥ LONG LEGS
58. ♥ THE BIG ONE
59. ♥ BROODIE
60. I DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
61. ♥ NEW WAVE
62. ♥ IT
63. ♥ MONEY
64. ♥ LUCY
65. ♥ ROCK
66. ♥ NEW WAVE
68. ♥ TIGHT ASSES
69. ♥ FRIDAYS
70. ♥ BRUNETTES
71. ♥ RED NOES
72. ♥ RACE CARS
73. ♥ YOUR BODY
74. ♥ SNOW
75. ♥ SAVING
76. ♥ TO FART
77. ♥ RACE CYCLES
78. ♥ COUNTRY

- NECK CREASE
LIGHT BROWN
WEIGHT 1-SHIRT
- ALL-T-SHIRT
FIBRED JACKET
MADE IN U.S.A.
- 13 NO FAT CHICKS
14 NO FAT BUTTS
15 NO FAT BUTTS
16 NO FAT BUTTS
17 WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SMOKE
18 KISS ME, BUT NOT THE LIPS THE NECK
19 I WANT TO FEEL
20 NO FINE MEN
21 NO FINE MEN
22 IT'S HARD TO BE MENSURE WHEN YOU'RE
23 I DON'T WANT ANY
24 ROY, STOP TOUGH TONGS
25 I WANT TO LIVE OVER THE COUNTRY OF
26 I DON'T WANT TO LIVE OVER THE COUNTRY OF
27 I DON'T WANT TO LIVE OVER THE COUNTRY OF
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STYLE#	COLOR	
		BLACK
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		LT. BLUE
		NAVY
		ROYAL
		ORANGE
		RED
		MASTHEAD

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ON BLACK, NAVY OR RED T-SHIRTS.

T-SHIRTS			SHIRT COLORS
STYLE#	SIZE	COLOR	
			BLACK
			BONE
			YELLOW
			GOLD
			NAVY
			L.T. BLUE
			ORANGE
			RED
			WHITE

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T-SHIRTS

SHIRT
COLORS
BLACK
BONE
YELLOW
GOLD
NAVY
LT. BLUE
ORANGE
RED
WHITE

WHITE

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Credit Card# _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

110. SEX WAS NO CALORIES
111. I HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING
NAMES—CAN I CALL YOU ASSHOLE?
112. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SIT ON
MY FACE
113. EAT SHIT & DIE MOTHER FUCKER
47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE. BE ON IT.
60. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A
PLACE TO SIT
21. I'LL WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
3. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR.

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