

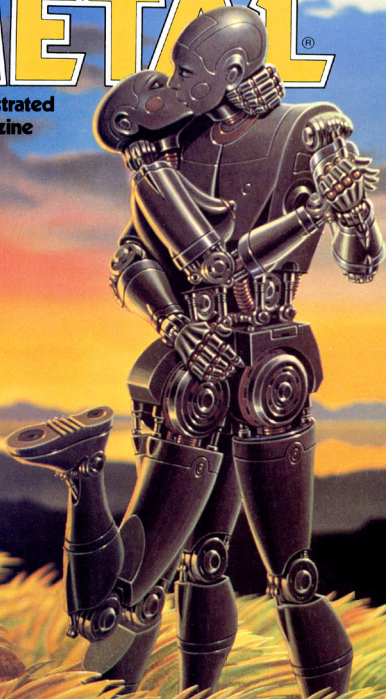
HEAVY METAL[®]

July 1982

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The adult illustrated
fantasy magazine



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WARKENTIN

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2

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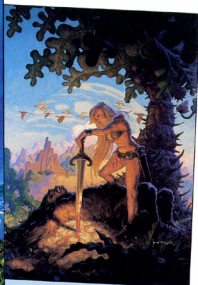
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JULY 1982

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ELECTRO-POPIISM

If the capitalist consumer culture has taught us anything, it's how to dress up old merchandise in snazzy new clothes and peddle it to a commodity-saturated public. While my cynicism about the pop biz doesn't approach Frank Zappa's—who sez all "new waves" are fashion initiatives serving clothing and accessory manufacturers—enough storm-trooped change has marched past these weary eyes to nudge an already hair-trigger skepticism reflex over the edge. Surveying the ascendant synthesizer pop sub-genre (and its attendant clothes consciousness) does tempt one into just such a snap judgment—a wrong one, if you delve any distance below the surface. Yeah, some of it might be the same old shit in new picture sleeves, but not all of these prettyboys (and a couple of girls) are content to mimic past forms and ideas.

Unfortunately, limey tune-teens **Depeche Mode** (name copped from a frog rag, mag) seem blissfully happy to cohabit with hohum pop conventions on their *Speak & Spell* (Sire) debut LP. When collected together, their handful of zippy singles ("Dreaming of Me," "New Life," and their best, "Just Can't Get Enough"—love those Beach Boys harmonies!) reveals their Kraftwerk/Moroder Eurodisco heritage in unflattering nakedness, transforming dance-floor freshness into home-stereo tedium. A recitative live gig at the Ritz here in NYC only confirmed my doubts. Stick to the singles.

Fellow Brits/first timers/Sire-ees **Soft Cell** also flunk, but for different reasons. *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret* features superior synth work by Dave Ball (all flashing neon, icy chrome, and stiff

what their two self-produced singles promised (check HM 12/80 for pre-history). They remain one of the best live synth-pop acts I've seen, and with their decidedly amuriken pop sensibility, could easily crack the notoriously conservative U.S. record market. The Microwave's *Life After Breakfast* (Poshboy) is less consistent,

clean laundry but a whole new set of clothes, try the following on for size.

Fad Gadget, *Incontinent* (Mute UK import): Has its moments, but somehow the rage-sublimated-into-irony lacks the conviction of Fad's first, *Fireside Favourites* (also a Mute import).

Japan, (Virgin/Epic): If you can get past the painted faces (took me a couple of years), this compilation of Jap's last two UK releases surprises and shocks—gutsy percussive synth, serpentine fretless bass, oriental scales, and a singer with terminal Bryan Ferry-itis. Answers the eternal question, "What if Roxy Music had become Eno's band instead of Ferry's?"

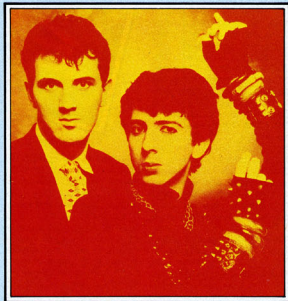
Simple Minds, *Themes For Great Cities* (Stiff): A fascinating, brooding excursion into the heart of Eurodisco's darkness. *Themes* was assembled from this exceptional Scottish band's last four UK LPs (buy em!).

Yello, *Bastich* (Stiff EP), *Claro Que Si* and *Solid Pleasure* (both Ralph LPs): This Swiss trio's pop mini-epics are like Disney Jolly Symphonies—witty, cinematic, omnivorously eclectic. Lou's pick to click.

Wall of Voodoo, *Dark Continent* (IRS LP), and eponymous EP on Index: As vocalist Stan Ridgway proclaims, "This modern world deserves a modern attitude." Indeed. Tense irritating and percussive; pop melodies slashed and punctured by rapierlike guitar; vocals dripping with sarcasm and self-parody... Voodoo's pop is both abrasive and reassuring.

This is one season's wardrobe you really do need to buy.

—Lou Stathis



Soft Cell:
Dave Ball, left,
and Marc Almond.
Olé!

leather) and excessively obnoxious posing by vocalist Marc Almond—whose mannered voice can't carry a tune for shit. If Almond can leave behind his adolescent, sleazy-sex obsessions (or at least illuminate their inherent humor or tragedy), Soft Cell could grow beyond their low rent up-market Suldice status (a disco Benny Hill, maybe?).

Meanwhile, over in the Yank rookie leagues, **Our Daughters Wedding** and **Los Microwaves** electronically pepper the infield with solid one-base hits. With their synth trio craftily augmented by a session drummer (for added punch), ODW's mini-LP *Digital Cowboy* (EMI America) delivers

but always listenable and refreshingly, winningly naive.

As relative veterans, **The Human League** (who in a slightly different configuration helped pioneer the form with 1978's "Being Boiled") display unsurprising assurance with platinum pop hook architecture. Though ultimately hollow (and what of it?), the tunes on *Dare* (A&M—their first USA release, third overall) are flawless constructions of costume jewelry that almost physically attach themselves to your turntable. Very addictive.

The problem with this stuff becomes clear after prolonged exposure—it's fun okay, but ultimately unsatisfying. If you want not just

more perfect Dossier section, are earnestly soliciting your comments!

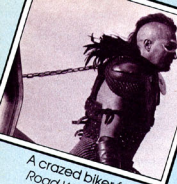
Got down your thoughts and send them to: DOSSIER, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635

Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Come on! Be honest! We can take it!

Solicitations!

We the people of Heavy Metal, in order to form a

SUMMER pop-corn



A crazed biker freak in Road Warrior

Annie

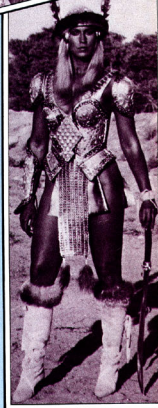
Leapin' Lizards, the flag-waving, fit-for-the-whole-family extravaganza about the most beloved comic strip orphan of the century turns out to be a bigger drag-oss bore than the cardboard Broadway hit. Just in time for the next depression, the snazzy art deco musical features skinhead Albert Finney as Daddy Warbucks, a sickening child star, Aileen Quinn as Annie, and an other-hound as Sandy. Annie's faithful, farting dog Veteran director John Huston proves to Warbucks and everyone else that next to love and happiness, money and power are everything, while Little Orphan A concentrates on getting unrequited lovers together. Let's go to the Movies, the Radio City Music Hall show-stopper, ignores the King and Style magazine's tasteless rant about a punky old maid, gets kidnapped by a mean couple (Bernadette Peters and Rocky Horror transvestite Tim Curry), but is saved by her billionaire sugar daddy, who's gotten used to having her around the mansion. Considering the state of the economy, the nauseating, overly upbeat, Fourth of July sing-along to "Tomorrow makes you gay. The comic strip was a thousand times better than this Sound of Muzak complete with a miniature Julie Andrews.



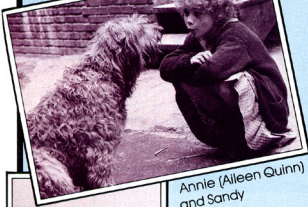
Stephen King in Creepshow

Creepshow

Filed in the campy believe-it-or-not style of 1950s horror comics, Creepshow will be memorable if for nothing else than the loony-toon acting debut of Stephen King, post laureate of all-day sucker-horror novels. A poor but greedy farmer, King tries to make a profit from a no longer unidentified flying object that lands on his farm. Zombiemaster George A. Romero directs Creepshow's tales-with-a-moral according to the rules of fantasy violence: entertain by toying with the unknown, explore the psyche and the psychic, bring on lots of the living dead, and warn ordinary mortals to be on the look-out for spiders, devil paws, voodoo dolls, and children who read horror comics. The best creepy-crawly devices in Creepshow, result from the comic book graphics: lightning bolts behind the heads of screaming victims and the last frame of each story dissolving into a perfect comic book illustration.



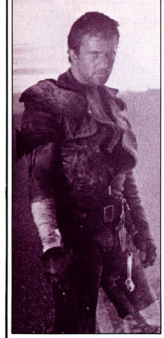
Valeria, Conan the Barbarian's true love



Annie (Aileen Quinn) and Sandy

Cat People

Not funny or sinister, Paul Schrader's sluggish remake-update of the 1942 Cat People promises less than it delivers. Generally conducive to the suspension of disbelief in an abusive thriller, the film's tepid bestiality and incest are about as scary as dishwater slipping down the drain. With or without clothes, kinky Malcolm McDowell and asinine Nastassia Kinski sleepwalk through the routine of a doomed brother and sister descended from a family tree of cats. When they turn into panthers, they lack the shock value and special effects of William Hurt foaming into an Altered States nasty beastie. McDowell gets killed off and Kinski falls for a zoo keeper who loves the female and feline in her. He allows her to live out her cat life as a specimen in the New Orleans Zoo. So much for art imitating the supernatural.



Mel Gibson as the Road Warrior

The Secret of NIMH

Classical Disney animation lives in The Secret of NIMH. Rich in lush, detailed coloration and photographed by multipane cameras, this deprivation exodus tells the weird plight of an advanced breed of rats who escape from the National Institute of Mental Health and form a sophisticated society (shades of Watership Down and Hobbitmania). During their laboratory captivity, the rodents received injections which increased their intelligence and enabled them to distinguish between right and wrong. Add to this set-up a Dickensian plot of good versus evil and a dumb fieldmouse widow with a critical ill mousetrap (Tiny Tim?), and you've got the perfect socially conscious Disney donut for the Reagan Era.



Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan the Barbarian

Conan the Barbarian

Avenge the death of his mother, Conan, Mr. four-time Universe Arnold Schwarzenegger, systematically wipes out a medieval snake cult and its leader—James Earl Jones in Druid drag doing a great Rev. Jim "Kool-Aid" Jones. The elite cheapo production values and grainy photography of endless decapitations on the plains of Spain don't detract from the magical levitation scene in which Conan is healed by the Wizard. Tits-and-ess and pecs-and-biceps fans will no doubt get off on the 99-percent nude sex scenes between Conan and Valeria, his true woman-warrior love. Few words are exchanged between them, but there's lots of body talk and action in freeze frames swiped from the pages of HM. For those who can't get enough of the Mount Olympus of muscles, Arnold Schwarzenegger returns in the sequel—Conan the King.

—Daphne Davis

Road Warrior
Winner of the grand prize at the Avoriaz Fantastic Film Festival, Road Warrior dazzles and overwheals with its consistently violent and nihilistic vision and story about a post-holocaust voyage of the damned down an empty gasoline alley. Mel Gibson, former pursuit cop whose wife and child were slaughtered by a biker gang, is a self-styled samurai in leather and steel, who wanders through a glost future frontier where fuel is at a minimum and crazed outlaws battle for it. Down a two-lane blacktop in a battered, supercharged vehicle, our born-to-be-a-maverick hero clashes with and decimates a marauding biker on a big-mother hog over a supply of fuel. Along the way to nowhere, Gibson falls upon an encampment where thousands of gallons of gasoline are stored. The fort is under attack by a pack of speed-treck bikers who sport day-glo mohawks like the shock-rock Plasmatics. Inevitably, Gibson infiltrates the camp and is forced into the role of savior. You can figure out the rest of this Grade Z sf road battle to end all road battles, in which despair hangs heavier than nerve gas. You'll love it!

Horror Meister

When Roger Corman first emerged as the king of low-budget horror flicks, there were few revisionist film critics to put him in proper perspective. Thanks to the genre's new respectability and financial success, Corman is being reconsidered as a near-geni-
us for his ability to make

gripping, intelligent movies without bankrupting a company. As Ed Naha points out in his terse and informative **The Films of Roger Corman** (Acad), the producer's director-on-the-spot cinematic techniques, which in-

fluenced a raft of soon-to-be major filmmakers and stars—Francis Ford Coppola, Jack Nicholson, Peter Fonda, Joe Dante, Roger Corman, this group learned the splice-and-cut process of whole movie-making from bits of footage. Cor-

man gets credit for using New World, his distribution and production house, to affirm his auteurist connections by distributing some of the best foreign films (Volker Schlöndorff's *Tin Drum* and Kurosawa's *Dersu Uzala* among others), making him a movie maverick to be reckoned with.

—Brad Bradford

ROBOT OVERKILL

■The robot was clearly malfunctioning at Kawasaki Heavy Industries' auto-parts processing plant near Kobe, Japan, when Kenji Urada, a thirty-seven-year-old employee, went over to repair it. Promptly, the machine turned on him and crushed him to death. If robots can kill during a

malfunction, can they be programmed to do so deliberately? Imagine future robot armies... which malfunction and attack the wrong side.

LOVE CHIPS

■Think sex is too mechani-

CRYPTICA

cal now? Wait until the computer age really sets in. An unnatural progression from computer dating is a new device called the "Love Bug." It consists of two microchips packed in to a small transmitter hung around the neck like a

pendant. One chip carries data about yourself; the other about your ideal mate. When someone wearing the Bug whose data tallies with yours comes into range, your Bug and theirs start to beep. But, you don't like what you see, there's a built-in emergency shut-off button.

—Meik Kaylan



FUTURE FASHION:

POSITION, DISTANCE
AND DEAD RECKONING

Joey and Janus, the multi-talented performers from Strange Party and The Klaus

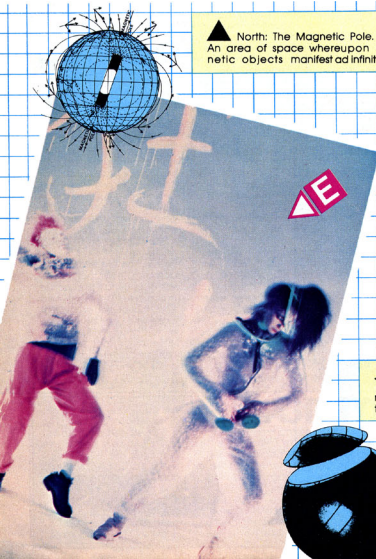
Nami Show debut their picks for coming trends! North, South, East, and West, the compass points to:

Photography by Dean Chamberlain



▲ North: The Magnetic Pole.
An area of space whereupon magnetic objects manifest ad infinitum.

▲ West: The new frontier.
The direction of the sunset is governed by none.



◀ East: The conic projections are mysteriously enchanting. don't you think?



▶ South: The horizontal danger zone. The intensity of the sun will radiate from the inhabitants' apparel.



layout by Philip Menaghan

Avoiding rock strictures and pop niceties, three English groups—**Throbbing Gristle**, **Cabaret Voltaire** and **This Heat**—use the raw material of sound to make some of the most visceral and intelligent music around. They may utilize tapes, synthesizers, treated guitars, etc., but they are definitely not removed or “modern.” You might call them expressionist, but that would be too personal. Instead, they pull back the scab covering our communal repressions and submissions.

A sampler culled from their previous releases, *Throbbing Gristle's Greatest Hits*, includes such memorable ditties as “Hamburger Lady,” “Subhuman,” “Six Six Sixties,” and “Tiab Guls” (“Slug Ball”). This is the music

Entertainment Through Pain

you'll hear as you prowl the sewers looking for food, or fuck in the sludge as the radiation settles aboveground. Thoroughly uncompromising, TG's invocations of psychic disarray never fail to expose a buried nerve. Their decision to deal with the “darker” side of things is not necessarily negative—you get the feeling it's realistic. (See also their live cassette, *Beyond Jazz Funk*.) Relentlessly seductive rhythms and repetitive chant vocals, washed with guitar and synth textures, lay

out a thick heathen pulse on Cabaret Voltaire's LP *Red Mecca*, and double single (“Jazz the Glass,” “Burnt to the Ground,” “Eddies Out,” and “Walls of Jericho”). What they lose in immediate impact and clarity (particularly in the rarely understandable vocals), they more than make up for in subtlety of sound and shifting of textures. Neither arty field music nor minimalism, CV's primal voodoo chants insinuate themselves into your consciousness.

One of the most formally

inventive (and disruptive) groups, This Heat demonstrate on their second album, *Decell*, a natural ease with loops, pre-recorded rhythms, and textures, in addition to live playing. With precise irrationality they jolt from one passage to another, juxtaposing often lushly melodic vocals with white noise and cacophony. While their lyrics allude elliptically to mass passivity in the face of real disaster, they're never pedantic, only rooted in the immediacy of personal experience. Alternately ugly and sensuous, hypnotic and fractured, this music demands an active participation.

—Michael Gira

(All recordings available through Rough Trade, 1042 Murray Street, Berkeley, CA 94710.)

More and more sf writers rely on magic for inspiration. Some would do better to replace flashing wands and abracadabra spells with real knowledge of cosmic energy and Tantric power. **Kundalini**, by Ajit Mookerjee (Destiny Books), subtitled *The Arousal of the Inner Energy*, is a profusely illustrated handbook of astral travel showing the actual diagrams of the body's circuitry and how to unlock the energy knots (chakras) in order to effect transformation. Every breath, about 21,600 a day, is a potential key to space travel, and Mookerjee gives scientific instruction as well as sound and color charts,



Charles
Henri
Ford

complete with sexual secrets and electronic crystal balls.

Lisa Goldstein's **The Red Magician** (Timescape Books) attempts to meld the mystical with science fiction. In a simplistic tale of good and evil magicians, set against the landscape of the holocaust, she turns the Wandering Jew into a hippy magician with a knapsack full of amulets and talismans; then pits him against

an evil rabbi, who escapes the Nazis by turning himself into a wolf. The best scene involves the attempted creation of a golem based on the Cabalistic legend. (For the real thing, read *The Golem* by occult master Gustav Meyrink.) The Red Magician saves a Jewish Cinderella from the death camps and gets her a ticket to America. Nice Jewish girl would like to meet tall, dark golem with own dental

practice.

Readers who can handle distillations of a more potent sort will welcome a collection of sf mythomagic poetry by surrealist Charles Henri Ford. His latest work, **Om Krishna II** (Cherry Valley Editions), begins where the others left off. A definite microwave boost to the brain, this multi-tiered performance sums up some of the esoteric psychosexual aspects of a polymorphous world. If you can stand to see what lies in store for us, drop into Ford's mental massage parlor where every poem's a print-out from the cosmic computer. A must for those who relish magic in the making and can't find it elsewhere.

—Ira Cohen

A classic short story works like a hit single. Meant to be absorbed in one gulp, its impact is dependent on attention-grabbing hooks (O. Henry surprise) or evocative texture (Ray Bradbury's autumnesque nostalgia). Such assemblages are often valuable in illuminating a writer's progression, telescoping quirky careers to add overview and autobiography.

In **A Life in the Day of...** (Bantam), by **Frank M. Robinson**, coauthor of *The Glass Inferno*, recounts his literary history from a pre-

SF Hit Parade

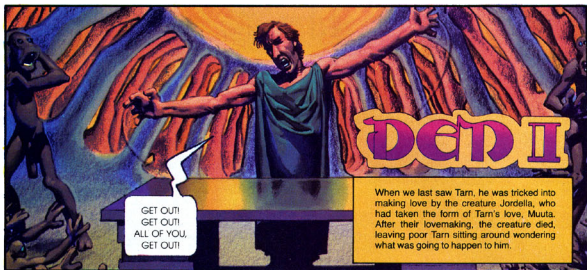
adolescent purchase of his first copy of *Astounding* to the thrill of his first sale to that magazine (“The Maze”); how writers develop plot ideas and deal with editors (“The Santa Claus Planet”); his growing grasp of style, characterization, and nuance (“The Wreck of the Ship John B.”); and his experiences in Haight-Ashbury during the ill-extended “Summer of Love” (*A Life in the Day of...*). Robinson's

own story has an upbeat ending, when the likable professional sells his blockbuster novel to Hollywood for a large sum, sees it become *The Towering Inferno*, and lives happily ever after.

Isaac Asimov and **Martin H. Greenberg** have come up with a new twist in Best of the Year compilations. Going back in time, they have assembled **The Great SF Stories** (DAW), an ongoing series that takes

place during sf's acknowledged golden era. The sixth and latest volume returns us to 1944, a year blackened with the charred debris of World War II. Despite harsh times, the talent in this collection glitters: A. E. Van Vogt's “Far Centaurus,” Lewis Padgett's “When the Bough Breaks,” Theodore Sturgeon's relentless “Killdazer,” and a trio from Clifford Simak—“City,” “Huddling Place,” and “Desertion” (incorporated into Simak's book-length *City*).

—Lenny Kaye



GET OUT!
GET OUT!
ALL OF YOU,
GET OUT!

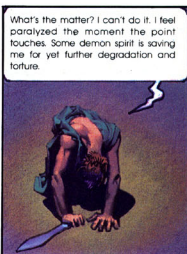
When we last saw Tarn, he was tricked into making love by the creature Jordella, who had taken the form of Tarn's love, Muuta. After their lovemaking, the creature died, leaving poor Tarn sitting around wondering what was going to happen to him.



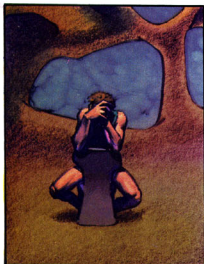
Come sweet
oblivion.



DEATH! DEATH!
Die, you BASTARD!



What's the matter? I can't do it. I feel paralyzed the moment the point touches. Some demon spirit is saving me for yet further degradation and torture.



Muuta.



Muuta is not dead. One of those hideous monsters died. Not Muuta. She is back there ... on Muutaron.



I'll get you, Muuta.

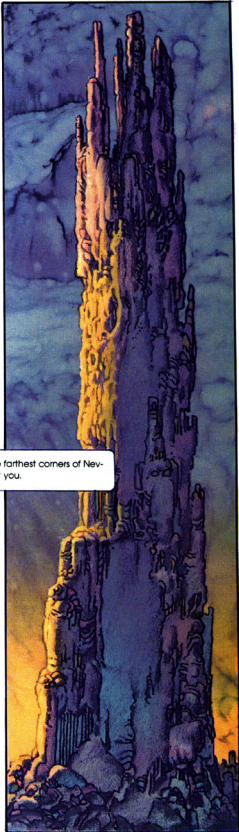


I'll allow nothing to stand in my way, ...



... nothing in this world.

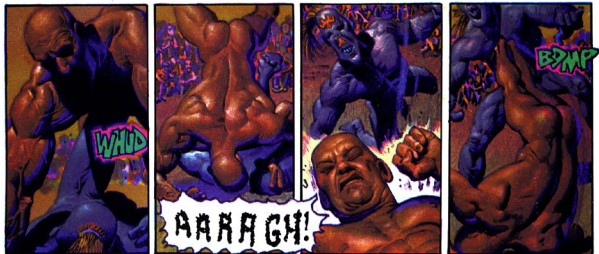
I'll reach to the farthest corners of Neverwhere to get you.





EEYAAAUGH!





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CHAIN MAIL

Gentlepersons:

Rod Kierkegaard has created within the confines of your explicitly surrealist-fantasy magazine the best comic-intellectual thought piece since Dan O'Neill's *Odd Bodkins* series of the late (great) sixties. His Swiftian humor shall surely triumph without bloody victory.

David W. Huffman
Houston, Tex.

Dear Heavy Metal Babies:

Rod Kierkegaard, Jr., is a fucking genius!
In respect and awe,
Will Carter
Athens, Ga.

Dear Heavies:

By the way, "Killer" Kierkegaard, Jr., I like the tired old "Rock Opera" best. I don't think "Enleida" quite makes it.

Eddie Presley, Jr.
Melbourne, Fla.

Dear Editorial Staff:

Woe be unto those who would treat our minds as literary and visual garbage disposers; offending our senses with your meaningless tirade! We the world-weary find your artistic fornication is childish chaos damned to eternal decay and pointlessness. It is a brilliant creation of a migraine headache with no hope for relief. Alas! Those that never became great found wealth in pornography; the only quest you realized. Your only answer for humanity is to propagate the species until someone somewhere can find out where the science part of science fiction comes in.

Grid Mansfield
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Gub, gub, Grid. I think living too close to ground Zero Country has gone to your head!—ls

Dear Sirs:

I find the caliber of your magazine has deteriorated considerably since I first started reading it a few years ago. The sophomoric editorial tone, the asinine inclusion of seemingly anything that's hip for that particular month, and the overall shoddiness of the writing everywhere in the text make me somewhat embarrassed to admit I have a subscription. Your Mr.'s Stathis and Balfour are particularly blatant examples of this. While their intellectual posturings may be impressive to themselves (*Not to mention our mothers.*—ls), I feel their talent could probably be better appreciated in the context of, let's say, a high school English class. If their "incisive" commentaries are meant in any way to represent the state of the art in rock or New Tech Age criticism, I sincerely fear for both movements.

Overall, however, it's the self-congratulatory and hipper-than-thou attitude of your magazine that I find obnoxious. Your constant playing to the galleries in the

guise of being sort of New Wave intellectuals or something, is an hypocrisy I just can't stomach. I think we both realize that you are business people first and foremost, and what matters most to you is what's printed at the bottom line of your quarterly reports. Why, then, this song and dance each month about your sterling artistic integrity or your desire to break new ground, or your constant (and empty) insistence about your easy relationship with the avant-garde? I'm sure if conservative politics were suddenly "in," you'd shortly be sent out joining the *U.S. News and World Report*.

Thomas Dejesu
Denver, Colo.

You bet. Screw this unprofitable avant-garde shit. What we really want is to castrate dissidents, subjugate Third Worlders, and censor everything except monstrous mammaries and brainless barbarians. What a great magazine this would be. Get my wrench out of mothballs. Friday.—ls

Dear HM:

Lowest regards to the tasteless opinions of Michael E. Iaccas (Chain Mail, March '82). Anyone who can't appreciate the brilliant "Immortals' Fete" must have his taste buds in the wrong end of their anatomy. Wake up and realize that Enki Bilal is a very talented Genius!

P. S. Barr
Kenova, Ontario

Our Editor also reports that Mr. Bilal, besides being an adept artist, is cute as a button.—ls

Dear People:

"Grotesque art...wretched coloring?" What do you want, Mr. M. E. Iaccas of Bloomfield, N.J., cute, realistically etched rabbits? Bilal's "Immortals' Fete" displayed a style just short of being pure genius.

Richard MacKinnon
Dept. of Humanities
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario

To Whom:

All you guys out in magazine land quit bitching about artists and story lines! It seems like every issue there's some critic that feels like an editor died and left him in charge. If you don't like what's on the TV, just change the channel! I think you'd be happier watching "Laverne and Shirley" anyway—matches your intelligence better. If you don't like the magazine, leave it on the shelf just as you would leave an art gallery if you didn't care for its contents.

Robert Walsmith
Bozeman, Mont.

I didn't make this letter up. I swear—ls

Dear People-in-Charge:

Kudos and questions for the new year. Kudos for Shakespeare for Americans, Rock Opera, and for keeping Lou Stathis

and his column. Questions about more material from Druiel (*Most certainly.*—ls) and more work from Matt Howarth about the Post Brothers (*Doubtful.*—ls). And why you continue to print that terrible Jeff Jones strip is beyond comprehension; it's poorly drawn and written and takes up space better used for something else. Still and all, I wish you all the best.

Walter E. Rittenhouse
Levittown, Pa.

Dear Editors:

What's this? After the extraterrestrial editorial communiques of Sean Kelly (1977-79), the intimate "inside HM" reader rapport of Ted White (1980), and Brad Balfour's Tofflerspeak (1981), has HM now spawned a new 1982 form of visual editorials with the January Lou Stathis/Steve Stiles "Walkman Terror Tales"? This collaboration might have been lost in HM's big sister, *National Lampoon*, but it gleams in HM like a crystal skull in the South American jungle. This Kurtzmanesque half-pager, capturing the quintessence of 1954 *Mad* more than any satire of the past twenty-eight years, is as perfect and right for HM as a four-page die-cut Kinuko Y. Craft illustration is for *Playboy*. It not only serves as an up-to-the-minute "editorial cartoon," more palatable than the Tofflertalk, but it indicates why HM should be devoting more space to certain American artists. Idiosyncratic talents such as Stiles, George Metzger, and Mark Fisher should be cultivated by HM—not forgotten, sloughed over, or misused.

Bhob
Somerville, Mass.

Editors:

I like stories that have a plot, are well drawn, and don't make you spend half your reading time trying to figure out what the H. is going on. HM has been pretty disappointing lately, and if things don't improve, I'm going to let my subscription run out—as soon as I find out what happens to John DiFool.

Subscriber #069A060A14
Well, 069—do you mind if I call you that for short?—we feel there's nothing wrong with letting our readers think a bit while they read.—ls

COMING NEXT ISSUE

It's a hard and fast theory that science fiction and fantasy just ain't funny. "Au contraire," as our French brothers would say, "cause in the August issue of *Heavy Metal* we disprove this age-old belief with a special section chock full o' very funny material.

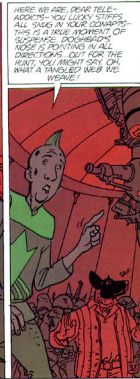
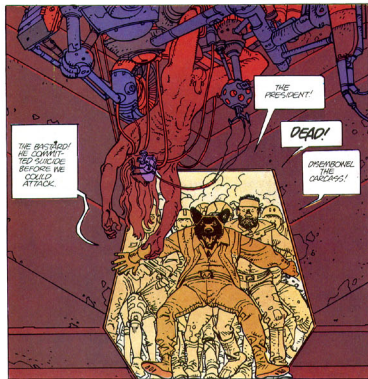
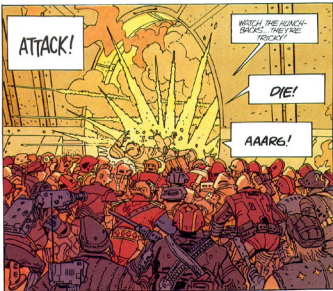
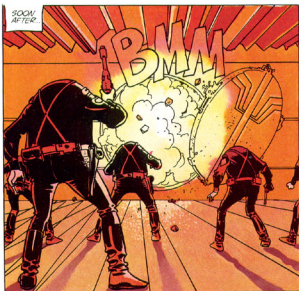
Plus: Berni Wrightson's
"Freak Show" premieres!

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY
AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

THE INCAL LIGHT

LAST WE SAW JOHN DIFOOL WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM THE
SUPERBOMBERX AND ITS HENCHMEN...WITH LITTLE DIFFICULTY
WE MIGHT ADD.



**FINALLY.
VERMONT!**

HA! HA! HA!

AMMM, VERMIN TO
EXTERMINATE.

A TRAP!

GET OUT
WHILE YOU
CAN!

AND AT
THE SAME
MOMENT,
IN THE
DEPTHS...

THE...THE **CADAVER!**

oops!

2

LOOK AT THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ALL YOU FOLKS MUST AGREE...THIS IS ONE OF THE WORST CATASTROPHES IN THE WORLD! OH, THE HUMANITY!

ARGH!

WE'VE BEEN
BETRAYED!
JOHN DIFUOL IS ALIVE!

NYCERULE:



NE5
ACAD/41

HEY, WHERE
IS THAT
BRAT?

HE WAS
UNDER MY
KNIFE A
MINUTE
AGO...

THERE
HE IS!

2

EXTERMINATE THEM!
ALL THE EXITS ARE BLOCKED! THEY
CAN'T POSSIBLY ESCAPE!

IDIOT! THE MOMENT HAS COME
TO PROVE THAT THE INCAL HAS
INDEED TRANSFERRED YOUR
BIO-SYSTEM!

BUT, FATHER—
WHAT CAN
WE DO
AGAINST
SUCH A
MULTITUDE?

WE CAN FIGHT, AND PERHAPS
CONQUER!

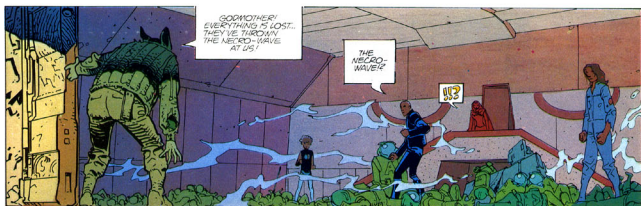
PERHAPS...

KILL! KILL!

I HAVE ALREADY EXTERMINATED
MORE THAN 100,000! SOON
ONLY ONE LIVING BEING WILL
BE LEFT! AND AFTER THAT,
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE
INCAL, WHICH I FEEL LURKING
DOWN BELOW. HAHAAHA
AFTER ALL, THIS NEW BODY OF
MINE DOESN'T TOTALLY LACK
SENSITIVITY!

HOWEVER...

**GODMOTHER!
GODMOTHER!**



GODMOTHER!
EVERYTHING IS LOST...
THEY'VE THROWN
THE NECRO-WAVE
AT US!

THE
NECRO-
WAVE!

!!?

OH, THE NECRO-WAVE! SO
THEY
DARED TO LET GO OF THAT ABOMINATION!
THAT HAS UNDOUBTEDLY OPENED AN ERA
OF TERROR ON THIS WORLD. AS FOR ME...
I MUST AFFIRM MY DEFEAT!

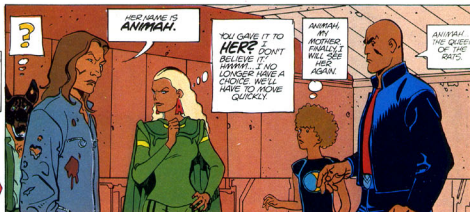
WHAT HAS HAP-
PENED TO THE
AMOK GUARDS?

THEY MUST HAVE
MET UP WITH THE
WARRIORS!

HOWEVER, WE STILL HAVE ONE MORE
TRUMP CARD. AND THAT IS YOU, JOHN
DOOL. IN PRINCIPLE, YOU HAVE TWO
INICALS IN YOUR POSSESSION. HERE'S
WHAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO



IT'S USELESS. I NO LONGER HAVE
THE BLACK INICAL.



HER NAME IS
ANIMAH.

YOU GAVE IT TO
HERE? DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
HMMM... I NO
LONGER HAVE A
CHOICE. WE'LL
HAVE TO MOVE
QUICKLY.

ANIMAH,
MY
MOTHER. FINALLY I
WILL SEE
HER AGAIN.

ANIMAH,
THE QUEEN
OF THE
RATS.



GOOD!

DEPRIVED OF THE BLACK INICAL, YOU
REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. DO
YOUR. THERE'S NO WAY THE INICAL
LIGHT ALONE CAN FIGHT THE NECRO-
WAVE. IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE, WE
BETTER UNITE OUR FORCES

FOLLOW ME!

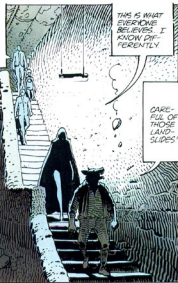


WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING US?

THE FURTHER
AWAY WE
MOVE FROM
THE SURFACE,
THE SAFER
WE'LL BE

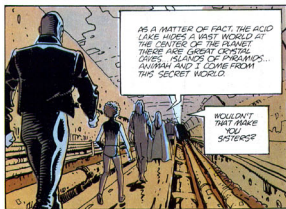
HEY! THE
EARTH IS
SHAKING!

BUT... BUT...
THERE'S
NOTHING AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THIS PIT
EXCEPT FOR
THE ACID LAKE!



THIS IS WHAT
EVERYONE
BELIEVES. I
KNOW DIFF-
ERENTLY.

CARE-
FUL OF
THOSE
LAND-
SLIDES!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE ACID
LAKE HIDES A VAST WORLD AT
THE CENTER OF THE PLANET.
THERE ARE GREAT CRYSTAL
DIVERS, ISLANDS OF PYRAMIDS...
ANIMAH AND I CAME FROM
THIS SECRET WORLD.

WOULDN'T
THAT MAKE
YOU SISTER?

VERY PERCEPTIVE! YES, INDEED.
TOGETHER WE WERE THE GUARD-
IANS FOR THE TWO INCAL. BUT
DARKNESS CAME AND SHOWED
ME THE NOW. SHALL WE SAY THE
THREE THINGS IN LIFE. BY THEN,
I HAD DECIDED TO DISROBE THE
BLACK INCAL AND TAKE POWER
UP ON THE SURFACE.



I EXCHANGED THE BLACK INCAL FOR
THE TECHNO-POPE. I TRIED TO
TAKE POSSESSION OF THE INCAL
LIGHT, BUT JOHN DIPOOL INTER-
VENED. IT IS HE WHO WE HAVE TO
BLAME FOR THIS WHOLE MESS. HE
CREATED THIS FATAL INTERFERENCE
THAT SET FORTH THE WHOLE CRISIS.

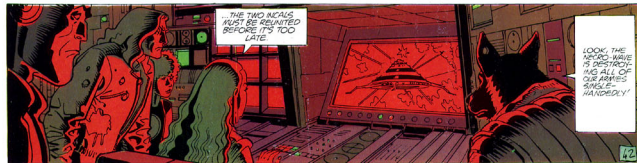


AWW... THE
SECRET
ANOK
BUNKER.

I THOUGHT I HAD SUCCEEDED...
BUT ULTIMATELY I FAILED. NOW
I HAVE TO GO BACK, WHATEVER
THE PRICE...



...THE TWO INCALS
MUST BE REUNITED
BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE.



LOOK, THE
NEURO-WAVE
IS DESTROY-
ING ALL OF
OUR ARMIES
SINGLE-
HANDEDLY!

I'M AGE



© J. JONES 1982



I WAS HOLDING
THIS ROSE.

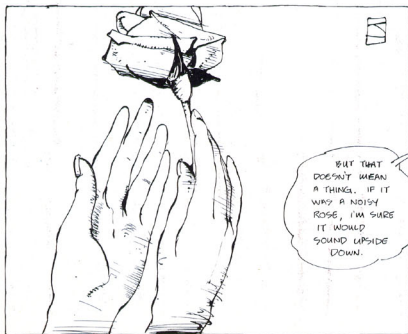


AND I
TURNED
IT
UPSIDE
DOWN.

I KNEW
IT WAS
UPSIDE
DOWN
BECAUSE IT
LOOKED
UPSIDE
DOWN.



BUT IT'S CURIOUS
THAT IT DIDN'T SMELL
UPSIDE DOWN.



BUT THAT
DOESN'T MEAN
A THING. IF IT
WAS A NOISY
ROSE, I'M SURE
IT WOULD
SOUND UPSIDE
DOWN.



© JEFFREY JONES 1982

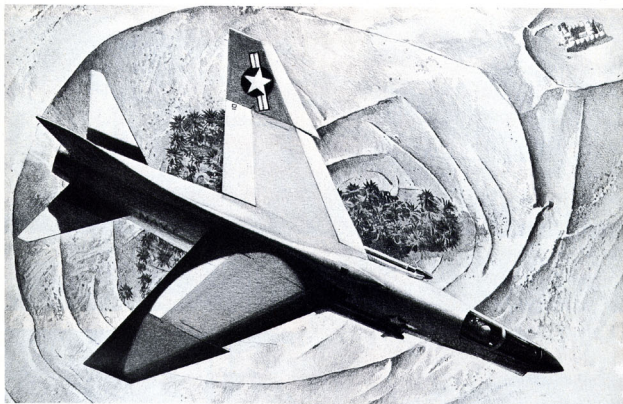
IT'S BEEN REPORTED THAT RADIATION FROM THE NOVA 2 METEORITE HAS CAUSED STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS ON THE NOMADIC TRIBESMEN IN THE SURROUNDING DESERT, EFFECTS IDENTIFIABLE AS SUDDEN ERUPTIONS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND INTO THE CONSCIOUS...



RENOWNED RESEARCHER CARLO FRABETTI, WHO ADVANCED SOME INTERESTING THEORIES ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF SMALL DOSES OF HALLUCINOGENS ON THE BRAIN IN HIS ESSAY "PHYSICS AND FREEDOM," HAS SUGGESTED THAT THE METEORITE'S RADIOACTIVE EMISSIONS ACT ON SPECIFIC MICRO-PHYSICAL CONTROL MECHANISMS OF THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...



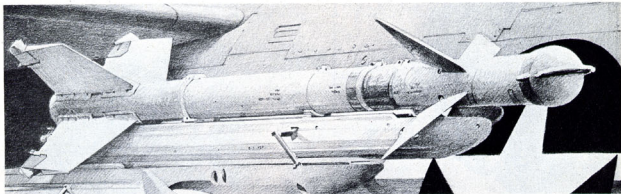
THIS IS THE OASIS, NEAR WHICH THE METEORITE FELL, AND THE LAST PLACE THAT ANYTHING WAS HEARD FROM THE THREE EXPEDITION MEMBERS.



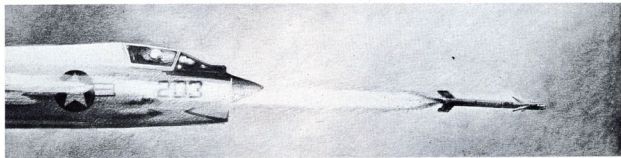
AND THIS IS THE WRECKAGE OF THE RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT, TRAGICALLY DESTROYED AFTER IT WAS SENT TO DETERMINE THE NATURE OF THE METEORITE DURING THE NOVA 2 MISSION. REPORTEDLY, THE PLANE'S PILOT RECEIVED AN INTENSE DOSE OF RADIATION DUE TO HIS PROXIMITY TO THE METEORITE. HE FELL INTO A TRANCE AND COMPLETELY LOST CONTROL OF HIS JET.



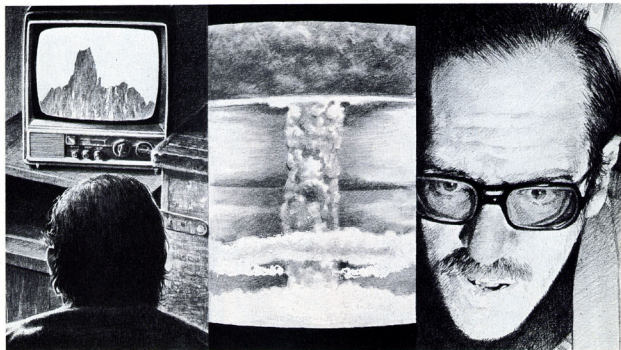
THE SECOND PHASE OF THE NOVA 2 MISSION CONSISTED OF DESTROYING THE METEORITE WITH A TACTICAL MISSILE, ARMED WITH A NUCLEAR WARHEAD THAT WAS INTENDED TO ELIMINATE THE DANGEROUS RADIATION.



THE MISSILE WAS FIRED FROM A DISTANCE OF TEN KILOMETERS, AND PINPOINTED AT THE TARGET WITH AS MUCH ACCURACY AS WAS ACHIEVABLE.



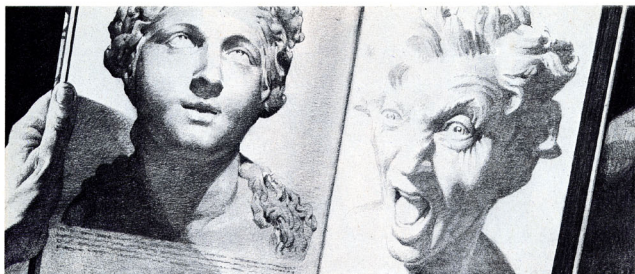
THE RESULTING EXPLOSION WAS FAR MORE INTENSE THAN ANYONE HAD FORESEEN, PROBABLY ATTRIBUTABLE TO THE STRANGE NATURE OF THE METEORITE. THIS, ALONG WITH THE STRONG WINDS TYPICAL OF THE REGION, CONTRIBUTED TO THE DISPERSAL OF THE PULVERIZED METEORITE PARTICLES OVER AN AREA OF MILLIONS OF SQUARE KILOMETERS, COVERING NORTHERN AFRICA AND PARTS OF SOUTHERN EUROPE.



IT'S BEEN VERIFIED THAT THESE PARTICLES REMAIN SUSPENDED IN THE AIR, AND WHEN ABSORBED INTO THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM OF A HUMAN BEING, THEY CAUSE SUCH SYMPTOMS AS INFANTILISM, AUTISM, MYSTICISM, HALLUCINATIONS, AND EVEN EPISODES OF APPARENT INSANITY DUE TO THE RELEASE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND'S THOUGHTS THAT WE DETAILED EARLIER. NEVERTHELESS, THE PREVAILING OPINION OF THE AUTHORITIES IS THAT THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL TO BE ALARMED ABOUT...







RE
ALE DE
LPTURE

BAROQUE & ROCOCO

Marylin M. Miller



"HAVEN'T YOU FELT IN THE NIGHT, / WHEN SHADOWS RULE, A DEAFENING VOICE THAT SINGS, / AND AN IMMENSE SADNESS THAT CRIES?"



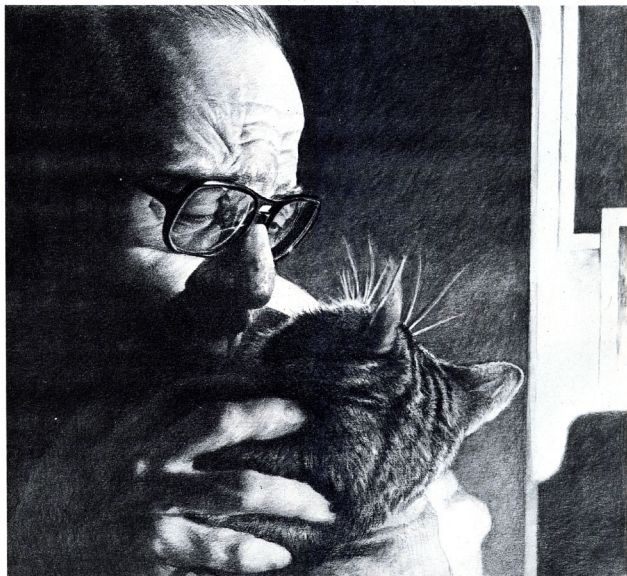
"DON'T YOU HEAR IN YOUR VIRGIN EARS, / THE SILENT SIGHS AND TRAGIC TONES, / THAT MY FINGERS OF DEATH PLAY ON THIS MEDIEVAL HARPE? / DIDN'T YOU FEEL A TEAR OF MINE, / SLIP SADLY INTO YOUR MOUTH? / NOR DID YOU FEEL MY HAND OF ICE / STRETCH OUT TOWARD YOURS OF ROSE? / DON'T YOU SEE IN YOUR DREAMS, / A SHADOW WANDERING THROUGH THE AIR, / DIDN'T YOU FEEL A KISS ON YOUR LIPS, / EXPLODE MYSTERIOUSLY IN YOUR BEDCHAMBER?"



"SO I SWEAR BY YOU, MY LIFE, / THAT I SAW YOU AFRAID IN MY ARMS."



"THAT I FELT YOUR BREATH OF JASMINE AND CLOVER, / AND YOUR MOUTH PRESSED AGAINST MINE." *



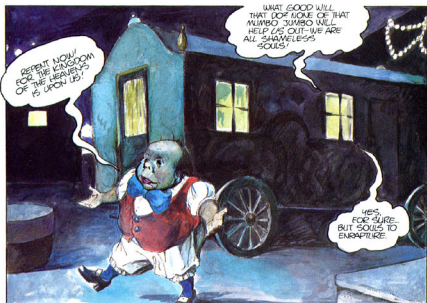
THE END.

Life at the Circus



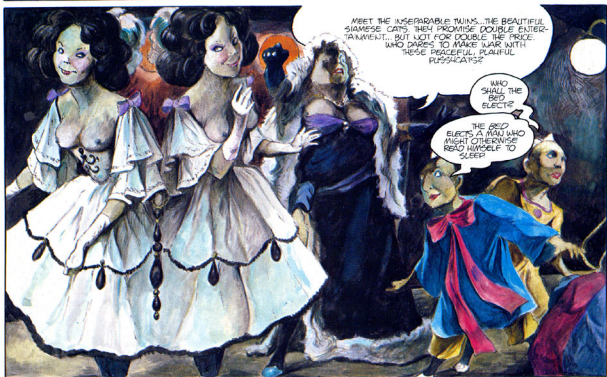




















MARIE, YOU ARE MOST BEAUTIFUL TO-NIGHT.

YOUR HIGHNESS.

OH, GABRIEL, YOU ARE SO GOOD ARE TO ME.



BUT YOU TOO ARE NOT BEING REALISTIC.



BUT I AM A REAL MAN... UNLIKE ANY OTHER YOU HAVE MET.

I KNOW... I TOO AM MORE OF A WOMAN THAN ANY OF THESE FREAKS WILL EVER KNOW.

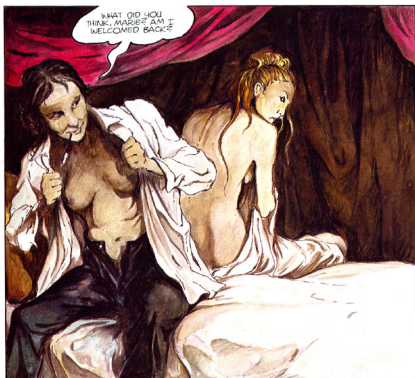
...BUT WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT THAT?



FROM WHOM ARE THE WORDS THAT HAVE ENTERED THIS TENT?









YEAH... IT WAS BASICALLY THE SAME KIND OF LIFE FOR ME. THEY DRESSED ME LIKE A BOY FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER—YOU SEE, MY FATHER DESPERATELY WANTED A BOY, AND WHEN I CAME ALONG—WELL, I GUESS HE WAS A BIT DISAPPOINTED THEY WAITED FOR DAYS TO NAME ME JEAN-MARIE—THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT THAT IF THEY PRAYED LONG AND HARD ENOUGH, I'D EVENTUALLY TURN INTO A BOY. I RAN AWAY FROM THEM WHEN I WAS QUITE YOUNG. I'VE ALWAYS ACTED AND FELT LIKE A WOMAN—OH, HOW I WANT TO BE A MOTHER. FOR ME, WELL, THAT WOULD BE THE ULTIMATE IN WOMANHOOD... IN FEMININITY.





I REALLY NEED SOME STRONG COFFEE... WOULD YOU HEAT UP THE WATER?

SURE, YOU'D LIVE.

I'VE HAD IT WITH THAT SOAP I'VE BEEN USING-- IT MAKES MY SKIN BURN.



DO YOU HAVE ANY PERFUME I CAN BORROW FOR THE TIME BEING? I THINK THEN CALL A PERFUME BATH A "WHORE'S BATH," FITTING, HUN?

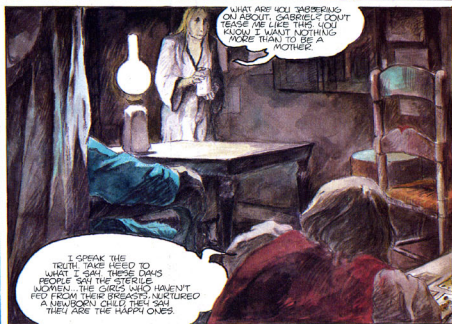
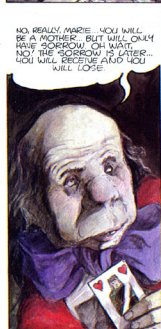
HERE YOU GO... A CLIENT GAVE IT TO ME. HE LIKES TO PUT IT ALL OVER ME IN EXOTIC PLACES.

BUT HINT THAT AGAINST THE RULES! NO GIFTS FROM OUR, HOW SHOULD I SAY... ADMIRERS?



I DUNNO. I THINK IT'S SWEET-- YOU KNOW, THE FACT THAT THESE GUNS THINK ENOUGH OF US TO GIVE US A GIFT ONCE IN AWHILE.

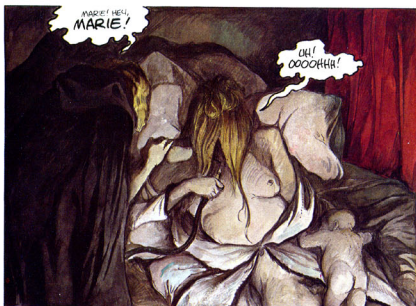
REMEMBER... AN EVIL MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN A CARESSING WOMAN, BECAUSE ONE HUG, AND A WOMAN IS COVERED WITH DISGRACE AND SHAME FOR LIFE...



LATER, ONE NIGHT...

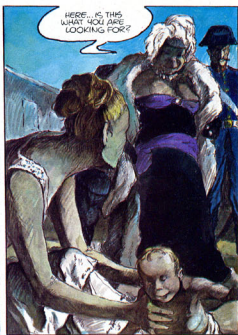


















END

Gallery:

Richard Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*



by Pete Hamill

In the late 1960s, the work of Richard Corben found its way out of Kansas City into the rest of America and then the world. From the beginning, it was clear that Corben was an American popular artist whose energy, power, and originality equaled those other children of Kansas City, Count Basie and Charlie Parker. Each had a unique vision, a way of seeing the world through a medium that had been dismissed as common and vul-

gar; Basie made swing music sound as fresh as a mountain stream; Charlie Parker could make you believe that nobody in history had ever played a saxophone. Corben took the comic strip, a form that seemed exhausted or in slick decay, and he seemed to reinvent the form.

Now there is a book—*Flights into Fantasy*—that tells us something about how Corben came to be Corben. I say "something." No book can tell us everything about a great artist, and I think Corben is a great artist.



CORBEN
© 1977

Obviously, his draftsmanship is powerful and original, but that is not why he is great. His squat, muscle-laced men do not exist in life; his voluptuous women are products of his imagination, not the gene pool; when they come together to make love, we don't observe delicate brief encounters so much as violent collisions, primitive needs sated in dense, thick receptions and penetrations. Corben has created in the tale of Den, his

masterwork, visual metaphors for fucking. Not love-making. Fucking. You do not experience such extraordinary couplings in a world fashioned by Henry James or Henry Miller or even in the fevered pages of the skin magazines. Corben's power, the sheer lust of his imagination, demands its own world, and he has created that world. For me, the ability to invent an alternate world is the absolute mark of a great artist.

In this book, we can trace influences on Corben's work: just as Lester Young pointed the way for Charlie Parker, Will Eisner showed Corben the possibility of the comic book page. Panels shift in size and scale, figures burst out of perspective or recede into vast, barren distances. Eisner taught everybody in comics how to use sound, and Corben has built on Eisner's use of lettering to express inexpressible sound. He has also made short films that not many people have seen, but we don't need to experience Corben in a theater; he has frozen on the pages of books and magazines some of the most remarkable movies of the era. He has taken us to Neverwhere.





Corben also learned from others: Harvey Kurtzman, Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Jim Steranko, and the terribly undervalued Alex Toth; he absorbed what there was to learn from Wally Wood and Jack Davis. But Corben's work never smells of the swipe file. He looked at the best people, absorbed what they had to teach him, and then went his own way.

In this album we can watch the Corben style as it

develops and matures. From the beginning, his sense of color was exquisite and original. Some of the earlier pictures are, for my taste, over-detailed, a hair too tight; he had to learn what every artist eventually learns: when to finish. For me, Corben is at his mature and confident best when he is most loose. That is when he is also his most fearless; he goes to a page knowing that the page cannot defeat him, that work will come off

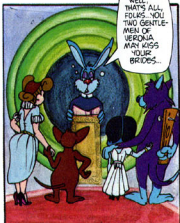
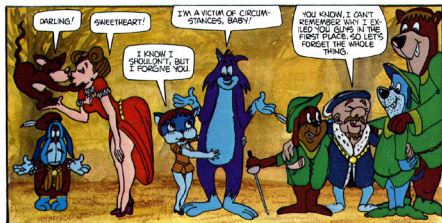
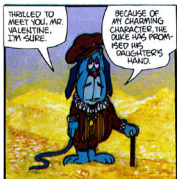
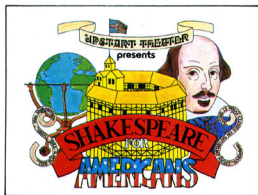


that page, when he is through, that has never before existed in the world. Again, like the great artists and the most brilliant musicians.

With some artists, you wish you could function as a fight manager and show the artist how to use his strengths and minimize his weaknesses. You don't feel that way with the mature work of Richard Corben. Somehow, during the long years when he was working as a commercial draftsman at an industrial conglomerate

called Calvin Communications, Inc., Corben became his own manager. He tried various idioms, mastered them, discarded them, and what remained was Richard Corben.

And being Richard Corben is no small thing. He is in his mature years now, and you don't ever wish for him to embark on specific projects. You wait, and you look. He will always do one thing: he will surprise us. We can ask nothing more of an American artist than that. ●



RELIEF! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THERE'S
IS A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION!

GOOD GOD!
THAT'S ALL WE
NEED! WITCH
DOCTORS!

PROFESSOR!

AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

WHEN LAST WE READ, WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE PYRAMIDS, THE
ALARM PROFESSOR HENFREY'S EXPECTED MET US WITH ANOTHER
GROUP SEARCHING FOR AN UNKNOWN TOMB. WE HAVE YET TO
FIND OUT IF THERE WILL BE ANY RIVALRY.

PROFESSOR
HENFREY IS
DEAD. CHARGED
AGAINST IT WAS
INEVITABLE.

THIS IS FRIGHTEN-
ING! WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO?

I KNOW, IT'S HORRIBLE, BUT NOW
WE MUST ACT QUICKLY—ESPECIALLY
WITH THIS INTENSE HEAT. HE DON'T
WANT TO LOSE ANYONE ELSE.

HE'S BEEN WORKING ON
THIS PROJECT FOR FIVE
YEARS, AND THEN ONCE HE
GETS HERE, HE DIES. I
CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

PLEASE ACCEPT OUR CONDOLENCES. PROFESSOR
HENFREY WAS SO CLOSE TO THE
TOMBS, AND NOW HE'S GONE.

THESE TOMBS ARE AN OBSESSION
WITH YOU. THERE ARE NO TOMBS—
JUST A STONE THRESHOLD. NOTHING
MORE THAN A FEW STONES. I
TELL YOU.

HEY, WHAT IS THAT BITCH TALKING
ABOUT? WHAT DOES SHE MEAN
BY THAT? NOPE, YOU HAVEN'T
GOTTEN ME MIXED UP IN THIS
MESS ALL FOR NAUGHT!

RELIEF, PLEASE.
TRUST ME, MY IN-
FORMATION COMES
FROM SCIENTIFIC
SOURCES—SHE HAS
NO IDEA WHAT
SHE'S TALKING ABOUT.

YOU BETTER BE RIGHT,
BROOKS. I'VE SPENT A LOT
OF MONEY INTO THIS
PROJECT, AND I INTEND TO
GET SOMETHING IN RETURN.

DON'T WORRY, YOU SHALL. I SUGGEST
YOU GO GET SOME REST. YOU WANT
TO BE IN THE SAME PRECISE POINT
THAT HENFREY, FELLOW FOUND HIM-
SELF IN? DEAD, YOU KNOW!

YEAH, WELL, ALL THE
SAME, I THINK WE
SHOULD KEEP A CLOSE
EYE ON OUR VISITORS.
DON'T WANT THEM
STICKING THEIR NOSES
IN OUR BUSINESS.

DON'T WORRY, BROOKS.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
EVERYTHING.



OH, GUY YOUR WAGGONS
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR
MORALISTIC JUDGMENT
BUSSES. I'M SAYING
THESE SAVAGES QUITE...

SURE, YOU'RE PAY-
ING THEM WITH THE
BLOOD OF A MERRY
STICK!

LEAVE US BE. GET ON
WITH YOUR WORK,
YOU ANIMALS!

VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN AGAIN. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN SO UPSET FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS. IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING TO US, LOW FOR A BIT, AND SEE WHAT BELHEM DOES NEXT.

YEAH, BELHEM AND THAT ENTREPRENEUR PROFESSOR FRIEND OF HIS. I BELIEVE HIS NAME IS BROOKS.

DESPITE WHAT YOU THINK OF HIM, HE MIGHT BE OF SOME HELP TO US. RESPECTS. HE HAS A BRAND, AND WE MUST SEND OUT THE NEWS OF PROFESSOR HENFREY'S DEATH.

OKAY, I'M GOING TO LOOK OVER THE SURROUNDING AREA. I'LL JOIN YOU LATER.

SO LONG!

MAKING THESE SAVAGES WORK A WHOLE NIGHT, AND FOR WHAT? NOTHING! NOTHING MORE THAN A FEW STUPID PEBBLES, 'BROOKS'. AND AS FOR THAT DIAMOND THAT'S AS BIG AS A 5 GALLON BOTTLE, THAT'S ABOUT AS NONEXISTENT AS THE TOMB OF YOURS. YOUR 'SCIENTIFIC' THEORIES AREN'T WORTH SHIT, MR. ARCHEOLOGIST!

BUT BELHEM, BELIEVE ME, NOTHING HAS CHANGED. WE JUST HAVE TO DIG DEEPER. GET THE INDIANS BACK TO WORK, INCLUDING THAT PIOUS CHIEF WHO REFUSES TO, AND I PROMISE YOU THERE WILL BE RESULTS SHORTLY!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS HELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. THESE INDIANS REFUSE TO PICK UP A SHOVEL OR A PICKAX. THEY'VE HAD IT, AND FRANKLY, SO HAVE I!



IT'S INCREDIBLE. THE EARTH SEEMS TO HAVE SHIFTED AROUND AT ALL THIS ARCHEOLOGICAL CHAOS. HOW COULD THAT BE?

A SKELETON!



AN OSTRICH SKELETON! I'M ALMOST SURE OF IT! WHAT COULD IT BE DOING HERE? AND THESE STONES - THEY'RE ENGRAVED WITH OUR DRAWING! THESE INDIANS DEFINITELY KNOW MORE THAN THEY'RE LETTING ON!



ALL THOSE 'SAVAGES' DON'T WANT TO WORK ANYMORE!

COME ON! LET'S FOLLOW THEM! THIS GUN IS CRAZY! HE'S APT TO DO ANYTHING!



AND YOU, YOU BIG BARBON! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE BLISTERS ON YOUR HANDS! I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TWO MINUTES TO GET YOUR ELLUS BACK TO WORK OR I'LL MAKE WATCH-STEPS OUT OF YOUR MISERABLE TOILET POLE!



MAYBE HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ME - TOO BAD FOR HIM!

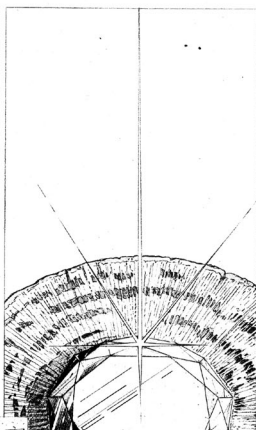


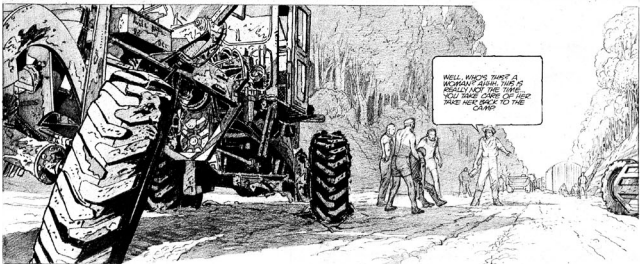
SELHEM! PLEASE WAIT!

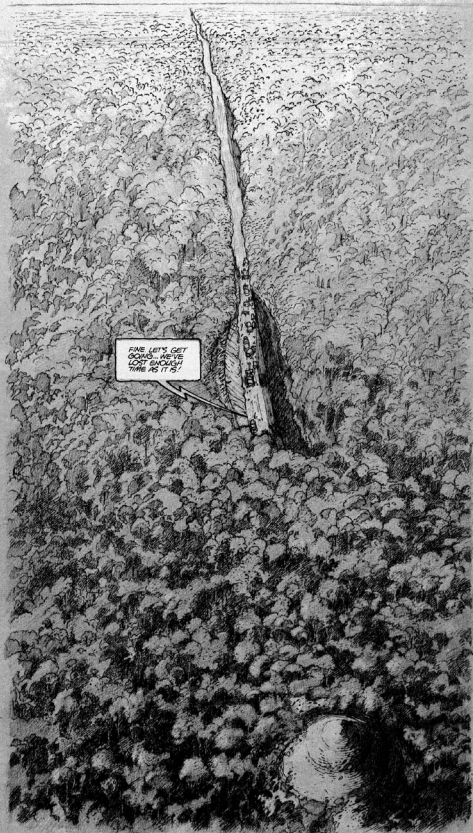












FINE LET'S GET
GOING... WE'VE
LOST ENOUGH
TIME AS IT IS.

ST. RIBBONS CLANK NEW YORK NEW YORK
LISA STOP WE ARE HEADING BACK STOP
WALKING STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP
INCLUDES PROXIMITY STOP STOP STOP
NO FRAMING TO BE FOUND HERE STOP
STAND ON LATER STOP

FIN.

I SEARCHED AMONG THE RUINS OF THE NEW U.N. PALACE UNTIL I FOUND THE PRESIDENTIAL COMMAND CHAIR. IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD FIT. I HAD ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY SHAKESPEARE, AND NOW I FELT LIKE A CHARACTER FROM ONE OF HIS TRAGEDIES...

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT HERE. I SHOULD'VE BEEN DEAD BY NOW. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON—MAYBE THERE'S A MEDICAL FACILITY NEARBY THAT CAN EXAMINE MY BODY.

ZORA

SO FAR FROM THE MURDEROUS SISTERHOOD OF THE HONEYCOMBS ON AN ABANDONED, RADIATION-SCARRED EARTH, THE FOUR ESCAPEES—COMMANDER ZORA, LEUTENANT NYLEA, AMON, AND BRONCO—LISTEN TO ROB'S EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF EARTH, CENTURIES EARLIER...

I FOUND ONE, WITH ITS EQUIPMENT IN GOOD WORKING ORDER.

INCREDIBLE! THIS BIO-SPECTROGRAPH INDICATES THAT THE RADIATION I ABSORBED IN SPACE HAS AFFECTED ME LIKE A VACCINE, ALTERING MY BLOOD CHEMISTRY AND MAKING ME IMMUNE TO THE DEADLY BACTERIA SPREAD OVER THE EARTH!

AND BEYOND THAT, THE RADIATION DOWN HERE ON THE SURFACE, TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER THINGS MY BODY HAS ABSORBED, HAS ALTERED MY METABOLISM AND RATE OF CELLULAR REGENERATION. I WILL NOW AGE IN A THOUSAND YEARS WHAT MY BODY USED TO DO IN ONE!

SINCE THEN, WITHOUT ANY SENSE OF TIME, I'VE LIVED TO WATCH EVERYTHING AROUND ME SLOWLY MUTATE... HIDING FROM THE HONEYCOMBS' ASSASSINS, AND WAITING...

AN INCREDIBLE STORY, ROB, CLEARING UP EVERYTHING ABOUT THE PAST BRONCO, AND I WERE UNSURE OF.

FOR YOU, PERHAPS, BUT NOT US. I'VE STILL GOT PLENTY OF QUESTIONS... LIKE WHY DID THE SISTERHOOD DESTROY THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF MANKIND?

AND IF THEIR MOTIVES WERE "JUSTIFIED," WHY DID THEY THEN HIDE THE TRUTH FROM US, AND FALSIFY THE HISTORICAL RECORD? AND WHY, THOUSANDS OF YEARS LATER, DO THEY PERSIST IN THEIR ELIMINATION OF MEN? COULD THEIR HATRED AND FEAR BE THAT STRONG?

ZORA. IT ISN'T ONLY WHEN WE
FIGHT THE SISTERHOOD THAT I WANT
TO BE AT YOUR SIDE. RIGHT NOW, I
DON'T EVER WANT US TO BE
SEPARATED...



IN THE IMPROVISED CAMPSITE THE OTHERS
SLEPT. ONE LOVE WITNESS—DISTRANT INHUMAN.
AN UNKNOWN THING—OBSERVED THEIR
ENCOUNTER...



AND SO LOVE—BOTH FRUIT AND
SEED OF MAN—WAS REBORN
ON EARTH AFTER A LAPESE
OF CENTURIES OF MADNESS...



ONCE AGAIN, INSTINCT AND PLEASURE
BECAME THE RIVERS FOR LIFE'S SEEDS.
MAN AND WOMAN HAVE ACCEPTED THEIR
MYSTERIOUS DESTINY... AND THE DISTANT
THING CEASES ITS OBSERVATIONS.



AAAAAAGGGG!



BY A
THOUSAND
HORNETS! THAT
WAS NYLEA
WHO
SCREAMED!



fernandes



IT DIDN'T SEEM
FAR OFF, BRONCO!
LET'S GO!

IT SOUNDED
LIKE SOME-
ONE BEING
TORN
APART!

WE'LL
SEARCH IN
PAIRS, SO WE
CAN COVER
MORE
GROUND!
COME,
AMON!

UNLEA,
ANSWER
ME! WHERE
ARE YOU?
WHAT
HAPPENED?

DON'T WORRY,
ZORA. WE'LL FIND HER
SOON... OH, MY GOD!
WHAT'S THAT?

BRONCO!
AMON! ZORA!
HELP ME! BRING
SOMETHING TO
KILL THIS
MONSTER!

TO BE CONTINUED...

The Third Sexual Revolution

Part Two: The Macho Woman and the Priestess



Illustration by Caza

by David Black

I. Some Notes on the Difference Between Macho and Character

Although my wife always has claimed to dislike macho movies of the Sam Peckinpah-Clint Eastwood type (the only movie she ever walked out of was *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*), the other day she wandered into the living room during the last half hour of *Ride the High Country* and sat enthralled as Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea strode together into the film's final gunfight. And it struck me that a certain quality which lately has been assumed to be a form of macho is not necessarily macho, and to dismiss it as such not only confuses thinking, but also inhibits action.

This quality, dramatized at the end of *Ride the High Country*, is the acceptance of fate, a willingness to do what has to be done no matter what the consequences may be. It can lead to spectacular exploits (a fireman risking his life to save a child from a burning building) or less obvious forms of heroism (a man going to work every day at a job he hates to support a family). It is character.

Character is not a very fashionable word. And, in fact, people who have character are often considered eccentric or unrealistic. Our culture values flexibility, realism, and pragmatism. Character seems more and more to be a luxury we cannot afford. People who take a stand because they believe it is right, even if their cause is hopeless or suicidal, seem, according to our new cost-benefit system of moral accounting, stubborn and foolish. It does not make sense for Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea to walk into a gunfight knowing the chances are that at least one of them will get killed; that is, it does not make sense unless character is taken into account.

By itself, character can seem to be a kind of masochism or theatrical martyr-impulse, and I suspect one of the objections my wife had to macho movies was what she saw as a glorification of a senseless desire to sacrifice the self. The sacrifice seemed to her merely a way of proving masculinity. What held her attention at the end of the Peckinpah movie was the realization that the two old cowboys were sacrificing themselves, not on the altar of some phallic god, but for principles.

Principle has become almost as quaint a word as character. In our business and personal lives, principles often seem to be obstructions rather than guides. Or they are temptations which we ought to resist. A friend who bought a stolen Betamax at a very low price justified himself by saying, "I would have been a fool not to." Principles, like character, can make one look foolish to the unprincipled.

It is this apparent foolishness which the scourges of macho have exploited. A woman friend dismisses writers like Kipling, London, Hemingway, and Mailer as being nothing but poseurs; and the pose she objects to, in their works and in their lives, is the stand each one takes in defending his principles. It was not so much the principles themselves she objected to (although she did disagree with many of them), but the inflexible loyalty with which they held to their codes. "They were naive," she said; "they never realized all life is compromise."

All life is not compromise, although in our pathological gregariousness we have made a virtue of getting along. Getting along has become confused with living a life with a decent respect for others. Getting along has come to mean going along, just as going along has come to mean getting ahead. Getting along has taken on the dignity of necessity, as though getting along meant being civilized. Getting along has seized the high ground; it has become the opposite of being selfish. Hawthorne's Mr. Smooth-it-Away is our tour guide,

and the Celestial Railroad has merely been transformed into the Soul Train. Standing by your principles is seen as almost barbaric; my feminist friend's favorite description of Peckinpah's gunfighters is Neanderthal.

Like the suffragette Alva Belmont, my friend wants to take the vote away from men. Women, she believes, would run the world with fewer international tensions and virtually no wars. They would not have to prove their virility by getting into showdowns. They are more civilized than men. They know how to get along.

While her position is extreme, there seems to be a growing acceptance among men and women of the myth that men are more aggressive and hostile than women. Men are advised to accept the feminine sides of their natures, to learn how to be softer, to resist the lures of macho. Even the word macho has come to have a slightly comic and derogatory meaning.

And I suppose certain aspects of macho should be discouraged. But this is where a discrimination should be made between the cult of the male and the acceptance of fate. Those who object to macho tend to lump both concepts together and reject the whole package, as my wife used to. But at the end of *Ride the High Country*, when I twitted her about enjoying a Peckinpah movie, she said, "It wasn't the macho" which held her, it was "something else." The something else was that quality of doing what you have to do, of character, which, of course, is not just an aspect of the male.

Antigone risking her life to bury her brother is acting according to a code just as any Hemingway hero does, and she is not masculine in doing so. By defining character as a function of macho and condemning macho as adolescent, primitive, and somewhat silly behavior, we are doing ourselves a disservice. We are impoverishing our lives.

In denying character we are eliminating an agent of form. Living according to a code, like any conditional activity—playing in a sport, worshipping, writing a sonnet or a mystery novel—limits action. This limitation of action appears from the outside to be a loss of freedom rather than the exercise of choices. It is this formal, almost ceremonial nature which gives a successful Peckinpah movie, a good Hemingway story, and a life lived according to a code, dignity. And it is the testing of these limits, the possibility of failure, the threat of a loss of courage which make those movies, those stories, and those lives—whether lived by a man or a woman—not macho, but heroic.

II. The Heroic Woman As Priestess

According to legend, Adam had a wife before Eve. Her name was Lilith. She was created as he had been out of the dust of the earth, and was therefore his equal. This caused strife in Paradise. Soon, Lilith escaped to the Red Sea. Three angels flew after the runaway and told her that if she did not return to Adam, each day a hundred of her children would die. Lilith did not want to go back to Adam and take an unequal place at his side. Like the two cowboys in *Ride the High Country*, she did what she felt she had to do—despite death. In this case the death of children, which is far worse than one's own death.

As a revenge for the death of her children, Lilith—according to legend—soared around the earth, injuring newborn babies. She was a she-demon, a succubus, a vampire, who, though beautiful, loved without giving satisfaction. She was an erotic monster: the more one was aroused by her, the more one needed to be aroused. Not *world without end, Amen*; but *orgasm without end*.

She was, in some versions of the legend, appropriately, sterile; a symbol of recreational, not procreational, sex. Eve was the symbol of procreational sex. Eve was also, unlike Lilith, subservient to Adam. Less than Adam. Part of Adam. Originally, Adam—like Plato's original human—was two beings in one. He had two faces, which were separated when Eve was born. Not wanting Eve to be arrogant, wanton, proud, God made Eve from a chaste part of Adam's body, and, as God formed her bit by bit, He repeated over and over, "Be chaste, be chaste." As Louis Ginzberg, one of the greatest of Talmudic scholars, pointed out after reciting this legend, God seemed to have failed in His intent.

But if Eve was not chaste, she was not free of shame: the product of disobeying God's orders doubly. When she ate of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, the first thing she did was to clothe herself.

So in Biblical tradition, two females represent polar ends of the woman's experience in the world. Or of man's experience of women in the world. There is independent, proud, beautiful, seductive, endlessly arousing Lilith: the cosmic suffragette, who is not ashamed of her devouring sexuality, who, in fact, finds power in her sexuality. And who pays for her sexuality heroically, preferring sacrifice to defeat, to powerlessness.

And there is submissive, ashamed, retiring, but fertile Eve, who in her first act of independence gives birth to all humankind's miseries: death, pain, the need to work to reclaim what had been given as a gift—life. And, having transgressed, Eve, unlike proud Lilith, hid herself from the unavoidable, from the consequences of her act, from God.

Eve went on to become mother of a race. Lilith went on and, after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, became the consort of God. According to the early gnostic Cabalists, Lilith seduced God and will remain His mistress until the coming of the Messiah.

These two figures represent two experiences not merely of sexuality but of life itself. For women, they represent types: psychological masks to wear. For men, they are choices. The woman as Eve or Lilith guards the gate to the future—not only of the individual, but of the race. Eve represents continuity—although continuity with sorrow, death, and pain; life in its endless circle of death and rebirth. Lilith represents an escape from that cycle of sorrow. The endless arousal she creates, the lust that feeds on itself, growing stronger as it consumes itself, is a perfect metaphor for a nuclear holocaust, a fire that feeds on itself, sucking the whole world into its flame, the brightest and most beautiful of all lights.

But there is another pairing of archetypes, which offers a mediation, a merging, of living-sorrow and dying-arousal. If Lilith was God's consort after the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple, the Matronit or the Matron was, according to Cabalistic tradition, God's consort before the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple. The Matronit was Ishtar, the Babylonian goddess of love and war, as macho as any Hemingway hero. She had four faces: chastity and promiscuity, motherliness and bloodthirstiness, according to Raphael Patai, an expert on Jewish myths who has worked at the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Columbia (*The Hebrew Goddess*, Avon, 1978).

The Matronit rages and copulates her way across history, bedding with mortals and Satan as well as with God. She is the Divine Whore—free of any shame or blame for her wantonness because, as a goddess, she is beyond human law. Her eroticism is a sign of her divinity. And one of the chief attributes of her eroticism is cruelty. She is the Hebrew version of Kali, the Hindu goddess, who, according to Marvin H. Pope in his book *Song of Songs* (Doubleday, 1977), was beautiful and young and "insatiable in her thirst for blood and flesh, wine and sexual intercourse."

In every way she is the mirror image of Lilith. The Matronit breeds Godly children; Lilith, in some legends, demon children. Her lust is holy; Lilith's, profane. Taking the place of the Angel of Death, the Matronit kills with an ecstatic kiss; Lilith sucks the life from men with a kiss less satisfying. Together they make up The Great Goddess, each, in their many aspects, aspects of Her.

Women, any woman, as representative of the Great Goddess, becomes Lilith or the Matronit, shows one aspect or another, is the destroyer, the divine whore, the mother, the virgin, God's mistress or Satan's or man's. And sex, when engaged in, becomes—not merely recreational or procreational—but a cosmic copulation with one form or another of this Goddess. Like Shakti in Tantric lore, who dances the dance of illusion, creating the false reality of separate things, women—as Lilith or the Matronit—create what passes for the objective world. They become ministers of experience, priestesses who lead men into the mystery of life, which is also the mystery of death. And, as priestesses, they are divine or satanic—the Matronit or Lilith—according to the face they happen to be showing at the moment illusion is finally ripped away and true reality in either its glory or horror is revealed.

Part 3 (September 1982) will trace the secret history of spiritual transcendence through sex from the present to its source—with stopovers in the Renaissance, Middle Ages, and ancient Greece.

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The historic social phenomenon of mud, flowers and love in 1969 known as Woodstock is already an American legend. The greatest names in contemporary music played second-fiddle to the greater performance by the youth of America. This magical event is already an important historical landmark closing a decade of student activism this country can never forget.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

As record crowds swarmed in, ticket sales were called off, which is why some 10,000 unsold, mint condition tickets were found in a warehouse last spring.

They became instant collector's items. Each is perfect and each is numbered. 3-day Woodstock tickets, beautifully mounted (removeable-not glued) and framed in glass. Even their obvious investment potential is overshadowed by their very personal social, cultural and nostalgic significance to all of us who lived through America's tumultuous sixties.

FIRST-COME-FIRST-SERVED

We can now offer these rare and wonderful treasures on a first-come-first-served basis—for once they are gone, they cannot be replaced. Once sold out, all orders and checks will be immediately returned. Here's what you get:

***The original 3-day ticket, framed and ready for display**

***Certificate of authenticity from the original printer**

***Appraisal estimate for \$600 from famed Sotheby's of New York**

Best of all, we can offer your Woodstock tickets for their original face value of \$24.00 plus \$6 for the handsome, protective mounting and framing under glass. Your total investment: \$30.00, despite the hefty \$600 appraisal!

An investment? An historical collectible? Or perhaps a priceless memento; an heirloom marking a unique and moving era for America. Those for whom this special event had meaning should order right NOW, for this limited offer, once concluded, can never come again!

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**HM Galleries, Dept. HM 782
635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022**

Please reserve and ship immediately. I have enclosed \$30.00 for each plus \$2.50 for postage and careful handling. I understand that if my tickets or frame should be damaged in any way I may return for a replacement or a refund in full. Rush my order to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Visa ☐ MC Initbk # _____

Acct. # _____ Exp. _____

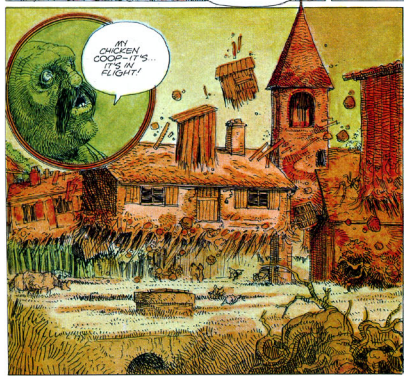
ancient innocence
she passed
a shadowed reflection
of ancient innocence
pressed in white
and wondered sense

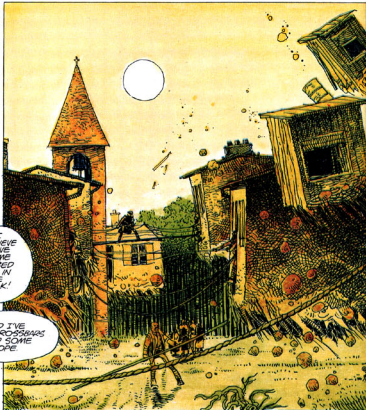
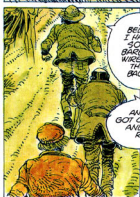
4/22/82



THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

LAST WE SAW THE TWO TRAVELERS TOLD THE VILLAGERS OF DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS TAKING PLACE AT THE ARMY BASE...







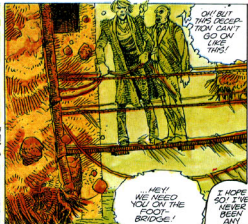
YOU WERE ONE OF THE DEMON-STRATORS OUTSIDE THE GERRY CAMP LAST YEAR... YOU AND YOUR KIND TRIED TO HAVE THE CAMP CLOSED DOWN!!

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?



AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT YOU WERE AT THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL RALLY I SAW YOU THERE BECAUSE I'M PART OF THE COUNCIL!

NO KIDDING!



OH! BUT THIS RECEPTION CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

HEY! WE NEED YOU ON THE FOOT-BRIDGE!

I HOPE SO! I'VE NEVER BEEN ANY PLACE EXCEPT FOR THIS OLD TOWN!

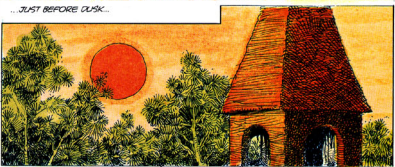


COME ON! GIVE US A HAND!

DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP OR SOMETHING?

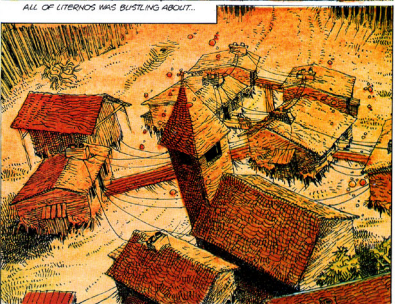


AND IN THE LATER PART OF THE AFTERNOON...

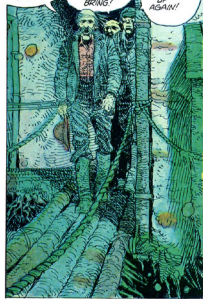


... JUST BEFORE DUSK...

ALL OF LITERNOS WAS BUSTLING ABOUT...



WELL, EVERY-
THING SEEMS
TO BE IN
ORDER... I'M
GOING TO
BED!



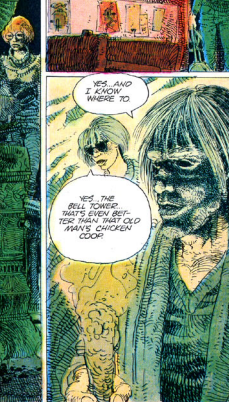
YEAH, WE
TOO! WHO
KNOWS
WHAT TOMOR-
ROW WILL
BRING!

THAT EAST
WIND MIGHT
WASH US
UP!
AGAIN!



WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING
ON AROUND
HERE? HADGE'S
MY HERBAL
TEA!

THERE,
THERE...

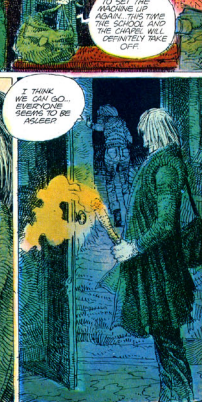


WE ARE GOING
TO SLEEP IN THE
SCHOOLHOUSE
IS THAT OKAY
WITH YOU?



IN THE SCHOOL...
THAT'S A
REAL PESS.

CERTAINLY.
GOOD NIGHT.



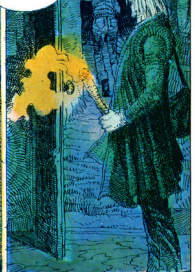
I HAVE A FUN-
NY FEELING IT
WILL IT OUGHT
TO BLOW THE VE-
LAGE TOWARDS
THE SEA, JUST
AS PLANNED
HERE. LOOK
AT THIS
MAP!

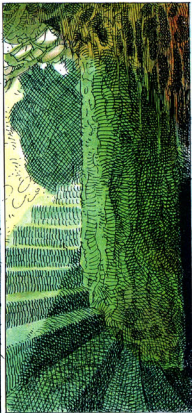
WE'LL HAVE
TO SET THE
MACHINE UP
AGAIN. THIS TIME
THE SCHOOL AND
THE CHAPEL WILL
DEFINITELY TAKE
OFF.

YES, AND
I KNOW
WHERE TO.

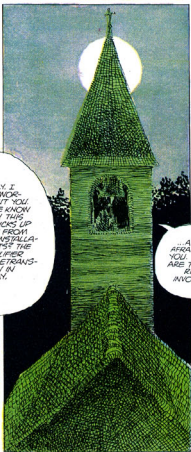


I THINK
WE CAN GO...
EVERYONE
SEEMS TO BE
ASLEEP.






FRANKLY, I
AM VERY WOR-
RIED ABOUT YOU
HOW DO WE KNOW
JUST HOW THIS
MACHINE PICKS UP
THE ENERGY FROM
THE ARMY'S INSTALLA-
TION PLANTS? THE
HUMAN AMPLIFIER
ESCAPES TELETRANS-
PORTATION IN
EVERY WAY,
AND...



...AND I'M
AFRAID FOR
YOU. THERE
ARE TERRIBLE
RISKS
INVOLVED.

TO BE
CONTINUED...



IN THESE TIMES OF PEACE IN THE TEMPLES,
THE BELLIES OF METEORS, MAD PRIESTS
SANG THE NAME, YRAGAEI, PRINCE OF
MEN.

YRAGAEI

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

TEXT BY DEAMUTH, TRANSLATED BY
PAULINE TENNANT. REPRINTED
WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUICK
FOX, FROM THE BOOK
"YRAGAEI URIM," BY DRUILLET.





BUT AS ON THE CONFINES OF
THE EARTH, THE GLACIERS
WERE BEING WORN AWAY AGAINST
RAMPARTS OF STONE IN THE YOUNG
MOUNTAINS... AS IN THE TROPICS THE
TORRID VAPORS WERE DISPERSING
BEFORE THE FLOWER-ISLANDS
THE GODS WERE WEARIED, WERE FRETTING
AND PILING UP CYCLONES OF CINDERS, AND
TERRORS, AND
CRYSTALLIZING WINTERS..UNTIL ONE DAY,
DAWN, NIGHT, TEMPEST...



TO BE CONTINUED...



HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 5" 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 "Heilman." (\$3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1956," the resumption of Drulliet's "Gail," and yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." (\$3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "The Alchemist Supreme" begins, Moebius's "Gail," and Harlan Ellison's "S.O.S." (\$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, "Heilman," "S.O.S." final rebirth, more. (\$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: Trinna makes her debut here, and Drulliet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? (\$3.00)

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

#25/APRIL 1979: SOLD OUT! Chaykin and Wein's "The Stars My Destination," Drulliet, and Val Mayerik's "The Stars My Destination." (\$3.00)

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

#27/JUNE 1979: SOLD OUT! Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Drulliet's "Gail Future," plus more illustrations. (\$3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bodé'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 Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolofod, Suydam, Stiles, Trinna, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." (\$3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — a new decade — begins with a new look for *HIM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, 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 Wolftron" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. (\$3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Grevasse" take a jaunt? For the answer read the Schulten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Mairs'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, Bodé — and more! (\$3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jado? 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 Walendans 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: Drulliet returns with the first installment of "Salambô" 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 nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loutlet, Voss, He, and Gilson; and "The Automobile Man," by Davis, Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Staranko, et al. (\$3.00)

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

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

#61/APRIL 1982: Our 5th anniversary issue offers you a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Drulitel, 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 Vanitas" by Ted White and Val Laseky. (\$3.00)

#63/JUNE 1982: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb. They are all surrounded by regulars: Drulitel, Moebius, Schulten, and Fernandez. Enjoy. (\$3.00)

HEAVY METAL

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Beautiful binders!
For just \$5.50 you get our old stand-by—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulie monster. Or, our new, more sophisticated black "Naugahyde" binder with silver letters, for just \$5.95. Each can be obtained check full o' back issues (January through December, of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, are \$26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!

HEAVY METAL

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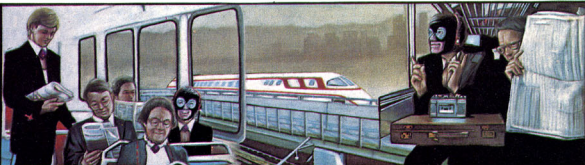
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I never ride the monorail to work in the morning without feeling the thrill which accompanied my first day at Universal Volcanic Byproducts (Lava-Chip Division). Jammed into my sanitary pedestal, armed with my briefcase, I felt myself part of the vast machinery of a great city.



Its power and glory radiated invisibly outward along power lines snaking across the sky: "I am Work," it seemed to whisper--"Serve me well..."



and I, a humble legionnaire in its service, march in step through the electronic doors, humming the anthems of industry.

Condo bondage Part 2





Coffee,
Mr. G?

There is a poetry in the
rhythm of the working day.

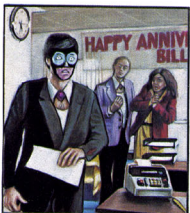


Thanks,
Estrella.



Don't forget
that Mr. Bub
is flying in
from the coast
this morning.

I felt a ripple of panic—Bill Z. Bub,
the Vice President in Charge! His por-
trait loomed over me from the wall of
the conference room.



HAPPY ANNIV
BILL

A lifetime later, after having
been raked over the coals for
the latest sales projections, I
lunched with Ms. Adeline Jones
from Marketing.



I'm a broken man, a piece of flotsam
washed ashore...you are my beach.

She blushed
prettily.



But what about
your wife?



It's just that
I've won the
Employee Sublim-
inal Motivation
Award. I'll be
leaving with Mr.
Bub on a cruise
to the Clouds of
Magellan...

She is a harpy, a nagging
automaton. It's you I love.

The trip back to my suburban condominium seemed to take all night.

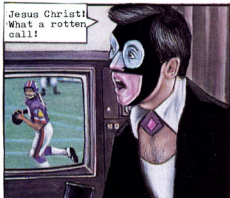


I was so depressed the rest of the day that I forgot to take my drug quota.



I imagined that I was forced to stand all the way home in a press of store-window dummies.

Jesus Christ! What a rotten call!



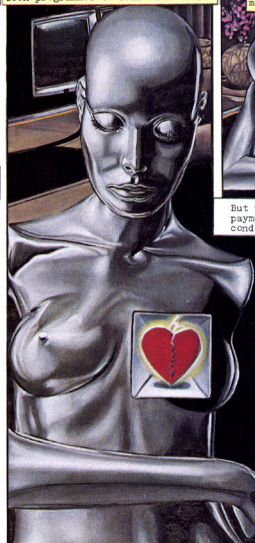
That night I watched the UFL playoffs on TV. I gibbered with fury at the referees and spilled my beer.

I'll default.

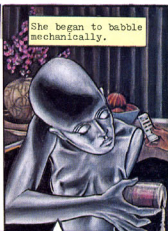


And I plugged her into the toaster.

My wife froze, her face reflecting the glare of the TV set; she hadn't been programmed to deal with this.



She began to babble mechanically.



But what about the condo payments? What about the condo payments?

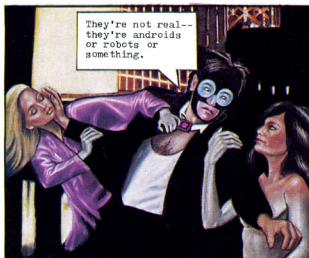


Meadows, my neighbor, wasn't very happy to see me when I pounded on his door.



--Why don't we all do some coke in the jacuzzi?

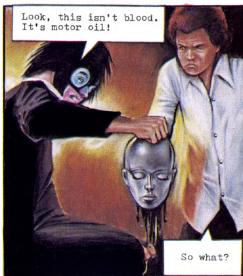
All right! Let's party!



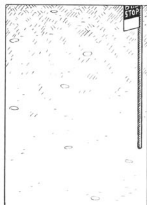
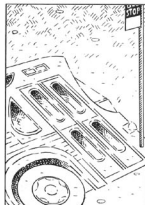
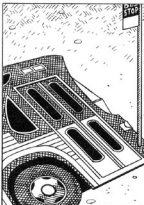
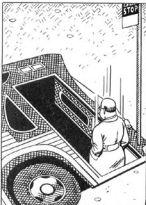
I picked up Marty's Remco Weedeater and knocked their heads off.



They rolled around on the floor like silver eggs.



To Be Continued



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. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'RE 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'S 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, BAFLE 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 (Like "Smiling Face" 12. QUESTION AUTHORITY 13. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN EVERYONE ISN'T OUT TO GET YOU 14. DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS. I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH IS I IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS 15. SOT 17. I'M NOT CYNICAL. JUST EXPERIENCED 18. THERE ARE NO RULES 19. ASK ME IF I CARE 20. THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS 21. IF I TELL YOU YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY YOU'LL HOLD IT AGAINST ME 22. ROCK N' ROLL IS NOT POLITE 23. IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN 24. WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WHY BOOTHER? 25. I KNOW YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT I SAID BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT I MEANT 26. I DON'T CARE. I DON'T HAVE TO 27. WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD. BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER 28. I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW 29. IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS 30. WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS' WARNED US ABOUT 31. I'D RATHER LAUGH WITH THE SINNERS THAN CRY WITH THE SAINTS 32. MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL 33. LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU'RE BUSY MAKING OTHER PLANS 34. SEX IS DIRTY BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT 35. THE MEER SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH 36. I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE 37. DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE 38. IMMORAL MINORITY 39. I'M NOT PLACING HARD TO GET. I AM 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 KEEP THEIR MONEY 43. SEX ISN'T GRAND ANYMORE. IT'S TWO GRAND 44. YOU CAN'T 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 MYSELF 50. IF YOU'RE SO SMART WHY AREN'T YOU RICH? 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, IF FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING 55. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T 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 ME NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SOON. OK? 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 61. I GUESSED YOU HAD TO BE THERE 62. WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND 63. MY WILL BE DONE 64. NICE GLYS DON'T FINISH 65. 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. TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION 72. TIME FLEES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING 73. WHO DEED GOES UNPUNISHED 74. I REMEMBER WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE 75. YOU'RE NOT GETTING CLOSER. YOU'RE GETTING BIGGER 76. I'M EASY TO PLEASE AS LONG AS I GET MY WAY 77. NO GOOD 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 READING IN THIS AREA 81. I AM DEAF. 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 MEDICRE MINDS (A. Einstein) 85. NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES HIS EARS 86. I WOULD, IF IT COULD. BUT I CAN'T SO I WON'T 87. YES, I DO MIND 88. NO, IT'S NOT OK 89. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 90. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 91. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 92. YES, I DO MIND 93. NO, IT'S NOT OK 94. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 95. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 96. 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 ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 101. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 102. YES, I DO MIND 103. NO, IT'S NOT OK 104. 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YES, I DO MIND 513. NO, IT'S NOT OK 514. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 515. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 516. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 517. YES, I DO MIND 518. NO, IT'S NOT OK 519. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 520. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 521. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 522. YES, I DO MIND 523. NO, IT'S NOT OK 524. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 525. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 526. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 527. YES, I DO MIND 528. NO, IT'S NOT OK 529. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 530. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 531. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 532. YES, I DO MIND 533. NO, IT'S NOT OK 534. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 535. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 536. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 537. YES, I DO MIND 538. NO, IT'S NOT OK 539. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 540. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 541. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 542. YES, I DO MIND 543. NO, IT'S NOT OK 544. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 545. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 546. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 547. YES, I DO MIND 548. NO, IT'S NOT OK 549. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 550. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 551. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 552. YES, I DO MIND 553. NO, IT'S NOT OK 554. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 555. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 556. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 557. YES, I DO MIND 558. NO, IT'S NOT OK 559. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 560. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 561. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 562. YES, I DO MIND 563. NO, IT'S NOT OK 564. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 565. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 566. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 567. YES, I DO MIND 568. NO, IT'S NOT OK 569. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 570. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 571. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 572. YES, I DO MIND 573. NO, IT'S NOT OK 574. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 575. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 576. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 577. YES, I DO MIND 578. NO, IT'S NOT OK 579. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 580. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 581. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 582. YES, I DO MIND 583. NO, IT'S NOT OK 584. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 585. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 586. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 587. YES, I DO MIND 588. NO, IT'S NOT OK 589. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 590. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 591. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 592. YES, I DO MIND 593. NO, IT'S NOT OK 594. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 595. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 596. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 597. YES, I DO MIND 598. NO, IT'S NOT OK 599. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 600. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 601. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 602. YES, I DO MIND 603. NO, IT'S NOT OK 604. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 605. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 606. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 607. YES, I DO MIND 608. NO, IT'S NOT OK 609. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 610. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 611. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 612. YES, I DO MIND 613. NO, IT'S NOT OK 614. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 615. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 616. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 617. YES, I DO MIND 618. NO, IT'S NOT OK 619. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 620. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 621. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 622. YES, I DO MIND 623. NO, IT'S NOT OK 624. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 625. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 626. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 627. YES, I DO MIND 628. NO, IT'S NOT OK 629. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 630. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 631. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 632. YES, I DO MIND 633. NO, IT'S NOT OK 634. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 635. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 636. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 637. YES, I DO MIND 638. NO, IT'S NOT OK 639. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 640. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 641. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 642. YES, I DO MIND 643. NO, IT'S NOT OK 644. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 645. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 646. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 647. YES, I DO MIND 648. NO, IT'S NOT OK 649. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 650. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 651. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 652. YES, I DO MIND 653. NO, IT'S NOT OK 654. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 655. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 656. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 657. YES, I DO MIND 658. NO, IT'S NOT OK 659. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 660. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 661. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 662. YES, I DO MIND 663. NO, IT'S NOT OK 664. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 665. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 666. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 667. YES, I DO MIND 668. NO, IT'S NOT OK 669. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 670. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 671. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 672. YES, I DO MIND 673. NO, IT'S NOT OK 674. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 675. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 676. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 677. YES, I DO MIND 678. NO, IT'S NOT OK 679. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 680. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 681. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 682. YES, I DO MIND 683. NO, IT'S NOT OK 684. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 685. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 686. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 687. YES, I DO MIND 688. NO, IT'S NOT OK 689. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 690. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 691. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 692. YES, I DO MIND 693. NO, IT'S NOT OK 694. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 695. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 696. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 697. YES, I DO MIND 698. NO, IT'S NOT OK 699. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 700. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 701. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 702. YES, I DO MIND 703. NO, IT'S NOT OK 704. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 705. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 706. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 707. YES, I DO MIND 708. NO, IT'S NOT OK 709. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 710. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 711. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 712. YES, I DO MIND 713. NO, IT'S NOT OK 714. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 715. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 716. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 717. YES, I DO MIND 718. NO, IT'S NOT OK 719. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 720. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 721. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 722. YES, I DO MIND 723. NO, IT'S NOT OK 724. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 725. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 726. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 727. YES, I DO MIND 728. NO, IT'S NOT OK 729. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 730. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 731. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 732. YES, I DO MIND 733. NO, IT'S NOT OK 734. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 735. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 736. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 737. YES, I DO MIND 738. NO, IT'S NOT OK 739. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 740. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 741. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 742. YES, I DO MIND 743. NO, IT'S NOT OK 744. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 745. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 746. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 747. YES, I DO MIND 748. NO, IT'S NOT OK 749. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 750. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 751. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 752. YES, I DO MIND 753. NO, IT'S NOT OK 754. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 755. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 756. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 757. YES, I DO MIND 758. NO, IT'S NOT OK 759. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 760. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 761. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 762. YES, I DO MIND 763. NO, IT'S NOT OK 764. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 765. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 766. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 767. YES, I DO MIND 768. NO, IT'S NOT OK 769. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 770. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 771. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 772. YES, I DO MIND 773. NO, IT'S NOT OK 774. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 775. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 776. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 777. YES, I DO MIND 778. NO, IT'S NOT OK 779. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 780. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 781. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 782. YES, I DO MIND 783. NO, IT'S NOT OK 784. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 785. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 786. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 787. YES, I DO MIND 788. NO, IT'S NOT OK 789. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 790. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 791. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 792. YES, I DO MIND 793. NO, IT'S NOT OK 794. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 795. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 796. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 797. YES, I DO MIND 798. NO, IT'S NOT OK 799. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 800. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 801. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 802. YES, I DO MIND 803. NO, IT'S NOT OK 804. ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD 805. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES. BUT ONE AFTER STRAIGHTENED OUT 806. USED TO KNOW ALL THAT ST

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