

# HEAVY METAL<sup>®</sup>

October 1982

\$2.00

WPS 36587

The adult  
illustrated fantasy  
magazine



DIRECT HACS A



JNX\_SCANZ

0

**NATIONAL  
LAMPOON'S®**

NATIONAL LAMPOON IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF NATIONAL LAMPOON, INC.

**NO CLASS HAS LESS CLASS THAN THIS CLASS.**



# CONTENTS

"The Voyage of Those Forgotten," by  
Christin and Bilal, "Yragael," by Drui-  
llert, and "The Blind Flock," by Caza, are all ©  
1982, Dargaud Editeur, Paris. All rights  
reserved.

"Den II," © 1981, by Richard Corben.  
"Zora," by Fernando Fernandez, and  
"Color Line," by Royo, are © 1982. Sele-  
cciones Ilustradas, Barcelona, Spain.  
All other copyrights are held by individual  
artists, agents, and/or representatives.

Dossier,  
edited by **Lou Stathis**, 5  
Freak Show,  
by **Bruce Jones**,  
Illustrated by  
**Berni Wrightson**, 12  
Den II,  
by **Richard Corben**, 19  
I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 25  
The Ape, by **Silverio Pisu**,  
Illustrated by  
**Milo Manara**, 26  
Scary Dreams Section:  
Frontispiece  
by **Paul McCusker**, 33  
The Horror! The Horror!  
Phobias from the Dawn of  
Time to the Space Age,  
by **Jeff Goldberg**, 34

Mr. Valdemar, by **Trillo**,  
Illustrated by **Breccia**, 38  
The Blind Flock, by **Caza**, 45  
Color Line, by **Royo**, 49  
Now Eddie's in the  
Burnout Belt,  
by **Ron Martinez**, Illustrated  
by **Jo Ellen Trilling**, 57  
Exit, by **Jim Thiesen**, 62  
The Hand That Feeds,  
by **Anthony Stonier**,  
Illustrated by  
**Peter Kuper**, 65  
Chain Mail, 67  
Birth, by **John Stevens**, 68

The Third Sexual Revolution,  
Part 3: The Secret Tradition,  
by **David Black**, Illustration  
by **J. K. Potter**, 70  
Yragael, by **Drui-llert**, 74  
Zora,  
by **Fernando Fernandez**, 79

The Voyage of Those  
Forgotten, by **P. Christin**,  
Illustrated by  
**Enki Bilal**, 85  
Rock Opera,  
by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92  
The Bus,  
by **Paul Kirchner**, 96  
Coming Next Month, 96  
Front cover, by **Jim Burns**  
Back cover, by **Alan Lynch**

Editor: **Julie Simmons-Lynch**

Art Director: **John Workman**

Associate Editor: **Lou Stathis**

Copy Editor: **Mark Keyser**

Contributing Editor: **Steven Maloff**

Associate Art Director: **Bill Workman**

Foreign Rights Manager: **Christina Miner**

Special Projects: **Michael Gross**

Production Director: **Camille Russo**

Production Assistant: **Ray Battaglino**

Circulation Director: **George Agolia, Jr.**

Staff Baby,  
born July 16, 1982: **Katy Workman**

Editorial Director and Publisher  
**Leonard Mogel**

**HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970):**  
"Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Commu-  
nications, Inc. © 1982 HM Communications, Inc. 635  
Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights  
reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in  
part without written permission from the publisher.  
Any similarity to real people and places in fiction  
and semfiction is purely coincidental.

**EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Publisher assumes  
no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return  
postage must accompany submissions; otherwise,  
return of artwork is not guaranteed.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by HM  
Communications, Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New  
York, NY 10022. \$19.00 paid annual subscription,  
\$32.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$39.00  
paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Addi-  
tional: \$3.00 for Canada and \$5.00 elsewhere.  
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and  
additional mailing offices.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber, please  
send change of address to Circulation Director,  
Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue,  
New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change.  
**POSTMASTER:** Please mail form 3576 notices to  
Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635  
Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

**ADVERTISING OFFICES:** New York: Marketing  
Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison  
Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 686-4070.  
Midwest: **Quentner & Company**, River Plaza,  
405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611 (312)  
670-6800. West Coast: **Heavy Metal, Inc.**,  
9301 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 412, Beverly Hills, CA  
90210, (213) 859-8834. Southern Offices:  
**Brown & Co.**, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA  
30062 (404) 998-2889.

**HM COMMUNICATIONS** is a subsidiary of  
National Lampoon, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons**

President **Julian L. Weber**

Chairman of the Executive Committee

**Leonard Mogel**

Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agolia, Jr.**  
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard Atkins**  
Vice-President, Finance **Peter Phillips**  
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales  
**Howard Jurofsky**

Illustration by Terry Oakes

# LET YOURSELF ROAM

through time...through space...

through other dimensions of  
mind and matter...



7195 The Maker of Universes: The Gates of Creation; A Private Cosmos; Behind the Walls of Terra; The Laville World. 2 vols. Spec. ed.

9944 Inherit the Stars; The Gentle Giants of Ganymede; Giants Star. Spec. ed.

1958 Twelve Fair Kingdoms; The Grand Jubilee; And Then There'll Be Fireworks. Comb. pub. ed. \$31.85

## Take any 5 for \$1 with membership

**FREE**  
carryall  
when you join



Note: Prices shown are publishers' edition prices.  
DRAGONSLAYER™ is a trademark of Paramount Pictures.

### The Science Fiction Book Club

Dept. DR-091, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 5 books I have numbered in the boxes below, and bill me just \$1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
Mr. _____ (Please print)				
Address _____ Apt. # _____				
City _____ State _____ Zip _____				

If under 18, parent must sign.  
The Science Fiction Book Club offers complete hardcover editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada. 93-5226 A

### How the Science Fiction Book Club Works:

When your application for membership is accepted, you'll receive your choice of any 5 books on this page for only \$1 (plus shipping and handling). You may examine them in your home and, if not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days—membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE carryall will be yours to keep whether or not you remain a member.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections, always at low Club prices. If you want the 2 Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, prefer an Alternate, or no book at

all, just fill out the convenient form always provided, and return it to us by the date specified.

We allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive the form in time to respond, you may return and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense.

As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign any time thereafter, or remain a member as long as you wish. One of the 2 Selections each month is only \$2.98. Other Selections are slightly higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' editions. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

\*Explicit scenes and language may be offensive to some.

## ALL VINYL

## DOWNERS

Much media noise has emanated recently from a California congressional clown wolf-crying the presence of Satanic subliminal messages in rock 'n' roll. The revelations include whispered sweet-nothings to The Man upstairs on back-tracked Led Zeppelin records (what, no "Bonzo is dead"?), and similar horrors, all exhorting the sheeplike youth of America to detour down the inferno-bound exit ramp.

But hell (wrong word?), this sort of neo-red-baiting ain't exactly new on the pop-culture battlefield, especially from the knee-jerk paranoids on the Christian no-fun-damentalist right flank. And while such whining does have its nuisance value (a further reminder of America's dangerous swing rightward—as if we needed another), it's also welcome evidence that rock still has the power to offend someone, somewhere—between institutionalized arena rock and sanitized dance music, things have gotten pretty offensive.

The irony, though, is that these guys needn't have gone so far as to play stuff backwards—I would've pointed 'em towards plenty where the subversive content is as plain as the guilt-twists in their libidos. **Killing Joke**, whose third LP, *Revelations* (Editions EG, dist. by Jem), bunts this jolly English quartet right through their Jerry Cornelius stage of dance-banding the apocalypse (hollow and unconvincing, I thought) into a far more credible (and less

danceable) ritualized invocation of the Crowleyesque dark-lords, let loose after God has turned his/her/its back. A frightening piece of vinyl (why are they laughing?), but paradoxically disjointed and unsuccessful. (They've since dissolved and reformed with a new bassist and overtly occult orientation.)

Less ambivalent, and

chilling to the point of psychosis, is Sydney, Australia's **SPK** (stands for Surgical Penis Klink, if you must know)—possibly the sickest band in existence (makes Throbbing Gristle look like Debby Boone). Their first American release (fourth overall) is *Leichenschrei* (Thermidor), which, a press release helpfully informs me, translates as "corpse shrieks." Charming bunch. If the album's positively demonic blend of Luciferian hammering, over-excited noise generators and Stygian doom-muttering is too much for you, just be thankful you missed SPK's brief American tour this past spring. These seriously twisted Aussies filled NYC's normally well-behaved Danceteria with viciously colliding metal, hoarse screeching, and a subterranean bass rumble—all accompanied by a slide show so hellishly deranged it would've sent Adolf Eichmann running for the vomitorium. Whew.

For the more faint of heart, there's **Bauhaus**, a sort of gothic-psychedelic heavy metal band teetering on the brink of obnoxiousness. Their two import LPs, *In the Flat Field* (4 A.D.) and *Mask* (Beggars Banquet), have some clever moments of dark-atmosphere management, but live, their overindulgent, narcissistic image-mongering strategies everything (prime offender: singer Peter Murphy, trapped in an identity crisis between Dr. Bowie and Mr. Hyde). Seeing them recently at the Ritz—smoke machines spewing—I found it easy to accept them as an opening act for Black Sab-

bath within a year (evidently A&M Records agrees with me—they've just picked up Bauhaus for American release).

Since **Chrome** don't perform live, they avoid some of the traps Bauhaus fall into, but they too seem enmeshed in a heavy metal thud-rumble tar pit. Their latest LP, *3rd from the Sun* (Siren, dist. by Faulty Products)—something like their sixth or seventh—only briefly equals the brilliance of their 1977 *Alien Soundtracks* (confined to "Off the Line"). The rest is just ex-Pearl Harbor rhythm section John & Hilary Stench thrashing dazedly behind a droning, treated guitar and from-beyond-the-grave vocals of a sf-apocalyptic nature.

These sourpusses could take a lesson or two from **Nash the Slash**, the Canadian one-man banditeer, who tempers his horror-film imagery with Vincent Price-y camp humor. His latest release, the all-instrumental

feeling that I have only a limited appetite for (their second, *17 Seconds*, included on the double American issue...happily ever after, remains a contender for Lou's All-Time Top Ten).

Likewise, I find the latest **New Order** release—the single "Temptation"/"Hurt" (Factory, through Rough Trade)—to be something of a disappointment. Where the Cure have emboldened, New Order have refined, and by machining off the blurred edges I think they've lost something essential (producer Martin Hannett perhaps?). Their 1981 *Movement* is another member of Lou's Hall of Fame.

### Import of the Month

Second only to a top-tied Residents and Yello, **You've Got Foetus on Your Breath** (nifty name, eh?) are my current favorite band. The music imprinted



**Decomposing** (Cut Throat), is an EP that can be played either at 33 or 45 (my preference is the latter)—running times for both are helpfully provided. Good, evocative stuff.

Wary of all this optimism? Ready to take the **Cure**? Over the course of four increasingly depressing albums, this British trio have tracked the death-beat from every possible angle. I'm beginning to worry about them. *Pornography* (A&M) only elaborates further on their obsession, filling in with florid sonic flourishes what used to be sparse and airy. It's a choking, near-claustrophobic

on their LP *Deaf!!* (Self-Immolation import) is alternately ugly, hilarious, ironically coy, intensely biting, and brazenly tuneful. I know absolutely nothing about them. I think they're great.

—Lou Stathis

### Addresses:

Thermidor: 912 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94710  
Faulty Products: 633 N. LaBrea, Hollywood, CA 90036  
Cut-Throat Productions: Box 279, Station J, Toronto, Ont. Canada M4J 4Y1  
Rough Trade: 326 6th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103  
Self-Immolation: 35 Brackenbury Road, London N2 UK



# The Ten Sleaziest Horror Films Ever Made

**A•P•E** For lovers of the "giant simian" genre, *King Kong* (1976) isn't. In fact, this 1976 Korean-American film had the chutzpah to call itself *The New King Kong* till Dino De Laurentiis sued. Blame the Lee Ming Film Co. of Seoul and American director Paul Leyder (of *I Dismember Mama* fame) for this atrocity. It's even in 3-D.

**Plan 9 from Outer Space** (1959) Not the worst picture ever made by a long shot, but this Edward D. Wood, Jr. classic could be one of the funniest, with those great comics for Johnson, Dudley Manlove, and the ever laughable Bela Lugosi. Be on the lookout for the recently discovered sequel, *Return of the Dead*, directed by Wood the following year, and uncovered in a film lab.

**Beast of Yucca Flats** (1961) Also starring that laugh riot, Tor Johnson. This time he's a scientist pursued by comies who atom-blast him into a monster. No syndicalism in this one—it's all narration. Made by the Cordaza-Francis Film Co. They should be proud.

**Doctor of Doom**, aka *Las Luchadoras Contra el Médico Asesino*, or *The Wrestling Women vs. the Killer Doctor* (1961) Wrestlers are big box office in Mexico, so presumably grappling amazons are even bigger. A trio of big-thighed wrestling women go about beating up on various monsters. Gloria Steinem should check this out. I'd rather check out Lorena Velazquez, who's the macho wrestling dame. Hot tamale! **Zombie** (1980) This Italian-made flick out-groases even George Romero for butcher-black leftovers. Director Lucio Fulci particularly enjoys dismembering extremely attractive women or poking out their eyes or disemboweling them—fun stuff like that. Noteworthy that Mia Farrow's sis Tisa stars. But you'll have to see it to find out if she makes it intact.

**Invasion of the Bee-Girls** (1973) This features cult-fave heavy William (Laredo)

Smith as a cop trying to solve a bizarre series of murders—women are having sex with men and then cutting off their you-know-whats. But first they smear themselves with Bee-Jelly. Very bloody and messy. Note the writer, Nicholas Meyer, director of *Star Trek II* and writer of *The Seven Percent Solution*. And he thought we forgot about this one!

**The Green Slime** (1969) Directed by Kinji Fukasaku, later the auteur of *Message from Space*, this MGM/Jap film stars Robert (Shenanadoah) Horton, Richard Jaeckel, and Luciana Paluzzi, fighting off an infestation of outer-space mold monsters. Can you take it?

**Bloodshed** (1982) This unreleased classic may never get off the shelf, but it's got some real bloody gross-out scenes. Highly original plot concerns a Mansonlike cult that kills for fun. A woman is buzz-sawed lengthwise, and many others are killed in likewise gruesome ways—crucifixions, stabbings, you name it. However, effects directed by Tom Doran and Brendan Faulkner are well staged, even if the rest is lame.

**Dr. Butcher, Medical Deviate** (1978-82) From the guys that brought you *Bloodshed*, Tacked-on title shots come from an incomplete film called *Tales to Tear Your Heart Out*. The rest duplicates some sets and actors from *Zombie*. It's also as bloody, but far more inept. Very funny, too.

**Basketcase** (1982) The midnight classic of the year. Directed by Frank Henenlotter, this charming film tells of the touching relationship between two brothers—one appears normal and hauls the other, a misshapen killer freak, around town in a basket. Bellot, the title character, is a horrid little fellow, but he's also the best actor in the film (the fact that he's a puppet has nothing to do with it). A stylish, bloody little cheapie currently playing the midnight circuit. See it.

—Tom Seligson

# Five Haunting Scenes from Otherwise Forgettable Horror Films

**Dracula's Great Love** (1973) A Spanish opus featuring ex-wrestler Paul Naschy as the bloodthirsty Count. Two minutes into the movie, a grave robber escapes one of Dracula's infamous half nelsons and flees up a staircase, only to have a cleaver slammed into his profile as he reaches the top. Opening credits roll as he tumbles down the stairs. When his body hits the bottom—presto!—he reappears on the top stair and falls again, this time slightly slower. By the time Javier Aguirre's direction credit reaches the screen, this man's death loop has evolved, over eight or nine progressively slower presentations, into a fascinatingly entropic death dance. Death has never been so inevitable. (aka *Cemetery Girls*)

**The Monster** (1959) One of the weirdest films ever, opening with a blunty stylized pre-credits sequence, beginning with the silhouette of a nude woman preening behind a Japanese paper screen. Then, a hairy monster with a long dagger in its paw ambles up behind her, throws the woman offscreen, pounces on her, and a bucketful of blood is dashed across the paper screen from the left. The film's title emerges luridly, unforgettably, from the drippings. The title is suggestive of the hero's predicament, namely, he finds himself sprouting a second (monster's) body. The moment he removes his shirt to massage a niggling shoulder-ache, only to find a blinking eyeball impaled there, is equally indelible. The rest of the film? Made in Japan.

**The Devil's Nightmare**

(1974) A Belgian-Italian export, now in re-release as *Vampire Playgirls*. The film's earliest minutes contain every horror movie cliché you'd ever need (i.e., tourists caught in storm front to ominous castle for shelter, the phones are dead, ex-Nazi butler plays the organ), but the rest of the film escalates in ambition. This is one of the few seriously theological horror films ever made in Europe. The seven trapped tourists represent the Seven Deadly Sins, and they are all led to destruction by a lovely succubus, who tempts them with excessive mirages mirroring their desires. The best trap is staged for Gluttony, who in cinema's greatest eating scene outside of *Tom Jones*, is treated to a vast, erotically charged banquet. He survives the meal, but his "last glass of wine" triggers a sudsy, emerald regurgitation that chokes him under the now gaunt apparition of the succubus.

**Island of the Doomed** (1966) Mel Welles, a *Little Shoppe of Horrors* alumnus, took a somewhat more serious stab at man-eating plants in this, yet another, Spanish effort. Cameron Mitchell stars as a mad scientist who's developed a vampire tree with blood-sucking branches. Stylistically, it's an extremely haunting piece of trash, especially its grand finale, in which Mitchell hacks his prize plant to pieces during a thunderstorm as the skies rain blood. Can be seen on TV as *The Man-eater of Hydra*.

**Kill, Baby! Kill!** (1966) A slight exception: this is included not because it's a forgettable horror film, but because it sounds like one. Director Mario Bava, trained as a painter and cinematographer, could take any bad script and translate it into a hypnotic visual experience. This is, in some ways, his best film, because its script is almost totally transient, shifty like an atmosphere. Its best scene depicts the hero pursuing a faceless stranger through the rooms of a castle; Bava ultimately isolates the chase to repeated, looping circuits of the same room, and when the hero catches the

stranger and turns him around, he finds his own face grinning dementedly back at him. Now *that's* chilling enough, but the film's best idea is its monster, a little blonde girl in a white dress with a bouncing, luminous ball. Sound familiar? Fellini was so captivated by that image he hired Bava to reproduce her as the true Satan in his *Toby Dammit* (1969) which, like this film, is horror at its most perfect and ambiguous.

—Timothy R. Lucas

## TWICE IS NOT ENOUGH



### Friday the 13th Part III in 3-D

Director Steve Miner's mock sf-influenced *F-13 P-III* 3-D overkills itself with fifty fabulous, three-dimensional ways to impale your victim—pitchfork, knitting needle, poker, meat cleaver, machete, plumber's wrench, butcher knife, axe, spear gun, etc. Up to bat for the second time in the *F-13* series, Miner uses the pop-out and illusionary holographic sensations of the new 3-D Mark system to entice horror fans. "Audiences," he swears to *HM*, "dictate the ambiguous endings and ninety-minute attention-span running time of horror sequels. For me, the hardest part is finding new weapons for victims to fall on." That should give you

an idea of the state of this cinematic arts-and-crafts form. Besides the plush, high-quality 3-D, *F-13 P-III* has a vivid horror-comics story and a stylish cartoon look. College coed Chris (Dana Kimmell) deliberately returns for a weekend party to a house on a lake where, a few years before, she was brutalized by an unrecognizable tormentor—6'3" trapeze artist Richard Brooker, your average avenging murderer. Please don't ask why or what he is avenging because action, not motivation, is the soul of 1980s horror flickeramas. In the mutilation finale, Brooker slips away into the lake as escaping air bubbles hint he'll rise again for *F-13 P-IV* in 360-degree sensu-surround and odorama.

### Halloween 3

A radical character and plot departure from the previous two sagas, *H-3* marks the new reign of technopop terror in horror films. Banished are long-in-the-tooth teen horror queen Jamie Lee Curtis and the escaped knife-wielding psycho who finally burnt to a crisp in *H-2*. As part of a trick-or-treat doomsday machine, screenwriter Nigel Kneale (author of BBC-TV's famed *Quatermass* series) has fiendish toymaker Dan O'Herlihy (the improbable F.D.R. in the movie *MacArthur*) program millions of kids to buy his "replicants go berserk" pumpkin, skull, and witch masks via TV commercials. For a truly *Altered States* Halloween, trillions of microchips blast off inside the mind-control fright masks. While lacking the silly humor that made its predecessors bearable, *H-3* contains the demon seeds of future horror-movie orgies between humans and machines—the scariest and most terrifying predicament of all.

—Daphne Davis

## Spook shelf

Books which start with

dead heroes just don't sell—nor enough conflict. It's best, market researchers say, to start with a believable, likable, living character, and then set loose some trouble. In the horror/terror genre there's no tradition that Clem Goodguy will ever see another sunset, much less ride off into one. That does much to heighten suspense.

In *Masques: A Novel of Terror* (Arbor House), Bill Pronzini tackles this idea beautifully. Despite protagonist Steven Giroux's disclaimer that he's a "square," we identify: he's down on his relational luck, and most importantly, he's a good reactive. Giroux draws us into *Masques'* spooky action by taking it on with just a little more presence of mind than we could muster. The New Orleans Mardi Gras is both backdrop and villain; Pronzini knows his subject and jams on it. Unlike many pulpist/populist writers, Pronzini lures comeliness with humor. But there are holes in this who-or-what-dunnit. Why does Giroux, queasy at the thought of voodoo, know some of its lingo and traditions? We never find out, but there's no time to care, from the cinematic drunken-sex/voodoo-murder scene to the final brutal twist.

**The Calling** by Bob Randall (Simon & Schuster) is a what-dunnit, not a who-dunnit—so it's horror, not terror. Unlike Pronzini, who takes cues from the colorful pulp-action tradition, Randall enters metaphysics via the slow, character-oriented ethic of the mainstream. Plucky heroine Susan Goodman comes complete with husband, kid, hound, career, Mom, and pals; all would be well if Badness Itself stopped telephoning her. It also kills mysteriously and turns a man into a sexual sixty-second wonder... all while the reader awaits the monster's description. Sorry, you'll have to picture it yourself; badness to Mr. Randall is nought but—gasps!—rough trade. Near the end Evil rasps, "You have an eternity of eating shit ahead of you... you'll rim me until Armageddon on your knees..." Am I getting jaded? Although monster-

rimming sounds more point-less and less pleasant than changing a diaper, the threat of nasty sex just doesn't make it as the ultimate horror. Randall can give good line: a girl describes her young boyfriend as "a body like silk, a mind like rayon." Here's hoping Bob Randall's next book is mainstream or historical.

Odd. **Andrew Neiderman's Brainchild** (Pocket Books) opens with an unbelievable, unlikeable heroine. That would be original if it worked. Spotlights are Lois Wilson, a cold, brilliant teen with a flair for cruel, behaviorist experiments. Enter the good-hearted bores: Mom, a thwarted cheerleader; Dad, a sickly pharmacist; and wide-eyed little Billy. While they do have the makings of jolly victims, the reader identifies only with a sidewalk ghoul riveted to the sight of a hit-and-run. *Brainchild* wants to be a fable wherein behaviorism is bad and humanist compassion is good. But it coughs up another meaning—the smart heroine is the monster. We may be uneasy about high-powered young ladies, but having this worked on feels like laughing at a racist joke: it's embarrassing. Neiderman has done his homework on behaviorism, scene-building, and being generally appalling. Despite its offensiveness, or because of it, *Brainchild* is chilling.

Sick of horror novels peopled with normative sitcom-level families? Try **Richard Lortz's Lovers Living, Lovers Dead** (Second Chance Press). Our gorgeous, freaky leading lady prowls the garden, padded and made-up to resemble a pregnant Egyptian queen. Her dear little twins cage giant cockroaches "to teach them tricks." This is horror? No, this is the sweet domestic backdrop against which the horror contrasts. And it works. Lortz's tale comes complete with weird rites, unheard-of drugs, and the grotesque sexual overtures of birds. Playfully, we are let in to a beautiful obsession, an obsession withering and blackening at the edges.

—Jay Rothbell









MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?



ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRT?...



...NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?



ON THE DARK SIDES OF VARIOUS MOONS, ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT... IN BLACK OR RED?



DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FIERCE DESERT WINDS ON FROZEN PLANETIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR SILVER HEAVY METAL JACKET?



DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO-OR MORE-ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?



WELL, IF NOT, WRAP YOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON. ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!...



...OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HM-WEAR YESTER-DAY!

HEAVY METAL, DEPT. 1082  
655 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10022

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:

- \_\_\_\_ CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRTS \_\_\_\_ SMALL \_\_\_\_ MEDIUM \_\_\_\_ LARGE  
AT \$6.00 EACH PLUS \$1.90 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.
- \_\_\_\_ HEAVY METAL T-SHIRTS \_\_\_\_ SMALL \_\_\_\_ MEDIUM \_\_\_\_ LARGE AT  
\$7.00 EACH (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)
- \_\_\_\_ HEAVY METAL JACKETS \_\_\_\_ SMALL \_\_\_\_ MEDIUM \_\_\_\_ LARGE AT  
\$36.00 EACH (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)
- \_\_\_\_ HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLES AT \$10.95 EACH.  
(POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)

NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS ADD APPLICABLE SALES TAX  
TOTAL ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_

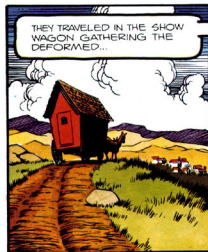
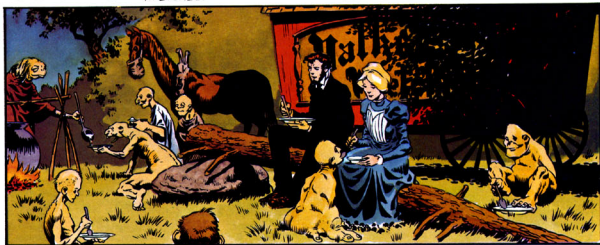
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

# FREAK SHOW

WRITTEN BY BRUCE JONES  
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNI WRIGHTSON  
COLORED BY MICHELLE WRIGHTSON

THE STORY SO FAR: THE DARK STRANGER TOLD OF LILA WHO, IN RUNNING FROM HER PAST, STUMBLED UPON "VALKER'S WRETCHES."

THEY LIVED TOGETHER, THE LITHE, BLONDE WOMAN NAMED LILA, THE TALL, DARK-BEARDED MAN NAMED VALKER... THEY LIVED WITH DEJA THE FROG-GIRL AND ROBIN THE BIRD-BOY AND POSIE THE PINHEAD AND WILHELM THE WORM AND GEORGE AND ZIGMUND AND ALL THE OTHER MISSHAPEN FREAKS OF NATURE WHO FOLLOWED THEM...



THEY TRAVELED IN THE SHOW WAGON GATHERING THE DEFORMED...



...THE DOWNCAST...



...THE MISBEGOTTEN FROM EVERY CORNER OF EUROPE...



THEY GAVE SHOWS UNDER THE BANNER OF "VALKER'S WRETCHES..."

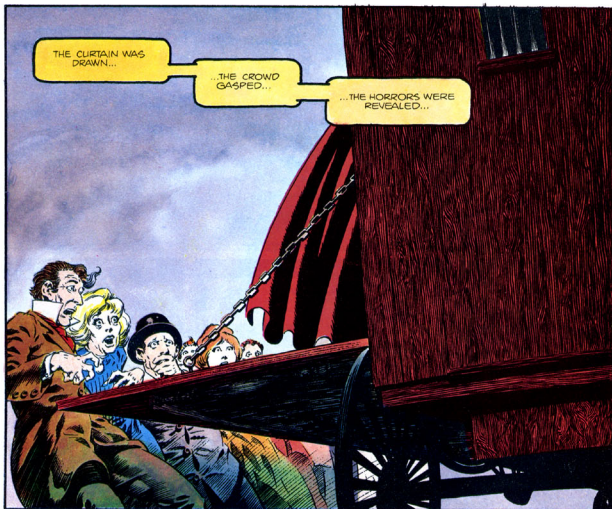




AND WHEN THE LAUGHING, HOOTING CROWDS GATHERED FROM THE TOWNS AND HAMLETS, AND THREW DOWN THEIR COINS AND AWAITED THE "ENTERTAINMENT," WALKER DREW THE CURTAIN AND LITTERED THE SAME CRYPTIC WORDS EACH DAY...



LET THESE WRETCHES WHO CLING TOGETHER REMIND YOU OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE...

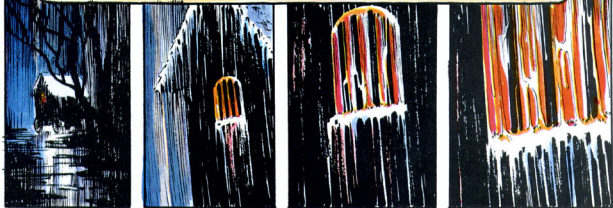


THE CURTAIN WAS DRAWN...

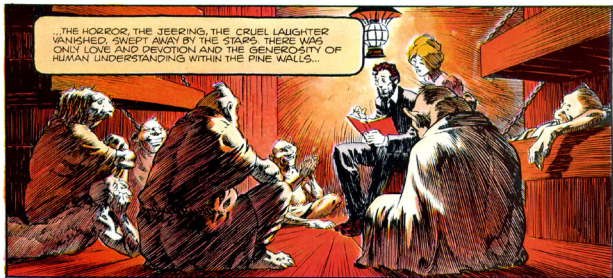
...THE CROWD GASPED...

...THE HORRORS WERE REVEALED...

BUT AT NIGHT, WHEN THE CROWDS HAD DISPERSED, GONE SNICKERING TO THEIR WARM HOMES AND THEIR NORMAL, HEALTHY LOVED ONES, A DIM LIGHT GLOWED SOFTLY FROM THE SILENT SHOW WAGON WINDOW... A DEEP, GENTLE VOICE INTONED ACROSS THE HUSHED WOODS...



...THE HORROR, THE JEERING, THE CRUEL LAUGHTER VANISHED, SWEEPED AWAY BY THE STARS. THERE WAS ONLY LOVE AND DEVOTION AND THE GENEROSITY OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING WITHIN THE PINE WALLS...



THERE WAS A GREAT, BEARDED MAN AND HIS LOVELY, FLAXEN WIFE AND THE WARM, ETERNAL BOND BETWEEN THEIR MIS-SHAPEN "CHILDREN."

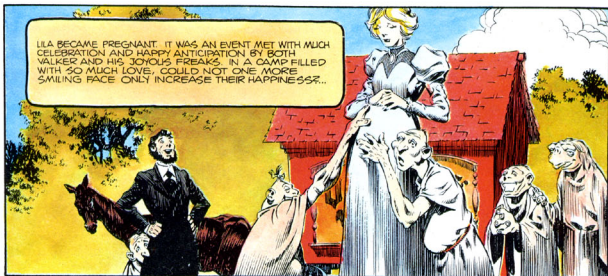


THERE WAS SERENITY. THERE WAS AFFECTION ...THERE WAS PEACE...



WE WILL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER, LILA...









...WALKER SLINKED QUIETLY TO THE REAR OF THE WAGON, LIFTED A WEATHERWORN BOX LID, DUG BENEATH A TATTERED OIL CLOTH...



...AND WITHDREW THAT WHICH HAD BEEN THE BANE OF HIS ENTIRE YOUTH... THAT WHICH HE SWORE A SOLEMN OATH ON HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE TO NEVER TOUCH AGAIN...



I-I PROMISED MYSELF... I PROMISED THEM ALL... NEVER AGAIN WOULD I DRINK...



... NEVER AGAIN WOULD I PARTAKE OF THAT WHICH NEARLY DESTROYED MY YOUNGER LIFE...



... THAT WHICH PROVE ME TO DO MAD THINGS, TERRIBLE THINGS TO PEOPLE AND FRIENDS...



... THINGS I WOULD SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE MAKING UP FOR...

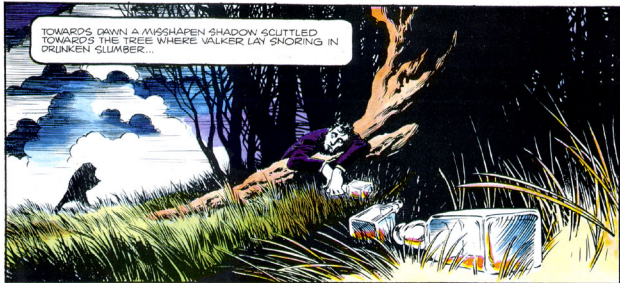


THE WHIMPERING FROM THE WAGON GREW LOUDER...

P-PERHAPS JUST ONE...

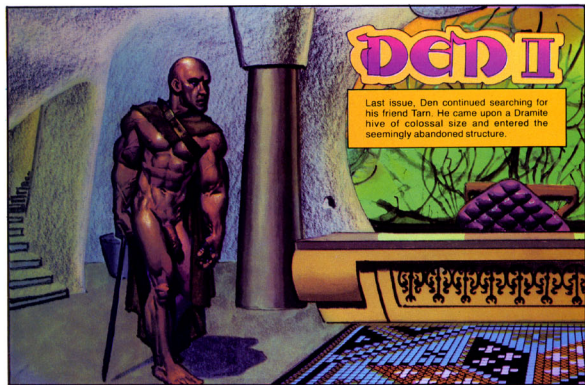


YES, JUST ONE... BUT THE WHIMPERING WITHIN GREW TO AGONIZED CRIES OF PAIN AND THE LOUDER THE CRIES THE MORE TIMES THE GLASS WAS FILLED... UNTIL THE GLASS WASN'T NEEDED AT ALL, JUST THE BOTTLE... AND THEN ANOTHER BOTTLE... AND THEN ANOTHER...



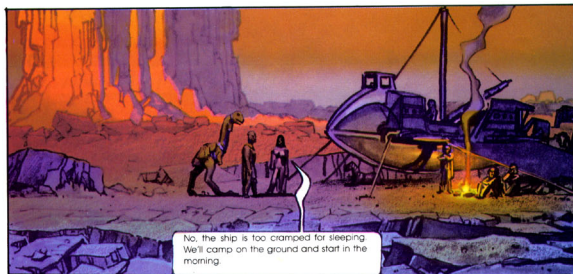






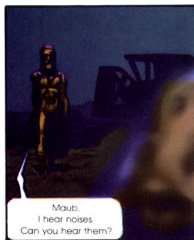
© 1991 Richard Corben













What's the matter?

Hurry. We've got to get out of here!



I can see it's going to be a real chore breaking you of giving orders.



AAAAAAAAGGGHHH!

DRAMITES!

DRAMITES!

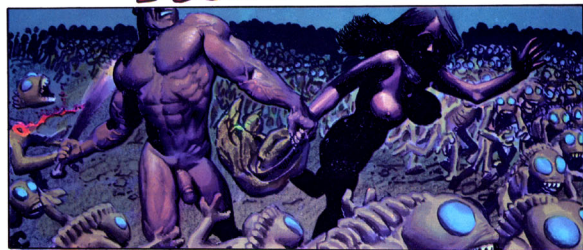


Board the ship!

Too late! They've overrun it already.

BAM BAM

BAM



To be continued...



# **The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films** is pleased to announce the winners of their Ninth Annual Awards Ceremony.

Actor  
Harrison Ford  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Actress  
Karen Allen  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Supporting Actress  
Frances Sternhagen  
*Outland*

Supporting Actor  
Burgess Meredith  
*Clash of the Titans*

Direction  
Steven Spielberg  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Screenplay  
Lawrence Kasdan  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Soundtrack  
John Williams  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Special Effects  
Richard Edlund  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Make-up  
Rick Baker  
*American Werewolf in London*

Costume  
Bob Ringwood  
*Excalibur*

Science Fiction Film  
*Superman II*  
Warner Bros.

Fantasy Film  
*Raiders of the Lost Ark*  
Paramount Pictures

Horror Film  
*American Werewolf in London*  
Universal Pictures

International Film  
*Quest for Fire*  
Twentieth Century-Fox

Low-Budget Film  
*Butcher, Baker, Nightmare Maker*  
IFM

Life Career Award  
Ray Harryhausen

Outstanding Achievement  
*Quest for Fire*  
Twentieth Century-Fox

President's Award  
*Time Bandits*  
Avco

Executive Achievement  
Hans Salter

*Heavy Metal* wishes to extend congratulations to all of the winners. We would also like to thank the Academy for the Golden Scroll Award for Outstanding Achievement, presented to us on June 30th, 1982, by Dr. Donald Reed.



# IMAGE



© J. JONES 1982

LEGEND HAS IT THAT NOT LONG AGO IN A PLACE NOT FAR AWAY, A YOUNG WOMAN DISAPPEARED.



ONE NIGHT SHE WENT ALONE INTO THE FOREST TO TRAP A MAN.



BUT IN THE MORNING SHE WAS GONE.



AND STORIES OF A GREAT BEAST PREVAILED IN THE LAND.



NOW, NO ONE GOES TO THE FOREST ALONE FOR FEAR OF THE NORTHWESTERN **BIGHEAD.**

WHY DIDN'T SHE RUN?



I GUESS IT WAS DISGUISED AS A MAN.

© THE JEFFREY JONES

# THE APE

LAST WE SAW, THE YOUNG APE, CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS, MET WITH THE MASTER, INTENT ON LEARNING THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY. HE HAS NOW LEARNED ALL THERE IS TO KNOW.



HE WENT TO LEARN ABOUT IMMORTALITY! HE CLAIMS HE NOW KNOWS THE "FORMULA" AND WON'T STOP TALKING ABOUT IT.

BY THE WAY, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE YOUNG APE... THAT AMUSING FELLOW WHO WAS BORN FROM THE EGG OF A STONE?

AMUSING? HE'S REMARKABLE! HE ALREADY KNOWS SEVENTY-TWO TRANSFORMATIONS AND RIDES THE CLOUDS LIKE A REAL COWBOY!

AND SIMULTANEOUSLY IN THE GROTO OF THE OBLIQUE MOON AND THE THREE STARS, ON THE MOUNTAIN OF THE SACRED TERRACE...

YOUNG APE... CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS. LET ME SEE A FEW OF THE MAGIC FORMULAS I HAVE TAUGHT YOU!

YES, RIGHT AWAY, MASTER!



IS THAT ALL? YOU'LL NEVER BECOME A TRUE AVIATOR OF THE CLOUDS...

...WITH SUCH A SHORT REPERTOIRE!



COME AND LET ME SHARE ANOTHER FORMULA WITH YOU! IT'S CALLED TRAPEZE OF THE CLOUDS, AND IT WILL PERMIT YOU TO FLY ACROSS THE WORLD IN A SINGLE DAY.

FASTER THAN A JET? WONDERFUL!

WHAT DAMNED LUCK THAT MONKEY HAS! IF HE LEARNS TO FLY LOW ENOUGH, HE CAN DISTRIBUTE MESSAGES, LETTERS, AND BROCHURES. WHY, HE'LL BE IN BUSINESS FOR LIFE!

I WANT THE MASTER TO TEACH ME THAT ONE ABOUT TURNING BARK INTO FISH. MAYBE EVENTUALLY, I COULD PUT UP SAIL, GO TO THE RIVIERA, AND OPEN A RESTAURANT.

THANKS AGAIN, DEAR MASTER.

I'LL SCRUTINIZE IT THOROUGHLY.

I WOULDN'T MISS IT!

I'LL TELL HER!

MY PLEASURE, NOW STUDY THAT LAST FORMULA!

I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW!

MY BEST TO YOUR MOTHER!

HEY! ASS-KISSER! ENOUGH! YOU'VE BEEN KNOTTING TO THE MASTER FOR TWENTY MINUTES NOW!

SAY, WILL YOU SHOW US A TRICK?

MAYBE JUST A SHORT FLIGHT? A QUICK TRANSFORMATION?

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TRANSFORM MYSELF INTO? A FINE TREE?

SURE! FINE TO ONE SAYS YOU CAN'T DO IT!

I'LL BET YOU ALSO!

TRANSFORMATION!

HE DID IT!

HE ACTUALLY CAN, DO IT!

LOOK BRANCHES!

DO YOU SMELL THAT STENCH?

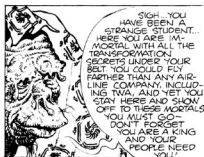
MORE! MORE!

WHAT IS ALL THIS NOSE?





BUT, SURELY, I...











THE YOUNG APE, NOW IMMORTAL, IS ABLE TO TRANSFORM EACH AND EVERY HAIR ON HIS BODY, IF HE IS SO INCLINED. AND SO HE WAS, FOR HE RIPPED OUT A SMALL TUFT OF HAIR... CHEWED IT QUICKLY, AND...



TO BE CONTINUED...

# "YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers of comic books in the late Sixties were saying. "You can't sell comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and lettering," they said. "The public wants assembly-line art. You guys are crazy."

They were right — but after over 1,000,000 underground comix have been sold, it seems like they were only right about the last part. These artists **were** crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since. Underground comix are alive and well after over a decade of breaking the old rules of cartooning. And they are available, through this offer, in their original form. You must be 18 to order these outstanding collections of adult comic art.



**New, Improved Sex Package.** 5 unbelievably unrestrained comix that will set fire to your libido — and tickle your funnybone. **\$7.50**



**Dynamite Dope Package.** 5 of the best collections about dope and dopers. Light up and read. **\$7.00**



**Comix Funnies Package.** These 5 comix will stimulate your laugh nodules like they've never been tickled before. **\$6.75**



**Current Crumb Package.** 5 comix from the master of the underground featuring his more recent work — including a magazine he wrote and edited. **\$6.75**

☐ Yes! Send me some of the most amazing adult cartooning available. I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

- \_\_\_\_\_ Dynamite Dope Package @ \$7.00 (KGDOPE2)
- \_\_\_\_\_ New, Improved Sex Package @ \$7.50 (KGSEX3)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Current Crumb Package @ \$6.75 (KGCRUMB2)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Comix Funnies Package @ \$6.75 (KGFUNNY)
- \_\_\_\_\_ Fantasy Comix Package @ \$6.25 (KGFANT1)

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental US. (New York State residents, please add 8% sales tax)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: **Heavy Metal Comix**  
Dept. HM-1082  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022



**Fantasy Comix Package.** Artists like Richard Corben and Jack Katz do their thing in unrestrained medium. Wow! 5 titles. **\$6.25**

OCTOBER

# SCARY DREAMS



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL MCCUSHER

# THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

## Phobias from the Dawn of Time to the Space Age

*The patient was a tall, burly man of thirty-three. His general practitioner referred him with "a type of agoraphobia," from which he had suffered on and off for four years. He felt unsafe because "the earth is a ball spinning around and I am on it." He became completely incapacitated and had to be admitted to a hospital with the fear of "going to disappear into outer space." Because of depression he had a short course of electro-convulsive therapy which left his fears unchanged. Phrases which commonly occurred included: "It's space that's getting me—the curvature of the globe makes everything insecure," and he would talk of "taking cover from all the space around." If he went outside and saw other people, he would say, "Do these other people realize what danger they're in on this spinning ball we call a globe?" His fear was summed up by himself as follows: "Primitive man had a fear of the sun and the moon and the stars, and I am the same."*

—from *Phobia of Outer Space*

In the winter of 1958, Dr. R. J. Kerry, a psychiatrist at the United Sheffield Hospital in London, was treating no less than four patients with severe cases of outer-space phobia. According to his notes, three of them started to experience strange panic attacks shortly after the first Russian sputnik went into orbit; the terror of the fourth was triggered by newspaper accounts of the Sir Vivian Fuchs expedition across Antarctica in 1957—"He never got over the fact," Dr. Kerry reported, "that people were walking around upside down."

All four phobics were afraid that their gravity would slip somehow, and off they'd go, floating into space. A starry moonlit night overwhelmed them with fear and trembling—as it had, *perhaps*, overwhelmed their primitive ancestors—but with a decidedly twentieth-century twist. For the patient described above, the notion that just a few miles above his head loomed the cold vacuum of space was enough to tie his stomach in knots for days. Winter was especially hard on him; he fretted that the weight of the freshly fallen snow would unbalance the earth, tilting it off its axis.

Space phobic number two used to get "tied up" on eastbound trolleys, when he'd imagine the earth spinning in the opposite direction, and couldn't figure out which way he was going. The third feared that "the earth might collide with another planet," and the fourth paled at the thought of "all the collisions there might be up in outer space because of all this indiscriminate sending up of satellites."

When Kerry described his patients the following year in a British psychiatric journal, outer space entered medical annals as the newest addition to the ever growing array of bizarre and

dreadful phobias which have plagued mankind from the dawn of time to the space age. More recent additions have included phobias of credit cards and computers. As man's knowledge of the universe has expanded, so it seems has his abject horror of it.

Still, the fear of open spaces, not outer space, is far and away the most popular phobia. Fully half of all phobics suffer from agoraphobia (or *Platzangst*, "place terror," as German doctors call it), and are horrified to leave their houses. A large proportion of the remaining 50 percent are claustrophobics, people afraid of staying in. After that come the other everyday horrors: illness phobias; animal phobias; social phobias (fears of eating, drinking, blushing, or vomiting in public); obsessive phobias of harming people or babies, swearing, or making obscene gestures; and the other miscellaneous phobia demons of every shape and form.

People are horrified of hair, beds, and frogs (trichophobia, clinophobia, and batrachophobia, respectively). They're afraid of sleeping (hypnophobia), of opening their eyes (optophobia), and of their fellow human beings (anthrophobia). Current psychology texts list some 150 flavors of phobias. (See the sidebar for our favorites.) Some have the ring of ominous wisdom—ballistophobia, the fear of missiles, or nucleomitophobia, the fear of atom bombs. But most range from the ridiculous—botanophobia, fear of plants—to the very ridiculous—arachibutyrophobia, the morbid fear of peanut butter sticking to the roof of the mouth. Arachibutyrophobics not only can't eat peanut butter, but they can't watch others eat it, walk down the peanut-butter aisle of the supermarket, or so much as *think* thoughts of peanut butter. The mere mental image of a jar of Skippy will send them into gagging fits.

The sickness is real, make no mistake about it. However strange the reasons for it, the sickness most assuredly exists, with real physical symptoms that are so aversive that phobics, after a time, quite naturally start doing things—sometimes very odd things, like washing their hands seventy or eighty times a day—to keep them from happening again. But the effort is hopeless. The phobic monsters live *inside* their heads. There's rarely an escape route. People's lives—as a result of their phobias—are filled with a nightmare horror fully equal to the most grotesque imaginings of the souls who inked the current issue of this magazine.

Take someone with a phobia of mice, for instance. A shadow glimpsed out of the corner of the eye, or a barely audible crackle in the woodwork, is enough to trigger an onslaught of gruesome symptoms. Clammy shivers undulate from the base of the spine to the nape of the neck. The heart races, the breath comes in short gasps, pains shoot through the arms and shoulders; and

by Jeff Goldberg





from the darkest, dankest pits of the imagination, the pictures loom up of bristling musty-smelling animal fur, cold nasty unblinking black eyes, pointy yellow carnivorous teeth, and naked pink wormlike tails. First one, then two, then a pack of them. Little sharp nails of ten thousand scaly paws crackle thunderously in the brain, as the belly contorts in chilling waves of nausea.

Which, when you stop to think about it, is a pretty ridiculous reaction to a cute little cuddly-furry creature with big ears and eyes. But hundreds of thousands of people can't stop thinking about mice without coming unstrung in precisely this way. And millions more experience similar uncanny attacks if they contemplate any of the objects or situations which push their particular panic buttons.

That's right, millions. According to medical records, phobias are the most common form of madness, and judging from the historical record, they have been so for quite some time.

**P**hobias are named after the ancient Greek god Phobus, lord of war and slaughter. His fearsome bearded visage alone was enough, Greek warriors believed, to send enemies into paroxysms of fear, and so they artfully depicted old Phobus on their shields and weapons. Yet, the real avatar of phobias in Greek mythology wasn't Phobus but another god, Pan. Pan was so ugly that when he was born his own mother ran away in horror, leaving Greek storytellers at a loss to say who spawned the sacred monstrosity. He had little horns, a little beard, and the legs, hooves, and tail of a goat (the very devil himself, in later legends).

Pan would sleep in forests and caves, and if by chance a stranger should wake him, he'd let out such a horrible yell that the trespasser's hair would bristle, in what today we call *panic-fear*. Despite such antics, the goat-god was adored by the Greeks, who held drunken revels in his honor, a custom echoed in the present day by the thousands of fans who honor their favorite monsters in movie houses throughout the land. Pan is supposed to have died in April of A.D. 1, but *panic-fear* most certainly lived on.

One durst not walk alone from home for fear he should swoon or die. A second fears every man he meets will rob him, or quarrel with him; another dares not go over a bridge, come near a pool, rock, steep hill, or lye in a chamber where cross beams are, for fear he be tempted to hang, drown, or precipitate himself. If he be at a sermon, he is afraid he shall speak aloud, at unawares, something indecent. If he be in a locked room, he is afraid of being stifled.

Agoraphobia, androphobia, emetophobia, geophyrophobia, claustrophobia, senseless panic-fears didn't rise full blown out of the strains and stresses of the Industrial Age, as this chronicle of seventeenth-century phobias, compiled by the venerable English cleric Robert Burton, amply illustrates. Such demons were so prevalent in 1621, the year Burton published *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, his famous treatise on psychosomatic illnesses, that countless nervous men and women, he claimed, never ventured out of their houses without a flask of vinegar to sniff at, lest they be overcome by some phobia or other and faint.

There have been as many fads in phobias as there have been in fashions, and this was as true in Robert Burton's day as it was in the first days of the space race. The phobia of the moment, in 1621, was syphilophobia. Syphilis had just appeared in Europe for the first time, and thousands of perfectly healthy men thought they had it, or were doomed to get it. "If but a pimple appears," one physician complained, "they distract themselves with terrible apprehensions. And so strongly are they possessed with this notion that an honest practitioner generally finds it more difficult to cure the imaginary evil than the real one." (A similar phenomenon occurred when germs were discovered in the nineteenth century; a veritable epidemic of microphobia swept Europe and America.)

Curing phobias was, until Freud came along, a frustrating and thankless task for doctors, which is why, perhaps, their methods have often been quite as horrible as their patients' worst phobic fears.

A Frankish physician examined the woman and said, "This is a woman in whose head there is a devil which has possessed her, shave off her hair." Accordingly they shaved it off, but her imbecility took a turn for the worse. The physician then said, "The devil has penetrated through her head." He therefore took a razor, made a deep cruciform incision until the bone of her skull was exposed, and rubbed it with salt.

The patient, according to this account by the twelfth-century monk Thabit, was never again tormented by her phobias; "she expired instantly." Rubbing the brain with salt, bleeding, blistering, leeching, and cupping were common treatments for phobias and mental illnesses of all descriptions in medieval Europe.

Such wonder cures for phobias didn't originate in the Middle Ages, though. Back in the first century, the Roman doctor Celsus proposed this—as he thought—sensible cure for hydrophobia (fear of water): "There is but one remedy, to throw the patient unawares into a water tank. If he cannot swim, let him sink under, then lift him out; if he can swim, push him under at intervals."

Shock treatment and lobotomy are the modern equivalents, and they've worked with about the same lack of success, claims of their proponents to the contrary. As recently as 1966, a surgeon named I. M. Marks boasted that his "modified" prefrontal lobotomies were a dynamite cure for phobias. Eleven agoraphobics lobotomized by Marks were compared with a group of unlobotomized phobics over a six-month period. Marks was pleased to report that phobias "improved significantly" in the lobotomized group. His patients apparently developed other interests, summarized by Marks as follows: "Drug addiction (1); alcoholism (1); poorer memory or concentration (4); irritability (8); apathetic and lazy (6)." Drug addiction, tanger, laziness, and struggling to remember where they lived constituted—by I. M. Marks's lights—"a more active existence" than the patients had previously known. The control group, on the other hand, kept their frontal lobes and their dull, phobia-ridden lives.

Doubtless such well-meaning but woefully clumsy medical interventions down through the ages have been responsible for more than one case of iatrophobia, a morbid fear of doctors.

**H**istory is chock full of famous phobics. The Roman Emperor Augustus Caesar couldn't sit alone in the dark; King James I of England swooned at the sight of an unsheathed sword; the poets Emily Dickinson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the French mathematician Pascal were all agoraphobics; Charles Darwin even became frantic at the sight of caged snakes; the American financier Howard Hughes was so microphobic that he wore—and insisted his visitors wear—white gloves, to prevent contamination by germs while they were shaking hands; and Sigmund Freud, the father of psychotherapy, suffered severe attacks of thanatophobia and siderodromophobia (fears of death and trains) for ten years, while formulating his revolutionary theories.

Throughout the 1890s, when Freud was in his thirties (a particularly phobia-prone age, later researchers have discovered), and getting precious little of anything except ridicule for his pioneering work, he was absolutely terrified of train travel. Days before a journey—according to a biographer, Ernest Jones—Freud's mood would plummet from "elation and self-confidence to depression and doubt."

And then there were the heart attacks to contend with, sometimes several a day, for days on end. "They came suddenly," Freud wrote in an 1896 letter, "the maddest racing and irregularity, constant cardiac tension, oppression, burning, hot pain down the left arm—all that in two or three attacks a day and continuing. And with it an oppression of mood in which images of dying and farewell scenes replaced the more usual fantasies about one's occupation."

There was nothing at all wrong with Freud's heart, mind you, and as a doctor he certainly knew it. But that was little comfort when the death fear hit. Such grim illusions haunted Freud until he discovered that they were mere figments of his id. Phobias, like virtually every common household neurosis, he said, resulted

from "the accumulation of sexual tension, produced by abstinence or by sexual frustration." Freud never told what else he did to cure himself, besides analyzing his dreams, but after this realization he was never again troubled with phantom heart attacks or any other phobias.

**B**efore Freud came along, the most popular explanation for phobias was that they were engendered in offspring *in utero* when their mothers were frightened by a mouse, cat, dog, or whatever fearful object. Even the great seventeenth-century French philosopher Descartes subscribed to this simple bit of folklore. "For it is certain," he reasoned, "there is an affinity between the emotions of the mother and the child in her womb, so that whatsoever is displeasing to one offends the other."

The same explanation was offered by the French surgeon LeCamus to partially excuse the strange behavior of King James I of England. The King, who became terror-stricken at the sight of an unsheathed sword, LeCamus claimed, inherited the condition from his mother, who while pregnant witnessed the assassination of one of her close friends.

This fancy was scoffed at as ridiculous by latter-day wise men, except for the Freudians. They came up with something nearly as wild when they tried to figure out why fantasies about life in the womb often accompanied the panic attacks of claustrophobics and people who feared being buried alive. One of Freud's disciples, an American psychiatrist named Bernard Lewin, came up with a wonderful solution to this riddle in 1936.

Contrary to what they, themselves, said, claustrophobics, Lewin concluded, actually *liked* small, enclosed places. They reminded them of floating in the womb. What they feared was something Descartes and LeCamus would never have guessed. And what was this fearful object? Dad's ding-a-ling, of course. "The anxiety appears to be linked," avowed Lewin, "to fear of being dislodged from the womb by parental coitus, by the father's penis, or by his pressure on the mother's body."

Black bile was another favorite scientific explanation for phobias for about 2500 years. Hippocrates himself first introduced the concept back in 450 B.C. in a discourse on men "who feared that which need not be feared." In it he described "the morbid condition of Nicanor. When he used to begin drinking, the girl flute player would frighten him; as soon as he heard the first note of the flute at a banquet, he would be beset by terror." What Freud would have made of girl flute-player phobia isn't hard to imagine, but Hippocrates was quite sure that Nicanor merely suffered from an "overheated" brain and a surfeit of black bile, the body's "melancholic" humor. The black stuff, explained Hippocrates, was released to cool the overwrought brain, but in doing so caused chills and tremblings.

Today's medical scientists would most likely blame phobic symptoms on an excess of dopamine. One of about forty neuro-hormones in the body, dopamine is produced deep inside the brain, in a cluster of glands and nerve cells called the limbic system. Researchers have been able to artificially stimulate dopamine production—in dogs, anyway—by shocking parts of the brain with surgically implanted electrodes. The results: "fear and

fright, fear and defense, fear and rage."

The grand rush of fear that phobics experience is strictly "dopamineuragic," scientists feel, and they speculate that dopamine abnormalities may also be implicated in everything else from sleep disturbances to schizophrenia. Until they come up with a dopamine antidote, however, doctors are likely to continue prescribing Valium for their phobic patients.

**O**f course, some folks get off on dopamine rushes. Why else would people pay real money to be scared shitless by giant phobic fantasies acted out on the big screen in living blood. Almost every spine-chilling variety of terror tale and monster movie is based on some common phobia. Think about it. Trifids and other man-eating plants, simple botanophobia; zombies, pure necrophobia; killer bees, just apiphobia; great white sharks, mere ichthyophobia; and buckets of blood, all hematophobia.

Not that there's anything new in this. A century ago, Edgar Allan Poe understood full well the depths of horror contained in "everyday events which torture and destroy," and he worked claustrophobia, animal phobias, and the terror of being buried alive into some of his most famous stories.

Victims bound or buried alive in hoary old houses and rat-infested basements, with the walls closing in, and a pack of zombies waiting outside—dopamine freaks love this sort of thing. The fine hairs bristle on the napes of their necks, chills run down their spines, and queasiness grips their stomachs. It's very nearly what a full-fledged phobic feels while facing down a mouse or contemplating going outside.

Why some people enjoy these sensations and others are sickened almost to death by them are mysteries even the geniuses of modern brain chemistry may not be able to solve. Yet, perhaps the strangest and most paradoxical fact about phobias is that these monsters of awesome dread seem to submit rather docilely to twentieth-century therapies. Not just psychoanalysis, understand, but occupational therapy, group therapy, LSD therapy, hypnosis, and even acupuncture have been used over the last few decades, with an amazing two-thirds success rate to treat phobics of every make and model. The greatest number of successful cures have been accomplished with behavior modification techniques in which pleasurable rewards are combined with phobic situations to "desensitize" patients to their fears.

Any kind of *gentle* intervention seems to work, which is where the physicians of old went so miserably wrong. All that people seem to need to conquer their fears is a little encouragement and gentle counsel.

This isn't to say that phobic fears will soon be banished forever. More likely, even now, a whole new crop of terrors is blossoming like weeds in the fertile soil of the human imagination. As Dr. Kerry of London discovered, you never know what folks will be terrified of next. But, with a little help, a lot of people are finally waking up from their nightmare terrors and discovering that these phobic monsters, ancient and varied though they may be, are really just shadowy nothings, made of air and a few nanograms of dopamine; mere bubbles which can be burst readily enough.

## Favorite Phobias

Alcoholophobia—fear of alcoholic beverages

Anthophobia—fear of flowers

Autismophobia—fear of being dirty

Belonephobia—fear of pins

Decidophobia—fear of making decisions

Dermatophobia—fear of skin diseases

Dextrophobia—fear of the right side

Emetophobia—fear of vomiting

Eragasiphobia—fear of work

Ereuthophobia—fear of blushing

Erotophobia—fear of sex

Gamophobia—fear of marriage

Gynophobia—fear of women

Helminthophobia—fear of worms

Homilophobia—fear of sermons

Levophobia—fear of the left side

Meteorophobia—fear of meteors

Odontophobia—fear of teeth

Panphobia—fear of everything

Pediophobia—fear of dolls

Phobophobia—fear of being afraid

Proctophobia—fear of rectal disease

Spermatophobia—fear of sperm loss

Stasibasisphobia—fear of standing and walking

Triskaidekaphobia—fear of the number thirteen

# MISTER VALDEMAR

HYPNOTIZE A DYING PERSON? WHY, THAT'S VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE IS NO WAY TO TELL WHAT WILL HAPPEN ONCE HE HAS BEEN PLACED IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN?

WHO KNOWS? BUT I HAVE A WILLING SUBJECT, POE.

WHO? FOR WHAT?

THE MAN TO HYPNOTIZE. REMEMBER ERNEST VALDEMAR, THE WRITER? YOU KNOW, THE THIN GUY THAT SCARED PEOPLE HALF TO DEATH?

YES, I REMEMBER HIM!

WELL, HE'S ON HIS DEATH BED, AND HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO EXPERIENCE THE SENSATION OF HYPNOSIS.











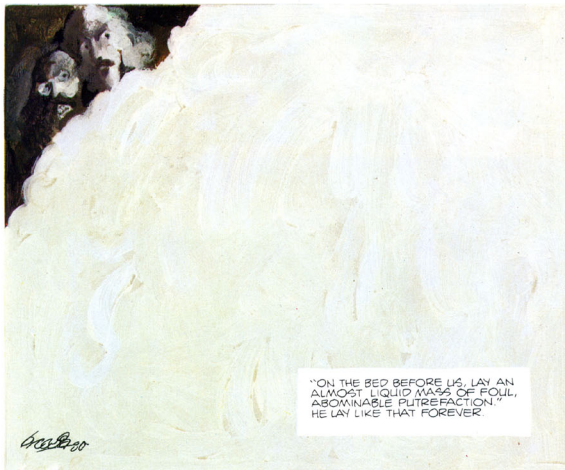


FOR THE  
LOVE...

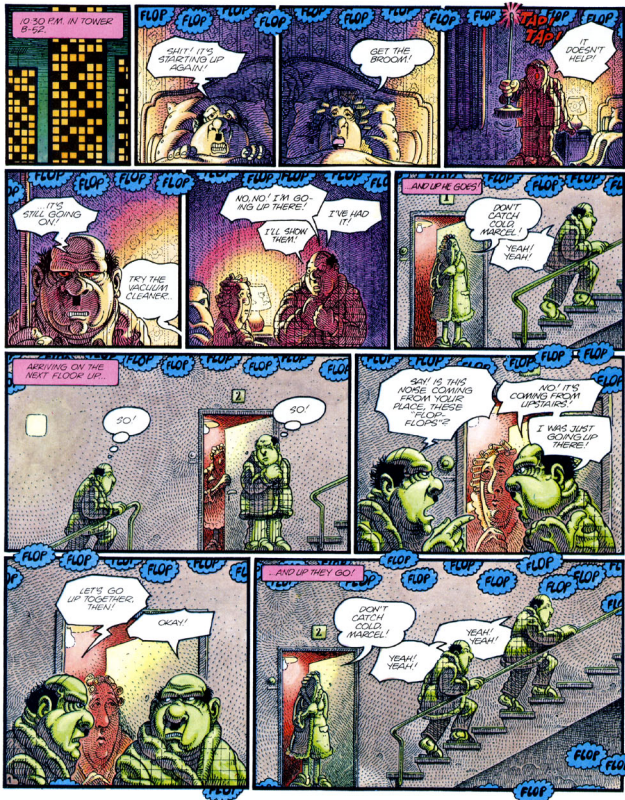
...OF GOD...

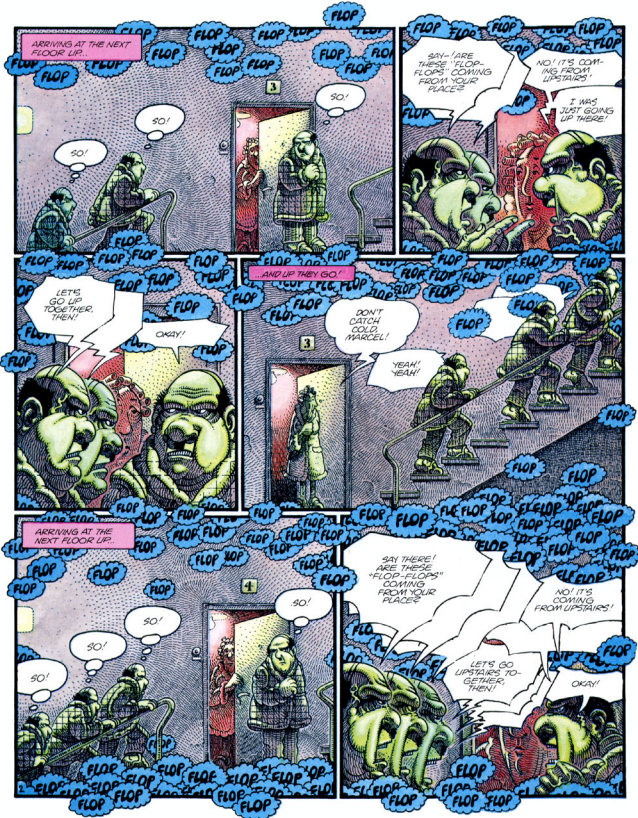
...WAKE ME UP...  
OR KILL ME...

THIS EXISTENCE  
IS HELL...

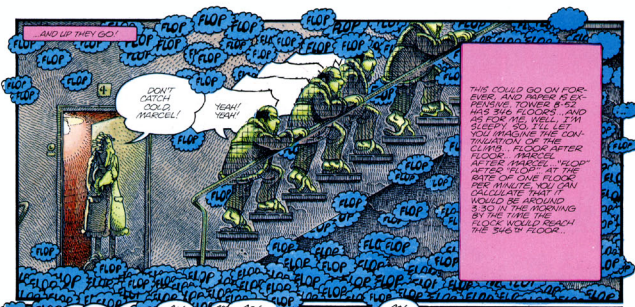


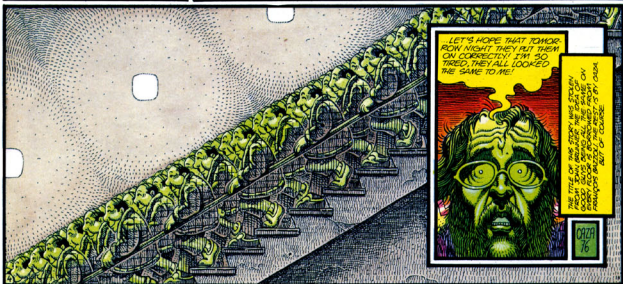
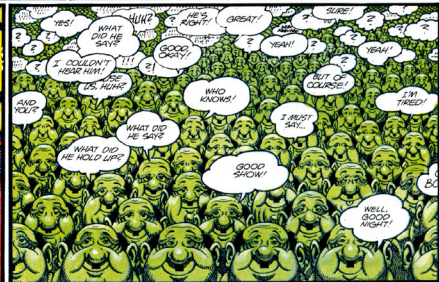
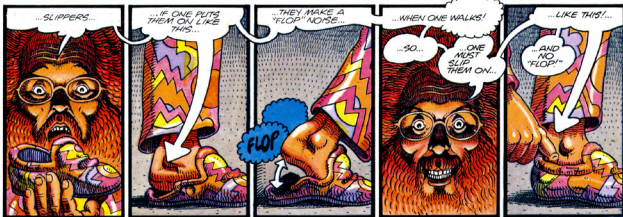
# the blind flock



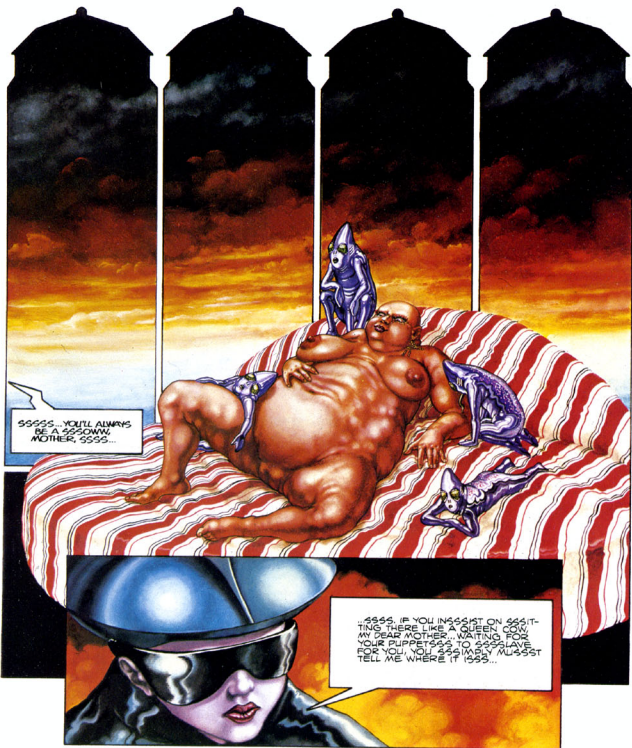


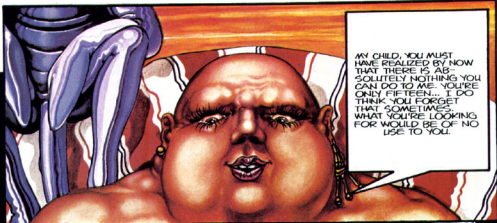






# COLOR Line





MY CHILD, YOU MUST HAVE REALIZED BY NOW THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME. YOU'RE ONLY FIFTEEN... I DO THINK YOU FORGET THAT SOMETIMES WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WOULD BE OF NO USE TO YOU.

SSSS... I'M GOING TO PUNCTURE YOUR FAT BALLOON, MOTHER... THEN WHEN YOU TALK... WHN, YOU'LL SSSPOUT!



NOW, IS THAT A WAY TO TALK TO YOUR LOVING MOTHER? I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW HINTS. MAYBE IF ANY OF MY INGENUITY HAS RUBBED OFF ON YOU, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND THE...

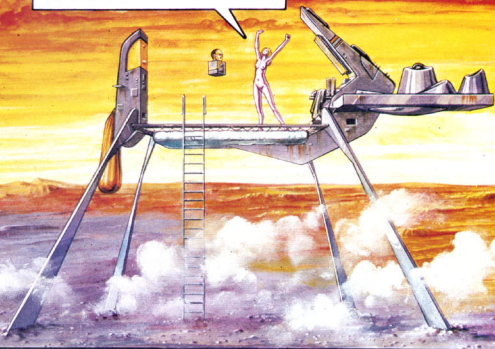


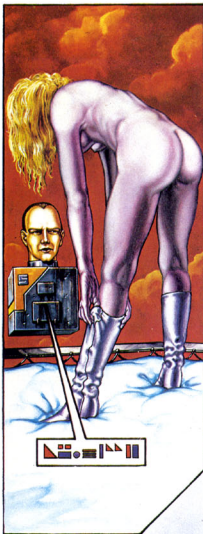
...RED BOX. IF YOU GO TO CORRIDOR CITY, YOU'LL FIND A NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL BY THE NAME OF COLOR... HE'S AN EXTERMINATOR OF SORTS. HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU OUT. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE.





PLEASESSSE, ENOUGH ABOUT MY MOTHER.  
I'M TIRED OF BEING COMPARED TO HER.

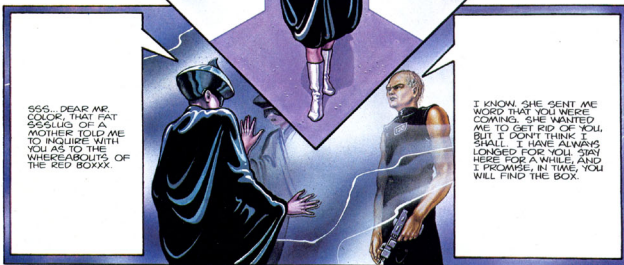




SSSS... FRANKLY I HAVE NO IDEA IF THE BOX PRODUCES RICHES ORGASSSSMS, OR EVEN POWER, BUT I HAVE A FEELING IT'S SSSSOME-THING IMPORTANT, AND I WANT IT...  
SSS...



SSS... SSSSURE I'M GOING TO SSSSEARCH FOR IT! BE-  
SIDE SSSS... I'M FED UP WITH  
SSSPENDING MY DAYS IN  
BED WITH YOU...



SSS... DEAR MR. COLOR, THAT FAT  
SSSLUG OF A MOTHER TOLD ME  
TO INQUIRE WITH YOU AS TO THE  
WHEREABOUTS OF THE RED BOXXX.

I KNOW. SHE SENT ME  
WORD THAT YOU WERE  
COMING. SHE WANTED  
ME TO GET RID OF YOU,  
BUT I DON'T THINK I  
SHALL. I HAVE ALWAYS  
LONGED FOR YOU. STAY  
HERE FOR A WHILE, AND  
I PROMISE, IN TIME, YOU  
WILL FIND THE BOX.

SSSSURE, I'LL SSSSTAY WITH YOU, BUT FIRST YOU MUST TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE THE BOX IS.

IT'S IN THE HANDS OF AN OLD DWARF WHO LIVES IN THE DESERT OF THE GREAT LINE. BUT YOU HAVE NO NEED FOR IT...

200 KAL. ALTITUDE. RATE OF SPEED, 700 LIS/SES...

2,250 LIS/ SPEED...

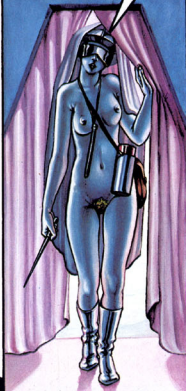
STATION STOP, DESERT OF THE GREAT LINE.







I WANT THE RED BOXXX...



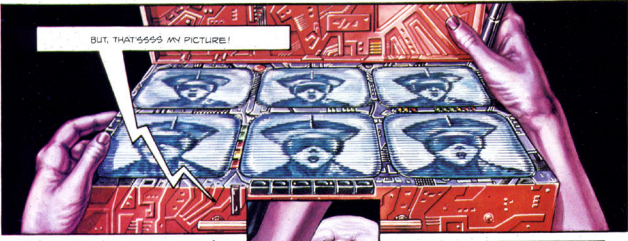
SSSS, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I WANT IT NOW! SSSS... WHY DID YOU SSTEAL IT FROM MY MOTHER?



I MUST KEEP IT. IT IS MY REASON FOR LIVING...  
MY ONLY HOLD ON REALITY!



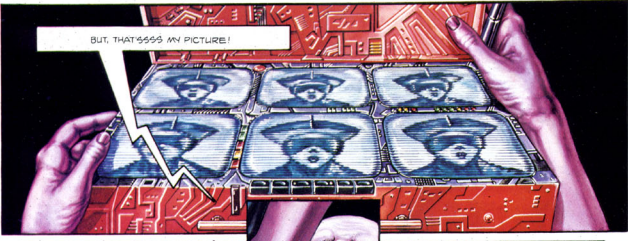
BUT, THAT'SSS MY PICTURE!



YES, I HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR LIFE SINCE YOU WERE AN INFANT. THERE IS NO GREAT POWER CONCEALED IN THAT BOX. BUT IT HAS ENABLED ME TO LIVE YOUR LIFE WITH YOU, EVEN IF IT HAS BEEN TELEELECTRONICALLY. INDEED, THE POWER YOU SPEAK OF IS ONLY A SENTIMENTAL ONE... A LIFELINE, BUT FOR ME, NOT ANYONE ELSE...



...I AM YOUR FATHER...



NO! MY MOTHER TOLD ME I WAS NOT CONCEIVED! I WAS JUST— JUSST THERE!



IT'SSS MINE NOW...ALL MINE.



FIN

LUIS ROYO

# IN THE BURNOUT BELT

NOW EDDIE'S

PICTURES: TRILLING

WORDS: MARTINEZ

EDDIE DRISCOLL, YOUNG AND BLAMELESS



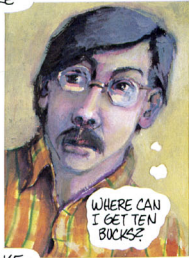
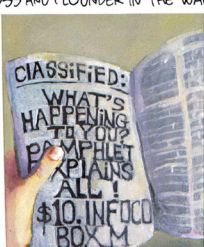
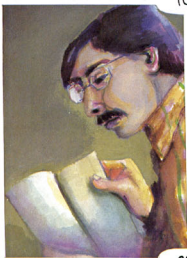
DAMN FOREIGN JUNK!  
WHERE DO YOU GET  
PARTS FOR SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT!?



UP  
ONLY  
WY

AH! MUTATION! AND ALL WENT NAMELESS

TOSS AND FLOUNDER IN THE WAKE



WHERE CAN I GET TEN BUCKS?

CONFUSION DOES A SUCKER MAKE

MELLOW  
MELLOW MELLOW  
MELLOW MELLOW  
MELLOW MELLOW



HIS FRIENDS WERE CHANGED, THEY SLIPPED AWAY,

HEY!  
CUT THE  
CRAP, HAH?

GOTTA DITCH  
THESE JERKS...

HOMINIA  
HOMINIA  
HOMINIA  
HOMINIA  
HOMINIA

WERE BIGGER IDIOTS EVERY DAY



THROUGH HIS NIGHT SHIFT BEWILDERMENTS ROOM



SWEET JESS, FORGETTING ALL THE RULES



THE RIVER RUNS AN UNKNOWN COURSE

WHEN THE FOUNTAIN FAILS, YOU TRY THE SOURCE

HEY, MA!  
PA!  
YOU IN THERE!?

WHAT'S GOIN'  
ON HERE?  
GIMME  
A BREAK!

☺ ☹  
4 2

WOOF.

I HAD PLANS!  
THEN EVERYTHING  
GOES NUTS!  
POPE!

BUT THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER...

FATHER'S WORLD IN A JUNKMAN'S CART

UHHN...!

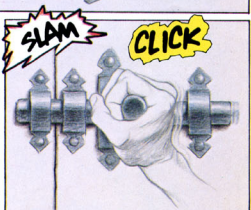
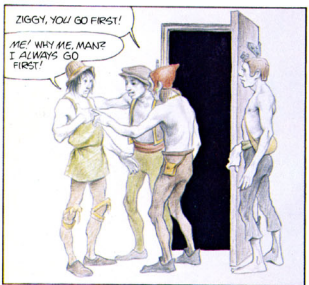
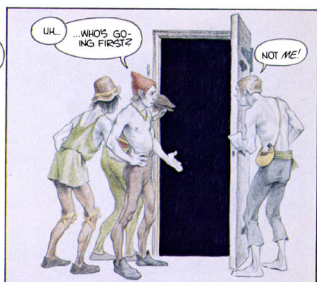
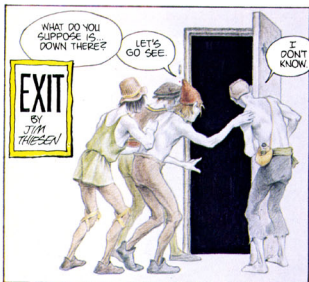
MONTHS AGO IT STOPPED HIS HEART

AND FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS, MOMMY'S ALWAYS BEEN READY

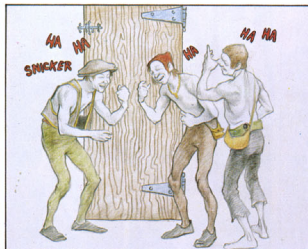


BUT NOW SHE JUST WORRIES ABOUT HER EDDIE

END









# ...THE HAND THAT FEEDS...

**E**VIL-EYED CAT SAT CROUCHING, STILL,  
SAT SLOUCHING, LURKING, WAITING 'TIL  
OLD TIRED MASTER SHOULD COME HOME,  
OLD TIRED STEP UPON THE STAIR.

**A**ND SITTING SO, BORED, NASTY, WAITING,  
BITTER MINUTES DRAGGING, HATING,  
CAME TO KITTY SUCH A THOUGHT,  
AS BROUGHT A SMILE HIS WICKED MOUTH.



**W**HO SHOULD ENTER, EYELIDS DROOPING,  
HEAVY FOOTED, SHOULDERS STOOPING,  
HALF ASLEEP AND SCARCELY NOTING  
KITTY CROUCHING IN THE HALL?

**S**OMBER MASTER, UNAWARE,  
HIS EVIL-EYED CAT'S VICIOUS STARE,  
AND NEVER SAW THE WICKED EYE,  
TRANSFIXED AND AIMING MEAN UPON HIM,



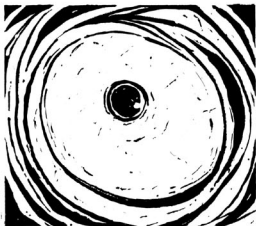
**A**N EVIL THOUGHT, MALICIOUS PONDER,  
ENTERTAINED AND DWELT UPON, THE  
MINUTES TICKING, TOCKING BY,  
AND KITTY MEANER EVERY MINUTE.

**S**ITTING SO, HALF HYPNOTIZED,  
HALF CRAZY FIX 'IN DEMON EYES,  
WHEN WHO SHOULD HAPPEN HOME FROM JOBBING,  
WEARY, DIRTY, TIRED, HUNGRY?



**N**EVER SAW ONE FIRE EYE,  
IGNITE, AT ONCE INTENSIFY,  
TO BRIGHTEN SUPREN, BRILLIANT WHITE,  
TO BLAZE UPON HIM UNRESTRAINED,

**W**ITH ALL THE FORCE OF YEARS OF HATING,  
ENDLESS HOURS PASSED AWAITING,  
TIRED MASTER'S TIRED STEP,  
BEFORE HIS SUPPER COULD BE HAD.



**A**ND SORRY MASTER, HOME FROM WORKING,  
COULD NOT GUESS THE DANGER LURKING,  
NEVER STOOD A CHANCE AGAINST  
THE FORCE OF KITTY'S EVIL GLARE.

**H**E STIFFENED SUDDEN, GAVE A START,  
AN ICY PAW CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART,  
AND SAW NOR FELT HE NOTHING MORE,  
BUT DROPPED STONE DEAD, UPON THE FLOOR.

**A**ND NOW SITS KITTY, SATISFIED,  
SMUG, GLOATING, SMIRKING, FULL OF PRIDE,  
TO SEE OLD MASTER SO UNDONE,  
HIS FADING CORPSE STREWN ON THE FLOOR,

**B**UT TIME WILL FIND OUR KITTY SCOWLING,  
WHISKERS TWITCHING, STOMACH BROWLING,  
HUNGRY FOR A BIT OF SUPPER,  
LOCKED BEHIND THE CUPBOARD DOOR,  
AND MASTER WITH THE ONLY KEY.



P.K.

WORDS: ANTHONY STONIER  
PRINTS: PETER KUPER  
COPYRIGHT, © 1982.

END



# CHAIN MAIL



DEAR HEAVY METAL...  
A STRANGE THING HAPPENED...



ONE EVENING AS I READ YOUR MAGAZINE...



IT UNDERWENT A TRANSFORMATION...



I THOUGHT IT WAS TRYING TO KILL ME...



BUT THEN I REALIZED MY SENSORY INPUTS AND VITAL FUNCTIONS WERE BEING MODIFIED. MY FUTURE SNOCK WAS MIRACULOUSLY CURED. MY ALIENATION WAS EASIER TO COPE WITH.



HEAVY METAL IS MY FAVORITE PROSTHETIC DEVICE. WHO NEEDS A SONY WALKMAN?  
Bruno Martucci  
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Julie:

I've just finished reading the letters in the July *HM*, and I am so disgusted with all this whining from readers about a supposed "lack" of plot and great art that I had to write. I, too, like stories that have a plot and are well drawn, but, unfortunately, great plots and art are easy to come by. Too easy. Just go to any bookstore or comic rack and see for yourself. I'm attracted to *HM* because it gives you one thing the others don't: *enlightenment*. Any comic book can give you a nice story, and if that's all these people want, let them read those kiddie-heroes in long underwear saving New York for the umpteenth time. This type of mindless, mass-produced shit I'm tired of. Give me Rod Kierkegaard, Jr., any day (*Hear, hear...ls*).

I was introduced to speculative fiction, European comics, and Neuwave/Techno-pop through this magazine. It gives me visual as well as visionary entertainment. This is why I love it and why I'll keep supporting it. Don't get discouraged; there are thousands more just like me out there. We'll keep this outfit going no matter what these fucking Heavy Metal babies cry to you about. *Vive la difference!*

Glenn Dressler  
Kankakee, Ill.

Dear Editors:

I am getting sick and tired of people bitching about certain strips, such as "The Mercenary," saying that the quality of the magazine has *deproved* over the years. First, being a relative newcomer to *HM*, this began

giving me a complex because I kept wondering what I had missed. Next, I have been able to obtain quite a few of the older issues, and from what I saw, while some of the stories were better than the newer ones, for the most part they were only confusing. I found it extremely difficult to discern any plot or meaning in many of them.

Second, the artwork. While some of it could be better, the vast majority is nothing less than awesome. This is especially true of Druillet's work. All together *HM* is the best magazine I've come across in many years. The overall quality of the artwork is excellent, and the plots of the stories can make a person stop and think—something that has been seriously lacking in other illustrated magazines. Basically, what I'm saying is, be brave, stay original, and keep up the good work.

Oliver Seay  
Hendersonville, N.C.

*Thanks for the encouraging words. I recently did much the same as you did—sat down with my back issues of HM to see if we had indeed devolved—and came to the same conclusion. No way. I firmly believe that the last four issues of this magazine are the best ever. I think people whining about the good old days are confusing the freshness of HM's arrival on the scene with the quality of the issues. Now that the novelty has worn off, they think the quality has come down. I disagree.—ls*

Dear Editor:

Oh! How quickly we forget. Don't you fry-brains remember what developed the last

time you tried to sneak verbalistic, nonsensical, overdone "literary" bullshit into the otherwise charming pages of *HM*? I'll tell you—you were deluged with letters from your concerned readership. We expressed our dislike for the extracurricular, semi-intellectual, unrelated and opinionated, narrow-minded essay crap.

Lionel de Bernard, Jr.  
Dover, Del.

*Time to trash another myth. No, we weren't "deluged" with mail the last time we injected text into HM—we just printed some of the letters in the letter column. It was our then-editor's policy (as it is mine) to run a lively letter page, full of as much criticism as praise, full of as many assholes as humans (unlike most other magazines, who use letters for cheap ego-wank). Our mail was and is about equally divided. End of discussion.—ls*

Heavy Mentals:

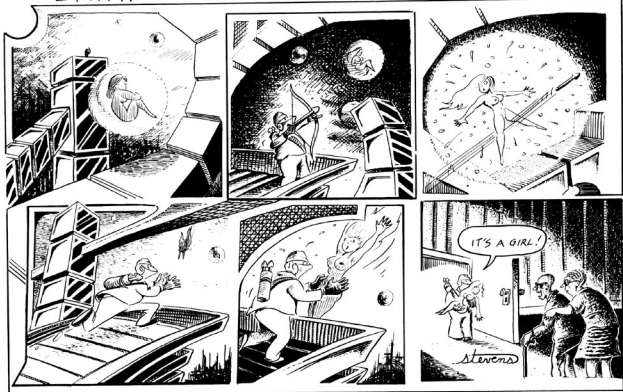
I'm just dying to see Vaughn Bodé and Wally Wood collaborate on a story for your magazine.

I remain,  
Sid Vicious

*That's not funny, that's sick.—Vic Morrow*

Dear *HM*:

As a subscriber I was pleased when you introduced regular columns in January '80, displeased when they were terminated one year later, and re-pleased when they snuck back into my favorite magazine. I feel the



Dossier section should be expanded (though not at the expense of pages belonging to the artwork). No other publication I know of covers the mix of new and not-so-new communication technologies in a manner which points to the increasing interconnectedness of same. Strip or "comic" art is one way to give form to the power of human imagination, but certainly not the only way. A segment of the *HM* readership forgets this point and adopts a purist attitude, demanding the exclusion of ideas not rendered in the expected panel-art form. So for my money, *HM*, stay on top of Ralph Records, J. G. Ballard, Donkey Kong, *Possible Musics*, Colette, the Destroyer, *Road Warrior*, the Urban Verbs, and, of course, Eno. Give me more 'cuz I can't get eno-ugh. Publish a whole new magazine, if necessary, I'll buy it. Take chances. Somebody has to.

John McNaughton  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear *HM* Geniuses and Idiots Alike:

I realize that not everyone can expect to be pleased by what they read in a magazine (especially one as diversified as *HM*), but I have come to expect a certain level of entertainment from the pages of this particular magazine. I'm writing to say that, while I have been reading *HM* for some time, it has not been till now that I have felt compelled to write and comment. David Black, author of "The Third Sexual Revolution," has many thoughtful points to make in his essays (May and July). I will be the first to say that he does so brilliantly and persuasively. My complaint is that while Mr. Black appears to

know all about the legends surrounding the sexuality of women (and he isn't afraid to use them to his advantage, whether true or not, when it comes time to make an interesting point), Mr. Black seems to me either unknowing or uncaring about the true values represented in the sexual appetites of women.

My suggestion is that Mr. Black develop some of the character he writes so earnestly about, and get on with the job at hand; and that is, according to the title of his article, material on the sexual revolution and real causes for it, and not a lot of historical drivel which might impress but doesn't educate or inform. I would be happy to help Mr. Black's perception of women, but it seems that he really isn't interested. If he should wonder about the criticism, tell him to chalk it up to a wide and varied audience that he receives when writing for an upper-class magazine like *HM* (Eh?—Is).

Lana L. Johnson  
Melbourne, Fla.

*If what you're saying is "David Black is a man and therefore can't/shouldn't write about female sexuality," then I think you're full of it. But I don't know if that's what you're saying because you coyly refuse to tell us. "Isn't interested," indeed. Does this month's installment of David's piece change your mind at all?—Is*

Creative Mutants:

Following is food for your gaping maw; or a general critique of the July '82 issue. The Dossier was interesting, as usual. Stathis fries me. The cretin (I beg your pardon.—Is)

used to expose some music (Residents, Ultravox) and really be an aid to the continually crying wants of my tastes. Now he's playing it safe and just spewing forth columns of dribble. "Den" can't be ignored. Chain Mail contained the usual whining malcontents. "I'm Age" means nothing but anything. Too bad "Nova 2" is done. "Life at the Circus" kept my attention. Hamill did a good job with his taste-whetting intro to R.C.'s *Flights into Fantasy*. "At the Middle of Cymbiola" and "Zora" were and are good. Black's essay is and promises to be thought provoking, for a limited time anyway. "The Voyage of Those Forgotten" continues to detain my eyes. "Yragael" is pretty pics and words, but very hard to follow. "Rock Opera" is like a dream—you can wake and get back to it with the same pleasure. Don't lose "The Bus:" too good.

W. Dziemiera  
Schenectady, N.Y.

Dear Heavily Metallic:

For months I have had the habit of buying a great big bar of chocolate when *HM* arrives and eating about half of it while devouring the mag late at night. Now I find out that chocolate contains phenylethylamine, "an amphetamine-like, mood-altering compound found in the brain... the cause of a love-high: the giddiness and happiness associated with romance." Oh, my! Then what's the magazine got in it?

Andrew K. Rindsberg  
Golden, Colo.

*Heh, heh... you wouldn't believe me if I told you.—Is*

**NOW...ENJOY A NO-RISK TRIAL!**

# analog

SCIENCE FICTION/SCIENCE FACT

**For over 50 Years the  
Standard of Excellence in  
Science Fiction and Fact Publishing**

**You are invited** to go along on an extraordinary adventure—where known scientific principles and facts are taken to the ultimate limits of the human imagination—a splendid menu of articles, short stories and novelettes that enable you to tangle with some of the most ingenious, original thinkers in the world today:

Isaac Asimov, Frank Herbert, Ben Bova, Robert Heinlein, Barry Longyear, G. Harry Stine, Dr. Robert Forward and Jerry Pournelle...as well as the elite in the small fraternity of artists who set the standard in visualizing futuristic ideas: Wayne Barlowe, Jack Gaughan and Vincent Di Fate.

**Imagine this:** A planet that doesn't believe in war defeats its enemies with imagination and love...A young attorney learns how to program the judge, wins the case and opens a Pandora's box of potential abuses...An ancient insect is found perfectly intact encased in amber, so that modern scientists can take the DNA and create a 40 million year old life.

**Plus...** Every 178-page issue contains *Science Fact*, a discussion of current scientific and technological breakthroughs...*The "Analog" Calendar* of upcoming science fiction events...*The Alternate View*, a spirited debate on scientific subjects...*Brass Tacks*, strong opinions and critiques from readers...and more...much more!

**Try ANALOG under this NO-RISK OFFER!**

Send today for the next 10 issues of ANALOG for \$9.97—a 33% saving under what others pay at the newsstand. If dissatisfied with ANALOG at any time, write us for a full refund on any undelivered issues.

**NO RISK TRIAL**

**analog**  
SCIENCE FICTION/SCIENCE FACT

P.O. Box 1936  
Marion, OH 43306

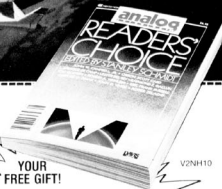
☐ **YES!** Start sending ANALOG at the special introductory rate of \$9.97 for 10 big 178-page issues—a saving of 33% under retail. If dissatisfied with my first issue, I may return the bill marked "cancel," owe nothing, and keep the first issue.

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me ☐ Check here if renewal of current subscription

Name

Address

City  State  Zip



**YOUR  
FREE GIFT!**

We'll send you this giant 288-page ANALOG Anthology—12 all-time favorite stories by Campbell, Del Rey, Russell, Simak, Vinge, Zelazny, and others. A \$2.95 retail value, yours free when you send in your payment.





# The Third Sexual Revolution

## Part Three:

# The Secret Tradition: The History of Transcendent Eroticism

by David Black

**E**very night, the initiation ceremonies go on," a poet once told me. She is now well-known, but ten years ago when we had this conversation she was not yet famous. And she was obsessed by the fantasy that art was a witches' coven. One was literally chosen, inducted, and given the gift of creation. "They take you to a grove, the Sacred Grove, and there you meet the Muse."

We were at a writers' conference. We were both young. And we were both ambitious. For her, ambition was the struggle for, not money, not fame, but glory. Meeting the Muse would connect her to a glorious tradition, a club that existed outside of time. She talked like someone in *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, someone who wanted to be a pod but had been passed over. Or, more poignantly, like the crippled child who, at the end of *The Pied Piper*, is left behind when all the other children vanish with the piper through the moun-

tain and into some wonderful land. She was desperate to meet her Muse.

"You can tell when she's near," she said. "Your hands get cold, the hair on the back of your neck stands up..."

According to the poet, the presence of the Muse creates a sense of awe, a preternatural hush, a sharp-edged vividness—and she was not unique in this belief. Poets have claimed all sorts of heightened perceptions for their art. Poetry is a meteor. Poetry raises the stubble of your beard. Poetry blows the top of your head off. Poetry begins with homesickness for a home you never had.

It's all true. Most people have had the experience. You read something—and it can be almost anything: poetry, a virulent germ, can infect everything: prose, movies, even an advertisement that unwittingly reveals the fever of its creation—and inadvertently you shiver. Your hair does stand on end.

And this reaction can come not just from reading or looking at art or listening to music or watching a play or a dance program, all inspirations of the Muse; it can also come from encountering that which inspires in a purer or more raw form.

When the poet talked about wanting to meet her Muse, I remembered a moment when I was twelve years old. I was paddling a canoe one summer day and saw across a lake a woman sitting on a mossy bank. Although I have a vivid mental picture of her, I can't say whether she was old or young. All the signs that the poet claimed were heralds of the Muse were there: the unnatural hush, the coldness in my extremities, a breathlessness, heightened senses, and the raising of the hair on the back of my neck.

I have no idea what caused this state—whether it was some stirring of puberty or an encounter with something uncanny. But, as in most situations like this, the question of whether the event had an external or internal, objective or subjective reality is not the most relevant issue. These states, like dreams, are real in their own way and, like dreams, can affect our moods and behavior. Giving the state a name only makes it easier to refer to it, so call it what you will. If the poet wanted to call it the Muse, her description reveals more about herself than it does about the remarkable state she was trying to describe. The state she was trying to describe is the same no matter what it is called.

Years after my encounter with the Nameless, I found a word to describe the experience, one frequently used by C. G. Jung to describe moments of exalted spirituality: numinous. And, after taking various drugs, I've sometimes approximated the sensation; but that summer day in the canoe was an unadulterated dose of what seemed and still in retrospect seems reality, a reality that—like Robert Frost's description of poetry—left me with a feeling of homesickness for a place I've never been.

I've often suspected that this response is atavistic, a throwback to some more primitive state, a message our genes have carried from humankind's early ancestors to today. Because humans are relatively hairless now, the tendency for hair to stand on end probably developed when humans were a lot hairier. It's an animal response. You can still see it when a cat bristles at an enemy, real or imagined. The unknown is threatening. Early humans probably bristled at the unknown the way cats bristle at shadows. And, long after we began calling the unknown God—or the Muse or ghosts or UFOs—we still bristle. Our hair still stands on end. It's our way of showing awe at the Mysteries.

"The reason why the hairs stand on end, the eyes water, the throat is constricted, the skin crawls, and a shiver runs down the spine when one writes or reads a true poem is that a true poem is necessarily an invocation of the White Goddess, or Muse, the Mother of All Living, the ancient power of fright and lust—the female spider or queen bee whose embrace is death," Robert Graves wrote in *The White Goddess* (Vintage Books, 1958). He also said, "I cannot think of any poet from Homer onwards who has not independently recorded his experience of her."

According to Graves, all poems—true poems—have a single theme. The theme is perhaps the most ancient story: "the birth, life, death, and resurrection of the God of the Waxing Year"—from the first of the year to midsummer. The story centers around the love of this god for the Great Goddess and his conflict with his rival for her love, the God of the Waning Year—from midsummer to the year's

end—who is also his brother and shadow self. These "three main characters are so much a part of our racial inheritance," Graves wrote, "that they not only assert themselves in poetry but recur on occasions of emotional stress in the form of dreams, paranoid visions, and delusions."

The story erupts in family dynamics (the Oedipal struggle of father against son for the mother's love) and contemporary religion (the sacrificial death and resurrection of Christ). This does not necessarily invalidate Christianity or prove the objective reality of the Muse. It does mean that some eternal truths have historically been manifest in different forms.

And the connection between poetry (or all art) and religion suggests that the first poets were shamans, high priestesses, and later priests, of a primitive Great Goddess religion, who were guardians of the Mysteries. Poetry—with its hair-bristling power—is the remnant of those early rituals.

For a long time this explanation satisfied me. Admittedly, it depended to some degree on speculation, imagination, and empathy bridging gaps between facts. But it seemed a reasonable way of describing something that otherwise defied my reason. And it had the virtue of being able to dress up the uncanny in a costume of my own device, a comforting solipsism that manifests itself every Halloween when kids give their fears forms that are less frightening than the formless terrors haunting them the rest of the year. A sheet with cut-out eyeholes takes a ghost by making it familiar. It's only percale, not the Unknown.

When I started the research that led to the first article in this series on eroticism, I assumed I'd be investigating pornography. But I found myself backing into the old questions about art and religion and the uncanny. The Muse.

My first hint that sex was somehow connected to religion was the rapt expressions that fixed the faces of men staring at dirty pictures. That unwavering attention is not needed to get information from an image. They looked like they were waiting for the photographs to reveal at any moment something that was hidden behind the sexual allure. People look like that when they're gazing at a mandala or a cross, when they're meditating or praying.

If they were worshipping, what was the object of their veneration? The answer was as obvious as the pictures. They were worshipping what was between a woman's legs: the source of life.

The purpose of pornography and of all the erotic toys and toys, which had first roused my curiosity, fit with this view of sex as religion. The common denominator linking sex toys and sex clubs, garter belts and X-rated videotapes was extended arousal time. Erotic paraphernalia all seemed designed to lengthen the heightened sensations associated with sex.

Historically, extended arousal time has nearly always been a means of inducing transcendental states of consciousness, states similar enough to those created by art, drugs, or encounters with the numinous to connect porno models to the Muse. Eroticism apparently was a debased form of Great Goddess worship, one more manifestation of that universal theme Graves wrote about. In this case, the three principal characters of the story have become transformed into the reader as God of the Waxing Year, the model as the Goddess, and the sometimes-implied-and-sometimes-shown Other, the man making love to the model, the shadowy other self and double who is the God of the Waning Year.

After identifying pornography as a debased remnant of Great Goddess worship that has enough of the elements of true poetry, of the theme, to compel rapt attention (part one of this series, May '82), I began examining the attributes of the Goddess or Muse, who in nearly every culture and tradition has a triune nature: Mother, Whore, and Warrior (part two of this series, July '82). And this investigation could have ended there—except for the frequent hints I began discovering that this tradition (a tradition of Goddess worship that uses extended arousal time to achieve transcendent states) exists and has existed not only as an unconscious, repressed element throughout history but also as a conscious, secret cult. Or rather as a series of loosely connected cults.

This is not as ominous as it sounds. In the East, Tantric Buddhism, which probably has the same roots as Western transcendental eroticism, has survived as one of many spiritual practices. The

reason why this practice has been passed down from generation to generation in secret in the West is simply that Christianity has repeatedly tried to stamp it out because it believes it to be a threat. It is occult only because it is hidden, not because it is sinister.

Or rather: Not because it is necessarily sinister.

Because of the opposition of the Church, the tradition of sexual transcendence has frequently been linked to beliefs hostile to Christianity—heresies benign and malign, gnostic and Satanic. Evil has attached itself to transcendent sex like dust to a raindrop. And certainly one thread leading back through the history of sexual transcendence is Devil-red. Even in our secular age, much of the iconography of pornography is drawn from Hellish images: from the cute imp's tail that is the trademark of one sex-toy company to *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Half a century ago, Aleister Crowley, nicknamed The Great Beast, was using transcendent sexuality or sex magic along with diabolism to achieve non-ordinary states of consciousness. But this sinister tradition, while often intertwined with the tradition of transcendent sexuality, is separate.

There are in fact many related threads that can be followed in such a study. Like the fine wires that make up telephone cables, they all go from here—the present—to there—the past; and as with telephone wires sometimes, through induction, the information being carried along one wire jumps over into another.

But roughly the line goes from Plato's Retreat (as the most famous example of the third post-World War II sexual revolution) back through a system of sex without orgasm called Karezza (developed by a Chicago doctor named Alice Stockham around the turn of the century), through Sir Francis Dashwood, the founder of the eighteenth-century British orgiastic society called the Hellfire Club (who like Aleister Crowley confused evil with eroticism), through some seventeenth-century followers of the mystic Jacob Boehme, through some sixteenth-century followers of the alchemist Paracelsus, back to fifteenth-century Neoplatonists like Marsilio Ficino, who wrote that the passions of Heaven can be guessed at by experiencing the passions of earth and that the problem with sensual pleasures is not that they are pleasurable but that they don't last. The Renaissance Neoplatonists believed that God could be approached only through love, and they resurrected elements from classical pagan mysteries to feed their philosophy. Botticelli's and Michelangelo's works are elaborate codes, revealing and hiding these mysteries at the same time. And Petrarch's sonnets to Laura de Sade (an ancestor of the infamous Marquis), the first modern love poems in the West, are songs of worship—Laura being the manifestation of Women, and finally of Divine Woman, the Great Goddess.

To love the Great Goddess meant to die—to die and be reborn into eternal life, a formula that fit pagan and Christian theology equally well. The Orphic mysteries that were resurrected during the Renaissance, particularly in the circle around the Medici, had as their climax a *hieros gamos* or, as Edgar Wind describes it in *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance* (Faber and Faber, 1958), "an ecstatic union with the god which was experienced by the neophyte as an initiation into death." And in Christianity, a believer could, like Paul, wish to die and be dissolved into Christ. "This kind of death was named the kiss," Wind said. The kiss that Graves's spider-Muse gives, the fatal embrace of Graves's queen bee.

From the Renaissance the trail leads to the twelfth century, to the troubadours, the source of all European poetry, who sang of perpetually unsatisfied love and who may have been bards of the Catharist Church. The troubadours practiced *L'Assag*, the trial, a form of woman worship in which a man would contemplate the beauty of his beloved—sometimes when she was naked, sometimes when they both were naked. But they would not make love.

It is easy to see how modern pornography—in which a man gazes on the image of a naked woman who is for him physically unattainable—is a debased form of courtly love. Courtly love refined the spirits of those who practiced it. Resisting the lures of the flesh enabled men to free their souls from the confines of matter and escape into the world of pure light, which in earthly terms is death but in spiritual terms is eternal life. The greater the arousal, the greater the temptation. The greater the temptation, the greater the resistance. The greater the resistance, the greater the spiritual

transformation. The souls of the believers, freed of the prison of their bodies, returned to God. The Cathars, too, had a kiss: the kiss of peace. And, although women were the bait Satan used to snare souls, the Cathars believed—according to Denis de Rougemont in *Love in the Western World* (Anchor, 1957)—in "a feminine principle, held to have pre-existed material creation.... To the woman who was instrumental in the perdition of souls there corresponded Maria, symbol of the pure saving light...." The Great Goddess as whore and mother. Women represented both temptation (and potential damnation) and salvation (if temptation was resisted).

De Rougemont connects the troubadours and the Cathars and traces the Catharist heresy to three roots: Neoplatonism, Manichaeism, and Celtic (druidical) beliefs. Graves traces the Celtic strand back to an invading tribe of Great Goddess worshippers from Greece, the Danaans—who civilized not only the Celts but, through other migrations, the Hebrews. Their wanderings from Greece started in the middle of the second millennium B.C. And they were most likely originally a Bronze Age culture that came to Greece from Libya.

Manichaeism, founded by Mani in the third century A.D., was rooted in Christianity, Gnosticism, and Zoroastrianism. Christianity leads back through Judaism to Ashtoreth, the Great Goddess who presided over the Hebrews from about 1150 to 586 B.C. and who may have preceded Jehovah and had been displaced by Him. In Zoroastrianism (founded by Zoroaster, who lived around 628 to 551 B.C.), two forces, Light and Dark, fight for power in creation. The spirit of light that ultimately triumphs, Ahura Mazda or Ormazd, was a threefold god that married and displaced the threefold Great Goddess. And Gnosticism leads back to, among other sources, the Hellenic Mystery Cults, that find their roots in worship of Danae, the Great Goddess of the Danaans (who civilized the Greeks, Hebrews, and Celts). The web is woven in a complex pattern, but all strands lead back to the spider-Goddess in the center, Graves's Muse "whose embrace is death."

The Great Goddess is the principle of life; the eternal female who bore children—apparently miraculously in the days before humans understood the relationship between sex and procreation. Her embrace is death because she is also Mother Earth who takes back the dead—which then decompose to produce new life: the cycle of death and rebirth that the eternal theme plays out over and over again. Fragments of her worship and of the sacrificial rituals used magically to keep the cycle of death and rebirth spinning have filtered down to the present in debased forms, many pathological: bestiality, sadism and masochism, snuff sex. These vicious urges, like gears on a machine, which no longer connect to anything, whir madly, uselessly. Other impulses, from the poet's encounter with his or her Muse to the orgiast's attempt to use eroticism to break through some psychic membrane, to pass out of this material world into a world of sensation so pure it is only spirit, are also debased forms of Great Goddess worship—but these impulses are not vicious. They are simply racial memories, promises that can never be more than half kept. Those who consciously try to keep the tradition of transcendent sexuality alive—modern Tantrists and their Western equivalents—are doomed to do so out of context, which distorts their intent.

But the secret tradition of sexual transcendence has been suppressed many times in the past and subsequently has erupted in an orthodox form. Courtly love became manners. Great Goddess worship became the cult of the Virgin Mary. The tradition now is apparently seeking new expression. The third post-World War II sexual revolution, described in the first part of this series, is one of the most common manifestations.

Although it is secular, it offers some of the consolations of the transcendent. Depending on point of view, this revolution may be good or bad—but, good or bad, if it is viewed merely as a sexual and not a religious phenomenon, it will be misperceived. It is not entirely coincidence that the double booths in peep shows that have glass walls separating the women (who wait on duty) and the men (who slip in and out) look like confessionals. Or that Larry Levinson, presumably innocent of the roots of modern sexual transcendence that go back to Neoplatonism, called his swingers' club Plato's Retreat.

LAST WE SAW YRAGAEZ, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF SPHARAIN, ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION TO OVERTHROW HIS MAD BROTHER SABER OF LISMONDE.

He fell like a stone from the stars!

Aken!

Dead!

Lervan!  
Morsonn!

Morgett!  
Look! They  
are dead  
like the  
bird...

By the bird,  
Darbacon!  
As in the songs.

What  
songs?

Morgett:

"Those of times past, who speak of the invited one, the heir to the vision...farther towards the east. I have heard sailors murmur that he has returned and that his messengers have already killed."

Morgett is silent for an instant, takes a few steps in the shade, leans on silent forms.

"Vayn, Onklann, and Lafann also..."

A third voice:

"Lafann...my younger brother" Nargonne comes out of the shade. In his palm he shows a little black jewel, strange and tormented.

"As the others had done, he had accepted this present from Saber. Before striking Spharain, we should have chastised them. Who knows what magic can

make out of his madness who pretends he's from Lrismonde?"

Morgett:

"Five lords of the vortex have died this evening. May the survivors once more see the eye. If the prince has returned..."

Darbacon turned round and brandished his spear at the

shade:

"The sentinels no longer call to one another, and the tide no longer has the same sound."

Morgett kneels before the bird:

"The messenger has no doubt struck them dumb. The songs tell of 'Feathers of Silence.'"

Nargonne, aggressively:

"Is it for this, then, that you pray for the bird's death?"

Morgett:

"I do not pray. I look, I see."

# YRAGAEZ

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

TEXT BY DEMUTH, TRANSLATED BY  
PAULINE TENNANT. REPRINTED  
WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUICK  
FOX, FROM THE BOOK  
"YRAGAEZ LRM", BY DRUILLET.





Prince of Cemeroon,  
you are too late.  
Before three nights  
our army...



Yragael takes a step forward and  
smiles sadly:

"Before three nights your army will  
smell the bellies of the creatures  
which resemble my islands."

Morgelt tosses his head:

"We are quite aware of the tricks of  
your mad brother and the spells  
which protect the city of the eye.

There were traitors among us. We  
thank you for having struck them."

Yragael:

"Not traitors, but victims."

He steps forward, takes the black  
jewel from the hand of Nargorne:

"No one can resist such a present."

An intense expression of suffering  
shows on his face, then on that of  
each of the lords. Yragael keeps the  
black jewel for a long time in his  
clenched fist. When he shows it again,  
The lords behold a minute skull.

Yragael:

"Thank you for having shared my  
suffering. It was necessary. See what  
he makes out of my dragon's young.  
Guess the power of such an impious  
witchcraft!"

The lords drew back, struck with  
horror. Skull of young and living  
dragon. Voice of Yragael:

"Long ago, on this very spot, on the  
shore of the sea of circles..."

Another dragon:

"There were ports surrounded by  
forests there where there are now  
only dunes and empty shells...  
I heard from the other horizon the  
sound of your oars of your machines...  
and I saw the eye...open on the gulfs  
of basalt. And my brother dead.  
And I woke up. And I came."

Morgelt:

"Why, then, prince of vision?"

Cemeroon dies and you are as old as she.  
Our final combat will provide for us  
the vortex on which our vassals  
reigned. But you...

Would you know how to find again the  
Spharain who was?  
There is nothing left."

Yragael turns to Darbacon:

"When it is exactly midday, abandon  
your barbarian's darts for the fight.  
You know that they can avail nothing  
against the final priests or against  
the young girls who are made by my  
brother to sing in suffering."

He looks at Morgelt again:

"And you, lord, you have always had  
this ladylike manner but you have  
swallowed up many races.  
You will lead the ships right to the  
vortex but only when the road will  
be open. Come..."



Look, they have been ready too long. Will they wait here any longer? You spoke of midday exactly. How shall I know when the hour has come?

When the sun's disc is at its brightest, the day will be darkened by birds... or dragons... or the tears of my blood... whatever the summer may be...



And then the road will open?

Between those things which between the islands, the seaweed, are neither one nor the other... when your father reigned over the vortex, a hundred such ships were turned into coral, and the people of Spharain tell that they became living and voracious beings...







My father was weak in magic,  
and was not loved by a Sibyl...  
nor did he benefit  
from the help  
which you are  
offering us...



Which I am imposing on you!

To spare our lives, in order that the city should be wholly  
dismembered...protect your ships, Morgelt. They may  
have to spend the winter and another summer...but when  
midday comes, the living islands will be motionless, the  
seaweed as peaceful as a prairie, and the spells  
extinguished...for all these things I shall have paid  
very dear.



We will  
compensate  
you,  
reward you...

For such a sum?  
No... in Spharain  
you shall  
spare only my  
brother...



Prince of vision,  
shall we spare her who  
is called here  
and who is said to be of  
your blood?



You want  
the city—  
spare her who  
holds the key...



Prince of treason,  
shall we spare you?



TO BE CONTINUED...



SO FAR:  
CAPTURED BY A BAND OF RAVENOUS MUTANTS, ZORA AND HER  
COMRADES DISCOVER THE FATE OF THE FABLED GENESIS II:  
IT'S BEEN CONVERTED INTO A FAST-FOOD DRIVE-IN FOR UNDES-  
CRIMINATING CANNIBALS!

...A GELATINOUS  
MASS, DRIPPING WITH  
BLOOD, PALPITATING  
ITS REPTILIAN HISS  
JOINING THE  
UNHOLY CHORUS.

# ZORA

AS ONE, THE  
MUTANTS CEREMONIOUSLY  
IMITATED THE PRIEST  
AND REMOVED THEIR  
HELMETS, REVEALING  
UNDERNEATH.

BY THE HIVE  
MOTHER! WHAT KIND  
OF CREATURES ARE  
THESE? THEIR FEATURES  
AREN'T HUMAN!

TANKRAS!  
HELL-SPAWN!  
ONLY TANKRAS CAN  
SURVIVE ON EARTH IN ITS  
PRESENT CONDITION—LIKE THE  
INFERNO ITSELF! WE PAID DEARLY  
WHEN WE DESTROYED THEIR FIRST  
INVASION, JUST BEFORE WE  
WERE PUT INTO  
HIBERNATION.

THEY'RE PARASITIC CELLS,  
BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH BY DEEP-  
SPACE PROBES. THEY TOOK POSSES-  
SION OF THE CREW, MANNING  
THE REENTRY BASE, AND WE  
HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ATOMIZE  
THE PLACE...

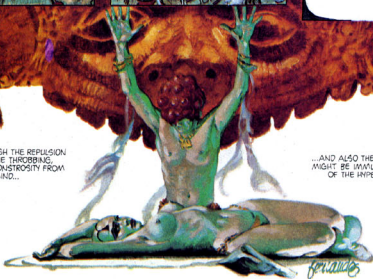
YES, I REMEM-  
BER! THEY PENETRATE  
THEIR HOSTS WITH SMALL IN-  
JECTIONS OR ADHERE TO MUCOUS  
MEMBRANES AND CAUSE SEVERE  
BRAIN INFECTIONS. THEN THEY SEIZE  
CONTROL OF THE BODY AND ENCAP-  
SULATE THEMSELVES IN ENORMOUS  
TUMORS.

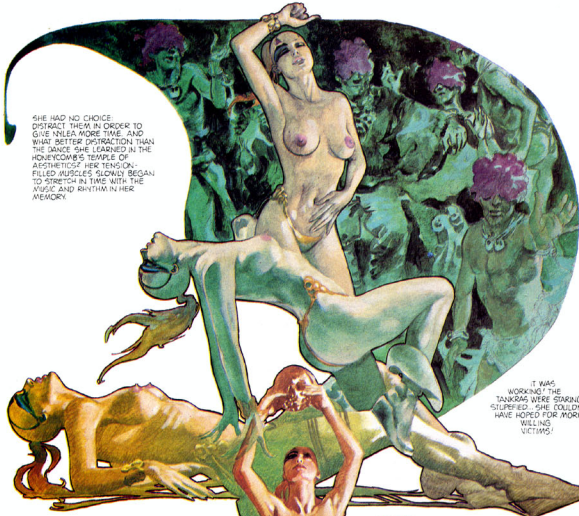
EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE  
ALMOST INDESTRUCTIBLE, THEY'RE  
NOT VERY INTELLIGENT AND CAN'T  
REALLY THINK BEYOND A VERY  
PRIMITIVE LEVEL.

THESE TANKRAS MUST'VE  
NESTED IN SOME OF THE ORBITING  
MISSILES, AND COME DOWN WITH THE  
GREAT ATTACK. THEY PROBABLY FELL  
INTO THIS VALLEY LIKE RAIN, SEIZING  
THE BODIES OF THE GENESIS II'S  
CREW, TRANSFORMING THEM INTO  
ZOMBIES.

ZORA HAD TO PUSH THE REPUSSION  
SHE FELT FOR THE THROBBING,  
SLOBBERING MONSTROSITY FROM  
HER MIND...

...AND ALSO THE FEAR THAT THESE THINGS  
MIGHT BE WATLINE TO THE BLINDING LIGHT  
OF THE HYPERPHOTON CAPSULES.





SHE HAD NO CHOICE:  
DISTRACT THEM IN ORDER TO  
GIVE NYLEA MORE TIME. AND  
WHAT BETTER DISTRACTION THAN  
THE DANCE SHE LEARNED IN THE  
HONEYCOMB'S TEMPLE OF  
AESTHETICS? HER TENSION-  
FILLED MUSCLES SLOWLY BEGAN  
TO STRETCH IN TIME WITH THE  
MUSIC AND RHYTHM IN HER  
MEMORY.

IT WAS  
WORKING! THE  
TANKRAGS WERE STARING,  
STUPEFIED. SHE COULDN'T  
HAVE HOPED FOR MORE  
WILLING  
VICTIMS!




THIS IS  
IT! THEY'RE  
TOTALLY ENTRANCED!  
MOVE YOUR HANDS  
FROM YOUR BODY,  
BRONCO. I DON'T  
WANT TO BURN  
YOU!




GREAT  
WORK, NYLEA!  
IT'S CUT  
NOW FOR  
AMON'S.



HURRY!  
THAT  
MURDEROUS  
PRIEST IS  
MOVING  
CLOSER TO  
ZORA!



THE ACROTONS WERE LIKE  
LIVING DEAD... AND THE TANKRAS  
THAT CONTROLLED THEM HAD  
NO SEXUAL  
INSTINCTS  
LIKE  
HUMANS.



IT WAS WITHOUT A DOUBT:  
ZORAX DANCE HAD AWAKENED  
FADED MEMORIES IN  
THESE BROKEN MEN.



WHAT'S  
TAKING  
YOU SO  
LONG,  
KNLEAR?

I  
CAN'T  
TAKE  
MUCH  
MORE!



YOU'VE  
HAD  
IT,  
SPONGE-  
HEAD!



WE'VE GOT  
TO DO SOMETHING--  
ZORAX IS IN  
TROUBLE!

READY,  
ROB! THE  
CHAINS ARE  
GONE!

GRAB  
THE  
CAPSULES!  
GIVE THE  
SIGNAL!



BLINDING EXPLOSIONS, LIKE HUGE LIGHTNING BOLTS, FOLLOWED AT INTERVALS OF A FEW SECONDS, PRECEDED BY THE SHOUTED NAMES OF THE THROWERS.

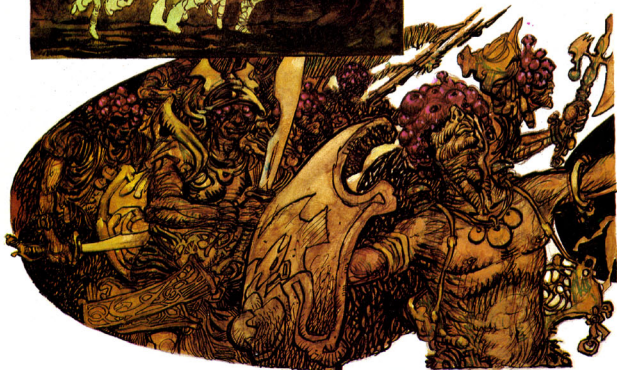


IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THE GROUP HAD GATHERED TOGETHER AND MOVED AWAY FROM THE MAIN BODY OF ACRATIONS, WHO WERE HOWLING IN BLIND CONFUSION, INCAPABLE OF ANY OTHER REACTION.

IT WASN'T HARD TO BEGIN CLIMBING THE THICK VEGETATION THAT COVERED THE SHIP IN SEARCH OF AN EXTERIOR HATCH.



SOME OF THE WARRIORS HAD KEPT THEIR DISTANCE, AND THUS WERE SPARED THE EFFECTS OF THE HYPERPHOTON CAPSULES. NOW THEY WERE CLIMBING THE SHIP, INSANE WITH FURY, THEIR VICTIMS HAD ESCAPED AND PROFANED THE TEMPLE!







I THINK I'VE  
FOUND SOMETHING—  
IT LOOKS LIKE AN  
EMERGENCY ESCAPE  
HATCH. I'LL TRY  
TO OPEN IT.

BRAVO,  
ROB!

GOT IT!  
IT'S OPEN!

DAMN!  
I CAUGHT  
MYSELF!

AMON, IF THIS SHIP  
DOESN'T TAKE OFF SOON,  
IT'LL BECOME OUR  
PRISON.

HAVE  
CONFIDENCE  
IN ROB.  
HE'LL  
GET IT.  
DON'T  
WORRY.

QUICKLY,  
NYLEA, WE  
HAVE TO  
CLOSE AND  
SEAL THE HATCH  
BEFORE  
THEY CATCH  
US.

INCRED-  
IBLE!  
EVERYTHING'S  
IN PERFECT  
WORKING  
ORDER, AND  
THE FUEL  
CELLS ARE  
AT  
MAXIMUM...

WENT IT  
DANGER-  
OUS TO  
ATTEMPT  
LIFT-OFF  
WITH THIS  
COATING OF  
UNDERGROWTH?



WE'LL TRY THREE BURSTS OF ALMOST SIMULTANEOUS THRUST, THE FIRST AT ONE-EIGHTH AND THE SECOND AT ONE-FIFTH POWER, AS WE'RE ON A SOLID BASE, COVERED ONLY WITH ACCUMULATED CLAY AND VEGETATION, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE.

THE GROUND TREMBLED SEVERAL TIMES, WHILE ACBATANSOR BOARED FROM THE INNERMOST REACHES OF THE EARTH, BEFORE DYING HORRIBLY, SOME OF THE TAKKARS COULD SEE THAT THEIR SACRED TEMPLE WAS RAISING THE GENESIS II PURIFIED AND TRANSFIGURED THE VALLEY WHERE IT HAD LAIN COVERED FOR MILLENNIA.

WE'VE DONE IT! WE'RE OFF INTO SPACE IN THIS MARVELOUS MACHINE!



BEFORE THOSE TWO BLASTS UNBALANCE THE SHIP, I'LL IGNITE THE THIRD AT FULL POWER. WE SHOULD PUSH OUT A BIT ABRUPTLY, BUT SAFELY.

AGREED, ROB! FORWARD!

ONE DAY, WITH ENOUGH TECHNOLOGY SOMEONE WILL RETURN TO HEAL THIS SICK PLANET.

PERHAPS, BRONCO, BUT FOR NOW... WHAT'S OUR OBJECTIVE?

THE HONEY-COMB!

WITHOUT A DOUBT, ZORA, WE ARE NEEDED THERE.

MANY OF OUR SISTERS CONTINUE TO DIE, LOOKING ONLY TO LEARN THE TRUTH.

WE, TOO, HAVE AN ACCOUNT TO SETTLE ON THE HONEY-COMB.



MAJESTICALLY THE GENESIS II ASCENDED AND GAINED ALTITUDE... FREING ITSELF OF THE ANCIENT EARTH.

END OF PART ONE

ONE MORNING AT DAWN...

IN THE  
NAME OF  
GOD!

OH,  
EMILE.  
WHAT'S  
WRONG  
NOW?

# THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

BY CHRISTIN AND BILAL

LAST WE SAW, THE VILLAGE OF  
LEGENDS WAS STILL IN FULL  
FLIGHT.

WHAT THE HELL  
ARE YOU DOING?  
I DON'T NEED A  
BUCKET OF  
WATER TO WAKE  
ME UP. JUST A  
CUP OF  
COFFEE.

SHAF

THAT WASN'T A  
BUCKET OF WATER. THE  
HOUSE IS NOW... AW, FOR-  
GET IT, YOU WON'T BE-  
LIEVE ME ANYWAY.  
HERE'S YOUR COFFEE.

IT CERTAINLY  
IS BLOWN OUT  
HERE. LUCKILY, THE  
WIND HAS CHANGED  
DIRECTION A BIT.  
IT COULD BE  
WORSE.

WITH A  
LITTLE LUCK,  
WE'LL FOLLOW  
THE COAST TO  
THE SOUTH.

IT'S SO  
BEAUTI-  
FUL!

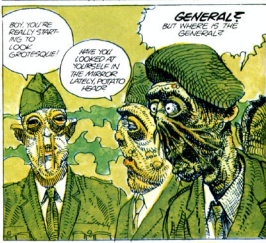
MAYBE WE  
SHOULD GO  
HIGHER UP. IF  
I TURNED...

NO CHANCE.  
WE'RE TOO FAR  
AWAY FROM THE  
BROADCASTING  
CENTER NOW.

YESH,  
I GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.

DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
THE WAVES. THE  
FIELD OF CRYSTAL  
POWER IS INDESTRUCTI-  
BLE. IT WASN'T THE  
ARMY WOULD HAVE  
STOPPED THEIR EX-  
PERIMENTS  
MONTHS AGO.









GENERAL? WHAT IS ALL THIS I'VE BEEN HEARING? AND FROM THE RADIO, NO LESS, ARE THESE LIES TRUE?

ALAS, MR. SECRETARY!

A FLYING VILLAGE...



HELLO! HELLO!



...WHICH WAS GREETED WITH MUCH ENTHUSIASM...

BRavo!!!

THIS IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC!



...AND ANTI-MILITARISM...

HEY! YOU THINK THE ARMY WILL SWITCH UP WITH THESE

WHAT THOSE OLD COMES?



...AND OF COURSE GLEE FROM THE OUT OF TOWN CRUISES...

BUT, PROFESSOR, YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT.

YES, I SEE IT AND I BELIEVE YOU AND FINALLY, MY THESIS ON TELETRANSPORTATION WILL BE VERIFIED. BUT I WONDER WHO'S THE MEDIUM? I WOULD HAVE TO DO MORE RESEARCH ON THIS PARTICULAR MATTER, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY COULD LEVITATE THAT ISLAND...

WITHOUT INVOLVING A MEDIUM, AND AS FAR AS I KNOW, THE ARMY DOESN'T HAVE THIS KIND OF EXCEPTIONAL BRAIN IN ITS BUNKS



AND THE SUN FREAKS...

WE'RE WITH YOU!



SUFFICE TO SAY YOU'VE MADE THE PRIME MINISTER VERY ANGRY. STOP THIS DISTURBING EXPERIMENT BEFORE THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS AFLOAT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PUBLIC. BUT WE WANT A NEAT END TO THIS MESS—NO MORE DAMAGE CAN BE DONE! EVERYTHING MUST BE BACK IN ORDER IMMEDIATELY. THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!



"STOP! STOP!" THAT'S EASY FOR THEM TO SAY.

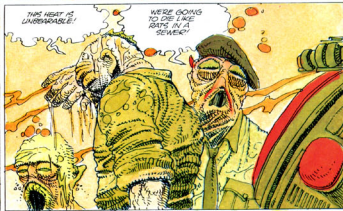
HOW DO YOU FATHOM THE COMPLEXITY OF THE SITUATION AT HAND? WE HAVE EIGHTEEN HOURS LEFT UNTIL...

GENERAL I BELIEVE YOU WILL HAVE TO NEGOTIATE WITH THEM! YOU MUST FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT THOSE GOD-DAMNED REDS HAVE DONE TO THE ATMOSPHERE!

FIRE TWO OR THREE BARRAGE-TO-SEA MISSILES OR CUT-BASTE THE WHOLE MESS! THE FLOATING CITY WILL BE GONE, AND MAY BE THE WORLD WILL WAKE UP TOMORROW MORNING.

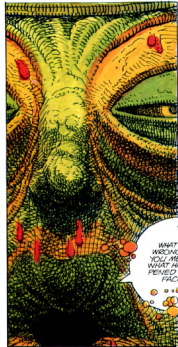


THE AZ GENERAL HAS PASSED THE CRITICAL POINT THERE'S A DEFINITE RISK OF EXPLOSION.



THIS HEAT IS UNBEARABLE!

WE'RE GOING TO DIE LIKE RATS IN A SEWER!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU MEN? WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR RACES?



LOOK WHO'S CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK! ERR, GENERAL. BEFORE THE EXPERIMENT I RESEARCHED THE POSSIBILITY OF GASTRO-POISONING, MUTATIONS, WHICH OCCUR AFTER STRONG DOSES...

I KNOW... KNOW...



MESSY... WELL, OLD MAN, YOU HAVE NO IDEA...

WELL, SINCE RADIS GAVE THE GO-AHEAD, TELL THEM UPSTAIRS TO GET THE WHEELS IN MOTION. WE'LL CLEAN UP THIS MESS, IF WE HAVE TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE DAMN PLANET TO DO IT. AND GET AN LANCASHIRE PRESSER. IT WILL NOT BE SAID THAT THE MILITARY WAS MESSY WHILE ON DUTY!

AND WHILE THE REGIONAL PRESS GETS READY...



"COULD YOU THINK WE CAN GET A JUMP ON THIS STORY BEFORE THE OTHERS DO?"

"NO CHANCE. THE MEDIA HAS ALREADY GOTTEN A HOLD OF THIS. THEY SCOPED US UP HOURS AGO. GO DOWN THERE ANYWAY..."

"...YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND"

...WHILE AT WORK...



"TWO DAYS BEFORE WE GET TOO FAR INTO THIS STORY, WE'LL HAVE TO CALL AHEAD TO FIND OUT IF THIS STORY IS REGIONAL NEWS OR WHAT."

...AND WHILE CITY HALL SITS STUPIDED...



"AND ON A SUNDAY, NO LESS..."

"OH COME ON. DO YOU THINK THESE VANDALS HAVE ANY RESPECT FOR RELIGION?"

"AND ON THE SAME DAY AS THE BISHOP'S CUTTING CEREMONY OF THE NEW SUPER-MARKET? WHAT GALL!"

"ALL OF MY MEN ARE THERE! NOW! YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TAKE THEM OFF OF THAT AND HAVE THEM FOLLOWING ME! THEY'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME. IT WOULD BE A SHAME."



ALL THE WHILE, LITERNOS PURSUES ITS CRAZY ADVENTURES...

"THE WIND HAS SUBSIDED. IT'S GOING TO BE A MAGNIFICENT DAY."



"THE PARTY IS ON, FOLKS!"



"I'M NOT GOING."



"DON'T MAKE THAT KIND OF FACE, PELLA. THIS COULD BE THE LAST PARTY WE'LL EVER HAVE."

"WELL, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE FUN... AND I'M NOT MURDER!"



"I'M STARVED!"

"MORE FOOD!"

"I'VE HAD THIS WINE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS - NO MORE SAVING IT ANY LONGER!"

"HERE'S THE LAMB."



"HEY, LOOK, THEY'RE COMING BACK!"

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE.



#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Roger" the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Archaz," part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Drulliet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al.

#12/MARCH '78: Swashbuckling "Orion" debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrzad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Drulliet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Gloss Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual.

# HEAVY METAL

## COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman's" final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here, and Drulliet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Drulliet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien."

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Drulliet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let's give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Neil McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolf-ton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell.

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues: Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky, Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80: Drulliet returns with the 1st installment of "Salambobo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet.

#43/OCTOBER '80: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Drillet, Yeates, He, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: 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, Springett, and Bilal.

#45/DECEMBER '80: 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!

#46/JANUARY '81: Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Huh." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixion!"

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny Goat," 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.

#48/MARCH '81: "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western, be-



gins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue: Druliet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbô* ends. Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America.

**#49/APRIL '81:** "Art and the Nazis." Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

**#50/MAY '81:** Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

**#51/JUNE '81:** The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres. Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman!

**#52/JULY '81:** Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up.

**#53/AUGUST '81:** Spinrad on the Immortal Majority, the 3rd part of the Corben interview, plus a 16-page pullout section on making the *Heavy Metal* movie.

**#54/SEPTEMBER '81:** Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen! Infantrymen!" and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror.

**#55/OCTOBER '81:** "Shakespeare for Americans": 1st episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Druliet, plus Jeff Jones, Bilal, and Steranko.

**#56/NOVEMBER '81:** Jeronatan's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

**#57/DECEMBER '81:** Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben. Plus odd ending to "The Immortals' Fête."

**#58/JANUARY '82:** Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al.

**#59/FEBRUARY '82:** Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al.

**#60/MARCH '82:** Our 2nd 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 2" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy.

**#61/APRIL '82:** Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druliet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

**#62/MAY '82:** In this issue, we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwaertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

**#63/JUNE '82:** We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb. All surrounded by regulars: Druliet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez. Enjoy.

**#64/JULY '82:** Marcelle and Lacorne's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, Druliet, etc.

**#65/AUGUST '82:** We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light," by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

**#66/SEPTEMBER '82:** We give you Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard, etc.



# HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 10-82  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:	
No. of copies	Issue
_____	May 1977 \$4.00
_____	June 1977 \$3.00
_____	July 1977 \$3.00
_____	Aug. 1977 \$3.00
_____	Sept. 1977 \$3.00
_____	Oct. 1977 \$3.00
_____	Nov. 1977 \$3.00
_____	Dec. 1977 \$3.00
_____	Jan. 1978 \$3.00
_____	Feb. 1978 \$3.00
_____	Mar. 1978 \$3.00
_____	Apr. 1978 \$3.00
_____	May 1978 \$3.00
_____	June 1978 \$3.00
_____	July 1978 \$3.00
_____	Oct. 1978 \$3.00
_____	Nov. 1978 \$3.00
_____	Dec. 1978 \$3.00
_____	Jan. 1979 \$3.00
_____	Feb. 1979 \$3.00
_____	Mar. 1979 \$3.00
_____	May 1979 \$3.00
_____	July 1979 \$3.00
_____	Aug. 1979 \$3.00
_____	Sept. 1979 \$3.00
_____	Oct. 1979 \$3.00
_____	Nov. 1979 \$3.00
_____	Dec. 1979 \$3.00
_____	Jan. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Feb. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Mar. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Apr. 1980 \$3.00
_____	May 1980 \$3.00
_____	June 1980 \$3.00
_____	July 1980 \$3.00
_____	Aug. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Sept. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Oct. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Nov. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Dec. 1980 \$3.00
_____	Jan. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Feb. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Mar. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Apr. 1981 \$3.00
_____	May 1981 \$3.00
_____	June 1981 \$3.00
_____	July 1981 \$3.00
_____	Aug. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Sept. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Oct. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Nov. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Dec. 1981 \$3.00
_____	Jan. 1982 \$3.00
_____	Feb. 1982 \$3.00
_____	Mar. 1982 \$3.00
_____	Apr. 1982 \$3.00
_____	May 1982 \$3.00
_____	June 1982 \$3.00
_____	July 1982 \$3.00
_____	Aug. 1982 \$3.00
_____	Sept. 1982 \$3.00

**Beautiful binders**  
For just \$5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, our new, more sophisticated black "Nauahyde" binder with silver letters, for just \$5.95. Each can be obtained chock full of 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

Dept. HM 10-82  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:	
No. of copies	Issue
_____	Of standby binder \$5.50
_____	New, sophisticated binder \$5.95
_____	Of standby with issues (list each year you would like) \$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$6 Canadian and Foreign)
_____	New sophisticated with issues (list each year you would like) \$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$6 Canadian and Foreign)

I've enclosed a total of \$  
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

I've enclosed a total of \$  
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

# ROCK



Condemned by circumstance to wander among the stars, Marty and I had stolen aboard an alien luxury liner, "The Love Craft."

We had accidentally been baked into a cake and wheeled onstage at a sexologists' convention--



--now the full impact of their lust beat telepathically against our minds like some slobbering reptile...

# OPEN REAR

TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!



It was Marty, the former stand-up comic, who reacted first.



Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen--Hey! What an audience.

It looks like feeding time at Flipper's Sea School...



DOWN IN FRONT!

Just kidding folks--Say, you know how you can tell the bride at an Arcturian wedding?

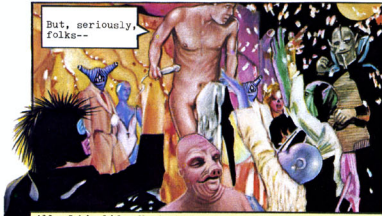


While Marty warmed to his act, I slunk quietly off toward the door.

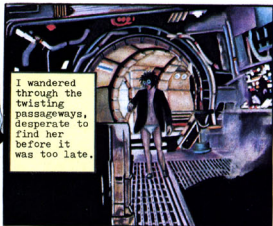
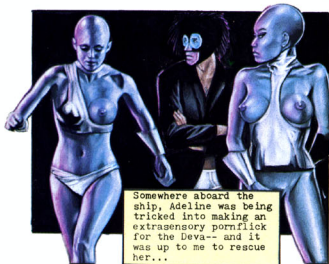
She's the one with the braided tentacles!

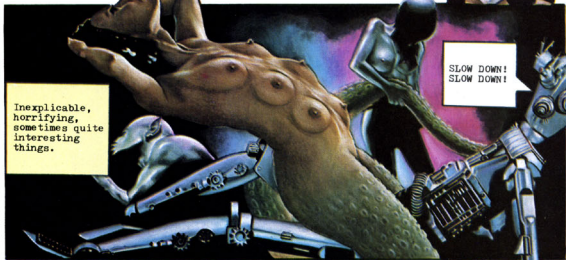
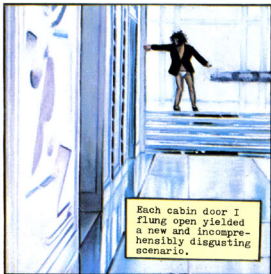
HA! HA! HA!





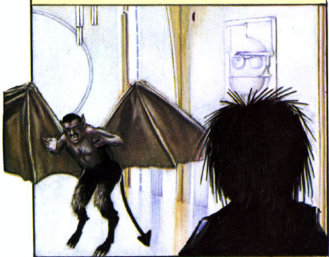
All of his life, Marty had been a failure as a comedian--on Earth. But here, out in the farthest reaches of the universe, he was a big hit--







--when I saw the Deva floating in the hallway.



Oh, thank goodness you're here--you've got to help me out!



Why should I help you? You-you drugged Adeline and tricked her into--

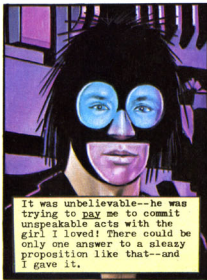


Well, I had no idea she'd be impossible to work with. She's such a prima donna--



--the sets aren't good enough for her, she won't work with the rest of the cast...

Look, I'm desperate! Would you consider co-starring? We could rename it "Gidget Goes Galaxian" or something.

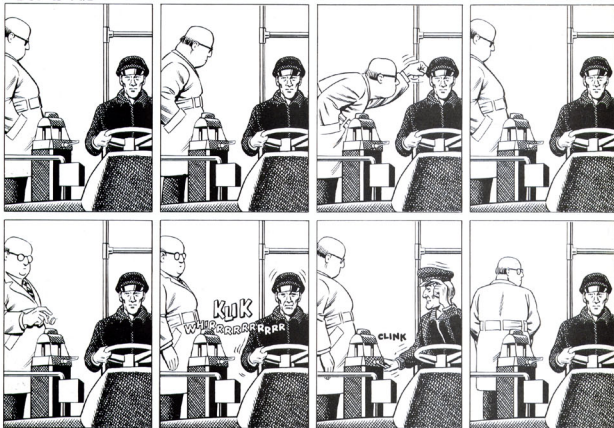


It was unbelievable--he was trying to pay me to commit unspeakable acts with the girl I loved! There could be only one answer to a sleazy proposition like that--and I gave it.



You bet!

TO BE CONTINUED



**COMING  
NEXT  
ISSUE...**

**THE RETURN  
(FINALLY) OF  
Tex  
Arcana!**



# The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits



In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

*Heavy Metal*, the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy magazine, hits the spot. With 1,200 pages a year, the quality of beauty and imagination of *Heavy Metal* is unsurpassed by other publications.

So, order today. Who knows? In another 100,000 years or so, *Heavy Metal* could be obsolete!

*Heavy Metal*, Dept. 282  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price \$39.00.  
Now only \$29.00 (80¢ per issue).

Two years (24 issues), regular price \$32.00.  
Now only \$22.00 (92¢ per issue).

One year (12 issues), regular price \$19.00.  
Now only \$14.00 (\$1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for  
\_\_\_\_ 3 years, \_\_\_\_ 2 years, \_\_\_\_ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Charge to my

☐ MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_ MasterCard Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Visa # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

**Special Scary Dreams section—  
featuring Goldberg's essay on phobias—true-to-life  
horrors.**

**Plus**

**Edgar Allan Poe's "Mr. Valdemar"  
and Caza's fear of neighbors.**

