

November 1982

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HEAVY METAL[®]

Michael Kaluta's
STARSTRUCK!
Interview with
MICHAEL MOORCOCK!

The adult
illustrated fantasy
magazine



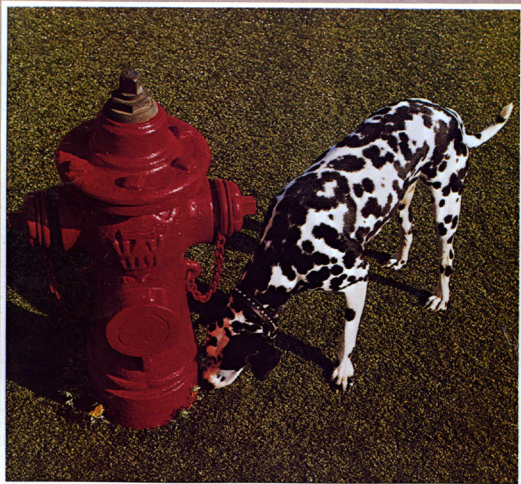
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THE DEFINITIVE EISNER

TEXT BY CAT YRONWODE.
INTRODUCTION BY JULES
FEIFFER. 136 pages.

The Art of Will Eisner is any Eisner fan's dream-come-true. This carefully-researched book covers Eisner's brilliant career from the very start—his first high school yearbook illustrations and strip attempts, and his earliest commercial work (Buy Gre-Solvent Soap!)—to his latest artistic directions. The book covers the Eisner/Iger years and the Quality shop (1936-41)... the early *Jumbo Comics*... Muss 'Em up Donovan (at last!)... Yarko the Great... Uncle Sam... and the swashbuckling Hawks of the Seas... The first *Spirit* years (including one never-before-reprinted classic which appears here in full color!)... The War years, which are illustrated by obscure posters, *Joe Dope* strips and photos of Eisner in uniform... The post-war *Spirit* (1945-52), covered in depth... Commercial art from the little-known period of the 50's and 60's... The revival of *The Spirit*... and much more. Many early photos of Eisner and his co-workers are included, along with revealing newspaper clippings. PLUS! Much never-before-published art for: Daily and Sunday comic strips never syndicated... Cover art for comic books never printed... The John Law material which merged into the classic *Spirit*/Sand Saref stories & much more never-before-seen art!



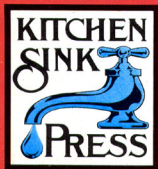
The Art of Will Eisner is available in two editions. The quality paperback is \$10.95. A hardcover version with a color book jacket is \$18.95. The hardcover edition is limited to 500 numbered copies, each of which has been autographed by Will Eisner. Both editions will be available through your favorite distributor or local comics shop. Or you may order directly from the publisher using this coupon or a copy.

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Above Average American

Americans—the bleary-eyed, ink-stained, picture-drawing, story-telling kind—are a source of disagreement among both *HM*'s staff and its readers. "Where are the American comics artists?" some zealous patriots cry. "Aw, c'mon," others of a less chauvinistic bent retort. "Who can even begin to touch what these French artists are doing... and the Spanish... and the Italians... and the Belgians... and...?"

Two facts are irrefutable: the average American cartoonist would not be able to get a job with *Metal Hurlant* or *Pilote* or *Linus* or any of a plethora of European comics magazines because of his lack of imagination and his inability to break loose from rigid artistic formula; the average European artist would not be able to get a job with any of the American comics companies because of his lack of

discipline and his inability to channel his amazingly unconstrained energies into creating something of substance.

And those who are *above* average? Well, you'll find a lot of them right here in *Heavy Metal*. There's the Frenchman Jean Giraud, who drew the most apple-pie-American western comics you've ever laid eyes on before being transformed into the otherworldly Moebius and giving the world "Arzach" and "The Airtight Garage"... not to mention the "Incal" stories.



There's the American Richard Corben, a force too uncontrollable for the underground comics that spawned him, who now spends his waking hours splashing a rainbow of colors over the minds of millions of readers in a dozen different countries by way of "Den II."

And there's Mike Kaluta...

in this very issue.

Michael Wm. Kaluta has been around for a while, and he's drawn just about every type of comics feature. He was one-quarter of the legendary Studio, sharing that space and time with

author/actors Elaine and Norfleet Lee and Dale Place to kid the pants off those wondrous old space operas... in a kind and gentle way. They're back now—on the printed page this time—to do it all over again.

"Who can even begin to touch what these French artists are doing?"

Berni Wrightson, Jeff Jones, and Barry Smith. He did the finely detailed, highly atmospheric art for the short-lived *Shadow* book in the mid-seventies. When Kaluta drew the crazed Shadow skulking through some dark alley, you just knew that somehow you'd been whisked through time to an impossible 1930s world where there was no day or night... only eternal twilight. It was his best comics work... until now.

Now Mike Kaluta has presented us with "Starstruck," the first episode of which starts on page 12. It's whimsical and wild and wonderful... and very reminiscent of an equally delightful play called... *Starstruck*. Kaluta created the sets and costumes for that charming entertainment, teaming with

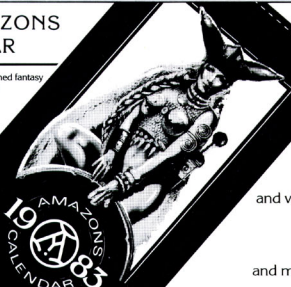
More far-above-average American ink-tossing can be found on page 53 as Gray Morrow (with some help from Jack C. Harris) inaugurates a non-series series called "June 2050." Each issue, this nifty little page will give us an opportunity to look over a different American artist's shoulder and see what's on the drawing board when these talented people ponder the puzzles of life as it will be in a mere sixty-eight years. You'll never know who's going to turn up drawing and/or writing this feature... until the issue hits the stands and you can see it with your own eyes.

Rest assured, though... all these artists will be well above average. But then, aren't we all?

—John Workman

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DOSSIER

NUVINYL

Thoughts While Dancing...

A lamely dancing human has got to be one of the world's funniest sights—especially those earnestly twitching exhibitionists of the Caucasian persuasion, who yield a heftier ho-ho harvest than a Victor Mature film festival. With few exceptions, people rarely look comfortable, natural, or at ease while moving their bodies to a rhythm, not only because they don't seem to be really *hearing* the rhythm (too busy concentrating on their moves), but because the moves they're executing are, for the most part, learned ones. Like clothes worn in blind obedience to fashion, dancing styles are widely imitated without any real feeling for where the things come from or why, and without a thought as to whether the dances are physically communicative of the dancer's own body or personality. They aren't dancing to say something about themselves or the music, they're doing it for display, and so the movement reflects nothing more about them than a lack of original thought.

The same can be said of dance music. Powerful body rhythms are reproduced without regard for the music's meaning or substance—all that matters is the steady (heart)beat and the music's physical appearance (how it sounds blasting through the club PA). That's always been my problem with the disco beat: imprisoned by an associative context of mindless self-

modern equivalents to Pat Boone, while the TIs at least have some gut feel for the rhythm).

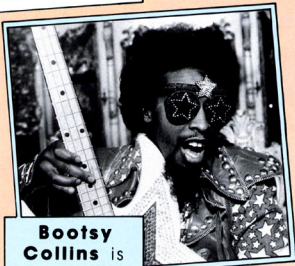
Judging by street-box popularity quotient, **Grandmaster Flash's** "The Message" (Sugarhill) has been this summer's hottest single in NYC. It's not a bad number, though overlong, a bit dirge-like and hammer-

gin import), **Yazoo's** Human-Leagueish "Don't Go" (Mute import) and "Situation" (Sire), **The Ministry's** "Cold Life" (Wax Tracks), **Fingerprinz's** captivating *Beat Noir* (Stiff America), and even (gasp!) **Soft Cell's** not-bad new EP *Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing* (Sire—though I still wish Marc Almond would learn to sing). I mean, they've all stolen from him, so why not return the favor?

I started paying (minimal) attention to disco in 1977, after a hardcore addiction to Kraftwerk's *Trans-Europe Express* LP and Donna Summer/Giorgio Moroder's "I Feel Love" set in. The trance-inducing power of these records lies in their inelastic, square rhythmic pattern (move over Steve Reich), an inflexibility which also renders disco essentially unsuitable as dance music—the possibilities of polyrhythmic interpolation are much too limited. Reggae manages to be both hypnotic and asymmetrically loose enough to allow for creative body movement. Exercise your buns with **Steel Pulse's** *True Democracy* (Elektra) and **Black Uhuru's** *Chill Out* (Island), two superb listening and dancing albums (the latter's title cut currently refuses to get off my turntable).

Outside of Captain Beefheart and Bruno Sammartino, **Bootsy Collins** is unquestionably the coolest human on Earth. An alumnus of George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic multidimensional conglomerate (the Bonzo Dog Band of funk, in which Bootsy played Viv Stanshall to Clinton's Neil Innes), William "Bootsy" Collins (as he now bills himself) has excreted the year's most danceably hilarious record, *The One Giveth, the Count Taketh Away* (Warner Bros.). Tell me: can you two-step and laugh convulsively at the same time?

—Lou Stathis



Bootsy Collins is the coolest human on Earth.

obsession and bourgeois hedonism, it sounds more deadening than stimulating. What's this stuff about? Dancing. Occasionally, the focus is extended to partying, drugging, fucking (all of which are often interchangeable metaphors for each other), but the essential vacuity remains. Recent black American violators: **Zapp II** (Warner Bros.) and **Mighty Fire** (Elektra), both of which tested my intestinal fortitude. Recent white British violators: **Haircut One Hundred's** *Pelican West* (Arista) and **The Thompson Twins' In the Name of Love** (Arista), the former of which is far more offensive than the latter (Haircut are the excruciatingly white

locked by a stream of spoke-sung lyrics expressing the Master's disgust with the quality of urban life. Is "The Message" the first black disco tune made for listening? Certainly seems that way; both me and a good half of the Ritz dance floor recently gave up midway through the thing to just follow the rhythmic monologue. I'd be willing to wager Flash's been checking out such Brit dance bands as **New Order** (I'm now liking "Hurt," the B-side of their Factory single I put down last month), and **Gang of Four** (whose "I Love a Man in Uniform" from their *Songs of the Free* Warner LP was this spring's most affecting dance number). I'd also recommend fraternizing with **Simple Minds'** "Promised You a Miracle" (Virgin import), **Heaven 17's** "At the Height of the Fighting" (Vir-

HEART OF GALAS



Diamanda Galas stalks the edge.

Most "New Music," a name that has managed to slip onto an entire genre of experiment-makers, never lives up to its still slippery name. But some of it, like the music and performance of **Diamanda Galas**, a Greek-born San Diegan, goes back to such ancient and primordial resources as the ecstatic catharsis of Greek tragedies, devil worship, and a little friendly blood-spilling between families. Out of this, she creates a vocal sound so new, stunning, and shocking that the ancient becomes futuristic, thus connecting her pre-conscious sounds, both guttural and high-pitched shrieks of horror, with the psychotic and fearful inarticulation of a very possibly bleak future.

Galas's first recording, (on Britain's Y Records) **The Litany of Satan** (which includes her "hit" performance piece, "Wild Women with Steakknives"), is an excellent representation of her live shows which have recently enthralled and hypnotized large audiences in Europe and on both U.S. coasts. Galas manipulates microphones like rappers do turntables, using four at once, often articulating two

notes at once, completely controlling where her voice goes in a room or in the studio. She basically screams bloody murder, as it were, with the training and control of Maria Callas, the soul of Janis Joplin, and the confrontational attitude of Lydia Lunch [Galas brands what she does "pink noise"].

She defies punk, however, claiming her only connection to that "form" is formidable energy, which she refuses to call negative. Her voice, so powerful, is a physical shocker, and she addresses her live audience with no tricks, no props—it's all about how much she can risk. The exhilaration of her demon walls is a result of their loose metaphors for mood and mind. We are reminded that "music" wasn't always about hook and riff and bass line; it was once a direct gut experience. Now, only the truly avant-garde are allowed to be direct—quelle irony!

Yet there's no irony in Galas's brave new music, and no intellectual hijinx, either. Just the unearthly sounds of a being, possibly human, who is truly alienated. What could be older and newer than that?

—Merle Ginsberg

THE HOG AND THE HARRIED

Like their TV counterparts, soap 'n' rock albums by COR (Couple Oriented Rock) groups—X, Blondie, Fleetwood Mac, and the Cramps—satisfy through their underlying promises that, a) hope, however nihilistic, springs eternal, and b) you'll never be completely happy no matter what. Whether you're harried and betrayed because you've had two cancer operations or six platinum LPs (**Fleetwood Mac, Mirage**, Warner Bros.), lost your seventh spouse or ability to compose a ditty (**Blondie, The Hunter**, Chrysalis), or recovered from four bouts of temporary amnesia or VD (**The Cramps, Psychodelic Jungle**, IRS), life sucks and love ultimately stinks. Still, they're better than *nada*, and without misery and ecstasy, where would S&R, or any of us, be? But how many times can you listen to these sweetheart rockers of the eighties whine about unattainable perfect love in a pre-nuclear environment?

What we want from the overproduced intercourse of COR groups is to be carried away by wild body heat sounds, and not by the abysmal soapier lyrics they uncork about finding the meaning of love in all the wrong metaphors. I mean just how far can you stretch **X's Under the Big Black Sun** (Elektra) as a passport for adultery? The problem with these neoromantic couples is that they are each other's self-absorbed flip sides.

Are you unmoved by X's new-wave "General Hospital" anthems about togetherness on *Sun*, a giant step backward after *Wild Gift*? Exene (punk's Edith Piaf) and hubby John's tedious musings about fidelity versus temptation on "Come Back to Me" and "Dancing with

Tears in My Eyes" are salvaged only by the unique "Motel Room in My Bed," or, how to get to heaven from Long Beach—no mean feat.

So what if Chris and Debbie Stein's vanguard struggle for atmospheric state-of-the-art rock immortality proves futile on *The Hunter* (definitely not their best album since *Parallel Lines*). Deb's end-of-the-world warnings about a universe driven to extinction by a loss of primal passions and an excess of obsessions ("War Child" and "Dragonfly") never match the grandiosity of Chris's pungent, fuck-to-the-beat rhythms. Perfect subs for the "Dallas" and "Dynasty" sex-opera themes, though. If you can't get enough of the glossy Steins, check out **Making Tracks: The Rise of Blondie** (Dell), a book of Chris's surprisingly good photographs of their sensational life together.

Like me, you probably didn't lose sleep over Fleetwood Mac's megastar quest for true (please define) love and lost-and-found dreams. Lindsay Buckingham's totem hit, "Hold Me," cries out "Can't you love the real me?"—the same leitmotif as "All My Children." As for Steve Nicks, rock's Mary Pickford, she sings "Sarah" over and over again on "Gypsy."

Winners of S&R's "The Young and the Restless" Emmy are Cramps' dynamo, singer Lux Interior and guitarist (Poison) Ivy Rorach, who electrocute with two superaccelerated sides of COR poundings on their *Psychodelic Jungle*. They liberate soft core S&R by signaling a hysteroid tribal sock hop with one sexy get-up-and-grind song after another.

—Daphne Davis

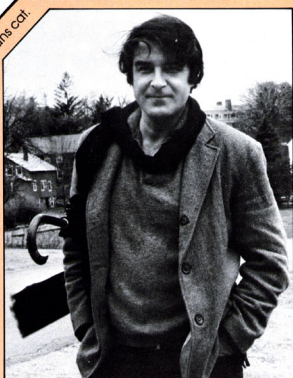
Puss in Books

Alexander Theroux, sans cat.

Last year was the publishing world's Year of the (Dead) Cat, but the most important single contribution to that kitten kaboodle—**Alexander Theroux's** massive, heady novel **Darconville's Cat** (Doubleday)—was also the commercial runt of the litter. Ironically, as the book's vengeful plot is staged on the grounds of a Virginia campus, it also has something of a "preppy" motif going for it. Today, while such trends have grown stale, Theroux's magnum opus—which intended allegiance to neither—retains its majesty, integrity, and, yes, novelty.

It is the tragicomic tale of Alaric Darconville, author and Angloprof, who falls for one of his students, Isabel Rawsthorne, an initially receptive country cowgirl who's quick on the withdraw. Put briefly, love sours when betrayed, and our hero plots to wring his belle by the neck at the coercion of the vile Dr. Crucifer—eunuch, Satanist, misogynist, and Harvard professor.

Composed of prose, heroic couplets, fables, lists,



rhyming ABCs, diaries, and letters, this velvet-lined helix of love and scorn parodies a panoply of "hoopoes" in its mock-arrogant stride. Theroux introduces us to Southern belles named Xystine Chappelle, Butone Slocum, and Hyspyle Poore, wryly digressing "and yet how was it that upon hearing [such names] one saw only majorettes, waitresses, and roller derby queens?" He pulls us into Southern Baptist revival meetings, where the Rev. W.C. Cloggy rails against "Mo-fo! Pa back books! Supposed

hayrides! Men in bulging pants from magazines!

(and) *Girllies with eyelashes like dang rakes!*" Its 704 pages are half prolonged sigh and half primal scream.

Readers reluctant to turn themselves over to such a lengthy mad oratio, but find themselves intrigued, are directed to Theroux's first glory, **Three Wogs** (Godine), which is shorter, easier, and much more affordable in its paperback format. As in much of the longer work, his targets are prejudice and other snail-brained idiosyncrasies, and his Grail the prose that encompasses all knowledge, all time, and all of one's personality.

Had Theroux originated from Latin America or West Germany, his *Cat* would have been lionized upon its release; alas, as many critics are lax in heralding native talent as are publishers in encouraging it. This writer, who has the power to make sentences spread and boil before a reader's eyes, still seeks an audience. You owe it to imagination to invest in him.

—Timothy R. Lucas

My Influences

Hadrian the Seventh by
Baron Corvo
Juvenal's Satires
Saki's short stories
Ulysses by James Joyce
Travels in Arabia Deserta by
Charles Daughtry

Paradise Lost by John Milton
The consistent wit of my
brother Paul
The teaching of Martin Bat-
tistin of the University of
Virginia

—Alexander Theroux

BOSCH BASH

It's what you can intellectualize but not assimilate on a gut level that scares you shitless: your cells can turn against you, the IRS wants you for a random audit, the sound of sniper fire comes from beyond your peripheral vision. Etc. Dwelling upon it fills you with quaking awe.

It's the best fear to use for

propaganda: *Steel yourselves against—*

Hieronymous Bosch (c. 1450-1516), while in the commission of some of the leading Churchsters of his day, reversed this process; he made use of then-contemporary theological thought and symbolism to—rather than mickeymouse fear into obedience—depict a universe of infinite sensations, whole, without any visible avenue of escape. Two writers on Bosch's work, **Peter S. Beagle**, in his informal study **The Garden of Earthly Delights** (Viking), and **Ian Watson**, in his sf

novel **The Gardens of Delight** (Timescape/Pocket Books), have their theories.

Author of *The Last Unicorn* and *A Fine and Private Place*, Beagle has turned his understated yet incisive talents to nonfiction with splendid effect, examining Bosch's probable influences and output with a modern sensibility. His book's one drawback is visual; half the illustrations are useless, reducing Bosch's figures to decorative freaks; some of the details are cropped so's to belle Beagle's analytic comments; no dimensions are given for any of the

paintings—and it's the physicality of vision that art is about. Thankfully, both Beagle and Watson manage to convey this with words.

And about Watson—as though aspiring to become the British Phillip Jose Farmer—he sets his novel literally on a planet of Boschian design. Why? That's the plot. With it, Watson has put his finger on a dangerous but tempting tenet shared by religion and science fiction at their worst: that suspension of disbelief can save you.

—Robert Morales

GOG RULE

Coiled up to your Trinitron, the electrons pulsing with light, you stare at a blonde Kim Carnes mauled by a drooling, shredded monster, while a smiling tribe of Tarot creatures worships in the fog. It's Russell Mulcahy's "Draw of the Cards." While film's painted look lets you abstract horror ("It's only a movie..."), the mind, conditioned by TV news horror scenes and the intimacy of eye-to-tube, associates video with reality—unavoidable and therefore potentially more dangerous.

Music-video imagery has exploited this new dimension in video horror, as in the crash-angled close-ups of orb-eyed *Children of the Damned* descendants in the Boomtown Rats' "I Don't

Like Mondays" (directed by David Mallet), and the bobbing, knife-wielding figures in Landscape's "Norman Bates" (directed by Brian Grant), which referentially evokes *Psycho* (in black-and-white, of course).

Now there's **Gog**, the first original home video horror feature (thirty minutes). Adapting the battle legend of an ancient English giant (circa 1602), **Bruce Wooley**—coauthor of the Buggles'

music-video smash "Video Killed the Radio Star"—has written and directed an erratic monster epic of uneven proportions. Literally, Wooley's Gog models, as well as those of his brother Magog and the Worshipers, never quite achieve the pseudo-mythic size of those in classic Japanese thrillers. Yet they have a unique motion and look created by an image processed film-to-tape transfer and com-

puterized editing. Gog's saturation of colors, time-lapse digital effects and popping keyboard soundtrack deliver chilling moments of blinking electronic light-imagery. Horror hits home....

(Bruce Wooley's Gog is available by mail order only from: 79 Vidtor Road, Teddington, Middlesex, England.)

—Alan Hecht
with Paul Kinder

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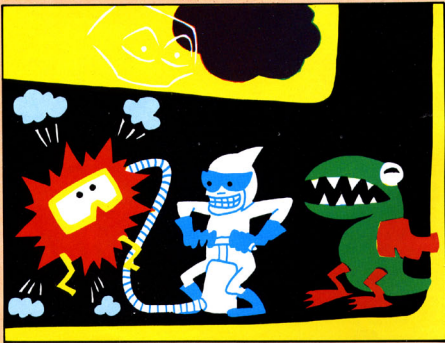
DIG DUG'S HAPPY ORGAN MUSIC PRODUCES TIME DISTORTION BECAUSE OF ITS TRANCE-LIKE MONOTONY. EATING THE BONUS CARROT, MUSHROOM, OR WATERMELON SATISFIES HUNGER. BLOWING UP THE RED MONSTERS IS NICE, LIKE POPPING ZITS, WHILE DROPPING ROCKS ON THE DRAGONS IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS CUTTING UP FROGS.

YOU DON'T NEED ZITS, FROGS, OR EVEN PEPSI TO ENJOY **DIG DUG**—IT'S A GAS!

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

DIG DUG

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Chain Mail



Dear People:

I wish to h. you guys would put together a book of "Rock Opera" to date (and with sequels to follow, of course), seeing as how it's about the best thing in your mag, & certainly the best continuing series by far; most of the others of which have been pointless, rambling, non sequitur free association as far as so-called story line is concerned, & constitutes a pretty good argument that some of your artists should be forbidden by law from so much as writing down two words next to each other, but I'm forgetting that I ain't here to complain, & that I also wanted to give a nice woi, kiddo, type punch in the shoulder to the folks responsible for "Life at the Circus"—(July) really terrif. art & good strong

"Rock Opera" is about the best thing in your mag.

story. But who the f. bashed Jeff Jones on the head & thus made him forget how to draw? He used to be one of the best! Maybe I am here to complain after all.

Karl Bunker
Boston, Mass.

HM:

Please, end my pain! Lance that festering boil on your pages! Pop that infected zit! Amputate that gangrenous limb! Discard that dead piece of skin! Pluck out thine offending eye! STOP "ROCK OPERA" NOW! Please.

J. Calahore
Edison, N.J.

Dear HM:

How long will "Rock Opera" be continuing in the back pages of HM? Even Moebius and Jodorowsky had enough sense to cut off "The Incal Light" (for the second) time, but it

seems that Kierkegaard doesn't know when to stop!

Scott Ragland
Portland, Oreg.

"Rock Opera" will be continuing in the back pages of HM forever, probably. The strip sums up the American sensibility of HM better than anything else in the magazine. It takes its cue from its daytime TV namesakes: continually

evolving and satirically reflective of contemporary reality. Also, it makes me laugh a whole lot.—ls

Kierkegaard doesn't know when to stop!

Dear HM People:

I've been a faithful reader of HM since the first year (Why do I always hear Jaws-like chords of ominous doom when a letter begins this way?—ls) and a subscriber since the second year, so I've followed the changes you guys've undergone pretty carefully. When you first started the columns a few years back, it was great...sf book reviews, movie reviews, articles on comic art (a whole series on undergrounds that was great). Then you started slipping in columns by Lou Stathis (All the columns began together in the January '80 issue.—ls), who's probably a

me figure out where Lou Stathis comes into all this (Sorry, Lou) (Yeah, I'll bet you are.—ls).

F. J. Hannon
Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

That "all this new-wave stuff" bores you both saddens and angers me. Pop music right now is probably the most vital and creative means of cross-cultural communication we've got. That you're unable to hear this is unfortunate. I operate here under the assumption that if you dig what HM's comics are about you'll probably also dig some of the other interesting stuff eating away at the cultural underbelly. Am I wrong?—ls

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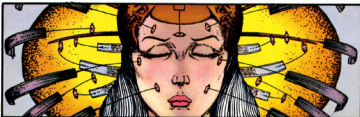
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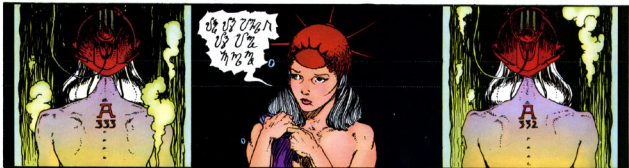
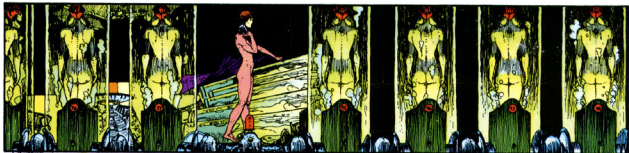
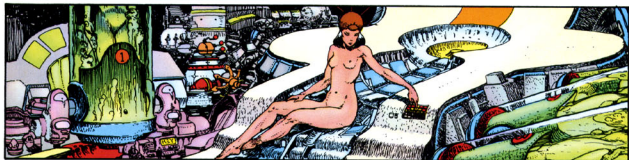


**SOMEWHERE IN
THE DEPTHS OF
SPACE...**



"ALLUSION ...
EASILY CONFUSED WITH
ILLUSION. THE FIRST
MEANS AN INDIRECT
REFERENCE, THE
SECOND MEANS AN
UNREAL IMAGE OR A
FALSE IMPRESSION."

-THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE
WILLIAM STRUNK, JR.
E. B. WHITE



"LIKE QUEEN Isis WANDERING IN THE EGYPTIAN UNDERWORLD I HAD BEEN STRIPPED OF MY SELVES LAYER BY LAYER AND I WAS DOWN TO BRONZE. DAEDELUS ART THAT, THE DISMANTLING OF VISIONS AND THE FORGING OF WEAPONS." --ARIADNE



STARSTRUCK - BOOK ONE

PLOT BY ELAINE LEE AND M.W. KALUTA

WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY M.W. KALUTA

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BASED UPON THE STAGE PLAY BY ELAINE LEE, NORFLEET LEE, AND DALE PLACE

15:90 Ω

"THEY LIE DORMANT IN SOME PEOPLE"

"I'VE FROWN MY NISSIN'
GEEZ,
UF VROUN MY MITZIN'
BREEZ,
SO KREASE NI MEAS
AN BLEEZ NY DREES UF
FROWN ..."

--THE MISSING PIECE
SHEL SILVERSTEIN
222

"FUE! I SHOULD HAVE
BEEN THAT I AM HAD
THE MAIDENLIEST
STAR IN THE
FIRMAMENT TWINKLED
ON MY BASTARDIZING!"
-- EDMUND
KING LEAR
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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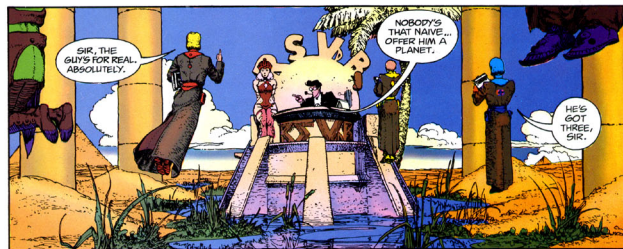
HE'S
REFUSED
IT.

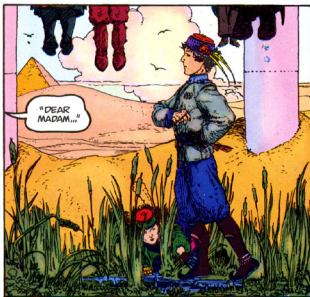
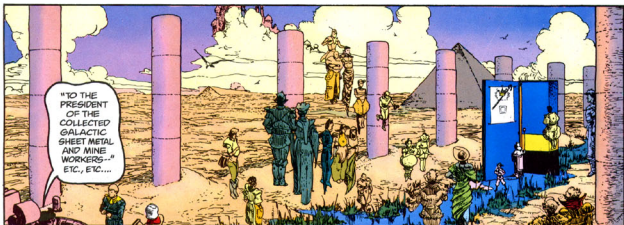
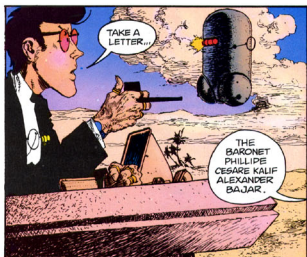
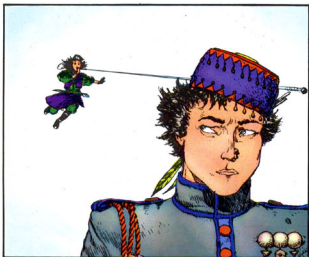
On a different note - my lawyer requests
 that the payment be made in standard 1st-
 class Coke rather than the paper chitling.
 See enclosed.
 As we say in the skin-trade Biz:
 "Patterson Up!"
 Love, Bugsy Siegel
 (Signed) Bugsy Siegel
 "You'll all be in the
 know!"

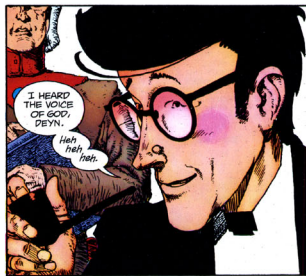
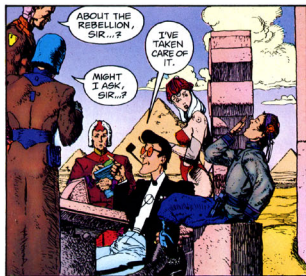
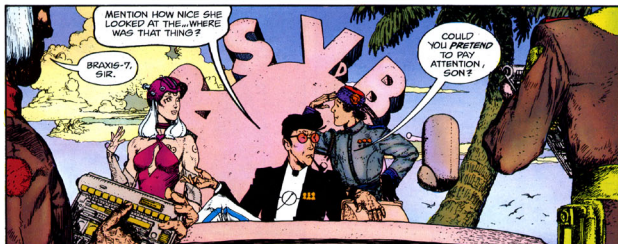
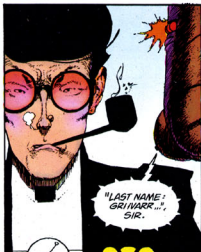
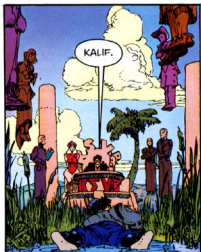
P.S. If you ever see
 feel free to do so.
 Mike and

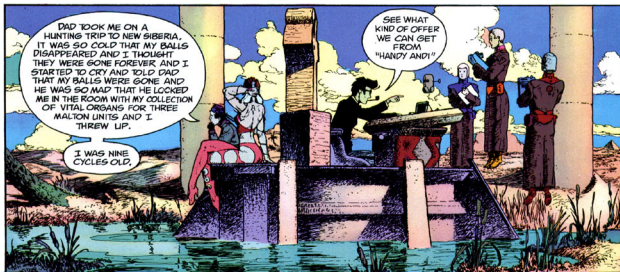
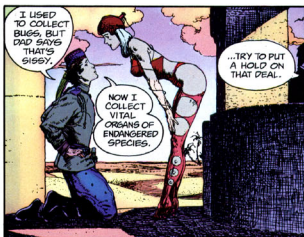
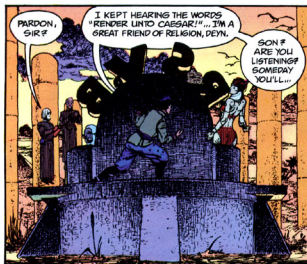
AND A
GENEROUS
OFFER IT
WAS, SIR.

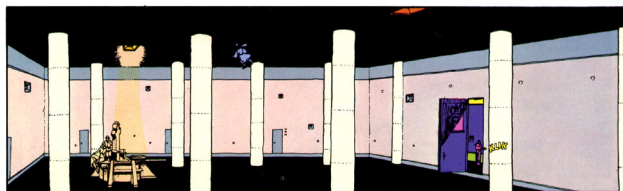
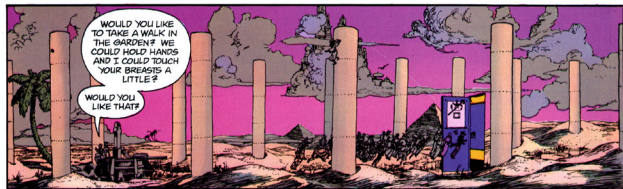
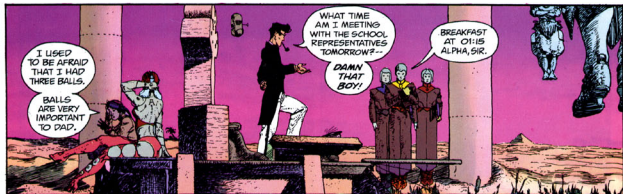
LISTEN... GET
HAHREE... FIND OUT
WHAT THE PINHEAD
LIKES... KUBLACAINÉ,
WOMEN... WHAT?
AND GET BACK
TO ME.







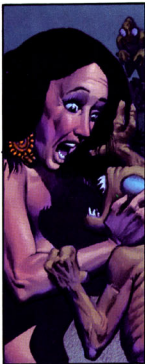


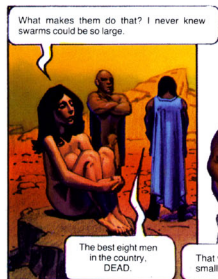


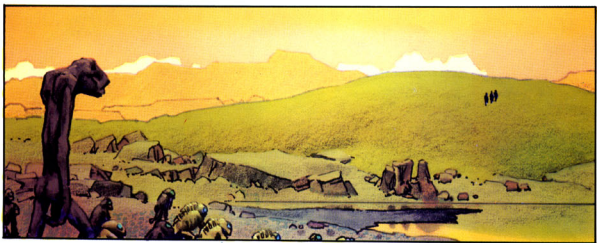
TO BE CONTINUED...

DEN II

Last issue, Den had entered the Dramite hive and found Muuta. As they prepared to head for her estate, Muutaron, they were attacked by Dramites.

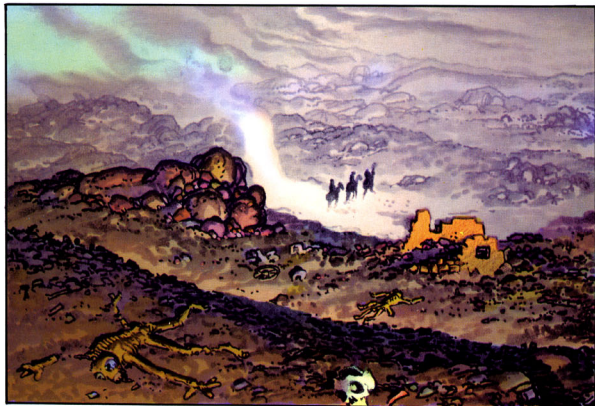








DEN II © 1982 Richard Corben





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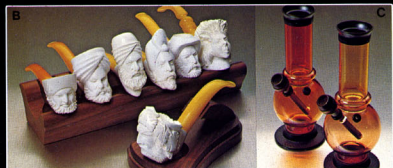
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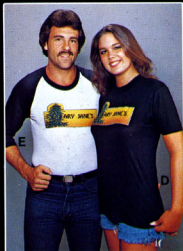


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I'N AGE



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I STAND UP PRETTY WELL,
THOUGH I USED TO
STAND FASTER.

BUT I'VE SEEN
THEM OLDER; **CAN'T**
STAND UP - HARDLY
MOVE AT ALL.

THEY TELL ME
GRAVITY ACTS THE
SAME ON ALL THINGS.
BUT I KNOW IT
GETS STRONGER THE
OLDER YOU GET.



I BET I COULD
FLOAT BEFORE I WAS
BORN.

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GOT A
SECOND?



BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

LAST WE SAW, YRAGAEZ JOINED FORCES WITH MORGELT IN ORDER TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT OF SPHARAN. YRAGAEZ'S SOLE REQUEST WAS THAT THE ARMY SPARE HIS MAD BROTHER, SABER.

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



Volsoon-Kazell Gell-
Asahat-and yourself,
luminous dancer of things.

What
will you
do?
Confront
me-or
welcome
me?

The
seasons of
the sea have
worn me since I
received my
order, but I
must guide
you.


Tell me, oh she'll, would
you be confounding the
fields of the dead, or
are we crossing the
carnage remains of
the guardian islands?

Is it the Sibyl who gives
a voice to your body?

The remains from the
palace, Prince-Saber
and his guest never leave
anything on their tables...
unless it's their seed
or their blood...

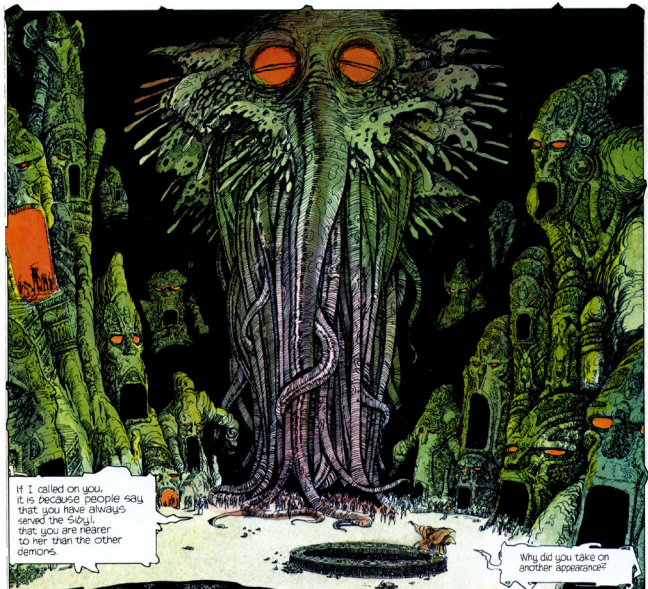
On waking, prince, you called
on me. Try to remember.

Gaining! The luminous
dancer of things!



The priestes of Meregh, and
the mask of the Scrutiner
of Menestree...

You spoke of the seasons of the sea...
but it was not the free sea; it was not the
circles that you had in mind—if you have a
mind. It was that! The tombwells of
tradition. We cannot stay here. The
gods do not want it yet!



If I called on you,
it is because people say
that you have always
served the Sûbyû,
that you are nearer
to her than the other
demons.

Why did you take on
another appearance?

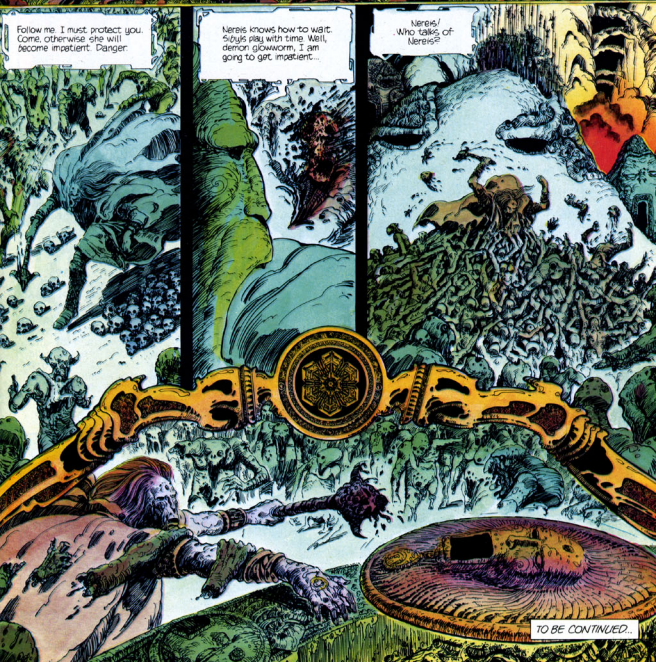
To
convince you,
to help you
follow me.
True, I never
deceive with
my appearance.
To fool you
I disguised
myself. Sad.



Follow me. I must protect you.
Come, otherwise she will
become impatient. Danger.

Nereis knows how to wait.
Sibyls play with time. Well,
demon glowworm, I am
going to get impatient...

Nereis/
Who talks of
Nereis?



TO BE CONTINUED...

THE HEAVY METAL BOOKSHELF



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THE APE

LAST ISSUE, THE YOUNG APE MASTERED THE MAGICAL TRICK OF TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO PRACTICALLY ANYTHING. HE THEN FLEW OFF TO AID HIS PEOPLE IN THE GROTTO OF THE HANGING WATER AND WOUND UP FIGHTING THE DEMON OF SPECULATION...



THE UNITED VILLAGE...

BUT NOW,
MY LITTLE ONES,
THE TIME OF BAN-
QUETS AND MARDI GRAS
IS OVER. WE MUST LEARN
TO DEFEND OURSELVES.
NO DOUBT THE REPRIS-
AL WILL BE A
MESSY ONE.

IF YOU TEACH US
WELL, WE WILL LET
YOU IN ON A LIT-
TLE SECRET.
THERE IS A CITY
200 MILES FROM HERE...

...THAT
CAVERNS
FULL OF WEAPONS.

I DON'T
NEED TO BUY
WEAPONS. I
STEAL THEM
TELEPATHI-
CALLY.

YES,
GOOD KING.
BUT IF YOU
WANT THEM, WE
CAN GET THEM
FOR YOU.

AND
AT A GOOD
PRICE, TOO!

WELL,
THEN, GO ON,
LITTLE APES.
BRING BACK ENOUGH
AMMO FOR
EVERYONE!







AND SO, THE YOUNG APE OF STONE, WHO HAS LEARNED IMMORTALITY, MAGIC, AND RELIGION, IS LEAVING IN ORDER TO FIND A WEAPON WHICH CAN BE ADAPTED TO SUIT HIS MOST SPECIAL POWERS.



OF WHAT RACE ARE YOU BORN TO? AND WHY ARE YOU SWIMMING TO THE PALACE OF THE DRAGON OF THE EASTERN SEAS?

I AM THE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT, AND I HAVE COME TO MEET THE DRAGON.

YOU MUST GO! I'M WARNING YOU!

VIOLENCE IS NOT NECESSARY. I IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED YOU! YOU ARE THE POWERFUL YOUNG APE, BORN FROM STONE, AM I NOT CORRECT? COME IN! AND GENERAL LOBSTER CORPORAL CRAB!

IT'S SO NICE TO MEET YOU, A LITTLE KISS!



YOU BRUTE!



A LITTLE HONOR AND RESPECT FOR THIS GREAT APE!



CAN I OFFER YOU A CLIP OF TEAR?



I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU HAVE A GREAT MANY MAGICAL WEAPONS. I AM SEARCHING FOR ONE THAT WILL SUIT MY NEEDS... ALL OF MY NEEDS.

YES, I DO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION! I KEEP THEM BEHIND A DOOR OF SEMIPRECIOUS SHELLS AND STONES.

EVEN THIS HALBERD IS TOO LIGHT...

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS FORK WITH NINE POINTS?

WELL, IT'S VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT TOO LIGHT...

MY GOODNESS, YOU ARE A BIG STRONG ARE! IT WEIGHS OVER 3,000 POUNDS!

BUT YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL BE OF USE TO ME!

HMMM, SOMETHING IS SHINING OVER THERE!

OH YOU BIG BEAST! BUT BE CAREFUL OF THE RADIATION!

TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF. I DON'T HAVE ANOTHER ONE LEFT! I SWEAR IT!

MY BEAUTIFUL DOOR OF SHELLS!





THAT IS
THE ROD WITH
WHICH THE MILKY
WAY WAS FORGED
AND LEVELED!

IT'S
BEEN SITTING
THERE FOR THOU-
SANDS OF YEARS,
SHINING AND PAL-
LIDATING, AS IF IT
HAS BEEN WAIT-
ING FOR SOME-
ONE, MAYBE
YOU?

AND YOU
SAY THAT THIS
ROD WEIGHS
MORE THAN
13,500 POUNDS?
AND IT'S SOLID
GOLD?

IT'S A
BIT HEAVY...
OH, WAIT...
NOW THAT'S
A GOOD
FIT!

HEY,
HOW DID YOU
DO THAT? THAT
ROD USED TO BE
THREE MILES LONG!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO IT? WHO ARE
YOU, YOUNG
APE?

DON'T
YOU KNOW,
DEAR DRAGON
OF THE
ORIENTAL
SEAS?

I
SHALL
NEED A
HAT...

...AND
POSSIBLY A
LIVELY COSTUME...
LINE OF THICK
SPANGLY KNOTS
DON'T YOU THINK
THAT WOULD FIT
MEE?



DON'T YOU EVER TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY? YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY! MAJORETTE... SMJORETTE! NOW GO, I WANT YOU OUT IMMEDIATELY! I...

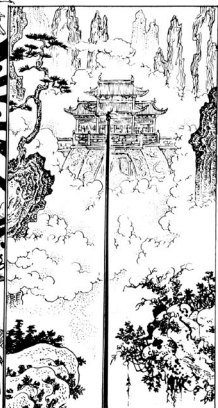
I'LL WRITE THE EMPEROR OF JADE IF YOU DON'T LEAVE AT ONCE!

THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO, I'LL WRITE THE EMPEROR OF JADE!

dudu... i'm singing in the rain

WATCH THIS, LITTLE GIRL! EVERYONE, WATCH!

AND WILL THIS GOLDEN ROD BE YOUR WEAPON FOREVER? IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT WAY!



m. 29657







DIE

KINGDOM

DEATH

SHIT! THIS IS THE KINGDOM OF YAMA... SAVOR OF DEATH!

YEAH! AND YOUR TIME ON EARTH IS UP!

I'M IMMORTAL!

I HAVE STUDIED, AND NOW I AM IMMORTAL! AND FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YAMA!

EXCUSE ME, FELLAS... BUT I CAN'T DIE. THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME MIS-UNDERSTANDING!

I AM NO LONGER WARE UP OF THE FIVE ELEMENTS!

STOK

GAAH!

SGUOSH

WHO

I WANT TO KNOW WHO THE HELL THIS GUY THINKS HE IS!

JUDGE OF LIFE AND DEATH! A GOD WITH A HAIRY FACE IS ENTERING YOUR CHAMBER. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

LET HIM ENTER...

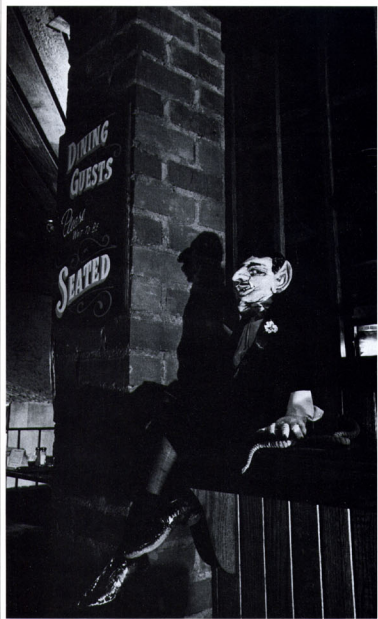
TO BE CONTINUED...

Gallery: THE SECRET



Hold onto your shovel. The treasure hunt madness of *Masquerade*, that British book which turned England into a giant pothole, is about to manifest itself as part of a new American book entitled *The Secret: A Treasure Hunt*.

This trade paperback, to be published in November (\$9.95/\$10.95 Canada) is the collective handicraft of *Heavy Metal* veterans Sean Kelly (our former Ed.), Ted Mann (of *NatLamp* Mag.), cover sculptress Jo Ellen Trilling (January 1979), long-time



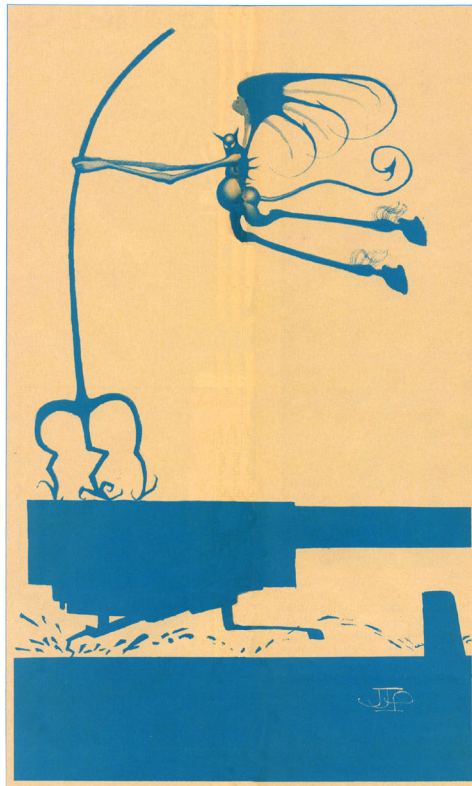
fantasy book producer Byron Preiss, and a trio of phenomenal illustrators: John Jude Palencar (whose full-color paintings grace this article), John Pierard, and Overton Loyd.

Not one but *twelve* treasures have been hidden across the United States and Canada as part of this epic treasure hunt. All the reader needs to do to find each of them is to correctly combine one of the twelve paintings in the book with one of the treasure verses: "At the place where jewels abound/Fifteen rows down to the ground," etc.

The treasures, collectively worth over \$10,000 in precious jewels, are hidden in hand-painted, hand-cast treasure boxes designed by Ms. Trilling.

Perhaps the nicest thing about *The Secret* is the fact that the treasure hunt is only part of a larger mythology developed in the book. What *The Secret* purports to reveal is the modern story of

THE MAITRE D'EAMON



THE STYLUS DEVIL

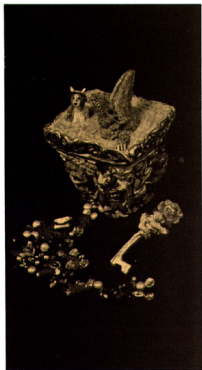
THE TYPOGRAPHICAL TERRORS



the world's mythological creatures: whatever happened to the world's goblins, gnomes, fairies, pixies, elves, etc., after Man's civilization began to destroy the natural haven of these creatures—nature.

As the authors of *The Secret* see it, these creatures, preying Man's immigration, headed for America (with their jewels)—where they could make their mischief in peace. Once settled, they mated. The results were some *extraordinary* descendants, to say the least. They might have stayed hidden, too, had not Man arrived in the New World to screw things up again by wreaking havoc on America's forests, lakes, and skies.

With nature shrinking, the fairy creatures and their descendants were forced to make a deal with Man: they would give Man their precious, jeweled treasures (if he could find them) in exchange for the right to live and be seen among Man in peace.



The Secret is thus the pact between the fairies and Man—the buried treasure to be found is their half of the deal. Man's half is keeping an eye out for all the fairy creatures—such as the Maitre D'eamon (who makes sure you get the table near the kitchen), the Stylus Devil (who makes sure your turntable tears your rare *Runt* LP to bits), and the Typographical Terrors (who assault term papers and newspapers with equal ferocity). These and over seventy other creatures have been photographed in their "natural habitats" by Ben Asen, or represented in the art.

The descriptions of these creatures—Tupperwerewolves, Saucier's Apprentices, Elf S. Presley—form a very funny field guide to an entire mythological populace for America, and in the best populist American manner, the authors invite you to send in your own descriptions and drawings of other creatures.

It's quite an adventure.



ART: BERNI WRIGHTSON
LETTERING + COLORING:
MICHELE WRIGHTSON

**1972... LIZZIE BORDEN
HIGH'S ANNUAL SENIOR
BEACH BASH...**





A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

UH-UH-
UH-UH...

WALTER?!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?!

MUH-MUH-
MEREDITH!!

BU-BUT
WHO...?!!

APRIL
FOOLS!!

I--I-
OH, NO!!





I'LL GET
ALL OF YOU!
EVERYBODY!
YOU HEAR?

EVERYBODY!!

OH, WALTER!
YOU'RE SUCH
A TOOL!

LATER THAT
NIGHT...

EV-HEH-HEH
EVERYBODY!!
HEE-HEE-HEE!

WHO'S AT
THE DOOR,
GEORGE?

WHY, IT'S
OUR SON,
WALTER,
JUNE!

CREEAK

WHAT'S
THAT HE'S
HOLDING?

WHY, IT
APPEARS
TO BE AN
UPRIGHT
VACUUM
CLEANER!

WALTER,
WHAT ARE YOU--
**WALTER! NO!
NOOOO!!**

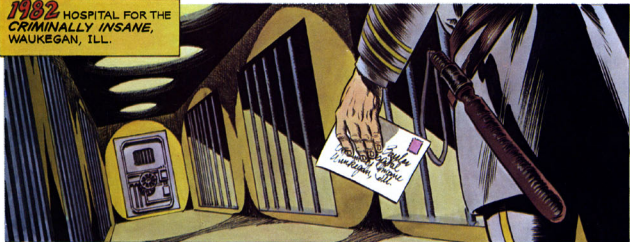
STILL LATER
THAT NIGHT...

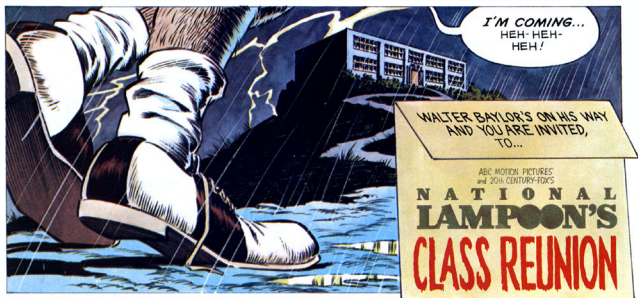
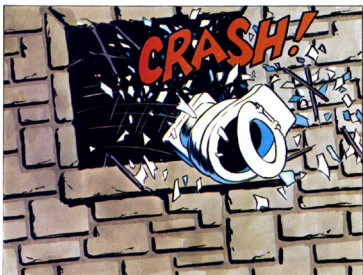
C'MON, KID,
EASY DOES IT!

WE'RE GOIN'
FOR A NICE
LITTLE RIDE,
WALTER...

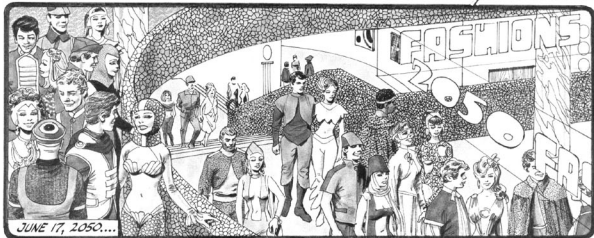
I'LL GET
EVERYBODY!
I'LL GET 'EM!!
**HAH - HAH
HAH!!**

1982 HOSPITAL FOR THE
CRIMINALLY INSANE,
WAUKEGAN, ILL.





JUNE, 2050 by Jack Harris and Gary Mazzaro



A LOT OF NOTHING



© MICHAEL O'LEARY • DENT WILLIAMS' 1982

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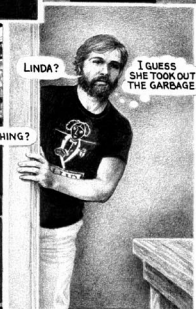
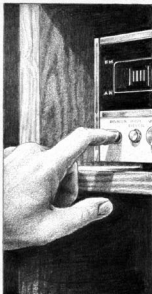
City _____

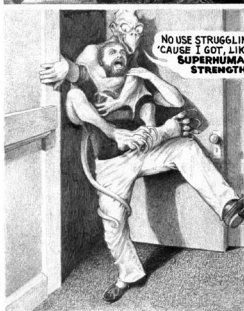
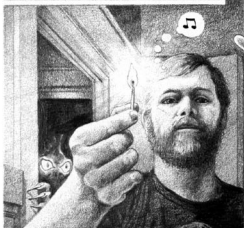
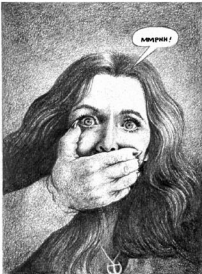
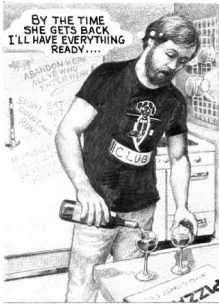
State _____ Zip _____

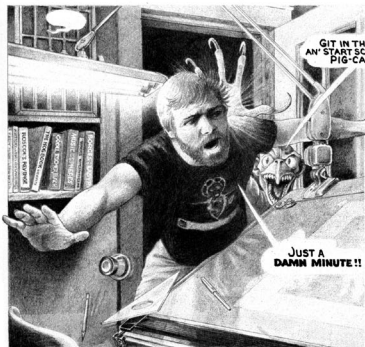
Prologue:

IT IS EARLY EVENING IN A LARGE SOUTHEASTERN CITY. THE DAY'S WARMTH HAS BEGUN TO YIELD TO THE CHILL OF NIGHT....

©1982 JOHN FINDLEY







GIT IN THERE
AN' START SCRIBBLIN'
PIG-CASSO!

JUST A
DAMN MINUTE!!

OH! TOUGH GUV, EH?



LEAVE HIM ALONE,
YOU...YOU BRUTE!

COOL IT, HERP!
LET'S GET DOWN
T' BUS'NESS.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



JEEZ, SWEAZ! CAN YA DIG IT?
HE DON'T UNNERSTAND!

WE'RE THE ONES YOU LEFT
STRANDED DOWN
IN THAT STINKIN'
CAVERN!

TH'ONE IN TH'
CANYON.

YEAH, WITH THAT
SCARY YAMMERHANT
CREEP!



THAT'S RIGHT...
HANGMAN'S CORNERS.

HOLD ON,
PARDNERS...



GARBAGE?!!

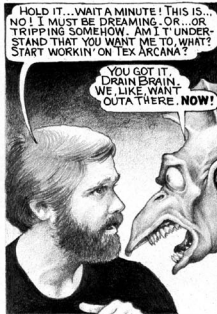
OOPS!

... LET ME
FILL HIM IN

SNIFF... UGH!
SO IT'S YOU!

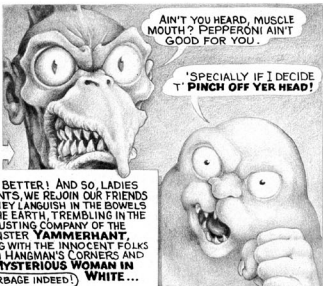
I THOUGHT IT WAS
THE GARBAGE.

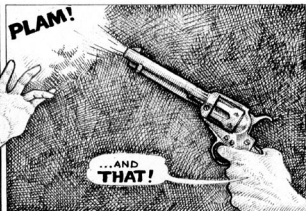
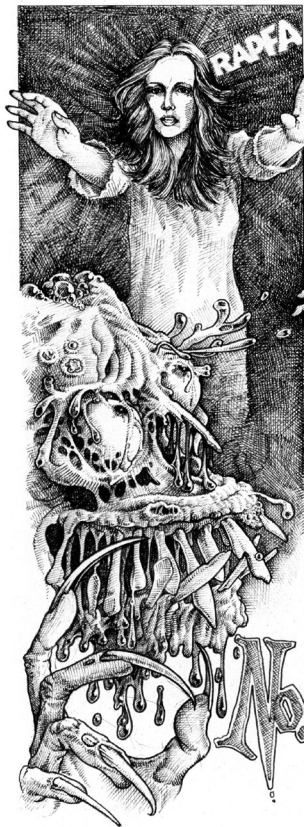
I UH, BEEN
MEANIN' T' MENTION
THAT, C.J....



HOLD IT...WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS...
NO! I MUST BE DREAMING. OR...OR
TRIPPING SOMEHOW. AM I T' UNDER-
STAND THAT YOU WANT ME TO, WHAT?
START WORKIN' ON TEX ARCANIA?

YOU GOT IT, DRAIN BRAIN.
WE LIKE WANT
OUTA THERE. NOW!





MINÖK



LOKIM

MORTHA

SKET!



AN'TH' STRANGER! WHY, HE JES'
UP AN' DISAPPEARED... LEAVIN' NOTHIN'
BUT HIS CLOTHES!

HE SHORE DID!
HOWDJA
MANAGE **THAT**,
SHERIFF?



BITE ON IT, SQUIRT!
JEST AS QUICK AS I KIN RELOAD
I'M TAKIN' CARE O' YOU
AN THAT UGLY RUNT
BUDDY O' YORE'N.

HOLD ON, SHERIFF.
THESE LITTLE FELLERS
DON'T MEAN NO HARM.

OH, YEAH?
AN' WHO MIGHT **YOU** BE?

(HM! BRAN' NEW...
AND **WARPED!**)



WELL, HOWDY, JED! LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU WASN'T NUTHIN' BUT A LITTLE OL' LIZARD.

I DON'T WANTA TALK ABOUT IT.

TELL YA WHAT, SHERIFF, MY HAT'S OFF TO YA... YOU FLAT KNOW HOW T' CLEAN UP A TOWN.

YEAH, SHERIFF... HERE'S LOOKIN' AT YA!

LATER, AT THE NOOSE & GIBBET SALOON...

HERE YA GO, SHERIFF, HAVE ONE ON ME!

THANKS, PILLIARD, BUT I'M STICKIN' T' COFFEE FROM HERE ON OUT.

YA DONE GOOD, SHERIFF, AN' WE'RE ALL RIGHT PROUD OF YA!

PLUS, MY HICKIES ARE FADIN'.

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT SADIE WON'T BE NEEDIN' THOSE SHOTS!

I COULDNA DONE IT WITHOUT TH' HELP AN' SUPPORT OF ALL O' YOU... SPECIALLY DOC, HERE, AN' THOSE STRANGE PALS O' HIS.

TEX... TEXARCANA... AND TH' WOMAN IN WHITE!

YEAH, AN' THEM TWO WEIRD LI'L VARMINTS.

WELL, I'D LIKE T' DISCUSS MY DISAPPEARIN' CHICKENS! FIFTEEN HEAD, LAST COUNT.

SHERIFF!
LORD HELP!
SHERIFF!!

GO-OD GRIEF! WHAT NOW?

WHY... IT'S MORT THE UNDERTAKER...

...AND HIS CLOSE BROTHER, GEORGE!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE HAD SOME KIND OF INTENSE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE!

BILL! A BRANDY FER MORT... AN' GEORGE WILL HAVE WINE

SHERIFF (GULP)! YA KNOW ALL THEM FOLKS WHAT GOT KILLED YESTERDAY?

WELL, WE WUZ JUST UP ON TH' HILL BURYIN' 'EM...

AN' GUESS WHAT! THEY EV'RY ONE OF 'EM'S...

...COMIN' BACK T' LIFE!

GOOD AS NEW!

BETTER... SOME OF 'EM.

So, UH... WE WUZ WONDERIN'...

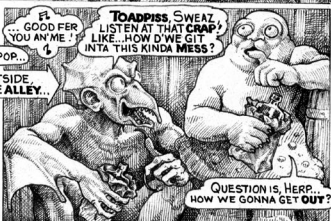
...DO WE STILL GIT PAID?

ER WHAT?

MEANWHILE, DOWN THE STREET AT
MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE



AND MANY MILES TO THE WEST...



OUTSIDE
IN THE ALLEY...



SO, PATIENT READER, THE SUN SETS ON THIS
SOMEWHAT PROTRACTED SAGA OF **TEX ARCANIA**.
ALL'S WELL IN THE TOWN OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS
EXCEPT FOR SWEAZ AND HERP, STRANDED AS THEY
ARE IN A PLACE AND TIME FAR FROM HOME.



FIN. ©1982 JOHN FINDLEY



HEY, MY SCARF!

COME ON! WHY WON'T YOU JOIN IN THE FESTIVITIES?

OKAY! OKAY! ALREADY! GIVE ME THAT WINE!



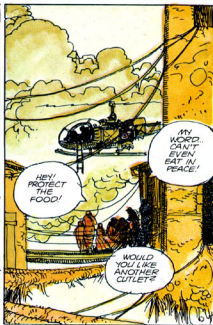
LET'S GO UP THERE. WE REALLY SHOULD CHECK ON IT ONE MORE TIME!

I'LL GO AND CHANGE THE COORDINATES ON THE MACHINE AS PLANNED. THE ENERGY LEVEL IS PROBABLY VERY LOW AT THIS POINT.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU



NO NEED. I'M IMMUNE. REMEMBER? HAHHA.



HEY! PROTECT THE FOOD!

MY WORD. CAN'T EVEN EAT IN PEACE!

WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER CUTLET?

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

LAST WE READ, THE PEOPLE OF LITERNO'S, THE FLOATING VILLAGE, DECIDED TO HAVE A FEAST IN CELEBRATION. WELL, IN CELEBRATION OF JUST BEING ABLE TO CELEBRATE. MEANWHILE, THE ARMY AND NEWS MEDIA ALIKE ARE IN A FRENZY—JUST NOT QUITE ABLE TO GET A HANDLE ON THE SITUATION.

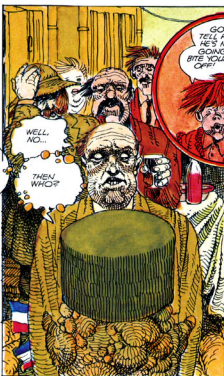


GENERAL, AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MAYOR OF THIS PAID VILLAGE, I ASK YOU... WHAT THE HELL!

SO YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THIS!

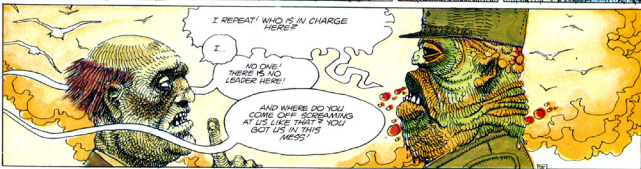
WELL, NO.

THEN WHO?



GO ON, TELL HIM! HE'S NOT GOING TO BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!

AND WHILE THE TWO STRANGERS HIDE IN THE OMINOUS BELL TOWER...



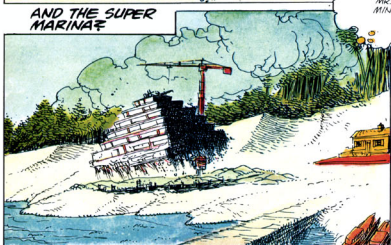
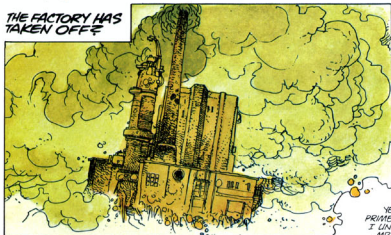
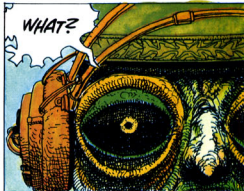
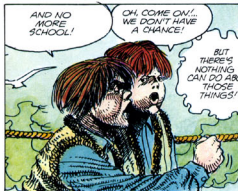
I REPEAT! WHO IS IN CHARGE HERE?

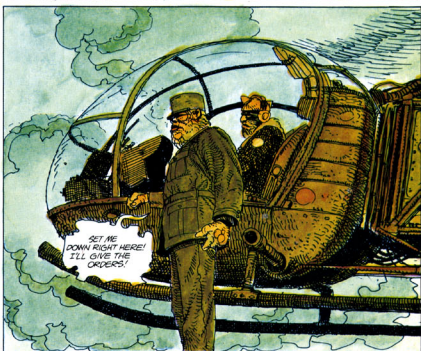
I...

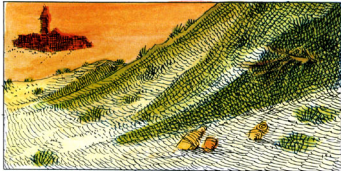
NO ONE! THERE IS NO LEADER HERE!

AND WHERE DO YOU COME OFF SCREAMING AT US LIKE THAT? YOU GOT US IN THIS MESS!

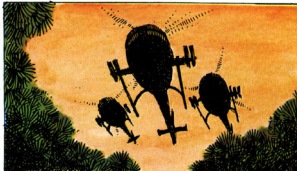








AND A LITTLE LATER ON... DURING THE QUIET CALM OF THE AFTERNOON, THE CLUMSY HELICOPTERS TOOK FLIGHT...



...READY TO HOOK THEMSELVES ONTO THE ISLAND OF LITERNOS, WHOSE PEOPLE ARE NOW TAKING THEIR LAST GASP OF SWEET AIR...

...BEFORE RETURNING TO THEIR ONCE-ABANDONED HOME...



CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND?

NO! WE WOULDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOU!



THE JOURNALISTS HAVE BEEN BUSY...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'RE GOING TO THINK MY PHOTOS HAVE BEEN TOUCHED UP? OF COURSE, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN...

CALM DOWN! A LOT OF THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE LOST INTEREST. AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE FOOLS OUT OF OURSELVES BY BLOWING THIS WAY OUT OF PROPORTION! THE STORY HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A COLUMN ON PAGE FIVE...

...AND THE TITLE WILL READ "COLLECTIVE HALLUCINATION OR OPTICAL ILLUSION?"

THE RADIOS...



THIS JUST IN... IT SEEMS THAT THOSE RUMORS THAT WERE SPREADING ABOUT LITERNOS, THE FLOATING ISLAND...

...HAVE BEEN PROVEN TO BE JUST THAT: RUMORS...

CITY HALL...



GENTLEMEN, THE ARMY HAS TAKEN CARE OF THE ENTIRE MISUNDERSTANDING, AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE RUNNING SMOOTHLY.

WHAT TERRIFIC NEWS!

YEAH, BUT IT SURE RUINED MY SUNDAY.

...AND AT THE FRENCH TELEVISION BROADCASTING NETWORK...

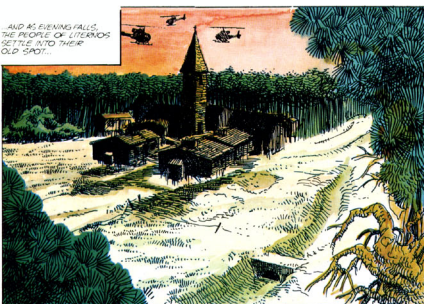


I TOLD YOU IT WAS JUST A HOAX!

THAT'S JUST FINE WITH ME. I HAVE A GREAT READY-MATCH HERE...

SOME GREAT GOALS!

...AND AS EVENING FALLS,
THE PEOPLE OF LITERNO
SETTLE INTO THEIR
OLD SPOT...



...SLOWLY FEELING AS IF NOTHING HAD EVER
HAPPENED. THE BUZZING HELICOPTERS
WERE ON THEIR WAY HOME...



WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL
CROSSING
THAT WAS.

YES, IT
WAS MAG-
NIFICENT!



WELL, I'M
GOING TO SEE
MY ANIMALS!

YOU KNOW, I
THINK I GOT A
LITTLE DRUNK FROM
THAT WINE!

COME
ON, LET'S
FINISH
UP THE
BOTTLE.
IT'S THE
LAST
ONE.



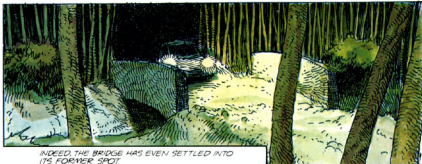
I'M HEADING
TOWARDS THE
MILITARY
CAMP. YOU
TRAITORS!

GOOD!
AND
STAY
THERE!



I HAD A
NIGHTMARE
DURING MY
WINTER. I
DREAMT WE
WERE FLYING
TOWARD TURVY,
ALL OVER THE
PLACE, BUT
ALL OF THAT
MOVEMENT
IS OVER.
ISN'T IT?

YES, IT'S OVER!
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT A THING!
DRINK YOUR
SOUP!



INDEED, THE BRIDGE HAS EVEN SETTLED INTO
ITS FORMER SPOT.

AS HAS THE MARINA...

...OR LIKE THE PAPER FACTORY...



WELL, I
GUESS WE
HAVE SCHOOL
TOMORROW!

YEAH, I
THINK WE'VE
LOST...



IT'S BET-
TER LIKE
THIS, ISN'T
IT?



ALL THE
WASTE IS
FLOWING
BACK
INTO THE
FACTORY!

AND SOMEWHERE UNDER THE DEEP EARTH...

ORDERS FROM PARIS:
THE CAMP MUST BE EVACUATED
BY TOMORROW MORNING. CON-
NECT THE SELF-DESTRUCTION
DEVICES. THIS EXPERIMENT HAS
DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE!
LOOK AT US! LOOK AT US!! I
WANT THIS CAMP BLOWN TO
SMITHERS AT 0800
HOURS TOMORROW!

IT WAS
GREAT FUN
WHILE IT
LASTED!

AND IN THE BELL TOWER THAT HAS BEEN ANONYMOUS FOR SO LONG...

WE MUST ACT QUICKLY
FOR THE MOMENT, THE
AUTHORITIES ARE IGNOR-
ING US, BUT AFTER A
WHILE THEY'LL COME
AFTER US AGAIN. WE
MUST LEAVE
NO TRACES.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE OUR
MISSION IS
ALMOST
OVER

AND AS THEY PREPARE THEIR DISAPPEARANCE...

I
KNOW...

DON'T FEAR
THE TOWNISPORE,
THEY'RE INNOCENT,
AND THE COPS
KNOW THAT.
YOU KNOW
WHAT'S LEFT
FOR YOU AND
ME TO DO.

AND THE NEXT DAY AT DAWN... SOMEWHERE OFF AN ISOLATED ROAD...

THEY GOT READY TO DEPART.

THIS ISN'T GOING TO
BE EASY. THE BLOCK-
HOUSE AND THE
TANKS ARE ABOUT
TWO MILES
UNDER
GROUND.

AND WHAT
WILL BECOME
OF US WHEN
ALL THIS IS
THROUGH?

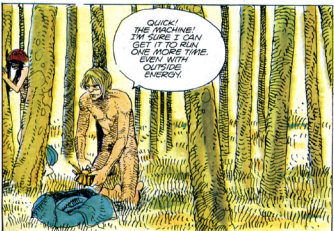
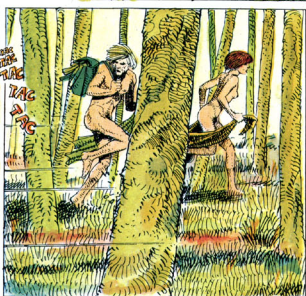
WE
MIGHT NOT
HAVE BEEN
PRETTY THIN, BUT
WE WERE
PALATABLE.

WE MUST
FIND THOSE
THOSE TWO...
THOSE TWO
HOOGIGANS!

YOU KNOW,
I'VE BEEN THINKING
SCIENCE WILL HAVE A
FIELD DAY WITH OUR
BODIES WHEN THIS
WHOLE MESS IS
THROUGH.

COME
ON! GO
ON! I'M YOUR
ONLY
WITNESS!

LOOK!





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



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ZORA

SO FAR, AFTER AN EVENTFUL CROSS-BARTH TREK IN SEARCH OF THEIR LAST REMAINING MEANS OF ESCAPE—THE ABANDONED GENESSIS II SPACECRAFT—ZORA AND HER INDOMITABLE COMRADES FIND THE SHIP AND TAKE OFF, RUINING THE DINNER PLANS OF A MUTANT CANNIBAL TRIBE!

ZORA,
YOU'RE TREMBLING!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

I'M VERY HAPPY WHEN
I'M AT YOUR SIDE, AMON. BUT
SOMETIMES I HAVE THESE TER-
RIBLE THOUGHTS... WHY DID I
DISOBEY ORDERS AND NOT
DESTROY YOUR HIBERNATION
PODS?

WHY DID I REVIVE
YOU FIRST, AND NOT ONE
OF THE OTHERS? HOW COULD
I REBEL AGAINST WHAT I'VE
BEEN TAUGHT MY WHOLE LIFE?
BECAUSE OF THE SUSPICIONS
OF ONE OF MY COMRADES?
NO, MY WORLD WAS SO
PERFECT, SO UNCOMPLICATED,
SO COMPLETE, SOMETHING
OF SOMEONE INFLUENCED
MY DECISIONS, BUT...
HOW, AND WHY?

FOR ZORA, THE
BARRIERS BETWEEN THEM
WERE UNBREACHABLE.
THOUSANDS OF YEARS
SEPARATED THEM... DISTANT
WORLDS AND DIFFERENT SOCIETIES. SHE
COULDN'T BELIEVE IN "DESTINY" OR "CHANCE."
THEY WEREN'T LOGICAL CONCEPTS...
OVER THIS SHE ANGUISHED...

SOMETHING THAT CAME FROM
AFAR, LIKE HER GUILT FEELINGS
OVER THE BREAKDOWN OF HER
DISCIPLINED OBEDIENCE FOR
HAVING CONCEALED DIS-
AGREEMENTS WITH HER
SUPERIORS... SOMETHING
INDENIABLE HAD
PRESERVED HER
INDIVIDUALITY...

WE
SHOULDN'T
ASK
DARLING...

WE
SHOULDN'T
SEEK IM-
POSSIBLE
ANSWERS...

WE SHOULD
JUST BE
HAPPY WE'RE
ALIVE!



TO LIVE, TO LOVE,
MORE INTENSELY
THAN SHE
COULD'VE EVER
WISHED, IN THE
ARMS OF A MAN
WHO'D COME FROM
THE REMOTE
PAST.



AMON, YOU'VE
KNOWN OTHER THINGS.
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW IF OUR
LOVE HAS SOME
MEANING OR
PURPOSE...
A FUTURE...

DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
IT.



TOMORROW,
ANY ONE OF US
COULD BE KILLED
FIGHTING ON THE
HOMECOMBS.

DON'T
SAY THAT!
I NEED YOU! I
NEED SOMEONE
FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN MY
LIFE.

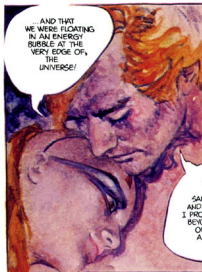
AND ONCE AGAIN,
MAN AND WOMAN
WAVE LOVE, NOT
REALIZING THAT, AS
BEFORE, AN UNKNOWN
"THING" INTERFERES
THEIR PASSION.



...A DISMEMBERED
FORCE THAT FLOODED
FROM THE FARTHEST
STARS, A LIFE-PULSE
ATTRACTED BY THE
NATURAL REPUGNANCE
OF HUMANITY...



AMON, I
WISH THE
HOMECOMBS,
THE OLD
EMPIRE, THE
MOON, AND
EVEN THIS
SINCESHIP
HAD NEVER
EXISTED...



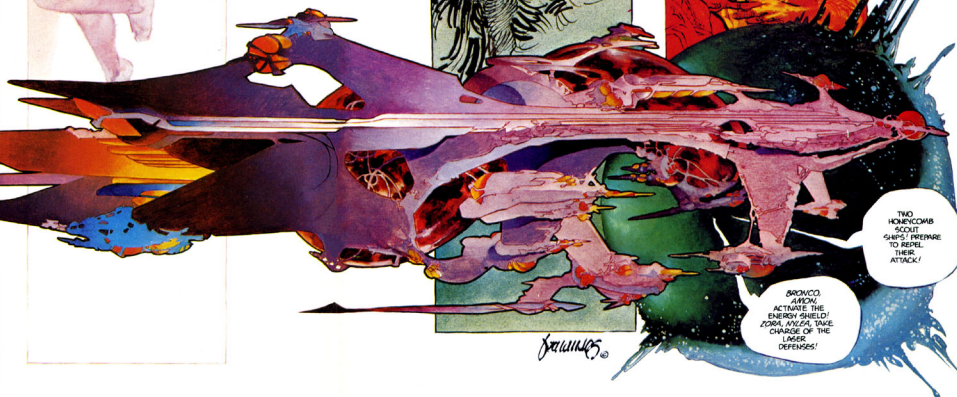
AND THAT
WE WERE FLOATING
IN AN ENERGY
BURBLE AT THE
VERY EDGE OF
THE
UNIVERSE!

WE'LL LOOK
FOR THAT
SANCTUARY, ZORA,
AND WE'LL FIND IT.
I PROMISE YOU THAT
BEYOND THE BEACH
OF TIME... FOR
ALL ETERNITY...

SUDDENLY ROB'S VOICE CAME OVER THE
INTERCOM.



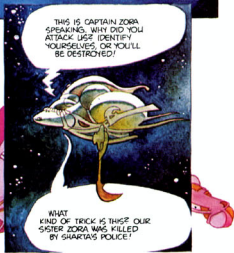
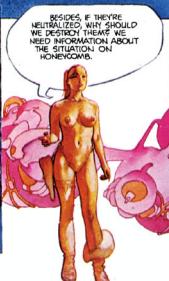
EMERGENCY!
ATTENTION!
EVERYONE! COME
TO THE CONTROL ROOM,
IMMEDIATELY!



TWO
HOMECOMBS
SCOUT
GRIPS! PREPARE
TO REEL
THEIR
ATTACK!

BROWNCO,
APICAL,
ACTIVATE THE
ENERGY SHIELD!
ZORA, ANGEL, TAKE
CHARGE OF THE
LASER
DEFENSES!

Williams



ESTABLISH VISUAL CONTACT AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

BY THE QUEEN BEE, IT'S TRUE! ZORA'S ALIVE!

TELL YOUR PATROL LEADER TO LINK YOUR SHIP WITH OURS AND REPORT TO US IN PERSON.



THE MANEUVER WAS ACCOMPLISHED QUICKLY, AND AN OFFICER AND HER ADJUTANT ENTERED THE GENESIS II.

THEIR SURPRISE GREW WHEN THEY SAW NILEA, EX-ROYAL COUNCIL MEMBER, STANDING NEXT TO ZORA.

LIEUTENANT NILEA, AT YOUR SERVICE! I'M PART OF TURAS' COMMITTEE OF YOUNG OFFICERS, FORMED AGAINST THE OPPRESSIVE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL AND SHARIA'S POLICE.

IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF THINGS HAVE HAPPENED ON THE HONEYCOMB SINCE WE LEFT, NILEA.

YES, TURAS RETURNED AND STARTED THE PARTY WITHOUT US. BUT WHAT OF QUEEN RAGAM, LIEUTENANT? YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED HER...

TO BE CONTINUED...



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DRUILLET, CAZA, SUYDAM, AND MORE!**

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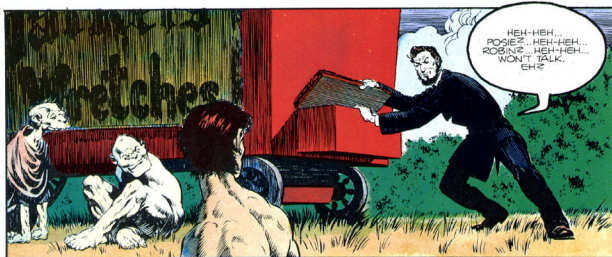
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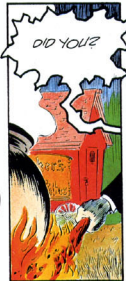
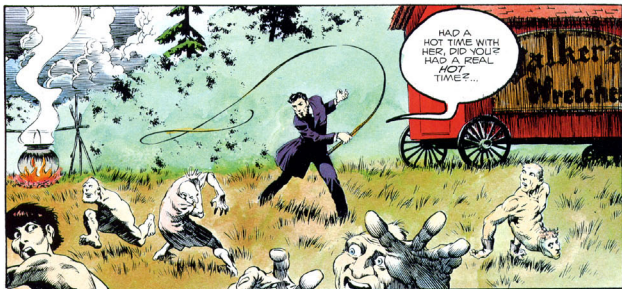
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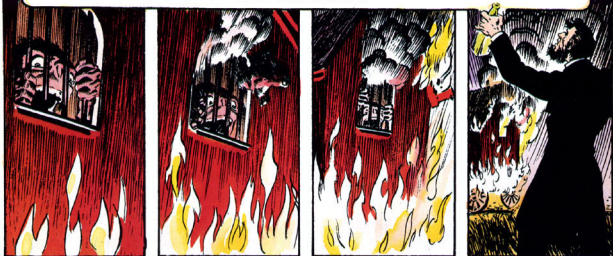
FREAK SHOW

THE STORY SO FAR: THE TOWNSPEOPLE CONTINUED TO LISTEN TO THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER'S TALE OF WALKER AND HIS WRETCHES. WALKER HAD AWAKENED FROM A DRUNKEN STUPOR, HOPING TO SEE HIS NEW-BORN CHILD FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE BEHELD A HORRIBLY DEFORMED BABY GIRL... AND BECAME ENRAGED.





AS THE FLAMES LEAPT HIGH INTO THE NIGHT AND THE AIR WAS RENT WITH THE SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED WITHIN, VALKER DANCED DRUNKENLY BEFORE THE RAGING INFERNO, CURSING GOD... CURSING LILA... CURSING LIFE ITSELF...



IT WAS NOT UNTIL LILA'S OWN SHRIEK OF AGONY ECHOED FROM THE HOLOCAUST THAT HE CLAMPED HIS HANDS OVER HIS EARS AND RAN INSANELY INTO THE DARKENING FOREST...



WALKER RAN... RAN AS LILA, HIS WIFE, HAD RUN THAT NIGHT SO MANY MONTHS AGO... RAN FROM THE HOWLING AND THE SCREAMING AND THE SIGHT OF SEARING, POPPING FLESH...



...RAN UNTIL HE
FELL...



...LURCHED UP AND
RAN AGAIN...



...AND FELL AGAIN...



HE LAY SOBBING IN A
CRUMPLED HEAP, CLAWED
FINGERS DIGGING INTO HIS
EARS TO STOP THE ANWFUL
SOUNDS BEHIND HIM, THE
WAILING SONG OF THE
ROASTED...



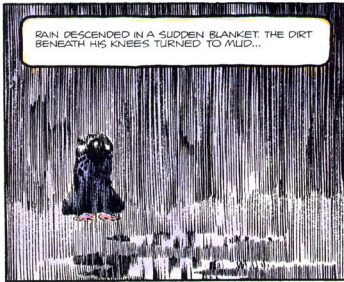
HE SCREAMED TO
GOD...



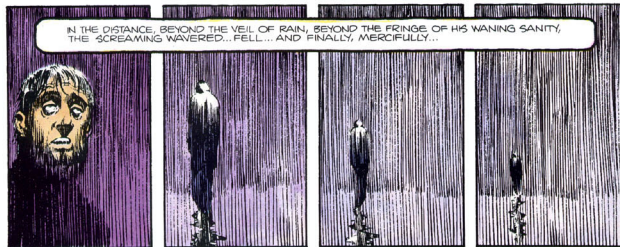
...GOD DID NOT
ANSWER...



THE FOREST SHUDDERED UNDER THE ROCKING THUD OF THUNDER. LIGHTNING THREADED THE ROLING SKY...



RAIN DESCENDED IN A SUDDEN BLANKET. THE DIRT BENEATH HIS KNEES TURNED TO MUD...

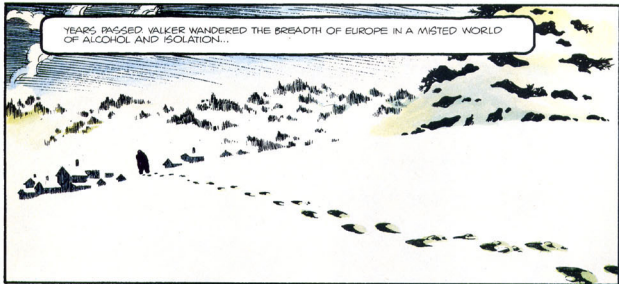


IN THE DISTANCE, BEYOND THE VEIL OF RAIN, BEYOND THE FRINGE OF HIS WANING SANITY, THE SCREAMING WAVERED... FELL... AND FINALLY, MERCIFULLY...



... STOPPED...

YEARS PASSED. WALKER WANDERED THE BREADTH OF EUROPE IN A MISTED WORLD OF ALCOHOL AND ISOLATION...



...A DRUNKARD...



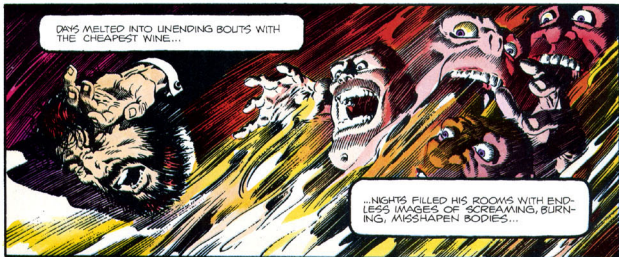
...A LONER...



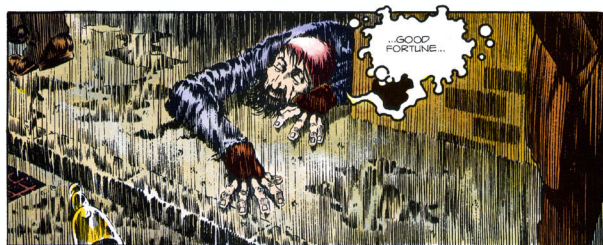
...A WRETCH...



DAYS MELTED INTO UNENDING BOUTS WITH THE CHEAPEST WINE...



...NIGHTS FILLED HIS ROOMS WITH ENDLESS IMAGES OF SCREAMING, BURNING, MISSHAPEN BODIES...



IT ENDED IN THE GUTTER. HE DIDN'T KNOW THE NAME OF THE TOWN OR EVEN THE COUNTRY. HE WAS OUT OF MONEY, OUT OF WINE, OUT OF THE WILL TO LIVE. HE LAY THERE ON HIS CHEST, EYES GLAZED, FIXED DELIRIOUSLY ON THE REFLECTION OF THE MOON IN THE GUTTER WATER, STARING DOWN ON HIM LIKE A COLD, REPREHENSIVE EYE...

HE PRAYED TO GOD FOR DEATH...

WHA-Z...
WHOZAT-Z?

A-AN
ANGEL...Z
COME TO
CLAIM
MY
SOULZ...

WEEP
NO MORE,
CHILD...





#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 Shahrazad, 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 *Salambo* ends. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America.

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

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals: Fêtel!" Plus: Sydnam'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: Caz, Chaykin, Grepax, 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 Gimenez's "Infantrymen! Infantrymen!," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror.

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

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton'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: Fêtel."

#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 Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

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

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



HEAVY METAL

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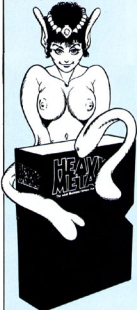
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IN

THE LOVE CRAFT

SYNOPSIS: Once aboard the "Love Craft"--a sort of interstellar Plato's Retreat for sex-crazed monsters--Marty had become a big hit with his comedy routines. And now, the Deva had offered me the role of costar in an extrasensory porno feelie he was filming, featuring Adeline Jones, the girl I loved...

I love her, too.



I beg your pardon?

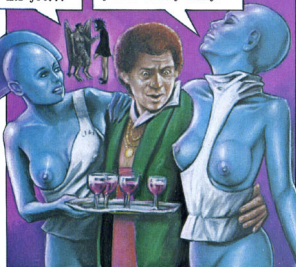
What you were saying in your voice-over--you know, about loving Adeline. Well, I love her, too...and once she led me to believe that she cared for me a little.



I don't believe you!

As Krazy Kat says, "Beauty walks with evil, and yet..."

Gosh, Sentient Gentle-being Meadows, I think you're really funny!



And I think you're some beautiful chick--why don't we get together and have some laughs?

Flowers for the fair... I think you're verry sexy!

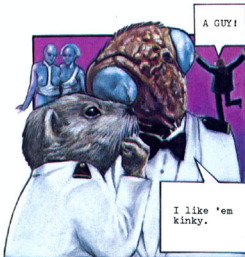


And I think you're some beautiful chick--why don't we--yuck!

No, don't take his flowers--take mine!



Get those stinking things out of my face! I'm a guy, do you understand?

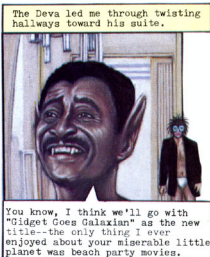


A GUY!

I like 'em kinky.

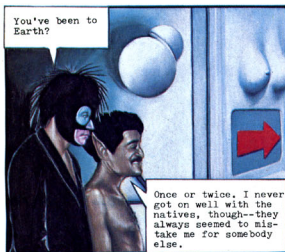


You've always got to horn in on my action, don't you, Doc?



The Deva led me through twisting hallways toward his suite.

You know, I think we'll go with "Gidget Goes Galaxian" as the new title--the only thing I ever enjoyed about your miserable little planet was beach party movies.



You've been to Earth?

Once or twice. I never got on well with the natives, though--they always seemed to mistake me for somebody else.



We walked through the doorway into his cabin, which was decorated like a movie set. Adeline was sitting in the middle of the bed, surrounded by a bored, alien film crew.

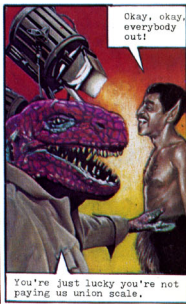


Adeline! Are you okay?

Listen, I'll just leave you two crazy kids alone to rehearse.



I can't rehearse with all these things around. I just don't feel it.



Okay, okay, everybody out!

You're just lucky you're not paying us union scale.

Are they all gone? Oh, golly, I'm so glad you finally showed up. I held out until he promised to get you here to costar.



Yeah, he wants me to be Moon-doggy.

That was my idea. Look, I know it's silly, but I've never done it before-- had sex, I mean--and it's just that I want the first time to be perfect. I want the first time to be with you...



It seemed to me that I'd wandered into a dream. I'd been in love with Adeline for months--for her beauty, her courage, her great soft heart...I wanted these moments to be a memory that would bind us together forever.



You've got to promise to be gentle--

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

OW! OW! Does it always hurt like that?



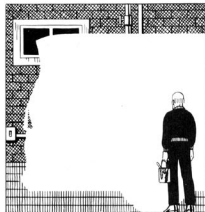
Hey, be careful! OW! Can't you hurry it up?



I'm trying! I'm trying!

You mean that's it? I guess I just didn't feel it...





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