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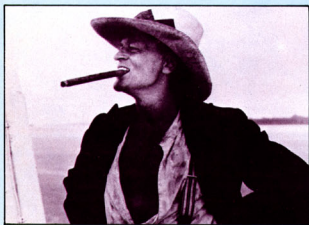
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# DOSSIER

## MADMAN ON THE AMAZON

Upriver, Joseph Conrad (not to mention F.F. Coppola) found the heart of darkness; on a similar journey, both maverick German



Klaus Kinski asks, "Who're you calling a Sisyphus, pal?"

filmmaker **Werner Herzog** and the protagonist of his new epic, *Fitzcarraldo*, find their redemption in spectacular failure. With divinely satanic Klaus Kinski playing the madman/fool Fitzcarraldo—echoing his conquistador role in Herzog's earlier *Aguirre, Wrath of God*, as a man obsessed with the equally absurd notions of bringing Grand

Opera to the Amazon and dragging a 320-ton steamship over a mountain—Herzog's central metaphor of the impossible quest works best when applied to the making of his own film. As carefully documented in **Les Blank's** fascinating *Burden of Dreams* (the first "making-of" film that's perhaps better than its subject), Herzog's near-suicidal insistence on nothing less than absolute verisimilitude in the production repeatedly sinks the project into the sentiently vengeful Amazon mud.

After two aborted beginnings (the first folled by a tribal/border war, the second by the loss of his original stars, Jason Robards to amoebic dysentery and Mick Jagger to prior commitments—a blessing really, as the footage Blank includes shows them to be a ludicrously smirking, mismatched duo), the film finally emerged complete after



King Crimson losing their souls. Left to right: Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, Bill Bruford, Tony Levin.

five years of herculean labor. Again the film's fate parallels the story it relates—much as Fitzcarraldo salvages his pride by boating in a second-rate opera company at the film's climax, Herzog meets his self-set challenge with the release of a beautiful but bloated and meandering *Fitzcarraldo*: an undertaking not up to the monumental effort it took to construct.

—Lou Stathis

## TUBULAR BULLS

Vide art has always been formless, shapeless—that's why I reject the term," insists John Sanborn of **Fitzgerald and Sanborn**. Nevertheless, the team's recent honoring by the prestigious San Francisco International Video Festival, and their "Heartbeat" music-video with the reformed **King Crimson**, place them squarely at a new intersection between video-art and art-rock.

The "Heartbeat" video, based on the first single from Crimson's *Beat* LP (Warner Bros.), is a moody, restless piece inside the mind of a pensive character who is haunted by a compelling woman (played by singer/performance artist Jill Kroesen). Swirling portrait shots, melting faces, and disappearing imagery ap-

pear as brush strokes across a canvas through Fitzgerald and Sanborn's uncanny editing style, creating a work much like a painting.

The catalyst for this collaboration was Warner Brothers Records' "mini-mogul" Jo Bergman, one of the leading "eyes" in the music-video arena (she recently curated a striking music-video compilation at the 1982 AFI Video Festival). After meeting Fitzgerald and Sanborn at the '81 Festival, Bergman found, "Of all the artists who were doing anything at all, they seemed to be the most accessible... I could absolutely see Kit and John's images going with King Crimson... But they wouldn't be right for everybody, because they have a startling look that has a great deal to do with technology, particularly editing and assembling—and a lot of people couldn't handle that."

Crimson could. Though rockers and video artists have had an uneasy relationship in the past (Sanborn quips, "Rockers don't trust someone who's not out to go platinum."), this collaboration with a band always ready to experiment proved magical. "It's a very democratic band; we all had to come to a consensus," Fitzgerald mused. "So we met with the whole band to hear their responses to our ideas." Sanborn elaborated on their music-video approach. "We try to find additional metaphors, visually and video-wise, that would connect with and relate to the song. We want to re-metaphor the song."

Those conversations re-

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understanding of the imagery would add "presence." With Belew's input, Fitzgerald and Sanborn went on to create a music-video trilogy, thematically linking "Heartbeat" with "Neal & Jack & Me" and "Neurotica," all from the *Beat* LP.

"We're looking for a different kind of status in our work," Fitzgerald declares. One that will take them towards what Sanborn calls "intercompositions," or videos where song and picture are created together. Indeed, they are already discussing such a collaboration with Belew. Hopefully by then they will have shed the "video artist" tag, which has brought them some deadly survival problems. "People think we work cheap," snorts Sanborn. "They think 'video artists' work for \$1.98."

—Alan Hecht

**Love** (Leathür/Elektra): Skip past the hype and makeup and you'll be vortexed into some of the most inventive hard rock to emerge in years.

**Krokus, One Vice at a Time** (Arista): You know, a lot of people would say that Krokus sound exactly like AC/DC....

**Joan Jett, I Love Rock 'n' Roll** (Boardwalk): Well, it's got a good beat, and it's easy to dance to, but that doesn't explain why such old material should top the charts.

**707, Mega Force** (Boardwalk): Mellow metal from the Journey-REO-Spyx school of chartbusters. Sounds like the title track got the most attention.

**Billy Squier, Emotions in Motion** (Capitol): This LP picks up where the last one left off—at high energy levels.

**Girlschool, Hit and Run** (Stiff America): Aggressive music that authenticates this all-girl group's black-leather posing.

**U.S. Metal** (Shrapnel): Mister Mike Varney (ex-Nuns) searched America for the ten best unknown metal guitarists, and exposed them on this LP. He's got good ears.

**Shooting Star, Three Wishes** (Virgin/Epic): A few rough edges for flavor, but the balance here is soft rock.

**Saxon, Denim and Leather** (Carrere): Like Black Sabbath and Deep Purple before them, Saxon are an excellent band for a new generation of rock 'n' rollers to cut their teeth on. "Play it loud...."

—Annette Collica

vealed drummer Bill Bruford and bassist Tony Levin to be more concerned with the shape of the band's sound, leaving founding member

graphed), it fell to the brash Belew to do most of the image brainstorming. "Belew understood a lot of our intentions in trying to pre-



Photo by Paula Court

Vidiots John Sanborn (tattoo) and Kit Fitzgerald (earrings). They don't work cheap.

Robert Fripp and guitarist/lyricist Adrian Belew to express the Crimson philosophy. Since Fripp's public statements about video have been decidedly bleak (Sanborn compared his feelings to those of African natives who believe they lose their souls when photo-

sent situations that were somewhat ambiguous, but which gave some of the empathetic feeling of the song," Fitzgerald related. So much so that they decided to use Belew as the main character—even though they'd already cast an actor—because they felt his

## THE HM CHOPPING BLOCK

**Robert Plant, Pictures at Eleven** (Swan Song): By recapturing the power and emotion that was the soul of Led Zeppelin, singer Plant has accomplished what ex-members of Deep Purple, Yes, and even the Beatles couldn't—transcending their origins.

**Motley Crue, Too Fast For**

## BEAT MEET

The Jack Kerouac Conference, held in late July at the University of Colorado campus in Boulder, was a ten-day pop and paranoia fest for the neo-beat fellowship. To hundreds of politicians, literati, and Deadheads, Kerouac presents an infectious myth: shy, mar-



Poet/photographer Gerald Malanga snapping Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* manuscript scroll for posterity.

Photo by photographer/poet  
Ira Cohen

tyred poet/king, who would hate this conference itself. But elder statesmen Ginsberg, Burroughs, Corso, and Kesey taught "spontaneous mind" to the younger generation in order to maintain the highest of Beat ideals: "Fellow beatniks, fellow hippies, fellow Americans, fellow dharma heirs, fellow tender hearts," Ginsberg addressed us. "We can indulge in great magics of delirious nostalgia. We can discuss an agenda for what

can happen in America. We can get laid."

What a lot to offer on the twenty-fifth anniversary of, after all, a book's publication. But what a book! *On the Road*, with its frenzied, jazzed up, zigzagging flights across America, turned the fifties on to a holy trilogy—sex, drugs, cultural, if not political, revolution—spawning the eras of liberation to follow. So, celebrating indulgences seemed fitting. Trungpa Rinpoche, the

moon-faced president of the sponsoring Naropa Institute ("the Notre Dame of Buddhism"), assured the crowd that the world would not cause its own demise. He was drunk, propped up on the shoulders of two heavies, sipping sake from a decanter. Brandishing the sign of okay in a circle of air, he proclaimed, "Let the Eastern sun be victorious." Others wallowed in identifying themselves within the Kerouac canon: Ginsberg

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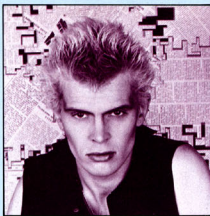
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Billy Idol:  
Punch  
his face,  
please.

A 1982  
Cannes Film  
Festival entry,  
director Susan  
Seidelman's  
*Smitherens* ex-  
hibits a genuine  
affection  
for the  
kooks who  
inhabit it.

recalled whether or not he was a virgin when he met J.K., and Kerouac's first wife announced that they hit it off after he watched her eat six hotdogs.

Luckily the books prevailed. While Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, and Tim Leary debated the impact of the fifties-sixties on the present (Hoffman recalling when the slogan, "Fuck Communism," invited the question: which is the worse word?), Kerouac books were read, and Corso, Ginsberg, Holmes, Bremser, Micheline, McClure, Waldman, Huncke, Ferlinghetti, di Prima, and Salomon gave workshops and readings. Burroughs and Kesey shone as superstar storytellers, while Pranksters Babbs and Walker paid homage to Neal Cassidy in film and performance. In the words of Burroughs: "A good time is had by all."

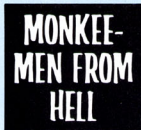
#### Beat Book Briefing:

1) In case this is your first take on the Beats, Kerouac published some nineteen volumes, not just *On the Road*. Try these special gems: *Visions of Cody* (McGraw-Hill), *Mexico City Blues* (Grove), *Tristessa* (McGraw-Hill), *Vanity of Du-luoz* (U.K. Quartet), *Book of Dreams* (City Lights).

2) New books from the factual to the flamboyant: **Bill Plummer's** *The Holy Gool* (Prentice-Hall): minus the input of Kesey, this biography of Neal Cassidy remains thin but nicely written. **Victor Bokris's** *With William Burroughs: Report from the Bunker* (Seaver): interviews and overheard conversations

with celebrities and W.S.B.—find out what Burroughs and Debbie Harry really have to say to each other. **Jan Kerouac's** *Baby Driver* (St. Martin's): Kerouacian fiction by his daughter—raw talent promises better. **Ken Kesey**, collected in *Spit in the Ocean* (write: S.I.T.O., 85829 Ridgeway Rd., Pleasant Hill, Oregon 97401). 3) To come: **Gerald Nicolsia's** *Memory Babe* (Grove): a new Kerouac bio; and **Joyce Johnson's** *Minor Characters* (Houghton Mifflin): Beat reminiscence by Kerouac's ex-girl friend.

—Regina Weinreich



If album covers were to be taken at surface value, one might believe Billy Idol and Richard Hell performed in the same genre. After all, they're both ostensibly "new-wave" songwriters who emerged at about the same time (Idol with Generation X, Hell with Television and the Heartbreakers) and seem to focus on the dark side of things. But, even though the Rolling Stones and the Monkees dominated the charts in the late sixties and had similar haircuts, you wouldn't lump them together musically; Idol and Hell have about as

much in common.

Hell (née Meyers) is legitimate punk: he can't sing particularly well, he always looks like he just woke up, and his band sounds like they're playing in three different keys at once. Idol's voice is well-trained enough for him to reasonably mimic Jim Morrison's, he always looks immaculately trendy, and his band seems groomed for Bloomingdale's version of "downtown." The difference is that **Richard Hell & the Voidoids** capture a genuine energy which they portray via a chaotic thrust, while **Billy Idol** apes his predecessors with the help of a steady dance beat. Some may argue that regurgitation is in the spirit of the Punk Movement, but I'd rather not listen to it.

On record, the situation is slightly evened out—not being able to see Billy Idol as he vocalizes on his self-named solo debut (Chrysalis), the temptation to want to punch his face in isn't quite so strong. As for Hell's latest, *Destiny Street* (Red Star, dist. by Jem), it doesn't capture the Hell persona as well as it's projected live, probably due to new bandmembers Ivan Julian (guitar) and Vinnie de Nunzio (drums)—both of whom are far better attuned to Hell's songs than the album's players (guitarist Naux and ex-Material drummer Fred Maher). Still, it's far more interesting to listen to Hell go for it and not reach it than it is to hear Billy Idol's prefab Monkee-punk with no other aspiration than to sell records.

—Jon Tiven

## BLOW UP

Take one improbable heroine, add an irregular love triangle, beat with a rock soundtrack (the Feelies, Richard Hell), fold in a gritty urban environment, and sprinkle liberally with punk rock clichés, and you have the makings of **Smitherens**, the kind of "midnight movie" that only the French would dare call Art. But they invented new wave, remember?

A 1982 Cannes Film Festival entry, director Susan Seidelman's *Lower East Side Story* attempts to capture the characters and lifestyles of the New York new-wave ghetto during the last days of the seventies with mixed results. Suffused with pop iconography and situational comedy, *Smitherens* exhibits a genuine affection for the kooks who inhabit it, despite some ridiculous, unrealistic episodes.

Seminal punker Richard Hell rises above the stereotypical burnt-out musician with a naturalistic performance that could only have come from personal experience. His portrayal of Eric is an innovative riff on the amoral anti-hero, epitomized by Jean-Paul Belmondo in countless French flicks, but it is Susan Berman as the impossibly gauche Wren who sits restlessly at the film's emotional and moral center. Too bad *Smitherens* couldn't have delved deeper into the roots of her desperate boredom and stardust instead of

Roger Jett (left), Susan Berman, and Richard Hell contemplate the harmful side-effects of group sex, in *Smithereens*.



bouncing her around in a punky *Perils of Pauline*. Wren has the earmarks of a truly tragic character, an example of what it's like to be alienated amongst your peers in the anomie decade. But, then, she seems to understand what it feels like to be exploited for your wackiness. "Everyone's a little weird these days," she explains. "It's normal."

—David Keeps

## GREASY SHOP OF HORRORS



*Little Shop of Horrors*' Hy Anzell (left) and Lee Wilkoff green-thumbing their way to stardom.

In 1960 Roger Corman, master of schlock shock films, did a three-day wonder called *Little Shop of*

*Horrors*, a cute tale of a down-and-out pair of florists and their man-eating plant. It became a cult hit, se-

cured Corman's place as history's quickie-movie king, and paved the way for dozens of cheap imitations.

Howard Ashman and Alan Menken have adapted the old film into a new musical, currently an Off-Broadway hit at New York's Orpheum Theater. The play follows the film's plot, where two florists use a man-eating plant to gain fame and fortune, and looks backward to its 1960 setting, in much the same way as *Grease* (it even includes a trio of street trollops who read *Famous Monsters of Filmland* as they warble). The true stars of the show—besides Hy Anzell's hilarious Mushkin the florist—are Martin Robinson's puppets, who portray the various stages of Audrey II, the singing Venus Man-Trap.

The music is just sleazy enough to please, but not nearly as down and dirty as it should be. It's certainly the eighties successor to *Rocky Horror*.

—Tom Sciaccia

## TANKS FOR THE MEMORY

They're called sensory deprivation tanks, but there is actually a lot of sensory stimulation going on in there; you create your own. You step into a dark tank with ten inches of Epsom Salt-saturated water, and your mind runs rampant.

One guy thought he saw the future in there. "Prophetic vision of A.D. 2000," he wrote. "No nukes, no money, no ownership, yes love."

You're vulnerable to phosphenes (light patterns created by the brain in the absence of light), as well as dreams, images, childhood recollections, and strange sounds. The "trip" has been likened to hallucinogenic drugs, except that it's generally relaxing and you can always reach for the escape hatch.

Mike Hutchison, a writer who's been in isolation tanks more than once, vividly remembers his first time. "I was getting a lot of visual static—checkerboard patterns, stars, and spirals. I opened my eyes, which had no effect. Sometimes the visions were just pictures of faces saying things. I had one childhood recollection: when I was three in Pittsburgh, we had blinds with a drawcord that I used to suck on. It had a very odd taste. I hadn't thought about it for twenty to thirty years, but that taste came back to me."

The significance of the particular images or memories that come up is best left to analysts, but it's safe to say that the random things you'll see in isolation may not be so random. "I dreamt that I picked up a hitchhiker," one (paranoid) person relates. "He began talking nonstop, and I looked at him, wondering if he was going to hurt me. Finally, I said, 'Are you always like this?' Well, 'I'm tripping now,' he said. I opened my eyes and realized that I was dealing with my fears about letting go."

"There was a palace that came up on a tongue of black cloud," remembers someone else. "Its gate was

You've  
worn  
the T-shirt,  
you've used  
the paper-  
weight, now read  
the book:

very far away, a faintly glowing red. When I thought I might go in, the gate went black and the long path leading to it folded away. Everything was behind a veil. Next time I want to see it."

One guy found himself thinking about his old barber who'd become upset when he started letting his hair grow in the sixties. One woman heard herself reprimanding her son for making too much noise before realizing she was in the tank. Lots of people feel like they've returned to their mothers' wombs, and like it ("It was soft, secure, happy," relates one person. "She loves me so much.")

A lot of anxieties, fears, and fantasies come into play in this closed environment, where you're denied the usual bombardment of sights and sounds and forced to confront your mind's—and body's—workings alone. At Tranquility Tanks in New York, patrons scribble notations in a book after they emerge, and their impressions are revealing.

"My toes have holes between them," one person wrote. "I am a wooden doll in the ocean. A dinosaur with large wings soars down out of the sky. Am I prey?" "I felt as though my body were moving through space," someone else wrote. "At one point all vision turned into a green mass with an indistinguishable object in the center. Maybe next time I'll make out what it was." One guy thought he saw the future in there. "Prophetic vision of A.D. 2000," he wrote. "No nukes, no money, no ownership, yes love."

The visions reported most often are stars, prisms, clouds, flowers, and rainbows. Many feel as if they're floating on a river or in space. People frequently become fixated on their own heartbeats ("I heard my pulse in my ear and thought it was my neighbor's disco."), though one person said he heard his body talk to him in foreign tongues. One lady said she felt as if crystals of glass or salt were cutting at her throat, a reminder that the isolation tank isn't always a purely blissful experience.

A lot of the experience depends upon what you make of it—the extent to which you're willing to release yourself to the dark, isolated environment. "It's like going to the movies," said one person, "and getting to choose your own film."

—Michael Musto



It's possible that the best fantasy you'll read this month is **Baird Searles, Beth Meacham, and Michael Franklin's *A Reader's Guide to Fantasy*** (Avon), which will lead you clearly and compassionately to everything good that's been written in the last 100 years. *Everything*—from obscure "children's" authors to the only six stories ever written about Jirel, the woman warrior (by Catherine

Moore). Otherwise, poor hapless soul, you may end up trapped in the unspeakable horror of **Asa Drake's *The Lair of Ancient Dreams*** (Avon), under the misapprehension that you're getting a stunning novel about a priest and priestess of the Sumerian Mother Goddess who are reincarnated as witch and witch-hunter in Inquisition days, and find true love through their ancient religion. It's all true except for the "stunning." Historical inaccuracies, simple-minded philosophy and unbelievable coincidences all add up to one of those so-bad-it's-good books—a sort of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* of the literary (I use the term loosely) world. Now you can have your popcorn and read it too.

You've worn the T-shirt, you've used the paper-weight, now read the book: **Unicorns!** (Ace). One guaranteed you-know-what in every story. The real question with such an opportunistic collection is, do the stories stand on their own merit? Some do, some don't. Most are reprints, mingling classics with the forgotten and should-be's. Since nothing links them but the subject, they range from lyrical Sturgeon to tough-boy Ellison, satiric de Camp to sophisticated Wolfe. Editors **Jack Dann and Gardner Dozois** have a preference for the modern and relevant (neat trick, considering!); not for the grass-robe-and-virgin crowd.

Despite the warrior-ridden unicorn on its cover, the mass-market release of **The Grey Mane of Morning** (Bantam) probably won't

sell any better than it did in trade size—because it still isn't a very good book. Highly anthropologically-realized nomads trek past the 300-page mark, and still nothing happens! It's hard to believe this is the same **Joy Chant** who wrote the wonderful *Red Moon and Black Mountain*, set in the same world of Vandarei. I'd say forget it, but the interior b&w illustrations by Martin White are alone worth the cover price.

Actually, there is hope, if you're willing to walk boldly into the children's section of your library and ask for **The Darkangel** (Atlantic/Little Brown), by **Meredith Ann Pierce**. A beautiful vampire, who wears the valed souls of his thirteen wives on a chain around his neck, is confronted by a stubborn slave girl already half in love with him. The writing is flawless, the world created in crystalline detail. An adult sf pb publisher has just paid big bucks for this one—get to it before the masses do.

As an antidote to Drake's bogus Italian Inquisition, you might try the first two books of **C.J. Stevermer's** The Alchemist series: ***Death of a Borgia*** and ***The Duke and the Veil*** (Ace/Charter). A cool-headed Englishman studying alchemy in Renaissance Rome is repeatedly interrupted at his work by the Borgias, who want him to solve the poisonings of people they swear they never touched.... Clever, funny, and suspenseful, this series renews your faith in light reading, and you don't have to wash your hands afterwards.

—Ellen Kushner

# CRYPTICA

**In the Clinch** • Let's say the Moral Majority did take over, and decided that castration, death by stoning, or praying till you drop—though effective—hadn't totally stamped out fornication. After all, some perfidious perpetrators might have evaded detection. The trick would be to somehow make the act *itself* dangerous. Accordingly, the answer to righteous prayers may lie in recent synthetic pheromone (attraction hormone) research, in which two different species of insects were induced to copulate against you-know-Who's will. Once united, the love-bugs became mechanically locked because their genitalia did not fit correctly. They eventually died.

**Smell Track** • Polyester was the "Odorama" film which required the audi-

ence to scratch and sniff cards with smells keyed to appropriate scenes on the screen. But, long before that in 1954, inventors Hans Laube and Bert Goode had concocted a method of synchronizing fume and film. Their idea was to trigger the release of odor clouds through in-theater vents by optical signals from the movie itself. It didn't work. The scents lingered too long and piled on top of one another, so that by the end audiences were enveloped in a suffocating, impossible-to-breathe atmosphere.

**Pigeon Post** • Though the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation has little difficulty hurling hardware across continents and beyond the stratosphere, they need help when it comes to transporting small packages thirty miles. Help from pigeons. Since January, a four-day-a-week pigeon shuttle service has been carrying microfilm from the company's Sunnyvale, California, installation thirty miles across the mountains to the Felton air base. The

alternative computer-linked information transmittal has proved prohibitively costly compared to maintaining pigeons. What they haven't considered, however, is interception by fiendish Russian eagles with a penchant for pigeon pie.

**Roach Clip** • The cult's manifesto reads: "As man has caused poisons to rain down about the bowed head of the *Betella germanica* (cockroach, to you) and its fellows, so have the multinationals rained toxins and unbelievable horrors upon our heads." Since the roach has survived all that and more for 350 million years (and is one of the few creatures capable of surviving a nuclear explosion), Josef Gregor believes his roach-hormone extract can do the same for humans. So he's petitioning the FDA to expedite the approval process for his Super-Roach Hormone Extract pills. Extracted from specially bred super roaches and blended with vitamins and minerals, Gregor's panacea has already attracted a cult of

seventy followers who swear by the stuff. Rumor has it the whole thing is a mere preliminary to his real project: to establish a nationwide chain of motels where people check in....

**Keeping a Cool Head** • Say you're strolling down a sweltering city street with sunshine parking on your aching head. You could do with a hat, but the thought of a sweaty rim weighing on your scalp makes you feel even warmer. What if the hat were refrigerated? Inventors and Investors, Inc., of Massachusetts have come up with exactly that: an electrical system of cooling an overheated brow by direct refrigeration. The device consists of two parallel electrodes, one of which is heated, causing the other to cool down. The cold element is kept in contact with the head. Power for the gadget is a problem, though. The manufacturers suggest a small cell, but others believe a hat-top solar panel would do the trick.

—Melik Kaylan

IT'S ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER 1984. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT BIG GOVERNMENT IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM. THE BAD NEWS IS THAT ROBOTS HAVE DECIDED THE HUMAN RACE IS OBSOLETE AND HAS TO BE ERASED. YOU - THE ROBOTRON: 2084 VIDEO GAME PLAYER- ARE MANKIND'S SAVIOR, A GENETIC SUPERMAN WHO MUST SAVE THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY (DADDY, MOMMY, AND MIKEY). EUGENE JARVIS, WHO DESIGNED ROBOTRON, BELIEVES THAT THIS SCENARIO IS NOT ONLY POSSIBLE, BUT LIKELY.

ROBOTRON IS A FUN GAME. YOU GET TO KILL LOTS OF ROBOTS AND MONSTERS-SOME OF WHOM MIGHT REMIND YOU OF PEOPLE YOU WENT TO SCHOOL WITH. IT'S VERY FAST MOVING. YOU NEED SUPERHUMAN REFLEXES AND COORDINATION TO DO WELL. EVEN HIGH-SCORING GAMES ARE NOT LONG-LASTING UNLESS YOU GET REAL HOT AND SCORE A MILLION OR SO.

THE TRICK, ON EVERY LEVEL, IS TO AVOID THE ROBOTS AND THEIR WEAPONS. YOU SCORE BIG BY SAVING FAMILY MEMBERS. AND THERE'S MORE OF THEM AS THE LEVELS GET HIGHER. I GUESS THEY'RE CLONES

## ROBOTRON: 2084

ROBOTRON ©1982 BY WILLIAMS

REVIEW ©1982 BY HOLMSTROM



BECAUSE IT'S STILL THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY. I ASSUME THAT THE GAY POPULATION AREN'T WORTH SAVING BECAUSE THEY DON'T FORM FAMILY UNITS-THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF CIVILIZATION. DITTO FOR THE SINGLES SCENE AND THE ELDERLY. THEY'RE ALL ROBOT FOOD IN 100 YEARS. GOOD NEWS FOR RACISTS-THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY IS WHITE.

ROBOTRON IS THE FIRST VIDEO GAME WITH A STORY-LINE THAT'S SPELLED OUT FOR YOU RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING. UNFORTUNATELY IT ALSO ENDS THERE. YOU NEVER LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY. YOU SPEND 25¢ AND A LOT OF TROUBLE SAVING THEM, BUT YOU NEVER FIND OUT IF THEY LIVE OR DIE.

IT REALLY WOULDN'T MATTER, THOUGH, EVEN IF THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY MADE IT PAST THE HULK, TANK, GRUNT AND BRAIN ROBOTRONS, THE INCEST THAT WOULD BE NECESSARY TO SURVIVE WOULD PRODUCE A RACE OF MORONS, CRETINS, AND IMBECILES.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE MORE THINGS WOULD CHANGE, THE MORE THEY'D STAY THE SAME. —JOHN HOLMSTROM

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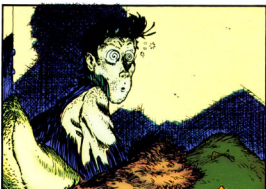
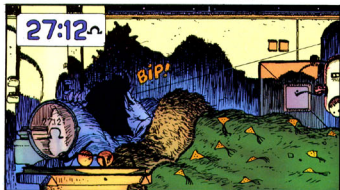
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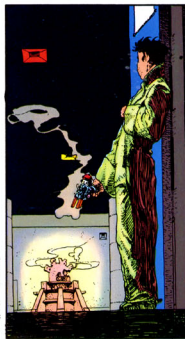
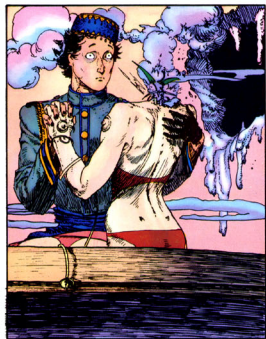
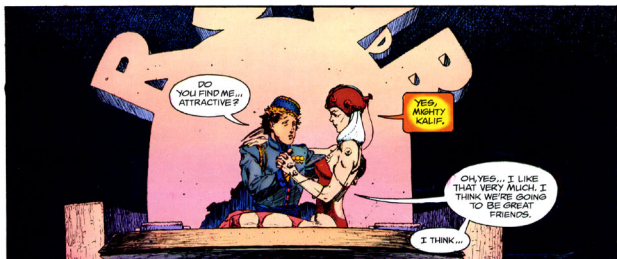
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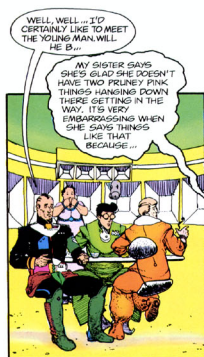
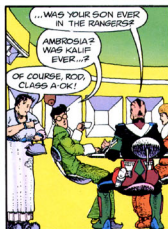
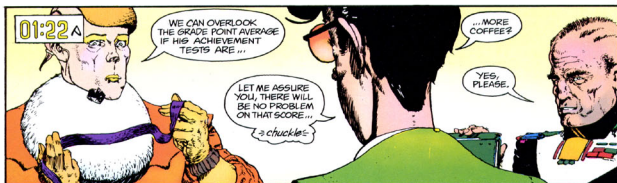
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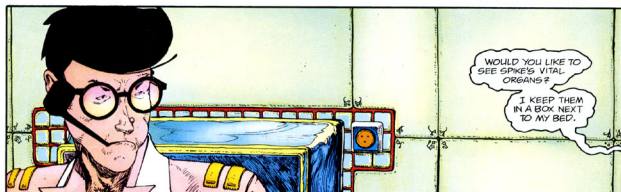
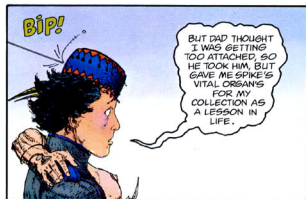
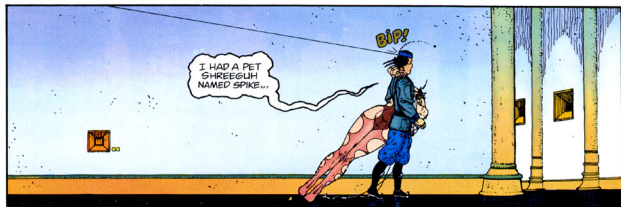


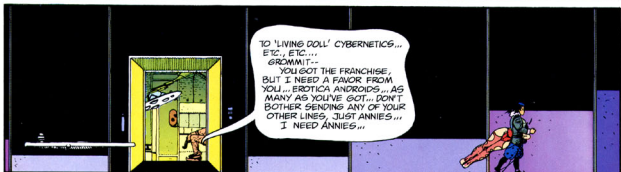
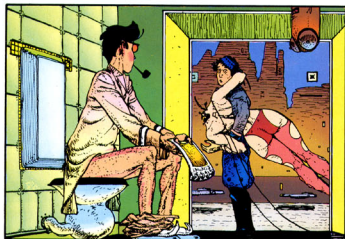






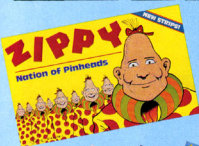






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MERCHANDISED  
YET??



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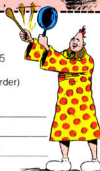
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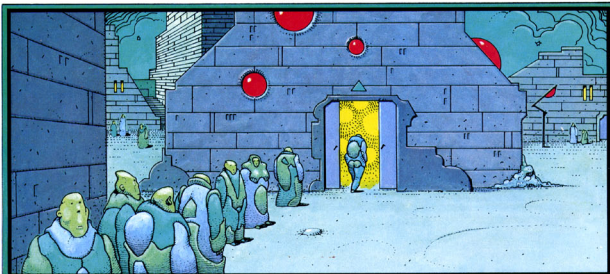
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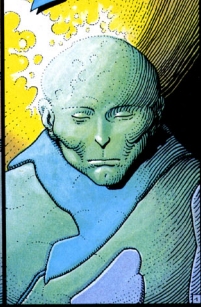
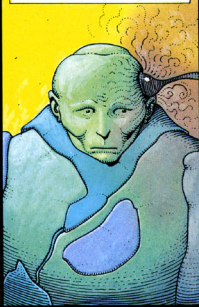
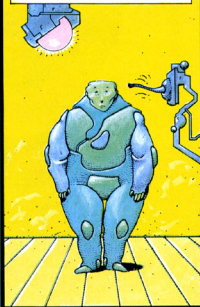
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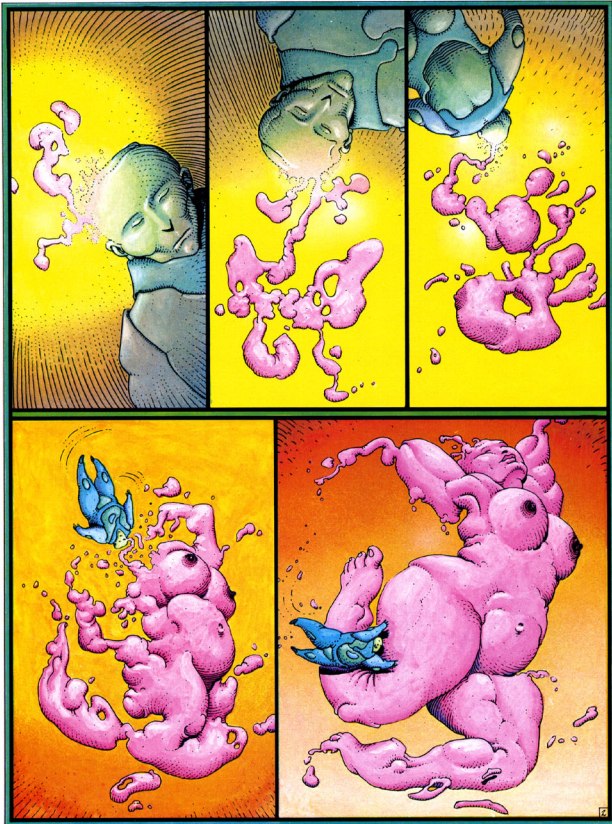
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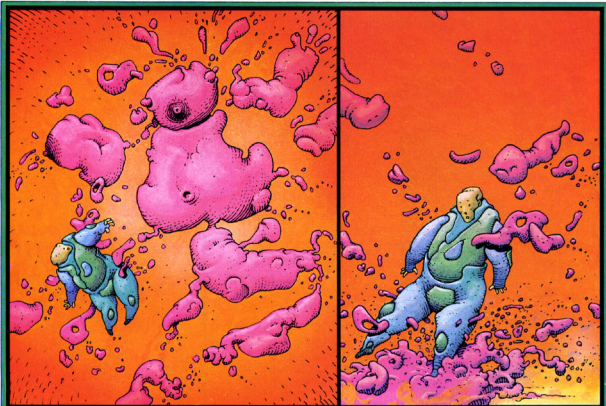


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...LEFT HEMISPHERE, IN ORDER TO ESTABLISH A STATE OF READINESS IN THE RIGHT HEMISPHERE. THUS, THE END RESULT IS CALLED "A STATE OF LIGHT TRANCE." NOW, RELAX. THE OPERATION IS, ERRR, VIRTUALLY RISK FREE.



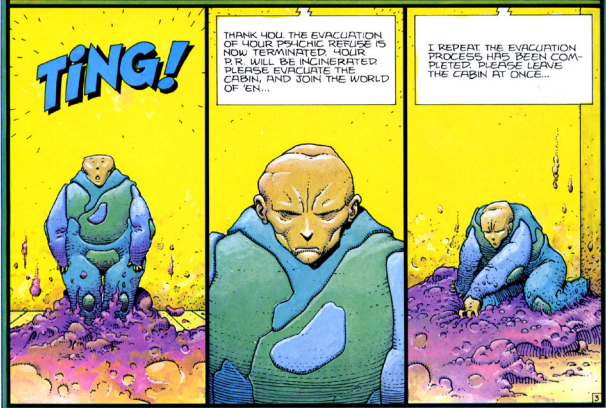




**TING!**

THANK YOU. THE EVACUATION  
OF YOUR PSYCHIC REFUSE IS  
NOW TERMINATED. YOUR  
P.R. WILL BE INCINERATED.  
PLEASE EVACUATE THE  
CABIN, AND JOIN THE WORLD  
OF 'EN...

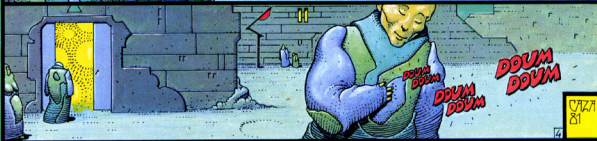
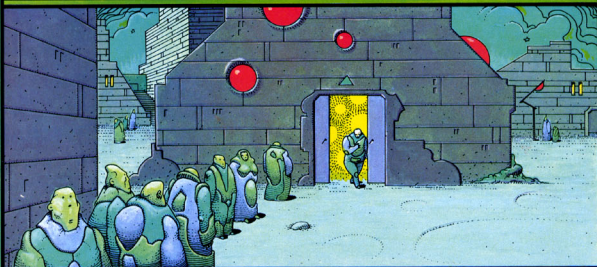
I REPEAT THE EVACUATION  
PROCESS HAS BEEN COM-  
PLETED. PLEASE LEAVE  
THE CABIN AT ONCE...



...AND REJOIN THE WORLD  
OF 'EN. I REPEAT THE  
EVACUATION PROCESS HAS  
BEEN COMPLETED. PLEASE  
LEAVE THE CABIN AT ONCE...

YOUR PSYCHIC REFUSE  
WILL BE INCINERATED...

... I REPEAT THE EVACUA-  
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# THE APE

LAST WEEK, THE APE HAD GONE TO THE UNITED NATIONS IN ORDER TO AID ITS PEOPLE. BUT ONCE HE GOT THERE, HE WAS TAKEN BY THE EMPEROR OF JADE AND CARRIED OFF TO THE KINGDOM OF YAMA.



YOUR NAME, PLEASE?

HOW COULD YOU HAVE JUST SENTENCED ME TO DEATH, IF YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM?

WELL, A MISTAKE HAS BEEN MADE, BUT WE CAN'T PINPOINT IT. WE ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE BY THE NAME OF KING SOMETHING-OR-OTHER?

MINISTERS CAN BE WRONG, AS CAN MAGISTRATES, BUT BALILES ARE NEVER WRONG!

WHAT A LOVELY PROVERB DID YOU JUST MAKE THAT UP?

LET ME SEE THOSE BOOKS OF YOURS!

HMMMMM. LET'S SEE... BALD INSECTS, BLONDE INSECTS, WINGED INSECTS...

GIVE ME THAT!

IT'S NOT UNDER "APE," NOR IS IT UNDER "MAN"

LOOK ON PAGE 3,150.

3,150? LET'S SEE... IMMORTALS... FATHER CHRISTMAS, TINKERBELL, CINDERELLA... YEP... ALL IMMORTALS! THERE! "YOUNG APE OF STONE, IMMORTAL FOR THE DURATION" FOR THE DURATION??

WELL, I AM IMMORTAL AND SO ARE THE MEMBERS OF MY TRIBE.

THANK GOD! THIS PLACE IS REALLY DEPRESSING!

IF ALL THE DEAD PEOPLE MADE THIS KIND OF FUSS...



A FEW DAYS  
LATER AT THE  
CHATEAU OF  
CLOUDS

YOUR  
MAJESTY, THE  
DRAGON OF THE  
EASTERN SEA HAS  
A PROBLEM THAT  
HE WOULD LIKE  
TO TALK TO YOU  
ABOUT HE IS  
RIGHT  
OUT  
SIDE

...AND HE DE-  
MANDS MY  
WEAPON AND THEN  
SLAPPED ME. I  
HATE HIM. HE'S  
THAT AWFUL  
YOUNG  
APE!

HE IS A PROBLEM.  
KNIT HE? I SENT HIM  
TO THE KINGDOM OF THE  
DEAD, AND HE CROSSED  
HIMSELF AND HIS WHOLE  
TRIBE OFF OF THE LIST  
OF PEOPLE WHO  
ARE SOON TO DIE.

YOUR MAJESTY,  
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,  
WE DO HAVE A CONTRACT.  
THE APE CAN NOT ES-  
CAPE HIS EVENTUAL  
DOOM. IMMORTALITY  
IS A FALSE HOPE.

THIS YOUNG  
APE HAS BEEN A  
GREAT DEAL OF  
TROUBLE.  
I SEE!

HELP  
ME UP  
CHILDREN.



YES, MY  
SAVIOR HAS HIT  
THE PROVERBIAL  
NAIL RIGHT ON  
THE HEAD.



I, EMPEROR OF  
JADE, SAVIOR OF ET  
CETERA, ET CETERA, ET  
CETERA, SAY TO YOU, THE  
DRAGON OF THE EASTERN  
SEA, TO RETURN IN SPITE OF  
YOUR MISHAP. RETURN TO  
YOUR KINGDOM, KNOWING  
THAT THE YOUNG APE WILL  
BE AVENGED. AND THE  
SAME HOLDS TRUE FOR  
YOU, CARETAKER OF  
THE KINGDOM OF  
THE DEAD.

WE MUST  
ARM A CELESTIAL  
TROOP OF 20,000  
MINDS, IN ORDER  
TO SCATTER THIS  
IMPERTINENT YOUNG  
CHIMP INTO  
20,000 LITTLE  
PIECES.

NO,  
WE  
MUSTN'T...



DO YOU HAVE  
ANOTHER SOLUTION,  
MY DEAR INDIRAT?



YES, YOUR MAJESTY. IF YOU CUT THAT ANNOYING LITTLE APE INTO 20,000 TINY PIECES, WE'LL HAVE 20,000 TINY AND VERY ANNOYING LITTLE APES! I PROPOSE THAT YOU PROMOTE HIM INSTEAD OF PUNISHING HIM. HE'LL HATE WORKING FOR YOU.



HHMMMM, AN INTERESTING THOUGHT. I LIKE IT!



HAVE HIM COME HERE YOU CAN GIVE HIM SOME SORT OF BUSY WORK THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF YOUR HAIR!



IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I WOULD THINK YOU ARE INFATUATED WITH THE YOUNG APE



AT DAWN...

SIGN HERE!

TOT  
TOT  
TOT



HHMM, AND I WAS JUST CONTEMPLATING TAKING A TOUR OF THE HEAVENS.



THANK YOU, O CELESTIAL ENVOY, FOR HAVING BOTHERED YOURSELF TO BRING THIS MOST INTERESTING MESSAGE

THERE'S A MAN WHO IS HAPPY WITH HIS JOB!

SWRRROOM



NO SWEAT! I WAS DYING TO TRY OUT MY NEW MOTOR-CYCLE!

SWISS

...AND WITH HIS TOOLS OF MAGIC, THE YOUNG APE BUILT HIMSELF A MOTOR-CYCLE IDENTICAL TO THE ONE OF THE MESSENGER.

BYE-  
BYE,  
SLUG!!!

WAIT!

I HAVE  
THE INVITA-  
TION HERE  
AS  
PROOF!

HOW  
DO WE KNOW  
THAT YOU ARE  
REALLY THE  
YOUNG  
APE?

AND YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
THIS IS,  
DON'T  
YOU?

STOP!

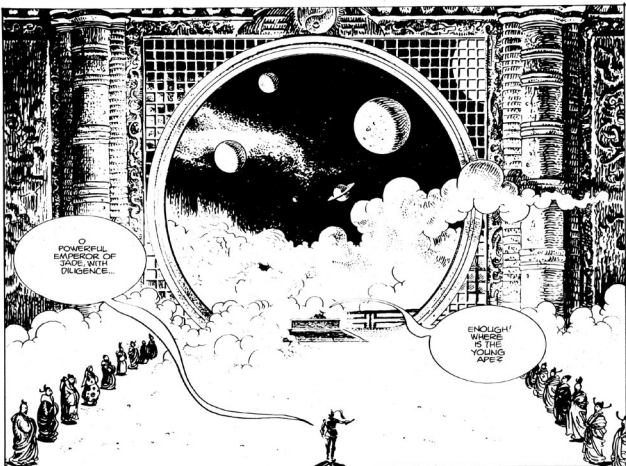
YOU  
WERE SO EAGER  
TO GET HERE BE-  
FORE ME, I DIDN'T HAVE  
A CHANCE TO WARN THE  
GUARDS ABOUT YOU.  
GO AHEAD IN, YOU MAY  
ENTER NOW... AND  
GET A HOLD OF  
YOURSELF.

TUMP  
TUMP TUMP

BOY,  
ANYONE CAN  
GET UP TO  
HEAVEN,  
NOWADAYS.

MAYBE  
HE GOT A  
GOOD RECOM-  
MENDATION!

THEY  
PROBABLY  
JUST WANT  
HIM FOR  
SHOVELING  
HORSESHIT!





WHAT  
TITLE SHOULD  
WE GIVE TO  
THIS  
APE?



THERE AREN'T ANY VACANT  
POSTS AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW!  
THE PORTFOLIOS HAVE ALL BEEN  
ASSIGNED. THERE IS AN OVER-  
ABUNDANCE OF UNDERSECRETARIES,  
AND WE HAVE A PLETHORA OF SUB-  
BUREAUCRATS. WHAT ARE WE GOING  
TO DO WITH HIM?

MAKE HIM  
IMMORTAL IN-  
SPECTOR OF THE  
IMPERIAL STABLES!  
HOW DOES THAT  
SOUND TO  
YOU?



ANNOUNCING  
THE ARRIVAL OF  
THE IMMORTAL IN-  
SPECTOR OF THE  
IMPERIAL STABLES!

HHMM, I  
LIKE IT!



HEY,  
WHERE ARE  
THE HORSES?

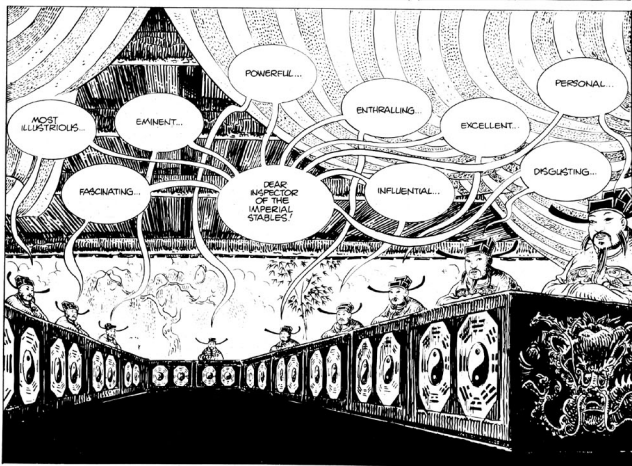


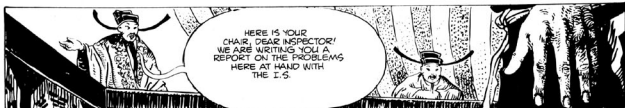
SOMEONE  
PUT IN AN ORDER  
FOR THEM WITH  
REPORT NUMBER  
51659  
APL.

FINE!  
WHEN DID  
THE  
ORDER  
GO  
OUT?



OH,  
ABOUT 2,000  
YEARS AGO...  
GIVE OR  
TAKE A FEW  
HUNDRED  
YEARS.





HERE IS YOUR  
CHAIR, DEAR INSPECTOR!  
WE ARE WRITING YOU A  
REPORT ON THE PROBLEMS  
HERE AT HAND WITH  
THE I.S.



I DON'T  
UNDER-  
STAND WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

WELL, THIS WHOLE THING  
EMANATES FROM THE PERSONNEL  
DEPARTMENT. WHENEVER THEY HAVE  
TO FIND A NEW POSITION FOR SOME-  
ONE, THEY MAKE HIM INSPECTOR  
OF THE I.S. FOR LACK OF A  
BETTER TITLE. NOW, PUT ON YOUR  
HAT, AND DON'T GIVE US ANY  
TROUBLE. OKAY?



THEY'VE GOT  
ANOTHER THING  
COMING

THEY  
OBTAIN  
AREN'T AWARE OF  
WHAT A TALENTED APE  
I AM! I HAVE  
SEVENTY-TWO TRANS-  
FORMATIONS  
AT MY  
FINGERTIPS!

OH,  
NO!

DO THEY  
REALIZE  
THAT I AM A  
KING? THAT I  
RIDE THE FASTEST  
CLOUDS OF  
AUGUST?

SKRASH

WHO DO  
THEY THINK  
I AM?



HALT!  
YOU ARE  
NOT  
ALLOWED TO  
LEAVE!

LET HIM  
GO. HE'S  
SUCH AN  
ASS!

TO BE CONTINUED...

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!

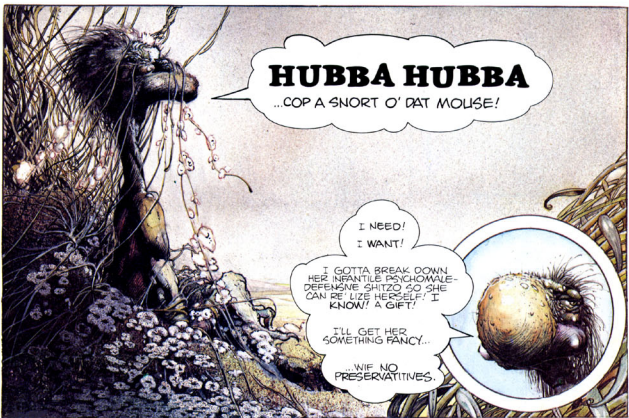
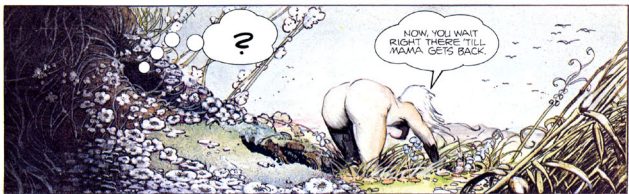
HEAVY METAL, DEPT. 1082  
655 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10022

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 \_\_\_\_\_



LATER...

MUDWOGS IS DA MOST FEROCIOUS PREDATORS IN ALL TH' FOREST! LET THE COWARDLY MINIONS FLEE BEFORE HIS WRATHFUL PRON! HAR-HAR!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT IN THE BRUSH AHEAD?

JEEEEESUS!  
IT'S A FUK'N PENCIL-NECK GEEK!

KILL IT!

GO 'HAID N' ROAST IT UP...  
GO 'HAID N' FRAH IT UP...  
YUM YUM. EAT 'EM UP!

LATER...

AN' NOW T' FIND TH' BEAUTIFUL BUXOM BROAD AN' PRESENT HER WIT' DA SUCKULANT CUISINE...

OOOOHHH, BABY. ASSEPT DIS INSIGNIFICANT AND HUMBLE GIFT O' GOODIES DAT YOU MAY LOOK WIT' GREAT FAVOR UPON DIS FACE AND COME ACROSS WIT' SOME GOOD NOOKIES UNDER DA MOON T'NIGHT! YUK!

?

BASH!  
MASH!  
THUNK!  
WONK!

AHHHHHHH

COP A SNORT O' DIS!  
HAR!

!?!?

MAYBE SHE WOULD LIKED FLOWERS BETTER...

THE END

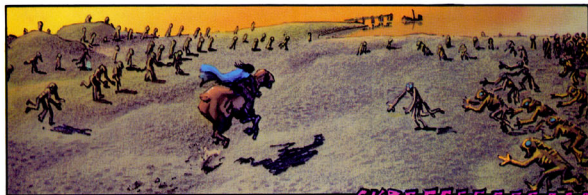
# DEN II

Last issue, Den and Muuta escaped the Dramite attack. They were on their way to Minimuut, unaware of the fact that the Dramites had surrounded them.





CHITTER?

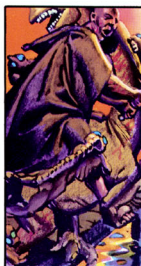
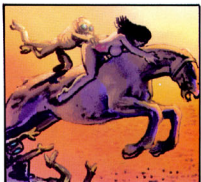


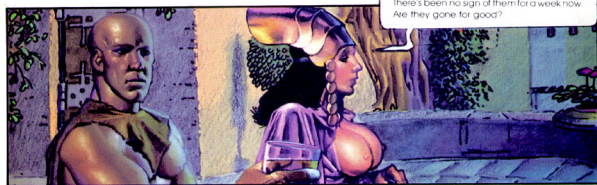
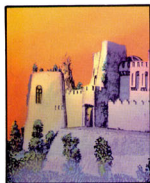
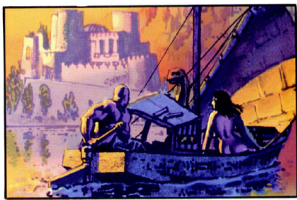
SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

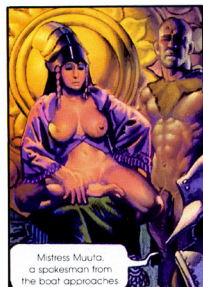
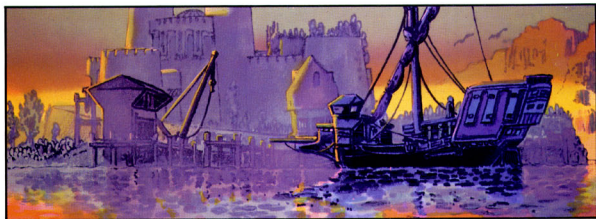


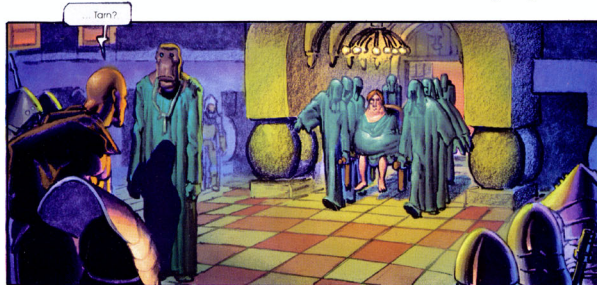
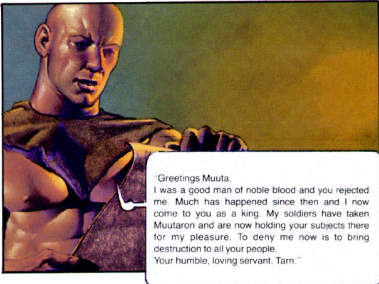
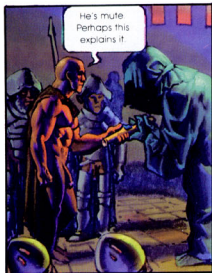
YAAAAUUUUUGH!











# THE EMERALD LAKE

by Moebius

BRAZIL, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. ADVENTURERS OF ALL RACES TRAVELED ALONG THE COUNTRYSIDE IN SEARCH OF FABULOUS BUT OFTEN MAGNARY RICHES.



THE BAND OF FERNÃO DIAZ ROES IS PARTICULARLY FAMOUS IN SÃO PAULO.





I HAVE VERY LITTLE TO REPORT TO YOU. THE EXPEDITION WAS A FAILURE! WE WERE ABLE TO BRING BACK ONLY A FEW SMALL ANIMAL PELTS! BUT WE WILL BE OFF AGAIN SOON, AND THIS TIME WE WILL FIND THE LAKE OF EMERALDS, OF WHICH THE INDIAN LEGEND SPEAKS! YOU WILL ALL BE RICH! THE HEALTHIEST OF YOU WILL LEAVE WITH US, AND THE RICHEST WILL SUPPLY US WITH PROVISIONS AND MONEY.



WHO WANTS TO GO WITH US?

ME!

ME!

I DO!

BE COURAGEOUS, FERNÃO!



COME! SWEAR YOUR ALLEGIANCE TO OUR BAND!

BUT THIS TIME, THE MULES WILL FOLD UNDER THE WEIGHT OF GOLD INSTEAD OF SICKNESS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



THANK YOU FOR TRUSTING ME, MERCHANT. THE GOLD COINS WILL BE PUT TO GOOD USE. YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY.

AND ME TOO, FERNÃO! I TRUST YOU! I HAVE BROUGHT THESE PIGS FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN FOR WHEN YOUR BELIES CAN NO LONGER STAND THE TUGGING OF HUNGER.

GOOD LUCK.

NOT MUCH LATER...



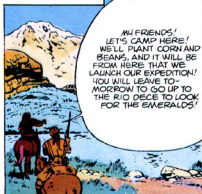
GOOD-BYE, MY FRIENDS! WE SHALL FIND THE ENCHANTED LAKE...

...OR WE SHALL NEVER RETURN!

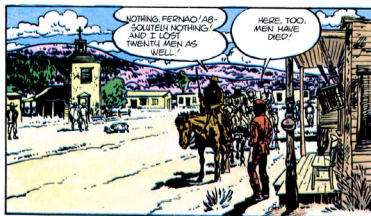
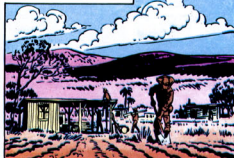


THE LONG WALK INTO THE SERTÃO DESERT HAD BEGUN...

A FEW HOURS LATER...



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FERNAO AND HIS MEN EITHER WORKED THE LAND OR WENT OFF TO FIND THE TREASURE.



OTHER EXPEDITIONS HAVE NOT RETURNED, AND THE FEVER DEBILITATES THE SURVIVORS.



AND, THAT VERY EVENING...



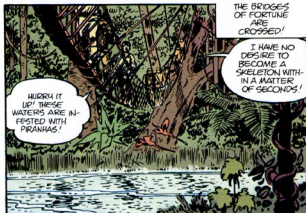
THE FOREST!  
THE AMAZON!  
IT'S OUR LAST  
CHANCE! THE  
LAKE MUST  
BE THERE!

AND NOT A WEEK  
LATER, THE TIRING  
MARCH BEGAN  
AGAIN.



BRRR. I LIKED THE SERTAO  
BETTER. AT LEAST ONE COULD  
SEE CLEARLY. THE DESERT  
HEAT WAS A PLEASURE, COM-  
PARED TO THIS FROST!

I KNOW! IT'S  
FRIGHTENING  
HERE! I SHOULD  
KNOW—I WAS  
BORN HERE!



HURRY IT  
UP! THESE  
WATERS ARE IN-  
FESTED WITH  
PIRANHAS!

THE BRIDGES  
OF FORTUNE  
ARE  
CROSSED!

I HAVE NO  
DESIRE TO  
BECOME A  
SKELETON WITH-  
IN A MATTER  
OF SECONDS!



THE BRIDGE!  
IT'S ABOUT  
TO GIVE  
WAY!

QUICKLY!  
I'M AFRAID  
IT'S TOO  
LATE FOR THE AN-  
IMALS!



LOOK, THE PI-  
RANHAS! THOSE  
FILTHY BEASTS  
ARE GOING TO  
DEVOUR EVERY-  
THING!



IS THIS  
ALL THAT  
IS LEFT  
OF OUR  
TROOP?

WE WILL  
LIVE OFF  
THE LAND!  
THERE SHOULD  
BE PLENTY OF  
FRUIT TO PICK  
AND ANIMALS TO  
HUNT! LET'S  
MOVE FORWARD  
TO THE  
LAKE!



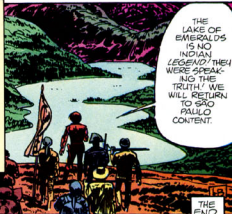
TIRED AND READY  
TO GIVE UP, THE  
TROOP MOVES ON-  
WARD THROUGH  
THE SWAMP!



UNTIL ONE  
DAY, WHEN...

LOOK WHAT I HAVE FOR  
YOU, FERNÃO! EMERALDS!  
THERE IS A BED OF THEM  
TWO LEAGUES FROM HERE!

AND SO YOU HAVE IT.  
FERNÃO HAD SUCCEED-  
ED AFTER FOUR YEARS  
OF STRUGGLING! HE  
AND HIS MEN HAD DIS-  
COVERED THE RICHEST  
BED OF EMERALDS IN  
ALL OF BRAZIL!  
HE WILL DIE DURING  
THE RETURN JOUR-  
NEY, BUT SÃO  
PAULO WILL ONCE  
AGAIN PROSPER!



THE  
LAKE OF  
EMERALDS  
IS NO  
INDIAN  
LEGEND! THEY  
WERE SPEAK-  
ING THE  
TRUTH! WE  
WILL RETURN  
TO SÃO  
PAULO  
CONTENT.

THE  
END

# GRAGAZ

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

LAST WE SAW, YRAGIEL WAS SUMMONED BY THE PRINCE TO AID HIS PEOPLE WHO ARE ENGAGED IN WAR

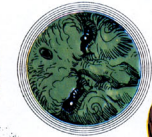
You must see her first. Times have changed. Time? You were sleeping far away.

Who lives except me?

The vortex! The ocean of vision. Is it to talk to me about my sleep that you brought me here?

No! A mistake! Don't fight, I've said so. You've awoken. Perhaps. You've awoken. She lives.

Spharain! I can protect you... True.




Spharain? Spharain was the name of the city until a madman called himself its prince. You hear me? A wanton traitor. His name will soon be nothing. Nothing after I have scattered it on the sea of circles. Nothing when the ships of the lords cross over the vortex.

Danger True.







A clumsy sorcerer's games again! The mark of  
saber's pygmy spirit! A mouth? Give me Kärzell's  
hip that I may cut a thousand from it! Perhaps  
we shall understand one another better thus...

Three of his phantom-guards, lumbering under  
formidable weight, present him with Kärzell's  
hip which divides the city into two, throwing  
one half back among the steps of the false  
equator, leaving the other in the oblivion of  
the gods for the sake of his treason.

From the depths of the cellars and  
crypts where my stone-haulers  
sprout, I called your name, magician  
prince; but you heard only your  
savage dream. You return from so  
long ago that your blows are  
wasted on illusions and spare only  
your enemies.

You were mine and you abandoned  
me. You dominated me  
and you want to destroy me.  
Between the ocean which was  
and the dragons of the end  
I was born-I, the city  
I saw and grew-I adore you  
and I abominate you.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

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# ZORA

SO FAR, ZORA AND HER FOUR COMRADES, ABOARD THE REACTIVATED *GENESIS II*, APPROACH THE HONEYCOMB, WHERE THEY ARE HAILED BY A RENEGADE SISTERHOOD PATROL SHIP. ON BOARD, LIEUTENANT NILEA BRINGS THE *GENESIS II* CREW UP TO DATE...

"QUEEN BASAM TRIED TO DISPOSE OF SHARTA BECAUSE OF HER FAILURE TO CRUSH THE REBEL NILEA AND QUELL THE UPRISING, BUT SHARTA BEAT HER TO IT AND KILLED HER..."

"NOW SHARTA IS IN CONTROL OF THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL, THE POLICE, AND THE ARMY UNITS THAT DIDN'T PARTICIPATE IN THE REBELLION. THEY HOLD THE PALACES OF LIFE, SCIENCE, AND ENERGY. WE CONTROL THE PALACES OF FOOD AND WEAPONRY..."

WE HAVE A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF TROOPS, COUNSELOR NILEA, BUT WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT WHAT MIGHT BE HIDDEN IN THE PALACE OF SCIENCE.

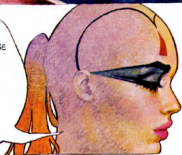
DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MY MEN WHO ARE BEING HELD?

NOT A THING, SHARTA. AND THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL HAVE THEM.

THIS WILL BE A WAR OF STRATEGY. NEITHER OF US CAN LAUNCH AN ALL-OUT ATTACK WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE LIFE SUPPORT AND POWER SYSTEMS THAT KEEP THE HONEYCOMB FUNCTIONING.

ZORA DIDN'T MENTION HER FEARS ABOUT SHARTA'S MACHIAVELLIAN NATURE. IF SHE CHOSE TO USE THE SECRET DISCOVERIES FROM THE PALACE OF SCIENCE...

WE'LL USE GUERRILLA TACTICS, SURPRISE ATTACKS, UNTIL WE'VE WON. THE ABSOLUTE RULE OF THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL AND THE POLICE MUST BE STOPPED. FROM NOW ON, ALL OF US WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE HONEYCOMB'S GOVERNMENT.



IN THE ROYAL PALACE, LOCATED IN THE HONEYCOMB'S CAPITAL, SHARITA, NOW THE SUPREME SISTER, RULES THE MILITARY, POLITICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC COUNCILS.

IMBECILES! I'VE GOT INCOMPETENTS FOR COMMANDERS!

IN THE LAST ATTACK, WE LOST MORE THAN 500 SOLDIERS!

THE SITUATION IS VERY SERIOUS, SUPREME SISTER.

I THINK WE SHOULD NEGOTIATE ON SOME OF THEIR DEMANDS, SO THAT...

NEGOTIATE WITH THAT BUNCH OF TRAITOROUS RATS? YOU COULD BE EXECUTED FOR SUCH A SUGGESTION, COMMANDER ARTUKA!

WE'LL USE OUR EXPERIMENTAL LAB SPECIMENS, THE CLONES, THE BIO-CYBERS, AND THE OTHERS...

BUT, SUPREME SISTER, THE CLONES AREN'T READY.

AND THE BIO-CYBERS HAVEN'T BEEN TESTED ENOUGH...

THERE'LL BE EVEN MORE CASUALTIES.

AND OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS THE SACRIFICE OF A FEW FREAKS TO SAVE THE LIVES OF MY LOYAL POLICEMEN AND SOLDIERS? BESIDES, THIS WILL BE THE FIRST GOOD USE THOSE WRETCHED EXPERIMENTS WILL BE PUT TO!

AND WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

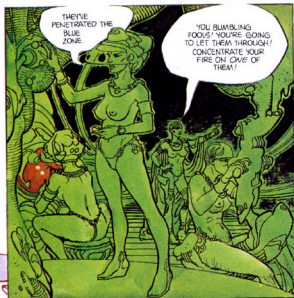
I WANT A NEW ATTACK PLAN DRAWN UP WITHIN THE HOUR!


AND REMEMBER, ANY COMMANDER WHOSE UNIT FAILS WILL PAY WITH HER HEAD!

LEAVING THE GENESAS II IN A STATIONARY ORBIT, PROTECTED BY AN ENERGY SHIELD, ZORA AND HER COMPANIONS BOARDED ONE OF THE LIGHT REBEL PATROL SHIPS. THEY HEADED TOWARDS THE HONEYCOMB'S FREE ZONE AMIDST A DEADLY HAIL OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE...

WE'RE CAUGHT  
IN A CROSS FIRE!  
CAN'T THIS THING GO  
ANY FASTER?

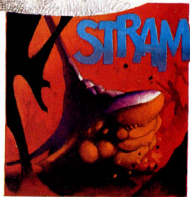
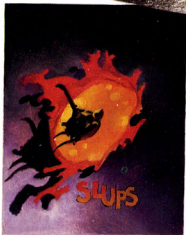
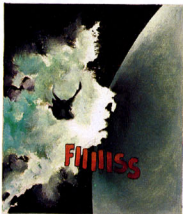
DON'T  
FORGET, AMON.  
WE WANT TO LAND  
ON THE HONEYCOMB.  
NOT BLAST  
THROUGH  
IT!





A COLLISION WAS IMMINENT. AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT, ZORA WAS STRUCK WITH AN INSPIRATION. SHE FIRED THE FORWARD ATTACK LASERS AT FULL POWER! THE HONEYCOMB'S ARMORED SHELL GAVE WAY...

...AND A MIGHTY FLOOD OF AIR GUSHED FORTH, ENVELOPING THE SHIP AND CUSHIONING ITS IMPACT...



...SO THAT WHEN IT BREACHED THE OPENING AND HIT THE GROUND, IT WAS LIKE FALLING ONLY A FEW YARDS!

TO BE CONTINUED...

HEAVY METAL 57



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# THE LITTLE VEGETABLE WHO DREAMED OF BEING A PANTHER

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD  
GREAT AMBITIONS!

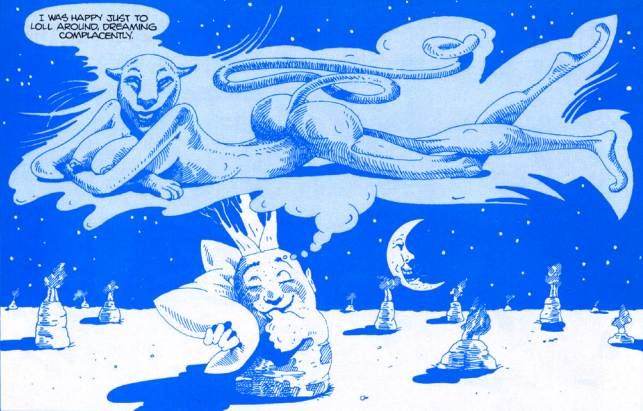


BUT VERY LITTLE TIME TO REALIZE  
THEM.

FRANKLY, MOST OF THE TIME, I WAS PRETTY  
DAMNED LAZY ABOUT REALIZING THEM!



I WAS HAPPY JUST TO  
LOLL AROUND, DREAMING  
COMPLACENTLY.



SOMETIMES, I WOULD ATTEMPT TO PULL MYSELF  
OUT OF MY RUT...

COME ON, YOU  
LAZY! SO-AND-SO,  
GET OUT OF  
THAT HOLE!



...AND TRY TO CONFRONT, ALL ALONE, THE  
FRIGHTENING OBSTACLES.

AYE, YAYE, YAYE...  
WHAT AM I  
GOING TO DO?



FOR A LONG TIME, PERIODS OF SLUGISHNESS  
WOULD COME OVER ME, ONE AFTER THE  
OTHER...

I DON'T CARE!  
I DON'T CARE!  
I DON'T CARE!  
I DON'T CARE!

COME ON!  
GET OUTTA  
HERE!

OH! AND THOSE  
PERIODS OF  
PARANOIA!

EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT ME! I CAN FEEL IT!  
THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME BECAUSE I'M JUST A  
CREEPY LITTLE CARROT!



BUT, OH! HOW I RELISHED THOSE GREAT PERIODS OF ENTHUSIASM!

LIPSY-  
DAISY... HERE  
WE GO!



BUT ONCE THESE DESPERATE  
FITS PROVED TO BE...

MMMMM.

...REWARDING.

FINALLY I HAVE CON-  
QUERED YOU, YOU INSUR-  
MOUNTABLE OBSTACLE!  
YOU HAVE STOOD IN MY  
WAY LONG ENOUGH!

BUT THE WALL  
WAS DECEIVING!

OH, NO!  
NOT  
AGAIN!

HOW VEXING IT ALL WAS!

FINE! IT'S OKAY WITH ME. I'LL  
JUST LIE HERE ALL DAY, AND  
NOT TRY ANYMORE! I FEEL  
SORRY FOR YOU, WHO HAVE  
TO READ ABOUT MY DULL  
EXISTENCE!

OH, I MUST TRY AGAIN!  
SIMPLY MUST!

I'VE  
TRICKED  
THEM!

AFTER HAVING SIMPLY IGNORED THE ENEMY...

BUT... HOW ARE YOU GOING  
TO GET ACROSS THE WALL?

WHAT  
WALL?

AND AFTER HAVING DROPPED EVERYTHING...

AH! WHY WEAR ONESELF OUT!  
OTHERS ARE VEGETABLES, TOO, AND  
THEY'RE WALLOWING IN CONTENTED-  
VILLE!

AFTER ALL, A VEGETABLE IS  
BEAUTIFUL! ESPECIALLY ME! LOOK  
AT THOSE GROTESQUE SPUDS  
OVER THERE! YUCCHHH! REALLY  
UGLY!

AND AFTER HAVING LIVED THROUGH EXHAUSTING PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMAS...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU POOR EXCUSE FOR A VEGETABLE!

SHHH...NOT SO LOUD... YOU'LL WAKE UP THE RADISHES!

PRETENTIOUS MEGALOMANIAC!

...I FEEL AS IF I AM GETTING CLOSER TO MY GOAL-LITTLE BY LITTLE!

BUT THERE STILL REMAINS AN AWFUL LOT TO BE DONE!

...IT'S TAKEN A BIT LONGER THAN I EXPECTED!

# I'M AGE



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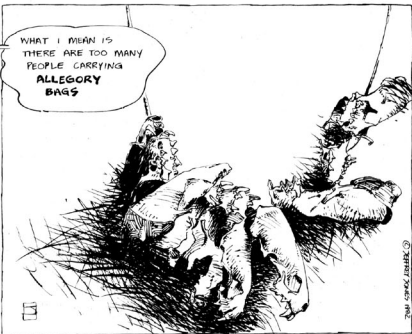
IT'S  
DIFFICULT  
TO EXPLAIN,  
YOU KNOW.  
BUT I'LL  
TRY.



BEFORE THE ALLEGORIES  
WERE RUTHLESSLY  
PURSUED, THINGS  
WERE MUCH EASIER  
TO EXPLAIN.



NOW  
THAT  
THEY ARE  
ENDANGERED,  
I DON'T  
KNOW.  
IT'S LIKE...  
WELL, IT'S...

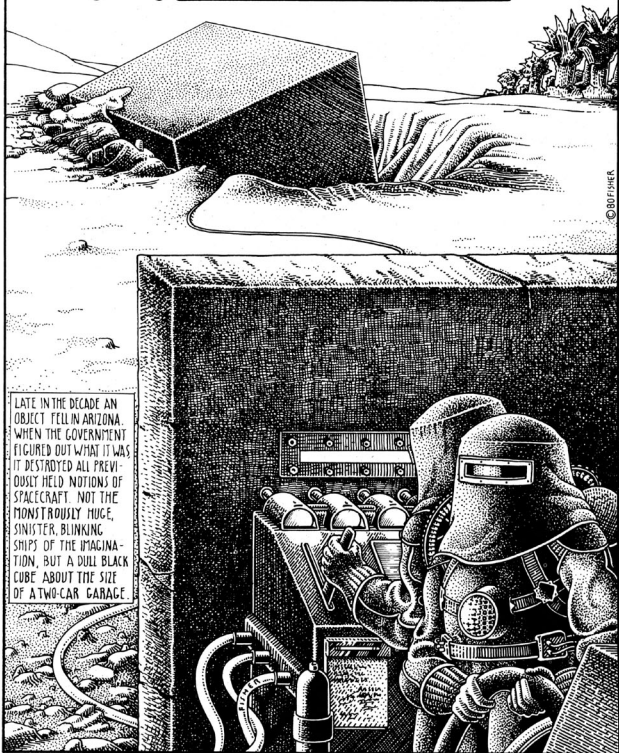


WHAT I MEAN IS  
THERE ARE TOO MANY  
PEOPLE CARRYING  
**ALLEGORY  
BAGS**

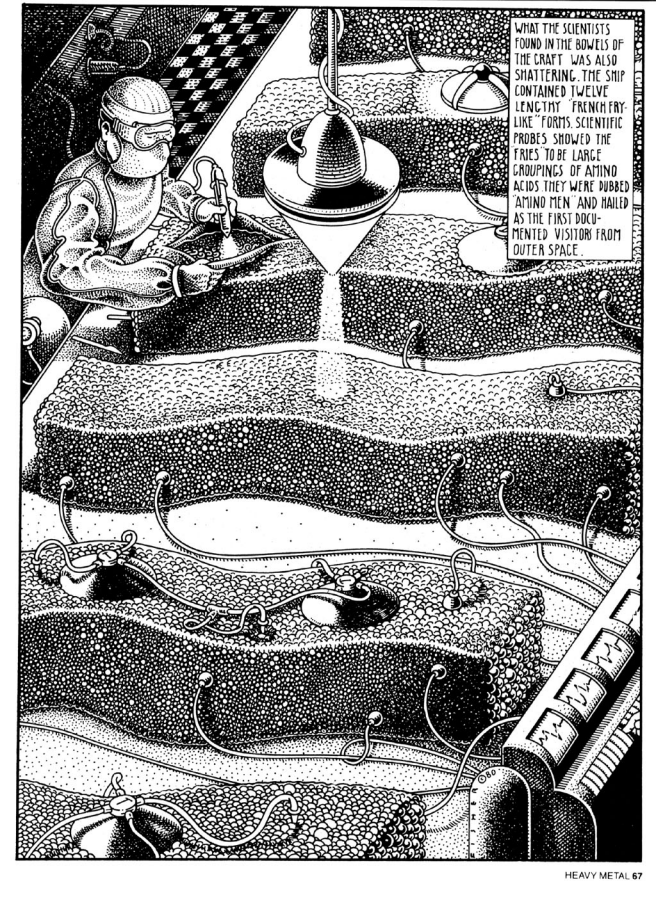
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# AMINO MEN

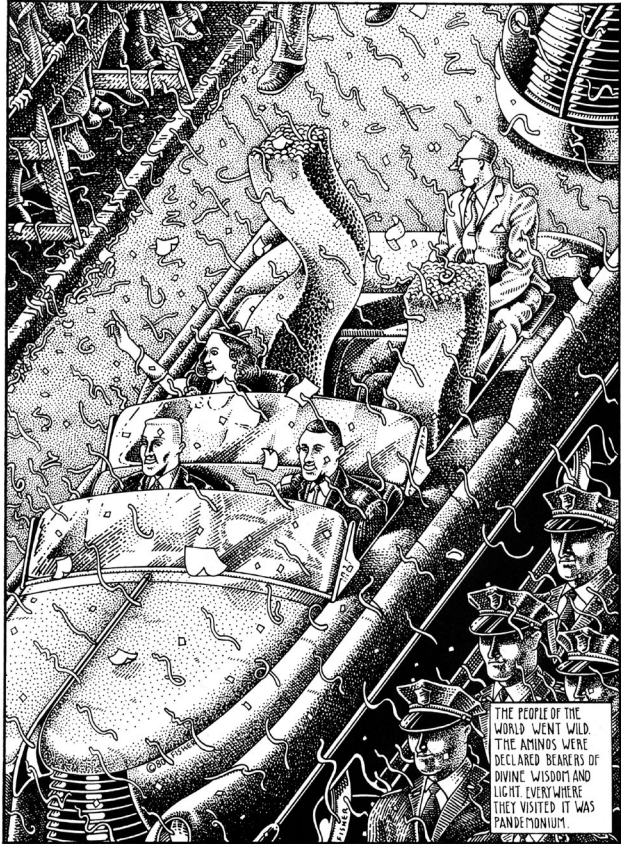
F I S H E R



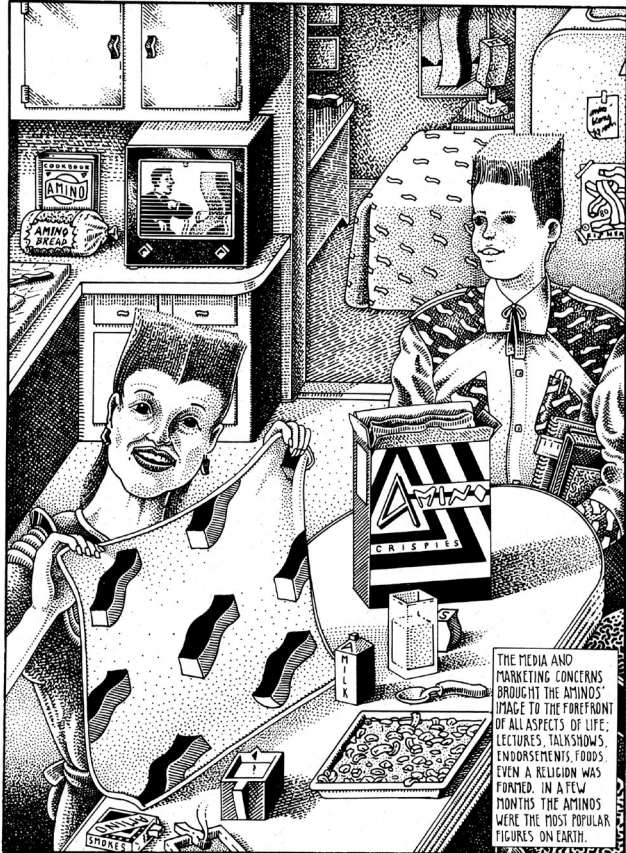
LATE IN THE DECADE AN OBJECT FELL IN ARIZONA. WHEN THE GOVERNMENT FIGURED OUT WHAT IT WAS IT DESTROYED ALL PREVIOUSLY HELD NOTIONS OF SPACECRAFT. NOT THE MONSTROUSLY HUGE, SINISTER, BLINKING SHIPS OF THE IMAGINATION, BUT A DULL BLACK CUBE ABOUT THE SIZE OF A TWO-CAR GARAGE.



WHAT THE SCIENTISTS FOUND IN THE BOWELS OF THE CRAFT WAS ALSO SHATTERING. THE SHIP CONTAINED TWELVE LENGTHY 'FRENCH FRY'-LIKE 'FORTS'. SCIENTIFIC PROBES SHOWED THE FRIES TO BE LARGE GROUPINGS OF AMINO ACIDS THEY WERE DUBBED 'AMINO MEN' AND HAILED AS THE FIRST DOCUMENTED VISITORS FROM OUTER SPACE.

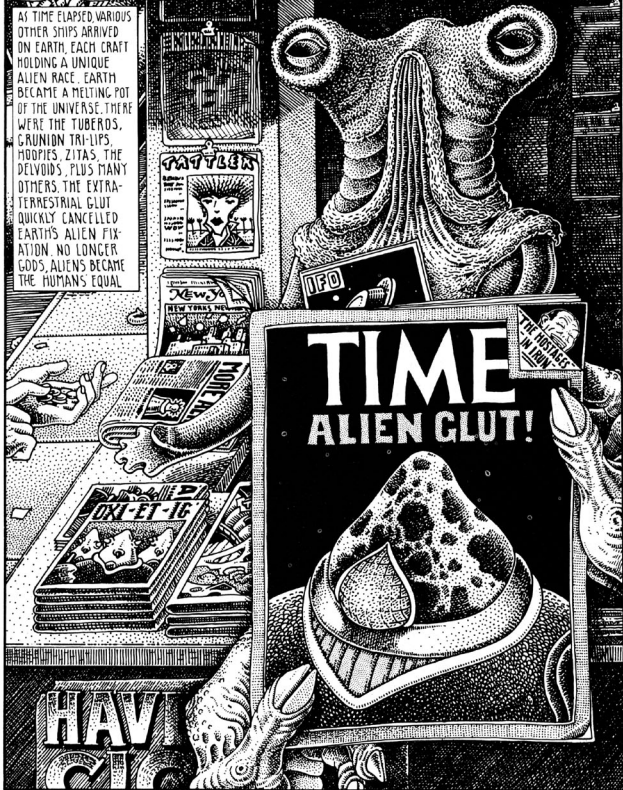


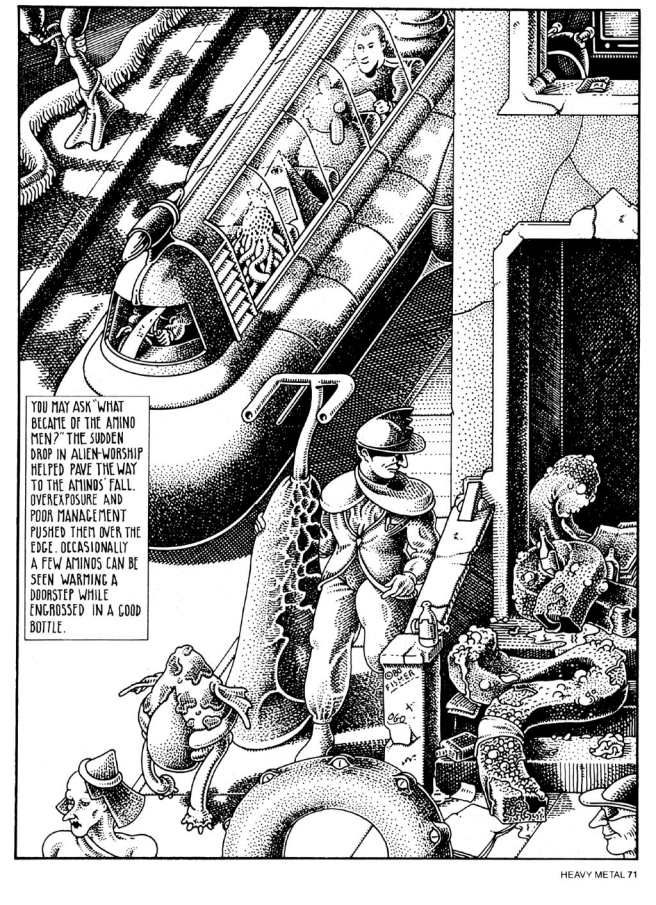
THE PEOPLE OF THE  
WORLD WENT WILD.  
THE AMINDS WERE  
DECLARED BEARERS OF  
DIVINE WISDOM AND  
LIGHT. EVERYWHERE  
THEY VISITED IT WAS  
PANDEMONIUM.



THE MEDIA AND MARKETING CONCERNS BROUGHT THE AMINOS' IMAGE TO THE FOREFRONT OF ALL ASPECTS OF LIFE; LECTURES, TALKSHOWS, ENDORSEMENTS, FOODS, EVEN A RELIGION WAS FORMED. IN A FEW MONTHS THE AMINOS WERE THE MOST POPULAR FIGURES ON EARTH.

AS TIME ELAPSED, VARIOUS OTHER SHIPS ARRIVED ON EARTH, EACH CRAFT HOLDING A UNIQUE ALIEN RACE. EARTH BECAME A MELTING POT OF THE UNIVERSE. THERE WERE THE TUBEROS, GRUNION TRI-LIPS, HOOPIES, ZITAS, THE DELVOIDS, PLUS MANY OTHERS. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL GLUT QUICKLY CANCELLED EARTH'S ALIEN FIXATION. NO LONGER GODS, ALIENS BECAME THE HUMANS' EQUAL.



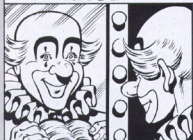


YOU MAY ASK "WHAT BECAME OF THE AMINO MEN?" THE SUDDEN DROP IN ALIEN-WORSHIP HELPED PAVE THE WAY TO THE AMINOS' FALL. OVEREXPOSURE AND POOR MANAGEMENT PUSHED THEM OVER THE EDGE. OCCASIONALLY A FEW AMINOS CAN BE SEEN WARMING A DOORSTEP WHILE ENGROSSED IN A GOOD BOTTLE.

# JUNE 2050

BY JACK C. HARRIS AND  
KURT SCHAFFENBERGER

THERE SHALL BE THIRTY AFTER-  
NOONS ON THE PLENTIFULOUS  
PLANET EARTH IN THE MONTH  
OF JUNE IN THE YEAR  
2050...



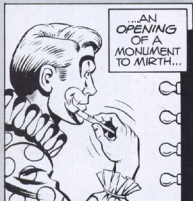
...BUT THERE SHALL STILL BE  
MADE TIME AND ROOM FOR  
FESTIVE OCCASIONS...



SO BEHOLD, THE PREPARA-  
TIONS FOR A GRAND AND  
GLORIOUS OPENING...



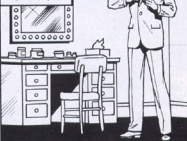
...AN  
OPENING  
OF A  
MONUMENT  
TO MIRTH...



...THE DEDICATION OF THE  
CITADEL OF THE CLOWN...



...FOR CONSTRUCTION  
IS COMPLETE ON  
THE FORTRESS  
OF THE  
FUNNY!



AND SO, ON THIS PARTICULAR  
AFTERNOON IN THE FIRST MONTH  
OF SUMMER, IN A CITY SEARCH-  
ING FOR NEW THRILLS FOR ITS  
CITIZENRY, LAUGHTER IS HEARD  
AS THE PERFORMER PRODUCES  
PANTOMIMES OF A PECULIAR  
PAST...



...PROVING ONCE AGAIN  
AND FOR ALL TIME THAT  
HUMOR IS IN THE FUNNY  
BONE OF THE BEHOLDER.



FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE SURREAL:  
THE WILL STONE COLLECTION

by Steven Maloff



Illustration by Clayton Anderson

Illustration by E. Dale Erickson



Ten years ago, on his wedding day, Will Stone emerged from San Francisco's City Hall and found himself in the middle of an arts and crafts fair. Witnessing the chaotic marketplace—nearly identical pieces of art with prices in different solar systems—Stone realized that these artists needed management. He bought some cheap stuff, sold it door to door, and doubled his money within a week. This, he says, was the beginning of Will Stone Associates.

When *Mother Jones*, a San Francisco-based magazine, used one of Stone's artists' illustrations, the piece landed on a desk at *Newsweek* during "Star Wars summer." Consequently, *Newsweek* interviewed Stone as one of the few art dealers in this genre. With that publicity, Stone was urged to open a gallery in downtown San Francisco, the Will Stone Collection, which celebrated its fifth anniversary this Halloween.

Stone's five-room gallery is located at 560 Sutter Street, and its second-floor location discourages window-shoppers; most of his customers are from out of town with the specific purpose of seeing his surreal collection of sculptures, paintings, and drawings. His artists' work can be shocking. "Some people walk in, freeze, and walk out," says Stone. "And some people start crying." Even with the outrageous art hanging



Illustration by Don Dolan

Illustration by Arthur Bell

about, the Will Stone Collection is a relaxing place to be, with warm white walls, natural lighting, wine, and comfortable seating. It's a "no hassle, no hustle" atmosphere; in fact, if customers find that the piece isn't right for their home, they may return artwork or exchange it for another piece at any time—thus affording a rotating gallery in your own home. His gallery has been the site of some of the fantasy art world's major exhibits—like the original artwork from Brian Froud's *Faeries* and *Last Gasp: Ten Years of Underground Comix*.

Ostracized from San Francisco's traditional art world, Stone is still one of the most successful art dealers and collectors in the business. Stone, thirty-five, attributes this to "sheer hard work and determination," but he'll also admit that his business sense has a lot to do with it. "Fantasy is an American tradition. The super-blockbuster movies are fantasy and most of what people see on TV is fantasy. Fantasy takes people from their everyday lives and lets them dream of new possibilities. And surreal art takes commonplace objects and uses them in a way that makes people contemplate reality."

With a background in architecture, art, and sales, Stone's career choice seems like a natural. But why fantasy and surreal art? "I became interested in the





Illustration by John Christensen

Illustration by Michael Fraley

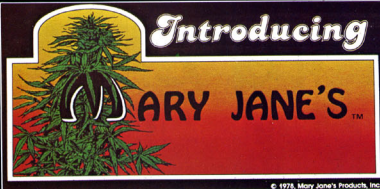


surreal and the fantastic while I was a tour guide in Europe. I had a visceral response to it. If you *have* to study the history behind the art *first*, what value is the art?" He continues, "I feel ripped off by contemporary art. Fantasy and surreal art make me think about personal, psychological, and political situations. I examine common experiences through it. I call it 'personal mythology,' and it isn't artificial."

Stone's career at times seems as fantastic as his artists' work. After lecturing to 250,000 at the recent Us Music Festival in southern California, Stone is now on the lecture circuit. And what's next? Among the possibilities: five new galleries around the country, video and performance art galleries, a computerized art dealership, and exposure on pay TV. Maybe then the masses will know of the fantastic and surreal artists represented in the Will Stone Collection.

—Steven Maloff

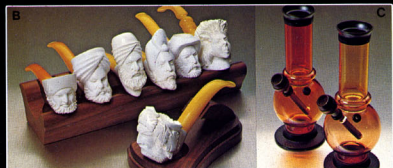
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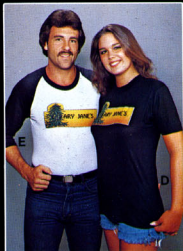


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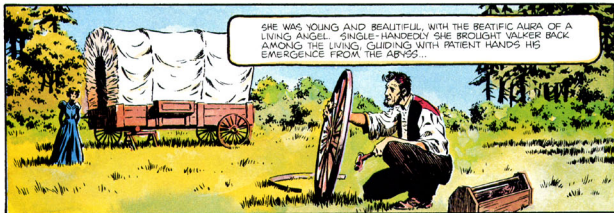
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# FREAK SHOW

THE STORY SO FAR: WALKER WENT MAD AND DESTROYED THE LITTLE CARAVAN, LEAVING HIS WIFE AND ALL THE FREAKS TO DIE. AFTER YEARS OF AIMLESS WANDERING, HE WAS TAKEN IN BY A GOOD SAMARITAN.

HER NAME WAS CELIA. SHE WAS A PHYSICIAN, A SURGEON, A HEALER, TRAVELING ABOUT THE COUNTRY IN HER BIBLE WAGON PREACHING THE LORD'S WORD, AIDING THE NEEDY, GIVING SUCCOR AND COMFORT TO THE OPPRESSED, THE SKILL OF HER MEDICAL TALENTS TO THE SICK...



SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, WITH THE BEATIFIC AURA OF A LIVING ANGEL. SINGLE-HANDEDLY SHE BROUGHT WALKER BACK AMONG THE LIVING, GUIDING WITH PATIENT HANDS HIS EMERGENCE FROM THE ABYSS...



A NEW LIGHT SHONE IN HIS EYES... A NEW PROMISE SWELLED IN HIS CHEST...

IT'S LIKE NEW, WALKER! LIKE A MIRACLE! WHERE WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU?



YOU ARE THE MIRACLE, CELIA. WITHOUT YOU, THERE WOULD BE NO WALKER!

THEY TRAVELED TOGETHER, SURGEON AND ASSISTANT. WALKER TOLD HER HIS WRETCHED STORY, HIS TORMENTED PAST. CELIA LISTENED QUIETLY WHILE THE WAGON BUMPED ALONG THE NARROW COUNTRY ROADS. WHEN HIS TALE WAS AT LAST SPENT, HE FOUND PEACE AND UNDERSTANDING IN THE FOLDS OF HER SLENDER ARMS.

HE CRIED ON HER BREAST LIKE A BABY...



WALKER PUT THE BOTTLE BEHIND HIM, STARTED AFRESH...



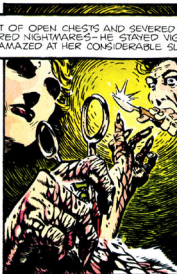
WITH EVERY MOUTHFUL OF MEDICINE ADMINISTERED BY CELIA'S GENTLE URGING, HE FELT HIS OWN STRENGTH INCREASING...



...WITH EVERY TOUCH OF HER PRACTICED HANDS, HE FELT HIS COURAGE MOUNTING...



...AND-THOUGH THE SIGHT OF OPEN CHESTS AND SEVERED ARMS SOMETIMES EVOKED TERRIBLE MEMORIES, TORTURED NIGHTMARES- HE STAYED VIGILANTLY AT HER SIDE, ASSISTING, FETCHING, CONTINUALLY AMAZED AT HER CONSIDERABLE SURGICAL SKILL...



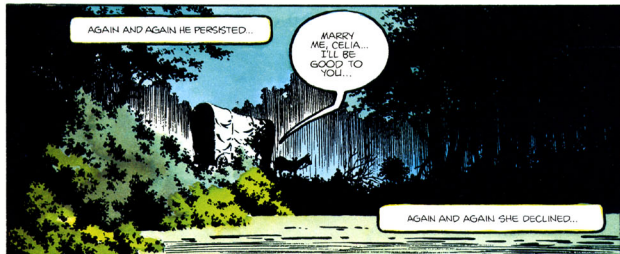


IN CELIA, WALKER SAW THE PERSON HE ONCE WAS, LIKE A WARM, SPREADING LIGHT, HIS FAITH IN HUMANITY AND HUMAN GOODNESS RETURNED. IN A SEA OF WRETCHEDNESS HE HAD FOUND AN ISLAND OF HOPE...



MARRY ME, CELIA...

I AM ALREADY MARRIED, DEAREST... TO THE LORD.



AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PERSISTED...

MARRY ME, CELIA... I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU...

AGAIN AND AGAIN SHE DECLINED...



WALKER LEARNED PATIENCE. FOR A YEAR THEY TRAVELED THE BACKROADS TOGETHER ON THEIR MISSIONS OF MERCY...



WALKER BIDED HIS TIME...



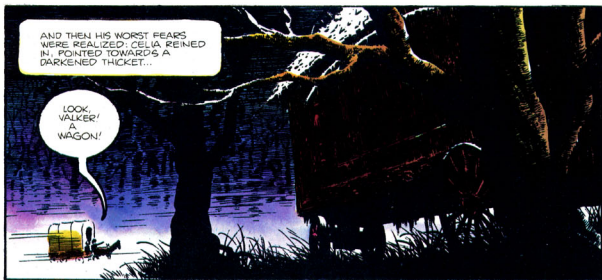
... BUT WATCHED HER HUNGRILY...

ONE DARK, FALL EVENING, WALKER GAZED ABOUT HIMSELF TO FIND THAT CELIA HAD UNWITTINGLY DRIVEN THE WAGON INTO FAMILIAR WOODS... THE VERY SAME WOODS WHERE, YEARS AGO, HE HAD LAST CAMPED THE SHOW WAGON. A COLD CHILL OF DREAD ASCENDED HIS SPINE... A LINE OF PERSPIRATION BEADED HIS BROW...



WALKER FELL INTO A SILENT BROODING, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS OLD NIGHTMARES CAME BACK TO HAUNT HIM—IMAGES OF SCREAMING, BURNING MONSTROSITIES DANCED MOCKINGLY THROUGH HIS BRAIN. HE COULD NOT STOP TREMBLING IN THE SEAT BESIDE CELIA... COULD NOT IGNORE THE COLD KNOT OF FEAR IN HIS STOMACH...





AND THEN HIS WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED: CELVA REINED IN, POINTED TOWARDS A DARKENED THICKET...

LOOK, VALKER!  
A WAGON!



NO!  
W-WE MUSTN'T  
GO IN THERE!  
I-IT ISN'T  
SAFE!

BUT  
PERHAPS  
THERE ARE  
THOSE WHO  
NEED OUR  
HELP HERE...



NO!...  
PLEASE! THEY  
MIGHT BE  
BRIGANDS!



NONSENSE!



HAVE  
YOU  
FOR-  
GOTTEN?



...IT IS  
OUR MISSION  
TO HELP  
OTHERS IN  
NEED...

VALKER HELD  
HIS BREATH...

TEN MINUTES LATER HE WAS STILL HOLDING IT. CELIA HAD GONE INTO THE CHARRED HULK OF THE WAGON BUT HAD NOT COME OUT. THE FOREST WAS DEADLY STILL... NOT A BIRD SANG, NOT AN ANIMAL STIRRED. WALKER'S HEART SEEMED DETERMINED TO CRASH THROUGH HIS CHEST. HE DESCENDED THE STEPS OF THE BIBLE WAGON SLOWLY...



IN THE DISTANCE THERE WAS A MUTED BOOM OF THUNDER. WALKER APPROACHED ON LEGS OF RUBBER...



CELIA...  
CELIA, ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?



CELIA,  
PLEASE  
COME  
OUT...



CELIA,  
ARE YOU  
THERE?

IT'S  
SO DARK  
IN HERE...  
I CAN'T...



THE DARKNESS WAS DRIVEN AWAY BY A FLASH OF LIGHTNING. VALKER SAW THEM...

YAAAGGGHHHHH!



TO BE CONTINUED...

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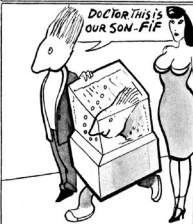
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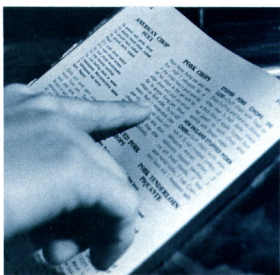
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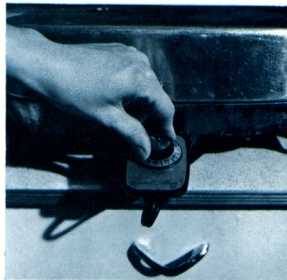
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# THE TIME MACHINATE

BY NICOLA CUTI-BASED ON  
H.G. WELLS'S CHARACTERS

WE ARE *ELOI*. A YEAR HAS PASSED SINCE THE *SUN MAN* CAME AND WENT THE *MORLOCKS*' NO LONGER FEAR HIS NAME. THEIR ATTACKS BECOME MORE VICIOUS. EACH TIME THEY CHANT: "WHERE HAS HE GONE?"



THE LIGHT HAS RETURNED! HE IS THE LIGHT! HIS SMILE SOOTHES US LIKE A BALMY BREEZE. HIS VOICE IS FLAVORED WITH HONEY. HIS EYES SPARKLE LIKE SUN-DAPPLED STREAMS. HE TELLS US OF A WORLD WITH NO MORLOCKS. *AD MORLOCKS!* BUT THE MORLOCKS RUN OUR FACTORIES WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF US? "I WILL," HE SAYS. OF COURSE.



WE ARE AWED AS WE RIDE THE THUNDER MACHINE THROUGH A RAINLESS STORM OF FLASHING LIGHTS. BEHIND US *A.D. 802702* AND... THE BONDAGE OF THE MORLOCKS! AHEAD IS *A.D. 1895* AND FREEDOM!



# Chain Mail

Dear Cumbersome Alloys:

The September '82 issue's cover followed suit in a recent, near consecutive trend of female exploitation. However, I am not another in a long line of letter scrawlers to complain. I have to admit that it did capture my attention (*Some of you are beginning to catch on...ls*). I am happy, though, that you don't reserve your back covers strictly for this type of material. Wrightson's untitled masterpiece (originally used in an ill-fated movie production) fit beautifully into the concept of *HM*. "Freakshow" never ceases to leave me sitting at the edge of my seat—Wrightson art plus a Bruce Jones script, an unbeatable combination! And speaking of Jones... Jeff Jones's "I'm Age" is simply wonderful. He gives us the same inquisitive philosophy and beautiful women surrounded by gorgeous flora as he did years back in "Idyl" in *Lampoon*. In him I see art nouveau, romanticism, and a world of paradoxes dealing primarily with the sensual and emotional aspects of the human condition.

"Den II," "Zora," and "Yragael" all have nice art, but the stories don't interest me. Nevertheless, I state this as merely an opinion, and I feel that it's utterly inane for many of the recent letters to condemn any of the *HM* stories as pure garbage, for all of them have some redeeming qualities. Stathis, you hit the proverbial nail on the head when you expressed your tolerance of some *HM* material that doesn't appeal to you. It's true that some strips do appear to be more suitable for underground comix, and occasionally some do look like sell-outs, but that is only an infinitesimal part of the variety of *HM* stories, the part that I will have to tolerate, because the rest of the magazine is surely worth it. What more can I say, except more Wrightson, Jones, Corben, et al., in future *HMs*, as well as more Stathis rebuttals in Chain Mail—they make the letters page. (*With such superb straight men, how can I fail?*—ls)

Alec Stevens  
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Editor:

Your attempt to appeal to a larger (adolescent) audience, in the long run, has the effect of making your magazine mediocre, unimaginative, and close to the competitors it is trying to outdistance. Can we have an end to Corben and dress like "Cody Starbuck," "Tex Arcana," and the more recent "Zora"? I can't help but compare *HM* to *Metal Hurlant* (or any European publication in the genre) and wonder why *HM* continues along its present course. Are we to admit that American audiences are less sophisticated and intelligent, so that what is "commercial" is always what is the most derivative, vapid,

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and formulae?

I love "Rock Opera" but would like to see more work by artists like Serge Clerc (*Agreed: have you seen some of his recent stuff in the New Musical Express?*—ls) and more strips like the great "1996." "Life at the Circus" was fantastic. You still have the best magazine of its type, but the weaknesses are glaring and may eventually diminish your popularity.

Vincent Ulmer  
Doylestown, Pa.

Dear *HM*:

Jeff Jones's "I'm Age" is the most sophisticated thing in your magazine, and the first thing I turn to every month. He tries to get you to use your brain to think with, rather than merely assaulting it with a barrage of *tsk* (I never cease to wonder that Corben's women can sit up without assistance). (*It's all thanks to a highly sophisticated counterweight and pulley system.*—ls)

S. Lundberg  
Riverside, Cal.

Dear Metal Madmen and Women:

I like the fact that you vary your covers. Although I don't mind a little *tsk* as long as its heart is in the right place (*Nothing like a man with a fine appreciation for anatomy.*—ls). Keep "I'm Age," no matter what anyone says! And speaking of *The Studio* gang, glad to see Wrightson's work in these pages! More, more, more!

Adam B. Strom  
New York, N.Y.

Dear *HM*:

You are out to make lots of money, and your best solution fucks what I want to see (art), and as soon as I find something else that does it better, I'll get it.

Dan Liddel  
Socorro, N. Mex.

*You do that; and let us know when you find something. We'd like to read it ourselves.*—ls

Sirs:

Jim and I feel that the letter from Mr. Vicious (Sept.) was in the worst possible taste. It is well known that Mr. Wood's and Mr. Bode's styles clash anyway.

Respectfully,  
Keith Moon

P.S.: When will Dave Sheridan be doing more work? I have thought that he was working on a new Asterix book with Bobby Kennedy.

*No, I wouldn't care to comment on that; but do you know where I could get a hold of Grace Kelly? I heard she just checked in.*—Henry Fonda

Dear Madame:

You might suggest to "Freakshow"'s writer, Bruce Jones, that people in small German hamlets do not speak German-accented English to one another at home. There are other, more intelligent ways of suggesting that the speakers are not English or American or whatever. But the series does look promising.

R. Mittenbuhler  
Manchester, Vt.

*Like subtitles?*—ls

#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: "Arzach," 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 "Rowf," 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 "Rowf," 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 Hawthorn 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 "Salambô" 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 Tennessee, 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," Gimenez'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 Gimenez'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 Schweetberger." 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 Plusu 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.



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And together they crossed the cosmos in search of the perfect videorgasm in--

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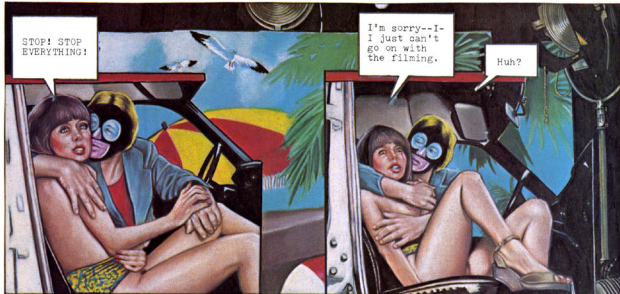
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Synopsis: From stowaway to movie star--the Deva had cast me as co-star in the porn-feelie he was shooting with Adeline. But so far, all we'd filmed was the preview...



STOP! STOP EVERYTHING!

I'm sorry--I-I just can't go on with the filming.

Huh?



But Adeline--sweetheart, pussycat--you can't quit now!

I'm sorry, Mr. Bub, but I'm giving up acting. The Rev. Sun Moon Loon has witnessed to me just how sinful and perverted all this sex stuff really is!



I'm going to live with him on his ashram.



Wait a minute, Adeline--what about us?



There isn't an "us" anymore--my soul belongs to the Loonies, now. Ch, please give them yours, too...



Come on, Sister Luna! We've got to go sell incense at Spaceports now!

I'll never forget you, Gollywog.



Goodbye forever....

Hey, come back! I love you--

We love you, too!



In the space of those few moments, my universe had fallen apart. I felt stunned, betrayed--we had shared everything, I thought, but obviously I'd never really known her at all...

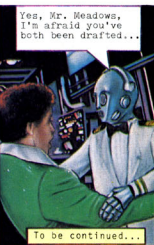
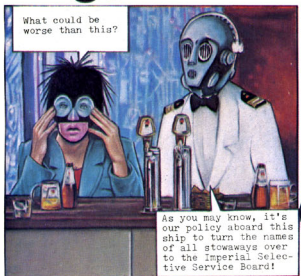
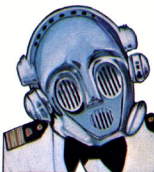
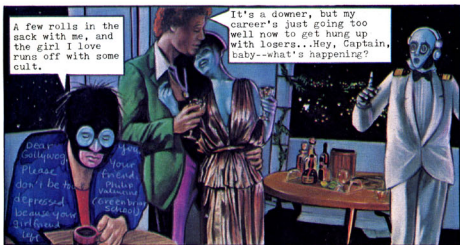
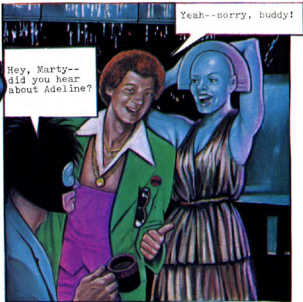
Listen, Icebag, how can I get her back?

But what's Mr. Bub going to do about his film?

You can't-- I've seen her type before.

--he's going to call it "Barbie's Bionic Wedding Night."

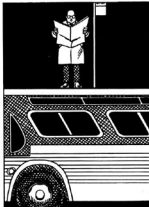
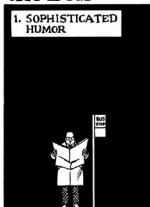
He told me he's cast Miss McToy in the lead role--



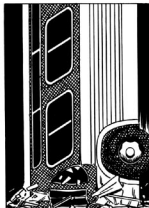
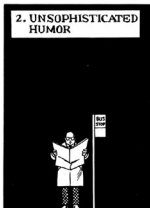
# the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

## 1. SOPHISTICATED HUMOR



## 2. UNSOPHISTICATED HUMOR



**NEXT ISSUE...**

**"THE MAN FROM HARLEM"**

by CREPAX



CONFERENCE?  
BUT I DON'T  
UNDERST-URK!

**"ROBOT LOVE"**

by BURNS

The conclusion of  
**"YRAGAEI"** by DRUILLET



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REO  
*Speedwagon*

**IN CONCERT**

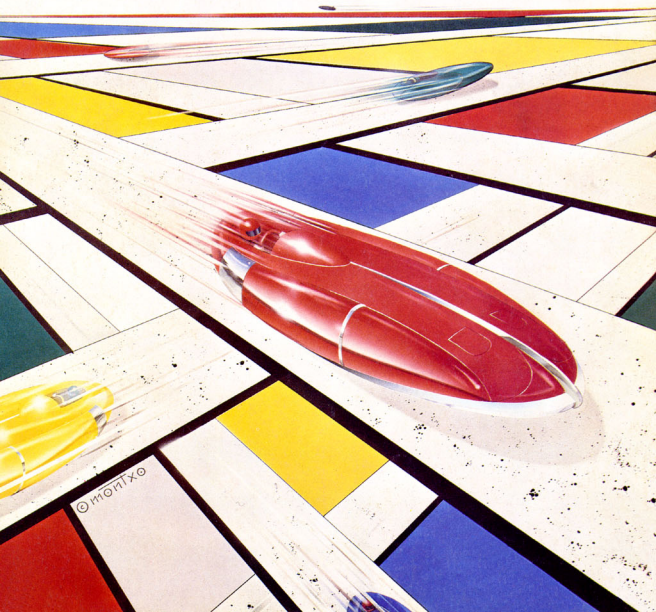
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