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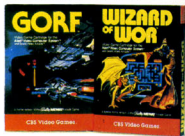


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Steve Reich:
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NU VINYL Unrock

Okay, let's get serious.

Man does not live by rock alone—or at least Lou doesn't. There are just some itches flitting across this scratch-scarred body that require something more than rock's beating-pulse rhythm and memory-magnet melodies to make them go away. Gray Sunday afternoons in October, for instance, demand something of delicate construction and unwavering, gentle insistence—baroque harpsichord music, ideally. While an interminable, moonless night at the typewriter calls for something of seductive obnoxiousness—like Cabaret Voltaire's collaged hypnotronics. Choosing a record to play can be like choosing a suitable set of clothes in the morning; it first reflects your mood ("Today I'm gonna wear all black!"), and then assumes a role in the changing matrix of your feelings throughout the day ("I've been listening to Iron Maiden all morning, let's go out and find a virgin to sacrifice!"). And if your life is at all varied, you'll need more than one style/color/look to get you through the week.

Unfortunately, most of what is these days called "serious" or "classical" music (both terms suck) doesn't engage my feelings at all. Too often, it's a music obsessed with process, and only secondarily (if at all)

interested in expressivity. Backwards, if you ask me, though perfectly understandable I suppose, to the over-educated, post-modern composer. Composer/musicians such as La Monte Young, Terry Riley, Philip Glass and Steve Reich began and refined what is the reductio ad absurdum of post-modernism: minimalism—basically characterized by endless repetition and a velocity of change matched only by the Earth's rotation.

Philip Glass is only one of these guys I can still listen to with any pleasure. Though, as a friend pointed out after a recent club performance at NYC's Danceteria, his music does seem like "all foreplay and no orgasm." I find an undeniably captivating power at its root. His most recent recording, *Glassworks* (Columbia) is—gasp!—quite romantic, really. It begins with an appealing, repeating piano figure that ultimately spirals into a surging, full-sweep ensemble revue, interspersed with a trailing, wind-gliding line. Nice.

Steve Reich on the other hand, leaves me cold. Watching his well-trained group perform at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's *Next Wave* series reminded me of a surgical operation, or worse, a close-order drill team. It's so rigid, so disciplined, that it makes me nervous, and while the rhythmic repetition can be restful and contemplative, I find myself resisting the groove (like I'd refuse to sing along with a catchy commercial—it's too obvious). The whole evening's music

was too pat, too cut and dried. Its only value lies in the way it forces a recalibration of perception mechanisms: when change is at a minimum, the slightest alteration of tone or texture assumes monumental proportions. Movement isn't noticed as such, but more like a clock's hands or a child's growth, it's noticeable only when you periodically avert your attention. *Tehillim* (ECM), the latest of his three releases on that jazz-oriented label, is also the least involving. Based on a Hebrew religious chant, it sounds dull, passionless and perfunctory, and not nearly as interesting as his 1980 *Octet* or 1978 *Music for Eighteen Musicians*.

Instead of reducing everything to ornamentation draped over a rhythmic spine, **Brian Eno's** genius of minimalism reduces all elements to a state of near-invisibility. On *Land* (Editions EG) is the fourth in his "Ambient" series, and true to its predecessors, it raises passivity and implication to precarious new heights of importance. The record asks you to assemble visual environments through extrapolation, or triangulation of sonic coordinates. It works, but just make sure you don't forget the thing is there and walk right through it.

Enough of this chrome-dome stuff—what I really want to recommend to you goes best with a cup of black coffee, an ashtray full of filterless cigarette butts and a serious case of the existential downs. **Bertold Brecht and Kurt Weill** were known primarily as sometime song-writing collaborators (and flaming commie-pinkos), but a trio of recent platters show them to be uncommonly exquisite social/personal documentarists. *The Unknown Kurt Weill* (Nonesuch) shows us composer Weill's tragic/romantic side (and you thought Bryan Ferry invented that pose, eh?) with lyrics provided by various collaborators (Cocteau, Hammerstein II, Brecht and others less known), carried by Teresa Stratas's magnificent soprano. "Wie Lange Nach?" has got to be one of the most soul-tearing songs

Brian Eno. Call him passive; he doesn't care.



ever. *Change the World: It Needs It* (Labor) is a marvelous collection of Brecht and composer Hans Eisler's rousing bitter anti-capitalist/facist songs, sung with a bit too much reserve by Sylvia Anders. Propaganda has never sounded this good. And lastly, there's **David Bowie's** *Baal* mini-LP (RCA), containing five songs from the British TV production of Brecht's first play. The translations sometimes stumble a bit, but the old boy seems to relish playing a randy old derelict.

—Lou Stathis

WHY CLASSICAL MUSIC STINKS

Actually, it doesn't stink. Only its image stinks. Suppose you made TV commercials. When would you use classical music? For silverware, Lincoln Continentals, and wood burning stoves—anything high-priced, old-fashioned, or upper-class. That's the image: the music itself must be elitist, stuffy, or obsolete. An image which the classical music world itself fosters, with formal dress for concerts and hushed talk of great art. Classical audiences support it—on the social scale they range up-

wards from middle-class, with the rich and influential out of proportion to their numbers because they've traditionally been patrons of the arts, and because classical music groups need their money. The Metropolitan Opera in New York sells subscriptions with buzzwords like "grandeur" and "civilization," as if their most important offerings were refinement and status—some people even go there just for the grand staircase and the red plush carpets.

Classical music stinks because people use it, often consciously, as a refuge from vulgar unpleasantness like crime and rock 'n' roll—in other words, from the real world. No wonder so much modern classical music has no audience; it's almost a contradiction in terms. No wonder so much of it is dry; with no energy coming from the streets, all that's left of the classical tradition is structure and craftsmanship, as important in art as in building a bridge, but no guarantee that a composer has anything to say. And no wonder, finally, that so many classical performances these days are bland; efficient and energetic, maybe, but gutless. Germans once loved Beethoven just as Americans once loved apple pie; for Italians, opera was folk music. But now mass culture is our only folklore: TV is our heritage, and classical music has to be learned. Beethoven symphonies at the New York Philharmonic may be no closer to the original than *Beatlemania* was to the Beatles.

But Beethoven's music as it ought to sound, "unlocks the gates of fear, of awe, of horror, of suffering, and awakens infinite longing"—or so a writer from Beethoven's own time thought. Every classical masterpiece was once new and urgent. They're all history now, but [performance problems aside] vivid history, preserved almost alive, like animals of the past so perfectly frozen that their flesh is edible. Rock fans distinguish the different flavors of London and L.A. punk; classical music brings you Renaissance Italy, France under Louis XIV,

and Vienna in the time of Freud and the Bauhaus (Nazi Germany too, if you want it, in the works of Carl Orff).

Best of all, it's good for your head. There's something *Heavy Metal* does that Marvel Comics can't, something in *Moby Dick* you won't find in *Star Trek* (an obsession powerful as an upheaval from the deep, an adventure whose smallest detail has its own unforgettable taste); that's what classical music has, and even the best rock 'n' roll can rarely match it. It's wasted on much of its audience, but if you read Philip K. Dick or Michael Moorcock—or if you really look at *Heavy Metal*'s art instead of staring blankly and turning the pages—it might not be wasted on you.

—Gregory Sandow

Classical Music for Heavy Metal Readers

These aren't the usual blockbusters, or anyway not only the usual blockbusters. Instead they're works with tough underbellies, notable as much for texture as for sheer gut force. All of them knocked me flat when I first heard them, and still never fail to amaze me.

—G.S.

- Bach, *Brandenburg Concerto #3* (1721)
- Bartok, *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion* (1937)
- Beethoven, *Leonore Overture #3* (1806)
- Berio, *Coro* (1977)
- Chopin, *Preludes* (1838)
- Mahler, *Symphony #9* (1910)
- Mozart, *Prague Symphony* (1786)
- Schönberg, *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912)
- Schumann, *Dichterliebe* (1840)
- Stravinsky, *The Rite of Spring* (1913)
- Wagner, *Prelude and Liebestod, from Tristan and Isolde* (1854)
- Webern, *Symphony, Opus 21* (1928)

(Gregory Sandow is a classical music critic for *The Village Voice*, as well as a composer of operatic settings for *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *A Christmas Carol*, and, with a libretto by Tom Disch, *Frankenstein*.)

SURF'S UP IN BROOKLYN

When *The Next Wave* comes crashing in, what will be riding its crests? New



Laurie Anderson

wave, we know, sure ain't new anymore. Its chief exponents—David Byrne, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, and Blondie—have gone on to megamillions and a comfortable stylistic settling in, even if the style is comparatively young. The new wave not only created a new music, it created and educated a new audience, too—one that now demands pop, art, and music innovations on the average of once every six months.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, long an institution of stature devoted to classical music and dance, is flourishing in the second season of its *Next Wave* series. During its 1981–82 run, it showed the American premiere of Philip Glass's opera *Satyagraha*, plus a collaborative work by dancer Lucinda Childs, artist Robert Wilson, and composer Jon Gibson. These, among other works, more than filled the 2000+ seat opera house, establishing a standard and regularity for large-scale avant-garde performances equaled only in Europe.

The *Next Wave*, sounding ambiguously futuristic, refers simply, as program consultant Tim Carr states, to "a crest of things that are happening—and have—and will." These artists are at a point in their careers where they are still actively creating and experimenting (as opposed to the new wave—not a catchphrase for all new music since 1978, but a reference to a group of supposed innovators who stopped experimenting around 1980), plus enjoying

some acclaim at the same time. 1982–83 features the only major retrospective of such established avant-gardists as **Steve Reich** and **Laurie Anderson**, plus a brand new work by composer **Glenn Branca**. Branca so far has played mostly rock clubs and small halls (he composes for a multitude of guitars); his admission to *Next Wave* status insures his ascent into the major ranks. Choreographer **Dana Reitz**, a second generation post-modern (having worked with both Twyla Tharp and Merce Cunningham), will present a new, personal dance vocabulary; choreographers **Bill T. Jones** and **Arnie Zane** will premiere a monster collaboration with jazz giant, percussionist **Max Roach** and visual artist **Robert Longo** in a new theatrical and athletic kind of dance. And that daddy-of-all-avant-gardists, **Robert Wilson**, will produce an evening of American spirituals sung by **Jessye Norman**.

So where's the underlying thread, the "next" in the wave? "There's a confluence between high culture and pop culture," defines Carr, who advised BAM producer Harvey Lichtenstein on the choices. "The *Next Wave*'s artists are not recklessly unaware of the past, yet, they refer to popular idioms within an intellectually art-conscious context. None of them are what you'd call pop art, but they are not afraid to be popular. They are people living in the modern world using what's available to them, and making something of quality. The appeal is more intellectual than visceral."

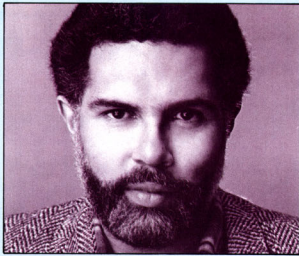
If this is the case, does that mean the post-new wave, overeducated audience hankers for a higher consciousness, or that once-high art has lowered itself enough for the masses? Either way, you just might hear Laurie Anderson on a passing ghetto blaster—soon.

—Merle Ginsberg

CHIP SHOT

The son of a well-to-do undertaker, he grew up in New York City's Harlem. For quite a while there, he was married to his high school sweetheart, National Book Award-winning poet Marilyn Hacker; he now lives with their nine year old daughter in a five story walk-up tenement on Manhattan's upper west side. He's the only sf writer I've ever seen who's read his prose work to a poetry recital audience, and been received favorably. He's one of the few writers I know who's rarely a bullshit artist or acts like a complete asshole—and when he is, or does, it's something of a novelty, as if he's just trying it out (between you and me, he's not good at it) because he was embarrassed about being such a nice guy. I'm a very cynical, unforgiving, moody sort, but in the seven years that I've been acquainted with Samuel Ray Delany, Jr., I've never found cause to dislike him.

Chip Delany's career began at twenty, with the 1962 publication of his first novel, *The Jewels of Aspor*. Set in a phantasmagoric, post-holocaust future, it introduced a shifting, cataclysmic landscape that has been steadily developed through *The Fall of the Towers* trilogy (1963-66), his short fiction, the intensely mythic *The Einstein Intersection* (1967) and culminated in *Dhalgren*: his huge 1975 novel which polarized



Chip Delany:
sf writer,
critic and
foot
fetishist.

Photo by Suter and Lindsey.

the science fiction community into factions as opinionated as armed camps. The most simplistic reading of *Dhalgren* will find a complex, detailed account of a young amnesiac's experiences in an American city which is undergoing a mysterious disaster that has subtly ripped the fabric of space and time. The book concerns itself mainly with his survival, the development of his ménage à trois, and his prominence as both the city's poet laureate and the leader of an adult gang called the Scorpions; a group who parades around in chains which, when activated, drape them in holograms of dragons, griffins, and other mythical beasts.

Among Delany's other works are: *Babel-17* (1966), a futuristic novel about espionage and language; *Nova* (1968), a futuristic novel about vengeance, greed, adventure—the works—and language (easily his most exciting book); *Triton* (1976), (his best and most disagreeable), a futuristic novel about sexual roles, identity, clichés—and language; *Tales of Nevryona* (1979), which is not a futuristic novel, but a cycle of stories set against a sword and sorcery background dealing with, guess what? All of the above are available from Bantam Books, as is Delany's latest novel, his sequel to *Tales, Nevryona*.

Delany's obsession with a certain topic can be further

explored in his critical studies *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw* (Berkley, 1977), *The American Shore* (on Tom Disch; Dragon Press, 1978), and the forthcoming *Starboard Wine* (also Dragon Press). He's currently at work on a two-volume novel, one of which will be entitled *Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand*—about an information war between 6000 planets.

—Robert Morales

HM: Frederik Pohl once said that you write on such a high level, you sometimes verge on becoming incomprehensible—

SRD: (laughing) What kind of a—

HM: That's not my question. —Yet—you're phenomenally successful in a way few writers are, let alone science fiction writers; you write original paperback novels that do incredibly well. What's your perception of your audience? Is it the same as a regular audience? Do you think they like to read your work for the same reasons you like to read it?

SRD: One of the things that I think goes on in the writer-reader "contract," if you will—given the fact that we live in a country of 230 million, supposedly 80 percent of whom are functionally literate—is that basically what a writer has to do, is find 40-50,000 people who are more or less interested in the same things that he or she is interested in. And if you can do that, you more

or less swim along. There is a kind of endurance factor that goes into being a successful category writer, and I think that has something to do with it. I mean, I've been doing this for twenty years, and if you've been doing this for twenty years, your name has been around long enough so you may even get above that 40,000 who are actually interested in what you're doing—there may be another 100,000 who are willing to give it a shot. And then you're selling your 100,000 copies and everybody's very pleased—and once in a while you may get one that does a little better than that, and, you know, that's gravy.

HM: Well, don't you find it astonishing that a work as demanding as *Triton*, for example, has a third of a million copies in print?

SRD: I don't think I write to be demanding per se; there are too many twelve year olds in that third of a million audience, so obviously it can't be all that hard.

HM: I'm not saying it's unnecessarily hard—or even that it is hard—it's demanding, there's a lot there, it's not light reading. What sort of mail do you get?

SRD: Most of my mail is from young people. I would say two-thirds are from people under twenty-one—because I think that's the type who are most likely to write fan letters in the first place. There's not an overwhelming amount of it, either. When Jim Blish was writing *Star Trek* books, he used to get fan mail in sacks—like a rock 'n' roll star.

over-maleness of the males, plus the general low writing level. At the same time, I was having a series of nightmares—many young husbands do—that I couldn't really explain to her. Between one thing and another, I began using these nightmares as the settings for a story, at the same time also writing the story for her. It was kind of an extended in-joke, in which I tried to correct these complaints she'd bring home. After half of the first draft was done, I showed it to her, and she said, "Why don't you submit it?" I said, "That's ridiculous," and she said, "No, no, it might be a good idea." But we were very moral children then, so we decided if it was going to be submitted, I would do it under a pen name. I pulled a character named Bruno Callabro out of something I had written. Marilyn took the book in and stuck it on her boss's—Donald Wollheim—desk and he read it and liked it. After contracts were drawn up, Marilyn said, "Oh, incidentally, that's my husband." And Don said, "Fine, because I hate the name Bruno Callabro."

HM: Ten years ago you started writing far more explicitly about the uses and significance of information in everyday life. In *Never-yona* the way words are weighed by one person to another make it into a novel of intrigue—almost casual intrigue. The theme seems to convey that the way things are interpreted is literally a matter of life and death.

SRD: We live in a very complex age in which I think the main disease or failing is that people cannot negotiate the immense amount of information that they have to deal with—and so a lot of people tend to block it out entirely. As a therapeutic shot in the gluteus maximus, I want to deal in a kind of dramatic, but also distanced way, with a civilization where you can talk about how the information they do have affects what people do, what happens to them, to it, what have you. In *Never-yona* I wanted to show this young woman, my heroine, meeting people

We live
in a very complex age in which
I think the
main disease
or failing is
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negotiate the
immense amount of
information
that they have
to deal with.

that she thinks at first are very powerful. She's somewhat naive and doesn't have too much experience. She comes from a comparatively small town, and is now moving into the big city, so she's very impressed with these people, but when she moves on, she meets

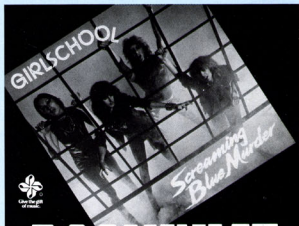
people who are much more powerful than she has any concept of, and they show her how little power the others had. I think of it as a sword and sorcery book, although admittedly the sorcery is at a minimum: it's what happens to a fifteen year old girl in the backdrop

I don't know. As a writer I'm terribly self-involved, and in one sense, because I've been as successful as I have been, I have perhaps made the illogical connection that I get my audience by being self-involved. They have my concerns, and if I were to turn around and write for an audience, whatever I do, my particular thing would disappear.

I think I take a general view of my audience from those in sf fandom who like my work. There's this bizarre phenomenon, leftover from *Dhalgren*, of a bunch of people who dress up like Scorpions and parade around—and one of the things I like is that they seem to come from all sorts of social levels. There are kids from working-class or lower-class backgrounds, and kids from very middle-class or higher-class backgrounds, and they all seem to be able to get together in this kind of situation. One chapter—or "nest"—sent me a group picture in which I noticed there were a number of Oriental Scorpions, as well as some Hispanics. And obviously they can all read... It's a long book, and it's not my most recent, but it's the one that's made the biggest impact.

HM: How did you get into writing sf?

SRD: When I was about nineteen years old, my ex-wife, whom I'd just married, got a job as an editorial assistant at Ace Books, and she'd come home terribly upset by the various things she'd have to edit. Her complaints circled around the dullness of the female characters and corresponding



ROCKIN' AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS

The American debut album from
Girlschool. Featuring "Don't Call It Love,"
"Tush," and "Screaming Blue Murder."



Manufactured and Marketed by
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© 1982 PolyGram Records, Inc.

of one of those typical s&s novels—you know, the ones with the muscle-man hacking the dragon on the cover.

HM: That's a rather perverse interest.

SRD: An overweight fifteen year old girl.

HM: What if writers are you reading these days? Who excites you?

SRD: So far, the person among the comparatively recent authors I find exciting is still John Varley—his short stories in particular. I like Gene Wolfe, although what he's been doing lately is dark fantasy, not sf. James Tiptree, I enjoy some of Craig Strete's stuff. My reading has gone way down in the last year what with having an awful lot to write myself. I like Lisa Tuttle.

HM: You have another book of essays coming out soon. What new possibilities have opened up for science fiction?

SRD: I think an interesting tension is being built into sf because of the academic concern with it; unfortunately I think that the people who come to sf from an academic orientation tend to bring with them the vocabulary of literary criticism. This vocabulary has been historically determined—as has been the way people read science fiction, which works rather differently from literature; you learn how to read it in a different way. But if you're only used to talking about the one, and you try to discuss it with the same critical vocabulary and concepts, you tend to distort people's perception of the whole sf process.

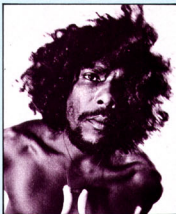
To come down from the realm of abstraction: in this particular day and age, anything that's fantastic or out of the ordinary in writing tends to be psychologized, and this is just the traditional way to talk about fantastic elements in literature whenever you come across them. Although you can psychologize the fantastic elements in science fiction, that's not their primary function—they work as a real critique of the objective world. When you take a phrase like "the monopole-magnet mining operations in the outer asteroid belt of Delta-Cygni," and read into it the deep chthonic presence of the archetypal whose-um-a-whatsis, you're just not seeing that primarily it's a phrase talking about mines; and it's saying in its own simple way that the object, the method, the location of mines will change—and it says that well before it says anything about the psychology of a character or a writer.

HM: So then your characters don't walk around with one bare foot "because they straddle the line between civilization and barbarity"?

SRD: I think—[laughs] I'm both a shoe fetishist and a foot fetishist—this way I can indulge both perversions at the same time.

Samuel R. Delany's Ten Books For Sheer, Simple, Exuberant Fun

1. *Philosophy of Logic*, by Willard Van Orman Quine
2. *Little, Big*, by John



Countryman:
Johnny
Weissmuller
got nothing on I,
man.

Photo by Adrian Boot.

- Crowley
3. *Afterthoughts on Material Civilization and Capitalism*, by Fernand Braudel
4. *The Sonnets*, by Ted Berrigan
5. *Letters from the Country*, by Carol Bly
6. *Literature and Psychoanalysis: The Question of Reading, Otherwise*, edited by Shoshana Felman
7. *The Persistence of Vision*, by John Varley
8. *The Critical Difference*, by Barbara Johnson
9. *Likely Stories*, edited by Bruce McPherson
10. *The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*, by Dmitri Merejkowski [Signed edition]

ME RASTA,
YOU JANE

Reggae movies—a minuscule genre of recent coinage—are not noted for their subtlety of character and narrative complexity. While entertainments like *The Harder They Come* and *Rockers* sported hot soundtracks and (more importantly) provided rare glimpses into Jamaica's Trenchtown ghetto, they both suffered from inane melodramatic plots and absurdly oversimplified characterizations of Hollywoodianisms. The latest entry in the Rasta repertory is **Countryman**, a sort of dreadlocked Tarzan epic written by Rolling Stone

alumnus Michael Thomas and directed by Dickie Johnson. Better than its predecessors, but still no *Citizen Kane*.

After crash-landing their purloined - from - daddy plane, a lame pair of post-teenage honkies are saved (literally) from the jaws of death, and jungle-stashed by a noble savage who calls himself Countryman. A corrupt government official links the plane with a CIA conspiracy plot to further his chances in an upcoming election, and instructs his underlings to find the pilot. Story = one man of courage and power vs the minions of a morally/spiritually bankrupt establishment. The film is racist (whites are either thugs or morons, blacks either white-corrupted or one-with-nature), confused (political drama or cartoon jungle adventure?), and fairly stupid in spots (a tight scene that even Bruce Lee would've blushed at)—but for some damn reason I liked the thing. Probably because of the easy mingling of voodoo mysticism, Zen Rastafarianism, and cynical, post-Watergate politics, and definitely because of Wally Badarou's excellent soundtrack music. A Jamaican keyboardist featured on recent Grace Jones and Marianne Faithfull albums, Badarou has brewed up an inspired concoction of treated jungle drums and birdcalling synths—the best I've heard since Moroder's *Cat People* (the double LP soundtrack on Island subsidiary Mango Records is highly recommended).

—Lou Stathis

THE CAPTAIN AND THE COOP

There are rock lyricists who have nothing to say and say it well, some with something to say who can't seem to convey it properly, and then there are bona-fide poets who receive messages from the cosmos and relay them to listeners on a musical canvas that resembles nothing heard on AOR radio. John Cooper Clarke and Captain Beefheart are two examples of the latter; they don't just work the rock poetry genre but actually transcend it.

One might imagine, for the sake of comparison, Englishman **John Cooper Clarke** swigging on pints of bitter at the local pub and ruefully observing the behavior of his compatriots, while taking in fodder for his exceedingly clever, often hysterically funny compositions. Working in a traditional style, Cooper Clarke's pieces are primarily narratives with a beginning, middle, and end. Each are replete with catchy reprises and lots of rhymes delivered with the satiric edge of a Brit beatnik. Although most of the pieces on his three earlier LPs reflect his fascination with life's dark side, the more



lighthearted and playful numbers on his recent **Zip Style Method** (U.K. Epic) make the material on that album's second side possibly the best he's ever done. Cooper Clarke's informal vocabulary, abundance of humor and predilection for rhyme, mean his work is not at all far from "normal" pop songs. However, his subject matter and ability to express his ideas are light years ahead of what most musicians use to fill out their chord sequences.

Captain Beefheart (who prefers his real name Don Van Vliet) is an American mutant-blueser who has been turning out barages of electric sound and verbal fury for almost two decades. If Cooper Clarke is a satirist, Van Vliet is a surrealist who seems to see the world through Salvador Dalí's eyes and imagine its sound as a blues/rock/jazz chaos. His mode is usually hallucinatory, and proceeds as a stream of consciousness, but the imagery is strong enough to engage even the most confused listener. As a musician/poet, Beefheart manages to integrate the lyrics and instrumental accompaniment into a form that's more than good rock or good poetry—it's a work of art that exceeds the sum of its parts. The highlights of **Ice Cream for Crow** (Virgin/Epic) include the boogie title track, with apparently endless lay-

Captain Beefheart. Skeleton makes good.

ers of guitars, and "When the Witch Doctor Life Throws his Silent Bones," an allegorical tale whose simple guitar melodies make it the most accessible tune on the LP. The career-long consistency of the Captain's sound suggests a refusal to follow fads, and although he may never have a hit single, this man would be well appreciated by those who search pop records in vain for lyrics neither innocuous nor offensively stupid.

—Sally Tiven

DISNEY DOWN THE DUMPER?

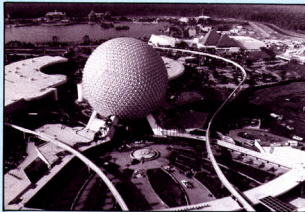
The science fantasy, audio-animatronics theme park—not the animated film—may turn out to be Walt Disney's enduring contribution to pop art/culture. **Tron** director Steven Lisberger proved how even touch Disney is with the 1980s sex/drugs/video generation by making a lifeless \$20 million man vs microchip flop that appeals to no one group of moviegoers. Desperately trying to captivate the *Fame* and *Blue Lagoon* crowds, Disney next shoveled out a chaste, teen-loser-turns-winner flick with **Tex**, a numb-numb version of S.E. Hinton's young adult novel, starring dumb-dumb teen stud Matt Dillon. Rather than risk three losers in a

While their flicks wither on the box office vine, Disney theme parks encourage repeat encounters. The latest is **Epcot**.

row, Disney has rescheduled (does that mean remaking or dumping?) Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes* until later this year.

While their flicks wither on the box office vine, Disney theme parks, like *E.T.*, encourage repeat encounters. The latest is **Epcot** (the \$800 million Experimental Community of Tomorrow—a vision Uncle Walt had twenty years ago), an unconsciously avant-garde repository of the latest technical experiments in visual entertainment (multi-dimensional 70mm and Circle-Vision 360 films, and Magic Journeys, the world's biggest—58' by 30'—custom-made, triple-process, 3-D fantasia). A brief monorail ride from Disney World, Epcot's a world's fair of imagination that miraculously has none of the trademark mice, ducks, or dogs. Instead, it offers pop-surrealism rides, films, and interactive computer exhibitions (the Image Works, where you paint, compose music, create a laser show, and project yourself into a movie).

Epcot is divided into two parts: Future World and World Showcase, a permanent, mini-U.N. that includes the Chinese pavilion, featuring a standout film of daredevil aerial photography. As for Future World's SpaceShip Earth Geosphere (the universe's biggest golf ball), it's done in sf comic, nostalgia-for-the-future architecture, a la Buckminster Fuller. Geosphere's 40,000 year, tunnel-of-love time machine ride sports grunting audio-animatronics. "Den"-like cave dwellers, and a



Epcot
tees
off.

Photo copyright Walt Disney Prod. 1982.

Ray Bradbury conceived narration on man's ability to progress in relation to his advances in communication.

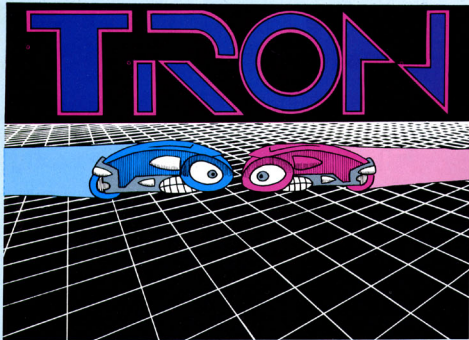
Epcot's "open your head and let the pictures come" mind explosion is housed in Journey to Imagination; two gigantic, light-reflective Kubla Khan pleasure pyramids. After a mystery tour through letters tumbling into words and a visit to a diving bell where deep thoughts

are stored, you are inundated by a 14-minute, hallucinogenic 3-D movie. Magic Journeys explores how the mind perceives and reacts to images that ignite the process of imagination. Shot entirely in 3-D, the film is a dazzling canvas for Disney's newly invented depth perception process, which simulates human vision with a pair of different-planed cameras. The visual

illusion projects 3-D images floating out to (rather than poking at) viewers, gathering them in to become part of the movie's live action and computer animation (the aim of future 3-D video games). A graphic description of the 3-D process, and Epcot's surprising solutions to world problems, can be found in the first oversized, arty coffee-table theme park book, **Walt Disney's**

EPCOT, Creating the New World of Tomorrow (Abrams). Now if only Disney studios had the imagination to produce a feature film merging triple 3-D with a gripping sf/fantasy plot, audiences could flock to local cineplexes, instead of having to trek to Epcot's Magic Eye Theater for fourteen minutes of futuristic foreplay.

—Daphne Davis



VIDEO GAME @ BALLY
MIDWAY MFG. CO. 1982
GAME REVIEW © BY JOHN
HOLMSTROM, 1982

WANNA BE REDUCED TO A MERE
ION IN A COMPUTER CHIP? THEN
SEE THE STUPID MOVIE **TRON**
AND PLAY THIS BORING VIDEO GAME.

TRON IS CURRENTLY ONE OF
THE MOST POPULAR VIDEO GAMES.
WHY? 1. MIDWAY, THE COMPANY
THAT DESIGNED **TRON**, ALSO IMPORTED
SPACE INVADERS, **GALAXIAN**, AND
PAC-MAN FROM JAPAN. THEY KNOW
A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE IT.
ON THEIR OWN, THOUGH, MIDWAY
HAS CREATED **GORE WIZARD OF
WAR**, **OMEGA RACE**, AND **KICKMAN**.

THEY SHOULD STICK TO JAPAN.
2. **TRON** HAS ARRIVED AT A TIME
WHEN THERE ARE VERY FEW
GOOD NEW GAMES, AND ARCADES
(OR ARCADIAN'S) ARE CLIMBING
THE WALLS FOR **ANYTHING NEW**.
3. **TRON** WAS A POPULAR MOVIE—IT
WOULD HAVE TO BE A TOTAL
DISASTER **NOT** TO BE A POPULAR
VIDEO GAME.

TRON IS INNOVATIVE IN
CERTAIN DESIGN ELEMENTS.
IT FEATURES THE FIRST
IRIDESCENT CONTROL GRIP, AND
A VISUALLY STRIKING CABINET.
THE DISNEY PEOPLE, ACCORDING
TO **VIDEO GAMES** MAGAZINE,
WERE MORE CONCERNED WITH THE
CABINET DESIGN THAN THE GAME
ITSELF. THE SOUNDTRACK IS
EASY LISTENING—SORT OF A
MUZAK VERSION OF THE MOVIE'S
MUSIC. THE BEST THING ABOUT
TRON IS THAT YOU GET TO
CHOOSE ANY ONE OF FOUR
DIFFERENT GAMES. FREEDOM
OF CHOICE IS NOT SO HOT WHEN
YOU CAN ONLY CHOOSE FROM FOUR
DULL GAMES, THOUGH.

TRON ISN'T A BAD GAME,
IT JUST ISN'T A GOOD GAME. IT
WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THREE
MONTHS (NOT A LONG TIME TO
DESIGN A GAME) SO DISNEY
AND MIDWAY COULD CASH IN
ON THE MOVIE'S SUCCESS.
APPARENTLY THE GAME IS
DOING BETTER BOX OFFICE THAN
THE MOVIE.

IF SOMEONE GAVE YOU \$30
MILLION DON'T YOU THINK YOU
COULD MAKE A BETTER MOVIE?
I COULD MAKE SIXTY MOVIES
FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH!
JUST THINK OF ALL THE
BEER YOU COULD BUY WITH
30 MILLION BUCKS. WOTTA
PARTY!

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

PLASMATIC

OBJECTIVE:

WORLD DOMINATION

**COUP
D'ÉTAT**

A revolutionary statement
in heavy metal.



Produced by Dieter Dierks
For Summer Breeze Music
Contact: Wolf Remington
Wolf Remington



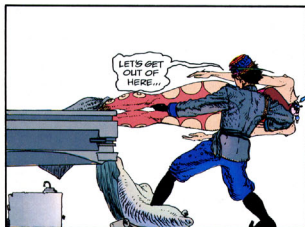
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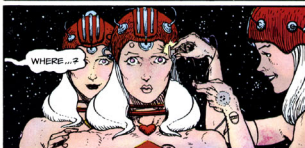
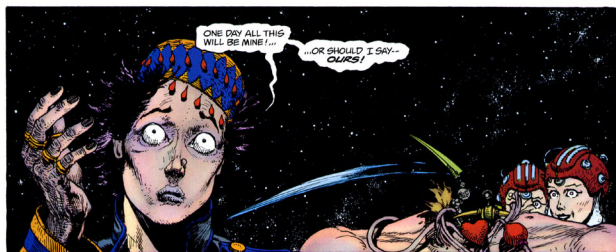
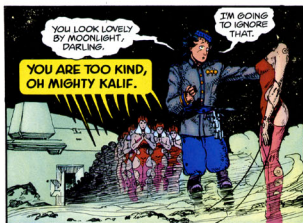
On Records and High Quality XDR Cassettes from Capitol

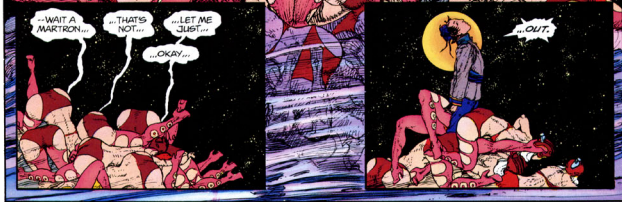
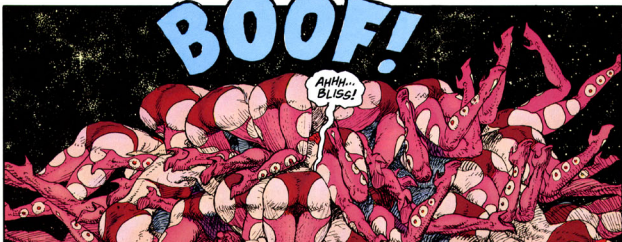


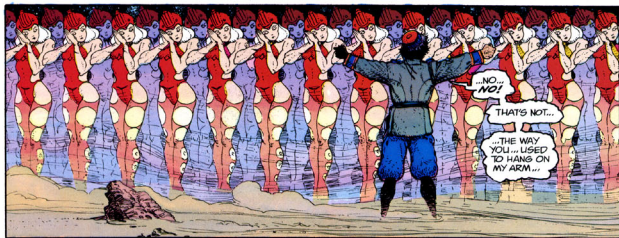
STARSTRUCK

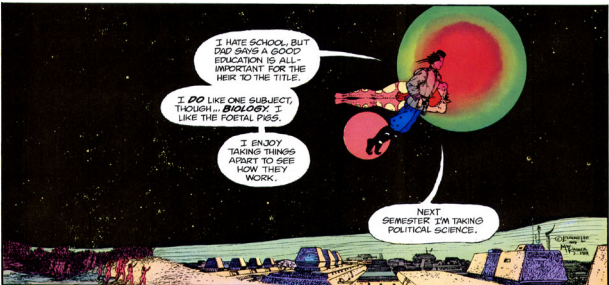
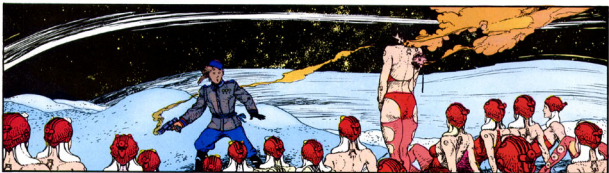
CONCERNED BY HIS SON'S INFATUATION WITH A FEMALE ANDROID, THE BARON SHOT OFF HER HEAD, BUT TO NO AVAIL HIS SON'S AFFECTION KNEW NO LIMITS....









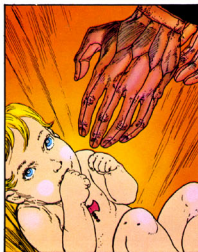
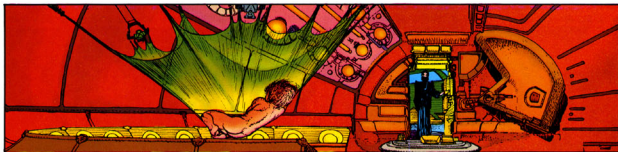
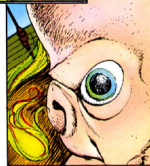
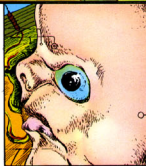
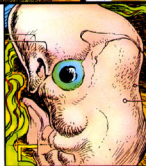
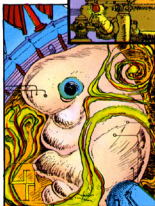
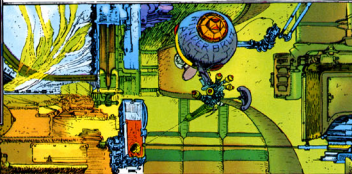


CYCLE 94 ANARCHERA

THE FAMILY CRÈCHE
12 OCHS
(FORMERLY THE
BARKLY RANCH)
7 OCHS,
NEW WYOMING.

A STICK IN TIME

"SELF-SACRIFICE,
UNLESS IT'S GOD-
ALMIGHTY MOTIVATED,
IS LIKE A PLUG-POWERED
ROCK. A LOT OF ENERGY
GOES INTO IT, BUT
WHERE DOES IT GET YOU
IN THE LONG RUN?"
BROTHER BUD FROM HIS
5TH GERMAN AT THE
PEACE FREE WILL
MISSIONARY TABERNACLE
IN THE STARS"



CYCLE 94
ANARCHERA
 PLAYROOM/WORKSHOP
 OF THE BARONET
 PHILLIP CESARE
 KALIF ALEXANDER
 BAJAR



"THEY ARE THE 'INTUNE' WHO MOVE WITH THE RHYTHM OF NATURE, EARS OPEN TO HER MUSIC THEY GLIDE BETWEEN HER CURRENTS, APPEAR SIGH-SOFT WHEN AN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS."

--INDIRA LUCREZIA
 RONNIE LEE ELLIS
 BAJAR
 'DEAR DIARY'

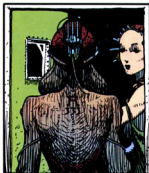
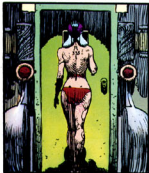
"I'M GOING TO BUY A PAPER DOLL THAT I CAN CALL MY OWN. A DOLL THAT OTHER FELLOWS CANNOT STEAL. AND THEN THE FLIRTY,



FLIRTY GUYS WITH FLIRTY, FLIRTY EYES WILL HAVE TO FLIRT WITH DOLLIES THAT ARE REAL. WHEN I COME HOME AT NIGHT SHE

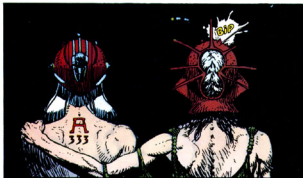


WILL BE WAITING, SHE'LL BE THE TRUEST DOLL IN ALL THIS WORLD. I'D RATHER HAVE A PAPER DOLL TO CALL MY OWN THAN



TO HAVE A PICKLE-MINDED REAL LIVE GIRL."

LYRICS AND MELODY BY JOHNNY S. BLACK ©1942



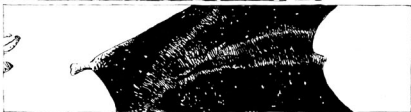
I'M AGE



© J. JONES 1982



I'M A TIRED
FANTASY,
WAITING FOR
ANOTHER
FANTASIZER.



HERE COMES
ONE NOW.

JUST WATCH. I'LL BE
SPITTING FIRE ANY
SECOND NOW.

© J. JONES 1982



ME & SPACE

by Howard Cruse



AT A CERTAIN POINT I FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATHE AND I DIED!



THE LADY AT THE LAUNDROMAT EVENTUALLY RECOGNIZED MY STAINS AND RETRIEVED MY NEWER SHEETS FOR LATER USE!



post early for Christmas

1983
AMAZONS
CALENDAR

by internationally
acclaimed
fantasy illustrator
Chris Achilleos

NOW YOU CAN BUY CHRIS ACHILLEOS' FIRST GIANT CALENDAR

Send check or money order for \$16.95 (N.Y. Residents add sales tax), name and address in block print to: Iguana Publishing, LB50, 480 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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address _____

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CHRIS ACHILLEOS' unique blend of technical brilliance and vivid imagination is expressed in these exciting illustrations of his warrior women cool, defiant, beautiful... and much deadlier than the male

13 LARGE full color pages on high quality art paper. Size 26" deep x 13" wide. YOURS FOR ONLY \$14.95 + \$2.00 for postage and handling.

THE APE

LAST WE SAW, THE EMPEROR OF JADE APPOINTED THE YOUNG APE INSPECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL STABLES. UNHAPPY WITH THIS MENIAL TITLE, HE RETURNED HOME.



AND IN LESS THAN TEN YEARS THE CELESTIAL ARMY WAS
A READY. AT THE MOUND IS THE GREAT VASRAVANA. IN
RIGHT FIELD HIS SON NATHAL LEFT HIS "PROTH" IN-
LAW, MAGIC SPIRIT AND RAYING CUNLIP IS GENERAL
FISH. WHAT A MIGHTY TEAM... WHAT AN ARMY!

"TERRIFICALLY
WISE MAN, EQUAL TO
THE HEAVENS!" HA HA...
WHAT A LOW LIFE! HE COMES
TO MY PALACE, WREAKS
HAVOC IN THE CHAMBERS,
DOESN'T ACCEPT THE TITLE
I OFFER HIM... GO
AWAY WITH HIM,
MY CHILDREN!

BUT,
PAPA... WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

I TOLD
YOU, DON'T
CALL ME "PAPA"
IN FRONT OF THE
MEN. YOU
TWIT!

PICK A
CARD, ANY
CARD!

AND THE CELESTIAL ARMY IS OFF, HELL-BENT ON DESTRUCTION AND OTHER NOT-NICE THINGS, AS PER THE
EMPEROR'S ORDERS- THEY ARE OUT TO GET THE YOUNG APE.



REJOICE, YOU DIRTY, BOORISH ASS.
THE GREAT CELESTIAL ARMY
IS HONORING YOU BY
CAMPING OUT ON THE
LAND WHICH YOU
ARE CULTI-
VATING.

BUT,
BUT MY CROPS...



YOU DARE
TO PROTEST?
POWERFUL MAGIC
SPIRIT, KILL THIS MAN.
HE IS UNDOUBTEDLY
A COLLABORATOR!

NO!
HAVE
PITY!



CHOOSE A CARD,
ANY CARD, BUT
BE FOREWARNED-
IT'S THE JACK
OF SPADES...

I'LL
KILL YOU!



I'M
DOOMED!



ZACCHETE

GOOD WORK,
SPIRIT! NOW OFF YOU
GO- TRY TO MEET WITH
THIS YOUNG APE. IF
WE CAN DO AWAY
WITH HIM DURING A
LITTLE ONE-ON-ONE,
WE CAN GIVE A FEW
THOUSAND
SOLDIERS!

...AND WHEN THE POWERFUL MAGIC SPIRIT ENTERED THE YOUNG APES' CHAMBERS...

LET'S SOLVE THIS PROBLEM WITH A MAGIC TRICK! IF I WIN, YOU CONFESS THAT YOU HAVE INDEED BEEN CONQUERED! AND I'LL CUT OFF YOUR HEAD! AND IF YOU WIN, YOU CONFESS THAT YOU'VE BEEN CONQUERED! AND I'LL ONLY CUT OFF YOUR TOES!

AH! WHAT A FORTHRIGHT PROPOSITION! I ACCEPT!

HERE'S ONE BALL... LOOK AT THE BALL... WHERE IS THE BALL? OOPS! HERE IT IS... WATCH THE BALL... WHERE IS THE BALL NOW?

WHERE IS THE BALL NOW?

PAM
PLINK PLINK

HE IS TOO STRONG FOR ME, VAISRA-
WAH... MY MAGIC IS NO MATCH FOR HIM!

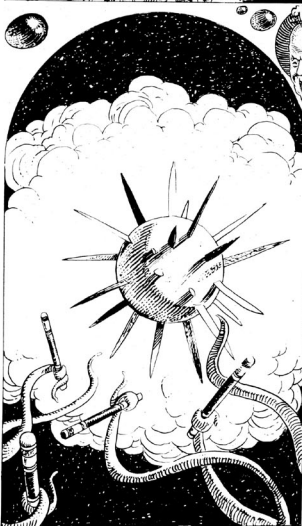
MAGIC SPIRIT, YOU HAVE LET ME DOWN!

SEND ME, FATHER!

MY SON... WHAT A TWIT... WELL, I CAN'T REFUSE MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD...

SO BE IT, MY BRAVE SON!





THE
CADDY WILL
HAVE A HELLUVA
TIME FINDING
THIS BALL!



HELP,
PAPAAAAA



HEH!
WHAT'S THAT?
A MARTIAN?
A METEOR?



THE YOUNG
APE IS TOO
STRONG! EMPEROR!
WE NEED
REIN-
FORCE-
MENTS!



YOU KNOW HE
COULD BEAT THE
ENTIRE CELESTIAL ARMY IF
HE WANTED TO! AND
WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO IF THE COM-
MUNISTS COME?

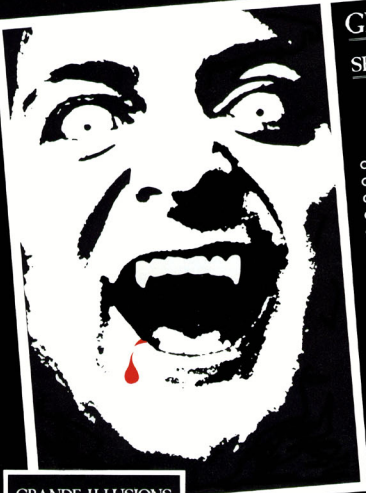


WHAT
ARE YOU SUG-
GESTING, NOIRA,
THAT WE NEGOTIATE
WITH HIM AND PER-
HAPS RECOGNIZE HIS
TITLE AS THE GREAT
WISE APE?

WELL,
WITHOUT SAL-
ARY NATURALLY...
AND, OF
COURSE, NO
RESPONSIBILITY!



GOTCHA!



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ZORA

SO FAR: RETURNING TO THE HONEYCOMB ON THE REACTIVATED *GENESS II* STARSHIP, CAPTAIN ZORA, HER LEUTENANT NYLEA, THE TWO HYBERNALISTS AMON AND BRONCO, AND THE EARTHMAN ROB, FIND A PLANET IN TURMOIL AMATING THEM. A REVOLT AGAINST THE TYRANNICAL SISTERHOOD IS IN PROGRESS, AND THE *GENESS II* IS ABOUT TO CRASH-LAND INTO THE VERY THICK OF IT...



YOU DID IT, ZORA! YOU'RE INCREDIBLE!

WITH SOME GOOD LUCK TO HELP ME... BUT I WRECKED ANOTHER SHIP!



WHAT DOES THAT MATTER? WE'RE STILL ALIVE AND WELL, AREN'T WE?



OH, AMON...

CAPTAIN ZORA! INSTRUMENTS READ LIFE FORMS APPROACHING!



THE AUTOMATIC ATMOSPHERE CONTROLS MUST HAVE SEALED THE SHELL BREACH AND STABILIZED THE AIR PRESSURE. WHAT'S OUR POSITION?

WE'VE LANDED IN THE PALACE OF ENERGY'S SOUTH WING, CAPTAIN!

THAT'S EVERY TERRITORY! THOSE MUST BE SHARITAS GUARDS APPROACHING.

WE MUST LEAVE THE SHIP AT ONCE, AND HEAD FOR COVER. EVERYONE INTO THEIR ANTI-GRAY UNITS!

KEEP UNDER COVER.
HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL
YOU CAN SEE THEM.



AMON,
BRONCO, YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE ANY
TROUBLE OPERAT-
ING YOUR ANTI-
GRAV UNITS—
BUT JUST IN
CASE, STICK
CLOSE
BEHIND
ME.

THERE'S
NO SIGN
OF SHARYA'S
TROOPS. THEY
MUST STILL BE
TOO FAR
OFF.

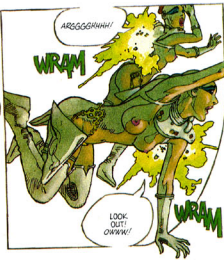
WE'LL
FIND OUT
SOON
ENOUGH.
GO!

GREAT!
NOW, YOU
TWO,
FOLLOW
ME!

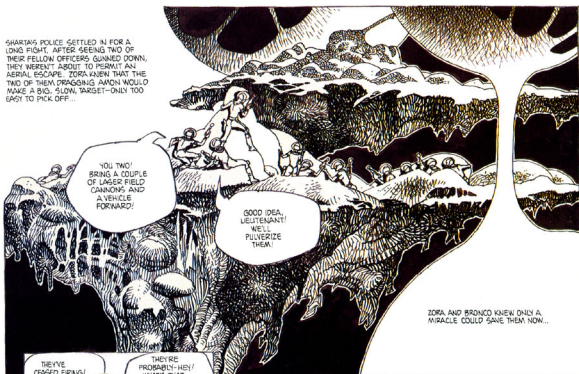
FIRE!

HEY,
YOU
FOOLS! WHERE
ARE YOU
SHOOTING!
AHM!





SHARTAS POLICE SETTLED IN FOR A LONG FIGHT. AFTER SEEING TWO OF THEIR FELLOW OFFICERS GUNNED DOWN, THEY WERENT ABOUT TO PERMIT AN AERIAL ESCAPE. ZORA KNEW THAT THE TWO OF THEM, DRAGGING AMON WOULD MAKE A BIG, SLOW, TARGET-ONLY TOO EASY TO PICK OFF...



YOU TWO!
BRING A COUPLE
OF LASER FIELD
CANNONS AND
A VEHICLE
FORWARD!

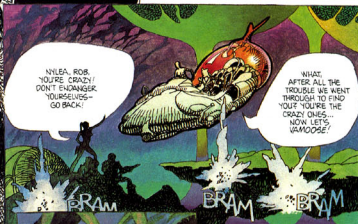
GOOD IDEA,
LIEUTENANT!
WE'LL
PULVERIZE
THEM!

ZORA AND BRONCO KNEW ONLY A
MIRACLE COULD SAVE THEM NOW...



THEY'VE
CEASED FIRING!
WHAT ARE THEY
UP TO NOW?

THEY'RE
PROBABLY-HEY!
WHAT'S THAT
BUZZING NOISE?



NYLEA, ROB,
YOU'RE CRAZY!
DON'T ENDANGER
YOURSELVES—
GO BACK!

WHAT,
AFTER ALL THE
TROUBLE WE WENT
THROUGH TO FIND
YOU? YOU'RE THE
CRAZY ONES...
NOW LET'S
VAMOOSE!

BRAM

BRAM

BRAM



COME ON, PAL,
THE CAVALRY'S ARRIVED
JUST IN THE
NICK OF TIME!

YOU'RE
INSANE TO
RISK SO MUCH
FOR JUST ONE
MAN.



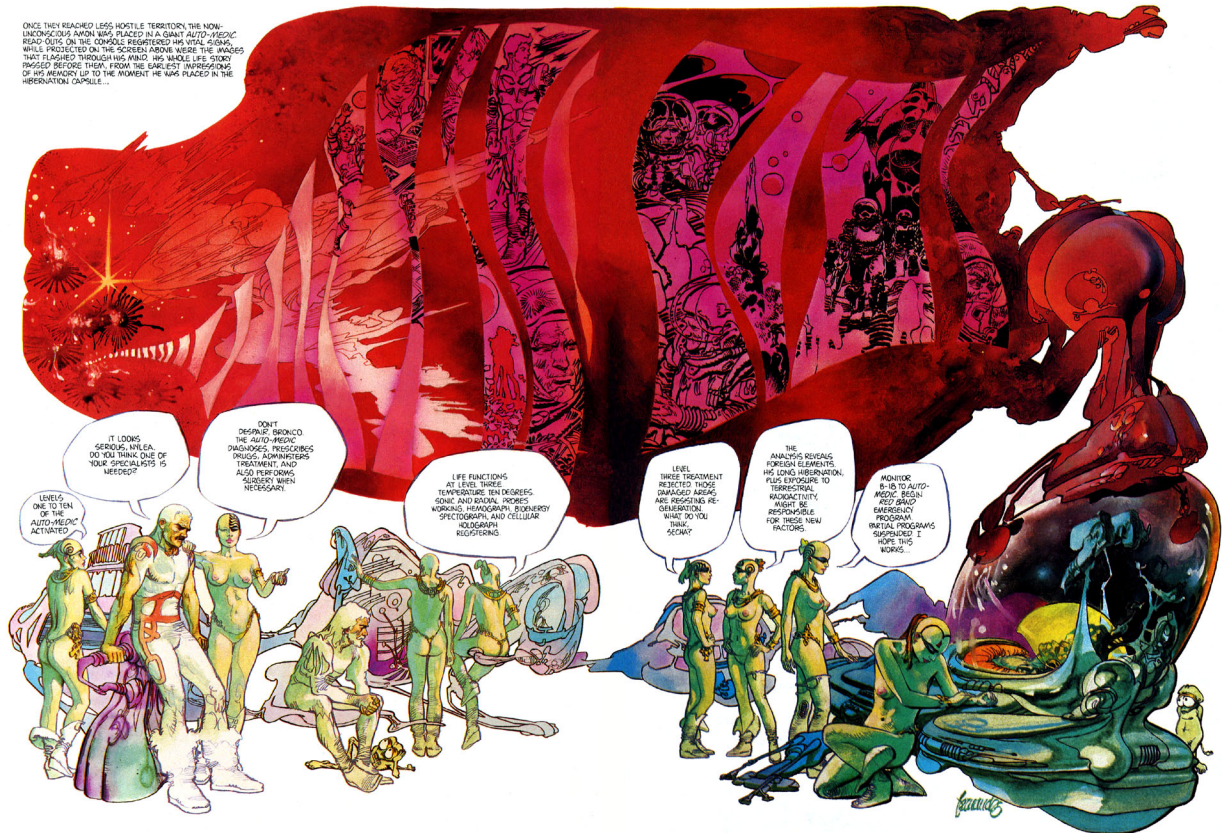
WELL,
WE'RE NOT
EXACTLY
OVERSUP-
PLIED WITH
MEN,
AND
BESIDES...

YOU'VE
ALREADY
DONE THE
SAME FOR
ME, AMON.



HAVING ACCOMPLISHED THE
RESCUE MISSION UNDER A
WITHERING CROSS FIRE, NYLEA
PILOTTED THE SHIP ALOFT, ZIG-
ZAGGING FRANTICALLY AND
DODGING BULLETS UNTIL THEY
WERE OUT OF RANGE.

ONCE THEY REACHED LESS HOSTILE TERRITORY, THE NOW-UNCONSCIOUS AMON WERE PLACED IN A GIANT AUTO-MEDIC READ-OUTS ON THE CONSOLE REGISTERED HIS VITAL SIGNS. WHILE PROJECTED ON THE SCREEN ABOVE WERE THE IMAGES THAT FLASHED THROUGH HIS MIND, HIS WHOLE LIFE STORY PASSED BEFORE THEM, FROM THE EARLIEST IMPRESSIONS OF HIS MEMORY UP TO THE MOMENT HE WAS PLACED IN THE HIBERNATION CAPSULE...



IT LOOKS SERIOUS, WILEA. DO YOU THINK ONE OF YOUR SPECIALISTS IS NEEDED?

DON'T WORRY, BRONCO. THE AUTO-MEDIC DIAGNOSES, PRESCRIBES DRUGS, ADMINISTERS TREATMENT, AND ALSO PERFORMS SURGERY WHEN NECESSARY.

LEVELS, ONE TO TEN OF THE AUTO-MEDIC ACTIVATED

LIFE FUNCTIONS AT LEVEL THREE: TEMPERATURE TEN DEGREES, SOME AND RADIAL PORES WORKING, HEMOGRAPH, BIOENERGY SPECTROGRAPH, AND CELLULAR HOLOGRAPH REGISTERING

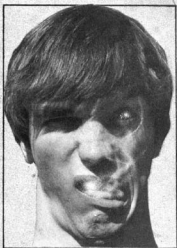
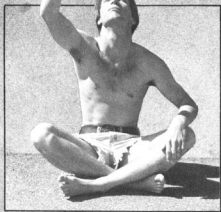
LEVEL THREE TREATMENT PRETEXTED THOSE DAMAGED AREAS ARE REGISTERING RE-GENERATION. WHAT DO YOU THINK, SEAN?

THE ANALYSIS REVEALS FOREIGN ELEMENTS, HIS LONG HIBERNATION, PLUS EXPOSURE TO TERRESTRIAL RADIOACTIVITY, MIGHT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE NEW FACTORS.

MONITOR 8-10 TO AUTO-MEDIC, BEGIN RED GRID EMERGENCY PROGRAM. CRITICAL PROGRAMS SUSPENDED. I HOPE THIS WORKS.

FERRARIS

BURN
OUT



Ah, those Brothers Hildebrandt!



2

The Mutant Warrior by the Brothers Hildebrandt

Available signed and numbered for \$9.95 (limited edition of 2,000). Unsigned \$5.95. 22" x 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper.



1

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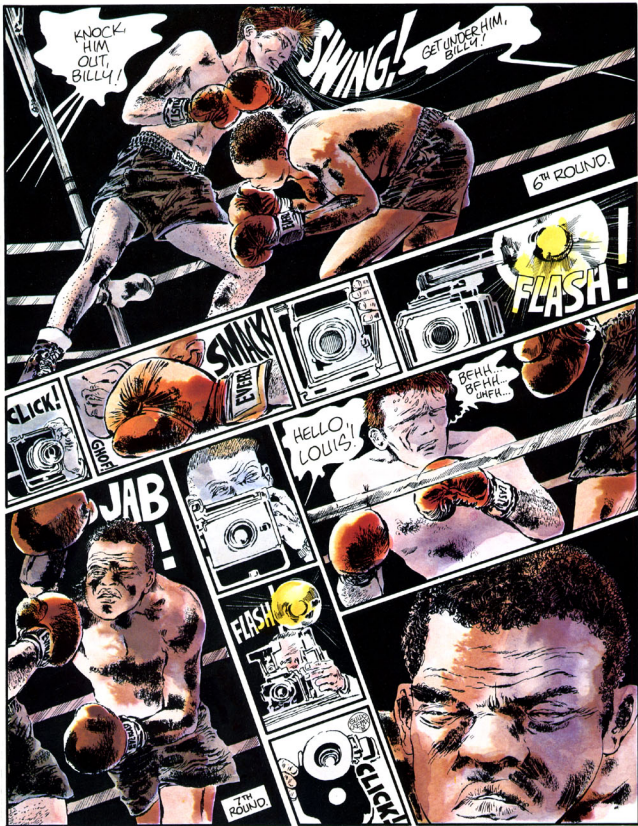


THE MAN FROM HARLEM

BY CREPAX

JUNE 19, 1946.
BILLY CONNORS VS.
JOE LOUIS
FOR THE
WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
TITLE.





KNOCK HIM OUT, BILLY!

SWING!

GET UNDER HIM, BILLY!

6TH ROUND.

FLASH!

CLICK!

FLASH!

SWING!

EVERETT

HELLO! LOUIS!

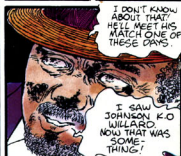
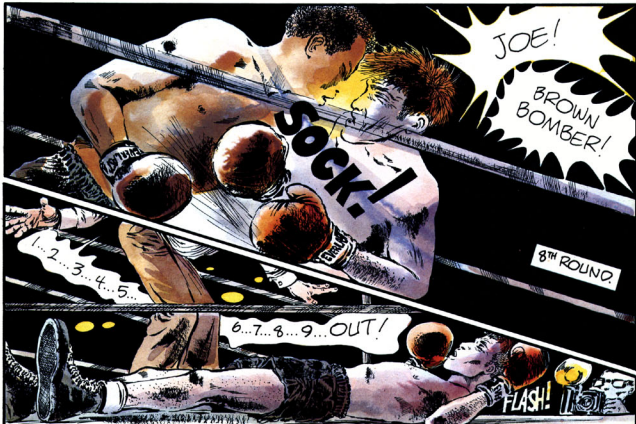
BEHH... BEHH... UMFH...

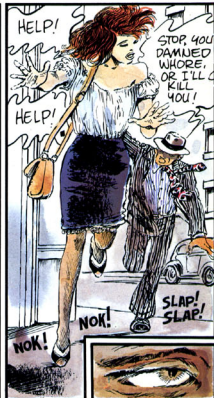
JAB!

FLASH!

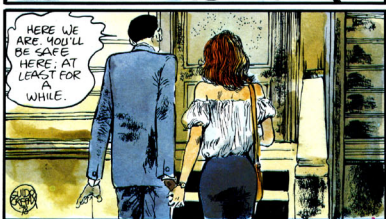
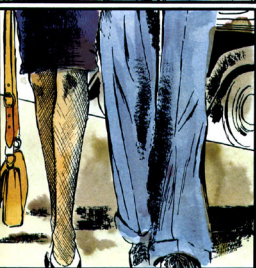
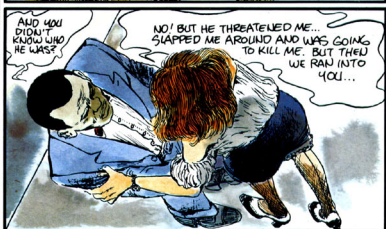
7TH ROUND.

CLICK!











AT THE SPOTLIGHT.
LITTLE JOHNNY
LINCOLN AND ROY HAVE
TOGETHER AGAIN.

HEY, LINCOLN YOU
SOUND HOT TONIGHT!
JUST LIKE PETTIFORD!
DIZZY'S GONNA COME
BY ONE OF THESE
NIGHTS AND...

FLIP!
FLAP!

SWATCH YOU
UP FOR HIS
ORCHESTRA.

SURE IT IS!
HE KNOCKED ME
OUT WHEN I
WAS ABOUT TO
KILL THAT
WHORE!

DIRTY
BASTARD...

I'LL FIX
YOU...

...AND
YOU CAN'T
FIND HER
ANYWHERE?
YOU'RE A
REAL
IDIOT!

WHAT IF
SHE SQUEALS?

SHE
WOUL
TALK
DON'T
WORRY!

SHE'S
RIIINNNG
SCARED!

IF SHE
TALKED, IT
WOULD BE
ALL OVER
FOR YOU.

SURE,
BUT I'M
NOT
WORRIED

SHE'S
JUST A
BIMBO!

HEY!!
THAT GUY
PLAYING THE
BASS, THAT'S
HIM, I'D
SWEAR
IT!

!?



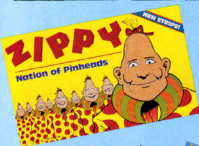
WHAT,
ARE YOU
CRAZY?
YOU
CAN'T
SHOOT IN
HERE, THE
COPS CAN
HIT THIS
PLACE IN
NO TIME!

HEY, ROY, SLOW DOWN!

TO BE CONTINUED...

ZIPPY

... AM I
MERCHANDISED
YET??



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- | | |
|---|--|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 4-Color "T" \$9.95 | (Add \$1 Shipping per order) |
| State T-Shirt size: S | M L XL |

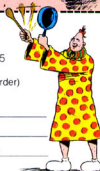
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total enclosed \$ _____ MAIL TO:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM 12, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022



You are Spharain,
the city?

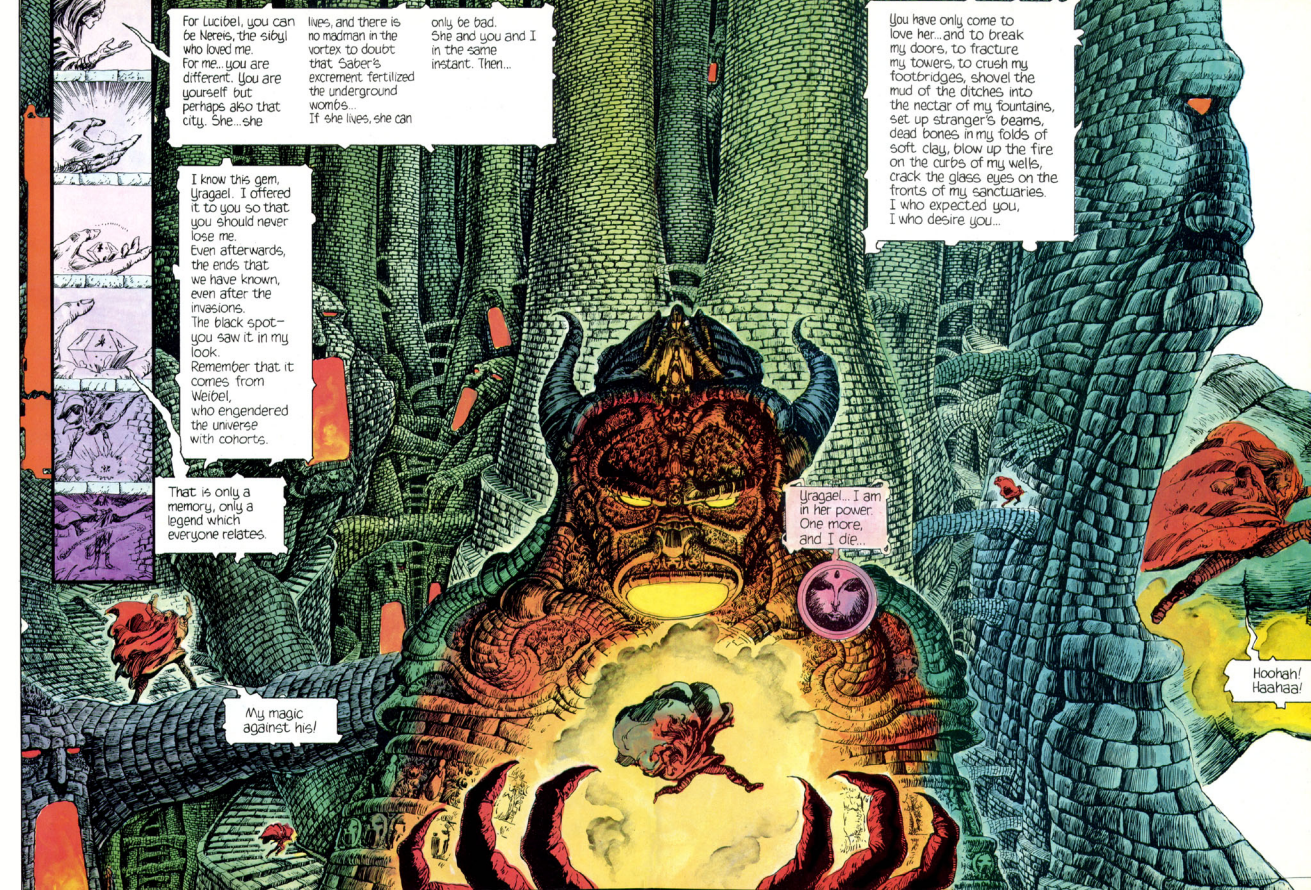
Nereis!

VRAGAZEL

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET

WHEN WE LEFT VRAGAZEL
THREE OF HIS PHANTOM-
GUARDS HAD PRESENTED
HIM WITH KARZEL'S HIR
WITH WHICH HE DIVIDED
THE CITY INTO TWO.

TEXT BY DRUILLET, TRANSLATED BY
PHILIPPE DRUILLET, COOPERATING
WITH THE REVISION OF QUACK
FROM THESE BOOKS
VRAGAZEL, LUNA, BY DRUILLET.



For Lucibel, you can be Nereis, the sibyl who loved me. For me... you are different. You are yourself but perhaps also that city. She... she lives, and there is no madman in the vortex to doubt that Saber's excrement fertilized the underground wombs... If she lives, she can

only be bad. She and you and I in the same instant. Then...

I know this gem, Yragael. I offered it to you so that you should never lose me. Even afterwards, the ends that we have known, even after the invasions. The black spot—you saw it in my look. Remember that it comes from Weibel, who engendered the universe with cohorts.

That is only a memory, only a legend which everyone relates.

My magic against his!

Yragael... I am in her power. One more, and I die.

You have only come to love her... and to break my doors, to fracture my towers, to crush my footbridges, shovel the mud of the ditches into the nectar of my fountains, set up stranger's beams, dead bones in my folds of soft clay, blow up the fire on the curbs of my wells, crack the glass eyes on the fronts of my sanctuaries. I who expected you, I who desire you...

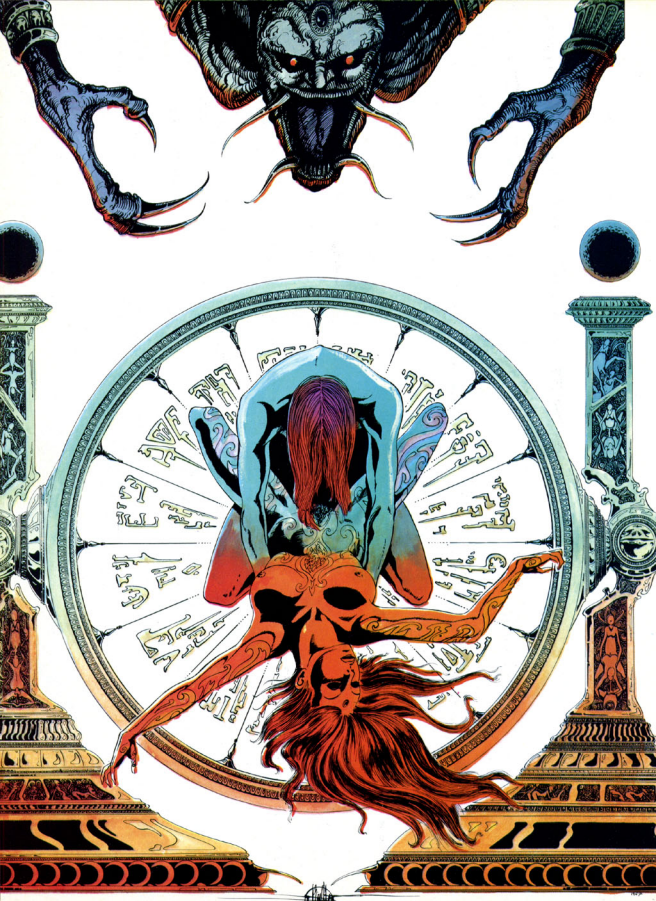
Hoorah!
Haahaa!



Nereis!
If she is mad,
we can win!
You know
the songs...

Karzell, Galt! Baramon!
And you, swim-things
of the vortex!...
Help me!







SO ONCE MORE YOU WILL FIND
THE DESIRE WHICH WAS YOUR LINK
AGES AGO, LONG BEFORE THE
HORDES CAME DOWN FROM THE NORTH,
YRAGAEI. YOUR BODY EXHAUSTS IN
HIDEOUS EMBRACES, BEFORE I AM CONSCIOUS
OF MY NAME-A STILL MORE VIOLENT
DESIRE. TO SATISFY IT, EVERY MOVEMENT
YOU MAKE WILL COST YOU DAYS OF PAIN.
HERE, UNDER MY METEORIC SKIN, THE
OLD DEMONS WILL HAUNT YOU NO MORE.
A TIME WILL COME WHEN YOU WILL HAVE
TO LOVE YOURSELF WITH LIVING FLESH
AND, AS I DO, TRIM YOUR OWN ORIFICES.

END



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FREAK SHOW

THE STORY SO FAR: THE TOWNSPEOPLE LISTENED INTENTLY TO THE TALE OF WALKER, WHO HAD MADE A MOST HORRIFYING DISCOVERY.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALED ALL THE FREAKS WERE THERE, EVEN AS WALKER HAD FEARED, HORRIBLY BURNED AND SCORCHED BY THE FIRE, DEAD EYES WATCHING HIM FROM WITHIN THEIR SEPARATE FORMALDEHYDE JARS, LINED UP IN NEAT ROWS ON WOODEN SHELVES, EACH BEARING THE NAME OF ITS HOST... ROBIN... POSIE... ZIGMUND... WILHELM...





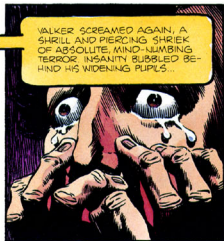
ABRUPTLY THE WAGON STARTED FORWARD WITH A LURCH. WALKER WAS THROWN VIOLENTLY TO THE FLOOR...



HE LOOKED UP AT THE BLOATED, GRINNING DEFORMITIES SLOSHING LAZILY IN THEIR BOTTLES...

...DEAD EYES
MOCKING HIM...

WALKER SCREAMED AGAIN, A SHRIIL AND PIERCING SHRIEK OF ABSOLITE, MIND-NUMBING TERROR INSANITY BUBBLED BEHIND HIS WIDENING PUPILS...



IT IS
HE WHO
WAS
DANCING
BEFORE
THE
WAGON
WHEN
I
PULLED
YOU
FROM
THE
FIRE...

ARE
YOU
SURE
HE
IS
MY
FATHER,
CELIA?

HE IS
YOUR
FATHER,
CELIA...

THEN
OUR
JOURNEY
IS
NEARLY
AT
AN
END.





AND THAT, DEAR FRIENDS, IS THE END OF MY TALE OF WOE AND MISERY...



I HOPE IT HAS AMUSED YOU. REMEMBER IT WELL... SPREAD IT AMONG YOURSELVES... FOR YOU SHALL HEAR IT ONLY THIS ONCE FROM ME...



...AS YOU SHALL SEE ONLY THIS ONCE THAT WHICH LIES HIDDEN BEHIND THIS CHARR'D CURTAIN.



CARRY IT WITH YOU ALWAYS...



...CARRY IT TO YOUR GRAVES...



...AS I WILL!

T

HE CROWD SCREAMS IN UNISON, STAGGERING BACK IN REVULSION. SOME OF THE WOMEN NOD, PASS OUT. SEVERAL OF THE MEN TWIST AWAY, BEND DOUBLE, VOMIT...

WALKER IS THERE—WITH HIS FREAKS, ROBIN, POSE, WILHELM, ZIGMUND, AND ALL THE REST. THE CHAOTIC PARTS OF THEIR DEFORMED BODIES HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY DISMEMBERED AND SEWN WITH SURGICAL SKILL AT RANDOM ONTO WALKER'S OWN. HE IS A PATCHWORK OF DISFIGURED HEADS, ARMS, FLIPPERS, BIRD FEET, SCALES... A LIVING COMPOSITE OF EVERY FREAK IN THE SHOW...

WALKER GAZES OUTWARD THROUGH GLAZED EYES, GRINNING STUPIDLY AT THE SCATTERING CROWD, NO SANITY LEFT BEHIND HIS EYES...

AND ABOVE HIS NODDING HEAD, IN DRIPPING, HASTILY SCRRAWLED LETTERS, IS THE SAME CRYPTIC SLOGAN THAT HAS SO MANY TIMES NOGGED THROUGH HIS OWN WRETCHED LIPS...

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



By subscribing to National Lampoon you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal

makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.



"I just know
I'm right," says
Mandy. "Fill
out my coupon
and help me
really show
Candy!"

Sirs:
As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

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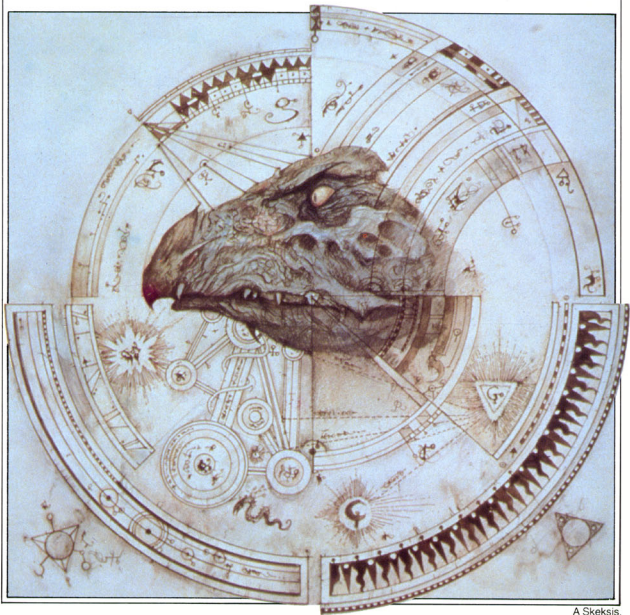
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says Candy.
"I've just got to
put that Mandy
in her place.
She thinks
she knows
everything."

GALLERY:

THE DARK CRYSTAL

THE TWINKLE IN BRIAN FROUD'S EYE



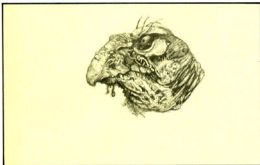


All sketches and illustrations in this spread are by Brian Froud.

THE DARK CRYSTAL

Due out this December, *The Dark Crystal* is an adventure film chock full o' creatures of enchantment, supernatural beings and extraordinary lands, brought to life on the screen by Jim Henson of Muppetopolis.

Henson's affiliation with muppetry ends there, for this film is far more advanced and intricate than *Big Bird* and the *Cookie Monster* ever were. And though the film was developed by Henson, Frank Oz, the screenwriter David Odell, and scores of other talented artists, the powerful characterizations were created by Brian Froud; the renowned fantasy artist whose work has been viewed, thus far, in *The Land of Froud and Faeries*.



On the previous page: urAc. Above: Two of the many wood beasts. Top right: A Skeksis scientist. Bottom right: Ac the Scribe.

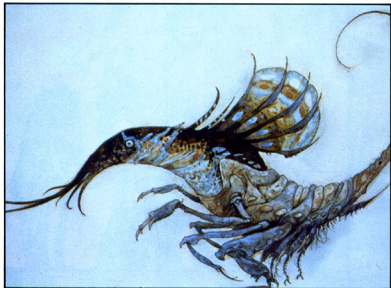
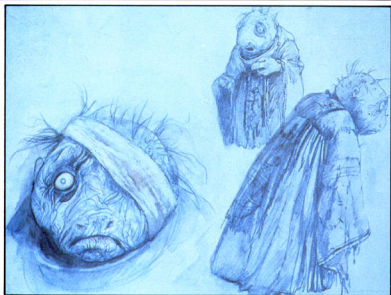
Froud, the English-born conceptual designer for *The Dark Crystal* is uniquely suited to this puppet adventure depicting Jen, a Gelfling from an ancient race of elf-like creatures, who journeys through a wilderness unknown to man, where plants, trees, animals and all living things are mysterious, bizarre and sometimes frightening.

The visual concept of *The Dark Crystal* and the world it portrays is ultimately the creation of Froud and although the idea for the film was Jim Henson's, the creatures evolved through discussion. Henson's idea was for a world that had a life of its own, where plants could communicate and mountains talk to each other. Everything was alive. The world was full of creatures; humans were never involved.

Froud states: "I enjoy tampering with the humorous, and the grotesque. Often, I don't feel as if I'm in control of what I am doing. I put a pencil to paper, and what appears, *appears*. I am just as surprised to see what I do, as anyone else is."

But three years is an awful long time for just "tampering." Froud worked on the set constantly, reworking costumes, set designs and character movement. All of the characters have complex facial movements, some as many as sixteen. The development of the hands capable of picking up an object with a comparatively simple triggering device, is revolutionary to the art of puppetry. There have been hands with maybe





Upper left: Pod People. Lower left: one of your more frightening wood beasts. Above: an urSkeks of the palace of the Dark Crystal.

“Often, I don’t feel as if I’m in control of what I am doing. I put a pencil to paper, and what appears, *appears*.”

two fingers that worked, but never anything as advanced as those created for this film. The technology in general, is sophisticated and gives the characters and creatures a living, breathing reality in a nothing but make-believe world.

Do be advised, puppets, and sweet-looking heroes does not a kids movie make—for this film is sophisticated, detailed, and just plain fantastic.

—E. All

CHAIN MAIL



Dear *Heavy Metal* Staff:

I have had a love affair with your magazine since April 1977, and have not felt it necessary to disturb our privacy until now. Ms. McClellan's letter in the September *HM* insults my sensibilities to such an extent that I *must* speak out. I just passed my thirty-fifth birthday and like to believe that I'm fairly well read, traveled, and educated. With few exceptions, everything ever published in *HM* had something good going for it. The thought that the few narrow-visioned residents of the U.S. may take away the chance of a lifetime to see a sampling of the best artists and writers in the world today is terrifying; much more so than anything you could possibly publish. Bring on the boobs and gore!

Sharon Rosenthal
Ridgecrest, Cal.

Dear Editor:

In reference to the letter from Ms. N. McClellan (Sept. "Chain Mail"), who probably bugged out when she saw your September cover—te-he-he. She is wrong, wrong, wrong. Anyone who doesn't appreciate women drawn by Fernandez or Hildebrandt—or my idol, the Evil Queen from "Den II"—is a drag and should go back to knitting socks.

Hugs and Kisses,
Joann Kicullen
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear *HM*:

Bravo to Nancy G. McClellan. I, too, am one of your many female readers and I believe also that your magazine is greatly male-oriented (although you are getting better). Anyway, keep up the good work (I'm really getting into "Freak Show").

Kristin E. Robinson
Cedar City, Utah

Dear Julie Simmons-Lynch:

For some time, most material in *HM* has been aimed solely at satisfying a man's childish reveries after he's finished his copy of *Playboy*. Violence depicted in a great majority of the stories borders on the extreme; sophistication is sacrificed for depravity. Is that adult? I felt equal disappointment with some aspects of the *HM* movie; while I was impressed with the overall quality of the stories and fluid blends of musics with arts, I found the roles of the women to be unceasingly degenerate and insulting. Even Taarna—who possessed another old-time male ideal of the perfect woman, literal dumbness. What really made this all intolerable was the unequal transgression of having Den cover his "dork." The duality of the character was clear, but come on, after all the t&a exposure by women in the film it was unfair. Never once in the movie was my fantasy revealed. A compromised shame, I told myself, necessary to achieve the R and avoid the X rating, which apparently, would've been too *Heavy*. Since the magazine seems not to be suffering from lack of circula-

tion due to its highly sexual-violent content, let's have at least an equal show and exploitation of the opposite sex!

Diane C. Chalice
Newberry, Fla.

I think this calls for an HM readership poll. —ls

Dear Editor:

If Edgar Rice Burroughs was after tit(&ass)illation as Richard A. Lupoff claims (Sept. '82), he unid himself by making his Martians oviparous instead of viviparous, like himself. Females that produce eggs instead of live young do not have breasts because they don't need them. And in all probability, their males would have internal testes and retractable penises—a definite plus in close combat as any athlete will tell you. Now let's see Clyde Caldwell do some illos of the real Martians, the ones without breasts, nipples, or navels—and don't forget to make 'em sexy!

Douglas Roome
San Bruno, Calif.

Dear *HM*:

I'd just like to say that compared to all the other cartoon industry's comics, yours are the best. I do wish that you'd have more of those demented Tin-Tin comics, and that "Rock Opera" would end some day. But what the Hell. You still beat *Captain Marvel* and *Sgt. Rock* by a mile, if that's an accomplishment. (No. —ls)

Gareth Evans
Washington D.C.

P.S. What is a Lou Stathis?
He lifts weights, practices killer karate, and eats punks like you for breakfast. —ls

Dear *HM*:

I really enjoyed Jeff Goldberg's essay on Phobias (Oct. '82), however I cannot help but feel he left some important phobias out, such as:

Stathisophobia: The fear of meeting or

being close to Lou Stathis (although many psychiatrists claim that this may be a normal, rational fear). See also Teratophobia.

Rockoperaphobia: The fear that someday a story by Rod Kierkegaard Jr. will make sense.

Busophobia: Also known in many countries as Kirchnerphobia. This is the fear of experiencing strange occurrences in or around a bus.

Pac-maphobia: The fear of not being able to play "Pac-Man" in a twenty-four hour period.

E.T.phobia: The fear of E.T. See also Xenophobia.

Noheavmetaphobia: (A very common fear.) The fear of missing an issue of *Heavy Metal*.

Mark Thanatos
Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

I think you forgot Chainmaillophobia; the fear of having to sit down every month and decipher smartass scrawlings from chuckleheads with dumb pseudonyms. —ls.

Dear *HM*:

It was great to see Matt Howarth's work in *HM* again. "Changes" was one of the most innovative and unique examples of artful storytelling I've ever seen in *HM*, and I've bought and read every issue since the beginning. Couldn't you find room for more of the Post Brothers?

John R. Scharff
Holloman AFB, New Mexico

Dear Marvelous Magical Metal Mongers:

After reading the insane comments in the August Chain Mail I decided I couldn't do any worse. I've been reading *HM* for three years and have noticed that the quality of your critics has really declined. . . .

Pat Echols
Norcross, Ga.

This letter made my day. —ls

Dear Julie:

I have been an avid reader of your magazine now for five years, and it never fails to amuse me that so many assholes over the past few years have written to you suggesting what you, a distinguished editor, should and should not print in a widely acclaimed magazine (*Julie's blushing*. —ls). Please, for my sake and many others', don't take their insignificant advice. People who write *HM*, thinking they know more about the benefit of this mag than you, are morons.

Bryan Walker
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

P.S.: Excuse me, but Berni Wrightson's "Freak Show" is going to be great, I am sure.

Dear *HM*:

I've got an easy answer to the magazine's problems (August). Simply eliminate Chain Mail—all those complaints are so boring (*What, and kill my fun?* —ls).

William Benulus
Sayreville, N.J.



TP3 Mountain Game

TOM PERKINSON

Image: 18 x 12.5 paper: 24 x 17.5



JO1 Mt/Seascape

JOHN OBERDORF

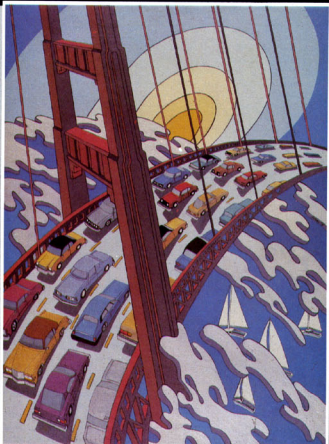
Image: 23.5 x 19 paper: 30 x 23



HG1 The Survivor

HORST GOTTSCHALK

Image: 23 x 17 paper: 29 x 22



CA1 Fog Under the Golden Gate

CHARLES ADAMS

Image: 21.5 x 16 paper: 31 x 21



TP2 Pegasus

TOM PERKINSON

Image: 16.5 x 24 paper: 21 x 29.5

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GS1 The Conjuror

GREGORY SCOTT



JW1 Hypnerotomachia

JOHN WOTIPKA



Song of the Minotaur

CHARLES WARE



AS2 Financial Paranoid

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THIS ISN'T DOING ME A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT OF GOOD. ALL THESE JERKS. LOOK THE SAME! HOW AM I GOING TO FIND THIS KID?



I'VE GOT TO START MAKING SOME HEADWAY...THIS IS THE FIFTH DUMP LIKE THIS I'VE BEEN TO TONIGHT.

THAT WAS ABOUT ALL I HAD TO GO ON...A CRUMMY HIGH-SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH OF A KID WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH **ROBOT MUSIC!** THIS ALL STARTED WHEN I GOT A CALL ABOUT MIDWEEK FROM A MRS. DIMBEAU TELLING ME HER TEENAGE SON WAS MISSING, AND COULD I HELP THEM FIND HIM..... LIKE A FOOL I SAID YES.

AS I WALKED INTO THEIR HOUSE I COULD TELL THEY WEREN'T HURTING FOR MONEY...MRS. DIMBEAU LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN...



OH, MR. BORBAN! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME! WE'VE BEEN OUT OF OUR MINDS WITH WORRY...WE'RE AFRAID OUR TIMMY HAS FALLEN IN WITH A BAD CROWD!

WELL, MRS. DIMBEAU...I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN. WHAT KIND OF BAD CROWD ARE YOU REFERRING TO?

MR. DIMBEAU WASN'T MUCH BETTER...HE TRIED TO COME ON WITH THE VICTOR MATURE ACT. I WAS BEGINNING TO SEE WHY THE KID HAD RUN AWAY.



...SO WE THINK HE MAY HAVE RUN OFF WITH A GROUP OF THOSE **ROBOTOID HOODS!** YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN THEM ON TELEVISION...

EXCUSE ME, BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO LOOK IN HIS ROOM FOR A MOMENT AND THEN I'LL ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.

HIS ROOM WAS SMALL AND DARK...IT LOOKED LIKE ANOTHER EXTENSION OF MR. AND MRS. DIMBEAU...DULL.



ASIDE FROM A RECORD PLAYER AND A FEW ROBOT RECORDS IT REMINDED ME OF A SANITIZED MOTEL ROOM...NO SIGN OF LIFE.

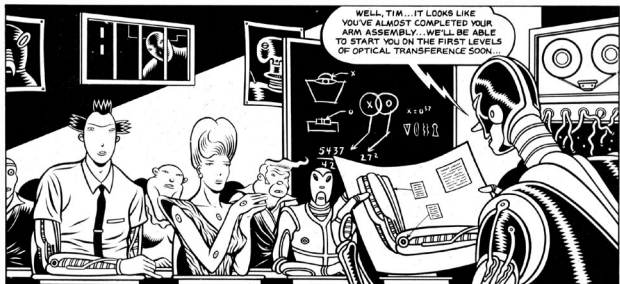


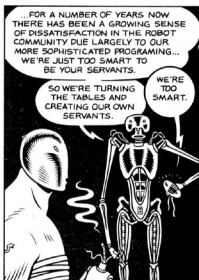
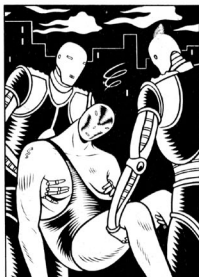
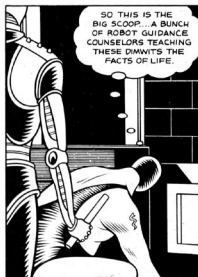
THE ONLY THING I FOUND OF INTEREST WAS A STACK OF BLUEPRINTS...THEY LOOKED LIKE PLANS FOR A MACHINE OF SOME SORT.



DID YOU FIND ANYTHING, MR. BORBAN?

EH?









**JUNE
2050**

IT'S BEEN
A LONG
TIME...

...FOR
BOTH OF
US...

...FOR
ALL OF
US.

THE WORLD HAS
FORGOTTEN. HE'S
JUST AN OLD GUY
FROM THE PAST...
AN OLD GUY WITH
A **YOUNG BODY**...
JUST LIKE THE
REST OF US.

THEY SHOULD'VE LET
HIM **DIE** NATURALLY
INSTEAD OF GIVING
HIM THE **SERUM!**

IT'S GREAT THAT
PEOPLE DON'T
DIE OF **OLD AGE**
ANY MORE, BUT I
DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHY THEY KEPT
HIM ALIVE...

...BUT I'LL
FIX THINGS.

...OR WHY
THEY FINALLY
SET HIM **FREE**...

IS THAT...?
YEAH!...
IT'S HIM!

**MISTER
CHAPMAN!?!**

**BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG**

SIRHAN SIRHAN
GETS OUT NEXT
MONTH. I'LL
HAVE TO HEAD FOR
CALIFORNIA...

ART
STORY

JOHN
WORMAN

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?



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DEN II

Last we saw, Den and Muuta finally made it to Minimuut. While contemplating their next move, a Dramite messenger showed up. Soon after, the long lost Tarn returned.



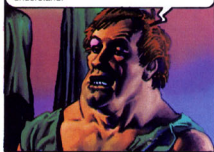
DEN II ©1992 Richard Corben





You seem to forget yourself, Tarn. I rule here. I belong to no one. Why have you come? What do you want?

Oh, I am sorry. Now that I have absolute power, I sometimes forget that people don't understand.



I am here to make you my friends. I am a king now. My domain reaches from the Lorungan Mountains through the Knorland Forests.



My capital is ... Muutaron.



Well, I am tired now. I hope you'll allow me some rooms for my entourage to rest. We can continue our interview tomorrow.

Tarn! Don't you recognize me? I'm Den, your comrade. You saved my life once.



What a surprise, finding you here, Den ... with my beloved Muuta.



I have a mind to throw that swollen bug lover into the lake. If it weren't for my people held hostage at Muutaron . . .

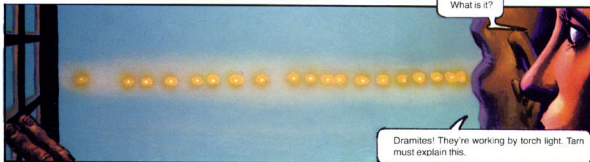


Don't hate me, Den. I did nothing to spur his infatuation.



Excuse me, mistress. There is some activity on the far shore.

What is it?



Dramites! They're working by torch light. Tarn must explain this.



Please excuse me.
I'm not feeling well.

Tarn, there are hundreds of torches on the shore. You must explain what your... subjects are doing. Let us in immediately.



OOOOOOH!... It is nothing to be alarmed about... uuunnh... They are merely performing some religious rites.



They will be gone by morning.
OOOOOOHHH!

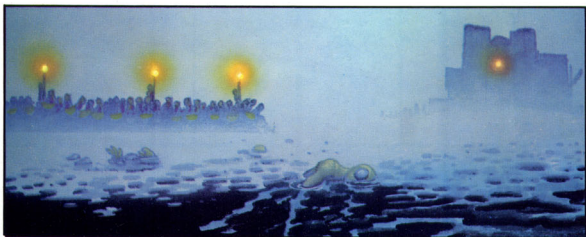
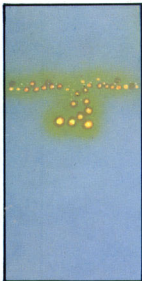
Tarn, what ails you?



Get out of my way.
I must see him!



There, satisfied?
Now go away
and let me alone.





Oh, no! Muuta, we must escape the island at once. They are building a bridge.



Assemble my men and servants. I'll get my things together.



You alert the men on the east side. We must take the ship and abandon the island.





EEEEAAAGH!



BRACK!



VOOOOOMMM



KRAK



THAK



HAHG!

WHAH!



THONK



THRUUK



SKRAK!



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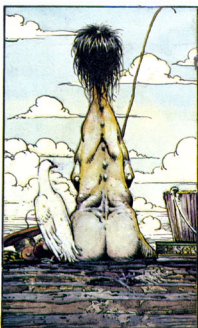
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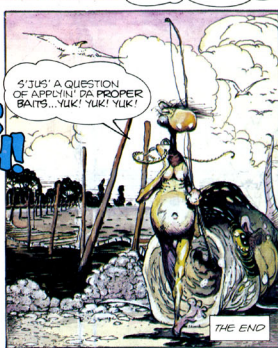
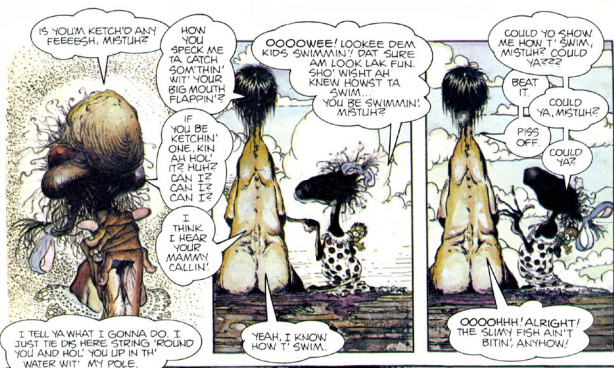
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MUDWOG

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#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 Drullit, "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 Drullit'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 '71," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual.

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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 Drullit 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 Drullit'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, Brecia, Drullit, Suydam, others.

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

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

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

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

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Cravasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten 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 Storm" 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: Drullit returns with the 1st installment of "Saluambo" 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 tiny shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet.

#43/OCTOBER '80: Special Rock Opera! Plus: McKie, Drullit, Y. Bierkegaard, and more.

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Sturgeon* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springfield, 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: Lancelotti returns with "M... in Wood makes... Bang, Hah... Godard and... "Rock Opera" tells us "There is a Prince... on Phenixion!"

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S. Burroughs' diatribe "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny God" and an inevitable Moebius character, hide himself in and out trouble. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterday's Lily and an interview with the man himself.

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

John Findley's epic Western, begins. What is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue. Drulliet's interpretation of Claubert's classic *Sauvage* 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. Don't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals: Fete!" 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: On the limited edition of the 16-page, 16-page pulled-out *Heavy Metal*.

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: Corben's "Den," Juan "Men" in "Infantry" is interviewed by the masters of horror.

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

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

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

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He, 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, Schuten 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, Drulliet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

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

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

#64/JULY '82: Marcelle and Lacombe's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*, Part 2 of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." Plus Jones, Garcia, Drulliet, etc.

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

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

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as do "Den II" and "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwig," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus our regulars: Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.



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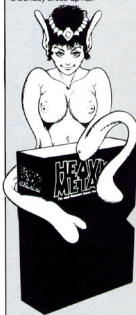
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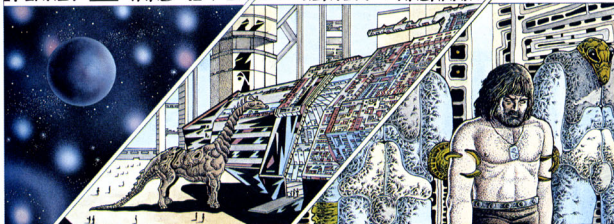
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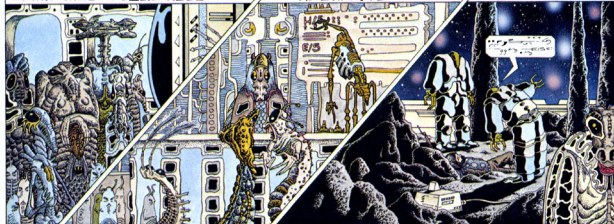
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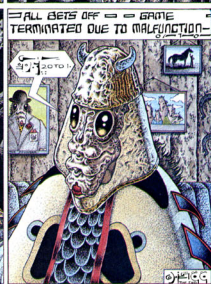
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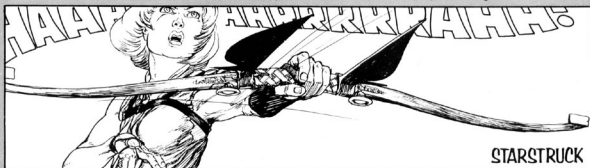


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