

March 1983

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HEAVY METAL

The adult
illustrated fantasy
magazine

Underground artist Robert Williams
in "Gallery"

Bilal's new strip, "The City that Didn't Exist"
Plus: Kaluta and Crepax



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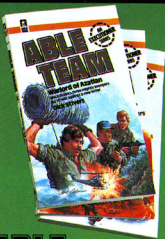
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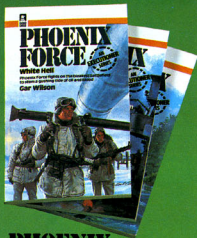
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DOSSIER

WHAT'S WRONG WITH COMICS?

I started with an innocent reader inquiry—something like: "Why don't you meatballs review more comics, eh?" Instantly, the nose-thumbing response, "Because they stink," word-ballooned over my head. Nasty, perhaps, but I'm afraid truthful. The line of thought vectored by my wagging fingers—tracing the why of the knee-jerk Bronx cheer—brought me to the question at the top of this page, and then to the genesis of this section.

The ugly fact is, I used to like comics—and as recently as five years ago regularly bought and read a good dozen of them every month. But then something happened. Nothing cataclysmic—just the slow realization that I hadn't the least desire to read any of the flimsy things still mysteriously accumulating on my bathroom's to-be-consumed rack. Buying comics had become pointlessly habitual, and whatever rewards I used to get, had almost totally withered away.

That something essential had gone Missing In Action was obvious. As someone who enjoyed comics more as an adult (if you call college-age adult) than as a child, something as simple as growing out of them didn't make much sense. As with rock'n'roll, I'd learned to grow back into comics after allowing teenage snobbish intolerance to reject them as worthless, immature kiddie shit. It was a one-two combo punch that did me in. First, the late-sixties flowering of underground comix opened

up whole new sub-basements of perverse preoccupations never before hinted at comic-wise (drugs, sex—you know). Following closely was the early/mid-seventies' imposition of raw, energetic talent into the flagging mainstream assembly-lines (marked by the appearance of books like the Thomas/Smith *Conan*, Wrightson's *Swamp Thing*, Kaluta's *Shadow*, Gerber and Colan's *Howard the Duck*, Starlin's *Warlock*, and Englehart and Brunner's *Dr. Strange*), giving all of us a brief moment of self-deluding optimism that, dammit, though compromised, mainstream books *did* allow room for innovation.

But the mindless Berserker mentality of the Big Comics Machine made short work of that. It wasn't so much a matter of *The Business* chewing these young turks up and spitting them out, but more as if these guys were a bunch of rubber dinghies capsizing in the wake of a lumbering, automated super-tanker, blind to the devastating effect it's having. The twin ravages of irreversible industry momentum and premature delirium by a newly-ascendant fandom, served to freeze these nascent talents in the larval stages of their development. Comics *almost* grew up in the seventies. It got a couple of steps into a precocious post-adolescence before it was institutionalized, and then (like Frances Farmer), sedated, gang-banged, and lobotomized into submission.

Unlike the bad-guys in the moronically simplified stor-

ies they tell, there are no real villains in the "Who Killed Comics" saga. The culprits are a vast, unconvened conspiracy of almost everyone involved—readers/fans who trowel unqualified praise on artists desperately needing critical honesty; style-deaf writers who confuse hyperbolic excess with real, craft-generated excitement and wield the English language with less finesse than a drunker; Cimмерian performing a circumcision with a broadsword; star-struck, exploitation-ripe young artists whose total knowledge of anatomy derives from Neal Adams or John Buscema swipe files; cynical old hacks overskilled in the practice of artistic anonymity; dull-witted, easily panicked publishers more interested in engineering cross-media merchandising schemes than in making sure new talent (and raw material for future C-MMS's) is encouraged and developed... and so on.

That we're desperately in need of a new Comic Renaissance shouldn't be shocking news to anyone. The American comic book is poised on the brink of oblivion, and somehow I feel like standing by and yelling, "Jump!"

Am I a chorus of one? I wasn't sure and undertook the survey that follows as a way of justifying my malcontent, and maybe finding some encouraging words. I asked a wide spectrum of comic readers, fans, professionals, and critics to tell me what they thought was wrong with comics, in one hundred words. Following is the first batch of responses, with more to come next month. Of course, you too are invited to add your two cents. Who knows, something you say might just cheer me up.

—Lou Stathis

What's wrong with comics? Nothing! What could be wrong with a medium that has survived centuries of providing mass-audience education and entertainment? What's wrong with being the "television" of the twenties, a vehicle for protest in the sixties, and the forerunner (and idea source) for cinema in this decade? What, after all, is wrong with an easily exploitable print medium that can disseminate mindless escape and masturbatory fantasy? Are comics to blame if they employ brilliant artwork and lavish printing to tell shallow stories by those concerned only with their value as a money machine? Nothing is wrong with comics! Comics are a valid and unique literary form. They are a training ground for the growing practice of sequential art. They can and will (I hope) deliver classical work of lasting value in our lifetime. THANK GOD NO ONE ASKED ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH COMIC BOOK ARTISTS, WRITERS, AND PUBLISHERS!

—Will Eisner

Traditionally, in the comics' farmlands, the best harvests have come from artists who were members of "creative families." These families, like sunshine, encouraged growth in seedling artists and provided a climate where perennial artists could mature.

Many great comic book farms—like the fifties EC/*Mad* gardens, and the sixties Marvel Comics growers—have proven the soundness of the agro-fam-

Will Eisner, creator of the Spirit, is universally acknowledged to be one of comics' greatest artist/storytellers.

Dan Steffan is a cartoonist and illustrator whose work has appeared in *HM*, *Dope Comix*, *Amazing SF* and *Galaxy* magazines.

Kim Thompson is the editor of *Amazing Heroes* Magazine.

Ted White, former *HM* editor, was a comic fan and critic long before anyone knew there were such things.

COMIC JUSTICE/ POETIC RELIEF



Allen Ginsberg's "A Supermarket in California" as cartooned by Dave Morice from Poetry Comics.

with "SMILE" faces—the woe-begone knight-at-arms and unsinging birds all have round heads, dots for eyes, and a turned-up half circle for a mouth! Or making over Ben Jonson's "To Celia" ("Drink to me only with thine eyes."); Robert Herrick's "To the Virgins" ("Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."); and an Emily Dickinson short despair, in the image of True Life Romance comics.

Sometimes, the poems are laden with images of modernity that give their semi-archaic language new relevance—like illustrating Keats's "When I Have Fears" with a patient on a shrink's couch, and naming the shrink "Dr. Byron Lord." Then there are moderns that are ultra-modern. Composer/theorist John Cage's "Empty Words" includes eleven empty frames; Allen Ginsberg's "A Supermarket in California" is already a comic strip—it merely needed to be filled in.

It's relieving to know that there's still a sensibility out there—Morice's—that places poetry and comics at equal ends of one spectrum of imagination. Though this collection may not appeal to poetry purists, those are exactly the ones who need it.

—Merle Ginsberg

Although you may wish you had a copy of **Dave Morice's** new book of *Poetry Comics* (Simon & Schuster) back when you were struggling through English 101, you could still conceivably enjoy his witty, and often ironic, comic illustrations of everything from Donne and Shakespeare to Stephen Crane—even if the originals left you cold. If you haven't had the opportunity to grapple with your first poetry survey course yet, this book could spare you a lot of suffering.

But Morice's book is no mere oversized illustrated *Cliff Notes*. His purpose is specifically to "abuse the muse!" Morice has been publishing *Poetry Comics* Magazine out of his Iowa City home since 1978, but this collection raises classic poetry to a new level of high colloquialism. Stylized language is the perfect stuff for cartoons—it makes them funnier. Cartoon stylistics are applied with poetic justice, and often dealt out with great irony; for instance, illustrating Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," perhaps the greatest example of disillusionment in all literature,

flage the stench of the rotting superman—a stench to which only the fans are impervious. The American comic book is a zombie. And the world laughs at it.

—Kim Thompson

Over twenty years ago Stan Lee introduced a fresh idea to the stale, post-EC, superhero comics: soap opera. Spider-Man couldn't get dates. The Fantastic Four continually quarreled. Although the early stories were usually complete in each issue, they dovetailed into on-going epics. It was a revolutionary idea that revitalized a second-rate company and gave the folks at *Superman* the first competition they'd had in years.

Today's comics consist of interminable episodes of never-ending epics, written by former fans who never learned how to tell concise stories. And only superhero comics are left, giving the field a single, narrow, self-indulgent focus.

—Ted White

Some forty years ago, the newsstands were abundantly filled with comics of all varieties. Today, there are fewer than five flavors of

ily. They knew that if they gave their crops the necessary nutrients, the fruit produced would be ripe and bountiful. Unfortunately, today's Agro-Comic conglomerates have abandoned the cultivation of the perennial in favor of the profits to be made from this year's crop of unripened saplings. Today's farmers have forgotten that if they keep harvesting the same garden without revitalizing the soil, it will become barren and produce nothing of consequence.

—Dan Steffan

Superman strangled American comics in the crib, condemning them to an eternity of adolescent power fantasies. When the original energy of the concept withered, it was simply recycled again and again. There were alternatives: Barks, Biro, Kurtzman. But, as the wide base of the general readership was eroded, replaced by the dictatorship of the "fan cult" (whose adolescent tastes embraced the superhero with unholy enthusiasm), all alternatives died. Pretentious writing and flashy art attempted in vain to camou-

WHY COMICS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE!

① the 1950s



② the 1960s



③ the 1970s



④ the 1980s



Robert Greenberger edits *Comics Scene Magazine*. **John Workman** is an artist whose work has appeared in *HM*, *Star-Reach*, and the *National Lampoon*. He's also been *HM*'s Art Director for the past five years.

Mary Wilshire, a NYC based freelance illustrator, has published work in *HM*, *National Lampoon*, *Crazy*, *Wet Satin*, *Young Lust*, *AfterShock*, upcoming in *Wimmen's Comix* and an issue of *Marvel's Red Sonja*.

WHAT TH'—

THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WRONG WIT' COMICS! THEY'RE JUST LIKE WRITIN' A NOVEL OR PAINTIN' A PITCHER—ONE GUY WIT' SOME INK 'N' PAPER, CREATIN' GREAT STUFF!

OH, YEAH?



INDEED, THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE... BUT TODAY'S COMICS ARE THE RESULT OF CREATION BY COMMITTEE. NO LONGER IS ONE VISIONARY CREATOR IN CONTROL. THERE ARE TOO MANY PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS AND VICE PRESIDENTS IN CHARGE OF NOSE-PICKING PUTTING IN THEIR TWO CENTS' WORTH!

YEAH! WHY, COMICS ARE ALMOST AS MESSED UP AS GULF TELEVISION!

(WITH THANKS TO KOPPEY.) —JOHN WORKMAN/B3

four-color excitement being published. One might think, with the growth of comic shops and alternative presses, we would be inundated with spies, gunfighters, lovers, air aces, and funny animals—perhaps even some serious, mainstream stories about the drama of real life. No chance. Instead of variety, we're being treated to mostly more of the same—science fiction and super-heroes—and none of

it terribly well done. Much of it is terrible. There is great potential for expansion if the handful of distributors don't strangle the outlets for what innovative material is

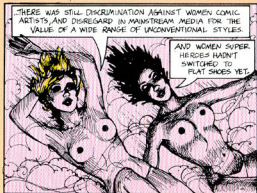
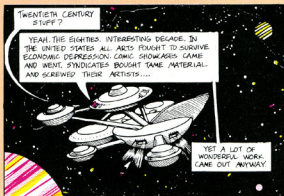
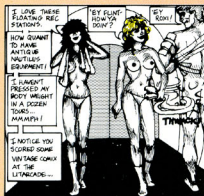
being published. Quite simply, this is the critical period for the graphic medium. And hopefully, we will see a new age in comics, one

characterized by a greater variety of ideas, a greater number of publishers, and perhaps the greatest ever wealth of creativity.

—Robert Greenberger

The essential problem with comics today is simple: comics are too cheap. A cheaply made, cheaply sold item is neither respected nor respectable in a modern society such as ours. For how many years

COMIC OPERA



Walter Simonson is a pretty fair comic book artist. He's drawn *Alien: The Illustrated Story* and "Shakespeare for Americans" for *HM*, "Manhunter" for DC, and recently completed *Starslammers*, an upcoming Marvel Graphic Novel.

Byron Preiss, head honcho of Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc., is responsible for such volumes as *The Dinosaurs*, *Dragonworld*, *The Secret*, and *The Illustrated Harlan Ellison*.

Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. inflicts monthly doses of "Rock Opera"—world's longest running comic serial—on *HM* readers. He claims to be writing a novel.

was the phrase "Made In Japan" used to denote shabby merchandise? But, today the miraculous products of the Japanese initiative are the expensive wonders of the Western world. A person's self-respect, his very ego are invested in a purchase along with his money. And the more he spends, the less he can afford to think he's being taken for a fool.

The answer is simple. Raise prices. Outrageously. The self-esteem of our customers demands it.

The coffee tables of America are waiting.

—Walt Simonson

What's wrong with comics? Display. The network of small comic shops around the country have heroically established a base for alternative comics publishers like Pacific and First. Nonetheless, it is rare to find graphic story work in major bookshops around America; just the opposite of the situation in Europe. What is needed, for better or worse right now, is a "category" section other than "humor" in which graphic story material might be displayed. This is, unfortunately, where some of our books and some of Marvel's early trade paperbacks were placed. With the acceptance of Jim Starlin's Marvel Graphic Novel and Donning's *Elfquest* editions, we may finally be seeing some changes.

—Byron Preiss

What's wrong with comic art in this country? I think the saddest current

trend reflects the increasing homogeneity of our popular culture in general—the disappearance of specialized products for diverse individual tastes. In today's world of comics the numbers may be as big as ever, but the content is often the same old garbage recycled in a different wrapper. Maybe this is what the readership truly wants; comic-strip spin-offs of video games and book tie-ins to mass-market movie hits, but it needs to be pointed out that syndicated "Pac-Man" strips and Marvel versions of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* aren't necessarily art—they're advertising. This is a process which cheats both the reader and the artist. Most cartoonists I know are artists of terrific integrity who labor with a great deal of personal frustration; many of them would leap at the opportunity to attempt something new, to take chances. Unfortunately, it seems less and less likely they'll be getting the opportunity any time soon.

—Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

Imagine written literature locked into one or two genres (detective novels and cookbooks, say), imagine John Updike or Eudora Welty spun by publishers because they are unable to couch their viewpoints in terms of whodunits or horse-radish. Would the reading public rebel at the loss and demand depth, variety, and relevance to common life? One would hope so. But we can't draw much encouragement from a comics readership dominated by

"The editors of A Smithsonian Book of Comic-Book Comics have allowed a prejudice towards a certain type of story to throw this promising collection out of whack."

INSTITUTIONALIZED

Choosing the best thirty-three stories from the "Golden Age" of comic books (1938-1954) isn't an easy task, considering the thousands upon thousands that were produced during those lusty years. You'd expect the big names to be represented—Superman, Batman, Plastic Man, Donald Duck, Pogo, Captain Marvel—and they are. You'd also expect work by the form's most inventive artists—like Eisner, Wolverton, Barks, Kurtzman, Wood—and that's here, too. All in color. Sounds as though **A Smithsonian Book of Comic-Book Comics** (Smithsonian Institution Press/Harry N. Abrams) has covered all the bases, doesn't it? But editors **Mike Barrier** and **Marlin Williams** have allowed a prejudice towards a certain kind of story throw this promising collection out of whack, leaving the reader plenty of room for Monday morning quarterbacking.

Now, no one would argue that humor hasn't played an important part in the development of the American comic book. Maybe it's even the single most important genre. Certainly the *Little Lulu* stories by John Stanley, *The Spirit* by Will Eisner, Carl Barks's *Donald Duck* and Walt Kelly's *Pogo* are among the peak achievements in the history of the form. So, who can complain that the above four represent a full third of this collection's

three-hundred-plus pages?

The problem lies with the rest of the book. There are five *Scribbly* stories, four *Jingle Jangles*, and two forgettable gag strips by Wolverton. *Mad* is represented by a couple of its famous pre-code parodies—already reprinted several times. The two Plastic Man stories are also available in reprint form, as are the Superman story from *Action* #1, the Kurtzman war stories from *Two-Fisted Tales*, and Krugstein's "Master Race" from EC's *Impact*. None of these are *bad* stories, just unimaginative and unnecessary choices.

Why not a Superman story we haven't seen? A horror or SF piece by Wolverton, a genuine warped genius. And where is Archie? Captain America? How about a Western? Or something by John Severin, Joe Maneely, Bob Powell, Joe Kubert, or dozens of others who made their mark on this popular art form? How about something with a little funk in it?

No single volume can represent everything that's interesting about comic book history, but this one goes a bit overboard on familiar favorites, funny animals and cute kids. Is it worth the \$20 asking price? Sure. Could it have been done a hell of a lot better? You bet. Will there be a follow-up? One can only hope.

—Michael S. Barson

JUGHEAD GOES PUNK

It finally happened! **Jughead**'s thrown away that silly old cap, gotten a Mohawk haircut and some punk-rock duds, and joined the "punk scene" at Riverdale High (Jughead #327, February 1983). And I thought Reggie would be the first on their block! Oh, and don't call him Jughead any more—his new handle is "Captain Thrash." Even his pet pooch, Hot Dog, has punked out—his new name is "Vicious." You won't find Juggie hanging out at Pop Tate's eatin' burgers any more, either. He now prefers Dingy's, a hard-core greasy spoon, and the Club Chaos, where Captain Thrash and his punkette girl friend slamdance. Archie and Veronica try to talk some sense into of Jug, but he just won't listen!



The new punk Jughead finally gives annoying Archie what's been coming to him.

© 1982 by Archie Comic Publications, Inc.

Don't worry though. Jughead was only researching the punk scene for the Riverdale High newspaper. He reverts to normal at the story's end, although he does confess that he understands "why a lot of them (the punks) feel confused in today's world." In fact, he even feels an overpowering urge to return. "For more of their weird philosophy?" asks Archie. "No, for more of Dingy's fantastic burgers! They're the best I've ever eaten!" To which Archie exclaims, "And this was the guy I was afraid was changing?"

Well, to tell you the truth, Archie, I was kinda hopin' he would.

—John Holmstrom

consumers who think all's well with an art form obsessed with superheroes, barbarians, and space adventurers.

If there's more to life than fantasy, there should be more than fantasy in comics.

—Howard Cruse

What's wrong with comics? In about a hundred words or less? The Audience.

Since the form survives primarily as a commodity, only an intelligent, sensitive, and perceptive audience can force publishers and artists to produce work up to its level. This audience could not create geniuses. Real art is rare, it can surface in any medium (even comics) and may be able to withstand the adversities of neglect. But a Real Audience could at least raise the level of mediocrity. Today, only a handful of comics even achieve mediocrity.

Simply exposing an audience to better work is not enough—John Jakes sells more paperbacks than James Joyce. What is called for is massive re-education in how to see, how to think: an Art Dictatorship that makes the Doorways of Perception more important than the Window of Vulnerability.

—Art Spiegelman

My futile idea was that action in comics, as in any art, doesn't end with one person pounding another person in the jaw. There's also the action of emotion, psychology, character, and idea," said EC's Bernard Krigstein, who abandoned

Howard Cruse, boffo cartoonist, created the obscenely cute "Barefootz" characters, edits *Gay Comic*, and writes a regular column of commentary for *Comics Scene*.

Art Spiegelman is one of the best artists to emerge from the underground scene (ref.: "Ace Hole, Midget Detective," "Two Fisted Painters," and *Maus*). His *Raw* (co-edited/published with Françoise Mouly) is the only other comic magazine you should bother reading.

Bhob Stewart, besides having a problem with spelling, is also a teacher, writer, artist, critic, and information repository.

Harvey Kurtzman is the best.

Pete Hamill, novelist and syndicated columnist, isn't afraid to admit he likes comics.

comics for fine art. While an expansive Wim Wenders-like probe of character/emotion/psychology is needed in American storytelling comics, economics and "self-censorship" (as Archie Goodwin once put it) kick it all down to the level of *Reader's Digest* shorthand compression. Only Harvey Pekar, Art Spiegelman, and a handful of others have even attempted to stretch toward the goals Krigstein outlined.

—Bhob

Before the war with Japan, if you wanted to buy junk toys for five cents, you could find these little, tinny gewgaws at Woolworth counters, marked "Made in Japan." Japan seemed to be the source of junky everything. Then came the war, and after that, the new Japan. And the new Japanese government did a very interesting thing. They simply legislated higher standards into their produce and legislated "Made in Japan" junk out of existence. And now, "Made in Japan" has a whole other meaning, the least of which is "junk." Now we come to "Made in America" comics. For whatever reason, our cartoon standards are low. We have a junk cartoon tradition... particularly in our comic books. By contrast, just look at what they're doing in Europe, and you'll see how much better we can get. But how to get there... well, I'm only supposed to tell you what's wrong with comics. How to make them better... that's another chapter.

—Harvey Kurtzman

There are some obvious problems with mainstream comics today: lousy reproduction, unreadable text, high newsstand prices. But the critical problem is creative exhaustion. Too many comics simply fail to surprise. We have seen those superheroes for too long, in all their absurd variations; we have seen too many clones of the wildly original creations of that brilliant first generation of comic book masters. There is also an impression of assembly-line ennui; too many pages swiped from Jack Kirby or Will Eisner or Alex Toth; too many disparate hands at work; too much calculation and not enough inspiration. These methods came from American industry; they have left the comics in as terrible shape as the automobile industry, to cite one obvious example. What comics need are individuals: men and women who can write, pencil, ink, and amaze, all at once. They need executives who will take risks. They need to attract writers and artists from other fields, men and women who don't see this extraordinary art form as simply another address on Grub Street. Where is the Fellini of comics? The Woody Allen? The Francis Coppola? Out there, somewhere, over the next hill, waiting for a chance. Mainstream comics should open the door to the new, or go out searching for it; if they don't, they will surely wither and die, joining pulp magazines on the ashheap of worn-out forms.

—Pete Hamill

media—film (Destination Moon and Rocketship XM), and radio (NBC's Dimension X). So EC publisher Bill Gaines changed the title of his bi-monthly *Saddle Romances* to **Weird Science** with the May/June 1950 issue.

The surprise ending short stories of Gaines's new title reflected the mood of the early fifties—cold war paranoia mushrooming in H-bomb detonations, UFOs in formation, mass hysteria, alien invasions, and "The utterly fantastic events leading up to the destruction of the Earth!" With the tight plotting introduced by scripter/editor Al Feldstein, and a superb line-up of young illustrators (Wallace Wood, Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta, Harvey Kurtzman, and Joe Orlando), *Weird Science* ran on full rocket thrust for twenty-two issues until the winter of 1953, when it merged with *Weird Fantasy* to become *Weird Science-Fantasy*. The last six issues of *WS* featured EC's adaptations of Ray Brad-

the surprise ending short stories of *Weird Science* reflected the mood of the early fifties—cold war paranoia mushrooming in H-bomb detonations, UFOs in formation, mass hysteria, alien invasions."

bury, including Williamson's lush lines for "The One Who Waits," and the memorable Wood-illustrated "Mars Is Heaven."

Back then you could've picked up all twenty-two for \$2.20. This time around you pay \$75. As republished by **Russ Cochran** (Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775) in a four-volume set of large-sized (9" x 12 1/4"), slipcased hardbacks with accompanying annotations (by Bill Spicer, Mark Evanier, John Benson, Doug Menville) and color covers, these EC sf tales can now be viewed in

flawless black-and-white repro on quality paper. Every line. Every detail. EC resuscitated.

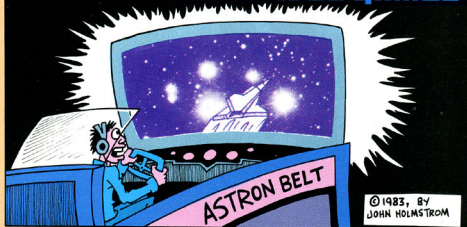
—Bhob

RE-WEIRD

The time was ripe in 1950 for the illustration of sf's classic themes in comic book form. The field had soared into a boom period with *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and *Galaxy* leading the new magazine pack, while also diversifying into other

**TURN TO PAGE 44
FOR AN INTERVIEW
WITH UG ARTIST
S. CLAY WILSON**

THE FUTURE OF VIDEO GAMES



©1983, BY
JOHN HOLMSTROM

I KNOW I PROMISED TO REVIEW HOME SYSTEMS, BUT I HAD A CHANCE TO ATTEND THE AMUSEMENTS AND MUSIC OPERATORS ASSOCIATION EXPO WHERE ONCE A YEAR THE VIDEO-PINBALL INDUSTRY SHOWCASES NEW PRODUCT—ALL THE NEW GAMES YOU'LL BE SEEING IN THE ARCADES FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS. FOR A MORE DETAILED REPORT, PICK UP THE MARCH ISSUE OF VIDEO GAMES (#6).

THE OBVIOUS TREND IN MOST OF THE NEW GAMES IS THREE DIMENSIONAL EFFECTS. REALISTIC GRAPHICS IS WHAT THE GAME-

DESIGNERS WANT. UNFORTUNATELY, IN SOME CASES, A GOOD GAME IS SACRIFICED FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS.

SEGA, THE COMPANY THAT BROUGHT US ZAXXON AND TURBO, HAD THE MOST INTERESTING SCIENCE FICTION GAMES. BUCK ROGERS CAN BEST BE DESCRIBED AS TURBO MEETS ZAXXON. YOU DRIVE A SPACESHIP THROUGH INTERPLANETARY SCENARIOS INSTEAD OF DRIVING A CAR DOWN THE ROAD, AND BLAST ENEMY SHIPS IN YOUR WAY. **ASTRON BELT**, A PROTOTYPE GAME THAT USES VIDEO-DISC TECHNOLOGY TO REPLACE COMPUTER GRAPHICS

WITH FILM OF SPACESHIPS, PLANETS, AND EXPLOSIONS, WAS ON HAND, BUT YOU WON'T SEE IT FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS. ALSO ON HAND WAS **SUPER-ZAXXON**, A BETTER-LOOKING VERSION OF ZAXXON THAT MOVES TWICE AS FAST!

ATARI'S LONE SCIENCE-FICTION OFFERING WAS **LIBERATOR**, A MISSILE COMMAND SEQUEL. YOU MUST DEFEND A REVOLVING PLANET BY FIRING FROM FOUR BASES OUTSIDE ITS ATMOSPHERE, AND BLOWING UP REBEL FORCES ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

THE ONLY OTHER SCIENCE-FICTION

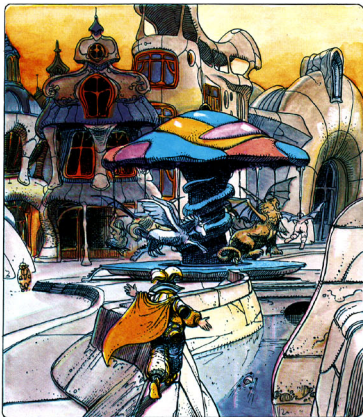
GAME WAS FROM WILLIAMS, THE DEFENDER AND ROBOTRON PEOPLE. THEIR SINISTAR IS A COMBINATION OF DEFENDER AND ASTEROIDS. SINISTAR FEATURES A BIZARRE LOOKING VISUAL EFFECT—WHEN THE ALIENS, FLOATING AROUND, BUILD THE SINISTAR SINISTAR SPACESHIP — IT BLOWS YOU AWAY! BETTER THAN ALIEN!

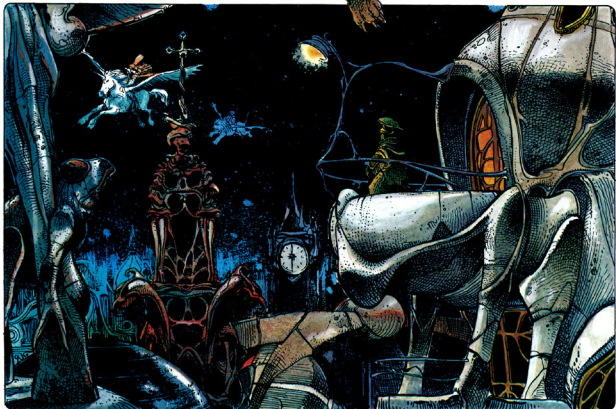
THE MOST POPULAR GAMES SEEMED TO BE THE CARTOON TYPES. **Q*BERT**, FROM GOTTIEB, WAS THE BIG FAVORITE. IT STARS AN ORANGE, BIG-NOSED, BALL-SHAPED CHARACTER WHO HOPS AROUND ON A PYRAMID OF COBES WHILE BEING CHASED BY A GOOFY LOOKING SNAKE AND WEIRD CARTOONY CHARACTERS. STUPID, BUT A LOT OF FUN. NINTENDO, WHO DID DONKEY KONG, BROUGHT OUT A POPEYE GAME THAT'S BETTER THAN THE CARTOONS (NOT THE FLEISCHER BROS. ONES). THEN THERE WAS THE DELICIOUS BURGER TIME, WHICH FEATURES A CHEF BEING CHASED BY THREE HOT DOGS AND AN EGG. NOT TO MENTION THREE NEW PAC-MAN GAMES (BABY PAC-MAN, SUPER PAC-MAN, AND PAC-MAN PLUS).

I CAME AWAY FROM THE SHOW WITH THE STRONG IMPRESSION THAT SCIENCE-FICTION IS CURRENTLY ON THE WAY OUT, BUT THAT VIDEO-DISC TECHNOLOGY, WHICH ALLOWS YOU TO PUT YOURSELF INTO A FIRST-PERSON SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE AND DIRECT THE ACTION, WILL EVENTUALLY GIVE THE SF GAMES A STRONG COMEBACK.

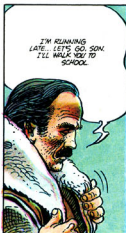
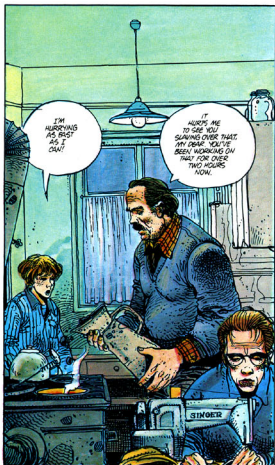
—JOHN HOLMSTROM

The City That Didn't Exist

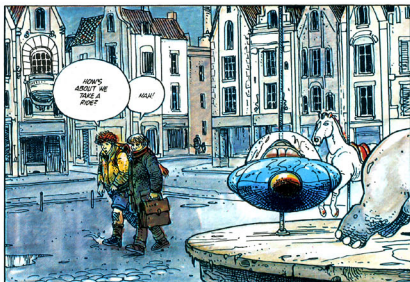


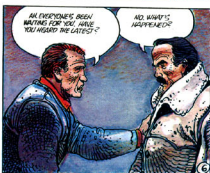
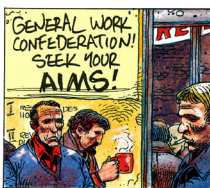
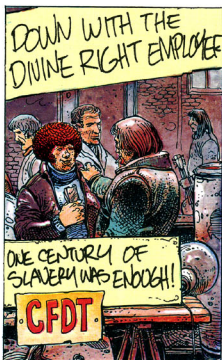
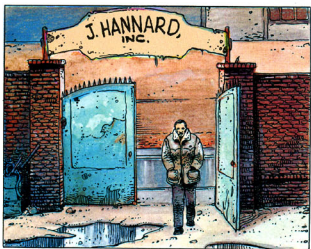


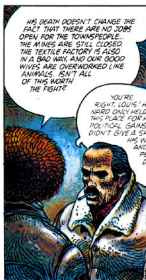
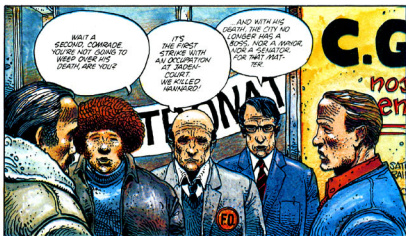
PAUL!

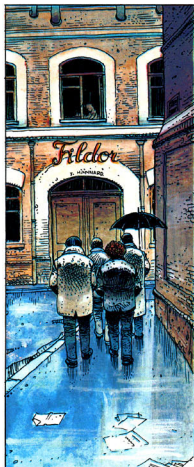
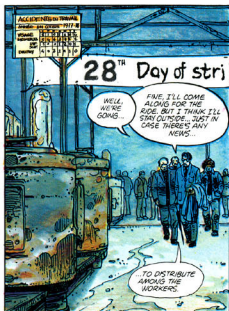
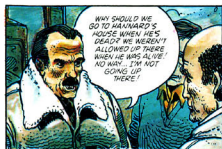








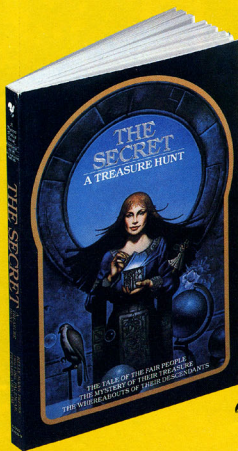




TO BE CONTINUED...

Your fantastic adventure is about to begin

...when you meet
the New World
descendants of
goblins, dragons,
fairies, leprechauns
...and set off on a
quest for their
12 buried treasure
chests worth
more than \$10,000!



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THE SECRET A TREASURE HUNT



Written by Sean Kelly and Ted Mann. Artwork by John Pierard, John Palencar, and Overton Loyd. Sculpture by JoEllen Trilling. Photographed by Ben Asen. Developed and Edited by Byron Preiss. \$9.95 at all bookstores



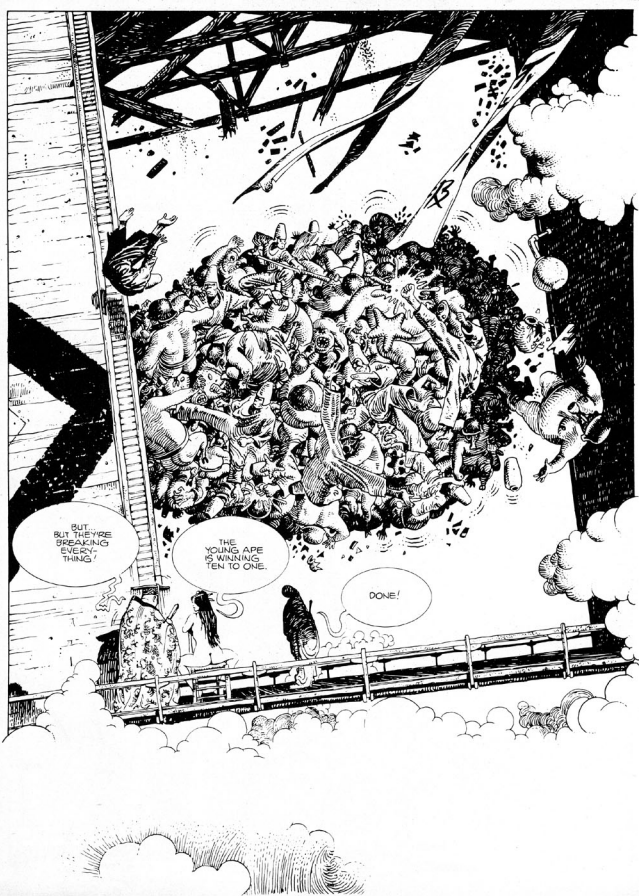
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THE APE

AFTER EATING THE ROYAL PEACHES, THE YOUNG APE WAS IN HOT WATER WITH THE EMPEROR, WHO WAS BUSILY PLANNING A BANQUET.





BUT,
BUT THEY'RE
BREAKING
EVERY
THING!

THE
YOUNG APE
IS WINNING
TEN TO ONE.

DONE!

UTILIZING HIS MAGICAL AND TRANSFORMATIONAL POWERS, THE POWERFUL ERH-LANG FIGHTS OUR YOUNG APE, WHILE THE ENTIRE COURT OF THE CHATEAU OF THE CLOUDS WATCHES ON. MANY PREFER TO WATCH THEM ON THE NEWLY-INSTALLED CABLE STATION.

BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, THEY'VE BROKEN EVERY PIECE OF THE PORCELAIN CHINA SERVICE.

COULD YOU MOVE A LITTLE MORE TO THE RIGHT... A LITTLE MORE... THERE, THAT'S FINE. I CAN EVEN SEE THE DROPLETS OF SWEAT WITH THE ZOOM!

STOP RIGHT THERE FOR A CLOSE-UP.

GIVE HIM A SWING WITH YOUR RIGHT, YOUNG APE.

WITH PLEASURE, ONE MUST ALWAYS BE AGREEABLE WITH THE PRESS.

THIS KIND OF THING NEVER HAPPENS AT THE OLYMPICS.

I'VE WON! YEAH! NOW I'LL PURSUE HIM AND CUT HIM INTO LITTLE PIECES!

SOCK

YEAH, WE KNOW, WE KNOW... INTO TWENTY THOUSAND LITTLE PIECES.







AS YOU CAN SEE, THE YOUNG APE IS PEDDLING QUICKLY, 75 MILES AN HOUR, TO BE EXACT, AND WITH AN EASY AND ELEGANT TURN OF THE HANDLEBARS, HE'S HEAD-ING TOWARDS THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER OF LIBATIONS, AND THE FLYING STAGE.

BUT...
BUT THAT'S
MY
PALACE.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE VIDEO CONTACT HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED BECAUSE OF THE FLYING STAGE. ALL THE SAME, WE'LL FOLLOW OUR YOUNG APE, WHO FINALLY WISED UP, AND HAS TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO EHR-LANG.

TRANSFORMATION

GOOD
EVENING,
AND
WELCOME,
MASTER!

ERRR,
YES, HERE I
AM. DID THE
PLEBES DOWN
BELOW BURN A
LOT OF INCENSE
WHILE I WAS
GONE?

COUGH
COUGH. YEAH,
I GUESS THEY
DID. YOU CAN LEAVE
NOW, MY
CHILDREN.

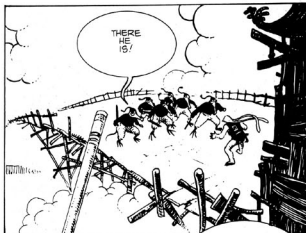
BUT...
THERE
ARE NO
CHILDREN
HERE!

GOOD!
AND DON'T
START
MAKING
ANY,
EITHER!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE
REAL EHR-LANG RETURNS.

IT'S ME, YOUR BOSS!
I'M BACK!

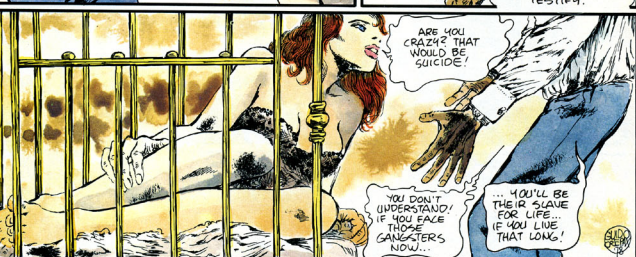
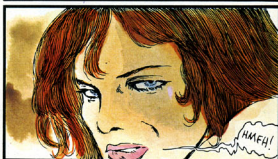
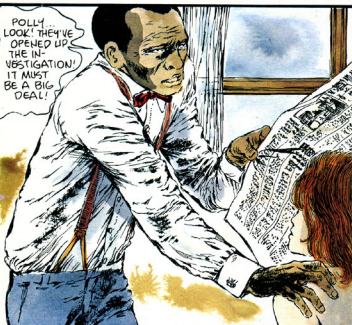
INSIDE THERE
IS AN EHR-LANG, AND
BELIEVE YOU ME, ONE
BOSS IS ENOUGH. THERE-
FORE, YOU CAN NOT
COME IN.



TO BE CONTINUED...

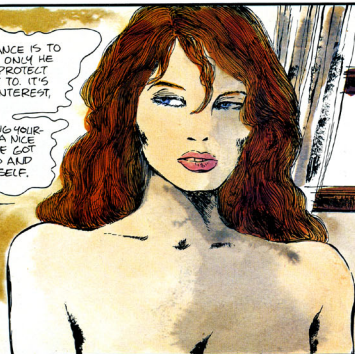
THE MAN FROM HARLEM

LAST WE READ, LITTLE INSISTED THAT POLLY STAY WITH HIM IN HIS FLAT IN ORDER TO PROTECT HER FROM THE MOBSTERS, WHO ARE STILL AFTER HER.



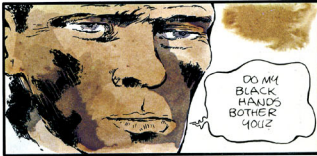
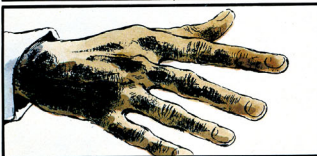
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO
FIND JACKIE. ONLY HE
COULD TRULY PROTECT
ME. HE'S GOT TO. IT'S
IN HIS BEST INTEREST,
TOO.

YOU'RE
ONLY ILLUDING YOUR-
SELF. YOU'RE A NICE
GUY, BUT YOU'VE GOT
TO LET ME GO AND
FEND FOR MYSELF.

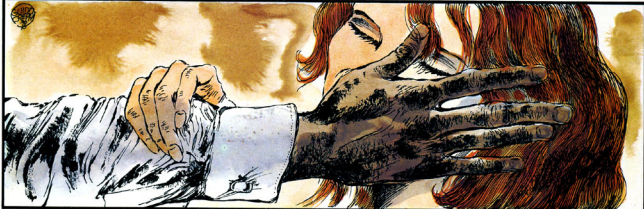


MILES...

...TONES



DO MY
BLACK
HANDS
BOTHER
YOUZ



NO, NO!
YOU ARE VERY
DEAR TO ME.



I WANT TO SAY THAT
IT'S NOT BECAUSE YOU...
I DON'T...

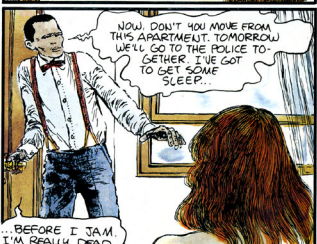


THE
MEN I
HAVE
KNOWN
WERE
ALL...
WELL,
WITH
YOU IT'S
DIFFER-
ENT.

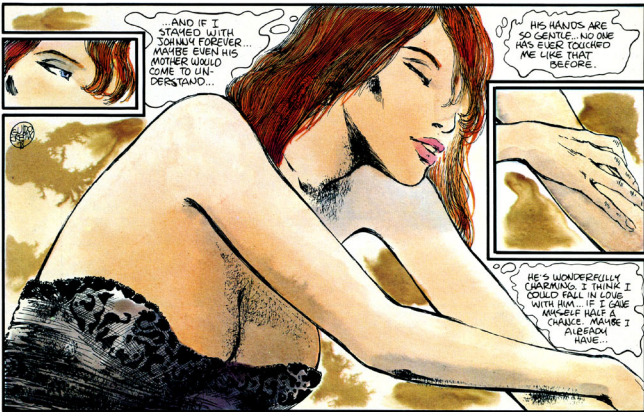
OH, LEAVE ME ALONE.
I HAVE TO GO NOW AND
PRACTICE SOME NEW
RIFFS.



FAT'S
NAVARRO
MAY
COME
BY TO-
NIGHT.
IT SEEMS
HE'S
LOOKING
FOR A
NEW
BASS
PLAYER.



...BEFORE I JAM.
I'M REALLY DEAD.



...AND IF I
STAYED WITH
JOHNNY FOREVER...
MAYBE EVEN HIS
MOTHER WOULD
COME TO UN-
DERSTAND...

HIS HANDS ARE
SO GENTLE... NO ONE
HAS EVER TOUCHED
ME LIKE THAT
BEFORE.

HE'S WONDERFULLY
CHARMING. I THINK I
COULD FALL IN LOVE
WITH HIM... IF I GAVE
MYSELF HALF A
CHANCE. MAYBE I
ALREADY
HAVE...

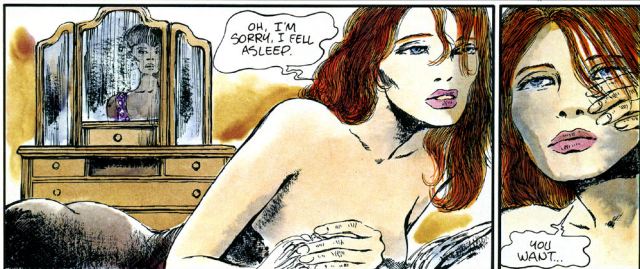


BUT HE'S GONE NOW. I GAVE HIM THE
WRONG IMPRESSION. I MADE HIM THINK
THAT I DIDN'T WANT HIM.



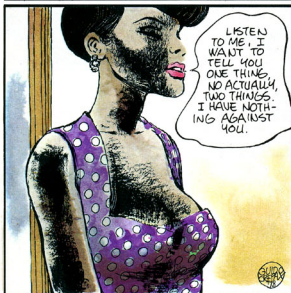


OH...HELLO.
MY NAME IS
BESSIE CALHOUN,
I'M LINCOLN'S
GIRL.



OH, I'M
SORRY, I FELL
ASLEEP.

YOU
WANT...



LISTEN
TO ME, I
WANT TO
TELL YOU
ONE THING,
NO ACTUALLY,
TWO THINGS.
I HAVE NOTH-
ING AGAINST
YOU.

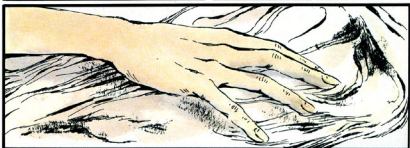
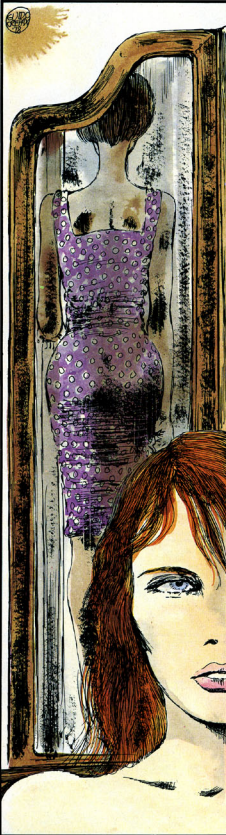


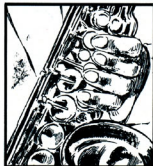
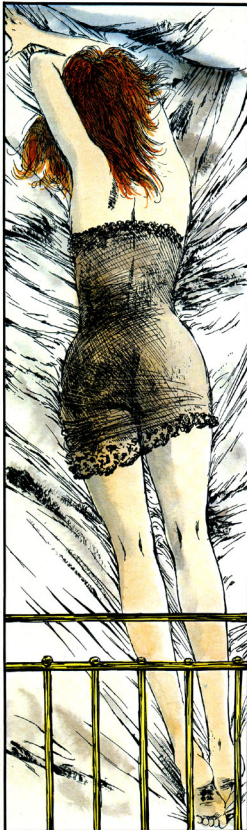
THAT IS, IT
MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE TO
ME WHETHER
YOU'RE WHITE OR
BLACK. BUT ME...



...AND
LITTLE,
WELL...

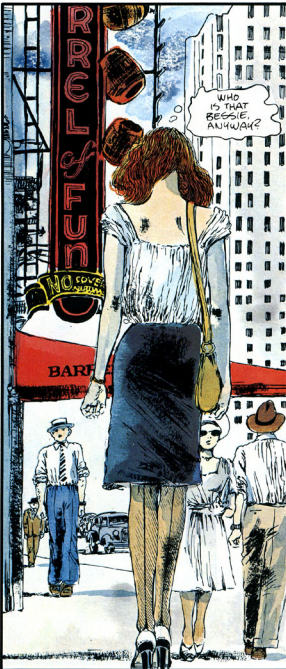
...YOU'LL
HAVE TO
LEAVE.





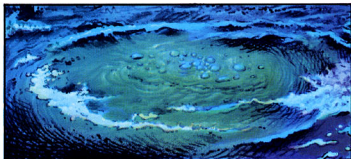
LOVER MAN

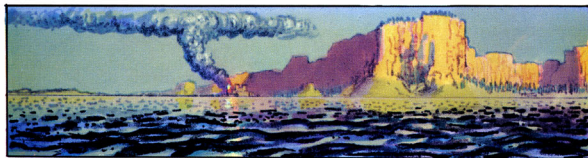




When last we read, Muuta, Den, and the rest of the Minimuut people were planning their escape. But, while getting ready Muuta was taken captive, tied up, and finally killed, by the creature that once was Tarn.



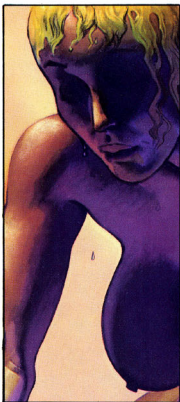






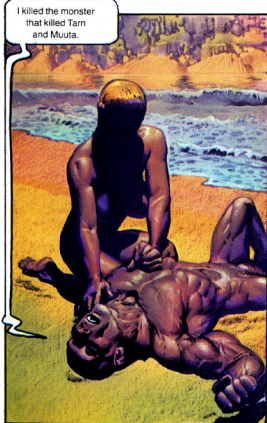


KATH? It is you.
You've returned!

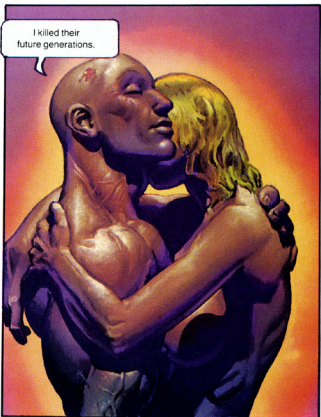


THE DRAMITES!
... Where?

They are all dead or dying from no
apparent cause. I guess it's the end of
their life-span.



I killed the monster
that killed Tam
and Muuta.



I killed their
future generations.



FEAT OF CLAY

AN INTERVIEW WITH ARTIST S. CLAY WILSON

When Zap Comix first appeared, more than fifteen years ago, it hailed a revolution in both the form and content of comics. Not only did Zap introduce an unbridled vision onto the bleak visual terrain, but it established the comics form as a powerful vehicle for avant-garde expression as rich and valid as film and rock music. Among those original visionaries was S. Clay Wilson—fresh from the midwestern plains—whose wildly violent and unrepentant gross images shocked even some of his fellow undergrounders. Unlike most of them, he didn't suck up to any naive notions of peace-love-harmony. He chose rather to tackle the blood-and-guts ugliness of the world at large with a fervor as fierce as de Sade, and an obsessiveness as intense as William Burroughs's love for a young boy's bum. But in creating a pantheon of such hapless characters as Captain Pissgums, Ruby the Dyke, and the Checkered Demon, Wilson also displayed a comic bite as mean as Lenny Bruce's.

Wilson's essentially anti-art, anti-culture stance has ultimately carried him beyond the limited set of issues and ideas that quickly dated most of the other underground comix stylists. And the current trend in fine art towards a raw, street-smart neo-expressionism, further validates the early acknowledgements of Wilson's instinctual, comic-transcending power. But that line of discussion is almost moot in light of Wilson's own history. Throwing

aside his University of Nebraska fine arts training (he becomes nearly violent when thinking of teachers who told him he was doing "illustration," not "art," because he drew recognizable figures), Wilson favored instead hard-drinking, acid-filled nights and days in San Francisco during the Haight-Ashbury heyday.

Although the 41-year-old Wilson and long-time "love mate" Saebeth would still rather spend time in Dick's Bar (around the corner from their S.F. digs) than in Soho art galleries, his first one-man NYC showing last fall at the now-defunct Museum of the Surreal and Fantastique demanded otherwise. And with his arrival in Manhattan, an early wish of mine was fulfilled—to meet, work with, and worship at the pungent feet of what I imagined to be a leather-draped, frathling biker of a cartoonist. Here was the guy whose drawings were like a secret initiation rite among my peers: those who babbled lines from his fevered and crammed panels were part of the same sick gang as I, and those offended were the drips. Though the massive Sasquatch of a man that I did meet was less of a biker and more like the "repressed Victorian" he described himself as, he was still able to hunch over, and with thorough aplomb, mumble lines like, "I'd get up to shake your hand, but my colostomy bag might fall out."

—Brad Balfour

HM: Tell me something about your childhood.

SCW: Life in Lincoln, Nebraska was kind of repressed and bland. It was a fairly normal working-class Nebraska childhood—harsh winters, long hot summers.

HM: At what age did you start drawing?

SCW: One. My mother always encouraged my artwork. She saved all these childhood drawings from about age two on, the first drawing being—since it was the forties war years—a parade, with a lot of bugles and little stick figures marching down the street.

HM: Were comic books always an influence?

SCW: Yeah. My uncle ran a drugstore, and the stuff he didn't sell, he'd tear off the covers and bring to me. I saw my first EC comic when I was fourteen—it was a *Piracy* with the cover ripped off. It blew my mind.

HM: Which EC's were your favorites?

SCW: *Piracy*, *Mad*, *Two-Fisted Tales*, *Front Line Combat*.

HM: Which artists had the most impact on you?

SCW: I liked Wood, and Davis, and I loved Kurtzman's covers. Certain guys I liked for certain genres, like I loved George Evans's World War I airplane stuff, *Aces High*—his stuff lent itself to W.W.I. airplane strips for some reason. And I liked whatever Davis and Wood did for the horror magazines, of course, and also "Ghastly" Graham Ingels.

HM: Do you see any influence in your work from these folks?

SCW: Yeah, but I'm not sure

I can trace it. Like Kurtzman's kind of kinetic telegraphic quality, and the color gags Jack Davis used to do for *Playboy* and *Esquire*, and Kurtzman's kind of whiplash line thing, and the washes Davis used to do... I would say that's been an influence. As well as lots of traditional stuff, like John Singer Sargent's watercolors.

HM: What other things in your life influenced your artwork? Certainly the slant and direction of your work couldn't have just come out of nothing.

SCW: My buddies and I just did a lot of drawing together. I probably reached my productive peak at age fourteen. Kilos of these comic strips. Other guys just went out and played baseball, but we'd draw. We'd raid this place that threw out big rolls of paper. We'd do these long, involved battle-scene murals several feet long. We'd roll the paper out onto the floor and a whole bunch of us would get together and just draw away on it. Like a big jam session.

HM: Did you have any weird experiences, things that would lead to the sort of paranoid visions that are in your work? Or are these merely fantasies of yours?

SCW: Well, I feel I'm very moralistic. In a way, it's like I'm preaching—depicting Hell or something. Everybody else is depicting Heaven out there, so I might as well go ahead and depict Hell. It's more entertaining to draw for one thing, the angels and devils trip. Like the Ten Commandments: thou shalt not, thou shalt not. So



© 1982 by S. Clay Wilson

what I'm doing is drawing the angels thou-shalt-notting. They're surrounded by temptation, and not succumbing, whereas the devils, of course, are involved in the activities, right? I see my stuff mostly as a depiction of Hell with a certain amount of cynicism. The sources go way back to Grünewald, Bruegel, Bosch, and artists like that.

HM: Do you find it purging?

SCW: Yes, I see art as therapy, in a way.

HM: What would you have become if you hadn't been an artist?

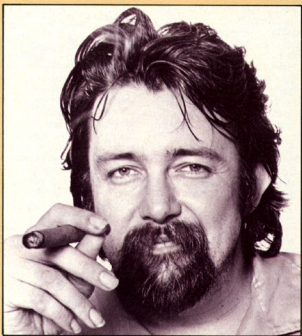
SCW: A writer, possibly. I don't know.

HM: I know some people who fantasize that they would've been outlaws, but instead they've turned in this direction and found self-therapy in their work.

SCW: I think there's something to that. It enables you to release stuff. I guess I'm trying to join my own nightmares with other people's.

HM: When did you decide to do art professionally?

SCW: I always wanted to be an artist, for as long as I can remember. Comics were something else. I didn't make a big, bald distinction about it. Others did. When I was going to the University of Nebraska, I got into a hassle because at the time the genre was abstract expressionism, Kline, Pollock, etc. The worst thing you could be called at the time was an *illustrator*. My God! My stuff was always condemned because it was figurative. You're not an artist, you're an *illustrator*, because you're sitting there drawing pictures. Or just the



S. Clay Wilson. His cigar is big and smelly.

idea of text, of word balloons. People categorize things as comic strips when they see characters talking to each other, instead of just calling it art. The history of the comic strip, the elaborate history of the various styles, is equally as rich as most of the art movements in history.

I did get my B.F.A., but mainly I was into anthropology, criminology, sociology, more than art.

HM: Later, when you moved to San Francisco, things started changing?

SCW: Yeah, I looked up this guy I knew from when I had lived in Kansas for a while, a

poet named Charles Plymell, who had a press in San Francisco. I went over to his place to give him a copy of a portfolio I had done, and Don Donahue was buying the press to print the first *Zap* Comic. I had seen some of Crumb's stuff in *Cavalier*, which he had done at about the same time I'd done this portfolio. Through Donahue, I went over to visit Crumb and give him one of my portfolios, because I liked his stuff and liked the comic; so we got stoned and shit, and he liked my portfolio. I did a little drawing, and he said, "what about expanding the idea of comics, doing underground comics," meaning at the time doing

it yourself instead of going through the big publishers, like Marvel. Fine. He invited me to draw some stuff, and then we got hold of (Rick) Griffin and (Victor) Moscoso, who at the time were using comics in their posters for the Fillmore and the Avalon. We decided to form a company to do *Zap*, and between the four of us we did the second one—quite literally selling it out of the trunk of a car.

HM: When did you start making enough money to live off your art?

SCW: Just a couple of years after the first *Zap*, '69 or '70 maybe. People started going ape-shit buying these comics. Ironically, the same people to whom I tried selling my portfolio—who threw me out of their shops saying "bad vibes," and "the stuff is too violent"—later thanked me for keeping them in business. I find that amusing.

HM: How do your parents feel about your work?

SCW: They haven't seen it.

HM: All these years? Don't they ask to see it?

SCW: No, they know better. They know I'm making a living doing what I do, but beyond that, they have no idea. They do know, however, that a) It would shock them and b) They wouldn't understand it. And I don't think they expect me to explain it to them. So it's not even talked about. My mother found a *Zap* once, and was really shocked and heartbroken, and was quivering with rage as she showed it to my sister, saying, "Do you realize what your brother is doing?"



© 1982 by S. Clay Wilson.

HM: Bikers seem to be a key image in your work. Were you ever a biker?

SCW: That's just a fantasy thing. Spain (fellow underground comic artist Spain Rodriguez) was a biker, but I never really was part of a club. I've had bikes—I dig Harleys and so forth—but I was never part of any club.

HM: Do you know the Hell's Angels?

SCW: I've met them. Spain knows them.

HM: Do they read your work?

SCW: Yes, in fact, they like it. I gave one of my portfolios to [Oakland Angels chief and star of *Gimme Shelter*] Sonny Barger to get into a Janis Joplin concert once when I had no money. The Angels were fighting in one room, while Joplin was singing to the hippies in the other. It was like one of my drawings come to life.

HM: What other things have you considered turning points, or critical moments, in your life?

SCW: The comics were important because I realized that I liked the idea of multiplicity—of just drawing the stuff and having it available to everyone, instead of the art gallery thing, which is so much more elitist. That idea appealed to me—it goes back to illustrated newspapers, and even Bruegel printing and handing out pamphlets on the streets of Belgium. And we get paid for it, which is all right. I don't think it's necessary that artists should starve. I think that's bullshit. You should get paid for your work, whether you're an artist, or a baker, or a chef, or whatever.

HM: Do you think of yourself as normal?

SCW: Yeah, pretty much. I don't consider myself odder than many other people that I know. I mean, I have an old lady. I eat and shit. I go to the movies and walk on the beach, just like everybody else. As far as daily routine or activities outside of art, I don't consider myself any more abnormal than the people I know who are down at the local bar, sheet-rock workers or plumbers. Their lifestyles are nowhere different than mine. What they do for a living is different, of course, and I'm sure there's a whole different range of perceptions and sensitivities that go into doing art work than tearing down a wall. Going to the local bar here gives you a real cross-section. On one hand, I'm an oddball, but on the other I'm not. Nobody gives a shit if you're odd or not, because everybody is odd enough in their own way.

HM: Is the Checkered Demon you?

SCW: No, he's a cartoon character.

HM: Isn't there some way in which you identify with him?

SCW: I think you have to, with any cartoon character you draw. It's got to be a part of you in one way or another, right? This alter-ego thing, though, I haven't really figured out—which part is me, which is somebody else. I haven't really mapped out how these cartoon characters simmer up. I've been doing it for so long I haven't really analyzed it.

HM: How would you describe your relationship with

the Checkered Demon? He seems to be the character who really rises above all the other characters for you.

SCW: A lot of people really like the Checkered Demon because he represents the underdog. His attitude is not that of a cute cartoon character—even though he's a little too cute, which kind of bothers me—but funky and cynical enough so a lot of people can identify with him, as opposed to the real bland crap in the Sunday papers—one cute cat strip after another. So the Checkered Demon is like the guy down at the bar, a plumber or a hardhat. A lot of people identify with the character and the ideas he expresses, and I guess I must feel the same way. I'm not saying that everything he thinks I think as well—it's more like a fantasy thing.

HM: What about the homosexuality that runs through some of your work?

SCW: I think it's funny. I don't know, I'm kind of a repressed Victorian, so I'm doing these things because I like drawing "dirty pictures." It's enjoyable because it's dirty; it's the idea of breaking a taboo. Probably even as little as five years from now, a lot of this stuff will either look fairly bland or be accepted. The shock value will probably diminish considerably. I do it because I think it's funny—it's a form of satire. The whole thing is ludicrous, absurd.

HM: It would be frightening if people tried to model their lives after it, wouldn't it?

SCW: That's their problem. I've probably just read too much Kraft-Ebbing or something. I have this morbid fascination with deviancy, and I like drawing it both in comic strips and watercolors. I find it entertaining. I'm sure a shrink would have a field day trying to figure out why I did it. I just find it fun. People can take it or leave it.

HM: What other things does S. Clay Wilson want to do with his life and himself?

SCW: Just be a successful artist and own some property.

HM: You don't want to write the Great American Novel?

SCW: Maybe later. I want to learn to draw first—I don't really consider myself a good artist. That might be because I have high standards, I don't know. I'm more interested in other people's artwork than my own, as far as getting ideas and so forth.

HM: If you could name one artist you wanted to be, who would you name?

SCW: Myself.

[Formerly Associate Editor of HM, Brad Balfour acted as Media Consultant for S. Clay Wilson's Museum of the Surreal and Fantastique show.]

GALLERY:

The Lowbrow Art of ROBERT WILLIAMS

We asked UC artist S. Clay Wilson to interview UC artist Robert Williams for this month's Gallery, thus . . .

WILSON: The first question I'd like to ask you is in regards to a remark you once made about art as an art supply. Were you issued a raised-to-defiance stare by outlaw bikers while you were working for Ed "Big Daddy" Roth?

ROBT. WMS.: Oh, no. That ain't exactly the way it was. This was in my book all right, but this part of the book was written by Gilbert Shelton. He got the story from me, and the story is true, but the way you put it, it sounds like you're trying to make me out to be some kind of Art Gunsel or something. Here's the way it was. In '67 or '68, I was the head of the Studios in Maywood, California. Roth, as you remember, built a reputation for himself as a guy who was associated with some pretty rough b*gers. I'm not going into the details on some of this because it's snappy now, it's business. I say this even after Roth himself, years later, made some mention of it publicly in a lecture at the San Diego comic con. Anyway, there had been trouble, and obviously there was going to be more trouble. I came into work one morning, and there were bullet holes in the walls and floor. I got out with them. I felt real relieved when he said that, but then he finished that sentence by saying "your gun will be hidden above the stereo speaker on the wall." I never used the gun. Finally, the trouble blew over. That was a long time ago. Roth is a conservative citizen now.

WILSON: You mean, your book is full of shit?

ROBT. WMS.: If you find some bullshit in that book, I'll give you your \$10.95 back.

WILSON: A review in *Comics Journal* said the book is an anti-racist manifesto.

ROBT. WMS.: Yeah, but writing about picking your race can be a manifesto. The book is an alternative to the upper class art circles that people like you and me don't seem to be able to move in.

WILSON: This primary cartoon character of yours, Coochy Cooty, does he or does he not have a dress on? Does this mean he's a transvestite? Are you a transvestite?

ROBT. WMS.: Now, I could say that it isn't a dress, and I could say that since the cartoon character is an insect, that this part of him is a carapace, a bony shell insects have. But, I won't say that. Instead, I'll gratify your propensity for perverted psychology. Coochy Cooty is a transvestite. I've never personally made the gender of Coochy Cooty vague, to add a paradoxical and mystical personality to him. But, by the second or third strip, the character developed a masculine street personality. To answer your last question, no, I'm not a TV.

WILSON: In the prologue of your portfolio, *The Art and Imagery of Robt. Williams*, it mentioned that you were the art director for *Black Bell* magazine in the sixties. Did you learn karate?

ROBT. WMS.: No, I just learned to be snappy. The office *WMS.* This is a question I get asked. Let's see what you can do with it. Why all the sex and violence?

ROBT. WMS.: Well, if you mean a carnal obsession and a fascination with overt tragedy, yeah, that's me. Sex and violence is the yardstick with which passion and reality are measured, whether you like it or not. Look, I can't personally bear the responsibility that we live in a "monkey-see, monkey-do world."

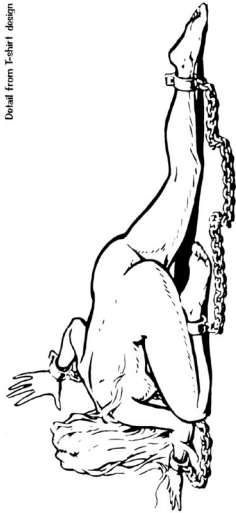
WILSON: Speaking of sex and violence, what are you trying to pull with these new rough paintings you've been doing this year?



Above:
AHEAD OF
THE FINAL
DELIGHTS
(1965)



Left:
THE
WALKERS
LAMENT
(1974)



ROBT. WMS.: What am I trying to pull? I'm trying to pull off my date with destiny, just like the rest of us. Maybe that means making enough money for old age, or maybe it means sitting out on a tropical veranda with a couple of naked ladies drinking piña colodas in Jamaica. We'll see.

WILSON: No, no. I don't mean your petty aspirations! I'm asking about these hideous zombie mystery paintings.

ROBT. WMS.: Well, granted they do show decapitations and rapes and what not, but I wouldn't call them 'hideous.'

WILSON: Do you think a picture of a fellow with his head cut off being pulled around by his entrails by a naked lady is cute? You think you have a right to subject the general public to that sort of stuff?

ROBT. WMS.: Look, I don't like the general public subjecting me to cute kitties with big eyes, puppies, baby showers, pac-man and one thing or another, but I wouldn't try to deny this to other people. I've lost a lot of clientele this last year with these gory paintings, but I've gained a lot more. If I have to paint what other people want, I'll end up painting puppies, shaved-leg barbarians and happy little elves.

WILSON: Why don't you give us an idea of just what shape underground comix are in?

ROBT. WMS.: Well, they were at their peak about 1971. That's when I got my biggest *Zap* royalty checks. When the Vietnam war was over, sales started slipping. People weren't as disgusted with the government anymore and didn't have need to lose themselves in antisocial entertainment like underground comix. Anyway, by that time, everybody had become hippies and were out growing flower power. Also,

there were too many comix. Everybody that could buy a rapidograph pen thought they were going to be the next Robert Crumb, so there were a lot of bad comix that came out. Then the country showed its right wing leaning by installing our omnipotent leader, President Reagan. The backbone of the underground comix market has always been the head shops. Since Reagan's election, many states have completely outlawed head shops. The end may well be in sight for this way of selling UG comix. I guess the rank and file status quo is going to impose Judeo-Christian ethics on us at gun point. The underground comix fraternity has got one big hope coming; there seems to be a phenomenon popping up all over the country called 'The Comic Book Shop.' The problem is that these new stores are scared, or just don't know how to handle underground comix, even though there is certainly an enormous potential market for them. There is a whole new wave punk generation coming on the scene that's just not going to be content with regular comix. At the same time, there exists a repressive government imposing itself during bad economic times. This fosters antisocial expression, thus, more underground comix.

WILSON: You're not exactly a flaming liberal yourself.

ROBT. WMS.: True, but I'm not quite as generous as Christ was with Caesar either!

William's Coochy Coochy



Below: detail from
A DEVIL WITH A HAMMER
& HELL WITH A TORCH (1973)



A SALUTE TO THOSE CRAFTSMEN
WHO WERE...

CAR CULTURE

THE FIRST
OF SEVERAL
PARTS
OF THE
SERIES
BY
J. L. 1966

THE
BIG
BOSS
BOOTH

THE
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THE
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THE
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THE
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THE
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BOOTH

IMAGE



"SO SHE SET OUT
TO SEE
SHE WALKED MILE
AFTER MILE.

"SHE WALKED HOUR
AFTER HOUR.
SHE WALKED DAY
AFTER DAY.

IF THE MOON
IS **CRESCENT**
HERE, I'LL
BET IT'S
FULL ON THE
OTHER SIDE
OF THE
WORLD.



"AND AFTER **TWO WEEKS** DECIDED THAT
SURELY SHE HAD WALKED TO THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE WORLD."



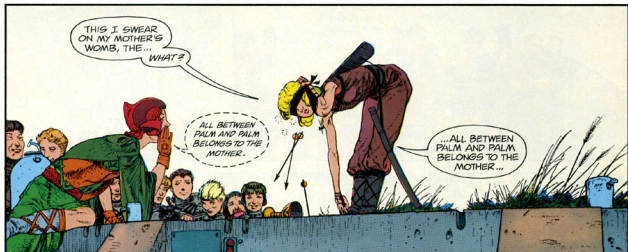
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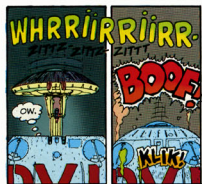
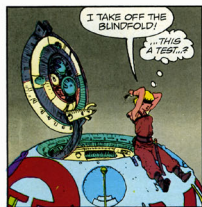
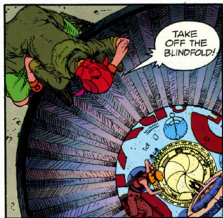


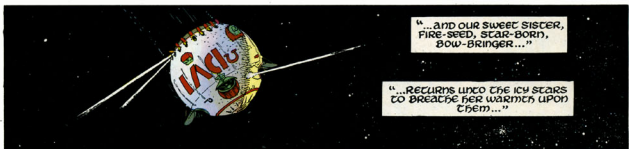
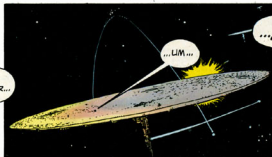
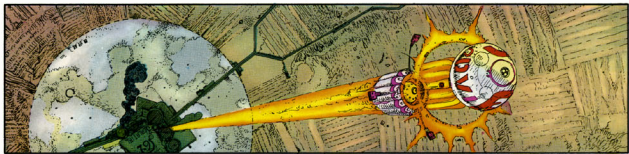
STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE • ILLUSTRATED BY M. W. KALLITA
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

AFTER THWARTING AN ATTEMPTED GANG-BANG BY THE MEN OF OMEGA, GALATIA 9 WAS BROUGHT INTO "THE CIRCLE" AND MADE A SISTER BY THE PEACEFUL WOMEN OF THE PLANET.





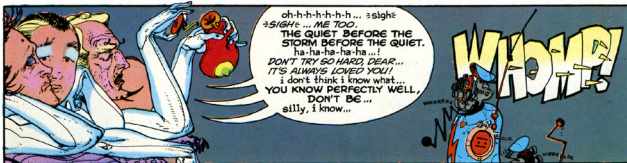
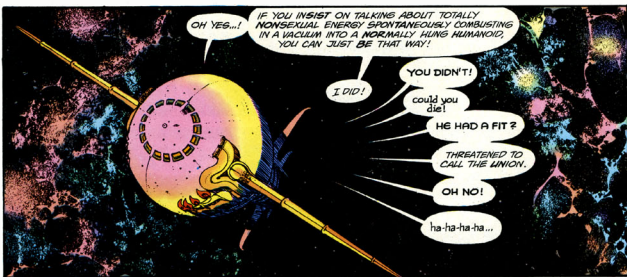


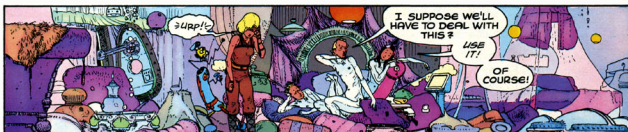
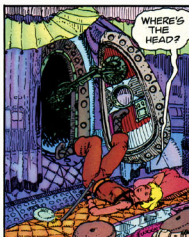
CYCLE 132
ANARCHERA

THE VOID



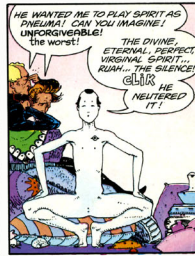
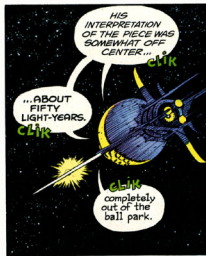
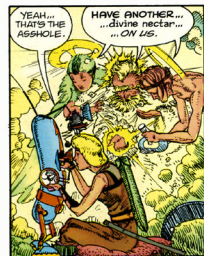
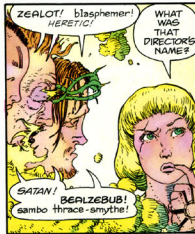
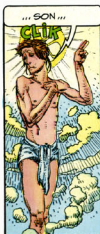
"WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE,
TRIED TO SMOKE A RUBBER CIGAR.
IT WAS LOADED AND EXPLODED...
SILENT NIGHT..."
-- OBSCURE RHYME
ATTRIBUTED TO THE
CHILDREN OF EARTH.

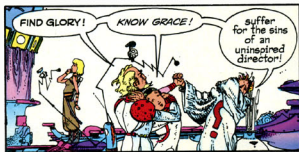
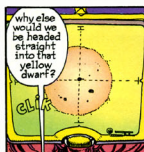
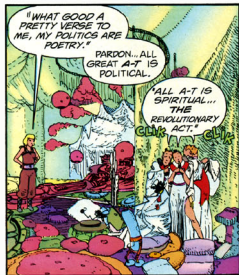


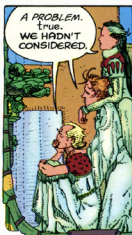
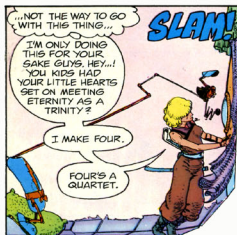
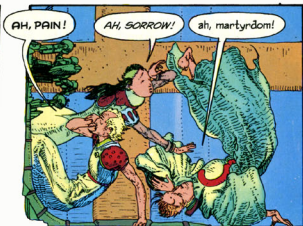
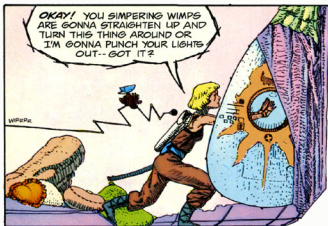




AND, LO, FROM HIS GRIEF CAME A
 VISION IN WHICH THE UNIVERSE
 TREMBLED AND WAS BATHED IN TERRIBLE
 LIGHT, AND HE SHRANK IN HIS GRIEF
 FROM THE VISION AND WAS AFEAR
 AND CRIED OUT:
 "O! I AM AFERAED! HOW IS THERE A
 BEING THAT HAS THREE FORMS, AND
 HOW CAN THREE FORMS BE ONE BEING?"
 AND THE VISION SAID:
 "THE LIGHT IS GOD, GOD IS THREE,
 THREE ARE ONE, ONE IS A-T AND
 A-T IS THE ETERNAL, UNPEAKABLE
 NAME OF..."







TO BE CONTINUED...



ANNOUNCING!!!!



THE LOWBROW ART OF ROBERT WILLIAMS chronicles the art career of one of the West Coast's more curious individuals, and the quasi-folk art he's helped to foster. This excellent volume from RIP OFF PRESS, INC. collects the essential Williams with his razor sharp craftsmanship and acid wit. He has given us a finely detailed look at surfer art, biker art, hot rod art, tattoo designs, and underground comix, as well as some of the most beautiful oil paintings ever painted. Apprenticed to such characters as Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, Williams later proved himself the "KING OF CHROME" in early issues of Zap Comix. Often violent and sometimes offensive, this artist's work is highly prized by collectors.



16 FULL COLOR PLATES

8 1/2" x 11" size — 96 pages

Lowbrow Art Book
Heavy Metal Dept ROP
635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of Robert Williams' LOWBROW ART book.
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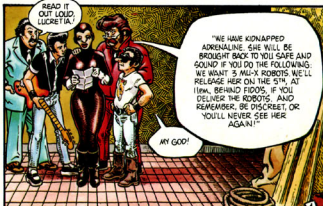
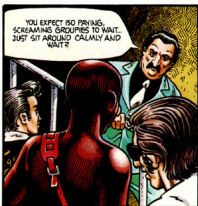
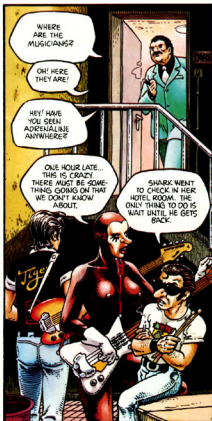
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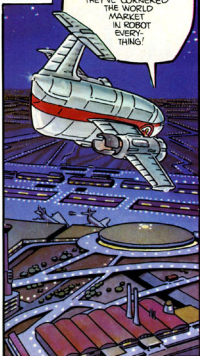
A-DRE-NA-LINE
A-DRE-NA-LINE





FRIDAY, 4
JAN. '95
11:35 P.M.

WELL, HERE
WE ARE! THE
CHYANG EMPIRE!
THEY'VE CORNERED
THE WORLD
MARKET
IN ROBOTS
EVERY-
THING!



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO LING
LAO. HE'S THE HEAD OF THE WARE-
HOUSE.

WHEN YOU'RE
FINISHED, WE'LL
GET REAL HIGH
ON SOME OF
THIS SAKE.

YEAH! AND
WHO WILL
DRIVE TO-
MORROW?



BRR... IT'S
FUCKIN' COLD
HERE!

GIVE LING LAO
THE LIST OF MATERIALS
YOU NEED. HE'LL TAKE
CARE OF
EVERYTHING.

BYE-BYE!



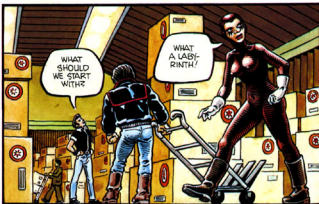
WE'D LIKE TO
HELP YOU PACK UP,
COMRADE LING LAO.
THAT WILL HELP
US WARM UP.

I UNDERSTAND
THAT YOU BELIEVE
THAT WE ARE ALL
WORKING PEOPLE.
VERY GOOD!
VERY COMMEND-
ABLE!



WHAT
SHOULD WE
START
WITH?

WHAT
A LABY-
RINTH!



WE'VE GOT
TO FIND THOSE
ROBOTS!

HERE THEY
ARE! OH, NO...
THEY'RE
MI-35!

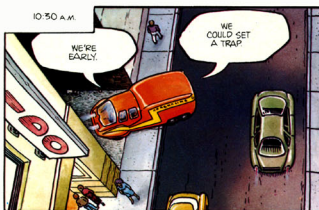
HERE THEY
ARE THE MUX
MODELS!
COME AND
SEE!

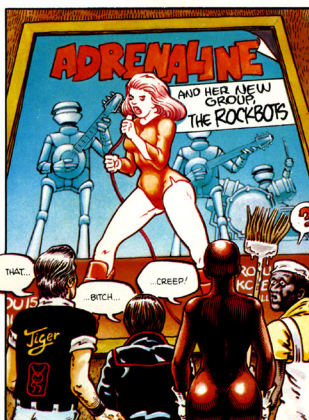
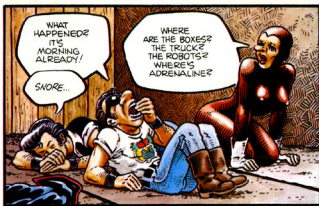
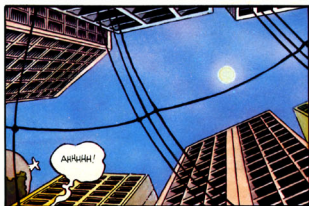


YES, YES, TAKE
THEM.

YOU GAVE ME
THESE VERY DEM-
OCRATIC MAGA-
ZINES! S'RYONARA!







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DIVISION OF ART:

- Part I Illustration
Part II Miniature, Mechanical Design, Diorama
Part III Comics
Part IV VTR, 8m/m, 16m/m

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CONTENTS OF ART:

have to be related to SF and Fantasy, Super-Science
Part I Illustration
Standard size(1) 515 x 728mm(20 28 x 28 66")
(2) 1030 x 728mm(40 56 x 28 66")
Every illustration, size(1) (2) and others should be attached on an illustration board or paneled and covered with wrapping.
Part II

THE 2ND INTER'L SF ART AWARD "START NOW"

Miniature, Mechanical Design Diorama
Space-ship, robot, space station and others should be original in design.

Mechanical Design Standard size (1) 515 x 728 mm (20 28 x 28 66") (2) 1030 x 728 mm (40 56 x 28 66") Should be attached on an illustration board. Miniature, Diorama should be demonstrated by three pictures (65 x 85", both B & W and CLR acceptable). Actual sizes and comment should be mentioned on the back of the pictures. Pictures are not returnable.

Part III Comics Size should be 296 x 217 mm (11 7/8 x 8 2/4"). Within 40 pages.

Part IV VTR, 8m/m, 16m/m Within 10 minutes (Both VHS and Beta acceptable).

QUALIFICATIONS:

No restriction as to age, sex, nationality, amateur or professional. Should be unpublished arts. No restriction as to number of art by one person and collaboration.

AWARDS:

- 1) Grand prize = 1 person (US\$8,000.00 and a trophy)
 - 2) Bandai prize = 2 persons (US\$2,000.00 and a trophy)
 - 3) Gold prize = 3 persons (US\$1,200.00 and a trophy)
 - 4) Silver prize = 10 persons (US\$400.00)
- Note: Due to the floating exchange rate, prize money may be changed. At present, we assume US\$1.00 is equivalent to ¥250 (Japanese Yen).

METHOD OF ENTRY:

Send your artwork to the office by April 30, 1983. Application form should be attached to the artwork.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS:

Schedule a special feature on the September issue of Starlog magazine (August 1, 1983 on sale in Japan). Will inform the winners directly by mail.
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OFFICE:

Poppy Kikaku-Shitsu
3F Kyoto Shinbun Ginza Bldg.,
8-2-8 Ginza, Chuo-ku, Tokyo
104 JAPAN
re: The 2nd International SF Art Award

COPYRIGHTS:

The rights of publishing merchandising the awarded artworks would be retained by STARLOG Magazine.

THE 2ND INTER'L SF ART AWARD APPLICATION FORM

■ Division of Art: _____

■ Title of Work: _____

■ Name: _____

■ Address: _____

(Zip Code) (State)

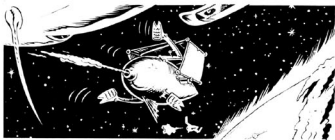
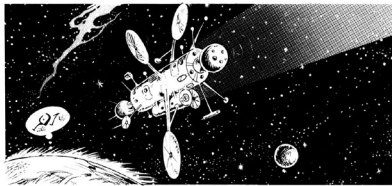
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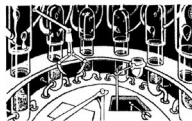
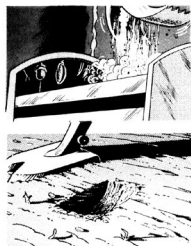
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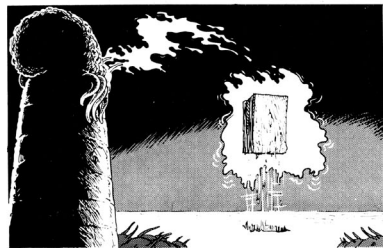
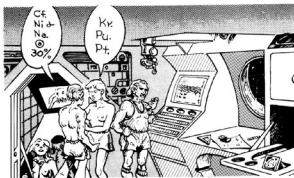
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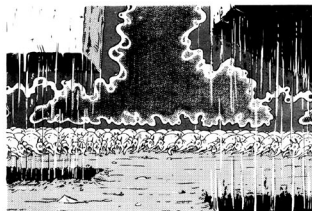
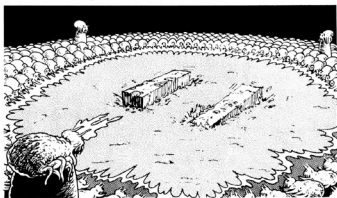
YES () NO ()

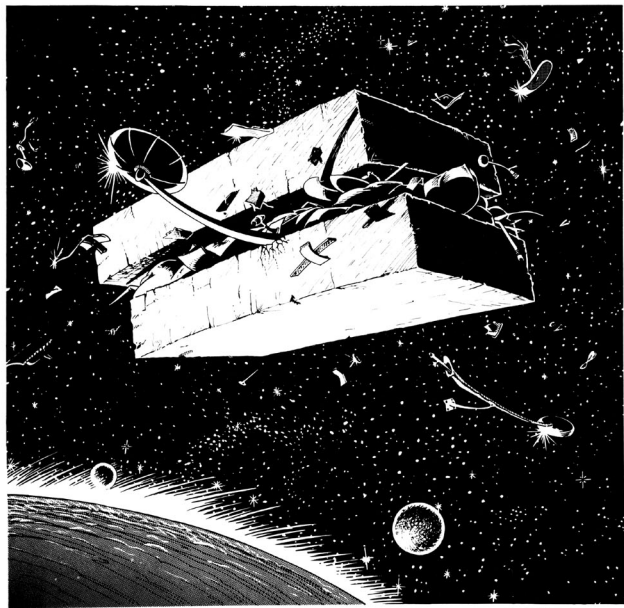
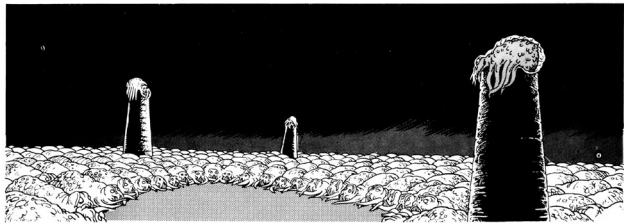
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'Rippingly Good'

Timothy R. Lucas on *Spatter Movies*

- 'Good photographs and well-written text' Lois Rubin, *Classic Images*
'Informative and interesting commentary' Robert Sheckley, *Twilight Zone*
'Charts the escalation of gore in horror films...with humor, perception, and, best of all, accuracy' Carlos Clarens, *Soho News*
'The best essay on the subject around' Theodore Sturgeon, *Hustler*
'McCarty knows what he's talking about...
Spatter Movies is the definitive history
of the gore film' Stanley Wiater, *Fangoria*

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HELLFIRE

© 1981 Kenneth Smith



Stoke it up, that sulphur hassta really saturate the place.

Hey look, just because we outwardly appear to be demons doesn't mean we gotta make hell out of this place.

Everything hassta be true to its nature. That's life. It's fulfilling.

Nah, we don't...we're free. We make ourself into whatever. And anyway, if this really wuz hell, wouldn't it be full of frustration and destruction and the pursuit of the unnatural? Hell is the one place where nothing can fulfill its inneth nature. Hell is spoilage, impotence—nature-rot and nature-rage.

Goddammit, you always make it
so hard for us to do our job.

If we were meant to be demons,
then torture and sadism would
be fulfilling for us and hell would
be heaven—to us.

Well, hell if I know—maybe we
were meant to be angels and
being demons is really frustrat-
ing. Maybe we are practicing
self-denial all day and only think
we are happy. I really don't give
a damn.

Or maybe that's what hell is, not
giving a damn. Hell is not being
able to care.

Or maybe my idea was the
clue—maybe hell is freedom,
having infinite choice but no
preference. No sense of direc-
tion. Hell is indecision.

...Hell is not knowing what hell is.

Hell is having you around for an
assistant.

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YOU WON'T FIND THESE MAGAZINES ON ANY NEWSSTAND.



DEJA-VU #1

Rare work by Jeffrey Jones, Michael Wm. Kaluta and Bernie Wrightson collected in one beautiful magazine. Truly a collector's item.

Cover by Bernie Wrightson.

GATES OF EDEN #1

The spectacular first issue of this little seen magazine contains work by Jeffrey Jones, Rick Geary, Spain, Lee Marrs, Trina and many others recounting their personal recollections of the wild 1960s. *Great fun!*

Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta.

GATES OF EDEN #2

This second splendid issue contains stories by Michael Wm. Kaluta, Neal Adams, Charles Vess, Spain and a multitude of others. *Enjoy!* Cover by Jeffrey Jones.

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JUNE 2050

BY ANDREW SIMMONS
ILLUSTRATED BY NICK CUTI



THERE ARE TWO STEPS TWO SOLITARY STEPS THAT BELONG TO TWO SOLITARY STRANGERS, SIMILAR ONLY IN OUR STEPS.



I WALK ON — NEVER ACTUALLY ESCAPING BUT BLUNDERING DEEPER INTO THE ABYSSAL DEPTHS OF THAT ACHING SOUND.



THE STEPS ARE BEHIND ME AND I MOVE MORE QUICKLY SO AS NOT TO BE CAUGHT. I AM A TARGET.



I AM NIMBLE AND STRONG AND I AM TOO AWARE OF HIS MOVEMENTS TO BE TRAPPED.



AM A CAT SLIPPING THROUGH THE SHADOWS, AS TIRELESS AS A HOUND AND AS DESPERATE AS A GAME FOX.



AND I RUN!



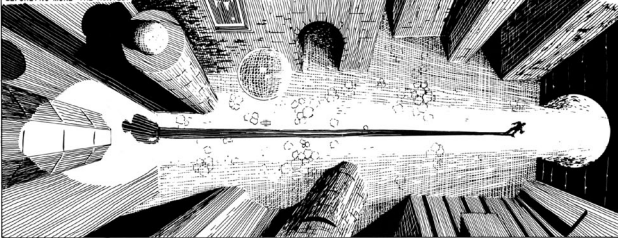
A VICTIM HAS ONLY ONE INSTINCT — TO LIVE! AND SO I RUN. AND RUN.



I WOULD RUN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS JUST FOR ONE MOMENT WHEN I WOULDN'T HAVE TO RUN.



THE FOOTSTEPS! NO LONGER BEHIND ME—AHEAD OF ME! WHEN DID THEY SHIFT? NO MATTER. I SAVOR THE MOMENT—FOR I AM MORE ALIVE NOW THAN EVER BEFORE. NO MORE—THE HUNTED!



BUT STILL I RUN. HIS TIRED STEPS QUICKEN WITH THE SAME RESOLVE FOR LIFE THAT I HAD. MY BLOOD SURGES THROUGH MY BODY, INFUSING NEW VIGOR. I CHASE AND I WILL CONQUER.



IT IS MY TURN. NOW—I AM THE HUNTER!



MY NAME IS LAMAR... JUST LAMAR...
NO FIRST NAME.



I KILL PEOPLE, TO EARN MY LIVING.



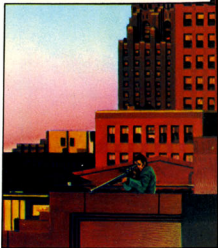
AT ONE TIME, I DE-
VOTED MY EXPERTISE
TO ONLY THE
MENTALLY ILL AND
THE DERANGED.
THAT'S WHY THEY
CALLED ME "THE
KILLER OF FOOLS."
I'M MUCH EASIER TO
PLEASE NOW. I'LL
KILL ANYBODY FOR A
BUCK AND A HOT
CUP OF COFFEE.



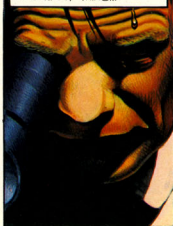
TIMES ARE HARD, BUT THERE ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE
WORK FOR ME. THE NAME HAS STUCK WITH ME, ALL
THESE YEARS. AT FIRST, IT BOTHERED ME...



BUT, NOW I SORT OF LIKE IT... WELL,
ACTUALLY, IT DEPENDS WHAT DAY IT IS.



THEY SAY I'M CRAZY. I
GUESS I AM, BUT DO I
CARE? KILLER OF FOOLS?
KILLER OF KITTY CATS... THE
IMPORTANT THING...

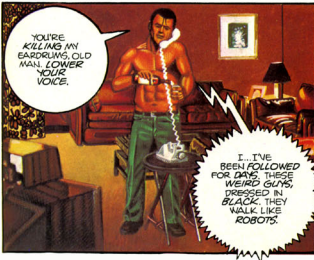
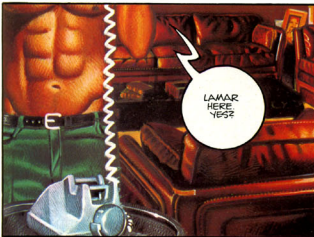
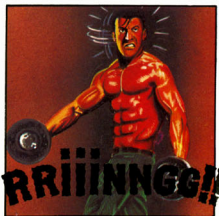
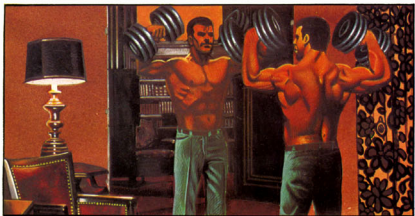


...IS TO KILL!



LAMAR: KILLER OF FOOLS

TEXT BY P. SETBON ILLUSTRATED BY P. POIRIER





WE
HAVE BEGUN
OUR DESCENT TO-
WARDS MIAMI IN-
TERNATIONAL AIR-
PORT. PLEASE
FASTEN YOUR SEAT-
BELTS AND EX-
TINGUISH
ALL...



I SHOULD
BE DONE IN TWO
OR THREE DAYS.
THEN I'LL BE ABLE
TO BUY THAT NICE
LITTLE RED JAGUAR
THAT'S BEEN GNAW-
ING AT MY POCKET
FOR SO
LONG.



MR.
LAMAR! MR.
LAMAR! IT'S
ME! I THOUGHT
I'D PICK YOU UP
MYSELF.



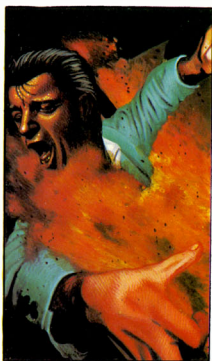
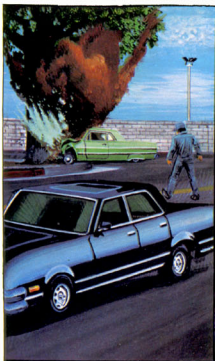
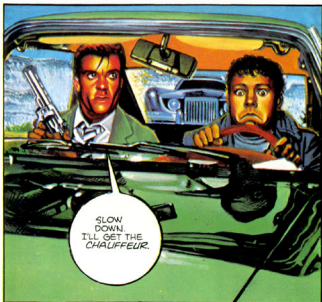
THEY...
THEY'VE FOL-
LOWED ME TO
THE AIRPORT. I
FEEL BETTER
JUST SEEING
YOU IN THE
FLESH!

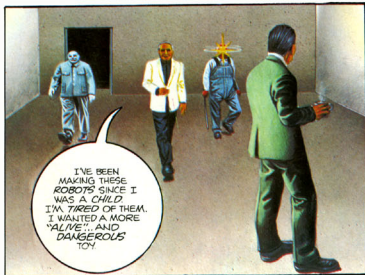
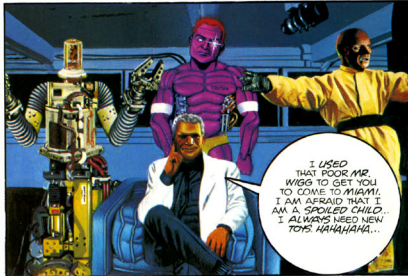


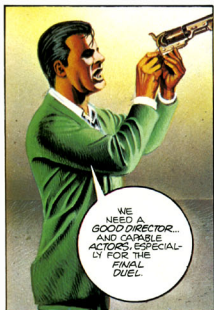
ISN'T
THAT JUST
DANDY. NO ONE
HAS EVER TALKED
TO ME LIKE THAT
BEFORE.
(WIMP!)

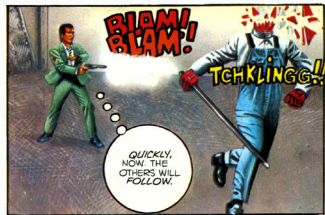
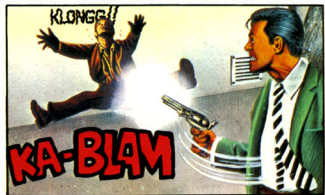


237!
237! NOT NOW!
PUT THAT GUN AWAY!
AND PUT YOUR ASS
BACK ON! DAMN PILE
OF METAL! YOU'LL
HEAR FROM ME
TONIGHT!















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

#49/APRIL '81: Art and the Nazis. Corben's "Bloodstar." Gilman'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' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

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

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King territories 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: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

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

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

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, 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, Schuiten, et al.

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealist 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, Druiel, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

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

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

#64/JULY '82: Marcelle and Lacombe's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Fights in Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, Druiel, 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 does "Den II" and Druiel's "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.

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and our regulars: Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc. Happy reading.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and our regulars, Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

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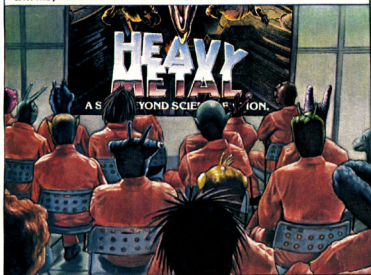
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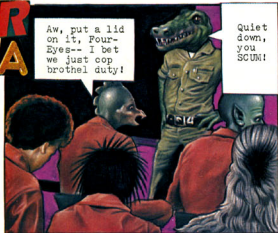
Marty and I had been on Barrakis-- the infamous boot camp planet of the Imperial Star Guards-- for less than two months, when our outfit was given its marching orders.



Hey, wow-- we're probably gonna lay some Fascist head trip on the masses, man.

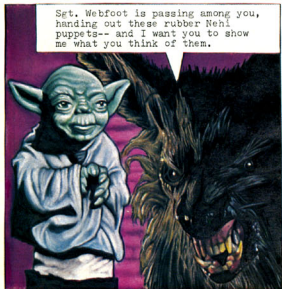
Aw, put a lid on it, Four-Eyes-- I bet we just cop brothel duty!

Quiet down, you SCUM!



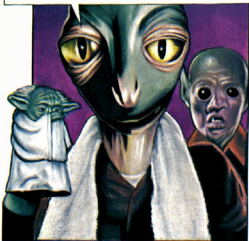
OK-- listen up! This is the planet Neehowma, and these deviant filth are called the Nehi-- the Emperor's ordered us in to mop 'em up.

Sgt. Webfoot is passing among you, handing out these rubber Nehi puppets-- and I want you to show me what you think of them.



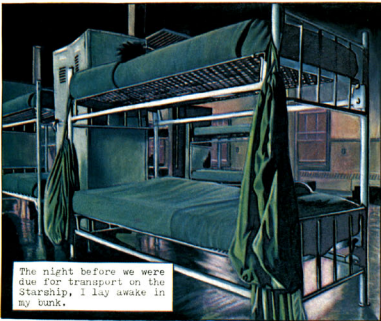
KILL! KILL! KILL!

Excuse me, Captain-- why exactly are we jumping up and down on these Nehi swine? Just so we'll know why we hate them...



Well, they're all tax cheats, aren't they? I mean, they try to income average on their short forms, and... and they don't report TIPS!

They don't report tips, SIR!
KILL! KILL!



The night before we were due for transport on the Starship, I lay awake in my bunk.

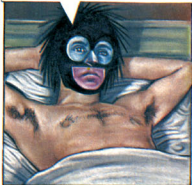
How would it feel to actually shoot at another living creature? I wondered. I tossed and turned in a morass of existential despair.



Hey, guess what? I get to drive a troop carrier!

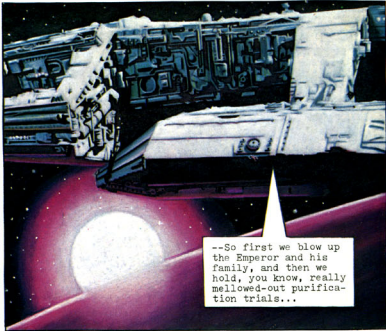
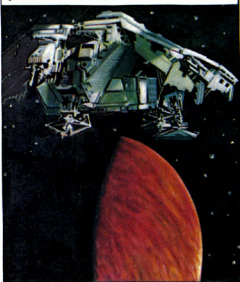


That's great, Bugface-- listen, don't you have any doubts about what we're going to be doing?



Nope! Hey, wanna have a farting contest?

The worst part of war is the waiting; during the tedium of the trip, only Four-Eyes was inclined to discuss pacifism with me--



--So first we blow up the Emperor and his family, and then we hold, you know, really mellowed-out purification trials...

What about you, Marty? Don't you feel funny about butchering innocent sentient beings?



Hey-- who's "Mr. Sensitive" around here, baby?

But seriously, just think of the possibilities-- me entertaining the troops, my own Christmas special, USO chicks.



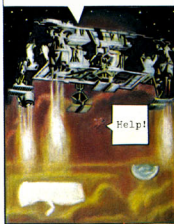
All right, quiet down, you miserable COCKROACH DROPPINGS! We jump in 30 seconds.

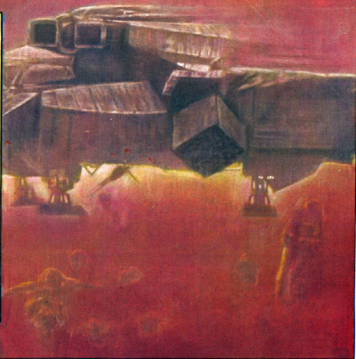


But, Sergeant-- I don't want to go first! I'm scared!



Shut up, "Kid", and JUMP!





My plastic pod-chute bore me gently toward the ground; the pods of the other Starguards floated above me in the angry sky.

Down toward the planet of the Nehis we dropped, to unleash upon these tax-evading little creatures all the horrors of war.



To be continued...



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