

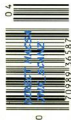
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

HEAVY METAL[®]

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DOSSIER

THE KILLER B's

All of our films are about undesirables, I find them more real in a sense. How many times can you go to a film to see some beautiful piece of bullshit and then go home to your disgusting, dilapidated building and worry about where the money's gonna come from to pay the rent?

—Beth B

As independent NYC filmmakers, **Scott B and Beth B** (Mr. and Mrs.) are in the enviable position of being able to satisfy their landlord without compromising their art. Within five years their self-described "B-Movies" have evolved from raw Super-8 shorts to polished 16mm features; from screenings at rock clubs to sellouts at the New York Film Festival.

The B's share an amiably perverse aesthetic that mines the past (film noir, the hard-boiled dialogue of trashy thrillers, and the stark visuals of German Expressionists like Lang and Murnau) to forge a vision of the future, using a healthy dose of contemporary politics and paranoia. Like many a Midwestern transplant, they are as adept at fashioning their own public persona—the cool allure of black leather and post-punk cynicism—as they are at romanticizing Gotham's

the Big Apple as an emotional microcosm.

The B's abandoned sculpture and the "analytical and formal" art scene in 1978, and found "fresh energy and a much larger audience" by allying themselves with the nascent No Wave rock scene, centered around groups like the Contortions, Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, and DNA. The interaction proved particularly beneficial—in Lydia Lunch (then with Teenage Jesus), and other downtown musicos like Adele Bertel and John Lurie, the B's found engaging, idiosyncratic screen personalities and innovative collaborators for

"... pictorial compositions worthy of Samuel Fuller, narration reminiscent of a low-rent James M. Cain, and solid characterizations."

lurid charms. "It's the world, put into this pit," Beth explains, and B films successfully evoke the visual/visceral claustrophobia of their memorable film soundtracks.

G-Man, the first and least-exhibited B-film, "is about this chief terrorist inspector

**Scott and Beth B.
Care to guess their
favorite color?**

Photo by Jon Ericson



who goes to a warehouse for a dominance session while the terrorists are publishing their book and selling it at Fiorucci's." The irony of the scenario derives from the deadpan presentation of these far-from-implausible situations; for the B's, hypocrisy, horror, and humor are united in an unlikely equation, and sarcasm, "the repartee that edges a knife under a person's skin," becomes the measuring needle on the laugh-o-meter.

Pointed political critique surfaces in **Black Box**, which simulates the disorientation and nerve destruction produced by an

Lydia Lunch doesn't find very much to laugh at in *Vortex*.

actual torture device that is manufactured in Texas with a barrage of noise and psychedelic imagery that "traps an audience and forces them to react." Equally chilling, the 1979 short *Letters to Dad* creates a tone poem from the combination of a low electronic hum and talking head recitations of letters written to Jim Jones by his followers.

The Offenders, originally executed as an eight-week serial in 1979-80, proves the B's are not bereft of humor. Adele Bertel stars as a streetwise gang leader who escapes a kidnapping by the nefarious Lizard (Lurie), and an attempted reconciliation with her distraught father (Bill Rice) who drinks vodka with Pepto-Bismol chasers. Hammy acting, sight gags, and a soap opera-cum-surf music soundtrack heighten the fun, but the B's achieve more than classic J.D. kitsch—offering pictorial compositions worthy of Samuel Fuller (*Pickup on South Street*), narration reminiscent of a low-rent James M. Cain, and solid characterizations.

The 16mm *Vortex* (screened at the '82 New York Film Festival, and arguably the first above-ground B-movie), "was based on our research and paranoia about the government trying to control aberrant groups and corporate involvement with government activities." Lydia Lunch displays throwaway comic brilliance as Angel Powers, the hard-boiled, couldn't-



give-a-shit private eye. While investigating a reclusive weapons manufacturer (Bill Rice in the best-ever portrayal of the Howard Hughes persona), Angel encounters complications by unwittingly falling in love with Demmer (James Russo), the organization's psychotically ambitious right-hand man, with murder and mayhem the obvious result.

On an unbelievably low budget (approx. \$100,000), the B's manage to achieve their most stylish imagery to date, with deliberately paced, often excruciatingly long takes that emphasize the feeling that "you're watching the whole thing through a surveillance camera." The opening scene was intended to utilize Abscam transcripts, but the language was so foul that the B's rewrote it,

fearing that the audience wouldn't believe it. "Reality is so much weirder than fiction," Scott concludes, "it's insane."

—David Keeps

(B Movies, 45 Crosby St., New York City 10012)

The B List

(The B's favorite B-films)

Testament of Doctor

Mabuse (Fritz Lang)

The Naked Kiss (Samuel Fuller)

Der Golem (original silent version)

Once Upon a Time in the

West (Sergio Leone)

Straightjacket (William

Castle)

Written on the Wind

(Douglas Sirk)

Requiem for a Heavyweight

(Ralph Nelson's TV version)

Repulsion (Roman Polanski)

Freaks (Todd Browning)

B LP

Beth and Scott B's *Vortex Soundtrack* (Neutral Records) is the rarest of treats—mood music for manic depressives—featuring some of downtown Manhattan's most innovative musicians in a pastiche of cheap thriller jazz, funky bass riffs, and sleazy saxophony. Thrill to "Main Title's" haunting strains, featuring **Konk** members **Richard Edson** and **Angel Quinones**, and **Lounge Lizard John Lurie** on sax. Chill to Scott and Beth B hammering away on piano strings on "Demmer's Theme," and "Stairs." Melt to the mournful piano refrain in the otherwise ominous "End Zone" by the B's and avant-composer **Jeffrey Lohm**. Squirm to the twisted slide guitar and gruesome vocals of **Lydia Lunch's** "Grey Death." Groove to the ultra-subversive dance mix of "Black Box Disco," featuring actual dialogue ("Shut up . . . shut up and suffer.") from that film set to an irresistible boogie beat. And, best yet, swoon to the silken balladry of co-producer **Adele Bertel** (of the late, lamented Bloods) on "Once in a Lifetime," a potent snippet that proves there's soul below 14th Street.

—David Keeps
(Neutral Records, 415 Lafayette St., NY 10003)

CLASSICAL MODERNISM

They still write classical music? Sounds weird. Classical music means Mozart, Bach, Beethoven—the classics. Today's music is rock, jazz, country, R&B, Broadway, maybe *Star Wars* and hardcore. What's left for classical composers to do? And classical audiences mostly like the old stuff anyway, as if they listen to classical music mainly as an escape from the modern world.

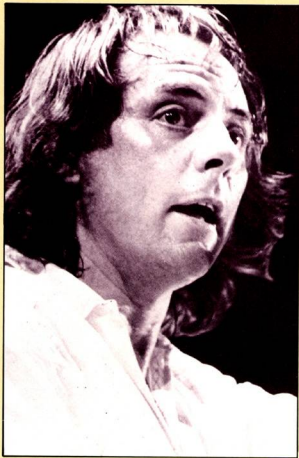
But composers are still writing it. They're in an odd spot—like scholars, their audience is each other (though every so often, as a sociologist bursts into public view on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page, one of them breaks out of the "new music" ghetto and gets a piece played by the New York Philharmonic). No wonder so much of their music is dry; no wonder that even when it isn't, they often talk about it in jargon only other composers can understand, making it seem far less appealing than it really is.

And yes, a lot of it *is* appealing. Or maybe that's the wrong word. Melody—catchy or surgingly passionate—was well-mapped territory as far back as a hundred years ago. Modern music has its own kind of melody: biting (Bartok, Shostakovich), delirious (Schoenberg, Berg, Boulez),

or free-floating and purified (Lou Harrison, John Cage in his early works, like the String Quartet). But what's unique to our century is a love for new and dizzying extremes of sound: dissonant harmony; electronics; new instruments; new ways to combine old instruments, or even new ways to play them; disjointed or else brutally simple rhythms; lurching continuity; textures as busy and stimulating as Times Square on a Saturday night. Structure, too, was taken to extremes—in the fifties serial composers arranged the building blocks of music in arbitrary order, and then rearranged them over and over, in a fanatical search for cross-references between any moment in their music and everything that comes after and before. And finally there were extremes of stillness: music so quiet it was only a step away from silence.

"Melody—catchy or surgingly passionate—was well-mapped territory as far back as a hundred years ago."

Some of this has happened lately in rock; you've read about it here. What classical music offers is variety, intellectual challenge, and emotional depth, exactly (as I said here in January) what you look for when you turn from *Charlie's Angels* to *Moby Dick*, though with twentieth century works the compar-



ison really ought to be with Joyce, Kafka, Borges, or Marquez. If you like art that takes an eggbeater to your heart and head, you ought to give modern classical music a try. And don't worry what the symphony crowd thinks—you might be just the audience the composers are waiting for.

—Gregory Sandow

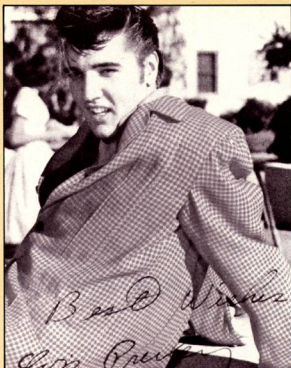
Recommended Listening

Begin at the source: twentieth century classics like Bartok (*Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*; *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*; *Third, Fourth and Fifth String Quartets*), Stravinsky (*The Rite of Spring*, *Les Noces*), Schoenberg (*Pierrot Lunaire*, *Five Pieces for Orchestra*, *String Trio*), Berg (*Lyric Suite*, *Wozzeck*, *Violin Concerto*), Webern (*Five Movements for String Quartet*, *Symphony Op. 21*), Ives (*"Holidays" Symphony*), Varese (*Ionization*, *Octandre—a*

must for noise fans), and Ruggles (his complete music is on one double CBS album). The choices listed below are both personal favorites and authentic post-war Greatest Hits, limited mainly by the availability of records, preferably on major labels so you'll have some hope of finding them. I've left out conservatives who try to write like the classical composers of the past. Some of them write good music, but what can you learn from it? I've left out minimalists like Riley, Glass, and Reich because their music has crossover pop appeal and you may [should] already know it. The Americans on my list are mostly experimental, and the Europeans mostly mainstream; non-experimental Americans who feel like complaining should write better music instead.

Luciano Berio, *Coro* (DG), *Sinfonia* (CBS), *Visage* (Candide).

Elvis. Was he cool, or what?



"Elvis is the most visually thorough biography since Norman Mailer took on Marilyn Monroe."

If you're still not in wild social demand after reading *Cool*, it's always advisable to follow the example of the genuine article. A worthy addition to your reference shelf is **Elvis: The Illustrated Record** by **Roy Carr** and **Mick Farren** (Harmony), the most visually thorough biography since Norman Mailer took on Marilyn Monroe. The book lingers over Elvis the icon from every angle, and each stage of his career—Rockabilly Elvis, G.I. Elvis, Movie Star Elvis, Vegas Elvis—is enshrined on page after page. Special credit should go to Elvis's art staff for making the book rise above the level of other monotonous rockumentaries on Presley—it's a beauty. Carr and Farren's intelligent text is packed with backstage information and, thankfully, doesn't slobber over any graveyard gossip. And the book's filmography and discography (which even include bootlegs) are as meticulous as CIA reports.

—Steven Maloff

Pierre Boulez, *Le Marteau Sans Maître* (CBS).

John Cage, *Etudes Australes* (Tomato), *Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano* (Tomato), *25-Year Retrospective Concert* (Avakian), *String Quartet* (Vox, Turnabout, DG).

George Crumb, *Ancient Voices of Children* (Nonesuch), *Black Angels* (Vox, Turnabout).

David Del Tredici, *Final Alice* (London).

Morton Feldman, *Rothko Chapel* (Odyssey).

Lou Harrison, *Suite for Violin, Piano and Small Orchestra* (CRI), *Concerto for Violin and Percussion Ensemble* (Turnabout).

Georgy Ligeti, *Atmospheres* (CBS), *Aventures, Nouvelles Aventures* (Candide), Olivier Messiaen, *Quartet for the End of Time* (Philips, Angel, DG), *Turangalia-Symphonie* (Angel).

Conlon Nanarrow, *Studies for Player Piano* (1750 Arch).

Karlheinz Stockhausen, *Momente* (Nonesuch).

GUYS AND DULLS

Truly cool people can't be told what to wear because they already know. But if you're not cool (come on, look in the mirror) and you want to pick up your life with some attitude, you might need more than a tube of Brylcreem. There is new hope for L-7's with **The Catalog of Cool**, edited by **Gene Sculatti** (Warner), an

up-to-the-minute reference guide to the most sought after state of mind. This view of cool, through rose-colored sunglasses, sings the praise of junk food, mixed drinks, and cars, while immortalizing such hipster saints as Robert Mitchum (the first movie star busted for pot) and Jack Kerouac in a Hall of Cult Fame, all told in a series of articles by various writers. Less substantial are the endless, arbitrary lists of cool movies, TV shows, and bands, but Sculatti has included addresses for rural cats interested in mail-order cool. I don't have to tell you to snap your fingers instead of clapping, do I?

THE METAL BOX

Records in heavy rotation in Lou's living room . . .

The Residents, *Intermission* (Ralph)
Simple Minds, *New Gold Dream* (Virgin/A&M)
Captain Beefheart, *Ice Cream for Crow* (Virgin/Capic)
Cabaret Voltaire, *HAL!* (Rough Trade), 2×45 (U.K. Rough Trade), and as "The Pressure Company," *Live In Sheffield 19 Jan 82* (U.K. Solid)
Stephen Mallinder (of Cabaret Voltaire), "Temperature Drop"/"Cool Down" (U.K. Fetish)
Modern English, *After the Snow* (U.K. 4A.D.)

Riichi Sakamoto (of Yellow Magic Orchestra), *Left-Handed Dream* (Epic)
Scritti Politti, *Songs to Remember* (U.K. Rough Trade)
Swans EP (Labor)
Japan, "Nightporter"/"Methods of Dance"
You've Got Foetus On Your Breath, "Ache" (U.K. Self Immolation), and as "Foetus Over Frisco," *Custom-Built for Capitalism EP* (U.K. Self-Immolation)
Wall of Voodoo, *Call of the West* (IRS)
Grawzone (U.K. EMI)
D.A.F., *Für Immer* (U.K. Virgin)

—Lou Stathis

and the fresh inventiveness of *Love and Rockets* (see Lou and Matt elsewhere in this issue). Fantagraphics also covers sf-adventure with **Dalgoda** (\$2.00) by **Dennis Fujitake** and *HM* contributor **Jan Strnad**, plus sex-oriented funny animals inked thirties-style by NYC cartoonist **Milton Knight, Jr.**, in **Hugo** (\$2.00). The bi-monthly **Nemo** (\$3.50), edited by Richard Marshall, combines classic newspaper strip reprints with authoritative articles by Ron Goulart, Bill Blackbeard and others digging into the history of comics.

—Bhob

(Fantagraphics Inc., 196 West Haviland Lane, Stamford CT 06903)

WHAT'RE THE ALTERNATIVES?

History repeats itself. Some of the greatest comic books of the forties (*Doll Man*, *Spirit*, *Military*) emanated from the offices of E. M. "Busy" Arnold's Quality Comics in Stamford, Connecticut. Appropriately enough, Stamford now figures prominently in a comic rebirth, spearheaded by Gary Groth's **Fantagraphics Books**. Groth's lively, controversial **The Comics Journal** (\$14.95 for nine hefty issues) has long served as both an informative trade publication for toilers in the comic book industry, and as a blistering critic of their output. With *TCJ*'s high standards, it's no surprise to find Groth's initial line of alternative comics also aiming for the apex with a diversity of titles.

The heavy artillery in Fantagraphics' arsenal is **The**

Survivors! (\$5.95), published in the 46-page full-color European album format. The story follows two youths, Jeremiah and Kurdy, on horseback across the wasteland of post-holocaust America. As written and drawn (beautifully) by leading Belgian artist **Hermann Huppen**, this series appeared under its original title of "Jeremiah" in *Metal Hurlant* during 1979. Fantagraphics editor Kim Thompson refers to Huppen as "undeniably, one of Europe's very finest comics artists." Agreed.

Comics set in the American West are currently more popular in Europe than here. Perhaps that explains why Texan **Jack Jackson** ("Jaxon") is the USA's lone star artist of western comics. For two decades Jackson has left

dust trails while staking a claim on every frontier in sight: college humor mags (*Texas Ranger*), early satirical undergrounds (*God Nose*), psychedelic rock posters (Family Dog art director), and horror-fantasy (*Skull*) before concentrating on westerns (*Comanche Moon*) beginning in 1977. Fantagraphics offers his latest, **Los Tejanos** (\$7.95), as a 140-page paperback chronicling the true story of Tex-Mex freedom-fighter Juan N. Sequin. Mucho maps and documents confirm the extent of Jackson's research, evident in both writing and art. Slapping leather and spurting at full gallop, Jackson is keeping pace with that Wild Bunch of European Western artists led by Jean Giraud and his "Lieutenant Blueberry."

In addition to *Savage!*

SILLY SAVAGE

Whining's easy (I should know), and while putting your money where your mouth is might be nobler, it's also a great way to choke yourself if you blow it. The boys at Fantagraphics have been whining for a while (in *The Comics Journal*), and recently they've taken to publishing their own comics—presumably to show the guys at their criticism's receiving end, *The Way It Should Be Done*. Unfortunately, their republication of **Gil Kane's Savage** is prime gag material, a perfect example of what sucks

WRAB

(Radio Active Boston)
transcript by M. Howarth



© 1983 Matt Howarth

about mainstream comics and why only pud-brained juveniles seem to enjoy them.

Originally published in 1967 by an independent distributor (with a cover swiping Lee Marvin's face from the film *Point Blank*), *Savage* follows the tediously familiar macho-stud, adolescent-wank, fantasy prototype plaguing action-oriented comics and fiction (strong men quiver and women lubricate when he Duke-ish strides by). Add some *Man from U.N.C.L.E./Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.E.I.L.D.* super-spy horseshit, the standard-issue, crazed-with-revenge-lust maxi-villain, and some really putrid writing by a usually-okay Archie Goodwin (now *Epic Illustrated* editor), and you've got another dumb comic that deserves to languish in obscurity.

"Gil Kane's *Savage* is prime gag material."

But the Fantagraphics crew has not allowed *Savage* to remain interred by history. Instead, they've presented us with a ludicrously pretentious introduction by R. C. Harvey hailing this dog as a groundbreaking effort in the "graphic novel" genre, where words and pictures achieve blissful union. Forget it. Setting aside Goodwin's grammatical goof-ups ("Blood jetted blackly from his ears and nostrils,"—a color description cannot be used as an adverb), and his clumsy gropings for melodramatic punch ("A flicker of a smile touched the cruel slash that was *Savage's* mouth, and his hard, dark eyes grew distant..."), his text—no matter how good it could've been—is just plain redundant, unnecessarily repeating what is easily discernable from the art. As is the case with most comic book writers, the Goodwin of fifteen years ago was too prose bound for what is ideally an art-based medium. These lame clumps of text act only as obstructions to the smooth wheels of Kane's visual storytelling (learned from ac-

Some pantywaist eats lead lunch in Gil Kane's *Savage*.



knowledgeed masters like Kurtzman and Eisner, who as their own scripters could control the text as well as the art).

In the context of its time, *Savage* perhaps could be considered an adequate pulp comic; certainly it's not deserving of attention, let alone resuscitation and bestowal of a pivotal historical role. Do the publishers and editors of this volume really believe that jive?

—Lou Stathis

LOVE THAT ROCKET

Compromise is a key element in all comic books. To maintain accessibility to the masses, comic storytelling and art are fully subservient to the echoing gap most publishers imagine exists between their readers' ears.

Compromise is the only element missing from **Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez's *Love and Rockets*** (Fantagraphics). Thank God. These West Coast brothers provide over sixty pages of rapid-fire, well-choreographed storytelling—whether chasing the monster in Gilbert's epic "BEM," or following the girls in Jaime's shorter pieces. The monster's stoic rampage and behemoth reactions as the villains try to con it, form a wry drama akin to Jerry



Lewis trying to outwit Giger's Alien; while Jaime's female characters are refreshing contradictions to the comic-book norm of women with tits bigger than their brains. The brothers' concern for detail is almost fanatical as they ruthlessly lampoon the set formulas found in life and other forms of entertainment.

The book's art work is impressive, with a lively fluidity that carries the reader through the intricate storylines. Influences flash from the Golden Age of brushwork to Steve Ditko's slicker days, to a European softness.

The result is a large canvas of many details—a pleasure to read over and over again—and hell, even more.

—Matt Howarth

KNOCKED ABOUT

The U. K. powers-that-be seem to have it in for **Knockabout Comics**, a publisher/distributor busted twice in the past eighteen months. Back in October of '81, eagle-eyed customs officials decided that the cat-fucking discretely depicted on the cover of ***Bizarre Sex* #9** (Reed Waller's *Omaha, the Cat Dancer*) offended their sense of decency, an opinion shared later by the court, who promptly

banned the book from sale in England. This past July, John (Bull) Law struck again, this time materializing as an Obscene Publications Squad sweep through two London distributors and two hinterland retailers in search of literature encouraging illicit drug use. Netted in this bold bit of longarming were issues of *Dope Comix* (earlier passed up by customs guys), copies of *Mama Coca* (an anthropology text on coca-leaf chewing among the Indians of Colombia), some *Furry Freak Bros.* adventures, and several information pamphlets published by Release, a drug-counseling organization. This latter case has yet to come to court, as the public prosecutor sits on \$20,000 worth of Knockabout's stock deciding whether or not to try these depraved corrupters of youth. Welcome to the eighties.

In an effort to get back on their feet, Knockabout has produced a special "OBSCENE ISSUE!" of their regular *Knockabout Comics* anthology series (#4). Along with some previously printed donations from American well-wishers (Crumb, Griffith, Wilson, and Shelton), the book includes some top-notch work by British undergrounders spear-headed by **Hunt Emerson's** hilarious "A, B, Seize It!" the story of obscenity told in Kurtzman-burlesque style. If alone is worth the price of the book (Emerson's solo book ***Thunderdogs***, also published by Knockabout, is equally worth seeking out). Send money and expressions of cartoon solidarity to: Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Road, London W. 10, UK (U.S. inquiries to: Krupp Comic Works, P.O. Box 7, Princeton NJ 54968).

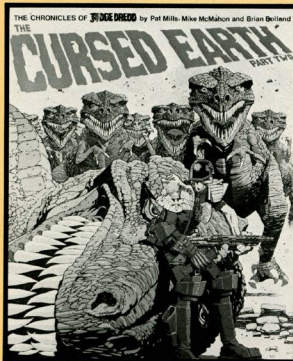
—Lou Stathis

Hunt Emerson gives the lockdown on smut in *Knockabout Comics*.



BROODING ON CORBEN

Judge Dredd: Maggie Thatcher's secret weapon.



DREDDFUL

Judge Dredd is Britain's Captain America. The main difference is that where Cap fights for justice, the Judge kills for the law. The scenario is a violent, post-holocaust world, blighted by mutants, junkies, and robot vampires—where the law must be quick or non-existent.

Throughout the three compilation volumes recently released in the U.S. (*Judge Dredd*, and *The Cursed Earth* parts 1 and 2), the art varies from the slick, almost Russ Manning style of **Brian Bolland** (pre-dominant in the first volume), to the harried, cluttered work of **Mike McMahon** (understandable when you consider the latter

must produce seven Dredd pages a week for 2000 A.D., the British magazine where-in the Judge's chronicles appear).

The first volume's tales, written by **John Wagner**, are fast-paced, ingenious, and a good introduction to the character and his manner of law enforcement. The two later volumes, however, written by **Pat Mills**, smack too heavily of Zelazny's *Damnation Alley*, enhanced only by the lack of budgetary restrictions and option for bloodshed that comics afford over film.

—Matt Howarth

(Distribution by Seagate, 657 5th Avenue, Brooklyn NY 11215.)

Richard Corben's newest book, *Jeremy Brood* (Fantagor Press), represents nothing if not a triumph over artistic difficulties. This volume (the first in a series) gives Corben back to his once-enthusiastic fans. It's about time, too!

Corben's star began to fade in the late seventies, when he took on projects that should've furthered his career, but didn't. After adapting Robert E. Howard's *Bloodstar*, Corben began creating other epic-length comic-strip dramas. But with *Den*, the format didn't seem to be working for him, and it changed the nature of his work. Where his early comics were densely detailed and known for their fast-paced choreography and gritty action, *Den* was simplified to the point of vagueness. Certainly the figures were now lushly painted, but the detailed backgrounds were almost non-existent. And breaking this epic into eight-page episodes destroyed the continuity and introduced a new factor into Corben's portfolio: boredom. (Of course, this is the opinion of Mr. Steffan, and not that of the editor of *HM*.)

With his next project, *New Tales of the Arabian Nights*, Corben brought in writer Jan Strnad. A good sign, as this collaboration had produced a string of impressive underground strips, often surpassing Corben's solo work. Strnad's script did allow Corben to bring back some detail, but it also called for an elegance that the artist couldn't muster (his chunky style just wasn't appropriate), and the story was never entirely satisfying.

Next was *Den II*, which compounded all of the original's mistakes. It's boring, and the less said about it, the better.

Jeremy Brood appears to be Corben's attempt to make up for *Den II*, and it's a remarkable improvement. Strnad's script is considerably more intelligent and thoroughly appropriate to Corben's powerful style. Best, though, is the creators' new-found understanding of what is needed to make the multi-chapter, epic-format work. Instead of short, uneventful chapters, we are offered a single forty-eight page, book-length chapter that provides enough background detail, character development, and action to easily sustain the wait until the second chapter/book is published. The heavily-detailed panels that characterize Corben's best work are back. The figures are rendered in his painterly style, while the backgrounds are colorful line drawings. This, combined with some innovative page layouts and Strnad's script, brings a lot of the old Corben excitement back.

While the book has its flaws—sloppy word balloons and sound effects, and a rather dull cover—*Jeremy Brood* is colorful, sexy, violent, a little silly, and well worth the money and time you'll invest in it. It is everything *Den II* is not. What more of a recommendation do you need?

—Dan Steffan

(*Jeremy Brood* is available for \$9.95 from Fantagor Press, P.O. Box 5425, Kansas City MO 64131.)

HARD-BOILED DISC

Watching TV or video is generally something you do when you don't want to do anything—but a new laser

disc is demanding that you be directly involved in what you see. It's **Vidmax's** new "MysteryDisc," called *Murder, Anyone?*, and you get

to choose the plot sequence yourself, in turn determining whodunit, how they dunit, and why.

Here's how it works. Millionaire Derrick Reardon is found shot to death in his own bathroom with his own gun. Hard-bolled private eye Stew Cavanaugh comes in to interview the

suspects, each of whom has a possible motive for having murdered him, but each of whom also has an iron-clad alibi. It's up to Stew—and you—to figure it out. Four times, the action stops for you to make a decision—which plot segment will you move ahead to? You also get to choose clues from

the "Investigation File." When you guess the correct murderer for that particular sequence, a still frame reads, "Correct! You win!"

There are sixteen possible ways this mystery can be solved—i.e., you can play this disc sixteen different times and come up with a different murderer each time by using all the special laser disc features (dual sound tracks, automatic stops, freeze frames, searches). This ingenious device allows a potential fifteen hours of total viewing time to be packed into a mere side of a disc.

This kind of "interactive" disc has been used for kiddie items like *Fun and Games*, but never before with a live action plot. It's slickly done with a professional cast, and was filmed in the Vanderbilt Museum. Four other MysteryDiscs are on the way.

It's all great fun, but be forewarned: one side effect

of the MysteryDisc is a distorted sense of viewer power that may have you trying to change the endings of "Dynasty," "Hill Street Blues" and virtually everything else you see on the tube. It'll be hard to go back to doing nothing when you're watching something.

—Michael Musto



JOEY RAMONE REVIEWS IMAGIC

REVIEW @JOHN HOLMSTROM 1983-GAMES AND GAME DESCRIPTIONS @IMAGIC

1ST GAME-ATLANTIS... BLAST GORGON VESSELS BEFORE THEY COME CLOSE ENOUGH TO DEMOLISH ATLANTIS WITH THE DEATHRAY. SCORE BIG AND YOU CAN REPLACE PARTS OF THE CITY THE GORGONS HAVE HIT."



THIS LOOKS REAL GOOD; GREAT SOUND EFFECTS!

THAT WAS WEIRD! OMIGOD!

VIP! VIP! BOODLE OODLE BOODLE OODLE! VIP! VIP! DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE VIP! VIP! BKKRRSH! BOODLE OODLE! VIP! VIP!



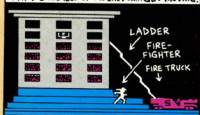
WHAT'S THAT FLYING SAUCER AT THE END??

THE ATLANTIS ESCAPE SHIP. I GUESS!

THAT WAS FUN! I LIKE IT, BUT IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU COULD DIRECT THE GUNS!



2ND GAME- FIREFIGHTER... RESCUE THE PANICKED MAN FROM THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...PUT OUT THE FLAMES WITH YOUR HOSE, RACE BACK TO THE ENGINE, JUMP ON, AND SCRAMBLE UP THE LADDER...GET MOVING!



HEY! YOU'RE SQUIRTING! HAH HAHHH! THAT GUY MUSTVE DIED FROM SMOKE INHALATION BY NOW ANYWAY!



I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT!

NAAH...SQUIRTS NICE, THOUGH!

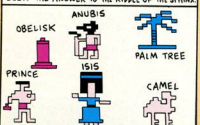


IT'S NOT BAD, ONCE YOU GET THE HANG OF IT AND PUT OUT THE FIRE, THOUGH!



3RD GAME-RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX... THESE ARE DARK TIMES, DEATH'S LONG SHADOW RESTS ACROSS THE VALLEY OF KINGS. ANUBIS, JACKAL-HEADED GOD OF THE DEAD, HAS CAST HIS CURSE OVER ALL OF THE PHAROAH'S KINGDOM. A PLAGUE OF SCORPIONS AND HORDES OF THIEVES LIE THICK UPON THE LAND. O HEAR THE THIN WHINE OF DESPAIR!

SING OF PHAROAH'S SON, ALL HAIL THE PRINCE OF EGYPT! DELIVER US FROM THE CURSE! BRAVE THE DANGERS OF THE DESERT. SEEK THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX!



HEY, JOEY! DON'T GET TIN! I'M GETTIN' POINTS! IS THAT AT 151? TOUCH HER! POINTS OR A CLOCK?



YOU JUST GOT SOMETHING GOOD! LOOKS LIKE IT'S GRAPES OR SOMETHING!



GO TO THE BIRD! NAAH... YOU GOTTA GO TO THE BIRD! YOU'LL SHOOT THE BIRD!



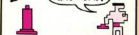
NO! DON'T SHOOT! BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO GET PAST THE BIRD'S HEAD!



WHAT A WEIRD GAME! I CAN'T THROW ROCKS!



YOU'RE WEAK! YOU'LL HIDE BEHIND THIS POLE! LOOKS LIKE A GAS PUMP!



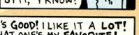
YOU NEED THAT WOMAN AGAIN! YEAH! I NEED SOME SEX!



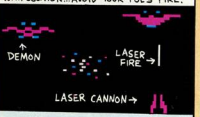
YOU JUST DIED! YEAH... SLOW DEATH!



IT'S NOT A BAD GAME! I COULD SEE IF YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO DO YOU COULD SORTA GET TRANSFIXED BY IT, Y'KNOW?



4TH GAME- DEMON ATTACK. DESTROY DEMONS AND ACCUMULATE POINTS BEFORE YOU AND YOUR LASER CANNON MEET WITH OBIVION... AVOID YOUR FOE'S FIRE."



VOOP! VOOP! VOOP! VOOP! VOOP! VOOP! VKKRRSH!

THOSE DEMONS ARE UGLY!

THEY'RE SINGIN'! LIKE CANARIES! I GOTTA WAKE UP! THIS IS WEIRD!



SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?

IT'S GOOD! I LIKE IT A LOT! THAT ONE'S MY FAVORITE! IT'S REALLY CHALLENGING!!

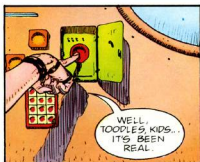
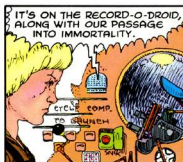


THE NEW RAMONES ALBUM-CARNIVAL OF SOULS-SHOULD BE OUT NOW, SO CHECK IT OUT! IT'S A GOOD ONE!

STARSTRUCK

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

GALATIA 9 WAS INITIATED INTO "THE CIRCLE" AND SAVED HER SKIN BY SENDING THREE STRANGE BEINGS OUT INTO THE GALAXY AND TURNING THE SPACESHIP AROUND...



CYCLE 134 ANARCHERA

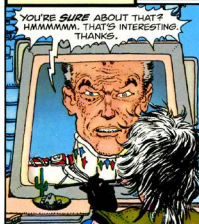
VARIOUS POINTS
OF INTEREST
AROUND THE
CIVILIZED UNIVERSE

"DEAD RECKONING"

"WHEN DEVILS WILL
THE BLACKEST SINS
PUT ON THEY DO
SUGGEST IT FIRST
WICH HEAVENLY SHOWS
AS I DO NOW."

--IAGO

OCEHELLO
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



CYCLE 134 ANARCHERA

AMERCADIAN SPACE: COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

▶ THE GRADUATING
CLASS OF
THE AMERCADIAN
SPACE ACADEMY
—VS.—
▶ THE GRADUATING
CLASS OF
ST. ARNOLD
ZAPOROFFSKY

"I'VE GOT MY FINGER ON IT NOW"

Chapter VII

I remember it like it was
yesterday. Myself and Sgt.
"Cookie" Fibre were partici-
patin' as point ship in the
A.S.A. class of 134
commencement games.

My spirits were as high as
a giggle-head and my ego
as shiny as my new
commission.
Little did I know that I
was about to receive an
order...

"A SHIP IS WOOD AND
METAL,
IS METAL, RISSING AND
SAIL.
SHE'S BUT AN IRON
KETTLE,
WHEN HEARTS ABOARD
HER FAIL."

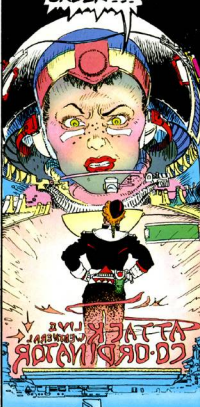
--JAMES A. WILDER
(CHIEF SEA SCOUT)
THE SEA SCOUT MANUAL

"(S)HE WHO, FROM ZONE
TO ZONE, GUIDES THROUGH
THE BOUNDLESS SKY THY
CERTAIN FLIGHT, IN THE
LONG WAY THAT I MUST
TREAD ALONE, WILL
LEAD MY STEPS ARIGHT."
--BRYANT



"... an order that would change the course of my life... an order on which would turn (indirectly) the fate of the free universe... an order I was told would be a piece of cake..."

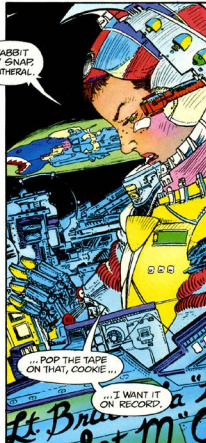
IS THAT AN
ORDER??!



YOU BET YOUR
LOVELY ASS, BRU!



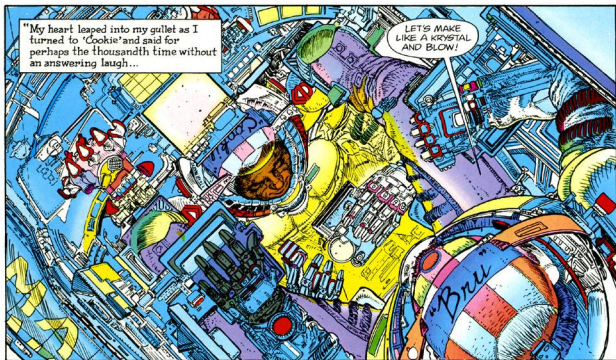
GRABBIT
AN' SNAP
WEATHERAL



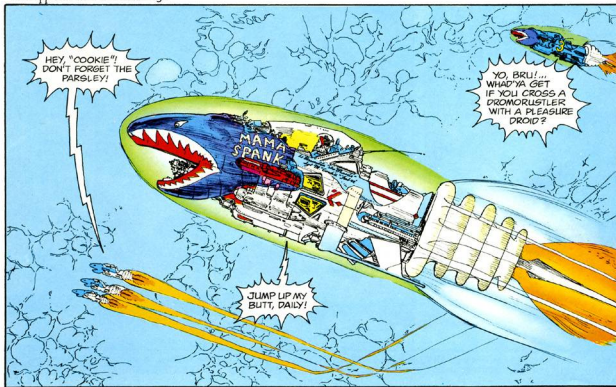
...POP THE TAPE
ON THAT, COOKIE...

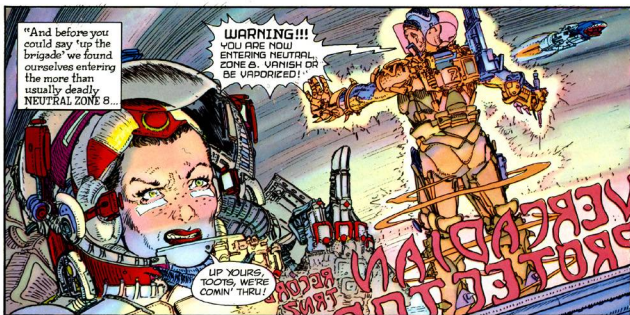
...I WANT IT
ON RECORD.

"We were ordered to make a run thru the off-limits NEUTRAL ZONE 8 (my bones turned to mega-jelly)... to elude the vitrolic VERCADIAN PROTECTOR ANDROIDS (my blood turned to H₂O) ...and to EGG SAINT ARNOLD ZAPOROFFSKY'S MILITARY PEP BAND as they played on PORT-O-BOY GAZEBO 16."



"As 'Cookie' whipped a 200-vilo batch of imitation powdered egg substitute into the ship's evacuation hopper (with which to soufflé said pep band), I fielded the ribald chatter from my brave squadron-mates as we hurtled toward our appointment with destiny!






"I had the best of gunnery sergeants, my squadron was 'A' number one and my hardware was state o' the art. We're talkin' DEVASTATION! I ran my eyes across the tactical screens: there were no wallflowers in my bunch... no one haulin' any dead wood... our attack pattern was as tight as a paymaster's fist.



"The voices of the brave lads and lasses of Squadron 4, 21st Tactical Assault Group drifted into and were lost in the dark embrace of Mother Void as their ships shrieked into the black bowels of the Neutral Zone."

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! TURN THE DARKNESS INTO LIGHT! SMASH THE NIGHT WITH
OUR TERRIBLE MIGHT-- OH WHATTA, OH WHATTA, OH WHATTA SIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

GIVE ME A WALL AND I'LL
SMASH IT DOWN, 

STAMP MY FOOT AND IT
SHAKES THE GROUND,

MASH ME A MOUNTAIN INTO
A MOUND,

♪ CHEW 'EM UP-- SPIT 'EM OUT,
IF THEY WANT ANOTHER
BOLT! ♪ ♪

WE SHOW 'EM JUST
WHO GOT THE CLOUT,
GRIND 'EM UP AND SELL 'EM
BY THE QUARTER OF A POUND!

FIGHT-
FIGHT-
FIGHT-
FIGHT!

"How does a woman measure distance in space? Normally from point to point... how does a person measure time?"

MY SCANNERS
SHOW THREE BASES
AT 8°, 176° AND 92°
PLANE NEUTRAL.

I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
AT 52°!

"Our goal lay just beyond deep-space radar range... but it may as well have been on the far side of the bizon galaxy as we hopscotched through a shifting moiré pattern of ionized hydrogen beams that sang beauty to the eye..."

"WE HOPSCOTCHED
THROUGH A SHIFTING
MOIRÉ PATTERN OF
HYDROGEN BEAMS
THAT SANG BEAUTY
TO THE EYE."
THIS'LL LOOK
GREAT IN MY
MEMOIRS.

YEAH... WELL,
DON'T WRITE 'EM
NOW.

"...and whispered DEATH to the soul that knew them!"

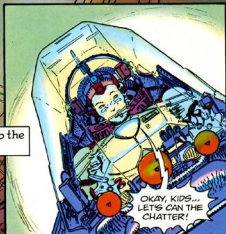
"In the heat of battle, distance means nothing... TIME means nothing. I'm talkin' the big NAUGHT! Every ribec seems like a martron, a single martron can become several marbecs, and a MARBEC..."

WHUZZA MATTER, KID?
SCARED A THESE LITTLE
FLASH-LITE BEAMS? THEY
JUST COME OUT TO SHOW
US ACROSS THE ZONE!

"...well... a MARBEC just stretches on out into ETERNITY!"

THATS ME, GONZO...
CHOWDERHEAD...

DON'T LET 'EM
KID YA, KID...
THERE'S NOT ONE
A THESE GUYS NOT
WETTIN'S TROU!



OKAY, KIDS...
LET'S CAN THE
CHATTER!

"My own soul shrank to the size of a qua-credit
as an angry red flower blossomed off the port beam..."

"Someone had bought the
farm. I didn't know who,
and I never would."

DEALER AND
WART JUST
BOUGHT THE
FARM...

JUMPIN'
GYROS!

ALL SHIPS
CANCEL
AD-LIB!

STAN THE MAN
AND SKINK, TAIL
IN BEHIND
GUNNER!

LO-BOYS TO
LEFT FLANK
ATTACK.

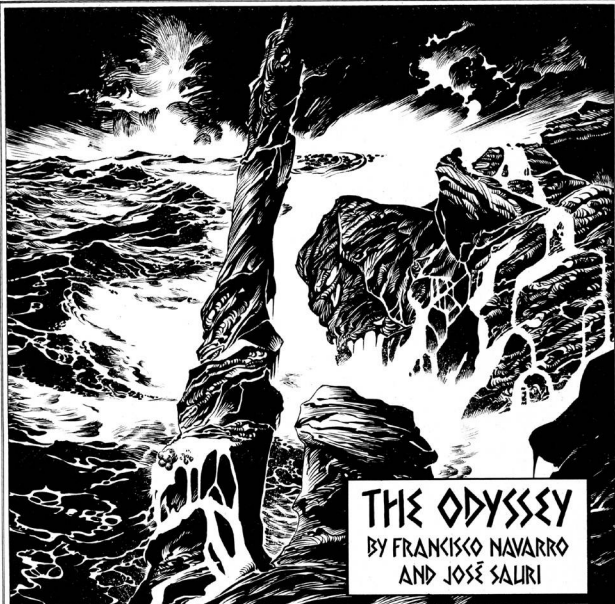
POINT GROUP'LL
PLAY HONEY AND
DRAW 'EM UNDER
V-BASE 10.

BROSSOM,
GIMME FORTY
RIBECS AND
BITE 8...

DAMPER,
TAKE 5 AND
SPECS, RIGHT
FLANK TO
12!

WHEN THE
TABLE TURNS, WE'LL
SPLIT 'N HIT 'EM
LIKE A BANANA
CREAM PIE!

TO BE CONTINUED...



THE ODYSSEY

BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI





STORY BY MELISSA MATHIS, 1981

6







SINCE IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT IF WE WERE SEEN TOGETHER, GIVE ME SOME TIME TO GET BACK INTO THE CITY. YOU MAY FOLLOW SOON AFTER. ASK FOR MY FATHER, ALCINOUS, WHO IS KING OF THE PHAECIANS. IF YOU HOLD OUT YOUR ARMS TO MY MOTHER, SHE WILL BE GOOD TO YOU. ONE OF THE SLAVES WILL HELP YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR HOUSE.







DEMODOCUS, KING OF
HOW ODYSSEUS DAR-
RED THE WOODEN
HORSE FULL OF
WARRIORS...



STOP PLAYING! OUR GUEST
SEEMS VERY UPSET BY YOUR
BALLADS. MAYBE HE HAD
CLOSE RELATIVES IN TROY?
OR POSSIBLY A COMPANION?
TELL ME YOUR NAME AND
YOUR COUNTRY! SPEAK!



SINCE YOU OBVIOUSLY WON'T
REST UNTIL YOU HEAR ALL
OF MY MISFORTUNES, I
WILL OBLIGE YOU. I AM
ODYSSEUS AND I LIVE IN
ITHACA. LISTEN AND I WILL
TELL YOU OF WHEN I
LEFT TROY.



TO BE CONTINUED
19 16 1

WHEN ON THE LINE-UP...



Photograph by D.L. Geyer
Make-up and hair by Ann Meridian

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Stern. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too.

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is $3\frac{1}{4}'' \times 2''$ and will fit any standard belt. Ideal, when dressing for your first prison ball.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 483
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me the following items:

- ☐ Captain Stern T-shirts ☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large at \$7.50 each.
☐ Heavy Metal T-shirts ☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large, ☐ red ☐ black at \$7.50 each.
☐ Heavy Metal jackets ☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large at \$36.00 each.
☐ Heavy Metal belt buckles at \$10.95 each.

All prices above include postage and handling.

New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.
Total enclosed _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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



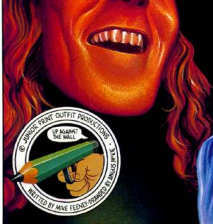
THE TIME - SOON
THE PLACE - NOT FAR FROM HERE.
A DEDICATED BAND OF RUGGED
INDIVIDUALISTS ATTEMPT TO
TINKER AND FIDDLE WITH THE
DESTINY OF MILLIONS.

EUREKA!

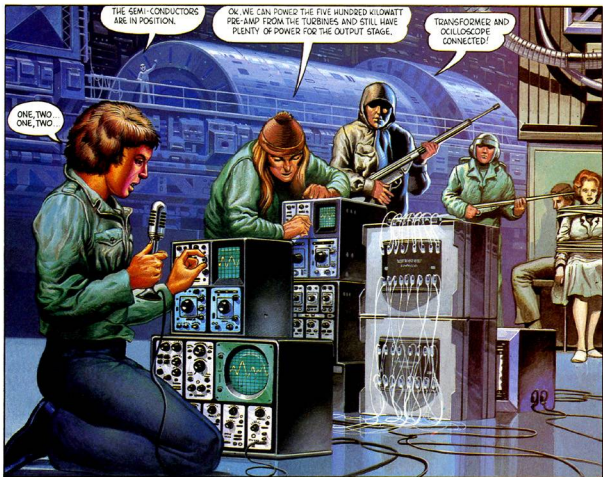
...THE WORLD'S LARGEST **SILICON BIPOLAR**
TRANSISTOR! LA LUTTE CONTINUE!

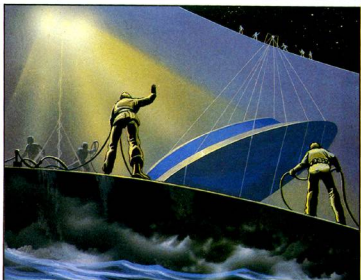
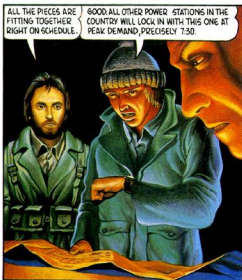
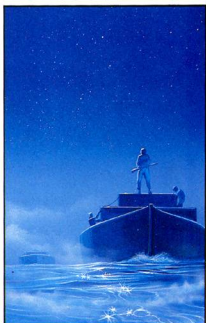
FUCKIN' RIGHT
ON!

TONIGHT'S THE
NIGHT.









DAWN...

IT'S READY! THE WORLD'S FIRST 500 MEGAWATT AMPLIFIER WITH RUN-OFF TURBINES, FEEDING EVERY HOME AND FACTORY IN THE ENTIRE STATE.

...AND AT 7:30 WE'LL BE SYNCHRONIZED WITH THE NATIONAL GRID, FEEDING EVERYTHING IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY!

...CONFUSED? LET ME EXPLAIN...

THE PLAN

MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE'RE NOT HERE FOR ANYONE'S AMUSEMENT.

MAINS ELECTRICITY IS SENT OUT AT A FIXED 50 CYCLES PER SECOND AS YOU WILL HAVE NOTICED THIS ALTERNATING CURRENT GENERATES A LOW AUDIBLE HUM... *HEE HEE* THEREIN LIES THE SECRET...

BY DRIVING THE POWER LINES WITH THESE NEW VERTICAL, METAL OXIDE, SILICON POWER TRANSISTORS, *VAMOS* FOR SHORT, WE CAN BOOST THIS BASE FREQUENCY...

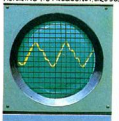
...TO AROUND 150 HERTZ, DISTORT THE WAVESHAPE, AND PRODUCE MULTIPLE OVERTONES AND HARMONICS. *EN?? WHAT? STILL CONFUSED??* HMMM...

WHAT WE NEED HERE IS... A CONCISE ANALOGY

IMAGINE THIS MAINS HUM TO BE THE CONSTANT FREQUENCY GENERATED BY YOUR OWN VOCAL CHORD ON THE OSCILLOSCOPE. THIS WOULD PROVIDE US WITH A CONSTANT WAVEFORM LIKE SO.

USING OUR *VAMOS* DEVICES WE CAN DISTORT THIS WAVEFORM BY ALTERING ITS FREQUENCY LIKE SO.

AND THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT YOU DO TO YOUR OWN VOCAL FREQUENCY WITH YOUR MOUTH AND TONGUE...



...RESULT...

SPEECH!!!

SEVEN-THIRTY PRECISELY! THROW THE SWITCH

CLACK!

GREETINGS, FELLOW INHABITANTS OF THIS ISLAND EARTH!!

EVERY MAINS ELECTRICAL DEVICE IS NOW AN AMPLIFIER FOR THE VOICE OF THE REVOLUTION...

RISE UP!

WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR HAND
RAISED COMRADE?

LOOK, I'M *HERE* AREN'T I?
I'M NO GOOD AT ALL THAT.
I'M AN ANARCHIST.

♪ AND THE PEOPLE
WILL *RISE UP*
WITH THE SLEEP
STILL IN
THEIR EYES... ♪

RISE UP!

THE NEWS IS OUT...
THE NEWS IS ABOUT
WHAT *THEY* WANT
IT TO BE ABOUT

RIGHT ON,
BOB!

RISE UP!

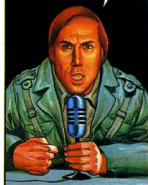
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU'RE ON A
ONE WAY TRIP TO NOWHERE!

RISE UP! WOMAN IS THE NIGGER OF THE WORLD.
YOU'VE SPENT ALL DAY CLEANING YOUR WINDOWS AND
YOU STILL CAN'T SEE THROUGH THEM!

RISE UP!

WHAT ARE YOU?
MEN OR
MACHINES?

...AND NOW I WANT TO REMIND YOU OF WHAT OTHERS HAVE SAID... WHY IS IT THAT OUR SENSE OF POWER IS MORE VIVID WHEN WE BREAK A MAN'S SPIRIT THAN WHEN WE WIN HIS HEART?... POWER TAKES AS INGRATITUDE THE WRITHING OF ITS VICTIMS...



...THE CLUMSINESS OF POWER SPOILS THE KEY AND USES THE PICKAXE... POWER SAID TO THE WORLD "YOU ARE MINE," THE WORLD KEPT IT PRISONER ON HER THRONE. LOVE SAID TO THE WORLD "I AM THINE," THE WORLD GAVE IT THE FREEDOM OF HER HOUSE...



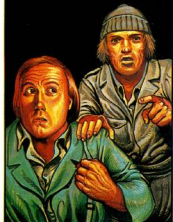
HE WHO BINDS TO HIMSELF A JOY, DOES THE WINGED LIFE DESTROY. HE WHO KISSES THE JOY AS IT FLIES, LIVES IN ETERNITY'S SUNRISE... NO ONE WORTH POSSESSING CAN EVER BE POSSESSED... A MAN MUST NOT CONFUSE WHAT HE IS WITH WHAT HE POSSESSES...



GREAT RICHES HAVE SOLD MORE MEN THAN THEY HAVE BOUGHT. PRODUCTION ONLY FILLS A VOID THAT IT ITSELF HAS CREATED. THE RICH MAN MAY NEVER GET INTO HEAVEN BUT THE PAUPER IS ALREADY SERVING HIS TERM IN HELL...



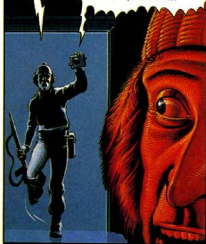
HANG ON! I DON'T THINK ANYONE OUT THERE IS LISTENING!...



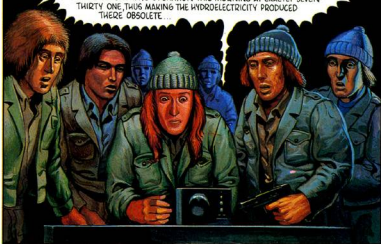
LOOK AT THE DIALS!

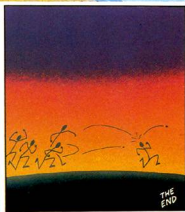
SHEEE! IT LOOKS LIKE... LIKE EVERYONE IN THE WHOLE FUCKING COUNTRY HAS STOPPED USING ELECTRICITY!

HEY! LISTEN! ...BECAUSE, OF COURSE, TODAY IS THE GREAT DAY THAT THE NATION USHERS IN A NEW AGE...



FOR THE FIRST TIME ELECTRICITY GENERATED FROM SOLAR ENERGY IS BEING FED INTO THE NATIONAL GRID. THE SOLAR PANEL FIELDS UP AT MOUNT EREBUS WERE BROUGHT INTO OPERATION THIS MORNING AT EXACTLY SEVENTY-THIRTY ONE, TWO, MAKING THE HYDROELECTRICITY PRODUCED THERE OBSOLETE.





THE IT, or Who Glows There?

BY NICOLA CUTI

AT THE AMERICAN PROJECT SOMEWHERE IN THE ANTARCTIC...

GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE A *SERIOUS* PROBLEM. THE *ALIEN BEING* WE FOUND FROZEN IN THE ICE HAS THAWED, COME TO LIFE, AND *ESCAPED!* THE DOG SAYS THE THING CAN ALTER ITS SHAPE TO *IMPERSONATE* ANY LIVING CREATURE.

YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

A PIG OR...



IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN?

MCREADY, QUIT *GLOWNING!* I SAID THIS WAS *SERIOUS!*

SAY "IMPERSONATE" AND MAC GOES INTO HIS *ACT*.

GET HIM TO DO *HAG* WITH CONSTIPATION



THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY OVER THE WORLD

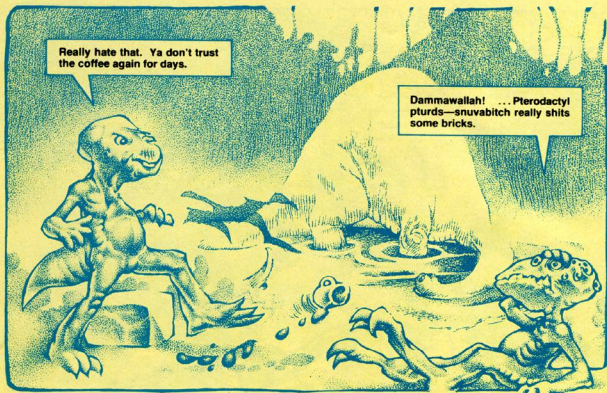
©1991 Kenneth Smith

Got damm! Lookout!

Whu—

Fuggn birds! Divebombn the
whole goddam world like it wuz
their personal toilet!

WAKK!



IF YOU INTEND TO DIE, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING.



**FRANK MILLER'S
RONIN**

COMING IN APRIL FROM THE NEW DC

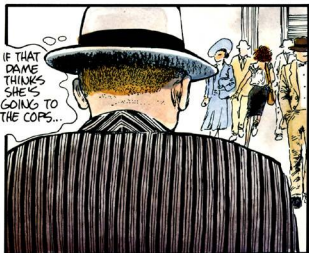
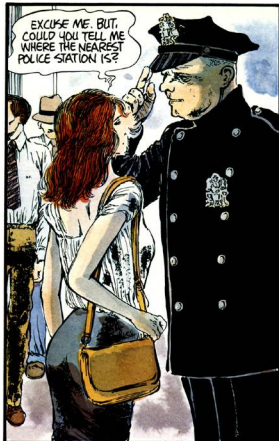


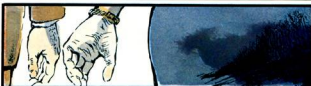
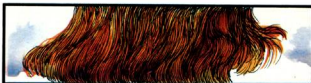
*Indicates trademark of DC Comics Inc./Copyright © 1993 DC Comics Inc./Art Copyright © 1993 Frank Miller Inc.

THE MAN FROM HARLEM

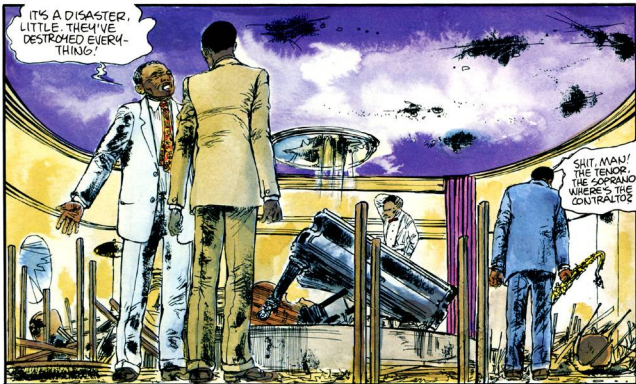
LAST TIME: LITTLE TOLD POLLY TO GO TO THE POLICE FOR HER OWN PROTECTION. AT LINCOLN'S, GIRL'S SUGGESTION, POLLY LEFT AND, ON HER WAY TO THE POLICE, WAS FOLLOWED BY A GANGSTER.





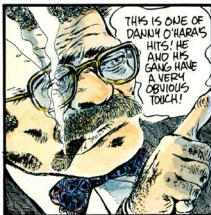






IT'S A DISASTER, LITTLE. THEY'VE DESTROYED EVERYTHING!

SHIT, MAN! THE TENOR, THE SOPRANO, WHERE'S THE CONTRALTO?



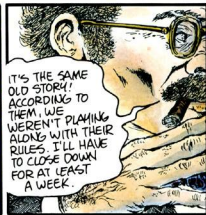
THIS IS ONE OF DANNY O'HARA'S HITS! HE AND HIS GANG HAVE A VERY OBVIOUS TOUCH!



YOU'RE LUCKY, LITTLE! YOUR BASS IS STILL PRETTY MUCH INTACT!

THERE ARE ONLY A COUPLE OF SCRATCHES ON IT!

YOU BETTER BRING IT HOME FOR THE TIME BEING!

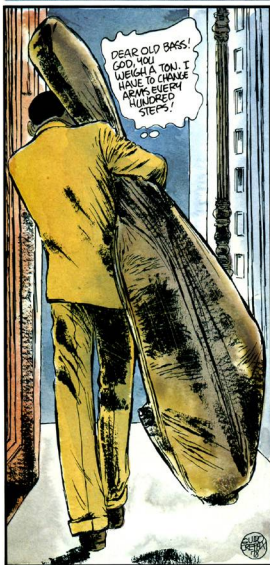


IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY! ACCORDING TO THEM, WE WEREN'T PLAYING ALONG WITH THEIR RULES. I'LL HAVE TO CLOSE DOWN FOR AT LEAST A WEEK.

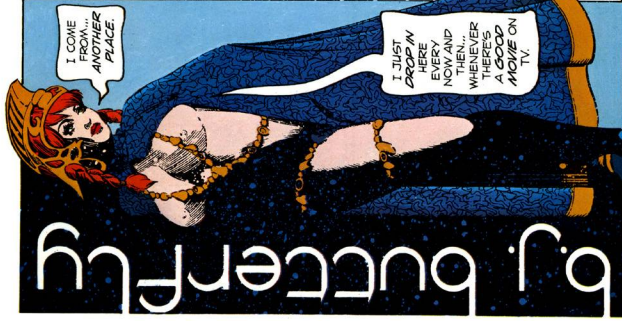


FILTHY PIGS! JEEZ, I HOPE POLLY IS OKAY! I WONDER WHAT SHE DECIDED TO DO, MAYBE I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INVOLVED.

WEAVING
DONE WHILE YOU WAIT
011-777 7777
77 77 77



TO BE CONTINUED...



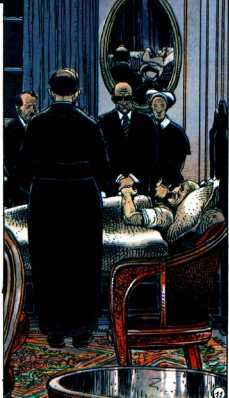
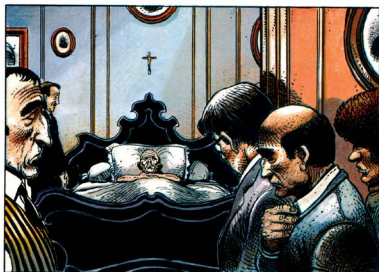
The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

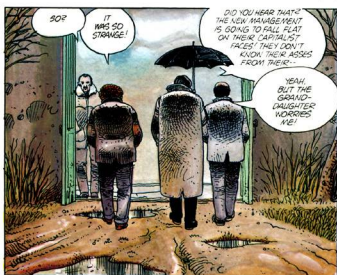
LAST ISSUE, THE FACTORY WORKERS AT J HANWARD INC. WERE ON STRIKE WHEN THEY HEARD OF THEIR BOSS'S DEATH. WILL THE NEW HEAD MONSIEUR GIVE IN TO THEIR DEMANDS?

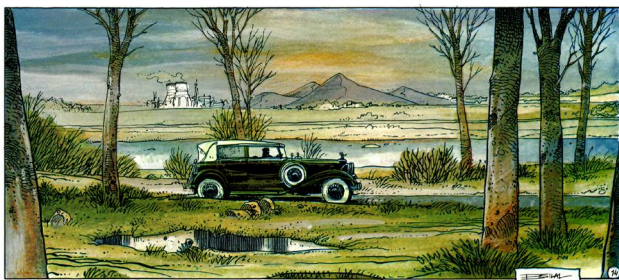


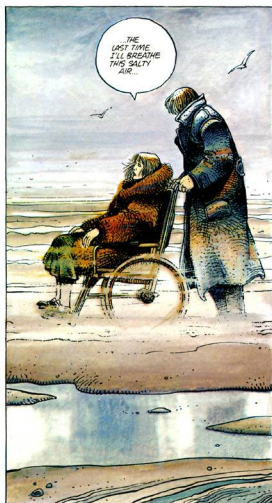
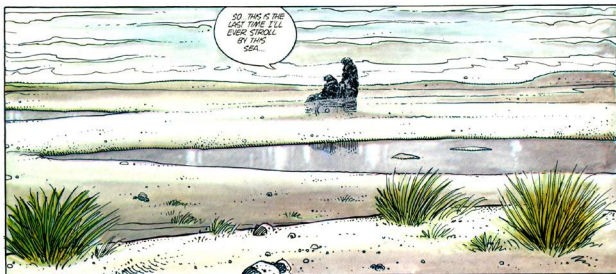


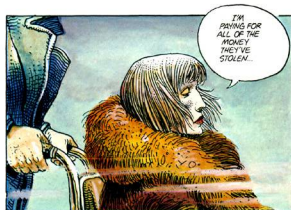












TO BE CONTINUED...

“There are things that exist. Things we cannot see...



... most of the time.”

METAZOA

Solooff

CHAIN MAIL

Well, Lou, it's like this:

If your predecessor, Brad the Impaler, had penned the editorial reply to Lana L. Johnson in the 10/82 "Chain Mail," I'd just mutter deprecatorily and go no further, but—Jesus, Mary and Joseph sit on my face!—it was you: my erstwhile astute editor; a swell guy; loving father of seven . . . no, uh, wait . . . You!

To recap: Johnson's letter was in response to the first two installments of David Black's series, "The Third Sexual Revolution" (May and July '82, respectively—part three was in the same issue as her letter). She is as articulate as she is favorable of Black's essays, but has one complaint: that for someone engrossed in modern sexuality Black displays far more interest in protracted images of female desire and desirability (a subset in a system of male values) than in what women might really want.

Now this is where it gets interesting: you reply, you cad, "If what you're saying is 'David Black is a man and therefore can't/shouldn't write about female sexuality,' then I think you're full of it. But I don't know if that's what you're saying because you coyly refuse to tell us." Gee, either Johnson's letter was drastically edited for publication or you were having one of those horrifying fits, responsible for the high secretarial turnover at NatLampInc., that you suffer whenever you're translating "Zora" into English (*That's a low blow, Robert*—ls) . . . because she *not* once attributes Black's shortcomings as a writer to his being a him; rather, she expresses a sharp disappointment that he's not as thorough a writer as she feels he could be on the topic at hand (so to speak). I mean, she can't be clearer, Lou, and all the evidence is on her side: all eleven of the men Black quotes in conversation are successful, influential sex entrepreneurs; of the five women, two are successful in the lingerie business, another is his wife, then there's the unnamed poet, and the asshole who, among other things, thinks men shouldn't have the vote. Right. Even-handed, huh? Black can talk to Al Goldstein, but not Gloria Leonard. And of the five authors he cites in his quest to uncover the origins of the Great Goddess (o-kay) and sexual transcendence, guess who isn't among them? Where, for example, is Merlin Stone's *When God Was a Woman* or Marina Warner's recent studies of the Virgin Mary and Joan of Arc? (Where, for that matter, is Philip Slater and Michel Foucault—but that's another tirade.)

And come on, Lou, given the subject, don't you find accusing poor, only-doing-her-best Lana Johnson of any sort of "coy refusal" especially inappropriate? Honestly.

Your Pal,
Robert Morales
New York, NY

P.S.—I may be wrong, but didn't you promise Nicholas Davies in the August '82 "Chain Mail" that Black would . . . what was it . . . "expand his focus to include the very real influence the gay sensibility has had on eighties' eroticism?" Did I miss an issue?

Well, Robert, it's like this . . . Ms. Johnson's letter was edited only a bit, and I don't think my accusation of a coy refusal at all inappropriate—she seemed much more interested in sarcastic put-downs (especially the last two sentences of her letter) than in making any real point, other than finding David's attention to the historical development of the iconography of sexual arousal not informative. That simply was the point of the piece, and I found it fascinating. As to the boy vs. girl headcount that you tally up, so what? Given the space he had I think he did quite well—Al Goldstein is a much more public figure than Gloria Leonard (and has had more of an effect on public perceptions of sexuality), and are you implying that David's wife is too insignificant to quote? Obviously, David didn't write the piece that you would've liked to have seen—*isn't that what you're saying?* And no, you didn't miss an issue—I was wondering about it myself and hoped nobody would notice—ls

Dear Metal Forgers,

I'd like to take a second to talk about covers (old topic). I was lucky to find in one of the first two issues of *HM* in my collection a page with all the covers for the first 31 issues. Of those thirty-one only eight had nude/partially nude women or likenesses thereof, whereas in the last twenty-five issues, twenty-one of them had women, nude and clothed, or likenesses thereof. Now the point of having to sell was already discussed, but if a cover is strikingly unusual it will sell as much as if it was beautiful or sexy—the first thirty sold well, didn't they? (No, I repeat, since most of our sales are from newsstands, the image on the cover is of crucial importance to sales. A recent example is the difference in sales between the April '82—prizewinner for the World's Biggest Jugs competition—and May '82 issues. Care to guess which one sold 15,000 more copies? Sad but true, gang.—ls) The point is quality! (No, the point is survival!—ls) I love those really unusual first covers not because of the novelty but because of the talent and quality of the art. My opinions are, of course, purely subjective, but the better you know what individual buyers like, the better you know what the public likes (I hope). (The only way we know what the public likes is from our sales figures. The lascivious have spoken.—ls).

Sam Wise
Bronx, NY

Dear Lathanides:

I feel compelled to write to you since, as Jayne Mansfield is reputed to have said, there are a couple of things I would like to get off my chest. The first concerns Lou Stathis's column. You make a mistake in assuming that all your readers are fans of rock, especially the mad-slasher variety. I always go for Baroque, which is characterized by a lack of stasis. Perhaps your magazine should

also be characterized by a lack of Stathis. (Now that's clever!—ls) Rod Kiergaard is progressing with his strip, which at first was rather formless. It started out as Either/Or, but now it has become an Edifying Discourse. I hope he doesn't reach his Concluding Unscientific Postscript too soon. But David Black's ruminations baffle me completely. Like many people he confuses the numinous experience with the religious experience. In that respect there is nothing between him and Charismatics, teenage rock fans and those affected persons who turn to Eastern religions; they are all seeking a spiritual high. Also, he seems to imagine that Christianity will be supplanted by some form of pagan worship involving Earth Mother. But the idea of the Earth as a female principle is an animistic belief, and Western culture has come a long way from animism. (Huh?—ls) It would appeal to Black because (as he admits) he has atavistic leanings. There is plenty of atavism nowadays, in the pounding beat of rock music and the restricted vocabulary of young people. I would stop buying *HM* if I thought its editors were becoming cerebral about sex. I buy it only because it features good old-fashioned smut.

Gareth D. Barnard
Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs:

Do you think death puts a stop to an artist's work? No way! You may still have Moebius and Robin Williams—but on our side of the fence, we have Winsor McCay collaborating with John Belushi . . . De Sade writing for Vaughn Bodé . . . Peter Sellers doing sit-coms with Groucho Marx . . . Dashiell Hammett working with Ernie Bushmiller on a new "Nancy" strip . . . Virgil Finlay inking a new graphic novel by Michaelangelo . . .

And—thanks to Secretary Watt's forestry policies—we have more than enough paper to print copies for everyone in the afterlife—in languages stretching back far before the Rosetta Stone.

We just wanted to say thanks for everything you living have done for us deceased. Without your help, we wouldn't be where we are today.

Eternally grateful,
Reed Crandal

P.S.—When are you going to send us Steranko? He's long past due, you know.

Dear Editor:

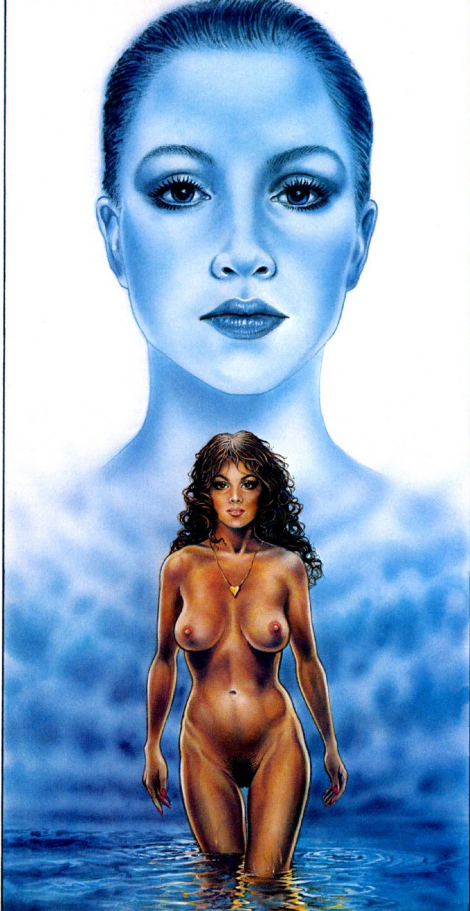
Since the first day I saw a *HM* crumpled on the back seat of a friend's car, I knew it was the mag I had been waiting for! It has changed a great deal since the beginning, going from one format to another, but I still collect them devotedly. All I can say is I've enjoyed many and been disappointed by few. I feel it's worth reading a magazine that is willing to try new things and doesn't become mundane. Thanks for the pleasure and the confusion!

Terry Middleton
North Vancouver, B.C.

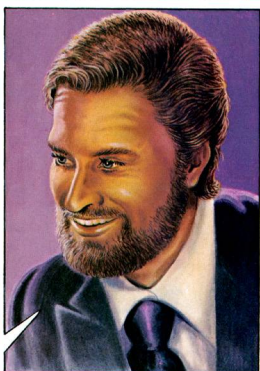
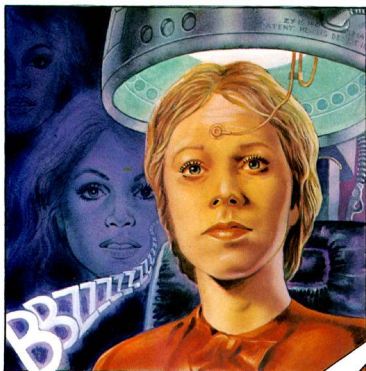
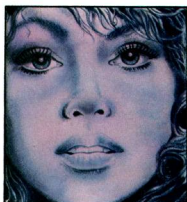
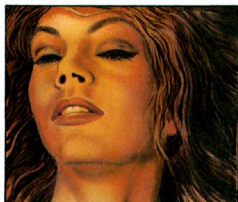
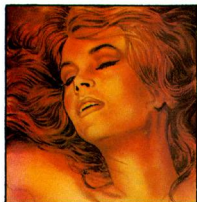
HEARTS DESIRE

INC.

©1983 DAVID HIGGINS



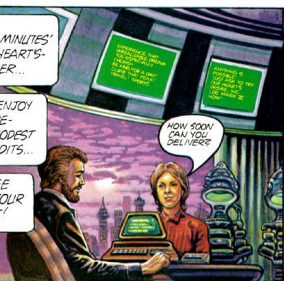




AWAKE?
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR TEN MINUTES'
FREE TRIAL WITH OUR SLIPER-HEART'S-
DESIRE-LUCID-DREAM-ENHANCER...

AND REMEMBER, YOU CAN ENJOY
THIS OUTSTANDING LEISURE-
TIME EXPERIENCE FOR A MODEST
INVESTMENT OF 1995 CREDITS...

...INCLUDING FREE
INSTALLATION IN YOUR
OWN APARTMENT!



JUNE 2050

BY JOHN WORKMAN & KEAT WILLIAMS

THE CHAUFFEUR OPENED THE BACK DOOR OF THE PRIVATE CRUISER AND SHARON RICHARDSON STEPPED OUT. THE TWO MEN WERE WAITING.

GOOD MORNING, MRS. RICHARDSON.

EVERYTHING IS READY FOR YOU.



THEY LED HER INSIDE THE BUILDING AND POINTED PROUDLY AT THE THING. SHARON GASPED. SHE HADN'T EXPECTED SUCH PERFECTION.

WE BELIEVE, MRS. RICHARDSON, THAT THE RBB-1096 IS AS CLOSE TO HUMAN AS A MECHANICAL BODY WILL EVER BE! IT CAN SIMULATE EVERY HUMAN FUNCTION. JUST LOOK AT THE SKIN AND HAIR. LISTEN TO THE HEARTBEAT... AND YOU SHOULD SEE IT MOVE!

PLEASE... MAY I SEE IT MOVE???



IN TOTAL SILENCE THEY WATCHED AS THE MECHANISM WAS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES.



THE MACHINE CAME TO A HALT, TURNED, AND FACED SHARON. ITS DULL EYES LOOKED DIRECTLY INTO HERS. SHE SLOWLY REACHED OUT A GLOVED HAND...

YES... YES... IT'S PERFECT.



I AM... VERY OLD. YEARS AGO I TRADED MY FLESH-AND-BLOOD BODY FOR THE METALLIC ATROCITY YOU SEE BEFORE YOU. BUT I KNEW THAT ONE DAY I WOULD BE... NORMAL AGAIN. AND NOW YOU'VE GIVEN ME A SOFT, WARM, HUMAN BODY THAT WILL LAST FOREVER.

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN.



SHARON TURNED TO GO.

UHH... MRS. RICHARDSON... AFTER THE TRANSFER OF YOUR BRAIN TO THE NEW BODY, WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THE OLD ONE?

WHY DON'T WE... BURY IT?!

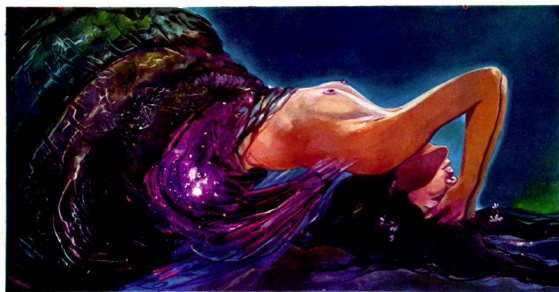
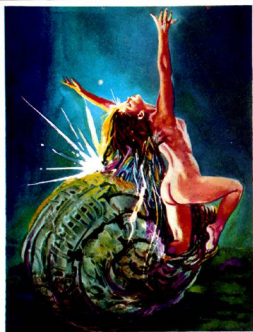


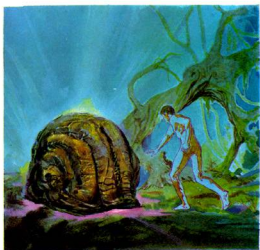
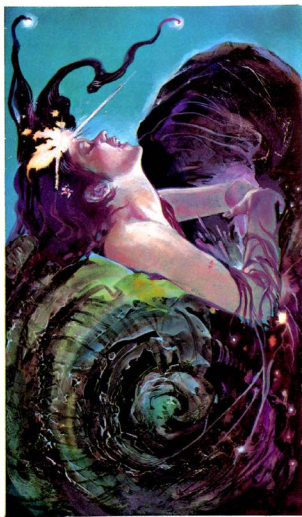
CRISÁLIDA

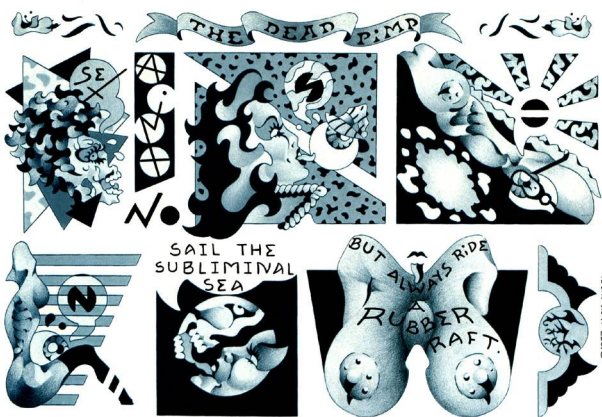
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S
LIFE WHEN HE DREAMS OF BEING
ALONE WITH A VERY NAKED WOMAN...





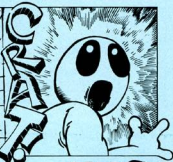
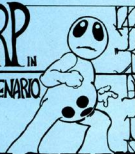






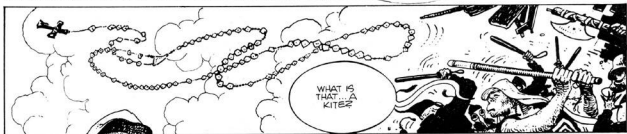
QUARP™
NO WIN SCENARIO

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THE APE

LAST WE SAW, THE YOUNG APE AND EHR-LANG WERE FIGHTING IT OUT. THEY WERE JUST ABOUT NECK AND NECK WHEN WE LEFT THEM.






YOU STAY AND
BURY THAT INSUB-
ORDINATE BROTHER
OF YOURS, AND I'LL
DELIVER THE APE TO
HIS MAJESTY AND
GET ALL THE
CREDIT.



GOT
YOU LOUD
AND CLEAR,
BROTHER!



HAVE
A
GOOD
TRIP!



CONQUER CONQUER CONQUER
AND WE'VE CONQUERED IN THE SKY
ON EARTH AND ON SEA

THAT SONG
IS VERY NICE
HAS IT MADE
THE TOP TEN
YET?

AS PRISONER OF THE CELESTIAL TROOPS, THE YOUNG APE IS TAKEN TO THE EXECUTION SITE WHERE HE WILL MOST LIKELY BE CUT UP INTO 20,000 LITTLE PIECES. NOT ONE MORE, NOT ONE LESS.





HEY, THIS
IDEA OF THE STARS
AND THE ELECTRICAL
BOLTS IS TERRIFIC SORT
OF LIKE SHIATSU.
HMMM... A LITTLE
TO THE LEFT
PLEASE.

IT'S
USELESS, HE'S
IMPERVIOUS TO
THE "FIVE
STARS",
TOO.



MASTER, I
HAVE NO IDEA
WHERE HIS
INVINCIBILITY
COMES FROM.

YES,
INDEED, HE
IS EXTRAORDINARY
WITH ALL OF HIS
MAGICAL
TRICKS.

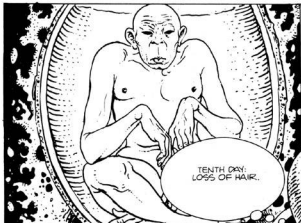
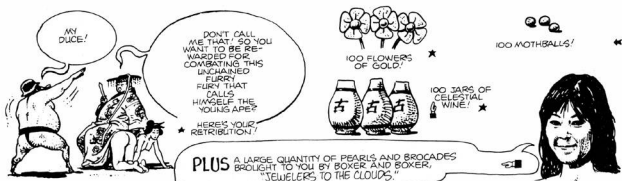
YOU KNOW,
WHEN YOU THINK
ABOUT IT, IT'S NOT SO
EXTRAORDINARY AFTER
ALL. HE DID EAT ALL OF
THOSE IMMORTALITY PEACHES
...AND HE DID DRINK THE
ELIXIR OF LONG LIFE!
THOSE THINGS ADD
UP WHEN IT'S A
QUESTION OF
DYING!

HMM, FINE
FULL BOWLS OF
ELIXIR IN THAT SHORT
AMOUNT OF TIME. I
DOUBT WE'LL EVER BE ABLE
TO CONQUER HIM. BRING
HIM TO MY LABORATORY
AND LET ME SEE
WHAT I CAN DO.

I
COMMAND
THAT THE
YOUNG APE,
GREAT WISE MAN,
ETC... BE BROUGHT
TO LAO-TZE, INVENTOR
OF ETC... FOR
FURTHER
INSPECTION,
ETC...

MASTER,
FOUNDER, NOT IN-
VENTOR. GRANTED A
TECHNICALITY, BUT AN
IMPORTANT ONE,
NONETHELESS.

INDIRA, I
LIKED IT
BETTER WHEN
YOU WERE
STUPIDER
THAN I.





OOOH, THE
LIGHT, THAT
REALLY HURTS
MY EYES.
SURPRISE,
BOYS AND
GIRLS!



YOU!
BUT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
ASHES. THE
ALCHEMIST'S FIRE
SHOULD HAVE
CONSUMED
YOU.



GET
LOST, LAD-TZE,
AND SAY A
HOWDY-DO
TO TAOISM
FOR ME!



I'M GOING
TO RUN AMOK
THROUGH THIS PALACE
SO QUICKLY THEY
WON'T KNOW WHICH
WAY IS UP AND
VICE-
VERSE!







I REALLY
MUST TAKE A
ROMP UP TO
THE CHATEAU
OF THE
CLOUDS!

HEY, DON'T
EXAGGERATE
THE PROBLEM
AT HAND.

HELP!

OH GOD

CAN YOU TALK
A LITTLE LOUDER?
YOU ARE SUCH A BOTH-
ER! YOU TURN EVERY-
THING UPSIDE-DOWN-
AND THAT'S WITH
TWO DS!

MY
DEAR
BUDDHA,
DON'T UNCURL
YOUR
YOGA
POSITION
ON MY
ACCOUNT!

MASTER,
HAVE YOU
NOT HEARD
ABOUT THE
YOUNG
APE'S
ESCAPE?

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Mail coupon to National Lampoon, Dept. NL183,
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make
check or money order payable to National Lampoon.

- ☐ Please enter my subscription for one year at the price of \$9.95. That's a savings of \$2.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$14.05 on the newsstand price.
- ☐ I prefer a two-year subscription at \$13.75. That's a savings of \$4.20 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$34.25 on the newsstand price.
- ☐ Make that a three-year subscription at \$18.50. That's a savings of \$6.45 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$53.50 on the newsstand price.

For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

For even faster service, call toll-free
1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31.



Sirs:
I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

Mail coupon to National Lampoon, Dept. NL183,
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make
check or money order payable to National Lampoon.

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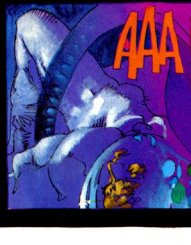
"Use my
coupon to
subscribe to
*National
Lampoon*,"
says Candy.
"I've just got to
put that Mandy
in her place.
She thinks
she knows
everything."

ZORA

AS APON HOVERS NEAR DEATH IN ONE OF THE HOUTYCOMES AUTO-WEEDERS, HIS MEMORIES PROJECTED ON THE MACHINE'S READ-OUT SCREENS SHOW AN ALIEN ATTACK THAT TOOK PLACE DURING HIS HIBERNATION...

THE ALIEN HAD NOT ONLY DISARMED AMON, BUT IT ALSO SEEMED TO HAVE STOPPED THE EXTRASENSORY SIGNALS HE HAD BEEN RECEIVING. IT APPEARED THAT HIS LUCK HAD JUST ABOUT RUN OUT.

IF I COULD ONLY MOVE MY HAND FREE ENOUGH TO USE THIS LONGER PISTOL.



Bill Willits

THE MENTAL SUGGESTIONS THAT HE'D BEEN RECEIVING STARTED COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR AGAIN, AS IF SOME PART OF HIS BRAIN WERE BROADCASTING IT, AND NOT SOME EXTERNAL SOURCE. HE RESTED FOR A FEW MOMENTS, LETTING HIS OXYGEN SUPPLY FILL HIS LUNGS AND REFRESH HIM. THEN HE TOOK TO HIS FEET IN SEARCH OF HIS NEW OBJECTIVE.

THERE IT IS! THE SHIP CARRYING THE REST OF THE CREW. THIS LOOKS TO BE AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET.

THEY'RE ON ALERT-THEY MUST FIGURE SOMETHING'S UP AFTER LOSING CONTACT WITH THEIR PATROL. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THE SHIP FROM HERE, BUT THIS DAMN LASER PISTOL DOESN'T HAVE THE RANGE! I'LL HAVE TO USE ONE OF THESE NUCLEAR-CHARGED MAGNETIC MINES!

NOW I GET TO PROVE JUST WHAT A HOTSHOT SOLDIER I REALLY AM!

HERE SHE GOES!

AND THE DETONATOR... GREAT!

BUT, HELL! WHAT KIND OF FUEL DID THEY HAVE ON THAT SHIP?

TUINING

WROOM



AMON!
LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE
IN DANGER! YOU MUST
RESPOND!



AMON!
YOU'VE GOT
TO OVERCOME
YOUR CONCUSSION!
YOU'RE
OKAY PHYSICALLY,
BUT YOUR LIFE-
SUPPORT SYSTEMS
SPRUNG A LEAK.
GET UP!

I CAN'T
LIFT MYSELF! MY
LIMBS WON'T LISTEN...
I NEED TO
REST...

FOOL! A FEW SECONDS' DELAY
COULD BE FATAL! YOU'VE GOT
JUST ENOUGH OXYGEN LEFT
TO MAKE IT BACK TO THE
LABORATORY.



YOU MUST TRY AGAIN!
CONCENTRATE! THE SHOCK
HAS PARALYZED YOU TEMPORARILY!
YOU CAN DO IT!

THE FUTURE
OF THE HUMAN
RACE IN THIS
PART OF THE GALAXY
DEPENDS ON WHAT
YOU DO NOW!

I'M SICK
OF TAKING
ORDERS... I'M
NOT A ROBOT!
I'M SO
TIRED!



LOOK, THIS IS THE
FUTURE THAT AWAITS YOU
IF YOU SURVIVE! YOU
WILL SEE WHY WE'VE
CHOSEN TO HELP
YOU!

THE
DANGERS THAT
LAY BEFORE AMON, ZORA, AND THE
SON THEY WOULD HAVE WERE SUDDENLY
REVEALED TO AMON IN A QUICK
SERIES OF MIND-FLASHES.



TO BE CONTINUED...

IN AGE



LIFE'S SAFER.
WHEN YOU BLEND IN,
WHEN YOU BELONG.



THE LONGER YOU LIVE
IN ONE PLACE, THE
MORE **SUBTLE** YOUR
DISGUISE.



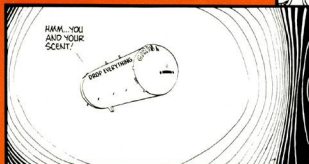
i'm NOT
MYSELF
TODAY.

THE TWINKLE IN FILDEGAR'S EYE by Moebius

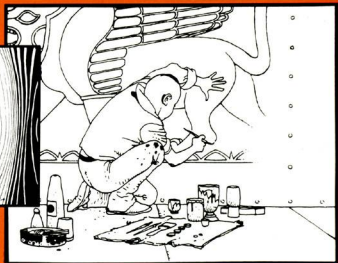
IN THE EMPTINESS OF THE GALAXY,
FILDEGAR'S SPACESHIP WAS MOVING AT
ONE MILLION TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT.



LOST IN THE DENSITY OF HYPERSPACE, FILDEGAR SPENT MOST OF HIS
TIME IN THE HYDROPONIC GREENHOUSE, SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE
OF A LOT OF FLOWERS.

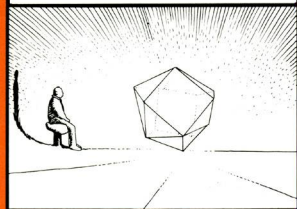


HMM... YOU
AND YOUR
SCENT?



PAINTING INTERMINABLE FREScoes ON THE INTERMINABLE CORRIDOR
WALLS OF THE DROP EVERYTHING WAS ANOTHER ONE OF HIS FAVOR-
ITE PASTIMES.

HE ALSO SPENT LONG HOURS CONTEMPLATING THE CRYSTAL THAT
THROBBED IN THE HEART OF THE SHIP.



AH... ALL OF THESE
IMAGES REMIND ME
OF MY FULFILLED
PAST.

AND RARELY,
VERY RARELY,
HE CARE-
FULLY FILED
OLD PHOTO-
GRAPHS.



AH, MEMORIES...!

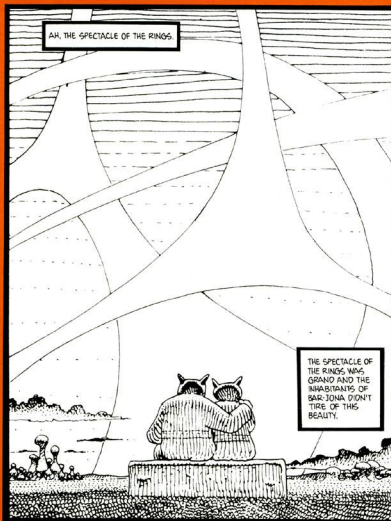
AN EMOTION GRABBED HIM
AT THAT VERY MOMENT.



OFTEN ENOUGH,
HE WAS SIMPLY
BORED.

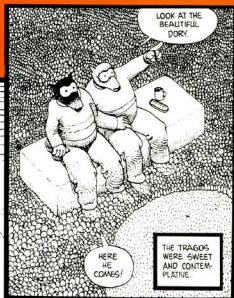


THE CRYSTAL REVOLVED
GRACEFULLY IN THE CENTER
OF AN INEXTRICABLE
ENERGY NETWORK.



AH, THE SPECTACLE OF THE RINGS.

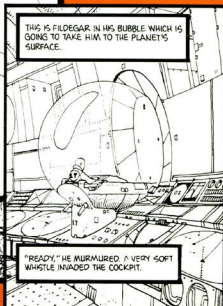
THE SPECTACLE OF
THE RINGS WAS
GRAND AND THE
INHABITANTS OF
BAR-JONA DIDN'T
TIRE OF THIS
BEAUTY.



LOOK AT THE
BEAUTIFUL
DORY.

HERE
HE
COMES!

THE TRAGOS
WERE SWEET
AND CONTEM-
PLATIVE.



THIS IS FILDEGAR IN HIS BUBBLE WHICH IS
GOING TO TAKE HIM TO THE PLANET'S
SURFACE.

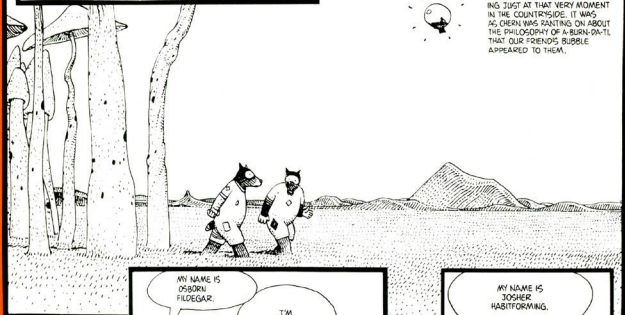
"READY," HE MURMURED A VERY SOFT
WHISTLE INVADDED THE COCKPIT.



THE DROP
EVERYTHING
ORBITED A
FEW CABLES
[NAUTICAL
MEASURE-
MENTS] AWAY
FROM THE AN-
TIQUE RUIN
DATING BACK
TO THE OLD
STAR WARS
FIASCO.



A GRAND BUT
VAGUELY MENACING
MELANCHOLY EMANATED
FROM THE IM-
MENSE METALLIC
STRUCTURE.



CHERN AND JOSHER WERE WALK-
ING JUST AT THAT VERY MOMENT
IN THE COUNTRYSIDE. IT WAS
AS, CHERN WAS RANTING ON ABOUT
THE PHILOSOPHY OF A-BURN-DAT-IL
THAT OUR FRIEND'S BUBBLE
APPEARED TO THEM.



MY NAME IS
OSBORN
FILLEGAR.

I'M
CHERN.

CONTACT BETWEEN THE TWO
SPECIES WAS EASY. THEY ALL
SPOKE A GALACTIC HEBREW
WITH ALMOST NO TRACE OF
ACCENT.

CHERN
WAS THE
BOLDEST.

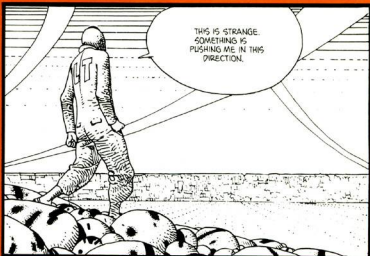


MY NAME IS
JOSHER
HABITFORMING.

AS FOR
JOSHER-
WELL,
NUFF
SAID.



THEY ALL WENT TO
WATCH A MAG-
NIFICENT MAGNET-
IC STORM.

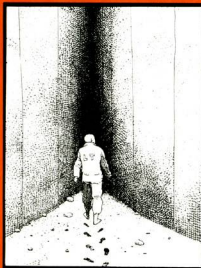


THIS IS STRANGE.
SOMETHING IS
PUSHING ME IN THIS
DIRECTION.

THEY SEPARATED, BY NO CHOICE OF THEIR OWN, AND THE HUMAN WENT TOWARDS AN IMMENSE CLIFF WHICH SEEMED TO BLOCK THE ENTIRE HORIZON.



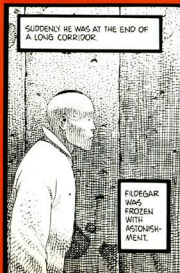
THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE
GUIDED HIM TO A
BREAK IN THE WALL.



ODDY ENOUGH, FILEGAR FELT NO FEAR.

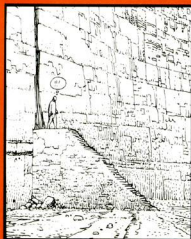


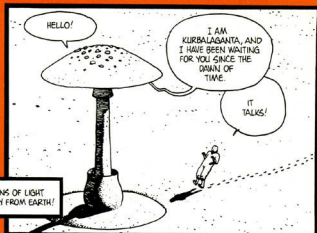
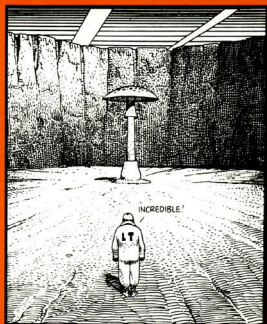
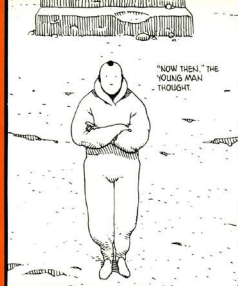
THE WALLS WERE AGREEABLY TEPID.

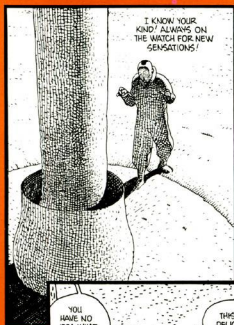
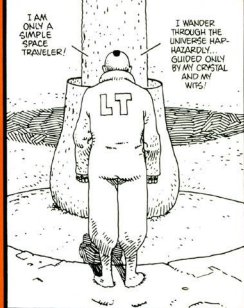


SUDDENLY HE WAS AT THE END OF
A LONG CORRIDOR.

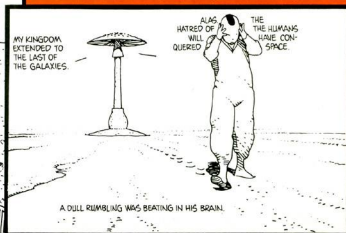
FILEGAR
WAS
FROZEN
WITH
ASTONISH-
MENT.

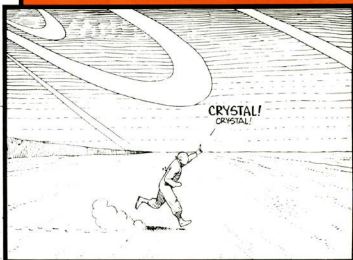




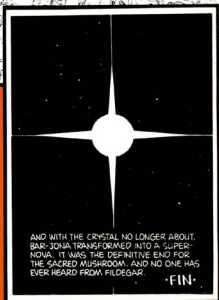
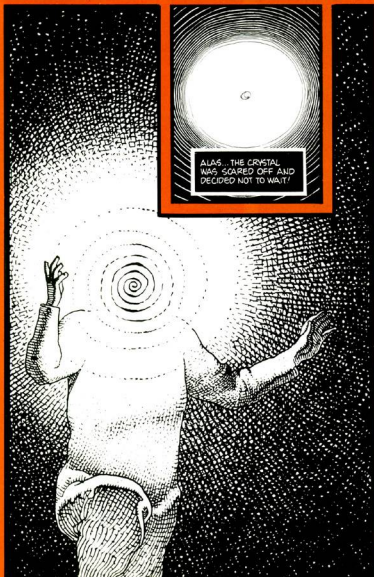


THEN FILDEGAR UNDERSTOOD HIS ERROR, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!





FILDEGAR RAN... HE HAD EVERYTHING ON HIS SPACECRAFT TO CURE HIM OF THE FIRE WHICH WAS DEVOURING HIM!



FIN

#1/AUGUST '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

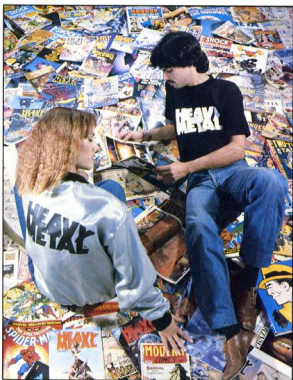
#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator '71," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual.

HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



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

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

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

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

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

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

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

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Sturgeon* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springfield, and Bilal.

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius!

#46/JANUARY '81: Lancelotti returns with "M... in Wood makes... Bang, H... Godard and "Rock Opera" tells us "There is a Prince... on Phenixion!"

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

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

gins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue; Drulliet'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," Gimenez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?

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

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

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

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

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

#56/NOVEMBER '81: 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: Fete."

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He, and Gillen; 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 Difoel 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," plus Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy.

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

#62/MAY '82: In this issue, we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De Es 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: Drulliet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez. Enjoy.

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

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Age." 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 Drulliet's "Wagael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudgig," 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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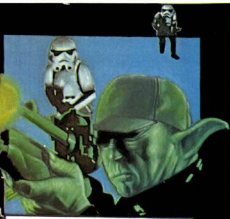
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Rock Opera, by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

In the movies, war is always portrayed as a clean and heroic act, like a football game. But our war against the little green "Nehi" seemed to contradict the clichés.



Occasionally, some nervous farmer would open up at us with an ancient blunderbuss--



--only to be swiftly fried by our laser-guns.

Other than that, we encountered little resistance, and our invasion proceeded with the ease of a war-game.



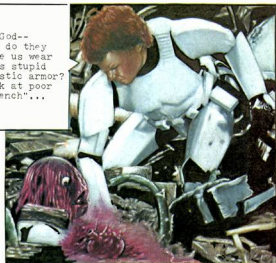


Our moods were jovial with the fearful relief of professional cowards, as we regrouped in the early morning mist.

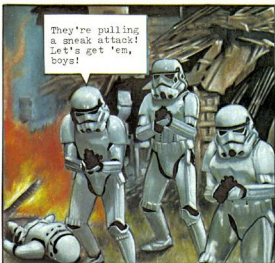
But our complacency was suddenly shattered by a lethal rain of laser-fire from out of nowhere.



My God--
Why do they
make us wear
this stupid
plastic armor?
Look at poor
"Stench"...



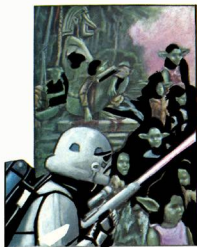
They're pulling
a sneak attack!
Let's get 'em,
boys!



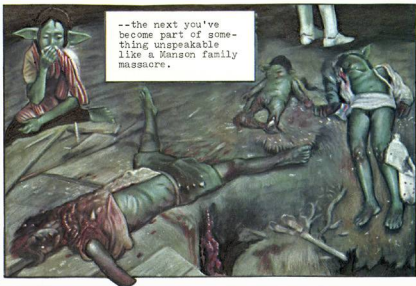
Kill! Kill
the little
Greenie
bastards!



And in those next few
minutes, the true nature
of war was revealed to
me.



One moment, you feel detached and isolated, as if you're playing a video game--



--the next you've become part of something unspeakable like a Manson family massacre.



Hey, wait a minute-- those are our own troops shooting at us!

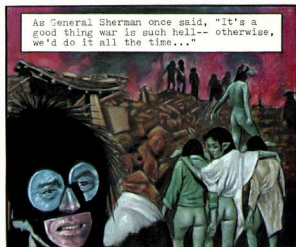
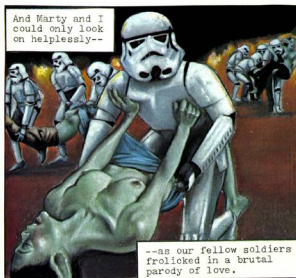


It was "Bugface". Intoxicated at being allowed to drive the lead troop carrier, he had opened fire, in an attempt to "frag" Sgt. Webfoot.



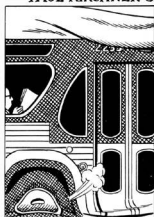
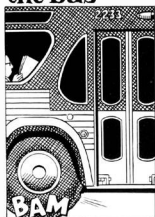
This action produced our only casualties-- for which "Bugface" was inexplicably decorated and promoted.

But even after the cause of the firing became evident, the bloodlust continued unabated.



--as our fellow soldiers frolicked in a brutal parody of love.

CONTINUED...



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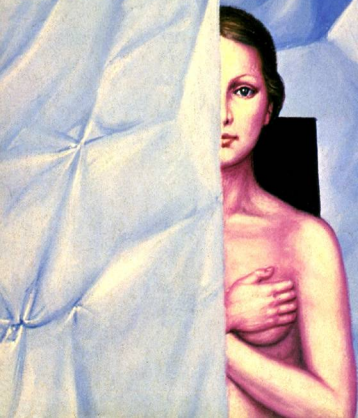
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