

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

HEAVY METAL[®]

WPS 36587

May 1983

\$2.25



He's making the world safe for insanity.

DAN AYKROYD

DOCTOR DETROIT



DAN AYKROYD

A BLACK RHINO/

BRILLSTEIN COMPANY Production

A MICHAEL PRESSMAN Film "DOCTOR DETROIT" HOWARD HESSEMAN

GEORGE FURTH · JAMES BROWN · T.K. CARTER · DONNA DIXON · FRAN DRESCHER · LYDIA LEI · LYNN WHITFIELD

Screenplay by CARL GOTTLIEB and ROBERT BORIS and BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN Story by BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

Music by LALO SCHIFRIN Director of Photography KING BAGGOT Associate Producer PETER V. HERALD

Executive Producer BERNIE BRILLSTEIN Produced by ROBERT K. WEISS Directed by MICHAEL PRESSMAN



RESTRICTED

UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

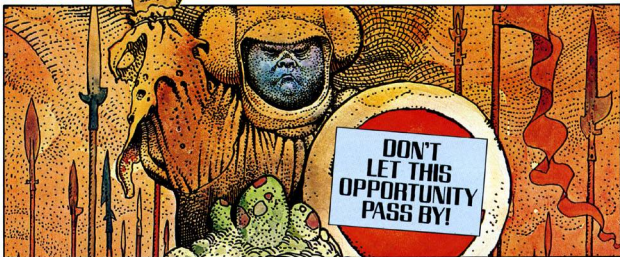
SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON BACKSTREET RECORDS AND CASSETTES A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Title Song by KOOL & THE GANG

© 1982 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC.

Opens Friday May 6th at Selected Theatres.

THE HEAVY METAL BOOKSHELF



ULYSSES

Cover price—\$6.95

Special now—\$3.50!

Art and text by Lob and Pichard. The brave Ulysses pits his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.

CONQUERING ARMIES

Cover price—\$4.95

Special now—\$2.50!

The dream epic of fierce horsemen who never lost a battle and never won a war, by French artist Lob, written by Jean-Pierre Dionnet.

THE BOOK OF ALIEN

Cover price—\$7.95

Special now—\$3.95!

By Paul Scanlon. Designed by Michael Gross. Contains over 100 sketches, behind-the-scenes photos, interviews, and commentaries from the Twentieth Century-Fox thriller.

MORE THAN HUMAN

Cover price—\$8.95

Special now—\$3.95!

Theodore Sturgeon's sf classic, now in bold graphic style, deals with the formation of a superhuman by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities.

ALIEN: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

Cover price—\$3.95

Special now—\$1.95!

By Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin. Based on the Twentieth Century-Fox hit, the crew of the *Nostromo* grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien!

BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD

Cover price—\$6.95

Special now—\$2.95!

The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originator Jean-Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film *Barbarella* starring Jane Fonda.

MOEBIUS

Cover price—\$2.95

Special now—\$1.95!

Introduction by Federico Fellini. The career of Europe's premiere illustrator is examined; everything from "The Black Incal" to movie posters to his summer vacation to soft porn. The compendium of his work to date.

THE SWORDS OF HEAVEN, THE FLOWERS OF HELL

Cover price—\$6.95

Special now—\$3.50!

Michael Moorcock's gothic adventure is illustrated by Howard Chaykin in brilliant full color, including an introduction by Moorcock himself.

LONE SLOANE — DELIRIUS

Cover price—\$8.95

Special now—\$4.95!

The lush painting of Philippe Drillet, with text by Lob and lettering by Dominique Amat. Lone Sloane's adventures through time and space and the fantastic world of *Delirius* are presented for the first time in English, in full color.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 1182, 635 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10022

Please send me the Heavy Metal books as indicated below. I have enclosed a check or money order payable to Heavy Metal Books. I have included 75¢ for postage and handling of each book.

Ulysses _____ copies at \$3.50 each
 Conquering Armies _____ copies at \$2.50 each
 The Book of Alien _____ copies at \$3.95 each
 More Than Human _____ copies at \$3.95 each
 Alien: The Illustrated Story _____ copies at \$1.95 each

Barbarella the Moon Child _____ copies at \$2.95 each
 Moebius _____ copies at \$1.95 each
 The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell _____ copies at \$3.50 each
 Lone Sloane-Delirius _____ copies at \$4.95 each

Total amount enclosed: \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

CONTENTS

Dossier,
edited by **Lou Stathis**, 4

The City that Didn't Exist,
by **Christin**.
Illustrated by **Enki Bilal**, 13

The Odyssey, by **Francisco Navarro**. Illustrated by **José Martin Sauri**, 21

The Man from Harlem,
by **Crepax**, 30

Zora,
by **Fernando Fernandez**, 40

June 2050, by **John Workman**.
Illustrated by **George Pratt**, 44

Gallery: Stagestruck Starstruck,
by **Steven Maloff**, 45

Starstruck, by **Elaine Lee**.
Illustrated by
Michael Wm. Kaluta, 50

Chain Mail, 58

Space Crusader,
by **Pepe Moreno**, 59

Marlowskitz, by **Buroni**.
Illustrated by **Bertotti**, 64

The Ape, by **S. Pisu**.
Illustrated by **Milo Manara**, 69

St. James Infirmary,
by **Dick Matena**, 79

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 89

Cinderella,
by **Anne Kobayashi**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Coming, 96

Front cover, by **Frank Riley**

Back cover,
by **Rick Meyerowitz**

"The City that Didn't Exist," by Christin and Bilal © 1977, Dargaud Éditeur, France.
"Zora," by Fernando Fernandez and "St. James Infirmary," by Matena are © Selecciones Ilustradas, Spain.
"The Man from Harlem," by Crepax © 1979 Edizioni CEPIM, Italy.
James Christensen is represented by Will Stone Gallery in San Francisco, California.
All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.



Illustration by James Christensen

Editor: **Julie Simmons-Lynch**

Art Director: **John Workman**

Associate Editor: **Lou Stathis**

Contributing Editor: **Steven Maloff**

Associate Art Director: **Bill Workman**

Art Assistant: **Joseph Hurley**

Foreign Rights Manager: **Christina Miner**

Production Consultant: **Camille Russo**

Advertising Production Manager:
Ray Battaglini

Circulation Director: **George Agolia, Sr.**

Editorial Director and Publisher
Leonard Mogel

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. © 1983 HM Communications, Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semfiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. \$19.00 paid annual subscription. \$32.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: Advertising Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-0070. Midwest: **Guenther & Company**, River Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611. (312) 670-6800. West Coast: **Jim McGinley, Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley**, 3450 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 407, Los Angeles, CA 90010. (213) 382-6346. **Dick Sands, Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley**, 433 California Street, Suite 505, San Francisco, CA 94104. (415) 421-7950. Southern Offices: **Brown & Co.**, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062. (404) 998-2889.

HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

Chairman: **Matty Simmons**

President: **Julian L. Weber**

Chairman of the Executive Committee

Leonard Mogel

Sr. Vice-President: **George S. Agolia, Sr.**

Vice-President, Advertising Sales: **Seena Harris**

Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales

Howard Junofsky

Controller: **Debra Bruno**

DOSSIER

David Cronenberg works on his Marcel Marceau impression.



Copyright 1983 Universal City Studios, Inc.

"I think there's a breed of video-psychoptic in the making ..."

CRONENBERG: THE MEDIUM AND THE MESSENGER

It should've come as no surprise when a local CBS-TV "culture" reviewer snarlingly labeled David Cronenberg's latest film *Videodrome*, "the tackiest movie of the year." *Videodrome*, which rips away any comfortable distance those who manufacture TV programming might like to have from their viewers, is a direct challenge to such arbiters of the tube.

And challenge, particularly really scary threats encompassing mind controls and corporeal takeovers, are central to Cronenberg's repertoire. Just beginning to emerge aboveground with his morally unresolved, surrealistic and highly intelligent cinema, Cronenberg sets himself apart from the bulk of North American scare directors. While most typical horror films are merely cleverly strung together sequences of

action-reaction, Cronenberg's play to a different pace. With slow, inexorable beauty, they wrap sensuality and slime into a pulsating fusion of possible tomorrows. Men and women fuse with alien creatures, other minds or machines—to truly become, as in *Videodrome*, "the new flesh."

The purveyor of such disturbing transformations is a 39-year-old native-born Torontonian who speaks in well-modulated grammatical English and resembles a better-looking Clark Kent. Of his upbringing, David Cronenberg chuckles in a refined manner, saying, "I don't think you'll find the seeds of my madness there. Freud would be bored." He grew up in a warm, comfortable, middle-class environment, raised by a writer father and pianist mother (who still plays for

Nureyev's exercise classes, whenever the artist is in town.)

Educated at the University of Toronto (best known for the distinct spiritual presence of Marshall McLuhan—who, in the guise of Professor Brian O'Blivion, is at the core of *Videodrome*), Cronenberg studied biochemistry and English. Unexpectedly, his formal education evolved into Cronenberg's directing 16mm shorts starting in 1966. Among his acknowledged influences are fellow Canadian Michael Snow and Americans Kenneth Anger and William Burroughs.

Cronenberg released his first feature film, *They Came From Within*, (originally called *Shivers*) in 1975. The movie, which portrayed the takeover of apartment-complex inhabitants by sexual parasites—leading to all manner of frenzy—bears an extraordinary resemblance to J.G. Ballard's *High Rise*, published that same year.

They Came From Within was followed by *Rabid* (1977), in which a motorcycle accident victim (played by porn queen Marilyn Chambers) wakes up from surgery to become a rapist-vampire. In 1979's *The Brood*, Samantha

Eggar transmutes her anger onto a cadre of fetuses that exact revenge on the targets of her wrath. *Scanners* (1980), widened Cronenberg's audiences as neighborhood movie houses (and ultimately, Home Box Office) offered his battle between those who can destroy through mind control and their opponents.

Cronenberg continues to move towards what will hopefully be his ultimate place in society—potentially a Spielberg for those who'd rather think about a telephone's real meaning than "phone home" on it—by making his next project Stephen King's *The Dead Zone*. I spoke with David late on a Sunday night when he'd just returned from the small Ontario town that is the *Dead Zone* set.

—Toby Goldstein

HM: Tell the truth—how much of a McLuhanite are you?

DC: Well, I'm not a card-carrying McLuhanite, but I am a bit of one. After all, I'm from Toronto, which is where McLuhan was from; I was educated at the University of Toronto, and his influence was

NIGHT OF THE LIVING MOVIE

First things first: *Midnight Movies* by J. Hoberman and Jonathan Rosenbaum (Harper & Row) isn't as much fun to read as the movies it covers are to see. As a film professor remarked to me, Hoberman and Rosenbaum are academics without a university. *Midnight Movies* takes cult films seri-

ously—even loony ones like *Rocky Horror* and *Pink Flamingos*—so it isn't the kind of book you'd take along to the

beach for some light reading.

That said, Hoberman and Rosenbaum have done an impressive job of covering

the bases. First base: the movies themselves, how they were made and cast. Second base: details about the lives and careers of the filmmakers. Third base: where the films played in special midnight showings around the USA, and for how long they were in vogue. Home plate for *Midnight Movies* is its

very much felt there. I've read several of his books, and he's always been a very fascinating character for me—even though I never actually met him.

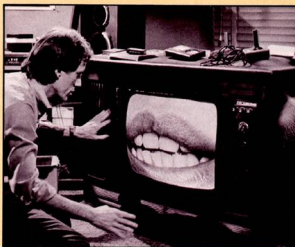
HM: After watching *Video-drome*, I said to myself, the fact that *Understanding Media* is subtitled "The Extensions of Man" cannot be totally coincidental.

DC: Oh no, definitely not! And of course, Brian O'Blivion has a lot in common with Mr. McLuhan. In fact, McLuhan converted to Catholicism and was a very religious man. And for that reason, in part at least, O'Blivion's room is my version of McLuhan's Catholicism. His office with the wooden angels and the religious icons.

HM: Can you accept things like video-game parlors as some real-life manifestations of the Cathode Ray Mission in the film?

DC: I suppose so. There's a television reality which is, for a lot of people, more real than the world of their own particular experience. If you watch TV and the news is depressing and then you read the paper and everything's terrible, you walk outside and you feel awful. It could be a beautiful spring day and the people you meet on the street smile at you and say hello, but you still feel depressed and paranoid. In a case like that, the media reality is much stronger than your own reality.

And yet, it could be totally false. The reports of various things on the news are not necessarily true or accurate. And people react to them as though they were experiences they actually had. And I guess if you extended that into video games, there's a sort of video world you plug into that somehow I think attaches itself very well onto the human nervous system—because it certainly can be ad-



dictive. Yeah, I think there's a breed of video-psychotic in the making, who can't tell certain kinds of reality from fantasy.

HM: When I was a communications graduate student, we spent an entire class studying the implications of it being impossible to distinguish a "live" event from something "on tape." Isn't that another aspect of *Video-drome*?

DC: That's absolutely true, because O'Blivion's daughter says that O'Blivion felt life on television was more real than life in the flesh anyway, so he didn't mind dying. And it's true. Johnny Carson could've died three years ago. Who would know? Haven't you ever had an occasion where you'd be watching someone on television and you'd say, "Hey, is he still alive? Didn't he die last year?" and you can't remember whether the person's alive or dead. There's a media version of the guy, who is more real to you than the real guy—and who can go on living in many forms after the real guy is dead. And it doesn't make any difference to you.

I was thinking of the Israeli war in Beirut. That the Israelis

seemed to feel that they won the war but they totally lost the media war—the shadow version of it, which is what most of the world reacted to. It turned out to be a huge defeat for them, in the sense of world opinion.

HM: You must think a lot about propaganda.

DC: Of course, in a dictatorship you do have that kind of focus that I think is missing in the Western world. I know there are a lot of conspiracy freaks, especially in the States, but I don't think there's a disciplined, well-organized attempt to use the media for specific purposes in the West. But you could see how it could be done.

But even if it's uncontrolled . . . I think that's what McLuhan was talking about, when he said that television in particular, but the media in general, have enormous impact on us, even physically. I don't think I'm exaggerating to say television has changed our bodies. We have different bodies from people who've never been exposed to it. And yet, it's totally uncontrolled and not very well understood, but it's altering all kinds of things in our lives. And since people are control-

Max Renn (James Woods) wonders if it's real, or if it's Memorex.

"Every time a character in one of my films dies, it's really an experimental death for me . . ."

freaks anyway, they might as well figure out how to control it, or at least understand what's going on.

HM: To be honest, I'll have to see *Video-drome* more than once. I'm confused as to whether the conclusion and fate of Max Renn was supposed to represent victory or defeat.

DC: Well, I don't think that's a bad reaction, because the duality of it is intentional. Certainly, the character smiles when he says, "Long live the new flesh." As the character Masha says to him, "The Videodrome people have a philosophy, which is something you don't have, Max." And by the end of the film, he has got that philosophy, but it leads him to a kind of suicide. And yet because he's willing and confident it's also positive.

HM: Do you believe in the idea of "death as life"?

DC: Well, I'd like to come to some sort of resolution between life and death that is positive. I can't say in my life that I've reached that. But it's certainly something that I play with a lot in the films that I make, and I've said this before but it's still true—that every time a character in one of my films dies, it's really an

effect on readers who haven't seen a certain flick: after reading about it, do you want to go out and catch the next showing? For me and David Lynch's *Eros*, the answer is yes; for me and Jodorowsky's *El Topo*, the answer is no.

Cult films covered in *Midnight Movies* include *Night of*

the Living Dead, *Glen and Glenda* (more!), *Performance*, *Reefer Madness*, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, *The Harder They Come*, *Myra Breckinridge*, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *King of Hearts*, *Scorpio Rising*, *Chelsea Girls*, and just about anything else that ever kept you out 'til three a.m. staring

at the big screen. Best bits: the info about David Lynch's life in the Philly slums and his eating habits, and the mainstream press's hysterical responses to most of the above flicks upon their release ("the most nauseating movie of all time, the filmmaker should be committed . . .") blah, blah, blah).

As Roger Ebert put it so well, the aim of these movies is to "rise below vulgarity." A little less politeness from the authors about their subject might've helped *Midnight Movies* rise in the same direction—but as it is, this is better than a film textbook has any right to be.

—Michael S. Barson

experimental death for me, a kind of rehearsal for my own death.

HM: Do these "rehearsals" stem from your trying to get a grip on fear?

DC: Absolutely, no question about it. But there are many other things involved. Life is a very mysterious thing, and I don't pretend to have any answers. And if there is emotional confusion in the ending of a film for a viewer, it's only because there is in myself. I think it's very legitimate to express enlightened confusion.

HM: From fear, it's a natural jump to pain. It seems to me that *Videodrome* conveys a tacit acceptance of pain as a part of sex.

DC: To me, pain is a potential component of sex. I happen to think that sex, in nature, has a very violent aspect to it. I don't mean people slapping each other around, and I'm not talking about S&M. Even doing it in the missionary position with someone you love—there's penetration involved, of one body

by another body. To me, that kind of intimacy is violent.

HM: There's also the tie between sex and death.

DC: Sex and death have always been linked, for as long as people have written about it. For the metaphysical poets, "to die" was a euphemism for "to have an orgasm." And also, sex and death are linked because, when you think of it in terms of procreation, our most biological claim to immortality is through children. So there is always a connection between sex and death, and sex and violence, as far as I'm concerned.

But it's very complex and I think you've got to watch out for simplistic sloganeering. I think *Videodrome* deals with some of that in a relatively complex way. Because although the characters Max and Nicki get into some relatively mild S&M, even in the ear-piercing scene, they kiss each other rather tenderly. The music there is rather lush, almost romantic—and that

was also intentional.

HM: *The Dead Zone* will be the first film you haven't written. What made you decide to do it?

DC: Aside from being interested in working with Dino De Laurentiis, Stephen King, and Deborah Hill... the book itself has some themes that are similar to some of the stuff I do. For example, the idea that someone begins embedded in his society relatively secure and then some-

"I happen to think that sex has a very violent aspect to it."

thing happens to make him a kind of freak, putting him on the outside of society by virtue of his extra sensitivity. Now that's just like *Scanners*, for instance. Also the idea of the visions that the guy has, and the challenge of reinventing those for the cinema. In *Videodrome* I deal with the idea of someone slipping into a

very convincing hallucination. And of course, the preoccupation with death.

But the things that were different also intrigued me. Because Stephen's characters tend to be very familiar, very nice, simple, and honest, even when they're bad guys. And mine tend to be very arcane and complex. And I was interested in trying to fuse that.

HM: There's a specific morality to Stephen King's work—the good guys win—which is certainly not as clear cut in your work.

DC: That's true. Although, I must say, the way in which the victory is won in *Dead Zone* is at a great cost to several people. That makes it something I can relate to.

HM: Is it true that you plan to make a film of Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*?

DC: That is something I've said I've always wanted to do. And I have, in fact, talked to some of his people. But I haven't really had the time to pursue it. It would be awfully

MINDKILLER

A NOVEL OF THE NEAR FUTURE

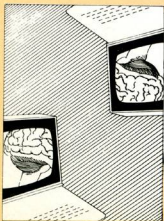


Spider Robinson

One of the most important areas of research in modern science is the brain. Can the brain understand the brain? Francis Crick, the breaker of the genetic code, said in *Scientific American* (9/79), "There is no scientific study more vital to man than the study of his own brain. Our entire view of the universe depends on it." Spi-



der Robinson comes up with a new twist in the sf sub-genre of inner space and the workings of the brain/mind in *Mindkiller* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). His story could be set in the present but for regular infusions of objects (like ashless cigarettes) and situations which give the book its sense of a subtle time shift into a credible near



future. Robinson builds on a Larry Niven idea called "wireheading," a nineties pleasure-seeking activity involving direct electrical stimulation to the brain, to tell a moralistic tale of mind control and brain reward.

The book is structured finely, and eventually—cross-cutting between contrasts in rural/ur-



ban, mind/brain, pleasure/pain, and apparently unrelated time frames—integrates into a pattern which rewards the reader for staying with the until-the-last-minute unresolved plot.

Review/Illustrations
by Brian Evans

hard, and I'd really have to reinvent it for the screen. There is a certain amount of Burroughs imagery that runs through my films, and he was certainly a big influence on me as a kid.

HM: So what do you like to record on your own videotape machine?

DC: I'm pretty middle-class. I like car racing, boxing. I normally record things I want to see later, just like most people. I rent tapes to watch movies. I'm just a normal, everyday kind of person. Go to the home of a comedian. That's where you'll find true sadism....

FUTURE TENSE

Science fiction writers seem to be a grim lot. What's eating them, anyway? After all, if high Reagan administration officials are so sure that our blooming economy will snap back four or five years after a nuclear holocaust, isn't it time we got happy? Aren't novels unnecessarily depressing? Judging from the most recent efforts of Anderson, Kaye & Godwin, Thurston, and Varley, the future isn't all it used to be cracked up to be.

Poul Anderson's most recent sf novel, *Orion Shall Rise* (Timescape/Simon & Schuster), would hardly turn our president's hair gray, but it does report on the aftermath of a harrowing nuclear war that four or five centuries hence has changed the face of the Earth (and makes no provision for a post-nuclear GNP). Anderson has turned his considerable powers once again to the writing of a leisurely and richly detailed novel that borrows from the antique literature of the Danes to cast the future in a suffusing, ennobling light. His odd mixture of pastoral and heroic sagas is unique in science fiction, and *Orion Shall Rise* is particularly fine—even sagacious—and it may be (as his publishers maintain) his Big One.

Disaster aloft is the theme of **John Varley's** engrossing sf thriller, *Millennium* (Berkley). If it weren't for the last four pages, which uncomfortably summon to mind the *deus ex machina* ending of 2001, this might be the best time travel novel since Wells let his Sleeper wake. It's also one of the most successfully-worked alternating chapter compositions I've encountered in years. Bill Smith, who accounts for roughly half the chapters, is an air crash investigator working for the Federal Aviation Board. Louise Baltimore, a denizen of future Earth, already long-lived and a survivor in her twenties, is a kidnapper. She replaces passengers on doomed aircraft with pre-maimed bodies, catapulting healthy twentieth century types into the bleak, poisoned future. Varley's mixture of Smith's present and Baltimore's graphic, final days warning to anti-conservationists is just short of masterful.

In still another far, far post-holocaust future, four thousand years from now, humanity is divided into two camps: those living in the City, and a simple pastoral nation of Coveners. Sound familiar?

Marvin Kaye and Parke Godwin have taken the situation of Clarke's *The City and the Stars* and brought to it their own wit and sensibility, turning an adventure premise into a crafty exploration of culture clash. The second of their novels set in this future world, *Wintermind* (Doubleday), is an effective sequel to the authors' 1978 *The Masters of Solitude*, a novel that quickly achieved cult status among readers undeterred by Kaye and Godwin's uncompromisingly dense prose and complicated narrative. *Wintermind* follows through without hesitation—in fact it might be better looked upon as the second half of a long, epic tale, rather than as a separate book (though even first time readers should find the novel's texture and breadth ultimately rewarding).

After traveling so many years into the future, **Robert Thurston's** *A Set of Wheels* (Berkley) seems just around the corner in time. While the others predict quick disaster falling from the sky, Thurston

"A Set of Wheels may be the best book published this year ..."

describes a gradual and all-too-convincing deterioration in our quality of life. If 1984 reflected the depressed/oppressed spirit of an age looking into a bleak future, Thurston's novel may well be the 1984 of the eighties. It may also be the best book published this year, in or out of genre; the picaresque journey of Lee Kestner, compounded of boredom, sensitivity, and a great urge to drive on out of here, might be the central message for our time.

A pleasure to read about a thinking man like ourselves, and like ourselves, born to run. But if there's any lesson in these books, it's this: the future won't wait until we get there.

—John W. Silbersack

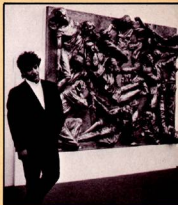
LONGO SHOT

Is now everybody? It's a valid question, coming at the end of Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, but Pynchon probably never expected **Robert Longo's** reply. Longo, a so-called "SoHo artist," "new wave artist," and "punk gone professional," had a double one-man show in February at New York's Castelli and Metro Pictures galleries called "NOWEVERYBODY," in which he answers Pynchon more than affirmatively.

Longo himself is practically everybody. The leading exponent of the latest art movement termed "image scavenging," he makes sculpture, drawings, reliefs, music, performances, and film. The art is more the attitude than the form. The "new wave" moniker refers to the influence of music of that ilk on his work, but more to his deliberate depictions of a sort of malevolent ambiguity. The image scavengers are a school of post-graduates of post-modernism who are so burdened with media images

Robert Longo and his "Corporate Wars"

photo by Robin Holland



that they choose to comment on the impossibility of originality, often by manipulating images from other work. Longo does this with more originality than most.

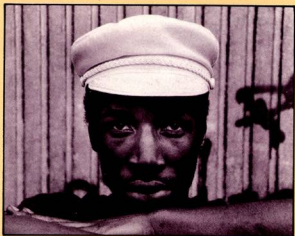
His series of enormous drawings (eight or nine feet high) called "Men in the Cities" is made up of individual male and female figures in black and white, against white backgrounds, who look like hip young night-clubbing urbanites—from the eighties, or the fifties. But they are all writhing and twisted, seemingly caught in the middle of a dance of death to New Order—or, maybe they've just been shot in the back. There's total abandonment in both, an escape from the over-stimulation of city life into the only available oblivion.

Longo often shows the drawings in a series, broken up by a monument or giant relief—these, in the Castelli show, look like authoritative buildings tipping, about to fall on and smother you. According to the artist, huge buildings are *always* smothering you. Other reliefs depict bronzed men at war—who, on closer examination, are corporate executives. All of it touches on the smallness and confusion of the individual, given the largeness of everything else. What is Longo's stance in all of this? Accordingly, he leaves it ambiguously up to the viewer. His chilling figures and reliefs are hopelessly so distancing they frighten the taker into something other than the usual media submission.

Longo, 30, grew up in New

Grandmaster Flash: The Bronx's Mr. Clean.

photo by Joe Stevens



York, and is now beginning to receive mass recognition. "I've got a live-wire to culture," he explains, "without presumption, 'and I know exactly what's going to happen. I think if you're going to make art, you have to see into the future. That's what I see my real job as—warning people."

—Merle Ginsberg

RAP-UP

Rap is the sound of the streets. It began there, on the sidewalks and schoolyards of the Bronx, kids bragging in rhythm and rhyme, like Muhammad Ali before a fight. Moving indoors to parties and clubs, rappers worked with DJs who created new music out of melodic and rhythmic fragments of

existing records. DJs then developed new techniques called cutting and scratching—extending a song's percussion break by relaying the beat from turntable to turntable. By elongating the music, cutting gives the rapper—or MC—a steady rhythm to stretch out on and tell a story.

The stories of rap move from street (dealing with day-to-day reality) to slick (formulaic self-promotion) and back again. Good examples of the street/slick split are '79-'80 rap hits like the **Sugarhill Gang's** "Rapper's Delight" (Sugarhill), based on Chic's "Good Times," and preoccupied with the rapper's skill as a lover ("Hotel/Motel/Holiday Inn/If your girl starts messin' up/You take off with her friend."). **Brother D. and Collective Effort's** "How You Gonna Make the Black Nation Rise" (Clapper) is the politicized response to the vacu-

ity of "Rapper's Delight."

By 1982 rap had entered a new, mature phase. Spurred by the high-culture notoriety of its attendant art forms—break dancing and graffiti—rap spawned what will probably be its most influential records. "Planet Rock" by **Afrika Bambaataa and the Soul Sonic Force** (Tommy Boy) contains an upbeat interplanetary philosophy, a new chanting/singing rap style, and—most importantly—rap's first all-synthesizer backing track (lifted from Kraftwerk), merging rap with electro-disco. Since "Planet Rock," there has yet to be an important rap record without electronics.

The synthesizer also provides the musical hook for the biggest rap hit of all, "The Message," by **Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five** (Sugarhill). But it's the verbal hook, "Don't push me/Cause I'm close to the edge," that

brings "The Message" back to the street. It catalogues the extremes of urban life—from birth in poverty to death in a jail cell—with a gritty reality rarely found in other mediums.

Since these songs hit, rappers have toured the USA and Europe, and their records have become the music of choice at chic New York art openings and at the Roxy, the trendiest NYC disco since Studio 54. Newer records merge the street and slick even further—Bambaataa's "Looking For the Perfect Beat" (Tommy Boy), the **Fearless Four's** "Rockin' It" (Enjoy), and the **Tracherous Three's** "Yes We Can Can" (Sugarhill).

Rap has even found its way to the pro basketball court. As New Jersey Nets' center Darryl Dawkins informed a *New York Post* sportswriter: "When I'm dead/They can bury me deep/Put both turntables at my feet/Put my mixers right by my head/So when I'm gone I can rock the dead."

Now that's what I call getting over!

—Stuart Cohn

Discog-rap-hy

"Rapper's Delight" can be found on *The Greatest Rap Hits* (Sugarhill) which, with its companion volume, *Greatest Rap Hits, Vol. 2*, are essential to any record collection. They include raps by the Furious Five, Spoonie Gee, and the Funky Four Plus One, and "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel"—still the greatest DJ cutting record ever.

THE NUVINYL CHOPPING BLOCK

The Birthday Party, Junkyard (U.K. 4 A.D.): Like a vinyl nightmare co-directed by Davids Lynch and Cronenberg, featuring Iggy gobbling Jim Morrison's entrails to a soundtrack of Romero doom-

zombies playing the Black Sabbath songbook. In other words, the nastiest, ugliest, sleaziest, trashiest, slimiest, and most enjoyable record I've heard since *Raw Power*. With a superb, hell-on-wheels cover by Big Daddy Roth.

Black Sabbath, Live Evil (Warner Bros.): Speak of the devil (heh, heh). The one Sabbath record everyone needs to own. Though my eighteen-year-old nephew from New Jersey claims these limpwrist go floacid in the presence of Judas Priest, I find B.S.'s wailing thunder-drone and Jack Kirby-style satanism kinda cute. Best when they stick to

the short, simple, stentorian, story-song mode. Come to think of it, along with Motorhead's *No Sleep Til Hammer-smith*, this is the only heavy metal record you need to own.

Heaven, Heaven Bent (Columbia): Unlike this Aussie band's American debut, *Heavy metal* is like sex—only a few variations on one basic idea, but somehow lots of people still have an insatiable appetite for it. Musically this one's a cross between the Sabs and Bad Co., and sartorially an outtake from *The Road Warrior* (same leather-loving designer), but

skins don't make the band. Their "In the Beginning," an hm tribute/greatest hits riff-medley, only shows how little we've progressed in ten years.

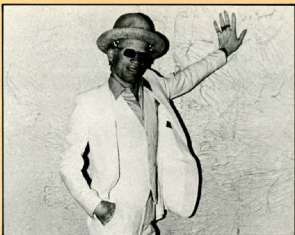
Ric Ocasek, Beatitude (Geffen): A disappointment, if you expected Ocasek's solo debut to move beyond facile pop automotives (as I did), but okay if you like the Cars (which I do on the second Tuesday of each month). While undeniably stylish, skillful, and intermittently occluded by a penumbral sense of alienation, this one's just too unadventurous for the stringy guy who brought *Suicide to The Midnight Special*.

Essential 12" Singles:
 Spoonie Gee, "Spoonie Is Back" (Sugarhill)
 The Jonzun Crew, "Space Is the Place" (Tommy Boy)
 Fab 5 Freddy, "Une Sâlle Histoire" (Celluloid)
 Grand Mixer DST and Infinity, "Grand Mixer (Cuts It Up)" (Celluloid)
 Hurt 'Em Bad, "Monday Night Football" (Profile)—to keep you Howard Cosell freaks warm until next September.

(If you live in South Africa, or some other place without easy access to a good black music record store, try the following helpful mail-order outfits: Vinyl Mania: 30 Carmine St., NYC 10014, (212) 929-1658. Downstairs Records: 20 W. 43rd St., NYC 10036, (212) 354-4684. Down Town Records: 119 Worth St., NYC 10013, (212) 227-3816 and 799 6th Ave., NYC 10011, (212) 924-5791. Mail-O-Disc: 855e Conklin St., Farmingdale, NY 11735, (516) 694-0088.)

YELLOW JOURNALISM

The biggest reggae sensation since Bob Marley is not a fearsome rasta, hardly a fire-breathing dread. He doesn't even sing about smoking pot. In fact, he's not really a singer at all. The man known as **Yellowman** is a mellow-rappin' MC, a DJ who



drives Kingston dance-hall crowds wild with patois patter, corny crooning, and nonsense singsong rhyme-alongs. Armed only with a microphone, he's become a local legend over the last year or so.

Why Yellowman? Musically-attuned announcers have provided low-rent live entertainment in Jamaica since the mid-sixties. Backed by mobile sound systems with turntable jockeys mixing the hits, the DJs "toast" or rap to the music—prefiguring Grandmaster Flash and the NYC rap scene by a few years, at least. The DJ style has come to the forefront in JA in the last two years, and in a scene populated with characters like Lone Ranger, Papa Michigan and General Smiley, Sister Nancy and Nicodemus — Yellowman stands out from the crowd.

And not only because of that relaxed, mellifluous rap.

"With pink, perpetually sunburned skin and starchy, corn-yellow braids, you'd best believe Yellowman cuts a distinctive figure in the ghetto."

He got the nickname from his albino complexion; he literally is a yellow man. With pink, perpetually sunburned skin and starchy, corn-yellow braids, you'd best believe he cuts a pretty distinct figure in the ghetto. But Yellowman's talents have helped him turn what some would call a disadvantage into a distinguishing characteristic.

They say that Yellowman can't walk down the street these days without causing a ruckus. When he chants, "All the young girls them a-mad over me," the horny toaster's

Yellowman in black & white.

photo by Sara Rios

traditional boast is tinged with a shade or two of irony.

So far, Yellowman's biggest hit has been a languid, loopy reworking of that old croaker "I'm Getting Married in the Morning." Grafting slices of "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" and "Bring It on Home to Me" onto a natty pre-nuptial narrative, the song captures Yellowman's improv-a-story ease over a haunting rhythm track. He sounds happy, but understandably uncertain about the pending event. As the JA music scene still revolves around small-label singles, Yellowman's prolific output remained unobtainable here until the recent U.S. release *Mr. Yellowman* (Green-sleeves). It features "Yellowman Getting Married," and further, crucial statements on guns, tourism, and grocery shopping, pushed by the clean session skank of the crack Roots Radics band.

Unlike the rock-influenced

Landscape, Manhattan Boogie-Woogie (RCA): A synth-based band has got to be pretty damn miserable to bore old Moog-maven Lou—and these likeys manage handily. A couple of diverting moments—"It's Not My Real Name" and the wry title cut (sequel to their '81 hit "Einstein A Go-Go?")—can't spruce up an overwhelmingly soulless, gutless, and brainless LP.

Mnemonic Devices, Playing on the Dark Keys (Bernisbrain Records, 200 Termino Ave., Long Beach CA 90803): Discovery of the month. From a tiny Elay indie previously

devoted to teenage garage grumbings comes this four-song EP of smart, passionate, freshly appealing post-modern pop-love songs. Life songs, actually. Great lines like "Love is just another sick venereal disease," and chanteuse Ann DeJarnett's gutsy rock'n'roll violin push a multitude of Lou's big buttons. Watch 'em.

Berlin, Pleasure Victim (Geffen): Ignore 'em. Though not as lame as Landscape, this augmented trio of synthetic Californians generates fast-food electronic dance music with some taste but little flavor. Terri Nunn sings like

Pat Benatar with a microMorderchip stuffed up her coy little ass. Undoubtedly an imminent massive success.

Andy Summers/Robert Fripp, I Advance Masked (A&M): Everyone's been dumping on this one, so naturally I won't. Perhaps Fripp's trademark licks are courting cliché canonization, but by tossing himself into continually changing contexts—this time one-on-one with Police-man Summers—he keeps life interesting for himself, and more often than not, for us, too. Not a biggie, but a perfectly adequate side dish.

Craig Leon, Visiting (Enigma Records, P.O. Box 2896, Torrance CA 90509): Producer and synthesist Leon's follow-up to his *Nommos*, winner of the 1981 Claude Rains Award for best invisible record of the year (now relegated to bargain-bin ignominy). Hypnotic, transcendent, wisely minimal, and more melodic than its predecessor. His middle name must be Klaus.

Simple Minds, New Gold Dream 81-82-83-84 (Virgin/A&M): My favorite record of 1982 finally released on these Stone Age shores. Buy two.

—Lou Stathis

"Coleman rarely makes concessions, and his *Of Human Feelings* is no exception."

Ornette Coleman: timeless saxophony.

reggae of the seventies, Yellowman and his fellow DJs have yet to go international. However, reports from last fall's First Jamaican World Music Festival claim that it was Yellowman who stole the show from the Clash, Rick James, and the Grateful Dead. While many reggae fans righteously pine for the "next Marley," Jamaica has produced a very different kind of superstar. A religious visionary he's not, but Yellowman's guiding lights—a sense of humor, a supple voice, and a pulsating bass line—are illuminating and fun, too.

—Mark Coleman

BURNT FUSION

Jazz and rock share common origins, but jazz has been around roughly three times longer, and has encompassed many more styles and stylistic leaders. When rock started to mature in the late sixties it was fashionable in jazz circles to deride it as "trash music" in terms once used to put down jazz—but when Miles Davis appeared at the Fillmore East, a truce was declared.

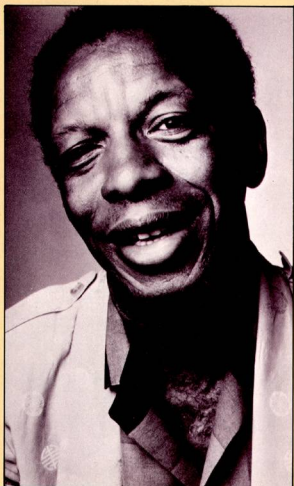
For the most part attempts to crossbreed the two have resulted in sterile offspring—specifically the so-called "fusion" music of the mid-seventies, inspired by the younger members of Miles's

later bands and the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

A good example is **Billy Cobham's *Glass Menagerie***, which has produced ***Observations &*** (Elektra/Musician). Cobham, the original Mahavishnu drummer, has distilled all the technical tricks of fusion without once coming to grips with the emotional intensity that fueled Mahavishnu at its best. What is presented here, on the latest of a long line of Cobham LPs, is technique and music-by-rate, soulless and derivative, forgotten as soon as it is heard.

David Sancious has fusion credentials as good as anyone's (keyboardist in the original Bruce Springsteen band), but his newest album, ***The Bridge*** (Elektra/Musician) is considerably better than Cobham's—not the least because he has some feeling for what rock, in its prettier moments, can be like. Much of the record is solo piano (Sancious has a lovely touch and the sensitivity to go with his formidable technique), but several tracks use string synthesizer and other electronic keyboard overdubs, evoking rich sonic tapestries.

Ornette Coleman, the man who liberated jazz from Charlie Parker's domination and gave us "free jazz," has come to rock from the opposite direction. His "Prime Time Band" plays modern funk-rock over which he wails with his timeless saxophone. Coleman rarely makes concessions, and his ***Of Human Feelings*** (Antilles) is no exception. The rhythms are accessible, the music is intense,



but you'll never hear this kind of jazz on a jukebox.

Some jazz musicians have largely ignored rock—along with most of what's happened in the last twenty years. In the case of **Clifford Brown and Max Roach's *Pure Genius*** (Elektra/Musi-

cian), this is hardly surprising: the album comes from a private tape made in 1956, not long before trumpeter Brown's untimely death. As a historical document then, this album "Volume One," which means there'll be more) is uniquely important. As music,

it's typical mid-fifties "hard bop"—but it's not very enjoyable to listen to, despite attempts to "restore" the sound.

Bireli Lagrene, a young European gypsy who was only thirteen (!) when he recorded *Routes to Django* (Antilles), has followed the lead of Django Reinhardt (himself a European gypsy, and the first major, non-native-American jazz musician) with timeless music un-

cannily reminiscent of the records Reinhardt was making forty years ago.

On the other hand, both **Dexter Gordon** and **Phil Woods**, long-time saxophone veterans, have turned out albums which pale into insignificance when compared to what they were doing twenty and thirty years ago.

Gordon's *An American Classic* (Elektra/Musician)

would have been labeled "mood jazz" twenty-five years ago: it's a set of unchallenging cocktail-lounge renditions of ballads, totally anonymous and without a hint of Gordon's pioneering work as a bopper. Wood's playing, on his *Birds of a Feather* (Antilles), is far less laid back than Gordon's, but after digging up and relistening to his *Rights of Swing* (released a little over twenty

"An American Classic is without a hint of Dexter Gordon's pioneering work as a bopper."

years ago on Candid), the fact that he's coasting on *Birds of a Feather* was underscored; the material offers little challenge.

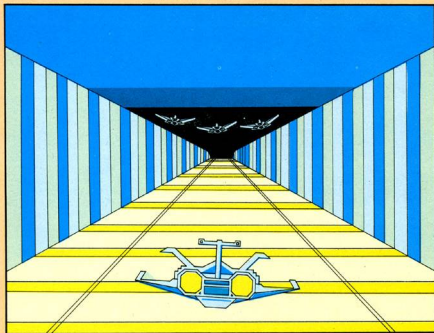
(I must add that Antilles has brought the manufacture of album jackets to a new low in quality—the glue failed to hold past the first time I removed the records, leaving the jackets flapping uselessly.)

—Ted White

BUCK ROGERS

PLANET OF ZOOM

©1983, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM



BUCK ROGERS HIMSELF NEVER APPEARS IN BUCK ROGERS. IN FACT, NO HUMAN BEINGS ARE EVER SEEN IN THIS SPACE SHOOT 'EM UP. DON'T ASK ME WHAT THE PLANET OF ZOOM IS EITHER, BUT IT DESCRIBES THE GAME PRETTY WELL. YOUR SPACESHIP CRUISES AROUND A WEIRD-LOOKING GALAXY—THROUGH ASTEROID BELTS, OVER PLANETS, AROUND LARGE CITIES, AND DOWN GIGANTIC TUNNELS—BLOWING UP EVERYTHING IT CAN, AND AVOIDING ANYTHING IT CAN'T. THEN YOU REACH THE "SOURCE SHIP," THE BIG MOTHER WHICH HAS BEEN SENDING OUT ALL THOSE ENEMY SPACESHIPS. ONCE YOU BLOW AWAY THE BIG ONE, YOU START UP ALL OVER AGAIN.

STILL, THE QUESTION PERSISTS—IS IT A SHOOTING GAME, OR IS IT A DRIVING GAME? BUCK ROGERS IS THE SHOOTING GAME THAT PLAYS LIKE A DRIVING GAME. IT'S LIKE SPACE TURBO ONLY IN TURBO YOU COULDN'T BLOW UP THE OTHER CARS. PLAYING BUCK ROGERS MAKES ME WISH THEY COULD BRING BACK DEATH RACE 2000—TURBO STYLE!! IMAGINE BEING ABLE TO DRIVE AROUND A TOWN, RUNNING OVER HAPLESS PEDESTRIANS IN 3-D!! IN THE MEANTIME, BUCK ROGERS IS THE NEXT BEST THING.

—JOHN HOLMSTROM
BUCK ROGERS™ INDICATES TRADEMARK OF THE DILLE FAMILY TRUST
BUCK ROGERS VIDEO GAME ©1983 SEGA ENTERPRISES INC.

CRYPTIC

Illustrations by Bruce Carleton



Nose-by-Northwest • Artificial blood, artificial skin, bionic ears (they just started testing them in Australia), brain implants—pretty soon, even if you weren't born a robot you're gonna die one (if you ever get to die, that is). However, there's at least one group of bio-livers who think we don't start off as just flesh and blood in the first place. Robin Baker and friends, at England's University of Manchester, have published material in the prestigious science journal *Nature* claiming discovery of magnetic iron deposits in the human body just inside the sinus bones. According to Baker, people—like only a few other creatures—can detect direction by reference to the Earth's magnetic field. Over the last five years animals have been found to be a mine of iron deposits as well. Bad news for anyone toying with the idea of selling the exploration rights to their noses: there's a glut of steel on the world market.

Thumbrum • Amateur thumb-twiddlers, now you too can be as good as the pros. New technology to help develop your skills and have fun while you're doing it has been patented by Horace Knowles, of Washington, D.C. Comprising thumb-holes in a block of plastic that you crank over and over, this invention is a vital contribution to the dynamic discipline of twiddling your thumbs. The deluxe model comes with a switch that flashes for every twiddle turn, and there's also an optional digital

read-out for twiddle-counting. Or, if you like to show off and attract attention, there's the get-yourself-thrown-out-of-libraries-and-theaters model that clicks loudly or jingles as you go.

Japadermis • No doubt the image still pululating in the national mind—post A-Bomb bodies with skin peeling like wallpaper—has helped the cause: Japanese companies plan to start manufacturing human skin. It's been tested for a couple of years and it works, helping burn victims to grow new epidermis. The stuff is made from animal protein and collagen (the fibrous matter in bones, tissue, and cartilage). Plans are to market the non-woven fabric in sheets of varying lengths. And if I tell you where, you're gonna understand why the Japanese are the smartest industrialists around. Hiroshima.



Snowballs • What happens when your balls catch cold? Do they freeze, wheeze, sneeze, or what? Four doctors in Ireland came to grips with the problem and found an answer. They handled forty-six cases of a sub-zero syndrome called "testicular torsion"—the cold-weather contraction of the testicle sac which causes unwelcome realignment of contents therein. Verdict: balls, like turtles, are given to disappearing inside when things don't look too hot outside. • Bodies have two ways of dealing with the cold: the human way—grow accustomed to cold gradually, raise metabolism and body heat to meet new conditions; or the turtle way—keep metabolism low and become cold-blooded. Turns out humans can actually do both—at least according to recent Canadian research outlined in the *Journal of Applied Physiology*. Eleven men, about to spend sixteen days in unheated tents too close to the Arctic Circle for comfort, were asked to pre-adapt with nine days of daily half-hour cold baths. Only three masochists volunteered. After a battery of tests, highlighted by heavy rectal thermometer use, they joined the rest and took off for the north. The prefrozen ones adapted easily, shivering less, sleeping better, and barely feeling the temperature—

which tells you that anyone who can get used to icy thermometers up the anus can get used to anything.



MASH Music • Local anaesthesia and acupuncture have taken the high out of surgery. These days, the only way to be stoned during an operation is to share a joint with the janitor beforehand. Hip surgeons (pun intended) smart enough to realize they may be forfeiting their main attraction have come up with a way to compensate at London's Charing Cross Hospital. Patients in danger of being bored to death by the drone and grind of drill and hacksaw get to listen to their favorite music on headphones. Apparently Sex Pistols records aren't allowed 'cos they sound too much like the power tools they're supposed to block out.

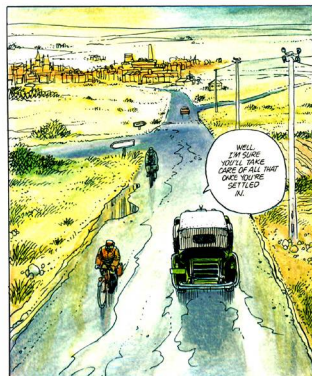
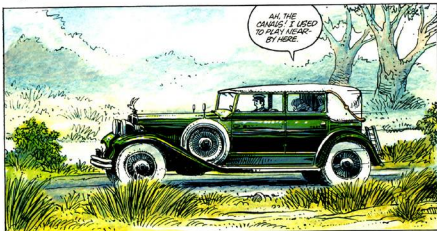
Rodent Redux • Genetic engineers splashing around in the gene pools of mice have found a way to trigger the rodents' growth hormones into action. The two far-sighted fathers of research responsible for creating a breed of monster mice are Messrs. Palmer and Brinster, of the Universities of Washington and Pennsylvania. Okay, there's no immediate popular demand for vulture-sized vermin—the pros reckon some time in the remote future livestock could get bigger and short people could become basketball players. • Luckily, creative counterforces cancel out. Experiments aimed in the other direction (in search of a human male contraceptive) have spawned a new rat poison so toxic as to be both spermicidal and homicidal. Undeterred, Ron Ericsson, inventor and PhD. President of his sperm-warfare headquarters, saw the terminal effect on lab mice and figured, "Hey, if that's what it does..." Epibloc it's called, epicurean it ain't. Most rat poisons are anti-coagulants; they kill effectively but survivors respond with massive propagation (with less competition, more food, and more space, wouldn't you?). Though it has a high kill fee, Epibloc's ability to sterilize the leftovers makes it competitive. Isn't nature wonderful? Trouble is, Murphy's Law: you just know the mouse-magnifiers above'll ignore it, but Ronald Reagan might just find a use...

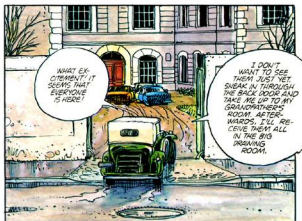
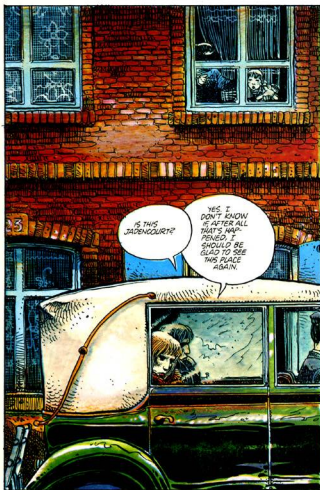
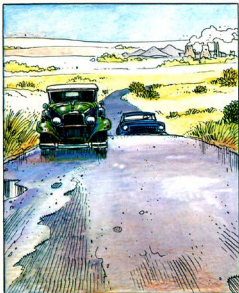
—Melik Kaylan

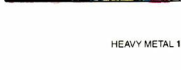
The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

WHEN LAST WE READ, HANNARD'S GRANDDAUGHTER WAS RETURNING FROM HER CONVALESCENCE TO RUN THE COMPANY AFTER HIS DEATH.









OUR FRIEND, VAN SCHODD BECK, THE MINE ENGINEER, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PETROLEUM CHEMISTRY COMPLEX AND PLASTICS FACTORY AT DINKERQUE.

MONTHERAME, FORMER STUDENT OF WALE, WHO DIRECTS THE SALE OF MAIL ORDER FURNITURE AT TOURCOING.

VIMERELX, ALSO A GRADUATE OF WALE, IS IN CHARGE OF OUR SUPERMARKET CHAIN WHICH IS BASED IN ARRAS.

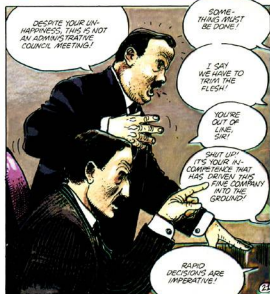


BLERANCOURT, FORMER INSPECTOR OF FINANCES, DIRECTS OUR BUILDING SOCIETY IN LILLE.

AND LAST, HEYH, BUT NOT LEAST, YOUR COUSIN HUGHES WHO, AS YOU KNOW, RUNS THE CEMENT FACTORY AT SAINT-OMER.

OK, YES, I'M SORRY, AND OUR TWO DIRECTORS FROM JARDENCOURT, RESPONSIBLE FOR FLOOR AND THE FOUNDRY.







FOR AN ADMINISTRATIVE GROUP I FIND YOU ALL EXTREMELY NERVOUS GENTLEMEN. THIS IS NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE TO HAVE SUCH QUARRELS.

PLEASE EXCUSE OUR OUTBURSTS, MADE IMPULSIVE!

YES, PLEASE, WE—

DISTRACTED SCARROW AND ALL THAT.



MR. WILCOX, YOU WILL DRAW UP FOR ME, BY TOMORROW, A DETAILED REPORT ON THE SITUATION AT HAND. I WILL INFORM YOU ALL LATER ON, OF MY DECISIONS. NOW YOU MAY LEAVE.



I HAVE THE FEELING WE BLEW IT.

SHE DOESN'T SEEM ANY MORE ACCOMMODATING THAN THE OLD MAN, DOES SHE?

THE WAY THE WILL IS SET UP, SHE HOLDS ALL OF US IN THE PALM OF HER HAND. WE SHOULDN'T FORGET THAT!



YES, AND THE HANNAHO DYNASTY WILL CONTINUE IN FORCE WITHOUT US!

PERHAPS IT'S BETTER...

...IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO WIRE US OUT WITH A STROKE OF THE PEN, YOU'VE GOT—

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START UP WITH THAT AGAIN!



LOOK, WE NEVER HAD TO BOW AND SCRAPE BEFORE TO THE OLD MAN!

YEAH, BUT SHE'S A TOUGH LOOKER!

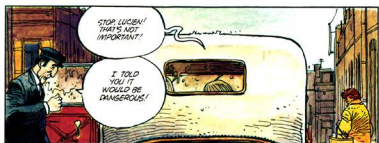


GOODBYE, GENTLEMEN!

I THINK WE SHOULD USE WHATEVER TIME WE HAVE NOW BEFORE THE FUNERAL TO INITIATE SOME SORT OF STRATEGY.

EXCELLENT IDEA!





LEAVING FROM TROY, THE WINDS CARRIED THE FOUR OF US FOR NINE DAYS THROUGH WASTED AREAS. ON THE TENTH DAY, WE REACHED THE LAND OF THE LOTUS-EATERS.

THREE OF MY MEN WERE CHOSEN TO TRY THE LOTUS FRUIT. ONCE THEY DID, THEY LONGED TO STAY AND WERE UNCONCERNED WITH THE RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY.

THE ODYSSEY

BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI

WE HAD TO FORCE THEM TO RETURN TO THE SHIPS!

ODYSSEUS TELLS OF HIS ADVENTURES

SAILING FURTHER, WE REACHED THE LAND OF PROUD PEOPLE—THE CYCLOPS.

THANKS TO THE NYMPHS, THE DAUGHTERS OF ZEUS WHO CREATED AN ATMOSPHERE FAVORABLE TO THE HUNT, WE WERE ABLE TO EAT.

THEY GAVE NINE GOATS TO EACH OF THE TWELVE SHIPS AND LEFT TEN FOR ME.

YOU STAY HERE—I'LL GO WITH SOME OF MY MEN TO SEE IF THERE REALLY IS A TRIBE OF BARBARIANS ON THE ISLAND, AS LEGEND TELLS.

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, ODYSSEUS?

AS SOON AS WE REACHED A STOPPING PLACE, I CHOSE TWELVE MEN TO GO UP TO THE ENORMOUS GROTTO WITH ME.

THERE WAS MUCH TO SEE IN THE GROTTO, BUT MY MEN BEGGED ME TO TAKE A FEW CHESTES AND RETURN TO THE SHIP.



RETROSPECTIVELY, I WISH I HAD LISTENED TO THEM, FOR MY NEGATIVE ANSWER TURNED OUT TO BE A FATAL ONE!

I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING ABOUT THIS PLACE.

AS DO I!

SSSH!
SOMEONE'S COMING!





BUT ALL TOO SOON, THE CYCLOPS
HAD RETURNED.



...CARRYING A BOULDER SO
HEAVY IT COULD NOT HAVE
BEEN MOVED BY A FOUR-
WHEEL WAGON.



HE CLOSED THE DOOR!





ZEUS!

AFTER THE CYCLOPS HAD GAMBOLIZED A FEW OF MY MEN, I FELT IT WITHIN THAT I SHOULD STAB HIM IN THE CHEST IN RETALIATION. BUT THERE WAS NO WAY MY MEN AND I COULD PULL THE HUGE STONE FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE...WE COULD NEVER ESCAPE...WE WERE CONDEMNED.

AT DAWN THE CYCLOPS DROVE HIS CATTLE TO THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, LEAVING US IMPRISONED.

THERE WE MEDITATED FOR SOME SORT OF RESOLUTION, BUT DUE TO LACK OF NUTRIMENT AND WILL TO LIVE, OUR HOPES HAD BEGUN TO DWINDLE.

LATER ON, WHILE THE CYCLOPS WAS PREPARING HIS DINNER, USING TWO OF MY DEAD COMPANIONS FOR STEW, I REMARKED:

DRINK NOW, CYCLOPS, FOR I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT WE KEEP IN OUR SHIP.

GIVE ME SOME MORE OF THIS DRINK AND TELL ME YOUR NAME. I OWE YOU SOMETHING FOR THIS FOOD THAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME. IS THE BEST I HAVE EVER HAD.

MY NAME IS NOMEAN, AND SO I AM CALLED.

SOON HE FELL OVER, DRUNKEN AND FULL. SLEEP CONQUERED HIM AND HE COULD DO NOTHING BUT SURRENDER.

NOW?

YES, NOW!

THE TRUNK, QUICKLY!

READY?

BROTHERS, PLEASE HELP ME, I BEG OF YOU!

AAAAAH!

FRIENDS, NO-MAN IS KILLING ME WITH HIS TRICKERY! HELP ME!

IF NO-MAN IS FIGHTING YOU, WE CAN NOT INTERFERE. WE WOULD NOT DARE TO INTERFERE WITH ZEUS'S MESSENGER. PRAY TO YOUR FATHER, POSEIDON!

I LAUGHED TO MYSELF ABOUT HOW MY TRICK HAD TAKEN HIM IN. IN THE MEANTIME I TRIED TO AVOID THE EVENTUAL DEATH OF MY REMAINING MEN. IT WAS THEN THAT I FOUND A SOLUTION!

DON'T UTTER A SINGLE WORD UNTIL YOU HAVE CROSSED OVER THE ENTRANCE.



WE HOPE THAT THE GODS WILL HAVE MERCY ON US!



WHY ARE YOU THE LAST OF THE GROUP, MY FRIEND? HURRY, GET TO THE SHIP!



AND TAKE THE SHEEP WITH YOU!



YOU DON'T MAKE GOOD USE OF YOUR STRENGTH, POLYPHEMUS. ZEUS IS PUNISHING YOU FOR YOUR HORRIBLE ACTS!





I SHAN'T EVEN BURN
MY HANDS WITH THE
TOUCH OF YOUR FLESH!
SOMEONE WILL
PUNISH YOU FOR
ME!

POSEIDON, IF I AM
TRULY YOUR SON,
PLEASE PROMISE
ME THAT ODYSSEUS
WILL NEVER RETURN
HOME WITH HIS
MEN!

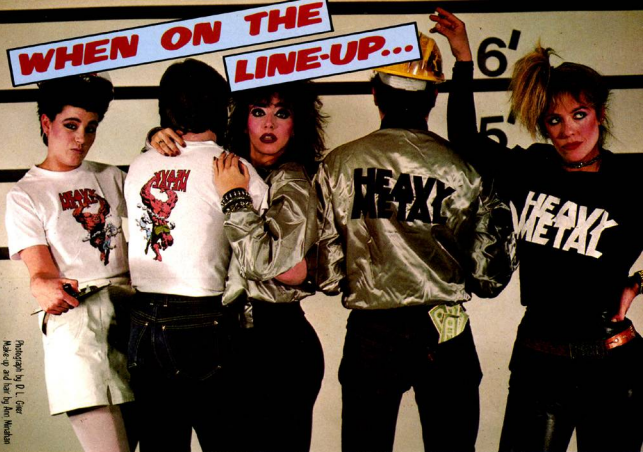
PUNISH HIM AS HE DE-
SERVES TO BE PUN-
ISHED, RATHER! DO
SOMETHING! MAKE
AN ETERNAL CURSE
FALL ON HIM AND
HIS COMPANIONS!

IF SOMEONE ASKS
YOU HOW YOU CAME
TO BE BLIND, TELL THEM
ODYSSEUS DID IT! THE
ONE WHO RAZED TROY
AND IS RETURNING TO
HIS COUNTRY,
ITHACA!



TO BE
CONTINUED...

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.

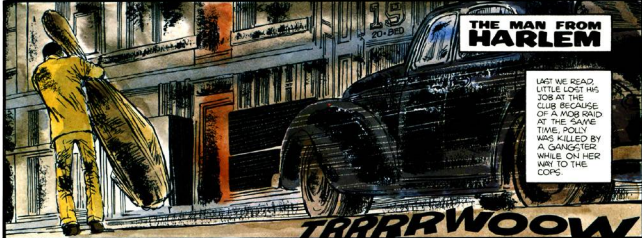
New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.
Total enclosed _____

Name _____

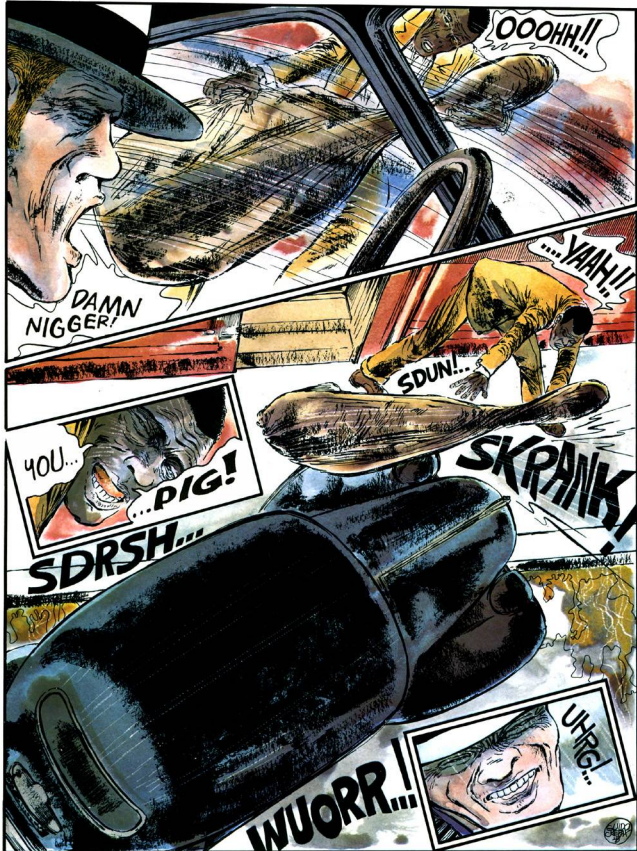
Address _____

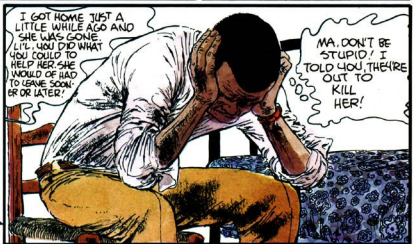
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

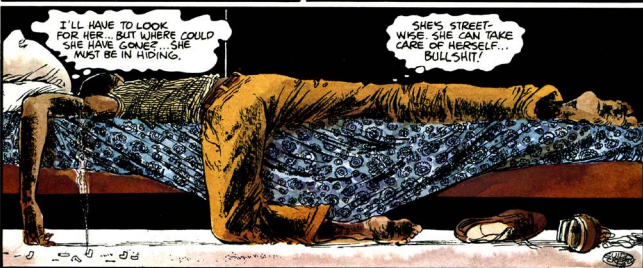
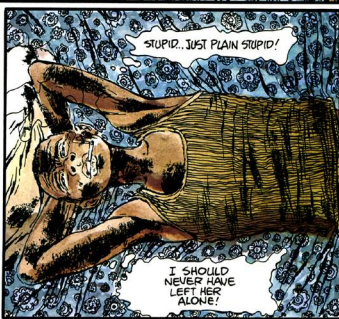
If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

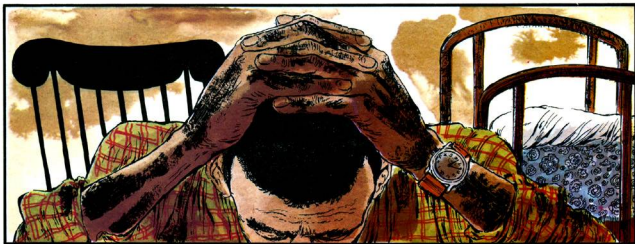


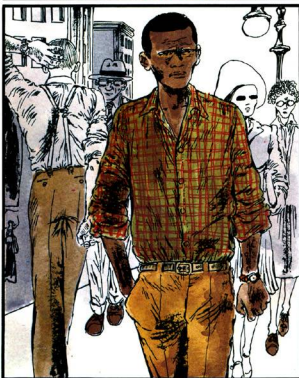
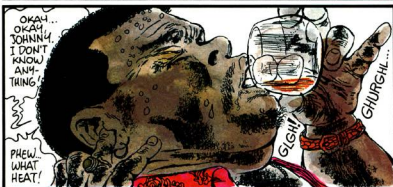
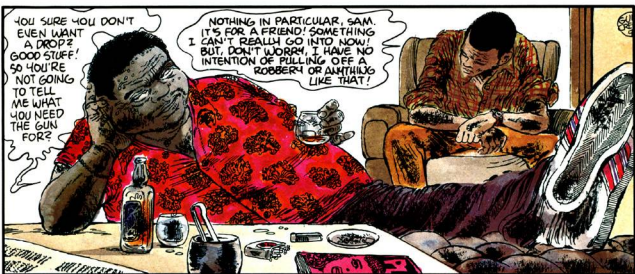


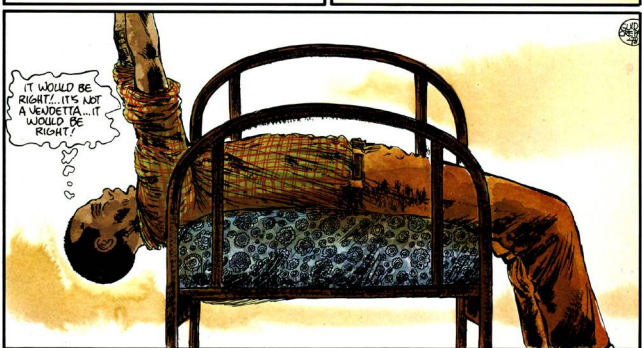
















TO BE CONTINUED...



ZORA

SO FAR: UNDER THE AUTO-MEDIC'S RECURPATIVE CARE, AMON DREAMS... HIS UNCONSCIOUS MIND REACHING FOR A MOMENT IN HIS PAST. HIS PARTNERS-IN-ARMY WATCH A PROJECTION OF HIS DREAM... SEEING HIM AWAKENED FROM HIBERNATION AND SAVED FROM DEATH BY AN UNKNOWN ENTITY THAT ALLOWED HIM A GLIMPSE OF HIS FUTURE.

AND
SLEEP SLEEP
FOR CENTURIES
UNTIL SHE
FINDS ME!

AS AMON'S DREAM FADED FROM THE SCREEN, THE GROUP GATHERED IN THE ROOM, STOOD IN STUNNED SILENCE. WHO WERE THESE STRANGE ENTITIES THAT HAD CONTROLLED TWO PEOPLES' DESTINIES ACROSS HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES—CAUSING THEM TO MEET FALL IN LOVE, AND SURE A SORT WHO WERE THEY AND WHAT ELSE DID THEY HAVE IN STORE?

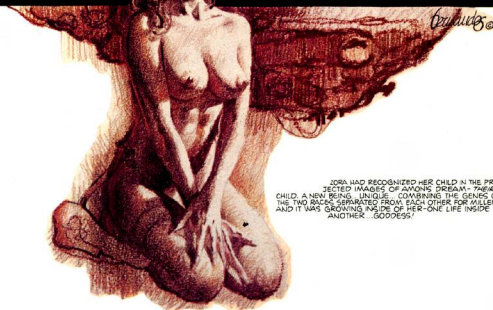
MEANWHILE, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION SPREAD LIKE A PLAGUE THROUGHOUT THE HONEYCOMB, SCATTERED SCRAMBLES Erupted INTO FULL-SCALE WAR, WITH PARTICULARLY FIERCE FIGHTING RAGING NEAR THE HONEYCOMB'S KEY CONTROL POINTS.



DESPERATELY, SHARITA HAD RESORTED TO HER STILL EXPERIMENTAL CLONE AND BIO-CYBER WARRIORS TO SOMEHOW MAKE UP FOR THE HEAVY CASUALTIES AND WHOLESALE DEFECTIONS, BUT AN UNEXPECTED ELEMENT HAD RUINED THE MORALE OF THE REBEL TROOPS - THE INFAMOUS STORY OF AMUN AND ZORA, TWO WHO HAD SPREAD THROUGH THE SISTERHOOD LIKE A YEAST INFECTION.

"HOW AMUN, SURVIVOR OF THE SUPPRESSED LONG DEAD BARBARIAN CIVILIZATION, HAD IMPLANTED THE SEED OF A CHILD IN ZORA - LIKE AN ANIMAL."

"ORIMANVENTING THE SACRED MOTHER OF THE PALACE OF LIFE" AND RECEIVING THE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION OF STRANGE, GOD-LIKE BEINGS FROM SOMEWHERE BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING, AND THEY WERE MORE THAN CERTAIN THAT SHARITA AND HER FOLLOWERS WERE SACRILEGIOUS INFESTERS.

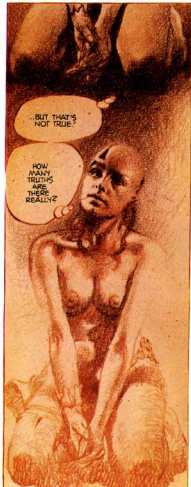


ZORA HAD RECOGNIZED HER CHILD IN THE PROJECTED IMAGES OF AMON'S DREAM - THEIR CHILD, A NEW BEING, UNIQUE, COMBINING THE GENES OF THE TWO RACES, GERMINATED FROM EACH OTHER FOR MILLENNIA, AND IT WAS GROWING INSIDE OF HER-ONE LIFE INSIDE ANOTHER...GODDESS!

ONLY THE ANCIENT GODDESSES WERE ABLE TO CONCEIVE AND ONLY ONCE. LATER, THE WOMAN-MOTHER WAS CONSTRUCTED WITHIN THE PALACE OF LIFE, AND IT BECAME THE SOLE METHOD OF HUMAN REPRODUCTION ON THE HONEYCOMB. SO IT WAS WRITTEN IN THE CODEX OF THE ONE HUNDRED TRUTHS.



BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE THE GIFT.



BUT THAT'S NOT TRUE?

HOW MANY TRUTHS ARE THERE REALLY?



THE SCIENTISTS? THE PRIESTESSES?

WHAT DO THEY KNOW ABOUT MY TRUTH? ABOUT LOVE?

ZORA'S SURROUNDINGS FADED BEFORE THE FORCE OF HER EMOTIONS. SHE AND SHE ALONE WOULD HAVE TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE CONFLICTING FEELINGS WELLING UP INSIDE HER. LOVE AND ANGER FOR AMON, HAPPINESS AND TREPIDATION OVER THE EXPECTED CHILD THAT GREW WITHIN HER.



CAPTAIN ZORA, SO ADMIRER FOR HER COOLNESS AND SELF-ASSURANCE. "HA! IDIOTS! ARROGANT FOOLS! HOW LITTLE WE KNOW ABOUT OURSELVES! HAHAAHAH!"



gumatz

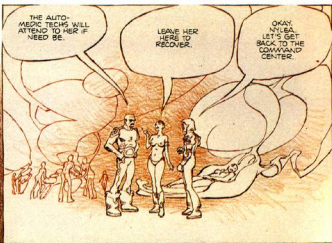


HA HA HA -50812

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE ZORA FELT A CONVULSIVE STAB IN HER CHEST, AND A PAINFUL CLUTCHING IN HER THROAT. SHE GORGED CHOKINGLY AFTER A WHILE, HER BREATHING RETURNED TO NORMAL AND ZORA, EXHAUSTED BY THE VENTING OF HER TENSIONS, FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP.



EVERYONE SILENTLY AGREED WITH BRONCO'S WORDS. ZORA COULD, WOULD BE THEIR FUTURE—A FUTURE THAT HAD BEEN DENIED THEM UNTIL NOW.



TO BE CONTINUED.

JUNE 2050

BY JOHN WORKMAN • GEORGE PRATT

UH... MISS KEENE... IT'S ME... MADY.

YES, COME IN.



MADY, I AM IN THE MIDDLE OF A DISCUSSION WITH OUR NEWEST EMPLOYEE. YOU'VE MET MISS WHITE?

YES, UH... I'M VERY SORRY THAT I INTERRUPTED, BUT...



...WELL... HERE AGAIN.



WERE' YOU MEAN ROSS MR. SYMS?

YES, MA'AM.

AND NONE OF THE GIRLS WILL...

THAT'S RIGHT.



MR. SYMS! SIGH! HE'S A... A VERY UNIQUE CUSTOMER, MISS WHITE. A FORMER SPACE PILOT, RATHER HANDSOME AS I REMEMBER...



OF COURSE, THAT WAS YEARS BEFORE HE CRASH-LANDED ON AN UNINHABITED BUT INHABITED PLANET. HE BARELY LIVED THROUGH THE CRASH. THE CREATURES ON THE PLANET PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER... USING THEMSELVES AS EXAMPLES OF WHAT HE SHOULD LOOK LIKE.



HE SHOWS UP HERE QUITE OFTEN. THE GIRLS ADORE HIM EVEN THOUGH HE'S... NOT A VERY PRETTY SIGHT!



I... I WONDER... WOULD YOU...

I'D LOVE TO.



MARGOT WHITE, COLLEGE DROP-OUT, FOUND EMPLOYMENT ON A WARM SUMMER DAY IN JUNE 2050.



SHE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE GOOD, AND EVEN THOUGH THINGS WEREN'T ALWAYS TO HER LIKING...



GASP!

...SHE PERSISTED. MARGO HAD THE ATTITUDE OF A REAL PRO.

HELLO, MR. SYMS, I'M MARGOT.



2/9 83



Erotica Ann (Karen Bebb), Galatia 9 (Elaine Lee), Sister Bronwyn (Kathy K. Gerber), and Brucilla the Muscle (Norfleet Lee) stand ready for action. Costumes and set design are by Michael Kaluta.

Photographs by Sean Smith

STAGESTRUCK STARSTRUCK

by Steven Maloff

Before "Starstruck" was a comic strip, now devoured monthly by *Heavy Metal* readers, it was a play that ran at New York's Network theater in the Spring of 1980. On the third anniversary of its opening, the play is being resurrected at Tomi's Park Royal (23 W. 73rd St., New York, NY 10023, (212-787-3980), April 16 through May 8.

When Michael Kaluta, illustrator, approached writer Elaine Lee, who was pouring over a stack of sf fanzines in a New York restaurant, Lee mentioned a play that she was mulling over, and Kaluta offered to work on the sets and costumes. So began the prolific team of Lee and Kaluta.

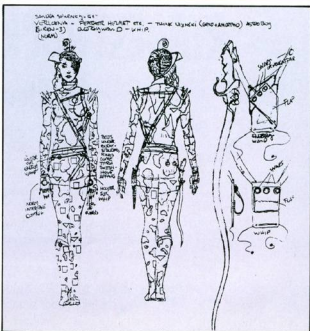
"I re-read the Bible and picked up some science fiction themes from that."

"*Starstruck* started out as a spoof of popular media science fiction, with stock characters," says Lee. "Then I re-read the Bible, and picked up some science fiction themes from that, and Michael fed me other original sf ideas. Of course, it includes some social commentary—people often comment on the feminism—but it's all comedy. I want people to *enjoy* it. People accept new ideas and commentary more readily if they're funny."

By April 1980, the cast and crew were not ready to spring *Starstruck* on theatergoers, but they did. "The set was being built right up until people started coming in. At 7:45, the stage manager was on stage, drying Verloona's throne with a hair dryer. We really had our dress rehearsal a week after we opened."

"Kaluta is just the designer for folks with a limited budget," Lee continues. "We built Harpy, the good guys' spaceship out of coffee cans, an old Hot Wheels set, Alka Seltzer bottles filled with marbles and water, and Bingo chips, among other things."

By the time the play closed, Kaluta and Lee were hopelessly immersed in *Starstruck*, and couldn't abandon it. It was then that Kaluta suggested a comic strip. "I'd never done a strip before," Lee remembers, "it's such a big commitment." She soon found out what a commitment it was when she found herself walled up in Kaluta's apartment for months on end, inventing new characters and pasts for them—things that may never have been used, just, perhaps, mentioned in passing by a minor character. The two have stacks of index cards with definitions of new words, descriptions of systems. "We ask ourselves all kinds of questions, and we argue a lot." For instance, "Did this religion grow out of conditions on the planet, or was it an import? We have a system of planets whose government is based on the *National Enquirer's* 'Simple Recipe for Happiness,' and it works! The ideas for the major stories were suggested by things the characters in the play had revealed about their



Above: The evil Verloona (Sandra Spurney) has a few choice words for Kalif Bajar (Paul Ratkevich). Below: Kaluta's original sketch of Verloona's costume.



"Starstruck is the universe, and Michael and I are the Gods."

past. We *know* our universe, and we hope that will add an extra dimension to the stories that actually make it into the books. Michael and I have been living in our own alternate universe for over three years now."

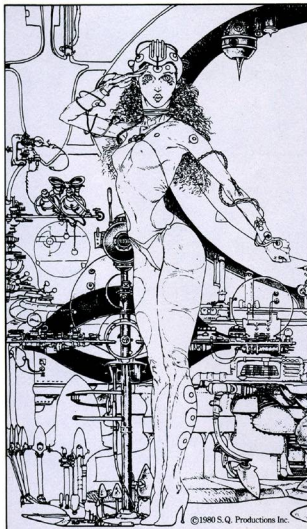
Even though the play had closed and the strip had begun, Lee and Kaluta were anxious to mount the theatrical production again. A few directors made suggestions—one director said to make more good vs. evil, like *Star Wars*, another said to make it more decadent, like *Rocky Horror*. But Lee and Kaluta are committed to their personal vision of what *Starstruck* is, and they remain unpersuaded.

"It's fantasy entertainment. I think fantasy has replaced religion for a lot of people. It's the 'ecstatic experience,' when make-believe becomes real. God is just too far away, and science fiction is now giving that to people. Fantasy is touching deeper, it strikes at the hearts and minds of people. Other people's science fiction future is becoming our present experience! It has more to do with today."

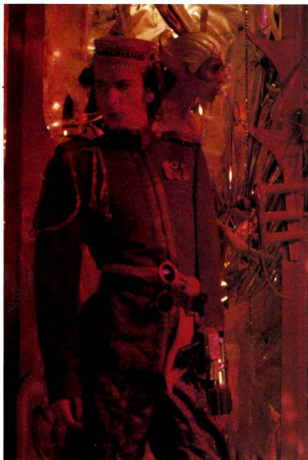
"Since this is the second time around for *Starstruck*," she continues, "it's a lot easier and more professional, naturally. We're *not* going to finish the costumes opening night. We began re-working the play immediately. It's basically the same set, but with a lot of decorative differences—for instance, our spaceships have video monitors. But we've been working on *Starstruck* for three years, and the play itself has also evolved. We've taken stuff from the strip and put it into the play. We've cut a couple of characters and condensed a few scenes."

The characters have grown past us and now exist on their own. *Starstruck* is the universe, and Michael and I are the Gods. The play and the strip have come from *that*."

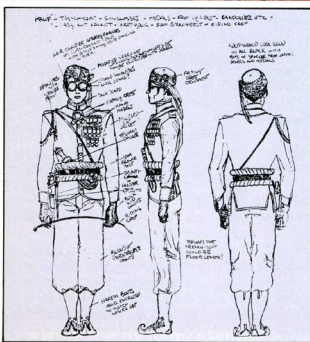
Lee will next begin to study video, and we can expect a taped production to emerge from the universe of Elaine Lee and Michael Kaluta's *Starstruck*.



Above: Erotica Ann and Kalif Bajar share a tender moment.
Below: Kaluta's version of the beautiful android as seen in the *Starstruck* Portfolio from S. Q. Productions.



Galatia 9



Above: Kalif Bajar in the flesh.

Below: Kalif Bajar in pencil, captured by the nimble hand of Michael Kaluta.

Above: The entire cast of characters as envisioned by Kaluta.

Opposite: The somewhat menacing Verloona, skipper of the Siren 3 and leader of the pack in the "Queen of Outer Space" contest.



STARSTRUCK

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

LAST WE SAW, SQUADRON 4 OF THE 21ST TACTICAL ASSAULT GROUP WAS ORDERED TO MAKE A RUN THROUGH THE OFF-LIMITS NEUTRAL ZONE B, IN ORDER TO ELUDE THE VITROLIC VERCADIAN PROTECTOR ANDROIDS.

"My lips moved in a silent prayer to the Mother as point group crawled under Vercadian Base 10, drawing their H-beams like so many Pryfromian Phyls. And suddenly..."

"...the Zone smiled wide..."

HOLY SHIT!

"...belching bile from its great churning gut, and each brave Brigader of Point Group saw his or her face reflected in its omnivorous teeth as he or she stared grim-faced down the trembling throat of death!"

GUNNER AN' SARGE JUST BOUGHT THE FARM...

"Unbeknownst to me, 'Damper' and the Hi-Boys had cut out the malignant Base 5 like the cancer it was. My full attention was, at the time, primarily focused on keepin' Point Group clear of the fast-fryin' fangs of the death-dealin' droids.

My full attention proved to be worth less than a BAJAR SHILLING.

SKINK AND WEEBLE JUST BOUGHT THE FARM!

"There was a hell of a lotta real estate auctioned off in that Neutral Zone an' my kids thought they were pickin' it whole-sale! To my mind, they were paying top dollar..."

OH MOTHER
OH MOTHER
OH MOTHER!
STAN...!

"...they were paying with BRIGADER BLOOD!"

"...I saw it comin' at 'em, but before I could say 'Stan! Claw off to Port!', Stan and 'Butcher' had been reduced to a fond memory...
...and just as suddenly..."

BAAAAM!

"The noise was deafening as the ship was hit with wavering green light that pinned us to our seats like moths to corkboard, then bounced us about the cabin like a couple a b-b's in a tin cup.

"When I was able to see ANYTHING, what I saw was a big pair o' peepers. The blast had peeled the nose like a big banana and curled it back over the deadlight so that I was sittin' there starin' into the crazy shark-eyes of 'Mama Spank'!

BRU! THE COMPUTER'S OUT! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO MANUAL!

SONOFFA...! HOLD TIGHT, COOKIE! WE'RE GONNA BLOW OFF THE HULL!

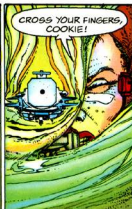
"I was flyin' blind and white-faced as a freshman on hazing day. My left hand worked quickly, priming the explosive bolts with a mind of its own, leaving the right hand free to jockey the ship.

"And just as quickly, my thumb flicked the inner hull maintenance ejector switch, and...

"...when what to my wondering eyes did appear...?"



"As we sped toward obliteration, I hoisted myself up in my stirrups, pressing the barrel of my blaster slowly into and thru the translucent field of force whose quivering skin of energy was the only thing that kept me from that final date with the void ...

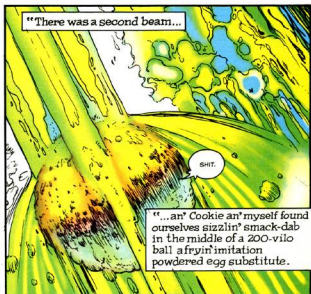
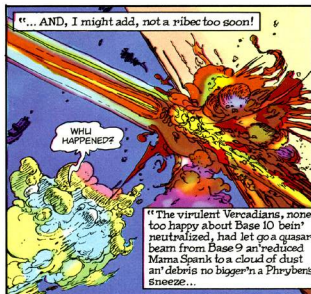


"I've never been able to explain what happened next. Suffice it to say ... I am here to tell the story ... and I never fired my blaster. SOMETHING took out V-base 10 ... I don't know what ... perhaps I never will ...

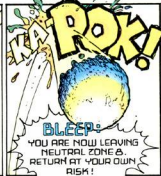
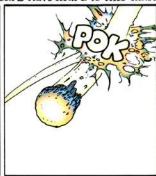
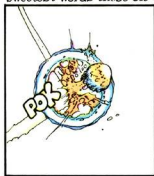


"Before I could breathe the usual sigh of relief, I became aware that we had entered an atmospheric envelope surrounding the ex-V-base. This fact became clear to me when I noticed the condition of the ship!





"As we batted about by the following barrage of beams like krystal braids on a Krabian belly-dancer's hips, I was surprised to hear the familiar bleeping tones of my in-suit communicator... an', shortly after, the sweetest words these ole ears have heard to this malton-unit!



"We put a crater in that thing the size of a small swimmin' pool not six BANLONS from St. Arnold's Pep Band!

"The second thing we saw after wipin' the egg off our visors... (the first bein' the dumb-struck faces of the St. Arnold's Pep Band)..."

"...was a giant-sized vi-screen loomin' over us, containin' the giant-sized image of Mother Amy Simple, head honcho of The Cosmic Veil, Cloistered Order of the Goddess Uncaring!"

WE ARE NOT AMUSED... TO ERR IS HUMAN, BUT **THIS!**... THIS WAS NAUGHTY...

...A NO-NO OF THE **GRAVEST** SORT... THE SISTERHOOD FEELS THAT TO LET THIS **ACTION**... THE DELIBERATE DISRUPTION OF **PIOUS** SISTERS PURSUING THEIR GODDESS-GIVEN RIGHT OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM... TO LET **THIS** GO UNPUNISHED WOULD BE GIVING THE **GREEN LIGHT** TO FUTURE INFRACTIONS OF OUR TREATY.

IN VIEW OF THIS... WE HAVE DECIDED TO WITHDRAW OUR **HANDSOME SEMI-CYCLE GIFT** OF 20,000 MEGACREDITS TO THE AMERICAN SPACE ACADEMY.

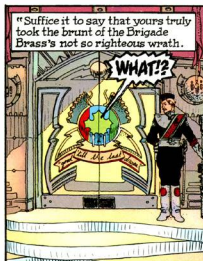
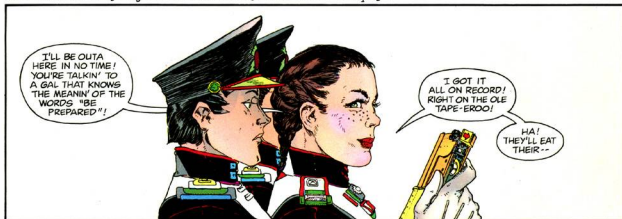
"It would seem that Mother 'A' had a crimp in her craw due to the fact that the Sisterhood had one of its cosmic hen-coops tucked back in the Neutral Zone, and the commotion caused by Squadron 4's collision with the forces of chaos had disturbed their meditory vibrations.

"This was nothing, however, when compared with the enraged countenance of General 'Typhoon' Weatheral which appeared shortly thereafter lookin' as if somethin' was gonna rupture..."

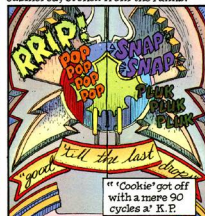
GRAB 'EM!

WHO? US?

"The next few marbecs were a nightmare. Little did I suspect that I was to play the pawn in a drama of deception that made a travesty of justice and a mockery of the words 'fair play'."

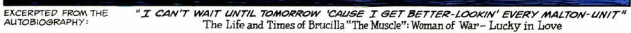


"And the tape...well, pivivits protect their own...the tape was not admitted as evidence. I was humiliated, cashiered, broken from the ranks."



"...down deep into and through the dank gray back corridors of Brigade Headquarters. I hung my head, so filled was I with shame and burning rage and then, by yet another foul turn of fate, found myself face to face with the last guy in Amercadia I wanted to run into at this moment."





"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers of comic books in the late Sixties were saying. "You can't sell comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and lettering," they said. "The public wants assembly-line art. You guys are crazy."

They were right — but after over 1,000,000 underground comic have been sold, it seems like they were only right about the last part. These artists were crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since. Underground comic are alive and well after over a decade of breaking the old rules of cartooning. And they are available, through this offer, in their original form. You must be 18 to order these outstanding collections of adult comic art.



New, Improved Sex Package. 5 unbelievably unrestrained comic that will set fire to your libido — and tickle your funnybone. **\$7.50**



Dynamite Dope Package. 5 of the best collections about dope and dopers. Light up and read. **\$7.00**



Comix Funnies Package. These 5 comix will stimulate your laugh nodules like they've never been tickled before. **\$6.75**



Current Crumb Package. 5 comix from the master of the underground featuring his more recent work — including a magazine he wrote and edited. **\$6.75**

☐ Yes! Send me some of the most amazing adult cartooning available. I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

- ☐ Dynamite Dope Package @ \$7.00 (KGDOPE2)
☐ New, Improved Sex Package @ \$7.50 (KGSEX3)
☐ Current Crumb Package @ \$6.75 (KGCRUMB2)
☐ Comix Funnies Package @ \$6.75 (KGFUNNY)
☐ Fantasy Comix Package @ \$6.25 (KGFANT1)

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental US. (New York State residents, please add 8% sales tax)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: **Heavy Metal Comix**
 Dept. HM-583
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, NY 10022



Fantasy Comix Package. Artists like Richard Corben and Jack Katz do their thing in unrestrained medium. Wow! 5 titles. **\$6.25**

Dear Ms. Simmons-Lynch:

I should tell you that I enjoy *HM* very much. I offer you nothing but encouragement. Keep doing your thing. I read February's "Chain Mail" and reacted to your treatment of the letter from "Frank Thring. Somewhere Out West." After first glancing at your somewhat 'nasty interjections, I thought, "God, what a bitch!" (*Hold it right there, bozo. Those are Lou's nasty interjections you're talking about. Credit where credit's due*... —ls) But I changed my mind, particularly since I happen to like "rock noise," and yes, it is too music, Mr. Thring, thank you very much. Just as much as Bach, Bartók, Berg, and Boulez were influenced (*is in the latter case*) by the folk music of their times, so are today's composers influenced by the Beatles, Coltrane, etc., and vice-versa. I think you are perfectly justified in the defense of your own art. Your cause is noble.

Why do people feel the need to criticize art? These people seem to be the self-worshipping types who think their opinions are so important that they should try to convince others. Twentieth century crusaders. They are also, directly or indirectly, the "Oh dahling, do let's go to the symphony and I'll wear my new mink," types. This is why so-called classical music has its snobbish reputation. I can't stand that (yes, I read Gregory Sandow's insightful article in the January issue). So you may ask, why am I a violinist? (Of course, this probably was the furthest from your mind, since you don't even know me.) Because I find that Bach's D Minor Partita for solo violin has something meaningful to say to me as a person living in the present, and gives me a sort of post-mortem rapport with the composer, and helps me understand how he's influenced virtually every other composer since. I can only hope as a performer that no matter whether I'm playing Bach or Ligeti or Stevie Wonder or Frank Zappa that there is even *one* person out there listening to the music and what's being said, rather than making judgements or feigning interest out of conformity. There is a great deal of peer pressure in the "classical world," and many different reasons why people go to concerts of any kind of music.

CHAIN MAIL



And it's always acceptable to propitiate someone by emulating his/her record collection or taste in art. I suppose one way to understand someone is to be able to appreciate the kind of music s/he likes—but I'll never be able to understand these critics, amateur or professional, who never seem to like *anything* any more.

Of course, if critics are assholes, then I, too, am an asshole, since I've just criticized critics. But then, what the Hell. I mean, like *everybody* rationalizes.

Tom Fetherston
Cleveland, Ohio

HM:

Never before have I enjoyed a magazine as much as I enjoyed your December issue. I had to buy two just to satisfy myself. I sorta destroyed the first copy. The Dossier section is the cause of the destruction—please let me explain in two words: Billy Idol! I've rarely had as much fun in my life as I had while I was beating hell out of his smug mug. But then I got carried away and proceeded to

obliterate any and all resemblances to a magazine your rag ever had. That's when I had to buy another one. The rest of the issue was just as good. I beg you never to remove "The Bus" from your pages. It's the ultimate ending to the ultimate magazine.

Yo Mama

Adderbury, England
Paul Kirchner—from the room where we've got him chained to a drawing board—sez thanks. We're perfectly willing to keep printing his stuff, as all he asks in payment is old Transit Authority transfer tickets. —ls

Heavy Metalites:

Your best cover art usually lurks on the back of the mag, but alas, February finds tits on both front *and* back. It's a shame that you feel the need to pander to a sex hungry male audience. You have a fine magazine—quality art and quality production. Don't you think you'd boost the size and quality of your audience if you didn't alienate so many potential lady readers? It's no wonder you have a 95% male readership—the reason is obvious and you continue to feed the fire. I am in no way espousing a "wholesome" magazine. I just don't understand why you are letting lay dormant the potential for an even greater publication—one that aims itself at a wide audience of both guys and gals. If you really think you'd lose more readers than you'd gain by giving guys equal time on the cover (oh God, and threaten that 95% self-perceived masculinity?) along with a fair share of non-sex-oriented art, well, Lord Profit will have his way. (*Some of us here agree with you, some don't. I think the winner is obvious.* —ls) Women are beautiful, which is why they should be more welcomed as readers. Your steadily boob-infested cover is doing the opposite. (*You're right, of course—ls*) If I could find a magazine which presented *HM's* type of art with a healthier, bipartisan sexuality, you'd lose this subscriber. Until then, you've got me by the balls. (*Talk about self-perceived-masculinity!* —ls)

Bret Nelson

Christianburg, VA

(I didn't name the place, I just live there)



Y ESPECIALLY ENJOY STARSTRUCK. THE APE, FREAK SHOW, THE BUS, MUDWOG, I'M AGE AND ROCK OPERA (WHAT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE?) - JUST GET SOME MORE MOEBIUS AND BIAL STORIES, AND IT'LL BE PERFECT. Y ALSO LIKED THE DELANY AND MOORLOCK INTERVIEWS. NU-VINYL IS GREAT LOU, JUST WISH YOU HAD MORE SPACE.



3003N OUSLAND LK. SHAWNEE N.J.

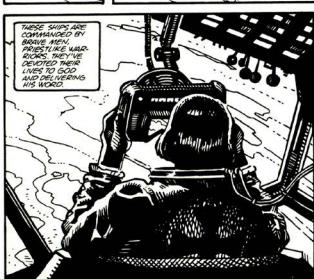
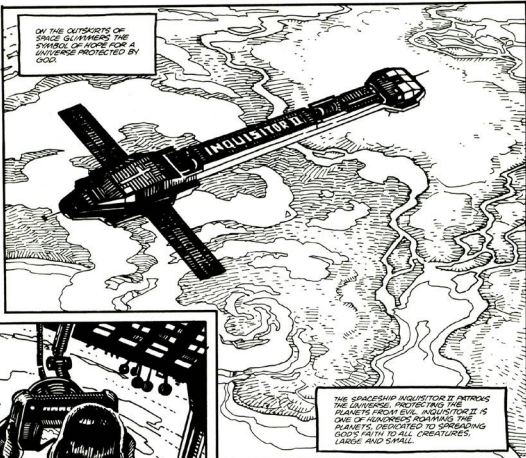
SPACE CRUSADER



PEPE
MORENO



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SPACE GLIMMERS THE SYMBOL OF HOPE FOR A UNIVERSE PROTECTED BY GOD.



THESE SHIPS ARE COMMANDED BY BRAVE MEN, PRIEST-LIKE WARRIORS. THEY'VE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO GOD AND DELIVERING HIS WORD.

THE SPACESHIP INQUISITOR II PATROLS THE UNIVERSE, PROTECTING THE PLANETS FROM EVIL. INQUISITOR II IS ONE OF HUNDREDS ROAMING THE PLANETS, DEDICATED TO SPREADING GOD'S HEATH TO ALL CREATURES, LARGE AND SMALL.

FROM THE BOW OF THE SHIP GOD'S EYE WATCHES EVERYTHING CLOSELY AND SCANS THE SURFACE OF EVERY NEW PLANET.

THE ELECTRONIC INTERPRETER IN HIS HELMET ALLOWS HIM TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE NATIVES.

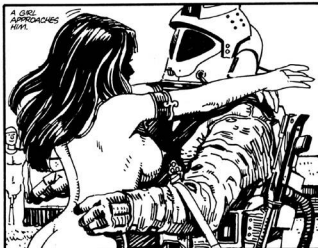
His mission is to spread the word of God - or else!



A MENACING SHADOW SUDDENLY LOOMS OVER THE VILLAGE. THE SPECTACULAR AND CELESTIAL LANDING IMPRESSES THE VILLAGERS, WHO COME TO WITNESS IT.



A GIRL APPROACHES HIM.



THE VILLAGERS WELCOME THE STRANGER TO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY AND OFFER HIM THE PICK OF THEIR YOUNG FLESH.

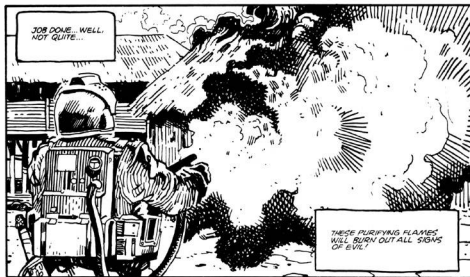
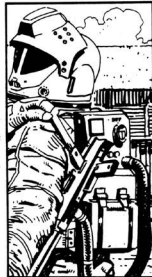


WHAT IS THIS? GET AWAY FROM ME, SATAN! DON'T YOU FEEL THE WRATH OF GOD?



WHAT'S GOD? DON'T YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? DON'T YOU LIKE THAT? OH! MAYBE YOU PREFER MEN OR YOUNG BOYS? HMMMM





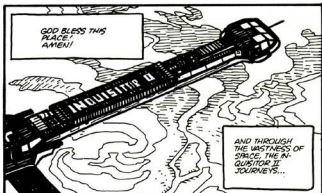
THESE PEOPLE ARE
NOW SAFE.



THIS FLAG CAN NOW
FLY OVER THE VILLAGE!

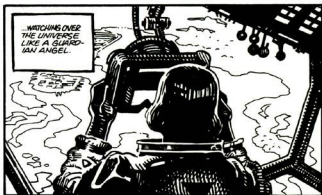


GOD BLESS THIS
PLACE!
AMEN!

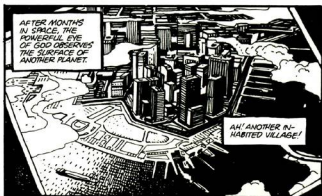


AND THROUGH
THE VASTNESS OF
SPACE, THE IN-
QUISITOR II
JOURNEYS...

WATCHING OVER
THE UNIVERSE
LIKE A GUAR-
DIAN ANGEL.



AFTER MONTHS
IN SPACE, THE
POWERFUL EYE
OF GOD OBSERVES
THE SURFACE OF
ANOTHER PLANET.



AH! ANOTHER IN-
HABITED VILLAGE!

THE END



FOR THE MOST PART, HIS BODY IS COVERED WITH A THIN PLATE OF STEEL COATED WITH PLASTIC. THEREFORE, HE AVOIDS BARROOM SCENES, WHICH INEVITABLY TURN INTO BRAWLS. THE LOWER PART OF HIS RIGHT LEG IS A MECHANICAL LIMB WHICH, IF NEED BE, BECOMES A DEADLY WEAPON. MARLOWSKITZ WAS A PRETTY HOT-SHIT DETECTIVE AROUND ABOUT THE YEAR 2500. SOCIETY WAS DETERIORATING RAPIDLY.

MARLONSKITZ
THE DETECTIVE

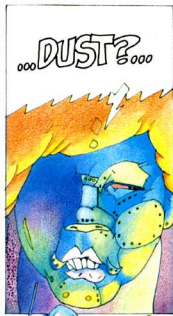
GOLF

THE
DOOR IS
OPEN? BUT
WHAT DAY IS
IT? WEDNESDAY?
YEAH, YEAH,
TODAY IS
WEDNESDAY.

OH,
IT'S THE
CLEANING WOMAN!
THEN HOW CAN IT
BE WEDNESDAY?
SHE USUALLY
COMES IN ON
THURSDAY!

TODAY
WAS BETTER
FOR ME. ON
THURSDAYS NOW
I DUST THE STA-
LACTITES IN THE
GYM OF THE
UPPER
TOMBS!

GOOD
FOR YOU!
NO PROB-
LEM!



THE STALACTITES DON'T NEED DUSTING ANY LONGER SINCE THEY PUT IN THE NEW ANTISTATIC SPACESHIP. GODDAMNED SPY!



NOW
WHO AM
I GOING TO
GET TO CLEAN
UP THIS MESS?

THE END

STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF MARLOWSKITZ, THE ROBOTIC
DETECTIVE WITH A WICKED TEMPER!

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.

- ☐ 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.

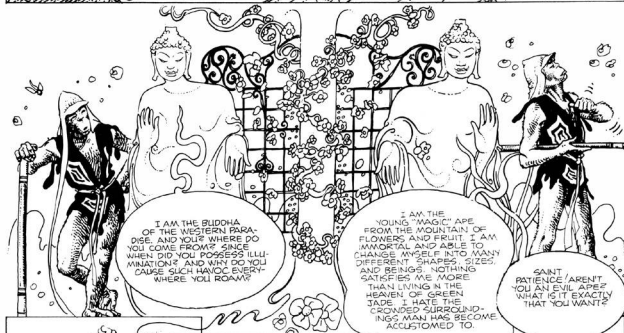
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

"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."

THE APE

LAST WE READ, THE YOUNG APE WAS CAPTURED BY THE EMPEROR, WHO ORDERED LAO-TSE TO MAKE "BUG JUICE" OUTTA HIM. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE Y.A. DIDN'T SIT STILL FOR LONG!





HAHAHA!
YOU'VE AIMED TOO
HIGH, MY LITTLE
NUBBLY FRIEND! GIVE
UP AND I'LL LEAVE
YOU WITH WHAT FEW
POWERS YOU NOW
POSSESS.



THERE IS A
PROVERB
WHICH
STATES:



TODAY IS THE
EMPEROR OF
JADE'S TURN...
TOMORROW
IS YOURS.



SO...

STRAK



GO AHEAD,
BUDDHA! TELL THE
EMPEROR TO MOVE
ON AND LEAVE ME
HIS THRONE. THE
HAND OF POWER
IS ITCHING ME.

LET'S SEE
WHAT MAGIC TRICKS
YOU POSSESS THAT
WOULD MAKE YOU
WORTHY OF THE
KINGDOM BLESSED
BY THE
HEAVENS?

THIS BUDDHA
GUY DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S IN
FOR! HASN'T
HE HEARD OF
THE YOUNG
APES
TRANSFORMATIONS
?

DO YOU HAVE
A PEN DANCE? I CAN
HANDLE ABOUT 72
TRANSFORMATIONS, AND
IF THAT ISN'T IMPRESSIVE
ENOUGH, I CAN JUMP—
IN ONE SINGLE LEAP—
MIND YOU— 80,000
YARDS— MAYBE A
LITTLE MORE.

SO YOU
WANT TO PUT
A LITTLE
MONEY DOWN
ON THIS?

JUMP
OVER THE
PALM OF
MY
HAND!

IF YOU ARE
ABLE TO, I WILL
TELL THE EMPEROR
OF TADE TO COME
AND LIVE IN MY
PALACE, AND YOU
CAN HAVE HIS
OH, WOE TO
YOU!

OKAY I
ACCEPT.

THIS BUDDHA IS
A COMPLETE IDIOT...
UNLESS, OF COURSE,
THIS IS SOME SORT OF
A TRICK! THE PALM OF
HIS LEFT HAND MUST
BE APPROXIMATELY TWENTY
CENTIMETERS. THERE
SHOULDN'T BE ANY
PROBLEM.



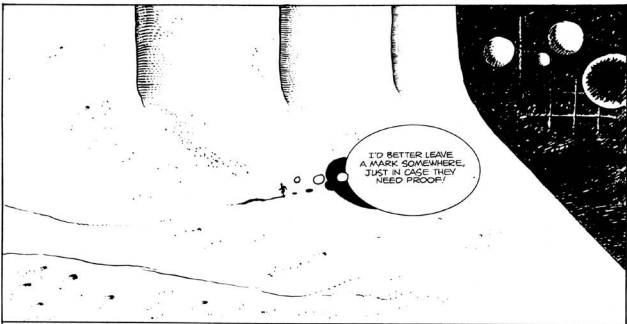
THE BUDDHA WATCHED THE YOUNG APE. HE WAS APPARENTLY AMUSED BY THE CHILDLIKE INNOCENCE OF THIS FURRY PERFORMER.

$E=mc^2$

I'M SOARING!
READY TO LAND,
WITH ROOM TO
SPARE, I BET!

HERE, THIS IS
WHERE THE WORLD
ENDS. WHAT A
GREAT JUMP!

NOW ALL I
HAVE TO DO IS
GO BACK AND CLAIM
MY PRIZE FROM
THAT BAG OF
FLESH! OH, WAIT,
A SECOND!



I'D BETTER LEAVE
A MARK SOMEWHERE,
JUST IN CASE THEY
NEED PROOF!

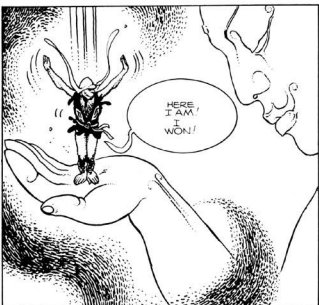


I MADE IT

OOOH, I
GOTTA GO - GOTTA
GO! NO ONE WILL
EVER KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE IF I
TAKE A LEAK
RIGHT HERE.

TAKE
THAT...
BHEHEH!

HMMM,
I WONDER
WHERE MY
CORONATION
WILL TAKE
PLACE.



HERE
I AM!
I
WON!!



YOU
STINKING,
IRREVERENT
FURBALL!

OOOPS!



LET MY FINGERS TURN INTO THE FIVE
ELEMENTS... METAL... WOOD... WATER...
FIRE... EARTH! THEY SHALL FORM
A MOUNTAIN, AN ETERNAL PRISON!



AT THE GROTTO OF DYING WATER... AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS... NOT ONE MONTH LATER...

COME ON!
TAKE OFF THE
BLACK BAND!

WE HAVE TO GO
ON IN HIS NAME!
WE CAN'T BURN
EVERYTHING
OF HIS!

ARE
THEY ALL
HERE?

WHO KNOWS?
FOR THE MOMENT,
THE LIST INDICATES WE
HAVE FORTY-FOUR,
PLUS THESE FOUR.
AFTERWARDS
WE'LL ROUND
UP ANY NEW
SUSPECTS!

WHERE
ARE YOU TAK-
ING ME?

NO
COMMENT!

HOWEVER, AT THE CHÂTEAU
OF THE CLOUDS IN THE
DIZZINESS OF THE PETALS
AND THE ODOOR OF THE
INCENSE, THE BAQUET
HONORING BUDDHA, THE
CONQUEROR OF THE YOUNG
APE, COMES TO AN END.

THE CREDIT
DOESN'T BELONG
TO ME, BUT TO TAO,
AND THE OTHER
DIVINITIES.

DON'T BE
SO MODEST, OH
POWERFUL BUDDHA!
WITHOUT YOU, WESTERN
AND CELESTIAL ECONOMY
WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A
CHANCE. NOW I CAN
HOLD OUT MY HAND
AND HARVEST!

ME, TOO,
I SAW IT ALSO
IT WAS LIKE A
TREMOR!

MR BUDDHA-
MAN? PERHAPS
IT IS THE WINE TALK-
ING, BUT I COULD
SWEAR THAT THE
MOUNTAIN MOVED
DOWN BELOW!









AH! SO YOU MAY BE ABLE TO SEE ONCE AGAIN!

ALAS! EVERY NOW AND THEN MY SIGHT THREATENS TO COME BACK... THEN THE OLD DOC FIXES THINGS SO I'M BLIND AGAIN! AFTER ALL...



...WHAT'S A BLIND WAR VETERAN BEGGING ON THE STREETS GOING TO DO WITH TWO HEALTHY EYES?

NOTHING, I SUPPOSE, EXCEPT GO ON WELFARE!



NEVER! I HAVE MY PRIDE! BUT, PLEASE, TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR VOICE!

OH, YES!



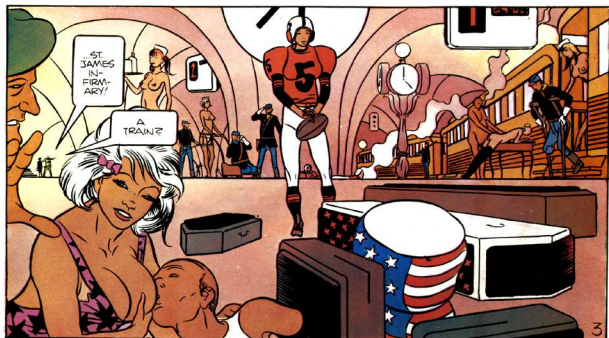
...WELL, AS A KID, I USED TO SING IN THE CHOIR OF THE ORPHANAGE AND THEY LOVED MY VOICE... SO, TO PREVENT IT FROM BECOMING A BASS OR A BARITONE, THEY TOOK ME TO THE VET!...

...AND HE... WELL... HE DID WHAT HE WAS PAID FOR... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



HE HELPED YOU, LIKE, HE DID THE CATS AND THE DOGS, SO YOUR VOICE WOULD ALWAYS BE THE SAME?... VERY CLEVER!

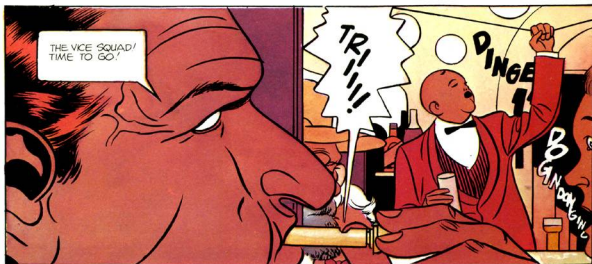
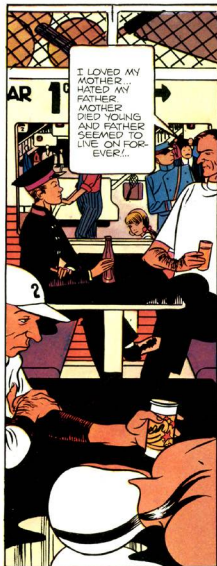
YES! ONLY PROBLEM NOW IS I CAN'T DECIDE WHAT I WANT TO BE: A MAN OR A WOMAN!

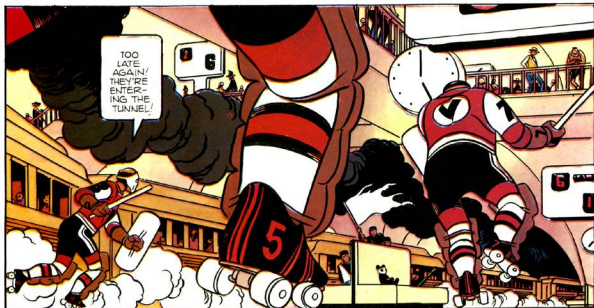












EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THEY TRY TO GET ME BECAUSE THEY SAY THAT I'M CHANGING BOYS INTO GIRLS TO SELL THEM TO THE BROTHELS!

DIRTY MINDS! ALL I WANT TO DO IS MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY!...



LATER...

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE AM I?

EASY,
MY DEAR!
TAKE IT
EASY!
YOU'RE
ALL
RIGHT!

WHO... WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

NOTHING,
REALLY! I
JUST PASSED
BY! I'M
THE CLEANER,
YOU KNOW...

NOTHING!?!
YOU'RE
RAPING ME!
ME, AN
INNOCENT
BOY!

A BOY!?! HA! LOOK IN
THE MIRROR!

OOHHH!

...I'M A GIRL! AND I AM
BEAUTIFUL!

YES,
YOU ARE!
THAT'S
WHY I...
UM...
WELL, I
LOST
CONTROL
...AND...
AND...



THE BEGINNING!

I'N AGE



LA DI, LA DI, DILA.
DI LA, LA DI, LA DI,
LA DI, DI LA
DI LA, LA DI
LA DI, DI LA



"GREAT NOTES, AREN'T
THEY? I LEARNED THEM.

LA DI, DI LA, LA DI
LA DI, LA DI, DI LA,
DI LA LA DI, DI LA.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY
DIFFERENT WAYS
TWO NOTES CAN
BE COMBINED?



TWO.



I DON'T KNOW
MUCH ABOUT
MUSIC.
BUT I LIKE
WHAT I
KNOW.



#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 "Saluimbo" 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 inevitable 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 Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al.

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealist look at the life of John Lennon. Luis

Garcia's "Nova 2," 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.

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 4-83
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	May 1977	\$4.00
_____	June 1977	\$3.00
_____	July 1977	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1978	\$3.00
_____	May 1978	\$3.00
_____	June 1978	\$3.00
_____	July 1978	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1979	\$3.00
_____	May 1979	\$3.00
_____	July 1979	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1980	\$3.00
_____	May 1980	\$3.00
_____	June 1980	\$3.00
_____	July 1980	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1981	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1981	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1981	\$3.00
_____	May 1981	\$3.00
_____	June 1981	\$3.00
_____	July 1981	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1981	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1981	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1981	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1982	\$3.00
_____	May 1982	\$3.00
_____	June 1982	\$3.00
_____	July 1982	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1982	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1983	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1983	\$3.00

I've enclosed a total of \$

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

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 necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Beautiful binders

For just \$5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, our new, more sophisticated black "Naugahyde" binder with silver letters, for just \$5.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December, of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, are \$26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!



HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 4-83
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	Of standby binder	\$5.50
_____	New sophisticated binder	\$5.95
_____	Of standby with issues (list each year you would like)	\$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$6 Canadian and Foreign)
_____	New sophisticated with issues (list each year you would like)	\$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$6 Canadian and Foreign)

I've enclosed a total of \$

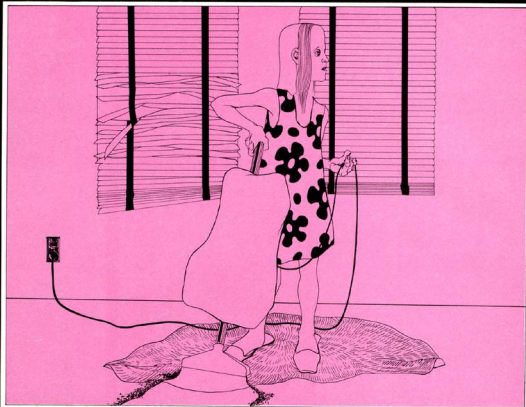
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

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 necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

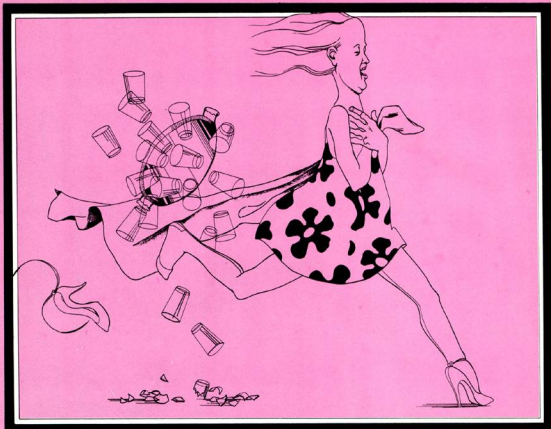


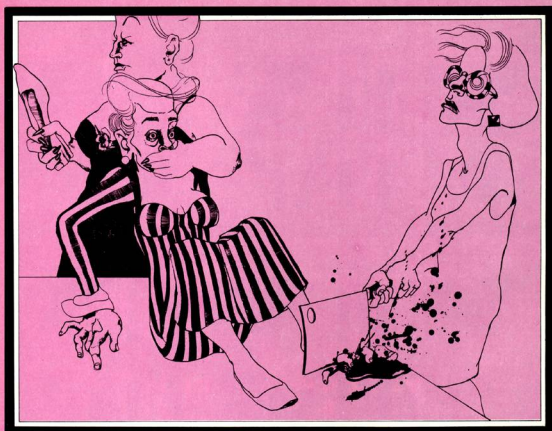
Cinderella



by Anne Kelsey
©1983

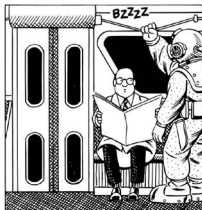
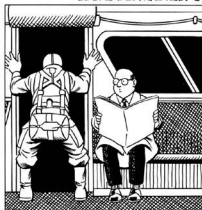






the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



Coming:



A look at Ray Bradbury's Dinosaur Tales!
Liberatore's "Ranxerox" premieres!
Plus: Bilal continues and Crepax est fini!

Could it be? By George, it is!
After a six month quest, a newsstand that
hasn't sold out of Heavy Metal!

Don't be without
 this month's
Heavy Metal
 like this guy
 almost was.

When traveling around
 the globe, it's not as
 easy as one might think
 to find an issue of *Heavy Metal*. Selling like
 hotcakes, *Heavy Metal*
 is not always attainable
 at the corner shop. One
 snip of the coupon
 below, and your monthly
 issue will be sent
 wherever you please.
 Take a moment, and
 insure your delivery of a
 year's (or two, or three)
 worth of the world's
 foremost adult illustrated
 fantasy material.



Heavy Metal, Dept. 303
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price \$39.00. Now only
 \$29.00 (80¢ per issue).
 Two years (24 issues), regular price \$32.00. Now only
 \$22.00 (92¢ per issue).
 One year (12 issues), regular price \$19.00. Now only
 \$14.00 (\$1.16 per issue).
 Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for
 3 years, 2 years, 1 year.
 Payment enclosed \$

Charge to my
 MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____
 Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____
 Name _____
 Mailing address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.
 If you do not wish to cut the coupon, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order.

**"Marlowskitz," the robotic detective premieres!
Matena checks in at the "St. James Infirmary"!
Bilal and Kaluta continue!**

