

Dennis Hopper interviewed!
Kaluta's STARSTRUCK comes to a close!
And a peek at Bradbury's DINOSAUR TALES!



Interview with BLUE THUNDER and ALIEN's Dan O'Bannon

July 1983

\$2.00

WPS 30847

HEAVY METAL

The adult
illustrated
fantasy
magazine



Starting this issue—
Europe's sexy new strip
RANXEROX



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RANXEROX

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takes his family on a little trip.
This year he went too far.

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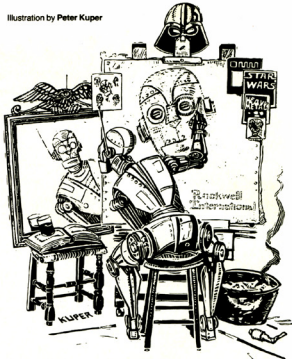
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This summer, enter another dimension.

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**Based on a story by
JEROME BIXBY**

**Based on a story by
RICHARD MATHESON**

**Written by
JOHN LANDIS**

**Screenplay by
GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON and
RICHARD MATHESON and JOSH ROGAN**

**Screenplay by
RICHARD MATHESON**

**Screenplay by
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DOSSIER

Dennis Hopper, the American friend.

Photo by Robin Holland

HEAD OF HOPPER

Made in 1980, *Out of the Blue* is a 90-minute feature chock full of sex, violence, drug abuse, death, and emotional outbursts—at least enough to keep one's attention, if the surprising plot twists and stylish examination of about a dozen cultural conflicts fall short. It is the third film to be directed by **Dennis Hopper**, who, although only signed on for a supporting role, stepped in to save the film when its original writer-director walked off the project. Hopper threw out much of the plot—essentially a TV-movie tearjerker about a troubled teenage runaway, saved by a shrink (Raymond Burr) who was to be the story's hero—and replaced it with a riveting portrayal of a young, Elvis-and-punk-obsessed girl (Linda Manz) with the world's most fucked-up parents, played by Hopper and Sharon Farrell.

Hopper's career seems to break down into three public phases, and *Out of the Blue*—as well as supporting roles in the upcoming Coppola adaptation of S.E. Hinton's *Rumblefish* and Sam Peckinpah's adaptation of Robert Ludlum's *The Osterman Weekend*—is seen hopefully as the start of a fourth. His first break came in

the 1950s, when he co-starred with James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant*. He left Hollywood to study acting in New York and to settle in New Mexico, where he still lives. Phase Two: In 1967 Hopper began co-writing and co-starring in his first directorial effort,

Easy Rider. When the film was released in 1969, it hit an as-yet-untapped counterculture film audience like a revelation. It became an enormous critical and financial success, and made Hopper and his co-stars, Peter Fonda and Jack Nicholson, household names. He was then asked by Universal Studios to make a "new kind of movie." Not understanding that he was being hired to repeat his *Easy Rider* formula, Hopper came back in 1971 with an avant garde film shot in Peru, entitled (with what would turn out to be great irony) **The Last Movie**. It won first prize at that year's Venice Film Festival and was a hit in Europe; but in Hollywood, Hopper's name was a cryptogram for mud. Phase Three: In 1977 he gave the performance of his career in *The American Friend*, a film by German director Wim Wenders (interviewed here last issue). But it took another two years, and his crazed *Apocalypse Now* combat photographer, for most Americans to get the idea that he was still among the living.

At forty-seven, Dennis Hopper is someone who, like a lot of near-casualties of the sixties, is constantly on the lookout for trap doors



while exuding all the while a tenderness in his dealings, an acceptance and earnestness about his past. His way of speaking is pure stream of consciousness, loaded with anecdotes pieced-together with trick voices, facial expressions, and a fervor impossible to reproduce on paper. Go see his movie.

—Robert Morales

HM: I know you've been working, but how do you feel when people react to you like you've been on a desert island for ten years?

DH: (Laughs) Well, I wish I had been. I just know I've been working very hard just to survive and trying to keep in the motion picture business. I miss not working in the United States; I'd really like to direct a film again, but now I'm just basically concentrating on getting some good acting roles, trying to establish the fact that I'm not a difficult person to work with. I feel that probably the best roles I've had were in *The American Friend*, and in *Apocalypse Now*—not a major role, but a very interesting one.

HM: Are you happy with the roles you've just completed?

DH: The father in *Rumblefish* is not a large part; I only

have four scenes in the picture. And I had a very good supporting role in *Osterman Weekend*... but I want to get one of those parts that DeNiro or Hoffman or Jack (Nicholson) get—I know I'm not bankable; they are—to get a really excellent part in an excellent picture would be wonderful.

HM: You're identified with a certain facet of the sixties counterculture—a friend of mine suggested I ask you whether you considered yourself an actor or an historical figure. (Hopper laughs.) You were known for playing these fearsome, up-against-the-oldsters types... and in *Out of the Blue* you're an aging biker-type with a daughter who's part of a new generation, portrayed as almost scarier than what you epitomized.

DH: You mean, like, the people who were rebelling in the sixties had still some sort of hero quality, or they were rebelling against something—perhaps victimized by it—and, in a way, had sympathy whereas the *Out of the Blue* type (Linda Manz's character)...

HM:... rebels against people who used to have sympathy on their side fifteen years earlier.

DH: Right.

HM: What do you think

Dennis Hopper, on the wrong side of the glass from his wife (Sharon Farrell) and daughter (Linda Manz), in *Out of the Blue*.



about a lot of the stuff you might have been held accountable for in the sixties and how it's progressed?

DH: It goes through my mind something like this: I think about the civil rights movement when I was in the Selma and Montgomery marches, when people couldn't drink out of the same water fountains or go to the same toilets. Now, I mention that to someone in their twenties, and they sort of look at me like "What're you talking about?"—so I don't talk about it.

I think of the Hollywood system, of the sixty-to-eighty-year-olds controlling the industry like schoolmarm—"Say your lines this way, pick up the thing this way,"—which was totally against method acting, where you were not supposed to have preconceived ideas and you were supposed to deal with moment-to-moment reality... And all those things have changed, so talking about that seems [laughs] ridiculous.

I think that the younger generation have the same desires that we all had—whatever they were. When I hit thirty—I thought I'd never live to see thirty. As a matter of fact, I remember when we were all in Berkeley—I think I was twenty-seven (circa 1963-64, then)—I said, "I got a great slogan, why don't we say 'You can't trust anyone over thirty'?" And three years later I was thirty, and women were coming up to me and saying "How old are you?"—because that had caught on.

I think that every genera-

tion rebels against whatever generation their parents belong to—and I think that's healthy. If all of the children of the Love Generation came out acid heads and flower children, I think that probably would have been the end of the country, but they seemed to have rebelled against that by being too conservative, and the punk movement is a reaction against conservatism. We start off with bohemianism and that became beat or the Lost Generation, and that became the hippies, and that became punk or the new wave. The rebellion—whether it's punk, whatever it is—towards the older generation, if you can survive and get through that, the wants and the needs are the same. And it's an attention-getter, and it identifies you with your group and your peers.

I think whatever we wanted may have changed because you only have so long to get there. I came out of abstract expressionism and jazz, which was really radical; and the civil rights movement, which was really radical; and the free speech movement, which was really radical. Besides my trying to be an actor, trying to be responsible to that and turn shit into gold because most of my parts, unfortunately, were shit and made under very difficult circumstances.

HM: Along with the generation gap thing, the other major element in *Out of the Blue* is that you have a strong, independent female lead. One of the main fem-

inist complaints in the sixties was that many of their fellow radicals held to the notion that power was still a man's game, and that most of the communes set up then were very patriarchal in structure—and they'd point to *Easy Rider* as an example of guys doing whatever they wanted while the woman stayed home washing Captain America T-shirts.

DH: [Laughs, ruminate a moment] It really would depend on the commune; there were many different kinds of communes—a lot of them were heavily run by women, a lot of them were dominated by males. That kind of life is a questionable lifestyle for many people; at the time it was a way to get away and survive because everyone was not sure how much longer things were gonna go. There was more of a feeling of having to survive, having to get to the mountains, that there might really be a revolution, there might really be a necessity to protect yourself, protect your family; to be with your friends; to be together. Nineteen sixty-seven we made *Easy Rider* and the whole country was burning down, there were riots in every city, and there was a war in Vietnam.

The woman's role... [slyly] I'm just glad that women have gone back to wearing garter belts and stockings. I think a woman's role is whatever she wants it to be. She has to make that choice; I can't make it for her. I found working with Linda [Manz] and investigat-

"If all of the children of the Love Generation came out acid heads and flower children, I think that probably would have been the end of the country..."

ing that part was something that was really exciting to me; that really stimulated me, to work with women, because I had never really done that before and I would like to do a lot more of that. It's much more interesting working in those areas, trying to understand another sex, than to make the buddy movie—not that Peter's dull [laughter]—which I'm not saying isn't valid or I won't do it again, but it's something that I have done and being thrown into this picture and suddenly there's Linda and Sharon; that was really a far out and interesting experience.

HM: I would figure it's less interesting to work out what you already know.

DH: Yeah, right, and there's a great part of me that has always been very cruel, I guess, to women, because I don't understand them, and yet there's a lot of me that's very female. My curiosity has always been towards the mystery of the female.

HM: So how're you doing in general, having fun?

DH: Work is fun. In general? Nah, I haven't been having a great deal of fun. It's more work to get work, than to work; and waiting to see if you get work, it really becomes a drag. And to be selling this picture—after I made it three years ago, and I haven't made another one, and I want to make another one... and what is my next job gonna be, and when am I gonna act again... and there's no steady income. I mean, just simple things like that, but it's a gypsy camp, man. I've had a very full life; it's very confusing to think about. I'm just really lucky to've survived—that's amazing to me.



The essential portions of the Wendy O'Williams anatomy, from f-Stop Fitzgerald's *Weird Angle*.

THE GREAT GAGSBY

Hey kids, you potential consumers; know what the latest thing is? It's called "new wave," and the record companies, fashion industry, and suburban nightclubs are clearing a bundle on the mass popularity of what was once the aesthetics of non-aesthetics.

But back in the halcyon anesthetized late-seventies, before anybody ever heard of Duran Duran or MTV, "punk"—the paranorm, the progenitor of new wave—actually meant something: Nothing. The resultant raw and regressive music, played by non-professionals and non-musicians, was the only way artists (i.e. thinkers) could defend themselves against the widespread nihilism the sixties left in its idealistic wake.

Weird Angle, the aptly self-named photographer **f-Stop Fitzgerald's** photo documentation of San Francisco's punk scene, gives (welcome) old meaning to the words "new wave." Fitzgerald, who visually depicts an ephemeral and hedonistic world that sort of parallels that of his pseudo-namesake (writer F. Scott Fitzgerald), adapts his photographic style to its content (hence the book's title). This ain't no slick, glossy fashion magazine stuff—these pictures are *bad* (in the best sense of the word).

All the photographs are black and white and were taken with a low-speed flash. They've got edges. There is a conscious lack of refinement in them: many of the frames are deliberately tilted forty-five degrees (remember that title) to accentuate the subject's tilt—S.F. bands the Mutants, Next Generation, Flipper, Snakefinger, Translator, and now-well-known singer Deborah Iyall of Romeo Void. *Weird Angle's* cover photo of the Plasmatics' Wendy O'Williams crops off her head so that she's all leopard skin torso and tits—a pretty unobscure ode to punk's idea of the grandiose id. But so's Wendy O. No one ever said punk was subtle.

Some might consider that the dawning of the Age of Newwavism in New York and London has been photographically overexposed. *Weird Angle* is worth owning, not for how infamous its bands have become (most of whom probably now work in banks), but because it fairly spits the regenerative power that was punk's original intent. Fitzgerald's eye is both tainted and sincere, like his subject matter, and like San Francisco itself (as the spawning ground of countercultures past—hipsterism and hippiedom—the town stands as the American incubator of the bent). *Weird Angle's* inclusive essays by local culture crits on seventies S.F. punk, the art/performance/music crossover, local new wave women, and the commercial bands that are its scene's outgrowth make good reading and give the photos intelligent and artful context. Yes,

this book pays homage to a music that was once a seat of subversiveness, but is now, alas, no more than a cushy leopard skin sofa.

—Merle Ginsberg
(Post Contemporary Productions, 2319 40th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116)

HORROR HEAVIES

The jacket copy for **Peter Straub's** new best-selling novel, *Floating Dragon* (Putnam), makes a claim that warrants this year's Chutzpah in Publishing award—that the book "creates a new fictional genre all by itself." This is, of course, bullshit; Straub's sixth novel is an ambitious mess, but it does provoke interest as to where the modern horror novel may be headed—as do five other recent books, including the new Steven King.

Floating Dragon is a conscious attempt by Straub to stretch his talents as a writer. He may feel he has exhausted his ability to explore small-scale supernatural tragedies and a handful of principal characters in both *Ghost Story* and *Shadowland*; and it appears he is reacting to the criticism that his views toward women are fucked, since they're usually portrayed as perfidious in his work. The result is a plot turning on the wholly sys-

tematic and predictable destruction of Hampstead, Connecticut, by two never-really-linked forces (only one unearthly), and centering on a quartet of everyday ESPers out to save their town (one of them a woman so sweet she is unearthly), a bunch I never felt was in danger. I was right.

Ironically, **Steven King's** *Christine* (Viking) is also an exercise in safe driving. Christine is a 1958 Plymouth that takes over the life of an awkward, acned, high-school whiz kid, wiping out anyone getting in the way of her dominance (literally: like her previous owner, the kid winds up wearing a backbrace, and you get the feeling he has to hump her after removing the gas cap). Anyone, that is, but the kid's best friend and his former girlfriend—the only major sympathetic characters.

King and Straub are collaborating on a novel. Let's hope they risk the displeasure of their audience.

Terror and the willies are not so hunky-dory in four new paperbacks: **Scott Baker's** *Dhampire* (Timescape) is a fascinating account of modern-day vampires waging a battle against the manifestations of other faiths to win the total belief of the world populace, and hence survival. It's loaded with terrific ideas and unpleasantnesses—but told in a spacey, yet journalistic style that never lets loose... The author of several brilliant short stories, **Lisa Tuttle** goes overboard with her



Stephen King butt-bussing the protagonist of his latest novel.

Photo by Andrew Unangst

FANTASY FEMMES

Lots of Girl books with us this month: mostly by and about persons of the female persuasion. I think I can deal with it. To begin with, there's **A Woman of the Future**, by **David Ireland** (Bantam). All right, I didn't read it. (Great way to start a review, huh?) I read in it, I read at it, I read around it. Ireland seems very eager that I read between the lines. What I found was significant so rich and moist you could cut it with a feather, just like the old Duncan Hines commercials. In an eerily perverse vision of the near future (in Australia!) peoples' bodies are turning weird on them, and a young girl loses her humanity after falling in love with her father's penis. So what else is new?

pendant for realistic detail in **Familiar Spirit** (Berkley). About spiritual possession in Austin, Texas, it's convincing but slow, slow, slow... There's a dopey albeit complimentary introduction by Peter Straub affixed to **Karl Edward Wagner's** first collection of horror fiction, **In a Lonely Place** (Warner), which should attract the large number of readers Wagner deserves. He is the

most sophisticated and least adolescent of current horror writers; like Baker and Tuttle, he openly confronts the power in sexual fear and the manipulation of desire... Lastly, we come to **Michael Shea**, who has written a half-dozen totally dissimilar, chilling and ghoulish stories in recent years, all pushing queasiness to the max. His **Niffit the Lean** (Daw) is apparent-

ly the first volume of fantasy tales chronicling with blood-curdling glee the exploits of a master thief through some pretty sickening locales (starting with Hell and then getting nasty). An analogue to the surprises found in Shea's writing would be the time my toothbrush accidentally fell into an unflushed john. Yck! (But Shea is more to my taste.)

—Robert Morales

WRAB

PIRATE TEEVEE—WITH RON POST—



* THESE PAPERBACKS ARE PUBLISHED BY TIMESCAPE/POCKET BOOKS.



* WAS A BRILLIANT WRITER, ROBERT STALLMAN DIED UNFORTUNATELY SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING THE THIRD BOOK OF THE BEAST. (EDITOR)

©1983 MATT HOWARTH

"Card drenches the pages of *Hart's Hope* in so much piss that we begin to wonder what's *wrong* with the man!"

You're better off with a woman of the past: ***Jirel of Joiry* by C.L. (Catherine) Moore** (Ace). These five long stories originally appeared in *Weird Tales* magazine during the 1930s. They are vastly superior to 99% of the "female sword & sorcery" written today. The prose is lush and wonderful, the monsters really monstrous, Jirel is a true leader of men and the ruler of her own fate.

Janny Wurts's first novel, ***Sorcerer's Legacy*** (Ace) provides more old-fashioned cheap thrills, as a defiant heroine adventures her way through a magical court of intrigue; the new twist is that she's pregnant, and that she has to save the prince's life by marrying him.

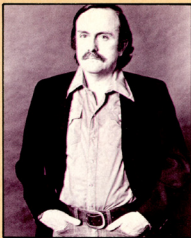
A very young girl from our own world is transported to a refreshingly realistic land of magic and adventure in ***The Broken Citadel***, by **Joyce Ballou Gregorian** (Ace). Despite some beginner's mistakes in pacing and characterization, there's a thread of sophistication running through this one: I especially enjoyed the fragments of the land's poetry, legends, and diary entries offered at the end of each chapter. I look forward to reading the sequel, *Castle-down* (due in April).

Orson Scott Card has his usual problems with women in ***Hart's Hope*** (Berkley), an otherwise promising new fantasy—in many ways the most interesting to come down the pike in a long time—sporting the year's most gorgeous cover (by Kinuko

Craft, with a nod to Breughel). Card takes a lot of chances, and sometimes falls flat on his face—in trying to show the grim realities of a medievaloid city, he drenches the pages in so much piss that we begin to wonder what's *wrong* with the man!—but for once there is a blessedly credible set of made-up names, and an Ultimate Evil that really is as bad as it's supposed to be. Of course, like every other one of Card's books, it's about a young man finding himself; and again, complexity and ambiguity are a male province, while the women are pretty much all-good or all-bad. Well, we've all got to work things out somewhere; and meanwhile Card's magic system is both novel and visceral, even if the philosophy it's founded on is a bit wet behind the ears.

The new psycho-humanism in science fiction presents: ***Darkchild***, by **Sydney J. Van Scyoc**, in a handsome Berkley trade paperback. The Girl fulfills the responsibility of womanhood when she becomes able to use her body to harness the sun's life-giving force, and the Boy learns to integrate the two halves of his personality that have been split by evil non-humanist aliens. They relate. The story isn't really all that interesting, but the setting—a planet where humans have adapted to hibernation, and whose (female) leaders control natural forces—is.

The landmark fantasy anthology series for the



Alvin Lucier.
He is standing in a room.

eighties is unequivocally ***Elsewhere***, edited by **Terri Windling** and **Mark Alan Arnold** (Ace). In the first two volumes, the contents range from Michael Moorcock's latest Elric story to amazing poems by people you've never heard of. Most of the hot new talents in what the editors call "high fantasy" are publishing here; in today's conservative fantasy market it's a relief to find some genuine vision—that is, after all, what fantasy's all about, isn't it?

—Ellen Kushner



Alvin Lucier is a composer who makes music out of science. Each of his compositions is an exploration of some acoustic phenomenon: vibrating wires, room resonances, brain waves, lighting. The results of his investigations, however, go into producing sounds instead of scientific papers.

Born in 1931, Lucier is currently Chairman of the Music Department at Wesleyan University. His education includes study at Yale, Brandeis, and two years in Rome as a Fulbright Scholar. It was John Cage who encouraged Lucier to go in a "new" compositional direction in the early 60's. In 1966 Lucier co-founded the influential Sonic Arts Union with fellow seminal

avant-gardists Robert Ashley, David Behrman, and Gordon Mumma.

Lucier got the idea for *Music on a Long Thin Wire* in the acoustics laboratory at Wesleyan. In this piece the music emanates from an eighty-foot metal string driven by an oscillator through the flux field of a magnet. The vibrations of the wire create complex, ever-changing tones.

In *I Am Sitting in a Room*, a room is made to function as a speech filter. Gradually, over a forty-five-minute time span, the room's resonant frequencies are amplified, turning Lucier's speaking voice into melody and harmony.

Lucier works as patiently and carefully as a scientist testing a theory. Though premiered in 1965, *Music for Solo Performer* was made into a record just last year. In it, the alpha-speed electrical activity of the performer's brain is amplified until the signal is big enough to resonate a roomful of percussion instruments. The "solo performer" actually plays a percussion orchestra with his or her brain waves.

Sferics—in the works since 1968, though not yet released on record—uses home-made, large-loop radio antennae. "Sferics" is the short term for what physicists call "atmospherics," or the clicks, pops, bonks, and tweeks generated in the ionosphere by lightning flashes on the other side of the equator. Lucier will continue his work with radio data this summer in New Mexico, in conjunction with a group called Artists of Earth-watch.

“... couldn't stop guffawing long enough to be terrified in the least.”

Do people like this music? Do they listen? As one reviewer wrote last year when *I Am Sitting in a Room* was released shortly after the double album of *Music on a Long Thin Wire*, “The second Lucier album to come out this year? Perhaps there is some justice in this world after all.”

—Constance Ash

(*Music on a Long Thin Wire*, *I Am Sitting in a Room*, and *Music for Solo Performer* are available as LPs from Lovely Music, 325 Spring St., NY, NY 10013. Chambers, a collection of Lucier's major works from 1965 to 1977, including twelve interviews with the composer, is available from Wesleyan University Press.)

THE VAULT OF HORRIBLE [VIDEO]

Although it's damn expensive to produce a movie, it's often just as pricey to release and promote it; somewhere in between there are lots of films made which never hit the theaters. With a medium as cheaply and readily duplicable as videocassettes, the bandwagon is jumping with once-shelved crapola films which would otherwise get virtually no ex-

posure. After all, there is a wealthy horde of betamax owners out there hungry for product, and there isn't all that much material around for the viewing—as expected, companies catering to these software-poor consumers are turning up every bad penny just to fill your local video one-stop with shelves of catalogue.

Vestron/VidAmerica is truly in the forefront of this movement, having acquired the rights to such rare gems as **Human Experiments** (a horror exploit with young nubile getting reworked by a mad professor), **The Inheritance** (an eye-tie extravaganza starring Dominique Sanda as Anthony Quinn's daughter-in-law seductress), and a puzzling don't-look-in-the-basement rip self-descriptively entitled **The Unseen**. VidAmerica claims this was actually in the theaters for a brief moment, but after careful research and several hundred viewings this reporter would question the veracity of such a claim. It stars current Beatlewife Barbara Bach and ex-Chicago wife / BeachBoywife Karen Lamm as reporters terrorized by a mongoloid assassin who lives beneath the hotel in which they're staying. Fans of this genre take note: my wife, who finds films of this type mortifying, couldn't stop guffawing long enough to be terrified in the least.

VidAmerica has not cornered the market on worthlessness however, as even the somewhat prestigious **MGM/UA Video** combed the attics of British bile to cum up with

the softcore **Emily**, a porn movie distinguished only by the presence of Koo Stark (“A Real Royal Turn-On!” claims the package). For you New York Post non-readers, Ms. Stark's claim to fame is her yeoman's service as Prince Andrew's port in a storm, and her performance in **Emily** does nothing to diminish the image of the royal family's outstanding taste. There are no shots of Koo's cooze, and all of the acts are performed with the music of Rod McKuen swelling in the background. You'll have to look far and wide to find a movie as undistinguished as this, with or without the ruling class' object of affection performing acts of sexual and autosexual nature; truly, you have to be lots worse than this to be even good/bad.

—John Tiven

SHE'S NO ANGEL

Known chiefly for her exploits as a porn star (adult film actress, if you please), **Marilyn Chambers'** talents have been more or less ignored by the press, but appreciated by the paying public in such crude, money-making, X-raters as *Resurrection of Eve*, *Behind the Green Door*, and *Insatiable*. Discovering the true Marilyn, however, takes looking further than skin deep. Unlike

Marilyn Chambers. Do anything for ya?



other sleazy sin-ema sirens, Chambers didn't immediately overexpose herself in hundreds of films, preferring wisely to restrict her activities to men's magazine features, real estate and video investments, and endorsement of a line of machine guns. But the key to her success is probably that she doesn't have to do what she does—she loves to.

Recently Marilyn financed her own hard-R action flick, **Angel of H.E.A.T.**, originally slated to be the first made-for-Cable-TV movie, but instead distributed on cassette by Vestron Video. In it Chambers plays a sultry Derek Flint/007-type named Angel Harmony, leader of Harmony's Elite Attack Team and charged with saving the world (again?) from terrorists armed with yet another ultimate weapon. Not unexpectedly, much of the film features Marilyn and co-star Mary (Eating Raoul) Woronov disrobing, a normally watchable procedure made difficult by the film's grainy quality (bad print or tape transfer?). As suspense cinema goes, *Angel of H.E.A.T.* comes off no better than a *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* episode with some added boobs, lots of butts, and a dash of bush.

Chambers returns to brand X cinema with her next project, **Up'n'Comin'**, about a Country & Western singer on the make. Maybe someday she'll do a real movie.

—Tom Sciaccia

(Vestron Video: P.O. Box 4000, Stamford CT 06907)

Two of the Playboy Channel's top execs in a story conference.



BIBLE BELT

What do you call a multimedia event distilled into a trade-sized paperback and narrated/announced by a Jerry Falwell look-alike with definite fascistic overtones and a polyester suit? Why, **Not the Bible**, of course (Ballantine).

This is one of the funniest revisionist texts to get into print since the *National Lampoon* stopped running hilarious whole-magazine parodies sometime in the mid-seventies. **Tony Hendra** and **David Kaestle** (ex-Lampooners both) and **Sean Kelly** (HM's first editor and currently *Lampoon's* Senior Editor) have now orchestrated the conspiracy that does it to the Good Book.

Shamelessly billing itself as "The World's #2 Bestseller," *Not the Bible* borrows plots, historical personages, and earthshaking events from the *Bible* and proceeds to stick it to Zionists, homosexuals, right-to-lifers, potheads, supply-side-economists, masturbators, right-wing military regimes, and just about any other demographic group worth taking a shot at—all done through this parody's kingly: the Right-Reverend Oral McJorrity, a hellfire-and-brimstone preacher/television announcer-type with a terrifying resemblance to Jerry Falwell.

And it's all been marvelously compressed and packaged into, as McJorrity himself says, "... this truly great book of fabulous characters with wonderful stories to tell ... it's got excitement, it's got good old-fashioned entertainment, tales of love and hate, of sinners and saints, heaven and hell, good and evil, of absolutely fantastic miracles and the everyday trials and tribulations of everyday people like you and I ... this is *Not the Bible*."

And it is funny!

—Gus Patukos

BOOB TUBE

No erections, no penetration, and no fellatio—those are the three commandments of soft-core sex on pay-cable's **Playboy Channel**. Clean sex (no leather) and satirical fun (no sanity) bring the Channel's rating closer to T than R or X—T for tits. What an invitation to find the Channel. But for whom?

"It started as a men's channel, like the magazine, but I can't leave it that way," declared Paul Klein, President of the Playboy Channel. Klein lives in an office nearly hidden by piles of only two types of paper—research and scripts. "The Playboy viewing experience is as follows," says Klein on a viewing is done on Friday

and Saturday nights, and a lot of it is done with guests—"Come on over and see the Playboy Channel." Another forty-percent is done on an LOP basis."

LOP is Kleinspeak, a language the caustic maverick created during the 70's when he ran through positions as NBC programming head, contributing editor to *New York Magazine*, and founder of one of the first pay-cable services, Computer-TV. LOP means "least objectionable programming," or that which you settle on after flipping around the dial ("zapping") and deciding there's nothing worth watching, but you still want to "watch TV."

"Viewers always look at Playboy when they're zapping because you stop when you see skin ... but if we don't develop female appeal programs, the woman's going to want to get rid of the Channel, because the man's going to choose it every time." In the search for couple-appeal shows, Klein has wisely jettisoned most of the "with tits" programming that dominated the channel at the time of Playboy's official takeover in January. Under its former name, *Escapade*, the channel concentrated on everything network TV had—game shows, talk shows, variety shows—but all "with tits." The changeover to Playboy has moved the channel into the realm of sensual erotica that the magazine established. Altogether, it's the most definable alternative to network TV since uncut blockbuster movies and MTV.



Most couples will find the Playboy Channel a turn-on: a mix of porn flicks (*The Budding of Brie*), kinky video magazines, real T&A specials, soft-core soaps (Britt Ekland bare in "Dr. Yes"), and explicit comedy. The "heart of the Channel," as Klein calls it, is "Playboy on the Scene." Though erratically paced, the video magazine is filled with surprises, sex, and laughs. It unleashes personalities like Dudley Moore from vapid Johnny Carson-land interviews, and allows them to be hysterically dirty. It delivers good-natured features on topics no one else will handle (herpes), and things no one else will show (R-rated music-videos). And tucked nicely between panels of one-liner cartoons and bizarre comedy sketches are the video centerfolds. As Miss January rises naked from a cliffside jacuzzi overlooking the Pacific, she becomes the perfect video sex surrogate for millions of American males.

Females, says Klein, prefer "The News According to Playboy," a perky, sexual "60 Minutes" that has yet to hit its stride. But Klein vows to push it way beyond normal. "I want (the anchorwoman) to do things like a piece on the Mustang Ranch—they went into Chapter 11 bankruptcy and I want her to find out why. Is porn not selling any more? Is it too expensive? Is the Ranch too dirty? Too run-down? Too far away? Maybe she should work the place for a few days to find out," suggests Klein.

Spring brings the debut of a video version of the magazine's "Little Annie Fannie" strip, and "4-Play," a sitcom(e) about a husband, girlfriend, wife, girlfriend's father foursome. Another new show, "Amateur Strip-Off" was developed because Klein read in a magazine, "that college-educated people want to see a strip-tease on TV. And why? Because it has a beginning, middle, and an end."

So it's only Trated—we've still got U, V, and W to go before it stops. Maybe putting Playboy on cable will finally bring sex back into the American bedroom.

—Alan Hecht

A FEW MONTHS AGO I SAID THAT **ASTRON BELT**, A PROTOTYPE LASER-DISC GAME FROM SEGA, ON DISPLAY AT 1982'S A.M.O.A. EXPOSITION, POINTED THE WAY TO THE FUTURE OF VIDEOGAMES. AFTER ATTENDING THE 1983 A.O.E. SHOW (THE INDUSTRY'S OTHER ANNUAL SHOWCASE) I CAN HAPPILY REPORT THAT THE FUTURE IS ALIVE AND WELL, AND SHOULD MAKE ITS FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SUMMER. THE FIRST OFFICIAL ENTRY IN THE LASERDISC SHEEPSTAKES, **DRAGON'S LAIR**, WAS PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED AND HAS EVERYTHING YOU'D WANT FROM A VIDEO GAME.

OTHER THAN THAT, THE A.O.E. OFFERED LITTLE THAT ARCADEERS HAVEN'T SEEN ALREADY. INSTEAD OF MAKING BETTER GAMES, MANY MANUFACTURERS ARE ADDING BETTER SOUNDTRACKS. THE NEW GAMES ARE NOT BAD, SINCE HARD-CORE GAMERS USUALLY FIND SOMETHING TO INTEREST THEM, BUT THE GENERAL PUBLIC WON'T SEE ANYTHING NEW AND EXCITING AND MIGHT START WASTING THEIR DOLLARS ON ROCK RECORDS, MAGAZINES, AND MOVIES AGAIN. **DRAGON'S LAIR** IS THE ONLY NEW GAME THAT'S VISUALLY ARRESTING ENOUGH TO STOP YOU DEAD IN YOUR TRACKS. IT BLEW THE DOORS OFF EVERY OTHER MACHINE AT THE A.O.E.

DRAGON'S LAIR FEATURES AN ANIMATED CARTOON INSTEAD OF COMPUTER GRAPHICS, AND TELLS A STORY ABOUT A KNIGHT WHO FACES MANY CHALLENGES AND TRIBULATIONS IN HIS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS FROM A FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON. THE PLAYER CONTROLS THE ACTIONS OF THE MAIN CHARACTER, DIRK THE KNIGHT, AND TRIES TO KEEP HIM ALIVE IN HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST FIRE, FLOOD, GIANT BUGS, EVIL SPIRITS, MONSTERS, AND MORE. DIRK FACES ABOUT 600 DIFFERENT SITUATIONS IN 40 DIFFERENT LOCATIONS BEFORE HE GETS TO THE DRAGON. A JOYSTICK MANAGES HIS LEFT, RIGHT, FORWARD OR BACKWARDS, AND AN "ACTION" OR "SWORD" BUTTON ARE THE CONTROLS. EITHER ONE MUST BE PRESSED AT PRECISELY THE RIGHT MOMENT THAT DIRK FACES A SITUATION, OR ELSE HE DIES AN AGONIZING DEATH.

ONE AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS WERE SPENT ON THE SOFTWARE ALONE FOR **DRAGON'S LAIR** (WHERE \$250,000 IS USUALLY THE BUDGET FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A VIDEO GAME), SO MAYBE THAT'S WHY THIS GAME WILL COST FIFTY CENTS TO PLAY ALSO, WITHIN A YEAR IT WILL BE AVAILABLE IN A HOME VERSION.

DRAGON'S LAIR WAS CREATED BY **STARCOM**, A DIVISION OF A.M.S. (ADVANCED MICROCOMPUTER SYSTEMS) CINEMATRONICS, THE VIDEO GAME COMPANY WHOSE **SPACE WARS** MACHINE SET THE STAGE FOR THE SCIENCE FICTION VIDEO GAME ROOM IN THE LATE 1970'S AS MANUFACTURING AND MARKETING IT.

THE ANIMATION COMPANY WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS, ALTHOUGH MY SOURCES IN THE CARTOON INDUSTRY ARE CONVINCED THAT IT'S THE WORK OF **VON BLUTH**, WHOSE LAST FILM WAS THE SECRET OF NIMH. WHY THEY WANT ANONYMITY IS BAFFLING, SINCE THE WORK IS INCREDIBLE.

VICTOR PENMAN, WHO DESIGNED THE GAME DESIGN AND HELPED TO WRITE THE STORY, TOLD ME THAT THE NEXT GAMES FROM STARCOM WOULD NOT BE ANIMATED, THAT THEY WOULD USE LIVE ACTION (ALTHOUGH YOU NEVER KNOW WITH THESE GUY'S). IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE ENJOYED WORKING ON **DRAGON'S LAIR**. HIS BACKGROUND WAS IN JOURNALISM AND SIMULATION GAMES, AND HE GREW UP ON COMIC BOOKS, FANTASY, AND SCIENCE FICTION. HE EVEN SAID THAT DIRK WAS INSPIRED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA. **RICH DYER**, PRESIDENT OF A.M.S. AND THE DRIVING FORCE BEHIND **DRAGON'S LAIR**, THOUGHT OF THE IDEA FOUR YEARS AGO, WAS BEEN WORKING ON IT SINCE, AND TOLD ME THAT THE HARDEST PART HAS BEEN CONVINCING PEOPLE THAT IT COULD WORK. HE ALSO READ COMICS AS A KID (ESPECIALLY **SUPERMAN**, OF COURSE). HE SAID THAT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY THE IDEA OF BEING ABLE TO GO INTO A WORLD OF MAGIC AND BECOME A PART OF IT. HE ALSO LET IT DROP THAT THE NEW GENERATION OF GAMES, THAT WILL SEE IN ABOUT FIVE YEARS, WILL INVOLVE THE OTHER SENSES—TOUCH, SMELL, AND POSSIBLY TASTE—to ENHANCE THE REALISM. THE ENGINEER, **DWIE JOHNSON**, CONVINCED ME THAT IN FIVE YEARS, THE HARDWARE WILL BE THERE TO ACCOMPLISH THE NEXT BIG JUMP IN GAME TECHNOLOGY.

STORIES WERE FILTERING DOWN ABOUT FILM CREWS RUNNING AROUND THE GRAND CANYON, AND A SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL EFFECTS COMPANY WORKING ON A SPECIAL 3-D PROCESS, BOTH FOR UPCOMING LASERDISC PROJECTS. VIDEO GAMES ARE MOVING SO FAST THAT IN FIVE YEARS THE FUTURE WILL BE VERY OLD.

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

THE FUTURE WILL COST 50¢

A REPORT ON THE 1983 AMUSEMENT OPERATORS EXPOSITION (A.O.E.)

©1983, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM

NEW RELEASES TO WATCH FOR!

RATINGS SYSTEM—

NOT EVERYTHING WAS AS GOOD AS **DRAGON'S LAIR** (SEE LEFT) BUT SOME OF THE GAMES DESERVE MENTION. THESE RATINGS ARE BASED ON MY PERSONAL TASTES ONLY!

GREAT—

ABOVE AVERAGE—

MEDIOCRE—

DON'T BOTHER—

25 25 25 25

25 25 25 25

25 25 25 25

25 25 25 25

Congo Bongo
©SEGA 1983
3-D DONKEY KONG
GREAT DRUM BEAT.
25 25 25 25

XEVIOUS
ATARI ©, ©NOMAD 1982
GREAT-LOOKING SCIENCE FICTION SHOOTING GAME
25 25 25 25

SINISTAR
©ILLUMIN 1983
SCIENCE FICTION NIGHTMARE
STARRING AN EVIL TALKING ROBOT SHIP
25 25 25 25

GYRUS
©CENTURY 21/CINEMALLES
SOMEWHERE BE TULEN
TEMPEST AND GALAGA,
EXCITING ROCK SOUNDTRACK.
25 25 25 25

MARIO BROS.
©NINTENDO 1985
A CARTOON ADJUST
STARS MARIO AND HIS BROTHER LUIGI.
25 25 25 25

VAMPIRE
©BRASS INT'L INC. 1982
BITE THE BLONDES,
AVOID NUNS, PRIESTS,
AND HIGH WATER TIDE WHO BS!
25 25 25 25

WAEKO
©BALLY/MIDWAY 1983
CARTOON LIZARD IN
FLYING SAUCER SHOOT
MONSTERS, OAD! OBNIE!
25 25 25 25

MAD PLANETS
©JOY TECH 1983
BLOW UP PLANETS, RESCUE
B3 WINNIE, SHOOT THE MOONS.
A ROCKWELL SCIENCE MACHINE.
25 25 25 25

FOOD FIGHT
©ATARI 1983
THROW FRYED AT CARDS,
EAT AN INLE "MEAT" ONE,
WATER—TASTE REPLY!
25 25 25 25

Professor Pac-Man
AN EDUCATIONAL "GAME"
THAT TESTS YOUR I.Q.
I HATED IT, BUT THEN
AGAIN, I BLUNKED.
©BALLY/MIDWAY 1983
25 25 25 25



ABOVE: STILLS FROM THE LASERDISC VIDEO GAME **DRAGON'S LAIR** (©STARCOM 1983)

The funniest stuff going on in America these days is happening at The White House... and that doesn't really count because I'm pretty sure it's not meant as intentional humor.

Sad to say, there are not a lot of genuine yocks in circulation right now. Hollywood hasn't exactly helped the comedy cause by ignoring the spirit of Fields, Keaton, and the Brothers Marx and spewing out, instead, puerile pap like *Porky's* and *11, Spring Break, Cheech and Chong's* (your title here), ad nauseum.

And TV's even worse. NBC recently cancelled "SCTV," the lone comedic gem on a network which has seen fit to retain such gutbusters as "Gimme A Break," "The Facts of Life," and "Diff'rent Strokes." (Hey, I don't know about you, but when I feel like laughing, I go for sitcoms starring black dwarfs every time.)

The slapski situation, however, is not totally hopeless. In fact, NBC's loss may be Hollywood's gain. This year will see the release of two off-the-wall comedies by "SCTV" alumni: **Strange Brew** starring **Dave Thomas** and **Rick Moranis** (as Canadian cut-ups Bob and Doug McKenzie) and **Going Berserk** featuring **John Candy**, **Joe Flaherty**, and **Eugene Levy**.

On the Universal lot in El Al, director **David Steinberg** watches the antics of Candy, Flaherty, and Levy as they rehearse a *Berserk* bit and tries to explain the essence of his comedic approach. "This is a hard film to describe. It's a cross between Monty Python and the Hope-Crosby 'Road' movies. Sort of." He pauses meaningfully. "In a way."

As he speaks, his three stars enact a film within a film sequence wherein Candy portrays a chubby David Carradine type in *Kung Fu U*: a stirring saga set in the world's finest martial arts college. A place where freshmen get beanies and everything.

"This scene has nothing to do with our plot," Steinberg advises. "Such that it is. John plays a limousine driver who is brainwashed by a mad aerobics cult into assassinating his future father-in-law. Joe plays Chic Left, John's best friend and Eugene is Sal DiPasquale, a sleazy filmmaker. They play dozens of other roles, too. Basically, I guess this is about a guy who wants to get married and the things that happen to him on the way."

Steinberg isn't worried about *Berserk* being compared to the current crop of tits 'n' ass comedies. "I know what elements make a movie commercial, but I'm not sure they make me laugh. I can only make a movie that makes me laugh. We have things in this movie that I think are truly funny... but weird."

Meanwhile, across Tinseltown at

NAHALLYWOOD

MGM, Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis are putting the final touches on their own brand of weirdness—writing, directing, and starring in *Strange Brew*.

"I don't think it's possible to talk about our plot," offers Moranis. "It's just a Bob and Doug movie. On TV, it was, 'Good day and welcome to our TV show.' This is sort of, 'Good day, this is our first movie, eh?'"

In *Strange Brew*, the naive McKenzies (and their wonder dog, Hosehead) are pitted against Max Von Sydow and Paul Dooley: two evil brewmeisters out to tamper with the formula of a popular local beer.

OK. So, story-wise, it ain't up there with *Wuthering Heights*. But, explains Moranis, "We manage to treat everything lightly. We just romp through this in an adventure-comedy style."

Thomas adds, "I don't know if the movie will be a hit or not. I hope it is just so we can do a sequel. I want to shoot the second film in Bora Bora or Tahiti. On this one, we froze our asses off, shooting in Canada."

"We filmed one sequence, a hockey game, for three days on ice. Now, when you stand on ice for three days, no matter what you wear, the cold slowly works its way up through your body until it finds a place to park in your head. You can't think when your head is frozen, let alone be funny."

"Maybe the sequel can have Bob and Doug shipwrecked on an island,

like Gilligan. They have a cigarette lighter and are worshipped by the natives as gods. This might not seem too funny to you, but it sure would get us a good tan."

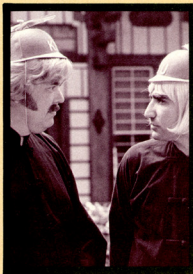
Moranis is more practical about the fate of the film: "I hope the movie is a hit in strange countries that have never heard of us or 'SCTV' and speak no English. It would be great to tour over there, land at the airport, and be greeted by sunken-eyed people chanting, 'Bub and Dug. Bub and Dug. Bub and Dug.'"

Standing beneath an oversized portrait of the MGM lion, Moranis cackles gleefully. "Now that's what I call success!"

Betcha Cheech and Chong never had a thought like that. Gary Coleman, either.

In the works: Thomas and Moranis next team with Dan Aykroyd for a north-of-the-border comedy, *Never Say Mountie*. ... Candy and Levy will be featured in Ron Howard's fishy new film, *Splash*. It's about a fella who finds a mermaid. Daryl Hannah (the back-breaking blonde from *Blade Runner*) plays the sea siren... George Romero is planning to film his own (distinctive) version of Mary Shelley's main man, *Frankenstein*. That's in addition to a superhero film, his third zombie epic, *The Stand*, and *Creepshow II*. ... Gary Kurtz is quietly preparing his *Return to Oz* for Disney, who own the rights to all the *Oz* books but one, the wonderful *Wizard of Oz* of same... Producer Dino De Laurentiis and director Ralph Bakshi are collaborating on a live action version of *Red Sonja*. ... David Carradine will mix sword and sorcery with science fiction in *Kane of Dark Planet*. Roger Corman is producing... Producer Charles Fries (*The Martian Chronicles*) is planning to bring Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama* to the widescreen... The first new wave (as in music) mystery? That's what director Aaron Lipstadt is promising in *Slam Dance*, a Los Angeles-based epic to be lensed this fall... And are you ready? Michael O'Donoghue's script for the sequel to *Easy Rider* is in. Called *Biker Heaven*, it deposits our two long-dead hog lovers (Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper) back on Earth in a post-holocaust future to reestablish the disintegrating country of America. P.S. It's a satirical adventure. Phew!

—Ed Naha

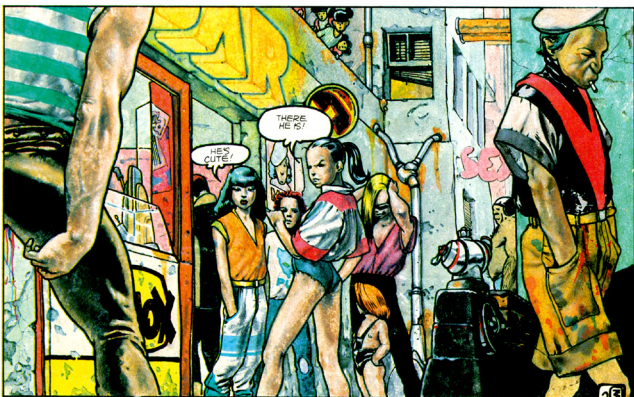
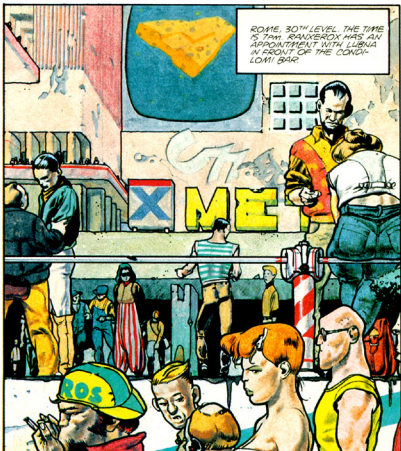


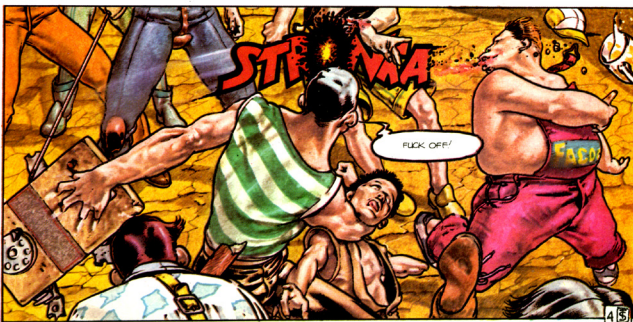
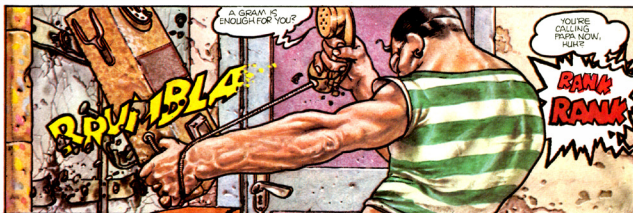
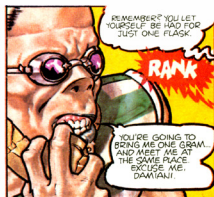
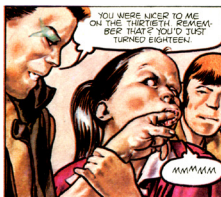
John Candy and Eugene Levy caught during pledge week at Kung Fu U.

(Ed Naha is an LA-based writer whose most recent books include *Brilliance on a Budget*, about Roger Corman, and *The Suicide Plague*, an sf novel. His slightly jaundiced reports on doings in Hollywood will appear monthly in these pages, until the town drives him totally nuts.)

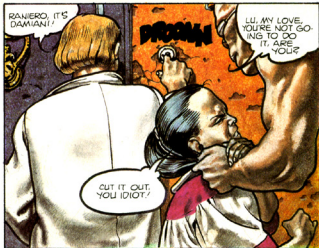
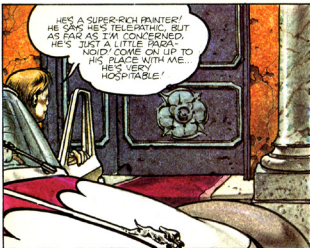
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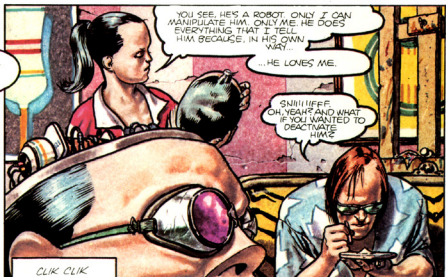








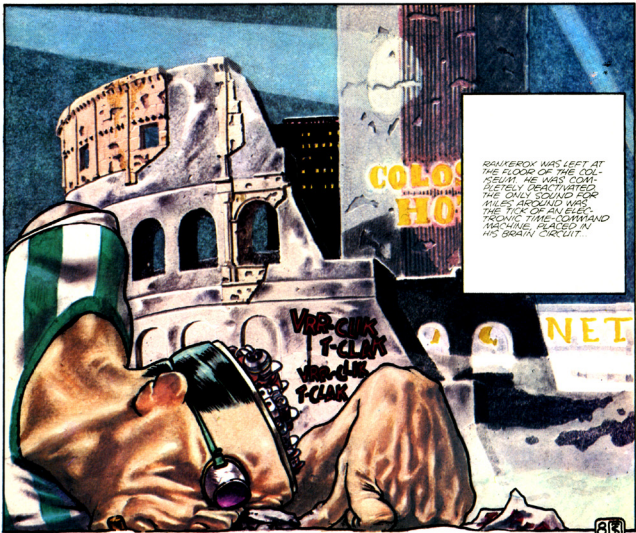




TWO MINUTES
LATER...

THE END OF THE
RIDE, DOLL.

WHEN THE TIME
IS RIGHT, YOU'LL KNOW
WHAT I WANT
FROM
YOU.



RANKEROX WAS LEFT AT
THE FLOOR OF THE COL-
SEUM. HE WAS COM-
PLETELY DEACTIVATED.
THE ONLY SOUND FOR
MILES AROUND WAS
THE TICK OF AN ELEC-
TRONIC TIME-COMMAND
MACHINE, PLACED IN
HIS BRAIN CIRCUIT...

TO BE CONTINUED...

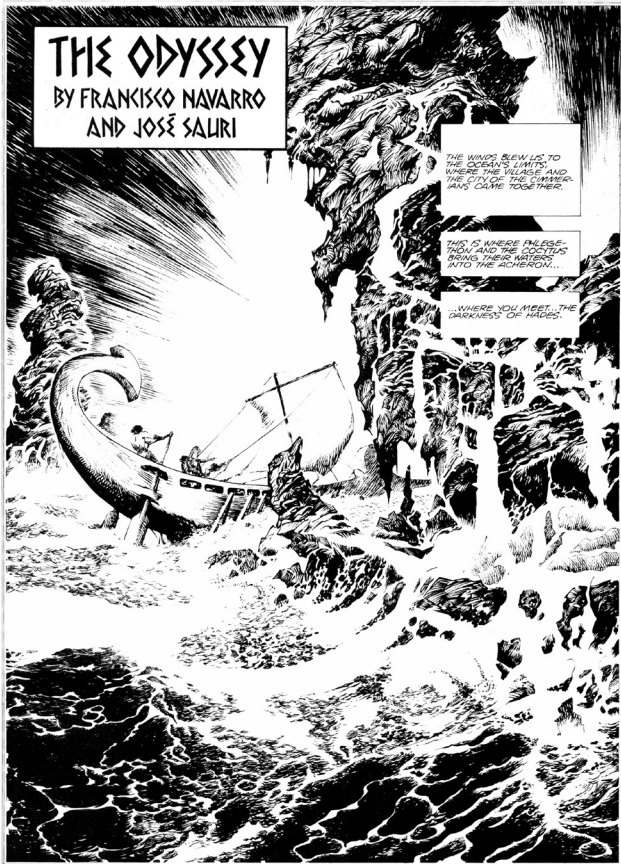
THE ODYSSEY

BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI

THE WINDS BLEW US TO
THE OCEAN'S LIMITS,
WHERE THE VILLAGE AND
THE CITY OF THE CYMMER-
IANS CAME TOGETHER.

THIS IS WHERE PHLEGE-
THON AND THE COCITUS
BRING THEIR WATERS
INTO THE ACHERON...

...WHERE YOU MEET...THE
DARKNESS OF HADES.



WE BEACHED ON THE
SHORE, CAPTURED
VICTIMS FOR THE
SACRIFICE, AND
FORGED AHEAD INTO
THE LAND.



AS CIRCE HAD INSTRUCT-
ED, I DUG A HOLE IN
THE EARTH...



...AND OFFERED THE
RITUAL LIQUIDS: FIRST
MILK AND HONEY, THEN
WINE, AND FINALLY
WATER.



I OFFERED ABYSSERS
AND PLEAS TO THE CITY
OF THE DEAD, AND
THEN BEHEADED THE
CATTLE OVER THE
HOLE.



READY,
FRIENDS... SKIN
THEM BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE! BEFORE
WE MEET THE
DEAD!



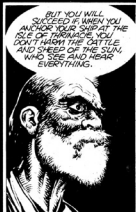




WHEN HE HAD DRUNK, HE SAID TO ME...



YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO RETURN TO YOUR HOME, ODYSSEUS, BUT IT WON'T BE EASY BECAUSE THERE'S A GOD WHO HOLDS A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU FOR BLINDING HIS SON.



BUT YOU WILL SUCCEED IF WHEN YOU ANCHOR YOUR SHIP AT THE ISLE OF THROACE, YOU DON'T HARM THE CATTLE AND SHEEP OF THE SUN, WHO SEE AND HEAR EVERYTHING.



BUT IF YOU HARM THEM, YOUR SHIP AND CARGOES WILL BE DESTROYED, AND EVEN IF YOU DO ESCAPE, YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR HOME IN AN EVIL ALIGHT...



YOU WILL FIND PLAGUES RAVAGING YOUR PALACE. I, TEIRESIAS OF THEBES HAVE WARNED YOU.



MY SON! HAVE YOU NOT BEEN TO THROACE? HAVE YOU NOT SEEN YOUR WIFE?

MOTHER! PLEASE TELL ME ABOUT HER!

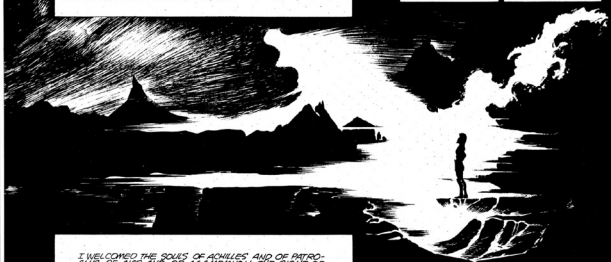


SHE IS EVER FAITHFUL TO YOU, BUT HER NIGHTS ARE FILLED WITH TEARS!



AND TELEMACHUS, YOUR SON, CARES FOR YOUR HOME AND LAND, EVEN THOUGH VULTURES WAIT TO CLAIM THEM.

I HAD ALREADY SEEN AND HEARD A LOT IN THIS DARK COUNTRY: FROM THE WIFE OF ORESTES, AEGEUS'S SON; TO ALCEIA, AMPHITRYON'S WIFE, AND THE MOTHER OF OEDIPUS, THE BEAUTIFUL EPICASTE...



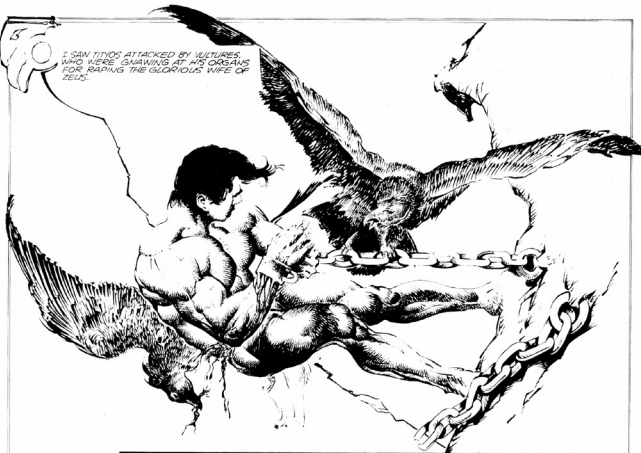
I WELCOMED THE SOULS OF ACHILLES AND OF PATROCLUS, OF AIAS AND OF AGAMEMNON. THE SIGHT OF SO MANY HEROES TOGETHER BROUGHT ME TO TEARS...

I SAW MINOS, ILLUSTRIOUS
SON OF ZEUS, DELIVERING
JUDGEMENT TO THE DEAD.



AND I SAW THE GIANT ORION,
WHO HUNTS DOWN WILD BEASTS
WITH HIS SAVAGE BRONZE
CLUB.

50
I SAW TITIOS ATTACKED BY VULTURES,
WHO WERE GNAWING AT HIS ORGANS
FOR RAPING THE GLORIOUS WIFE OF
ZEUS.



I SAW TANTALUS SUFFERING
SIMILAR TORTURE. THE OLD
KING, STOOPED DOWN TO
DRINK AS MANY TIMES AS
THE WATER IN THE LAND
DISAPPEARED.



AND SIKYRUS WAS ALSO BEING TORTURED
STRUGGLING WITH AN ENORMOUS
STONE TO THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN.
BUT EVERY TIME HE REACHED THE TOP
A POWERFUL FORCE STRUCK IT BACK
DOWN, AND HE HAD TO START OVER
AGAIN.





THERE WERE ANCIENT MEN I WANTED TO KNOW, BUT ENDLESS NUMBERS OF THE DEAD GATHERED, TOO MANY!

WE WANT YOUR BLOOD!

WE NEED IT!

BLOOD! GIVE IT TO US, DIVINE ODYSSEUS!



THIS EMPTINESS!



STOP!



THEY'LL GO BACK NOW!

THEY'RE FOLLOWING US! UNFASTEN THE ROPES!



AT FIRST WE ROWED, BUT LATER A SLENDID BREEZE MOVED US DOWN THE CURRENT AT THE RIVER OF THE OCEAN TO AEGEA... AND TO CIRCE!

TO BE CONTINUED...



To Whom It May Concern:

To judge from your selection of letters in January's Chain Mail, people who disagree with the way you run the magazine are "assholes" and morons, who offer criticism that is of low quality and/or "insignificant." (Not exactly. Assholism has nothing to do with whether someone disagrees with us or not, and only a little bit to do with the quality of the criticism. Mostly it has to do with the tone of the criticism: aka the *Obnox Quotient*. It's the implication, or direct statement, that "Of course Richard Corben sucks these days"—or some other equivalent judgement—so why the hell are you dirtying your magazine with his crap? That's the sort of stuff that yanks our collective cranks and causes us to spew obscenities from every available orifice.—Is) Being a bit defensive, aren't we? At the risk of being called a nasty, arrogant name, I will now offer my criticisms.

I've always had mixed feelings about *HM*. Your aspirations to being an "adult illustrated fantasy magazine" are noble, but you seem to equate being "adult" with being pretentious. There's nothing wrong with wanting to do graphic stories above the intellectual level of *Ghost Rider*, but you've gone so far in the other direction that the stories are almost totally inaccessible. Frankly, I find it remarkable that a magazine like *HM* has survived. Not that I'm complaining; I hope you continue publishing for a long, long time. But, come on now, confess! How many of your readers honestly understand things like "The Ape," "Starstruck," and "Rock Opera," most of the European material, etc.? (I occasionally have problems understanding a strip or two, but never had any difficulty with the ones you mention.—Is) I know I don't. The art is very nice, but the stories are so impenetrable, and therefore uninteresting, that they lack any

kind of real impact. I've wracked my brain, but am still unable to understand why you continue to inflict the "art" of Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. on the world. Is it meant to be some kind of elaborate joke on your readership? If I was an editor, I wouldn't let him through the door. His work is completely and utterly worthless. (Your *Obnox Quotient* just hit the danger zone. I've defended *Mod Rod* here in the past, and I still think "Rock Opera" is one of the best things we run. Lots of our mail echoes that opinion. That you think it's "utterly worthless" just means you should avoid pgs. 92-95 and stick to the stuff you like.—Is)

Now that I've whipped the flesh from your bones, I'll try to apply some salve to the wounds. I've been forced to buy the past several issues, as I'm a big Mike Kaluta fan. "The Man from Harlem" is good enough to persuade me to keep buying to see what happens to Little Johnny Lincoln. Charles Burns's "Robot Love" (Jan.) was everything I want *HM* to be. It had strange and fantastic settings, characters, and events, but an intelligible storyline, interesting characters one could empathize with, a loony menacing atmosphere, superb spooky artwork, and potent social satire. In short, it had everything! I would love to see further adventures of the rotund Mr. Borbath, and more work by Charles Burns in future issues.

As you may have divined, I find your magazine frustrating. It has so much potential—it's a shame so little of it has been realized. The editors are always saying how superior *HM* is to Marvel Comics (*When? Where?—Is*), but I get more enjoyment and pleasure out of *Marvel Fanfare* than I ever have from *HM*. If that makes me a moron, so be it. I wish *HM* continued success, but fervently hope you will come to your senses, make your magazine more entertaining and less alienating, and start printing more material for the morons in your audience.

David Pulleyblank
Denver, Iowa

Dear HM:

You have an excellent magazine, however there is one area I feel you have neglected: S&M/B&D. Also, your movie was disappointing for the same reason, only bare glimmers of S&M/B&D. It is one of the most provocative, bizarre, powerful modes for integrating the raw physicality of sex with the

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**Star Wars... Raiders
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soaring fantasies of the imagination. Please try to incorporate some of this mode in the future.

Dale Swain
Centerville, Ga.

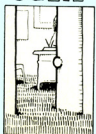
That's whips-and-chains and "Oh-you-naughty-boy" stuff Dale Swain is referring to, for those of you in the dark. I did not make this letter up.—Is

Dear Editor:

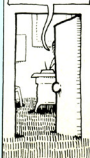
I used to admire Richard Corben greatly, but the more I think about it, the more dismayed I am by his entire attitude toward life. He glorifies conflict, ethnicity, and hatred between different racial groups. It seems to me that in this very troubled world of today, we should be looking for harmonizing influences and peaceful overtures.

C. Wellman
Rego Park, N.Y.

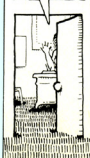
ADVENTURES IN EDITING WITH JULIE



OK-LET'S SEE WHAT THAT MADMAN DONE TO THE LETTERS COLUMN THIS MONTH.



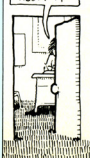
OH GOD, OH GOD!



THEY'RE THE READERS HE CAN'T CALL THEM THAT!!—OR THAT!



WELL-THIS TIME I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT—



(WHIRL!!) I'M BLEEDING!! SOMEBODY IS EDITING MY LETTERS COLUMN!! OH GOD—I'M LOSING BLOOD FAST—I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT!



JUNE 2050

WE ARE UPON THE ELUSIVE THRESHOLD OF A MEANINGFUL AND LASTING PEACE!



JUNE 2052

THROUGH TACTICALLY PRE-EMPTIVE **BILATERAL ESCALATION**, WE HAVE EFFECTIVELY **NEUTRALIZED** THE WANTON WARMONGERS' **RETALIATORY CAPACITY** AND BROUGHT ABOUT A **FORCED BUT LASTING PEACE!**



JUNE 2054

THE **KILL RATIO** OF OUR STRATEGIC **ONE-UPMANSHIP** IN SELECTIVE SURGICAL **STRIKE ZONES**, HAS SUCCESSFULLY CULMINATED IN THE **RETROGRADE MANEUVERS** OF THE VILE PAGAN AGGRESSORS, BRINGING FORTH A **NEBULOUS BUT LASTING PEACE!**



JUNE 2056

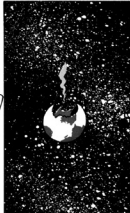
SURE, OUR CASUALTIES ARE **EXTENSIVE!** BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE **RUN NOW**, BOY! **SOON** WE'LL ALL BE BASKING IN THE WARMTH OF A **SENTIENTIOUS BUT LASTING PEACE!**



IT'S ALL SO **EXCRUCIATINGLY CLEAR!** THERE IS BUT A **SOLITARY PATH** TO MEANINGFUL AND LASTING PEACE...



... **NUKE** THE BASTARDS INTO **FIERY OBLIVION!**



JUNE 2051

OUR EXECUTIVE ACTION PROGRAMS OF **CIVILIAN ORCHIDECTOMY**, COUPLED WITH SELECTIVE **CONGENITAL EMASCULATION**, HAS **DETERRED** THE GODLESS HEATHENS, FORCING THEM TO ACCEPT AN **EXPENDABLE BUT LASTING PEACE!**



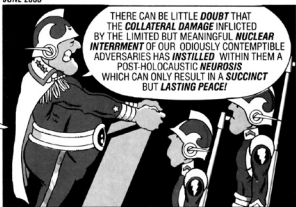
JUNE 2053

OUR OFFICIAL POLICY OF **AGGREGATE CIVILIAN DEFLOWERMENT**, COUPLED WITH OUR UNIQUE PROGRAM OF **PROTECTIVE SOCIAL GENOCIDE**, HAS ALLOWED US TO **LIBERATE** THE LANDS OF THE INIQUITOUS ASSAILERS, EFFECTING A **LASTING THOUGH LACONIC PEACE!**



JUNE 2055

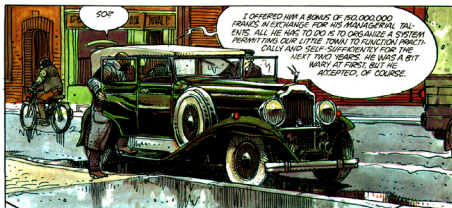
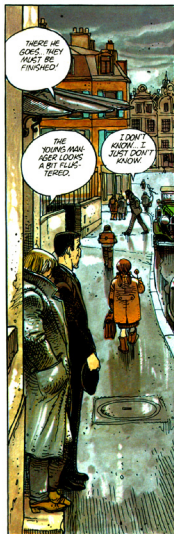
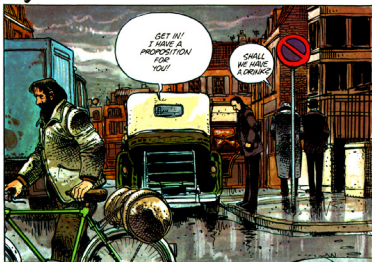
THERE CAN BE LITTLE **DOUBT** THAT THE **COLLATERAL DAMAGE** INFLECTED BY THE LIMITED BUT MEANINGFUL **NUCLEAR INTERMENT** OF OUR ODIOUSLY CONTEMPTIBLE ADVERSARIES HAS **INSTILLED** WITHIN THEM A POST-HOLOCAUSTIC **NEUROSIS** WHICH CAN ONLY RESULT IN A **SUCCINCT BUT LASTING PEACE!**

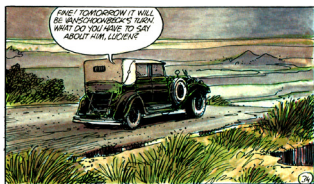
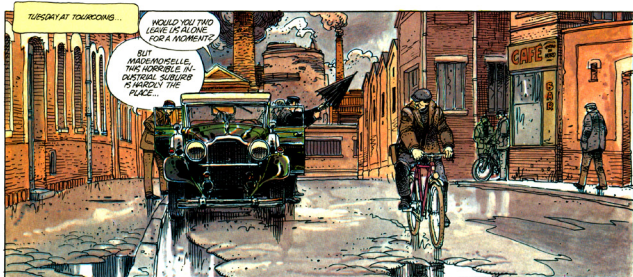


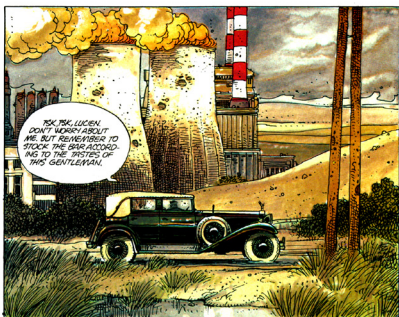
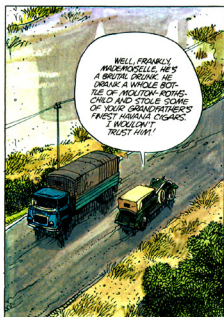
The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

LAST WE READ, MADEMOISELLE HANNARD HAD ATTENDED JULES FUNERAL WHERE SHE PUBLICLY PROMISED THE LOCAL TOWNSPEOPLE A DECREASE IN UNEMPLOYMENT AND AN INCREASE IN SALARIES AND BOUNTIES. THE FIRST PART OF HER PLAN TO KEEP THESE PROMISES INVOLVED A MEETING WITH A MAN NAMED VINEREUX.





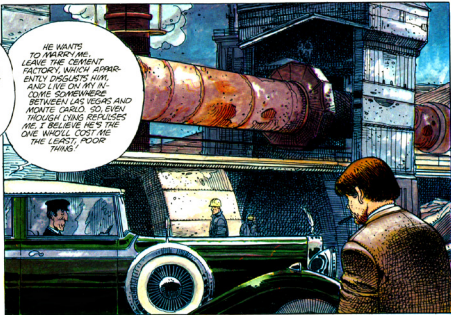


THURSDAY AT SAINT-OMER.

MADAMESELLE HASN'T ASKED ME FOR ANY INFORMATION ON MONSIEUR HUGHES. ER, HAVE YOU BEEN UNHAPPY WITH MY INFORMATION THIS FAR?

ON THE CONTRARY, LUCIEN, YOUR INFORMATION HAS BEEN EXCELLENT. BUT I KNOW ALL TOO WELL WHAT MY COUSIN DESIRES.

HE WANTS TO MARRY ME. LEAVE THE CEMENT FACTORY, WHICH APPARENTLY DISGUSTS HIM, AND LIVE ON MY INCOME SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LAS VEGAS AND MONTE CARLO. SO, EVEN THOUGH LYING REPULSES ME, I BELIEVE HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'LL COST ME THE LEAST PAINFUL THINGS!



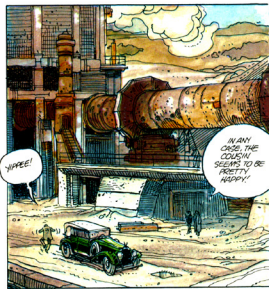
DEAR COUSIN, FINALLY SOMEONE I TRUST!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, DEAREST!



ALL THE SAME, I WONDER WHAT MADAMESELLE'S PARENTS WOULD HAVE DONE IF THEY HAD SURVIVED THE PLANE CRASH.

YEAH, AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SHE'S GOT UP HER SLEEVE!



IN ANY CASE, THE COUSIN SEEMS TO BE PRETTY HAPPY!

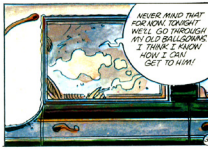
WHEEE!



WELL, SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TELL ME ABOUT SIERANCOURT, LUCIEN.



OH, HIM! MADAMESELLE, EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT HE LIKES! WOMEN! ALL SHAPES AND ALL SIZES! PARDON ME, BUT THERE WAS ALWAYS A FAT WOMAN WAITING FOR HIM IN HIS CAR WHEN HE MET WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER AT SIERANCOURT.



NEVER MIND THAT FOR NOW, TONIGHT WE'LL GO THROUGH MY OLD BALLGOWNS. I THINK I KNOW HOW I CAN GET TO HIM!

FRIDAY AT LILLE...

HHMM... LACKEY...
LACKEY... WHAT DOES
THAT WORD
MEAN?

SHE WANTS ME TO
GO DOWNSTAIRS
I'M NOT A LACKEY,
HERE TO SATISFY
THE WHIMS OF
THAT SKINNY
CRIPPLE!

COME IN,
BLERANCOURT.
I HAVE BEEN WAIT-
ING FOR YOU.

HUNE?

DARE I ADMIT THAT MADEMOISELLE HAS
SHOCKED ME? MUST WE WAIT HOURS UPON
HOURS IN THESE DECREPIT NEIGHBORHOODS?
A JOB IS A JOB, BUT REALLY!

AH, YOU ARE A MIS-
CHIEF MAKER, LUCIEN.
HERE IT IS, ONLY
FIFTEEN MINUTES
HAVE PASSED, AND
HE'S ALREADY
LEAVING.

MMM, OUR FRIEND SEEMS
A BIT ANXIOUS, BUT I HAVE
A FEELING THE REAL
ESTATE COMPANY IS
UNDER CONTROL, TOO.

SO?

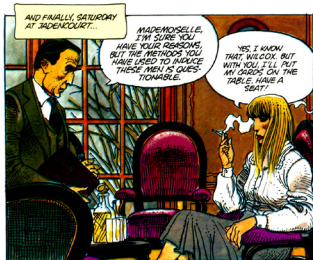
VICTORY, BARELY BUT VICTORY
ALL THE SAME! BECAUSE YOU
SEE, LUCIEN, FOR THE FIRST
TIME YOUR INFORMATION WAS
SLIGHTLY ERRONEOUS, OUR DEAR
MONSIEUR BLERANCOURT APPAR-
ENTLY PREFERS TRANVESTITES
TO REAL WOMEN!

WHAT A
WORLD, MADE-
MOISELLE, WHAT A
WORLD!

YOU DIDN'T
BLACKMAIL
HIM, DID
YOU?

NO, REST ASSURED, BUT
SOME OF HIS SEXUAL EXTRA-
GANCES SEEM TO HAVE COST
HIM QUITE A BIT. I PROMISED
TO ABSORB AN IMPRESSIVE
COLLECTION OF DEBTS IN RETURN,
OBVIOUSLY, FOR THE TOTAL
CONTROL OF HIS
COMPANY.

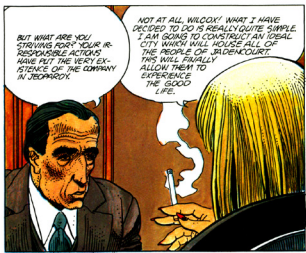
OHAY, LUCIEN.
THE ONLY THING LEFT
FOR YOU TO TAKE CARE
OF IS TO CONFORM WITH
WILCOX THAT I WILL BE WAIT-
ING FOR HIM TOMORROW,
AS AGREED.



AND FINALLY, SATURDAY
AT JADENCOURT...

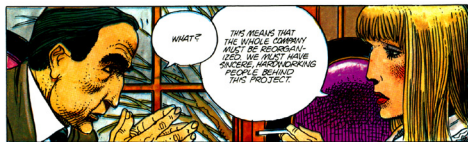
MADAMESSIE, I'M SURE YOU HAVE YOUR REASONS, BUT THE METHODS YOU HAVE USED TO INDUCE THESE MEN IS QUESTIONABLE.

YES, I KNOW THAT, WILCOX. BUT WITH YOU, I'LL PUT MY CHIPS ON THE TABLE. HAVE A SEAT!



BUT WHAT ARE YOU STRIVING FOR? YOUR IRRESPONSIBLE ACTIONS HAVE PUT THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE COMPANY IN JEOPARDY.

NOT AT ALL, WILCOX! WHAT I HAVE DECIDED TO DO IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE. I AM GOING TO CONSTRUCT AN IDEAL CITY WHICH WILL HOUSE ALL OF THE PEOPLE OF JADENCOURT. THIS WILL FINALLY ALLOW THEM TO EXPERIENCE THE GOOD LIFE.



WHAT?

THIS MEANS THAT THE WHOLE COMPANY MUST BE REORGANIZED. WE MUST HAVE SINKERS, HARDWORKING PEOPLE BEHIND THIS PROJECT.



WHAT YOU HAVE SUGGESTED IS PREPOSTEROUS! YOU'RE DREAMING!



WHY, YES! OF COURSE I'M DREAMING! ONE MUST ALWAYS DREAM IN ORDER TO MAKE UTOPIA A REALITY. AND WHAT I EXPECT FROM YOU...

DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING FROM ME FOR SUCH A FOOL-HARDY PROJECT!



WHAT I EXPECT FROM YOU IS FOR YOU TO COORDINATE THE PROJECT. THE NEW JADENCOURT CAN AND MUST EXIST IN ONE YEAR. THEN...



THEN WITH ALL YOUR CHILDISH SPENDING, THE HANNARD COMPANY WILL BE FINISHED.

YES, BUT ONLY BECAUSE I WILL MAKE YOU A MAJOR STOCKHOLDER AND KEEP ONLY THE DIVIDENDS NECESSARY TO KEEP THE CITY ALIVE.

THIS WILL, OF COURSE, INGRATiate THE TOWNIES PEOPLE TO OUR GROUP, THE WILCOX GROUP, THAT IS.



VERY GOOD. I SEE THAT I CAN COUNT ON YOU FOR TOMORROW. I WILL BE MAKING MY PLANS PUBLIC TOMORROW AFTER-NOON.





TO BE CONTINUED...

I'N AGE



I HEARD IT FROM
A FINE MAN.

SO MY BODY
WILL FOREVER REMAIN
IMAGINED.

UMMMM.

EAT YOUR HEART
OUT.

"IT'S MORE INTERESTING
TO LIVE NOT KNOWING THAN
TO HAVE AN ANSWER
THAT MIGHT BE WRONG."

PEACE

by Caza



IT WAS DURING THE TIME OF THE GREAT DEPARTURE. STEEL AND CEMENT MELTED FROM THE HEAT. THE RATS LEFT THE SHIP IN COUPLES OR ALONE. CARRYING ONLY WHAT THEY HAD ON THEIR BACKS, THEY FLED. STRAIGHT FOR NOWHERE.



DARE ANYONE LOOK FROM WHENCE THEY CAME, THEY TURNED INTO A STATUE OF SALT.

I STOPPED THERE.



I STOPPED MOVING, FOR GOOD.

STRENGTH AND MIGHT CHURNED INSIDE OF ME. I FLOURISHED.

EFFORTLESSLY, MY FEW POSSESSIONS FLEW FROM ME...CARRIED BY THE WIND.



I KEPT ONLY ONE THING—MY AXE.

2



NOTHING MUCH TO DO EXCEPT TO PRUNE MYSELF FROM TIME TO TIME. THE BRAMBLES, THE SHOOTS, THE PARASITIC IVY, ANYTHING THAT COULD POSSIBLY SUFFOCATE ME, HAD TO GO. NOTHING COULD BLOCK MY VIEW OR PREVENT ME FROM GROWING.

IT WAS RESTFUL; IT WAS PEACE. PEACE, NEVER TROUBLED BY WORLDLY EVENTS, IT WAS PEACE. IN AUTUMN, MY LEAVES FELL AND I WAITED FOR AND FEARED...



A SHREW MOUSE INTERWOVE ITSELF THROUGH MY ROOTS...



... THE LONG SLEEP OF WINTER.

A BIRD VISITED ME AFTER A LONG MIGRATION TO REST HIS WINGS BEFORE HE TOOK FLIGHT ONCE AGAIN.



THEN I WAITED AGAIN FOR ANOTHER SEASONAL CHANGE. FIRST THE BIRDS, THEN THE SPROUTING OF GREENERY, AND THEN THE PAINFUL ECSTASY OF WAKING UP.



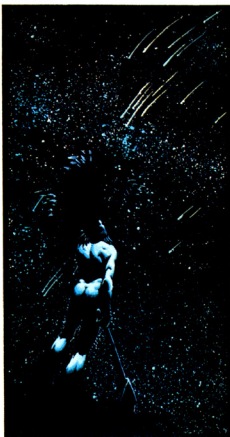
AND EVERY MORNING THIS...



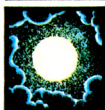
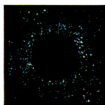
AND EVERY EVENING THAT.



ONE NIGHT IN AUGUST, 256
SHOOTING STARS FLED PAST
MY PLOT.



AND, OF COURSE, THE
MOON ALWAYS RE-
INTRODUCED ITSELF
EACH NIGHT.



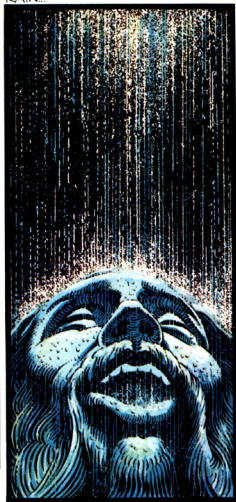
AND, AH, THE
SUMMER! THE
SUN!

4

THEN THE
STORM!



THE
RAIN...



...AND
AGAIN PEACE!



I WAS PLEASED WITH MY PLACE IN THE GROUND, AND I WOULD HAVE CONTINUED IN THOROUGH CONTENTMENT... BUT...



...ONE DAY... ONE MORNING...



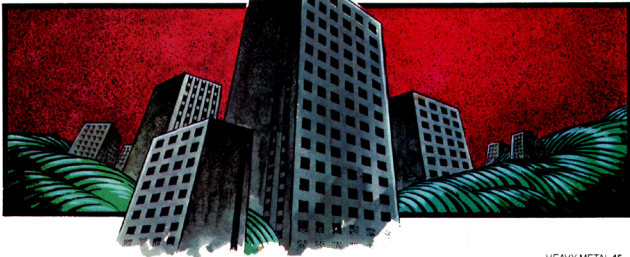
... A SLOW THREAT WAS UPON ME, A RUMOR WHICH NOW WAS AMPLIFIED.



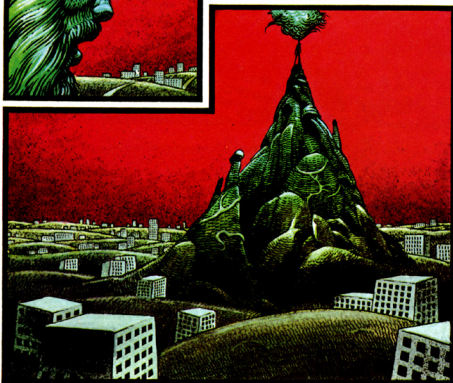
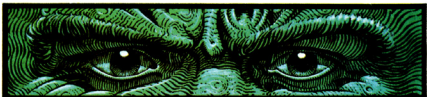
THEY CAME HEAVILY... INEXORABLY...



...THEY HAVE COME.



THEY ARE HERE NOW. THE VESSEL-BLOCKS. THE HOUSE-MACHINES. THE BLINDING CUBES. THE ARMIES OF STEEL AND CONCRETE.

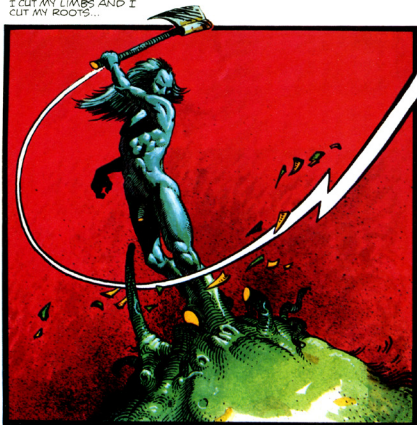


THEY MUST HAVE SURROUNDED ME AS I WAS SLEEPING. ALREADY THE VISE IS CLOSING. SOON THE TIME WILL COME, WHEN THEY GET TOO CLOSE AND ATTACK MY ROCK.

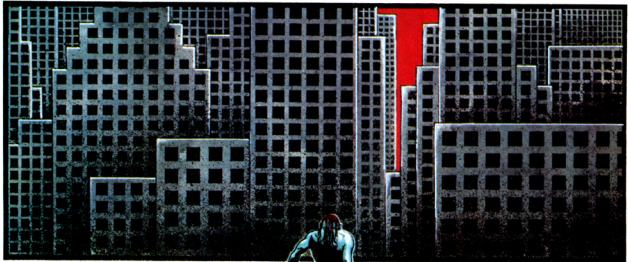


BUT I STILL HAVE MY AXE!

SO, WITH MY OWN HAND,
I CUT MY LIMBS AND I
CUT MY ROOTS...



...AND PROCEED DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN



BUT I WILL RETURN TO MY PLACE. AND EVEN THOUGH
I WON'T LOOK BACK, I KNOW THAT I HAVE
LEFT A TRAIL OF BLOOD BEHIND ME.

END

BY MICHAEL TOLKIN

HM: You're writing the second *Heavy Metal* movie. Does that mean it'll have only one story?

DO'B: I'd rather do one story. If I have to do a collection of stories, it will be one story with several chapters disguised as one story, with different art work for each chapter. I will not have discontinuity of character and plot. The first *Heavy Metal* movie was more artwork than it was character and content. And if you stack up the priorities of the elements in a movie which make it popular, they are as follows: story, character, visuals. If you have a strong story and character but lousy visuals, you still have a hit. If you've got strong visuals but lousy story and character, you've got a flop. They just don't apply the standards of story to animation. *Secret of NIMH*? Nah. *Dark Crystal*? There was no story at all. It was pitiful. *Heavy Metal* was the *Fantasia* of modern times—and remember, when *Fantasia* came out, it didn't work either. I wanted to do a mixture of live action and animation—like *Song of the South* or *Mary Poppins*—but it's just too expensive. I'm not proposing to have inferior graphics. We'll make it look flashy.

HM: The plan is for you to co-direct with Al Brodax (*Yellow Submarine*)?

DO'B: He would be tending to the animation. I would attend to the voice, actors, script, and soundtrack.

HM: And the choice of the artists?

DO'B: So far that's in my ballpark.

HM: You've always worked closely with artists.

DO'B: Let me give you my artistic biography. I started drawing pictures when I was a very small child. My parents and others started taking note of it, and I was always told, and always assumed, that when I grew up I would be "a rich and famous artist." Quite what that meant I didn't know in terms of the real world, except that I would draw and make pictures, and I'd be rich and famous for it. Later my parents tried to channel that into commercial art, illustration and the like, and that was what I went to college to study. And it came to me with a ghastly realization that whatever being a rich and famous artist meant, I didn't like the idea of doing seed catalogues and not being paid much for it. I just burst out of it and said, "Nah, this ain't fun."

Winona Youth Dreams of Being Sketch Artist

By Al Brodax

Winona—dreamed plans and dreams often do not come true in later life. Maybe this is because too many boys dream of becoming adventurers, of finding an ancient and famous lost treasure to be enough adventure to go around. Besides, however, but he is the world's most dink and dinky work.

But the dreams of 12-year-old Henry O'Hanlon of Winona seem to have more than a fair chance of being realized. Henry, now in the seventh grade of the Winona junior high school, wants to be a commercial artist and it doesn't appear to be just a passing fancy.

Henry started drawing at the age of five, without saying "it's nothing. With no formal teaching as yet, he easily copies any drawing he sees and has no doubt



DANNY O'HANLON (LAI Dashed pen)



while he was at it. He had the dog-in-the-manger attitude toward science fiction, that the world at large has no right to read this material, to criticize it, or to create any on their own, because it belongs to us—we, the science fiction fans. Science fiction fans, the ones that are unbalanced, think they own sf, like it's a substance—like cheese—something you can put in a box and lock up.

HM: Why did you give up drawing?

DO'B: I started to work with people like Ron Cobb and Moebius, and whatever they did was so much better than what I could do, and it was just what I wanted. So I just kind of stopped doing it. I'd decided to concentrate on the stuff I could do that nobody else could do, like figure out the story. And I knew I'd just have to get these guys when I needed artwork.

HM: You sought them out?

DO'B: Yes. Back in 1969 I sought out Ron Cobb. I was nothing, he was a cartoonist for the *LA Free Press*. I looked him up and I told him I was a fan. I visited him and saw his science fiction and fantasy paintings, and I thought, "My God!" Ten years later I was able to get him onto *Alien*. I met all these brilliant artists because I stumbled across their work and made a huge effort to get them involved in projects. Instead, I should have been seeking out beautiful women so I could've had a lot of sex. If I'd had sex with as many beautiful women as I've worked with great artists, I'd be Casanova. I have not had sex with Ron Cobb. Don't misunderstand me.

HM: You brought Cobb to *Alien*.

DO'B: He basically did all of the earth ship as modified by Ridley Scott. Without Cobb I don't think that ship would've looked like a ship. Cobb was really designing on the fly, within too many artistic constraints. He'd come up with something good, they'd build it, and then Ridley would come in and say, "Put detail all over it, detail, detail, detail." Ridley's a real good sketch artist himself, and he'd grab a piece of paper and draw over the set sketch so it would look like a wedding cake, or like it had spaghetti all over it. And then Gordon Carroll, the producer, would come to the set and say, "If, in the future, it will take one button to do what a hundred buttons do now, then in *Alien* it takes a hundred buttons to do what

“Science fiction fans, the ones that are unbalanced, think they own sf.”

In the meantime I was going to movies all the time with my old man. The first movie I recall seeing was *The Thing*, when I was about four years old. We were visiting St. Louis, and my father let me choose between *Pinocchio* and *The Thing*. After much agonizing, I chose *The Thing*. It had a very strong effect on me. I was scared, and I liked it, too. After that we went to movies all the time. On Fridays they ran the horror and scary science fiction movies, and my father and I always went to them. There were very few Hollywood movies that didn't reach there. I saw *Forbidden Planet*, *This Island Earth*, virtually everything. So in spite of living in the Ozarks, like L'il Abner, we had full access to the outside world because of movies. At the same time that I was going to the movies five times a week—and fantasizing about making them—I was also acting, in little productions. People—even when I was a little boy—seemed to enjoy listening to me, reading, or telling a story, or talking. So . . . I was acting, drawing, going to the movies all the time, reading science fiction and fantasy. I read tons of it, but I knew no one else who was an sf fan. The idea of it being a movement of many people being fans was so strange to me.

HM: Do you still draw?

DO'B: No, I gave up drawing years ago. I'll show you my porno drawings. (O'Bannon opens his portfolio.)

HM: (Reading from a bit of text on drawing) “Dear Lois: Hope you and the kids enjoy the vacation, sure is boring here at the office.” (The drawing: A beach boy's view of Lois on a beach blanket while they're fucking. The work is delicate and exact.) What magazine is this from?

DO'B: *Finger Magazine*. It's from the early, mid-seventies. They didn't have anything nearly as good when I was a kid. All they had was *Modern Man Magazine*, with the twat brushed out, right? And I



Portrait of the artist as a young squirt. Twelve-year-old Danny O'Bannon proudly displays his art to the readers of the *Poplar Bluff, Missouri Daily American Republic* (top). An early O'Bannon sketch, indicating that a seriously twisted childhood prefigured today's happily warped adult (second from top). A quick portrait of *Alien* co-producer and story collaborator Ronald Shusett, executed by O'Bannon during shooting (second from bottom). Roy Scheider makes a gracious request in *Blue Thunder* (bottom).

grew up looking at brushed-out twat and by the time I saw a picture of a real twat—when I was in high school—I was so accustomed to the Grecian statue, smoothed-out nothing crotch, that the real thing looked disgusting. It took me time to get used to the human body being an organism and not made out of marble. (O'Bannon explores the portfolio, which is in reverse chronological order, back through college newspaper editorial cartoons to ambitious drawings based on images from H.P. Lovecraft.)

I sent some of these to August Derleth, and he wrote back and said they weren't professional. This was the creature from (John W. Campbell's) *Who Goes There?* I was just trying to draw what Campbell had described: a blue-skinned, rubbery-face critter with three big red eyes and tentacles around it that was nasty looking. All Derleth sent back was a letter with some very nasty remarks. He accomplished one thing in his life: he preserved the memory of H.P. Lovecraft. But then he decided also to preempt H.P.,

“Moebius said, ‘Write me a story I can do.’ I wrote ‘The Long Tomorrow.’”

one does now.” But Ridley knew what he was doing. When he shot it, I looked at it and said, “Oh, if you really want something to look *detailed* in a movie, you have to put *too much* detail on it.” I can see in *Blade Runner*, where Ridley didn't have a Cobb around, that occasionally some of his technology and stuff did not look credible.

Giger was the guy responsible for the really strange looking stuff, for the critter and also for the alien craft—which would have been a lot better if the audience had been able to understand that it was an alien spaceship, a derelict. They just thought it was a structure. There was Chris Foss, who worked on an early stage. He did some great designs, but he was fired, and none of 'em were used. Burned my ass. He did some incredible stuff, boy, I wanted to use some of his stuff. I would have given the alien ship to Foss. They gave that to Giger. I just wanted Giger to do the monster. Nevertheless, I'm not going to argue with that.

HM: So you recommended all the artists?

DO'B: There were a couple of exceptions. I didn't actually bring in Moebius. I knew him, I'd worked with him on Jodorowsky's *Dune* back in 1975. Moebius was designing it. I was directing special effects. There was a lull; I was waiting for everyone to finish, and I was walking around giving everyone the nerves, so Moebius said, “Stop bothering us, we haven't finished our work. Write me a story I can do for my comic magazine, *Metal Hurlant*.” So I went away and I wrote this thing, “Pete Club, The Long Tomorrow.” It was a screenplay, actually, that I'd written some years before. I didn't anticipate doing it in a magazine, which would end up being adapted in any form into a movie. It ended up in one way or another being in both the *Heavy Metal* movie and *Blade Runner*.

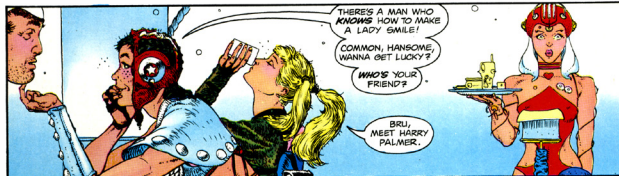
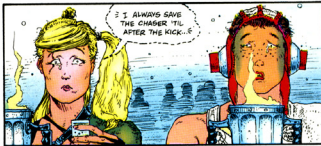
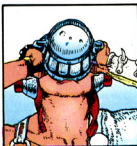
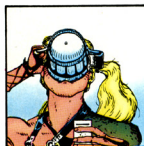
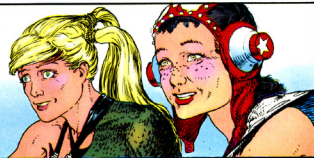
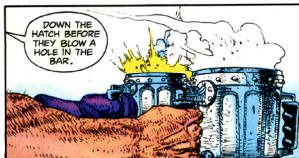
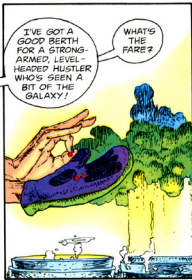
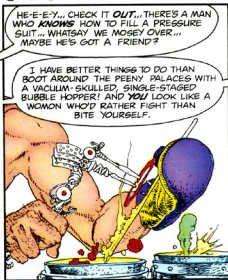
HM: Where in *Blade Runner*?

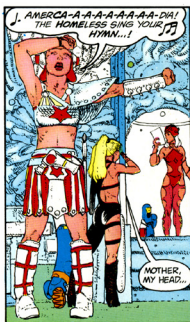
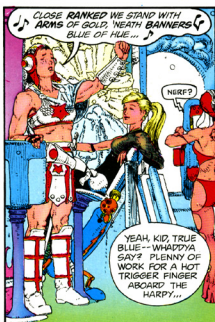
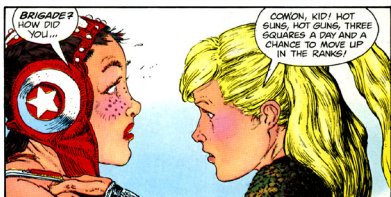
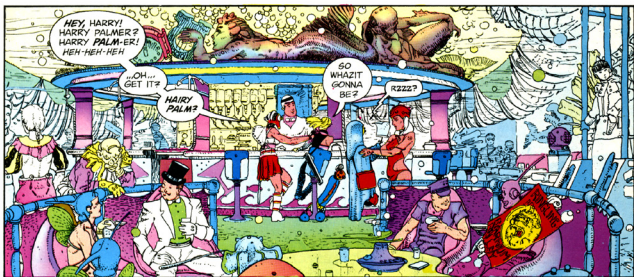
DO'B: The whole bloody thing. Look at it. He didn't

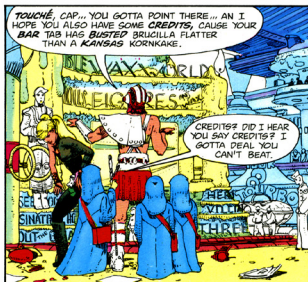
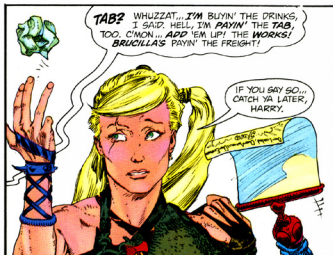
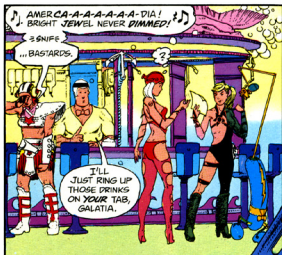
STARSTRUCK

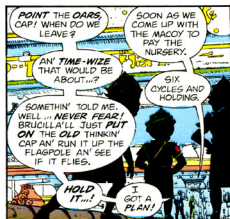
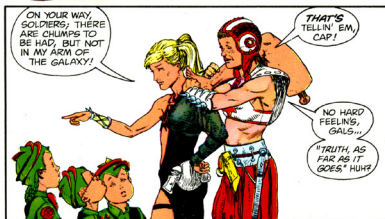
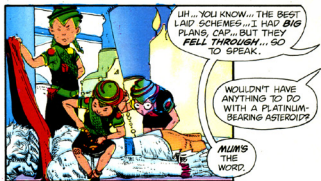
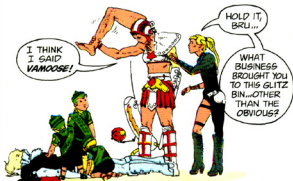
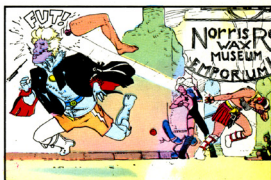
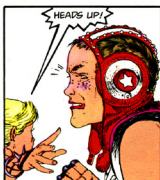
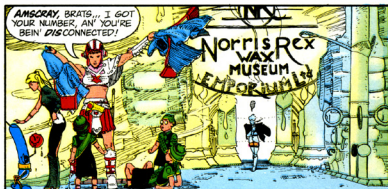
WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE • ILLUSTRATED BY M. W. KALLITA
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

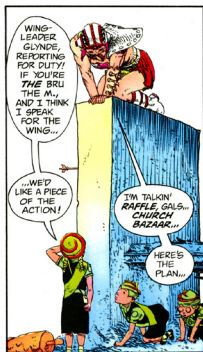
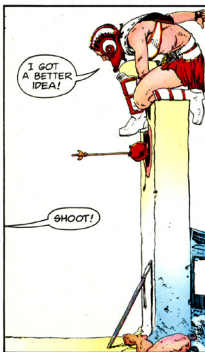
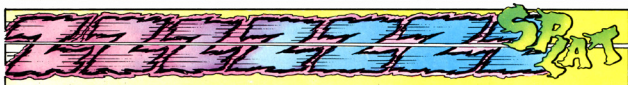
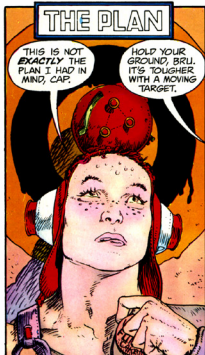
LAST WE READ, BRUCILLA AND GALATIA 9 MET OVER A FEW BEERS AND DECIDED THAT IT WOULD BE THE START OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.



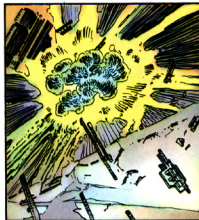
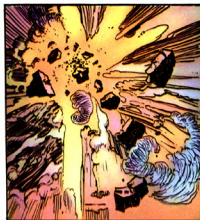
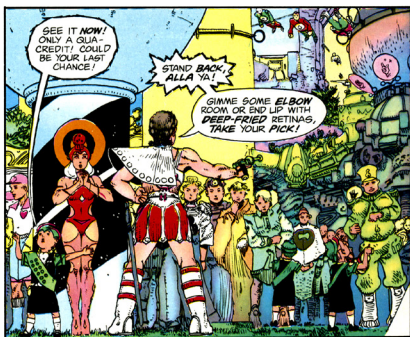


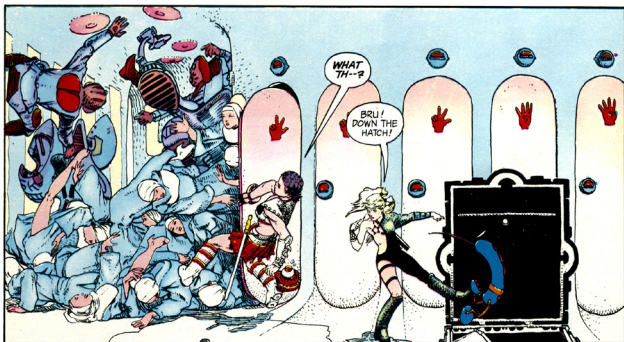
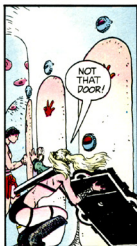
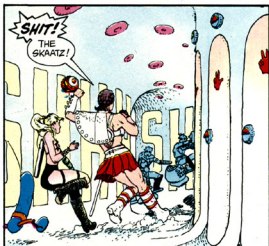
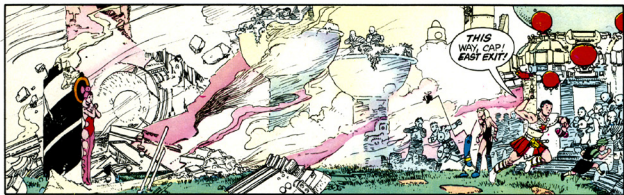


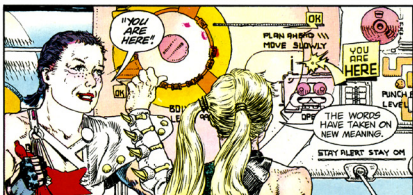
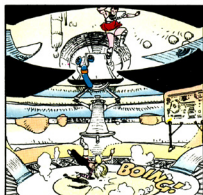
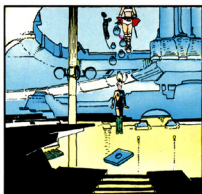
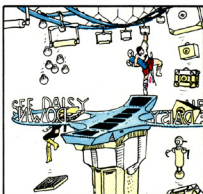
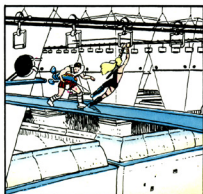
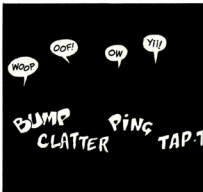
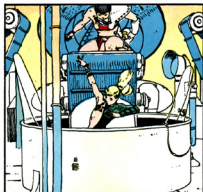
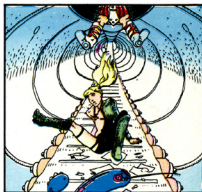
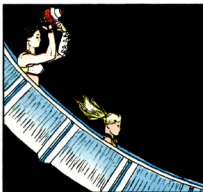


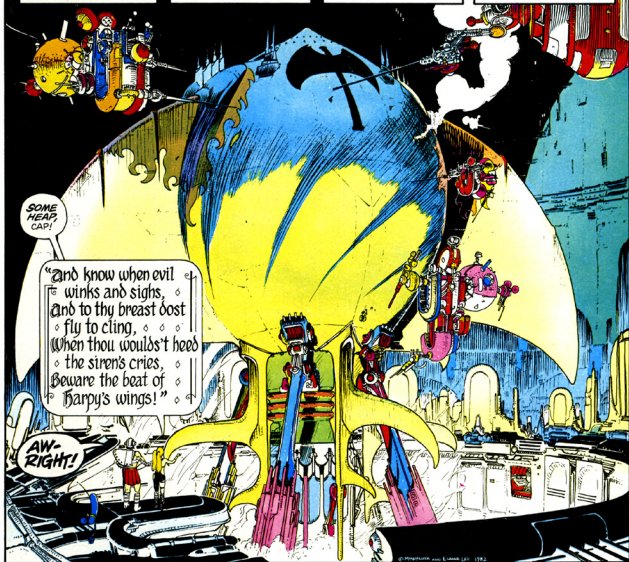


THE PLAN









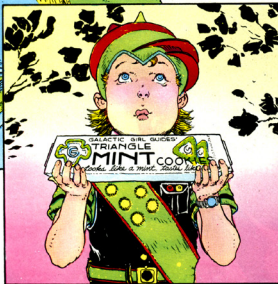
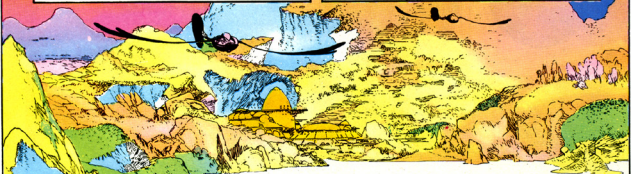
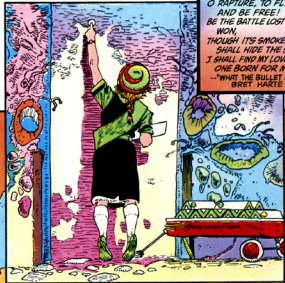
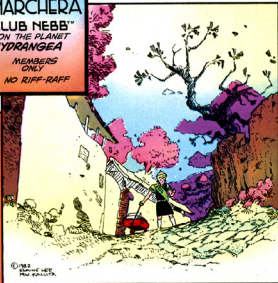
CYCLE 140 ANARCHERA

CLUB NEBB™
ON THE PLANET
HYDRANGEA

- ▷ MEMBERS ONLY
- ▷ NO RIFF-RAFF

"WHAT THE SIREN SINGS"

"O JOY OF CREATION,
TO BE!
O RAPTURE, TO FLY
AND BE FREE!
BE THE BATTLE LOST OR
WON,
THOUGH IT'S SMOKE
SHALL HIDE THE SUN,
I SHALL FIND MY LOVE—THE
ONE BORN FOR ME."
—"WHAT THE BULLET SANG"
BRET HARTE



"...I JUST
LOVE
GIRL GUIDE
COOKIES..."

ALLUSION: AN
INDIRECT REFERENCE.
A PLAYING OR
SPORTING WITH.

ILLUSION:
A FALSE PERCEPTION.

•The End...?•

ZORA

WHILE AMON SLOWLY RECOVERATES FROM HIS WOUNDS, ZORA REACHES INTO HER PAST, TORN BY CONFLICTING EMOTIONS, FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED. ZORA "WATCHES" AS FRAGMENTS OF HER UNREMEMBERED PAST RISE UP BEFORE HER—UNTIL NOW, BURIED DEEP IN THE BLACK VALLT OF HER SUBCONSCIOUS...



VIVID IMAGES FROM BEFORE HER ACCIDENT RETURN TO HER. IT WAS DURING ONE OF MANY ROUTINE PATROLS NEAR THE HOLON. SHE RECALLED THE CREW WAS IN GOOD SPIRITS, CONFIDENT AND CHEERFUL.

DON'T YOU THINK
ALWAYS GOING A BIT
OVERBOARD WITH ALL
THESE EXERCISES?

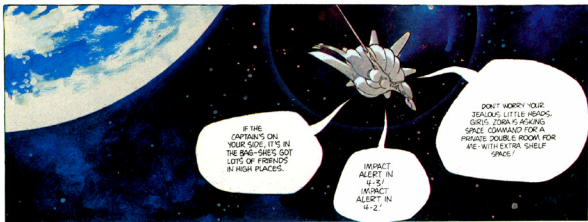
NO KIDDING.
HER PROBLEM ISN'T
PROVING SHE CAN WIN
ANYMORE—IT'S TRYING TO
FIND ENOUGH SPACE
FOR ALL HER
TROPHIES.

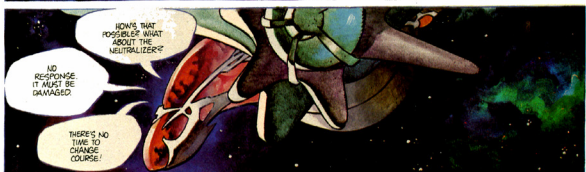


IF THE
CAPTAIN'S ON
YOUR SIDE, IT'S IN
THE BAG—SHE'S GOT
LOTS OF FRIENDS
IN HIGH PLACES.

IMPACT
ALERT IN
4-3!
IMPACT
ALERT IN
4-2!

DON'T WORRY YOUR
JEALOUS, LITTLE HEADS,
GIRLS. ZORA IS ASKING
SPACE COMMAND FOR A
PRIVATE DOUBLE ROOM FOR
ME—WITH EXTRA SHELF
SPACE!



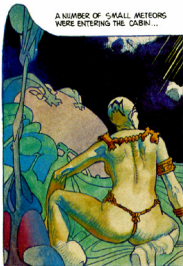


ALL THIS COULDN'T BE MORE THAN A STRANGE HALLUCINATION. COLLISION WITH THOSE METEORS WAS INEVITABLE.

ZORA COULDN'T FATHOM WHAT WAS GOING ON. THE LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL PANEL HAD STOPPED BLINKING... THEY WERE NOW AS IMMOBILE AS HER CREW.

BUT... WE SHOULD ALL HAVE DIED INSTANTLY. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

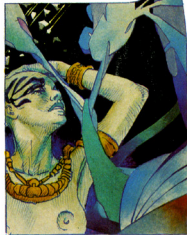
A NUMBER OF SMALL METEORS
WERE ENTERING THE CABIN...



AND, AS IF IN A SLOW-MOTION MOVIE, ZORA
SAW HOW INEVITABLY...



...THEY HEADED TOWARD THE
DEFENSELESS BODIES OF ALTEA,
NYA, AND LUA.



ZORA, INEXPLICABLY, STILL HAD FREEDOM OF
MOVEMENT. SOMETHING TOLD HER THAT THE
SLOW MOVEMENT OF EVERYTHING AROUND HER
WAS NORMAL...

...AND THAT SOMEHOW SHE COULD MOVE AT A
GREAT SPEED. THIS "SOMETHING" WAS ALSO
MAKING HER ACT, AND PUT ON...

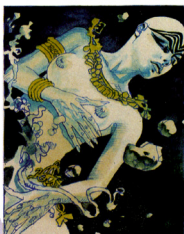
...THE ELASTIC PRESSURE SUIT, AND ACTIVATE
THE EMERGENCY EJECT MECHANISM!



IN THE CABIN, AWAITING THEIR DATE WITH
DESTINY, WERE SECOND OFFICER ALTEA...

NYA, NAVIGATOR AND THE HONEYCOMB'S
CHAMPION GYMNAST...

...AND LUA, THE AIR COMMAND'S MOST EASY-
GOING PILOT.



MEANWHILE, ZORA WAS
SAFELY OUTSIDE THE
SHIP...

...WHICH WAS RIDDLED
WITH METEORS...

...AND THEN HIT IN ITS
FUEL CELLS--AND
DESTROYED.



SECONDS LATER,
NO SIGN OF THE
TRAGEDY RE-
MAINED, EXCEPT
FOR A SMALL
POINT OF LIGHT...

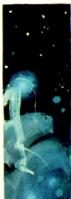


...WHICH SLOWLY
TURNED OVER
ONTO ITSELF, RE-
FLECTING THE
SUNLIGHT. IT WAS
THE UNCONSCIOUS
BODY OF ZORA.

SOME TIME LATER, STILL ONLY SEMI-CONSCIOUS, ZORA NOTICED SOME LIGHTS AROUND HER...



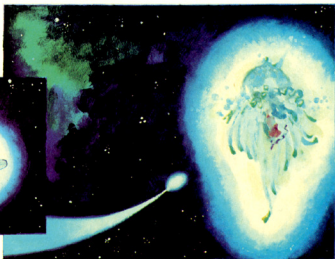
...SWIFTLY THEY ENCIRCLED HER AND ENVELOPED HER IN A COOON, LIKE THOSE INSECTS USE BEFORE UNDERGOING METAMORPHOSIS.



THUS PROTECTED IN A LUMINOUS BALL OF ENERGY, SHE FELT HERSELF QUICKLY AND SMOOTHLY TRANSPORTED...



...TO WHAT APPEARED TO BE THE ENERGY'S SOURCE—ANOTHER BALL OF LUMINOSITY, APPARENTLY ENORMOUS, AND GROWING EVER LARGER AS SHE APPROACHED.



TO BE CONTINUED...



Illustration by Bill Stout

A glimpse at Ray Bradbury's new book

Dinosaur Tales

At dinner one night, some years ago, someone asked each of us to name, in order of importance, our Most Favorite Subjects in All the History of the World!

"Dinosaurs!" I cried. Followed swiftly by, "Egypt. Tutan-khamen. Mummies!"

To bulwark my selections, I recounted a short tale about my own life as a twelve-year-old genius-in-the-bud. Telling my friends I was off for a life as a radio actor, I trotted down to the local station in Tuscon, Arizona, hung about friendless, rootless, emptying ashtrays, running for Cokes, and exerting my own peculiar animal magnetism. Within two weeks, I wound up *On The Air*, reading the comics to the kiddies every Saturday night. Payment for same?

Free tickets for *King Kong* and *The Mummy*.

I was the richest boy I ever knew.

For doing what I loved to do, how nice that God, and the station manager, handed me passes to rub elbows with pre-historic monsters and dead Egyptian kings!

When I had finished saying all this, there was an instant revision of Lists at our table. Men and women, of all sizes, shapes, colors and ages, had to agree I had hit on Subjects Number One and Two.

But, especially One.

Dinosaurs.

For, as I put it to my friends:

"If, this very instant, a stranger rushed into this room crying, 'My God, there's a dinosaur outside!' what would you do?"

"Run out," everyone admitted, "and look!"

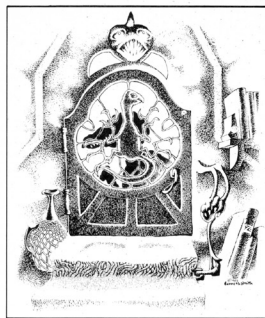


Illustration by Kenneth Smith

STERANKO

Illustration by Jim Steranko

"Yes," I said, "even though you were absolutely sure it couldn't be true. How come, though, you would leap and run like that? Because you hoped for a miracle. In your secret heart of hearts you wanted brontosaurus, tame of course, to come back in the world.

"In fact," I added, turning to a television producer who had asked me, earlier, what I would like to write for television, "if you gave me prime time, and a few dollars, there's nothing I'd write better than a show called *Dinosaurs! Roots?* That was watched by only fifty or sixty million people. Our *Dinosaurs* would rampage the country and grab every eye. Please pass the pteranodons."

Of course, nothing ever happened. I got everyone at dinner to admit they'd love to see such a television special, and the shared feeling was that dinosaurs were just about the greatest children of history, but the network executive never called back. I think he awoke the next morning blaming the wine.

Still, this late in time, my opinion remains: Dinosaurs and Tut. I haven't as yet figured out what should be in third place. Could be the Moon. Or Mars. They *almost* make it. But Stegosaurus makes it first.

Maybe because he's underfoot. We can see and touch and think on the bones that lie before us, along with the eggs, long since concretized, from which they ambled ten thousand million mornings ago. The Moon and Mars are absolutely real, but only a handful of men have touched one, and only our space-traveling cameras have eyed the other. When we walk on both, as most certainly we shall, perhaps those worlds will crowd Tut and pterodactyl at the tape.

But as for now I accept the fact, and proclaim it quietly, that without dinosaurs my life would have been nothing at all. Dinosaurs started me on the track to becoming a writer. Dinosaurs helped push me *along* that track to acceptance. And a dinosaur who fell in love with the sound of a lighthouse foghorn in a story called "The Fog Horn," which I wrote and published in 1950, changed my life, my income, and my way of writing forever.

In this story, which was the basis for the film, *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, I allowed my gathered love for such beasts to speak out, that drew the attention of John Huston in 1953. He read the tale and sympathized with the plight of a monster who took the melancholy cry of the foghorn for the mating call of yet another lost beast. Huston sensed the ghost of Melville in the whole, and called me to write the screenplay of *Moby Dick*.

What Huston sensed, of course, was not Melville but the influence of Shakespeare and the Bible on me. And since the Bible and Shakespeare yanked the White Whale full-blown from Melville's brow, it all ends the same. I got the job, wrote the script, and watched as Melville and his beast of prehistory settled into my life with vast tonnages and permanence.

So, you see, the dinosaurs that fell off the cliff in *The Last World*, that ancient 1925 film, landed squarely on me, as did *King Kong* when I was twelve. Squashed magnificently flat, breathless for love, I floundered to my toy typewriter and spent the rest of my life dying of that unrequited love.

Along the way I met another young man, exactly my age, with exactly the same love, if not to say lust. For those

prehistoric creatures paced his days, and stirred his nights. The young man's name was Ray Harryhausen. He was building, and animating with stop-motion 8mm film, a family of dinosaurs, in his backyard garage. I visited the family often, handled the beasts, talked for hours, many nights in many years, with my friend, and we agreed: he was to grow up and birth dinosaurs, I was to grow up and dialogue them. And it came to pass.

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms was the first and only film we shared together. Not a great film, not even a very good one, but the start of two careers that finally took his motion pictures, his beasts, and my books, into some of the farthest corners of the world. Culminating with the night, a year ago, when I introduced Harryhausen at a special screening honoring him, at the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. As I finished my introduction, Fay Wray, the heroine of the 1933 version of *King Kong*, ran out of the audience, grabbed and hugged us both, and put the caper on two lives that had started with simple direct loves in museums, movie houses, and garages, a long time ago.

Right now is confession time. Some thirty-odd years ago, Ray Harryhausen, my wife Maggie, and I attended a performance of *Siegfried* with the then eminent tenor Jussi Björling performing the title role. We went, of course, not to see Siegfried, or to hear the music, which was of course glorious. We went to see—God bless our lost, sweet souls—Fafner, the Dragon.

I realize, in admitting this, that Harryhausen and I will probably go on most opera lovers' lists as the coarsest, most unthinking, most damnable *Siegfried* attendees in history. I

accept the damnation and live with the guilt. Nevertheless, there we were, the three of us, in the lower left hand side of the balcony, waiting for what seemed nine hours, and was probably only eight, for Fafner to appear.

He appeared all right. I saw an inch of his left nostril. Maggie saw one of his whiskers, and Harryhausen saw only the vast cloud of steam Fafner gave off in his brief "aria" before he vanished.

For, you see, our seats were so devilishly positioned, and the scenery onstage so cleverly built, that at least one-third of each audience never saw the brute clear. We were part of that one bereft third.

Stunned, Ray and I looked across my wife at each other. The long wait through the admittedly wondrous music was all for nothing.

Shortly thereafter, we beat a retreat to the foyer, and thence, defeated and disconsolate, home.

Heading west toward the sea, a great car passed us carrying, in the back seat, a dark-haired queen, Elizabeth Taylor.

She was no consolation.

Though I never saw Fafner, I've continued to seek his cousins and the fantasies around them in libraries and bookshops. My love of these creatures is only equalled by my love of book illustration.

During the past forty years, when most American art galleries stood empty of all but those boring drip-dry paint-by-the-zeros abstracts, I took refuge in the bright arms of the Pre-Raphaelites. I raced backward through London and Paris, with Gustave Dore and Grandville, to knock heads with John Martin and try to replan the morals of Gin Lane and

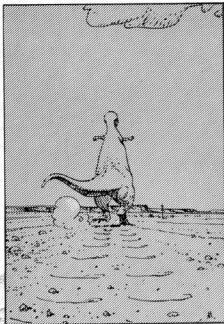


Illustration by Moebius



Illustration by David Wiesner

Fleet Street with Hogarth, or frolic in Louis' court with Callot. I was satisfied by nothing less than story, symbol, metaphor as found in all their works. Goya drove me to war, sat with me at bullfights, rode me on witch-brooms, and I was never the same. I came reeling out of most twentieth century art galleries, as one fresh from a Chinese dinner, wondering why I was hungry an hour later.

It follows then that when Byron Preiss showed me illustrated samples of these glorious beasts, I could not resist. The ghost of Harold Foster, who drew Tarzan for six years back in the early 1930s spoke to me. It said: Remember my dinosaurs that trudged your midnight bed and flew your ceiling skies! The ghosts of the creators of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon said just about the same thing. My comic-collections, still gathered and waiting in my basement, fifty years later, reminded me of my first, art-oriented passions. Dulac, Tenggren, and Rackham raised this child from the crib on. No wonder I cried, "Aye!" when I saw the work by Bill Stout, Steranko, Moebius, David Wiesner, Overton Loyd, Kenneth Smith and Gahan Wilson.

Dinosaur Tales is made up of *What If?* stories and poems. What if a dinosaur really did become enamored of a foghorn? What if we could travel in time and run back to hunt the prehistoric beasts? This last was an experiment I tried in 1950. I simply sat down to my typewriter one morning, with no idea where I would wind up, and hammered together a Time Machine, and shot my hunters back a few million years to see what would happen. Three hours later, after a butterfly had been stepped on, making it one of the first, and unconscious, ecology stories, "A Sound of Thunder" was

done, the beast slain, and all political history changed forever.

"Besides a Dinosaur, Whatta Ya Wanna Be When You Grow Up?" evolved from a similar simplistic concept. Having been a boy who wanted to wake up one morning with dragon teeth, I simply tossed the shuttle into my typewriter, and let the aging boy spin out his possibly frightful dream.

As for the dinosaurs dancing on the sandy shore? I have attended the ballet at least four hundred times in my life, and have seen quite a few lumbering beasts. Beyond that, my frolicsome animals are probably first cousins to the hippos, ostriches, and alligators that outraged us to joy, long ago, in *Fantasia*.

And as for my future plans? I am writing the libretto for a space-traveling opera titled *Leviathan 99*. In it, I move the Moby Dick mythology beyond the stars. The opera dramatizes the arrival of a Great White Comet that visits our basement part of the universe once each forty years. My equivalent of Ahab, the captain of a star ship, goes out to attack the Comet which destroyed his sight when he was a young man new to space. The opera is, of course, dedicated to Melville. In it, the Beast may have changed its form, but not its essence, its terror, its magnificent beauty. Deep in its incredible soul, it speaks with the heart of a boy who fell in love with just such beasts and wanted to run and live with them, fifty-seven years ago.

The boy shouted one word. The Great White Comet merely echoes it:

Dinosaurs, of course.
Dinosaurs!

—Ray Bradbury

ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT STINKY

SEPTEMBER, 1958...



THE LOCAL BAR...



WATCH OUT! STINKY IS ON THE LOOSE!

**SNOW
WHITISH**
(she's a little
off-color
'cause she's
got a cold)



OOH!
I'VE PICKED
MYSELF!



SNIFF... IF ONLY I HAD A DAUGHTER WHO WAS AS WHITE
AS SNOW... WIF HAIR AS ORANGE AS THE SUN, AND SKIN AS
BLACK AS THE WINDOW FRAME!

WHEN THE CHILDLIKE SNOW WHITE WAS BORN, SHE DID
INDEED HAVE HAIR AS RED AS THE SETTING SUN, SKIN AS
BLACK AS EBONY, AND CHEEKS AS WHITE AS SNOW. SHE WAS
A HAPPY PUP, UNTIL....



... THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, WHEN HER MOTHER
DIED, AND A NEW QUEEN WAS NAMED.



I NEVER GO
ANYWHERE WITH-
OUT MY MIRROR.



MIRROR, MIRROR,
STAY SIDE, WHO'S
THE THINNEST ONE
ALIVE?



OH QUEEN, IT IS
MOST CERTAINLY
YOU!

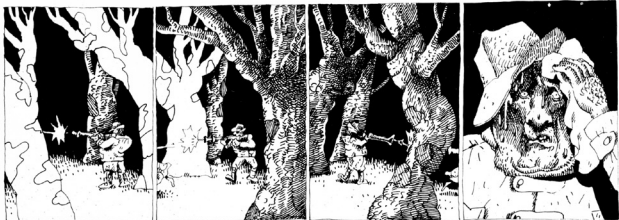


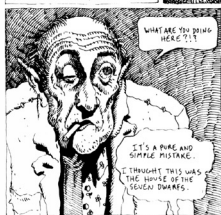
MIRROR, MIRROR,
TELL ME TRUE,
WHO'S THE THINNEST
OF US ALL?



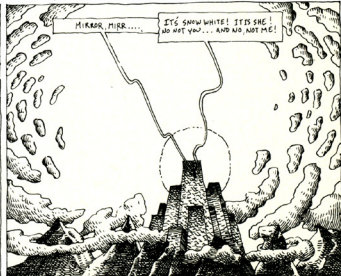
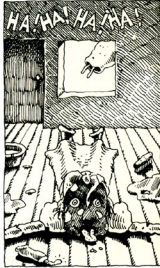
WELL, CAN WE TALK, OH QUEEN?
I WOULD HAVE TO SAY SNOW
WHITE IS THE THINNEST OF
US ALL!



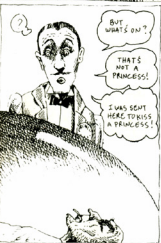












PIKOLE CLAVELOUX

SPINSTER

BASED ON A STORY BY ROBERT BLOCH

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD FOOTSTEPS
WALKING THROUGHOUT YOUR SKULL?

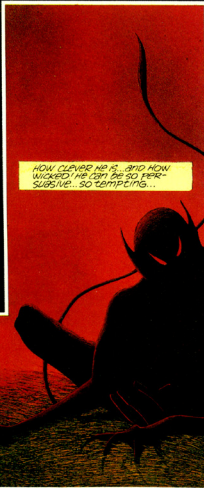
HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED A TINY, COLD, COMPRESSED
BODY STUCK TO THE BASE OF YOUR EYEBALL?

HE'S DEVILSHLY FAST,
AND BEFORE YOU
CAN HOLD YOUR
HANDS UP TO YOUR
HEADS, HE'S DARTED
OUT OF THE WAY...



...OR JUMPED

I WANT TO KILL HIM— EPOCH,
THAT'S HIS NAME— BUT I CAN'T
SEE OR CATCH HIM. I CAN ONLY
FEEL HIM... ONLY OBEY HIM.



HOW CLEVER HE IS... AND HOW
WICKED! HE CAN BE SO PER-
SUASIVE... SO TEMPTING...

I DON'T LIKE TO KILL, BUT
WISHES ME TO. HE KEEPS
WHISPERING IN MY EAR...
"KILL! KILL!"



EPOCH
ON
"KILL!"

HE HAS PROMISED ME MANY THINGS
IN EXCHANGE FOR MY MURDEROUS DEEDS.

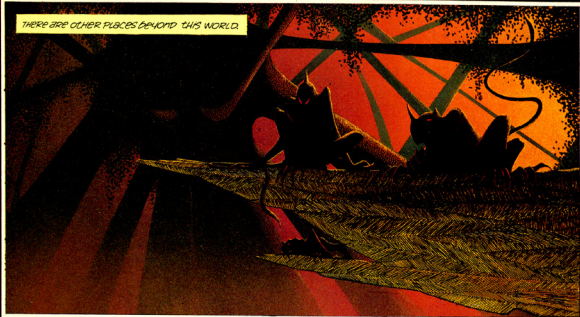


AND HE KEEPS HIS PROMISES, TOO.

WHEN I DO AS HE ASKS, HE
LOOKS ME UP WITH HIM, OUTSIDE
OF MYSELF, SOMETIMES
FOR DAYS AT A TIME.



THERE ARE OTHER PLACES BEYOND THIS WORLD.



SOMETIMES HE TALKS
ABOUT THE BLACK
PLANES, BUT WHEN HE
DOES, IT'S ALWAYS IN
A LOW, YET MELLIF-
LUOUS VOICE FOR
MISTERSHIP THE PEOPLE
OF THE DEAD LIVE
HERE IN URTOM.



AND THEY ARE VERY
MISCHIEVOUS, YOU
KNOW.

THERE ARE MANY GREAT
POWERS THAT I HAVE
YET TO UNDERSTAND.



BUT I WON'T SAY ANYMORE
LET'S WAIT. ENOCH WANTS TO
TELL YOU ABOUT THEM IN HIS
OWN WAY.

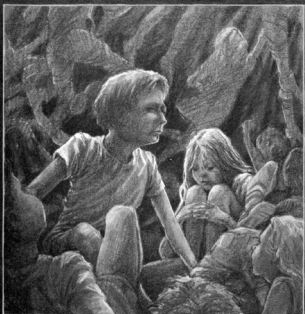
DO YOU HEAR A KIND
OF SPINNING?

SPINNING 'ROUND
AND 'ROUND?

THERE'S ENOCH!



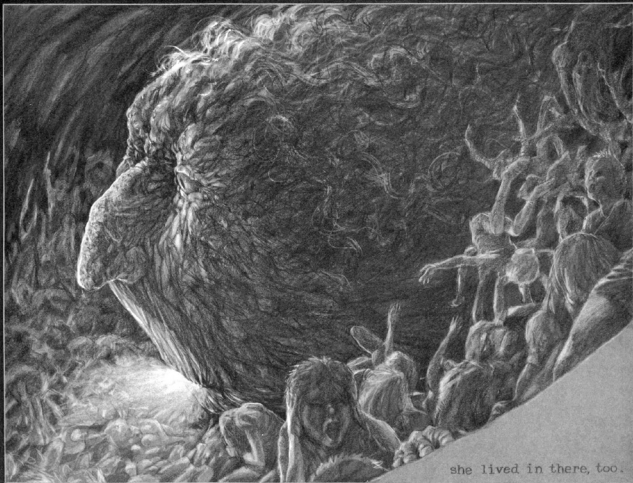
HE ALWAYS SPINS
AFTER FEEDING
TIME!



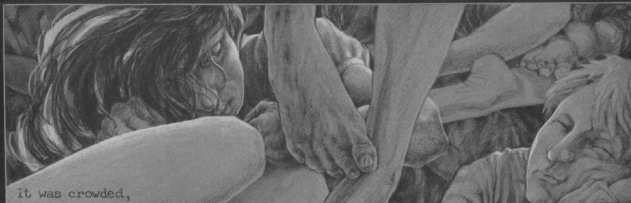
Yes, I was raised in a shoe.



And yes, there was an Old Woman,

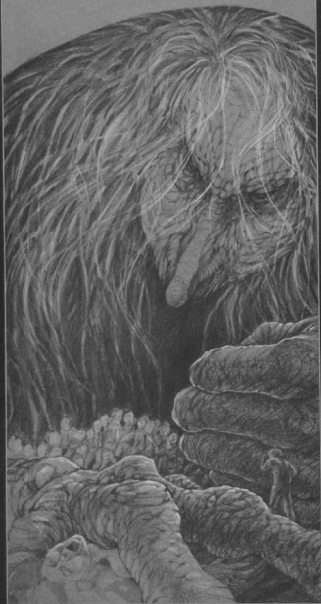


she lived in there, too.



it was crowded,

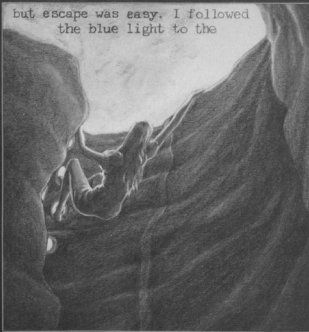
and the Old Woman randomly brutal.



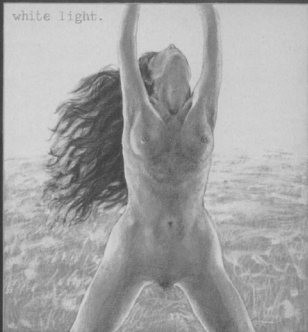
As I matured the situation worsened.



but escape was easy. I followed
the blue light to the



white light.



I ran through the rich fields, met my love and followed the Rules of Rapture.



But to my dismay



I often
return to the shoe,

swooning with nostalgia.

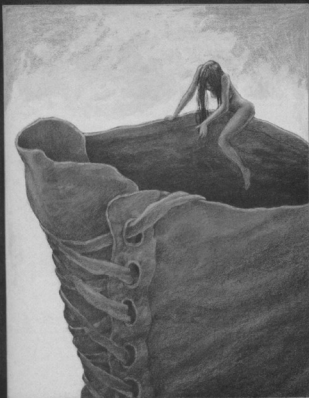


I remember Debbie, the coolest of us all, strolling contemptuously to her certain fate. Each move perfect, the hard lines in her face so right . . . under her spell destructive irrationality became the highest good.



I remember the joy of dumb rage,

and the comfort of hopelessness.



Perhaps it won't hurt



if I return for just a moment.

end

ROCK
+
OPERA

A LONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY FAR AWAY,
A SCI-FI EPIC WENT ON AND ON FOREVER...
NO, IT'S NOT ROCK OPERA--IT'S THE

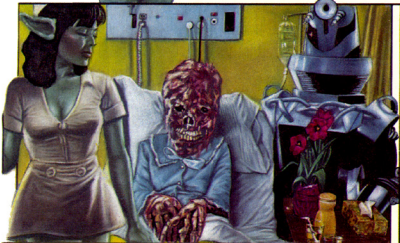
REVENGE OF THE NEHI



Watch this, Mindy--I can drink
it with my feet. Ark! Ark!



It began innocently enough...
with the tiny green pustules
covering the genital area; then
the pink welts and the onset
of a severe psychosis in which
the victim imagined he was
Robin Williams.



It was a disease for which Imperial medicine had no name--and no cure. We star troopers referred to it as "Nehi's Revenge," and our visits to the local brothels ceased as the epidemic raced through our ranks.

Even those seemingly unaffected--like my friend Marty--became demoralized.



Come on, Marty--you can't spend the rest of your life in the can!

Go away! You're probably infectious!



Jesus Christ, Marty--use your brains; it's a venereal disease, remember?

So? For all I know, you've suddenly gone gay!



It was useless to explain that I was immune from the disease because of an embarrassing bout of impotence...



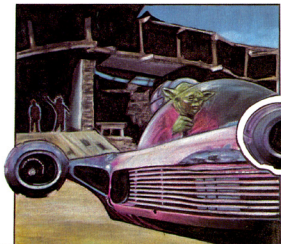
All around, I could see the breakdown of our invasion--our patrols decimated, our posts deserted.



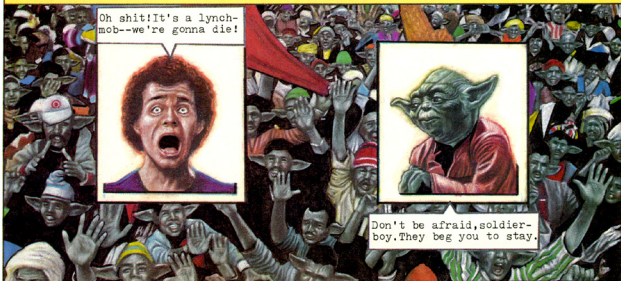
Each morning, a few bloated stragglers would emerge for reveille--

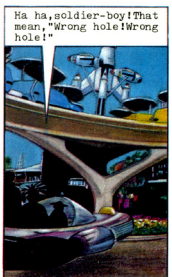
--only to blow apart in the sunlight.





A week before, half the males on the planet had been driving taxis; now there was only one, piloted by a decrepit old geezer. As we climbed aboard, we heard the angry buzz of a huge crowd approaching us.







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