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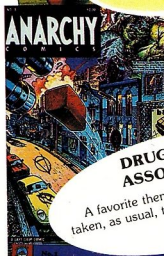
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A WIDE VARIETY OF
ENTERTAINMENT...TAKE
THE ELEVATOR DOWN TO
LEVEL D...I THINK THEY
CAN HELP YOU.



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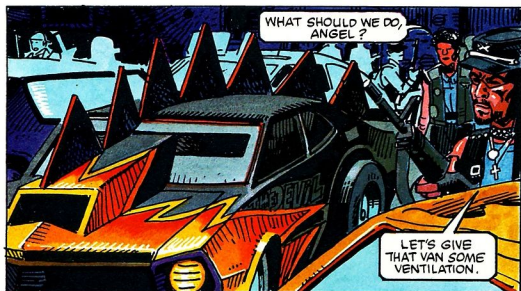
E N T S



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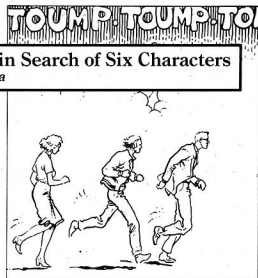
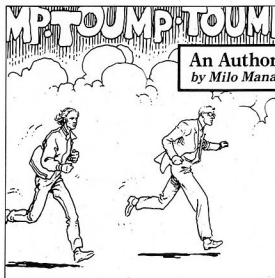
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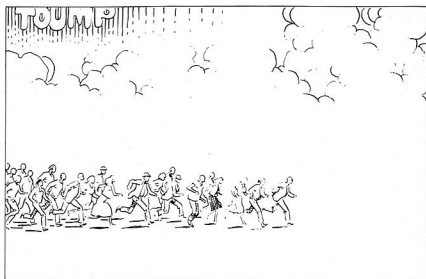
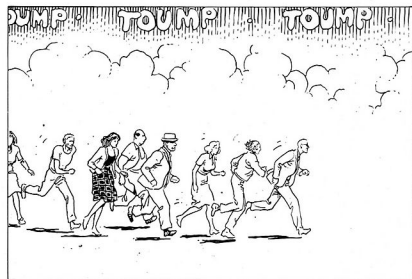
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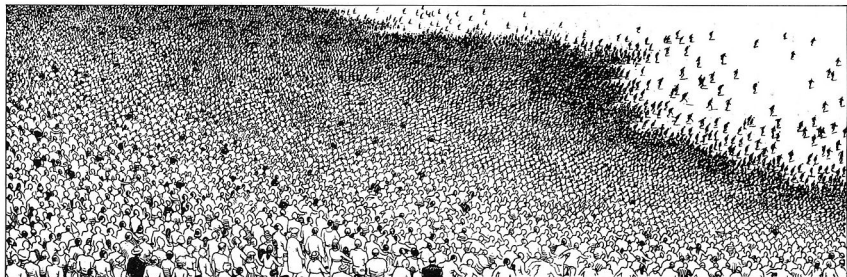
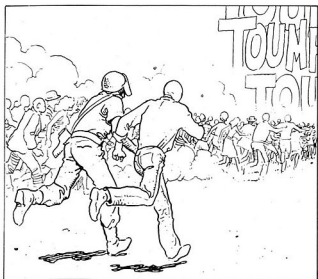
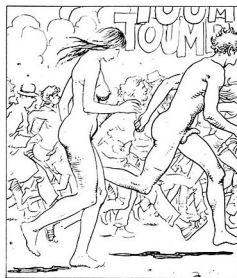
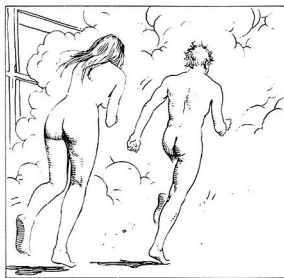
AND
AT
THE SAME
TIME ALL OVER
THE WORLD...

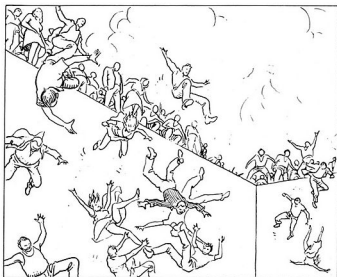
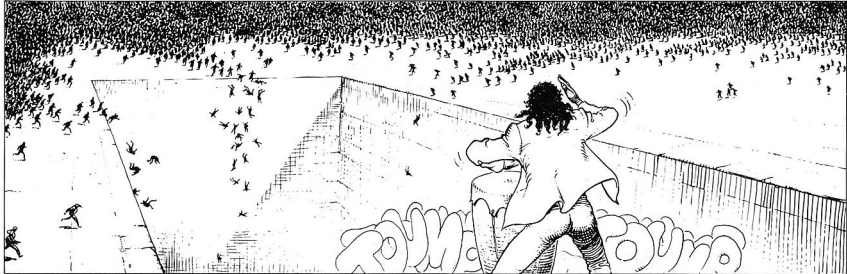


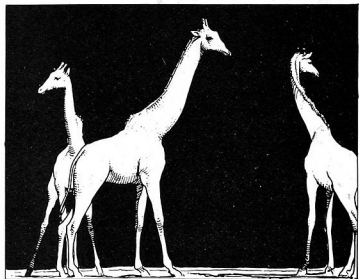
An Author in Search of Six Characters

by Milo Manara









COME CLOSER,
WHITE MAN, AND PLAY
WITH ME! I KNOW
THIS GAME VERY WELL...
I LEARNED IT
LONG AGO. IT'S MY TURN
NOW TO LEAD!



ROLLING
DRUMS AND EXOTIC
RHYTHMS...THEY
WILL MAKE YOU SUFFER...
BUT YOU
ARE IRRESISTIBLY
ATTRACTED....



LOOK AND TREMBLE!
HERE COME
THE SALAMANDERS TO
DEWITCH YOU...

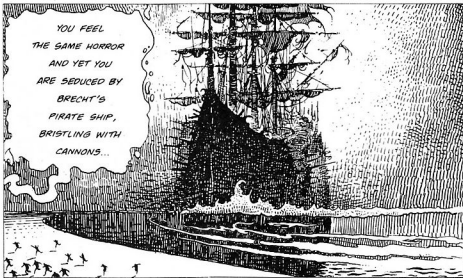
...AND
THE SERPENT TO
HYMNITIZE
YOU.



COME
CLOSER, WHITE MAN,
FOLLOW THE
SOUND OF THE DRUM.
YOU FEEL
GUILTY...MY REVENGE
FRIGHTENS YOU
...AND
FASCINATES YOU...



YOU FEEL
THE SAME HORROR
AND YET YOU
ARE SEDUCED BY
BRECHT'S
PIRATE SHIP,
BRISTLING WITH
CANNONS...



YOU
LOOKED FOR
IT
INESSANTLY YET FLED
WHEN IT
CAME NEAR, AND CALLED
IT THE
PHANTOM SHIP...

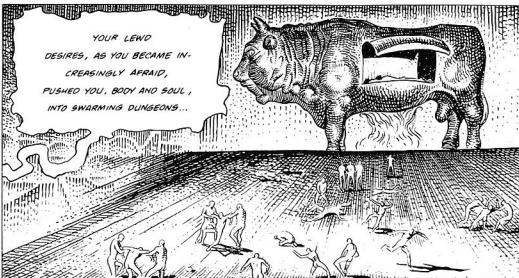




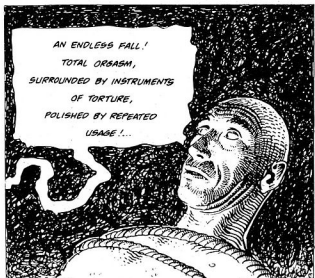
IF
YOU HAPPENED TO
SEE IT
WHILE UNLOADING
THE CONTENTS
OF
YOUR SHIP'S
PUTRID HOLDS...



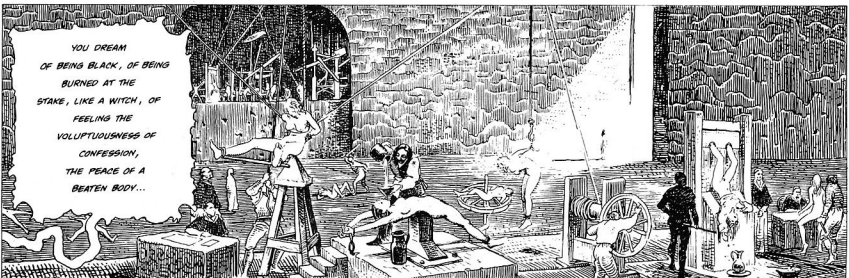
...OR ON
THE GOLDEN COASTS OF
AMERICA.



YOUR LEWD
DESIRES, AS YOU BECAME IN-
CREASINGLY AFRAID,
PUSHED YOU, BODY AND SOUL,
INTO SWARMING DUNGEONS...



AN ENDLESS FALL!
TOTAL ORGASM,
SURROUNDED BY INSTRUMENTS
OF TORTURE,
POLISHED BY REPEATED
USAGE...



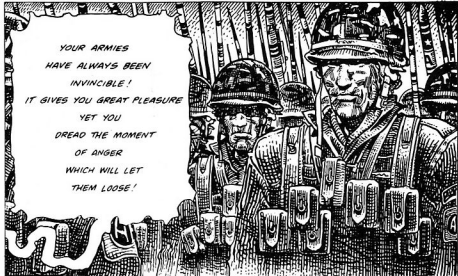
YOU DREAM
OF BEING BLACK, OF BEING
BURNED AT THE
STAKE, LIKE A WITCH, OF
FEELING THE
VOLUPTUOUSNESS OF
CONFESSION,
THE PEACE OF A
BEATEN BODY...



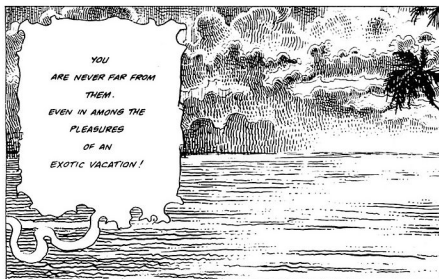
YOUR
HOLY KNIGHTS WENT
TO LOOK
FOR THIS PEACE
IN THE
NORTHERN FORESTS....



AND WERE INVINCIBLE AND
TRIUMPHANT
UNDER THE SCORCHING
SUN
AND THE BUZZING
FLIES OF THE SOUTH!



YOUR ARMIES
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
INVINCIBLE!
IT GIVES YOU GREAT PLEASURE
YET YOU
DREAD THE MOMENT
OF ANGER
WHICH WILL LET
THEM LOOSE!



YOU
ARE NEVER FAR FROM
THEM.
EVEN IN AMONG THE
PLEASURES
OF AN
EXOTIC VACATION!



YOU FEEL
A SUBLIME EXCITATION
THE MOMENT
THEIR LOYAL FIST
IS
LIFTED AGAINST
YOU!



SWEET DEPTHS OF
LASCIVIOUSNESS!
YOU
VIOLATE THEIR TABUS
AMIDST A
QUIVER
OF WHITE THIGHS!



IT
ALL TURNS INTO MORBID
EXALTATION
WHEN YOUR FANTASIES
GO BEYOND
THE LIMITS YOU HAVE
SET FOR THEM.



WHAT
THE HELL IS HE
SAYING?



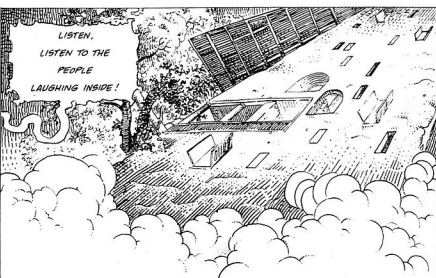
COME CLOSER,
WHITE MAN
MY PUNISHMENT
FASCINATES
YOU...



THE DRUM ROLL ECHOS,
YOUR STRIDENT NOSTALGIA
IS EATING YOU, AND YOU
DREAM OF THOSE
FABULOUS LOST WORLDS.



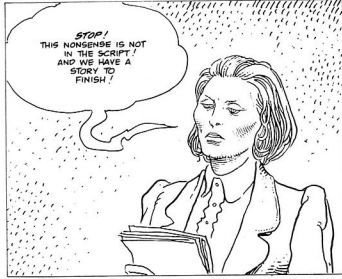
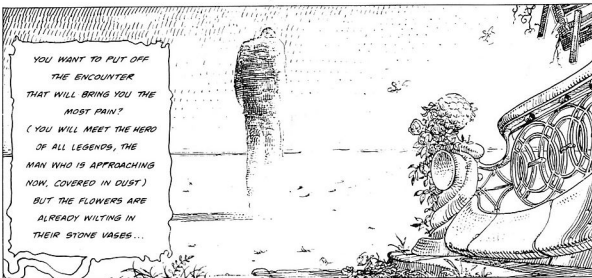
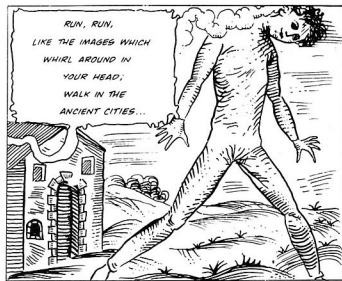
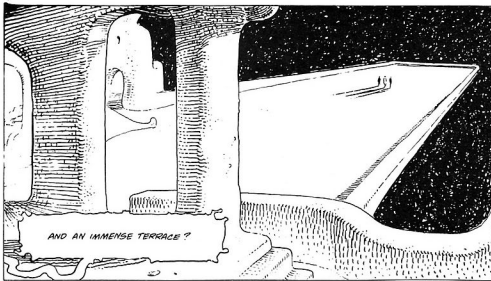
YOU MUST KNOCK ON
THE DOOR OF THE
POET WHO MAKES
YOUR HEART BLEED...



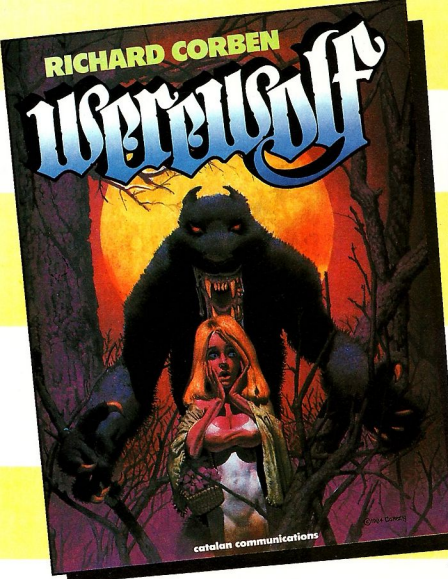
LISTEN,
LISTEN TO THE
PEOPLE
LAUGHING INSIDE!



BUT ONCE YOU'RE IN,
SILENCE GREET'S YOU...



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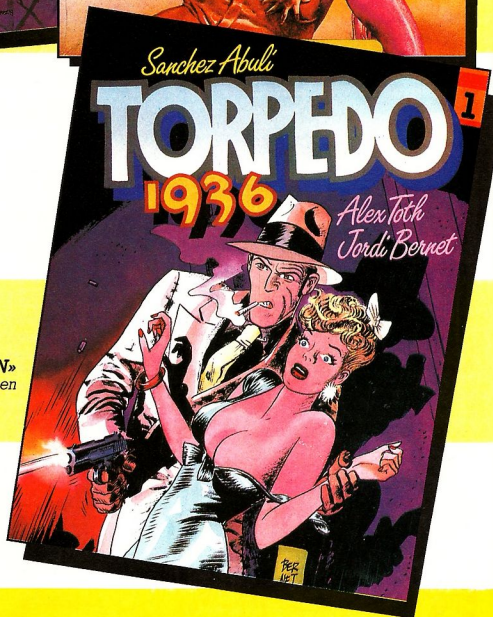
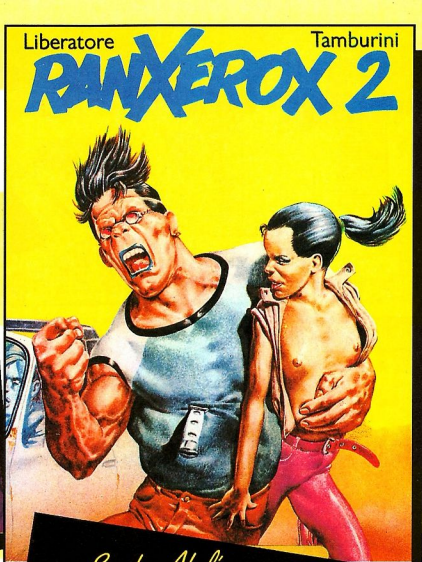
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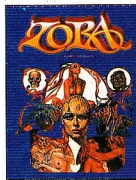
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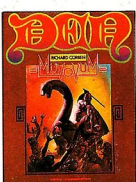
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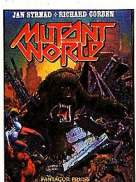


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THIS WORKS OUT EXTREMELY WELL FOR YTGNA, SLYEST OF THE SERPENT FOLK, WHO DECIDES TO USE "THISSS EMPTY VESSSEL" - I.E., PILGOR - TO HELP HIM FIND HIS LOST CONCU-BINE, THE VOLLIPTUOUS AMMORA.

AND SO...

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SSSS - SSSS - SSSS. FOULMOUTH ISSS THE GATEWAY TO THE HIGHLANDSSS. THERE ISSS NO OTHER ROAD I WANT TO SSSSEEE IF THEY CAME THROUGH HERE.

AMMORA'SSS A FIGHTER. SHE HATESSS HER TRIBE - THE SSSSSISTERHOOD OF THE GLOWING BUD - AND WOULD NEVER RETURN WILLINGLY. SSSHE MAY HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR THEM. THEY MAY HAVE SSSOLD HER TO ONE OF THESSSE SSSSSKIN DENSSS IN "DAMAGED" CONDITION.

YOU TAKE THAT SSSIDE OF THE SSSSTREET.

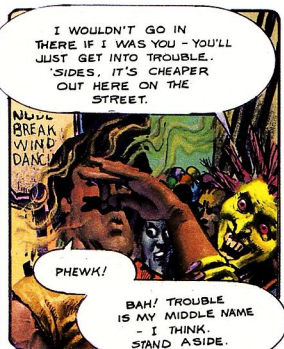
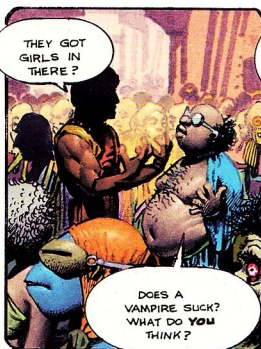
HOW'LL I KNOW HER?

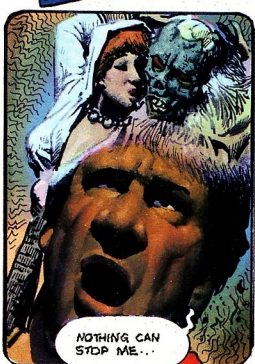
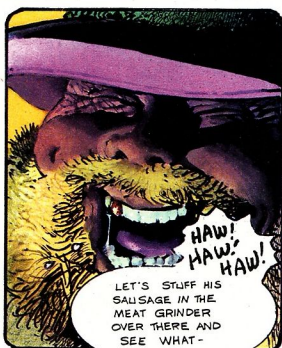
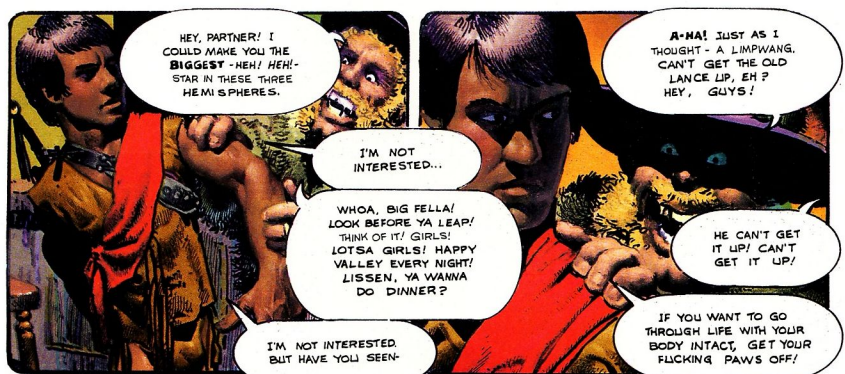
JUSSST LOOK FOR A BLONDE WHOSSSE JUDDERING BRESSSTSSS ARE LIKE RUBY-CROWNED TEMPLE DOMESSSS.

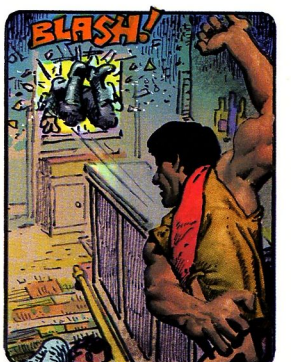
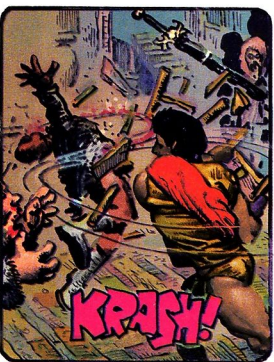
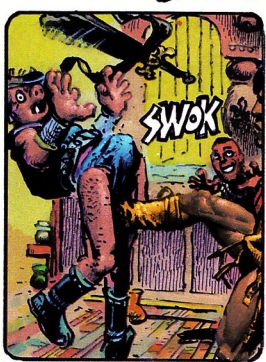
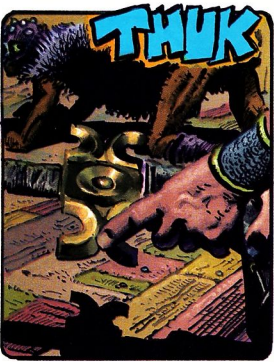
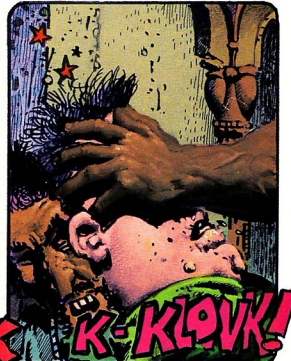
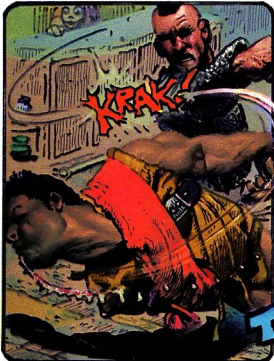
HEY, MISTUH! YA WANNA BUY SOME PUSSY?

OH - BIG TITS. OKAY!

© 1985 RICHARD CORBEN & SIMON REVELSTOKE









HEY! LI'L TOOT'S HERE!

YAY!

THAT MAN HURT LI'L TOOT'S FRIEND. BADASS. LI'L TOOT SHOULD REPOSITION BAD MAN'S LIMBS.

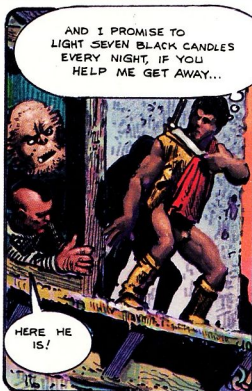
URG!

UH-OH!



NOTHING CAN STOP ME - BUT IT SURE AS HELL MIGHT DELAY ME IF I STICK AROUND!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



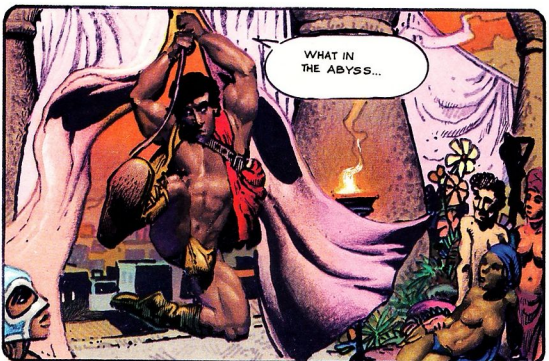
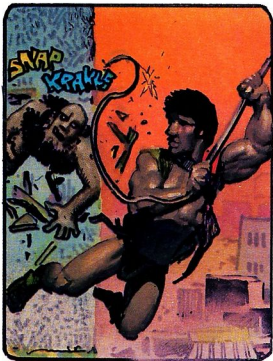
AND I PROMISE TO LIGHT SEVEN BLACK CANDLES EVERY NIGHT, IF YOU HELP ME GET AWAY...

HERE HE IS!



ARRRGHH!

MY, LI'L TOOT! YOUR VOCABULARY'S IMPROVING.



WHAT IN THE ABYSS...

THE DEN OF THE BROTHEL QUEEN

HEY!
WHERE AM I?

OOOHHH, LOOK!
A BARBARIAN!

THITH ITH THE DEN
OF ULTIMATE PERVERTHITY.
YOU THINK YOU CAN DROP
IN UNANNOUNTHED, YOU
THILLY THAVAGE?

THE - TEE-HEE! - PRIVATE
CHAMBERTH OF OUR MITHTRETH -
THE QUEEN OF THE BLACK
COUCH - THUCULLUTH
AGRIPPER!

IRRESISTIBLE TO
ALL MEN AND WOMEN
ALIKE!

DON'T FORGET,
DOMESTICATED PETS
TOO!

HAIL!
HAIL!
HAIL!

EMMMMM, YOU SWEET
GUARDS - BRING THAT MAN
NEAR THAT I MAY BEHOLD HIM.

THUCULLUTH AGRIPPER,
I PRESUME. MY NAME IS
PILGOR.

UH, I'D REALLY LIKE
TO - BUT I'M LOOKING
FOR A GIRL...

AREN'T WE ALL,
HONEY? PILGOR,
YOU DISAPPOINT
ME.

NOT TO WORRY,
MY BOWL OF FLESH
PUDDING. THIS ENCHANTED
VIBRATOR WILL STIFFEN
YOUR SWORD...

SILLY BOY, IT'S SUCULLUS AGRIPPER -
UNLESS YOU HAVE A SPEECH IMPEDIMENT.
OOOOOOH! SUCH OILED PERFECTION!
AND WHAT RIPPLING THEWS! STAY
AWHILE, AND TARRY WITH ME IN MY
BOWER, TALL, DARK, AND
DEPRAVED.

... WHOSE BREASTS
ARE LIKE JUDDERING
EARTHQUAKES.

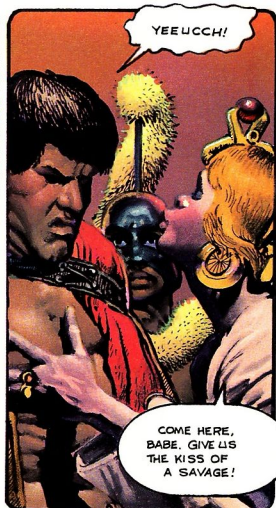
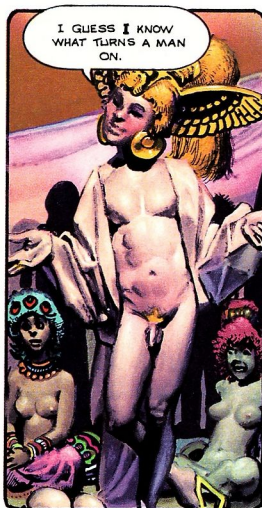
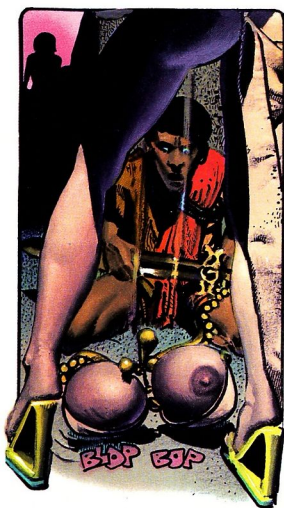
YEAH, MY SWORD.
A LOT OF PEOPLE WANT
TO GET THEIR HANDS
ON IT...

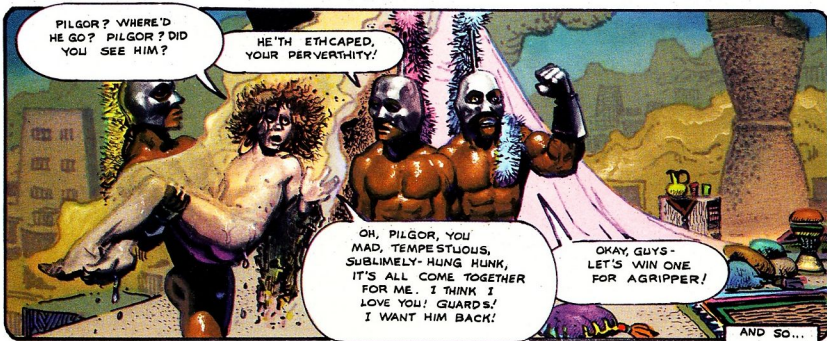
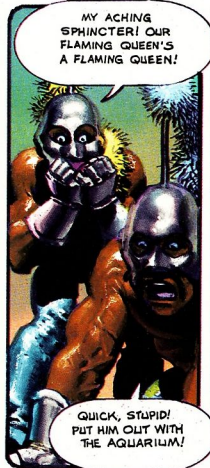
BIG TITS
HUH?

I'LL DRINK
TO THAT!

IT... DOES
... NEED... SOME
GRINDING...
;PUFF! PANT!;

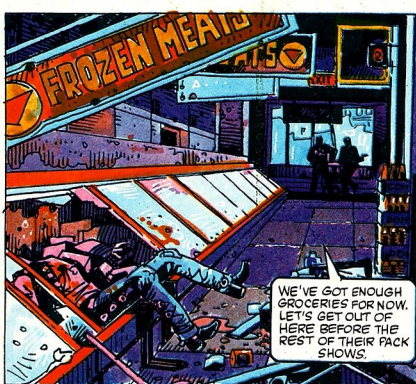
OH MY! I
THINK WE'VE RUBBED
YOU THE WRONG WAY.
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE
TO SEE MY HIDDEN
DELIGHTS.

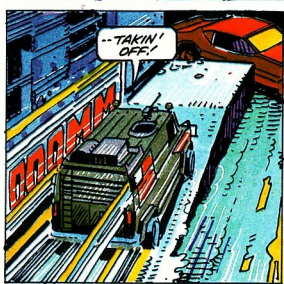
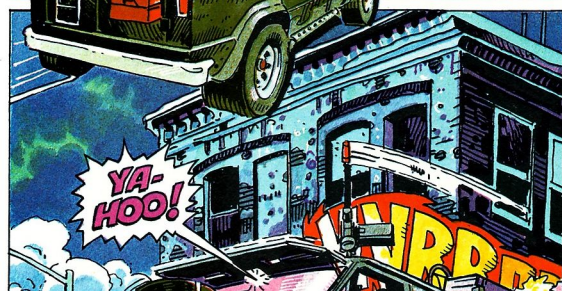




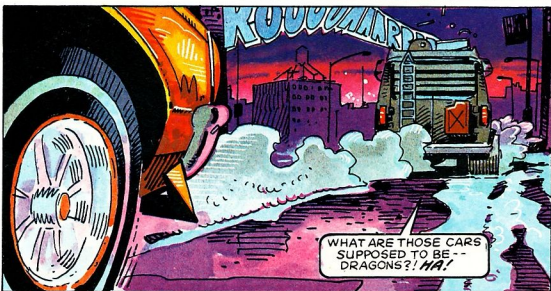
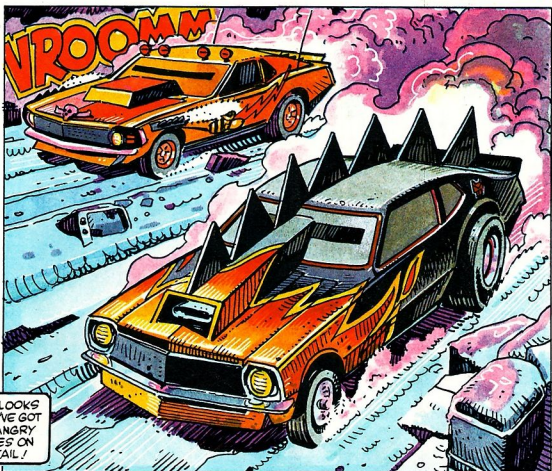
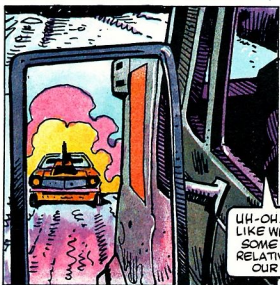
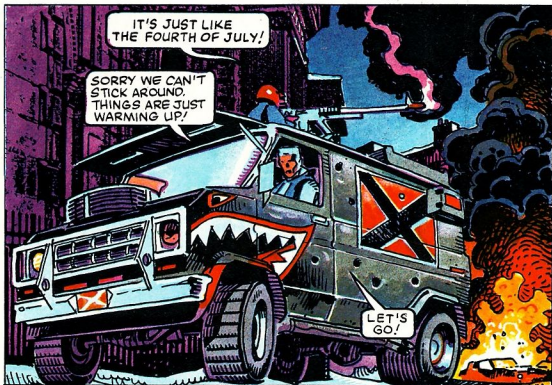
REBEL

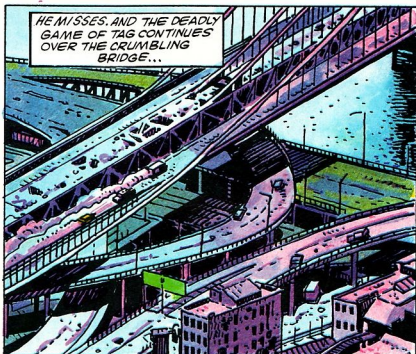
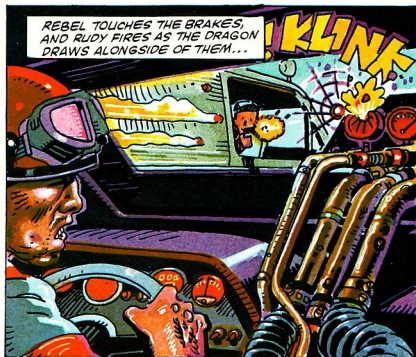


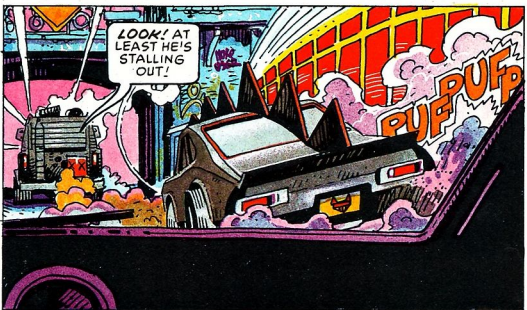
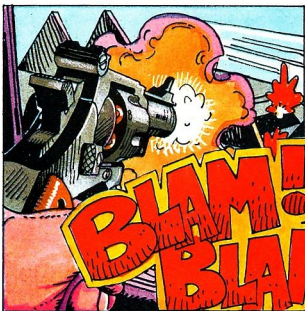
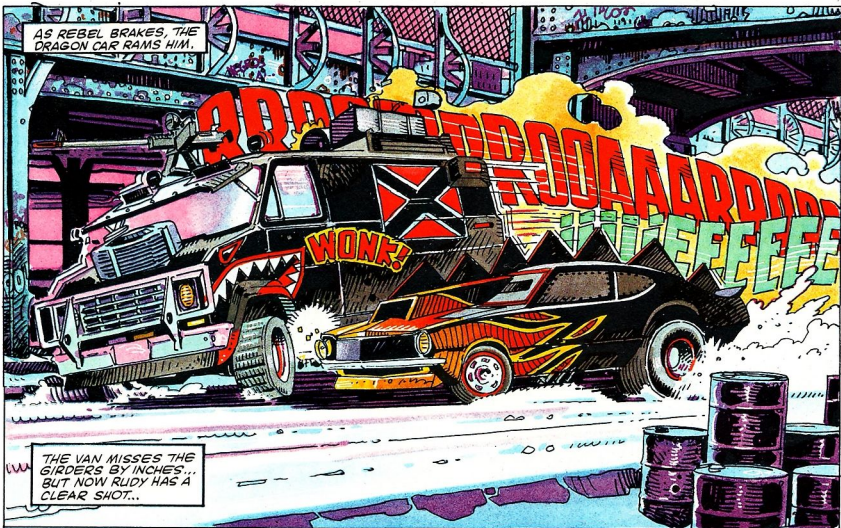












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El BORBAH

ELINE
Voyage

STORY SO FAR: EL BORBAH IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF WALDA KISSLING. HE HAS JUST ENTERED A RESORT CALLED BONA VILLA DISGUISED AS A MEMBER OF THE BROTHERS OF THE BONE.

?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BUB...I'LL JUST KEEP THIS OUTFIT ON FOR NOW.

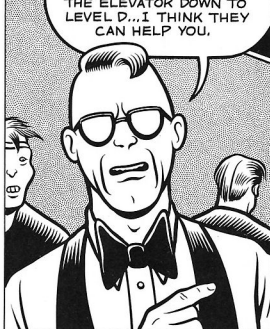


©1981 C. BURNS

BY THE WAY, WHERE CAN A GUY GET SEXED DOWN AROUND THIS JOINT?

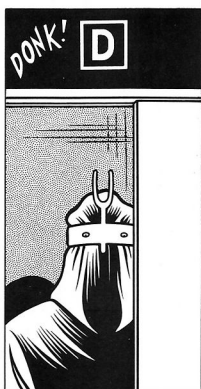
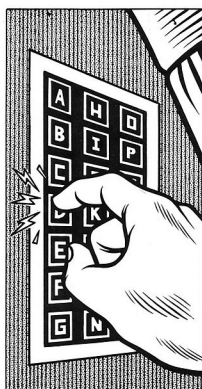


UH...WELL, WE OFFER A WIDE VARIETY OF ENTERTAINMENT...TAKE THE ELEVATOR DOWN TO LEVEL D...I THINK THEY CAN HELP YOU.



RIGHT ON. SEE YA LATER, BUB.





GOOD EVENING,
SIR. WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU?



THE GUY UPSTAIRS
SENT ME DOWN HERE...
NOW WHERE'S
THE CHICKS?

WELL, WE'VE
GOT ALL OF OUR
LOVELY LITTLE
LADIES ON VIDEO
TAPE...



...SO JUST HAVE A
SEAT AND IF YOU SEE
ANYTHING YOU LIKE,
JUST HOLLER!



HI! I'M HONEY SITWELL,
38-22-36...I'M INTO HORSE-
BACK RIDING, BACKGAMMON,
AND ORAL SEX...



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

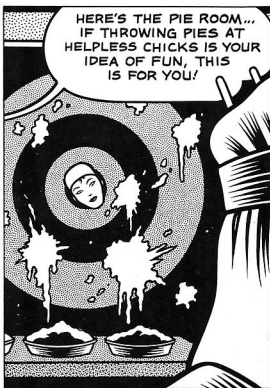
...AND I THINK OLDER MEN
ARE REALLY SEXY...ESPECIALLY
IF THEY HAVE LOADS OF
MONEY!



HUH...I COULDN'T
FIND EXACTLY WHAT I
WAS LOOKING FOR.



AHHH...I THINK I UNDER-
STAND NOW... PERHAPS
YOU'RE INTERESTED IN
SOMETHING A LITTLE
MORE... UNUSUAL.





A FEW SECONDS LATER...

THIS DOOR WILL
TAKE YOU RIGHT OUT TO
THE PARKING LOT...

THAT'S GREAT, SONNY,
BUT I'M STILL GOING TO
HAVE TO POP YOU ONE...
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE
SO DAMN UGLY!



THERE'S THE DOC'S
CAR... HE DIDN'T FREAK
OUT AFTER ALL...

O.K. POPS, CLIMB
ON OUT OF THERE...
YOU'RE ON YOUR
OWN NOW.

BUT... THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! IF THE
BROTHERHOOD FINDS
OUT I HELPED YOU...
TH'Y'LL KILL ME!

TOUGH
SHIT.



...FIRST THING I GOTTA
DO IS DUMP THIS HEAP AND
PICK UP MY OWN RIG...



TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES LATER...



NOW I HAVE TO FIND
A SAFE PLACE TO GET
THIS CHICK DRYED OUT...
WHAT A MESS.



THIS
LOOKS O.K.



WE HAVE ONE
DOUBLE LEFT BUT
I'M AFRAID IT
DOESN'T HAVE A
WATERBED,

I'LL LIVE...
GIMME
THE KEYS.



OH, YEAH...I'M
GONNA BE WANTING
A FEW THINGS SENT
TO MY ROOM...CAN YOU
HANDLE THAT, BUB?

SORRY,
WE DON'T
MAKE
DELIVERIES.

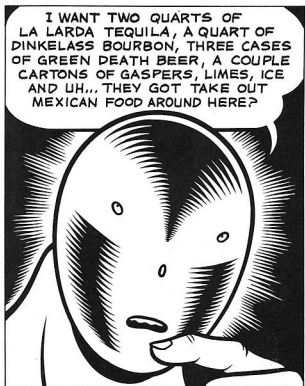


TWENTY
CLAMS MAKE
YOU HAPPY?

AHEM...
WHAT CAN I
GET YOU?



I WANT TWO QUARTS OF
LA LARDA TEQUILA, A QUART
OF DINKELASS BOURBON, THREE CASES
OF GREEN DEATH BEER, A COUPLE
CARTONS OF GASPERS, LIMES, ICE
AND UH... THEY GOT TAKE OUT
MEXICAN FOOD AROUND HERE?



CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE.



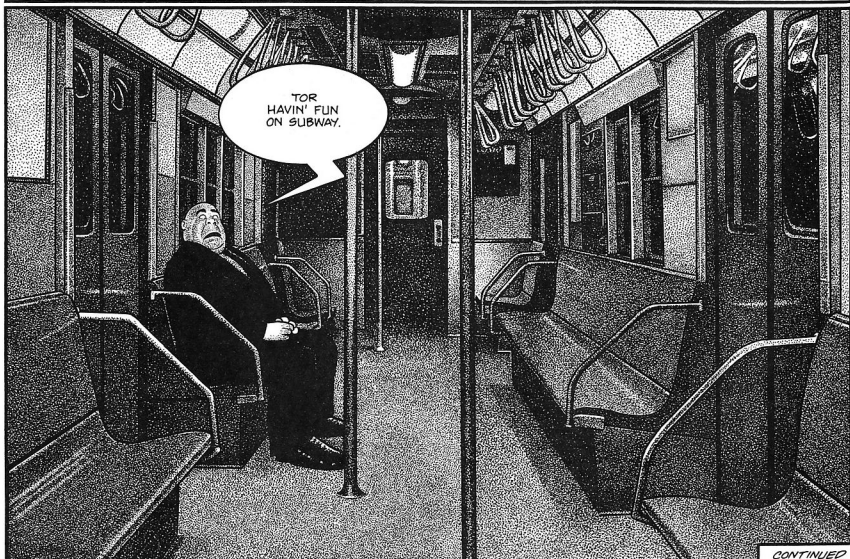
TOR IN NEW YORK

©1985 DREW FRIEDMAN

IN EARLY 1963, TOR JOHNSON VACATIONED IN NEW YORK CITY. HE LOVED TO TAKE IN THE SIGHTS.



HE HAD A DANDY TIME ON HIS VACATION, BUT SADLY WOULD NEVER RETURN TO N.Y.C.



CONTINUED

Dossier

NEUROMANCER

Omni readers were the first to know. There they sat, magazine spread on their lap, minds half engaged, slowly sucking up the carefully homogenized science, gazing torpidly at the lurid graphics. Then they would turn the page, and there would be a piece of fiction that would slash through their lethargy like an overloaded laser.

With stories like "Burning Chrome," "Johnny Mnemonic," and "New Rose Hotel," William Gibson began forging his own world-view. Now he has transmuted those efforts into *Neuromancer* (Ace), a virtuoso juggling act of a first novel.

Early in the next century, a computer cowboy named Case is spotted in Chiba, a Japanese underworld. For past transgressions, Case's nervous system has been deliberately damaged by a Russian military mycotoxin. No longer able to jack himself directly into a computer network and ply his trade (Case is to a computer programmer what a sophisticated jewel thief is to a corner jewelry store), Case has sunk to bitter depths in Chiba. He is contacted, "cured," and heads off on a new assignment involving industrial espionage on a grand scale.

Against the backdrop of this fairly standard thriller opening, Gibson brings the world of *Neuromancer* fully alive in all its partially controlled irrationality. *Frame*: the fecund street scene of Chiba, where the black market wares are precision-tailored biologicals (including a brisk trade in genetic data), software, people, arcane weaponry, and designer drugs. *Frame*: the amorphous Northeastern American city-mass known as the Sprawl. *Frame*: the deliriously decadent orbiting resort known as Freeside, and the unsettlingly enigmatic hidden section of Freeside called Straylight. *Frame*: the rich, detailed, and wholly alien environment of a computer network's data banks—experienced directly by all senses when one is jacked-in.

Along the way, a memorable cast of characters is assembled. Maelcum is a space-tug pilot from the floating Rasta colony, where the ganja-puffers have

programmed a computer with all of popular music from the beginning of recording to date. The computer is constantly sifting the material, grabbing a hook here, a four-bar bridge there, adjusting for key and tempo, and extruding the stuff over speakers in the Rasta colony twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week: the Zion dub. There are Artificial Intelligences that are not human



author William Gibson

in any remote fashion, including the fascinating title character. There are dozens of minor characters, weird street gangs, bartenders, corporate executives. And there is Molly. She is tough, savvy, and possessed of endearing personality quirks that make her the most complex character in the book. I have a permanent crush on Molly.

William Gibson is this year's hungry stranger. He brings to the clubby little world of science fiction a genuinely new perception. His influences are not the safe icons like the Heinleins, but are the harrowing visions of a Robert Stone. He has been compared to the Alfred Bester of the fifties, and the comparison is apt. Like Bester (who once said that "the only way to write a novel is to grab the reader by the

throat on the first page and never let him go...") Gibson injects several brilliant new speculations into the reader's cranium on every page. His prose moves with a kinetic edginess that yanks the reader along in a stuttering amphetamine hurtle. He gives the impression of continually running right out of control, yet he keeps twenty balls in the air and never drops one.

With only a handful of short stories and a single novel to his credit, he is already becoming an oft-imitated writer. I have it on good authority that Gibson clones have been spotted in the Southwest, both coasts, and a virulent pocket in Wisconsin. But Gibson will not be an easy writer to imitate. His jacked-in, high-velocity street-tech prose is coupled with the kind of perception and empathy that can't be duplicated.

—Steve Brown

HM: You're thirty-six years old, married with two kids, and, although American, you've lived in Vancouver, B.C. for the past twelve years. Why Canada? Was it the draft?

WG: Sort of. I told the Board medics I was a total junkie. I checked yes for every drug listed and added about eight more. They made me 1-Y, I think for suspected instability, and I hauled ass up here. But I told them where I was, kept in touch—actually, I kept writing for new cards to replace the ones I'd lose. Just before the system was dismantled, they reclassified me 4-F, possibly as some strange kind of put-down. So technically I've never evaded. And I found the real dodger scene too depressing. So I'm an American citizen and the local equivalent of registered alien.

HM: Vancouver seems like an odd place for someone who writes as if he were having a peak Methedrine experience in the middle of Times Square.

WG: Well, you know, it's a city. But, yeah, I know what you mean. I live in the kind of neighborhood that used to be Hippie City, and gentrification is setting in fast. Aerobic workout joints where the head

WG: Michael Jackson will go flat fucking crazy eventually—and labial pink.





RAVING AND DROOLING

BY LOU STATHIS

UP FROM UNDERGROUND

Every once in a while, a thought occurs to me. (Yeah, miracles *do* happen.) Usually, this particular notion arrives while I'm in a chemically enfeebled condition, waves of sixties nostalgia oozing over my tired limbs like goop leaking from a busted lava lamp. Said thought manifests itself as a disembodied Cheech-like voice whispering smokily, "Like, hey, man, whatever happened to underground comics?"

Quickly—so as not to forget the question—my gazelle-like mind races for an answer. One appears. It's simple, really: like a lotta ex-hippies, undergrounds cleaned up their appearance, sharpened their act, and now steadfastly deny that they ever had coocyn-length hair and peace-sign butt-tattoos.

The disappearance of underground comics in the seventies paralleled the death of the counterculture. Whatever their actual content, undergrounds had become too closely identified with the imagery of hippiedom, and when the era's aging adolescents grew out of the trappings of their extended childhood, they (quite naturally) discarded the things that reminded them of those times. (And unlike, for instance, *Mad* magazine, there wasn't a whole new generation of kids to pick up what their elder brothers threw down.) Alcohol, heroin, and cocaine replaced marijuana and LSD as the drugs of choice, signaling (or perhaps causing) a depressing retreat into the self (boring territory, that). Head shops, the undergrounds' primary retail outlet, were disappearing, as much from lack of interest as from new repressive legislation aimed at curbing the sale of drug paraphernalia. Comic shops, which were beginning to show up everywhere, did nothing to pick up the slack, being more interested in twelve-year-olds who grabbed every new Marvel/DC excretion than in

adults who might still have a taste for comics (albeit something with a tad more substance than *The Amazing Weasel-Woman*).

So, the field withered and the talent scattered. Some assimilated themselves into the widening mainstream (via pubs like *Playboy*, *High Times*, *National Lampoon*, and, yes, even *HM*—where d'ya think Corben came from?), while others either gave up, isolated themselves from what they perceived as an increasingly hostile world (the dreaded Crumb Syndrome), or tried to weather the transition by any means available to them—teaching.

"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF UNDERGROUND COMICS IN THE SEVENTIES PARALLELED THE DEATH OF THE COUNTERCULTURE."

advertising work, smack dealing, suicide, or merchandising themselves out of insolvency (the dreaded Zippy Syndrome). A couple of efforts were made to pump life into the nearly expired corpse: Denis Kitchen's ill-fated 1974 *Comix Book* (three issues of sanitized idiosyncrasy, with desultory distribution by Marvel), and Art Spiegelman and Bill Griffith's longer-lived *Arcade* (the bridge between sleazy undergrounds and Spiegelman's artsrar *Raw*), but it was evident that no one out there gave much of a shit. John Holmstrom's *Punk* magazine kept some of the spirit alive, but its main interests were elsewhere (like in the gutter).*

The eighties brought with them (besides

AIDS and Ronnie Reagan) *Raw* and *Weirdo*, the simultaneous embodiments of both extremes of the underground spectrum. *Weirdo* is Crumb's attempt to recreate *Zap Comix*, another manifestation of his refusal to accept the present. It is scruffy, quaintly anachronistic, and notable chiefly for the pages of his own work it contains (whatever the old boy's twisted pathology, he still has the knack). *Raw* is Spiegelman's (and publisher/co-editor/spouse Françoise Mouly's) attempt to lift comic art by its bootstraps (sneaker flaps, more appropriately) out of the gutter and into more respectable surroundings. Where *Weirdo* happily trod the grungy underground road, *Raw* opted for the well-ordered path of politeness and reverence (two options not high on this old crank's hit parade), the sort of elitist remove you find in a gallery or classroom—all qualities antithetical to the exuberantly subversive spirit of the undergrounds. No matter how brilliant any of the individual contributions might have been (and there've been plenty), the air of joyless contrivance in the package was always too off-putting, and though I looked through each issue, I never felt compelled to *read* anything (the same way I rarely feel compelled to stop and study something hanging on a gallery or museum wall). While it might be encouraging to the *browser*, it's uninviting to the *reader*, and reading is still an essential part of the comic experience for me. (I guess it's no surprise that the most compelling thing in each issue for me has been Spiegelman's very traditional "Maus," a straightforward narrative account of his father's life in Nazi-ravaged Poland. Gripping stuff.)

Interestingly, *Raw* has emerged as something of a *Zap* for the eighties—the

"SOMEDAY, THE UGLY TRUTH OF 'HOW I KILLED PUNK MAGAZINE' SHOULD BE TOLD. IT INVOLVED AN ARTICLE OF MINE JOHN HAD THE BAD TASTE TO PUBLISH, AND THE HOSTILE REACTION AMONGST THE MAGAZINE'S DISTRIBUTORS CAUSED BY HIS CHOICE OF APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATION. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER SORDID STORY."

Flagship of a new, upwardly mobile, yuppie art underground—comic as “graphic.” What this means is that *Raw* gets invited to place a scuzzy little underground would never get *near*, like snooty bookstores and *Artforum*-littered coffee tables. Which ultimately is a good and healthy thing. I guess (yes, that squeaking is the sound of a grudging admission rolling into place), as it breaches ghetto walls that the unsavory format of mags like *Weirdo* reinforces. Thus, while it might put off bohemian old farts like myself, it brings in new blood—readers, buyers, artists, writers—who can only contribute to a growing and changing field.

And things are looking good. *Raw* #6 has me laughing harder than any of the previous issues, thanks mostly to Charles Burns, Jerry Moriarty, Joost Swarte, Drew Friedman, and Gary Panter—and even the terminally twisted Mark Beyer, whom I usually find grudgingly tedious. Also snazzy is *Raw*'s third one-shot, **Jerry Moriarty's *Jack Survives***, a funny, surreal collection somewhere between “Krazy Kat,” “Blondie,” and “Maus.” *Weirdo* has been reborn under rookie editor **Pete Bagge** (ex of *Stop!* and *Comical Funnies*), and the latest issue (#11) is the best yet—from the magnificent Crumb cover through Kim Deitch's autobiographical “Two Jews from Yonkers,” a Big Daddy Roth portfolio, Bruce Carleton's delicious notebooks from his Far East excursion (where he's now scamped back to live; can't get enough of them Asian babes, eh, Bruce?), to Bagge's own “Martini Baton” (amazing how the boy's drawing has matured remarkably in the space of a year).

But, more than just a couple old fogies feeling oaty, there's also a buncha young whippersnappers muscling their way forward. Among the best are: **Bad News**, two issues out, from guys who appear to be (ugh!) students of Spiegelman's at the School of Visual Arts. Though sometimes excessively depressing (the title sez it), editor/contributors **Paul Karasik** and **Mark Newgarden** whip out a good blend of morbid irreverence and loonytoon artistry. My faves are Karasik's arty-farty “Action Comics” (title ironic) and Kaz's neat cover; but hey guys, cheer up! (Probably been hanging out with Beyer.)

Even more depraved is **Adam Parfrey** and **George Petros's *Exit***, with contributions from S. Clay Wilson and Robt. Williams (both reprint), Kim Seltzer, Petros, and the Reverend Jim Jones (no, not *Guyana* Guffaws, but a transcript of his suicide speech, which is *harrowing* stuff). The first issue (now sold-out) is a bit haphazard (as first issues usually are), but truly twisted things are promised for the future (like a compendium of degenerate ideas and scurrilous philosophies).

And if we're talking *warped*, mention must be made of the inimitable **Joe Coleman**, who's got a strip (term used loosely) in *Exit* #1, as well as a book all his own, *The Mystery of Wolverine Woo-*

Bait. I'd venture that Coleman's two biggest influences are S. Clay Wilson and Thomas Noguchi (the Cornerer to the Stars), and as much as I relish gruesomeness for its own sake, I must admit to finding *Woo-Bait* fascinatingly impenetrable. Coleman has Panter's quality of captivating offensiveness, and his book must be seen to be believed.

I also like **Peter Dalo's *Casual Casual***, a sloppy little half-sized zine from Toronto that self-consciously shuffles around in an endearingly unkempt condition. It's refreshing (a good antidote to *Raw*'s stuffiness), but sometimes the crudeness gets wearying, to the point where a gift certificate to the Famous Cartoonists School seems in order. But thankfully, most of the strips are funny, and rarely exceed two to four pages (ars brevis!). Also: in this highly irregular field, *CC*'s been more regular than an old lady with Haley's M. O. (formerly bimonthly, now quarterly).

The real bad news, though, is that *Stop!* is no more (cue whimpering). With the just-released ninth emission, the editors (*HM* contributors **Holmstrom** and **J.D. “Too-Tall” King**) have announced they've succumbed to mag fatigue (a virulent plague that cuts down the best of us). So the last refuge of dumb humor bites the

**“IF DIVERSITY IS HEALTH,
THEN THE POST-
UNDERGROUND COMICS
SCENE IS IN FINE SHAPE.”**

dust, but not before going out with a resounding “Woof!” Included are the usual mindless glorifications of low culture (you know, wrestling, schlocky horror flicks, Jackie Coogan, wanky novelty discs—all the stuff you fill time with between buckets of Cool Whip), as well as swell scribbling from all your faves (Holmstrom, King, Carleton, Friedman, and Bagge), and some of your not-so-faves, too (no names, please). And, in its final appearance, the *Stop!* 40—the young person's guide to the latest fluctuations on the Big Board of Cool, tabulated from a scrupulous readers' poll (I won't blab the illuminating results, 'cept that it don't include any Limey cross-dressers, bogus royalty from Minneapolis, or touring family song-and-dance acts). I quaver to think what will arise to fill *Stop!*'s Converse All-Stars, but I'm sure these guys won't be idle for long (there's only so much time you can kill watching Kamala the Ugandan Giant punch pud outta some honky chump). A void has opened in my life. . . .

Hitchhiking across the Big Drink, we find the Budweiser of Brit B.D., **Knockabout**, staggering along in fine shape (unlike the rest of Maggie's minions). A new book-like format heralds the “Hell on Earth Issue” (#8), with sixty-four non-

asswipe pages filled with superior scrawling—most especially the new Max Zillion, horn-toting hipster adventure from the great **Hunt Emerson** (whaddya mean you don't have a copy of his *The Big Book of Everything*, published by Knockabout last year?). Other worthy bits come from Chris Welch (a droll little Moebius parody), Savage Pencil (in his classic quadruple style), Phil Elliott, and a couple that I can't find signatures for (how about a Table of Contents, mates?).

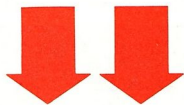
If diversity is health, then the post-underground comics scene is in fine shape. The only thing that really worries me is the thoroughly distasteful possibility that comics are succumbing to the lust for fine-art acceptance. It's not that (like other pop arts—sf and rock music) comics aren't a legitimate art form deserving of the praise and attention given to the snootier, more intellectually acceptable forms—but with that elevation into so-called “high art” realms comes the sort of tight-ass snakeshit a vibrant avenue of expression can do without. And you can already see that horrific contagion moving in—self-indulgence, introversion, inaccessibility, and downright worthless jacking off. Without being patronizing, comics are at their best as a proletarian art form, a pop art that communicates through a direct, uncontrived language of visual and verbal shorthand, like mass-disseminated hieroglyphics or graffiti. There's a withdrawal from that street sensibility afoot, and with it a loss of power and immediacy. You can see it among art students who use the comic medium and its imagery without understanding its essence (like schmucks who make disco without thinking about dancing), and in galleries, “painters” like Kenny Scharf, Rodney Alan Greenblatt, Jean Michel Basquiat, and Keith Haring who litter their canvases with secondhand comic imagery for art consumers who think they're hip to street action. You don't hang comics on walls (or put them in plastic bags)—they're a part of life, they're there to be read along with the *Weekly World News*, the *NME*, and the *Washington Post*. This isn't to say they aren't great art that you put away and save afterward, but putting them on this bogus fucking pedestal can only mean the functional death of one of the last authentically subversive art forms.

—Lou Stathis

(Addresses: Raw Books, 27 Greene St., New York, NY 10013; *Weirdo*, Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, P.O. Box 212, Berkeley, CA 94701; *Bad News*, P.O. Box 2053, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159; *Exit*, 70 Greenwich Avenue, Box 594, New York, NY 10011; *Casual Casual*, 536 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1Y4; *Stop!*, P.O. Box 529, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113; *Knockabout*, 249 Kensal Road, London, U.K. W10 5DB; Joe Coleman, P.O. Box 1416, New York, NY 10009.)

BEAT BOX

HERE'S SOME VINYL THAT HELPED MAKE THE LAST FEW MONTHS JUST A BIT MORE BEARABLE:



SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL, **Hole** (ZEI SOME BIZZARE)

FOETUS ART TERRORISM, "CALAMITY CRUSH" (ZEI SOME BIZZARE)

CLANDESTINE (NED SUBLETTE AND DAVID VAN TIEGHEM), "RADIO RHYTHM" (SLEEPING BAG)
CABARET VOLTAIRE, "SENSORIA" (VIRGIN/SOME BIZZARE)

CONSPIRACY INTERNATIONAL (CHRIS & COSEY), "HAMMER HOUSE" (UK CTI)

LIVE SKULL EP (MASSIVE)

COMATEENS, "DEAL WITH IT" (MERCURY/VIRGIN)

XTC, "THIS WORLD OVER" (UK VIRGIN)

M + M, "COOLING THE MEDIUM" (RCA)

CHAKK, "OUT OF THE FLESH" (UK DOUBLEVISION)

STAN GETZ AND ALBERT DAILEY, **Poetry** (ELEKTRA/MUSICIAN)

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE, **Zoolook** (FRENCH DREYFUS/JEM DIST.)

THE RESIDENTS, "SAFETY IS A COOTIE WOOTIE" (RALPH)

This Mortal Coil (UK 4A.D.)

R. STEVIE MOORE, **What's the Point?** (CUNEIFORM)

TANGERINE DREAM, **Poland** (UK JIVE/ELECTRO)

EURYTHMICS, 1984 (RCA)

HOLGER CZUKAY, **Der Osten Ist Rot** (UK VIRGIN)

DAVID SYLVIAN, **Brilliant Trees** (UK VIRGIN)

HANS-JOACHIM ROEDELIUS, **Geschenk des Augenblicks/Gift of the Moment** (EDITIONS' EG)

Diamanda Galas (METALANGUAGE)
BRUCE GILBERT, **This Way** (UK MUTE)

CHRIS AND COSEY, **Songs of Love and Lust** (UK ROUGH TRADE)

THE RESIDENTS, **What Ever Happened to Vileness Fats?** (RALPH)

RHYTHM & NOISE, **Contents Under Notice** (RALPH)

BLAINE REININGER, **Night Air** (BELGIAN ANOTHER SIDE)

NICK CAVE, **From Her to Eternity** (UK MUTE)

FRED FRITH, **Cheap at Half the Price** (RALPH)

— LOU STATHIS



STOP!



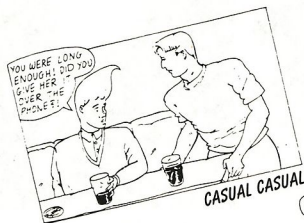
WEIRDO



RAW



KNOCKABOUT



CASUAL CASUAL

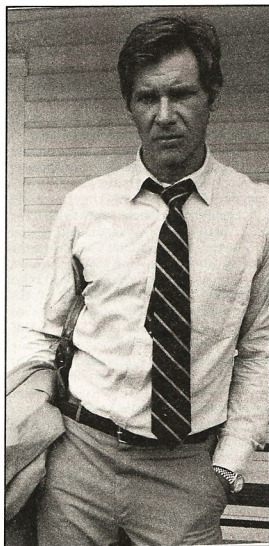


BAD NEWS



EXIT

THE HM FILMSTRIP



Witness. What Sam Peckinpah was to slo-mo bloodbaths, Aussie director Peter Weir is to clashing cultures—though this time his glorification of simple innocent primitivism raped spiritually by decadent Westerners ain't as heavy-handed as such earlier efforts as *The Year of Living Dangerously*, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, and *The Last Wave*. Harrison Ford—needing a few more inches whittled from his stick—is a tough Philly cop investigating a comrade's murder, witnessed only by a shy Amish kid whose cute mom is urging him to shun the violent outside world. Weir subtly transforms this ho-hum premise into an emotionally gripping, utterly convincing story, aided immeasurably by the atmospheric synth score of the usually icky Maurice Jarre, and cinematographer John Seale's amber waves of grain. This supremely satisfying film is definitely Weir's best, and should be enshrined as a prototype of the modern Hollywood masterpiece. (One wonders what Weir would do with the clashing of two totally alien cultures in an sf/fantasy contest—with a script by someone like Michael Bishop.)

—Lou Stathis



The Falcon and the Snowman. John Schlesinger's film is based on a true story—but there's still no sense in it. Two rich California boys who don't seem capable of anything more than freebasing wind up selling classified info to the Soviets for reasons far too mindless to detail here. Schlesinger isn't even able to lay out the basic Who, What, When, Where, and Why. Timothy Hutton's looking better since *Ice Man*, but he's hardly caged here—he's so blah he's positively Fred MacMurrayesque. But the movie must be seen for Sean Penn's performance. It's a *transformation* (not unlike De Niro in *The King of Comedy*). The guy really is amazing.

—Steven Maloff



Blood Simple. As a child, I discovered the practice of hyperventilating, holding my breath, standing up, and blacking out. As an adult moviegoer, *Blood Simple* is as close as I've come to duplicating that experience. A bar owner, his wife, his private eye, and her stud tear around like a Rube Goldberg contraption on speed, murdering and swindling and copulating. As *Blood Simple* rockets from beginning to end, it's all over the place and almost too out of control for a first-time viewer to neatly tie up loose ends and watch the movie at the same time. But never mind, it's a gas (I haven't seen such sweat since *Debbie Does Dallas*—and I'm talking about the *audience*!) Brothers Ethan and Joel Cohen's astonishing debut was named Best Film at the United States Film Festival—and required viewing in the pages of *HM*.

—Steven Maloff



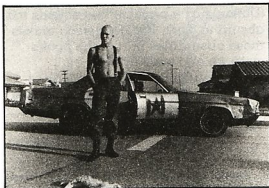
A Private Function. I will never understand the British. This is excruciatingly dull humor—an absurdist comedy of manners. It's post-WWII England on ration, and a lower-class couple (he gives pedicures to the rich, she loves to hear about it) decides that stealing a pig will put them on the social map—imagine what bacon could do for a party! The screenwriter, Alan Bennett, was a member of *Beyond the Fringe*, a comedy troupe that enormously influenced Monty Python. Michael Palin's presence as the pedicurist harps on this point, and the movie's peculiar brand of humor, to the irritating degree.

—Steven Maloff

B E Y O N D

THE VALLEY OF THE VIDEOS

by Jim Farber



Suburbia (1984), Vestron. Directed by Penelope Spheeris.

Unlike Penelope Spheeris's first movie (the sycophantic L.A. hard-core punkumentary *The Decline of Western Civilization*), the deceptively titled *Suburbia* manages to present a more evenhanded picture of certain slamdance outcasts. Where her documentary went misty-eyed every time some skinhead burped something about "alienation" (assuming that the exciting music and "scene" gave them moral superiority), here she manages to do the characters justice without jerking them off. There's no voyeurism in her study of the kids' relentlessly grotesque behavior (best shot: a guy shoving a rat's head into his mouth), and no attitudinizing about the broad societal conditions that created this flotsam in the first place. Instead we get a determinedly ambivalent view of people for whom the most extreme punk lyrics are everyday reality.

Faces of Death (1983), Gorgon Video. Directed by Conan LeClaire.

This one's been out for a while, but for all you necrophiliacs it's worth a mention. Much like the delightfully disgusting *Savage Man, Savage Beast, Faces of Death* is a mega-schlocky pseudo-documentary on how we croak. Highlights include laughably dubious recreations of a man being turned into ground chuck by a grizzly bear, an electrocution in which pus runs from the victim's mouth and blood from his eyes, plus more autopsies than my hero Thomas Noguchi does in a decade. (These, I guess, are real.) Actually, the most sick, and therefore entertaining, thing in the movie is the narration by the aptly named Dr. Francis Gross. He delivers a nonstop kitsch-filled tirade against violence and death in a brilliantly idiotic attempt to dissociate the movie from its own leering voyeurism.



Fleshburn (1984), Media Home Entertainment. Directed by George Gage.

Here's a weird one. *Fleshburn* tells the story of a maniacal Indian who kidnaps the four shrinks who put him away, dumping them in the desert to fry alive. From there the plot becomes your average struggle-for-survival story, but the characters seem a bit brainier than usual (remember, these *are* shrinks), and the flick also includes an unexpected sign of good politics. The fact that one of the shrinks is gay is revealed in a natural, subtle way—a surprisingly nonexploitive touch amidst otherwise pure exploitation.



The Plumber (1976), Media Home Entertainment. Directed by Peter Weir.

Peter Weir's *The Plumber* is a stilted cinema-of-the-absurd piece of such broad and clumsy metaphors that all art and humanity get trampled in their wake. It's basically a class-conscious *Bartleby the Scrivener*—a low-rent plumber/folk singer comes to fix the waterworks in the apartment of an educationally privileged college professor and just won't leave. The plumber plays on the egghead's guilt to make some statement about class politics or modern sex roles or something, but it's so muddled and "intellectual" that any real emotional confrontation gets flushed down the toilet.



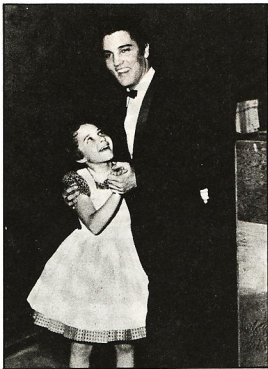
Christiane F. (1983), Media Home Entertainment. Directed by Ulrich Edel.

Christiane F. is awfully impressed with its own grittily "honest" portrayal of German teenyboppers/heroin addicts/prostitutes. So much so that all it relates credibly is an endless string of disgusting details on the kids' personal habits without ever helping us understand who these creeps really are. We learn zilch about the title character's background or personality. Instead all we get are gory gestures—shooting up with her friends, vomiting on herself, and turning tricks with old scuzzbags. For fans of realistic detail there's plenty here to chew on, but ultimately it's all about as emotionally enlightening as your average Linda Blair teen-trash flick (and not nearly as entertaining).



Night of the Bloody Apes (1971), Gorgon Video. Directed by Rene Cardona.

With its zombie-like acting, cheap shove-your-face-in-it gore, and brain-damaged plot, *Night of the Bloody Apes* is an absolute delight. The acting is as mind-bogglingly stoned-out as anything you'd find in an Edward Wood flick, the gore is as unconvincing and relentless as vintage Herschell Gordon Lewis, and the hairy plot manages to work lots of female wrestling into its typical mad-doctor story (a common fetish among Mexican exports like this, believe it or not). The way-out-of-sync dubbing and clumsy translations make the acting ever more thrilling to watch, and you haven't lived till you've seen the monster kill someone by ripping her hairpiece off.



Rock Clone

When Byron "Blue Suede" Bluford of Portland, Maine, is given Elvis's own pearl-handled revolver shortly before the King passes on, he knows he has been chosen. From Biddeford to Boston, Byron perfects his imitation Elvis act, until he hears the siren call of Elvis's personal playground: Las Vegas. There "Prince Byron" evolves into "King Byron," complete with bodyguards, groupies, jumpsuits, piles of multi-hued pills, and a block-long Cadillac. **William McCranor Henderson's *Stark Raving Elvis*** (Dutton) has a premise that sounds too absurd to work, but Henderson makes those absurdities part of the book's strength and ends up with an alternately funny and scary look at one man's American Dream corrupted into nightmare. Some rough edges, but very impressive for a first novel.

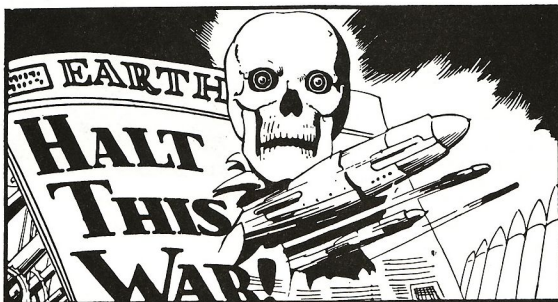
—Michael Barson

Wah? Wah Not.

The body of work created by Pete Wylie (a.k.a. **Wah!** or Wah! Heat or The Mighty Wah! or J.F. Wah!) has never been released in this country, although in the U.K. the guy is so famous he gets flack for being *too* phenomenal, too much the "legend in his own mind" type. But his records speak for themselves, most recently *The Way We Wah!* (a spectacular greatest-hits compilation) and *A Word to the Wise Guy* (featuring his most recent hit, "Come Back"). The few who know him here are familiar with his work by way of "The Story of the Blues," a Spectorian single of a few years back that is one of the few records of the genre which can stand with "Be My Baby" as a classic as undeniably great as it is undoubtedly overproduced. Wah! live is nothing less than a revelation, fully able to reproduce the wall of mush yet spewing forth twice the gusto, venom, and thrust a rock artiste should be asked to conjure for performance. Of all the recent Liverpudlians—and one in particular has inspired the most hoopla with the least content behind it—Wah! not only is the genuine article, but the most deserving unknown artist not to get an American recording contract in years. Don't relax.

—Jon & Sally Tiven

Almost a Collector's Item



"Legendary 1st Issue," boldly proclaims the cover, a reproduction from ***Planet Comics* #1** (1940). And they're right: the first issue of *Planet*, the first original-material science-fiction comic book, is a legendary collector's item. Unfortunately, what Pacific Comics has reproduced here is not *Planet Comics* #1. Yes, the features are essentially the same—"Flint Baker,"

"Auro, Lord of Jupiter," "Fero, Planet Detective," "Spurt Hammond" (great title!), "The Red Comet"—but they are taken from other early numbers of *Planet*. Were the publishers aware of this, or should we call Ralph Nader? Still, some fun reading here, with crisply reproduced artwork. (Blue Dolphin)

—Michael Barson



Howard Keltner's Index to Golden Age Comic Books (1976) is still available and of value to collectors. Keltner's Index lists the contents and cover features of 280 comic book titles from the thirties, forties, and early fifties—the output of forty-nine comics publishers. Thus, if you want to find out which issues of *Suspense Comics* (1943–46) featured “Mr. Nobody,” you’re all set. Only problem: no mention of artists. Send \$3.75 to Jerry Bails (21101 E. 11 Mile Rd., St. Clair Shores, MI 48081).

—Bhob

PKD

The Novels of Philip K. Dick is **Kim Stanley Robinson's** revision of his dissertation for the University of California at San Diego, but don't mistake this thought-provoking 150-page survey for the usual academic colon irrigation. Instead, Robinson, one of the top new sf talents (as witness last year's *The Wild Shore*), dismantles the underpinnings of PKD's narrative structure to show how his novels are “illuminating metaphors for our present society” that subvert the usual sf genre traditions. “In this,” concludes Robinson, “and in his orchestration of the elements of science fiction into metaphor systems, Dick was a pioneer in American literature.” Outrageously overpriced (\$24.95 plus \$1.50 postage) from UMI Research (300 N. Zeeb, Ann Arbor, MI 48106), but if you've been wondering which route to take on the Dickscape, then tune in KSR on PKD. With this study (and a full set of PKD titles), you'll be fully prepared for the forthcoming PKD apotheosis.

—Bhob

Vintage Vinge

Reading Joan D. Vinge's latest collection of short fiction, ***Phoenix in the Ashes*** (Bluejay), is a little like itching without scratching. The six stories and novellas (with the exception of “Psiren,” a sequel to the 1982 novel, *Psion*) read like Vinge's classic seventies sf and fantasy. But the book lists no dates, no table of contents, and no story-title running heads.

It would be useful to know when these pieces were written, since short fiction was the foundation of Vinge's career (her first Hugo was for a 1977 novelette called “Eyes of Amber”). In the eighties she has concentrated on novels and storybook novelizations of sf epics for the juvenile market.

As might be supposed from the title, the vision in this collection is redemptive—quite different from the universe of the eighties *Snow Queen* cycle and *Psion*. It includes one of her best novellas, “Mother and Child.” It's the distinctive Vinge recipe—blend together romance, anthropology, and an alien and you've got a tasty dish of authentic sf.

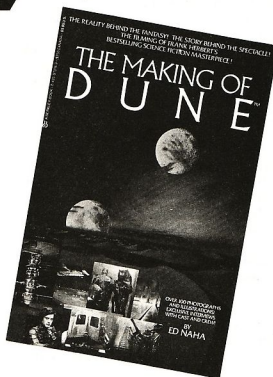
There are afterwords written by Vinge for each of the six pieces and twelve interior illustrations. The real irritation here is that the author isn't writing more of the short fiction that she does so well.

—Constance Ash

Nahallynched

Thought it was hard work just watching David Lynch's *Dune*, eh? Well, with ***The Making of Dune*** (Berkley), you can read all about how tough the thing was to make, and realize you got off easy. Detailing the daily travails is *HM's* own Mr. Hollywood, **Ed Naha**, and frankly there's a bit too much of the “Sure, it was grueling, but boy, was it great!” sort of chat from the endless parade of thespians trotting through the Mexico locations—and not nearly enough penetration of enigmatic writer-director Lynch's creative psyche (admittedly, the guy's a tough nut to crack). Plenty of droll on-the-set horror stories 'n' hijinx, though (especially the heroic struggle to minimize any resemblance between those cute sandworms and a rather rude portion of the male anatomy).

—Lou Stathis



SEIGEL AND SHUSTER Dateline 1930's

Siegel and Shuster, Dateline 1930's #1 (Eclipse) displays PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL by **Superman** CREATORS **JERRY SEIGEL** AND **JOE SHUSTER**. IN 1935 THIS DYNAMIC DUO SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH THE **Cleveland Shopping News** TO PRODUCE A COMICS TABLOID, **Popular Comics Monthly**. BUT THE DEAL FELL THROUGH. AS SEIGEL INTRODUCES IT, THESE TWENTY-FIVE COMICS FEATURES HAVE “LANGUISHED IN CLOSETS ALL THESE YEARS, PUT AWAY AND FORGOTTEN LIKE A CAST-OFF SWEETHEART” UNTIL THIS ECLIPSE COMIC. APART FROM A FEW BRIEF SF ADVENTURE STRIPS (“G-MAN OF THE FUTURE,” “INTERPLANETARY POLICE”), THE ENTIRE BOOK IS A HODGEPODGE OF LIMP ONE-PAGE HUMOR MISCELLANEA WITH NO SOLID LEAD STORY. SHUSTER'S ART IS VERSATILE ENOUGH, BUT FUTURE ISSUES, IF ANY, SHOULD LEAP A TALL DECADE IN A SINGLE BOUND TO BRING BACK THEIR 1948-49 CHARACTER FUNNYMAN IN FULL-LENGTH STORIES.

—BHOB



Ratso's Palazzo

The Correct Sadist

by Barry Sloman

I never really understood sadomasochism. I could fathom it intellectually, see it as some sort of twisted mutation of Reichian life-force—a sort of sexual pinball game where orgone energy careens out of control and thuds helplessly off the rubber bumpers, then gets knocked up onto the grid again and again until finally it disappears down some hole only to pop up again, eager for the plunger and another ride around the board.

But I couldn't really get it viscerally. Longing for a switch across the back or a bright red rubber ball stuffed into the mouth, infusing a shiny black stiletto heel with all the power and mystery of a totem, were alien to me. Besides, I'd had one experience with a sadomasochistic relationship and I was a total failure. A friend, a girl of about twenty-five, one day told me she had become a slave. Further inquiry revealed that her "master" was a junior account executive in a Madison Avenue ad agency, who, after work, would order her to come over and give his friends blowjobs.

Needless to say, I mocked this trivialization of what was essentially a highly dramatic enterprise. I laughed at her puny excuse for a "master" and instructed her in the classic style of S&M.

Information I had gleaned from readings like *Venus in Furs* and de Sade. Next thing I knew, she presented herself at my feet.

But I was a failure. Confronted with a will that wanted only to reflect mine, things went stale quick. No, I won't send you over to give Kinky a blowjob. No, I don't want to handcuff you to the fire escape for five hours—what if the fucking neighbors see? How can you serve me? Alphabetize my record collection.

The whole thing blew up in bed one night a few weeks later, and she cried hysterically that I didn't love her because I wouldn't beat her. It was true. I was no master.

I was no slave either. I didn't really feel a desire to convince myself that intense pain

at the hands of a dominant woman was pleasurable. Besides, being of the Jewish persuasion, I didn't need an Other to torture me.

What got me to thinking about the S&M experience again was meeting Terence Sellers. It was at a wedding reception, and there on a couch was a woman who seemed, well, different. She sat upright, almost regal, surveying the room with an attitude that bordered on indifference. She wore black leather, and the contrast between her pale white skin and fiery red hair was striking. We struck up a conversation, found that we were both writers, both partisans of Nietzsche, and we promised to trade books. I gave her my book on Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, and she gave me her book, *The Correct Sadist*.

It's a curious book. The first section, "Bad Blood," documents Terence's awareness of her sadomasochistic nature. The second part, "The Leeching," is a handbook of S&M techniques, from verbal humiliation to penis torture to fetishism to urolagnia and coprophagy (playing with number one and number two, to the uninitiated). The last part, "Tourniquet," is a moving chronicle of her spiritual odyssey through the S&M netherworld. All in all, a valuable contribution to literature. I called and told her so, and we made plans to meet and discuss her work.

We got together one snowy morning in February. We met at a friend's dungeon in lower Manhattan. It was in an old office building that housed manufacturers, media concerns, and schlock law offices. One house of dominance.

Terence showed me around the dungeon. There were the usual implements of that sort of torture—a rack, a flat wooden bed, clothespins, needles, ropes, whips housed in an impressive old safe. In one corner, a surgical bed, in another, an elevated throne-type chair. The huge cast-iron window grates were illuminated dramatically by neon light, the only source of light in the room other than candles. It

was almost medieval.

We repaired to an office in the back and began talking. I told her that the image that came to mind after reading the book was the Escher drawing of a serpent eating its own tail.

"You got it. Sadomasochism is like a compulsion, an addiction. The tentative fascination, the feeling you're destined to do this. Then rushing into it and getting all involved, then feeling guilty. Wanting to kill yourself, then falling to pieces."

Destined? Well, I guess that was a romantic way of looking at it. One is different, one doesn't belong. Terence smiled.

"It gives you a sense of pride to feel you were born that way. Alternatively you feel a sense of absolute despair, and that's the sadomasochistic relationship with yourself right there. You're in this struggle of dominance and submission with the rest of the world."

"Yeah, it's much more mundane to think that you weren't toilet trained right or something," I said.

"That sounds really wimpy." Terence screwed up her face. "Like, 'If it wasn't for Mommy I wouldn't be like this.'"

Terence doesn't really blame Mommy. Oh, she grew up in Washington, D.C. feeling neglected and abandoned. She fantasized that she was an orphan. She didn't fit, at home or at Catholic school. That was a major element in her awakening, her Catholic background.

"S&M is very Catholic," she smiled. "The evil sinner. I have never met a lapsed Catholic who didn't understand sadomasochism very intimately."

She describes the priests and nuns as sadistic, violent authority figures who constantly made the kids submit to them. She uses words like "mortal terror" and "persecution." "All the rituals of religious worship crop up in sadomasochism. Kneeling, crawling, bowing down."

At fifteen she realized she was a masochist, that she had gone through life being bullied and tortured and teased. She

was sensitive. She was different. She went to college for a year in New Mexico, but her father went bankrupt. She made her way to New York, where she hoped to write and find some Medici to support her artistic inclinations. She found herself in a hovel with no phone, no money, working as a secretary by day and staring at the walls trying to write by night. It was then she read de Sade and started delving into the occult.

"De Sade is so brilliant," she said with much enthusiasm. "He gave me a lot of insights into myself. Then I studied the occult and was very impressed with the idea that one could acquire personal power through discipline, self-control. Everything came together then. I realized that S&M was a really strong theme for me. When you study writers you see that throughout their life certain themes are dominant, and they become obsessed with those themes. S&M was the theme for me."

By this time she was working as a topless dancer, and one day a customer said he'd take her away from it all. He admired her leather attire and her insouciance, the way she'd kick drinks into guys' laps with total disdain as she danced. He wasn't just some big shot who imported watches. He also owned a house with a room for dominatrices.

"I told him I didn't want to do straight sex," Terence recalled. "I was a lesbian. A real man hater. That was how I was dealing with my masochism and sadism toward men."

She started her career as a sadist/dominatrix, all the while chronicling it with the intent of writing her book. "I was being very violent toward men. I'd say things like 'Look at that worthless penis. It's going to fall off. Look how small it is.' Even if it was huge, hitting the guy's chin. I didn't really believe in making people feel ashamed of their sexuality, but I did it to them because someone else had done something to them that was so intolerable that the only way they could live with it was to sexualize it. It's a mysterious process, making it become a source of pleasure instead of pain."

"This one guy wanted me to cut up his cock and balls with a razor blade. I started cutting him a little bit, I cut him some more, and finally there was so much blood I said, 'Look, this is getting dangerous, I can't do this anymore,' and he looked down and said in a really blasé tone, 'Oh, is that all you're going to do?' There was this pool of blood running down between his legs. Later I asked him what he did for a living, and he said he was an anesthesiologist. I asked him if he had given himself a shot before he came over and he said no, he had been in a Vietnamese POW camp. And I realized that he must have felt guilty that he came back alive and that his pals didn't. The only way he could bear the pain of that experience was to turn it into some kind of pleasure and to reenact certain scenes, imaginary or real. Over and over."

"Doesn't that guilt feeling permeate the whole S&M relationship?" I asked.

"Yeah. Lots of my clients feel guilty for being male. They think men are the inferior sex, and when I'm doing the psychodrama that's all I need. They'll go, 'Why are you doing this to me?' and I'll go, 'Because you're male.' And they'll moan, 'Oh, I know, I know.' There's no way out for them. It's funny, after four months of being a dominatrix, I didn't really feel hostile toward men anymore. I felt sorry for them. For the first time in my life I saw them as human beings who were vulnerable. Until then I had always seen them as torturers, manipulators, monsters, or creeps."

So she fell in love with a man and had a boring, normal relationship that lasted three years. But there were other things that led her to question her whole involvement in the S&M matrix. She remembers two case studies that contributed.

She was once visited by an old black man, around sixty, who came up from Philadelphia to bow and scrape at her booted feet. He was into verbal abuse, and she was giving him the works—the worthless-pig, little-worm routines—and after a half hour of this he looked up, and through eyes that were swimming with tears, he implored her to say "the word." What word? she wondered. Finally he got it out. "Nigger," he begged. She was shocked, and almost sheepishly she said, "You nigger." He went nuts and came in a second.



"I'd had one experience with a sadomasochistic relationship and I was a total failure."

The second case study still makes her angry. A little scared-looking guy came in one day clutching a brown paper bag. "What's in the bag?" "It's my bird," he told her. "My bird died." She began to feel a little weird, but she opened the bag and, sure enough, there was a canary corpse. Terence said, "That's too bad." Suddenly the guy went crazy. "No, no. You killed it. You killed it because I was a bad boy." Oh, that's right, she suddenly remembered, he was a bad boy. She left the room to regain her composure.

When she came back she was in character. As she wailed away on the bird execution fantasy, the wimp interrupted. "Mistress, a request. I want you to step on it with your bare feet." No way, Jose, she thought. "I'll step on it with my boots on." "Okay. Okay." So she left the room once more and reentered shouting,



Terence Sellers



Terence Sellers

"Where's that bad boy?" She proceeded to give him a spanking and he cried, "Where's my bird? I can't find it, did it fly away?" She said, "I killed your bird because you are such a bad boy." He groveled and cried hysterically, and got really aroused. Finally she took the bird out of the bag and stuck it in his face. "See? I killed it. And just to show you what I think of you and your sweet little pets I'm going to tear it to pieces." She put the bird on the hard bed, stepped up on the platform, and started stomping on it.

"While I'm doing this, I'm thinking that I'm really fucking sick," Terence recalled. What made it tolerable was that she felt this bird thing was some terrible pain that this guy couldn't bear, some childhood trauma, and she was just helping him work it out. She asked him if it really was his bird. No, he said, he had just found it on the way over. That's when she felt she had done something perverted.

"Those are the moments when you feel like a hooker," she fumed. "That's why



Sellers: "It's funny, after four months of being a dominatrix, I didn't really feel hostile toward men anymore."

people in this business quit all the time. They get burned out. I quit. But then you remember the kicks, too. A really good bondage session, or you miss dressing up. I have a leather fetish, and I missed that moment when you walk in the room and they're absolutely terrorized by you. You're walking on your stage, your castle keep, and you make this impression—boom!"

But my impression from the book was that the ritual had become empty, that the hunter had been captured by the game, that Terence had become the real victim, the one that was really in bondage as a witness to the pathetic needs of her little worms.

"It's true. I got hooked on the high of being told that I was great, perfect, without my earning it. It was solely on the basis of the way I looked and the theatrical thing I could do, but I actually wasn't doing it. I forgot about my occult studies and my writing. I forgot all my self-discipline. I was just completely involved in this thing and I didn't really have any authority over them except in this narrow situation. In other words, my lust for power became greater, and they no longer satisfied it." She laughed.

Bigger worm farms? Now she's writing again, and not just about S&M, either. She's working on a novel about a

psychopathic boy who has religious delusions that he's one of the elect of God and who eventually tries to commit suicide after murdering someone. It's called *The Degenerate*. But she still gets drawn back to her work as a dominatrix.

"I'm better at it now," she said. "I'm capable of more violence with less emotional reaction. I have more of a sense of responsibility, and that's what keeps the situation from being psychopathic. I'm not doing it under the same compulsion that I used to. Recently, I didn't work for six months. I broke up with my boyfriend and I was angry all the time, screaming at people, kicking car doors shut, having violent dreams. So I thought, I've got to see some clients. Because it's a safe, hermetic situation. Everything's set up, all the rules, and I can be as violent as I like, and it sort of ends up in a vacuum. Somebody receives it who needs it. I'm plus one and he's minus one and it equals zero.

"I have a friend who's a detective and he told me that it's a good thing I'm around because I'm smart about these things, that these things are dangerous. He made me feel better about what I do. If someone can find me, they're assured that they're not in the hands of some pissed-off psychopathic woman who's going to further traumatize them. As long as the psychiatric profession and organized religion stay at war with people's sexuality there're going to be sexual surrogates. I'm studying criminology now. Maybe one day I'll work with the really heavy sadistic psychopaths, the ones who are in jail for cutting up and torturing people. I think I can understand people like that."

Terence was sounding positively socially responsible. She was comparing herself to a dermatologist who treats the pimple that bursts, cleaning the surface so the patient feels better. She talked about the relationships she had developed with her clients, some going back eight years—"the real long-term relationships in my life." It was almost as if she was a missionary of sorts—some sexual saint, ravaging the body, torturing the flesh, submitting to and administering the worst trials in order to release the soul. It was as if she was working toward a cure, hers and theirs.

She thought about that. "I'm not really trying to work toward a cure. I'm just trying to work toward a perfect adaptation, to live with what I am. There's no real cure."

I brought up Nietzsche again. Her struggle was almost heroic, the Nietzschean ideal of taming the Dionysian, disciplining and restraining the wildness and the madness and the excess.

Terence nodded. "But never denying it. Hardly even restraining it." She looked vacantly out the window at the falling snow. Then she turned to me and smiled mischievously. "Just putting the tiniest of little chains around it and learning to ride it. I want to keep it a bucking bronco."

Close, but No Segar

Today's newspaper comics page looms like an abandoned amusement park—once splendid but now neglected, falling into decay and ruin. A comparison with the comic pages of sixty years ago exposes many current strips as claustrophobically reduced daily cheats, dashed off by smug doodlers who mistakenly believe their roughs are finished art simply because they used ink—a bizarre world where mediocrity, being better than poor, receives acclaim. Better to forget the current decline and time-travel instead back to earlier decades when, as Elzie Crisler Segar realized, a theater could be staged in a thimble; an era when strips held such enchantment they radiated a newspaper nimbus resembling the nighttime glow over an amusement park going full tilt. Better to revel in the past by mailing for a six-issue subscription (\$16.00) to *Nemo, The Classic Comics Library*, an astonishing, nostalgic look back from Fantagraphics (publishers of *The Comics Journal*).

Nemo's first nine issues had those along for the ride gasping and delightfully dizzy at the discovery of such yesteryear talents as the sardonic Harry J. Tuthill, creator of "The Bungle Family" (described by *Nemo* editor Rick Marschall as "a sustained, masterful indictment of petit bourgeois sensibilities"), and fantasist Harry Grant Dart, who fashioned grandiose architectural displays for his airship tale, "The Explorigator," a 1908 New York

World strip. In addition to pre-"Krazy Kat" strips by Herriman, Marschall has also excavated the first Superman story (from a 1933 mimeographed fanzine), an unpublished 1930 "Popeye" novel, an autobiographical sketch by Windsor McCay ("Little Nemo"), a 1953 "Flash Gordon" episode penciled by Frazetta and scripted by Kurtzman, and an unpublished interview with the late Hal Foster ("Prince Valiant").

As Popeye might put it, Marschall knows his anchovies. He wrote his master's thesis on American cartoon and humor magazines, and his background as a newspaper feature editor, collector, cartoonist, and syndicate editor makes him uniquely qualified to captain *Nemo* on this titanic comics salvage job. So much has already been lost: cartoonists dispersed their work to the winds, newspapers let back files rot, and syndicates flushed away their own history.

Sunday pages suffer in reduction to *Nemo's* standard magazine size, so the solution is "The *Nemo* Bookshelf," reprint volumes measuring eleven by fifteen inches, and beginning with *The Complete E. C. Segar "Popeye"*—an in-progress eight-volume set spanning the years 1929 to 1938. Segar is with us today in ways other than Popeye merchandising. His flair for humorous action drawing influenced Jack Davis; look up "goon" and "jeep" in your Webster's, and you'll find Segar credited

with their coining. Segar began "Thimble Theater" as a 1919 daily, started his Sunday page in 1925, and added Popeye to the "Thimble" cast in 1929. The Thimble Theater troupe kept right on emoting after their creator's 1938 death—at age forty-four—but the strip was never the same. At least three different writers have compared Segar to Dickens; as his plots got more twisted, so did his characters. His gift was simply this: he was a humorist, dramatist, and satirist all rolled in one, and wherever his pen touched paper, the ink came out funny.

"No strip," writes Jules Feiffer in his introduction to volume one, "housed more contradictions, a noisy tenement of clashing impulses: gentleness meets with nastiness; courtesy meets with violence; greed, loutishness, and brutishness knock heads with kindness, righteousness, and moral vigor. . . . Segar was very good in his time; but times have gotten worse, and he is even better in ours."

Absolutely. And once Fantagraphics finishes the other seven Popeye books, we can all sit back, read a Segar page a day, and totally ignore today's papers with their miserable, lifeless strips.

—Bhob

(Fantagraphics: 196 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, CT 06903.)



The Classics

Is the current sorry state of comics getting you down? Wait! Don't run out and join the Merchant Marines just yet. Instead, check out some of the fine (and affordable) reprints of comicdom's past glories—such as *Superman, from the Thirties to the Eighties* (Crown), an updating of the volume issued a decade ago, which concluded with the Man of Steel's seventies adventures. For my money, the eighties didn't add much to the Superman mythos—neither did the sixties or seventies, for that matter—but



this collection is worth it for the first three decades covered. The well-chosen stories, printed in black-and-white with color cover reproductions, include Supe's first meeting with Mr. Mxyzptlk, a couple of confrontations with Lex Luthor, some good WWII propaganda, and guys named Toyman and Funnyface. Supergirl's origin from 1959 is also there, which may or may not be of interest to those who saw the recent movie, *Me?* I'm waiting for the adventures of Krypto the superdog to be made into a TV miniseries.

Superman isn't the only comic character who's declined since he vacated the White House. You'd never know how wild and woolly that original comic-strip cop, *Dick Tracy*, really was from the foolishness now appearing in your daily paper. But in the thirties and forties, this dick was one hard-boiled hog. Tony Raiola has reissued twelve of his best cases in limited editions, including such classics as *Dick Tracy*

Foils the Mad Doc Hump from 1934, and *Dick Tracy Meets the Blank* from 1937. In black-and-white with swell color covers, from the days when America really knew how to sublimate a depressed economy. It's rated R for violence that would crack a smile on Dirty Harry.

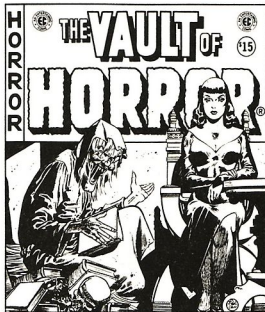
The last really good comic books you could buy for a dime were the EC group, whose heyday was from 1950 to 1954. The establishment of the Comics Code seal (that little stamp cluttering the upper right corner of the cover of your new *X-Men*) spelled the end for *Weird Science Fantasy*, *Tales from the Crypt*, and *Frontline Combat*. Since the late sixties, John Benson has been celebrating EC comics and their creators in his zine *Squa Tront*. The latest is number nine, and it's the most elaborate yet, with lotsa color, and detailed looks at Wally Wood's unsold 1949 projects for the Fox company, staff Christmas parties (where they exchanged cards like "The Crypt of Crap" and "Crime Does So Pay!"), and best of all, "The EC Writers," with credits for most of the hundreds of EC stories. *Squa Tront* is best appreciated by those who have already been exposed to the EC madness of thirty years ago, either from having lived through it or retrospectively through reprints.

Crime Suspensories is the ninth set of EC titles published by Russ Cochran in his deluxe, state-of-the-art reprint series. Like the others, it features the color covers of each issue (twenty-seven in this case), with black-and-white interiors shot from the original art, printed on large, high-grade paper, and slipcased in hard covers. What differentiates *Crime Suspensories*, then, is not the packaging but the contents. Although *Tales from the Crypt* and *Weird Science* were more ballyhooed when this series was announced, some fans found that it was not nearly as much fun plowing through 800 pages of rotting corpses and slaverling BEMs as they'd anticipated. The level of invention in *Crime Suspensories* seems considerably higher for some reason, even though the book drew on the same unsurpassed artist stable as the horror/sf titles: Graham "Ghastly" Ingels, Jack

Davis, Jack "I'm No Hack!" Kamen, Wally Wood, and above all, Johnny Craig. Craig both wrote and drew the lead stories in the first twenty-odd issues, and did most of the covers as well (including one of a knife-wielding maniac guaranteed to haunt you), making him this year's choice for unsung EC *auteur*. Ninety bucks is a pile for a single purchase, granted—but *Crime Suspensories* will offer you dozens of suggestions on how to steal it back, so just look on it as an educational investment.

If these collections of great comics from the past inspire you to start hunting for the originals, Marcia Leiter's *Collecting Comic Books* (Little, Brown) will tell you how to go about it. This is a very basic handbook which explains how to grade, store, sell, index, and invest in comics. Personally, I'd rather just read the damn things.

—Mike Barson



(Tony Raiola: Box 14361, Long Beach, CA 90803, John Benson: 205 West 80th Street, #2E, New York, NY 10024, Russ Cochran: P.O. Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775.)

JOHN
HOLMSTROM'S

HITTECH LOWDOWN

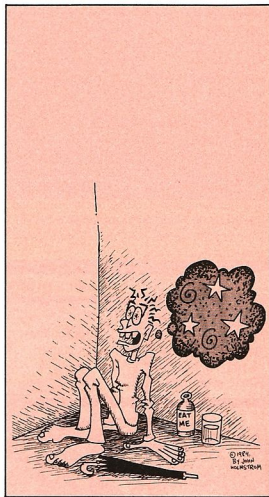
When sick people feel the urge to murder, have perverted sex, or blow up the world, they do it. Normal people watch splatter movies, read skin magazines, or play sick games on their computer.

I'm a real fan of sick games. Although lots of computer games are a little strange, I wouldn't call every game that has sick stuff in it a sick game. For instance, Electronic Arts' **Seven Cities of Gold** is a fantasy/role-playing game where you explore and conquer a foreign country, swindling natives out of goods, food, and gold. If you can't reason with them, or trick them with "magic," you massacre them and take everything of theirs you want. But *Seven Cities* isn't a sick game—it's educational. I'm talking really *warped* games. Like:

Speed Racer (T&F Software) The first famous video game was *Death Race 2000*. It was publicized all over the place, from *Reader's Digest* to "60 Minutes," 'cause it promoted deviant behavior. The object of *Death Race* was to run over "gremlins," who'd scream when you hit them. *Speed Racer* is a driving game that reminds me a lot of *Death Race*. Only there's a lot more to run over: motorcycles, hardhats, little old ladies, policemen, and even dogs! You can run them over for "devilish" points, or avoid them for "heavenly" points. And there's a nice touch when you run over somebody—a great "splat!" sound effect, and a big red bloodstain on the road.

Impossible Mission (Epyx) Here's a great arcade-style game that features some pretty sick stuff. The plot involves Professor Elvin Atom Bender, a mad scientist who's tampered with the world's military computers so they'll launch enough missiles to roast the planet. If you want to stop him, you have to find thirty-six pieces to nine puzzles which give you a secret password that will let you stop the missiles. The pieces are scattered all over his apartment, though, so you have to search everywhere—the furniture, kitchen appliances, candy machines, wastebaskets, stereo... even the toilets. I blew up the world a couple of dozen times before I could finally solve the game. The sick kick to this game comes from the realistic effects. Instead of moving a cartoon figure,

you operate a realistic human who can run, operate a computer, and do somersaults. And when the guard robots electrocute the guy, it's as realistic an effect as you'll find in any game—until he falls down a bottomless pit! The piercing cry of agony you hear when that happens is so bloodchilling, you'll want to hear it over and over.



The Institute (Screenplay) The Institute is a graphic adventure game that takes place in a mental hospital. To play it, you have to spend a lot of time in the closet, taking drugs and nodding out.

When the game begins, you're lying on a bed in an empty hospital room, so drugged up you can't move. A disfigured dwarf tells you you're locked up for political reasons. Once you wake up, there's not a lot to do. Your counselor tells you that you're locked up for your own good, and sprays your face with Mace if you try anything funny. The

inmates are too whacked out to talk to. So you steal drugs out of the dispensary, wash them down, and dream. If you can solve the dreams, you can escape the institute. Along the way you have to attack the counselor several times, get locked up in a padded cell, kick a midget, slice up a lizard, and jump off the *Titanic*. Me, I'm staying in the closet with the drugs. Who'd want to give up a deal like that?

NATO Commander (Microprose Software) *NATO Commander* is a military simulation game in which Warsaw Pact forces unleash an unexpected attack on NATO defenses in Germany. As the box says, "Three skill levels and an infinite number of game variations provide challenge and excitement for all players who would like to wear the four stars of a general and command the NATO armies!" The "Pre-Emptive Strike" scenario allows you to "take the initiative" and kick Commie ass. Or try "The Battle of Germany"—you can launch nuclear weapons when you choose that one! Or choose the "impossible" level of difficulty, and watch the Soviet war machine roll through Germany the way Hitler took Europe. Not that the NATO alliance is that defenseless; you've got SAM missiles, helicopters, mechanized infantry units, armored cavalry units, militia, and more. You can also use chemical weapons if you want, but they reduce the effectiveness of your infantry.

It's a good thing I'm not the NATO Commander, because I get my butt smeared all over Europe every time I play. As military simulations go it's not bad, but I prefer playing fun war games—like *Tigers in the Snow*, which is based on the Battle of the Bulge. But any game that teletypes messages to you from the Commander in Chief allowing you to drop the bomb on the Commies is really sick, so I kind of like it.

There isn't a whole lot of interesting stuff happening on the computer scene lately, and the video arcade boom died a long time ago. So I'm taking a break from writing about video games, computers, and stuff like that. This is the last Hi-Tech Lowdown, folks.

—John Holmstrom

CHAIN MAIL

Dear HM:

I have just finished reading the November issue of Chain Mail. I find it very disturbing to see so many *sic*'s in one letter. As to the content of this letter and that of several others, I seem to be out of step with a vocal section of your readers. I make an effort to listen to most types of music and I have to admit that most of what is written doesn't inspire me at all. I guess I'm not the type who wants permanent (*sic*—no kidding) brain damage (*sic*—honestly). I just want it noted that not all HM readers want to be deaf by the age of thirty.

Keep up the good work, and remember, it's an ill wind that blows no change. (And he who can't spell makes us *sic*—eds.)

Miles H. Ostler
Hamilton, Ontario
Canada

LS:

Arggh! Arggh! Talking Heads are sensitive fucking artists! You say they suck! You suck! Arggh! Talking Heads are great! Their music is more meaningful than your sick fucking magazine! Have some taste, you spindrift-faced assholes! Braghhh! *Stop Making Sense* is great! LS: Go suck moose scrotums! Your reviews

suck like you! Talking Heads are great! Braghh!

A. Sharp
Chadds Ford, PA

(A. Sharp wouldn't be a pseudonym for Brian Eno, would it?—eds.)

Dear HM:

It continually escapes me how a publication of your quality, with the boldness and foresight to publish some of the world's finest contemporary narrative art, remains enslaved to juvenile macho images that generally confine your audience to a bunch of unsophisticated heavy metal (the music, not the mag) cretins. It is a contradiction insulting to the intelligence to be served the visions of fine international artists like P. Christin, Schuiten, Fellini, Kirchner, etc., on the same platter as serious reviews of the latest in commercial schlock from the American film, music, and book industries, not to mention the letters in Chain Mail from congenial dolts extolling the virtues of the latest fad video or vinyl from, say, Mötley Crüe or Twisted Sister. It seems clear that your staff is an intelligent group of people concerned with the future of quality noncommercial/underground art forms. Why must you repeatedly blemish your achievements with concessions to a less sophisticated audience? Do you need the subscriptions that badly? (Who, us?—eds.)

I seriously believe that there is a line to be drawn, and however fine it may be, it will ultimately determine the fate of your publication either as a genuine force in the recognition of modern alternative art, or as just another cheap American sensationalist entertainment package like television or the Top 40. (Uh, okay, we'd rather be a genuine force in the recognition of modern alternative art.—eds.)

Carl Schroeder
Boston, MA

Dear HM:

Please let Miss Hull of California know that she can shove her comment about "Lann" up her "Little Annie Fannie." Where does she get off? (If it's her fannie,

she's in luck.—eds.) My great escape is your Metal Mag. I loved Frank Thorne's "Ghita of Alizarr" in 1994.

I'm one of your elite female readers who look up to the tough all-conquering female image so many of your artists portray. Please don't take "Lann" away. I love her.

Teressa Caudle
Elkin, NC

(And we love a girl who'll stand by her Lann.—eds.)

Dear HM:

Your January '85 issue was great as usual. Filled with stories of fantasy and adventure! I really enjoyed "An Author in Search of Six Characters." It showed a person with a certain naïve charm which exists in all of us. It also showed the topsyturvy unexpected that can happen in different situations. Please include more of Boris Vallejo's artwork in your magazine. I think his work shows vivid emotion. Whether it be horror, beauty, courage, or fear, the emotions are quite obvious. I also enjoyed "Crabs." It blended science fantasy with the normalness and drudgery of everyday life. (Sorry to hear this.—eds.) Keep up the good work!

James Headrick
Essex, MD

Dear HM:

It has come to my attention that the neo-puritanical media-control powers—that-be have caused quite a number of graphic castrations in your magazine, most recently in mid-blow (Oct. '84, p. 62).

Let's hope they stay satisfied with lopping paper putzes, hmmm . . .

Meanwhile, what I want to know is: What becomes of all these missing members?

If they're just lying like two-dimensional sausages in some filing cabinet cum organ bank, I'd like to borrow them to use in the chapter of my book on censorship, *The Second Inquisition*. Specifically, the chapter entitled "Raiders of the Lost Dorks." Hoping to hear from you, I remain

Sarah Mowney
Hidden Hills, CA



WITH EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE TRANSDUCER POST © 1984 MATT HOWARTHA



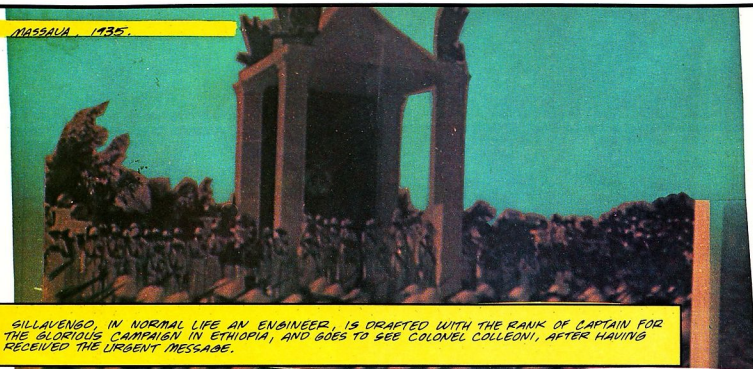
BOBIS PRENDIN IS RELEASED IN THE USA BY ARTFACTS/HELM (BOX 19550, WASHINGTON DC 20005)...ANNOUNCER.





AUTOCRACY

MASSAVA, 1935.



SILLAVENGO, IN NORMAL LIFE AN ENGINEER, IS DRAFTED WITH THE RANK OF CAPTAIN FOR THE GLORIOUS CAMPAIGN IN ETHIOPIA, AND GOES TO SEE COLONEL COLLEONI, AFTER HAVING RECEIVED THE URGENT MESSAGE.

DE BONO HIMSELF HAS SHOWN AN INTEREST IN HIM.

COLONEL, I WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS AFFAIR.

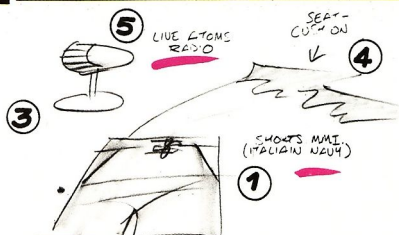
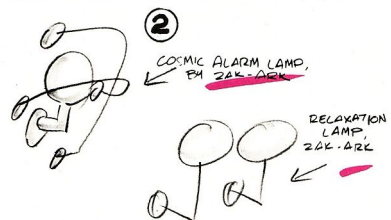


YOU WILL BE RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN A LITTLE WHILE. YOU ARE REQUESTED TO PRESENT YOURSELF TO COMMANDER PRINCIVALLE. YOU WILL BE A GUEST ON HIS SHIP. I HAVE APPOINTED A WORTHY ASCARI TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.



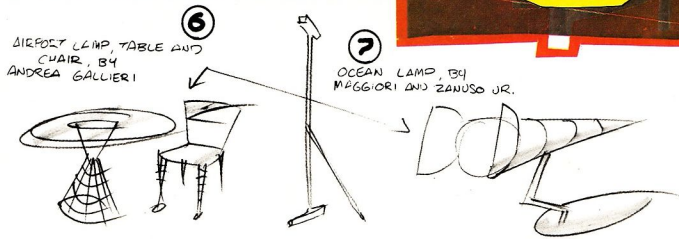
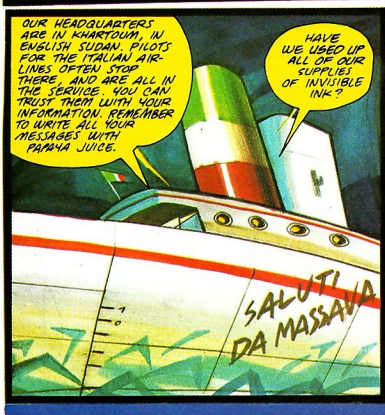
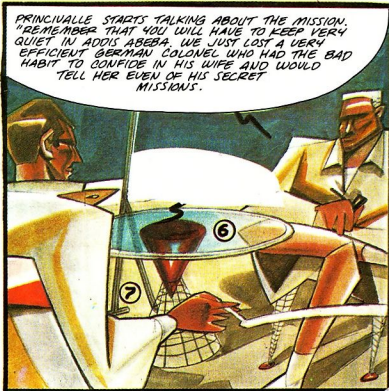
OKAY, BESHIR. TAKE ME TO THE SHIP.

ASCARI BESHIR ABULLAH AT YOUR ORDERS, MR. CAPTAIN!

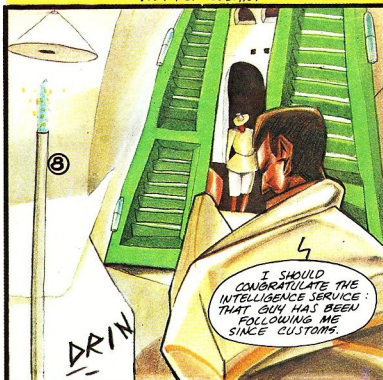


IN THE EVENING, CAPTAIN SILLAVENBO GOES UP TO THE DECK AND PRINCIVALLE INTRODUCES HIM TO SOME OF THE PASSENGERS.

THEY SIT DOWN TO ENJOY THE SEA BREEZE: THE HEAT IS REALLY INFERNAL.



CAPTAIN SILLAVENTO IS IN CAIRO, WAITING FOR HIS VISA FOR SUDAN.



TO MEET SOMEBODY YOU KNOW IN AFRICA IS NOT TOO DIFFICULT. WHY NOT AT THE HADI-HALFA AIRPORT?

McGROHOZUN!

SILLAVENTO!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

THE SAME
OLD ROUTINE:
I'M GOING TO
GEBEL AULIA,
TO SEE
THE SITE OF
THE NEW
DAM.

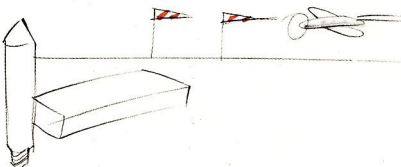
YOU
WILL BE
CLOSE TO SENNAR,
WHERE I HAVE MY
OASIS. I HOPE YOU
WILL BE A GUEST IN
MY CASTLE; PATRIZIA
FALCONI DELLA
MARTINELLA WILL BE
THERE, AND I SEEM
TO REMEMBER THAT
YOU HAD A SOFT
SPOT FOR HER....



SOMEBODY ELSE
BEYOND BESCIR IS
WAITING FOR THE CAPTAIN
IN KHARTOUM...



⑧ ATMO. LAMP, DESIGN BY
CORRAIO MAURIZIO.



FROM THE CAPTAIN'S DIARY:

I SAW HER AT THE GRAND HOTEL AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO CLIMB INTO HER ALFA ROMEO, 8 CYLINDERS. I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK WHETHER SO MUCH LUXURY SEEMED OUT OF PLACE.



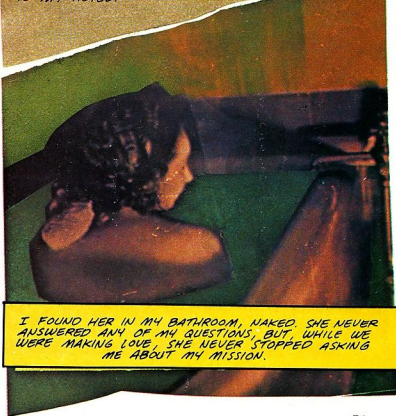
SHE ANSWERED ME WITH A SLIGHT NOD AND SHE...



I LIFTED MY HAT, IN GREETING, ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS.



...LEFT. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW SHE AND I COULD EVER BE ALONE TOGETHER SINCE SHE WAS ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY ADMIRERS... I WENT BACK TO MY HOTEL.



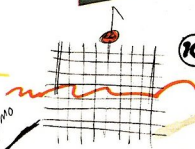
I FOUND HER IN MY BATHROOM, NAKED. SHE NEVER ANSWERED ANY OF MY QUESTIONS, BUT, WHILE WE WERE MAKING LOVE, SHE NEVER STOPPED ASKING ME ABOUT MY MISSION.



SURREALIST HAT, BY CLAUDE MONTANA



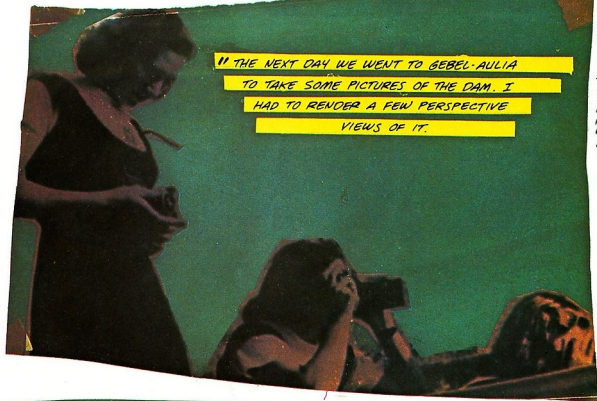
STRIP HAT, BY MASSIMO OSWINI



10

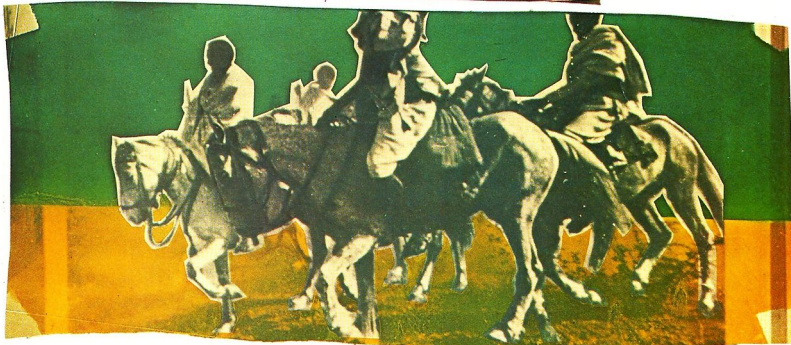
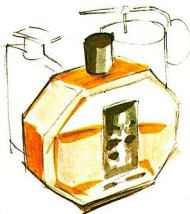
EARRING, BY GRAZIA GALLIERI

13



"THE NEXT DAY WE WENT TO GEBEL-AULIA
TO TAKE SOME PICTURES OF THE DAM. I
HAD TO RENDER A FEW PERSPECTIVE
VIEWS OF IT.

I OBSERVED HER CLOSELY
AND ASKED A LOT OF
QUESTIONS. NADIA WAS
MUFFED WHEN I ASKED
HER FOR A REPORT ON
THE SITUATION, BUT IN THE
END I DISCOVERED WHAT
I WANTED TO KNOW. THAT
SAME EVENING I WOULD
SEND BESCIR TO THE AIR-
PORT WITH A MESSAGE FOR
PRINCIPALLE, WRITTEN
WITH THE JUICE OF
PAPAYAS WE HAD PICKED
AT GEBEL-AULIA.



ON OUR WAY BACK WE WERE ATTACKED BY BANDITS COMING FROM UPPER SUDAN.

VIEW OF
GEBEL AULIA

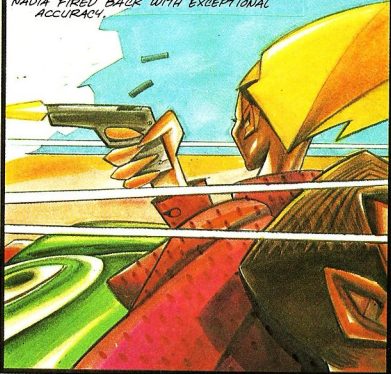
BEWARE OF
THE MAHDI!!



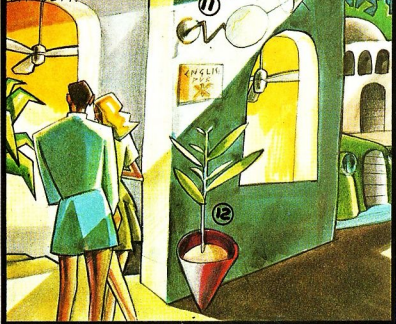
WE HAD SNORTED SOME COKE, THE KIND THEY GIVE OFFICERS IN THE ROYAL ARMY. I HAD NO FEAR AND I WAS DRIVING LIKE A MADMAN, WHILE BULLETS WHISTLED BY ME.



NADIA FIRED BACK WITH EXCEPTIONAL ACCURACY.



THAT NIGHT WE VISITED KHARTOUM AND THEN WENT TO THE ENGLISH-LAND PUB FOR A DRINK. IT WAS A PLACE WHERE ALL THE ENGLISH OFFICERS OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS WENT WHEN THEY WERE OFF DUTY.



I WAS ALREADY JEALOUS...



AND WHEN NADIA STARTED TALKING WITH ONE OF THEM, I GOT UP AND LEFT.



I REALIZED I HADN'T BEEN ABLE
TO CONTROL MYSELF. I COULD HAVE
BETRAYED MYSELF. SO I SENT
BESICIR TO THE AIRPORT RIGHT AWAY
CARRYING THE MESSAGE FOR
PRINCIVALLE.

A stylized illustration of a man with a large, elongated head and a dark suit, looking down at a document. The background features a large, arched doorway with a blue and white striped pattern.

MASSIMO SFORZO RECLUTA-
MENTO SUDAN DEFENSE-
FORCE NON SUPERA I
25000 FVILI -ALT- 18
APPARECCHI BOMBARDIERI
SMONTATI IN CASSE SBARCA-
TI PORT SU DAN SARANNI
SUBITO AVVIATI E MONTATI
ATBARA -ALT- PERTANTO
NUMERO APPARECCHI SALE
A 40 CON TOTALE 28
BOMBARDIERI

*
TRANSLATION

AGENTE K7

AS CHANCE WOULD HAVE IT, BESOR SAW NADIA POINT OUT MY WINDOW THE ONLY ONE WITH THE LIGHTS STILL ON, TO THE ENGLISH POLICE.



TRANSLATION
THE DRAFTING EFFORT FOR THE SUDAN DEFENSE
FORCE WILL NOT BE BEYOND 35,000 SOLDIERS ARMED
WITH GUNS. STOP. 13 BOMBER PLANES UNASSEMBLED.
WILL BE DISCHARGED IN PART SUDAN AND WILL
BE ASSEMBLED STOP. TOTAL NUMBER OF
ATBURA STOP. 28 OF THEM BOMBERS.
PLANES: 40.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff with a single note on the first line (F4). There are two green highlight marks on the staff. Above the staff, there are handwritten notes: an asterisk (*), the letter 'B', and another asterisk (*) followed by a stylized 'F'.

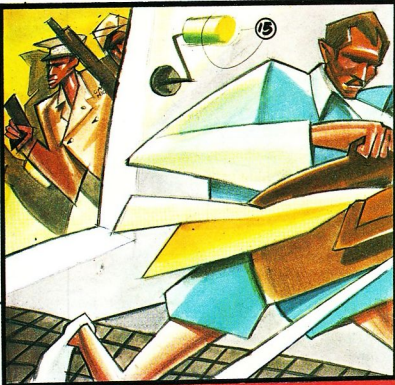
BESCIR IS AS FAST AS A DESERT CAT.



CAPTAIN,
YOU'VE BEEN
BETRAYED.
THE YOUNG
LADY
WARNED THE
ENGLISH.



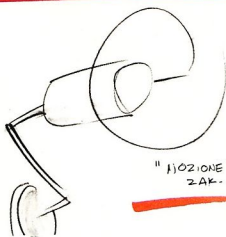
NO TIME TO CHANGE.

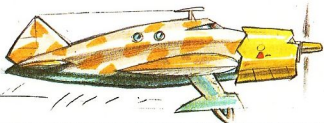


THE LIEUTENANT PILOT HAD ALREADY STARTED THE
ENGINES OF HIS AMOCHAI PLANE... I COULD HEAR
SHOUTS AND COMMOION BEHIND ME.

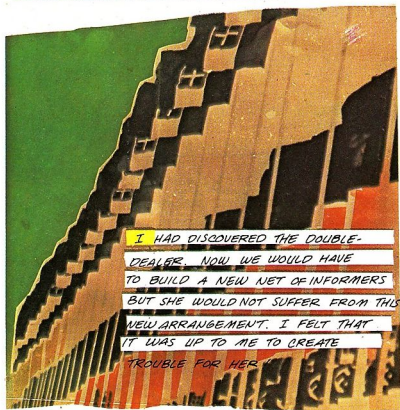
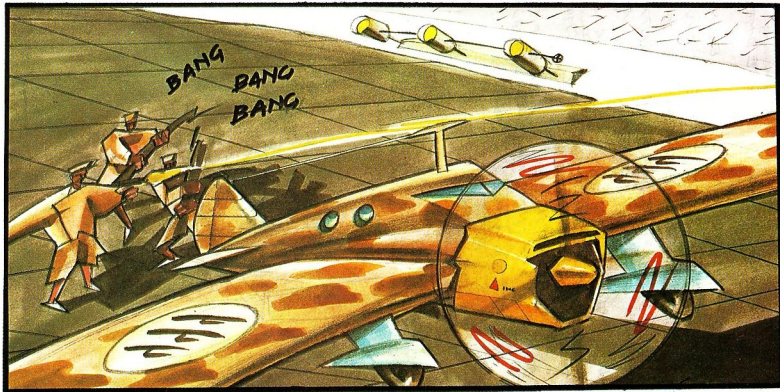
"MOZIONE" LAMP,
ZAK-ARK

15





A BULLET GRAZED MY HAND AS I WAS CLIMBING ON THE PLANE. THOSE IDIOTS HAD DECIDED TO LEAVE ME SOMETHING I COULD REMEMBER THEM BY.



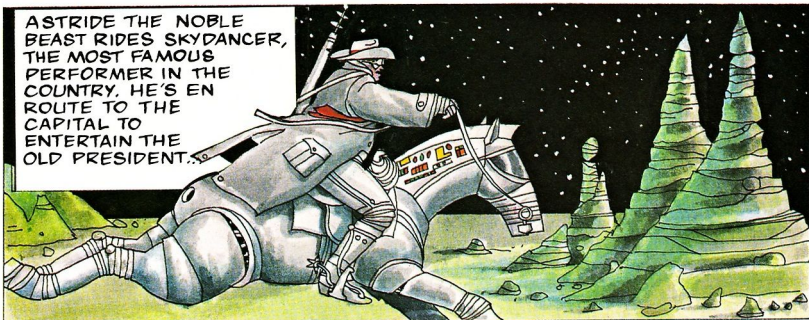
THE END,
BUT WILL BE
CONTINUED...

SKYDANCER

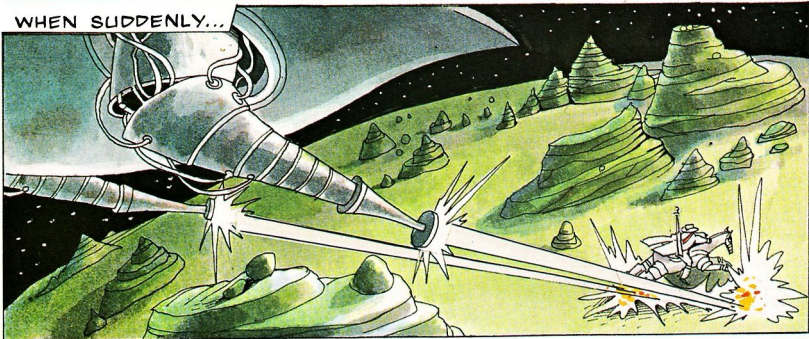
THE SILENCE OF THE POINTED PLAIN IS CRUSHED BY THE HOOVES OF A MECHANICAL MUSTANG.



ASTRIDE THE NOBLE BEAST RIDES SKYDANCER, THE MOST FAMOUS PERFORMER IN THE COUNTRY. HE'S EN ROUTE TO THE CAPITAL TO ENTERTAIN THE OLD PRESIDENT...




WHEN SUDDENLY...



PULL OVER, DANCER! GENERAL BALZ WANTS TO SEE YOU!

WHAT'S THAT OLD QUEEN WANT?






YOU CAN TELL
THE OLD FAIRY...

A close-up of General Balz, a red-skinned man with a wide-brimmed white hat and goggles, shouting from the cockpit of a spaceship. He is pointing at a control panel with a green button. The panel has a label that says "KLICK!" and some indicator lights.



...TO STICK
HIS BALZ
WHERE THE
SUN DON'T
SHINE!

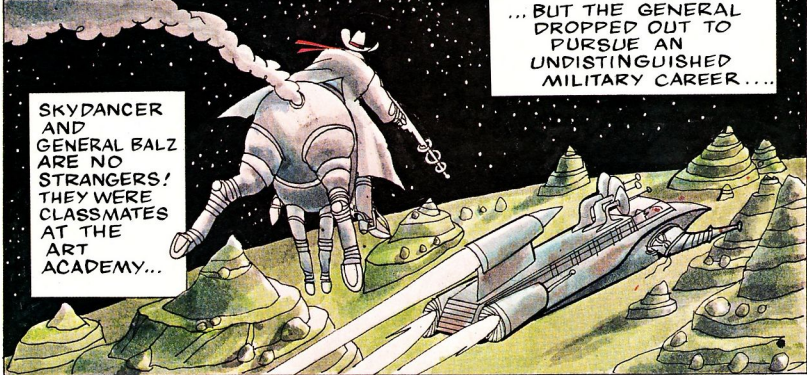
Skydancer, a white, bird-like robot with a propeller on its head, is flying away from a spaceship. The spaceship is firing a long, thin beam of light at the ground below, creating a large explosion. The background is a dark space with a green, hilly planet surface.



WHERE'D HE
GO?

Two robots are in the cockpit of a spaceship. One robot is wearing a blue helmet and the other is wearing a blue helmet with a red visor. They are both looking out the window with concerned expressions.

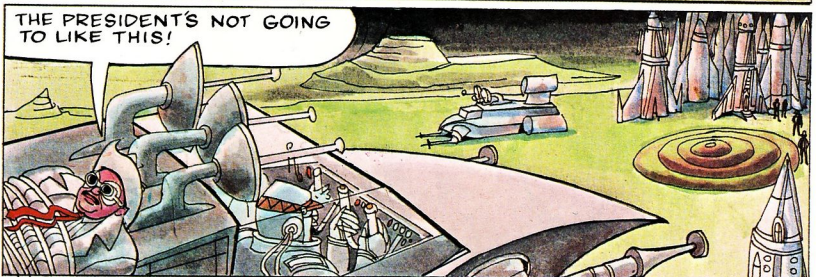
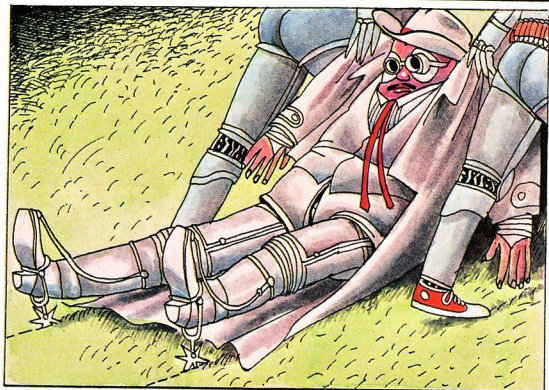
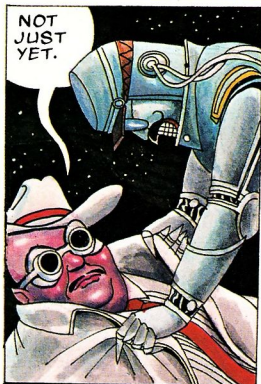
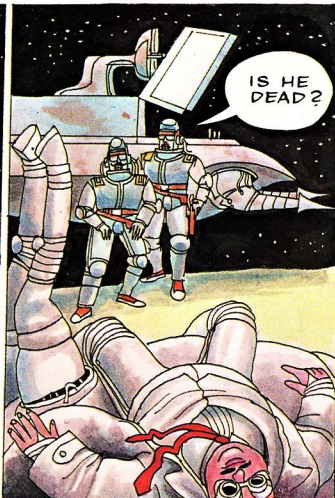
THATAWAY! HE USED
THAT DAMN TRICK
HORSE!



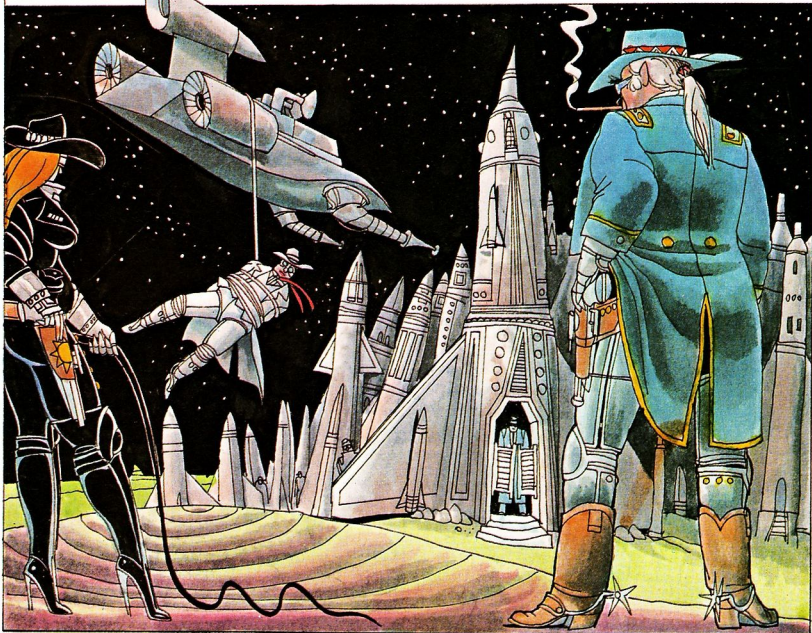
... BUT THE GENERAL
DROPPED OUT TO
PURSUE AN
UNDISTINGUISHED
MILITARY CAREER....

Skydancer is on the ground, looking back at a spaceship that is firing a beam of light at it. The ground is green and hilly, with some small structures. The background is a dark space with a green, hilly planet surface.

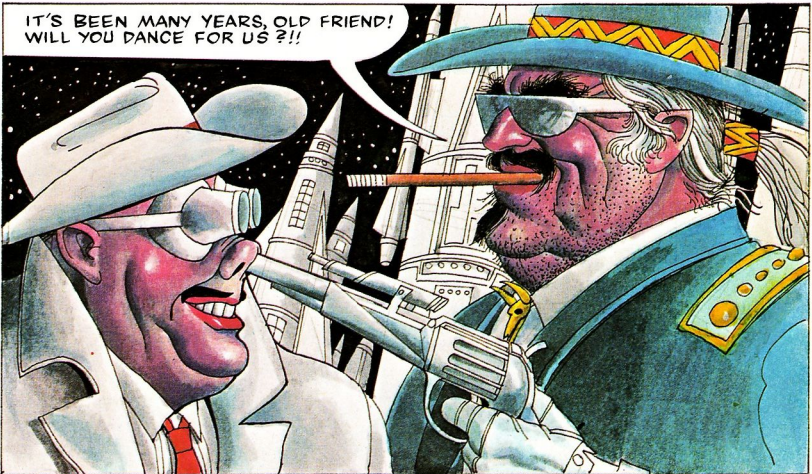
SKYDANCER
AND
GENERAL BALZ
ARE NO
STRANGERS!
THEY WERE
CLASSMATES
AT THE
ART
ACADEMY...



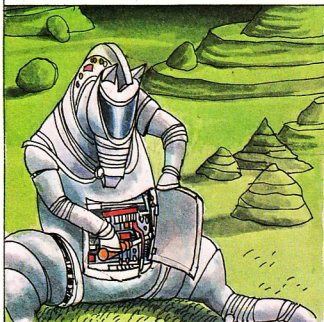
SKYDANCER IS GREETED BY GENERAL HORACE BALZ AND HIS
LESBIAN DAUGHTER, SLUGMA.



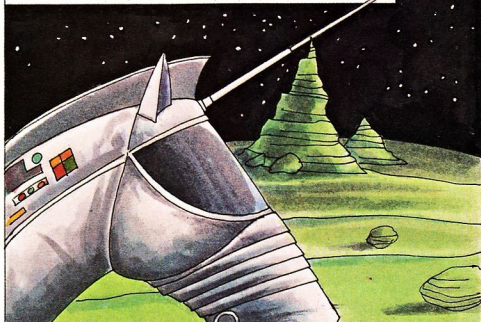
IT'S BEEN MANY YEARS, OLD FRIEND!
WILL YOU DANCE FOR US ?!!



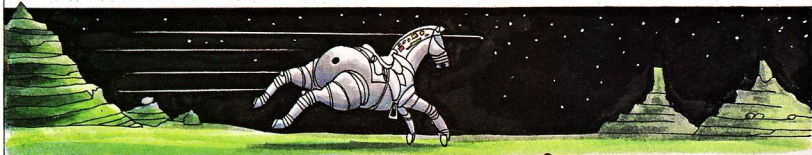
MEANWHILE, BACK ON
THE POINTED PLAIN,
THE MUSTANG REPAIRS
ITS CHIPS.



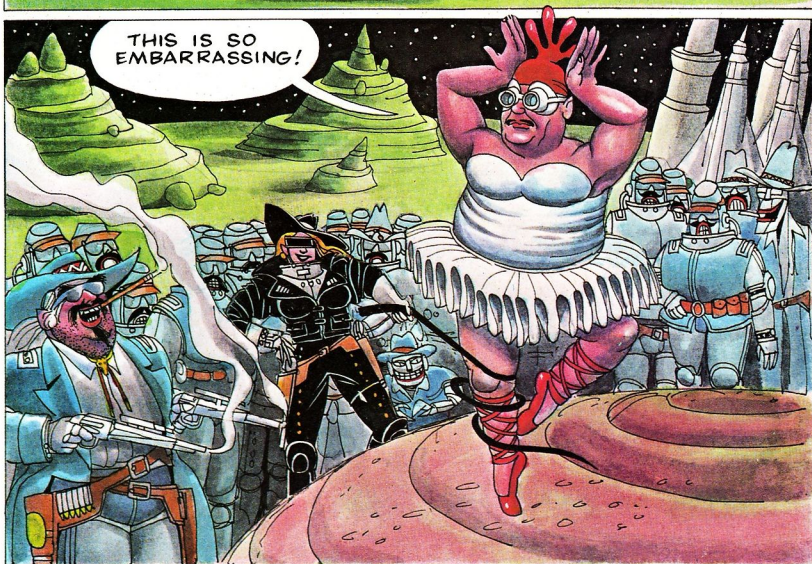
THE LOYAL MACHINE GETS A
SENSOR READING ON THE
DANCER'S LOCATION, THEN
FLIES LIKE THE WIND TO...



...RESCUE ITS MASTER FROM THE WEIRD HUMOR OF GENERAL BALZ!

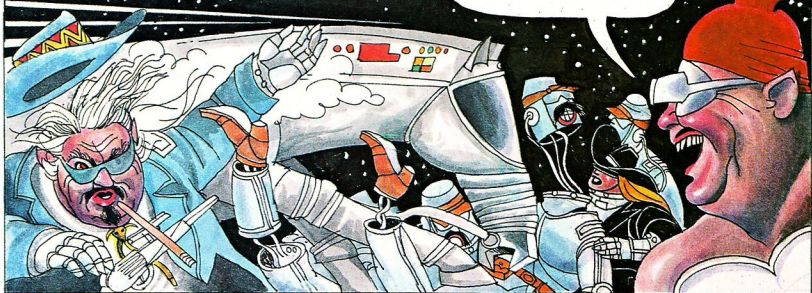


THIS IS SO
EMBARRASSING!



THEN SUDDENLY...

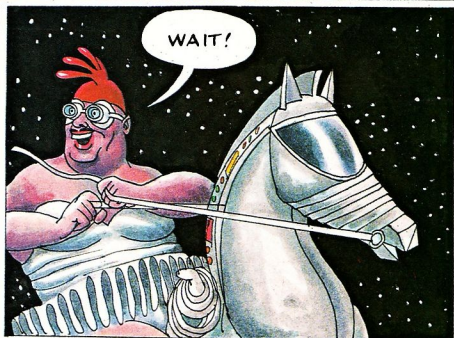
MUSTANG, BABY!



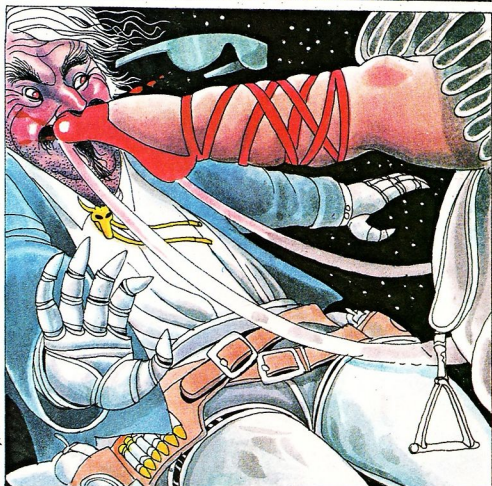
UP AND AWAY!



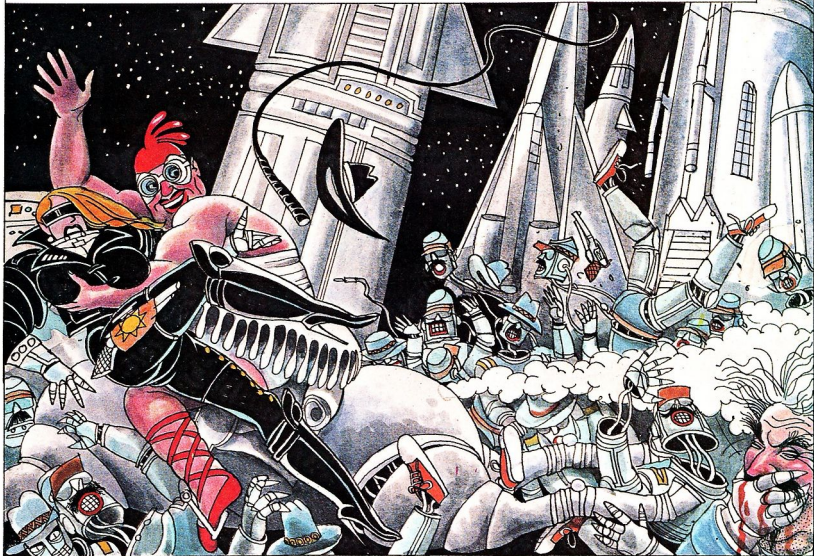
WAIT!



LET'S
SHOW
THE
GENERAL
ONE
LAST
STEP!



ONCE AGAIN, MAN AND MACHINE FUSE INTO ONE, TREADING A PATH THROUGH THE GENERAL'S ROBOT ARMY.

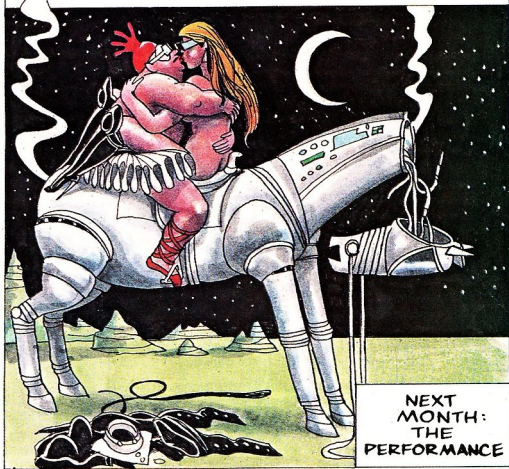


THESE ROBOTS AREN'T WORTH A DAMN!



YES, SIR!

LIKE ALL MACHINES, MUSTANG BREAKS DOWN, BUT THE DANCER AND THE DYKE FIND LOVE IN THE SADDLE. SO ENDS ANOTHER DAY ON THE POINTED PLAIN!



NEXT MONTH:
THE
PERFORMANCE

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

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

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

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arch-zach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

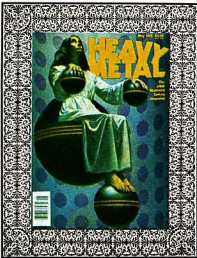
#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

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

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

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

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



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

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Drulilet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Star-crown," Corben's "Singbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" says the day. And it's the Flying Wendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Drulilet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Blood-star," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!", Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

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

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

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

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simon- Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuitten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon, Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

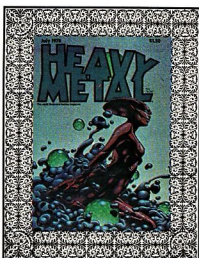
#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Drulilet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JULY '82: Fantastic Cities is issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Sci-belli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacemunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberator's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Gimenez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberator is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

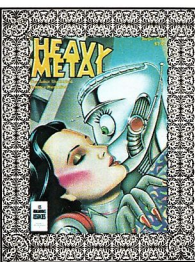
#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050's for the price of one."

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky," "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.



#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Joronatan.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronatan and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronatan ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM's* 1984 fin with a Federico Fellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberator presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlow-skitz."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Razorbach*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Triton" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bilal and Christin's "The Hunting Party" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaris."

#97/APRIL '85: *HM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pepe Moreno, Richard Corben, Joost Swarte, and more. Also, interviews include *Gwendoline's* Just Jaecin, *The Stuff's* Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul's* Paul Bartel.

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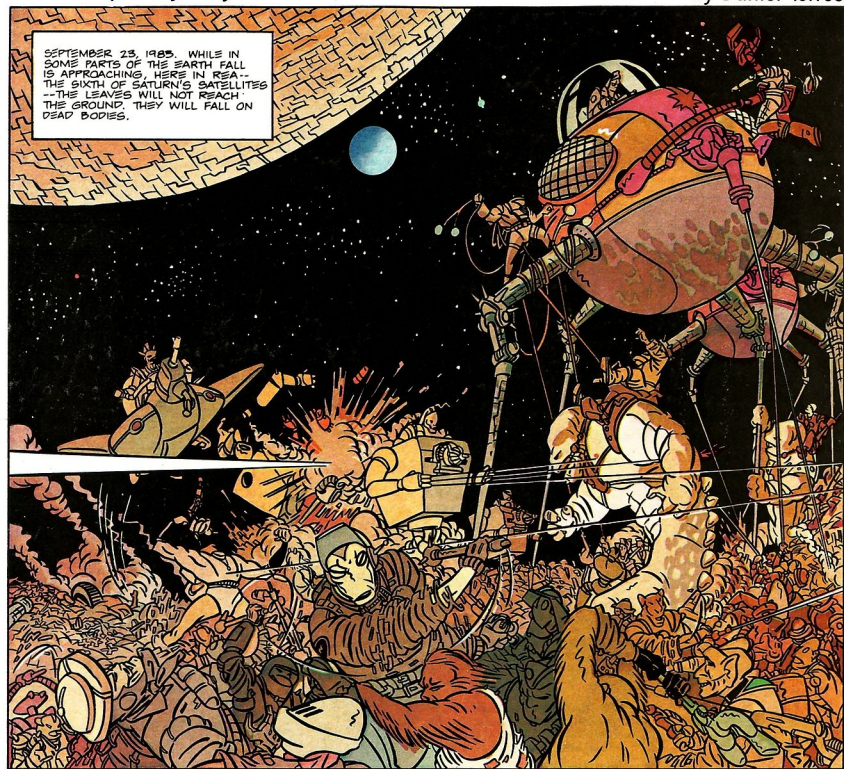
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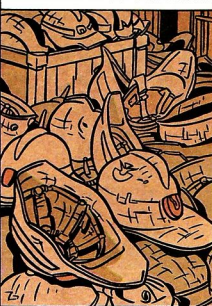
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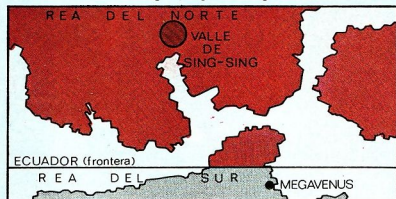
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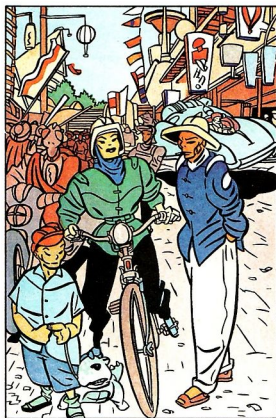
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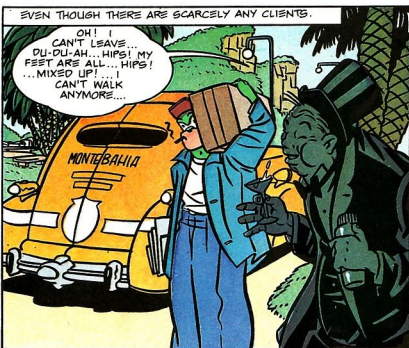
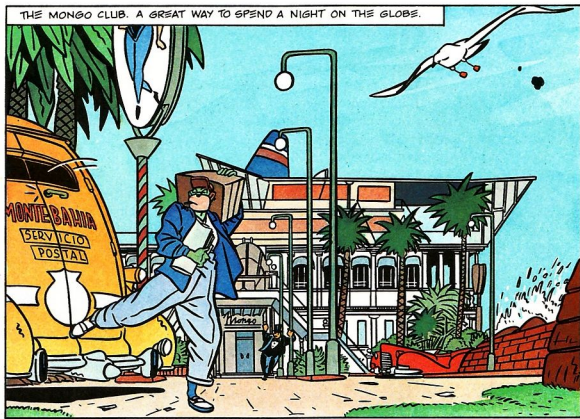
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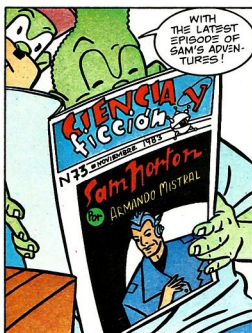
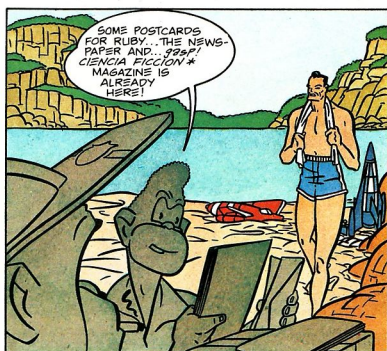
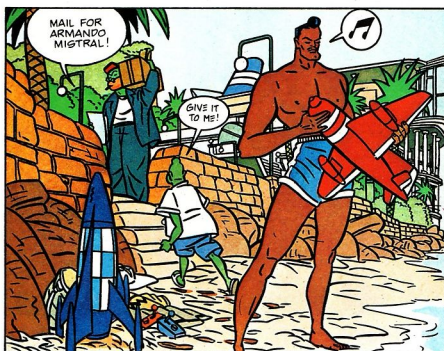
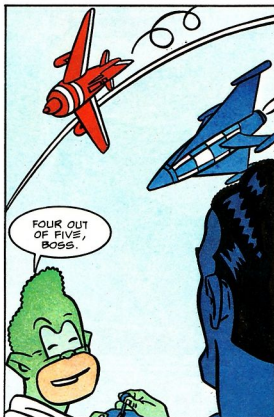


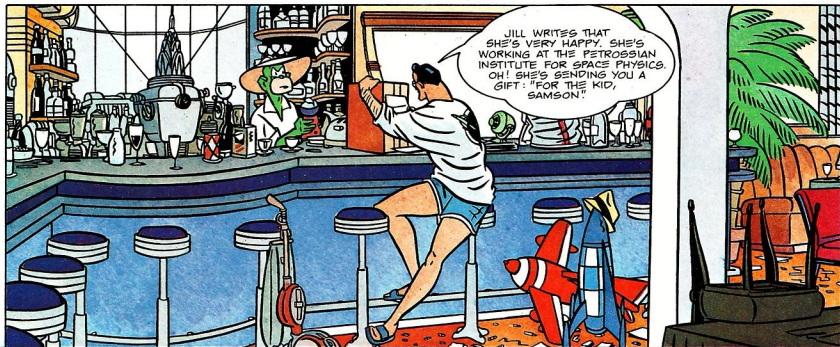
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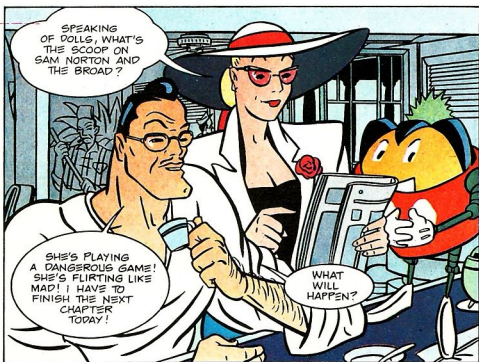
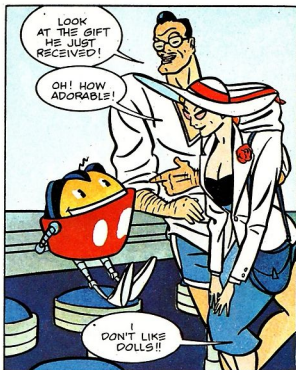
soluta nobis eligend optio congrue nihil impedit doming id quae facer possum omnis voluptas assumenda est, omnis repellend. T quinquid et aur office debet aut tum rerum necessitatibus saepe even non recusand. Itaque earum rerum hic sententium delectus endis doloribus asperiores repellat. Hanc ego cum tene sententiam, cum ne ad eam non possum accommodare nostris quos tu paulo ante etiam ergat. Nos amice et benevolentes access potest fieri conscientio factorum tuorum legum odioque civitatis. Et tamen pecuniam modum est neque honoris imperi neque libidine genepularum quas nulla praevidetur. Improbipari minuit, potius inflamagist and et dodecendesse videantur. Inviat igitur vera ratio b

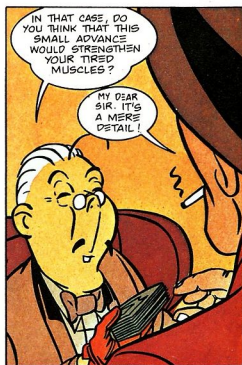
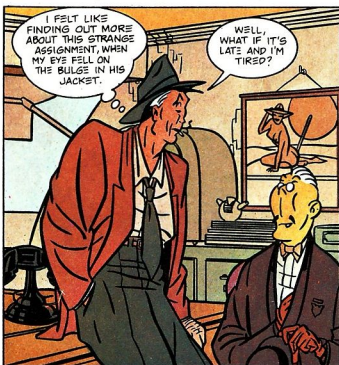
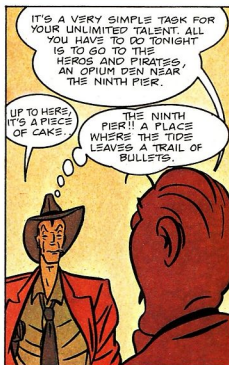
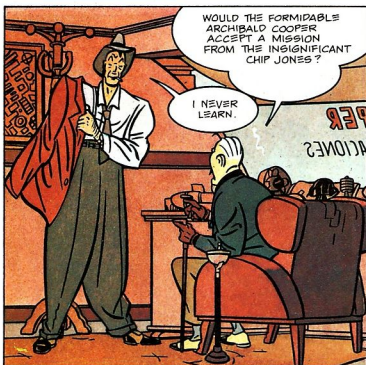


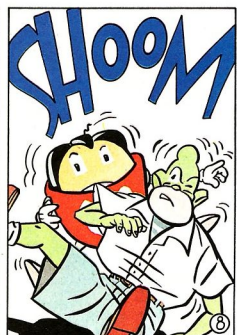
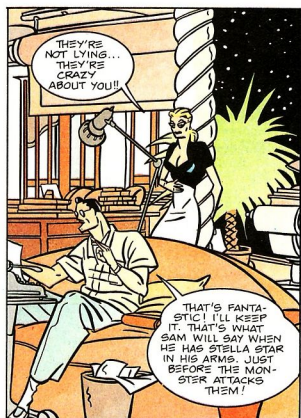












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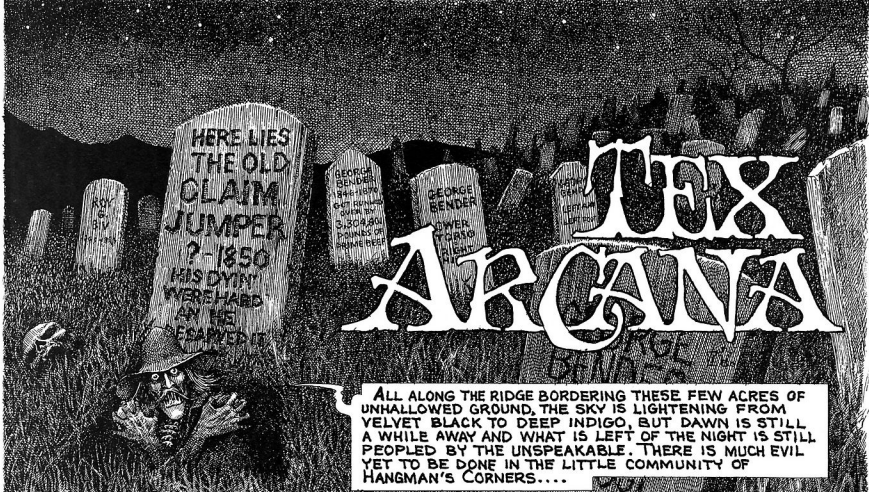
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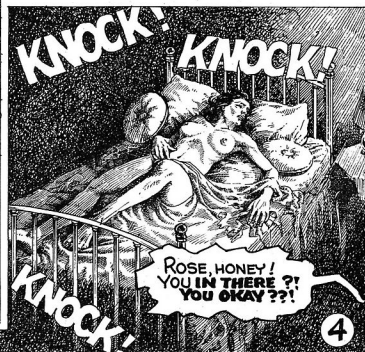
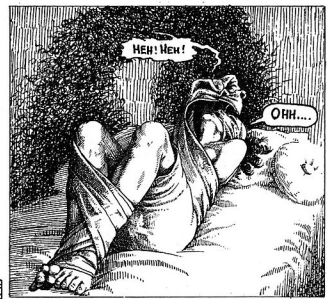


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ROSE ?! WE HEARD YELLIN' 'N' SCREAMIN'!

SOUNDED LIKE TWO O'YAS.

HUH? WHA'?

AIN'T TH' FIRST TIME YOU AN' SOME BUCKAROO SHOUTED TH' HOUSE DOWN.

NO, IT WAS...
I HAD A DREAM,
A, UH, YOU KNOW...
ROMANTIC
DREAM.

NO! REALLY?

WHY, YOU LUCKY...

TELL US
ABOUT IT!
KIN YA REMEMBER?

WELL... I WAS WITH TH' MAESTRO, AT THE SEASIDE. WE WUZ UP ON TOP O' THIS HIGH BLACK ROCK THAT WUZ COVERED OVER WITH SOFT GREEN MOSS... THE SUN WUZ SHININ' BUT THERE COME UP A WIND... BELOW, TH' WAVES WUZ CRASHIN'. I CAUGHT A CHILL AN' TH' MAESTRO, HE WRAPPED ME TIGHT IN HIS CAPE...
...AND UNDERNEATH HIS CAPE... **AH!**

THERE AIN'T A MAN ALIVE
KIN HOLD A CANDLE
T' ONE O' THEM DREAMS!

SIGH.

MUSTA BIN
SUMP'M!

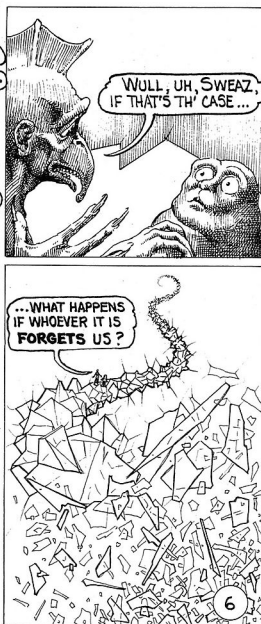
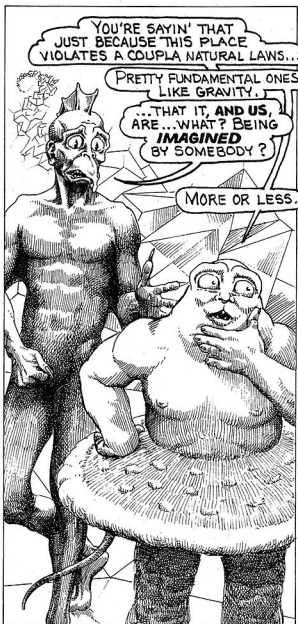
MEANWHILE, OUT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN,
AT THE WIDOW BURN'S BOARDING
HOUSE ...

KLEID! WHERE ARE YOU?

HE'S GONE,
MAESTRO.



AS MAESTRO PAGANO PONDERES THE IMPLICATIONS OF WHAT HE HAS JUST BEEN TOLD, WE HASTEN TO REJOIN HERR AND SWEAZ AS THEY STRUGGLE IN THE GRIP OF AN EVEN WEIGHTIER PROBLEM....



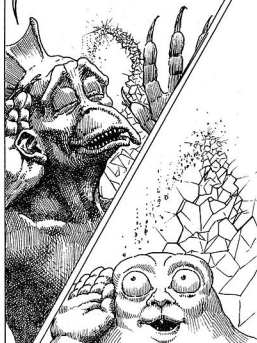


I DON'T THINK THAT'S VERY LIKELY. YOU SEE...

SHH! LISTEN.

HUH?

A SOFT MUSIC LIKE SNOW CRYSTALS BLOWING ACROSS A FROZEN POND.



I HEAR IT! LIKE THE SOUND OF STARS TWINKLING.



LIKE... LIKE A TINY TINKLE OF TEMPLE CHIMES BORNE ON A JASMINE-SCENTED SAFFRON SUNSET BREEZE.

OR THE LIMPID LIQUID LAPPING OF A FERN FROND FRAMED FOREST FALL!



NAH, IT DOESN'T SOUND ANYTHING LIKE THAT. IT'S MORE LIKE THE CRACKING AND SPLINTERING OF... UM... UH... MAGIC CASEMENTS OPENING ON THE FOAM OF PERILOUS SEAS, IN FAERY LANDS FORLORN.

YOU STOLE THAT!

WHAT?



THAT LAST LINE, I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE, SOMEWHERE.

AAK!

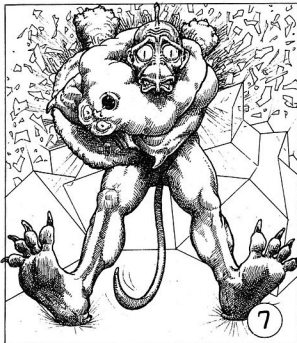


MORE O' THIS DÉJÀ VU SHIT!

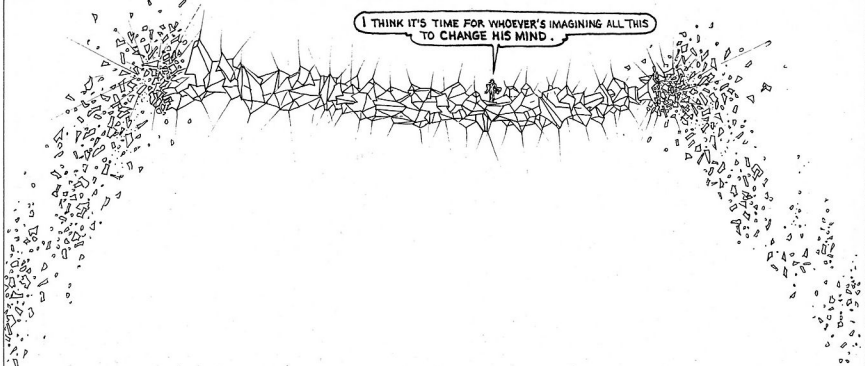
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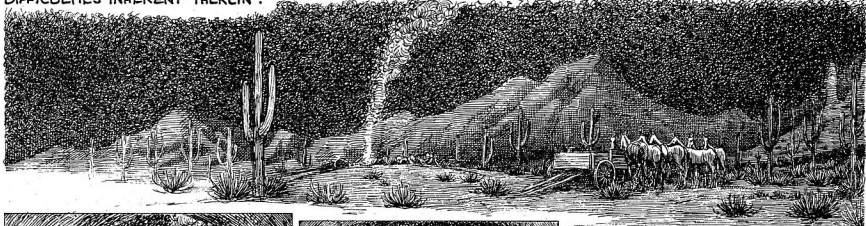
GO, HERP, GO! A' RIGHT! WE'RE GETTIN' AWAY!



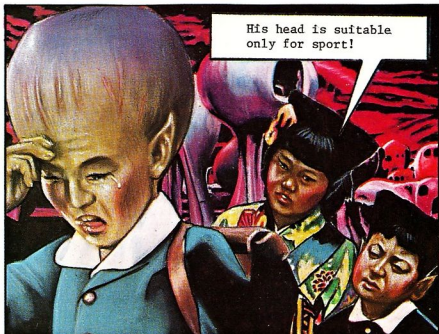
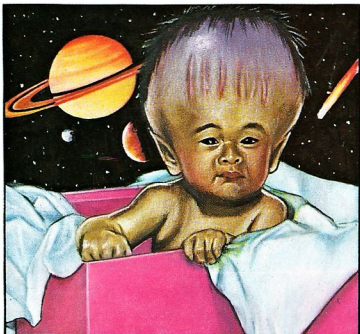
7



AND TIME FOR US TO REPAIR ONCE AGAIN TO THE "REAL" WORLD AND TO REACQUAINT OURSELVES WITH THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF THAT DISPARATE BAND THAT HAVE SET THEMSELVES THE TASK OF FINDING HERP AND SWEAZ, LITTLE IMAGINING THE DIFFICULTIES INHERENT THEREIN.

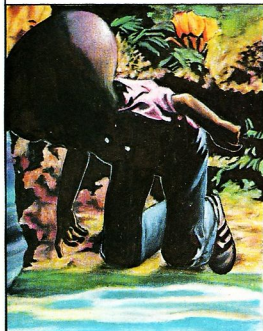


TO BE CONTINUED.



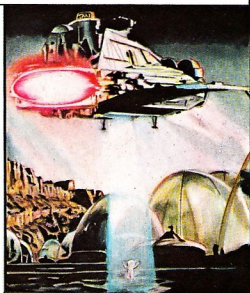
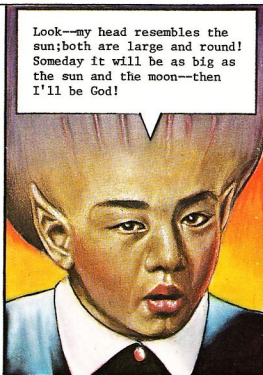
His head is suitable only for sport!

Even as a baby there was something, well, different about little Loon. To be frank—it was his head; white and fleshy, it wobbled atop his shoulders like a giant turnip. The other children on the tiny planet taunted him with cruel names...



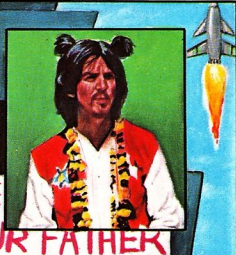
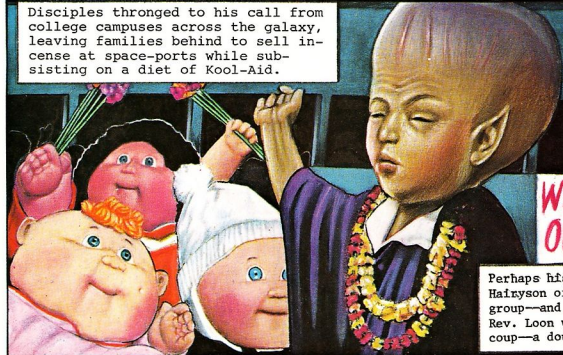
One day, little Loon caught sight of his own reflection in a pond--

Look--my head resembles the sun; both are large and round! Someday it will be as big as the sun and the moon--then I'll be God!



Rechristening himself "Sun Moon Loon", the sturdy lad, now in his mid-30's, left home to found a new religion--based on the worship of his own swollen head.

Disciples thronged to his call from college campuses across the galaxy, leaving families behind to sell incense at space-ports while subsisting on a diet of Kool-Aid.



Perhaps his most famous convert was Gorge Hainryson of the fabulous "Betels" pop group--and it was through him that the Rev. Loon was now enjoying his greatest coup--a double showbiz celebrity wedding...

It had all begun when Rocky Starzborne, who played back-up Mr Microphone in the group, had been picked up by Princess Easy-Leia Orgasma, Klonepak Film heiress and rock supergroupie. For Rocky, the weekend passed in a dizzying swirl of drugs and sex, as the Princess and her roommate—a pleasure droid named Instamatrix—introduced him to new and exotic delights.

Faster! Slower!
Lower! No,
higher!

Dazed and exhausted, he found himself at an orgy hosted by a Religious Talent agent named Jerry Fallopianwell. Even in a galaxy of glittering stars, Fallopianwell stood out. The winner of a landmark "Right-To-Life" court decision while still a fetus, he had elected to remain—

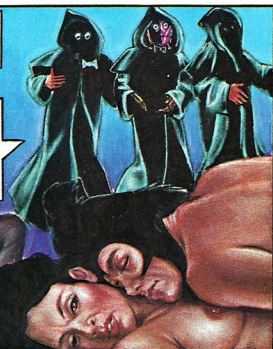
Baba-loo,
everybody!
Let's party!

May I take your hat
and clothes, sir?

—in the womb...

Jerry, you come out of there this minute!

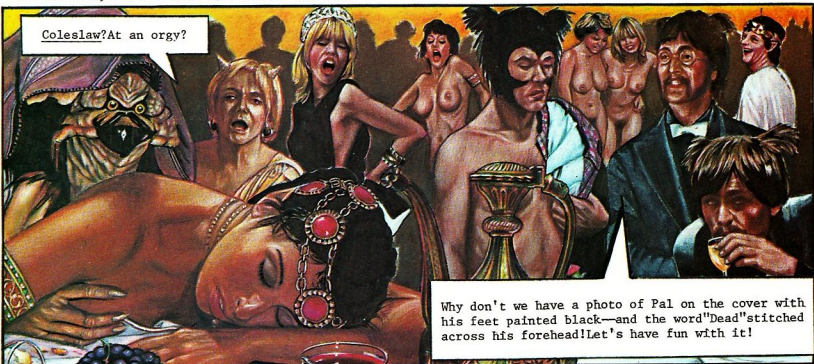
Hey, Rocky!
Come meet
Pal's replacement!



Isn't he a dead ringer? Hey, I've got an idea--let's sing "I Buried Pal" backwards on our next album!

*Pal McCuteny died in Rock Opera #576--The Eds.

Coleslaw? At an orgy?



Why don't we have a photo of Pal on the cover with his feet painted black--and the word "Dead" stitched across his forehead! Let's have fun with it!

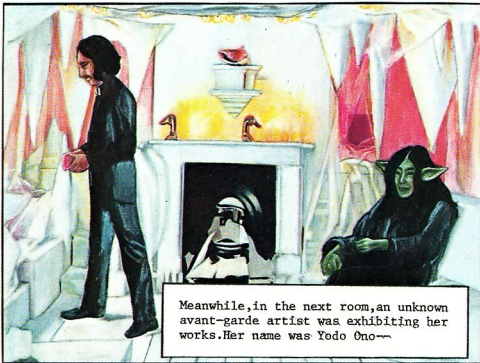
Thus, then, was born the "Pal is Dead" rumor which was to race through the rock world. But Pal--or a reasonable facsimile--was still hanging on, as Rocky discovered when he returned to his date...

Hey!

Oh, hi, Rocky. Guess what? Pal and I are engaged!

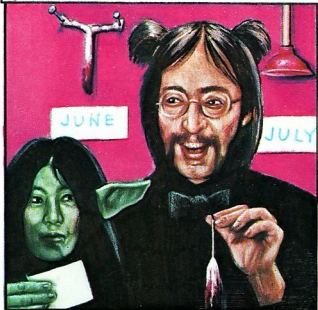
I am completely at your cervix, Madam--





Meanwhile, in the next room, an unknown avant-garde artist was exhibiting her works. Her name was Yodo Ono—

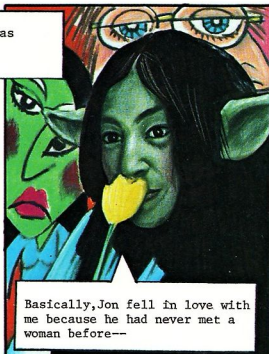
—and her show, a series of her used tampons glued to the wall, was entitled "Minstrel Cycle."



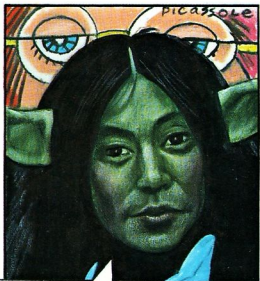
She handed Jon a card—and he was instantly enchanted. Yodo Ono remembers:



"Chair Bottoms
Re-caned—Call
Naughty Nanny"

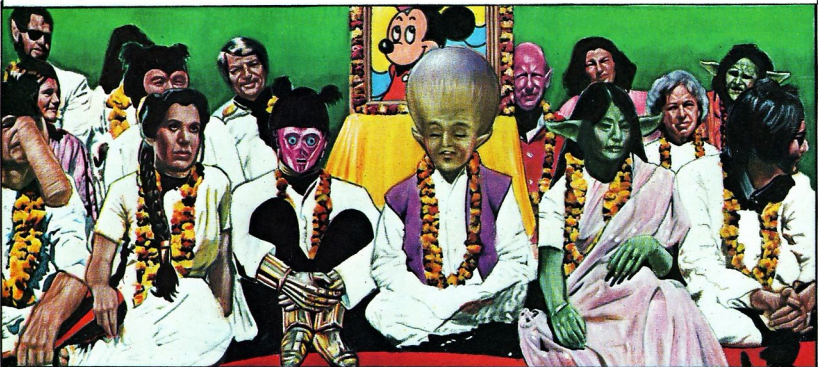


Basically, Jon fell in love with me because he had never met a woman before—



—who was his dominant intellectual mistress. He realized I was a genius, even though everyone despised what I produced...

And, so the two couples—the new, improved Pal McCuteny and Princess Easy-Leia, and Jon and Yodo Ono—were wed in a simple mass ceremony carried live over the Rev. Loon's own "Praise the Loon Club" Hologlevision Network...



to be continued

WE WANT YOUR MONEY



A

B

C

D

E

Photo by Michael Renchiwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **\$7.50.**
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **\$7.50**
☐ small ☐ medium
☐ large ☐ red ☐ black

C *Heavy Metal's* pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **\$36.00.**
☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

D *Heavy Metal's* phosphorescent T-shirt. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **\$8.00**
☐ small ☐ medium
☐ large ☐ sleeveless
☐ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **\$15.95.**
☐ small ☐ large
☐ medium ☐ ex. large
☐ black ☐ white ☐ grey

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **\$5.00**, includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
☐ /Ranxerox pin.



Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3 1/4" x 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **\$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8 1/4% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM585, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?



Charles Burns's "El Borbah" gets tough!

Kierkegaard's "Rock Opera" reappears!

**"Triton"'s Daniel Torres is back with
"The Whisper Mystery"!**