

Fright Night's director Tom Holland interviewed!

HEAVY METAL

September 1985

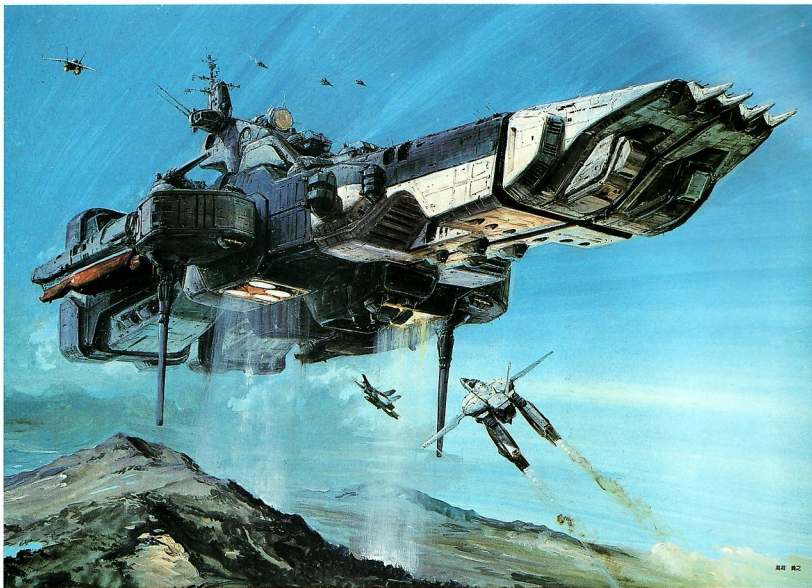
\$2.50

WPS 36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



Enter the FUTURE with MACROSS



A Spectacular **ANIMATED** Science Fiction Adventure in the Tradition of **STAR WARS** awaits you in this first **FEATURE-LENGTH** chapter in the Epic Saga of **SPACE FORTRESS MACROSS** — available for the first time to the **HOME VIDEO MARKET**

The Animation: Unlike anything you have experienced in the past, **MACROSS** is the State-of-the-Art in thrilling animated story-telling. The color, the design, the physical excitement, the special effects and action are everything you knew **ANIMATION** could be. And this first chapter is only the beginning. The entire length of the **MACROSS** Saga spans nearly 14 hours. The Initial Chapter, **"BOOBY TRAP"** sets the stage for the mind-boggling interstellar adventures which follow.

The Story: 2009 AD. The Earth has been invaded by a fleet of Giant **ALIEN WARSHIPS** capable of destroying the entire planet in a split-second. The only hope for survival is **MACROSS** — a mysterious unmanned Super-Dimensional Space Fortress which crashed into the Earth several years earlier — and a courageous, yet inexperienced, crew of fighter pilots. Unfamiliar with the alien technology of the **MACROSS**, the human crew must defend not only their own lives but the fate of the entire world. The battle which takes place is science fiction action at its finest.

The Price:
ONLY \$39.95* for this exciting feature length adventure.

Please rush me **SPACE FORTRESS MACROSS** Volume I **"BOOBY TRAP"**. At \$39.95 per tape.

BETA ☐ **VHS** ☐ (please specify)

Tapes @ \$39.95 \$ _____

Shipping and Handling charge. \$ _____

\$3.00 per tape. \$ _____

New York State residents please add appropriate sales tax
Total \$ _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed.
Made payable to:

Heavy Metal Dept. 985
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Send to: (Please do not send cash).

Charge: ☐ **MASTERCARD**, ☐ **VISA**

Account number

Card expires ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ MO YR

Signature _____

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms.

Name (please print) Thank you for your order.

Address Apt. no. _____

City _____

State Zip Code _____

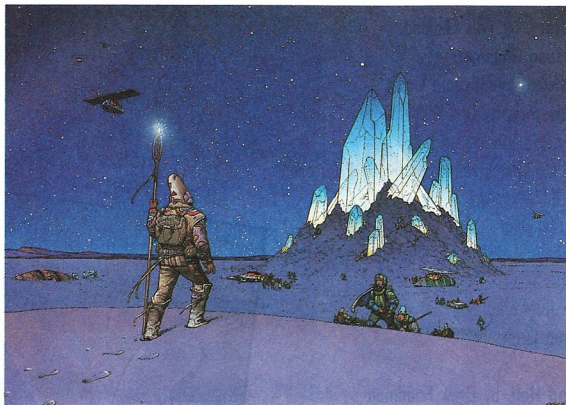
*Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

Presenting for the FIRST TIME!

"CRISTAL STAR"

A Fine Art Lithograph by EUROPE'S No. 1 Science Fiction Illustrator

"MOEBIUS"



"Cristal Star" by Moebius (1985)
18"x24" (16"x22" image size), Full Color
Limited to 500, Signed and Numbered in Pencil

"Cristal Star" is published by STABUR GRAPHICS, INC. using their hand etched (estampe) roll process. The lithograph is printed on a mold formed, acid-free, imported WHATMAN paper (pure white for maximum color impact). The poster version is printed on a 80 lb. enamel stock. Also, the lithograph is available in a beautiful Frosted Silver Metal NIELSEN frame with a French Blue CRESENT mat.

Signed Lithograph
Framed Signed Lithograph
Poster

\$ 50.00
\$125.00
\$ 4.00

Shipping & Handling
(\$4.00)
(\$7.00)
(\$2.75)

We ship via UPS and Federal Express and do not ship to P.O. Boxes, please include a street address when ordering.

SEND TO: **HEAVY METAL** Dept. HM985
635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please send me _____ signed lithographs, _____ posters or _____ framed signed lithographs of "Cristal Star" by Moebius. I have enclosed my check, money order or MasterCard/Visa number for the total print amount, plus shipping and handling amount. NY residents add 8¼% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MasterCard/Visa _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

table of co

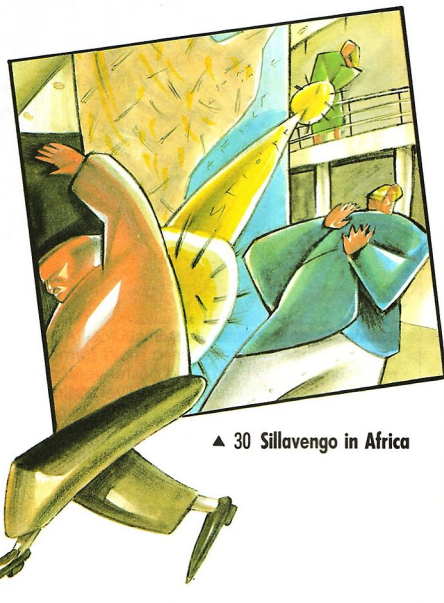
- 4 **Dossier**
 15 **Elephant Cemetery**, by Yves Chaland
 21 **Top Secret**, by Juan Gimenez
 30 **Sillavengo in Africa**, by Massimo Ghini
 41 **The Whisper Mystery**, by Daniel Torres
 55 **Rock Opera**, by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.
 59 **Rebel**, by Pepe Moreno. Script additions by P. Ciccone, R. Hingley, and K. Sylvester
 67 **The Gray Man**, by Bilal
 78 **Bodyssey**, by Simon Revelstroke. Illustrated by Richard Corben
 88 **Tex Arcana**, by John Findley
 93 **Wacko**, by Nicola Cuti
 94 **Chain Mail**
 95 **HM's Hollywood Hell**, by Drew Friedman
 96 **Trivial Metal**

Cover, by Greg Hildebrandt

Editor-in-Chief
Julie Simmons-Lynch
 Managing Editor
Steven Maloff

Publisher
Leonard Mogel
 Production Manager
Michela Nonis
 Circulation Director
George S. Agoglia
 Merchandising Director
Howard Jurofsky

Art Director
Catherine Hazard
 Design Consultant
Peter Kleinman
 Lettering Designer
Adam Kubert



▲ 30 **Sillavengo in Africa**

HEAVY METAL

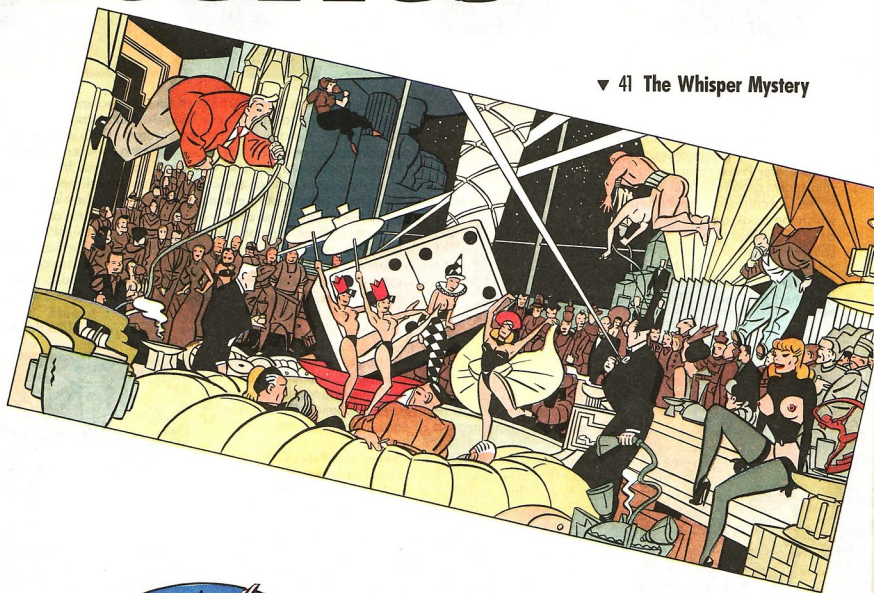
SEPTEMBER 1985

Vol. IX, No. VI

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (UPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc., © 1985 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semification is purely coincidental. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$23.00 paid annual subscription, \$40.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$48.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please send address changes to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. **ADVERTISING OFFICES:** New York Office: **The Patis Group**, Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 686-8400, Les Kent. Midwest Office: **The Guenther Company**, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-6800, Joseph Guenther. West Coast Office: **The Patis Group**, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. 90028, (213) 462-2700, Craig Rexford. Southern Office: **Brown & Company**, 3110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30067, (404) 998-2889, Byron Brown. **HM COMMUNICATIONS** is a subsidiary of **National Lampoon, Inc.** Chairman and President: **Matty Simmons**, Chairman of the Executive Committee: **Leonard Mogel**, Sr. Vice President: **George S. Agoglia**, Vice President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: **Howard Jurofsky**, Controller: **Walter Garibaldi**.

ntents

▼ 41 The Whisper Mystery



◀ 15 Elephant Cemetery ▶



does it

Edited by Steven Maloff

• **The Glamour** (Doubleday) is a thoroughly English novel, written in a sleek, almost aerodynamic style owing more to British craftsmen like Nevil Shute than any contemporary sf writers. With his brisk, explanatory, and utterly dry delivery, author **Christopher Priest** manages to conjure up England's wind- and rain-blown gloom with an enviable sparseness.

The plot concerns telekinesis and a kind of mental power from which the book derives its title. But it's really no more than a device for Priest to explore a loner's quest for both clarity and spirituality. The protagonist, Richard Grey, trapped in a web of amnesia, is at once a fresh and familiar character. But it is Priest's technique, not the plot, that holds the reader. His quiet, mood-drenched style makes *The Glamour* well worth reading.

—Tom Aiken

• Years ago, this was "the bible of comics fandom." Today the publishers refer to **The Comic Buyer's Guide** as "Fandom's Newspaper," which is much more accurate. CBG is a weekly combination of news features about upcoming comics and comic-related books, articles, interviews with comic pros from today as well as years past, and reviews of recently published comics. What most people get the paper for, however, is the plethora of advertising—over the course of several weeks one can track down everything from an issue of *Batman* #4 from 1940 (\$300) to the newest issue of *American Flag!* (\$1.50). For those who cannot fill in their collections through comic conventions or local stores, CBG is a must—even if the arrogance of editors **Don** and **Maggie Thompson** ruins the letters column. (CBG, 700 E. State Street, Iola, WI 54990.)

—Mike Barson

Reference

• **The Eleven Million Mile High Dancer** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) doesn't work because author **Carol Hill** tries too hard. There's enough material in the book's 400-plus pages for a couple of novels, but none of it really pans out in the resulting jumble. The hero, astronaut Amanda Jaworski, is one of those pseudo-feminists you want to take aside and advise, "Look, you're good. Please stop talking about it." Hill's insistence on using Amanda's romantic angst as a window for us to view her vulnerability is tiresome. Use of this formula is a well-traveled road. Changing the make of the car doesn't guarantee a smooth ride.

In fact, the ride can be very jarring. Hill taps into her considerable reservoir of talent to produce the fireworks display passing for style in the novel. While dazzling at times, the glare finally becomes too much. The book is loaded with scientific jargon one only faintly comprehends amidst the glistening lights and cavalcade of characters. There's a space goddess, quarks, danger, and a cat named Shrodinger—all of them wonderful for all the wrong reasons. This is calculated pop, a disappointment from the author of *Jeremiah* 8:20.

—Tom Aiken

Film

• Only the audaciously brilliant Nicolas Roeg (*Performance*, *Don't Look Now*, *The Man Who Fell to Earth*) would have the cojones to fulcrum a movie on Marilyn Monroe's demonstration of the special theory of relativity to Albert Einstein on the floor of a New York City hotel room one hot night in 1953—and then go ahead and pull the damn thing off. *Insignificance* is the most insanely unlikely masterpiece ever committed to film—pretentious, self-indulgent, narratively deficient, spottily acted, overlong, riddled with anachronisms, and any number of other things ordinarily guaranteed to inspire reflex-rebelling. But Roeg ain't no ordinary director (ditto Terry Johnson's script), and his hot-knife visual flash-imagery and clairvoyant chronology alchemically transmute this baffling lump of lead into gold of an unquestionably demented luster. Best line: "I saw the face of God!" Nagging question: Who the hell was crazy enough to invest money in this thing? (And God bless 'em.) Special Hairy Palms Award: the excruciatingly voluptuous Theresa Russell, who can square my mc any day.

—Lou Stathis

SF/Fantasy Paperback Bestsellers

1. **Pretender**, Piers Anthony and Frances Hall (Tor)
2. **Ishmael: Star Trek #23**, Barbara Hambly (Pocket Books)
3. **Myth Directions**, Robert Asprin (Ace)
4. **V: The New England Resistance**, Tim Sullivan (Pinnacle)
5. **Bio of a Space Tyrant: Volume 3: Politician**, Piers Anthony (Avon)
6. **Guardians of the Flame: Volume 3: The Silver Crown**, Joel Rosenberg (NAL)
7. **Elric at the End of Time**, Michael Moorcock (DAW)
8. **Millennium**, John Varley (Berkley)
9. **Melancholy Elephants**, Spider Robinson (Tor)
10. **Dune Messiah**, Frank Herbert (Berkley)

COURTESY E. DALTON



◀ The first-ever computerized comic book, **Shatter**, published by First Comics, sold out its first printing of 60,000 four days after its release this spring, and the thirty-two-page book went into an immediate second printing. First Comics' **Rick Oliver** believes today's high number of computer enthusiasts are responsible for the immediate sellout.

Shatter was created by **Michael Saenz** and **Peter Gillis** on a Macintosh computer, and all but the final coloring was done on the Big Mac. "The advantage of the Mac," says Oliver, "is not that it saves so much time, but that it gives you a completely different look."

Shatter may look different, but it's classic sf. The story is set in a high-tech futureworld called Chicagoland (First Comics is based in Evanston, Illinois), where RNA transference takes place on the black market. Six more eight-page installments of *Shatter* will appear in *Jon Soble*, *Freelance*, another First Comics publication. If interest continues, another thirty-two-page *Shatter* will be forthcoming.

Oliver compares this computer breakthrough in comic art to that of the airbrush. "One hundred years ago, they didn't have the airbrush," he says. "It's accepted now, but it really didn't replace anything. It'll be the same with computers. Computers won't change traditional comic book methods."

Only the way we look at them. (First Comics, 1014 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201.)

—Steve Bloom

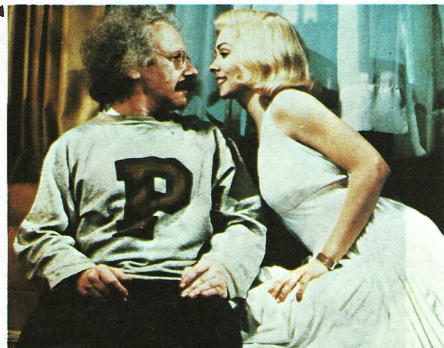


Comics

▼ The vitality of the subway graffiti scene has touched virtually every art form around it, including dance, film, music, and fashion (see p. 6). **Subway Art** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by **Martha Cooper** and **Henry Chalfant**, is a richly informative look at the artists, their materials and midnight world, and, of course, the trains that were the beginning of this pop-art happening. With a great deal of wit and color photos that couldn't be better, *Subway Art* is a whole lot more than a token entry.

—Steven Maloff

Pix



ARTWORK BY SAB KAZE, 1982.

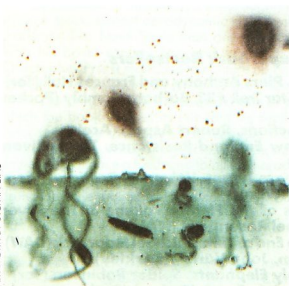


The Martian Hop

An Interview with
Curator Stefan Eins

by Catherine Hazard

ARTWORK BY STEFAN EINS



COSIMO RICATTO



Stefan Eins

CATHERINE HAZARD



CATHERINE HAZARD

Carnival: Homeboys are chilly most in the video documentary "Hip-hop New York."

Stefan Eins is a hero. A Viennese artist and adventurer bored by Manhattan's SoHo scene, he founded the maverick South Bronx art gallery **Fashion Moda** six years ago. In the heart of one of America's worst ghettos, neighborhood teenagers congregate and create their own carnivals. Downtown artists and European press come to watch them perform ritualistic breakdance exhibitions.

The style, energy, and creativity of these "homeboys" (slang for Puerto Rican and black youths) are mesmerizing, seductive; their art primitive, surprising, and vital. Many of the dancers are also writers or graffiti artists and rappers who make every day a celebration of image making, tagging the walls with their names and rapping with Easyggee. Inside **Fashion Moda**, barriers between classes, races, and cultures disappear. The streets are the schools, the subways are the classrooms, and the children are the teachers. Hip-hop is a spontaneous and frenzied tribal art passed along from brother to brother, sister to sister. Everyone has a tag or a street name by which he hopes to gain fame. As one graffiti artist, Brim, puts it, "In America, your neighborhood is important. I come from a bad neighborhood with burned-out buildings and rats and roaches. But when a train I have written my name on comes into the station and people say, 'Brim, that's fresh,' I have self-esteem and I feel good about myself. I'm right up there with everybody else."

Many of the artists in the landmark Sidney Janis show "Post Graffiti" are or have been an integral part of the Moda scene, selling their canvases for several thousand dollars each. Stars in Europe and at home, they are only in their teens. A-One, Toxic, Rammelzee, Coor, and Lady Pink are among the painters involved with Moda. At Moda, everyone has an equal chance to participate and prove his or herself. There is a feeling that anything can happen in this outpost of guerrilla art and Bauhaus pop.

Although the club is filled with friendly, open faces, the harsh reality of the ghetto is inescapable. Most of the kids are familiar with guns and knives, and more than one teenager has been permanently damaged by angel dust—easily accessible in the neighborhood. On the eve of the second graffiti show, I heard a chillingly frank exchange among some first-generation artists about why they sometimes had to take the law into their own hands. They talked about how the courts did not apply to them or to the South Bronx, how they couldn't call a cop to protect their homes and families, how they would do the jobs themselves. They told tales of doors riddled with bullet holes.

For many, Moda has been the passageway to careers in international art, film, music, and dance. When Eins walks into the gallery, he is greeted with enthusiastic cries of "Blood! Blood!" (Brother! Brother!) He has played many roles: friend, father, big brother, producer, judge and jury, devil's advocate. He is even respected in a strange role as part tutor, part bouncer. One day a couple of tough-looking winos, a man and a woman, came into Moda and demanded to use the bathroom. They were aggressive, and I feared violence. They were a long time using the facilities, and I breathed a sigh of relief as they finally departed. Stefan chided them for not saying "Thank you." His lecture became a shouting match while I stood transfixed in disbelief. At last one of the derelicts said, "He's all right. This guy is okay." They left.

Eins has the equivalent of a master's degree in theology from the University of Vienna. Years later his classical training has mutated to a theory of alien intelligences, which he is trying to express in an art piece.

—C.H.

Heavy Metal: Do you believe in God?

Stefan Eins: When I think of religion, I think that I'm like a tribesman in Australia. There is a tribe that coexists peacefully with an airport. They see the airplanes go up and come back. They make primitive replicas of planes with wood and twigs.

HM: It's art.

SE: It's also religion. I don't look up there with the notion of God, but I'm pretty sure there are alien intelligences. I've done some

research on the UFO phenomenon. I've read Bob Hopkins' book *Missing Bodies*. There are reports of people under hypnosis who claim they were abducted. They're missing memories of times in their lives. There is evidence; we have to look and we'll find it. I've always wanted to do a piece on that and I'm still working on it. I've been working on it for ten years.

HM: Do you think we are some cruel alien's art farm?

SE: No, but it's possible. There are vastly superior intelligences, and that doesn't have anything to do with the Eucharist or going to confession. There's something very science fiction about breakdancing for me. I think really good breakdancing—the best breakdancing—is actually a new way of consciousness. It is the most advanced art I've ever seen. It has more guts and intelligence than any other form of communication I know of. It allows you a more liberated and more creative personality, less structured by cultural restrictions. All those graffiti artists and breakdancers—they are just finding their own language and that means you are free; at least within that art form you are free.

HM: What was one of the best art pieces ever shown at Moda?

SE: Houston Ladda found an auditorium in the basement of an abandoned school building. He worked on it for months without telling anybody. He came by one day and asked me to come see his piece. We went to the school and he lit a gas lantern. We walked to the basement down a half-destroyed staircase and he showed me what used to be the library of the school. It was still half filled with books, and they were burned, too. There must have been a fire there, and I thought, "So what?" I admired him for his inventiveness, but I wasn't taken by what I had seen. And then we turned the corner, and in the dimly lit auditorium he had painted an amazingly realistic three-dimensional portrait of The Thing—the Marvel Comics character—into the chairs and wall, and for a split second I panicked and thought I had to run away because it was alive.

HM: I was intrigued by the cardboard labyrinth story.

SE: There was a mini-art at Fashion Moda. [Artist] Jane Dickson had built this very graphic ten-foot-high maze. The kids just loved it. No one thought about security, because how can you control a crowd in a labyrinth? It's amazing. You can run after them but you cannot catch them. So they were hiding in there, and we couldn't get them out. About fifteen kids would be in there at once. It was firesome to deal with because the kids were rowdy. At one point I got tired of it and we pushed the kids out. Suddenly there was this WHACK on the big window, shattering it. These kids were throwing stones at the windows and jumping the door. They were really angry at not being allowed back in. It felt to me as though they thought they had a right to get in. I think there are sociological and psychological elements involved.

HM: Well, that's their turf. Fashion Moda is a hangout, right?

SE: Yes, but none of these kids hung out there before.

HM: It sounds like science fiction. People arriving who have no prior relationship to the place acting emotionally. You have to be upset to throw stones and break a window. The Moda inspires surprising responses.

SE: I think people should choose whatever scene they find interesting, or whatever part of it they find interesting, and participate. Fashion Moda on a day-to-day basis is amazing. It's very intense. Every day is theater. I'm happy I did it, I really am. Fashion Moda is a conceptual thing. It has to do with being everywhere. It's a sixties idea of love and no more war, but it's also about human creativity and facilitating human creation and making that the fashion.

HM: That's the idea I had for the Food for the Soup Kitchens art show—making it fashionable to care about other people by showing art made by stars who would donate the proceeds to the soup kitchens of New York. I hoped to start a trend.

SE: Fashion Moda is an impulse of fashion. Creating something by the name, just like Billy Idol calls himself Billy Idol and he is an idol. That's why I called it Fashion Moda, because if you say it's fashion, then it is. That's the trick. ■

Stefan Eins will be exhibiting art at Fashion Moda and at Galerie Ariadne in Vienna in the fall.

ARTWORK BY STEFAN EINS

THROATBUSTERS

by Ed Naha

In a mist-shrouded room, a young man crouches over the unconscious form of his lover. He extends a quivering hand and touches her skin. It's cold and clammy. Emitting a mournful howl, the bereaved suitor cradles the girl's body in his arms. But wait! Something is wrong.

He backs away. The girl's face contorts. She opens her mouth. Fangs protrude.

The door to the room is kicked open and a white-haired man in a Victorian outfit bursts in. He holds a cross before him. The girl screams and backs away.

Sounds like a scene from a good old-fashioned vampire story, doesn't it? Well, it is and it isn't. This cheerful little encounter takes place in *Fright Night*, a vampire story of Stokeresque proportions that is set in contemporary southern California.

Fright Night is the brainchild debut of director **Tom Holland**, the screenwriter responsible for *Psycho II* ("Nobody thought we could pull that one off"), *The Beast Within* ("One of the worst experiences of my life"), and *Cloak and Dagger* ("I wish you could have read my script").

Today, on a soundstage near the famous MGM lot, Holland is directing a scene wherein all-American girl Amy (Amanda Bearse) is suddenly transformed into a man-chomping vamp, both figuratively and literally.

For Holland, *Fright Night* is an important step forward. It's his first screenplay to be filmed exactly as written, and, not so coincidentally, it's the first movie he's directed himself.

"Am I scared?" he says, taking time out for a lunch break in his trailer. "How about every minute, every day? How about petrified?"

Although respected as a screenwriter, Holland recently found himself growing more and more frustrated with the way his films were turning out on the big screen. "Nobody can mess with this movie," he says with a grin, "except me. That's nice. I don't know what you thought of *Cloak and Dagger*, but the script had a darker tone to it.

"They threw me off the set of *The Beast Within* and they threw me out of the dailies. I was invited to one screening and, at the end, I walked past the director and the producer. That was five years ago. I haven't seen them since. That movie kept me out of work for a year. That script was strong enough for United Artists to go for what was considered a monster movie. The finished

film? After seeing it, I literally got sick.

"You have no control as a writer. The only control you have is how much influence you have over the director. To get that influence you have to be ingratiating. Being ingratiating is exhausting."

Following the release of *Cloak and Dagger*, Holland figured it was time to delve into his bag of tricks and come up with a story that was both fun and scary and, of course, commercial. The result? Well, the same old fangs are there, but they've been cinematically flossed to the point of sparkling anew.

"I've always loved vampire films," he says. "But there hasn't been a good one in years. I mean, that last version of *Dracula*? The pits. The Hammer films were the last vampire films that made sense, and even they petered out, with *Dracula* winding up in discs.

"*Fright Night* is a reverential update of the old vampire films. The title comes from those *Friday Fright Night* shows we watched when we were kids, the shows where someone would host a bad horror movie late at night.

"The premise is pretty simple. This sixteen-year-old boy, **Charles Brewster** (William Ragsdale), is a horror-film nut. He becomes convinced that his next-door neighbor (Chris Sarandon) is a vampire. But because he's sixteen and into horror movies, nobody will believe him; not his family, not his friends, not the police, nobody.

"So, right away, the story is funny. But what gives the story a real third dimension is that the kid finally gets someone to believe him. He's staring at the TV in despair one night when he sees the host of *Fright Night*, this gonzo, over-the-hill, hambone worst actor of all time, played by **Roddy McDowell**. The kid is so desperate and so crazed that he figures, 'If anyone will believe me, this guy will. He's starred in thirty vampire movies and he's killed the creatures in every one.'

"Roddy's ratings are so bad that he's just been fired. He's up for anything. Much to his amazement and horror, Roddy, one of the biggest chickenshits in the world, finds himself repeating all these heroic actions he performed in all those bad gothic movies."

In updating the time-worn vampire myth, Holland sought to inject newness into the story but not on the soundstage. The former actor had every scene meticulously planned in order to keep the movie as firmly grounded in reality as possible.

"Every bit of action was worked out before I even walked on a stage," he says. "I storyboarded every scene myself. The drawings aren't great art but..."

He produces a Manhattan-phone-directory-sized tome filled with page after page of comic-book-like drawings.

"Everything in this movie had to be timed perfectly. Audiences today are used to blood spurting and special effects. The way to grab their attention with a non-slasher story is to have a solid plot and effects that back up that plot. We have **Richard Edlund** (*Ghostbusters*) doing the special effects.

"The toughest thing about it was writing the script, to update the vampire story without lampooning it. I had to spend the first third of the film selling the reality of the situation. By the time the vampires appear, you should be hooked.

"The reason most vampire updates fail, I think, is because they slip into intentional or unintentional parody. I'm watching for that every second of this movie.

"I have a great deal of respect for vampire movies. I didn't want to betray the genre by ignoring all its trademarks and myths in updating it, like in *The Hunger*. I wanted to play within the rules. I very deliberately decided to accept them and play fair with my audience. These are vampires like the ones we grew up with.

"People have a great attraction to vampires because, basically, vampires are not stupid monsters. They're a metaphor for seduction, aren't they? That elevates them from monsters in rubber suits. Vampires are cool. Think about it. Wouldn't you like to be a vampire? You get to play all night, jump on any woman you want, and live forever. Is that so bad? Of course, on the other hand, who would want his girlfriend to hang out with one?" ■



● **Tom De Haven's novel *Funny Papers* (Viking)** is to the origins of newspaper comic strips what *Gone With the Wind* was to the Civil War and *The Natural* was to baseball. Taking historical events and persons and weaving them into a mythic and allegorical fabric, *Funny Papers* manages to convey the dynamics of the newspaper business in turn-of-the-century New York City when color presses were first used to create Sunday funnies—a new kind of entertainment that had so much impact that Joseph Pulitzer of the *World* and William Randolph Hearst of the *Journal* made the comics their big guns in the bitter circulation wars that were waged for years. The “hero” of *Funny Papers* is Georgie Wreckage, a sketch artist who licks into a concept for a comic feature that captures the imagination of the public and makes him rich—and miserable. Knowledgeable comic fans will recognize “Pinfold and Fuzzy” as a combination of *The Yellow Kid* and *Buster Brown*, but De Haven isn't content to just toss in token crumbs of comic history. He has also done his homework on the exploitation of comics characters through merchandising. (The creators of the early comic strips often earned astronomical incomes and were household names, enjoying the fame of today's sports, movie, and rock stars. How the mighty have fallen!) Like *Ragtime*, which it most closely resembles in setting and flavor, *Funny Papers* brings history to life in a way that only the best fiction can. No fan of American comic strips should pass up this fine, rich novel.

—Mike Barson

● One of the coolest stars to shoot from Manhattan's Lower East Side is **Rodney Alan Greenblat**. Currently Gracie Mansion Gallery's number-one son, Greenblat's pieces grab from \$500 to an astounding \$20,000 per piece. An artist who also sculpts and writes music (to accompany his artwork), Greenblat's “Ark of Triumph” was part of the Whitney Museum's Biennial Exhibition. For T-shirts and posters, contact the Gracie Mansion Gallery Museum in NYC.

—SM

● The novels published as Ace Specials are supposed to be exceptionally well-written, original, and different. So it's puzzling to find **Michael Swanwick's *In the Drift*** included in the series. First of all, it's not a novel at all but a number of stitched-together stories based on the premise that the nuclear reactors at Three Mile Island actually melted down. Swanwick tries to tell a tale of coming-of-age in a deadly radioactive world (the “Drift,” which is roughly New England). But none of the elements on which he builds this post-nuclear society are different from what lots of people face right now as reality. The farthest Swanwick's imagination stretches is to presume that medical care would be expensive and hard to get, the authorities would be brutal, and good jobs would come to assassins. Even the clairvoyant girl “vampire” is pretty dull. The conclusion, however, is spooky; the greedy Drift inhabitants blackmail each other and the rest of the U.S. with nuclear bombs. Would people really be that stupid? Probably.

—Constance Ash

● ***Get Animated!*** (six issues for \$7.50 to Box 1582, Burbank, California 91507), a bi-monthly sixteen-page bulletin, covers the world of animation with articles, reviews, and news—such as info on Tom Wilhite's plans to animate Tom Disch's “The Brave Little Toaster.” To get to the nuggets, such as Fred Patten's rap on why the Macross tape is preferable to the altered TV-syndicated *Robotech* version, you've got to get animated yourself and dig through the pages of items on various Orbits, Droids, Biskits, Paw Paws, Wuzzles, and Fluppies. But then an occasional paragraph, such as the one on a bear called Kissyfur, makes it all worthwhile: “It has just been reported that the character's name may be changed. The interested network has voiced a fear that ‘Kissyfur’ may have ‘sexual’ connotations.” You'd think a zine on animation would carry lots of pictures, but stills and art are at a minimum in the first two issues.

—Bhob



PICNIC ON EARTH BY RODNEY ALAN GREENBLAT

● If, like me, you have written off the 1980s as a decade of terminal blandness exemplified by *Smurfs* and *Care Bears*, there's a ray of pop-culture hope beaming down on us malcontents from the bubble-gum empire of Topps, Inc., the company that has brightened childhoods for generations with projects ranging from Bazooka Joe to Mars Attacks to Ugly Stickers to Wacky Packages to Batman and Star Wars cards. And now they introduce ***Garbage Pail Kids***, an all-out assault on the insipid “so-ugly-they're-cute” *Cabbage Patch Kids*. Instead of being cute and cuddly like their cabbage cousins, they are truly disgusting and repulsive. For example, Up Chuck is a vomiting *Garbage Pail Kid*. Another is Dead Ted, a rotting, maggot-ridden, EC-ish *Garbage Pail* zombie crawling from the grave. Swell Mel is a transvestite. You get the picture. The whole spirit is pure fifties MAD and sixties and seventies underground comic; in fact, the credentials of the artistic team are sterling. Artist **John Pound**, a longtime u.g. cartoonist best known for his *Commies* from Mars covers, wrote as well as illustrated several of the cards. The rest of the gags and designs are by **Mark Newgarden** (a contributor to RAW and editor of *Bad News*) and **Art Spiegelman** (also familiar to u.g. comic readers for his sixties-to-present cartoons, as well as his former co-editorship of *Arcade* and current co-editorship of RAW).

What we've got here is either a fun, esoteric, nifty adjunct to your u.g. comic collection or, for non-collectors, a crazy set of eyeball grabbers that are good for a few lafs. Go out and buy some packs today! At twenty-five cents for five stickers and a wad of bubble gum, it's one of the best bargains around.

—J. D. King



Raving and Drooling Bebopec

Those of you tuned in to this narrowcast frequency last time around witnessed the Great Ritual Dance of Critical Loathing and Disgust, an ancient and venerated tradition among cranky old guys with typewriters. The thing to remember is that the present moment almost always looks lousy to those of us charged with the task of sifting through the cultural effluvia deposited at our feet by the intersecting rivers of creativity and greed. So humor us a bit, okay? Besides, you guys get off easy—most of the really putrid stuff passes you lucky sods by, leaving perhaps a momentary olfactory unpleasantness behind, just as a little reminder of what you're missing. (Pew! That Madonna just went by?) So hey, ease up off us guys mired gonad-deep in the big muddy, and try to be a little understanding when the weaker among us fling themselves eagerly into the welcoming waters of nostalgic retreat. I mean, can you really blame us? (Damn straight you can. . .)

Not that I'm ready to take anything back. No way. That extended moan of despair was for real, prompted by the grim prospect of once again writing regularly about music in these pages. There just ain't a helluva lot of stuff out there worth talking about. When I first embarked on this mission, five fun-filled years ago, things were in a healthy state of ferment. There was a sinus-fall of new odors in the air, but no one in the mainstream music media seemed interested in sniffing anything other than their own excreta. So, Greek-beak over here leaped to the rescue. These days, precisely the opposite seems true—schnozzes everywhere are pointed skyward in anticipation of the next wind-borne fashion stench, but there's not enough real substance out there to satisfy anyone's craving for long. Simply put, we are surrounded by debased reanimations of dead musical forms, corpses that have been cannibalized and reoutfitted, then launched into twitch-walking purgatory to panhandle for spare change—kinda like a Romero movie scripted by Robert Christgau (grim thought, eh?).

The point is, it's not the passing of any particular individual or mode that I'm mourning (everything alive dies), but the spirit of innovation and the challenge of change. I feel betrayed, as if something essential has been denied me, and that makes me irritable as hell (worse than Robert Young after too much caffeine). And now, adding fuel to my despair, a package of records fortuitously chose this pregnant moment to squat in my mailbox and tempt me even further than a half decade into the escapist past. It came from the newly revived Blue Note jazz label, and it sent me for a dreamy tumble in the smoky basement of fifties jazz. Ah, the purity, the chiaroscuro, the brooding intensity. . . But I got rudely yanked back when I dutifully plowed through the new-stuff part of the initial release package. Jazz, too, has become a creative graveyard sardined with Frankensteinian

zombie-masters of questionable motives; a sordid truth even more obvious here, probably because of the lengthier period of history jazz has to regorge itself on (and thus be imprisoned by). Like so-called classical music, jazz has become a museum piece, a measured stretch on a cultural time-line. It's clearly an antiquated idiom, as dated as the quaint-sounding slang it spawned. It stirs in the mind images of past times and feelings, relevant only as historical reference or for use as source material by contemporary hybridizers. Modern music of all species seems to have lost the currency and urgency of the moment; in the pop mainstream it's the victim of success-lusting dilution, while in jazz it's been sacrificed to slickness and soulless virtuosity.

You want examples? Okay, take a couple of hot young jazz guitarists. **Stanley Jordan** is a twenty-five-year-old Californian now working in New York (with an in-between stop in Princeton for a B.A. in music) who's attracted a huge amount of attention because of his "revolutionary" double-hammering technique (instead of one hand holding down the strings while the other strums or plucks, Jordan uses both to tap the retuned strings and set them vibrating, enabling him to sound like two guys at once). While others have dabbled with this technique, using it for the occasional pyrotechnic flourish, Jordan has built an entire school of playing around it. That he's mastered the mechanics of musicianship is not in doubt. What's questionable is his desire to express anything beyond self-aggrandizing virtuosity. His much-ballyhooed Blue Note debut, *Magic Touch* (currently the country's best-selling jazz LP) is impeccably produced by Al DiMeola, another guy who trips over his prodigious technical facility while running for the expressivity bus. Everything about *Magic Touch* reeks of deliberate care, from the crystalline digital recording to the measured balancing of songs, stylistically and compositionally varied between genre standards and a couple of forgettable originals. Consequently, the whole thing just sits there, polite, well-groomed, and self-satisfied—like a schoolkid who's successfully completed a test. I hope Jordan ain't content with wowing crowds and critics, and—like DiMeola—fabricating an entire musical subspecies on mastery of technique and a compositional style that sandwiches tediously grandstanding solos between refrains of melodic Wonder Bread.

Next axman in line for hatcheting is **Kazumi Watanabe**, a thirty-one-year-old Japanese export with two recent schizophrenic LPs, *Mobo I* and *Mobo II* (Gramavision, dist. by Polydor). The records' clear schism parallels that of modern jazz itself: half of each is shrilly unpleasant fusion of the generic kind; the other half exotically seductive fusion of the cross-fertilization kind (between the two Mobos there's one hot platter here). The disparity seems reducible to Watanabe's choice of sidemen: NY jazz-session perennials strutting their sterile stuff on the former, and reggae rhythm kings Sly and Robbie adding island spice to the latter. The leap made here is comparable to the transformation Miles underwent/instigated with the Bitches Brew funk-jazz collision of fifteen years ago—the loping reggae pulse simply knocks Watanabe from the confines of his stylistic holding pen, forcing him to play in a totally different way (thank God). The result is sublimely atmospheric not-just-jazz, a little like the sludgy wallpaper discs Terje Rypdal used to do for ECM, but definitely a pungent new odor that should please probing proboscis everywhere. Now if the guy'd only deep-six that insipidly rococo fusion crap.

Too bad so few other jazzbos seem interested in assimilating anything new into their stagnating vocabularies. **Jamaaladeen Tacuma** is one who's trying (see September 1984 HM for background info). *So Tranquilizin'* (Gramavision) is his third LP as leader (after an apprenticeship as Ornette Coleman's bass protégé-prodigy), but his first full-length go-round with Cosmic,



all y p s e

by Lou Stathis

his hip (hop) funk band. Obviously he's been payin' attention to what's box-blasting in the old neighborhood—but it also sounds like he's cruising just a bit, not pushing himself as far as he could, content with mining a complacent dance-music groove instead of pioneering any new ground (which periodic flashes tell us he's capable of doing). And though I appreciate the humanization a singing voice brings to the music (it would sound far too mechanical without it), the lameness of the lyrics sends me over the edge (try copying some George Clinton instead of Lionel Richie, there, Jamaal). And while I'm addressing the artist, let me ask a rhetorical question: Y'wanna be a pop star or a musician, Jamaaladeen? Looks like you're trying to do both (the LP's clothing credits are almost as numerous as the instrument listings), and honestly, I hope you pull it off. It's a damn hard line to walk.

Most everywhere else, bleakness reigns. The bulk of Blue Note's contemporary stuff leaves me cold: **George Russell's *The African Game*** is an uncomfortably stiff, vernacularized tone poem, while **Stanley Turrentine's *Straight Ahead***, **Charles Lloyd's *A Night in Copenhagen***, and **Grover Washington, Jr./Kenny Burrell's *Togethering*** are just tired pickings from the same old guano farm. Elsewhere, twenty-three-year-old **Wynton Marsalis** has caused a lot of noise, but he's shackled himself to two tight-assed traditions—jazz and classical—instead of a crippling-enough one. Much more interesting is the intricate twisting of styles concocted by saxophonist **Chico Freeman** on his ***Tangents*** from last year (on Elektra/Musician, a now-dead label formed three years ago by Bruce Lundvall, who scooted last fall to pre-empt the reopening of the Blue Note shop). Freeman exhibits Mingus-like compositional adeptness in juxtaposing some remarkable moments of controlled tenderness with explosively dynamic improvisations. Also surprisingly unbad are a pair of platters from Japanese altoist **Saduo Watanabe** (no relation to Kazumi—the surname is apparently as common in Japan as Africa is in a certain burnt-out section of Philadelphia). I say surprisingly because both ***Rendezvous*** and ***Fill Up the Night*** (Elektra/Musician, from '83 and '84, respectively) feature the same dreaded crew of jazz-session robots who cast their sturpous pall over most everything they appear on, which unfortunately is just about every second jazz LP recorded in the Big Apple. Anyway, Watanabe's delightfully flavor-rich tone saves the day (reminds me in spots of an updated Johnny Hodges, for you old Ellingtonians out there), and just about yanks these sides above the level of jazzak.

Which leaves me happily wallowing in the past again, a state of mind where Blue Note is most definitely at its best. Check this: their initial vinyl barrage this winter included twenty-one classic reissues from their incomparable back catalog, a veritable history of post-World II jazz. Though the label operated from 1939 into the early seventies, their prime period covered the early fifties through the late sixties, when they were issuing sides by the hippest guys in existence—eternal avant-gardist Cecil Taylor, Coltrane (in between his tentative Prestige LPs and the historic ***Giant Steps*** and ***My Favorite Things*** for Atlantic in '59 and '60), some pre-Columbia Miles, some pre-Miles Herbie Hancock, pre-fused Chick Corea, Sonny Rollins, Art Blakey, and the best stuff from such early-check-outs as Bud Powell, Clifford Brown, and Lee Morgan (shot dead onstage by a pissed-off girlfriend). The list goes on and on (the only guy missing is Mingus—I wonder why?).

But the secret of Blue Note's excellence wasn't just a nose for hotshot talent. That was only the beginning—it really came down to the way things were run, and the two German immigrants of unflagging enthusiasm who almost until their deaths made sure that everything was run *correctly*. These guys *cared* about what they were doing, taking great pains to nurture their artists—

treating them like respected family members—to make sure Blue Note "product" was the best on the market. Clearly, as the records document, the results were worth the effort. Here on vinyl is a moment in American cultural history crystallized. Pressed into these grooves is the unquantifiable mixture of vigorous naïveté, cool sophistication, self-conscious intellectualism, and slow-burning white-hot energy that was post-bop/pre-screach jazz. It was a ghostly time of renaissance restlessness and cliff-edge dancing before the tumbling, suicidal leap into the acid waters of free jazz. The very sounding of these stylized cries brings it all flooding in. Proust ain't got nothing on these guys.

If all this jive is news to you, trot out and get yourself ***The Best of Blue Note***, a double-album collection of fifteen classic cuts (the hip equivalent of those ***World's Most Beloved Melodies*** compilations that old guy with the bogus Brit accent pushes on late-night TV). Try Herbie Hancock's "*Maiden Voyage*," Horace Silver's "*Song for My Father*," and Lee Morgan's "*The Sidewinder*"—and if they do nothing for you, go away and leave me alone, 'cause you're hopeless. If you think it's the hottest shit since Atlantis sank, first congratulate yourself on your refined tastes, and then start picking up the individual LPs (there'll be twenty more of the damn things to choose from by the time you read this). Lou's personal faves include Morgan's ***Delightful Lee***, Coltrane's ***Blue Train***, Dexter Gordon's ***Go and Doin' It Right***, and anything by any of the other names I've dropped in the last few paragraphs. There ain't a dud in the bunch.

But that ain't even near the end of it. Blasts from the past are fine, but what's been spiraling me into terminal aural ecstasy is the trickle of previously unissued stuff from the Blue Note basement. Four of these are currently in heavy rotation around the Stathis pad: **Clifford Brown's *Alternate Takes***, **Jackie McLean's *Tippin' the Scales***, **Hank Mobley's *Far Away Lands***, and **Lee Morgan's *The Rajah***. Five more are promised any second now (Powell, Freddie Hubbard, more Mobley, and a couple of others), and God knows what else that's still lurking in those dusty vaults. What's truly mind-boggling is that someone deemed this stuff *not* good enough for release at the time! And you thought Star-Kist was picky! Jesus. If these standards were applied today, the tsunami of new releases inundating our ears would probably slow to dripping-faucet level. And let me tell you, that would make this cranky old cultural sump-sifter a lot less grumpy.

CHUCK STEWART

Hank Mobley





Leonard Cohen

Ratso's Palazzo

Comin' and Cohen

I was sitting in the Cafe Borgia on Prince Street in NYC with Leonard Cohen, the world-class poet, songwriter, and ladies' man, and I was trying to persuade him to talk about the Mysteries, the passionate practice of the religious impulse, the real stuff, the Secrets revealed to the select few. Now ordinarily Leonard should take to this subject like a nun takes to holy water, but because I had some kind of compulsion to get him to talk about this, the poet was balking. He was content just to sit there, munching on his melted Swiss cheese sandwich, catching up on lost time.

After all, it had been five years since Leonard and I chowed down together. The last time was at Kantor's in L.A., a wonderful imitation of a New York Jewish deli, and over pastrami sandwiches Leonard had told me of the breakup of his marriage to Suzanne, the woman who was conjured by his hit song of the same name. Now I would usually be content to sit and play our version of Jewish geography, but today I was a man on a mission.

There was injustice in this world and I had to fight it. You see, Leonard Cohen is one of our jewels. He is a man who truly belongs to the ages, and the work that he does touches each of us at our core—you know, that hidden place that we read about and think only other people have, but that sometimes under the influence of four or five drinks, or eight or nine lines, or five miles around the track, or whatever your poison is, gets revealed to you in all its splendor, and you either embrace it joyously, albeit sheepishly, or strike out at the world because your demons got loose.

What I'm trying to say is that we're not talking about Boy George or Cyndi Lauper or the Almighty Madonna here. This is not generic capitalist culture fodder, this is the Real Thing. Now, for some reason, Europeans adore Leonard and his work. Maybe they relate easily to his incomparable sense of loss, his formal, dignified, decorous surrender of self.

Maybe it is precisely these qualities that turn Americans off to

Leonard. Most people I know who hear a Leonard Cohen album think that it's too depressing to handle. I find him extremely funny, but that's just the kind of woman I am.

But the injustice I was fighting was that Columbia Records, the home of Bob Dylan, and Miles Davis, and Toto, the great black-rock sanctuary of the arts, had refused to release Leonard's new album, *Various Positions*, to the American public. Mind you, they were all too happy to collect the cashish on the CBS International label, since Leonard was a proven "commodity" overseas. But those bottom-line Eichmanns who run Columbia here decided to send Leonard's new kid straight to the showers. Aborted in the U.S.A., as the Boss would say.

But, as Dylan told me a few months ago in the studio as he was finishing up his newest Columbia LP, "Somebody'll put out Leonard's record here. They have to." Well, it's Jem, a little David of a record company, and if you write to them in East Orange or somewhere like that in New Jersey, you might be lucky enough to cop this brilliant album.

Okay, that off my chest, I tried to steer Leonard back to talking about mysticism. Everyone who talks to Leonard asks him about women: the pursuit of them, the pain they inflict, the vacuum they leave behind when they go. But I knew that Leonard was a spiritual seeker, too, and *Heavy Metal* was one of his favorite magazines, so I wanted him to talk about mysticism. And I knew that the way I could hook Leonard into talking on this subject was to talk about books, which are to the Jews what six-packs are to the Irish.

Back at my house, Leonard had perused my shelves and commented that he didn't like to read about religion. So Leonard was a man of action, Fieldworker Cohen.

"I've found for my own usefulness that sitting still is the best medicine, and the whole Zen mechanics are designed for that," Leonard said. "Look, nobody enters a Zen meditation hall to affirm his health. You enter because you have a doubt and because you want to study how the mind arises, so they make you

sit still for seven days and finally you get so bored and fatigued with your mind that you might be lucky enough to let it drop for a second. As soon as that mind is at rest, the Mysteries manifest as reality. It ain't no mystery. It's like when you jump into a pool of cold water. You don't take your personality with you, you don't even exist at that moment. That's why you feel refreshed when you climb out, because the only thing that can refresh the personality is to dissolve it."

We talked about religion some more, then we talked about our romantic situations, and then I mentioned Dylan's new album, a thing called *Empire Burlesque*, a work as grim as the name implies.

"Nobody wants a happy song," Leonard leaned over the table. "The great songs have to embrace the whole world, and we know that this world is a butcher shop."

"So with all your reading and practice, do you think that this is it?" I challenged him. "This world, is this it?"

"I do think this is it," Leonard said firmly.

"What about an afterlife?"

"We're already living our afterlife," he said, and then he recited a new lyric/poem that beautifully captured the Zen/Gnostic affirmation.

"So how do you survive?" Leonard suddenly asked me. "How

do you keep it all going? You don't have a support system, you don't currently have an old lady, no kids you have to work for." I felt like I had just jumped into a pool of cold water.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess I have hope."

Leonard smiled. "Hope. You have faith. So you are religious."

I smiled and started singing "Faith, Hope, and Charity" and Leonard picked up on it and started in on "Jesus Loves Me," and we walked out into the SoHo rain and headed for the subway.

At Broadway I interrupted our idle conversation. "You know, work keeps me going. Work supports me."

Leonard turned from the wind-whipped rain. "This is the first time in my life that I have to work, to support my kids. That keeps you going. But it's nice meeting people. Other than that, it's bleak, it's bleak."

I didn't really know what to say then, so I just patted him on the back, on his Famous Blue Raincoat, and I felt lucky for a minute, full of life, and I felt that there might be some mercy somewhere, and then I waved goodbye and headed home, back to the world.

For a free copy of Leonard's new poem, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Rato's Palazzo, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Theodore Sturgeon 1918–1985

"Theodore Sturgeon is a phenomenon out of Philadelphia, a yellow-eyed thing with a goatee, a mortician's voice, and Pan's original smile. He clashed with high school. He ran away to sea, took up nudism, ran a bulldozer, got married and unmarried, wrote music, advertising copy, and fantasy, smoked cigarettes in a long holder. . . ."

—Damon Knight

Sturgeon was one of the writers John Campbell discovered and developed in the late thirties and early forties, a group that included Asimov, Heinlein, de Camp, van Vogt, and Hubbard, but unlike any of these he was, to readers and critics of the fifties and on, a capital-W writer, a man who could work magic with his "vorpall pen" (Knight again), who could beguile and bedazzle and make words sing.

During his first three years as a writer for Campbell, Sturgeon turned out dozens of stories. It was a prolific period and a time of tremendous growth. His stories were at their simplest then, amusing pulp entertainments like "Yesterday Was Monday," "Shuttle Bop," and "The Ultimate Egoist." It was also the time of the writing of "It," a horror story now considered a classic, and of "Microcosmic God," recently elected by members of the SFWA one of the all-time great sf novelettes. Sturgeon himself did not love this story, but it knocked the readers out and put Sturgeon on the map. He was barely twenty-three.

In the late forties he began to pay close attention to style, meticulously honing his craft, learning how to transfix his reader with sound and sense. His abilities reached their peak in a beautiful, powerful, revolutionary novel, *More Than Human*. Through the fifties Sturgeon continued to build up a spectacular body of work, demonstrating an awesome versatility. It seemed he could do almost anything, create any effect. In this time he produced stories like the ineffably tragic horror tale, "The Other Celina"; the playful, flashing "To Here and the Easel"; the whimsical exercise in utopian thinking, "The Skills of Xanadu," and, in a darker political vein, "Mr. Costello, Hero"; "The Man Who Lost the Sea," a Faulknerian tale selected for a volume of *Best American Short Stories*; and "A Saucer of Loneliness," certainly one of the most moving stories ever written.

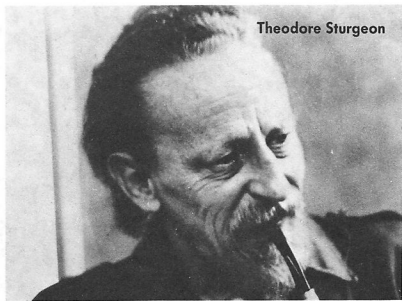
He also wrote novels: the highly acclaimed but uneven *The Dreaming Jewels*; the comic historical fiction *I, Libertine* (with Jean Shepherd); the movie novelizations *The King and Four Queens*, a Western, and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*; an exercise in sex and psychopathology, *Some of Your Blood*, and

in sex and sociology, *Venus Plus X*; *The Cosmic Rape*; the Western *The Rare Breed*; and the ghostwritten mystery *The Player on the Other Side*, an Edgar winner.

Not everything that Sturgeon did was wonderful, however. It has often been said that he wrote about love, that love was his subject. But sometimes he wrote about love and sometimes he wrote about something he was trying to pass off as love but was really soapuds or never-having-to-say-you're-sorry. He just sandbagged you with that gorgeous style and slipped it past you while you were gasping for breath. Sturgeon rarely wrote about the realities of love, the nuts-and-bolts of making a relationship work and negotiating the problems and pitfalls. Too often he romanticized and rhapsodized and created a fantasy of love as human beings have never known it. This shortcoming (and there are others, less serious) may go a little way toward explaining why Sturgeon was never quite able to break out of the science fiction ghetto.

Still, after all is said and done, Sturgeon was, quite simply, a terrific writer—a great stylist and intensely visual, capable of making the reader see each scene. Sturgeon's true domain, however, was the interior landscape, the shadowland of heart and spirit, and he explored it diligently and with intelligence and (yes) love, and the aching need of the self to find a resting place and to know it for home.

—Jonathan White



Theodore Sturgeon

VIDEO VOYEUR

BY JIM FARBER

Splatter University (1984, Vestron) Directed by Richard W. Haines.

How refreshing to see a "student-slice" movie that really looks as if it was made by students. *Splatter U.* has the production values of a school project and all the actors are sub-nobodies, but director Haines gives it all more personality and wit than 90 percent of the slicko horror jobs around. The movie's trashiness is self-aware without ever becoming self-conscious. That's a neat trick in an age where so many directors are clumsily aping the B-cult sensibility as the "new" threshold of cool.

The Beast (1965, Wizard) Directed by Jack Woods.

Lovers of really bad special effects will have a great time with this sixties cheapie. A group of zany geology students go for a picnic in the woods and wind up encountering the devil posing as a forest ranger. "The Beast" the said ranger controls seems like something Ray Harryhausen dreamed up on a bad day, but my absolute favorite effect is the final incarnation of Satan, who looks like an ornery fabric swatch.

You Are Not I (1981, New Video) Directed by Sara Driver.

▼ **Empty Suitcases** (1980, New Video) Directed by Bette Gordon.

Not content to simply hawk the usual slew of major-company tapes, the good folks at New York's New Video stores have been issuing cassettes of their own, featuring the work of various subterranean moviemakers. Some of them will remind you of why you hated the "avant-garde" to begin with (see Mark Rapaport's *Imposters*), but below are a pair of really good ones you won't find in the local multi-plex.

Sara Driver's *You Are Not I*, based on a Paul Bowles horror story from the late forties, is a tale of schizophrenia told from the nut's point of view. Consequently, in the end we're not sure if the spooky train of events actually happened or was just the

warped wanderings of the lead character's mind. Lending sufficient grounding is Driver's stylishly gloomy direction (aided by Jim Jarmusch's funereal cinematography). The sights and sounds of identity breakdown are chillingly rendered in this \$14,000 feature, and the lead actress, Suzanne Fletcher, perfectly embodies a woman who could make Sybil look like the picture of mental health.

More common (normal?) psycho-disorders are addressed in Bette Gordon's *Empty Suitcases*. Despite some flaws, the director has assembled a clever series of images and voice-overs to stress the relative nature of our normal divisions of time and space. Gordon's camera remains static throughout, as if dumb-struck by the barrage of information. When Gordon is stressing the separation between our internal reality and external "real life," she's right on-target, but the convoluted plot she piles on about a feminist/anarchist/college professor is totally out there. (Order from: New Video, 276 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10010; Att: Independent Serial Orders.)

Demonian (c. early '70s, Wizard) Directed by Jess Franco.

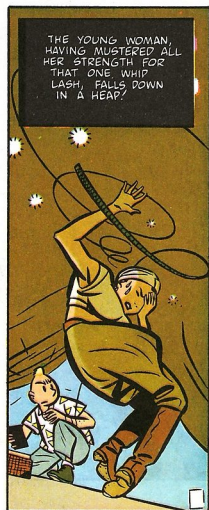
There are some pretty neat characters in this French number. An anti-sexual religious fanatic stalks a group of editors who work at a magazine that, in their words, "specializes in sadomasochistic melodrama." The killer is also after a woman who regales her lover with such pillow talk as "Crawl, you worm." It's nice to see a horror director who's up front about hating the victims as much as the maniac.

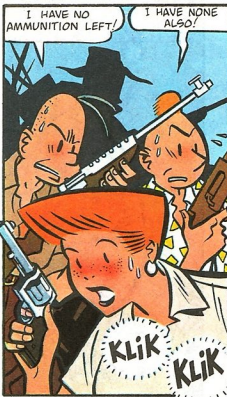
Warrior of the Lost World (1983, Thorn-EMI) Directed by David Worth.

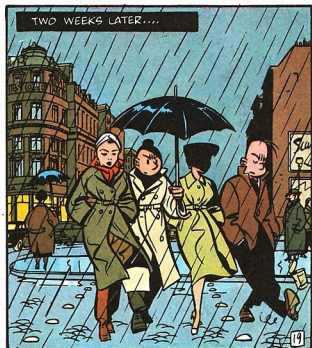
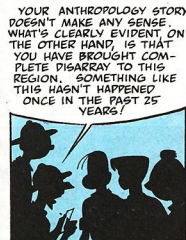
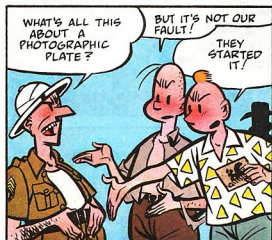
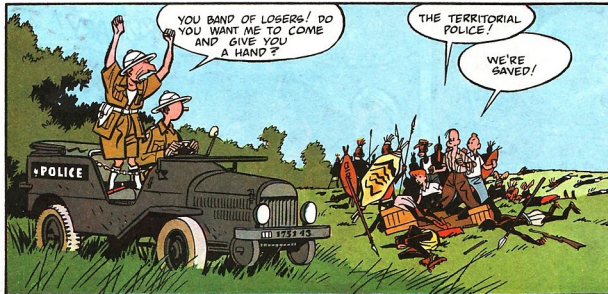
This low-budget *Road Warrior* rip-off is likable nonetheless. The anarchist hero is no Mel or Clint (though he does whisper a lot), and the leader of the "enlightened" good guys looks suspiciously like Jimmy Carter. But I like the gang of "dickhead" outcasts, and there's no shortage of explosions—which is really what it's all about.

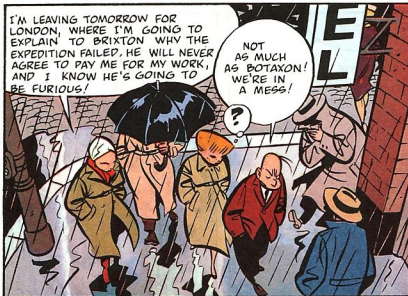


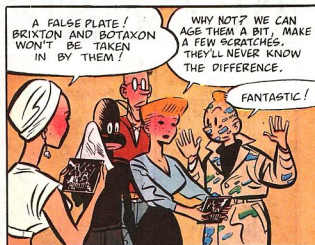
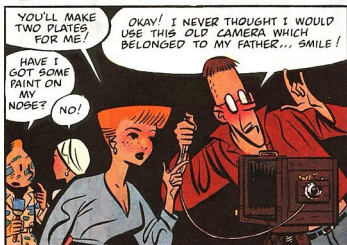
ELEPHANT CEMETERY

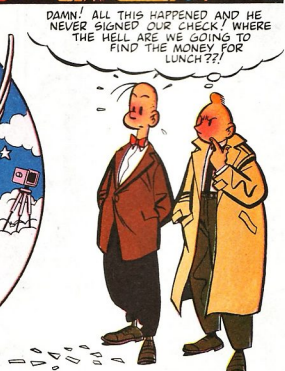
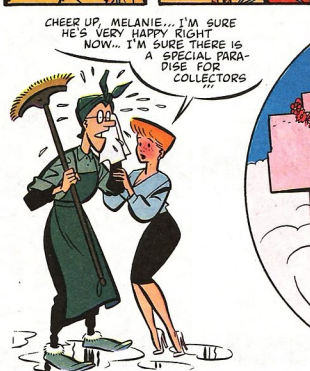
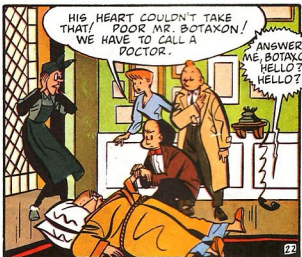
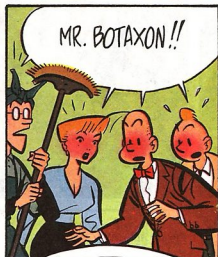
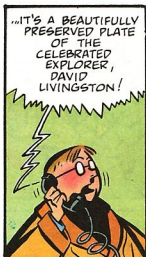
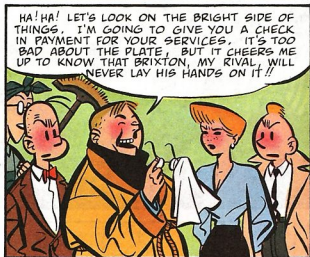
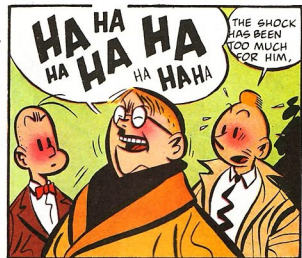
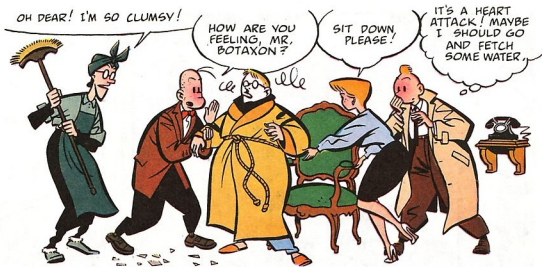






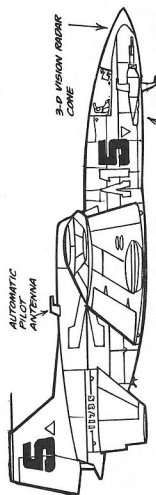






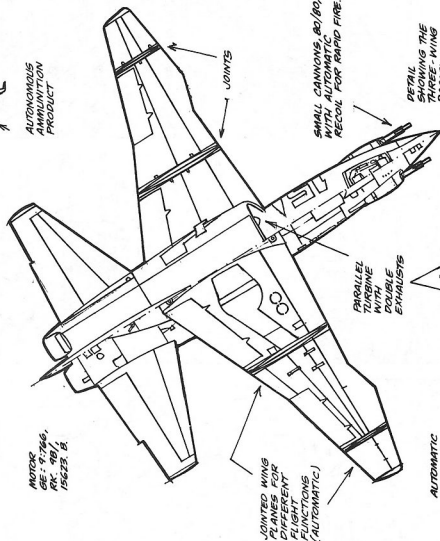
TOP SECRET

by Juan Gimenez

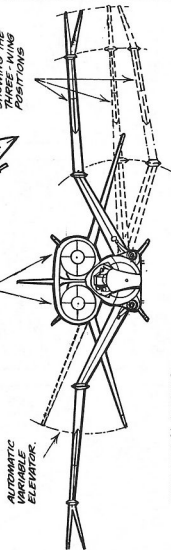


AUTONOMOUS AMMUNITION PRODUCT

MODEL
GE 9-766
AR 78/8
15623 B



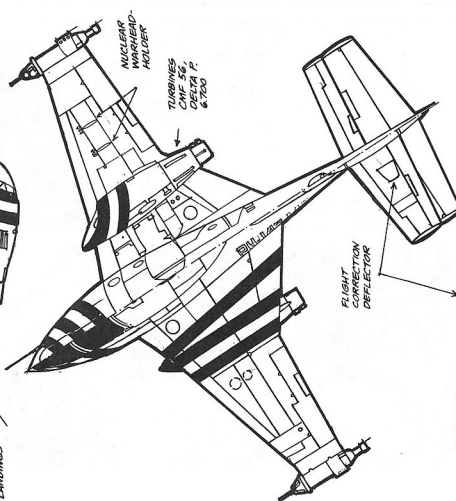
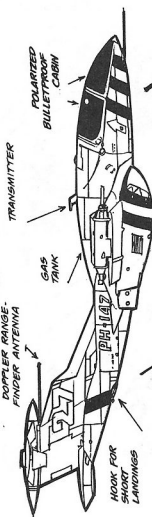
DETAIL SHOWING THE THREE WING POSITIONS



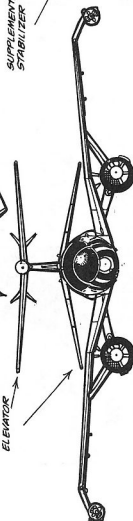
WING LENGTH 40 FEET;

WEIGHT (FULL) 6,505 POUNDS;
WEIGHT (EMPTY) 5,082 POUNDS;
RANGE OF ACTION: NO DATA AVAILABLE.

HEIGHT 33 FEET;



SUPPLEMENTARY STABILIZER

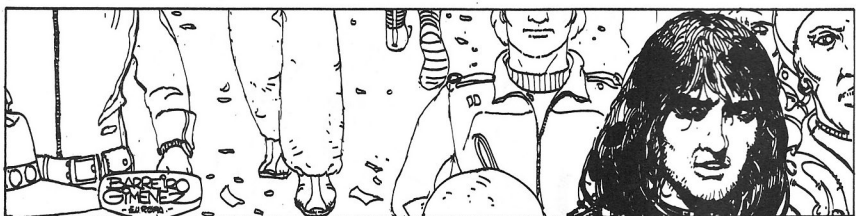


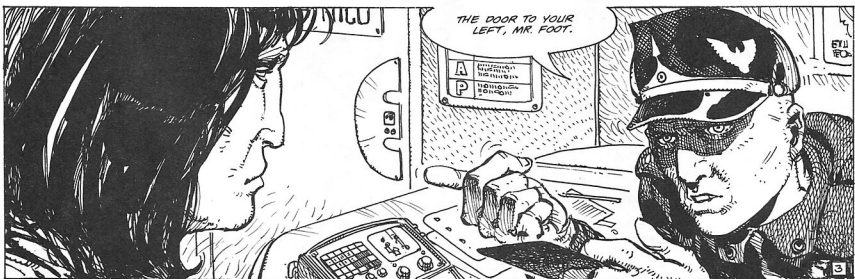
ESTIMATED DATA:

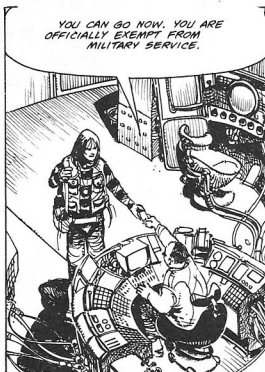
WING LENGTH 41 FEET;

WEIGHT (FULL) 6,505 POUNDS;

WEIGHT (EMPTY) 5,518 POUNDS;
RANGE OF ACTION: NO DATA AVAILABLE.









FREE! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT! FANTASTIC!

DOOF!

BUT...

I'M SORRY,
I WASN'T PAYING
ATTENTION...

I KNOW... YOU MUST
HAVE SMOKED A
JOINT....

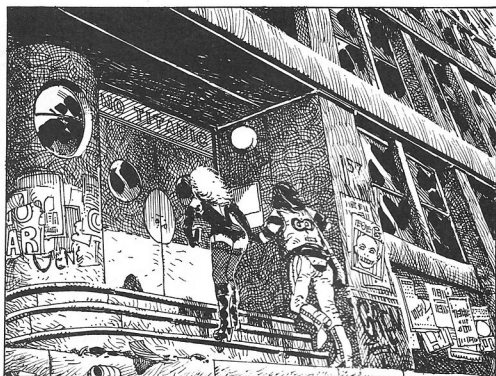
OH, NO! NO, SOMETHING
BETTER. I'M EXEMPT FROM
THE DRAFT... THAT'S A MUCH
BETTER HIGH!

WELL, IN THAT CASE,
WE MUST CELEBRATE! BY
THE WAY, MY NAME IS JANE.

FOOT...
DICK...
FOOT.

COME ON, DICK. LET'S GO
TO MY PLACE. I'VE GOT SOME-
THING REALLY SPECIAL THERE...
SOMETHING THAT WILL REALLY
MAKE YOU FLY... AND THIS
SEEMS TO BE THE RIGHT
TIME TO TRY IT.

IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE...
A SHORT WALK.



WELCOME TO THE
GARDEN OF EDEN.

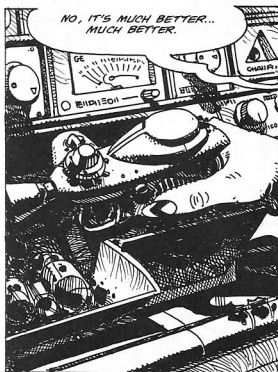


YOU MUST HAVE
A GREAT JOB, IF YOU CAN
AFFORD ALL THIS.

DON'T
BE SHYDE!
I MAKE MY MONEY
RENTING OUT LOFTS IN
THIS BUILDING--IT USED
TO BELONG TO MY
GRANDPARENTS.

LET'S PUT ON
SOME MUSIC...
HOW ABOUT
"STARFIRE"?





FOR THE PRICE OF ONE SUBSCRIPTION YOU GET:



THE *NATIONAL LAMPOON* AND THIS WATCH



AND YOU SEND A SWELL KID TO CAMP...



OUR PUBLISHER

Subscribe now! NL Communications, Inc. is pleased to make this sensational offer to the reading public. Just subscribe to the *National Lampoon* and you'll get the above watch free. With these two fabulous items, you'll be the life of any party. You'll be kept abreast of the latest trends in the world of humor. You'll get penetrating analysis of current events, cultural trends, and some down-home philosophizing, all *National Lampoon*-style. And if anyone ever asks you, "Do you have the correct time?" you'll have the answer at your fingertips! The *National Lampoon* and this

watch — an unbeatable combination, and it's yours for the taking!

And, maybe most important, you'll know that Little George, our publisher, will be swimming and canoeing and plucking poison ivy this summer, just like all the other kids.

Your bonus watch features a stopwatch, calendar, and seconds function, as well as a built-in light. How can you go wrong?

Yes, I want the *National Lampoon* and my free watch. Here's your card and here's my check (or money order) for a subscription to the *National Lampoon*. I have made that check payable to:

National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ **3** year subscription — \$18.50 (a saving of \$53.50 over single-copy purchases and \$6.45 over subscription price)

☐ **2** year subscription — \$13.75 (a saving of \$34.25 over single-copy purchases and \$4.20 over subscription price)

☐ **1** year subscription — \$9.95 (a saving of \$14.05 over single-copy purchases and \$2.00 over subscription price)

For my bonus gift, I want my watch to be a

☐ left-hand model ☐ right-hand model.

Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, or foreign delivery. Make check or money order, in U.S. funds, payable to *National Lampoon*. For even faster service, call toll-free 1-800-331-1750 and ask for Operator #31.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

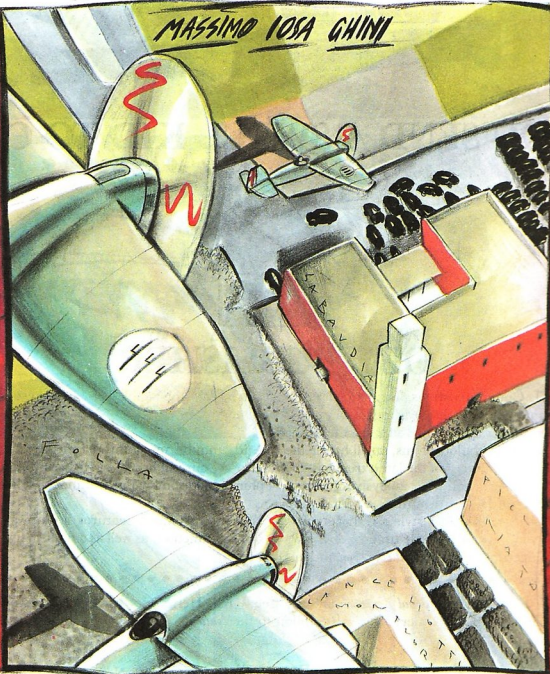
HM 985

SIL LA VENGO IN AFRICA

BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI

WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO

MASSIMO IOSA GHINI



CAPTAIN
EDWARD
ALBERT
SIL LA VENGO IS
IN AFRICA, ON
A SECRET
MISSION
SENT
BY THE
DUCE
(MUSSESSOLINI)....

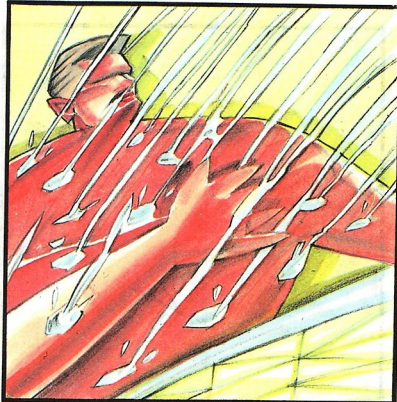


... AS A REWARD
FOR HAVING
SAVED HIM
FROM THE
ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT
BY NADIA
PENJAKOFF
IN
CAPRI.



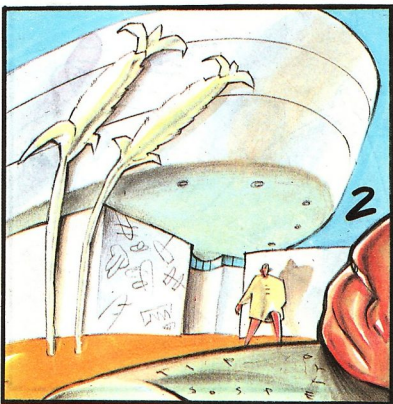
THIS NEW AND SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTING ADVENTURE BEGINS WITH A PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO TAKEN WHILE HE IS JUST WAKING UP.

HE WALKS OUT ON THE ETHIOPIAN STREET WEARING A LIGHT LINEN SUIT.

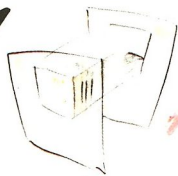


HE TAKES A RESTORATIVE SHOWER IN THE HOTEL ON LAKE TANA WHERE HE HAS TAKEN A ROOM.

AND STROLLS, PROUD AND ERECT, AMONG THE MARKET STALLS.

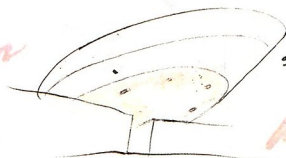


1

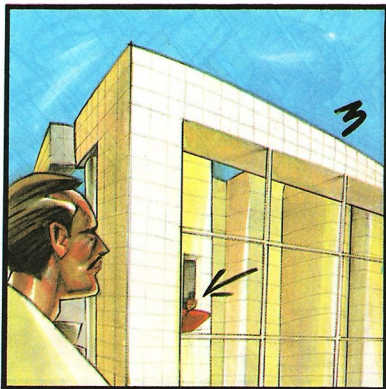


LOEWY
RADIO

2



SIMILAR TO THE
GUGGENHEIM/
F.L. WRIGHT



HIS ALERT VISION SPOTS AN UNFAMILIAR FACE. IT BELONGS TO GAETANO DONIZZETTI, A FRIEND OF GIUSEPPE VERDI'S.

GULU CAPTURES THE CAPTAIN'S ATTENTION WITH AN IMAGINATIVE STRATAGEM.

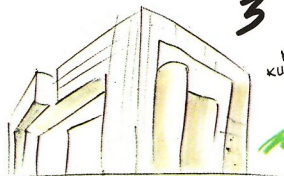


THESE TWO YOUNG DESERTERS FROM FOGGIA NOW CALL THEMSELVES GULU MILONGA AND GIRONIMO FLIT, AND PASS AS LOCAL INHABITANTS.



3

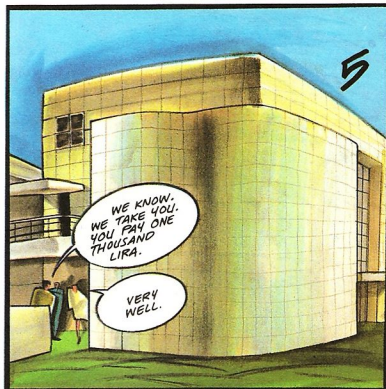
KISHO
KURAKAWA'S
ANDO
HOUSE



4

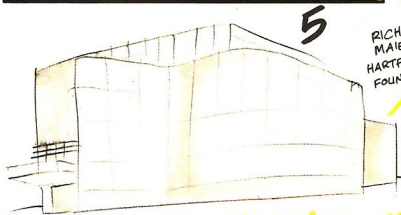
WINGED VEST,
BY FRANKO MARCO





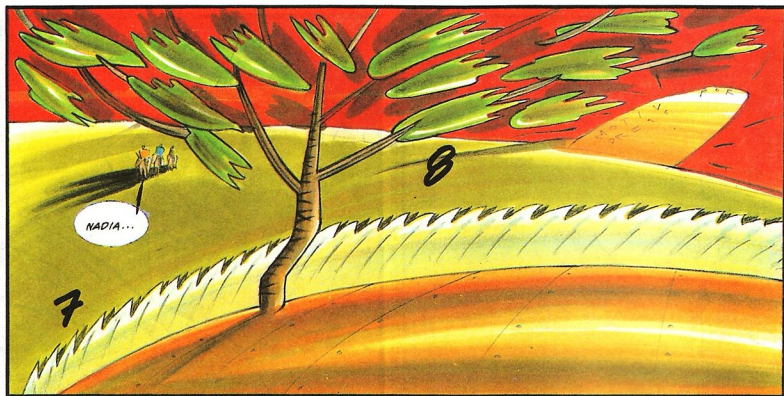
THE FIGHTING DOMESTIC FOWLS ARE EXTREMELY VIRULENT.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING....



*PILLA=MONEY
RICHARD MAIER'S
HARTFORD SEMINARY
FOUNDATION

LEATHER BLOUSE,
BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI



IN THE BUISTERING HOT SAVANNAH.

WHEN THE HUMID YET SULTRY ETHIOPIAN NIGHT FINALLY FALLS, SILLAVENGO REALIZES THAT HE NOW IS COMPLETELY ALONE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SAVANNAH. AN ELEPHANT TRUMPETS IN THE DISTANCE. WILL ZORRO COME OUT OF HIS HIDING PLACE?



7

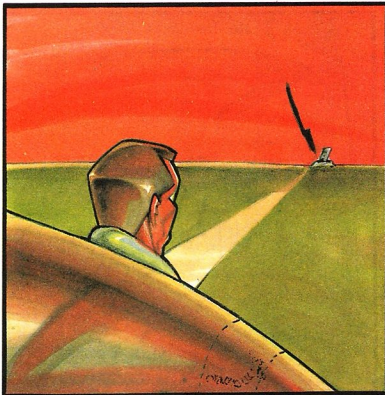
ARTIFICIAL GRASS



8

ARTIFICIAL FLORA





PINK DAWN ON THE SAVANNAH. SILLAVENGO SPOTS A TALL BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE.



HE REACHES IT AND GOES IN, PERTURBED BY A SLIGHT ANXIETY.

THE BUILDING IS A PINS, AN ENGLISH PLACE IN THE MIST OF THE SAVANNAH. THE ARCHITECTURE IS DELICIOUSLY CONTEMPORARY.

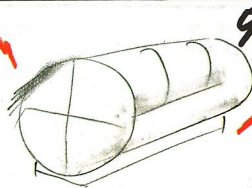
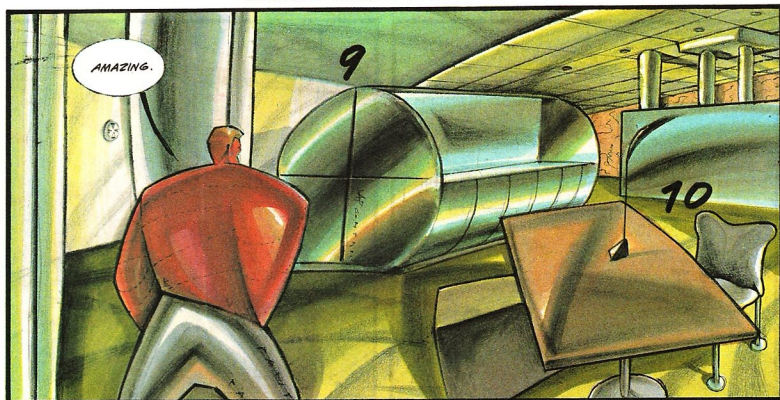
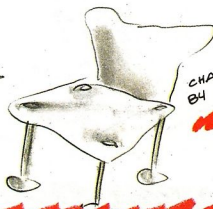
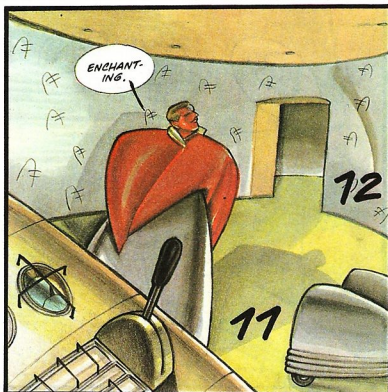


EXHIBIT HOLDER,
BY KISHO
KURAKAWA

PEN
HOLDER



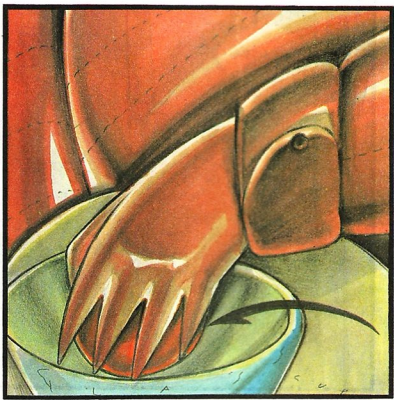
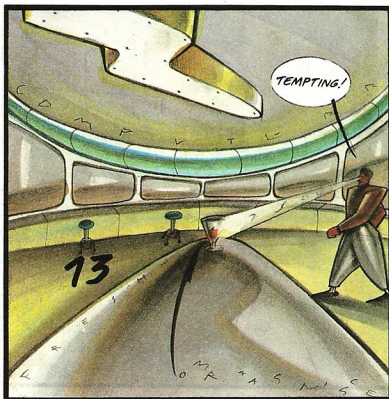
CHAIR,
BY POE-FORM



TOP SECRET EXPERIMENTS TAKE PLACE IN THE PINS. ONLY THE NINE PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE AND THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND KNOW OF ITS EXISTENCE.



THE MACHINERY IS AT LEAST 100 YEARS IN ADVANCE OF OUR CURRENT TECHNOLOGY.

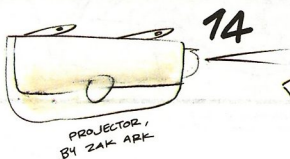
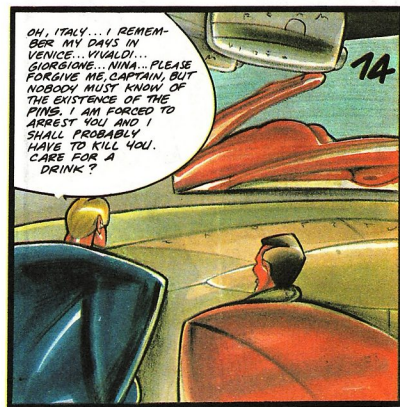
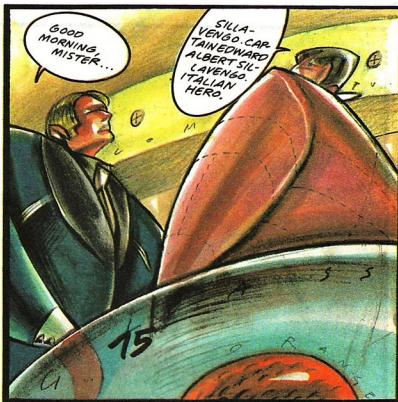


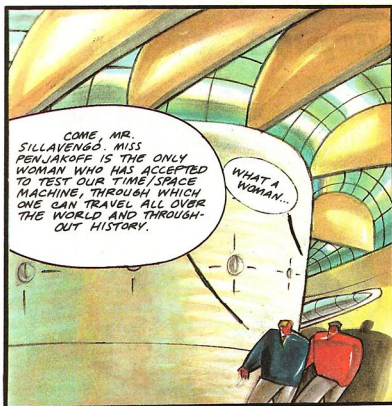


THE
ORANGE.
GIVE ME THE
ORANGE.

CROTONE, SIXTH CENTURY B.C., MOMENTS BEFORE THE PYTHAGOREANS'S ORGIASTIC MASSACRE. ON THE BANQUET TABLE, SIX DANCERS FROM THE ISLAND OF BALI, THEIR SKIN AMBER IN THE LIGHT.

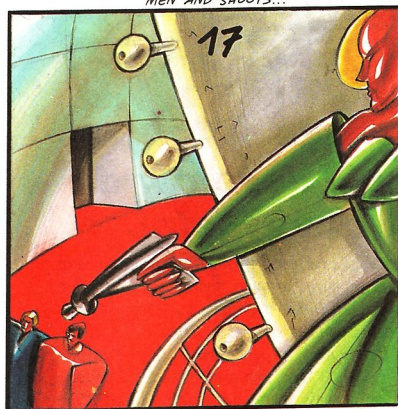
DECORATION,
BY ZAK-AR-
"WHEN IT DISAP-
PEARS YOU FEEL
AS IF YOU WERE
ABOUT TO DIE."





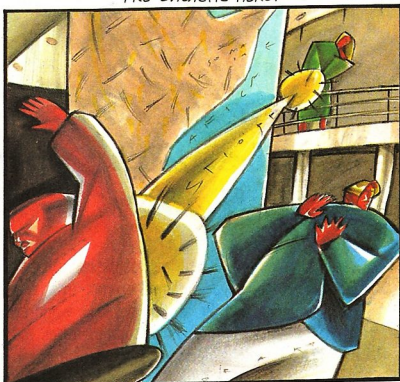
MYSTICAL ENVIRONMENTS.

...WHILE NADIA PENJAKOFF, HIDDEN BEHIND A VIDEO MAP OF EASTERN AFRICA, POINTS HER TECHNO-EXCITING, POST SF GUN ON THE TWO MEN AND SHOOT...

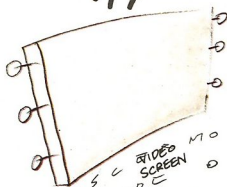


LORD DOUGLAS INSERTS VIVALDI IN THE PINS, AND TAKES SILLAVENGO THROUGH THE MOST TECHNO-EXCITING AND MARVELOUS BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

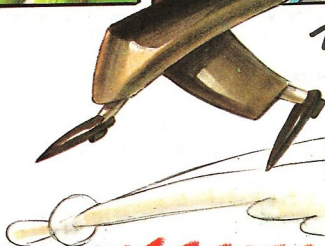
...HITTING SILLAVENGO, WHO FALLS IN THE SCINTILLATING TECHNOLOGICAL VOID. THUS FATALY ENDS THIS EPISODE OF THE ADVENTURES OF OUR PRE-GALACTIC HERO.



17



18



PLAY PISTOL,
BY BRETTI

**The surprising world of 2085 A.D.
won't come as a surprise to you . . .**

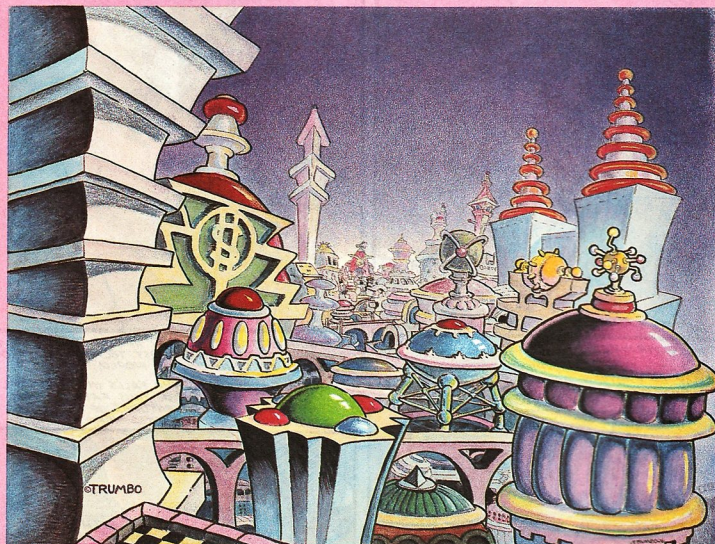


Illustration © Phil Trumbo

**. . . because you will have read
all about it in Heavy Metal.**

Heavy Metal, the premier adult illustrated fantasy magazine, explores the fantastic possibilities of years to come and the surreal realities of what's going down now. Illustrators from several globes take you places you never dreamed existed. In addition to the art, **HM** runs absorbing articles about the people, places, and things that make the world of science fiction revolve.

If you take us up on this limited-time offer, you get **Heavy Metal** at a big savings. Order today and save \$16.00 off the newsstand price for a one-year sub, \$38.00 for a two-year sub, and \$61.00 for a three-year blowout! With savings like these, you can book a seat on the space shuttle—no problem!

One year (12 issues) is \$14.00.

Save \$16.00 off the newsstand price.

Two years (24 issues) is \$22.00.

Save \$38.00 off the newsstand price.

Three years (36 issues) is \$29.00.

Save \$61.00 off the newsstand price.

Please enter my **Heavy Metal** subscription for _____ 3 years _____ 2 years _____ 1 year

Payment enclosed: \$ _____ Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

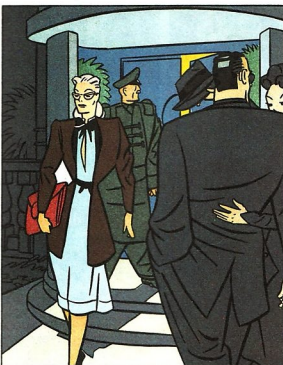
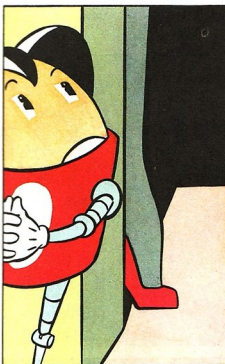
Name _____

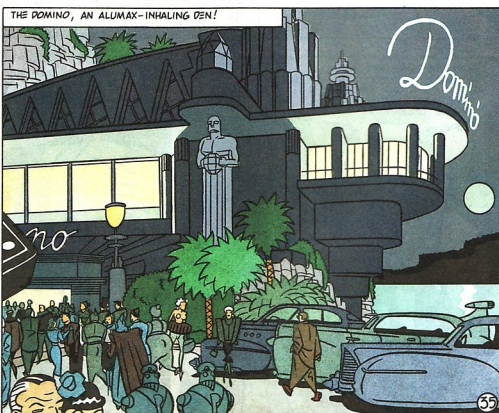
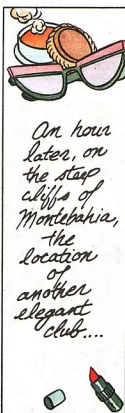
Mailing Address _____

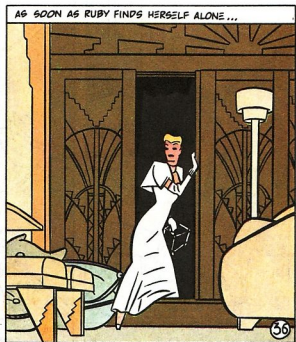
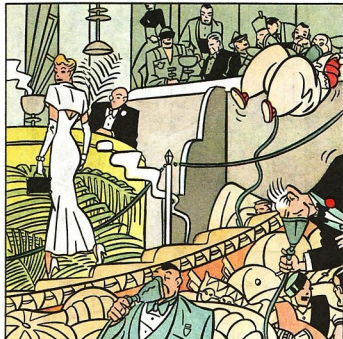
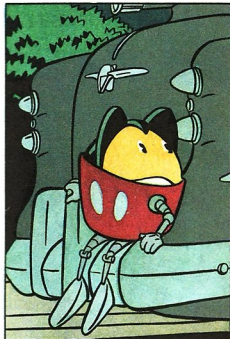
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Heavy Metal, Dept. 985, 635 Madison Ave., New York, New York 10022

Checks must be payable within the U.S. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

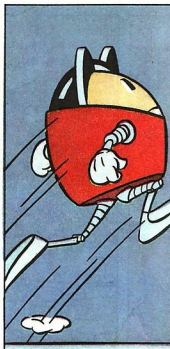
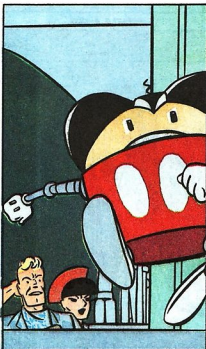
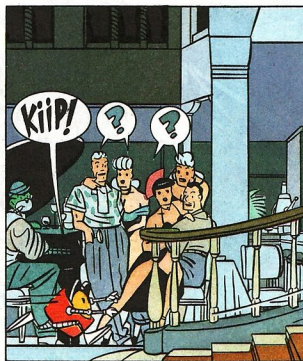


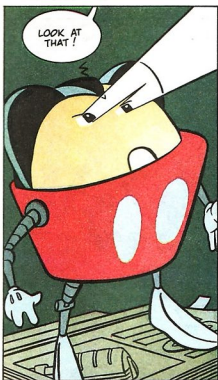




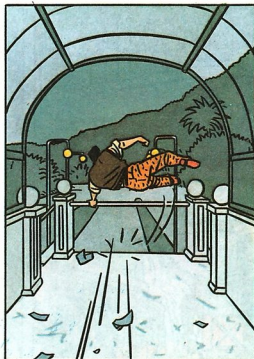


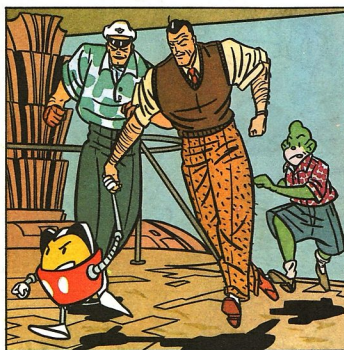
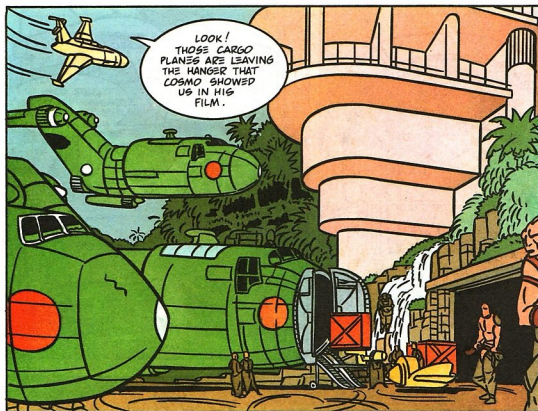
A LITTLE WHILE LATER... RIGHT BEFORE DAWN...

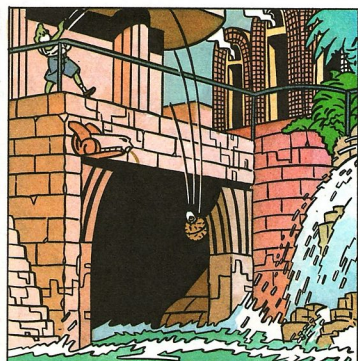
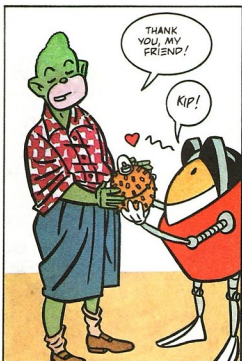
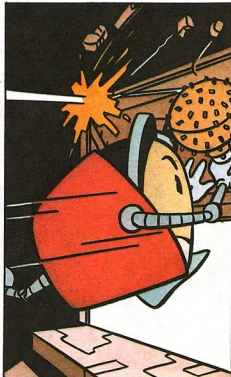


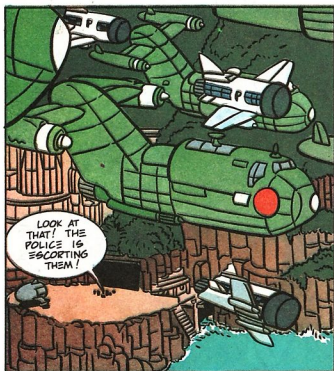


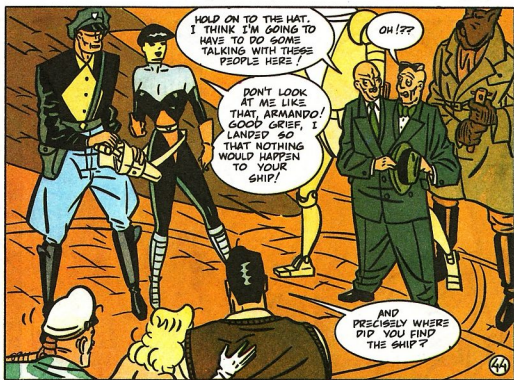
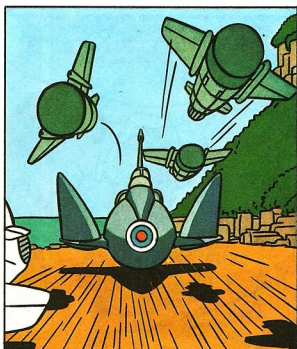
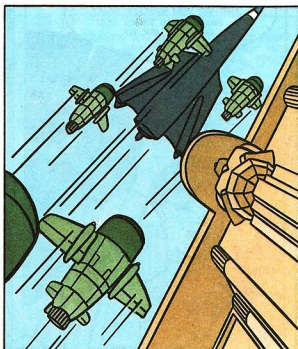
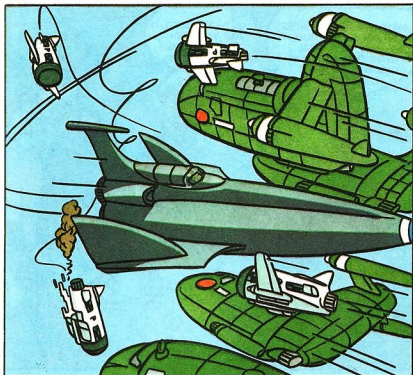


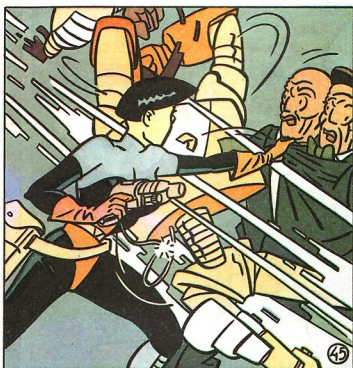
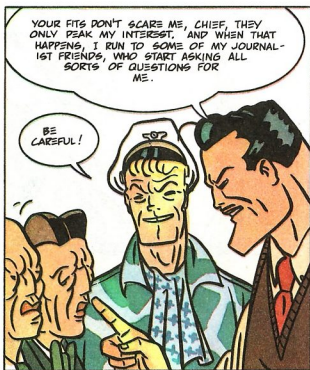
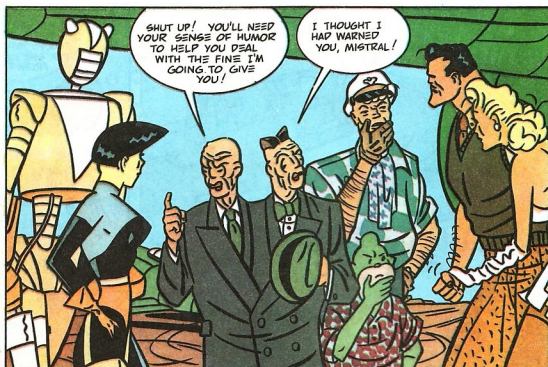


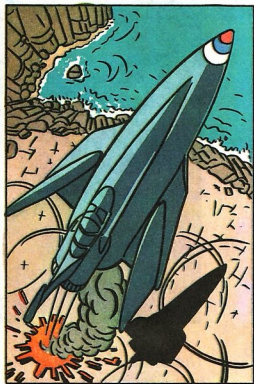




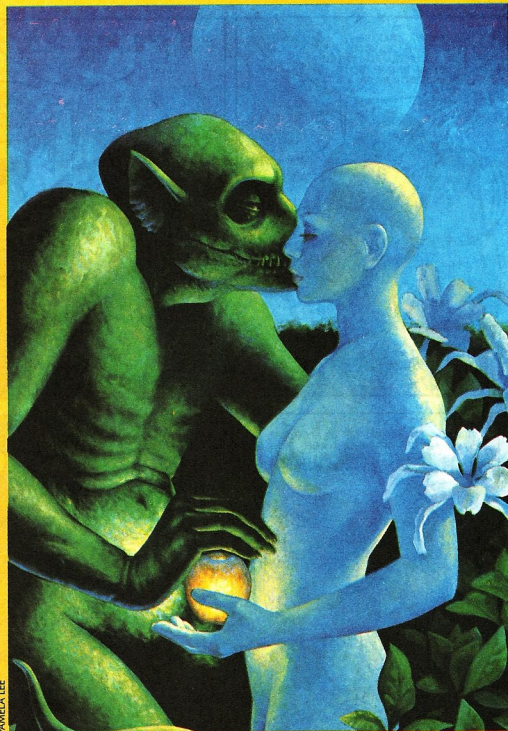








THE END



PAMELA LEE

The Bride of Heavy Metal

***A Book for
Anyone Who
Loves Fantasy,
Visual
Excitement, and
the Unusual***

The Bride of Heavy Metal, out this summer, is a ninety-six-page (ninety color pages) special, chock-full of new material from the best fantasy artists from around the world. There's the king of erotica, Guido Crepax; the French surrealists Imbert and Gauckler; the fantastic Paul Kirchner; and a half-dozen other artists who defy description.

The Bride will be hard to find come fall, so you'd better order today!

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM 985, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10022

Please send me _____ copy (ies) of ***The Bride of Heavy Metal***.

I have enclosed \$3.50 (plus 75¢ for postage and handling) per copy.

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.)

ROCK OPERA

by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

ONCE HE HAD PERCHED ATOP THE VERY PINNACLE OF SUCCESS; NOW ROCKY WALLOWED IN A MIASMA OF MARRIED LIFE IN A SKID ROW MOTEL ROOM....



JUNIOR'S
HUNGRY AGAIN, BUSTER--
YOU BETTER GET OUT
THERE AND BRING
HOME SOME BACON!

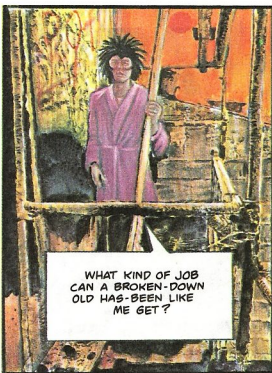


DOES THAT
MEAN I HAVE TO GET
OUT OF BED?



YEAH. (SNIFF)
MAYBE I'LL AIR OUT THE
SHEETS--HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN LYING HERE,
ANYWAY?

JUST A
YEAR.



WHAT KIND OF JOB
CAN A BROKEN-DOWN
OLD HAS-BEEN LIKE
ME GET?



I KNOW! I'LL ENDORSE A
MAJOR PRODUCT ON TV!

MR. STARZBORNE?
MY NAME IS LUCAS
SPIELBINDER--AND I'M
PUTTING YOU UNDER
ARREST!

ARREST? BUT--BUT WHAT FOR?



HEY!

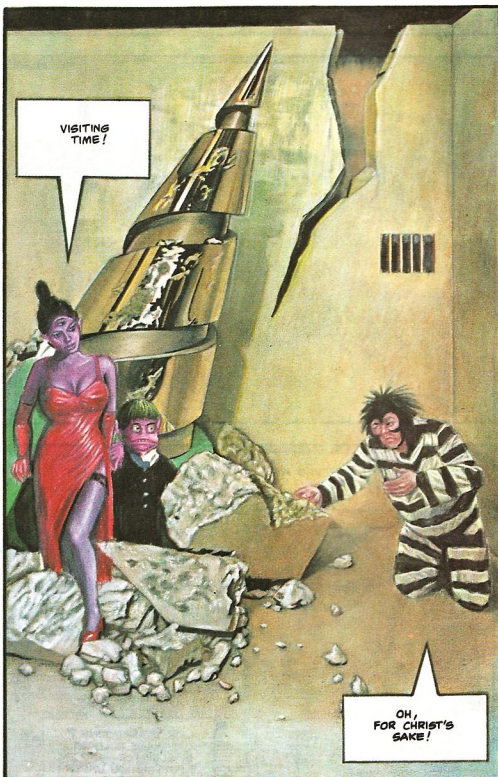


FOR DEFACTION
OF CARTOON
CHARACTER. TAKE HIM
AWAY, BOYS!

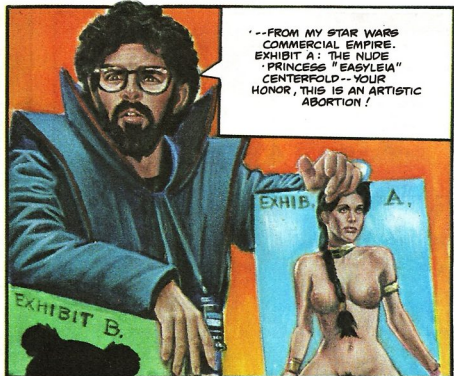
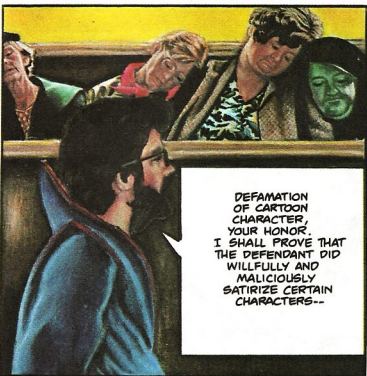
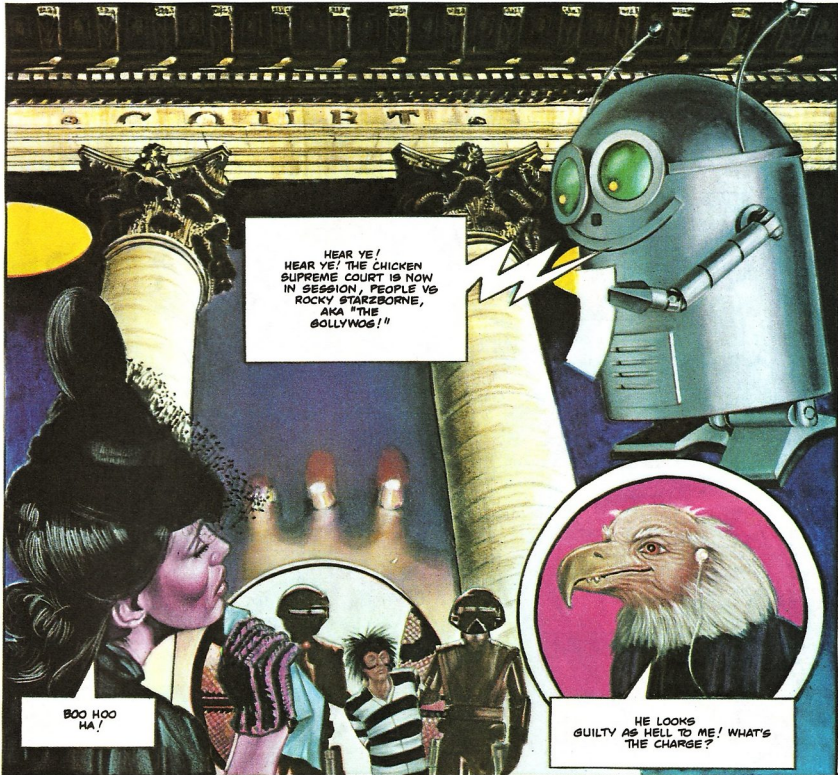
WELL, JAIL ISN'T NEARLY AS BAD AS
I THOUGHT! AT LEAST IN HERE I'M SAFE
FROM MY WIFE AND KID....

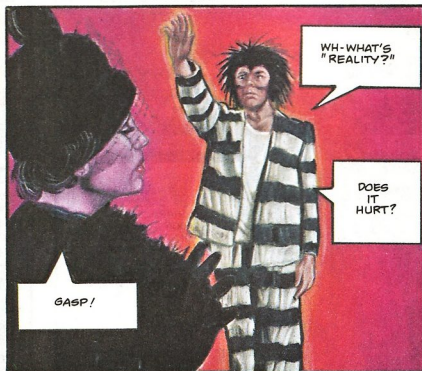


VISITING
TIME!



OH,
FOR CHRIST'S
SAKE!



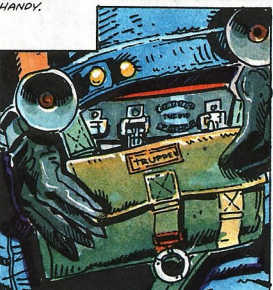
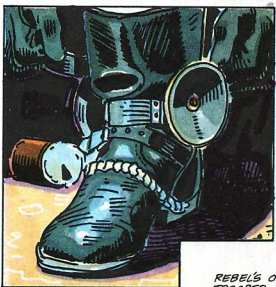


THE TOWER, ONE OF THE ONLY LANDMARKS STILL RECOGNIZABLE, IS DOLL'S FORTRESS. IT IS A CASTLE IN A KINGDOM OF TERROR. NO INTRUDER HAS EVER LIVED TO TELL THE TALE. IT IS A MONOLITH OF PAIN AND HATE, AND ON THE TOP OF IT, LORI, ALONE, EXPOSED TO THE ELEMENTS, SHE WAITS.

REBEL

by Pepe Moreno





REBEL'S OLD PARA-TROOPER EQUIPMENT COMES IN HANDY.



AND THAT'S THE PLAN. REMEMBER YOUR CUES!



REBEL AND HIS MEN DRIVE TO THE ABANDONED TOWER.

RUDY, GET UP IN THE HATCH!

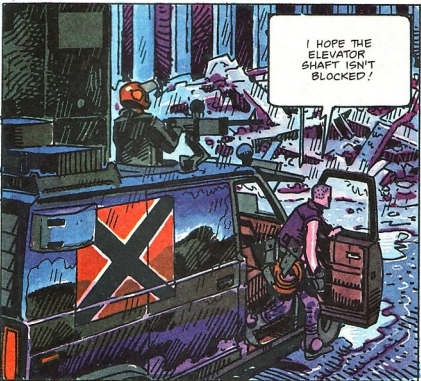
GYPSY, TAKE IT 'ROUND THE BACK OF THE TOWER.



I STILL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY. THE ODDS ARE...



SHIT, GYPSY! I KNOW THE ODDS! GET GOING!



I HOPE THE ELEVATOR SHAFT ISN'T BLOCKED!



OKAY, DON'T GO IN ANY FURTHER. NOW, GET THE VAN OUT OF SIGHT AND GET READY!

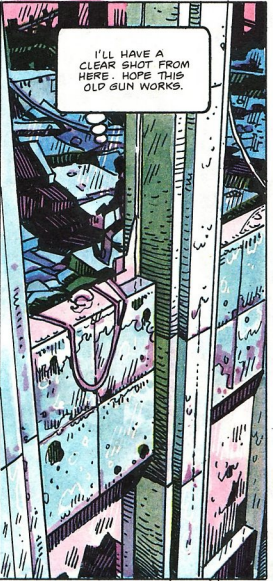
EVEN THOUGH THE SECOND TOWER IS ABANDONED, THIS IS SKINHEAD TERRITORY, AND IT'S ALWAYS HEAVILY PATROLLED. REBEL'S GOT TO MOVE QUICKLY.



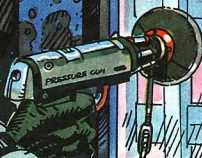
AFTER A BACK-BREAKING
CLIMB, REBEL REACHES
THE TOP.



SO FAR,
SO GOOD.



I'LL HAVE A
CLEAR SHOT FROM
HERE. HOPE THIS
OLD GUN WORKS.



THE PRESSURE GUN IS
OF STANDARD ARMY
ISSUE, AND IS ...



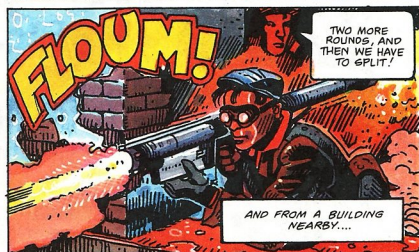
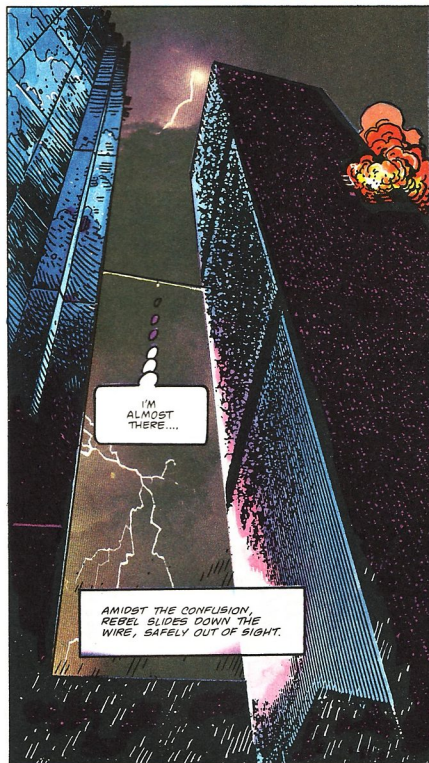
... ESPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR URBAN WARFARE.



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF DOLL'S
TOWER....

KRACK!

RIGHT ON TIME,
BOYS. THAT'LL DIVERT
THE SKIN. SHOULD
GIVE ME THE FEW
SECONDS I NEED TO
GET ACROSS.





I MADE
IT, NO
THANKS
TO THE
WEATHER!



THE RAIN HAS MADE THE
ALUMINUM SLIPPERY, MAKING
THE CLIMB HARDER FOR
REBEL.

DAMN RAIN,
I'D BETTER FIND
AN OPENING
SOON, I'M GETTING
TIRED.



A BROKEN WINDOW
OFFERS ENTRY...

THE COAST
IS CLEAR. LET'S
SEE IF WE CAN
MAKE IT TO
THE TOP.



THESE
STAIRS MUST
GO TO THE
ROOF.

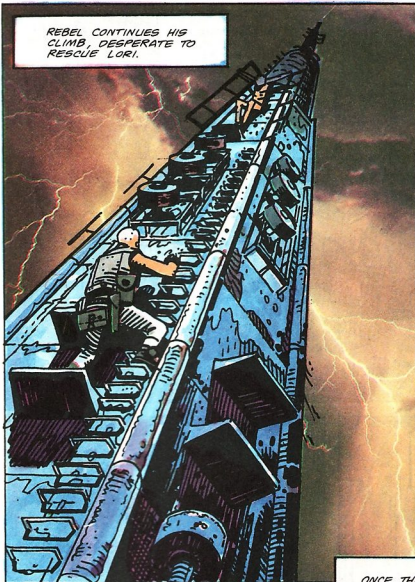


MY GOD!



LORI,
WHAT HAVE
THEY DONE
TO YOU?

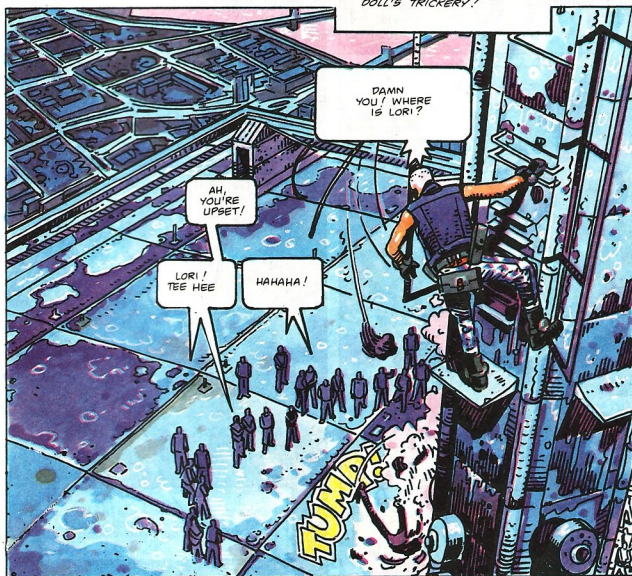
REBEL CONTINUES HIS CLIMB, DESPERATE TO RESCUE LORI.



LORI?



ONCE THERE, HE CURSES DOLL'S TRICKERY!



DAMN
YOU! WHERE
IS LORI?

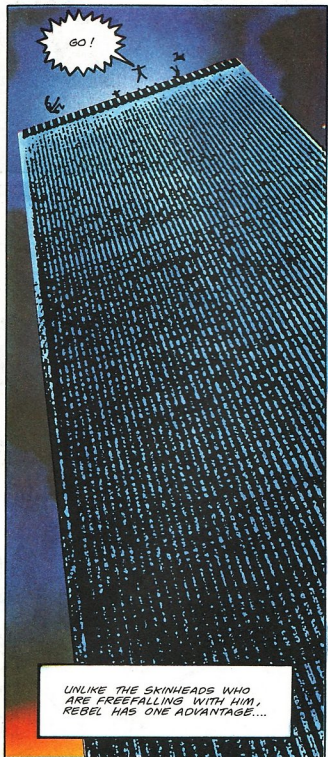
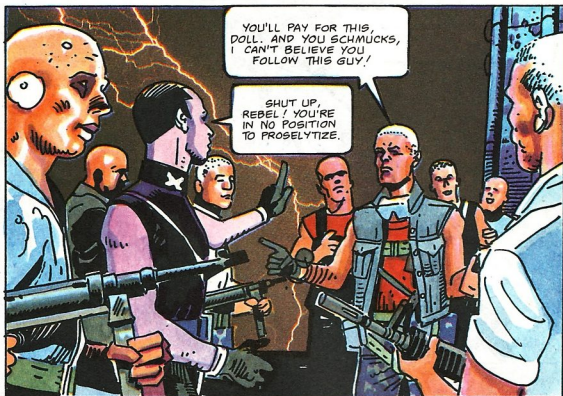
AH, YOU'RE
UPSET!

LORI!
TEE HEE

HAHAHA!

AH, MY DEAR REBEL,
SHE WAS TRANSFERRED TO
COSMO CITY FOR INTERRO-
GATION. SHE'S PROBABLY
DEAD BY NOW BUT I
COULDN'T RESIST CONTINUING
OUR LITTLE GAME.

NOW, COME
ON DOWN NICE AND
EASY. YOU HAVE SOME
OLD FRIENDS IN COSMO
CITY WHO ARE JUST
DYING TO SEE YOU.



TO BE CONTINUED

The Gray Man

by Bilal

AND SO THE GRAY MAN, A RUSSIAN FROM ODESSA, CONTINUES TO HUG THE WALLS OF THE CITY OF THE WEST. NARY A SOUL HAS CROSSED HIS PATH.

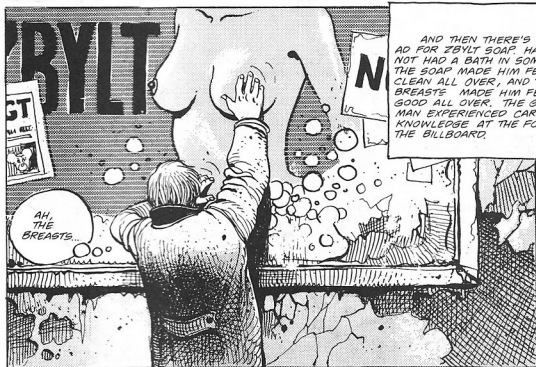
AH, THE ADS!

HE THOUGHT...

AH, CAFE ARABIKAV... I REMEMBER THAT PLACE... HOT AND STEAMY!

AH, THE ARABIKAV....

ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TOUCH THE CUP ON THE BILLBOARD, AND HE WILL EXPERIENCE THE DESIRED EFFECTS: HEAT AND TASTE (WITHOUT SUGAR).



AH, THE BREASTS...

AND THEN THERE'S THE AD FOR ZBYLT SOAP. HAVING NOT HAD A BATH IN SOMETIME, THE SOAP MADE HIM FEEL CLEAN ALL OVER, AND THE BREASTS MADE HIM FEEL GOOD ALL OVER. THE GRAY MAN EXPERIENCED CARNEL KNOWLEDGE AT THE FOOT OF THE BILLBOARD.



I FEEL BETTER....

AND THEN FINALLY, THERE WAS THE AD FOR RADIOVOLT. HE WOULD NEED THIS IF HE WANTED TO GET THROUGH THE COLD SIBERIAN NIGHT.

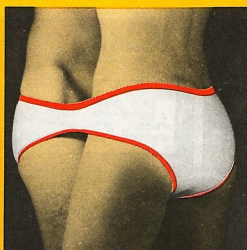
THIS SHOULD KEEP ME WARM!

AND SO, IN THE EARLY MORNING, THE GRAY MAN FROM ODESSA COULD BE FOUND LYING DEAD IN THE SNOW. HE HAD BEEN ELECTROCUTED. FAULTY WIRING? NO, ADVERTISING.



Bilal

BE SURE THAT YOU
CUT IT OUT!
C'mon. Don't be shy. Just fill in the coupon below, and CUT IT OUT! Then send it to us with your check or money order. You won't find these unique products just anywhere.



Fundies... Half the Fun is Getting Into Them... the other half's up to you! A devilishly delightful novelty designed to promote serious intimacy at very close range. These undies were definitely not created to be worn back-to-back. High-cut styling gives you only so much room to be daringly imaginative. Fundies won't lose their shape no matter how many times you play in them. Includes 4 legs and 2 ears. One size fits two! Colors: white. **SPFUND Fundies \$7.95**



LIFE'S A BITCH... THEN YOU DIE

Irreverent T-Shirt Says It For You —without mincing words. What this tee lacks in subtlety, it more than makes up for in cynicism. Order S, M, L, or XL and specify color preferences and we'll try to comply. Grey (E), light blue (L), beige (S). 50/50 poly cotton. **TS220 T-Shirt \$9.95**

Post This Bathroom Humor on Your Walls for Some Good Clean Fun. This poster will remind your guests (and roommates) of the rudimentary rules for your washroom. Poster hanger is included. **PORH65 Tommy Toilet 16" x 22" \$8.75**



The Official Dealer McDope Game brings the million dollar deal into your home without fear of the Feds. Leave the USA on one side of the board and travel through customs to an intriguing port of call. Score at the best price, then bribe or smuggle your stash home to sell. Art work by Dave Sheridan. Comes with vinyl playing surface, tokens, dice, bust cards, karmic cards, instructions and box. **GADEAL Dealer McDope \$18.95**

Comix Packs with Plenty of Action. These original and uncensored comix from the underground are not easy to find. Each package includes at least 4 comix and are loaded with uninhibited and ribald stories of such themes as sex, drugs, politics, etc. **KGPAC7 Comix Sampler \$11.50**

COMIX SAMPLER PACK \$11.50

ALRIGHT, ALREADY! I'll cut it out if you'll just send me the items I've listed below. I certify that I'm at least 18 years old. I'm adding \$3.00 for postage and handling and I'll allow 6 weeks to deliver (All checks must be payable within the continental US - New York state residents must add 8% sales tax)

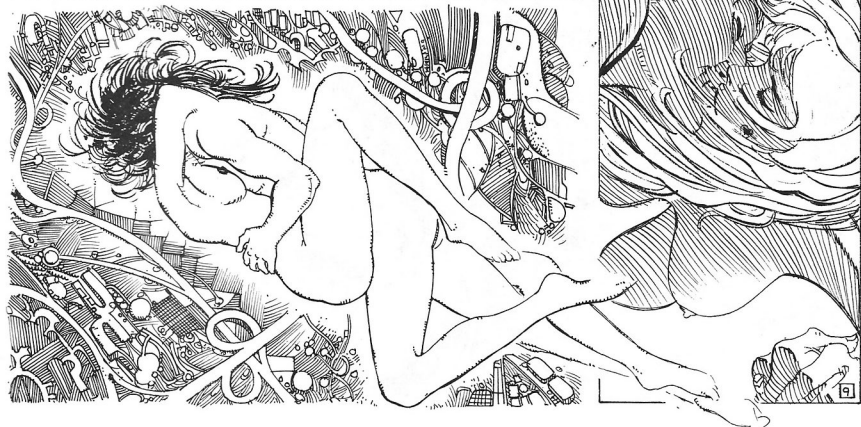
Send to: Heavy Metal Magazine, Department 985, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022


| Qty | Item | Size (S, M, L, XL) | Price each |
|-----|------------------------|--------------------|------------|
| | SPFUND | | \$7.95 |
| | TS220 | | \$9.95 |
| | GADEAL | | \$18.95 |
| | PORH65 | | \$8.75 |
| | KGPAC7 | | \$11.50 |
| | KGST6 | | \$8.99 |
| | Fundies | | \$7.95 |
| | Life's a Bitch T-shirt | | \$9.95 |
| | Dealing Game | | \$18.95 |
| | Toilet Poster | | \$8.75 |
| | Comix Pack | | \$11.50 |
| | Notepads | | \$8.99 |
| | POSTAGE AND HANDLING | | \$3.00 |
| | TOTAL ENCLOSED | | |

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Not Your Ordinary Notepads. True to character, we liked these notepads for their overly suggestive graphics. In fact, we selected five of the most provocative (each pad offers 50 sheets.) Warning: they may cause others who read the notes you write to blush and temporarily lose their power of speech. Pads may vary slightly from those shown. **KGST6 Notepads \$8.99**







A black and white comic panel showing a man and a woman in a close embrace. The man is on the right, looking down at the woman on the left. They both have long, dark, wavy hair. The woman's face is partially obscured by his hair.

I THINK I LOVE
YOU, JANE. I HAVE NEVER,
IN ALL MY LIFE...



A black and white comic panel showing a man and a woman looking up in shock. The man is on the right, with his mouth wide open in a scream. The woman is on the left, also looking up with a shocked expression. Their hair is blowing in the wind.

MY GOD!
WHAT'S THAT?



A large black and white comic panel showing a man and a woman looking up in shock. The man is on the right, with his mouth wide open in a scream. The woman is on the left, also looking up with a shocked expression. Their hair is blowing in the wind. In the background, several birds are flying.


JANE!



A black and white comic panel showing a man and a woman looking up in shock. The man is on the right, with his mouth wide open in a scream. The woman is on the left, also looking up with a shocked expression. Their hair is blowing in the wind. In the background, several birds are flying.

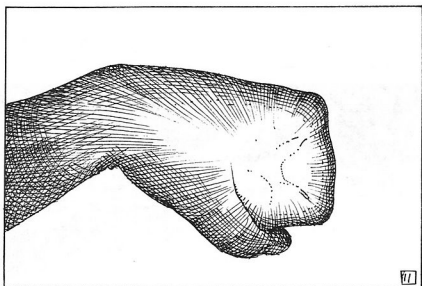
DICK! HELP ME...
THEY'RE KILLING ME!

IT CAN'T BE...
IT'S NOT REAL... WE'RE
HALLUCINATING!

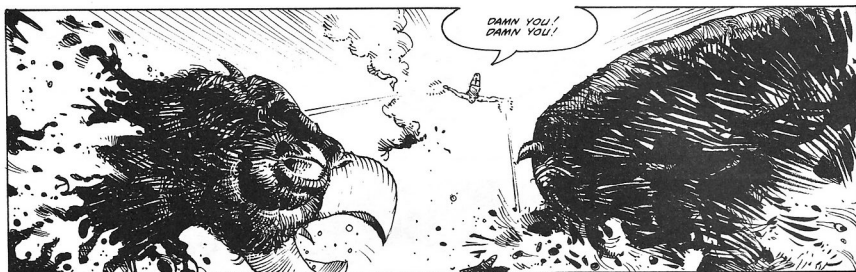


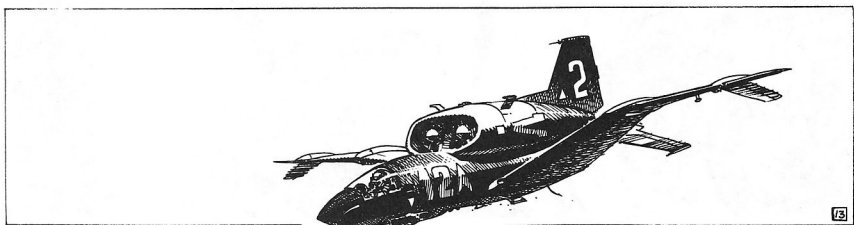
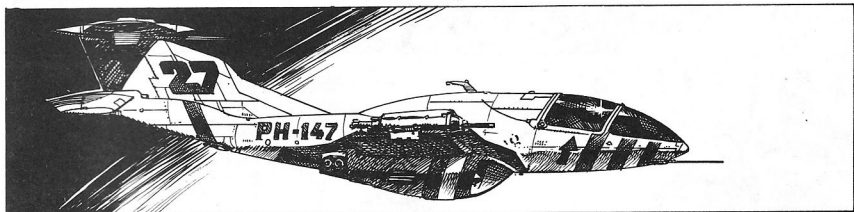
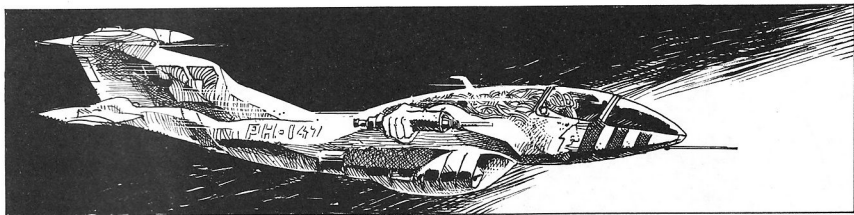
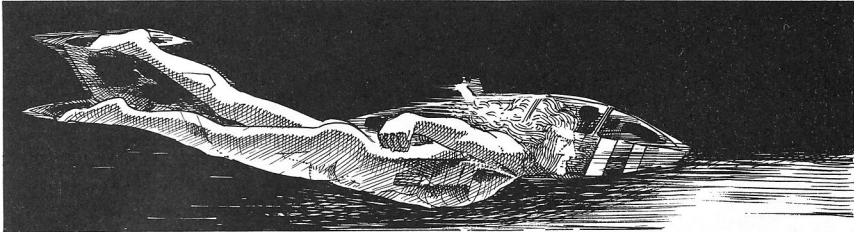


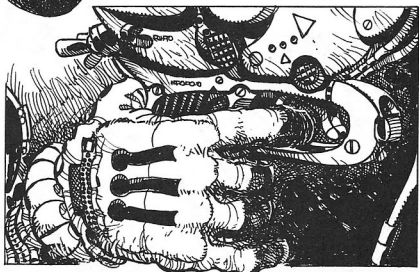
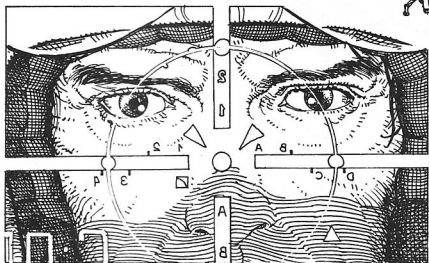
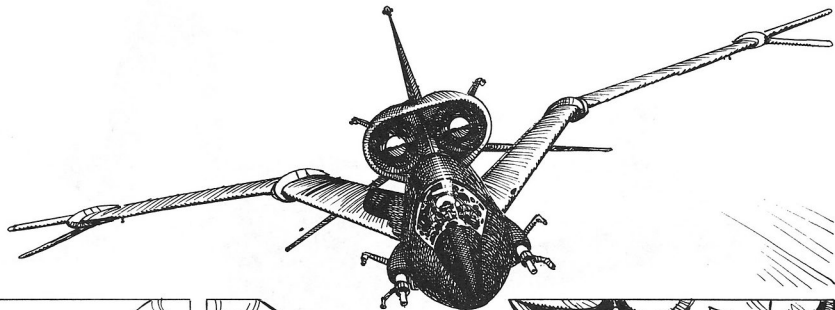
THEY'RE DEVOURING HER! MY GOD! IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING!

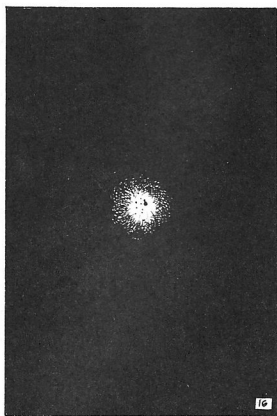
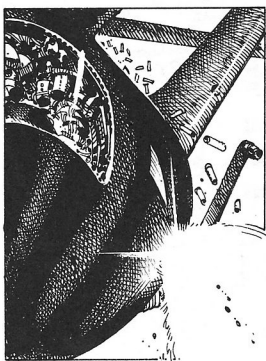
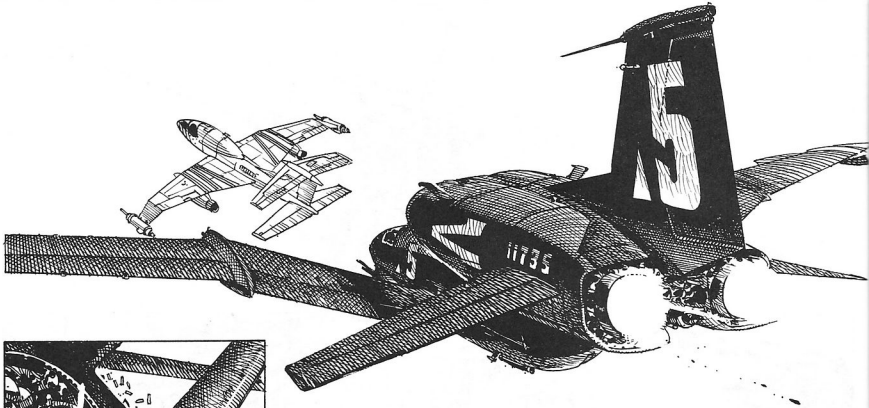


IT MAY BE TOO LATE TO SAVE HER LIFE, BUT NOT TOO LATE FOR REVENGE!



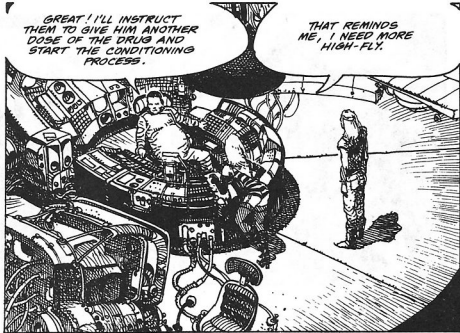






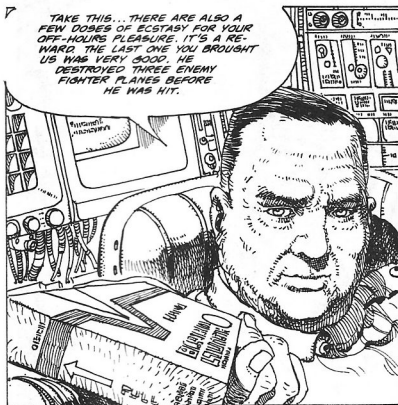


GIVE ME MY THOUSAND DOLLARS. I'VE BROUGHT YOU ANOTHER ONE.



GREAT! I'LL INSTRUCT THEM TO GIVE HIM ANOTHER DOSE OF THE DRUG AND START THE CONDITIONING PROCESS.

THAT REMINDS ME, I NEED MORE HIGH-FLY.



TAKE THIS... THERE ARE ALSO A FEW DROPS OF ECSTASY FOR YOUR OFF-HOURS PLEASURE. IT'S A REWARD THE LAST ONE YOU BROUGHT US WAS VERY GOOD. HE DESTROYED THREE ENEMY FIGHTER PLANES BEFORE HE WAS HIT.



WE'LL GIVE THIS ONE ANOTHER IDENTITY. MAYBE WE'LL EXPLORE THE POSSIBILITY OF VAMPIRES. THEY CAN SUCK THE LIFE OUT OF YOU, JANE. THEY'RE MUCH MORE REPULSIVE THAN VULTURES. BUT, I'M SURE HE WILL DO HIS BEST TO SAVE YOU.



HYPNOSIS, PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITIONING, PROGRAMMED VISIONS... IT'S REALLY A HASSLE TO GET THESE PACIFIST HIPPIES TO FIGHT. YOU KNOW THERE AREN'T MANY LEFT.

I REALLY DON'T AGREE, JANE... WE ONLY GIVE THEM A LITTLE STIMULATION... A CAUSE...



DEEP DOWN, ALL OF US ARE HEROES.

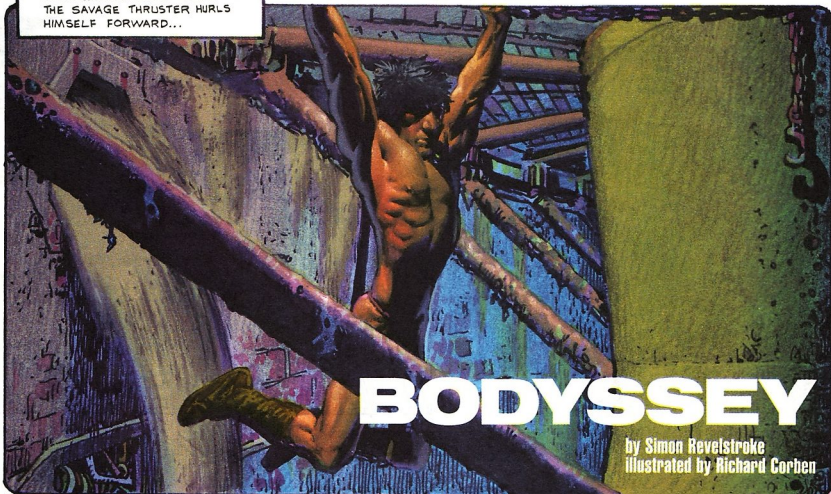
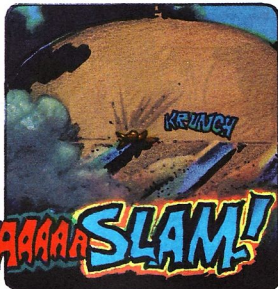
END



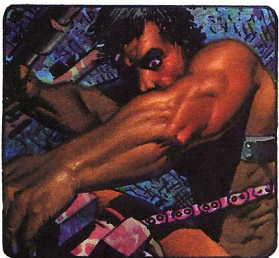
AS THE WIZARD HUNGHOUL'S CASTLE SINKS INTO ITS UNDERGROUND LAIR, PILGOR THE SAVAGE THRUSTER HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD...

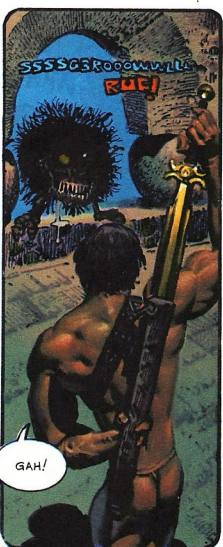


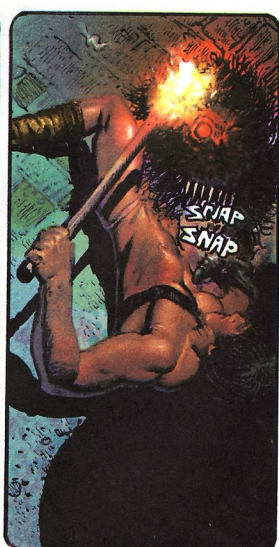
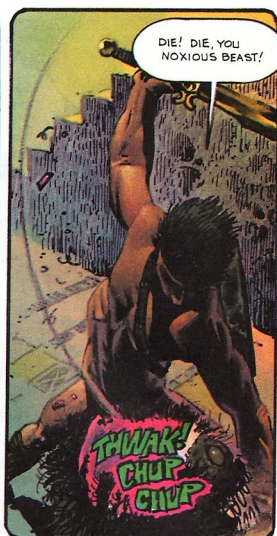
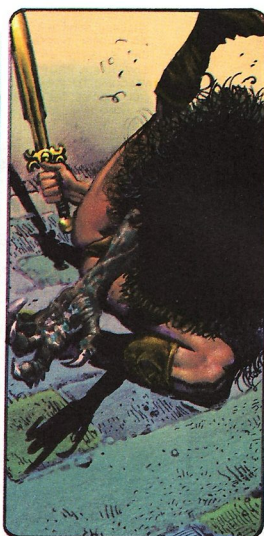
©1985 RICHARD CORBEN & SIMON REVELSTROKE



by Simon Revelstroke
illustrated by Richard Corben



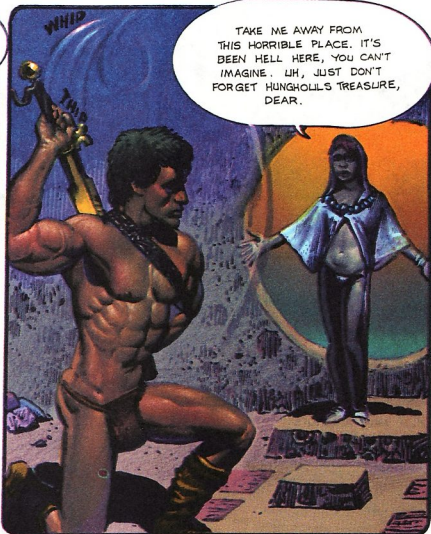






PILGOR!
I'M **SO** GLAD
YOU'RE SAFE!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



TAKE ME AWAY FROM
THIS HORRIBLE PLACE. IT'S
BEEN HELL HERE, YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE. UH, JUST DON'T
FORGET HUNGHOUL'S TREASURE,
DEAR.

TREASURE, SIEGMELLA?
I'VE FOUGHT MONSTERS,
WADED THROUGH BUCKETS
OF GRATUITOUS GORE, AND
NOW YOU WANT **ME** TO
RISK **MY** LIFE TO BRING
YOU BAUBLES?

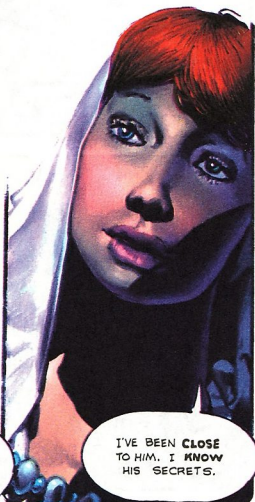


OH, SILLY -
I ONLY WANT
A **FEW** DOZEN
CHESTS.



IT'LL BE WORTH
IT, YOU'LL SEE.

HUNGHOUL MAY BE
POWERFUL, BUT
TOGETHER, YOU AND
I CAN KILL HIM.



I'VE BEEN **CLOSE**
TO HIM. I **KNOW**
HIS SECRETS.



I'D SAY YOU
GOT TOO DAMN
CLOSE - BITCH!

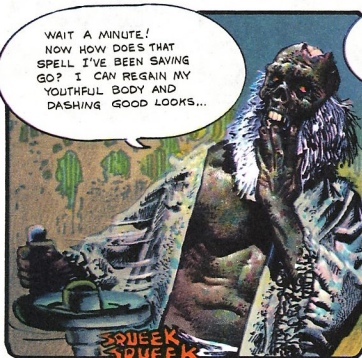


EEK! OWG!
HIS COOTIES!
I'VE GOT HIS COOTIES
ON ME! GET 'EM OFF!
GET 'EM OFF!

ENJOY YOUR STAY
IN HELL, SMEGMELLA!

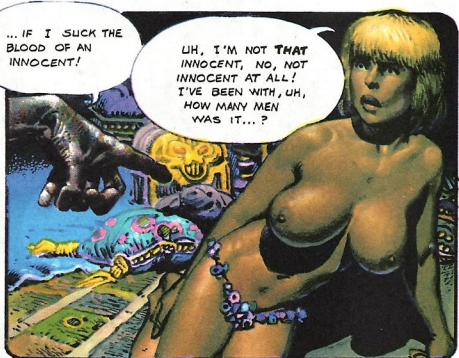


I DON'T BELIEVE
IT! HE'S SLAIN THE
SCROTAL'S. WHAT NOW?
THE DRIPPING THING?
THE BELLY-MELTERS?
THE LIDLESS ONE?



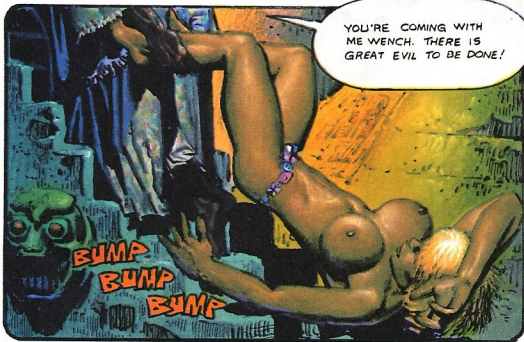
WAIT A MINUTE!
NOW HOW DOES THAT
SPELL I'VE BEEN SAVING
GO? I CAN REGAIN MY
YOUTHFUL BODY AND
DASHING GOOD LOOKS...

SQUEEK
SQUEEK



... IF I SUCK THE
BLOOD OF AN
INNOCENT!

UH, I'M NOT ~~THAT~~
INNOCENT, NO, NOT
INNOCENT AT ALL!
I'VE BEEN WITH, UH,
HOW MANY MEN
WAS IT...?



YOU'RE COMING WITH
ME WENCH. THERE IS
GREAT EVIL TO BE DONE!

BUMP
BUMP
BUMP



ONCE MORE HUNGHOUL'S
FORTRESS EMERGES INTO
THE BLINDING SUNLIGHT...

POWERS THAT BURROW
BENEATH THE SANDS,
POWERS THAT LURK
IN THE UPPER AIRS,
ATTEND ME NOW...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HAUGH!

...AS I
OFFER...

KRAK

OUCH!

ALL RIGHT, SIR SHITHEAD,
YOU'VE HAD IT NOW! I'M
GONNA SHOVE THAT MAGIC
SWORD OF YOURS UP
YOUR ASS!

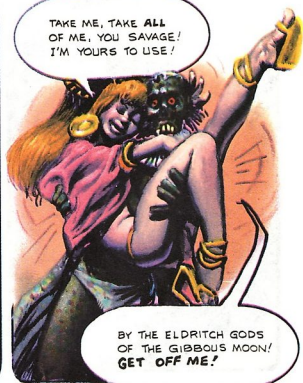
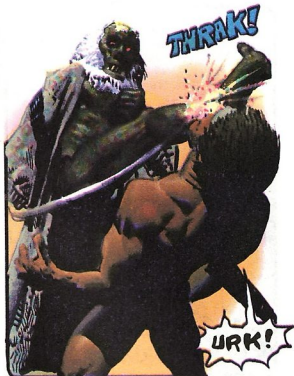
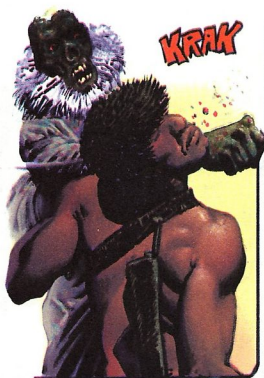
OH, YEAH?
YOU AND WHAT
ARMY OF CADAVERS?

CHOMP

AWWWH!

WELL, SO MUCH FOR
YOUR "MAGIC" BLADE.
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE
TO RIP YOUR ARM OFF,
PILGOR, AND RAM THAT...

BASH!





THE END

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

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

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

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Archaz," "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 for Moebius and Rimbaut, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "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.

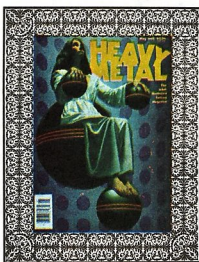
#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrzad. 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 Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

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

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany Chaykin "Empire," more "Sinbad," "Exterminator," Mark 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: Irina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrowd," Corben's "Sinbad," 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 Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

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

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, 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, Stiles, Trina, Moebius and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

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

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

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

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axele 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 Walendas vs. Earth!

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

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," 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: Jeronator'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 Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

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

#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.

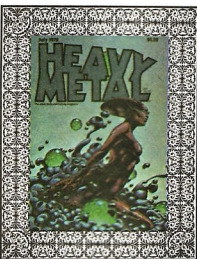
#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#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/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druiel, 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 Druiel.

#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 Druiel's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Sydnam's "Mudgog," 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 Fildegard'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, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberator's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta'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's" 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*.

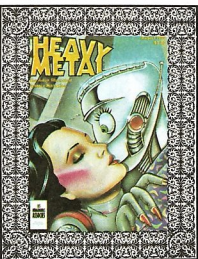
#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#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 by Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner's *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 Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton 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, *Razorbark*. 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 Jaeklin, *The Stuff's* Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul's* Paul Bartel.

Beautiful binders

For \$5.50 you get a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, the more sophisticated black binder with silver letters, for just \$6.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December, of 1980, 1982, 1983, and 1984 are \$26.00 each), or empty.

Please send me the following:

| No. of copies | Issue | Price |
|---------------|---|---|
| _____ | White Binder | \$5.50 |
| _____ | Black Binder | \$6.95 |
| _____ | White with issues (list each year you would like) | \$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$6 Canadian and Foreign) |
| _____ | Black with issues (list each year you would like) | \$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$6 Canadian and Foreign) |

Dept. HM985
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

| No. of copies | Issue | Price |
|---------------|------------|--------|
| _____ | May 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | June 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | July 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Aug. 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Sept. 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Oct. 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Nov. 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Dec. 1977 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Jan. 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Feb. 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Mar. 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Apr. 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | May 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | June 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | July 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Oct. 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Nov. 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Dec. 1978 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Jan. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Feb. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Mar. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Apr. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Aug. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Sept. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Oct. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Nov. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Dec. 1979 | \$5.00 |
| _____ | Feb. 1980 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Mar. 1980 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Apr. 1980 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | May 1980 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | June 1980 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Aug. 1980 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Sept. 1980 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Apr. 1981 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | May 1981 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | June 1981 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Nov. 1981 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Jan. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Feb. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Mar. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Apr. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | May 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | June 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | July 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Aug. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Sept. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Oct. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Nov. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Dec. 1982 | \$4.00 |
| _____ | Jan. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Feb. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Mar. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Apr. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | June 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | July 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Aug. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Sept. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Oct. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Nov. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Dec. 1983 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Jan. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Feb. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Mar. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Apr. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | May 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | June 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | July 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Aug. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Sept. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Oct. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Nov. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Dec. 1984 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Jan. 1985 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Feb. 1985 | \$3.00 |
| _____ | Mar. 1985 | \$3.00 |

I've enclosed a total of \$ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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

IN OUR LAST EPISODE, WE SAW...
WELL, LET'S SEE.... THE MUCH-
HERALDED SUNRISE FINALLY
CAME ALONG!

HERP AND SWEAZ FINALLY FOUND THE
ENIGMATIC WOMAN IN WHITE. OR
WAS IT THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND?

AND, FINALLY, WE FIND THE SHERIFF
AND HIS SMALL COMMUNITY OF MISFITS,
INCREASED BY ONE (ALBEIT DEAD)
MEMBER, APPROACHING THE ADOBE
ABODE OF THE OLD INJUN BROTHERS!



TEX ARCANNA

MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE

PART 23

STOP RIGHT THERE!

DON'T DARE COME NO CLOSER!!

HEY....
'E WEEL YOU JUS' SEEMMER DOWN
OR SOMETHEN'?

WHOA!
HOL' UP
A SECON', BOYS.

LEMME
HANDLE
THIS!

DON'T SHOOT!
WE'RE WITH TH' SHERIFF, HERE!
WE'RE A SEARCH PARTY....



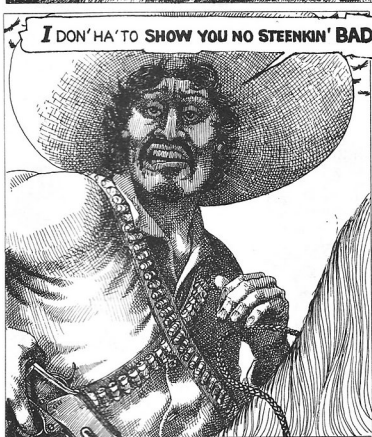
© 1985 J. R. F. F. F.



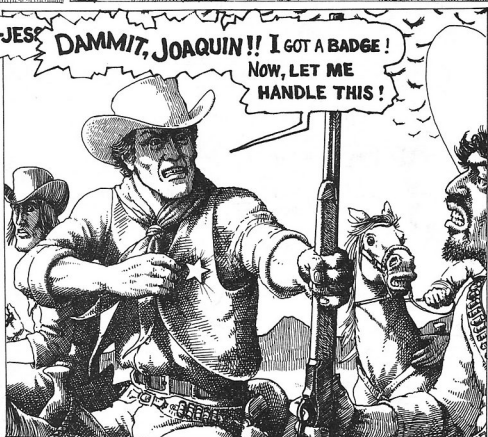
THE SHERIFF, EH?
WELL, IF YOU'RE TH' SHERIFF'S MEN...
SHOW US YOUR BADGES!



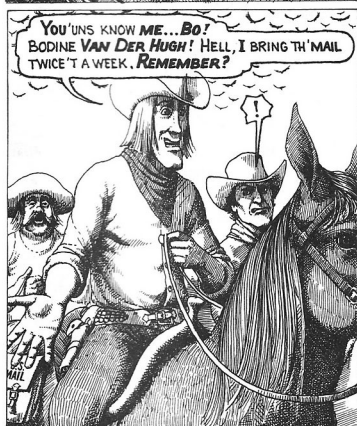
ie BAD-JESS?!
WE AIN' GAH' NO
BAD-JESS.



I DON' HA' TO SHOW YOU NO STEENKIN' BAD-JES!



DAMMIT, JOAQUIN!! I GOT A BADGE!
NOW, LET ME
HANDLE THIS!

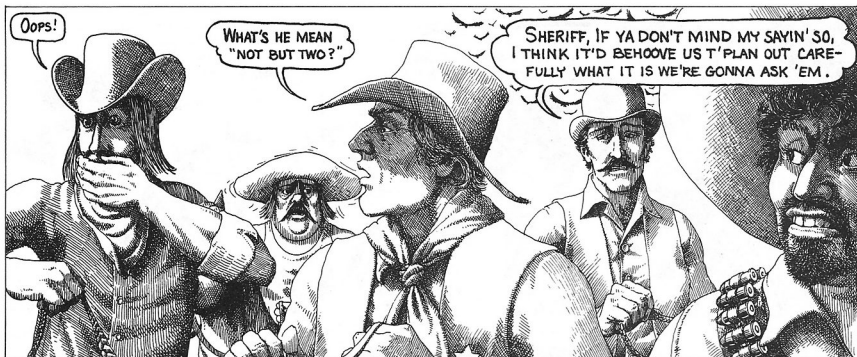


YOU'UNS KNOW ME... BO!
BODINE VAN DER HUGH! HELL, I BRING TH' MAIL
TWICE 'T A WEEK. REMEMBER?



IS THAT A QUESTION?!
'CAUSE YA DON'T GET
BUT TWO!

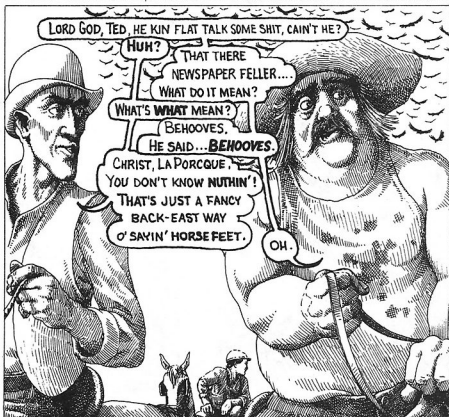
SURE ENOUGH, DUKE.
IT'S THAT IDIOT FROM THE
POST OFFICE.



OOPS!

WHAT'S HE MEAN
"NOT BUT TWO?"

SHERIFF, IF YA DON'T MIND MY SAYIN' SO,
I THINK IT'D BEHOVE US T' PLAN OUT CARE-
FULLY WHAT IT IS WE'RE GONNA ASK 'EM.



LORD GOD, TED, HE KIN FLAT TALK SOME SHIT, CAIN'T HE?

HUH?

THAT THERE
NEWSPAPER FELLER...

WHAT DO IT MEAN?

WHAT'S WHAT MEAN?

BEHOVES.

HE SAID... **BEHOVES.**

CHRIST, LA PORCQUE,

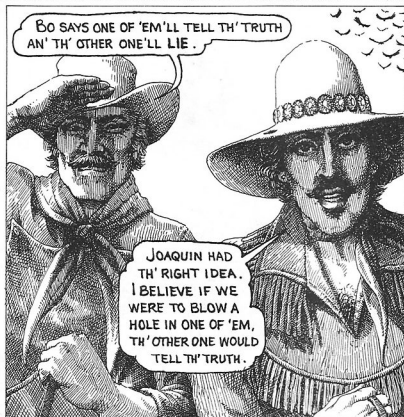
YOU DON'T KNOW NUTHIN'!

THAT'S JUST A FANCY

BACK-EAST WAY

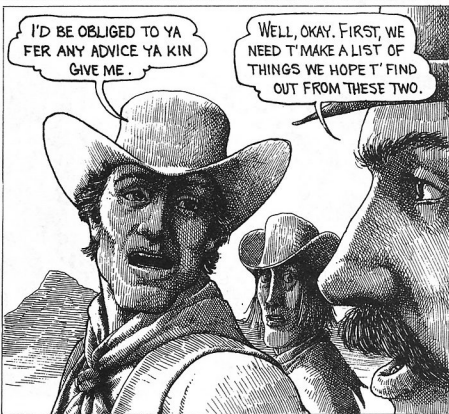
O' SAYIN' HORSE FEET.

OH.



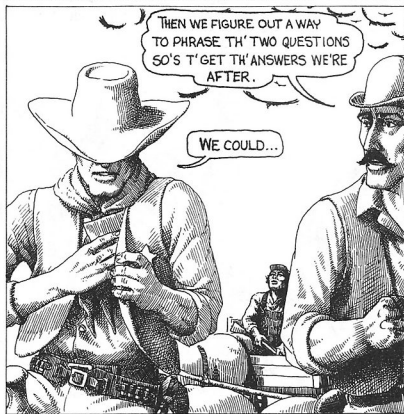
BO SAYS ONE OF 'EM'LL TELL TH' TRUTH
AN' TH' OTHER ONE'LL LIE.

JOAQUIN HAD
TH' RIGHT IDEA.
I BELIEVE IF WE
WERE TO BLOW A
HOLE IN ONE OF 'EM,
TH' OTHER ONE WOULD
TELL TH' TRUTH.



I'D BE OBLIGED TO YA
FER ANY ADVICE YA KIN
GIVE ME.

WELL, OKAY. FIRST, WE
NEED T' MAKE A LIST OF
THINGS WE HOPE T' FIND
OUT FROM THESE TWO.

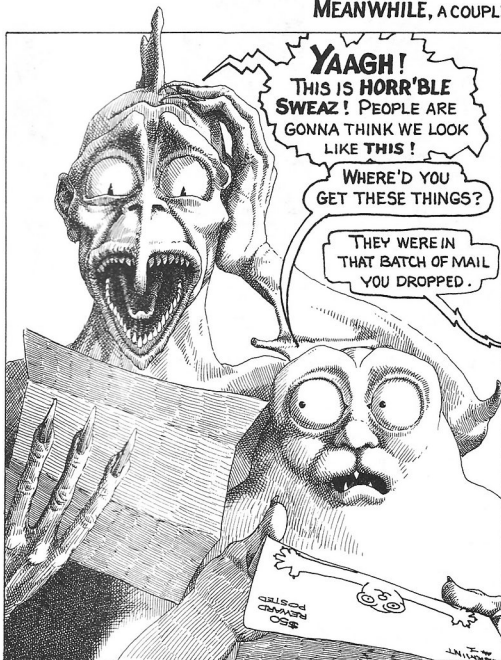


THEN WE FIGURE OUT A WAY
TO PHRASE TH' TWO QUESTIONS
SO'S T' GET TH' ANSWERS WE'RE
AFTER.

WE COULD...



MEANWHILE, A COUPLE OF MILES AWAY...



TO BE CONTINUED....



BOOKSHELF



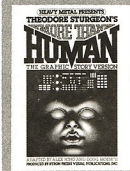
ULYSSES
Cover price—\$6.95
Special now—\$3.50!
Art and text by Lobsenz and Picard. The brave Ulysses pits his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.



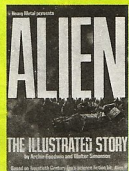
PSYCHOROCK
Cover price—\$3.95
Special now—\$1.95
Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a true cult figure among the cognoscenti of weird aliens and punk rock.



EVEN HEAVIER METAL
Cover price—\$2.95
Special now—\$1.95
All new stories of sexy Egyptians, primeval creatures, and weird worlds. A wild collection!



MORE THAN HUMAN
Cover price—\$8.95
Special now—\$3.95!
Theodore Sturgeon's sf classic, now in bold graphic style, deals with the formation of a super-human by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities.



ALIEN: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY
Cover price—\$3.95
Special now—\$1.95!
By Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin. Based on the Twentieth Century-Fox hit, the crew of the Nostromo grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien!



BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD
Cover price—\$6.95
Special now—\$2.95!
The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originalist Jean-Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film Barbarella starring Jane Fonda.



LONE SLOANE—DELIRIUM
Cover price—\$8.95
Special now—\$4.95!
The lush painting of Philippe Drullier, with text by Lob and lettering by Dominique Amat. Lone Sloane's adventures through time and space and the fantastic world of Delirium are presented for the first time in English, in full color.



THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL
Cover price—\$2.95
Special now—\$1.95!
Thirteen extraordinary stories from the international masters of graphic fantasy. Moebius, Drullier, Caza, Claveloux, and McKie cavort with Americans Corben and Sydnam.



SON OF HEAVY METAL
Cover price—\$3.50
Special now—\$2.50!
One hundred pages of wonders by fourteen master artists.



THE ART OF HEAVY METAL
Special price—\$6.95!
Behind the scenes of the greatest animated adventure of all time.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 985, 635 Madison Avenue, NY, NY 10022

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

Ulysses _____ copies at \$3.50 each
Psychorock _____ copies at \$1.95 each
Even Heavier Metal _____ copies at \$1.95 each
More Than Human _____ copies at \$3.95 each
Alien: The Illustrated Story _____ copies at \$1.95

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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

Barbarella the Moon Child _____ copies at \$2.95 each
Lone Sloane-Delirium _____ copies at \$4.95 each
The Best of Heavy Metal _____ copies at \$1.95 each
Son of Heavy Metal _____ copies at \$2.50 each
The Art of Heavy Metal _____ copies at \$6.95 each

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

WACKO

by Nicola Cuti

I NEVER BOTHER TO
TURN ON THE VACANCY
SIGN ANYMORE. SINCE
THEY BUILT THE NEW
HIGHWAY PEOPLE
RARELY STOP HERE.
I HAVE MY ROUTINES
AND HOBBIES---

--HOBBIES?
WHAT SORT OF
HOBBIES, MR.
BATES?

NORMAL
BATES.

UH, IF
YOU LIKE I
COULD SHOW YOU
SOME OF MY
SPECIMENS.
I KEEP
THEM---

--IN THE
FRUIT
CELLAR.

YOU NEVER
MENTIONED WHAT
YOUR HOBBY
WAS.

OH, DIDN'T
I? SORRY, IT'S
TAXIDERMYY.

I SEE.
YOU STUFF
ANIMALS.

WHAT A NOVEL
IDEA. I MUST
TRY STUFFING
ANIMALS...
NEXT TIME!

ANIMALS?

Cuti

chain mail

I've been meaning to write to you for some time, but your most recent Corben story, "Bodyssey," has done it.

As I was growing up, I went to many a comic-book convention, picking up the occasional *Conan* and *Kamandi*. One day I found a copy of *Slow Death*, which introduced me to Richard Corben and changed my tastes from mainstream to underground. Corben replaced Kirby as my idol.

But after *Den*, Corben started to change his work. Though it was still Corben, it just didn't have that flair. Being an illustrator for a major newspaper, I know what it's like to try something new in terms of style.

First came *Arabian Nights*, then *Mutant World*, and finally *Den II*. They were good, but they just weren't Corben. I thought, "Well, guess he's getting tired of the whole ordeal. He's just getting by."

Then "Bodyssey" came along and slapped me in the face. This was the Corben I knew and had grown up with; this was the great art, great characters, and great physiques that were 100 percent Corben.

The moral to this story is: It's not that an artist gets bad, it's just that he needs time to grow.

Ted McKeever
No. Miami Beach, FL

Glad you learned this lesson, Ted. And, believe us, it hurt us more than it did you.—Eds.

Thank God the idiots I work for never read *HM*. They are doomed to sophistication, I guess, never taking William Faulkner's advice, "Read everything . . ." The June "Dossier" section included a quote from Roy Krenkel that I thought particularly apropos, regarding the differences between illustration as we have all been forced, at one time or another, to practice it and what appears between your illustrious sheets, i.e., imagination. I don't love absolutely everything I see here, but *HM* is one of the few magazines I read cover to cover, no matter what. Even the shit is good shit.

I am mainly writing to congratulate you for having the sense to publish Herikberto's "The Destroyer." Masterfully told and drawn, and, from what I can tell, very printed. Hard as it is to extract a nugget of meaning from everything that does not make one's sphincter spasm, H. did it with grace. Furthermore, I REMEMBER IT, as clearly as I remember the first time I saw Corben's "Sinbad."

Screw your critics.

Michael M. Young
Boston, MA

You've found it! (You've been watching too many Wendy's commercials.—Eds.) You finally, after farting around with all different kinds of paper, found the right one.

It's not too glossy and hard to read under direct light and not the cheap newsprint type, but a crisp clean paper that shows off the panels just right.

Bravo!

Forrest C. Curl
Harrisburg, PA

Well, well, well. After finally getting used to reading "Dossier" on toilet paper, I open my mailbox to find your June issue in color! At last the damned thing ain't an eyesore anymore.

Maybe you think that just because you've finally kicked in the dough for color in "Dossier" I'm willing to do likewise and buy a VCR. Wrong. I refer, of course, to your new videocassette column. Watching a good flick on the tube is like listening to Pink Floyd on a transistor radio—nuthin'. Besides, once you get hooked on the idiot box, you're never gonna get out and see the real world. But, hey, I got to admit, Jim Farber is a funny guy. Maybe I'll look for the flicks he reviews at a revival house.

Vernon Tilsner
Carmel, CA

While it's true that the landing of the mother ship doesn't exactly knock your socks off on TV, there's a lot to gain from watching a film on videocassette. It's certainly possible to appreciate scripting, acting, and direction—and you won't look stupid when your friends talk about something you haven't seen.—Eds.

The "Holiday" installment of Ghini's "Sillavengo" was definitely the highlight of your June issue. It's really refreshing to see a piece of work with such an original point of view, characters, and story line—by someone who looks like one of the few comic artists who haven't been locked in an isolation tank with Moebius (what happened to him, anyway?). And if Ghini offers products shown in the strip, I'll be his first customer! I want that jacket!

Shirley LePooler
Santa Monica, CA

Moebius is très busy with films, etc., but a promised strip is expected shortly.—Eds.

UGLY WHITE GUYS- THEY LIKE TELEVISION

BUT WHAT ARE THEIR FAVORITE SHOWS?

©1985



"Flipper"



"Bowling for Dollars"



"Me and the Chimp"



"The Outer Limits"



"Bonanza"



"Batman"



"Me and the Chimp"



"Masterpiece Theatre"



Kitty Carlisle



"Petticoat Junction"



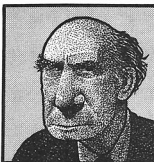
"Combat"



"The Bullwinkle Show"



"Mr. Ed"



"Tattle Tales"



"Ben Casey"



"Bridget Loves Bernie"



"The Jack Paar Show"



"Beat the Clock"



"Me and the Chimp"



"Amos 'n' Andy"



"F Troop"



"The Love Connection"



"Hee Haw"



Uncle Miltie



"The Brady Bunch"

Trivial Metal

1. In what film did Drew Barrymore make her debut?

2. What 1985 movie has the same name as Madonna's first band?

3. What was the name of Buck Rogers's loyal robot in the 1979 TV movie?

4. Name the author and short story that provided the basis for Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* and Arthur C. Clarke's novelization of that film.

5. What two other titles was *Invasion of the Saucer Men* released under?

6. Who wrote "The Singsong of Cecily Snow" for *Heavy Metal*?

7. Who illustrated the album cover for Frank Zappa's *The Man from Utopia*?

8. What was the name of the nasty insect people in Georges Méliès's *A Trip to the Moon*?

9. What 1983 film did Jane Dornacker of the Tubes appear in?

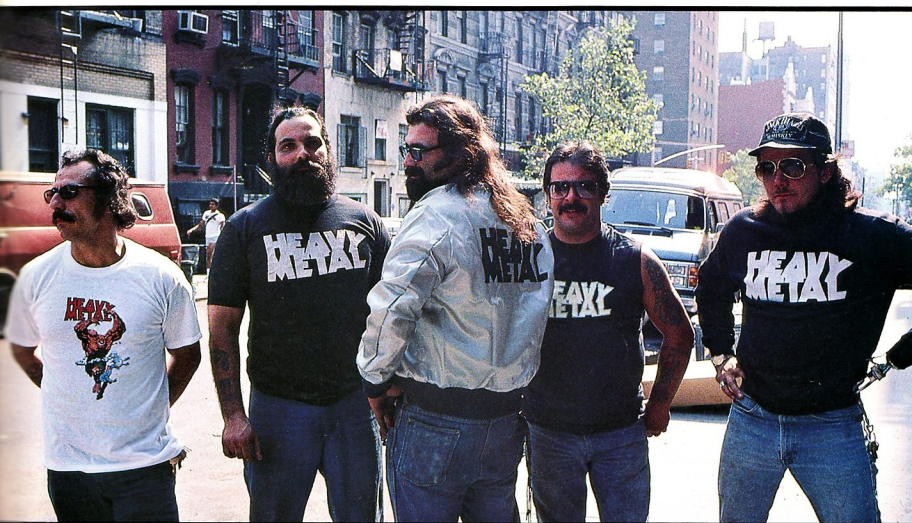
10. Match these artists with their strips:

1. Bilal
2. Caza
3. Philippe Druillet
4. Moebius
5. Claveloux
6. Schuiten

- a. "Marvels of the Universe"
- b. "Urm"
- c. "Going to Pieces"
- d. "Exterminator 17"
- e. "Virgo"
- f. "The Language of Cats"

The answers to this issue's Trivial Metal quiz are: 1. *Alienated States* 2. *The Breakfast Club* 3. *Twink* 4. "The Sentinel" by Arthur C. Clarke 5. *Spacemen Saturday Night and The Hell Creatures* 6. Theodore Sturgeon 7. Gaetano Libertore 8. *The Sentinels* 9. *The Right Stuff* 10. Bilal "Extremator 17", Caza "Virgo", Druillet "Urm", Moebius "Marvels of the Universe", Claveloux "The Language of Cats", Schuiten "Going to Pieces".

WE WANT YOUR MONEY



A

B

C

D

E

Photo by Michael Renchwich

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 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 ☐ gray

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. HM985, 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?

Out of the coffins
and into the streets!
Shooting from the Hiphop!
Lou Stathis gets jazzed up!
"Ratso's Palazzo" returns!

