

**SF Writer Brian Aldiss Interviewed!**

# HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

**October 1985**

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**B**

**C**

**D**

**E**

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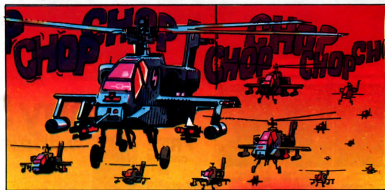
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# dessier

by Steven Maloff



COURTESY B. DALTON

● If you accept orthodox rock-crit notions (i.e., *Rolling Stone* magazine), you probably believe that the San Francisco sound was the end-all and be-all of 1960s American rock 'n' roll. In truth, there were vital scenes in Texas, L.A., the Northwest, and Detroit (not to mention Garageland, U.S.A.), but I'll agree that there was something happening in Frisco for one brief shining moment that should not be forgot.

**San Francisco Nights: The Psychedelic Music Trip 1965-1968**, by Gene Sculatti and Davin Seay (St. Martin's), chronicles the series of incidents, accidents, people, and social changes that converged to form what came to be known as the San Francisco sound. It's the tale of a new breed of musical bohemians, in search of "something," who had more in common with the Beatles and electrified Dylan than with the stuffy world of folk purists.

This book covers the rise and fall of the S.F. sound and scene, from the innocent, naive days of the first concert presentation in 1965 of the Dr. Strange Show onward and downward to the later, bloated daze of the Fillmore. And, like other rise-and-fall stories, it's fascinating.

Unlike other write-ups on this era, *San Francisco Nights* pretty much ignores the boring "antics" of the Merry Pranksters, Stewart Brand, or Wavy Whatever. And it's not a lightweight "wear some flowers in your hair" clichéd quickie, either. Instead, it concentrates, in detail, on the Frisco bands (branching out to touch bases at other psychedelic scenes across the U.S. and England), the poster artists (including Zap Comics artists Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso, Mouse, Kelley, and Wes Wilson), and general music-biz types. The book is informative. There's not a wasted paragraph. And it's a lot of fun.

Also of note is an on-target Acid Rock Consumer Guide in the back of the book to help the novice figure out which records to buy, while the already converted can compare notes and fill in some gaps in their collections. To top everything off, there's a beautiful full-color cover by Rick Griffin done in the style of—what else?—the original S.F. psychedelic rock posters.

—J. D. King

## Top Ten SF/Fantasy Paperbacks

1. *Dragonlance Chronicles #1: Dragons of Autumn Twilight*, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman (TSR)
2. *Dragonlance Chronicles #2: Dragons of Winter Night*, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman (TSR)
3. *Cocoon*, David Saperstein (Berkley)
4. *West of Eden*, Harry Harrison (Bantam)
5. *Vengeance of the Dancing Gods*, Jack L. Chalker (Del Rey/Ballantine)
6. *V: Death Tide*, A. C. Crispin and Deborah A. Marshall (Pinnacle)
7. *The Black Ship*, Christopher Rowley (Del Rey/Ballantine)
8. *Life Force*, Colin Wilson (Warner Books)
9. *Return to Oz*, Joan D. Vinge (Del Rey/Ballantine)
10. *Pretender*, Piers Anthony and Frances Hall (Tor)

● "The screen is like a map for our dreams on which we may always travel, without ticket, tiredness or pain."

That's one of the great lines in David Thomson's "novel," *Suspects* (Knopf). Thomson, an accomplished film critic, attempts to unite all the film noirs of past and present into a single universe where, for instance, Gene Hackman's character from *Night Moves*, Harry Moseby, is actually the son of another character from a well-known film of 1946. (To tell you would give away the plot, but clues are dropped throughout the narrative.) Weaving together the story lines of such films as *Chinatown*, *Casablanca*, *Laura*, *It's a Wonderful Life*, *The Shining*, and *Double Indemnity* to produce both a murder mystery and a meditation on the grim delights of viewing film noir, *Suspects* delivers some of the pleasures of *Trivial Pursuit*. Fans of film noir will have a field day, but anyone unacquainted with that noble genre may as well pass; the story demands the reader's familiarity with characters like Noah Cross, Walter Neff, Jimmy Doyle, Laura Hunt, Roy Earle, and Cody Jarrett before it begins to pay off. If you can follow the plot of *Out of the Past*, you're ready for *Suspects*.

—Mike Barson

● Whether you worshipped or despised them, Led Zeppelin ignited and defined the megabuck era of seventies stadium rock, not to mention the hearts and groins of our nation's adolescents, the *Billboard* charts, and album-oriented radio. **Hammer of the Gods** (William Morrow), **Stephen Davis's** lyrical and lucid biography of Led Zeppelin, is a nonstop great read about the English supergroup that sowed the seeds of heavy metal. Against the antheams "Dazed and Confused," "Whole Lotta Love," and their epic masterpiece "Stairway to Heaven," Zeppelin's offstage performances hit incomparable heights of sexual excess, drug use, and hotel trashing. It's all here: guitar wizard Jimmy Page's preoccupation with fourteen-year-old girls and satanism; macho-mystical banshee singer Robert Plant's family tragedies; and archetypal rock drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham's alcoholism and untimely death in 1980, which caused the group to disband. Somewhat in the shadows is bassist John Paul Jones, although this in no way detracts from the book's sudden impact. Read it and revise it!

—Kyle Roderick

● Any book subtitled "A Treasury of Trash" has its heart in the right place. **Gregory J. Edwards and Robin Cross's Worst Movie Posters of All Time** (Sphere) must be applauded and relished, even as the reader asks himself, "Couldn't this have been a whole lot better?" Printed in England—with gobs of four-color reproductions—Worst Movie Posters suffers from its (understandable) reliance on British-edition movie posters, often poorly colored and redrawn from the American originals. Some of the choices are less than inspired, even allowing for license in judging what truly is "worst." (Does that mean the worst art? the sleaziest subject matter? the tackiest blurb? the most ridiculous design? or all of the above?) Rather than dwell on the misfires, though, consider this partial listing of the titles reproduced: *Queen of Outer Space* (yes, Zsa Zsa Gabor on Venus in a cocktail gown); *The Amazing Colossal Man*; *Tarantula*; *The Deadly Mantis*; *Fire Maidens from Outer Space* (a splendid British cheapie, and the film lives up to the poster); *Ghost in the Invisible Bikini*; and *The Vampire and the Ballerina* (which gave me nightmares for a month after I saw it in 1962—so why am I the only person in the world who remembers it?). And, for those who enjoy sleaze not set in outer space, *Waterfront Women*, *Girl on the Run*, and *Wicked Woman* are on hand. Funny captions by the authors make this ten bucks well spent.

—Mike Barson

● There's a lot to like about **Norman Spinrad's Child of Fortune** (Bantam). Wendi is a girl who just wants to have fun but has to grow up. She wanders over the planets, seeking her name and fortune. Wendi's seminal encounter is with the fabulous Pater Pan, who fertilizes her desire to become a ruespieller—another name for writer. The material of her art is the long history of Pater Pan, the eternal child who is also father to artistic ability. Wendi discovers that unlimited consumption of sex and drugs interferes with the work that makes a storyteller's art.

Spinrad relates all of Wendi's sex and drug experiences for almost five hundred pages. He uses the same future lingo devised for his previous novel, *The Void Captain's Tale*, which patches into English a limited lexicon from European and Asian languages. After a few hundred pages the episodes get tedious. Too often the mock-heroic style doesn't reach the comic flights demanded of this social satire. Instead, it's unbearably cute. That the author of notoriously cynical works like *Bug Jack Barron* would explore other attitudes is understandable, but there's no reason to sink this low.

—Constance Ash



● **Robert Crumb**, purveyor of fine u.g. comics, has kept personal sketchbooks through the years. In the past, these were talked about but never seen by the general public (except for rare appearances in mags like *US #1*, *Artistic Comics*, and *Punk #12*). In recent years, two volumes of sketches were collected—a 1966–67 book, and a November 1974 to January 1978 collection. Now a third volume has surfaced.

Like the previous two, **The R. Crumb Sketchbook, July 1974 to January 1978** (Zweitausendeins) is an exact reproduction of his personal sketchbook. It's hardcover, with 375 pages of drawings—hence the price tag of thirty bills. But compared to the price of most things nowadays, I'd call it something of a bargain.

More than that of any other cartoonist, Crumb's life has been an open book. A lot of his work is either directly or indirectly autobiographical. All imaginable aspects of his personal life and thoughts are run up the comic-book flagpole for the world to see—uncensored, unexpurgated, and undoctored. Unlike most of the others who've followed in these "self-referential" footsteps, Crumb remains humorous, insightful, and entertaining, if for no other reason than his honesty. This "open book" aspect takes on another dimension with the sketchbooks. This new one is made up of doodles; sketches; landscapes; still lifes; portraits of his wife (and fellow u.g. cartoonist), Aline, and various friends; verbal and visual quotes; and comments on contemporary society, styles, mores, hairdos, and general schlock. Astute Crumb fans will see the seeds of comics that would eventually bear fruit in such titles as *Best Buy*, *Weirdo*, and *Zap*.

If you're already one of the true believers, you'll want a copy. If you're new to Crumb, there's no time like the present to get wise. You may even want to check out the two previous sketchbooks—they're now scarce as hen's teeth, so act fast!

—J. D. King



● Children of the future, space-age groupies, and New Age hipsters, unite! **Star Magic**, with stores in San Francisco and New York, will satisfy most material and unearthly consumer needs. Don't know what to cook tonight? Take home an "astronaut space dinner": freeze-dried chicken and rice, peas, and instant chocolate pudding—an exact replica of NASA's. At \$7.95, it comes in a nifty silver pouch decorated with interplanetary graphics. **Star Magic** carries an extensive selection of synthesized and environmental music, earthly and terrestrial globes, maps, and atlases, natural crystals, and high-tech jewelry. Holograms of all kinds are here; even holographic sunglasses. Get ready to track Halley's Comet in March 1986 with a specially designed telescope, or brush up on your comet lore with books from **Star Magic's** library of space and NASA subjects. Write for **Star Magic's** free catalog at either of their shops: **Star Magic**, 743 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, or **Star Magic**, 4026 24th Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

—Kyle Roderick



● Reading **Carnival of Crime: The Best Mystery Stories of Fredric Brown** (Southern Illinois University Press), a skillful selection of twenty-three nasty and original tales, one wonders what riches this fine writer might have earned had he written his twenty-eight novels and hundreds of short stories for today's market instead of yesteryear's pulp magazines. As well-known for his science fiction as for his mystery stories, Brown labored through three decades perfecting his craft. How good are the stories in **Carnival of Crime**? They range from merely very good ("The Joke," "Town Wanted") to classic ("Don't Look Behind You," "Granny's Birthday"). Brown could write anything, from a short-short story to an unpadding novelette, and the 290 pages in this collection (not counting the useful bibliography compiled by editors Francis M. Nevins, Jr. and Martin H. Greenberg) leave no doubt whatsoever that Brown was the O. Henry of his field. He didn't die a pauper, but at two cents a word, his writing never made him rich. It was a living.

On the other hand, we have the case of **Stephen King**. Easily as prolific as Brown, King has reaped rewards unprecedented for a genre writer. His novels routinely rush to number one on the bestseller lists, and just as quickly are turned into routine films. Now and then he puts out a short story collection; the latest is the elephantine **Skeleton Crew** (Putnam), a 500-page compilation of twenty stories and two poems that span the late sixties to the present. King gives his fans their money's worth in terms of bulk, but **Skeleton Crew** raises more questions than it answers about King's place in the pantheon of horror and suspense writers. The clumsiness, bad taste, clunky prose, and derivative plotting that have marred much of King's earlier work are very much present here, and it's hard to tell when King is worse: when he's striving for poetic effect ("The Reach") or indulging in EC-comic-book shocks ("Survivor Type," "Beachworld"). Of his "gift," King explains in his Notes that stories come to him when his muse shifts upon his head. Hey, Steverino: Better check to make sure it ain't a pigeon.

—Mike Barson

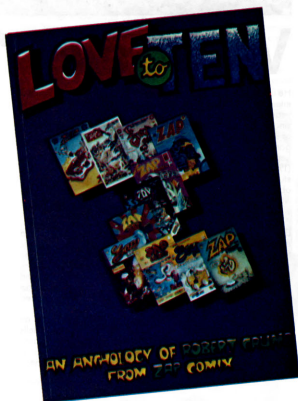


● **Love to Ten** (distributed by Last Gasp)\* collects all of **Robert Crumb's** work which originally appeared in **Zap Comics** #0-10. This is the material that stood a lot of people's notions of comics on end and had the FBI pounding on the doors of the Print Mint. This is the material that sent scores of people to the drawing boards to try their hand at expressing themselves through cartooning and established a whole new genre of comic books. And this is the material that earned Crumb the title of America's preeminent underground (read hippie) cartoonist.

Crumb can no longer be considered a hippie cartoonist, but **Love to Ten** reminds us of when he was one with stories such as "Meatball," that strange enigmatic purveyor of enlightenment, "Whiteman," the personification of the uptight establishment, and "Joe Blow," a satirical incest story. This last story was the one that broke one too many taboos and had the FBI and local authorities confiscating copies until the courts ruled otherwise.

**Love to Ten** is more than worth the price just to read Crumb's Zap stories, which were so important to the development of comics in the late sixties. One would hope that a bound anthology would take pains to achieve the best possible reproduction of the art, but **Love to Ten** doesn't, and even finds it necessary to apologize for the quality of the reproduction! Still, **Love to Ten** is printed on white paper, and the reproduction in the original newsprint comic books was no great shakes to begin with, so apart from missing the color covers, I'm happy to see all this work in a single volume.

—Jay Kennedy



\*Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.





A feudal effort.

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# Verhoeven's Fifth

He is virtually the only Dutch filmmaker whose work gets shown internationally. **Paul Verhoeven**, a youthful-looking forty-seven-year-old, has been a disturbing presence in his native Holland since his directorial debut in 1973. With its relentless exploration of sexual options, *Turkish Delight* was bound to become a hit, garnering an Oscar nomination along the way. But the director kept on surprising viewers with films such as *Soldier of Orange* (1978), about the humorous yet courageous feats of university students during the Nazi occupation of Holland; *Spetters* (1981), about working-class kids and their frustrations; and *The 4th Man* (1983), a haunting fantasy about a homosexual writer, a witch, and the fickle finger of fate.

While all his films scored at the box office in most markets, Dutch critics weren't especially enamored of the man who dared expose all that was provincial and parochial about their country. But audiences responded and Hollywood became aware of the man who gave the world a star of the magnitude of Rutger Hauer. Hauer, the star of such films as *Blade Runner*, *Nighthawks*, and *Ladyhawke*, was discovered by Verhoeven in 1969, when he cast him in an Ivanhoe-like series for Dutch TV, and he has appeared in most of the director's pictures.

The two resumed their collaboration on *Flesh and Blood*, an American-financed medieval adventure shot in Spain, which tells the story of a band of mercenaries who help the deposed mayor of a city regain power. Acts of treachery, violence, and lust abound as Verhoeven paints a striking canvas of a troubled Europe in the 1600s.

—Dan Yakir

**Heavy Metal:** What is your notion of the Middle Ages?

**Paul Verhoeven:** It was a period of extremes, something which is very hard to come by in Holland today, since it's such a socialized country. In order to say something poignant about contemporary life, I felt compelled to go back in time. *Soldier of Orange* took place in World War II, where issues of life and death were a matter of course. This is even more true of the Middle Ages.

**HM:** Do you see the film as presenting a metaphor?

**PV:** Yes, for nowadays. I try to use the elements from the Middle Ages that are still relevant. For example, biological warfare, which was normal then: they poisoned wells, brought pestilence by means of dead animals. . . .

I wasn't interested in making a fairy tale or a romanticized look at the period. *Flesh and Blood* has nothing to do with films like *Excalibur* or characters like Merlin. It's gory and brutal. Very down to earth. There is a very explicit rape scene, which an aristocratic young girl kidnapped by the mercenaries is subjected to. Cruel doings.

**HM:** What about the look of the film?

**PV:** There are no bright colors in it. Brightness of color gives a twentieth-century feeling. We worked in gray, brown, dark reds, and greens. The bad weather actually helped us get the right look. You see, gray skies look like history. A bright blue sky is Walt Disney.

**HM:** Why were you so determined to make a realistic film? Aren't you tempted by imaginary pursuits?

**PV:** Never. I always keep reality under control. Maybe it has to

do with the fact that I hold a Ph.D. in mathematics and physics... I don't know. At twenty-four, I was very close to losing my grip on reality—I almost joined a religious cult: Pentecostal Christianity, which advocates Christ's presence all around, and the ability to create miracles, to heal.... Anyway, I almost joined the cult, which is why I depicted such a character in *Spetters*: there's a girl who joins this cult but, after seeing that God doesn't help a paraplegic she cares for, she decides to become a nurse instead.

You see, I studied math and physics, but at the same time I took courses in parapsychology, telepathy. I guess it had to do with mystical feelings that I had, but I studied these subjects scientifically. Maybe it was my way of rebelling against the abstract, logical nature of math.

**HM:** In *The 4th Man* you do get into the occult and fantasy.

**PV:** Yes, in that film I show the coexistence of reality and fantasy. There are two ideas—or levels—in the film: one suggests that everything has a logical explanation and the only perversion is in the mind of this alcoholic, homosexual writer. The other is that he is indeed right and the woman he encounters is a witch who gives all involved the evil eye....

These two visions are, in fact, what religion is all about. Christianity—the belief in Christ and the Resurrection—is also a fantasy. It hasn't been proven. It's either true or not. The discovery that Christ's grave was empty was either real—maybe his friends, or the Romans took away the body—or it really was a resurrection.

**HM:** You've said that imagination is not your bag. Yet, as a writer and director, you have to deal with it all the time. How do you create? How do you lose yourself?

**PV:** I don't. In the last ten years, I've been having a real problem reading a novel. I feel I'm wasting my time. I prefer reading autobiographies or watching documentaries, because they're about reality.

Most of my work has been based on true events or autobiographical novels or newspaper items. I'd have a real problem doing an E.T. I wouldn't be able to believe in something like that. I wouldn't care enough to invest two years of my life in it, because there's no reality to it. I try to stay as close to reality as possible. *The 4th Man* is as far from it as I could possibly go. I wanted to show the difference between reality and fantasy, to show that you can color one into becoming the other.

**HM:** How are your films received in Holland?

**PV:** Until *The 4th Man*, critics there hated my films. Audiences loved them, but critics were offended, especially by *Spetters*, by what it said about Dutch reality. They claimed life wasn't like that. They thought it was too violent, that its sexuality was too explicit and too detached from love. But it is, often! That's the way fucking is. There are gang rapes in Rotterdam and homosexuals are often robbed and attacked. I dared to show all that in *Spetters*.

**HM:** Did the criticism bother you?

**PV:** It made life very difficult, because it was constant and directed at me personally. I had trouble financing my next film, and the government also felt it was "anti-Dutch," although they wouldn't say that. And they hated the fact that mine were the only Dutch films to be shown around the world. I like Holland—it's a wonderful country, with a good democracy and good social institutions—but there are problems and they don't want to hear about them. They also resent success. You're supposed to be "normal." Average is best.

**HM:** Why are your films so sexually explicit? You certainly don't believe in holding back.

**PV:** That's right. Lots of people have sexual problems or preconceptions about sex. A lot of people came to me after *Turkish Delight* and thanked me for showing sex as fun, and for showing some acts as acceptable. I don't always think sex has to do with love, but it's okay as long as you can look into each other's eyes. Trust, understanding, mutual acceptance are sufficient reasons to sleep together. Most people close their eyes in sex and aren't there anymore when they come. Maybe I believe in being there.

**HM:** There is a recurring homosexual motif in your films.

**PV:** Yes. People today still feel that homosexuality isn't normal, which is complete nonsense. I based the hero of *The 4th Man* on an uncle of mine who's gay and has had a "friend" for forty years. It's the best marriage I've ever seen. Most married people hate each other. Gerard Soeteman [the screenwriter] and I wanted to prove that homosexuality can invite loyalty and trust.

**HM:** In *The 4th Man*, the homosexual fantasy never gets fulfilled. Why?

**PV:** The notion was that the minute the writer feels he can have the handsome guy he's been after, Death steps out and says, "You won't!" If you get what you want, it's boring. It's getting there, being on the verge of something, that's exciting. Frustration is a good dramatic device. In real life, you never get what you want. And when you do, it's a bore. The pleasure is in the process, not the result.

**HM:** There's a scene in church, in which the hero imagines his object of desire on the cross, with an erection.

**PV:** The author on whose novel the script was based describes in several books scenes of masturbation in front of the altar, characters going to church to fondle Christ—the idea of fucking God. He was taken to court for blasphemy fifteen years ago. He said, "God is in a donkey, and I want to fuck him!" That gave him immediate notoriety in Holland. He has a good eye for publicity. His name is Gerard Reve. He held a marriage ceremony with his gay lover in church, in front of the TV cameras. But he does it all with a wink, humorously.

**HM:** Do you see Rutger Hauer as your alter ego?

**PV:** Oh, yes. There's something about him that I like extremely. It's not the way I'd like to see myself exactly, but, as I once said, if I were gay, I'd fall in love with Rutger. With his face and manner, even when he does cruel things in my films, I still feel it's acceptable.

**HM:** Would you like to make American films from now on?

**PV:** Yes, and maybe *Flesh and Blood* is the beginning. But to make "real" American films about "real" American culture is very difficult. As a European, you can't pick all that up after a short stay. I'd start with historical films and after a few years, with better knowledge of the language and culture, I could do that. You need to know how to make a phone call, how people react to things, in order to make a film about that. There's a real cultural gap.

**HM:** Are you a pessimist?

**PV:** Yes, but although all my films end on a melancholic note—death, suicide—there's also a feeling of hope. I believe small improvements are possible in life, but they're indeed small. ■



Rutger Hauer



## She Came and She Went by Larry Sloman

I owe this column to **Vale**. Vale is an Oriental of indeterminate age (he looks about twenty-five but rumor has it he's hit the big four-oh) who worked for years at the City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco. He stacked books and then he went home to his nearby loft—on a winding side street just off the Tenderloin district and a stone's throw from Carol Doda's silicone breasts—where he operated a small typesetting business. All this industry so that he and his partner **Andrea Juno** could publish what was and remains to this date the hippest periodical in America.

It used to be called *Search and Destroy* magazine, and it was offset on cheap pulp with black-and-white graphics that totally reflected the punk aesthetic that leaped off the pages. But Vale was one literate punk. He idolized William Burroughs, knew Brion Gysin backwards and sideways and cut up, and was a devotee of the great English futurist J. G. Ballard, so along with the obligatory articles on the Sex Pistols and the Dead Kennedys and Eraserhead, there would be long treatises on Breton or de Sade or Russ Meyer.

A few years back, Vale decided to pack in the old format and put out a new, slicker, more modern magazine devoted to one theme each time out. He even got a grant of sorts from that woman cop on *Hill Street Blues*—Betty Thomas—and **ReSearch** was born. His first issue was devoted entirely to William Burroughs and Brion Gysin.

I met Vale in the summer of 1982. My friend Charles Gatewood, who is kind of the Weegee of today's counterculture, told me to look him up when I hit San Fran. So I did, and Vale took me back to his loft and I lost myself in his gargantuan book collection. Vale, like me, is a student of deviance, so he kept hopping from room to room pulling out books like *Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine* and *The Secret Museum of Man-kind* and *The Secret Societies of All Ages and Countries*. Later, Vale and Andrea and I walked around the corner to Enrico's Cafe, a bohemian outpost of much renown, and Vale whipped out his little black book.

Vale is a total enthusiast—of books, of records, of obscure horror films, of gore clippings, and, of course, of weird people. "You're going to L.A., you must look up **Johanna Went**. She's incredible, she's a real artist."

A few days later I was in Hollywood, and I met up with Johanna at Al's Bar, an arty hangout in the seedy downtown section of L.A. She was there to see her friends the Fibonnacis play. Johanna is a petite redhead with a smile which, when unleashed, can melt steel. But she was mostly serious, working two jobs at the time, scraping together enough money so she could do her art.

It's hard for Johanna to exactly talk about her art, because she does performances, and her performances are of the nature of trance-gressions. That is to say, Johanna creates replicas of cherished icons of American culture, things like the Statue of Liberty, and Dad-as-dummy, and Mommy's Vagina, and she gets onstage and to the accompaniment of loud industrial rhythms (performed live and on tape by improvising musicians), she enters a trance state and begins to violate these objects guided by sheer unconscious will.

Unfortunately, I never saw any evidence of this while we were hanging out in L.A., since Johanna was between shows. She spent that time foraging around in thrift stores, butcher shops, and garbage bins amassing the raw materials for her next performance. She also took me to her favorite Thai restaurant, a little storefront near her house, where we talked about her working-class childhood in Seattle, and her early days as an agitprop street theater performer, and her favorite horror movies.

Johanna and I kept in touch over the years, and recently she made a rare trip to New York. She came with her slides, since doing a whole show was cost-prohibitive, and she made the alphabet club circuit. The slides were impressive, especially a performance she did last summer in L.A. in honor of the Olympics. It was called "Knife Boxing," and the poster showed a close-up of Johanna in boxer regalia, holding two rather ominous-looking knives in her Everlast gloves. She told me she had a video of that performance, so she came over to show it.

It was at the *Lingerie* in L.A., and Johanna came out dressed like a boxer. She then proceeded to (not necessarily in this order) pull huge foam-rubber tampons out of a gaping vagina and fling them at the audience, who proceeded to throw them right back at her; disembowel a dummy and pull out a long string of bloody sausages; get into a dress/cape she devised that features a long string of doll faces she took off porno dolls; and dress up in a Statue of Liberty outfit that had a pump hooked in that spewed what looked like blood all over the audience.

"Is that real blood?" I asked Johanna.

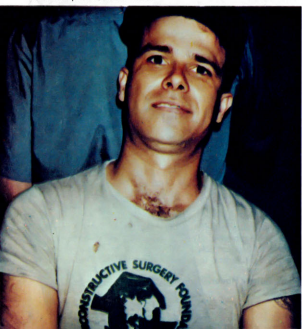
She answered without taking her eyes off the video. "Nah," she said, "I make my own stage blood. You can't use real blood, it gets too thick and black and it really starts to stink. Plus it's got all sorts of diseases in it." She screwed up her face.

Back on the screen, she was alternating between flinging huge strips of foam rubber into the audience and grabbing the mike and emitting eerie shaman squeals. She was transfixed, all right. It was a great performance and a fitting tribute to the Olympic spirit.

As soon as the video was over, Johanna jumped up and threw another tape on. "This is **Mark Pauline's** tape. It's really great." Pauline is another of those conceptual artists that Vale had umbrellaed under the rubric "industrial culture." Pauline is a guy who grew up being generally antisocial in Florida. He arrived in San Francisco in 1978 and began mutilating billboards and pouring nitric acid/urine combinations into bank night-deposit boxes when his bank threat posters were prematurely removed. Finally, he harnessed all this art-energy into creating scary machines with personalities that would be surrogate performers and blow themselves and each other up during the shows.

Pauline suffers for his art, literally. When he got impatient with a can of rocket fuel he was brewing up a few years ago, he

◀ Mark Pauline: an artist who literally bled for his art.



CATHERINE HAZARD

struck it with a hammer, and the next thing he knew, he was staring at the charred remains of the bones of his right hand. It isn't much safer being in the audience of one of Mark's performances, as some viewers have been known to exit with shrapnel wounds. "I always like to think I can stir up trouble," Mark told Vale. "It excites me to think that I can annoy people in a way that confuses them."

We watched one of Pauline's performances, watched machines hop around and spew bowling balls and BB's and attack huge human masks and belch fire and smoke and chase dead rabbits that had been customized so they could try to escape thanks to their mechanical innards, and I was impressed with what the left coast was doing in this area. Why wasn't anybody doing anything like this here in New York? I lamented out loud.

"We have more space out there," Johanna explained.

She was right. Here, in the bowels of the industrial culture, we

have Laurie Anderson playing back her telephone-answering-machine messages to an audience full of fatcat Manhattan culture brokers who think it all so daring, the way she makes her voice sound like a man's. Then they leave the posh auditorium and get into their Mercedeses. Thankfully, there are people like Mark Pauline who are sitting on the roof of that building across the street, gun in hand, blowing out their tires and cackling like a madman. ■

**NOTE:** A half-hour video bio of Mark Pauline is available from ReSearch Publishing, 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco, CA 94133. Mark Pauline's videotapes are available from Target Video, 678 S. Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94110. Johanna Went's tapes and albums are available from Johanna Went, P.O. Box 291071, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

## Brian Aldiss: Helliconia Calling

Frank Herbert is known for *Dune*. Robert Heinlein is known for his Future History stories. Isaac Asimov is known for his Foundation novels. Harlan Ellison is known for his sucker punch. And Brian Aldiss is known for . . . for . . .

Actually, there is no one series or concept that is synonymous with the name of Brian Aldiss, despite the fact that the Britisher has won virtually every major award science fiction has to offer during his thirty-two-year career (see box). In fact, Aldiss for many years had a very high profile, as his traditional (albeit excellent) work of the fifties and early sixties was transformed into the taboo-shattering, wildly experimental themes and forms that Aldiss introduced in *New Worlds* magazine. More recently, the bad boy of Britain has gone straight; indeed, his Helliconia trilogy shows every sign of becoming Aldiss's Foundation trilogy or *Dune*. This is the same writer who was nearly tarred and feathered by the sf community for breaking all their cherished rules with books like *Barefoot in the Head*, *Report from Probability A*, and *The Eighty-Minute Hour* a few years back.

Born in the small town of East Dereham, England, sixty years ago, Brian Wilson Aldiss spent much of his childhood attending boarding schools and daydreaming over issues of *Wonder Stories* and *Astounding*. He then enlisted in the British army, where he served in the Royal Corps of Signals in Burma as an adjunct of the Indian army. (Which explains why Aldiss resembles a cast member from *The Jewel in the Crown*.) Released from service in 1948, Aldiss decided to make use of the countless hours he had spent reading genre fiction (what else is there to do on a long Burmese night?) by becoming a professional writer.

His first published science fiction story, "Criminal Record," appeared in *Science Fantasy* magazine in 1954. Stardom was not immediately foisted upon Aldiss, but he hung on until his first big reward: being named Most Promising Writer of 1959 at the World Science Fiction Convention, an honor that brought Aldiss his first Hugo statuette. ("It's a ghastly-looking thing, y'know.") More Hugos and Nebulas and other strange-sounding awards followed, and Aldiss dutifully accepted them and hid them in his coat bin. But by the mid-sixties Aldiss was bored with the constraints of conventional sf, and began guerrilla warfare in the pages of *New Worlds* magazine. Suddenly the Aldiss name was reviled from shore to shore, as his Acid Wars saga and other impolite notions caused sf fans and pros alike to gnash their teeth and be mean to their dogs. Aldiss accepted the slings and arrows gracefully, stored them alongside his Hugos, and kept writing.

And today, once again, he is the darling of the critics. But—at last report—respectability isn't fatal, and Brian Aldiss wouldn't succumb to it even if it were. Which only goes to show that you can be the best science fiction writer in the world and still be a bad boy at heart.

—Mike Barson

**Heavy Metal:** Completing an intricate story such as the Helliconia trilogy must have been a great relief for you. Do you think you'll tackle the epic trilogy form again, or have you had enough?

**Brian Aldiss:** I was the right age to take on something like Helliconia. I've got a lot of writing experience, a lot of life experience, but I'm not yet yaga. But one trilogy was enough for me. It takes so much strength to do a story on this scale; I really wouldn't want to start it all over again now.

**HM:** Now that it's complete, are you pleased with what you did with the Helliconia trilogy?

**BA:** Oh, yes. You know, part of the impulse to write Helliconia was to get on my horse again and write a big, solid novel that no one could say wasn't sf.

**HM:** Which was a charge leveled at some of your experimental novels, such as *Report on Probability A*. Did the controversy and criticism bother you?

**BA:** Not really. With *Report*, I came nearest to doing what I set out to do. I knew what I wanted to do in it, and I feel I did it. But, yes, it received a cool response. Why? Perhaps because it was just too much of a surprise. I'd always thought science fiction was about surprise; that a novel that took you by the throat was what everyone loved. It was what I loved most—that wonderful sense of dislocation that the best sf induced. So when I wrote *Report*, I expected everyone to be so pleased, because here was a profoundly dislocating story, a mind-blower.

Well, I miscalculated. In England they hated it; over here there was just a stunned silence. Everyone was asking, "What is this shit Aldiss doing? He's finished; it's all over; he can't even think of a bloody plot!" It was really quite funny, the vehemence of the response. But now *Report* is in its fifth printing, which proves what I've always thought: the science fiction readership is willing to keep working at something until they understand it. They're extraordinarily hungry for an intellectual challenge.

**HM:** Actually, you've survived with more glory than most of the new-wave writers with whom you appeared in *New Worlds* back in the sixties.

**BA:** The new-wave movement of the sixties wasn't the first new wave in sf, you know. In the fifties, Horace Gold's approach with *Galaxy* magazine seemed quite revolutionary and radical. *New Worlds* went even further, I suppose; they were trying to offend people. But you must remember that, before the break, British sf was in a sorry state. Most of it was a pallid imitation of the U.S. stuff. Except for Arthur Clarke and John Wyndham, we had no voices of our own. So at *New Worlds* we had to chuck out the old shags who were still doing those awful imitations.

**HM:** What about the shags of today? Do you see a strong field out there now producing vital, original works of science fiction?

**BA:** I must say that, at the moment, there seems to be a great deal of stagnation in the field. No natural subversives have popped up to take the place of Philip Dick.

Maybe Dick isn't dead; maybe he's still alive, and all the rest of us are characters in one of his novels, in one of those horrible worlds where we're doomed to repeat our mistakes over and over. That's the best explanation for Reagan, isn't it? Yes, I believe Dick is out there right now—laughing away. What I loved most about him was, he had the pure quill, and he never deserted science fiction.

**HM:** There seems to be a lot of back-to-the-basics if coming out of these days, stuff that consciously is striving for the feel of the thirties.

**BA:** Instability doesn't interest me; it's an awful disease, and everyone today seems infected with it. Too many British science fiction writers seem to have retreated into a small, England-is-the-universe kind of sf. It's very insular, and it doesn't talk to the world as the best of sf should.

**HM:** And then you have fantasy, which you could say doesn't fit at all to the world of sci-fi.

**BA:** Fantasy really is literature for teenagers. Teenagers don't have a lot of money, but what they do have is a lot of time. So they'll read all nine volumes of Stephen Donaldson, or whomever. I think the chief appeal of fantasy is its magical monetary system. Everyone always ends up with a pot of gold at the end, as if money were the answer to everything. I suppose to a teenager it might seem as though it is. But I have a sequence in one of the Heliocentric books where money is invented, creating all sorts of problems and disasters that didn't exist before. That's the difference between sci-fi and fantasy.

**HM:** You once wrote on record as saying that all genres eventually wear out. That would suggest that science fiction is in danger of succumbing to entropy after a while. Or do you see that already happening?

**BA:** That did used to puzzle me. But now I don't look upon science fiction as a genre at all. Rather, it contains genres: space opera, the catastrophe novel, and so on. Science fiction is too big to be a genre. The term 'sf' is really just a publishing category. There's no reason why authors need subscribe to someone's limitations of the term. If you think of science fiction as a mode, it's much easier to write. That way one can move smoothly from one mode to another without having to worry whether or not he's writing science fiction.

**HM:** After thirty years of being an outlaw in the field, breaking rules as fast as they could be made, do you ever feel just plain tired? Setting the pace as you have for so long must be quite an ordeal. Do you want to come in from the cold?

**BA:** I'll answer that in a story. My old editor at Doubleday was Larry Ashmead, a terrific chap. But when I sent him *Barorect* in the head—the Acid Wars story I had run as a serial in *New Worlds*—he told me, "I like it, Brian, but no one else will. But here's an extra five hundred dollars for trying." After the book came out I realized he was right; I just didn't fit in the system. For a while I felt depressed. But then I thought to myself, Why had I become a writer in the first place? Because I wasn't fit for society. So of course I wouldn't fit into the system. And realizing that, I felt much better!

#### Report on Probability Odds:

Awards, Citations, and Parking Tickets

**MOST PROMISING NEW AUTHOR:** Hugo Special Citation, 1958

**BEST NOVEL:** *Hothouse* (The Long Afternoon of Earth, U.S.); Hugo Award, 1962

**BEST NOVELLA:** "The Saliva Tree"; Nebula Award, 1965

**MOST POPULAR BRITISH SF WRITER:** British Science Fiction Award, 1969

**WORLD'S BEST CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE FICTION AUTHOR:** Dilmor Award, 1970

**BEST COLLECTION:** *The Moment of Eclipse*; British Science Fiction Award, 1972

**EXCELLENCE IN SCIENCE FICTION CRITICISM:** James Blish Award, 1977

## Raving and Drooling

# The Science-Fictional Stigmata of Barry Malzberg

So far, the best writing about science fiction has come not from professional critics or outside observers, but from guys who also write the stuff—like Damon Knight (in *Search of Wonder and The Futurians*), Brian Aldiss (*Billion Year Spree*), Samuel Delany (*The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*), Alexei and Cory Panshin (*SF in Dimension*), and Algis Budrys (a decade's worth of monthly book reviews for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*). This is true not because they are a group known for their wit (that's frequently the case) or their better (ditto), but that they bring with them the passion of personal involvement, the knowledge of insiders, the writing skills of professional entertainers, and—most important—the fact that most of them are deeply twisted individuals. SF is an incestuous little world, so tightly knit that it has bent the straw, and reading insider assessments is a bit like quizzing a twitching outpatient on the success of his/her electroshock therapy.

Bringing us rather pertinently to **Barry N. Malzberg** and his recent collection of essays, *The Engines of the Night: Science Fiction of the Eighties* (Blazers), Malzberg's writing—fiction and non—is all of a piece: seething with obsessive passion, obsessed with madness, betrayal, and failure; and gripped by an autocratic stranglehold of self-loathing. At his best Malzberg synthesizes this stuff into morbidly hilarious fictions, like *Her-ovir's World*, where the mindless pulp of sf which writer Jonathan Haviar has chained his creative and financial fortunes up to engulf him in its abyss of psychotic unreality. Another personal fave is a sleazy, semi-porn novel called *The Spread*, packaged in generic anonymity and billed as "Leisure Books' Inflation Fiction #1: Unbeatable Books at Unbeatable Prices!" (Kilgore Trout's got nothing on Malzberg). It tells the story of an Al Goldstein in the chattering of his own private life, who not only pitches him into madness, but takes on a chilling life of its own as well. That the author signed his own name to this book (like-wise his other novels: *Screen*, *Oracle of a Thousand Hands*, and *In My Parents' Bedroom*, the last being the world's only porno book epigraphed with a Delmore Schwartz quote), and, then, a couple of years ago, cashed a copy presented to him with a weary "Another three-day wonder," tells us something of the man's tragically complex psychology. *The Engines of the Night* tells more. Too much, too thick.

Through the ventriloquism of fiction, the insane ravings of Malzberg's characters seem like bitterly giddy exorcisms of the world in cross section. You can recognize the kernel of truth beneath the furious huffing and puffing, and presume that the author's as fully cognizant of his disproportionate skewing of reality as you are. But *The Engines of the Night* strips away all artifice; there is no distance between this author and his fiction. Her-ovir's world is also Malzberg's world. (Victor Frankenstein's science fiction, in all its debased glory, is the unworthy weapon Barry Malzberg has chosen to bludgeon himself with.)

This is a profoundly depressing book—partly for the author's intended reasons (his bleak picture of sf, which I'm in basic agreement with)—mostly because of the sordid trap it reveals Malzberg has fallen into. This is the trap of self-loathing, rancorous competitiveness, petty jealousy, and debilitating hatred. He sneers the entire sf world with his own worst fears about himself, projecting onto it his own miseries, paranoid obsessions, and belief system of demons and tormenting spirits. Barry Malzberg put all his hope in the hollow sf dream, and it failed him miserably. Insecurity, self-loathing, and the desire for poor self entering sf without the emotional shielding of a cynical hack. Anyone who, like Malzberg, harbors bitter, optimistic hopes and high ideals is doomed. Science fiction is a curse, a con-

gion, a fatal weakness, a life sentence without parole, a skid-row alleyway littered with the human detritus of its cruel, perfunctory deception.

You probably think I'm exaggerating. "Oh, come on, Lou," you're muttering. "You're layin' it on a bit thick, aren't you?" I wish I were. Barry Malzberg has victimized himself with a passion I rarely witness. He's a man who's been so deeply and so theologically inveterate, romantic delusion of reality. He is like the child who never learned to read and is self-indulgent, that yes, the world is an ugly place (so?) but that the traps holding tight to your wretched life are of your own design. The sf community has been transposed into Malzberg's family of the mind (a common enough syndrome among adolescent fans, but this guy should know better), and he bitterly resents that family for not applauding and rewarding his efforts. (Moreover, a succession of "three-day wonders" doesn't seem like the best way to a family's heart....) Last spring, at the Science Fiction Writers of America's Nebula Awards banquet, Malzberg was sold in an uncharacteristically jubilant mood. The reason? He'd sold a novel to Del Rey Books, chief purveyors of the sort of puerile tripe Jonathan Herovir despised himself for writing. "A final vindication," he called it. Sounds suspiciously like familial acceptance to me (final judgment is reserved until *The Remaking of Sigmund Freud* comes out). But whatever it is, a man of Malzberg's talent and vision shouldn't need anyone else's validation to tell him he's okay. His work has already done it.

Needing a good tonic to restore my flagging spirits, I groped around the bookshelf and found two. *The Pale Shadow of Science* (Sericon Press) is a collection of recent, varied nonfictions by **Brian Aldiss**, one of the most articulate, modulated-by-thought voices in the chattering of sf. Some of the best of the best recent pieces assembled here are appointed in three sections: first, three bits of autobiography (fitted in some blanks left by his evocative chapter in *Hell's Cartographers*), followed by six single-author sf studies (a good ecology for Philip Dick, astute examination of Orwell, Stapledon, and Mary Shelley, a minor rhapsody on Blish, and a truly awful appreciation of Harry Harrison), culminated by four of overviews. It's here—in an address on the role of science and prediction in sf delivered to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and in an essay defending his choice of *Frankenstein* as sf's true beginning—that Aldiss shines. Arriving by implication at a working near-definition of sf, he points to Mary Shelley's conscious evocation of post-Industrial Revolution science to achieve her novel's magical ends. "This is qualitatively different from being carried to the Moon accidentally by migratory geese, or being shipwrecked on Lilliput, or summoning up the devil, or creating life out of spit and mud. Victor Frankenstein makes a rational decision: he operates on the world, rather than vice versa." Then, by contrasting the imaginative play, or "undirected thought," of H. G. Wells's early work (*The Time Machine*) with the more didactically predictive later stuff (*The Shape of Things to Come*), which, in Wells's own terminology, is the product of more rational scientific "directed thought," he draws a telling distinction between good science and good literature. SF might be a rational response to the world, he says, but it is most effective when couched in the language of dreams.

More sanity, and further level-headed scrutiny of the sf essence, comes from **David Hartwell** in *Age of Wonders* (Walker). Though not a writer of sf, Hartwell is certainly one of the best (probably the best) of editors currently working, having initiated the noble but defunct Timescape program, and presently consulting for Arbor House and Tor, with the added bonus of weighty

academic credentials in medieval literature. All this, apparently, more than makes up for his (as far as I can tell) not being too twisted, because *Age of Wonders* is probably the best overview of the sf phenomenon (dealing extensively with both cause and effect) I've come across. Though I might disagree with his rosy outlook (he parrots the hoary assertion that sf readers embrace change—anyone who's observed the crowds at sf conventions, and looked over what they prefer to read, knows that they are, if anything, more instinctively locked into the past and fearful of the future than their "mundane" brothers), his observations—delivered in a smoothly read, unpretentious style suitable for specialist and non-sf reader alike—have undeniable validity, and provide useful insight into the motivations of one of the guys responsible for what we get to read (similar books by other editors—Donald Wollheim and Lester Del Rey—have been boring and next to useless).

I do, however, echo his rallying cry for the preservation of the "specialness" of sf in its ideal state (one that's precious hard to find), what he calls "the need for independence, the clarity of vision that will allow the field to endure the tension between art and money without fleeing its own center of being, diluting or rejecting its own traditional virtues." That's not hermetic isolation or ghettoization he's talking about, but a concentration of inner strength to help focus the glimmering prophetic imagery that lies at the core of the science fictional content. And that's what sf really is, when you get right down to it—a context for speculative thought, a state of mind that rejects the primacy of all other states of mind.

As an illustration of sf's polymorphous potential, contrast Hartwell's view of Asimov's "Nightfall" (the "golden age" chestnut about the night that comes only once every two thousand years) and Barry Malzberg's. To the former, who sees sf as a philosophical probing ground where junkies line up for their fixes of wonder, "Nightfall" is an awe-inspiring minor game. Malzberg, the prophet of dread, sees it as a horror-filled allegory on the wages of ignorance, the madness that lurks at the end of every pathway. Never has the case for sf as fictive mirror of the soul been clearer.

—Lou Stathis

(If you can't find a copy of *The Pale Shadow of Science*—it's a very limited press run—send \$10.75 to: Sericon Press, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103.)





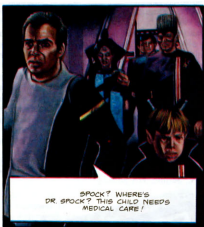
# TREK OPERA



CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE, ETC.  
THREE PASSENGERS ARE BEAMED ABOARD  
THE STARSHIP "INTERCOURSE" --



--THE GALAXY'S MOST  
NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL,  
HIS WIFE, AND THEIR  
MUTANT CHILD--



SPOCK? WHERE'S  
DR. SPOCK? THIS CHILD NEEDS  
MEDICAL CARE!



I'M RIGHT HERE, CAPTAIN,  
REHEARSING MY NEW ALBUM--

I'D LOVE  
TO MAKE  
LOVE TO  
YOOO...



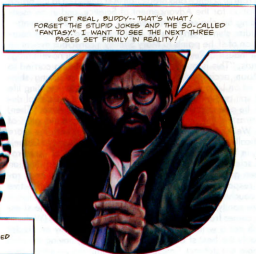
SCOTTY HERE, CAPTAIN--THE  
GENERATORS HAVE BEEN SABOTAGED!  
WE'RE GOING INTO WARP SPACE--  
AND THE SHIP CAN'T TAKE THE  
STRAIN!



CUT! CUT!

ALRIGHT, I'VE WARNED YOU  
ABOUT THIS-- AND NOW I'VE GOT  
A COURT ORDER TO SHUT ME UP.  
NO MORE SATIRE!

BUT WHAT  
AM I SUPPOSED  
TO DO?



GET REAL, BUDDY-- THAT'S WHAT!  
FORGET THE STUPID JOKES AND THE SO-CALLED  
"FANTASY" I WANT TO SEE THE NEXT THREE  
PAGES SET FIRMLY IN REALITY!

PARA-NORMAL AIRLINES ANNOUNCES THE CONTINUING  
DELAY OF FLIGHT 302 TO REALITY. PASSENGERS ARE  
ADVISED TO REMAIN IN THE LOUNGE ANOTHER NIGHT...

I TOLDJA  
WE SHOULOA TOOK THE  
SCENCRIUSER,  
RALPH!

TO THE MOON, ALICE!

(LAUGHTER)

DADDY, DADDY--I'M AIRSICK!

BUT WE AIN'T EVEN  
BOARDED THE PLANE!

YEAH, BUT I TOOK ALL  
THE FREE FOOD VOUCHERS THE  
AIRLINE GAVE US AND--

BLAAT!

(PROLONGED LAUGHTER)

WAAAH,  
RICKY!

(HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

CUT, CUT, CUT--

I GOTTA  
KILL THAT BOY--I  
JUST GOTTA!

YOU CALL  
THIS "REALITY?"  
THERE'S NO  
CONTINUITY HERE, NO  
SCRIPT CONTROL, NO  
NOTHING! LOOK,  
JUST AS A FAVOR,  
I'LL HELP YOU  
OUT--

AW--WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
NOW?

ROLL, CAMERAS -- SLOW DISSOLVE --  
CUE JOHN WILLIAMS --

AND...

AFTER I HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO "REALITY," THE THREE OF US WERE BROUGHT ABOARD A UFO PILOTED BY TWO CREATURES NAMED FRED AND ETHEL -- WHO SEEMED TO POSSESS NO PARTICULAR GENDER, YET BICKERED CONSTANTLY. I THINK THEY MUST HAVE BEEN MARRIED...

I TOLD YOU YOU'D  
FLOOD THE ENGINE!

WELL, IF YOU'RE SO SMART, WHY  
DON'T YOU GET OUT AND PUSH?

"REALITY" ISN'T  
EASY TO FIND. I TOLD  
THEM ALL I KNEW OF  
THE PLANET "EARTH"  
IN THE YEAR 1985...

AND DID  
EVERYONE  
DRIVE BMW'S  
AND DRINK  
LOWENBRAU?

DID  
THEY PLAY  
THE "RING  
CYCLE" AT  
COCKTAIL  
PARTIES?

YES! YES! MY FRIENDS WERE  
ALL YOUNG PROFESSIONALS!

THEN PREPARE FOR LANDINGS!



TO BE CONTINUED

# MARA'S

## EDGE

**B**ORN ON AN OVERCROWDED EARTH IN A MISERABLE CONAPT, MARA WILLOUGHBY WATCHED HER LIFE DRIFT BY. SHE RESENTED HER NEIGHBORS, WHO ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THE EDGE ON HER. SHE REMEMBERED HEARING THAT THE TERM FOR SUCH PEOPLE WAYBACK IN THE 1980'S WAS "YUPPIE".

**W**HEN THE CALL WENT OUT FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FIRST TRADING MISSION TO ANTARES, MARA WAS THE FIRST TO APPLY. WHEN SHE WAS SELECTED FOR THE MISSION, IT SEEMED LIKE SHE'D FINALLY MADE THE FIRST TEAM. BUT, AS USUAL....

I GET ALL THE SHIT JOBS ON THIS TUB! ME-- A WOMAN OF MY VAST UNTAPPED POTENTIAL, AN THEY'VE GOT ME CLEANING OUT THE PLUMBING FER CHRISSAKES !!!

STORY BY  
**STEVE RIGGENBERG**  
ART BY  
**MILTON KNIGHT, JR.**





NOW IF THE CAPTAIN HAD ANY BRAINS, I'D BE THE ONE NEGOTIATING WITH THE ANTAREANS, SO--

OOGAH! OOGAH!

WHAT THE F--!

ATTENTION! THE HULL'S BEEN PUNCTURED!

DANGER! DANGER! ATMOSPHERIC ALERT!

THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!

BETTER GET INTO MY PRESSURE SUIT AND CHECK WITH THE SKIPPER!

HEY SKIPPER, WHAT THE HE--EEBUUYUCK!! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THE METEOR WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE CABIN!

WHO'S FLYIN' THIS THING!?

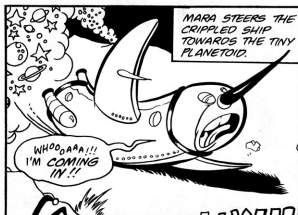
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! PLANETOID APPROACHING--MANUAL OVERRIDE REQUESTED--

PRELIMINARY DATA INDICATES HIGH PROBABILITY OF SURVIVAL FOLLOWING IMPACT--PLANETOID ATMOSPHERE READING: NITROGEN...

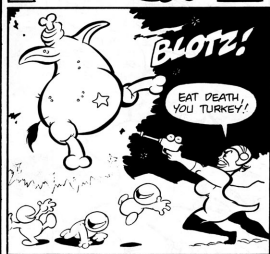
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF!! JUST GET ME DOWN NOW!

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU STUPID MACHINE! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LAND THIS TUB-- I'M JUST THE SANITARY ENGINEER!

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE IN THE VOID OF AIRLESS SPACE!



MARA STEERS THE CRIPPLED SHIP TOWARDS THE TINY PLANETOID.



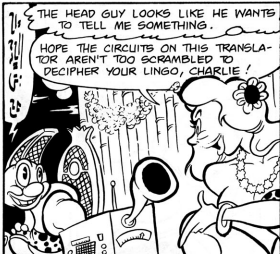
THE VICTORY LUAU HELD IN MARA'S HONOR BY THE GRATEFUL NATIVES LASTS FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

FINALLY--SOME RESPECT. FOR PRIMITIVES, THESE GUYS CAN REALLY PARTY! I COULD GET TO LIKE THIS PLACE!



THE HEAD GUY LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING.

HOPE THE CIRCUITS ON THIS TRANSLATOR AREN'T TOO SCRAMBLED TO DECIPHER YOUR LINGO, CHARLIE!



هنا - هنا!  
هنا - هنا!



OHhhh, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE I COME FROM... I COME FROM THE SKY! FROM UP! هههههه-- OUT THERE-- YOU DIG, SHORTY?

JEEZE, THIS GUY THINKS THEIR WORLD IS FLAT AND SURROUNDED BY MONSTERS. GUESS NOBODY EVER TOLD THESE GEEKS ABOUT COLUMBUS. Hmmm... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA....



NOW LISTEN UP, YOU LIL' Q-BALLS! YER PISSANT GODS SENT ME HERE TO RULE! SO FIRST OFF, I'LL PROVE TO YOU THE WORLD IS ROUND!



MORNING....

HEY--CHEER UP, YOU GUYS! I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, HONEST!

THESE GUYS WORK FAST--JEEZE, THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO A FUNERAL. THEY MUST HAVE HANGOVERS



TWO WEEKS OUT...

MORE FLYING FISH! BOREDOM IS THE MOST DANGEROUS THING AROUND HERE! THOSE NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS--CHEE! WHAT A BUNCH OF LOONIES!

Sigh I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ANOTHER NAP--

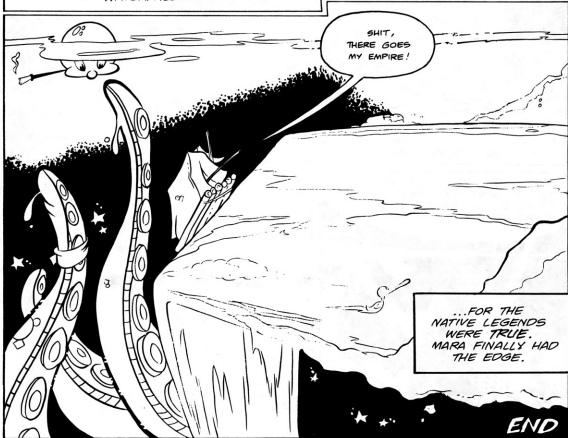
--HEY--IS THAT THUNDER?!

RUMBLE

BETTER TAKE DOWN MY WASH BEFO-- OHMIGOD!!!



AND AS THE GREAT, SLIMY TENTACLES SLOWLY CLOSED AROUND HER TINY RAFT, MARA'S SCREAMS WERE LOST IN THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE TITANIC WATERFALL....



SHIT,  
THERE GOES  
MY EMPIRE!

...FOR THE  
NATIVE LEGENDS  
WERE TRUE.  
MARA FINALLY HAD  
THE EDGE.

END

# Tales of the Galactic Inn

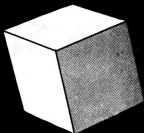
by José M<sup>a</sup> Bea

## Khantrax's Bedtime Story





A CUBICAL SPACESHIP OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY FLASHES THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. ITS CAPTAIN IS UNDER ORDERS TO TRANSPORT THE ALIEN PRISONER TO BASE. DESPITE THIS, RELATIONS BETWEEN THE OFFICER AND HIS CAPTIVE ARE EXCELLENT.





WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
YOU... YOU'RE  
DIFFERENT!



OUR RACE  
GOES THROUGH  
A SERIES OF  
MOLECULAR REGEN-  
ERATIONS WHICH  
MODIFY OUR ANATOMY  
COMPLETELY. I MUST  
NOTIFY YOU THAT  
DURING THIS  
TIME...



...I  
WOULDN'T BE ABLE  
TO COMMUNICATE  
WITH YOU  
UNTIL I'M...

ATTENTION!  
CAPTAIN FROM BASE!  
REMEMBER THE OBJECT  
OF THE MISSION IS TO  
DELIVER THE ALIEN  
CAPTIVE ALIVE!

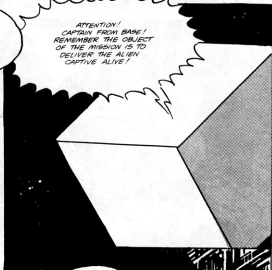


THAT  
DOES IT! I  
KNEW SOMETHING  
WEIRD WAS UP!

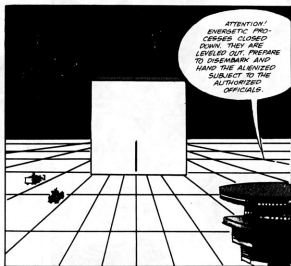
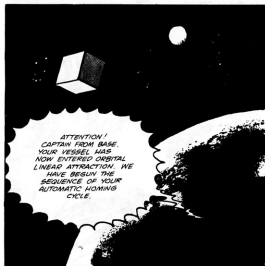


HE'S TURNED  
INTO SOME MAD  
CREATURE, AND I'VE  
GOT TO GET RID OF  
HIM BEFORE HE  
GETS RID OF  
ME.













MISSION  
FAILED AT THE LAST  
MOMENT I HAD TO DESTROY  
THE ALIENIZED SUBJECT  
BECAUSE HE HAD BECOME  
A LIABILITY. HE WAS  
UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND  
OUR  
METAMORPHOSIS.



WELL,  
THAT WAS ALL.  
HOW ABOUT  
IT?

ARE YOU  
PULLING MY  
TENTACLES?

IS THAT  
TRUE?

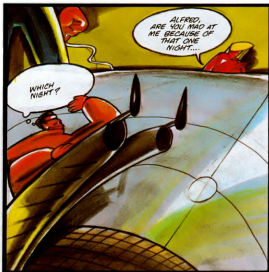
YOU  
CALL THAT A  
STORY? THAT'S  
NOTHING! LOOK AT  
MEOW OVER THERE...  
SHE WENT THROUGH  
A SIMILAR  
THING!

YEAH, YEAH...  
I USED TO HAVE THE  
FACE OF MARILYN MONROE, NOW  
LOOK AT ME! JUST AS THE  
METAMORPHOSIS WAS TAKING  
PLACE, I GOT MY PERIOD AND  
THE WHOLE THING GOT SCREWED  
UP. TALK ABOUT ALIEN  
SUBJECTS...

BY THE  
WAY, PICK ME  
UP SOME FISH ON  
YOUR NEXT  
TRIP. I'M  
STARVING!



THE END



WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO

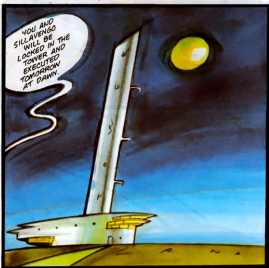


1984

# SILLAVENGO DISAPPEARS

MASSIMO 1034 GHINT

OUTLINE OF THE PRECEDING EPISODES:  
SILLAVENGO IS IN ETHIOPIA, ON A SECRET MISSION. TWO DESERTERS, MASQUERADING AS ETHIOPIANS, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS GULLIBILITY AND ABANDON HIM IN THE SAVANNAH. SILLAVENGO FINDS HIMSELF NEAR THE ENGLISH MILITARY BASE CALLED PINS, WHICH NADIA WANTS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF. SHE TRIES TO SHOOT THE ENGLISH COMMANDING OFFICER, BUT GETS SILLAVENGO INSTEAD...



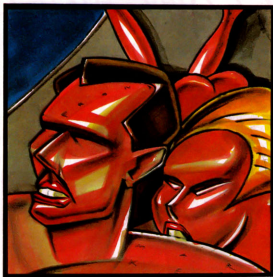
THEY UNDRRESSED US AND TOOK US TO A ROUND CHAMBER, WITH A SOFT FLOOR, AT THE VERY TOP OF THE TOWER.



THEY WERE GOING TO KILL US THE NEXT MORNING. WE FELT THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING WE COULD DO, AND WE DID IT.



I REGAINED MY LUCIDITY AND, THOUGH MY SENSES WERE STILL REELING, I SLAPPED HER WITH ALL MY STRENGTH.



FURIOUS, SHE RETALIATED BY BITING MY SHOULDER.



FROM NOWHERE, A CLEAVING BLOW!

ULTRA-VIOLET  
RAY LAMP,  
BY ARNE OSTROM

"MADIA"  
HAIRCUT,  
BY TIRONI &  
NORMADOLLI

ELLIPTICAL  
ROOM,  
LINED  
WITH  
STEEL





I DIDN'T LOSE A MOMENT. I THREW MYSELF THROUGH THE JASSED AND BROKEN CRYSTAL.



MOMENTS LATER, I WAS SLOWLY FLYING TOWARD THE SAVANNAH. I FELT SOME GUILT FOR THE WAY I HAD ABANDONED NADIA, BUT IT QUICKLY DISSIPATED WHEN I TURNED TOWARD THE TOWER.



ROUGH  
SKETCH FOR  
A DRESS,  
BY MASSIMO  
IOSA  
GHINI



PANTS,  
BY LILY  
EASTONI



TV  
ANTENNA,  
BY ARNE  
OSTROM





SHE HAD BEEN ABLE TO ESCAPE.



STRANGE DESTINY! MAYBE I WAS TRULY ABOUT TO DIE THIS TIME! I FELT SORRY, I HADN'T FINISHED DESIGNING MY BRIDGE.

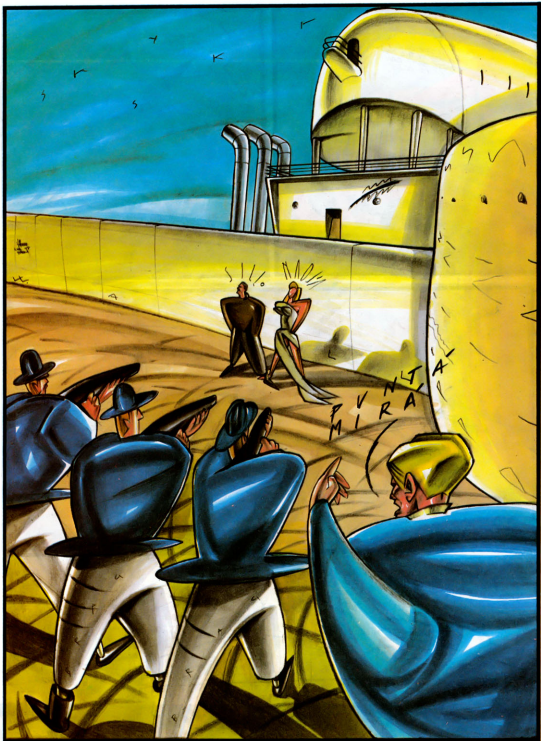


ARMCHAIR  
INSPIRED FROM  
THE MANY  
ITALIAN  
DESIGNS  
OF THE  
THIRTIES



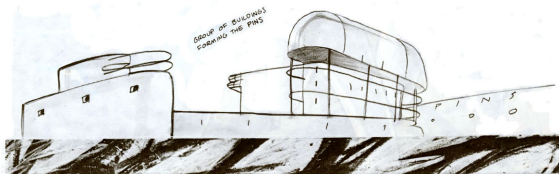
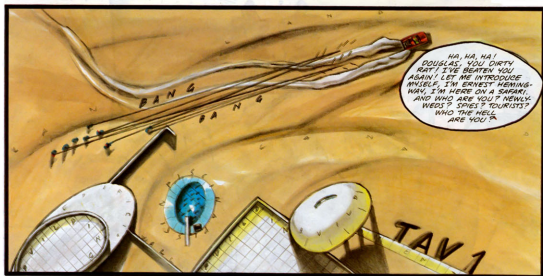
DESIGN FOR A  
TRAMPOLINE, BY  
MAURIZIO C.





TOO BAD! THE BRIDGE WOULD HAVE BEEN TRULY STUNNING! AND TOO BAD FOR NADIA,  
SHE TOO WAS STUNNING....







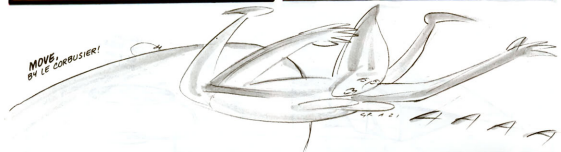


TENT FOR 3 PEOPLE



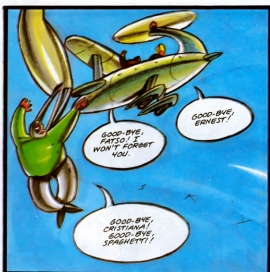
AFRICAN SIDE TABLE, BY KONG MALLOU







NADIA HAD FALLEN IN THE RAVINE. I FELT TERRIBLE, BUT I KEPT ON FIGHTING.



ERNEST,  
BY RABON

IN THE FORM OF CRISTIANA  
JESI, SUTTY PILOT AND GREAT  
INVENTOR, WHO WAS FLYING  
BACK TO BOLOGNA AFTER A  
CRUISE ON THE NILE.

CRISTIANA SEEMED TO KNOW MY FRIEND QUITE WELL.  
I WASN'T SORRY TO SEE HIM GO.

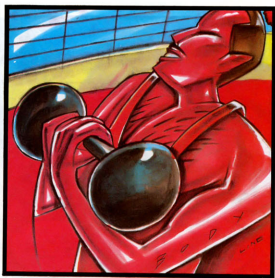


"INVENTION"  
BY CRISTIANA  
ZAPPELLI





I WAS HOME AT LAST. MY LIFE AS AN ENGINEER WAS STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN, AFTER MY ADVENTURES IN ALBANIA, SABAUDIA, CAPRI, ETHIOPIA, AND MY EXCITING ENCOUNTERS WITH AIDA, VULVA MORBIDJANA, BESSIR, THE MONTA MOZUNA, AND ZITTO TERMOZETA...



MY LIFE REVOLVED AROUND THE GYM AND THE FASHIONABLE DISCOTHEQUES, AND THE RELAXED FACE SEEMED TO AGREE WITH ME.



THE HOURS AT THE OFFICE WERE EASY AND FUN, WITH BARTO WHO WAS ALWAYS READY TO TELL ME ABOUT HIS LATEST EXPLOITS WITH FASCINATING WOMEN, WHILE INKING OUR LATEST PROJECT I HAD NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT. LIFE WAS BEAUTIFUL... BUT I MISSED SOMETHING... ADVENTURE... OR MAYBE...



VASE,  
BY  
ETTORE  
SCOTSSAS



COSTUME, BY  
REMO BUTI



...NADIA?

TIE, BY  
MONTANA

HAIRCUT  
BY TIEDI &  
NORMADELLI

JACKET, BY  
MONTANA



THE END

1984 Massimo Iosa Grimi

# THE JEALOUS GOD

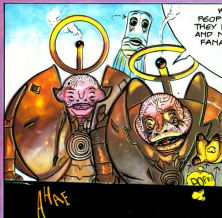
written by Jodorowsky  
art by Cadelo

IN KARNAR, THE PLANET DIVIDED INTO FOUR DIFFERENT CONTINENTS, A SHIP, COMING FROM UROK, IS TRANSPORTING WARRIORS AND PILGRIMS TO ADURALIS,

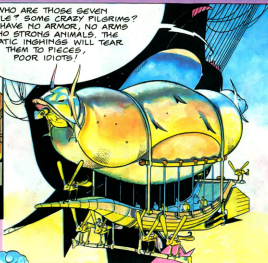


THE SACRED SWAMP, WHERE ALL

GODS AND RELIGIONS WERE BORN.



WHO ARE THOSE SEVEN  
PEOPLE? SOME CRAZY PILGRIMS?  
THEY HAVE NO ARMOR, NO ARMS  
AND NO STRONG ANIMALS. THE  
FANATIC INSHINGS WILL TEAR  
THEM TO PIECES,  
POOR IDIOTS!

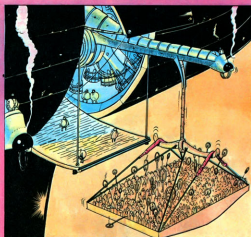






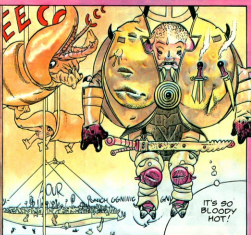
SKRRRRR... SPLOOT

"THE  
NAVIGATORS OF  
THE SACRED  
AXIS"



HERE WE ARE,  
FINALLY,  
IN THE SACRED  
MUD!

THE  
JEALOUS  
GOD



KISS  
THE SACRED  
MUD, MY  
SON!

IT'S SO  
BLOODY  
HOT!

## FIRST CHAPTER: THE ANDRAGORUS



LET'S GO TO THE ORIGIN OF  
THE AXIS.



THE ETERNAL, THE ONLY  
ONE, THE CENTRAL GOD,  
THE UNIVERSE REVOLVES  
AROUND YOU...

THE ATHEISTIC FANATICS OF THE INSHING CONTINENT



AOUR IS A LIE!



IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT THINKER, PLUR-TS, WE SHALL DESTROY THEM!

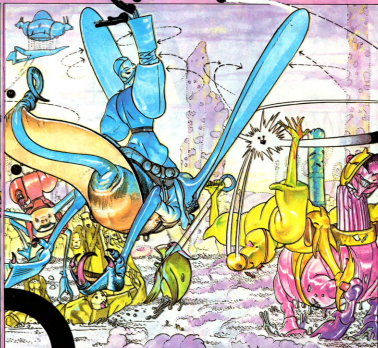


THE WARRIORS FROM UROK ARE BURDENED BY THEIR ARMOR, WHICH GETS STUCK IN THE MUD, AND CANNOT MOVE...



THE INSHINGS GO FOR THE MASSACRE.

THE SEVEN MONK/KNIGHTS ARRIVE.



THE VICTORY IS OURS! WE HAVE DESTROYED THE ATHEISTS. LET US GO TO THE HERMIT'S TEMPLE.



PRAY, O PILGRIMS, PRAY!  
IN THIS MIRACULOUS PLACE,  
AOUR, OUR ONLY GOD,  
WAS BORN!



SACRILEGE!!  
OUR SAINTLY  
HERMIT IS BEING  
KIDNAPPED!



MULA D'ARASS, WORSHIPPER OF THE PROPHET RAM'ALDAR, AND ABSOLUTE RULER OF ULISMAN, THE DESERT CONTINENT, IS NOW ARRIVING WITH HIS ARMY OF SUICIDAL ANDROGINI...

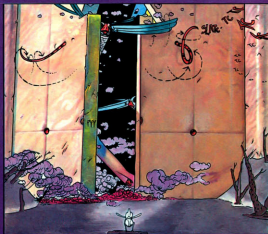
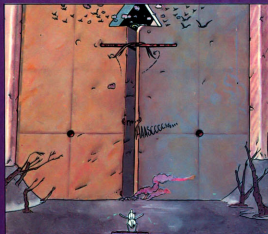
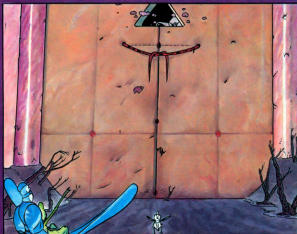
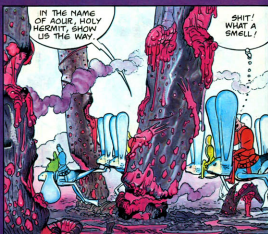


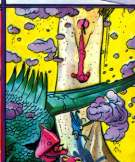
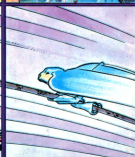
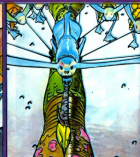
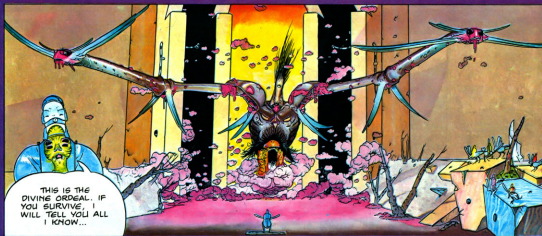
WE  
ARE TOO  
LATE...



THEY TOOK HIM AWAY  
BEFORE WE COULD GET AT  
HIM! WHO ARE THOSE  
BLASTED MONKS?

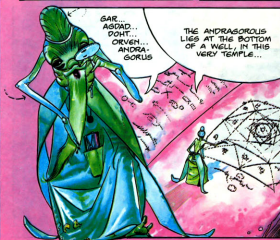
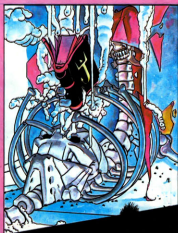
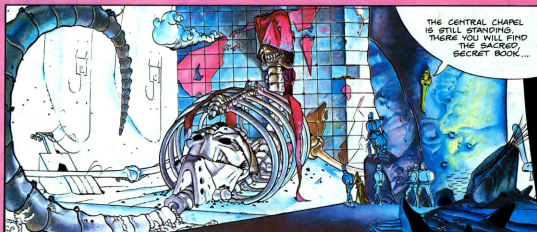
LET'S  
FOLLOW THEM.





THE MONSTER IS BEATEN.

AND THE HERMIT LEADS THEM TOWARDS THE GIANTS' TEMPLE...



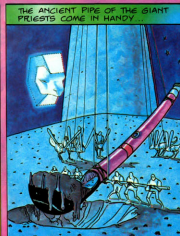
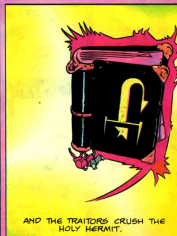
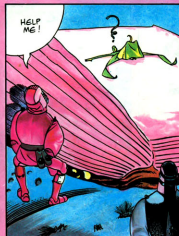
OLIBO



IN THE MEANTIME, WE WILL LOOK FOR SOME UTENSILS AND WILL START THE EXCAVATIONS.



KORNO



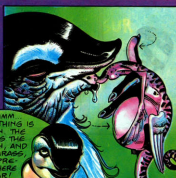




MY  
FIANCEE'S, WE  
WILL HAVE TO  
WORK HARD, AND  
WAIT WITH THE  
UTMOST  
PATIENCE...

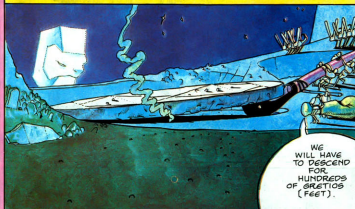


AHHH!  
THE PROPHET'S  
FAVORITE  
HALLUCINO-  
GENIC  
ANIMALS...



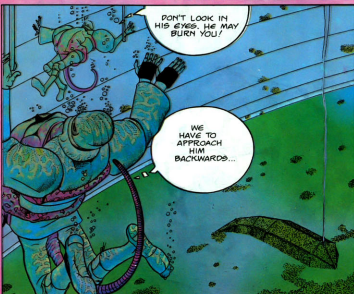
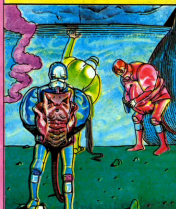
MMMMMM  
EVERYTHING IS  
ILLUSION. THE  
PROPHET IS THE  
ONLY TRUTH, AND  
I, MULA D'ARASS,  
AM HIS REPRESENTATIVE HERE  
ON KARNAR!

THE SACRED WELL.



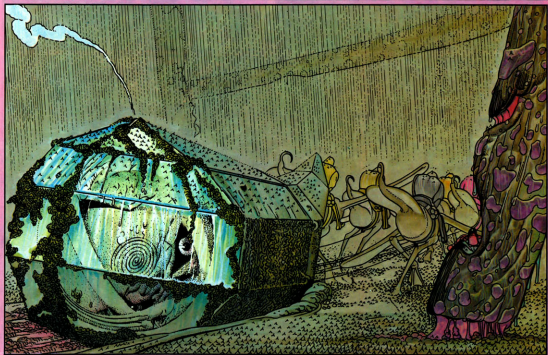
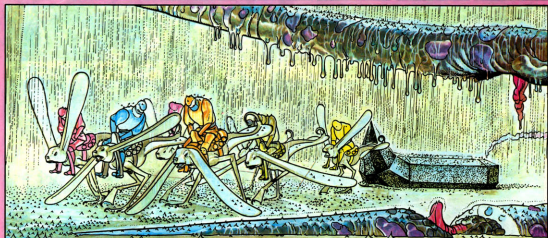
WE  
WILL HAVE  
TO DESCEND  
FOR  
HUNDREDS  
OF GRETTOS  
(FEET).

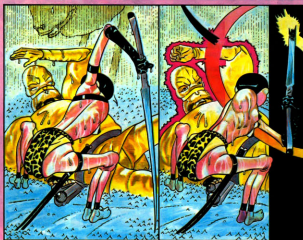
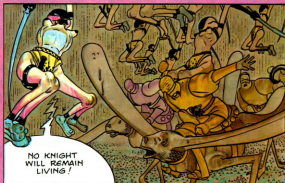
THEY PUT ON THE ANIMAL/RESPIRATORS



DON'T LOOK IN  
HIS EYES. HE MAY  
BURN YOU!

WE  
HAVE TO  
APPROACH  
HIM  
BACKWARDS...





TO BE CONTINUED

11



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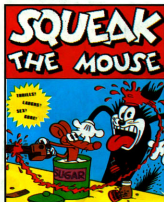
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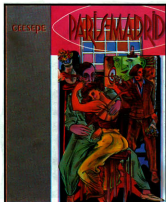


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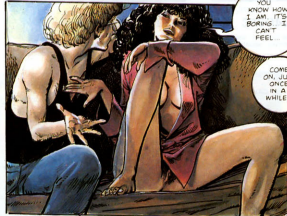
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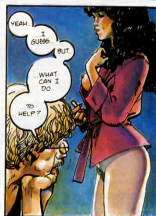
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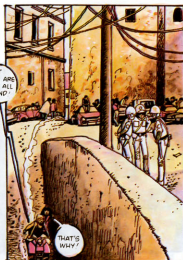
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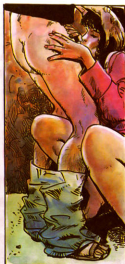


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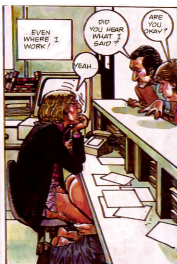
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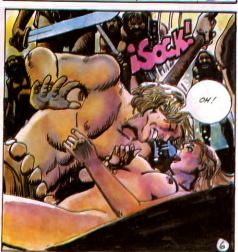
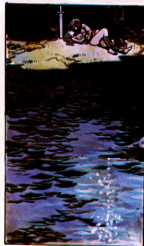
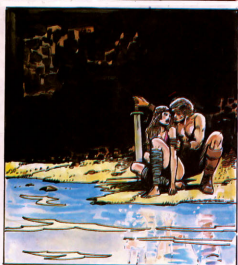












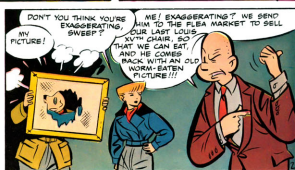
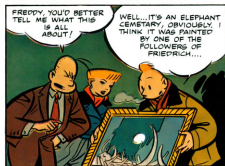
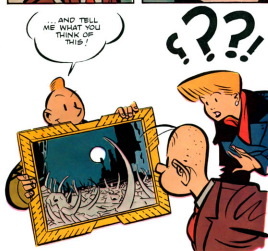
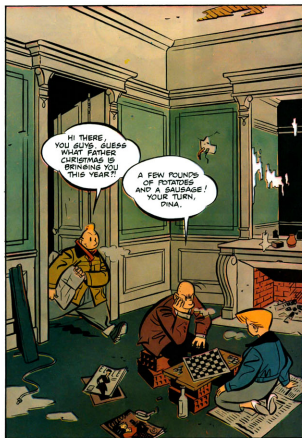


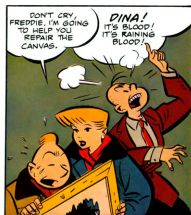
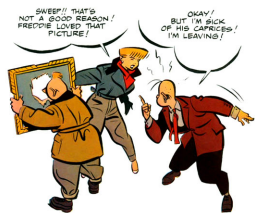




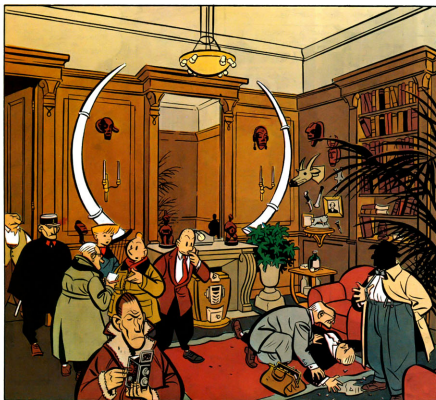
Fin











HE DIED LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO. HE HAS KNIFE WOUNDS IN VERY STRANGE PLACES ALL OVER HIS BODY.

CIGARETTE, DOC?



IN MY OPINION, HE KNEW THE ASSASSIN. HE WAS ASSAULTED WHILE HE WAS PREPARING A DRINK. LOOK AT THE PIECES OF GLASS ON THE FLOOR AND THE SMELL OF WHISKEY ALL OVER THE ROOM... THANKS, CHIEF.



WAIT A MOMENT! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THESE BROWN SPOTS ON YOUR SHIRT? WHAT WERE YOU DOING WHEN THE CRIME TOOK PLACE?

THAT'S CHICKEN BLOOD, SIR. I WAS IN MY KITCHEN.



IT'S STRANGE THAT YOU DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

WELL, WE WERE DISCUSSING SOMETHING RATHER ANIMATEDLY!



MAY I KNOW THE TOPIC OF YOUR DISCUSSION?

PAINTING, CHIEF! A GERMAN PAINTING OF THE 19TH CENTURY.



HMMM... AND WHAT ABOUT THE VICTIM, BOUSROT?

HIS NAME IS EUGENE BROUSSARD. HE USED TO LIVE IN CONGO, AND HAD LIVED ALONE HERE EVER SINCE HE CAME BACK 15 YEARS AGO. HE OFTEN WENT TO A CLUB IN WHICH MOST OF HIS FRIENDS FROM THE COLONIES HUNG OUT.



THAT EVENING...



...MURDERED, POOR OLD GUY! WE'RE LIVING IN A STRANGE CENTURY, LET ME TELL YOU!

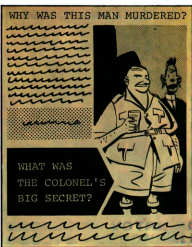
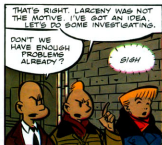
BROUSSARD... I REALLY CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WAS HERE LAST NIGHT! MORPHE? WHAT'S THE MATTER?













TO BE CONTINUED

# WEIRD SOUP!

STORY AND ART  
NICOLA CUTI-  
LETTING BY  
BILL PEARSON

THERE'S  
ENGE, SHE'S  
BACK.

'BOUT TIME.  
SHE'S BEEN FORAGING  
FOR... MUST BE  
GOING ON A WEEK.

WHERE'S  
STONER?

FIRST...  
LET'S SEE  
YOUR  
KILL.



YOU LOOK **AWFUL**,  
STONER... LIKE A  
WALKING **SKELETON**.  
YOU'RE WASTING AWAY,  
ONLY EATING SOUP.  
THERE'S FRESH MEAT  
AT THE CAMP.

THEY THINK  
I'VE SHOT MY  
ROCKETS, ESPECIALLY  
WHEN I TELL THEM  
HOW THE **SOUP**  
TALKS TO ME.

BUT,  
YOU'LL UN-  
DERSTAND.

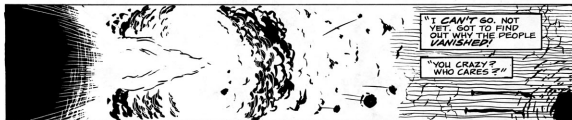
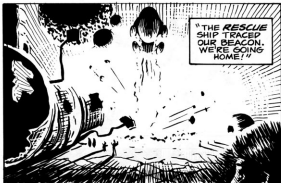
IT'S THE FLATWORMS, SEE, THEY'RE  
**INTELLIGENT**. COURSE, THEY SURE  
HAVE A PRIMITIVE WAY OF FINDING  
OUT WHAT'S ON A BODY'S MIND. THEY  
EAT THE BODY... MIND AND ALL.

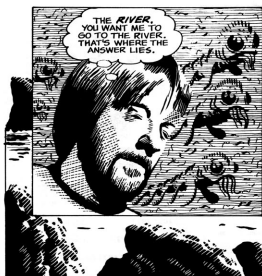


CONVERSATIONS  
TEND TO BE **SHORT**  
AND A TRIFLE **ONE-  
SIDED**, BUT... THOROUGH.  
FOR INSTANCE, JUST  
NOW I ATE THE  
**DAWN OF TIME!**









"BEAU-OOTIFUL SOO-OOP!  
BEAU-TIFUL SOO-OOP!  
SOO-OOP OF THE E--E--EVENING,  
BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTI-FUL SOUP!"  
--LEWIS CARROLL





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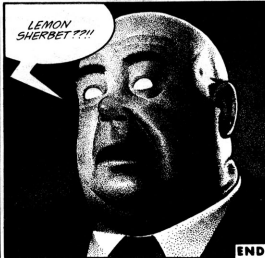
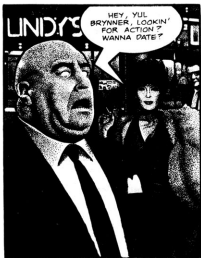
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# TOR JOHNSON IN NEW YORK

## PART TWO

TOR JOHNSON'S 1963 NEW YORK VACATION INCLUDED A VISIT TO SLEAZY TIMES SQUARE. IT WAS THERE THAT THE FOLLOWING TRANSACTION TOOK PLACE.



# chain mail

I just got your superheated letter in regard to the bill I owe you (for a subscription). In your letter, you said you thought the bill should have been paid off long ago, and you couldn't understand why it wasn't. Well, sir, I will enlighten you as to why I have a hard time raising the money.

In 1967 I bought a sawmill on credit, then, in 1968, an oxen team and cart, two ponies, a breech-loading gun, a twenty-four-dollar Colt revolver, and two razorback hogs, all on a damned installment plan.

In 1969, the sawmill burned down and didn't leave me a damn thing. One of the ponies died, so I gave the other one to a son of a bitch who let it starve to death, and then I joined the church.

In 1970 my father died and my brother was hanged for stealing a horse. A railroad man knocked up my daughter, and I had to pay eighty-eight dollars to a doctor to keep the little bastard from becoming a relative of mine.

In 1971 my boy caught the mumps and they went down on him and the doctor had to castrate him in order to save his life. Then I went fishing and turned the damn boat over, losing the biggest catfish I ever saw. Two of my boys drowned, neither being the one castrated.

In 1976 my wife ran off with a nigger and left me with a set of twins as a souvenir; then I married the hired help to keep down the expenses, but I had trouble getting her off. I went to a doctor and he told me to create some excitement about the time she was ready. So I took my shotgun to bed with me that night. When I thought she was ready, I stuck the gun out the window and fired. My wife shit the bed, I ruptured myself, and I shot the best damned milk cow I ever had.

In 1979 I burned myself out and took to drinking. I didn't stop till all I had left was a Waterbury watch and kidney trouble. Then all I had to do was wind my watch and piss.

Then last year I decided to start over again. I bought a manure spreader, tractor, and threshing machine, all on the damned credit plan.

Then a cyclone came along and blew everything into the next county, my wife caught the clap from a traveling salesman, my boy wiped his ass with a corncob that was covered with rat poison, and some bastard de-nufted my best bull.

Anyway, at the present time if it cost a nickel to shit I'd have to puke. In other words, if turkeys were selling for

five cents a pound, I couldn't kiss a jaybird's ass.

And yet you say you can cause me trouble for not having my payment in on time. Well, my friends, trying to get money from me would be like trying to poke butter up a wildcat's ass with a red-hot poker, but if you want to you can. Yours for credit!

Thom "Hardluck" Elliott  
Carson City, NV

*Talk about fantasy! We wish some of our writers could come up with stories like this!—Eds.*

**Unless I'm mistaken**, the robots on page 68 of your July 1985 issue are communicating in international Morse code. If this is true, there is a mistake. The one on the left is saying "droise non conforg." Apparently, the final "g" should be an "m" to make the word "conform." This would make sense in the context of the story—especially since the other robot is indicating (in French) that the visitor ought to be destroyed/ruined/dismantled. . . .

Clifford Abrams  
Evanston, IL

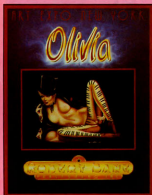
Dear Cliff: 000 0000!%!0000!%! —Eds.

**I have been** an avid fan of *Heavy Metal* for a long time. I have never written to you in the past, but I now feel I must write. The art forms that you have presented in the pages of *Heavy Metal* have all had some appealing feature which has given me cause for delight. I especially care for the way your contributors portray the females of our and other races. The graphics that you present monthly allow me to go far into the world of fantasy.

What, you might ask, could elicit such verbiage? Your July issue's cover art, of course! I am indebted to you for revealing Olivia De Berardinis's work. Now that you have given me reason to live, and not meaning to sound ungrateful for the services already provided, where can I get more of Olivia's work?

A. Lott  
St. Louis, MO

Write O Cards, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018 for info on Olivia merchandise.—Eds.



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...A  
PARACHUTE!



THERE'LL PROBABLY  
BE A SKINHEAD  
CONTINGENT DOWN  
THERE TO GREET  
ME!



SHIT!  
I'M A SITTING  
DUCK...WHERE  
THE HELL  
ARE RUDY  
AND GYPSY?



DOLL WANTS  
HIM ALIVE! DON'T  
KILL HIM, JUST  
BITE HIS FINGERS  
OFF!



A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY,  
RUDY AND GYPSY WATCH THE  
PARACHUTE FLOAT DOWN UPON  
THE RAVENOUS SKINHEADS.

HE  
MADE IT!  
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT!  
LET'S GO!



UNUSPECTING, THE  
SKINHEADS ARE MOWED  
DOWN BY A RASH  
OF BULLETS.



THE SKINS HAVE NO TIME TO  
REACT BEFORE THE VAN PEELS  
OUT, SPITTING LEAD AT  
EVERY TURN!

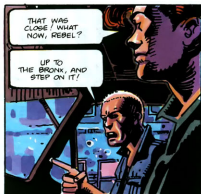




OUTWITTED, DOLL IS  
FIT TO BE TIED...

YOU  
FOOLS! YOU  
JERKOFFS! I  
WANT THAT  
MAN!

I'LL FEED  
YOU ALL TO THE  
DOGS IF I DON'T  
GET HIM!  
I'LL...



THAT WAS  
CLOSE! WHAT  
NOW, REBEL?

UP TO  
THE BRONX, AND  
STEP ON IT!



LORI... I HOPE  
SHE'S ALRIGHT.  
WHAT COULD  
THEY'VE DONE  
WITH HER?



FAMILIAR WITH INTERROGATION  
TECHNIQUES, REBEL HAS A SUT  
FEELING OF EXACTLY WHAT  
THEY COULD HAVE DONE WITH  
HER. SWALLOWING HIS PAIN, HE  
DECIDES TO REPRY DOLL.

THIS IS  
THE PLACE!

WHAT ARE WE  
DOING HERE?

GETTING READY  
TO TAKE DOLL.  
IT'S LONG  
OVERDUE.



YEAH! LET'S BURN  
THOSE SKINHEADS!

THERE'S  
ENOUGH STUFF  
HERE TO LEVEL  
THE WHOLE CITY. WHERE  
DID ALL OF THESE  
EXPLOSIVES  
COME FROM?

MY UNIT  
USED THIS PLACE AS  
A SUPPLY DUMP  
DURING THE SECOND  
CIVIL WAR. I  
FIGURED IT WOULD  
BE USEFUL  
SOMEDAY.



LATER THE OVERLOADED VAN  
PICKS ITS WAY THROUGH THE  
MAZE OF ABANDONED SUBWAY  
TUNNELS, HEADING TOWARDS  
THE TARGET.

I THINK THIS  
ROUTE SHOULD  
BE PRETTY  
CLEAR ALL THE  
WAY THROUGH.

WHERE THE  
HELL ARE WE  
GOING ANY-  
WAY?



YOU'LL SEE!



WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS  
LATER....

CHAMBERS  
STATION...  
LOOKS LIKE  
WE'RE  
ALMOST  
THERE.

WANT ME TO  
SPEED UP?



WATCH THOSE BUMPS!  
NO TELLING WHAT WILL MAKE  
THESE OLD "FIRECRACKERS"  
BLOW UP!

NOW YOU  
TELL ME!

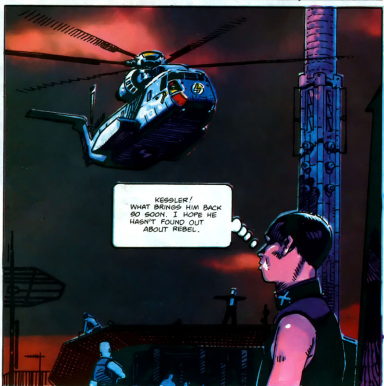
YEAH, WE'RE  
A REGULAR  
BOMB-MOBILE.



THIS IS  
WHERE WE'RE GOING  
AND WE'RE ALMOST  
THERE.

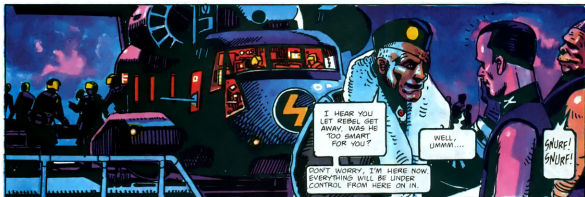


FAR ABOVE DOLL IS  
RECEIVING GUESTS.



KESSLER!  
WHAT BRINGS HIM BACK  
SO SOON. I HOPE HE  
HASN'T FOUND OUT  
ABOUT REBEL.





I HEAR YOU  
LET REBEL GET  
AWAY. WAS HE  
TOO SMART  
FOR YOU?

WELL,  
UMMM....

SNURF!  
SNURF!

DON'T WORRY, I'M HERE NOW.  
EVERYTHING WILL BE UNDER  
CONTROL FROM HERE ON IN.



OKAY, DOLL, THIS  
TOWER WILL BE OUR  
CONTROL CENTER. I'LL  
BE DIRECTING THE  
CLEAN-UP OPERATION  
IN PERSON.



WHEN THIS SURVEILLANCE  
EQUIPMENT IS SET UP, NOT  
EVEN A RAT WILL BE ABLE  
TO CRAWL IN THIS CITY WITH-  
OUT ME KNOWING ABOUT  
IT.

MEANWHILE,  
DOWN BELOW IN  
THE SUBWAY....



RIGHT  
AHEAD, BOYS!  
THAT'S THE  
SPOT!



MAJOR, I COULD BE WRONG, BUT I SEEM TO BE GETTING A CONSISTENT SIGNAL ON THE SCAN. IT'S VERY ODD. IT'S ABOUT 150 FEET UNDERGROUND. WHY, IT'S BELOW US!

WHAT??

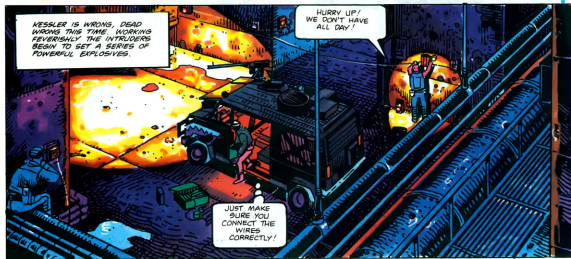


WE'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES. SERGEANT, GET A SQUAD DOWN TO THE SUBWAY TUNNELS--AND DO IT FAST! NEUTRALIZE ANYTHING YOU FIND!

YES, SIR!



IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING. NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER COME NEAR THIS PLACE!

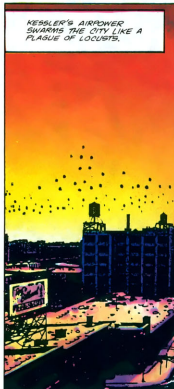
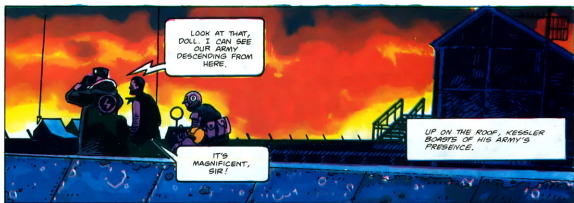


KESSLER IS WRONG, DEAD WRONGS THIS TIME. WORKING FEVERISHLY, THE INTRUDERS BEGIN TO SET A SERIES OF POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES.

HURRY UP! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!

JUST MAKE SURE YOU CONNECT THE WIRES CORRECTLY!









LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE, THE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE CITY WITH ITS FOUNDATION BLOWN AWAY, THE SYMBOL OF OPPRESSION COLLAPSES IN A CLOUD OF DUST.





NOT FAR FROM  
THE EXPLOSION...



“COUGH” “COUGH”  
WE’RE LUCKY THE  
PATROL CUT OUT WHEN  
THEY DID. WE DIDN’T  
HAVE ANYTIME TO  
FIGHT IT OUT WITH  
THEM.

“COUGH”  
“COUGH” YEAH,  
I’M GLAD THEY  
DIDN’T HANG-  
AROUND...

“COUGH” LOOK AT  
IT OUT HERE!  
“COUGH”



SHIT! THE  
SANITATION POLICE!

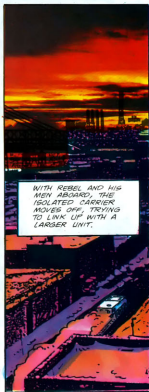
WITH THE COMMAND  
CENTER DESTROYED,  
THE MASSIVE MILITARY  
OPERATION SHEDS  
TO A HALT. THE  
PATROLS ARE IN  
CHAOS. THE CITY  
IS AN INTROATE  
JUNGLE. THE TROOPS  
PULL OUT IN FEAR  
OF AMBUSH.

CAPTAIN,  
WE CAN’T GET ANYTHING  
ON THE RADIO.  
THE SCANS ARE OFF.  
WE’LL NEVER GET  
THEM NOW!



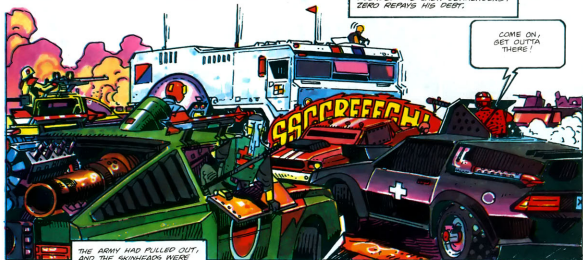
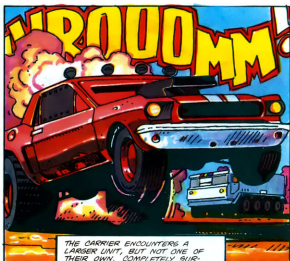
JESUS,  
I DON’T THINK  
THESE JERKS  
KNOW WHO WE  
ARE!

I’M LOSING  
CONTROL AND I  
DON’T LIKE THAT.  
GET THE PRISONERS  
ABOARD AND  
WE’LL PULL OUT.



WITH REBEL AND HIS  
MEN ABOARD, THE  
ISOLATED CARRIER  
MOVES OFF, TRYING  
TO LINK UP WITH A  
LARGER UNIT.







WITH THE BLOW TO THE SKINHEADS,  
THE SLAVE TRAFFICKING WILL STOP  
FOR A WHILE...IF NOT FOREVER.  
THERE IS A NEW SENSE OF PRIDE  
IN THE CITY. A SELF-IDENTITY. AN  
IDENTITY THE GANG WILL FIGHT  
TO KEEP.



IT IS A HAPPY EVENT FOR ALL,  
BUT ONE--REBEL. HE MOURNS  
FOR LORI, AND WORRIES  
ABOUT THE FUTURE. IT WON'T  
BE EASY.



THERE WILL BE TIME TO  
FORGET, BUT FOR NOW,  
HE'LL REMEMBER.



END



...AND AFTER A FEVERISH NIGHT OF INTENSE PASSION, IT BECAME MORNING ONCE AGAIN...

MISS ERR... I MEAN  
GABRIELLE, YOU'VE MADE  
THIS NIGHT THE HAPPIEST OF  
MY LIFE.

WANA... YOU'RE  
REALLY RICH.

BUT I CAN'T GO ON LIKE  
THIS BEHIND JACK'S BACK. WE  
MUST TELL HIM AS SOON AS  
HE RETURNS!

# TIMESCOOTER



WE CAN GO AND LIVE ON SOME INCREDIBLY ROMANTIC SETTLERS' MOON... I'VE GOT SOME MONEY HIDDEN AWAY... I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...

LISTEN TO YOURSELF! YOU'D THINK I REALLY CARED FOR YOU!

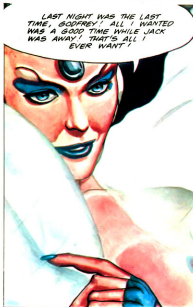


WHERE THE HELL DID YOU GET THE NOTION THAT I WAS GOING TO LEAVE JACK FOR YOU AND YOUR FEW MEASLY BUCKS? AND ANOTHER THING, YOU'D NEVER CATCH ME ON ONE OF THE GODFORSAKEN SETTLERS' MOONS!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER WHY I GOT INVOLVED WITH YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE... ALTHOUGH AT TIMES YOU DO LOOK PRETTY SEXY.

BUT WHAT ABOUT LAST NIGHT... IT... IT... WAS INCREDIBLE!



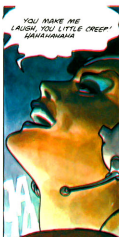
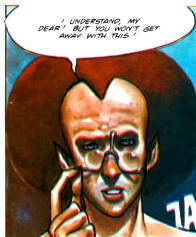
LAST NIGHT WAS THE LAST TIME, GODFREY! ALL I WANTED WAS A GOOD TIME WHILE JACK WAS AWAY! THAT'S ALL I EVER WANT!



BUT I LOVE YOU, GABRIELLE, I ADORE YOU! I THINK I MUST HAVE LOVED YOU EVEN BEFORE I EVER MET YOU... IF THAT MAKES ANY SENSE! IT JUST CAN'T BE A ONE NIGHT STAND!



WELL, THAT'S WHAT IT WAS, BUSTER. SO YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO THE IDEA! WHY DON'T YOU DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND FORGET ABOUT IT! GOT IT?





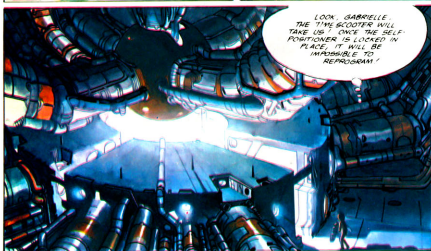
I KNEW YOU'D UNDER-  
STAND ME! YOU'VE STOPPED!  
THANK YOU!



I HAVE WAITED 25 YEARS  
FOR THE WOMAN OF MY DREAMS!  
I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU NOW...NOT  
EVER! OOOO, YOU'RE SOME  
HEAVY...



AFTER 25 YEARS  
OF STANDING ON THE  
SIDELINES...WATCHING LIFE  
GO BY...I'VE NEVER DONE  
ANYTHING WORTHWHILE,  
BUT KEEP MY HEAD  
BURIED IN BOOKS!



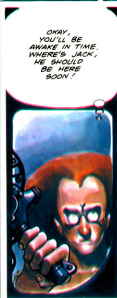
LOOK, GABRIELLE.  
THE 'TIME SCOOTER' WILL  
TAKE US! ONCE THE SELF-  
POSITIONER IS LOCKED IN  
PLACE, IT WILL BE  
IMPOSSIBLE TO  
REPROGRAM!



YOU JUST HOLD TIGHT  
FOR A MOMENT. WHILE I  
CALIBRATE THE  
'TIMESCOOTER'!



I'LL SWITCH IT  
TO MINIMUM  
CLOSED CIRCUIT,  
THAT MEANS  
INFINITE  
REPETITION OF  
12 HOURS...  
THERE.

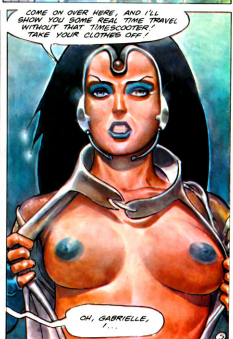


OKAY,  
YOU'LL BE  
AWAKE IN TIME.  
WHERE'S JACK?  
HE SHOULD  
BE HERE  
SOON!



TONIGHT WILL  
BE ECSTASY!





...AND AFTER A FEVERISH NIGHT OF INTENSE PASSION, IT BECAME MORNING ONCE AGAIN...

MRS. ERR... I MEAN GABRIELLE, YOU'VE MADE THIS NIGHT THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE.

HAWA... YOU'RE REALLY RICH.

BUT I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS BEHIND JACK'S BACK. WE MUST TELL HIM AS SOON AS HE RETURNS...

COENEZ ©

OWING TO THE LACK OF SPACE, WE MUST INTERRUPT THIS LOVE STORY.

THE END





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New Jodorowsky strip:  
"The Jealous God"  
The conclusion of "Sillavengo"  
and "Rebel"



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