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# just EDITORIAL

## A MOEBIUS WALK DOWN THE COMPUTER GRAPHICS LANE...

**F**or the last two years, there is an aspect of French artist Jean "Moebius" Giraud's career that has remained, unintentionally, a well-kept secret.

About two years ago, Moebius bought an Amiga computer system for his then thirteen-year-old son, Julien. Julien, who already was a fan of comics and animation (in particular Japanese animation), was becoming extremely interested in computer graphics.

Once the computer was installed and Julien showed his father its graphics potential, it was inevitable that Moebius would begin to experiment with it and draw pictures, just for the fun of it.

In 1988 some of these early attempts were reproduced as part of an article by Edward L. Fadigan in Volume 3, Number 3 of the magazine *Amazing Computing*. Although some of these images are still somewhat "rough," they are unarguably Moebius's in style and content.

A couple of months later, Moebius, with his son's help, began a comic story, *Ave*, directly on the Amiga.

Unfortunately, only one page was produced and, considering the artist's other commitments, it is unlikely that it will ever be finished.

*Ave*, like the earlier images, was drawn directly with the mouse, using no preliminary sketches of any kind. Moebius compared drawing with a mouse - a totally new experience for him - to performing with a handicap, like a pianist playing with one hand or a right-handed artist drawing with his left hand.

The artist considers *Ave* an interesting experiment which shows some promise but is still very rough, something he attributes to the fact that his

working on the Amiga remains a sporadic, isolated activity, instead of something he practices regularly.

Lately, with the help of his friend, artist Pierre Cous-teau, Moebius has used a video camera to scan existing artwork and (using "live" software) subject it to radical reinterpretations. For example, he created such a reconception from an isolated panel of the recent *Silver Surfer* story that he drew to Stan Lee's script.

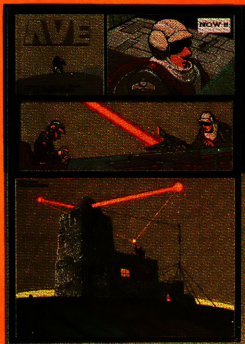
Moebius feels that no technique is an art in itself. It is only a tool for the creator. He believes, however, that the production of computer art will keep growing, even if he thinks that what he has seen published so far is still somewhat rudimentary in light of the true potential of the medium.

Time permitting, he himself continues to explore the various possibilities of computer art, in particular with an eye toward exploring the infinite variations offered by this new tool.

- Jean-Marc Lofficier



Editor's note: Check out "So You're Traveling to the Interzone," a travel guide (or blatant promotion - take your pick) to the Interzone: the galaxy's nucleus as depicted in the forthcoming *The Venus Interface*.



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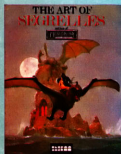
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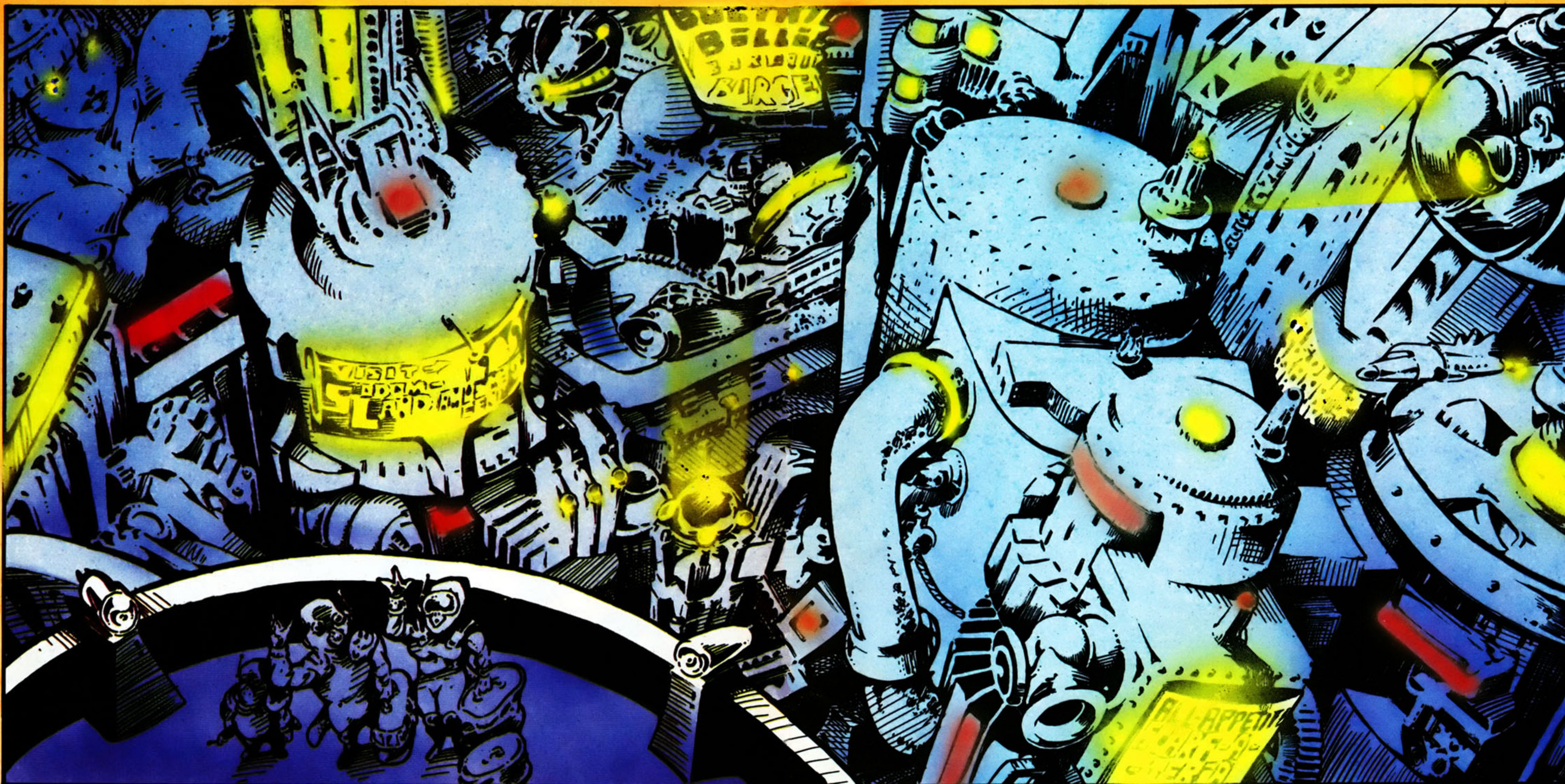


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### WELCOME ADVENTUROUS TRAVELER!

So, it's your first trip to the Interzone, eh? No doubt right about now you're feeling pretty overwhelmed by the place, right? It's okay, you can admit it. We understand. You see, those of us who call this most *open* of open cities home are well aware that no mere description or representation of the place can quite prepare anyone for the staggering, unbelievable reality of it all.

Yep, the Interzone sure is a mind-boggling thing to behold: a huge, galactic cluster-sized mega-structure that never sleeps or turns itself off, an engineering marvel and a social blast furnace, the ultimate hedonists' heaven and businessbeings' bonanza; truly, the first wonder of the Milky Way's scattered, anarchic worlds. Where the ceaseless activity, the excitement, the people, the lights, the opportunities, the invitations—the sheer *enormity* of it all must be *experienced* to be believed.

And we just-folks at the Interzone Businessbeing's Association for Unregulated Commerce, Inc. (call us IBAfUC, for short) do most sincerely hope that you experience our humble little hometown to the fullest extent you desire. Whatever it might be that you've come here in search of, we hope you'll find it—and we also hope that whatever it is you *don't* want doesn't find *you*. That's the funny thing about the Interzone: keeping it open means that all sorts of stuff we'd rather keep out sneaks in. Unfortunate,

but that's the way it is with unconditional freedom.

So remember: the responsibility for your welfare resides solely with you, the visitor. To get the most out of your visit you must be vigilant at all times, and restrain yourself from any activities the consequences of which you aren't fully cognizant. Do what thou wilt, as the wise man said, but don't come crying to us afterward. Just go out there, have a rockin' good time, and don't say we didn't warn you!



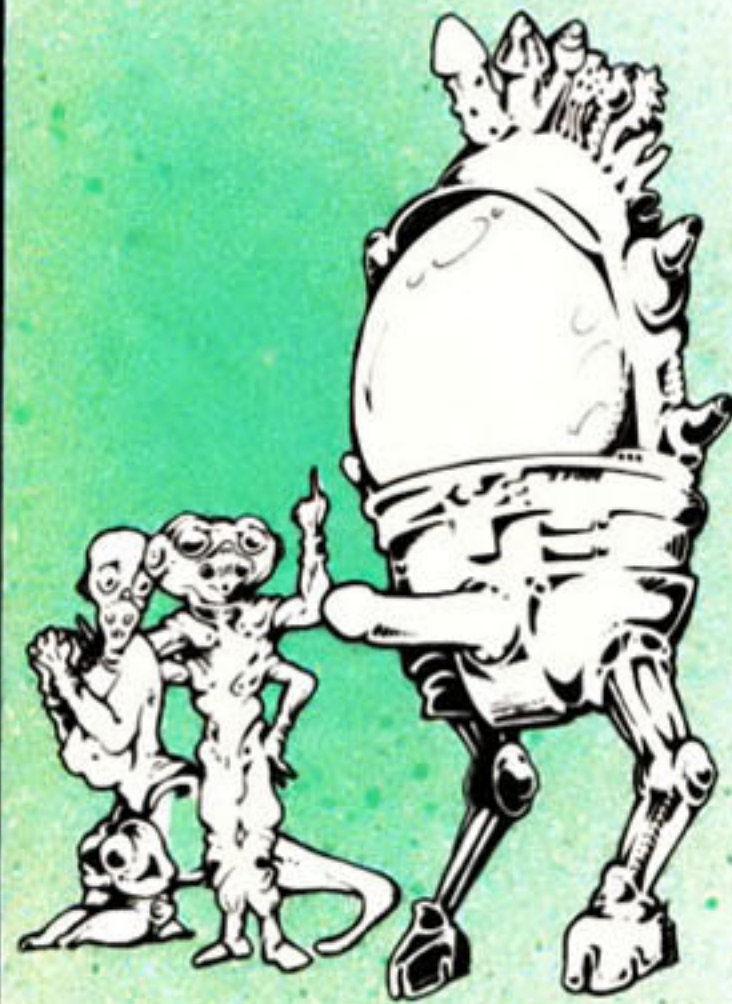




### BASIC RULES THE SMART 'ZONESTER LIVES BY:

▼ Wear your bodysuit at all times. You never know when the atmosphere might be carrying something not compatible with your life-form. Though the Interzone endeavors to provide an irritant/contagion-free environment, *nobody's* perfect. And don't forget, one being's ambrosia is another's puke-bait!

▼ Be prepared to protect yourself—because, you can be sure no one else will. Weapons are available, but over-eager use of them is punishable by instantaneous termination.

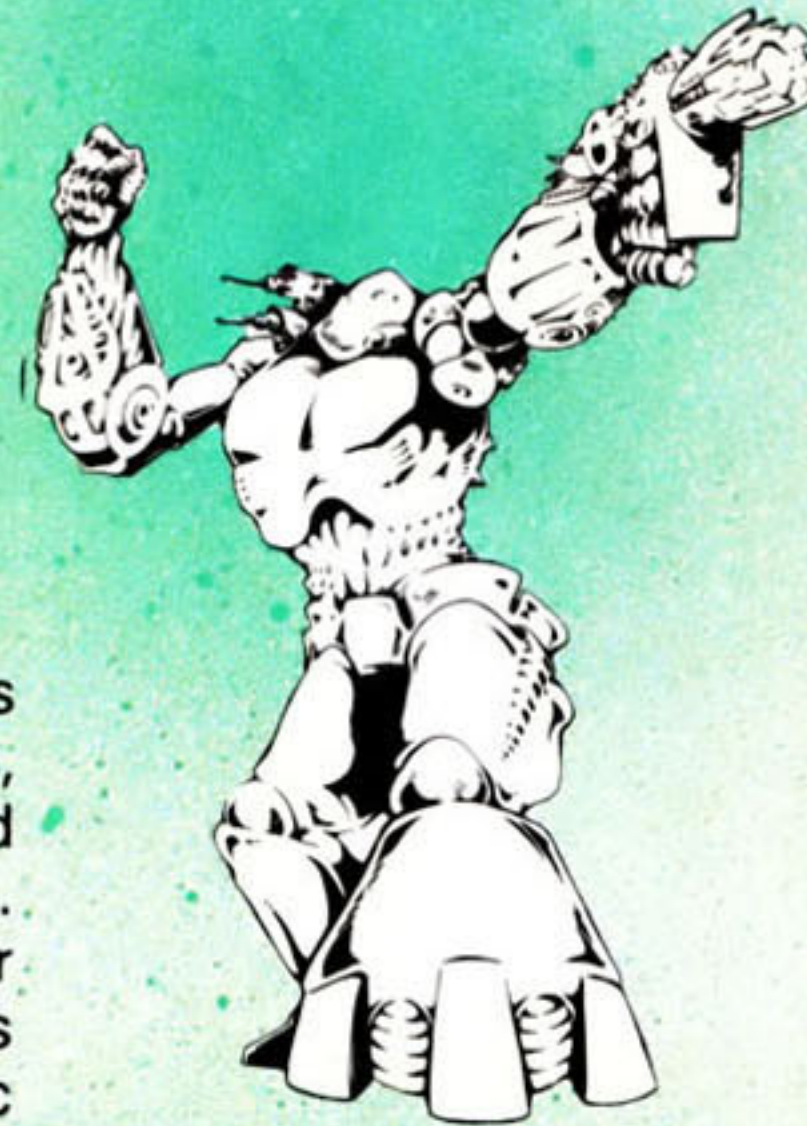


▼ Know your sex partner(s)! Some life-forms pack quite a few under-the-bodysuit surprises, so beware, and think with your advanced forebrain (if your species is so equipped). Also: Protect yourself from disease, no matter what reassuring words/gestures/thoughts your partner(s) might express. Prophylactic devices for all species are available via mobile vending machines that can be summoned with any universally acknowledged obscene gesture. For best results, patronize registered pleasure palaces *only*. Such establishments can be identified by a prominently displayed IBAfUC certificate.

▼ Are you a betting being? Interzone gambling emporiums pride themselves on their encyclopedic assortment of wagering opportunities. As above, we recommend you patronize only registered casinos (look for the IBAfUC sign!), and be sure to retinal-print a liability waiver on your way in. Don't forget: bet with your *currency*—not *above* your head or even *with* it (some of these wacky aliens might take you literally!).



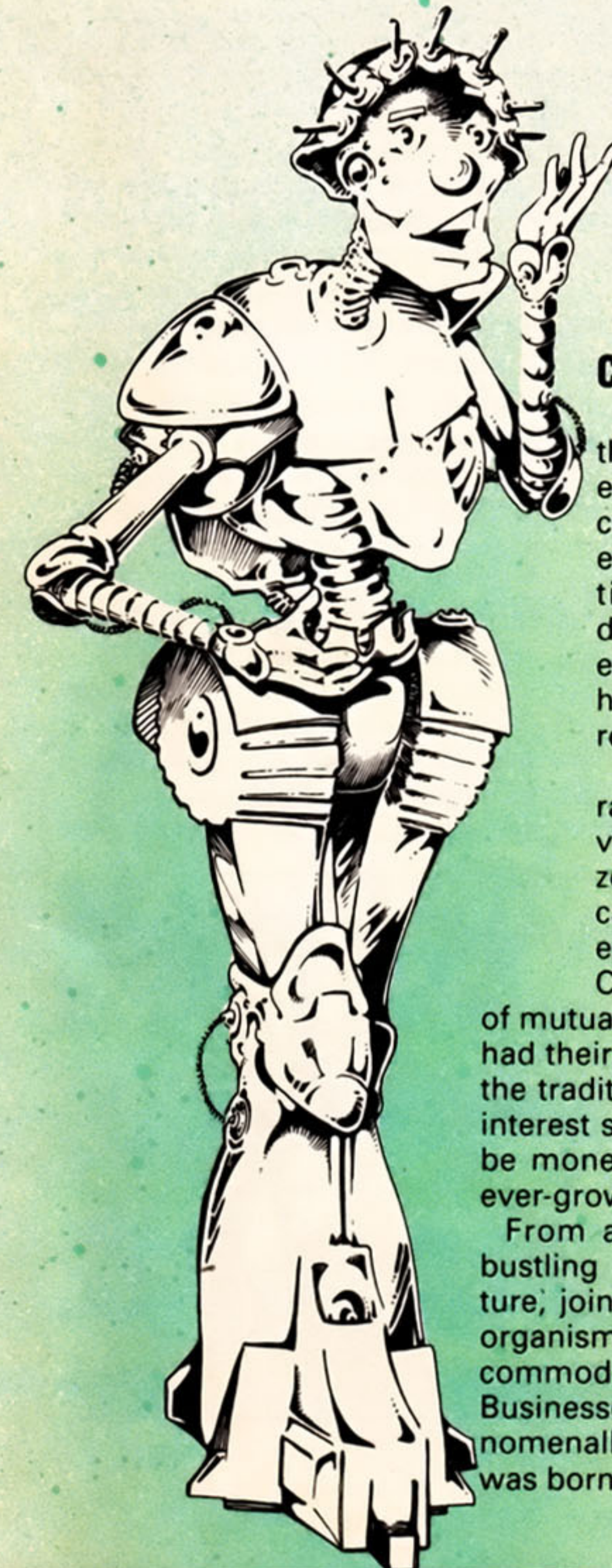
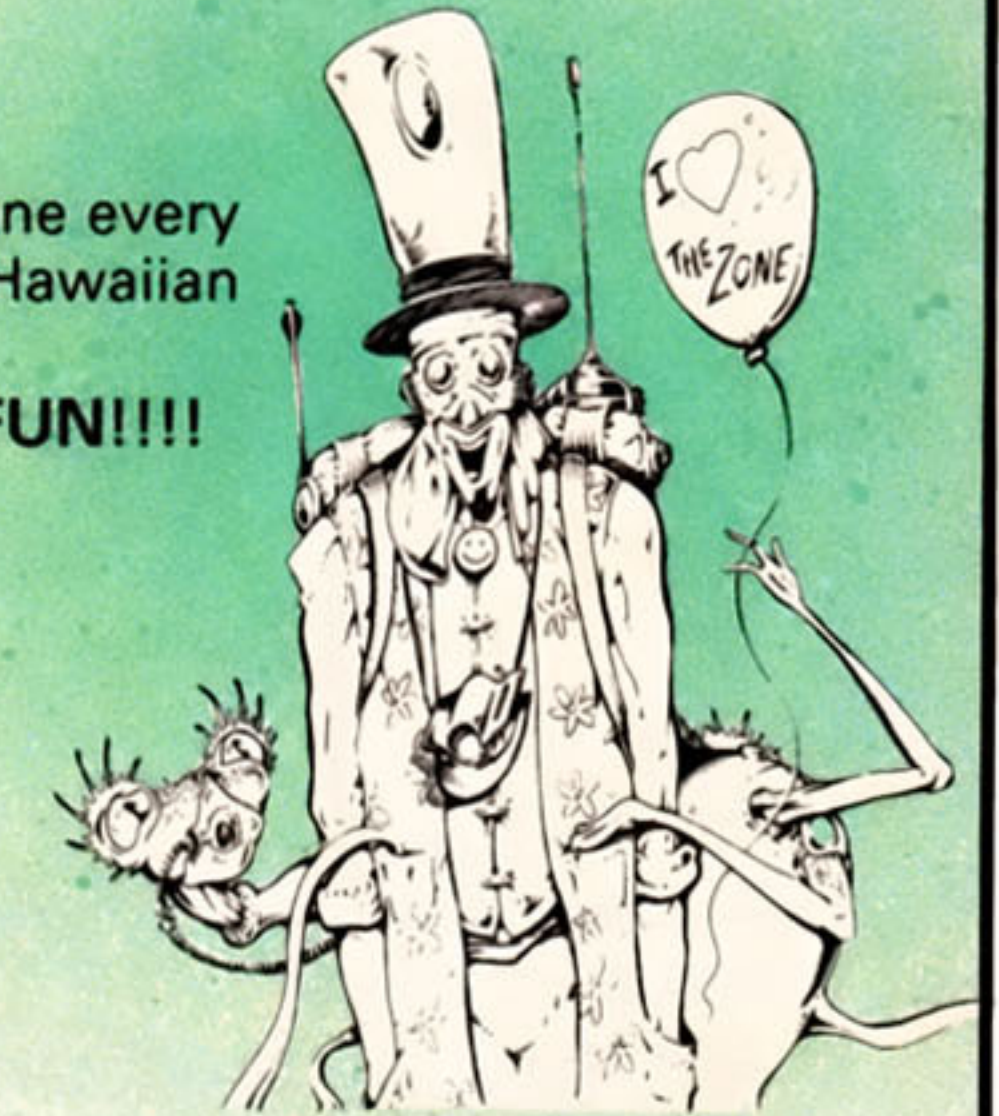
▼ Remember to thoroughly sanitize and retool all souvenir items for your homeworld environment. Some living things don't travel well, so think before you buy! Important fact: there are no such things as "refunds" in the Interzone!



▼ Be sure you are completely conscious and in full possession of your faculties when contemplating any radical body realignment. Most of your organs are there for good evolutionary reasons, so think twice before you have them removed or altered!

▼ The street-hustlers here have a saying: a sucker enters the Interzone every minute. But don't worry, it's probably that schmucky guy with the Hawaiian shirt on line in front of you.

▼ BUT ABOVE ALL, REMEMBER WHY YOU CAME: TO HAVE FUN!!!!



### CURIOUS ABOUT THE INTERZONE'S HISTORY?

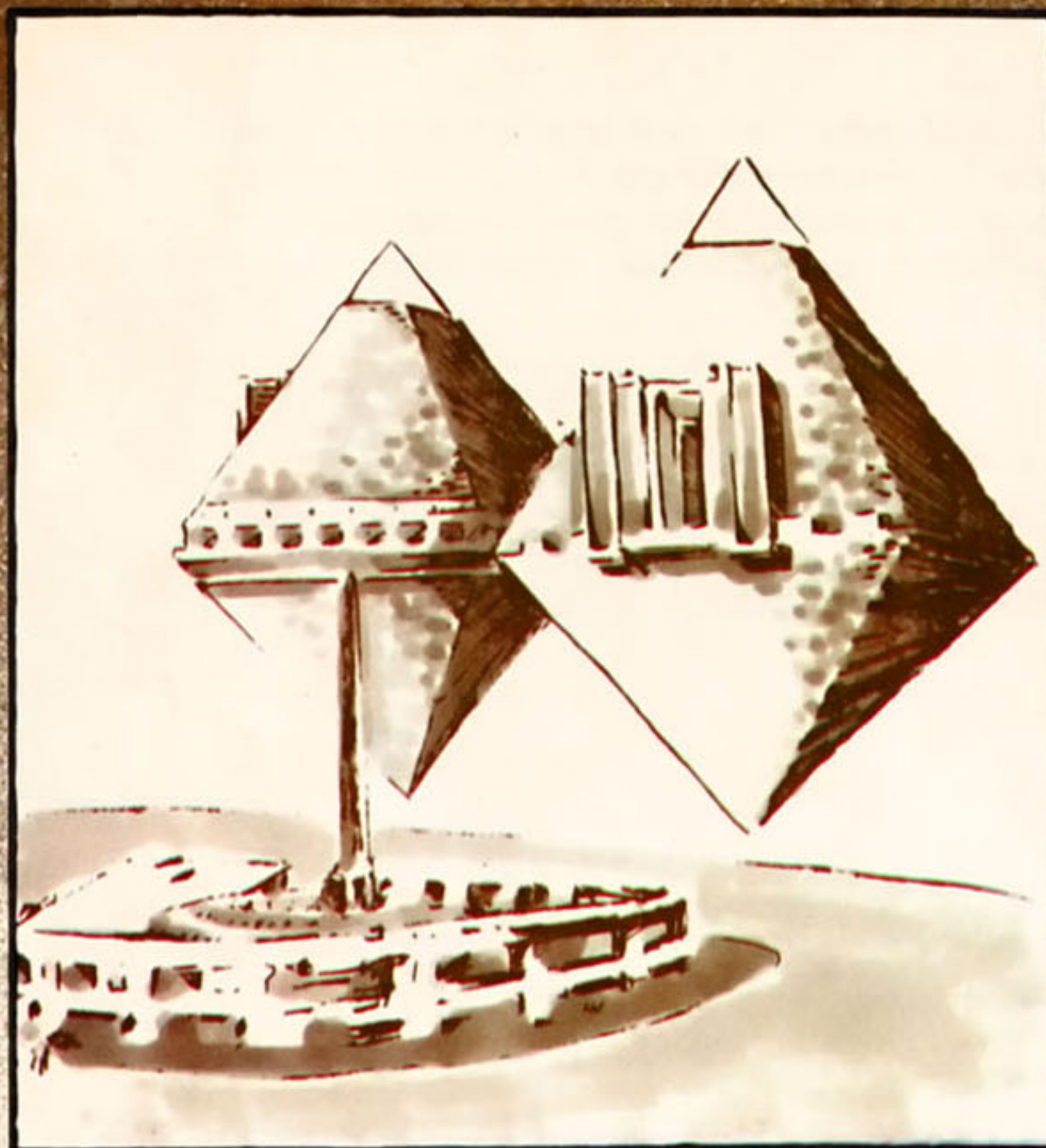
Back thousands of galactic-standard-unit years, several of the Milky Way's more out-reaching races began encountering each other in the resource-rich, densely-planeted galactic core. Frictions and conflicts soon arose—over territory, exploitation rights, and pride of manifest destiny. (Every sentient species that transcends its homeworld thinks it deserves to inherit the galaxy...) A series of horrendous wars ensued, in which millions of lives were lost, whole races annihilated, planets burned to dust, suns imploded, and valuable resources put to unprofitable use.

But of course absolutely nothing was resolved. One day, the races that were still intact just decided to stop, and they convened the first of the great inter-racial summits. A free-trade zone was established at the galaxy's center, but that actually caused more problems than it solved. So a second conference was called, and the Interzone/Homeworld Exclusion Compact was concocted. This document established the law of mutual consent (you could do anything to anybody, as long as you had their consent), the strict segregation of all homeworld areas, and the tradition of control by business consortium. Once corporate self-interest superceded the rule of law, things quieted down—there may be money to be made in war, but *nothing* rivals peace for stable, ever-growing markets.

From a prosperous mercantile sector the Interzone grew to a bustling megalopolis, and then into a star-system-sized mega-structure, joining planets the way cells clump together to form primitive organisms. Tourists streamed in, attracted by the availability of every commodity, activity, and entertainment they could possibly desire. Businesses sprang up to service the tourists. Growth proceeded phenomenally, and the greatest hive-city in the history of all known races was born—The Interzone!



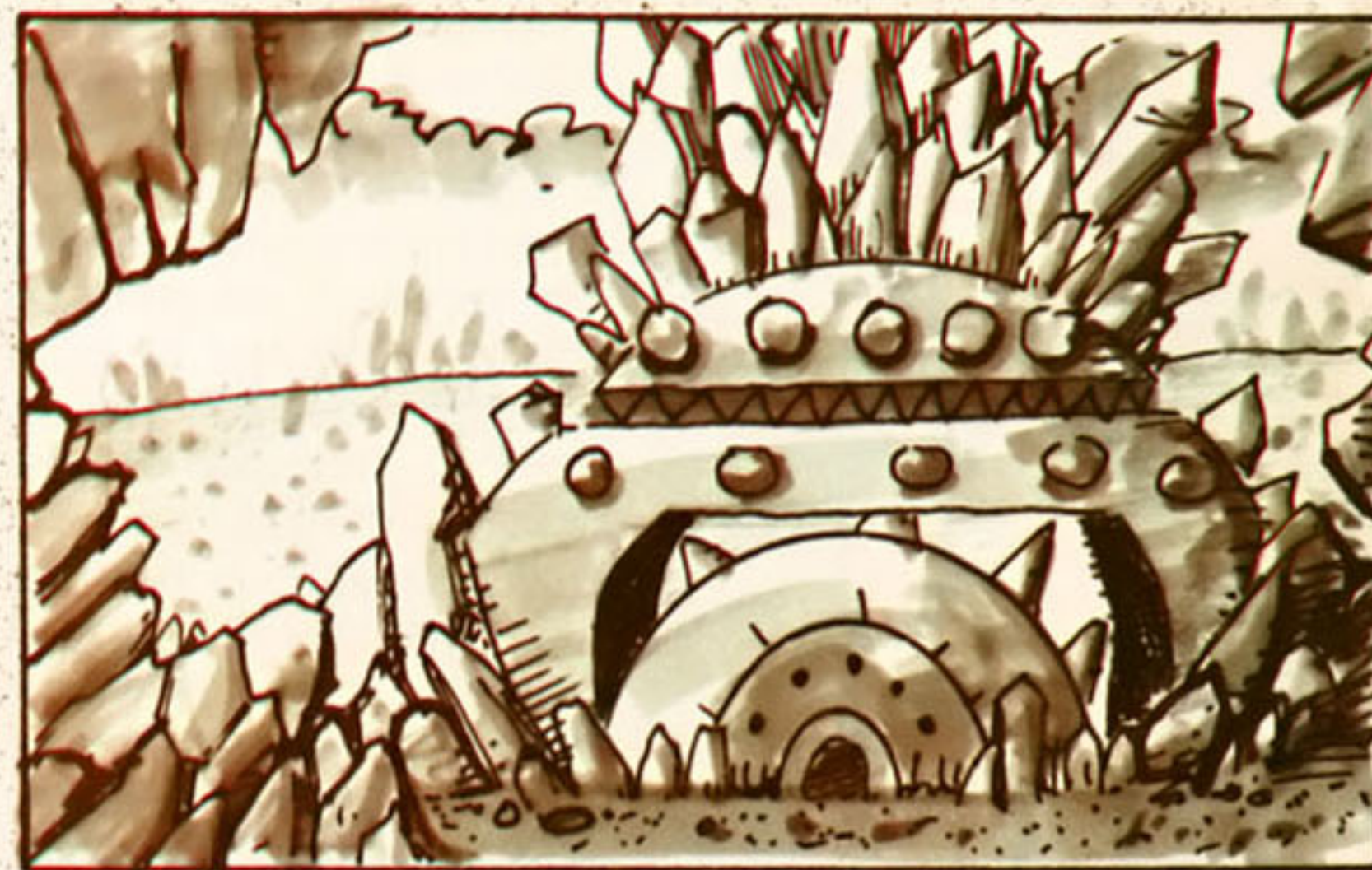




empires of Coca-Farben, Mitsubishi-de Beers Trading Corp., Bechtel-Carbide Guaranty Trust Co. and many others. These thriving socio-economic organisms are not merely manufacturers or trader/merchants; they are the very infrastructure of the Milky Way's new polyglot society. They are government, culture, religion, family, life support, and vector of future progress all rolled into several stability-enforcing, cooperative entities. Simply, they are the greatest hope for the continued onward march of civilization.

Yes, that's the galaxy-renowned headquarters building of Coca-Farben floating up there. Pretty imposing edifice, eh? It's the work of one of the Interzone's most respected architects (a mercury-based air-squid identified by a series of crepitatious vibrating-membrane sounds, commonly known as Poot-Modulator-Prime), and perfectly embodies the courageous Coca-Farben corporate stance of embracing artistic patronage while striving boldly ahead to meet and profit from all marketplace challenges. Coca-Farben has a long and honored history in the field of ingestible substances, providing all races with edibles of medical, nutritional, and recreational applications. *If anyone eats it, you can bet Coca-Farben makes it!*

And over there is the crystal-palace nerve center of the Mitsubishi-de Beers mercantile empire. Financiers, venture capitalists, merchant bankers, arbitrageurs, dealers in currencies, commodities, and futures, M-dB Trading is perhaps the richest non-religious organization in the galaxy. Though lime-light-shy, the midas-fingered minions of M-dB are involved in many lucrative ventures, lending their expertise, capital, and considerable influence to anyone with a legitimate business proposition. *That's not money you smell, it's Mitsubishi-de Beers!*



## REMEMBER: HERE IN THE INTERZONE, YOUR PLEASURE IS OUR BUSINESS, AND IT'S OUR PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU!

Yes, the business of the Interzone is business. But who would've guessed—2,536 GSUs ago when the compact was being enacted—that this strategy to encourage cooperation among the races would so revolutionize galactic fiscal intercourse and radically restructure our mega-society? But that's just what happened—and billions of beings who've reaped the many benefits of this universal free trade have those forward-thinking businessbeings to thank.

This benevolent tradition is carried on today by the giant corporations that form the very backbone of the Interzone—the powerful, paternal, and productive trade



## WHAT EXACTLY DO WE MEAN BY "FREE TRADE"?

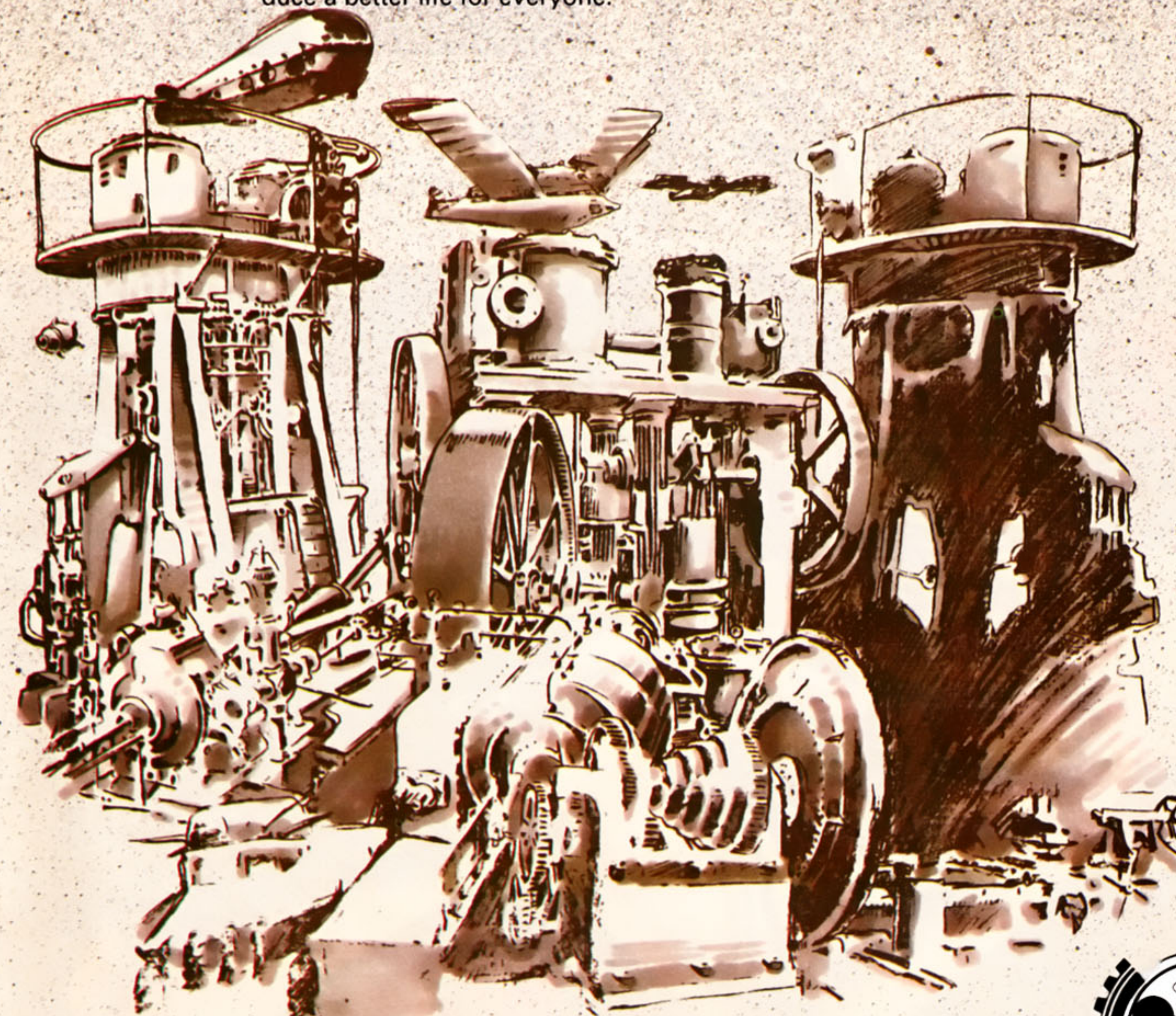
The actual everyday workings of "free trade" are pretty complex. That's what our fore-fertilizers discovered when things didn't quite work out at first, and so the Interzone/Homeworld Exclusion Compact was drawn up to make things a bit more specific.

First, all homeworld areas were strictly segregated—that is, permanently reserved for their indigenous inhabitants. This kiboshed imperialist turf-lust, and effectively identified areas of the galaxy in terms of markets rather than conquerable territories. It additionally defused incipient racism by reassuring cranky homeworlders that one of "them" wasn't going to stink up *their* neighborhood with gaseous body perfume.



Imports and exports from the Interzone would also be strictly regulated by trade organizations officially representing each homeworld area. Only designated businesses would be allowed to traffic goods and services between homeworld regions and the Interzone. There is no sanctioned direct trade between individual regions. The Interzone is the hub of all commerce; the pipeline through which all commodities of value must pass. Once inside the Interzone, anything may happen with it or to it.

Overseeing all this is the benevolent hand of business, because, let's face it, what's good for business is good for the galaxy. It makes perfect sense, really, because it's certainly in the best interests of business to have a happy, prosperous population. A free market means a free people; regulation only brings iniquities and unhappiness, eroding the incentives for business to produce a better life for everyone.





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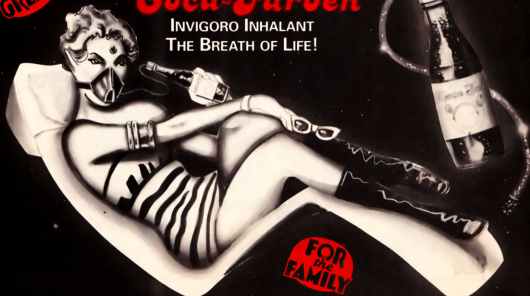
A black and white illustration of a man with a cross on his forehead and wings on his ears. He is smiling broadly, showing his teeth. He is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. The background is a light circle on a dark background.

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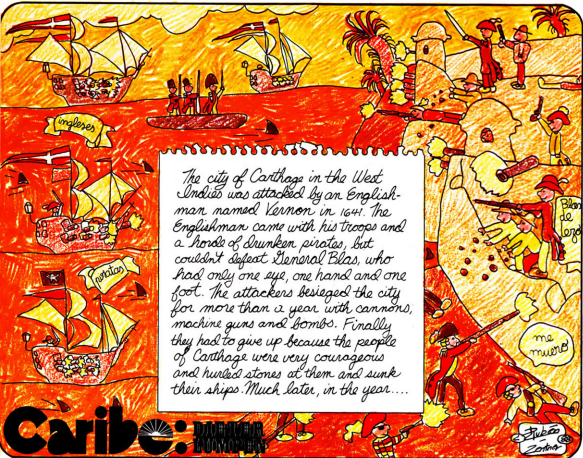
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

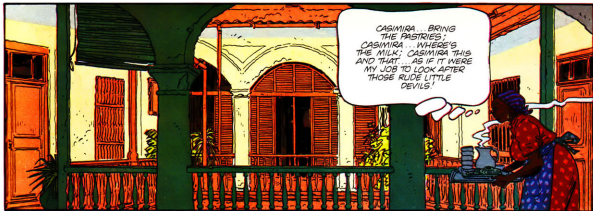
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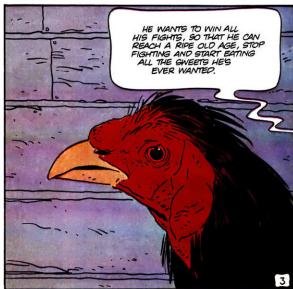
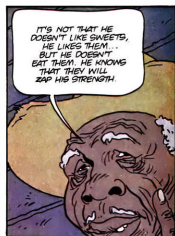
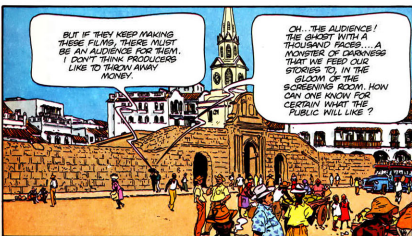
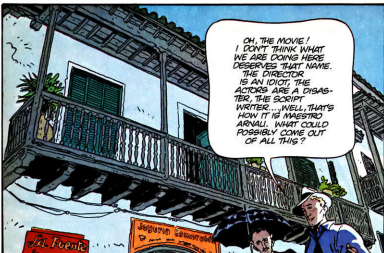
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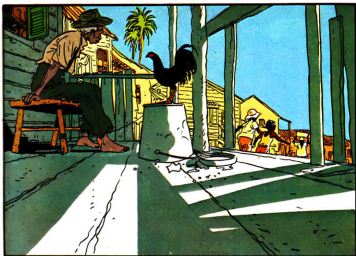
All checks must be payable within the U.S. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.



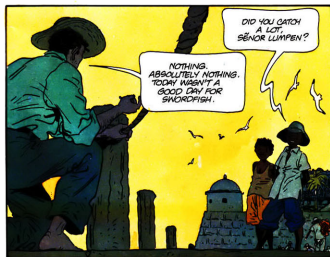
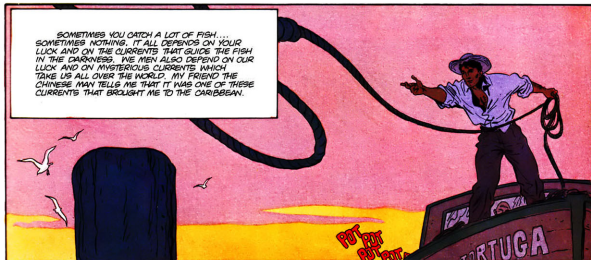








SOMETIMES YOU CATCH A LOT OF FISH....  
SOMETIMES NOTHING. IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR  
LUCK AND ON THE CURRENTS THAT GUIDE THE FISH  
IN THE DARKNESS. WE MEN ALSO DEPEND ON OUR  
LUCK AND ON MYSTERIOUS CURRENTS WHICH  
TAKE US ALL OVER THE WORLD. MY FRIEND THE  
CHINESE MAN TELLS ME THAT IT WAS ONE OF THESE  
CURRENTS THAT BROUGHT ME TO THE CARIBBEAN.



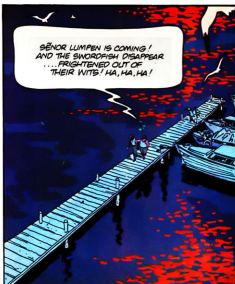
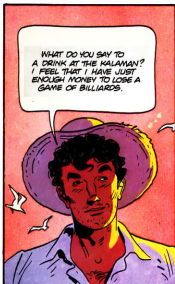
DID YOU CATCH  
A LOT,  
SÉNOR LUMPEN?

NOTHING.  
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.  
TODAY WASN'T A  
GOOD DAY FOR  
SWORDFISH.

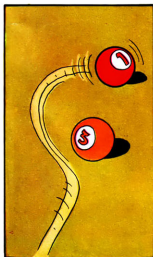
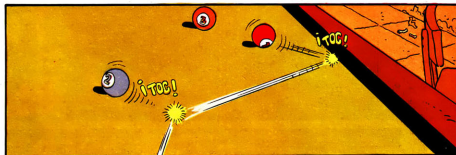
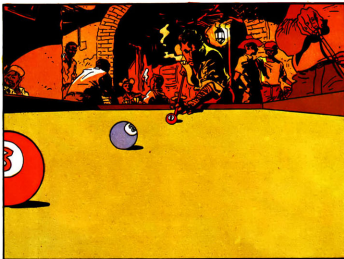
SÉNOR  
LUMPEN STILL  
HASN'T HIT A  
GOOD DAY. DO  
YOU KNOW  
WHY?

OF COURSE I  
KNOW. SÉNOR  
LUMPEN IS A GREAT  
FISHERMAN, AND THE  
SWORDFISH ARE ALL  
AFRAID OF HIM.  
WHEN THEY SEE HIM  
COMING... THEY  
RUN AWAY....  
FRIGHTENED....  
HA, HA, HA,...

PROBABLY MY CHINESE FRIEND WAS RIGHT.  
YOU HAVE TO BE LUCKY. BUT DOES IT REALLY  
MATTER? WHAT MATTERS IS THAT I FOUND  
HERE WHAT I, WITHOUT REALLY KNOWING IT,  
WAS LOOKING FOR!



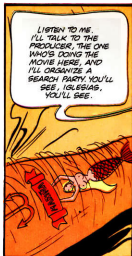
I LIVE OFF  
WHAT I FISH...  
BUT IF I DON'T  
CATCH ANYTHING,  
I STILL GO ON  
LIVING. I DON'T  
FEEL ANY  
PRESSURE. I  
HAVE A LOT OF  
FRIENDS, AND,  
WHAT'S MORE  
IMPORTANT,  
I'VE LEARNED  
THAT IN THE  
CARIBBEAN  
ANYTHING IS  
POSSIBLE.







YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT, IGLESIAS, BUT REMEMBER THAT I MAY BE THE ONE WHO LAUGHS IN THE END. IF I SAY THAT THE TREASURE EXISTS... IT'S BECAUSE IT EXISTS. AND I WILL FIND IT.



LISTEN TO ME. I'LL TALK TO THE PRODUCER, THE ONE WHO'S DOING THE MOVIE HERE, AND I'LL ORGANIZE A SEARCH PARTY. YOU'LL SEE, IGLESIAS, YOU'LL SEE.



LET'S SEE IF IN THIS... DAMN HOLE... WE CAN GET... SOME ALCOHOL... THAT'S IT... SOME ALCOHOL!

DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR... YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING TO DRINK HERE.

I'M SURE HE'LL START A FIGHT. HE DOESN'T NEED A DROP MORE THAN HE'S ALREADY HAD.



SPEAKING OF THE MOVIE... LOOK AT THAT GUY OVER THERE. I KICKED HIM OUT OF HERE LAST WEEK, BUT I SEE THAT HE'S COME BACK FOR MORE!



I'M ALL RIGHT. LEAVE ME... LET ME GO... I'M NOT DRUNK! LET'S GET A DRINK!



HE'S A GOOD ELECTRICIAN. TOMORROW HE'LL BE ON LOCATION, BRIGHT AND EARLY, AS IF HE'D SLEPT ALL NIGHT. HIS DAYS OFF, HOWEVER, COULD BE FATAL TO HIM.

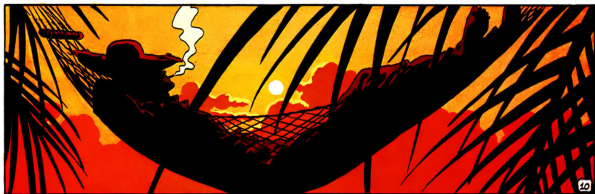
WELL, I HOPE ROSITA AND MARIA KNOW HOW TO KEEP HIM QUIET. THEY'RE GOOD GIRLS.

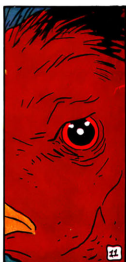
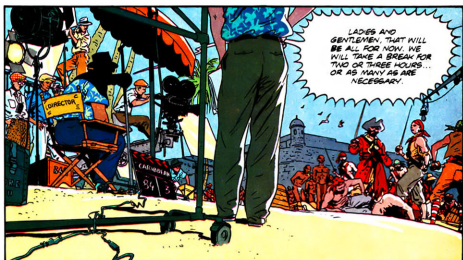
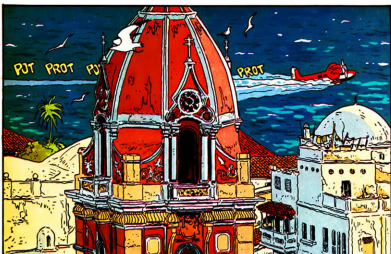


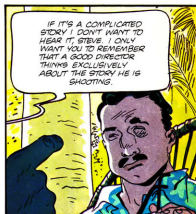
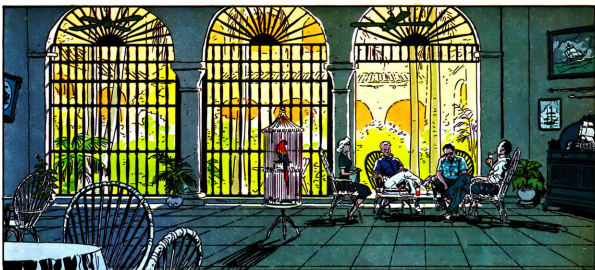




THE PRESENCE  
OF ALL THOSE  
HOLLYWOOD  
PEOPLE HAD  
ALTERED THE  
PEACEFUL PACE  
OF MY CITY.  
BUT MY LIFE  
KEPT ON  
GOING FAR  
FROM THE  
WORLD OF  
MOVIES









I KNOW THAT YOU BOTH  
ARE VERY GOOD ARTISTS  
AND PROFESSIONAL MEN,  
AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR  
THAT AINFUL BLACK LIST...



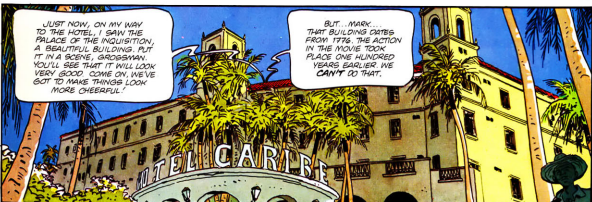
...YOU WOULD BE WORKING  
ON REAL MOVIES, QUALITY  
STUFF, AND WOULD BE PROUD  
TO SIGN YOUR NAMES TO THEM.  
HOWEVER, THE CURRENT  
SITUATION IS NOT MY  
FAULT.



I WANT TO HELP YOU BUT  
YOU HAVE TO MEET ME HALF  
WAY. WE HAVE TO MAKE THIS  
STORY ABOUT PIRATES AS  
GOOD AS POSSIBLE. BETTER  
DAYS WILL SOON COME.



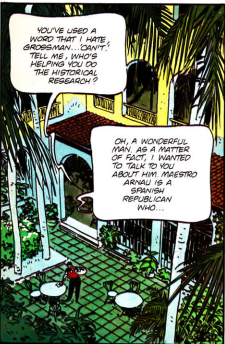
JUST NOW, ON MY WAY  
TO THE HOTEL, I SAW THE  
PALACE OF THE INQUISITION,  
A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING. PUT  
IT IN A SCENE, GROSSMAN.  
YOU'LL SEE THAT IT WILL LOOK  
VERY GOOD. COME ON, WE'VE  
GOT TO MAKE THINGS LOOK  
MORE CHEERFUL!



BUT...MARK...  
THAT BUILDING DATES  
FROM 1776. THE ACTION  
IN THE MOVIE TOOK  
PLACE ONE HUNDRED  
YEARS EARLIER. WE  
CAN'T DO THAT.

YOU'VE USED A  
WORD THAT I HATE:  
GROSSMAN...CAN'T!  
TELL ME, WHO'S  
HELPING YOU DO  
THE HISTORICAL  
RESEARCH?

OH, A WONDERFUL  
MAN. AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, I WANTED  
TO TALK TO YOU  
ABOUT HIM. MAESTRO  
ARNAU IS A  
SPANISH  
REPUBLICAN  
WHO...



FIRE  
HIM!

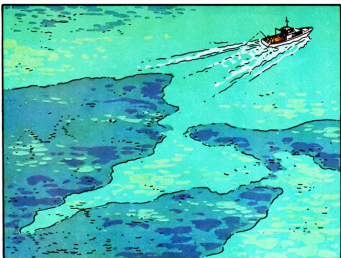


MISS VIRTIN,  
WE WILL GO  
FISHING TOMORROW.  
PLEASE MAKE  
THE NECESSARY  
ARRANGEMENTS.

OKAY  
MR.  
ORNAK.



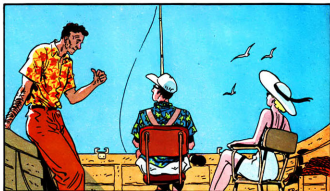
THE OFFER WAS VERY GOOD. THE AMERICAN WAS PAYING IN DOLLARS AND THE TORTUGA'S ENGINE WAS IN NEED OF A FEW REPAIRS. THAT DAY, OUR SEARCH FOR SWORDFISH TOOK A RATHER UNUSUAL TURN.



MISS VIRTIN CAME TO LOOK FOR US AT THE KALAMARI COSINO, THE OWNER, FOUND OUT ABOUT THE DEAL AND MADE US AN INTERESTING OFFER: FREE DRINKS FOR A MONTH IF WE LET HIM JOIN THE EXPEDITION. HE WASN'T GIVING US DOLLARS, BUT IN THE CARIBBEAN ALCOHOL IS CONSIDERED HARD CURRENCY. WE ACCEPTED.

I THINK WE MADE A MISTAKE TO TAKE COSINO ALONG. HE HADN'T STOPPED TALKING ABOUT THE TREASURE AND THE AMERICAN IS BEGINNING TO LOOK ANNOYED.

AND NO SWORDFISH TO SPEAK OF.



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT... IF THIS SPANISH GALLEON REALLY DOES EXIST, WE WILL SEE IT. WHAT INTERESTS ME NOW IS THE MAP. DO YOU HAVE IT?

WELL, OF COURSE... I HAVE THE MAP RIGHT HERE. BUT... I DON'T REALLY KNOW IF I CAN SHOW IT TO YOU.

THE MAP IS... THE MAP IS SOMETHING RATHER SPECIAL. IT'S NOT ON PAPER AND IT'S NOT A DRAWING REALLY BECAUSE... HOW CAN I EXPLAIN... I'M THE MAP REALLY... IT'S TATTOOED ON MY BODY.

?!



NOW I UNDERSTAND, BUT IF YOU WANT ME TO FINANCE THE EXPEDITION... YOU MUST SHOW ME THIS MAP. COME ON, DON'T YOU TRUST ME?

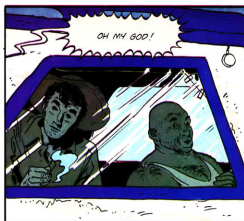
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T TRUST YOU, MR. ORNAK. IT'S THE LADY... THE MAP IS IN A PLACE... I DON'T KNOW...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT MISS VIRTIN. SHE COMES FROM HOLLYWOOD. SHE'S READY FOR ANYTHING.





IF YOU SAY  
SO...



OH MY GOD!



MARVELLOUS!  
I MEAN...  
EXTRAORDINARY!



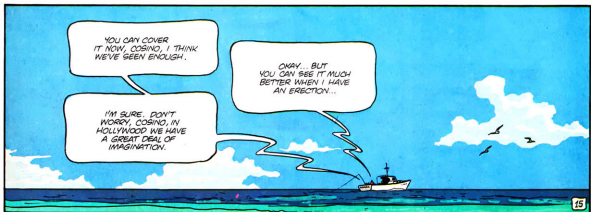
COME ON... COME  
ON... WHAT DO YOU THINK,  
MISS VIRTIN, DOES IT  
LOOK AUTHENTIC?

HMMM... MR ORNAK...  
I... DON'T KNOW... IT  
SEEMS REAL ENOUGH...



YOU DIDN'T UNDER-  
STAND MY QUESTION,  
MISS VIRTIN... I WAS  
TALKING ABOUT THE MAP.  
DO YOU THINK IT'S  
AUTHENTIC?

OH, THE MAP!  
WELL, BEFORE INVESTING  
ANY MONEY YOU SHOULD  
CONSUL AN EXPERT IN...  
HIDDEN TREASURES.

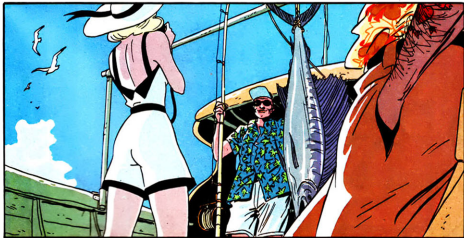
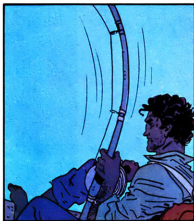
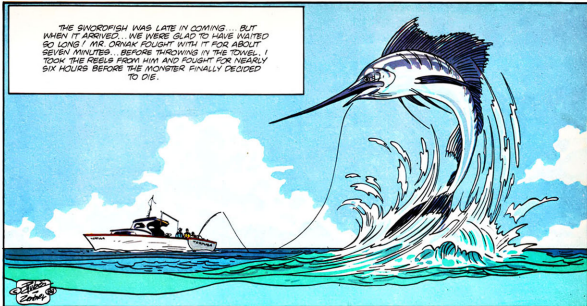


YOU CAN COVER  
IT NOW, COSINO, I THINK  
WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH.

I'M SURE. DON'T  
WORRY, COSINO, IN  
HOLLYWOOD WE HAVE  
A GREAT DEAL OF  
IMAGINATION.

OKAY... BUT  
YOU CAN SEE IT MUCH  
BETTER WHEN I HAVE  
AN ERECTION...

THE SWORDFISH WAS LATE IN COMING... BUT WHEN IT ARRIVED... WE WERE GLAD TO HAVE WAITED SO LONG! MR. ORNAK FOUGHT WITH IT FOR ABOUT SEVEN MINUTES... BEFORE THROWING IN THE TOWEL. I TOOK THE REELS FROM HIM AND FOUGHT FOR NEARLY SIX HOURS BEFORE THE MONSTER FINALLY DECIDED TO DIE.

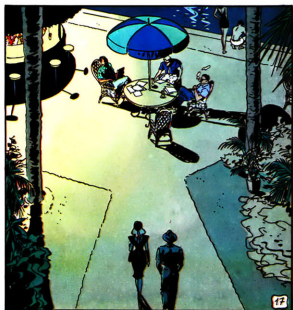


MY CHINESE FRIEND HEADED BACK TOWARD OAHU. THE FISHING TRIP WAS OVER. I WAS EXHAUSTED AND COULD ONLY THINK OF MY HAMMOCK AND SLEEPING FOR THE NEXT TWENTY HOURS. I COULDN'T FORESEE AT THAT MOMENT THE SURPRISE THAT MR. ORNAK HAD IN STORE FOR ME WHICH WOULD GIVE ME LITTLE TIME TO INDULGE IN SLEEP.

YES, MR. LUMPEN,  
I KNOW WHY MR. ORNAK  
WANTS TO SEE YOU, BUT  
I CAN'T TELL YOU.

I SEE... MISS VIRTIN...  
YOU KNOW EVERYTHING...  
AND YOU ALSO KNOW THAT  
YOU ARE ATTRACTIVE IN A  
VERY EXOTIC WAY...  
DON'T YOU?

OF  
COURSE





THANK YOU FOR  
COMING, MR. LUMPEN.  
I WOULD LIKE YOU  
TO MEET THE DIRECTOR  
AND THE SCREENWRITER  
OF THE MOVIE WE  
ARE SHOOTING HERE.



I THINK I'VE  
SEEN YOU AT THE  
KALAMARI. AM I  
RIGHT?

I'M SURE  
AND I REMEMBER  
YOU! YOU WERE  
THERE WITH  
MAESTRO ARNALI...

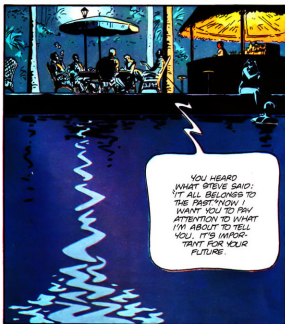


SO YOU'RE  
THE DIRECTOR.  
WELL, IF I'D KNOWN...  
I WOULDN'T  
HAVE HIT YOU  
SO HARD.

I THINK I  
PROBABLY DESERVED  
IT. I FORGET ALL  
ABOUT IT, MR.  
LUMPEN.



THE DIRECTOR AND  
I EXCHANGED A FEW  
WORDS DURING A  
COCKFIGHT, MR.  
ORNAL.



YOU HEARD  
WHAT ORNAL SAID:  
"IT ALL BELONGS TO  
THE PAST." NOW I  
WANT YOU TO PAY  
ATTENTION TO WHAT  
I'M ABOUT TO TELL  
YOU. IT'S IMPOR-  
TANT FOR YOUR  
FUTURE.



I OBSERVED  
YOU FOR SEVERAL  
HOURS TODAY AS  
YOU FOUGHT WITH  
THAT FISH. MY GUT  
FEELINGS ARE  
GENERALLY RIGHT  
AND I'M CONVINCED  
THAT...



I, MR. LUMPEN,  
CAN MAKE YOU A  
HOLLYWOOD  
STAR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, I UNDERSTOOD WHY MR. ORNAK HAD BEEN SUCH A WIMP THAT MORNING WHEN FIGHTING WITH THE SWORD-FISH: HE RESERVED ALL HIS STRENGTH FOR DEALING WITH HUMAN BEINGS. HE WAS AN INFERNAL PUNCHING MACHINE, AND MANAGED TO HIT ALL OF A PERSON'S MOST VULNERABLE POINTS.



DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'VE NEVER WANTED TO WORK IN THE MOVIES, MY FRIEND. YOU'RE A HEALTHY MAN... WOMEN... MONEY... EVERYONE HAS DREAMED ABOUT IT AT SOME POINT. DID YOU DRAW UP THE CONTRACT, MISS VIRTIN?

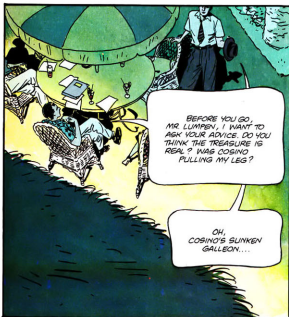
HERE IT IS, MR. ORNAK.

YOU'LL START IN THE MOVIE WE'RE SHOOTING RIGHT NOW. GROSSMAN JUST CAME UP WITH A GREAT IDEA WHICH MAKES THE PLOT A LOT BETTER. AM I RIGHT, GROSSMAN?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE MONEY. EVEN IF YOU WERE TO FISH ALL THE SWORDFISH IN THE CARIBBEAN, YOU WOULD NEVER MAKE AS MUCH. AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS COMES ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME.

YES... NATURALLY... I... OF COURSE...

MR. LUMPEN, YOU MUST SIGN ON THE LAST PAGE, PLEASE.



BEFORE YOU GO, MR. LUMPEN, I WANT TO ASK YOUR ADVICE. DO YOU THINK THE TREASURE IS REAL? WAS COSINO PULLING MY LEG?

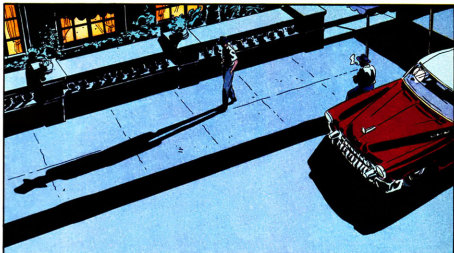
OH, COSINO'S SUNKEN GALLEON...

EVERYONE HERE KNOWS COSINO IS A LITTLE OFF HIS ROCKER. MR. ORNAK, HOWEVER, IT IS VERY POSSIBLE THAT THE TREASURE EXISTS.

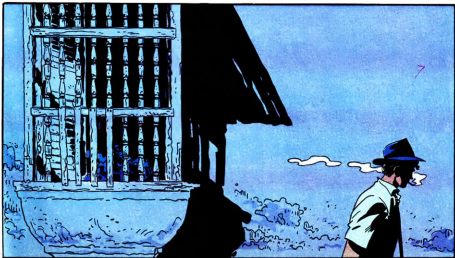
THANKS, DIETER, AND DON'T FORGET: WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU TOMORROW AT SEVEN AM ON LOCATION.



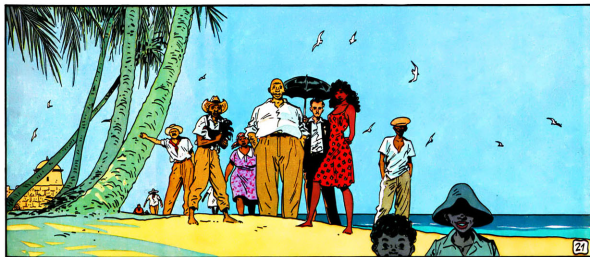
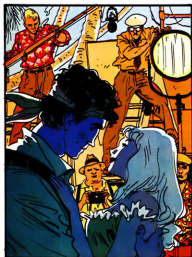
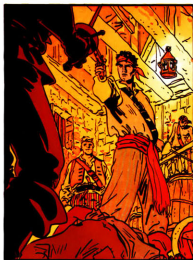
I FELT  
BUTTERED BY THE  
RECENT EVENTS, AS  
BY ONE OF THE  
SUDDEN STORMS  
THAT COMES UP ON  
THE CARIBBEAN. I  
WAS CONFUSED  
AND FULL OF CON-  
FLICTING FEELINGS.  
I WANTED TO  
APPEAR IN A MOVIE  
AND EARN A LOT  
OF MONEY BUT AT  
THE SAME TIME I  
WAS UPSET AT MY-  
SELF FOR NOT  
HAVING REGISTERED  
MR. ORNAK'S  
INFLUENCE.

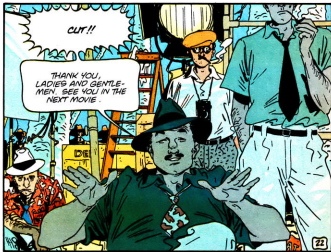
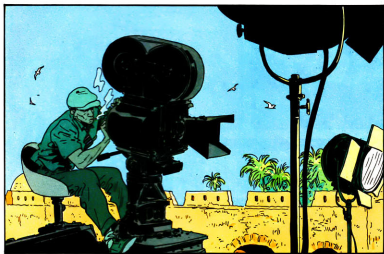
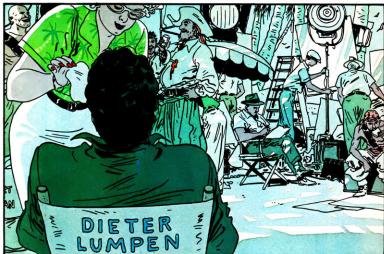


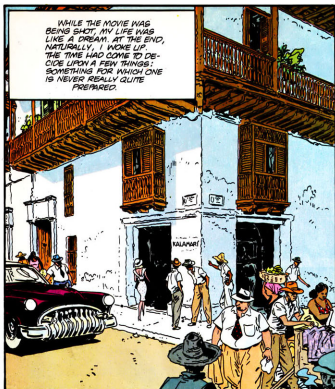
THE AMERICAN  
HAD HIS OWN THEO-  
RIES ABOUT HOW  
A HEALTHY MAN  
SHOULD BE: END-  
LESSLY AMBITIOUS,  
CRAVING FOR FAME  
AND GLORY, A  
GLUTTON FOR  
MONEY... AND MY  
ATTITUDE MUST  
HAVE CONTRIBUTED  
TO REINFORCING  
HIS OPINIONS. I  
REMEMBERED THE  
SWORDFISH WHO  
HAD, AT LEAST,  
FOUGHT WITH  
DIGNITY TO KEEP  
HIS WAY OF LIFE.  
I DIDN'T FEEL  
VERY PROUD OF  
HAVING KILLED HIM.



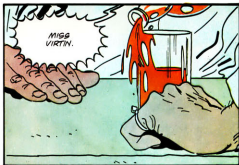
I NEEDED TO  
WALK AND THINK  
COULD THE CRAZY  
WORLD OF THE  
MOVIES BE COM-  
PATIBLE WITH MY  
PEACEFUL LIFE IN  
THE CARIBBEAN?  
I WOULD HAVE TO  
LOSE MY PEACE,  
MY FRIENDS, THE  
SUN... TO EARN A  
FEW DOLLARS?  
WHAT WOULD MY  
CHINESE FRIEND  
SAY? A LOT OF  
QUESTIONS BUT  
VERY LITTLE TIME  
TO FIND ANY  
ANSWERS. THEY  
WERE GOING TO  
BEGIN SHOOTING  
AT SEVEN.



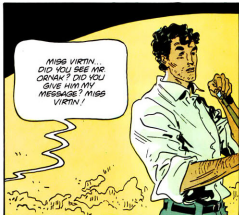




WHILE THE MOVIE WAS BEING SHOT, MY LIFE WAS LIKE A DREAM. AT THE END, NATURALLY, I WOKE UP. THE TIME HAD COME TO DECIDE UPON A FEW THINGS: SOMETHING FOR WHICH ONE IS NEVER REALLY QUITE PREPARED.



MISS VIRTIN.



MISS VIRTIN... DID YOU SEE MR. ORNAN? DID YOU GIVE HIM MY MESSAGE? MISS VIRTIN!



I'M SORRY COSINO, I CAME TO TALK TO MR. LUMPEN.

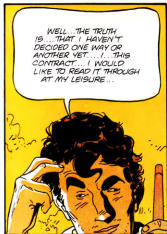


BUT... MISS VIRTIN... IT'S VERY IMPORTANT! I SHOWED HIM THE MAP AND...



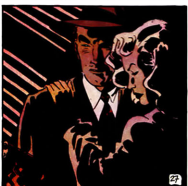
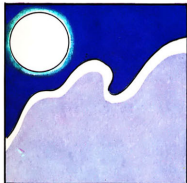
GOOD EVENING, MR. LUMPEN. I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR NEW CONTRACT. MR. ORNAN IS GOING BACK TO HOLLYWOOD TOMORROW AND THERE'S A SEAT RESERVED FOR YOU ON HIS PLANE.

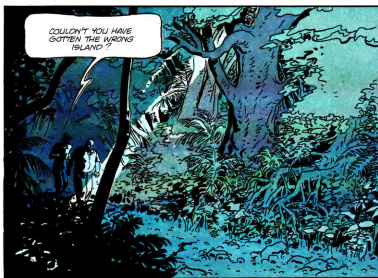
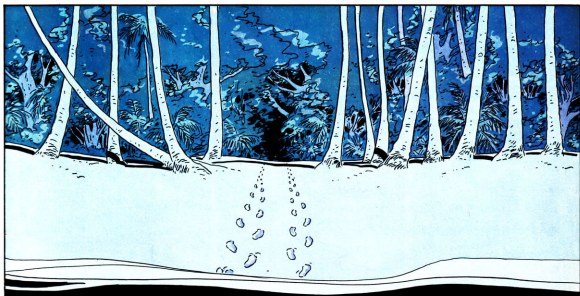


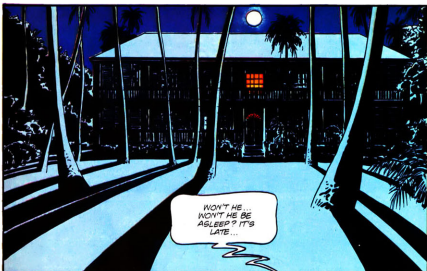


AT LAST THE CHINAMAN SAID HE KNEW A MAN WHO COULD HELP ME FIND AN ANSWER. MY FRIEND MENTIONED NO NAME -- THE FELLOW LIVED ON ONE OF THE ROSARY ISLANDS, TWO HOURS AWAY FROM CARTAGENA DE INDIAS. WE WENT IN SEARCH OF HIM.

PST PST PST PST







WON'T HE  
WON'T HE BE  
ASLEEP? IT'S  
LATE...



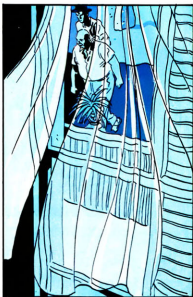
OUR MAN NEVER  
SLEEPS AT NIGHT.  
C'MON, LET'S GO.



YOU WERE RIGHT, HE'S  
NOT ASLEEP-- HE'S LISTEN-  
ING TO SOME MUSIC.



HE'S ALWAYS  
LISTENING TO  
SOME MUSIC.

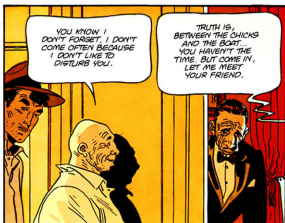


THE MUSIC STOPPED AS WE GOT  
IN THE HOUSE. I HEARD FOOTSTEPS,  
A SERVANT CAME TO MEET US, AND  
GREETED THE CHINAMAN WARMLY.  
HE LEAD US THROUGH A MAZE OF  
CORRIDORS. NO USE WORRYING.  
THE CHINAMAN ADORES MYSTERIES.





HOW ABOUT THAT,  
DELFINO? THE  
CHINAMAN'S HERE! AND  
I THOUGHT HE'D  
FORGOTTEN THIS POOR  
OLD MAN....



YOU KNOW I  
DON'T FORGET. I  
DON'T COME OFTEN BECAUSE  
I DON'T LIKE TO  
DISTURB YOU.

TRUTH IS,  
BETWEEN THE CHICKS  
AND THE BOAT...  
YOU HAVEN'T THE  
TIME. BUT COME IN,  
LET ME MEET  
YOUR FRIEND.



THIS IS DIETER  
LUMPEN. I HAVE TAKEN  
THE LIBERTY TO BRING  
HIM OVER BECAUSE....

NO NEED TO TELL ME, HE'S  
WELCOME IF HE'S WITH YOU.  
CUT THE NICETIES AND MAKE  
YOURSELVES AT HOME.



G... GOOD  
EVENING...



LOOKS LIKE YOUR  
FRIENDS RATHER IMPRESSED  
BY THE FURNISHINGS. DID  
YOU BRING HIM IN COLD,  
WITHOUT ANY WARNING?



I THOUGHT IT WAS  
BEST NOT TO TELL  
HIM IN ADVANCE.

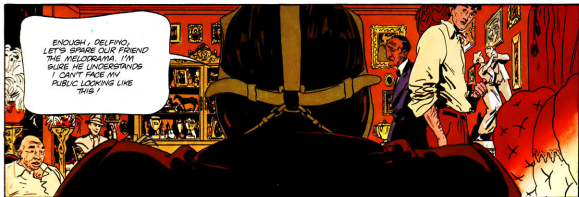
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WHAT'S ALL  
THIS GOT TO DO  
WITH THAT FAT  
MASKED MAN?  
HE WOULDN'T  
PRETEND TO TELL  
ME THAT...

CARLOS GARDEL,  
HOWEVER, DID NOT DIE  
IN MEDELLIN. IT WAS  
CLOSE, AND THE  
FLAMES....



ENOUGH, DELFINO,  
LET'S SPARE OUR FRIEND  
THE MELODRAMA. I'M  
SURE HE UNDERSTANDS  
I CAN'T FACE MY  
PUBLIC LOOKING LIKE  
THIS!



CAN YOU  
IMAGINE CARLOS GARDEL  
EVEN LOOKING LIKE  
THIS? BETTER TO LET  
THEM ALL BELIEVE I  
WAS DEAD...



I KNEW  
EVERYTHING WAS  
POSSIBLE IN THE  
CARIBBEAN. STILL,  
I FROZE AS I  
REALIZED WHY  
THE CHINAMAN  
HAD LED ME TO  
THAT MAN. OR  
SHOULD I SAY  
THAT SHOOT...  
WHO'D KNOWN  
SUCCESS, WHO'D  
BEEN AT THE TOP,  
RICH AND ADMIRER  
ALL THESE THINGS  
THAT ORYAN WAS  
OFFERING ME...  
THINGS THAT MADE  
ME WAIVER  
BETWEEN  
ACCEPTANCE  
AND REFUSAL.



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I KNOW, I KNOW.  
YOU SEE ME WEARING  
THIS MASK. OF COURSE  
MY OTHER ONE WAS  
MUCH MORE  
ATTRACTIVE.



THE ONE ALL  
THE WORLD  
REMEMBERS ME BY,  
WITH THE FIXED  
SMILE READY FOR  
THE MOVIE CAMERA,  
FOR THE PARIS  
CABARETS AND  
FOR THE PUBLICITY  
PICTURES.

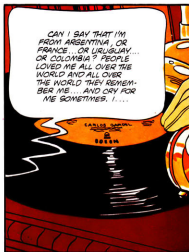
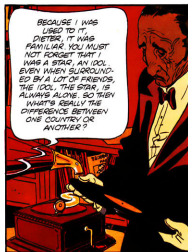
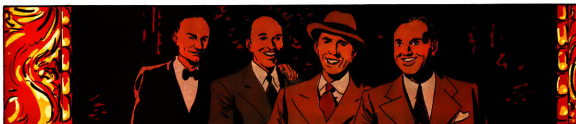
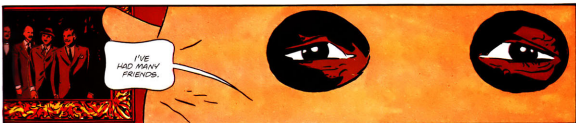


THE ARTIST  
ALWAYS WEARS A  
MASK. SOMETIMES  
I THINK THAT FIRE  
THAT HURT ME WAS  
AN ACT OF JUSTICE BE-  
CAUSE IT LEFT ME WITH  
THIS IMPERSONAL AND  
EXPRESSIONLESS MASK  
WHICH IS, FOR THAT FACT,  
MUCH TRUER TO LIFE...  
EVEN MORE COMFORTABLE



OF COURSE, IT  
IS DISTURBING TO OTHERS.  
BUT THAT IS NOT A PROBLEM.  
VERY FEW PEOPLE COME TO  
SEE ME -- YOU, THE CHINESE  
MAN, MAESTRO ARNAU. PEOP-  
LE WHO, LIKE ME, HAVE SE-  
CRET POWERS, OR A  
MYSTERIOUS PAST.





DELFINO PUT  
ON THE RECORD  
PLAYER. IN BETWEEN  
RECORDS HE SERVED  
US, AND HIMSELF,  
WITH GENEROUS  
DOSES OF ALCOHOL.  
FROM THESE OLD AND  
WORN OUT RECORDS,  
MIXED WITH THE  
RHYTHM OF TANGOS  
LONG FORGOTTEN,  
CAME GARDEL'S  
VOICE, EMOTIONAL,  
INTOXICATING AND  
ETERNAL.



WE TALKED  
AND DRANK, UN-  
TIL WE COULD  
HEAR SMOKES  
COMING FROM  
BEHIND THE  
HABAN. WE LEFT  
THE HOUSE  
SILENTLY. THE LONG  
NIGHT, THE LONG  
NIGHT, WAS  
ALREADY PART  
OF THE PAST  
AND ALL THE  
DOUBTS AND  
SHADOWS THAT  
HAD TORMENTED  
ME HAD DIS-  
APPEARED.

IT'S TWO MINUTES  
PAST EIGHT, MISS VIRTIN.  
WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.  
YOU TOLD HIM CLEARLY THAT  
WE WERE LEAVING AT  
EIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?

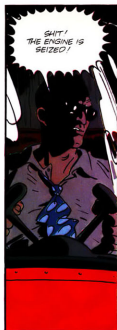
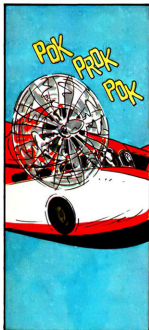
YES, MR.  
CORNAN.

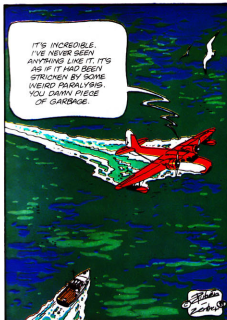
YOU KNOW,  
CHINESE, THE ONLY THING  
I REGRET IS NOT GOING  
TO SEE CORAN AND TEARING  
UP THE CONTRACT RIGHT  
TO HIS FACE. I WOULD  
HAVE LIKED TO TELL HIM A  
FEW THINGS.



THAT DAMNED  
AMERICAN WITH HIS OFFER  
OF FAME AND MONEY  
HAS SHOWN ME THAT  
SOME OF MY HIDDEN  
DESIRES ARE AS  
MEDIOCRE AS MANY  
OTHER PEOPLE'S.



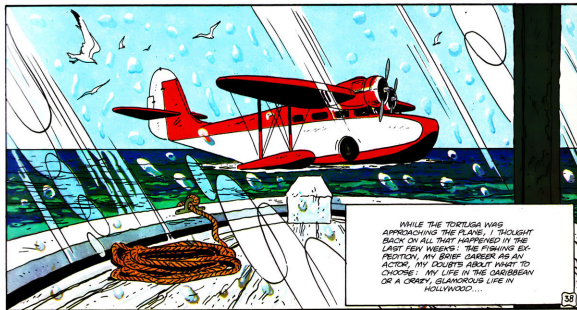
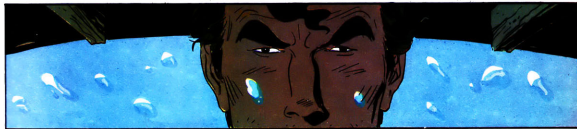




IT'S INCREDIBLE.  
I'VE NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE IT. IT'S  
AS IF IT HAD BEEN  
STRICKEN BY SOME  
WEIRD PARALYSIS.  
YOU DAMN PIECE  
OF GARBAGE.



MR. ORNAV.  
A BOAT IS  
APPROACHING.  
THEY'RE COMING  
TO HELP US.



WHILE THE TORTUGA WAS  
APPROACHING THE PLANE, I THOUGHT  
BACK ON ALL THAT HAPPENED IN THE  
LAST FEW WEEKS: THE FISHING EX-  
PEDITION, MY BRIEF CAREER AS AN  
ACTOR, MY DOUBTS ABOUT WHAT TO  
CHOOSE: MY LIFE IN THE CARIBBEAN  
OR A CRAZY, GLAMOROUS LIFE IN  
HOLLYWOOD....

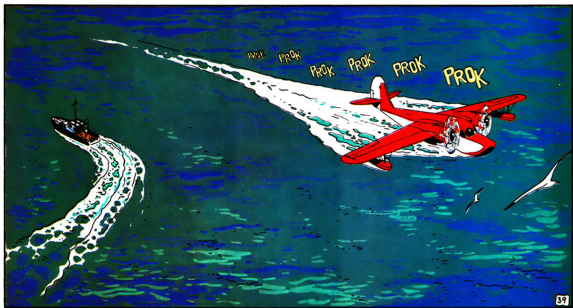
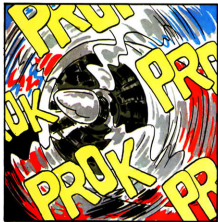


I THOUGHT ONE MORE TIME ABOUT ORNAK'S OFFER AND... I UNDERSTOOD THE TRUTH. WHAT REALLY UPSET ME, IN THE END, WAS THAT I WASN'T ONE OF THOSE TOUGH GUNS WHO ARE ABLE TO REFUSE FAME AND MONEY WITHOUT REGRETS, OR ACCEPT THEM BOTH WITHOUT HAVING TO MAKE STUPID EXCUSES.

YOU KNOW, CHINESE, I REALLY DON'T THINK I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO ORNAK.

YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO THE AMERICAN ANYMORE?

I THINK IT WOULD BE USELESS. I'VE MADE MY DECISION. THERE'S NO NEED FOR WORDS.





THIS  
ACCIDENT HAS  
SHAKEN MY NERVES...  
OR...MAYBE I'M GOING  
CRAZY: I THOUGHT I  
SAW DIETER LUMPEN  
IN THAT BOAT.

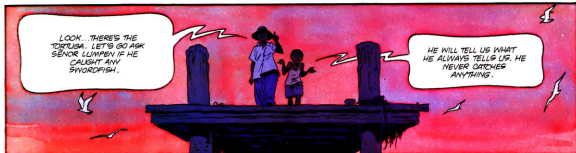


YOU MUST ADMIT,  
DIETER, THAT THE  
AMERICAN SHOWS  
GREATER ABILITY IN  
CHOOSING HIS  
SECRETARY THAN IN  
CHOOSING HIS  
ACTORS.



YES, THE  
NIGHT HAD BEEN  
LONG AND INSTRU-  
CTIVE, BUT EXHAUST-  
ING. THAT DAY I  
REFUSED TO  
LISTEN TO ANYTHING  
HAVING TO DO  
WITH FISHING OR  
BILLIARDS. I  
NEEDED ONE OF  
THOSE ENDLESS  
CARIBBEAN  
SIESTAS. I FELL  
IN MY HAMMOCK  
THINKING THAT  
SIESTAS COULDN'T  
POSSIBLY EXIST  
IN HOLLYWOOD  
AND FELL FAST  
ASLEEP WITH A  
SMILE ON MY  
FACE.





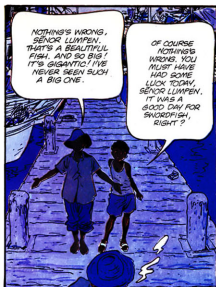


I THINK I'M NOT GOING TO ASK HIM ANYTHING TODAY.

I WON'T EITHER.



WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE VERY SILENT THIS EVENING. ARE YOU HAVING PROBLEMS WITH YOUR TONGUE?



NOTHING'S WRONG, SENOR LUMPEN. THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL FISH, AND SO BIG! IT'S GIGANTIC! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A BIG ONE.

OF COURSE NOTHING'S WRONG. YOU MUST HAVE HAD SOME LUCK TODAY, SENOR LUMPEN. IT WAS A GOOD DAY FOR SNORFISH, RIGHT?



A VERY BAD DAY. THE CHINESE GOT THIS ONE - I GOT NOTHING.

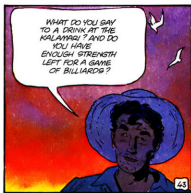


WHAT DID I TELL YOU? SENOR LUMPEN NEVER HAS A GOOD DAY.



WHY DID YOU LIE TO THOSE KIDS?

I DIDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT THEM.

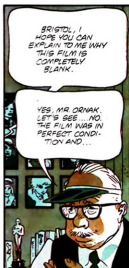


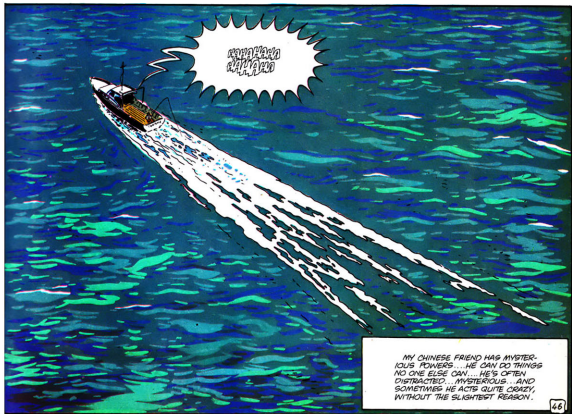
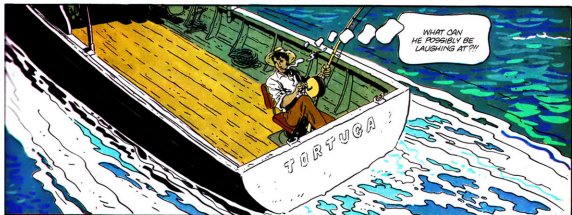
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A DRINK AT THE KALAMARI? AND DO YOU HAVE ENOUGH STRENGTH LEFT FOR A GAME OF BILLIARDS?





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MY CHINESE FRIEND HAS MYSTERIOUS POWERS... HE CAN DO THINGS NO ONE ELSE CAN... HE'S OFTEN DISTRACTED... MYSTERIOUS... AND SOMETIMES HE ACTS QUITE CRAZY, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST REASON.

46

THE END

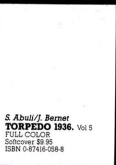
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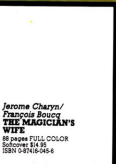
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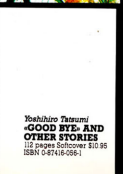
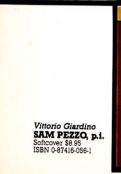
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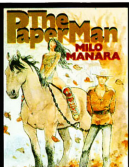
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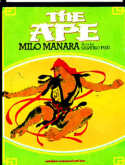
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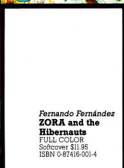
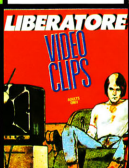
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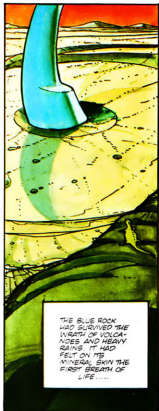


# The Blue Rock

IN THE VERY BEGINNING  
OF TIME, WHEN ALL THAT  
EXISTED WAS BOILING  
MAGMA AND LIQUID LAVA,  
AN ENORMOUS BLUE ROCK  
ROSE FROM THE DEPTH  
OF THE EARTH.



IT HAD BLACK VEINS,  
LIKE THOSE OF A  
MARBLE, RUNNING  
THROUGH IT AND ITS  
SURFACE WAS COM-  
PLETELY SMOOTH, AS  
IF ALL ROUGHNESS HAD  
BEEN RUBBED AWAY BY  
THE FIERY INSIDES OF  
THE YOUNG PLANET.



THE BLUE ROCK  
HAD SURVIVED THE  
WRATH OF VOLCA-  
NOES AND HEAVY  
RAINS. IT HAD  
FELT ON ITS  
MINERAL SKIN THE  
FIRST BREATH OF  
LIFE....



IT HAD SEEN THE LAST DINOSAUR  
DIE IN AN OCEAN OF BLOOD....



LATER, MUCH LATER, THE  
EARTH GAVE BIRTH TO A HIGH  
CHAIN OF MOUNTAINS. NOW  
THE WATERS OF A FAST  
RUNNING RIVER CRASHED  
AGAINST THE BLUE ROCK....



IT HAD SENT A LITTLE BIT SO  
FAST MEN, FOLLOWING WHO  
KNOWS WHAT OBSCURE RITES,  
COULD SACRIFICE YOUNG  
VIRGINS.



TIME KEPT ON PASSING.



A BLIND MAGICIAN FROM THE PAWNEE TRIBE CLAIMED THE ROCK AS HIS. DURING STORMY DAYS HE WOULD KNEEL ON IT AND SPEAK TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRITS.



AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND SAYS THAT ONE EVENING THE ROCK KILLED HIM AND SUCKED HIS VITAL JUICES. THEY FOUND HIS BODY AS DRY AND AS HARD AS OLD WOOD.



THEN MAN LEFT THAT REMOTE AREA, UNTIL THE DAY WHEN....



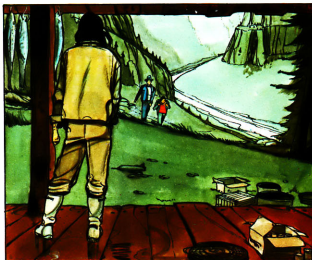
HOW DID YOU FIND THAT RIVER? NO ONE EVER COMES THIS WAY!

AN OLD INDIAN ASSURED ME THAT WE WOULD FIND THE LARGEST TROUTS IN MONTANA RIGHT HERE!



THE ROAD STOPS HERE, JACK. WE'LL HAVE TO WALK THE REST OF THE WAY.

LOOK AT THAT HUT. DO YOU THINK SOMEONE LIVES THERE?



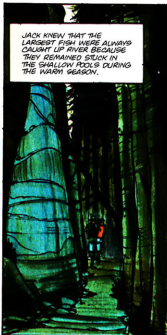


HEY OVER THERE! THOSE FISH ARE ENORMOUS. DID YOU CATCH THEM IN THE RIVER?



OUR NATIVE FRIEND IS NOT VERY TALKATIVE.

HE MUST'VE CAUGHT THEM FURTHER UP THE RIVER. LET'S GO!



JACK KNEW THAT THE LARGEST FISH WERE ALWAYS CAUGHT UP RIVER BECAUSE THEY REMAINED STUCK IN THE SHALLOW POOLS DURING THE WARM SEASON.



DID YOU KNOW THAT THE INDIANS WHO USED TO LIVE IN THESE MOUNTAINS USED TO IMMERSER THEIR SACRIFICIAL VICTIMS IN THE WATER WITH A LARGE HOOK PLANTED IN THEIR NECK, AS AN OFFERING TO THE RIVER...



DO YOU BELIEVE THESE OLD WIVES' TALES?

BAH!

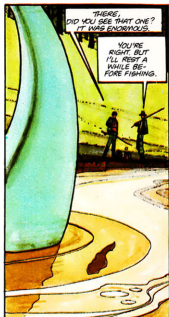


DO YOU SEE THE POOL UNDER THE BLUE ROCK? I'M SURE WE'LL FIND A FEW GIANTS IN THERE.



WHERE DID  
YOU FIND THAT  
HOOK?

I TOOK IT FROM THAT  
INDIAN GUY. WE'LL USE IT TO  
BRING BACK THE TROUT.



THERE,  
DID YOU SEE THAT ONE?  
IT WAS ENORMOUS.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT, BUT  
I'LL REST A  
WHILE BE-  
FORE FISHING.

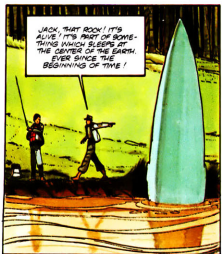


HE LAY DOWN ON THE BLUE  
ROCK. HIS BODY FIT PERFECTLY  
IN THE NICHE. HE COULD FEEL  
THE SMOOTH SURFACE UNDER-  
NEATH HIM, STILL WARM FROM  
THE SUN. HE FELT GOOD  
AND FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP.



HE HAD SOME VERY STRANGE DREAMS.



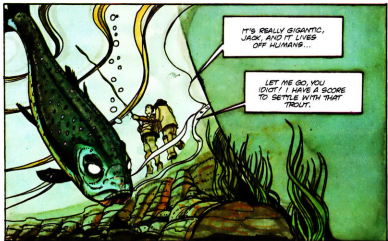


JACK, THAT ROCK! IT'S ALIVE! IT'S PART OF SOMETHING WHICH SLEEPS AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, EVER SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME!



IT'S AN ABOMINABLE, EVIL THING. WHAT I SAW WAS HORRIBLE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, JACK!

YOU WERE JUST DREAMING! DON'T BOTHER ME WITH YOUR STORIES.



IT'S REALLY GIGANTIC, JACK, AND IT LIVES OFF HUMANS...

LET ME GO, YOU IDIOT! I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT TROUT.





NO ONE EVER REALLY KNEW  
WHAT HAD HAPPENED UP THERE,  
NEAR THE GREAT BLUE ROCK.



ONE OF THE FISHERMAN WAS  
FOUND WITH HIS THROAT  
SLIT BY A LARGE HOOK....



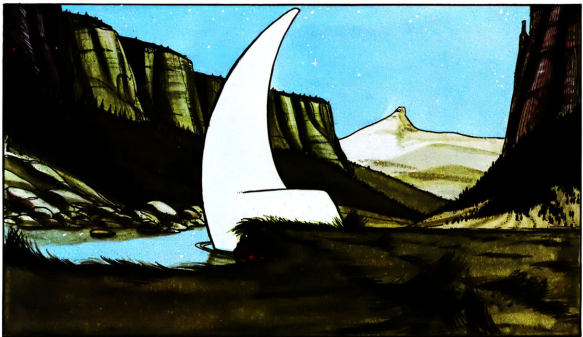
THE OTHER WAS A LITTLE  
FURTHER DOWN RIVER, HIS  
BODY BADLY BROKEN BY  
FALLING ON THE ROCKS.



THE INDIAN, WHO WAS DEAF  
AND DUMB, WAS ACCUSED OF  
THE CRIME BECAUSE THE  
HOOK BELONGED TO HIM....

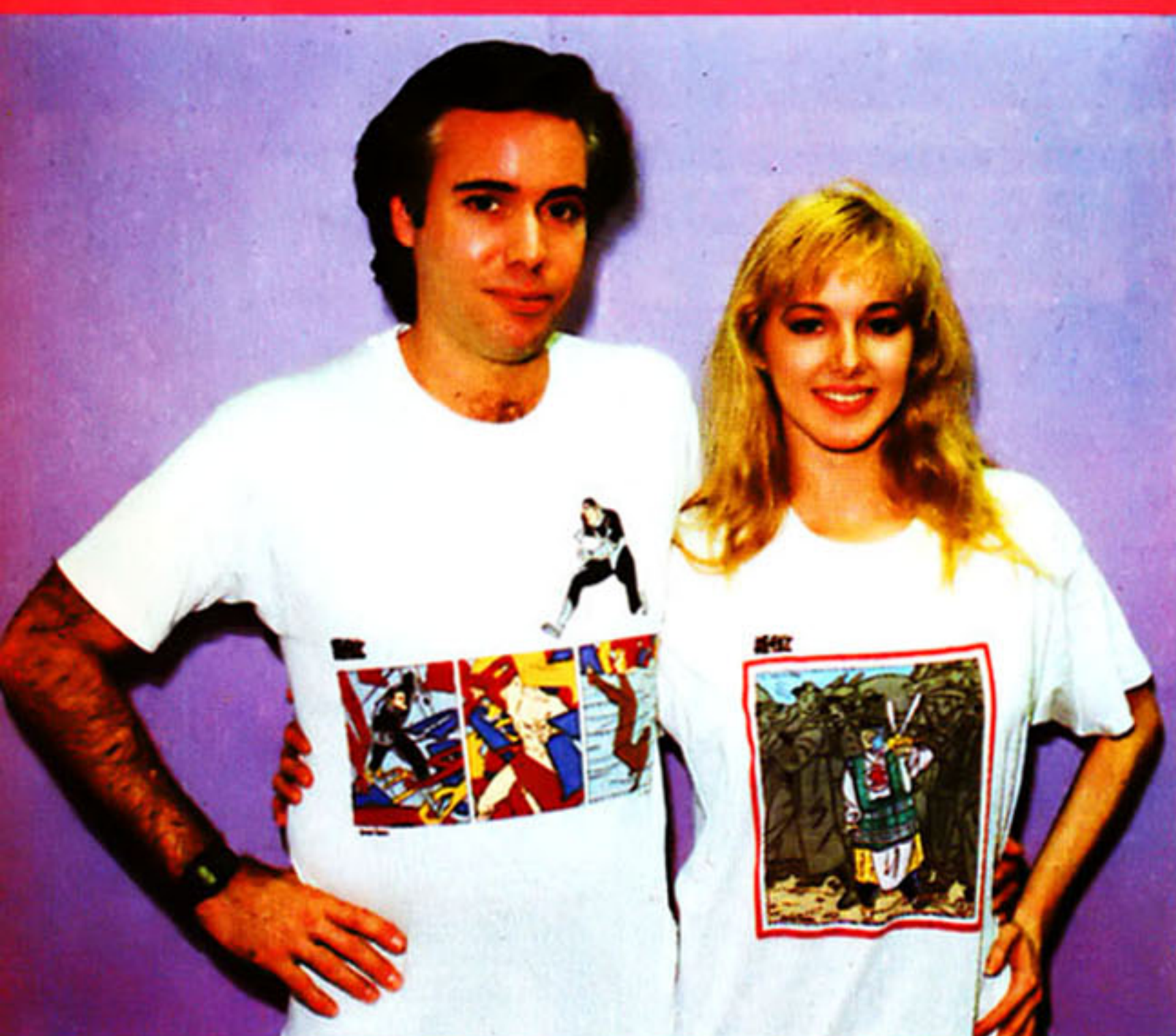


AND HE DIED IN PRISON  
SOMETIME LATER.



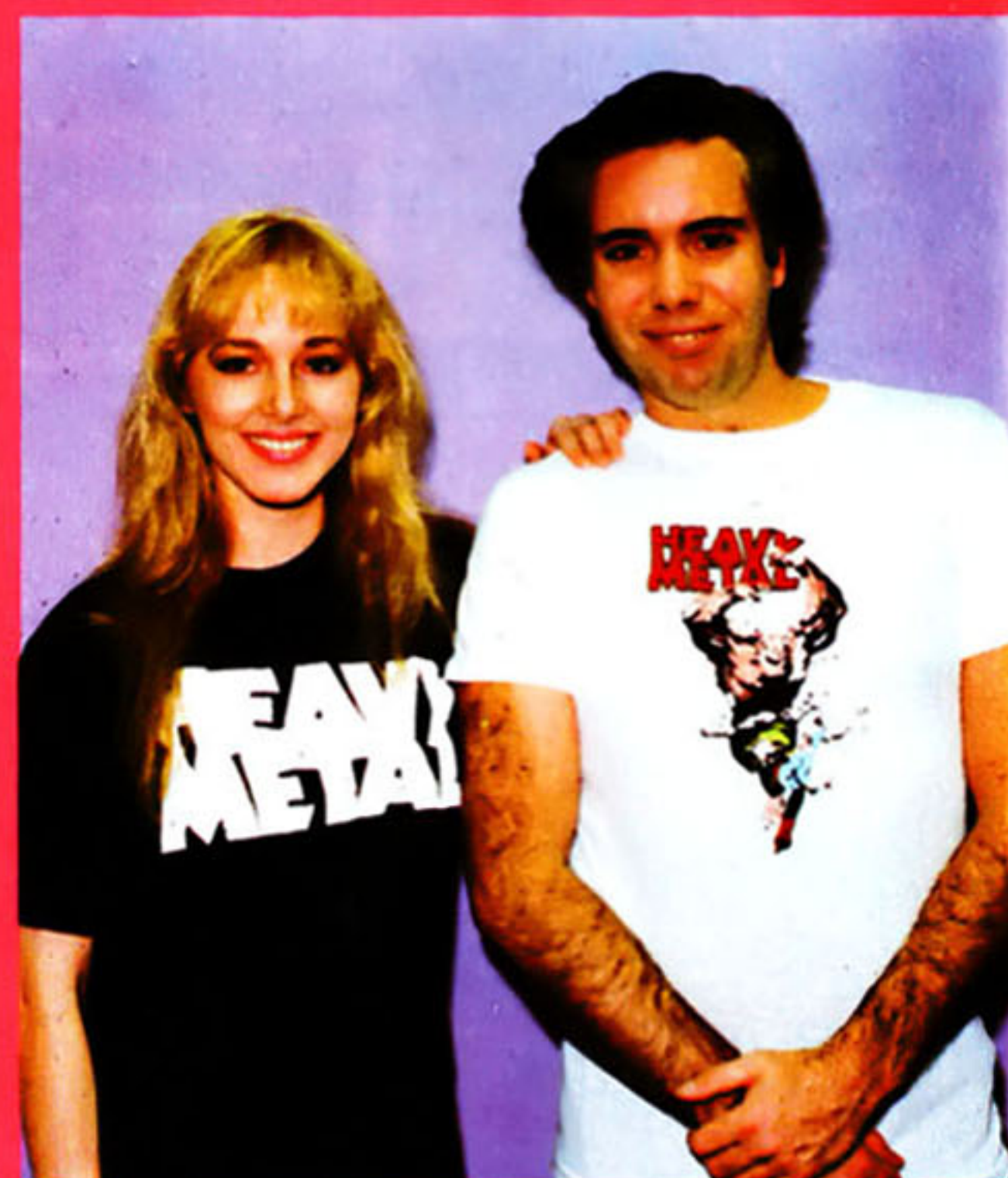


# Out of this World Fashions!!



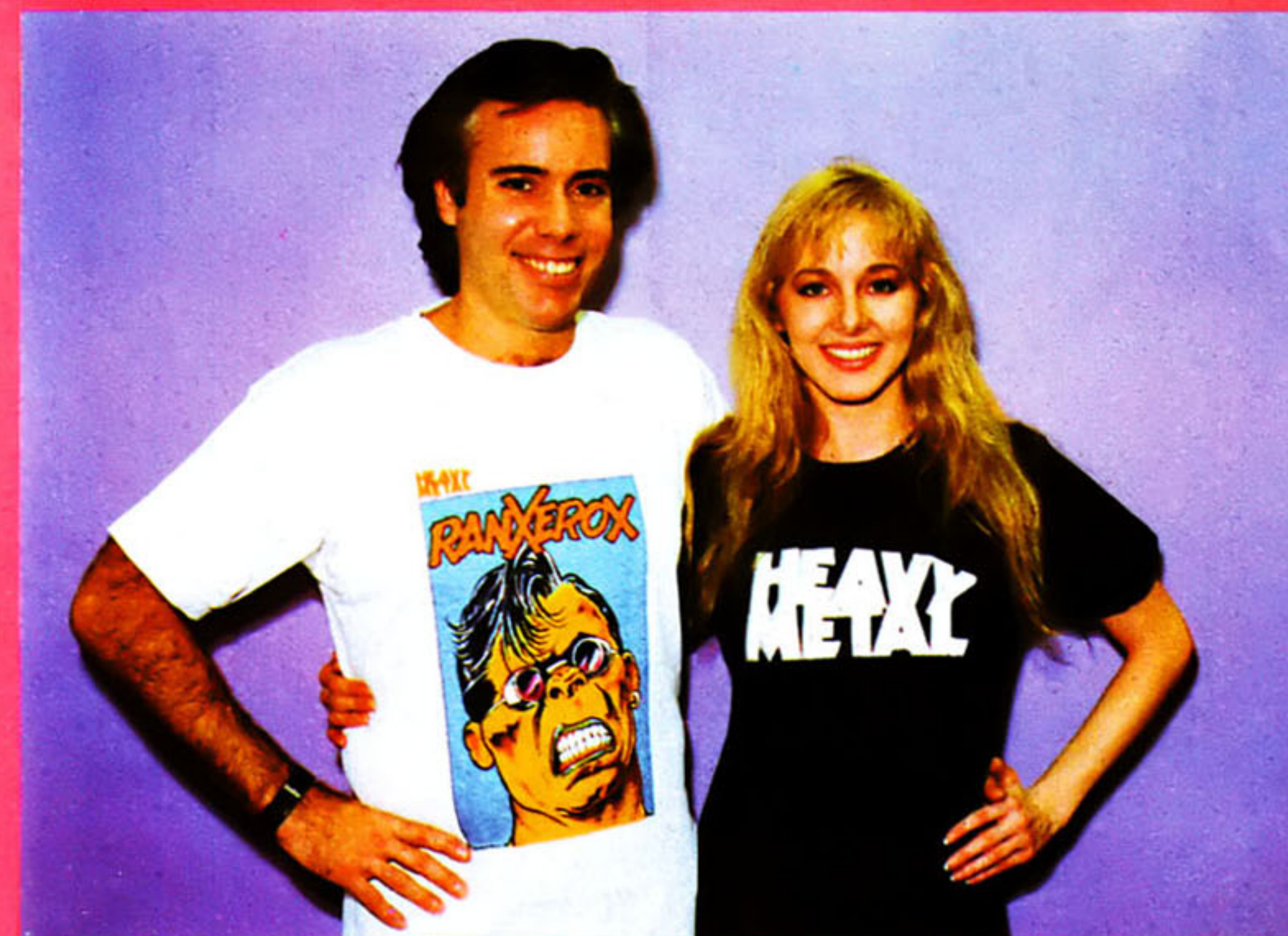
A

B



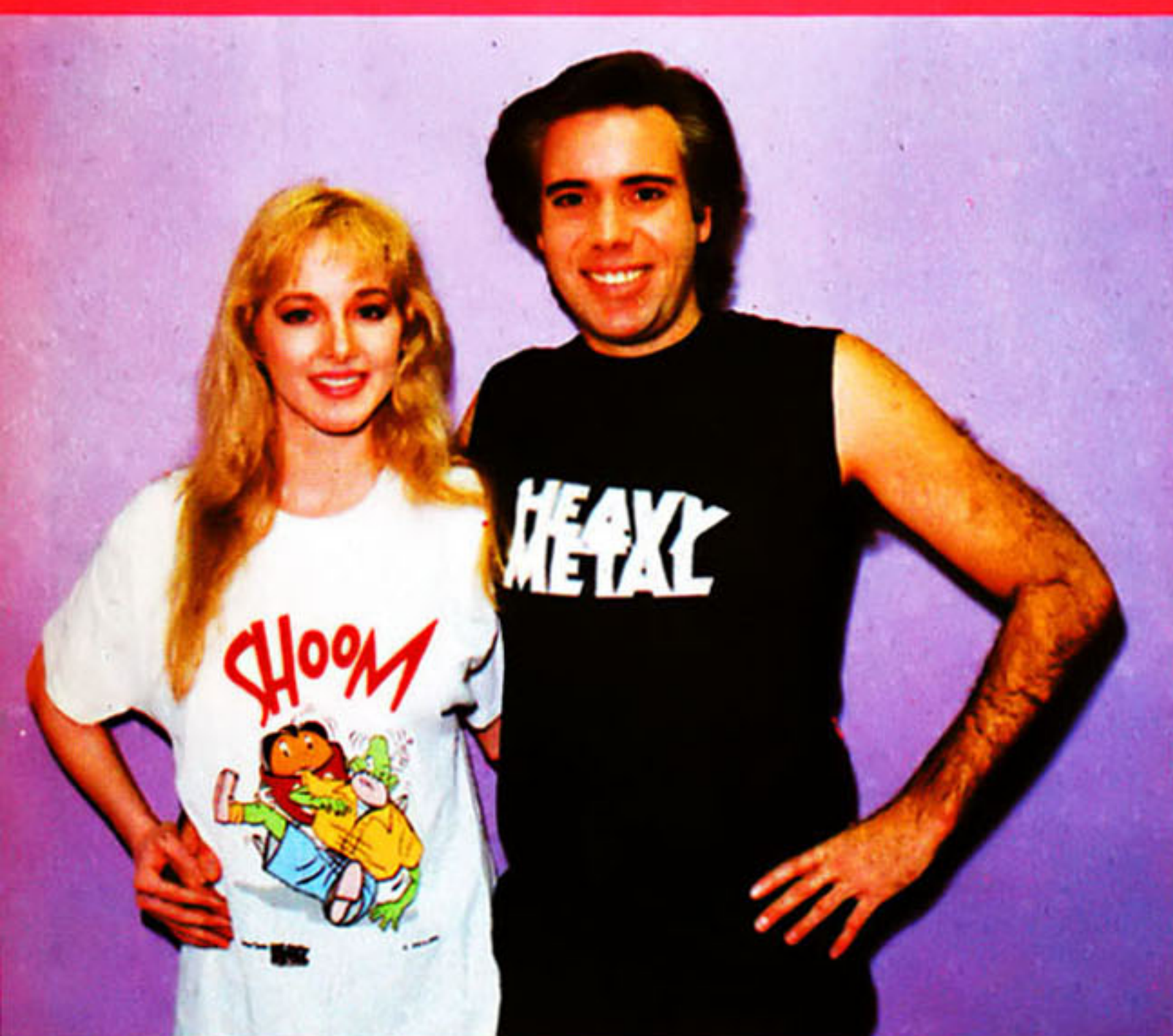
C

D



E

F



G

H



I

J

**A** Beautiful splash panel from the exciting Torres's series **Saxxon**. **Rocco Vargas** dances all over your heart in this seven-color T-shirt. **\$12.95**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ medium \_\_\_\_\_ large  
 \_\_\_\_\_ ex-large

**B** From Torres's **Saxxon**, **THE FAN** is lost in a crowd and found on this ten-color tee. **\$12.95**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ medium \_\_\_\_\_ large  
 \_\_\_\_\_ ex-large

**C** The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **\$9.00**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ medium  
 \_\_\_\_\_ large \_\_\_\_\_ red \_\_\_\_\_ black

**D** Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the **Heavy Metal** movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **\$9.95**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ medium \_\_\_\_\_ large

**E** **Ranxerox T-shirt**. Made of 100% cotton with a reinforced neck. Deep armholes, extra body

length and fullness. White with design in full color. **\$12.95**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ medium \_\_\_\_\_ large  
 \_\_\_\_\_ ex-large

**F** **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt.**

**H** These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to



bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **\$9.00**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ medium  
 \_\_\_\_\_ large \_\_\_\_\_ sleeveless  
 \_\_\_\_\_ regular

**G** **SHOOM!** Rocco Vargas's manservant, **Samson**, and his little robot pal come alive on this new eight-color T-shirt. More coffee, Samson... more coffee! **\$12.95**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ medium \_\_\_\_\_ large  
 \_\_\_\_\_ ex-large



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



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

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

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

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

**Heavy Metal, Dept. 7/89 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013**

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

All prices above include postage and handling.

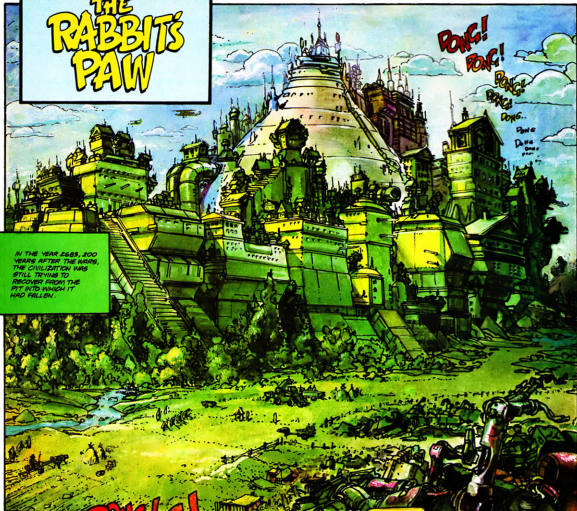
If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

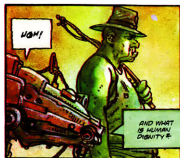
Credit card orders: Only on orders of \$20.00 or more.  
 MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Visa # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_



# THE RABBIT'S PAW

IN THE YEAR 2585, 200 YEARS AFTER THE BARR, THE CIVILIZATION WAS STILL TRYING TO RECOVER FROM THE PIT INTO WHICH IT HAD FALLEN.





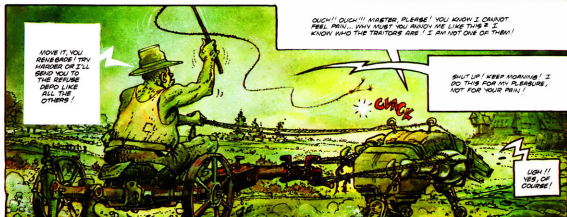
UGH!

AND WHAT  
IS HUMAN  
DIGNITY?



TAK!  
TAK!  
TAK!

STOP  
PRETENDING TO  
BE SO NAIVE. YOU  
SHIT-HEADED  
PIECE OF TIN!  
WE KNOW ALL  
TOO WELL, HOW  
YOU'VE BEEN  
PLANNING TO  
TAKEOVER THE  
HUMAN RACE!  
HA! YOU'LL  
NEVER DO IT!  
NOT UNTIL THE  
LAST HUMAN  
TREADS UPON  
THE EARTH!



MOVE IT, YOU  
RENEGADE! TRY  
HARDER OR I'LL  
SEND YOU TO  
THE REFUGE  
DEPO LIKE  
ALL THE  
OTHERS!

OUCH! OUCH!!! MASTER, PLEASE! YOU KNOW I CANNOT  
FEEL PAIN... WHY MUST YOU ABUSE ME LIKE THIS? I  
KNOW WHO THE TRAITORS ARE! I AM NOT ONE OF THEM!

SHUT UP! KEEP WORKING! I  
DO THIS FOR MY PLEASURES,  
NOT FOR YOUR PAIN!

UGH!!  
YES, OF  
COURSE!

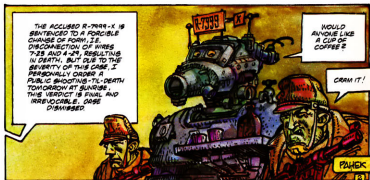


THE ACCUSED  
SHALL RISE!

HE IS STANDING  
ALREADY, YOUR HONOR!  
THIS MODEL WAS NOT  
DESIGNED TO SIT DOWN.



THE NEW LAMBERPOPIA  
PRINCIPAL FEDERAL COURT,  
AFTER CONSIDERING ALL OF  
THE RELEVANT FACTS REGARDING  
R-7799-X, LATEST OCCUPATION,  
COFFEE SERVER IN A LOCAL  
MCDONALD'S, IS CHARGED  
WITH CONSPIRACIOUS HUMAN  
FEELINGS, NAMELY FEAR AND  
NERVOUSNESS, WHILE SERVING  
RESTAURANT SLUTS. THESE  
ABOVE-MENTIONED QUALITIES  
RESULTED IN SLOPPINESS,  
CAUSING DISCOMFORT AND  
ANXIETY AMONGST THE  
6,000,000,000,000  
SERVED.

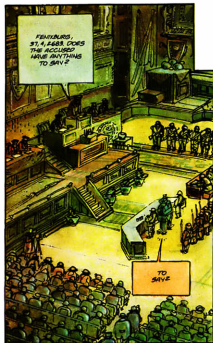


THE ACCUSED R-7799-X IS  
SENTENCED TO A FORCIBLE  
CHANGE OF FORM, I.E.  
DISCONNECTION OF WIRES  
7-25 AND 4-24, RESULTING  
IN DEATH. BUT DUE TO THE  
SEVERITY OF THIS CASE, I  
PERSONALLY ORDER A  
PUBLIC SHOOTING-TIL-DEATH  
TOMORROW AT SUNRISE.  
THIS VERDICT IS FINAL AND  
IRREVOCABLE. CASE  
DISMISSED.

WOULD  
ANYONE LIKE  
A CUP OF  
COFFEE?

GRAB IT!

PAPER  
81



FENTURUS,  
37,4,2688 DOES  
THE ACCUSED  
HAVE ANYTHING  
TO SAY?

TO  
SAY

IT IS AN GREAT PRIVILEGE TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO  
DISCUSS MY GRIEVANCES WITH THE ESTEEMED BOARD, AND  
THUS RESCUE THEM FROM DELUSION. THE CRIME FOR  
WHICH I AM BEING PUNISHED, IS A RESULT OF  
TECHNOLOGICAL IMPERFECTIONS. I SHOULD NOT BE  
SHAMMED FROM SOCIETY....

HAAA

HO!

HA!

HO!

HE'S KINDA GUTE...  
I WOULD LIKE TO BUY  
ONE LIKE HIM.

HE'S VERY OLD.  
"TECHNOLOGICAL IMPERFECTIONS."  
HA!

WHAT DRIVE!

WHAT DID  
HE SAY?



COME ON,  
MOVE IT! YOUR  
TIME IS  
UP! SAY  
GOODBYE  
NOW!

SNIFF...  
GOODBYE

DON'T WORRY, MR. YOU'RE  
OFF TO THE SCRAP HEAP...  
YOU'LL MAKE A NICE  
RADIATOR. AN IMPROVEMENT  
OVER YOUR PRESENT STATE,  
DON'T YOU THINK?



HEY, NICE  
VOLTAGE!

THANKS!

YOU DECANNING?

YEAH!

WHERE?

TOMORROW.

WE'LL BRIDE THE  
MEMORY OF YOU  
IN OUR BRAINS!

THANKS, I  
APPRECIATE THAT.



TAKE THIS... AND WIDE IT WELL! IT'S  
A RABBIT'S PAW. THE HUMANS USE  
IT FOR GOOD LUCK.

THANKS, BUT THEY USE  
A FOOT FOR LUCK. I CAN'T  
COMPREHEND THAT.



COME ON, MOVE  
IT! ENOUGH CHIT  
CHAT!

FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BIG  
DEAL IS. SO YOU WERE A LITTLE SLOPPY. IT'S  
A WAY OF LIFE FOR ME. ANYWAY, THE  
BOSS SAID WE GOTTA DO SOME  
PREAMB WIRE-CUTTING!

WHAT WOULD A  
HAWAY DO IN  
OUR SHOES.

I THINK HE  
WOULD CRY.

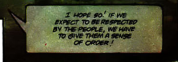
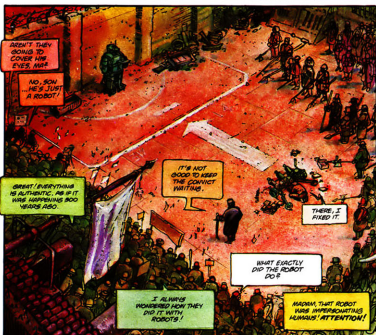
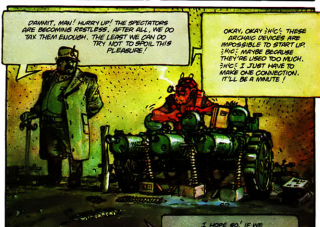
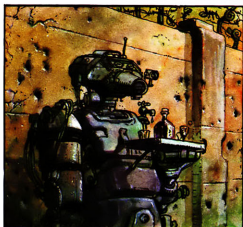


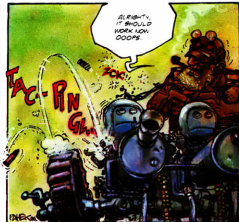
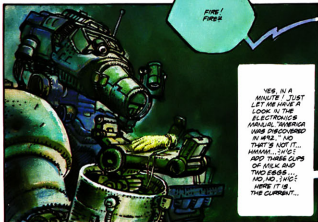
NIGZ!!  
NIGZ!!  
NIGZ!!

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING, ETHEL?

I AM  
TRYING TO SHED  
A TEAR.









HEY LOOK! THE  
ROBOT IS HIDING  
SOMETHING IN  
HIS ARM!

CAN YOU SEE  
WHAT IT IS?

IT LOOKS LIKE A  
FOOT. OH, IT'S A  
RABBIT'S PAW. HE  
THINKS IT'S  
GONNA BRING  
HIM GOOD  
LUCK!

WHAT?



WHERE THE HELL DID YOU  
GET THAT, YOU JUNK BUCKET!  
GIVE IT TO ME!



DOOM

OH, SO YOU WON'T  
LET GO OF IT, YOU  
DIRTY BASTARD.  
GIVE IT HERE!



OUCH! HE BROKE MY  
HAND! HE BROKE THE HAND  
OF A WAR VET!



WELL, IT WON'T DO  
HIM ANY GOOD!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
GENIAL! SHOW HIM  
YOUR GOOD LUCK  
CHARM!



WELL,  
IS HE  
COMING?

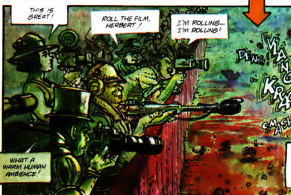
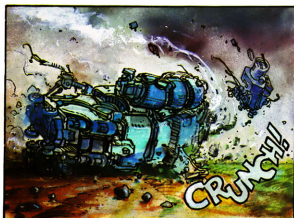
NO!

NIGZ...!  
NIGZ...!  
NIGZ...!



BANG  
BONG!

PAHEK  
6







WHAT A MAN...  
WHAT A MAN...  
YOU ARE THE LIGHT  
IN THIS DARK  
WORLD

GENERAL, YOU  
ARE A PART  
OF HISTORY  
NOW!



GIVE US A  
BLOODTHIRSTY SMILE  
FOR THE FRONT LINE,  
WOULDN'T YOU?

CHEESE!



AGGGHHH!

MY LEG! THAT  
SONOFABITCH BROKE  
MY LEG!

PERFECT!  
THE  
REARERS  
WILL  
LOVE  
THIS!  
DON'T  
MOVE!



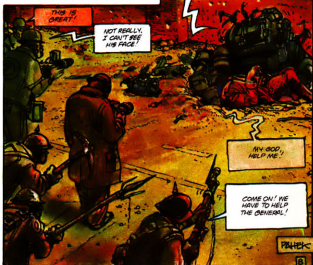
WOULD THE  
GENTLEMEN  
LIKE SUGAR  
OR EQUAL?

AGGGHH!  
...EQUAL  
EQUAL!



WITH MILK?

AGGGHH  
YES, WITH  
...MILK!



THIS IS  
GREAT!

NOT REALLY,  
I CAN'T SEE  
HIS FACE!

YOU KNOW, WE HAVE KNOCHA  
-JOUR AS WELL... WHAT DO  
YOU PREFER?

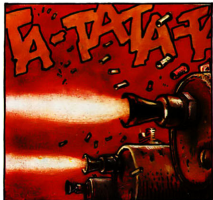
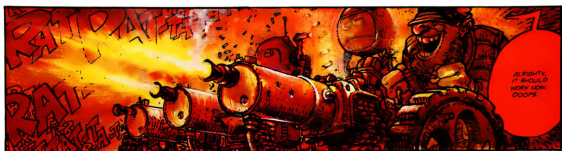
MY GOD,  
HELP ME!

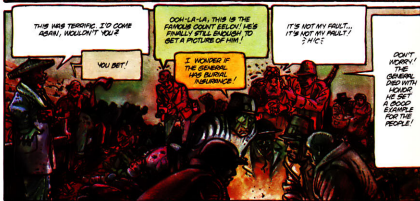
COME ON! WE  
HAVE TO HELP  
THE GENERAL!

PANHEC

8







END

# HEAVY METAL's

**first graphic novel in ten years...**

## THE VENUS INTERFACE

**On Sale June 15!**

CREATION CONVENTIONS SALUTE

# STAR TREK

*AND THE WORLDS OF*

# SCI-FI MEDIA

WEEKEND CONVENTIONS FOR FANS OF STAR TREK AND SCIENCE FICTION IN THE MEDIA are held in major cities around the nation on a weekly basis. Each convention features in-person appearances (this summer we're presenting WILLIAM SHATNER, LEONARD NIMOY, and virtually everyone else from the STAR TREK cast at various events), previews of upcoming genre films, a giant bazaar of sci-fi media merchandise on sale, auctions, contests, slideshows, and surprises!

Attend a CREATION CONVENTION near you soon: for free information on the convention closest to your home please send a self addressed stamped envelope to:

CREATION, Dept. H., 145 Jericho Turnpike, Mineola, New York 11501



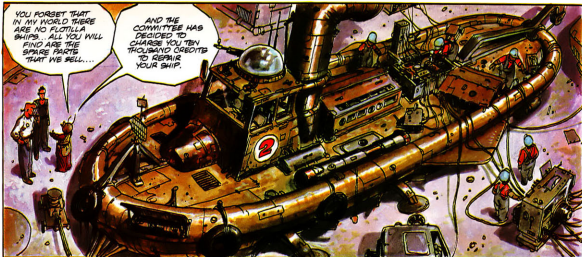
IT STANDS LIKE A GIANT BEEHIVE ON THE PLANET OKIBO AND IS THE HOME OF THE HORMIGU.

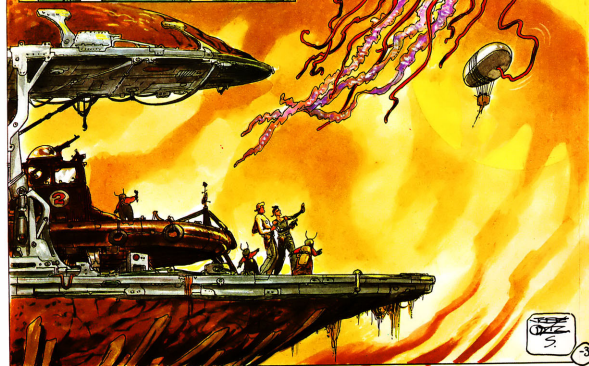
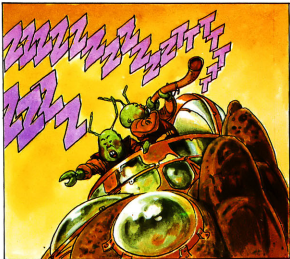
TEN THOUSAND  
SOLAR CREDITS TO  
REPAIR OUR PLASMA  
GENERATOR?  
THIEF!

...WE CAN  
BUY A WHOLE  
FLOTILLA OF CARGO  
SHIPS FOR THAT  
PRICE!

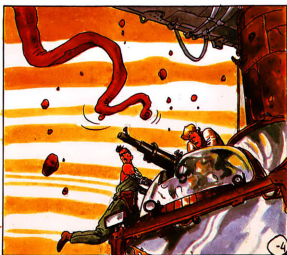
# THE JELLY- FISH FROM SPACE

©  
SEGURA



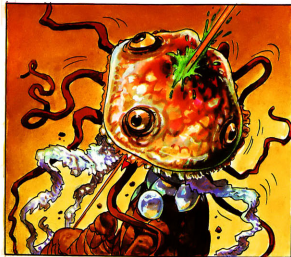




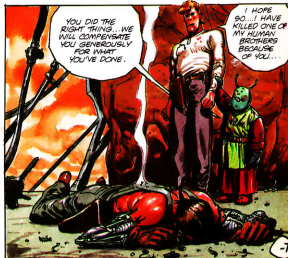












THREE CYCLES LATER...

YOU REALLY ARE DUMBS. THE GREEN CABLE MUST CONNECT WITH THE ARM SENSOR....

SORRY. PUTTING YOU BACK TOGETHER AGAIN GETS INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT.

HOW DID HE REACT WHEN YOU KILLED ME?

JUST AS WE HOPED. HE WAS SO IMPRESSED THAT HE COULDN'T HAGGLE OVER THE PRICE I ASKED FOR THE GUN.

ARE YOU GOING TO LET MARY GO NOW?

OH NO! I HAVE GROWN VERY FOND OF THAT LOUSY ANIMAL... SHE IS SO SWEET.

OUR PLAN WORKED WITHOUT A HITCH.

THE FIRST TO TRY IT WERE THE ARMS MERCHANTS, BACK ON THE OLD PLANET EARTH.

THE ONLY WAY TO SELL GUNS IS TO CONVINCE THE BUYERS THAT THEY HAVE AN ENEMY... OR TO CREATE ONE FOR THEM.

SO WE'LL LET MARY HAVE SOME FUN WHEN WE GET TO THE PLANET OCEAN. AND AFTER SHE'S SUNK FOUR OR FIVE OF THEIR SHIPS AND THEY'RE GROUNDED FOR A WHILE...

...THE TIME WILL HAVE COME FOR US TO STEP IN AND SELL THEM A GUN....

THE END

SEURA

-8



# TIGER G-1

THE DENSE SILENCE....

© Controlled by NORMA

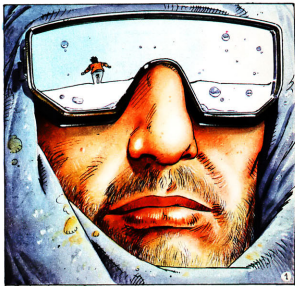
WAS BROKEN ONLY BY  
THE SOUND OF  
DESPERATE FOOTSTEPS...



THE OLD  
GAME OF THE HUNTER  
AND THE PREY...



...REAWAKENS  
FORGOTTEN  
INSTINCTS IN TWO  
HUMAN BEINGS.





WE HAVE ELIMINATED HUNGER AND INFANT MORTALITY. CONVENTIONAL, ISOLATED WARS ARE IN THE SO-CALLED THIRD WORLD HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A MINIMUM.... WE ARE ENJOYING A STATE OF WELL-BEING WHICH IS ALMOST PERFECT....

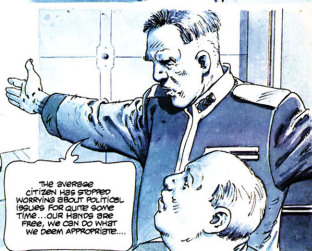
...BUT THE TIME HAS COME TO FACE SOME BRUTAL FACTS. THE WORLD IS OVER-POPULATED. IF WE GO ON LIKE THIS WE WON'T BE ABLE TO AVOID HUNGER AND POVERTY ...AND THE REVOLUTIONS AND CHAOS THAT COME WITH THEM....



...WE HAVE SPOKEN ABOUT THIS AT LENGTH AND THERE IS NO OTHER SOLUTION. LET'S FORGET FOR A MOMENT THOSE STUPID AND HYPOCRITICAL PRINCIPLES WHICH WON'T GET US ANYWHERE.



THE AVERAGE CITIZEN HAS STOPPED WORRYING ABOUT POLITICAL ISSUES FOR QUITE SOME TIME... OUR HANDS ARE FREE, WE CAN DO WHAT WE DEEM APPROPRIATE....

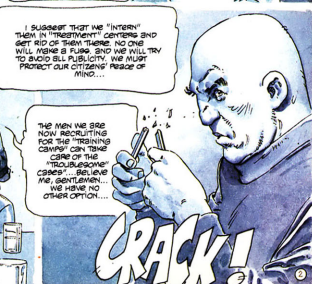


OF COURSE, FIRST WE GET RID OF ALL INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE PHYSICALLY OR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED. THEY ARE NOT PRODUCTIVE AND ARE A HEAVY BURDEN ON THE STATE.



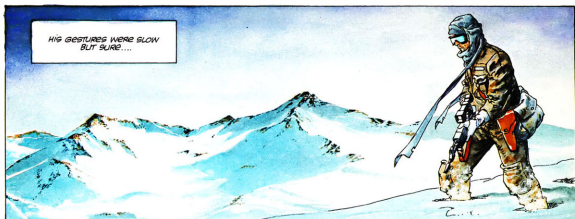
I SUGGEST THAT WE "INTERNE" THEM IN "TREATMENT" CENTERS AND GET RID OF THEM THERE. NO ONE WILL MAKE A FUSS, AND WE WILL TRY TO AVOID ALL PUBLICITY. WE MUST PROTECT OUR CITIZEN'S RESIDE OF MIND....

THE MEN WE ARE NOW RECRUITING FOR THE "TRAINING CAMPS" CAN TAKE CARE OF THE "TROUBLESOME" CASES.... BELIEVE ME, GENTLEMEN... WE HAVE NO OTHER OPTION....



**CRACK!**

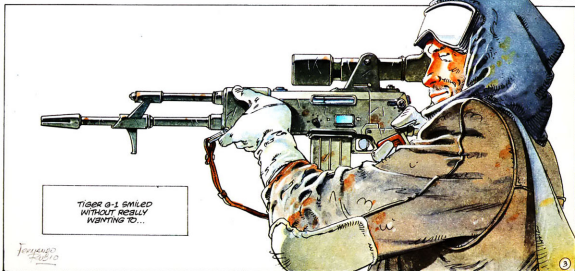




HIS GESTURES WERE SLOW  
BUT SURE....

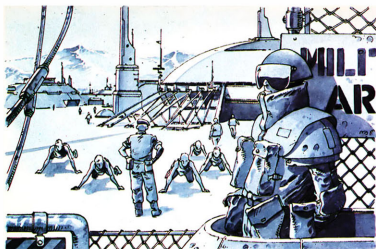


THE PREY WAS AN  
EASY CATCH.



TIGER G-1 SMILED  
WITHOUT REALLY  
WANTING TO...

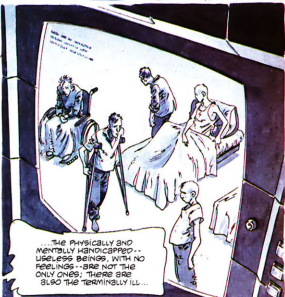
Ferrigno  
Fazio



COME ON, YOU  
WIMPS! I WANT TO SEE  
YOU WRITHING IN  
PAIN!



SHOW ME THAT  
YOU'RE REAL TOUGH MEN!  
THAT YOU'LL BE ABLE  
TO DO YOUR  
DUTY!



...THE PHYSICALLY AND  
MENTALLY HANDICAPPED--  
USELESS BEINGS, WITH NO  
FEELINGS--ARE NOT THE  
ONLY ONES; THERE ARE  
ALSO THE TERMINALLY ILL...



...THOSE WHO ARE  
REACHING THE END OF THEIR LIFE  
AND ARE SLATED TO DIE VERY  
SOON. THEIR LIFE HAS NO  
VALUE FOR THEM...

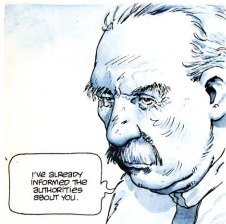
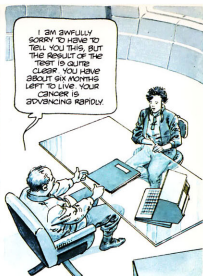
...AND REMEMBER OUR PLEDGE:  
"WE MUST DESTROY ALL THOSE PEOPLE  
WHO, BECAUSE OF A MENTAL OR  
PHYSICAL HANDICAP, HAVE  
NO VALUE FOR OUR  
SOCIETY."



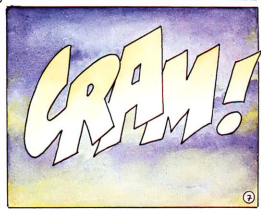


HIS INSTINCT TOLD HIM THAT THE HUNT WOULD  
SOON END...











HE COULDN'T  
GET THOSE WORDS  
OUT OF HIS  
HEAD: "WE MUST  
DESTROY ALL THOSE  
PEOPLE WHO ARE  
EITHER PHYSICALLY  
OR MENTALLY  
HANDICAPPED  
AND ARE ONLY A  
BURDEN ON  
OUR  
SOCIETY."



HE WOULD LISTEN TO THEM ONE MORE TIME.  
"WE MUST DESTROY ALL THOSE PEOPLE  
WHO ARE EITHER PHYSICALLY  
OR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED  
AND ARE ONLY A BURDEN  
ON OUR SOCIETY."



TIGER KNEW WHAT  
HE HAD TO DO.  
HE JUST HAD  
TO DO HIS  
DUTY.

AND NO ONE  
WOULD PREVENT HIM  
FROM CARRYING IT OUT....

**BRANG!!**





FOR HEAVENS SAKE / I TELL YOU  
IT'S THE TRUTH / I STILL REMEMBER  
ALL THOSE THINGS...  
LISTEN CAREFULLY...

THERE IS A GHOST TRAIN THAT  
GOES ALL AROUND THE WORLD... YES...  
AND EVERY FEW YEARS OR SO IT STOPS  
IN AN ABANDONED TRAIN STATION,  
LIKE THIS ONE...

THE

# Alien

ONLY ONE PASSENGER CAN  
GET OFF THE TRAIN AND A NEW  
ONE CAN TAKE HIS PLACE....

SNEEZE!

HE MUST BE A DERELICT,  
A BARRAH, LIKE US. YES...  
BECAUSE THE ONLY PEOPLE  
WHO CAN TRAVEL ON THAT  
TRAIN ARE THOSE WHO  
HAVE NO PLACE TO GO...

© Controlled by NORMA

BUT...THE ONE WHO  
GETS OFF? HIS TRAVELS  
HAVE CHANGED HIM. HE  
HAS SEEN AND LEARNED  
INCREDIBLE THINGS...HE'S  
BECOME MORE THAN  
HUMAN...AND HE WILL  
SEEK REVENGE AGAINST  
THOSE WHO MISTREATED  
HIM.

SNEEZE!

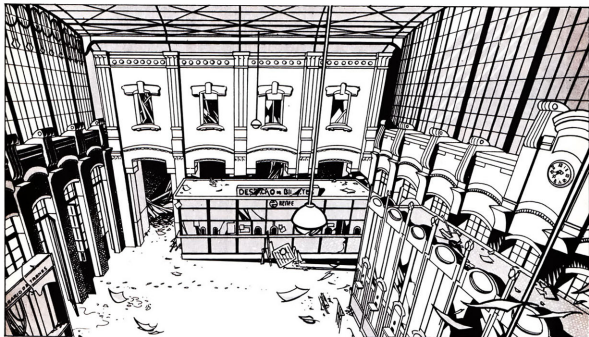
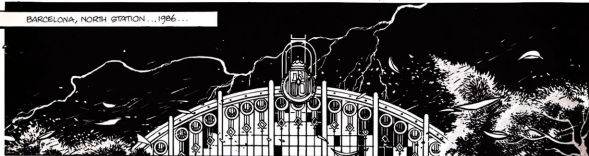
SO, I'M WAITING RIGHT HERE  
...I'VE SPENT MANY YEARS  
WAITING FOR THIS TRAIN...YES,  
WHEN IT COMES I'LL GET ON  
AND GO AWAY...DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?...WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, JANFRA, YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE ME? I'LL GO! OH,  
GO TO HELL, BOTH OF YOU!

NO, YOU OLD SOO! I DON'T  
BELIEVE YOUR STORIES! WHEN YOU'RE  
FLICKED, YOU'RE FLICKED FOREVER!  
THERE'S NO TRAIN THAT TAKES YOU  
AWAY FROM A LIFE OF MISERY.  
NONE!

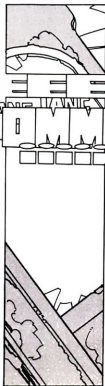
NONE!

# ARRIVAL in a STRANGE CITY

BARCELONA, NORTH STATION ... 1986...

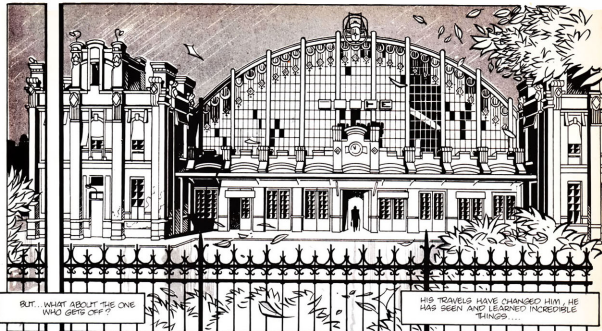


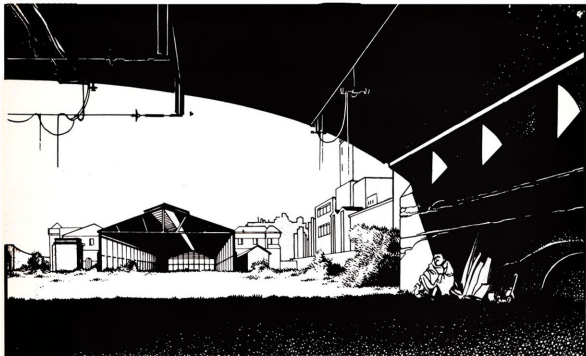












"NO TRAIN WILL TAKE  
YOU AWAY FROM A  
LIFE OF MISERY"....



"NONE!"

THE NORTHERN STATION IS BEING REFURBISHED  
BY THE CITY OF BARCELONA (1987) AND WILL  
BE USED AS A PUBLIC SPACE, NOT AS A  
STATION....

"NONE!"...

NO GHOST TRAIN WILL STOP THERE  
ANYMORE...

...BUT THE OLD GUY  
IS STILL WAITING....



# COLLECTIBLES



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Limited Supply!  
Special now—  
**\$24.95**

This beautiful 9" x 12" art book contains eighty-one pages of sexy women drawn by Japanese master-artist Hajime Sorayama.



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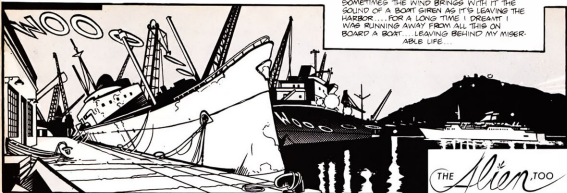
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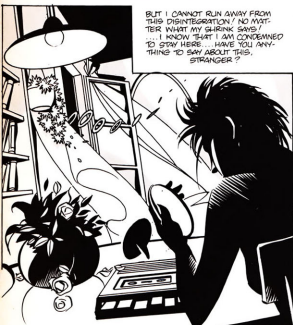
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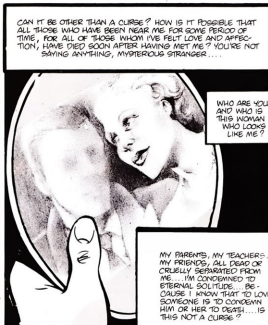


SOMETIMES THE WIND BINGS WITH IT THE SOUND OF A BOAT SIREN AS IT'S LEAVING THE HARBOR.... FOR A LONG TIME I DREAMT I WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM ALL THIS ON BOARD A BOAT... LEAVING BEHIND MY MISERABLE LIFE...

THE *Alien* TOO



BUT I CANNOT RUN AWAY FROM THIS DISINTEGRATION! NO MATTER WHAT MY SHIRINK SAYS! ... I KNOW THAT I AM CONDEMNED TO STAY HERE... HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS, STRANGER?



CAN IT BE OTHER THAN A CURSE? HOW IS IT POSSIBLE THAT ALL THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN NEAR ME FOR SOME PERIOD OF TIME, FOR ALL OF THOSE WHOM I'VE FELT LOVE AND AFFECTION, HAVE DIED SOON AFTER HAVING MET ME? YOU'RE NOT SAYING ANYTHING, MYSTERIOUS STRANGER....

WHO ARE YOU? AND WHO IS THIS WOMAN WHO LOOKS LIKE ME?

MY PARENTS, MY TEACHERS, MY FRIENDS, ALL DEAD OR CRUELLY SEPARATED FROM ME... I'M CONDEMNED TO ETERNAL SOLITUDE... BECAUSE I KNOW THAT TO LOVE SOMEONE IS TO CONDEMN HIM OR HER TO DEATH... IS THIS NOT A CURSE?



IF ONLY I KNEW THE REASON... THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS... CAN YOU TELL ME, YOU WITH THE CLOUDY FACE?



WHEN THEY FIND THE TAPE WITH THE MESSAGE THEY WILL ALSO FIND THIS SNAPSHOT....



BY THEN, ALL WILL BE OVER. LET SOMEONE ELSE TRY TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF HIS EXISTENCE... I WASN'T ABLE TO....

I CAN HEAR ANOTHER BOAT... BUT IT'S NOT MINE... MY BOAT WILL NEVER LEAVE...



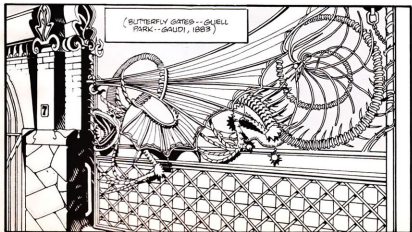
IT IS ONLY AN OLD SNAPSHOT...  
YET EVERY TIME I LOOK AT IT  
I TREMBLE...

IT'S ME... OR SOME-  
ONE LIKE ME! BUT  
THIS PICTURE IS  
OVER 40 YEARS OLD!  
WHO IS THE MAN  
WITH NO FACE WHO  
IS NEXT TO ME?

THAT FACE IS SO  
CHARISMATIC THAT  
IT COULD MOVE A  
MOUNTAIN.....

JUST TO GET WHAT  
HE WANTS....

(BUTTERFLY GATES--GUEL  
PARK--GAUDI, 1883)



SOMETIMES I THINK THAT UNKNOWN FACE KNOWS THE ANSWER I AM LOOKING FOR...



I FOUND THIS SNAPSHOT IN THE ANTIQUE SHOP WHERE I WORK... AMONG MANY OTHERS FROM THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR...

SOMETIMES, AS I LOOK AT IT, I THINK I SEE THINGS THAT BELONG TO MANY YEARS AGO... TO SOME OTHER LIFE....

...SOMEONE ELSE'S MEMORIES...

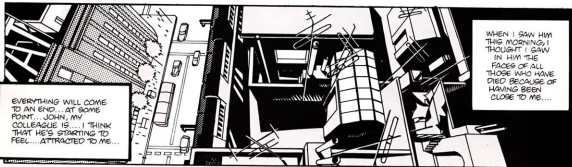


HAPPY MEMORIES...

AND SOMETIMES I HAVE HORRIFYING NIGHTMARES...

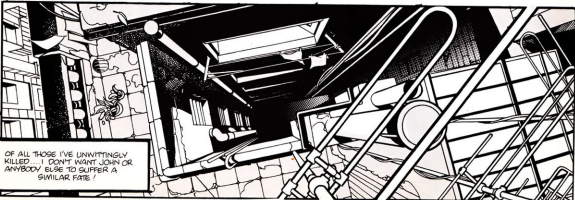


EVERYTHING WILL COME TO AN END... AT SOME POINT... JOHN, MY COLLEAGUE IS... I THINK THAT HE'S STARTING TO FEEL... ATTRACTED TO ME...



WHEN I SAW HIM THIS MORNING, I THOUGHT I SAW IN HIM THE FACES OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE DIED BECAUSE OF HAVING BEEN CLOSE TO ME....

OF ALL THOSE I'VE UNWITTINGLY KILLED... I DON'T WANT JOHN OR ANYBODY ELSE TO SUFFER A SIMILAR FATE!

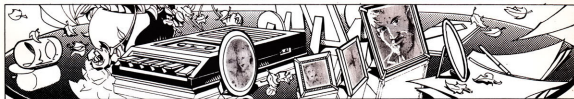




I STARTED TO CRY  
AND I RAN OUT OF  
THE STORE. I THINK  
JOHN MUST HAVE  
THOUGHT I WAS  
CRAZY....

MAYBE I AM CRAZY TO WANT  
FOR AN ANSWER THAT WILL  
GIVE SOME MEANING TO MY  
LIFE. BUT WHO CAN GIVE IT  
TO ME? SOMEONE WITH A  
CLOUDY SPOT OF A FACE?

WHAT KIND OF ANSWER CAN A  
SHOOT GIVE ME?!









YES...IT'S YOU  
WHY DID YOU TRY  
TO KILL YOURSELF?  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

I'M CONFUSED....  
THE TRIP BACK WAS VERY  
HARD....

...AND NOW I CAN'T  
REMEMBER EXACTLY WHY  
I DECIDED TO COME  
BACK....

AND YOU, I KNOW YOU PLAY A VERY  
IMPORTANT ROLE IN MY EXISTENCE... BUT I  
DON'T KNOW WHY...

I WILL THINK ABOUT ALL THIS IN MY SHELTER...  
VERY SOON... I WILL COME BACK TO SEE YOU  
...BUT NOT NOW... I HAVE TO THINK...

...I MUST TRY TO REMEMBER...  
TO FIND AN ANSWER... WHILE YOU TAKE  
CARE OF YOUR LIFE... FOR ME...

...I'M...HERE...  
ONCE AGAIN...

SHOULD  
I TALK TO MY SHRINK  
ABOUT THIS?

DID  
IT ALL REALLY  
HAPPEN?



DEATH WAS THE ONLY WAY I KNEW I  
COULD ESCAPE THE MADNESS...

BUT NOW IT SEEMS  
THAT EVERYTHING  
HAS A REASON FOR  
BEING...

...THAT  
THERE'S AN  
ANSWER....

I FEEL AN EVEN  
GREATER DESIRE TO  
RUN AWAY THAN  
BEFORE...







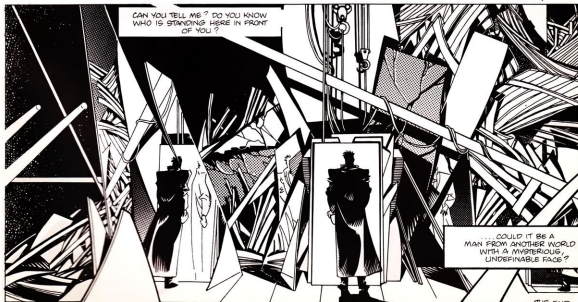
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS MASK?



WHY DO I  
FEEL THAT THIS WOMAN  
IS VERY IMPORTANT  
TO ME?



WHY AM I HERE?



CAN YOU TELL ME? DO YOU KNOW  
WHO IS STANDING HERE IN FRONT  
OF YOU?

... COULD IT BE A  
MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD  
WITH A MYSTERIOUS  
UNDEFINABLE FACE?

THE END

# HEAVY METAL

## \$3.00 EACH

- ☐ **JANUARY 1983**/Milo Manara, and Corben
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- ☐ **JANUARY 1984**/Arthur C. Clarke's *The Sentinel*, and "Ranxerox"
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1984**/Douglas Trumbull, Moebius, and "Vampire Memoirs"
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- ☐ **MAY 1984**/Schuiten, "Ranxerox," and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1984**/Liquid Sky's Slava Tsukerman, Frank Thorne, and Bilal
- ☐ **JULY 1984**/John Cleese interviewed, and Jeronatan
- ☐ **AUGUST 1984**/Paul Kantner, Starship Captain, and Jeronatan
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1984**/Second Annual Music Video Awards, and David Cronenberg interviewed
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1984**/John Sayles interviewed, Caza, and Bilal
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1984**/John Waters interviewed, Paul Kirchner, and Schuiten
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1984**/Federico Fellini interviewed, Milo Manara, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **JANUARY 1985**/Liberatore, Bertotti's "Marlowskitz," and Daniel Torres
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1985**/Jack Davis interviewed, Russell Mulcahy, and Torres
- ☐ **MARCH 1985**/Moreno's "Rebel," Bilal & Christin, and Schuiten
- ☐ **APRIL 1985**/Eighth anniversary issue! Moreno, Corben, and Swarte
- ☐ **MAY 1985**/Liberatore cover, Corben, and Manara
- ☐ **JUNE 1985**/Charles Burns, Massimo Ghini, and Herikbero
- ☐ **JULY 1985**/George Miller interviewed, Olivia, and Sesar
- ☐ **AUGUST 1985**/Frank Frazetta interviewed, Juan Gimenez, and Torres
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1985**/Hildebrandt cover, "Rock Opera," Yves Chaland
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1985**/Olivia, Brian Aldiss, and Jodorowsky & Cadelo
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1985**/Boris Vallejo, Paul Kirchner, and John Findley
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- ☐ **MAY 1980**/Jeronatan's "Champakou"

- ☐ **AUGUST 1980**/Bilal & Christin, interview with Moebius, and more
- ☐ **APRIL 1981**/Juan Gimenez, Corben, and Harry North
- ☐ **MAY 1981**/William S. Burroughs on immortality
- ☐ **JUNE 1981**/Corben speaks in a candid interview
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- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1982**/Moebius's John Difool and Jeff Jones
- ☐ **MARCH 1982**/Special rock issue
- ☐ **APRIL 1982**/Fifth anniversary issue featuring J. G. Ballard
- ☐ **MAY 1982**/De Es Schwertberger and David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution"
- ☐ **JUNE 1982**/R. Crumb, Voss, and Caza
- ☐ **JULY 1982**/Marcelle and Lacombe's "Life at the Circus"
- ☐ **AUGUST 1982**/Bemi Wrightson's "Freak Show"
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1982**/Bilal, and Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1982**/Special horror issue featuring Edgar Allan Poe
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- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1977**/Roger Zelazny and Corben
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1977**/Theodore Sturgeon, and Moebius
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1977**/Harlan Ellison, and Moebius
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1977**/Druillet's "Vuzz," and Howard Chaykin's "Fortune's Fool"
- ☐ **JANUARY 1978**/Roger Zelazny, and Gray Morrow
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1978**/Fore's "Barbarella," and Moebius
- ☐ **MARCH 1978**/Gray Morrow's "Orion," and Corben's "Den"
- ☐ **APRIL 1978**/First anniversary issue
- ☐ **MAY 1978**/Philippe Druillet, and Alex Nino

- ☐ **JUNE 1978**/Corben's "Arabian Nights," and Sturgeon's *More Than Human*
- ☐ **JULY 1978**/Voss's "Heilman" and Druillet's "Gail"
- ☐ **MARCH 1979**/H. P. Lovecraft special section
- ☐ **AUGUST 1979**/Arthur Suydam, Caza, and Val Mayerik
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- ☐ **SUMMER 1986**/Sire, Serpieri, Das Pastoras, and more
- ☐ **FALL 1986**/Bilal, Gimenez, Ortiz, Kierkegaard, and others
- ☐ **WINTER 1987**/Greg Hildebrandt cover, Daniel Torres, and Miguel Angel Prado
- ☐ **SPRING 1987**/Juan Gimenez's apocalyptic "Garbage," Daniel Torres, and others
- ☐ **SUMMER 1987**/10th anniversary issue! Moebius, John Findley's "Tex Arcana," Jeff Jones, Angus McKie, and more!
- ☐ **FALL 1987**/Sexy Olivia cover! Segrelles, Rick Geary, Moebius, Torres, and more!
- ☐ **WINTER 1988**/"Ranxerox," Liberatore, Daniel Torres, Prado, and Drew Friedman. Cover by Olivia!
- ☐ **SUMMER 1988**/Will Eisner, Serpieri, Chaland, Milo Manara, and Breccia
- ☐ **FALL 1988**/Olivia on the cover and Crepax's "Valentina" inside!
- ☐ **WINTER 1989**/Sesar's "Shanghai Express Affair," Segura and Ortiz's "Hombie," and "Dieter Lumpen!"
- MARCH 1989**/Juan Gimenez's "Leo Roa," Prado, Henikberto et al.
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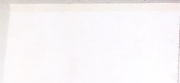
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