

# 15 YEARS OF

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE

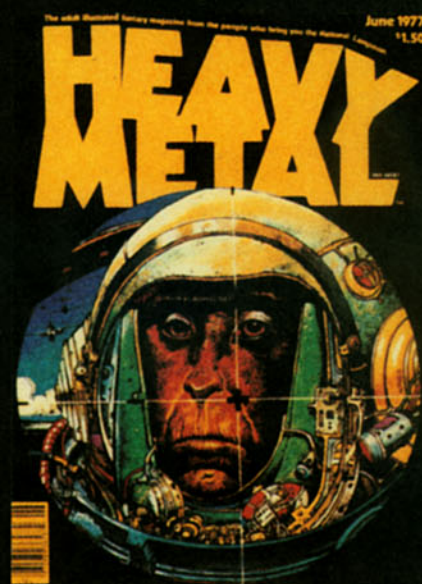
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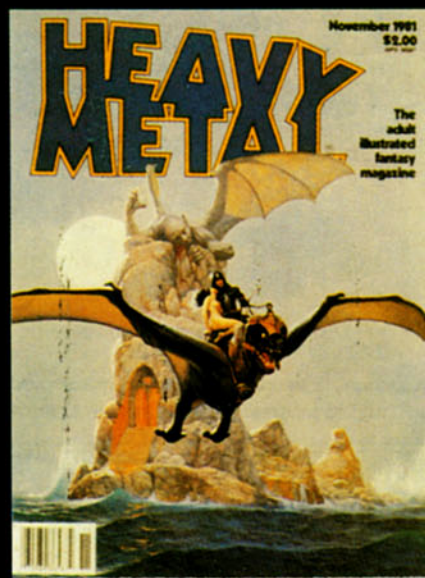
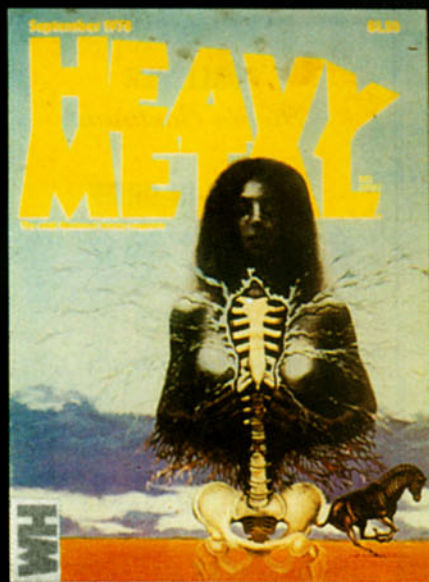
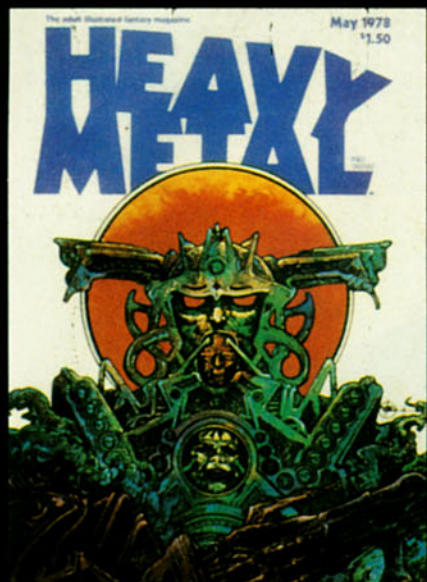
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**BACK COVER** *by Moebius*

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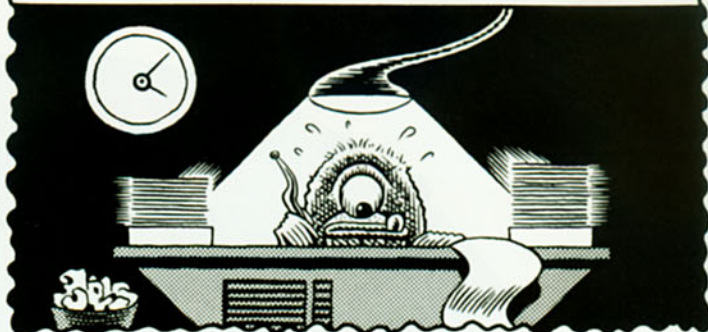
## FOREWORD

**W**HEN I FIRST began with *Heavy Metal* - a century or two ago - I was just a kid - an underling designated to alternately long bouts at the xerox and coffee machines. It was a lousy job, but someone had to do it. In between a copy there and a cup here, I discovered the beauty of Moebius, the decadence of Druillet and Nicollet and the awesome colors of Corben's *Den*. I was in love with the tranquility of *Heavy Metal*: a place where one could forget the blues of everyday life and escape to a faraway place.

Now that I am editor (and have been for a little under a century) I still am in awe of the many artists and writers that have graced our pages. To me, comics is not a four-letter word like so many Americans have been led to believe, but a forum for some of the finest creators in the world to share their imaginations and talents.

*Heavy Metal* has gone through a few changes over the years, some for the sake of maturity, others...just because. We have always tried to bring you the best in adult fantasy, introducing you to Liberatore, Caza, Crepax, Torres, and Prado to name but a few. Suffice it to say, selecting material for this book was no easy task. Not everyone is represented here, but this in no way diminishes the beauty or historical value of this anthology. Think of the book as a sampling - a patchwork quilt of sorts - reintroducing you to fifteen extraordinary years of fantasy gone wild!

YEP, IT WAS JUST SIX ORBITS AGO THAT I ENTERED THE WORK FORCE EAGER TO TAKE ON ANY OVERWHELMING TASK TO ACCUMULATE EXPERIENCE AND CREDITS.



Julie Simmons-Lynch  
New York City  
August 1992





# HEAVY METAL

## THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS

HEAVY METAL. Hmmm...

Heavy Metal, you say? Hmmm...

What is *Heavy Metal*? Or better yet, what does it mean to you? Hmmm...

Someone walks up to you on the street and says, "HEAVY METAL RULES, MAN!" What's the first thought that enters your mind?

Some ear-popping, head-splitting, gut-twisting heavy metal rock band (you know, lots of leather, skintight pants, long hair, with first or only names like Axl, Slash kinda deal) blasting out of your kid's room, a passing car window (how can they drive with it turned up that loud?), or your neighbor's apartment?

Nahhh...

Some large triangular shaped object that drops out of the sky on top of your favorite cartoon character with a big "1 1/2 TONS" painted on the side?

Nahhh...

Perhaps you're the scholarly type and prefer the dictionary definition?

HEAV•Y (hev-e) adj. -i•er -i•est 1. Having relatively great weight.

MET•AL (met-l) n. 1. Any category of chemical elements, as copper, iron, or gold. With certain characteristic properties such as luster, malleability, ductility, and conductivity of electricity and heat.

Nahhh...



Okay, okay, enough of this already. The above segue makes little or no sense, because, you're holding in your hands exactly what heavy metal brings to mind. Whether you've been a fan since day one (fifteen years ago) or discovered it last year or today, you bought it because it's got a killer Rich Corben cover and "HEAVY METAL JUST PLAIN RULES, MAN!"

Although it seems like a hundred years ago, I bought the first issue back in the Spring of 1977. I was living in a town "me and the gang" felt was the equivalent of a pimple on a bug's butt, lost somewhere in southern Maine. (Which, I would like to interject, I look fondly upon in most recent years; a place where I had little or nothing more to do than hang out and draw.) I was fifteen years old, and really shouldn't have been cruising through the "top shelf" of the local smoke shop's magazine offerings. It was there I found "The Adult Illustrated Fantasy Magazine" (ta da!) *Heavy Metal*!

Louie didn't mind, it was a sale ("Christ, it's only a comic book! So what if it's got a little T & A, the kid'll learn something!") and let me plunk down a \$1.50, and embark on the journey that would change my whole life!

At the time, I was one of those "niche" kids, in a small "niche" gang (gaggle's more like it). I was totally into comics, you know, *Daredevil*, *Captain America*, *Batman*, that kinda stuff. I was also reaching that age where you were supposed to have "grown out of that stuff by now." Well, to be honest, in a lot of ways I had.

The thrill of buying comics, already beat up from the delivery, plus hanging out for half a day in the corner store's "Hey, Kids! Look! Comics!" roundrack and sitting right there on the very same store's steps ('cuz I ain't gonna make it home with 'em unread) had since faded. I mean, sure, there was a level of excitement, as is still present today, but rereading the same old story plots, over, and over, and over, was becoming... well, stale.



My inner self, which still loved and yearned for the fix (Ya big kid!) was suffering from growth! *Heavy Metal* was a sure sign from the powers that be - yes, there was life after the *Man Without Fear* or the *Man of Steel*, and even *Queen of the Jungle* (a personal favorite, I might add) it was true! Not only with it's plain as day "Adult" notice blazing down at me, but the content (Aw, man, where's my sunglasses?) was the bee's knees, the heavens parting and the angels singing, finding a dollar on the sidewalk when you're broke...it was even better than waking up and realizing you are, in fact, the Invisible Man, right smack in the middle of puberty. (Remember, that one?) No, it was much more...it was the future.

It was *art*, man!

For a country boy who was drawing all the time, copying all the "cool" styles: Kirby, Heath, Severin stuff, I had not even begun to come into my own. *Heavy Metal* opened a whole new world for me; the first year alone would inspire one either to strive for greater heights or break all your pens, pencils, and brushes and hope for a respectable day job! What a lineup though; Richard Corben's *Den*, Moebius' *Arzack*, *Sunpot* by Vaughn Bodé, *Virgo* by Caza and early works of Druillet, Tardi, and McKie to name but a few. This stuff was insane, crazy, it pushed every button and stretched all known limits!

The hunger was there, the smell of blood was in the air and the prey was ninety-six pages, black, white and color, shipping monthly to newsstands, headshops and a bookstore here and there (if they only knew what they were selling!). All I had to do now was find the place that sold it regularly (can't miss an issue, ya know), come up with the buck and a half (the good old days) and I was golden.

This, as they say, was just the beginning. This new world I had discovered, (which was not so new, as I also discovered) led to a whole "underground" of possibilities to feed the beast. A new kid was on the block, and a mere hour's drive (or ride in my case) from my home; comic book specialty shops!

Now that was a brilliant idea: one could enter, and once the red haze passed, could wade through all those...ahem...kid's stuff superhero books, to a dark and sheltered corner to find..."undergrounds." Man. More Corben, more Bodé with a whole parade of others: Crumb, Griffith, Jaxon, Irons, Sheridan and Shelton. Old to some, but very new and exciting to an impressionable fella like myself.

Artistic, creative, ownership and growth. These guys were exploring new ground (or at least carrying on where EC Comics left off when McCarthy did his...ahem..."duty"). It was comics for grown-ups, adults, big kids who just plain loved the medium but outgrew it. At that time it must have been incredible; they wrote what they wrote, they drew what they drew, (and oftentimes published) what they wanted for themselves. This, too, was my inspiration. This, too, was the future. This, too, was art.

Anyone can plainly see the sanitized mass market comics. Throughout, the undergrounds of the late '60s and early '70s, with *Heavy Metal* breaking ground in the late '70s, have brought this medium to where it is today. We are now in the middle of a renaissance that, good, bad, or ugly, will bring the form to the *art* form I have felt it has been all along. (Finally! Whew!)

What we have tried to put together here, for this fifteenth anniversary edition, wasn't just a look back, a retrospective, or a "best of." It was the growth, the backbone, the "good shit." We knew every issue or so Moebius would either blow our socks off (or leave us wondering what we just read,) that Druillet would stun us into reading his craft two or three times before we actually *read* the story and weren't distracted by the art. Among this crowd it was *Earth vs. Saturn* that first stood out. Who'd have known he'd go on to *Ranxerox* (viva Liberator!)? What about the *Parochial Terror* by the relatively unknown Geoff (*Hard Boiled*) Darrow? Juan Gimenez' *A Matter of Time* (can this guy draw, or what?). And, of course the lovely *Druuna* by Serpieri (don't we all wish we had a young lady like that in our lives?).

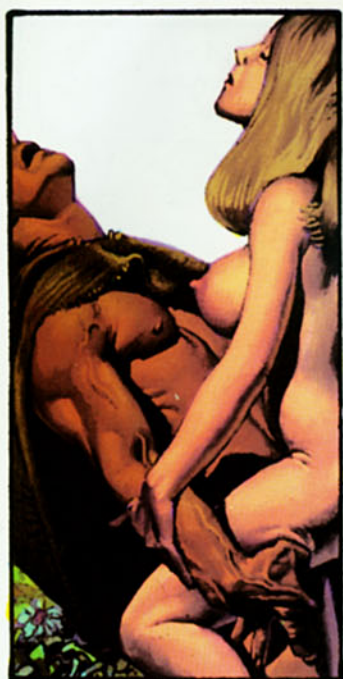
I know by now I've completely bludgeoned you, as to what I see in *Heavy Metal*. I'm sure you all have thoughts of your own. Either way I have revelled in the past fifteen years, and skip a heartbeat thinking about the next.

Kevin Eastman  
Northampton, Massachusetts  
August 1992



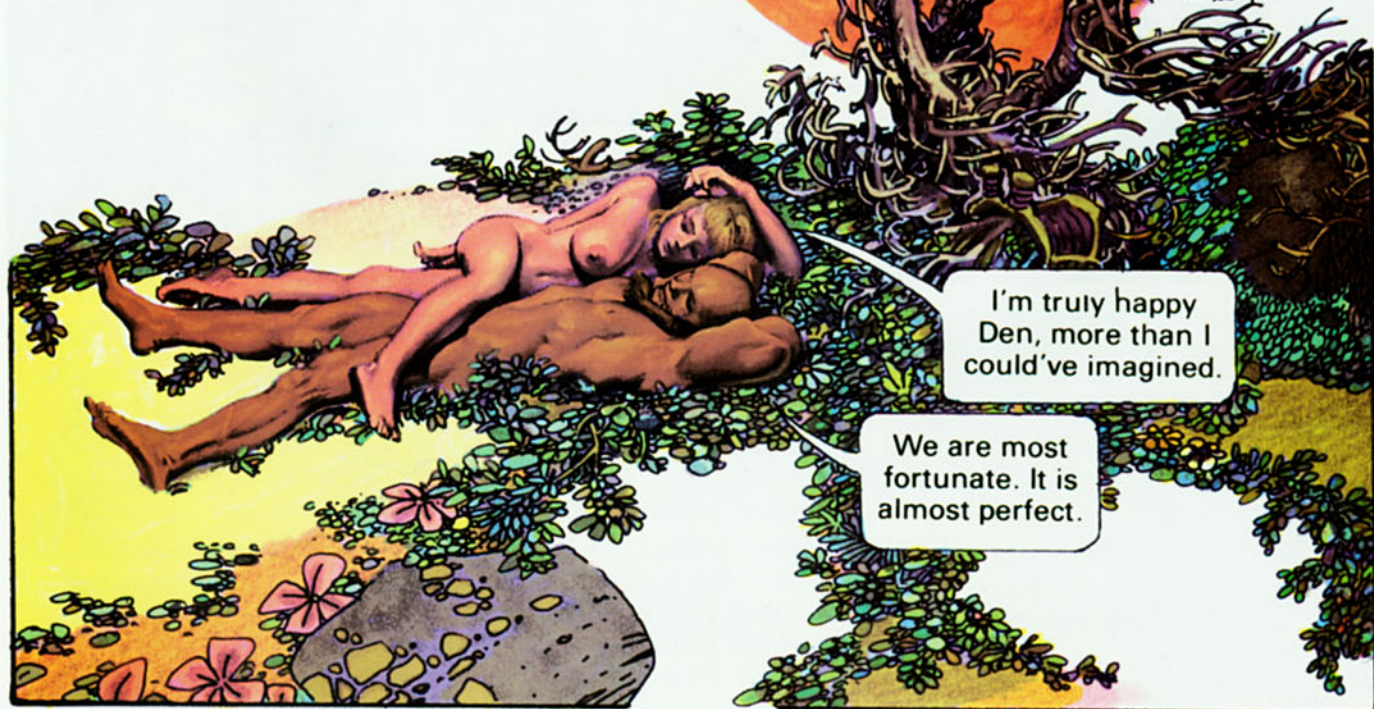
We've got four years ...  
then perhaps another ad-  
venture.





# DEN'S FAREWELL

©1978 RICHARD CORBEN



I'm truly happy  
Den, more than I  
could've imagined.

We are most  
fortunate. It is  
almost perfect.



Almost perfect?! How could it possibly be better? Is there some position we haven't tried?



Ha, ha, ha, ha! Not that. You're wonderful.

It's just that . . . I know how we came to NeverWhere, but . . . my uncle's fate is still a mystery.

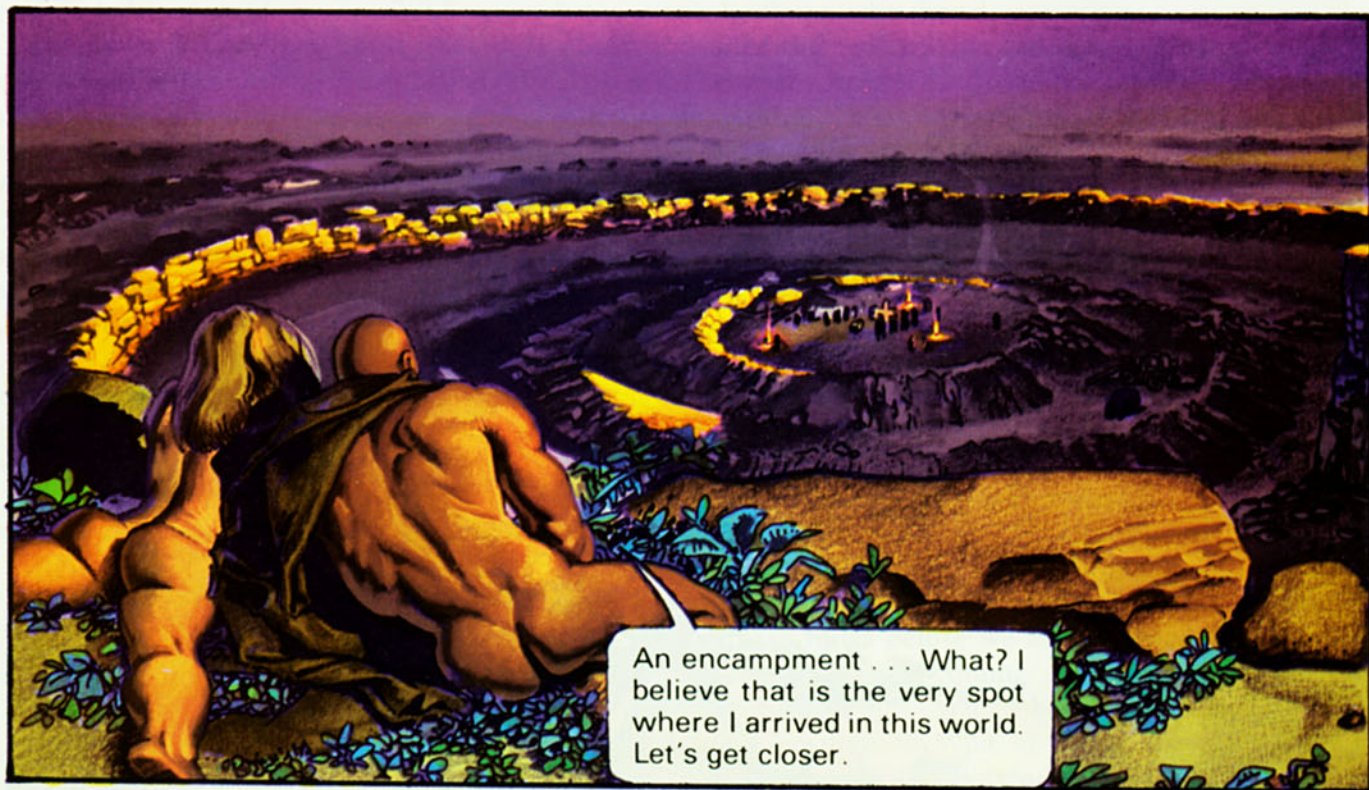


Will we ever discover the truth?

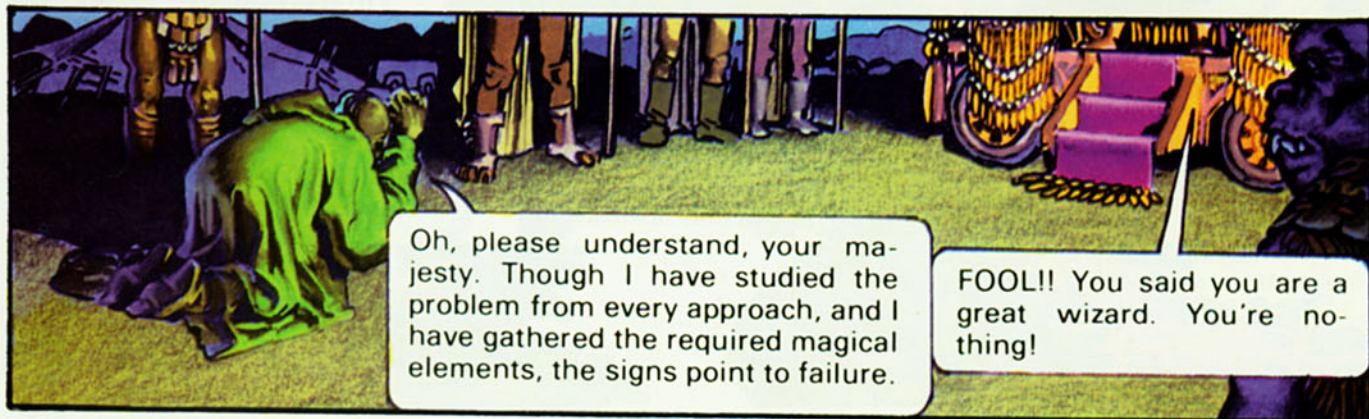
Uncle Dan's spirit is not at rest. I think he was murdered.



Look!



An encampment . . . What? I believe that is the very spot where I arrived in this world. Let's get closer.



Oh, please understand, your majesty. Though I have studied the problem from every approach, and I have gathered the required magical elements, the signs point to failure.

FOOL!! You said you are a great wizard. You're nothing!





Did you think I was too simple to separate the half-truths from your transparent fabrications? I am more versed in the dark arts than you.

You sniveling twit! At least you collected the rare stones and gases. But I realize the missing element is TIME! The cataclysmic destruction of the Locnar set back more than my promotion to power...



... It reset the geologic-cosmic relationship. Thanks to interfering upstarts, I must wait four seasonal cycles for the forces to come into precise alignment. Then I will create Locnar's brother.



ZEK, you FOOL!!! I know you were going to sabotage my plans!

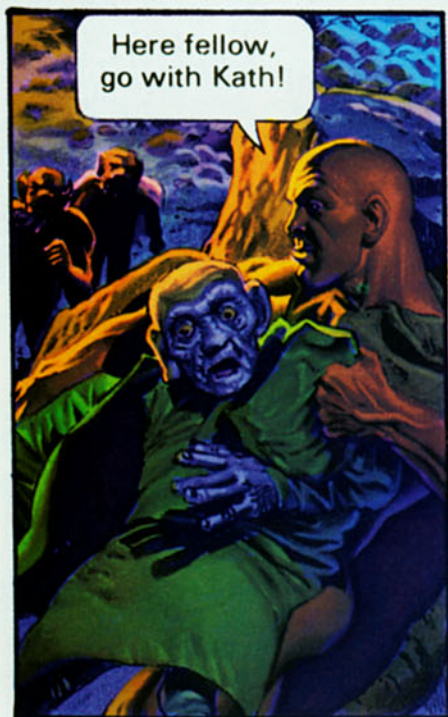


Feed him to the Gulper.

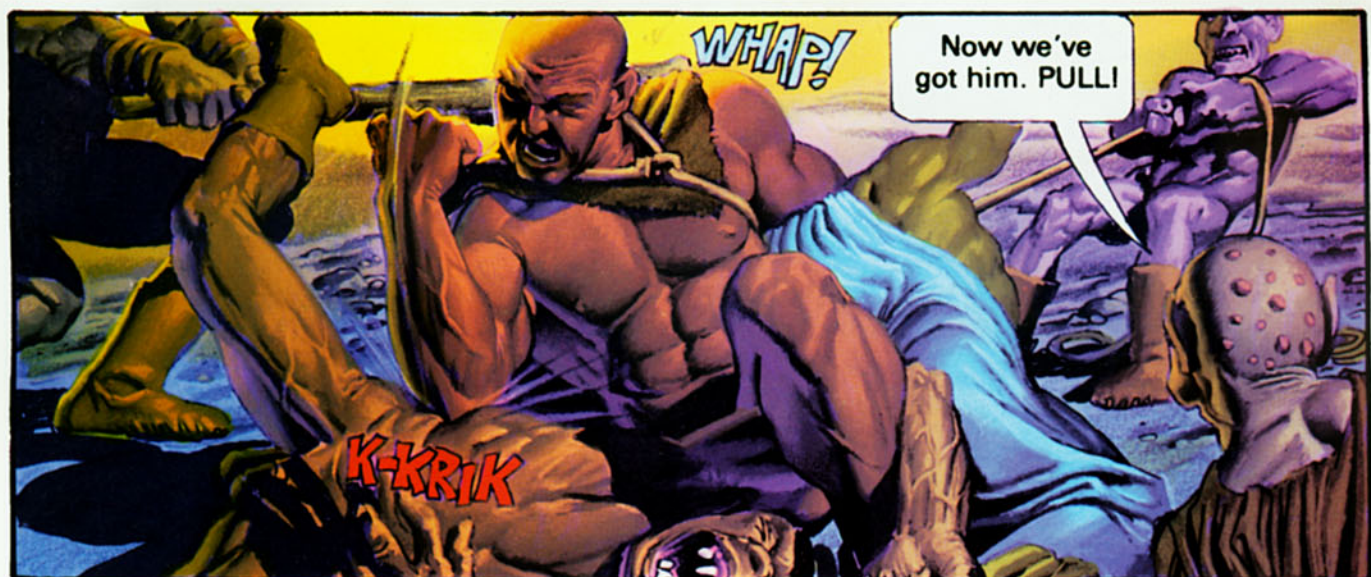


NOOOO!  
No, please!









No!  
They've captured  
Den.



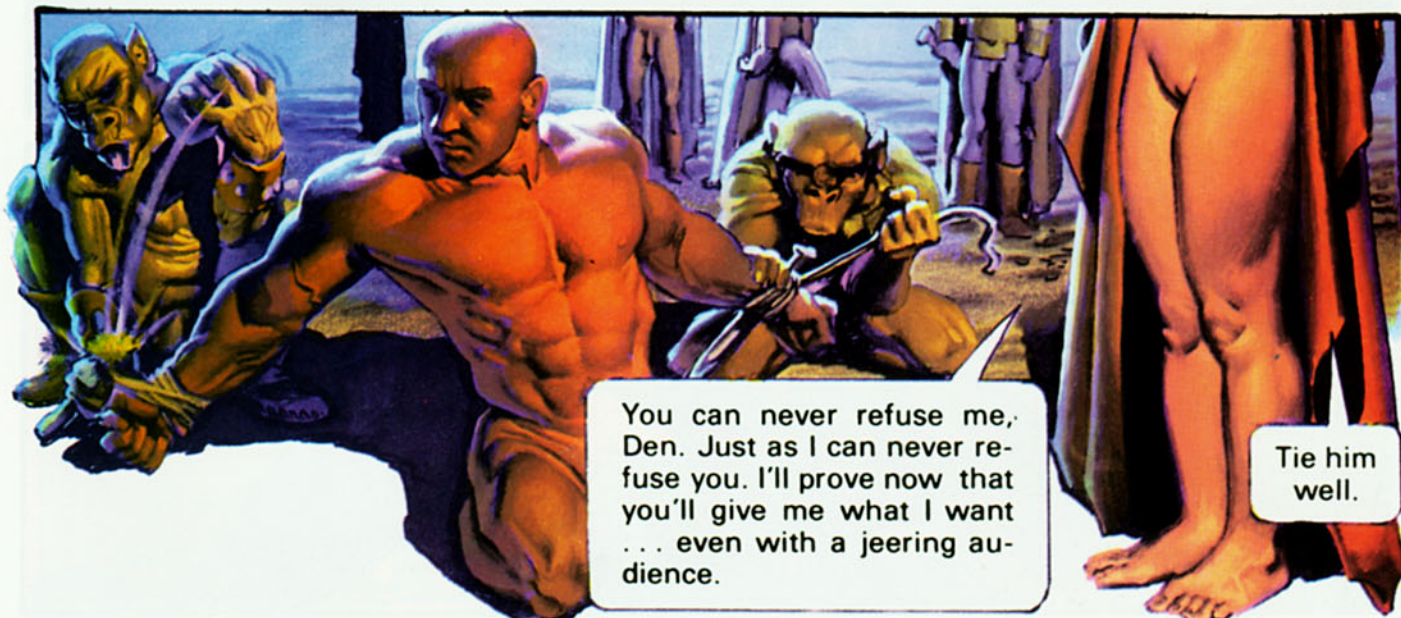
Den, Den, Den! You'll  
never learn. What am  
I going to do with  
you?



You'll get  
nothing from  
me this time.



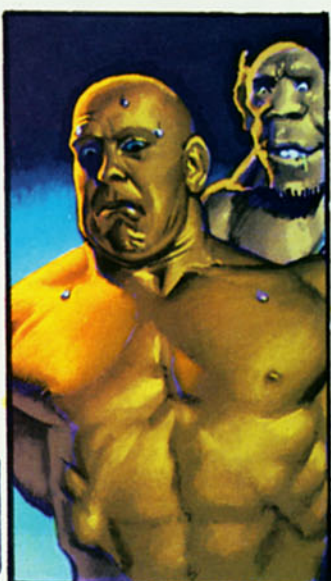
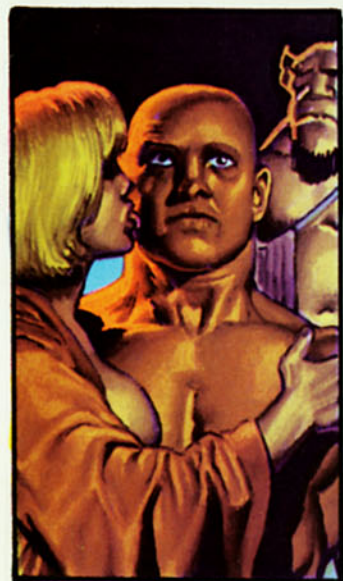
Oh  
really?



You can never refuse me,  
Den. Just as I can never re-  
fuse you. I'll prove now that  
you'll give me what I want  
... even with a jeering au-  
dience.

Tie him  
well.









Oh,  
(COUGH, COUGH!)  
Den, I'm  
falling!







Ha, Ha, Ha,  
Ha, Ha, Ha!  
I PROVED IT!



I fear you'll live to regret  
letting the Queen live.

It is against our nature to kill  
when it is not necessary.  
Besides Zek, She saved Den  
earlier.



Nevertheless I suggest you  
leave this land far behind.

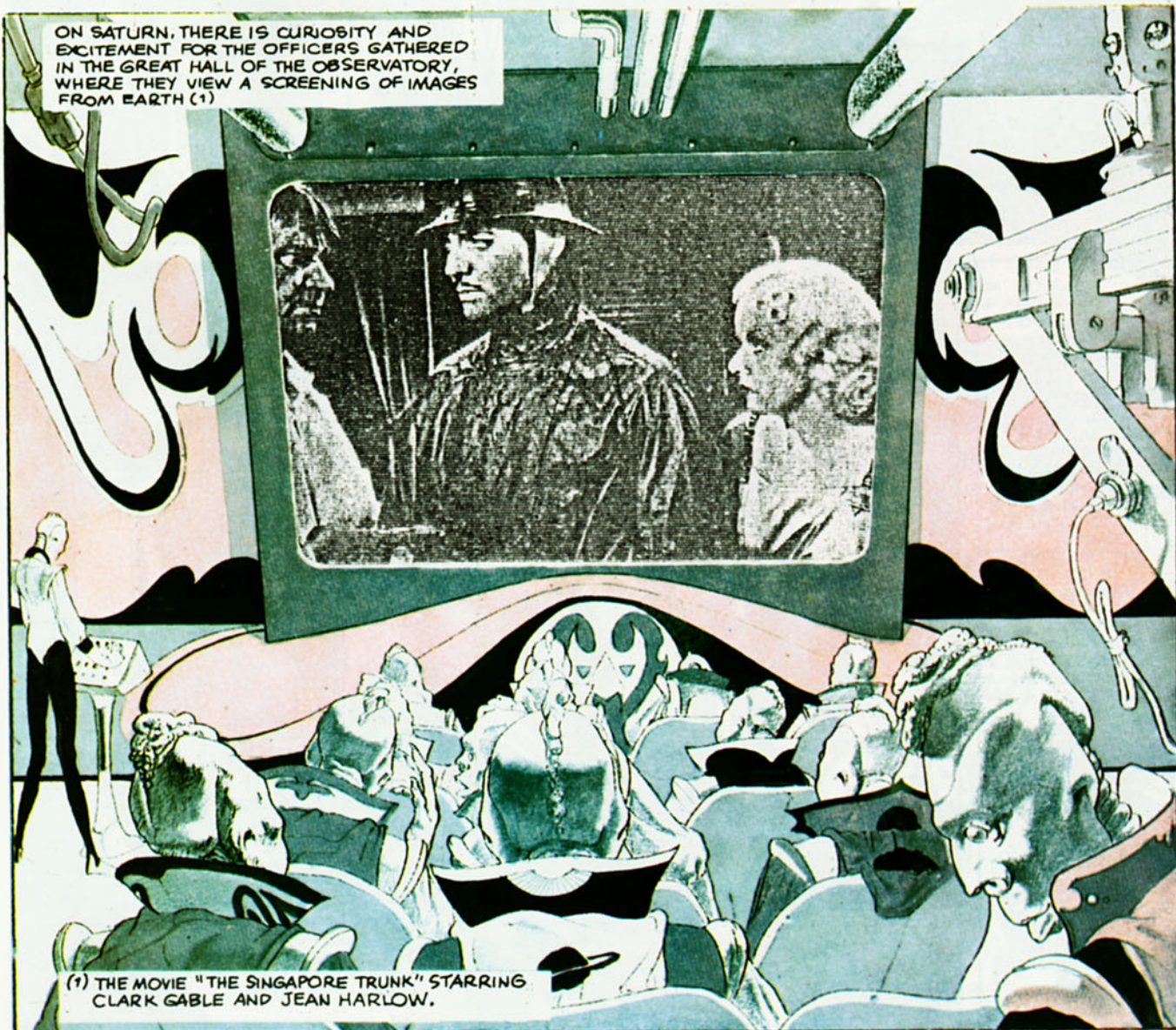
Because in four years, Nev-  
erWhere will be her's com-  
pletely. Then She'll come  
after you again.



We've got four years ...  
then perhaps another ad-  
venture.



# EARTH VERSUS SATURN



ON SATURN, THERE IS CURIOSITY AND EXCITEMENT FOR THE OFFICERS GATHERED IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE OBSERVATORY, WHERE THEY VIEW A SCREENING OF IMAGES FROM EARTH (1)

(1) THE MOVIE "THE SINGAPORE TRUNK" STARRING CLARK GABLE AND JEAN HARLOW.





**SPEK CANAAN BARTOLI!!**  
(TRANSLATION: HEY, DID YOU SEE THOSE STUPID EARTHLINGS? THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GOVERN THEMSELVES. LET'S INVAD EARTH: WE NEED SLAVES FOR OUR URANIUM MINES!!)

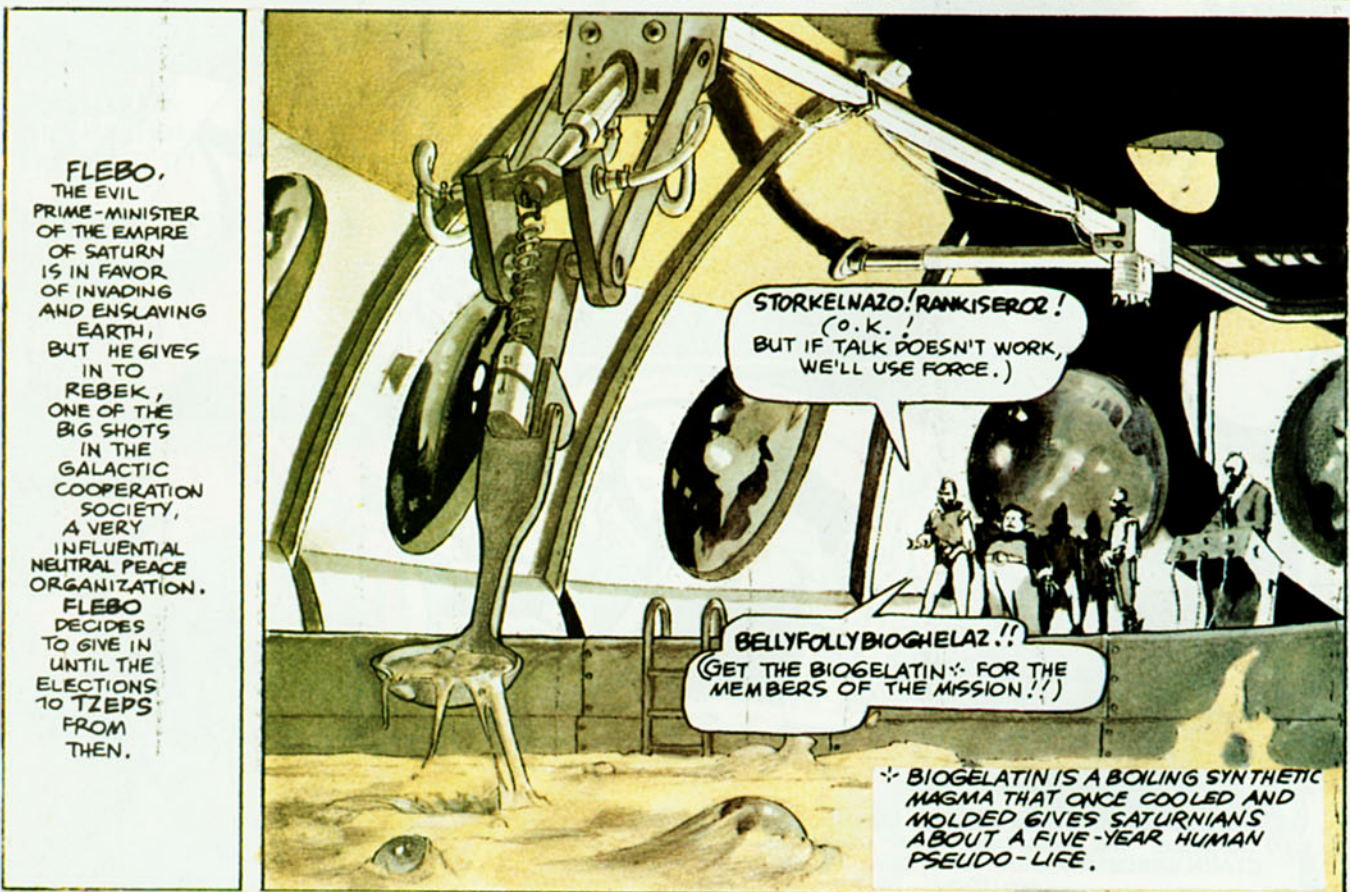
**EOVERO!**  
(TRANSLATION: THAT'S FOR GURE!)



**GUACK & SBARAQUAK**  
(NO WAY! FIRST WE SHOULD COMMUNICATE VITH THEM!)

**BAUBAUBEBI-ORPO**  
(WE'LL SEND THEM A DELEGATION FOR-HIGH LEVEL TALKS AND WE'LL SEE.)

**MAMBOTIRAMBOEARS! KEDUMARRON!!**  
(BY THE THREE EARS OF NEPTUNE, WHAT A CROCK OF SHIT...!)



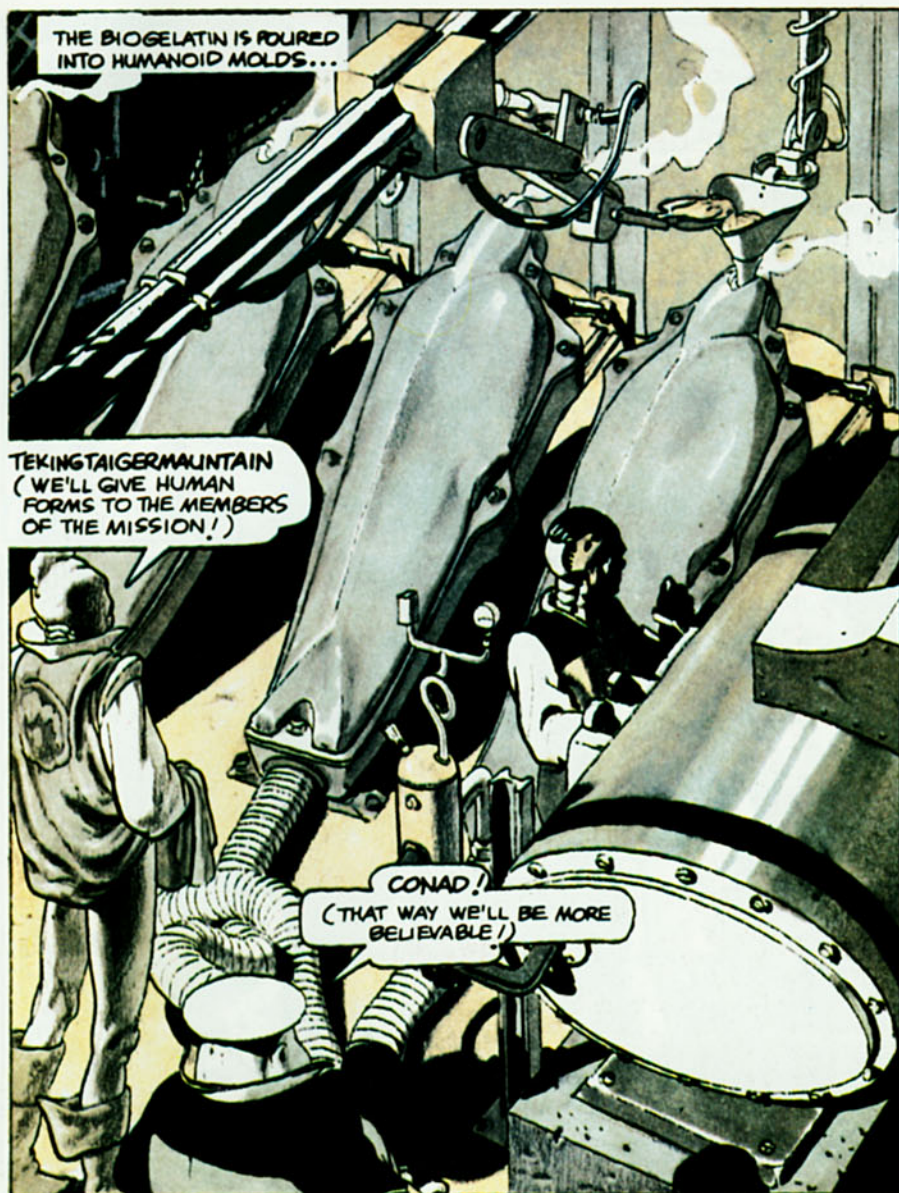
**FLEBO.**  
THE EVIL PRIME-MINISTER OF THE EMPIRE OF SATURN IS IN FAVOR OF INVADING AND ENSLAVING EARTH, BUT HE GIVES IN TO REBEK, ONE OF THE BIG SHOTS IN THE GALACTIC COOPERATION SOCIETY, A VERY INFLUENTIAL NEUTRAL PEACE ORGANIZATION. FLEBO DECIDES TO GIVE IN UNTIL THE ELECTIONS TO TZEPS FROM THEN.

**STORKELNAZO! RANKISEROR!**  
(O.K. BUT IF TALK DOESN'T WORK, WE'LL USE FORCE.)

**BELLYFOLLYBIOGHELAZ!!**  
(GET THE BIOGELATIN FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION!!)

\* BIOGELATIN IS A BOILING SYNTHETIC MAGMA THAT ONCE COOLED AND MOLDED GIVES SATURNIANS ABOUT A FIVE-YEAR HUMAN PSEUDO-LIFE.





THE BIOGELATIN IS POURED  
INTO HUMANOID MOLDS...

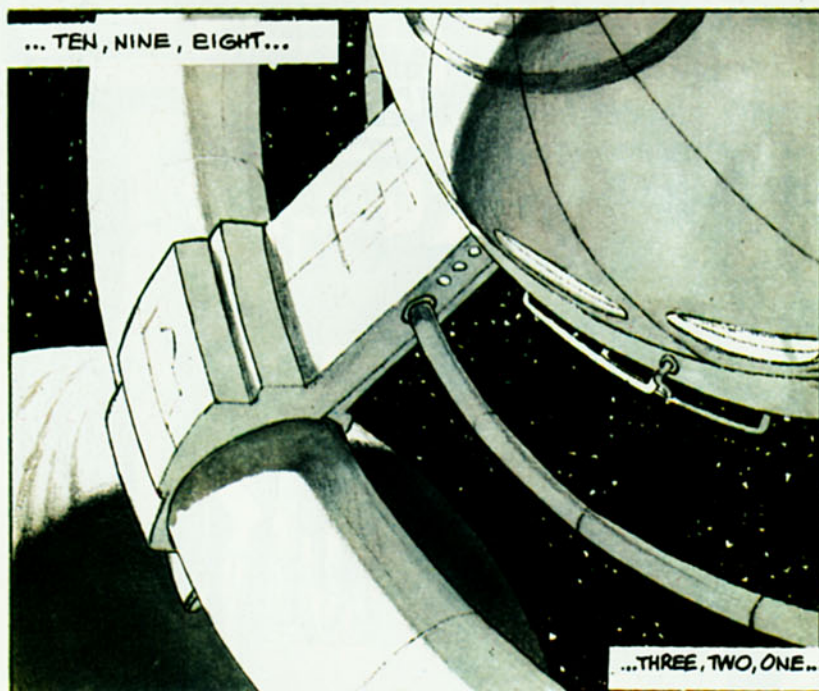
TEKINGTAIGERMAINTAIN  
(WE'LL GIVE HUMAN  
FORMS TO THE MEMBERS  
OF THE MISSION!)

CONAD!  
(THAT WAY WE'LL BE MORE  
BELIEVABLE!)



AH! BUGHIBOI!  
(AH! AH! THEY'RE  
PERFECT!!!)

SPLIT ENZ!  
(TAKE THEM TO THE  
SPACE SHIP AND START  
THE COUNT-DOWN!)



...TEN, NINE, EIGHT...

...THREE, TWO, ONE...



ZERO!

GROGGY!!  
(I'LL GET YOU, YOU  
FUCKING EARTH!!)



AT THE SAME TIME IN A CAFE  
NEAR NAPLES...



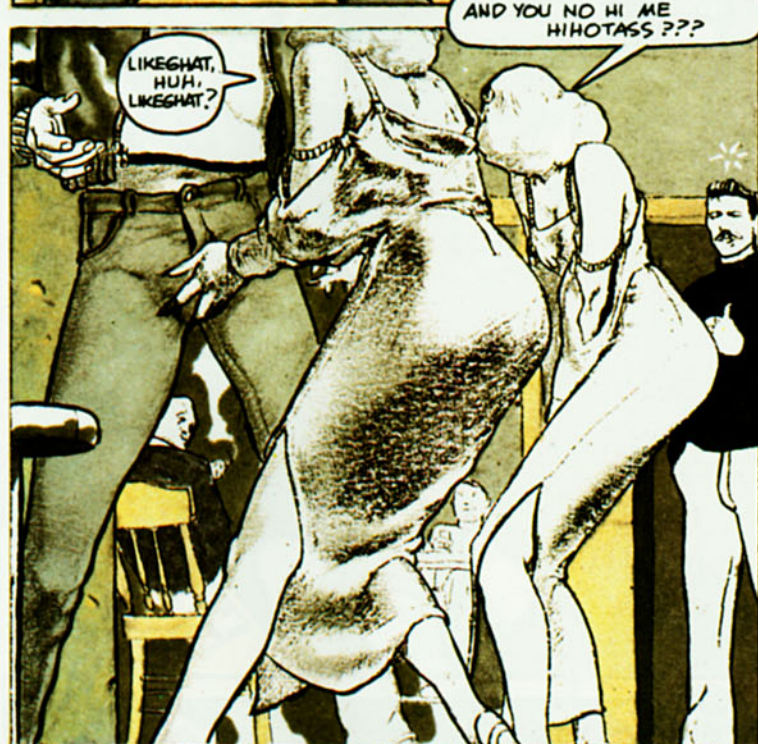






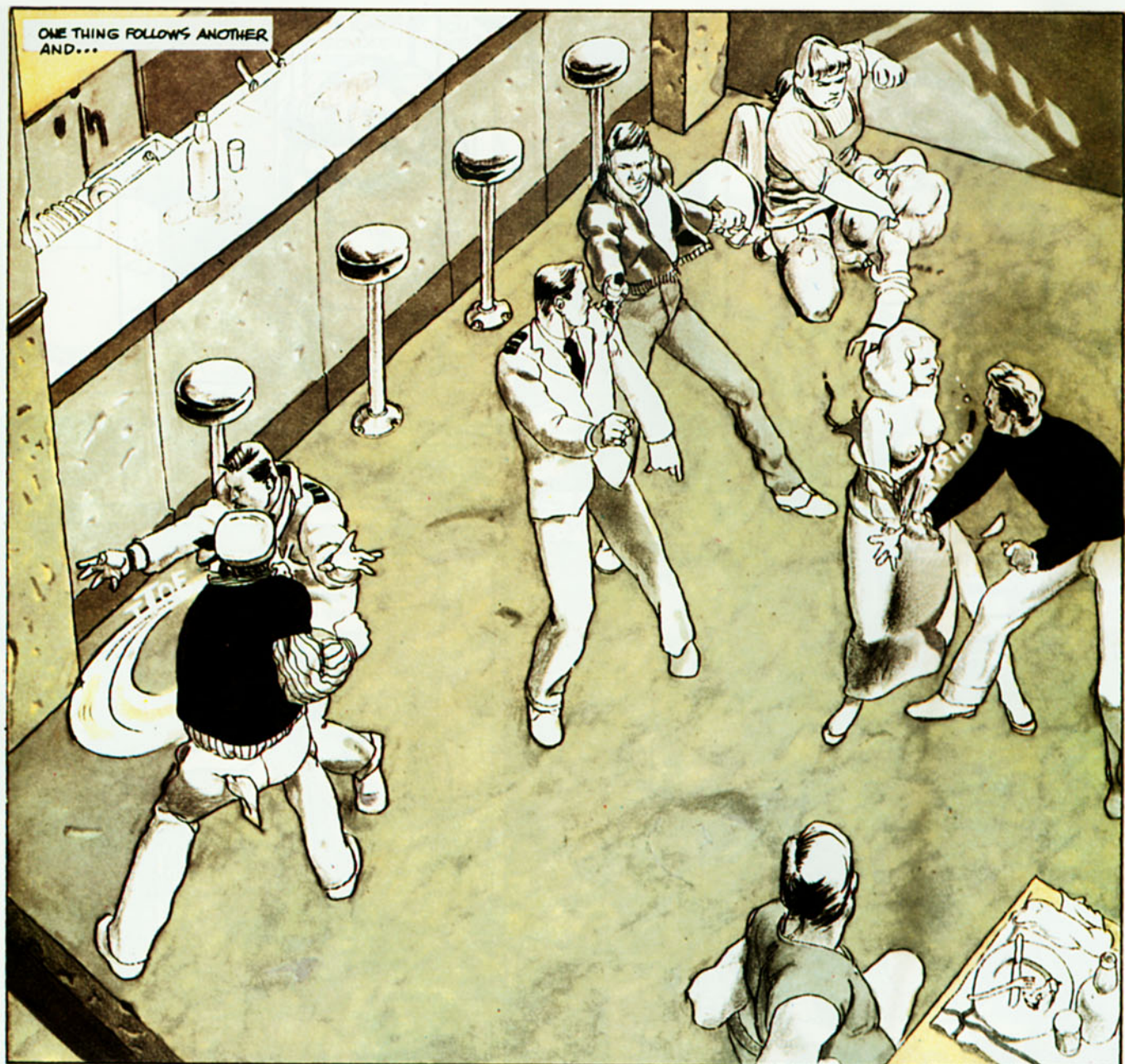








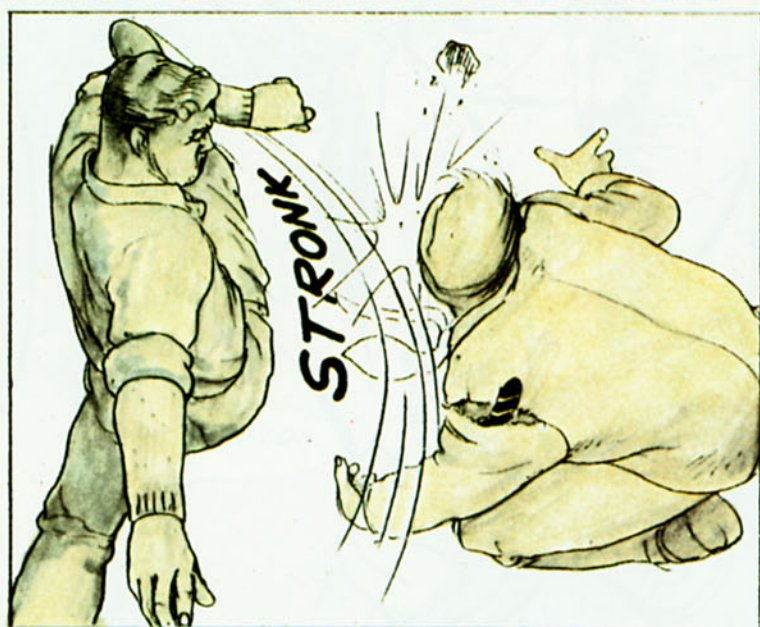
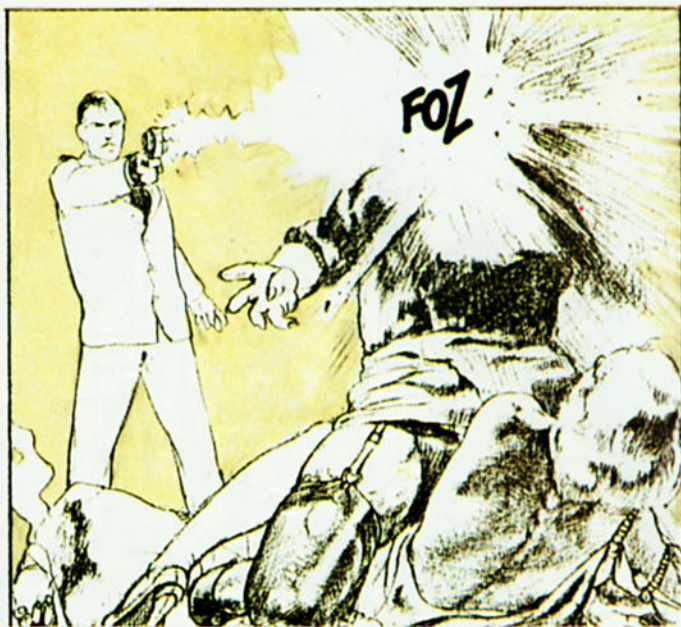
ONE THING FOLLOWS ANOTHER  
AND...



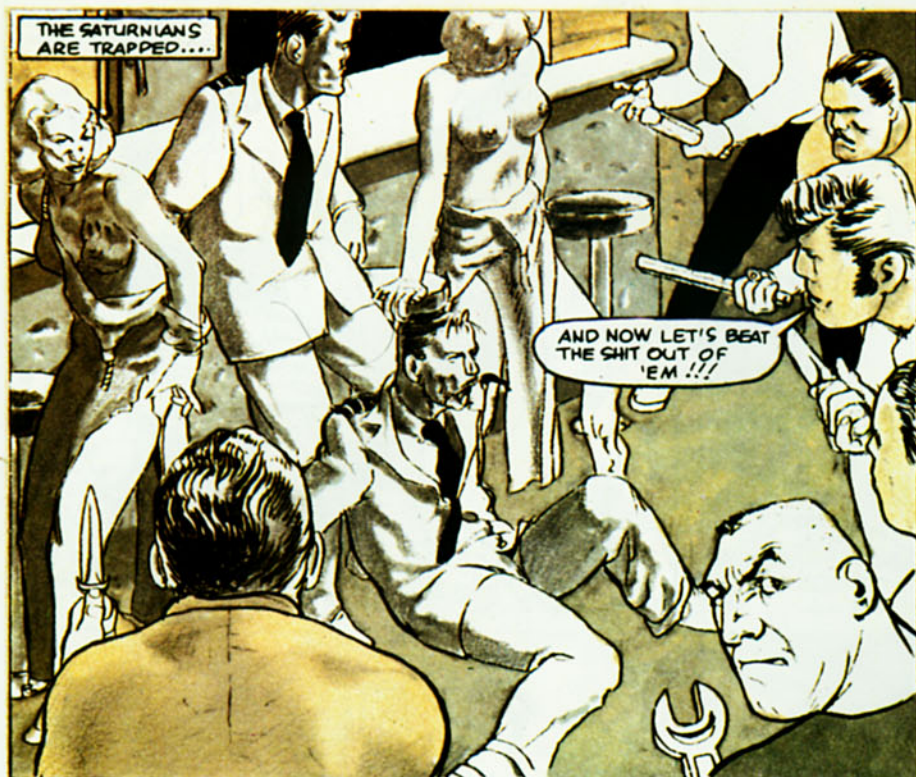
BY THE RINGS OF SATURN! THE  
EARTHLINGS AREN'T COOPERATING!!  
BURN THEM !!!











END OF PART ONE...



EPISODE #310

# the PAROCHIAL TERROR!



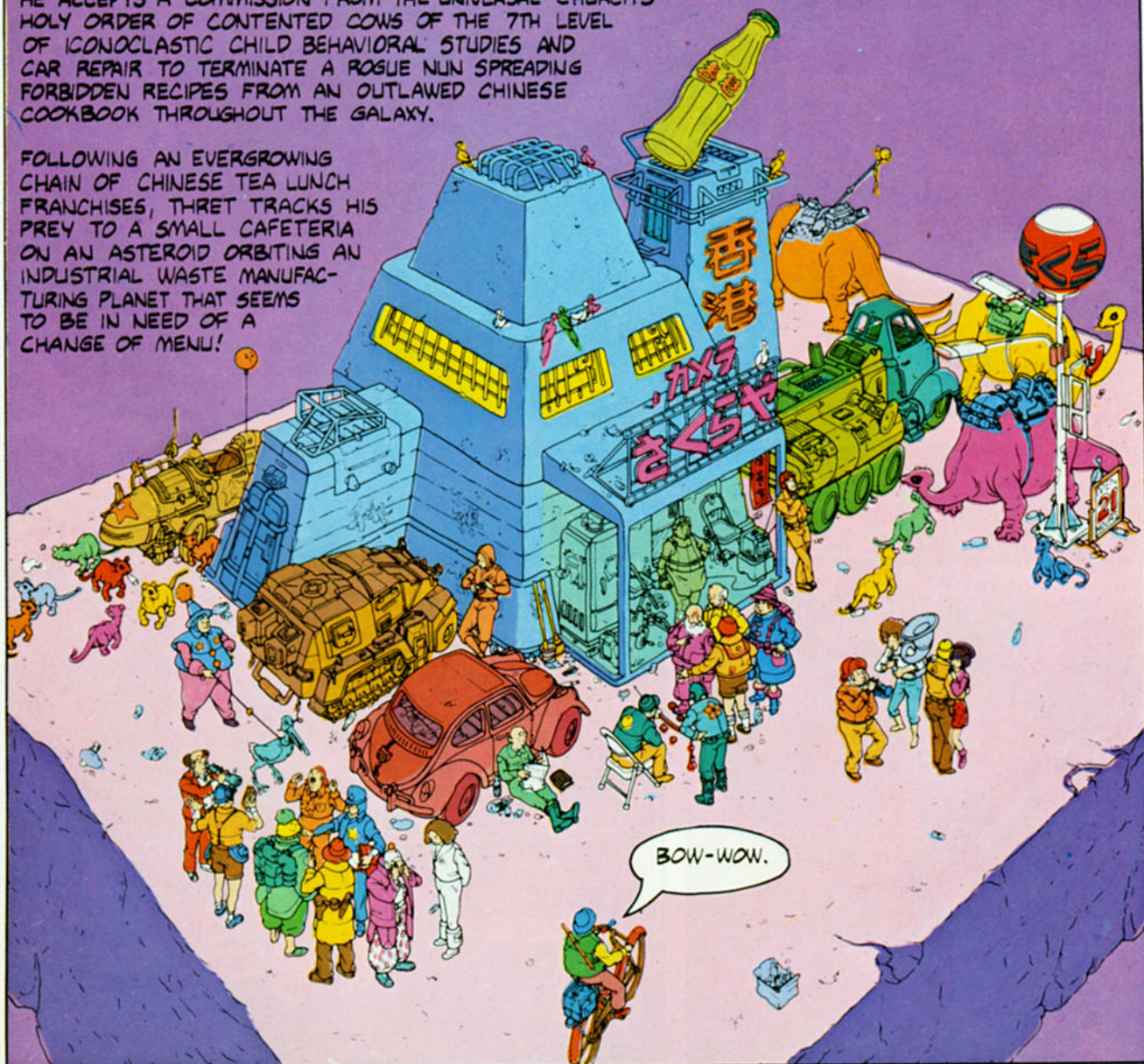
## Bourbon THRET

A TEFLON POLYUNSATURATED NUCLEAR BOMB LEFT OVER FROM THE COLA WARS IS ACCIDENTALLY DETONATED BY ESTROGEN MINERS WORKING BENEATH BOURBON THRET'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DAMAGING THE REPRODUCER HEAD AND BROWN ARTIFICIAL LEATHER COVERING OF HIS PORTABLE 3 SPEED SILVERTONE PHONOGRAPH!!!

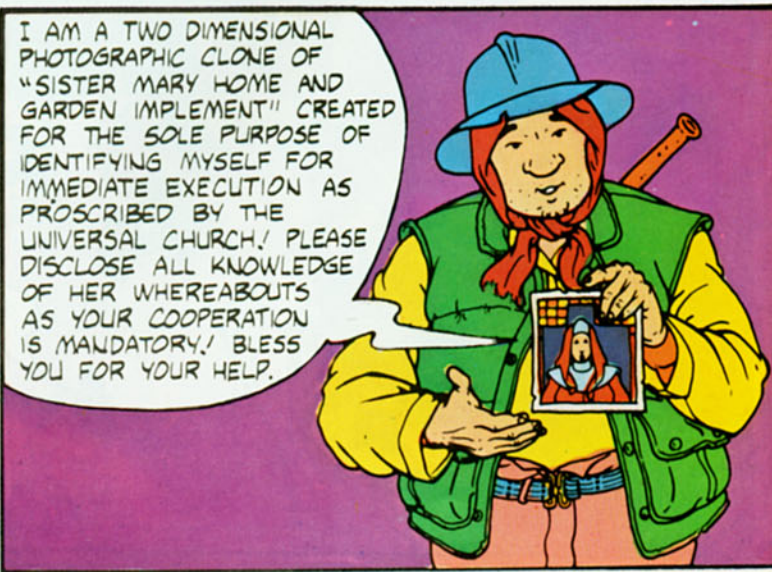
UNABLE TO PLAY HIS COMPLETE SET OF "ROOSEVELT SYKES" BLUES RECORDINGS, WHICH HE RECEIVED FOR RESCUING A 1ST EDITION OF HAROLD ROBBINS' "LONELY LADY" FROM THE BOOKNAPPERS OF THE DEWEY-DECIMAL SYSTEM, HE IS FORCED TO TAKE TO THE ROADS IN SEARCH OF BOUNTY TO PURCHASE REPLACEMENT PARTS FOR HIS PRIZED PHONOGRAPH.

HE ACCEPTS A COMMISSION FROM THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH'S HOLY ORDER OF CONTENTED COWS OF THE 7TH LEVEL OF ICONOCLASTIC CHILD BEHAVIORAL STUDIES AND CAR REPAIR TO TERMINATE A ROGUE NUN SPREADING FORBIDDEN RECIPES FROM AN OUTLAWED CHINESE COOKBOOK THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

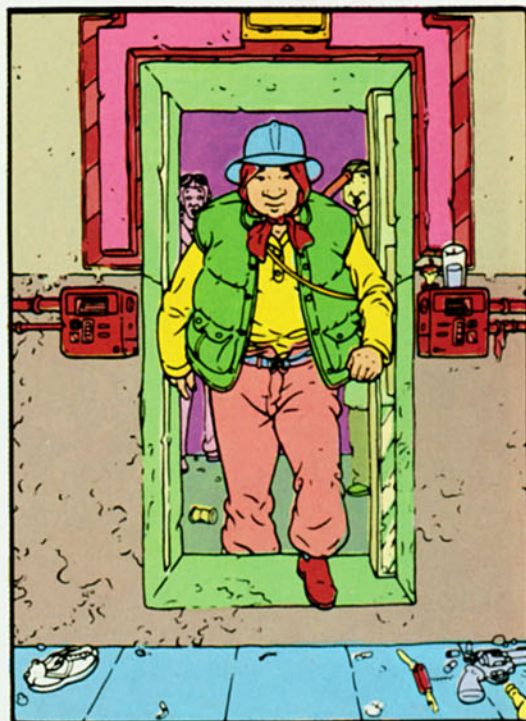
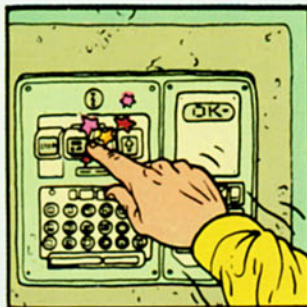
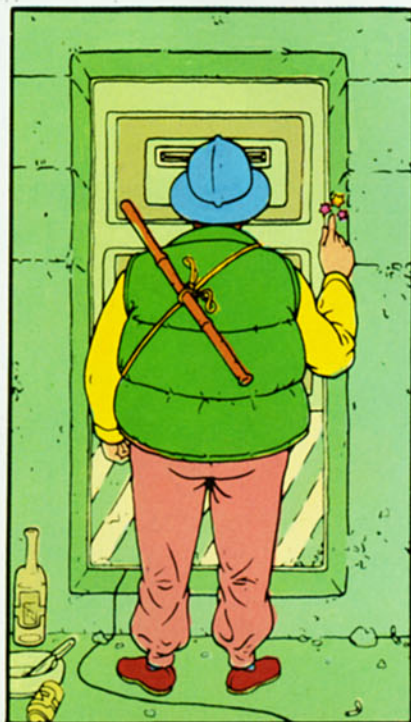
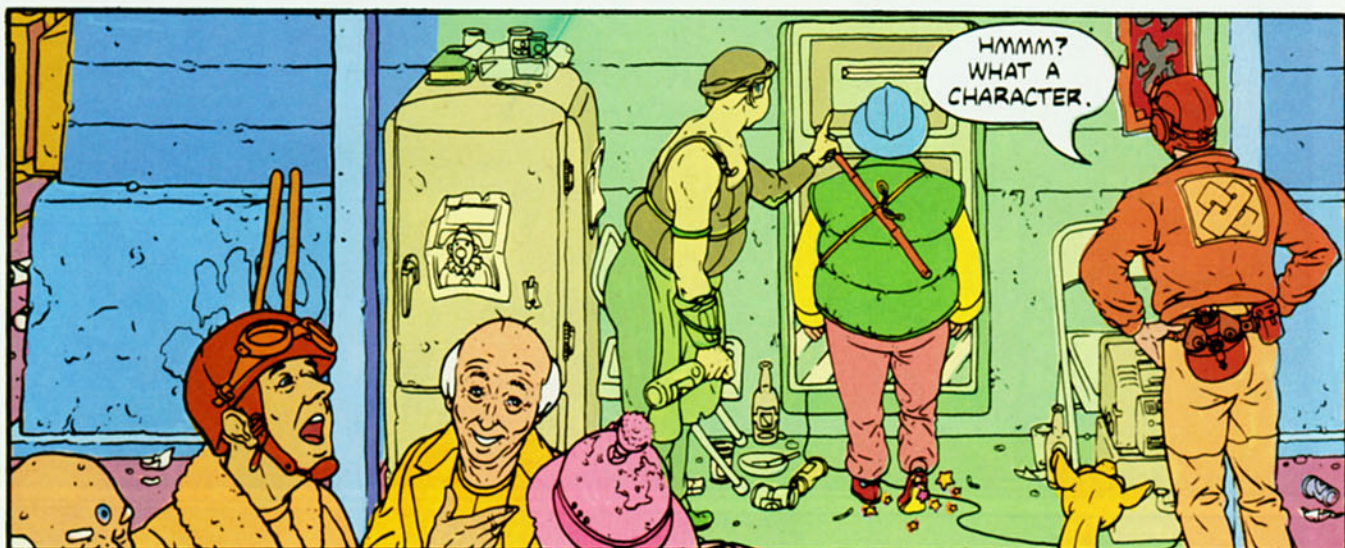
FOLLOWING AN EVERGROWING CHAIN OF CHINESE TEA LUNCH FRANCHISES, THRET TRACKS HIS PREY TO A SMALL CAFETERIA ON AN ASTEROID ORBITING AN INDUSTRIAL WASTE MANUFACTURING PLANET THAT SEEMS TO BE IN NEED OF A CHANGE OF MENU!



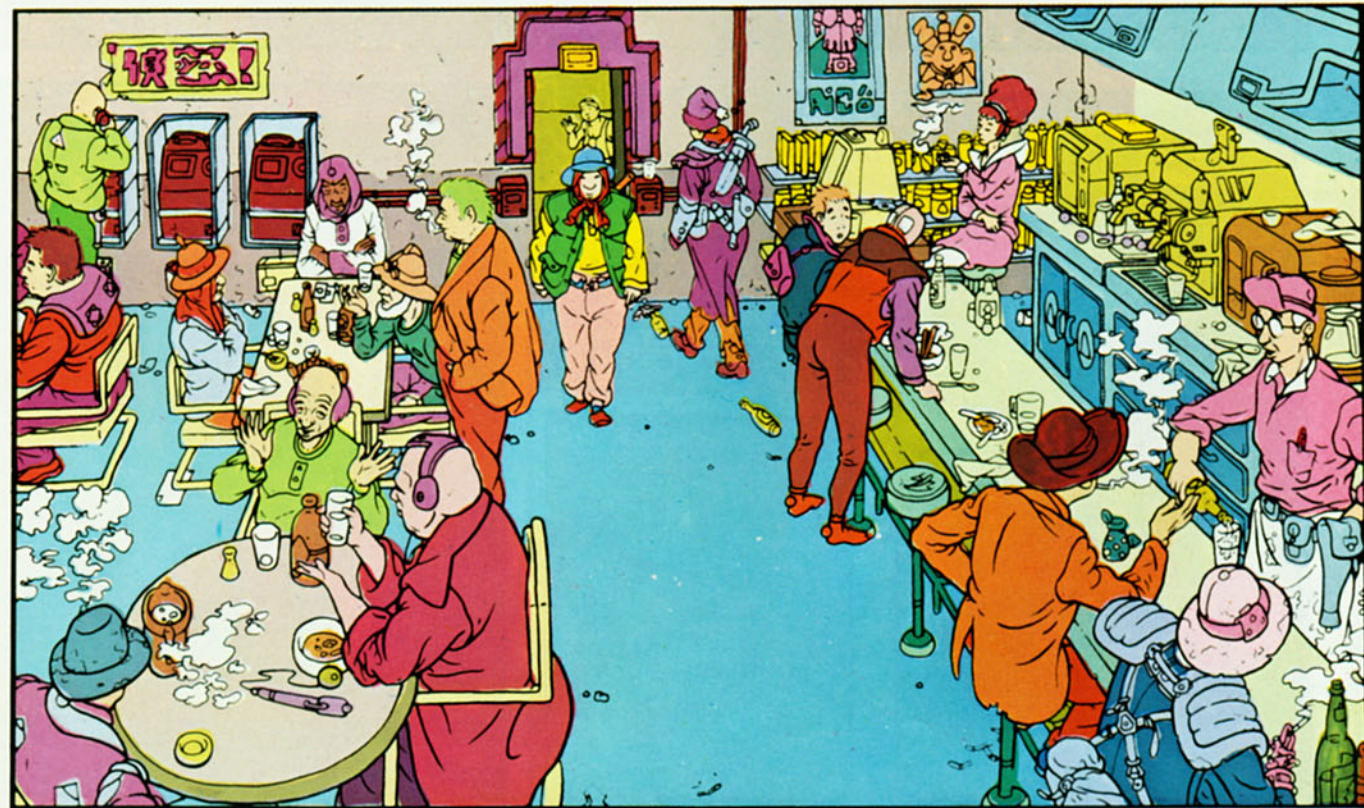
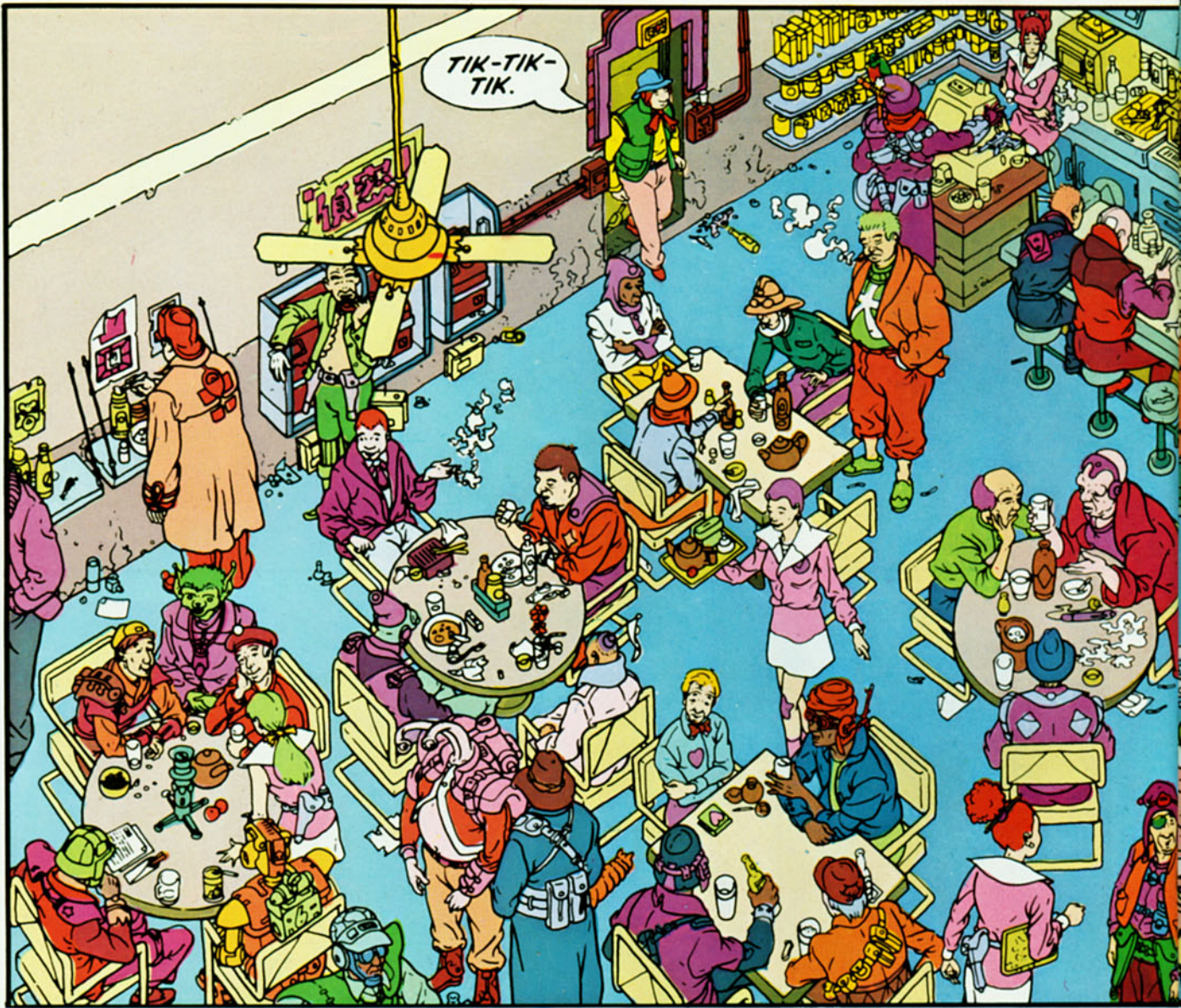




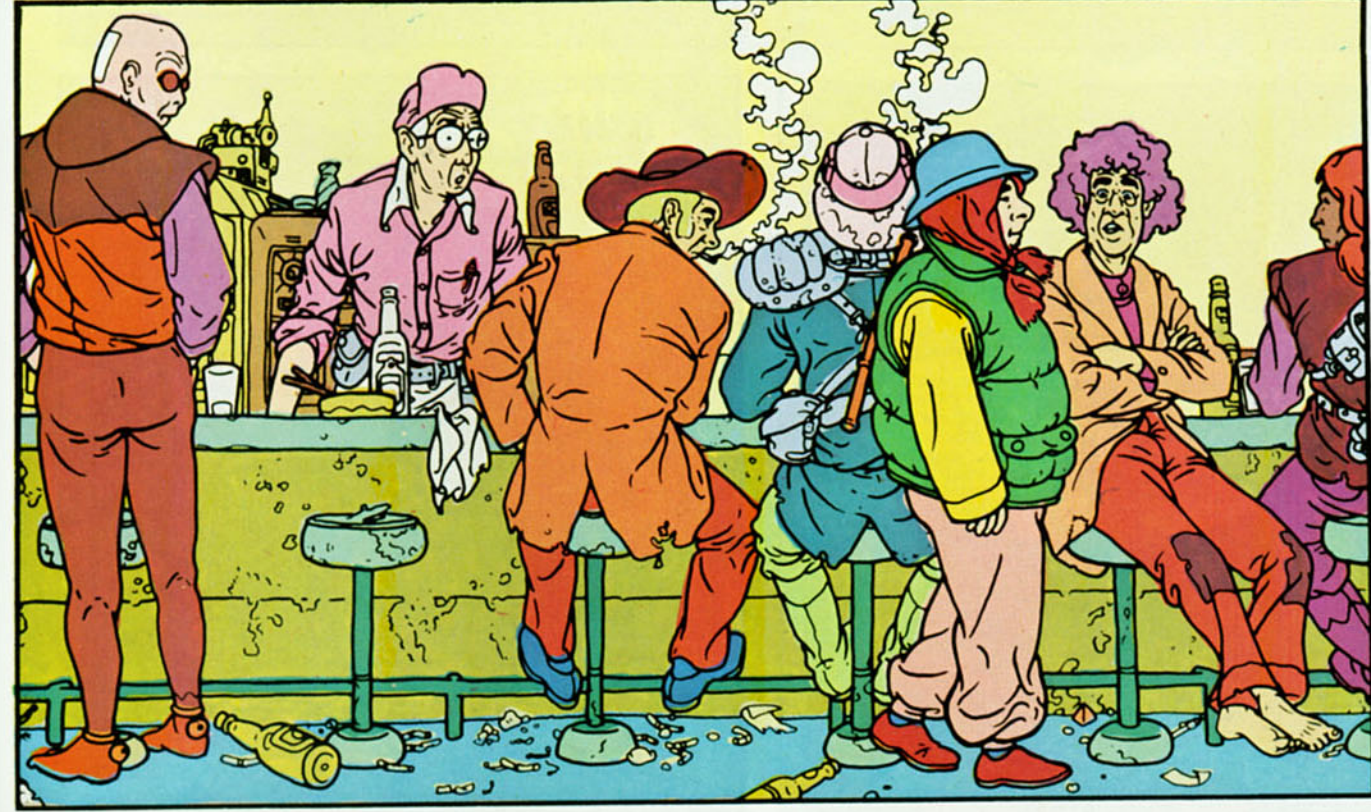
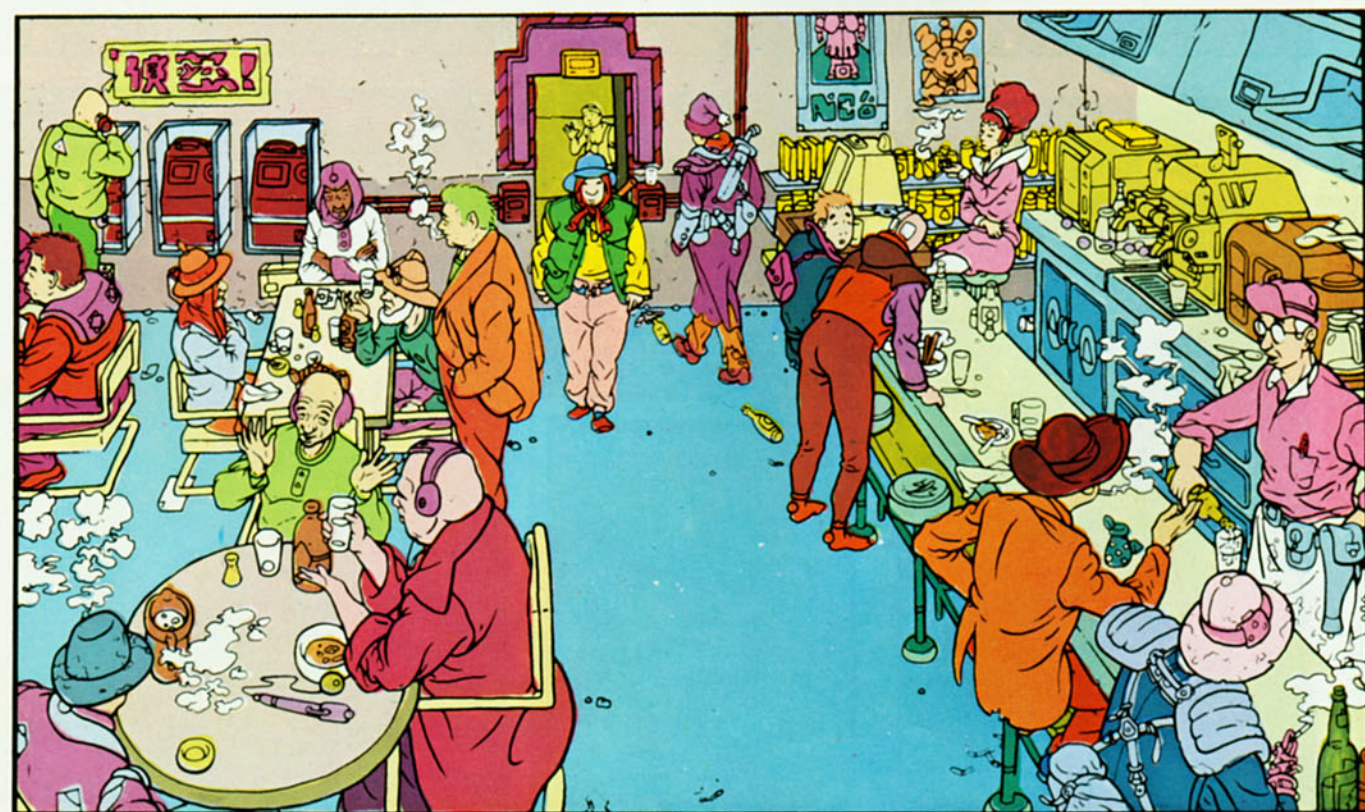
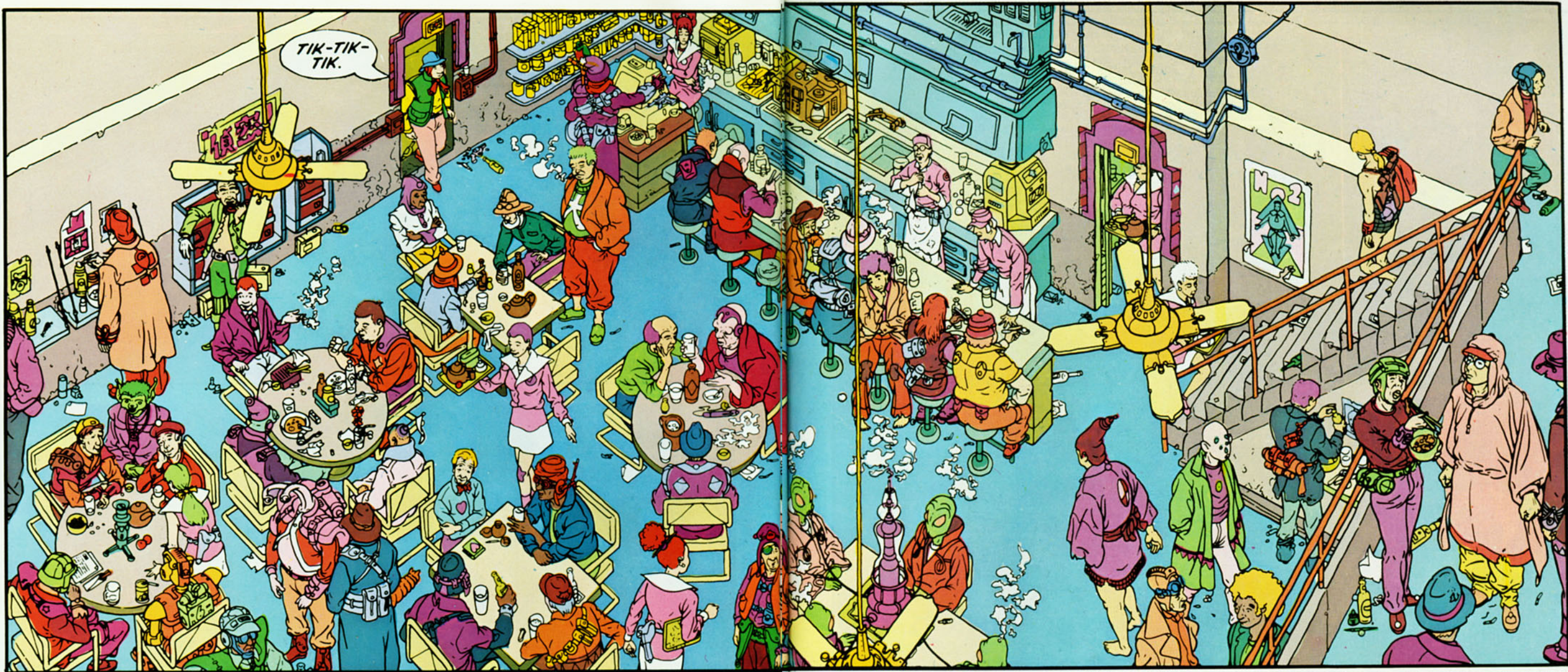




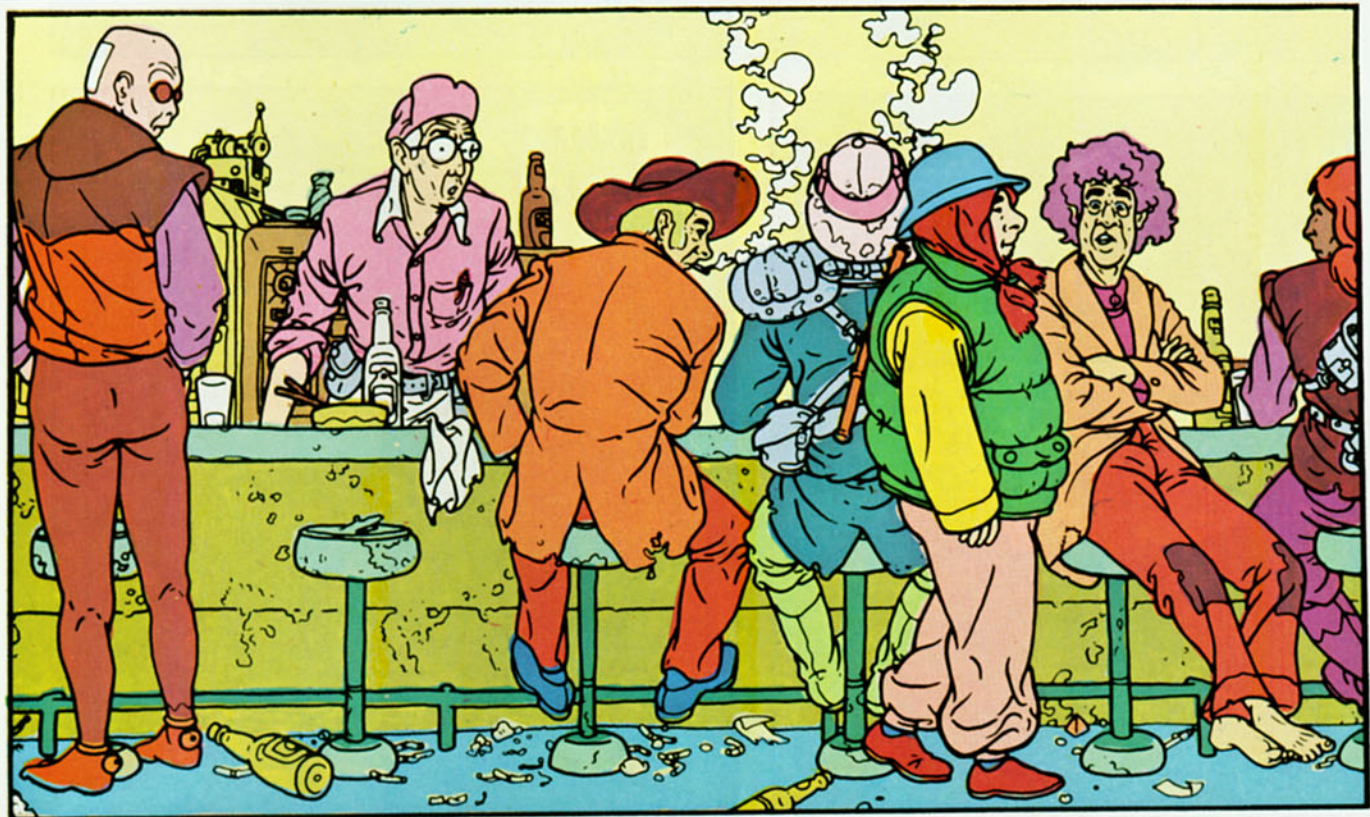
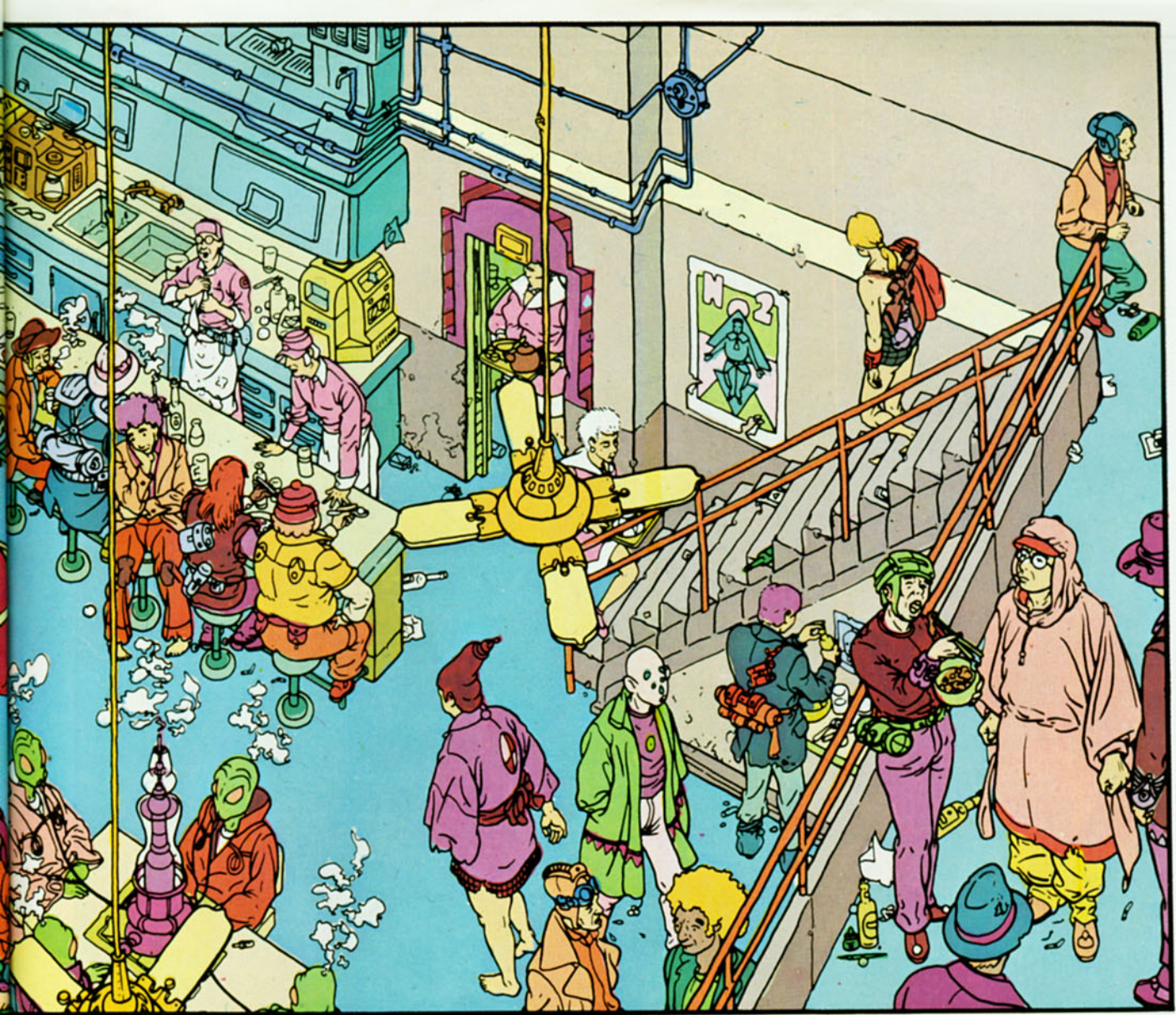










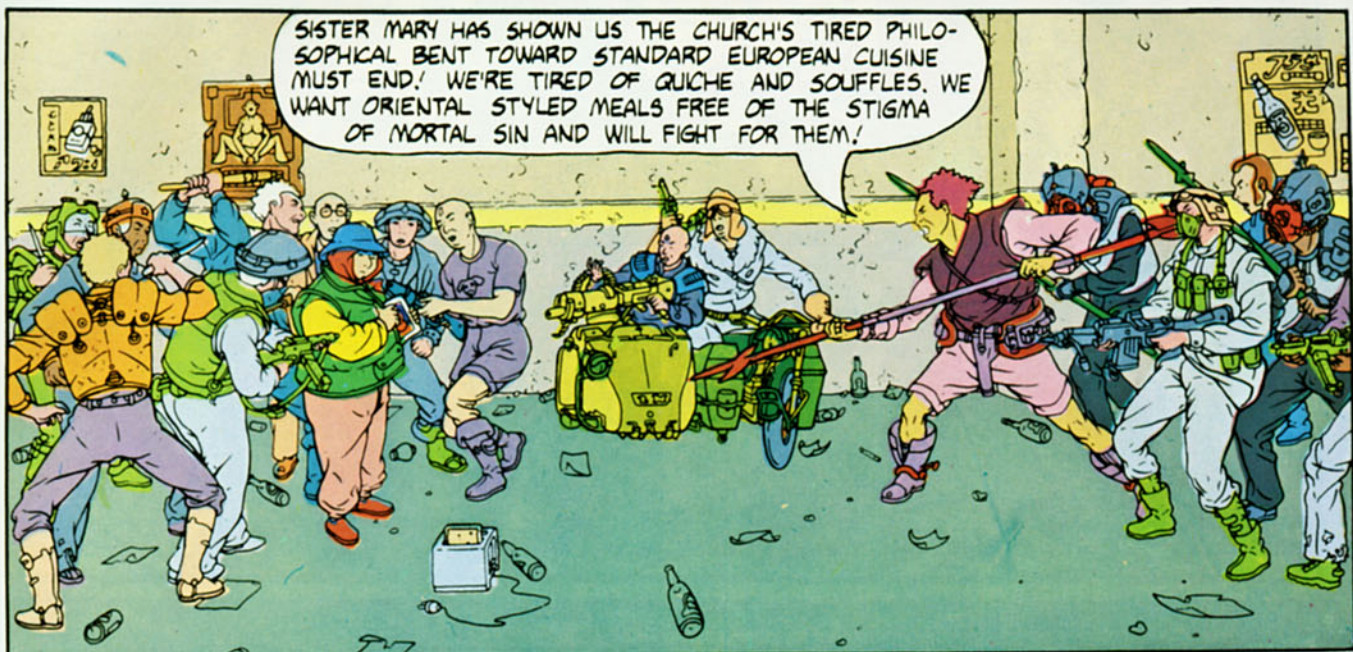




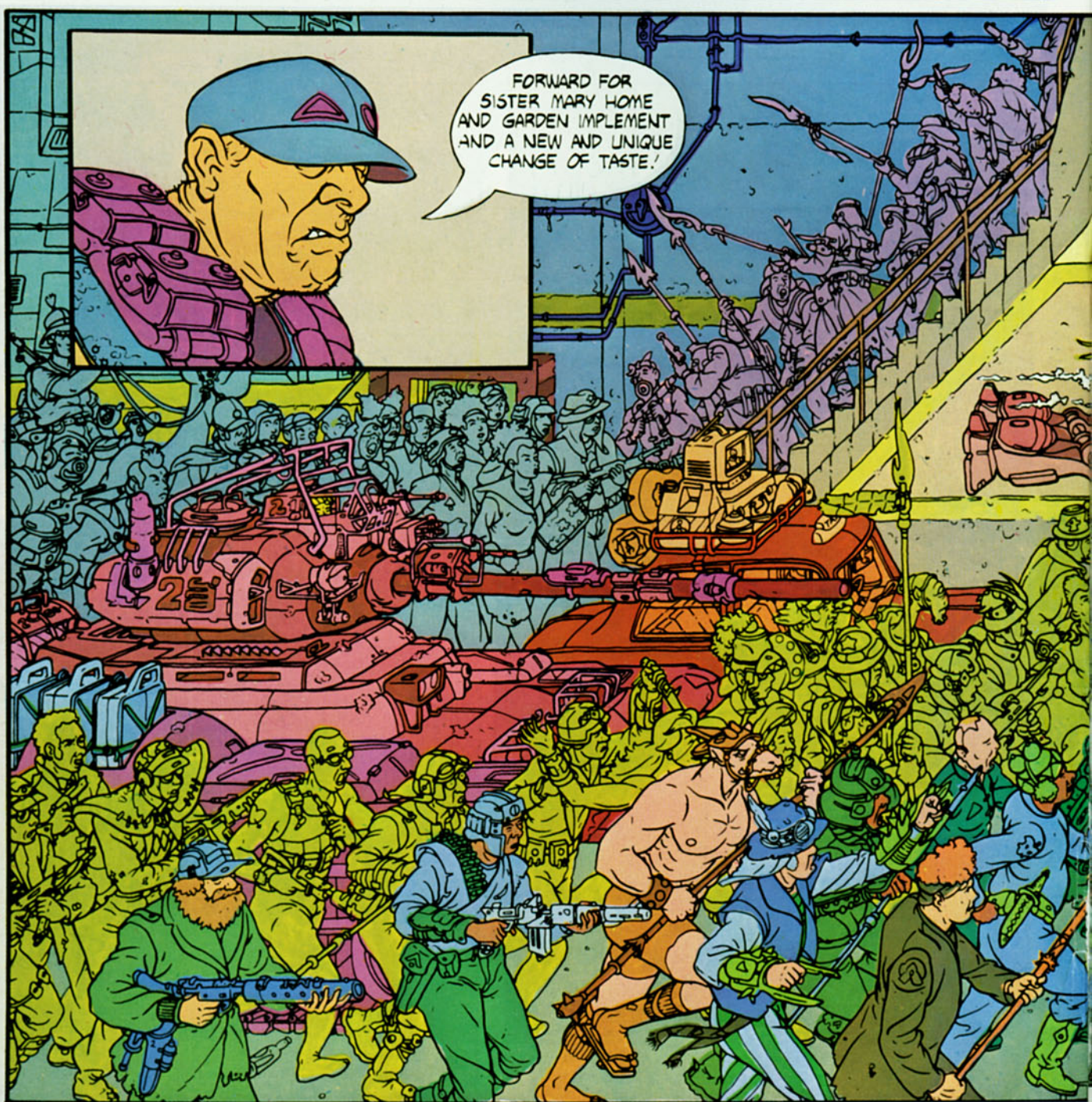
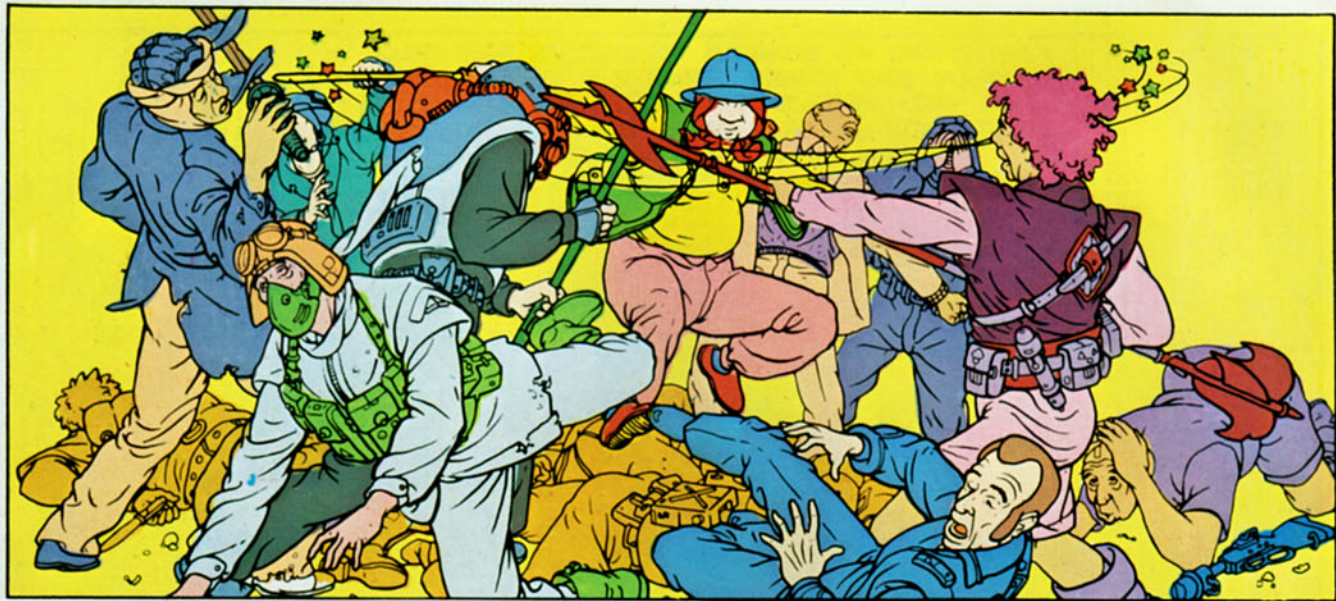




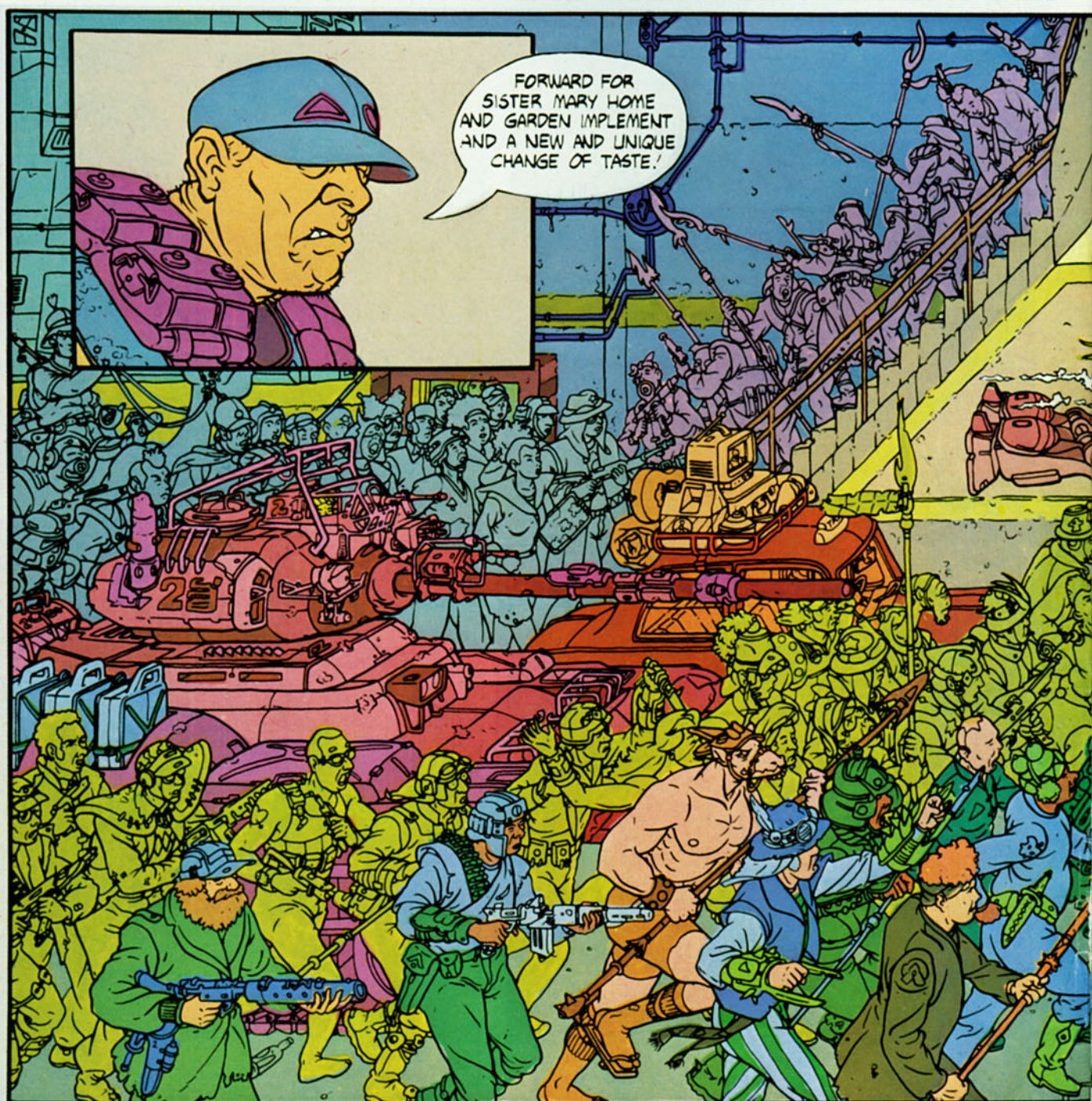
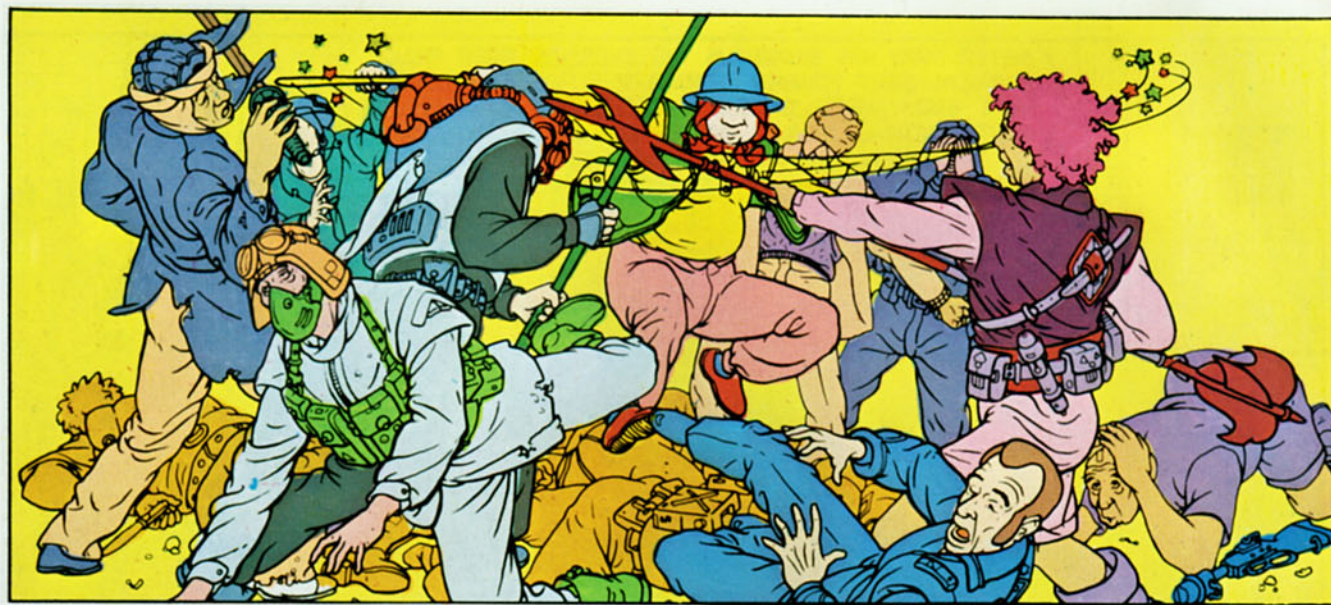
SISTER MARY HAS SHOWN US THE CHURCH'S TIRED PHILOSOPHICAL BENT TOWARD STANDARD EUROPEAN CUISINE MUST END! WE'RE TIRED OF QUICHE AND SOUFFLES. WE WANT ORIENTAL STYLED MEALS FREE OF THE STIGMA OF MORTAL SIN AND WILL FIGHT FOR THEM!



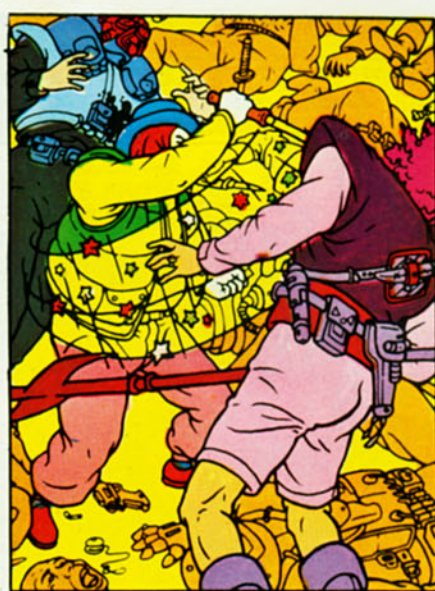










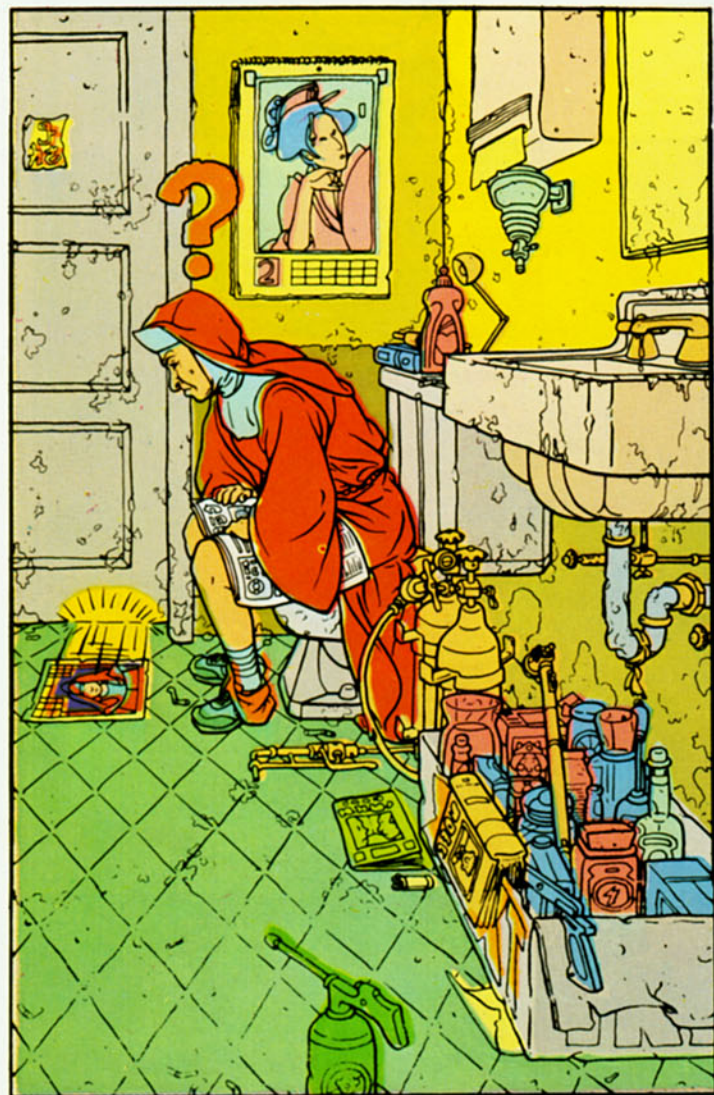




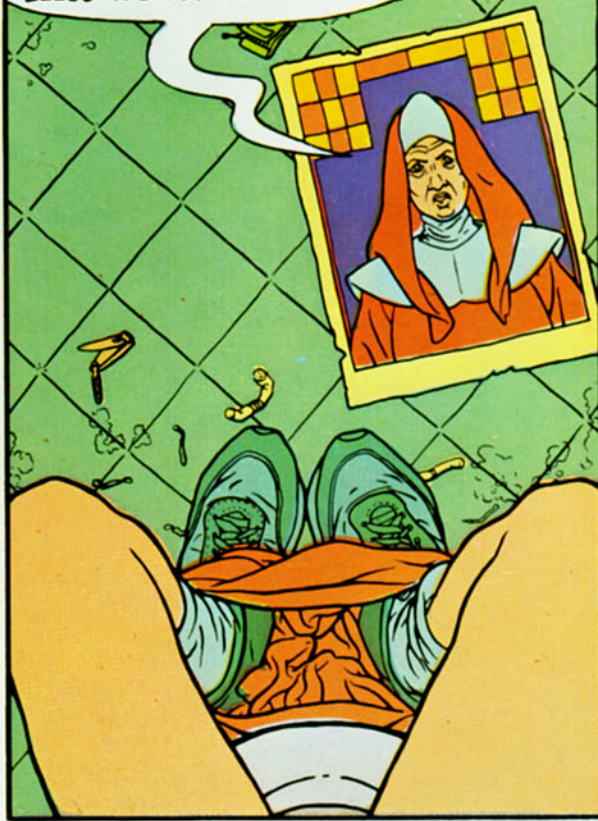
INSIDE THE LADIES ROOM SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT SEEMS OBLIVIOUS TO THE BATTLE RAGING OUTSIDE HER SANCTUARY.



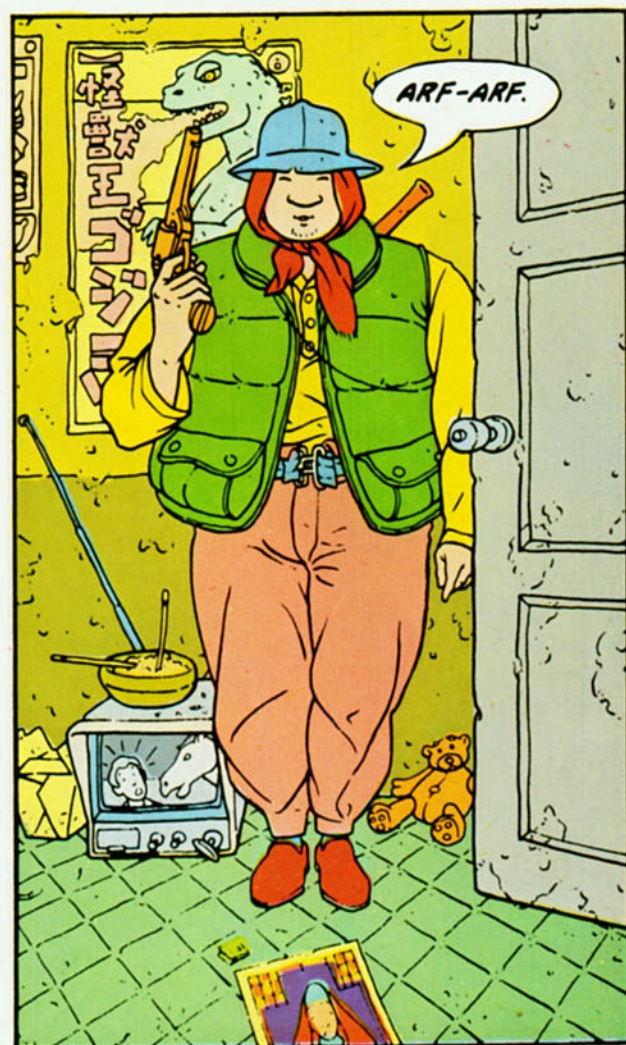
AND THEN THE ABRUPT SILENCE DRAWS SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT'S ATTENTION.



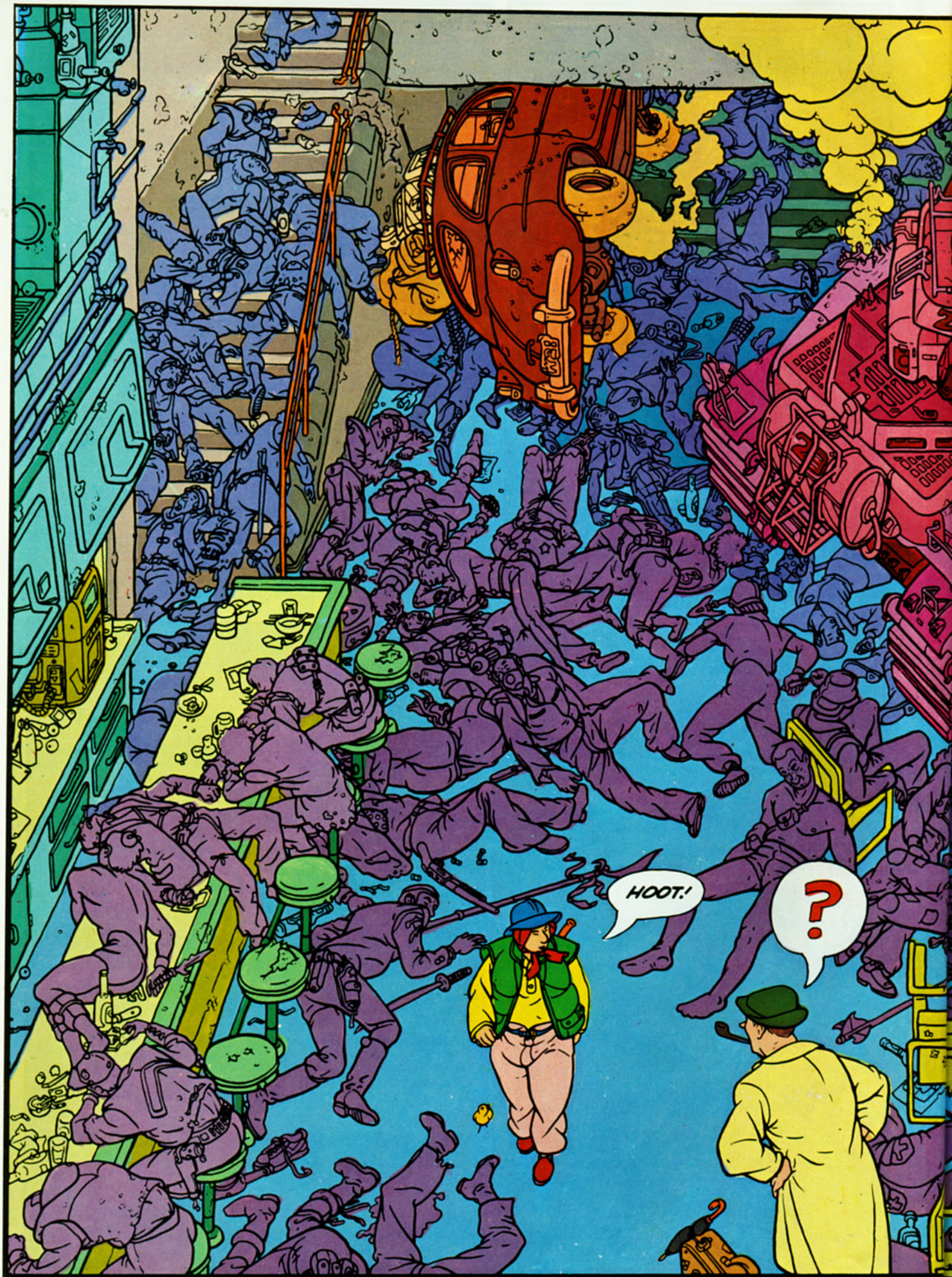
I AM A TWO DIMENSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CLONE OF "SISTER MARY HOME AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT" CREATED FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF IDENTIFYING MYSELF FOR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION AS PROSCRIBED BY THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH! PLEASE DISCLOSE ALL KNOWLEDGE OF HER WHEREABOUTS AS YOUR COOPERATION IS MANDATORY! BLESS YOU FOR YOUR HELP.









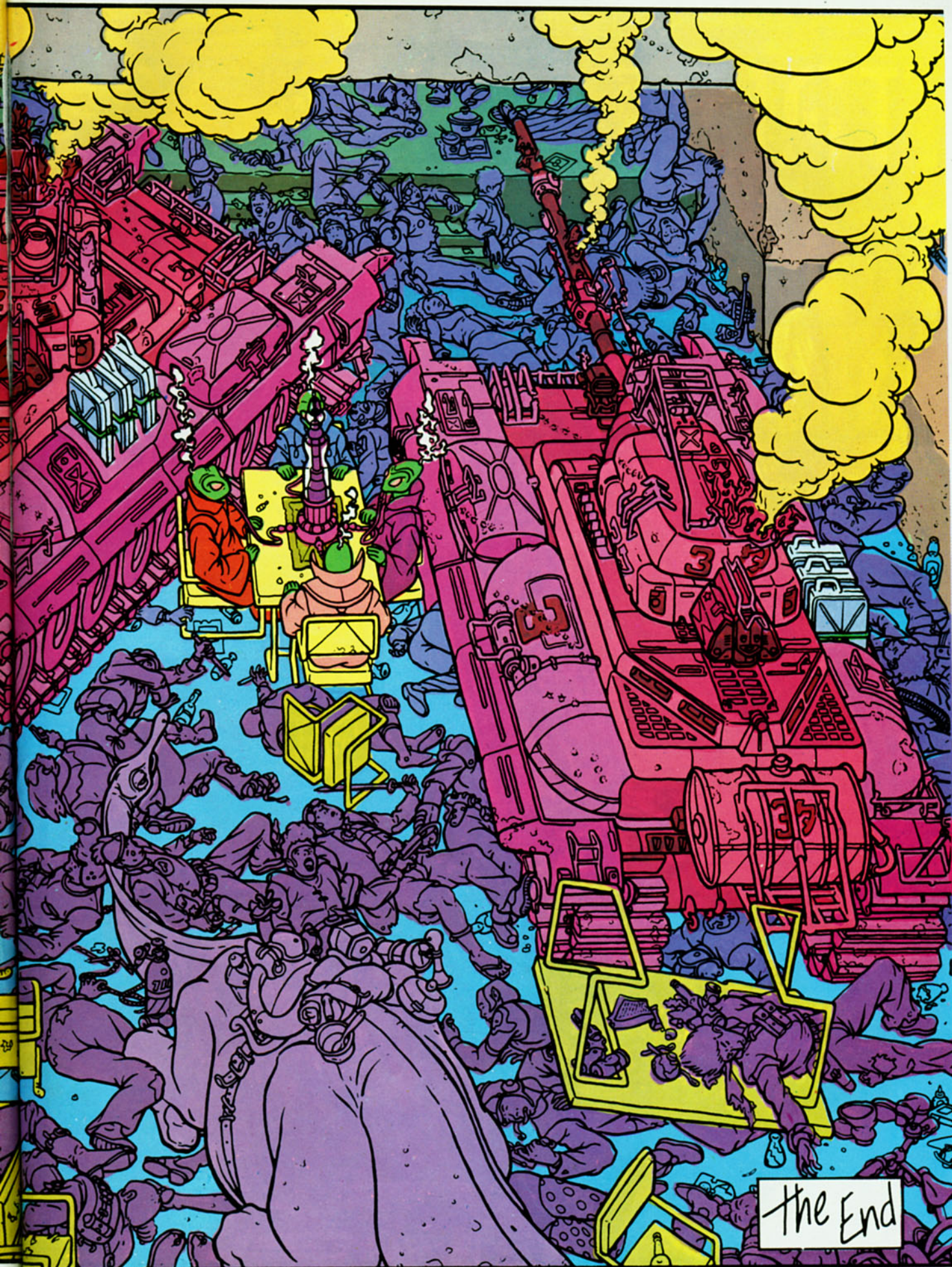






The End





The End



# ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT STINKY

SEPTEMBER, 1958...



THE LOCAL BAR...



WATCH OUT! STINKY IS ON THE LOOSE!

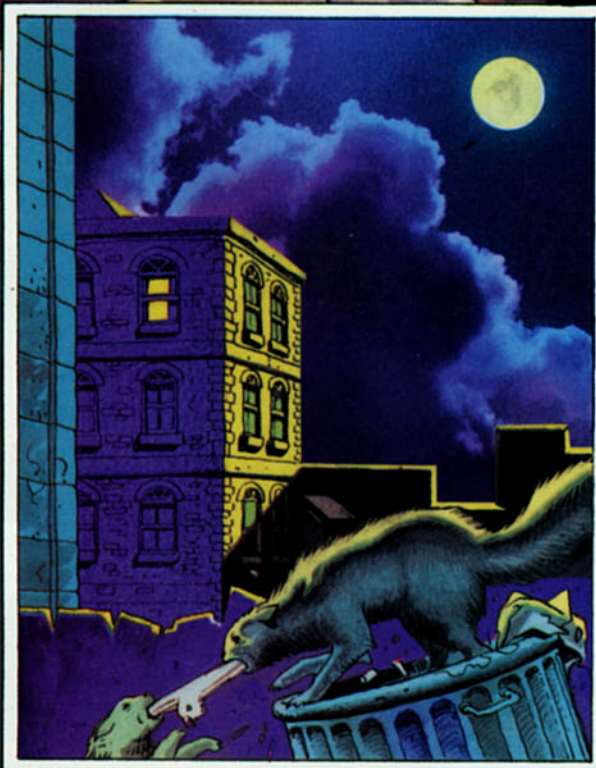


I AM A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT. I AM A ...

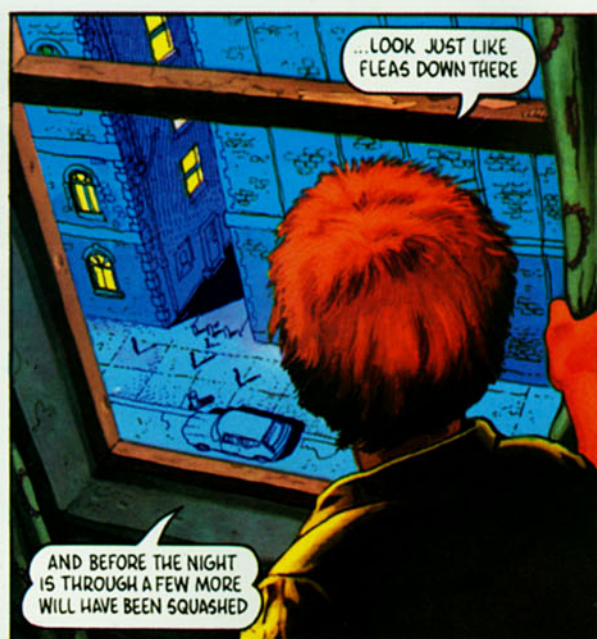
# COMIC ARTIST

THE WORLD GOES ROUND...

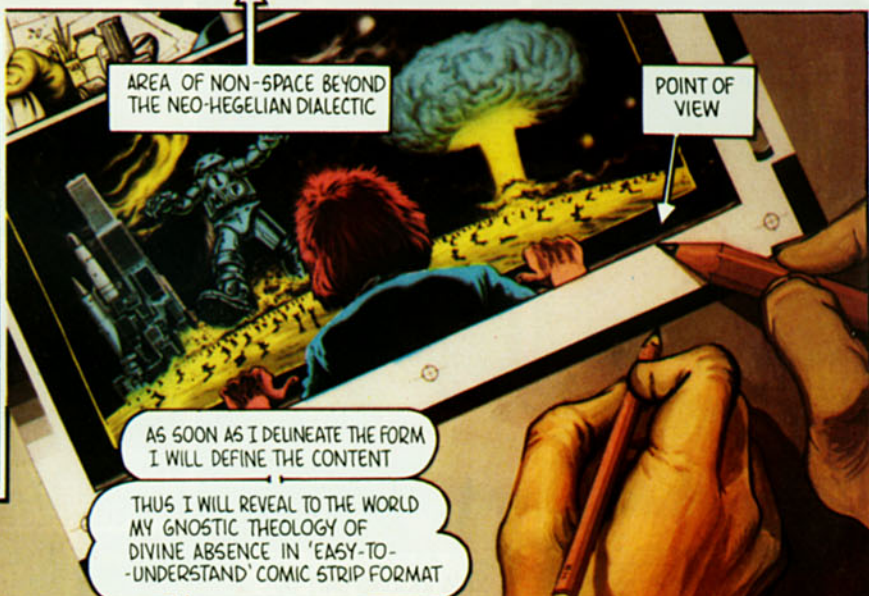
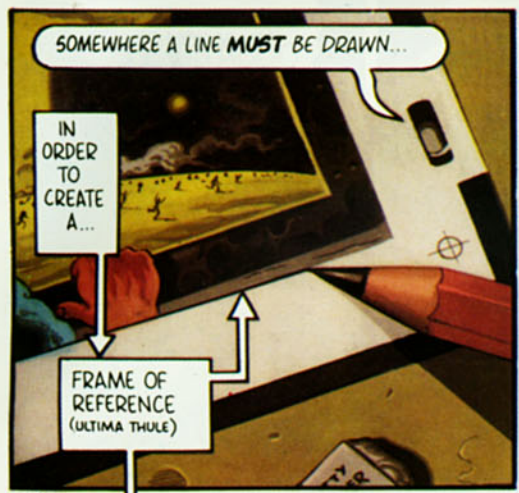
NO-ONE KNOWS WHAT IT ALL MEANS



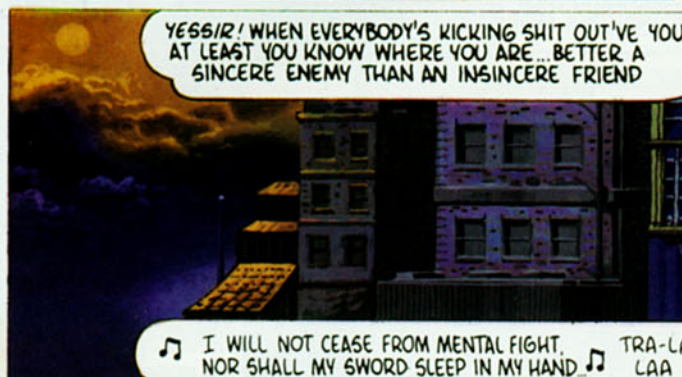
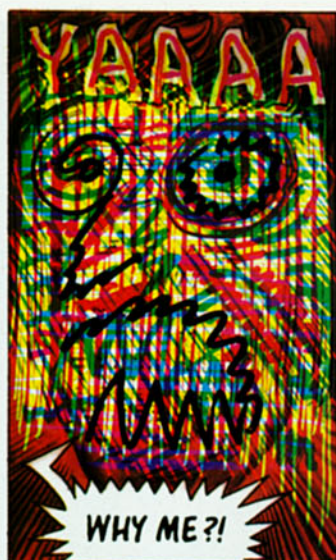
















♪ YOO HOOO ♪  
WE KNOW YOU'RE IN  
THERE EDDIE

♪ WE HAVE A  
SURPRIIIIISE  
FOR YOU ♪

YAAA!  
THE SECRET  
POLICE!

GRIP



**BAM  
BAM**

COME ON!  
OPEN UP  
EDDIE

NO! NO! PLEASE!  
IGNORE ME!  
IGNORE ME!  
I'M ONLY AN  
INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE  
FLEA NOT WORTH  
EVEN STEPPING ON!

YOU DON'T WANT TO  
DIRTY YOUR NICE  
SHINY JACKBOOTS  
WITH MY SLIMY GUTS

OH PLEASE GOD, I  
DON'T WANT TO BE  
A MARTYR ≥WHINE≥  
≥SNIVEL≥ ≥SOB≥



WE KNOW YOU'RE A COMIC ARTIST  
EDDIE, THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!

≥YEEWW!!=  
DIRTY COMICS, HATE  
THEM! SUCH RUBBISH!  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
THEY'RE DOING HERE!  
≥GASP≥ ≥WHEEZE≥

**KRASH**



RELAX EDDIE! WE'RE NO LONGER  
THE SECRET POLICE. **NOW** WE'RE  
THE REVOLUTIONARY GUARD  
OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT!

NOW WHY ALL THAT SILLY  
TREMBLING EDDIE? WE'RE  
ONLY DOING OUR JOB



I THOUGHT THE  
REVOLUTION MEANT  
**NO GOVERNMENT**

BE REALISTIC EDDIE.  
THESE THINGS TAKE  
**TIME**. YOU CAN'T  
JUST **RUSH** A WHOLE  
REVOLUTION THROUGH  
Y'KNOW! LOOK ON  
THE BRIGHT SIDE...



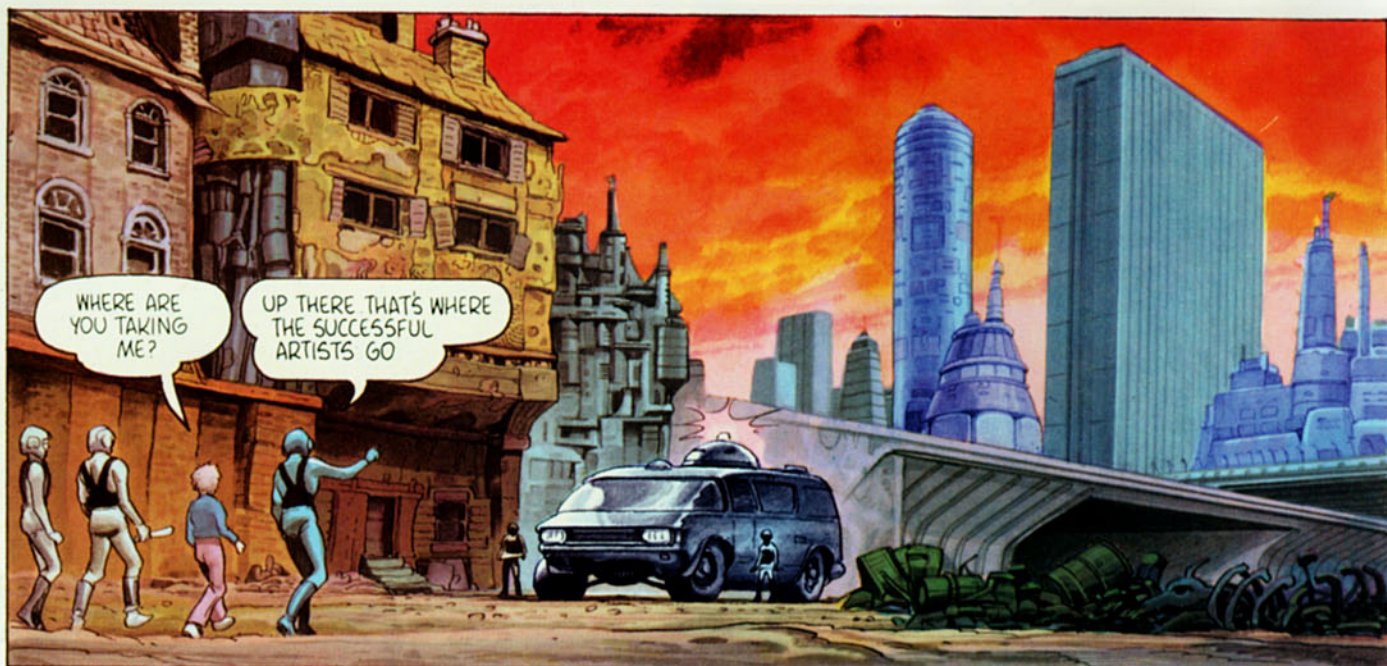
YOU SEE...THE PEOPLE HAVE  
BEEN READING YOUR COMICS  
THEY'VE OVERTHROWN  
THE OLD GOVERNMENT  
YOU'RE A NATIONAL  
HERO

OH DEAR!  
I HOPE NOBODY  
GOT HURT

HA HA HA! HE  
HOPES NOBODY  
GOT HURT

YOU'RE A NATIONAL  
HERO EDDIE. YOU  
DON'T GET TO BE THAT  
WITHOUT HURTING  
**SOMEBODY**





WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

UP THERE THAT'S WHERE THE SUCCESSFUL ARTISTS GO

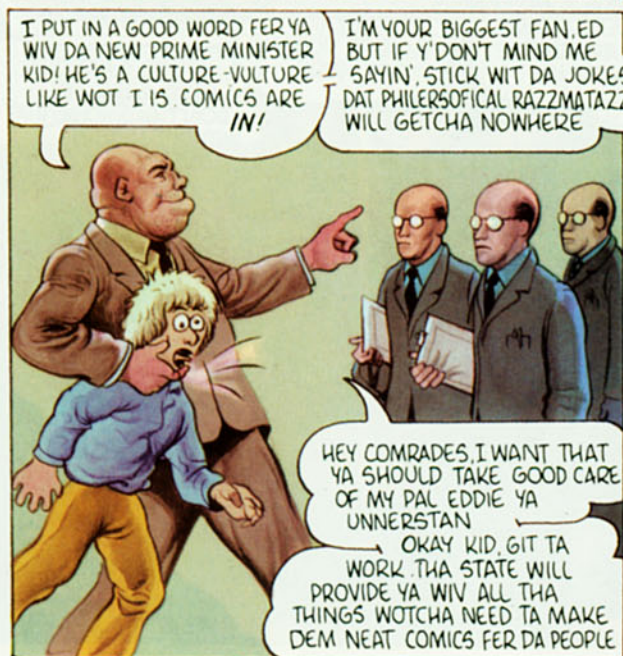


THE NEW MINISTER OF CULTURE LIKES COMICS. THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE EDDIE

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... AT LAST! **RECOGNITION** OF MY TRUE WORTH.



HIYA EDDIE! ME 'N' THE BOYS AT THE MINISTRY HERE THINK YOU'RE A BARREL A LAUGHS!

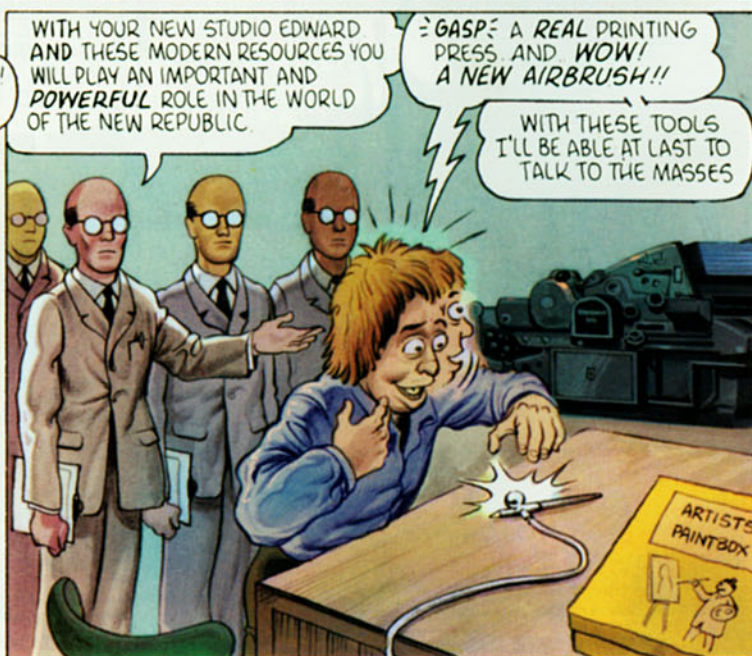


I PUT IN A GOOD WORD FER YA WIV DA NEW PRIME MINISTER KID! HE'S A CULTURE-VULTURE LIKE WOT I IS. COMICS ARE **IN!**

I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN, ED BUT IF Y'DON'T MIND ME SAYIN', STICK WIT DA JOKES! DAT PHILOSOFICAL RAZZMATAZZ WILL GETCHA NOWHERE

HEY COMRADES, I WANT THAT YA SHOULD TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY PAL EDDIE YA UNNERSTAN

OKAY KID, GIT TA WORK. THA STATE WILL PROVIDE YA WIV ALL THA THINGS WOTCHA NEED TA MAKE DEM NEAT COMICS FER DA PEOPLE

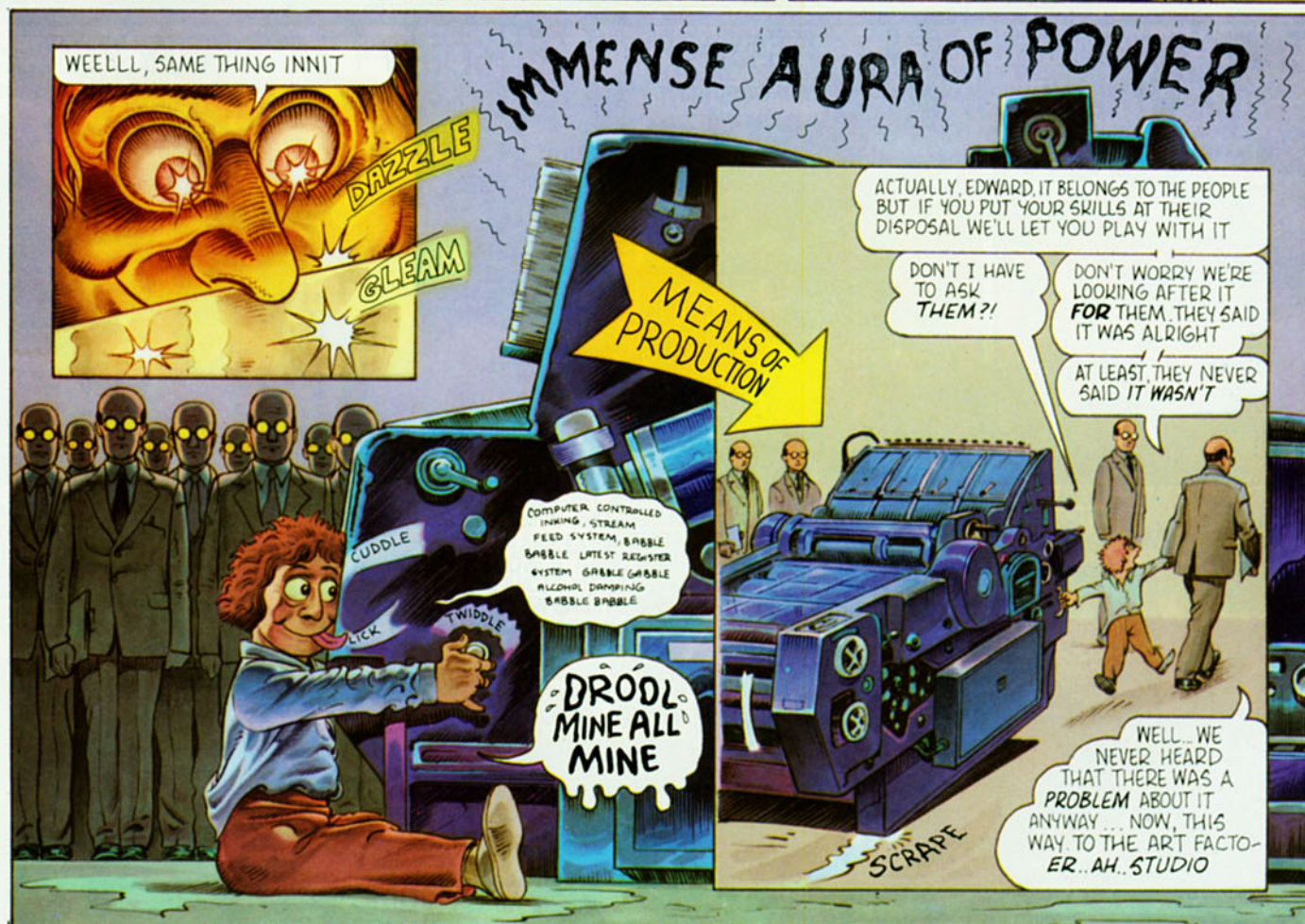
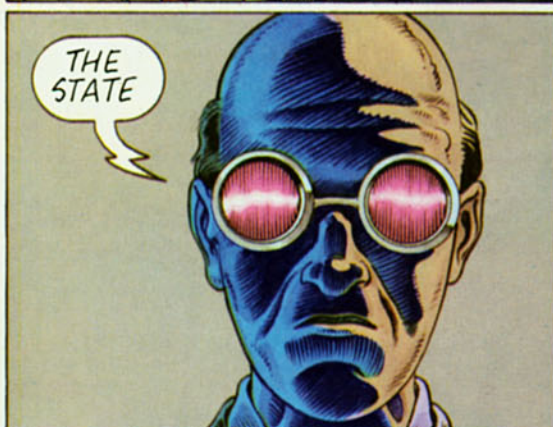
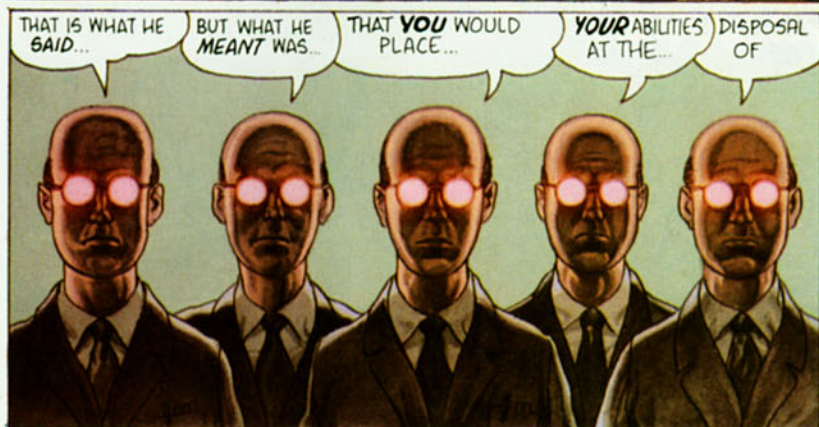


WITH YOUR NEW STUDIO EDWARD AND THESE MODERN RESOURCES YOU WILL PLAY AN IMPORTANT AND **POWERFUL** ROLE IN THE WORLD OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.

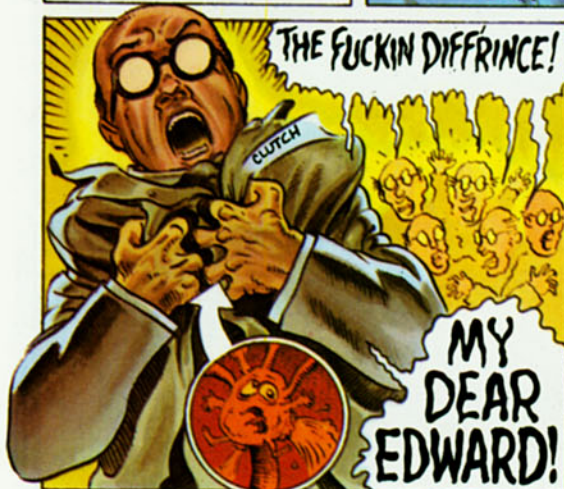
**GASP!** A REAL PRINTING PRESS. AND **WOW!** A NEW AIRBRUSH!!

WITH THESE TOOLS I'LL BE ABLE AT LAST TO TALK TO THE MASSES

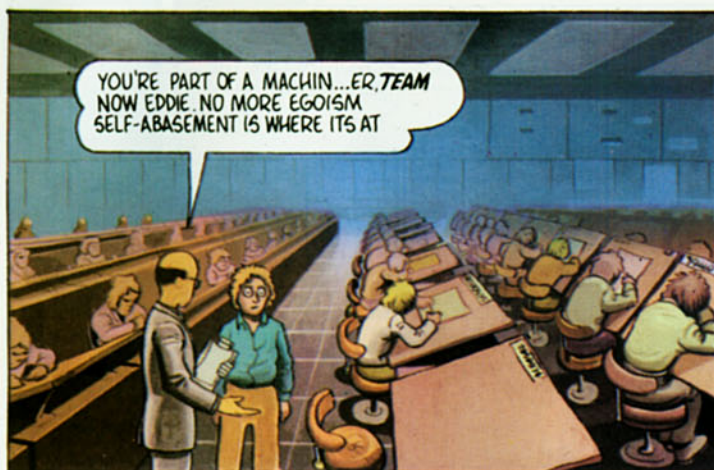




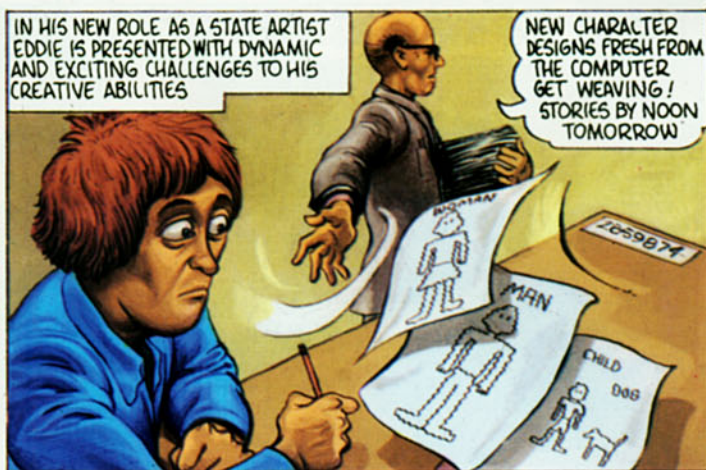








YOU'RE PART OF A MACHIN...ER...TEAM  
NOW EDDIE. NO MORE EGOISM  
SELF-ABASEMENT IS WHERE ITS AT



IN HIS NEW ROLE AS A STATE ARTIST  
EDDIE IS PRESENTED WITH DYNAMIC  
AND EXCITING CHALLENGES TO HIS  
CREATIVE ABILITIES

NEW CHARACTER  
DESIGNS FRESH FROM  
THE COMPUTER  
GET WEAVING!  
STORIES BY NOON  
TOMORROW



ARTIST 2859874 REPORT  
TO YOUR SECTION CHIEF!

EDDIE'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN!  
HE'S GOT HIS DRAWING  
BOARD AT A DIFFERENT ANGLE  
FROM EVERYONE ELSE

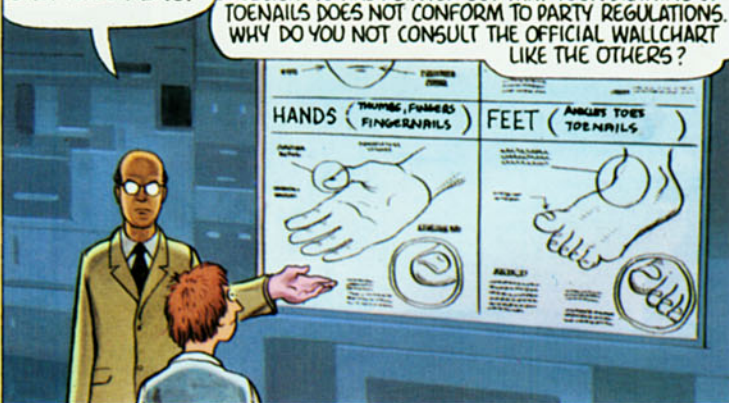
WHAT IS THIS?! THIS IS NOT  
FUNNY. THIS IS A NASTY  
DRAWING! WHY DID YOU DO THIS?



...ER... FOR FUN I'SPOSE



FUN! NO DRAWING  
FOR FUN! DRAW  
ONLY FOR OTHERS!



I HAVE HAD MANY COMPLAINTS ABOUT YOUR WORK  
LATELY FROM THE INNER PARTY! THE MINISTRY OF  
PUBLISHING HAS POINTED OUT THAT YOUR DRAWING OF  
TOENAILS DOES NOT CONFORM TO PARTY REGULATIONS.  
WHY DO YOU NOT CONSULT THE OFFICIAL WALLCHART  
LIKE THE OTHERS?



AS YOU WILL KNOW  
COMRADE. TODAY  
THE NEW  
LEADER OF THE  
REPUBLIC  
WILL BE  
VISITING US

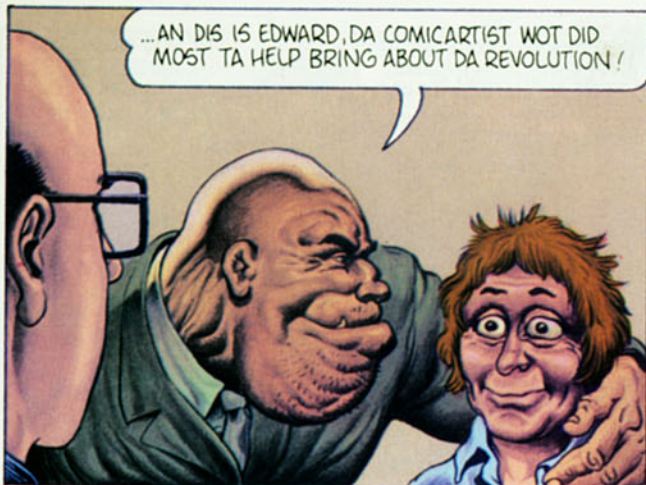
TODAY IS A GLORIOUS DAY  
FOR THE MINISTRY OF  
COMICS. WE MUST IMPRESS  
THE LEADER WITH OUR  
WORK.

I HOPE WE  
UNDERSTAND  
EACH OTHER  
...COMRADE...

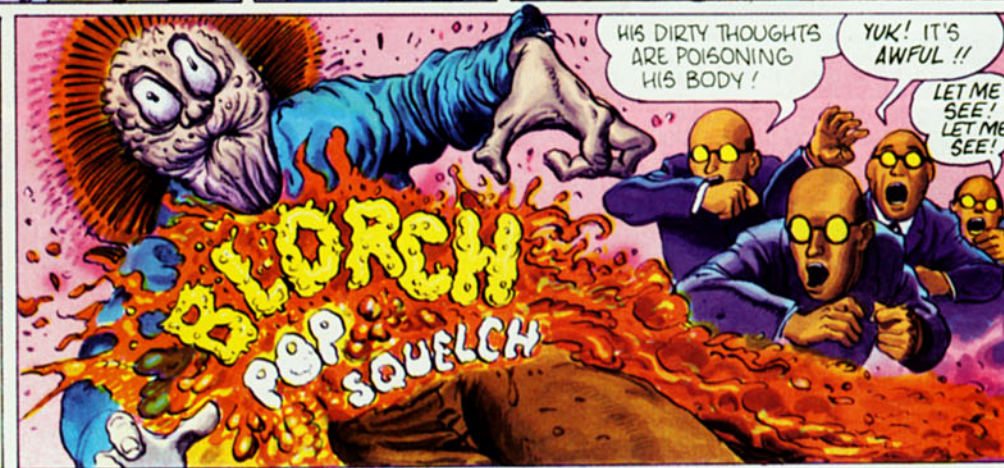


MAKE WAY FOR YOUR  
LEADER, THE PRESIDENT  
OF THE REPUBLIC!

















WAAH  
WAAH

CHRIST!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

THEY SAY  
THAT THE INFLATED  
EGO OF SOME RAMPANT  
INDIVIDUALIST  
HAS GONE TOTALLY  
BERSERK!



THERE'S DANGEROUSLY HIGH LEVELS OF CONTAGIOUS MORAL FALLOUT IN THE  
DISASTER AREA, BOYS SO DOUBLE-CHECK YOUR ANTI-CONTAMINATION SUITS

ONE TINY LEAK IN THE HERMETICALLY  
SEALED LININGS AN' BEFORE Y'KNOW IT **YOU'LL** BE THINKIN'  
THEM THERE DIRTY THOUGHTS **TOO!**...MAYBE EVEN ABOUT YOUR OWN **WIFE** AN' **KIDS!**



GO GIT THAT GOD-  
DAMNED BOOGER BOYS!

MOORAY

CLAP  
CLAP



...M...MY GOD! IT'S H..HORRIFIC!

UGH! A DISGUSTING, REVOLTING  
MOCKERY OF HUMAN  
NATURE!

AN JUST LOOK AT THE  
SIZE OF HIS . . . THINGIE





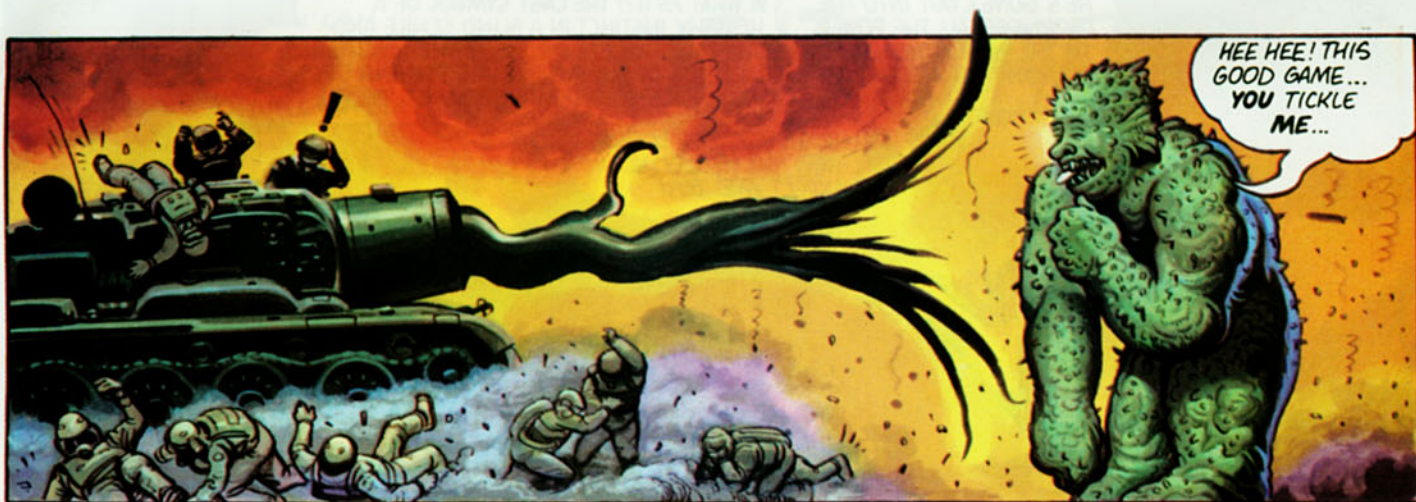
YOU HAVE ARRIVED IN THIS WORLD WITHOUT A STATE ENTRY VISA.  
RETURN TO HADES, HELLSPAWN!

CLICK

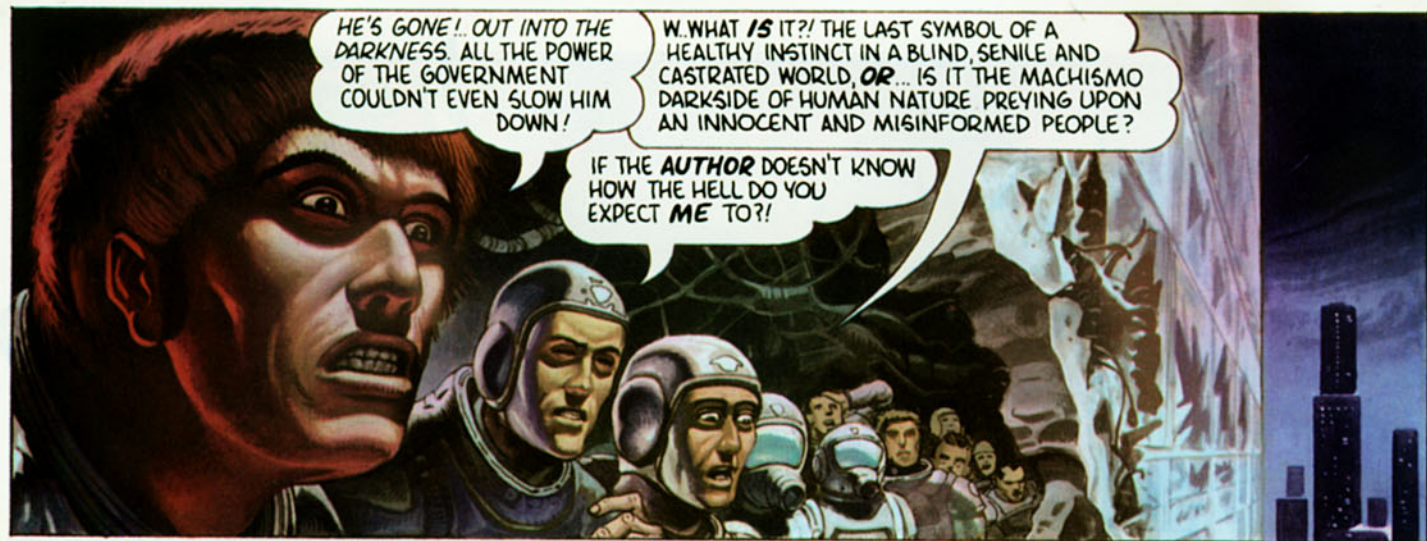


BLAM









HE'S GONE! OUT INTO THE DARKNESS. ALL THE POWER OF THE GOVERNMENT COULDN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN!

W. WHAT *IS* IT?! THE LAST SYMBOL OF A HEALTHY INSTINCT IN A BLIND, SENILE AND CASTRATED WORLD, OR... IS IT THE MACHISMO DARKSIDE OF HUMAN NATURE PREYING UPON AN INNOCENT AND MISINFORMED PEOPLE?

IF THE **AUTHOR** DOESN'T KNOW HOW THE HELL DO YOU EXPECT **ME** TO?!



WHO KNOWS WHAT MORNING WILL BRING?!

WHERE WILL HE RUN TO? WHERE WILL HE HIDE?

HE'LL SEEK OUT HIS OWN KIND AND VANISH INTO THE CROWD

VANISH INTO THE CROWD! THEY'D HAVE T'BE **SOME** CROWD.

DOWN BY THE RIVER SLUMS... WHERE THE SALTIMBANQUE WANDER... AT THE DARK END OF THE STREET... ON THE LUNATIC FRINGE... WITH THE ZANIES OF SORROW...  
**THERE YOU WILL FIND ME**

THE MORE FORTUNATE CITIZENS OF UPTOWN HURRY FEARFULLY BY.

PLEAS'D TO MEET YOU... HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME

**EEYAH!**  
W..WHO..OR WHAT ARE YOU?!

MY HOME IS WITH THE HOMELESS  
I WALK WITH ANGELS THAT HAVE NO PLACE ♪



**I AM A  
CREATURE  
OF THE  
NIGHT**

**I AM A  
COMIC  
ARTIST**

**THE REVOLUTION IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!**



LATELY, IT SEEMS YOU CAN HARDLY PICK UP A MAGAZINE WITHOUT FINDING ONE FEATURED PROMINENTLY... YOU CAN BARELY TUNE INTO A T.V. TALK SHOW BEFORE THE DISCUSSION TURNS TO THEM... AND SO WE ASK--

# WHAT IS IT WITH THE BUS?

CONSIDER...

TIME MAGAZINE BROKE TRADITION BY CHOOSING A MUNICIPAL BUS FROM AMES, IOWA, FOR ITS YEARLY "MAN OF THE YEAR" ISSUE...



MILLIONAIRE MALCOLM FORBES SWAPPED HIS CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN STRETCH LIMO FOR A ROOMIER "BUS-FOR-ONE"...

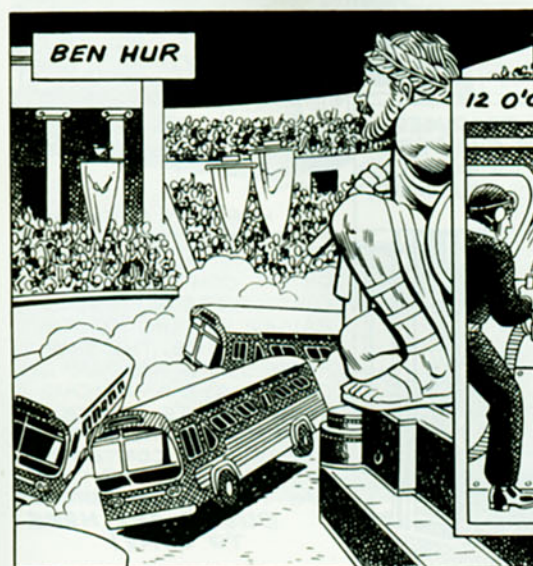
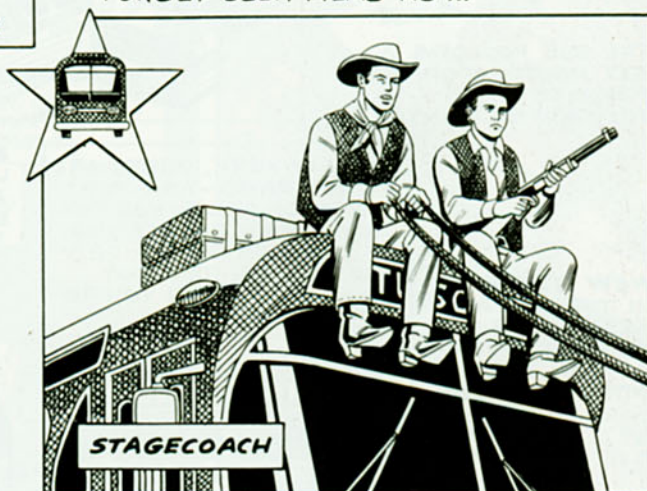


FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1957 **BUS DRIVER** IS THE LEADING VOCATIONAL CHOICE OF HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS SURVEYED...

IN CAR-CONSCIOUS CALIFORNIA, CUSTOMIZED BUSES ARE ALREADY A COMMON SIGHT!



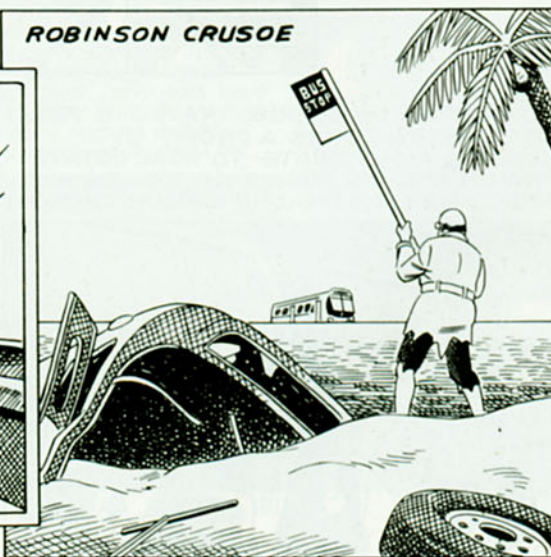
HOLLYWOOD, OF COURSE, WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO CAPITALIZE ON THIS ENTHUSIASM... NO ONE WILL SOON FORGET SUCH FILMS AS ...



12 O'CLOCK HIGH



ROBINSON CRUSOE





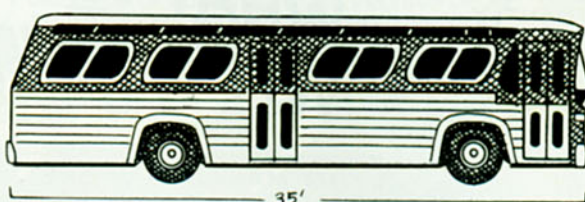
YET LET US NOT FORGET THAT THERE ARE MANY AMONGST US, ESPECIALLY IN RURAL AREAS, WHO HAVE ONLY THE MOST RUDIMENTARY NOTION OF WHAT A BUS ACTUALLY IS. FOR THEM, THE FOLLOWING INTRODUCTION.

## VITAL STATISTICS...\*

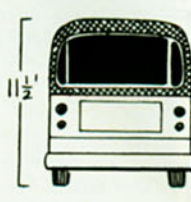
FRONT



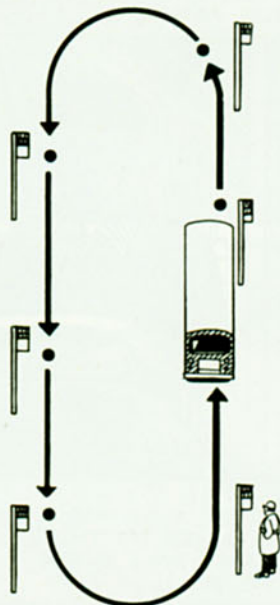
SIDE



BACK



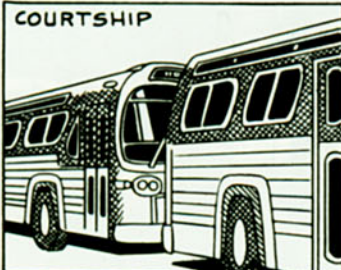
## ITS FUNCTION...



\*REMEMBER THAT THESE FIGURES ARE BASED ON STATISTICAL NORMS. INDIVIDUAL VARIATIONS MAY BE CONSIDERABLE. FOR EXAMPLE, DEPENDING ON AGE AND BUILD, A BUS MAY WEIGH ANYWHERE FROM SEVERAL HUNDRED TO 40,000 POUNDS!

## PROCREATION AND UPBRINGING...

COURTSHIP



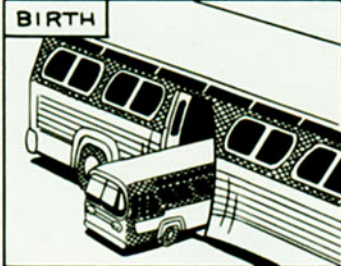
MATING



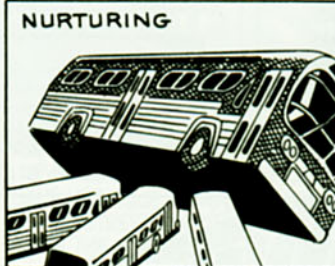
PREGNANCY



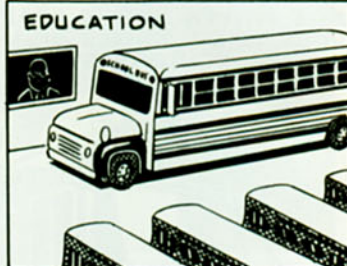
BIRTH



NURTURING



EDUCATION



THE BUS FOLLOWS A SET ROUTE, STOPPING FREQUENTLY AT DESIGNATED POINTS.

NEW CONCEPTS IN THE BUS ARE KEEPING THIS AGE-OLD FRIEND OF MAN IN STEP WITH THE TIMES!

IN **NEW YORK**, BUSES ARE GOING **CONDO**--AS A PART OWNER OF A BUS, YOU PAY ONLY A MAINTENANCE FEE OF PERHAPS \$3 A RIDE--AND YOU CAN RENT OUT YOUR SEAT WHEN YOU'RE NOT USING IT!



**BOSTON, MASS...** RATHER THAN TIE UP CITY FUNDS IN LITTLE-USED EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT, BUSES DOUBLE AS **FIRE ENGINES**, WITH COMMUTERS BRIEFED IN THE BASICS OF FIREFIGHTING SHOULD THE NEED ARISE!



IN **DAYTON, OHIO**, BUS TRAVEL IS **FREE!** THE SYSTEM TURNS A PROFIT BY LEASING AISLE SEATS TO REAL ESTATE PROMOTERS, INSURANCE SALESMEN, AND SPOKESMEN FOR THE UNIFICATION CHURCH!



**DALLAS, TEXAS** HAS INTRODUCED A NEW CONCEPT IN BUS SHELTERS--A **V.I.P. LOUNGE** FEATURING VIDEO GAMES, NAUTILUS EQUIPMENT, EVEN A SUSHI BAR!



IT HAS NOT BEEN THE PURPOSE OF THIS ARTICLE TO MAKE VALUE JUDGMENTS ON THE COMPLEX AND CONTROVERSIAL ISSUES RAISED HEREIN. TO ITS SUPPORTERS, THE BUS REPRESENTS ALL THAT IS GOOD IN THE AMERICAN SPIRIT...TO ITS CRITICS, IT EPITOMIZES THE WORST ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE. SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT, LIKE IT OR NOT, **BUSES ARE HERE TO STAY!**



THE AUTUMN OF  
2318... SOME-  
WHERE ON THE  
NORTHEASTERN  
FRONT...

OH,  
MY GOD!  
OH...  
GOD!

BIRD - A PRODUCT OF THE DEVIL.  
FLOCK OF BIRDS - A SYMBOL OF  
CHAOS AND ANARCHY.  
MAN WAS CREATED TO CRAWL,  
CARRY WEAPONS AND  
CARRY OUT ORDERS...

AN EXTRACT FROM THE GENERAL  
MILITARY DOCTRINE OF THE CENTRAL CONTI-  
NENTAL UNION, IN THE YEAR 2314.

# THE IRON WHEEL ŽELJKO PAHEK

SERGEANT!  
SERGEANT!!! KASPER  
HAS LAID DOWN HIS  
GUN AND LOCKED HIM-  
SELF UP IN THE  
KITCHEN.

KASPER??  
PLACE THAT  
DEERTER  
IN CHAINS!

NO ONE DARES GET CLOSE TO  
HIM, SERGEANT. THE THING IS  
... HE'S... WELL... OH, GOD...

COME ON, COME ON,  
WERNER. LET'S  
HAVE IT.

OH... I'M TOO  
SCARED TO EVEN  
SAY IT.

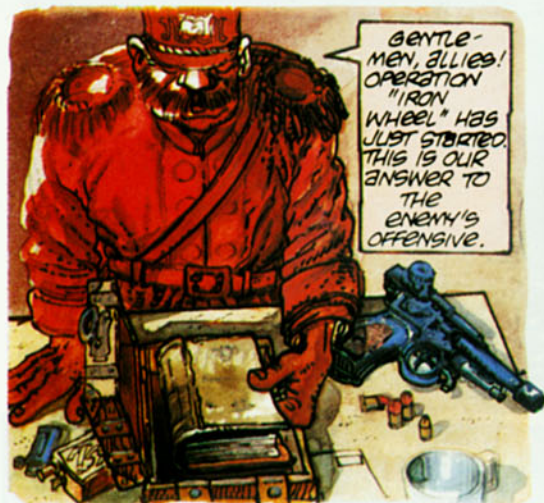
GOD-  
DAMN  
IT!  
TALK!!

KASPER'S  
RE... READING P...  
POETRY...

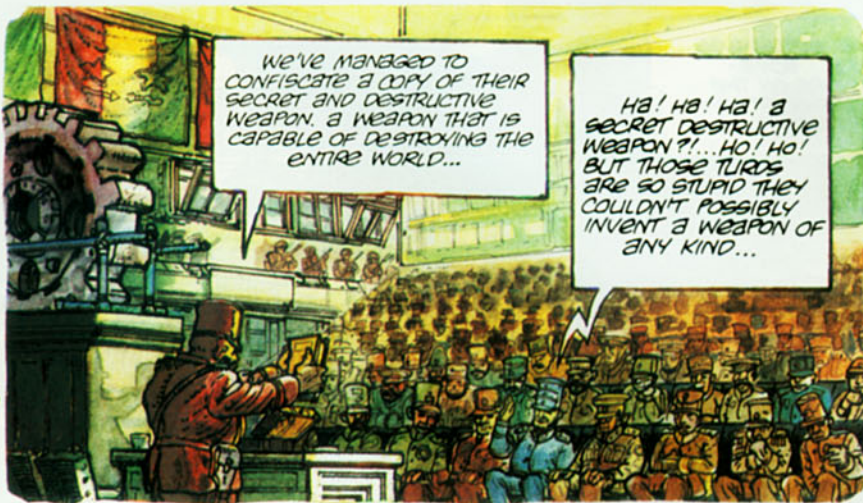
POETRY???  
HOLY SHIT!!

STEP ON IT, DRIVER, WILL YA!  
THE MAJOR MUST HEAR  
ABOUT THIS... OH, GOD, WHY  
ME!? WHY IS IT THAT ONE OF  
MY MEN HAD TO START  
READING POETRY!?!...



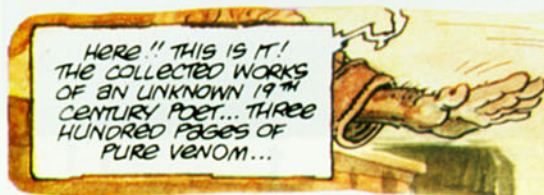


GENTLEMEN, ALLIES! OPERATION "IRON WHEEL" HAS JUST STARTED. THIS IS OUR ANSWER TO THE ENEMY'S OFFENSIVE.



WE'VE MANAGED TO CONFISCATE A COPY OF THEIR SECRET AND DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON. A WEAPON THAT IS CAPABLE OF DESTROYING THE ENTIRE WORLD...

HA! HA! HA! A SECRET DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON?... HO! HO! BUT THOSE TIRDS ARE SO STUPID THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY INVENT A WEAPON OF ANY KIND...



HERE! THIS IS IT! THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AN UNKNOWN 19TH CENTURY POET... THREE HUNDRED PAGES OF PURE VENOM...



POOF!



THIS BOOK?? BUT THIS IS JUST ORDINARY POETRY! JUST A LOAD OF MEANINGLESS VERSE... THE CALL OF THE SPARROW AND THE SCORING NIGHT OF LONLINESS... HO! HO!

IT'S NOT JUST HARMLESS VERSE, MAJOR. THESE WORDS BRING ABOUT LASTING CHANGES IN THE ORGANISM!!



AND THEY BRING DEATH...

"O SPARROW, SISTER OF MINE," THIS IS SO FUNNY IT'S KILLING ME! HA! HA! THEY WANT US ALL TO DIE LAUGHING!! HO! HO! HO!



BOHH...! I'M FLYING!!!



THIS IS TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE! BRING ME DOWN...

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! I DON'T WANT TO BE A BIRD! HELP! HELP!

ANY QUESTIONS?



SHIT! KNOCK HARDER! MAJOR! MAJOR!

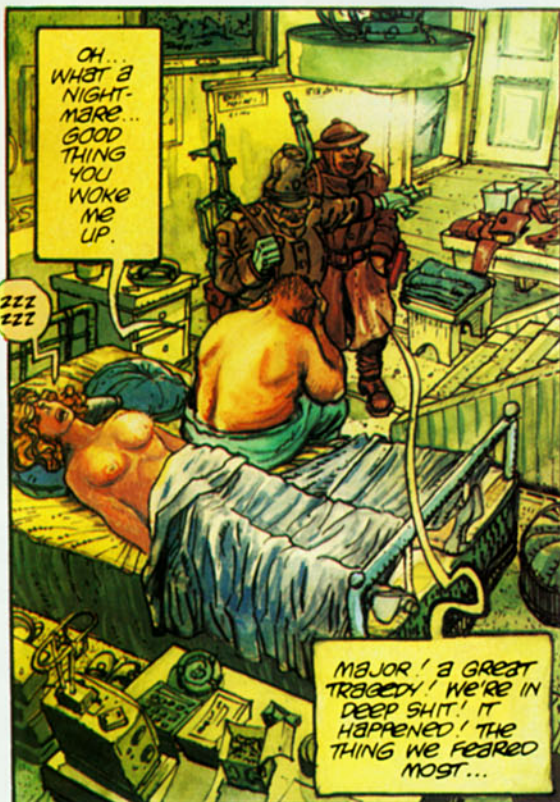
YES, BIRD, THERE IS!



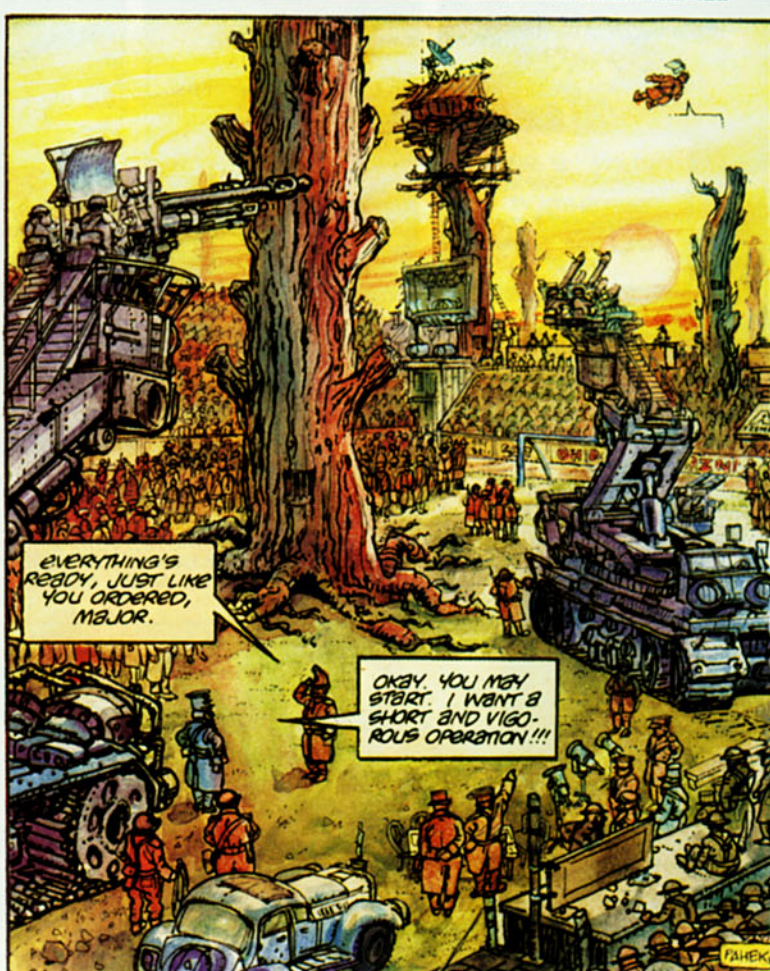
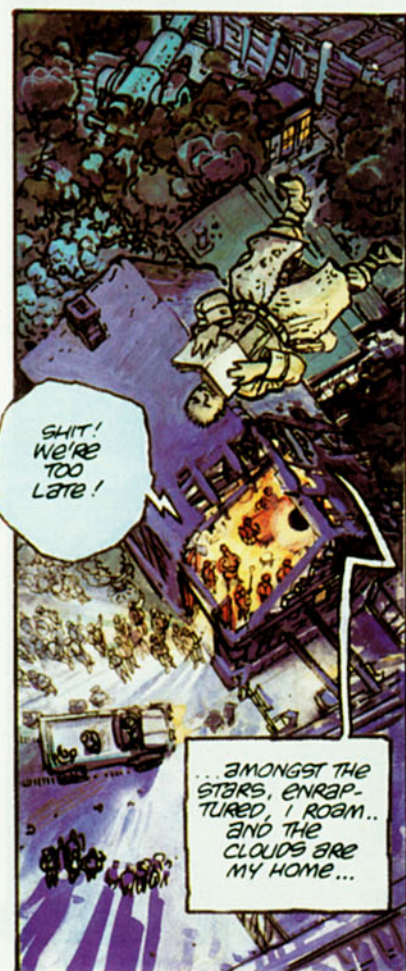
SKRI...! SKRI...! IS THERE A CURE FOR THIS DISEASE?!

DEATH!

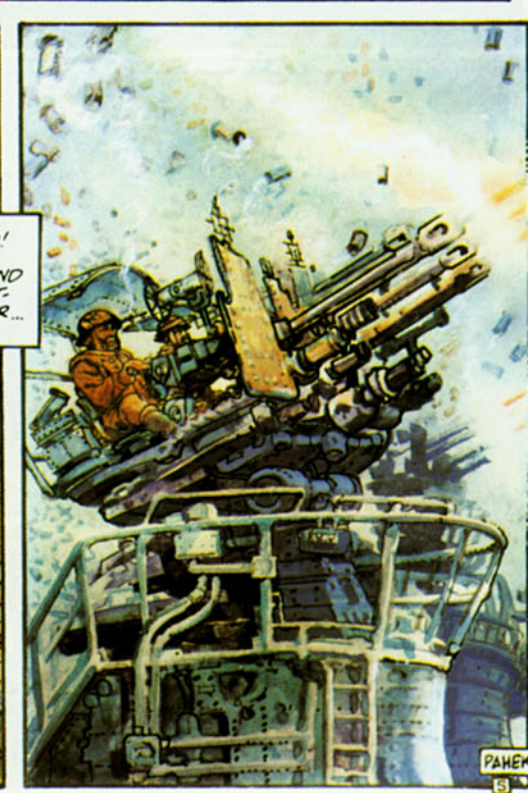
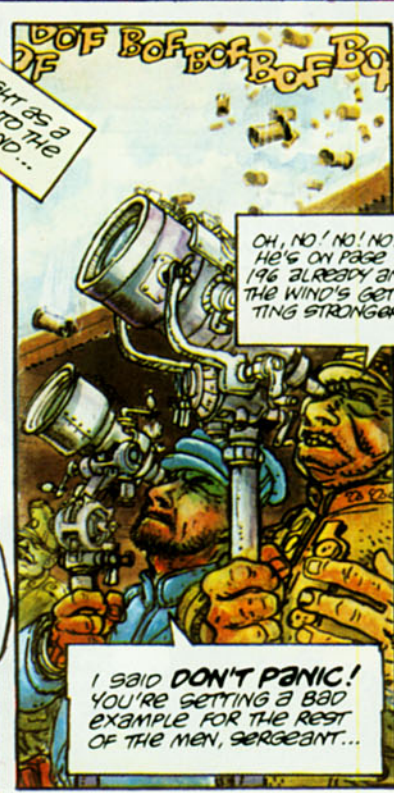
















KAS-PER!  
KAS-PER!  
KAS-PER!

HIDE,  
KASPER!!

THIS WAY,  
KASPER!!



AUGH!!



KASPER

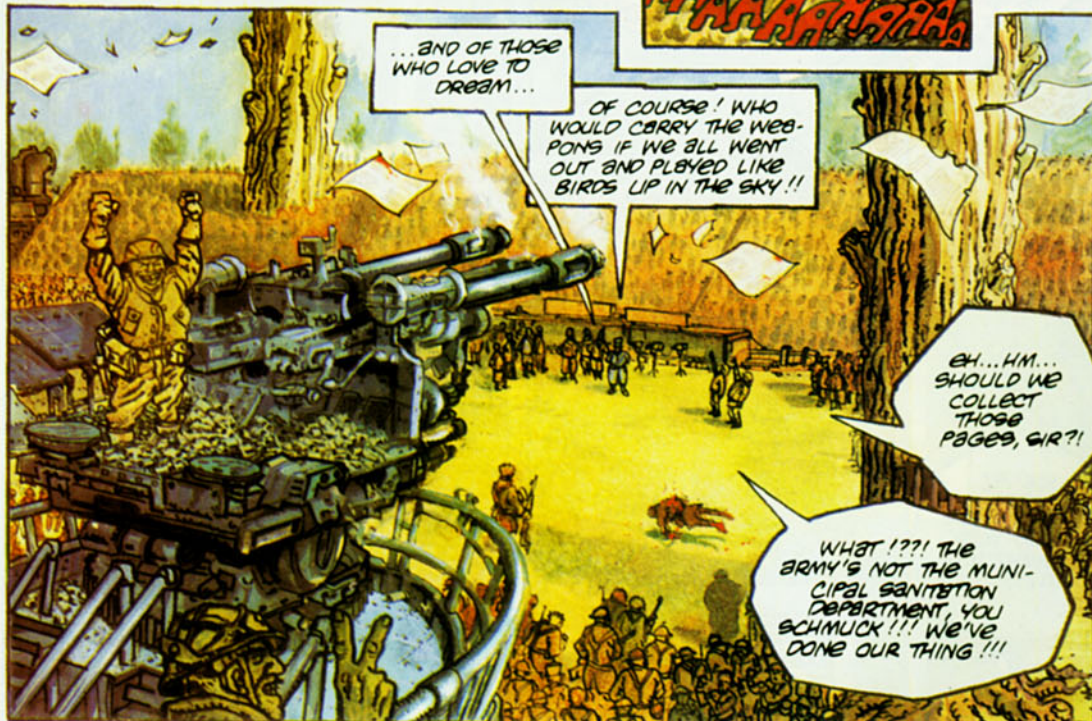


AAAAA

YOU WERE RIGHT, MAJOR.  
SERIOUS LITERATURE IS FATAL  
FOR SOLDIERS!



EHM... WELL!!!  
THAT'S THE FATE  
OF ALL WHO  
READ BOOKS!



...AND OF THOSE  
WHO LOVE TO  
DREAM...

OF COURSE! WHO  
WOULD CARRY THE WEAPONS  
IF WE ALL WENT  
OUT AND PLAYED LIKE  
BIRDS UP IN THE SKY!!

EH... HM...  
SHOULD WE  
COLLECT  
THOSE  
PAGES, GIR?!

WHAT !!! THE  
ARMY'S NOT THE MUNI-  
CIPAL SANITATION  
DEPARTMENT, YOU  
SCHMUCK !!! WE'VE  
DONE OUR THING !!!







HM... SHOULD WE GET HIM NEW BOOTS, MAJOR? A SOLDIER GOES NOWHERE WITHOUT HIS BOOTS.

YES! NOT EVEN TO DIE.



HOLD IT! SMILE!

HE! HE! I'M GONNA SEND THIS ONE HOME. THE KIDS WILL BE SO PROUD OF THEIR DADDY!

CLIC

WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, YOU IDIOTS! GET THESE PERSHANTS OUTTA HERE. THIS IS A SECRET OPERATION!



...AND LET US REMEMBER KASPER FOR THE FINE SOLDIER HE WAS BEFORE HE HAD SO TRAGICALLY FALLEN PREY TO THIS HORRENDOUS FLYING DISEASE...



...AND REMEMBER THIS WELL, PISSHEADS:

NO BOOKS!  
NO POETRY!!!  
NO DREAMS!  
THE IRON WHEEL AWAITS ALL THOSE WHO SUCCUMB TO TEMPTATION!!!  
(ALL GLORY BE TO IT)

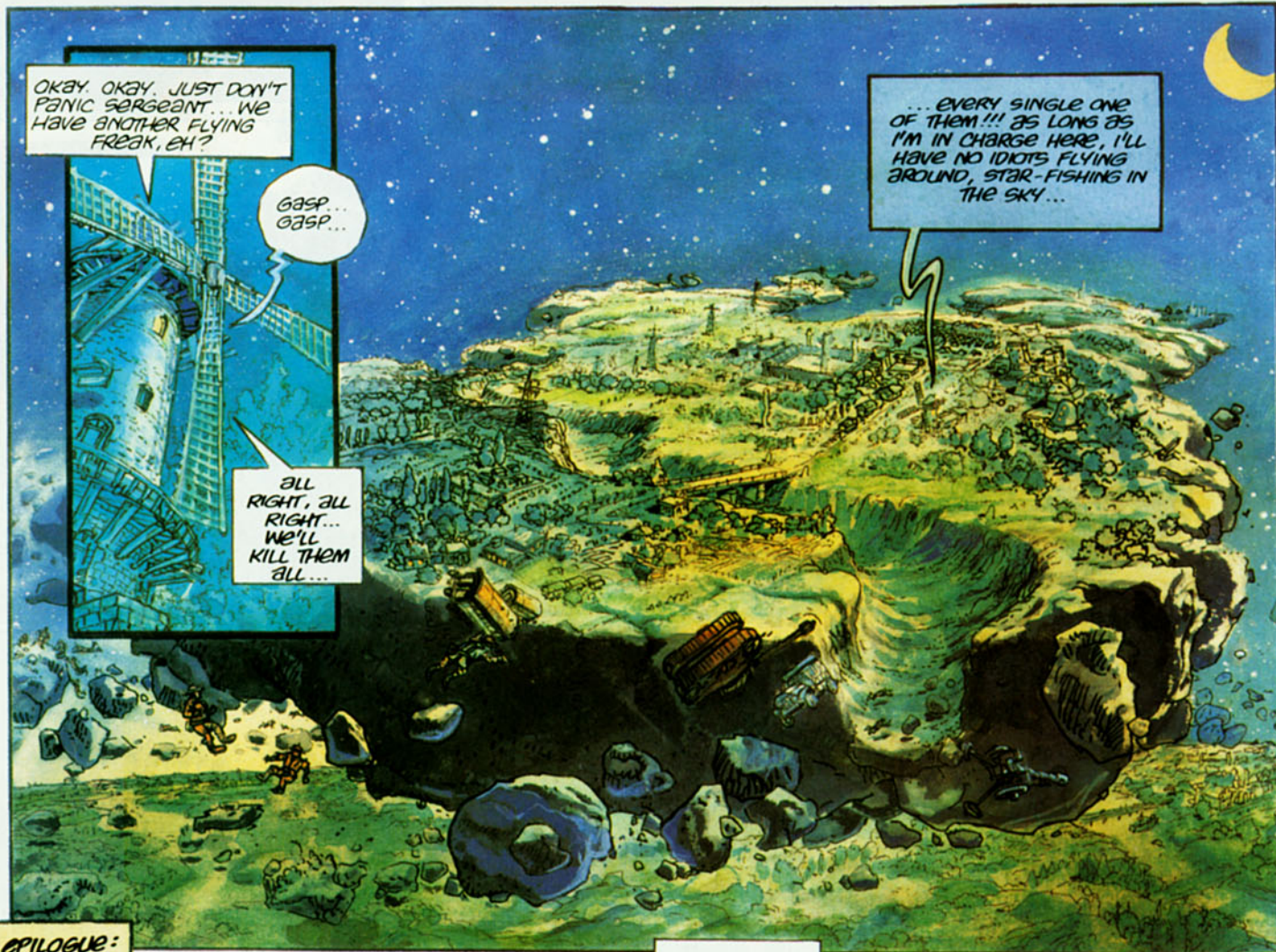
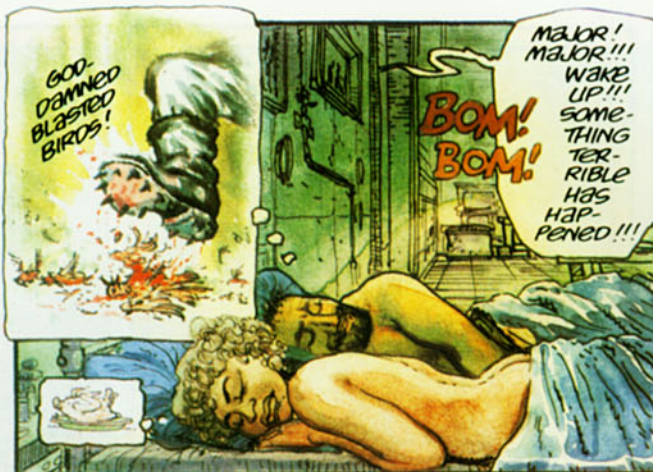


AND NOW:  
CRY!!! POOR KASPER! NGE!  
NGE!  
NGE!

POOR KASPER!!!  
NGE! NGE! NGE!







OKAY, OKAY, JUST DON'T PANIC SERGEANT... WE HAVE ANOTHER FLYING FREAK, EH?

GASP...  
GASP...

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT... WE'LL KILL THEM ALL...

... EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM!!! AS LONG AS I'M IN CHARGE HERE, I'LL HAVE NO IDIOTS FLYING AROUND, STAR-FISHING IN THE SKY...

EPilogue:  
MORNING...

WHAT? THEY REPRIMAND ME??? DAMN...! NO!!! I'M NOT PANICKING...! ...Jeez!! I JUST WANT TO HEAR FROM THE GENERALS!

THEY MENTIONED YOU A LOT, MAJOR... YOU BEHAVED RATHER CARELESSLY YESTER-DAY...

IS THAT ALL ?? DAMN! AND WHAT DECISION DID THE WISE GENERALS MAKE ??? WHAT WILL BECOME OF US ??!

THEY'RE STILL DISCUSSING IT, MAJOR. STILL DEBATING...

THE END  
2. F34HEK 85





# THE ADVENTURES OF GLENN DYKSTRA

© Controlled by NORMA



















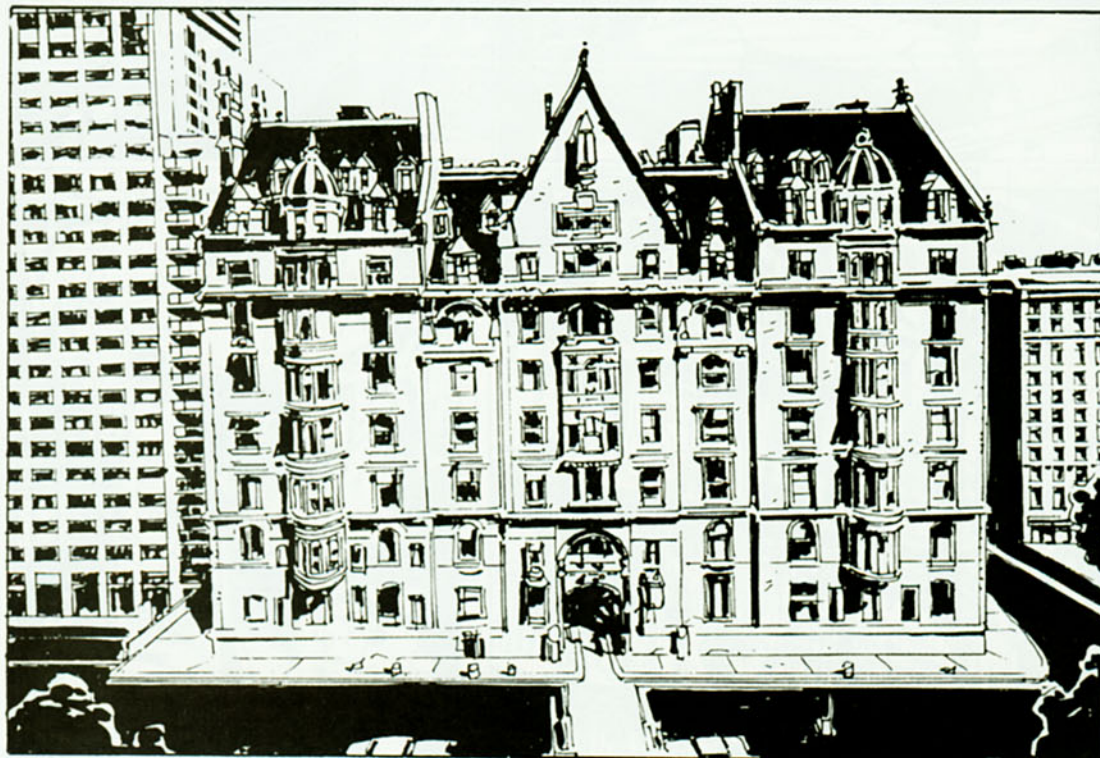
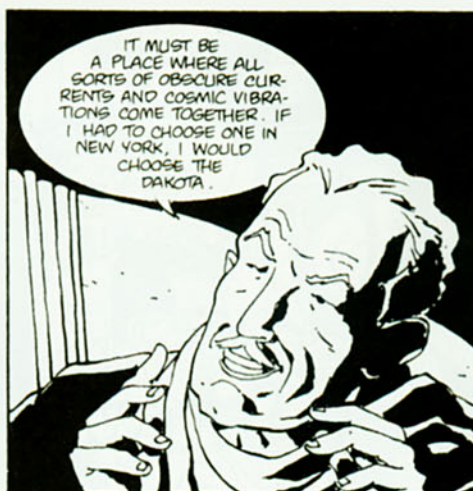




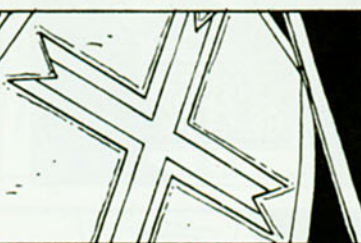




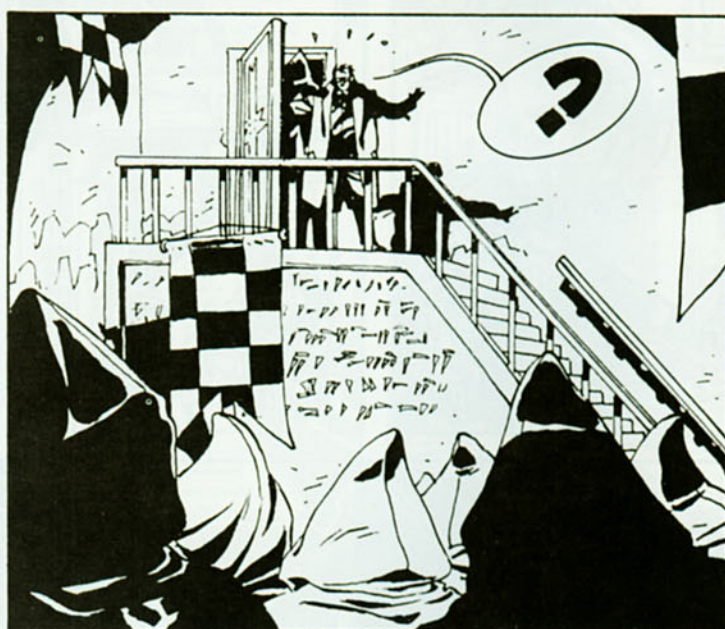
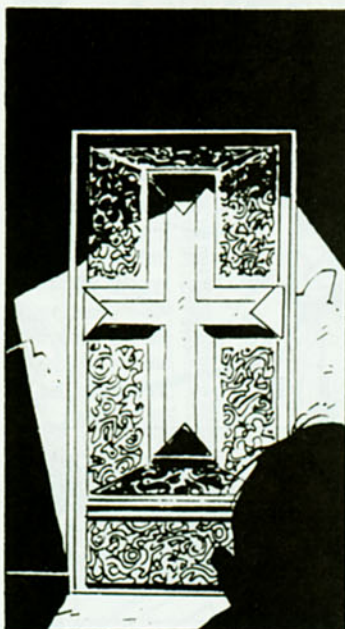
















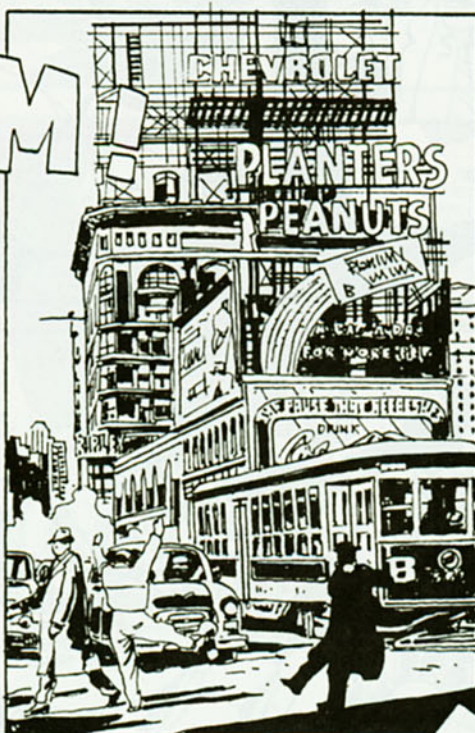




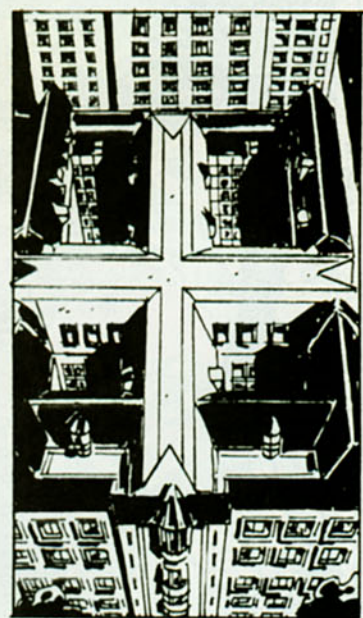
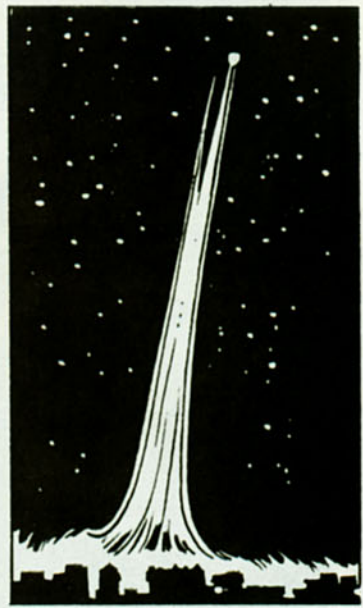










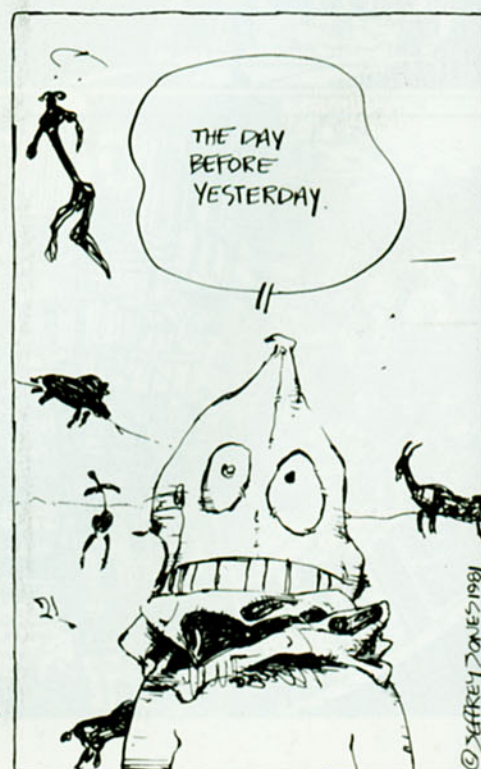




# IMAGE



© J. JONES 1981

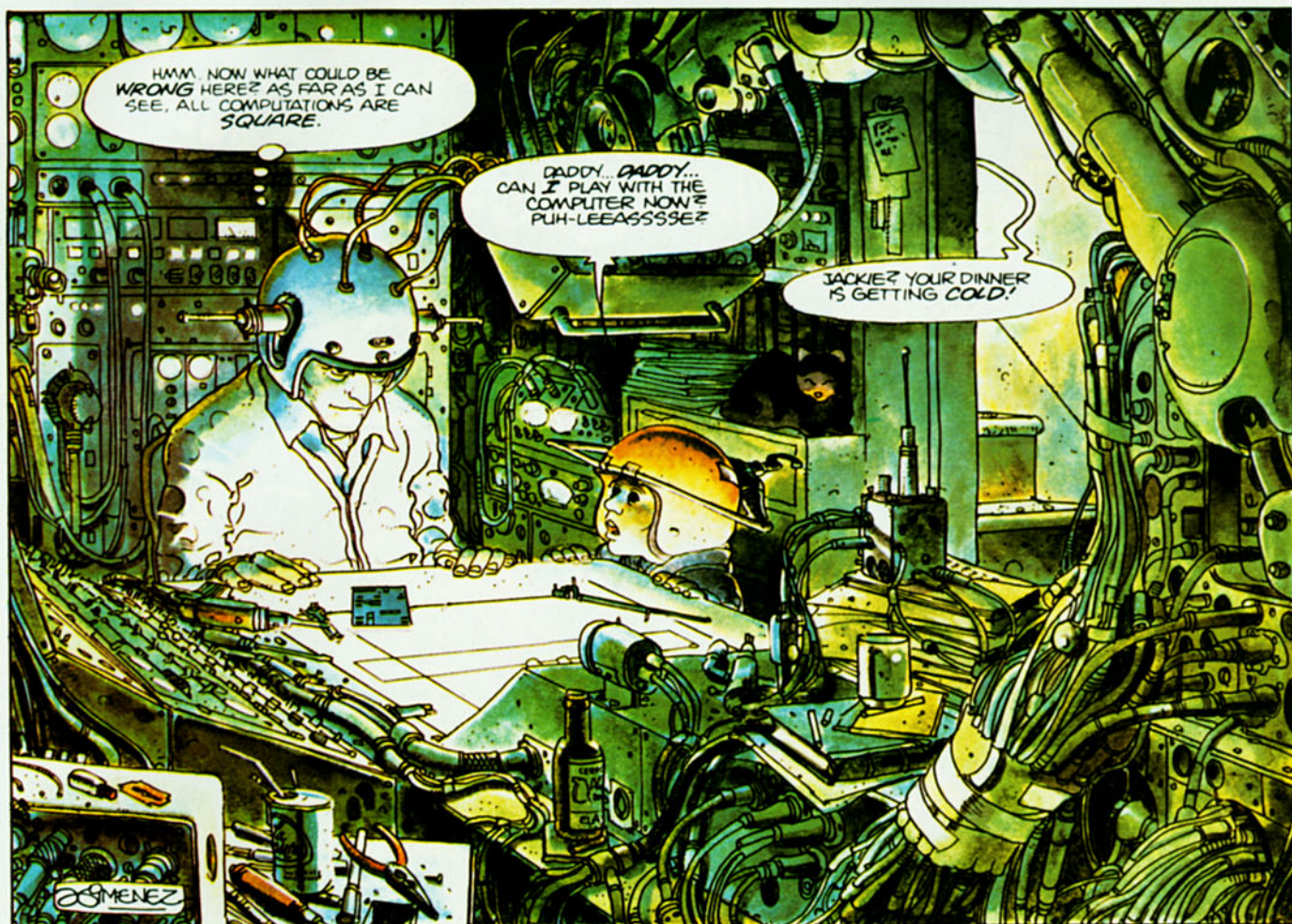


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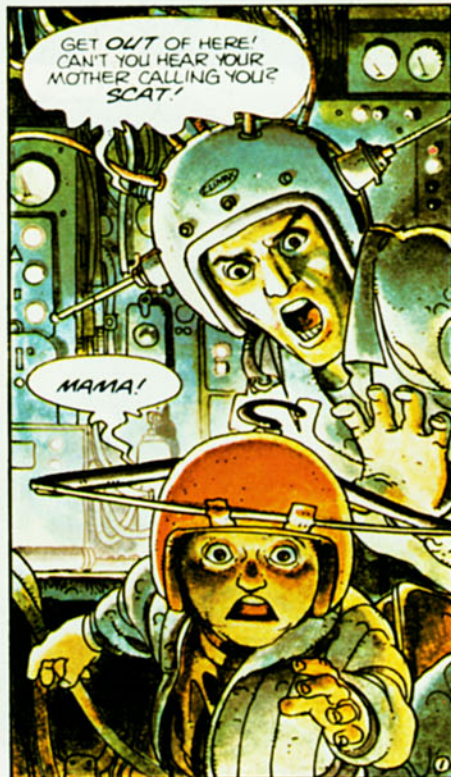
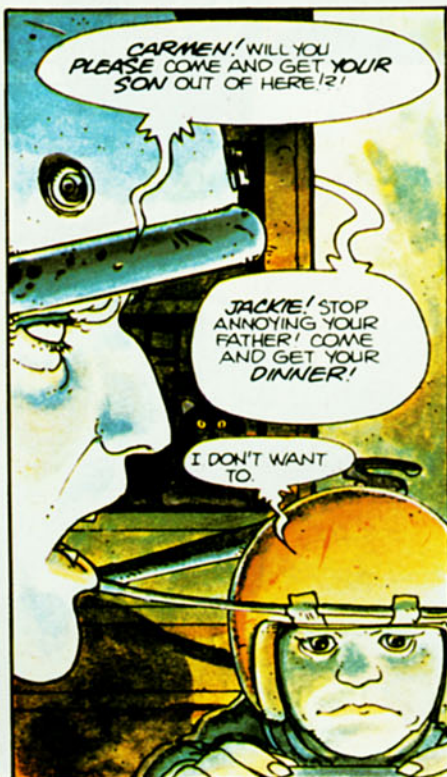


# A Matter of Time

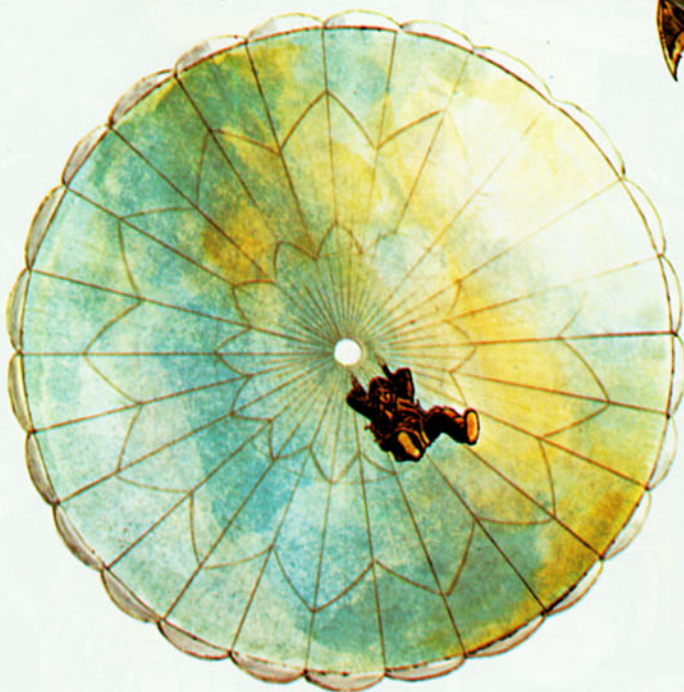
© Juan Giménez



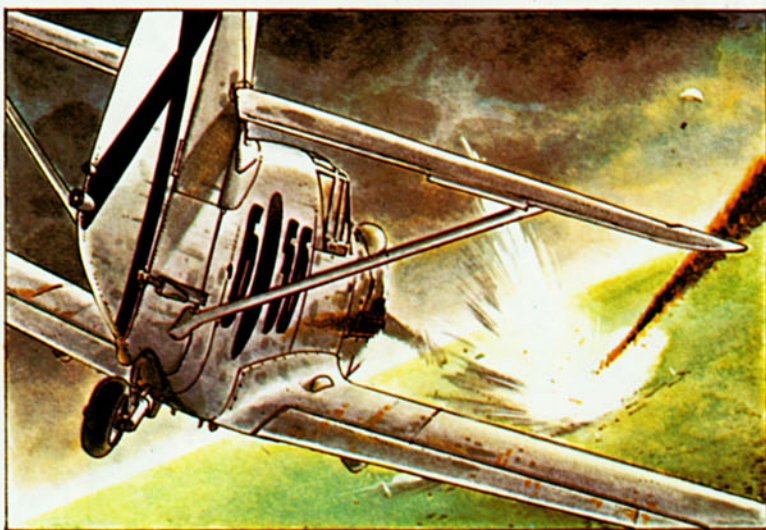
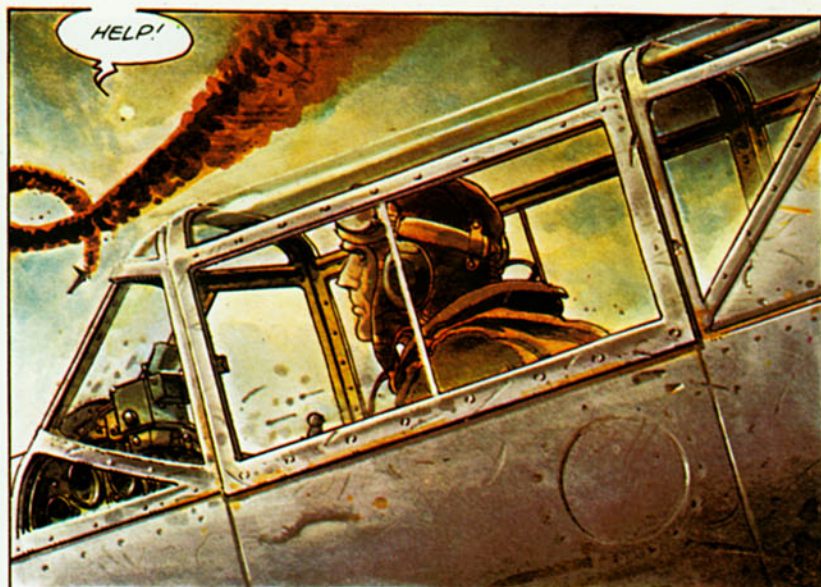
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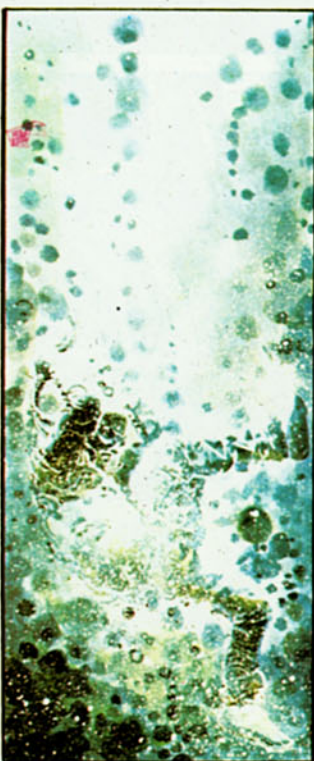
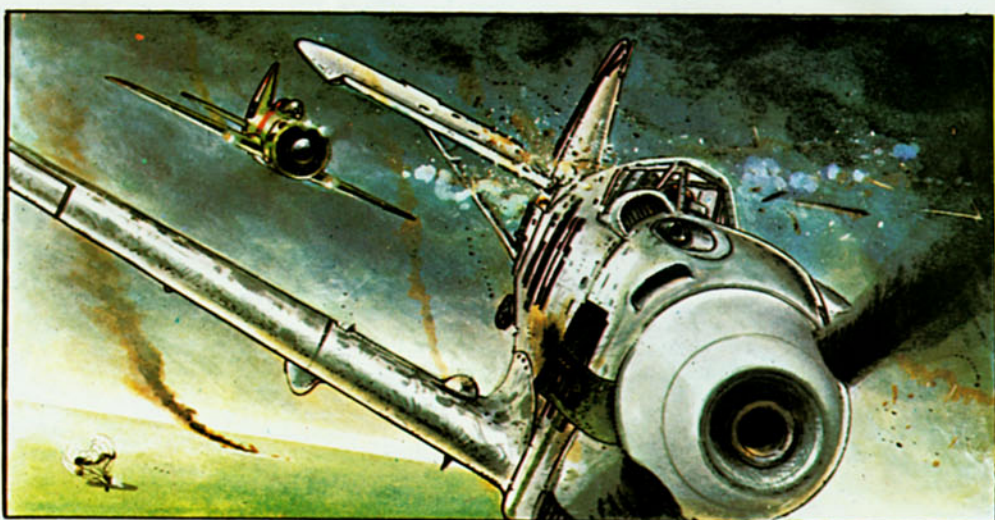








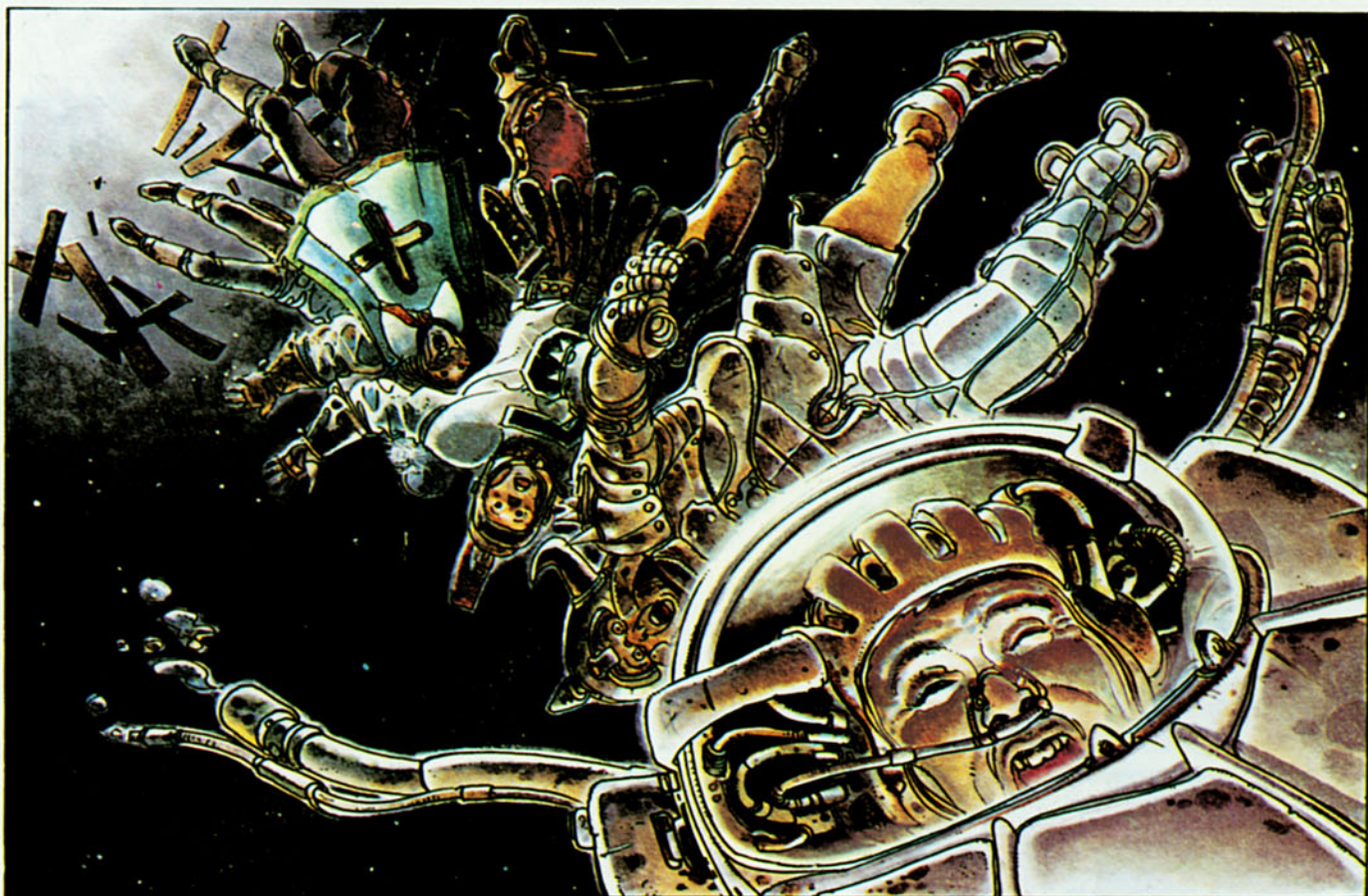




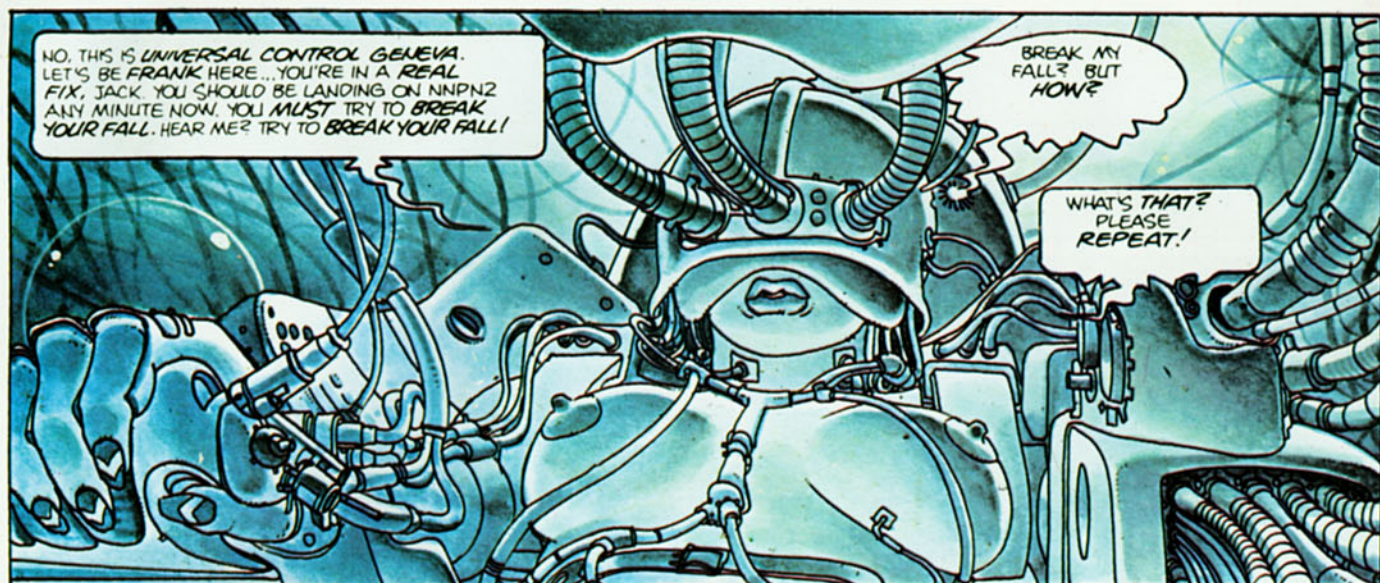








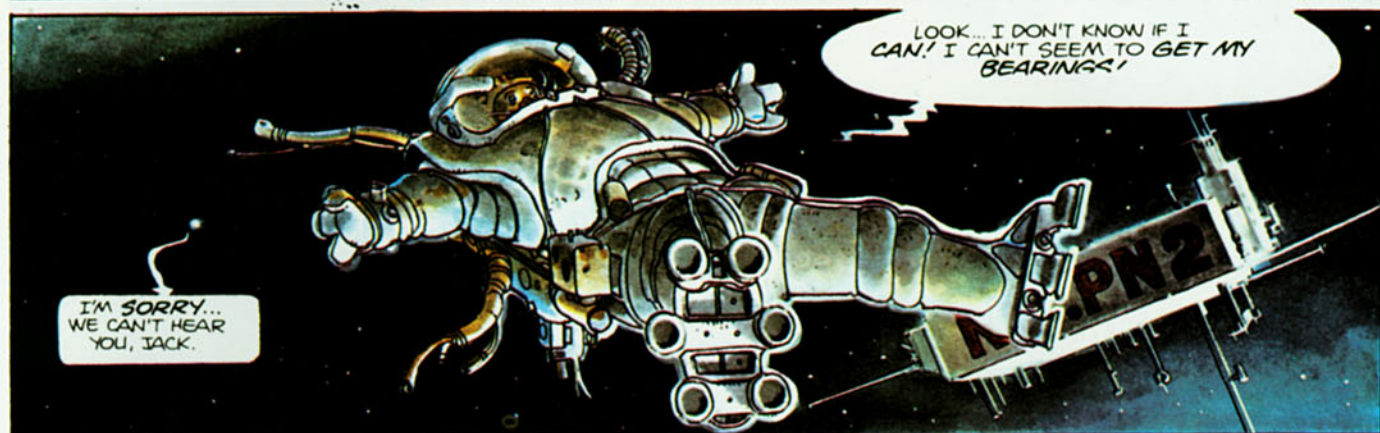




NO, THIS IS *UNIVERSAL CONTROL GENEVA*.  
LET'S BE *FRANK* HERE... YOU'RE IN A *REAL*  
*FIX*, JACK. YOU SHOULD BE *LANDING* ON *NNPN2*  
ANY *MINUTE* NOW. YOU *MUST* TRY TO *BREAK*  
*YOUR FALL*. HEAR ME? TRY TO *BREAK YOUR FALL*!

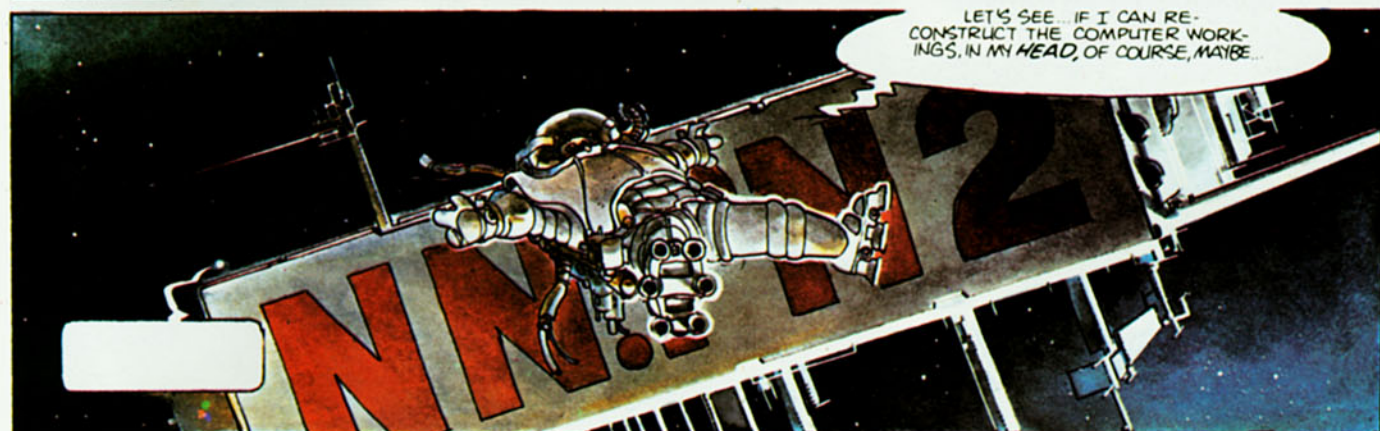
BREAK MY  
FALL? BUT  
HOW?

WHAT'S *THAT*?  
PLEASE  
REPEAT!



LOOK... I DON'T KNOW IF I  
CAN! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY  
BEARINGS!

I'M *SORRY*...  
WE CAN'T HEAR  
YOU, JACK.



LET'S SEE... IF I CAN RE-  
CONSTRUCT THE COMPUTER WORK-  
INGS, IN MY *HEAD*, OF COURSE, MAYBE...



I COULD *SUBLIMINALLY* HOOK  
INTO THE *DIY KIT*. THERE, I  
GOT IT!

JACK...  
JACK?!





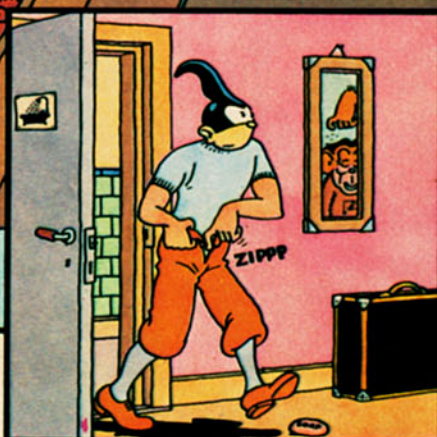




JODO DE POJO

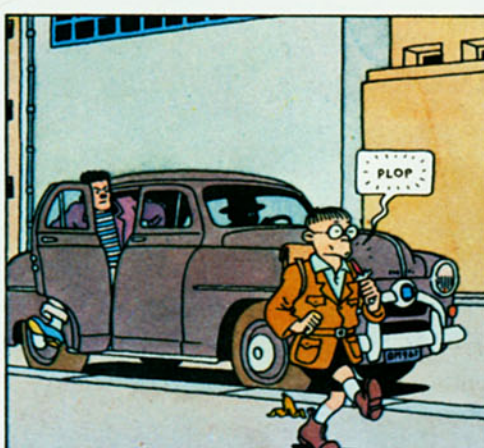
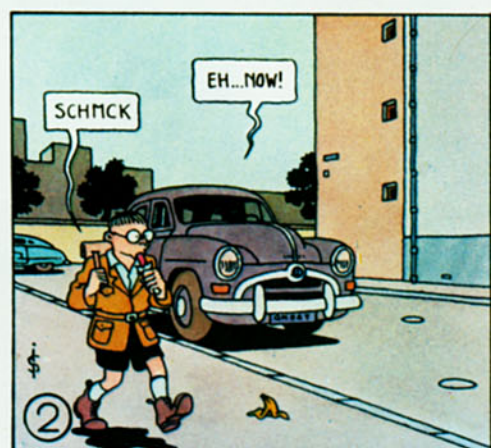
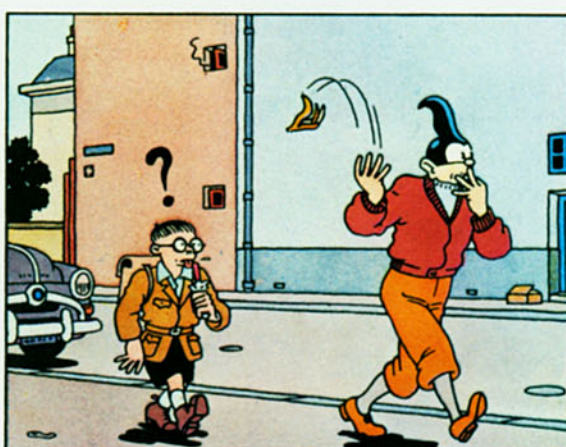
# UNE CHANCE SUR CENT MILLE<sup>(\*)</sup>

MY GOD! TAXES. NOTHING BUT TAXES. I MADE TOO MUCH MONEY..... WHAT TO DO?

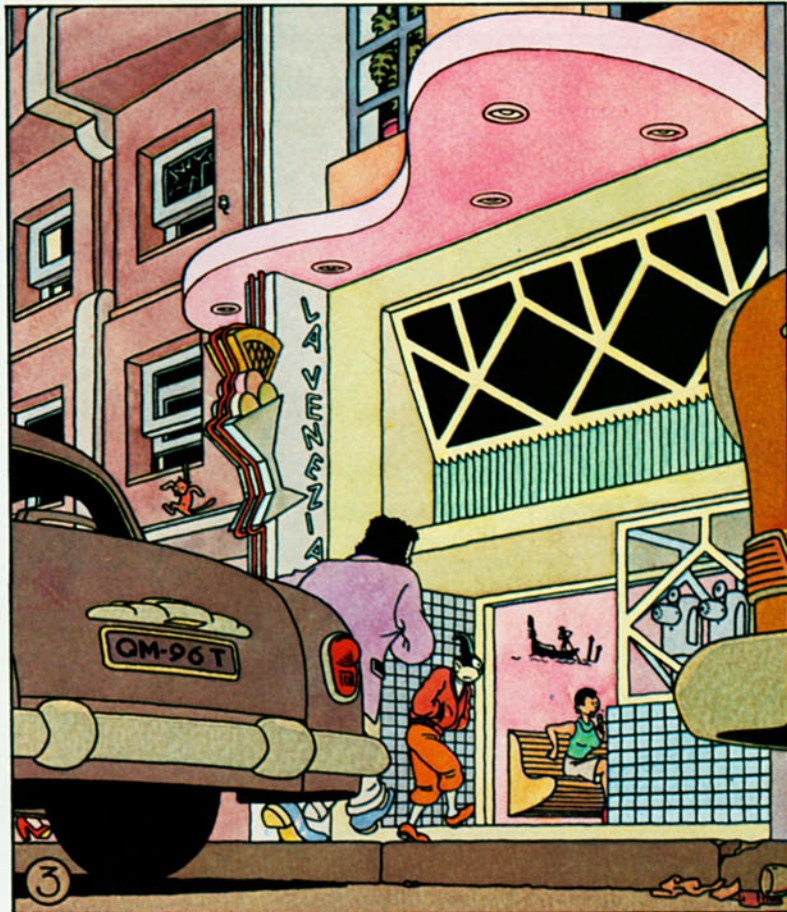
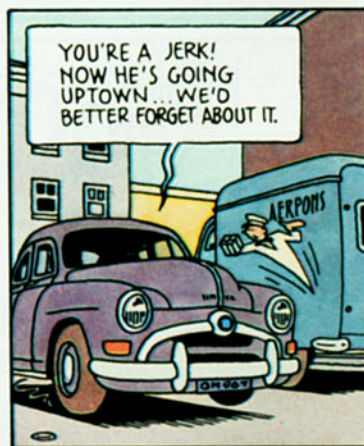
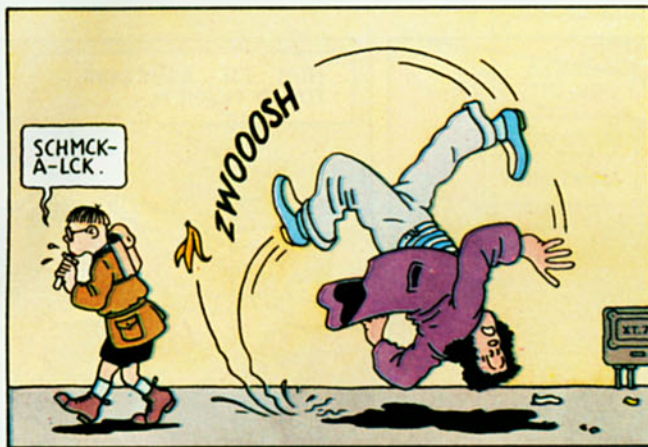


(\*) A CHANCE IN A MILLION

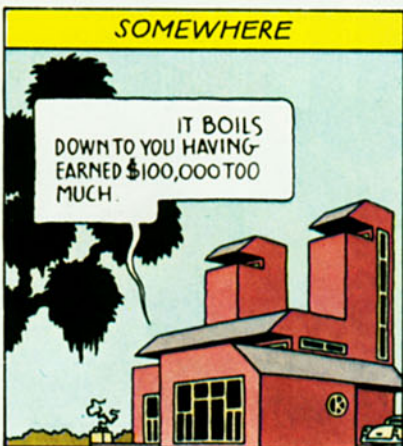
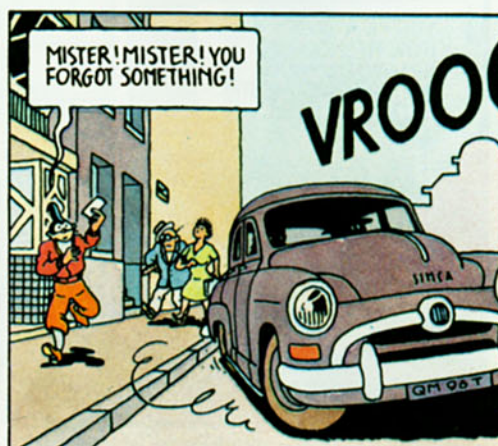
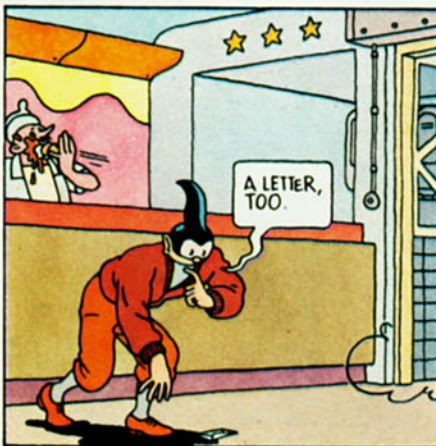
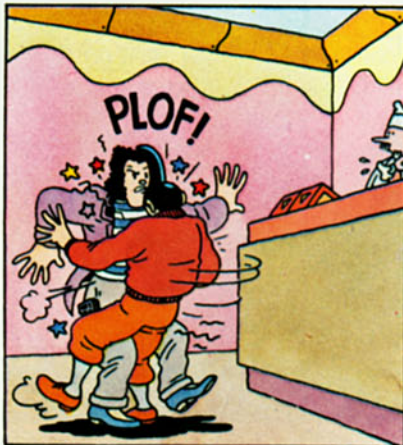




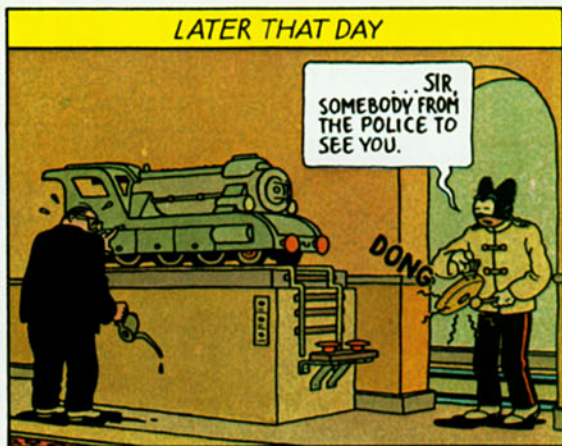
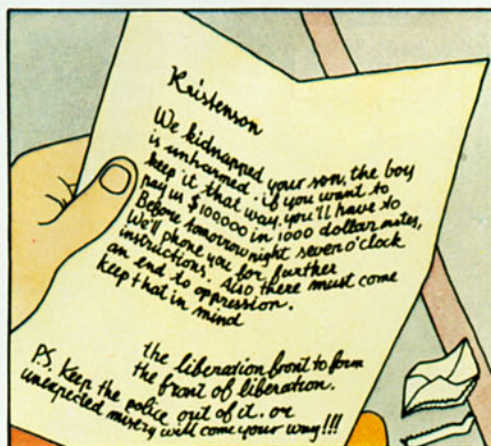




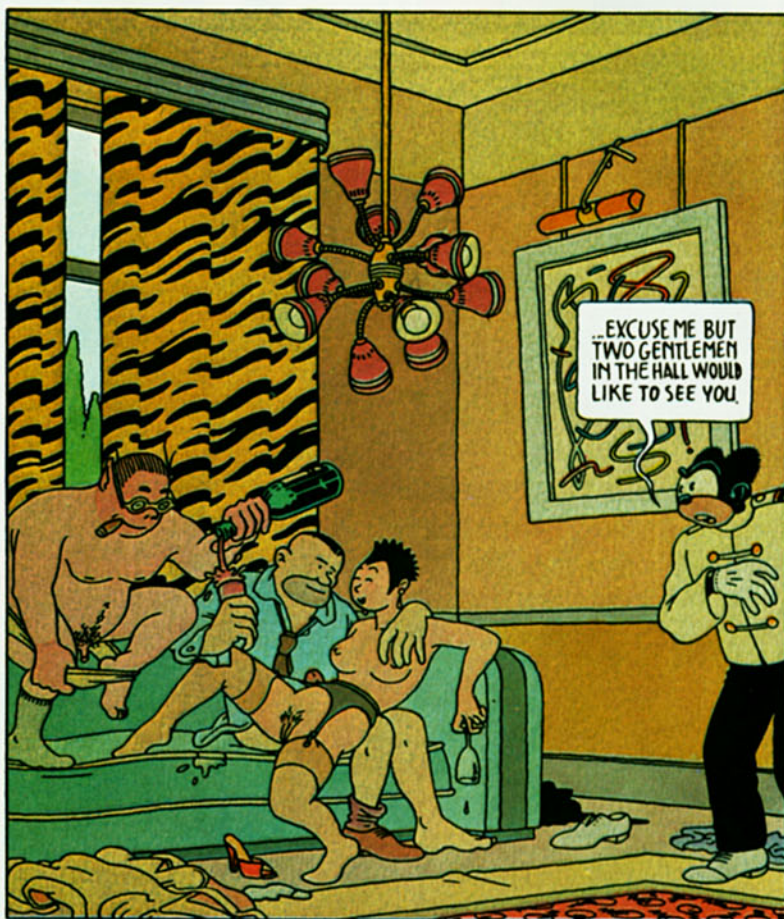




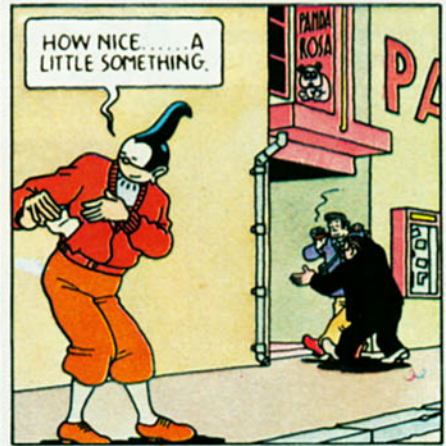
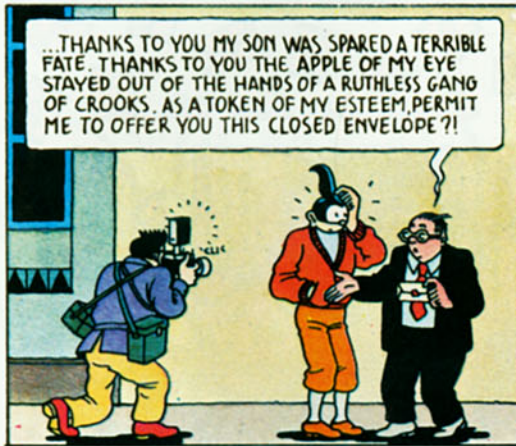
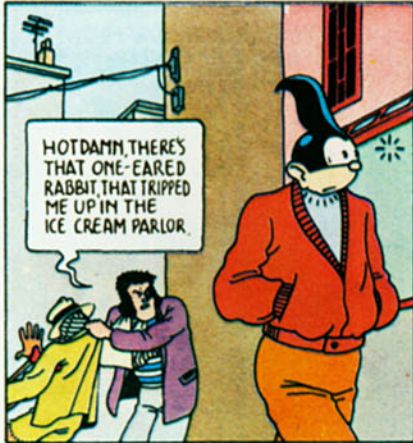




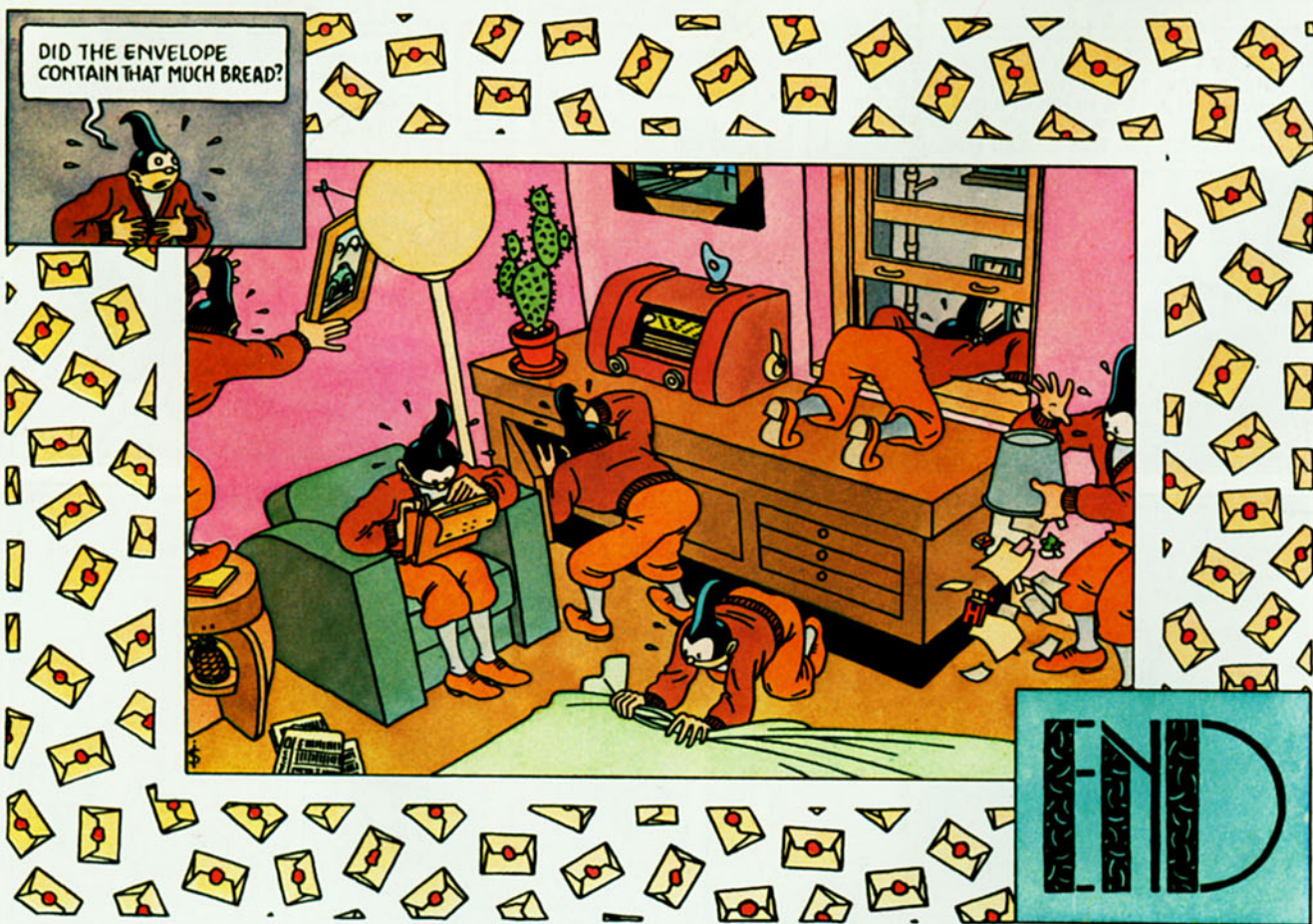










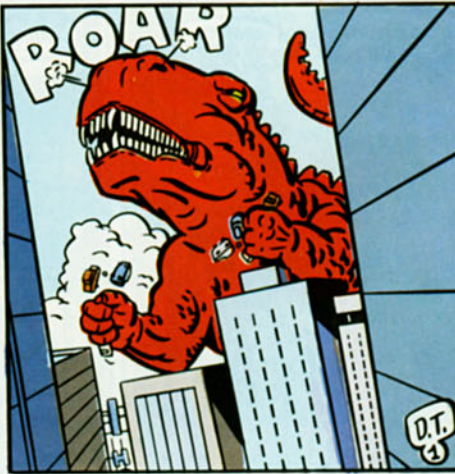




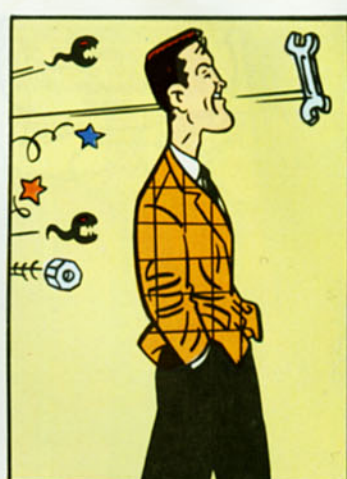
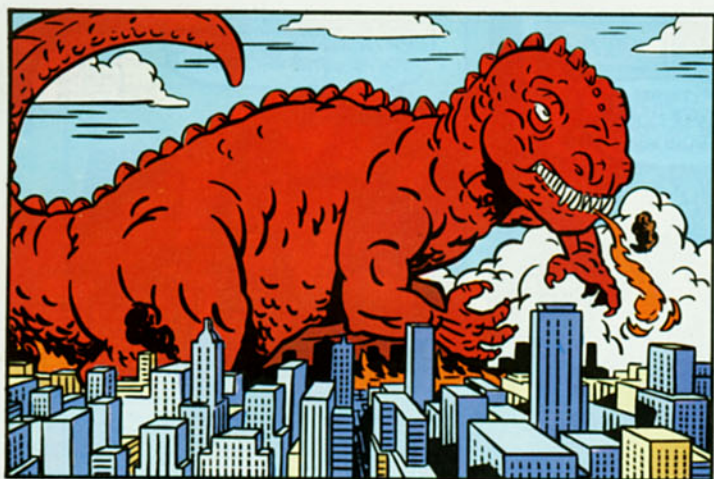


# DOUBLE V

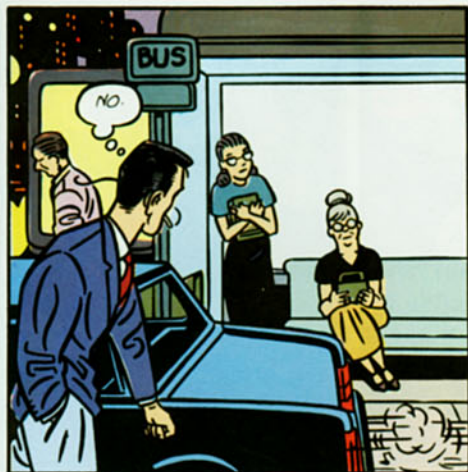
IN  
DEAD MEN WEAR TOLIPES











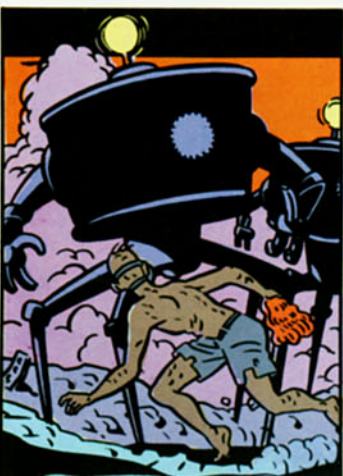
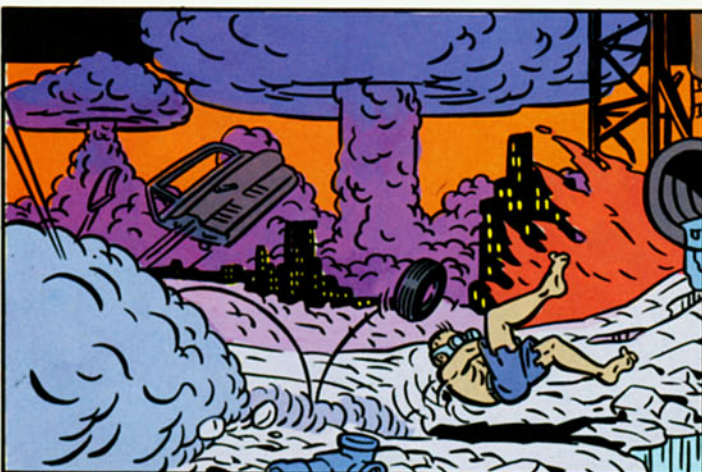
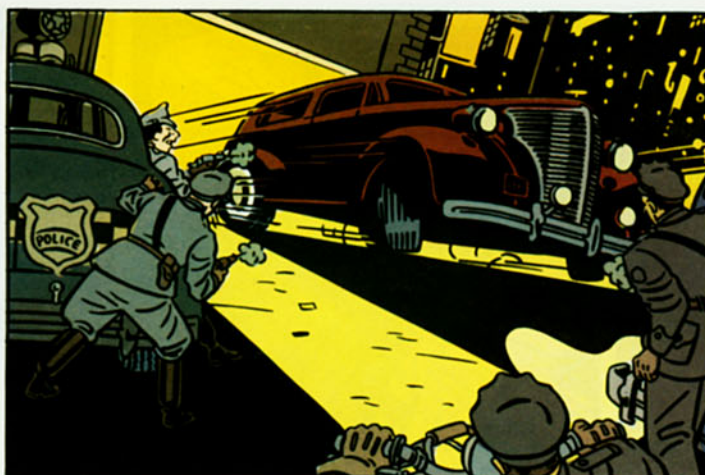














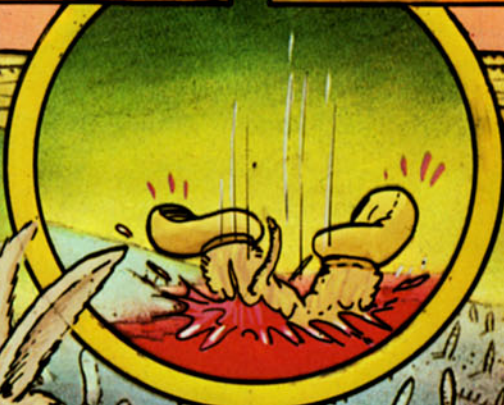
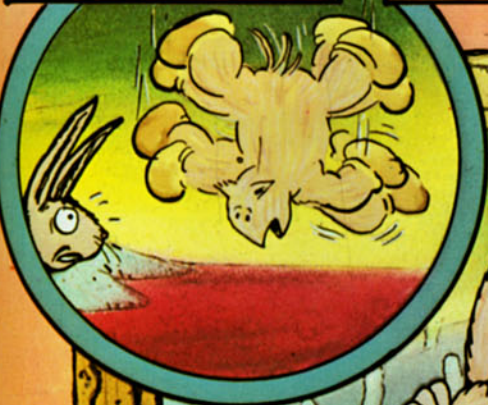
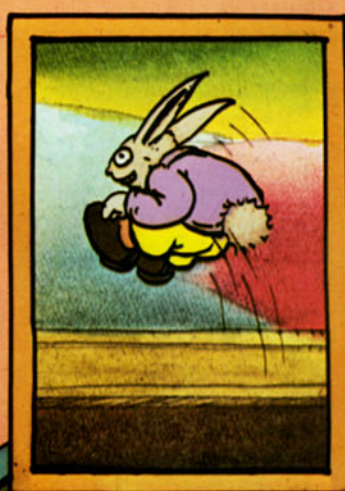




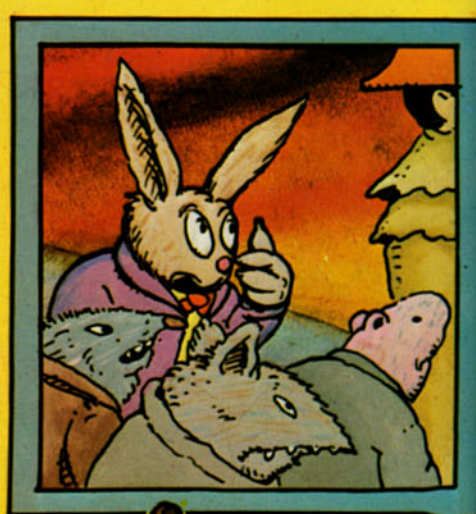


**EXQUISITE CORPSES**

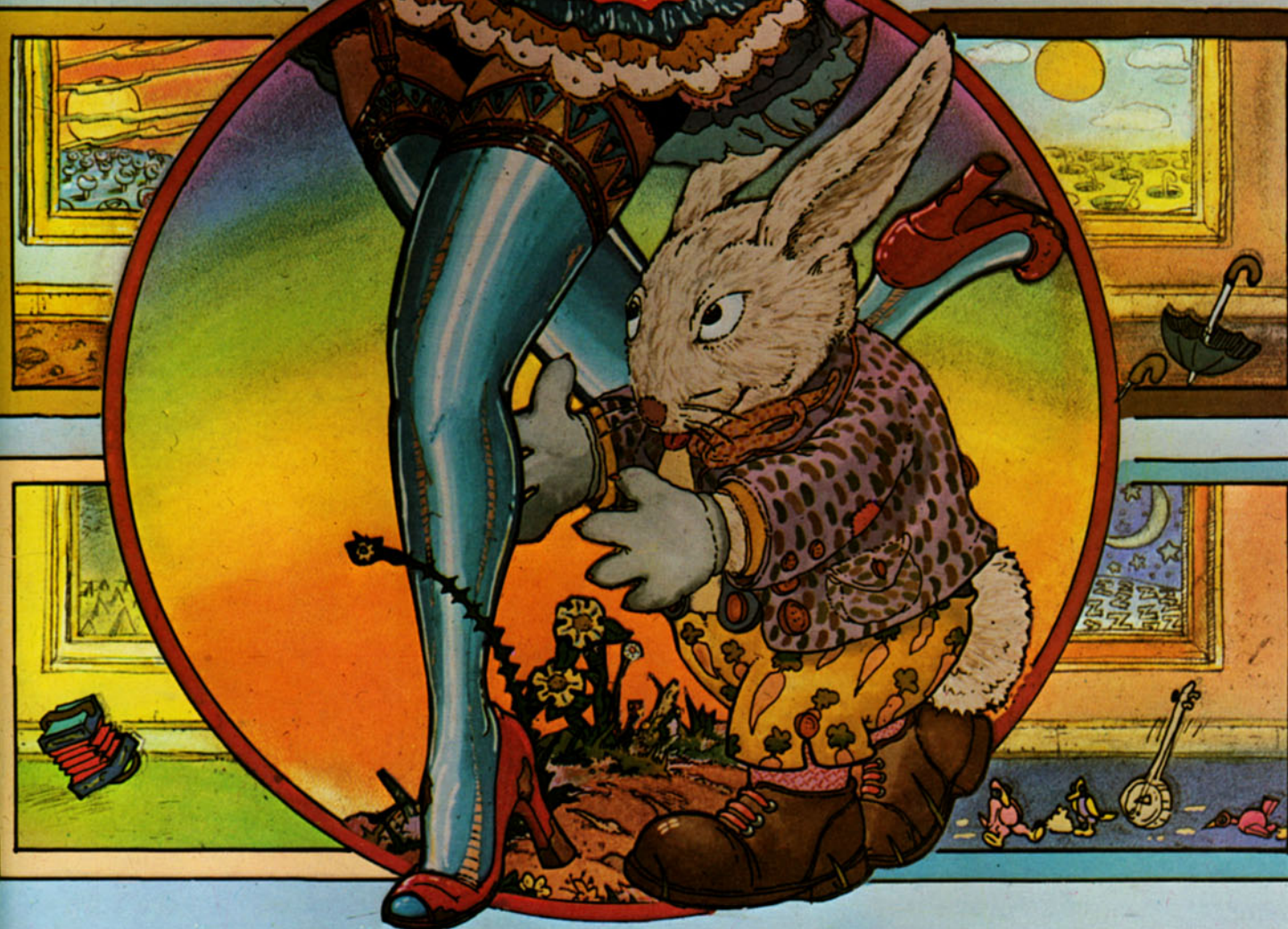
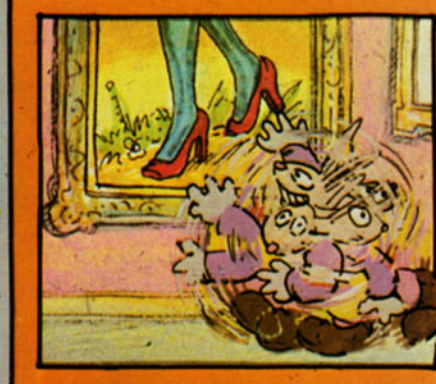
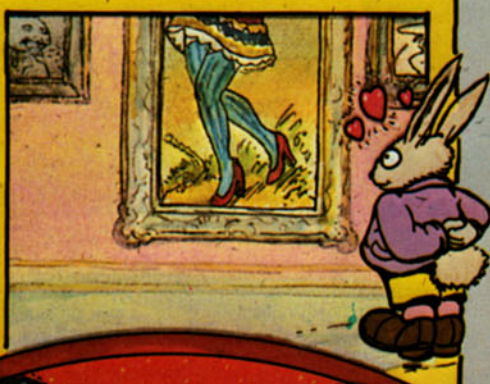
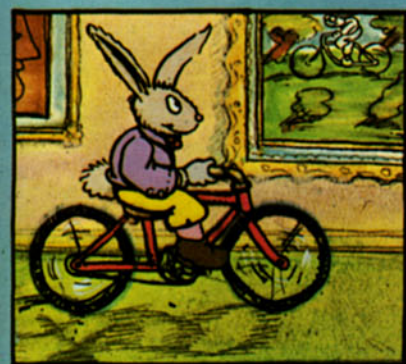
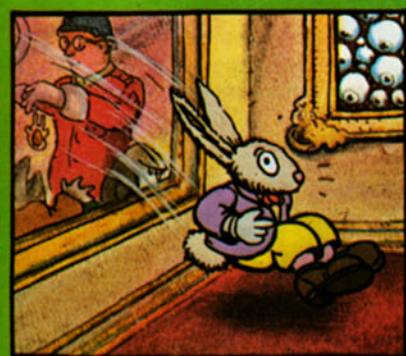






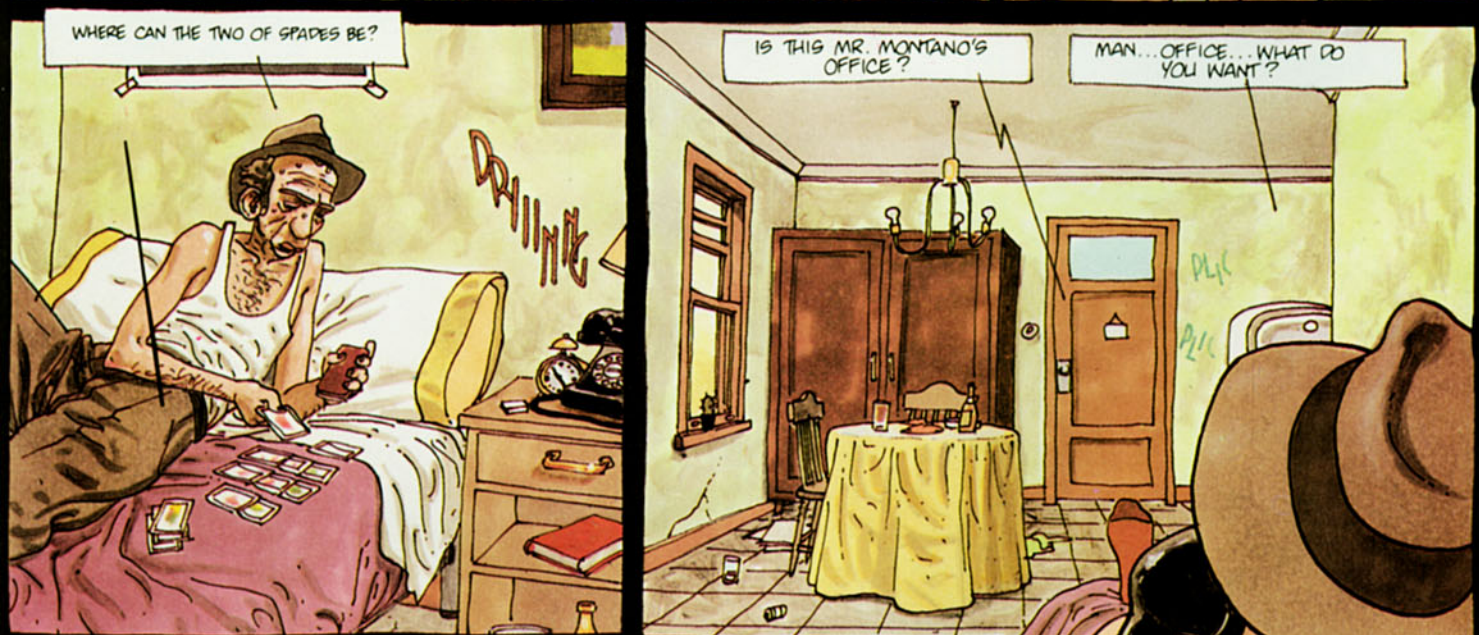
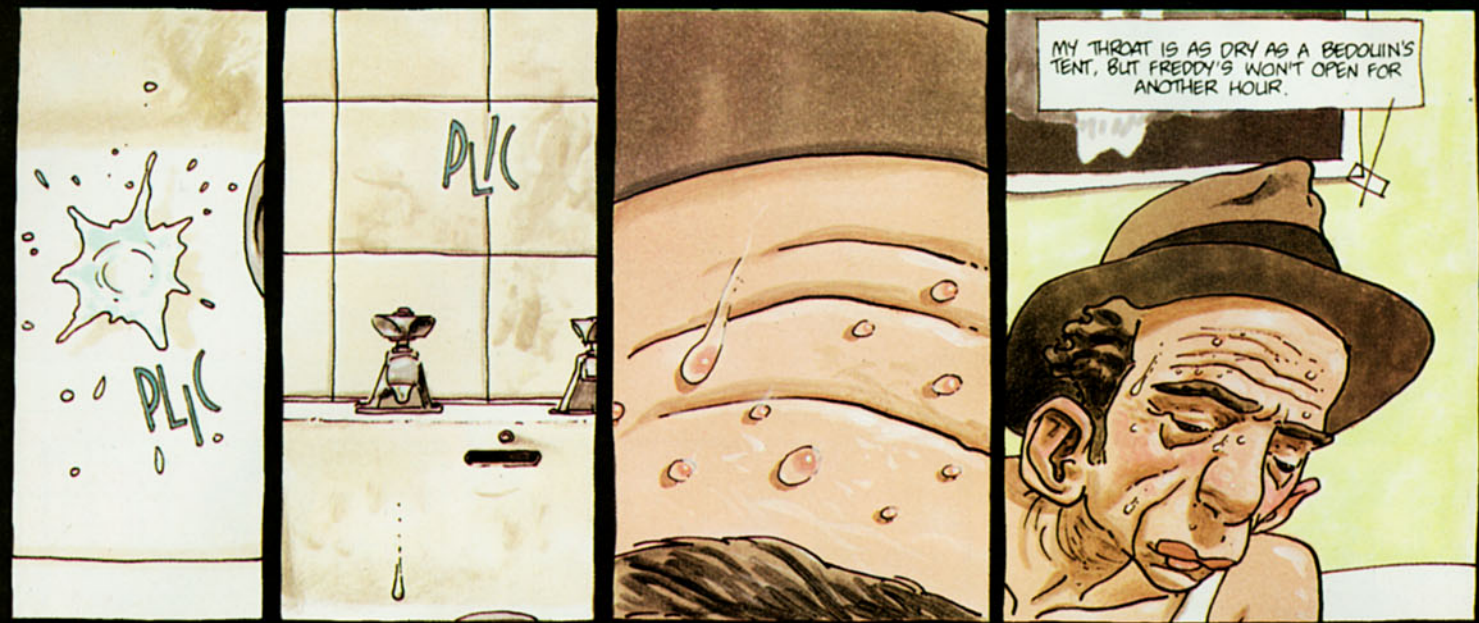








# Manuel Montano AND THE CASE OF THE NUDEST COLONY RIP-OFF





I OWN A NUDIST COLONY.

A WHAT? A NUDIST COLONY??

IT IS A HEAVENLY PLACE, COVERED WITH FLOWERS, PALM TREES AND ACACIAS. FULL OF NAKED WOMEN WITH THEIR SKIN STILL WET FROM THEIR SWIM.... THAT'S IT. DO YOU ACCEPT THE JOB?

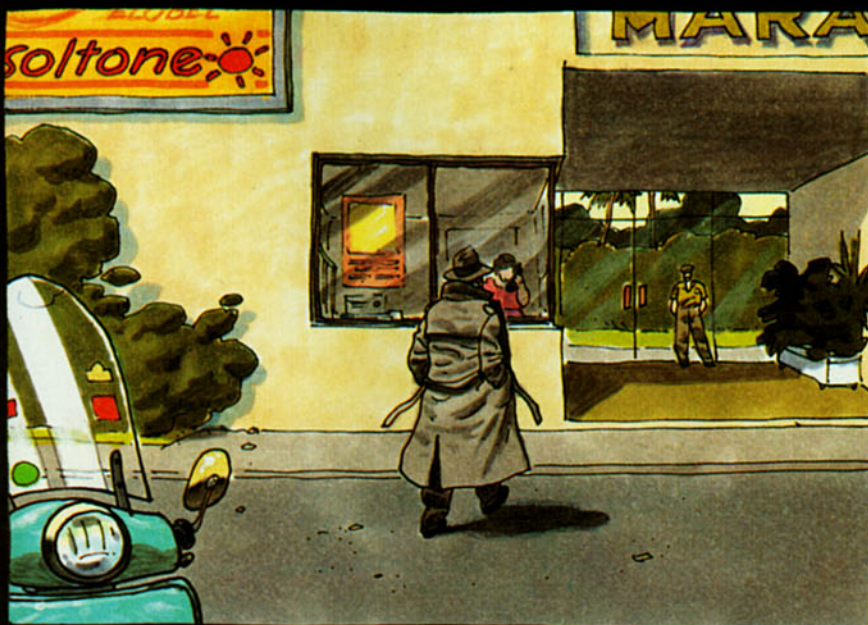
ahem... YES!  
WHO SHOULD I ASK FOR?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. JUST TELL THE DOORMAN THAT YOU'RE THE NEW LIFEGUARD. HE WILL DIRECT YOU TO ME. I'LL BE WAITING.

BUT... I CAN'T SWIM!

MONTANO CROSSES THE CITY LIKE A SPARK, WITHOUT CEASING FOR A MOMENT TO THINK ABOUT HIS NEW CASE.

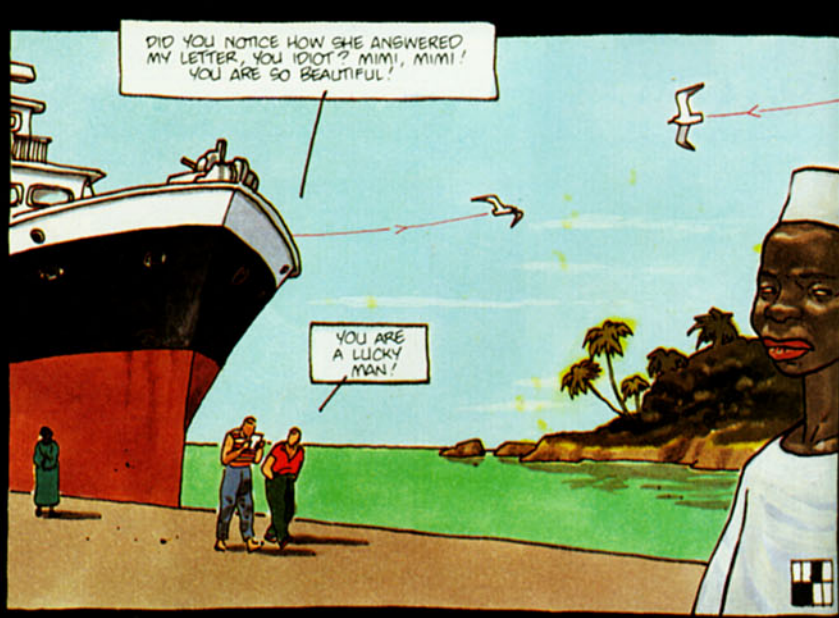
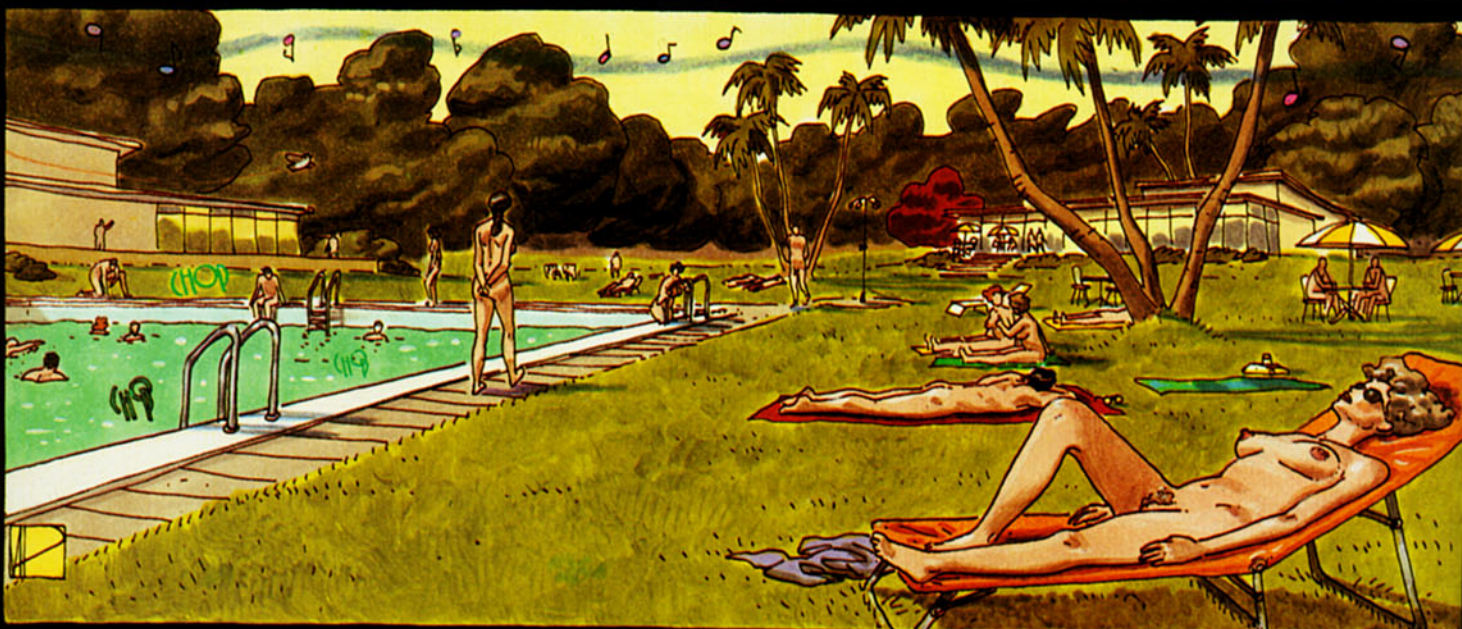
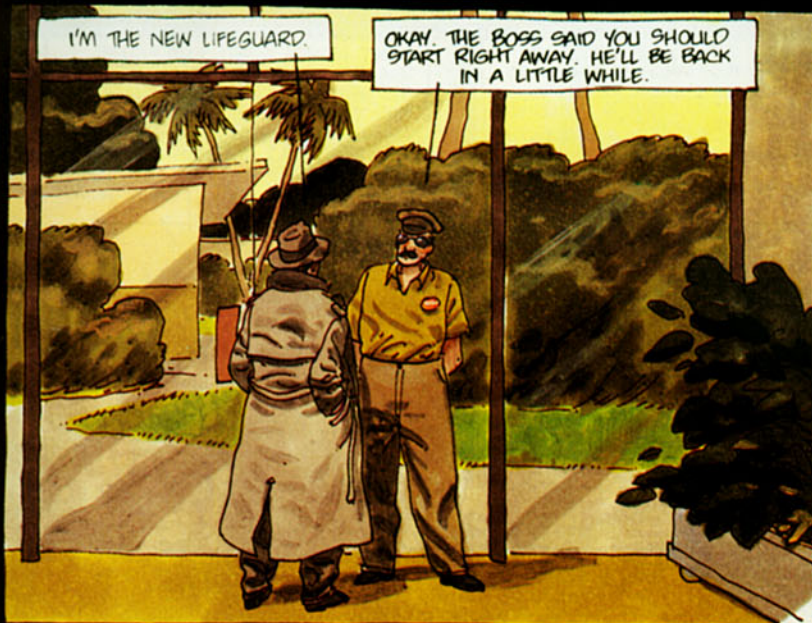
NAKED WOMEN !!!!



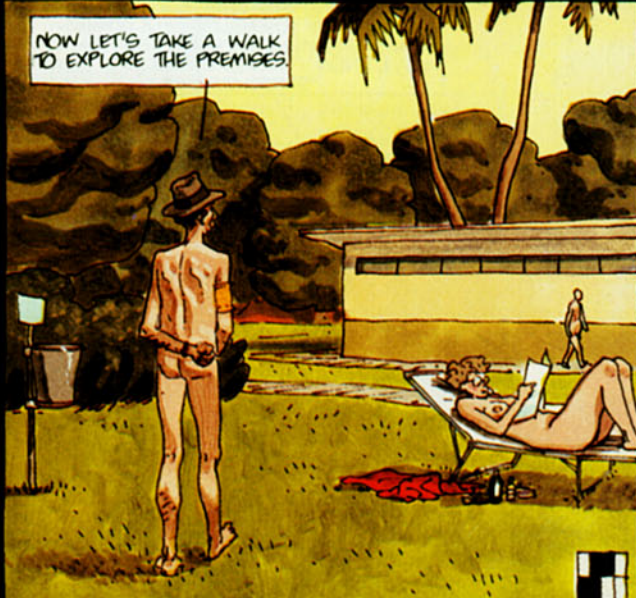
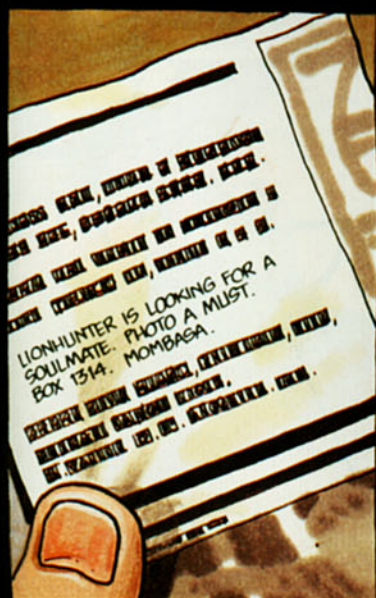
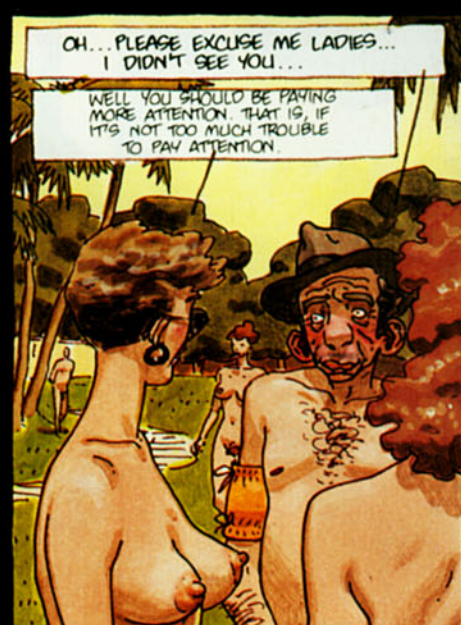
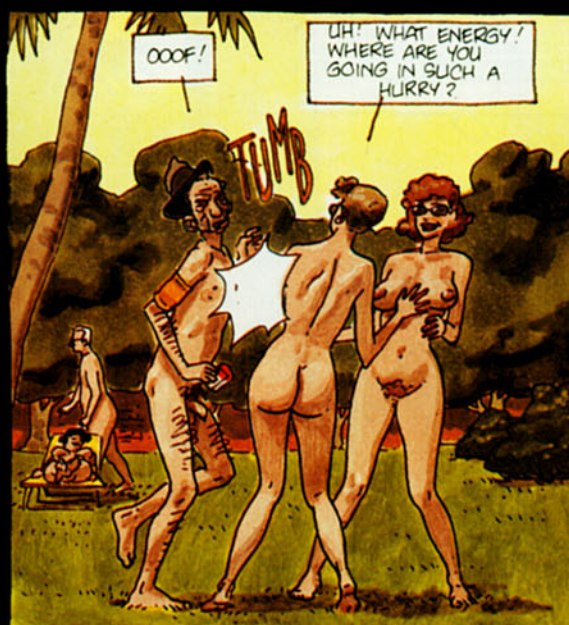
... OKAY, BEHIND THE LOCKER ROOM AT 12:30, WHEN THE GUARD GOES OFF DUTY.... YES... I'LL TAKE IT, OF COURSE.

















LOOK AT ALL THESE PICTURES! ARE THESE THE ONES THAT YOUR FRIEND REFUSED TO TAKE?

DON'T TOUCH THEM!



BUT...WHAT IS THIS?  
...I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



THOSE ARE MY GUYS, MY FIANCES...



AND THE GIRLS?

I FIND MY FIANCES THROUGH AN AD IN THE PAPER, AND WHEN THEY ASK FOR A PICTURE.... IF I SENT THEM MINE, THEY WOULD NEVER WRITE TO ME AGAIN... SO I SEND THEM ONE OF THE GIRLS INSTEAD...



I SEE.... BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY, WHAT IS HIS ROLE IN THIS?

THAT JERK? HE'S THE JANITOR. HE CAUGHT ME TAKING PICTURES ONE OF THE FIRST TIMES, AND I TOLD HIM MY STORY, THINKING HE WOULD UNDERSTAND.... AND HE REALLY DID UNDERSTAND. EVER SINCE THEN HE LOOKS FOR PERSONAL ADS IN MAGAZINES...



HE FINDS OUT THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MY GUYS AND BLACKMAILS ME, THREATENING TO SEND THEM A REAL PICTURE OF ME!



AND YOU TAKE MONEY OUT OF THE TILL TO PAY HIM! BUT WHY DO YOU KEEP CONTACTING THE NAMES IN THE ADS HE GIVES YOU, IF HE BLACKMAILS YOU?

WELL, THE FLESH IS WEAK.... ESPECIALLY WHEN IN LOVE! TODAY, FOR INSTANCE, HE GAVE ME AN AD BY A LION HUNTER!



YOU WON'T TELL THE BOSS, WILL YOU? I PROMISE I WON'T TOUCH HIS MONEY ANYMORE! I GIVE YOU MY WORD!

WELL... THAT MEANS THAT I WON'T GET PAID... OKAY, THAT'S ALL RIGHT...



YOU ARE A GOOD MAN.... THANK YOU !!

Mmmmmmmmm












SIR, WAKE UP!

LEAVE HIM ALONE. I'LL TRY MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION ON HIM AGAIN.




... IT'S ALL OVER... HELP!... I'M NOT THE LIFE... WHO IS SHE? WHY IS SHE KISSING ME?... mmm...

HE'S FINALLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!

YOU ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT BACK, YOU FOOL!

YOU HAVE SOME LUNGS! HOW CAN YOU BREATHE SO FAR DOWN UNDERWATER?



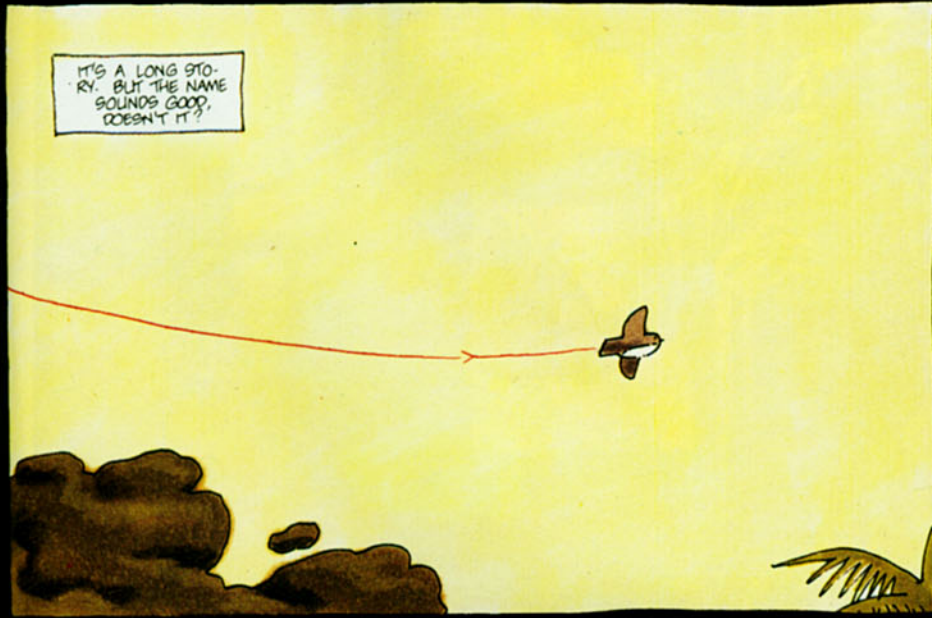
NOW YOU MUST REST. COME WITH ME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE INFIRMARY.

WHAT? I DON'T EVEN WANT TO SEE THE INFIRMARY FROM A DISTANCE.



I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. LET'S GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT, THEN GO SEE A MOVIE IN A COOL MOVIE HOUSE AND THEN WE'LL DO SOME LATE NIGHT CELEBRATING. WHO KNOWS, WE MAY EVEN ENCOUNTER THE "SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT..."

THAT'S REALLY EXCITING. WHO IS THIS "SPIRIT"?



IT'S A LONG STORY. BUT THE NAME SOUNDS GOOD, DOESN'T IT?



MEANWHILE, MIMI LOOKS YET AGAIN AT THE PICTURE OF HER SAILOR AND AN UNCONTROLLABLE TEAR MOVES SLOWLY DOWN HER FACE.

THE END



# LORNA







IT'S NOT FEAR... IT'S A  
GUT FEELING...



STOP RIGHT  
THERE!



NO ONE CAN  
GET IN WITHOUT  
THEIR SPECIAL  
PASS...



IT'S ONE OF  
THE BETTER  
PASSES I'VE  
SEEN  
TONIGHT...



ONE DAY YOUR TRICK  
WON'T WORK AND THEN...  
GOOD LORD!

DRUGS, PROSTITUTION, SMUGGLING,  
AND MONEY... THAT IS ALL WE WANT  
... MONEY!



YOU HAVE  
TEN MINUTES  
TO GET TO THE  
CENTRAL  
COMPUTER.

...AND  
OPEN THE  
SAFE. I KNOW  
THAT.



THEN...  
THE PARTY  
WILL BEGIN...





NO ONE MOVE! NO ONE!  
MOUSE, DON'T TRY TO DO  
ANYTHING, AND TELL YOUR  
MEN TO LEAVE ME ALONE!

MY DEAR, LORNA! IT'S BEEN A  
LONG TIME SINCE WE SAW YOUR  
PRETTY BODY AROUND THIS  
PLACE... I HEARD ABOUT  
YOUR STAY IN TURGUM!



HAVE YOU  
CHANGED PROFESSIONS? HAVE YOU  
BECOME ONE OF THOSE  
LOUSY POLICE WOMEN?



POLICE WOMEN? WHAT  
ON EARTH ARE YOU SAYING?  
THE REASON I'M HERE IS  
TO EASE SOME OF  
YOUR WORRIES...



GREAT. EVERYTHING IS  
WORKING OUT JUST AS WE  
HAD PLANNED...



THE COAST IS  
CLEAR. LET'S  
GET TO WORK...



DON'T LOOK  
SO SAD. I JUST  
WANT TO HAVE  
SOME FUN.



YOU WANT TO HAVE A  
NICE TIME? YOU COULDN'T  
HAVE CHOSEN A BETTER  
PLACE. ISN'T THAT  
SO, MY FRIENDS?



NOW FOR THE  
EXPLOSION. I'LL ESCAPE  
IN THE CONFUSION THAT  
WILL FOLLOW...





DON'T RUSH,  
ONE AT A TIME.... I  
KNOW HER WELL AND  
I CAN ASSURE YOU THERE  
WILL BE ENOUGH FOR  
EVERYBODY....



WHERE'S THE  
EXPLOSION?



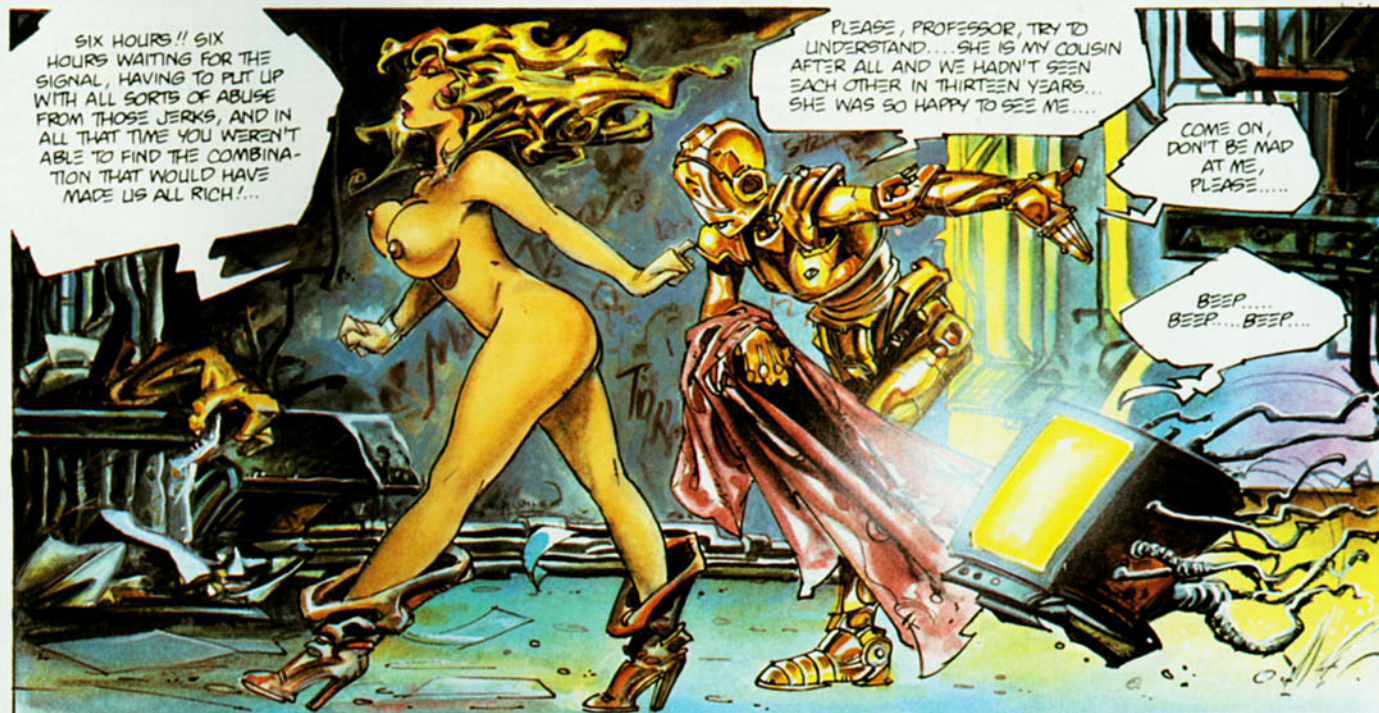
WHAT THE HELL  
IS GOING ON? WE  
SHOULD HAVE HEARD  
IT BY NOW!!



I'M **EXHAUSTED**. I CAN'T GO ON.  
GIVE HER... GIVE HER ALL SHE  
WANTS...



THAT MORON OF AN  
ANROID! JUST WAIT  
UNTIL I GET MY  
HANDS ON IT AGAIN...



SIX HOURS!! SIX  
HOURS WAITING FOR THE  
SIGNAL, HAVING TO PUT UP  
WITH ALL SORTS OF ABUSE  
FROM THOSE JERKS, AND IN  
ALL THAT TIME YOU WEREN'T  
ABLE TO FIND THE COMBINA-  
TION THAT WOULD HAVE  
MADE US ALL RICH!...

PLEASE, PROFESSOR, TRY TO  
UNDERSTAND... SHE IS MY COUSIN  
AFTER ALL AND WE HADN'T SEEN  
EACH OTHER IN THIRTEEN YEARS...  
SHE WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE ME....

COME ON,  
DON'T BE MAD  
AT ME,  
PLEASE....

BEEP...  
BEEP... BEEP...



I MET MAGDA DURING MY STAY IN PARIS. MAGDA HAD MONEY AND SHE WAS A REAL WOMAN, FLESH AND BLOOD--THE FORMER VERY NICELY DISTRIBUTED, IF I MAY SAY SO.

# Dieter Lumpen

Ruben  
Zentner '66

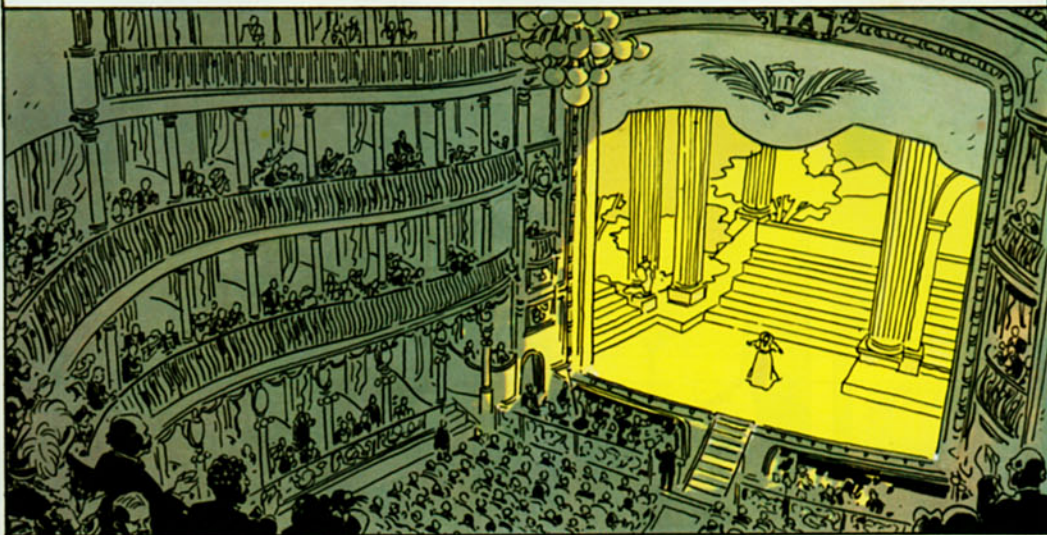
FROM HER GRANDMOTHER -- A FAMOUS OPERA DIVA AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY-- SHE HAD INHERITED BOTH THE COLOR OF HER EYES AND AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE. AND WITH IT, THE EXOTIC DESIRE TO TRAVEL TO MANAOS. SHE INVITED ME TO GO ALONG WITH HER, ALL EXPENSES PAID, AND I COULDN'T RESIST THE OFFER.



HER DESIRE TO VISIT THE JUNGLE CITY WAS NOT JUST A MILLIONAIRE'S WHIM, AND IT DESERVES TO BE EXPLAINED.



THE STORY BEGINS IN 1907, WHEN MAGDA'S GRANDMOTHER MADE HER DEBUT AT THE OPERA HOUSE IN MANAOS. IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE THAT MARKED HER LIFE FOREVER, AND NOT BECAUSE OF THE GREAT SUCCESS THAT SHE HAD ON THE STAGE.



IN BRIEF, IT WAS A LOVE STORY, RATHER EXCEPTIONAL FOR THAT TIME, THAT'S FOR SURE...EVEN IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.



YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH THAT WHITE SKIN AGAIN, YOU REVOLTING APE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE A LIKING FOR OPERA TO KNOW THAT OTHELLO ALWAYS GETS THE WORST OF IT IN THE END.





MAGDA'S GRANDMOTHER, WHOSE PASSION FOR PAULINUS WAS EQUALLED ONLY BY HER WEALTH, DID WHAT SHE COULD FOR HER LOVER. AND IF IT WAS UN-SUCCESSFUL ESTHETICALLY... WELL... WE ALL KNOW THAT LOVE IS BLIND.

JEAN CLAUDE COURVASIER  
DENTISTE



PAULINUS, HOWEVER, NEVER REALLY COULD GET USED TO LIFE IN EUROPE, AND FEARING FURTHER VIOLENCE, FLED BACK TO HIS COUNTRY.



THE WAR... MARRIAGES... ARTISTIC COMMITMENTS... THE MANY CHAPTERS OF THE SINGERS' LIFE UNFOLDED. BUT THE MEMORY OF HER LOVER, NOW BUT A SWEET TALE, SURVIVED INTACT, AND WAS RELATED TO HER GRANDDAUGHTER, MAGDA.



THE WILD JUNGLE SEEMED TO WANT TO INVADE THE CITY... THE RIVER...



AND PROMISE ME, MY DEAR MAGDA, THAT YOU'LL GO TO MANAOS AND LOOK FOR PAULINUS. IT WON'T BE DIFFICULT... YOU KNOW... BECAUSE OF HIS TEETH...

IT'S WONDERFUL! IT'S RAINING AS MUCH AS GRANDMOTHER SAID IT WOULD!



MAGDA WANTED TO STAY WHERE HER GRANDMOTHER HAD STAYED SO MANY YEARS BEFORE, BUT THE HOTEL HAD BEEN TORN DOWN. AFTER THE CRISIS IN THE RUBBER INDUSTRY, ONLY THE HEAT AND HUMIDITY HAD REMAINED UNCHANGED IN THIS CITY.



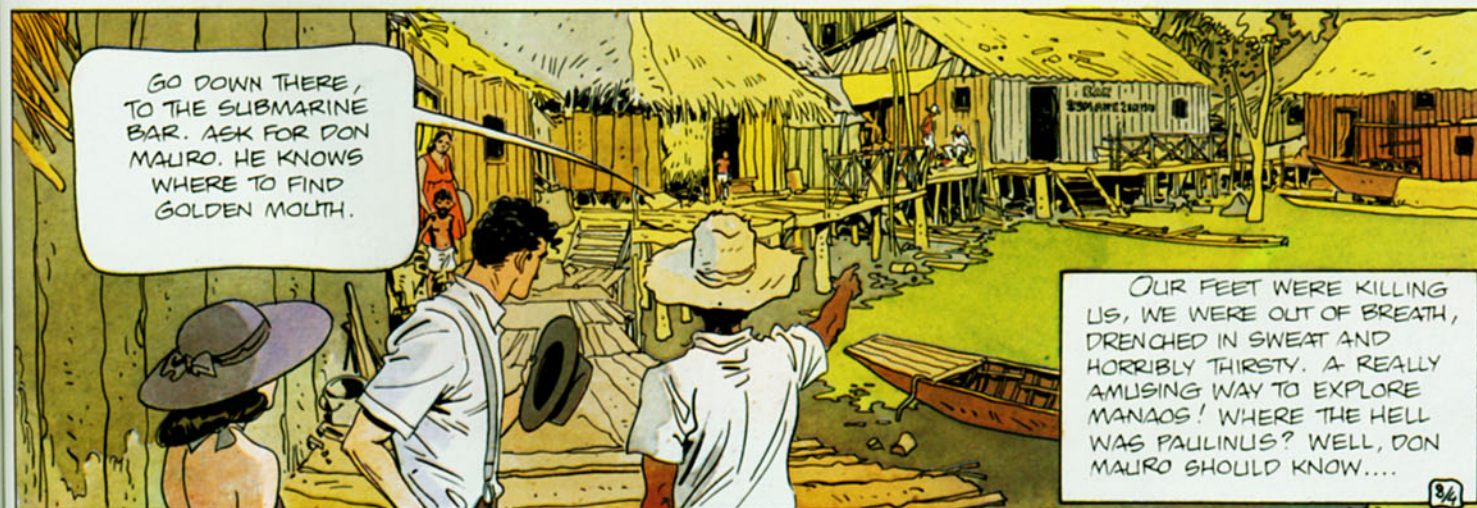
WE THOUGHT THAT TRYING TO FIND PAULLINUS WAS NOT ONLY TO FULFILL A PROMISE TO MAGDA'S GRANDMOTHER, BUT ALSO AN AMUSING WAY TO EXPLORE MANAOS. AFTER A REFRESHING SHOWER, WE STARTED OUT AGAIN.



YES, YES, I KNOW HIM. HIS NAME IS GOLDEN MOUTH.



GO DOWN THERE, TO THE SLIMBARINE BAR. ASK FOR DON MAURO. HE KNOWS WHERE TO FIND GOLDEN MOUTH.



OUR FEET WERE KILLING US, WE WERE OUT OF BREATH, DRENCHED IN SWEAT AND HORRIBLY THIRSTY. A REALLY AMUSING WAY TO EXPLORE MANAOS! WHERE THE HELL WAS PAULLINUS? WELL, DON MAURO SHOULD KNOW....





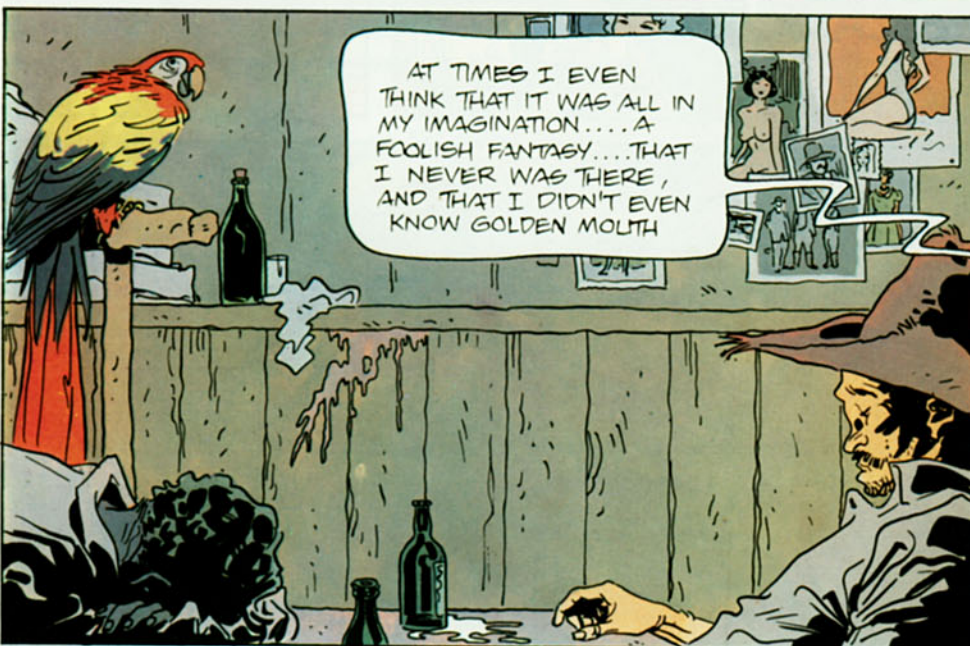
GOLDEN MOUTH....  
SURE... I KNOW WHERE  
HE LIVES. BUT... ARE YOU  
SURE THAT YOU WANT TO  
GO ALL THE WAY DOWN  
THERE?



IT'S VERY FAR  
...VERY FAR. AND  
IT'S A DANGEROUS  
TRIP... TERRIBLE...



VERY FEW HAVE  
GONE THAT FAR.  
AND ONLY I  
HAVE COME BACK.



AT TIMES I EVEN  
THINK THAT IT WAS ALL IN  
MY IMAGINATION.... A  
FOOLISH FANTASY... THAT  
I NEVER WAS THERE,  
AND THAT I DIDN'T EVEN  
KNOW GOLDEN MOUTH



...AND THAT I'VE  
NEVER MADE IT  
BACK TO MANAOS.



I WAS SURE THAT THE OLD MAN WAS TRYING TO FRIGHTEN US, HOWEVER, I DIDN'T REALLY CARE. HIS MYSTERIOUS STORY COULD HELP CONVINCE MAGDA TO CHANGE OUR PLANS AND FLY TO RIO. TO THE BEACH.

OH DIETER, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! WE HAVE TO ASK DON MAURO TO TAKE US TO WHERE PAULINUS IS LIVING. WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW!

DON MAURO DIDN'T EXACTLY SEEM TO WANT TO GO ANYWHERE, AND I CERTAINLY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO CONVINCE HIM OF THE CONTRARY. RIO...3hh...RIO...

DON MAURO DIDN'T LOOK TOO WILLING TO START OFF ON A TRIP, BUT I HAVE TO PERSUADE HIM TO ACCOMPANY US! I MUST!

FIRST THING TOMORROW I'LL GO SEE WHEN THE FIRST BOAT TO RIO IS LEAVING.

TOMORROW MORNING I'LL GO TALK TO DON MAURO.

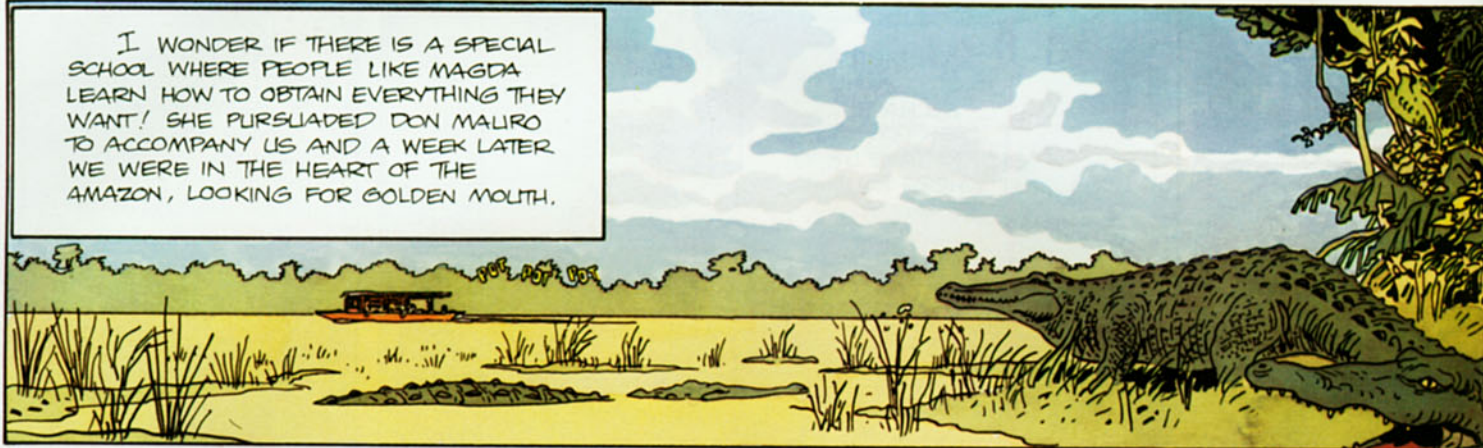
YES, MISS, IN THAT BOAT. DON MAURO LIVES THERE.

MAGDA! MAGDA! WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT FOR ME!

THAT OLD MAN IS A LIAR....WAIT!



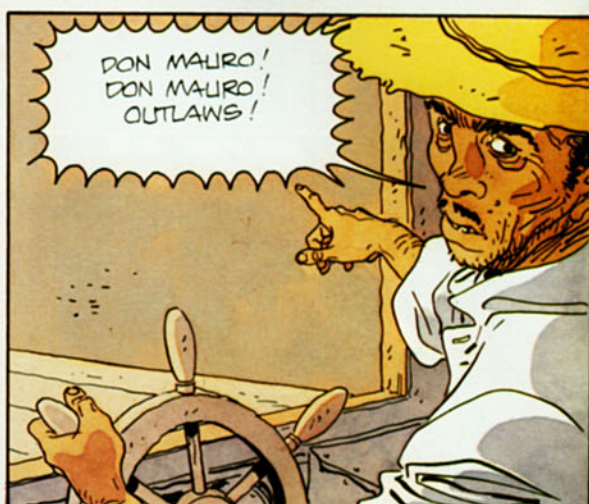
I WONDER IF THERE IS A SPECIAL SCHOOL WHERE PEOPLE LIKE MAGDA LEARN HOW TO OBTAIN EVERYTHING THEY WANT! SHE PERSUADED DON MAURO TO ACCOMPANY US AND A WEEK LATER WE WERE IN THE HEART OF THE AMAZON, LOOKING FOR GOLDEN MOUTH.



DO YOU THINK ALL THESE ARMS ARE GOING TO BE NECESSARY? UNTIL NOW EVERYTHING HAS BEEN SO QUIET.



THE LEAST DANGEROUS OF OUR ENEMIES IS THE ONE WE CAN SHOOT AT!



DON MAURO!  
DON MAURO!  
OUTLAWS!

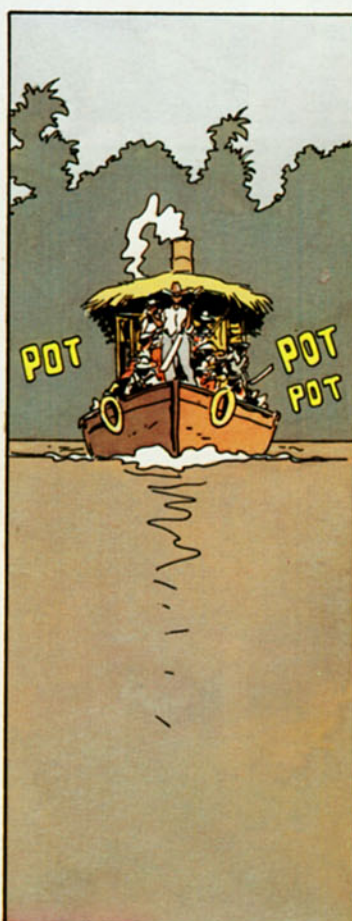


OH !!!  
DIETER !!!

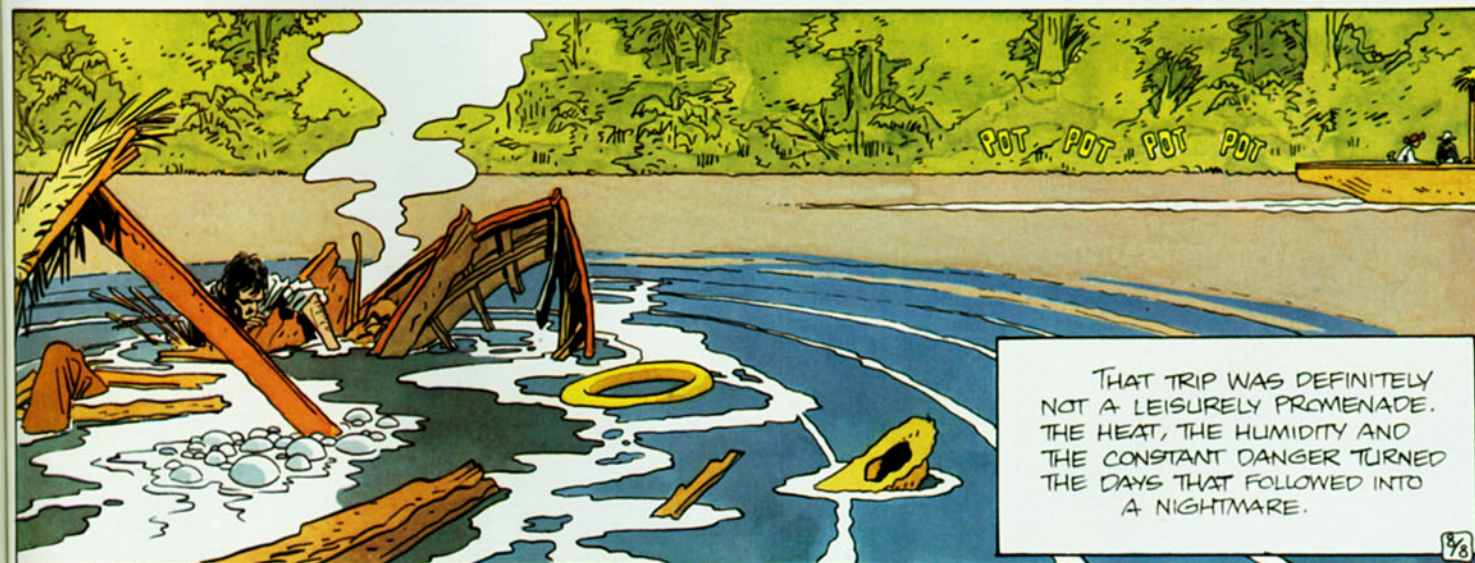
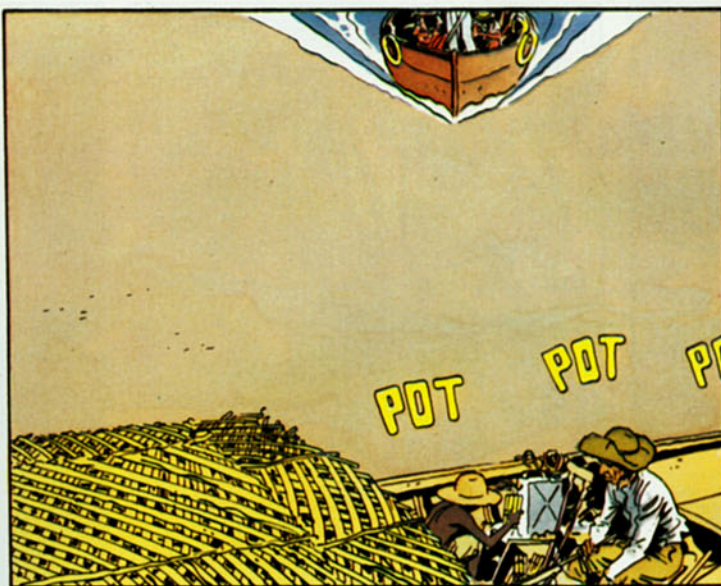


MAGDA, HIDE  
INSIDE THE CABIN!

NO, NO... LET  
HER STAY WHERE  
SHE IS. IT'S MUCH  
BETTER IF THEY SEE  
HER... THEY WILL  
COME FOR HER.

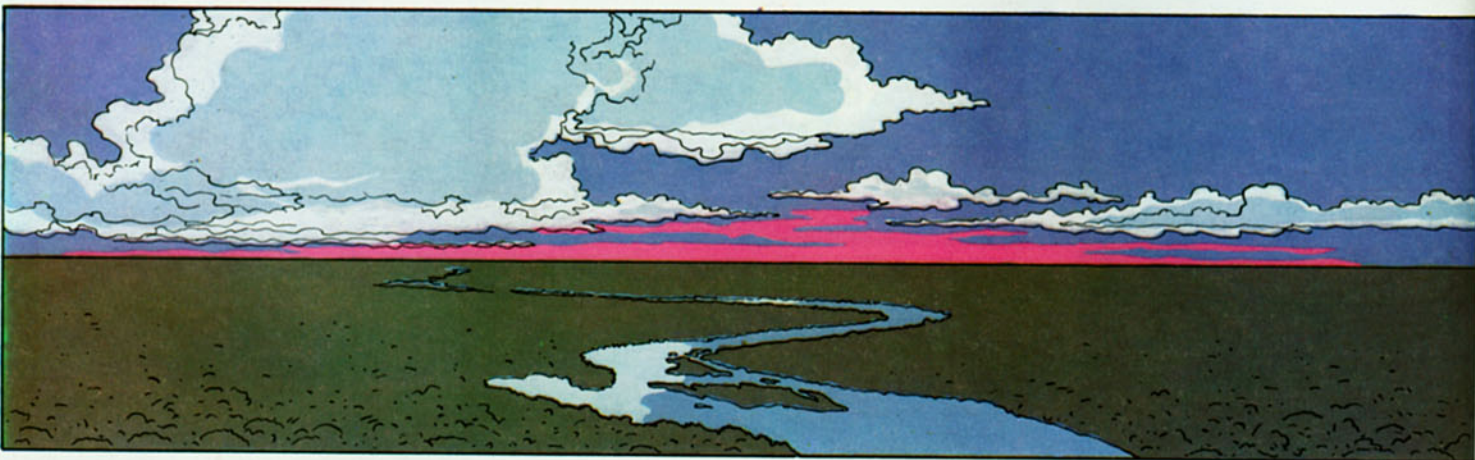
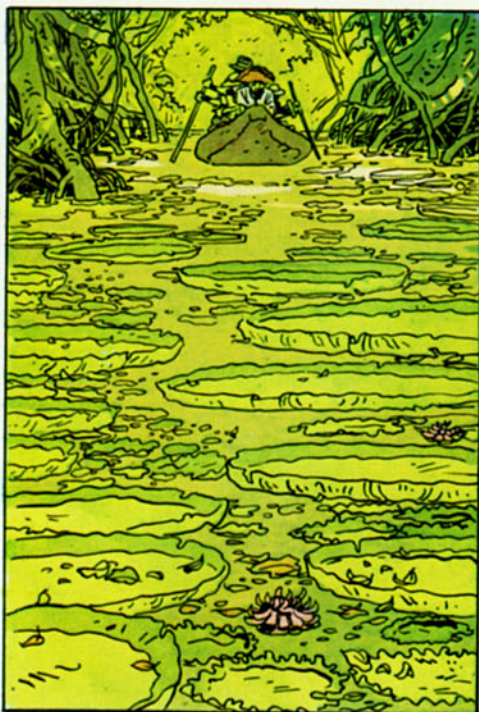






THAT TRIP WAS DEFINITELY NOT A LEISURELY PROMENADE. THE HEAT, THE HUMIDITY AND THE CONSTANT DANGER TURNED THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED INTO A NIGHTMARE.













DON MAURO!  
HOW WONDERFUL  
TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN!

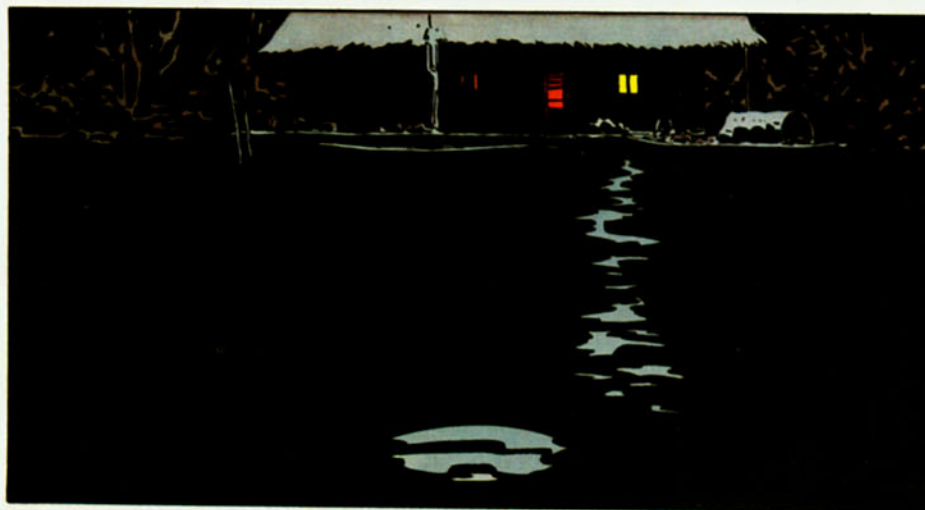


BUT...THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



HE'S... HE'S  
JUST LIKE THE  
PICTURE....  
AND FORTY YEARS  
HAVE GONE BY!

MANY HOURS  
LATER, IN A  
VOICE THAT  
BLENDED WITH  
THE NOISES OF  
THE JUNGLE  
NIGHT, DON  
MAURO BEGAN  
TO EXPLAIN  
THE STORY.



THE MIRACU-  
LOUS AND  
MAGICAL STORY  
OF GOLDEN  
MOUTH, A MAN  
WHO, IN A SET  
OF GOLDEN  
TEETH, HAD  
FOUND THE  
TREASURE  
SOUGHT AFTER  
FOR CENTURIES:  
THE FOUNTAIN  
OF YOUTH.



THOSE DENTURES...  
THOSE GOLD TEETH  
ARE NOT MAGIC IN  
THEMSELVES...THEY  
ARE THE SYMBOL OF AN  
OLD PASSION, FOR  
TIME HAS STOOD STILL.

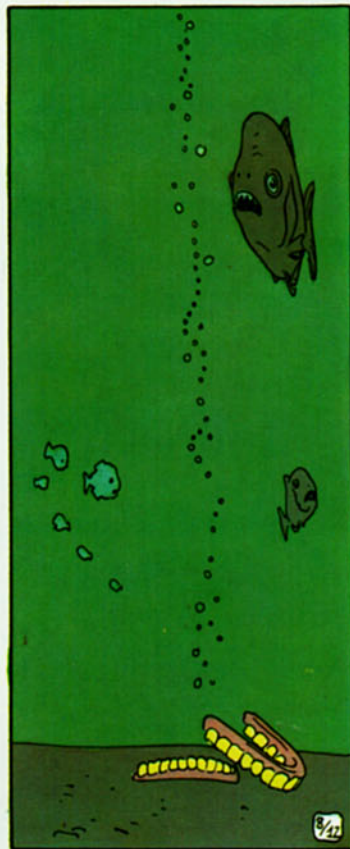
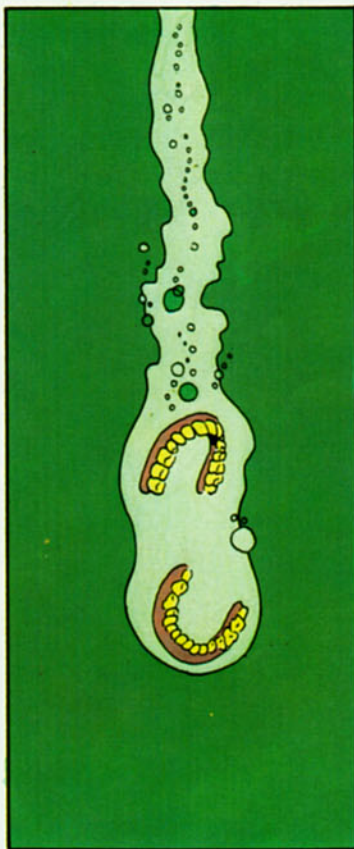


YOU CAN CALL IT  
A MIRACLE, IF YOU  
LIKE. IN ANY CASE,  
IT WAS CERTAINLY  
A "MIRACLE OF  
LOVE".... IT WAS  
BORN OF LOVE....



AS YOUR VISIT  
TODAY, MISS MAGDA,  
IS A SYMBOL OF THE  
PASSION SHARED...





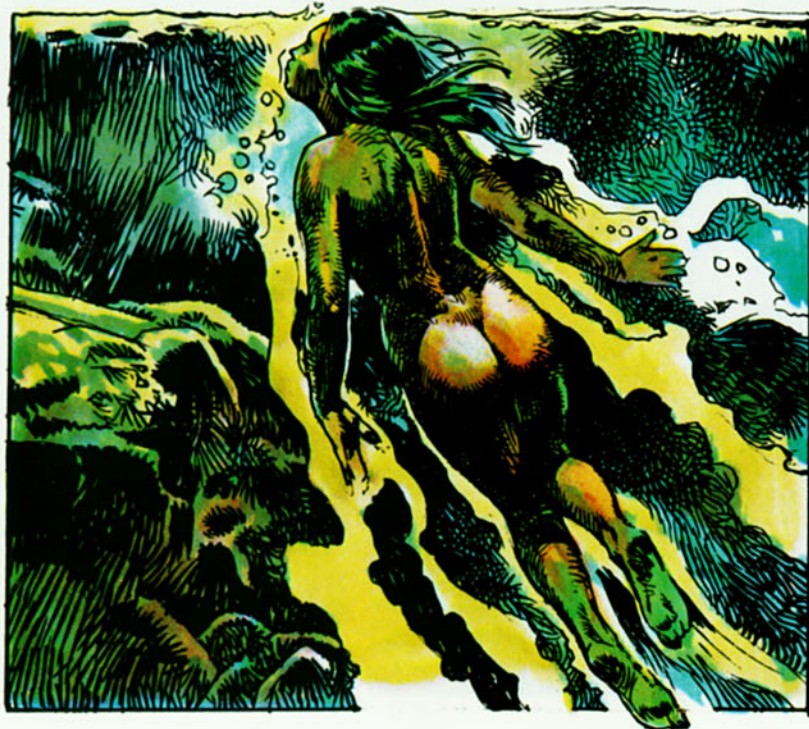


# CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE



WATER-CLEAR-WATER-  
FRESH-WATER-  
PURIFYING-WATER-  
LIVING-WATER.

AIR-LIGHT-HEAT-WELL-BEING-  
CONSCIOUS-OF-EXISTING-JOY-OF-LIVING.







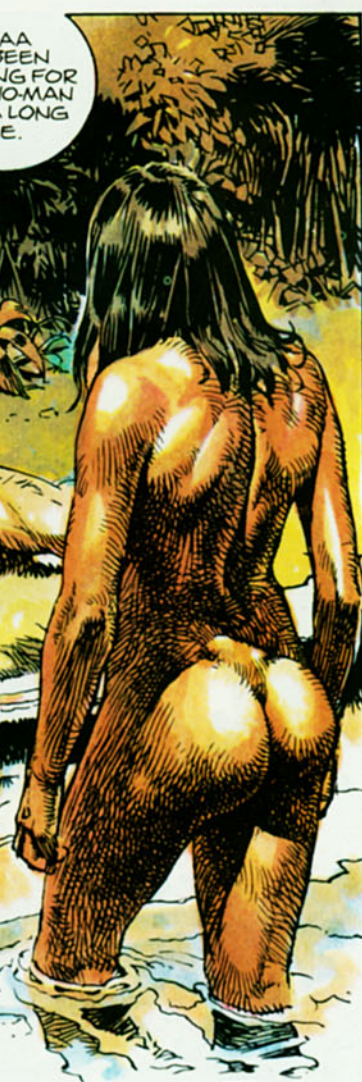
LOTHAA!  
THE MAN  
WAS WAITING-  
FOR  
MHAGAAZ

SEVERAL-MEETINGS-  
ALREADY-EMOTION.



LOTHAA  
HAS BEEN  
LOOK-ING  
FOR THE WOMAN  
FOR A LONG  
TIME.

MHAGAA  
WANTED TO  
SEE THE MAN  
A-GAIN... BUT  
A-FRAID AT  
THE SAME  
TIME!



LOTHA  
HAPPY TO  
FIND  
MHAGAA SO  
BEAU-TI-FUL  
A-GAIN!

BEAU-TI-FUL  
MHAGAA?  
THE MAN  
FOUND?  
LOTHAA  
BEAU-TI-FUL,  
ALSO.





AH...  
MHAGAA  
NO  
LONGER  
ALONE  
NOW.



NEVER  
ALONE  
A-GAIN! THE  
WO-MAN AND  
THE MAN  
WILL SLEEP  
TO-GETHER!

LIPS-PARTLY-OVER-  
IRRESISTIBLE-  
LOVING-EMBRACE-  
EMBRACE.



FEVERISH-BODY-  
BURNING-FLESH-  
ARDENT-PASSION-  
FUROR-OF-THE-SENSES-  
FLASHING-RISE-  
OF-PLEASURE-



BUT THERE IS TROUBLE IN PARADISE!

THERE  
THEY  
ARE!  
CATCH,  
OCTO,  
CATCH!

AAAAHH!  
MHAGAA  
FOR-GOT  
ABOUT  
THE  
MUTA!

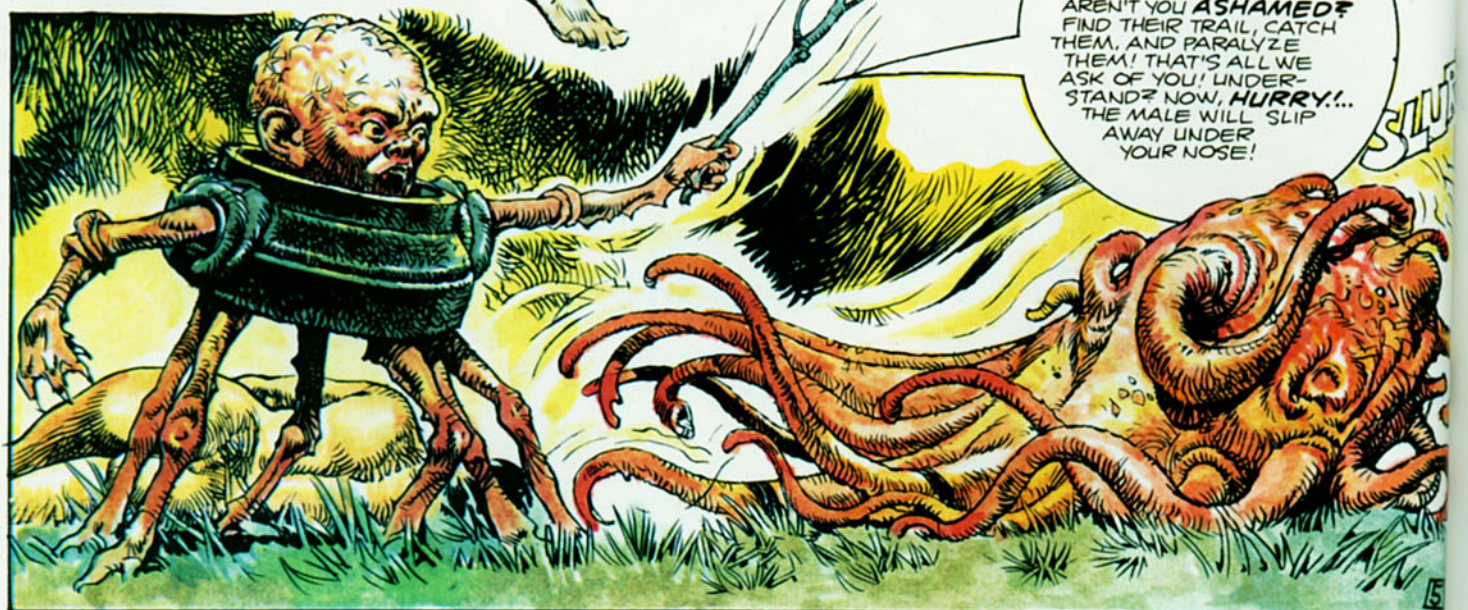
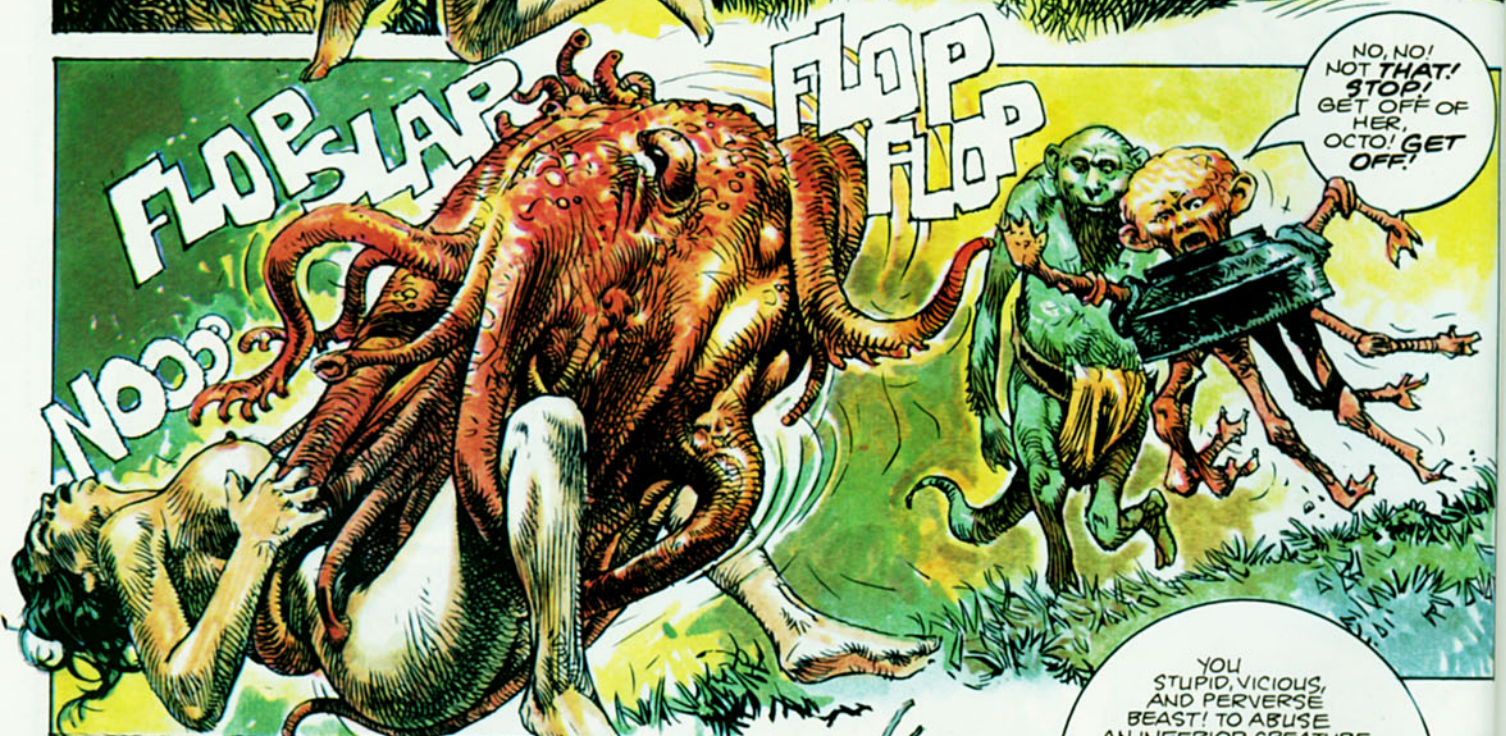
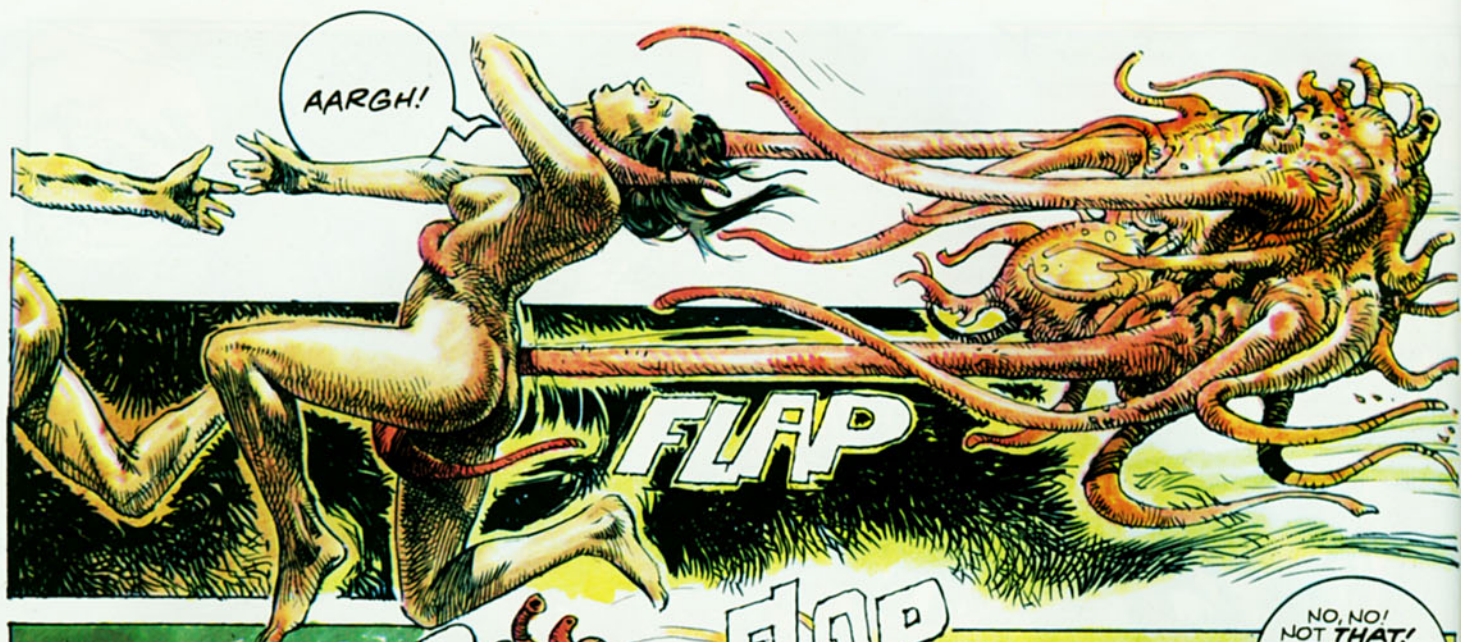
SURPRISE-  
PANIC-  
AGONY-  
SWEAT-  
COLD-RUN.

SWISSSSSSSS

NO!  
NO!

TERROR-PANIC-  
DESPERATE-FLIGHT-  
CHASE-RUN-GET-AWAY.



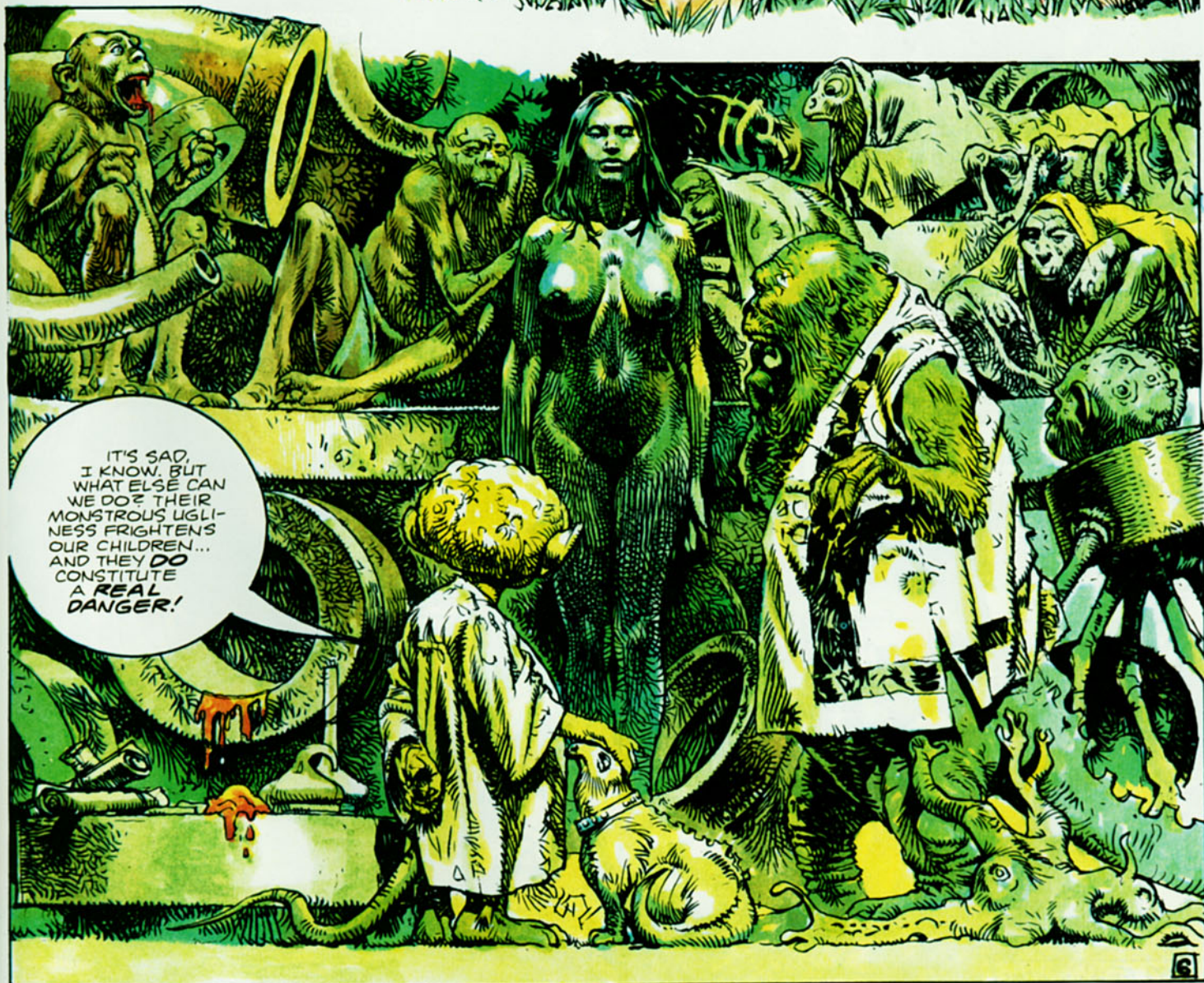


YOU  
STUPID, VICIOUS,  
AND PERVERSE  
BEAST! TO ABUSE  
AN INFERIOR CREATURE...  
AREN'T YOU **ASHAMED?**  
FIND THEIR TRAIL, CATCH  
THEM! THAT'S ALL WE  
ASK OF YOU! UNDER-  
STAND? NOW, **HURRY!**  
THE MALE WILL SLIP  
AWAY UNDER  
YOUR NOSE!



HOW IS SHE? OCTO DIDN'T DESTROY HER, DID HE?

NO, MASTER. THE LITTLE FEMALE HAS ONLY FAINTED.







IT'S DIFFICULT TO ADMIT THAT OUR ANCESTORS RESEMBLED THESE PATHETIC BEINGS, BUT ALL EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT OUR FATHERS BUILT THESE THINGS... THESE... "ANDROIDS"... IN THEIR OWN IMAGE! WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THEY INTENDED!... BUT ENOUGH OF THAT.



NOW THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO MATE!... AND THEY'RE MANIFESTING OTHER DISQUIETING ANCIENT HUMAN TRAITS LIKE THE SEARCH FOR LOVE AND FOR PLEASURE... ALL OUTMODDED AND IMMORAL IN OUR PRESENT SOCIETY.



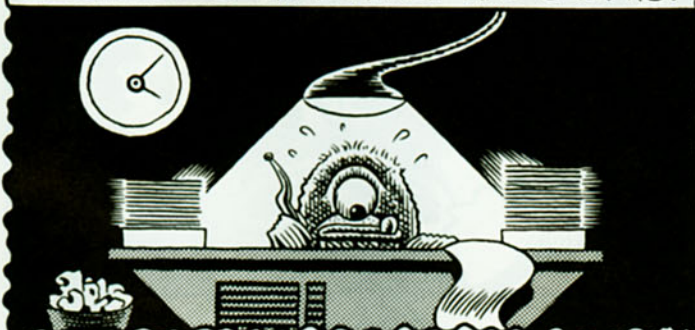
AH, WELL... ORDER AND MORALITY MUST BE GUARANTEED! DISMEMBER THAT THING AND PUT THE PIECES IN THE FIRE... JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!



# MONDAY!



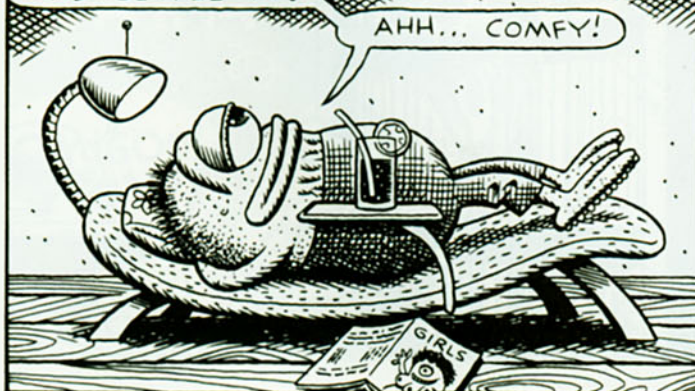
YEP, IT WAS JUST SIX ORBITS AGO THAT I ENTERED THE WORK FORCE EAGER TO TAKE ON ANY OVERWHELMING TASK TO ACCUMULATE EXPERIENCE AND CREDITS.



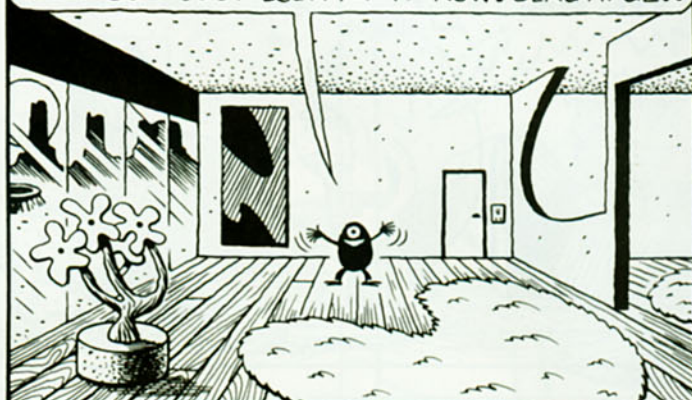
WITHIN A VERY SHORT TIME I BECAME AN OFFICER WITH GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.



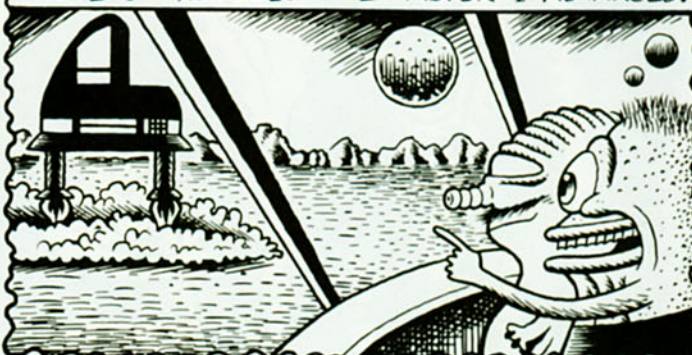
FOR STARTERS I THINK I'LL JUST RELAX AND SETTLE IN!



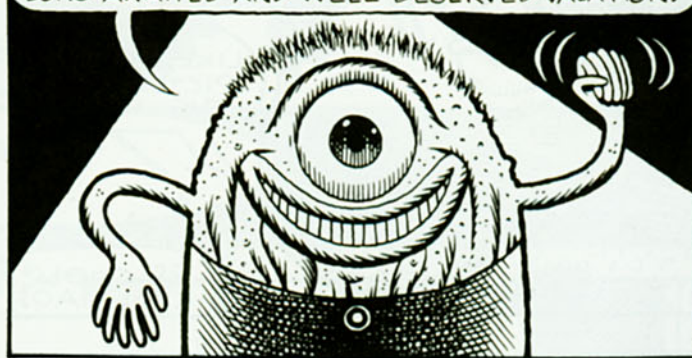
I SPENT THE ENTIRE WEEKEND MOVING INTO THIS NEW LUXURY APARTMENT. IT WAS A PAIN BUT JUST LOOK AT IT NOW! BEAUTIFUL!!



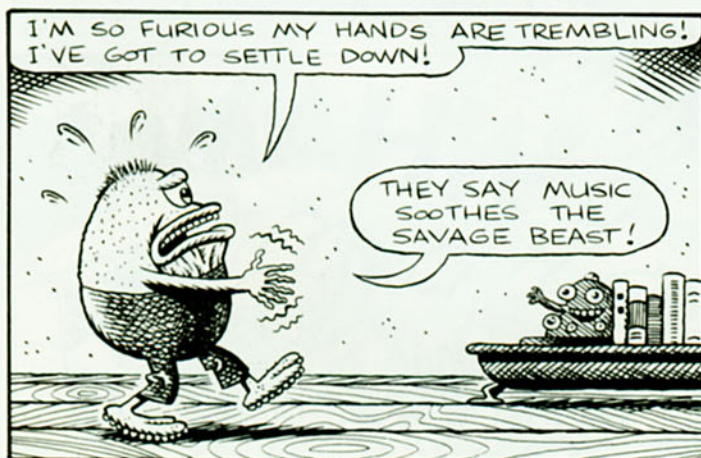
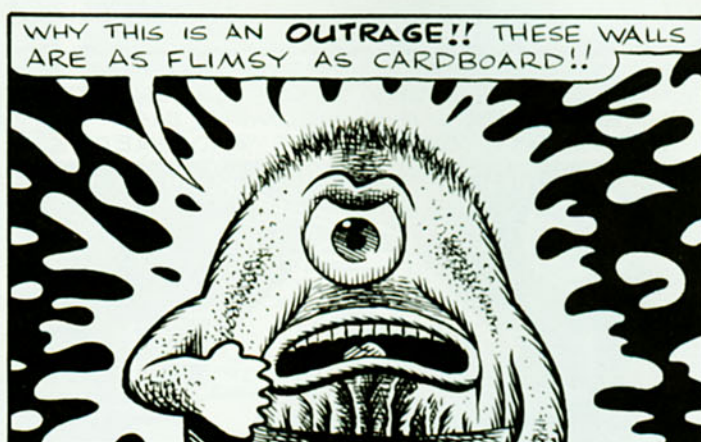
AND HERE I AM TODAY IN MY NEW DREAM PAD AND ON THE FIRST OFFICIAL DAY OF MY LONG AWAITED AND WELL DESERVED VACATION.



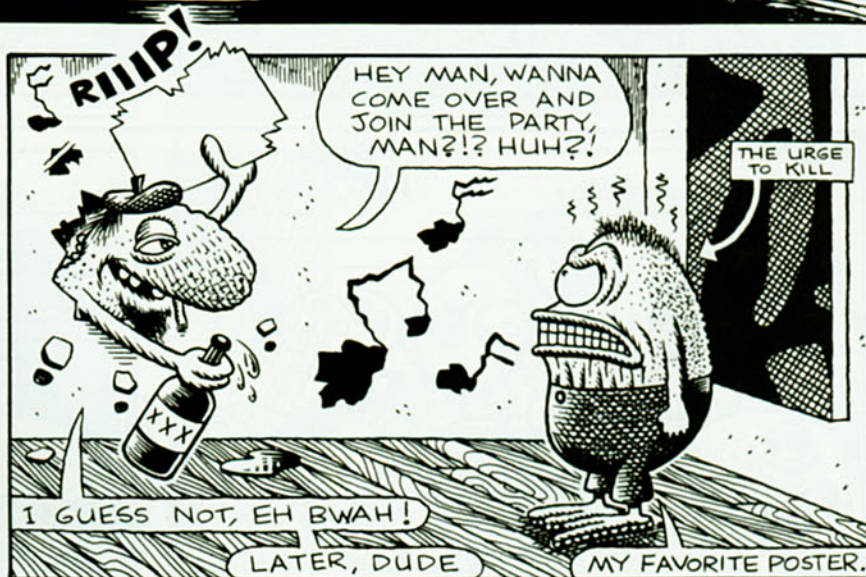
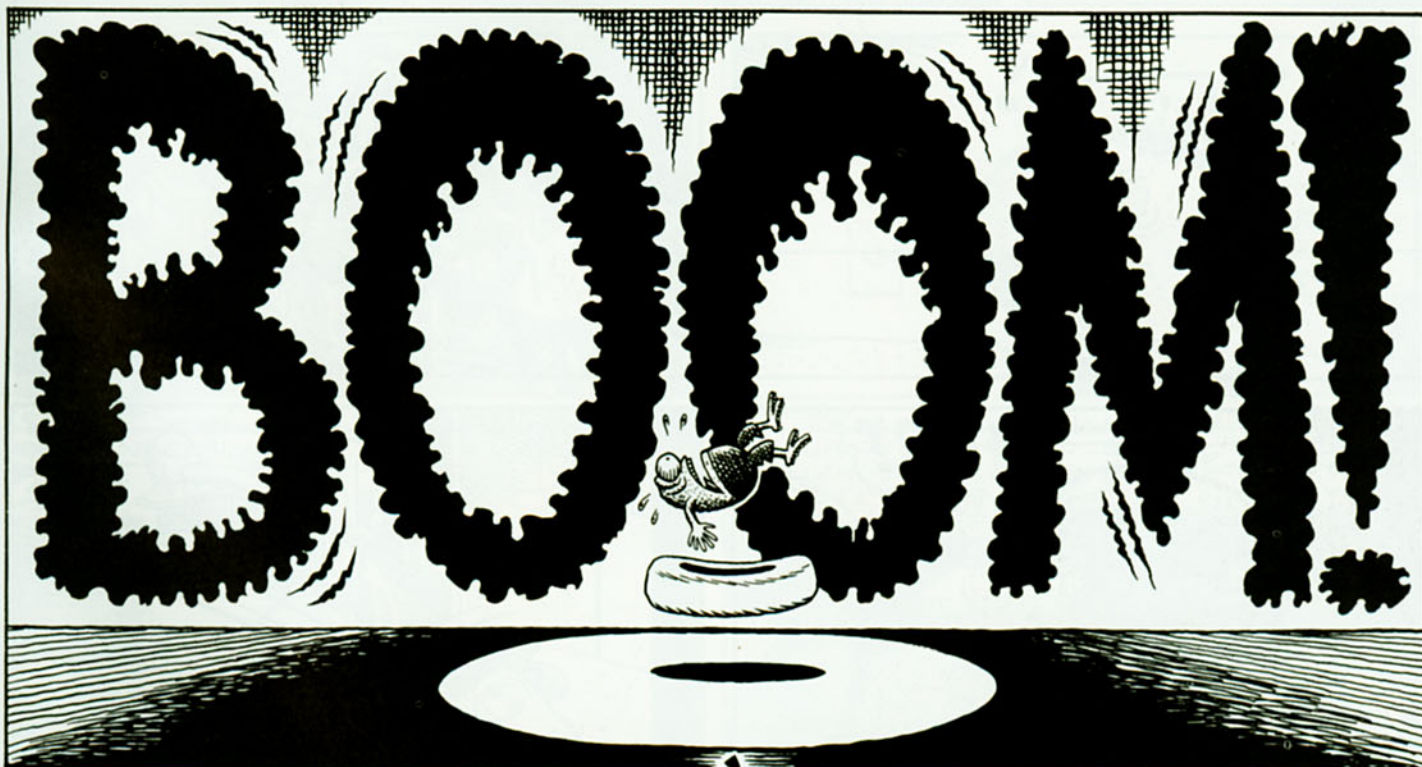
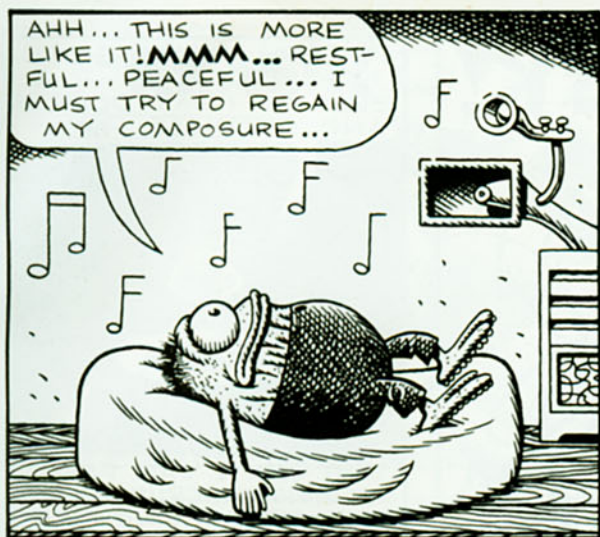
WHAM!



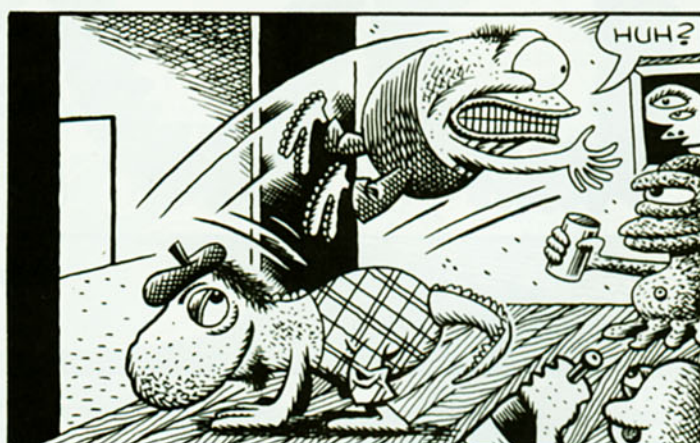




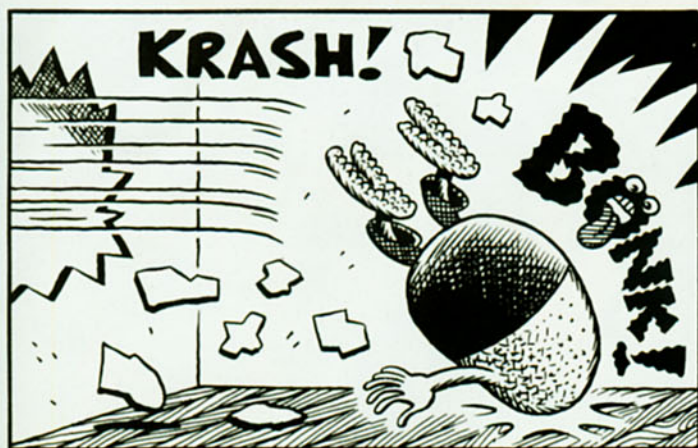




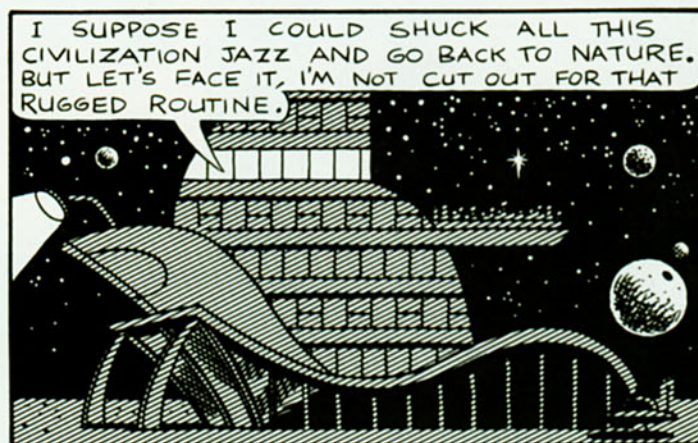
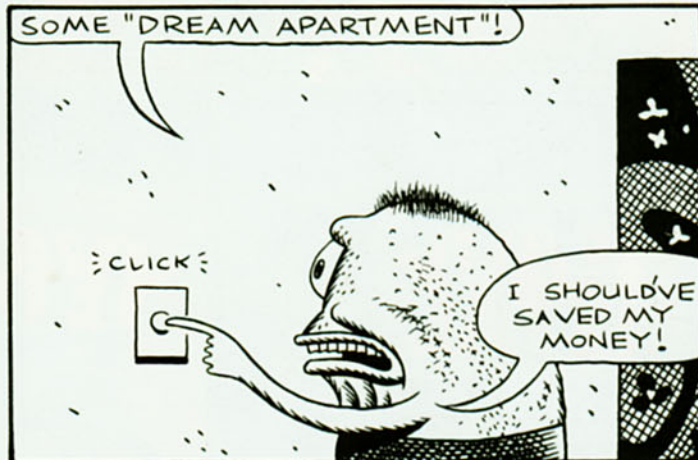
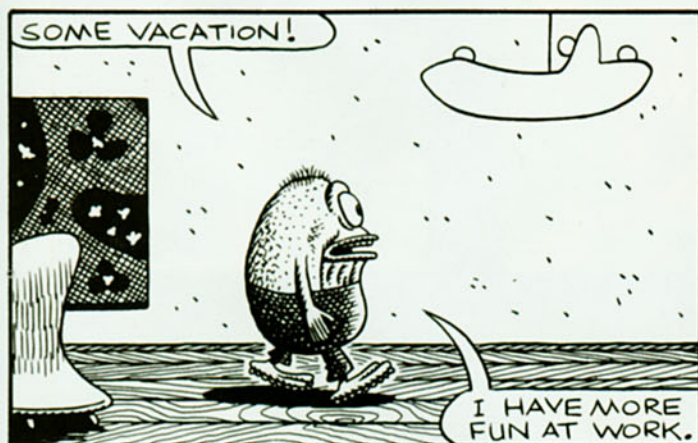
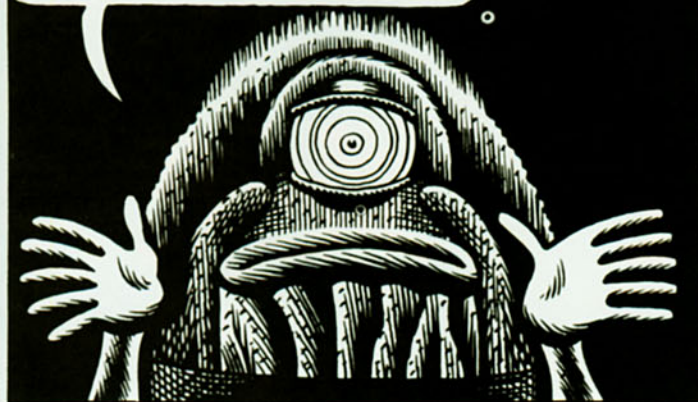








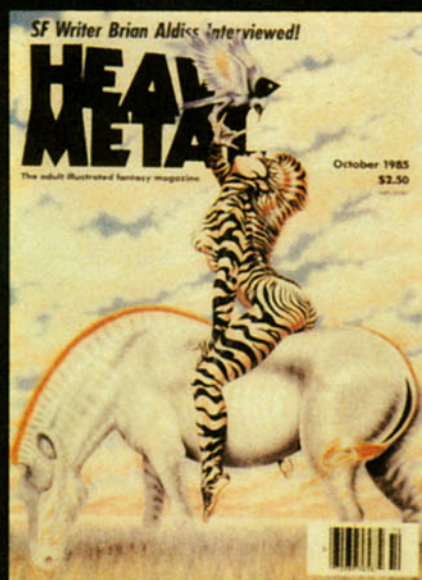
SO THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR SIX ORBITS OF NON-STOP HARD WORK.















**HEAVY  
METAL**