

FREZZATO! SEGURA & ORTIZ!

JANUARY 1996
US \$4.50
CAN. \$4.95

HEAVY METAL[®]

THE ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE



RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL JANUARY 15, 1996



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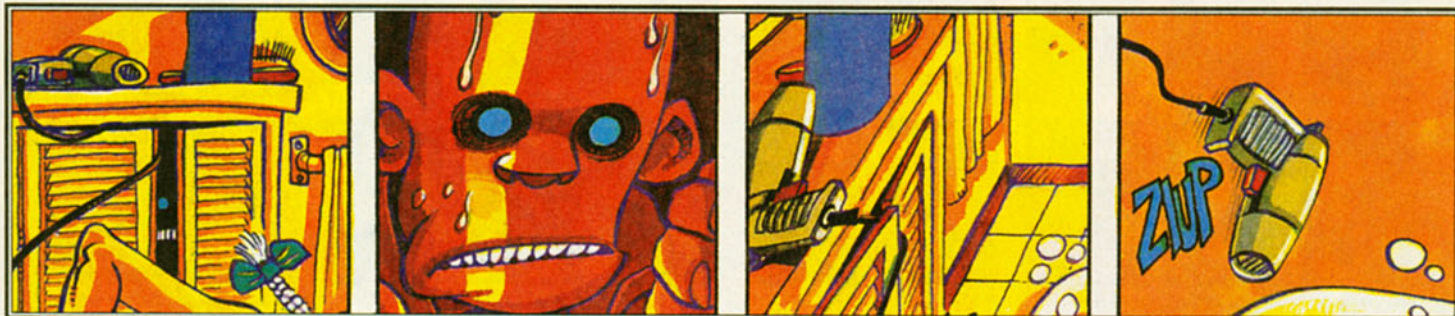
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THE WAYNE BARLOWE GALLERY



SEAWRACK

When it comes to conceptualizing exotic alien species and the strange ecological systems that spawned them, Wayne Barlowe is an artist simply without peer. His boundless creativity and careful technique synthesize to provide us with the realistic imagery a Charles Darwin or James Audubon might have brought to an interplanetary expedition. In this case, it is Barlowe's rich imagination that serves as his *Beagle*, transporting him to locales and climes where his strange bestiary reigns over some never before seen landscape or watery biotope. His adeptness at depicting plausible-looking aliens is exhibited particularly well by his painting titled *Elytracephalid*. This Latin appellation translates into *wing-flap head*. It is so often the subtle details of enigmatic organic structures that make us believe what Barlowe paints.

Wayne Barlowe's fascination with the science of life, and the wonder of drawing and painting it developed at an early age in his parent's home studio. Here biological specimens shared shelf space with nature books and art books alike over tables laden with the natural history illustration of his parents. Here he also learned the discipline required to successfully rove the universe of possibilities and work his way back line by line and stroke by stroke over as much paper and canvas as the ideas might require... often under deadline pressure, as creative journeys require financial backing, as well.



WILDSEED



BLACK EASTER

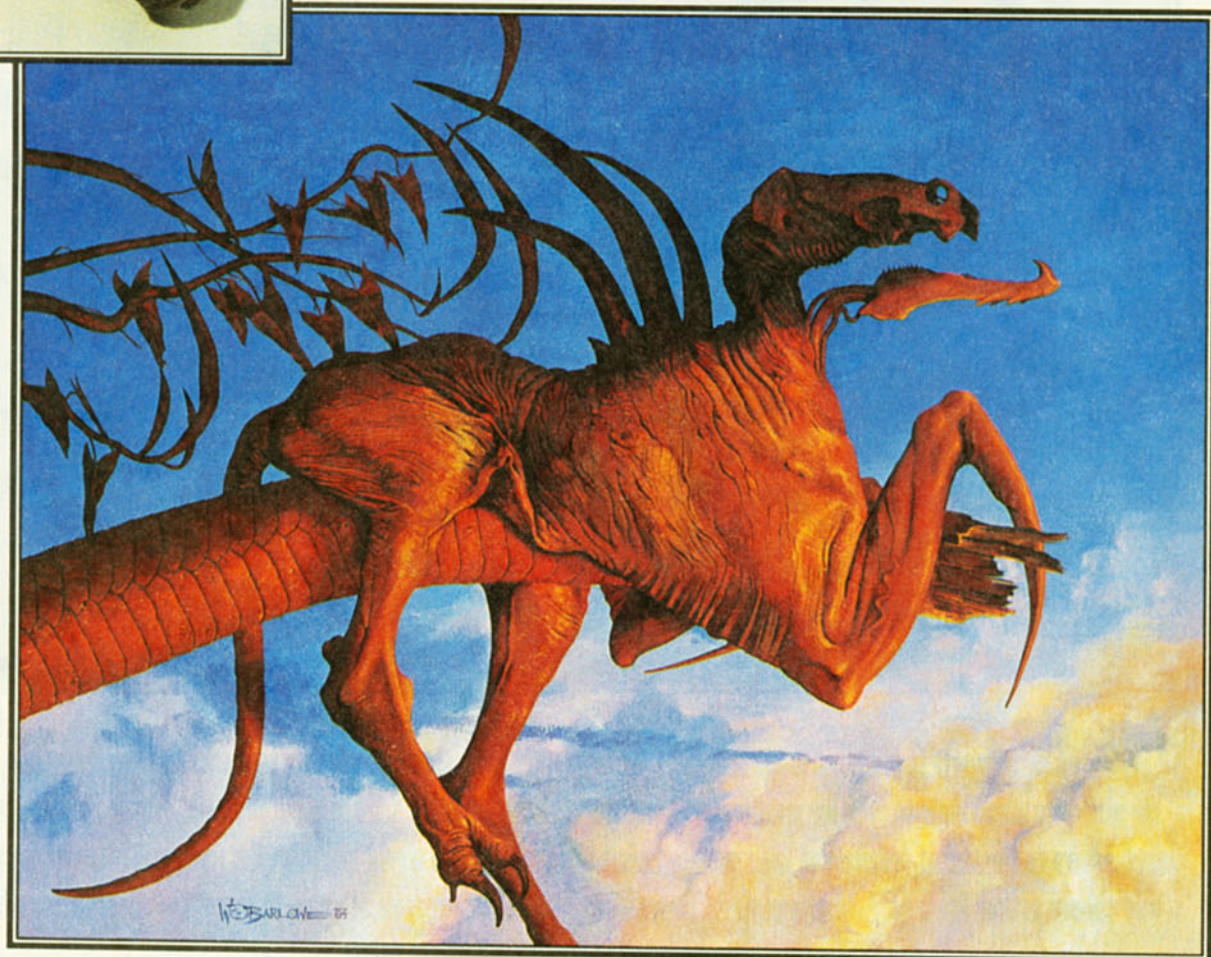
Evidenced particularly in his remarkable drawings, Barlowe's art has a classic sensibility to it while at the same time conveying a scientifically sound logic to even his most bizarre creations. As the Christian Science Monitor cited: "Wayne Barlowe creates entire planets, down to the tiniest details, and then imagines what their inhabitants would look like. His success is extraordinary." And as noted sf and science author Frederik Pohl commented: "Incredible, remarkable, awesome, it's easy to run out of superlatives when one tries to describe the creatures Barlowe paints."

Dinosaurs are also a passion of Barlowe's and his renderings of them rival the very best of the world's top artists in that field. His near obsessive attention to detail and the latest paleontological research shows clearly in his meticulous renderings. Not limiting himself to merely two dimensions, the artist has recently completed a limited sculpture edition of a *Nanotyrannus* skull.



APPROACHING STORM

Barlowe is currently working on an ecosystem more fantastic than the Jurassic-Hell! Several of his images for this myterious and dark series of works will appear in his new book from Morpheus.



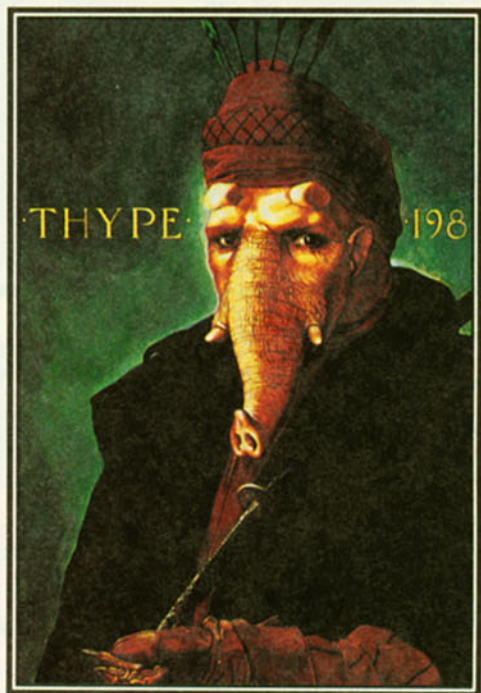
DAGGERWRIST



ELYTRACEPHALID



UNTITLED & UNFINISHED



THYPE 1981

Barlowe is having a screen saver released by Morpheus and looks forward to working in CD-ROM and film in the near future. With his keen talent and imagination, any such project should be something well worth waiting for.

In fact, his own fan following is not insignificant. His first book, *BARLOWE'S GUIDE TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS* has sold over a quarter of a million copies since its release and has been followed with such successful titles as *EXPEDITION* and *AN ALPHABET OF DINOSAURS*. Barlowe's most recent book has been published by Morpheus International. *THE ALIEN LIFE OF WAYNE BARLOWE*, features the very best of his amazing canon of work, reproduced in large full color format and replete with the artist's own text detailing his approach to painting and drawing.

Burton & Cyb: The Conquest of the West

On this map, there are wells of drinking water a little bit to the south.

Are you sure? My automatic water detector indicates the north.

Pardon me, Burton, but what you've got there is not a detector...it's an electric frying pan.

What are you saying?

Fourteen galactic systems have a price on our heads for the gravest of crimes, including diverse thefts, swindles, and lack of respect for the established order... they don't know how to live.

Damned guides, if we don't find something to drink soon...

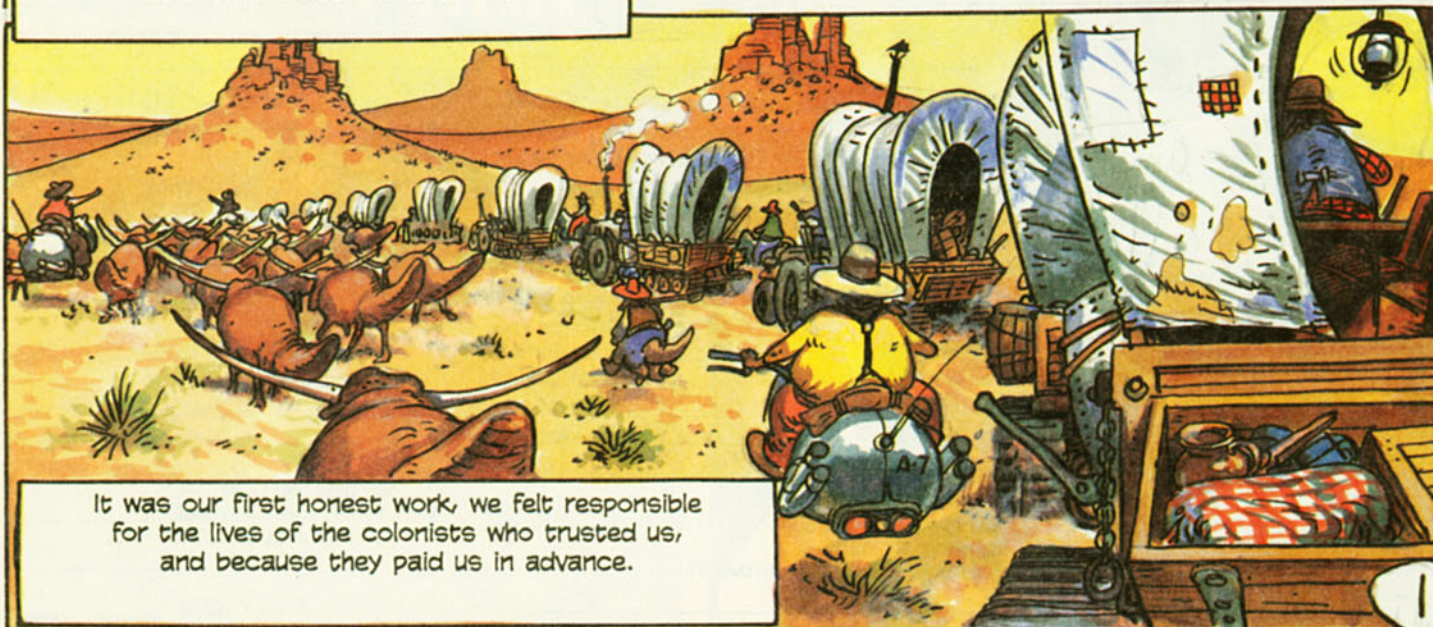
We'll die in this lousy desert...

And so, we decided to take to take refuge on a frontier planet, where we served as guides to a caravan of thirsty colonists who wanted to cross the desert...

It was our first honest work, we felt responsible for the lives of the colonists who trusted us, and because they paid us in advance.



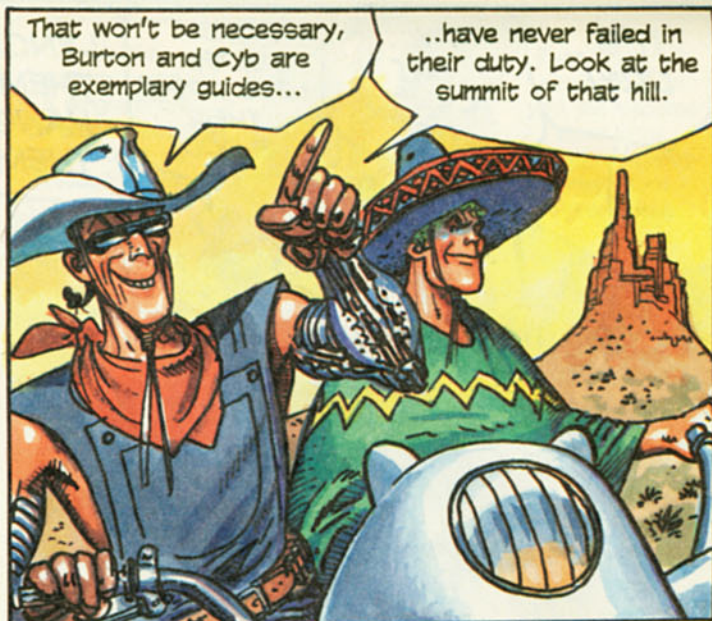
JOE
PILL
SEGURA





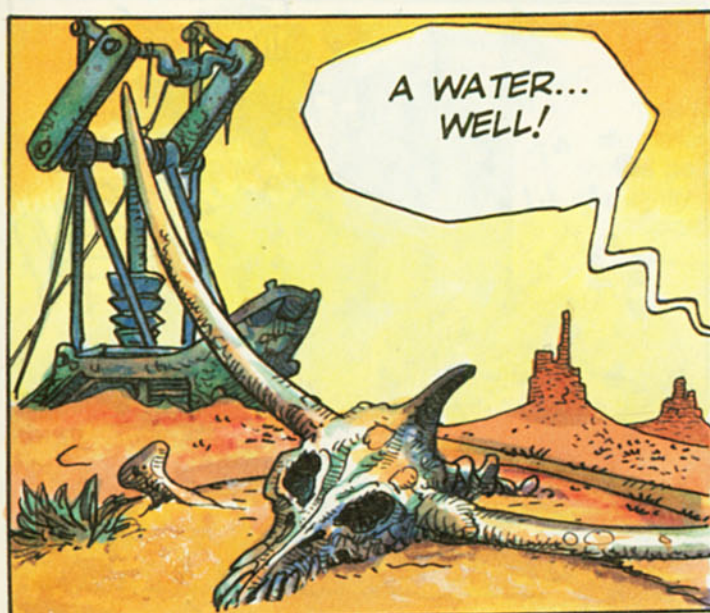
I don't want to be unpleasant, but the people in...

...the caravan will find up drinking your blood if you don't find a well soon.



That won't be necessary, Burton and Cyb are exemplary guides...

...have never failed in their duty. Look at the summit of that hill.



A WATER... WELL!



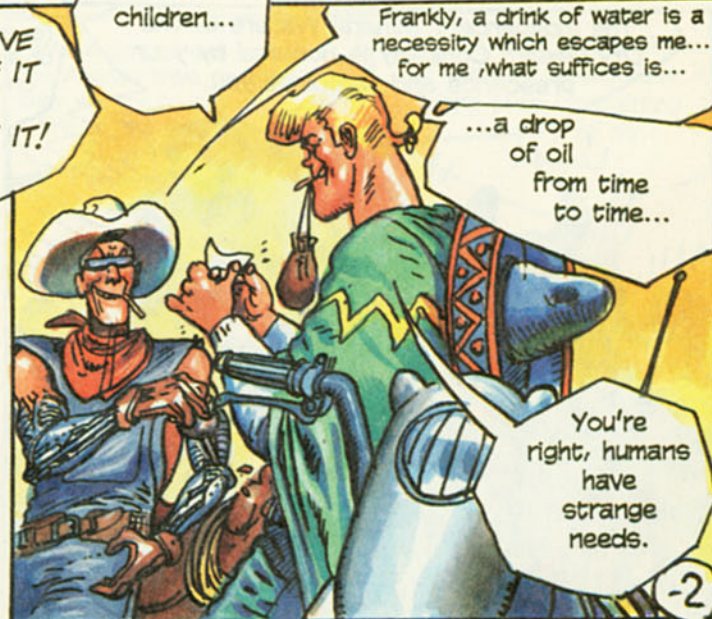
A DRINK!!



WATER!!

WE'RE SAVED!!

I'LL HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!

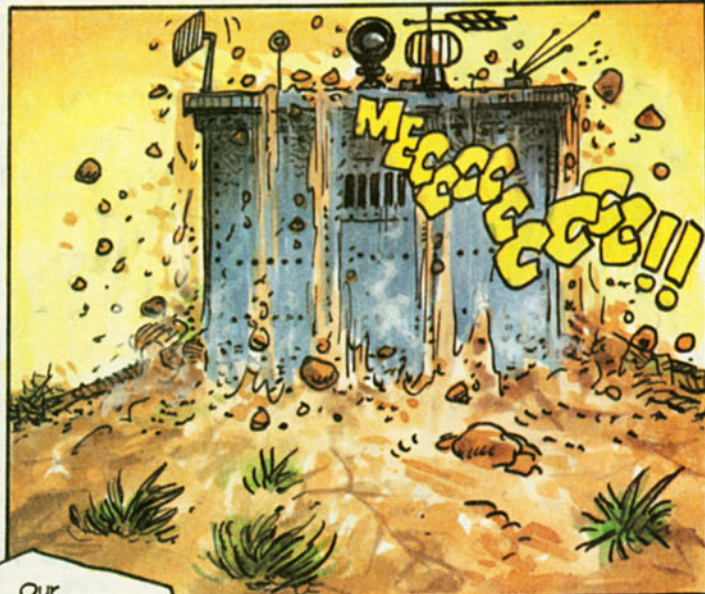
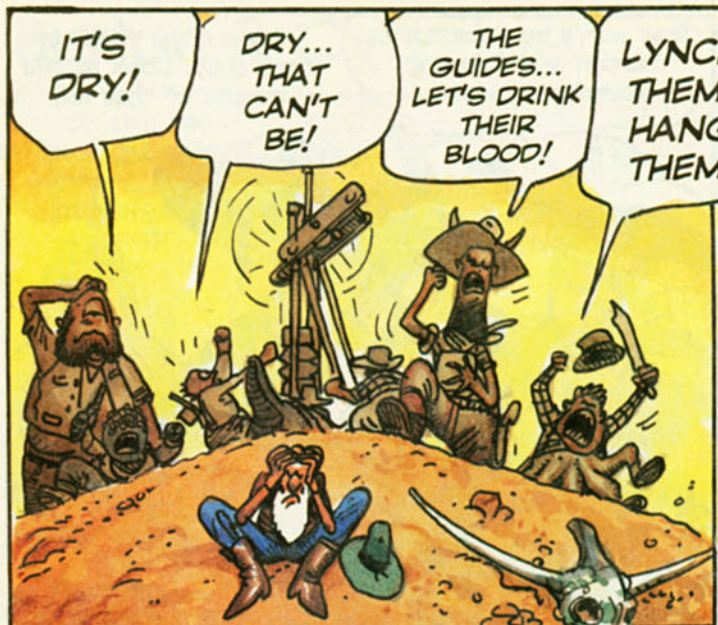


True children...

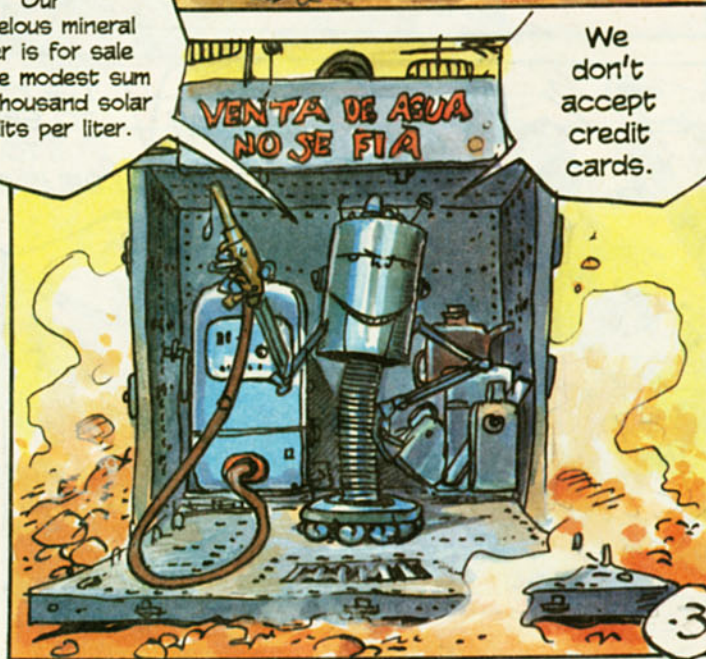
Frankly, a drink of water is a necessity which escapes me... for me, what suffices is...

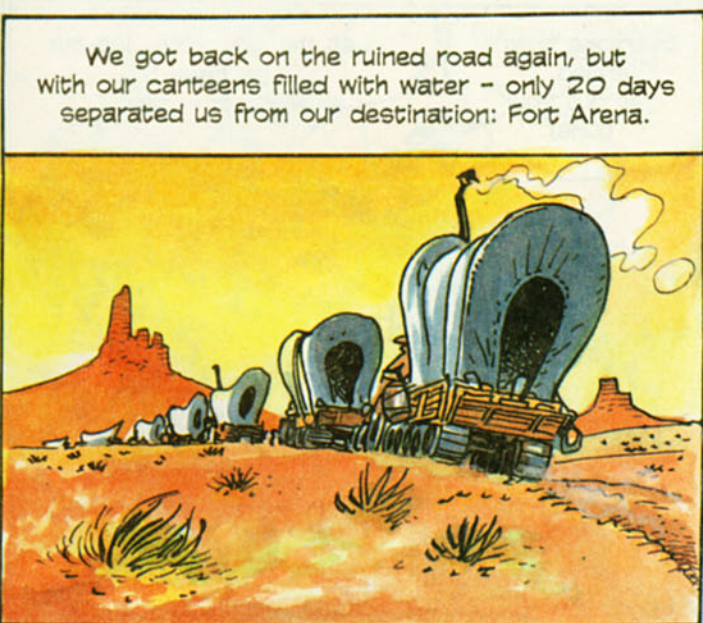
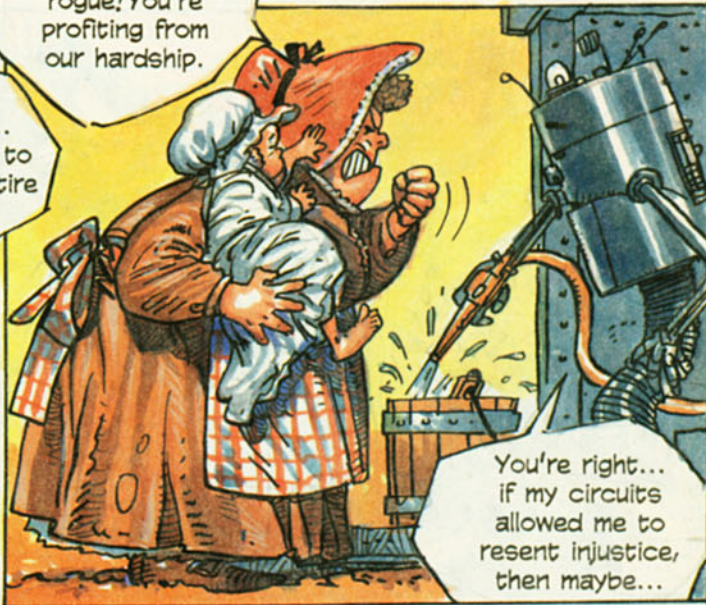
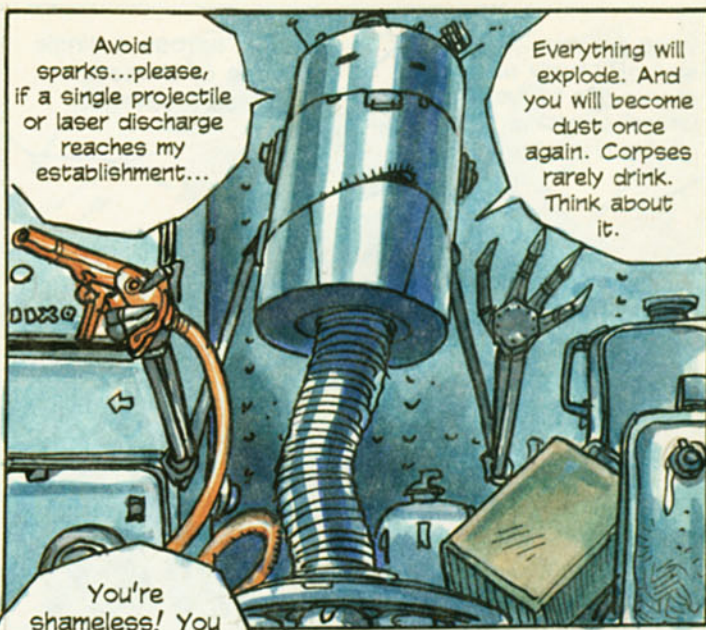
...a drop of oil from time to time...

You're right, humans have strange needs.



Our marvelous mineral water is for sale for the modest sum of a thousand solar credits per liter.



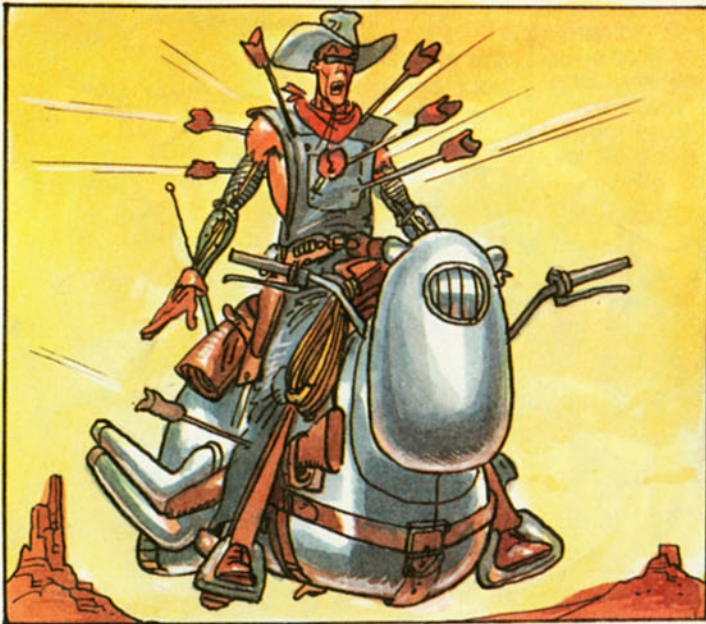


What are you saying? I really want my atomic rifle to rust, unless, sometime during this trip...

...we run across a single one of those desert savages.

What are you saying? I really want my atomic rifle to rust, unless, sometime during this trip...

...we run across a single one of those desert savages.



THE ARENAS! MAKE A CIRCLE AROUND THE WAGON!

Everyone that's armed...
get out your
guns!

Let me go, you...let me
at them!



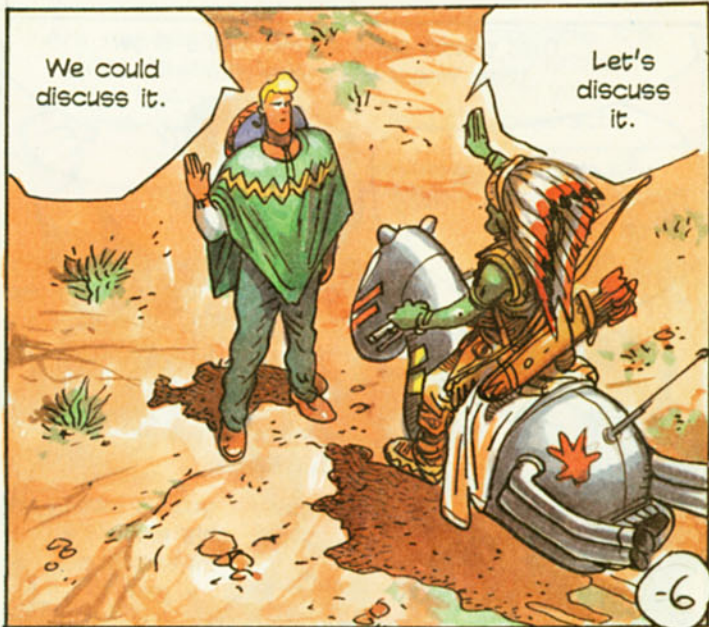
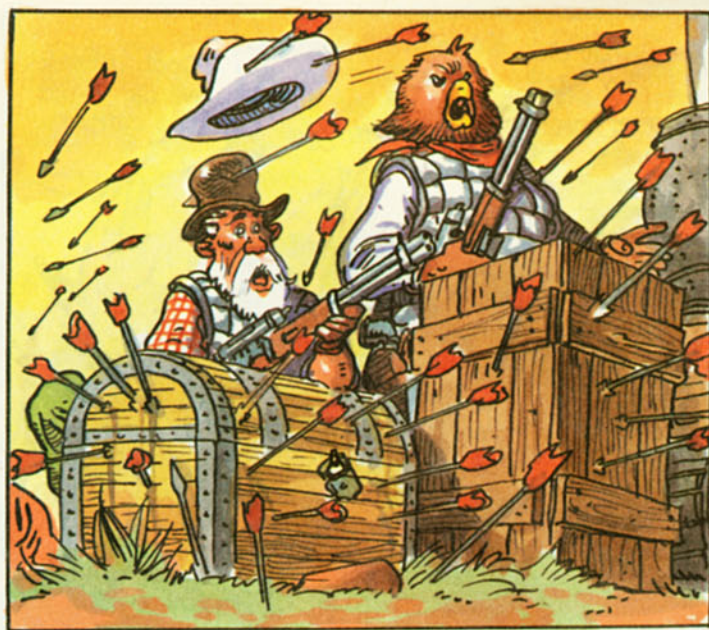
5

Everyone that's armed...
get out your
guns!

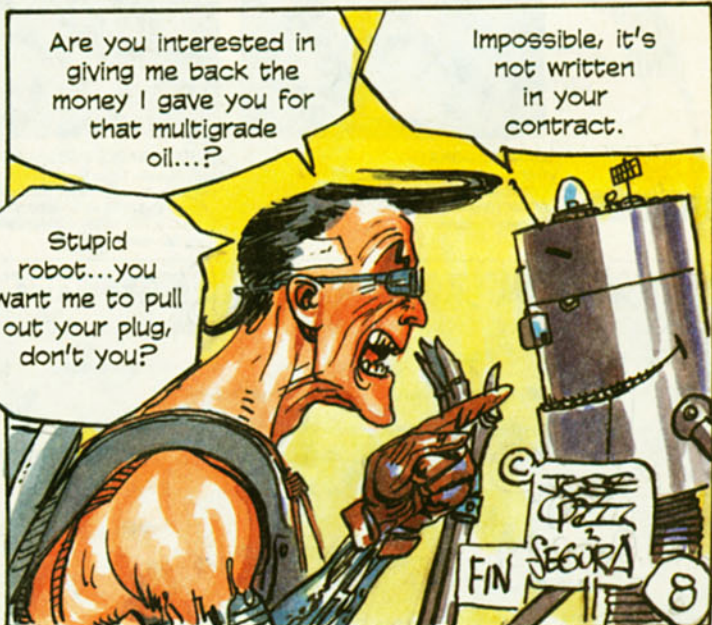
Let me go, you...let me
at them!



5







DEAR ENEMY

Won't you be done with your "falcon" soon?

I only have a few secondary circuits to connect! Don't be so nervous!

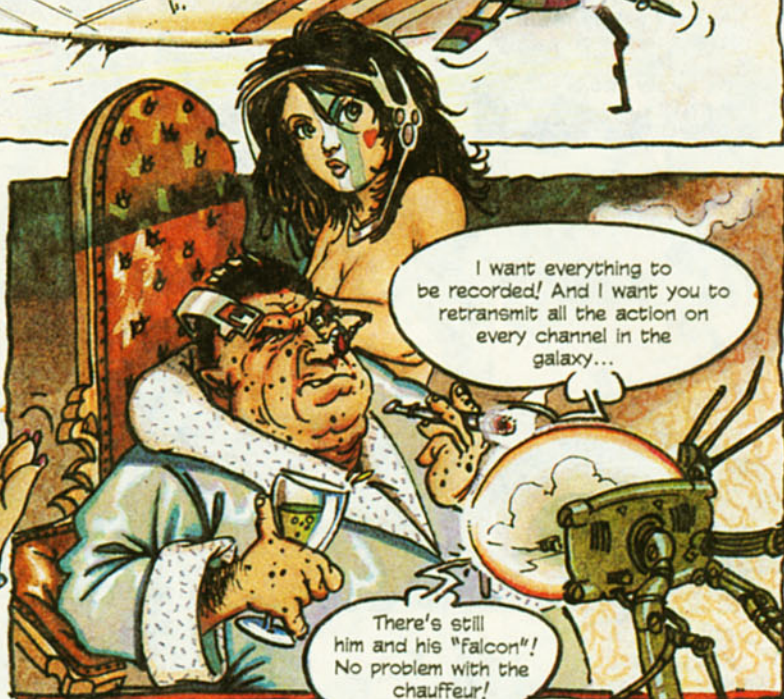
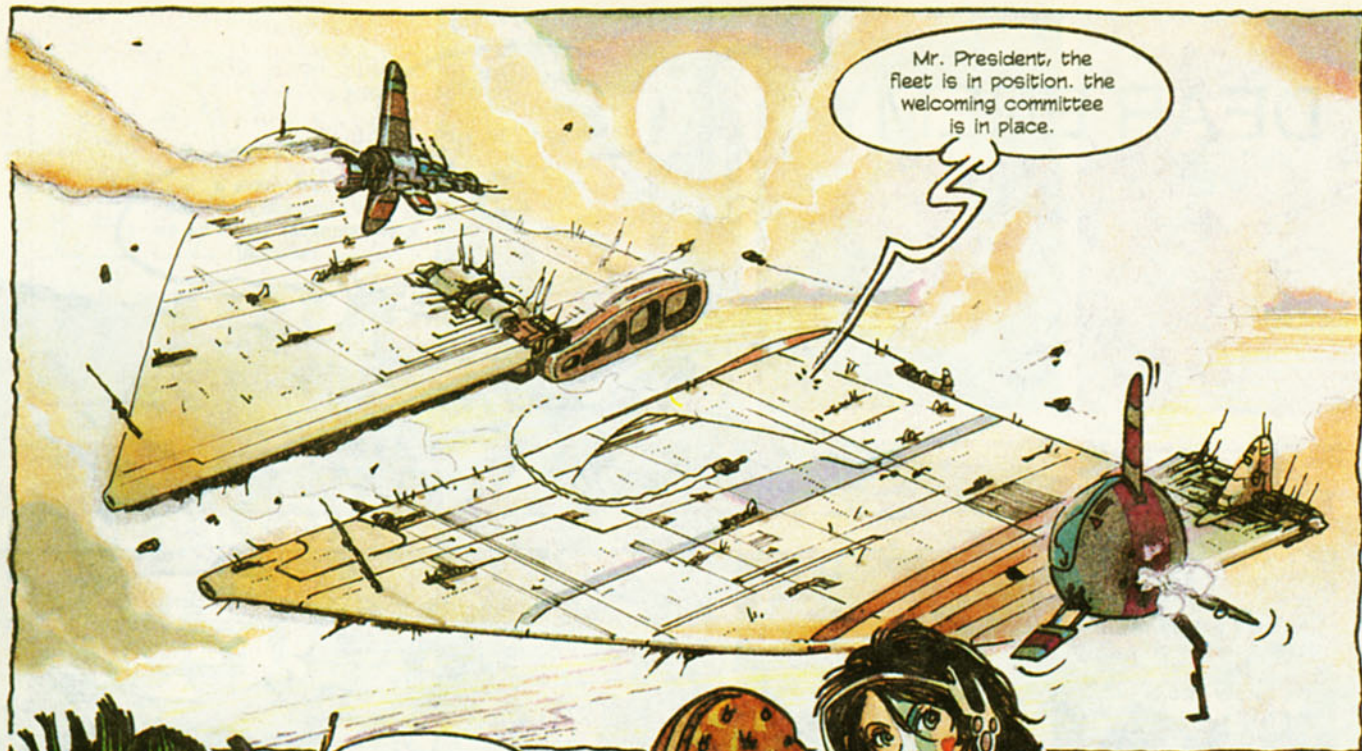
Look! Me, I'm cool. I'm just a bit scared of messing up the only thing I'm totally into...

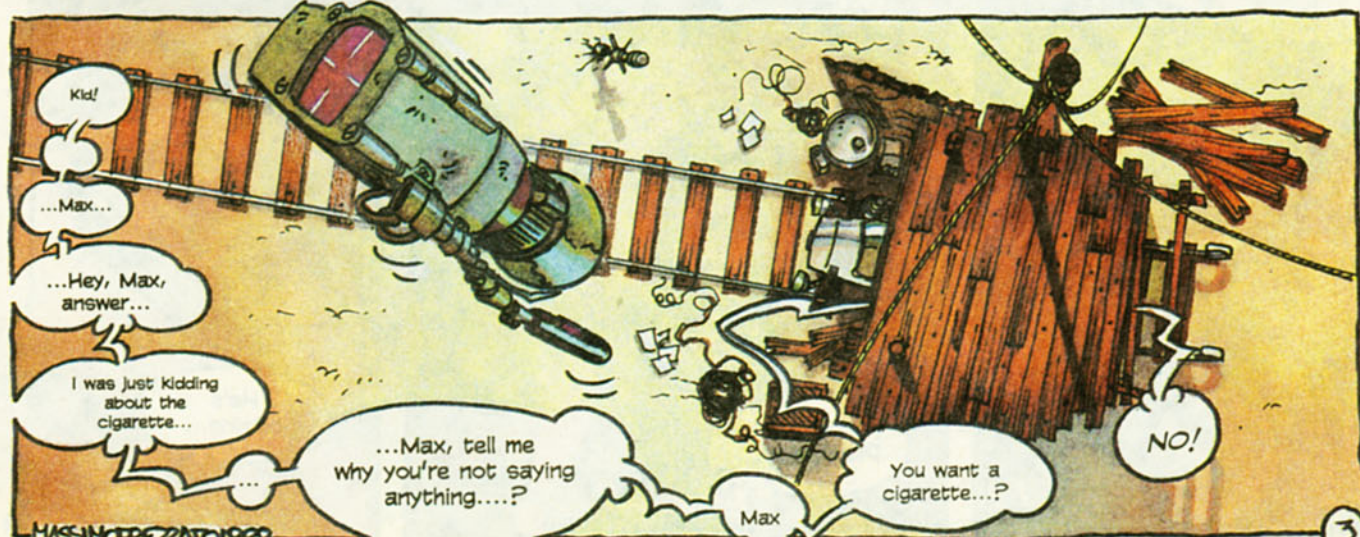
This thing, I could give it life or death. As for you, I just have to deal with it.

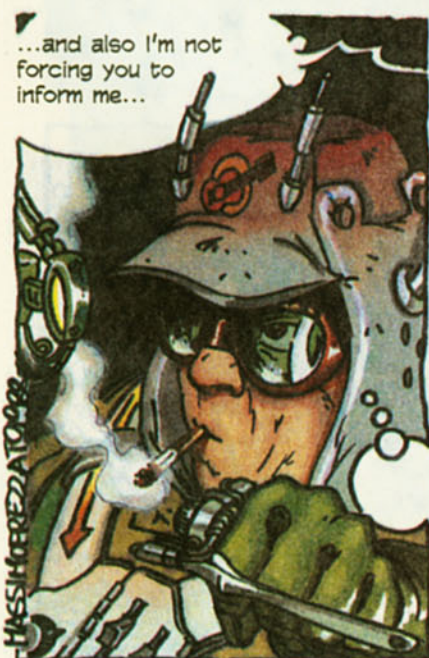
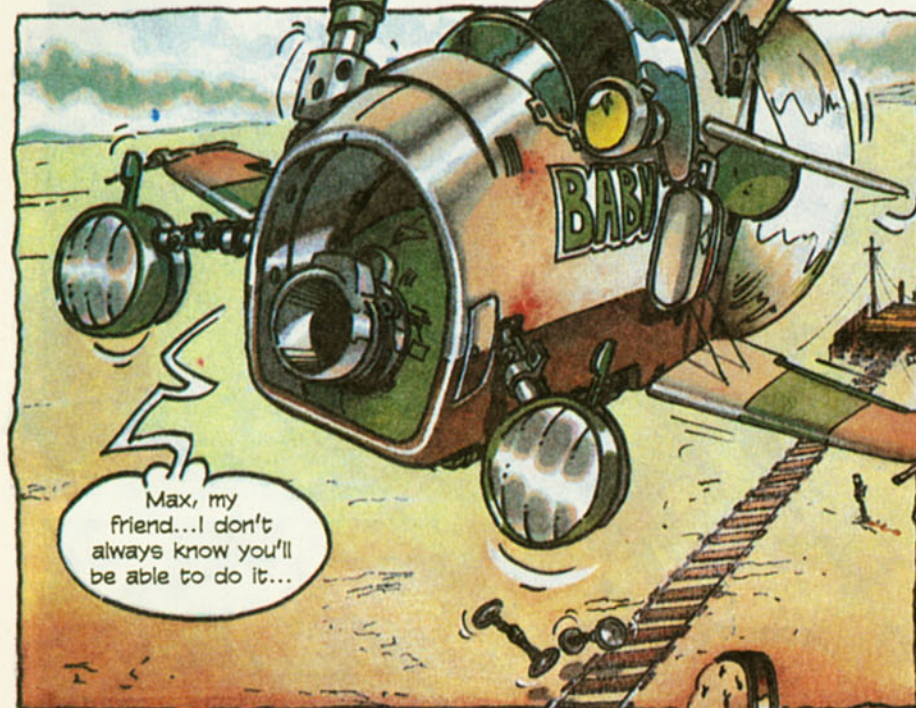
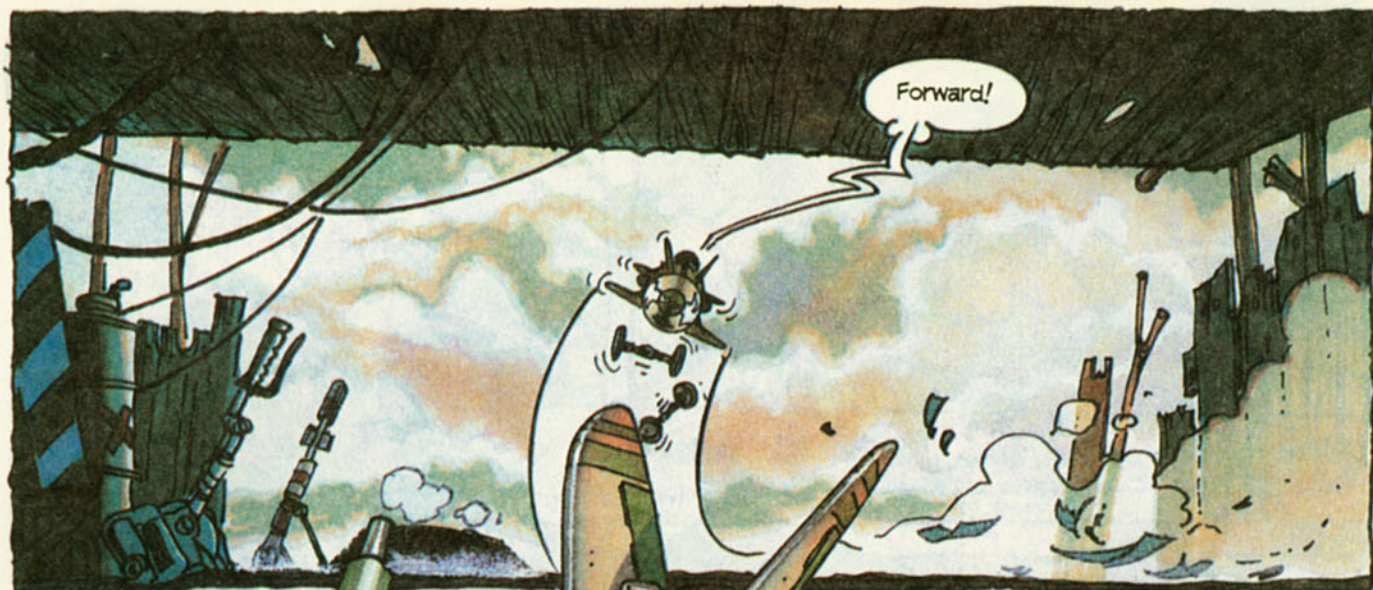
I don't understand, how can you be so sarcastic..

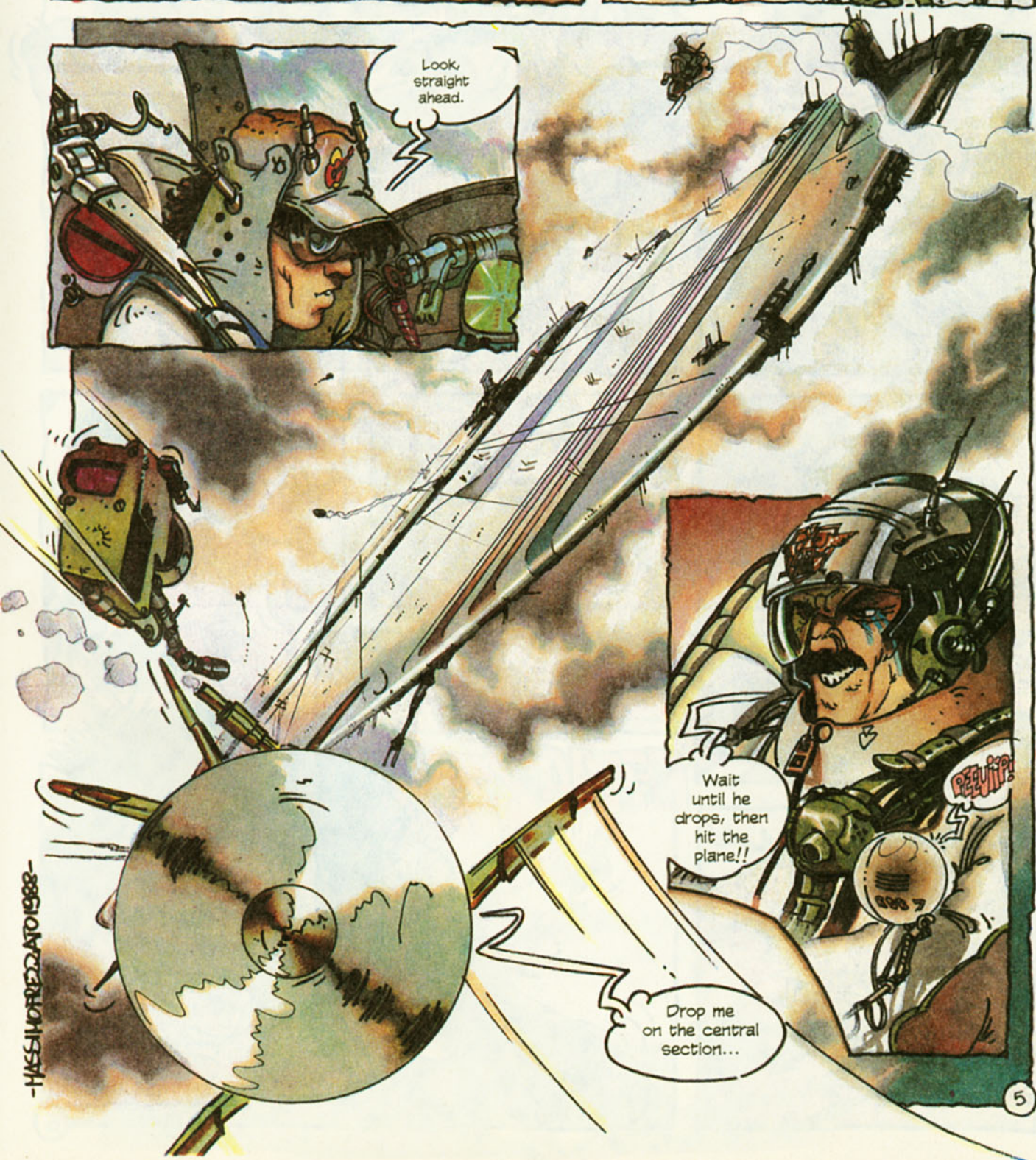
Kid, you're playing big games. Me, I risk nothing. I drive your taxi and I let you out wherever you want...no problem.

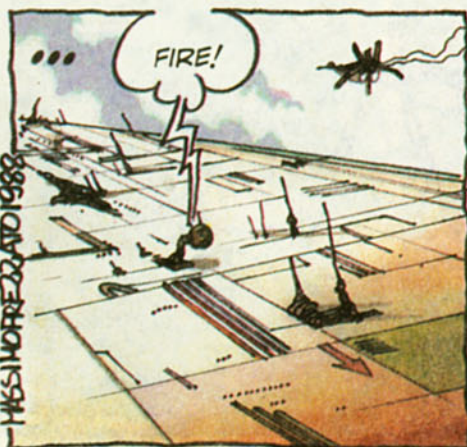
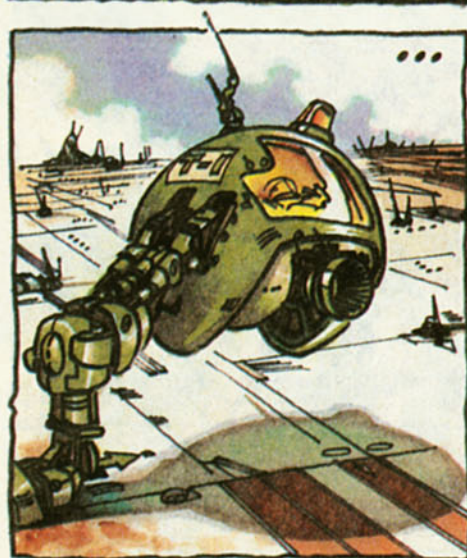
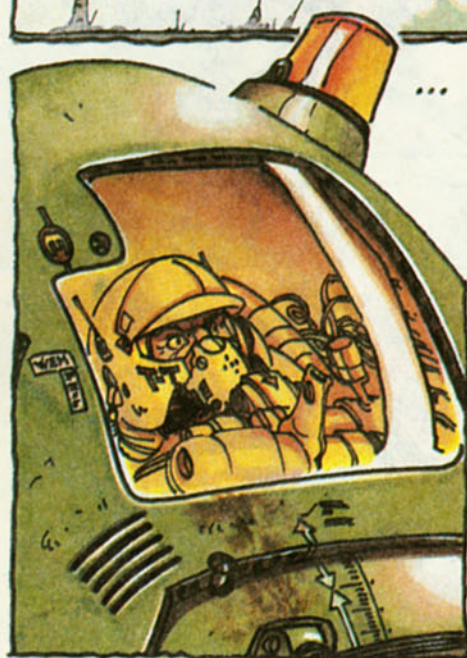
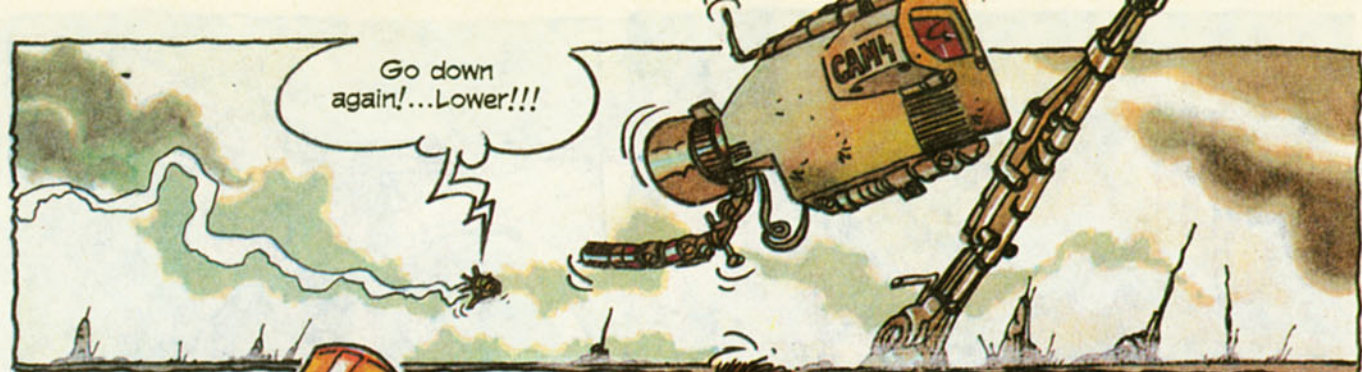
After that, it's all up to you.

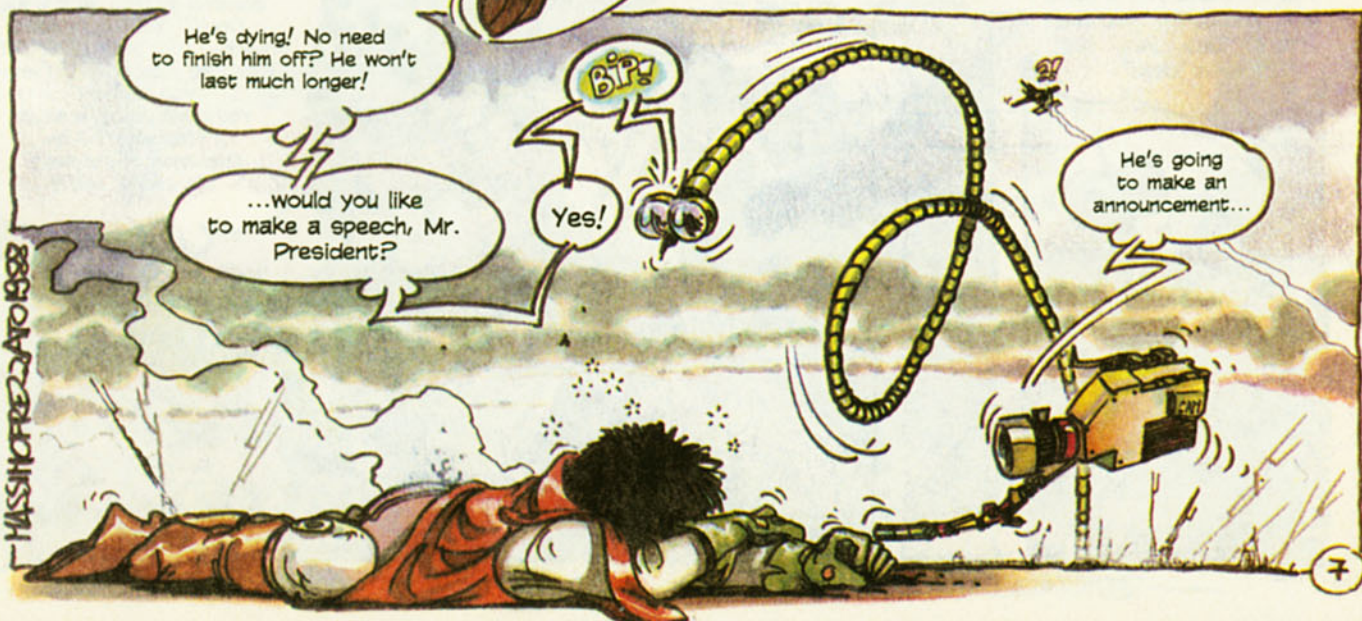
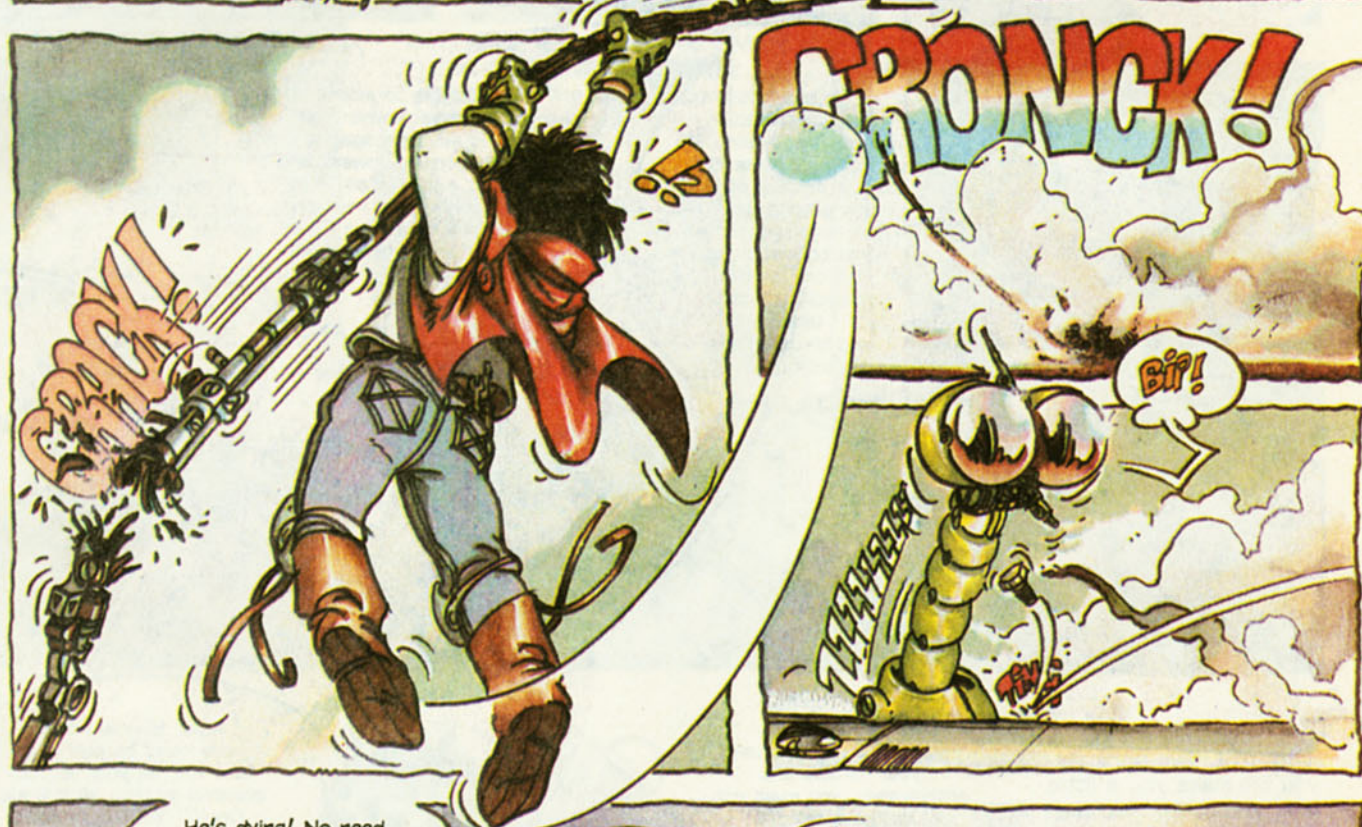
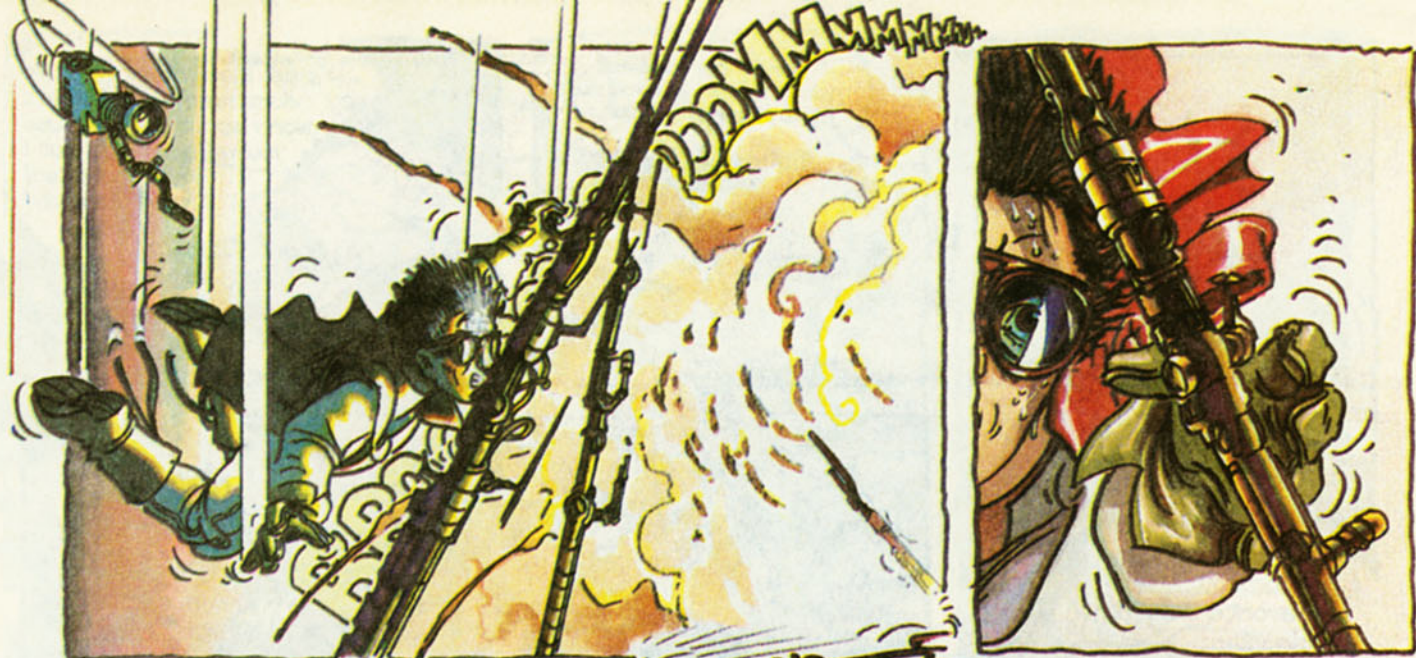


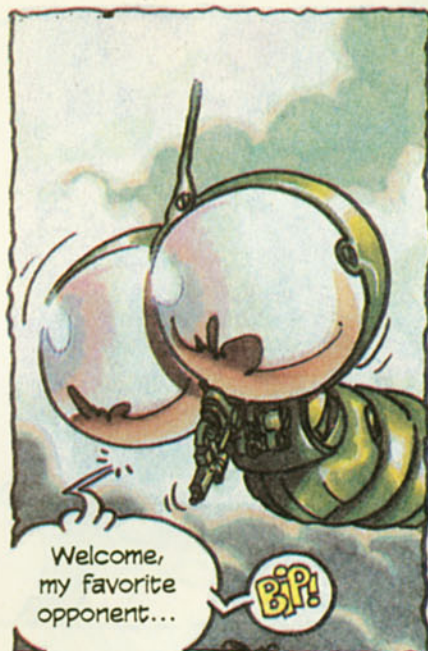












Welcome,
my favorite
opponent...

BIP!



Pardon the somewhat
rude reception! But you must
understand my position...!

BIP!

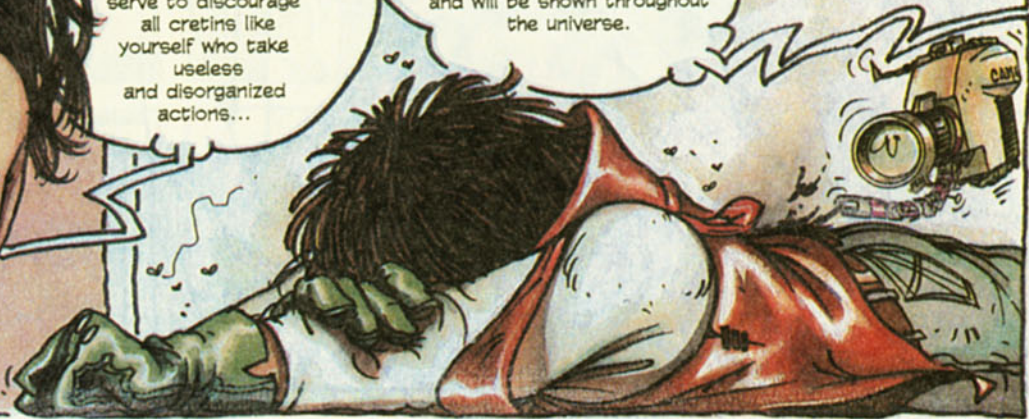


I think I know what must be
done now! You shouldn't
worry about that because
you will soon die, but I
know, so listen!
Listen carefully!



Your death,
rest assured,
will not be in vain...It
will serve to make clear
to the peoples of the
galaxy, so that they will
know my power...It will
serve to discourage
all cretins like
yourself who take
useless
and disorganized
actions...

Why struggle to mount
a guerilla attack when you
have lost in advance against an
unjust and corrupt power...and
I AM unjust and corrupt. And I
assume...to reassure you...that
your exploits have been filmed
and will be shown throughout
the universe.



I dare to hope
that all I have done for
you will make you a little
less vindictive...you died
for an idea...yes...but
what idea?



Don't torment
yourself! It is I who used
your naivete and
enthusiasm...you must not
regret a thing!



UH! UH! UH!
UH! UH! UH!
UH! UH!

After all, you would
have loved to spit in my
face with all your utopias
created by that idiot Baba
Cool!!! You would have
preached your justice! SNORT!
Freedom! How boring! I know
you too well.
You think you're a saint,
a proponent of the
liberation of peoples!!
It's sad to die!!!

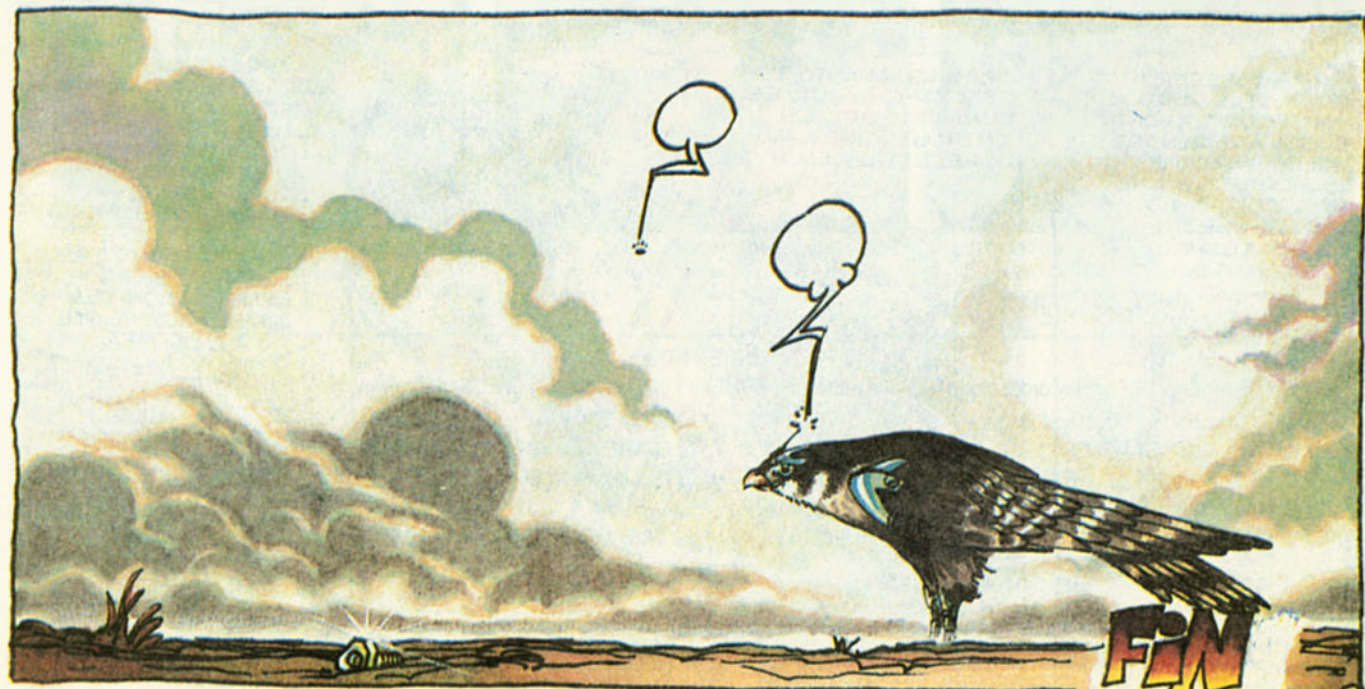
Goodbye, my dear enemy! And thanks
for all you've done, so brilliantly, YOUR
LIFE for MY IDEAS and MY POWER!!!
My infinite thanks!!

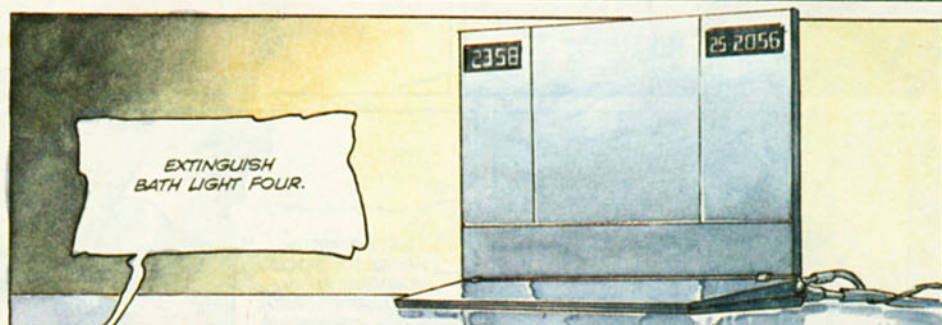
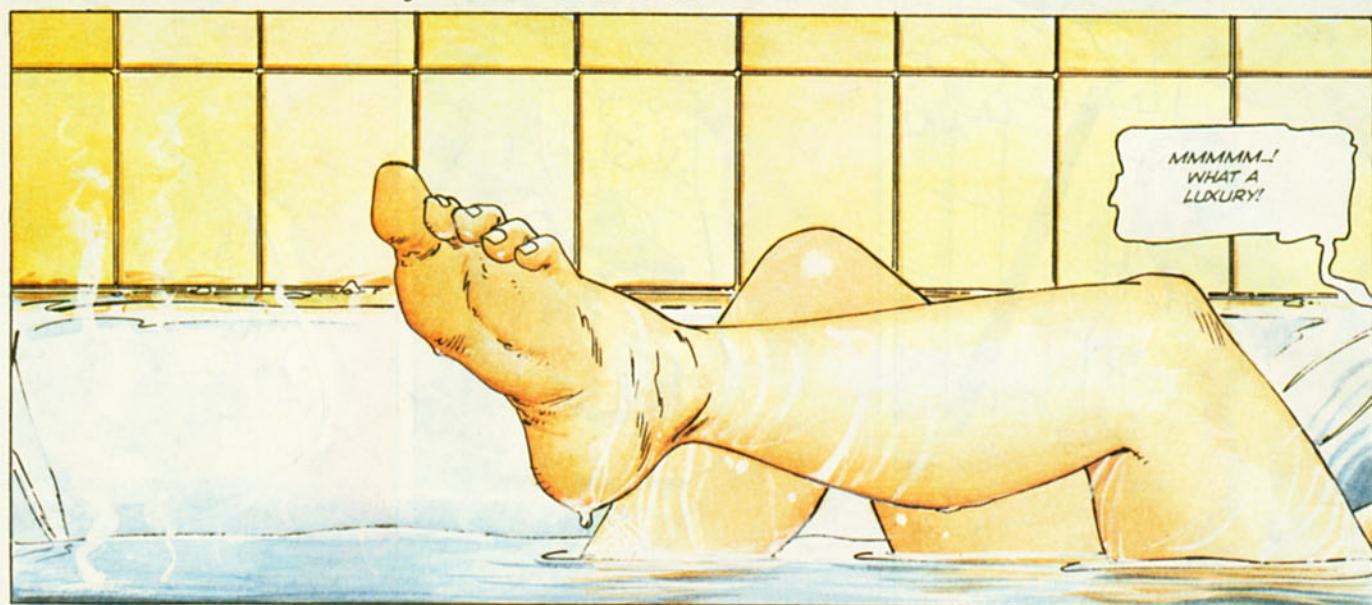


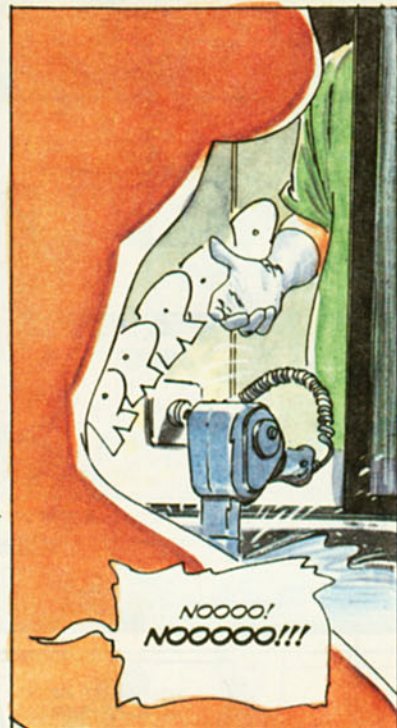
Mr. President! Nothing
was recorded!!! A completely
unforeseen event occurred... When
he fell, the brat broke the
antennae of the video recorder...
It's all wasted...

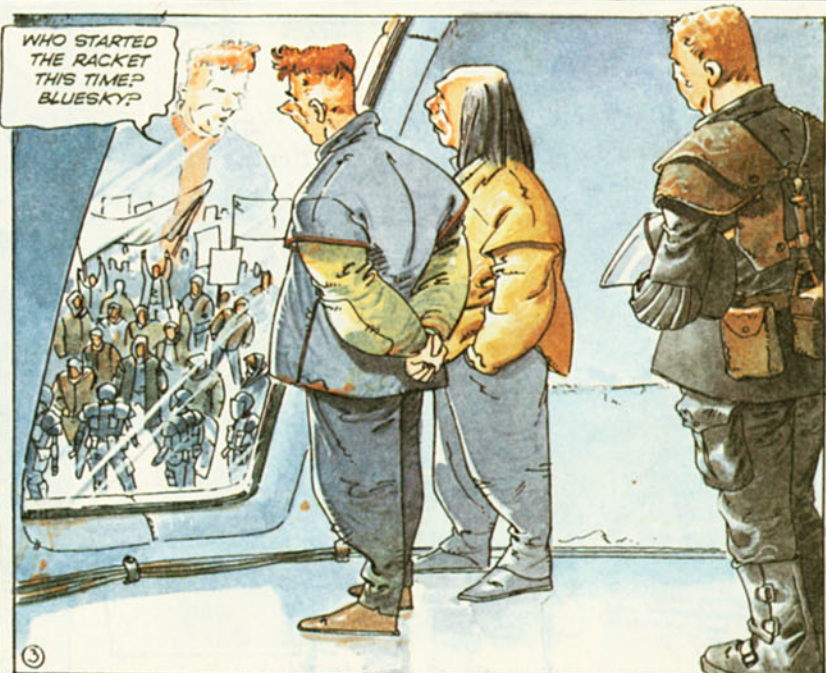
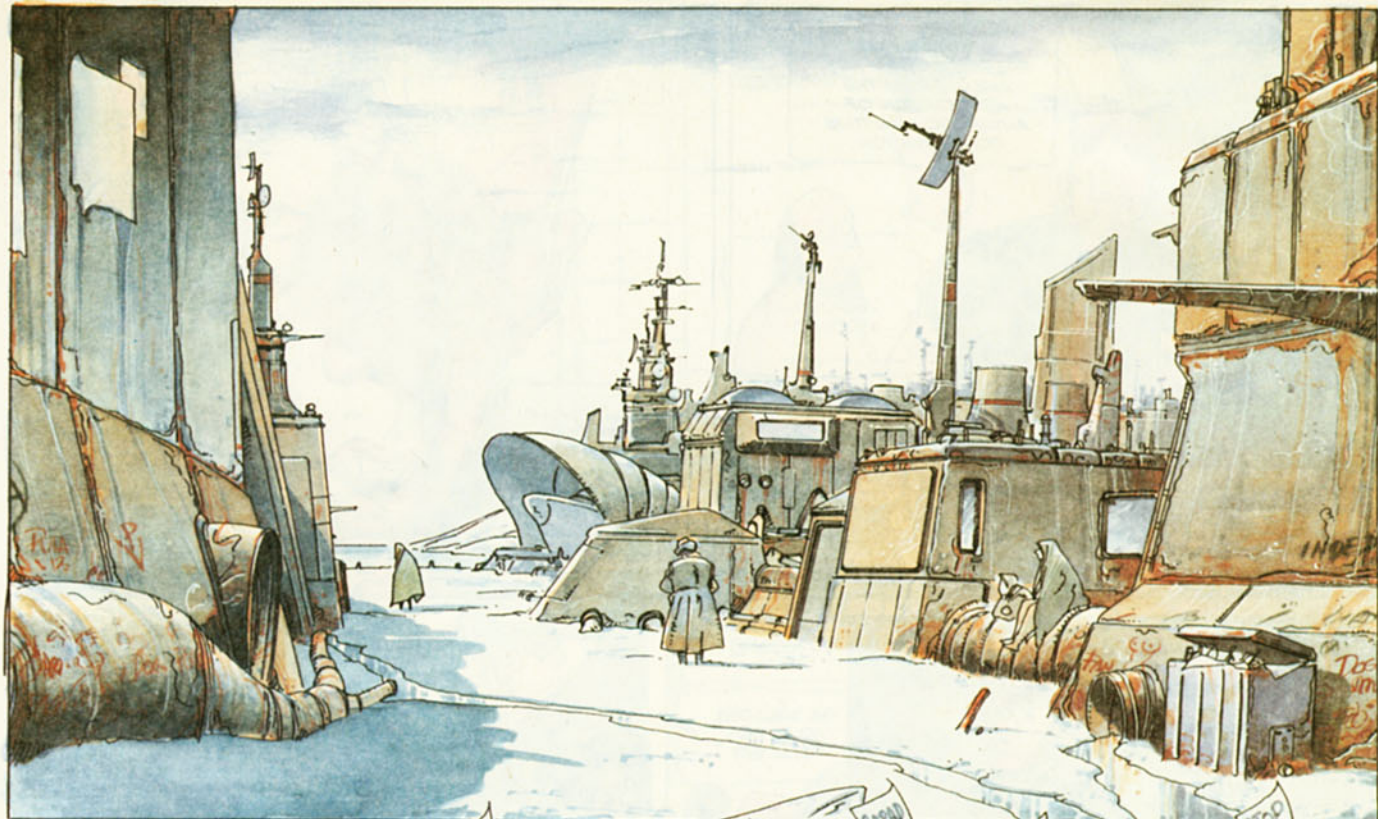
...MONSIEUR
LE PRÉSIDENT!!
...MONSIEUR...

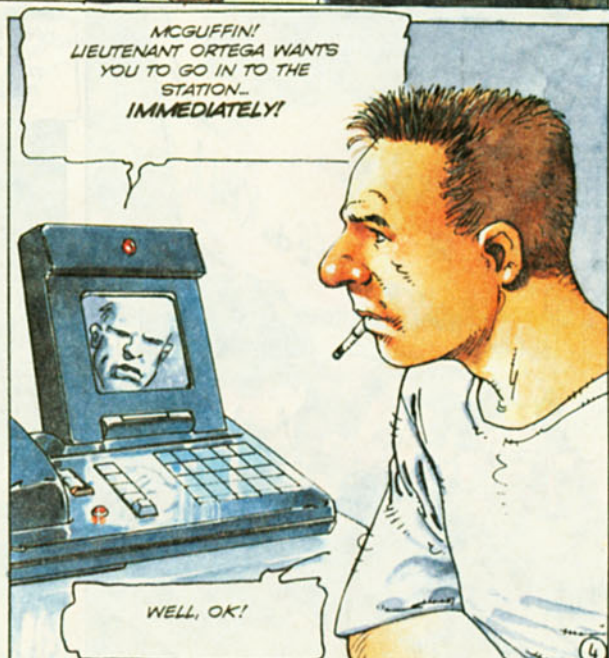
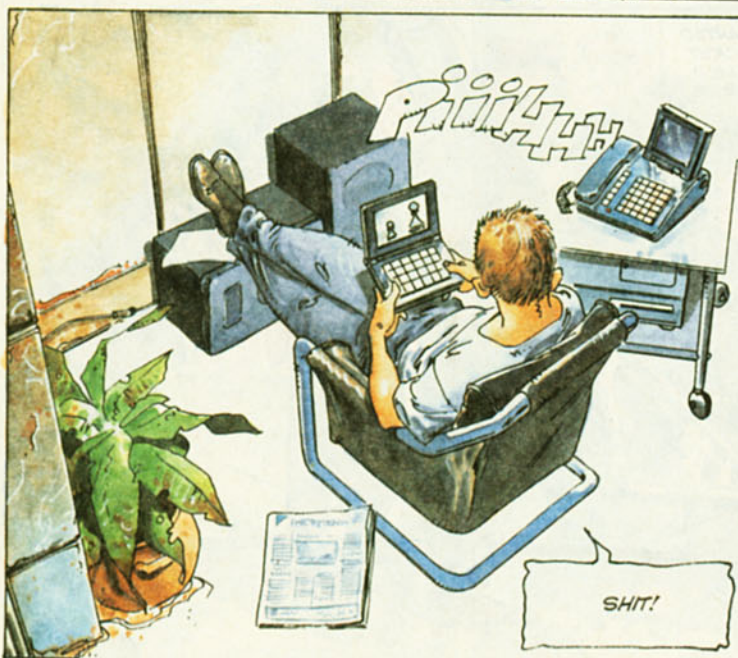
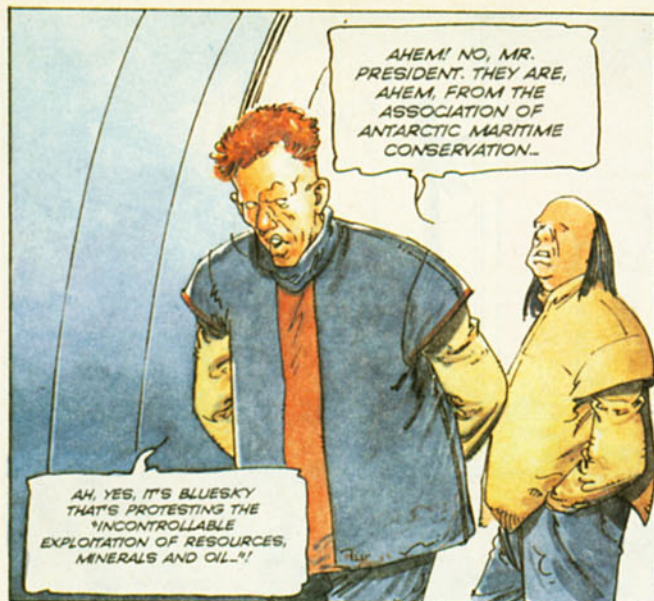
I'm sorry...

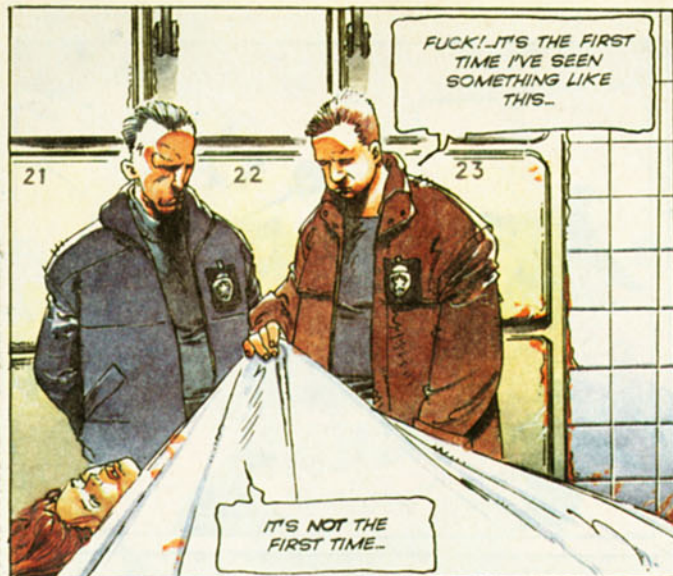


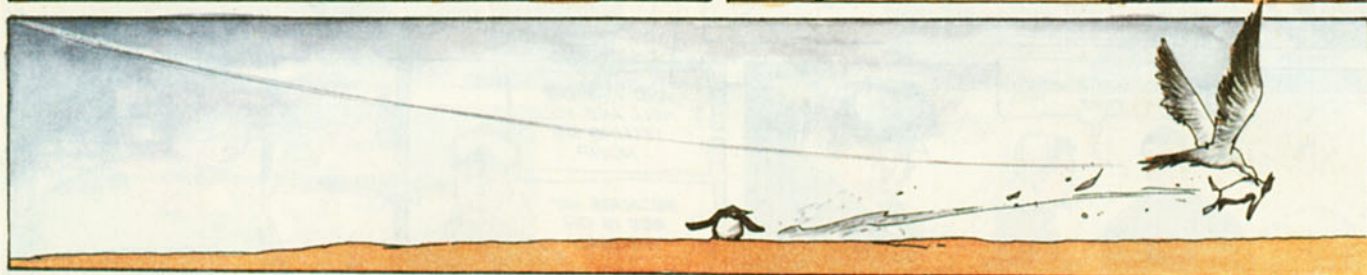




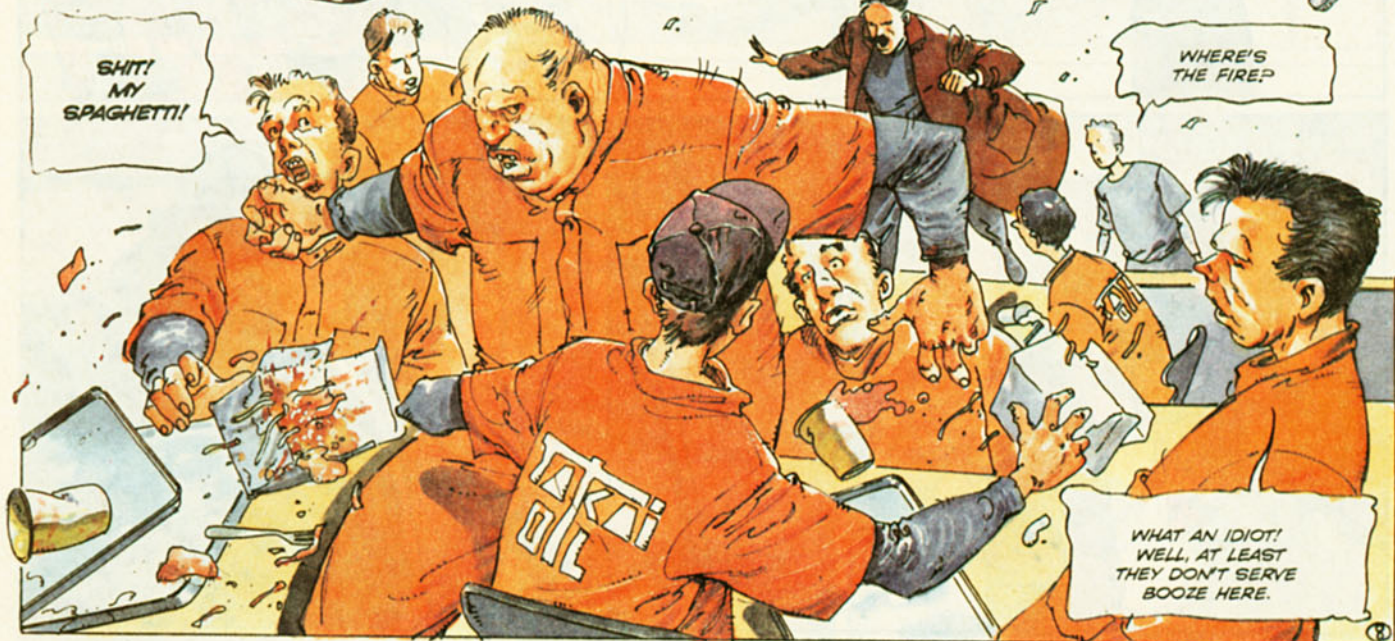
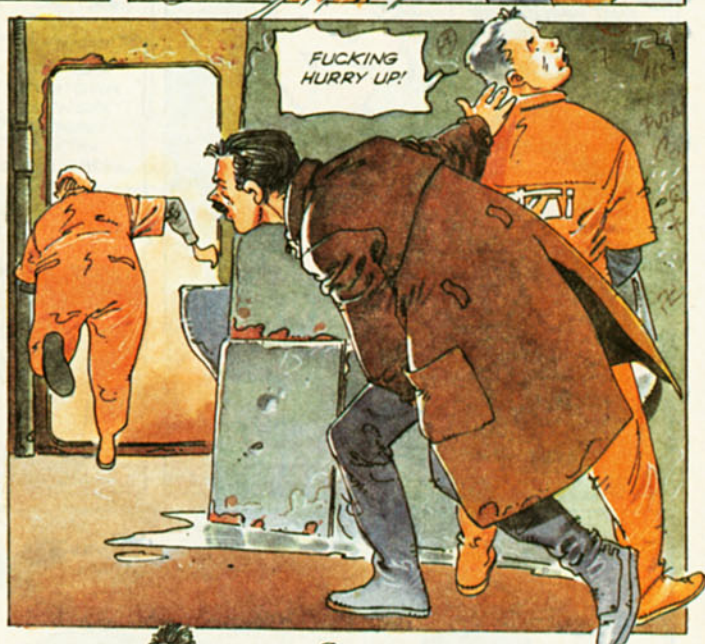


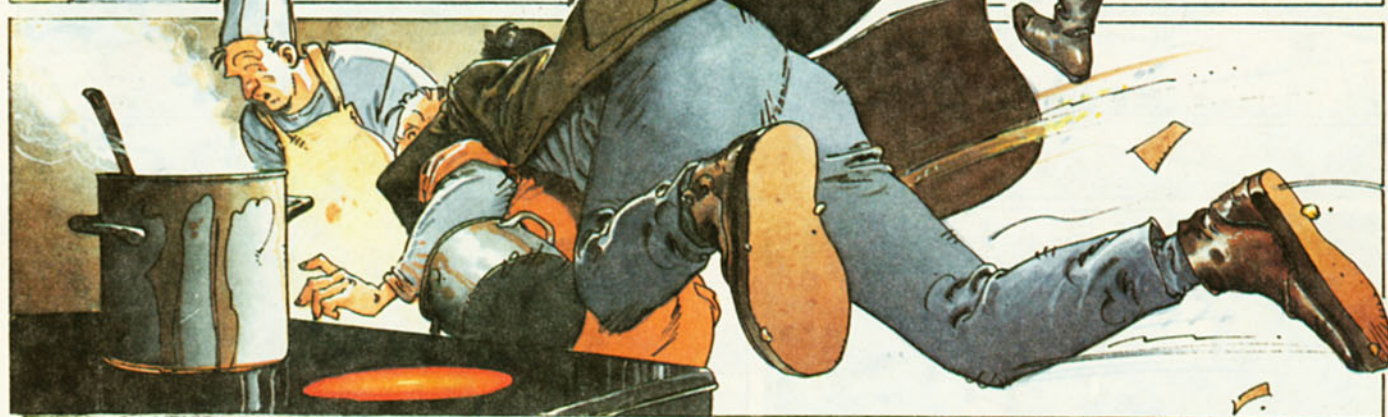
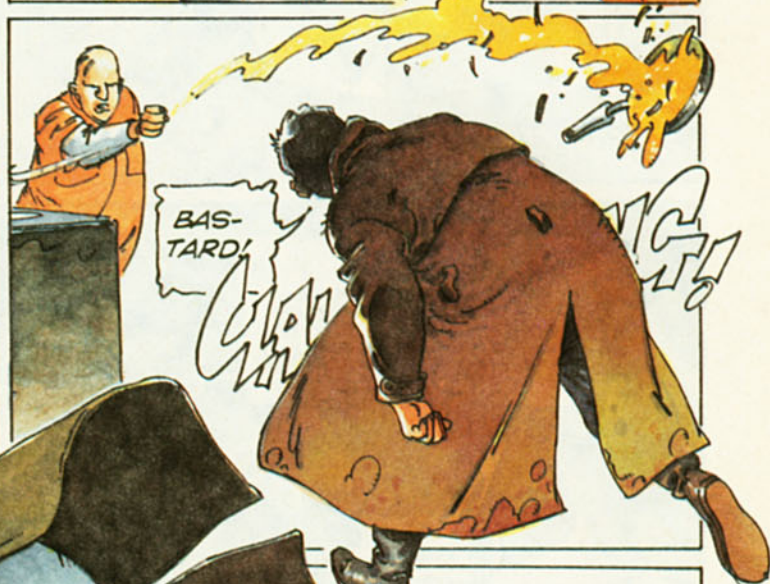
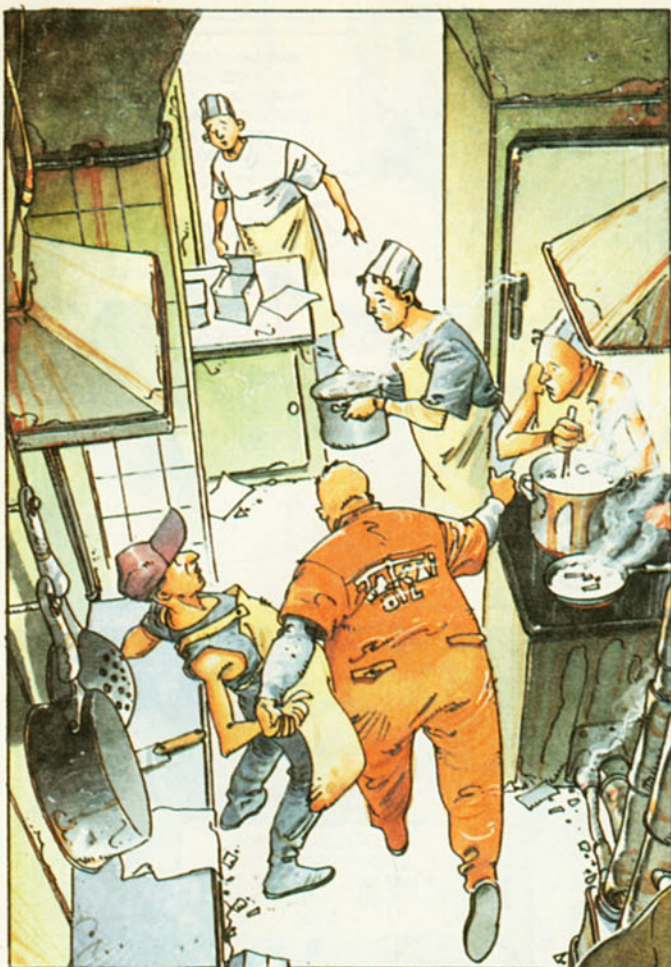


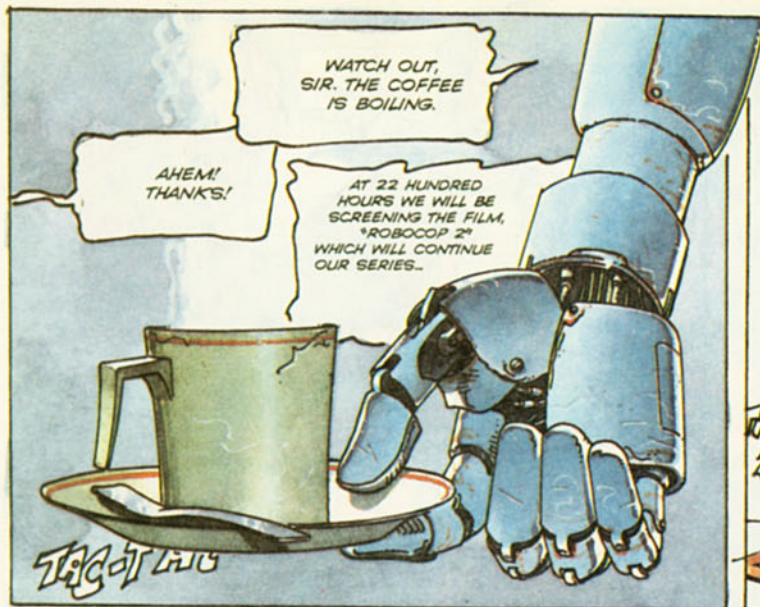












WATCH OUT,
SIR. THE COFFEE
IS BOILING.

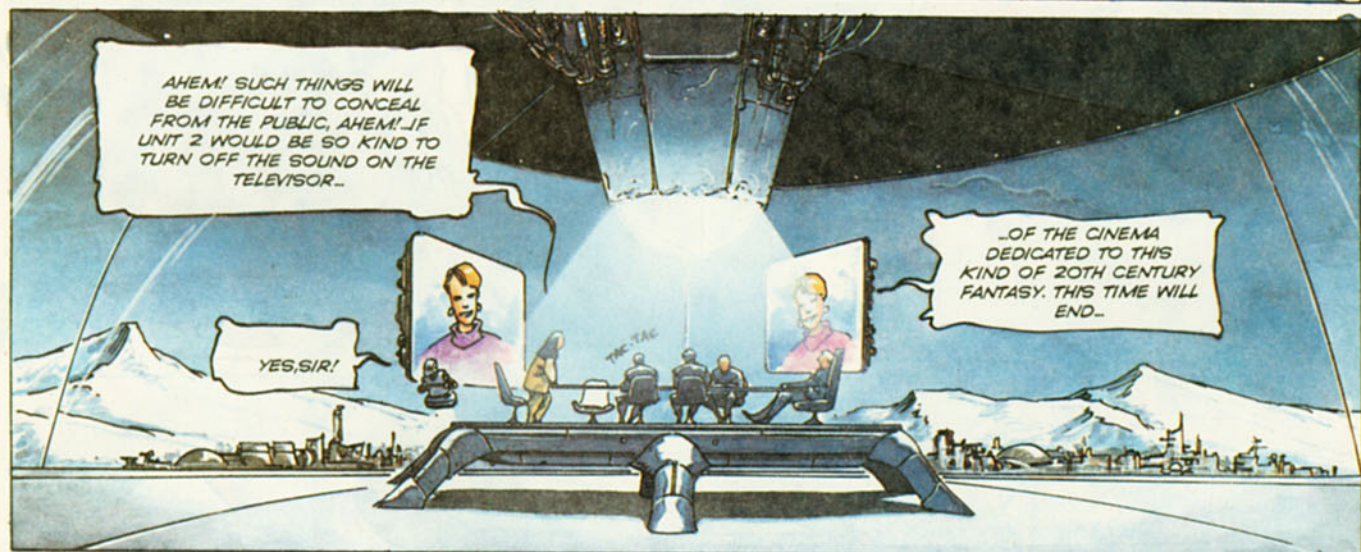
AHEM!
THANKS!

AT 22 HUNDRED
HOURS WE WILL BE
SCREENING THE FILM,
"ROBOCOP 2",
WHICH WILL CONTINUE
OUR SERIES...



AHEM! ILLEGAL DRUG
TRAFFIC, ECOLOGICAL
TERRORISM, POLITICAL
CORRUPTION AND NOW
THIS SADISTIC
BUSINESS.

TAG
TAG-TAG



AHEM! SUCH THINGS WILL
BE DIFFICULT TO CONCEAL
FROM THE PUBLIC, AHEM! IF
UNIT 2 WOULD BE SO KIND TO
TURN OFF THE SOUND ON THE
TELEVISOR...

YES, SIR!

...OF THE CINEMA
DEDICATED TO THIS
KIND OF 20TH CENTURY
FANTASY. THIS TIME WILL
END...



AHEM! AND IF MR.
MCGUFFIN WOULD
PLEASE BE
QUIET...

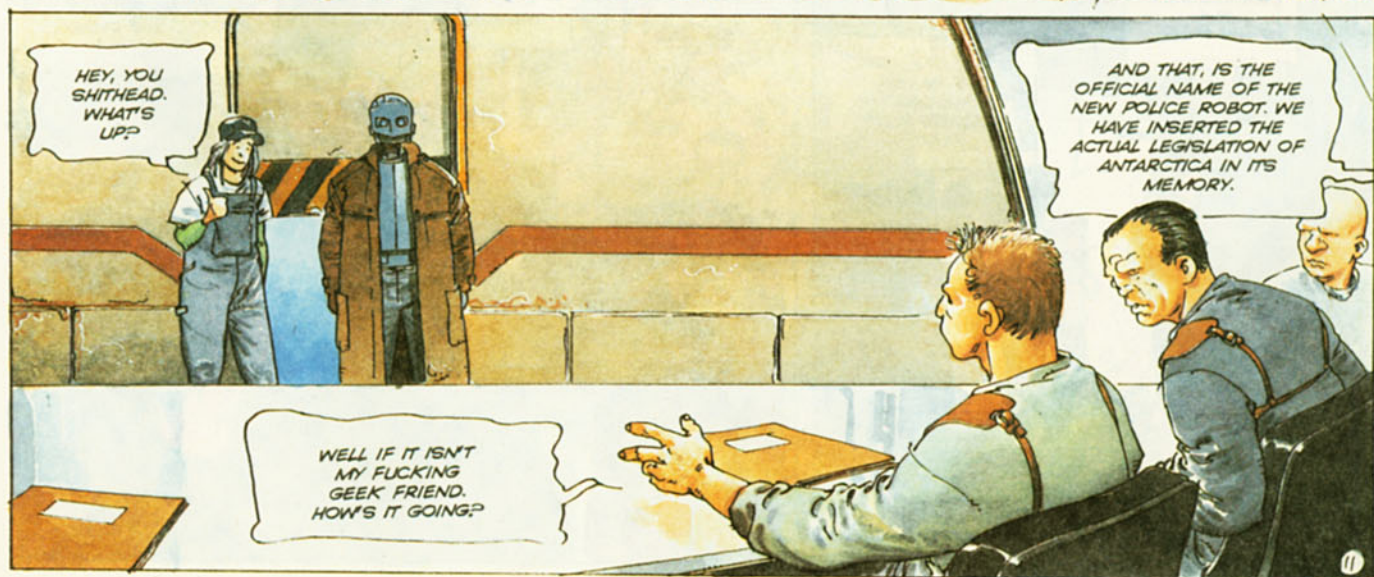
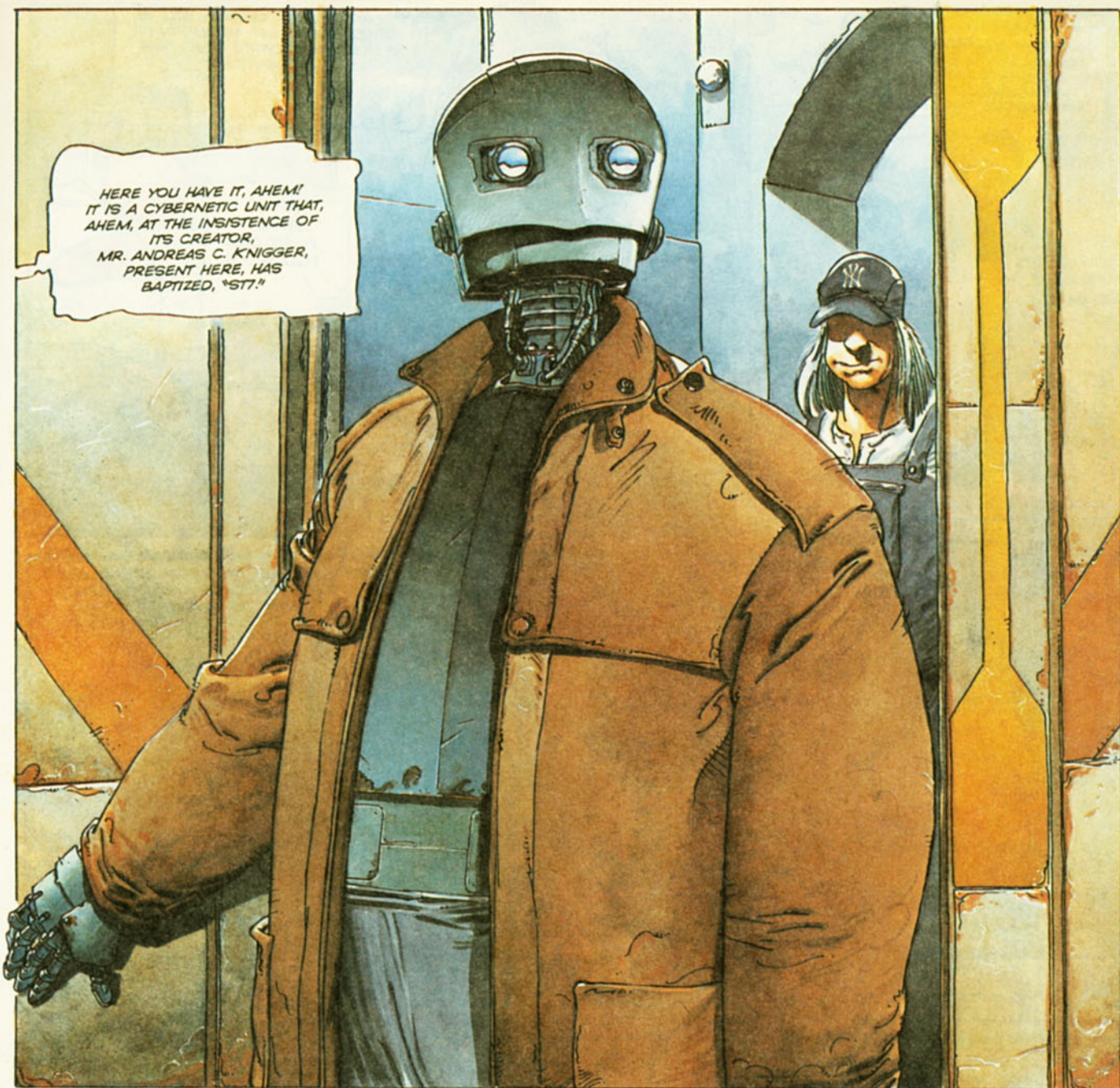
ER...SORRY!



THANKS. AHEM! FINE, I
WAS SAYING THAT
BEFORE THINGS GET
OUT OF OUR CONTROL
AND CERTAIN, AHEM,
DESTABILIZING
ELEMENTS OF
PARLIAMENT BEGIN TO
ACT UP...



WE HAVE
DECIDED, THUS
WE ARE MEETING
TO PUT INTO
ACTION AN
EXPERIMENT THAT
HAS HAD RESULTS
IN OTHER
COUNTRIES...







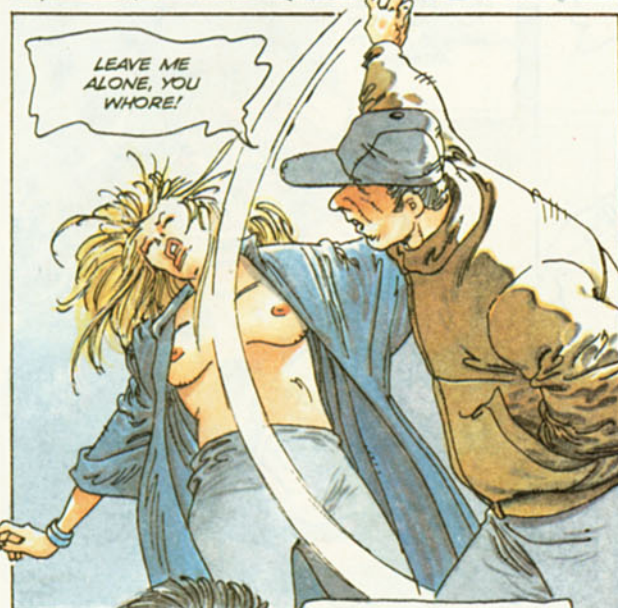
I'M SORRY TIAN.
I'M NOT IN THE
MOOD.



HEY, YOU, IT'S NOT
MY FAULT THAT
YOU COULDN'T GET
IT UP! FUCK ME,
YOU RAT!



YOUR BEST "CLIENT"
SCREWED ME WITH
THAT OLD STORY, YOU
KNOW?



LEAVE ME
ALONE, YOU
WHORE!



PIG!



FUCK
HER!-!
NOW!



I THOUGHT THAT YOU
AND I WEREN'T
GOING TO TALK
ABOUT MY WORK!
I'M NOT HERE AS A
WHORE, REMEMBER!

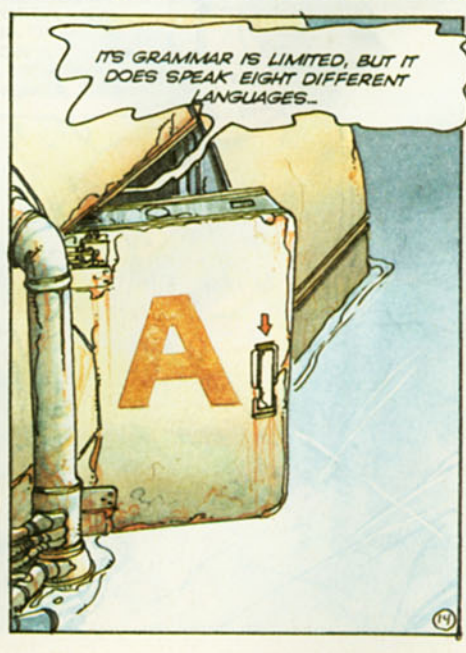
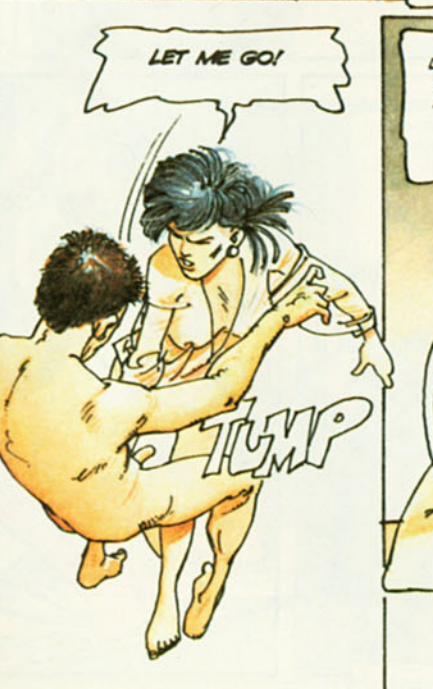
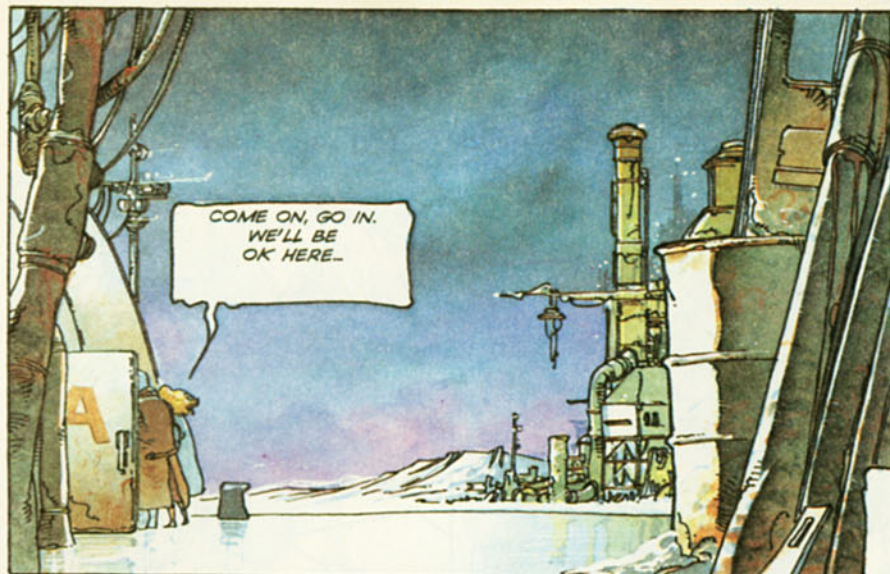


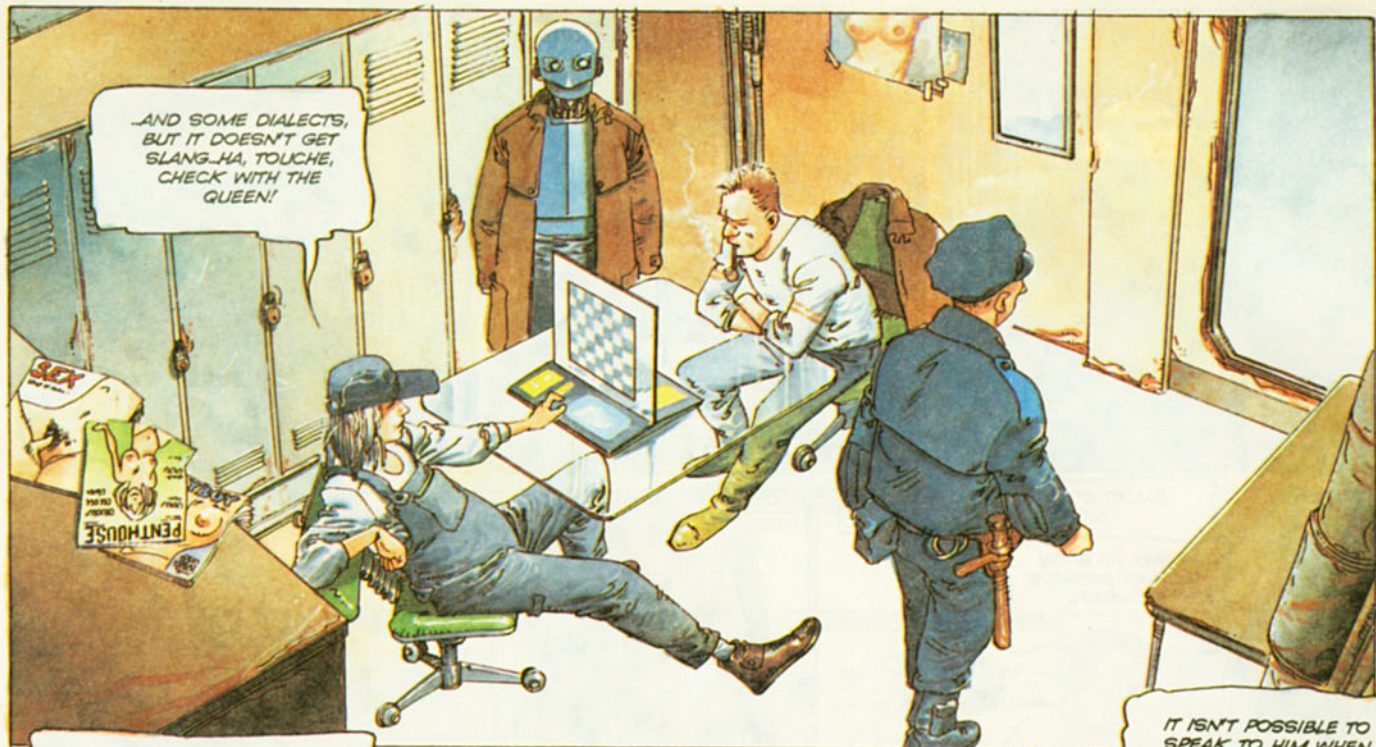
HEY, YOU CERTAINLY
ARE WELL-DRESSED.
COME ON, LET ME DO
YOU A FAVOR.



SOMETIMES YOU MAKE
ME FEEL LIKE SHIT, YOU
BASTARD!

HEY,
MY
PIPES!



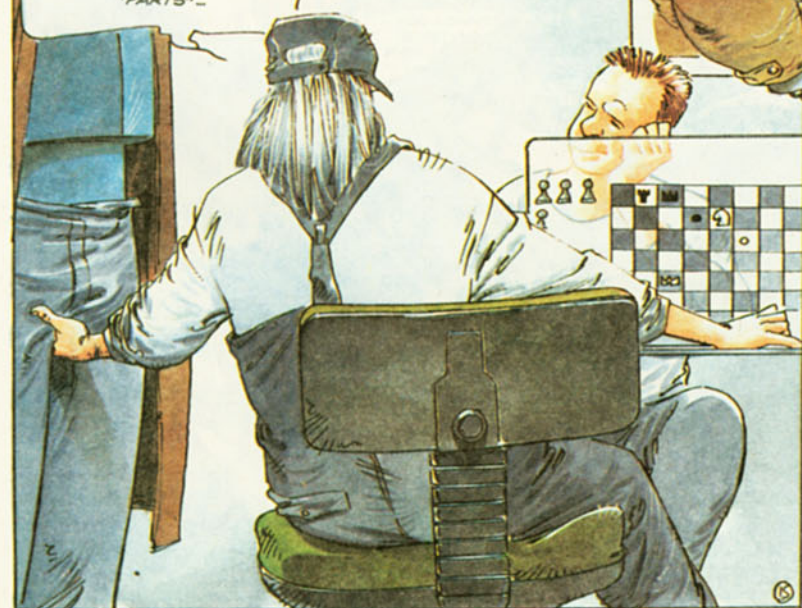


...AND SOME DIALECTS,
BUT IT DOESN'T GET
SLANG-HA, TOUCHE,
CHECK WITH THE
QUEEN!

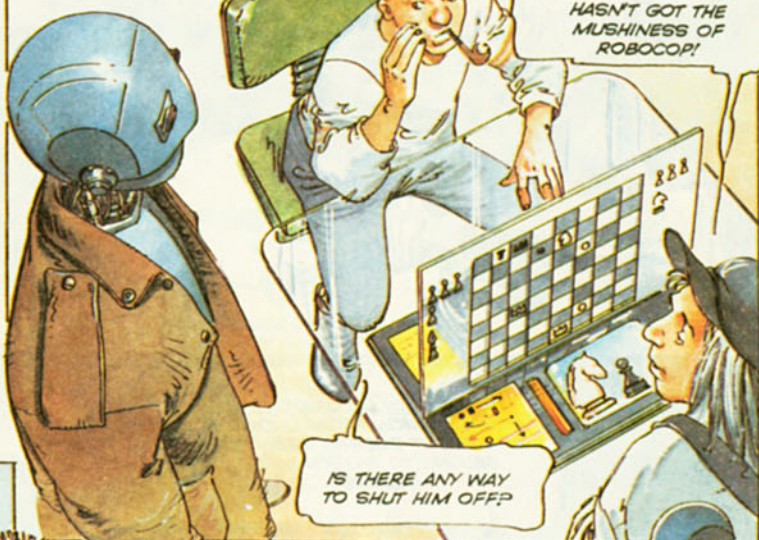
IT HAS AN INFRARED
BEAM WHICH DETECTS
ANY FORM OF LIFE-AH,
IT'S ARMED WITH
INTELLIGENT BULLETS, THE
KIND THAT FOLLOW THEIR
TARGET TO THE END!



I SHOULDN'T TELL
YOU...YOU HAVE TO PRESS
THIS BUTTON IN HIS
"PARTS"...



IT ISN'T POSSIBLE TO
SPEAK TO HIM WHEN
HE'S IN PURSUIT OF
A CRIMINAL!
CYBERNETICS HAS
NO NUANCES...HE
HASN'T GOT THE
MUSHINESS OF
ROBOCOP!



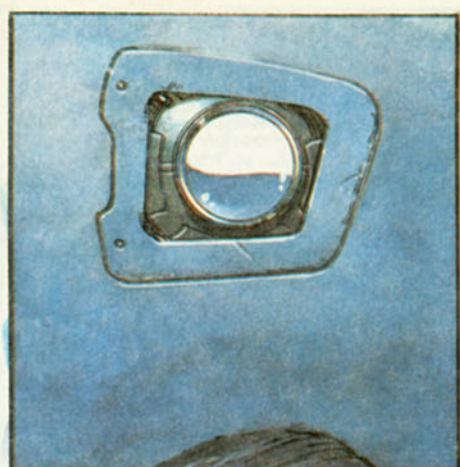
IS THERE ANY WAY
TO SHUT HIM OFF?

SLEEP SQUEEZE
GENTLY AND...





CLICK! IT'S
OFF...CLICK!
IT'S ON...

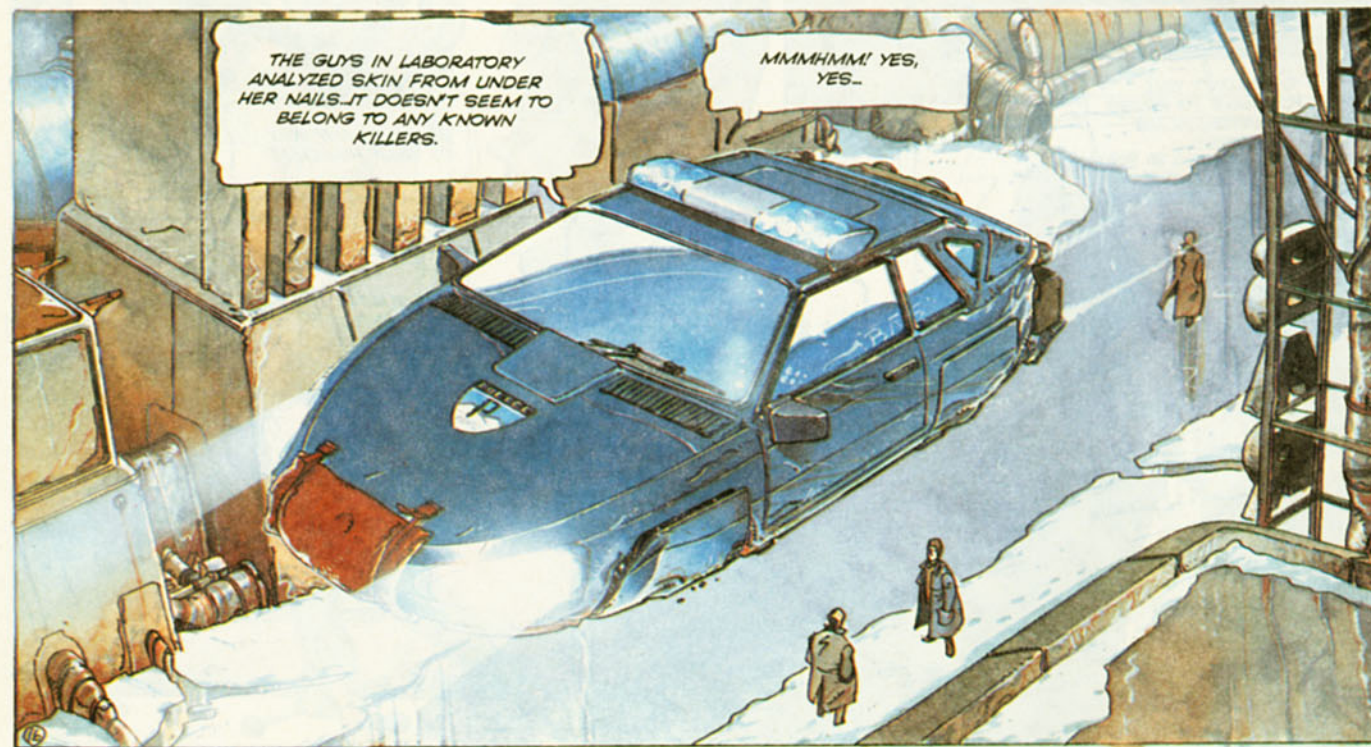


CLICK! IT'S BACK
OFF...

SORRY TO SPOIL
SUCH AN INTIMATE
MOMENT...

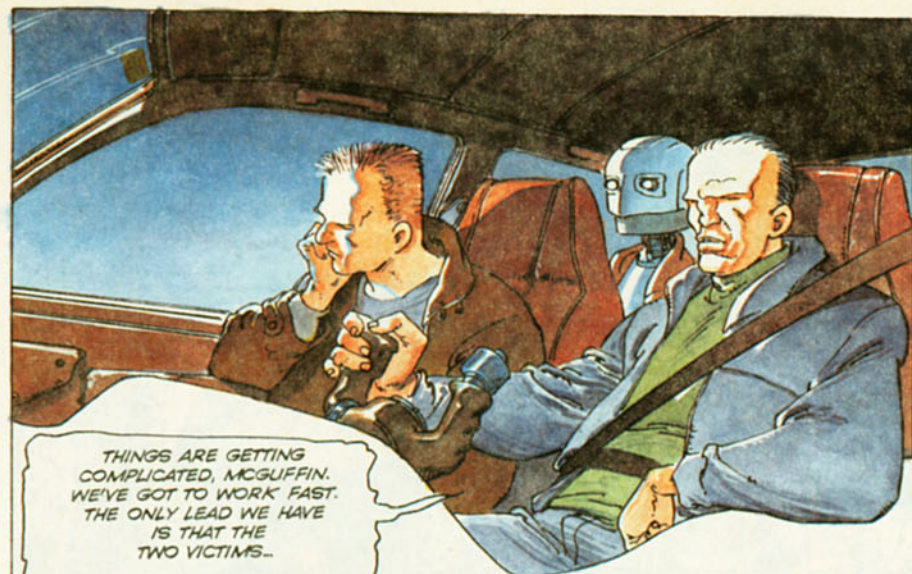


BUT A THIRD BODY HAS JUST
SHOWED UP WITHOUT A HEAD.
SHE WAS DECAPITATED. THE
BRILLIANT WORK OF A
DEPRAVED DIPLOMAT.



THE GUYS IN LABORATORY
ANALYZED SKIN FROM UNDER
HER NAILS...IT DOESN'T SEEM TO
BELONG TO ANY KNOWN
KILLERS.

MMMHHMM! YES,
YES...



THINGS ARE GETTING COMPLICATED, MCGUFFIN. WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST. THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE IS THAT THE TWO VICTIMS...



...PRACTICED PROSTITUTION AT THE "LIBIDO". IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT WE CAN START THERE...



YOU'LL FIND AN AEROCAR FOR YOUR USE IN FRONT OF THE JOINT...WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU THINKING?



SHARPEN YOUR SENSORS, CANHEAD, I DON'T WANT ANY MISTAKES. I'M THE ONE IN CHARGE OF THIS INVESTIGATION.

EXCUSE ME SIR, MY NAME IS ST7.

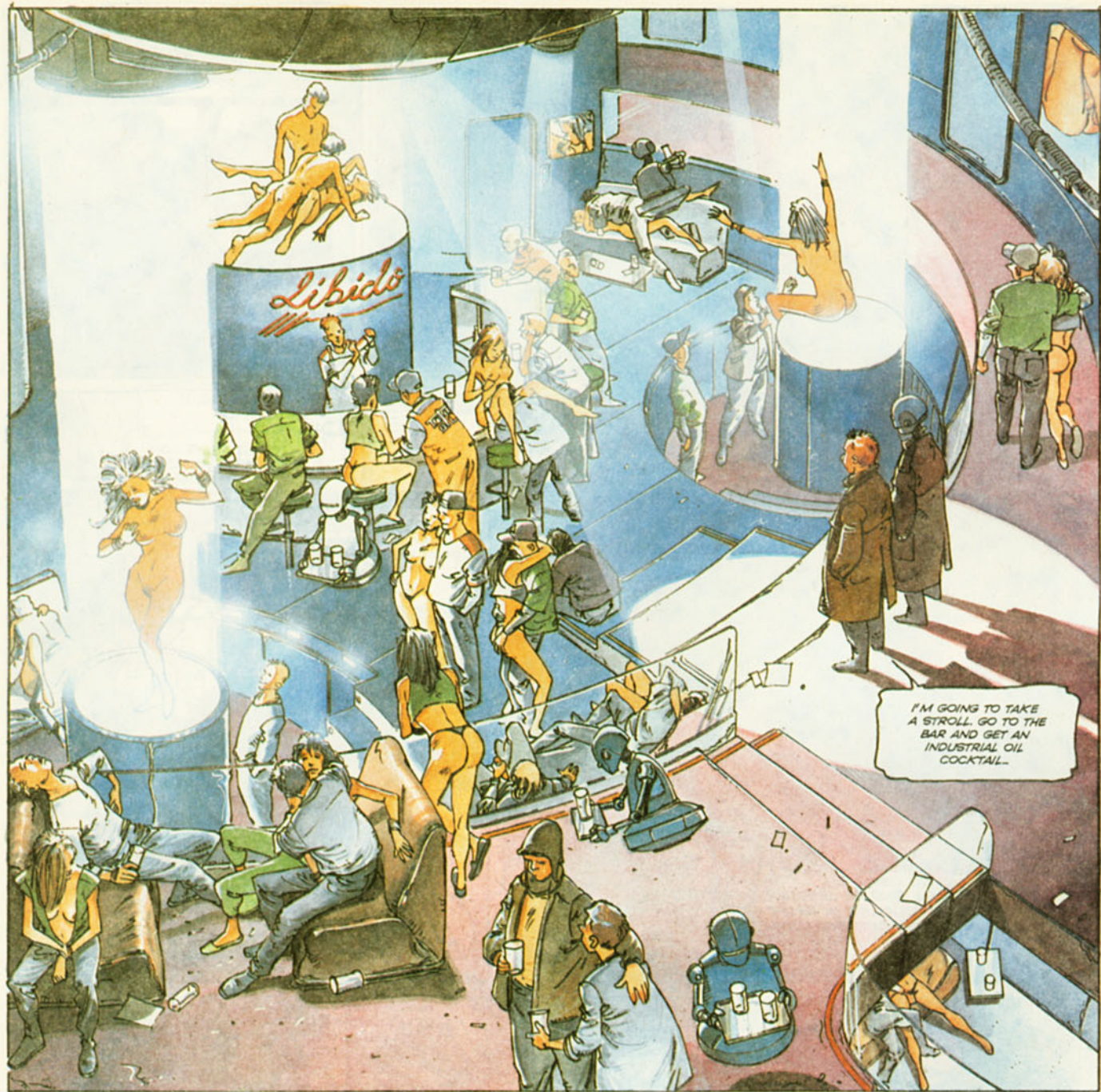


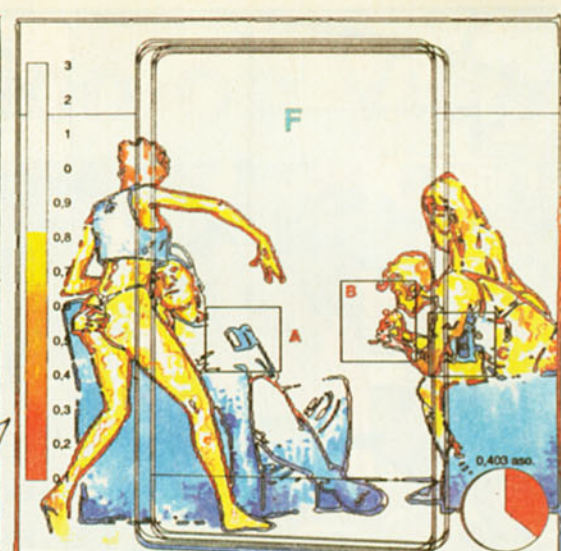
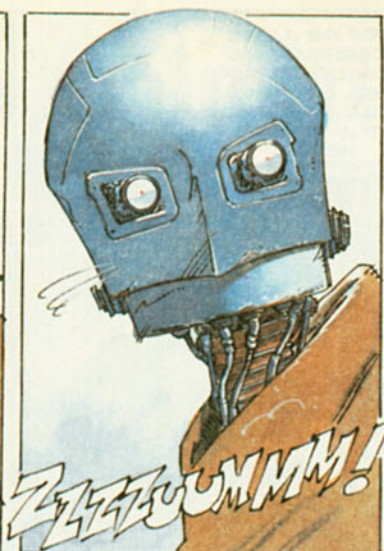
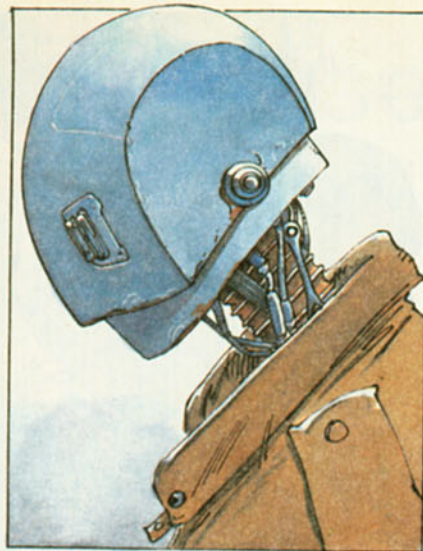
SIR, IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT YOU CONNECT THE SAFETY ON YOUR PISTOL THE ONE YOU ARE WEARING...

Libido

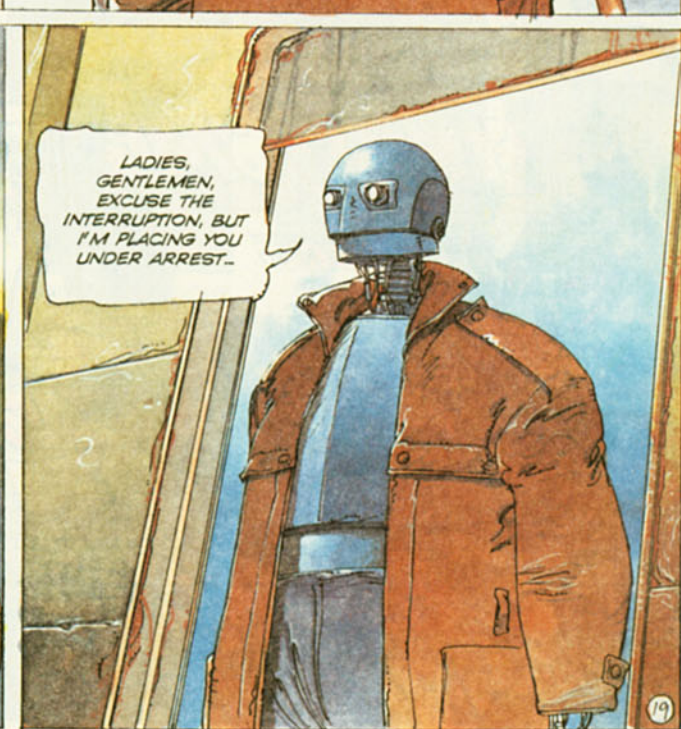
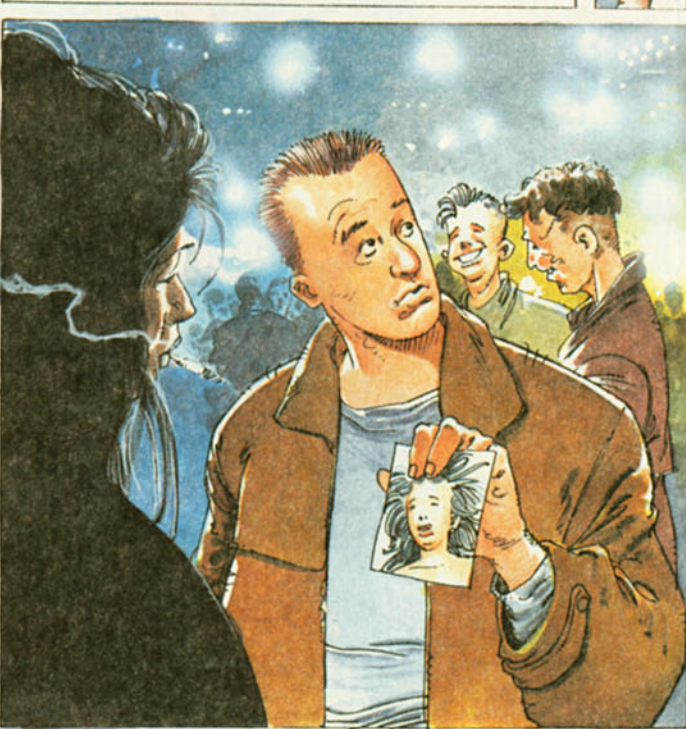
SHUT IT, PAL!

MORAL
ET
HONNEUR

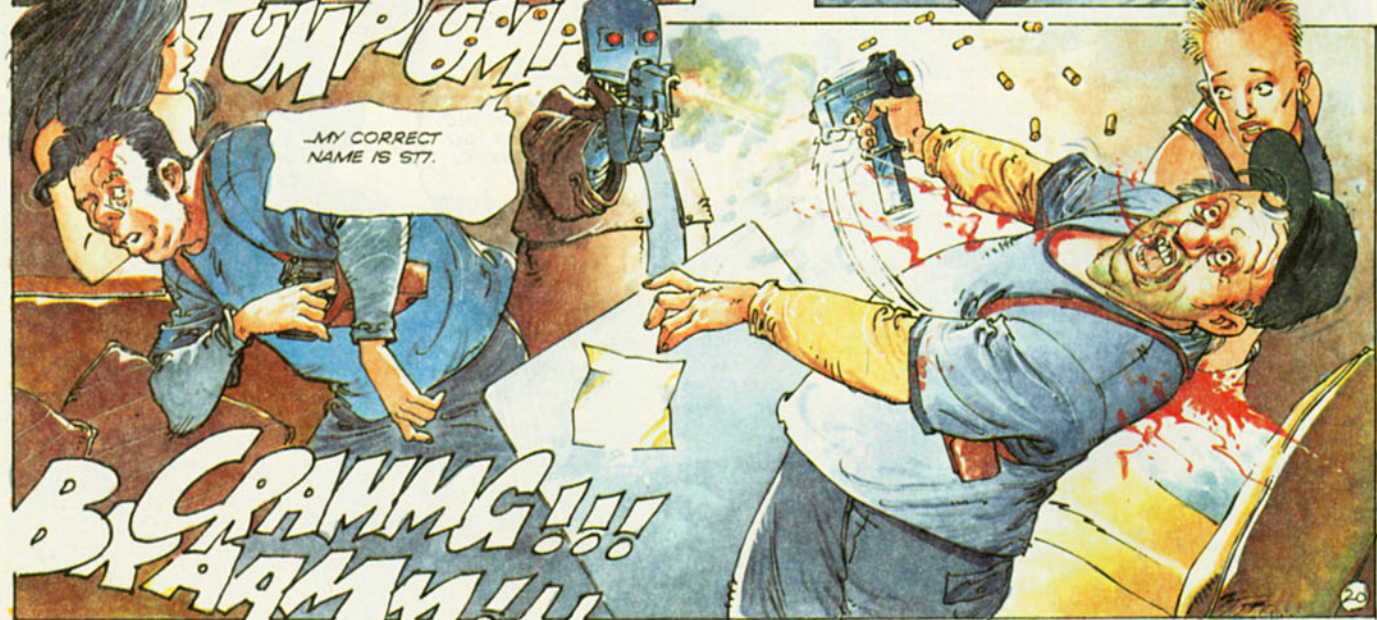
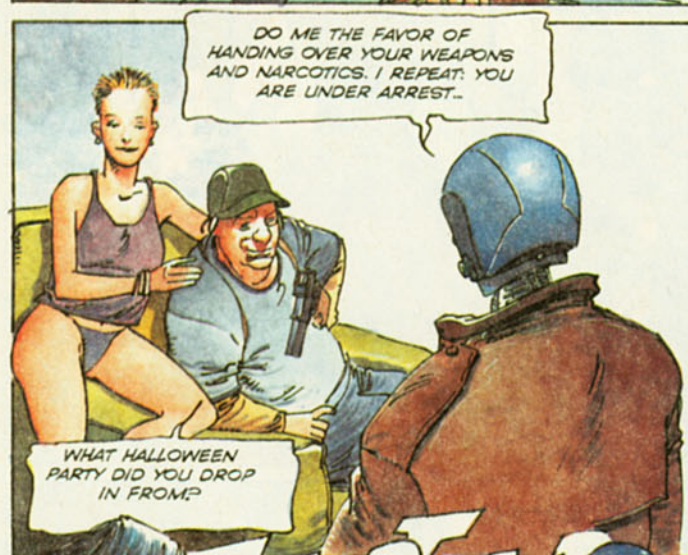




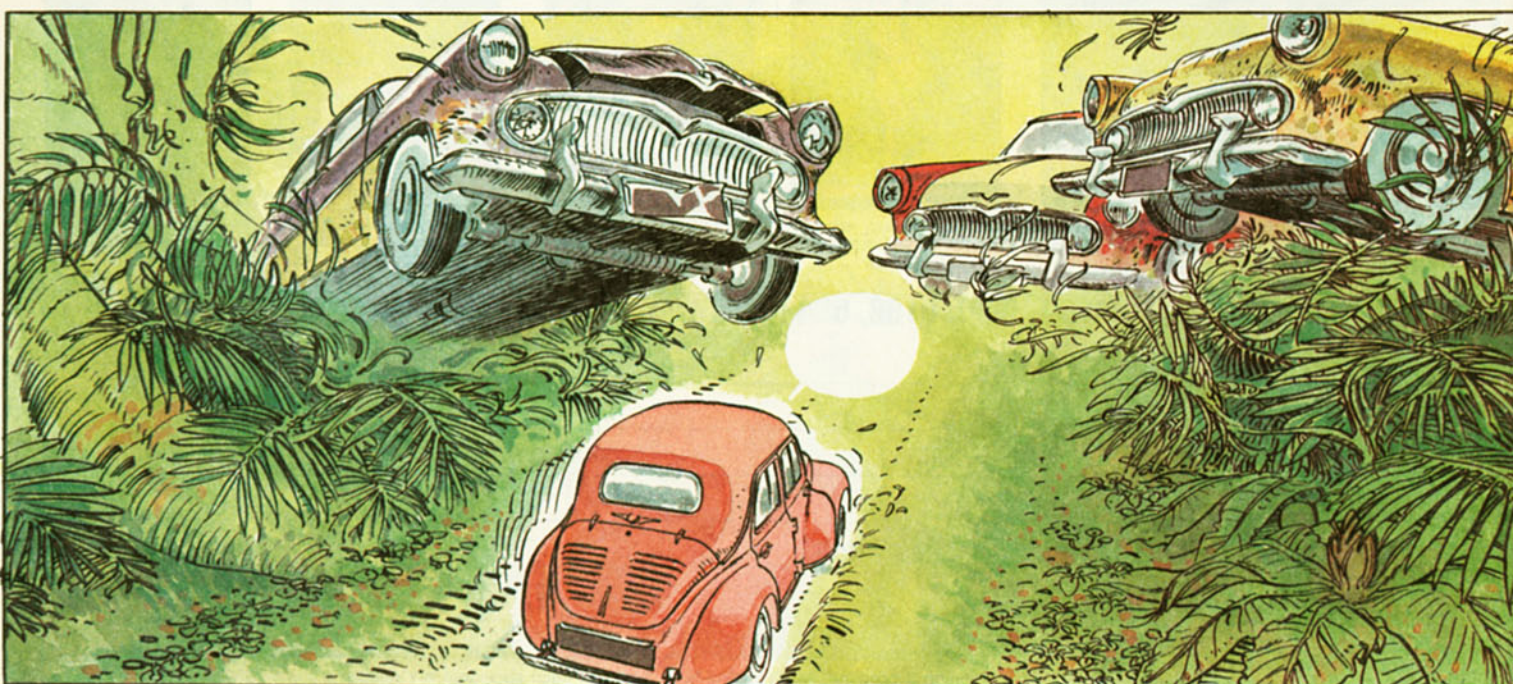
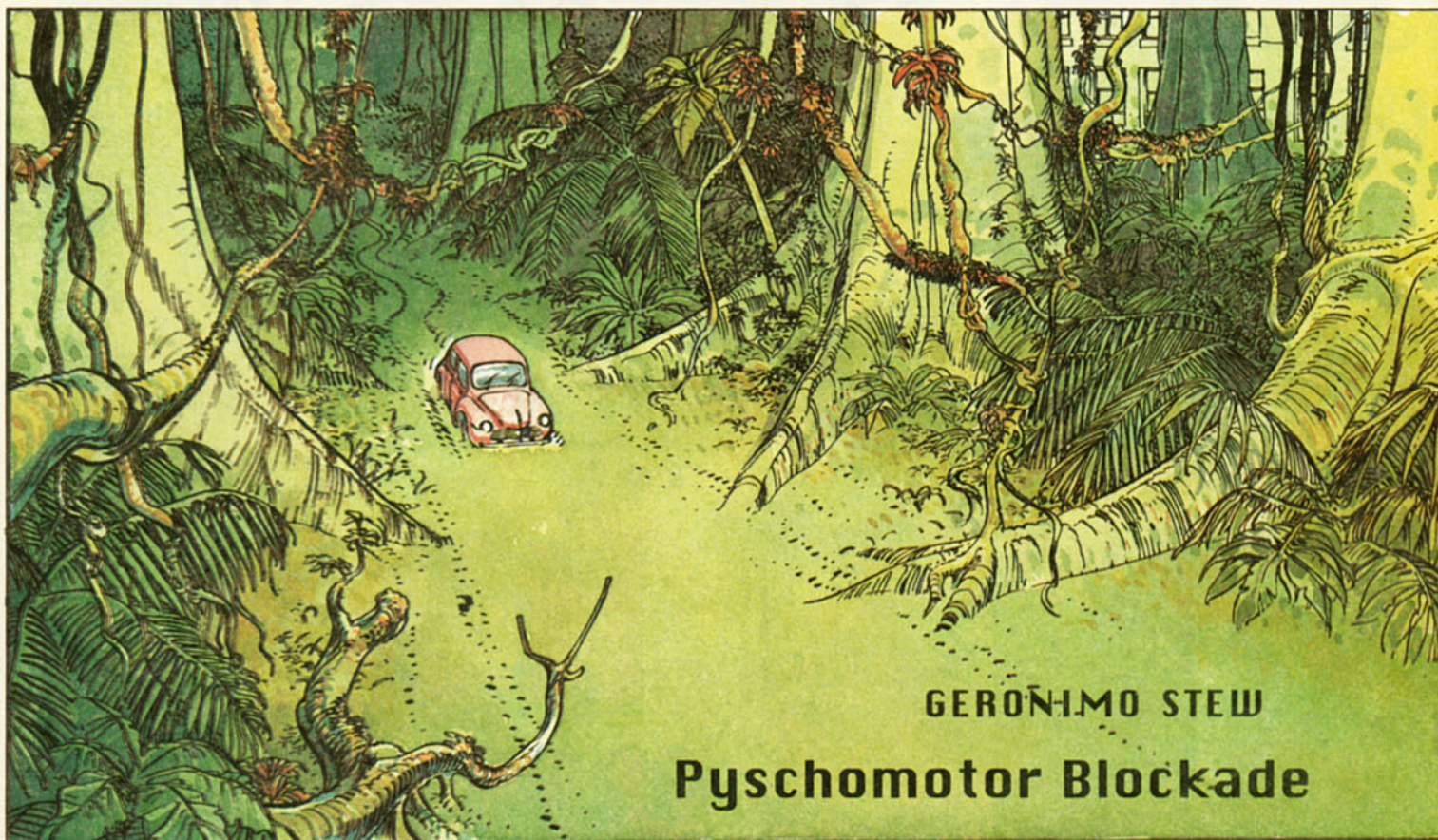
A: CRACK + ACETILSALITIC ACID.
PROHIBITED NARCOTIC. ARTICLE 123-2.
B: PURE COCAINE. PROHIBITED
NARCOTIC. ARTICLE 123-6 C. BELLUM-9.
POLICE USE ONLY. 12 BULLETS.

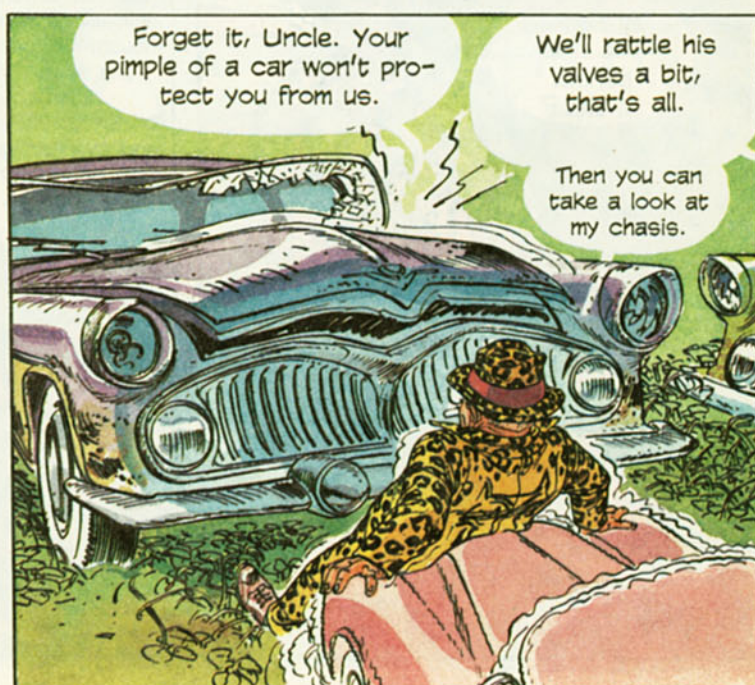
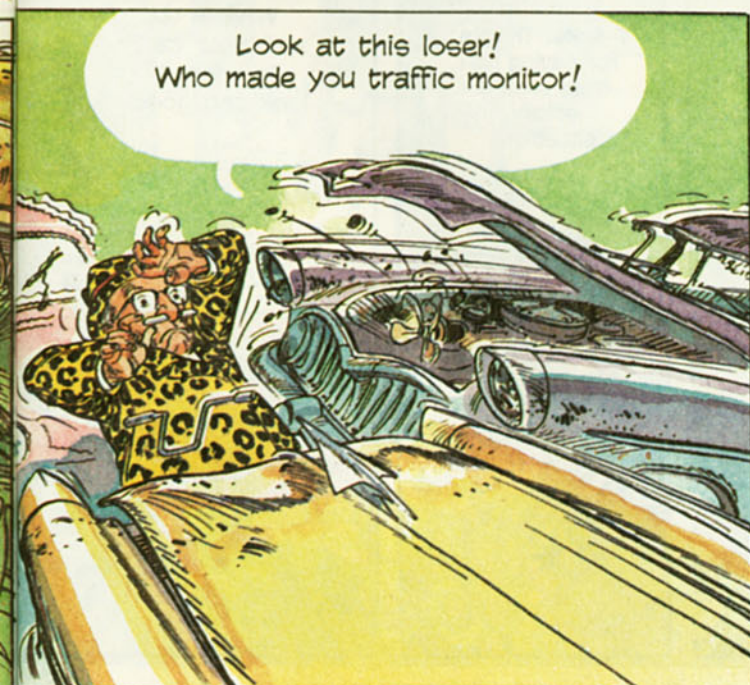
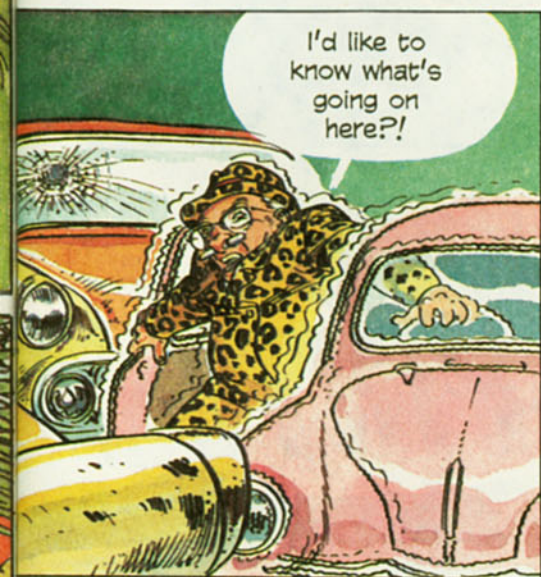
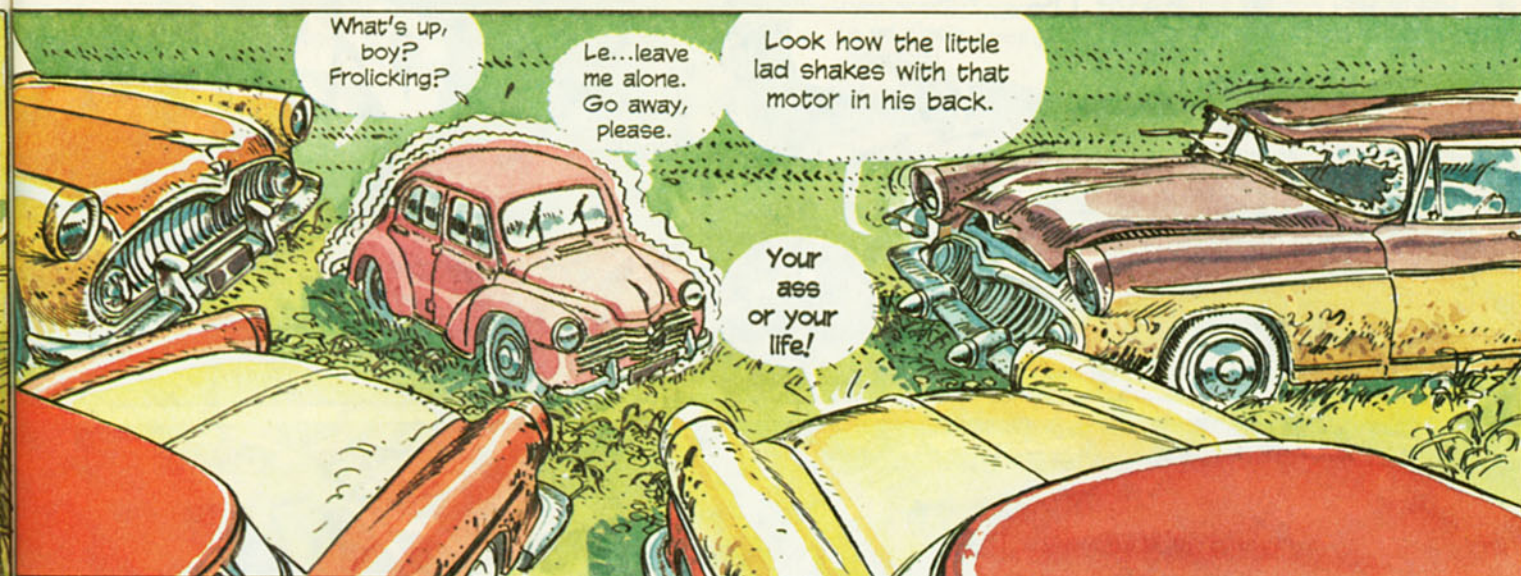


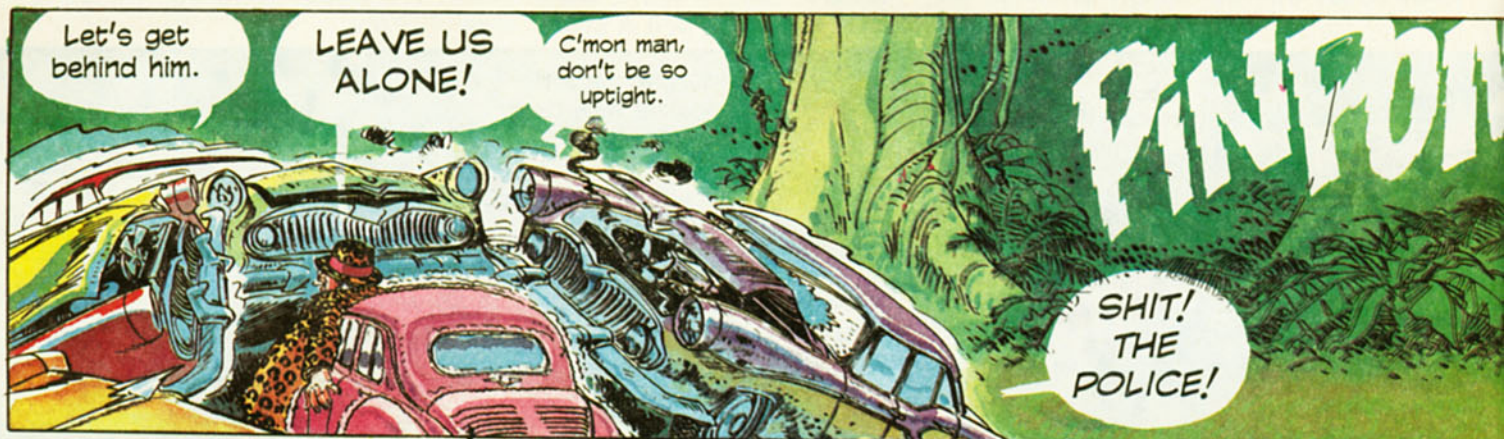
LADIES,
GENTLEMEN,
EXCUSE THE
INTERRUPTION, BUT
I'M PLACING YOU
UNDER ARREST..



IT WAS A QUIET AFTERNOON. GERONIMO STEW (ALSO CALLED "THE BENGAL TIGER" BY HIS WIFE) WAS RETURNING FROM A DRIVE IN HIS FOUR-HORSE MOBILE.





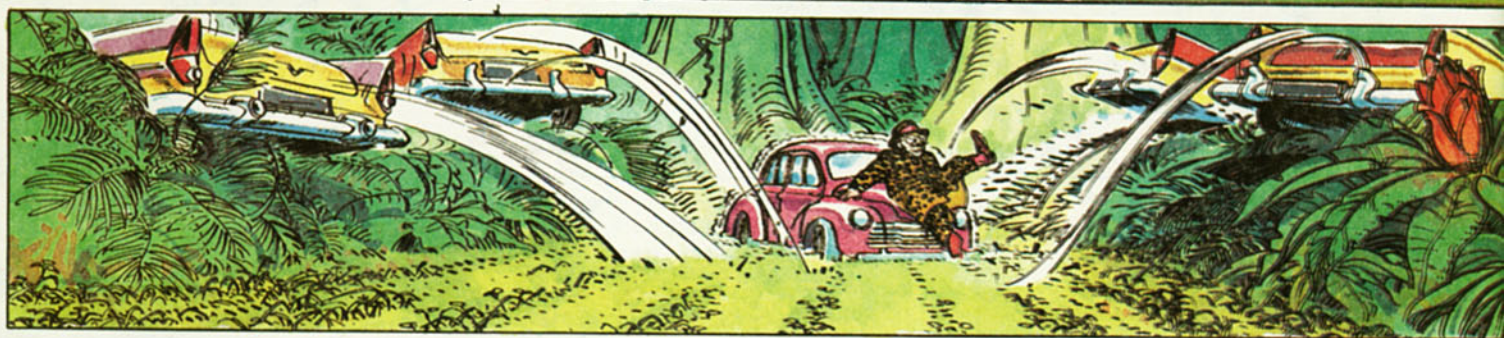


Let's get behind him.

LEAVE US ALONE!

C'mon man, don't be so uptight.

SHIT!
THE
POLICE!



Are you the one behind all this?

He, he.

I can do all kinds of imitations with my mouth. Vrrrooom, is the sound of a motor. Crrbrrr, slllrrrrrr, and everything. It's my only defense.



Thanks. Thanks for saving me from such a sticky situation.

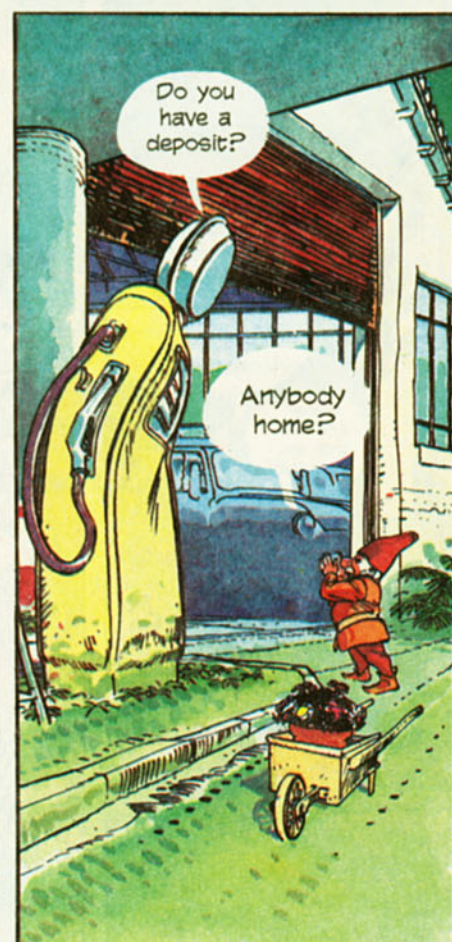
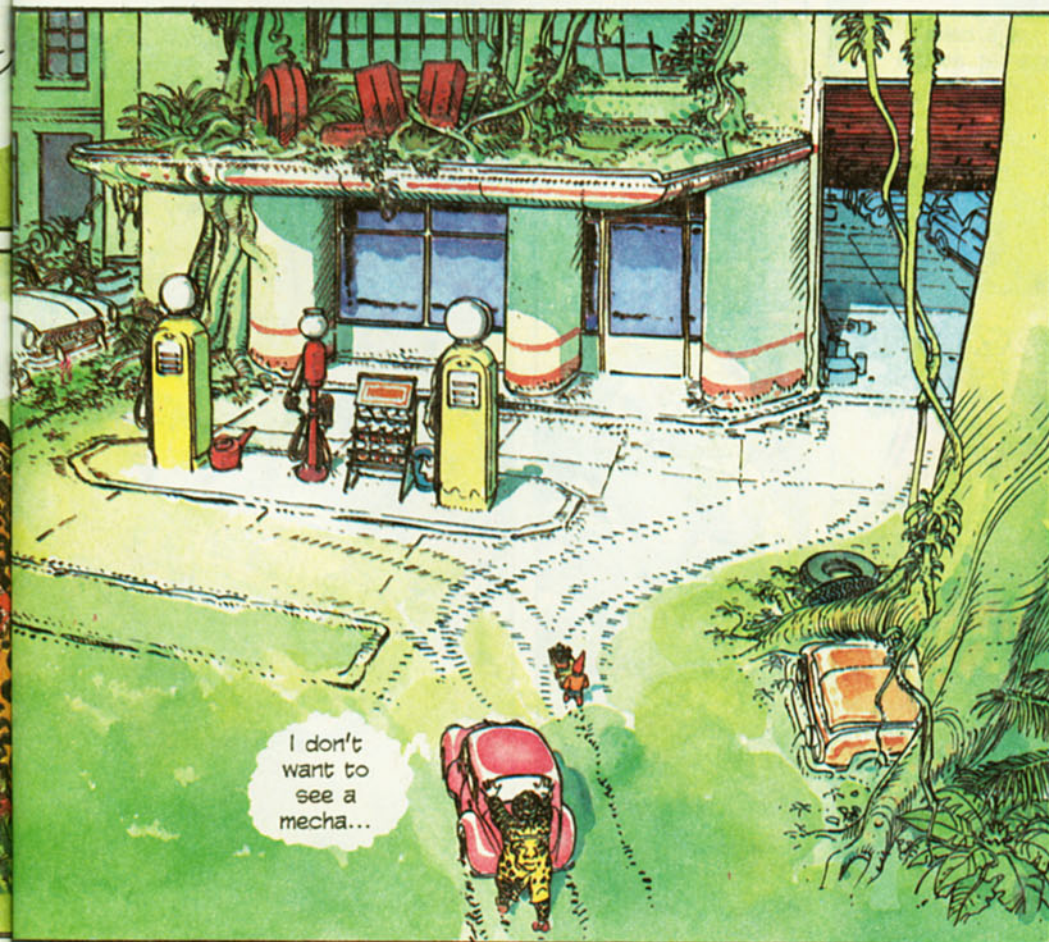
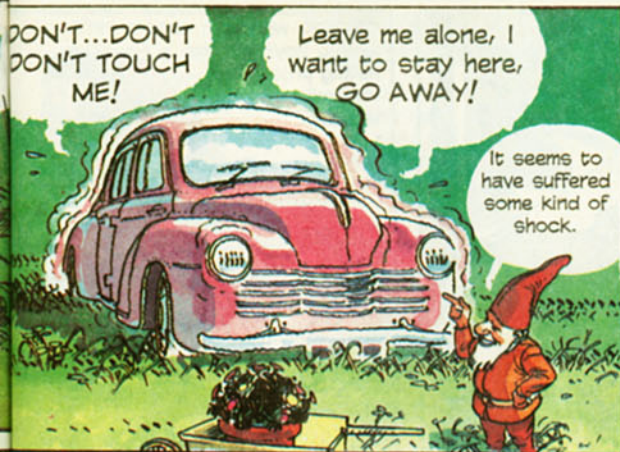


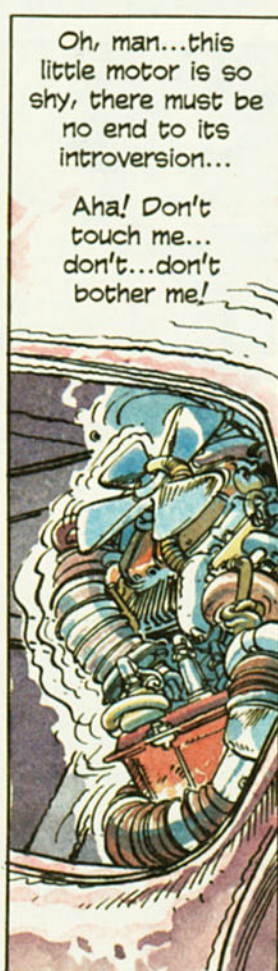
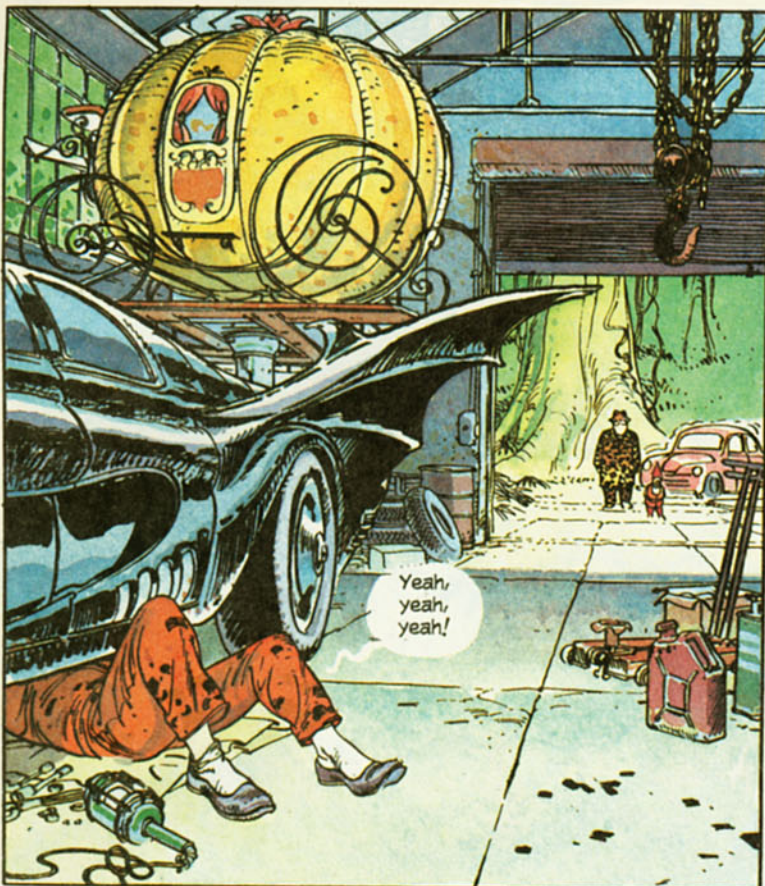
It was nothing. My pleasure.



What's up with your car? It doesn't look too good.

Well, it's true!





This motor has suffered a severe trauma! Do you know its last owner?

No, I adopted it.

It wouldn't surprise me if he were a rustic motor killer.



...let's try to massage its mechanical organs to bring out all his archaic fears.

Ah!



It's full of tensions! Traumas brought about by the point of the shovel!



Aha! Look! Touching upon its distresses has brought out its affective psychomotor blockages!



Let's do some voodoo! I've learned an effigy can make all adjustments.

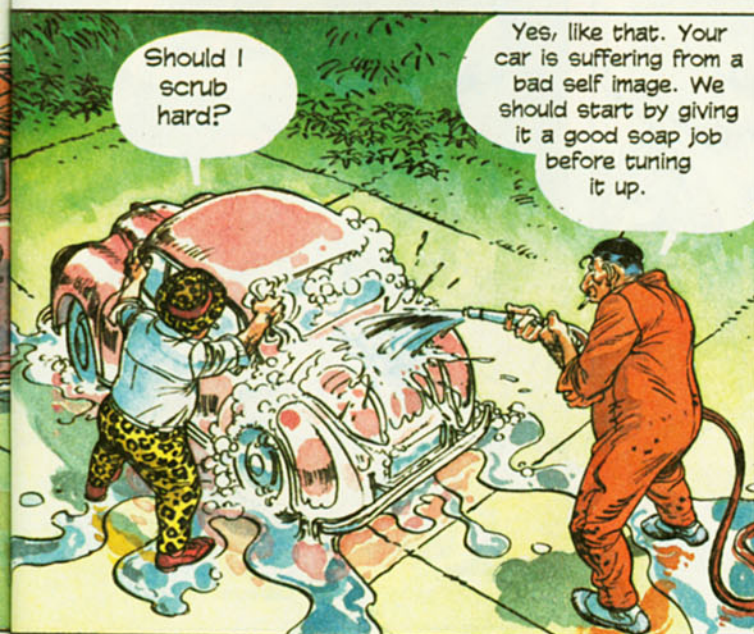


That's much better. It's running.



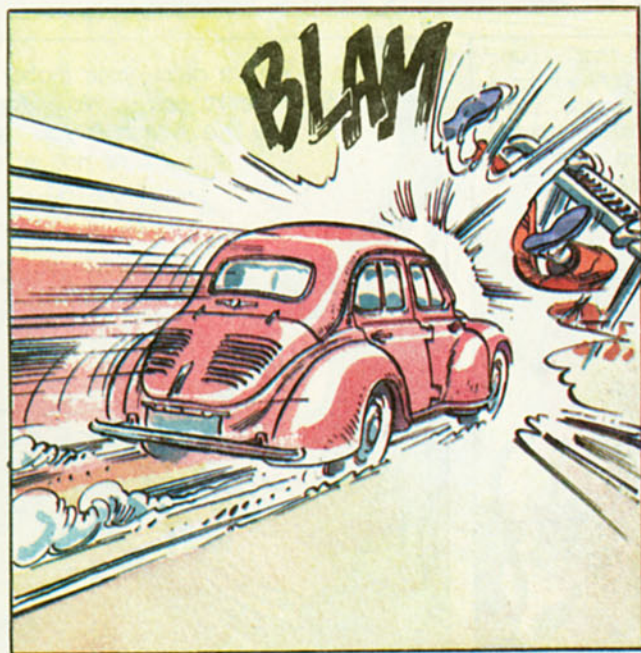
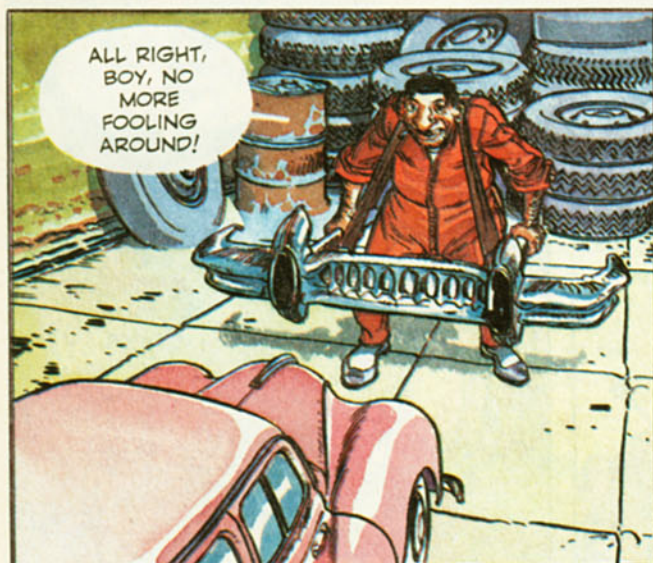
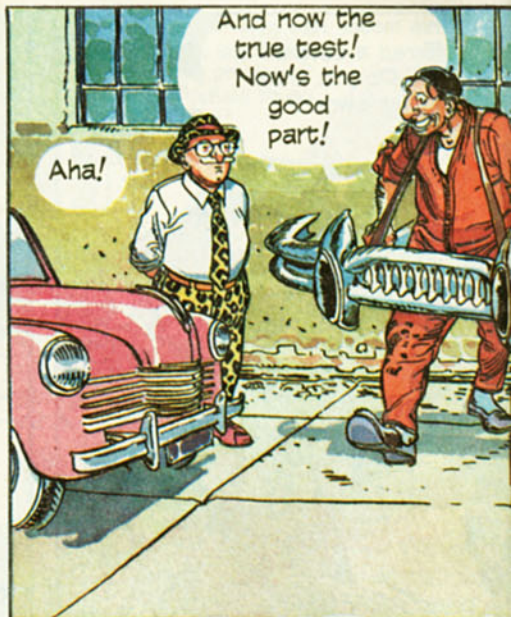
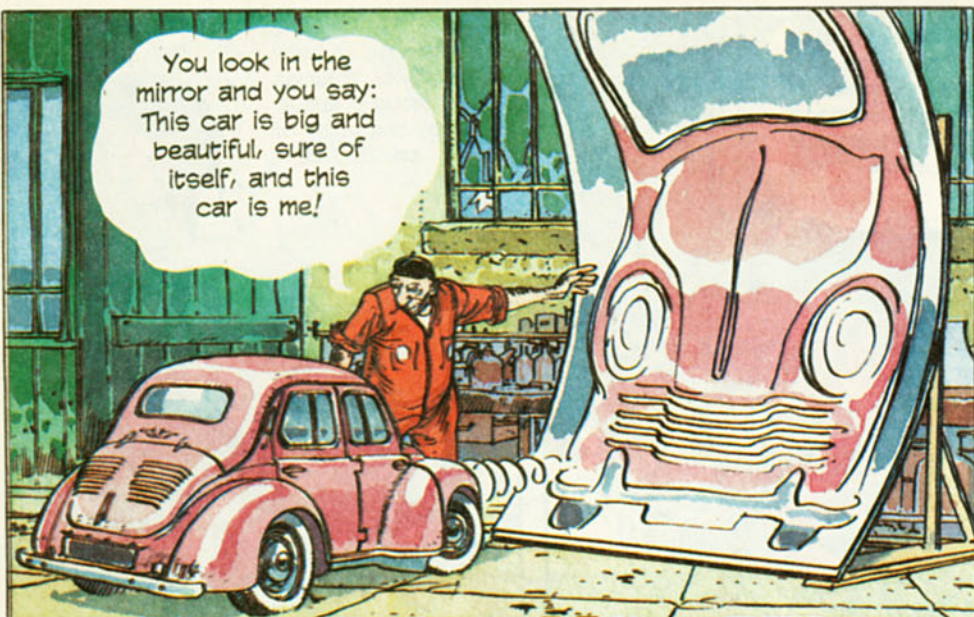
Should I scrub hard?

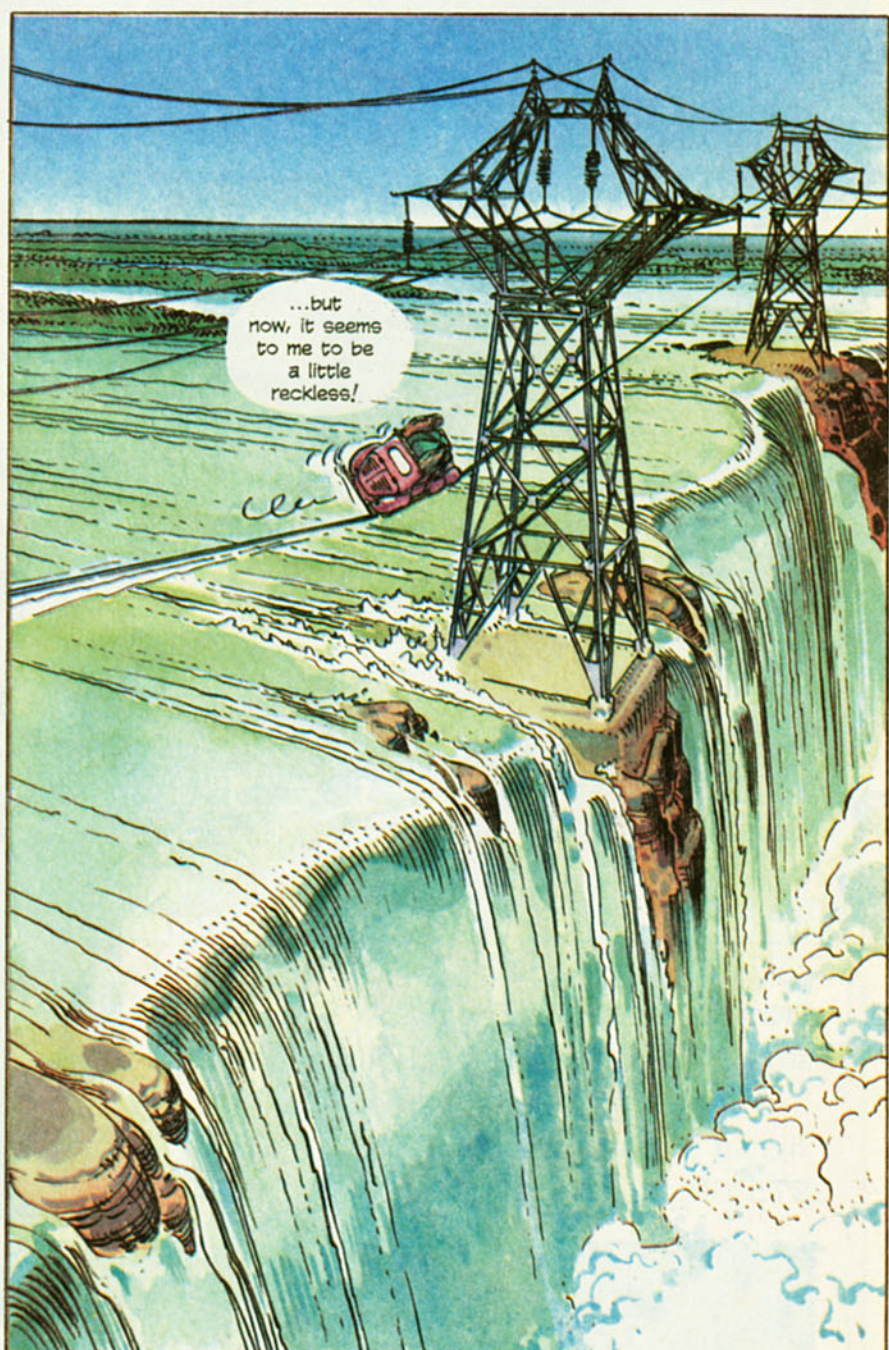
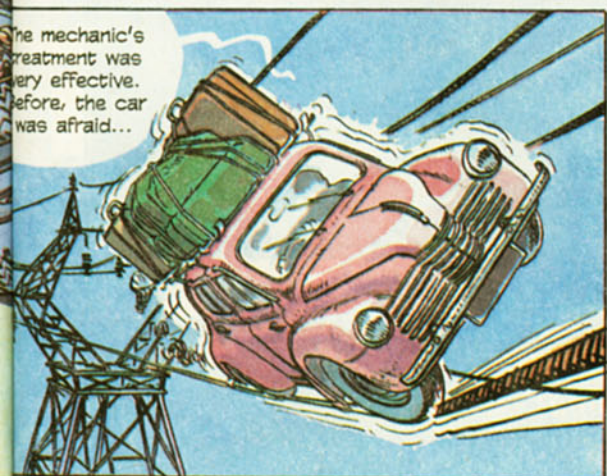
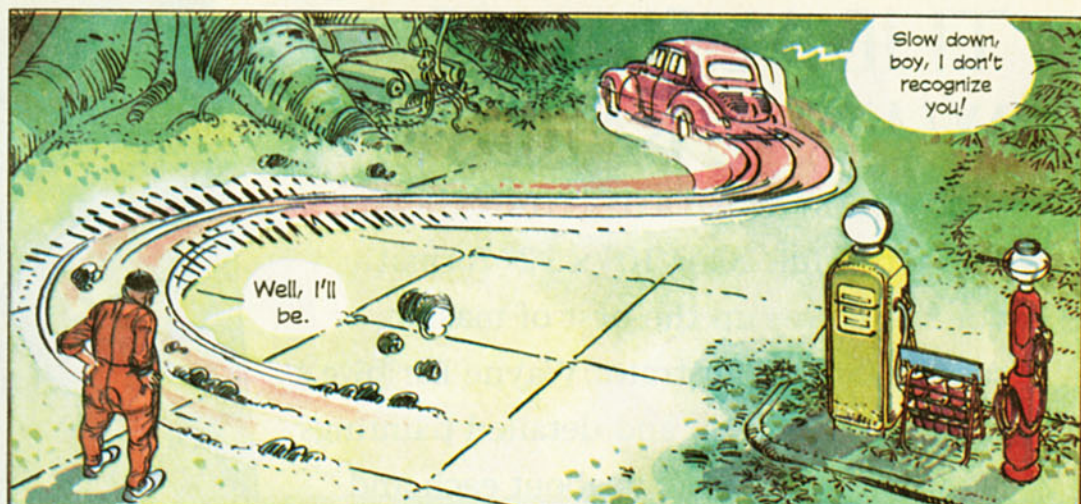
Yes, like that. Your car is suffering from a bad self image. We should start by giving it a good soap job before tuning it up.



You're calm, your motor is strong, your gears are turning, you feel relaxed, you like yourself, you have no fear and you're not afraid of anything...

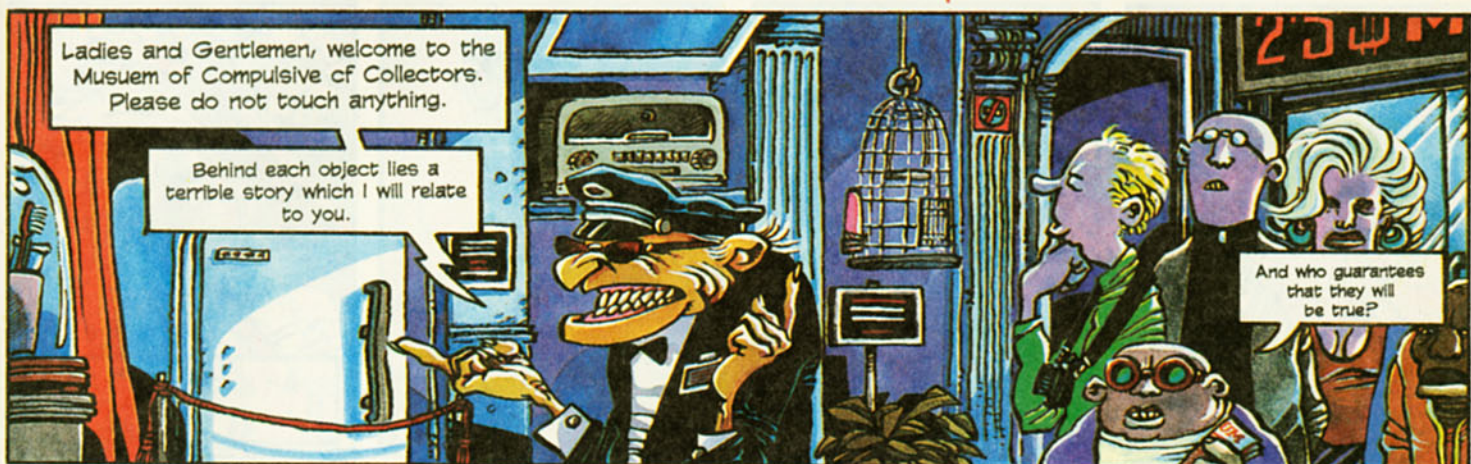






FIN

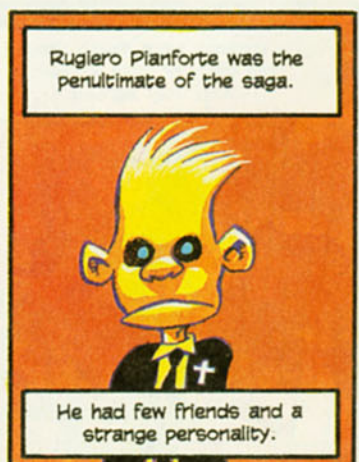
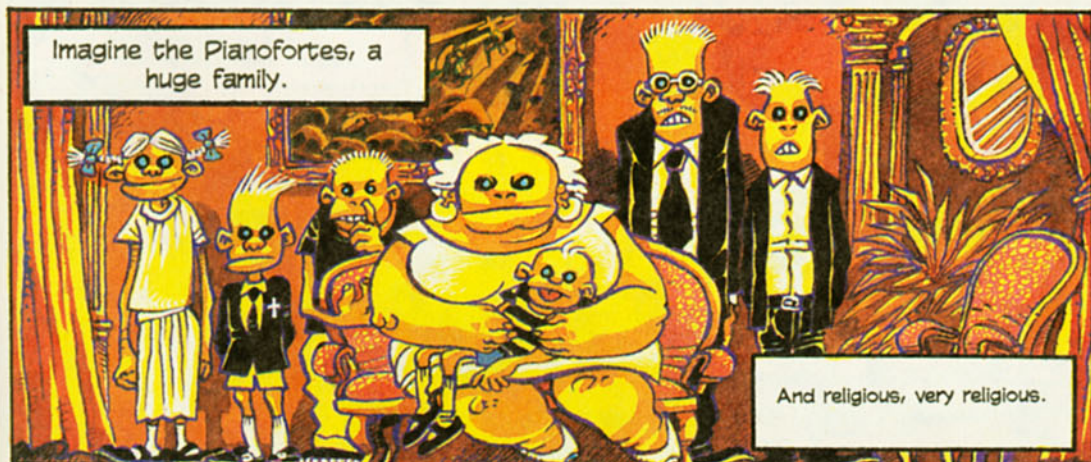
MUSEUM



Rugiero Pianoforte



PULVUS ERIS ET IN
PULVERE REVERTERIS



He loved to play saints with his little baby brother.

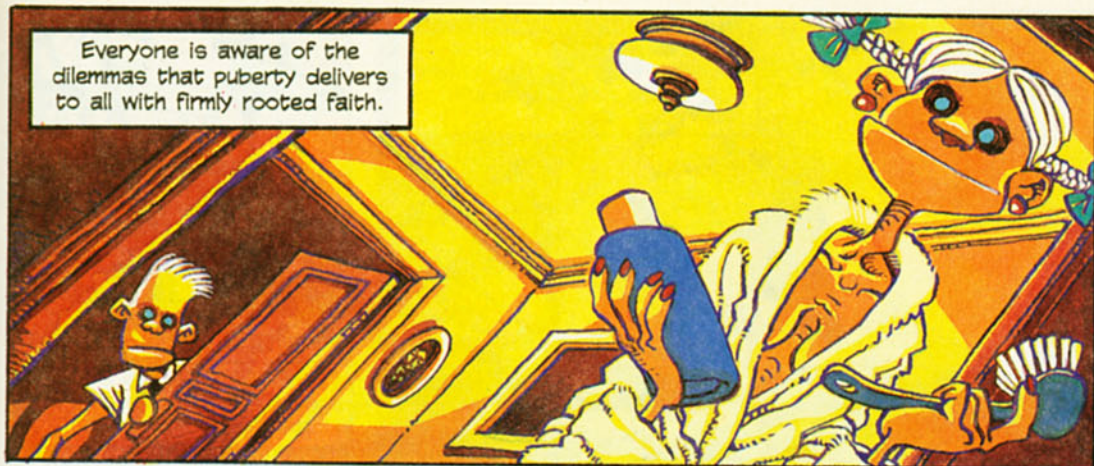
Strange games infused with metaphysics...

...that appeared to stimulate the mind of this young soldier of Christ.

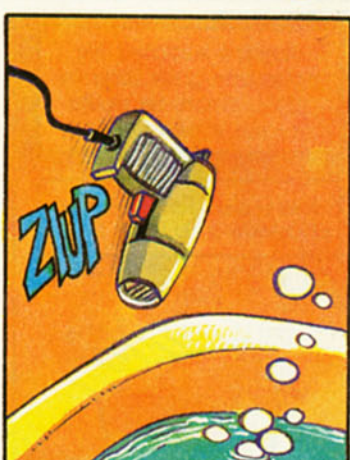
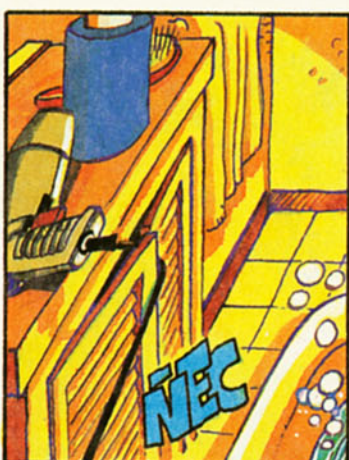
But physics is badly allied with holiness.



Everyone is aware of the dilemmas that puberty delivers to all with firmly rooted faith.



These dilemmas hold a prominent place between that which is bound up with sin and with the craved.

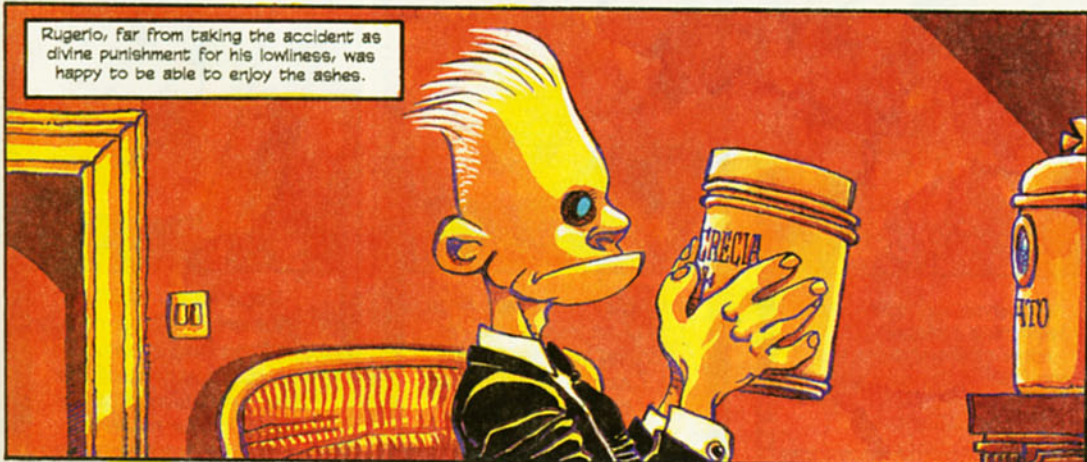


And it went in like destiny, united with the lewd cruelty of little, lascivious Rugiero who charged her the price for being a desirable sister.

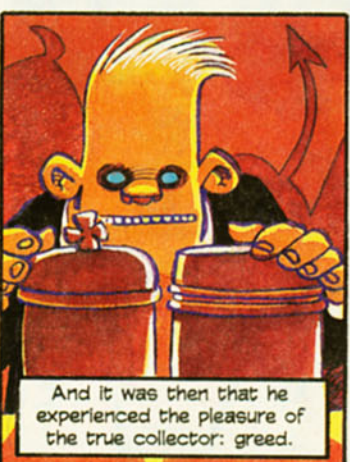
Well, the truth is that she wasn't that hot...



Rugiero, far from taking the accident as divine punishment for his lowliness, was happy to be able to enjoy the ashes.



And it was then that he experienced the pleasure of the true collector: greed.





Next was Mario, the mongoloid brother, who perished in an unexplicable accident.

What was it that made him stay, spellbound in the path of the train? Imagine that.



Rugiero watched his collection grow little by little. Soon, he would need a new shelf.

And in the end, he thought of collecting his whole family.



Household accidents were happening constantly in the home of the Pianofortes, and they accepted them with Christian resignation, as if it were God's will.



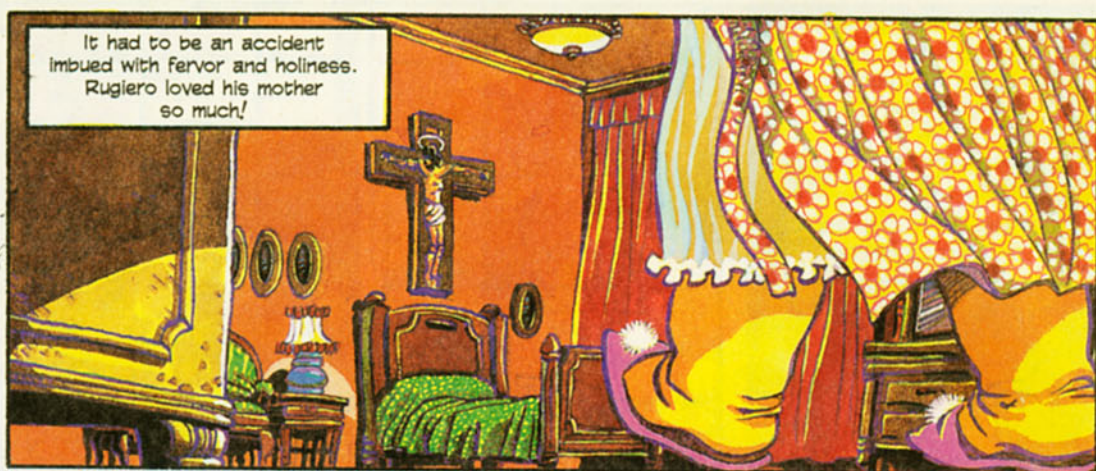
The eldest brother, while trying to rearrange his entrails, wondered how his favorite shirt could be so sharp.



Rugiero, at night, remained before his collection and dreamed of the day when all of his dear and devout family would share his shelf.



For Mama Pianoforte, he thought of a method that unified physics and mystics in an equilibrating manner.



It had to be an accident imbued with fervor and holiness. Rugiero loved his mother so much!



She had always said that she wanted to die in her bed, embracing her beloved crucifix.

The result was a bit indelicate, it must be said.

But it worked.

Now Mama would be reunited with those above - and here below, on the shelf - thought Rugiero, who, secretly, had the vague hope that two urns would be necessary for the ashes of his mother.

But the veritable problem was planted when he saw he was now alone.

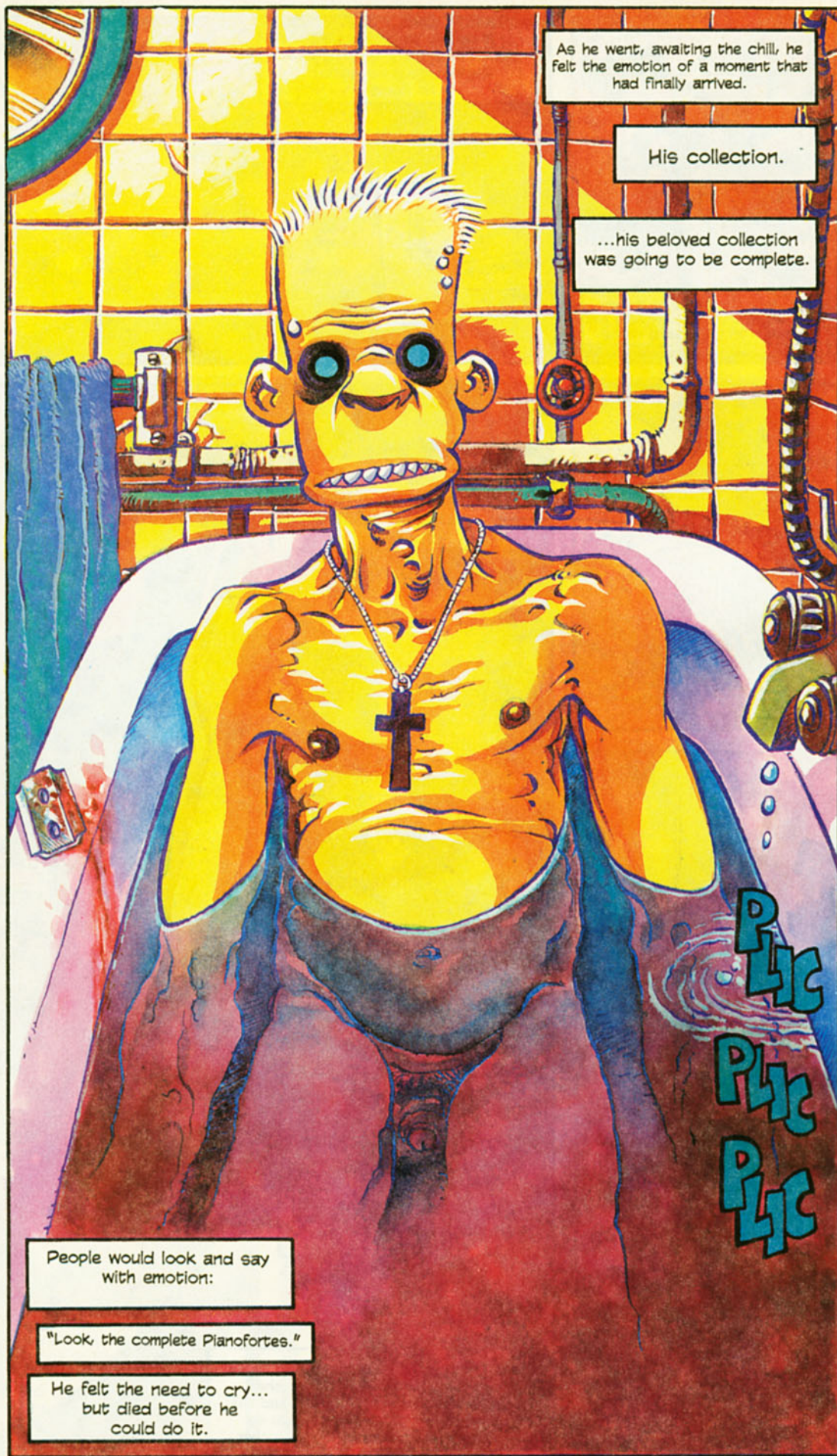
It was then that he decided to marry.



She was something of a distant woman. But it didn't matter, she wouldn't be at his side for a lifetime.



In a month, he did it.



As he went, awaiting the chill, he felt the emotion of a moment that had finally arrived.

His collection.

...his beloved collection was going to be complete.

People would look and say with emotion:

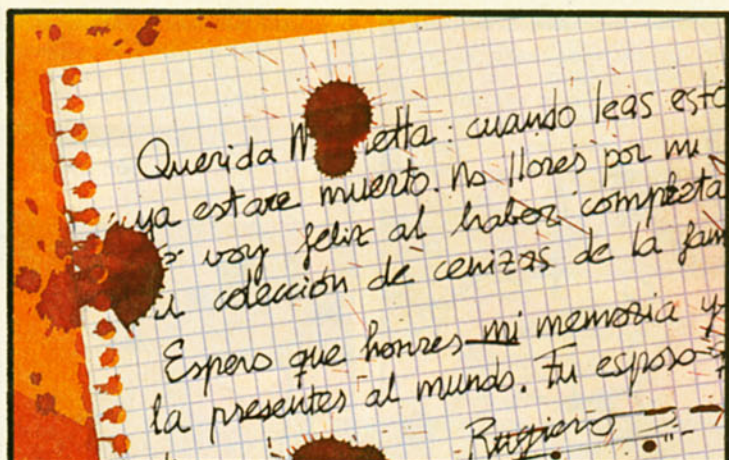
"Look, the complete Pianofortes."

He felt the need to cry... but died before he could do it.

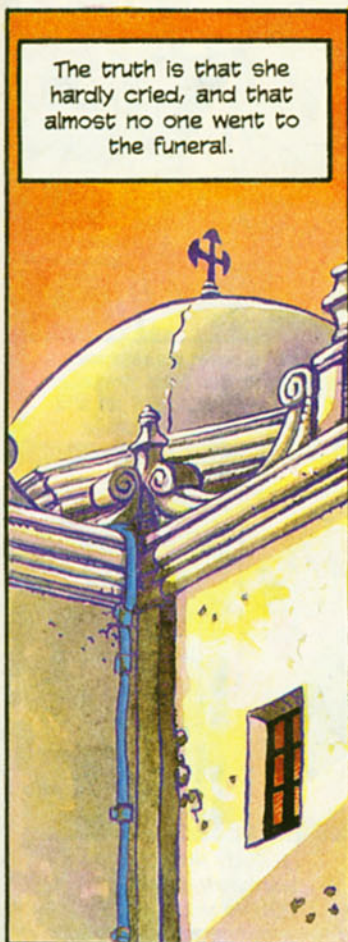
PLC
PLC
PLC



His wife found him, like in a scene in a movie, like a piece from holy week. Everything so calculated.



Querida Miretta: cuando leas esto
ya estare muerto. No llores por mi
soy muy feliz al haber completado
la coleccion de cenizas de la familia.
Espero que honres mi memoria y
la presentes al mundo. Tu esposo
Ruggiero



The truth is that she hardly cried, and that almost no one went to the funeral.

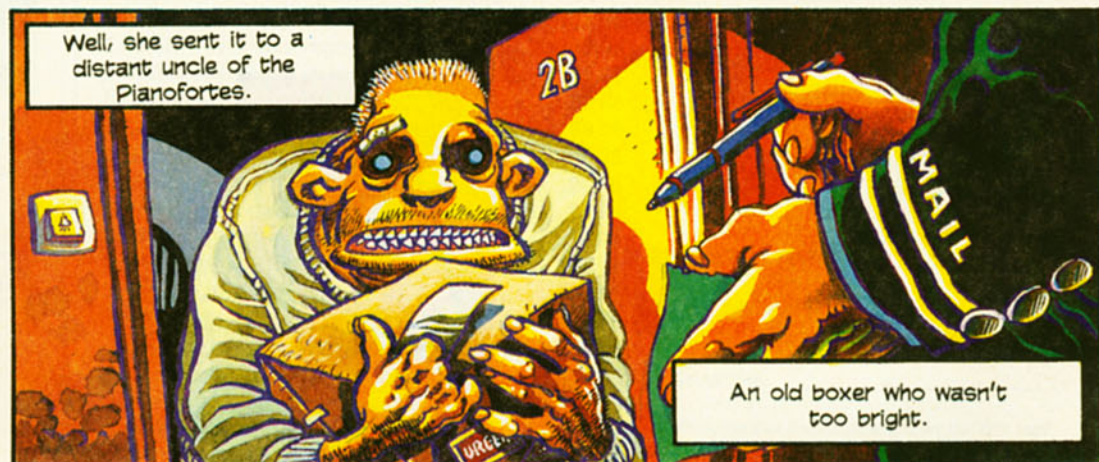


With false resignation - and a new beau - she collected the ashes of her husband.

Very little piety went into her final decision.



She sold the house and everthing within it. And the collection...



Well, she sent it to a distant uncle of the Pianofortes.

An old boxer who wasn't too bright.

The old brute didn't know what the devil it was, the powder that was so luxuriously canned...and that it didn't smell so bad.



And so he served it to himself in his coffee...as if it were brewer's yeast or something similar.

And teaspoon by teaspoon...



He wolfed down his nephew's entire collection. Even worse, he believed this would put an end to his constipation.

So it came, Gentlemen. Poor Rugiero employed all of his ingenuity to collect his beloved family...

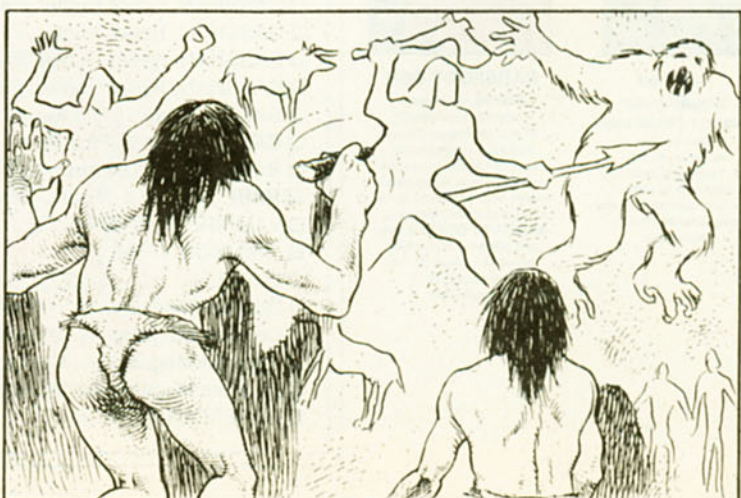
and a lout ended up exhibiting the relics in the toilet.

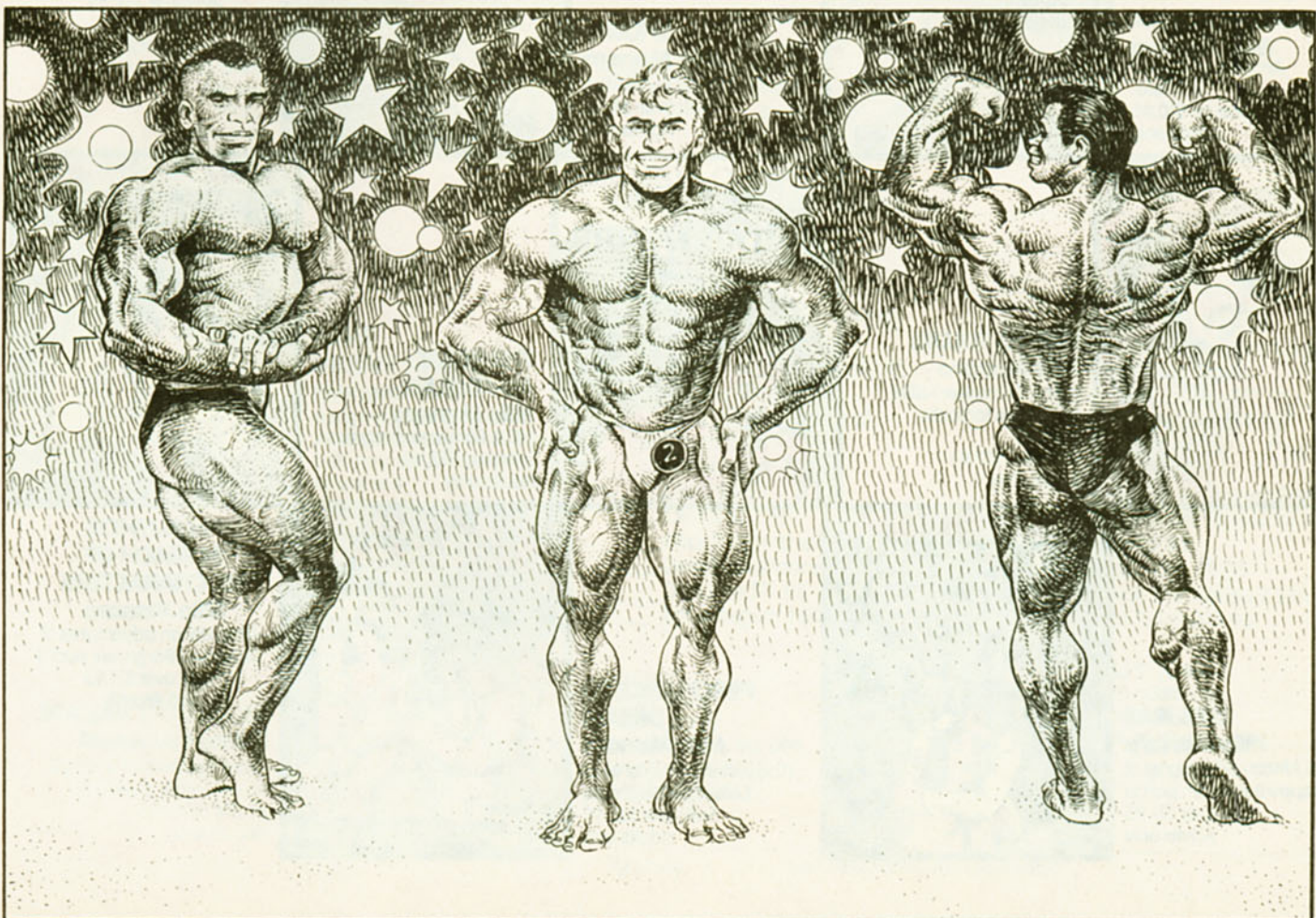
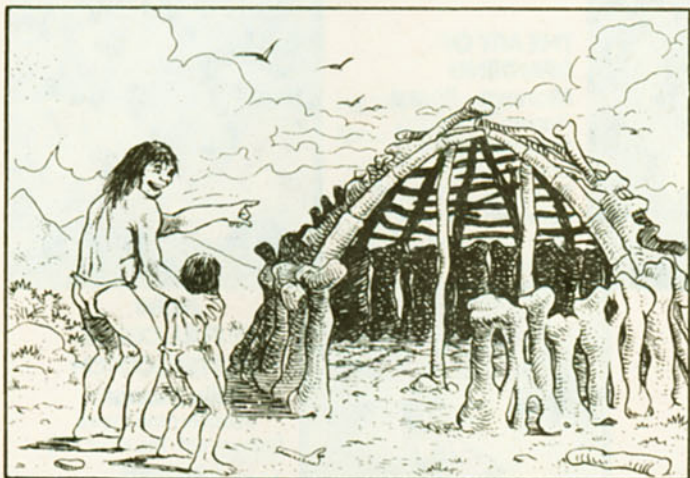


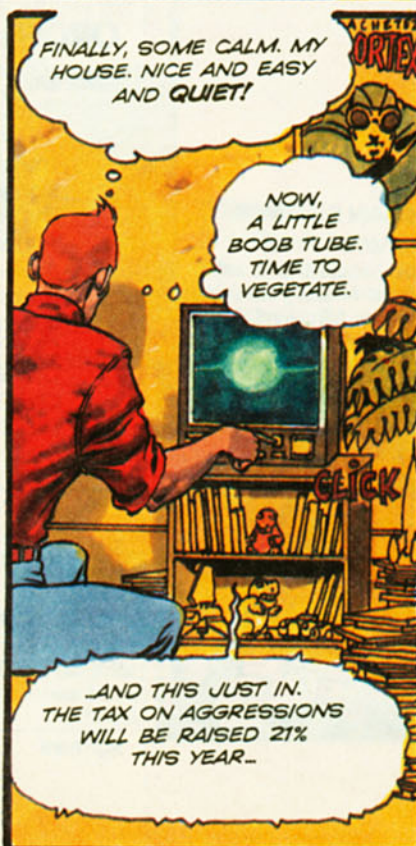
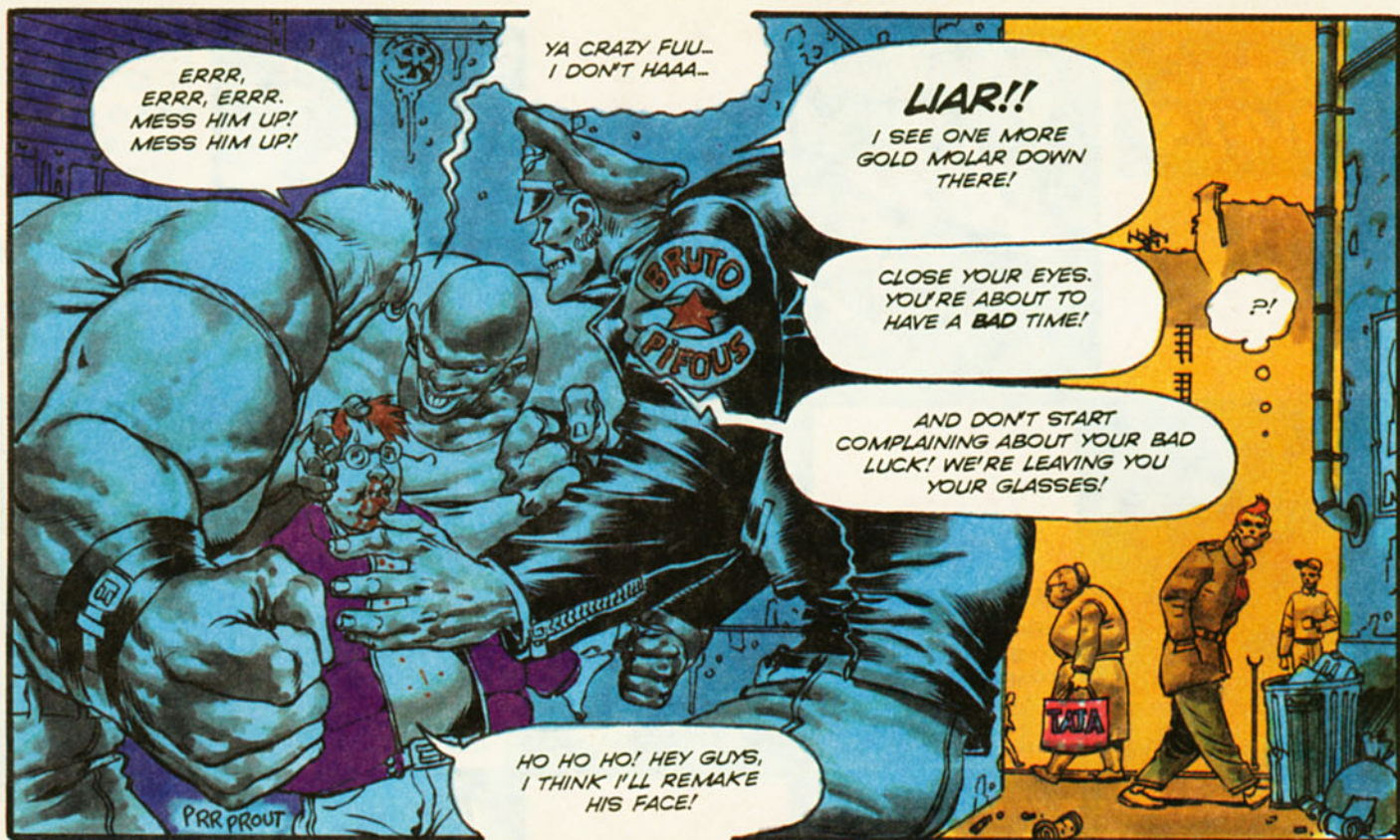
Life is an unfathomable paradox, my dear visitors. Don't you think?

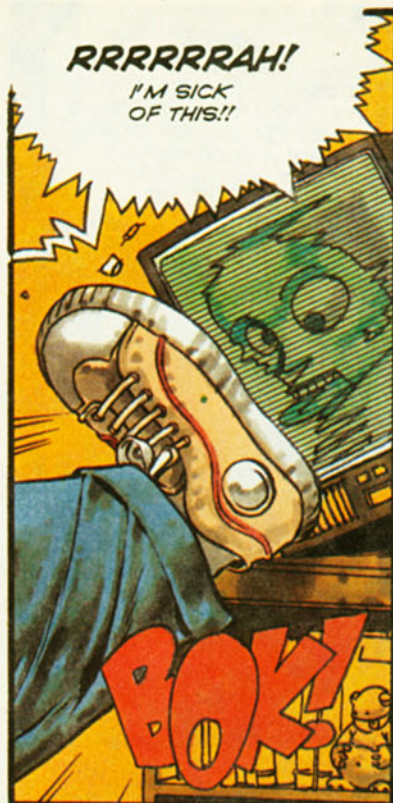


CAVEMAN









RRRRRRRAH!

I'M SICK
OF THIS!!

BOOM!



PRETTY SOON,
YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOING
TO BE ABLE TO WALK THE
STREETS WITHOUT GETTING
MESSED UP!

IT'S LIKE LOS ANGELES!



THERE'S GOT TO BE A
SIMPLE SOLUTION,
GOD DAMMIT!

I
DIDN'T TAKE
KUNG-FU FOR
NINE YEARS
JUST SO THEY
COULD PUT IT
ON MY
HEADSTONE.



**HOLY
COW,
OF
COURSE!!**



THE AMERICANS
HAVE KNOWN THIS FOR
A LONG TIME!!

SINCE THE
POLICE CAN'T
LIVE UP TO THEIR
DUTIES...

THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO FIGHT
CRIME!

BY
BECOMING A
SUPERHERO!



FIRST OF ALL, A MASK!
A SUPERHERO ONLY
GETS RESPECT IF HE
KEEPS HIS IDENTITY
SECRET!

A GOOD
HOOD AND A PAIR
OF MOTORCYCLE
GLASSES WILL DO...



MY
SISTER'S
DANCE
TIGHTS...

BASKET-
BALL
SNEAK-
ERS...

PANTS...



HMMM...
BUT STILL, I HAVE
THE FEELING THAT
SOMETHING IS
MISSING...



UNDERPANTS!
IT'S TRUE! A SUPERHERO
WITHOUT UNDERPANTS ISN'T
A TRUE SUPERHERO!...

PLUS A
BIG CAPE AND A
SPLASH OF PAINT
OF MY BUTT...

THEY'LL BE
BLOWN AWAY!



YES
I'M
READY!

TATATZOIN!



UPLIFT
YOUR HEARTS,
PARIS...YOUR
SAVIOR IS HERE!



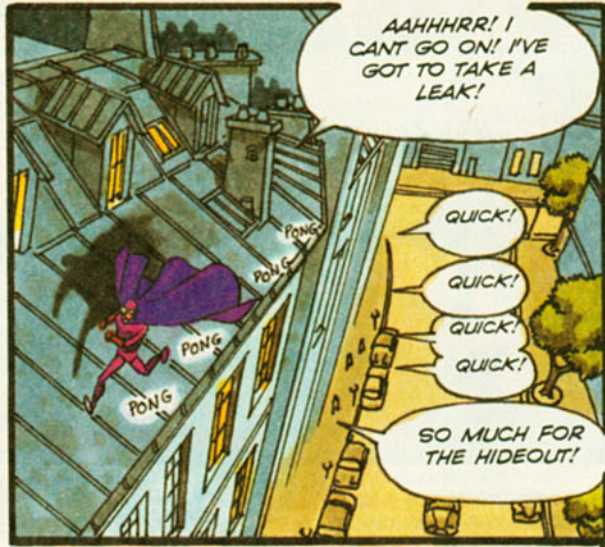
HERE!
IT'S THE IDEAL
OBSERVATION POINT! I'LL
WAIT FOR THE BAD ASSES
THEN I'LL SWOOP DOWN
LIKE A VULTURE! HAR,
HAR, HAR, HAR, HAR!

AND
JUSTICE
WILL BE
DONE!



BRRR!!
NOTHING'S
HAPPENING
IN THIS
TOWN!

I'M
FREEZ-
ING
MYSELF
TO THE
BONE!



AAHHHRR! I
CANT GO ON! I'VE
GOT TO TAKE A
LEAK!

QUICK!

QUICK!

QUICK!

QUICK!

SO MUCH FOR
THE HIDEOUT!

AAAKK! NOT A GOOD IDEA,
THE UNDERPANTS OVER
THE TIGHTS...



NOT GOOD
AT ALL!

QUICK!



AAAAAAHHHHH...

PSSSSSSSSSS



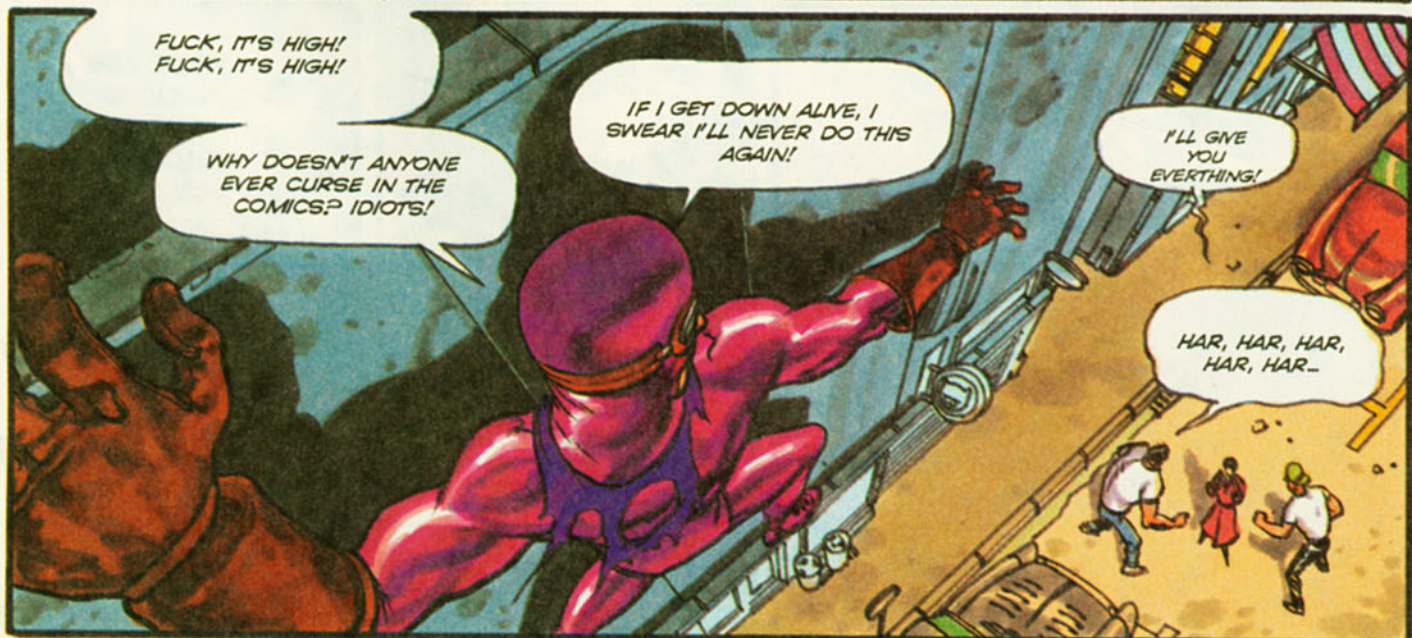
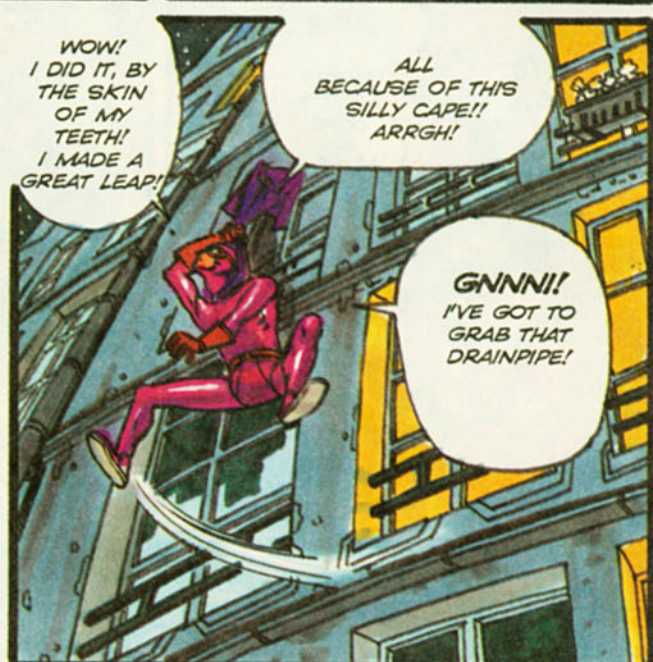
HELP!!!!!!

SHIT!!!

PSSSSSSSSSS



SHE KNEW!
SHE CALLED OUT
FOR ME! IT CAN'T
BE ANYTHING
ELSE!





MAYBE IT'S
NORMAL TO FREAK
OUT, AFTER ALL...

SPIDERMAN
ALSO CARRIED A
CLOTH BAG ON HIS
FIRST MISSION...



HHHHH!

B
A
N
Z
A
I
!!



RONKX



ARGHHH!

OOOPS,
YOU
MISSED!

A
H
H
R
R
R



TAPP

LIVRES



Tiooww

?!?

?!?

PAN



NOW I'M SICK OF
ALL THIS KIDDING
AROUND.

UH...MISS,
CALM
DOWN...I'M
HERE TO...



SHUT UP! I'M
GOING TO
BLOW YOU
ALL AWAY,
YOU IDIOTS!

PAW
PAW
PAW

HEY!

OYY!



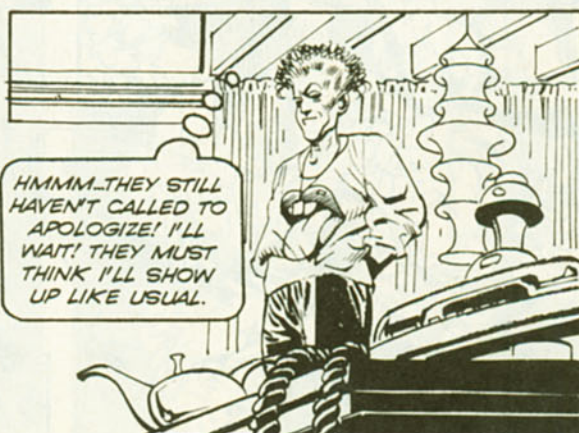
BRONX

THE ACTOR

II

ALBERTO
SAICHANN
88





BUT, NO! THIS TIME
I'M SERIOUS!

HEY! IT SEEMS TO ME
THEY'RE A BIT LATE!

HELLO! AH MOM,
IT'S YOU. NO, TODAY
WE'RE NOT FILMING.
YES, YES, I'M FINE!
NO, NO, I'M NOT
NERVOUS! NO! IT'S
NOTHING! STOP
YAPPING! PLEASE!
I'M HANGING UP
BECAUSE I'M WAITING
FOR A CALL! DON'T
CALL ME!
UNDERSTAND? DON'T
CALL ME, BITCH!

IRING!

CLIC

THREE DAYS AND NOTHING.
THEY'RE TESTING MY NERVES. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO: I CAN'T CALL, OR
THEY'LL THINK I CRUMBED. I'LL
WAIT A LITTLE MORE. IF THIS IS
FINISHED, I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE
MY TIME.

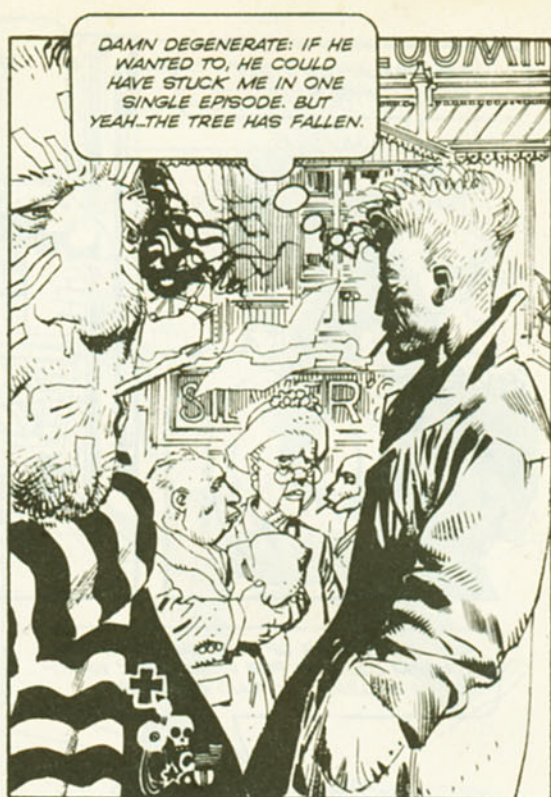
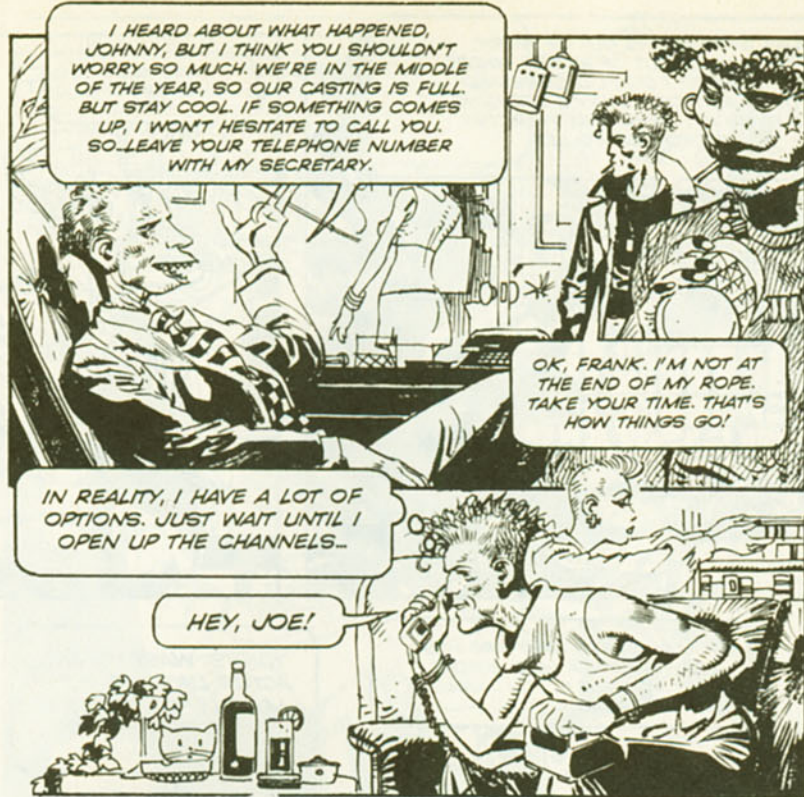
THEY'RE KILLING MY CHARACTER OFF! AND
THE MURDERER IS THAT GUY WHO LOOKS
LIKE ME! SONS OF BITCHES! THEY'RE KILLING
MY PART! THEY'RE GOING TO HEAR FROM ME!

IT'S BEEN A WEEK
SINCE I QUIT AND TODAY I'LL
HAVE TO WATCH A SHOW
WITHOUT ME. I'M SURE THEY
HAD TO CANCEL THE SHOW
BECAUSE "THE LEAD
ACTOR IS ILL."

CLIC

IBRAM!

WHEN THEY CHANGE THE
CHANNELS AND SEE THE
COMPETITION, THEY'LL CRY
TEARS OF BLOOD!
THEY DON'T KNOW WHO
THEY'RE DEALING WITH!



HMMMM...AFTER I GET
SOMETHING, SURE...



JUST TWO MONTHS OUT OF WORK
AND I'M ALMOST OUT OF MONEY. WHERE
DID IT ALL GO? I DON'T UNDERSTAND
ANYTHING ANYMORE. MARY'S SPENDING
MONEY AS IF I WERE STILL WORKING.
I HAVE TO TALK TO HER.



I HAVE TO GET
SOME WORK...
NOW!



HEY, JOE! WHAT'S UP OLD MAN? YES, YES!
SURE I'M LOOKING FOR WORK! YES! WHAT?
A BUTLER? YOU SAID A BUTLER?



YOU'RE CRAZY! WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING? I'M A LEAD ACTOR!
DON'T YOU GET IT, YOU ANIMAL?
A LEAD ACTOR!



IDIOTS, WASTING AN
ACTOR LIKE ME, WITH
MY TALENTS. THEY'RE
TRYING TO DESTROY
ME!



SIX MONTHS WITHOUT WORK. I'M
GOING TO DIE OF STARVATION
SOON. NOW JOE WON'T EVEN CALL
ME! NO ONE CARES! BASTARDS!



JOHNNY, SAM GOULD CALLED.
HE SAID TO TELL YOU THAT HE
HAS A THEATRE ROLE YOU MIGHT
BE INTERESTED IN. I THINK IT
MIGHT BE IMPORTANT.



SAM GOULD? BUT HE MUST HATE ME. I ALWAYS SAY SHITTY THINGS ABOUT THAT PIG'S CRUMMY PLAYS. MAYBE IT'LL GIVE MY CRITICS SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT. HA! PEOPLE LOVE READING ABOUT FALLEN STARS. WELL...

MR. GOULD, MR. CASHON IS HERE TO SEE YOU.

WHAT'S UP?

YES, MY LOVE! IT'S A NEW PHASE OF A FABULOUS CAREER! JOHNNY CASHON IS BACK AND BETTER THAN EVER!

MY GOOD FRIEND GOULD, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE GIVEN ME A PART TO ENHANCE YOUR LATEST PROJECT!

SHUT UP AND TAKE THIS SCRIPT. THE ONLY REASON YOU GOT THIS PART WAS BECAUSE OF YOUR WIFE, STUPID! IF IT WERE UP TO ME, YOU'D ROT IN HELL!

THANKS TO MY WIFE! YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T CALL HER?

CALL! HA! HA! HA! HA! WHAT GARBAGE! CALL ME "DADDY"! HA! HA! HA!



YOU EVIL BASTARD, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU! FILTH! PIG! FILTHY PIG!



THAT'S IT! YOU'RE OUT OF MY PLAY! BY THROWING YOUR LITTLE TANTRUM, YOU'VE DONE ME A GREAT FAVOR! WHAT WAS I THINKING, HIRING SOME IDIOT WHO CALLED MY THEATRE A PIGSTY! GUYS, GRAB HIS LEGS! BUT BEFORE THAT...GIVE ME A LITTLE POUT, PRETTY BOY!



SAY HELLO TO YOUR WIFE FOR ME!

SON OF A BITCH! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!



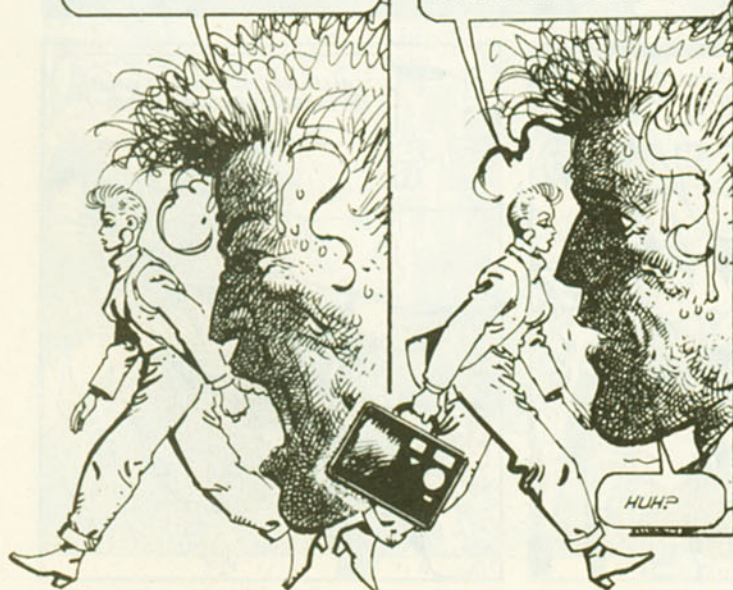
WHORE! SHITTY WHORE!



DON'T GO!

STUPID WHORE! TWENTY YEARS OF MARRIAGE FOR THIS. YOU WON'T BE AT MY SIDE FOR ONE SECOND MORE, BITCH!

THE SIGHT OF A MAN IN PAIN MIGHT MAKE ME STAY, BUT THE SIGHT OF A LOSER FINALLY SHIPWRECKING HIS LIFE...IT'S WAY TOO MUCH!



HUHP



HI, BOYS!

HI, JOHNNY!

SO, I WENT IN FOR A PART IN GOULD'S NEW PLAY AND HE SAID, "NOBODY HAS THE EXPERIENCE AND TALENT YOU HAVE; ONLY YOU CAN BRING THIS PART TO LIFE WITHOUT ANY PRETENSIONS!" HE OFFERED ME THE PART...CAN YOU BELIEVE IT! HE OFFERED ME THE LEAD ROLE, AND CASH. IT WAS LIKE WHEN I FIRST STARTED. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?



LOOK, JOHNNY, I REMEMBER WHEN YOU FIRST TOLD ME YOU GOT CAST IN THE TELETHEATRE, YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD IT MADE IN THE SHADE. WELL, I'M NOT SAYING THIS OUT OF BITTERNESS, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT STYLE.

ANOTHER STYLE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I'VE GOT TO CHANGE SKINS?



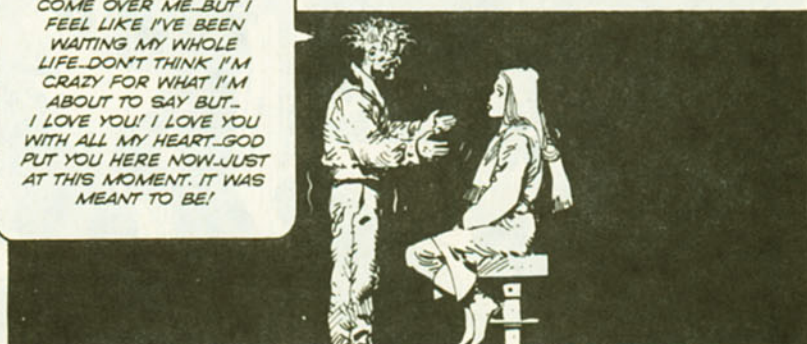
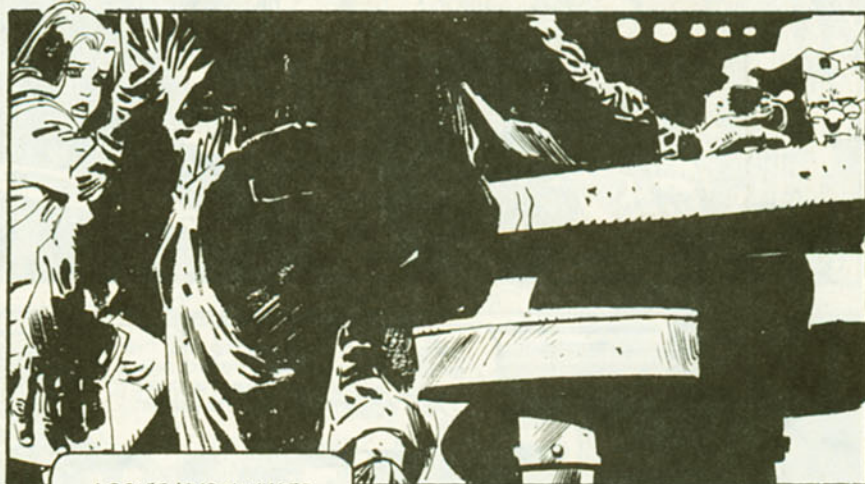
WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THIS IS A DISTINCTIVE WORK...THAT I WANT TO SAY...ALRIGHT! WHAT I WANT TO SAY IS THAT YOU'RE JUST TOO OLD FOR THE PART.



I REALLY NEEDED TO WORK. YOU UNDERSTAND, RIGHT? I NEE-EEE-EEE-DED. YOU THINK I WENT DOWN ON MY KNEES? IDIOTS! FOOLS!

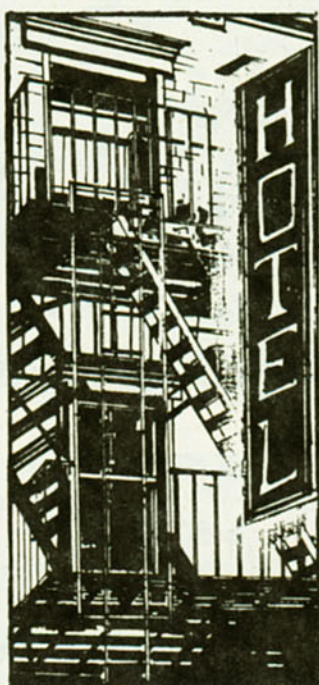


THEY COULD HAVE WAITED TILL THE SPRING TO EVICT ME. IT'S SO DAMN COLD AND I DON'T HAVE A DIME FOR SOMETHING HOT TO DRINK.

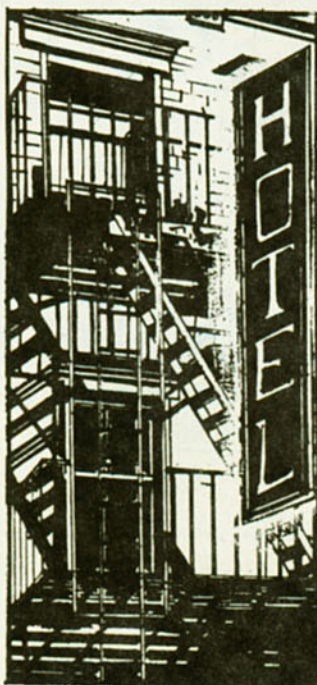




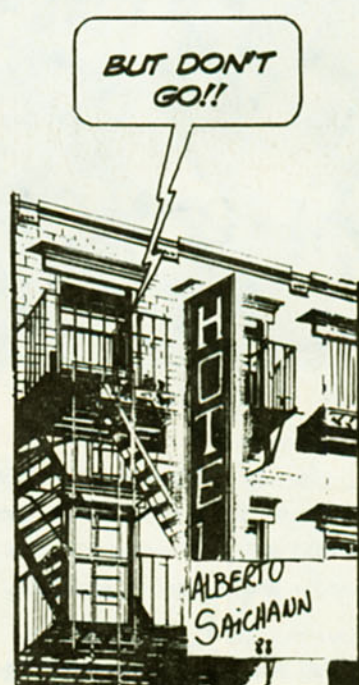
COME WITH ME, PLEASE... DON'T BE AFRAID!
I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU. THAT'S
ALL, A MOMENT OF PARADISE. THE
REDEMPTION AFTER SO MUCH SUFFERING,
THE BEGINNING OF A NEW STAGE IN MY LIFE.
A NEW STAGE OF ASCENT AND TRIUMPH. A
NEW ROAD I WILL WALK DOWN IN VICTORY. IF
YOU GIVE ME THE POWER TO VANQUISH MY
ADVERSITY...COME, MY LOVE...COME, DON'T BE
AFRAID!



MY LOVE, LET ME
CARESS YOU...YES, YES...!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE
SO SOFT!

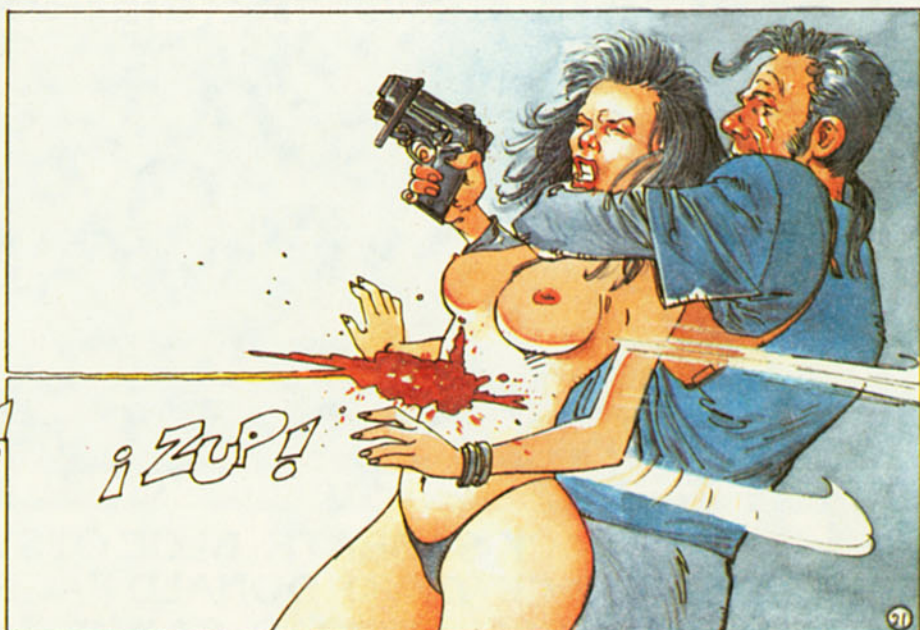
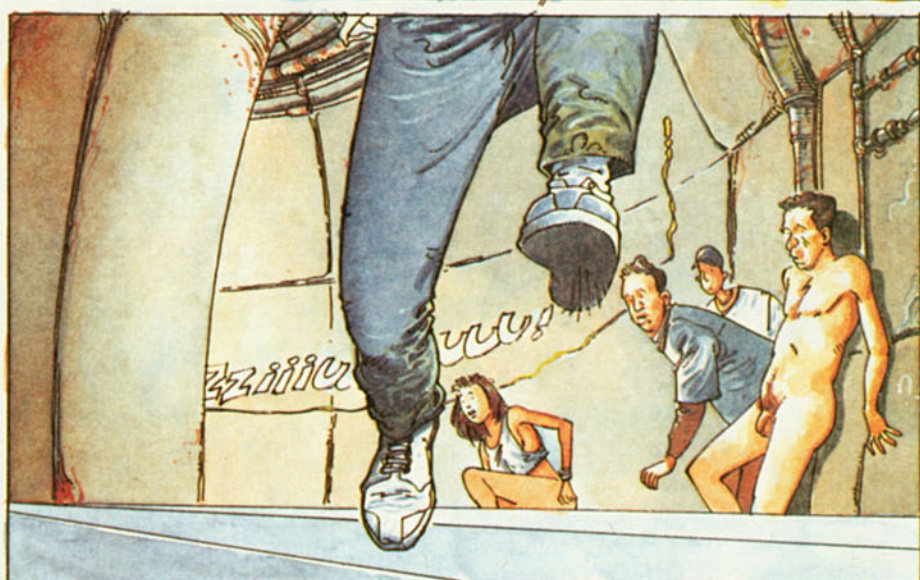
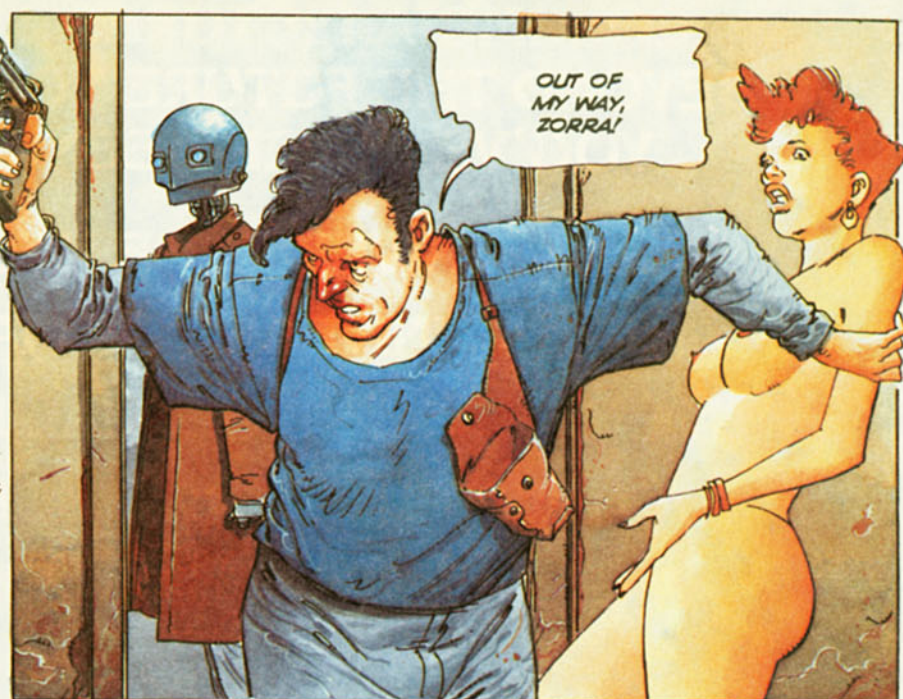


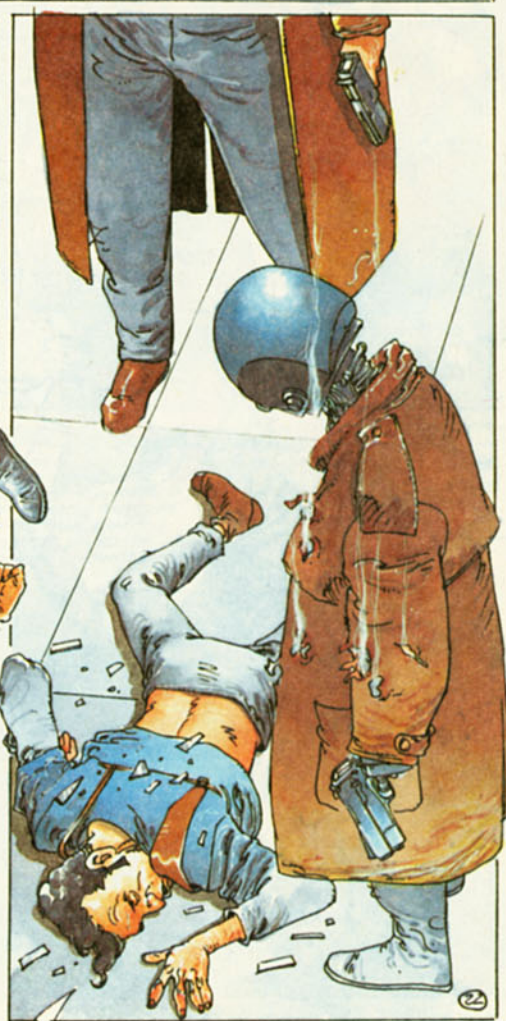
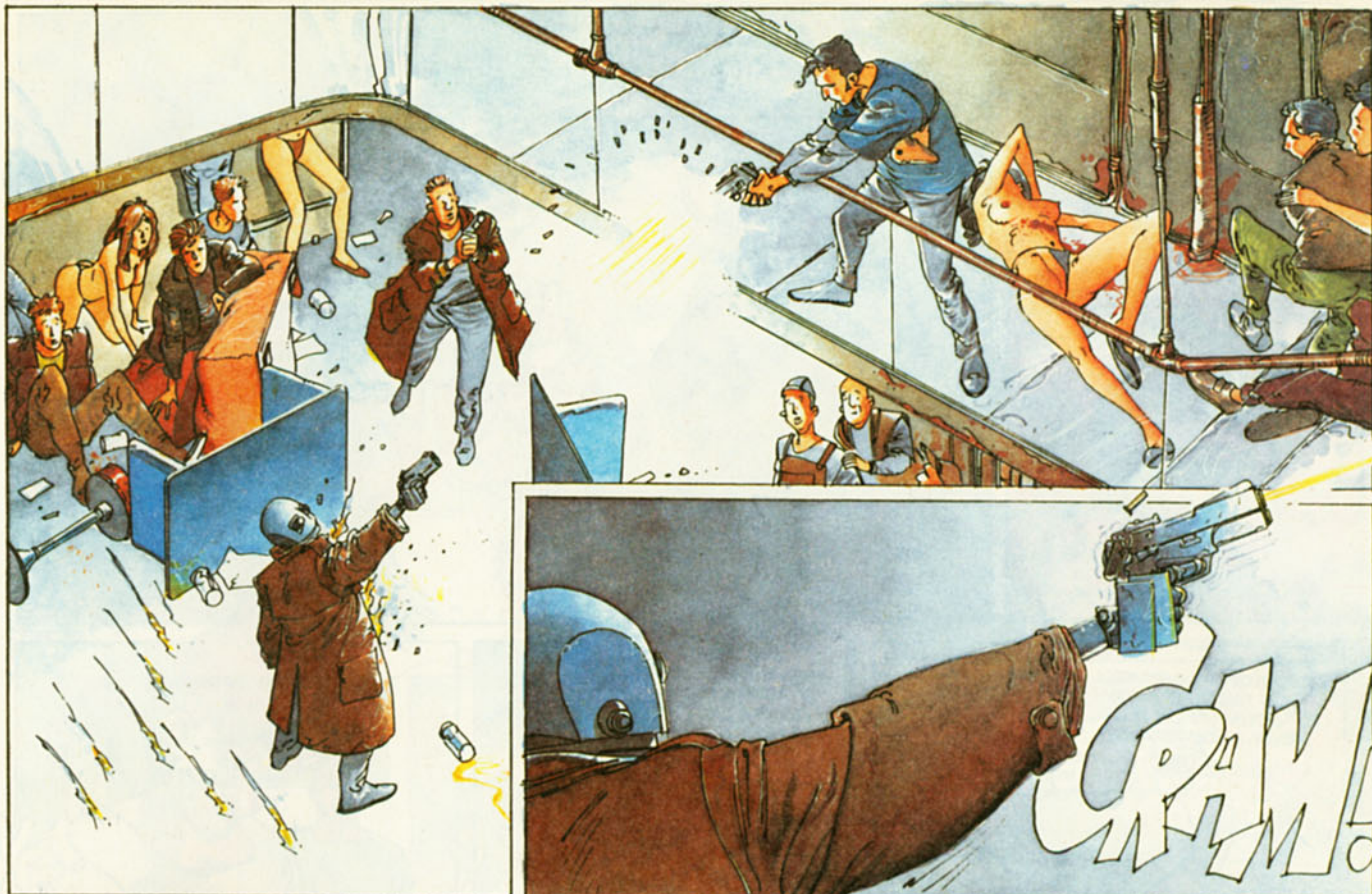
THERE...! I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
ME...I SWEAR IT'S NEVER
HAPPENED BEFORE...IT
MUST BE THE COLD!
WE'LL HAVE PATIENCE!

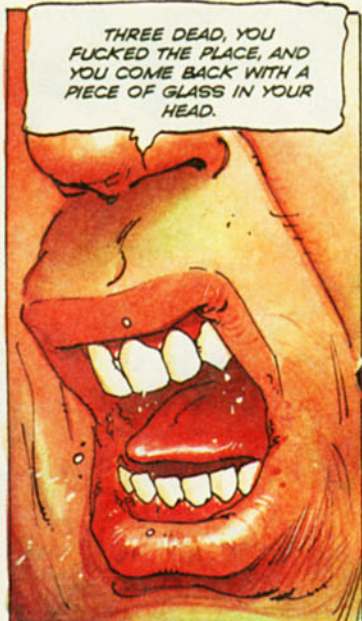


BUT DON'T
GO!!

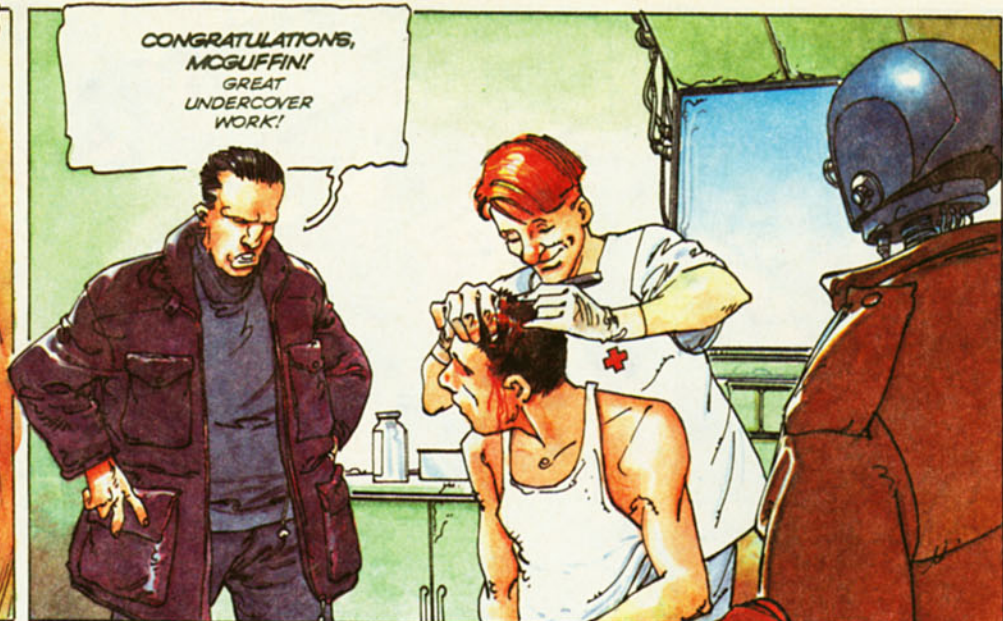
ALBERTO
SAICHAUN
81







THREE DEAD, YOU
FUCKED THE PLACE, AND
YOU COME BACK WITH A
PIECE OF GLASS IN YOUR
HEAD.



CONGRATULATIONS,
MCGUFFIN!
GREAT
UNDERCOVER
WORK!



AND NOW I MUST TELL
YOU THAT THE BODY
COUNT IS UP TO
FOUR...UNDERSTAND?

MINE!
YOU'RE ALL
MINE!

OWWWW!



...AND NOW IT
SEEMS THE FOURTH
WAS MAGREB!
MCGUFFIN, I'M
GIVING YOU 48
HOURS!

JUST LIKE IN
THE OLD
COP
FLICKS...



LET'S HAVE A
LITTLE QUIET HERE
UNTIL I GET BACK,
OK, DEARIE?



MOTHER
OF GOD!



I'M NOT IN THIS
POSITION TO GIVE A
SPECIMEN...! ALTHOUGH,
I CAN MAKE YOU ONE
IF YOU LIKE...

YOU ARE
A CLUMSY
SHIT!

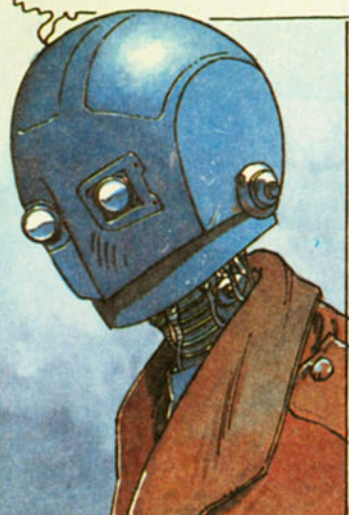
OH, YOU DON'T NEED
ANY, HUH? WELL
YOU CAN'T SAY I'VE NEVER
OFFERED...

CLONC!

(25)

I MUST INFORM YOU THAT, ACCORDING TO PARAGRAPH 2 OF PART 6 OF THE INTERNAL CODE OF THE ANTARCTIC POLICE, IT IS PROHIBITED TO ACCESS INFORMATION OR PUBLIC ARCHIVES WITHOUT OBTAINING AUTHORIZATION OF A JUDGE...

REQUEST TO ACCESS THE ARCHIVE OF THE FROZEN SKIN BANK... DENIED.



RELAX,
PAL.



SHIT!

HAVE A
LITTLE FAITH,
MAN!

YOUR FRIEND
ANDREAS IS A
MAN OF
RESOURCES...
MEET
METROPOLIS, A
LOCALIZER OF
INFORMATION
WITH ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC
PULSES...

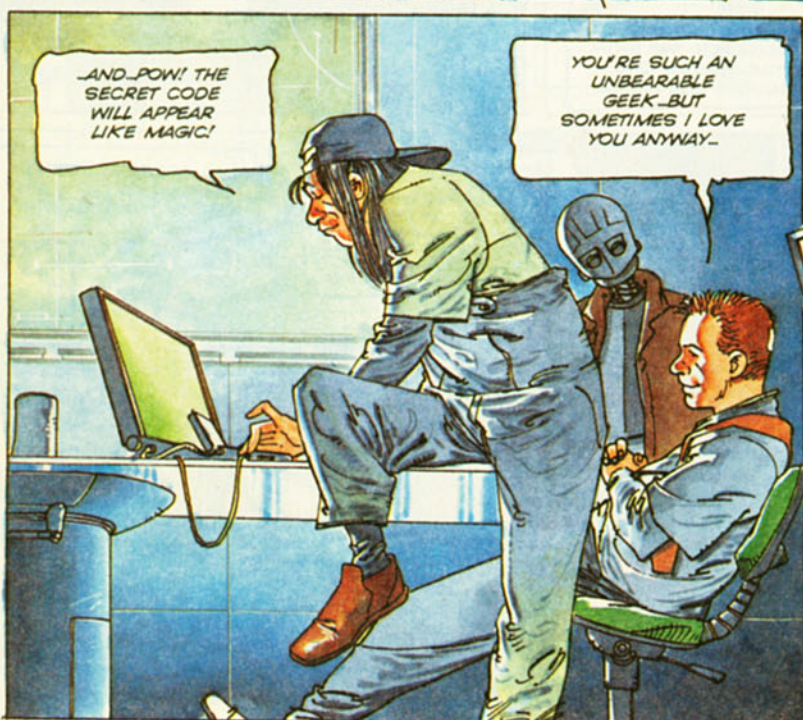


YOU CONNECT IT TO THE
COMPUTER, AND IT WILL
DISPLAY THE KEY TO THE
HOSPITAL, THEN ORDER IT
TO FIND THE DESIRED
ARCHIVE...



...AND...POW! THE
SECRET CODE
WILL APPEAR
LIKE MAGIC!

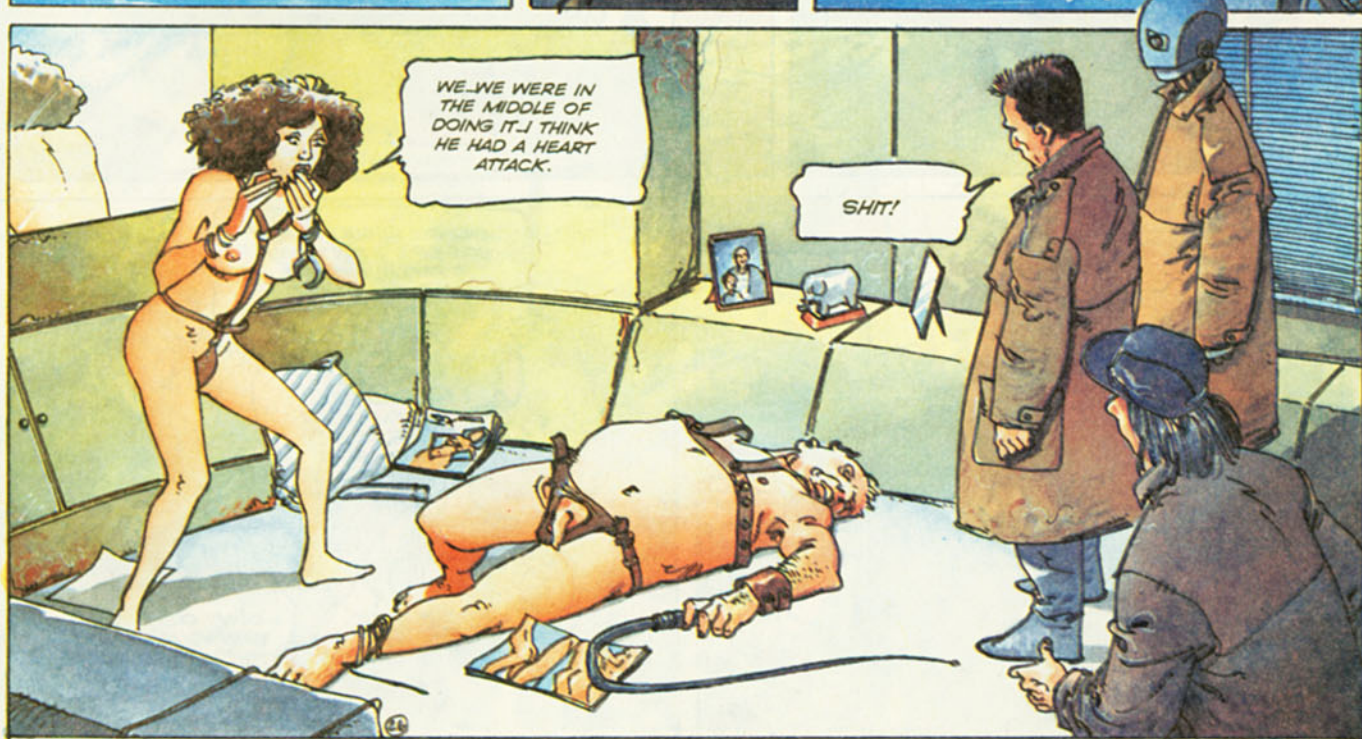
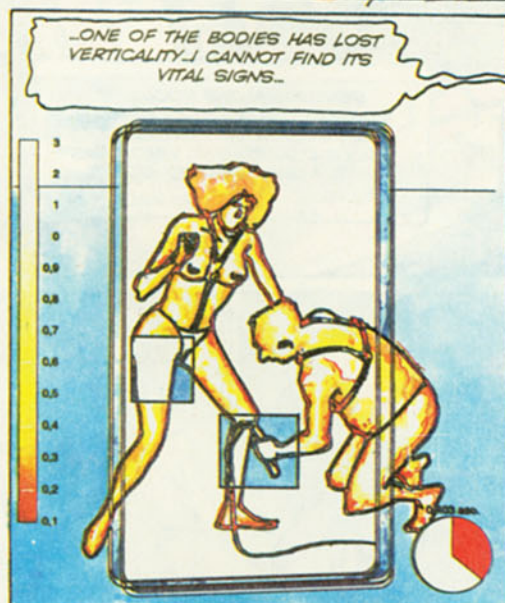
YOU'RE SUCH AN
UNBEARABLE
GEEK...BUT
SOMETIMES I LOVE
YOU ANYWAY...

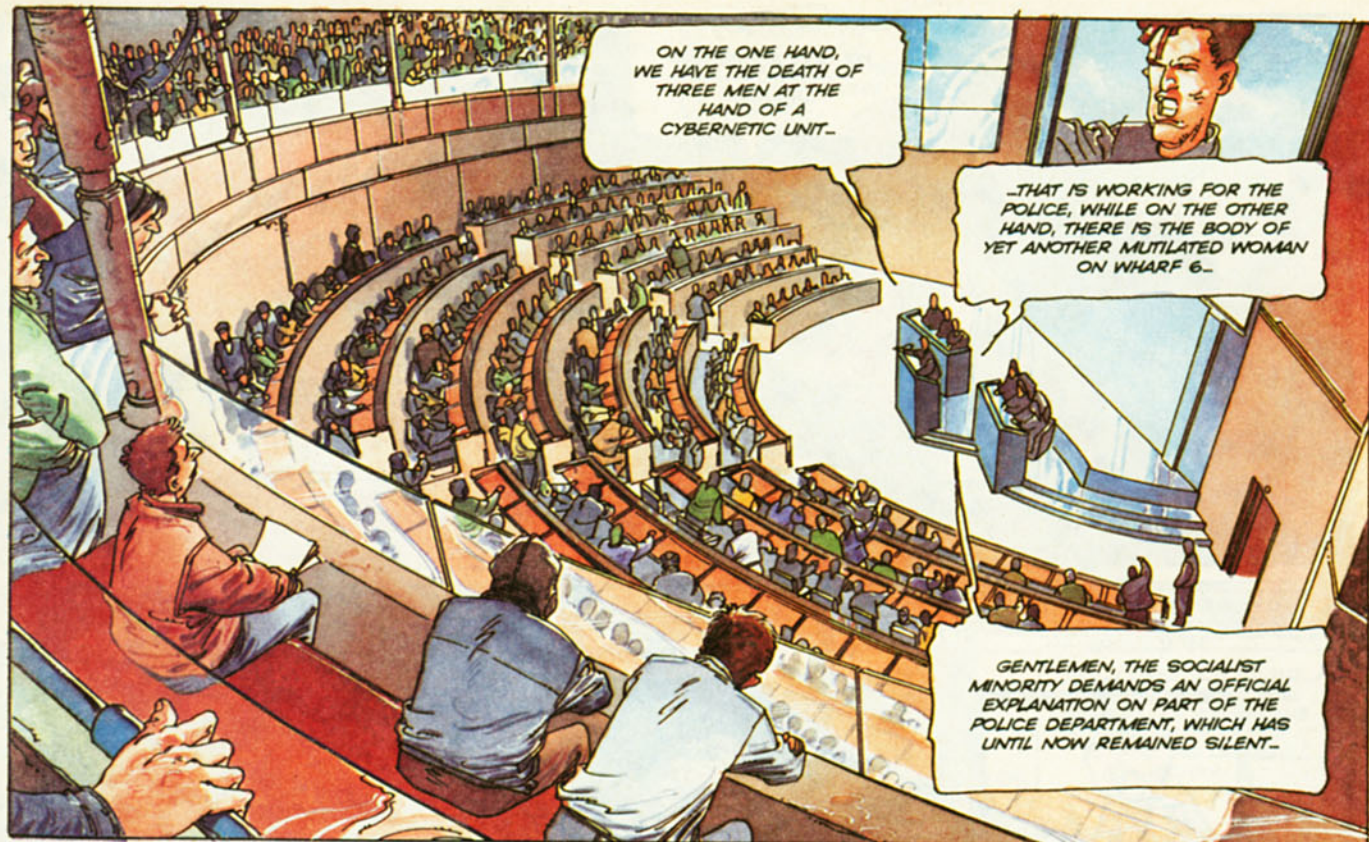


A DOCTOR AND
THREE
BIOGENETICS
EXPERTS...

LET'S GO
AFTER THIS
HOOKER...
COME ON!



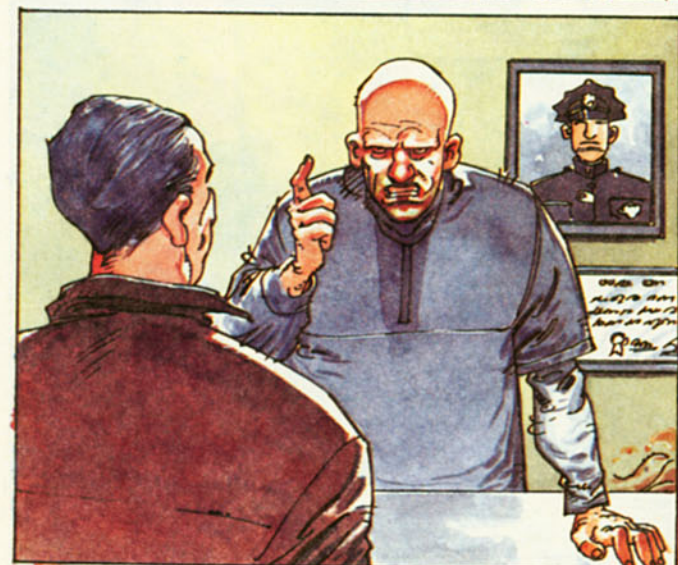
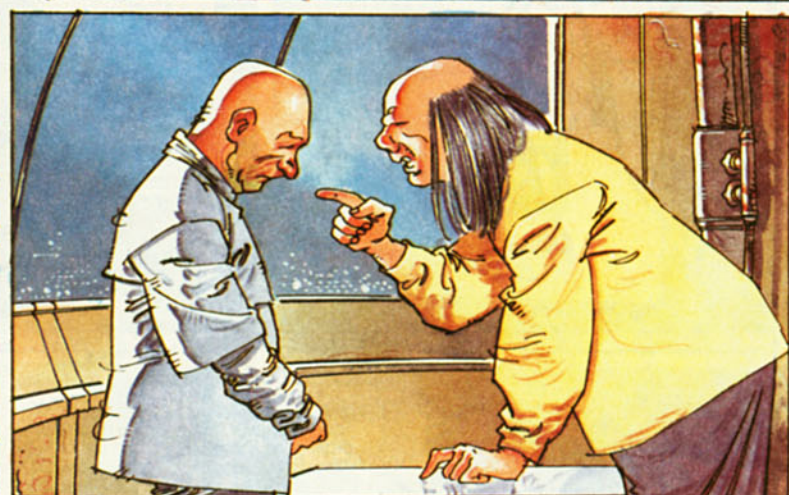




ON THE ONE HAND,
WE HAVE THE DEATH OF
THREE MEN AT THE
HAND OF A
CYBERNETIC UNIT...

...THAT IS WORKING FOR THE
POLICE, WHILE ON THE OTHER
HAND, THERE IS THE BODY OF
YET ANOTHER MUTILATED WOMAN
ON WHARF 6...

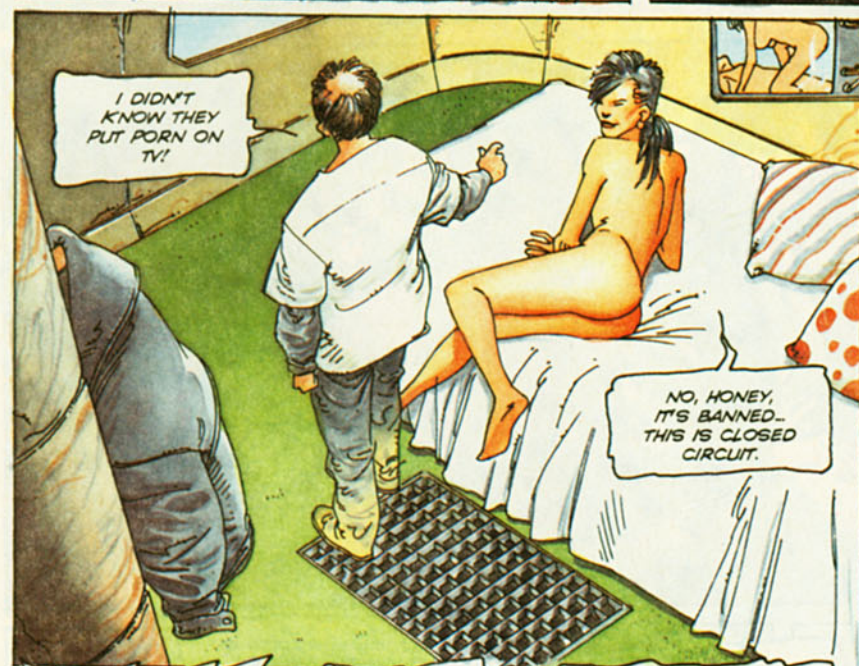
GENTLEMEN, THE SOCIALIST
MINORITY DEMANDS AN OFFICIAL
EXPLANATION ON PART OF THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT, WHICH HAS
UNTIL NOW REMAINED SILENT...

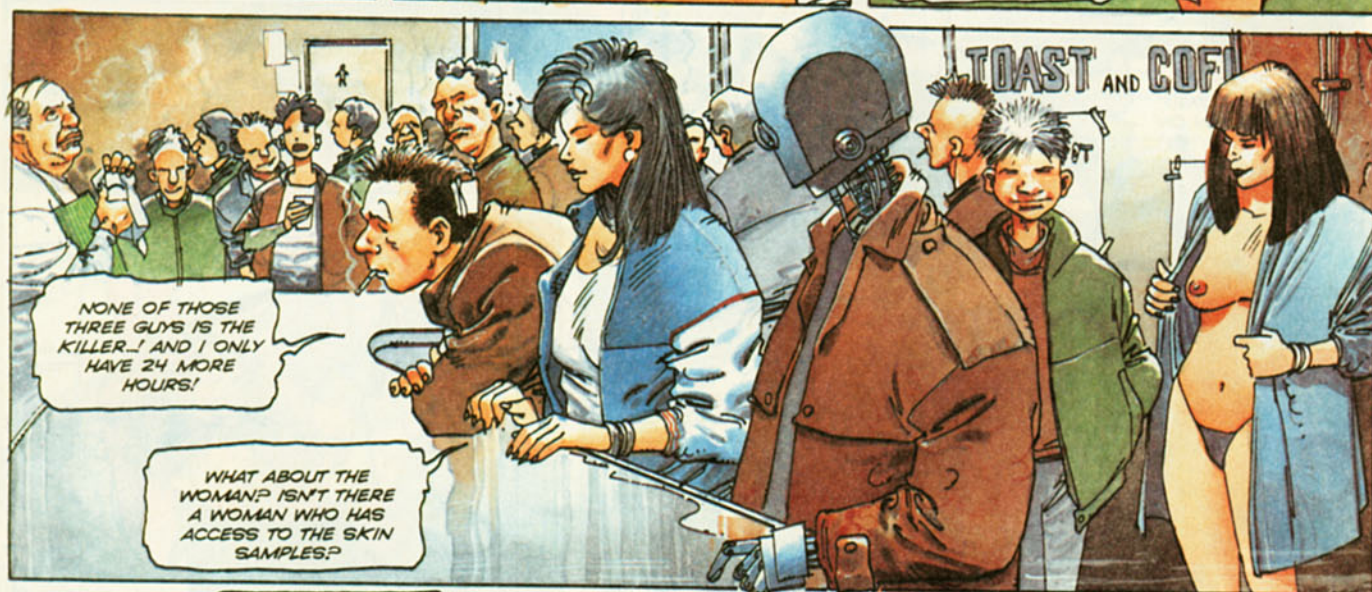


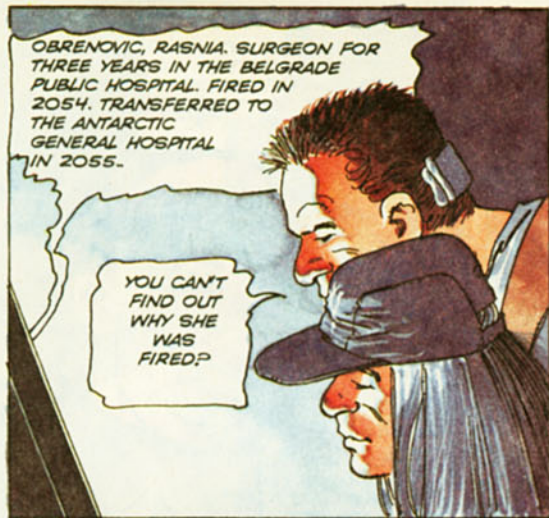
...AND THE RESULT IS THAT
SON OF A BITCH OLIVER
IS PRESSURING ME,
MCGUFFIN. I WANT
RESULTS AND I WANT
THEM NOW!

I ALREADY TOLD
YOU I'M ON AN
IMPORTANT
TRAIL! BUT I
NEED MORE...

DON'T COME TO ME
WITH YOUR STORIES!
YOU HAVE 36 HOURS
LEFT! NOT ONE
MORE, YOU HEAR?

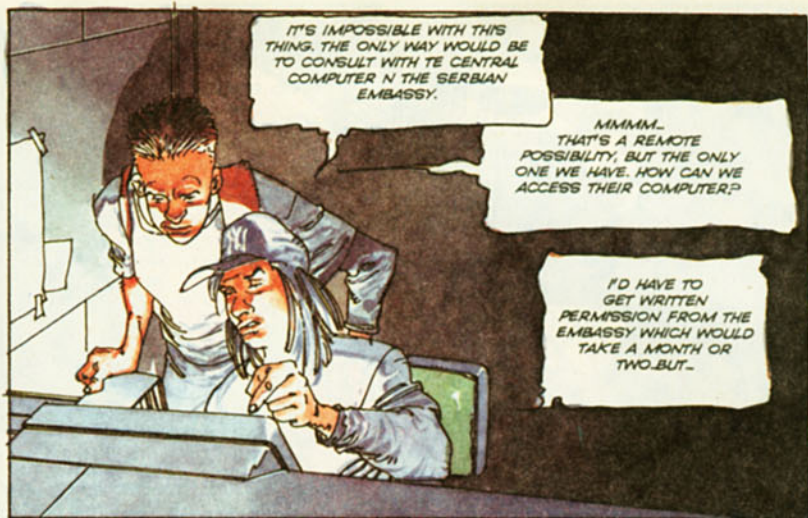






OBRENOVIC, RASNIA. SURGEON FOR THREE YEARS IN THE BELGRADE PUBLIC HOSPITAL. FIRED IN 2054. TRANSFERRED TO THE ANTARCTIC GENERAL HOSPITAL IN 2055.

YOU CAN'T FIND OUT WHY SHE WAS FIRED?



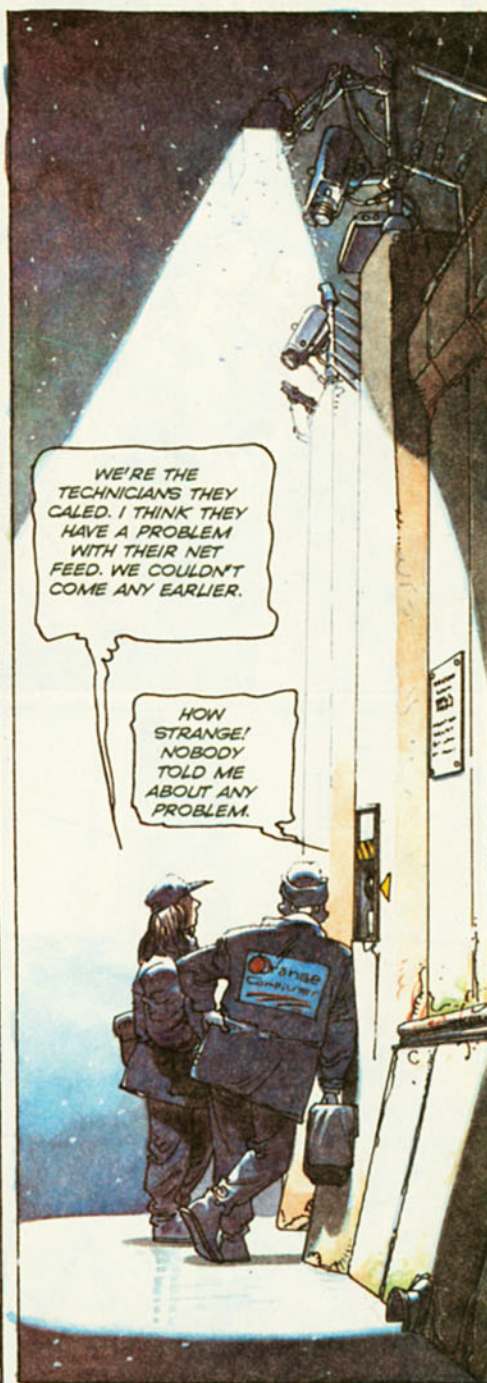
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE WITH THIS THING. THE ONLY WAY WOULD BE TO CONSULT WITH THE CENTRAL COMPUTER IN THE SERBIAN EMBASSY.

MINNN... THAT'S A REMOTE POSSIBILITY, BUT THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE. HOW CAN WE ACCESS THEIR COMPUTER?

I'D HAVE TO GET WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE EMBASSY WHICH WOULD TAKE A MONTH OR TWO... BUT...

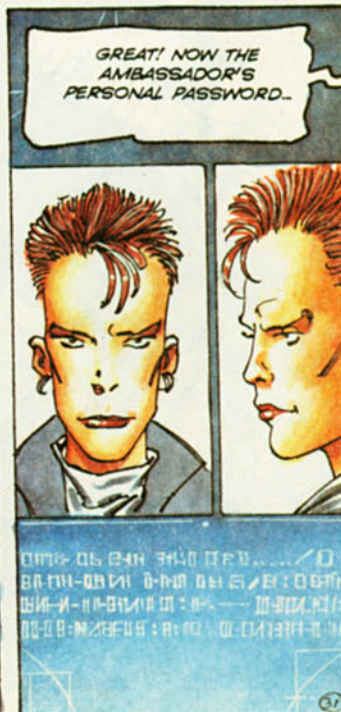
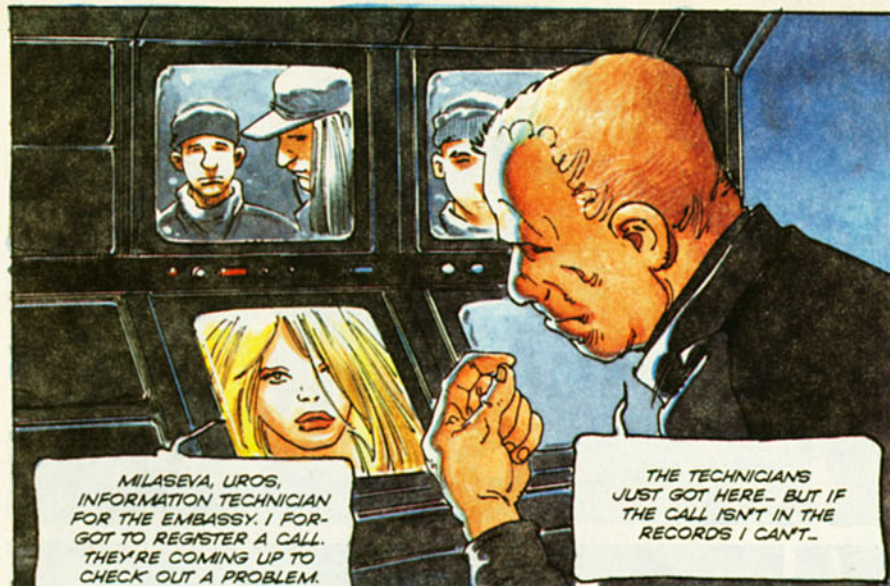


COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT AT THIS TIME OF DAY. THE EMBASSY IS CLOSED!



WE'RE THE TECHNICIANS THEY CALLED. I THINK THEY HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THEIR NET FEED. WE COULDN'T COME ANY EARLIER.

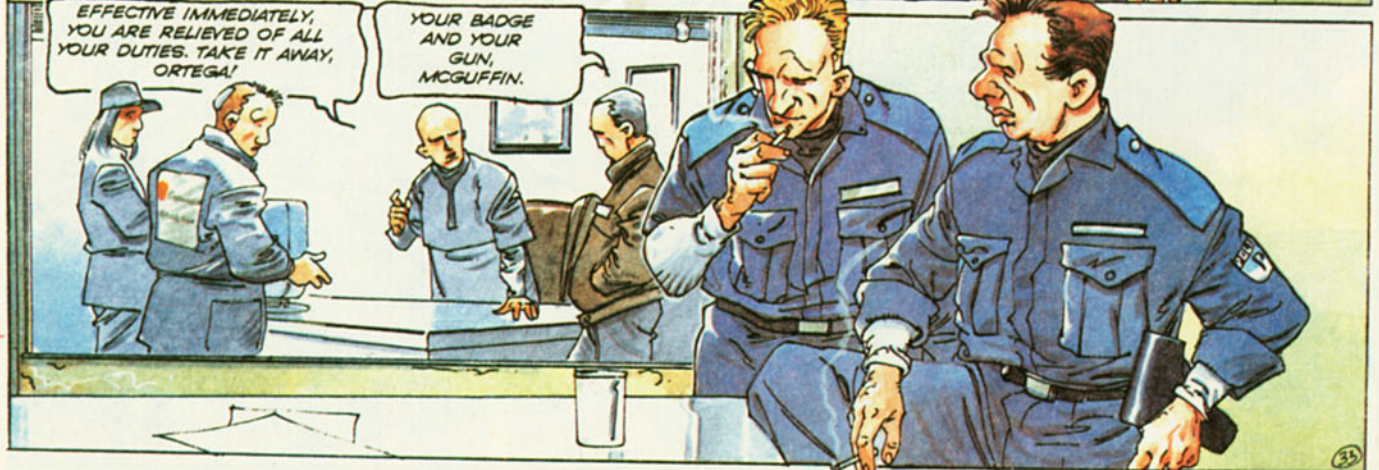
HOW STRANGE! NOBODY TOLD ME ABOUT ANY PROBLEM.

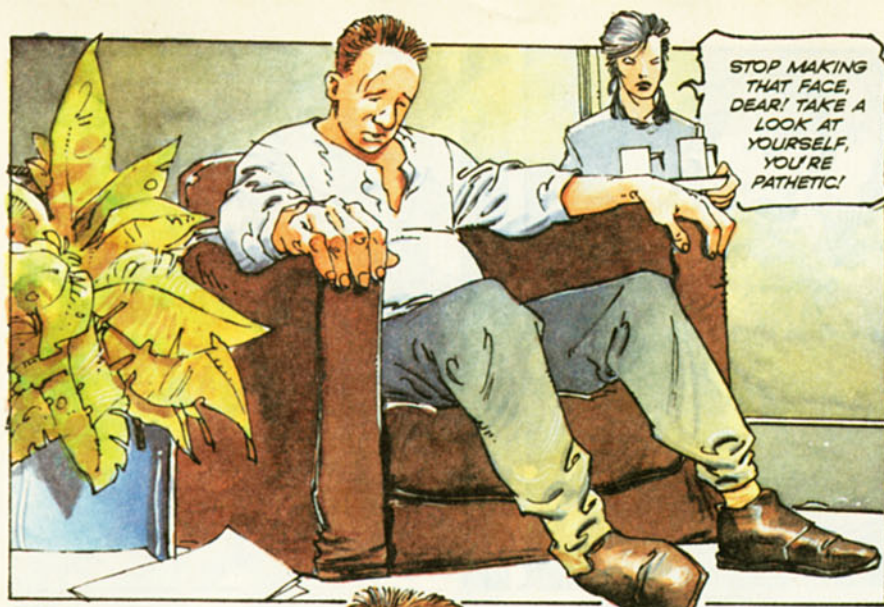




BELGRADE. 2054. PATIENT
DRA. OBRENOVIC DIED ON
THE OPERATING TABLE.
INVESTIGATION OPEN. PATIENT
RECOILED FROM
HOMOSEXUAL ADVANCES BY
DOCTOR. VOLUNTARY ERROR
SUSPECTED DURING
SURGICAL INTERVENTION.
CASE SUPPRESSED. LACK OF
PROOF. DOCTOR
TRANSFERRED TO ANTARCTIC
HOSPITAL IN 2056.



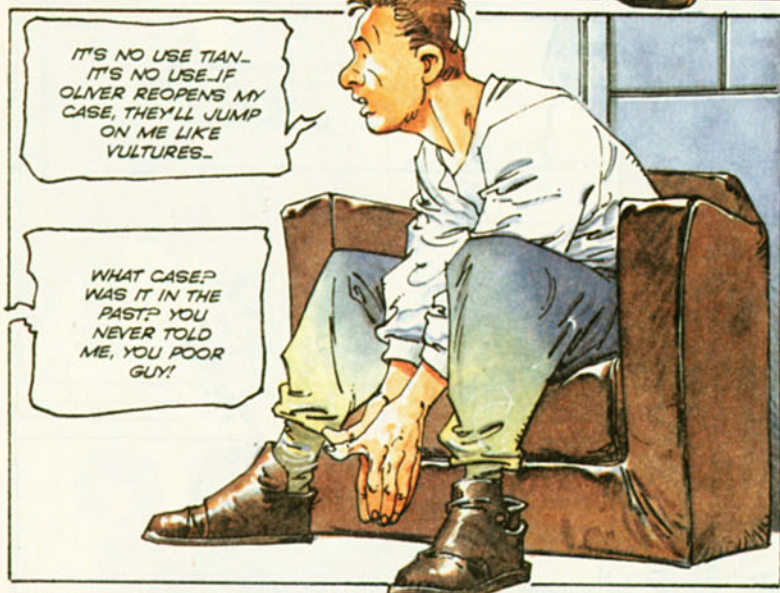




STOP MAKING
THAT FACE,
DEAR! TAKE A
LOOK AT
YOURSELF,
YOU'RE
PATHETIC!

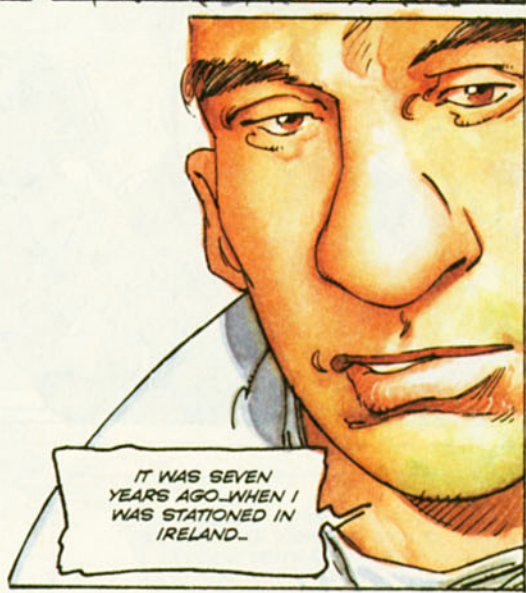


FIGHT, MAN! USE THE EVIDENCE!
CHALLENGE THAT SON OF A
BITCH, OLIVER. TAKE YOUR CASE
TO PARLIMENT!



IT'S NO USE TIAN...
IT'S NO USE...IF
OLIVER REOPENS MY
CASE, THEY'LL JUMP
ON ME LIKE
VULTURES...

WHAT CASE?
WAS IT IN THE
PAST? YOU
NEVER TOLD
ME, YOU POOR
GUY!



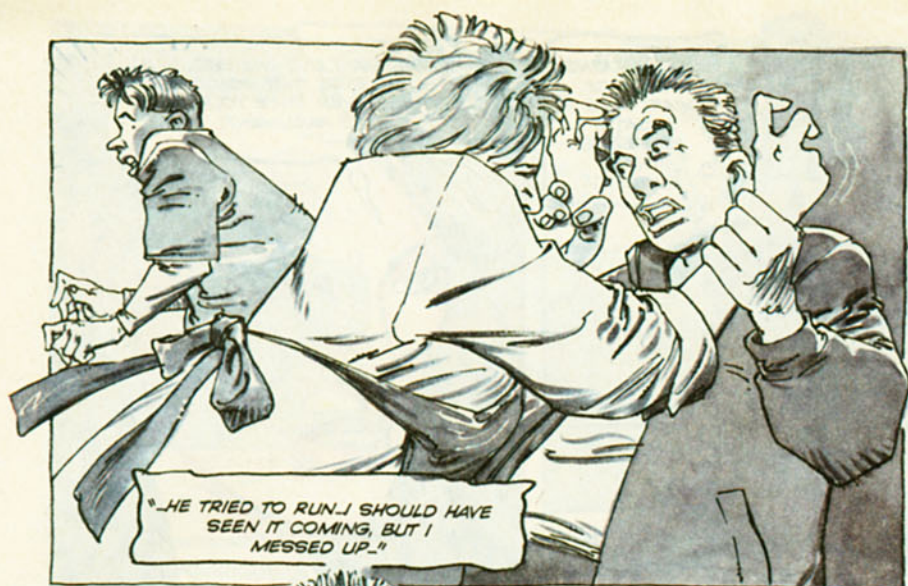
IT WAS SEVEN
YEARS AGO...WHEN I
WAS STATIONED IN
IRELAND...



"I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF A MEMBER OF THE
NEW IRA...WHO I FINALLY BAGGED IN HIS
MOTHER'S HOUSE..."



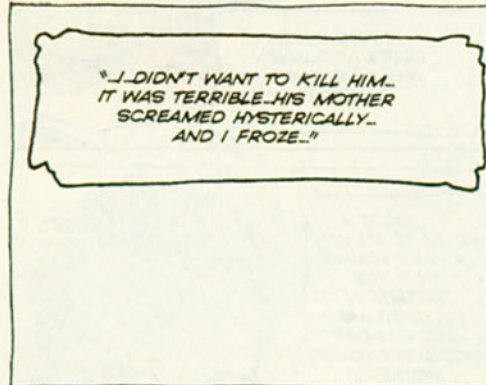
"I MADE A
MISTAKE...HE WAS
A VERY YOUNG
GUY, THE
SITUATION
TOUCHED ME...I
LET HIM SAY
GOOD-BYE TO HIS
MOTHER..."



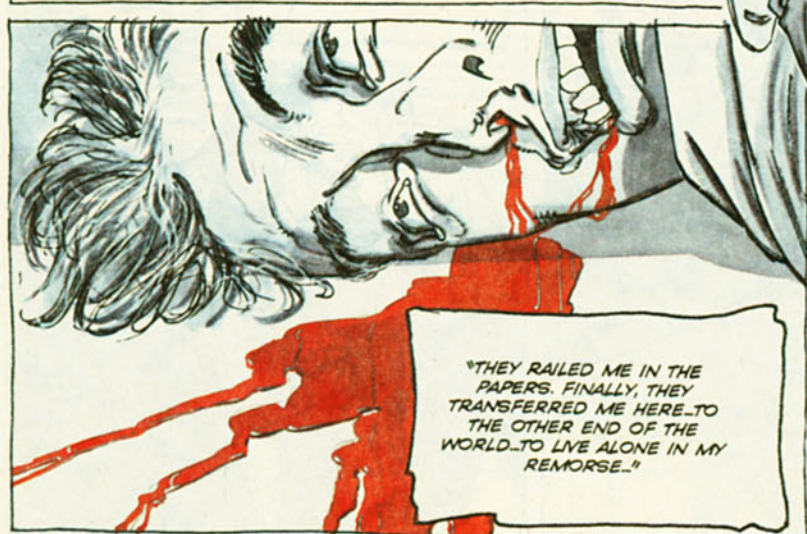
"HE TRIED TO RUN. I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING, BUT I MESSED UP."



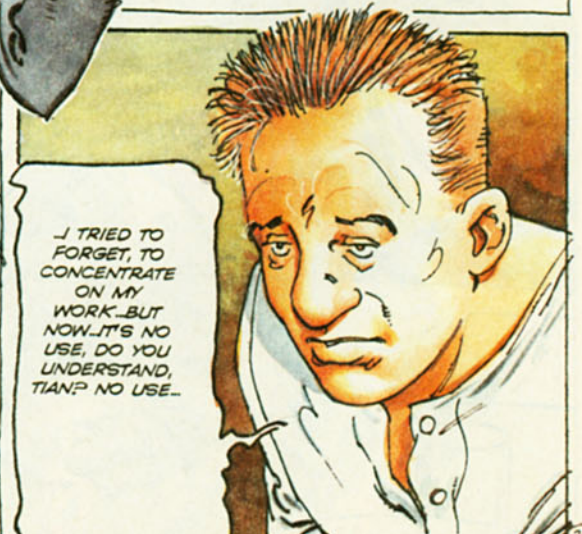
"HE JUMPED THROUGH THE WINDOW. SCREAMING LIKE CRAZY. I TOLD HIM TO 'HALT' A BUNCH OF TIMES. BUT HE DIDN'T STOP."



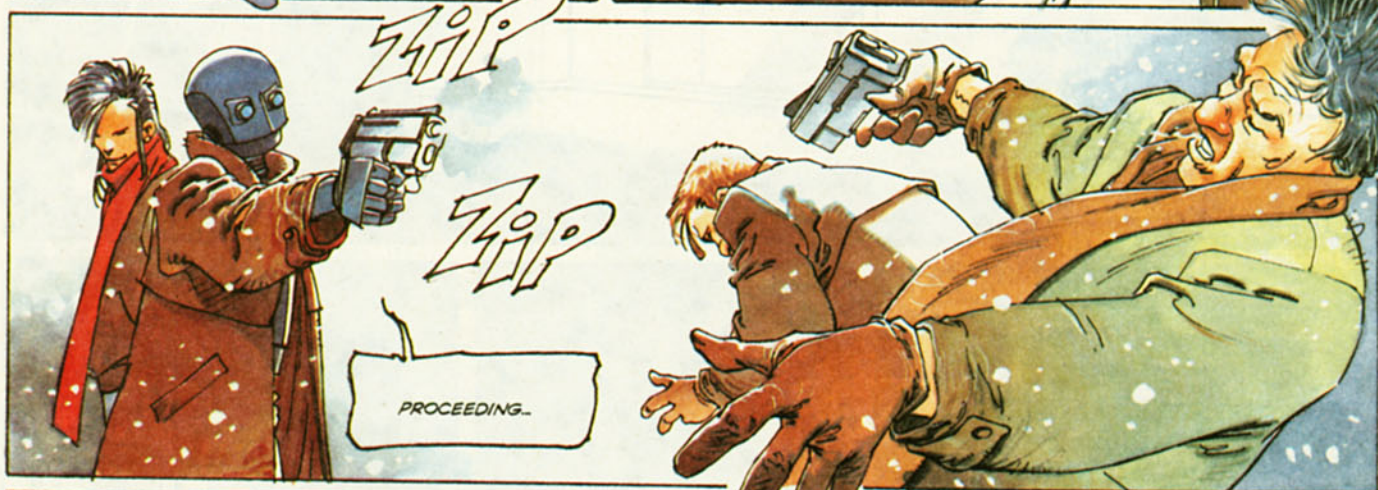
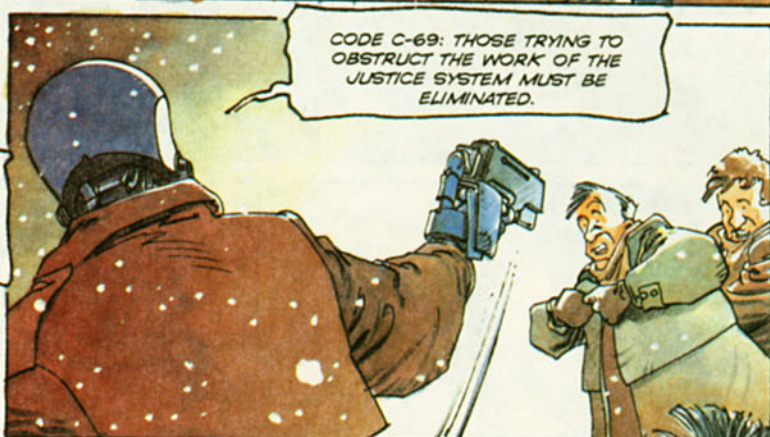
"I DIDN'T WANT TO KILL HIM. IT WAS TERRIBLE. HIS MOTHER SCREAMED HYSTERICALLY. AND I FROZE."

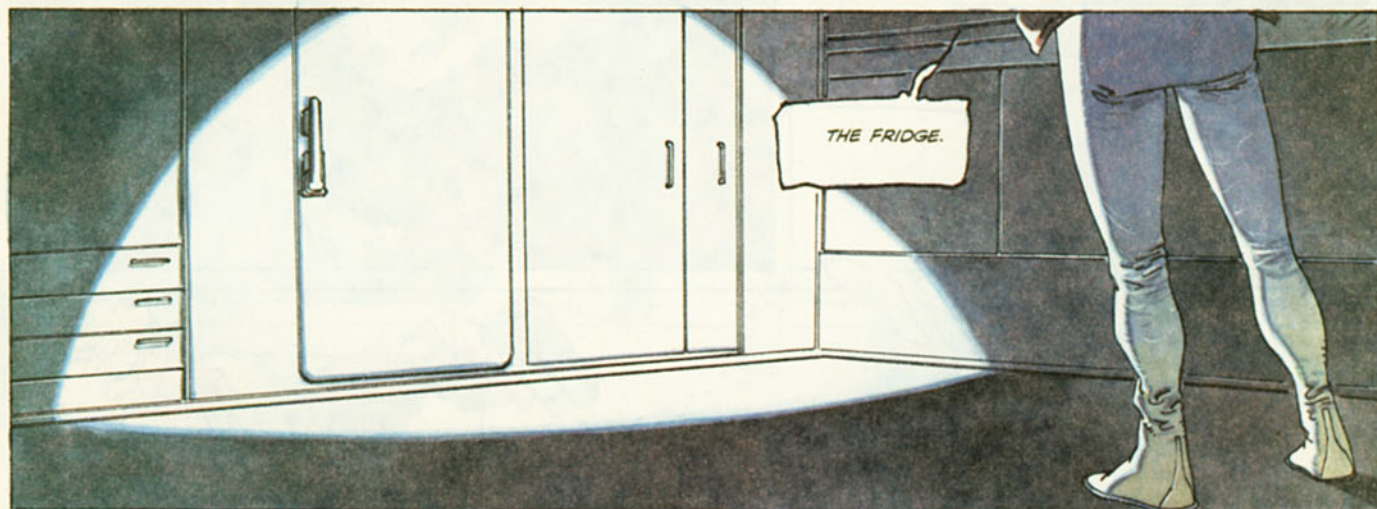


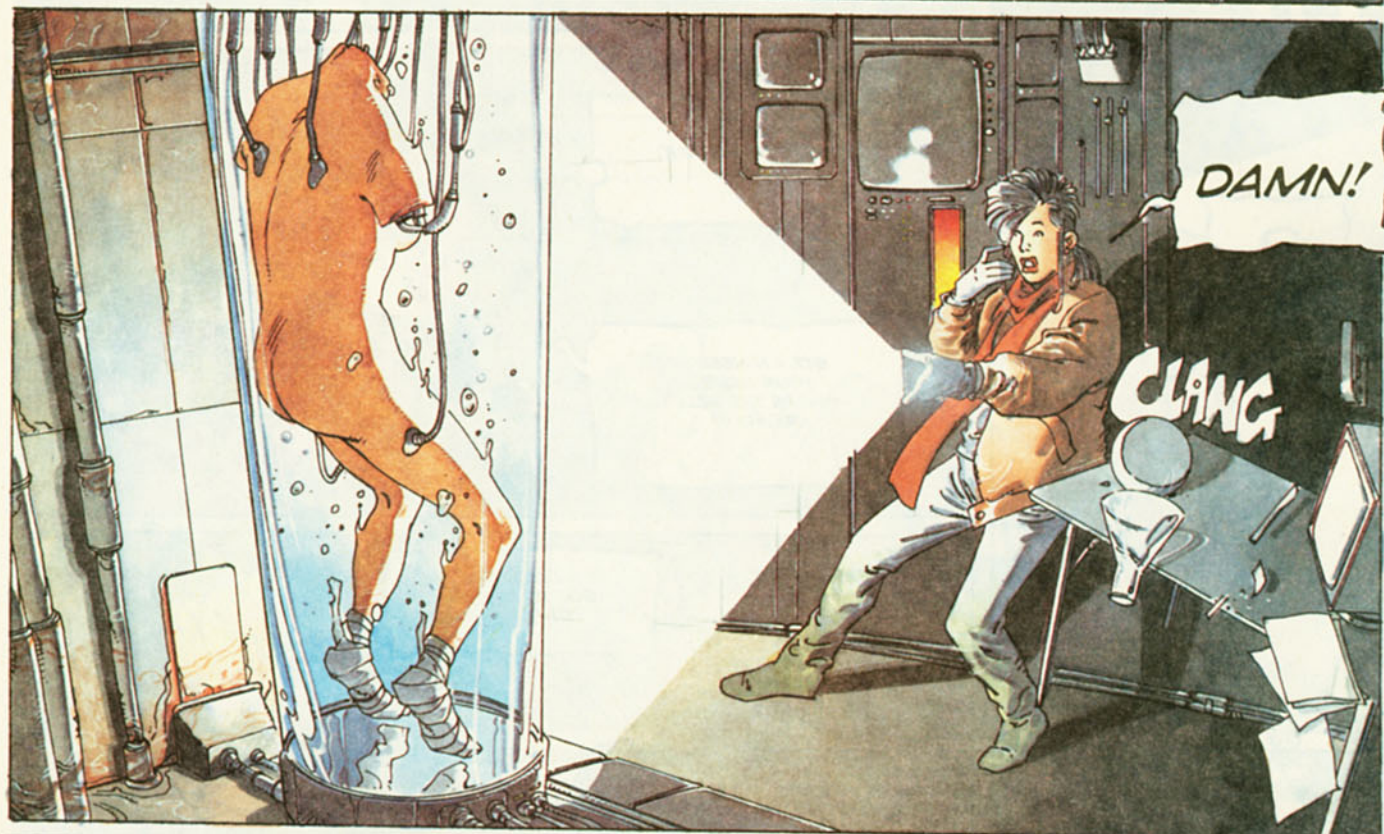
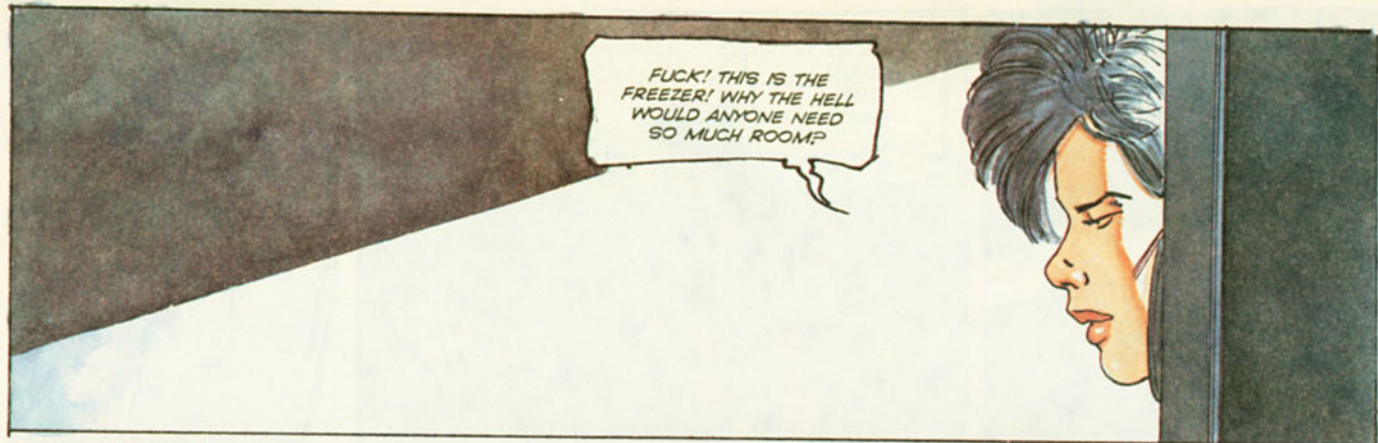
"THEY RAILED ME IN THE PAPERS. FINALLY, THEY TRANSFERRED ME HERE. TO THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD. TO LIVE ALONE IN MY REMORSE."

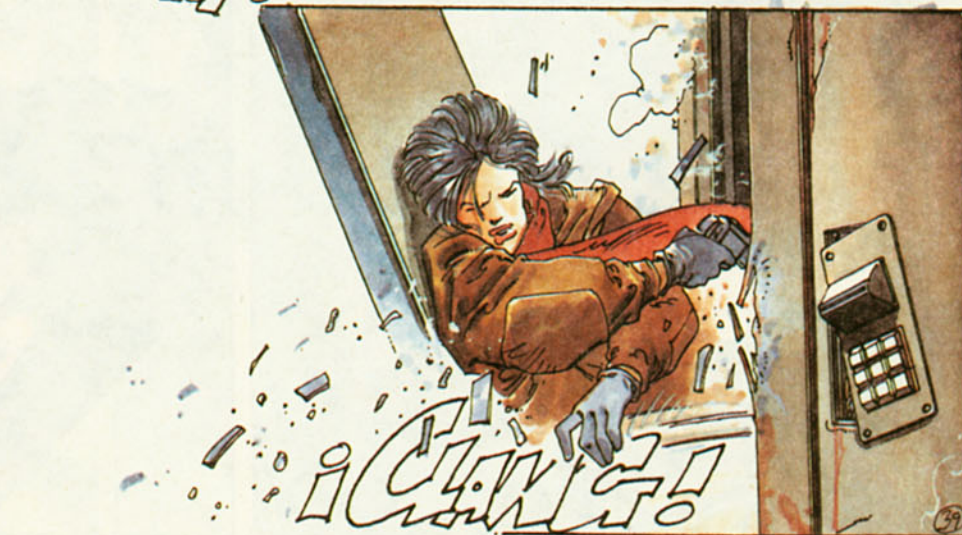
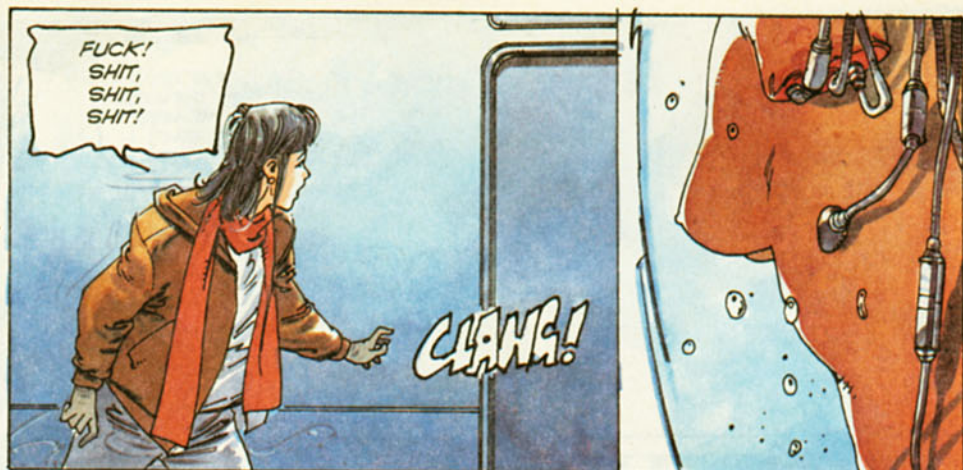


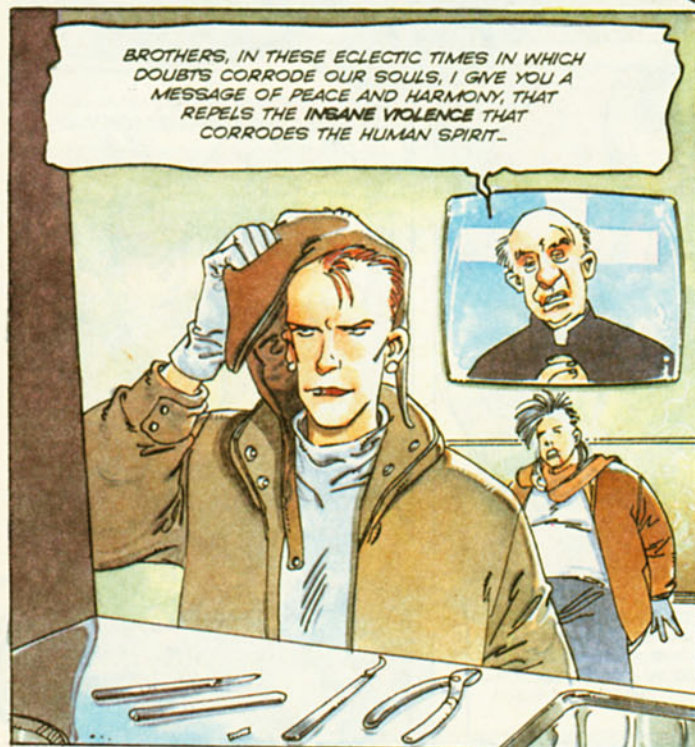
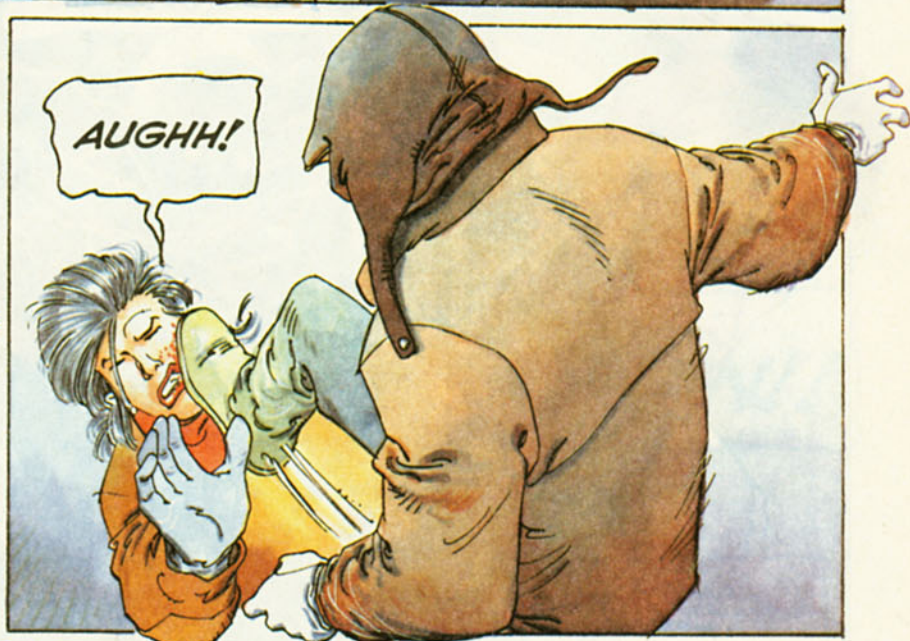
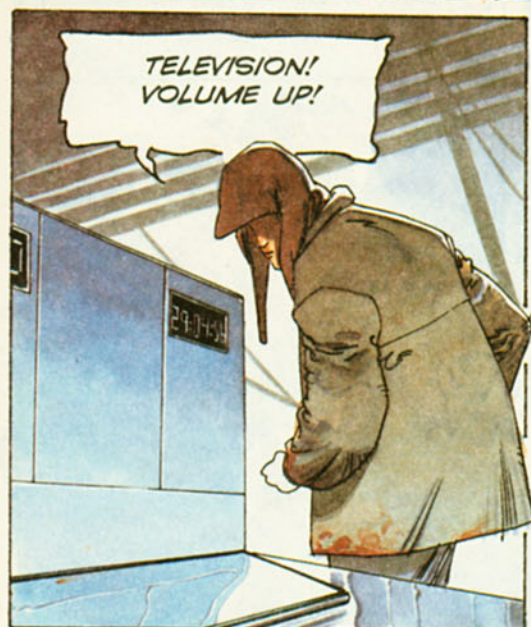
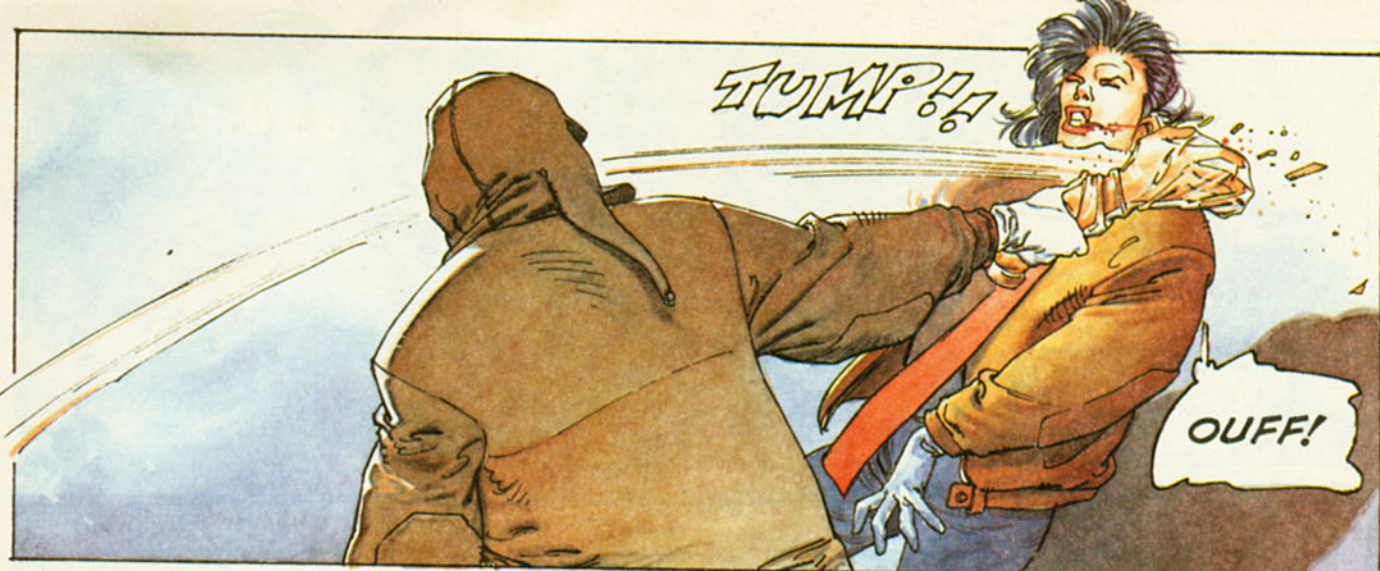
"I TRIED TO FORGET, TO CONCENTRATE ON MY WORK. BUT NOW IT'S NO USE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND, TIAN? NO USE."

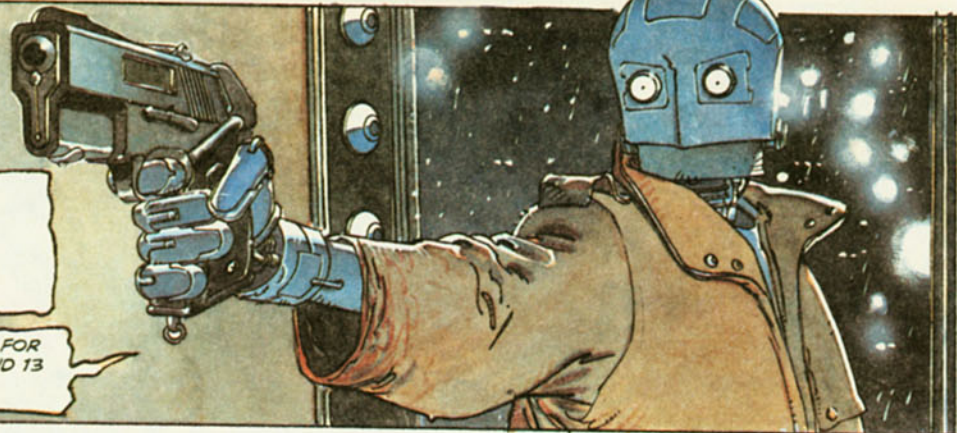












...THOSE INSTINCTS SOMETIMES
LIE BURIED UNDER MOUNTAINS
OF SINFUL AND WICKED
THOUGHTS...

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR
VIOLATING ARTICLES 12 AND 13
OF SECTION 22...

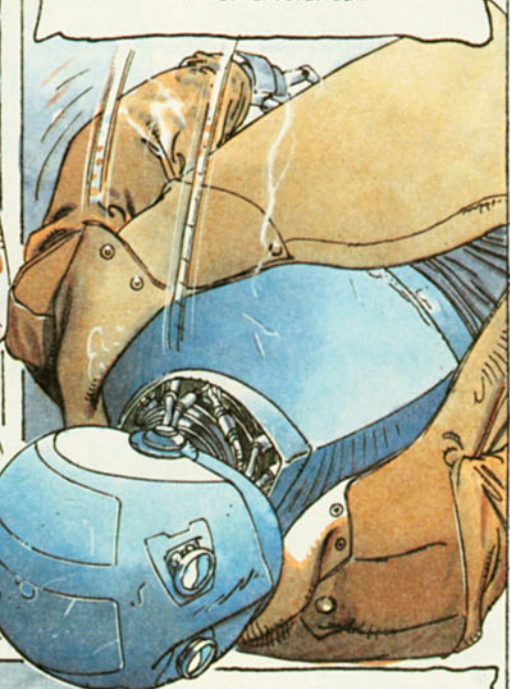


...OF THE LAW OF ANTARCTIC
SECURITY, FOLLOWING THE
RESOLUTIONS...

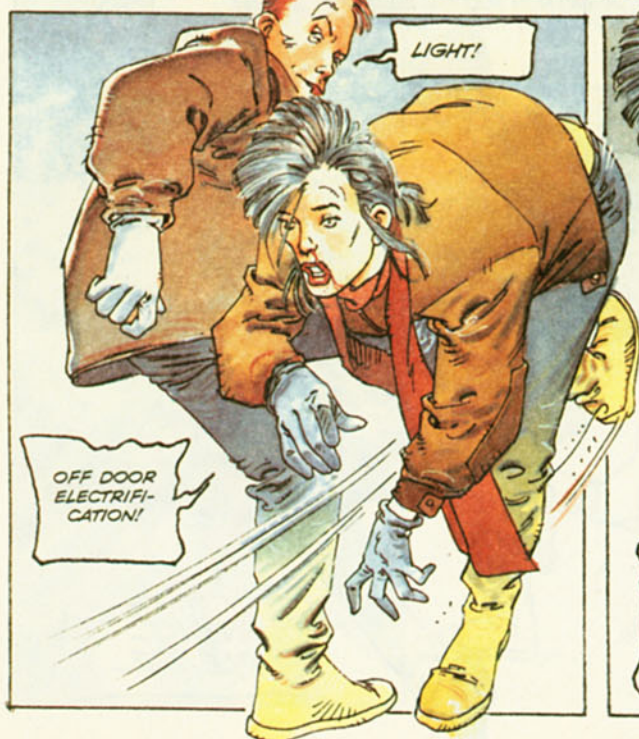
ELECTRIFY
THE LIVING ROOM
DOOR!



...BECAUSE IT IS REINFORCING THE
FEAR OF GOD AND YOUR PUNISHMENT
WHERE WE MEET THE SCALES...



...THAT HELP US ATTAIN THE
SPARK OF ETERNAL FIRE AND RAISE
THE DIVINE CONCEPT AND HUMANITY
OF OUR EXISTENCE...



LIGHT!

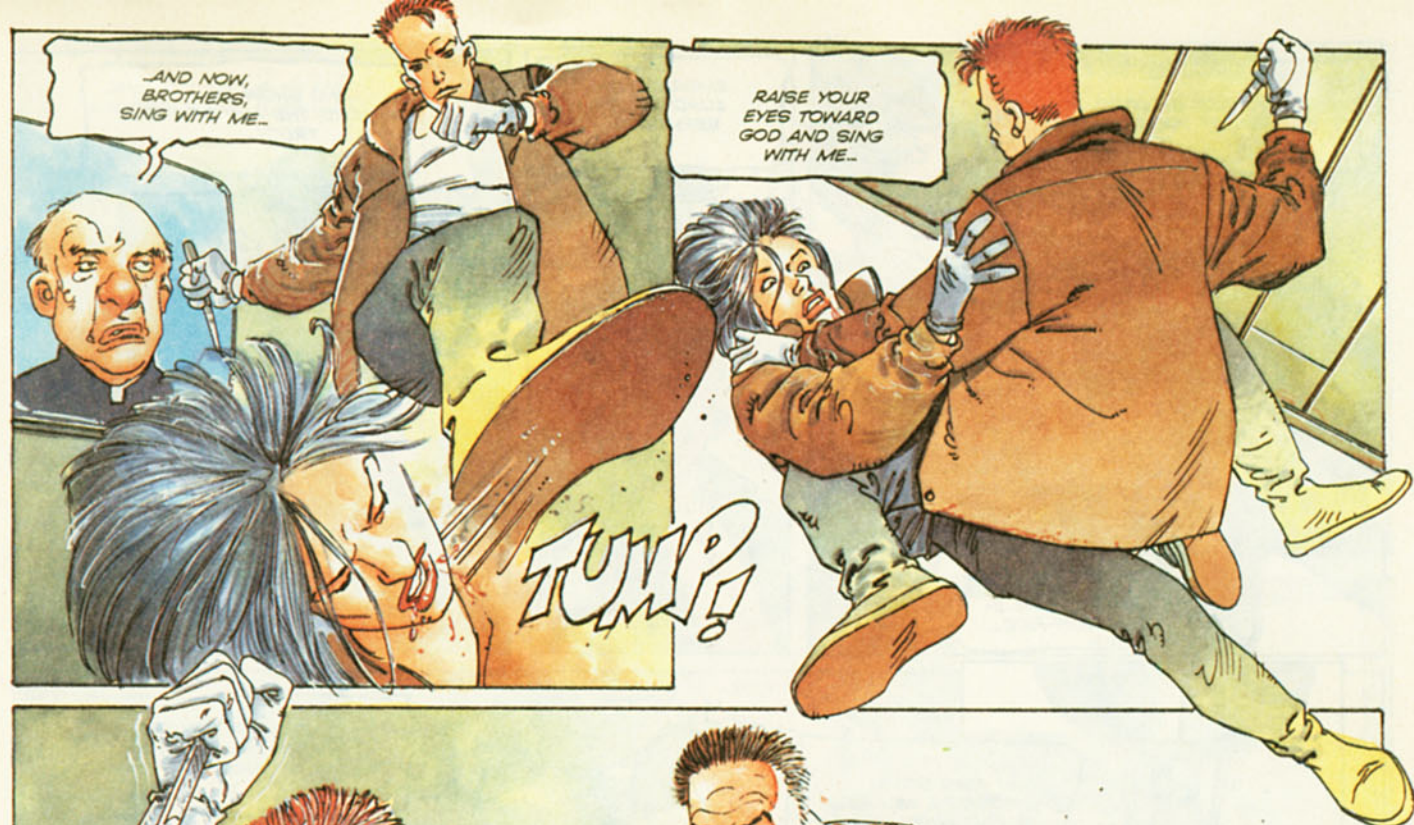
OFF DOOR
ELECTRIFI-
CATION!



...DEFENDING US
AGAINST THE LOW
BLOWS THAT OFTEN
THROW US TO THE
DEVIL...



...AND CARRYING US TO THE ROAD
OF REPENTANCE AND OBEDIENCE
TO THE LAW OF GOD...



...AND NOW,
BROTHERS,
SING WITH ME...

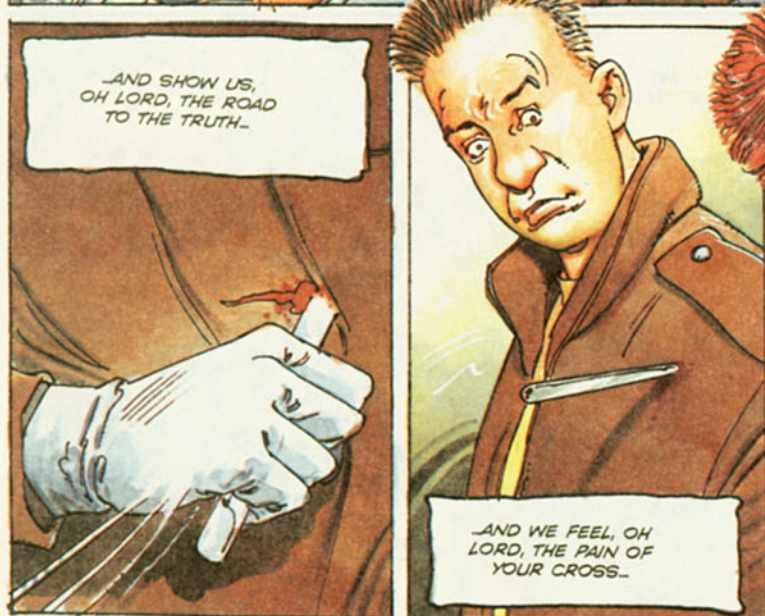
RAISE YOUR
EYES TOWARD
GOD AND SING
WITH ME...

TUMP!

TIAN!!



...AND SHOW US,
OH LORD, THE ROAD
TO THE TRUTH...



...AND WE FEEL, OH
LORD, THE PAIN OF
YOUR CROSS...

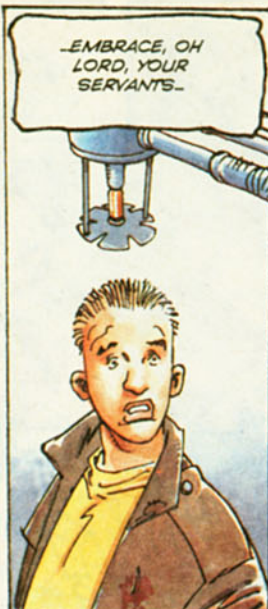


...AND WE'LL GIVE
BACK WITH A
VENGEANCE, YOUR
SACRIFICE...



...TO SEE, OH LORD,
THE PAIN OF YOUR CROSS...

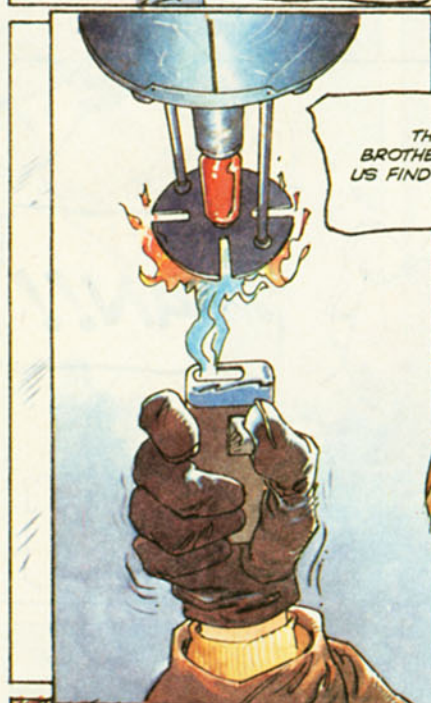
...TH-THE DOOR-E-
ELECTRIFI-FIDE...



...EMBRACE, OH
LORD, YOUR
SERVANTS...



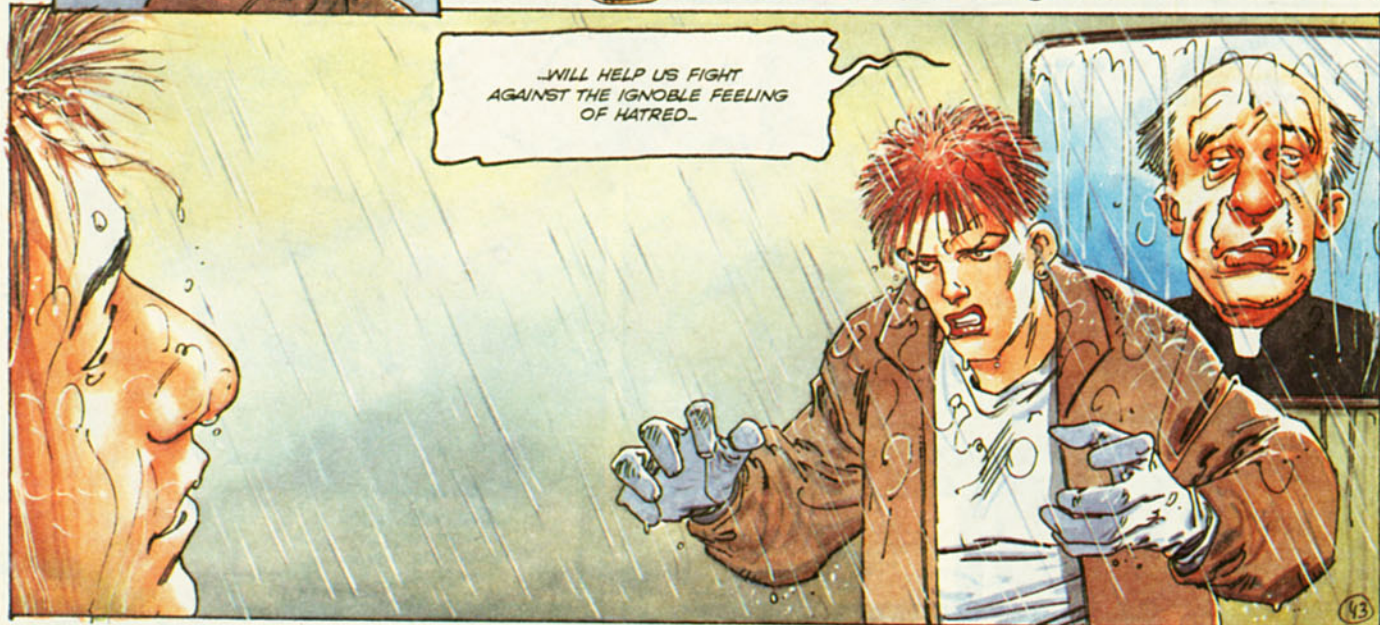
...AND SHOW US,
OH LORD, THE WAY OF THE
TRUTH...



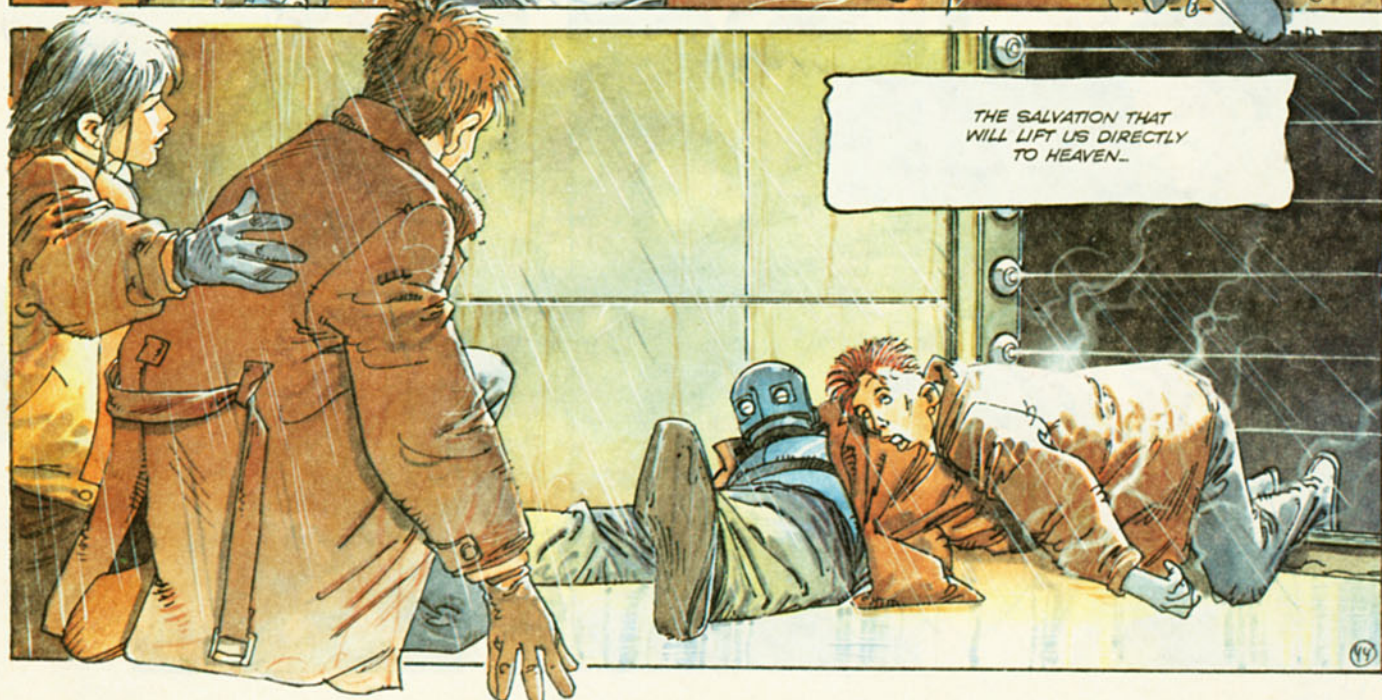
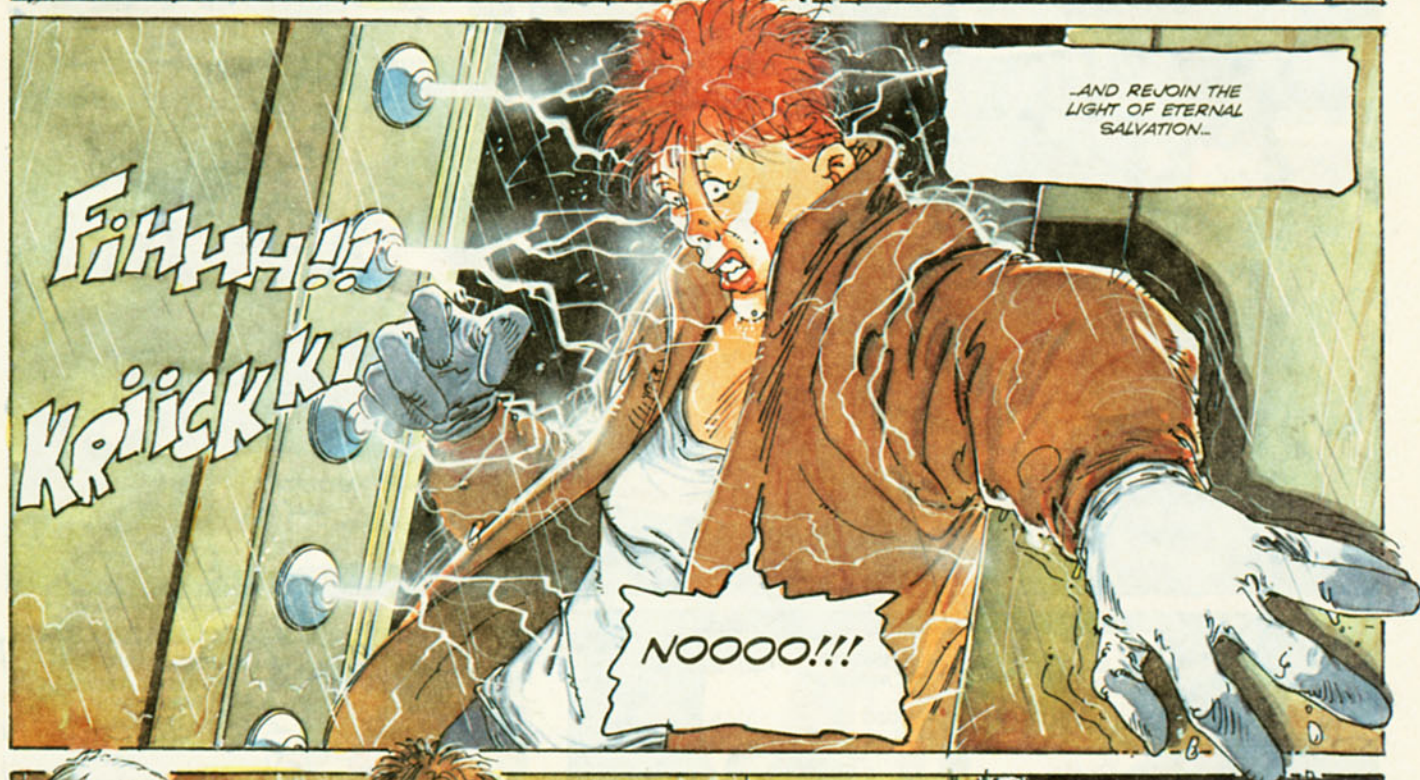
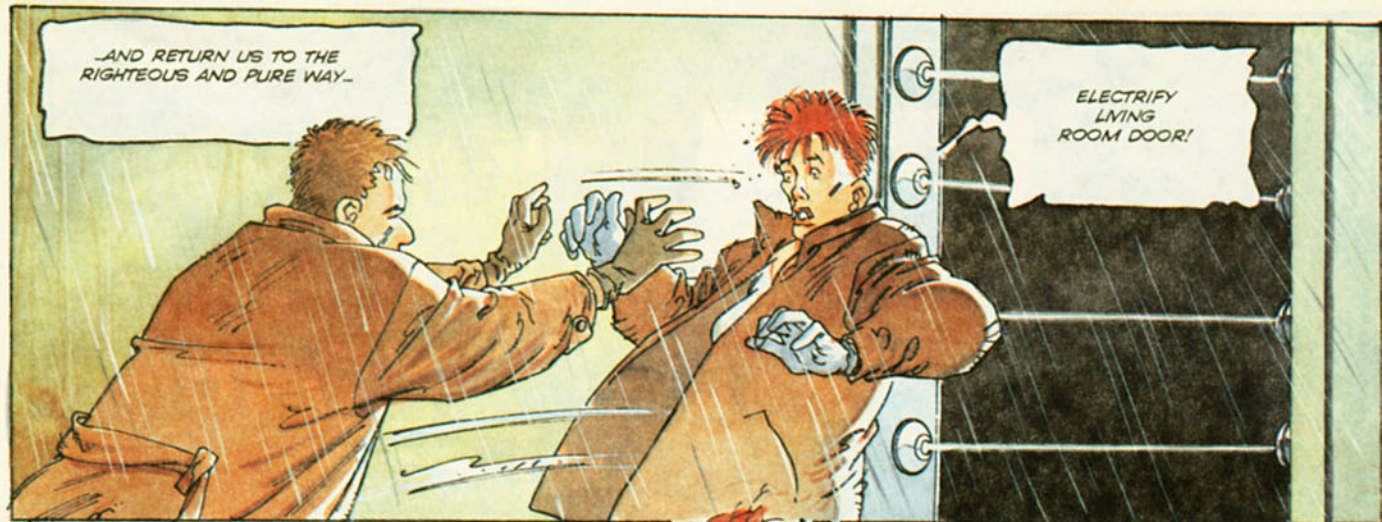
THIS SONS,
BROTHERS, WILL HELP
US FIND WHAT WE HAVE
LOST...

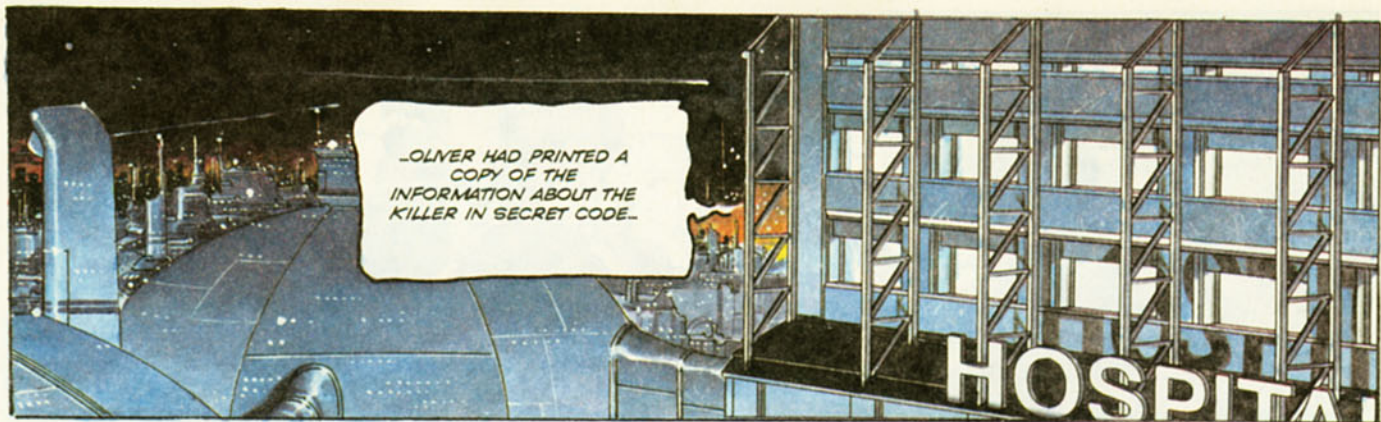


...THE LIGHT, IN THE
DARKNESS, THE HOLY
WATER...



...WILL HELP US FIGHT
AGAINST THE IGNOBLE FEELING
OF HATRED...





...OLIVER HAD PRINTED A
COPY OF THE
INFORMATION ABOUT THE
KILLER IN SECRET CODE...

HOSPITAL



...AND CONCEALED THE
EVIDENCE. THEY'VE GOT HIM
BY THE BALLS!

TOC
TOC



MISS LEE, I WOULD LIKE TO THANK
YOU FOR YOUR BRAVERY. WITHOUT
YOU...WITHOUT YOUR HELP, WE
COULDN'T HAVE SOLVED THE CASE...

GO TO
HELL!



MCGUFFIN...I WAS WRONG
ABOUT YOU...LET ME MAKE IT
UP TO YOU...
THIS IS FOR YOU...



WE NEED MORE
POLICE LIKE YOU,
MCGUFFIN...
THE REAL
SITUATION...

