

ADAMOV'S "DAYAK" CONTINUES!

HEAVY METAL

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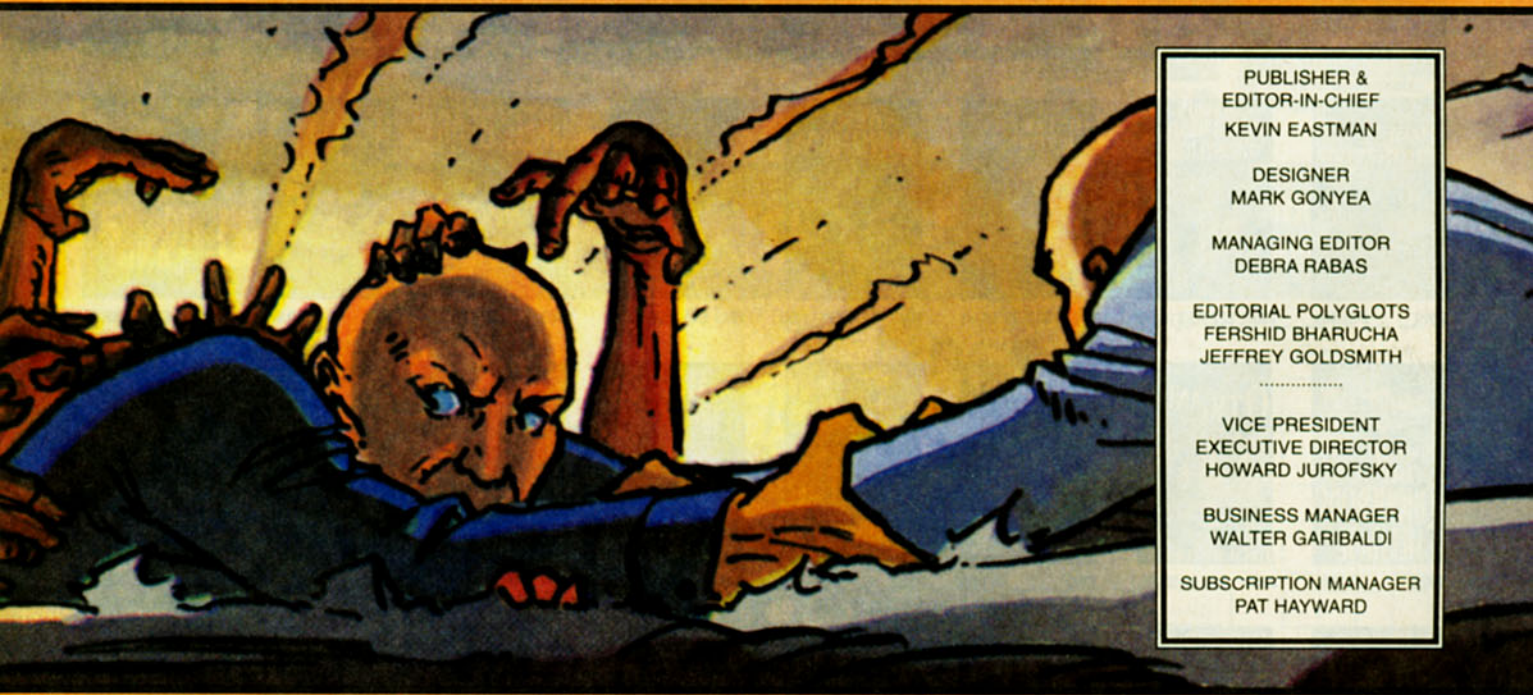
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RE-INTRODUCING HEAVY METAL THE MOVIE



SCENES FROM CORNELIUS COLE'S SEQUENCE ENTITLED *NEVERWHERE*. CUT FROM THE FINAL FILM

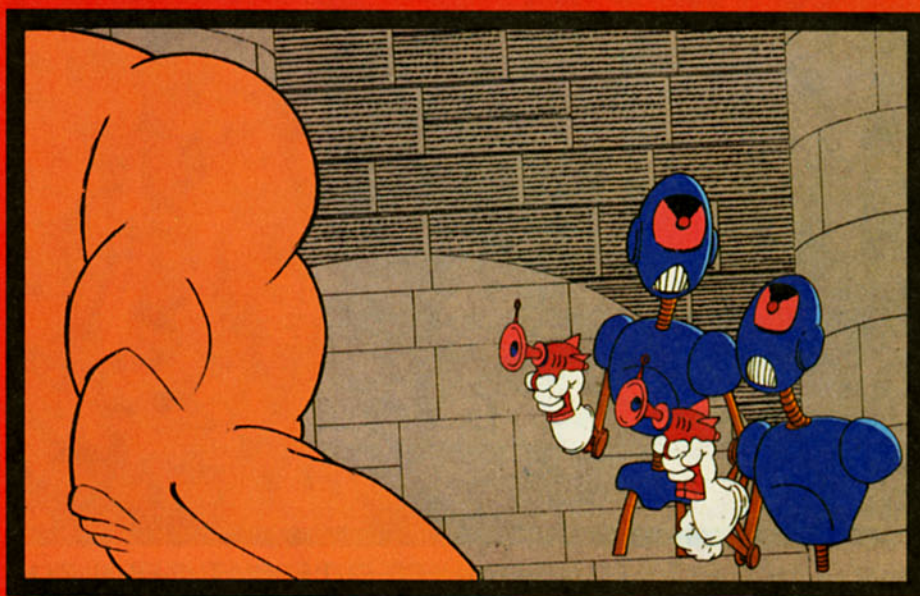
In 1979, an amazing group of talented people from around the world came together to take on a seemingly impossible challenge, a call to reinvent the illustrated magazine *HEAVY METAL* for the big screen. By 1981, they had completed their task.

Their experiment in "state of the art" animation was incredibly successful. I was there to see it fourteen years ago...six times, and I still wanted more! And I am now pleased to report that there was indeed more, and the "lost" artwork appears over these two pages.

The original sequence of the film was quite different. Although *Soft Landing*, *Grimaldi*, and *Den* still opened the film, they were followed by a short but sweet bit of *Captain Sternn* which ended with the immortal Hanover Fist's burning hand disappearing into space. The ensuing



FOUR MORE
IMAGES FROM
COLE'S
NEVERWHERE



ABOVE AND LEFT,
SCENES CUT
FROM *CAPTAIN
STERNN*, WHERE
HANOVER FIST IS
SIDETRACKED BY
A FEW ROBOTS.

darkness led to a seven minute vision entitled *Neverwhere* by animator Cornelius Cole which was cut out entirely. Drawn in ballpoint pen, *Neverwhere* was a haunting poetic tale through a prehistoric hell. The rest of the film went on to continue in its previously released sequence.

Even now, it is not 100% certain that it will be the original director's cut that will be released in theatres and on video. But we're in negotiations now, and hopefully, the director's cut will be the one released.

K. Eastman

HEAVY METAL



THE MAKING OF THE MOVIE



From the opening sequence, "Soft Landing," as it evolves into "Grimaldi," the connective story element. Grimaldi's house in this preproduction drawing is huge and ornate; in the final version it becomes a simple, claptrap affair to emphasize the illusion of infinity inside.

by Brad Balfour

Take seventy animators from fourteen different countries, guys who have worked on everything from *Sylvester the Cat* to J. R. R. Tolkien's hobbits. Put them in ten different studios stretching from the West Coast to London, with the nerve center in Montreal, somewhere

in between. Give them characters and situations devised by writers who have previously written the highest-grossing Canadian film ever, and a director who has worked with such notables as Buster Keaton and Harold Pinter. Add to this already inspired mix astounding graphics and design sketches by some of the world's hottest fantasy-art geniuses, artists loved and respected worldwide. Don't forget a

producer who at twenty-seven started raking in bundles in Canada because he produced a young horror-film maker's surprisingly good and profitable ideas, and later coproduced the eleventh-highest-grossing film ever.

Finally, base this on a magazine of illustrated science-fiction and fantasy stories, material of international renown, whose contents are reviewed in major French news-



papers on a par with the way high art is covered, and whose illustrators include artists from Japan to the Netherlands. Take it all to Columbia Pictures, who distributed one of the finest science-fiction films in years, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, where the executives on the Burbank lot say, "This whole package is so fantastic, let's make it our big film for the summer's end."

I'm talkin' about *Heavy Metal*—the movie; talkin' about *Heavy Metal*—the magazine.

And it was like something from a dream—the spirit of fate or the force of coincidence at work—that while publisher Len Mogel was in Paris negotiating rights with a small French publisher to produce a French version of *National Lampoon*, his wife, Ann, picked up a copy of their new magazine, *Metal Hurlant*. Both the Mogels were enthralled with its contents—illustrated science fiction and fantasy for adults laced with a strong dose of the absurd, drawn like fine art.

Mogel was determined to publish an English-language magazine presenting this new artistic concept, and he quickly won over his colleagues. *Heavy Metal* began publication in April 1977.

Mogel and crew found that after a mere five issues premiered, *Heavy Metal* quickly garnered over 100,000 readers. It was then that they knew they had something remarkable in hand. A year later—with the phenomenal success of Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman's *National Lampoon's Animal House* as inspiration—the dream of a *Heavy Metal* movie took form.

The connection between comics and cinema is a natural one. Both deal in illusion, in actualized fantasy. Continuity of image and simple storytelling separate the successful story, told either in panel-art form or on celluloid, from the mediocre. The telling of a story through connected image and dialogue has been attempted since the first caveman painted sequential images on stone. Film is merely the execution of that idea in a modern way. As for the conjunction of comics and animation—well, what else could there be? Drawn images on a screen—drawn images on a page.

The *Heavy Metal* movie cried out to be animated. What else could capture the absurdist/dadaist/surrealistic urgings of the mag's original art? Not live action, for then the extraordinary is rendered as the everyday. To keep the material in the realm of the imagined—in the region of mind that can plan out an entire world in sequential drawings—was the only appropriate choice.

Just imagine: a person draws, from nothing but disparate images in the head, a cohesive whole composed of hundreds of little scenes (the longest sequence in *Heavy Metal* consists of 330 scenes) made up of close to 130,000 individual drawings. Finally it's the experience of an audience exchanging belief in the regular world of the photographic for the totally unreal world of the drawn, which then takes on a life of its own. And *Heavy Metal*, the movie, goes even beyond that.

It goes something like this, as one scriptwriter, Len Blum, puts it, "from one universe into another." It opens with the "Soft Landing" sequence, based on art by Thomas Warkentin, from an idea of *Alien* scriptwriter Dan O'Bannon [originally published in the Sept. '79 *Heavy Metal*]. After this 2001: *A Space Odyssey*-like prologue, it shifts rather handily into the quasi-mystical "Grimaldi" story—the key linking device between sequences. From this intro we jump into "Den," the adaptation of Richard Corben's brilliantly drawn quintessential hero fiction, which ran during *HM*'s first year. It

presented the greatest challenge to bring to the screen. Corben's spectacular color values were carefully maintained in the backgrounds, with bizarre expanses glowing in rich, fluorescent hues. The tale of young Dan's transformation into the hero Den, who's caught in the power struggle between the sorcerer Ard and the queen-priestess, is told with two near-explicit sex scenes amidst lots of solid, hand-to-hand combat.

From these staggering visuals, the film carries us into the galactic court where Captain Sternn is on trial. From comic-artist great Bernie Wrightson's original story [published in the June '80 *HM*], Sternn is the ultimate parody of every space-opera villain-hero. Says artist Wrightson, "I've always had trouble writing something serious. So when Captain Sternn grew out of *Star Wars*—I was never an sf fan until I saw it—as a funny adventure, it degenerated into a broad farce. I was also inspired by Warner Bros. cartoons; hence I created his foil character, Hanover Fiste." As the story leaves the conclusion of the trial, it moves into the "Neverwhere" world—master animator Cornelius Cole's personal vision of the history of evil as a basic force in history. Cole's visionary graphics (intricate ball-point renderings of lyric pastels) get most viewers to say, "Holy shit, this stuff is really coming to life!" Says Cole, "You reach a point in animation where you must have the opportunity not to cut corners."

On to "B-17," the first true horror story to be animated, with all the savagery that makes great shockers. Will Eisner-trained film artist Mike Ploog did most of the conceptualizations. His background as a former Marvel Comics "Conan" and "Frankenstein" artist lends greater power to this 1950s E.C. Comics-style terror tale. A favorite of producer Reitman's since he was an E.C. collector as a kid, the story (based on an original idea of O'Bannon's) was given a twist of authenticity. They visited an aviation museum, and one of the last few flyable B-17s was flown in order to record actual sound effects of the plane. Coincidentally, the *HM* animation team includes three WWII bomber crewmen, several licensed pilots, an ex-RAF inductee, and a director who collects aviation memorabilia.

With the following sequence, "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," came the original artist, Angus McKie, who illustrated the serial in *HM*, which later became a book. He directly contributed seventy key background paintings of the most incredible animated sequences ever done. The contrast between McKie's high-tech environments and the three space jockeys (well, two, and one robot) are inspired by Cheech and Chong. There are lots of outer-space drug references and some interstellar sex.

Gimenez's "Harry Canyon" is an original depiction of a world half-familiar—New York City—in an unfamiliar time, 2031. The misadventures of a cynical cab driver caught in the middle of a battle for valuable stolen goods comes right out of a thirties detective story. "We sort of thought of it as an animated variation of Dashiell Hammett's *Maltese Falcon*, starring Humphrey Bogart."

says the other scriptwriter, Dan Goldberg. This New York of the future is everything the current NYC is, only more: there's Times Square with cheap, rip-off churches; a cop station that charges to aid the troubled; a Statue of Liberty no longer in the bay but surrounded by skyscrapers; and a Brooklyn Bridge graced with the sign "Use at your own risk." Ironically, all of this was initially envisioned by the exceptional South American illustrator Juan Giménez, who had never visited New York when he did the subtle drawings. He imagined a New York City unprejudiced by its reality—a reality that he discovered only weeks after his four-month drawing stint in Canada. When brought to New York to visit the *HM* office he saw the Pan Am building and exclaimed, "It really does exist as I saw it!"

Finally the clincher, the *pièce de résistance*, the grand finale: the twenty-seven-minute-long "Taarna," a sequence which boasts perhaps a dozen lines of dialogue. Without giving away too much, let's say that "Taarna" evokes the sense of wonder that every animation fan, sword-and-sorcery fan, feminist-sf fan, female-anatomy fan, mythology fan, weird-landscape-and-wild-beastie fan, or special-effects fan ever desires. As the sequence director, John Bruno, put it, "It fits the perfect formula for animation; it's something impossible to do in live action. It's all illusion, really, like doing magic."

Never before has such a diverse set of stories, themes, visual techniques, and drawing styles been sewn together in one integrated whole. Other films, such as the classic *Fantasia*, were anthologies, but the drawing style was generally one studio's uniform product. Here the techniques of many of the world's finest animators have been applied to this one film to make it a visual and emotional roller coaster, ranging from scenes of pure fantasy to shocking horror to light-hearted whimsy. And since the film's full animation vision hopes to achieve a smooth and lifelike feeling, even the most fantastic depictions appear realistic. Because the film is so intimately linked with the magazine's sensibilities, its artists played a substantial part in creating the striking cinematic visuals. Thus artist-superstar Richard Corben produced model sheets for the animated version of his hero Den, and famed comics artist (*National Lampoon*, "Son-o'-God," "Green Lantern") Neal Adams envisioned characters for "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." Angus McKie, Mike Ploog (doing art not only on "B-17" but also on "Taarna"), and Juan Giménez (who did more than just concept drawings; he also planned model sheets for both "Harry Canyon" and "B-17") have lent their immense talents to the project. Even acclaimed illustrator Charles White III and Alex Tavolarous (designer for Francis Ford Coppola) fashioned art-deco-style cities for "Taarna."

All this was done in order for the film to remain true to *Heavy Metal*, the mag. Through the magazine, adult subjects—particularly sexual ones—have been handled about as boldly as a comics-format magazine has ever handled them. And in the same adventurous spirit, the cinematic *Heavy Metal* also tackles realistic sex as it's never been

Errol Bryant's lushly painted background (right) from "Den" reflects production designers Pat Gavin and Paul Shardlow's attempt to faithfully retain Corben's color sense. Young Dan's house (below) before his transformation into Den. This scene is laced with electrifying special effects. Kath and Den (bottom) discovering each other's newly acquired bodies.





Captain Sternn before the galactic court (above top); Sternn and lawyer (above left); the prosecutor (above right). Says one sequence director, Julian Scuchopa, "We don't rely on atmosphere as much as the other animators do; we go straight to the point with action the way the classic Warner Bros. Bugs Bunny cartoons did."

tackled before in an animated feature. To retain the realism of effect, the producers have stayed a mere hairbreadth away from an X rating. Nor has music been ignored: original pop music—written mostly for particular sequences—is set in an original score by Oscar-winning master composer Elmer Bernstein.

"For it to really capture the spirit of the magazine, it had to be an anthology," says Mogel from behind his classically huge publisher's desk. "What individual story could we have picked that represented the varied dynamics of the magazine and made one long interesting story?"

It took Mogel from the summer of '78 until the close of '79 to develop the movie package. During that frenzied period, he had seen his project accepted, then rejected, by two major studios; he lost the story rights for three major illustrated works, had his animation budget doubled, and, during the whole process, earned his Ph.D. in determination.

In December '79, Mogel decided to pursue the film's financing in Canada. He called associate Simmons in Los Angeles and asked if he would consult his *Animal House* coproducer, Reitman, on the legal and governmental aspects of Canadian filmmaking. Reitman, a Canadian, got on the phone with Mogel and discussed the project as a whole.

One hour later, fascinated by the film's possibilities, he told Mogel, "I can get the money and would like to produce it—let's go." Later, as he reflected on that decision, "it seemed like a great idea. I'd never seen an animated film since early childhood that excited me, so I thought it would be a challenge to make one." The Toronto-born filmmaker adds, "Anyhow, I've seen most of the science fiction and fantasy films ever made. I'm a big buff, so I really wanted to do an adult fantasy."

Evidently, Columbia Pictures execs agreed with the wisdom of Reitman's decision. Encouraged by his work for them on *Stripes*, they decided in late 1980 to distribute *Heavy Metal*, the movie.

But making the picture sounded simpler than reality has proved it to be, for even with its by then tripled budget, no one fully comprehended what a massive undertaking was about to get underway. Nobody really could have, for they were attempting to do something not done before, bringing together all these diverse talents under one banner.

But Reitman hasn't blanched at challenges. When he finished college in Toronto, Reitman formed a college-film distributing company, which gave him his first taste of film business. Then, at twenty-five, he jumped into directing his first feature, a tongue-in-cheek horror number, *Cannibal Girls*—no great shakes as art but a drive-in money-maker. Finding out that his forte was making films, Reitman shifted to producing and hit big from the start, producing nouveau-horror-great director David Cronenberg's first feature, *They Came from Within*—a controversial money-maker, and then *Rabid*. Shortly afterwards came *National Lampoon's Animal House*. His fortunes further increased when he produced *Meatballs*, with Bill Murray, who now stars in Reitman's comedy *Stripes*.



Four of approximately 2,700 cels hand drawn in ball point on acetate by Cornie Cole—former Sylvester the Puddy Tat animator and creator of the Levi's jeans commercials (left to right clockwise): The pteranodon in flight over primeval waters; London's Jack the Ripper; plesiosaur attacking pteranodon. Says Cole: "I was going to show Jack the Ripper decapitating the girl but I was told not to, only because there were more than enough decapitations already!" Cole's foray into the history of evil includes visual influences from German illustrator Heinrich Kley's turn-of-the-century expressionism to nineteenth-century Englishman Joseph Turner's brilliantly painted landscapes. Cole adds, "I was going to have a scene out of George Grosz's decadent 1920s Germany, but that was too much, so I've tried to incorporate it with a scene of German tanks—they symbolize the might of Germany."



"I knew I had to tell a good story; that's a basic of good moviemaking," Reitman says assuredly. And with his own longtime love of comic books and the original *Mad* comic, he's well suited to producing *HM*. "I knew it wouldn't work as a regular movie," the thirty-five-year-old Canadian says. But he also knew it wasn't that simple. "Though the artwork makes the magazine, you get bored with animation, the wonder of the designs, after ten minutes. So I figured, if we put together segments of shifting designs and story approaches, yet make them somehow connected, we could have the best of all worlds."

So, when Reitman and fellow-Canadian scriptwriters Dan Goldberg and Len Blum jumped into mega-hour writing sessions late in February 1980, they pounced on making the film as broad as possible. To do so, this trio employed the same extrapolative techniques that make great science fiction work. "At each stage of the script," explains Blum, "we had detailed understandings about each character and situation, which were not fleshed out in the script." They remained true to the magazine's values and even used a bit of method-acting thinking. There is an exercise which requires knowing a character's whole life in order to play an hour of

it; their knowledge of each character had to be more than what ends up on the screen.

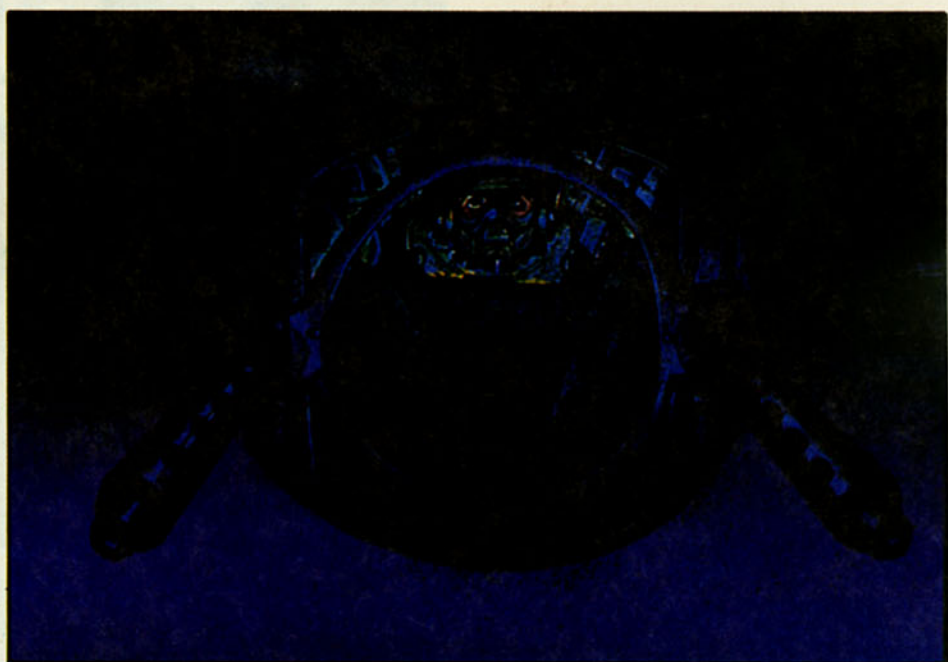
"For example, although you never know it on the screen," explains Blum, "we knew that Zeke and Edsel, the space jockeys from 'So Beautiful . . .,' rocket around the galaxy collecting defective robots from various solar systems; they're like outer-space Xerox repairmen." These two writers also intended "Grimaldi" to have a strong mystical dose; made sure "Den" was a resolution of the teenage sexual fantasy; and made "B-17" as timeless a tale as possible.

To further insure *Heavy Metal*'s visual success, former *National Lampoon* art director Michael Gross came to the project early on to maintain visual integrity. He became an associate producer, aiming to maintain quality all the way down the line. Gross, as an award-winning art director, conceived and edited the *Lampoon*'s innovative comics pages and designed *The Book of Alien*.

Since the film was being financed in Canada—watchdogged by associate producer/financial manager Peter Lebensold—the *HM* animation headquarters was in Montreal, Canada, as well. Fortunately, this city is home to the acclaimed animation director Gerry Potterton. Executive producer Mogel



Four of Mike Ploog's E.C.-style storyboard



Ploog's belly-gunner sketch colored by Lee Atkinson (above). Enthusiasm ran high for this sequence (producing humorous items like that at left) because the film's total crew includes three former R.A.F. servicemen and two pilots as well as several aviation buffs.



pencil sketches for the "B-17" segment.

had known of Potterton long before the Canadian financing, but once it became apparent that Canada was the place, Potterton fit right in like a puzzle piece.

Perfect, too, to have ex-Britisher Potterton at the helm, for this easygoing fifty-year-old director has done not only classic animation, like the "Raggedy Ann and Andy" feature, but live action as well. Potterton's professional associations spanned the globe, so he was able to assemble what became the largest single animation operation in the Western world (400-plus personnel). And each of the many people involved has worked on at least one major animated project completed in the last twenty years.

Here in the Montreal nerve center on the third floor of the former Concordia University (incidentally, an art college) classrooms, Potterton does what no live-action director and few animation directors have ever done—that is, directs eight sequence directors, directing their individual segments. And he handles nearly sixty-five animators, each of whom is an artist who becomes an actor as he illustrates each character he's supposed to portray. When a live-action director asks an actress to cross a set, she automatically sets body to motion; but an animator must con-

sider not only the fact of that action but also its consequences: if the character is naked, then breasts bob; if clothed, fabric wrinkles. It's a task of great detail and individual interpretation. The animation director is aware, too, of all that the animator can bring to or alter in a scene. All this Potterton must manage, as well as oversee the physical production of every stage from storyboard to final animation.

"My nature is to jump around, so it lends itself to making this film," Potterton admits inside his office, jam-packed with Ploog sketches, where a production assistant is busily at work. He first got into animation at the Halas and Batchelor Studios, where 1954's great breakthrough *Animal Farm* feature was made. "Unlike in live action, one thing's for sure: you have to have a basic talent—drawing—to get into animation." From there Potterton emigrated to Canada, eventually forming his own production company, which went on to do numerous TV specials, animated features, and live-action films, until its recent dissolution. While in a hiatus, he was offered the challenge of *Heavy Metal*. "You meet live-action people who say, 'I wish I could do animation.' It seems to me a hell of a lot easier to make the transition

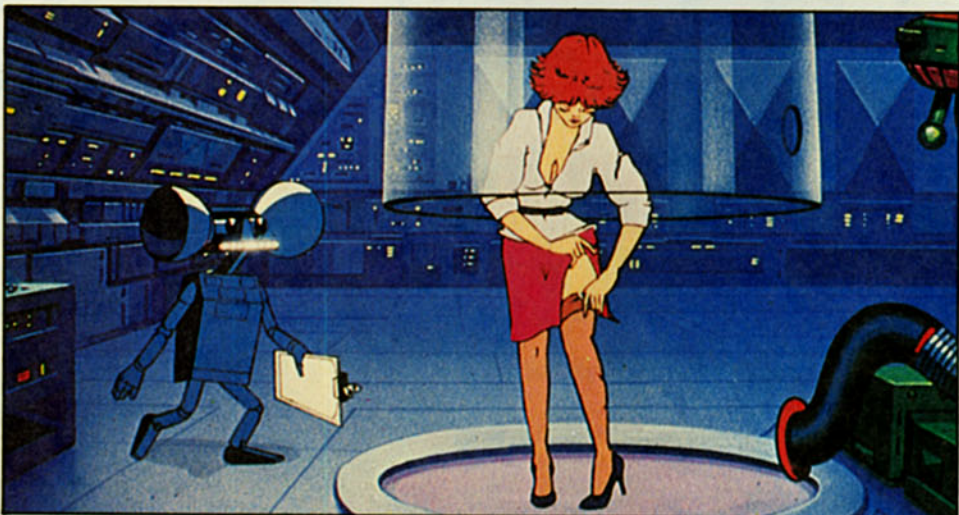
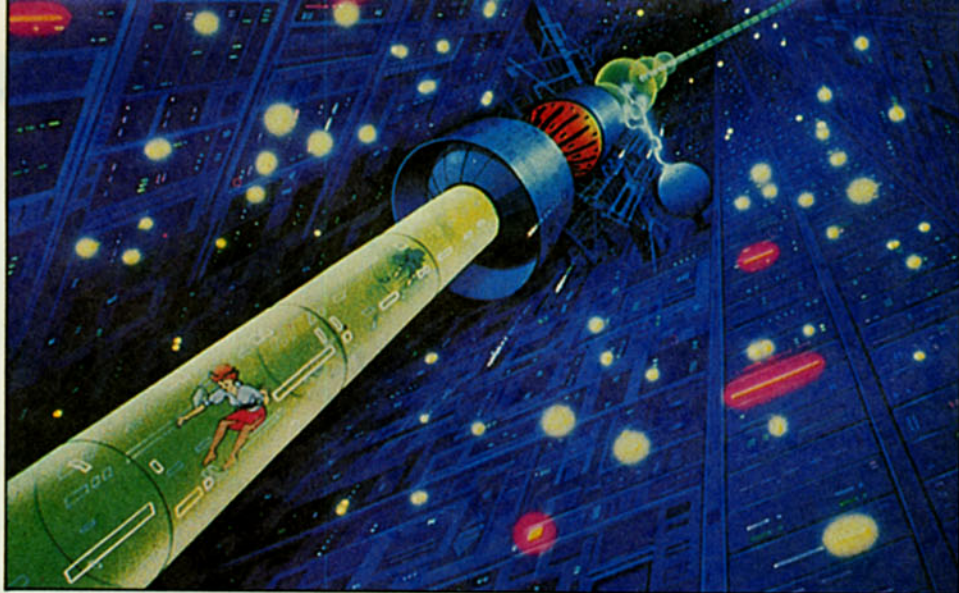
from animation to live action because you're trained from the start to visualize in terms of already edited scenes. In animation, you can't afford to shoot a scene several different ways; you must know what you want and do it right the first time!"

And here in Montreal they have guys giving him what he wants, guys like Portuguese-born Parisian Jose Abel, the animator of the young boy's death scene in "Taarna." When the kid goes to warn the council of a barbarian attack, he's shot down, and Abel visualizes his body falling, the arrows piercing his throat, his eyes rolling back in his head, his tongue lolling out, and finally, the hands falling away in death. All in a few seconds. Some of the cel-colorists (ink-and-paint people) refused to work on the scene because it was so realistic. "You have to believe in what you are doing. You must somehow make it exist. You must forget it's a drawing."

They've done the job for Potterton in other places as well. Howard Chaykin holed up in LA's Universal Sheraton for ten days drawing umpteen pictures a day. This illustrates perfectly the fanaticism surrounding the production. "I played the Philip Marlowe of animation! Since I was asked to create eclectic drawing for the 'Taarna' sequence, I had to avoid making them Conan clones or making Taarna another Barbarella. So I hid away and concentrated on Japanese design, which has that sort of stylization anyhow."

In London, the grandiose sign announcing Halas and Batchelor greets the visitor to Europe's premier animation studio and theater for work on "So Beautiful." Inside, major domo John Halas speaks of life with the late great sf film director George Pal in their native Budapest. The sixty-nine-year-old Halas now dominates world animation unlike anyone else this side of departed demigod Walt Disney. "In various spheres of art come those who define it; I am one in animation." Possessing a track record that includes the brilliant, subtly political *Animal Farm* (Britain's first full-length animated film); the Oscar-nominated *Automania 2000* and *Dream Doll*; and the electronic-music-inspired *Autobahn* short, Halas can speak with authority: "Only animation can provide the humor and personality needed to portray the charismatic robot in 'So Beautiful.' The *Heavy Metal* movie will be a milestone in animation, and I'm proud to assist in its architectural structuralization."

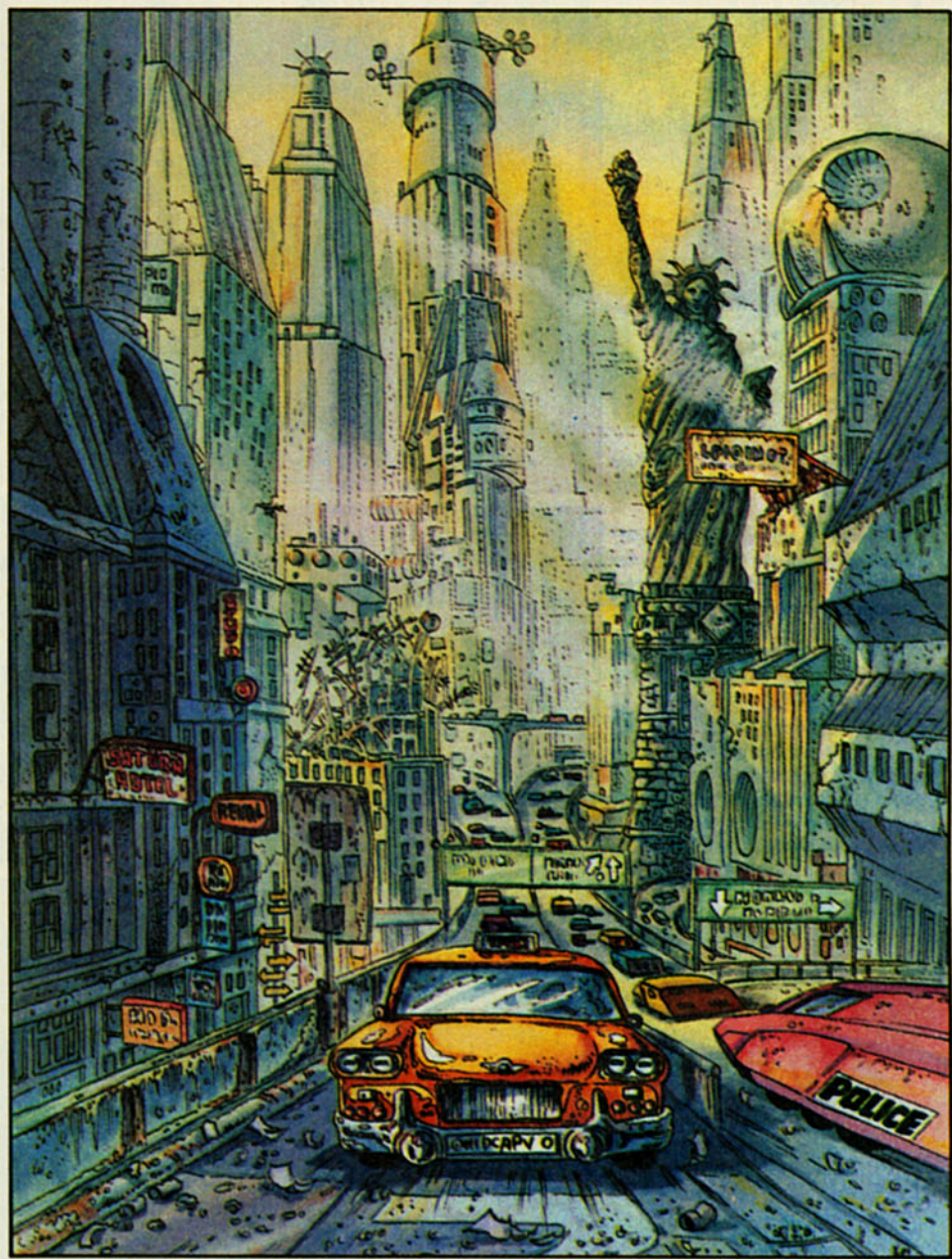
London also houses the production team for "Den," "Soft Landing," and part of "Grimaldi." Among the "Den" crew, led by sequence director Jack Stokes—he too is an alumnus of *Yellow Submarine*—are some of the finest European animators working in the field today. Many are both Halas and Potterton grads. Animation miniatures expert Teru (Jimmy) Murakami was once the animation director for Frank Zappa and the head of a company that produced *Puff, the Magic Dragon*. He also directed the live-action feature film *Battle Beyond the Stars*. Elemental in his work is the elaborate combination of model work, rotoscoping, special effects, and air-brushing, all intended to make "Soft Landing" an opening sequence of visual wonderment. "If you could just get rid of the



This scene (top) from "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" perfectly exemplifies Angus McKie's intricate back-

grounds. Gloria and the robot, the only character to survive from the original strip (above right), were animated by Roger Mainwood; the Mike Gross-designed Zeke and Edsel were animated by sequence director Brian Larkin (right). The original Neal Adams character designs of Gloria (bottom): at first too ethnically stereotyped, she was eventually softened to be less obviously so.





Giménez's preproduction drawing was painted in subtle pastels by colorist Michel Guerin (top). "We wanted to get away from the usual background colorations in animation," says director Lamsweerde. Harry Canyon—the grumbling cab driver—and the professor's beautiful daughter (above left to right): "We had to hold the animators back on the sex scenes here," says Gross. "After doing funny animals for years, they really go nuts!"

attitude that animation has to be *cute*," reflects Murakami, "that would be great progress. I think a film like this could do that. It's all a matter of getting the public to see animation as something other than cartoons. I've always tried to do animation that was more than that."

In Malibu, "B-17" sequence director Barrie Nelson adjusts to the chore of animating the rousing horror treatment after building a career on the very opposite—whimsical, light shorts. Simultaneously, in Montreal, directors Julian Scuchopa and Paul Sabella cap off a career started at Potterton Productions by animating "Captain Stern."

And throughout the world, special-effects experts with hefty experience on such weighty effects masterpieces as *Superman*, *Star Wars*, and *Star Trek* toil away on *Heavy Metal*. Because of work on the film, even Disney has been affected. When word went out that ace cameraman Max Morgan modified his multiplane camera to do special shots in "Taarna," the Disney Studios brought their original machine out of twenty-year-old mothballs.

With all of this, there are funny anecdotes that buoy up morale for such a massive and frantic community of animators. A Christmas card was circulated depicting Taarna lasciviously on Santa's knee; graffiti in the men's room in HM HQ read, "For a good time, call Taarna," and listed the office phone number; the Ottawa studio doing "Harry Canyon" has an off-color guide to ethnic types of New York City in the future. But possibly the funniest was the "Bald Vagina" incident. After Gross and gang in London had a good look at the sex scene in "Den" where Kath makes the most of her nudity, they all noticed the reproduction of Corben's bald vaginas on the storyboards. A memo went to producer Reitman asking about alternatives, or, "Do we go with the slit and damn the torpedoes?" The lines such a production inspires!

Finally, to pull the film together, Reitman concentrated on music as the work neared completion. First, the task of scoring the film went to maestro Elmer Bernstein. Master manager Irving Azoff pledged to spend any amount of money needed to assemble the best possible bands and songs for the two discs.

A world-renowned film composer, the fifty-nine-year-old Bernstein has won accolades and Oscars for his 130 film scores. The diversity is remarkable—*True Grit*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and *National Lampoon's Animal House* are but a few. Azoff—a former midwestern college-concert promoter—now handles the heaviest of platinum-earning rockers, such as Steely Dan, the Eagles, and Stevie Nicks: auspicious credits but worlds apart in the music business. Yet, Reitman has delegated to these two the task of realizing the musical ambience of *Heavy Metal*. "It's a matter of the degree by which you integrate different musical elements," says Bernstein from his home-studio in Santa Barbara, California. "Obviously you pick music that stimulates a reaction. Since the animation medium is not lifelike, your music must really fit—it has to be something full, huge, adventurous."

For Azoff, the assignment to gather various musical submissions to play for Reitman fell to Bob DeStocki, a burly ex-Ohioan and former Elektra-Asylum staffer. DeStocki must first interest world-class chart-topping bands, then convince them to send in original selections for consideration, and finally hustle them to finish acceptable demos for actual recording within the film's deadlines. "Some of these guys have never done anything on deadline in their lives," chuckles DeStocki, but it's up to him to make them understand how unusual an opportunity this is—it's the first time an animated film has tried for a totally original score. Of course, whom to ask troubled him because of his own initial unfamiliarity with the magazine. "It was soon clear that this movie is much more than one musical style." Once DeStocki began looking, first in his own backyard and expanding outwards from there, he found bands agog with enthusiasm.

"When we got the script, it was like a dream come true," says Blue Oyster Cult drummer Albert Bouchard. "And when I had read about the film just a few *Heavy Metals* before, I had hoped the music would be good. We always wanted to do a cinematic version of songs; we felt they demanded it. Now at least we get a chance to do something like that in reverse." For the Cult, whose songs such as their hit "Don't Fear the Reaper" have always had a macabre edge, doing the movie was more than a coincidence: it served to inspire the musical ideas for their upcoming album. "We didn't really have any idea of what we were going to do and figured we'd wait till we got into the studio. Then, once we looked at the script, the music flowed, and we did five songs in a few days."

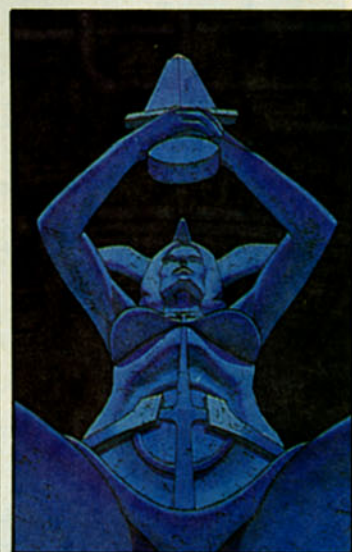
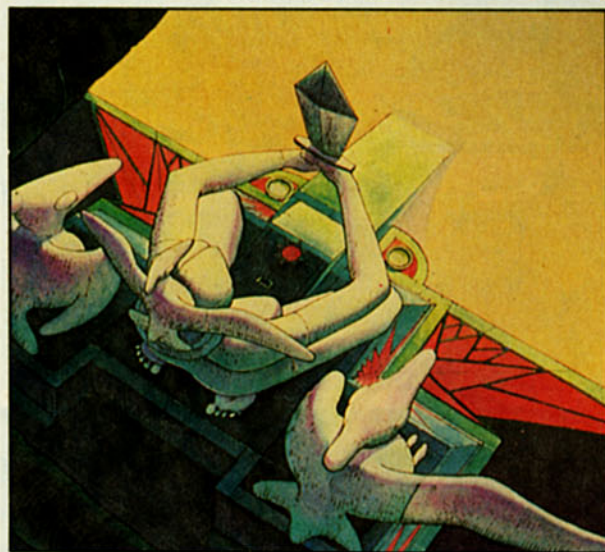
For Black Sabbath lead singer Ronnie Dio, it was a similar opportunity to try something different. "We've always been interested in taking our audience beyond the realm of everyday life, so when we saw the script we said, 'Perfect.' Animation takes you out of the realm of the real, so we tried for something that would take us out of the realm of what we ordinarily do." The Cult and the Sabs treated their heavy-metal bombast to strong doses of electronics and extended instrumentals for the perfect effect.

But it was Devo's Jerry Casale who summed up what the music in this film is all about. "Music in a soundtrack like this has to give an added dimension to it all. Since things are totally defined, the music should inspire the imagination." Devo certainly tried for that, with two cuts that went beyond all expectations, "Be Cool" and "Working in Coal Mine" (the latter, says Gross, is the unofficial animator's theme song). "So far other animated films have been limited to cartoonish images or the Bakshi style like in *American Pop*," sums up Casale, explaining his own fascination with the *HM* idea. "An animated version of the magazine, which is so fantasy oriented, comes at an opportune time, especially in the wake of the sword-and-sorcery revival and the new Romantics things. There is a move toward re-evaluating our culture to make it seem more like a jungle, in order to make the familiar exciting again."



Taarna in flight animated by José Abel (at right).

Chaykin's barbarian figure (right) wasn't originally the leader, but after producer Reitman saw his character he said, "That guy is it!" Two grand angle shots (below) from the Hideaway, designed by artist Christian Bédard and sequence director John Bruno. This location shot (bottom) displays designers Charles White and Alex Tavarous's mock-art-deco citadel. "I wanted the trashy, campy kind of buildings and gateways that could have been in a garish Hollywood movie from the thirties," says art director Gross.



HARRY

THE HEAD

HEY, SHIRLENE, ISN'T THAT
THE CRAZY WOMAN WITH
THE ROPE BAG?

YOU'RE RIGHT, LESTER
JOE. IT'S SURE IS HER! SHE'S
LIKE ONE OF THOSE BIG FAT
FLIES THAT WON'T LET GO OF
A BABY'S BOTTOM!

LOOK! SHE'S GOT THAT
ROPE BAG IN HER HAND!

DON'T LOOK, LITTLE
BILLY BOB, OR YOU'LL HAVE
NIGHTMARES FOR A WEEK!

WHAT'S SHE GOT
IN THAT BAG?

OH MY GOD!
THEY SAY THAT...

NO! NO! IT
CAN'T BE!

DON'T LOOK,
LITTLE BILLY BOB!

IT CAN'T BE!
HARRY'S DEAD!

OR NOT?



I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT SHOW. I WAS INTO THIS GUY WHO HAD A REPUGNANT LUMP STICKING OUT OF HIS CHEST! AFTER A WHILE HE STARTED TO THROW THE LUMP AROUND LIKE IT WAS A BALL! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST PUKED!



YEAH, ME TOO!

AND LATER THERE WAS THIS GELATINOUS THING. I DIDN'T KNOW IF IT WAS HUMAN OR WHAT. IT WAS LIKE A PILE OF MEAT THAT JIGGLES AND WATCHED YOU WITH ITS TWO ROUND EYES.



YES-AND A HUMAN MOLE, AND THIS FAT LADY WHO HAD A GRAND TIME EATING WORMS!

AND THAT LADY, SHE SWALLOWED THEM WHOLE! SEE WHAT I MEAN? HE-HE-HE!

I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, LESTER JOE! THERE ARE KIDS IN OUR COMPANY!

EXCUSE ME.



AND THERE WAS THIS DASHING FELLOW IN A TOP HAT AND A TUX...! AND INSTEAD OF A HEAD, HE HAD A GIANT EYE!

DON'T MAKE THINGS UP, LESTER JOE!

I SWEAR! I SWEAR! I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!



AND AT LAST WE SAW THE HEAD.

HARRY THE HEAD.



I'D NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE HARRY! HE MADE
YOU SORT OF DISGUSTED AND
SORROWFUL AT THE SAME
TIME!

THEY PUT
HIM ON
SOME KIND
OF FOOT-
STOOL.

THEY SHOULDN'T
HAVE LET A THING LIKE
THAT LIVE!

THEY COULD HAVE
STRANGLED IT WHEN
IT WAS BORN!...BUT
ALL THE SAME, THEY
COULDN'T. IT DIDN'T
HAVE A NECK...

THAT WAS
THE MOST
REPUGNANT!

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT IT IS YOU ARE
SEEING, YOU CROWD
OF IMBECILES?

YOU ARE ALL A
FLOCK OF WORMS WITH
SAWDUST FOR BRAINS!

DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE
NORMAL?

EH?

IT IS YOU
WHO ARE THE
MONSTERS,
NOT !!



I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHEN SHE
MUST HAVE SEEN HIM!



WHEN JOE CROCKER
CLOSED UP SHOP, NIGHT WAS
ALREADY FALLING, AND HE SAW HER
WALKING AWAY CARRYING SOME-
THING IN HER HANDS.

BUT SHE WASN'T
ALONE, YOU KNOW.

SHE WAS
TAKING HARRY WITH
HER!

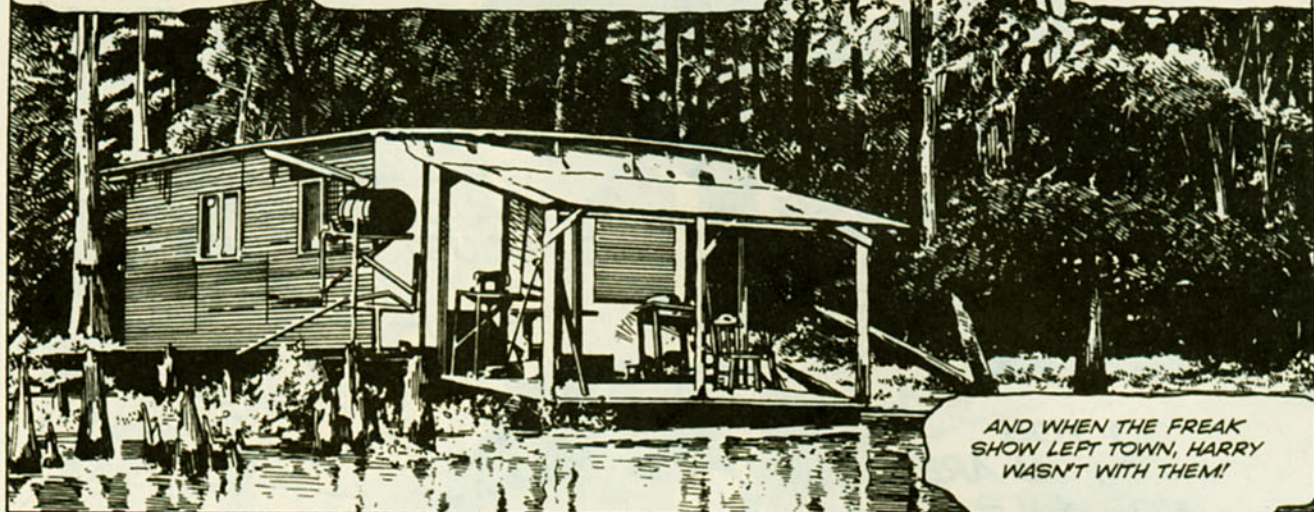


SHE LIVED IN THE OUTSKIRTS, IN A CABIN NEAR COBB'S SWAMP. ONE TIME I WAS THERE.

I'M SURE SHE WASN'T FROM THESE PARTS. SOMEONE TOLD ME SHE HAD AN ACCENT FROM SOMEPLACE OVERSEAS, BUT I COULDN'T TELL YOU WHERE, BECAUSE I NEVER SPOKE TO HER.

YOU KNOW WHAT SHE DID THERE ON COBB'S SWAMP, LESTER JOEP

SHE FISHED FOR FROGS, RIGHT? IN ANY CASE, SHE LIVED THERE.



AND WHEN THE FREAK SHOW LEFT TOWN, HARRY WASN'T WITH THEM!

THAT WOMAN WAS LIKE A GOAT!

YEAH, SHE WENT CRAZY FROM BEING TIED UP!

LOOK HOW SHE LIVED WITH THAT!

SHE OBVIOUSLY NEEDED COMPANY!

TO GO OUT WITH A WOMAN LIKE THAT, THE POOR WRETCH HAD TO HAVE LOST HIS HEAD!

HA! HA! HA!



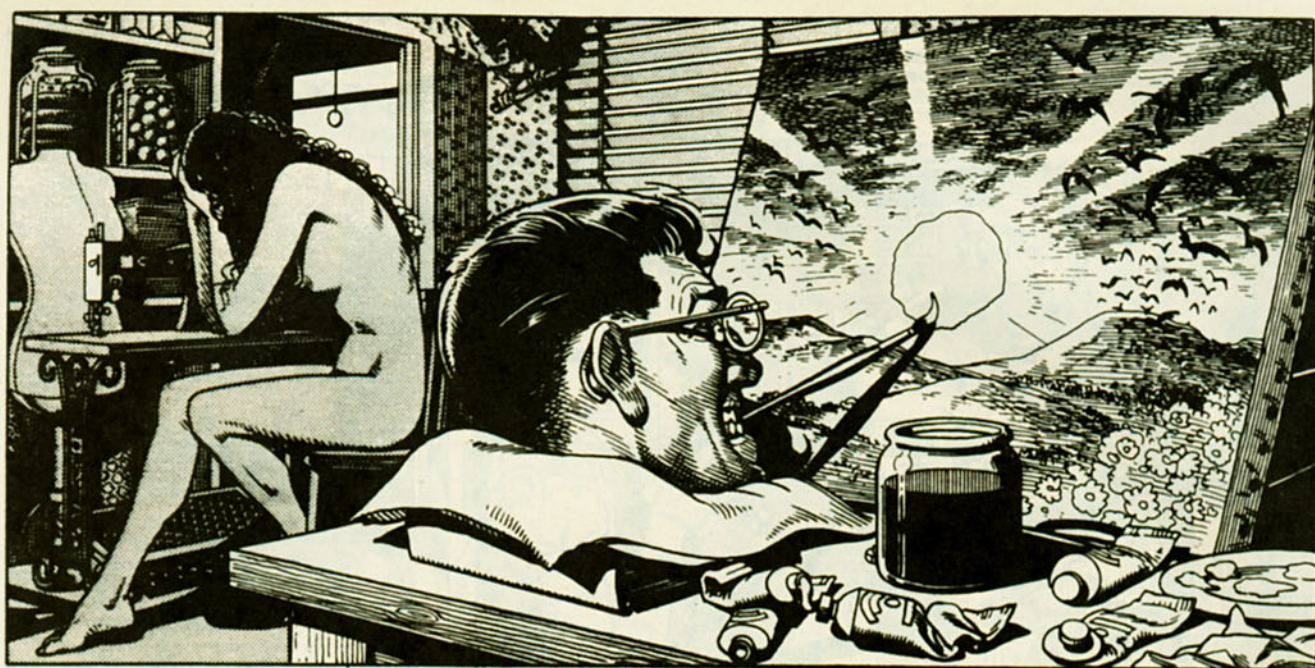
SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY IN LOVE WITH HIM!



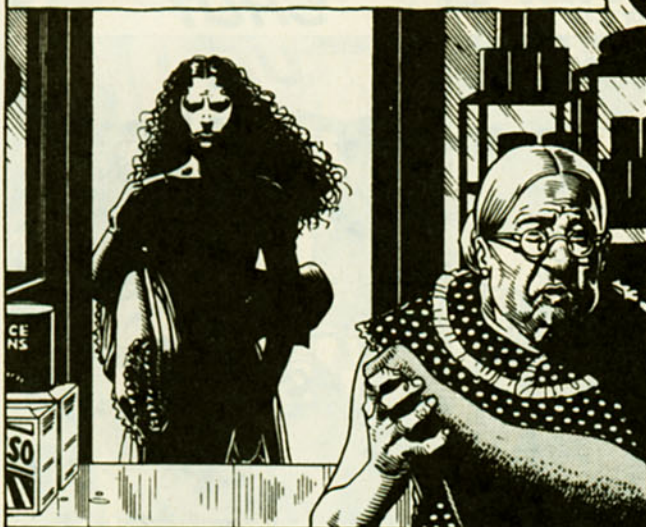
GRIZELDA, MY STUPID WHORE, GO, LOOK FOR MY BRUSHES!

I'M DYING TO PAINT.





LATER, ONE DAY SHE SHOWED UP AT CROCKER'S STORE! SHE HAD A PILE OF ROPE SHE HAD WOVEN TO EARN SOME MONEY FROM, AND SOME PAINTINGS SHE SAID WERE DONE BY A FRIEND. NATURALLY, SHE HAD THE ROPE BAG!

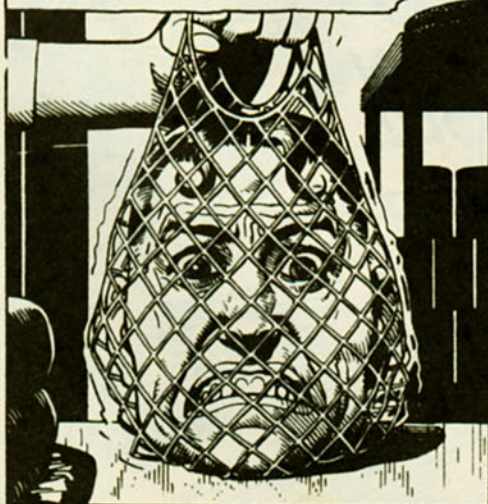


MRS. CROCKER TOLD HER:

I'LL TAKE THE ROPE, LIKE I ALWAYS DO, BUT I DON'T WANT THE PAINTINGS! YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE DON'T LIKE THINGS LIKE ART!



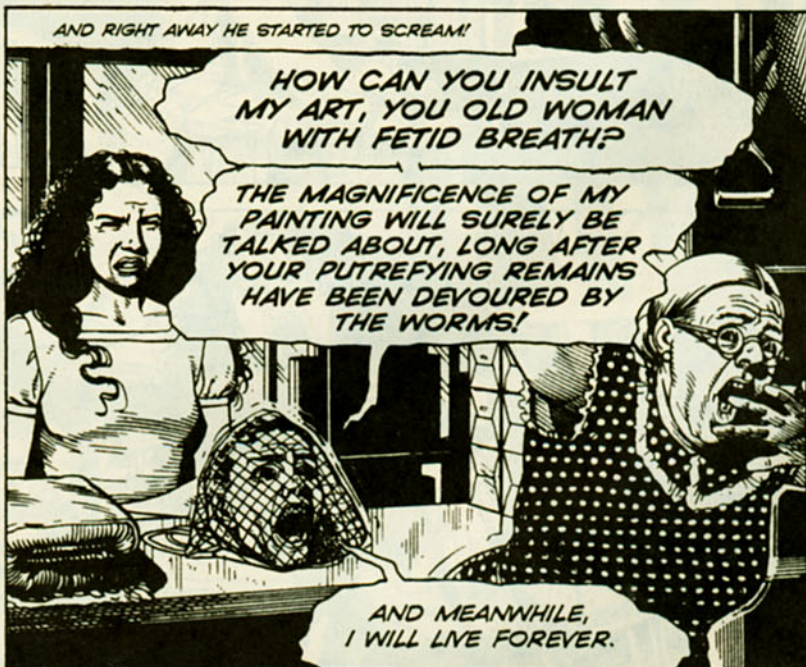
AND AS SOON AS THEY'D DONE THEIR BUSINESS, THAT MADWOMAN PUT THE ROPE BAG ON MRS. CROCKER'S COUNTER! AND THERE INSIDE OF IT WAS THE HEAD GLARING WITH HATRED AT THE POOR WOMAN!



AND RIGHT AWAY HE STARTED TO SCREAM!

HOW CAN YOU INSULT MY ART, YOU OLD WOMAN WITH FETID BREATH?

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF MY PAINTING WILL SURELY BE TALKED ABOUT, LONG AFTER YOUR PUTREFYING REMAINS HAVE BEEN DEVoured BY THE WORMS!



AND MEANWHILE, I WILL LIVE FOREVER.

SO, FASTER THAN A COCK CROWS, JIM CAME OUT OF THE BACK ROOM CLUTCHING A DOUBLE-BARRELED, SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN, AND TOLD HER TO BEAT IT AS FAST AS THE WIND AND TO TAKE THE SWINE IN THE BAG WITH HER!



AND THE WOMAN LEFT RUNNING, LEAVING EVERYTHING IN THE STORE, EXCEPT THE BAG AND SINCE THEN NO ONE SAW ANYTHING OF HER, UNTIL TODAY!



AND THEN, LESTER JOE.

AND THAT WAS THE LAST TIME HARRY THE HEAD WAS SEEN ALIVE!



I'M SICK OF THIS PLACE, GRIZELDA! I CAN'T STAND THESE SWAMP DWELLERS WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO APPRECIATE THE SCOPE OF MY GENIUS! OF COURSE, NEITHER CAN YOU, MY QUIVERING AND PUTRID FLOWER. HOW WERE YOU GOING TO MAKE IT? YOUR DAMNED DIGNITY HAS ALMOST BROUGHT YOU DOWN TO THE GROUND.

YOU HEAR ME, YOU LOW CLASS SLUT: BY WHORING TO A THIRD IN THE BEDROOM? YOU THINK IT'S BELOW YOURSELF, TO GET SICK OF ALL THE BARBARITIES AND INSULTS DIRECTED AT YOU BY THIS POOR BODILESS HEAD!

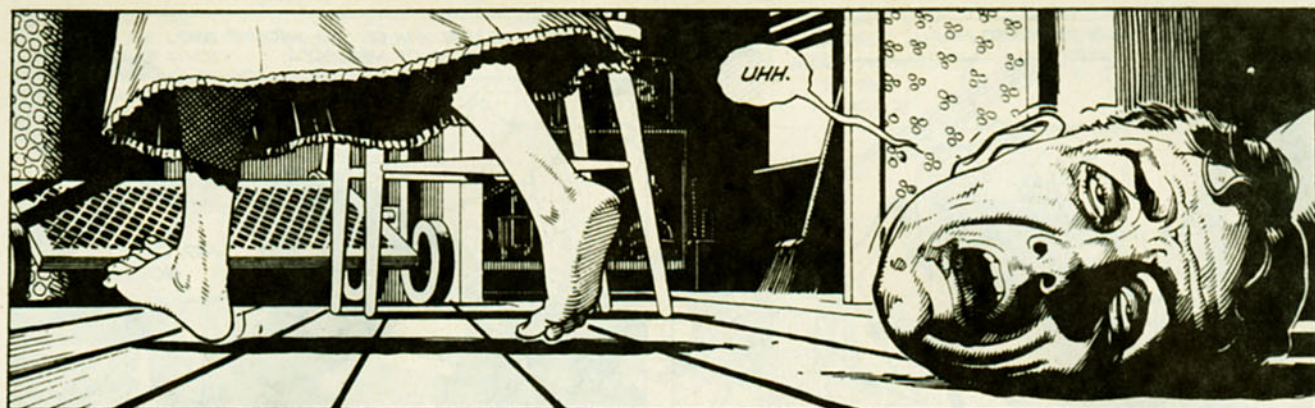
COME HERE, YOU WHORE FROM THE DISEASED PART OF TOWN. I TOLD YOU TO COME!

SHUT UP!



DAMN YOU!





ONE DAY, SHE POISONED HIM!



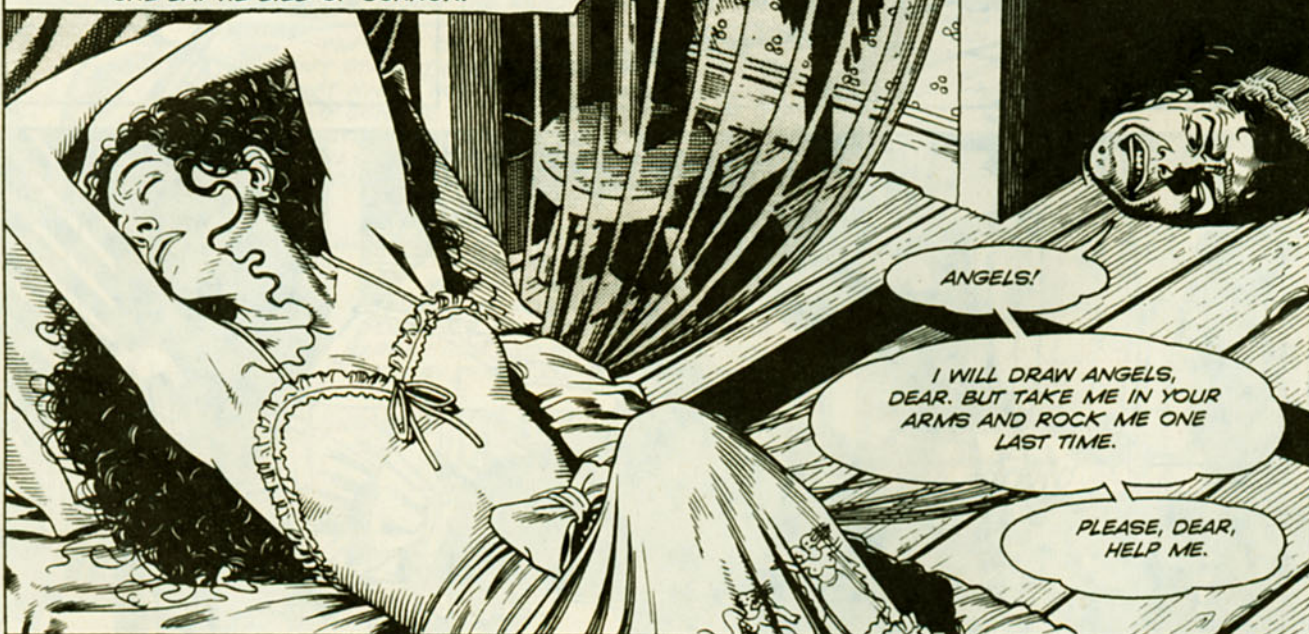
ONE DAY SHE LEFT HIM ON THE GROUND AND HE DIED OF NEGLECT...



...OR HUNGER!

NO!
NO, DON'T
GO!

ONE DAY HE DIED OF SORROW!



ANGELS!

I WILL DRAW ANGELS,
DEAR. BUT TAKE ME IN YOUR
ARMS AND ROCK ME ONE
LAST TIME.

PLEASE, DEAR,
HELP ME.

BUT THE GUY GOT NOTHING BECAUSE SHE WAS UP TO
HERE WITH THE HEAD.



HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

MY
LOVE! MY
ANGEL!

HELP
ME, OUT OF
PITY!

THINGS TURNED OUT FOR THE WORSE, OUT OF CRUELTY, BY
NOT HAVING A HEART.



HAVE PITY.

...SHE DIDN'T HAVE A HEART!

WELL, THE FACT IS WE CAME TO SEE HER ONCE AGAIN...WALKING BY NOT LONG AGO ON THIS VERY STREET...

IT'S TRUE! BUT ONLY NOW SHE WAS CARRYING AN ENORMOUS JAR WITH HER!

AND THEY SAY IT WAS HARRY THE HEAD! PICKLED IN FORMALDEHYDE!

YES SIR, SHE PASSED BY HERE WITHOUT SAYING A WORD!

THERE WAS SOMEONE WHO SAID THAT THE JAR WENT TO A MUSEUM IN TALLASSEE OR TUSCALOOSA OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



OR IS IT THAT THE OLD MAN GOT HIS WISH AND KEPT LIVING LIKE HE WANTED?

YOU KNOW WHAT I SAY? I SAY THAT THE BOTTLE IS STILL IN THE CABIN, RIGHT NEXT TO COBB'S SWAMP.



WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER WHAT YOU CAN NOW, LESTER JOE?

NO, SIR! I'VE NEVER SPOKEN TO THAT WOMAN AND I DON'T THINK I'LL DO IT NOW, AND I DON'T BELIEVE ANYONE IN THIS TOWN IS GOING TO TALK TO HER.

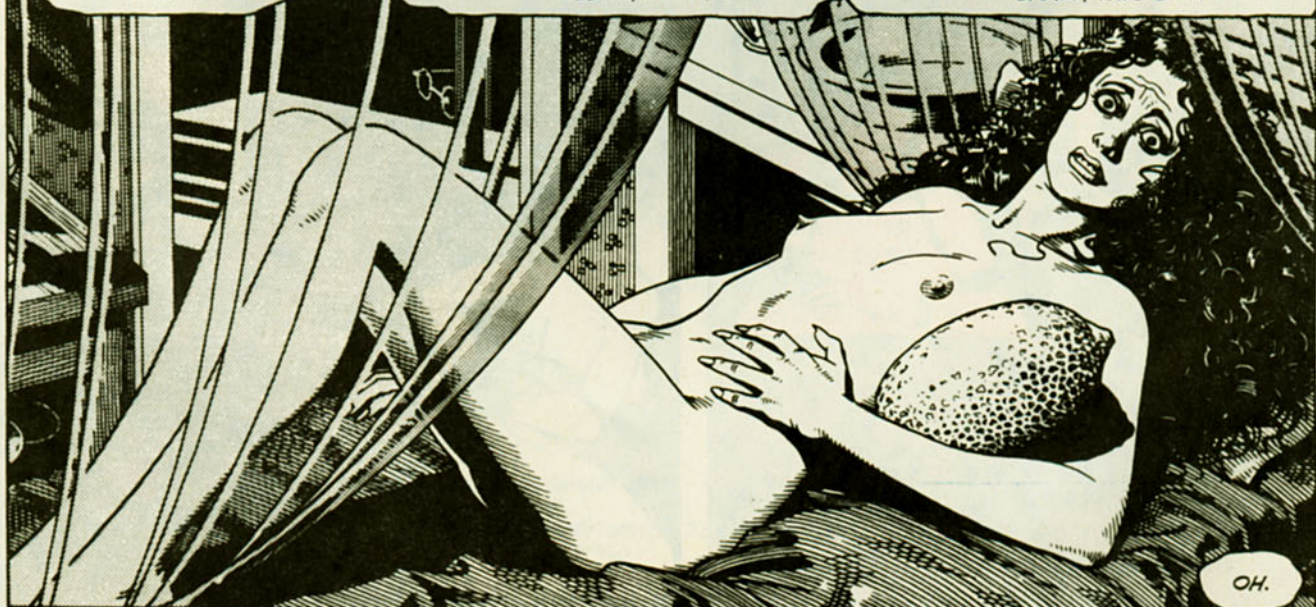


MOM! MOM!

WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE BILLY BOB?

WHY DID SHE BUY SUCH A BIG MELON, MOM?

WELL, TO EAT IT! HE WILL BE CRAZY, THIS BOY!

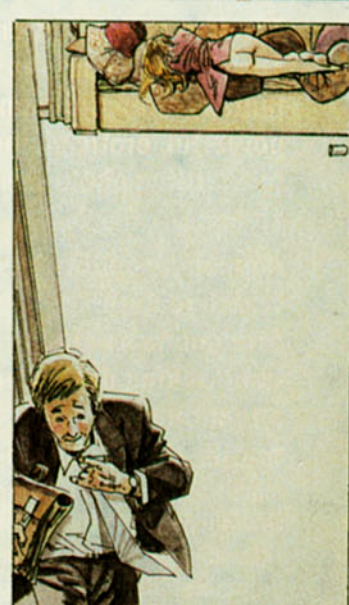


OH.

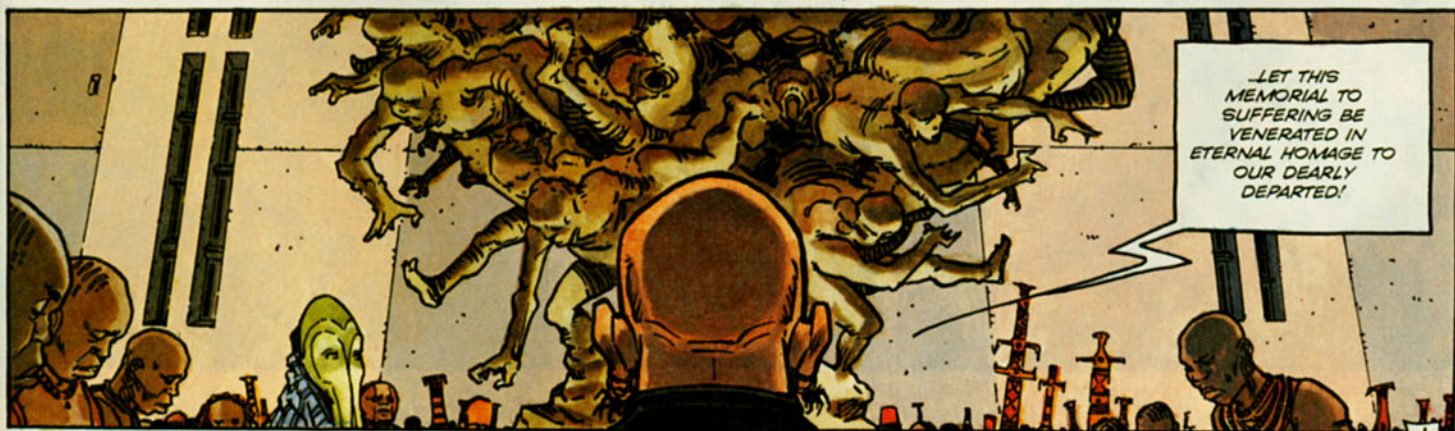
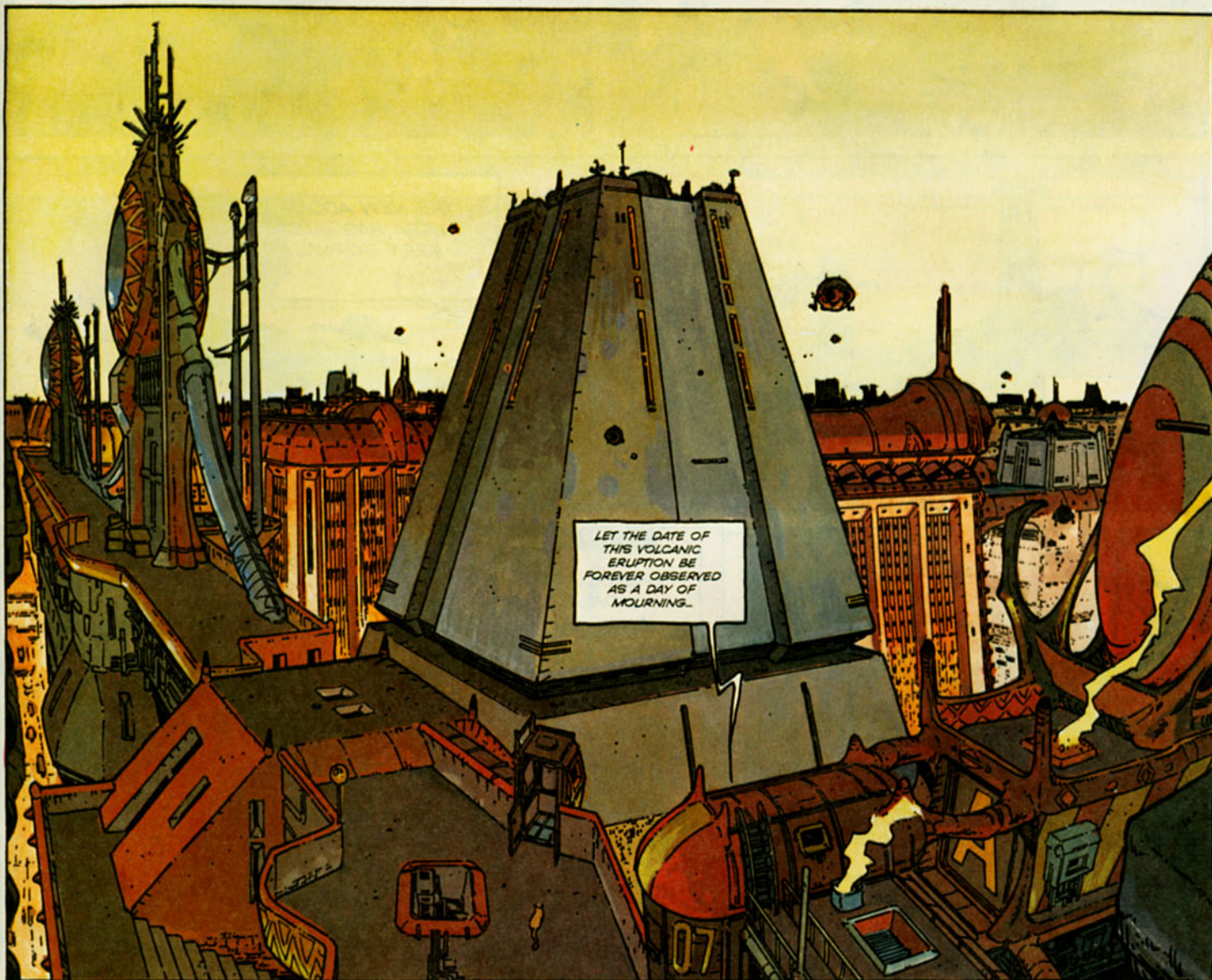








DAYAK: THE GREEN ROOM





THESE MARTYRS,
PETRIFIED IN LAVA
WILL BEAR
WITNESS TO THE
DESTRUCTION OF
A CIVILIZATION.



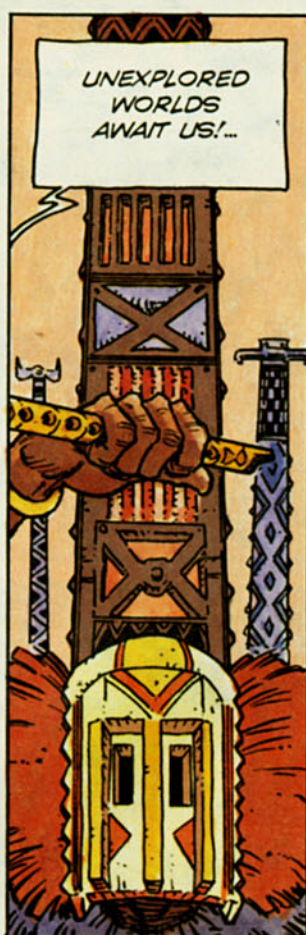
BUT THEIR SACRIFICE
WILL NOT HAVE BEEN IN
VAIN. SINCE THE
COMPLETION OF OUR
NEW CITY, A NEW LIFE IS
CLOSE AT HAND...



THE NEW ADDIS-
ABABA HAS JUST
BEEN BORN!...



...AN
EDIFICATION
WHICH IS A
PRELUDE TO A
NEW ERA!



UNEXPLORED
WORLDS
AWAIT US!...

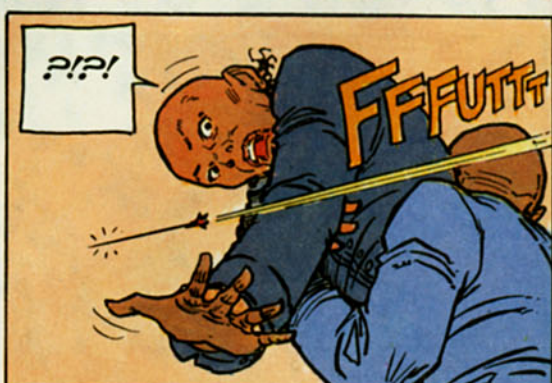


NEW TERRITORIES
TO CONQUER,
BRINGING US
UNTOLD RICHES
AND PROSPERITY!



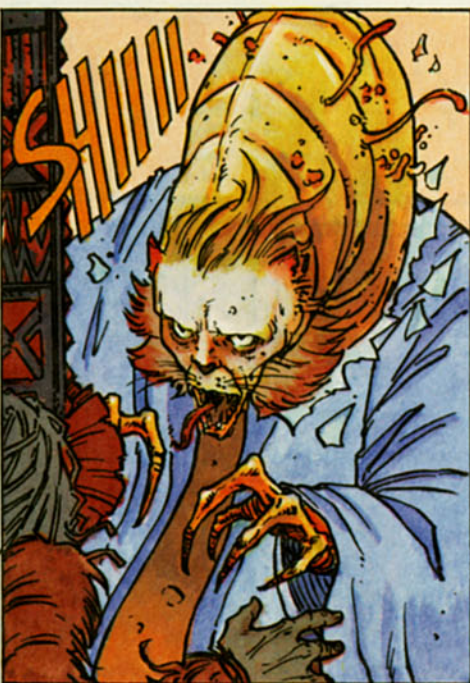
SIMON!

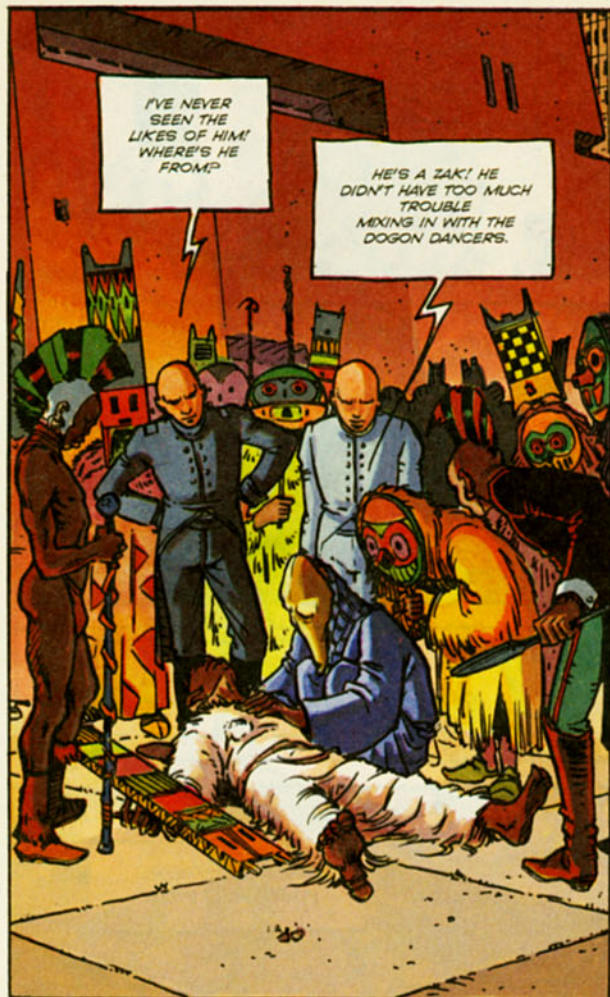
FFUTT



?!?!?

FFFUTT





I'VE NEVER
SEEN THE
LIKES OF HIM!
WHERE'S HE
FROM?

HE'S A ZAK! HE
DIDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH
TROUBLE
MIXING IN WITH THE
DOGON DANCERS.



LOOK!
YOU CAN
RECOGNIZE THEM FROM
THEIR RED PUPILS AND
THEIR MULTI-COLORED
SKIN.



IF YOU HADN'T BEEN
THERE, I'D BE DEAD. DO
I REALLY HAVE TO BE
MORE CAREFUL OF
THESE CARNIVAL
MONKEYS?

THE OBA HAVE ALWAYS
CONSIDERED THEM AS
FORMIDABLE
ADVERSARIES... FOR
GOOD REASON I
SHOULD IMAGINE!



REALLY, DAYAK! I
DIDN'T KNOW
YOU'D STARTED
BELIEVING THOSE
PRIMITIVE OLD-
WIVES' TALES!

I LEARNED A
LOT IN THE OLD
GHETTO!...
ESPECIALLY
NEVER TO ANGER
THE ZAK'S...



THIS ONE IS
DEAD, BUT
OTHERS WILL
COME!

...AND THEY
WILL END UP
LIKE HIM!
COME ON,
DINNER
AWAITS US!...



...SERVED BY
YOUR
SIDEKICK!

DAYAK SURE
CHANGED A
LOT SINCE HE
STARTED
HANGING OUT
WITH SIMON!

THEY'RE
TWINNS,
AND
DON'T
YOU FOR-
GET IT!...



...THEY'RE SO CLOSE
TO EACH OTHER,
SOMETIMES THEY GIVE
THE IMPRESSION OF
BEING ONE PERSON!

YEAH, WELL!...
TWINNS OR NOT, I
HAD A LOT MORE
FUN BEFORE THEY
GOT TOGETHER.



SOOOO,
LET'S GO
AND SERVE
DINNER TO
THESE
GENTLEMEN!





AS FOR YOU, CORI,
DON'T YOU EVER
SPEAK TO MY
BROTHER IN THAT
TONE AGAIN!!

LET ME REMIND YOU
THAT HAD IT NOT BEEN
FOR ME, YOU WOULD
BE A STATUE OF LAVA
WITH PETRIFIED FLESH!



DAYAK WAS JUST
TRYING TO ENTERTAIN
US... LET'S DRINK TO
HIS POWERS.

CORI,
DON'T
LEAVE!

THERE'S
NO PLACE
FOR ME
HERE!



MAOP



DAYAK SEEMS TO
HAVE ABANDONED
US SINCE HE
STARTED SHARING
HIS LIFE WITH HIS
CLONE...



AND LET ME TELL
YOU THIS, I HAVE
NO INTENTION OF
BEING ANYBODY'S
SLAVE!

GRRRR...



AAAAAAH...

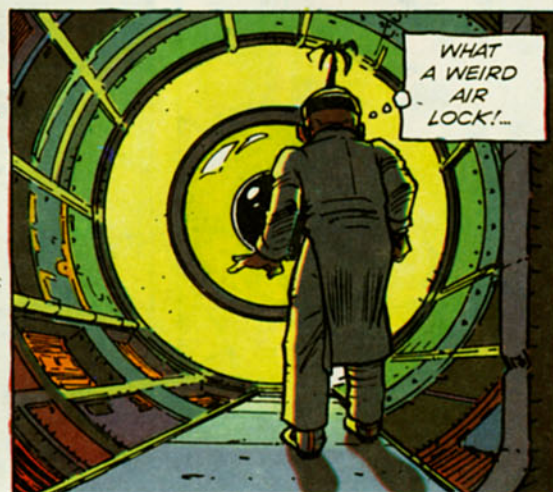
GRRRRRRR...

TAKE IT EASY,
I'LL GO
LOOK!...

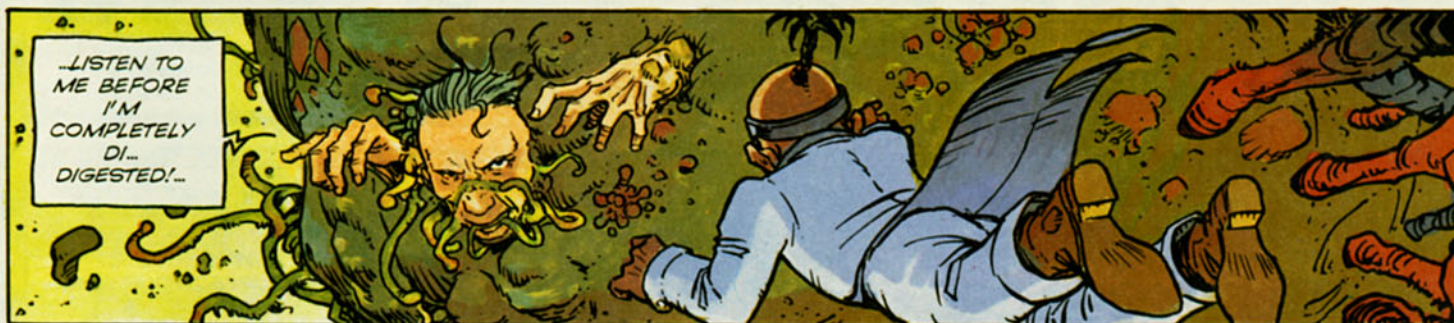


THE
SCREAMS
ARE COMING
FROM THE
FORBIDDEN
ZONE!
BRRRR... MY
KNEES HAVE
GONE ALL
SHAKY...

AAAAAAH...



WHAT
A WEIRD
AIR
LOCK!...





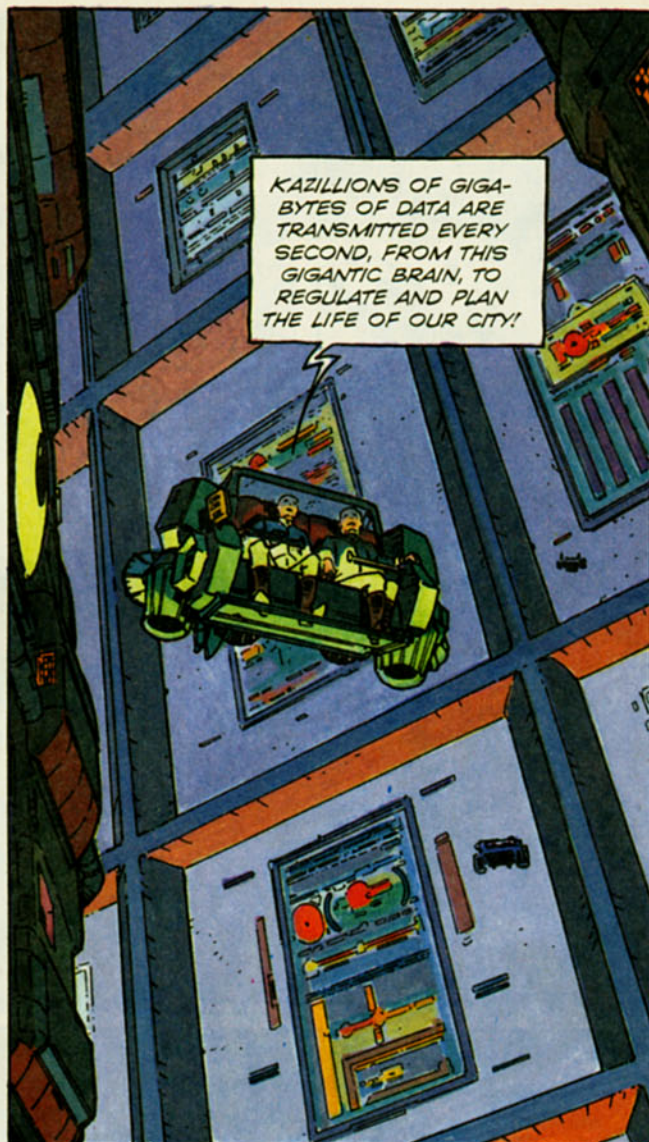
WELL?

...SOME
SORT
OF
EYEP



WRONG! WE ARE IN
THE PRESENCE OF
HE WHO
GOVERNS ADDIS-
ABABA WITH ME!

THIS LIGHT, I'VE
SEEN IT
BEFORE... BUT,
WHERE?

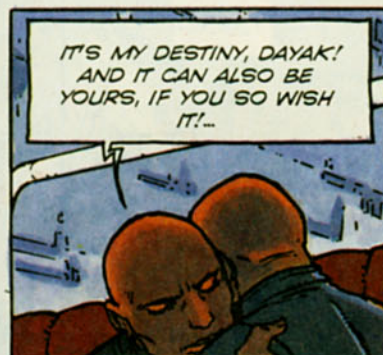


KAZILLIONS OF GIGA-
BYTES OF DATA ARE
TRANSMITTED EVERY
SECOND, FROM THIS
GIGANTIC BRAIN, TO
REGULATE AND PLAN
THE LIFE OF OUR CITY!



...AND OUR FATHER CREATED
IT, DAYAK! HE WAS A TRUE
VISIONARY! ...A LIVING GOD
FOR THIS CONTINENT!

...AND YOU WANT
TO TAKE HIS
PLACE, RIGHT?



IT'S MY DESTINY, DAYAK!
AND IT CAN ALSO BE
YOURS, IF YOU SO WISH
IT!...



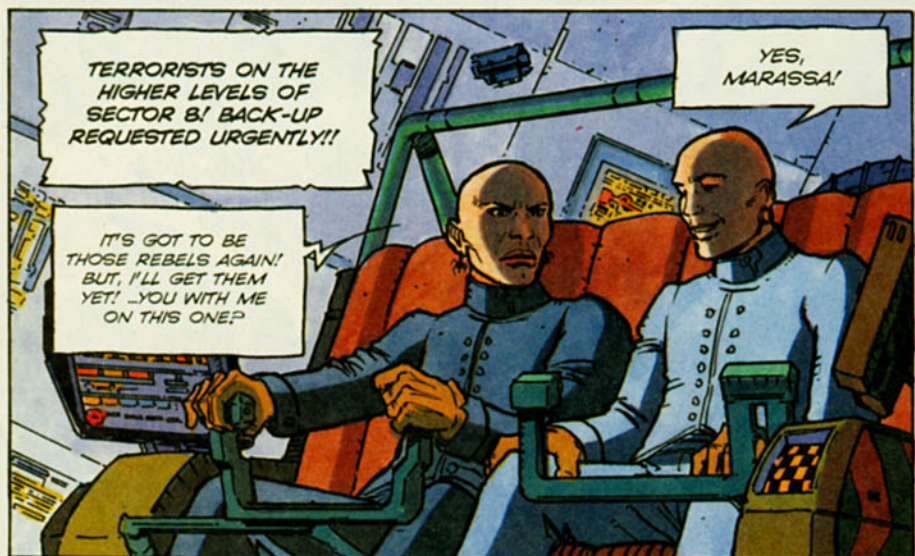
THAT LIGHT... I
KNOW THAT
LIGHT!...



THE GREEN ROOM!
...IN THE DREAM,
DURING MY
INITIATION, THE
GREEN ROOM KEPT
YOU ALIVE!



I AM AFRAID THAT YOUR
BATISTE AND HIS
PRIMITIVE RELIGION
HAVE SERIOUSLY
PERTURBED YOUR MIND,
MY BROTHER...



TERRORISTS ON THE
HIGHER LEVELS OF
SECTOR 8! BACK-UP
REQUESTED URGENTLY!!

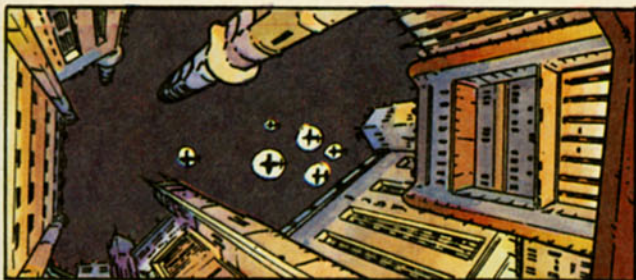
IT'S GOT TO BE
THOSE REBELS AGAIN!
BUT, I'LL GET THEM
YET! ...YOU WITH ME
ON THIS ONE?

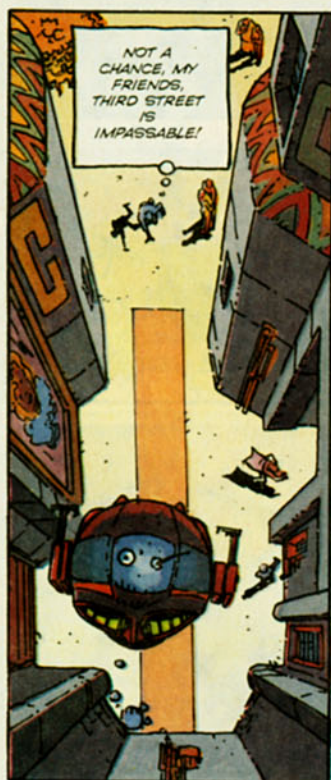
YES,
MARASSA!

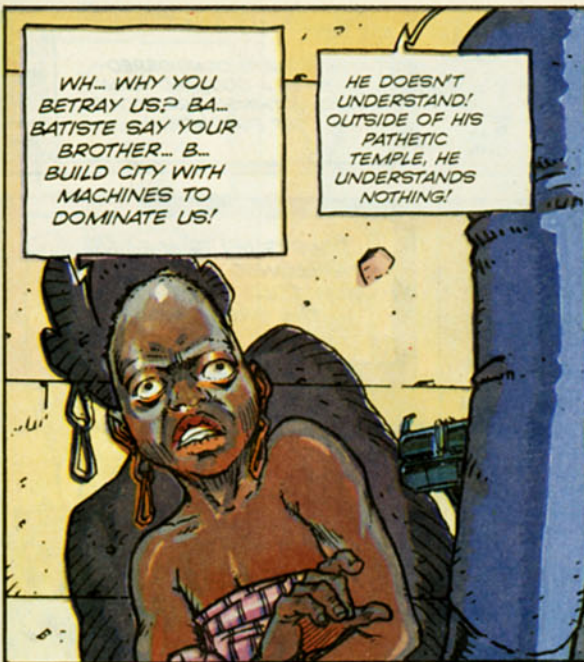


AND WHERE
DID YOU GET
THAT
FROM?

MARASSA? IT
COMES FROM THE
ANCIENT DIALECT,
EVOKING THE
SACRED SPIRIT OF
TWINN!...







WH... WHY YOU
BETRAY US? BA...
BATISTE SAY YOUR
BROTHER... B...
BUILD CITY WITH
MACHINES TO
DOMINATE US!

HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND!
OUTSIDE OF HIS
PATHETIC
TEMPLE, HE
UNDERSTANDS
NOTHING!



SIMON HAS DRAGGED US
OUT OF THE FILTH THAT
WE WERE PUTREFYING IN!



DAYAK STAY MY FRIEND, YES?
LIKE BEFORE? DAYAK COME
LIVE WITH US, YES?

LET GO OF ME, YOU
TOAD!



TOAD?... WHY
DAYAK CALL
HIS FRIEND
TOHOSSOU,
TOAD?

GO ON...
RUN! NOW! I
DON'T WANT
TO SEE YOU
AGAIN!



YOU
BECOME
EVIL,
MARASSA!



DID YOU
GET HIM?

SURE!



I WONDER WHAT TOHOSSOU WAS DOING WITH THAT GANG OF MERCENARIES?... SEEMS VERY STRANGE!...

HE ALWAYS CONSIDERED HIMSELF A GOD, AND TODAY HE'S NOTHING!... TRADITIONS GET FORGOTTEN!



IN ANY CASE, AN EVENING AWAY FROM YOUR BROTHER IS QUITE A RELIEF FOR ME!



QUIT WHINING! YOU LIVE IN A PALACE, AND HE PAYS FOR EVERYTHING!

LIKE A SLAVE, SURE! AND BESIDES, IT'S A PRETTY SHITTY PALACE!

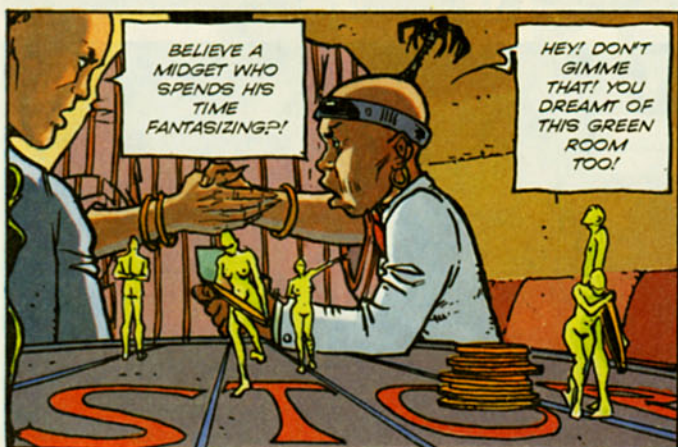


THIS GUY I SAW BEING SWALLOWED BY A GLOB OF JELLY TOLD ME TO DESTROY THE GREEN ROOM!

OH BOY!... THERE YOU GO AGAIN! DON'T YOU THINK THAT IT'S YOUR BRAIN THAT'S TURNING TO JELLY?



AN INCREDIBLE STORY, DAYAK, IS ALWAYS EASIER TO BELIEVE WHEN TOLD BY A FRIEND!



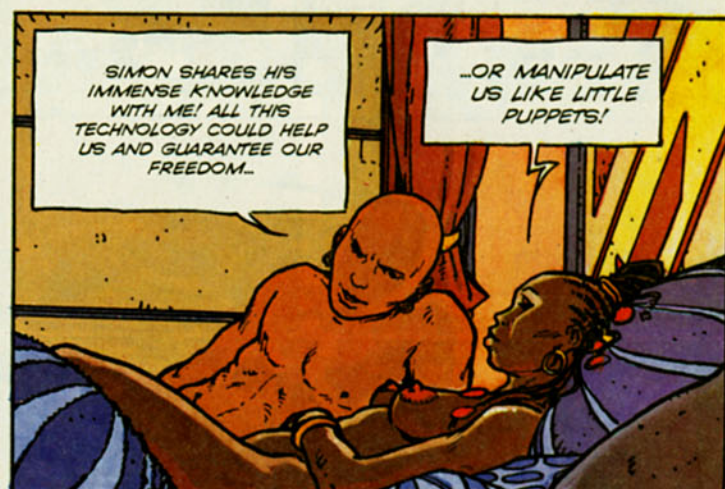
BELIEVE A MIDGET WHO SPENDS HIS TIME FANTASIZING?!

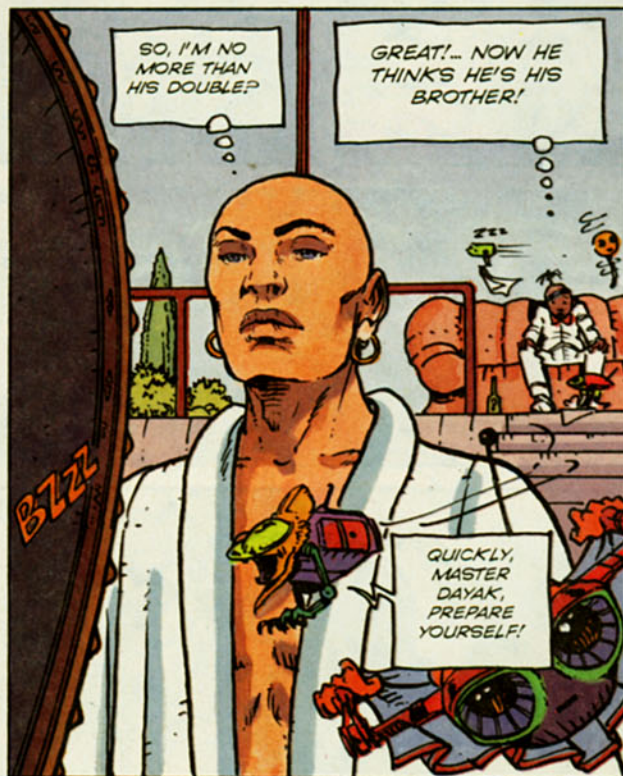
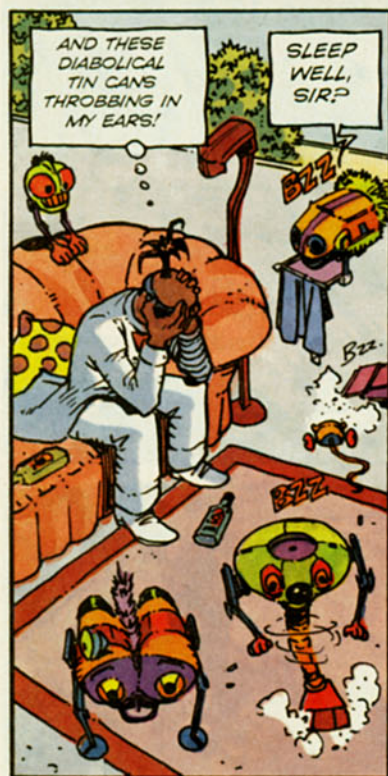
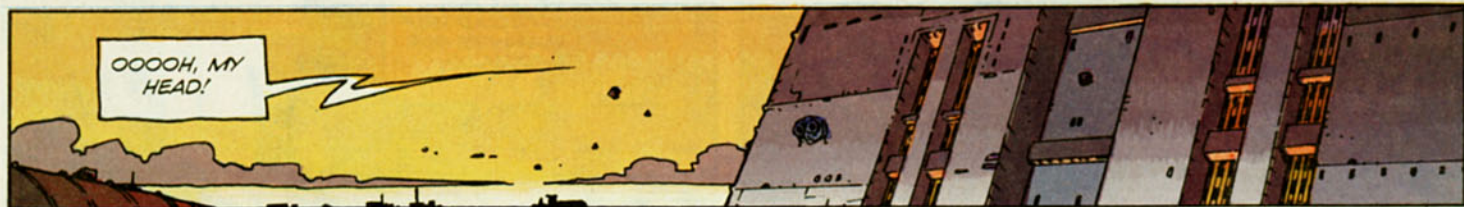
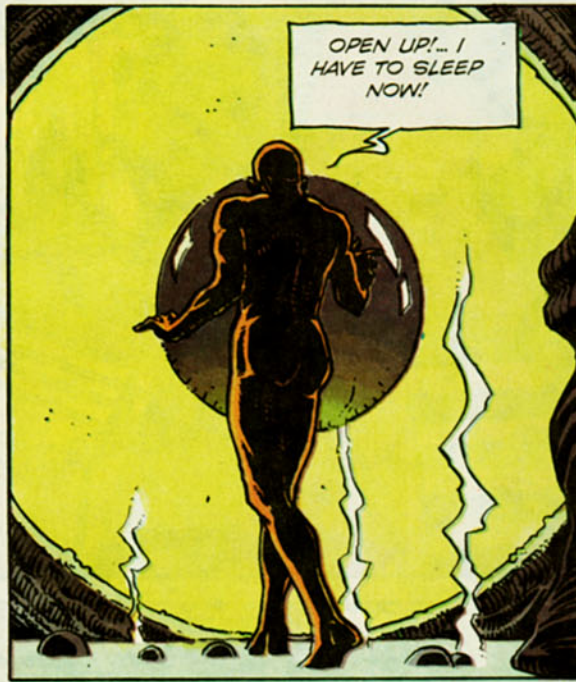
HEY! DON'T GIMME THAT! YOU DREAMT OF THIS GREEN ROOM TOO!



TAKE IT EASY GUYS!... I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE HERE!... WHY DON'T YOU JUST SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE EVENING?!

YOU BET I WOULD!





COME, I'M
TAKING YOU TO
THE BOTTOM OF
THE WELL! OUR
SCOUT ROBOTS
HAVE UNEARTHED
A SMALL
TREASURE!

AND AT WHAT
DEPTH IS YOUR
LITTLE
SURPRISE?

10,000 FEET...
SO CLENCH
YOUR BUTT!

YOU'RE SWEATING?
IT'S THE PRESSURE;
YOU'LL GET
USED TO IT!

IT'S
OKAY!...
I'LL HOLD
OUT!

WE ARE
PASSING
THROUGH THE
GROUND
WATER...



MEN USED TO KILL EACH OTHER FOR THE POSSESSION OF THIS LIQUID, AND TODAY IT'S WORTH NOTHING! WE EXTRACT ALL OUR RICHES FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH!

WHEN I WAS A "COLLECTOR," I USED TO SEE ENTIRE CONVOYS CARRYING MINERALS, FLYING OFF INTO THE SKIES!



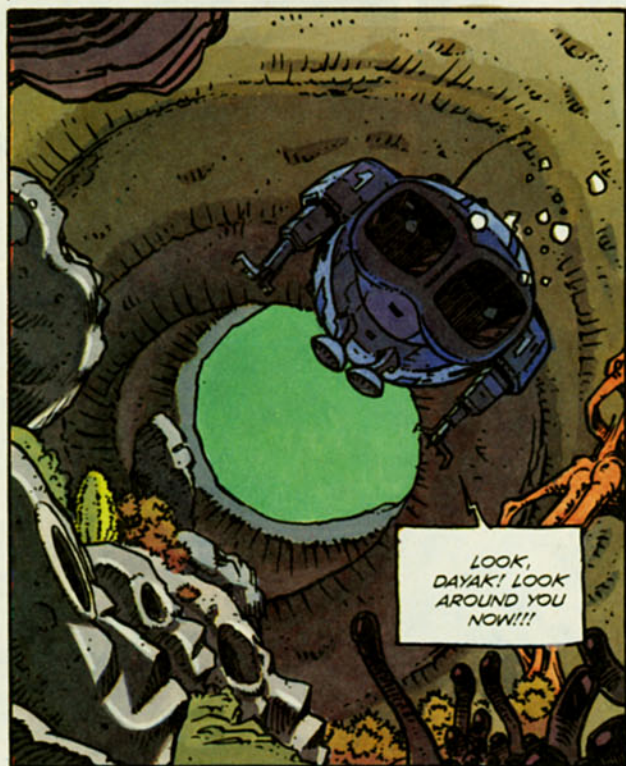
ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT YOU HAVE ALREADY TRAVELED BEYOND THE STARS?

ALL THIS, DAYAK, WE WILL LIVE OUT TOGETHER... I WILL TAKE YOU WITH ME BEYOND THE FRONTIERS OF INFINITY!...

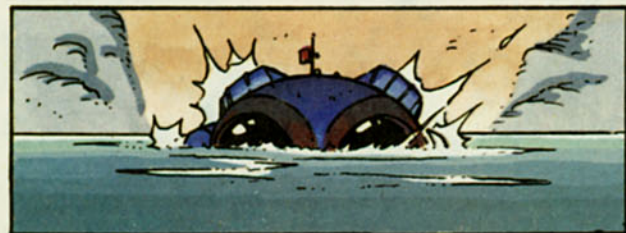


TOGETHER, WE WILL DISCOVER ANCIENT, FORGOTTEN CIVILIZATIONS AND OTHERS THAT ARE JUST BEING BORN... WE WILL BRING THEM OUR KNOWLEDGE, OUR VALUES...

...WE WILL BE IMMORTAL AND EVEN TRAVEL THROUGH TIME TO ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION!...



LOOK, DAYAK! LOOK AROUND YOU NOW!!!



THIS IS HOLY
GROUND,
SIMON! WE
SHOULD NOT...

YOU TIRE ME
WITH YOUR
SUPERSTI-
TIONS!
COME SEE...

DON'T
TOUCH
THAT!

JUST SHUT
UP AND
WATCH...

PIP!

ALL THIS IS
MINE, DAYAK!
ALL OF IT!

GRAB MY
ARM!



BY LOA! COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!



I ALMOST GOT KILLED! AND YOU'RE TELLING ME NOT TO DESTROY THAT CURSED HOLE?

NO ONE ASKED TO GO IN THERE, SIMON! YOU WERE THE DESECRATER, SO DON'T BE SURPRISED BY THE REACTION! I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU NOT TO DESTROY THE PLACE!



IN TEN MINUTES, THE WELL WILL BLOW UP! AND ALL YOUR FUCKIN' GODS WITH IT!



HAVE YOU REALLY CONSIDERED YOUR DECISION SUFFICIENTLY? A DAY MIGHT COME WHEN YOU WILL REGRET IT...

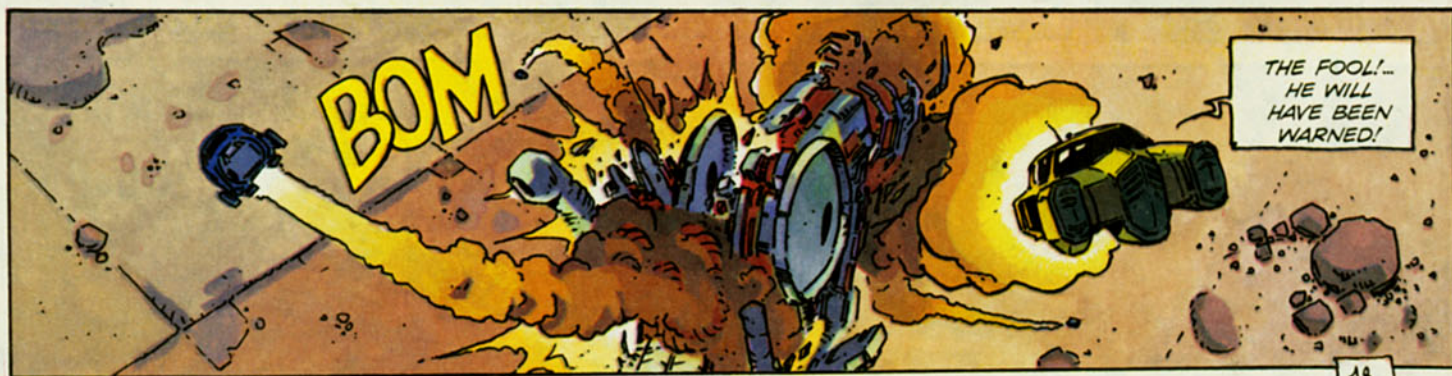


IN THAT CASE OUR ASHES WILL MINGLE WITH THEIR DUST, BLOWING IN THE DESERT WIND!



COME, DAYAK! THE OBA WANTS TO SEE THE FIREWORKS FROM UP CLOSE, SO LET HIM!

COME, MASTER! SIMON WASN'T KIDDING...



THE FOOL!... HE WILL HAVE BEEN WARNED!



THE ONLY PLACE
THAT IS NOT
UNDER HIS CON-
TROL IS MY
PALACE... BUT FOR
HOW LONG?



ENGAGE FULL
SECURITY! NO
ONE IS TO BE
ALLOWED IN!...

YES,
MASTER!





HOW GO
OUR
MEN?

WELL, MASTER
OBA! THEY ONLY
AWAIT YOUR
ORDERS TO
LAUNCH NEW
OFFENSIVES!



BE MORE PATIENT, MY
BROTHERS. THE TIME IS
NIGH WHEN YOU SHALL
AGAIN BE ABLE TO
PROVE YOUR VALOR!



TOHOSSOU?!
WHERE IS THE
OLD PROPHET?

OVER THERE,
MASTER. HE
IS DEEP IN
PRAYER!



COME IN!
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU!

DOES YOUR
GOD PACIFY
YOUR
TORMENTS,
BATISTEP?



MOST OF THEM! I WAS ASKING HIM TO WATCH OVER DAYAK. AND ALSO NOT TO FORGET US, OLD DEVIL!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO GIVE ME MUCH CREDIT... HOW OFTEN DO YOU SEE DEVILS AS HOSPITABLE?



I OFFERED YOU THE SAME HOSPITALITY, IN THE OLD GHETTO! SO NOW WE'RE QUILTS!

...EXCEPT THAT I SAVED YOUR LIFE BY DRAGGING YOU OUT OF THE BURNING RUINS OF YOUR CHAPEL!...



...THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHY YOU'D WANT TO KEEP MY OLD CARCASS ALIVE!

IT COULD STILL BE USEFUL... AS LONG AS YOU CONTINUE TO WATCH OUT FOR YOUR SON!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE CONNIVING, NOW! DAYAK HAS ABANDONED US AND YOU KNOW IT!... HE HAS PICKED HIS ALLEGIANCE!

MAN CAN BE VERY FICKLE, BATISTE!...



PERHAPS YOU THINK THAT MY PRAYERS ARE ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM COME BACK TO US? AND THAT HE'LL BRING US ALL THE SECRETS OF SIMON'S EMPIRE!?

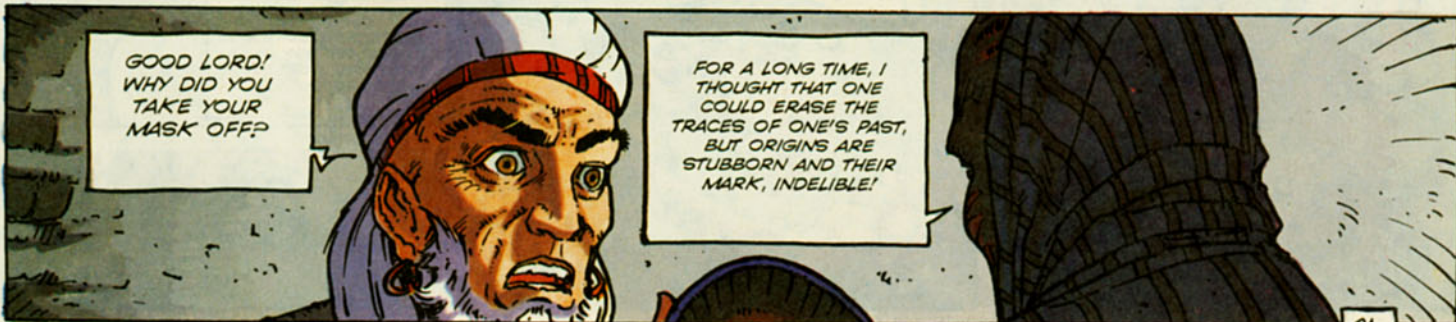
DAYAK LEAVE LIFE TO TOHOSSOU. DAYAK THINK OF US STILL...

DAYAK IS THE ONLY ONE CAPABLE OF SAVING US FROM HIS BROTHER... AND THE MAGIC THAT YOU HAVE TAUGHT HIM WILL SERVE HIM WELL IN THE GREAT DESERT!...



...THE GREAT DES...

LOOK, AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND!



GOOD LORD! WHY DID YOU TAKE YOUR MASK OFF?

FOR A LONG TIME, I THOUGHT THAT ONE COULD ERASE THE TRACES OF ONE'S PAST, BUT ORIGINS ARE STUBBORN AND THEIR MARK, INDELIBLE!



SIMON HAS DESTROYED THE SANCTUARY OF OUR GODS, SOON HE WILL GET AROUND TO DESTROYING US! SUCH IS THE FORCE THAT DRIVES HIM! A FORCE THAT HE SEEMS TO POSSESS, IN SPITE OF HIMSELF!



WHERE DID YOU GET THIS INFORMATION?

EVERY SELF-RESPECTING "OLD DEVIL" HAS EARS THAT EAVESDROP...



YOU STILL HAVEN'T SAID WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME!

WELL... THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME THE MOST, BATISTE. IN FACT, I NEED A FINAL SACRIFICE...



...THAT OF YOUR OWN LIFE!!



EVERYTHING REEKS OF DEATH HERE! LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE, DAYAK!

WAIT! I JUST WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MAO!

L'L QUAIL GIVES YOU HIS WORD, HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF HIS CAGE, ALONE!



NOW, WHAT COULD THIS BE?

...ONE OF YOUR BROTHER'S GENETIC CONCOCTIONS, I'M SURE! IT'S DISGUSTING!



I'M GOING DOWN INTO THE FORBIDDEN ZONE! L'L QUAIL WILL GO WITH ME...

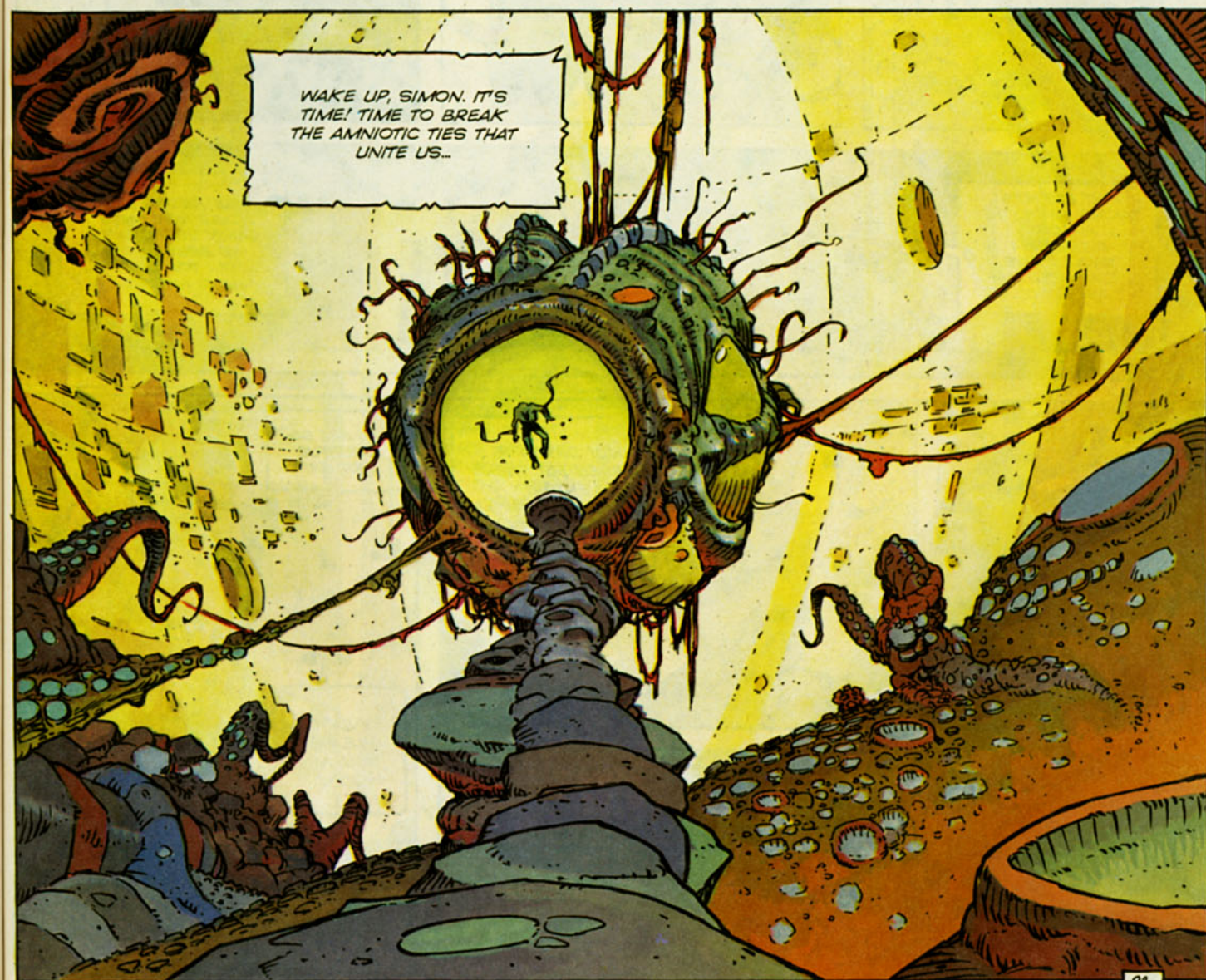
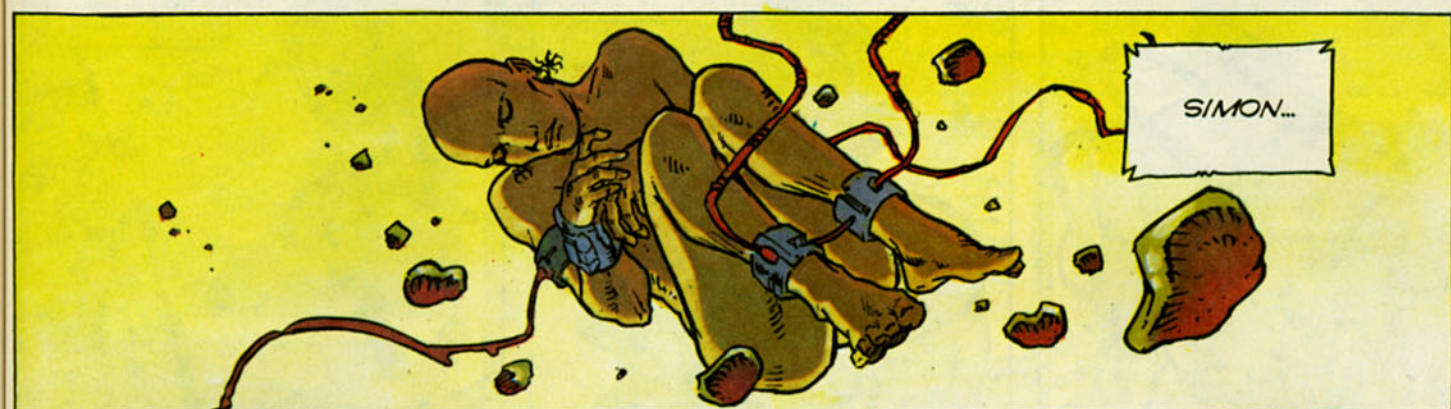
HUH? WHAT? ME? GO BACK INTO...



IF YOU GO DOWN THERE, DAYAK, I'M GOING WITH YOU!

OUT OF THE QUESTION!! I ALONE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHY SIMON DESTROYS EVERYTHING THAT HE TOUCHES!





I THINK THAT WE'RE
NEARING OUR GOAL... MY
MUTATION IS NEARING
COMPLETION... I HOPE YOU
FIND ME TO YOUR TASTE,
SIMON...



GO, PREPARE YOURSELF NOW...
THE GREAT CARNIVAL OF ADDIS-
ABABA AWAITS ITS ELECTED SON.
SO, BE THE FLESH OF MY FLESH
AND DON'T DISAPPOINT ME...
LEAD THEM TOWARDS OUR NEXT
MISSION...



YES,
MOTHER!

...THE ONLY THING THAT WORRIES
ME IS YOUR BROTHER... HE'S
BECOMING TOO CURIOUS! I HAVE
JUST LOCALIZED HIM IN THE
OUTER CIRCUITS...



THE FOOL!
OPEN UP YOUR
CONTROL
SCREENS!...

THAT MIDGET'S
TAKING HIM TO THE
AIRLOCK
ENTRANCE! I
SHOULD HAVE
ELIMINATED HIM
AGES AGO!...

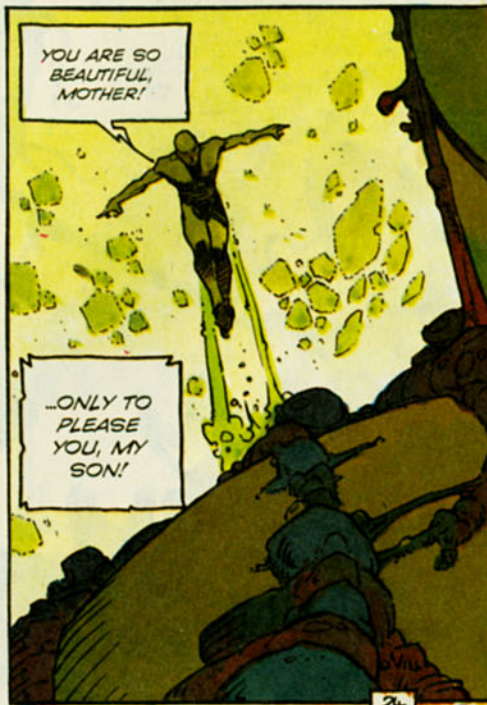


...BUT KILLING HIM
WOULD HAVE MADE
DAYAK SUSPICIOUS!
AND BESIDES, IT'S
NEVER TOO LATE TO
MAKE AMENDS!...

NO! DAYAK IS
MINE!! LET THEM
ENTER!
CONDITION THEM
AND KEEP THEM
WARM!...



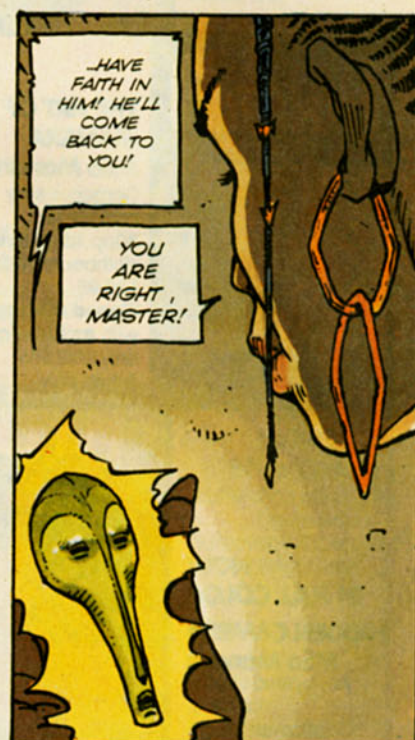
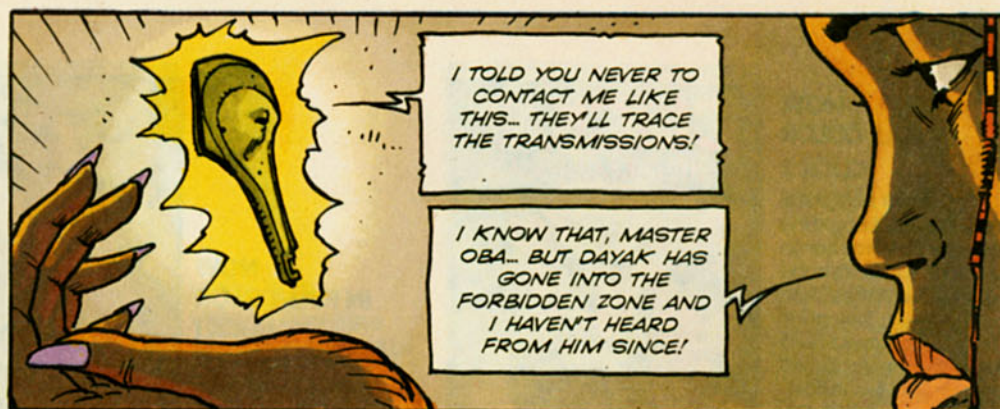
YOU ARE SO
BEAUTIFUL,
MOTHER!



...ONLY TO
PLEASE
YOU, MY
SON!

...FIRST I
WANT TO TAKE
CARE OF THE
BITCH THAT'S
BEEN
MANIPULATING
THEM!





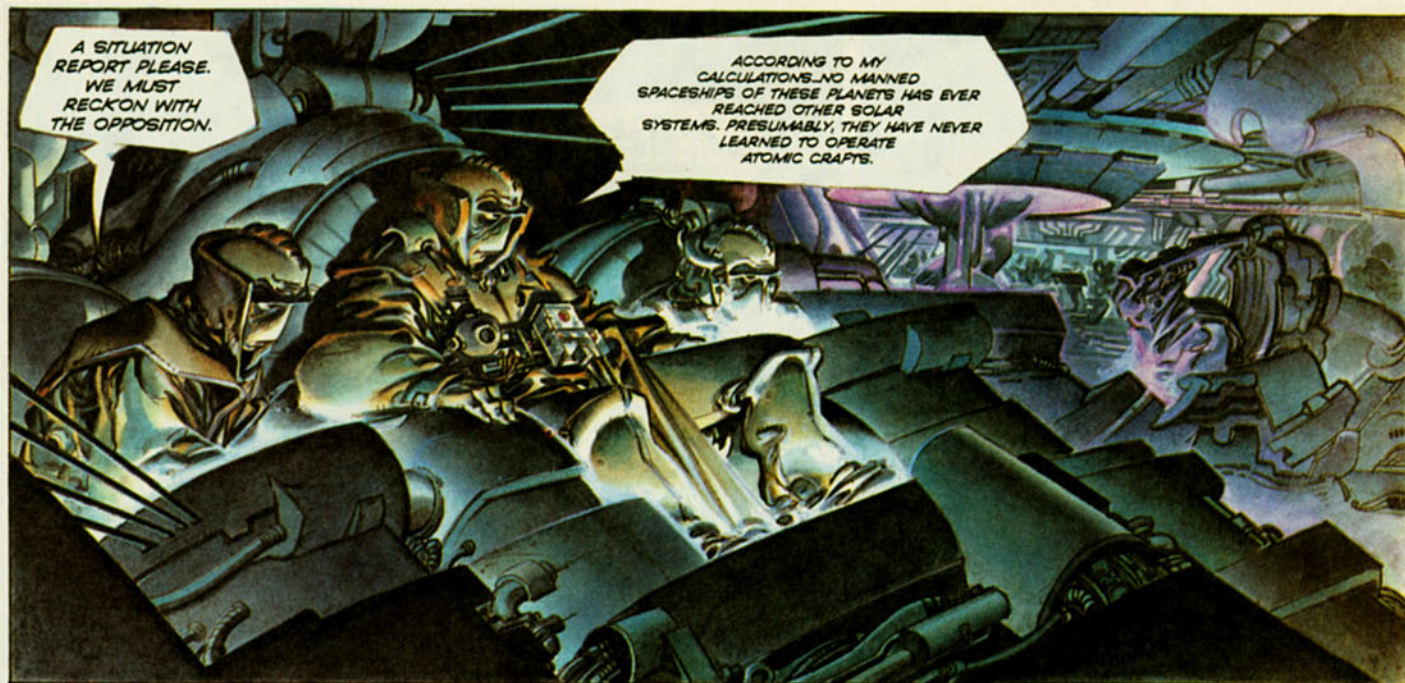
INVINCIBLE

THE
HOUR OF
INVASION HAD COME,
THE ATTACK FROM DEEP
SPACE HAD CAUGHT THE
EARTHLINGS
UNPREPARED.

AT
ITS DISPOSAL, THE
EARTH HAD ADVANCE
INTELLIGENCE GUARDS IN
SPACE. HIGHLY SENSITIVE RADAR
AND RADIO WAVE RECEIVERS
REGISTERED THE NEAR-END
FLEET AND TRIGGERED THE
ALARM SYSTEM.

ALL
OVER THE EARTH,
SIRENS ROARED.
AUTOMATIC
PUBLIC ADDRESS SPEAKERS
SPREAD THE HORRIBLE
MESSAGE AND GAVE
INSTRUCTIONS IN ALL
DIRECTIONS.

THE
HOUR OF
INVASION HAD
COME. THE
EARTHLINGS WERE
FRIGHTENED.



A SITUATION
REPORT PLEASE.
WE MUST
RECKON WITH
THE OPPOSITION.

ACCORDING TO MY
CALCULATIONS...NO MANNE
SPACESHIPS OF THESE PLANETS HAS EVER
REACHED OTHER SOLAR
SYSTEMS. PRESUMABLY, THEY HAVE NEVER
LEARNED TO OPERATE
ATOMIC CRAFTS.

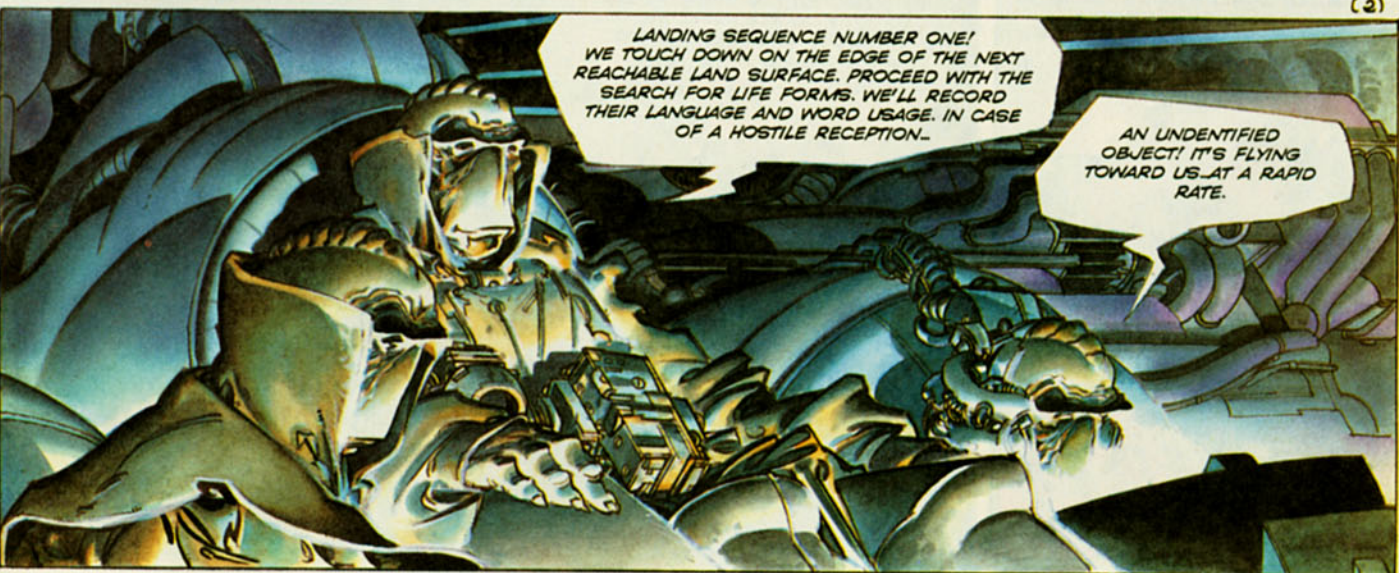


SO WHAT IF THEY ATTACK
US? OUR SPACESHIP IS EQUIPPED
WITH EVERY CONCEIVABLE DEFENSE
SYSTEM. THESE SHIPS CAN WITH-
STAND THE SHOCK OF A NUCLEAR
WAR!



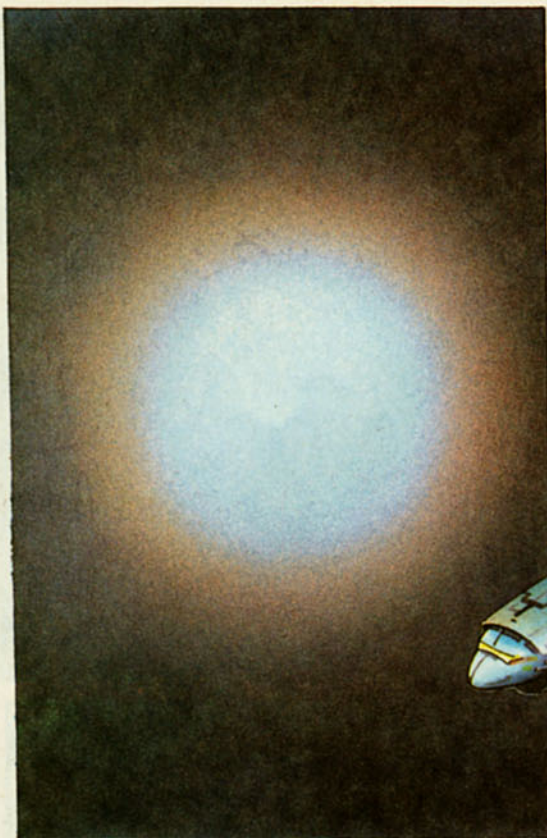
WE ARE READY!
THE FLEET HAS
JUST ENTERED THE
ATMOSPHERE OF
THE PLANET.

WATER AND OXYGEN!
A PARADISE!
GENERATIONS OF SETTLERS
FROM TANGABOR WILL SET OUT
AND WILL FIND A NEW
HOMELAND IN THIS
WILDERNESS.



LANDING SEQUENCE NUMBER ONE!
WE TOUCH DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE NEXT
REACHABLE LAND SURFACE. PROCEED WITH THE
SEARCH FOR LIFE FORMS. WE'LL RECORD
THEIR LANGUAGE AND WORD USAGE. IN CASE
OF A HOSTILE RECEPTION.

AN UNIDENTIFIED
OBJECT! IT'S FLYING
TOWARD US AT A RAPID
RATE.



WHAT?
ACTIVATE THE
DEFLECTION SYSTEM
IMMEDIATELY.

ALL SHIP
COMMANDERS!! I
DEMAND A STATUS
REPORT!



WE'RE GETTING NO ANSWER
FROM SIXTY HEAVY CRUISERS!
TOTAL LOSS! SIXTY SHIPS!
WHAT A BLOW!



A SERIOUS
DEFEAT...WE ARE NO
LONGER INVINCIBLE.

SHUT UP!



EACH SHIP CRUISER OF TANGOBAR
IS IMMUNE TO AN ATMOSPHERIC
EXPLOSION...POSSIBLY AGAINST TWO,
THEIR DESIGNERS HAVE CALCULATED
FOR THE SIMULTANEOUS
DETONATION OF TWENTY OR MORE
EXPLOSIVE BODIES.



THE WILDERNESS WILL
PROTECT US! THEY HIT US...BUT
THEY DO NOT REPEL US! ONLY
OUR ARSENAL IS EMPTY!



WAIT! WE HAVE
DETECTED A FOREIGN
SYMBOL ON OUR FRONT
SIDE. HOLD YOUR FIRE!

A
COMPUTER
ANALYSIS HAS
BEGUN.



BACK TO THE BASE! WE
NEED NEW INSTRUCTIONS
FROM THE COUNCIL
OF THE WISE.



SIXTY SHIPS DESTROYED! BY
ORKA. OUR PUNISHMENT
MUST FIT THE ACTION!



IT CONTRADICTS ALL THE RULES OF LOGIC AND
REASON! THERE'S ONLY ONE
EXPLANATION: THE PLANET IS IN A STATE OF
EMERGENCY! ALL RESOURCES WERE DEPLETED
IN THE PRODUCTION OF WAR MATERIAL.

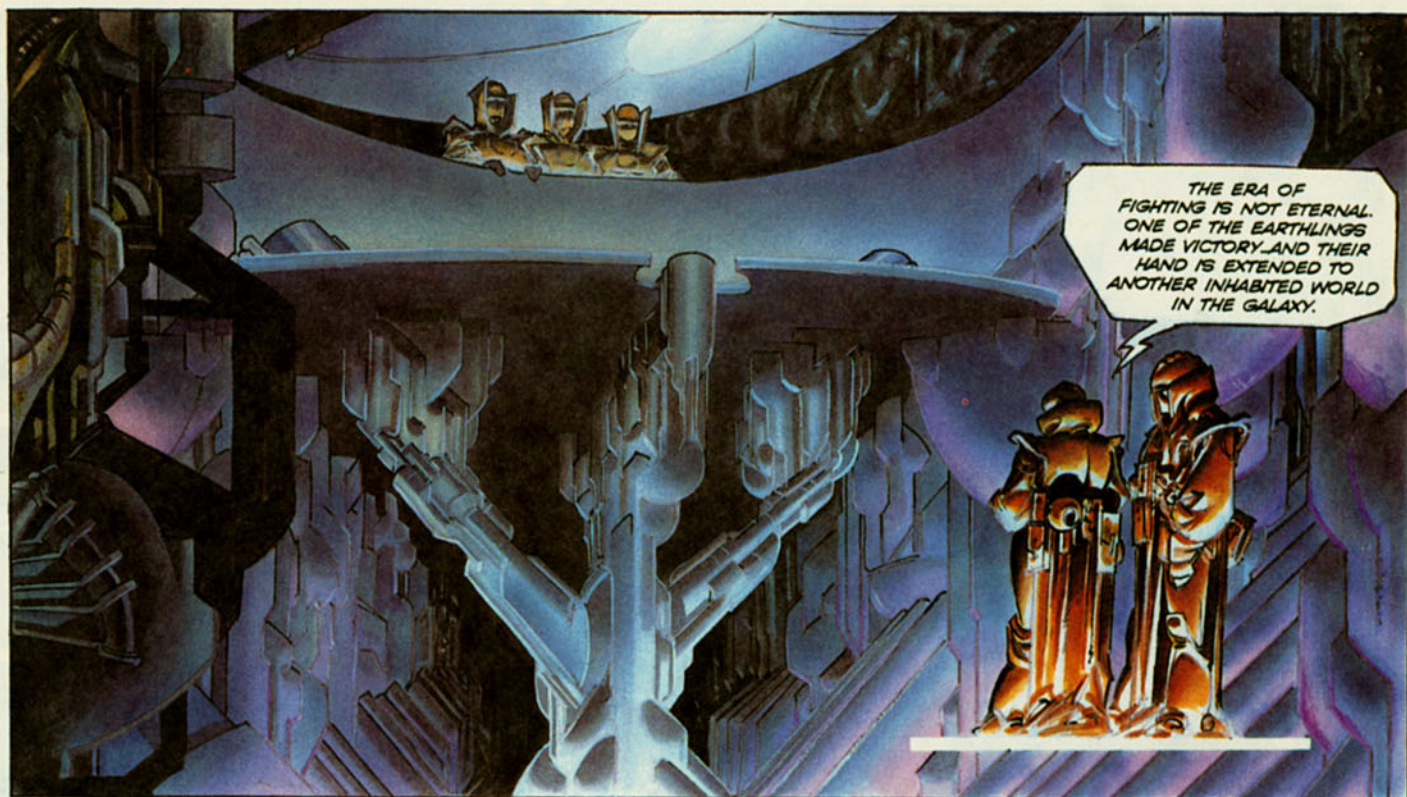


THE STRENGTH OF THE ARSENAL
ALONG THE COAST IS ASTOUNDING! THE
WARLIKE DEBATES ARE ONLY CONCEIVABLE
WHEN THE CONTINENT SYMBOLIZES
A HOSTILE CAMP.

IT APPEARS THE LAND UNITY IS LED FROM
THE CENTER OF THE LARGEST CONTINENT.
A SURPRISE ATTACK MUST BE SUCCESSFUL
BEFORE THEY CAN ADDRESS A NEW
SITUATION. BUT WOULD THEY REALLY?



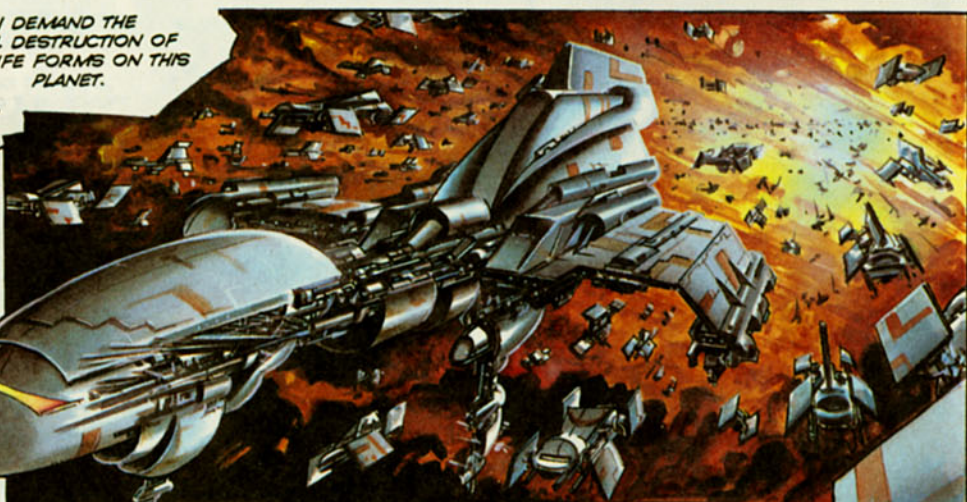
AS LONG AS THE SIXTY
SHIPS REMAIN UNAVENGED,
THE STAR OF EMPIRE WILL
NEVER AGAIN FULLY SHINE.



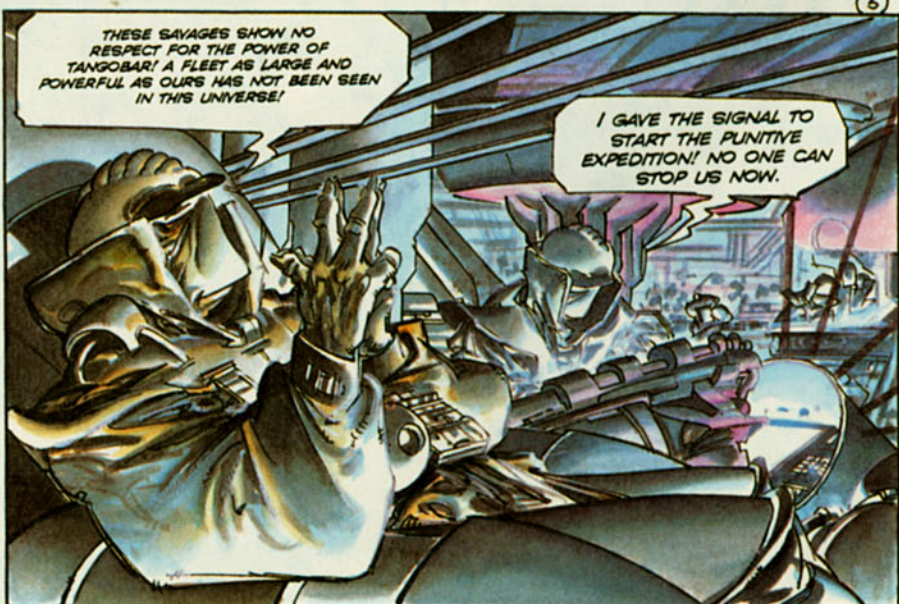
THE ERA OF
FIGHTING IS NOT ETERNAL.
ONE OF THE EARTHLINGS
MADE VICTORY, AND THEIR
HAND IS EXTENDED TO
ANOTHER INHABITED WORLD
IN THE GALAXY.



I DEMAND THE
FULL DESTRUCTION OF
ALL LIFE FORMS ON THIS
PLANET.



LONG BEFORE OUR TIME THERE
WAS A TRAVELER OF
TANGOBAR, THAT OPERATED IN
THIS QUADRANT. HE REMAINED
VICTORIOUS AND REPORTED A
SIMILAR MYSTERIOUS
SYMBOL.

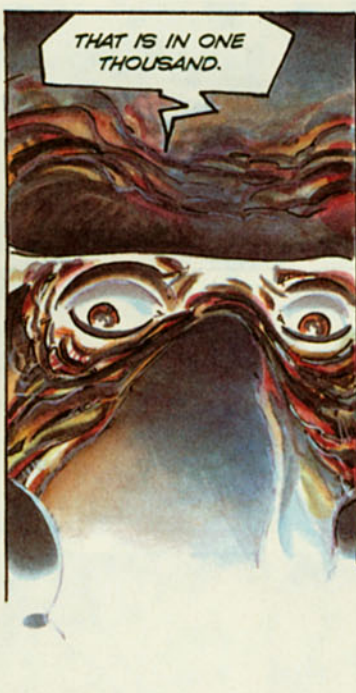


THESE SAVAGES SHOW NO
RESPECT FOR THE POWER OF
TANGOBAR! A FLEET AS LARGE AND
POWERFUL AS OURS HAS NOT BEEN SEEN
IN THIS UNIVERSE!

I GAVE THE SIGNAL TO
START THE PUNITIVE
EXPEDITION! NO ONE CAN
STOP US NOW.



COMMANDER! THE SENSORS
DETECT A MASSIVE NUMBER OF
ENEMY SHIPS COMING FROM
DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.
COLLISION IN
FORTY HERCES.



THAT IS IN ONE
THOUSAND.

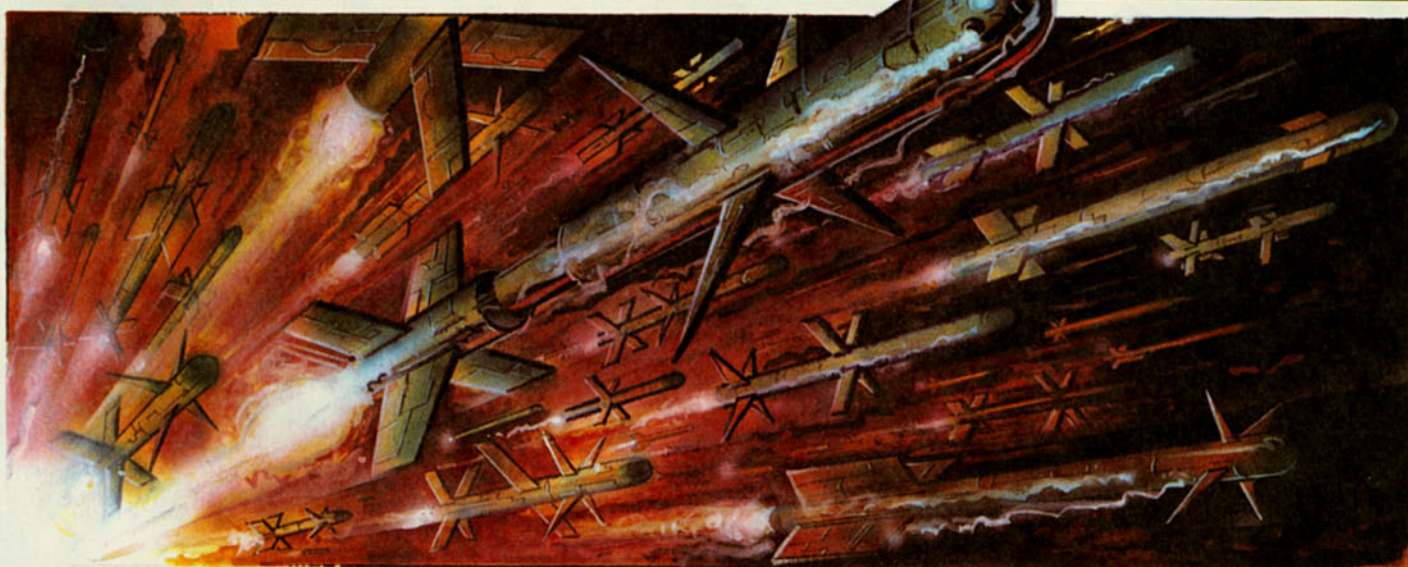


HAVE YOU LOST ALL YOUR SENSES?
THE SENSOR SYSTEM IS CRAZY. THAT
CLEARS THIS REPORT.



NO SPACE TRAVELLING
PEOPLE HAVE FACED SUCH A
TOBRINGENDE ARMADA.

COLLISION
IN TWENTY
HERCES!

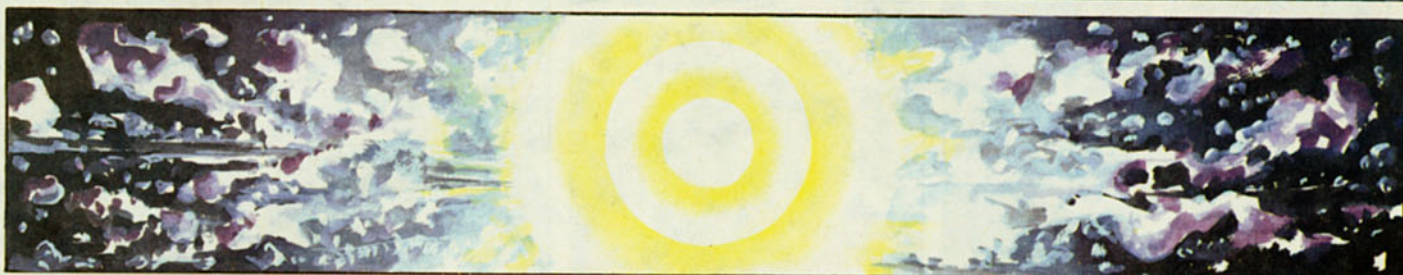


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THIS IS
GALACTIC
INSANITY.

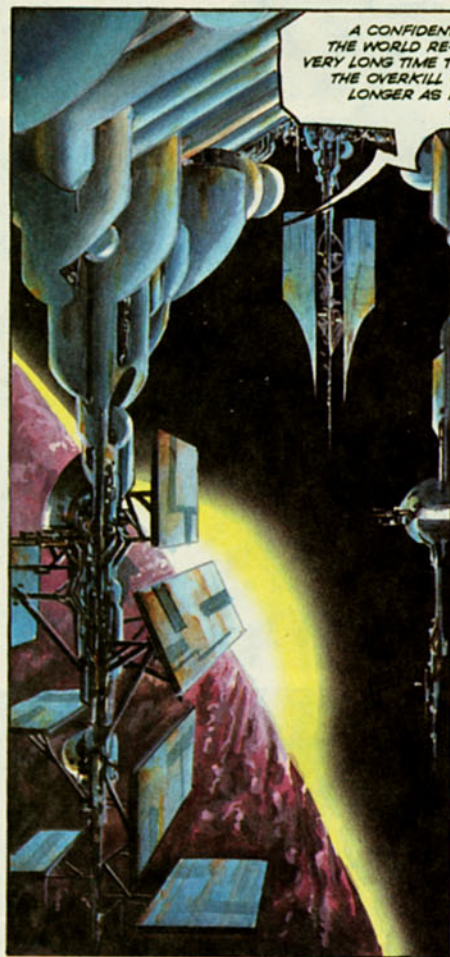
COLLISION IN
TEN HERCES!

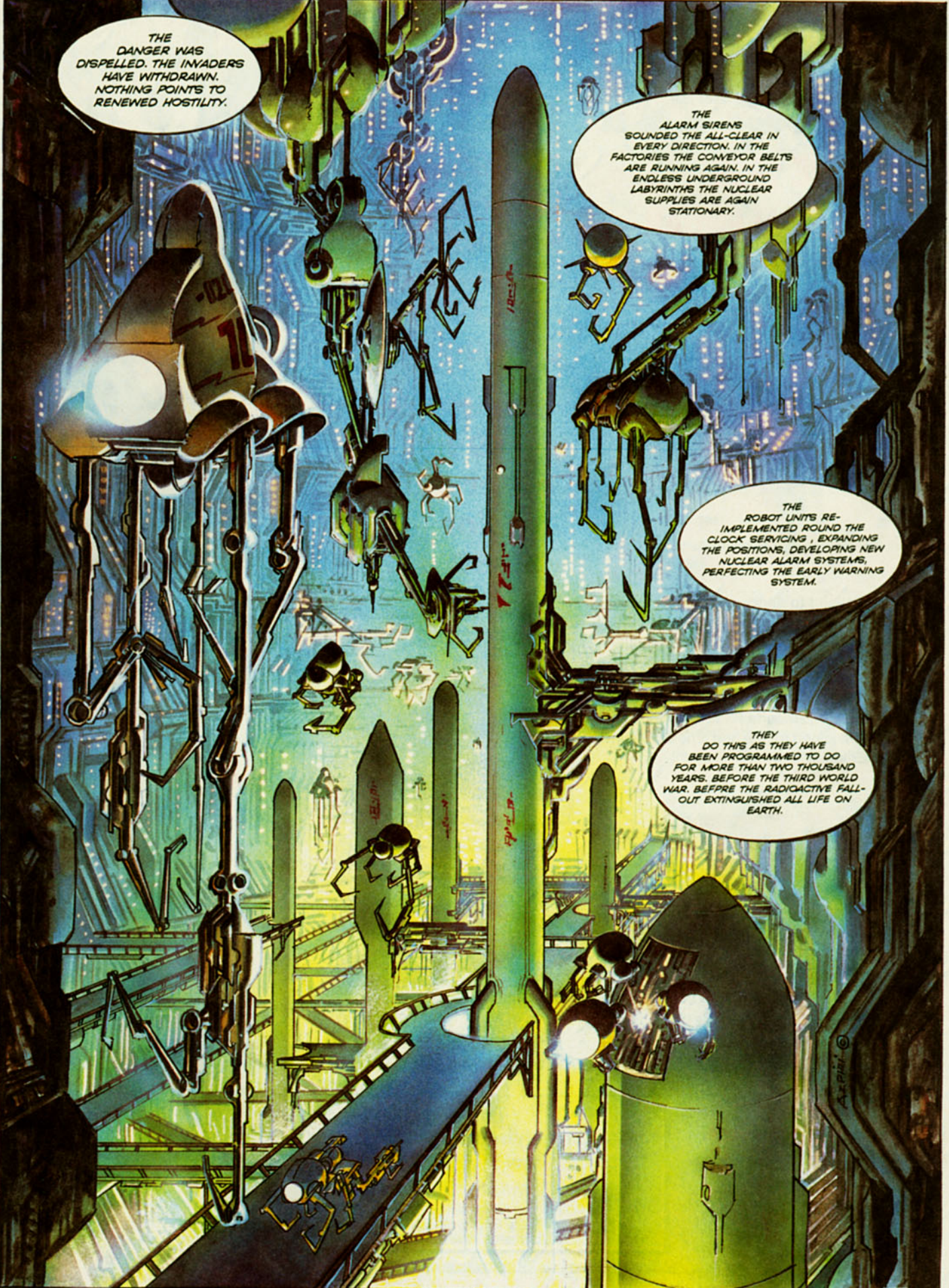


A CONFIDENTIAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE WORLD RE-ENGINEERING LED FOR A VERY LONG TIME TO A DRASTIC REDUCTION OF THE OVERKILL CAPACITY. THERE ARE NO LONGER AS MANY ROCKETS IN THE UNIVERSE!

RETURN TO THE BASE! FOR THE VICTORY THEY ACCEPT THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR WORLD. THE LIVING CONDITIONS ON THE SURFACE DO NOT JUSTIFY THE RISKS OF FURTHER ATTACKS!

YOU ARE AT THE END OF THIS SPACE TRIP - IT MEANS THE END OF THE GALAXY. THIS PLANET IS INVINCIBLE FOR ALL TIME.





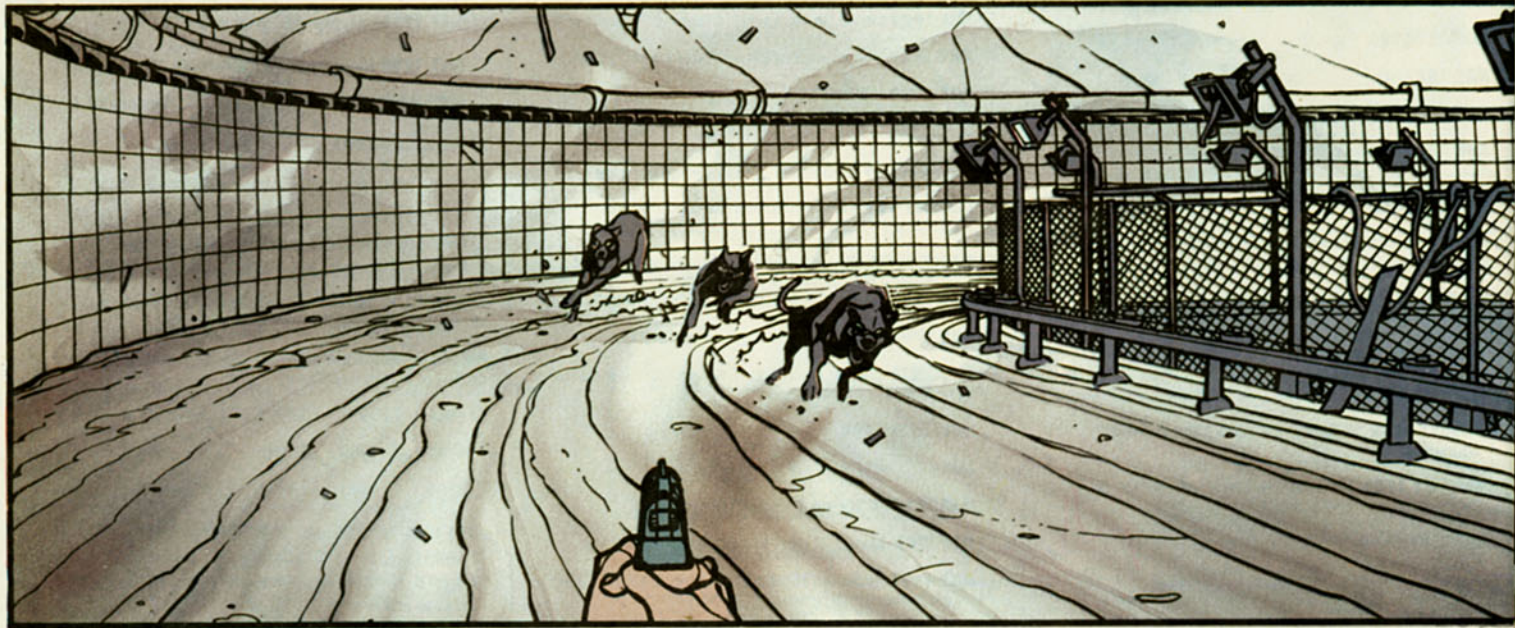
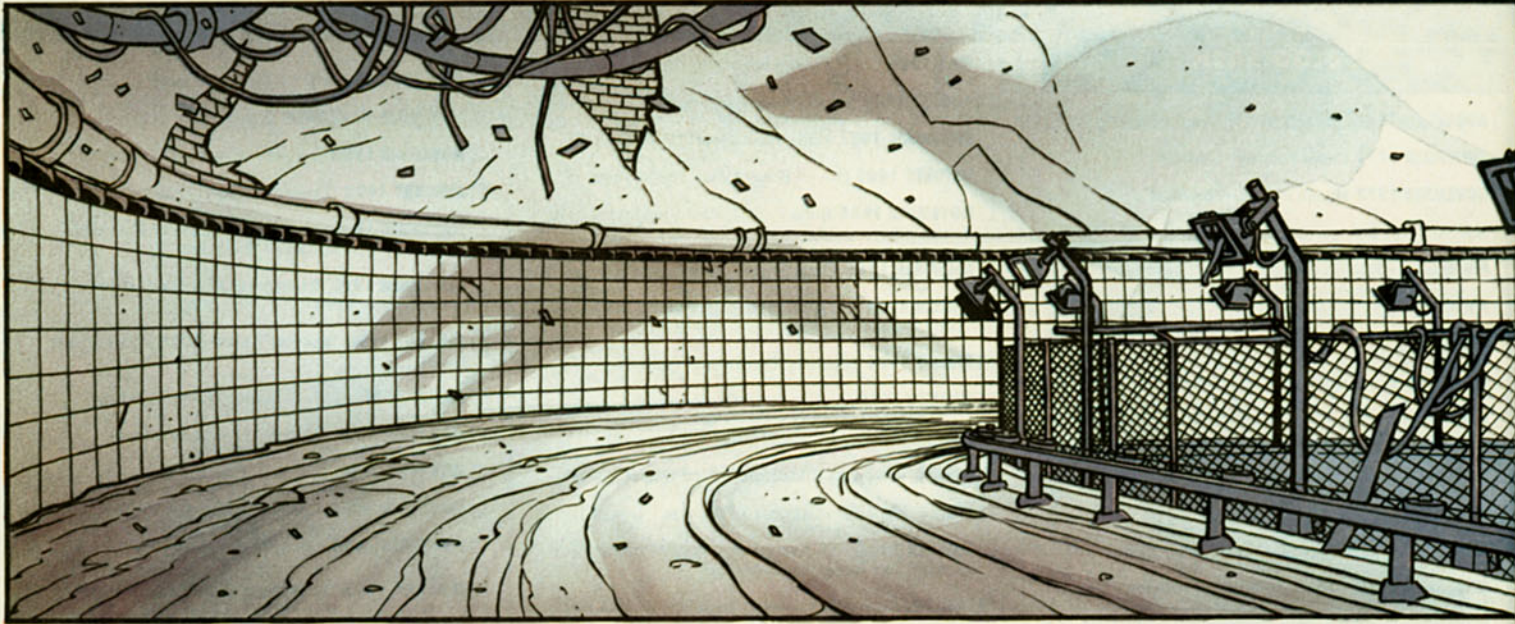
THE
DANGER WAS
DISPELLED. THE INVADERS
HAVE WITHDRAWN.
NOTHING POINTS TO
RENEWED HOSTILITY.

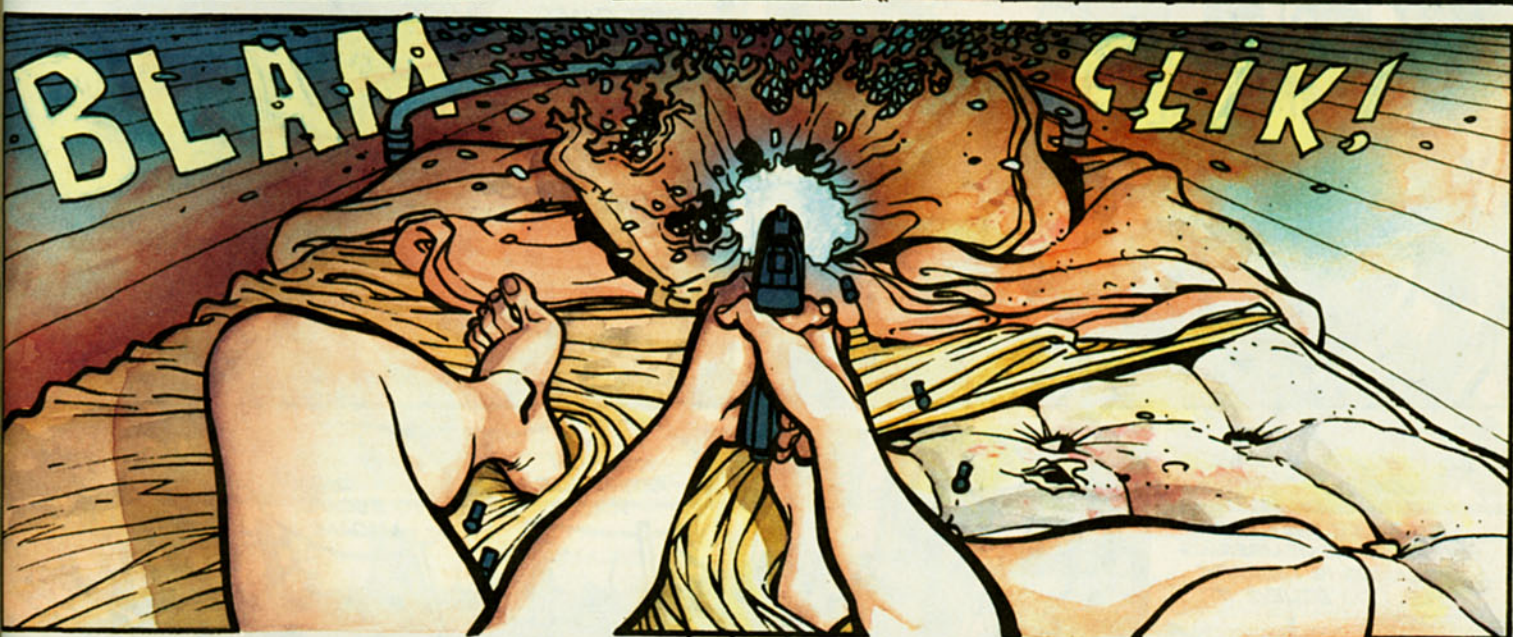
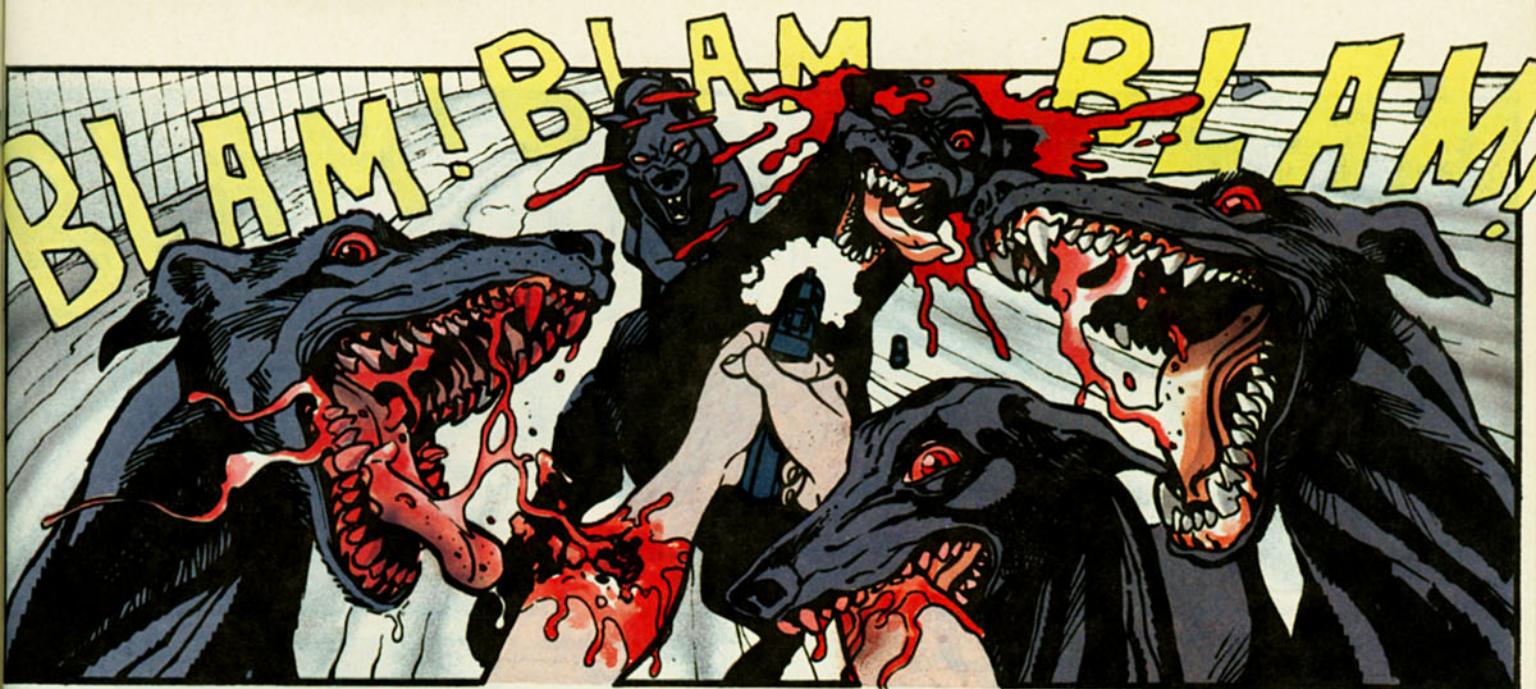
THE
ALARM SIRENS
SOUNDED THE ALL-CLEAR IN
EVERY DIRECTION. IN THE
FACILITIES THE CONVEYOR BELTS
ARE RUNNING AGAIN. IN THE
ENDLESS UNDERGROUND
LABYRINTHS THE NUCLEAR
SUPPLIES ARE AGAIN
STATIONARY.

THE
ROBOT UNITS RE-
IMPLEMENTED ROUND THE
CLOCK SERVICING, EXPANDING
THE POSITIONS, DEVELOPING NEW
NUCLEAR ALARM SYSTEMS,
PERFECTING THE EARLY WARNING
SYSTEM.

THEY
DO THIS AS THEY HAVE
BEEN PROGRAMMED TO DO
FOR MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND
YEARS. BEFORE THE THIRD WORLD
WAR, BEFORE THE RADIOACTIVE FALL-
OUT EXTINGUISHED ALL LIFE ON
EARTH.

LUCKY NUMBER





HOLY MOTHER OF GOD! WHEN WILL THEY GO AWAY...WHEN WILL THEY STOP TORMENTING ME?

MADAM...

...THE SHIP WON'T BE LEAVING LATE...

HELP ME PACK MY THINGS.



YOU'VE GOT TO SEE A DOCTOR...

...THE PAST CAN'T BE CURED BY DOCTORS, LUCAS.



DO YOU LIKE TO TRAVEL, LUCAS? I ADORE TRAVELING. NEW PLACES, NEW FACES...THEY STOP YOU FROM REMEMBERING...ESCAPING IS THERAPY! YES, I DO BELIEVE IT WORKS...

I CAN'T KEEP ON PAYING FOR YOU...

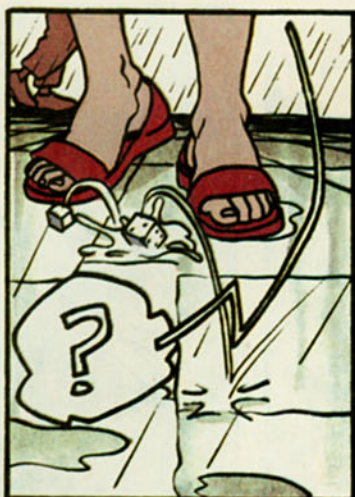
I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY TO ESCAPE, MADAM.

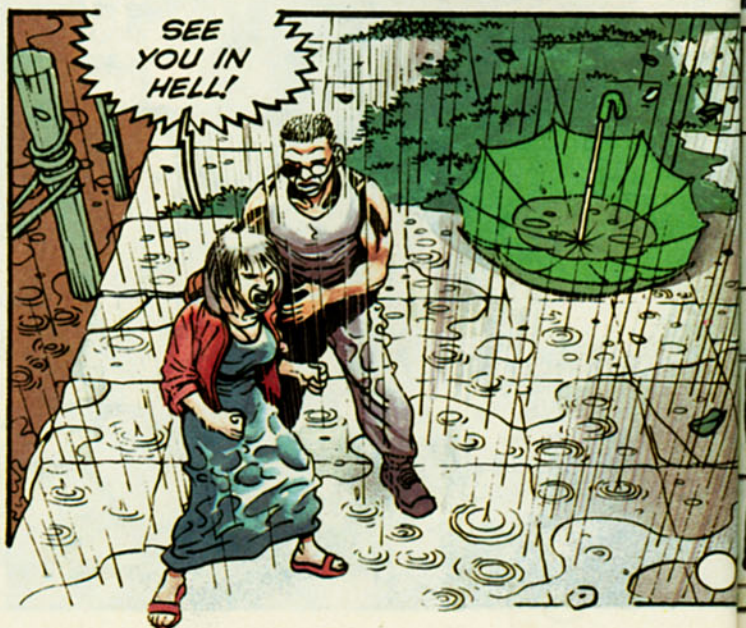
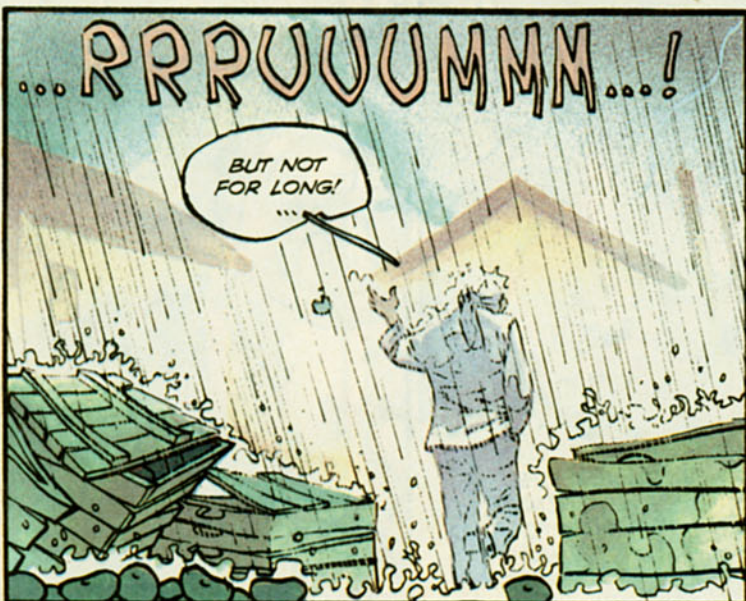


TO ESCAPE FOREVER...

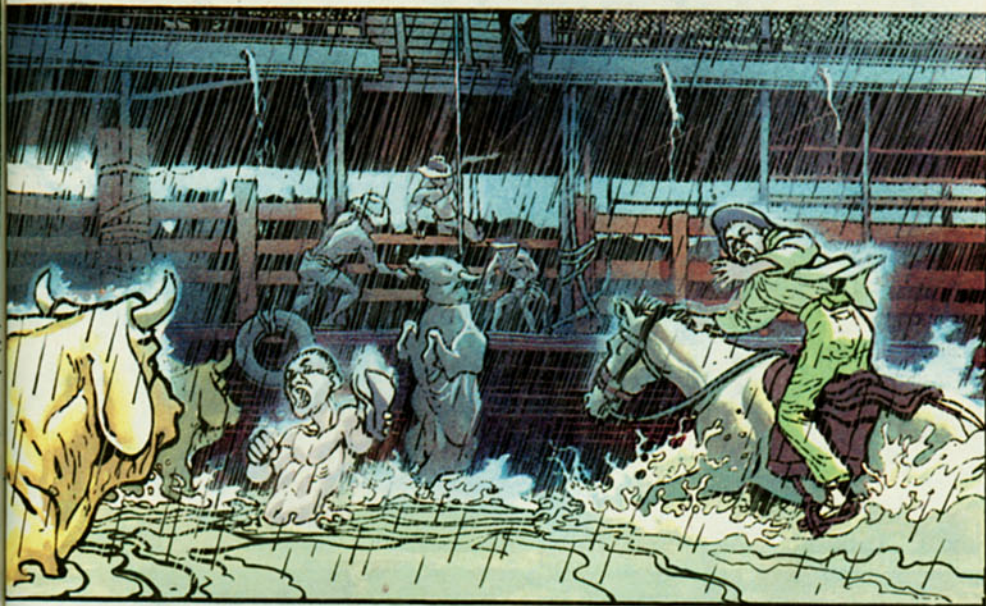
I'D LOVE TO ESCAPE WITH YOU, MADAM...



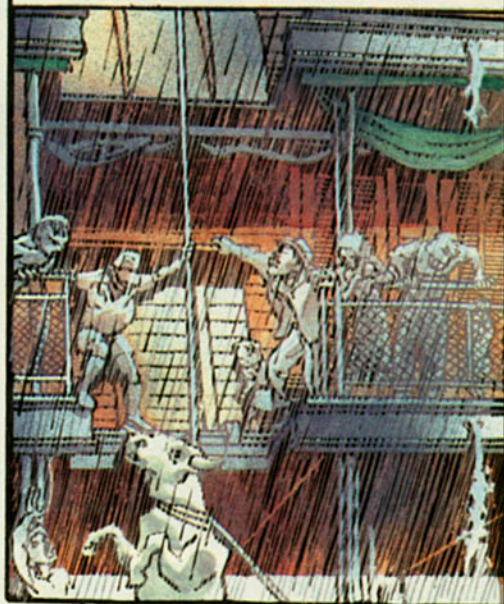




I KNEW HIM AS A DICE PLAYER. HE WAS THE BEST...THE GREATEST. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEN HIM, LUCAS...GOD, THOSE THINGS SEEMED TO FOLLOW HIM BLINDLY.



FOR DUKE, IT WAS SIMPLE...THROW AND WIN, THROW AND WIN, THROW AND THROW AND THROW...



HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING: MACHINES, CARDS, ROULETTE...I DIDN'T EVEN NEED TO THINK...



...AND THEN I FOUND MYSELF SICK. THAT EVIL BASTARD HAD POISONED MY BLOOD WITH GAMBLING.



...I HAD TO CURE MYSELF. GOOD GOD! I HAD TO GET AWAY!

SO I STOLE HIS WINNINGS AND LEFT TOWN.



IT DID NO GOOD... NO GOOD... NO GOOD...

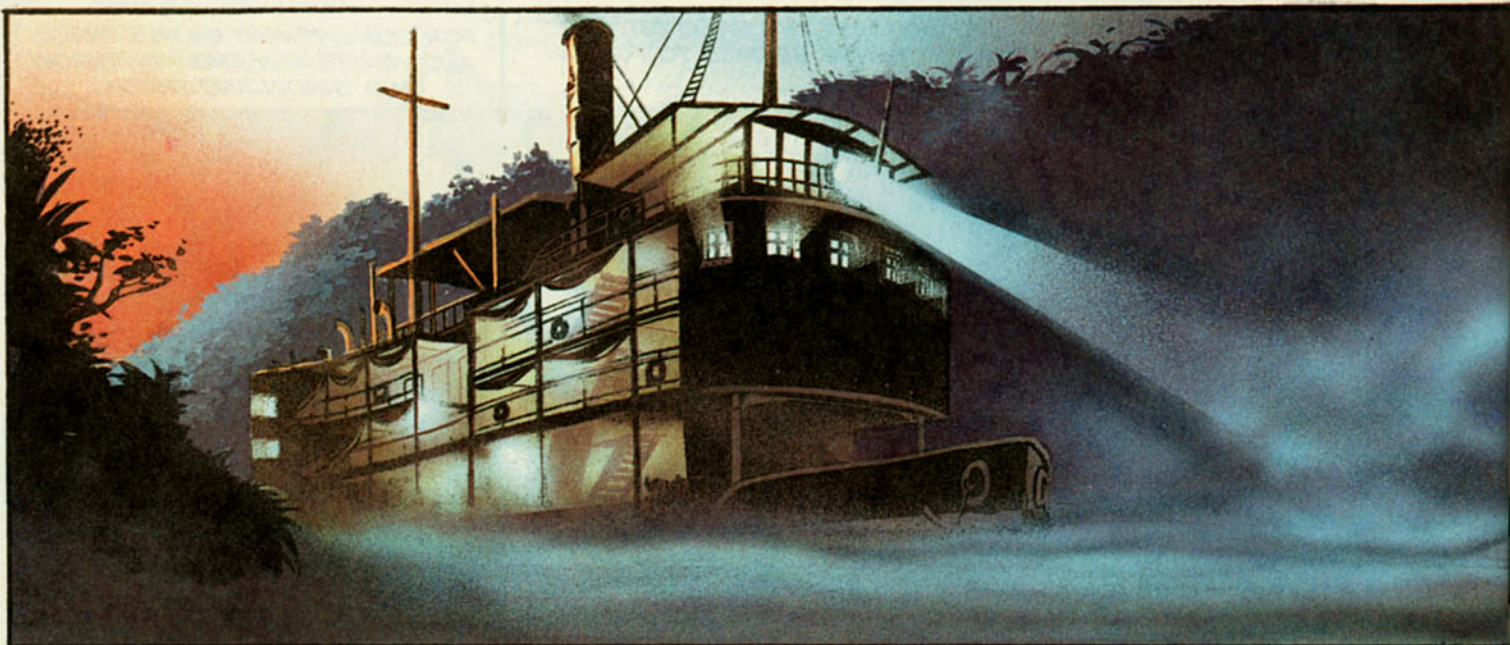
RELAX...YOU HAVE TO MELLOW OUT.

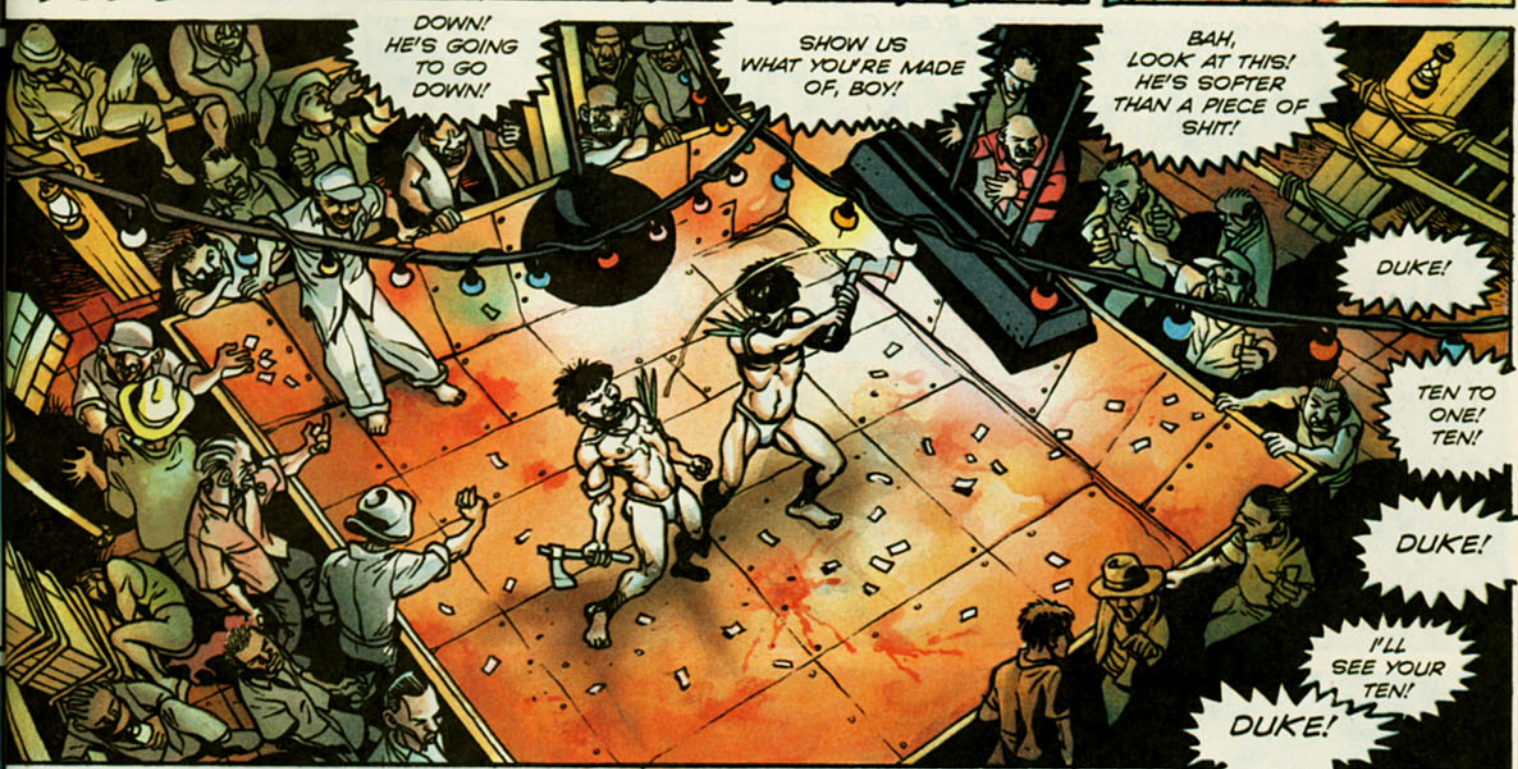
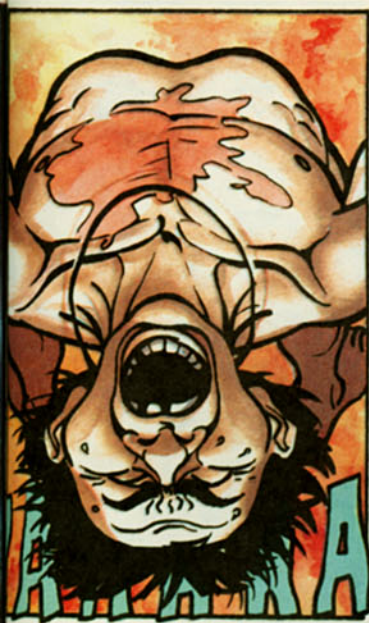


I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP... NOT WHILE HE'S ON BOARD...



TRUST ME, I WON'T LET HIM HURT YOU.





DOWN!
HE'S GOING
TO GO
DOWN!

SHOW US
WHAT YOU'RE MADE
OF, BOY!

BAH,
LOOK AT THIS!
HE'S SOFTER
THAN A PIECE OF
SHIT!

DUKE!

TEN TO
ONE!
TEN!

DUKE!

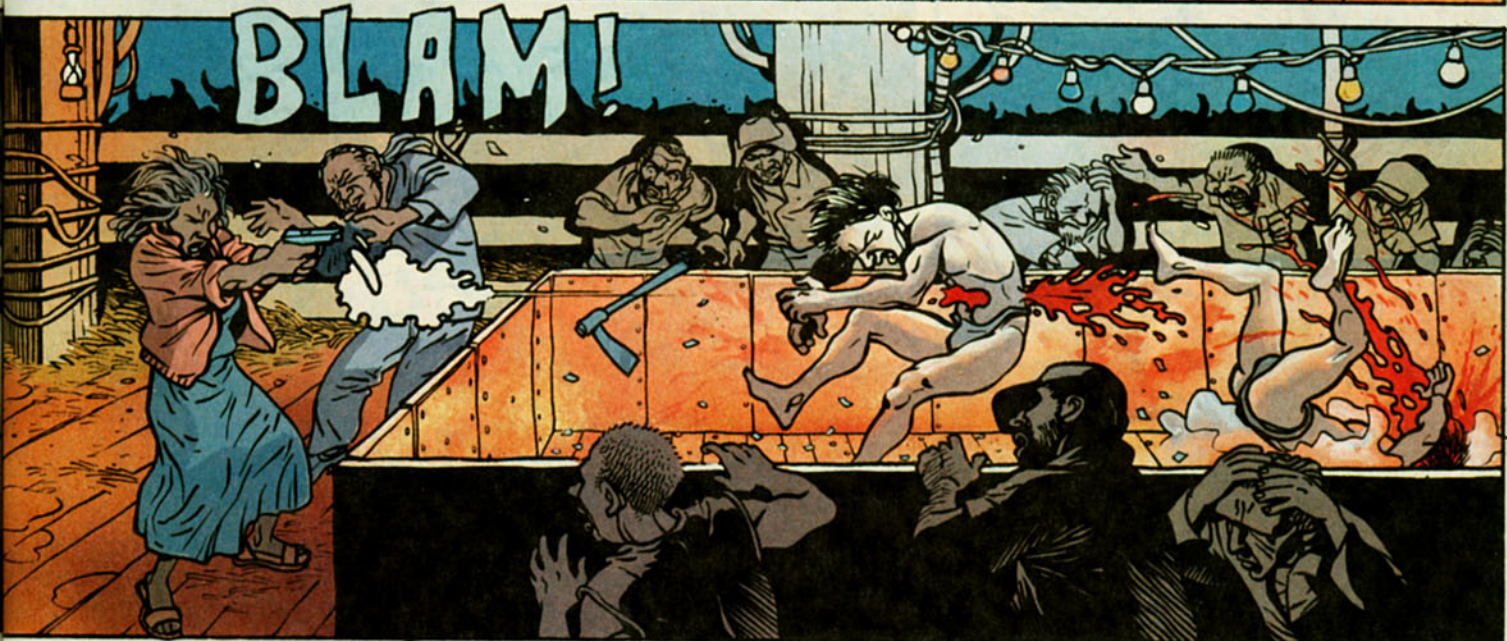
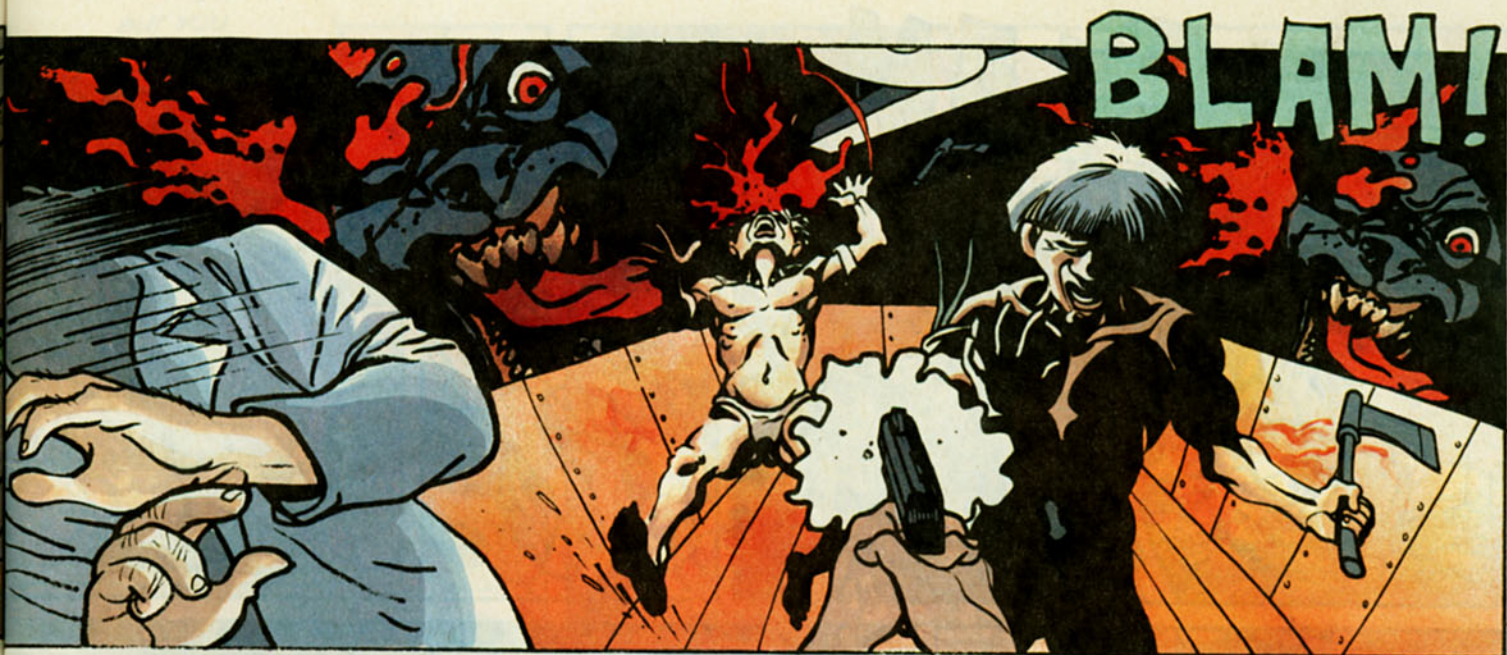
I'LL
SEE YOUR
TEN!
DUKE!

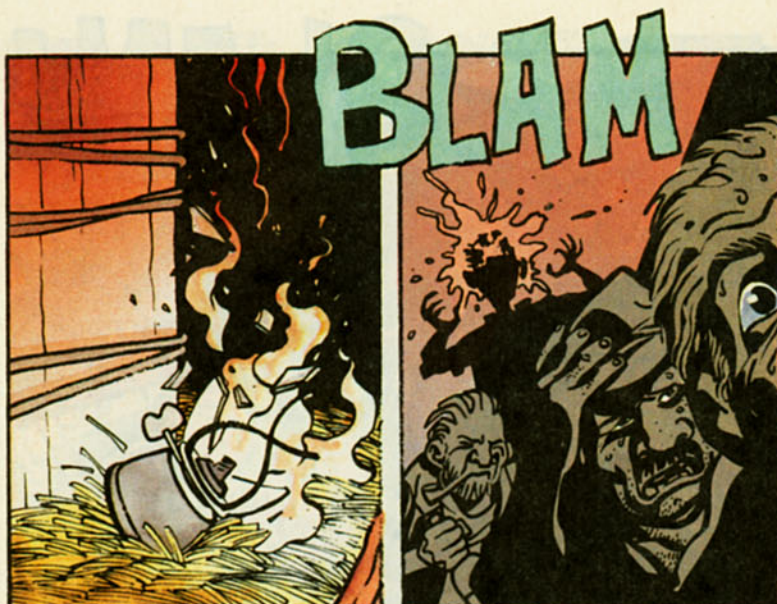


BLA M M

DUUUUUKE!!!



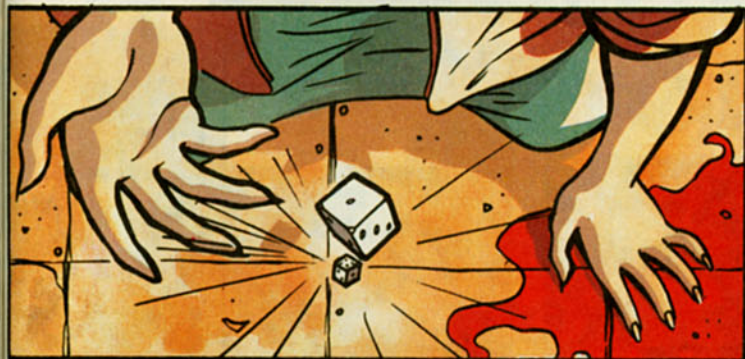




BUT YOU
MISPLAYED YOUR
GAME...



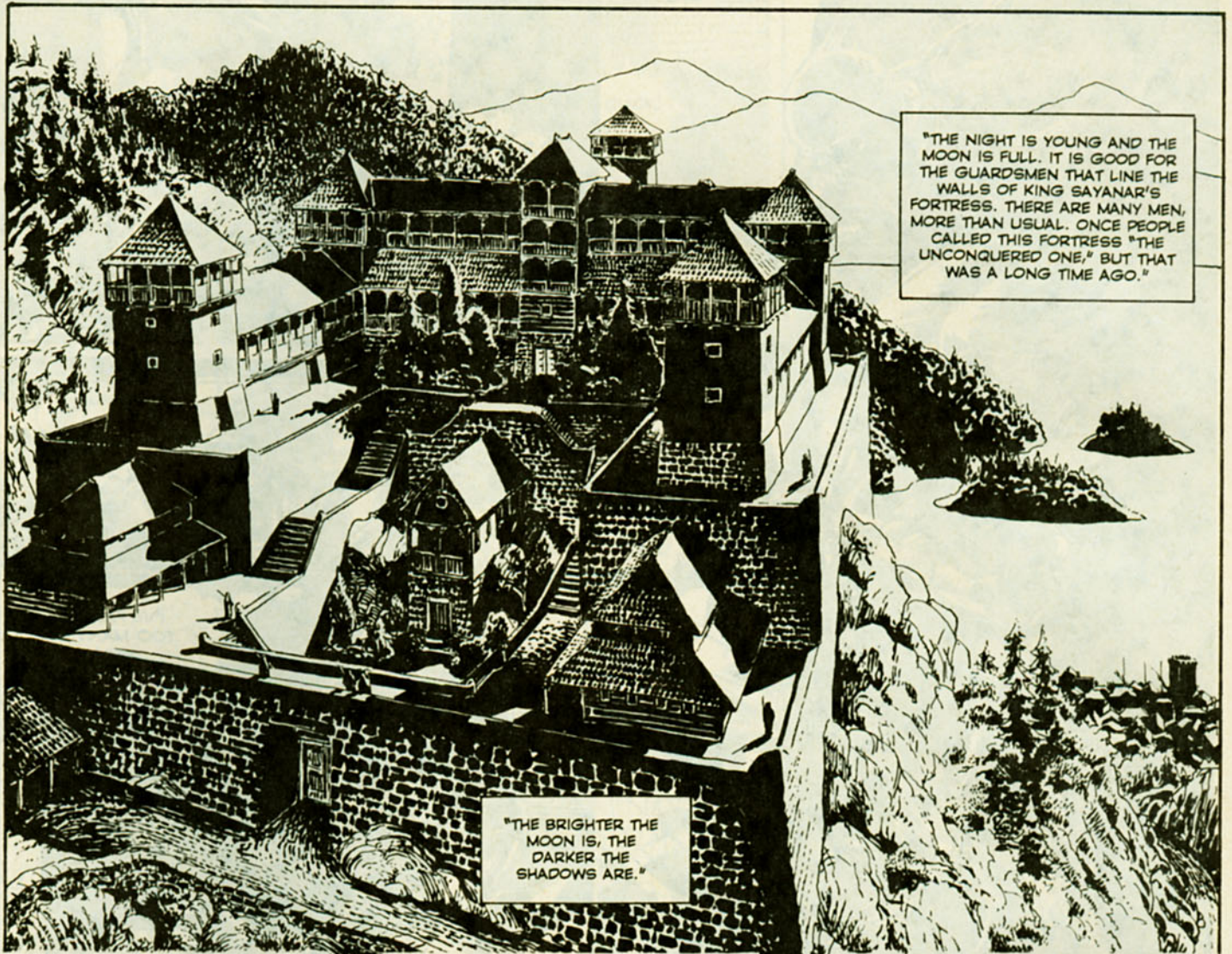
WHAT DO THE DICE
SAY, BABY...DID YOU SHOOT
SIX...OR SEVEN TIMES...?
EHP?



SIX OR
SEVEN? THIS COULD
BE YOUR LAST BET...



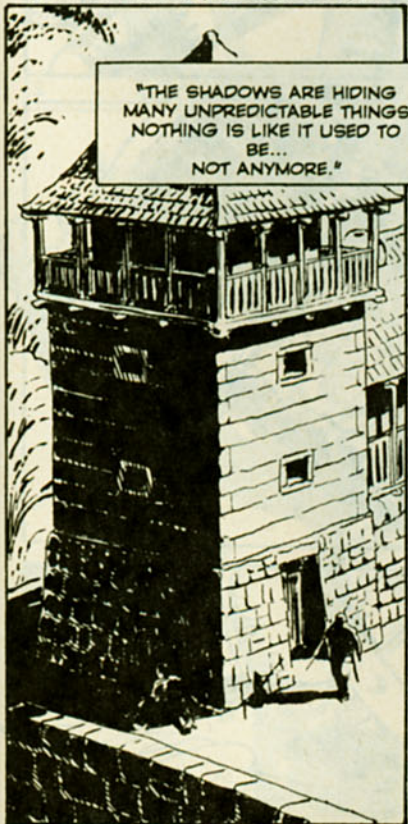
WANDERER by Igor Kordej



"THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND THE MOON IS FULL. IT IS GOOD FOR THE GUARDSMEN THAT LINE THE WALLS OF KING SAYANAR'S FORTRESS. THERE ARE MANY MEN, MORE THAN USUAL. ONCE PEOPLE CALLED THIS FORTRESS 'THE UNCONQUERED ONE,' BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO."

"THE BRIGHTER THE MOON IS, THE DARKER THE SHADOWS ARE."

"THE SHADOWS ARE HIDING MANY UNPREDICTABLE THINGS. NOTHING IS LIKE IT USED TO BE... NOT ANYMORE."



DAMN!



YOU DRUNKEN IDIOT! WAKE UP! DO YOU HEAR ME?



GOD'S
WILL!



ALARM!

I'VE FAILED!
TOO MANY OF
THEM...

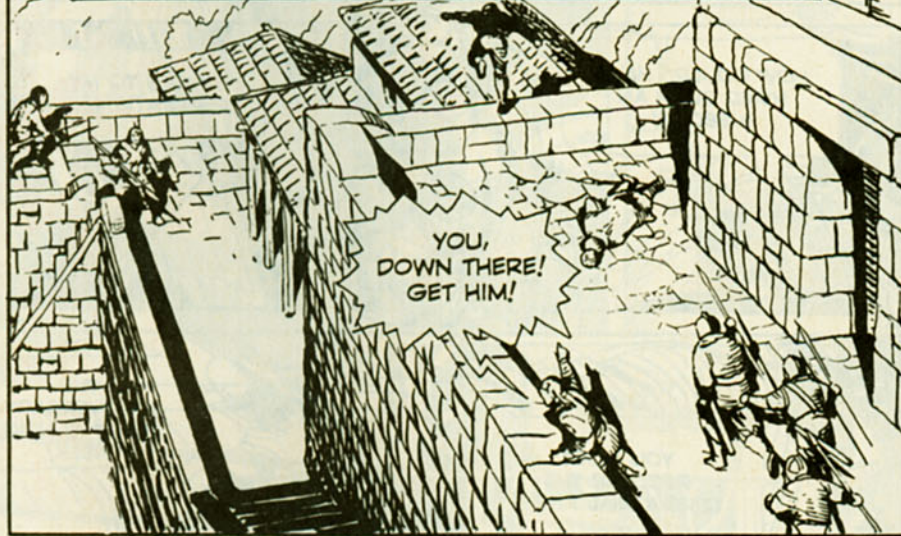


GO TO HELL,
YOU...



EEEH?!...







HOW?

ACROSS THE ROOF, THIS TIME...HE LEFT
HIS MARK UPON THE ARMORY...

DAMN RAVEN! HE
MOCKS ME!

AND WHERE
HAVE YOU BEEN?

GUARDING YOUR
BEDROOM, AS YOU
ORDERED...THE
RUMORS...



THE RUMORS STARTED
THREE MONTHS AGO...
AFTER HE STOLE THE
FAMILY JEWELS!

HOW COULD I HAVE
HIRED SUCH AN
IMBECILE!

THANKS TO MY
REPUTATION...



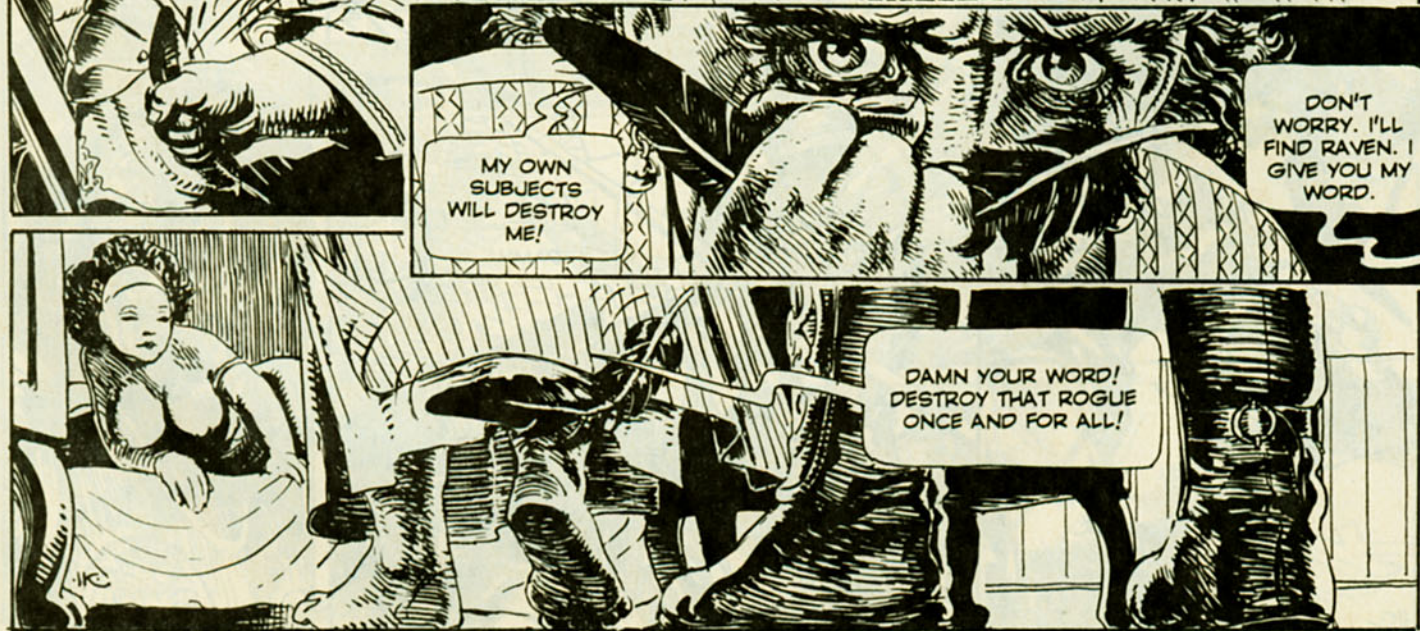
I'VE HAD
IT WITH
YOU!

YOU MUST
RECOVER THE
CEREMONIAL KNIFE!

THE
ANNIVERSARY
FEAST IS NEXT
WEEK!

MY OWN
SUBJECTS
WILL DESTROY
ME!

DON'T
WORRY. I'LL
FIND RAVEN. I
GIVE YOU MY
WORD.



DAMN YOUR WORD!
DESTROY THAT ROGUE
ONCE AND FOR ALL!



WE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE MAN, NOT THE MYTH.

FROM WHAT I HAVE HEARD OF HIM, HE SHOULD BE AN OLD INEPT FOOL BY NOW, INCAPABLE OF NOTHING MORE THAN BOUNCING HIS GRANDCHILDREN ON HIS KNEE.



AND INSTEAD, HE KILLS MY BEST MEN WITH HIS OWN HANDS!...BARE HANDS!

CALM DOWN, MY LORD!

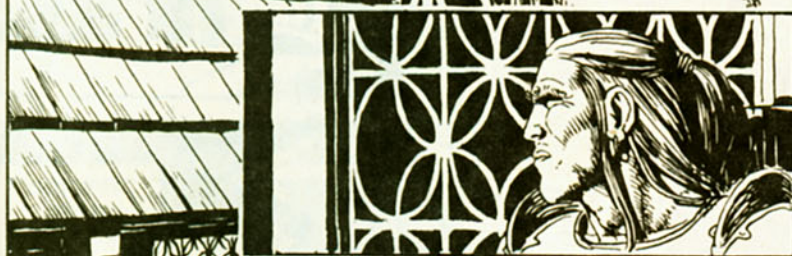


AH, YOU ARE SO MANLY WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY...

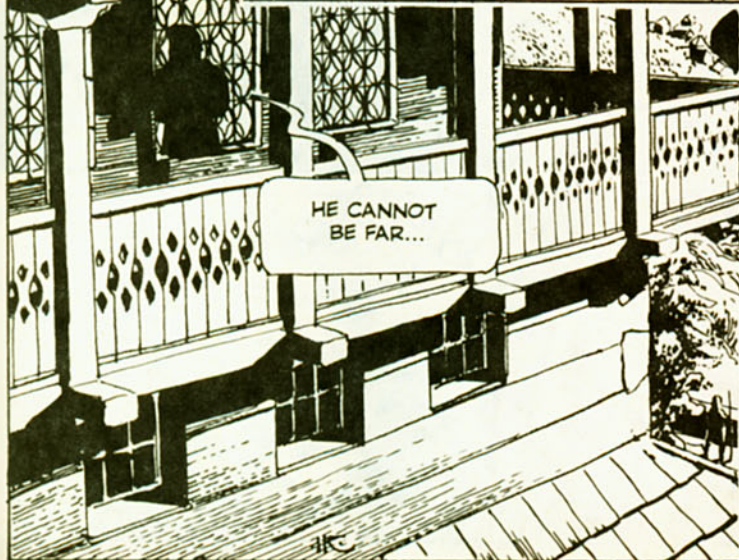
AAAH... HUH...?



SLIMY PIG!



REST PEACEFULLY. I'LL FIND HIM.



HE CANNOT BE FAR...



YOU'RE PUSHING ME TOO FAR, YOUNG MAN!

I FORGIVE YOU
FOR WAKING ME
IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT...

...LET ME GIVE YOU SOME
ADVICE: RUN AS FAST AS
YOU CAN! THERE ISN'T A
MAN IN THE KINGDOM WHO
WOULD BUY THIS!

THAT'S NOT
WHAT I WAS
TOLD!

BERYBUCK'S STOREKEEPER
TOLD ME I COULD GET GOOD
MONEY FOR THIS.

OL' BERYBUCK
HAS BEEN DEAD
FOR YEARS. I
WANT TO KEEP
MY HEAD ON!
FAREWELL!

DAMN! MAYBE I COULD
TRY TO SELL IT IN THE
HARBOR...

NOTHING! THIS CITY
IS FULL OF RATS!
TIME TO MOVE
AWAY...

THE WORD WILL
SPREAD
AND...WAIT!

IT'S TOO
QUIET...
A TRAP!

STOCK

...



BULLSEYE!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

TIE HIM WELL!
IT'S RAVEN!

HOLD HIM DOWN!

STAND UP!

AND DON'T MAKE
ANY SUDDEN
MOVES.

UUGH!



WE KNOW HOW SHARP
YOU ARE IN A CLOSE
RANGE.

C'MON...
LET'S GO!

CROSSBOWS. SOLDIERS.
THEY'RE SO FRIGHTENED
THAT THEY FORGOT TO
GET THE KNIFE.

I'D KILL YOU WITH
PLEASURE...BUT OUR LEADER
WANTS TO SPEAK WITH YOU.



YES, YOU'LL TELL
HIM WHERE YOU
PUT THE NECKLACE.

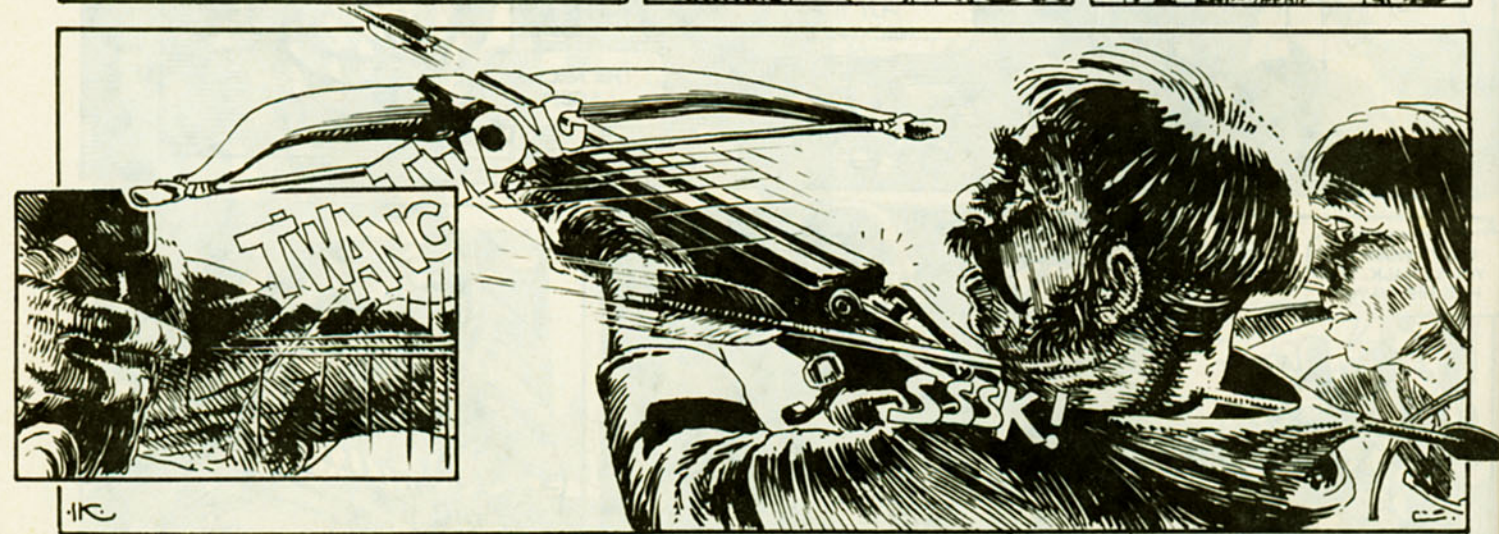
THE NECK-
LACEP!



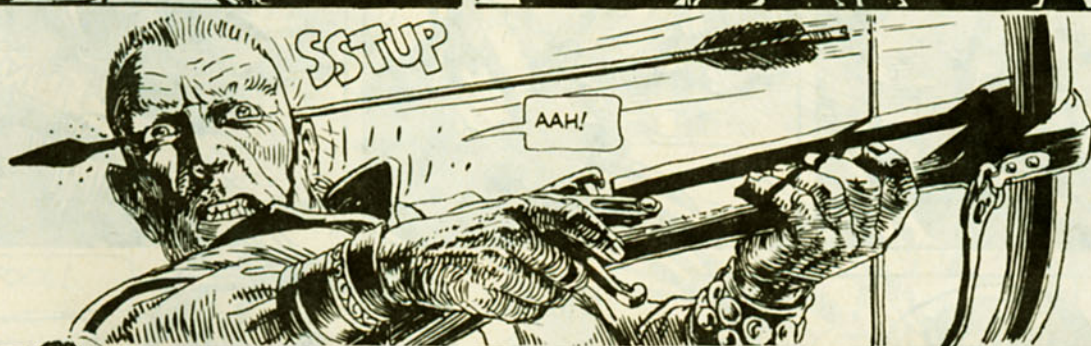
DON'T WORRY,
YOU'LL TALK. HE
HAS HIS WAYS.



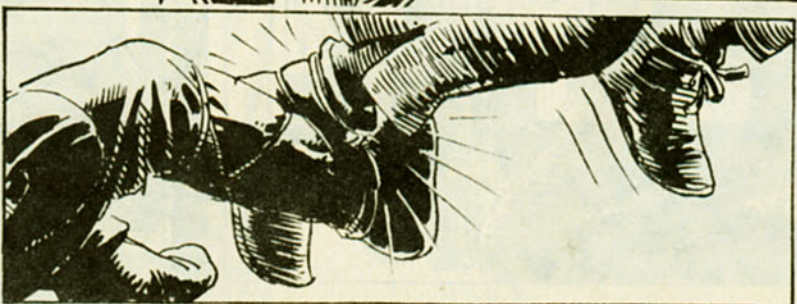
8



HC



AAH!





EASY!

TWANG

I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE!

BUT I'VE NEVER KILLED A HELPLESS MAN!

BESIDES, IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE TO BATTLE THE INFAMOUS RAVEN...

...BAREHANDED.

ALL RIGHT?

YEAH...

SNAP

FOOL!

WUD!

UNH!

GOOD MORNING!

UFF!

KRUNCH!

LOHH

YOU FILTHY PIG!

I SAVED YOUR LIFE AND YOU
DON'T EVEN HAVE THE GUTS TO
FIGHT LIKE A MAN!

AND YOU STOLE
MY HORSE,
YOU BASTARD!

YES! AND NOW
I NEED YOUR HELP TO
ANSWER SOME
QUESTIONS.

FIRST...

I AM NOT A
MAN!

NOW, LISTEN UP! I'M RAVEN'S
DAUGHTER. THE OL' MAN TAUGHT
ME EVERYTHING HE KNEW. I'M JUST
KEEPING UP THE FAMILY
BUSINESS...AND IT'S QUITE
PROFITABLE.

SECOND...

I FOUND YOUR
HORSE A FEW
YARDS AWAY,
READY FOR A
LONG RIDE...AND
LOOK WHAT I
FOUND IN THE
SADDLEBAG!!!

AND YOU DARE
TO CALL ME A
FILTHY PIG!

YOU STOLE THE
KING'S
NECKLACE, MADE
THEM THINK IT
WAS ME, AND
THEN TOOK THE
DEAD CAPTAIN'S
PLACE.

IT WAS THE ONLY THING I
COULD DO...I WAS
ORDERED TO STEAL THE
NECKLACE BY ORDER OF
THE NEIGHBOR KING
GARAMH. THEY'D BEEN
FEUDING FOR YEARS.
BUT THEY MADE UP A
COUPLE OF DAYS AFTER
THE THEFT, I COULDN'T
GO BACK AND COLLECT
MY REWARD...

FOOL, LIKE I
SAID!

TAKE IT!
YOU'VE
EARNED IT!

I...I'LL FIND YOU!

DO YOU
HEAR ME?!?
I'LL FIND
YOU!

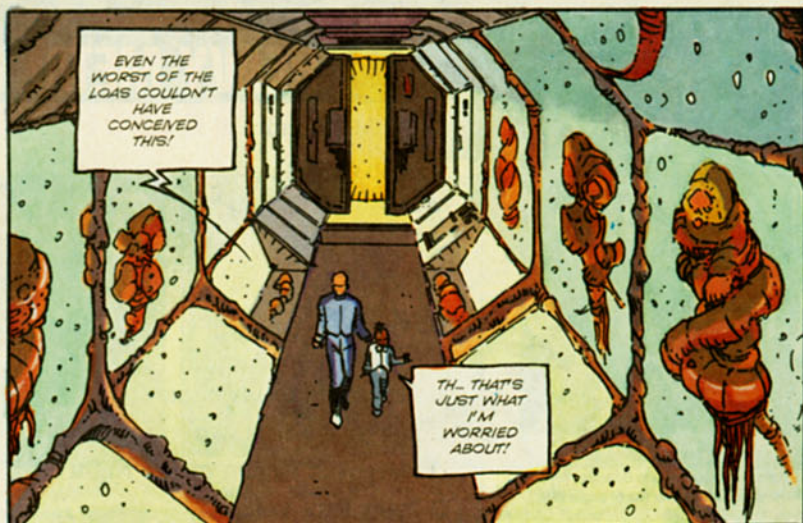
HEY! DON'T
LEAVE ME LIKE
THIS!

YOU
BET!...



IT'S LIKE A Labyrinth DOWN HERE... YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY?

WELL, ER...
YEAH! I THINK...



EVEN THE WORST OF THE LOAS COULDN'T HAVE CONCERNED THIS!

TH... THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT!

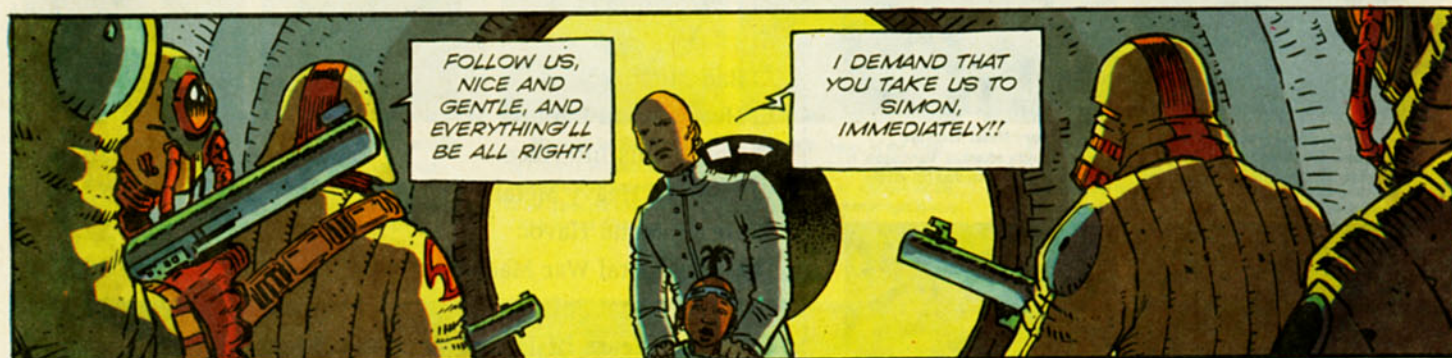


DAYAK, LOOK!



WHOEVER DID THIS WILL PAY! I SWEAR IT!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE!

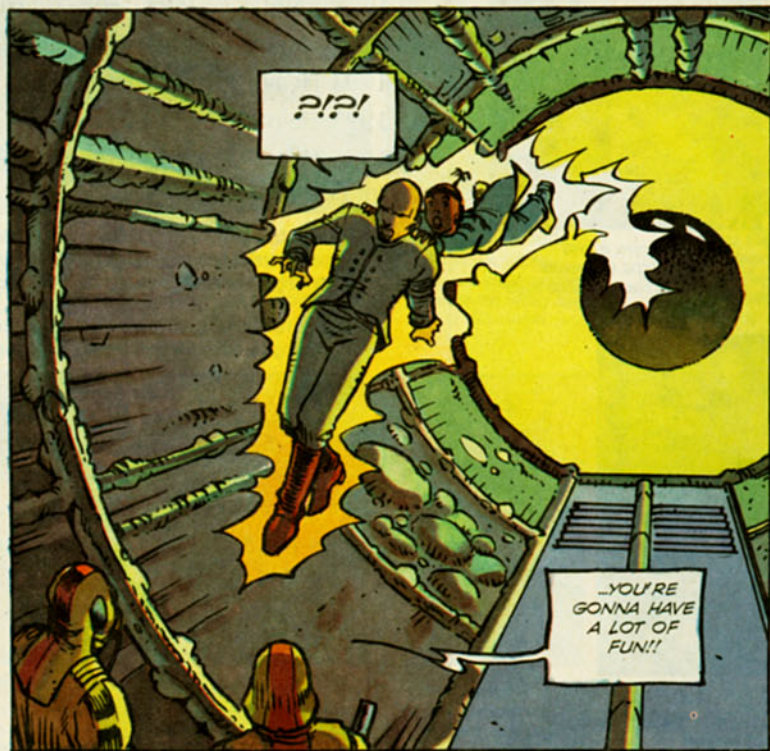


FOLLOW US, NICE AND GENTLE, AND EVERYTHING'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

I DEMAND THAT YOU TAKE US TO SIMON, IMMEDIATELY!!



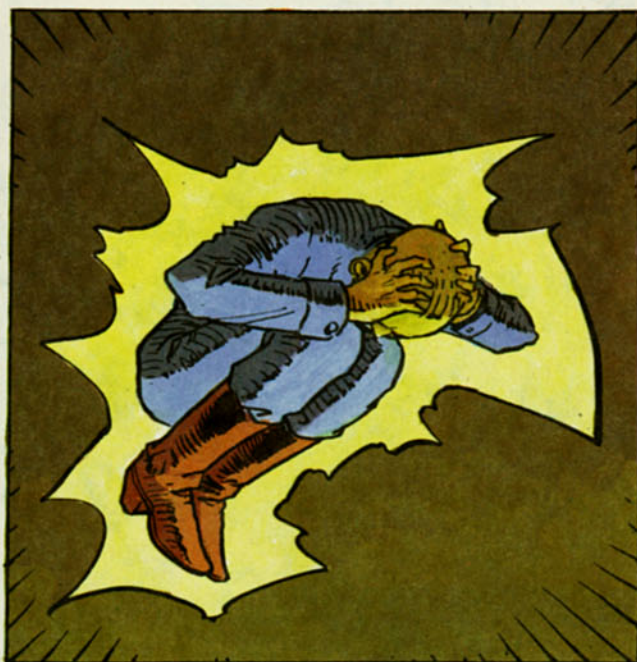
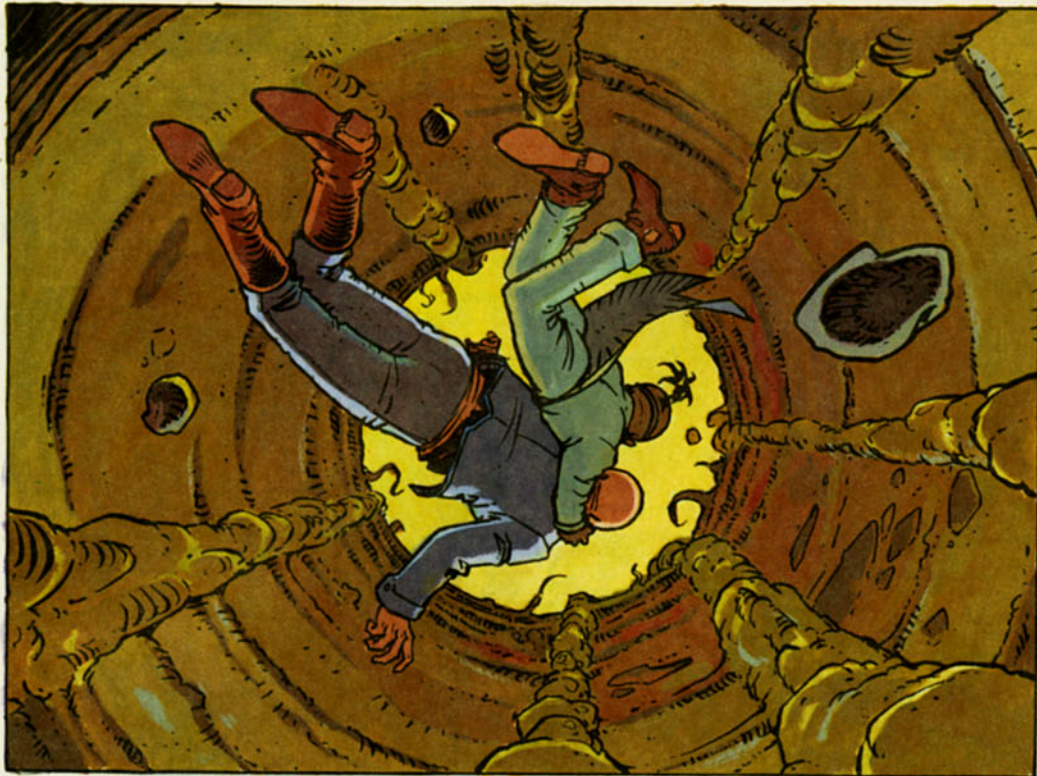
OUR MASTER DOESN'T WISH TO RECEIVE YOU YET... HE HAS TO ATTEND THE GREAT CARNIVAL BUT, REST ASSURED, YOUR CURIOSITY WILL BE REWARDED...



?!?!?

...YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A LOT OF FUN!!







THERE YOU ARE, MY SON!... IT'S BEEN SO LONG, PAINFULLY LONG! DO YOU REMEMBER HOW SIMON USED TO ENVY YOU? REMEMBER HOW SICK HE WAS? I'VE CURED HIM, SINCE...

I BUILT THIS ENORMOUS TOY, JUST FOR HIM! NEW ADDIS-ABABA. HE'S HAVING A LOT OF FUN MANIPULATING ITS INHABITANTS LIKE A BUNCH OF PAWNS!



YOUR FATHER
CREATED ME TO
ENSURE SIMON'S
SURVIVAL... AND HE
SURVIVED, YES... AND
I EARNED A SOUL,
DAYAK, A SOUL!!

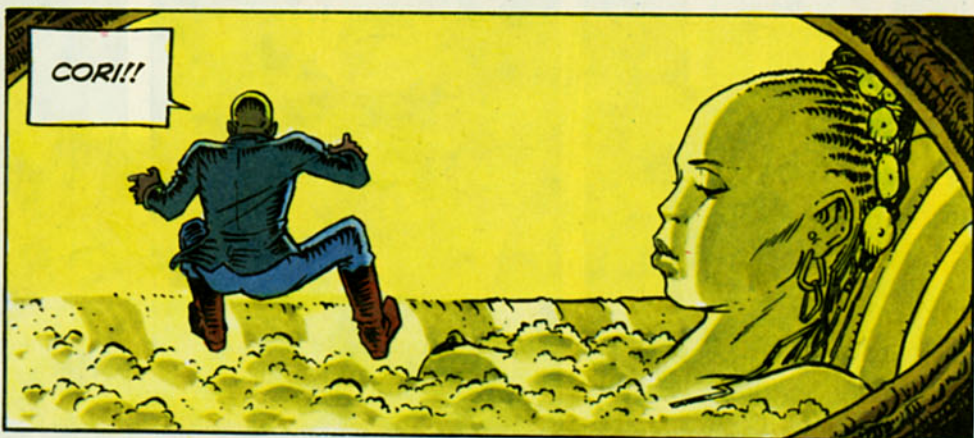


YOU'RE NOT
ALIVE! LET ME
TALK TO
SIMON! THAT'S
AN ORDER!!



IF ONLY YOU TOO
HAD LISTENED TO ME,
I WOULD HAVE LOVED
YOU BOTH, YOU KNOW...
SIMON?... HE'S VERY
BUSY!

CORI!!



STOP JIGGLING
AROUND LIKE THAT...
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO FINISH YOUR
NAILS!



YOU'RE THE ONE
THAT'S ALL
JITTERY... WHAT'S
GOING ON?



IS THAT
YOU,
DAYAK?

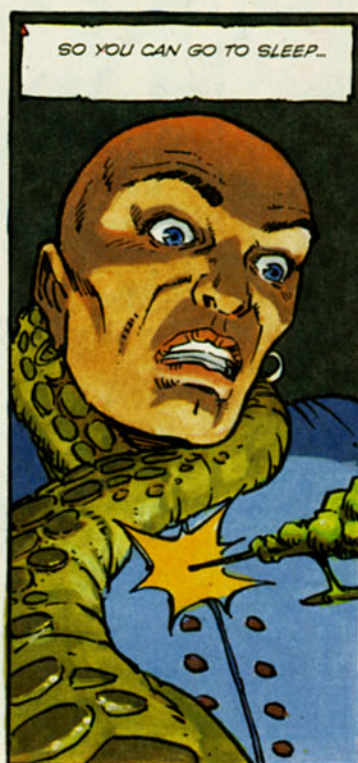


WHO
ELSE
COULD IT
BE, MY
LOVE?

CORI!! GET
OUT OF THERE!
RUN!! HE'S
SICK! HE'S
COME TO KILL
YOU!!...



SICK? NO, ON THE
CONTRARY, COMPLETELY
CURED! GO AHEAD, TALK
TO HER DAYAK, WHAT A
PITY SHE CAN'T HEAR
YOU!!...

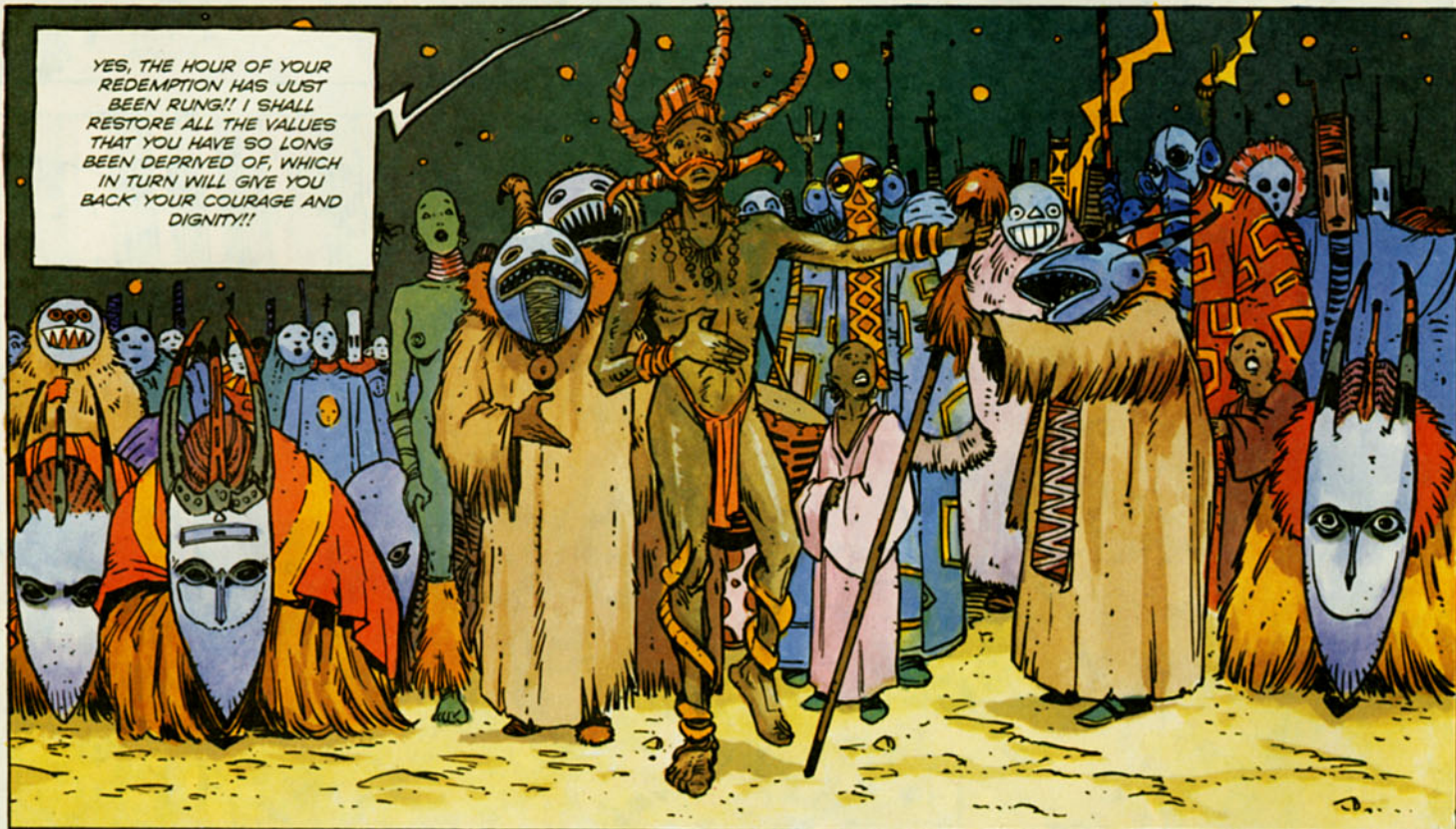




...TODAY, BECAUSE OF ME, YOU
ARE FREE! FREE!! AS FOR THE
OBA OF SINISTER MEMORY,
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW HE
TREMBLES NOW, BEHIND THE
ILLUSIONARY RAMPARTS OF HIS
PALACE?...



YES, THE HOUR OF YOUR
REDEMPTION HAS JUST
BEEN RUNG!! I SHALL
RESTORE ALL THE VALUES
THAT YOU HAVE SO LONG
BEEN DEPRIVED OF, WHICH
IN TURN WILL GIVE YOU
BACK YOUR COURAGE AND
DIGNITY!!



BUT, ABOVE ALL,
WHAT I BRING
YOU IS... THE
LIGHT!...

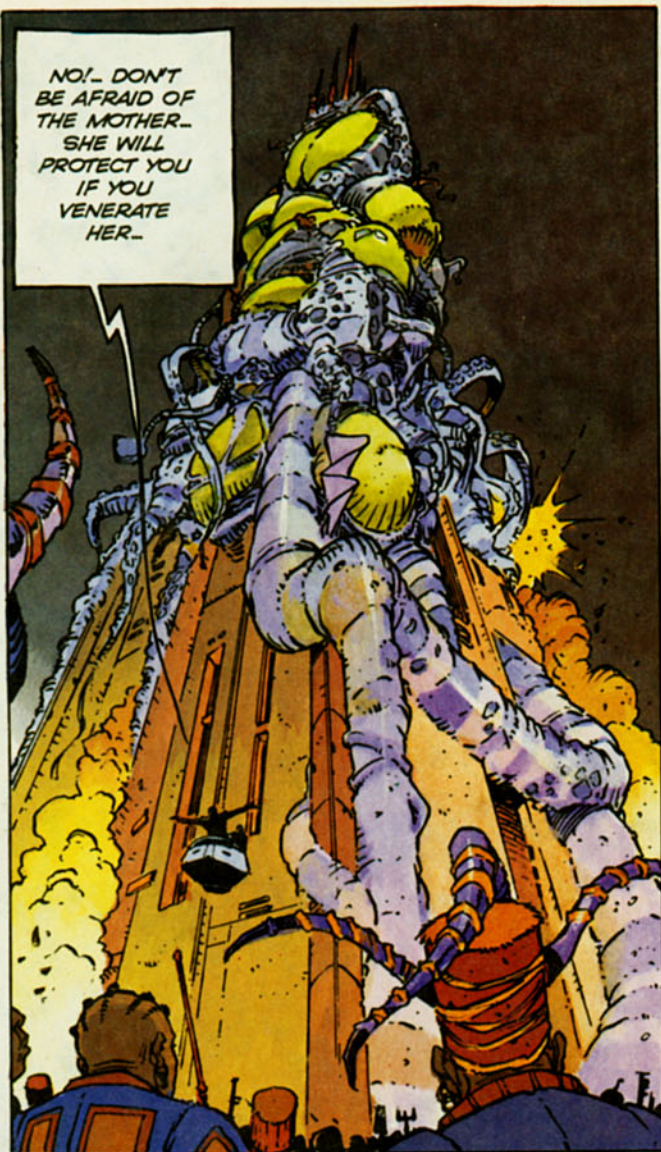


...WHICH WILL
ILLUMINATE THE
PATH TO
REVIVAL...

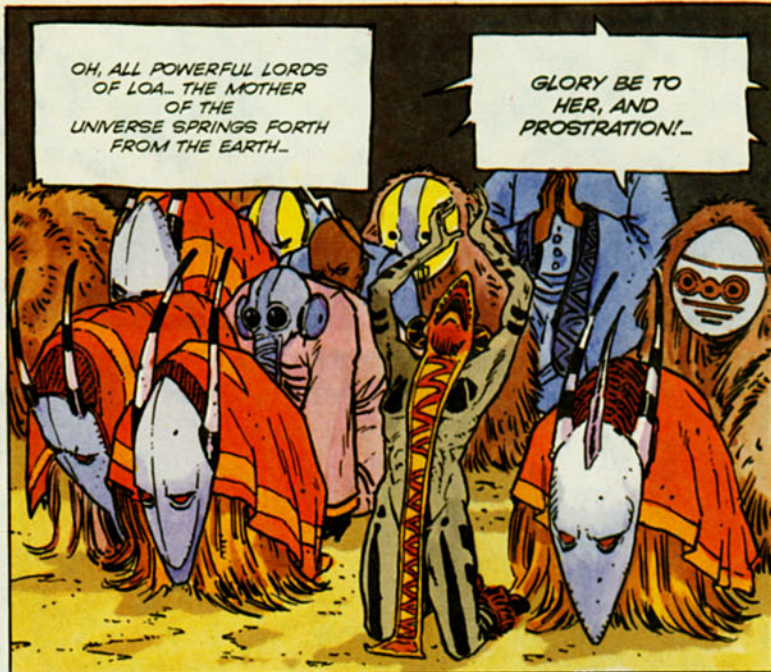


AND WHICH WILL
TRANSFORM MY
OLD BUNKER
INTO YOUR NEW
CATHEDRAL!...





NO!... DON'T
BE AFRAID OF
THE MOTHER...
SHE WILL
PROTECT YOU
IF YOU
VENERATE
HER...



OH, ALL POWERFUL LORDS
OF LOA... THE MOTHER
OF THE
UNIVERSE SPRINGS FORTH
FROM THE EARTH...

GLORY BE TO
HER, AND
PROSTRATION!...



QUEEN OF LOA
ALSO BE KIND OF
TOAD, BUT HAVE
MUCH BIGGER
GIRTH...



TOHOSSOU MUST GO NOW TO
DAYAK AND ACCOMPLISH
MISSION...



IN THE NAME OF THE
SAVIOR! NEVER
COULD OUR
CREATOR HAVE
CONCEIVED SUCH A
THING!

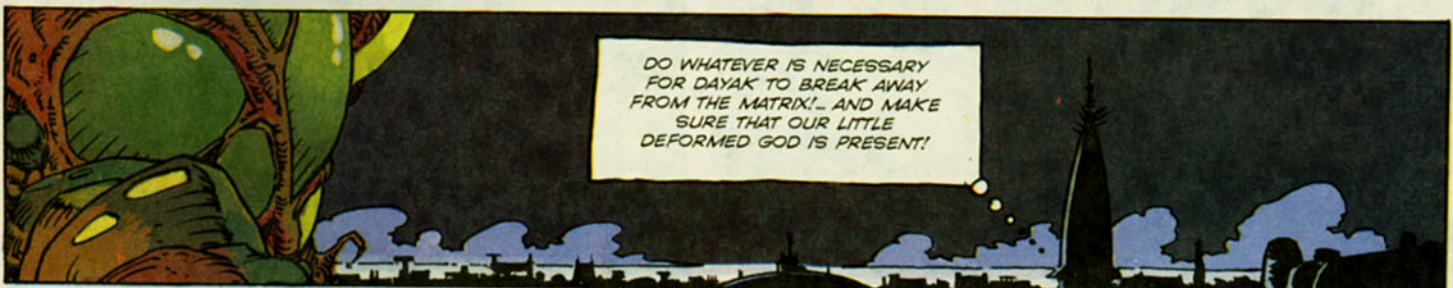
IT IS HER, BATISTE! THIS ORGANIC
FORCE THAT SIMON HAS BEEN
CULTIVATING IN SECRET... AND I
FEAR THAT THIS IS ONLY THE
VISIBLE PART OF HER POWERS...

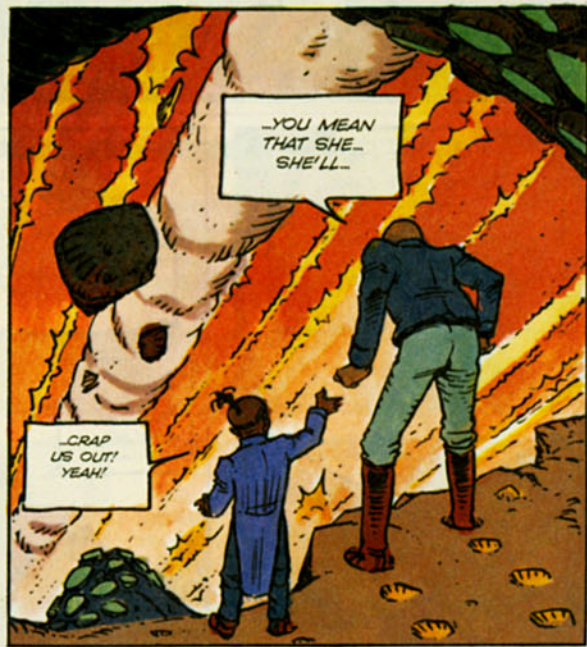


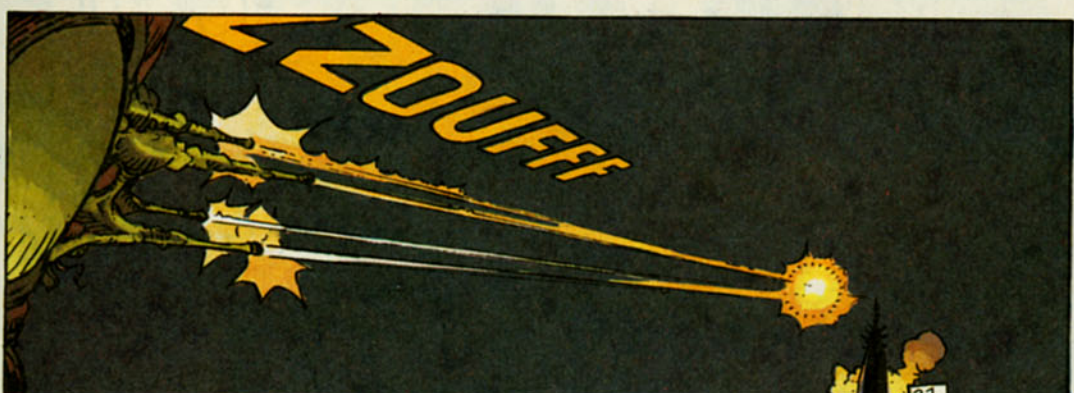
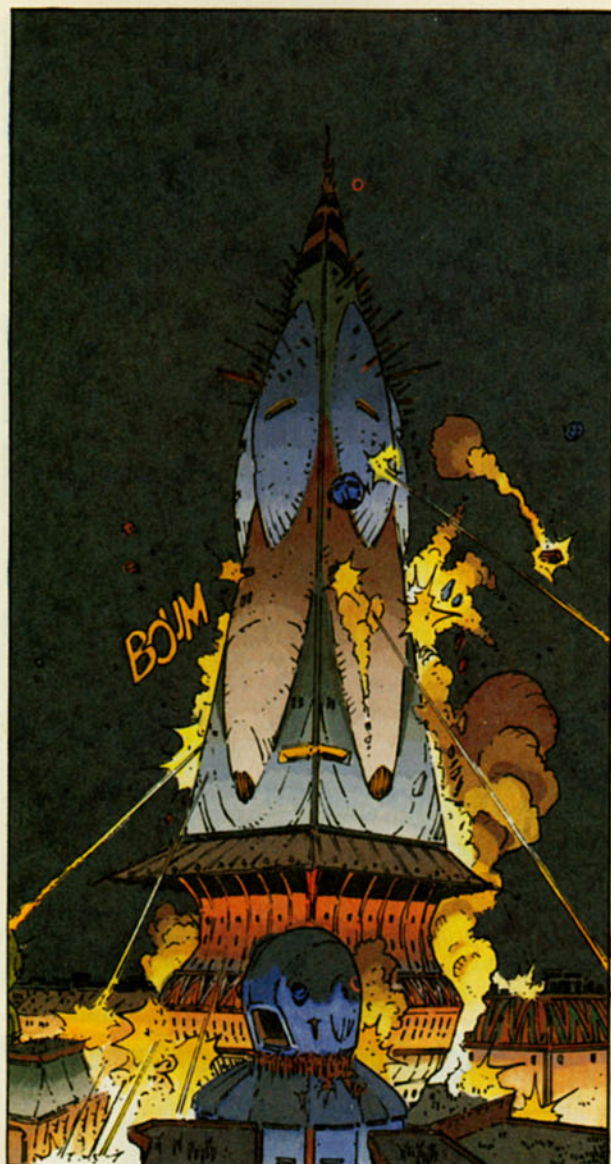
MASTER OBA!... SIMON
AND THE WHOLE
POPULATION ARE
MARCHING AGAINST
OUR PALACE... BUT ALL
OUR MEN ARE READY
AT THEIR POSTS!

YOU WERE RIGHT!
SIMON SEEMS TO
HAVE DECIDED TO
GET RID OF YOU
AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE!...

YES... AND THAT
MEANS THAT THE
TIME HAS COME
FOR THE PLAN THAT
WE CONCEIVED
TOGETHER, TO BE
PUT INTO ACTION.







BOUM!

BUT, WHAT WAS THA...

MOTHER HEARD US! WE CAN GO IN THROUGH THE BREACH. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OBA MYSELF!

OH, MY BROTHER, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING!...

YOU SEE, DAYAK, NOW WE JUST GET OUT... THROUGH THE SEWERS!

DAYAK!... HERE, DAYAK!!

GOOD LORD, THIS STINKS!... HEY, I SEEM TO KNOW THAT VOICE!?

TOHOSSOU! BUT... HOW DID YOU FIND US HERE?

TH... THE TOAD!

TOHOSSOU NOT NEED LEARN TO KNOW. TOHOSSOU HAVE FACULTY TO FEEL THINGS. TOHOSSOU ALSO FEEL SICK FROM SMELL...

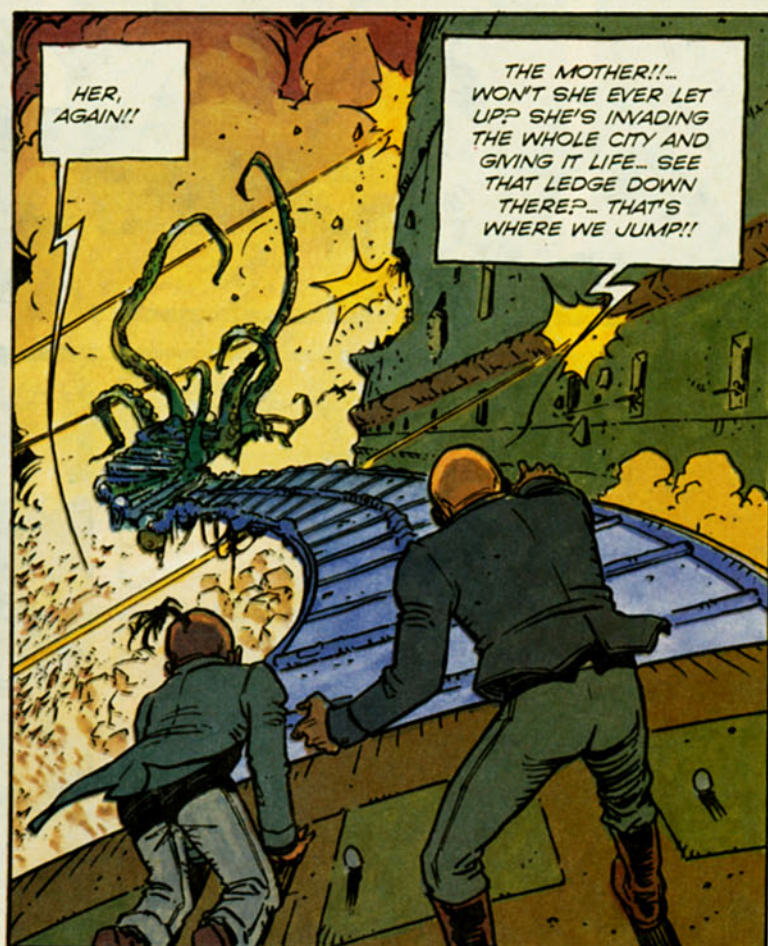
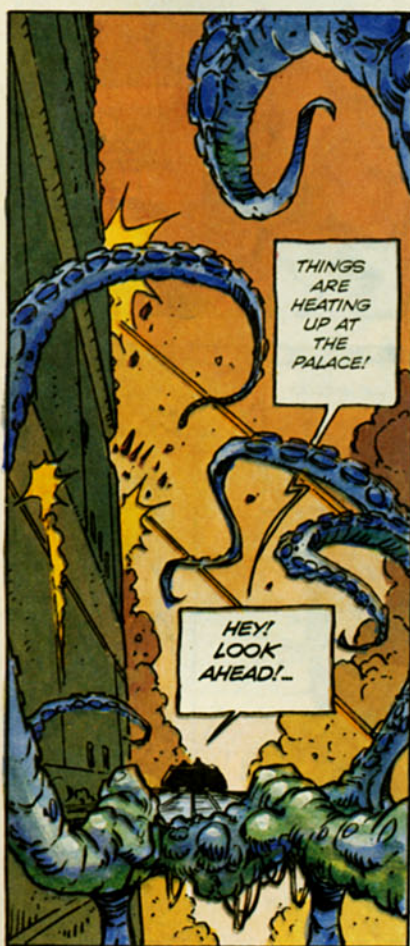
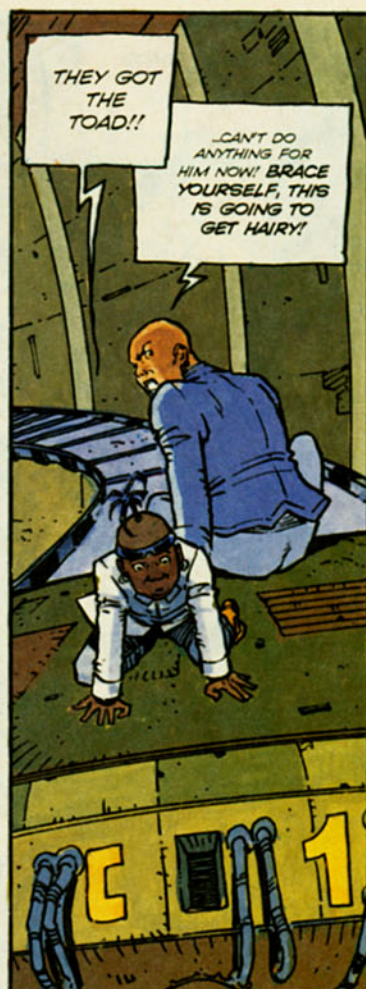
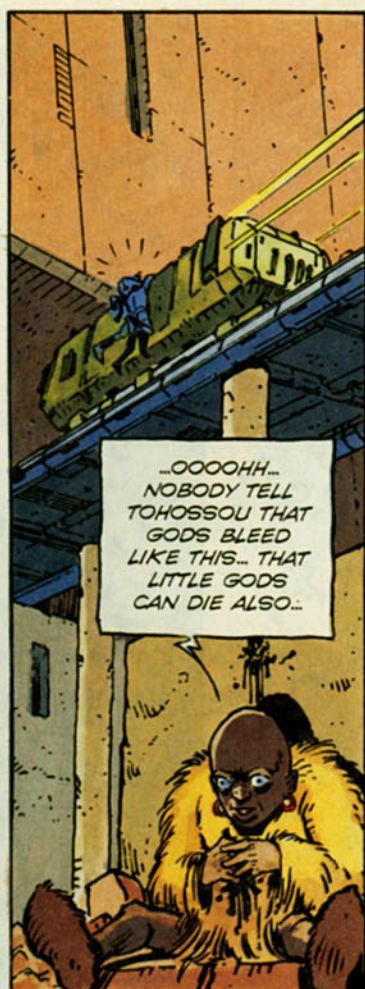
TOHOSSOU CAN SHUT UP ABOUT THE SMELL AND TAKE ME TO SIMON! HE KILLED CORI! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? KILLED HER...

HE ATTACK US!... VERY EVIL MAN! AND THE OBA WAIT DAYAK IN PALACE. THE OBA NEED DAYAK!

YEAH!... AND HOW DO WE GET TO THE PALACE? ON A POGO STICK?

UP THERE! SHUTTLE-CONTAINERS AUTOMATIC! PASS NEAR OBA PALACE. YOU JUMP AT RIGHT TIME!...

YEAH, IF WE CAN DODGE THE BLACK GUARD SNIPERS!...

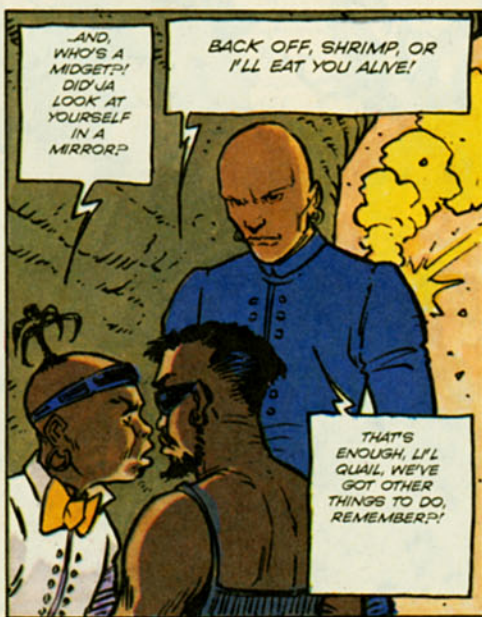




AN OLD
ACQUAIN-
TANCE... DON'T
WORRY,
HE'S HERE
TO HELP...



NO WAY!!
HE STAYS
WITH ME!!



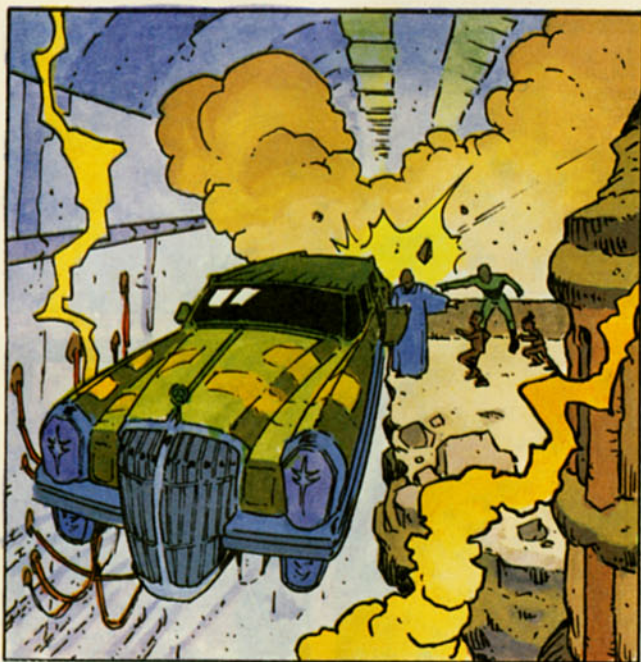
BACK OFF, SHRIMP, OR
I'LL EAT YOU ALIVE!

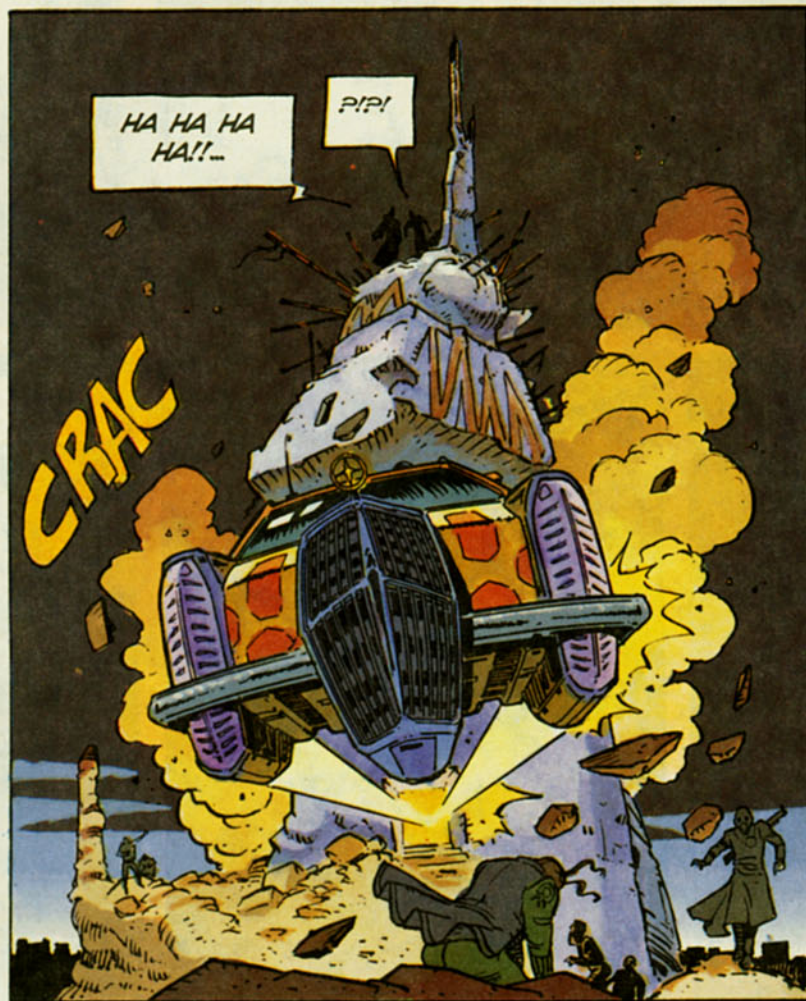
THAT'S
ENOUGH, I'LL
QUAIL, WE'VE
GOT OTHER
THINGS TO DO,
REMEMBER?!

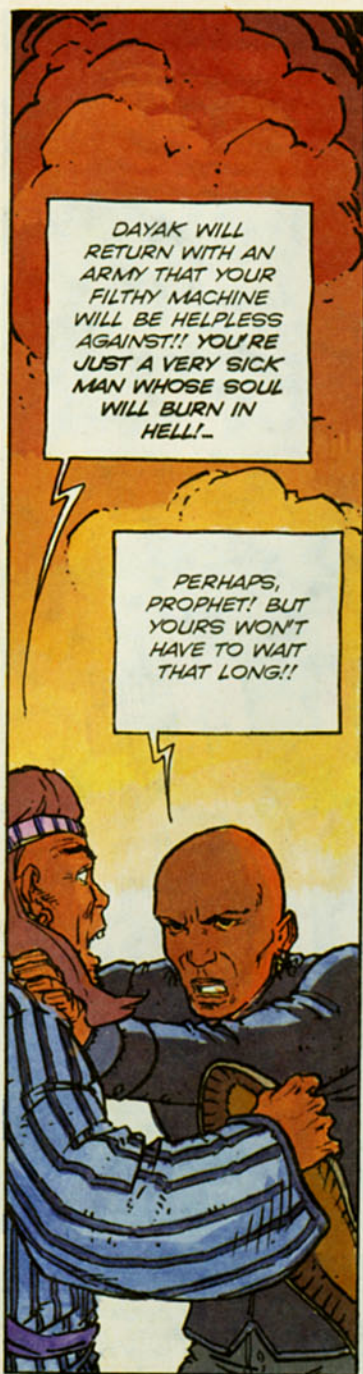


HEY! WAIT FOR
ME, GUYS!
DON'T LEAVE ME
ALONE!!









DAYAK WILL RETURN WITH AN ARMY THAT YOUR FILTHY MACHINE WILL BE HELPLESS AGAINST!! YOU'RE JUST A VERY SICK MAN WHOSE SOUL WILL BURN IN HELL!-

PERHAPS, PROPHET! BUT YOURS WON'T HAVE TO WAIT THAT LONG!!

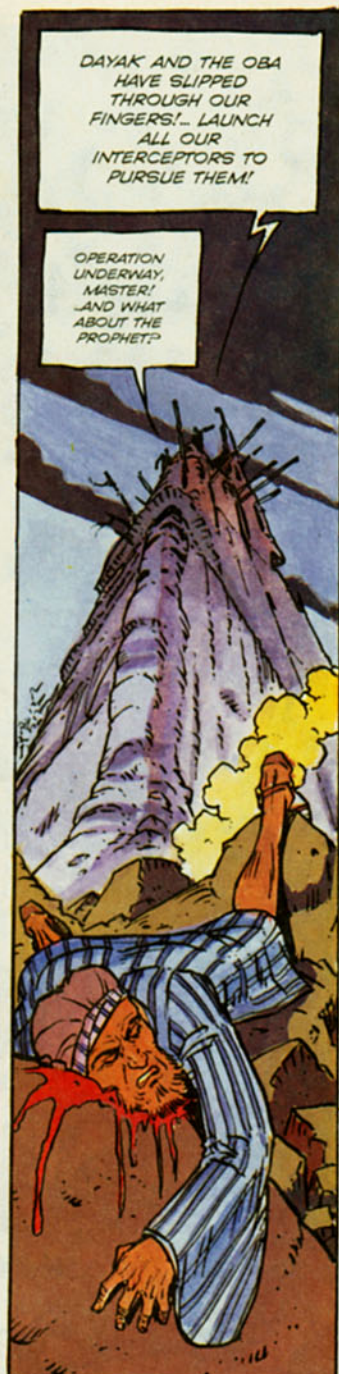


WHEN I THINK THAT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN MY FATHER AS WELL...

REPENT, SIMON, IT'S NOT TOO LATE!

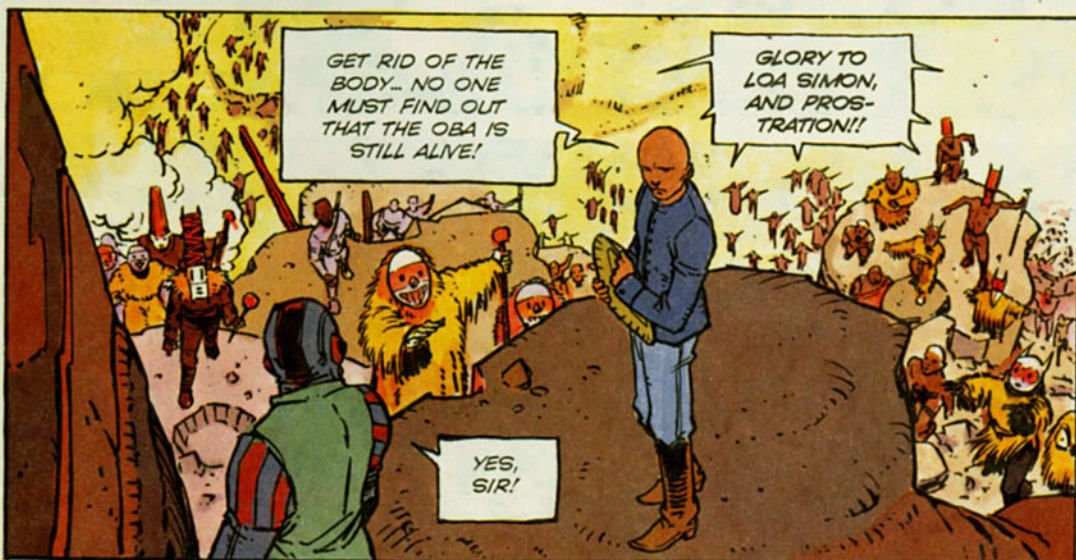


GOOD-BYE!!



DAYAK AND THE OBA HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH OUR FINGERS!- LAUNCH ALL OUR INTERCEPTORS TO PURSUE THEM!

OPERATION UNDERWAY, MASTER! AND WHAT ABOUT THE PROPHET?



GET RID OF THE BODY... NO ONE MUST FIND OUT THAT THE OBA IS STILL ALIVE!

GLORY TO LOA SIMON, AND PROSTRATION!!

YES, SIR!



THIS IS WHAT REMAINS OF THE OBA, MY BROTHERS!



THE INTERCEPTORS
ARE ON OUR
BUTTS!... DO
SOMETHING,
QUICK!...



GOLDAU CAN DODGE
ANYTHING... HE'LL GET
US OUT OF HERE AND
PAST THE GREAT
GATE!...



BUT, BEYOND
THE GREAT
GATE,
THERE'S...

THE DESERT OF
DESERTS, YES...
THE ONLY PLACE
WHERE THE
GREAT MATRIX
WOON'T BE ABLE
TO REACH US...



IT'S
OUR ONLY
CHANCE!

WE'RE
THROUGH!
HA HA!!

MASTER!! WE'VE
BEEN HIT BY A
MISSILE!!

MASTER OBA... WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU?

EVERYTHING
IS FINE,
DAYAK, JUST
FINE...

WE'RE
FUCKED...
SCREWED...
- DONE
FOR...

THEIR RIGHT ENGINE'S BEEN
HIT... THEY WON'T GET FAR!
SEND A
RECUPERATION
SHUTTLE OUT AFTER THEM!

HANG ON!!
GOOD GOD,
WE'RE GOING
TO...

CRAC!

MA-
MASTER
OBA!...

DA... DAYAK, COME
TO ME... IT'S ALL
OVER FOR ME...
THEY'LL BE UPON
US IN A FEW
MINUTES...

WELL, OLD
GOLDAU
BOUGHT
THE FARM.



DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR FATHER SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR THE MISSION THAT WAS YOURS TO FULFILL? BATTLE... THE ONLY ONE THAT KNEW OF MY TRUE ORIGINS... TAKE MY MASK, DAYAK, YOU ARE GOING TO NEED IT!

YOUR MASK?... AND, WHAT MISSION, OBA?



YO... YOUR EYES? BUT, YOU'RE A ZAK!!

YES... AND YOU MUST GO AND FIND MY BROTHERS... GO AND TELL THEM!... ONLY THEN WILL THE KINGDOM OF DARKNESS BE YOURS... AND IT WILL HELP YOU TO WREAK YOUR VENGEANCE!!

GULP!... BUT... BUT HOW DO WE FIND THEM... YOUR ZAKS?...



THE DESERT BELONGS TO THEM! YOU'LL SOON REALIZE THAT... HURRY, YOU MUST GO NOW...

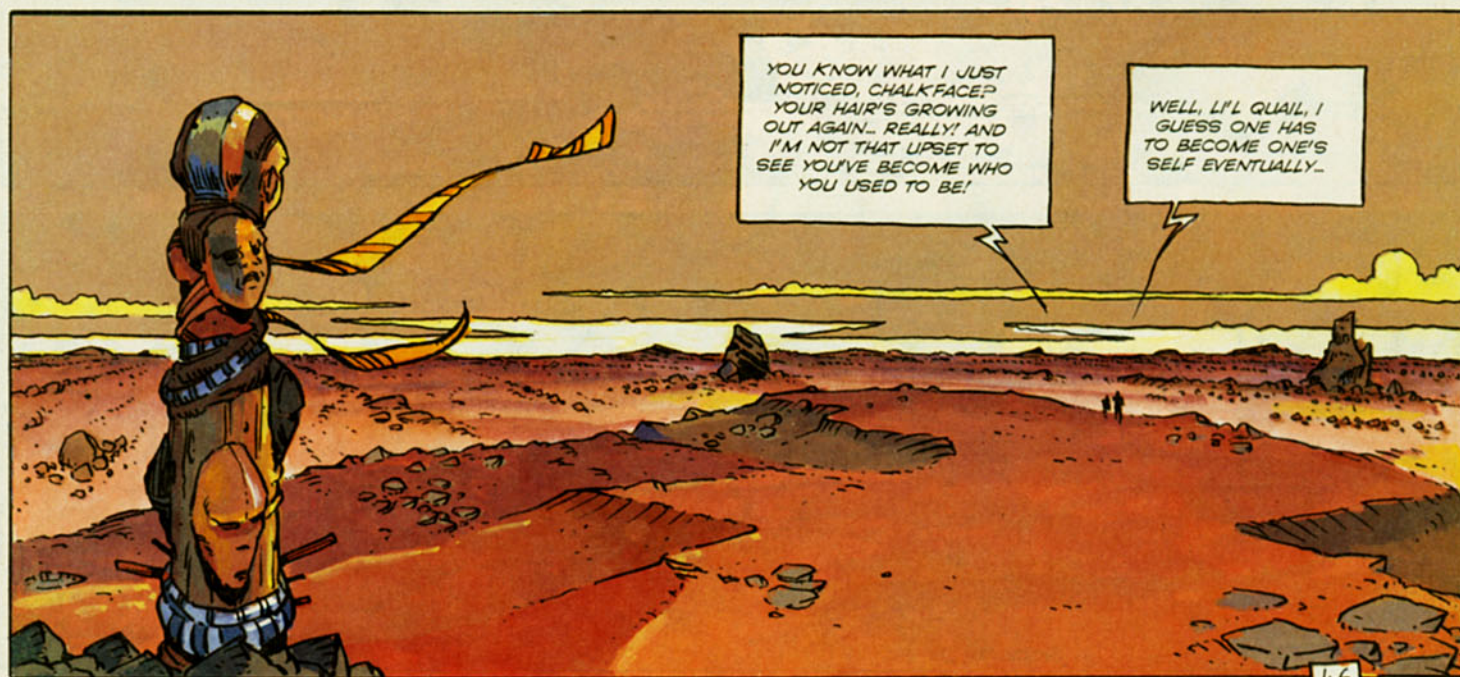


...IT IS NOW TIME FOR ME... TO MEET WITH THE LOAS FOR ALL ETERNITY!...



YOU THINK HE'S GONE... UP THERE... TO MEET WITH THE SPIRITS?...

I'M SURE OF IT... AND I KNOW THAT WHEREVER HE IS, HE WON'T ABANDON US, EVER!...



YOU KNOW WHAT I JUST NOTICED, CHALKFACE? YOUR HAIR'S GROWING OUT AGAIN... REALLY! AND I'M NOT THAT UPSET TO SEE YOU'VE BECOME WHO YOU USED TO BE!

WELL, L'L QUAIL, I GUESS ONE HAS TO BECOME ONE'S SELF EVENTUALLY...