

GULLIVERA BY MANARA! RANX IS BACK!

JULY 1997

U.S. \$4.50

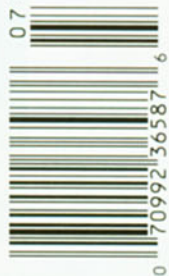
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MEATY

THE ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE



07 >



CO

Vol. XXI No. III



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It's hard to believe that this issue puts us over the halfway mark of our 20th anniversary year! Where has the time gone?! For us, I'll say it was well spent

considering the blockbuster issue you hold in your hands at this very moment.

As I promised you in the May issue, this year will live up to its 20th anniversary landmark in every possible way... and then some.

Not only do we have Milo Manara on the cover for the first time in our history, but a sixty four page story, *Gullivera* as well! I'm sure you'll agree, this is the way "Gulliver's Travels" should have been told!

As if that wasn't enough Gaetano Liberatore unleashes the first installment of *Ranx 3, Amen!* As you'll see, he's as great as we all remember.

Now, if the two above cornerstones of HM history weren't enough to send us all into a massive "flash-back", we've unearthed some classic, never before seen *Bilal* work as icing on the cake. We've also saved a bit of room for first timers Molina & Gonzalez to spin a tale in *Chantal* and Oger & Migeat to have some fun with *Voyages*. Last but not least, Tayyar Ozkan of

Caveman fame visits us in the gallery section.

So, bye for now and we'll see you next issue when (dare I say it?!) *Druuna* returns in an all new adventure!

Best,

Kevin Eastman

Website: www.pinupmall.com

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Voyages by Oger & Migeat © Editions Vents D'Ouest 1997

DIALOGUE...

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,

I love your magazine and I think that your movie was really cool, but I am terribly pissed off about the information about F.A.K.K.². You see, in the sea of info that you have provided, you failed to provide when the (tentative) release date is. I must be kept abreast of such important matters! Oh, while speaking of breast, say hi to Julie Strain for me.

A Fan

Dear Fan,

Regarding Heavy Metal: F.A.K.K.², sorry about the date thing but that couldn't be helped. Although work had begun on the project, no final release dates were available at press time. Right now the tentative release date is May 1998. Also, Julie Strain says hi and wants you to look for the premiere of her next book, *Six Foot One And Worth The Climb!* in the next issue.

Dear H.M.,

It was a pleasure meeting you at the Words & Pictures Museum during the Olivia signing last spring. We spoke briefly about the possibility of a new Ranx story. I think it was Ranx that originally hooked me on H.M. and it would be great to see what chaos he may wreak in another episode. My wife and I hope to return to Words & Pictures next fall,

Northampton is kickin' and hope to meet you again!

Tony

Dear Tony,

What a timely letter and thanks for the kind words about the museum! We've just finished outlining our plans to do a 20th anniversary show this fall at Words & Pictures to coincide with that event. Although dates are not final, I will be on hand at the show's opening. Perhaps I'll see you there, and look to these pages for updates! And speaking of Ranx, look within!

Dear H.M.,

I have been a fan of your magazine for a lot of years now. I found your magazine when I was about 16. You have the greatest artists I have ever seen. Olivia and Luis Royo are my favorite two artists. The pictures that they draw are very unique and beautiful. I have purchased a 95 and 96 calendar that was by Olivia. Both of the calendars were the autographed versions. I thought they were amazing. Keep up the good work!

Keith

Dear Keith,

Thanks for your great letter! You know I found Heavy Metal when I was about 16 also and it changed my life. I guess you can imagine what a thrill it is to edit and publish it! Royo and Olivia are two of my favorites as well, and if you loved the past Olivia calendars, wait till you see the one for 1998. And not to bust your budget, but we've got a Royo calendar as well!

Any questions or comments you may have, please send to: Heavy Metal 100 Merrick Road, Suite 400, East Building, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11570

GALLERY

CAVE MAN



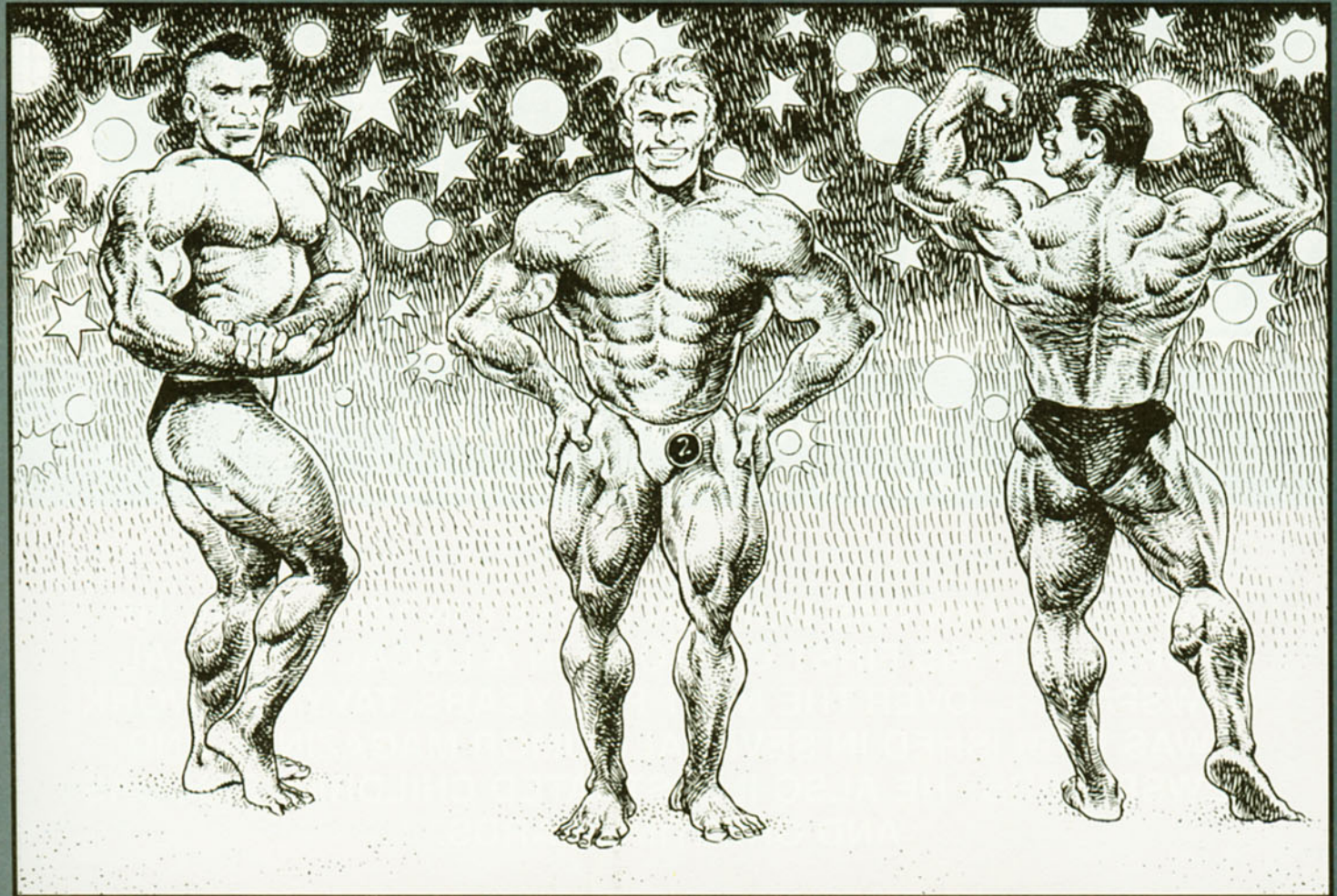
BY TAYYAR OZKAN

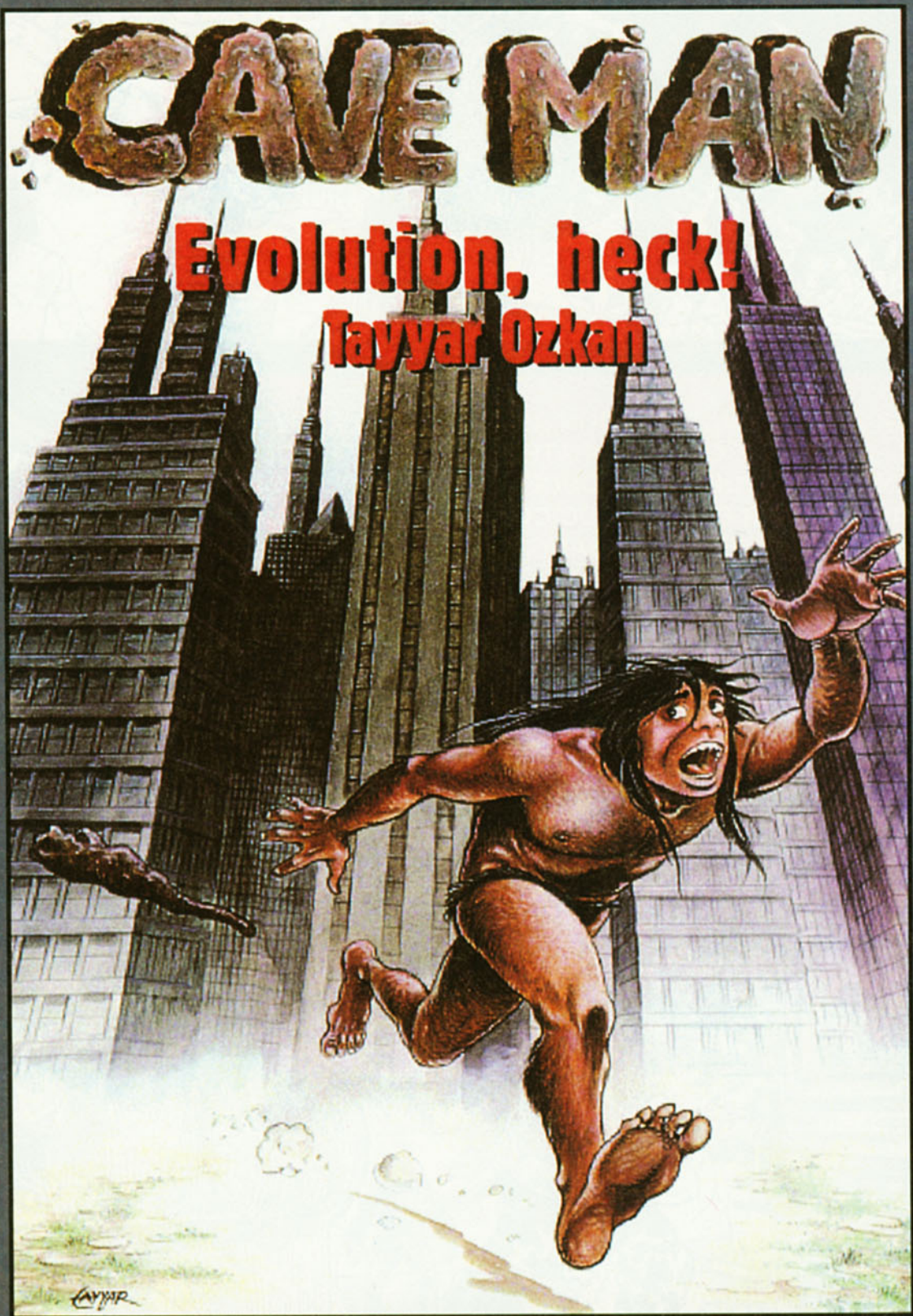
Reachable at <http://www.concentric.net/~tayyar>

TAYYAR OZKAN WAS BORN IN TURKEY IN 1962. AT 16, HE PUBLISHED HIS FIRST CARTOON IN A LOCAL POLITICAL NEWSPAPER. OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS, TAYYAR'S WORK WAS PUBLISHED IN SEVERAL HUMOR MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS. HE ALSO ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND GREETING CARDS.



IN 1989 TAYYAR MOVED TO THE
UNITED STATES. UPON HIS
ARRIVAL, HE WORKED MOSTLY
ON GRAPHIC AND TEXTILE DESIGN.
THEN, IN 1992 *WORLD WAR 3*
ILLUSTRATED WAS PUBLISHED.
SINCE THEN, THE WORK HASN'T
STOPPED.





Now available, See page 60 for ordering details.

HAVE WE REALLY EVOLVED? THIS COLLECTION OF SILENT GAG STRIPS PRESENTS MANY A SITUATION STARTING WITH CAVEMEN AND ENDING WITH OURSELVES IN OUR SUPPOSED MODERN TIMES. WE BUILT MEGALOPOLISES AND FANCY TECHNOLOGIES BUT, AS OZKAN SHOWS US WITH A SLY GRIN, DEEP INSIDE, WE'RE STILL JUST A BUNCH O' GRUNTING BEASTS!

Jeffrey Goldsmith interviews Todd McFarlane

Todd McFarlane created *Spawn*, a comic that sold 100 million copies. Now he's animated on HBO at midnight, and in a \$40 million movie set for August.

Jeffrey Goldsmith: Is *Spawn* Good or Evil?

Todd McFarlane: That's the intrigue about him, the capability, just like each one of us, to do either. It's just a matter of which button gets pushed. He isn't Clark Kent, boy scout. Somebody pushes him, he pushes back. Somebody kicks him, he kicks back. Somebody shoots at him, fuck, he shoots back. It's the reason we like Rambo and stuff like that. Because if somebody touches my life, I'll fucking take their head off. So, he's got the same mentality as I do; you leave my family alone.



JG: Do you believe in life after death?

TM: Not really. Then again, *Spawn* didn't believe in the afterlife, but he finds out that there's something there.

JG: Do you suspect there's something there?

TM: I don't. I think there's infinity before us, 60 years of life, and infinity afterwards. So, given there's infinity all around us, then

what is the precious time? The time we have on earth. So, this is the time you're going to kick yourself for the rest of your life if you fuck up. If there is an afterlife and we judge ourselves then, I'm hoping Hitler tortures himself for the next 12 millennium going, "Fuck, I should have been a little bit nicer."

JG: Funny you mention Hitler. Elvis is in Hell in an early issue of *Spawn*. Are you going to draw Hitler in Hell?

TM: I don't know where Hitler is, but I'll get around to him probably. I've set up [the story] in my mind, like a slow, boring chess game, a long time between draft picks. Which is why again the *Spawns* only appear every three or four hundred years.

JG: Huh? I know there's a medieval *Spawn*. So, we're going to see *Spawns* in the future and *Spawns* of distant past?

TM: Right, it's the curse. We have versions of these guys. Some are futuristic and some are in the past, the curse just keeps coming back. It takes that long to find the guy that is the right draft pick. I'm not religious, it's not about good and evil, it's about the capacity for both. It's about the wiring. If you think about each of us being a computer, then you have to have the right wiring. And if you got the computer with the right wiring, then it's just a matter of pushing the right buttons to get what you want out of it. It takes that long before you actually go, "Here's the guy". And Al Simmons [*Spawn*'s name when he was human] is one of them. If I push the right button, this guy will have the capability to be one of the greatest fucking generals of Hell's entire kingdom.

JG: I see, and the Clown's wiring?

TM: The Clown is a local from Hell. The duty of The Violator, which is the Clown's true form, is that.... and he looks like the



Malebolgia because, if God created man in his image, then why wouldn't the Malebolgia create his guys in his image?

JG: The Malebolgia being the Devil's henchman?

TM: Yes, there's a different Devil at each level.

JG: Leviathan being the Uber Devil?

TM: Exactly. If you think Malebolgia is tough, Malebolgia is like a two-year-old compared to what Satan is....

JG: The Clown, why does he use his own initiative?

TM: His job is not to kill *Spawn*, he's supposed to watch him, but his agenda is to keep proving throughout time that humans are not the people that should lead the army.

JG: The Clown wants *Spawn*'s job?

TM: Essentially, but he can't just kill him because then he's in trouble. So his job is to just keep proving that these guys aren't as worthy as he is. But he has to be somewhat clever about the whole gig.

JG: How do you feel that your Mythology—if I may call it that—how do you feel that it's going to end up on a big screen?

TM: How do I feel? Well, you and I can talk for an hour about the mythology, but given that you've got a two hour movie that needs a beginning, a middle, and an end and is essentially the coming of the curse of the *Spawn*, then you just take a small piece of it. You don't get into God's side, you don't get into Armageddon. You just get this guy, a piece of this huge puzzle. Although, what I think makes him interesting to people is that, though he's caught in this biblical game, all he's concerned about are personal things like, "I want to go see my wife, where are my friends, where are my pets?" That's what he's concerned about. Now, he's standing to the left and the biggest goal is standing to the right, and Heaven and Hell and everybody else throws these gauntlets in between. That's where it looks like revenge. But it's not really revenge, it's if you want to see your wife, then you got to get



through these trees, and if you have to happen to fucking kill them, then, given that he's a trained assassin and he has that wiring in him, then he's like "Oh, OK. So, there's my wife. Can you please get out of the way? No? OK, there. Now you're out of the way."

JG: Is getting to his wife a subplot or...?

TM: No, essentially that's it. But again, he's shot five years into the future to get back to his wife. Everything is out of whack. He made the deal, which all of us would make in a heartbeat. "I want to see my wife." That's all he asked for. Given that Devils are tricksters, they went "Yeah, ok, fine. Here."

JG: But?

TM: "BUT I forgot to tell you, since you didn't ask, that you're burnt. [Literally, charred.] You look exactly what you looked like the moment you died. Five years in the future, your wife has remarried, to your best friend, so it's not even like she's married to the bad guy. And you were impotent. You couldn't even give her kids. Now she's got a kid. You knew that was important to her. And so basically, there she is. You can go say hi to her, but you know what? You're fucked."

JG: You set up a real damned situation.

TM: Well, here's a man that has all this power and he's back for a reason, his wife, and that reason has been taken from him. So the answer is, can he find any purpose in going on? That becomes the inner quest, although he's not thinking in those terms. Can he come to grips with what he is? And what he is, is not Al Simmons. He's not going to have his wife. He has these powers, but what is he going to do with them? The thing is, most Spawns just go, "Fuck, accept the power and do evil." What if Genghis Khan got the power? Fuck he'd love it!

JG: Spawn would conquer China, just like Genghis Khan really did.

TM: They all come around to evil. It's just that he's going to kick and scream. So the question we bring up in the movie and the



animation and the comic book is, is he the one?

JG: Is he the one to bust out of the cycle?

TM: Right. Can he break the chain? I don't know. I haven't written the ending yet, but I know what the ending is in my mind.

JG: You never know until you get there. I want to ask you something specific about the HBO animation. A friend told me you wanted to make sure there was butter on every kernel of popped corn in a scene. True?

TM: I think you're getting a distorted version. There was popcorn, and it had a bad shadow. It's like that's not a shadow that goes on popcorn. Am I anal? Yeah.

JG: It's good to be, though.

TM: It's a fine line because they tell people, "God, can't that Todd be a bit nicer?" I don't think I'm harsh. I'm just the guy that goes, "I think you guys can run 25 miles an hour." And they're saying, "15 is ok because Saturday morning cartoons are only running at 8." I don't give a shit. We can run 25. I'm not comparing the show to anybody else's drivel. It's like saying you get the best seat on the Titanic.

JG: The movie comes out in August, the animation is on HBO now, which interests you more?

TM: It's not a fair question, because they're dramatically different. The animation is more like my toy company. You come up with designs and the best blue prints you can, you ship it overseas and they manufacture it. You can do retakes but that stuff is limited. When you're making a movie, it's three dimensional and

you're right there. A guy can say, "Pass the butter, Charlie." And you go, "Can we change the lighting?" Know what I mean?

JG: Were you there on the set?

TM: Sure. Not every day, but I was there. I got a cameo.

JG: What's your cameo?

TM: I'm a bum. I wanted to meet my Spawny boy. I get to hand him a gun.

JG: In the alley?

TM: Yeah. The thing is, there's more instant correction in movie making. The plus side of animation is that the only thing you're limited by, which is why I'm always kicking, is your imagination. On a movie they go, "OK, you got a \$40 million budget, that's it." In animation, there is no budget. It's like, "Let's blow up Tokyo. Cool. Let's blow up Beijing. Cool, man." It doesn't cost you any more to blow it up then not.

JG: Special effects?

TM: In a movie, that's very costly. In fact, that's where the bulk of our cost went. How do you make the Clown into the Violator and make him move around? The answer is, 90 percent of the Violator is computer. The guy who created the T-Rex for Jurassic, he's a friend of mine, he's been up for an Academy Award, he's doing The Violator.

JG: "Spazz" Williams.

TM: Right, Steve "Spazz" Williams. And Mark Dippe, another computer whiz, directed the movie. So, we're in good shape on that end.

JG: What comes after Spawn?

TM: Do I have second and third ideas? Yep. The game in Hollywood is to sell your second and third ideas now so you can hedge your bets. So, if Spawn's a failure, then you go, "Well I'm not dead because I've got the second and third idea." If those take off, Hollywood being what-have-you-done-for-me-lately, you're back in the game. But I'm either just stupid or cocky enough to just go, "It's going to work. Why should I give you my second idea for half the price and half the power and half the control when, if Spawn

works, you're going to basically give me everything I want on the second idea anyway?" I'm a betting man and I bet my second idea is going to have just as much value as Spawn. Ideas are fairly precious to me. They're my creative children and I just don't feel like giving them up for adoption so that I can make a buck. I've got plenty of money in my bank.

JG: If the Spawn movie is a success, will we see a second idea in 1999?

TM: Not necessarily. If Spawn is a huge success, I know what I'm doing for the next three to five years. The Spawn sequel, three more years of Spawn on HBO, the toy company, the comic book. I'm out to create my Mickey Mouse.

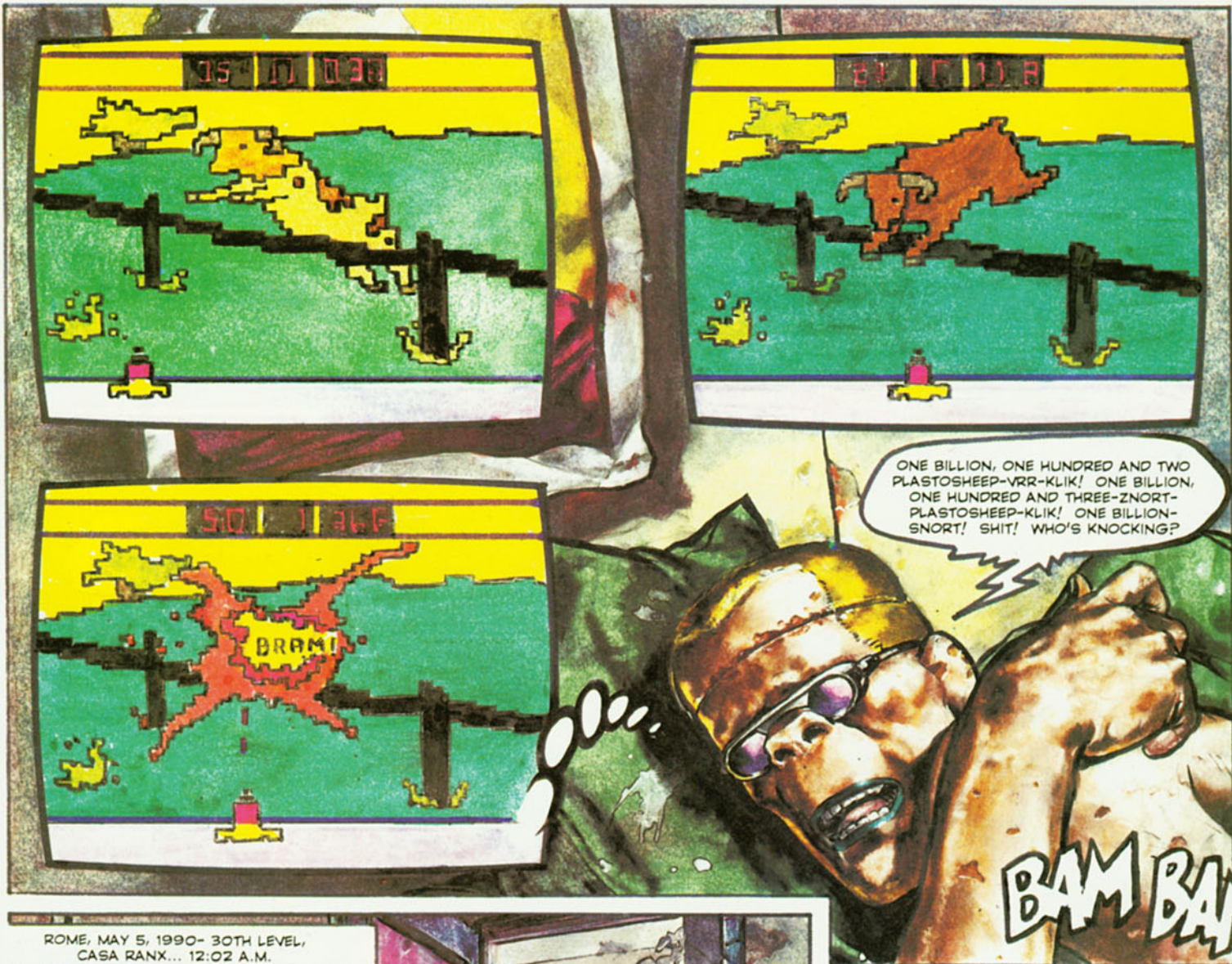
JG: Very edgy Mickey.

TM: In my mind, the best I can hope is for Spawn to be half a household name. Half isn't going to get it. Mom is not. Five year old Jimmy and most of the girls aren't going to get it. But the guy upstairs playing his rock and roll music and Dad who fucking sits and goes, "I can't endorse it in front of Mom, but right on." They'll get it. If it works, it will be a huge cult thing that's still cool. The only way to get it bigger is to start pandering him, which is why I have control. I know Hollywood people, to make a few extra bucks, they'd want to make him cute. And I'd go, fuck this. This is a guy from the pit of Hell who's going through personal torment. You have to keep the edge. There's a reason the HBO show is on at midnight. It's going to offend a few people because they're not used to seeing little cartoon characters say, "Fuck you, asshole."



RANIX 3





ONE BILLION, ONE HUNDRED AND TWO PLASTOSHEEP-VRR-KLIK! ONE BILLION, ONE HUNDRED AND THREE-ZNORT-PLASTOSHEEP-KLIK! ONE BILLION-SNORT! SHIT! WHO'S KNOCKING?

ROME, MAY 5, 1990- 30TH LEVEL, CASA RANX... 12:02 A.M.

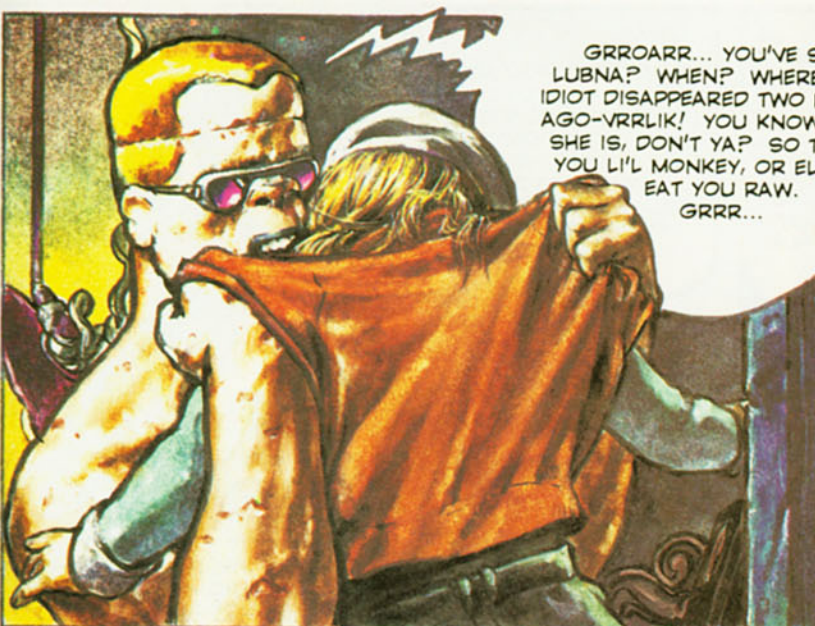


OH, IT'S CARMENCITA, THE MINIBITCH-KLIK. AND WHAT DO I OWE THIS IMPROMPTU HONOR TO?

YA DON'T DESERVE IT, YA FUCKFACED ROBOT. BUT I'LL DO MY DUTY!



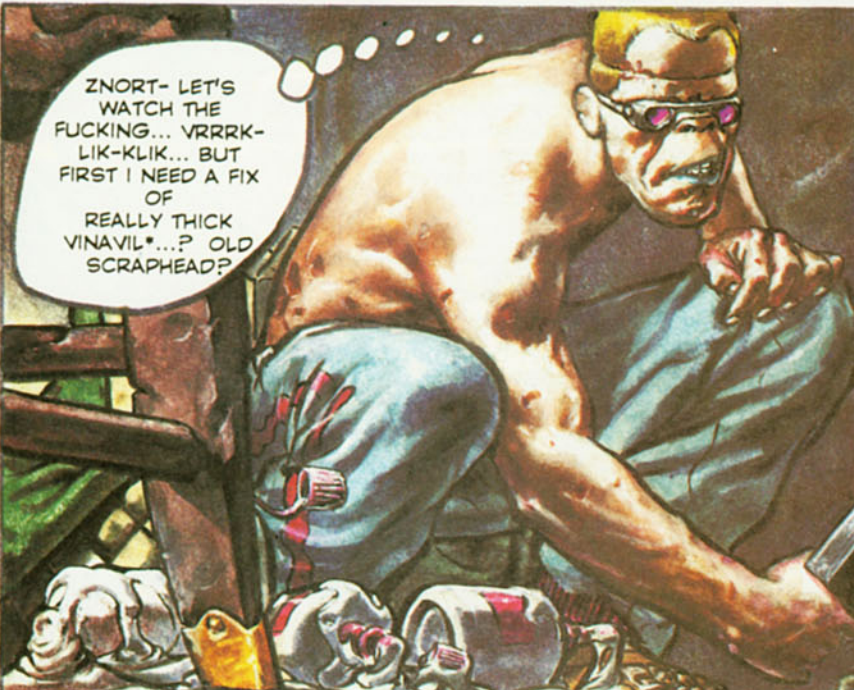
HERE, THIS VIDEOCASSETTE IS FOR YOU, IT'S FROM LUBNA... SHE SAYS TO WATCH IT AND GET OUTTA HER LIFE. GOT IT?



GRROARR... YOU'VE SEEN LUBNA? WHEN? WHERE? THE IDIOT DISAPPEARED TWO MONTHS AGO-VRRLIK! YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS, DON'T YA? SO TELL ME YOU LI'L MONKEY, OR ELSE I'LL EAT YOU RAW. GRRR...



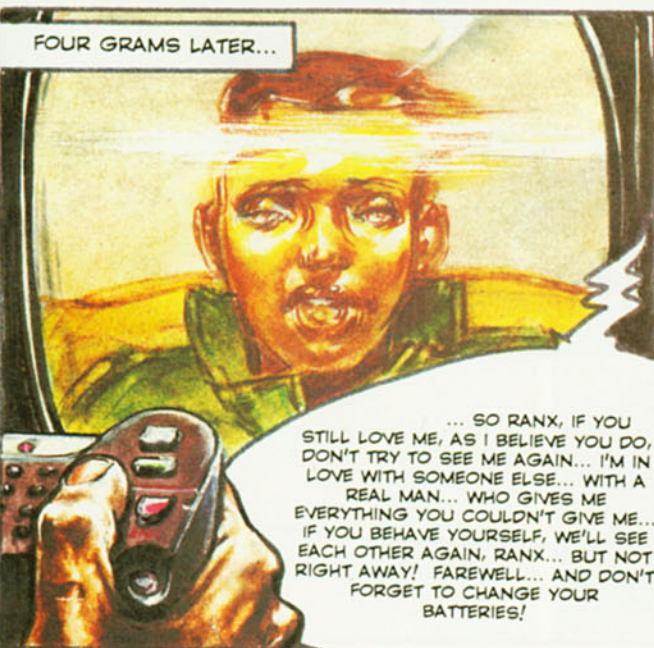
SNIFF! WAAA! LEMME GO, RANTS! I DUNNO WHERE LUBNA IS! I MET HER IN FRONT OF DA FOUNTAIN OF TREVI AND SHE GAVE ME THIS CASSETTE! LEMME GO, YA ELECTRONIC CUCKOLD. LUBNA HAS NO USE FOR YA ANY MORE. EVERYONE'S FED UP WITH YA. YER JUST AN OLE SCRAPHEAD OF SHITTY SPARE PARTS!



ZNORT- LET'S WATCH THE FUCKING... VRRRK-LIK-KLIK... BUT FIRST I NEED A FIX OF REALLY THICK VINAVIL*...? OLD SCRAPHEAD?



... AND I WASN'T EVEN ARMED, YA FUCKIN' COWARD! BUT I'M GONNA TELL MY BROTHER: HE'LL QUARTER YOUR ASS, RANTS. GOT IT? AND IF HE DON'T DO IT, I'LL DO IT MYSELF, YA PUNK!



FOUR GRAMS LATER...

... SO RANX, IF YOU STILL LOVE ME, AS I BELIEVE YOU DO, DON'T TRY TO SEE ME AGAIN... I'M IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE ELSE... WITH A REAL MAN... WHO GIVES ME EVERYTHING YOU COULDN'T GIVE ME... IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF, WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN, RANX... BUT NOT RIGHT AWAY! FAREWELL... AND DON'T FORGET TO CHANGE YOUR BATTERIES!



THIS TIME AROUND YOU'VE REALLY BUST MY ELECTRODES, FUCKIN' WASTED JUNKIE WRECK! I'M GONNA HACK 'EM BOTH TO BITS! MAY ASIMOV BE MY WITNESS!!! ZNORT...

*VERY THICK, WHITE ITALIAN GLUE.

... MEANWHILE, THE REAL LUBNA AND HER "REAL MAN" ARE IN A ROOM AT THE MAJESTIC HOTEL, TENTH LEVEL, VERRRY FAR FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI...



HEY MARS!, DON'T YOU THINK THESE STOCKINGS MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A WHACKED OUT OLD WHORE? AND I'M ONLY EIGHTEEN!

NINETEEN... NEARLY THE SAME AGE AS ME! COME OVER HERE, AND LET ME LICK YOU OUT ONE MORE TIME! I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH!

AGAIN? YOU ARE INSATIABLE, MY LOVE! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I'M JUST OUT OF DETOX AND THAT I'M VERY, VERY WEAK? WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX? I GOTTA MAKE A PHONE CALL BEFORE I GO OUT!



MARS! ROENTGEN, 16 YEARS OLD, JAPANESE DIPLOMAT. GERMAN MOTHER AND JAPANESE FATHER. HAS LIVED IN ROME, TENTH LEVEL, FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS, AS A PERFECT PARASITE.



HEY, I HOPE YOU AREN'T CALLING YOUR GLORIFIED BLENDER OF AN EX, BY ANY CHANCE? YOU PROMISED ME IT WAS ALL OVER... OH WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO KNOCK MYSELF OUT WITH VALIUM!

SHUT UP! DO YOURSELF IN BUT GET OFF MY BACK, MARS!! OPERATOR, PLEASE PUT ME THROUGH TO 2137, IN THE DOME, SECOND LEVEL.



SECOND LEVEL, HUH? WHO KNOWS HOW MUCH THIS IS GONNA COST ME... BUT I'LL MAKE SURE I GET EVERYTHING BACK, WITH INTEREST!



... OKAY. I'LL HOP IN A CAB AND I'LL BE THERE SOON... YEAH, I KNOW! CIAO!





GO ON!
WHOEVER KILLS
HIM WILL BE THE
NEW RANX, AND
I'LL BE HIS LUBNA!



WHAT ARE YA, A BUNCH OF DAMNED
CHICKENS? KILL HIM! IT'S SIX TO
ONE, YA MOTHERFUCKERS!

...MEANWHILE, THE REAL LUBNA...



ENJOYING THE DRIVE? HEY,
I'M TALKING TO YOU,
THIRD-WORLD JERK.
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME?

RELAX, YA BITCH. WE'RE GOIN' THE
LONG WAY. THE PUSHERS ARE GOIN'
OUT TO WORK NOW AND I'M JUST TRYING TO
AVOID THEIR RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT,
SHITHEAD? GOD! IT'S... IT'S
RANX!!

DO YA WANT
ME TO STOP?



TAKE HEART.
THE KILLER GETS ME!
I'M LUBNA!

VRRR KLIK!!!
HEY, IT'S LUBNA, LUBNA!!!
STOP THAT CAB!

WHADDYA MEAN, STOP? STEP ON
IT! TAKE ME FAR AWAY FROM
HERE... AS FAST AS YOU CAN!
AND DON'T STOP TILL I
TELL YA!



HELLO, THOMAS?
YEAH, IT'S MARSI! IS
YOUR DAUGHTER
COMING OVER TO YOUR
PLACE? AH... NO, NO
REASON. JUST
WANTED TO MAKE
SURE...

I'M... I'M...
I'M THE ONE AND ONLY
REAL LUBNAARGH!

LET GO OF MY BALLS, YA
FUCKIN' PSYCHO!!!

... THE MEANS OF PREVENTING, AND PERHAPS
EVEN OF CURING, THE DEADLY
PSYCHOPLAGUE OF INTERGALACTIC ORIGIN,
WHICH, AS WE WERE SAYING... HOWEVER,
FOR SECURITY REASONS... **BZAAP...** THE
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SUPERSTITION HAS
OFFICIALLY REPORTED THAT IN EURASIA
ALONE, THE DEATH TOLL EXCEEDS TWO
HUNDRED THOUSAND, AND THE NUMBER
OF VICTIMS CONTINUES TO...
BZAP-SNORTLE-GRAAAANKKKKK
... ZNORI!?

!?

SWITCH STATIONS, TOSHIRO!
THIS IS DEPRESSING!

HOLY SHIT!
OUR SPECIAL CLIENT
HAS SEEN US! HE'S
COMING TOWARDS
US!!!

DON'T SHOOT, AKIRA! THE BOSS SAID
TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, AND TO SHOOT
ONLY IF HE REALLY MAKES
TROUBLE!

RAAGH! LET ME USE THE
CAR, QUICK! I GOTTA FOLLOW
THAT CAB!

CRASH!

STOMP!

... WORKING UNDER VERY TIGHT SECURITY, A
RECENTLY FORMED TEAM OF BIOBRAINS IS
CURRENTLY DEVELOPING AN ANTIDOTE.
RELIABLE SOURCES ASCERTAIN THAT THE
ANTIDOTE WILL BE MANUFACTURED AND
COMMERCIALIZED BY "I, ME, MINE, INC."
OWNED BY BILLIONAIRE THOMAS LIMBO, WHO
IN 1987 BOUGHT OUT TAO BIOCHEMICAL...

...BZAAP...

SHIT! THE LITTLE BITCH IS MAKING ME SUFFER LIKE AN ANIMAL- ZNORT- BUT I'M NOT AN ANIMAL, BY ASIMOV! I'M A MACHINE! I'M PERFECT! WHY'D SHE GO AND LEAVE ME FOR A "REAL" MAN! I'M BETTER THAN A "REAL" MAN!

**I'M A
ROBOT!**

HERE WE ARE.
THAT'S THIRTY THOUSAND
LIRE, INCLUDING THE
EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE
HIGHER LEVELS...

OKAY. WAIT HERE!
I DON'T HAVE ANY CASH ON
ME... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

... IF ONLY I COULD RIP OUT OF MY CIRCUITS THE
LUBNA-RELATED MEMORY BLOCK, WITHOUT ENDING UP
AS A BASKET CASE THAT GOES "BEEP BEEP." SHIT!
WHAT'S THE BALL-BUSTING MUSIC? TECHNOPOP AND
TECHNODANCE ON EVERY STATION... GREAT LORD
BALLARD!

AND THAT WAS THE
"TASTE OF NOTHING"
ZZZZTURUT TURUTUT...
ZZZ... MOMMA CENTRAL
CALLING CAR 13!


CAR 13 TO MOMMA CENTRAL,
I'M ALIVE AND WELL AND
WAITING FOR A BRAT WITH A
PONYTAIL...

MUSIC FOR JUNKIES...
SHIT... ZNORT... CHANGE,
CHANGE. WHAT'S THIS
ASSHOLE BLITHERING ON
ABOUT?




124TH FLOOR, MISS?
THANK YOU MISS!

THANKS FOR WHAT,
JERK?




I'M IN THE DOME AREA, SECOND LEVEL,
OPPOSITE THOMAS LIMBO'S NEW
SKYSCRAPER... CAR 13 HERE...
I'M STILL ALIVE...
TLIK...

PONY-TAIL, HUH?
ZNORT, YOU'VE HAD IT NOW, BITCH!!!



...AND I NEED MONEY
FOR THE CAB! WILL YA
LET ME IN?

I'M ON THE PHONE,
LUP? TELL THE DOOR-
MAN TO PAY THE TAXI,
AND COME BACK RIGHT
AWAY!



YEAH? SORRY, MARSI...
YOU WERE SAYING?

I'M SCARED, TOM. HE GOT TWO OF MY MEN AND STOLE THE
CAR: ONE OF THEM MANAGED TO PHONE ME, BUT THE
OTHER ONE IS DEAD! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER,
BUT...

I'VE LOST HIM, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?



THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, MARSI! IF YOU WANT TO BE MY SON-IN-LAW YOU MUST PROVE THAT YOU HAVE BALLS OF STEEL! THAT'S ENOUGH NOW! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'M WAITING FOR LUBNA AND FOR A PHONE CALL FROM THE AMERICANS... HOW SHOULD I KNOW?! LOCK YOURSELF IN, MILKSOP!

BUUM

WHERE?



AND WHERE DID THE LI'L TART WITH THE PONY-TAIL GO? TALK OR I'LL GRIND YOU TO A FINE POWDER AND SNORT IT, RAT FACE!

SHE... SHE WENT INSIDE THAT HIGH-RISE! SHE'S THERE! I SWEAR SHE IS! I SWEAR...



JEEZUZ! HE'S GOT THIS FAR! HOW THE HELL DID HE...? HELP!



120TH FLOOR, YOU JERK! NOW!

WHAT FLOOR DID THE LITTLE LADY GET OFF ON?? ARE YA GONNA TELL ME NICELY OR AM I GONNA HAVE TO RIP OFF YER NOSE AND STICK IT UP YER ASS??! ZNORT.

NGAAA!
120THHHH FLOOOOR...
AARGUL!



WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON HERE?

IT'S RANX, DAD... HE'S ON HIS WAY UP. AND HE'S BERSERK!

DRAIN

THE PHONE AGAIN! SORRY, LU, COME IN AND KEEP CALM! HE CAN'T BREAK DOWN THE DOOR! COME HERE!

AARGH! ARE YOU IN THERE, YOU BITCH? I'LL WRECK THE PLACE...

ZNORT.

BRANC

TUM TUM

YEAH, THE MEDICATION IS READY... I'LL SEND IT TO YOU AS SOON AS I GET HOLD OF AN APPROPRIATE CONTAINER TO TRANSPORT IT IN, AND IN ANY CASE AS SOON AS I'M SURE THAT IT WON'T FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS! YOU KNOW, THE YAKUZA NEVER FORGAVE ME FOR WHAT I DID TO TAO BIOCHEMICAL... I THINK THEY ARE WA... BUT WHA...?! EXCUSE ME. I'LL CALL YOU BACK!

HELLO? HI, MCMANARI, HOW YA DOIN'? IT'S OKAY. THIS PHONE IS SAFE. RELAX! DON'T MIND THE RACKET!! HOW'S THE PRESIDENT? OH, YOU NEED SOME, HUH? I UNDERSTAND!



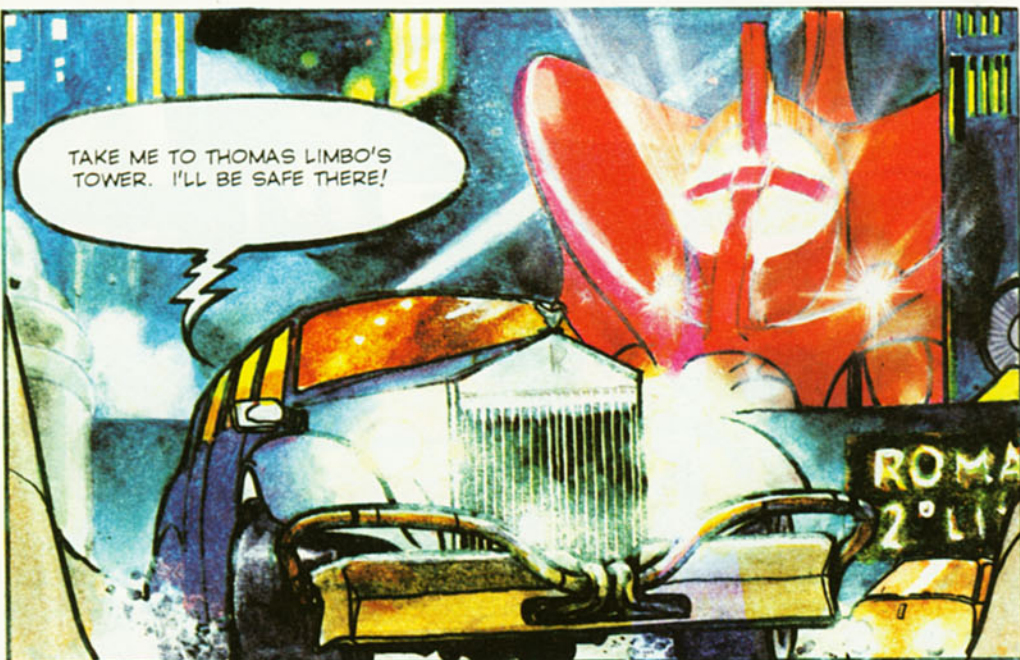
AAAHH!

I CAN'T STAND THIS OL' CAN OF BEANS! HE FOLLOWED ME ALL THE WAY HERE! GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! DADDYYYY!

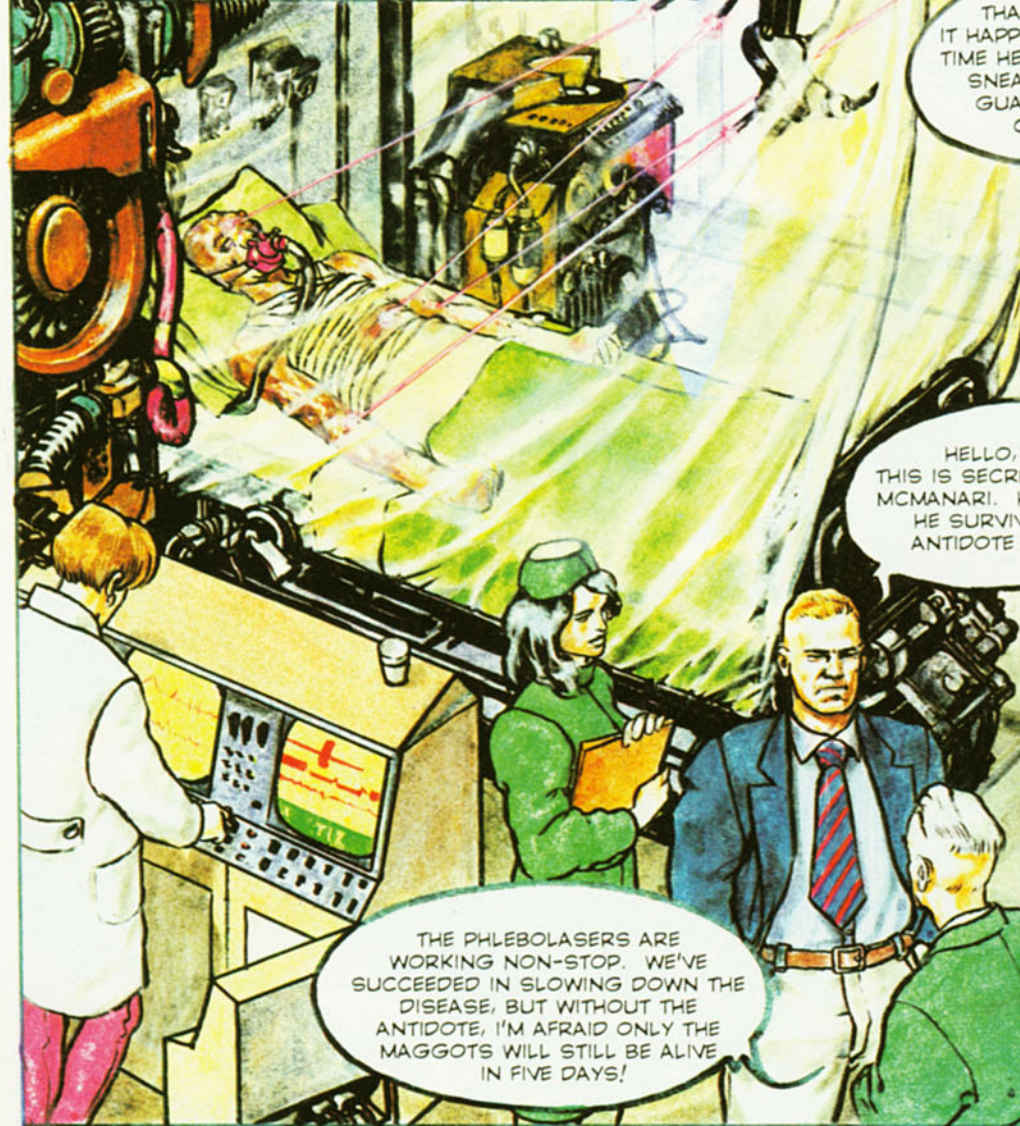


AAAAHHH PAAAAA

SHIT!



SIX HOURS EARLIER, IN A CLINIC 300 METERS UNDER SEA LEVEL, IN A TOP SECRET LOCATION... HIS SKIN RAVAGED BY THE FUCHSIA DISEASE, THE PRESIDENT STRUGGLES FOR HIS LIFE.



WE'RE NOW SURE THAT THE PRESIDENT WAS CONTAMINATED BY A KAMIKAZE CALL GIRL, IN THE PAY OF THE KGB.



THE PHLEBOLASERS ARE WORKING NON-STOP. WE'VE SUCCEEDED IN SLOWING DOWN THE DISEASE, BUT WITHOUT THE ANTIDOTE, I'M AFRAID ONLY THE MAGGOTS WILL STILL BE ALIVE IN FIVE DAYS!



IS THAT YOUR WONDERFUL
SYNTHETIC BOYFRIEND?
THE ONE THAT'S FUCKED
UP YOUR LIFE FOR THE
LAST THREE YEARS?
LISTEN TO HIM CRACKLE
AND ZAP! HE'S ONLY AN
AUTOMATION! KEEP THE
RADIO AND THROW OUT
THE REST IN THE
GARBAGE!

ZAP ZAP ZZZ

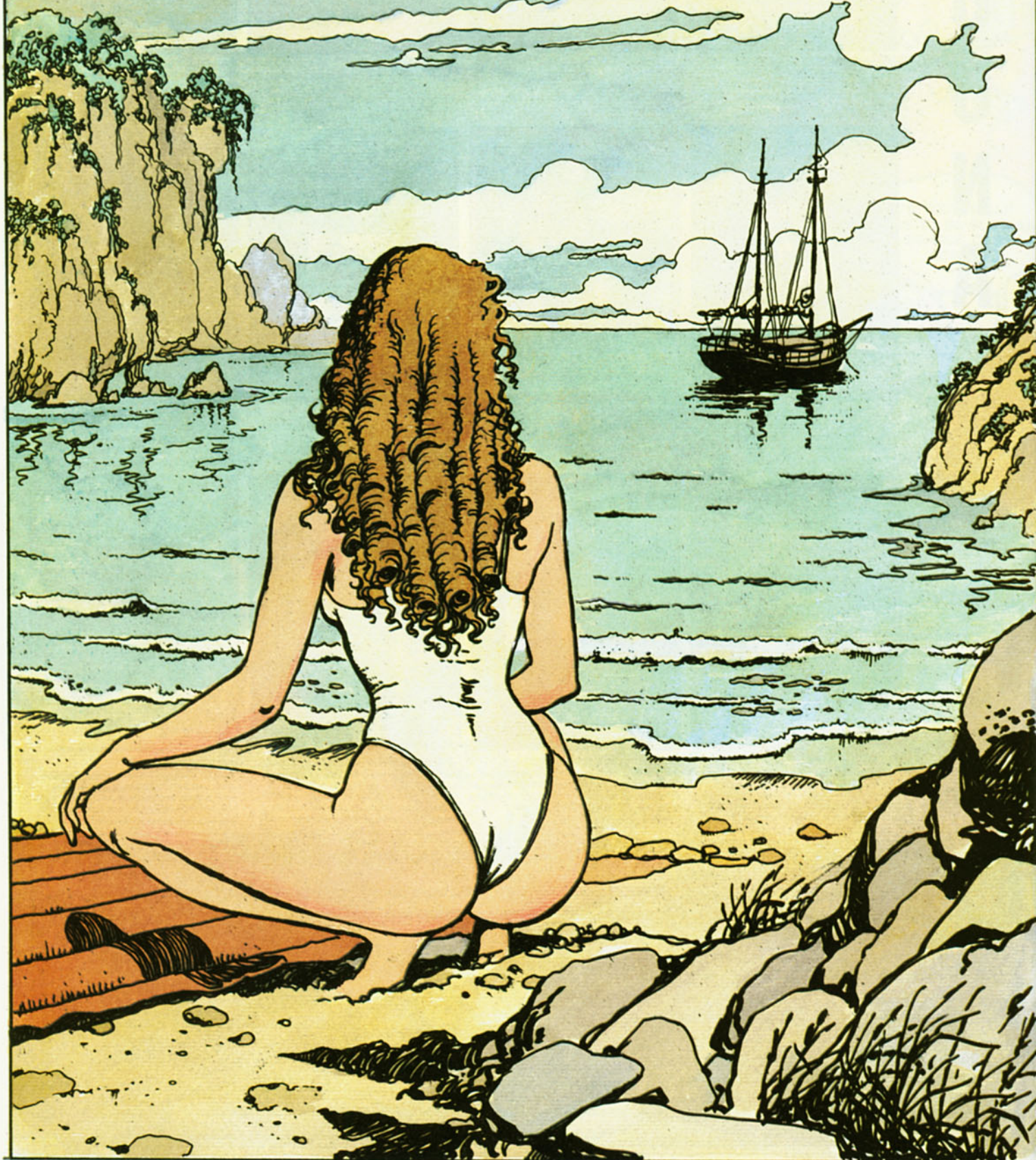
DO YOU REALLY
HAVE TO BE SUCH AN
ASSHOLE, DAD?
SOB!!!

I COULDN'T STAND HIM
ANYMORE! I NEEDED TWO
GRAMS OF HEROIN A DAY
JUST TO KEEP GOING! I
COULDN'T LOVE A
BATTERY-OPERATED DUMMY,
BUT FOR AWHILE THINGS
WERE REAL GOOD!!!

C'MON, LU. DON'T CRY.
YOU'LL MAKE MY BALLS
GO ALL SOFT. LISTEN TO
THIS! I HAVE PLANS FOR
HIM: I'LL HAVE HIM
REBUILT AND
REPROGRAMMED! BUT
NOW I HAVE TO CALL
THE STATES...

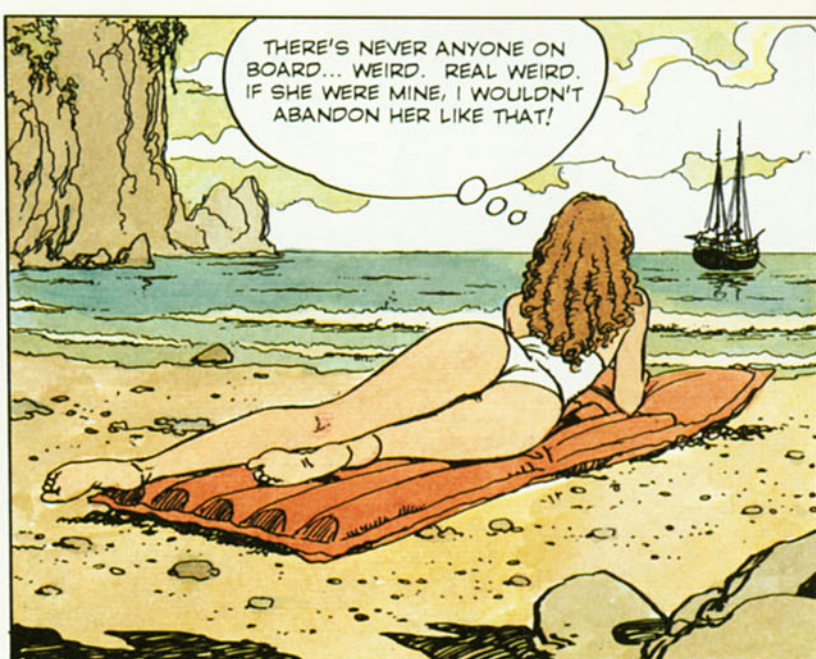
GOOD GOD, LU!
WHAT WAS THAT JERK TRYING TO
PROVE? A COUPLE OF CARS ARE
ON FIRE IN THE DRIVEWAY, AND TWO GUYS
IN THE LOBBY LOOK LIKE THEY'VE BEEN
THROUGH A SHREDDER.

GULLIVERA

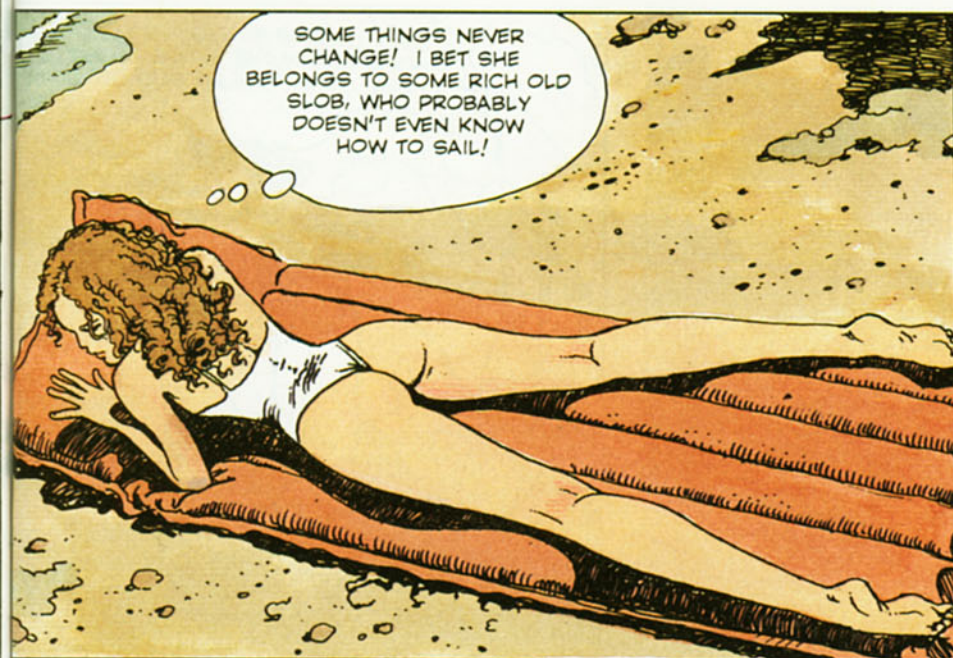




WHAT A STRANGE
SHIP!
SHE'S BEEN
ANCHORED IN
THE BAY FOR
A WEEK!



THERE'S NEVER ANYONE ON
BOARD... WEIRD. REAL WEIRD.
IF SHE WERE MINE, I WOULDN'T
ABANDON HER LIKE THAT!



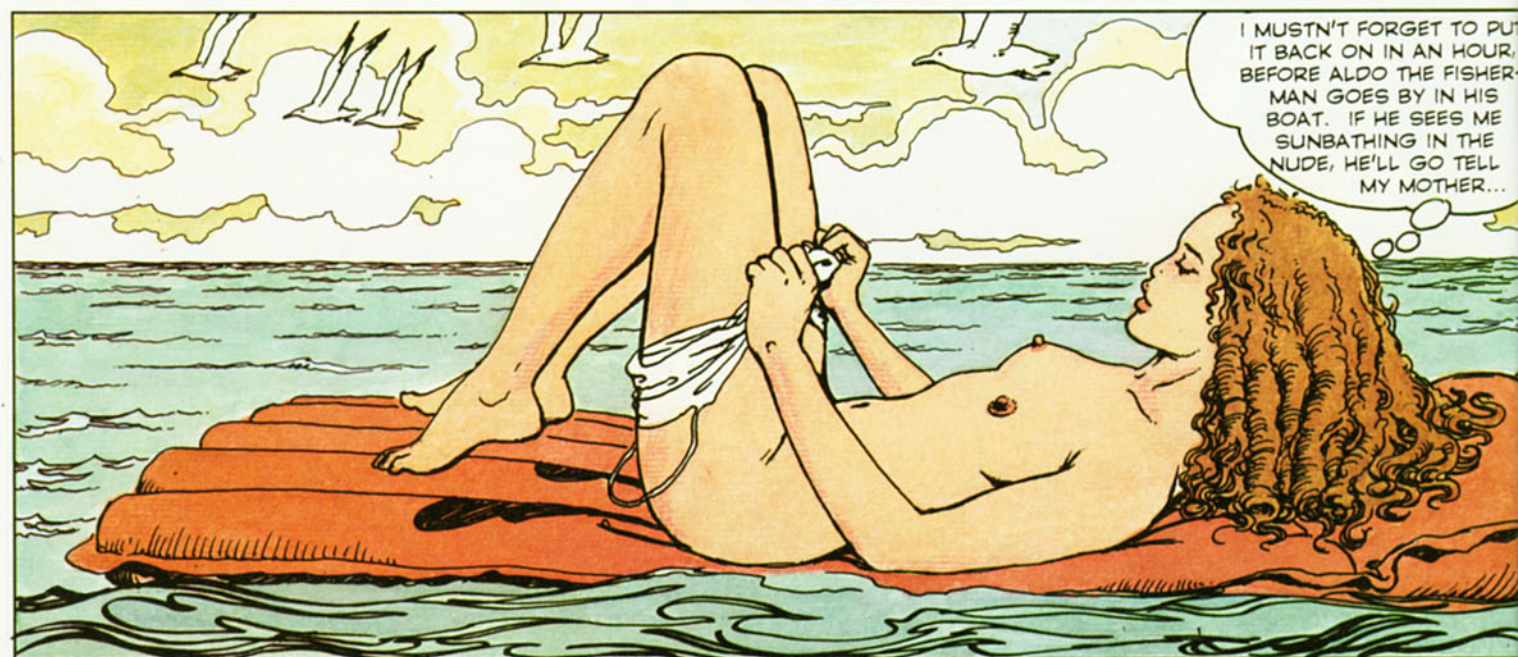
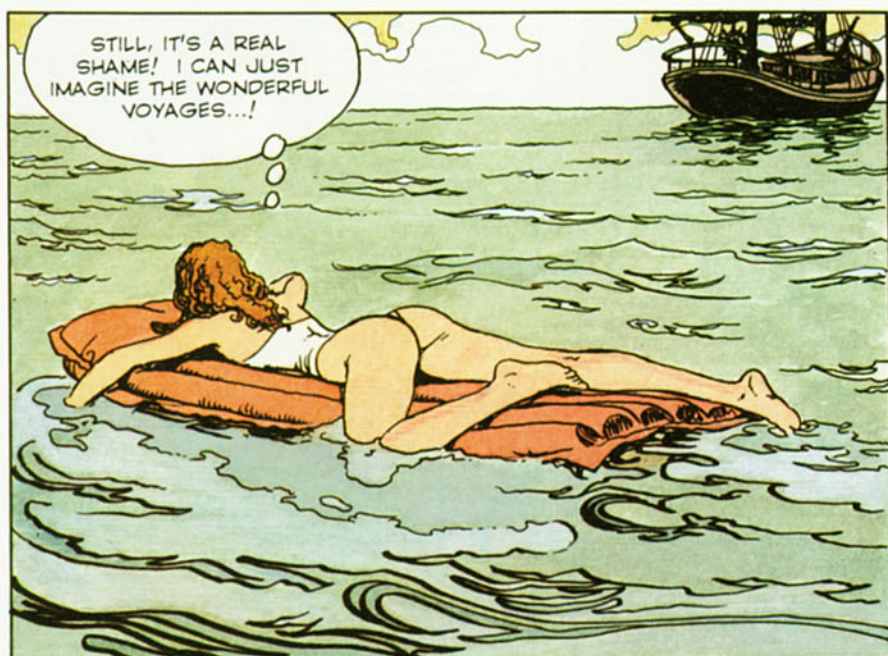
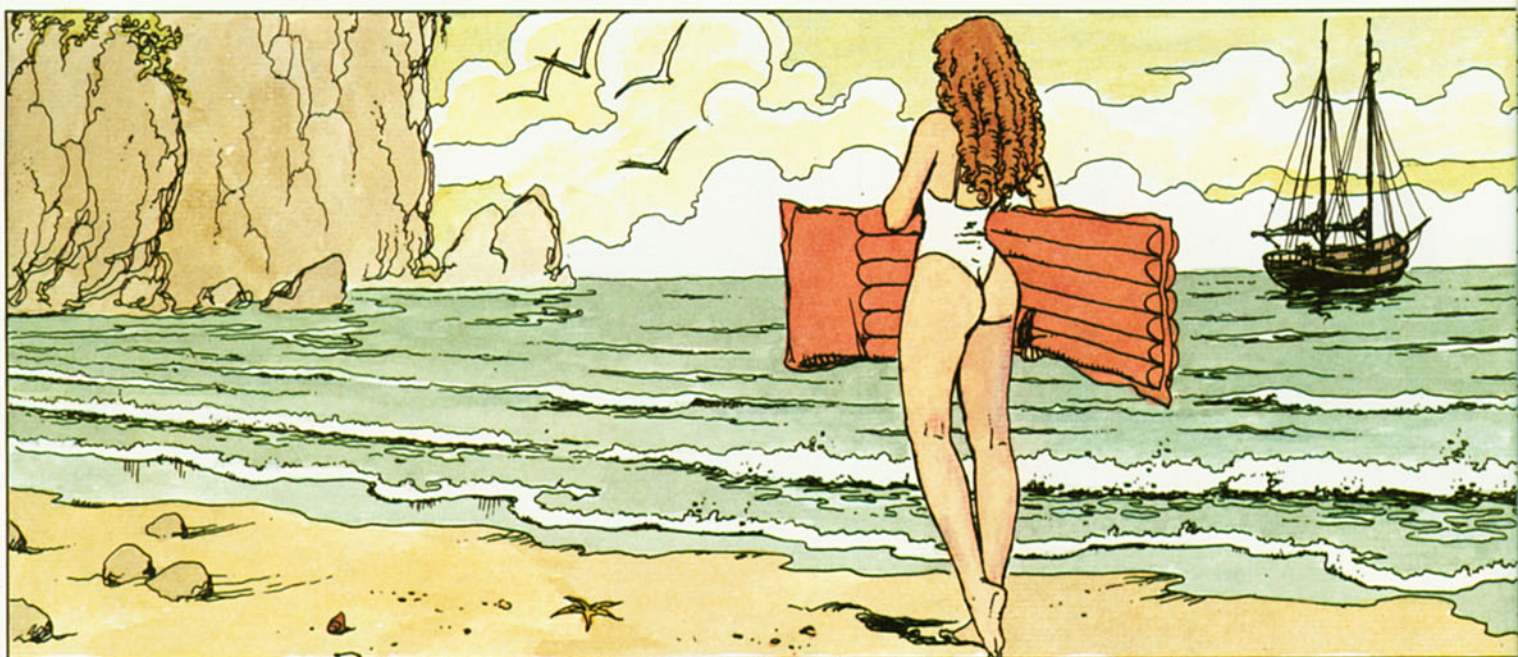
SOME THINGS NEVER
CHANGE! I BET SHE
BELONGS TO SOME RICH OLD
SLOB, WHO PROBABLY
DOESN'T EVEN KNOW
HOW TO SAIL!

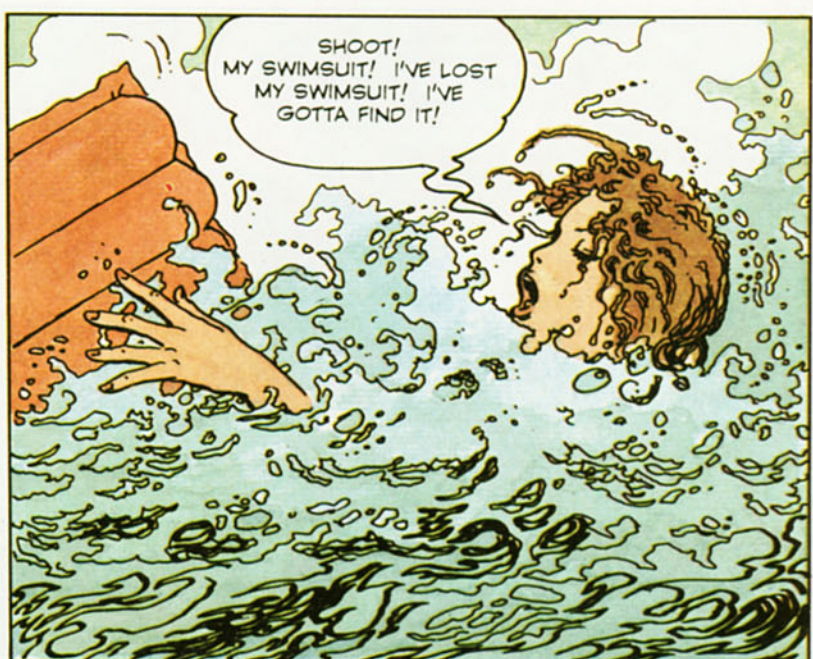
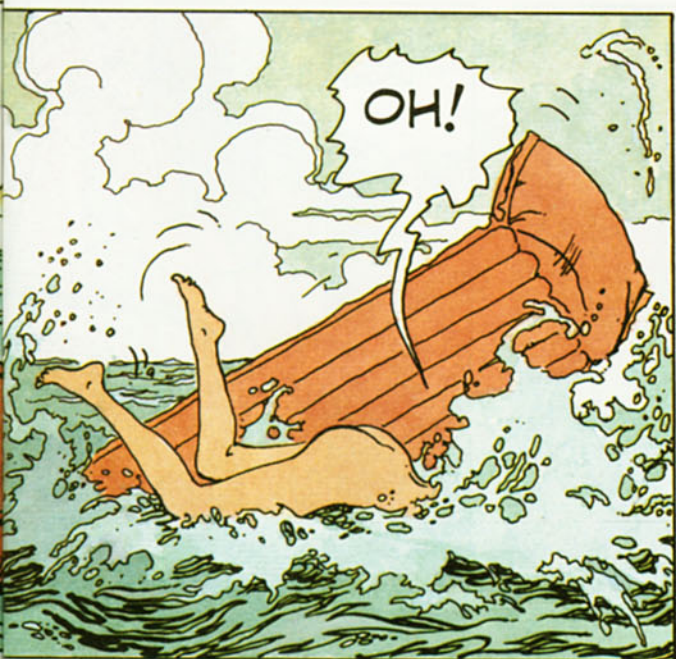
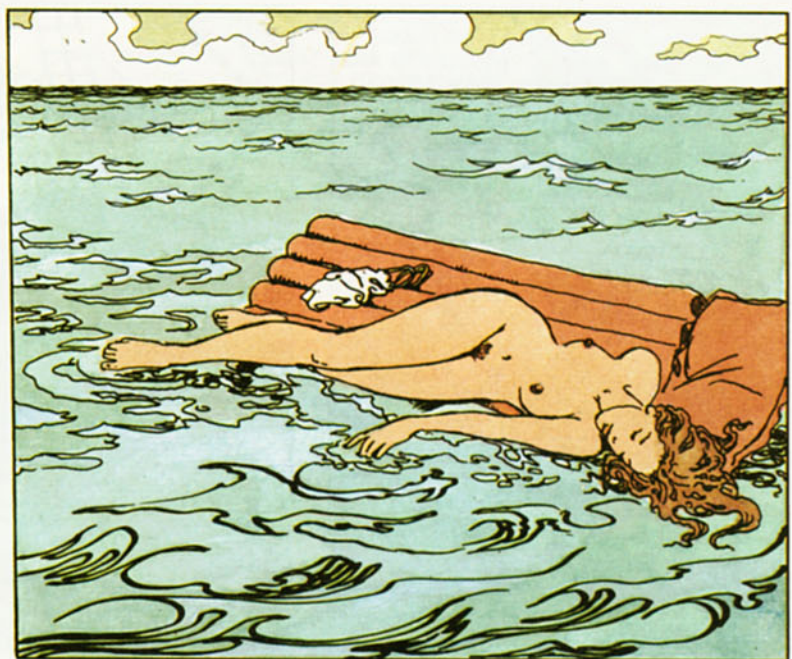
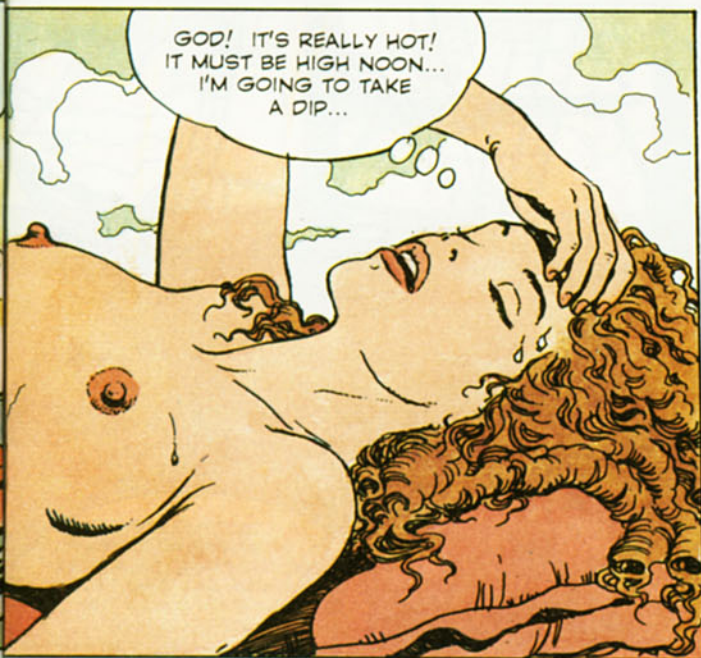
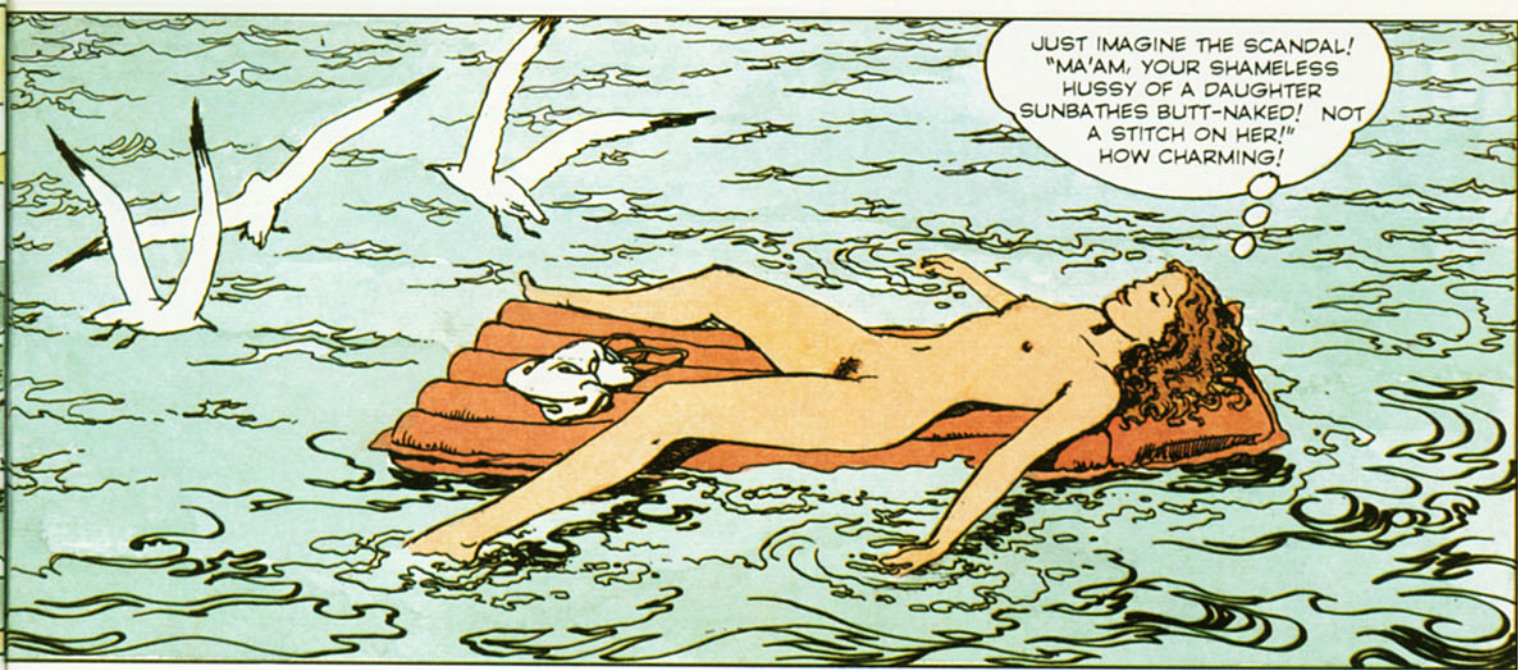


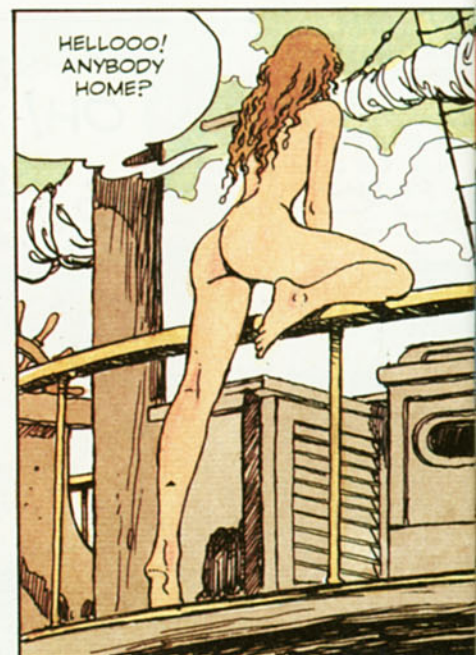
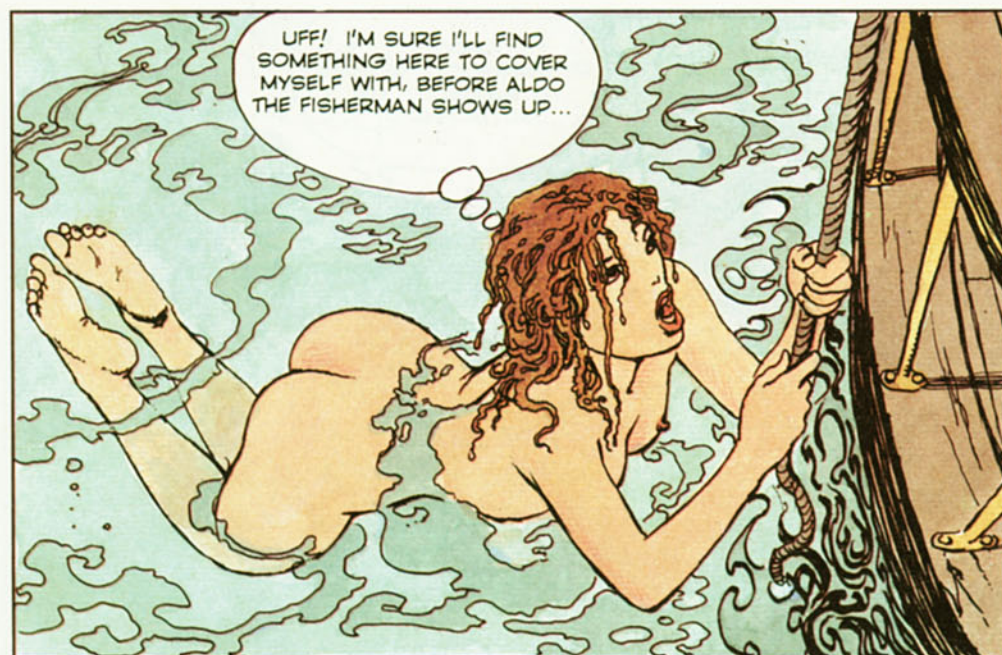
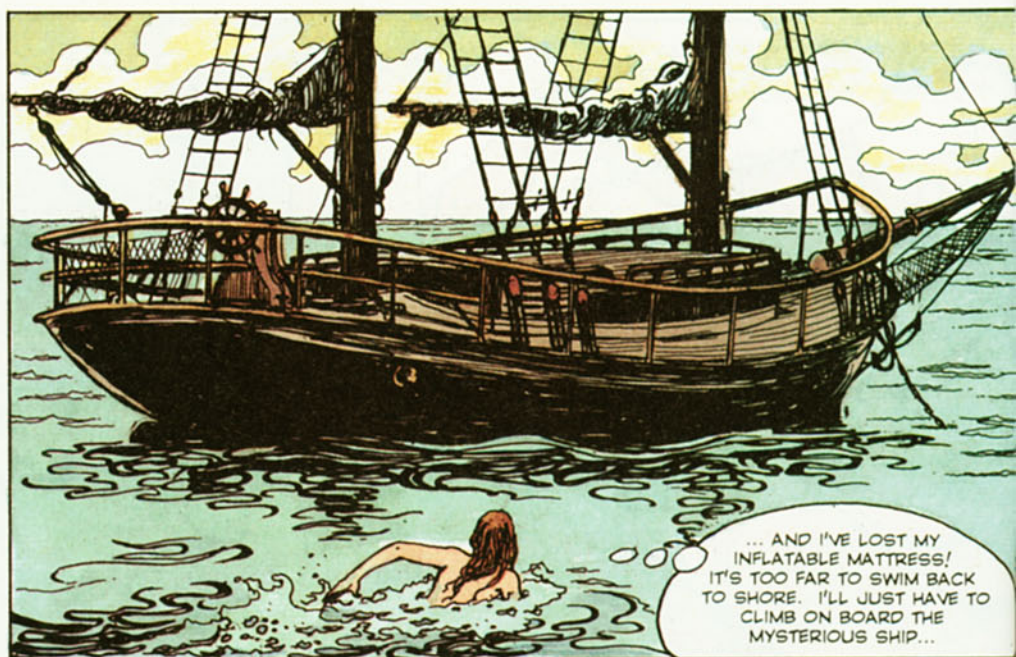
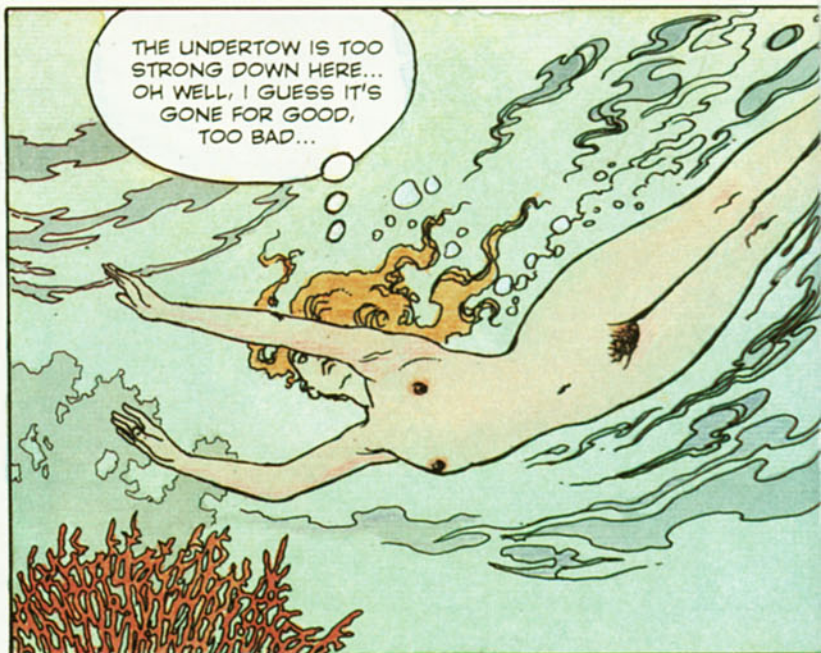
PEOPLE WHO HAVE
EVERYTHING END
UP FORGETTING
HOW TO ENJOY
WHAT THEY HAVE...
NOW, IF THIS
SHIP WERE
MINE...

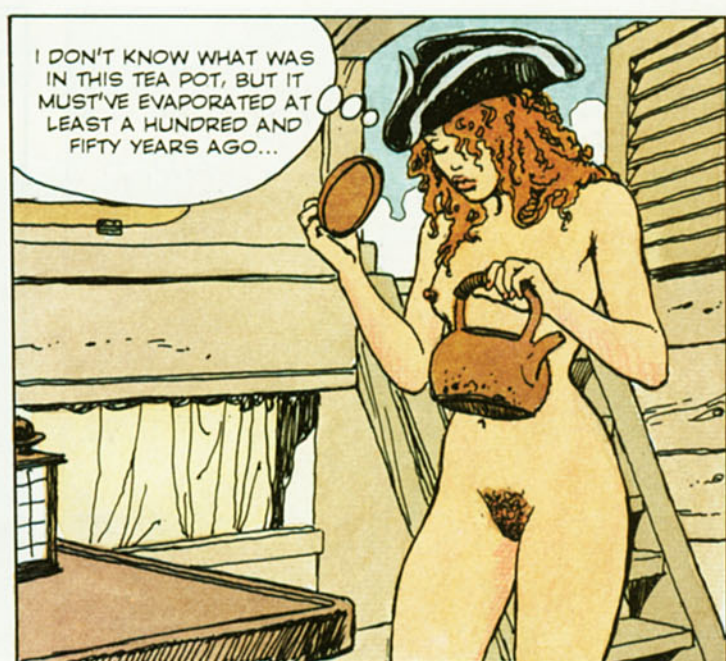
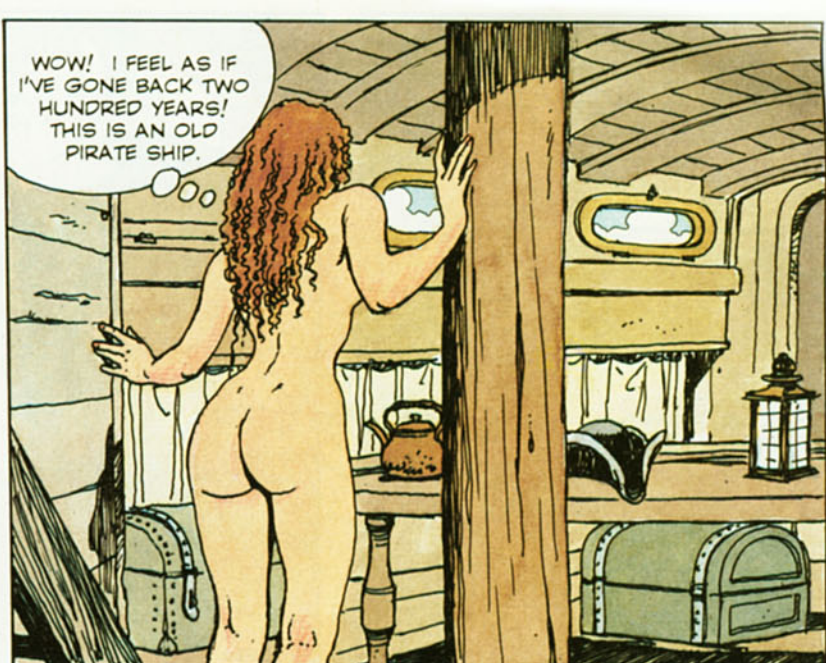
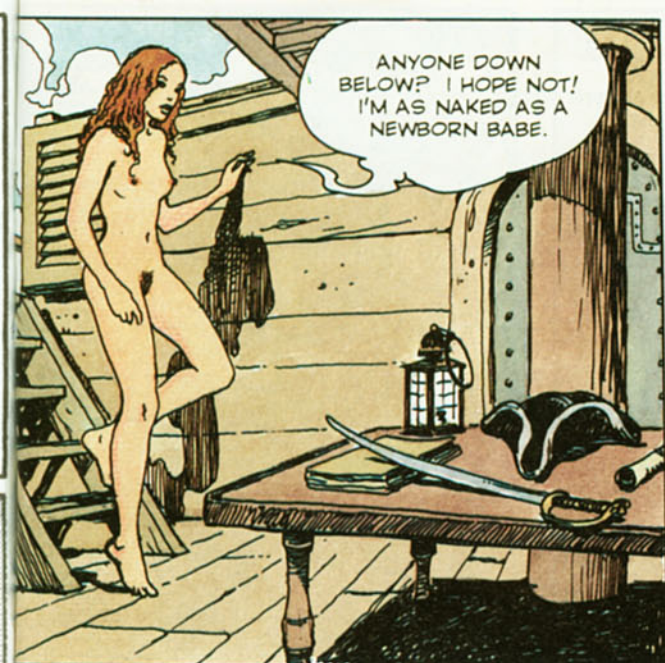


OH, WELL, NO POINT
GETTING ALL WORKED UP.
I'LL TAKE THE INFLATABLE
MATTRESS AND GO WORK
ON MY SUNTAN OUT AT
SEA...











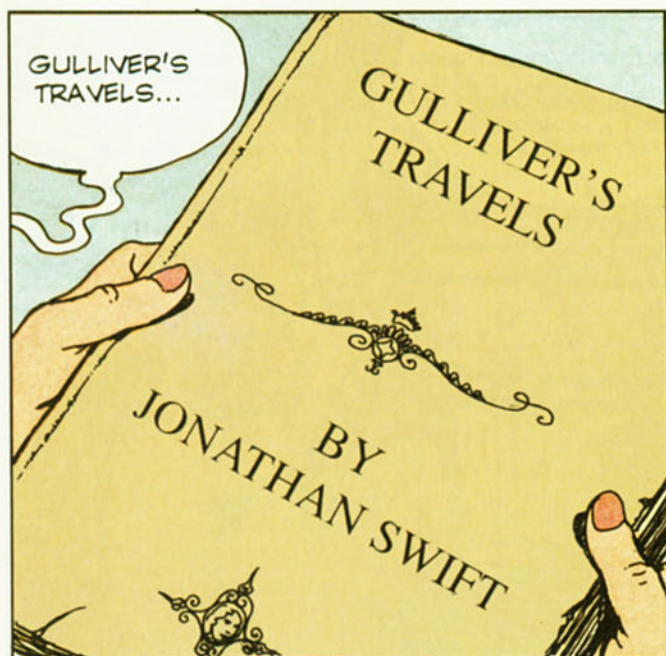
IF I DON'T MOVE AROUND TOO MUCH, ALDO WON'T NOTICE ANYTHING!



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL OLD BOOK! IT MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE...



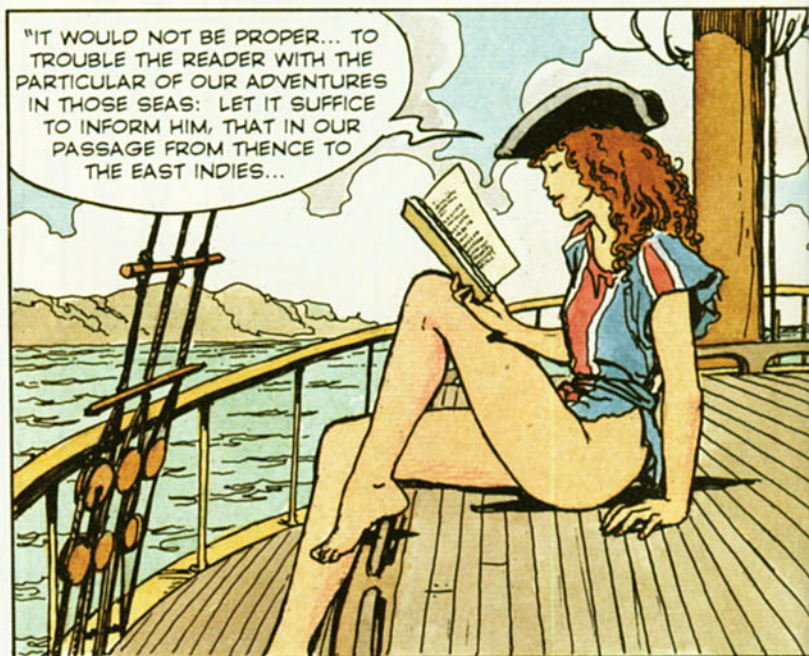
IT'LL HELP ME WHILE AWAY THE TIME UNTIL ALDO TAKES ME BACK TO SHORE.



GULLIVER'S TRAVELS...

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

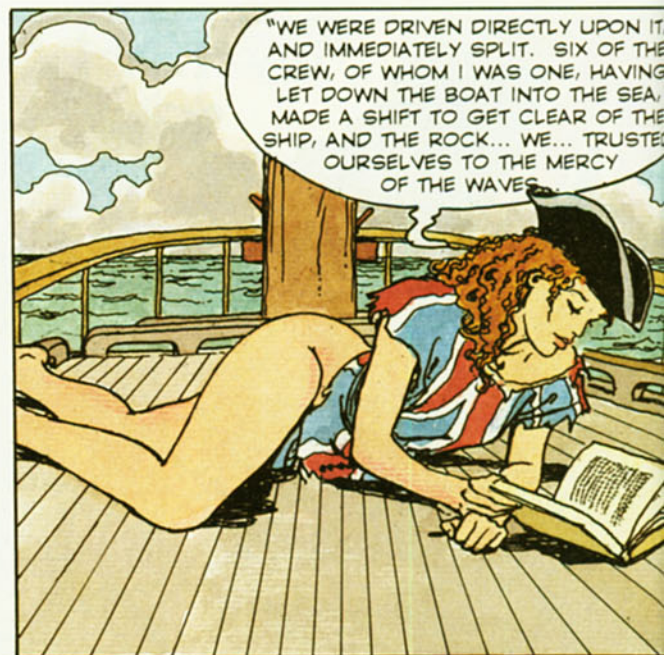
BY JONATHAN SWIFT



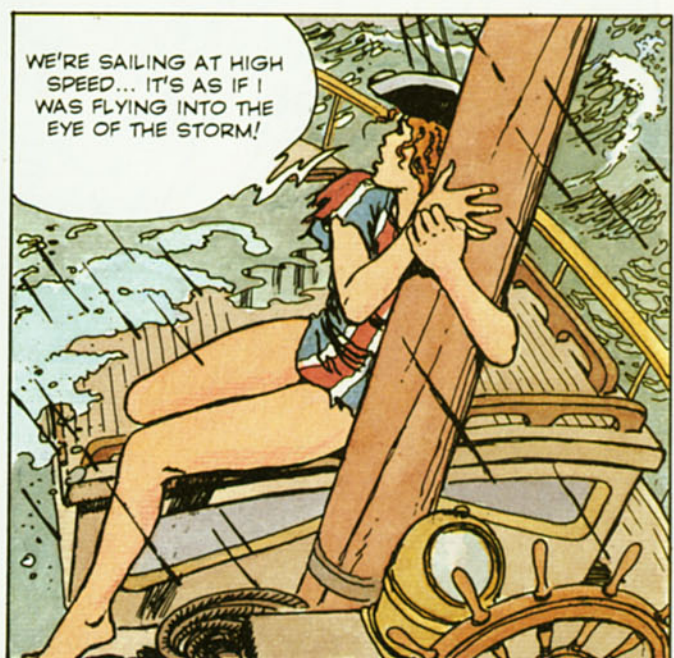
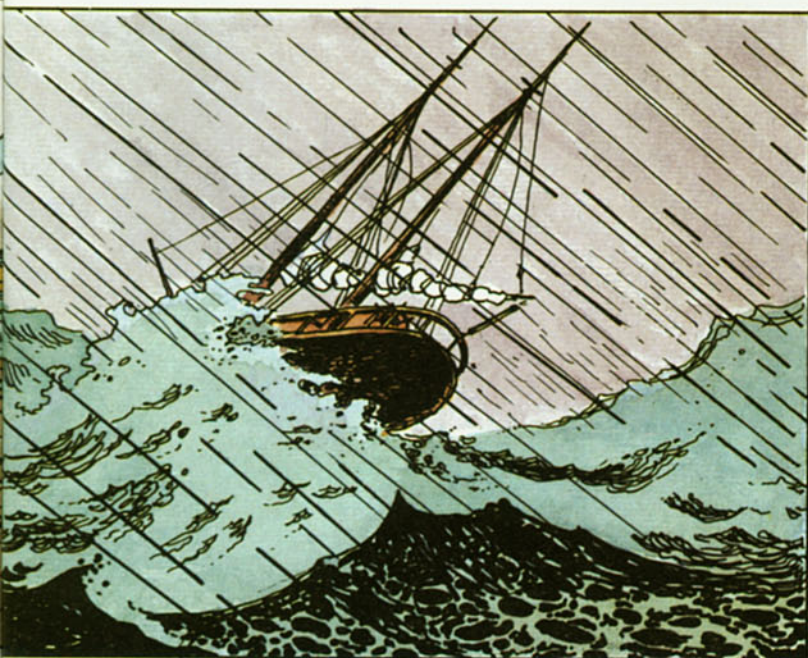
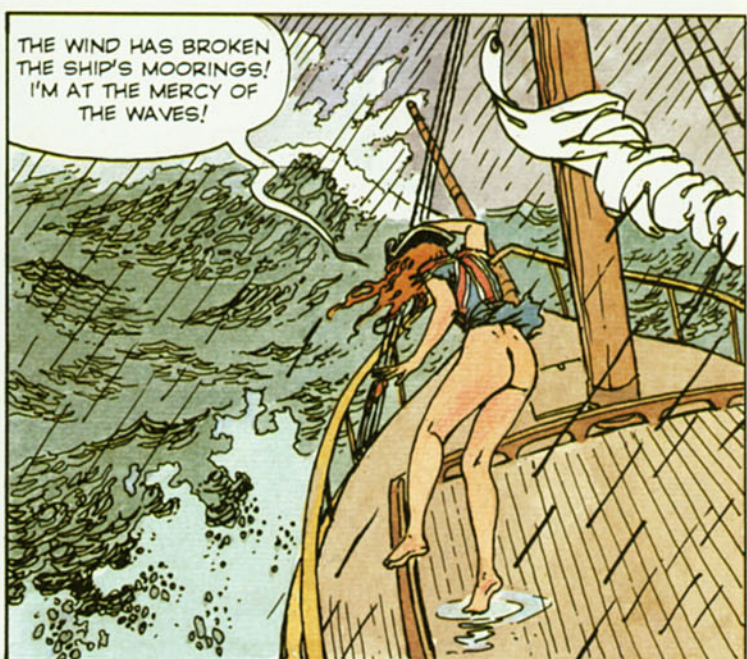
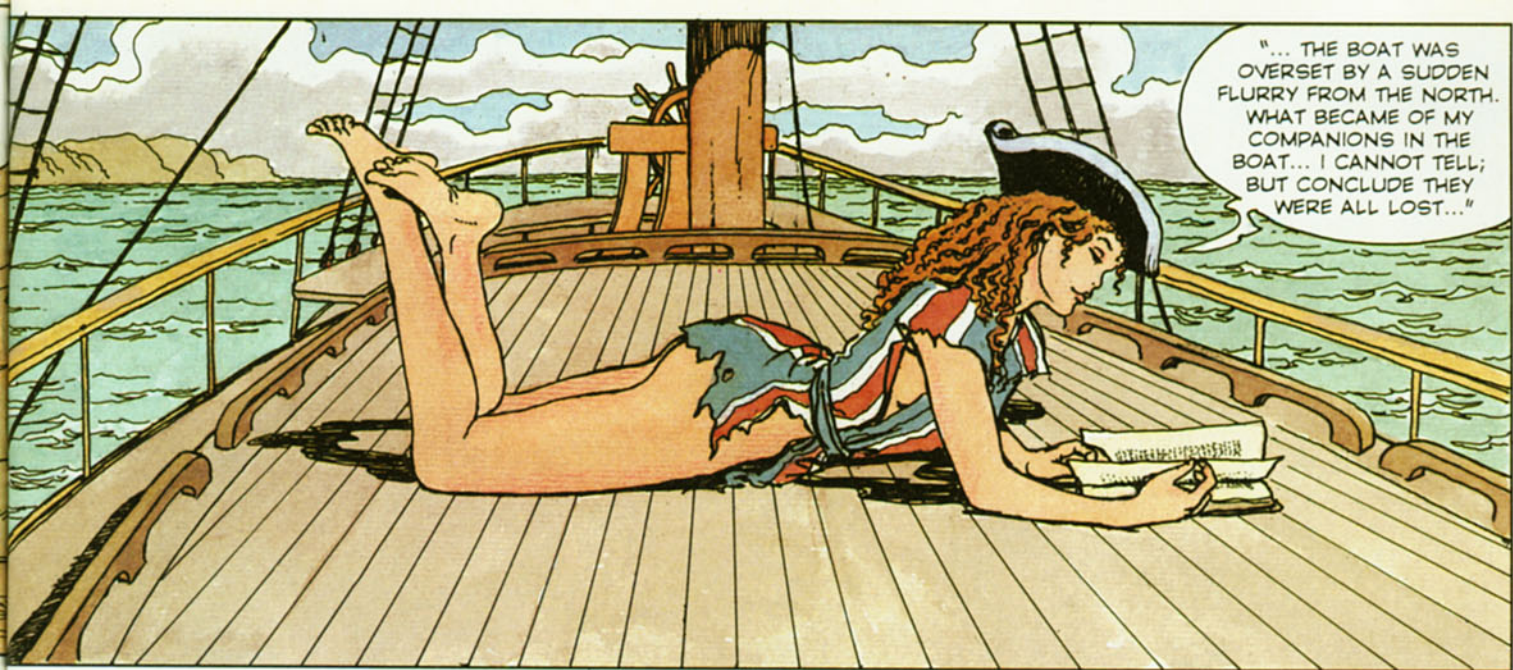
"IT WOULD NOT BE PROPER... TO TROUBLE THE READER WITH THE PARTICULAR OF OUR ADVENTURES IN THOSE SEAS: LET IT SUFFICE TO INFORM HIM, THAT IN OUR PASSAGE FROM THENCE TO THE EAST INDIES...



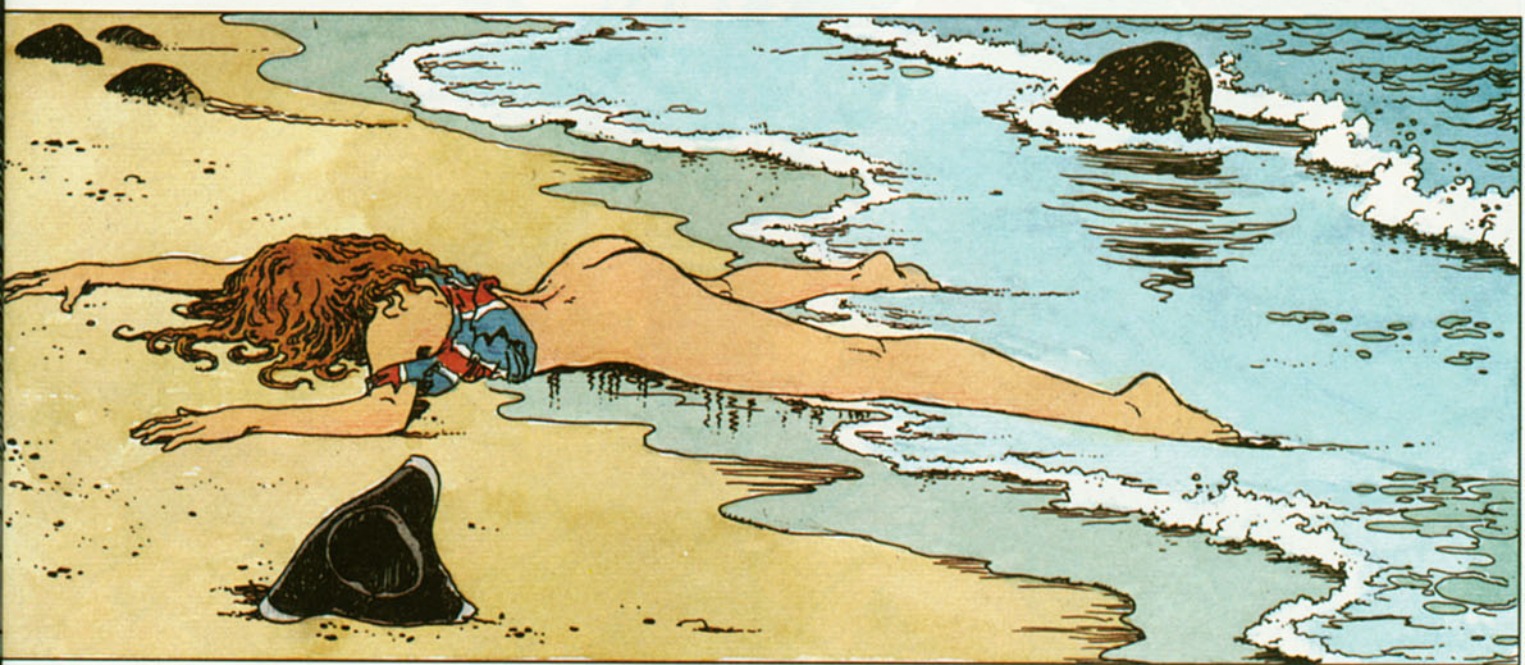
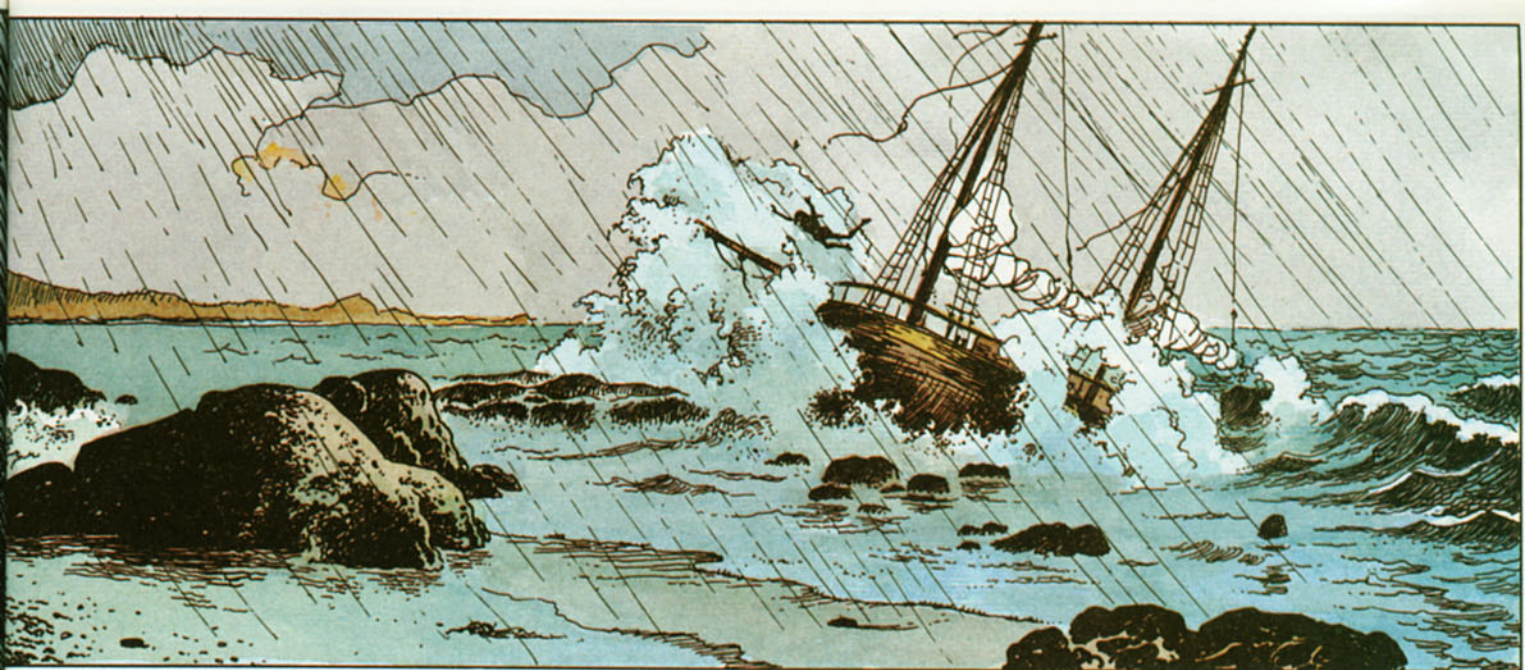
"... WE WERE DRIVEN BY A VIOLENT STORM TO THE NORTH-WEST OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND... ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER... THE WEATHER BEING VERY HAZY, THE SEAMEN SPIED A ROCK...



"WE WERE DRIVEN DIRECTLY UPON IT, AND IMMEDIATELY SPLIT. SIX OF THE CREW, OF WHOM I WAS ONE, HAVING LET DOWN THE BOAT INTO THE SEA, MADE A SHIFT TO GET CLEAR OF THE SHIP, AND THE ROCK... WE... TRUSTED OURSELVES TO THE MERCY OF THE WAVES.



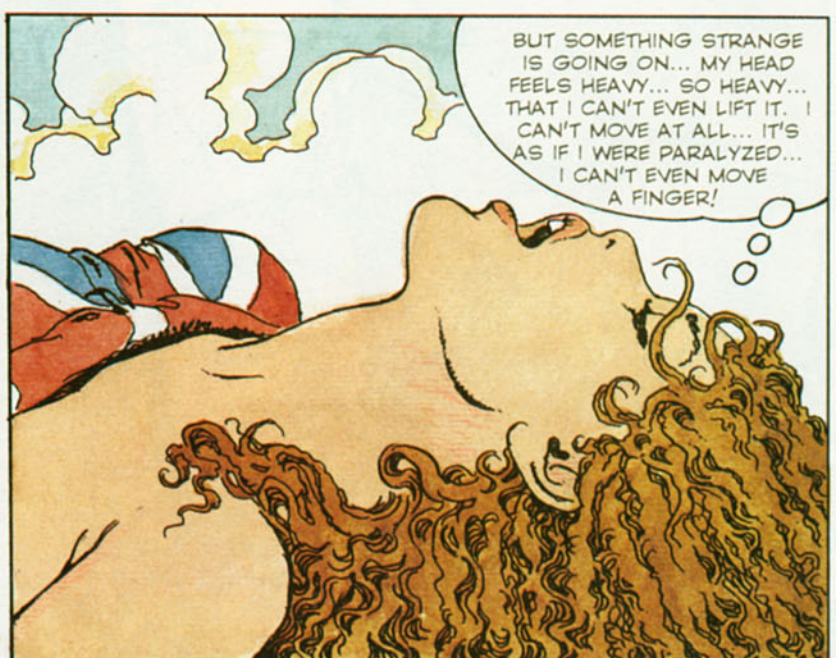





A FEW HOURS LATER...



MMMMHH...
I'M STILL
ALIVE... I CAN
FELL THE HOT
SUN ON MY
BODY... AND THE
FINE SAND
BETWEEN MY
FINGERS...

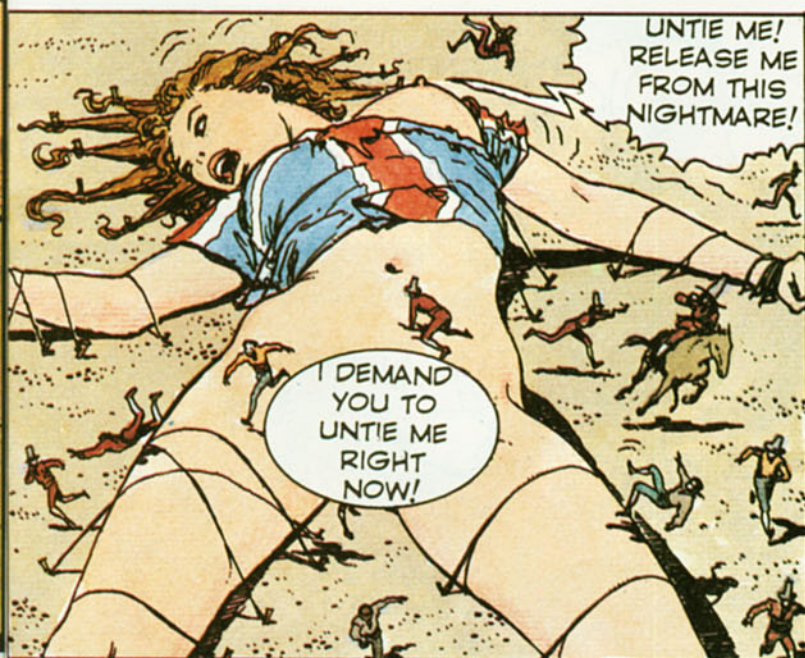
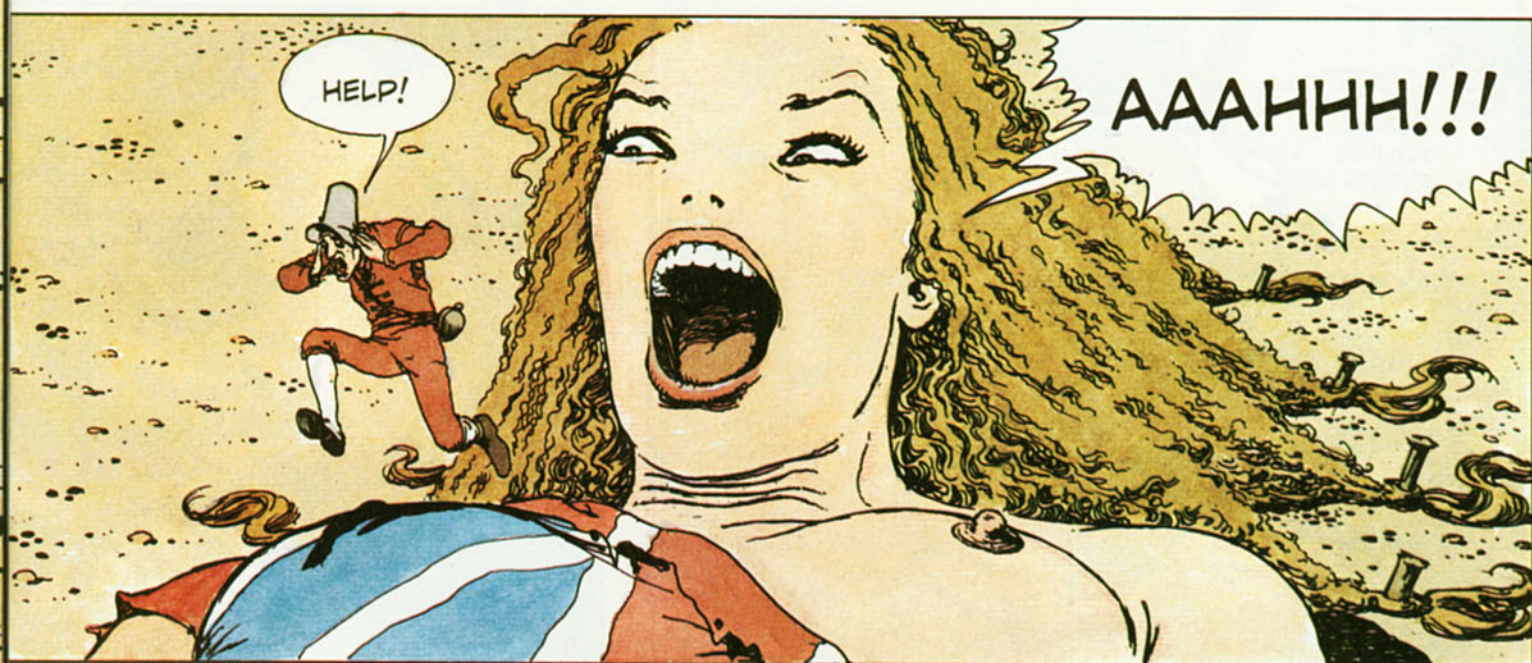
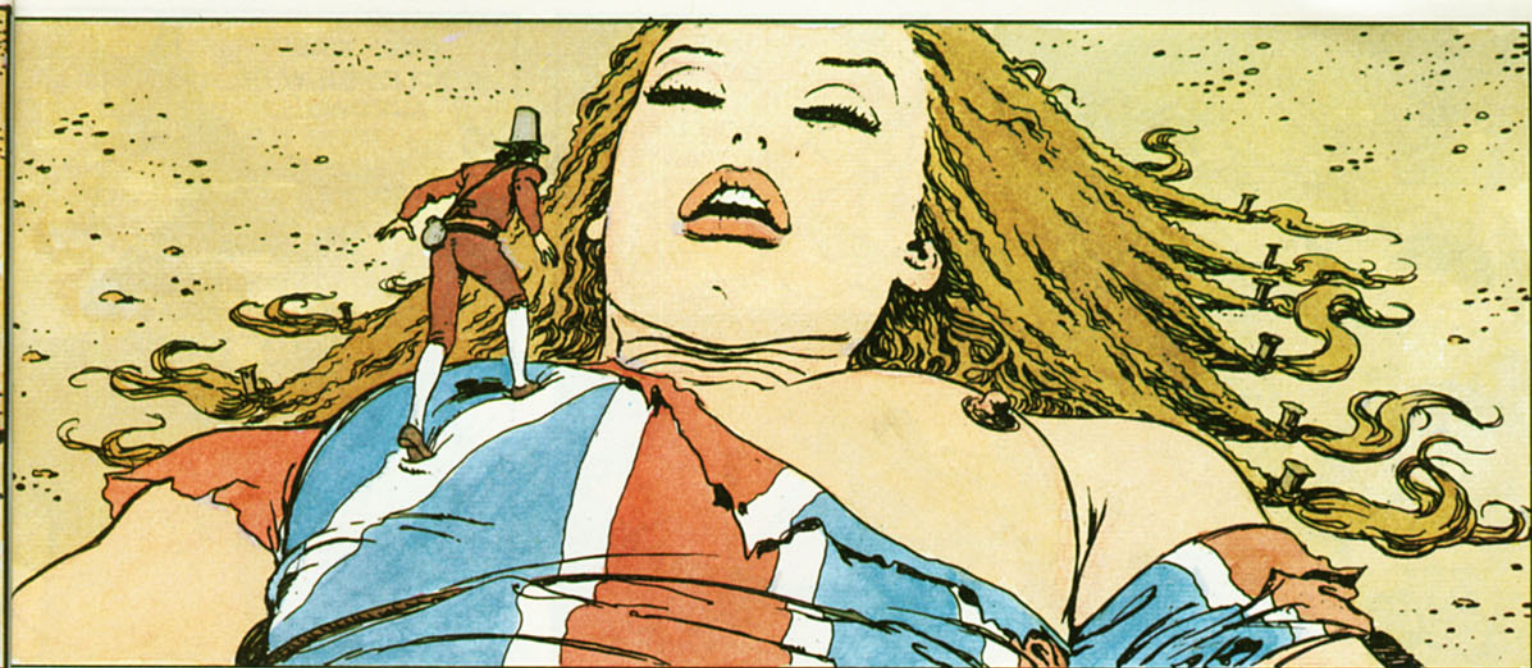


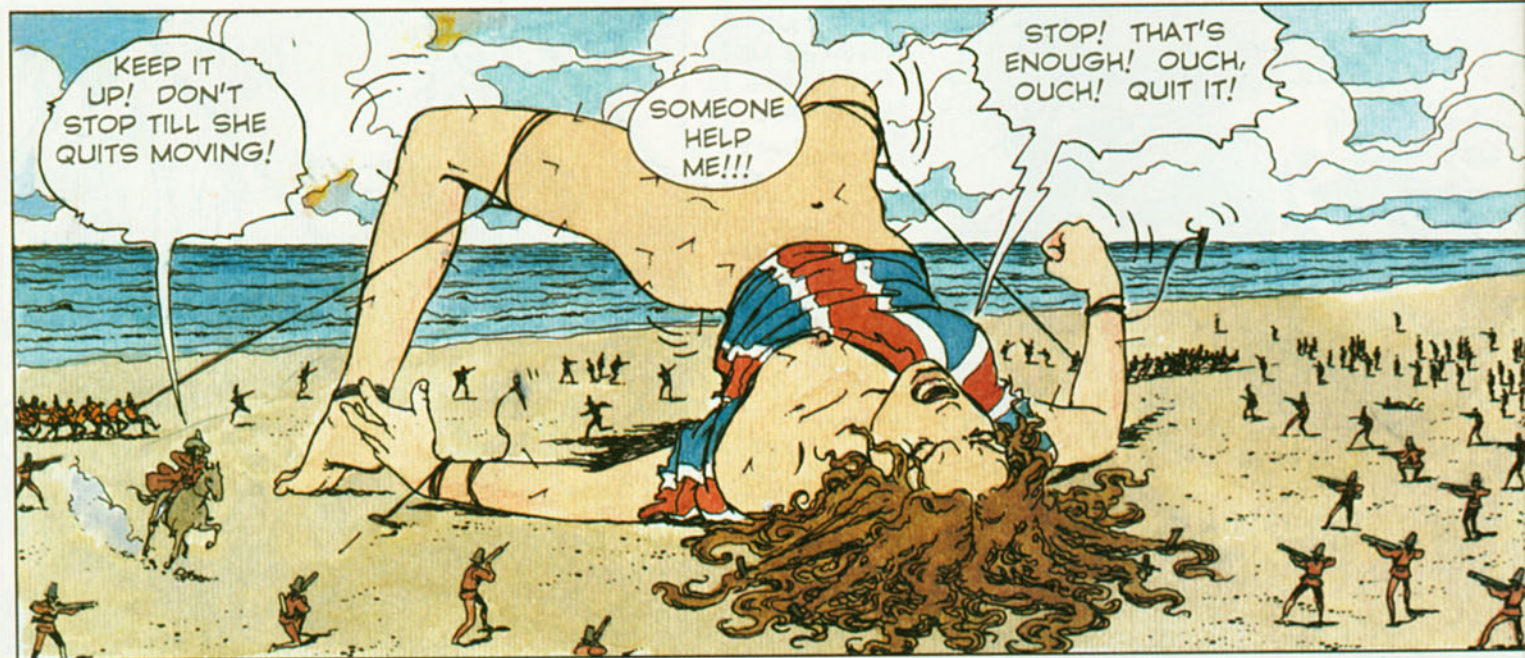
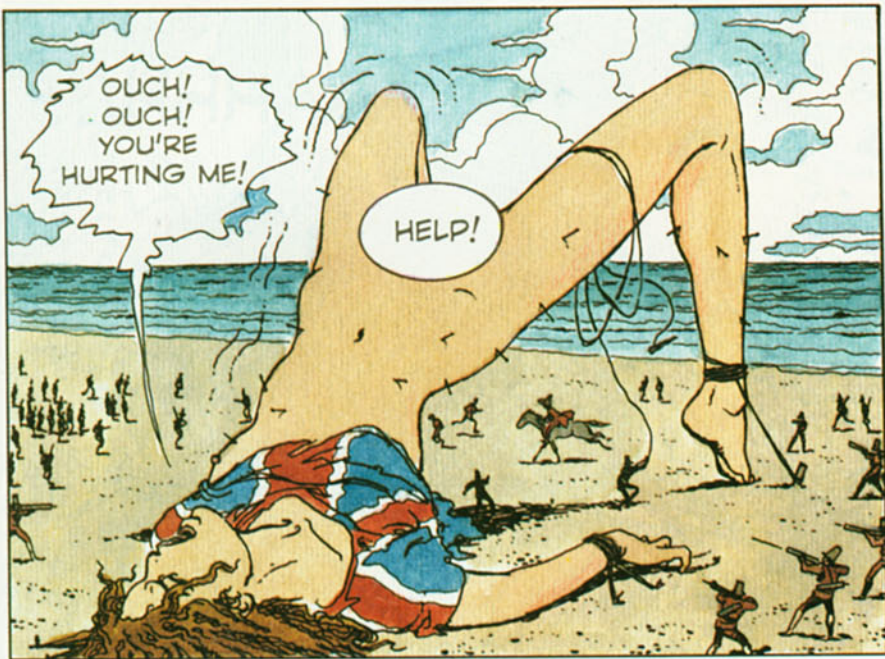
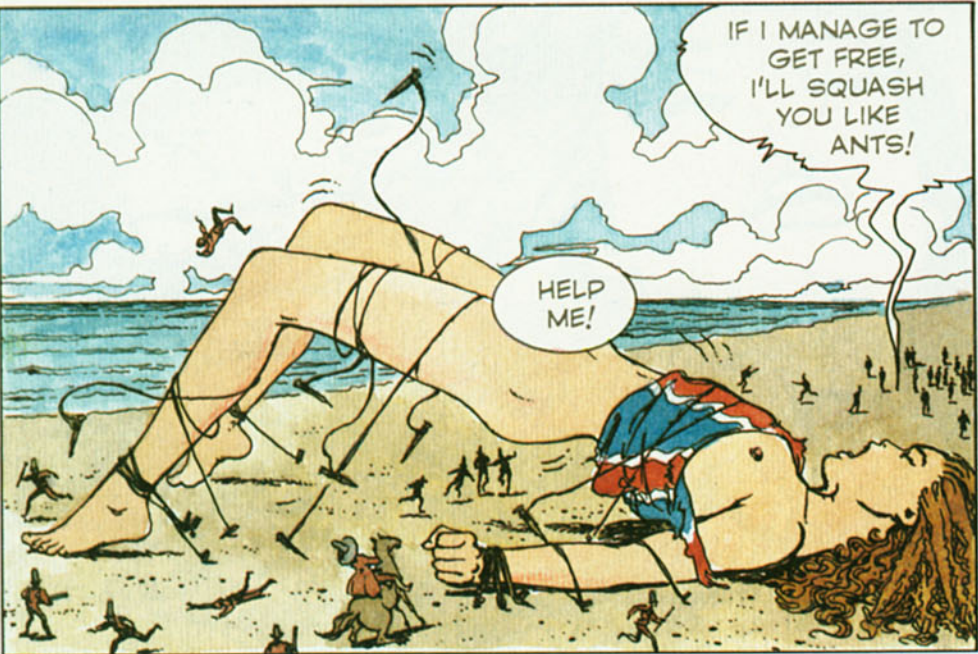
BUT SOMETHING STRANGE
IS GOING ON... MY HEAD
FEELS HEAVY... SO HEAVY...
THAT I CAN'T EVEN LIFT IT. I
CAN'T MOVE AT ALL... IT'S
AS IF I WERE PARALYZED...
I CAN'T EVEN MOVE
A FINGER!

A surreal comic book illustration. A woman with long, flowing blonde hair lies on her back on a sandy beach. She is wearing a blue and white striped swimsuit with a red collar. Her arms and legs are bound with thick, dark ropes. She has a pained expression. The beach is populated by numerous soldiers in red uniforms and tall, pointed hats, some on horseback and some on foot. They are using long poles and ropes to restrain the woman. In the background, there are palm trees and a clear sky. In the foreground, a large, pale, fleshy leg of the woman is visible, with a speech bubble coming from it. The overall scene is one of a public spectacle or a military exercise gone awry.

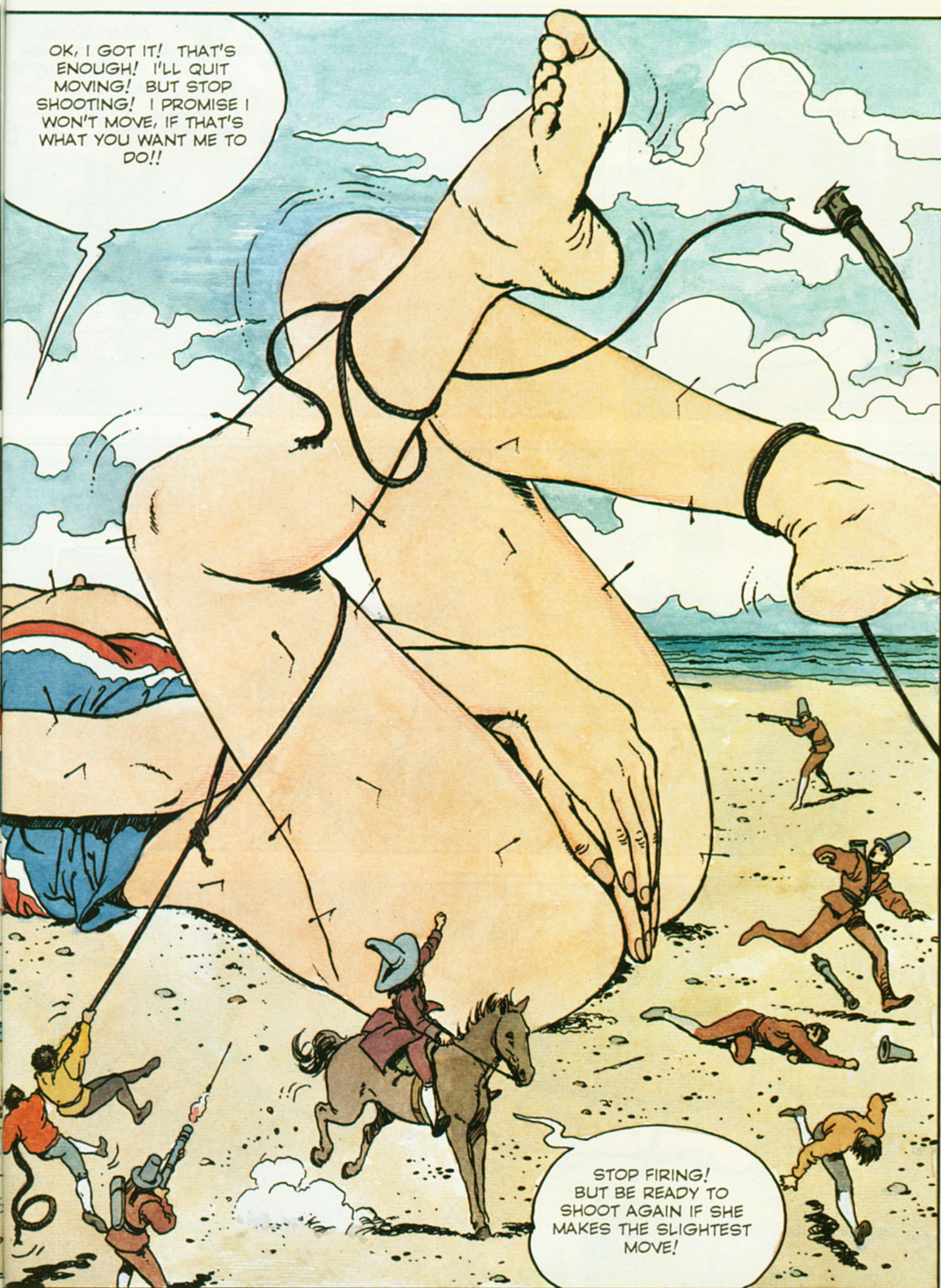
I CAN FEEL SOMETHING
CLAMBERING OVER MY
LEGS... CRABS,
MAYBE...

I'M AFRAID TO
FIND OUT
WHAT IT IS...





OK, I GOT IT! THAT'S
ENOUGH! I'LL QUIT
MOVING! BUT STOP
SHOOTING! I PROMISE I
WON'T MOVE, IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU WANT ME TO
DO!!



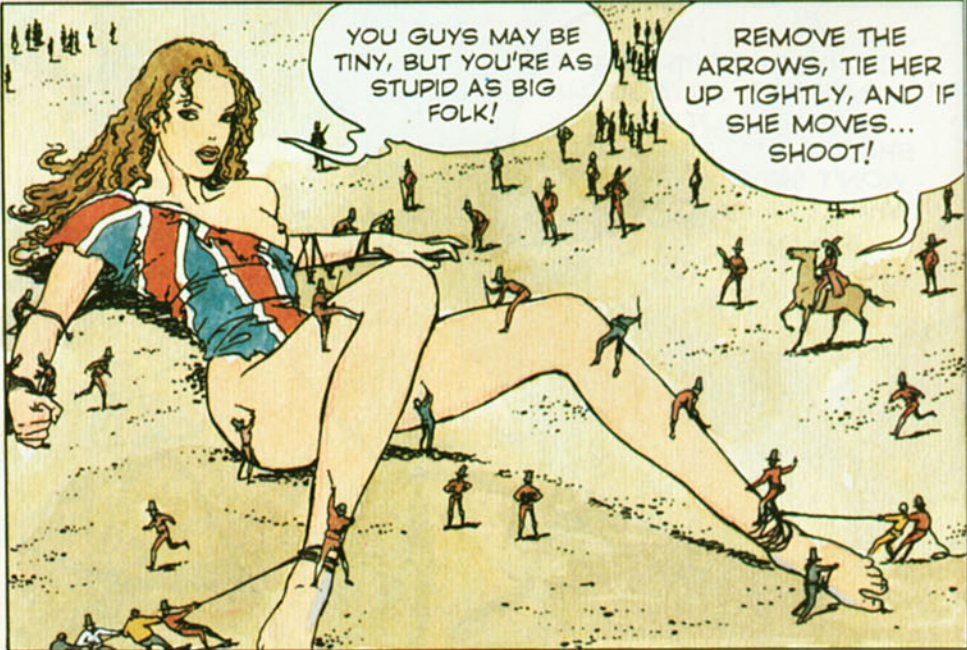
STOP FIRING!
BUT BE READY TO
SHOOT AGAIN IF SHE
MAKES THE SLIGHTEST
MOVE!

HURRY UP AND REMOVE
THOSE HORRID NEEDLES!
DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU
COULD'VE BLINDED ME?!
REMOVE THEM RIGHT
AWAY!

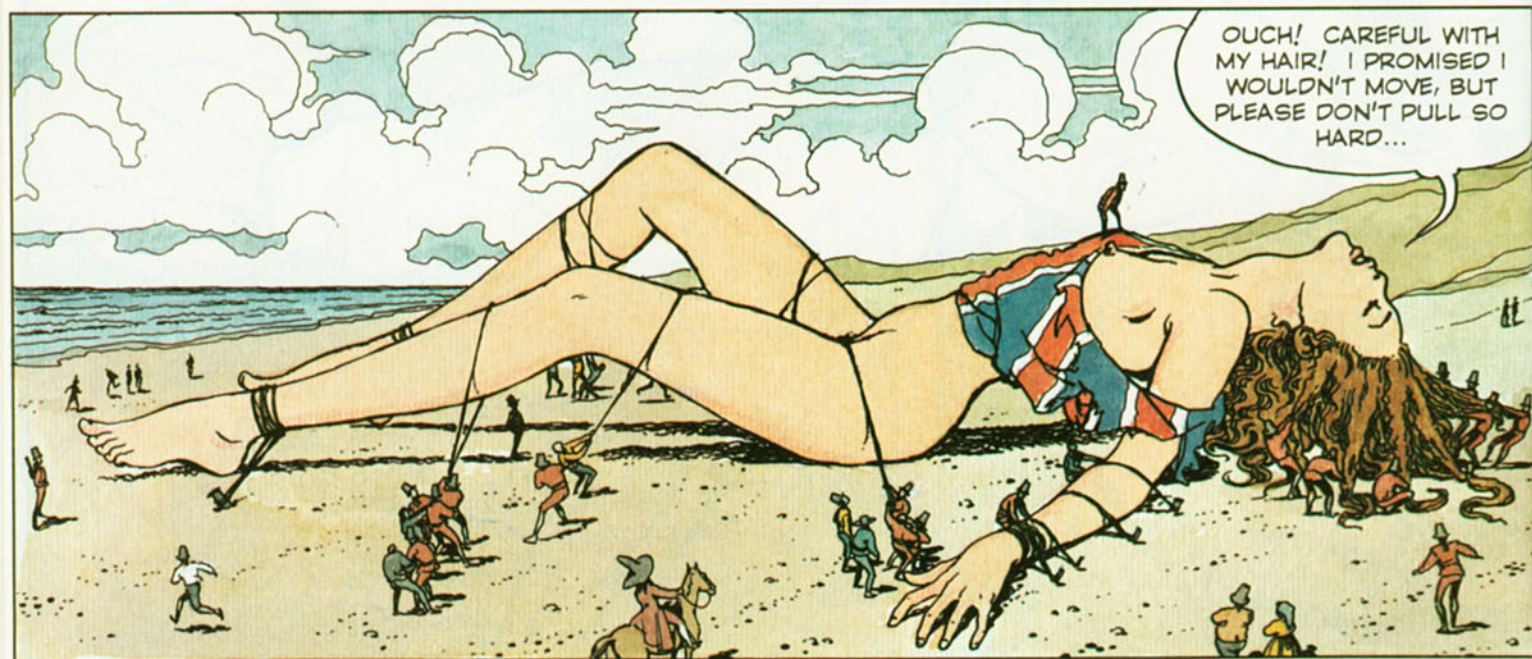


YOU GUYS MAY BE
TINY, BUT YOU'RE AS
STUPID AS BIG
FOLK!

REMOVE THE
ARROWS, TIE HER
UP TIGHTLY, AND IF
SHE MOVES...
SHOOT!

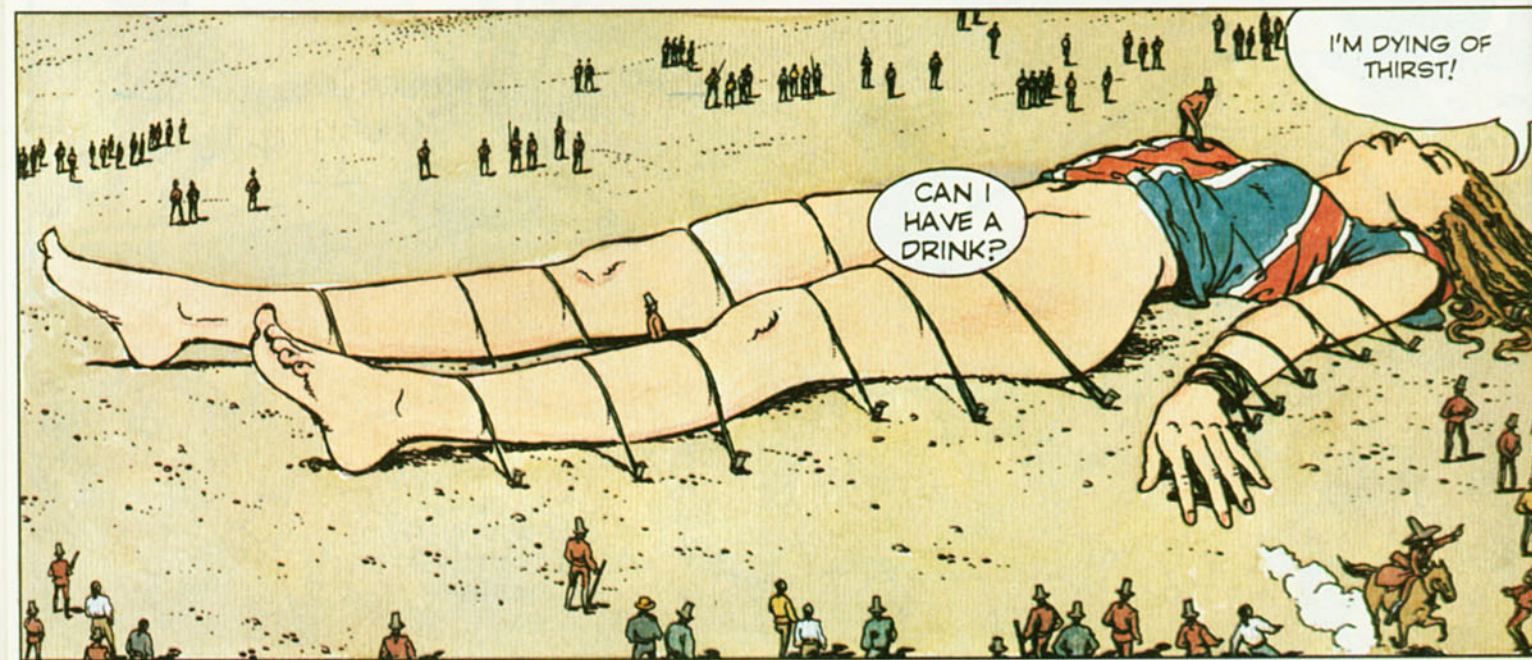


OUCH! CAREFUL WITH
MY HAIR! I PROMISED I
WOULDN'T MOVE, BUT
PLEASE DON'T PULL SO
HARD...



I'M DYING OF
THIRST!

CAN I
HAVE A
DRINK?



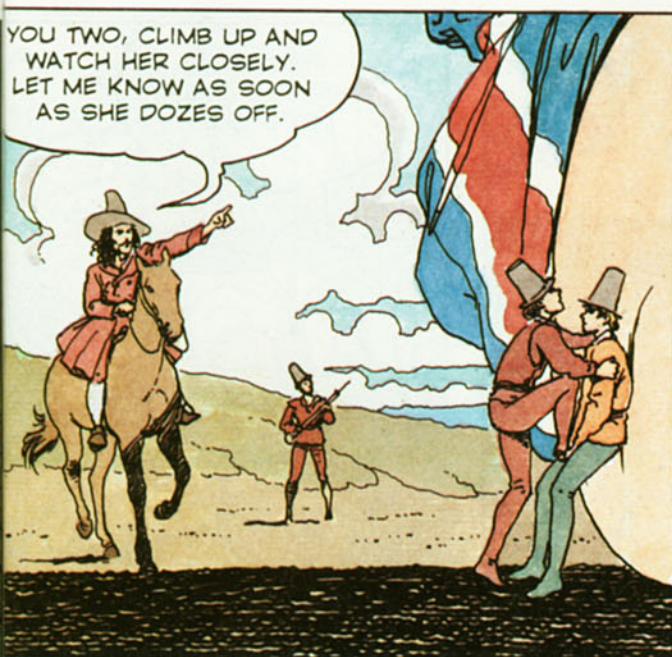
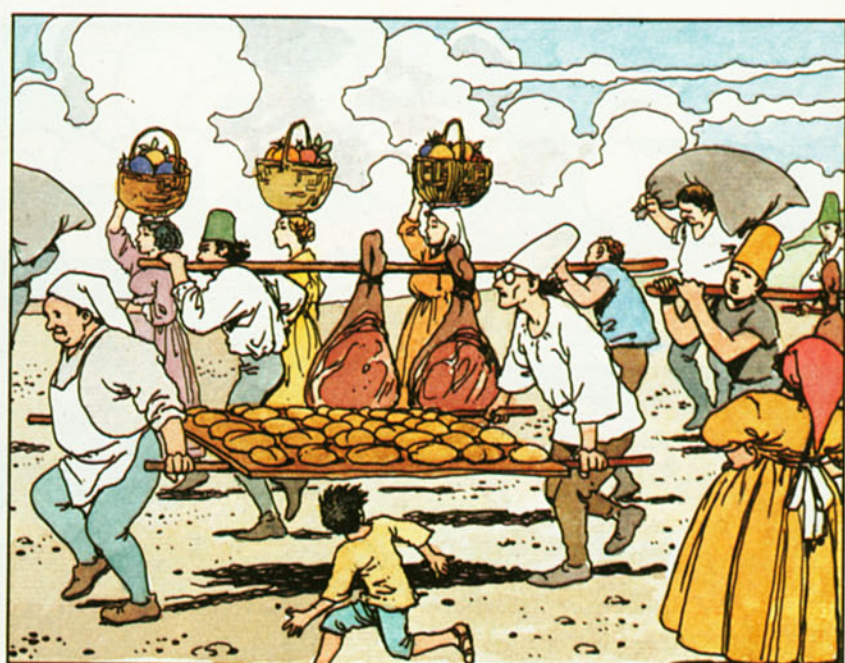


C'MON! DON'T LOSE HEART! ROLL THE BARRELS OVER THIS WAY! THE GIANT IS THIRSTY!



DID YOU MIX ENOUGH SLEEPING POTION IN WITH THE WINE?

THERE'S MORE SLEEPING POTION IN THERE THAN WINE, MY LORD!



YOU TWO, CLIMB UP AND WATCH HER CLOSELY. LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS SHE DOZES OFF.

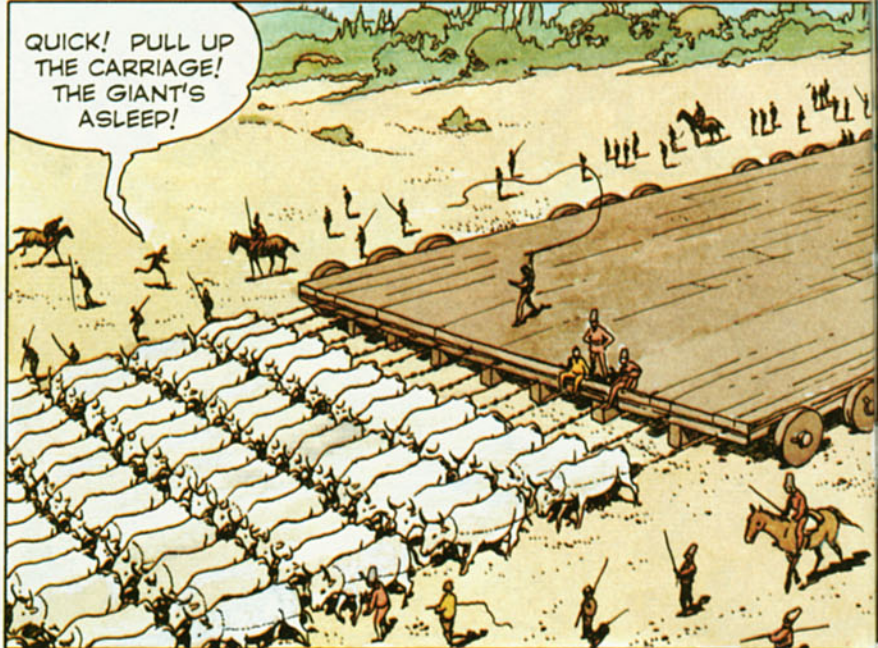


MMMMHHH...
MMMMHHH...

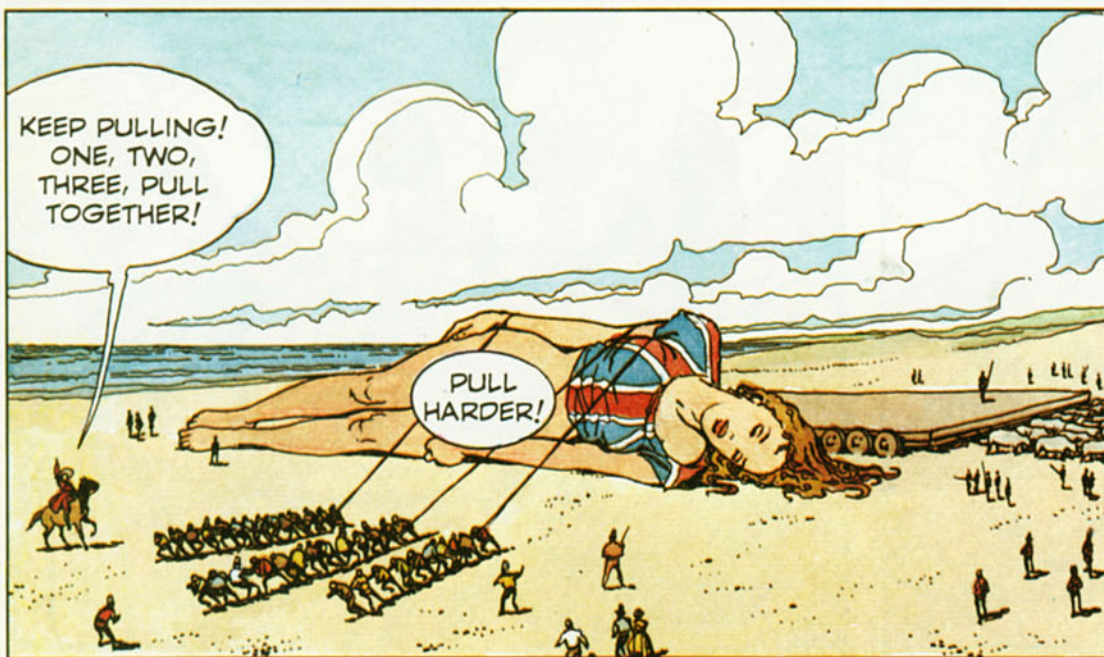
SHE'S SLEEPING LIKE
A THOUSAND LOGS,
SIR!



QUICK! PULL UP
THE CARRIAGE!
THE GIANT'S
ASLEEP!



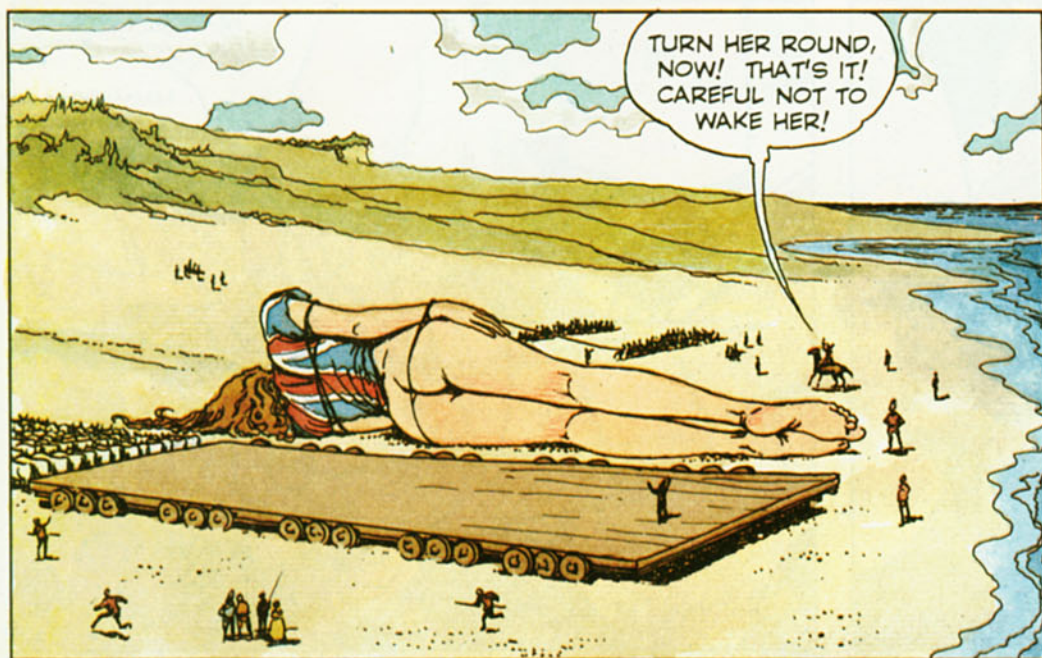
KEEP PULLING!
ONE, TWO,
THREE, PULL
TOGETHER!



PULL
HARDER!

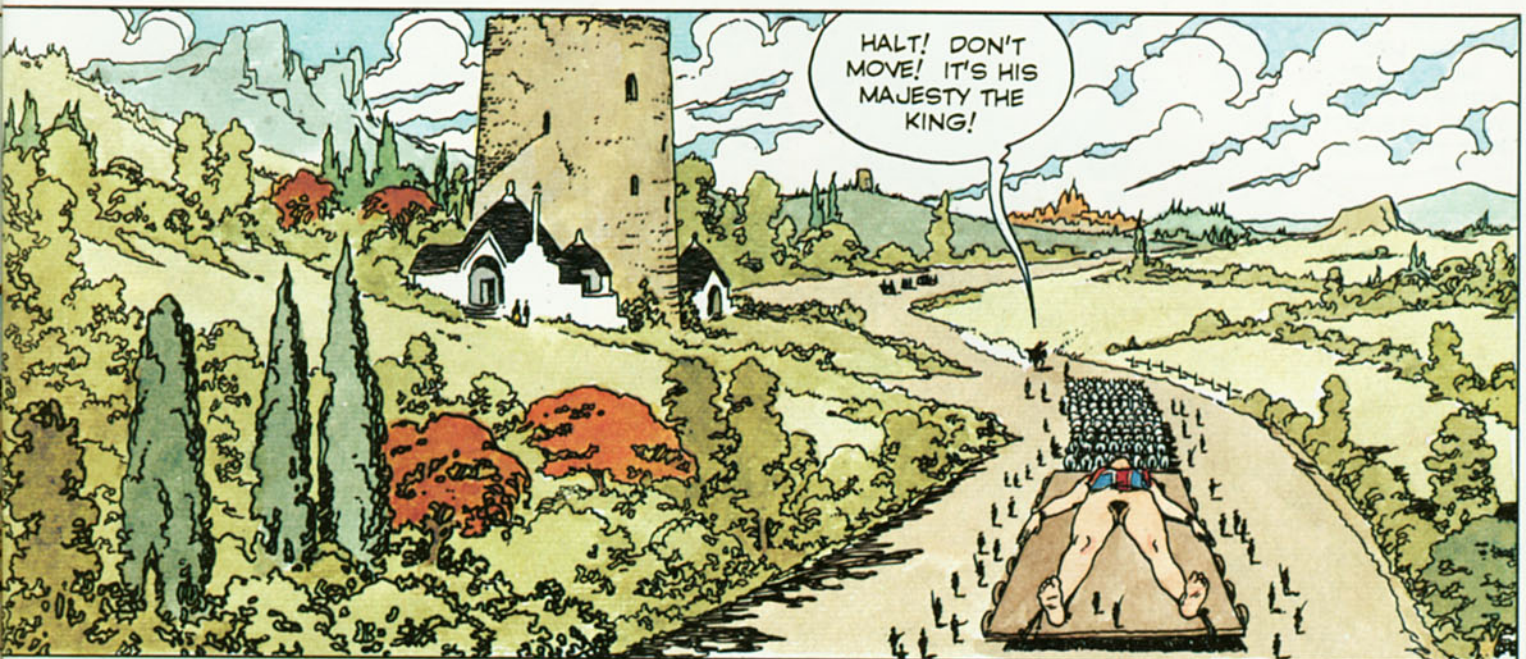
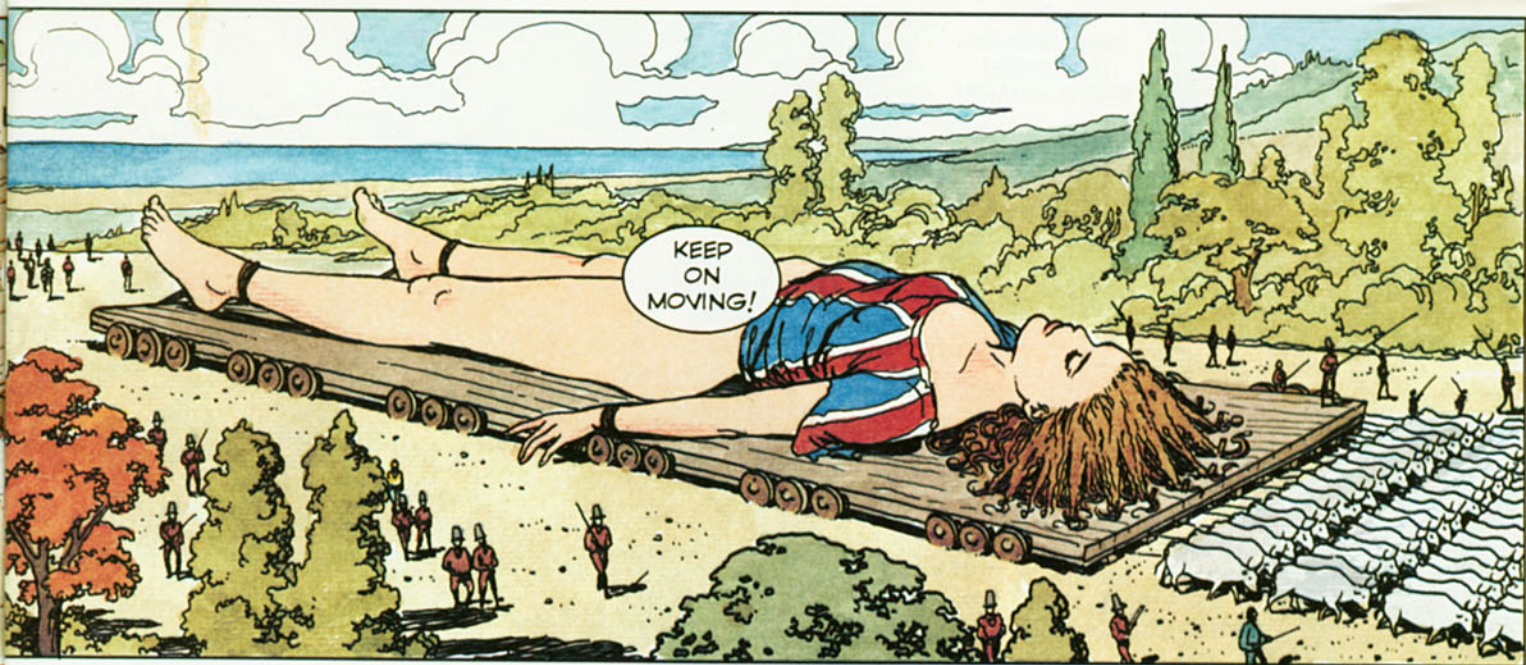


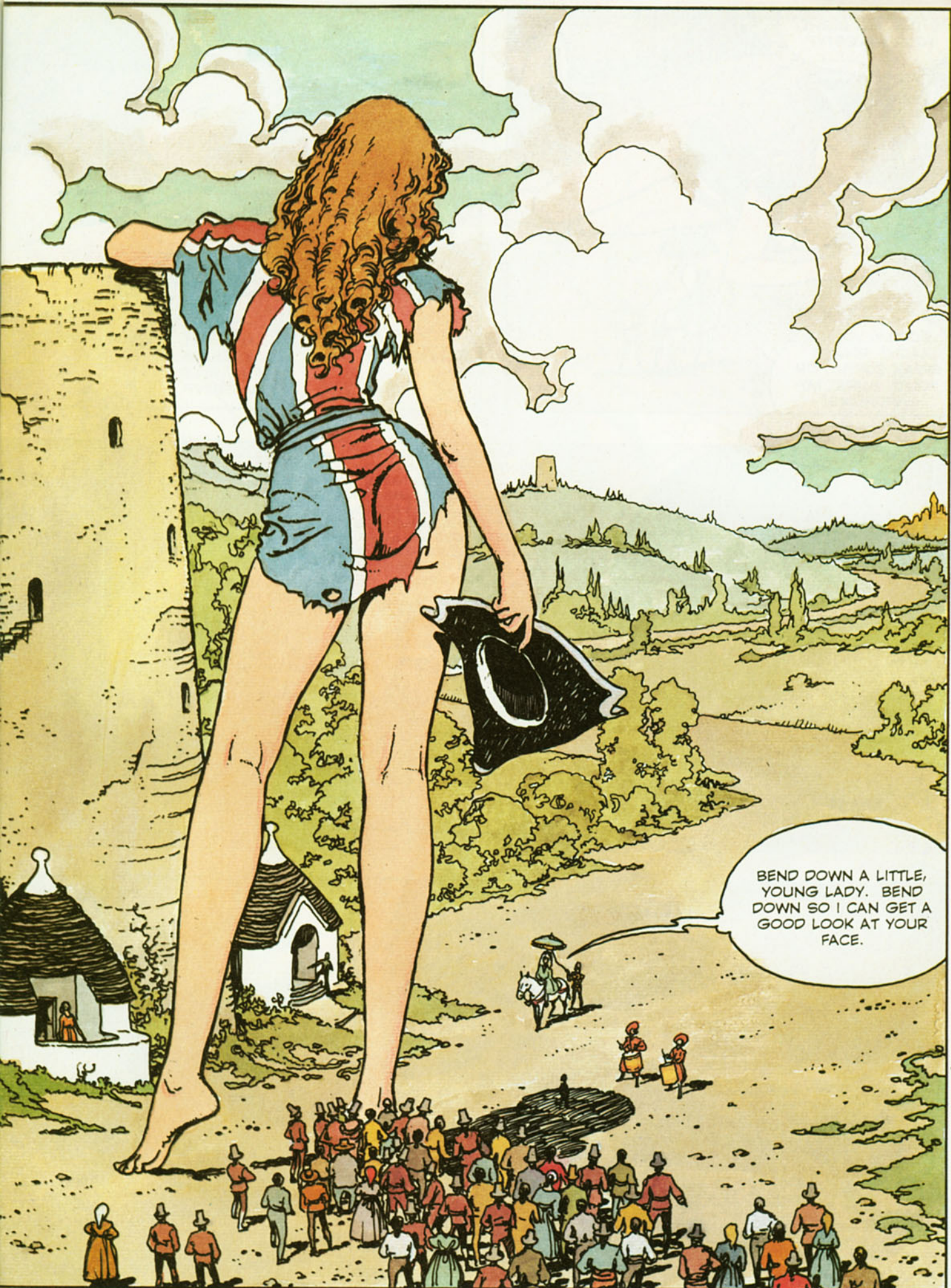
TURN HER ROUND,
NOW! THAT'S IT!
CAREFUL NOT TO
WAKE HER!



PERFECT!
WHIP THE OXEN!
LET'S GO!







BEND DOWN A LITTLE,
YOUNG LADY. BEND
DOWN SO I CAN GET A
GOOD LOOK AT YOUR
FACE.

IS THIS ALL RIGHT,
YOUR MAJESTY?

SOFTLY,
SOFTLY, YOUNG
LADY! PLEASE
SPEAK SOFTLY, OR
YOU'LL BURST MY
EARDRUMS!

YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL
AND SO BIG... YOU'VE
GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
YOU'LL BE THE
SYMBOL OF MY
TRIUMPHANT
SUCCESS!

AND WHAT
DO YOU HAVE IN
MIND, YOUR
MAJESTY?

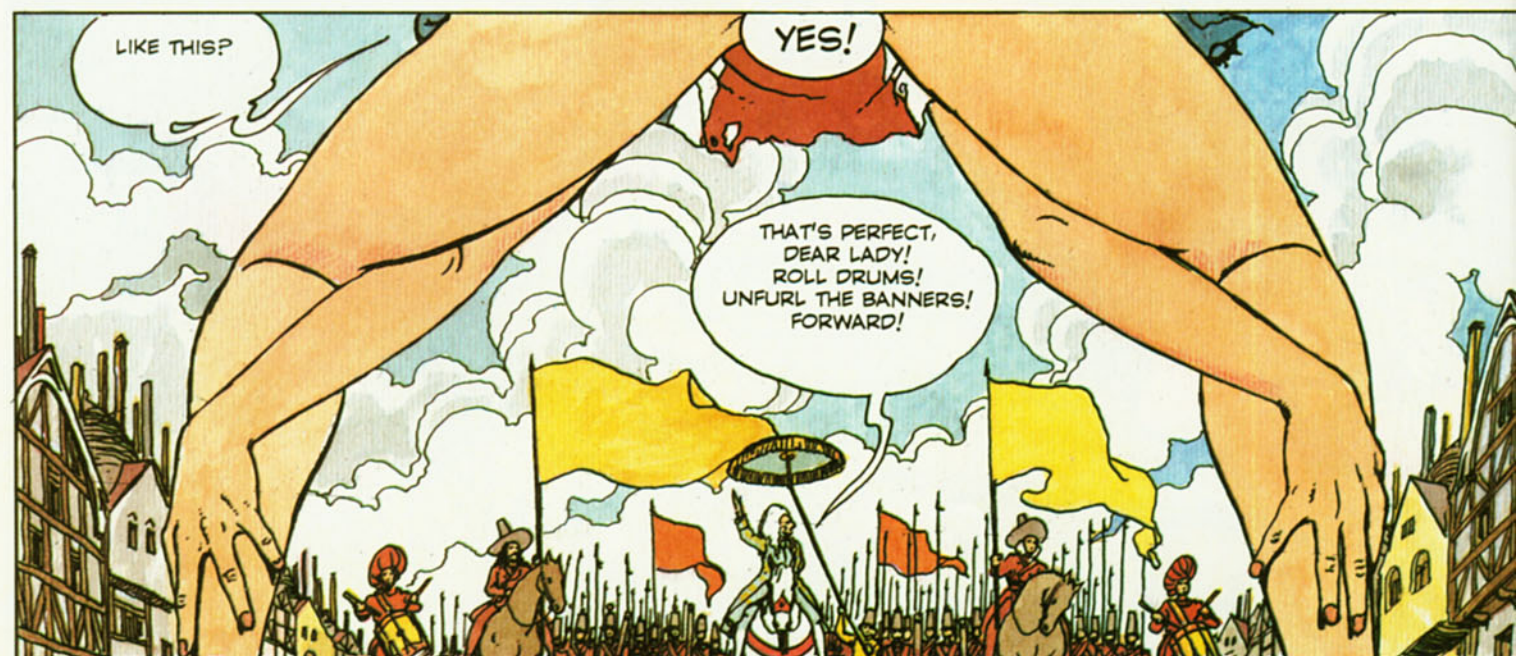
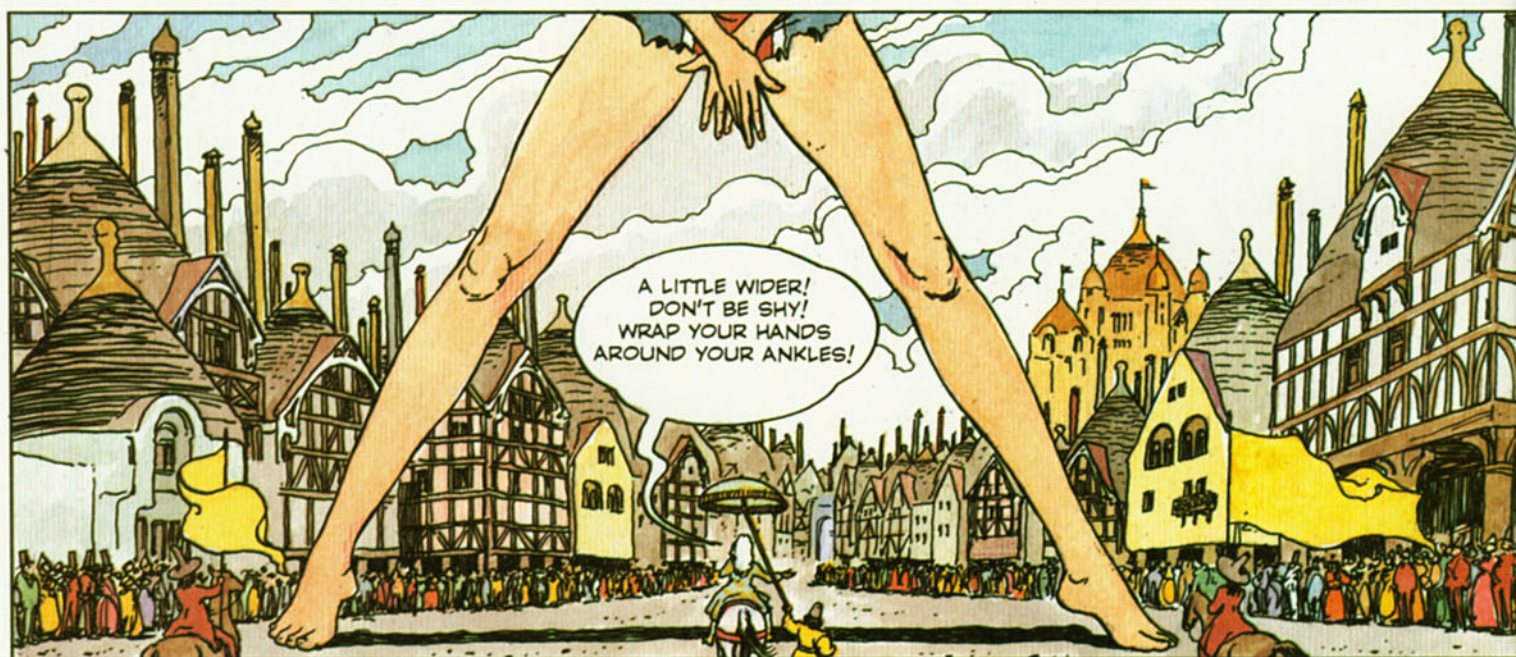
MY CHILD, HEAVEN HAS
SENT YOU! THE KINGDOM OF
LILLIPUT IS CELEBRATING ITS
NATIONAL HOLIDAY TODAY! YOU'LL
BE THE MOST AMAZING TRIUMPHAL
ARCH EVER IMAGINED! YOU WILL
SPREAD YOUR LEGS AND MY
ARMY WILL PARADE UNDER
YOU! IT WILL BE SOME
PROCESSION!

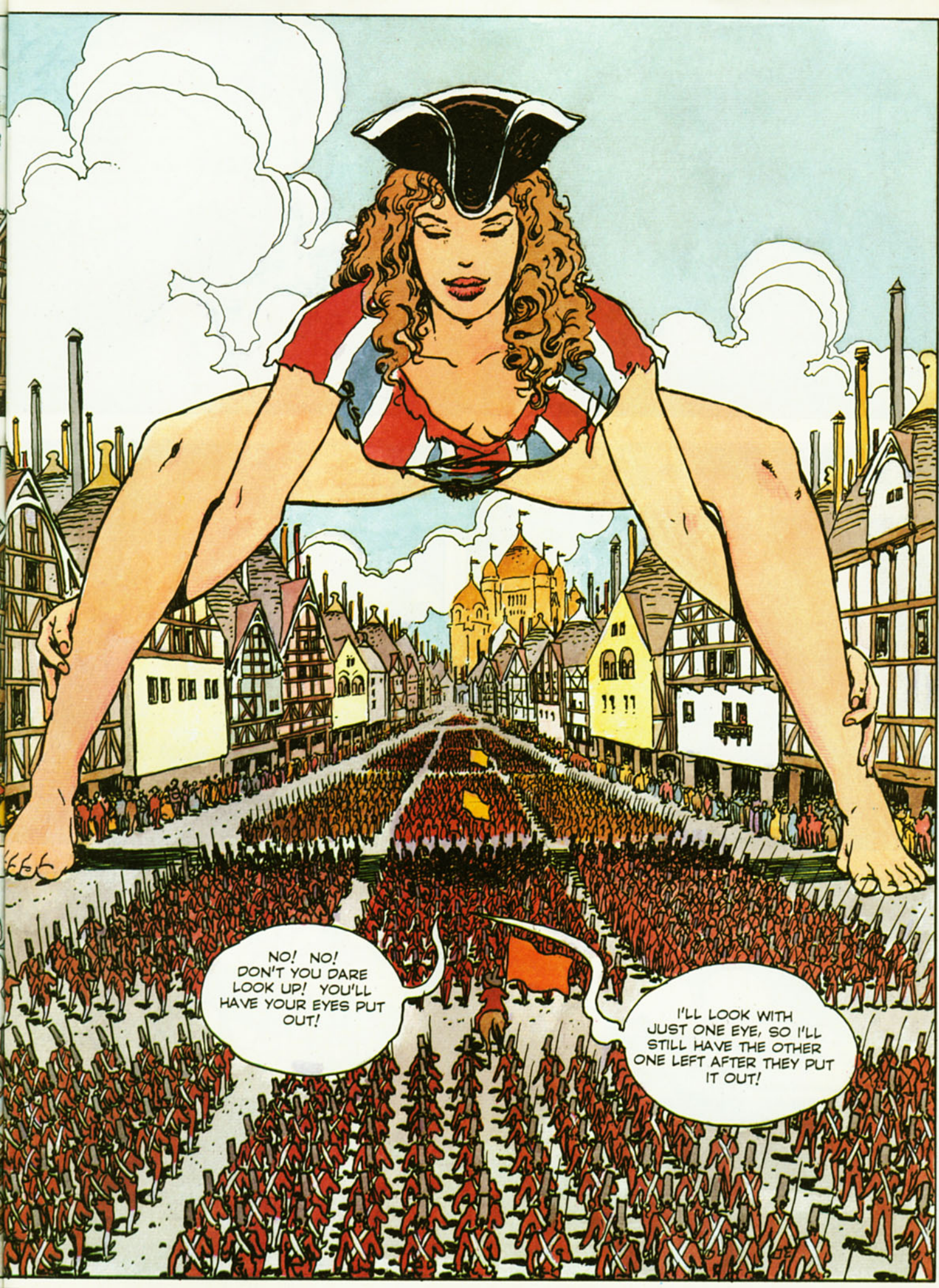
I'LL BE HAPPY TO
OBLIGE, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT I'M
AFRAID MY OUTFIT IS A LITTLE SKIMPY!
I FEAR THAT WHEN I STAND UP AND
SPREAD MY LEGS APART, THE VIEW
THAT WILL BE OFFERED TO THE EYES
OF THE SOLDIERS FROM BELOW WILL
BE... LET'S SAY... MORE
APPROPRIATE FOR ANOTHER
SORT OF TRIUMPHANT
ENTRY...

DON'T WORRY,
YOUNG LADY! I'LL
ORDER MY SOLDIERS
NOT TO RAISE THEIR
EYES, OR ELSE...
I'LL HAVE THEIR EYES
PUT OUT! COME,
FOLLOW ME.



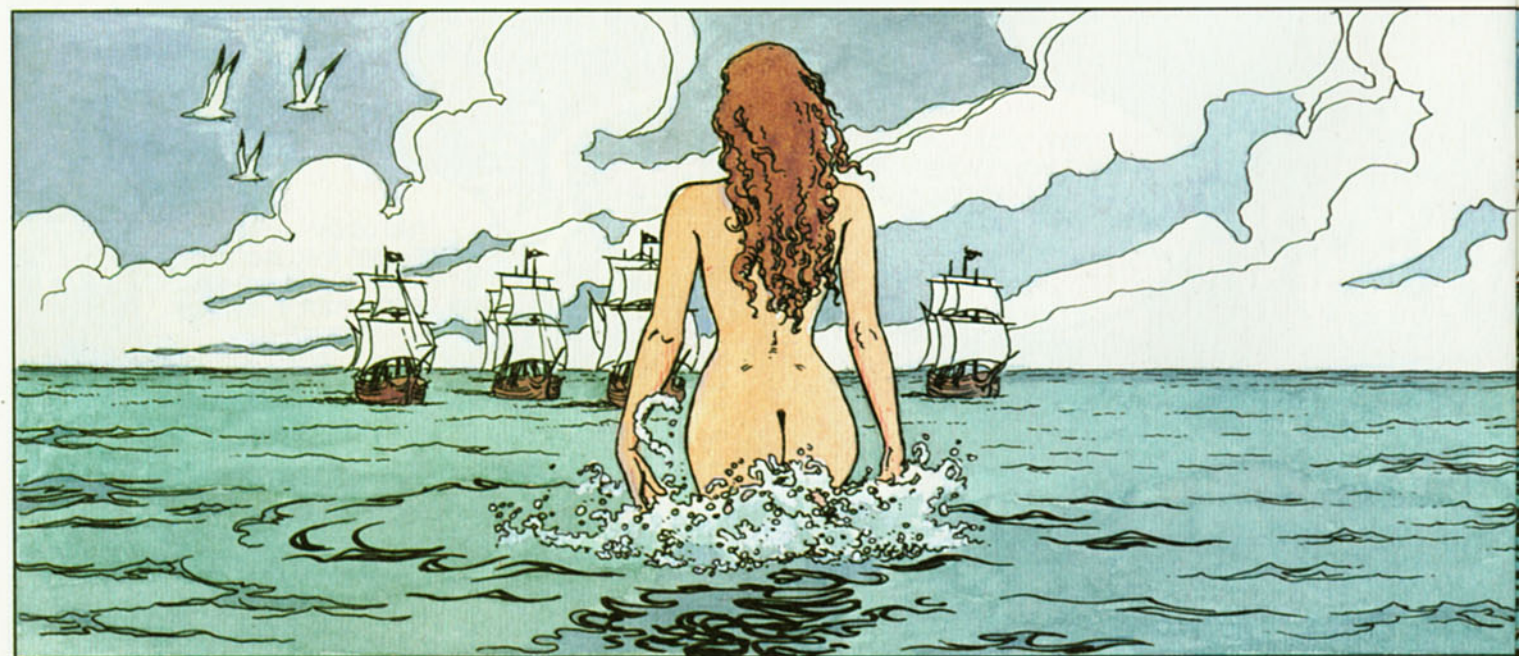
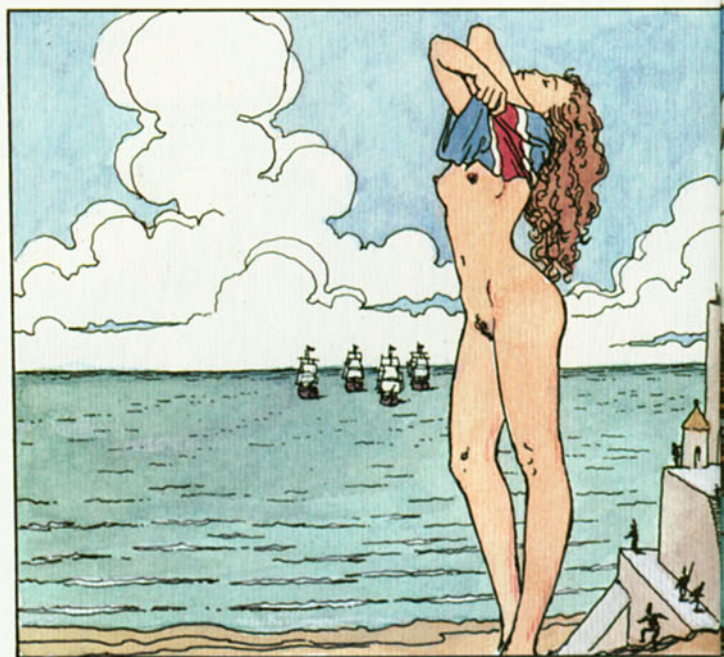
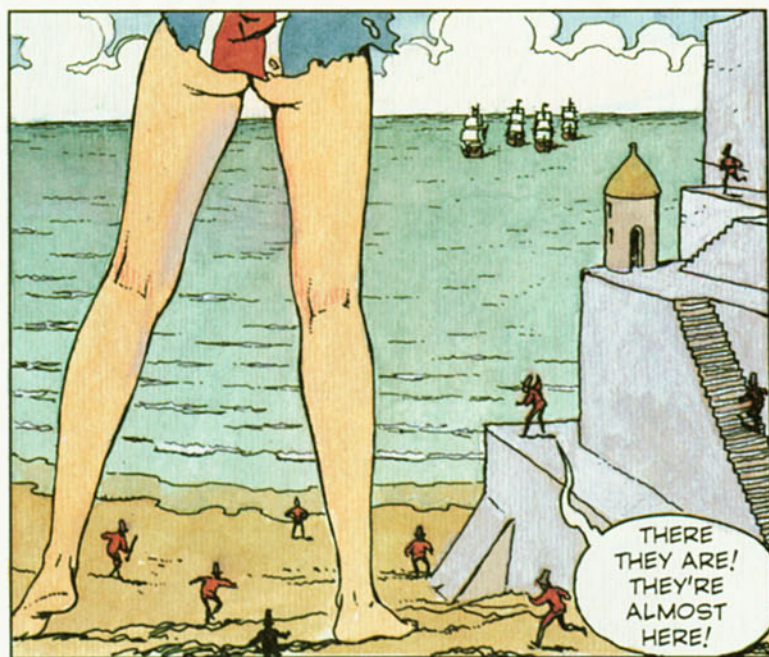
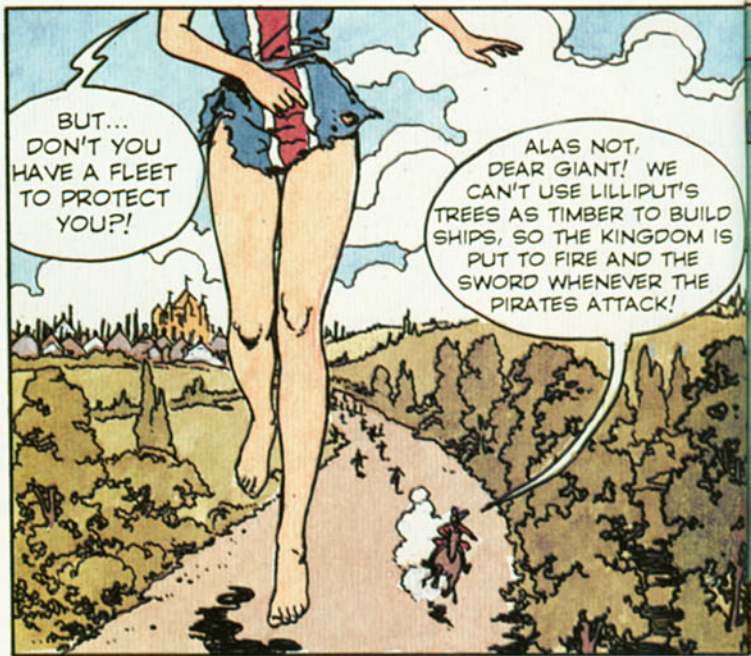
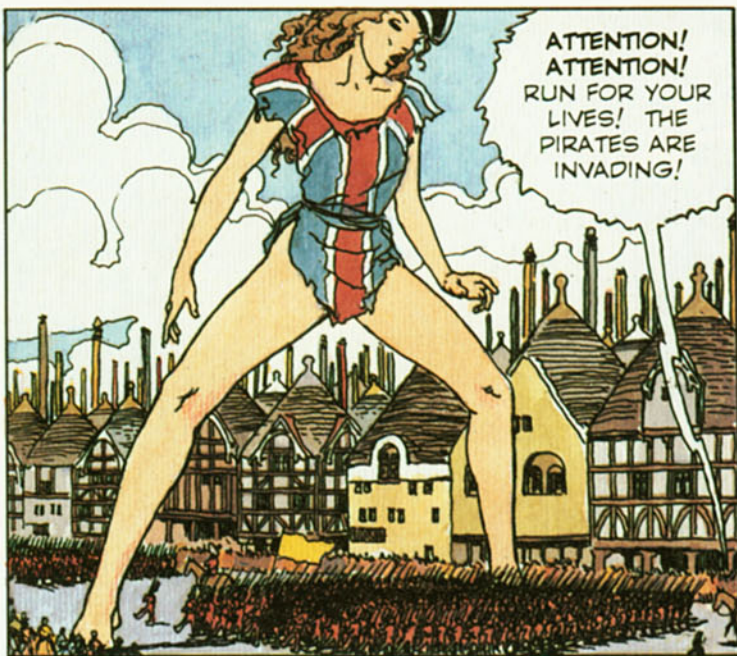
BE CAREFUL!
MIND YOUR STEP,
YOUNG LADY! CAREFUL
YOU DON'T STEP ON MY
SUBJECTS!

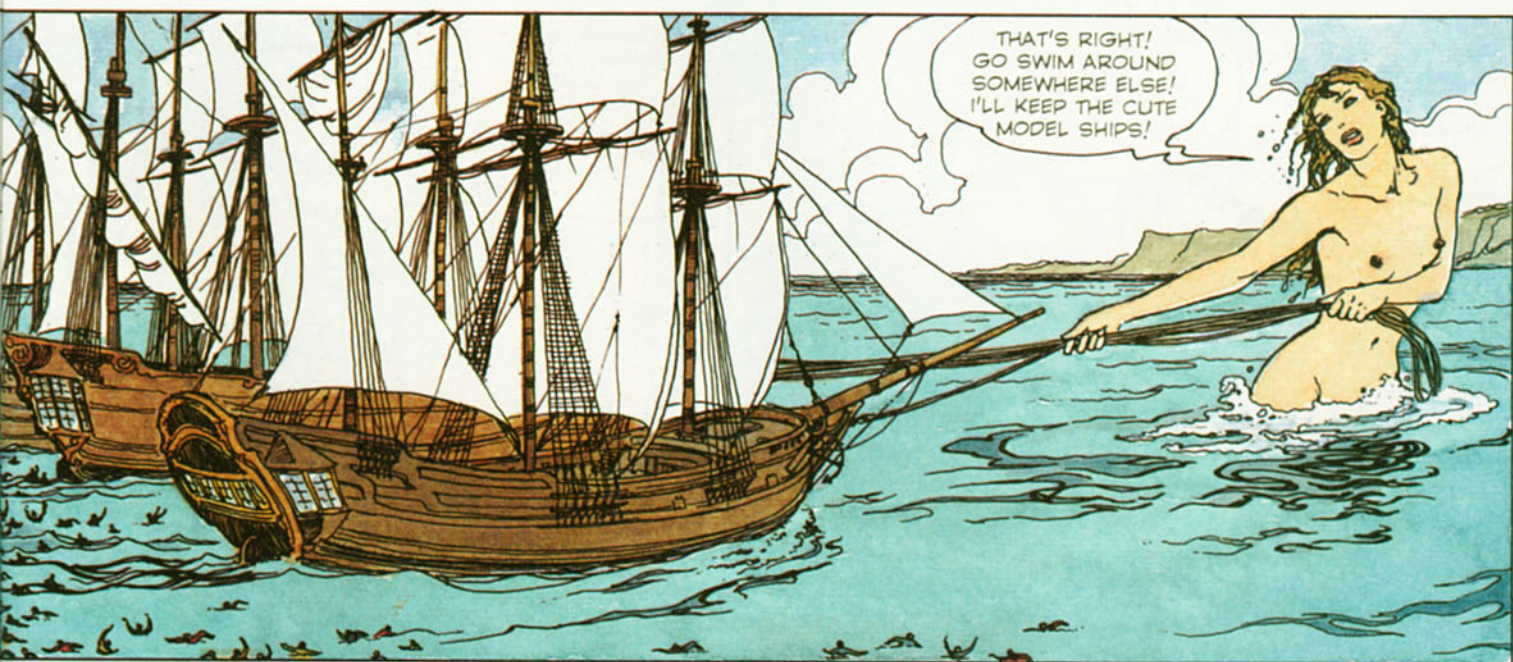
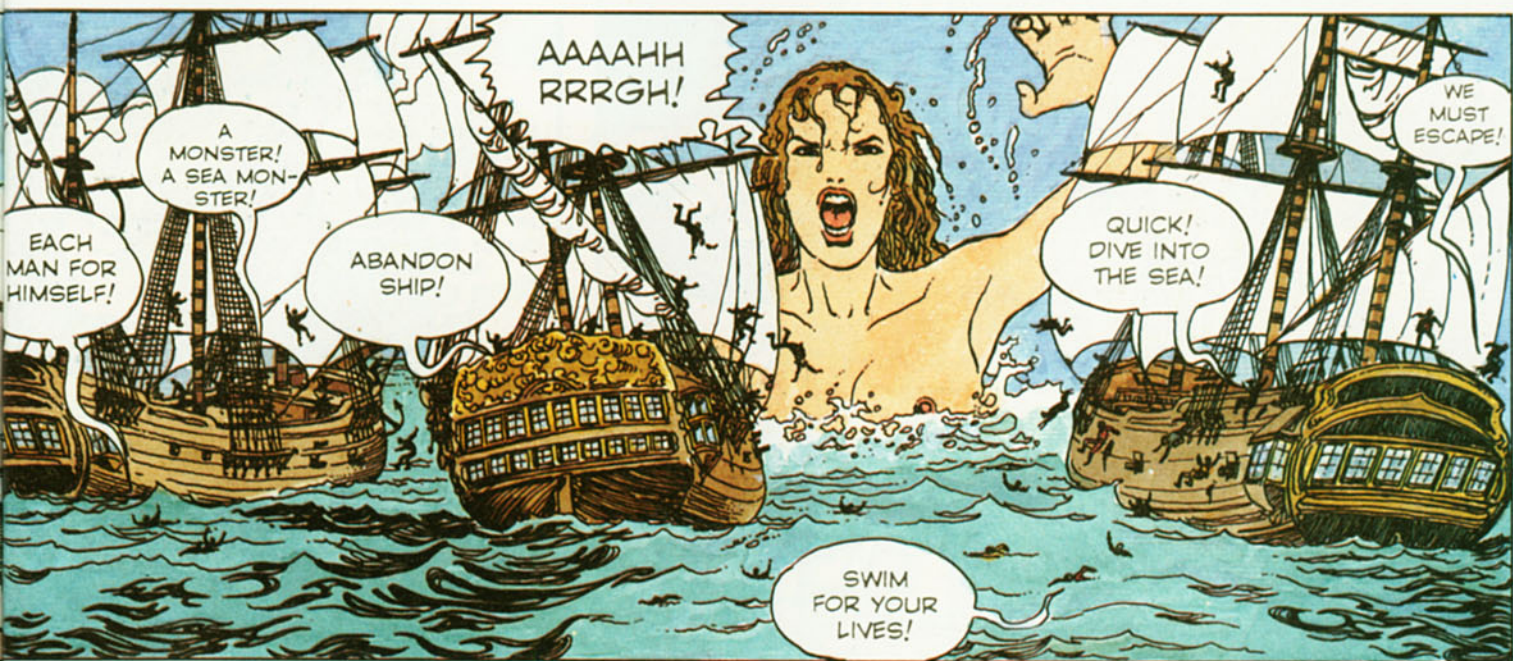
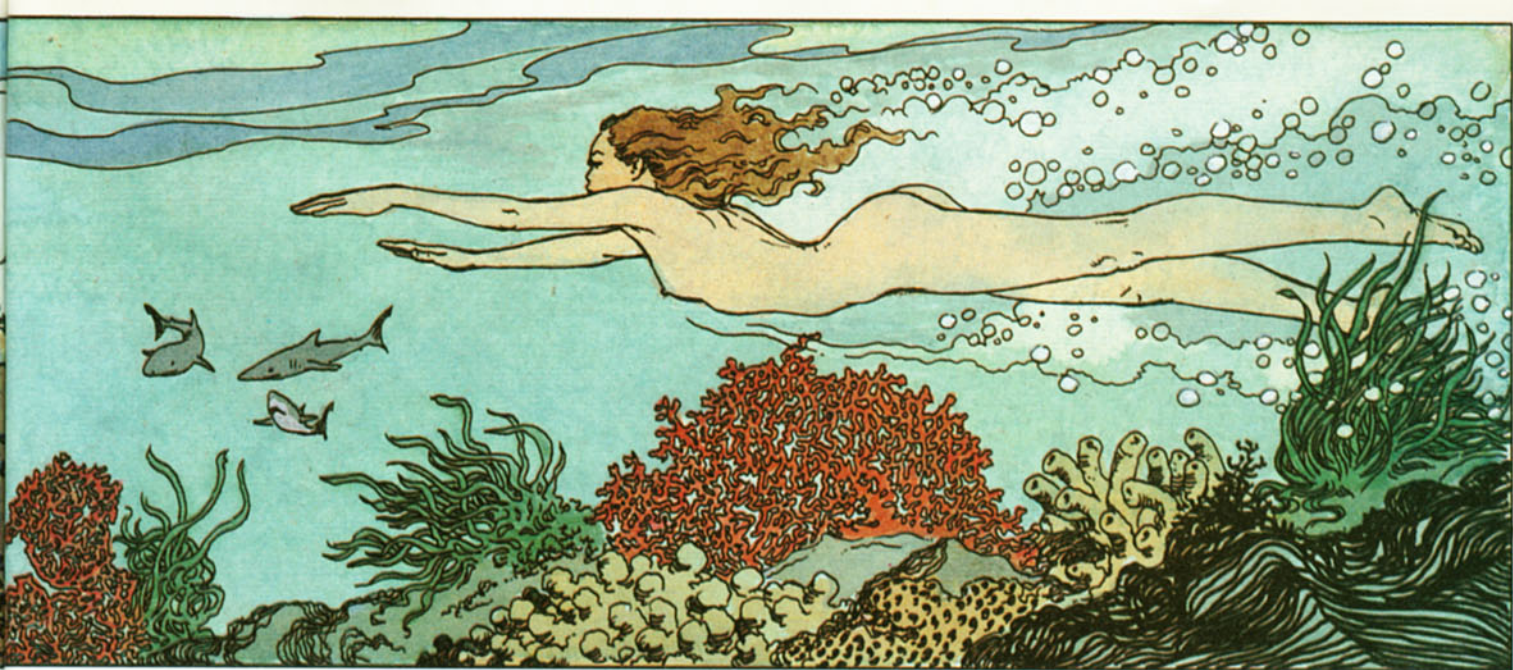


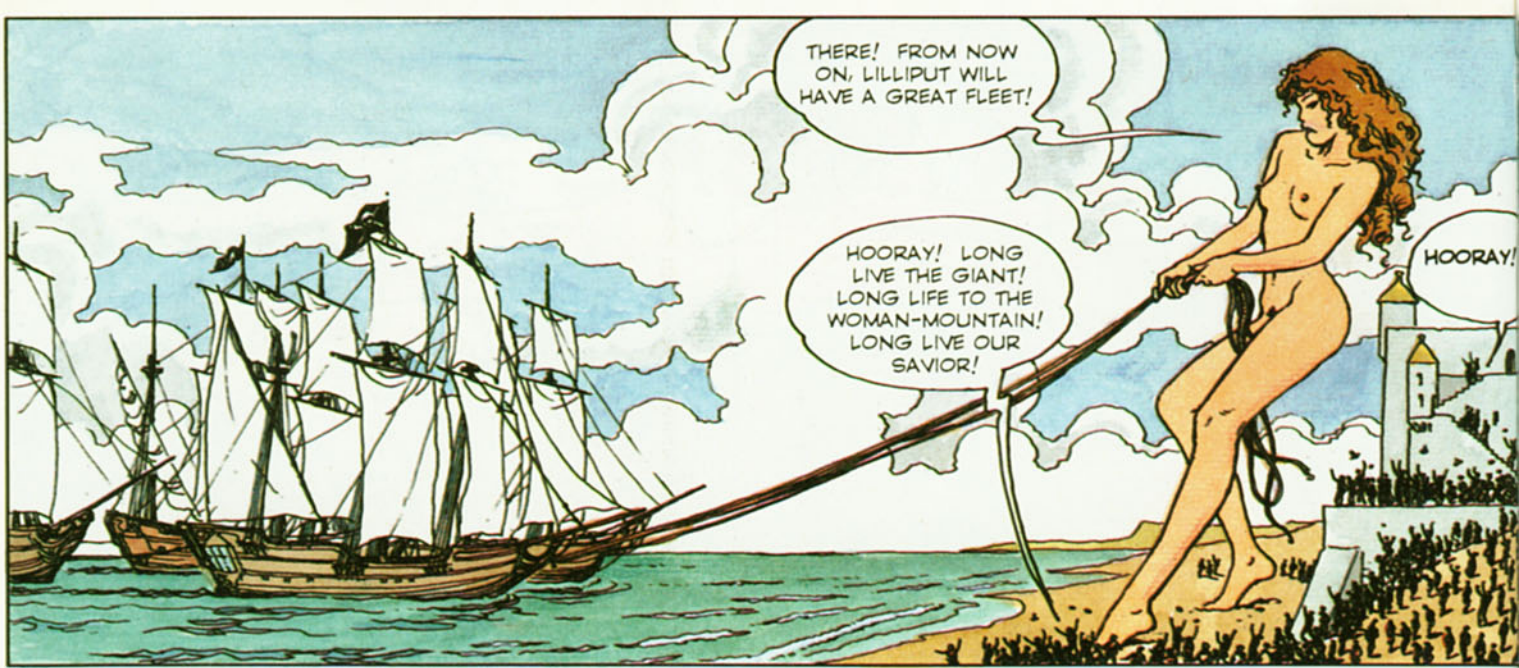


NO! NO!
DON'T YOU DARE
LOOK UP! YOU'LL
HAVE YOUR EYES PUT
OUT!

I'LL LOOK WITH
JUST ONE EYE, SO I'LL
STILL HAVE THE OTHER
ONE LEFT AFTER THEY PUT
IT OUT!



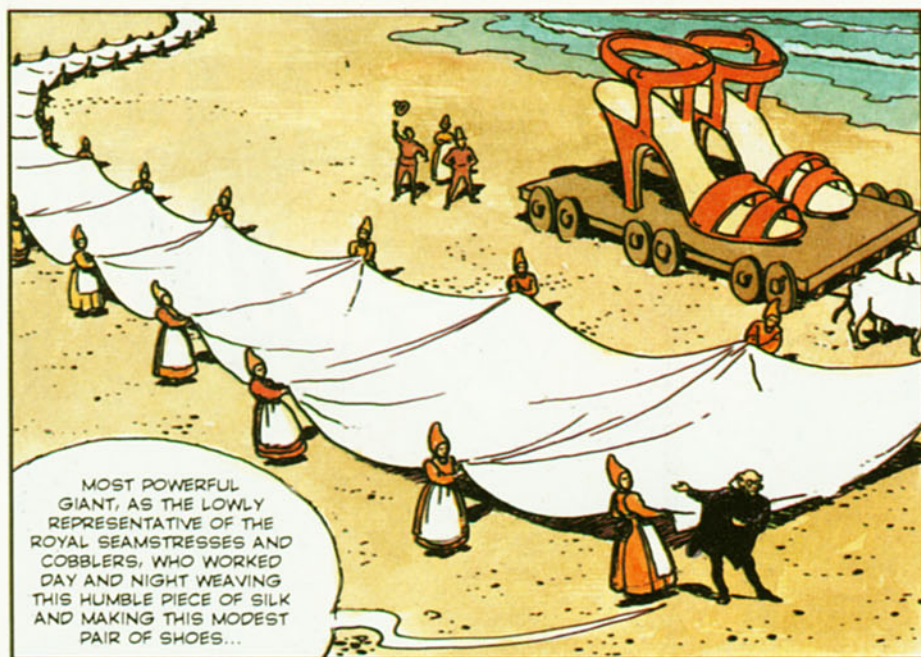




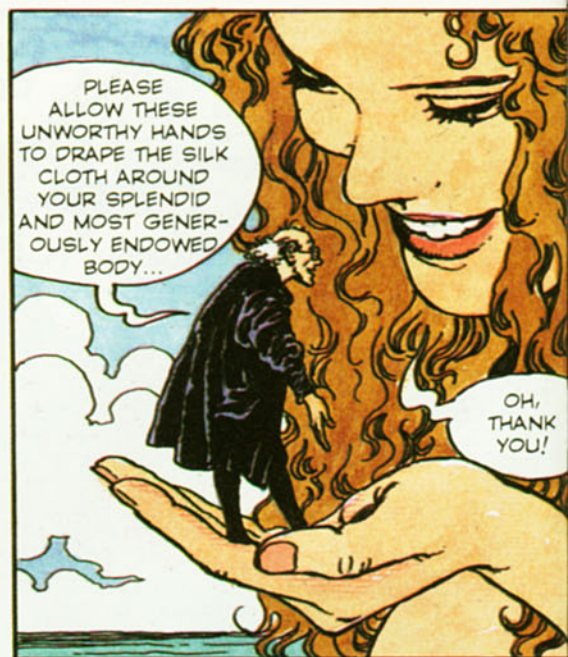
THERE! FROM NOW ON, LILLIPUT WILL HAVE A GREAT FLEET!

HOORAY! LONG LIVE THE GIANT! LONG LIFE TO THE WOMAN-MOUNTAIN! LONG LIVE OUR SAVIOR!

HOORAY!



MOST POWERFUL GIANT, AS THE LOWLY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ROYAL SEAMSTRESSES AND COBBLERS, WHO WORKED DAY AND NIGHT WEAVING THIS HUMBLE PIECE OF SILK AND MAKING THIS MODEST PAIR OF SHOES...



PLEASE ALLOW THESE UNWORTHY HANDS TO DRAPE THE SILK CLOTH AROUND YOUR SPLENDID AND MOST GENEROUSLY ENDOWED BODY...

OH, THANK YOU!

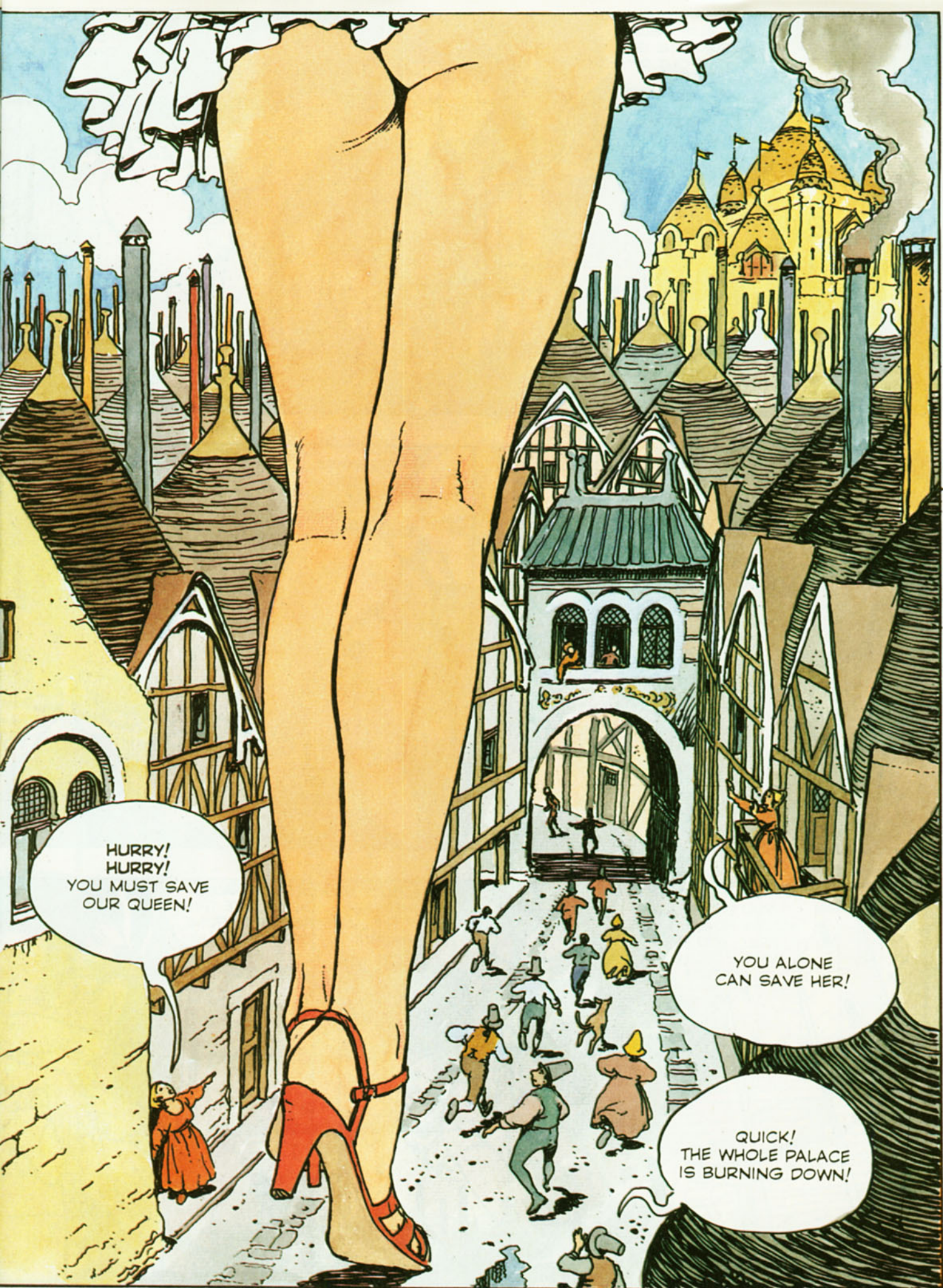


VERY NICE! TOO BAD I DON'T HAVE A MIRROR!

WE'LL MAKE ONE FOR YOU... BUT IN THE MEANTIME, PLEASE TRUST ME: YOU ARE SIMPLY STUPENDOUS!



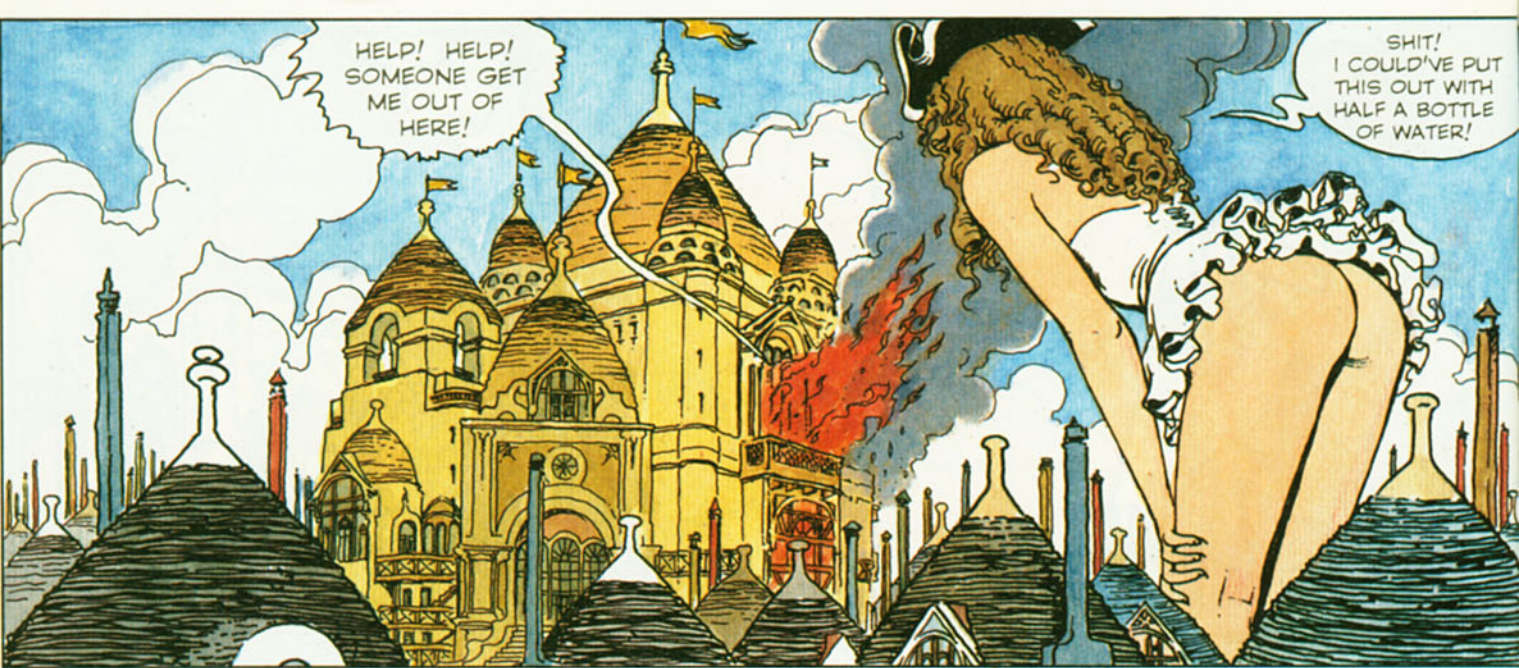
A FIRE HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS! COME QUICKLY, OR SHE'LL BURN TO DEATH!



HURRY!
HURRY!
YOU MUST SAVE
OUR QUEEN!

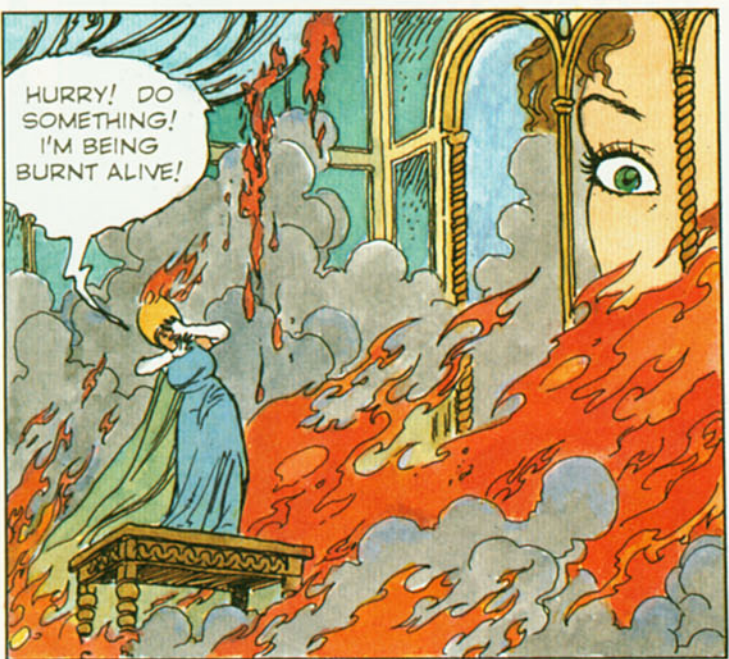
YOU ALONE
CAN SAVE HER!

QUICK!
THE WHOLE PALACE
IS BURNING DOWN!

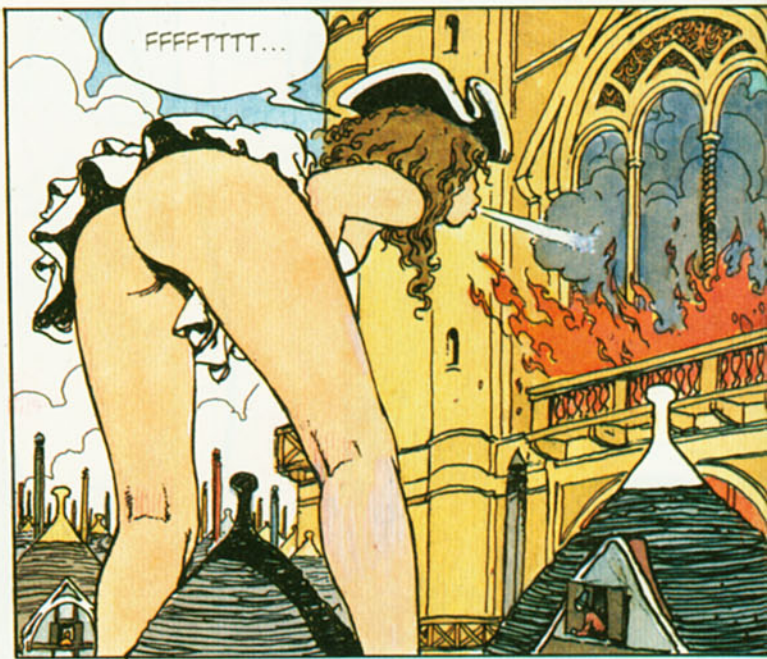


HELP! HELP!
SOMEONE GET
ME OUT OF
HERE!

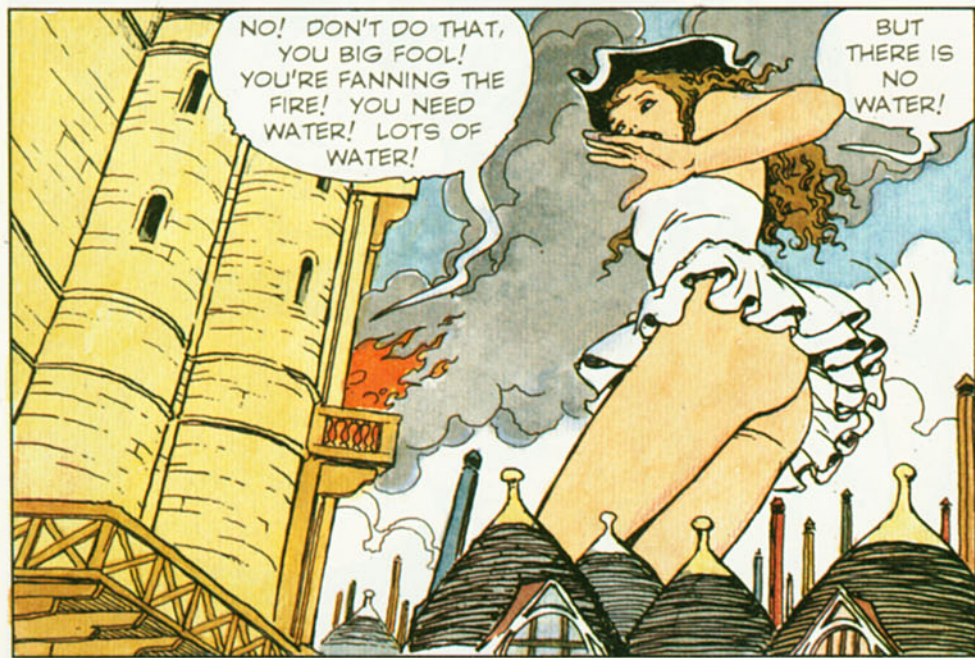
SHIT!
I COULD'VE PUT
THIS OUT WITH
HALF A BOTTLE
OF WATER!



HURRY! DO
SOMETHING!
I'M BEING
BURNT ALIVE!



FFFFTTTT...

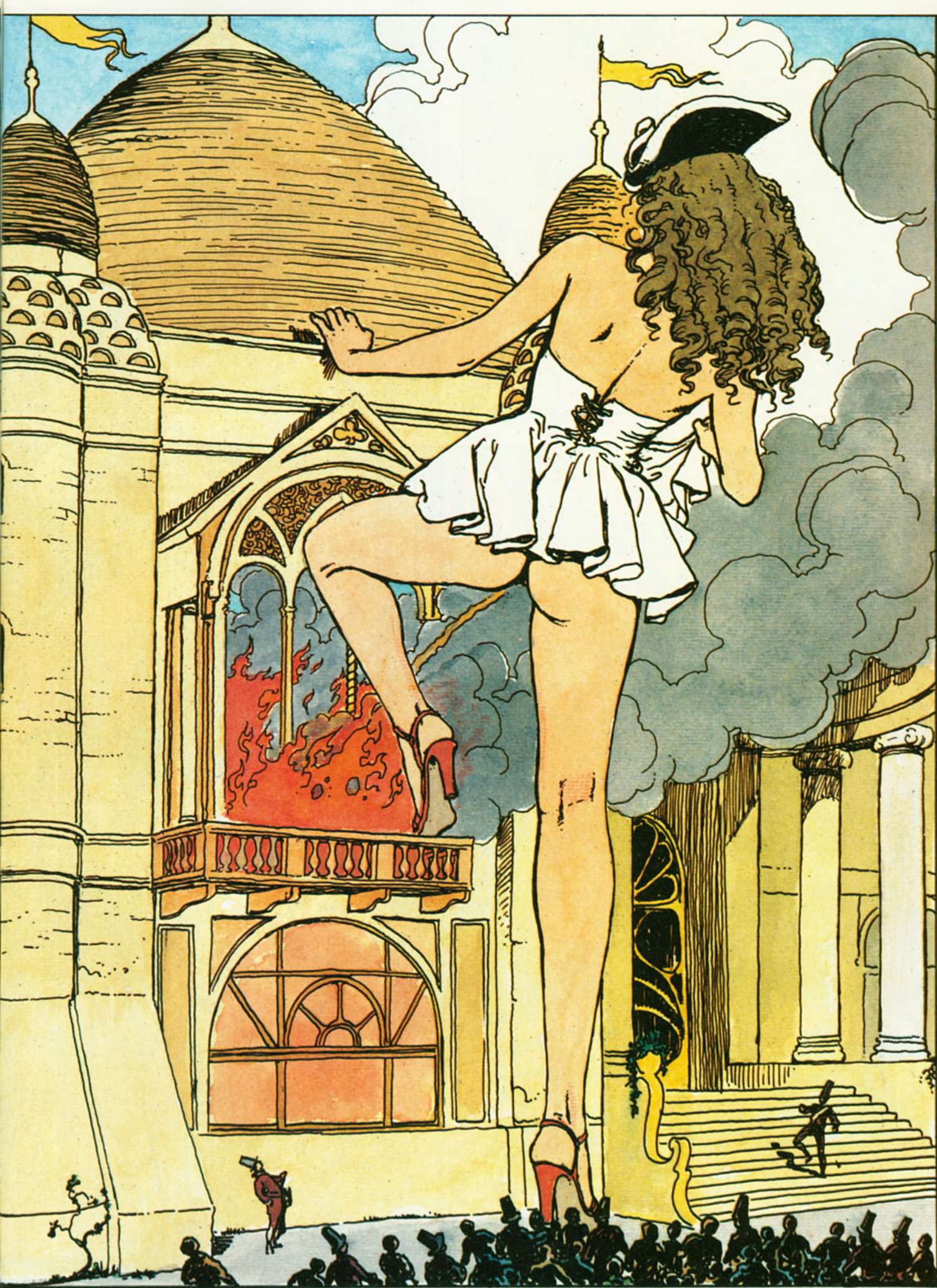


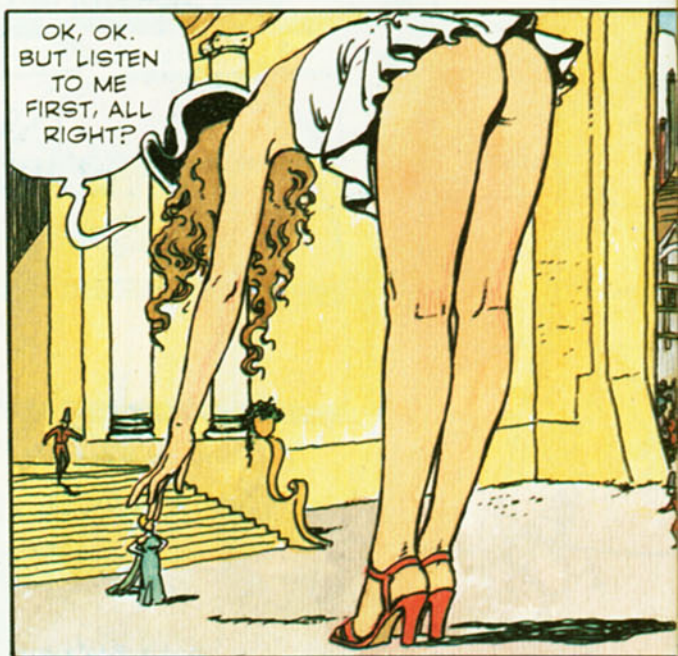
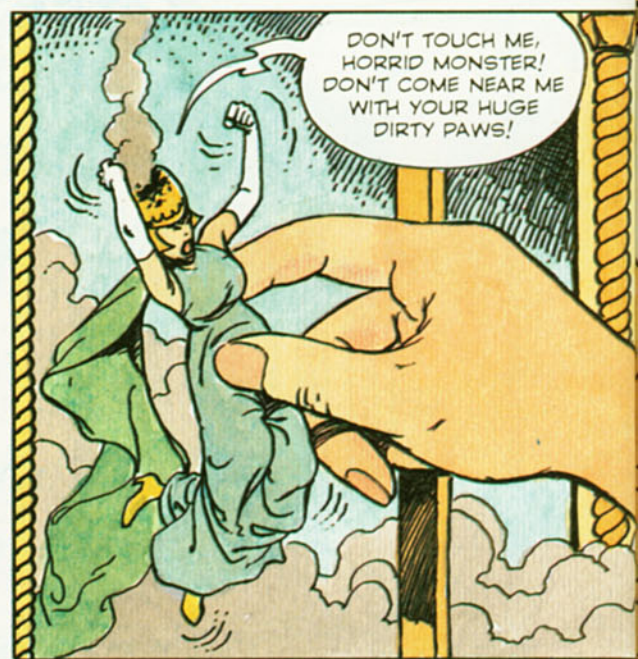
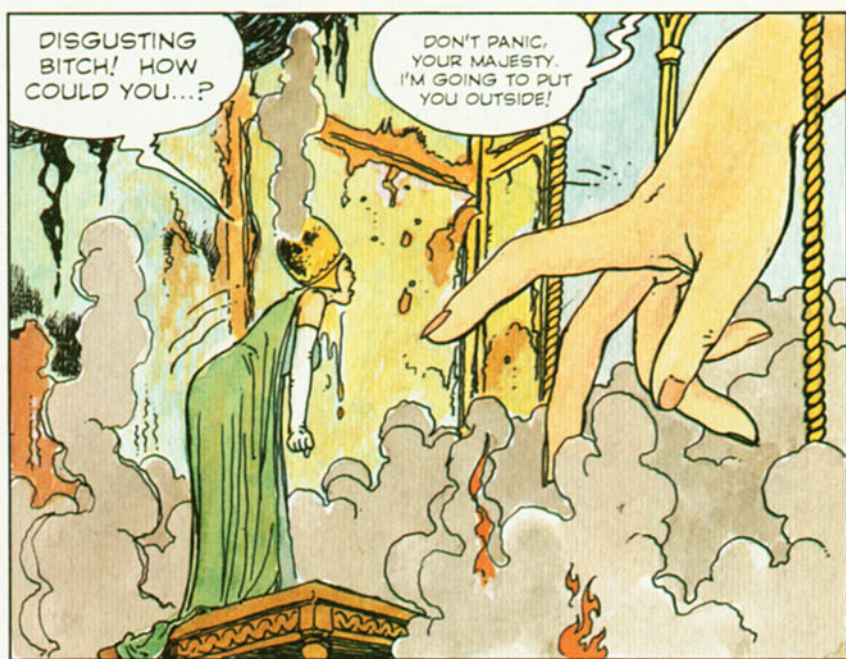
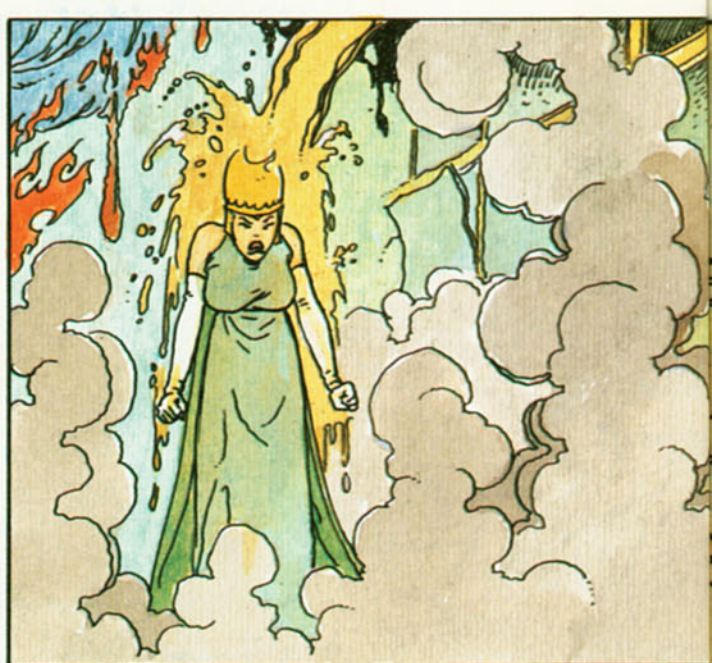
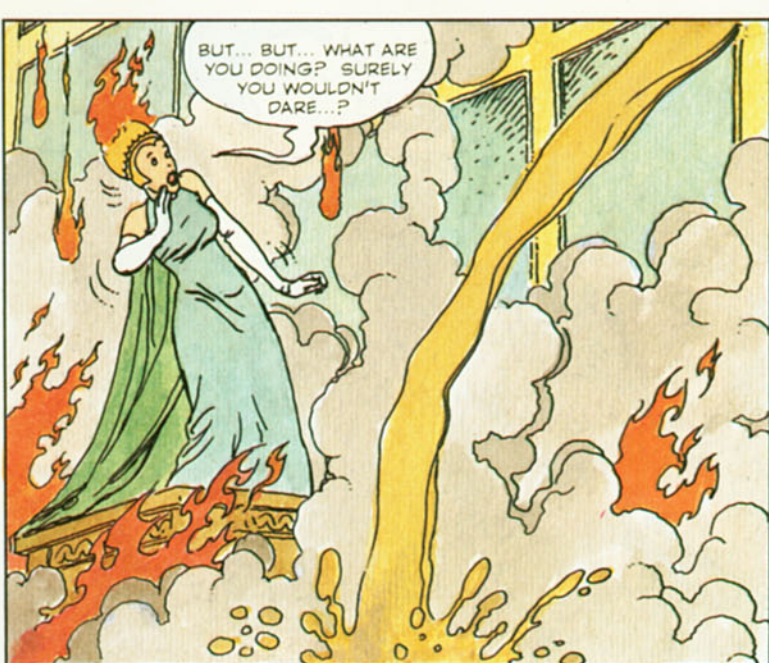
NO! DON'T DO THAT,
YOU BIG FOOL!
YOU'RE FANNING THE
FIRE! YOU NEED
WATER! LOTS OF
WATER!

BUT
THERE IS
NO
WATER!



I GUESS A BIG
BLAZE LIKE THIS
REQUIRES SOME
SERIOUS DOUS-
ING!







CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

The Adventure of Chantal



Yes, the doctor is a bit crazy. I heard that he doesn't have his license. But he's the only one that can treat cavities.

Well, he gives me such a scare when he looks at me...! He has the face of a... a...



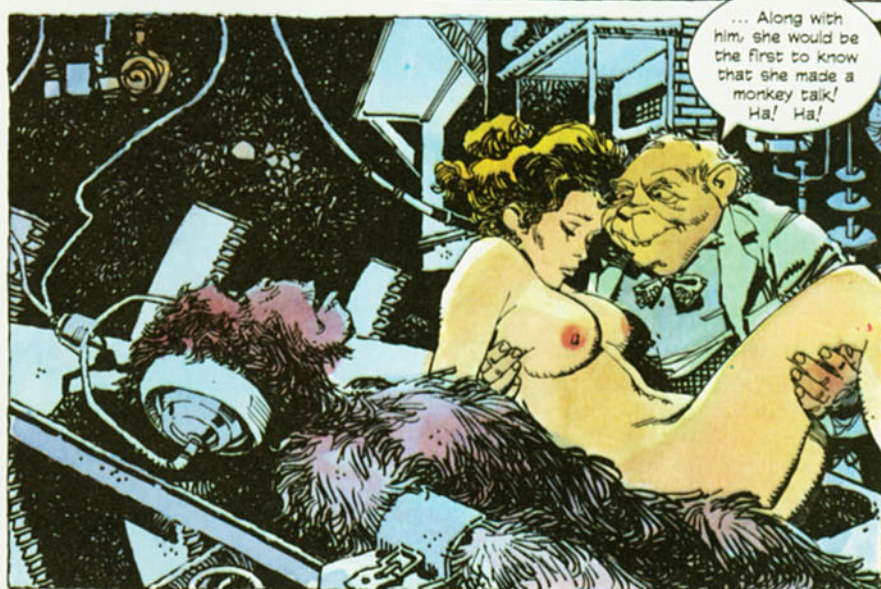
Me!

It's my turn!

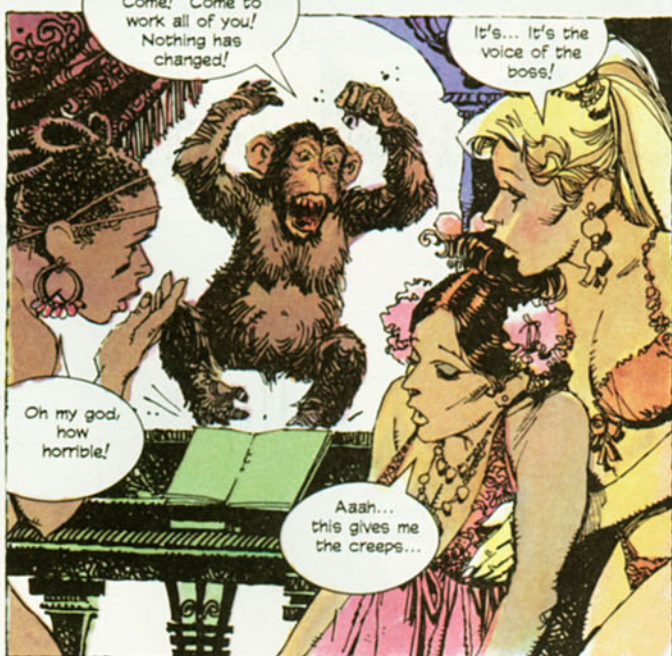


So, it's a cavity that's hurting you? My poor dear!

At last a young and healthy specimen!







Weeks and months pass. Chantal has lost the respect of the employees and disposed of the money in her own bank account! And what's important is if she is a poor woman, she is not happy!



Grr...!
A whip is what
is necessary to
maintain order in
this pigen!



Bring me that
money, Zoronna!
It's mine! In this
house nobody gets
any tips! Hes...
Grr...!



Such vices are
prohibited, filthy
pig! I'll deduct it
from your salary!
Maybe that way
you'll learn!



What are you
waiting for you old
goat?! Get it on
with her or leave her
in peace! We have
other paying
customers!



How strange...
It's ten and not
one client is here...

And who's going to
come, if the monkey
scares them away?



We have to do
something! We
have to solve this
problem or
else!

Yes! We all
agree!

We'll talk
in private at
my house.

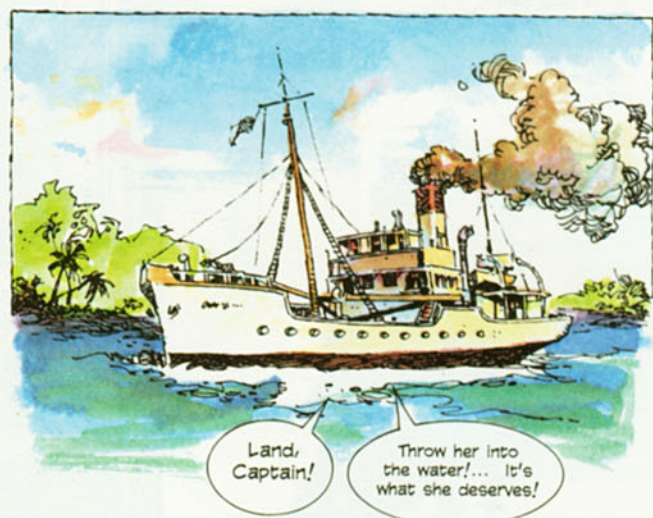
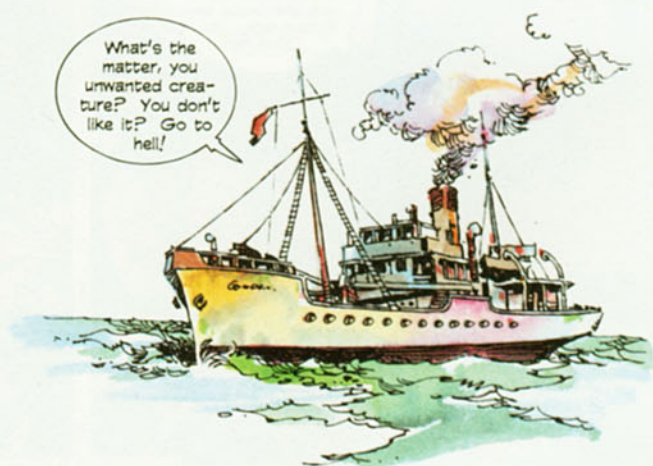


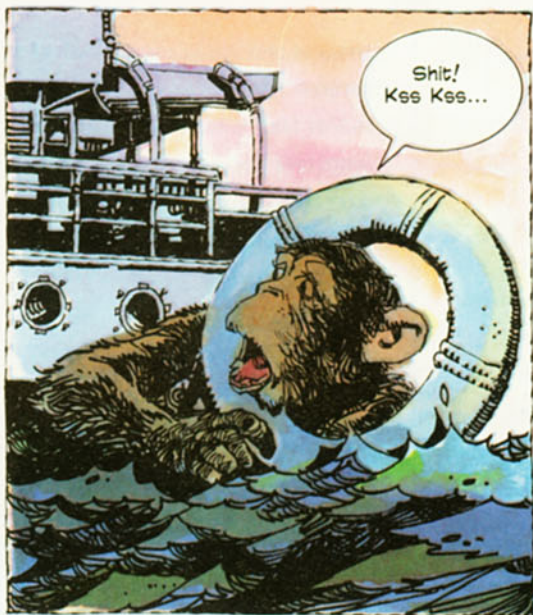
I prohibit
it!



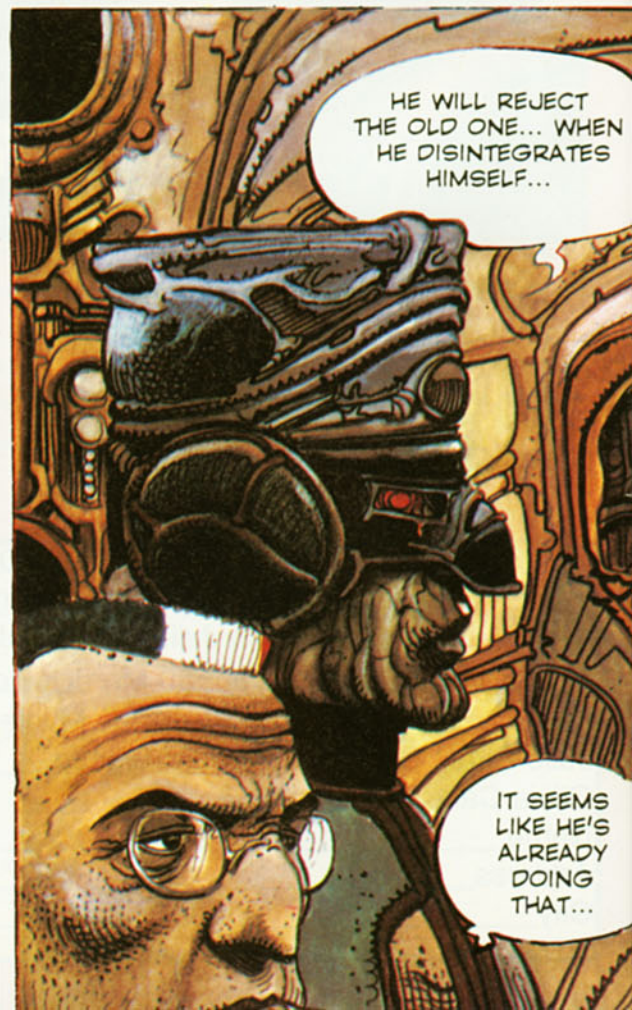
I'll take care of everything...
Bla Bla Bla... relax...
bla bla bla... new horizons... bla bla...
you might find a man deserving of your love.








THE LEADER'S SURPRISE





I THINK IT'S RELIABLE AGAIN... AT LEAST THE NUCLEAR PART... AND THAT'S ESSENTIAL...

HAVE THERE BEEN ANY PROBLEMS RECENTLY?

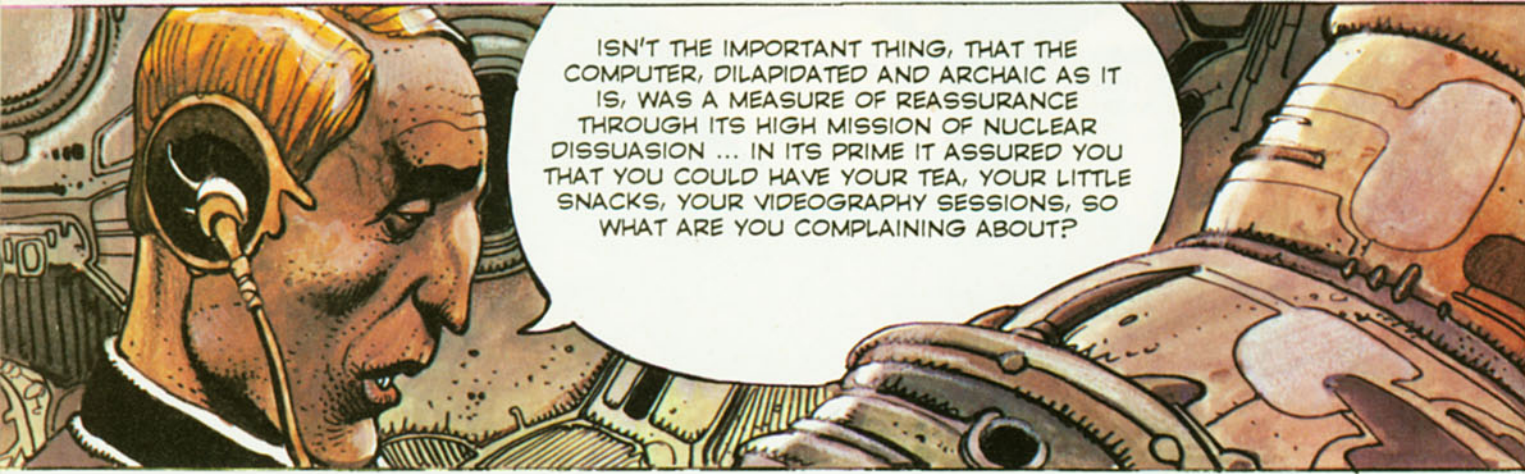
NOTHING NOTABLE IN THE TECHNICAL AREA, BUT IN THE MEMORY AREA (PSYCHOLOGICALLY I'M TRYING TO SAY) THERE HAVE BEEN SOME TROUBLING SIGNS, AND AN OBVIOUS LACK OF MOTIVATION...

YOU ARE BEING A LITTLE TOUGH, YOUNG MAN... MACHINES NEITHER ARE EMBARRASSED NOR HAVE MOTIVATION NOR PSYCHOLOGY...

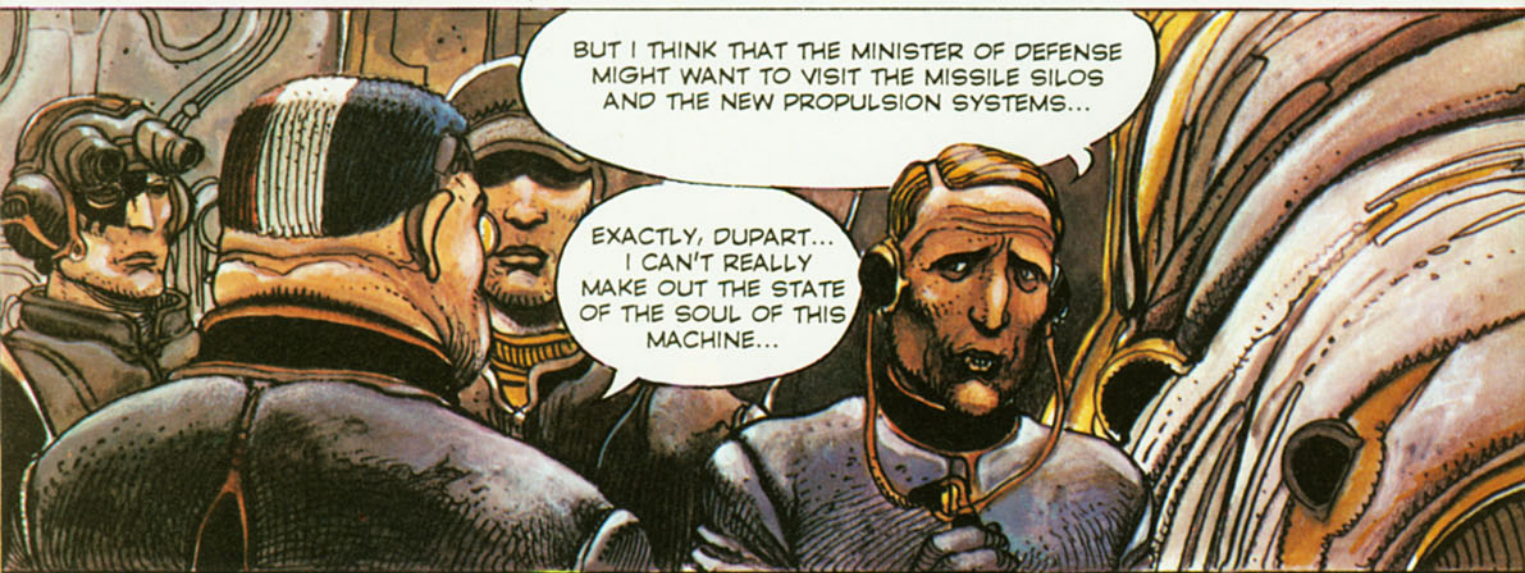
IT SEEMS FARFETCHED, I KNOW... BUT HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THINGS LIKE THIS- LIKE HOW ITS NEVER BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR MILITARY TASKS, ITS PASSION FOR TEA TIME, AND NOUVELLE CUISINE?

... OR FOR WATCHING SCIENCE FILMS FROM THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY...

BAH, IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT...



ISN'T THE IMPORTANT THING, THAT THE COMPUTER, DILAPIDATED AND ARCHAIC AS IT IS, WAS A MEASURE OF REASSURANCE THROUGH ITS HIGH MISSION OF NUCLEAR DISSUASION ... IN ITS PRIME IT ASSURED YOU THAT YOU COULD HAVE YOUR TEA, YOUR LITTLE SNACKS, YOUR VIDEOGRAPHY SESSIONS, SO WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT?



BUT I THINK THAT THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE MIGHT WANT TO VISIT THE MISSILE SILOS AND THE NEW PROPULSION SYSTEMS...

EXACTLY, DUPART...
I CAN'T REALLY
MAKE OUT THE STATE
OF THE SOUL OF THIS
MACHINE...

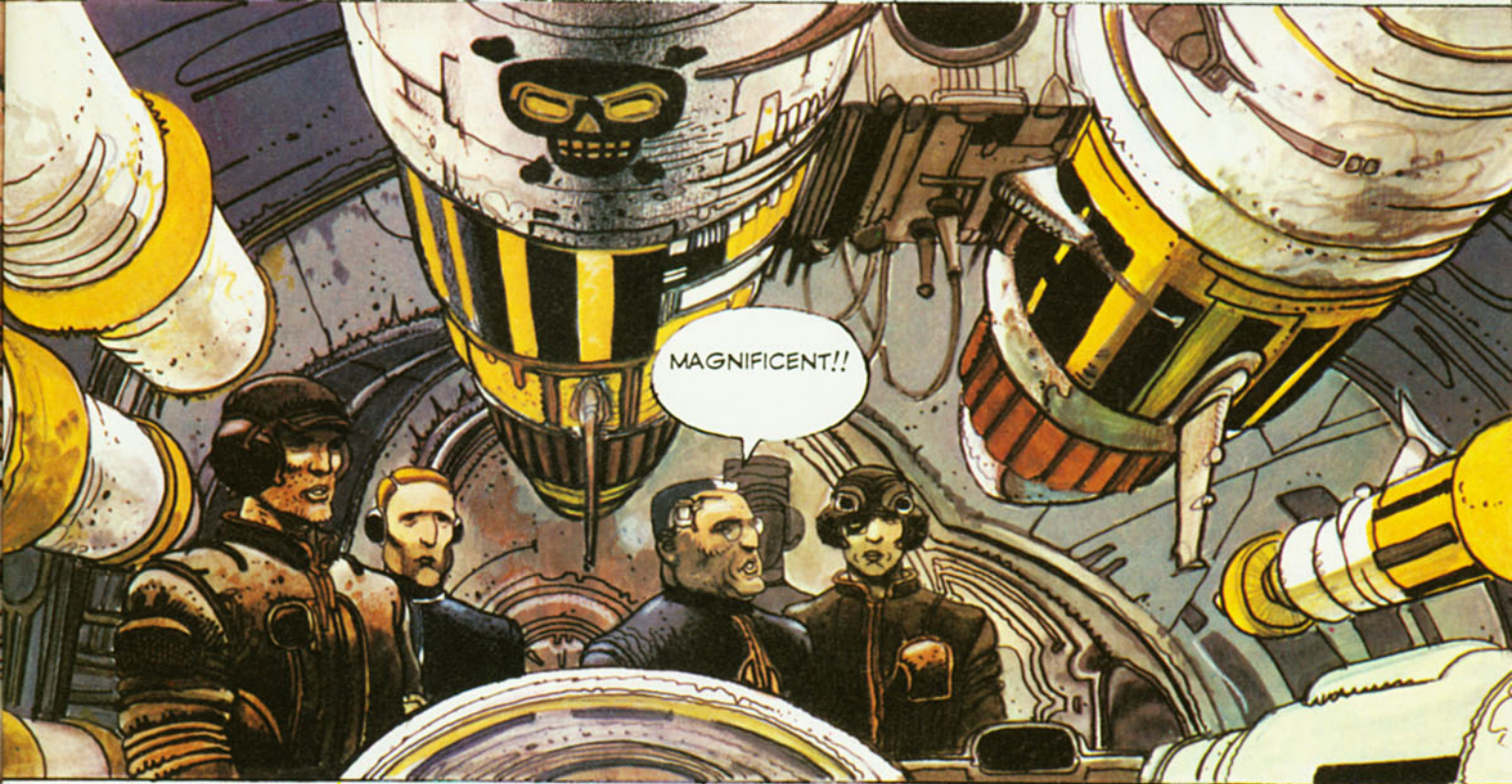


... AND THOSE FILMS FROM
THE LAST CENTURY? WHAT WERE
THEY, LIEUTENANT?

DON'T WORRY, GENERAL...
NOTHING SUBVERSIVE...
OLD CHARLIE (THAT'S WHAT
WE CALL IT) HIS PASSION
FOR BOMBS AND RIFLES...

... AND MOST
NOTABLY TWO VERY
UNREMARKABLE FILMS...
DOCTOR STRANGELOVE
AND 2001: A SPACE
ODYSSEY... THAT'S HIS
WHOLE PROGRAM...

WE MUST ALWAYS
BE READY TO STRIKE
FAST AND HARD!!
DON'T FORGET THE
ENEMY IS
EVERYWHERE!

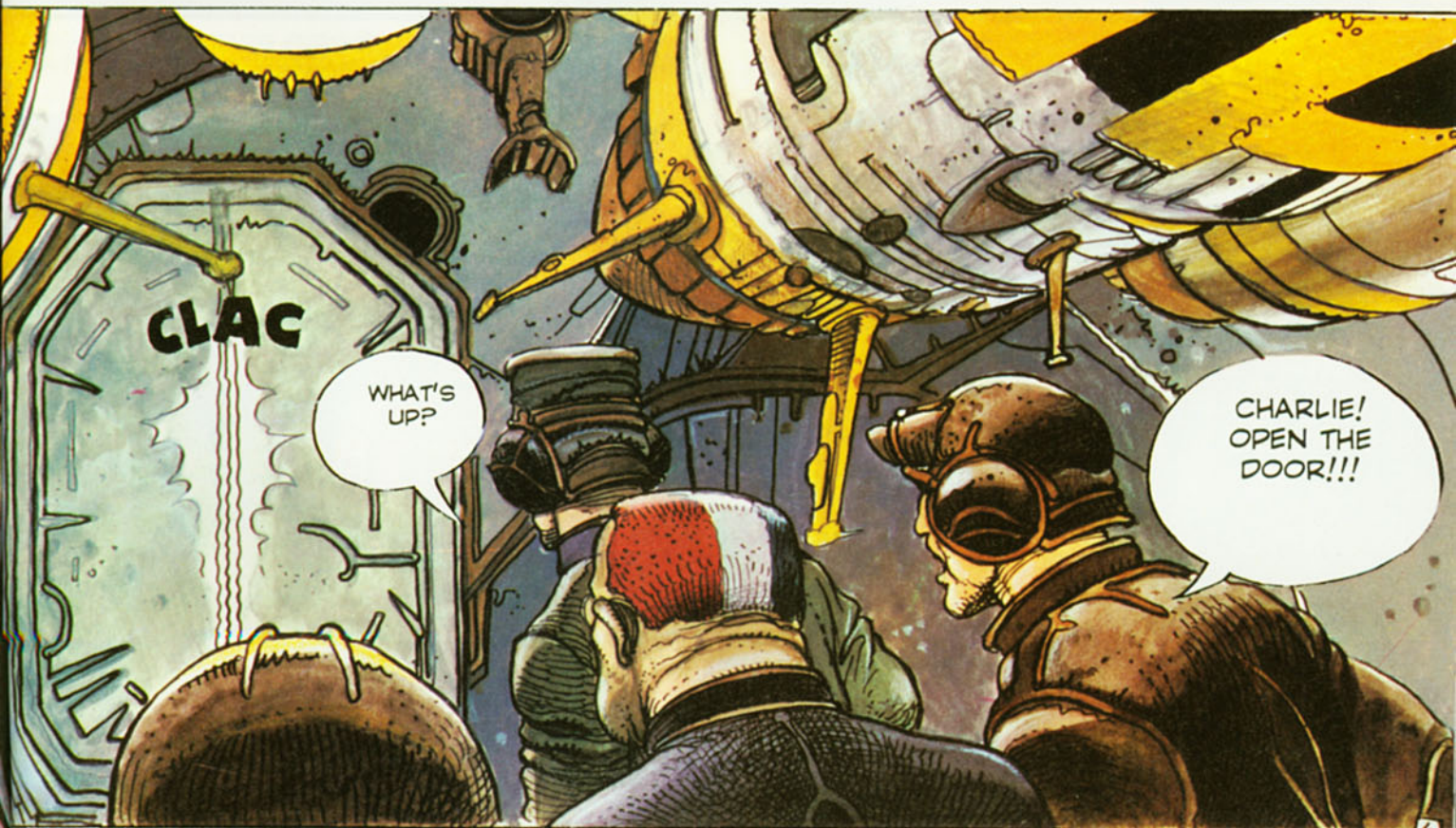


MAGNIFICENT!!

WE HAVE DESTROYED
THE ENTIRE PLANET,
MISTER MINISTER... WE ARE
NO LONGER FAR FROM THE
STRENGTH OF THE SOVIET
AMERICANS AND ALBANIANS
AND ETHIOPIANS...

... IN FACT, IT'S ESSENTIAL TO STRIKE QUICKLY,
EVEN IF IT'S NOT AS STRONG AS THE OTHERS...
WHEN IT'S NECESSARY, I INSIST ON BEING
WELL ABOVE IT, SO I WOULD LIKE AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE TO RID THIS OLD HUNK OF METAL OF
ITS SUSPICIOUS CINEMATOGRAPHIC PASSIONS!

HEY!
THE
DOOR?!!!



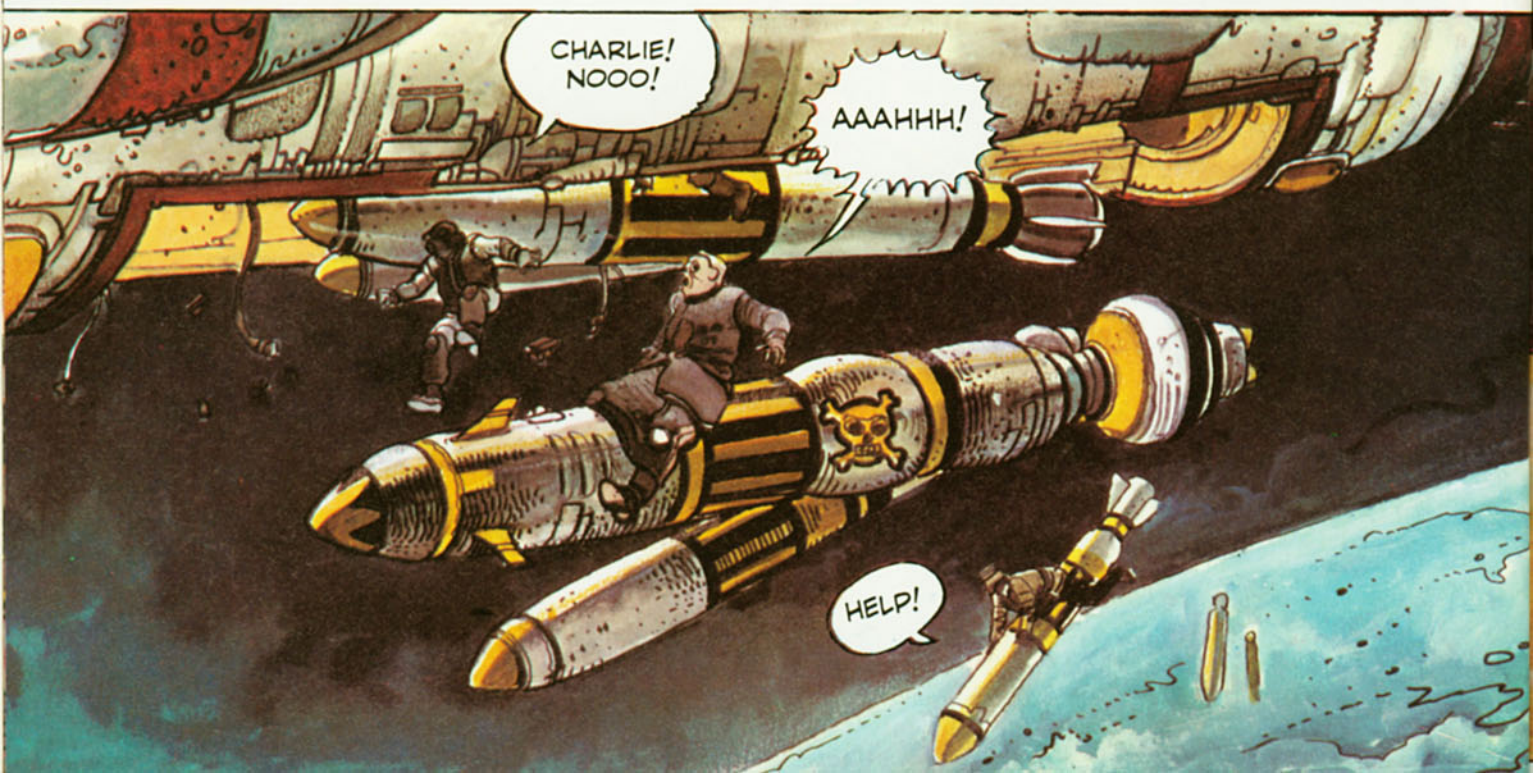
CLAC

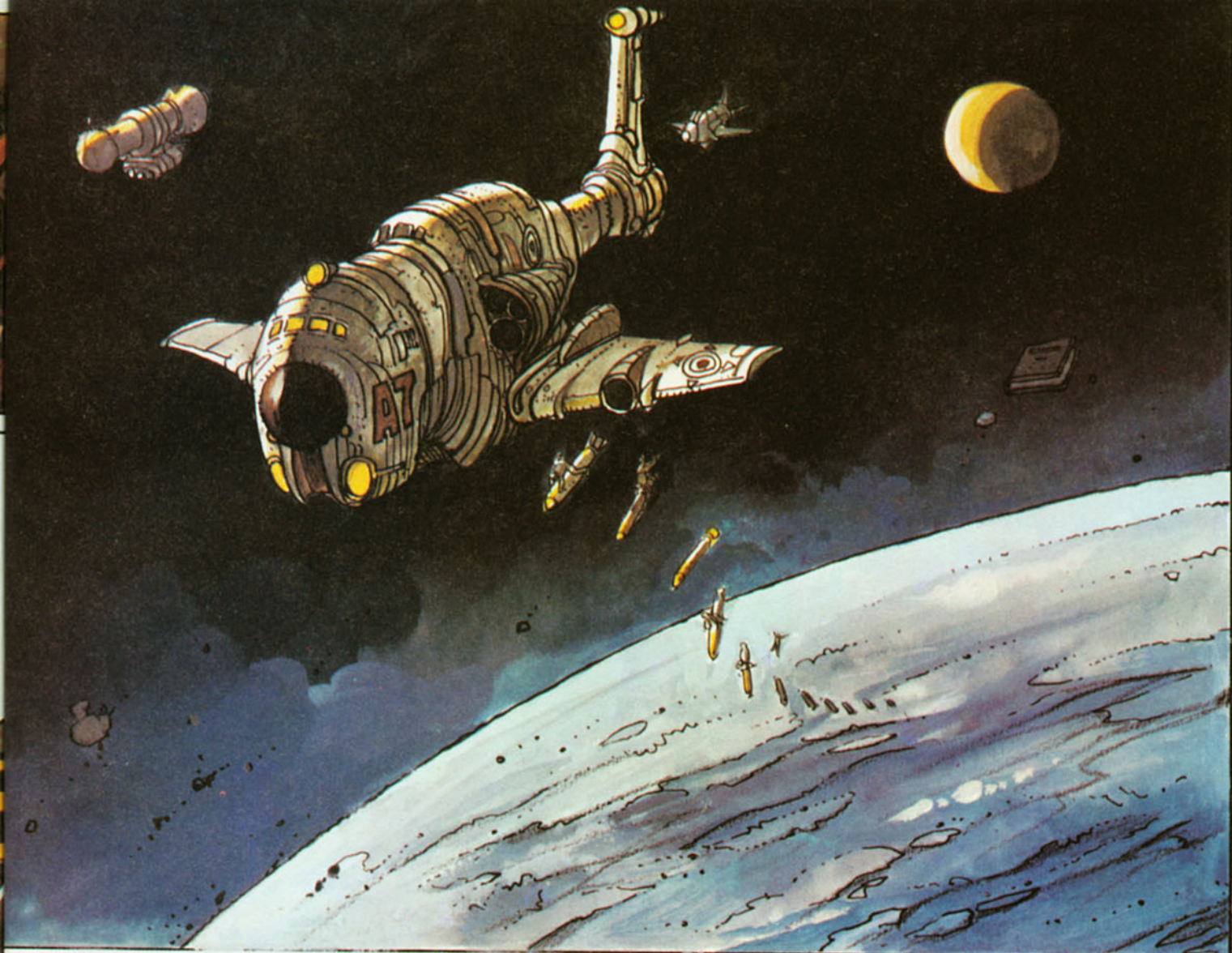
WHAT'S
UP?

CHARLIE!
OPEN THE
DOOR!!!

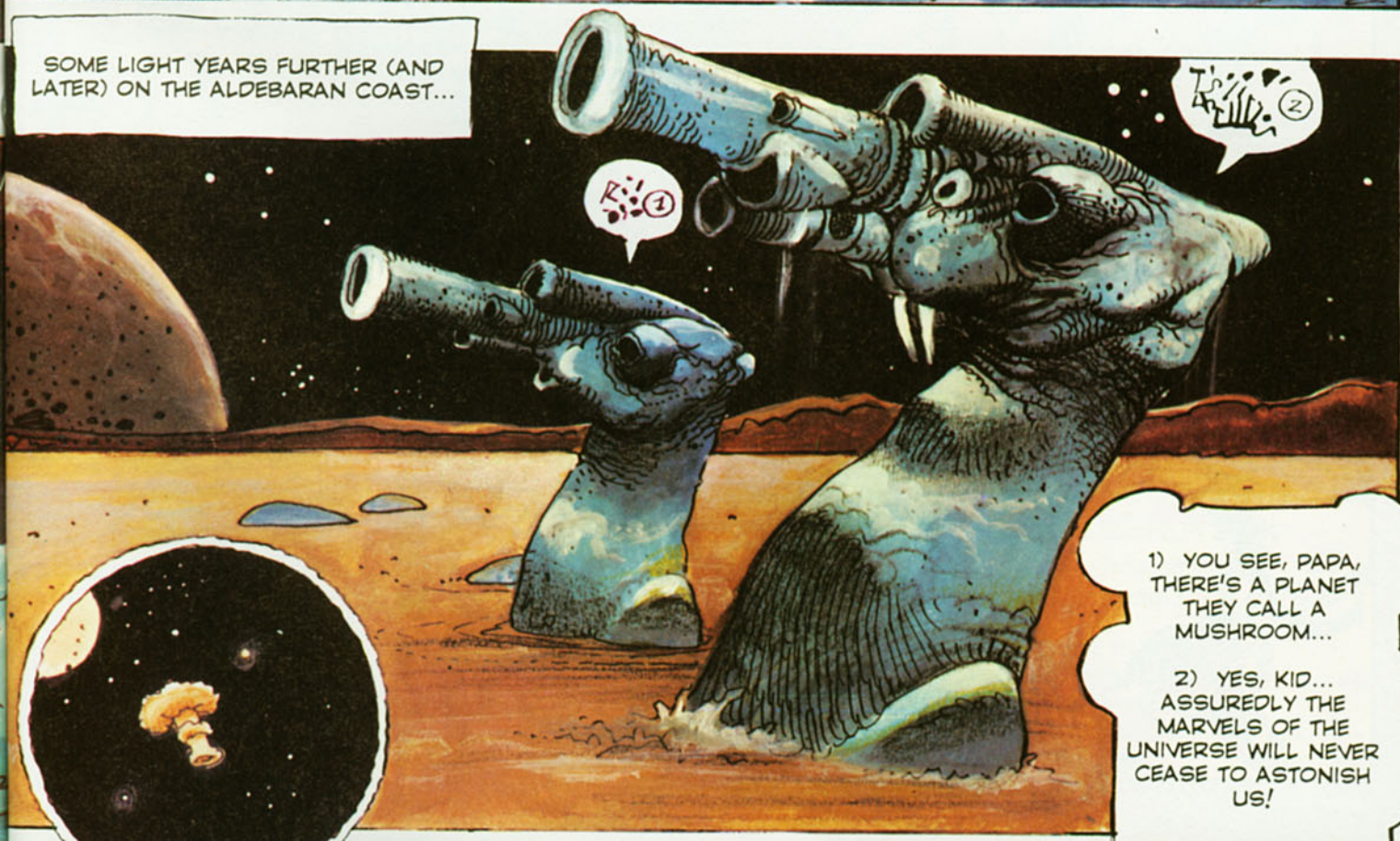


... YOU WILL BE THERE, MISTER MINISTER AND FASTER THAN YOU THINK- HA HA...



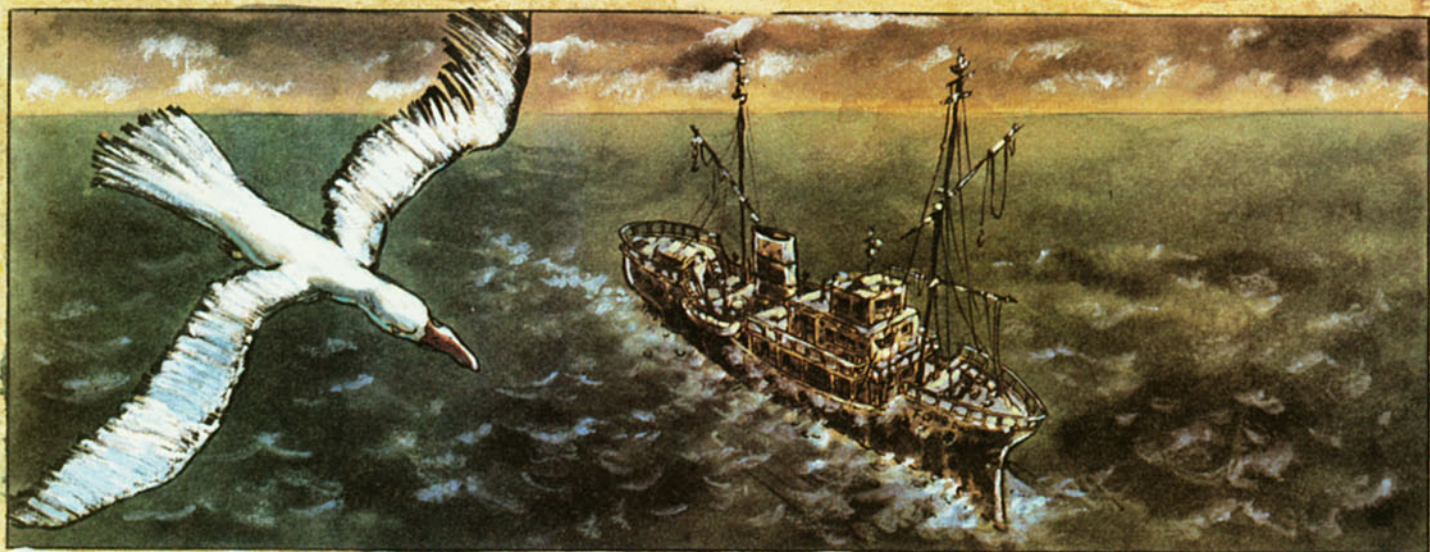


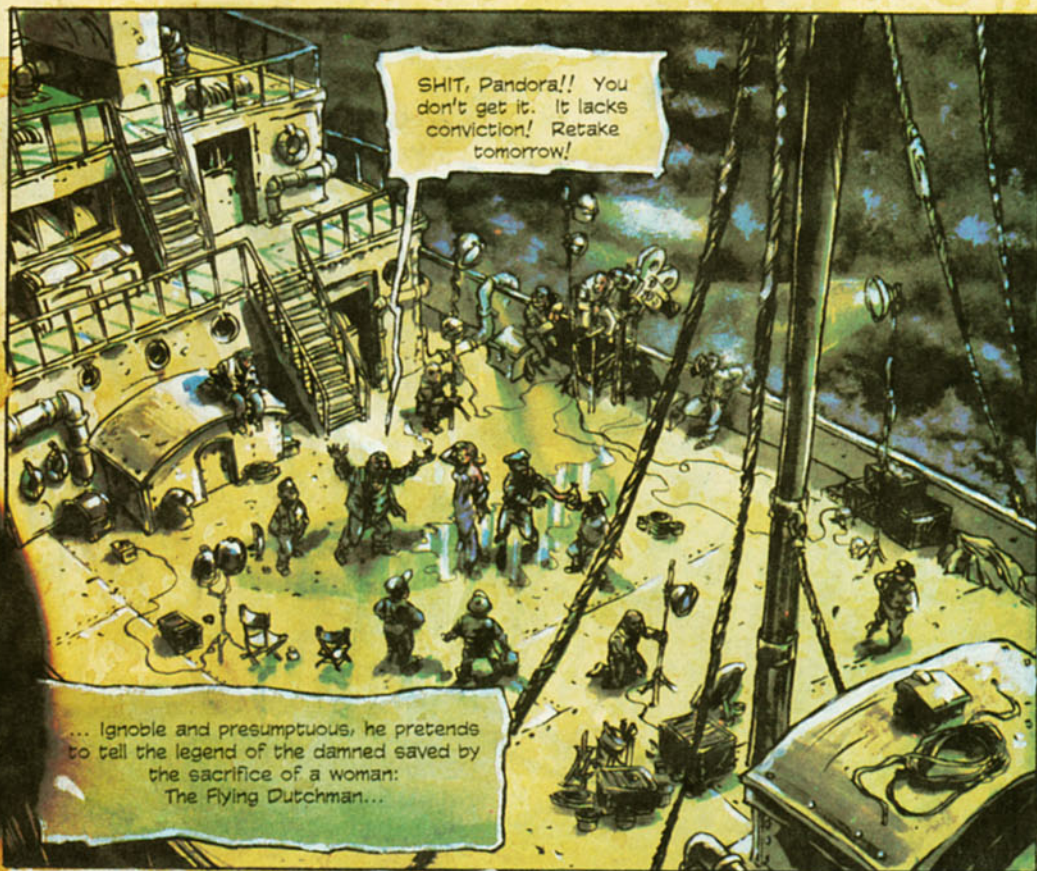
SOME LIGHT YEARS FURTHER (AND LATER) ON THE ALDEBARAN COAST...



1) YOU SEE, PAPA,
THERE'S A PLANET
THEY CALL A
MUSHROOM...

2) YES, KID...
ASSUREDLY THE
MARVELS OF THE
UNIVERSE WILL NEVER
CEASE TO ASTONISH
US!





SHIT, Pandora!! You don't get it. It lacks conviction! Retake tomorrow!

... Ignoble and presumptuous, he pretends to tell the legend of the damned saved by the sacrifice of a woman: The Flying Dutchman...



AAAAHHH!

The one consumes the poison of alcohol, the other is inspired by fever and folly...



Alone, on the ship, the foamy sea a greenish blue. Her eyes looking off, lost...



Pandora, the endlessly long white nape of your neck...

Yes, I want you. Yes, I love you. Take me.

I was seized by my thoughts. I pronounced these words. I said...



Dirty beast!

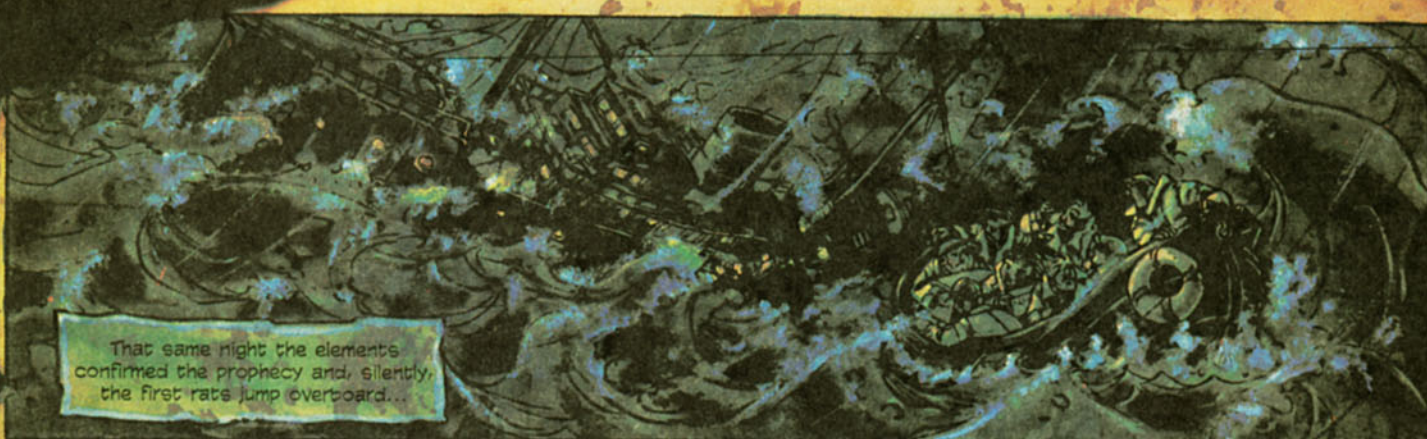


Bitch! She can't spy on us anymore!


Evil! Evil!



Evil on those who strike the sea voyagers!!!




That same night the elements confirmed the prophecy and, silently, the first rats jump overboard...




Ha, Ha Ha!
The universe is angry, I'll punch it in the face!

How can you be ecstatic over destruction, the retribution for your cruelty?




I imagine the promise of a multiple and complex love. He is almost like a child. He needs so much...




Pandora, do you accept?
Do you love me? Would you die to save me?


Die for you my angel... yes...



He wants to see the truth, the hour of desire and essential satisfaction...



Oh, silence across worlds and loves; Oh, the omega, violet rays in your eyes!



Oooh! My angel... Ooooooh...



Oooooh... his angelic face masks the soul of a demon...



The storm blesses our maritime awakening... The rivers have left me where I wanted...



Karu-Teehika!!
Oh-Tcixa! Oh-Xa!!



Aaaahh!

I have the sun below,
touched by mystic horrors...



Here's the punishment,
reserved for
albatross killers...



No! She's
mine for
eternity!

Lay kisses on my
eyes, slowly...



Every night, he comes to
me. I die of ecstasy and
horror...





My body remagnetized by these enormous pains, I am living again, this horrible life!



ARE YOU READY TO SEE WHAT YOU IMAGINED?



Pandora! The angel will soon take you. You will be ours...

Noooo! I wasn't born to be sacrificed...



To never have her love...

... We are condemned to wander...

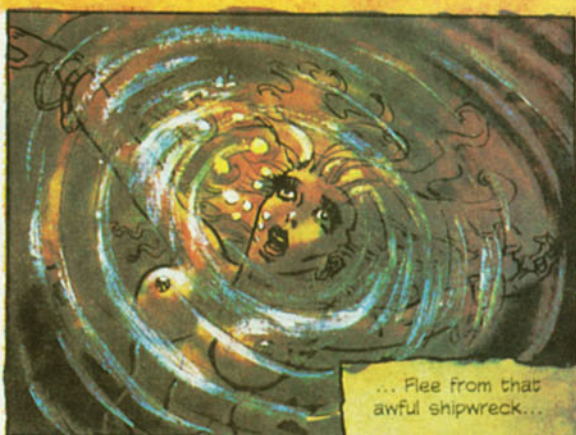
... To look for a reflection in our youth...



Oh, delicious voyages... I'll never land...



... Living under skies of
ember...



... Flee from that
awful shipwreck...



I SAW
IT!



Postemotional
trauma. Third
phase...

She's the sole
survivor of the
Flying Dutchman
shipwreck.



After ten days
of drifting after
the wreck, it will
take time for her
to recover.

She hid a
book in her
bed. I took it
away.



A dangerous
book to
read to
balance the
mind...



I asked the nurse to
increase the dosage.

Aaah!!





I am no longer a
prisoner of
reason.



This steely love has made me
swollen with invigorating
lethargy. I shall go to the
sea!



I hear the music of
desire...

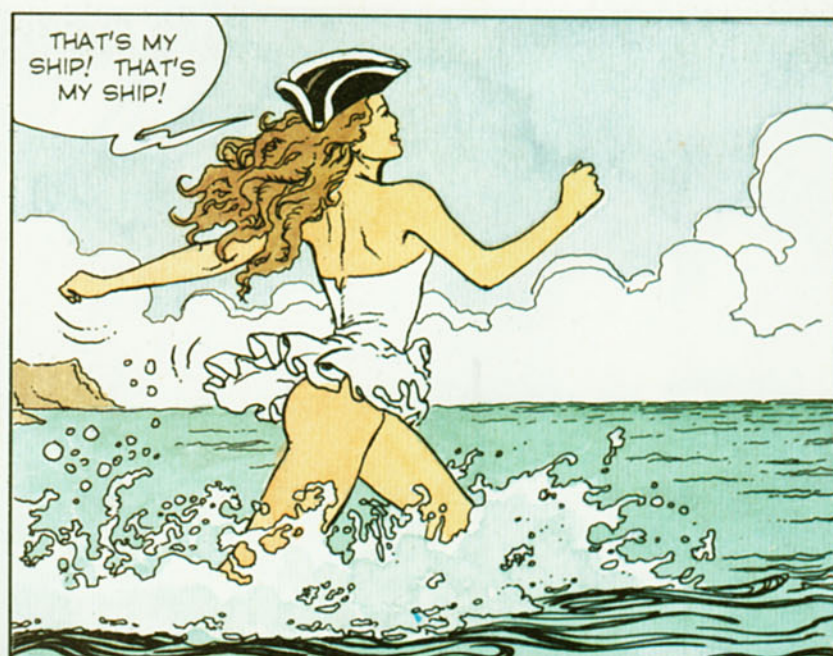


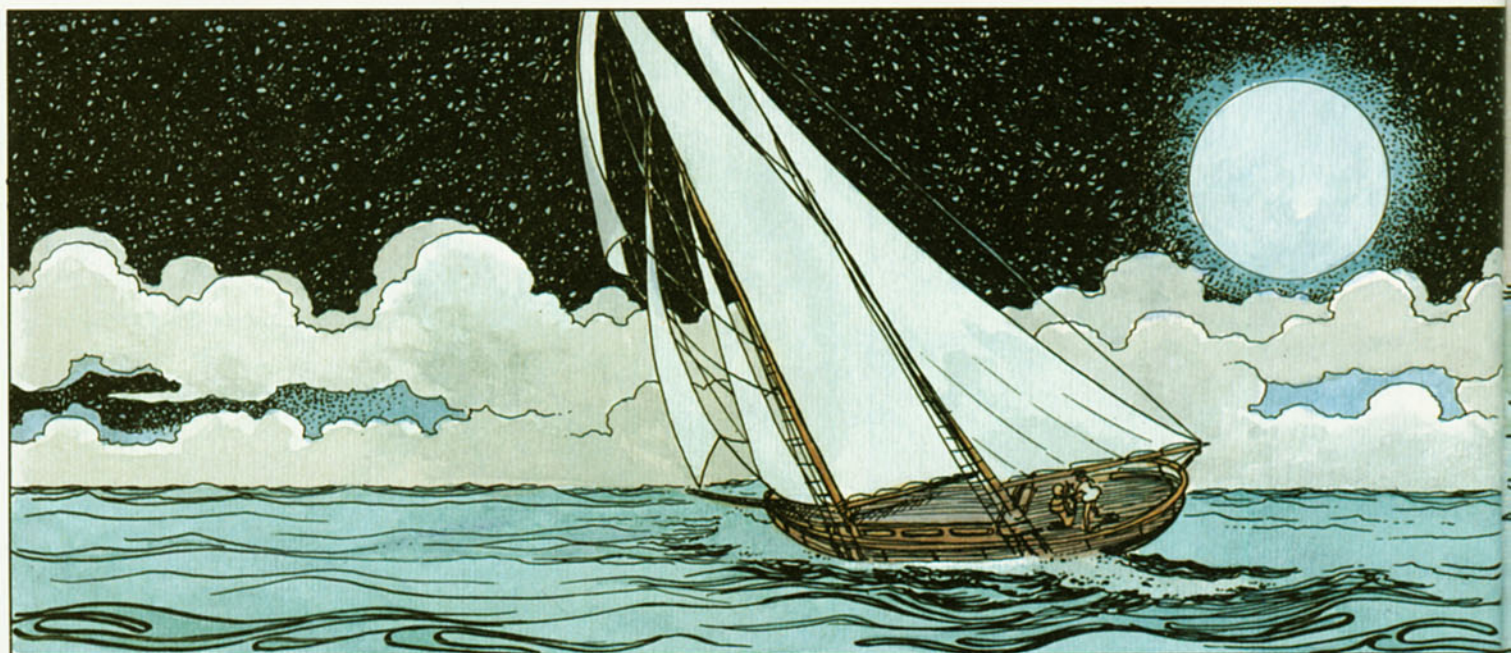
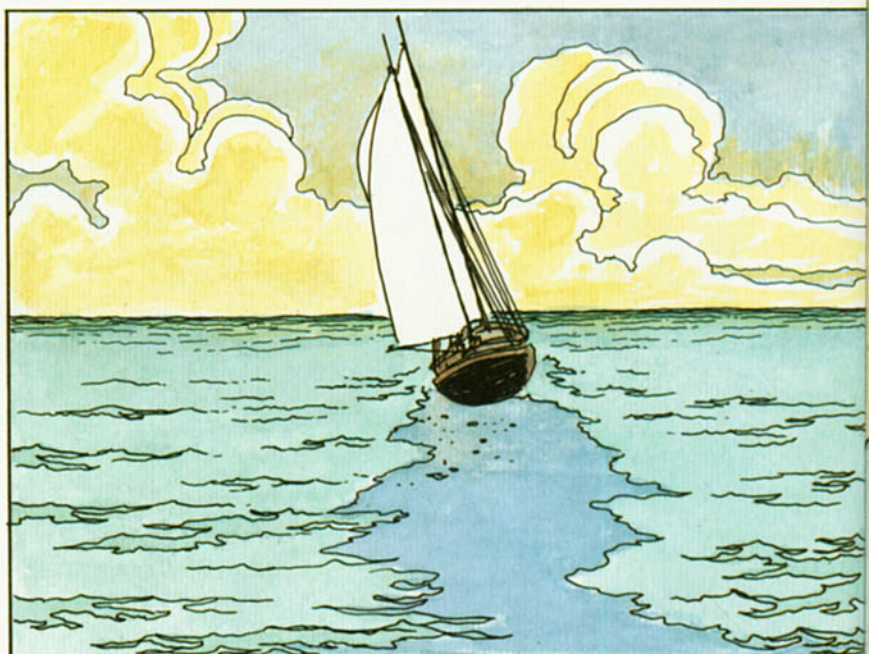
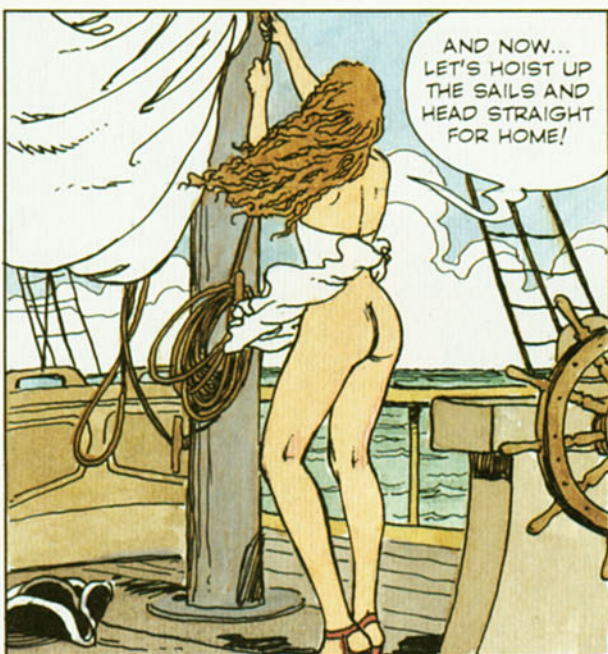
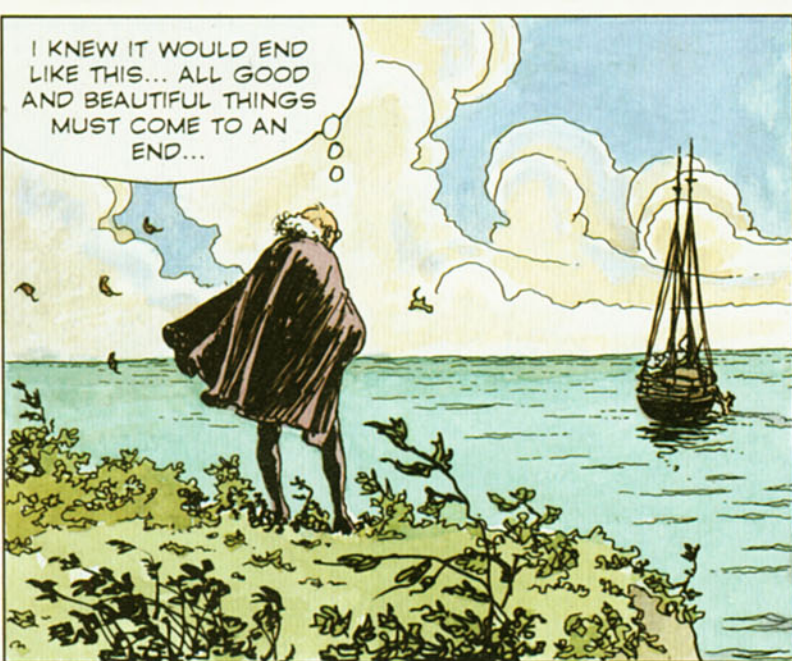
I am aroused the
night I see you...



AAAAHHH...
Aaarthur... my angel...

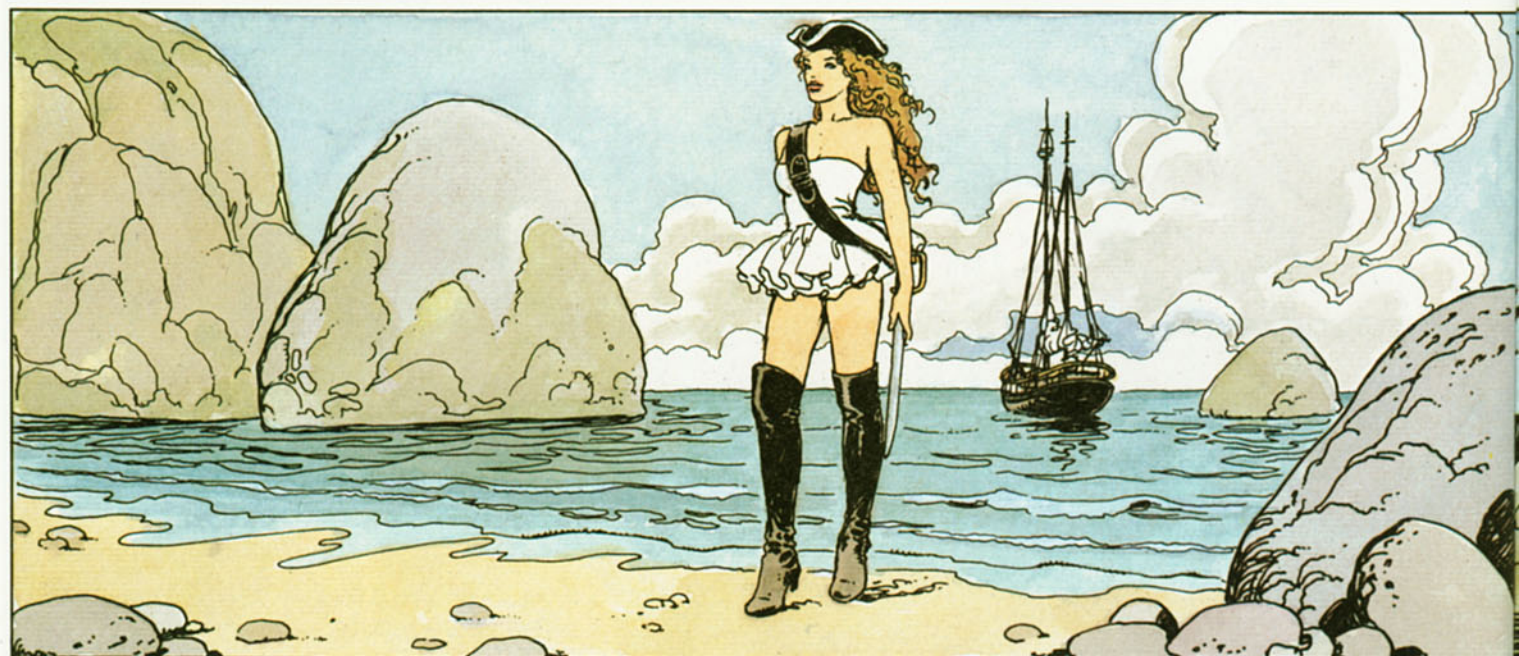
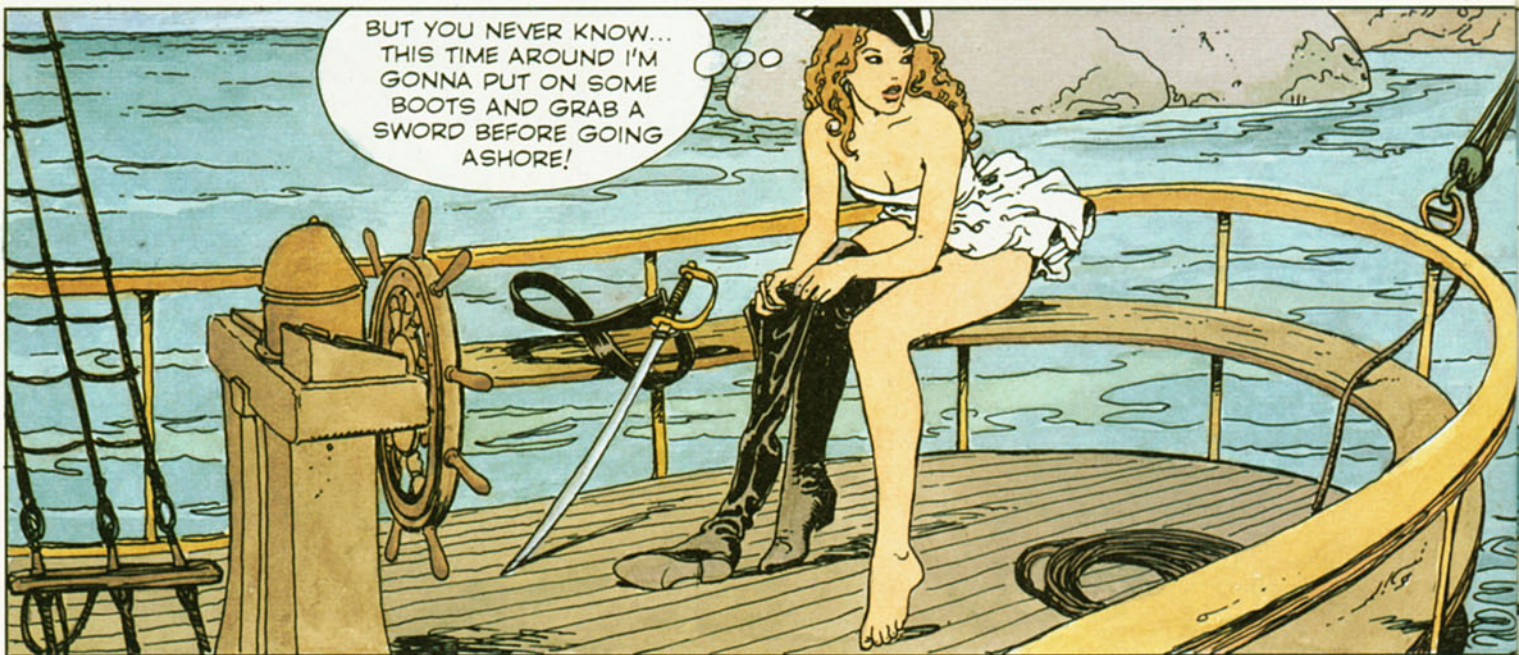
SCENARIO = FRANÇOIS MIGEAT
DESSIN = TIBURCE OGER 93

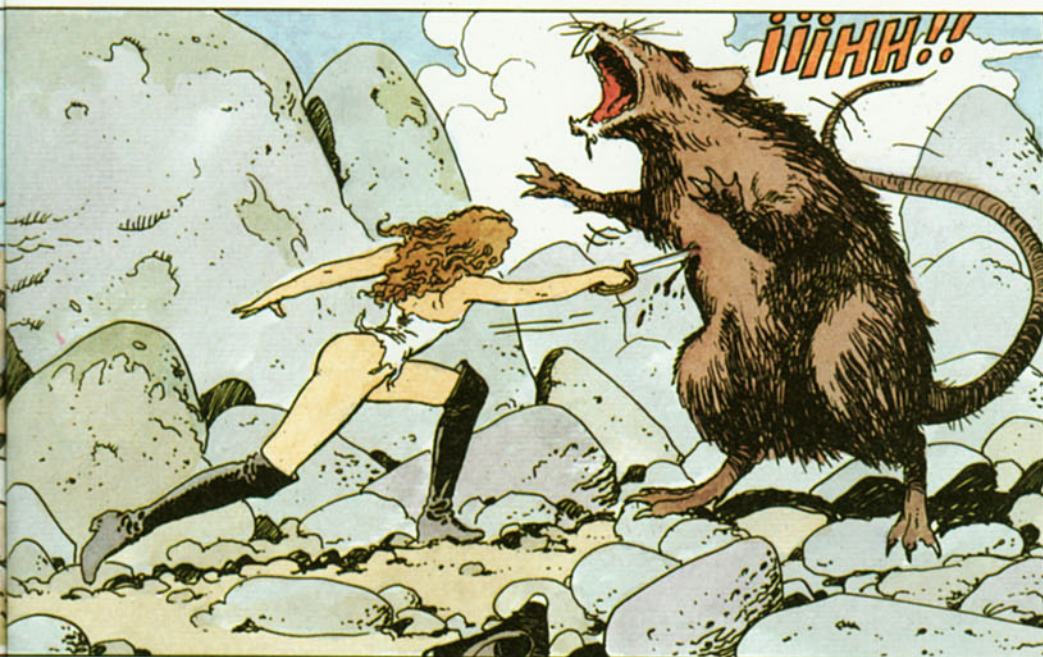
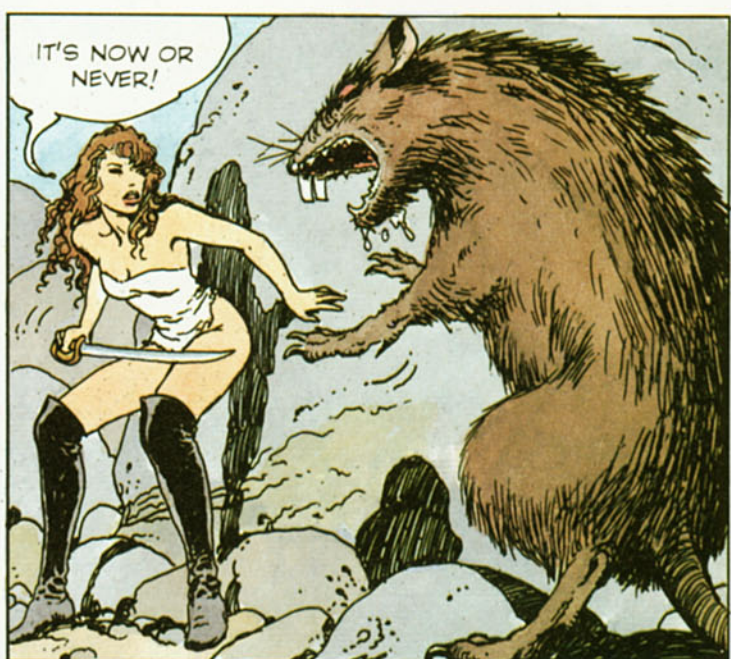
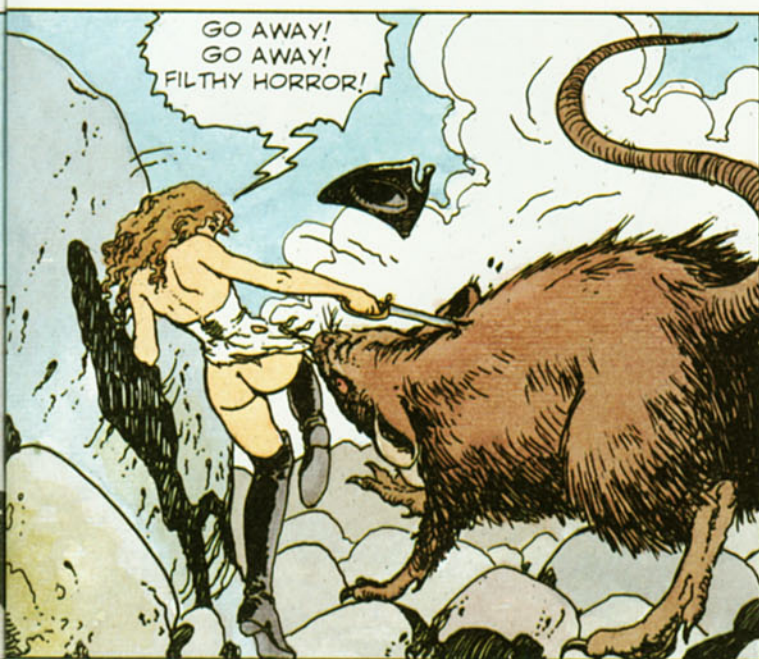
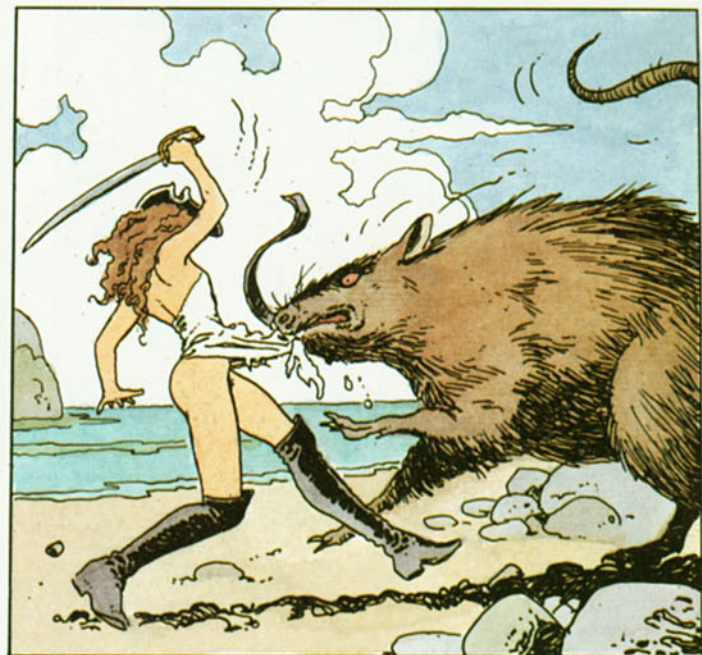
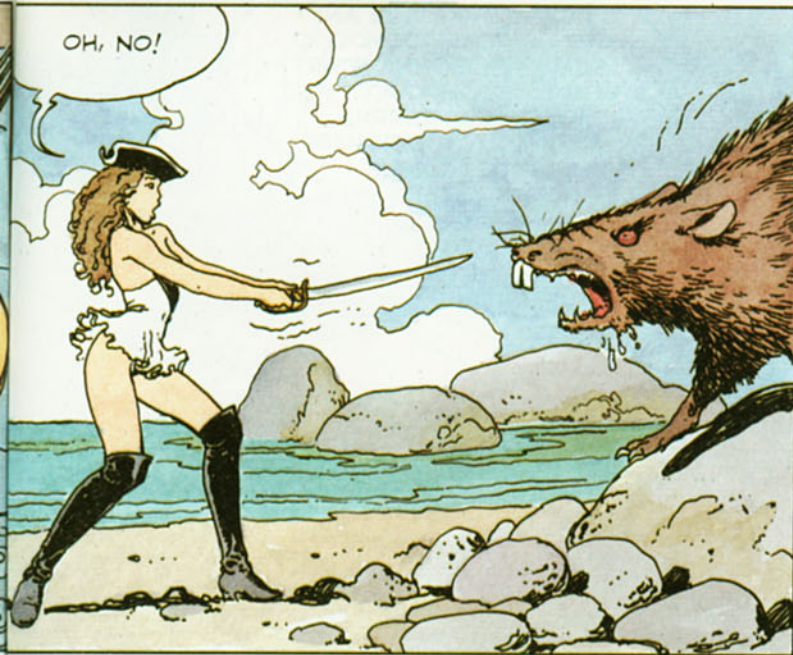






LAND AT LAST!
THE NIGHTMARE IS
OVER! BACK TO REAL
LIFE!





I'VE HAD IT! I'M
TOTALLY WIPED
OUT...



I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY
MORE... BOOOHOOOOHOOOO.
SCHOOL'S GONNA START
SOON... BOOHOOOO... AND
I'M STUCK HEERRRE...
BOOHOO... STUCK HERE
ALL ALONE...



AND NOW WHAT'S
HAPPENING? FEELS
LIKE AN
EARTHQUAKE!!



OH, SHOOT!

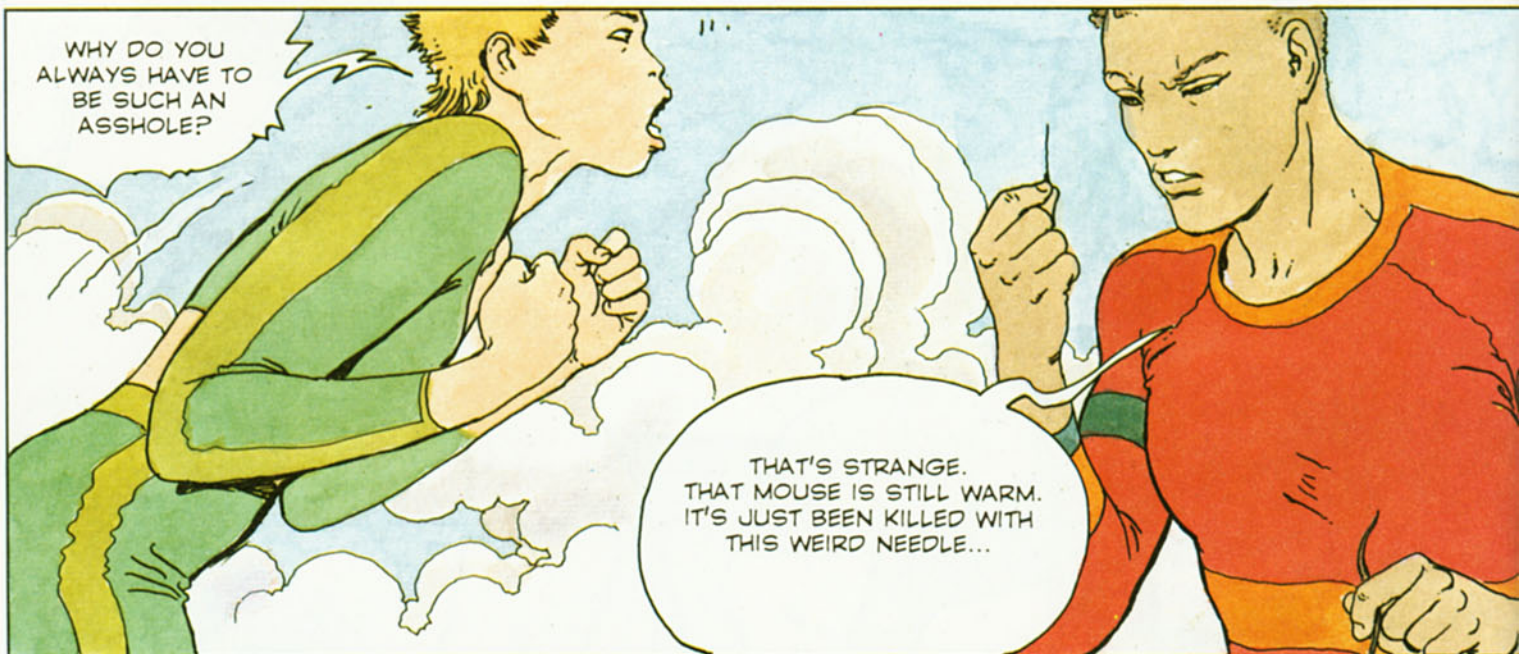
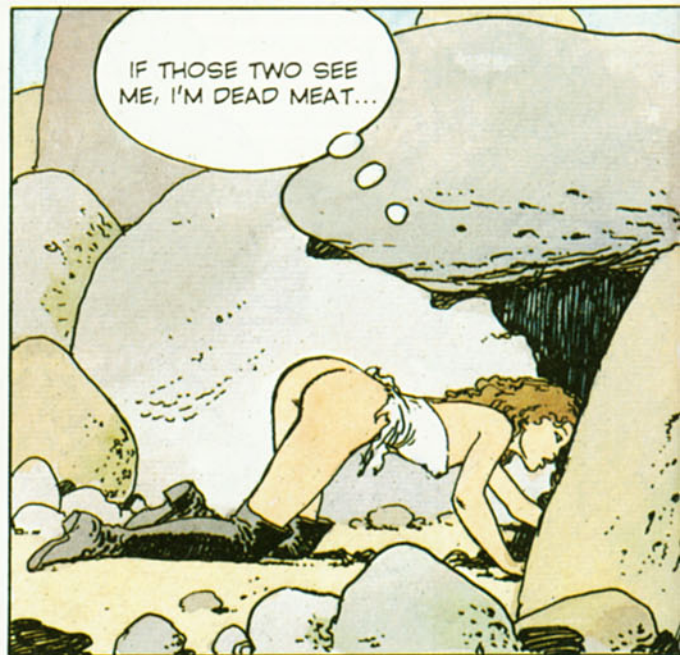


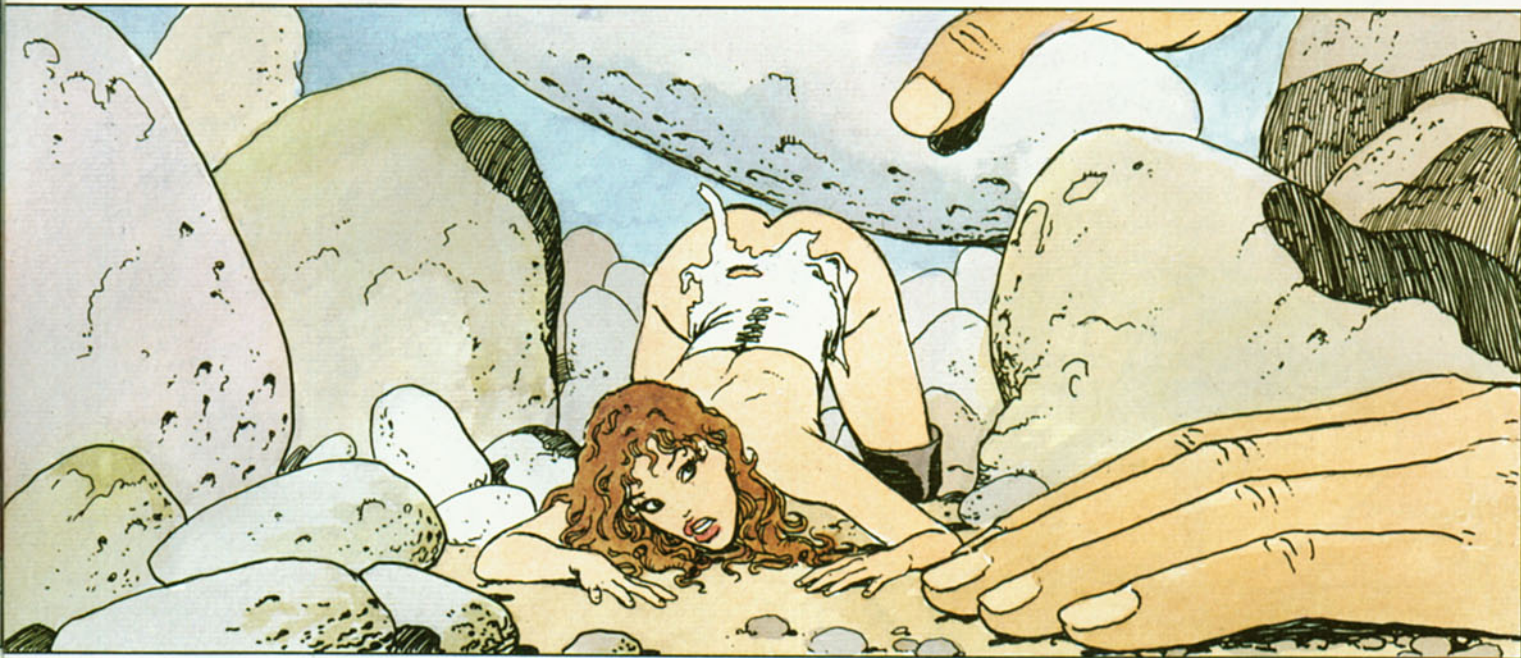
OUAAHH!!
AAAHH!!

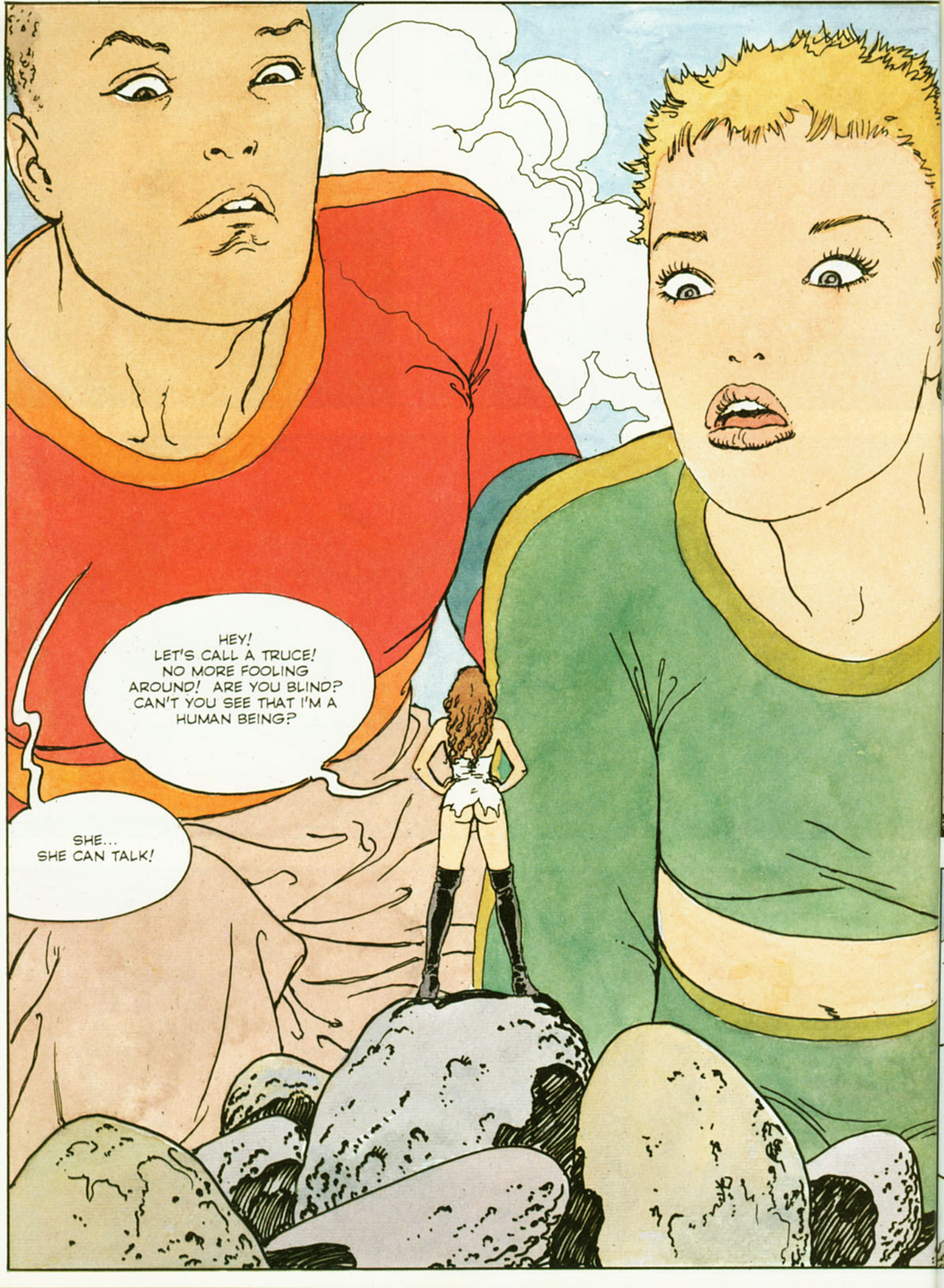
GGRRR!!

THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING!!



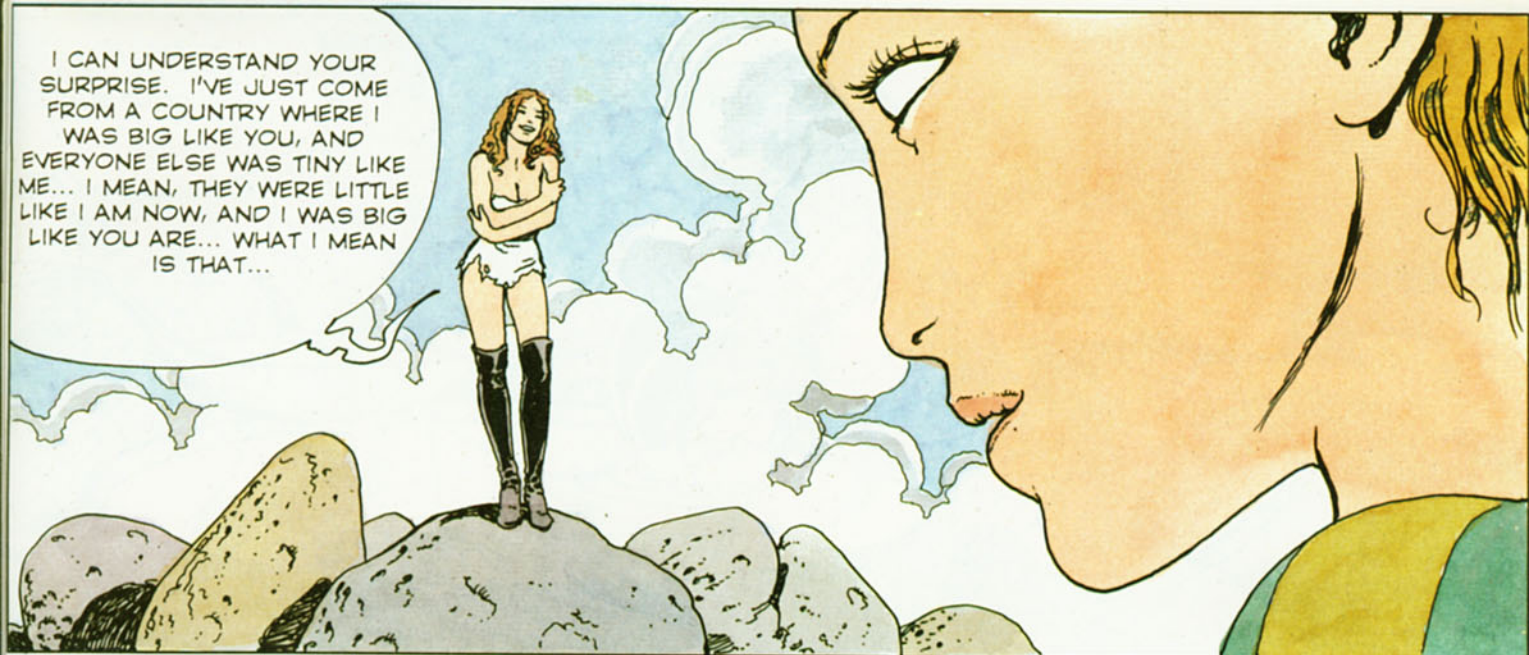






HEY!
LET'S CALL A TRUCE!
NO MORE FOOLING
AROUND! ARE YOU BLIND?
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M A
HUMAN BEING?

SHE...
SHE CAN TALK!



I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR SURPRISE. I'VE JUST COME FROM A COUNTRY WHERE I WAS BIG LIKE YOU, AND EVERYONE ELSE WAS TINY LIKE ME... I MEAN, THEY WERE LITTLE LIKE I AM NOW, AND I WAS BIG LIKE YOU ARE... WHAT I MEAN IS THAT...



MUST BE A HOLOGRAM... OR A THREE-DIMENSIONAL MICRO-PROJECTION...

IS THIS YOURS?



NO, NO! I'M A FLESH-AND-BLOOD CREATURE! BY THE WAY, DO YOU GUYS HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT? I'M ABSOLUTELY FAMISHED AND VERY THIRSTY!



I CAN GIVE YOU SOME LEFT-OVER ENERGY MILK FROM OUR PICNIC.



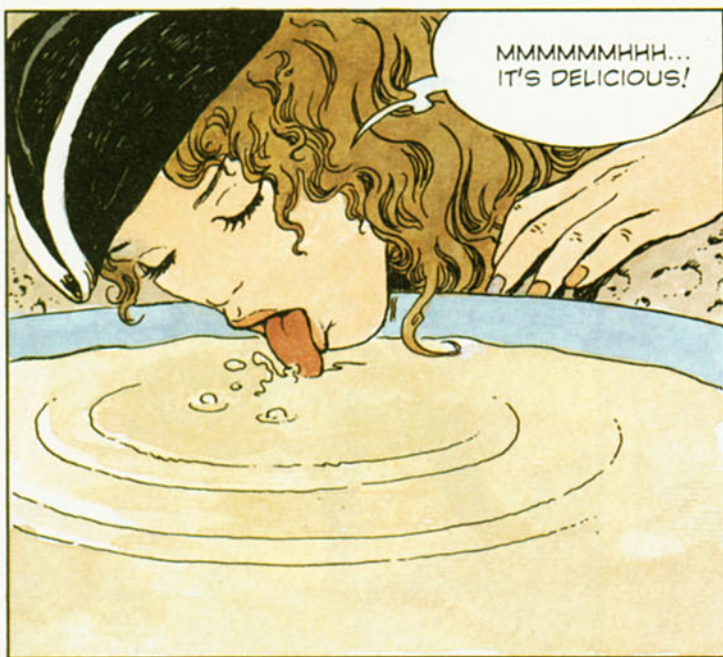
AND I'LL ADD SOME OF THIS!

NO! SHE'LL GET DRUNK ON THAT!

DRINK UP...
AND THEN WE'LL
HAVE SOME FUN...

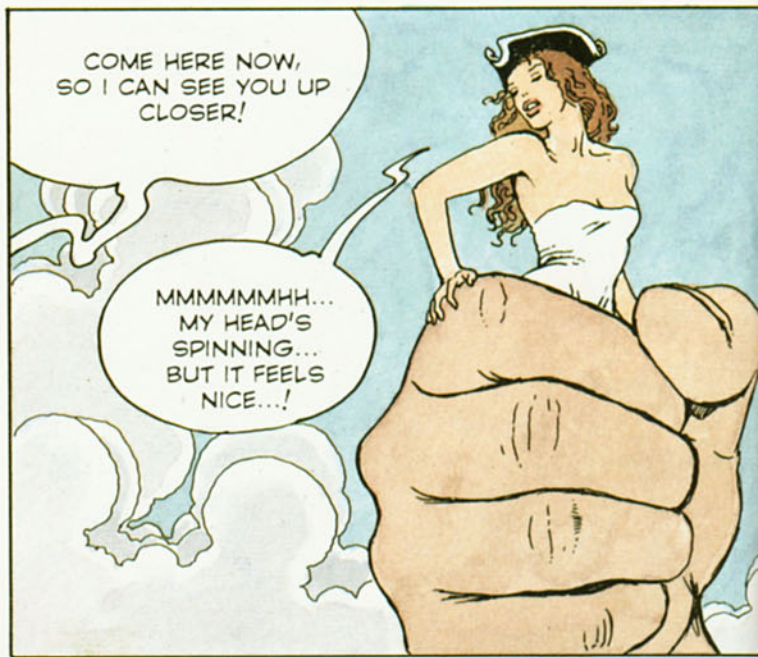


MMMMMMHHH...
IT'S DELICIOUS!

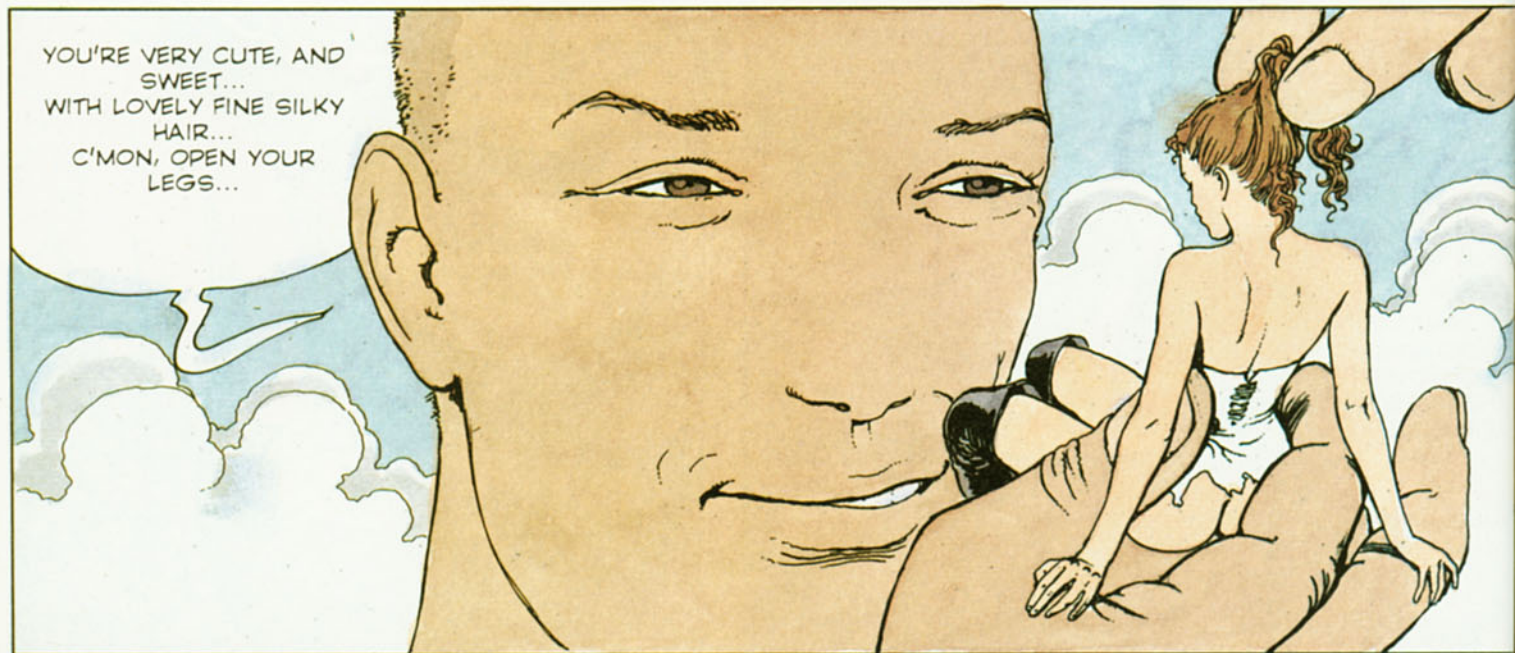


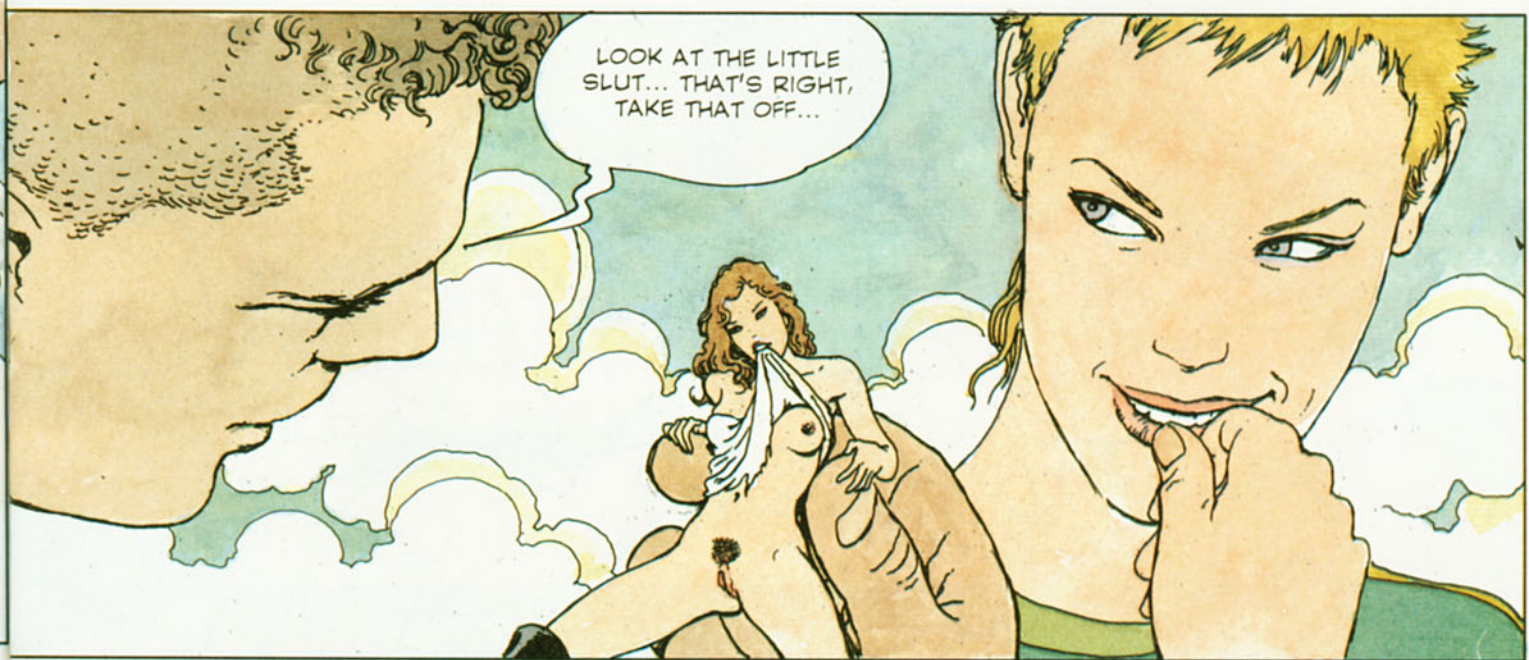
COME HERE NOW,
SO I CAN SEE YOU UP
CLOSER!

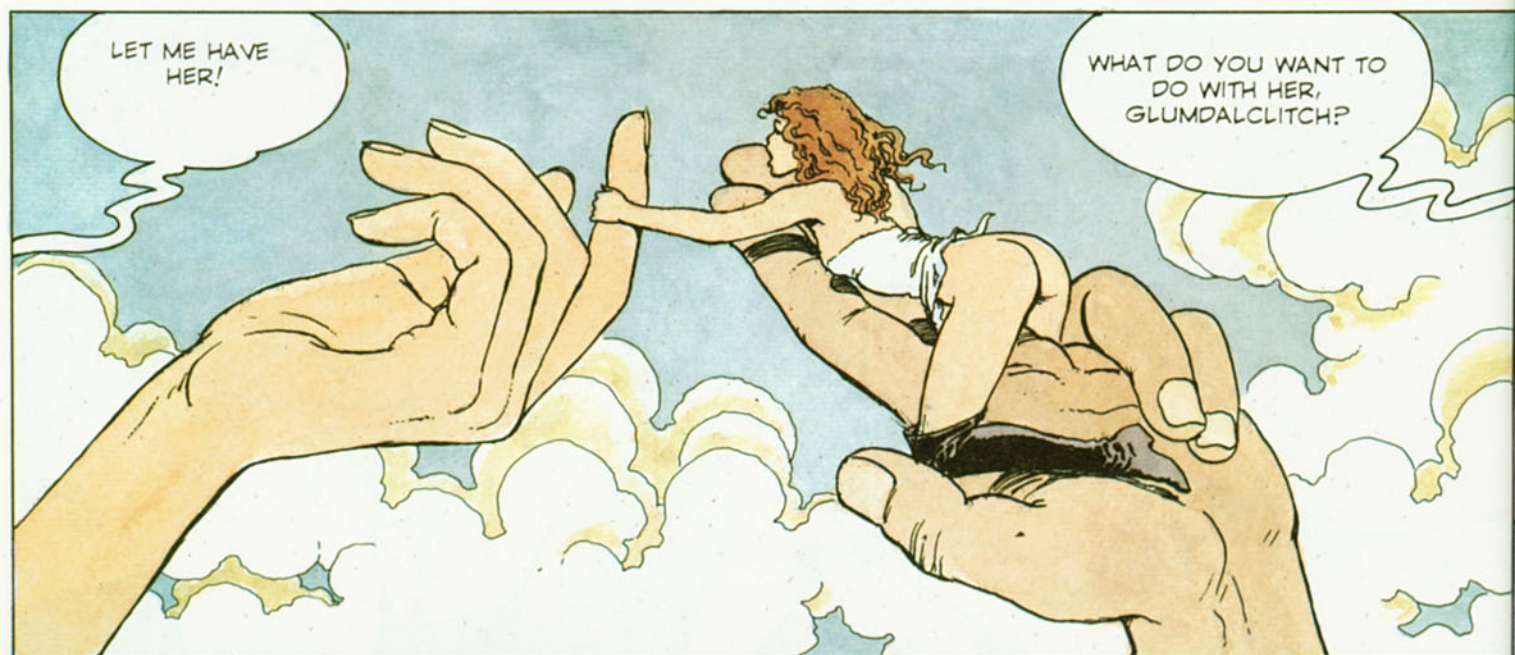
MMMMMMHH...
MY HEAD'S
SPINNING...
BUT IT FEELS
NICE...!



YOU'RE VERY CUTE, AND
SWEET...
WITH LOVELY FINE SILKY
HAIR...
C'MON, OPEN YOUR
LEGS...



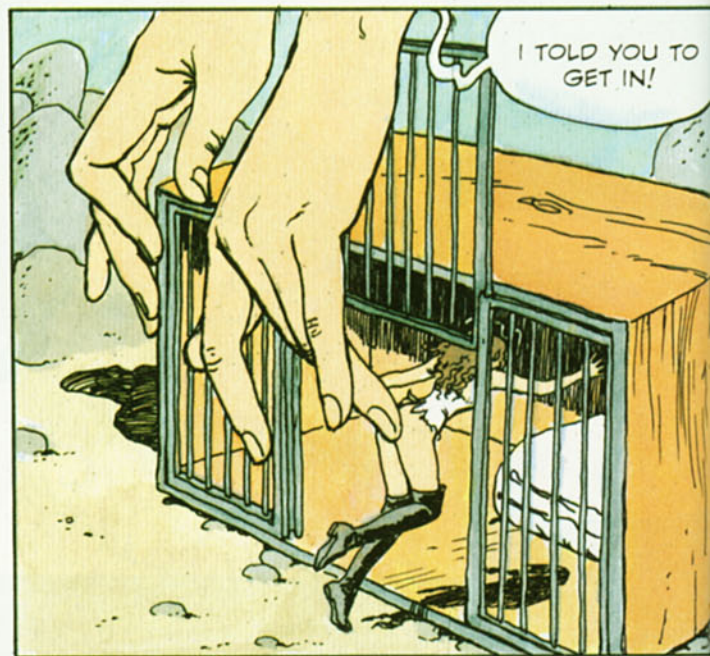
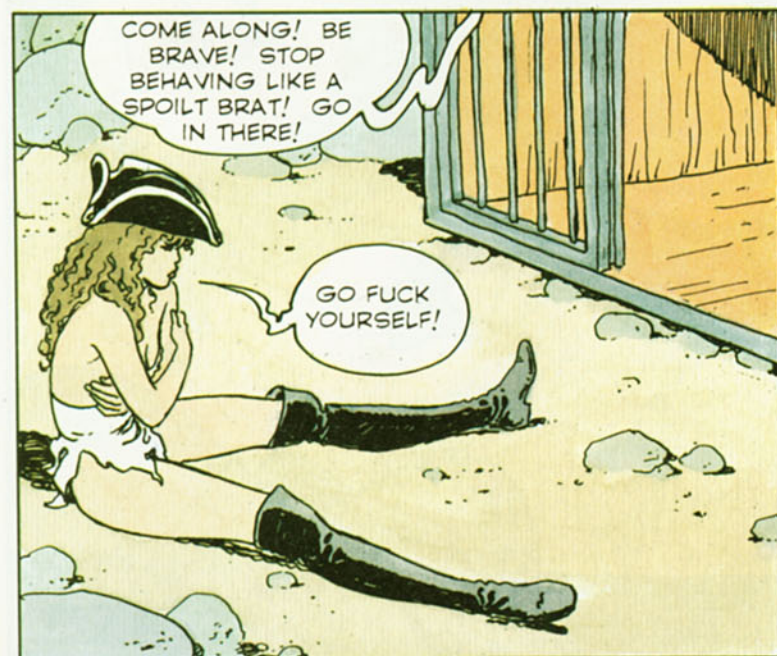
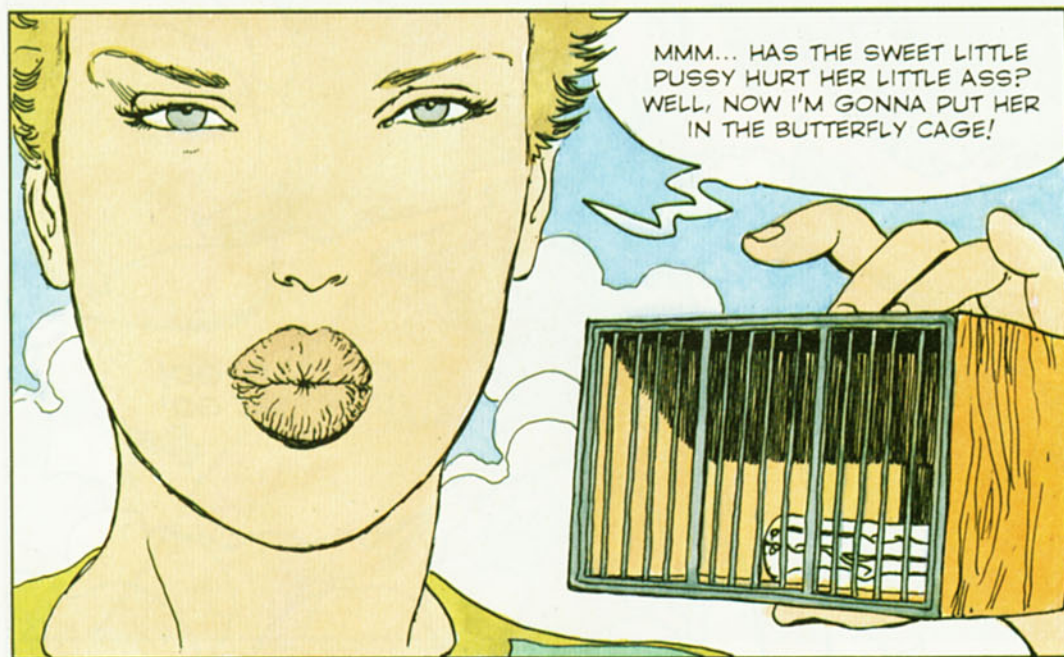
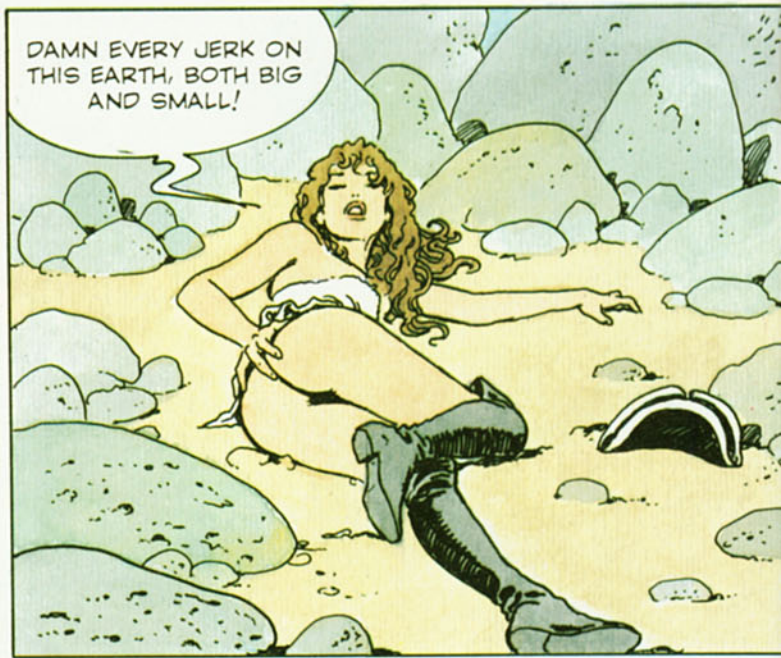
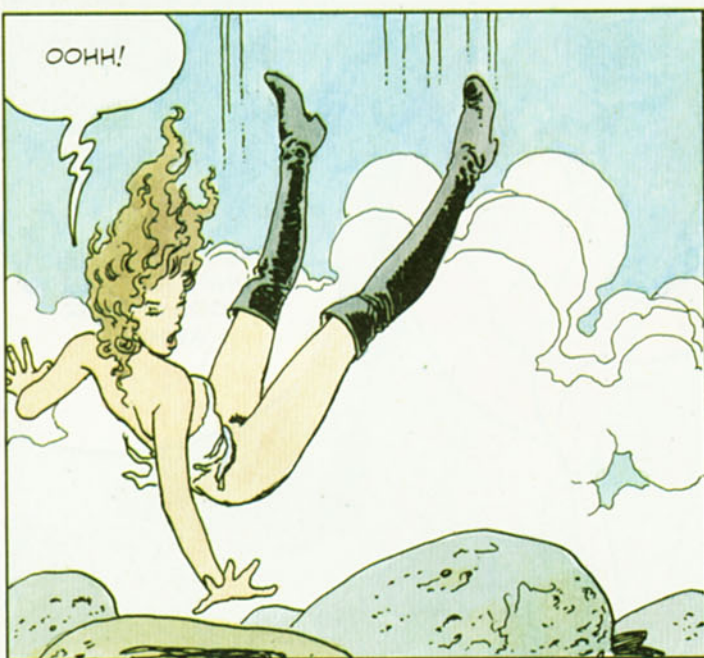


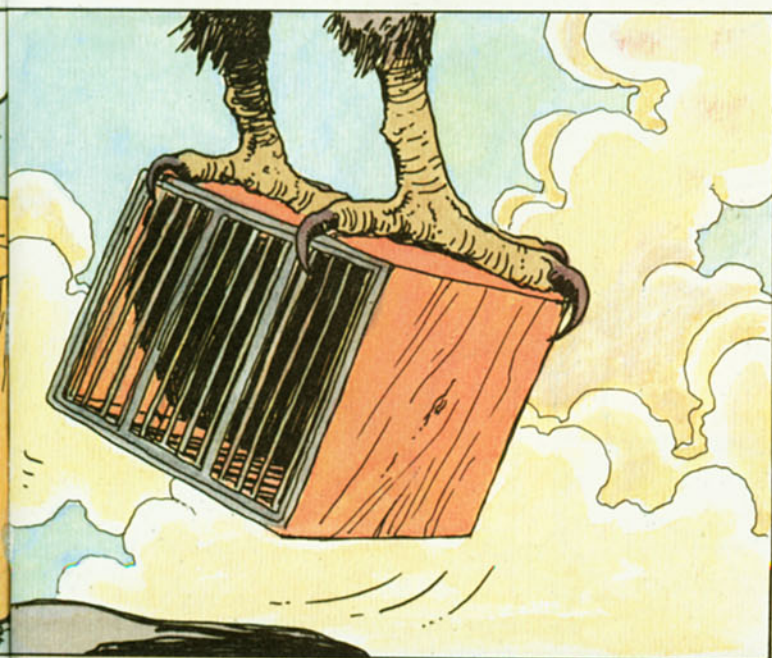
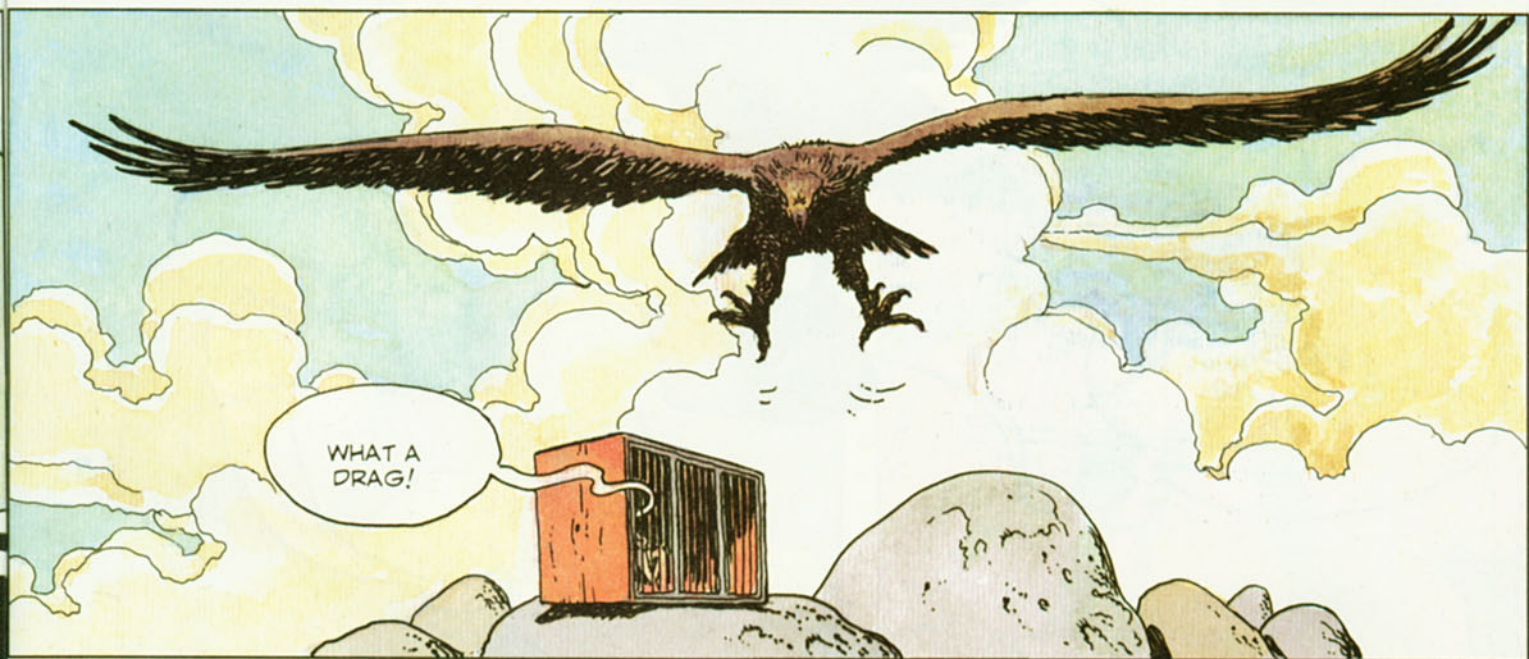
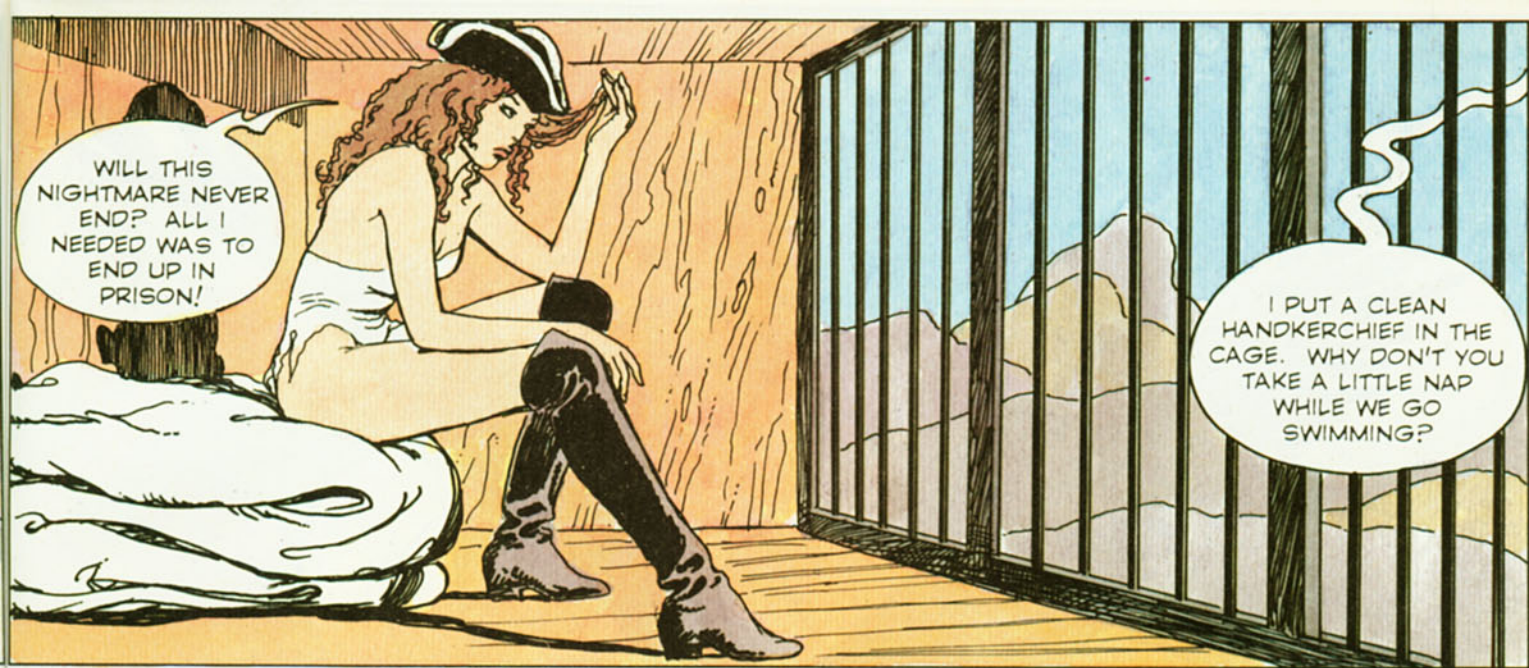


A comic book illustration showing a woman with long, curly blonde hair, wearing a white strapless top and black thigh-high boots, being held up by a giant, pale hand. She is suspended in the air, looking up at the hand with a pleading expression. The background features a body of water at the bottom, a rocky shore on the right, and a sky with stylized white and yellow clouds. On the left, there are large, rounded shapes in shades of green, purple, and pink, possibly representing hills or a stylized landscape. Two speech bubbles are present: one in the top right corner and another in the middle right area.

SHE'S COMPLETELY
DRUNK. SHE HAS TO
COOL OFF FOR
AWHILE!

DON'T LET GO!
DON'T LET GO!



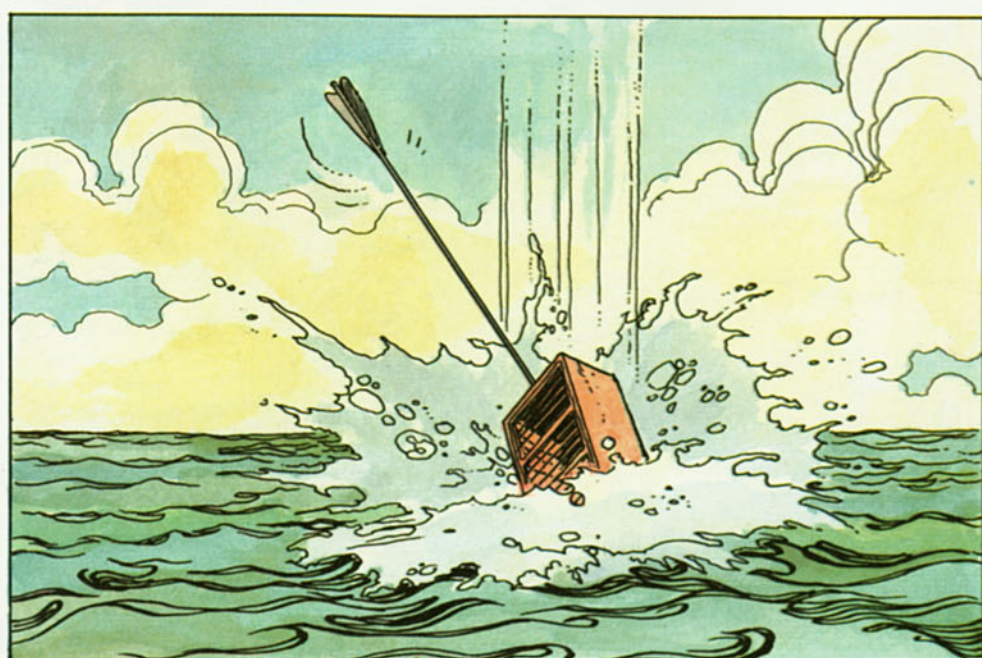
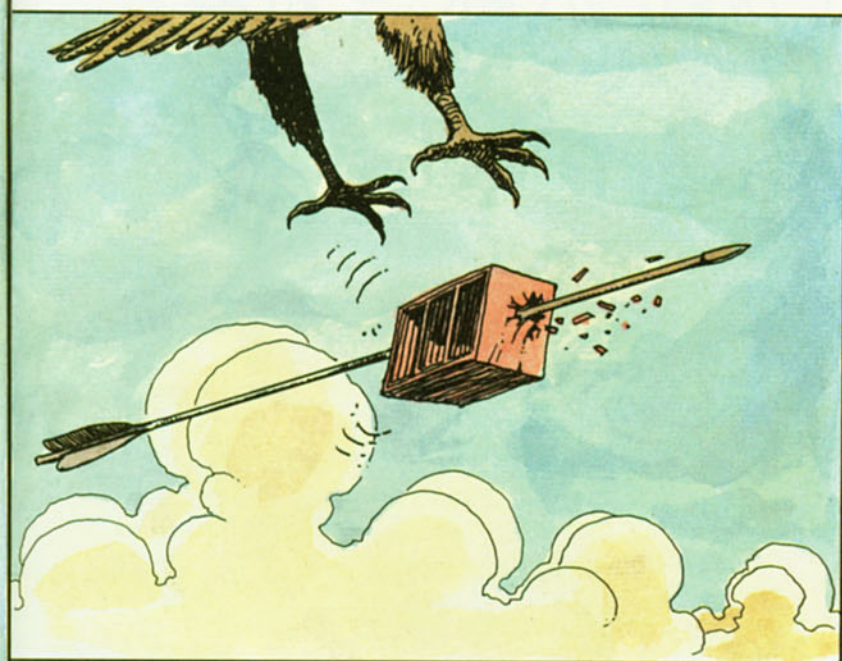





HELP!
SAVE ME!

CAREFUL YOU
DON'T HIT THE
CAGE!

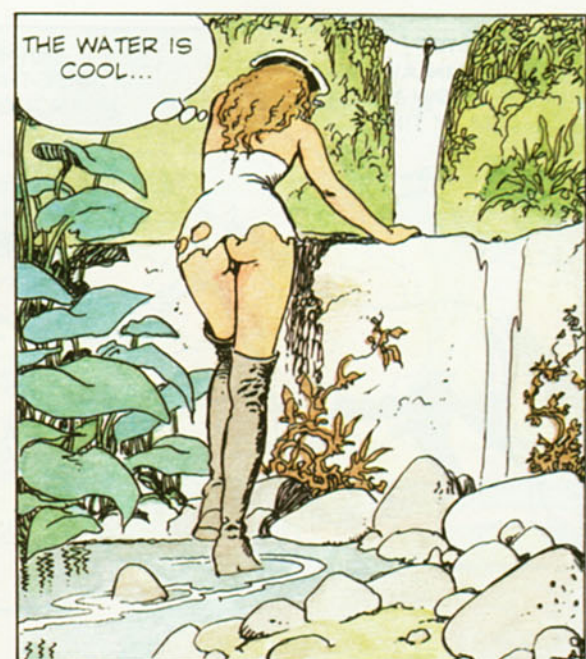
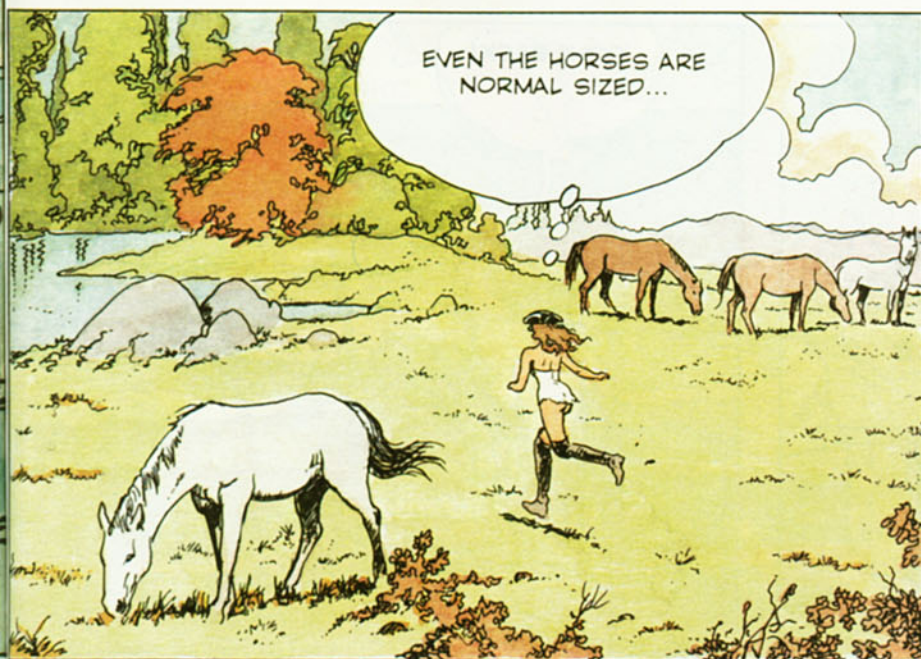
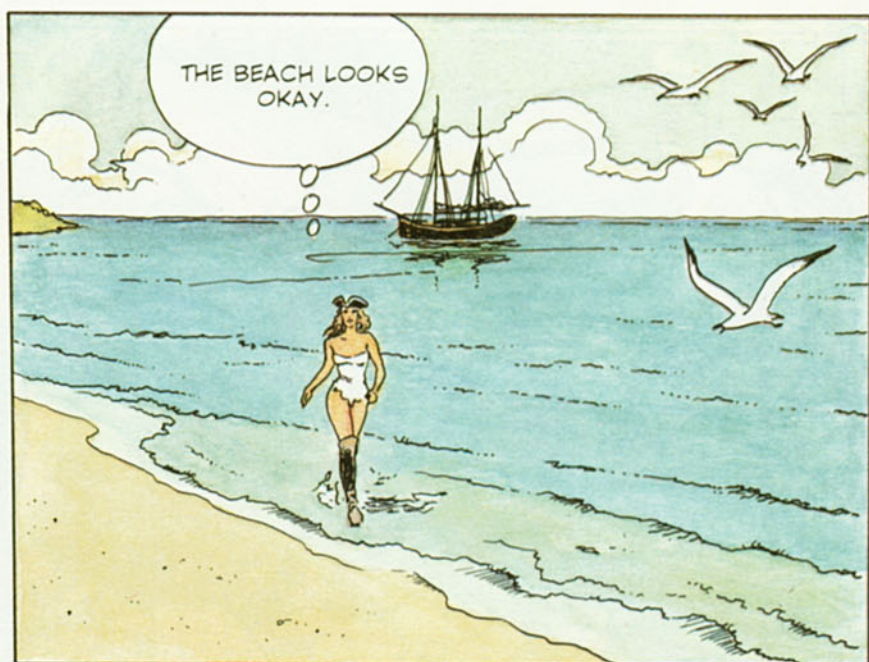
SHUT UP,
GRILDRIG! STOP
DISTRACTING ME!

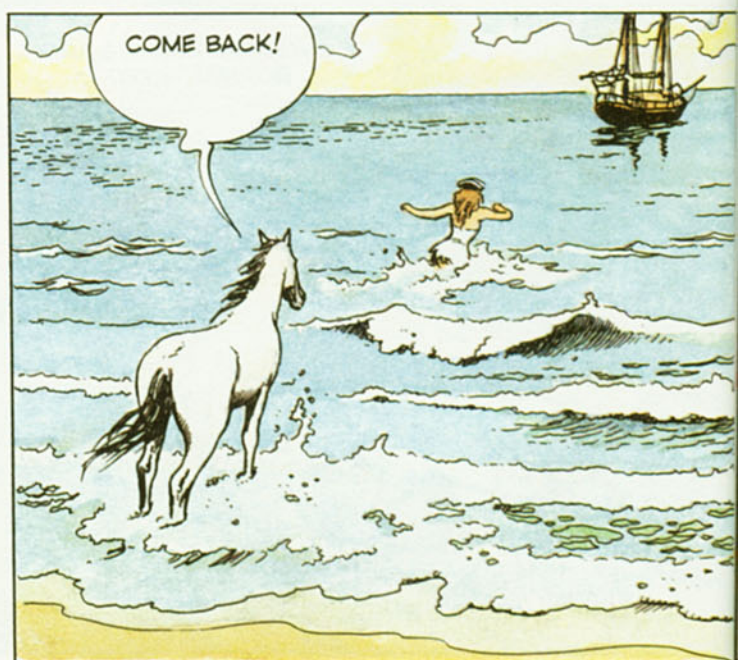
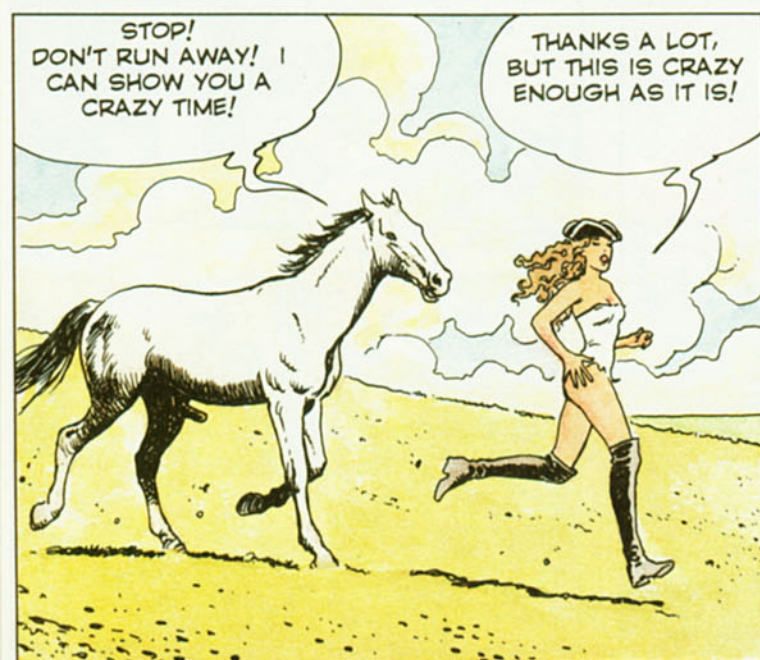
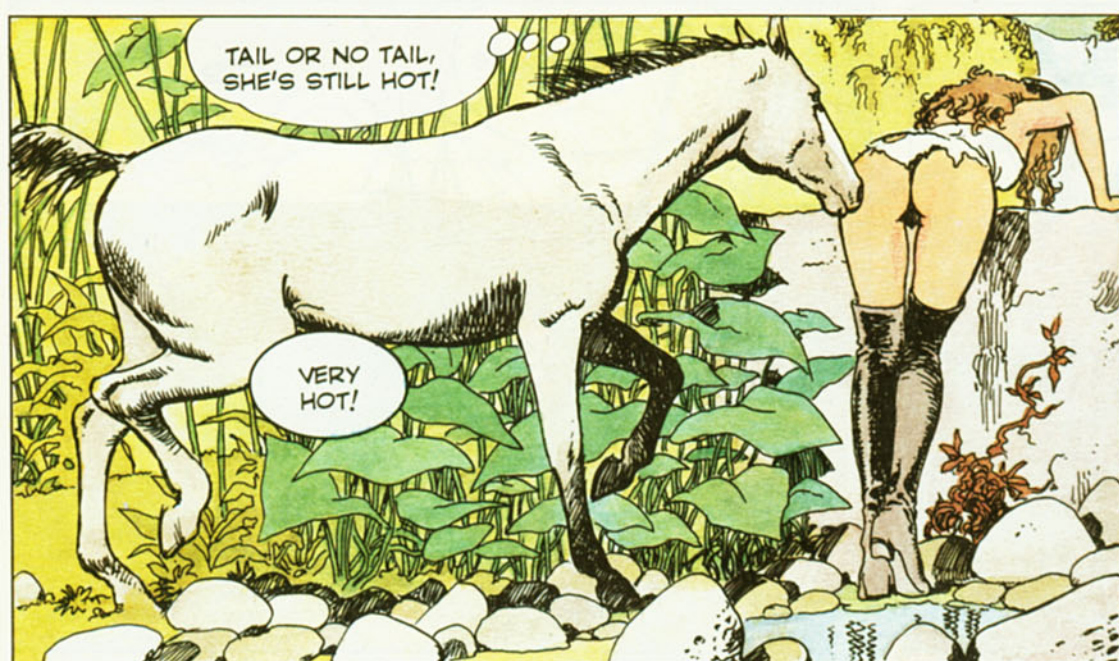
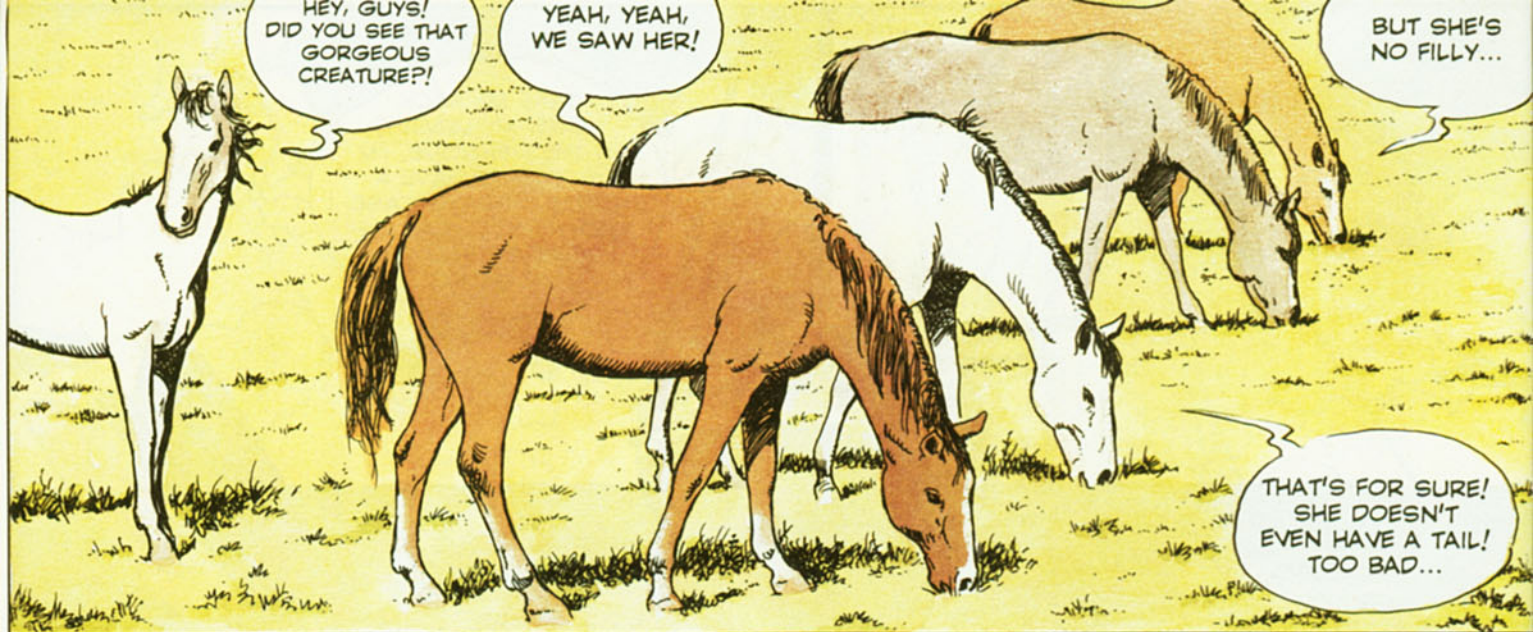


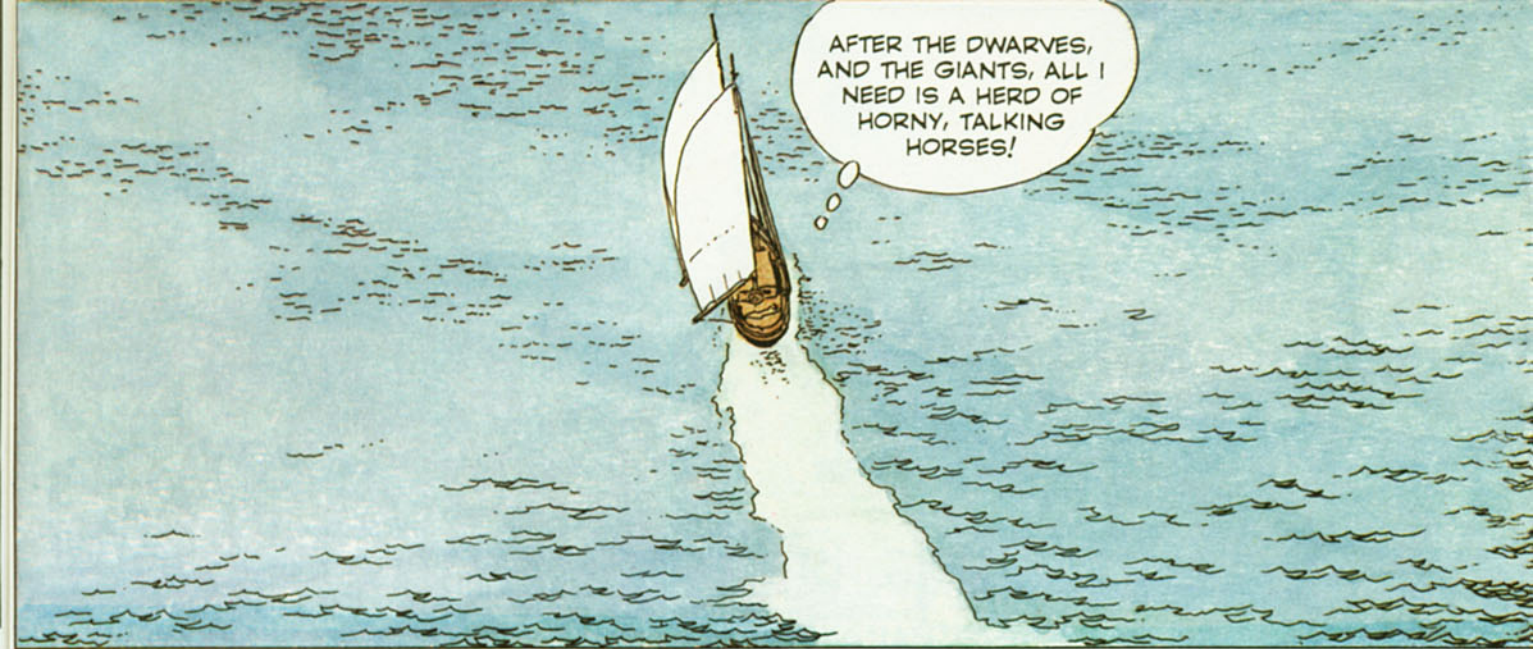


A cartoon illustration of a woman with long, curly brown hair, wearing a white bikini top and a small black hat, kneeling on a small, reddish-brown rectangular raft in the middle of a greenish-blue sea. She is looking towards a large, dark brown wooden sailing ship with three masts and white sails, which is partially submerged in the water. A large, reddish-brown oar is stuck in the water next to her. A speech bubble from the woman says "MY SHIP!". The sky is light blue with large, white, fluffy clouds.

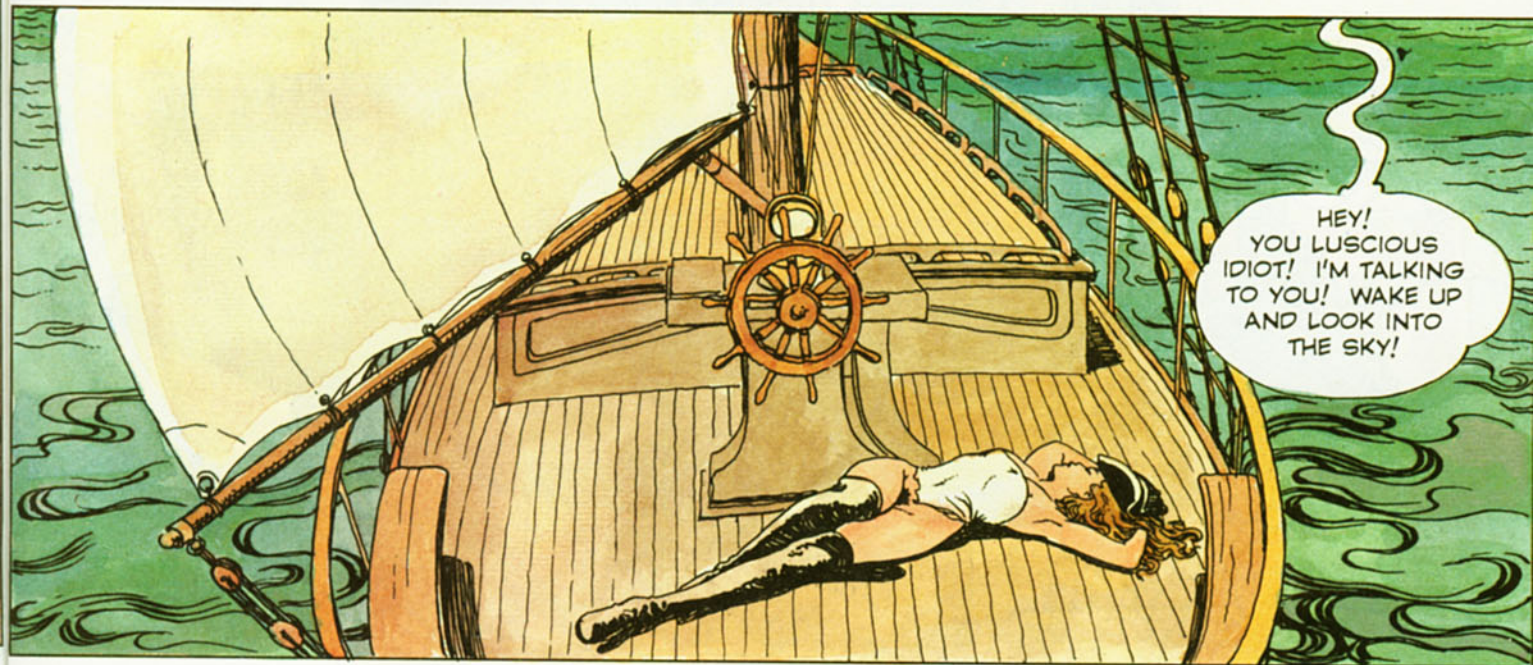
MY SHIP!







AFTER THE DWARVES,
AND THE GIANTS, ALL I
NEED IS A HERD OF
HORNY, TALKING
HORSES!



HEY!
YOU LUSCIOUS
IDIOT! I'M TALKING
TO YOU! WAKE UP
AND LOOK INTO
THE SKY!

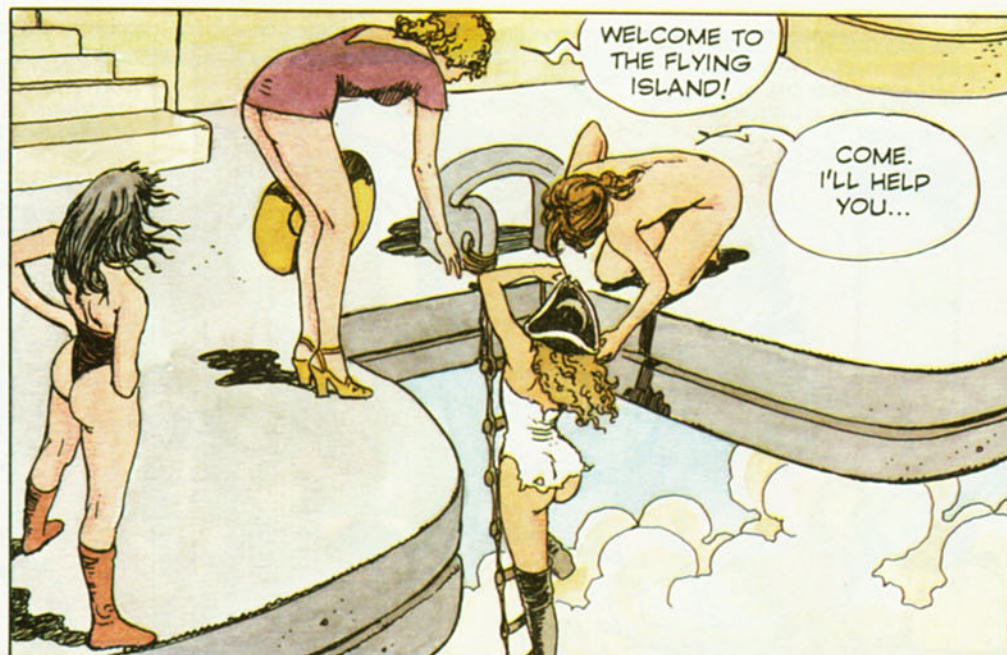
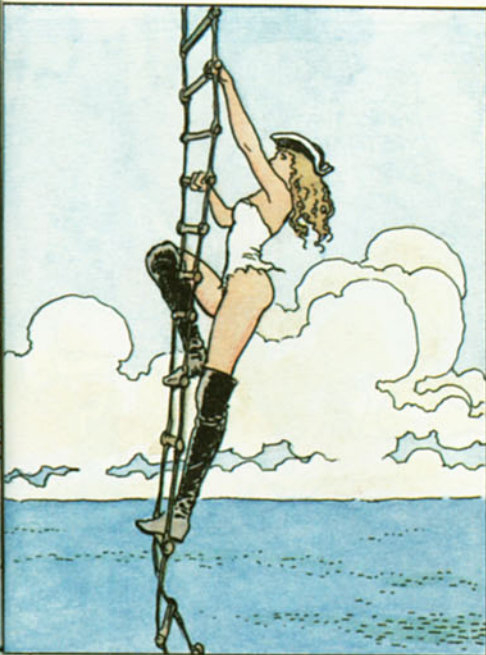
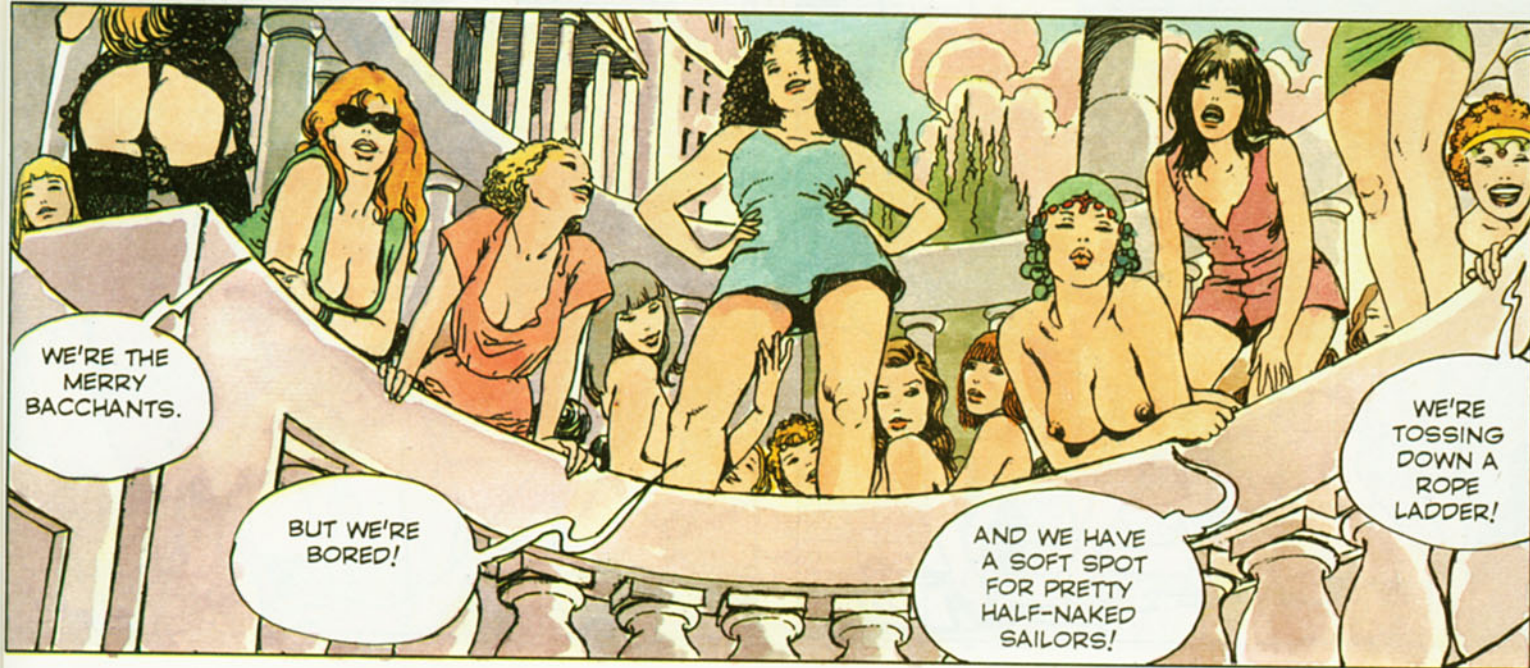


THAT'S RIGHT!
DO YA WANNA
COME UP?

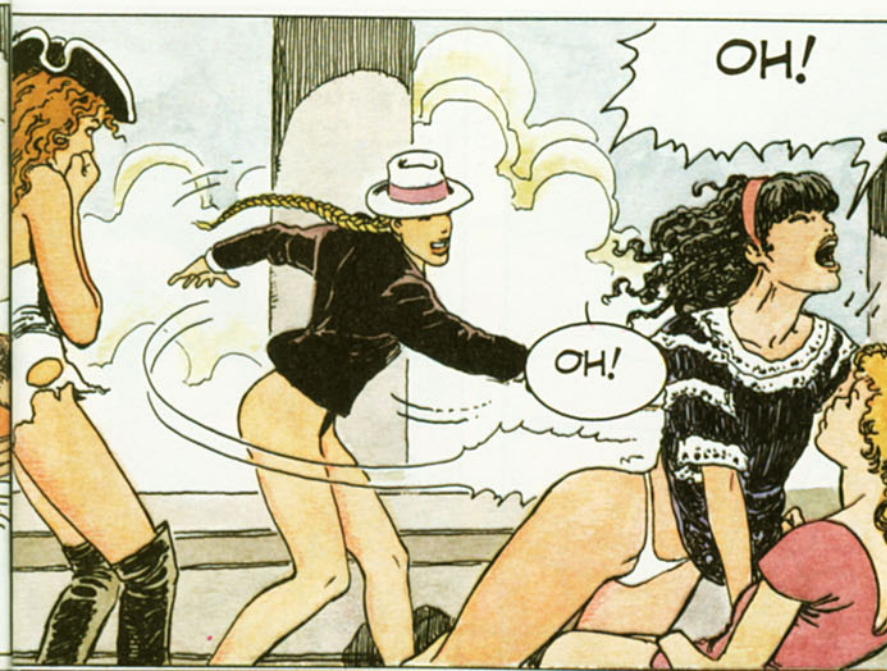
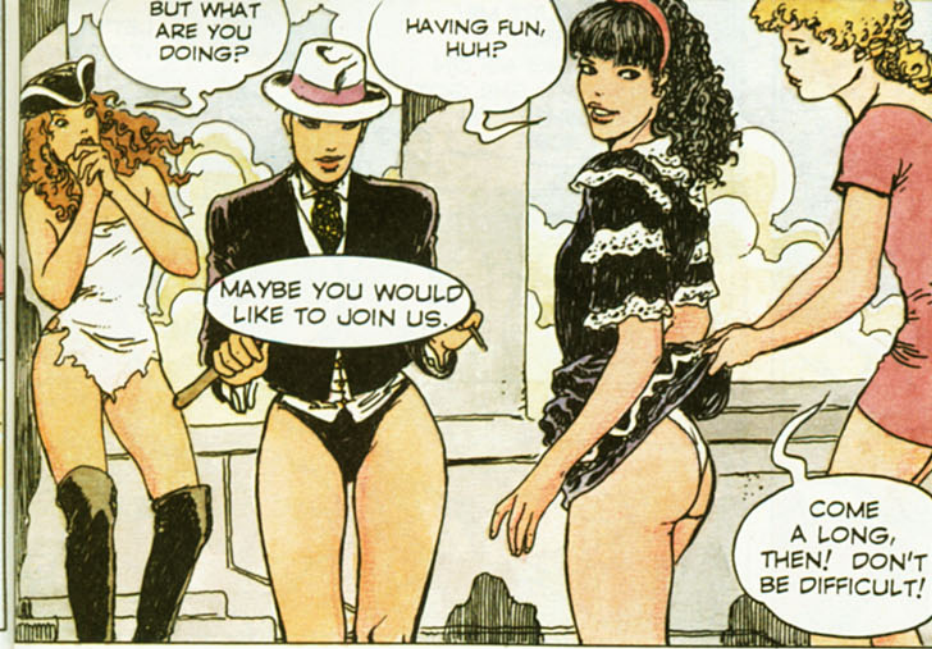
WOW!
UNBELIEVABLE!



BUT... BUT...
WHO ARE YOU?







PATHETIC! NOT
EVEN THE FLUTTER
OF AN EYE-LID!

SHE HURT ME!
INSTEAD OF
STROKING ME ON
THE RIGHT, SHE GOT
ME WHERE I'M
SORE.

LET'S TRY
IT AGAIN!

IT'S EASY FOR
YOU TO SAY "TRY
AGAIN!" IT'S MY
ASS!

YOU'RE
WRONG...
THIS CUTE
LITTLE ASS IS
ALL MINE...

ASTRIDE,
GET YOUR
HANDS OUT
OF THE WAY!

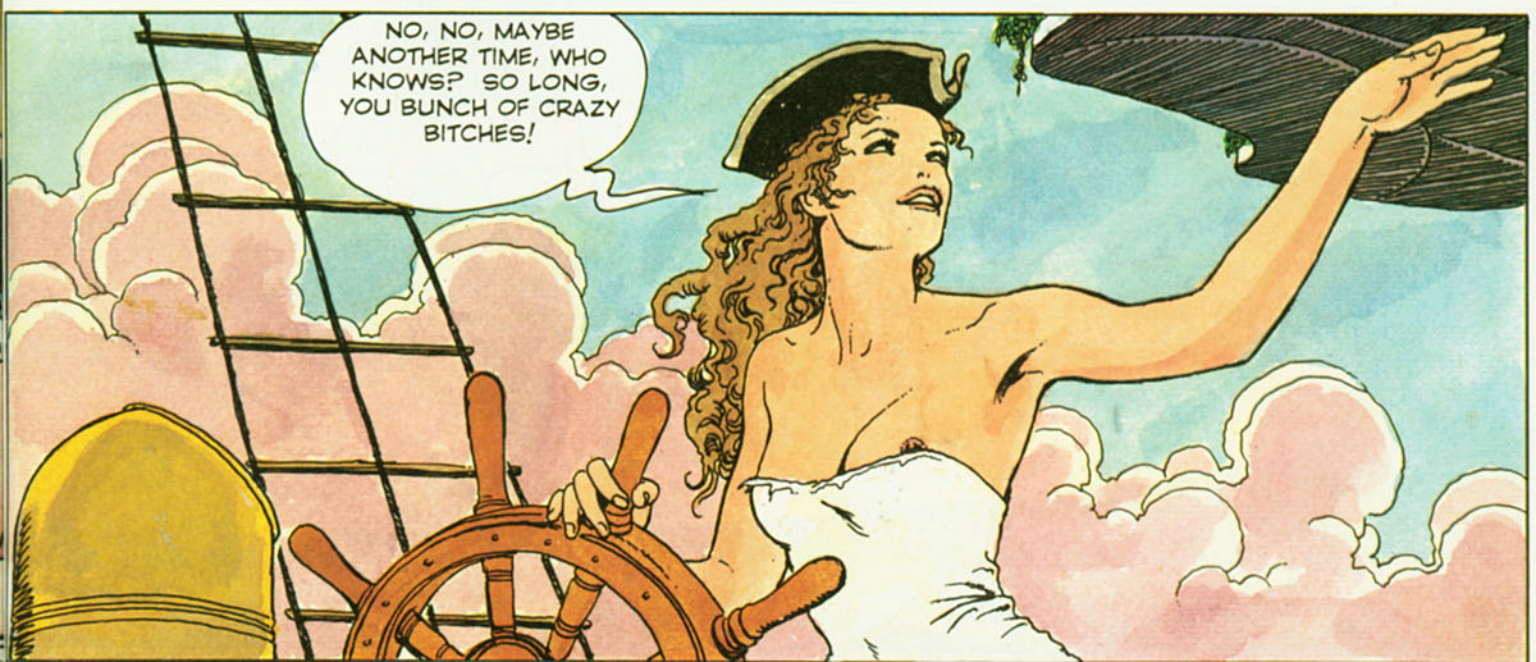
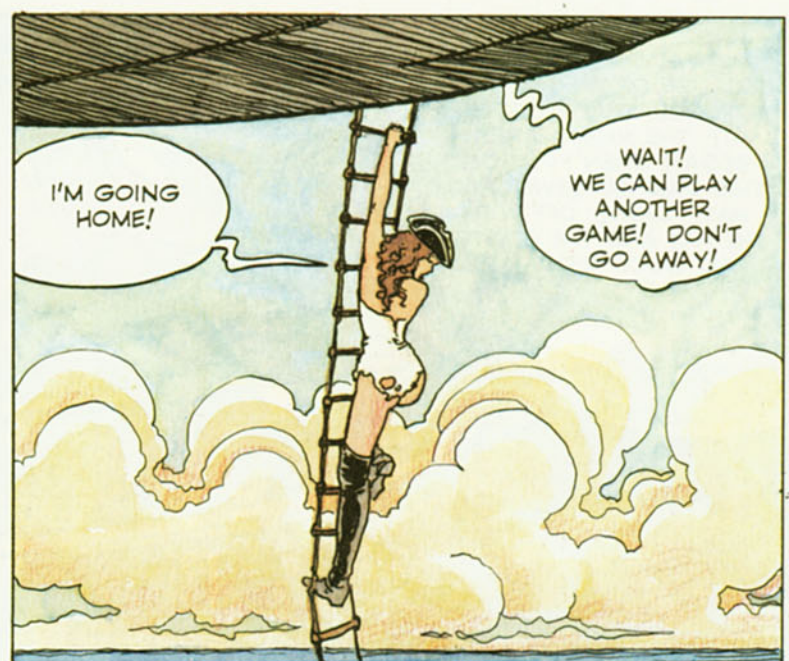
HERE IT
GOES!

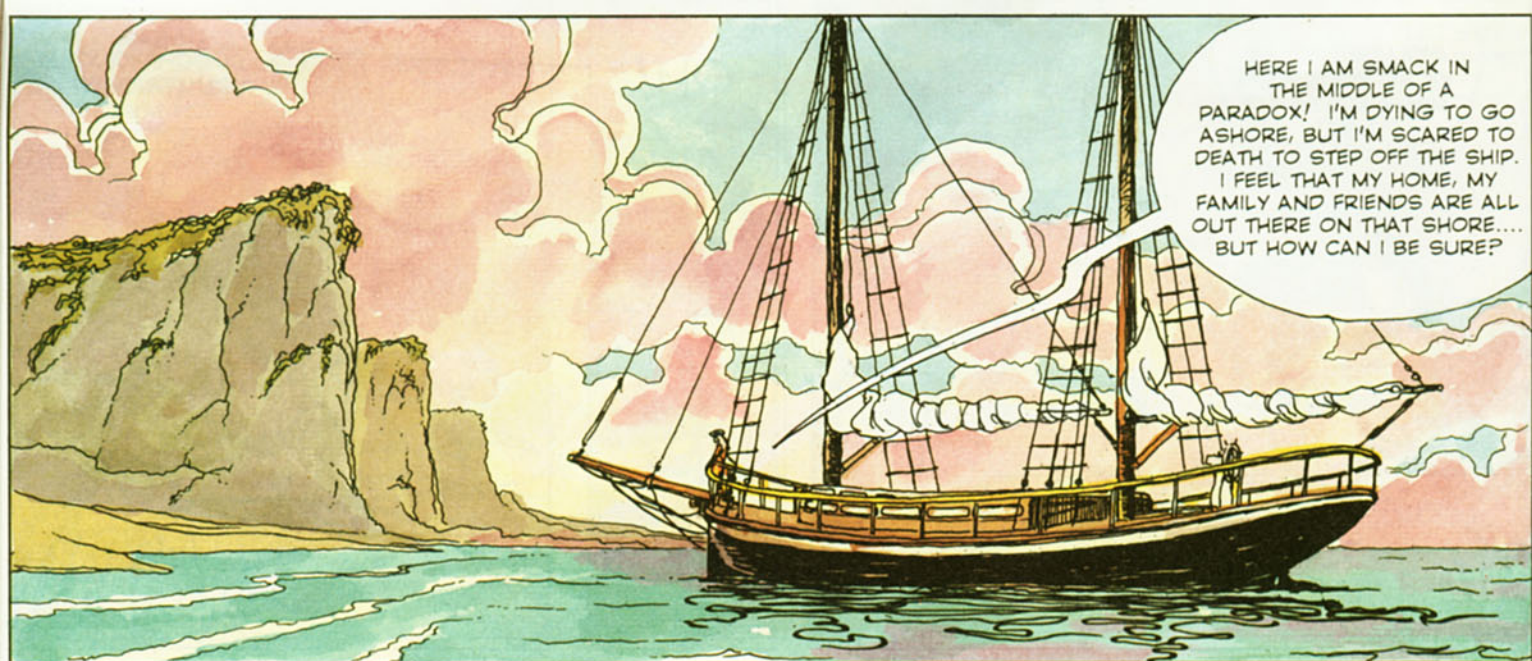
OH!

THEY HAVEN'T
BUDGED AN INCH!
AND I'M ALREADY
LOSING MY VOICE!

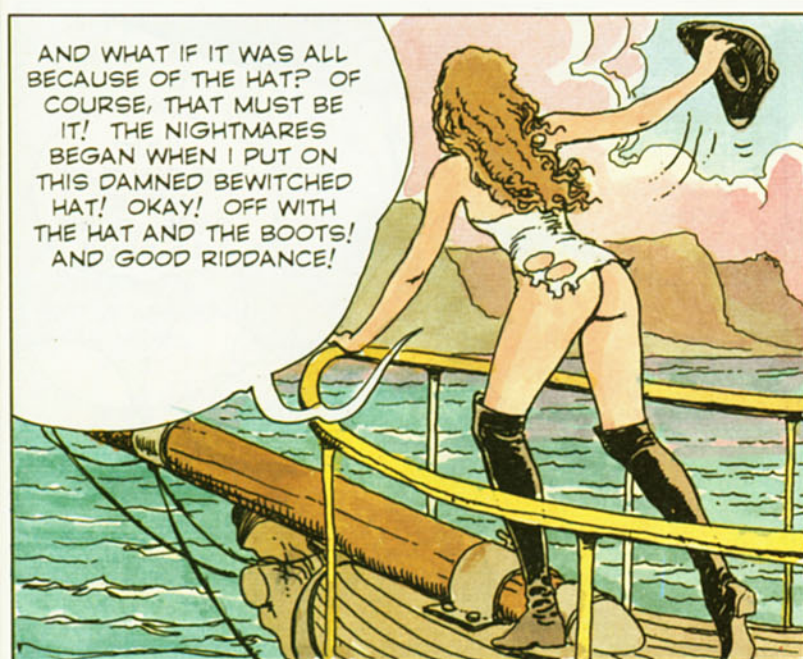
I THINK I SAW
AN EYEBROW
MOVE!

ACTUALLY, I DON'T
THINK YOU REALLY
CARE IF WE WAKE
THE BASTARDS!

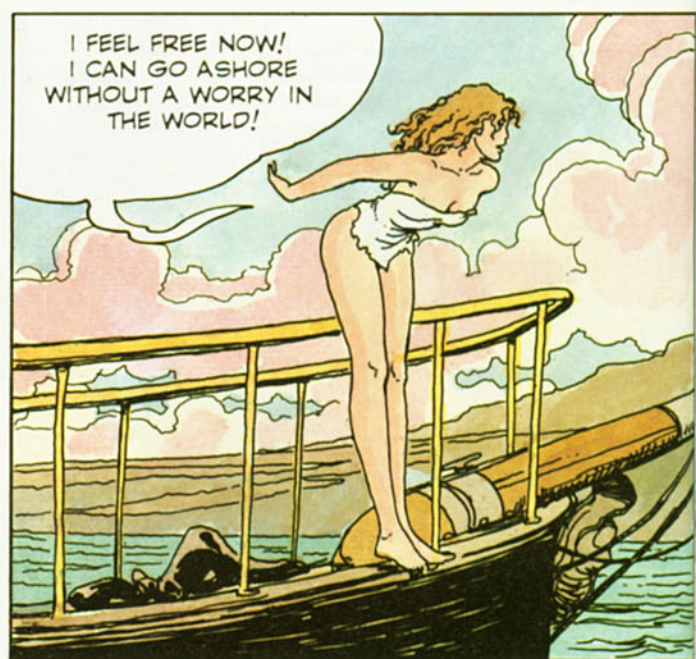




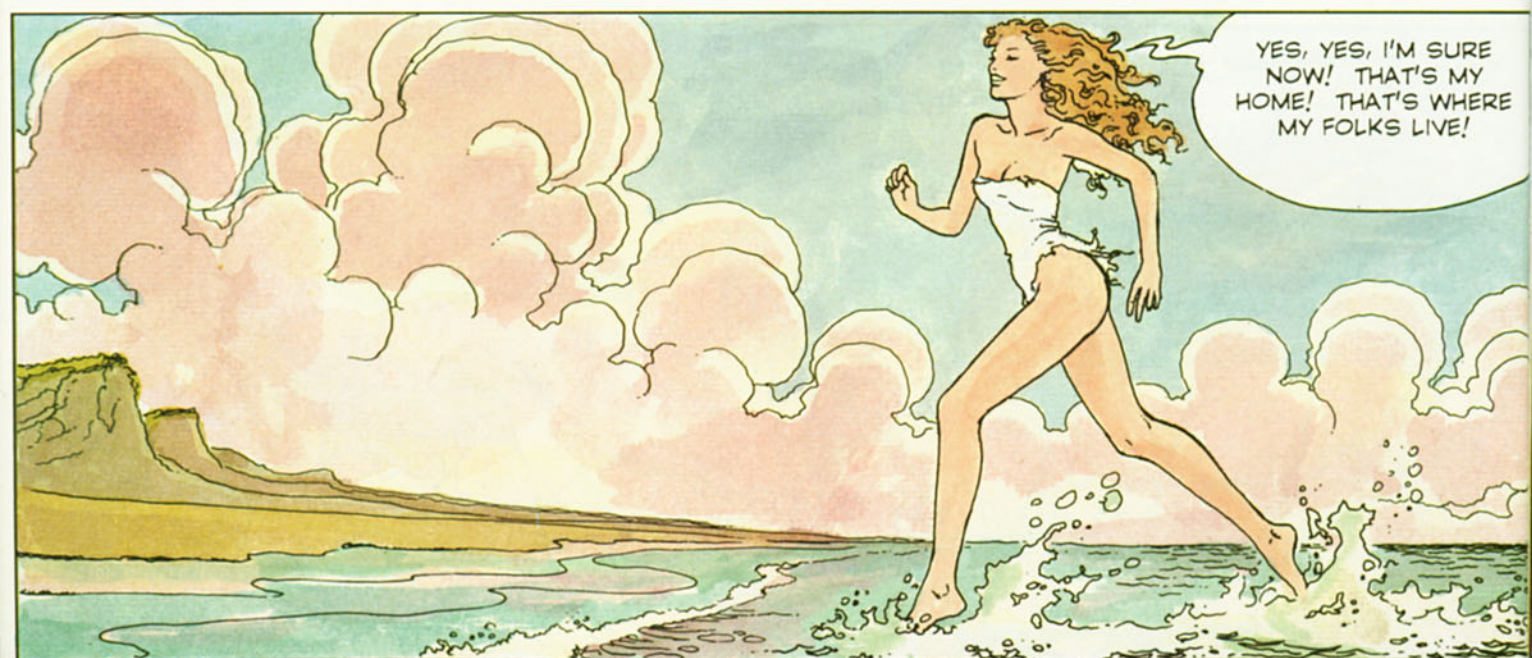
HERE I AM SMACK IN
THE MIDDLE OF A
PARADOX! I'M DYING TO GO
ASHORE, BUT I'M SCARED TO
DEATH TO STEP OFF THE SHIP.
I FEEL THAT MY HOME, MY
FAMILY AND FRIENDS ARE ALL
OUT THERE ON THAT SHORE....
BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE?



AND WHAT IF IT WAS ALL
BECAUSE OF THE HAT? OF
COURSE, THAT MUST BE
IT! THE NIGHTMARES
BEGAN WHEN I PUT ON
THIS DAMNED BEWITCHED
HAT! OKAY! OFF WITH
THE HAT AND THE BOOTS!
AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

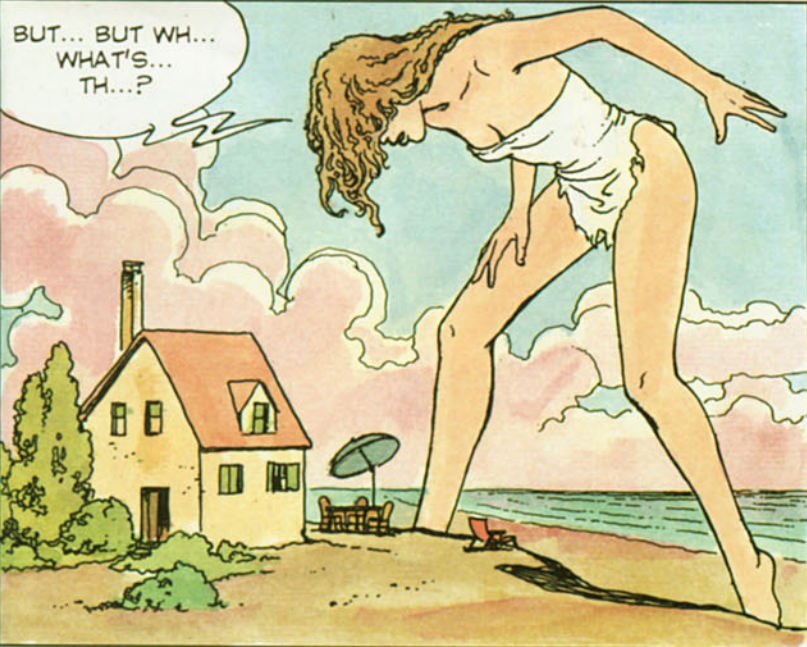


I FEEL FREE NOW!
I CAN GO ASHORE
WITHOUT A WORRY IN
THE WORLD!

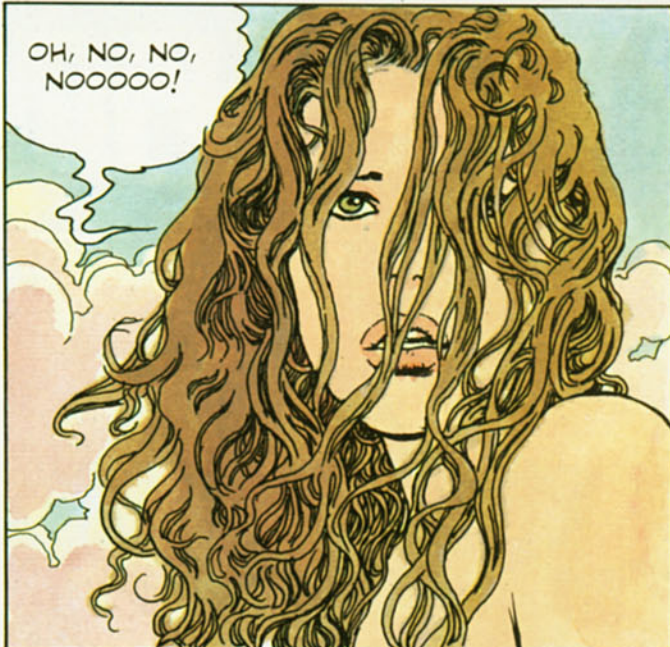


YES, YES, I'M SURE
NOW! THAT'S MY
HOME! THAT'S WHERE
MY FOLKS LIVE!

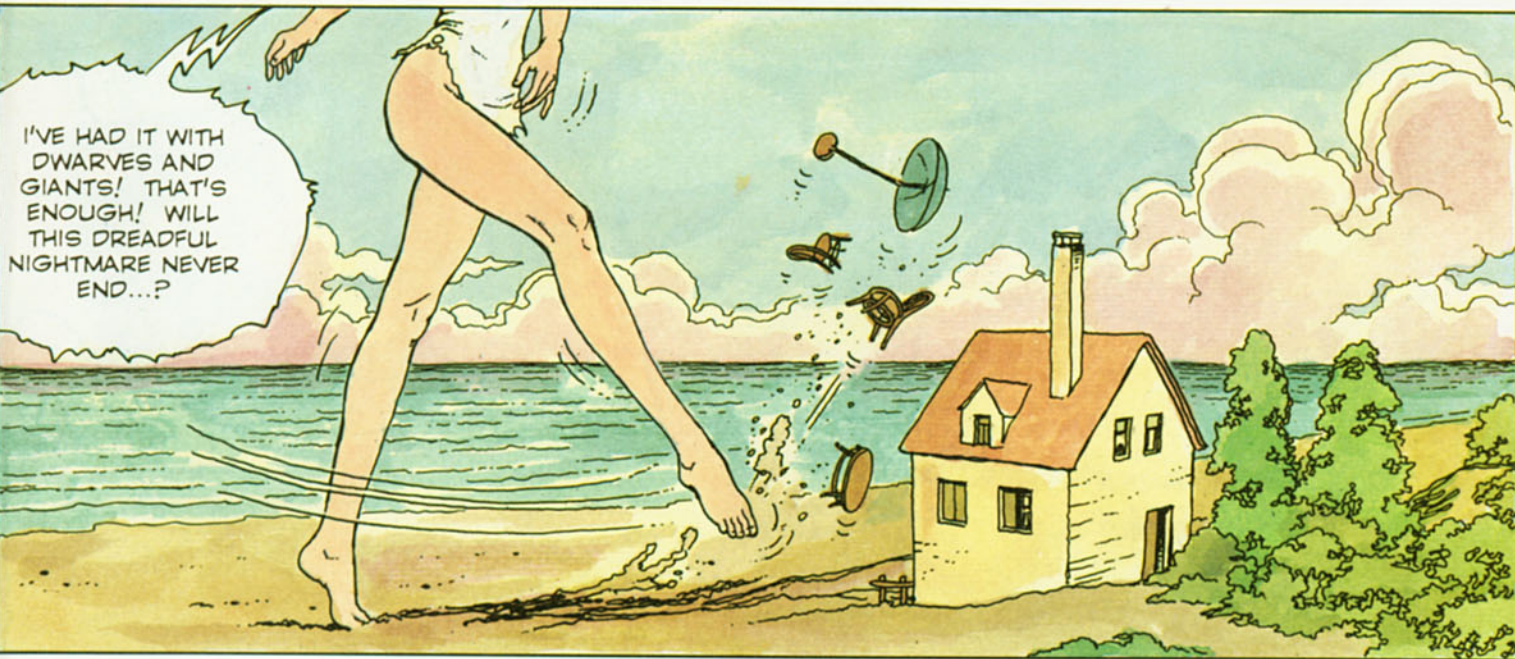
BUT... BUT WH...
WHAT'S...
TH...?



OH, NO, NO,
NOOOOO!



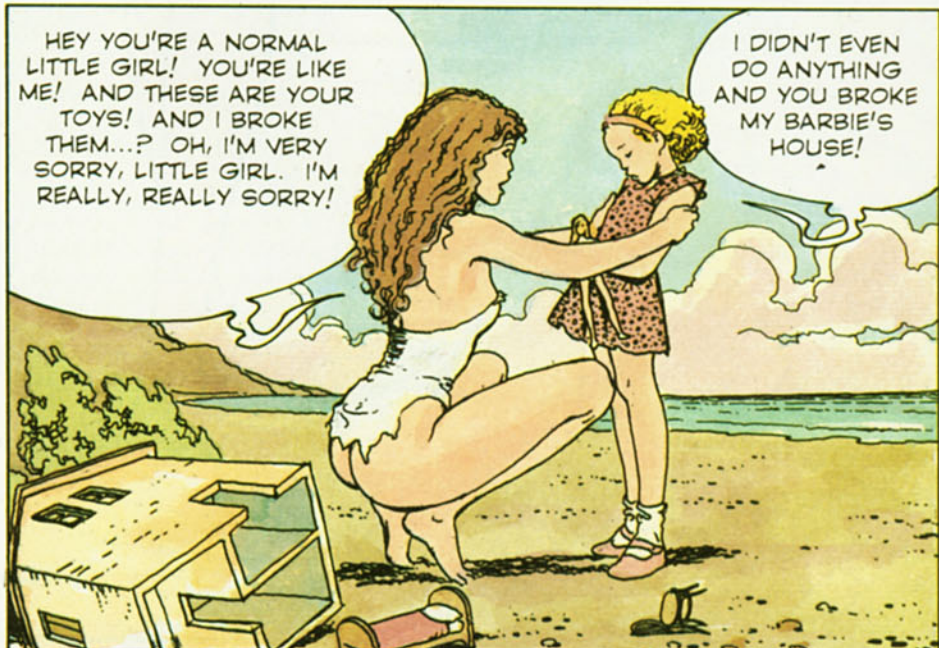
I'VE HAD IT WITH
DWARVES AND
GIANTS! THAT'S
ENOUGH! WILL
THIS DREADFUL
NIGHTMARE NEVER
END...?



MEANIE! I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING TO
YOU, AND YOU
BROKE ALL MY
TOYS! YOU'RE
MEAN!



HEY YOU'RE A NORMAL
LITTLE GIRL! YOU'RE LIKE
ME! AND THESE ARE YOUR
TOYS! AND I BROKE
THEM...? OH, I'M VERY
SORRY, LITTLE GIRL. I'M
REALLY, REALLY SORRY!



I DIDN'T EVEN
DO ANYTHING
AND YOU BROKE
MY BARBIE'S
HOUSE!

BARBIE! OH, SHIT!
NOW I KNOW FOR SURE
THAT I'M HOME!

