# FEATURING THE GRAPHIC NOVEL THE REGULATOR #2 SEPTEMBER 2004 U.S. \$5.99 CAN \$6.99 THE ADULT ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL SEPTEMBER 13, 2004

**Heavy Metal** 

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# HEAXL

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### **PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

I hope you guys are having a GREAT SUM-MER!!! Mine's been pretty good. I turned 42 at the beginning of it and should pretty much stay the same age through it—unless I have another San Diego Comic Con like last year. Aged ten years on that one.

Speaking of WHICH—yes, it is San Diego Comic Con time of year again! Remember our magazine ships two months before the cover date, so when you're reading this, I'll be driving there—and you'll still have time to come see me! Or us—Royo, Bisley, Horley, Sperlonga, Aria Giovanni and Stacy E. Walker have confirmed so far, and if you keep tuned into the Heavy Metal web-site I'll give you all the latest additions. Gonna be another good one, I can smell it from here.

I know you're going to laugh when I say once again, "This is the coolest issue ever!" but it really is! Really, Royo is on the cover, and I've got the second installment of "The Regulator" as the featured graphic novel! Man, I love this series. Besides "Requiem" this one has gotten a ton of fan responses, so I'm looking forward to hearing your thoughts on this one.

I want to welcome Anthony A Paluzzi to the gallery this time around. He's got a wonderful style, and we'll be sure to see more of him in the future. This is also a great spot to welcome Jesus Lopez to our featured artist section—nice job, and Edgar Espino to the back cover. Edgar has been hanging out on the message boards for some time now, and I'm glad to have him in an issue. He'll be featured in a gallery later this year as well.

As always we've got a great selection of short stories. I'm really fond of "The Way of the Assassin", great style. "Winter", "Silent Wrath" and "Game Over" are top shelf work from a bunch of artists you're going to see a lot more of in the near future. One cool short story point of note, this is the third and final installment of the "Demon Wind" series from Azpiri. He's always a fan favorite and it was great to have him in the only continued series since "Fistful of Blood".

On a sad note, we're coming down to the last few installments of the Goupil and Walter "Sex" stories. I hope you guys enjoyed it as much as we have, and we're on the hunt for a new series of one pagers. Karl Kofoed is back as always, and if you haven't had the chance to add his book to your collection—please do so.

Well, here I am at the bottom of the page thing again, and for my parting shot I want to hear what you guys have thought of the "Summer Blockbusters". I've got my favorites, and want to hear what you liked and didn't.

All the best till next time,

King East May

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear H.M.,

I remember in the early 90's there was a Heavy Metal card set that was released and each card was of a magazine cover. By the way, I have the entire series. So I was wondering... It has been more than 10 years now. Do you plan on releasing another card set or has one already been released?

Punisher

Dear Punisher.

I loved that card set too! I used to buy all the card sets when they first came out. We talked about doing another set, but decided to save all the covers for the 25th anniversary hard cover collection. Maybe there will be a "complete" re-release in the future!

Dear H.M..

I am a 34 year old female who has been enjoying your magazine for the past 20 years. I just want to say "thanks" for the stories, "thanks" for the orgasms (some of the stories are pretty hot!!), and thanks for giving me something to look forward to every month. I'm very lucky to have a husband who, though he doesn't read the magazine himself, appreciates my addiction. Keep putting out the good work, and hopefully, some day we won't have to deal with the major editing that goes on before the magazine hits the stands in the U.S.

Michelle

Dear Michelle, God bless you! I love you! God bless you! I love you! God bless you! I love you! You made my (our) year!

Dear H.M.,

2 drunk idiots in Barcelonahttp://www.zonalibre.org/blog/comix /archives/039269.html Check this out!: http://www.ficomic.com/ saloncomic2004/img/fotos/3/Dscn8 636.jpg

Heee Haw that's awesome.
Thanks for posting that Screametal. I love seeing that the Biz and Kevin are also into gold diggin. I just never thought that the Biz would dig for Kev.

Damage

Dear Damage,

Awe man, I lost my camera of photos of Simon and I at that show—I was hoping everyone else did. I was wrong! But thanks for all the visuals!

Dear H.M.,

Hi, my name is Robert and I am kind of new to Heavy Metal magazine. I love the art in the magazine and I was wondering if there is any possibility of getting any of my art or stories published in it?

Robert

Dear Robert,

Easy... Draw me up a short story four to six pages, black and white or full color, send it to me and I'll let you know if you're in or not!

Dear H.M.,

Just a simple question to know if my friend Tony is telling the truth: Do you own the company who publishes the Metal Hurlant magazine.

Stryde

Dear Stryde,

Nope... Sorry I don't. I'm a fan of it. I buy every issue.... There's always room for great European artists in our stories.

Dear H.M.,

I love the European and South American artists you have in Heavy Metal. What I would really like is if you invited some more American artists to work on the magazine once in a while. Guys like Ed McGuinness, Joe Madureira, Art Adams, Greg Capullo, Frank Miller (he did a special cover) and others. I think it would be interesting to see their "naughty" side.

Roy

Dear Roy.

I agree... I'd love to have lots more of these guys and their naughty side in the magazine. I will work seriously on this at San Diego this year!

### GALLERY

# Paluzzi



... It's a question that has plagued mankind like a festering virus since the invention of speech, When we crawled out from caves and thoughts formed the first sentences in order for the masses to communicate, saying such things as, "Raw meat too chewy", and "Owww... Fire is freakin' hot!"

#### Stuff Bke that

Actually the question that pops up most is,
"What the hell are you doing?"... The people
who tend to ask this are those that didn't know
me when I was younger. When I took two fake
severed heads made from Styrofoam and had
them painted the color of Caucasian flesh, cut
the top off one so it appeared scalped, spreading
lots of dry fake blood I mixed on the severed
section, and took the other head and dripped
blood from it's gouged out eye sockets. A noose
made from shoestring rope went around both of



their necks, and then I hung them from my bedroom window... on the outside. I guess being the only white kid growing up in Eastchester Housing Projects in the Bronx wasn't enough to get attention. I had to make the neighborhood think I was insane as well. Was there something seriously wrong with me?

You bet.











Most artists point to other artists as their inspiration. People who laid paint brush to canvas, creating something vivid and striking. I point to movies and music. At eleven years of age I discovered the most visual band in history, KISS, and I was taken, overwhelmed. From that moment on something had to assault my eyes to get my attention, or it had to blend well, or it had to at least damn well look good! And of course The Rocky Horror Picture Show was a must. So when I started doing the art I came at it from a different direction, developing a style before learning the process or the technique. It was not like learning how to walk before learning how to crawl, but it was like writing a novel in the 1st grade while learning to spell. Fortunately I learned how to spell shortly before September 11th. The original photograph was taken in the morning on an early spring day. The picture is of the South side of the South Tower. Two days after the attack I opened the scan of the shot. They say artists speak through their work, and for me this image is my raging scream. WE WILL NEVER FORGET. It's an expression that has been used countless times since, because we all felt its sentiment together. It became our battle cry. This particular piece has easily become my most recognizable work, appearing in an exhibit along side the likes of Peter Max at the George Bush Presidential Library and Museum. It has been given to victims and the workers who risked their lives in both the retrieval and the cleanup after the attack, and it has been used to raise funds in charity events.

Now if only I always used my powers for good.

But some other things are just fun to do. Who doesn't want eyes almost as large as their head, or appendages where there should be none? I like my entertainment in my face where I can see it because it's pushing itself into my eyes, squeezing to fit through my pupils. I'm not happy until my optic nerves jump because my retinas have been assaulted, my frontal lobes are reeling and the rest of my brain is firing charges through its synaptic nerves, sending bolts of electricity down my spine.

I'm inspired by the visual. Coffee in a tan mug, puckering red lips under a black star, the sight of dimension, and the view of the screen closing in while you're blacking out.

Stuff like that.

Look for Anthony's upcoming novel, REVOLUTION.

The work of PALUZZI can be found at: http://paluzzi.net









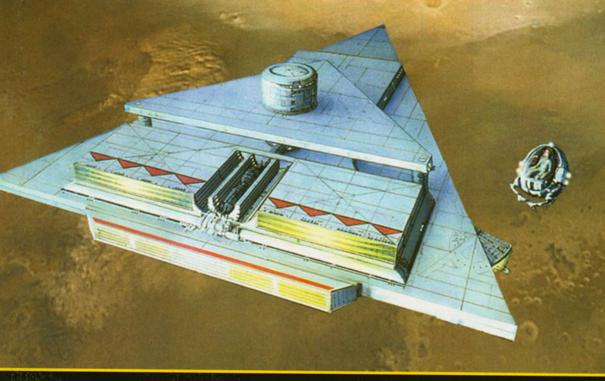
# THE HAND OF MAN ON WARS



After 300 years of Terraforming effort the Solar planet Mars is still far from being the world colonizers were copying, the blue planet where humans originated. Unlike Earth, Mars is an icy desert world whose surface changes are caused by wind erosion, not water and geologic activity. Despite this, resourceful Martian engineers have managed to carve a home from this bleak landscape. On these pages are views from space of Mars' three largest colonies: Isidis (near the north pole), and Planum (at the equator). Opposite: the Mars lunar colony on Phobos.

**Planum Colony** 

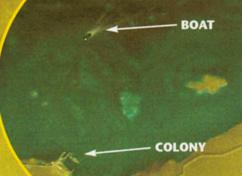
(Below) Orbiting above the red planet
Mars, the starship *Garcia* pauses between voyages
to effect repairs and do survey work for the Martian
colonies on the surface. The Tsailerol are currently working
on plans to create their first solar colony here so that it can
be biologically isolated from human environments.





Colonies on Mars vary as to size and purpose. "Slag Mines," like this one near the Isidis Basin, extract water from salty layers found near the rim of an ancient crater. Refining methods have improved in 300 years. Evidence of a current surplus is seen as the lake in images taken from 250 Km in space. Other colonies, like the one on the opposite page, utilize smaller desalinization plants to serve the needs of farmers, gardeners, fish breeders, and, of course, research scientists.

Isidis Colony



### DOSSIER IS WRITTEN BY S.C. RINGGENBERG REACHABLE AT RINGGEOPPER.NET

#### The Emperor of Outer Space By S.C. Ringgenberg

I hope my readers will excuse the fact that I'm writing about another old E.C. Comics-era artist hard on the heels of my Wally Wood profile, instead of casting my net elsewhere in the seething ocean of popular culture, but in 2004 it seems important to acknowledge the work and life of Al Williamson before any more time elapses. This is actually the second time I've profiled Williamson within the pages of Heavy Metal. Long-time readers may remember my interview with Williamson from the November 1983 issue.

Williamson, now effectively retired by ill health, has had a 50+year career in comics and illustration, in the process producing some of the most deliriously beautiful comic book science fiction art of all time. Interestingly, while Williamson's career had distinct phases as the comics industry changed around him, the man himchanged very little. Throughout his life Williamson has always been the same nice, enthusiastic guy who loves classic adventure movies and cherishes the work of comic art masters and classic illustrators like Hal Foster. Alex Raymond, Joseph Clement Coll, Fortunio Matagna, J. Allen St. John, and the like. A dedicated, sincere craftsman, Williamson always did his very best, whether he was drawing Flash Gordon, Secret Agent X-9, E.C. science fiction stories, an advertising job, inking a mainstream superhero

story, or ghosting a major newspaper strip.

Although he drew stories in almost every conceivable genre (current fans of his inking on innumerable Marvel superhero comics would probably be surprised to see all the westerns Williamson drew Atlas, Toby, Western Publishing, Charlton and others), Al Williamson is best known for his classic science fiction stories for E.C., Atlas, Avon, ACG, Pacific, Warren, and elsewhere. Although Williamson eventually matured into a draftsman who could tackle any genre competently, his special love for science fiction shined through in every s-f job he illustrated. Williamson's peerless draftsmanship and innate sense of drama could imbue even the lamest, most hackneyed sci-fi script with an outsized grandeur that it usually didn't deserve.

Face it, even when working in the company of certified s-f heavy hitters like Frazetta, Krenkel and Wally Wood, Williamson is science fiction royalty. And although he sometimes felt like his own work didn't measure up to that of his idols, the cumulative effect of viewing any large body of Williamson's work is simply panel after panel of gorgeous graceful, muscular figures inhabiting vivid alien landscapes containing coollooking spacecraft, dinosaurs, barbarians, alien monsters, and gorgeous, exotic females. Whatever else he accomplished in comics, Al Williamson raised the artistic bar for all his colleagues.

Given Williamson's acknowledged place as the Dean of Comic Book



Science Fiction, it's somewhat surprising that no one has published a book like Al Williamson Adventures before this. This excellent Insight Studios Group collection assembles the best of Williamson's work from the 70s through the 90s. Because it's Al Williamson, it almost goes without saying that's it's a real feast for the eyes, page after page of gorgeous black and white comics, all given first-rate production. However one thing that deserves pointing out is that this volume isn't just a showcase for Williamson's art. When Williamson was given a choice of collaborators, he invariably went for the best writers in comics including Archie Goodwin, Bruce Jones, Mark Schultz, and AWA editor Mark Wheatley. Just as in his early years, when he was collaborating with the likes of Frazetta, Krenkel, Wood, and Torres, one of Williamson's great strengths has always been his terrific taste in sidemen. AWA boasts several first-rate collaborations between Williamson and longtime friend and collaborator Archie Goodwin, including "Relic," their touching tribute to the late Roy Krenkel, and the deeply disturbing "Out of Phase." Just for fun, AWA reprints "Along the Scenic Route." a nifty Harlan Ellison adaptation

that's the only story printed in color, fortunately with reproduction that's far superior to its original publication back in the late 70's.

However, the stories in this volume that are the most emblematic of Williamson's lifelong love for high adventure are the "Cliff Hanger" chapters that serve as dividers throughout the book. Written to order for Williamson by Bruce Jones, "Cliff Hanger" ran as a backup strip in the Somerset Holmes miniseries. This cheerful, tongue-in-cheek outing Williamson having fun and indulging himself in what he loved best, pure Saturday-morning serial excitement. As Al Williamson noted in a Comics Journal interview I conducted in 1982: "I still enjoy watching the old serials and going to see movies that have something to them. We all feel the same way. Just about everybody in the field enjoys the stuff. Roy (Krenkel) was still enjoying a hell of a lot of stuff at the age of 60,61, 62. Most people at the age of 62, they're old duffers already. You have to have a young mind. You can learn a lot, you can mature, but what a pity to lose the love you had as a child of all this stuff. A lot of grownups lose that, and it's really a shame. I think an artist has to keep that. I mean, he's lucky if he can keep it. It's a shame to lose that interest."

In addition to his other sterling qualities, Al Williamson has always been an enthusiastic tour guide through the multiple layers of fantasy universes. Al was always kind and gracious to his fans, who, when they got to know him realized he was also their coconspirator in the love of fantastic adventure. If you ever met Williamson and talked with him at a convention it was easy to see that he was one of us, a blood brother





to anyone who also loved Flash Gordon, Scaramouche, Prince Valiant, Captain Easy, Terry and the Pirates, Tarzan and all the other great, classic old stuff.

Almost every piece of art for this book was shot from originals, and Williamson's artistic brilliance gleams from every page. Virtually the only thing wrong with AWA is that somehow two pages in "Tracker," the Wheatley/ Williamson collaboration were accidentally transposed, but it's a small glitch in this sumptuous (and long-overdue) collection Williamson gems. Every Williamson fan should own this book! By the way, in addition to Al Williamson Adventures, Insight Studios Group's web site also sells two gorgeous Williamson prints. One of them is a signed, limited edition black and white print of John Carter locked in mortal combat, the other is a full color painting of Carson of Venus, done by the late, great Gray Morrow from Williamson's original pencil drawing. They're all available at www.InsightStudiosGroup.com

But wait, there's more! In October, Dark Horse Books will be publishing Al Williamson: Hidden Lands, a huge collection of rare and obscure Williamson work from the 1950s, done for a variety of pub-



lishers. Journalistic ethics also compel me to point out that I am the co-editor (along with Thomas Yeates, who initiated the project). While I can't speak for my own efforts, Yeates, Mark Schultz, and the other contributors have all written terrific articles chronicling different aspects of Williamson's career. Working with Williamson and Mark Schultz, Yeates has done a magnificent job of pulling together unpublished sketches and drawings from Williamson's pro and amateur sketchbooks. Of course he's also selected Williamson's best comic book work in a wide variety of genres including science fiction (naturally), horror, fantasy, adventure, war, romance, and westerns. In kind with Al Williamson Adventures, Al Williamson: Hidden Lands will contain a plentitude of visual delights as well as a few surprises. For instance, while Williamson is well known as a science fiction ace, he drew more pages of western art than for any other genre except science fiction. And since Williamson did the bulk of his westerns in the post-EC period, you see him at the top of his game. Because he was such a child of the movies during a period when westerns were the dominant genre, Williamson had an instinctive feel for westerns and most of the stories in AW: HL are forgotten gems, many reprinted here for the first time. For latter-day fans who know Williamson only as a Marvel inker (which he was for many years on comics like Daredevil), this book should be a revelation.

Although Williamson sometimes struggled with his muse, and felt that his own drawing wasn't "up to snuff," what really shines through in both of these books is his love for what he was doing and how it drove him to try topping himself each time. There's a progressive artistic growth in Williamson's work that's really impressive to

behold. While he made his mark later in life as a newspaper strip illustrator and inker, Williamson's best work in comics can stand alongside that of any of the finest draftsmen of the Golden, Silver, or Bronze Ages.

Here's hoping that these two excellent volumes will spark a Williamson revival, so that eventually all of his solo work gets reprinted, including his excellent and largely ignored work for Harvey Comics from the late 50s and mid-60s. A collection of all of his Flash Gordon comic book stories from the 60s through 90s would certainly be welcome. Williamson tackled Flash in comics three times, as well as drawing him for a series of fullcolor Union Carbide magazine ads, and of course in the illustrations and sketches of Flash for innumerable fanzines. comics historians, myself included, regard Williamson's Flash as the best since Alex Raymond's, so it would be a treat to have it all assembled in one place. Ditto for all of his stories done for Warren Publishing. And while I'm dreaming, how about a complete reprint of Williamson and Goodwin's 13year run on Secret Agent X-9, or their equally impressive work on the Sunday and daily Star Wars strip? The Star Wars strips have been reprinted by Dark Horse, of course, but much of the art was edited, cropped, recolored, and in some cases Williamson or his assistant redrew or extended panels to make them fit in a comic book format. The only time it has been reprinted in its original format is in an expensive and hard-tofind slipcased, 3-volume set published by Russ Cochran in the same format as the EC Library.

Fortunately, Williamson's legendary work for EC (which he himself considers overrated) is still mostly in print and easily accessible from the aforementioned Russ Cochran (www.eccrypt.com), the Dark Horse Star Wars reprints are easy to obtain from the Dark Horse web site: www.darkhorse.com, or from comics shops, and online booksellers. Meanwhile, Marvel has reprinted a lot of Williamson's work as a superhero inker. Anyone who loves beautiful, well-drawn comic art should be able to track some portion down Williamson's oeuvre so you can see for yourself why he has earned him an army of enthusiastic fans. And when you're tracking down anything by Williamson (trust me, it's all good), please tell 'em Heavy Metal sent you.

And aside from simply being one of the artists that mattered for decade after decade, Al always conducted himself with class. He's a gentleman and an artist in the truest sense of both words. And now, in the autumn of his life, it seems fitting to take stock of the countless magnificently realized worlds he's given us and pay humble tribute to this master illustrator. Williamson's talented hands and prodigious imagination have taken us to the Moon and Mars, to Tatooine, Mongo, on journeys through time, and to the edges of the universe. Thanks Al, for being such a wonderfully imaginative and good-humored tour guide. It's been a gas sharing it all with you, amigo.

Before I go for another 60 days, let me just say thanks to Kevin Eastman, my humble and loveable publisher, for acknowledging my work in his editorial last issue. Thanks, Kevin. And if there's anyone else out there who has feedback on Dossier including suggestions for what I should cover next, by all means get in touch using the e-mail address that's printed at the head of the column. I'm always interested in suggestions from readers, or if you know about some way-cool art/music/film/hightech/space travel project or happening, then let me know about it.





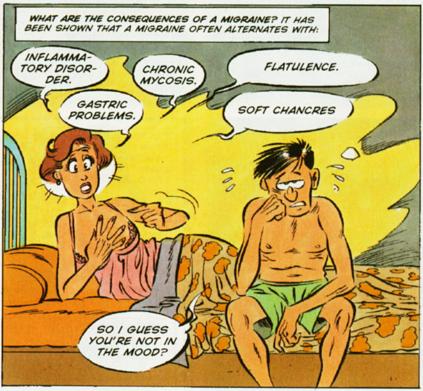








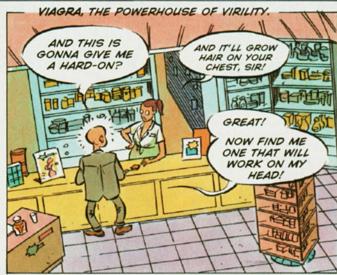




MEANS OF EXCITEMENT

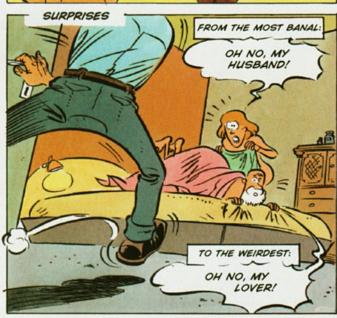
#### WHEN YOU'RE NOT - OR NO LONGER - HORNY ...













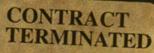


## CONGRATULATIONS!

Aristide Nyx, the excellent regulator of Hades & Co., recently performed yet another major feat when he successfully regulated 15 well-known politicians, with a single explosive charge. The spectacular attack ranks as one of the most daring regulatory actions in recent weeks. Unfortunately, the hero of this operation departed before our reporters arrived on the scene. This has further enhanced Aristide Nyx's reputation as a secretive, mysterious figure who prefers obscurity, even when events cast him in the limelight. The person or persons who ordered the attack remain unknown. A spokesperson for Hades & Co. refused to comment on



grounds of client confidentiality. The increasingly frequent use of the secrecy clause is in flagrant opposition with the principle of absolute transparency that formerly governed the operations of all regulation organizations.



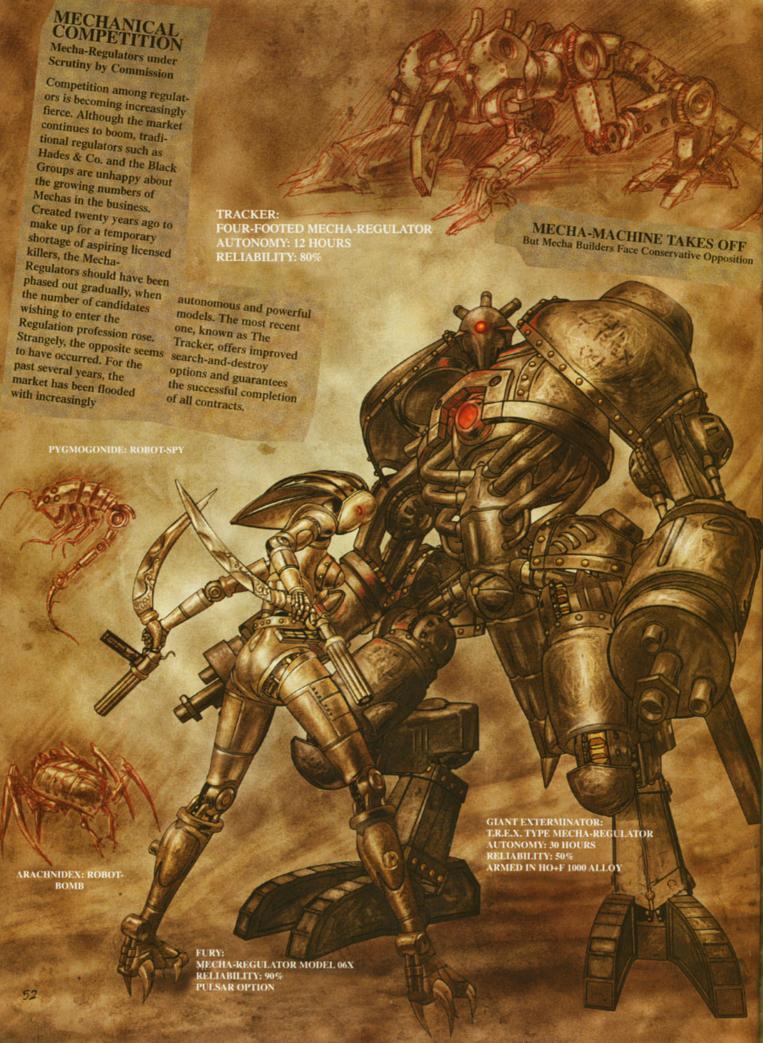
Regulators who commit professional errors are generally dismissed, but very few regulators have been known to resign. This is hardly surprising, given the prevailing economic uncertainty and non-existent job security. And yet, last week, the Black Groups lost one of their top members when Ambrosia (a.k.a. Scorpion, a.k.a. Samsonne) handed in her resignation. Her gesture was greeted with surprise and dismay among her former colleagues, since her record of successful missions is unsurpassed. Although Ambrosia refused to explain her decision, she evoked "some tension" between herself and her superiors. She says she plans to continue working alone on a freelance basis. We wish the gorgeous regulator the very best in her new endeavors and happy hunting!











### MASSACRE IN SEWERS

Four workers slaughtered while cleaning Biapolis' underground sewage system, in latest Orobon attack

The dramatic events occurred a few feet beneath a crowded sidewalk, yet no one heard the screams of the four terrified cleaners. According to the sewage company that employed them, the four men were highly experienced workers known for their skill in dealing with difficult conditions. Yesterday morning, they were carrying out a routine surveillance operation in one of the main sewage

conduits in Sector 3. The attack was sudden and fierce. An Orobon stood up to its full height and devoured the four workers, before diving into the depths of the conduit. The men had no chance of escape. This is not the first Orobon attack that has occurred in the sewers. Local authorities are worried by the extreme violence and increasing frequency of

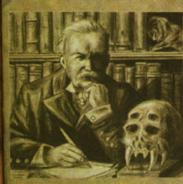
such attacks. They
are considering
hiring professional
exterminators to protect
sewage workers.
"Something must be
done. There are more
and more Orobons in the
sewers," declared a
spokesperson of the
Union of Sewage
Workers, at a press
conference yesterday.
"Our members have to

face monsters in the sewers and their lives are in constant danger. It's shameful! The profession should be classified as a highly dangerous one—and it should be paid accordingly." Sewage workers are expected to go on strike tomorrow, to support these demands.



### AN EXPERT ON OROBONS

Professor Pline, co-chairman of the Cabinet of Bizarre Creatures of Biopolis, had this to say about Orobons: "Like some other Saurians, Orobons keep on growing throughout their lives. When you consider that a female Orobon can live for up to 250 years, you can imagine the gigantic size she can attain by the end of her life. The best way of dealing with Orobons is to kill them while they are young, before they become invulnerable to spears and bullets, but this is not easy because Orobons are crafty and hard to track down. And since they like to build their nests in deep, dark, secret places, it is difficult to destroy the eggs before they hatch."





A frightening discovery in the projects of Biapolis raises the specter of the Great Intox

Two days ago, during a vast clean-up operation, a special task force uncovered a mass grave of monster-children in the sewers. The corpses of ten infants were found lying among the nauseating waste obstructing one of the main conduits of the city's sewage system. All ten infants had large brain tumors which had grotesquely deformed their skulls. This is not the first such finding. Hundreds of dead babies with similar deformities have been found in the sewers during the past few years. Scientists believe that the deformities are the result of mutations which occurred during the Great Intox and have not yet been eradicated. Some people labeled "dangerous" or "severely affected" have gone

(continued from page 2)

THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHANS

into hiding in suburban



Fifty years ago, Lady W.G. Graham was so appalled by similar cases of child abandon, that she decided to dedicate her life and fortune to the creation of the first specialized institutions for abandoned children. One of them, the Tartar Institute, is still partially in operation in Biapolis. Lady Graham, affectionately known as the Champion of Lost Causes, will celebrate her 112th birthday with great pomp and ceremony during the up-coming elections.



shantytowns where they continue to reproduce, escaping the health and hygiene investigations carried out by teams of highly trained regulators. Frightened by the horrible physcial appearance of their offspring, the degenerate parents generally get rid of them soon after birth. It sometimes

happens-as was the case two days ago-that a "live" rejectchild is found. Although the foundling was declared physiologically "dead", neurological tests showed that its brain was the seat of intense activity. When asked if this form of "survival" could be regarded as a miracle, doctors said no. Instead, they believe that this form of cerebral hyperactivity could be the cause of death. The child, in this case, died shortly afterwards at the Tartar Institute.

### ELECTIONS THREATENED

Presidential candidate Leonard Typhoeus was regulated yesterday afternoon, while traveling on a specially chartered train. It has been revealed that the regulation

contract was executed by Hades & Co., but it is not known who hired Hades' services. Hades denies all responsibility in the disappearance of the ring with the seal of eligibility that Typhoeus was wearing. This could render the up-coming elections null and void, since the



seal, which is used only during electoral periods to validate official campaign documents, also serves as a key to access the ballot boxes and to open doors to areas reserved exclusively to Council members.



#### HEIGHTENED PROTECTION

New police informers are everwhere in Biapolis. Their goal is to "increase the security of our citizens," but some Conservatives are already complaining because they believe this will lead to yet another curtailing of individual freedom.

























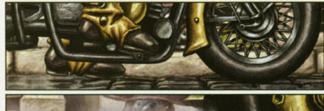
































"(DONLY PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES ARE PERMITTED TO WEAR THE RING, UP TILL ELECTION DAY.





























































































NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE LONG NAP...





























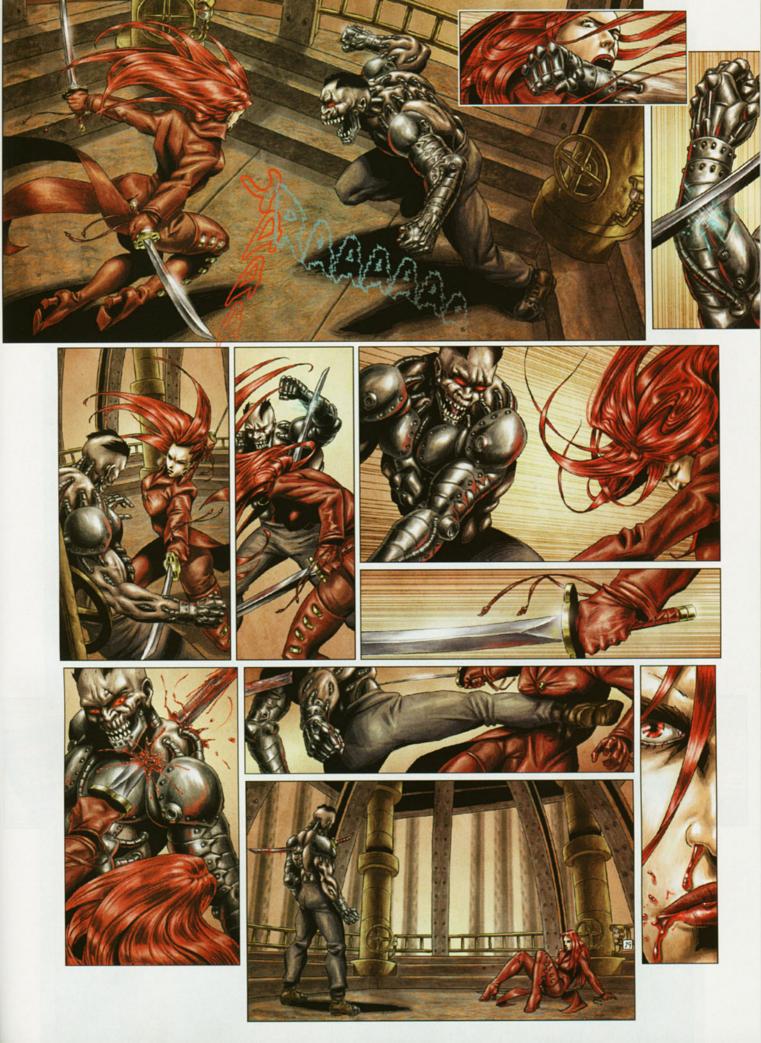






























































































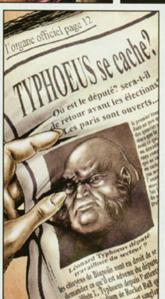


























































HASAKURA WAS TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD. HIS COMRADES LIKED HIM, AND THIS MORNING LADY MEI HAD SMILED AT HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME.







































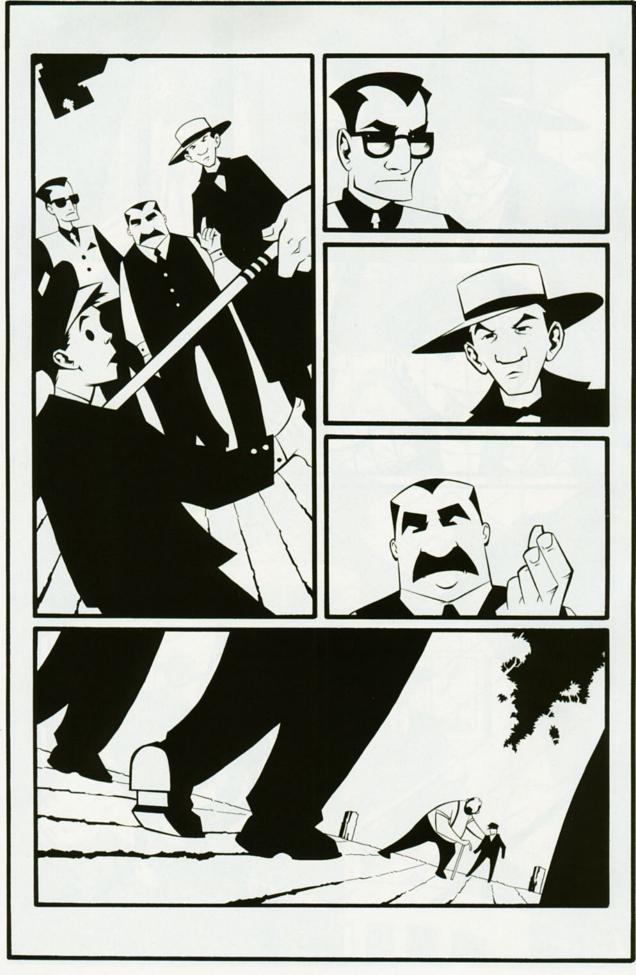


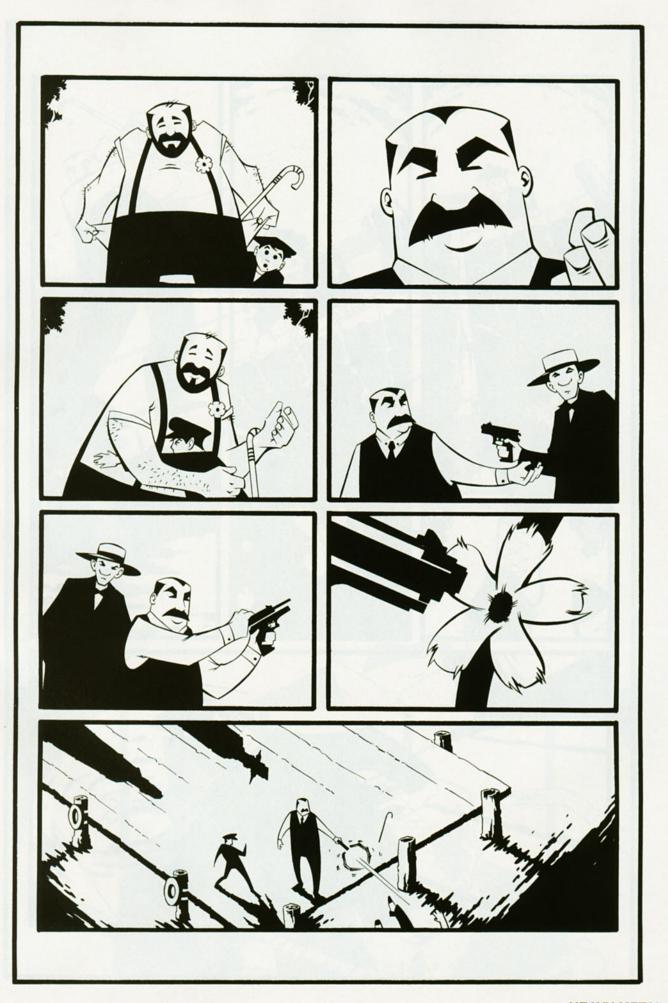




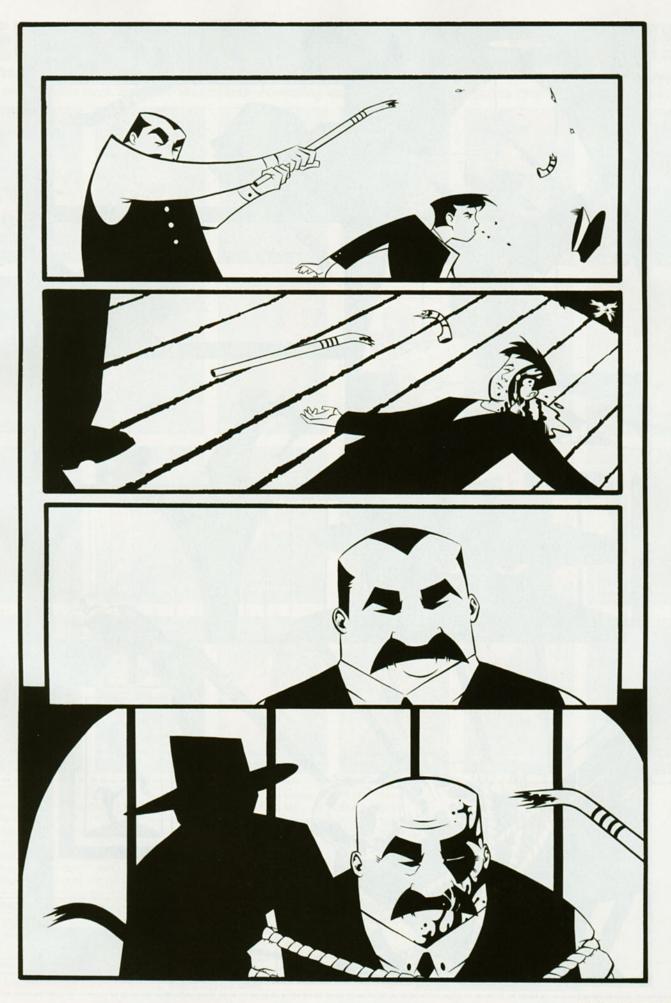




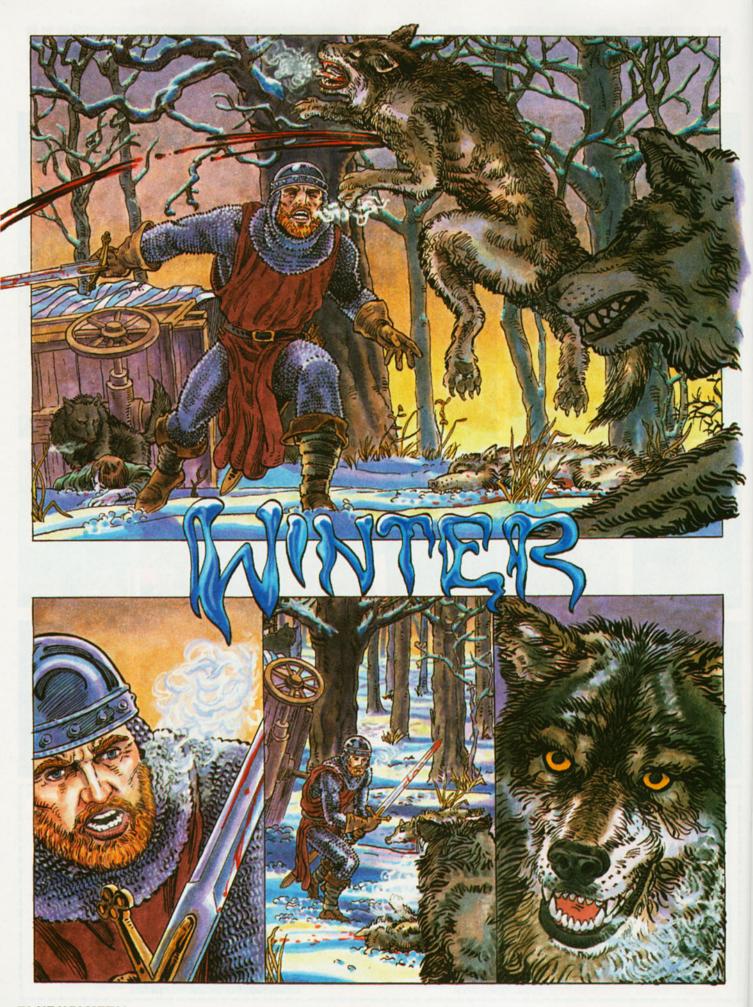




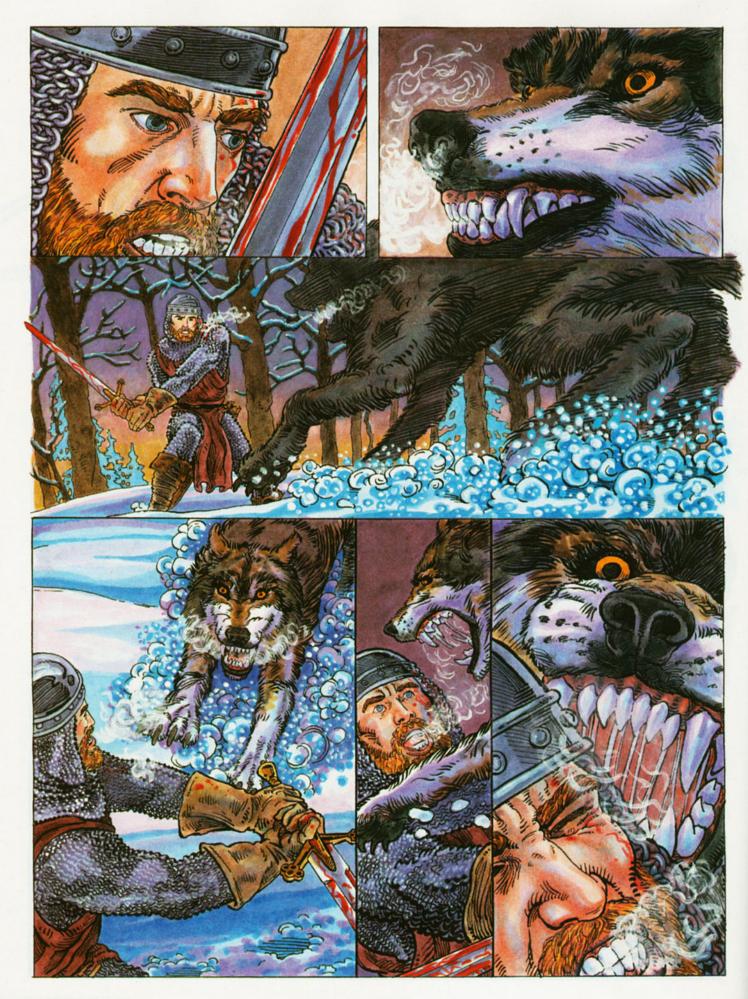














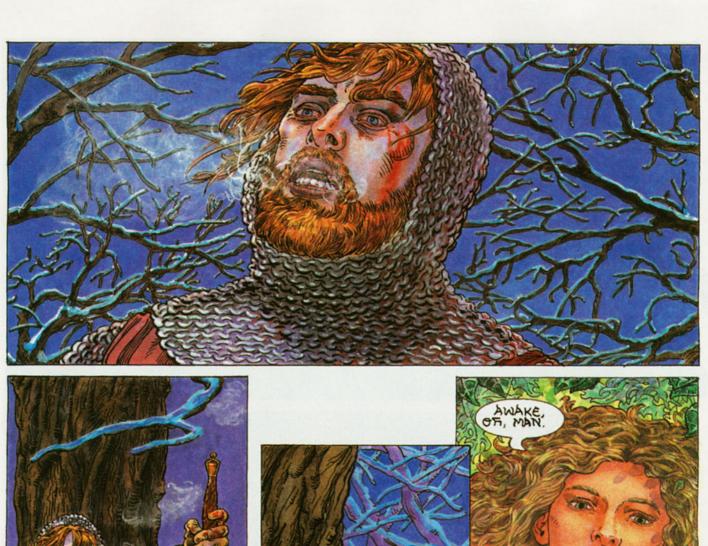




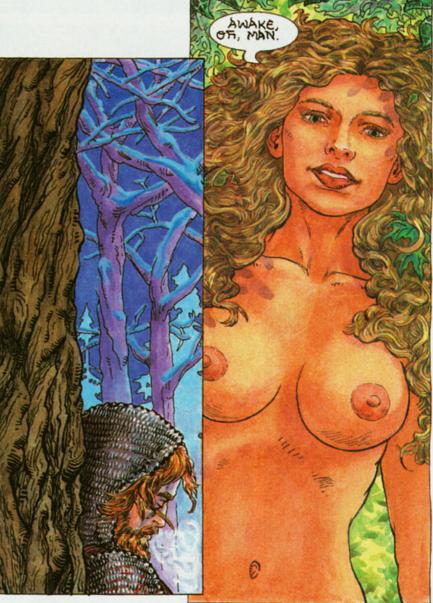








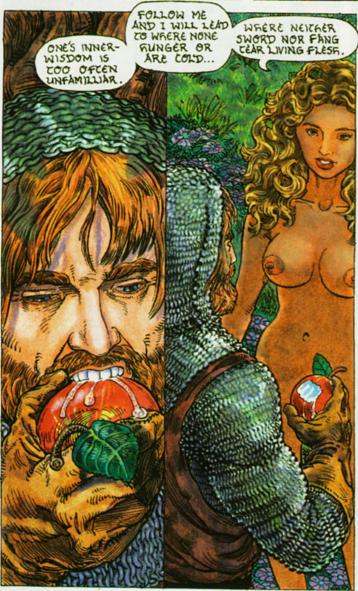






















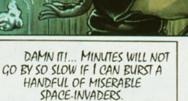








AND WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT TO CONTINUE WITH HER VERBAL DIARRHEA, A MECHANICAL CATCHY TUNE LUCKILY GOT HER COMPLETE ATTENTION.









HANDFUL OF MISERABLE



**HEAVY METAL 87** 









...SO I SAT BACK, AND WHILE DOING IT,
I LOOKED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ROOM;
TOWARDS THE DIMENSIONAL CATE RESTING
PEACEFUL AND QUIET BETWEEN
THE SHADOWS.

AS USUAL, SOMETHING HAD CHANGED IN THE SIDE ILLUSTRATION.







...No, NOT ONE. TWO.
ALSO FEMALES, MY
FAVOURTIE ONES. BOTH
ATTRACTIVE. MIDDLE AGE.
FROM DIFFERENT
ORIGINS: CAUCASIAN
AND AFRICAN. TWO IN
ONE. VERY APPETIZING.

COMPLETELY SOAKED, THEY STOP IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR AND THEY SEE THEMSELVES AS THEY ARE.

NO BUSINESS THIS TIME!





















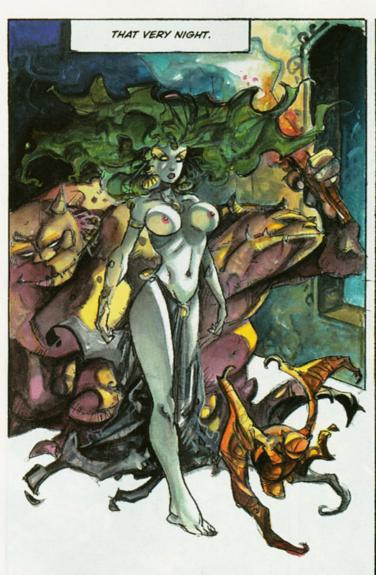






























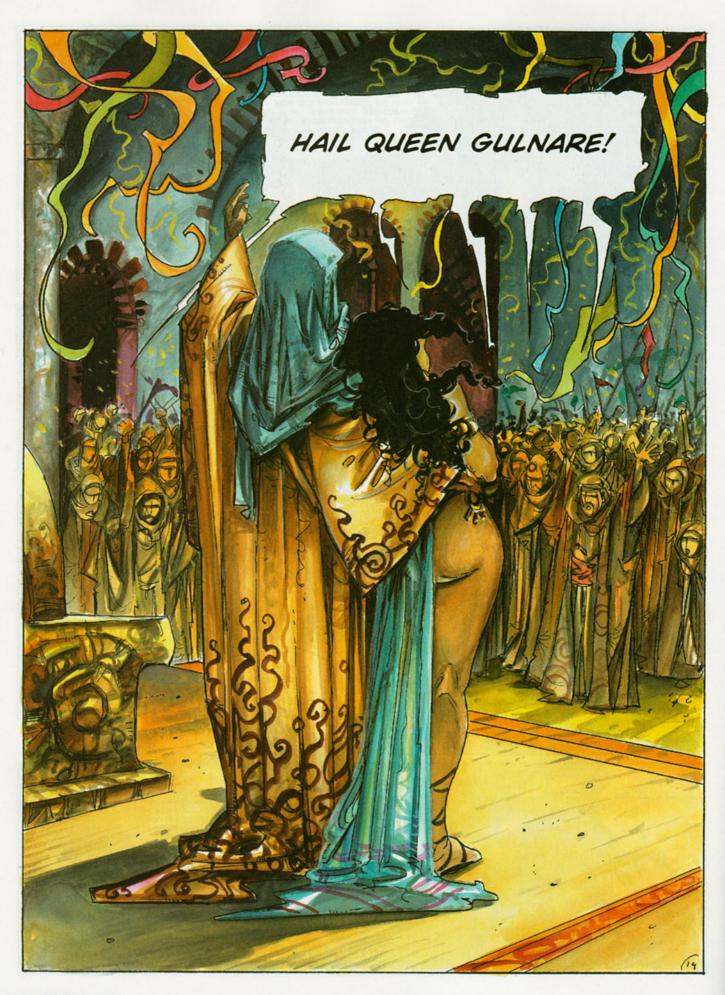




























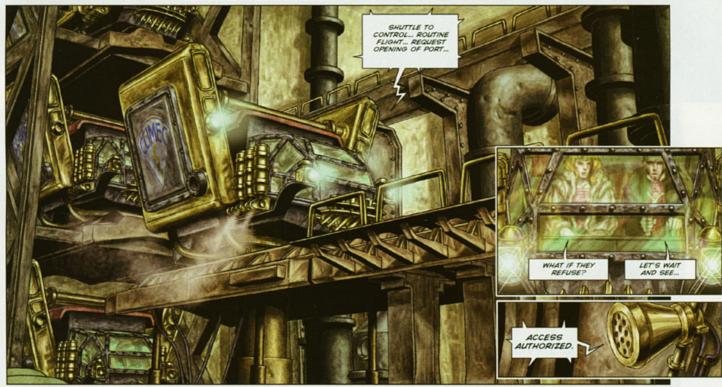
















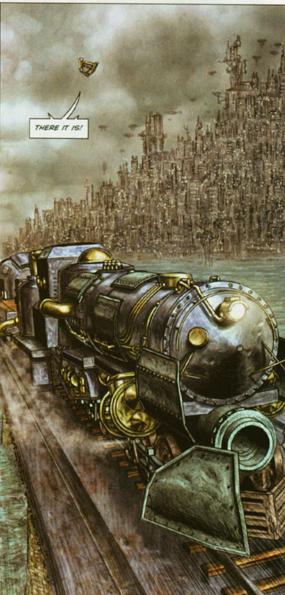












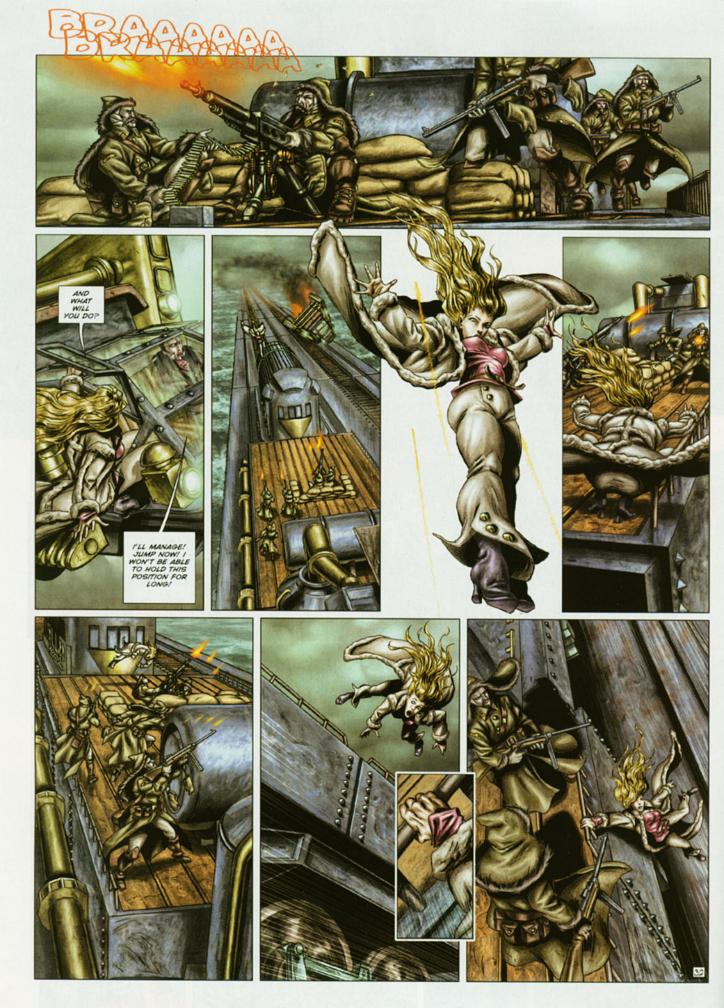






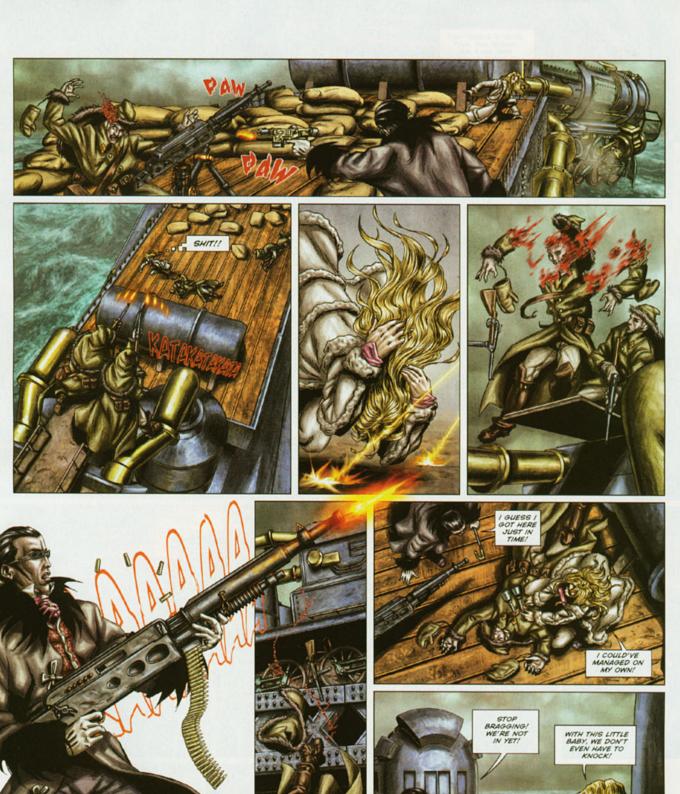












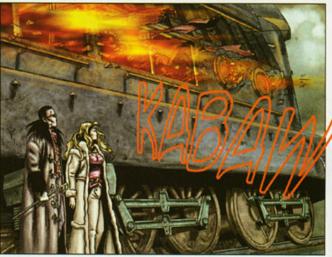


























































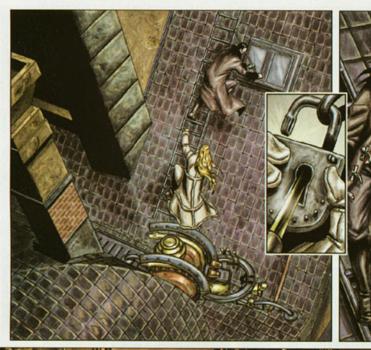




































































DURING THAT MOMENT WHEN TIME FLOATED AND SEEMED ETERNAL... I WAS GRIPPED BY A STRANGE PREMONITION...

> SUDDENLY, I HAD A FEELING THAT THE REST OF MY LIFE WOULD BE SPENT IN THAT INTERMEDIATE STATE.





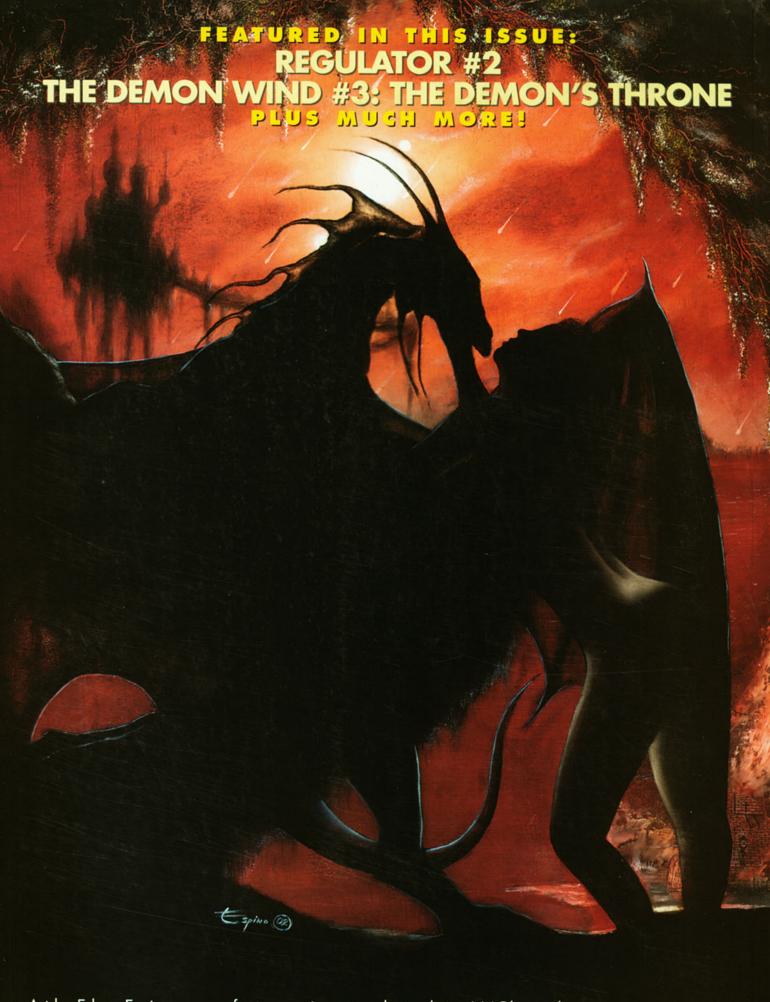
I NOW KNOW THAT I WILL PLUNGE INTO THE LIFE OF THE EMOTIONS AS IF I WERE DIVING INTO ICY COLD WATER...

NUMB TO PAIN AND FEELINGS.









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