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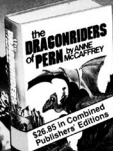
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Back cover, *Wayward West  
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Thomas Markertstein

"The Immortal's Fate," by Eski Bilal, and  
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**EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Publisher assumes no H&M Communications, Inc. 628 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. \$10 (one year) subscription, \$20 (two year) subscription, and \$30 (three year) subscription. Payment in U.S. dollars only. \$10 for Canada and \$15 (one year) subscription. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 628 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form CDS-200 to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 628 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

**ADVERTISING OFFICES:** New York: James T. Brown, Marketing Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 628 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 633-4070. Midwest: William B. Smith, Midwest Advertising Director, 1601 N. Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, IL 60641. (312) 548-1740. West Coast: Robert Rapp, Editor, Sage & Co., 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1000, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. (310) 829-1231. Southern Office: W. B. Brown, Brown & Co., Northside Tower, Suite 407, 3301 Howard Road, Mt. Airy, NC 28553. (704) 233-9800.

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# EDITORIAL

Christmas. A time for those who believe, truly, with all their heart, that there is a Santa Claus: a round, jolly man who can fly through the air, with no strings attached. What a lovely fantasy to grow up believing in, and what a horrible realization when your big brother says it just ain't so.

*Heavy Metal* is for people who still believe in that bearded man. Those who still wish (and don't tell) when they blow out candles on a cake. For those who wish upon a star.

Within the pages of *Heavy Metal*, one can become anything one chooses. A human eagle with wings the size of elephant ears. A Chandler-esque private eye who longs for a soft woman, a bottle of bourbon, and that one big break. Or a swashbuckling pirate who commandeers condos. All of these identities are as real to some as breathing is. The ability to let oneself loose, to fantasize without a moment's hesitation, to "fly through the air with the greatest of ease."

In our society, we must make a painful transition from childhood to adulthood. No more Howdy Doody time. Giddy-up, Mr. Ed! Come puberty, we are supposed to shed our fantasies as easily as we stripped ourselves of our frills and baseball caps.

Storytelling has been a cultural mainstay throughout the ages. Merry minstrels performed for the young and old, and there was no embarrassment on the part of the adults who reveled in the musical splendor. *Alice in Wonderland* has been enjoyed by "kids of all ages," and its existence on adult bookshelves has never been questioned.

But we're in the eighties now. Kids are growing up faster than they ever have before. They often replace Jack and Jill with joints and jive by the time they've reached twelve, without looking back. And perhaps it's because of this that adults have become cynical and uninterested in the make-believe.

If we can bring you just a little closer to the days of Peter Pan and the Green Hornet (Cinderella would never set a glass-slipped foot into a magazine like this!), then we must be doing something right.

As far as I'm concerned, Alice really did walk through that looking glass.

—JSL



## A photograph of two young people sitting on a floor covered in comic books. The person on the left is wearing a white 'HEAVY' sweatshirt, and the person on the right is wearing a black 'HEAVY' t-shirt. The text 'RUN AMOK THROUGH FANTASY...' is overlaid in large yellow letters at the top left.

**... BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!**

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

**Heavy Metal** is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining . . . and front pockets, too. Our original **HM** T-shirt is also available.

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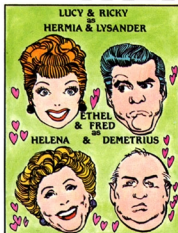
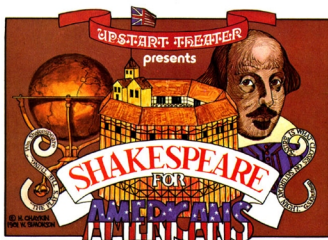
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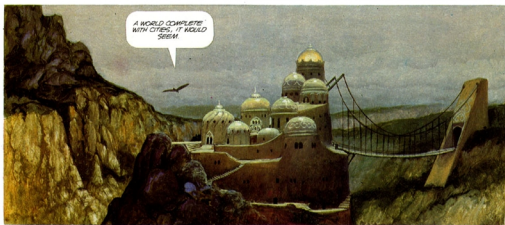
# THE MERCENARY

Having saved the "damsel in distress," the Mercenary fled on his newborn saurian. Young and weak, the bird dropped them on a nearby cliff, unable to carry them any further. They decided to camp there for the night, but when the Mercenary would not yield to the woman's flirtations, she became outraged. The following morning, he returned her to her home.











HERE, DRINK  
SOME MORE.  
IT WILL HELP  
YOU.



I AM CONFUSED.  
WHAT ARE YOU GIV-  
ING ME?

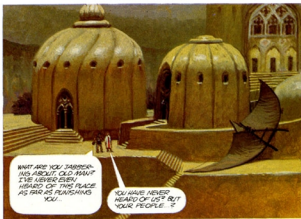


BREATHES? THEN I  
AM ALIVE? AND I  
OWE YOU MY LIFE.  
BUT, WHO ARE YOU?

AN HERBAL EXTRACT TO CURE YOUR  
ALTITUDE SICKNESS. IT WILL ALLOW  
YOU TO BREATHE HERE.

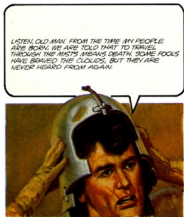


JUST ONE WHO LIVES HERE AND SAYS YOU OWE  
ME NOTHING. BUT I PLEAD FOR MY PEOPLE.  
PLEASE DO NOT RETURN US ANY LONGER. WE  
DID NOT KILL THE ONES YOU SENT HERE.



WHAT ARE YOU JABBER-  
ING ABOUT, OLD MAN?  
I'VE NEVER EVEN  
HEARD OF THIS PLACE  
AS FAR AS PLAINSHIPS  
YOU...

YOU HAVE NEVER  
HEARD OF US? BUT  
YOUR PEOPLE...?



LISTEN, OLD MAN. FROM THE TIME MY PEOPLE  
ARE BORN, WE ARE TOLD THAT TO TRAVEL  
THROUGH THE MISTS MEANS DEATH. SOME FOOLS  
HAVE BOAVED THE CLOUDS, BUT THEY ARE  
NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.



YES, WE HAVE SEEN THEM FALL FROM THE SKY  
AND DIE. THAT IS WHY WHEN OUR CHIEF'S  
DAUGHTER WAS TAKEN WE THOUGHT YOUR  
PEOPLE WERE PUNISHING US, THINKING WE  
HAD KILLED YOUR WARRIORS.

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND  
WHY DO YOU THINK MY  
PEOPLE ARE BEHIND THIS?



THERE IS THE REASON, MY FRIEND THAT  
LIGHT AMIDST THE CLOUDS, AND THE  
CAGE THAT MYSTICALLY HANGS THERE  
WITH OUR CHIEF'S DAUGHTER HELD  
CAPTIVE INSIDE.

IT DEFIES THE VERY FORCES  
THAT PULL ALL THINGS  
GROUNDWARD? NO, OLD  
MAN, MY PEOPLE ARE IN-  
CAPABLE OF SUCH MAGIC.



MY PEOPLE. WE ALWAYS  
TALK OF MY  
PEOPLE. WHERE ARE  
YOURS?

THEY HAVE GONE TO  
THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY  
ARE PREPARING THE RANSOM  
OF ONE THOUSAND SKINS OF  
ALCOHOL. PLEASE COME! SEE  
THEM, BUT LET ME WARN THEM  
OF YOUR COMING.



ALCOHOL AND NOT GOLD? THIS PROVES  
THAT YOUR WOMAN STEALER  
IS NOT FROM MY LAND.



SO GRANDFATHER HAS TOLD ME, STRANGER,  
BUT NOW I ADMIT TO BEING MORE CON-  
FUSED THAN EVER. IF YOUR PEOPLE DO  
NOT HOLD MY DAUGHTER CAPTIVE, WHO  
DOES? WHO IS DEMANDING THE RANSOM?



PERHAPS, IF YOU ARE INTER-  
ESTED, THAT AS SOMETHING I  
CAN DISCOVER. FOR A PRICE,  
OF COURSE. SUCH MERCENARY  
WORK IS MY JOB, AFTER ALL.

COME THEN,  
STRANGER. LET  
US WALK.



THERE, ATOP THIS PEAK, WE LEAVE THE SKINS EACH DAY. THEN, WHEN NIGHT GROWS DARKEST, THE MESSENGER SLOW DESCENDS, AND THE SKINS ARE REMOVED BY DARK, HOODED FIGURES WHO THEN LEAVE THEIR NEXT DEMANDS.



AND THAT SKY-TUGGING ROPE? WHAT OF IT?

MORE OF THE MYSTERY, I FEAR. IT RISES SKYWARD BY ITSELF AND WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO TOUCH IT, OR MY DAUGHTER WILL DIE. DID I DO NOT EVEN KNOW WHETHER SHE STILL LIVES!

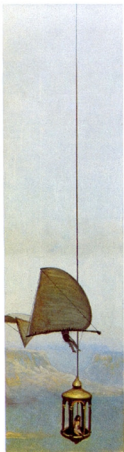


THEN PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT I SHALL FIRST DISCOVER, EN? IS THERE A WAY?

IS THERE A WAY?



THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY. THE WINGS THAT BROUGHT ME HERE WILL CARRY ME TO THE CAVE. THEN WE SHALL LEARN THE TRUTH.







TO BE CONTINUED



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Thank you, Den. With your help, I was assured of success. You and Kath came to my study tomorrow at noon. Your wish will be fulfilled.



Den, may I speak to you a moment?



Mulla

While searching for the queen's powerful stones, Den, Tarn, and the others came across the queen's guards and a pit chock full o' hungry reptiles. Once the stones were found, the group's almost futile effort to return to their ship proved nearly all for naught, when Den and the stones went tumbling off the side, as the ship took flight. Tarn, an eternal enemy of Den's, caught him and saved Den's life.

Den, I know you intend to leave Never where. Come to the garden. What I have to say is most important.

I'll soon be returning to Muutaron, my island estate. It is very beautiful there and I am rather rich and reasonably attractive.



Yes.

It is common knowledge that you and Kath are having some difficulties.



Muuta, what are you getting at?

Don't go, Den. Let Kath go and you can come and stay with me.

Muuta, I appreciate your feelings and your offer, but



How long has it been, Den... since you've had some good play?



No, Muuta! I am loyal to Kath.



You FOOL! I want you. I'll do anything you want.



Shit!

Kath... erine, I am going to take you back to Earth.



David! Really? Do you mean it?





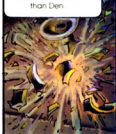
Damn women!  
Always chasing  
some big supercock.

I go out and get  
**mangled** by those things  
and **this** is my reward.



**GODDAMNED BITCH!**

Size isn't everything.  
I'll teach her that  
I'm a better man  
than Den.















# TEX ARCANA

## PART EIGHT

©1981 JOHN FINDLEY



AH, DEAR READER, WOE IS ME! AND WOE, TOO, TO THOSE HAPLESS INHABITANTS OF **HANGMAN'S CORNERS** FOR, SUSPECTED BY SOME BUT UNBEKNOWNST TO MOST, A HIDEOUS ROLL OF PURE EVIL HAS SILENTLY SLITHERED UP AND LOOPED ITS CURSED COILS AROUND THAT UNFORTUNATE COMMUNITY. AND THIS EVIL GOES BY THE NAME OF **YAMMERHANT**.

OH, WHAT TO DO? FOR THESE ARE CALLOW FOLK - CHILDREN, REALLY - AND CANNOT IMAGINE THE HORROR THAT LIES IN WAIT FOR THEM, MUCH LESS PROTECT THEMSELVES AGAINST IT.

AND YET... AND YET PERHAPS ALL IS NOT LOST. EVEN NOW, IN A SECRET, SACRED GROTTO DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH, OUR **MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN WHITE** IS TELEPATHICALLY PALAVERING WITH A PALLID WRAITH FROM BEYOND THE MISTS OF THE DAWN OF TIME, THE GHOST OF...

...LILITH, MOTHER OF WITCHES!

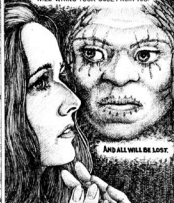


USE THESE THINGS I HAVE GIVEN YOU, CUB. REMEMBER THE WORDS THAT WILL SEND THE MONSTER PULING AND CRINGING BACK TO HIS LAIR.

BUT THIS ONE THING YOU MUST NOT DO... LOOK NOT INTO THE EYES OF YAMMERHANT. YOU WILL YEARN TO, BUT YOU MUST NOT FOR YOU WILL SEE INTO HIS MIND...



...AND WHAT YOU SEE THERE WILL ROB YOU OF YOUR WOOD, WILL SHRED YOUR WITS, WILL WRING YOUR SOUL FROM YOU.



AND ALL WILL BE LOST.

THE WORDS, CUB... REMEMBER.



Arisad! dysigane men.



WHY?  
WHAT?













TO BE CONTINUED...

bribe a guy to get him to say he was my father. Sheesh, I've been going to R-rated films since I was seven. And I'm not going to the Funny Farm. (Am I??)

Stuart Attinello  
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs,

Cut the fucking hype. I'm sick of it. How can you be proud of *Heavy Metal*, the movie, when just its presence degrades and defames *Heavy Metal*, the magazine? In the beginning, when you didn't know what you were doing, *Heavy Metal* was free; it was a blazingly original concept (in America); it was daringly uncommercial. Your editorials, written in a crazy stream-of-thought fashion, gave the impression that you wanted it that way. In fact, in the November '77 issue your fear of becoming popular precluded you from putting Harlan Ellison's name on the cover. I can see the same issue now with a screaming *New York Post*-style headline blaring Mr. Ellison's presence. But that was in the beginning, when *Heavy Metal* was synonymous with *Metal Hurlant* and meant "screaming metal," a term completely dissociated from Judas Priest and AC-DC.

*Heavy Metal* used to be a forum for the new and different. Lou Stathis's music column gave deserved attention to interesting "rok" bands that were not given exposure elsewhere, due to their refusal to be mediocre and commercial. The Sex Pistols were more closely attached to *Heavy Metal*'s musical leanings than Van Halen ever was. But the columns went away also, along with Ted White, the most intelligent editor you've ever had. Now he's listed as a consultant. I wonder what he does now.

And now comes *Heavy Metal*, the movie. What a piece of shit. What commercial trash. I can see you're milking it to the last drop. Movie souvenir books, posters, shirts, etc., etc. It makes me sick. But this wouldn't be so bad if the movie had some redeeming qualities, if it was anything like the old *Heavy Metal* magazine. But it's not. Richard Corben's "Den" is reduced to juvenile sexual fantasy; "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," to a drug joke. Because of the green-ball bit, Wrightson's story lost its entire punch. Jesus, the movie sucked.

And now I'm stuck with the task of explaining to all my friends that the movie was nothing like the magazine. "You've been reading that stuff!" Yeah, I tell them—but it was different. Remember Moebius, remember Arrazac, remember Voss, remember Montellier, Davis, Drulle! The entire fucking *Heavy Metal* movie did not have one damn French artist!

And while I'm raving—who the fuck is Brad Balfour? What does he know about comic art, about any art, about anything? The man is a moron masquerading as an intellectual. Has anyone out there really read his editorials? Tell me about the "intimate gathering at the electronic roost." Brad, I too want the age of mass spectacle to be doomed. And maybe more people will relate intimately at home through "electronic systems interplay" than through "depersonalized groupings" (Sept. '81). Jeex, I sure hope

so, Brad. And Brad, while we're at it, tell me more about "visual ecology" (Oct. '81) and the balance between "organisms and inorganic elements of the environments." Tell me more about the balance between "good and evil, light and dark, hard and soft." Tell me more, Brad, tell me more.

David Fleissig  
Great Neck, N.Y.

*Phew! Slow down, li'l dogie! In answer to one of your many jabs, the HM movie-ites did attempt to employ Moebius, Caza, and the Schuiten Bros., among other French artists. Unfortunately, none were able to make long-term commitments. —The Eds.*

Dear Sirs:

Ever since I saw *Heavy Metal* (the movie), I have been fascinated with Taarna. After I saw it the second time, my fascination turned into an obsession, then into something more. There is not a day going by that I have not thought over and over about her.

I have been reading *Heavy Metal* for some time, but I have not seen anything like her. I love everything about her, but I cannot explain specifically. The beauty, the independence, the warriorlike qualities (among other things) are all things that make me feel this way. She is everything I would love to be with and even to be like.

I have thought it over time and again, and I have decided that the only reason I can be so upset and preoccupied with her (close to crying a few times in my frustration) is that there must be something seriously wrong with me (which makes me even more upset, realizing this). I cannot think of any other reason. After all, it's only a character in a movie, and an animated one at that. But somehow that thought does not comfort me much. I wrote hoping that you could help me in some way, and for others who may have the same problem.

I hope that after a time I will forget her, but something inside me hopes that I will not forget her.

H. Zahakos  
Bronx, N.Y.

*Dear H.Z.: No reason to feel funny about your infatuation with Taarna. Heavy Metal and fantasy, together or as separate entities, tend to do that to people. As a matter of fact, I found Benny in American Pop real sexy. As a wise man once said, "Good animation beats the real thing, by a long shot." —JSL*

Dear Sirs,

I have recently seen the *Heavy Metal* movie (several times, in fact), and I was very impressed. I felt that it was worthy of its name, although I do not recall a sequence entitled "Neverwhere," by Cornelius Cole, which was described in the August issue of *HM*. The drawings on pages 46 and 47 looked very promising. Could you explain what happened to this sequence, and why it was not used in the final version of the film?

Gerard Damiano

*Yep, Cornelius Cole's "Neverwhere" was unfortunately cut from the final version of the HM*

# CHAIN MAIL

## HM Movie Madness

Dear Sirs,

With your *Heavy Metal* movie, you are bringing fantasy and rock 'n' roll even closer together than before, which it seemed to me was your original intention. Any chance that we'll be seeing more rock-oriented stories in the near future? The likes of Devo and Stevie Nicks would make fascinating characters.

Bob Thouvenot  
Pasadena, Tex.

*Yes, HM will be running more rock-'n'-roll-related material. In fact, we will have a special music section in our March issue.*

—The Eds.

Dear *Heavy Metal*ites,

I've just come back from seeing the *Heavy Metal* movie for the third time, and my mind is still reeling with joy and ecstasy. Boy, for someone who has been involved in the making of only one movie (the sacred *Animal House*), Mogel sure seems to learn fast. Congratulations, Leonard, the *Heavy Metal* movie is a masterpiece, a rock-and-roll sex fantasia. The high element of fantasy, science fiction, the unique, and sex combined with the explosive sound track is mind-blowing! I also shouldn't forget to praise Reitman, Potterton, Gross, Blum, and Goldberg. They too did a great job. All of the stories (as told by the evil Loc Nar) were faithfully and realistically reproduced from the magazine. Except for one, though: "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." The original story had meaning and depth; the movie version was void of this except for some fine humor and Angus McKie's excellent backgrounds. Besides that, the film was perfect.

I also would like to say a few things about the MPAA. They are full of shit! I've read that scenes had to be cut from the movie because the Association was wagging an X-rating in the film's face. Also, when I went to see the film I was confronted with "To see *Heavy Metal*, must have ID for over 17." Since I'm only fourteen I practically had to

film. It was a simple case of fitting ten pounds of sugar into a five-pound bag. Couldn't fit it in, so they had to snap somewhere.—The Eds.

#### Dear Ed:

An unexpected situation is to find a major change in the format of a regularly produced newsstand magazine. Generally things tend to plod along regardless of staff changes, desertion of artists and writers, or even in the face of slipping sales. Uniquely enough, *Heavy Metal* has experienced a major overhaul under the wise control of Leonard Mogel.

In the past, the magazine evolved into a "slick underground." While normally this would be a compliment, it isn't intended as such. The glut of undergrounds in the late sixties—early seventies left us with a great pool of talent, but it also produced a major portion of (North) America's illiterate comics. Without editorial control, the criterion of "readability" fell out of windows and dashed creative brains on the sidewalk below. A flood of incomprehensible, unresearched, stick-figured comic attracted no one's eyes, but were published all the same.

To question the applauded genius of R. Crumb, Spain, S. Clay Wilson, etc., is a certain folly that can be matched only by discussing the merits of the (too many) poor, unforgotten talents that produced uncalled-for work.

But to return to an earlier wordage (of my own choice): "The magazine evolved into a slick underground" comic. Past issues were sprawling with (technically) poorly drawn, ill-conceived, perennially continued vignettes of minimal interest (at best) and basically short chapters (and half-pages) that contained no order or continuity or followable characterization.

At one time *Heavy Metal* exploited the worst efforts of undergrounds but wrapped it up in a formal package that cost too much. The regular readers of comics I know skipped numerous editions, and those that did continue to steadfastly buy did so only for the reprinted Richard Corben works that they had missed in earlier years.

The changes in *Heavy Metal* under Mogel can lead any reader to only one exit of thought: "Why hadn't this happened earlier?"

The magazine was dead on its feet and either a resuscitation was inevitable or (under those then current standards) *HM*'s cancellation was. An abundance of predictable material was published—well, either predictable or simply "without point."

A certain example was the long-running, continually boring "Changes," by (I believe, off the top of my head without the magazines in front of me) Matt Howarth. What could have begun as an interesting two-chapter story dragged its artistic legs page after page, month after month, to present itself as a variation on the famed "Chinese water torture."

This magazine, *Heavy Metal*, has the finest-quality printing available to comics, and yet at said time it was searching out the worst dreck it could find. No wonder comics carry the air of a "bad word" in some very limited

social circles.

The new *Heavy Metal* proves itself as the booklet everyone (or at least I) has been patiently waiting for over the past fifteen years. There was much talk (fandom talk) in the sixties about slick-styled comics, and numerous attempts were made by small publishers (whose fanzines/prozines rapidly faded...). Always the potential of *Heavy Metal* has been without limit. The quality of reproduction for comic artwork has been elsewhere unmatched in (North) America.

Now the magazine of "excellent comic-strip reproduction" is giving its audience what it requested in the first place, "excellent comic strips." It was folly from the beginning NOT to publish the top comic-strip artists. But now we have them.

Applause comes for the present intervention of Steranko, Jeffrey Jones, Chaykin, (again) Corben, Simonson, and, well...you name him.

As you know well, the readers of your magazine (I hope) are not morons or strung-out "dopes" (looking for quick kicks); they are serious people expecting their due of serious literature and serious comics. The appearance of a writer of William Burroughs's stature can only add important significance to *HM*'s political weight. There simply is no reason why anyone informed enough to collect *Esquire*, Charles Bukowski's poetry, or *Time* or *Mother Jones* or *Rolling Stone* should feel slighted by a two-dollar comic book.

In the past several issues of *Heavy Metal*, the said pamphlet has reared "its ugly head," as it should. The current *HM* is Stravinsky's *Firebird* rising.

The current magazine fits well into any treasure trove.

It is, though, time for *HM* to reconsider its audience, and a time for the motors behind this publication to accept that its audience is made up of (of course) Marvel Comics fans, and some dragged-out hippie hangers-on and so on; but more important are people who prefer Nelson Algren to Schulz's "Peanuts," individuals who select Selby over "She-Hulk," and Fassbinder followers who would rather see the old *Three Stooges* reruns than be exposed to (yet another) foolish Carmine Infantino "Dial H for Hero" comic.

Do not under-observe us. Remember that Malcolm McLaren made a good fortune by providing the opposite.

Comics have never been something to laugh about, as I'm assured Harlan Ellison would announce.

Ronn Sutton  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

#### Misc. Repartee

##### Dear Ed:

I would like to know how Den, at the bottom of page 40, *HM* Oct. '81, still has his prick on after his encounter with all those little munchers.

John Casten  
San Francisco, Calif.

J: Who are we to question what turns Den on?—The Eds.

#### Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: *Heavy Metal*.  
2. DATE OF FILING: September 10, 1981.  
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: Monthly. A. No. of issues published annually—12. B. Annual subscription price—\$19.00. 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. 5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. 6. NAMES AND COMPLETE ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: Publisher: Len Mogel, 635 Madison Avenue, N.Y., NY 10022. Editor: Len Mogel, 635 Madison Avenue, N.Y., NY 10022. Managing Editor: Julie Simmons-Lynch, 635 Madison Avenue, N.Y., NY 10022. 7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual, must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated.): HM Communications, Inc. (of which 100% of this stock is owned by National Lampoon, Inc.), 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. 8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES, OR OTHER SECURITIES (If there are none, so state.): National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. 9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATE (Section 132.122 PSM): 10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION: AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS: A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run): 294,616. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 145,646. 2. Mail subscription: 26,470. C. Total paid circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2): 172,116. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 1,544. E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D): 173,660. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,928. 2. Returns from news agents: 119,028. G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2)—should equal net press run shown in A: 294,616. ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE: A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run): 303,719. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 161,421. 2. Mail subscription: 24,858. C. Total paid circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2): 186,279. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 1,552. E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D): 187,831. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 2,912. 2. Returns from news agents: 112,976. G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2)—should equal net press run shown in A: 303,719. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Len Mogel, Publisher

# DOSSIER

**'T**is the season to be crabby ...or at least that's how I feel this time every year. The syn-fueled seasonal frenzy of self-serving charity and consumerist gift giving that seizes mind control (like the beginning of *Outer Limits*) so offends my delicate sensibilities that even a December 25 resurrection of Elvis would bring a humbug snarl to my lips.

But knee-jerk negativity is just as asinine as Pollyanna positivism. Unreasoned contempt invalidates anything someone says, because they're responding to their own inner anger, and not to anything relevant to the work being gleefully disemboweled. So the proper response to Christmas Cheer ain't Solstice Surliness (shucks)—it must be a carefully rationalized attack, skillfully directed only at fully deserving targets. Benefits to this about—it not only satisfyingly purges the system's foul humors; it also provides a theatrical venue for one's aesthetic psychodrama. The Tragedy of Taste, so to speak; one short act of learning sandwiched into life's intermission.

Most people draw boundaries. By marking off whole areas, you at once accomplish convenience (entire genres to ignore!) and gross stupidity (narrow-minded geek!). My boundary, drawn in bright red and reinforced with barbed wire and guard dogs, surrounds country music. The stuff makes me gag. Listening to it reminds me of porking up on Big Macs—lowest-common-denominator consumables. Take Tammy Wynette's *You Brought Me Back* (Epic). Please. Everywhere this one plays it safe: the music sticks to clichés you can hum in your sleep, performance



## NEW MUSIC

so understated it's nearly invisible, and—worst yet—MSG-soaked sentiment drips from the vinyl like blood in a Sam Peckinpah movie.

I also got a problem with (ahem) heavy metal. Music that's all meat and no motion gives me a headache. Boredom metamorphoses into amusement, however, when kitsch-meisters like Judas Priest enter the scene. Lead howler Rob Halford brandishes his totems like a berserk shaman desperately hexing his impotence with used-up fetish-objects. *Point of Entry* (Columbia) lays off the Arvan Leather Boys in Bondage cover posturing in favor of a demure penetration image. Same old thud-thud inside, though. At least Ozzy Osbourne's *Bizzard of Ozz* (Jet/CBS) tosses some melody, and even humor, our way along with the raw meat. Old Oz relates to heavy metal as Iggy relates to punk—he stalked the hm Stone Age with

Black Sabbath (Cro-Magnon to Led Zeppelin's Neanderthal), and the geezer continues croaking with undiminished lunacy. Young huns like Def Leppard could learn a few tricks from boring old farts like Ozzy, instead of trying to reinvent the wheel using a square. Not an original thought or lick can be found on *High 'n' Dry* (Mercury), just another generation of ear-drumless party animals on the rise.

Heavy metal, like heroic fantasy, dead-ended itself into a stone wall years ago (the two, not surprisingly, share power and domination symbology). Extremism only remains, and Motorhead rules! If played at proper volume (peak), their live *No Sleep Til Hammersmith* (Mercury) will take care of troublesome Third World nations better than a heaping Haig-full of nuclear weapons. This record *kills* (in fact, the surgeon-general should make 'em print that on

the label). The only platter even distantly comparable, *The Decline of Western Civilization* (Slash), documents the LA punk scene. A whole crew of hilariously incompetent bands play as loud and as fast as they can! At least Motorhead can all keep up with each other.

Anybody out there who digs this stuff should check out Crass and their yankee debut, *Penis Envy* (Rough Trade). Immensely popular in England, Crass focus the anger and overwhelming, power-chorded energy of heavy metal into sharply intelligent, ironically humorous political commentary (sexism, this time).

Records like the Moody Blues' *Long Distance Voyager* (Threshold/Polygram) make me think there should be a mandatory retirement age for wimp rockers. For more than a decade the M.B.'s have worked to smooth out the rough edges from their music. Coupled with their winning way with adolescent profundities, it makes one heckuva vinyl neck wringer.

And now, the Big One (trumpets, please). Prize-winning entry in the contest for This or Any Year's Most Aesthetically Offensive Record: *Stars on Long Play* (Radio/Atlantic). This one's so bad it had me raving, foaming, and hooting for weeks. Get this: a whole damn side's worth of Beatles snippets (twenty-nine of 'em) all strung together across a sonolent disco beat. Nostalgic button pushing at its most nakedly pandering. Needless to say this thing is selling better than Kool-Aid in Jonestown. Donnie and Marie! Come back from Hawaii, we need you!

—Lou Stathis

# VARIETY SPICER

**B**ill Spicer recently brought forth the fourth *Fanfare*, subtitled "The Magazine of Popular Culture and the Arts." In addition to familiar subjects (Frazer, 3D, Bakshi, country music), the 'zine also probes surgically deep into the underbelly of arts arcana—the turbulent grandeur of Szukalski's sinewy sculpture, the film noir/

crime comics link, and the massive output of Japanese TV animation not seen in the USA.

Having actively pubbed for almost twenty years, editor Spicer launched a precursor to the undergrounds in '63. It was *Fantasy Illustrated*, a comic book featuring primordial Jeff Jones art, transmuted into *Graphic Story Magazine* (specializing in lengthy and wonder-

# Fanfare



fully anecdotal Q&A artist interviews).

Although the new *Fanfare* variety format hasn't pleased all the older GSP readers, in Number 4 Spicer boldly grooves into graphic experiments with a twenty-page insert successfully simulating an old pulp mag. *Fanfare* Numbers 2, 3, and 4 go for \$3.50 each (from 329 N. Ave. 66, Los Angeles, CA 90042)—a nice price for this curious chronicle of born-again nostalgia.

—Bhob



# TATTOO SPLENDOR



**W**ith the pluralization of the arts, tattooing has gone from being a subterranean, semi-outlaw art form (it was worn by the Yakuza—the ancient Japanese criminal gangs—as a badge

of membership) to something of semilegitimacy. At least, that seems to be the case with the outpour of books on the subject, such as the current *Skin Show* —*The Art and Craft of Tattoo*

(Dragon's Dream), by Christopher Wroblewski, and the past release of Spider Webb's *Pushing Ink* (Fireside) and *Heavily Tattooed Men and Women* (McGraw-Hill).

Webb, New York State's master of the art, has gone so far as to forge the ties between fantasy and the art by doing a show in conjunction with artist Boris Vallejo. But the connection with fantasy is obvious, not only in the mystic images now being grafted to skin but in the whole mystique surrounding the act of tattooing. Once it carried the sublime significance of a shaman's blessing; now it still carries the notion of some trial by fire. Certainly, given the blessing of it as a folk art, greater care is taken with the images added to skin. But, though these

books argue fast and furiously for its acceptance not only as some magic ritual but as an art form done on just another of the many kinds of canvases, it still has room to evolve aesthetically.

Even if it never receives the acceptance Webb yearns for, he maintains a dedication to the extreme—from his devotional collection in *Heavily Tattooed*... to his consummate research in *Pushing Ink*. Although Wroblewski's book places tattooing in the context of hardcover coffee-table splendor, it doesn't compare with the range of pictures and background of Webb's. The former is a mere introduction to the degree of obsession; Webb's work is obsession itself.

—Brad Ballour

## My Ten Favorite Japanese Monster Movies



by Glenn O'Brien

**Godzilla** (1956) The first, the best. Raymond Burr appears in one of his more believable roles.

**Rodan** (1957) One of the first flying Japanese monsters, this flying dinosaur is still the most handsome. Special effects and solid directing by the great Inoshiro Honda.

**Gamera the Invincible** (1966) This 400-foot flying turtle obliterated much of Tokyo but without malice. As the little boy who befriended him put it: "Gamera doesn't mean to step on people. He's just lonely." A great Batman-style theme song, too: "Sayonara Gamera."

**Mothra** (1962) An Inoshiro Honda classic with tremendous subliminal political and metaphysical implications. The beast is hypnotically controlled by twin toddler girls and their strange cult.

**King Kong vs. Godzilla** (1963) King Kong gets to be the good guy we knew he was all along,

making the world safe for warm-blooded bipeds.

**Attack of the Mushroom People** (1963) The first fungoid creatures in a toadstool precursor of *The Alien*, directed by Honda. Unfortunate picnickers are transformed.

**Ebirah—Terror of the Deep** The world is threatened by a giant lobster, the largest non-kosher beast on record.

**Frankenstein Conquers the World** (1966) He tries to, anyway. Not the real Frankie, but a very large imitation. Nipped in the bud by Nick Adams. TV's "The Rebel."

**Destroy All Monsters** (1968) The all-star game of monsters with Godzilla turning good guy and leading a beastly alliance against the challengers from planet Kilaak. Godzilla, Jr., steals the show—rooting on the sidelines.

**Space Amoeba** (1970) Not a masterpiece film but the ugliest star of them all—not so much an amoeba as a giant scungilli.



**N**ot all horror films require an obvious monster. The best monsters come out of the mind, not the body. Witness Joan Crawford in *Straight Jacket*.

An irresistible dead-movie-star horror flick, *Mommie Dearest* delivers buckets of surreal, mother-love child abuse. A necrophiliac's delight, Faye Dunaway, in synthetic wigs and tons of *Planet of the Apes* makeup, transforms into a frightful, wax-museum Joan Crawford in the comic nightmare of daughter Christina's poison-penn book about life with mommie weird-est.

Every horror movie needs an outrageous set and costumes. While the atrocious psychodrama script and everything else in the movie go floozy, the eerie, art deco Beverly Hills movie-queen mansion and the 1940s retro costumes are drop-dead

menacing. La Crawford, it seems, even slept in monstrous shoulder-padded pajamas and trademark fuck-me high-heel ankle-strap pumps.

Reliably mesmerizing, Faye Dunaway gets real wacky when she "trashes" her alter screen-goddess ego in Crawford's insane *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* emoting. Looking like the wicked witch of the North, with her face covered in white cold creams, Dunaway/Crawford commits the ultimate atrocity. She beats the shit out of poor little Christina with a can of scouring cleanser, all because the girl hung a dress on the wrong type of clothes hanger.

Truly great cult-movie trash, *Mommie Dearest* is right up there with *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

—Daphne Davis

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**W**

hen Chris Stein and Debbie Harry first came to Harry Giger with their photographs, we all were riveted by the results of their collaboration with Giger. Giger, of course, was at once a highly talented sculptor, as is the magazine and had long been fascinated not only a magazine in the field but also in a class of his own. Debbie and Chris had only asked the general museum leader already exhibited within the pages of *HM*, but had passed their credentials as purveyors of fantasy. They have just completed the second year of the laboratory connected with Debbie. So, when these people landed on the desk here, we all said, "Yes, but how?" Well, it was decided that nobody except Debbie and Chris themselves could speak of their experience with such enthusiasm about Giger, his career, and the effect of his art. So, the focus has been turned over to them with a little bit of help from me.

—DB

**H.** Giger is a man used to museum work. Drawn in black, with his intense fixation with bones and skulls, he's been accused of practicing black magic and witchcraft. He's been called the precursor of Martin Scorsese, or worse. To many, he seems like a twisted, twisted, twisted, but in Switzerland, his home, he's known simply as "Halter Rex."

Yet, like his more famous art contemporaries, he is deeply attached to the imagery. As with most imagery, which has become a part of his repertoire, there's a sense of the past and a sense of the future in his work. The combination has always attracted people, just as the forbidden has. The same goes for Giger and his powerful work. He goes beyond the conventional, he takes things further than most of us do.

When the movie *Blade* first appeared, it was Giger's designs that served as all the grotesque, unrecognizable bodies. Giger became immediately famous in *Blade*, and the film's images became famous. Twentieth Century-Fox even offered special treat for *Blade* shows. The film itself, *Blade*, has begun, and today there's still more and all the more it's made with all "his" work.

## STRANGE ENCOUNTERS OF THE SWISS KIND

by Deborah Harry and Chris Stein



Photo by Chris Stein

From left to right: Giger and Debbie Harry in metal face masks; another style of body and face mask; with Debbie and her colleagues; the members of the cast all together.



strong. (Casper even scared himself one night when he went to brush his teeth and ran into his alien mother in the bath.)

When *Alien* came out, there was the same intense reaction. "Did you know about your career being haunted by British Rail?" asked an English journalist during a phone interview while we were in Switzerland. That was the first we heard of the reaction. Then another British station framed the cover from television. The explosion from it was just disturbing.

We knew the cover would cause reaction, but much more than we could expect, even more, so believe it would simply be taken as art. It was a risk we were willing to take.

Rick Baker was something we have never familiar with. We were very conscious of what was involved. It is a manner of having style more than anything else, something Casper understands and possesses as well. When we began doing what we're doing, we didn't think in terms of new names, we thought of having a sense of style. Having style meant not walking over the crowd but being right a bit forward or behind it. When we started out we were called a neo-noir art because we did cinema-

pop material rather than the guitars and boogie stuff which was popular then. We did the opposite of what was current, and we're never stopped trying to do the unexpected.

Casper also plays with opposites, that's the essence of his work. His philosophically called aesthetic realizes, the use of opposites makes things in art and life challenging. What is beautiful and horrible, appearing and disappearing, whatever there was in and repeats, longed and angry—in Casper's own vision—is all related. Even in music production it's the same combination of opposites, of working with machines to produce the organic sound of music.

Ever since we met Casper at the Hammer Gallery in New York nearly two years ago, we've thought of working together. Similar ideas for cinema, books, clubs, and pages are being thought of automatically again. We remembered his posters in the last studio when he was the first European psycho-freaky poster artist. There are those of him as the artist of *Alien*. And we found out that Casper began listening to us while working on *Alien* in England. Our attendance paralleled his as we simultaneously became aware of each other.

So, when the decision faced us to do the album cover, a phone call was made, arrangements were discussed, and Casper was on the job. From a head shot by English photographer Brian Jels, Casper did that massive antediluvian image from here (never before seen) and will be in his next book, all of his own design, but that was only the beginning. We decided he would direct the promotional video made from two songs off the album—and be close to him.

When we landed in Zurich to do the taping, we didn't even know whether Casper, his wife, Mia, and his manager, Keith Forster, would be there. But they were, in their customary clothes. Casper and wife in black, and Forster—in a suit the opposite of what he is. It set the stage for our visit to Casper's basement.

Casper lives in a quiet residential Zurich, in a couple of modest, simple houses—in the semi-enclosed kind that one often sees in England. He bought and converted two of them into a house and a studio. Outside was quiet as in the rest of the neighborhood. Only his garden, with its unimpaired shrubbery (which he has meticulously maintained because the likes of

random images and shapes that occur), suggested the atmosphere inside.

"Walking into his house, one sees that it's totally his environment, from the burning fractal-corn on its like stepping into a world completely black and white. It seems to be a huge collection of opposites—both cluttered and orderly at the same time. He's the perfect counterbalance to the typical shallowly commercial culture of Zurich. As he pointed out to us later, "I think I was an intention my neighbors regarded me with extreme suspicion. Afterwards, it was alright."

From the light at the entrance, either the stairs, country kitchen, or dining room confronts you. But the thing most in the temple—a shrine for Casper's art, with huge floor-to-ceiling paintings and objects everywhere. In the middle sits a black dining table, home-made and designed with a multi-club design together with a gold painting. And atop that sits a black candleholder with three figures upside down and right side up (that's a page).

Casper is an industrial designer, which is very apparent to you the moment you step into his house. From something as dis-

PHOTOGRAPH BY OLIVER TAYLOR

looking as his chairs is structurally sound. The kitchenware—with its Mid-century quality of being the machine as an extension of the organic—makes sense ideologically. The bar stools, with its art, isn't just decorative. Casper's work has a collective mix of ideas. It ranges from the fear of being turned into metal. It's awareness...the work of an ultimate perfectionist, a true visionist.

For his work with our video, he was as detailed as he always is. He gathered together the huge murals on bookshelves, made a sarcophagus, special drinks, a beautiful, and exaggerated architecture model, which were used for the album cover. Like the Phantom of the Opera, looking over his organ all hours of the night, Casper was completely involved in the two productions. From the moment we arrived he

three questions as to work on concepts he had in mind. And competing man that he is, he was always surprised at his work, however meticulous and careful to get what he wanted.

The shooting didn't take long at all, only two days, in fact. In the first, they had to produce the explosion of the sarcophagus to get it right. Using a smoke machine that looked something like a mechanical vacuum-cum-out of a Max Ernst painting, they kept yelling "More smoke, more smoke." In German. "With New I Know You Know, Casper assembled a whole temple made from the misqu岸ed *Passageway* painting. While the painting is the image of a huge rock made of melting ladders coming out of a never larger shadow upon a portion of it, called "The Steps of the Machine," has all his words in the finally cyclical. And

From left to right, Casper stands menacing in his own "Passage way"—part of the temple used in film (*Alien*); John Alton (top) Debris in cover makeup with Casper; (bottom) sarcophagus and model used in the video; Casper looking perfectly Marlowe dead with a black ring and three opponent chairs designed by Casper; Casper's elderly version (who was taught by Debris and Chino); "Are you boys from around here?" asks Mia. (left)

worked time as the camera and lighting crew at the final get-together, he can be seen almost symbolically proving (from the passage), out of which Debris—looking like a Marlowe where—comes dancing. But the video can hardly capture this, massive sense of proportion to Casper's work.

In the two weeks we stayed in Switzerland we not only saw Casper at work, but also at play. His manager is something of an entrepreneur and owns both a restaurant and a club—each with a touch of Casper in it. But despite a huge reputation of one of Casper's images, the *Light Club* is just an ordinary rock club. On Saturdays they would hang out these cooking hand-grenades "I'll give it to occasionally everyone would throw it in the air and hold a conversation, all the while hanging back and carrying around *Alien*'s costumed garb.

Just as we were exposed to Casper's work, we exposed him to a little bit of ours when we went to England together after the taping. We showed a few friends and caught all guard with all the fans and one even went to see it. We told him a bit in our book, our last and disappointing American work—but he can get credit. He gave interviews and learned to "fight." And as we found out later, we might even have helped to inspire his next book, a series of paintings of New York. His other city images have as much, no wonder, with the same coming out of the man, his, the machine, and all the other images he knows.

While we were there on the last day of December, I was afraid. A German-German friend of Casper's was shooting a documentary of us doing the video. All this time, we were taking photographs of our own, if we were not too concerned to capture, and to get into his house—just the Casper's work—it was this scene, our film.

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- WATH-A-HOHO
- I ROBBED THE MUSTACHE (WITH ANYTHING)
- I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM.
- I DRINK
- I GET DRUNK
- I TALK SHIT
- NO PROBLEM
- PARDON ME, BUT YOU'RE DRIVING, I MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO'S LOST A SHIT
- HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
- SHAVE YOUR BEARDS
- HARRISON & EAT CHICK
- HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
- PICK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
- NO FAT CHICKS
- NO FAT CHICKS
- WE OVE AT 11
- ANYBODY WHO GET DRUNK AND SCOW IN OUTSPACE, NODDY CAN
- WE HAVE TO TALK, THE LOST TIME
- THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO TALK AROUND
- NO TALKY WARRIES
- NAME'S BRUCE
- IS ANNA OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHI?"
- IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE SO GREAT AT F&M
- BOY, SLOW (ME TO TOUCH THOSE)
- PARTY SUT
- THEY'RE SLOW CARS - FAST WOMEN
- I CAN
- BUT NOT WITH YOU
- LEAVE ME TELL I SCREAM
- THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
- I'M FOR LOST
- FORGIVE ME, I'LL BE RIGHT TO ME
- I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
- ONE OF A KIND
- DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
- U.S. POISON SNAKE
- SCORCH SNAKE
- FOR ME IF I CAN
- SHUT UP!
- LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY
- TAKE THIS JOE AND SHOVE IT
- WHEN EVERYTHING'S FIRST
- NOTHING MATTERS
- KAT! FACES DO IT ON ALL FOURS
- MY FACE IS LAPPING AT NINE, BE ON IT

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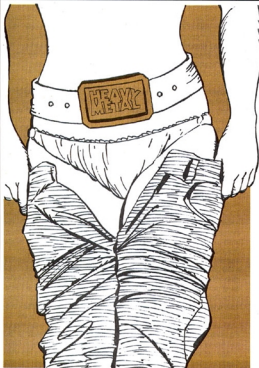
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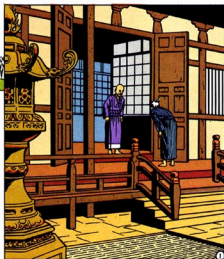
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# MIRRORS OF DREAMS

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THAT'S ALL  
I WANTED  
TO KNOW.



I'VE COME FOR  
THE TREASURE...  
THE TREASURE  
OF GOBUJO!



THERE  
IT IS.

THAT MIRROR?  
DON'T PLAY  
GAMES, HOLY MAN.  
I'M LOOKING FOR  
GOLD... THE KIND  
OF GOLD IT TAKES  
TO RUN A PLACE  
LIKE THIS.

THERE IS NO GOLD  
HERE, BANDIT. THIS  
TEMPLE IS BUT AN  
ILLUSION... A  
CREATION OF MY  
IMAGINATION, A  
REFLECTION OF  
MY DREAMS...



I'LL CUT YOUR TONGUE  
OUT BEFORE I'LL LISTEN  
TO THAT PIOUS CRAP!  
NOW TELL ME—



I'VE TOLD YOU. THAT  
MIRROR IS THE TREASURE  
GIVEN ME BY GOBUJO. IT  
IS NO ORDINARY MIRROR...  
IT HAS THE POWER TO  
REFLECT A MAN'S DREAMS  
AND BRING THEM TO LIFE.  
WITH IT I FORMED THIS TEMPLE.



BUT I THINK THAT ONE SUCH AS YOU SHOULD NOT GAZE INTO IT...

YOU DO, EH? AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ONE SUCH AS ME... AND MY DREAMS? YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST OF THE GUTLESS PEASANTS—SCARED OF LIFE, SCARED OF DEATH...



BUT I'M AFRAID OF NOTHING... AND NO ONE.

I'VE GOT THE GUTS TO DREAM BIG DREAMS...

REAL DREAMS!

I'LL BE DAMNED!

THE OLD FOOL TOLD THE TRUTH!



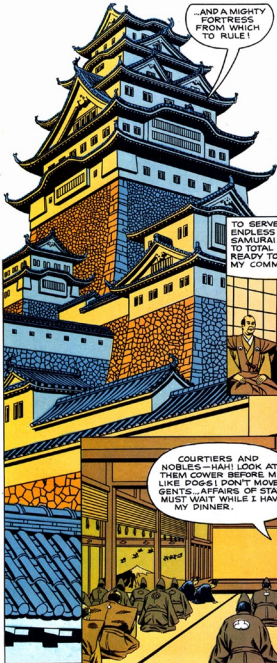
IT'S JUST AS I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED! I'M A DAIMYO... A GREAT LORD!

ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD NOTHING I COULD CALL MINE... NOTHING THAT LASTED... BUT NOW I'VE GOT IT ALL!



A PROSPEROUS KINGDOM STRETCHING AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE...





...AND A MIGHTY FORTRESS FROM WHICH TO RULE!

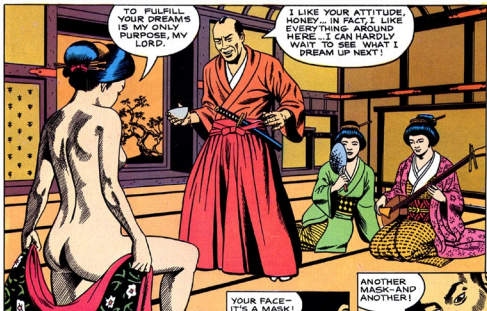


IN MY TREASURY—MORE GOLD THAN I COULD SPEND IN AN ETERNITY!

TO SERVE ME—AN ENDLESS ARMY OF SAMURAI... SWORN TO TOTAL LOYALTY... READY TO DIE AT MY COMMAND!



COURTIERS AND NOBLES—HAH! LOOK AT THEM COWER BEFORE ME... LIKE DOGS I DON'T MOVE, GENTS... AFFAIRS OF STATE MUST WAIT WHILE I HAVE MY DINNER.





YOU'RE ALL WEARING MASKS ... SMILING, PHONY MASKS! LIKE EVERY BROAD I EVER KNEW...

TO FULFILL YOUR DREAMS IS OUR ONLY PURPOSE, MY LORD.



GUARDS!  
KILL THEM!  
KILL THE WHORES!



MOVE WHEN I GIVE AN ORDER, YOU WORTHLESS SCUM!



MY SAMURAI... THEY'RE JUST PAINTED ON THE SCREENS! THEY'RE NOT REAL... LIKE EVERYONE I'VE EVER COUNTED ON ...



I'M ALONE - AS I'VE ALWAYS BEEN... BUT THERE'LL BE OTHERS... A GREAT LORD GETS WHATEVER HE WANTS! I'VE STILL GOT MY KINGDOM - MY CASTLE - AND MY GOLD!



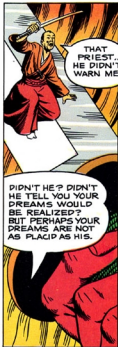
BONES!





WHO I AM AND  
WHAT I DO IS  
YOURS TO SAY,  
BANDIT.





END.

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## COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts. "Roger" the paranoid puppet. "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more. (\$4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockbitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart." Moebius, Corben. Bode more. (\$3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also, the final installment of "Burton." (\$3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue. (\$3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius." (\$3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Artlight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more. (\$3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." (\$3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vurtz" by Druliet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Clavieux, and Moebius. (\$3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update "Ulysses," "Conquering Armies" concludes. "Den" continues. (\$3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. (\$3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Seasabuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urn," and yet more "Den." (\$3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps up. (\$3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urn the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. (\$3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heiman." (\$3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druliet's "Gail," and yet more "Heiman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." (\$3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Siondab," Moebius's "Major," "Heiman," "Orion," "Lone Siondab on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. (\$3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. (\$3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin Empire, more "Siondab," "Exterminator," "Major Grubert," "Heiman," a final rebirth, more. (\$3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tartel," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. (\$3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Tinnu makes her debut here, and Druliet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? (\$3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starborn," Corben's "Siondab," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. (\$3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starborn" II, and Ellison's late show. (\$3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the "Alien" portfolio, and Val Mayens's "Time Out." And much more. (\$3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all American (except for Druliet's "Dancin'" and a Prouty piece); fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." (\$3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." (\$3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Siondab" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. (\$3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. (\$3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Monster and Moebius. (\$3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druliet, Suydam, others. (\$3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowt," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Koford, Suydam, Siles, Tinnu, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes and Giants." (\$3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year—a new decade—begins with a new look for HM with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Stetten, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowt," and much more! (\$3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courtney cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfen" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. (\$3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Grevasse" take Joplinette? For the answer read "The Schuten Bros. strip!" Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Matt's "Good Vibrations." (\$3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue—thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Artlight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode—and more! (\$3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Alice ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Day of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never let it go! (\$3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! (\$3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues, with Alice learning the truth about his sidekick Mucky Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." (\$3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druliet returns with the first installment of "Salaminbr" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed); Bilal continues "Progress" (\$3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Lee Duranona all contribute in short, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druliet, Yeates, He, Howarth, Kienkaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! (\$3.00)

**#44/NOVEMBER 1980:** With the Shogun spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Clarefous, Moebius, Kaku, Springfield, and Bilal! (\$3.00)

**#45/DECEMBER 1980:** Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Page?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! (\$3.00)

**#46/JANUARY 1981:** Jeronatan returns with "Woman," Don Wood makes his HM debut with "Bang, Hah," Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezzeres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Phoenix!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)

**#47/FEBRUARY 1981:** William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Honey Goo!" an inevitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterday's Lily and an interview with the man himself. (\$3.00)

**#48/MARCH 1981:** "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western, begins. "What Is Reality, Page?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue; and Druffel's interpretation of Flaubert's classic Salammbô comes to an end. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. (\$3.00)

**#49/APRIL 1981:** "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Don't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? (\$3.00)

**#50/MAY 1981:** The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortal Fete 1 Plus System's "The Toll Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. (\$3.00)

**#51/JUNE 1981:** The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view, Jim Steranko's adaptation of Outland premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! (\$3.00)

**#52/JULY 1981:** Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor," Jim Steranko's adaptation of Outland continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. (\$3.00)

**#53/AUGUST 1981:** Spinrad on the Immoral Majority; the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the Heavy Metal movie. (\$3.00)

**#54/SEPTEMBER 1981:** Richard Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "Tim Age," Juan Gimenez's "Infantrymen! Infantrymen!" and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. (\$3.00)

**#55/OCTOBER 1981:** "Shakespeare for Americans"; the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary"; a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druffel; plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko! (\$3.00)

**#56/NOVEMBER 1981:** Jeronatan's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully. (\$3.00)

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el Rhodante  
del Astro IN  
AVEC  
LIL' AMBROID

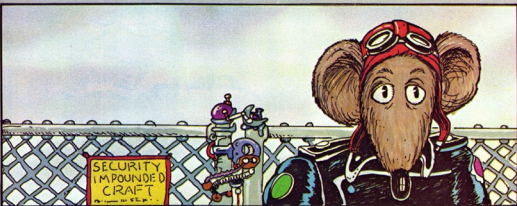
# ROSE LIGHT GROVE



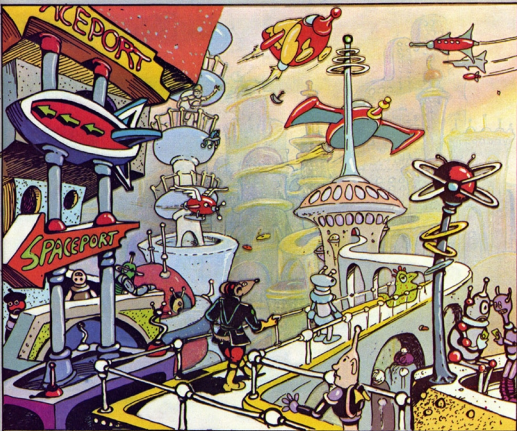
Phil Witte 1980

YEAH! THEY'S GOT MY BUDDY, LIL' AMBROSE. MUA' BE 'CAUSE I DINT PAY MY BACK RENT YET WHATTA BUNCH OF GREEDY, SCUM-SUCKIN' LOW LIFE' AND DESE LARD GRUBBERS RUN DIS DUMP OF A PLANET

WELL, NO AC-DC SLIMY-FINGERED FED'S GONNA KEEP MY BUDDY FER LONG. DAT LACKEY HAS GOT A SURPRISE IN 'STORE FOR DEM! ERR... HEMMMM, I T'INKS!



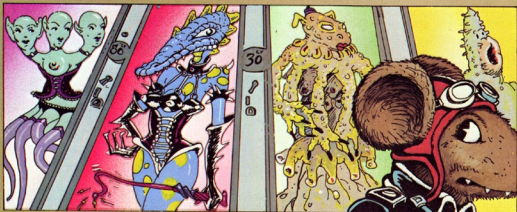
OH BOY! PINHEADS, PIEHEADS, AND PIE-EYED CUTIES—DER LOT ARE OUT TONIGHT. MUST BE SOME KIND OF HUSTLE GOIN' ON. I CAN PULL OFF HERE AT 42ND AND REX.



AM, SEEMS LIKE A NIGHT OUT FOR THE ELITE. VERITABLE CREAM OF DA COSMIC CROP



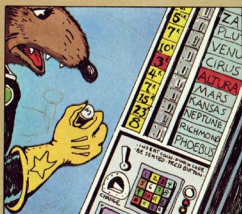
AND ME HERE WIF ONLY TREE CREDITS TO ME NAME. DAT AIN'T EVEN ENOUGH FOR A MARTIAN BLOWJOB. GIVES ME THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES JUST TA THINK ABOUT MY PERSONAL STATE OF ARREARS.



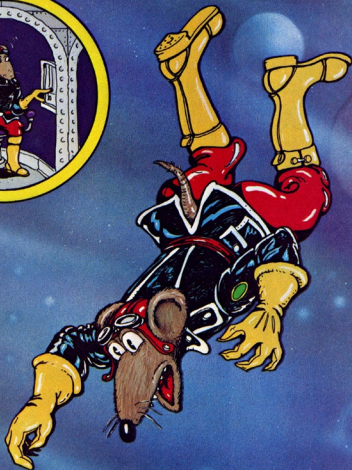
MAYBE I KIN HUSTLE UP A LIL SCAM OF SOME SORT. ENTERTAINING BORED TOURISTS! NOW DER'E'S A PERRUNCATORY IDEA!



AW! DAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE TREE CREDITS IS GONNA GET ME.



OKAY, SUCKERS, HERE I IS



HEY!!! WHAT A REVOLVIN' DEVELOPMENT D'S HAS TURNED  
OUT TO BE!





YARG! AM I ALIVE?



IF DIS PLACE IS ALTURIA...



...I'LL EAT MY GRANNY'S SHORTS.



WOTTA MESS!



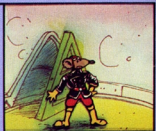
FER A LIL' FELLER...



...LIKE ME...



ONLY ONE WAY OUTA HERE! 'AN' I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR ME OUT DAT DOOR!



SHIT! HUMAN EYEBALLS!



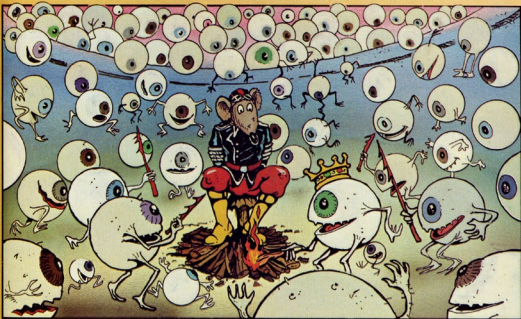
AVE! WHAT'S DIS? (ERR, WHAT DO YOU CALL DEM EYE M.D.'S?)... A PROCTOLOGISTS CONVENTION???



YOU'D NEED A HEFTY LOAD OF SPECS FOR THE LOT OF YOU.



AW, 'YOUSSE FELLAS IS NO FUN AT ALL.' HEYNN! D-NAY ON THAT TORCH, BUDDY! I'S GOT FEELINGS, TOO. DESE BOOTS COST A LOT OF CREDITS. DON'T YOU GO GIVIN' ME NO HOT FOOT! YOU PROBABLY AINT SMELLED BURNING MOUSE. WELL, IT'S A AWFUL STINK, REALLY PUTREFIED! YOU'LL NEVER GET THE STINK OUTA YER CLOTHES. HEY, WATCH IT!



MUSE-EATING EYEBALLS. WHAT DIS WORLD COMING TO?



IT'S GONNA DIE!

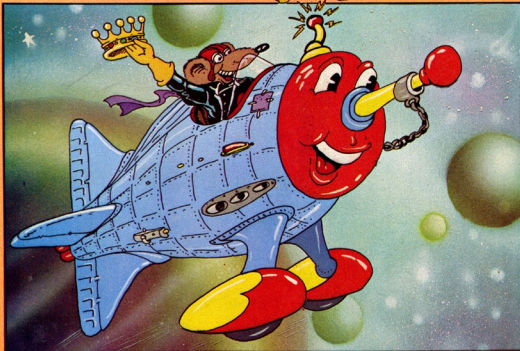
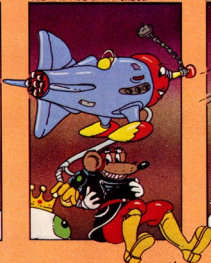


HEY! DAMNED IF IT AINT LIL AMBROSE!

OHAIN  
GLAD TO  
SEE YOU  
BOY

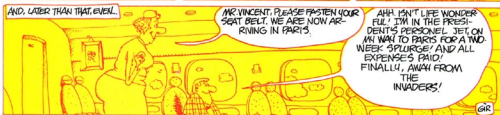
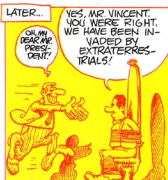
HEE-HAW! RIDE 'EM, AMBROSE!

WOTTA CONBOY!



WIF DIS CROWN, WE GETS RENT AND LOTS MORE. MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO GETS ME A PLUTONIAN WOMAN FOR DA NIGHT. HURRY, LIL FELLA. MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT BACK IN TWE FOR DE HAPPY HOUR!

THE END



# HEAVY METAL

## Heavy Metal Animation Cel Portfolio Heavy Metal Pencil Animation Portfolio



**Heavy Metal Movie Portfolios of Original Art.** We are proud to announce an entirely new concept for both portfolio and original art collectors. It is no secret that the fantasy/animation motion picture release of the fall is the eagerly awaited *Heavy Metal* Movie. This film is the result of a huge collaboration of creative talents, including over seventy animators from fourteen different countries. There are eight segments in the finished film, each inspired by a feature in the magazine. The portfolio consists of one original hand-painted animation cel from each segment. The cels have been carefully selected; they are all prime cels showing full figures or head-and-shoulder shots. There are no "throw-away" cels. Each cel will be embossed with a seal designating it as a part of this limited edition of 1,000 portfolios. Original animation cels are highly collectable, and it is not unusual to see a single cel going for more than the entire cost of this portfolio.

The eight segments of the film are stories within themselves. "Soft Landing" is the opening sequence, which evolves into the "Grimaldi" story that is the key bridge between segments, the first of which is Richard Corben's "Den." This is Corben's long-running series from *Heavy Metal*, and the animators have gone to great lengths to translate Corben's unique graphics into an animated format. We are then treated to the farcical outer-space adventures of "Captain Sternn," faithfully animated from Berni Wrightson's *Heavy Metal* story of the same name. On to "B-17," which is billed as the "first true EC-style horror story to be animated." The work is based on the art of Mike Ploog, who needs no introduction to comics or animation fans. The next feature is "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," which combines illustrator Angus McKie's intensely detailed backgrounds with a couple of Cheech-and-Chong-inspired space jockeys. Gimenez's "Harry Canyon" is a mind-bending trip through New York City of 2031. The clincher of the film is the 27-minute "Taarna" sequence. This is a sequence that could only be animated: full of wild beasts and impossible events.

Here is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to own an actual frame from the movie. The package measures 11" x 14"; the majority of the cels are approximately 10" x 13". The portfolio is packaged in a full-color, numbered folder. No two are the same. This outstanding package will coincide with the new release date for the film. \$70.00

**Heavy Metal Movie Original Pencil Art Portfolio.** This portfolio is a companion piece to the above-mentioned cel portfolio. During the animation process, the artists produce a large number of pencil drawings as a guideline for the cels. We have compiled portfolios of an original pencil drawing from each of the eight segments. The pencil drawings are designed to capture the character and quality of motion. Each of the drawings is original and done expressly for the film. Packaged in a handsome illustrated folder featuring a pencil-stage drawing of Taarna, as the cel portfolio features the finished art version of Taarna. Limited to 1,000 numbered copies. \$25.00

# HEAVY METAL

Heavy Metal Original Cel Portfolio Quantity  @ \$70.00  
Heavy Metal Original Pencil Art Portfolio Quantity  @ \$25.00  
Enclosed please find my check or money order for the portfolio(s) indicated above. U.S. orders add \$1.75 postage and handling; Canada add \$3.00; Europe, Asia, Australia add \$4.00. U.S. funds; do not send cash. Please send free Fantasy Catalogue only.

Heavy Metal  
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635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Name   
Address   
City  State  Zip   
Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery



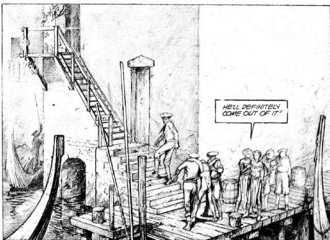
## AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

AFTER AN ATTEMPT AT FLYING, THE CYMBIOLAN FELL INTO THE GONDOLA-LADEN WATERS AND WAS RESCUED...



HE'S ALIVE! IT'S A MIRACLE!

HEY, LOOK! HE'S OPENING HIS EYES!



YOU MUST BE RIGHT! IT STANDS BETWEEN THESE TWO WALLS!



IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING  
BUT THOSE RECKLESS  
ANIMALS FROM UP  
ABOVE ARE...

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT  
THESE QUARTERS  
WERE SO NARROW.

HE'S REALLY  
PUSHED HIS  
LUCK THIS  
TIME.

HOW ARE THE WISE  
AREN GOING TO REACT  
NOW I'M ABLE TO  
HEAR WHAT THEY HAVE  
TO SAY TO US.



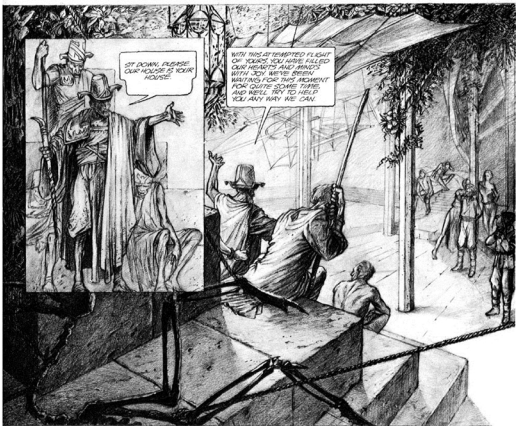
WE'LL SEE AND  
SOON ENOUGH.

THAT FELLOW IS  
STRANGE, DON'T  
YOU THINK?

HE SURE IS. THE MAN ON  
THE BRIDGE HAD ALREADY  
OBTAIN UP, LAST WEEK.

HE MIGHT BE WEIRD, BUT THANKS TO  
HIM WE WERE ABLE TO MAKE THE  
ATTEMPT.





YOU HAVE REACHED THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF EXPERIMENTATION. I KNOW THIS HAS BEEN LONG AND DIFFICULT FOR YOU, HAVING OVERCOME THESE DIFFICULTIES, DAY AFTER DAY...



YOU HAVE INDEED BARELY TOUCHED ON THE FREEDOM OF THIS GREAT ART. YOU MUST NOW CONTRIBUTE YOUR RESEARCH IN ORDER TO REACH THE GOAL THAT OUR PEOPLE HAVE LONGED FOR.



YOU MUST LEAVE. GET AWAY FROM THE HIGHWAYS, WHICH SPREAD COMMERCIALITY AND ALL OF ITS EXCESS. FOLLOW THE OLD ROADS, THEN, ONCE YOU HIT THE WISDOM OF OUR SYSTEM, YOU WILL HAVE COME TO YOUR SOLUTION.

NOW, WORK AND MAP OUT YOUR TRIP.

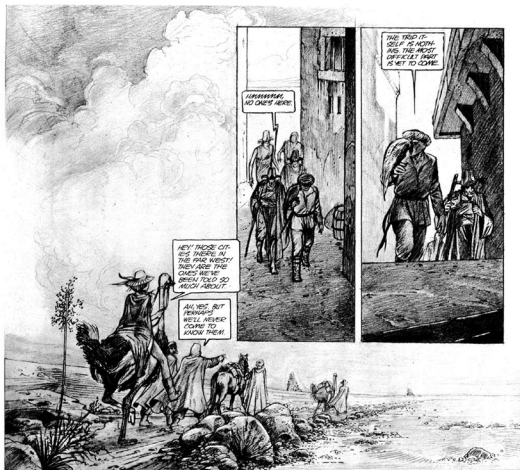
I HAVE DECIDED THAT YOU FIVE WILL LEAVE ON SUNDAY. THE DAY'S EVENING WILL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO PREPARE FOR YOUR DEPARTURE.





SO, DRAWN BY THE DESIRE TO RE-ENTER AND INTRIGUED BY THE MYTH OF CARUS, WHICH IS SO INTIMATE TO THE HISTORY OF THEIR CITY, THE GROUP LEFT IN SEARCH OF THE MIDDLE OF CAMBRICA, DISTANT MORE OR LESS FAMILIAR TO THEM DO EXIST BUT, UNDER SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS FROM THEIR MENTOR, THE GROUP DECIDED TO TAKE ROADS THAT WERE NOT AS YET KNOWN, FOR IT WAS ALONG THESE UNTOUCHED AVENUES THAT THEY WOULD FIND THEIR GOAL.





DON'T COME BACK  
UNTIL YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING WORTHY  
TO SHOW US



LOOK, AN  
AMPHISBAEN!  
ISN'T IT SUP-  
POSED TO  
HAVE TWO  
HEADS?



YOU  
YOU'LL  
BE-  
HAVE...

HEY, YOU STOP  
EATING THAT  
BEST! COME  
WITH US



AND SO, FOR LACK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO, THE MEN FOLLOWED THE WOMEN. THEY BATHED WITH THEM. THEY MADE LOVE TO THEM. BUT WHEN NIGHT CAME, AGAIN, THEY PACKED UP THEIR GEAR, AND CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH FOR THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA.



DEAR READER: IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO ASSESS JUST HOW DRIVEN THESE FIVE MEN WERE. BUT FOR THEM, THE KNOWLEDGE OF FLIGHT, AND THE UNDISCOVERED HISTORY OF THEIR CITY, REPAINT ALL THE WORLD.

TO BE CONTINUED...



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 YOUR TREE

TOP QUALITY 50-50 COTTON POLYESTER

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- |   |           |            |
|---|-----------|------------|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball Jersey — White/Black (B) Den              | 9.95 ea   | S M L      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball Jersey — Heather/Black (C) Heavy Metal    | 9.95 ea   | S M L      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> T-Shirt — Black (D) Corvette                       | 6.95 ea   | S M L      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kami — Yellow or Blue (E) Heavy Metal              | 5.95 ea   | *S M L XL  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sweatshirt — Gray Heather (F) Heavy Metal          | 12.95 ea  | S M L      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nightshirt — Tan or Lt. Blue (G) Heavy Metal       | 7.95 ea   | one size   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball Hat — Black/Gray (H) Heavy Metal          | 5.95 ea   | adjustable |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nylon Backpack — Black (I) Heavy Metal             | 12.95 ea  | S M L      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nylon Shell Coach's Jacket — Black (J) Heavy Metal | 14.95 ea  | **XS S M L |

\*Runs small

\*\*Runs large

ONE NIGHT...



GOOD  
GOD!





IT WAS SEVEN O'CLOCK ONE WINTER'S EVENING IN A SUBURB BY THE SEINE. THE FLABBY NATIVES ARE RESTLESS NO LONGER AND ARE GETTING READY TO RETIRE. TELEVISIONS ARE BATHING LIVING ROOMS WITH THEIR ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT. ONE CAN EASILY HEAR THE CLINKING OF COCKTAIL GLASSES, THE GRILLING OF STEAKS, AND THE BEATLES RECORDS BLASTING FROM THE "MODEL" KIDS' ROOM. OUTSIDE THERE IS NO ONE. ZIPPED. IT'S DESERT-ED. NO MAN'S-LAND. IT COULD JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, THE KALAHARI DESERT, OR THE SARGASSO SEA. OUTSIDE AT A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, THERE WAS A CRY, A GUNSHOT, A LAUGH. IF YOU HAD THE NERVE (OR THE WANT) TO LOOK OUTSIDE, YOU JUST MIGHT SEE SHADOWS MOVING ABOUT YET, YOU MIGHT NOT. FOR THOUGH SOMETHING DEFINITELY WAS HAPPENING, NOTHING APPEARED TO BE OUT OF THE ORDINARY. BUT WAIT! IT HAS RETURNED AND IT IS HERE, AND IT KNOCKS. AND IN THIS SMALL, SLEEPY TOWN THE SHADOW SPREADS. IT IS THE ACCURSED SHADOW OF THE

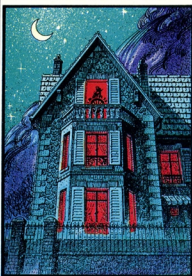
# SKULL AND CROSSBONES







AN, YES, I HAVE RETURNED, THIS TIME AS A PIRATE. THROUGHOUT THIS SUBURB, I HAVE BEEN DUBBED "BLOODBEARD," AND I SORT OF LIKE THAT IT HAS A NICE RING TO IT.



I WON MY SHIP, MY DREAM, OFF AN OLD ALCOHOLIC SAILOR WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ACE AND A DEUCE.

WITH A FEW JUGS OF WINE AND A HANDFUL OF BEAUTIFUL PROMISES, I GATHERED A FINE TEAM OF PIRATES, DERELICTS, PIMPS, THE LOT, BUT THEY SUIT MY PURPOSES JUST FINE. WITH WINE IN OUR BELLIES AND A MACHETE IN EACH HAND, WE EMBARKED ON OUR VOYAGE OF VIOLENCE.

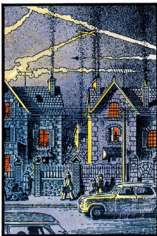


OF COURSE, MY DREAM WASN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT. BROKEN ROOF TILES AND A GROWLING CERAMIC DWARF WERE PILED UPON SIX SQUARE METERS OF BADLY KEPT GRASS. BUT UNDER ITS BANAL EXTERIOR IT WAS A WONDERMENT OF BEAUTY. A CHARGER OF GRAND CLASS. A THOROUGHBRED, EASY TO HANDLE AND QUICK TO RUN. BY MIDDLE-CLASS STANDARDS, MY DREAM WAS ORDINARY. THUS OUR MOST PRECIOUS TRUMP IT ALLOWED US TO SLIP IN AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF OTHER HOMES JUST LIKE IT WITHOUT CAUSING SUSPICION. SO, DISGUISED AS "FATHER PEACE," ON MY TRUSTY SHIP, WITH MY CREW BY MY SIDE, I SAILED.

IT WAS AT FOUR O'CLOCK ONE MORNING, IN THE MIST OF SUBURBAN QUIET, THAT WE THREW OUT OUR ANCHOR BETWEEN TWO ANONYMOUS HOUSES. WE SAT UNOBSERVED, JUST WAITING.



AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, IT WAS LIKE WATCHING SATURDAY-MORNING CARTOONS. NICE CHILDREN GO SKIPPING OFF TO SCHOOL, NICE DADS STRUT OFF TO THE OFFICE, AND DILIGENT MOMS WALK AROUND THE PARKING LOT AT THE SUPERMARKET. HUNDREDS MUST HAVE WALKED BY MY DREAM, AND NOT NOTICED. HMMMM, INDIFFERENCE, LETHARGY, BLINDNESS.



AS FOR ME AND MY CREW, WE SLEPT WELL. MY MEN SLEPT, I OBSERVED. YES, IN SPITE OF MY APPARENT VISUAL IMPAIRMENT (I HAVE ONLY ONE EYE) I SEE, AND WELL.



AND AT THE END OF THEIR BUSY DAYS, THE NATIVES RETURN HOME, HAVE A BEER, AND WARM UP THEIR TELEVISIONS AND THEIR INSTANT POTATOES. IT'S THAT TIME, THE FEEBLE HOUR, WHEN DOGS AND MEN, IN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR SOFT CORNERS, GORGE THEMSELVES AND REVERT TO A STATE OF HONEY BLISS.



AT THIS POINT, MY MEN HAVE AWAKENED. THEY EAT, QUENCH THEIR THIRSTS, STRETCH THEIR MUSCLES, AND POLISH THEIR GUNS. SO, WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY,

**RUN UP THE  
SKULL AND  
CROSSBONES!**



SO, MAJESTICALLY AS EVER, THE ETERNAL SYMBOL OF VIOLENT DEATH, PILLAGING, AND RAPE RISES HIGH UP INTO THE SKY. AT THIS VERY 'GIGHT, HOUSEWIVES TREMBLE IN THEIR FURRY SLEEPERS, THE RETIRED BURY THEMSELVES IN THEIR MOTH-BALLS, AND THE CHILDREN WHO ARE PLAYING OUTSIDE ON A PILE OF BLACKISH SAND RUN TOWARD THE WARM SHELTER OF THEIR NEON YELLOW KITCHENS.

IT'S THE MOMENT OF ATTACK!



THROW OUT  
THE  
GRENADES!



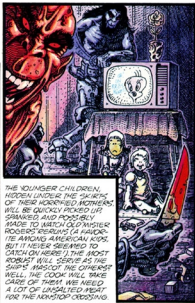
LIKE VAMPIRES THIRSTY FOR BLOOD,  
WE SPRAWLED FORTH, GRABBING ON  
TO BALCONIES, BREAKING IN  
OUR RAGE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE  
NEGRO JOCKEYS THAT STAND  
ON GUARD BY EACH HOUSE.  
NEVER DID UNDERSTAND  
WHAT THOSE THINGS WERE  
ANYWAY. ICONS OF SOME  
SORT, I GUESS.



KILL!  
KILL!



ONCE INSIDE, IT'S A MASSACRE! (DEAR READER—I KNOW I'M CRAZY, BUT YOU LOVE IT!) THE NICE DAD, PROBABLY EMPLOYED AS A CLERK, IS GENERALLY NOT IN SHAPE FOR MAN-TO-MAN COMBAT. FACED WITH SWORDS AND GRAPEVINE, HE'LL NEVER LAST FOR MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS.



THE YOUNGER CHILDREN, HIDDEN UNDER THE SKIRTS OF THEIR HORRIFIED MOTHERS, WILL BE QUICKLY PICKED UP, SPARKED AND POCKY MADE TO WATCH OLD MISTER ROGERS' REELING (A FAVORITE AMONG AMERICAN KIDS, BUT IT NEVER SEEMED TO CATCH ON HERE!). THE MOST ROBUST WILL SERVE AS THE SHIP'S MASCOT (THE OTHERS? WELL, THE COOK WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM. WE NEED A LOT OF UNSALTED MEAT FOR THE NONSTOP CROSSING.

AS FOR THE WOMEN, THE MEN-OPUSAL ONES ARE KILLED ON THE SPOT (DON'T SHRIEK, DEAR R: IT'S DONE WITH JUDGMENT AND COMMISSION!) THE YOUNG ONES ARE PUT ON MY DREAM AND TIED AT THE BELT. BUT IT IS REALLY OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF MY HEART THAT I SPARE THEM THE SINISTER DESTINY WHICH SHORTLY AWAITS THEM.



...BUT WAIT, ONE IS LEFT! THE TEENAGER UPSTAIRS, DEAFENED BY 'BE-BOP-A-LULA' AND TOTALLY UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED BENEATH HIS FEET, WE'LL TAKE HIM ON BOARD. JUST A MATTER OF ASKING HIM A FEW QUESTIONS. SOMETIMES, THESE MIDDLE-CLASS KIDS TURN OUT TO BE GOOD RECRUITS! MOST OF THEM DON'T LAST FOR MORE THAN A NIGHT. AT DAWN, WE OFTEN END UP LEAVING ONE ON BOARD. HE'S DOOZTER WITH HIS COLLECTION OF RECORDS, HE'S A GONER!



MOST IMPORTANT, WE GAVE THEIR MONEY, JEWELS, ANYTHING OF VALUE. I DO THIS BECAUSE SOON I WILL NEED MONEY, AND LOTS OF IT!

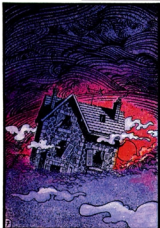


THE REST, THE KNOCKKACKS, PLASTIC OBJECTS PART, POLYESTER FURNITURE, CIZANO ASHTRAYS, BING CROSBY AND FRANK SINATRA ALBUMS (ESPECIALLY CROSBY!), BIDEPS, RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, VIBRATORS, AND THE FAD-DIED, FORGOTTEN GRANDFATHER-I BROKE IT ALL. I BROKE IT SAVAGELY. I CRUSHED IT! I MANGLED IT! WE'RE TALKING PULP HERE! I DO THIS BECAUSE MY DREAM WAS BOUGHT ENTIRELY FURNISHED. MY COLLECTIONS OF NAT KING COLE RECORDS AND THE EARLY EC HORRORS ARE ALL I NEED.

AND WE TOOK OFF AGAIN. EVERYTHING HAPPENED VERY QUICKLY. THE NEIGHBORS DIDN'T MOVE. NEIGHBORS NEVER MOVE. IF THEY HEAR SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS, THEY'LL PULL DOWN THEIR SHUTTERS AN INCH OR TWO MORE, DOUBLE-LOCK THE DOOR, AND TURN THE TV ON LOUD.



AS A FINISHING TOUCH, WE BROUGHT A BARREL OF GUN POWDER DOWN INTO THE CELLAR OF THE SACKED PAVILION AND LIT A MATCH. THE REST IS...



...HISTORY!

THUS, THE END HAD DRAWN NEAR FOR THE PROUD PAVILION, GLORIOUS, SAILING ALONG THE RIVER SEINE. NO MORE NICE MOM AND DAD, NOR SWEET BABIES. SO, WE TAKE A MOMENT NOW, IN MEMORIAM...



AND MY DREAM, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CLOUDS OF STEAM AND SOOT HIDING THE LIVELY OUTBURST OF THE MOON, MELTED INTO THE ANONYMOUS, ELUSIVE DARKNESS.



NOW, INSIDE, IT'S CELEBRATION TIME. THE COOKING SHERRY AND THE WHISKY GUSH FORTH. THREE RECORD PLAYERS SHOUT AT THE SAME TIME, AND THE VOICES OF ELVIS PRESLEY, BOB DYLAN, AND JOHN LENNON MIX IN A DISSONANT CHORUS. THEY ARE ALL SINGING "BE-BOP-A-LULA" BUT NOT AT THE SAME TEMPO. JOYOUS ROCK-AND-ROLLING HAS BEGUN ON THIS FINE SHIP, AND WHO KNOWS HOW LONG IT WILL GO ON... MAYBE MONTHS.



BUT AS FOR ME, WELL, I DON'T FEEL LIKE LAUGHING, DRINKING, OR CUDDLING OUR BARELY PUBESCENT CAPTIVES. I HAVE NO ROOM FOR SUCH TRIVALTIES. THE PASSION WHICH ANIMATES ME IS FAR ABOVE SUCH PLEBEIAN PLEASURES. THE PASSION I SPEAK OF IS MY DREAM, AS SHE CARRIES ME TO A REMOTE CREEK, A PLACE OF SERENITY. I CHART, WITHOUT DELAY, MY NEXT PLAN OF ATTACK.

AH, MY PLANS ARE GREAT IN NUMBER AND GRANDIOSE IN EXECUTION. BUT SOON, ALL OF THIS WILL BE FINISHED. NO MORE SHABBY TWO-FLOOR FAVELON WITH ITS SOFT SQUARE-METER GARDENS AND CERAMIC DIAPHS. THERE ARE VASTER LANDS WHICH AWAIT MY ARRIVAL.

TREMBLE, PREFABRICATED CAMPIERS. COLD STONE BUILDINGS. TOWERS OF GLASS! TREMBLE, CROSS-ROADS! TREMBLE, MAMMOTH SUPERMARKETS AND SUBURBAN MALLS! TREMBLE IN YOUR STABLE CEMENT!

SOON, SOON, I WILL HAVE ACCUMULATED ENOUGH GOLD TO ANCHOR MY DREAM FOR GOOD AND ARM AN ENTIRE BUILDING, IF I SO CHOOSE.

IN THESE GAPING PORTHOLES, I'LL PUT ONE HUNDRED CANNONS! ITS DEEP STOREROOMS WILL OVERFLOW WITH FUEL, WHITE RUM, AND ARMS.

SOON, STANDING ON AN ARMORED DECK, UNDER THE BLACK WIND DRIFTING FROM THE SLEEPY SUBURBAN CHIMNEYS, I WILL PILOT HER.

SHE WILL BE MADE OF PRESTRESSED CONCRETE AND WILL BE ENORMOUS AND TERRIFYING.

THE SOFT TOWNSPEOPLE WILL SHUDDER WHEN THEY SEE THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK FLAG, AND OF ME, "BLOODBEARD" THE PIRATE. ONLY ONE NAME COULD WELL DESCRIBE THIS STUNNING VESSEL:

**NIGHTMARE.**







What do Bobby London, Jay Lynch, Robert Crumb, and Art Spiegelman all have in common?

Why, they're artfully displayed in the new Apex Treasury of Underground Comics/The Best of Bijou Funnies book.

For just \$9.95 you get the Freak Brothers, Mr. Natural, and a lot of obscure strips that you probably haven't thought about in ages!

See, what ya got here is the following: on one cover they're offering ya "The Best of the Bijou Funnies." And on the back cover ya got the "Apex Treasury of Underground Comics," sooooo, sandwiched together you have one hefty package!

Order today!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 282, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy (ies) of the Bijou Funnies/Apex Treasury book. I have enclosed \$9.95 (plus 75¢ for postage and handling) for each book.

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New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

# THE IMMORTALS' FETE

Last we read, Horus/Nikopol, the newly appointed governor, was caught by the immortals. Considered a traitor to his people, Horus was condemned to a slow, harsh torture.



PARIS 23 MARS 2023 - REVUE DE PRESSE.

**"L'ANNUAIRE DE LA PRESSE"**

PARIS, MARCH 23, 2023, THE PRESS  
THE REVOLUTIONARY AIR  
CIRCULATION, 160,000 COPIES

EDITION LEGALE - TIRAGE 160 000 ex.

**LE FASCISME EST MORT  
VIVE NIKOPOL!**

FASCISM IS DEAD!  
LONG LIVE NIKOPOL!

AUJOURD'HUI, 23 MARS 2023, MARQUE LE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA FOR ALL OF PARIS. NIKOPOL, THE LIBERATOR HAS ARRIVED! LET US HOPE THAT THE SMOULDERING COALS OF THE EVIL FASCIST FORCE WILL BE SCATTERED FOREVER BY THE WINDS OF HISTORY. LET US HOPE THEY WILL ERASE THEMSELVES FROM OUR RAVAGED MEMORIES.

TOUS LES PARISIENS ENFIN UNIS. UN SEULEUR DE PAR S'ÉPARILLER

RE NOUVELLE D'ÉG  
EN SOIT REMERCIÉ ET QUE LES  
JAMAIS AU VENT DE L'HISTOIRE ET S'EFFACENT DE NOS

LES

FIN LIBÉRÉES

WOMEN FINALLY LIBERATED  
ONE OF THE FIRST MEASURES TAKEN BY THE NEW REVOLUTIONARY POWER CONSISTED  
OF LIBERATING 25000 WOMEN WHO HAD BEEN LABELED "REPRODUCERS" AT THE  
ST. PIERRE BIRTH CENTER.  
THIS REVEALED HIS ALSO LEARNED THAT NIKOPOL PLANTS TO APPEAR AT LEAST  
THREE WOMEN TO HIS CABINET WHAT A STRIDE FOR MAN, OR, SHALL WE SAY,  
WOMANKIND!

L'une des premières mesures du nouveau régime a consisté à libérer 25 000 malheureuses femmes dites « reproductrices ». Il est évident que la femme phalocratique lui avait interdit de revenir de droit et que le fascisme phalocratique, renforcé par nous d'ores et déjà annoncer que trois femmes au moins siègeront au collégial mis en place autour d'Alcide NIKOPOL. Ce pouvoir collégial d'intellectuels sortis miraculeusement en vie des imputoyables prisons politiques fascistes, des prochains jours, de définir de manière généreuse les grandes lignes de la nouvelle marche de la société parisienne.

## FAITS DIVERS LE PAPE

NEWS FLASH!  
THE POPE IS DEAD!  
THE POPE THOUGHT HE FIRST DIED TODAY, THOUGH HE  
APPEARED TO DIE BECAUSE OF HIS TUMULTUOUS FALL.  
IT WAS LATER REVEALED THAT HE SUFFERED A HEART  
ATTACK UPON HEARING OF THE CHANGE OF REGIMES.

## LA MYSTÉRIEUSE LA RUBRIQUE

La mystérieuse... toujours tout des occasions, ces bien informées, quel... trop tôt de Paris-Sud pour une... inconnue.

## LA RUBRIQUE MODE MAQUILLAGE : NOUVELLES TENDANCES

THE FASHION TIMES  
MAKEUP THE TRENDS FOR SPRING  
IN A FIT OF REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT, THE NEW  
LOOK IN MAKEUP IS DESTINED TO CHANGE.  
STRENGTH IS IN AND IS NOW GREEN FOR THE  
LIPS AND RED FOR THE FACIAL AND BODY HAIR.  
COMPLEXION WILL REMAIN PALE, FOR A DISTINCT  
CONTRAST (DETAILS AND PHOTOS ON PAGE 9.)  
-MR. MARK

## DERNIERE MINUTE

A WELL-EARNED VACATION!  
ALCIDÉ NIKOPOL, OUR SAVIOR, HAS DECIDED TO  
TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF AND HIS VACATION  
SPOT HAS YET TO BE DISCLOSED.

NO, FASCISM IS NOT DEAD! WE MUST  
UNITE AND FIGHT AGAINST THE RED VER-  
MIN NIKOPOL! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY  
OUT! TERRORISM!!!  
Gogol d'Algoi

THAT SAME DAY, ABOVE THE CITY...

SEE DE LA  
FAUX? I'LL BEY!  
IT! I LOVE  
MONOPOLY!



AND IN THE LIVING ROOM  
OF THE NEW REVOLUTION-  
ARY POWER AT ELYSEE  
HEADQUARTERS...

DO, DOC-  
TOR? WHAT  
IS YOUR  
CONCLUSION?

THIS IS A  
CASE UNPRECE-  
DENTED!



THE HEADACHES HAVE DISSIPATED, BUT  
PARTS OF THE BRAIN SEEM TO HAVE  
BEEN COMPRESSED, ALMOST AMPU-  
TATED. NOTHING APPEARS TO BE  
MISSING, THOUGH. ACCORDING TO MY  
FINDINGS, THE HEART HAS BEEN RE-  
STORED, YET IN A WAY UNKNOWNT  
TO ME. AND FINALLY, THESE IS THE  
STEEL LEG WHICH HIS SACRIS, AT THIS  
POINT, IT SEEMS TO BE AS NATURAL  
TO HIM AS IT IS AMAZING TO US. THE  
ONLY PROBLEM HE SEEMS TO HAVE  
WITH IT IS ITS EXTRAORDINARY WEIGHT  
VERY OFTEN IT HINDERES HIS  
NORMALLY RAPID GAIT.

THE MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM WE HAVE HERE IS HIS  
LOSS OF REASON. I SEE NO WAY TO AID HIM IN HIS  
RECOVERY. THE POOR MAN CONSISTENTLY RECITES  
NONSENSICAL POEMS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER. HE  
REMAINS EXHAUSTED OR BURSTS OUT IN FITS OF  
LAUGHTER FOR NO APPARENT REASON.

WHA! WELL, THESE FIND-  
INGS CERTAINLY MAKE IT  
DIFFICULT TO MAKE HIM  
A ROLE MODEL FOR  
OUR PEOPLE.

HA HA  
HA HA  
HA!

THERE HE  
GOES! HE'S  
STARTING UP  
AGAIN!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?  
ALL OF MARIS SEES HIM AS  
THEIR SAVIOR. THE ULTIMATE  
HERO. AND WE

CAN'T DENY THE  
FACT THAT HE  
HAS BROUGHT  
ON THIS  
POLITICAL  
COUP. EVEN  
IF HIS BE-  
HAVIOR WAS  
QUESTION-  
ABLE AT  
THIRD, HE IS  
STILL THEIR  
HERO!



THIS IS VERY  
BOTHERSOME,  
INDEED!

OUR POWER IS  
STILL TOO UN-  
STABLE TO...

LET ME THROUGH! I AM HIS  
SON!

NOW, WHAT'S  
THIS ALL  
ABOUT?









"THE ANGELST  
AND THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL  
OF ALL THE  
ANGELS.  
GOD BETRAYED  
YOU BY DESTINY  
AND DEPRIVED  
YOU OF PRINCE  
O. SARIN.  
TAKE PITY  
ON MY LONG  
MISERY."

PRINCE...

SINCE THAT DAY, WEEKS HAVE FOLLOWED THE NEW POWER,  
ORCHESTRATED BY A MOTIVATED YOUNG ALICE NIKOPOL,  
STRUGGLES WITH THE NEW EGALITARIAN SOCIETY.

IN ADDITION TO THE ECONOMIC AND ENERGY PROBLEMS  
THAT FACE THIS LAST CITY, THERE ARE THREADS OF INTER-  
URBAN WARS: THESE FIGHTS ARE MOST PROMINENT  
AMONG NORTHERN AND WESTERN CITIES.

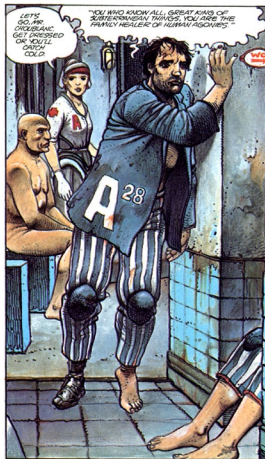
THERE ARE A LARGE NUMBER OF PROBLEMS CONCERNING  
COEXISTENCE WITH EXTRATERRESTRIAL RACES: THE PEOPLE'S  
LITTLE OBERBROS FROM DIPONDIA NOW OCCUPY ALL OF NOTRE  
DAME, AND THEIR BREEDING HABITS ARE CONSISTENT.

THERE ARE TERRORIST ATTEMPTS ON THE LIVES OF GOV-  
ERNMENT OFFICIALS, BUT ALAS, THAT HAS COME TO BE  
EXPECTED.

AND FINALLY, THERE HAS BEEN A RASH OF MUTILATED NEW-  
BORNS: THIS EPIDEMIC IS BELIEVED TO HAVE STEMMED  
FROM THE SEXUAL RELATIONS THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE  
BETWEEN PARISIANS AND EXTRATERRESTRIALS, BUT NO  
ONE KNOWS FOR SURE.

PARIS, 2023. LIFE HERE IS FRAGILE, BUT FREE. PEOPLE  
ARE GETTING READY TO SAIL THROUGH VERY TROUBLED  
WATERS, AND IT WILL BE EVEN MORE DIFFICULT WITH-  
OUT THEIR LIBERATORS, THE UNFORTUNATE, OFTEN  
PITIFUL ALICE NIKOPOL.

END.



"LET'S  
GO, MR.  
CHOLEBRANC.  
GET DRESSED  
OR YOU'LL  
CATCH  
COLD."

"YOU WHO KNOW ALL, GREAT KING OF  
SUBTERRANEAN THINGS, YOU ARE THE  
FAMILY HEALER OF HUMAN AGONIES."

W/C  
MISERY



"O SARIN,  
TAKE PITY  
ON MY  
LONG  
MISERY."



AAA AAA  
AAA AAA AAA  
AAA AAA!

STORY, ART, AND COLORING: **BILAL**

# I'N AGE



© 1991 J. JONES



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# MOEBIUS

— Moebius strip (with B-6-35) A one-sided surface that can be formed from a rectangular strip rotating one end 180° and attaching it to the other end.  
— Moebius strips. Pure enjoyment. A workmaster of fantastic images, specifically drawn for one's reading pleasure.



Acquaint Moebius is proud to present an retrospective of Moebius' national novel before published in the States. With eighty pages of full color, this retrospective is bound to delight anyone with a love for fantasy, science fiction, adventure, the absurd, and sex (and occasionally absurd sex).

This fabulous anthology begins with a forty-four-page collaboration between Moebius and the noted film director *Alexander Jodorowsky* (of *E.T.* fame). Their colorful strip "The Black Book" offers strange and outrageous fantasies by a group of slightly confused agents.

Afterwards Moebius invites us all to join him on his summer vacation, where he and his family come across some real trouble.

We also witness the signing at *Woodstock Blues* and check in to the *Grand Hotel*, an off-the-wall retreat where the happenings are goofy and soon impossible.

Plus a gallery section, depicting a variety of topical illustrations. In this glorious full-color, sixteen-page display, you will see everything from movie posters to *Grand Fant* (5) to French science-fiction book ads to Vietnam already-to-kill poem.

Introduced by *Federico Fellini*, this book explores Moebius' multiple styles, a total never before undertaken by an American publisher.

So, pick up a copy for yourself and a couple of extras for stuffing Xmas stockings! Any way you look at it, this book is a must for the Moebius aficionado or anybody who's looking for a good time.

Heavy Metal Dept. HM 262-635 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of Moebius at \$2.95 each (plus 7% for postage and handling)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

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Please send a copy of Moebius to my buddies listed below. What a great idea for a Christmas gift. I have enclosed \$2.95 for each copy, plus 7% for postage and handling.

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If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print all the necessary info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order.



Within a few days we were all going to die inside the fuelless Space Skuttle...Marty, who'd gotten us into this mess,



twelve tearful "Miss Moral America" semifinalists, a swinging secretary of state, and (most important)--



Christ, what rotten luck... if I get out of this alive, I'm never going to die again.



Will you shut up? That's all you ever talk about!

Penspers had not been improved by our diet--Marty had forgotten to bring any food along on his anticipated orbital orgy, except for a case of champagne and 24 packets of birth-control pills.



Three Musketeers.

Mounds.



--ME. I just wasn't ready for the "Big D," as Marty kept referring to it.



...and she even pads her jogging suit!

The girls refused to take the pills (fearing bloating and spent most of their time on the telescreen--or reciting the names of candy bars.



Mallo Cups.

Mars Bars.



Milky Way.

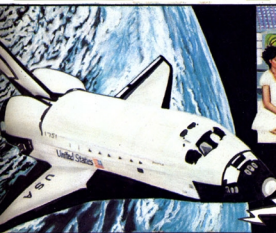
It was impossible for us to forget our fate.

During the rest cycle, we were woken up by Dr. Isaac Liftov, from Mission Control.

Listen, I think I may have come up with a way for you guys to stay alive for a while.

How long is "a while"?

Well, a couple of million years, maybe. You'll have to flash-freeze yourselves--like coffee flakes.



How the hell do we do that?

Well, two of you are going to have to go out in space suits and wrap a long length of hose around the ship. Then you use the fuel pump to blast all the air in the cabin out, and then back in again.

It sounds pretty dumb, but it's your only chance.

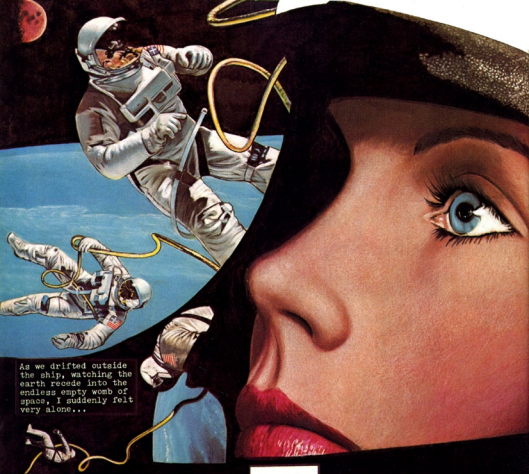


Marty pretended to have diarrhea, so in the end,



I had to go out with Miss Canada, Adeline Jones. She looked very fetching in her suit.

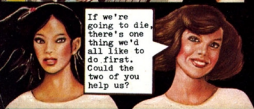




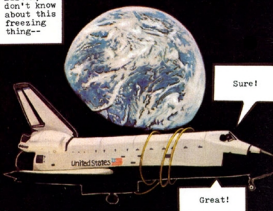
As we drifted outside the ship, watching the earth recede into the endless empty womb of space, I suddenly felt very alone...



Listen, we don't know about this freezing thing--



If we're going to die, there's one thing we'd all like to do first. Could the two of you help us?



Sure!

Great!

Good--we want you to pick a pageant winner.



I voted for Adeline, but Marty and the secretary of state held out for Miss Nevada--

--who said she'd sleep with each of them once she was thawed out.



After the coronation, the girls took their clothes off and covered themselves with suntan oil.



BAKE  
TEMP

Adeline froze them in the cargo hold.

SLOW  
COOK

Then after a certain amount of bickering, it was our turn.



Key! You guys are peeking!

I'm sorry--it's just that you're so beautiful, and these could be our last moments together...



This was good stuff, and I think I was really getting somewhere, when she turned the fuel pump on, and we were suddenly fro--



To Be Continued

## BELIEFS REGARDING DEATH AND THE AFTERLIFE

### END OF SERVICE



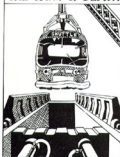
### FINAL JOURNEY



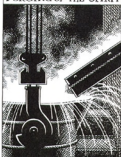
### HALLOWED REST



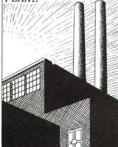
### THE JAWS OF DEATH



### FORGING OF THE SPIRIT



### RETURN TO THE PHYSICAL PLANE



### REINCARNATION AT A HIGHER LEVEL



## COMING NEXT ISSUE...

### A look into the future

In the January issue we do just that. *HM* will devote a section (sorta like a magazine within a magazine) to wishing you all a "Happy Future!" In it, a group of the French artists will illustrate odd projections, including—but could it be?—the man of the future: what we will look like in years to come. Oh, it's frightening. Brad Balfour interviews some of notables on what they see ahead. **Robert Silverberg**, **Robert Sheckley**, and **Greg Benford** are but a few of the men who speak out. Plus, the continuations of **Corben's** "Den II," **Segrelles's** "The Mercenary" (will he get the girl in the end, or what?), and **Schuiten's** "At the Middle of Cymbiola." **Steranko's** "Outland" will conclude. Honest.





A woman with long red hair, wearing a yellow dress and jewelry, is floating in space. She is holding a sword. The background is a dark blue space with stars and a large yellow structure.

## A few words from the media about **HEAVY METAL**:

- "electrifying science fiction and fantasy"
- "a visual feast"
- "violent and erotic graphics"
- "a step beyond science fiction"
- "lavish and richly imaginative imagery"

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**The only thing that could be better than having  
Debbie Harry on the cover would be to show you  
just how she (with a little help from Giger)  
did it.**

**Plus: Jeff Jones's lusty I'm Age!**

