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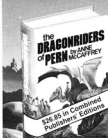
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TALKSKI WITH  
TARKOVSKY

The films of Russian director **Andrei Tarkovsky** are enigmatic, visionary—even ponderous—evocations of a landscape of the soul, and because of that his films have been both praised and reviled all over the world. His first feature, **Ivan's Childhood** (1962), which was awarded top prizes at the Venice, San Francisco, and Acapulco Film Festivals, was heralded as a sign of the revitalization of Soviet cinema after years of post-war stagnation. Tarkovsky's child protagonist—like the hero of Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*—is a child perverted by war. French existentialist, Jean-Paul Sartre, wrote that "Ivan is mad, he is a monster . . . the most innocent and touching victim of war."

Tarkovsky's second feature, **Andrei Rublev** (1966), established the first of what would become a recurring figure in his films: the tortured artist. The life story of Russia's greatest icon painter of the Middle Ages, Andrei Rublev was kept in the can until 1971 by the Soviet Union, perhaps because of its shocking depiction of atrocities committed by feudal lords and orgiastic revels of pagan peasants.

Perhaps best known to American audiences is Tarkovsky's third feature, **Solaris** (1972). Based on a science-fiction novel by Polish author Stanislaw Lem, *Solaris* is, like Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey, a science-fiction film set not in the hardware store but in the rag-and-bone shop of the heart. The water planet, Solaris, becomes in Tarkovsky's hands a vast repository of the hidden fears and desires of all beings—a kind of Jungian planet swarming with the flotsam and

jetsam of the human unconscious.

After making an autobiographical film called *The Mirror* (1975), Tarkovsky returned again to science fiction with *Stalker* (1979), a film adaptation of the Arkady and Boris Strugatsky novel, *Roadside Picnic*. *Stalker* is a political allegory about a government-restricted, mystery-shrouded area known as the "Zone," at the center of which exists a "Room" where all wishes can be fulfilled.

Tarkovsky's latest film (an entry in this year's New York Film Festival) is *Nostalgia*, a portentous tale of a Russian artist in self-imposed exile in Italy where he has gone to research a biography of a dead composer (like all of Tarkovsky's films, *Nostalgia* is full of imagery of fog, mirrors, water, and fire). It is a portrait of the artist as an alienated, prophetic, and ultimately insane creature, cursed with a hypertrophic sensibility which will be the agent of his destruction or his art.

Born in Moscow in 1932, Tarkovsky is himself an ascetic figure. Tall, lean, with a sinewy face and a lunatic—or messianic—glint in his eyes, he seems more like a prophet of the apocalypse than a film director.

—James Verniere

**HM:** Is film a pure art form?

**AT:** The birth of cinema was sinful because it took place in the marketplace. Cinema was born with the purpose of making money. No other discipline of art was born with this purpose. So anyone who makes films must deal with this sinful birth.

**Tarkovsky: "I am fascinated by the idea of science fiction—by our obsession with what could happen."**

**HM:** Why did you decide to make a film adaptation of Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris*?

**AT:** It was fascinating material for a film. Though Lem doesn't like filmmakers, he admired my work and gave me permission to make the film, but he was against any departures from his text, so we had our problems.

**HM:** Is science fiction—both in print and film—popular in the Soviet Union?

**AT:** Yes, it is. The Strugatsky brothers are very popular and so are some of your writers: *Shackley*, *Asimov*, *Bradbury*.

**HM:** What is the challenge to a filmmaker who tries to adapt a science-fiction novel?

**AT:** I never had any great longing to do science-fiction films. For me, it doesn't make any difference what the material is about—past, present, or future. I am, however, fascinated by the idea of science fiction—by our obsession with what could happen. How did this come about? And there is in most science fiction a strong religious element—a going-out from ourselves. Actually, by nature I should not be fond of science fiction at all since it is the child of science and technology, and I do not like the parents. I'm more interested in fantasy.

**HM:** *Stalker* has been called a political allegory. Is it also a fantasy?

**AT:** Yes, all of my films are about the same thing. The problem in *Stalker* is that man has become a slave of technology and has left no place for the cultivation of his spiritual self.

**HM:** Do you have a strong spiritual or religious background?

**AT:** I grew up in the family of a poet, so you might say it was a family of intellectuals. But my greatest influence was nature. I was brought up close to nature, and it played a role in my spiritual formation. My favorite book is Thoreau's *Walden*.

**HM:** What do you mean when



**Andrei Tarkovsky gets nostalgic.**

Photo © 1984 Robin Holland

you say all your films are about the same thing?

**AT:** The most important theme in my films is the problem of the disharmony between materialism and spiritualism.

**HM:** Is that one of the themes of *Nostalgia*?

**AT:** Yes, but it is also about how an artist must make a sacrifice that will give his audience spiritual wealth. An artist doesn't belong to himself. His talent must be given away. It is an enormous responsibility.

**HM:** Can an artist give himself away to his audience with complete freedom in the Soviet Union?

**AT:** I have made five films in the Soviet Union, and all of them were the films that I wanted to make. And I know that some of my work has earned the disapproval of the authorities.

**HM:** How do you know that?

**AT:** Because I have been told.

**HM:** Your films are full of recurring imagery: fog, fire, water, mirrors. What do these images mean to you?

**AT:** As for water, I think I'd like to make a film completely underwater some day, perhaps a film about the Deluge. Water is the blood of the planet. I believe that these images have a universal meaning, but I do not

**What, me alienated?**  
**Oleg Yankovsky as a**  
**disenfranchised Russian**  
**poet in Tarkovsky's**  
**Nostalgia.**

Photo © 1983 Grange  
 Communications, Inc.



believe that you can define them. They are the mysteries of our existence.

**HM:** What kind of films are popular in the USSR?

**AT:** I think that there is a growing sense in the Soviet Union that film is perhaps the greatest modern art form, and therefore there is a new reverence toward films there.

**HM:** Would you agree that all art is subversive?

**AT:** Yes, in the sense that art disturbs what is past, what is out of its time. And it does give birth to the new. So in that sense art is a catalytic force which comes to the artist earlier than it comes to others. But I don't think we should exaggerate this aspect of it.

little attention and soon fell out of print. But in 1982, David R. Godine Publisher launched its "Double Defective" paperback series by reprinting *The Rocksburg Railroad Murders* and *The Blank Page* together. Later that year, Godine published his new *The Man Who Liked Slow Tomatoes*. In 1983, Godine brought forth the new *Always a Body to Trade*, and another "double defective" reviving *The Man Who Liked to Look at Himself* and *A Fix Like This*.

Yet Constantine has remained anonymous, owing to his belief that people "pose" when they know they're in the presence of a writer. Prior to this, he had given only one other interview, to a freelancer from *Publisher's Weekly* who met him at a Pittsburgh bar. This one was arranged by sending a letter to his agent, who forwarded it to him. Constantine then called me to ask some questions of his own, and took a week to think it over before calling back to be interviewed.

At age forty-nine he lives in a rural, blue-collar Pennsylvania

town, not unlike Rocksburg. He's always lived in that area and has worked as a bartender, a teacher at a Catholic girl's college, a cement mixer, a minor league baseball player, and in the mills. He writes when he gets off work at midnight.

A voracious reader since he was four, Constantine began writing as a twenty-year-old Marine captured by both the writings of Eric Hoffer and the fact that Hoffer had never attended school. He himself still smarted from the remark of his freshman English comp professor, who had flunked him twice. "He told me that I didn't know how to make an English sentence. He didn't say I didn't know how to make an American English sentence; he told me I didn't know how to make an English sentence."

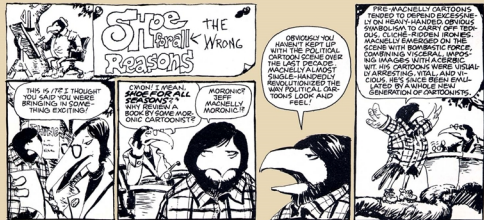
After the service, he took another crack at academia, including a stint at the Iowa Writers' Workshop. He took several stabs at what he now describes as "serious, important, 'Great American Novel' bullshit; that kind of pretentious

trol, you're writing some god-damned sermon, and who the hell wants that?"

K. C. Constantine is some kind of storyteller. In six quinquennially American "detective novels" (for lack of a better phrase) written over more than a decade, he has drawn a vivid picture of Rocksburg—a Pennsylvania coal town on the skids since the last mines were sealed in 1960—and of the town's even-handed, long-suffering police chief, Mario Balzic. Four novels published with Saturday Review Press between 1972 and 1975 attracted

## CONSTANTINOPUS

I'm a storyteller; that's all I am, and that's all I aspire to be. I'm not a pamphleteer and I don't have any axes to grind." Over the one a.m. long-distance phone lines, pseudonymous author **K. C. Constantine's** voice crackles with nervous urgency. "I have opinions about the law and crime, but I can't stick 'em in a book otherwise it turns from a work of fiction into a philosophical tract that I should be handing out on the street corner—and that's death in fiction. If you can't keep your opinions under con-



NEA GAIL BOOK, PUBLISHED BY MOLT, RABENHART, AND WINSTON.

fiction," before turning to the defective novel because they looked simple and his agent said they said.

"I put it in the same category as romance novels," he says today. "But I found it was very difficult. You have the same problems you have in any other kind of fiction. You have to create characters out of thin air, you have to put them in a setting, you have to make them move. For me, the biggest problem was that I didn't know how to get from A to Z. The police story or crime fiction or detective fiction or whatever you wanna call it forces you to do that. You can't evade it; you can't bullshit yourself into thinking you're gonna 'experiment with time' or something like that."

His stories are often exceptional. In *Slow Motion*, we're not even sure a murder has occurred until the end, and everything before that is ambience and character. Constantine's greatest strength is in his characters, and in the way their to-the-point dialogue and social interaction evoke the frail psyche of a struggling town with a volatile ethnic mix of Italians, blacks, and eastern Europeans. The real town center is Muscotti's, a bar frequented by such locals as Iron City Steve, the philosophical drunk with a proud streak; attorney to Mo Valcanos, who never lets his work get in the way of his drinking or his drinking in the way of his work; and Balzic himself, who (like Constantine, apparently) has been known to get bombed on the job, often with hysterical consequences.

Balzic reflects Constantine's belief that "Justice works differently with every cop who walks." He's a sports fan who

## Constantine: "If you can't keep your opinions under control, you're writing some goddamned sermon, and who the hell wants that?"

looks away from gambling but comes down hard on other "victimless crimes" like drugs and prostitution. He carries no gun. ("I chose the name Balzic because I wanted somebody who has balls but didn't carry a gun. That combination intrigued me as an intellectual idea.") He's a family man and worried parent who lives with his mother, his bantering wife, and his two daughters. ("I wanted to show a guy influenced more by women than by men; women have a way of bringing men to earth.") Balzic cuts through superficialities to get to the heart of a case like a hot knife cutting through butter; he has infinite patience for the townspeople, their personal peccadillos as well as their rivalries, but is hard-nosed when it comes to dealing with politicians, whose meddling and whose simplistic answers to difficult questions make his job increasingly more impossible.

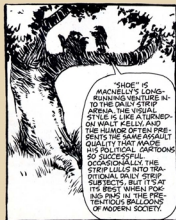
In *Always a Body to Trade*, his nemesis is the buffoon-of-a-new-mayor Kenny Strohn, who wants to enroll cops in physical fitness programs, and who is shocked to find that his chief uses such tools as plea-bargaining or informants to crack cases. Rocksburg is a much different town today—Muscotti's is overrun by slobering college kids, for Chrissakes!—and the case at hand involves hard drugs, corrupt narcs, female criminals, and collaboration with the ghetto-hustling "preacher" who rules the black underworld. In the end, virtually everybody betrays everybody else, but justice is somehow served anyhow. As a deputy U.S. Attorney rages to Strohn, "For God's sake, man, what do you think the law is all about? It's trade, it's bargain, it's compromise, it's negotiate, it's deal, deal!"

Constantine has three more Balzic stories in mind before turning to something else. He's not sure what that might be, but he doesn't worry like he used to. "I think that when you sit down to write something called literature, you're in trouble. I think if

## Constantine: "I think that when you sit down to write something called literature, you're in trouble."

you sit down to write a story, you got a shot at making literature. I think making a story is hard enough all by itself, and if you're gonna create characters that are not made out of ink, that can breathe, they talk, they bleed, they move... if you say you're gonna do that and you don't let yourself write bullshit, then I don't think it really matters what the hell other people call it." Mario Balzic might say something similar about his own work.

—John Marthland





## Joe Kubert tests out a new style of 3-D glasses.

Photo courtesy DC Comics, Inc.



## MOE, LARRY, AND JOE

To anyone old enough to buy a comic book in February of 1961, the name **Joe Kubert** summons up one of the most vivid images then to be found on the racks. Picture a winged man in flight, swinging a nasty-looking mace at an enormous dragon who happens to be holding up traffic in a rush-hour clogged Holland Tunnel. Maces? Winged men? Dragons? That could only be the cover of *The Brave and Bold* #34, containing the first appearance of the new **Hawkman**. (The old one did his business back in the Golden-Age pages of *All-Star* and *Flash* comics.) Written by Gardner Fox and drawn by an inspired Joe Kubert, the Hawkman stories published by DC in the early sixties were among that time's few glories. Most comics in those dim days [between the death of EC and the birth of Steve Ditko's Spider-Man] were about as good as the popular music you heard on the radio—which is to say, awful enough to make you want to fall on your sword. But Kubert kept us going, and the six Hawkman issues he and Fox created can still be enjoyed today—unlike 95% of everything else you remember nostalgically.

Kubert had been turning out quality work since the mid-forties, when he drew the "Hawkman" and "Vigilante" features for DC. In the fifties, he was a true innovator, self-producing such fine work as St. John's far series, stories for EC (especially Kurtzman's *Frontline Combat*), and DC's "The Viking Prince" in *The Brave and Bold*. Then came *Sgt. Rock* and *Easy Company*, a WWII-is-hell feature that, alas, would occupy Kubert—except for brief

epiphanies like "Hawkman"—for the best part of the next twenty years.

The return of Joe Kubert to a regular feature—DC's limited-run series *The Redeemer*, scheduled for twelve issues beginning this spring—is news his fans from decades past will welcome wholeheartedly. The strip spans a dozen different centuries and settings, giving Kubert the opportunity to show his stuff on dinosaurs, rocket ships, Indians, Vikings, soldiers, and every other comic book genre we so fondly associate with him. And the metaphysical underpinnings motivating the hero's quest promise to give *The Redeemer* a dimension that even Kubert's best early work lacked. The hope, of course, is that *The Redeemer* will also captivate that new generation of comic fans, to whom the name of Joe Kubert is shrouded in antiquity. Maybe then Kubert will become convinced that he is needed not only as the guiding force behind his School of Comic Art (Dover, New Jersey), but also as a regular contributor to today's marketplace. There are those of us who would happily trade an entire wall of new comics for one more tale that mixes together aliens, crossbows, and

a husband-wife team of interplanetary cops.

—Mike Barson

**HM:** Joe, we've heard tales of you working for Will Eisner back in 1941. That seems impossible; you're only in your fifties today.

**JK:** True on both counts. I was still in Junior High when I began working for Will's shop in Tudor City. So, yes, I was twelve-years-old. My duties involved sweeping up the offices and doing a bit of clean-up on the artwork—erasing and whittling-out errors, that sort of thing.

**HM:** How'd you have the nerve to towel to ask Will Eisner for a job?

**JK:** I guess I just wasn't smart enough to be scared. It was a lot of fun, and I learned a great deal from Will and the guys he had working there—Bob Powell, Chuck Culdera.... In fact, I was once "cleaning" one of Chuck's "Blackhawk" covers, and decided to embellish a rape that he had Blackhawk climbing on. Well, the next day Chuck saw what I'd done and hit the ceiling! "Kid, we pay you to clean, not to draw!" Twelve-and-a-half bucks a week was what I was getting. Good money for those days.

**HM:** Everyone remembers the great "Hawkman" stories you did for DC—both in the forties

**An example of Joe Kubert's finely detailed penwork, from *The Redeemer*.**



and in the sixties—but not many people are aware that you were the creator of the first 3-D comics.

**JK:** Co-creator. Yes, Norman Maurer and I did a whole bunch of them for Archer St. John in the early fifties. What happened is this: I was in the Army after the war, stationed in Germany, and I came across some German magazines that had the 3-D effect, along with those red and green glasses. I thought, "Hmmm, this is interesting."

Shortly thereafter I was back in the States. In partnership with Norman Maurer, to whom I've been close since our Junior High days. We were trying to interest Archer St. John in a new kind of comic that we could produce for him. When St. John saw the 3-D process, he flipped. He gave us a bunch of "Mighty Mouse" stories that had been drawn the regular way, and asked us to turn them into a 3-D book.

Well, for three days and three nights Norman, his brother Lenny, and I worked non-stop on the book. And the minute we were finished, St. John sent us on a flight to Washington, D.C. with the artwork, so that we could patent the 3-D process and then lease it to the other comic book houses.

**JK:** Joe Kubert, Secret Agent.

**HM:** It was top secret, all right. But have you ever tried to function without having slept for three days? Anyway, our patent attorney told us, sure, we could patent it. Only, he hadn't checked quite closely enough; it turned out that, years earlier, an application had been filed. So then everyone and his brother started turning out 3-D comics.

**HM:** I take it they sold quite well to stir up all that activity.

**JK:** We did fantastically well with the *Mighty Mouse* book—we sold something like 99% of our print run, over a million copies—and for *Whack* also did well. But once everybody jumped into the pond, it was all over. EC, DC, they all took a beating.

**HM:** Wasn't there a *Three Stooges* 3-D book you produced?

**JK:** Yep. Moe Howard was the father-in-law of Norman Maurer—just the nicest guy in the world, was Moe—and Norman signed a contract with him so that we could turn out this book. Sad thing about the Stooges, you know, was that they never saw a dime from any of those television reruns that have been on Saturday mornings all these years. All the money went to Columbia Pictures.

**HM:** It is a sad thing, when artists

# NOT-SO-BAD FANTASY BOOKS

don't get to share in the royalties that their work has generated. I know it's been that way with comic books until just recently.

**JK:** There have been a lot of changes in the business over the past four or five years, most of them for the better. Drawing for comics is a more viable way of making a living today than at anytime in the past, thanks to factors like direct sales, merchandising, profit sharing, and so forth. In fact, that's one reason why my school has seen enrollments increase each year; people can see careers in the comic book business that perhaps weren't as attractive ten or twenty years ago.

**HM:** You have, what, about two hundred students now enrolled?

**JK:** Yes, compared to the thirty we started out with seven years ago. We've expanded so fast that we just bought an old high school in Dover that we'll be moving to sometime this year.

**HM:** The school is the reason we haven't seen your work on a regular basis in comics for almost ten years now. Do you miss that sense of keeping your hand in?

**JK:** Do I ever! Drawing always has been my first love, and it always will be. When I started the school, I never intended to stay away as long as I have. Although, in one sense, I've never been away at all, since I've done hundreds of covers for DC over the past several years. But I know what you mean: There's no substitute for doing an entire book month in and month out.

**HM:** Which is why, I suppose, you came up with *The Redeemer*. But what happens when the twelve issue run is over?

**JK:** First of all, we're not absolutely locked into that twelve issue framework; that's just the way I conceived it. But *The Redeemer* is just my first step in my return to full activity. I've been talking to publishers in Europe, and I have nine years' worth of projects simmering in my head, so people will be seeing plenty of my work in the coming months and years.

**HM:** It almost sounds as though *The Redeemer* was designed as a showcase to remind the world just what Joe Kubert can do.

**JK:** Exactly. It moves across all the genres that I've ever worked in—science fiction, the American West, prehistoric cavemen days—so by the end of the story I'll have covered an awful lot of territory. Also, this is the first time I've been able to work with Baxter paper, which helps good work look better. It gives me so much latitude—I'm really looking forward to the next year!

**L**AST December, as you surely remember, I trashed Marion Zimmer Bradley's Camelot follies, *The Mists of Avalon*. This month, I'm proud to present the Not-As-Bad-As-MZB Award. And the winner is: *In Winter's Shadow* by Gillian Bradshaw (NAL/Signet), for having some idea of how grownups think and talk, and for presenting as narrator a Guinevere who understands politics. This is the final volume of Bradshaw's Arthurian trilogy, and a good place to stop since the first book, *Hawk of May*, showed the author fresher and more in control of her material. Signet gets the Frank-Perdue-Rotten-Packaging Award for an unbelievably ugly cover—the trilogy's original hardcover jackets were gorgeous, and you can probably still buy them as cheap reminders.

The runner-up for the NABAMZB Award is *The Tree of Swords and Jewels*, to which DAW has given a lovely cover, though five whole lines of gold lame stamping are a bit too-**C.J. Cherryh** creates a nice Celtoid fantasy environment, but the book doesn't quite succeed. Although it's written at novel length, and with a novelist's perspectives and sensibilities, the characters just aren't real people. It's hard to get really worked up about the destruction of a household full of doomed constructs.

This is, in fact, the problem with most modern fantasy. Great classic fantasy stems from a pre-novellistic literary tradition in which the created world, its cosmology and action are themselves sufficiently grand to shove the characterization into second place. Without that greatness, however, we only get novels about magic and fighting, in which the characters' lack of real motivation is painfully felt. **Evangeline Walton's** *The Sword Is Forged* (Timescape) falls in this way. While Walton does win a Special Mention for having a Mother Goddess whose worshippers don't make one gag with incredulity, her story of the doomed love between the ancient Greek hero Theseus and the Amazon Queen Antiope lacks the weight of great tragedy and the emotional depth of a memorable novel.

Thank goodness for **Joanna Russ** and *The Adventures of Alyx* (Timescape). Alyx the thief, picklock, and husband-slayer of ancient Greece, later founder of the Great Trans-temporal Military Authority, Alyx



**Marion Zimmer Bradley takes the oath.**

Photo by Modern Art Studios

has strength of character and exciting, thought-provoking adventures. You bet I want it all, and Russ has got it.

And of course, the loser of the Not-As-Bad-As-MZB Award is *Thendara House* (DAW), by the She-Wolf of the Jung'n'tread herself, **Marion Zimmer Bradley**. The cover says it all: "The new Darkover masterwork." We were all fourteen-year-olds once. We all thought emotional crises were what it was all about, and that if people would only listen to us we'd have the world's problems fixed up in a jiffy. Go for it. Bradley's far-future Terran society sounds just like 1950s USA. Of course her Terrans look bad next to the Free Amazons—they look bad next to the 1980s, too. These people never heard of Pat Benatar. They still haven't invented MTV! And you can spot the male villain a mile off: he's the one in the gray flannel suit, who thinks his job is more important than relating to his wife. But remember, there are no bad women, just misguided. . . .

There have been some good books published in the last few months, and some may even have been fantasy. Too bad my editor never gets sent any for review. Or maybe he just hates me. Why else would he have made me read *Escape Velocity* by **Christopher Stasheff** (Ace)? Reaching back to the early days of Stasheff's popular *Warlock* series, this new book may be called fantasy only because—the publisher's category label notwithstanding—it fails so dismally as *The pilot rides on future Earth's evil bureaucracy being*

undermined by a group of libertarian medievalists who think puns are the highest form of humor. Swiftian satire it ain't. Rich with all the natural goodness of a Hostess Twinkie, this book will capture the hearts of teenagers and others with skin trouble and boundless political naivete.

**Necromancer Nine** (Ace), **Sheri Tepper's** sequel to *King's Blood Four*, continues an original and entertaining series with panache. **Darrell Schweitzer's** *The Shattered Goddess* (Starblaze) would be better if the author could find a consistent voice to write in, but not much. The story of a young prince who battles his own dark side incarnate, and finally apotheosizes, is all device, no substance, with too many nameless horrors lovingly named. It earns points for a girl sidekick who is as real as the hero—but is that saying much? Although his distant castles tend to look like piles of seagull-droppings, Stephen Fabian's interior illustrations are otherwise very good—more readable, in places, than the prose.

From 1974-1979, **Tom Reamy** wrote some of the best short fiction in the field. The post-humous collection of his work, *San Diego Lightfoot Sue and Other Stories* (Ace), includes all his best, as well as some tiresome and inadequate material that bulks out the volume. David Heffernan's striking cover painting compensates for the bad stuff, making the book worth having. It's also notable that this is almost the only book I've seen whose page count—305—exceeds the price of the book in pennies—\$2.95. That is, unlike most paperbacks these days, it doesn't cost over a penny a page. But then, maybe I'm just getting old and cranky.

—Ellen Kushner



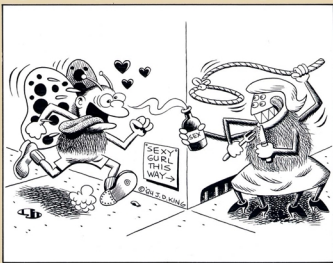
# CRYPTICA



**Holy Water** • Medical science has ways of making you conceive; if they can't coax a baby out of you, they'll gross it out. A hitherto infertile housewife in Liverpool, England, recently gave birth to sextuplets with the aid of a fertility drug called Human Chorionic Gonadotrophin (HCG for short). This potent brew is extracted from the urine of menopausal women. Italy is the lucky country blessed with the biggest deposits of this essential raw material—menopausal urine—because it has the highest concentration of nuns. The world's main supplier is the Sero company of Milan, which does the rounds of Italian nunneries collecting this "fossil fuel" in fleets of tanker trucks. If you don't believe in miracles, could be because in the Twentieth Century this is the nearest we get to immaculate conception.

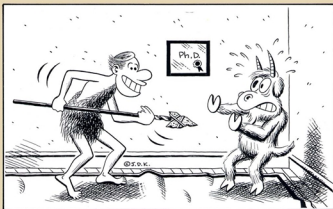
**Poached Eggs** • As mass-reproduction techniques for animals become more efficient, any wasteful remnant of fun they might get out of life must be expunged. For instance, salmon actually get to breed before being pulled out and smoked. But now the Japanese have found a way to take care of that. Professor Hiroshi Onosato of Hokkaido University has invented a cloning technique to replace standard breeding methods. He gathers the scales of eggs produced by one mother salmon and applies salmon sperm. Since male salmon are inedible for most of their lives, he insures all the hatchlings come out female by exposing them to gamma radiation. Ninety percent of those offspring are identical to their mother, who watches in confusion as replicas of herself swirl around the tank. Now all she gets to do is grow. Other Japanese scientists have bred mice in large numbers using Onosato's method, and theoretically the same can be done to any egg-laying animal. Result: there's going to be a lot more salmon and chicken to eat in the world, but they're all going to taste exactly the same.

• Won't be long before cloning is teamed with the other marvel of the age, nuclear power. First priority: Penicium digitatum, a fungus that absorbs uranium dissolved in solution. According to Israeli scientists, this discovery will have significance for "waste water decontamination and metals recovery." Apparently the fungal mass works just as well when dead, so look for mass cloning of the stuff, followed by long-term storage in underground bunkers until nuclear war strikes. The day after scenario: planes dropping a fungal blanket over the Earth to absorb fallout.



**Life is a Bola Cherries** • You're a moth. It's a nice warm night. No birds around. No lights in the distance beckoning, and sniff, sniff, there's a female about. Chance for some nookie. You gravitate nonchalantly toward the smell and . . . wapl! You're all tied up in mid air. The bola spider has struck. A bola is a hurling rope weighted with heavy balls that wrap around the victim, which South American cowboys use like lassos. The

spider version is a thin silken thread dangling from one leg and tipped with a glob of glue. The spider flicks it at passing moths lured by the release of fake female moth odor. Once snagged, the moth gets more and more tangled as it struggles. Slowly the thread is reeled in, and soon it's all over but for the chomping. After contact is made the victim cannot escape. The bola spider always gets its moth.



**Neanderthal Mien** • Some people just prefer living in the past. Take, for example, much-maligned nostalgia buff, Professor Jerry Kazoomann of Washington State University, one of the world's leading experts on Stone Age technology. Here's a guy who was doing his thing stabbing goats to death with stone spears, when college authorities stepped in and started giving him grief. Sure he was annoyed; someone's got to figure out the kill ratios of ancient weapons. No-

body ever said Stone Age life was all party, party, party. Jerry summed up his disgust at the charade he was put through: "This is a typical example of sentimental reasoning . . . if aerospace engineers can fire chickens at windscreens, why can't I throw flints at goats?" Word is that the Spearhucker's Association, forerunner of the Riflemen's Association, is taking up the case of this controversial man of action.

—Melik Kaylan

# WHEN ON THE LINE-UP...



Photograph by R. L. Gray  
Make up and hair by Ann Hudson

## ...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Stern. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too.

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

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All prices above include postage and handling.  
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Total enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

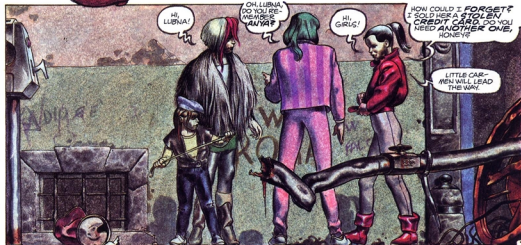
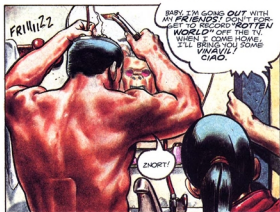
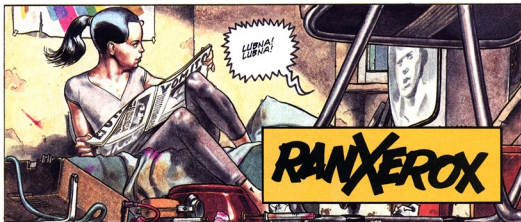
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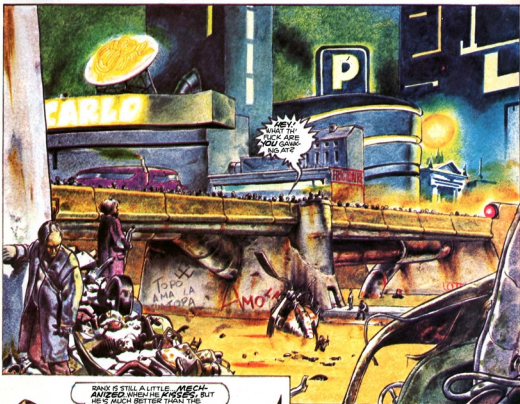
If you don't wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. And you didn't think we were nice guys!







IT'S 10:30 ON GARIBOLDI BRIDGE; AT THAT HOUR, THE ATMOSPHERE IS SO THICK WITH CARBON MONOXIDE THAT YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR CANCER CELLS FESTER AS BRISKLY AS SPERM IN A HORNY MAN'S BALLS.

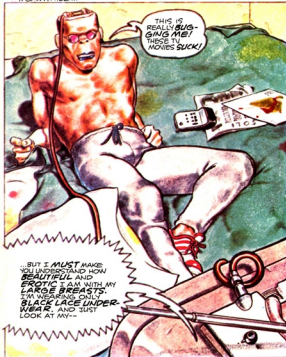


RANK IS STILL A LITTLE... MECH-ANIZED WHEN HE KISSES, BUT HE'S MUCH BETTER THAN THE FIRST TIME A YEAR AGO!

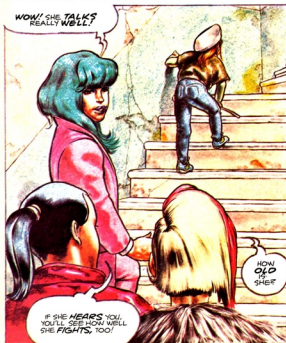
I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, SHITHEAD! WHATCHA LOOKIN' AT, HUH?

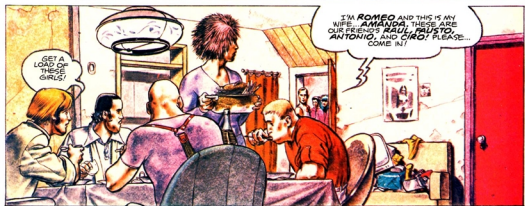
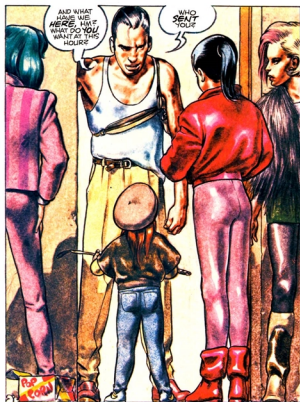
BUT... OTHER THAN THAT... YOU LIKE RANKEROK?

OF COURSE! I LOVE HIM! IT'S LIKE WHEN MY MOTHER WAS IN LOVE WITH HER FIRST DISHWASHER!



OKAY, GANG!... WE'RE HERE. THAT'S TH' BUILDING. THE APARTMENT IS ON TH' FIFTH FLOOR?







ANNA, AREN'T YOU TRYING ANYTHING?

I DON'T SHOOT UP ANYMORE, BUT I AM THIRSTY!

WHAT ASSHOLES THESE DRUGGIES ARE!

DON'T GET TOO RIPPED, MARTINE. WHO'LL TAKE YOU HOME?

WHAT DO YOU DO?

I'M A HIGH FASHION MODEL FOR VOGUE!

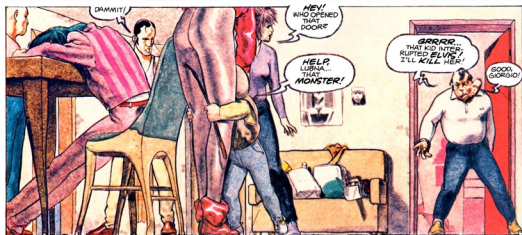
IT'S OKAY, AMANDA. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BASTARD MYSELF. HOW'S RUM AND COKE SOUND TO YOU, ANGEL?

SINCE THEY'RE ALL GETTING STONED, I CAN GO SEE WHAT'S SO FORBIDDEN ABOUT THIS ROOM.

FUCK YOU! AT LEAST YOU HAVE RALLY WAITING FOR YOU IN BED? YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A WHORE!

572





TO BE CONTINUED...





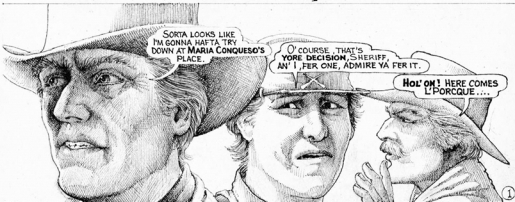
HELLO AND WELCOME, ONCE AGAIN, TO THE TOWN OF **HANGMAN'S CORNERS**. NESTLED IN AN OBSCURE AND OUT OF THE WAY CORNER OF THE OLD WEST, THIS OTHERWISE NONDESCRIPT COMMUNITY SEEMS DESTINED TO BE CONTINUALLY VISITED BY STRANGE EVENTS AND BIZARRE AGENTS.

COULD IT BE THAT THERE LIES, NEARBY, SOME COSMIC **NODE**? SOME FOCUS IN SPACE AND TIME WHEREIN DISPARATE ELEMENTS FROM FAR FLUNG UNIVERSES... FROM EONS LONG FORGOTTEN (OR YET TO COME)... FROM INFINITE PERMUTATIONS OF UNIMAGINABLE DIMENSIONS CONVERGE, CO-MINGLE, AND ARE THEN AGAIN SWEEPED AWAY TO OBLIVION???



# TEX★ARCANANA

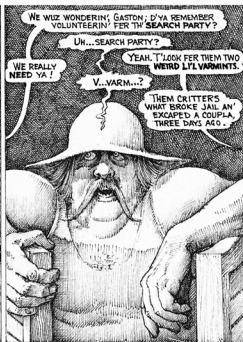
Meets the Toast of Europe Part VII

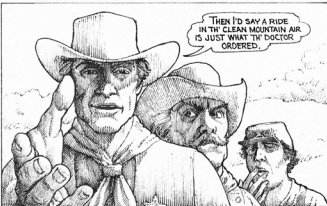
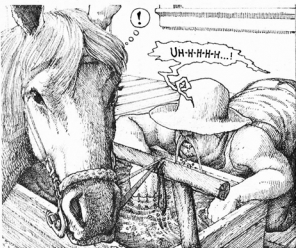


SORTA LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA HAFTA TRY DOWN AT MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE.

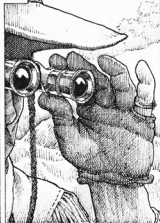
O' COURSE, THAT'S YORE DECISION, SHERIFF, AN' I, FER ONE, ADMIRE YA FER IT.

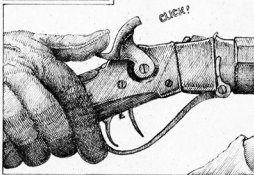
HOL' ON! HERE COMES L'PORCQUE....

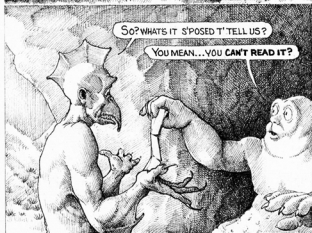
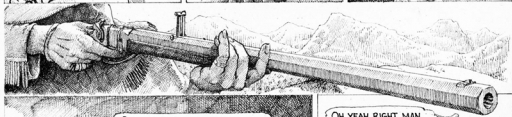
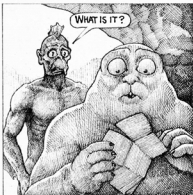




MEANWHILE, IN THE MOUNTAINS WEST OF TOWN....







WELL? YOU SPEAK TH' LANGUAGE.

SO D'YOU, YA KNOW?

YEAH, BUT I LEARNED IT FROM YEARS OF LISTENIN' T' DEAD FOLKS WAILIN' IN LIMBO. NEVER SAW ANY WRITING.

AN' I LEARNED IT DURING THAT TIME I WAS ACCIDENTALLY, LIKE, CONJURED UP, INTO A TWENTIETH CENTURY COMMUNE.

THEY THOUGHT I WAS A HALLUCINATION! AN' WHEN THEY WEREN'T TRIPPIN', THEY THOUGHT I WAS A FLASHBACK.

THEY SHARED EVERYTHING ELSE, BUT THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME TO READ.

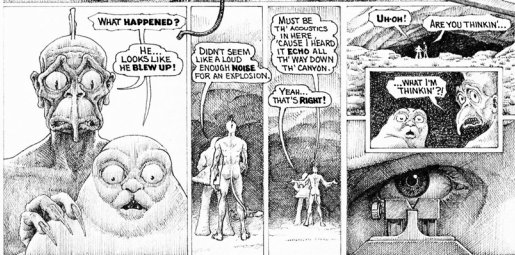
OOOPS!!

I'LL GET IT.

SLAP!







At this very moment, back in Hangman's Corners, it is breakfast time at the widow Burns's...



YOU ARE BEING SPARED THAT PLEASURE, MR. GRUDD, BECAUSE, WHILE YOU SLEPT, MILDRED WAS UP LATE INTO THE NIGHT HELPING ME COPE WITH AN EMERGENCY...



...HELP WHICH I GREATLY APPRECIATED.

JUANITA, HOW IS PALOMA SUE?



NO CHANGE SEÑORA BURNS. JULIO IS WITH HER.

MUSTA MISSED HER "SHUT-EYE"! HEH, HEH!

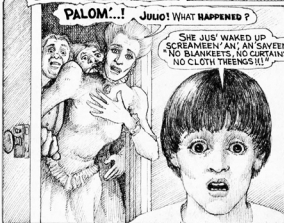
OH, AND SPEAKING OF PALOMA SUE...



PALOM!...!

JULIO! WHAT HAPPENED?

SHE JUS' WAKED UP SCREAMEN' AN' AN 'SAYEEN', NO BLANKETS, NO CURTAINS, NO CLOTH THEENGs!!!



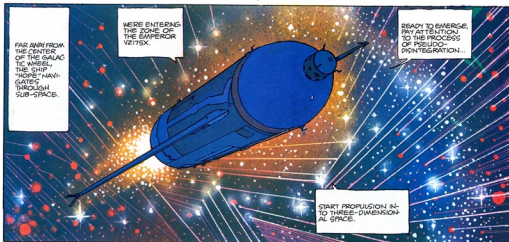
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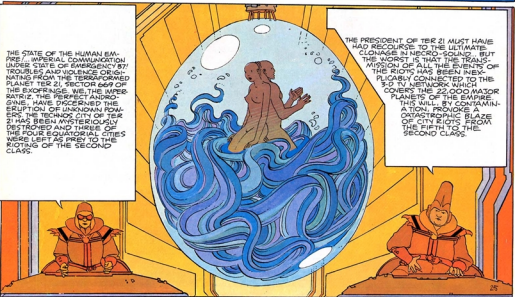
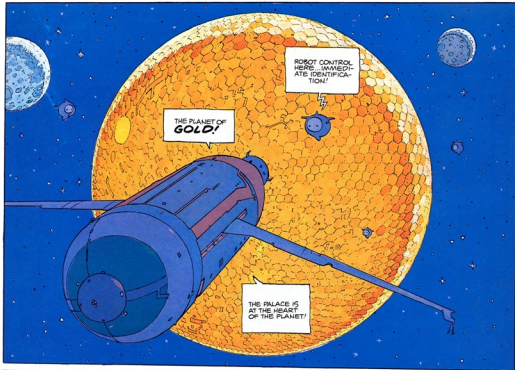
# THE THIRD INCAL

## PLANET OF GOLD

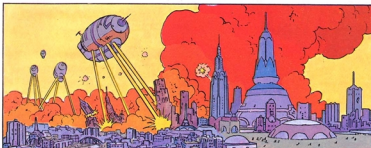
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

by Jodorowsky and Moebius





BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, THE BERG EMPIRE HAS TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THIS CHAOS TO ATTACK OUR GALAXY. THE BERG IMPERIAL FAMILY ITSELF DIRECTS AN ENORMOUS FLOTILLA INVASION. TWENTY-ONE SYSTEMS HAVE ALREADY FALLEN.



THE DEAD NUMBER IN THE BILLIONS' IN A SHORT TIME, THE SUFFERING OF OUR GALAXY HAS REACHED IMPOSSIBLE LEVELS.



WE WILL WIPE THE HUMANS OFF THE MAP OF THE HEAVENS!



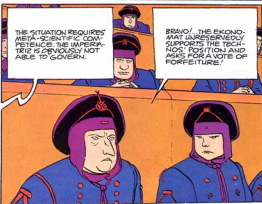
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL...

...THE HUMAN SQUADRON FROM SECTOR 669 HAS TRIED TO INTERCEPT THE BERG FLOTILLA. AWWHAT AN INCREDIBLE ABOMINATION! AN IMMENSE EGG, BLACKER THAN SPACE, HAS LOOMED UP FROM BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUSLY MORIBUND SOLAR ASTER.



IN A FEW NANO-SECONDS, DARK RAYS SPRANG FORTH FROM THE BLACK HORROR, REDUCING OUR SQUADRON TO SCATTERED ATOMS.

THIS STORY OF THE BLACK EGG SMELLS STRONGLY OF POLITICAL MANIPULATION. YOU WISH TO PLACE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DISASTER ON OUR PRECIOUS PSYCHO-ABDOMEN! THE REAL RESPONSIBLE PARTY IS THE BI-POETUS CONSERVED IN ITS EGG.



THE SITUATION REQUIRES META-SCIENTIFIC COMPETENCE. THE IMPERATRIZ IS OBVIOUSLY NOT ABLE TO GOVERN.

BRavo! THE EKONOMAT UNRESERVEDLY SUPPORTS THE TECHNOS' POSITION AND ASKS FOR A VOTE OF FORFEITURE!



BETRAYAL! YOU ARE INSULTING THE ANDROGYNE AT THE MOMENT WHEN UNITY IS MORE INDISPENSABLE THAN EVER. WE ARE THE COLONIAL PLANETS WHO PAY DEARLY FOR YOUR POWER!



**SILENCE!**  
STOP YOUR BICKERING  
AND QUARRELING OR  
THE EMPERATRIZ WILL  
CALL OUT THE PURPLE  
ENDOGUARD... WHO  
WILL KNOW HOW TO  
REESTABLISH THE  
DIGNITY OF THE  
SEANCE!

BASTARDS!

TYRANTS!

SOLD!

POWER TO THE  
MAGANATS!

JUSTICE!

DEATH!

FETUS IN  
THE  
GARBAGE!

SADNESS... WHAT IS  
RAIMO DOING... HE  
HAD PROMISED TO  
BE THERE WITH HIS  
FAMOUS PROOFS  
OF...

SUDDENLY...

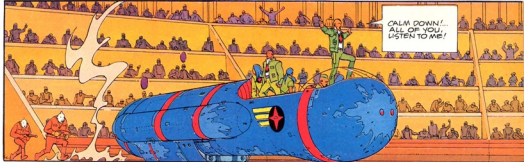
?!?!?

**ACRACC**

WHO DARES?

IT'S THIS  
FOOL  
KAWAR  
RAIMO...

**RAIMO!**  
IT'S HIM!



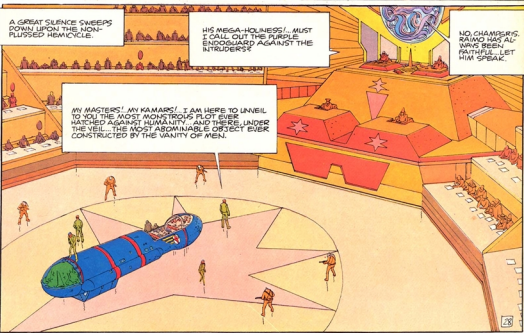
CALM DOWN!...  
ALL OF YOU,  
LISTEN TO ME!



THIS EVIL  
KAMAR... HE  
RISKS RUIN-  
ING OUR  
PLANS, O  
TECHNO  
POPE!?

MMMM...  
HE IS  
POWERFUL.  
BUT WE  
HAVE AN  
ALLY THAT  
IS EVEN  
MORE SO...  
PATIENCE!

**SILENCE!**  
LISTEN TO THE  
VOICE OF KAMAR  
RAIMO, SPOKES-  
MAN FOR THE  
COLONIAL PLANETS!



A GREAT SILENCE  
SWEEPED UPON THE NON-  
PLUSSED HEMICIRCLE.

HIS MEGA-HOLINESS!... MUST  
I CALL OUT THE PURPLE  
ENDGUARD AGAINST THE  
INTRUDERS?

NO, CHAMBERS.  
RAIMO HAS AL-  
WAYS BEEN  
FAITHFUL... LET  
HIM SPEAK.

MY MASTERS! MY KAMARS! I AM HERE TO UNVEIL  
TO YOU THE MOST MONSTROUS PLOT EVER  
HATCHED AGAINST HUMANITY... AND THERE, UNDER  
THE VEIL... THE MOST ABOMINABLE OBJECT EVER  
CONSTRUCTED BY THE VANITY OF MEN.

OPEN YOUR EYES AND KEEP BACK  
YOUR BITTER TEARS!



WHAT IS THIS  
THING?

HE'S MAK-  
ING FUN  
OF US!

THIS NEW JUSTIFICATION OF THE COLONIALS  
AND OTHER TROGLOSOXIALS INSULTS THE  
DIGNITY OF THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLY!



IT LOOKS LIKE A  
PIECE OF COAL!



WHY IS THE FETUS WAITING TO HAVE THIS  
COAL MERCHANT OF SADNESS EVACU-  
ATED?



WHAT YOU CALL "A PIECE OF COAL,"  
LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN TO ME, ALL OF  
YOU!



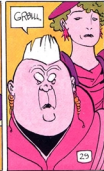
THIS CARBONIZED HEART REPRESENTS  
THE DEATH OF AN ENTIRE  
PLANETARY SYSTEM, COMPRISING  
TWO INHABITED WORLDS, YASOLA  
AND CEREUS. AT THE PRESENT  
TIME, THESE WORLDS FLOAT  
LIFELESSLY IN A FROZEN AND  
DARK SPACE SURROUNDED BY A  
BLACK USURPER: THE EGG OF  
UMBER!

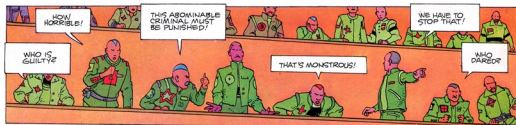


MMMMMMM...



GRRAH





I ASK FOR AN EMBARGO AGAINST ALL THE HYPERPOWERS AND THE POWER TO THE UNITED COLONIAL TROGLO-SOCIAL FORCES...

OOOH!

IT'S A COUP D'ETAT!

AREBEL-  
LION!

IN ORDER TO RE-  
ESTABLISH JUSTICE  
THROUGHOUT THE  
GALAXY!

HE'S MEGA-HOLI-  
NESS, HE'S GO-  
ING TOO FAR!...  
MUST I SEND  
FOR THE ENDO-  
GUARDE

NO! WE MUST LET THE  
CRAZINESS UNFURL!

AGAINST THE HYPER  
PRIVILEGES OF THE  
MAGANO-PLANETS  
AND THE CONFED-  
ERACY!

THEY HAVE THE POWER...WE  
HAVE THE NUMBERS...WE HAVE  
THE RIGHT!

WE HAVE THE JUSTICE...WE HAVE  
THE PROTECTION OF THE IMPER-  
ATRIZ, SACRED ANDROGYNE!

LONG LIVE THE  
IMPERATRIZ!

DEATH TO THE  
TECHNOS!

OUT,  
IMAN!

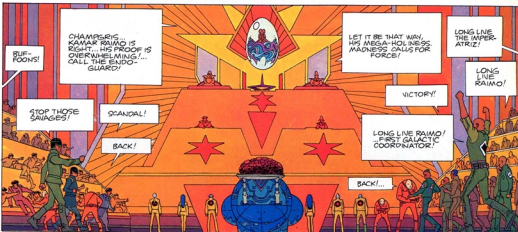
CONTROL ON THE EKONO-  
MAT!

BUT WHY ARE YOU WAITING TO PUT  
PLAN R SAT INTO OPERATION?

MUST WE WAIT  
UNTIL THE SITU-  
ATION BECOMES  
RED HOT?

WE HAVE TEN THOU-  
SAND LAMBER EGGS  
IN THE WORKSHOP...  
WE CANNOT...

PATIENCE! THE TIME IS NOT  
YET HERE!



SPRINGING FORTH FROM A THOUSAND SECRET PASSAGES, A PURPLE HORDE INVADES THE GALACTIC ASSEMBLY.









[illegible]

THE EMPERATRIZ, NO LONGER IN ANY CONDITION TO PRESIDE OVER THE MEETING, RELINQUISHES AUTHORITY TO MAN HORLOS, IN SPITE OF HIS OWN PERSONAL PAIN, WILL ASSUME THAT BURDEN.



YOU AND I, MY DEAR...  
WE WILL BE THE NEW  
SACRED ANDROGYNE!  
HA HA HA!

YOUR EXCEL-  
LENCE... WHAT  
WILL WE DO  
WITH THESE  
PEOPLE'S  
DEATH...?

YOU AND I, MY DEAR...  
WE WILL BE THE NEW  
SACRED ANDROGYNE!  
HA HA HA!

YOUR EXCEL-  
LENCE... WHAT  
WILL WE DO  
WITH THESE  
PEOPLE'S  
DEATH...?

DEATH? OH, NO! I'VE SOMETHING BETTER IN MIND. THE SAME FATE THEY RESERVED FOR US. SEND THEM TO AQUARIUS, THE PRISON PLANET, IMMEDIATELY!

34

HA HA! SEVEN!  
THAT'S  
JUST THE  
NUMBER WE  
NEED!

THERE! THAT  
LITTLE FURY OF  
TANATAH HAS  
COME BACK!

BUT ONE COULD SAY THAT  
HER SOJOURN HAS CALMED  
HER.

ANIMAN!... FINALLY BACK IN THE  
HEART-SUN!... AND YOU, WHOM WE  
THOUGHT OF AS LOST... AND YOU,  
WHOSE HEART HAS BEEN PURIFIED  
AND WHO HAS COME TO THIS  
PLACE FOR THE FIRST TIME... WE  
ARE THE ARHATS AND WE BID YOU  
WELCOME.

OH, I SAY...! I FEEL THE  
SACRED FORCES!...

THE INCALS! THEY'VE  
BROUGHT THE INCALS!

I SAY THAT  
IT IS HIGH  
TIME!

OOH! WHAT A FUNNY  
TROOP!... A BIRD,  
AND LOOK!... IT'S A  
DOG-HEADED BEING!  
SUCH CREATURES!

I AM HAPPY TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN, GOOD  
GUARDIANS!

IT'S THE ARHATS!  
THE MILLENNIAL  
GUARDIANS OF  
LEGEND!

# I'N AGE



I THOUGHT I WAS DUMB.  
SO I DECIDED TO STUDY  
PHILOSOPHY TO BECOME  
SMARTER.

I FOUND OUT THAT PHILOSOPHY  
IS DESIGNED TO SHOW PEOPLE  
THEY'RE NOT AS "SMART" AS  
THEY THINK THEY ARE.

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WHERE  
DOES THAT  
LEAVE  
ME?

新網走番外地

新網走番外地

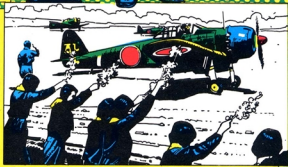
KAMIKAZE

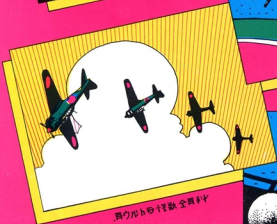
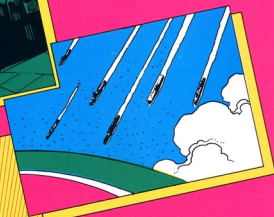


...IT IS ABSOLUTE OUT OF THE QUESTION FOR YOU TO RETURN ALIVE. YOUR MISSION INVOLVES CERTAIN DEATH. YOUR BODIES WILL BE DEAD, BUT NOT YOUR SPIRITS. THE DEATH OF A SINGLE ONE OF YOU WILL BE THE BIRTH OF A MILLION OTHERS. NEGLECT NOTHING THAT MAY AFFECT YOUR TRAINING OR YOUR HEALTH. YOU MUST NOT LEAVE BEHIND ANY CAUSE FOR REGRET THAT WOULD FOLLOW YOU INTO ETERNITY AND, LASTLY, DO NOT BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO DIE. IF YOU CANNOT FIND YOUR TARGET, TURN BACK. NEXT TIME YOU MAY FIND A MORE FAVORABLE OPPORTUNITY. CHOOSE A DEATH THAT BRINGS ABOUT A MAXIMUM RESULT.



I DO NOT WANT A GRAVE. I WOULD FEEL OPPRESSED IF THEY WERE TO PUT ME INTO A WARREN VAULT. A VAGABOND SUCH AS I HAS NO NEED OF IT. WILL YOU TELL MY PARENTS THAT I DO NOT ASK BECAUSE I AM ABOUT TO DIE. IF I WERE TO LIVE AND ONE OF MY DEAR ONES TO DIE, I WOULD DO ALL I COULD TO CHECK THOSE WHO REMAIN BEHIND. I WOULD TRY TO BE BRAVE.

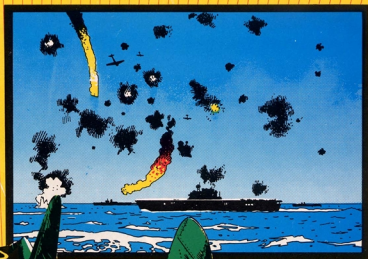




全機隊の飛行員



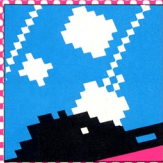




MORENO. 80



# CRASH!!

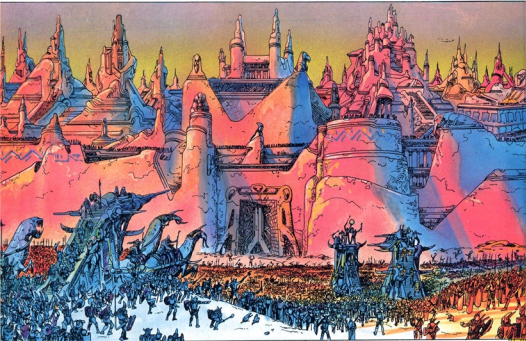


# SALAMNBO II

BY PHILIPPE DRULLET  
ADAPTED FROM  
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S  
SALAMBO







TERRIFIED, THE CARTHAGINIANS SENT THE NOBLE GISCON WITH A GOLD-FILLED CASE TO CALM THE MERCENARIES. THE SUM WAS INSUFFICIENT. THE CASE WAS PLUNDERED AND THE RICHES THAT GISCON HAD BROUGHT WERE THROWN WITH HIM INTO A REFUSE HOLE. THE WRATH OF THE BARBARIANS WAS JUST HANILCAR HAD MADE A HORRIBLY PROMPT-ISES TO THEM. VAGUE ONES, IT'S TRUE, BUT SOLEMN AND REPEATED. BUT THE ENCLOSED CITY OF CARTHAGE, WITH ITS POWERFUL WALLS AND MORTAL TRAPS, DISQUIETED THE SOLDIERS. THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARTHAGE. SPENDIUS HAD AN IDEA. HE REFLECTED



CARTHAGE MUST HONOR ITS WORD. IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO PAY FOR THE BLOOD THAT'S BEEN SPILLED, NOBLE PREDATOR GISCON! YOU WILL LEARN...

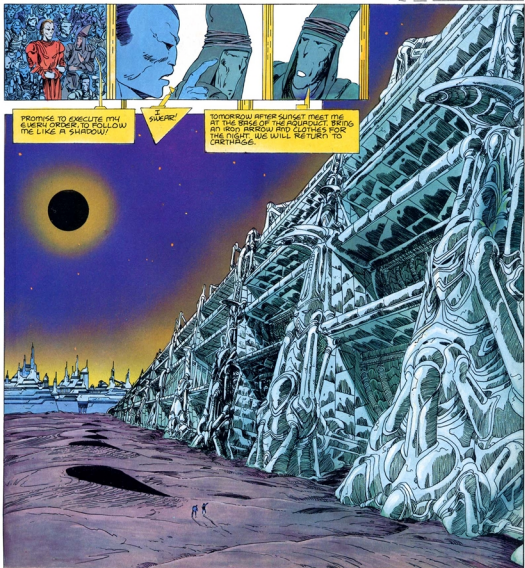




PROMISE TO EXECUTE MY  
EVERY ORDER, TO FOLLOW  
ME LIKE A SHADOW!

I  
SWEAR!

TOMORROW AFTER SUNSET MEET ME  
AT THE BASE OF THE AQUADUCT. BRING  
AN IRON BRIDLE AND CLOTHES FOR  
THE NIGHT. WE WILL RETURN TO  
CARTHAGE.





THE AQUADUCT.



THEY NOTICED, IN THE DISTANCE, AN ARMY OF HORSEMEN. THEIR GOLD BRACELETS MOVED WITH THE DRAPE OF THEIR COATS. A MAN CROWNED WITH OSTRICH FEATHERS, GALLOPING WITH A SPEAR IN EACH HAND, COULD BE DISTINGUISHED OUT FRONT.



"ARRR 'HAUUGS!"

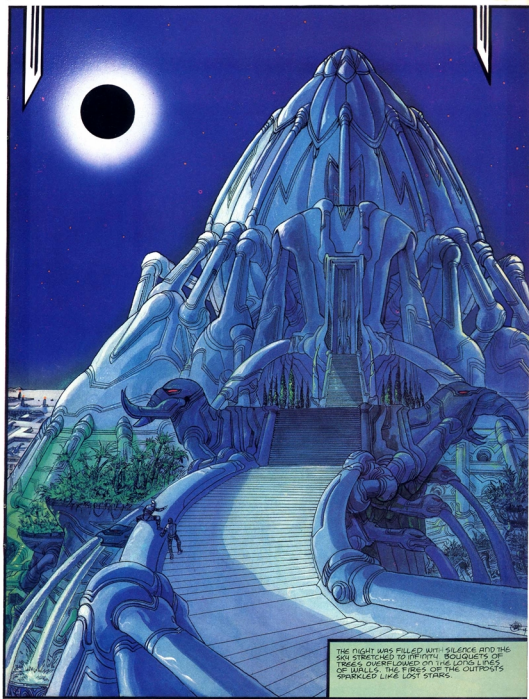
"SO WHAT?"

HERE!... FOLLOW ME!



...THE TEMPLE  
OF TANT!





THE NIGHT WAS FILLED WITH SILENCE AND THE SKY STRETCHED TO INFINITY. BOUQUETS OF TREES OVERFLOWED ON THE LONG LINES OF WALLS. THE FIRES OF THE OUTPOSTS SPARKLED LIKE LOST STARS.

SPENDUS: "MATHO, THERE IS, IN TANTIS SANCTUARY, A MISERIOUS DEIL, FALLEN FROM THE SKY, WHICH COVERS THE GODDESS." MATHO: "YES, I KNOW." SPENDUS: "AND HE IS DIVINE, TOO, BECAUSE IT IS PART OF HER..."

"...THE TWO OF THEM CAN BE FOUND NEAR THEIR IMAGES. IT IS BECAUSE CARTHAGE POSSESSES IT THAT IT IS POWERFUL. I'VE BROUGHT YOU WITH ME TO ROB IT." SLOANE MATHO SNEERED. "I CAME FOR THIS... AND FOR ONE OTHER THING!"



TO BE CONTINUED...

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# FACE OF THE PAST



YOU INCOMPETENT BUNGLERS! WHY WASN'T WURTHAM WATCHED? IF THEY CAN RECORD RECENT CABINET DISCUSSIONS WE'RE REALLY IN FOR A BLASTING FROM NUMBER TEN.

AND TONIGHT WE HAVE WITH US IN THE STUDIO MR. WURTHAM HIMSELF AND HIS NEWLY APPOINTED ASSISTANT, MR. ALLEN WRIGHT TO ANSWER PHONE-A-QUERY PROBLEMS OR AUDIENCE QUESTIONS AFTER THIS EVENING'S 19th CENTURY FILMS...



...OCTOBER 26th 1881, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA... THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GUNFIGHT AT THE OK CORRAL... ALSO, LATER, FIGHTS BETWEEN THE EARPS AND THE CLANTONS...

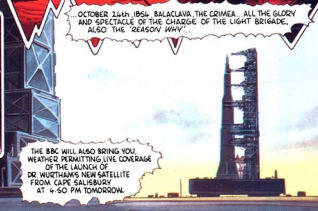


...OCTOBER 24th 1854, BALACLAVA, THE CRIMEA... ALL THE GLORY AND SPECTACLE OF THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE... ALSO THE 'REASON WHY'...



AND FINALLY, APRIL 14th 1865, FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON... THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE BBC WILL ALSO BRING YOU, WEATHER PERMITTING, LIVE COVERAGE OF THE LAUNCH OF DR. WURTHAM'S NEW SATELLITE FROM CAPE SALISBURY AT 4.50 PM TOMORROW.





## LIFT OFF!

WITH THE AID OF VAST FINANCIAL BACKING, DR WURTHAM'S NEW SATELLITE IS SENT ON ITS JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

TIME HAS FLOWN OVER US, BUT IT HAS LEFT ITS SHADOW BEHIND.

TUNE IN TO OUR SATELLITE BROADCASTS AND SEE IT REPLAYED ON YOUR TV SCREENS.

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SHARE **YOUR** TRIUMPHS AND TROUBLES.

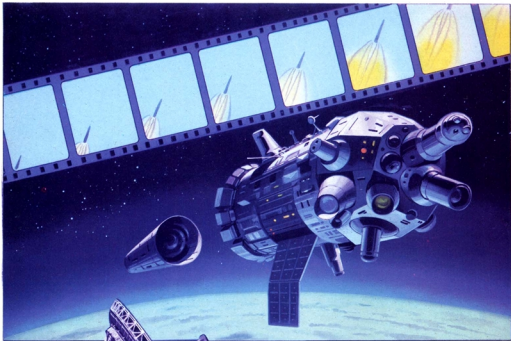
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SKIP BACK AND FORWARD TO THE MOST MOVING SCENES IN YOUR LIFE.

NO MOMENT WILL EVER GO UNNOTICED AGAIN.



TODAY IS A DAY WHEN EVERYONE WANTS TO SEE INTO EVERYONE ELSE'S PAST...  
TOMORROW IS THE DAY WHEN EVERYONE WILL...





FINE-TUNE THE RECEPTION, ALLEN.  
ALRIGHT, LODGE, PUT THE FIRST 'LIVE'  
SIGNALS FROM THE PAST ONTO THE  
BIG SCREEN. THE WHOLE GOVERNMENT  
CABINET IS WAITING TO BE  
IMRESSED.



LODGE!  
WHAT IS THIS?  
WHERE'S IT  
COMING FROM?!

CAN'T YOU DO  
SOMETHING?!

I SAAAY...IT  
LOOKS LIKE...



GASP!  
IT IS!

IT'S THE PRIME  
MINISTER!

LET ME  
SEE!

I CAN'T  
LOOK!

WHAT A  
GET-UP!

MY GOD, PRIME MINISTER!  
BLACK LEATHER IS  
ELECTORALLY  
DISASTEROUS!

THANK  
HEAVEN THE  
OPPOSITION  
WASN'T  
INVITED.



YOU GOT THE TAPES?

GIVE ME THE  
MONEY  
FIRST.

PARLIAMENT  
DISCUSSES BAN  
ON WURTHAMVIEW  
CABINET SPLIT  
PM WANTS END TO  
W'VIEW - DEFENCE  
CHIEFS SAY NO  
CONSTITUTIONAL  
CRISIS



BLAZES!

HELL! IT'S A RAID! QUICK!  
INCINERATE THE TAPES!

ELITE  
CINEMA  
CLUB

WELCOME TO THE ELITE  
CINEMA CLUB  
KING EDWARD  
URDY LANSLEY

SKREEEK



I DIDN'T REALIZE  
I WAS SO CONCERNED  
WITH THE GLORY OF  
REVEALING HISTORY.

IT SHOULD'VE BEEN OBVIOUS  
TO YOU, DOC.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LODGE?  
THIS BOOTLEG MARKET IS  
ENTIRELY ILLEG...

HEE HEE!

?

UH, WHAT'S UP, DOC?

HA HA HA!  
WOW!



WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS THIS **FILTH** DOING ON THE BIG SCREEN?!



I DIDN'T THINK **THAT** WAS PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE, MARSHA.



WAIT A MINUTE! WHY ARE YOU RECORDING THIS?!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER, DOCTOR? YOU USED TO INSIST UPON RECORDING PORNOGRAPHIC SCENES FOR YOUR **RESEARCH**.



...INTO **HUMAN NATURE**!



YES... OF COURSE, HOW CAN I FORGET? ALL THIS TROUBLE BEGAN WHEN THOSE TAPES WERE STOLEN AND PEOPLE REALIZED WHAT THE WURTHAM VIEW WAS CAPABLE OF.

I ONLY WANTED TO PUT AN **END** TO DEPRAVITY AND CORRUPTION!

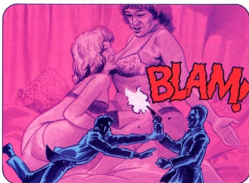


...BUT... IF IT WASN'T **YOU**, THE ONLY **OTHER** PERSON WHO HAS BEEN IN HERE TODAY IS...



THAT'S RIGHT, DOC! **LODGE!** DUMB, FAITHFUL **LODGE**. YES! I'M RECORDING THIS LIKE ALL THE OTHER JUICY MATERIAL.

I CAN'T LIVE ON YOUR DREAMS OF GLORY WURTHAM. THIS THING IS A GOLDMINE AND I'M TAKING ALL THE TAPES WITH ME.















JUNE, 2050

RICK GEARY ©1983




IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE  
VISITED THE OLD STREET  
(IN FACT, OVER 65 YEARS).


NOTHING HAS CHANGED VERY  
MUCH, AS FAR AS I CAN TELL.




THERE'S MOM, FIXING  
MEATLOAF, AS ALWAYS...



AND DAD, AS USUAL, GLUED  
TO THE BOX.




MY OLD ROOM LOOKS MUCH  
THE SAME.



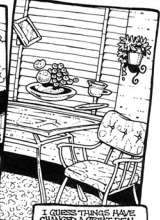
BUT WAIT... MOM NEVER  
WORE AN EYEPATCH...



AND DAD WAS HARDLY ONE  
TO FRACTURE GREATLY  
DURING COMMERICAL BREAKS.



AND WHEN DID WE ADD THE  
CHAPEL?



I GUESS THINGS HAVE  
CHANGED A GREAT DEAL.

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The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

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Frog logo  
by cartoonist  
Sam Gross

# DINING WITH MUTANTS

With Arthur Godfrey

EARLY IN 1955, ENTERTAINMENT HONCHO ARTHUR GODFREY TOOK UP THE HABIT OF DINING WITH BALD-HEADED MUTATIONS IN HOLLYWOOD'S POSHEST EATERIES.



YOU  
UGLY  
FREAK!

PLEASE  
HAVE SOME  
COMPASSION

THE WEALTHY STAR SEEMED TO DELIGHT IN RIDICULING THE UNFORTUNATE MUTANTS.

OFTEN IT SEEMED THAT GODFREY WAS MERELY BIDDING HIS TIME AT THESE DINNERS.

RARELY WOULD HE MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO BELITTLE HIS WRETCHED DINING PARTNERS IN FRONT OF WOMEN.



I  
CERTAINLY  
APPRECIATE  
YOUR GEN--

HERE'S TO YOU  
AND YOUR BREED...  
MAY YOU NEVER  
SHARE IN MY  
RICHES!



I WONDER  
IF I'M THE BEST  
LOVED MAN IN  
AMERICA?

YOU'RE  
NOT EVEN  
LISTENING TO  
ME!



ARTHUR...  
WONDERFUL  
TO SEE  
YOU.

HOW  
ARE YOU, DEAR--  
NO NEED INTRO-  
DUCING THIS WORTH-  
LESS SCUM  
HERE.

COME THE SPRING, THOUGH, GODFREY HAD HAD HIS FILL OF THE MISERABLE SOULS. HE DISCONTINUED THE EVENINGS.

GIVEN A CHANCE TO REFLECT ON THESE NIGHTS, GODFREY OPTED FOR HIS BANJO.



I GOT  
NEW FISH  
TO FRY.

YOU'RE A  
CRUEL MAN, GOD-  
FREY, A CRUEL MAN,  
BUT THIS DINNER WAS  
GOOD.



HAW! WOTTA  
BUNCH A SAPS!

ONE NIGHT RECENTLY I WOKE UP  
MUTTERING UNEARTHLY SYLLABLES

LOZNOON SNRASH  
KEL KLARBORY  
UKKIL GY CHEFFR!

**BROPPLE ZIK  
ZNOGBROL!**



A THOUSAND PAGES OF  
MANUSCRIPT LATER...

THIS IS PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOK OF OUR CENTURY! I'M GOING TO MAIL IT TO A MAJOR BOOK PUBLISHER RIGHT AWAY!

COULD YOU  
PICK UP SOME  
MILK ON THE  
WAY BACK  
FROM THE  
POST OFFICE?



WHY ARE YOU  
TYPING AT  
THREE IN THE  
MORNING?

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, EDDIE, BUT I'M RECEIVING SOME KIND OF TELEPATHIC COMMUNIQUE IN A LANGUAGE NEVER HEARD BY HUMAN EARS! IT'S VERY CRUCIAL THAT I WRITE IT ALL DOWN!



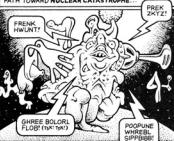
WHAT SLOWLY DAWNED ON ME DURING THE WEEKS OF TRANSCRIPTION THAT FOLLOWED WAS THAT A LEARNED BEING FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION WAS SENDING ME URGENT INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO DIVERT THE HUMAN RACE FROM ITS CURRENT PATH TOWARD NUCLEAR CATASTROPHE...

FRENK.  
HUNTING!

PREK  
ZKYZ!

THREE BOLOR  
FLOOR (TAK TAK)

POOPUNE  
WHEEL  
SUPPLY



IT FILLS ME WITH HUMILITY TO THINK THAT I WAS SELECTED TO TRANSMIT THIS AWESOME MESSAGE TO HUMANITY!

MAYBE PEOPLE  
WILL TAKE ME  
SERIOUSLY NOW  
INSTEAD OF  
WRITING ME  
OFF AS JUST  
SOME DINKY  
COMIC BOOK  
ARTIST!

I WONDER  
IF I'LL GET  
TO GO ON  
TV TALK  
SHOWS...



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS  
GARBAGE, PETE! "...PLOH  
MLUM ZY GLOYK; VWENZ  
TRELOR (ARL HEZFZUR  
OL) PRYKKN, HAF PIUL,  
LOLBR - FFYIK PAYP; TU  
NUBBNO LRAK, POBB!...

GOD, YOU'RE RIGHT. LILY—THAT'S THE WORST JOB OF PUNCTUATION I'VE SEEN ALL YEAR!

## WHY EDITORS GET GRAY



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Dear HM:

After sticking with you from issue number one through your January 1984 issue, I've finally summoned the basic inspiration to drop you a line and let you know *exactly* what I think of your mag . . . and, especially, how it affects me as a *creative person* (I've been a graphic artist in the wonderful world of advertising for the past twenty-two years).

When my ideas are going stale and my creative juices are lying dormant, I find that the best possible way for me to recharge my batteries is to sit down with a large pile of *HM* back issues. It *never fails* . . . within twenty minutes I am inspired and filled to overflowing with fresh ideas and inspiration! For this reader at least, your mag is truly an electric/creative turn-on! Obviously, in a magazine featuring such diverse styles and directions, you will *never* be able to satisfy every reader. But this reader, at least, is able to maintain a very high satisfaction level with most issues. My favorites include *Liberator* ("Ranxerox" is very *sick* and *violence-obsessed*, but so astonishingly rendered that it becomes *fascinating!*), *Moebius* (a true genius, no matter what he attempts), *Caza* (possessor of a brilliant mind and dynamic rendering ability), *Corben* (even his low quality work is superior—and his *high quality* material is utterly magnificent!), and *Kierkegaard's* superbly inspired "Rock Opera." *Enki Bilal* is a brilliant *renderer* (especially some of his earlier works, like "Exterminator 17" from 1979) but his recent contributions have been very static and boring. Crepax? Fascinating to look at, but impossible to decipher! Alas, I have never developed the taste for Drulillet, and can't get very excited over the disturbing, perverse renderings of Marcelle. Also, I'm bored by the seemingly endless pronouncements on the rock scene in the Dossier—how about a contribution from someone qualified to discuss Fusion music, or (dare I say it) a jazz column? (With only a couple of exceptions, I find today's jazz to be as hokey and antiquated as Gregorian Chants, and almost completely devoid of vitality. It's not just that it's unfashionable—I couldn't give a damn about that—but that its sensibilities reflect a bygone era. There are a couple of old guys around with some creative energy left—Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman have two recently covered here—but where are the young innovators of the form? Jamaladeen Tacuma is the only name that pops up, and a story on him is planned.—ls)

Bob Kelemen  
Van Nuys, CA



## CHAIN MAIL

Dear HM:

I've noticed the overcoat-clad dude in Paul Kirchner's "The Bus" bears a striking resemblance to David Letterman's Larry "Bud" Melman, of Melman Bus Lines. Coincidence, or what? (I think we should sue.—ls) Liked the very relevant point W. Luther Jett made in the August Chain Mail about your readers becoming jaded from too much of a good thing. But *HM* has changed, and some like it the way it used to be. I'm a new reader (a year's worth under my belt) and am collecting back issues. When I got back as far as 77-79, I almost didn't recognize the magazine! My personal view? Well, I would question a few of the choices for strips you've run, but that doesn't mean you guys aren't boss, as if you need me to tell you (or do you?). And Lou Stathis, you're one of the best things about *HM*. Why aren't people like you in charge of mankind? (A question that crosses my lips frequently as well.—ls) Good luck against the mediocres—don't let 'em get to you! I would be honored if you would print my letter and grace it with a parenthetical italicized (but never anesthetized!) little note. (I don't do requests.—ls) Also: unless your market research indicates that incidental

cover type ("Exclusive Interview with . . . etc.) boosts sales, would you please remove it? One thing that used to set your mag's cover image apart from others was an absence of word clutter. I don't know, it just made 'em seem . . . timeless. You didn't know what was inside (but maybe that's precisely the reason you've increased its use). (You guessed it. A magazine that sells more than 80% of its total circulation off newsstand and bookstore racks must do anything it can to attract potential buyers, especially if the name or subject mentioned might interest someone not normally taken with our non-verbal cover imagery. Hence the preponderance of film directors, writers, and musicians on our recent public display areas.—ls)

Jean Clarke  
Lakewood, CO

Dear Chain Mail:

Shame on Cryptica author Melik Kaylan. As a devoted lesbian terrorist and former lesbian separatist, as well as a devoted monthly reader of *HM* since April 1977 (hey, everyone lives with bizarre contradictions) (Yeah, and I spend my off-hours watching sl-mo videotapes of "Dynasty" waiting for a flash of Joan Collins's cleavage.—ls) I've finally gotten P.O.ed enough to write. Now I don't really give a shit about parasitic DNA (December 1983), unless it involves the acronym of AIDS (the great female hope) (And people think I'm uncouth.—ls), so don't lump lesbian separatists in with the Moral Majority. They don't read this mag. And if sex-changing fish constitute "dangerous data in lesbian hands" then I'll gladly turn in my rod and reel if Melik will turn in his word processor.

Toffer "Iron Hymen" Ross  
Tampa, FL

And then again. . .

One might consider the possibility that rather than women proving their "hard-core capability" [letter from Lynne Yarbo Williams in November 1983 Chain Mail] in order to prove their value as human beings, it might be better to find some other standard to judge human value by. Even better still, to not have to prove your value as a being at all. Personally, I can see where it's less dehumanizing to be judged by the hardness of your capability than by the size of your tits or your cock. It's still having to beg someone else's approval rather than approving of yourself.

Roldo  
Haywood, Manitoba, Canada

# El BORBAH

Living  
IN THE  
ICE AGE

STORY SO FAR: EL BORBAH IS HIRED BY JANET SKANK TO INVESTIGATE THE SNOWBOY CRYONICS INSTITUTE WHERE HER HUSBAND IS SUPPOSED TO BE SAFELY FROZEN... WHEN HE FINDS OUT THE FROZEN BODIES ARE REALLY ONLY DUMMIES, EL BORBAH IS READY TO KICK SOME ASS.

COME ON  
LAMEBRAIN...I'M GETTING  
TIRED OF WAITING...  
WHERE DO YOU KEEP  
THE STIFFS?

I DON'T KNOW!  
I SWEAR TO GOD!  
I'M JUST A  
SECURITY MAN!



O.K. SECURITY MAN...  
IF YOU WANT TO KEEP  
YOUR TEETH SECURELY  
IN YOUR HEAD, YOU'LL  
GET YOUR BOSS  
ON THE HORN...



WELL...THERE'S  
A VIDEOPHONE FOR  
EMERGENCIES...



THIS IS AN  
EMERGENCY  
NITWIT...



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

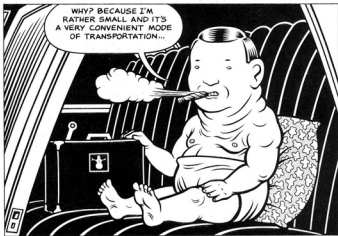


BZZZ...WHA... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THIS LINE?



...THESE FISTS ARE GOING TO TEAR THE HOLY SHIT OUT OF THIS DUMP UNLESS YOU GET DOWN HERE ON THE DOUBLE TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!









CONTINUED



# ROGER CORMAN: MORE THAN JUST KING OF THE Bs

Legendary producer-director Roger Corman, who made his mark churning out cheap, exploitative films aimed at the youth market in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, says he's getting out of the B-movie business because Hollywood has invaded his territory. What Corman knew thirty years ago (i.e., that movie-goers prefer titillation to cognition), Hollywood has turned into an Apostle's Creed of Cinema. What Corman didn't know is that the B-phenomenon—the proliferation of instantly gratifying, titillating things—would leap the boundaries of cinema and pervade every aspect of our lives.

Today, we worship not only at the altar of Hollywood B-movies like *Flashdance*, *Scarface*, and *Sudden Impact*, but we also adore B-TV (where *The A-Team* is the B-best), B-art (where Keith Haring gets rich), B-music (where the monster album of the decade is aptly named *Thriller*), and of course the latest B-form: the B-music video.

But who is this man who gave birth to the Bs? On one level, he's just a soft-spoken guy with a good idea: make films quickly and inexpensively and give the public what it wants, whether it's gangsters and monsters or student nurses and crazed bikers. On another level, he's the man who may have invented the modern American film. Not only did Roger Corman give some of our finest actors and directors their first break, he also established a style that would forever alter the way films were made and their subjects explored. While the *nouvelle vague* was still a ripple in the minds of a few French film critics, Roger Corman had masterminded an American film revolution.

Born in Detroit in 1926 and educated at Stanford and Oxford, Roger Corman turned his back on an engineering career to risk his savings on a film called *The Monster from the*

*Ocean Floor*, a film that took six days to shoot at a cost of \$18 thousand. Within the year he was director in residence at a small production company called American Releasing (soon to be known as American International Pictures or A.I.P.), headed by Samuel Z. Arkoff and James Nicholson. In the years that followed, Corman directed more than four dozen films, including *Not of This Earth* (1956), *Machine Gun Kelly* (1958), *Little Shop of Horrors* (1960), *The Masque of Red Death* (1964), *The Wild Angels* (1966), and *Bloody Mama* (1970), utilizing the talents of virtually unknown actors like Jack Nicholson, Charles Bronson, Bruce Dern, and Robert De Niro.

As a producer and the head of his own company, New World Pictures, Corman earned a reputation as a man who would hire filmmakers with no previous credits if they could work fast and cheaply. The notable Corman-produced films include Irvin Kershner's *Stakeout on Dope Street* (1958), Francis Coppola's *Dementia 13* (1962), Peter Bogdanovich's *Targets* (1968), Jonathan Kaplan's *Night Call Nurses* (1972), Martin Scorsese's *Boxcar Bertha* (1972), Jonathan Demme's *Fighting Mad* (1975), Paul Bartel's *Death Race 2000* (1975), and Joe Dante's *Piranha* (1978, scripted by John Sayles).

And in addition to breaking in American filmmakers, Corman personally engineered a much broader American release for the films of foreign directors like Federico Fellini, Ingmar Bergman, Akira Kurosawa, François Truffaut, and Werner Herzog. Why? Because he likes good movies.

At the time of this interview Corman had sold New World, formed a new company called Millennium, and was about to embark on the third stage of his incredible career.

—James Verniere

## by James Verniere



**The Haunted Palace (1963) with Lon Chaney Jr., Vincent Price, and Debra Paget**



## "I have never made a B-movie."

**HM:** You have a new position with Universal Pictures. Is it still in the talking stage?

**RC:** Ah, yes. As a matter of fact I would prefer not to . . .

**HM:** The suggestion made in an item about you and Universal was that because it had had a bad year in 1983, the studio needed you to teach it how to make money-making films that don't cost an arm and a leg.

**RC:** That's unfortunate. People should not write things like that. For one thing, the people at the helm of Universal are very experienced and knowledgeable. I'm not going to teach them anything. It hurts me to suggest that I can teach studio heads their business.

**HM:** Perhaps, but your record proves that you can make inexpensive films that turn a profit. Surely, about 80 or 90% of the films you've made have made money.

**RC:** Yes, I believe—and it's the first time I thought about it in this way—that I've made more successful feature films than anybody in the history of film. And it only occurred to me to check on this recently. I don't think I've ever had a real bomb.

**HM:** Have you deliberately remained independent?

**RC:** It's partially deliberate and partially accidental. I started in the fifties and continued to have offers from the independents, and I was not quite as particular in my choice of subject matter as some of the other directors and producers at the time. I took anything that seemed reasonable, feeling that I could improve any story. As a result, I was working all the time.

**HM:** Can you give me an example of a project that had no value, that you did turn down?

**RC:** I've forgotten most of them. I remember when I first started, I was making very low-budget films for some drive-in owners in Louisiana. Some drive-in owners from Texas came to me to do a picture in ten days for about \$70 thousand—which was about normal—and it had to do with cowboys in Texas

smuggling prostitutes and dope across the Rio Grande. I read it and thought, "No, this one goes too far."

**HM:** Most people say you are an expert trend-spotter. Film industry wags use the word "trend" incorrectly. The hoola hoop was a trend, but the interest in the occult or sf or women in uniforms is a perennial. You seem to tap into subjects of perennial interest to moviegoers.

**RC:** Yes, I think that we're dealing with basic unconscious drives, the same drives that a citizen of ancient Greece or Rome might have stimulated by a play in his civilization. Basic drives are always with us and are unchanged. What changes is the method of expression. For instance, the motorcycle film which I had a part of in the sixties and seventies, was a replacement for the western. A lot of the themes of westerns were also in the motorcycle films. By the sixties most people had lost touch with the American west but not with the Outlaw. It was always a question of using the same themes but expressing them in a way that was immediately available.

**HM:** So we're not talking about trends but about timeless preoccupations.

**RC:** Yes.

**HM:** How did you first meet Sam Arkoff and James Nicholson, the heads of American International Pictures?

**RC:** My relationship with them began when I sold them an independent film I had made called *The Fast and the Furious* in 1954. It was AIP's first film. It was about road racing. Dorothy Malone and John Ireland were in it. It was an action/adventure melodrama using sports cars, something that was new in America, as a backdrop. I wasn't consciously searching for a trend, just using a subject I thought would interest audiences. The picture did indeed work, and AIP was happy. Then one thing just led to another.

**HM:** Was their an AIP philosophy of filmmaking at the time?

**RC:** It was a very pragmatic philosophy. They were an undercapitalized company. They were young men. Jim and Sam had

**The Day the World Ended (1956) with Mike "Touch" Connors**



some knowledge of motion pictures and they were simply trying to build a production and distribution company with a small amount of money. They wanted to make films for audiences and theater owners who were not totally wed to the major studios, which led them into the obvious genres. Drive-ins at that time were very important. The obvious genres were action/adventure, horror, science fiction, all with a little bit of sex, but not much.

**HM:** You and AIP took a lot of flak from critics and defenders of public morality, like the Legion of Decency, and yet a few years back the Museum of Modern Art ran an AIP retrospective. What is your reaction?

**RC:** Well, I never had much flak from critics. AIP did. I have no complaints about the way I've been treated by the critics. I remember reading an article in *Sight and Sound* in the sixties which said, "Roger Corman has become, if not the darling of the critics, at least their mascot." I was getting good reviews. Sometimes even better than I thought were justified. I believe I was the youngest director ever to have a retrospective at the Cinémaèque Française and MOMA. So from a critical standpoint, I was more than recognized, perhaps even over-recognized.

**HM:** The list of actors that got their film starts in your projects includes people like Robert De Niro, Ellen Burstyn, Bruce Dern, Jack Nicholson. Where did these people come from and how did they find you?

**RC:** Actors are always around. There are always good actors coming up. At that time, I knew a lot of young writers, producers, and actors, and I talked to them. Before long you get a sense of who's good.

**HM:** Jack Nicholson once told me that when you were shooting the original *Little Shop of Horrors* in 1960, he had to climb over a fence to get into the studio on weekends so you could finish the film. Is that true?

**RC:** Well, we might have done that, but not on that film.

**HM:** Jonathan Kaplan, who directed *Over the Edge* and *Heart Like a Wheel*, said that when he was working for you he was making

Not of This Earth (1956) with  
Beverly Garland



Boxcar Bertha (1972) with David  
Carradine and Barbara Hershey



so little money he couldn't afford to stay in a motel during the shoot and when he complained to you, you said, "I'm giving you a million dollar education..."

RC: "... And not charging tuition."

HM: Right. Is that true?

RC: Yes, but we pay the going rates today, maybe even a little more than some. In the early days I had very little money. The money I was making as a director was going right back into the next film. It was understood that it was an exciting, fun time. Money wasn't a major consideration to us in those days. But I don't want to sound too nostalgic.

HM: Can you give me an example of that process.

RC: I did *The Raven* in 1962 or 1963, took my fee and made a movie called *The Terror* with Jack Nicholson, using the same sets.

HM: And with Francis Coppola as Associate Producer.

RC: Yes.

HM: Are you upset when you read stories which suggest you exploited people like Demme, Kaplan, and Coppola when they were young and struggling?

RC: I don't get very concerned because, as I said, most of the things written about me are positive and everyone has to get knocked occasionally. I don't think I have exploited anyone. What I've done is gamble on people like Francis Coppola and Marty Scorsese and Peter Bogdanovich—who probably would have emerged anyway—but nobody else gambled on them before. It's a two-way street. I got the films made with less money than I would have spent on an established director, but I gave the director his opportunity, and to the best of my knowledge, I'm on good terms with all of these people.

HM: I know the myth of Francis Coppola's first film but what's the real story?

RC: The real story is that we were all in Europe shooting *The Young Racers* and we were tied to the racing circuit because we were using the actual race as the backdrop. We finished shooting in Liverpool on the day of the British Grand Prix. Francis, along with

my key grip, had built all of my equipment into a Volkswagen minibus, which, as far as I know, was the first modern, compact shooting unit. Now it's the standard form for location shooting. We finished on time, but I realized that I had money invested in the van, the crew, and the actors. The logical thing was to make a second picture, using all the talent I had right there. So I gave Francis the opportunity to come up with a story. I told him it had to be some kind of suspense or horror story. He fired three or four ideas off to me as we were traveling around Europe. I think it was in Belgium at the Belgium Grand Prix when he told me a story I liked. I told him that we'd shoot it in Ireland because the English labor laws are very strict and we were flaunting English law a little bit already insofar as we were allegedly only shooting documentary footage in England.

HM: So the English didn't know that the footage would end up in an American feature film?

RC: Right. But the Irish had no such laws so we were able to put our van on a ferry in Liverpool and arrive in Dublin in a matter of hours. That's how *Dementia 13* got made.

HM: *Not of This Earth* is a favorite with many of your fans. Why?

RC: I don't know, but I always remember one sequence in that film in which Dick Miller plays a vacuum cleaner salesman trying to sell a vacuum cleaner to a man from outer space. It's my favorite.

HM: Many of the directors you started have gone on to great fame and legitimate acclaim. Are you ever jealous?

RC: Maybe sometimes, but not to any great extent. I've had a successful career, and I may start directing again myself. I never really planned to stop directing when I started New World in 1970. I thought I could go on a year-long hiatus perhaps. I had directed so many films in such a short amount of time. In fact on the last one, *Von Richthofen and Brown* in 1970, I could barely make it on to the set. I was tired all the time. My plan was to take a year off and start a little production and distribution company of my own.

But the company grew much faster than I thought, so I never had a chance to get back to directing. This year, I finally sold the company, so chances are good that I will return to directing.

HM: What's your response to the enormous success of the Off-Broadway musical version of *Little Shop of Horrors*?

RC: I'm delighted and I'm surprised it's so faithful to the picture.

HM: That's the film in which Jack Nicholson sits in a dentist's office reading "Pain Magazine."

RC: That's right.

HM: Is there any truth to the rumor that Spielberg is going to direct a film version of the musical?

RC: The plan is that Spielberg will produce and Marty Scorsese will direct, which is very strange, but I have a piece of the whole thing, so I'm happy.

HM: What is your theory of film?

RC: Film is both an art form and business. It's uniquely 20th century. I think of film as a collaborative medium with the writer, the producer, and the director all contributing. At the same time, the most significant contribution usually comes from the director. As a producer, I've found that a picture may begin with my vision, but inevitably my vision gets filtered through the minds of the writer and director, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse.

HM: What have been the best collaborations both as director and producer for you?

RC: (pause) I don't have a ready answer for that. As a producer, I often only visit a set in the beginning and if things are going well, I don't go back.

HM: John Sayles got his start with you and New World. How did that happen?

RC: I was looking for a new writer, as I always do, the same way I look for new directors and new actors. I wanted a talented person who had not yet been recognized so that I could work with the person within my budget restrictions. We had written several novels that were well-received, and, luckily, at the time he was living in Santa Barbara, so

**"X"—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes**  
(1963) with Don Rickles and Ray Milland



we met.

**HM:** Are you disturbed by the fact that you are still conceived by many people as the King of the B-movies?

**RC:** That is the only thing that does bother me because I've never made a B-movie in my life.

**HM:** How do you define a B-movie?

**RC:** A B-movie is a film made by the major studios in the 30s and 40s. It was a product of the studio system, when the studios still owned their own theaters. It was designed to fill in the double bill. The A-list was the top feature, the B-list was the supporting feature that played with it on a double bill. The B-movie was, of course, a very inexpensive one. It phased out when the theater circuits were divorced from production by an anti-trust ruling. It was also phased out when color films became the standard.

**HM:** But surely the definition has amended and the expression has come to denote any quickly made low-budget film which is exploitative.

**RC:** That's true but only in the last couple of years. In Hollywood no one uses the expression. B-movies ended in the 1940s and it wasn't until the mid-seventies that the term was revived.

**HM:** I asked you about your reaction to the tremendous success of directors who got their start with you. What is your reaction to the failure of some of the others?

**RC:** The pressures are immense. And first let me say that all directors have their failures. Often fame is destructive.

**HM:** As the head of New World you've also distributed the films of foreign directors like Fellini, Truffaut, Kurosawa, and Bergman. Why this penchant for art films?

**RC:** Perhaps I was trying to balance the fact that I was no longer directing and yet wanted to be close to the creative elements. I felt that these films and filmmakers were not being well distributed by the majors. The independents were too small. I wanted to bring this work to a larger audience. I also felt that my company was getting too identified with exploitation films and this would give us

another profile. It was good for the company and personally rewarding for me.

**HM:** I have read that the exploitation films you made for New World must subscribe to strict standards concerning nudity. That your films had to have frontal nudity from the waist up. Is this true?

**RC:** It was never as rigid as that, but the idea is right.

**HM:** Have you ever been criticized for exploiting women in your films?

**RC:** Very seldom. In fact we've been praised because in most of our R rated films we take a feminist stance. We've sent back treatment after treatment telling our writers that we wanted the women in our films to solve their own problems.

**HM:** The oddest film coupling I ever heard of was *Slumber Party Massacre*, which was directed by a feminist Amy Jones, written by Rita Mae Brown, a gay feminist, and made by you.

**RC:** You have to see that picture with an audience. The audience cheers those girls because they kill the killer themselves. They don't get rescued by their boyfriends.

**HM:** What do you consider unethical behavior by a filmmaker? I'm thinking for example of a film like *The Submersion of Japan*, a Japanese film that you acquired, re-cut, inserting scenes with Lorne Green, and releasing it as *Tidal Wave* starring Lorne Green. How do you justify that?

**RC:** Okay. First, you're not talking about destroying any work of art. It was a commercial undertaking, and it was known up front what we were doing. It's also been done before. You take a Japanese film with good special effects and try to make it as American as possible. It's still pretty much the Japanese film. We didn't re-cut much of it.

**HM:** Are you amused now that Hollywood appears to need you?

**RC:** Well, Hollywood doesn't need me as such. I've had offers from most of the major studios, and I've worked with the majors before, specifically on my first films for New World. Now, I will probably make a deal with

**Tales of Terror (1962)**



a major and continue to make low budget films as a producer.

**HM:** What do you think is wrong with the film industry Hollywood-style?

**RC:** It's all escalated to the point that the dollars are so important that people are afraid to take a chance. That's why—I think it was Vincent Canby who said this—"What is *Jaws* but a big-budget Roger Corman film." And he's right, Hollywood isn't making Roger Corman films, it's making big-budget exploitation films. Of course, in Hollywood they call this trend the "High Concept" film. So it's gone from B-movie to exploitation to genre film to "High Concept." Now, if you're going to spend a lot of money, you almost have to make "High Concept" films, which is why I have two films—*Love Letters* and *The Wild Side* which just won the Grand Prize at the Chicago Film Festival—which are attempts by me to move into a different field. The market for exploitation films has diminished. It's still there, but now that big-budget films are also exploitative, I've lost part of my market. I've been making inexpensive science-fiction and horror films for years, and while there was no big-budget competition I did very well. But now in the wake of *Star Wars*, low budget science-fiction films just can't compete. My solution is to move into serious films, the kinds of films once made by Willy Wyler, George Cukor, Fred Zinneman, and John Huston. *Love Letters* and *Under the Wild Side* fit into this genre.

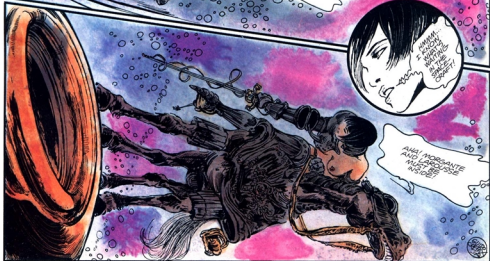
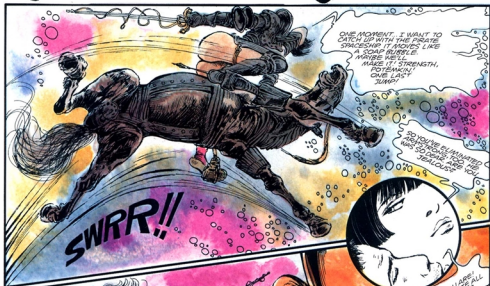
**HM:** When you started out, filmmaking was still a fairly new field and an exclusive club. Today there are thousands of college students studying film. What kind of future do you see for them?

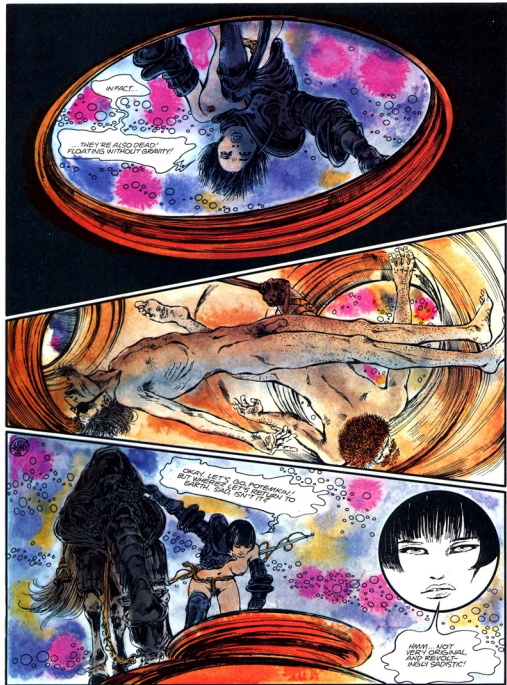
**RC:** Only a very small proportion of them will achieve their ambitions, but it's always been that way. At least technically these people will be better equipped. It took me five years, with my "student films" on view in drive-ins, to learn what these people know coming out of film departments.

**HM:** Do you feel that the exploitation film as it once existed is an endangered species?

**RC:** It isn't dead, but it's been wounded. ●

# VALENTINA THE PIRATE





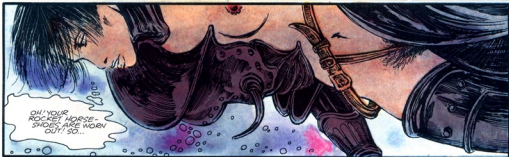
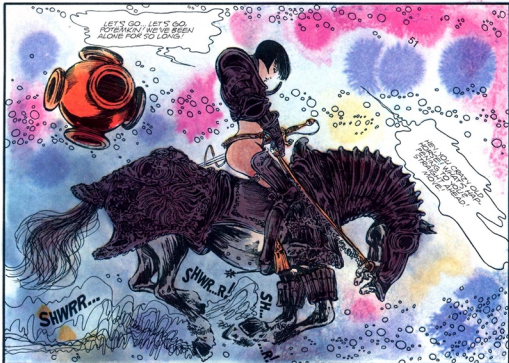
IN FACT...

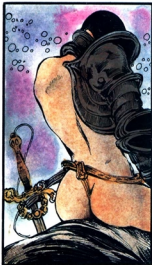
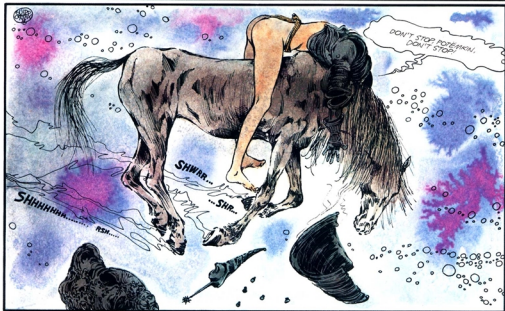
...THEY'RE ALSO DEAD!  
FLOATING WITHOUT GRAVITY!!

OKAY, LET'S GO, POTEMKIN!  
BUT WHERE? LET'S RETURN TO  
EARTH, SAG. ISN'T IT?

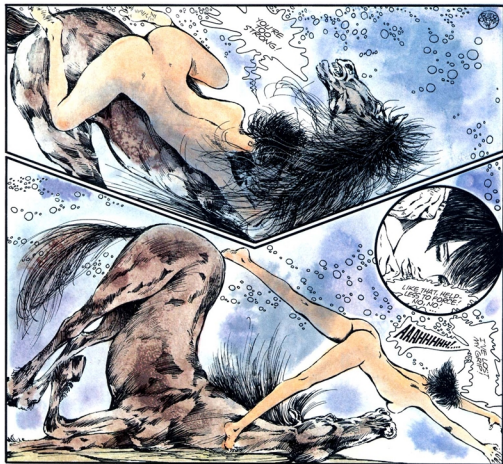
HAHA... NOT  
VERY ORIGINAL,  
AND REVOLT-  
INGLY SADISTIC!

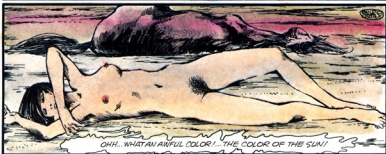
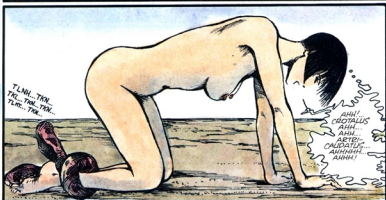


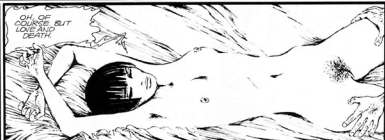








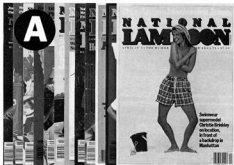






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# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



**#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#2/MAY '77:** Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

**#3/JUNE '77:** Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

**#4/JULY '77:** Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

**#5/AUGUST '77:** "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

**#6/SEPTEMBER '77:** Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

**#7/OCTOBER '77:** Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

**#8/NOVEMBER '77:** New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

**#9/DECEMBER '77:** Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Drulilet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

**#10/JANUARY '78:** Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

**#11/FEBRUARY '78:** New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

**#12/MARCH '78:** Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

**#13/APRIL '78:** Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9," "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

**#14/MAY '78:** "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

**#15/JUNE '78:** Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Hellman."

**#16/JULY '78:** A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1995," resumption of Drulilet's "Gail," more "Hellman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

**#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#19/OCTOBER '78:** "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

**#20/NOVEMBER '78:** Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Hellman."

**#21/DECEMBER '78:** The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Farol," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

**#22/JANUARY '79:** Trina debuts and Drulilet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

**#23/FEBRUARY '79:** "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo.

**#24/MARCH '79:** Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

**#25/APRIL '79: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#26/MAY '79:** It's all-American (except for Drulilet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien."

**#27/JUNE '79: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#28/JULY '79:** Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

**#29/AUGUST '79:** Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

**#30/SEPTEMBER '79:** "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

**#31/OCTOBER '79:** A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Drulilet, Suydam.

**#32/NOVEMBER '79:** Corben's "Rowl," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

**#33/DECEMBER '79:** A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

**#34/JANUARY '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#35/FEBRUARY '80:** An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

**#36/MARCH '80:** Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs.

**#37/APRIL '80:** Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

**#38/MAY '80:** Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

**#39/JUNE '80:** "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

**#40/JULY '80:** "The Alchemist Supreme" continues; Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky, Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

**#41/AUGUST '80:** Drulilet returns with "Salamambo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

**#42/SEPTEMBER '80:** "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

**#43/OCTOBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#44/NOVEMBER '80:** Cover by Hajime Sorayama, Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal inside.

**#45/DECEMBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#46/JANUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#47/FEBRUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#48/MARCH '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#49/APRIL '81:** Corben's "Bloodstar," Gimenez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

**#50/MAY '81:** Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

**#51/JUNE '81:** The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of Outland premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax.

**#52/JULY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#1/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#55/OCTOBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#56/NOVEMBER '81:** Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

**#57/DECEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!**

**#58/JANUARY '82:** Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hô, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

**#59/FEBRUARY '82:** The further adventures of John D'Fool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuten.

**#60/MARCH '82:** 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealist look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

**#61/APRIL '82:** 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druiell, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

**#62/MAY '82:** The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

**#63/JUNE '82:** Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Gaza, Scielli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druiell, Moebius, Schuten, and Fernandez.

**#64/JULY '82:** Marcelle and Lacombe's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druiell.

**#65/AUGUST '82:** Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

**#66/SEPTEMBER '82:** Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

**#67/OCTOBER '82:** You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

**#68/NOVEMBER '82:** Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druiell's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

**#69/DECEMBER '82:** A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernan-

dez, and Kierkegaard.

**#70/JANUARY '83:** The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

**#71/FEBRUARY '83:** The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

**#72/MARCH '83:** We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

**#73/APRIL '83:** Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

**#74/MAY '83:** Kaluta and Lee's stagestruck "Starstruck." "Marlow-skitz" the robotic detective, and the conclusion of Manara and Pisu's "The Ape."

**#75/JUNE '83:** Corben's "Doomsday," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

**#76/JULY '83:** Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

**#77/AUGUST '83:** Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Gimenez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

**#78/SEPTEMBER '83:** An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

**#79/OCTOBER '83:** Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bulwinkle!?! A great issue!

**#80/NOVEMBER '83:** A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

**#81/DECEMBER '83:** Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

**#82/JANUARY '84:** Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

**#83/FEBRUARY '84:** Douglas Trumbull is interviewed. John D'Fool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

**#84/MARCH '84:** Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

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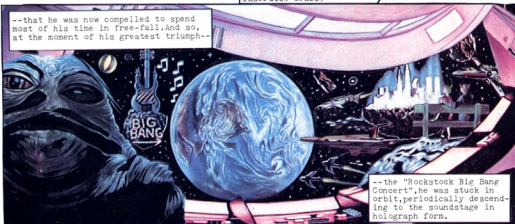
## ROCK OPERA II: THE RISE & FALL OF ROCKY STARZBORNE

Jakka the K, or "Wolfman Jakka," as he was sometimes known, was the BIGGEST rock DJ in the Galaxy--literally.



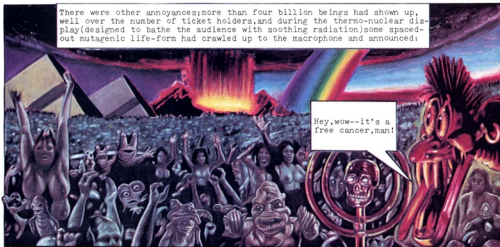
In fact, he had become so corpulent (swollen, his enemies said, from payola and crooked laserdisc deals)--

--that he was now compelled to spend most of his time in free-fall. And so, at the moment of his greatest triumph--



--the "Rockstock Big Bang Concert", he was stuck in orbit, periodically descending to the soundstage in holograph form.

There were other annoyances; more than four billion beings had shown up, well over the number of ticket holders, and during the thermo-nuclear display (designed to bathe the audience with soothing radiation) some spaced-out mutagenic life-form had crawled up to the microphone and announced:



But Jakka never gave you anything for free.

Jakka was obsessed with his own "Big Bang" theory. He believed in a boffo entrance, arranging for the group "The Cash" to arrive by matter-transmitter.



--and for Eggman John to be swept onstage in the blood of the Virgo Boy's Choir. But still he yearned, as he lit his cigar by remote control, for the really "Big Bang" intro.



Far below him, the music bounced off the great pyramid speakers into the night, causing earthquakes on the other side of the little cow-pasture planet.



Suddenly, out of the corner of one bloodshot chameleon eye, Jakka saw a streak of light whiz past his sky-suite.



The light coalesced, then hurtled down, down onto the soundstage where it landed in a dazzling explosion.



Jakka's chins quivered in ecstasy--this was the kind of entrance he'd dreamed of! This was the stuff! And the crowd roared...



After a moment, a dazed figure lurched out from the smoldering debris of the crashed spacecraft: a creature blackened by fire, its clothes in tatters. Tottering toward the microphone, it spoke in a cracked whisper.



© 1984 ROCKIN' ROD KIERKEGAARD, JR.



Of all the musicians onstage, only Drongo Beet had kept his head. Diving behind a bank of atomic-powered amps at the moment of impact, he had switched the on-board computer to a Lite Classical/Break Dance mode.

Now he approached the pathetic hulk and spoke to him.



Come on, you stupid twat--sing!

No, sing louder!

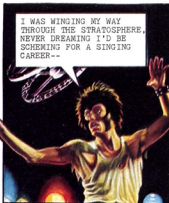
Help!



HELP!



HELP ME--I'M IN A TERRIBLE MESS,  
HELP ME--THIS IS AN S.O.S...

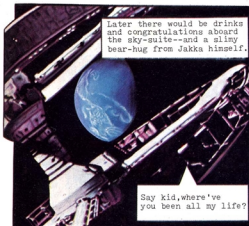


I WAS WINGING MY WAY  
THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE,  
NEVER DREAMING I'D BE  
SCHEMING FOR A SINGING  
CAREER--

NOW I'VE LANDED ON A  
PLANET ALIEN TO ME, WITH  
CONCERT-GOING MONSTERS  
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE--  
SO HELP ME!



And so the  
legend was  
born.



Later there would be drinks  
and congratulations aboard  
the sky-suite--and a slimy  
bear-hug from Jakka himself.

Say kid, where've  
you been all my life?



Well, I came from  
the stars--in a  
rocket--

Rocket? Stars? Hey,  
that's what we'll  
call you--Rocky  
Starzborne!

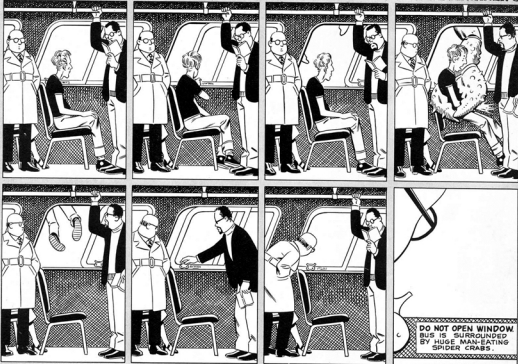


On the vidscreen behind Jakka's shoulder, Rocky  
watched the crowd try to get back to the satellite  
parking before the single continent, rocked by a  
constant barrage of killer wattage, began to divide.

Now that's what  
I call a Big  
Bang!

TO BE CONTINUED...





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