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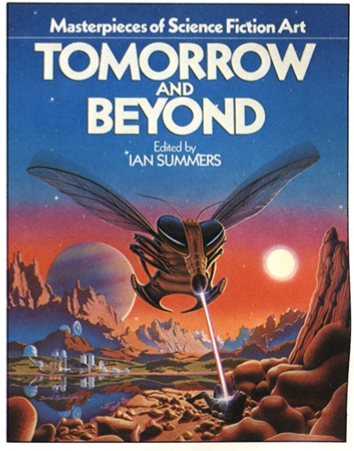

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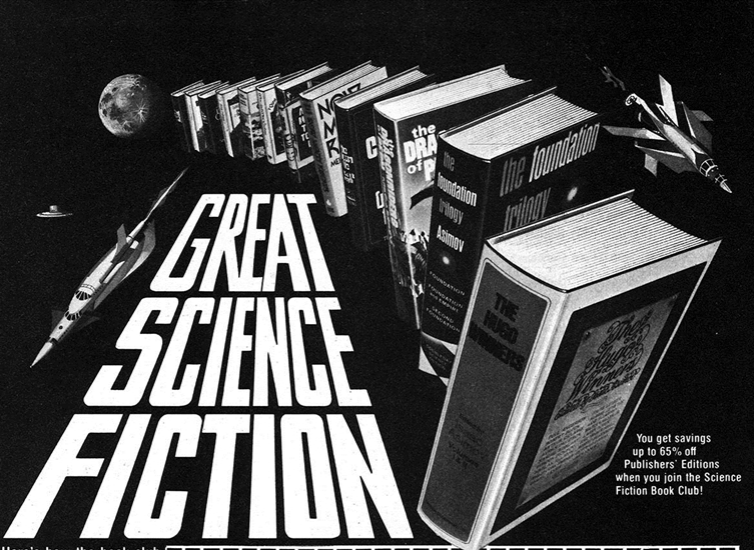

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Heavy Metal February 1980 Vol. IV No. 10

Illustration by Ron Walotsky

...Thirty-five...

There's an air of excitement around the *Heavy Metal* offices these days. Putting the magazine together has never been more fun. Adding the new feature section has given us an added dimension to play with. And then there's the pleasure that always occurs when exciting new material comes in. Angus McKie has always had this effect on us. We serialized *So Beautiful and So Dangerous* here in eight installments that had everyone waiting eagerly for the next, but this issue we present McKie's new masterpiece, "Experiment With the Air Pump," complete in one lovely sixteen-page whack: no waiting! Speaking of waiting, we've been waiting several months now to publish Jeronaton's "Champakaw," which recently concluded its run in our French sister magazine, *Metal Hurlant*. The French doled out this sixty-four page story in eight-page bits; we decided to wait until we could hit you with a big chunk of it all at once. Next issue—knock on wood!—we will be presenting thirty-three pages of this gorgeously lyrical story, with two more sixteen-page installments to follow!

Two new serials do begin this issue: Richard Corben's "The Beast of Welfton," and Steve Stiles's "Professor Thirtwhistle." Corben requires no introduction here—he's been a faithful and valued contributor since our first issue—but Stiles, who made his debut in these pages with "Combing Out The Kinks" and "Work and War" last December, began his collaboration with Richard Lupoff on "Thirtwhistle" in 1966 in the pages of an SF fanzine of that period. Lupoff turned the neo-Victorian adventurer of the Good Professor into a Dell book, *Into the Aether*, in 1974, but Stiles's collaboration arrived too late for the wayside (although the book did have an unusual Frazetta cover). But virtue has triumphed, and Stiles and Lupoff are back together once again with a fresh new rendition of the Professor's adventures on his journey to the moon.

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sirs:

Being stoned and reading *Heavy Metal*—just can't do one without the other.

Having accomplished that just now with the November issue, I must say I hate to see the incredible artwork in the story "Elric" confined to the pages of a magazine (although it's a damned good one).

The artwork of Brunner/Moorcock deserves to be made into T-shirts and/or posters and the like. (Without the wording, of course.) *[That leaves out Moorcock's part. —TW]*

Also, the artwork of Philippe Druillet in "Urm the Mad" (April '78, pp. 24-25, by far the best) and, more recently, "Gail" deserves praise.

I can't help wondering if these and others are stoned, if not more, when drawing these masterpieces. The detail is astounding, and even more so with the help of that "Rolled Gold."

T. H. C.
Decatur, Ind.

In Europe, hash is much more common than "Rolled Gold." —TW

Sinjoroj:

En "The Story of Rowlf" lau Corben (November 1979), kial lacertegulaj verdaj soldatoj parolas Esperanton?

Ciu sciadas ili parolas nur volapuk.

Mi dankas vin,
J.D. Bolling
Mitchell, Ind.

Shucks, I bet you say that to everyone who uses Esperanto in a story. —TW

Dear Ted:

The grapevine tells me that you've stepped into a strategic position at *Heavy Metal* and I thought it imperative to speak to you. I've let my subscription run out and you ought to know why.

By any definition, I'm certainly a potential consumer of *HM*. I have a vast collection of underground comix, which of course includes graphic art very similar to that which is featured in *HM*. I certainly own every comic in which such American greats as Corben, Metzger, Holmes, Jeff Jones, and Eric Kimball have appeared.

HM has had two shortcomings. One is an overemphasis on serialized stories and the other is a fascination with morbid material. There clearly has been underexposure of American graphic artists, and while most of the European material exhibited has been quite good, I do believe there is a lot of graphic illustration work which is equally good from the US and Canada.

As a small-time writer for the *Comics Journal* and a couple of smaller fanzines, I *do* try to stay on top of developments in adult graphic art, and I'd love to see *HM* move into more contemporary American trends—although it's certainly great to catch the Europeans as well. I'll certainly pick up an occasional *HM* in the future to see how it's going.

Bruce Sweeney
Boston, Mass.

I hope so—otherwise, how can you tell whether your comments have had any earth-shattering effect upon us? But, seriously now, we have just so many pages in which to publish each issue's material, and we can't get everything *into one issue, especially without serializing anything! I'd just as soon avoid national chauvinism, as well. There are great artists turning out superb material all over the world. Our only criteria is quality—we're not snobs about the country of origin. In this issue we have Americans like Stiles, Corben, Howarth, and Kierkegaard rubbing elbows with Europeans like Matena, Ilic, Bilal, Caza, and Moebius. Coming up soon: Japanese artist Shinobu Kaze. Don't you think you ought to resubscribe? —TW.*

Dear *HM*:

Just read the October Lovecraft issue and I gotta say it looks like you guys are on the upswing again. I mean I actually managed to finish half the stories (a great achievement for your recent stuff). A real joy was seeing another story by Mr. Suydam. While not as good as "Mama's Place," "Bad Breath" was some of the best black and white artwork I've seen in a long time. Keep up the overall good work and I might even buy your mag on a monthly basis.

Brad Durkee

You mean you haven't *been? —TW.*

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...Thirty-five...

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Matt Howarth is a crazed acidhead who has built up an elaborate mythos over the past five years concerning the Post brothers and their friends, Professor Ed, Savage Henry, Caroline the Clone, and the whole gang at the Cold Front in Bugtown. Next issue we'll begin serializing his epic comic-novel, *Changes,* but this issue we have two brief tastes of his lunacy, "The Snow Gods" and "The Children's Hour," to introduce you to the gang. As someone once said, "It may stop, but it never ends. . . ."

Our friends from France, Moebius, Caza, and Bilal, are here with typically brilliant work. "Airtight Garage" is nearing its conclusion, by the way, with just two more installments to come.

From Holland and *Gummi* magazine we've imported Dick Matena, who gives us "9 A.M." This one's wordless — pictures are the universal language, after all—but Dick has some wordier stories coming up here as well.

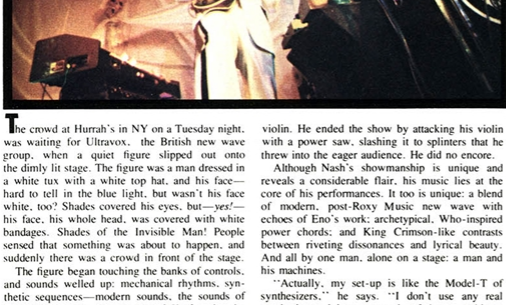
And from Yugoslavia we have Mirko Ilic's "Survival," another finely crafted wordless piece. With any luck at all, Ilic, too, will be here again soon.

Finally—but definitely not to be overlooked—Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.'s "Rock Opera," which began here last issue in black and white, moves into full color this issue. "Rock Opera" was originally a black-and-white strip that ran in Washington DC's *Unicorn Times,* a monthly entertainment paper for which yours truly is a columnist. Kierkegaard is reworking and coloring his original strips for us and will continue the series beyond the point where it terminated in *Unicorn Times*.

This is only our second issue of the new decade, but already we're gathering momentum—it's no wonder we're caught up in the excitement! How about you?

—Ted White

NASH THE SLASH



The crowd at Hurrah's in NY on a Tuesday night, was waiting for Ultravox, the British new wave group, when a quiet figure slipped out onto the dimly lit stage. The figure was a man dressed in a white tux with a white top hat, and his face—hard to tell in the blue light, but wasn't his face white, too? Shades covered his eyes, but—*yes!*—his face, his whole head, was covered with white bandages. Shades of the Invisible Man! People sensed that something was about to happen, and suddenly there was a crowd in front of the stage.

The figure began touching the banks of controls, and sounds welled up: mechanical rhythms, synthetic sequences—modern sounds, the sounds of Eno and Cluster, the sounds of Kraftwerk—the sounds of modern music-making machines. Then, as the light changed from soft blue to brilliant white with tinges of red and green, the silent figure picked up a mandolin—yes, a *mandolin!*—and struck it, producing a massive power chord, a blast of sound that would have made more sense coming from a guitar. From that minute on, Nash the Slash had the audience completely under his control.

Working with lights and slide projections—which, among other functions, announced the title of each piece for him, silent screen style—Nash the Slash put on an engrossing hour's worth of music and performance, never lagging, and climaxing with his stunning version of Peter Townshend's "Baba O'Riley," putting aside the mandolin for a violin. He ended the show by attacking his violin with a power saw, slashing it to splinters that he threw into the eager audience. He did no encore.

Although Nash's showmanship is unique and reveals a considerable flair, his music lies at the core of his performances. It too is unique: a blend of modern, post-Roxy Music new wave with echoes of Eno's work; archetypical, Who-inspired power chords; and King Crimson-like contrasts between riveting dissonances and lyrical beauty. And all by one man, alone on a stage: a man and his machines.

"Actually, my set-up is like the Model-T of synthesizers," he says. "I don't use any real synthesizers. I have a couple of drum machines, Crumar's Multiman String Machine, Crumar's bass pedals, and a whole lot of stock guitar components—fuzztones, flangers, echoplexes, that sort of thing. I could have spent ten thousand dollars on a fancy synthesizer or two, but instead I spent that money on a lot of fifty-dollar devices, which I've mounted and interconnected myself. I prefer it. It gives me complete control over what I'm doing."

Nash uses the machines to set up his accompaniment—the key-shifts of which he controls with his bass pedals—over which he "solos" on violin or mandolin, both electrified and subjected to modification by other devices. (All of his music is produced in "real time" except for the backing

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MUZICK

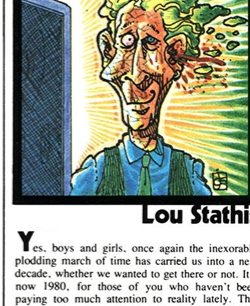

Illustration by Dan Steffan

Lou Stathis

Yes, boys and girls, once again the inexorably plodding march of time has carried us into a new decade, whether we wanted to get there or not. It's now 1980, for those of you who haven't been paying too much attention to reality lately. This means that we're pushing into the last one-fifth of a century that has been notable mostly for its hell-bent plunge into the devouring gravity well of its own uncertain future. Never before have human beings been so obsessed with their own future. That's not surprising though, considering that never before has the future arrived so quickly. Technological progress in the twentieth century has zipped along at such a maddening pace that far too often the future is here before we've even noticed the present go past. This results in a rather unpleasant feeling in the brain's chronological stabilization system, a sort of psychological motion sickness in which the mind feels compelled to reach out for a crutch in order to stay sane—usually a steadying hand-hold into the familiar past (aka nostalgia). What we like to call "art" is the result of the struggling the mind endures as it digests and attempts to correlate the inequities of external reality. Is it any wonder, then, that the art of the twentieth century has been so obsessed with the concept of futurism?

Take science fiction as an example. It is an art form that confronts directly the dislocations of the onrushing future, or at least it does so in its purest form. The development of SF has closely paralleled the era of accelerated progress that began over 150 years ago with the Industrial Revolution. Few, if any, human beings felt the need to invent science fiction prior to that time; only since then has the true power of technology to transform our lives while we were living them become obvious. Once the form of SF was forged (perhaps by Mary Shelley, as Brian Aldiss has suggested), it spread and flourished, as more writers found it an appropriate vocabulary to express the strange feelings in their guts and the visions in their heads. It was segregated from other literature and christened (with the thankfully forgotten appellation of "scientifiction") in 1926, its equivalent of puberty, and then entered a long, trying adolescence. Only recently has it entered what could be considered adulthood—it might be just another stage for all I know, but it has, at least, begun to loosen its grip on its adolescent neuroses and phobias (women and sex-role stereotyping, style deafness, characters without feeling or depth, etc.).

The story of rok is a similar one. Like science fiction, it is a gutter art form, in existence for only the last twenty-five years or so. It is fundamentally tied to technology—electricity—because its es-

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FLIX

Photograph by Hoyt Hilsman, The Preservation Society of Newport County

Bhob

Although Carrie White "hated her face, her dull, stupid, bovine face, the vapid eyes, the red, shiny pimples, the nests of blackheads," the 1974 *Carrie* hardback ignored Stephen King's descriptions of his oppressed high school misfit in favor of a slick, glamorized photo for the jacket, and the book chalked up unspectacular sales. With the release of the 1976 film adaptation and its reverse twist on Hollywood's perennial exploitative "woman as victim" theme, the paperback was repackaged as a movie tie-in showing Sissy Spacek drenched in pig blood (actually Karo syrup and food coloring). This key book jacket/film poster image of the bloody Prom Night humiliation that sparks Carrie's telekinetic wave of destruction subliminally suggests a submerged allegory of militant feminism (underlined by the cover blurb, "THEY NEVER KNEW SHE HAD THE POWER..."). Echoing the earlier locker room scene of Carrie's first period (when she also reached her TK "mental puberty"), it showed Carrie, herself not unlike a stained sanitary napkin, as she stood there in her white, blood-bespattered dress. Triggering the audience's collective unconscious to unleash forgotten and repressed high school memories ("A prom is like your first sexual experience," said *Carrie* director Brian De Palma), the film has since achieved a remarkable popularity. In TV ratings it ranks *sixth* among all 199 theatrical motion pictures given network showings during the '78–'79 TV season—beaten out only by *Rocky*, *The Sting*, and repeats of *GWTW*, *The Ten Commandments*, and *Now You See Him, Now You Don't*. When I mentioned this to Stephen King, he seemed blithely unaware of the film's large pull on TV: "Really? Wow, that's incredible. I'm really surprised."

Not only did *Carrie* win Sissy Spacek a National Society of Film Critics Award for Best Actress, it catapulted King's career. When the paperback switched its cover to the Spacek photo, sales soared toward four million copies. In only five years King has totaled an awesome ten million copies in print of all his books, published in hardback by Doubleday and Viking and in paperback by New American Library (Signet). Estimates have it that movie tie-ins and other editions during the coming year will *more than double* this figure, explaining, perhaps, why the NAL promotion department has labeled him "the best selling author in the world in 1980."

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SF

Steve Brown

For thousands of years the human race has projected its fears and desires onto the Universe in the form of myths. From the moody *sturm und drang* of the Norse sagas to the sophisticated soap operas of the Greeks and Romans, these stories act as grand metaphors for the cultures that created them. There is something inherently fascinating about tales of immortals with god-sized problems who manipulate the stuff of existence itself, a fascination that lies behind the creation of the literature of fantasy, when the culture stopped believing in myths, and science fiction—the streamlined modern descendant of fantasy.

One of the most interesting creators of modern myth, and a powerful manipulator of archetypes, is Roger Zelazny. Zelazny has devoted a career spanning myriad short stories and eighteen novels to an attempt at fashioning his own contemporary mythology, from the intricate melding of Hindu myth structure and modern technology of his Hugo-winning novel, *The Lord of Light*, to the gaudy pageantry of his five-book Amber series.

All too often Zelazny's purpose became obscured in bombast, as in the tedious squabblings of the Princes of Amber. But in his newest novel, *Roadmarks*, he has honed his storytelling (and myth building) skills to the sharpest of edges.

The Road marked in the title is nothing less than Time seen as a literal highway complete with off- and on-ramps, rest stops and gas stations, traffic cops, and an odd variety of traffic:

> Red Dorakeen was on a quiet section of the Road, straight and still as death and faintly sparkling. A pair of futuristic vehicles had passed him several hours earlier, moving at fantastic speeds, and he had later overtaken a coach-and-four and then a solitary horseman. He kept his blue Dodge pickup in the right-hand lane and maintained a steady 65 MPH. He chewed his cigar and hummed.

Red Dorakeen smokes cigars, wears a baseball hat, and possibly isn't human. He has been traveling the Road in his pickup for a very long time, making a living transporting items from one historical era to another, and searching for his beginnings. He seems to be growing gradually younger; his earliest memory is of walking an offshoot of the Road as an old man. Probably he is descended from dragons, but he isn't sure. He keeps trying to change the past in various ways to create new exits and side-Roads in an attempt to find his way back to where he thinks he came from. Time in this book is presented as not only mutable but in a constant state of flux.

Roadmarks is a book that should appeal to *Heavy Metal* readers of all varieties. The surface plot is an exciting vendetta against Red Dorakeen by an old partner of his. Chadwick has declared a black decade; the Games Board in the twenty-fifth century has allowed Chadwick ten chances to kill Red. He may, and does, use hired agents ranging from a futuristic tank controlled by a wired-in

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COMIX

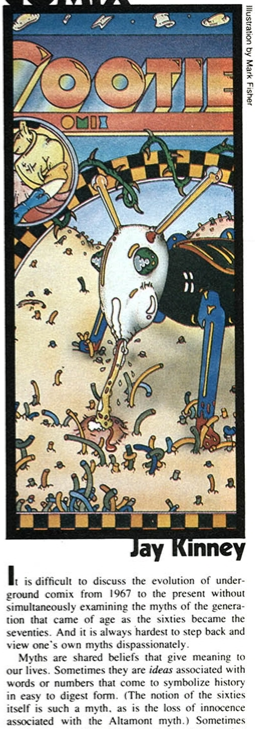


Illustration by Mark Fisher

Jay Kinney

It is difficult to discuss the evolution of underground comix from 1967 to the present without simultaneously examining the myths of the generation that came of age as the sixties became the seventies. And it is always hardest to step back and view one's own myths dispassionately.

Myths are shared beliefs that give meaning to our lives. Sometimes they are *ideas* associated with words or numbers that come to symbolize history in easy to digest form. (The notion of the sixties itself is such a myth, as is the loss of innocence associated with the Altamont myth.) Sometimes myths are *ways of looking* at people and events that enable us to establish our own identity or label others (the myths of freaks and straights, of superstars, and, more recently, of punks).

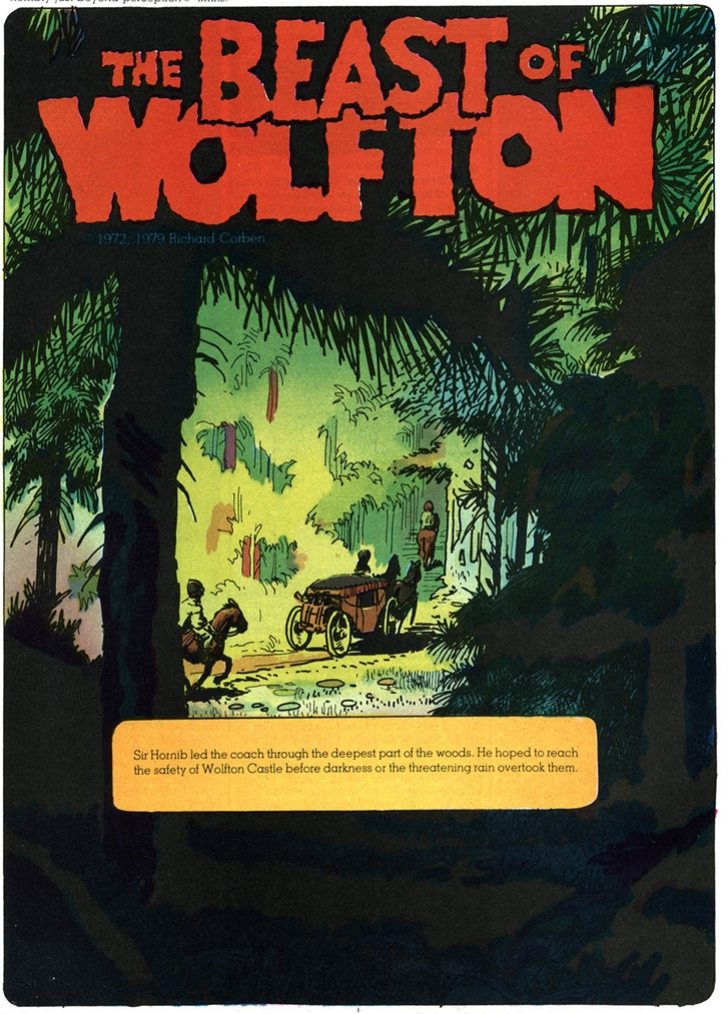
But whatever their role, one thing seems to be true of our modern myths, and that is that they are as changeable as fashion—as transitory as the events for which they provide explanations.

This is certainly true in the case of the prime mass-bohemian myth of the late sixties, the counterculture. Like all good myths, the counterculture seemed real as long as its citizens believed in it. But once that faith began to ebb, as the subculture's symbols and trappings spread far beyond the enclaves, the counterculture as an actual entity seemed to evaporate like a puddle of spilled Annie Greensprings. A mixed legacy of purer foods, alternate life-styles, environmental concerns, and expensive drug habits are all that remain—echoes of a once unified gestalt.

continued on page 85

In remote ancient lands north of Canisland there lay vast forests called the Direbak. The people that lived there shivered and hid in the gloomy dark. Their fears were founded in more than groundless myths. Here the unknown menace was substantial and hovered horribly just beyond perception's limits.

THE BEAST OF WOLFTON



Sir Hornib led the coach through the deepest part of the woods. He hoped to reach the safety of Wolfton Castle before darkness or the threatening rain overtook them.

A phantom dread clutched at the lonely travelers. Strange rumors had saturated the land. Mangled bodies had been found. Could it be the work of a huge, bewitched bear? A wolf pack? None who had seen the truth, lived to tell.


Sir Hornib, the horses are amazingly nervous.
I'm surrounded by brainless whimpering cowards.
Let's be off!
CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH
Malgrin Castle! We made it.
LET US IN! We have business with your Lord Malgrin.
Open the gate! They are people.

Lord Malgrin was roused to greet his guests.

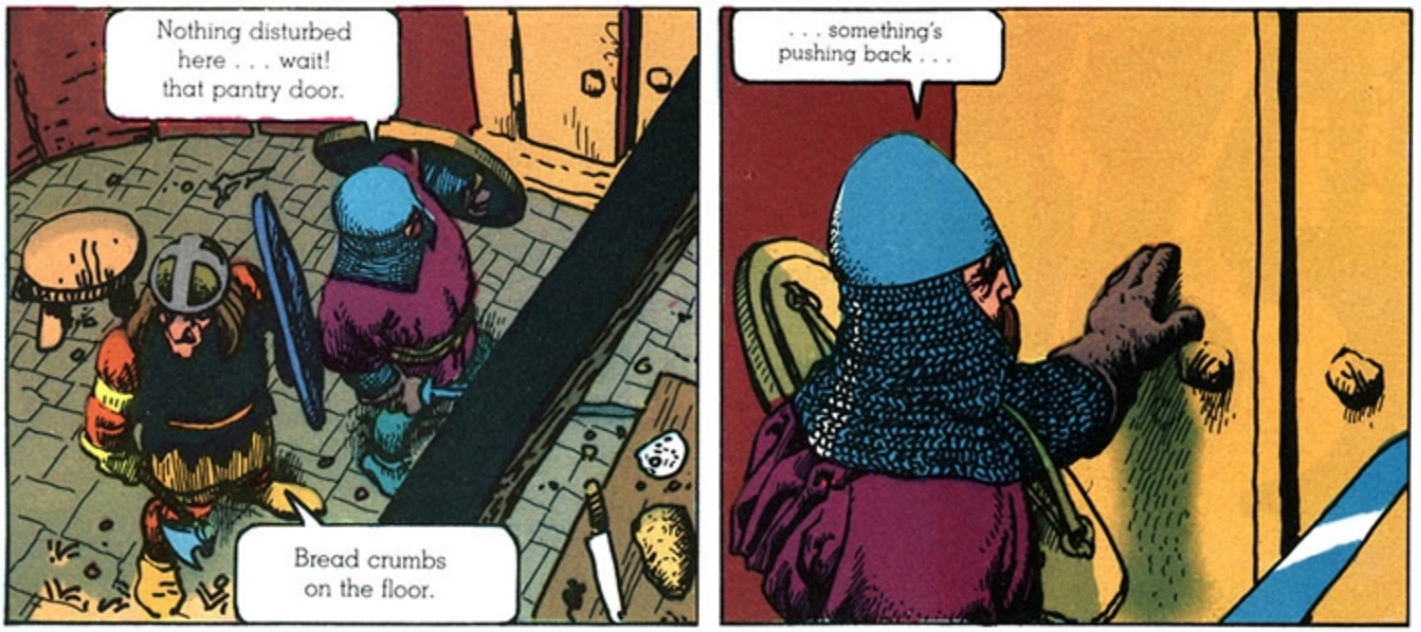
Tired from the journey and the tension, Lady Chabita begged to be excused and retired to a sleeping room.

After an hour or more . . .

Lightning flashed and thunder roared as Homib assailed his reluctant wife. However, her resistance finally caused him to withdraw.

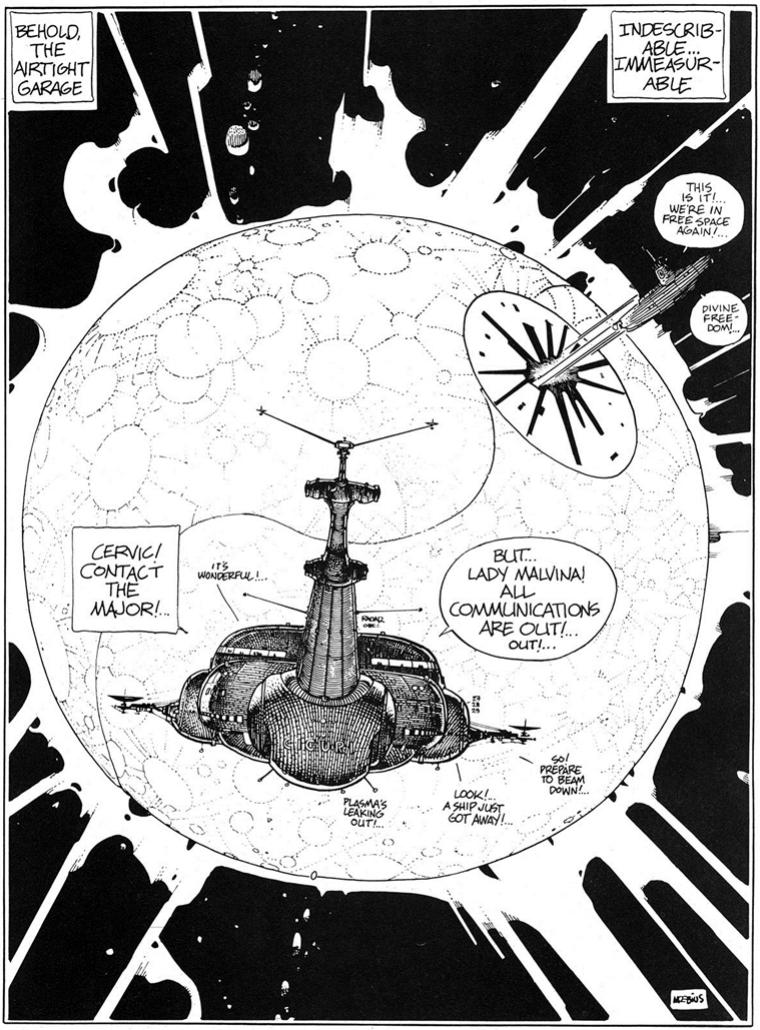
The wary soldiers went to the most recent site of the beast's rampage. They reached the abandoned inn before noon.

Dancing shadows suggested sinister phantoms. The horsemen penetrated deeper into the wilds.



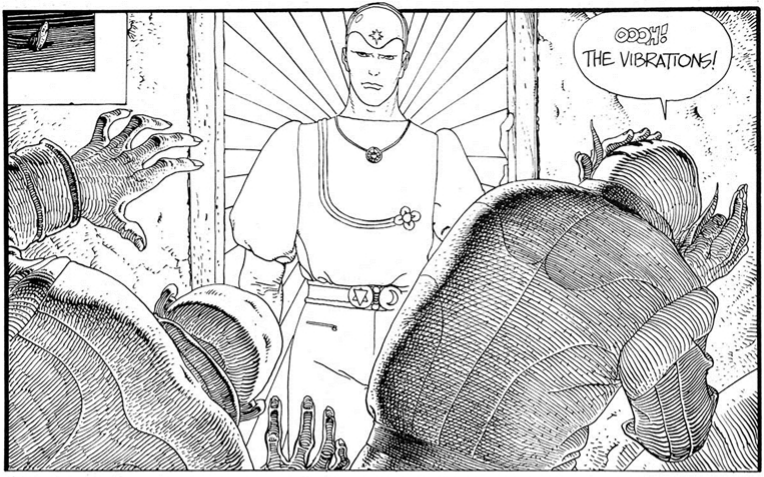
From the barn's hayloft, two bestial eyes watched the soldiers leave.

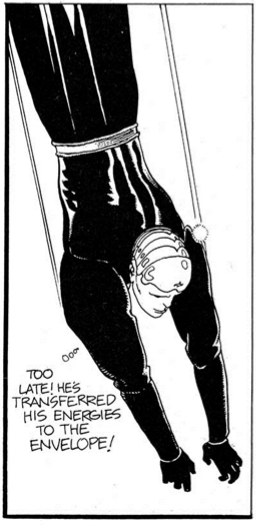
To be continued.

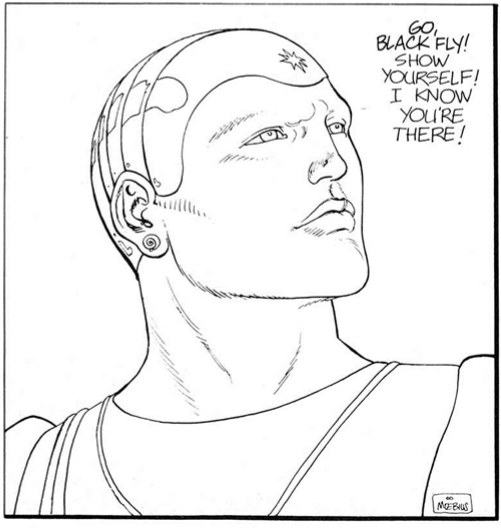

BEHOLD, THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE
INDESCRIBABLE... IMMEASURABLE
THIS IS IT!... WE'RE IN FREE SPACE AGAIN!...
DIVINE FREEDOM!...
CERVIC! CONTACT THE MAJOR!...
IT'S WONDERFUL!...
BUT... LADY MALVINA! ALL COMMUNICATIONS ARE OUT!... OUT!...
KNOCK! CRAC!
PLASMA'S LEAKING OUT!...
LOOK!... A SHIP JUST GOT AWAY!!...
GO! PREPARE TO BEAM DOWN!...
MOEBIUS

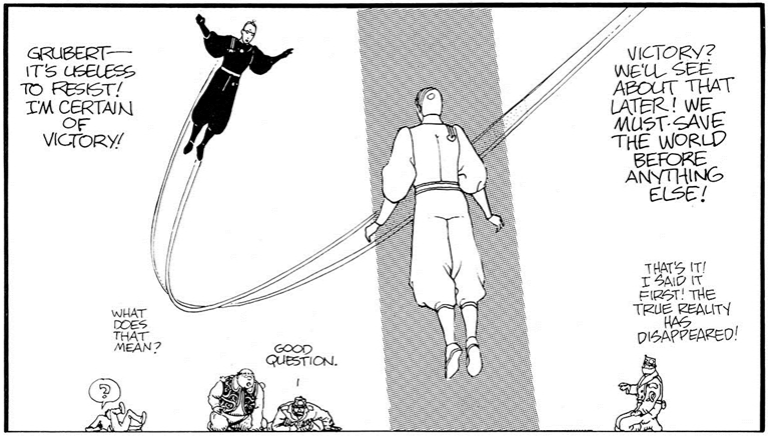
MEANWHILE: ON BOARD THE MAJOR'S EXISTENTIAL SHIP, THE **CIGURI**.

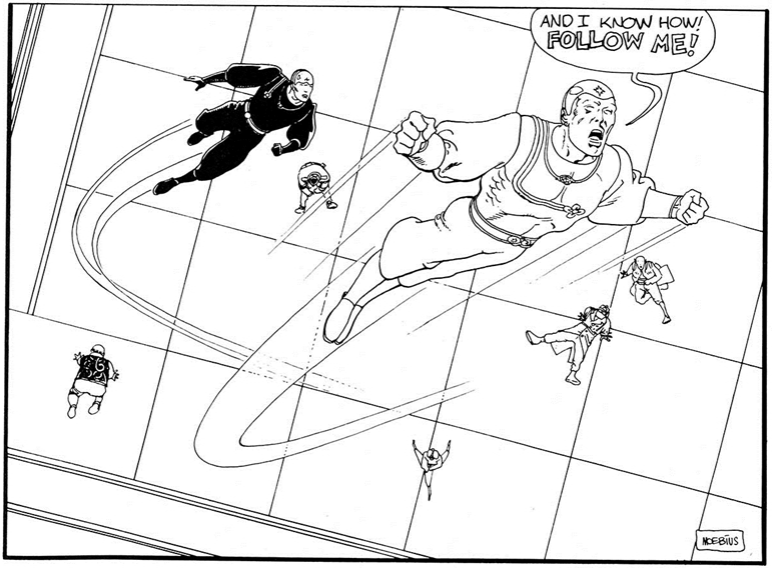
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE by MOËBIUS

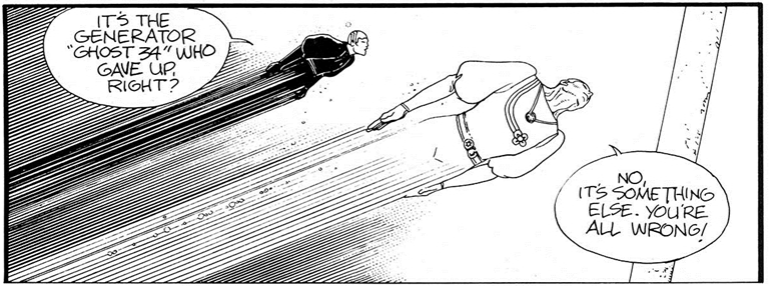

OOOH!
THE VIBRATIONS!

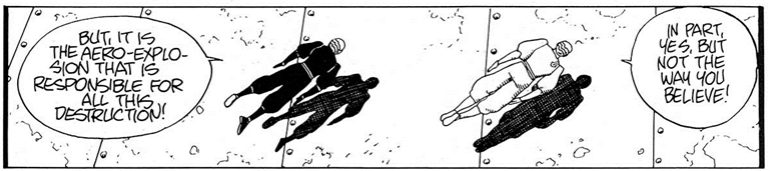

TOO LATE! HE'S TRANSFERRED HIS ENERGIES TO THE ENVELOPE!

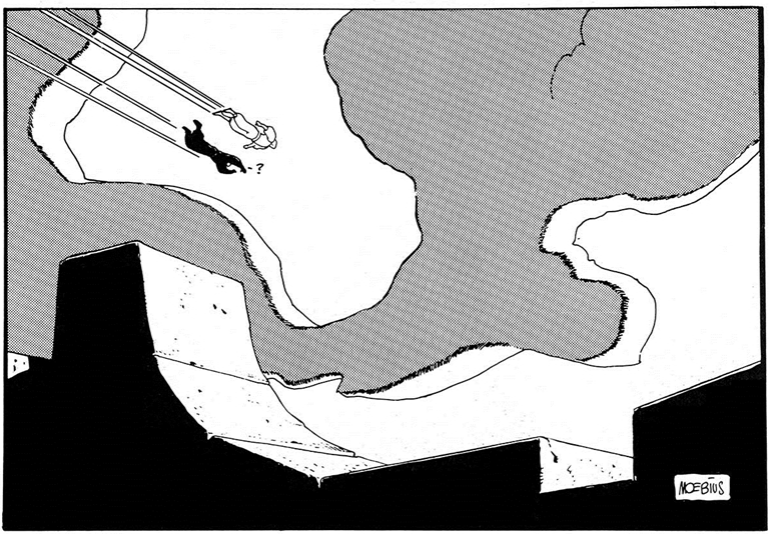

GO, BLACK FLY! SHOW YOURSELF! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!
MŒBIUS


GRUBERT— IT'S USELESS TO RESIST! I'M CERTAIN OF VICTORY!
VICTORY? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT LATER! WE MUST SAVE THE WORLD BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE!
THAT'S IT! I SAID IT FIRST! THE TRUE REALITY HAS DISAPPEARED!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
GOOD QUESTION.
?


AND I KNOW HOW! FOLLOW ME!
MOEBIUS


IT'S THE GENERATOR "GHOST 34" WHO GAVE UP, RIGHT?
NO, IT'S SOMETHING ELSE. YOU'RE ALL WRONG!


BUT, IT IS THE AERO-EXPLOSION THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS DESTRUCTION!
IN PART, YES, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU BELIEVE!

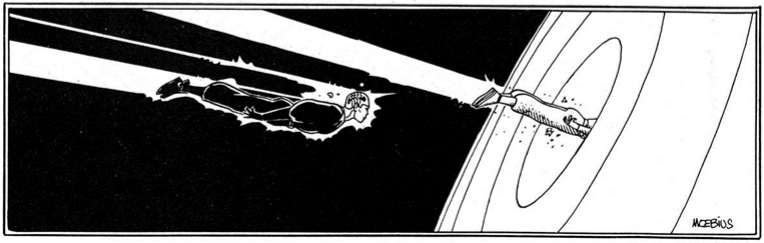

?
MŒBIUS

MEGATROPOLIS SITE

MAJOR GRUBER

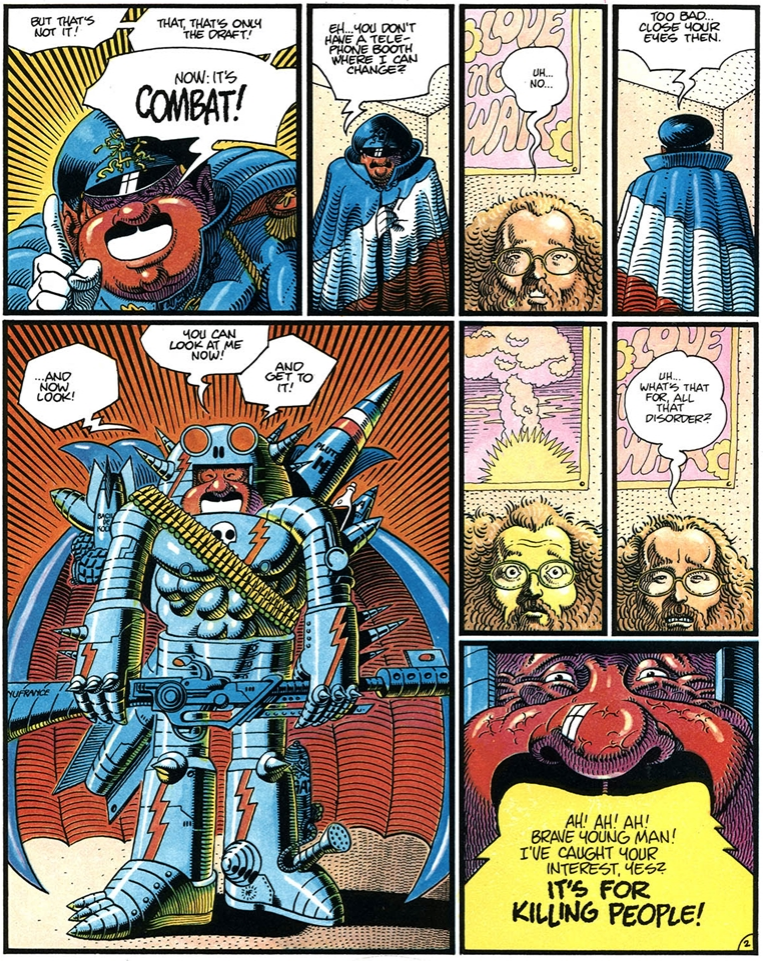
GARAGE AIRTIGHT

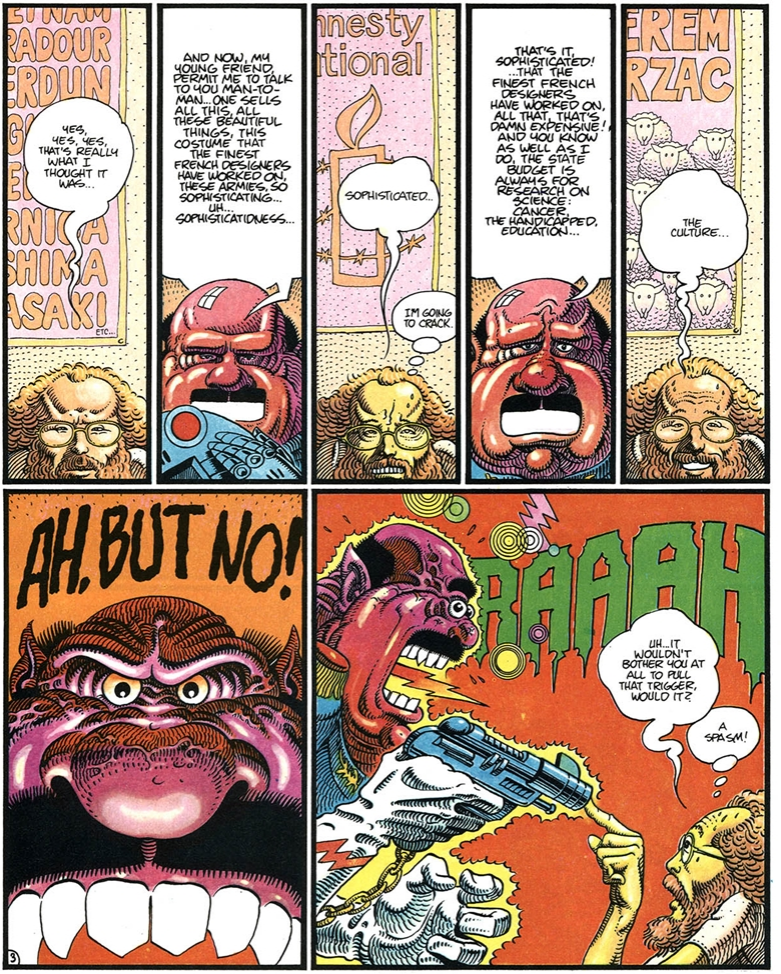
THE WAVES OF FORMS

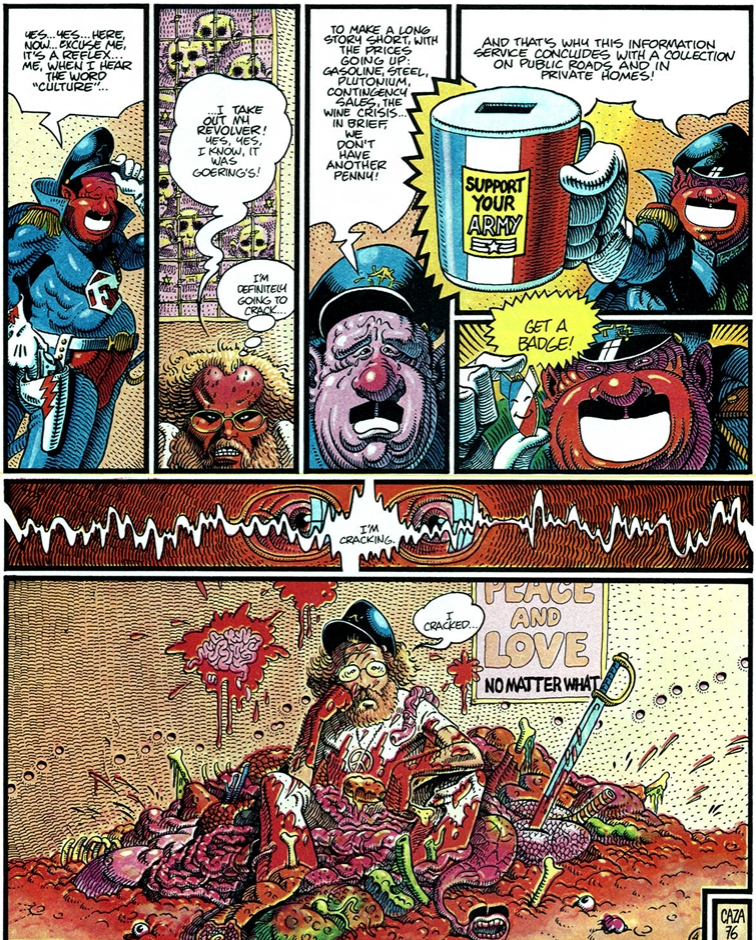


TO BE CONTINUED...

SCENES FROM LIFE IN THE SUBURBS: THE VISITORS FROM JULY
by Caza


BUT THAT'S NOT IT!
THAT, THAT'S ONLY THE DRAFT!
NOW: IT'S COMBAT!
EH, YOU DON'T HAVE A TELE-PHONE BOOTH WHERE I CAN CHANGE?
UH... NO...
TOO BAD.. CLOSE YOUR EYES THEN.
YOU CAN LOOK AT ME NOW!
AND GET TO IT!
...AND NOW LOOK!
UH... WHAT'S THAT FOR, ALL THAT DISORDER?
AH! AH! AH! BRAVE YOUNG MAN! I'VE CAUGHT YOUR INTEREST, YES? IT'S FOR KILLING PEOPLE!

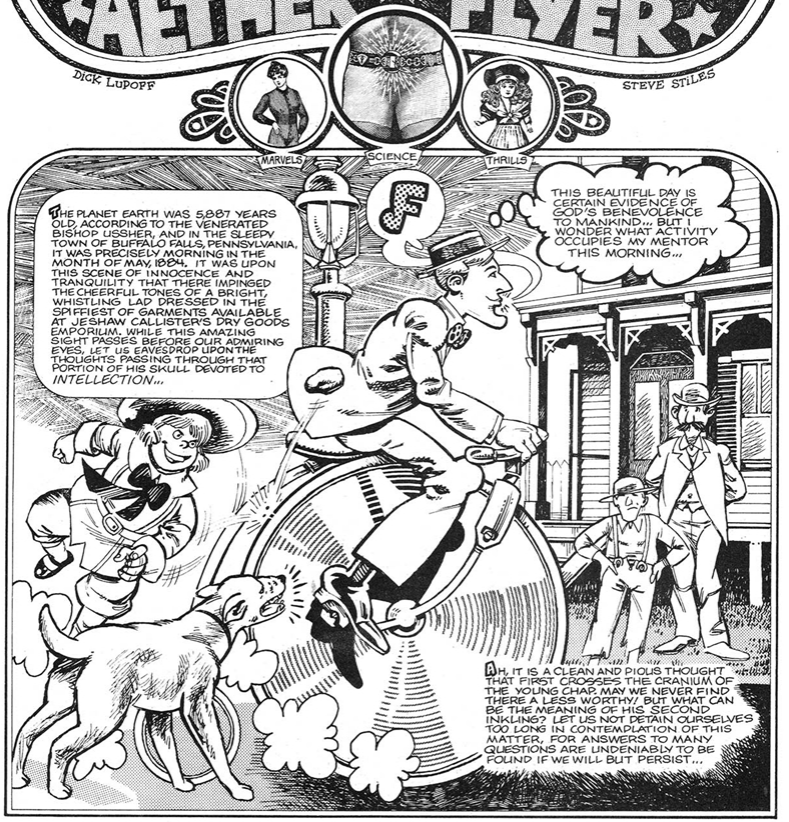

YES, YES, YES, THAT'S REALLY WHAT I THOUGHT IT WAS...
ETC...
AND NOW, MY YOUNG FRIEND, PERMIT ME TO TALK TO YOU MAN-TO-MAN... ONE SELLS ALL THIS, ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL THINGS, THIS COSTUME THAT THE FINEST FRENCH DESIGNERS HAVE WORKED ON, THESE ARMIES, SO SOPHISTICATING... UH... SOPHISTICATIDNESS...
SOPHISTICATED...
IM GOING TO CRACK.
THAT'S IT, SOPHISTICATED! ...THAT THE FINEST FRENCH DESIGNERS HAVE WORKED ON, ALL THAT, THAT'S DAMN EXPENSIVE! AND YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, THE STATE BUDGET IS ALWAYS FOR RESEARCH ON SCIENCE: CANCER, THE HANDICAPPED, EDUCATION...
THE CULTURE...
AH, BUT NO!
RAAAH
UH... IT WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU AT ALL TO PULL THAT TRIGGER, WOULD IT?
A SPASM!


YES...YES... HERE, NOW... EXCUSE ME, IT'S A REFLEX... ME, WHEN I HEAR THE WORD "CULTURE"...
I TAKE OUT MY REVOLVER! YES, YES, I KNOW, IT WAS GOERING'S!
I'M DEFINITELY GOING TO CRACK...
TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, WITH THE PRICES GOING UP: GASOLINE, STEEL, PLUTONIUM, CONTINGENCY SALES, THE WINE CRISIS... IN BRIEF, WE DON'T HAVE ANOTHER PENNY!
AND THAT'S WHY THIS INFORMATION SERVICE CONCLUDES WITH A COLLECTION ON PUBLIC ROADS AND IN PRIVATE HOMES!
SUPPORT YOUR ARMY
GET A BADGE!
I'M CRACKING...
I CRACKED...
PEACE AND LOVE
NO MATTER WHAT
CAZA 76

THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER

DICK LUPOFF

STEVE STILES




BUT SUDDENLY...
?!
...THE YOUNG LAD'S DEEP RUMINATIONS ARE INTERRUPTED AS HIS ORBS ESPY A SIGHT OF SUCH ASTONISHING NATURE THAT...
CRIKEY!
!
...OUR YOUTHFUL NATIVE SON LOSES HIS PURCHASE UPON HIS TRUSTY VELOCIPEDE WITH AN ABRUPT VELOCITY, SO THAT...
AWP!
CRASH
...A PORTION OF HIS ANATOMY MAKES VIOLENT CONTACT WITH THE SIDEWALK!
"IF MY SENSES HAVE NOT "TAKEN LEAVE," I DO BELIEVE THERE IS A REMARKABLE EXCAVATION IN THE PROFESSOR'S BACKYARD!
MY GOSH!
TAKE NOTE
THE YOUTH ADVANCES TO THE VERY PRECIPICE AND, BODY INCLINED FORWARD TO ASSURE HIM OF AN IMPROVED LINE OF VISION, PEERS INTO THE DARK DEPTHS BENEATH HIS PERSON...
?
...THE SOUND OF A SHOVEL WORKING THE EARTH...
AHOY BELOW!
IS THAT YOU IN THAT HOLE, REVERED SIR?
HALLO!
AHOY!
THUD!
HUZ-ZAH!
SIGH!
...YES... IT IS INDEED I, HERKIMER!
...MOAN...

YOUNG **HERKIMER**-FOR THIS WAS INDEED THE NOMEN BY WHICH THE LAD WAS KNOWN- GAZED ADMIRINGLY UPON HIS ELDER, **PROFESSOR THEOBALD URIAH THINTWHISTLE**, AS HE EMERGED FROM THE STYGIAN DEPTHS...

HERE I AM, MY YOUNG FELLOW! WHAT SERVICE CAN I RENDER FOR THE EASEMENT OF YOUR MIND?

WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THAT DARK HOLE, REVERED SIR?

PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE, OR "**OLD TUT**," AS SCHOOL WISEACRES REFERRED TO HIM, MADE HASTE TO ANSWER, EVEN AS THE USUAL SMALL DISQUIETING THOUGHT HAD ITS BIRTH IN HIS WELL-STOCKED CRANIAL DOME...

WILL I **EVER** BE RID OF THIS PESTIFEROUS **NITWIT**?

WORK OF A HIGHLY **CONFIDENTIAL** NATURE, LAD!

COME INTO THE HOUSE AND I WILL EXPLAIN **ALL**!

I WILL ASK JEFFERSON JACKSON CLAY TO FETCH US SOME TEA!

WHERE **HAS** THAT LAZY BLACKAMOOR GOTTEN TO?

OH, BOY!

BANG!

YOWSAH, MIST' PUFESSAH, HYAH AH IS!

FETCH US SOME TEA, YOU BLOODY BABOON!

...HE IS, OF COURSE, BUT A SIMPLE CHILD OF NATURE...

...AS ALL HIS KIND HE WOULD BE LOST WITHOUT US TO PROVIDE GUIDANCE AND DISCIPLINE!

...NOW, HERKIMER, IF YOU WILL ENLIGHTEN ME AS TO YOUR PUZZLEMENT, I WILL ENDEAVOR TO RELIEVE YOUR CONDITION!

SIR, AS I WAS PEDALING BY UPON MY VELOCIPEDE, I WAS PRECIPITATELY FIRED WITH CURIOSITY AS TO THE NATURE OF THE ACTIVITY TAKING PLACE BELOW!

MY YOUNG FRIEND, YOU HAVE STUMBLED UPON A MATTER OF **EARTHSHAKING IMPORT**: COME WITH ME TO THE CELLAR OF MY DOMICILE, AND THERE I WILL REVEAL TO YOUR DAZZLED SIGHT MY **ASTONISHING INVENTION**!

YOU SEE, I WAS DIGGING FOR **COAL**, MY BOY; FINE ANTHRACITE COAL IN WHICH OUR REGION SO FAMOUSLY ABOUNDS.

BEHOLD NOW THE REASON I EXERTED SUCH AN EFFORT...

WOODEN STAIRS DEBOUCHED UPON A LARGE PLATFORM BEYOND AND ABOVE WHICH THERE TOWERED A COMPLEX DEVICE THAT BOTH DAZZLED AND IMPRESSED HERKIMER AS THE MOST MARVELOUS AND REMARKABLE SIGHT TO EVER BEFALL HIS VISION...

...THE COAL, LAD, WILL IN DUE COURSE SERVE AS FUEL FOR THE BOILERS OF THE MECHANICAL MARVEL OF **ALL THE AGES**--

THEOBALD THINTWHISTLE'S **INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER**, THE "CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR," THE UNPRECEDENTED STEAM-PROPELLED CRAFT IN WHICH I SHALL **ASTOUND THE WORLD!**

HATH MAN DARED TOO MUCH!

"NOT SO!" REJOINED THE PROFESSOR, WHOSE MODERNISM AND **RADICAL THOUGHT** HAD OFTEN PROVIDED SCANDAL FOR WAGGING TONGUES IN THE PANTRIES AND LOWER INNS OF HIS BELOVED BUFFALO FALLS...

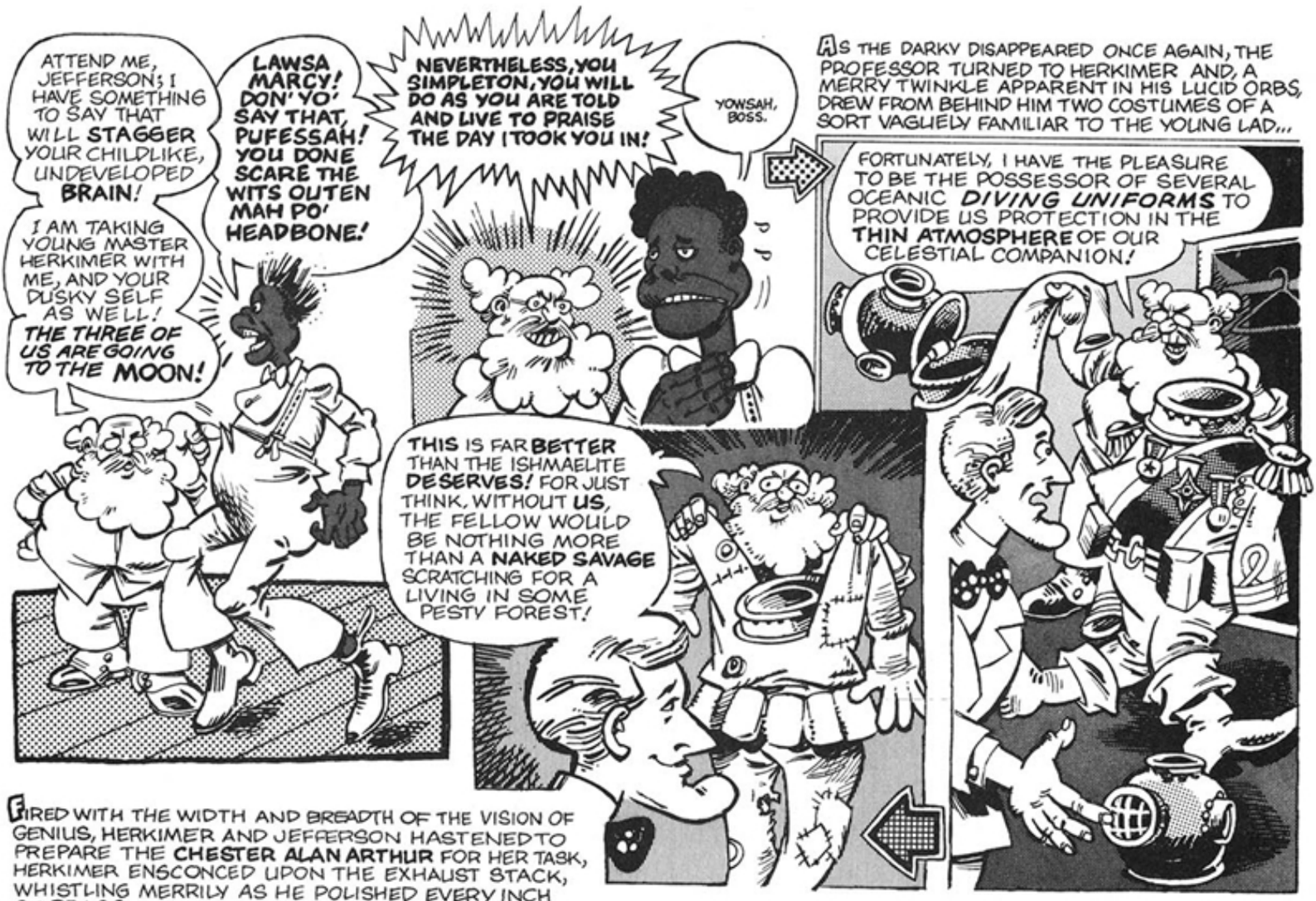
HAD HEAVEN **NOT** INTENDED THE "ARTHUR" TO SUCCEED, PENNSYLVANIA WOULD HAVE BEEN CREATED ENTIRELY **DEVOID OF COAL!**

...THUS, NATURE **PROVES** HER FAVORABLE ATTITUDE TOWARD THIS HIGH AND NOBLE ENDEAVOR!

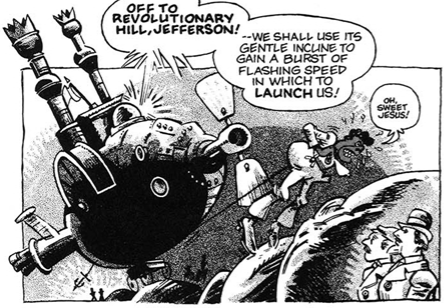
IS SHE FULLY MANNED, SIR? HAVE YOU ROOM IN YOUR CREW FOR **ME?**

THIS DAY I DO **SWEAR** IT, HERKIMER! THIS TWENTY THIRD OF MAY, 1884, DO I AFFIRM BY ALL THAT'S HOLY...

...I **SHALL** TAKE YOU WITH ME! AND JEFFERSON AS WELL! **THE THREE OF US SHALL FLY TO THE MOON!**

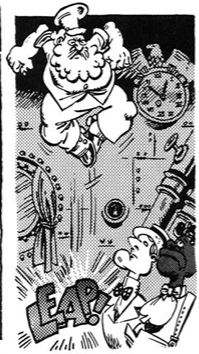


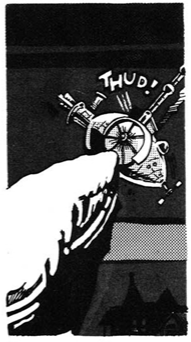
FIRED WITH THE WIDTH AND BREADTH OF THE VISION OF GENIUS, HERKIMER AND JEFFERSON HASTENED TO PREPARE THE CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR FOR HER TASK, HERKIMER ENSCONCED UPON THE EXHAUST STACK, WHISTLING MERRILY AS HE POLISHED EVERY INCH OF BRASS ON THE STARBOARD EXHAUST TRIM...


OFF TO REVOLUTIONARY HILL, JEFFERSON!
--WE SHALL USE ITS GENTLE INCLINE TO GAIN A BURST OF FLASHING SPEED IN WHICH TO LAUNCH US!
OH SWEET JESUS!


AT LENGTH, HAVING REACHED THE CREST OF THE HIGHEST PEAK WITHIN THE VILLAGE INCORPORATION LIMITS OF BUFFALO FALLS...
JEFFERSON! STEP LIVELY AND BRING YOUR WORTHLESS CARCASS TO THE SHIP! WE PREPARE TO DEPART!


IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE STALWART THREE WERE GATHERED IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS...
NOW FELLOWS, FOLLOW ME AS I JUMP UP AND DOWN TO GIVE OUR CRAFT HER START!


LEAP!


THUD!


LEAP!


HIGHER WITH EACH RISE AND LOWER WITH EACH DIP MOVED THE BOW OF THE FLYER, UNTIL WITH A SCRAPE AND A THUMP SHE DIPPED OVER THE EDGE OF REVOLUTIONARY HILL...
BOUNCE!
HUZZAH! WE'RE OFF!
WE ARE MOVING, PROFESSOR! YOUR THEORIES ARE VINDICATED AT LAST!
HIP, HIP...
BOUNCE!
TO BE CONTINUED... DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN!

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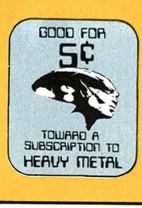

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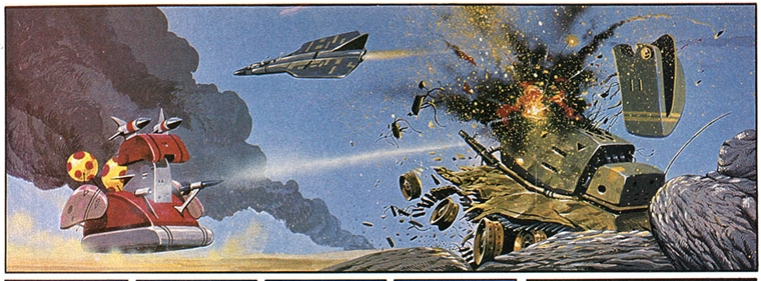
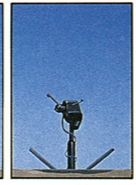
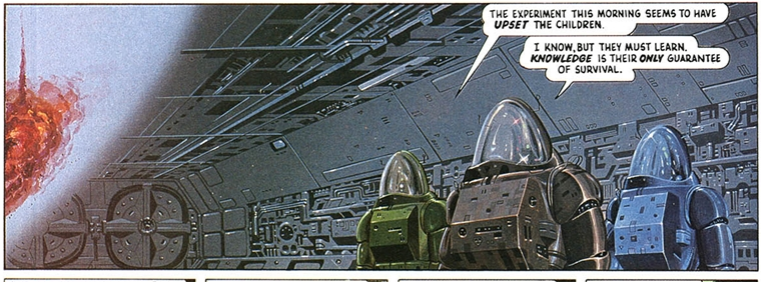
EXPERIMENT
WITH THE
AIR PUMP
BY ANGUS McKIE



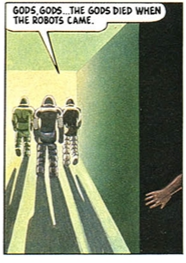



SECTOR
12
THE WAR GOES ON.


THE EXPERIMENT THIS MORNING SEEMS TO HAVE *UPSET* THE CHILDREN.
I KNOW, BUT THEY MUST LEARN. *KNOWLEDGE* IS THEIR *ONLY* GUARANTEE OF SURVIVAL.

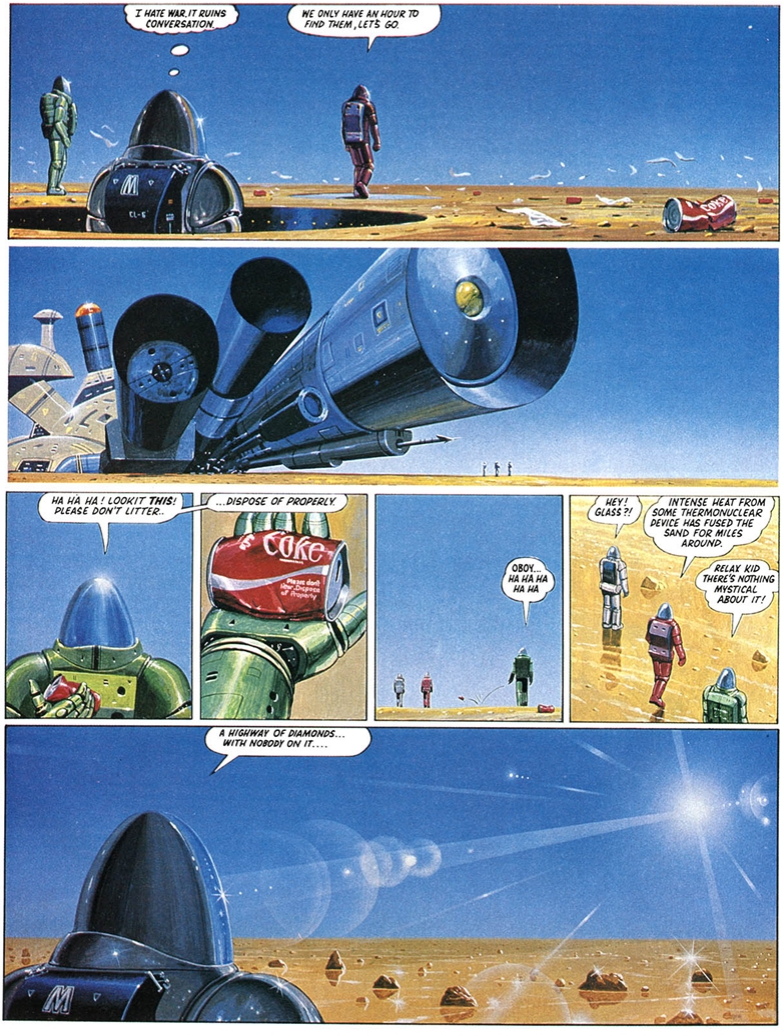

CONSIDER THIS... IT MAY BE THAT *THEY* ARE THE VERY *LAST*.

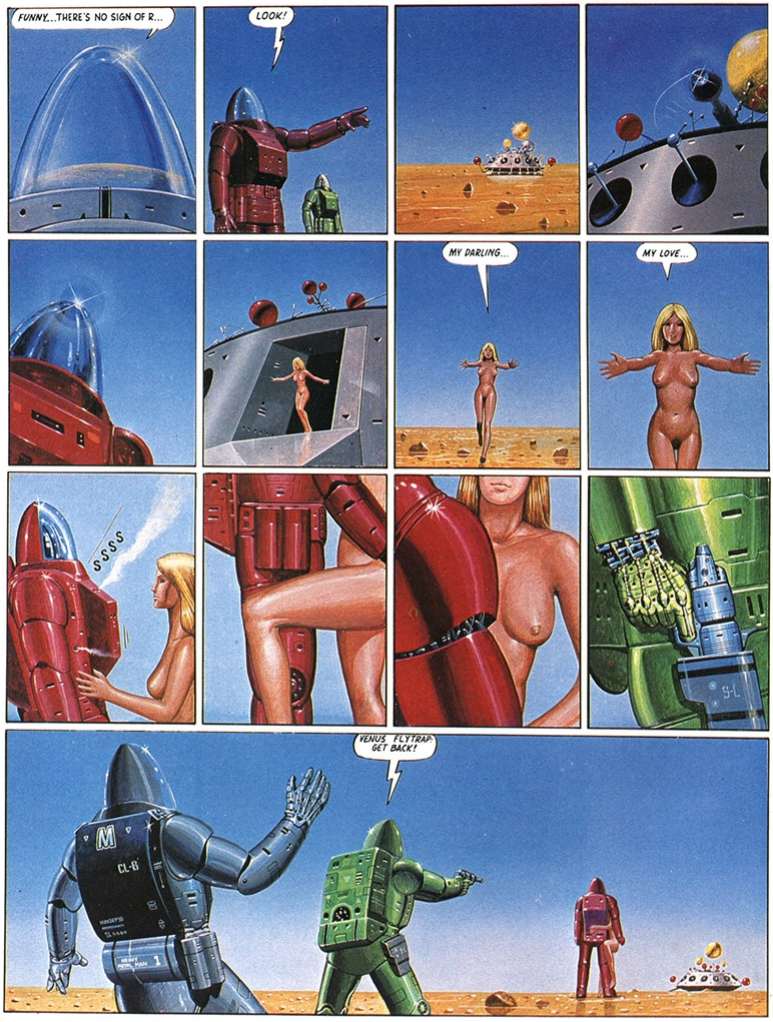

A MILLION YEARS OF EVOLUTION... AND IT COULD END TOMORROW.
I CANNOT *CONCEIVE* OF IT!
NEVER! NEVER! THE GODS WOULD NOT *ALLOW* IT!

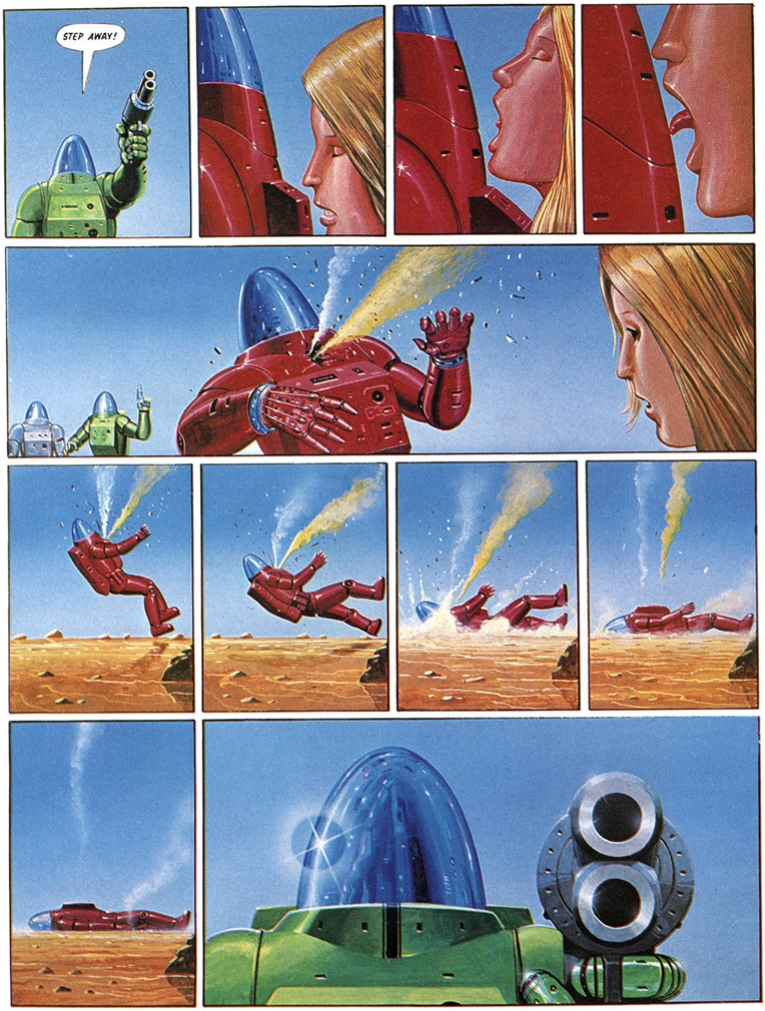

GODS, GODS... THE GODS DIED WHEN THE ROBOTS CAME.

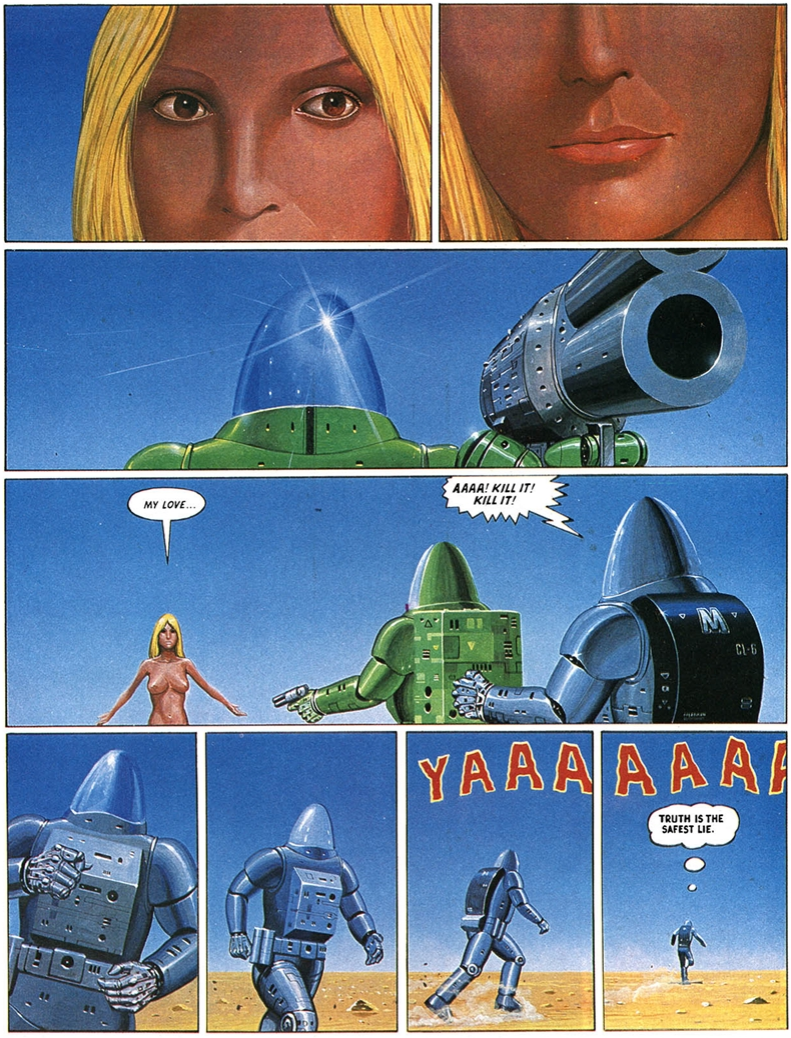

ONLY WE METAL MEN AND THE CHILDREN REMAIN.


HA HA HEE
AAAAH!
COME ON! LET'S FOLLOW THIS LIGHT.
ANYONE WHO STEPS ON A LINE BECOMES A MUTANT.
LOOK THERE!

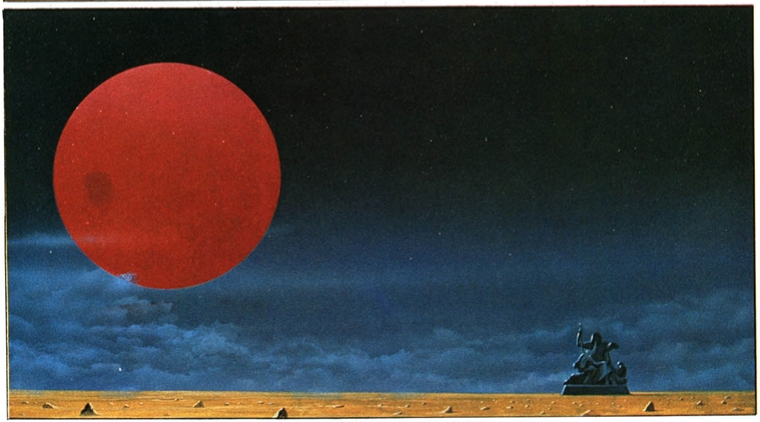

I HATE WAR, IT RUINS CONVERSATION...
WE ONLY HAVE AN HOUR TO FIND THEM, LET'S GO.
HA HA HA! LOOK IT THIS! PLEASE DON'T LITTER..
...DISPOSE OF PROPERLY
COKE
OBOY... HA HA HA HA HA
HEY! GLASS?!
INTENSE HEAT FROM SOME THERMONUCLEAR DEVICE HAS FUSED THE SAND FOR MILES AROUND.
RELAX KID THERE'S NOTHING MYSTICAL ABOUT IT!
A HIGHWAY OF DIAMONDS... WITH NOBODY ON IT....

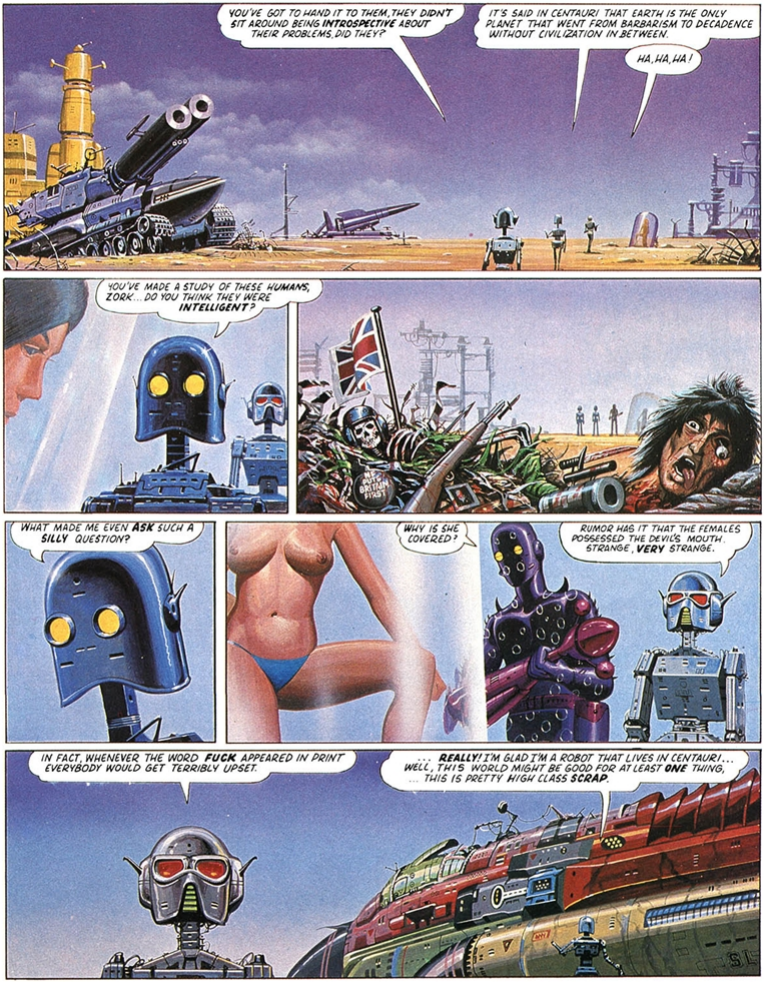

FUNNY...THERE'S NO SIGN OF R...
LOOK!
MY DARLING...
MY LOVE...
SSSS
VENUS FLYTRAP: GET BACK!
M
CL-16


STEP AWAY!


MY LOVE...
AAAA! KILL IT! KILL IT!
YAAA
AAAA
TRUTH IS THE SAFEST LIE.

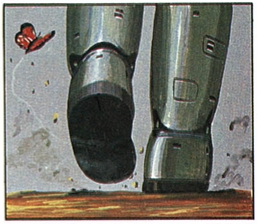

IT IS SAID THAT GOD CREATED MAN AND, FINDING HIM NOT SUFFICIENTLY ALONE, GAVE HIM A COMPANION TO MAKE HIM FEEL HIS SOLITUDE MORE KEENLY.

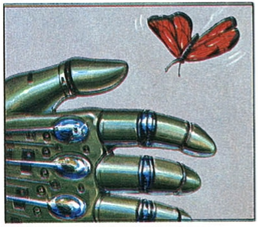


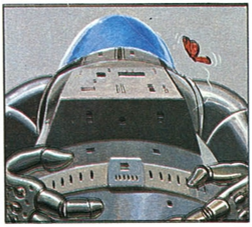

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THEM, THEY DIDN'T SIT AROUND BEING INTROSPECTIVE ABOUT THEIR PROBLEMS, DID THEY?
IT'S SAID IN CENTAURI THAT EARTH IS THE ONLY PLANET THAT WENT FROM BARBARISM TO DECADENCE WITHOUT CIVILIZATION IN BETWEEN.
HA, HA, HA!
YOU'VE MADE A STUDY OF THESE HUMANS, ZORK... DO YOU THINK THEY WERE INTELLIGENT?
WHAT MADE ME EVEN ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?
WHY IS SHE COVERED?
RUMOR HAS IT THAT THE FEMALES POSSESSED THE DEVIL'S MOUTH. STRANGE, VERY STRANGE.
IN FACT, WHENEVER THE WORD FUCK APPEARED IN PRINT EVERYBODY WOULD GET TERRIBLY UPSET.
... REALLY! I'M GLAD I'M A ROBOT THAT LIVES IN CENTAURI... WELL, THIS WORLD MIGHT BE GOOD FOR AT LEAST ONE THING, ... THIS IS PRETTY HIGH CLASS SCRAP.

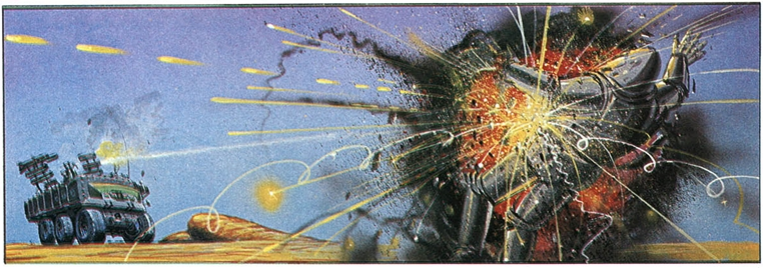

THE QUIET CITY IS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS. IT IS A THING UNCANNY...

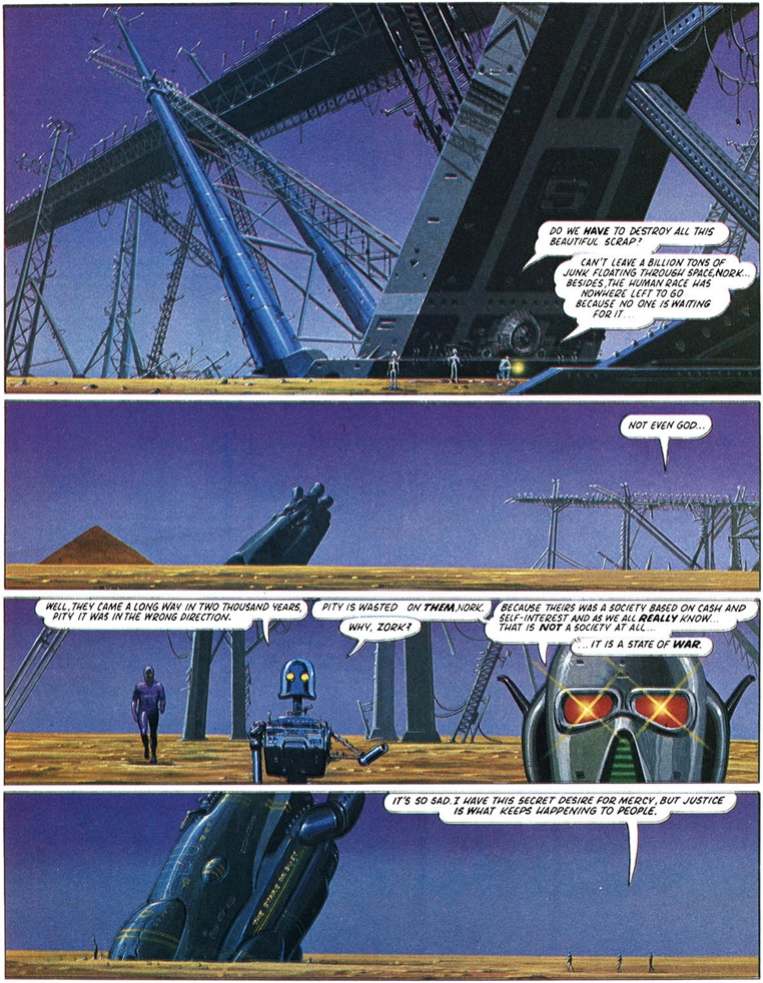

... SPECTRAL.
DANGER! FALLING SKYSCRAPERS

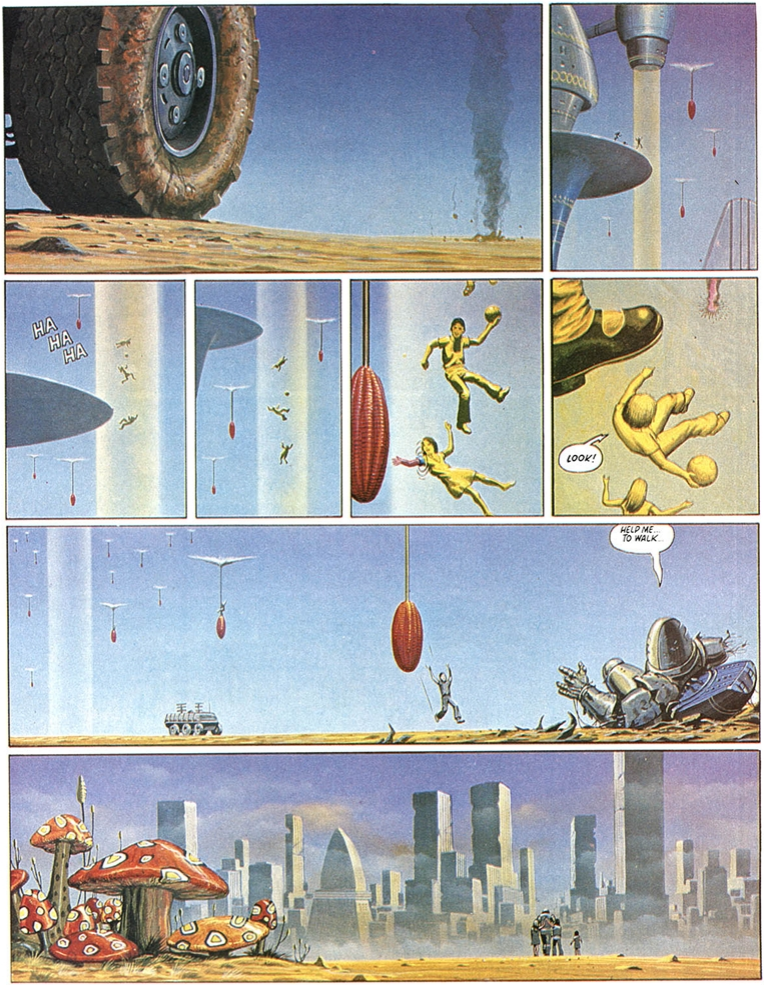









DO WE HAVE TO DESTROY ALL THIS BEAUTIFUL SCRAP?
CAN'T LEAVE A BILLION TONS OF JUNK FLOATING THROUGH SPACE, NORK... BESIDES, THE HUMAN RACE HAS NOWHERE LEFT TO GO BECAUSE NO ONE IS WAITING FOR IT.
NOT EVEN GOD...
WELL, THEY CAME A LONG WAY IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS, PITY IT WAS IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.
PITY IS WASTED ON THEM, NORK.
WHY, ZORK?
BECAUSE THEIRS WAS A SOCIETY BASED ON CASH AND SELF-INTEREST AND AS WE ALL REALLY KNOW... THAT IS NOT A SOCIETY AT ALL...
...IT IS A STATE OF WAR.
IT'S SO SAD. I HAVE THIS SECRET DESIRE FOR MERCY, BUT JUSTICE IS WHAT KEEPS HAPPENING TO PEOPLE.


HA HA HA
LOOK!
HELP ME... TO WALK...

YOU KNOW... IT'S A PITY WE NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO SPEAK TO A **REAL** HUMAN BEING. WHAT AN INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE **THAT** WOULD HAVE BEEN...

WELL IT'S AN EXPERIENCE **I'M** GLAD TO HAVE LIVED **WITHOUT!**

ME TOO... IT SAYS HERE IN THIS BOOK THAT THEY WERE DESCENDED FROM **MONKEYS!**

MONKEYS! AHA HA HA!

I THINK THEY MUST HAVE HAD A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR.

WHY IS THAT?

WELL YOU'D NEED ONE IF YOU LOOKED LIKE **THAT**, WOULDN'T YOU?

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

BE CAREFUL! THAT'S A... **GUITAR!!** I'VE **READ** ABOUT **THEM**. THEY WERE INCREDIBLY POWERFUL **WEAPONS!** THEY COULD CONTROL THE MINDS AND BODIES OF **THOUSANDS** OF PEOPLE!

EEEEEK!!

LOOK! I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING OF **REAL VALUE** AMONGST ALL THIS WORTHLESS **JUNK.**

A... PLASTIC FLUSH TOILET!

WOW!

WHAT A FIND!

THAT'S A VALUABLE PIECE OF PROPERTY, NORK! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SELL IT TO THE **ART CONNOISSEURS** IN ANTARES FOR A **FORTUNE...**

YOU **LUCKY BASTARD!** PLASTIC IS ONE OF THE RAREST SUBSTANCES IN THE WHOLE GALAXY.

THOSE CRAZY HUMANS, THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT ART IS!

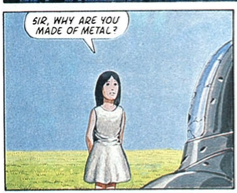
ER... WHAT IS IT, ZORK?

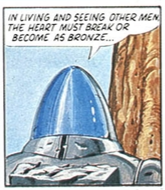
ART! ART, NORK IS... **A LIE** THAT MAKES US REALIZE THE **TRUTH!**

YEAH! AND I'M GONNA SIT ON MY TOILET ALL THE WAY BACK TO CENTAURI.


GOD, THE FIRST GARDEN MADE...


AND CAIN, THE FIRST CITY.

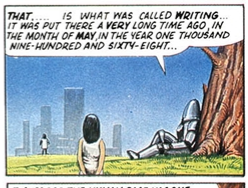

SIR, WHY ARE YOU MADE OF METAL?


IN LIVING AND SEEING OTHER MEN THE HEART MUST BREAK OR BECOME AS BRONZE...


RADIATION DEFORMED ME IN THE WAR. THEY TOLD ME THAT I WOULD DIE WITHOUT THIS IRON BODY. THEY SAY I AM... HORRIBLY DISFIGURED.

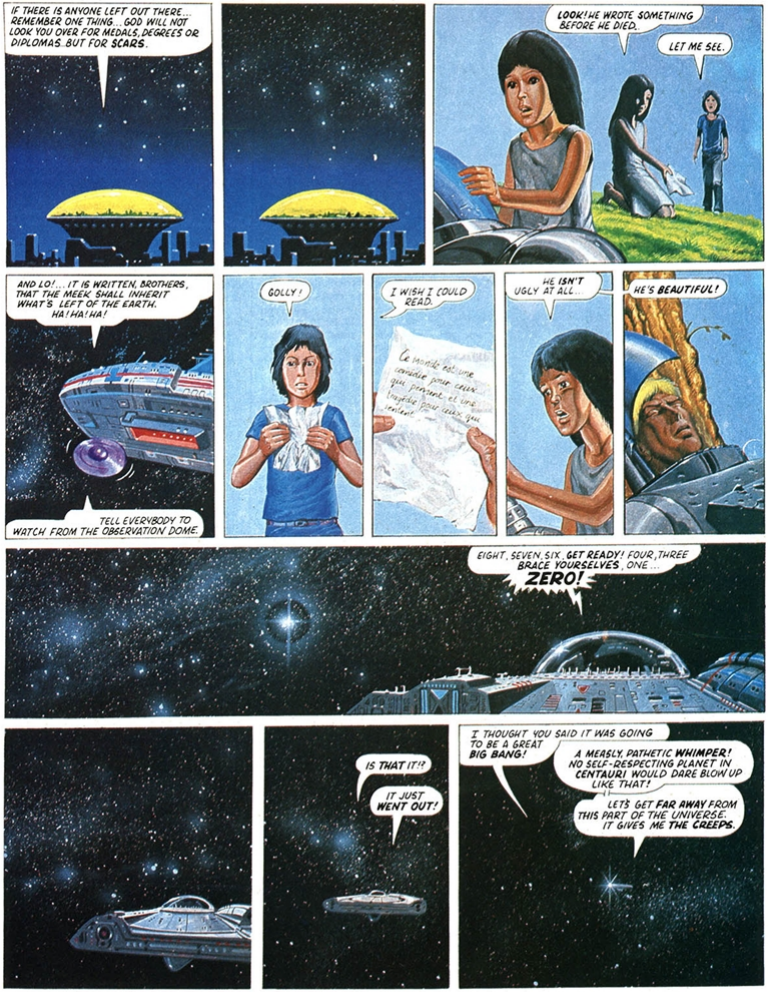

PLEASE,...WHAT'S THAT? ON THE WALL OUTSIDE


CE N'EST PAS L'HOMME
MAIS LE MONDE
QUI EST ANORMAL


THAT... IS WHAT WAS CALLED WRITING... IT WAS PUT THERE A VERY LONG TIME AGO, IN THE MONTH OF MAY, IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND NINE-HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT...


...BY AN IDEALISTIC YOUNG STUDENT.
A BAS
LES
CABARETS
INFERNALES


I SUPPOSE THE HUMAN RACE HAS ONE CONSOLATION...THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS KNOWN ONLY TO THOSE WHO HAVE FAILED.
:UUH:...I AM AFRAID. I AM DYING.....



"IT IS CRAZY AT THIS MOMENT TO TRY AND CHANGE THE WORLD"–PHILANTE, THE MISANTHROPE

SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 6

human brain, to a sixteenth-century Buddhist monk, to a thought-controlled Tyrannosaurus Rex. Along the way Red encounters a kaleidoscopic list of minor characters drawn from odd corners of history and literature. He meets Adolf Hitler (driving down the Road in his small, black Volkswagen); Doc Savage, a sentient "microdot array" computer with an acrid personality constructed in the shape of a paperback copy of Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil;* an amiable killing machine named Mondamay—left on Earth by an alien race who had departed thousands of years earlier—who has disguised itself as a fat pot maker in eleventh-century Tibet; the Marquis de Sade; Leila, a mysterious woman who has followed, and been followed by, Red down through history, and who may or may not be related to him (or may even *be* Red himself); and Red's son Randy from Cleveland, who drives the Road in search of a father he has only heard of but never met.

The underplot concerns the tiny accretions of memory Red is experiencing, which bring him ever closer to an understanding of his strange and terrible prehistory. Each of these implied clues changes Red's perception of his role, until the novel becomes twisted into an unexpectedly different story.

In his Amber novels, Zelazny painted a picture of an immortal race of aristocrats and the universe they created (in which our own universe is but the tiniest out-of-the-way shadow) in overly exhaustive detail. This concept, in various permutations, is at the core of Zelazny's struggle to invent a new mythology. In *Roadmarks* he gives us a new version of Amber and its Lords with all the scope and background intact, but in 181 slim pages. The author created the universe of the Amber series with endless and exhausting explanations; in *Roadmarks*, by slight and subtle hints. All of the information is there, but it must be carefully unearthed and pieced together by the reader.

I found the first thirty pages enigmatic to the point of incomprehensibility. After that, the hints and almost-clues began to fall into place. When I finished the book, I immediately read it through again, and thoroughly enjoyed watching the puzzle pieces hover and glide into position. Zelazny is giving the reader no quarter.

In the past, Zelazny has been known for his pyrotechnic prose. He dearly loves elaborate metaphors, complex puns, and bright fantastic images. But in *Roadmarks* he has trimmed his language, for the most part, to a flat narration. In the words of Mark Twain, his "outpourings of fervid eloquence" are confined to rare moments. Given the unfettered imagination at work in the book, this becomes quite effective. For example, when you encounter a passage like:

> Dreaming roadmaps and gold, the great dragons of Bel'kwinith drift and twist on the breezes of morning, when they were not dreaming in their caves. Timeless collaborators with destiny, they move their wills across the landscape of dreams and desire...

You stop and pay attention, giving this very significant scene the consideration it deserves. Contrast this with the bald statements (no matter how odd the content) of the passage quoted earlier.

Zelazny plays a lot of games. The chapters are numbered beginning with two, then one, then two again, then one, two, one, etc., giving the book a sense of static circularity that aptly fits the story. His playfulness shows up in symbol manipulation. French decadent poetry is a continuing metaphor that the author literally embodies in the form of a major character (the sentient book mentioned earlier); and so is cigar imagery—note who smokes cigars and who doesn't, and compare this information with the dreamy quote from Mallarme:

> All the soul summed up
> . . .attests to some cigar burning skillfully,
> However little the ash separates itself
> From its clear kiss of fire. . .

Zelazny's sense of humor is never absent. He gleefully inverts all of his dramatic moments, particularly the *High Noonish* scene with Red's old friend the killing machine gunning for him under the involuntary control of an enemy. The author's joking crops up in the most serious of passages, such as this description of night falling on an ancient future battlefield littered with broken machines:

> The sky blackened, came down with a case of stars. A piece of moon drifted rudderless, low in the East.

The contrast between those two juxtaposed sentences—the slapstick of the first, and the evocative moodiness of the second—sum up the mood of the entire book. A lesser writer wouldn't have been able to get away with a potpourri like *Roadmarks*, but Zelazny never jars; it always comes out sounding just right.

Roger Zelazny has come the closest yet to creating a genuine mythology out of the bewildering panoply of modern existence, and has created something far larger than the confines of his material. He once collaborated with that master of rubber-sheet reality, Philip K. Dick, on an unsuccessful novel, and I think the experience gave him just the touch of broadened interior scope he needed.

Roadmarks is a book that some Zelazny fans, particularly the Amber fans, are not going to like very much. It is vastly entertaining, and a hell of a lot of fun to read, but a true appreciation of the book requires more than simply sitting back and watching the parade created by the author's fertile imagination. The reader must join the characters and apply some effort for the full understanding of the story's nuances. For myself, this is the most richly satisfying reading experience I've had from Zelazny in many years.

Writing is the most solitary of the arts.

Musicians and actors can take their craft in front of an audience and get immediate feedback. Filmmakers can sit in a theater and listen to the reactions of their audiences. Even painters can lurk in galleries and haunt museum corridors. But unless writers are successful enough to have the meat grinder of an author's tour thrust upon them, they must settle for impersonal sales figures, reviews, and the once-removed contact of fan mail.

Some writers attend the various trade conventions, such as the Frankfurt Book Fair, or the annual ABA (American Booksellers Association) bash. But these are merely large-scale business lunches. The author is feted not by the readers but by industry people (publishers, editors, agents, and booksellers) as the creator of a product, a generator of capital.

Science fiction is unique in the visibility of its fans. SF fandom is a complex and vocal microcosm without precedent. SF fans write thousands of letters to authors and each other. They organize into myriad groups and clubs. In their hundreds of fanzines, they endlessly analyze the fiction, form new alliances and break old ones, argue infinite nuances, and generally interact at the top of their printed lungs. And they put on scores of conventions every year in this country alone, ranging from small weekend get-togethers of a hundred or so people, to massive five-day affairs that draw several thousand.

Other authors of genre fiction, from westerns to

gothic romances, lead quiet, anonymous lives, unrecognized by their neighbors. Science fiction writers live under the actinic glare of constant attention.

The most extreme recent example of the SF fan's insatiable curiosity is the case of James Tiptree, Jr. Tiptree is the pseudonym of a retired psychologist with sound personal reasons for anonymity. A brilliant and flamboyant writer, Tiptree quickly garnered a few awards and established a cult following. Suddenly Tiptree found himself the target of a concerted campaign to learn his true identity and any detail of his personal life. Some fans (and at least one professional writer) flew in from the West Coast to sit vigil in front of Tiptree's McLean, Virginia, post office box, hoping to catch a glimpse of him. Tiptree's identity was finally revealed as a result of some fannish detective work. Tiptree's true name is Dr. Alice Sheldon. The ensuing attention and ballyhooing (*Tiptree is a woman!*) gave this sensitive writer a block that has lasted for almost two years. Sheldon has said that she considered releasing a story that Tiptree had died in a car wreck, to quash the increasingly strident speculations. Then there would be a new brilliant and mysterious newcomer in the field. . .

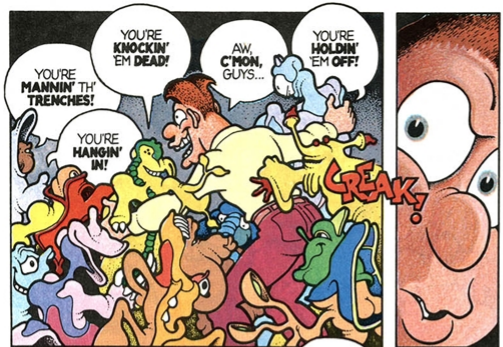
But an SF writer who *does* want to meet his or her public, who is starved for the attention that sales figures can't give, doesn't have to go far. Every major population center in the country hosts one or more SF conventions every year. It is possible for our hypothetical lonely writer to spend fifty-two weekends out of the year at a con, usually with agonizing choices as to which one to attend.

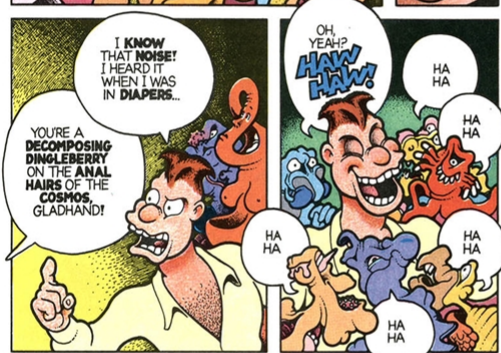
The yearly con season culminates every Labor Day in the biggest one of them all, the Worldcon, the one where the Hugo awards are presented. The Worldcon is everything a regional convention is, but much more so. There are panel discussions, author's readings, elaborate art shows, a costume ball, various specialized activity rooms (computer games, old radio show listening rooms, mimeograph rooms, etc.), constantly running movies—from old classics to first-run premiers, a vast book-dealer's room offering for sale everything from rare first editions through everything in print to special books published specifically for the con, dramatic presentations—from full-fledged plays to wandering magicians, and the backbone of every SF con: dusk-to-dawn parties.

The party is the true reason for attending an SF con. There the lonesome writer can be surrounded by garrulous readers until he or she drops from exhaustion. Entire networks of friendships exist at these parties—people who only see each other at cons. New friendships are made and old ones broken, legends are created and debunked, love affairs are begun and ended, the whole fannish pecking order restructured.

In England (the most recent Worldcon was held in Brighton), the publishing industry has always taken SF far more seriously than its American counterpart. SF is considered to be just another, and equally valid, form of literature; while in this country it has been looked upon as a minor aberration suitable for gawky adolescent misfits.

The publishers in Brighton were out in force with their elaborately catered parties and guest lists at the door. The fans there, used to the free-form US con parties, didn't appreciate this touch of creeping ABA professional elitism. It became a status symbol to be kicked out of a British publisher's party by one of the army of blond, middle-aged PR clones guarding the guest lists. It entitled one to wear the coveted Yankee Riffraff badge. There was ferment in the hallways and mutterings in the lobby. It seemed to be a symbol of the growing acceptance of SF as a viable and commercial form of literature. This is great news for the authors and vindication for the readers who have long chafed under the contempt their literature





has been held in, but it is a tendency that can be the kiss of death to the delightfully informal nature of the SF con.

We have a wonderful cottage industry. The SF cons are merely a visible symbol of the seething activity, intense loyalty, and outspokenness of the SF reader—people who make SF the liveliest form of literature in the world today. It would be a real shame to see the Worldcon turned into another version of the ABA.

When I was nine years old, my local library had no SF section as such. I was forced to work my way methodically through the general-fiction stacks, carefully studying every title that looked even remotely SF. It took me many months to work my way down to the *Ws*, but it was worth the wait. There I found a book by James White called *Hospital Station*.

James White is an Irish author known for his series of stories about Sector General—a tremendous interstellar hospital floating in space (a visual precursor of the Death Star) with the capability of handling thousands of exotic alien patients. My nine-year-old self was entranced with the ingenuity of White's aliens, from crystalline beings living close to absolute zero to the planet-size person whose cure was "more of a military than a surgical operation." The sheer scope of Sector General, with its level upon vast level of wildly varied environments, is still a vivid memory for me today.

When I found *Ambulance Ship* in the mailbox, a *brand-new* Sector General book, I put aside the book I was reading and plunged right in with glad cries of anticipation. But, alas, you truly *can't* go home again.

Ambulance Ship consists of three overlapping novellas about the first hyperspacial ambulance designed to answer distress signals from ships previously unknown to the Galactic Federation, which is based, needless to say, at Sector General. The major characters are old friends of mine: Prilicla, the gentle and fragile insectoid psychologist-empath who spends most of its time clinging to the ceiling, out of harm's way; Senior Physician Conway, the Earth-human protagonist; Diagnostician Thornnastor, a sort of squat six-legged elephant with an awesome medical reputation. The situations hew to a well-remembered formula—a peculiar alien suffering from something incomprehensible must be cured before time runs out.

The adult me and the inner child had a war over this book. White's writing is flat and lifeless. None of the characters are more than ciphers. The narrative is riddled with people telling each other things they already know but the reader doesn't (the technical term for this is the "as-you-know," or AYK). The AYK situation gets so bad at times that the characters themselves begin to get annoyed:

> . . .Conway, trying to hide his irritation at being treated as a complete ignoramous in all matters outside his medical specialty.

The first two novellas are dull and lacking in the inventiveness necessary to raise a story above its pedestrian prose. The first involves some humans and a human disease (the flu) that was thought to have been eradicated seven centuries earlier. It would have been rejected as a "Star Trek" script. The middle story is a little more interesting. We have an alien who has apparently managed to contaminate members of four different races with the same respiratory ailment, something that is supposed to be impossible. But this too lacks imagination and resolves as foreseen. It doesn't even address its basic problem. The contamination turns out to be chemical in origin, which still leaves unanswered the question of how this can affect four radically different metabolisms in the same way.

Fortunately for the by now very upset little boy inside me, White surpasses himself in the final story. A truly unique form of blind alien is encountered, a manta ray-shaped creature with hundreds of sophisticated organs of touch on its upper surface that comprise its only method of sensory input. The slow unfolding of the mysteries of this being's existence, the beautifully envisioned alien spaceship, and the alien's strange bonds to an even stranger creature have an intrinsic fascination that not only manages to cancel out the effect of the usual tedious AYKs and monotonous dialogue, but actually achieves some effective prose at times.

For people curious about the series, White has thoughtfully provided a lengthy introduction detailing the genesis of Sector General, and a brief history.

I am now afraid to reread *Hospital Station* and *Star Surgeon*. Perhaps some memories are better left as memories. ●

FLIX by Bhob

Continued from page 7

We broke off last issue with a mention of NAL designer Jim Plumeri's visual concept for King's *Night Shift* collection: a clever double cover with six eyes peering through die-cut eye slits in the dark blue background. Opening this front cover to page one, you discover that the eyes are actually socketed into the palm, thumb, and fingers of a half-bandaged hand, a Don Brautigam illustration of King's story, "I Am the Doorway," about an astronaut back from Venus who finds that aliens inside him are metamorphosing his body. Brautigam's skilled use of superrealism techniques earned him a Society of Illustrators award for this airbrush/acrylic painting. Equally effective are Plumeri's other award-winning covers for King titles. "I call them 'occult solutions,'" says Plumeri. "When I did Stephen King I was looking for the most unusual solutions I could possibly find. My job is to make people stop and pick the book up. I can't drag them to the cash register, but I can sure as hell make them pick it up."

For the first million copies of the paperback edition of *The Shining*, Plumeri devised a small, faceless head and had it printed in black on a glistening silver mylar. " I don't have to have that kind of visual now. I can just put 'Stephen King.' By the time *The Shining* comes out by Kubrick, with Jack Nicholson in it, I think all I have to do is put a big 'STEPHEN KING' on the cover. *The Shining* is Kubrick's baby; whatever he has for his advertising visual I will do. In all movie tie-ins the movie usually supplies us with their advertising art and typography. It's a chance where they get extra exposure and we get exposure. One hand washes the other."

Plumeri's occult solution for the initial paperback printing of *Salem's Lot* won an award from the American Institute of Graphic Arts. This was a cover of lustrous solid black—no title, no blurbs, no byline—with a single, tiny drop of red blood at the mouth of an embossed head, hardly visible unless held and angled so that the embossing can catch the light. Plumeri chose type designer Pete Gute to handle the illustration because Gute had previously worked with embossed type. A follow-up version of this cover added a silver embossed title above the embossed head. In its final form (the one currently in bookstores), the embossed cover was replaced by a photograph of the same head with regular flat printing. "That happened because we ran out of the special black stock," Plumeri explained. "I had photographed the original head to see how it would work with dramatic lighting on the raised surface. When we ran into this emergency, I pulled this photograph out and decided that it could be used for art."

The paperback jacket for *The Stand* has a frightening beauty that goes beyond the merely hypnotic to become a trance-inducing glissade into ethereal evil. It combines a Richard Rossiter type design with a Brautigam airbrush painting based on a Plumeri concept sketch. "I use paint or pastel—whatever is available to give me the effect that I'm trying to portray to the artist," said Plumeri. "The sketches are rough, but they can see the concept without any problem. Don and I work well together. Throughout *The Stand* the evil character is described with these burning eyes, almost red, and then there is a symbolism of a crow that pops into the book at different parts. Someone sees the red, glaring eyes, and *for a second* thinks he sees this evil character. At that point I thought of this double image using the black crow *and* the evil person, and letting one eye work for both to give it this supernatural quality."

Where Jim Plumeri's conceptual transpositions of King's writing into innovative paperback covers have been appropriate, relevant, and ambiguously intriguing, the Doubleday hardbacks, with a yawning indifference to King's fresh slant on contemporary horror fiction, have featured only mundane designs and illustrations so trapped in tradition that they lack any genuine imaginative thrust. Stephen King's own reactions to the art that wraps his words kicks off Part II of this serialized interview:

Bhob: The jacket on the hardback *Carrie* has nothing to do with the book.

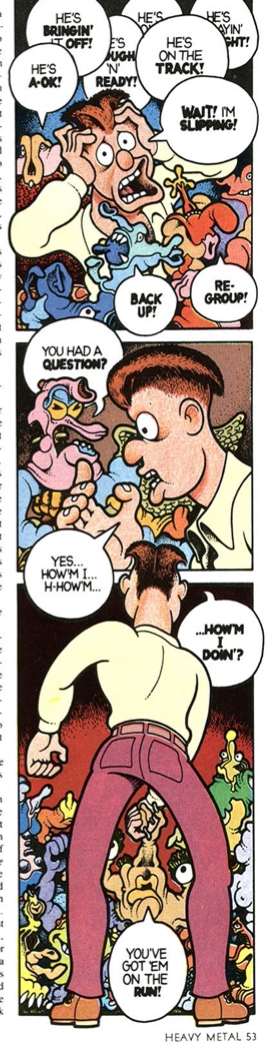
Stephen King: Yes, well, it doesn't. My editor and I had a concept on that, but, of course, one of the things about Bill [Thompson], my editor, was that he was a man with relatively little power at Doubleday, and it kept showing up in funny little ways. When I left Doubleday, they canned him. It was kind of like a tantrum: "We'll kill the messenger that brought the bad news." Our concept of the jacket would have been a Grandma Moses-type primitive painting of a New England village that would have gone around in a wrap to the back. But the jacket was done by Alex Gotfryd, who does have a lot of power at Doubleday. What he gave us was a photograph of a New York model who looks like a New York model. She doesn't even look like a teenager.

Bhob: How do you feel about the montage on *The Shining* hardback?

King: Don't care for that either. It makes the people look too specific. It's almost a gothic romance jacket. There are some nice things about that jacket; I object to the faces of Jack, Wendy, and the little boy, but I like the concept of having the hedge animals. The hardback *Night Shift* has a classy jacket of just words, but it looks like a Doubleday-type jacket for a book they didn't expect to sell. There's nothing really exciting about that graphic.

Bhob: The long-distance view of the town on the *Salem's Lot* hardback doesn't indicate the book's true nature.

King: I think that was intentional. The flap copy on *Salem's Lot* is a real collaboration: my editor wrote part of it, his secretary wrote part of it, I wrote part of it, and my wife wrote part of it. It was just an effort to say something without saying anything. Of all the Doubleday jackets, I think that I like *The Stand* the best, but *Salem's Lot* runs that a close second. I like the idea of the black background with the town inset in the "O" of *Lot*. You can look into the town, and you see the Marsten house. That's a pretty decent jacket. That was the best produced book by Doubleday; all the way around, that was a good piece of work. The illustration for the hardback of *The Stand* was taken from a Goya painting, *The Battle of Good and Evil*; it was repainted. I was mad that they didn't give poor old Goya a credit. There are a lot of people who are rather literal-minded, kind of nerdy about book



jackets, who don't like it because they say that it doesn't look like what the book is about. But it looks like what the spirit of the book is about. NAL's *The Stand* cover is super. I think that it's a good one; I like the dark blues and turquoises in it. The paperback covers have always been better because paperback people seem to understand how to market books, how to go about that. Illustrators and designers don't get credit on paperback jackets the way they do on hardcovers.

Bhob: Then there's *The Shining* in mylar...

King: Except that it was discontinued, as was the dead black cover on *Salem's Lot*. Both of those were expensive covers. The *Salem's Lot* cover cost seven cents right off the top of a book that originally sold for $1.95. The mylar was nine cents, and, in addition, the mylar cover buffs. It doesn't peel, but the lettering and picture gradually buff off the book. Now they just have a plain paper cover with the same picture; it's not as eye-catching, but it lasts longer.

Bhob: Did it occur to you that the wearing away of fragments of *The Shining*'s cover produces a strange, corrosive effect that some readers might consider an additional horrific bonus?

King: I hadn't thought of it that way—maybe it is. There are people who treasure those copies; someday maybe those will be worth some money, especially the ones that are in good condition, because on the ones that have been read, the cover wears off very quickly. The mylar was really discontinued not just because it buffed in people's hands, but because it buffed in the boxes when they were shipped. I also like the paperback *Night Shift* cover; it's a deep, dark, rich blue. Some of the editions are perfect, and, on some, the holes are not over the eyes. Again, that was a difficult one to do; there is such a thing as being too clever by half.

Bhob: What was on the *Carrie* paperback before the movie tie in?

King: That cover has gone totally out of print. The original paperback had no title, no author, no printed material of any kind on the front cover. It simply showed a girl's head floating against this blue backdrop—a pretty girl with very dark hair swept back. It was a painting, a rather nice one [by James Barkley]. Inside, there was a second jacket. Originally, it was to have been die-cut down the side in a two-step effect: the title, *Carrie*, reading vertically down the right-hand margin, was supposed to show, and, at the last minute, their printer told them that he couldn't do it. Inside, there's this town going up in flames, and that is an interesting effect. You reach the end of the book, and there's a photograph on what they call the third cover of the same town crumpled up into nothing but ash. I don't know if that's ever been done before: having another picture inside the back jacket. These were photographs [by Allen Vogel] of flames and a model town that looks as though it was one of these origami things created out of cardboard.

Bhob: The One + One Studio's design for *The Dead Zone* (Viking) illustrates the repetitive wheel-of-fortune device used throughout the novel.

King: I like that jacket pretty well. I think that, in a large measure, it's been responsible for some of the book's success because it's a very high contrast type, something I think Viking might have lifted from the paperback houses. It comes out at the reader because there's so much black. The thing I don't like is the photographic effect; I've never cared for photographed jackets. I can't really even say why, but they seem too realistic to me. I would have liked that jacket better if it had been that same cover design—only painted.

By the time you get up to six books, you have mixed feelings. *Salem's Lot* was the best produced of the Doubleday books; *Night Shift* would be second, and probably *The Shining*, third. *The Dead Zone* is the best produced of all the works. But it's more than just cover. The cover is something that, you hope, entices readers who don't know your work to look. But it probably doesn't mean that much to people who have read you before. If they really turn on to what you're doing, they look for the name, and they'll buy the book on the basis of that. Like this new Led Zeppelin album packaged in brown paper with "Led Zeppelin" stamped on the front—you buy the name. I like books that are nicely made, and, with the exception of *Salem's Lot* and *Night Shift*, none of the Doubleday books were especially well made. They have a ragged, machine-produced look to them, as though they were built to fall apart. *The Stand* is worse that way: it looks like a brick. It's this little, tiny, squatty thing that looks much bigger than it is. *The Dead Zone* is really nicely put together. It's got a nice cloth binding, and it's just a nice product.

Bhob: With *The Dead Zone* having climbed so high on the best-seller list...

King: Wonderful. I love it.

Bhob: Have there been any film offers?

King: Lorimar bought it for Sydney Pollack to direct, and it would be produced by Paul Monash, who produced the film of *Carrie*, and also written by Monash. And if for some reason Monash's screenplay was unacceptable, or Monash had to leave the picture, I'd get second shot. Or at least we're trying to work that detail out. That's not in the deal that we okayed, but we're going to try to get that. They bought it for well in excess of a quarter of a million dollars. They paid good money for it, so I'm hoping to see a front line theatrical film out of it—depending on how fast they move. And that's the deal.

Bhob: In "Strawberry Spring" you wrote about Springheel Jack. The few mentions of Springheel Jack that I've run across seem to indicate that he was a mythical British character who was luminous and was witnessed leaping twenty-five or thirty feet.

King: Yeah. That's him! That's him! My Springheel Jack is a cross between Jack the Ripper and a mythical strangler—like Burke and Hare or somebody like that.

Bhob: But you embellished that history?

King: Yeah, right. I did. Robert Bloch has also done some of this embellishing, and he mentions Springheel Jack in a third context. He's like Plastic Man or Superman—a weird folk hero.

Bhob: I think it was a nonfiction UFO book where I first encountered a description of him suggesting that he was...

King: ...A creature from outer space. [See Jacques Bergier's *Extraterrestrial Visitations from Prehistoric Times to the Present*, New American Library, 1974.]

Bhob: What happened to the *Night Shift* TV anthology pilot [a planned trilogy of "Strawberry Spring," "I Know What You Need," and "Battleground"]?

King: It's not going to be done for TV because NBC mixed it...too gruesome, too violent, too intense. It's the atmosphere of TV today; five years ago it would have been done, but the standards and practices people just said, "No." What's going on now is that the production company people have gone to Martin Poll in New York, and he would like to produce it. So we'll see what happens. I don't think anybody's falling over themselves to do it right now.

Bhob: But "Battleground" seems more like a story that would work in a Milton Subotsky film rather than being grouped with the stories set in a college town.

King: The way this works out is that *I* can see a lot of possibilities that just can't be realized because people take these options in a harum-scarum way, and then they're cut out. We discussed this with the trilogy for NBC. There's a rooming house in the town, and the hit man from "Battleground" lives in this rooming house. The premise is that reality is

thinner in this town, and things are weird in this one particular place. There are forces which focus on this town and cause things to happen. On the other hand, there's another college story, set on a mythical campus, Horlicks University, called "The Crate." It was published in *Gallery* [July, 1979] —and that's the third college story. So you have "Strawberry Spring," "The Crate," and "I Know What You Need," which are all really set on the same campus. They are called by different names because I invented Horlicks later. They'd make a beautiful trilogy together, but there's no way that we can do that because George Romero owns "The Crate," and these other people own the other two.

Bhob: Kubrick's film of *The Shining* reportedly replaces your topiary animals with a hedge maze, an idea you had originally considered. On page 203 of the book, there's a mention of hedge billboards in Vermont. Do these exist and is this what inspired your topiary?

King: They're really there. The idea for the hedge maze is really Kubrick's and not mine. I had considered it, but then I realized it had been done in the movie *The Maze* [1953] with Richard Carlson, and I rejected the maze idea for that reason. I have no knowledge as to whether or not Kubrick has ever seen that movie or if he'd even considered that or if it just happens to be coincidence. The billboards advertise some kind of ice cream; they're on Route 2 in Vermont. As you come across this open space where there are no trees, you can look across this rolling meadow to the land which I assume that the ice cream factory owns. The words of the ad have been clipped out of hedges. To hype the contrast, these hedges have been surrounded with white crushed stone so that the letters just leap right out at you. You know the first time you see them that there's something very peculiar about them, and then you realize, as you get closer, that it may be one of the world's few living signs—because they're hedges. But I got the idea for the topiary from Camden, Maine—where *Peyton Place* [1957] was filmed. You come down Route 1, you go through Camden, and there are several houses there that have clipped shrubs. They're not clipped into the shapes of animals, but they're clipped into very definite geometric shapes. There's a hedge that's clipped to look like a diamond. That was my first real experience with the topiary. There is a topiary at Disney World where the hedges are clipped to look like animals, but I saw that long after the book was published. In some ways, I like Kubrick's idea to use a maze. Because it's been pointed out to me—and I think there's some truth to this—that the hedge animals in my novel are the only outward empiric supernatural event that goes on in the book. Everything else can be taken as the hotel actually working on people's minds. That is to say, nothing is going on outwardly. It's all going on inwardly, and it's spreading from Danny to Jack and, finally, to Wendy, who is the least imaginative of the three. But the hedge animals are *real*, apparently, because they cut open Danny's leg at one point in the book. Later on, when Halloran comes up the mountain, they attack him. They are really, really *there*. Kubrick told me, and he's told other people as well, that his only basis for taking the hedge animals out was because they would be difficult to do with the special effects—to make it look real. My thinking is that maybe the maze is better because maybe the maze can be used in that same kind of interior way. A person could get into a maze and just be unable to get out and gradually get the idea that the maze was deliberately keeping him in, that it was changing its passages—like the mirror maze in *Something Wicked This Way Comes*.

Next issue, as the release date of Kubrick's *The Shining* moves one month closer, we continue to talk with Stephen King. See you then. ●

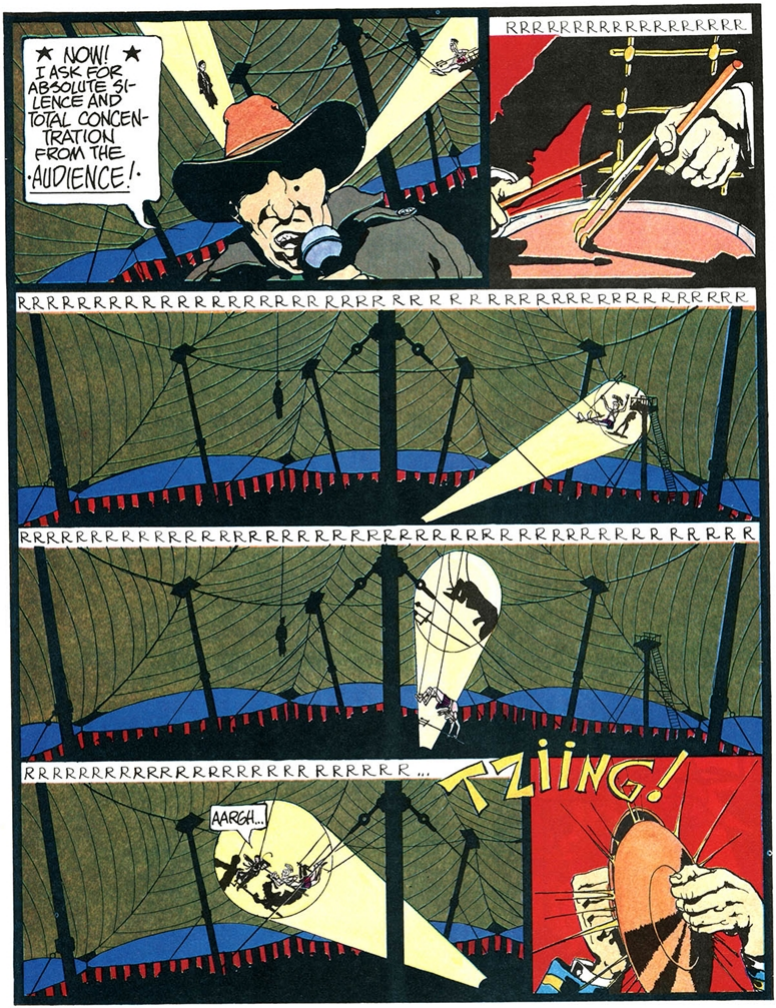

he's old—very old. he's old as a beachcomber.
no!
what do you mean, no?
not as old as a beachcomber—as old as Herod.
Herod?
yes, Herod! he's ancient! that's why I said "old as Herod."
oh, how smart!
no, it's stupid.
BRAOUMM
the circus!
BRAOUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

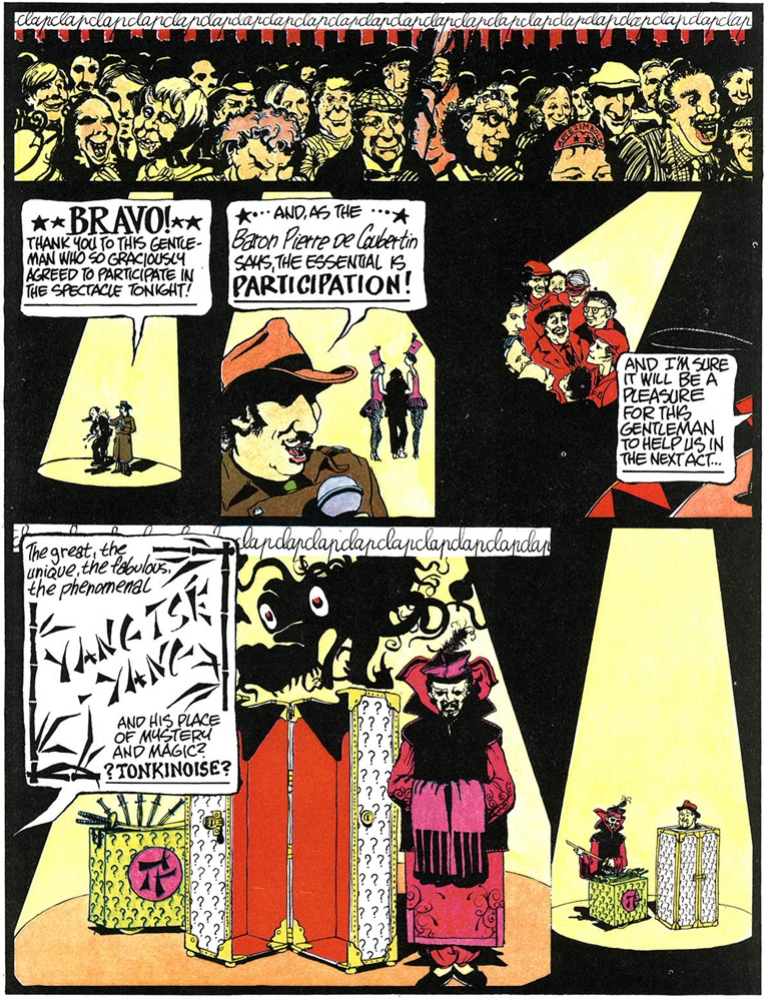

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
·THE CIRCUS·
ARTEZIMBOLDO
WILL GIVE ITS
UNIQUE ANNUAL
PRESENTATION
THIS EVENING AT
THE LOUIS FERD-
INAND BARDAMU
★ SQUARE! ★
CIRCUS
ARTEZIMBOLDO
WITH THE WORLD'S MOST UNIQUE SCENERY
OF JACQUES TARDI
CIRCUS
ARTEZIMBOLDO
DRAWN BY THE
TONIGHT

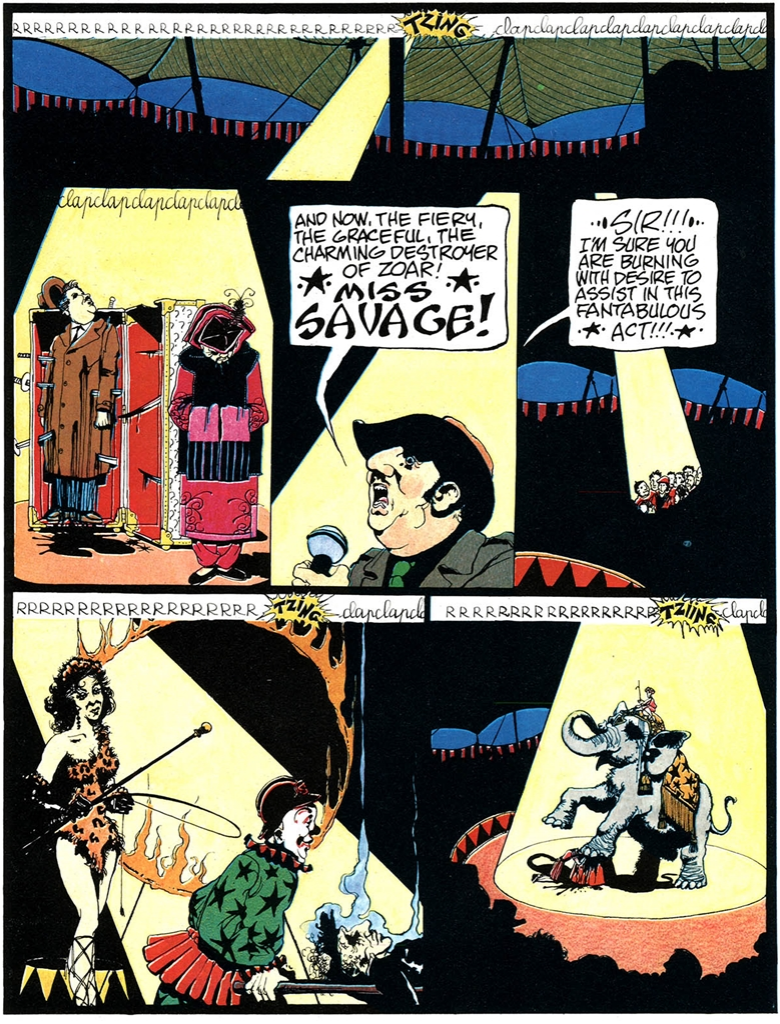

THIS COSTUME DOESN'T FIT ME ANYMORE, IT'S TIGHT UNDER MY ARM... JOSIE, IF I'M CHOSEN, I WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE MY ARM, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
IT'S IMPORTANT TO BE ABLE TO LIFT MY ARMS!
BUT REALLY, IT FITS YOU VERY WELL.
ARTE ZIMBOLDO


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:
TONIGHT YOU WILL HAVE THE CHANCE TO OBSERVE AN EXCEPTIONAL ACT, UNIQUE IN ITS FIELD, WHICH WILL BE EXECUTED FOR YOU AND IN FRONT OF YOU BY AN ARTIST OF INTER-★ NATIONAL FAME. ★
I REFER TO—
Marcello Deplum
FOR THIS EXTRAORDINARY ACT TO SUCCEED, HOWEVER, THE COOPERATION OF ONE SPECTATOR IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY—
LIKE... HERE, THIS GENTLEMAN WHO, I'M SURE, WILL BE TOTALLY CHARMED TO AID OUR ARTIST.


clapclapcl clap clapclapcla
SO LET'S GIVE HIM A ROUND OF AP-PLAUSE!
SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE ALLOW THESE CHARM-ING PEOPLE TO EQUIP YOU?...
?

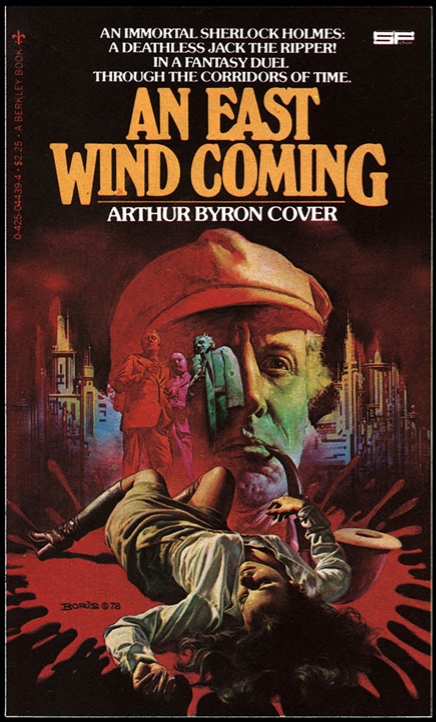

★ NOW! ★ I ASK FOR ABSOLUTE SILENCE AND TOTAL CONCENTRATION FROM THE ·AUDIENCE·!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR...
AARGH...
TZIING!


★★BRAVO!★★ THANK YOU TO THIS GENTLEMAN WHO SO GRACIOUSLY AGREED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE SPECTACLE TONIGHT!
★··· AND, AS THE ···★ Baron Pierre de Coubertin SAYS, THE ESSENTIAL IS PARTICIPATION!
AND I'M SURE IT WILL BE A PLEASURE FOR THIS GENTLEMAN TO HELP US IN THE NEXT ACT...
The great, the unique, the fabulous, the phenomenal
YANG-TSE-YANG
AND HIS PLACE OF MYSTERY AND MAGIC?
?TONKINOISE?


RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
TZING
clapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapclapcl
clapclapclapclapclapcl
AND NOW, THE FIERY, THE GRACEFUL, THE CHARMING DESTROYER OF ZOAR! ★ MISS SAVAGE! ★
SIR!!! I'M SURE YOU ARE BURNING WITH DESIRE TO ASSIST IN THIS FANTABULOUS ★ ACT!!! ★
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
TZING
clapclapcl
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
TZING
clapcl


AND SO THE SPECTACLE ENDS! WE HOPE THAT WE HAVE ENTERTAINED YOU WITH OUR AMUSEMENTS... AND LONG LIVE THE ARTISTS WHO WORKED TONIGHT FOR THE JOY OF BOTH THE YOUNG AND THE OLD...
...WITHOUT DISPLEASING ANYONE! THE CIRCUS IS NOT DEAD, IT IS CERTAINLY LIVING!
THANK YOU, THANK ★... ALL OF YOU... LONG LIVE THE BIG TOP!


ME, I LIKED LAST YEAR'S BETTER. IT WAS A LOT MORE AMUSING...
OH, YES! THAT'S WHEN PIGOT LOST HIS ARM!
THAT WAS FUNNY!... PIGOT WITH HIS STUMP ALL COVERED WITH BLOOD!
HA! HA! HA!
STOP COMPLAINING, PIGOT; THIS YEAR WAS JUST AS GOOD. SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP TALKING ABOUT HOW GREAT LAST YEAR'S WAS, JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE THERE...
THAT'S NOT WHAT I SAID, BUT ANYWAY, IN THE CIRCUS, ONE MUST HAVE BLOOD; AND IF NOT...
STOP GETTING HYSTERICAL, PIGOT. IT ONLY CAME BY ONCE!
IT'S NOT TO SAY THAT I MISS IT.
IT'S JUST THAT ONE TIME A YEAR IS NOT VERY MUCH!
EVERYONE'S ALWAYS SAD AFTERWARDS.
A YEAR IS A LONG TIME, I THINK!
YOU'RE STILL LUCKY; IT HASN'T PASSED YOU BY YET.
When do you think our turn will come?
I don't know... I guess when we're grown-up.
•END•



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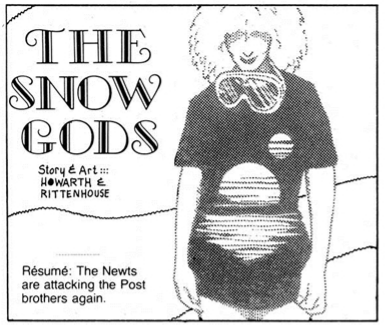
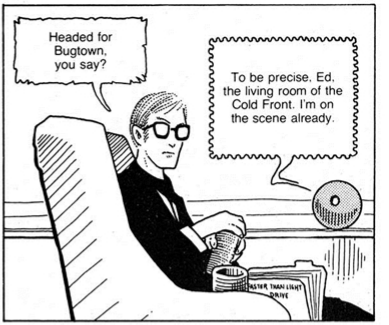
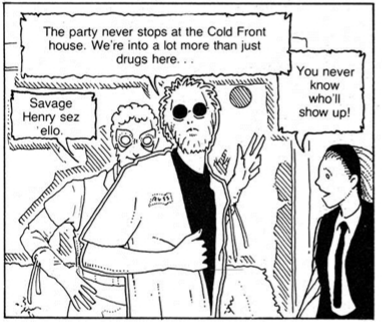
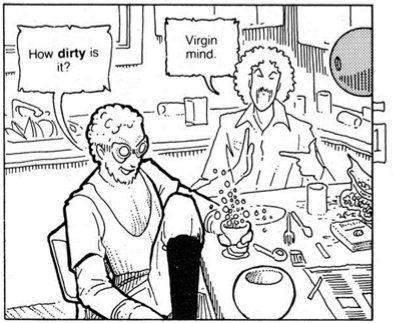
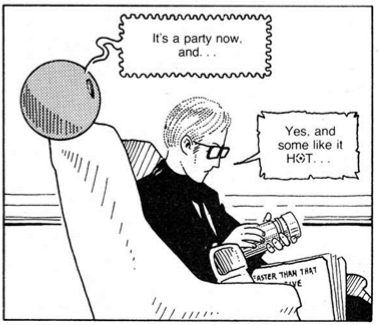

THE SNOW GODS
Story & Art ::: HOWARTH & RITTENHOUSE
Résumé: The Newts are attacking the Post brothers again.


Headed for Bugtown, you say?
To be precise, Ed, the living room of the Cold Front. I'm on the scene already.
FASTER THAN LIGHT DRIVE

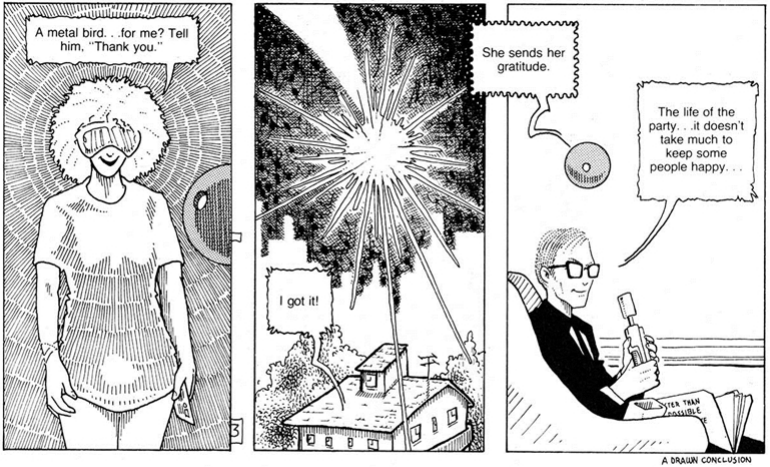

The party never stops at the Cold Front house. We're into a lot more than just drugs here. . .
Savage Henry sez 'ello.
You never know who'll show up!


Excuse me, gentlemen—but would any of you care for a particularly dirty nuke. . . ?
Why, is one on the way?

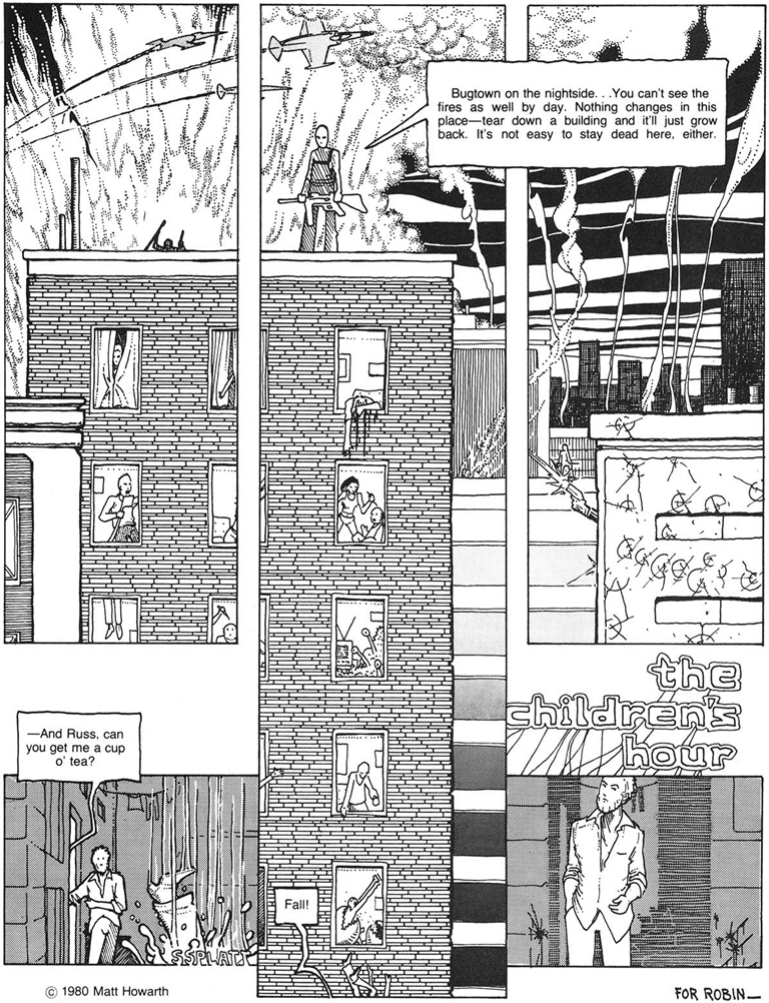

How **dirty** is it?
Virgin mind.


It's a party now, and. . .
Yes, and some like it HOT. . .
FASTER THAN THAT DRIVE


It's going to warm up pretty damn fast. This baby measures the highest roentgen levels in the last sixty years.
Where'd the bird go, Ron?
Don't ask me. I'm busy! It was here a sec ago.
Has anyone seen the sacrificial bird around?
Oops—this isn't it. is it. . . ?
Shit, says here we need a live bird to appease the Earth Mother—swell.
Now Caroline's killed the bird too early. I think that girl has a serious problem.
Max, I want to send a postcard.
Caroline, is that **my** bird?



A DRAWN CONCLUSION



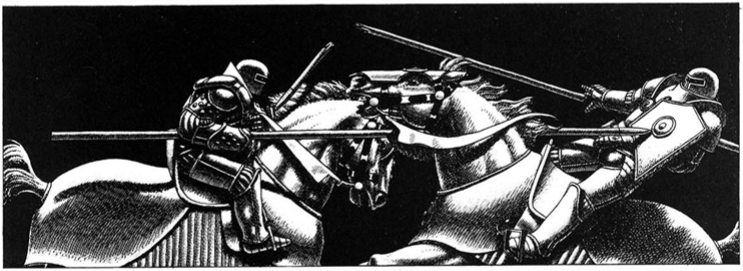
FOR ROBIN—

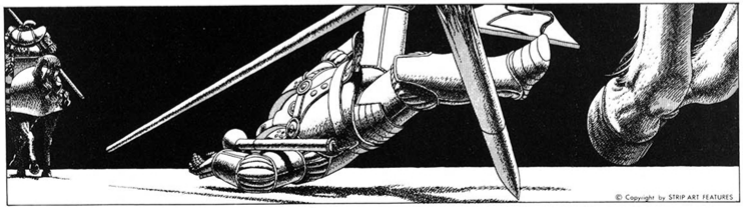

Jesse, look whut Andy sees—an unarmed tryin' ta cross th' road!
Yes, Russ, I can sympathize with your position, but I **am** busy with a matter in Sector O. You'll have to find a gun or Caroline'll just have to do without.
ALL THE BUCKS STOP HERE.
FILES
PAPA ED
Shit!
BANG
Your friend Ed has more important things going on in the West Hills right now!
Don't worry about it. We can do something else.
I'm sure she'll think of something else.
Skree—to repeat our ultimatum to the established power in Bugtown—
I keep tellin' ya —there ain't none!
—And we have Monsieur Boche prisoner, and we'll kill him if we do not hear from you. . .

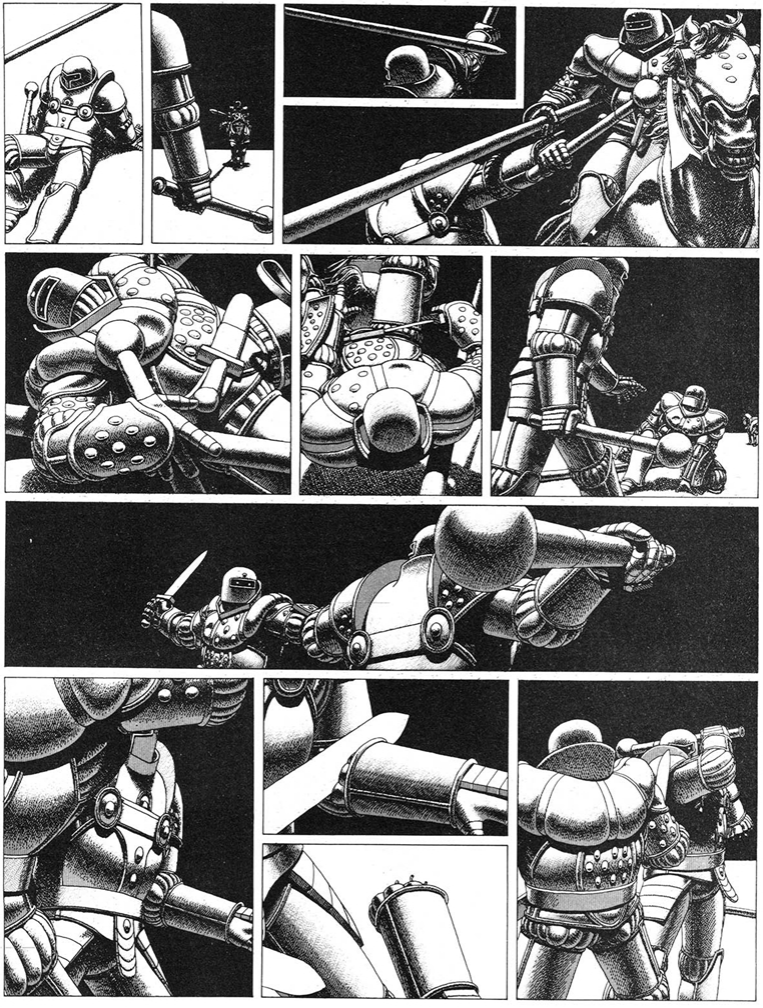

Your Bugtown is so huge it must have a government to overthrow!
Meet your new ruler.
Henry—nice to see you back in town. . .
BUDDA BUDDA BUD
PROBABILITY
4
Hi, Ed. Fancy my returning in time to save Boche and liberate my conquered hometown.
And you'd better acknowledge my victory before Boche—
—Dies—
BANG BANG AND BANG AGAIN
Yes, isn't circumstantial evidence curious. Leave his army alone though, Henry, please?
Their panic will spice up the areas they've razed in their attack.
Now, what am I going to do about the tree riots in the Sector O hills. . .?
Anarchy is Bugtown's only rule.
It may stop, but it never ends.

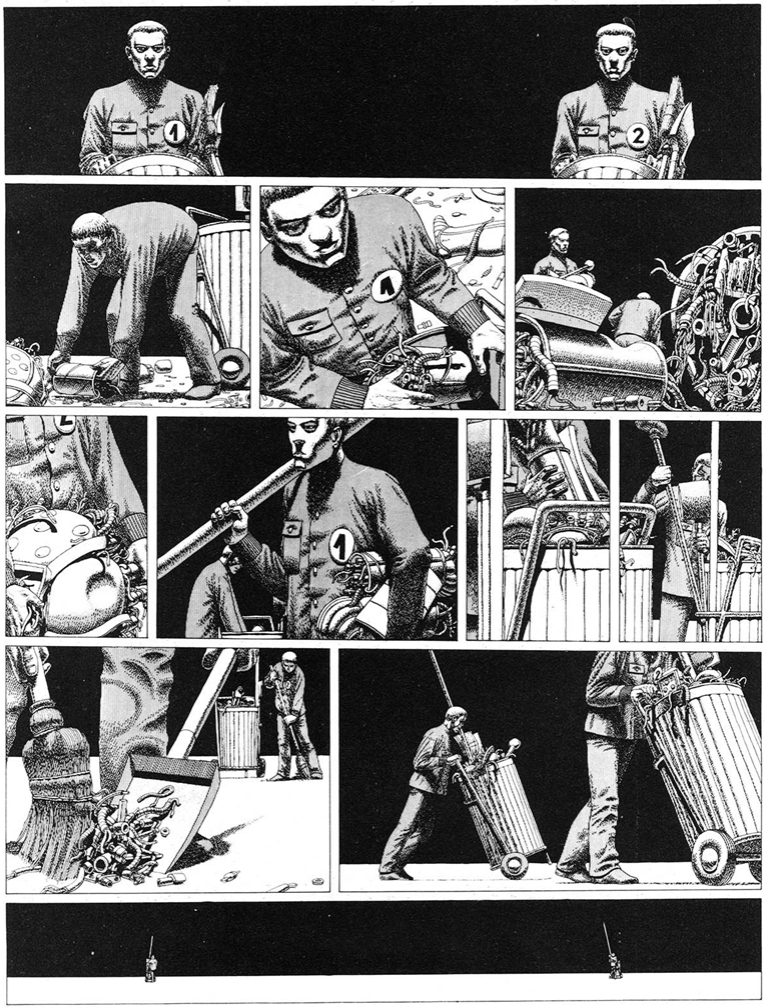
SURVIVAL

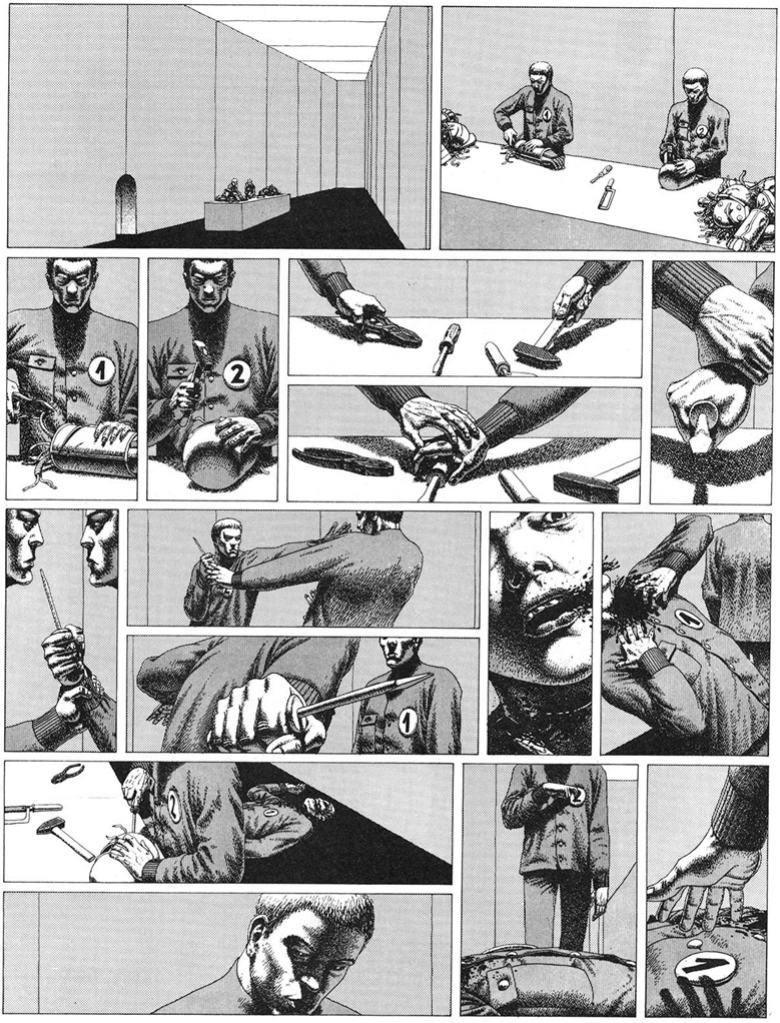
Artist: MIRKO ILIĆ Writer: LES LILLEY

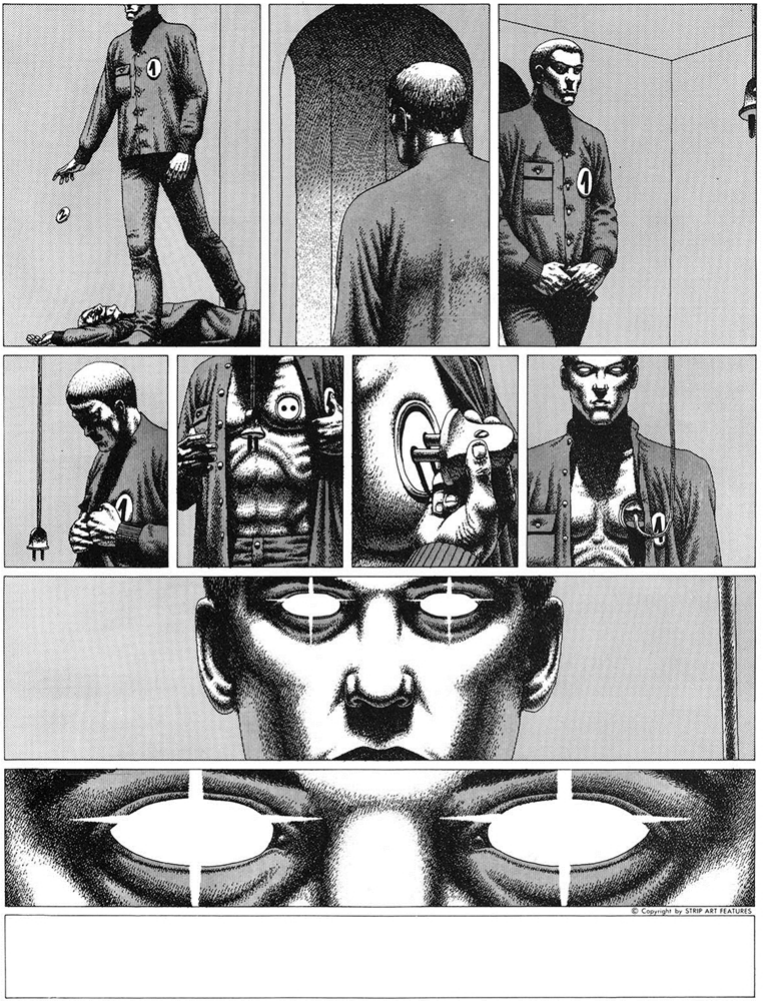








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THE ROAD TO RUIN

BY BILAL

TEXT: PIERRE DE LA WARCH—ART: BIAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: *The* Collector's Edition, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bodé's "Sunpot," and more. ($5.00)

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

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

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

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

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

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" *redux*, yet more. ($3.00)

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

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions form Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#17/AUGUST, 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

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

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

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, Heilman's final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all-American(except for Druillet's "Disco" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

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

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

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

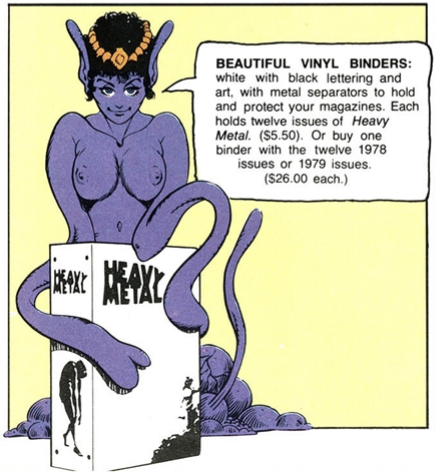
#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius. ($3.00)

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

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

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year— *a new decade*— begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($2.00)



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NASH THE SLASH

continued from page 6

track for "Baba O'Riley," which is taped.)

What is perhaps most amazing is the range of sounds he evokes from two such unlikely—for rock—instruments as the violin and mandolin. "The secret of the mandolin is the tuning," he points out. "There are eight strings, and these are paired and tuned exactly like the four strings on the violin. Unlike a twelve-string guitar, where the paired strings are tuned an octave apart, the paired strings on the mandolin are tuned to the same note. But, inevitably, in the course of a performance, those strings each go a little out of tune, and since they're slightly out of tune with each other in each pair, you get a richer, fatter sound."

But, it's not really that simple, since Nash can hold his violin like a guitar and flail away at it in classic Townshend style, producing the kind of raw, gut-wrenching power one associates entirely with guitar. (Nash doesn't play the guitar—"I never learned.")

"Power chords," he offers as an explanation. "Every great rock band, from the Who to King Crimson, used power chords. That's the real difference between a band like King Crimson and a band like Yes. Yes didn't use power chords." They bring a raw energy and excitement to his music, contrasting with the machine rhythms and restoring a sense of the human element.

This philosophy also underlies the split that occurred between Nash and the band with which he first recorded, FM.

Nash is a Canadian, a resident of Toronto. His training on the violin goes back to the age of nine, but even as he was learning classical violin he was listening to classic rock and roll, such as Jerry Lee Lewis and others of that era. In 1966 he formed his first band, Breathless, with whom he played for five years. The band is still spoken of with both awe and affection by knowledgeable Canadian fans of progressive rock.

In 1974 Nash went solo for the first time. It was at this point that he took the name Nash the Slash.

"I saw this old movie, Laurel and Hardy's *Do Detectives Think?*, made in 1918, and in it they're the detectives and they're tracking down this criminal, who is called Nash the Slash. It was perfect!"

In 1976 Nash formed a duo with bass and keyboards man Cameron Hawkins, and this became FM. A year later they expanded to a trio, adding Martin Deller on drums. In November 1977, they recorded their first album, *Black Noise*. No one in Canada wanted to release it, but they found a label in the States, and *Black Noise* was released by Jem Records' Visa label. It was then picked up in Canada by GRT, where it promptly sold 50,000 copies and "went gold". (Unfortunately, GRT subsequently went bankrupt, depriving the group of a portion of its earnings.) Although the album got little airplay here, it also enjoyed a modest success in the US. But by then Nash had left FM to pick up this solo career once again. He left the trio, in fact, only a month after *Black Noise* was recorded, in December 1977.

"It was a difference of musical directions, I guess you could say. If you want to put it in parallels, I was pursuing a King Crimson thing, and Cameron was into a Yes thing." Power chords, again.

FM has recorded two subsequent albums, using Nash's friend, Ben Mink, whom he introduced to the band, as his replacement on violin and mandolin. One was a limited pressing, direct-to-disk album, which is difficult to find. The other was the very recently released *Surveillance* on Arista.

Nash recorded a twelve-inch EP, *Bedside Companion*, and set up his own label, Cut-Throat Records, to release it. When you can find it, it's in the import bins. Nash set up his own independent distribution for the record.

He released a full album, *Dreams and Nightmares*, also on Cut-Throat, in late 1979, and has plans for two more to be released in 1980. "*Dreams and Nightmares* does not reflect my live show. It's made up of music I put together over the past couple of years for visual shows—paintings by Rob Vanderhorst, photos by Paul Till, some dance pieces, and my own sound track for the classic film, *Un Chien Andalou*. No vocals, all instrumental."

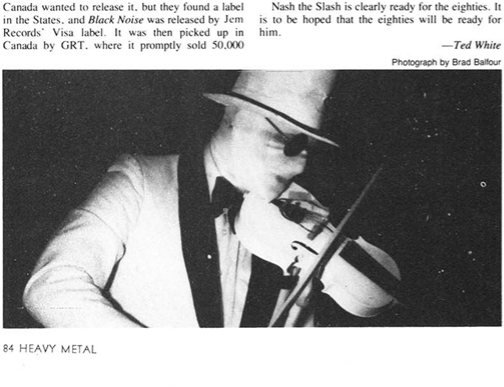
Nash has two—at least—vocal approaches in his live show: lyrics and wordless falsetto screams (enhanced by an octave splitter that gives him an extra-high range). "My next album will be made up of live material, the stuff I do in my shows, like 'Children of the Night' and 'Anthrax Gavotte.' [The latter combines an insane boogie beat with electronics.] Then, as a sort of companion album—a complementary album—I'm going to do an album of covers of other people's music—really oddball stuff like the Kink's 'Who'll Be the Next in Line?,' Jan and Dean, that sort of thing." He grins.

Nash not only records himself, he is his own manager. He is, in nearly every sense, a one-man band, although he gives full credit to Stephen Pollard for his stage show visuals and to his occasional lyricist, Toby Dammit. He has taken Robert Fripp's dictum that the modern rock musician should be a "small, mobile, independent unit" to heart, and he has already achieved considerable success for himself.

Nash the Slash is clearly ready for the eighties. It is to be hoped that the eighties will be ready for him.

—*Ted White*

Photograph by Brad Balfour



MUZICK by Lou Stathis

continued from page 6

sence is *loudness* and *power*, achievable only with amplification. Rok has done a better job than science fiction of keeping itself vital by not restricting its vision to the forward direction, but by also looking outward and actively assimilating external influences. Rok began as a bastard form, and it will live only so long as it interbreeds with other forms. That's been the course of its history so far—alternating periods of desication (early '60s, mid '70s) and vitality (mid '60s, late '70s) as mainstream artists ignore what's going on around them, and then suddenly discover that those obnoxious extremists might actually have something there after all. The old farts then either steal the upstarts' licks and co-opt their success, or produce the snotty kids' records and force record company people (not noted for their foresight) into releasing them. Or, equally as likely, someone new comes along to soften the sound or otherwise make the innovation more palatable to the mass taste, and consequently makes a bundle.

Dragging this rok/SF parallel still further: both have seen a division develop at their respective points of maturity. I don't mean stylistic diversification (that happens from the very beginning), but the two divisions of rok/SF for adolescents (Blondie, Generation X, 999, Ramones, *Han Solo at Rectum's End*, anything by Alan Dean Foster, and, for that matter, just about any SF published by Del Ray Books), and the stuff for adults, preferably adults with some sparks in their synapses (King Crimson, Ultravox, Eno, Magazine, Peter Hammill and Van der Graaf Generator, Brian Aldiss, J.G. Ballard, Ian Watson, Christopher Priest, Algis Budrys, D. G. Compton, and Philip K. Dick). Especially interesting are the rare examples who actually grow before our eyes from one division into the other in the course of their respective careers—Michael Moorcock, David Bowie, the Beatles (who single-handedly pulled rok into adulthood), John Brunner, Frederik Pohl, Robert Wyatt, Peter Townshend, and Robert Silverberg.

The most interesting rok muzick being made today is made by/for adults—who have synthesized a balanced integration of all that is adult and all that is adolescent in rok. The fusion of energy and intellect. These esteemed personages are also mutant-assimilators—humans who can digest and utilize new technology, disparate muzickal philosophies, and present-minute interdisciplinary modes of thought. As any authentic outlaw art must be, rok is constantly changing, always different, never formalized—there is always that bubbling undercurrent of malevolence, always something to make the complacent nervous. Around us are arrayed a bewildering assortment of types practicing the form: almost as many practitioners as there are styles—most of them contemptuous, envious, or, at least, uninterested in what the others are doing. No question in my mind that rok will have continuing relevance through the '80s and beyond. Not in its currently recognizable form, no doubt, but it'll be rok, alright. What'll it sound like? I certainly don't know, but my guess is that in the near future, at least, it will be some mixture of punk futurism, dance muzick, and textural electronix. Keep your ears clean.

Duty Now for the Future

The 1980 Future-Mutant's Core Record Collection

Eno: The Man. Anything. Period.

Devo: The pioneers of punk futurism. As hilarious as they are interesting, and a gas to watch. *Q: Are*

We Not Men?, *A: We Are Devo* and *Duty Now for the Future* (both available domestically on Warner Brothers, though the Virgin import packages are much nicer), and the three early singles: "Mongoloid"/"Jocko Homo," "Satisfaction"/"Sloppy," and "Be Stiff"/"Social Fools."

David Bowie: Getting on in years, but can still answer the door. *Low*, *Heroes*, and *The Lodger*—his last three, and best, courtesy of massive jolts of "Enosification."

Ultravox: One of the first bands to tune their instruments to "Enoise." *Ultravox!* (domestic Island label, discontinued), *Ha, Ha, Ha* (import Island, difficult to find), *Systems of Romance* (a masterpiece, domestic Antilles), numerous singles: "Rockwrok"/"Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Young Savage"/"Slipaway," and a truly *twisted* live EP called "Live Retro." They have since been dumped by Island in the UK and have changed vocalists.

Magazine: Howard Devoto's paranoid alienation set to a dreamlike, Roxyesque score. *Real Life* and *Secondhand Daylight* (both domestic Virgin International) and some savage singles: "Shot by Both Sides"/"My Mind Ain't so Open," "Touch and Go"/"Goldfinger," "Give Me Everything"/"I Love You, You Big Dummy," "Rhythm of Cruelty"/"TV Baby" (all imports).

Gary Numan and Tubeway Army: The man who has turned the Eno/Bowie/Ultravox sound into a chart success in UK. *Replicas* (domestic Atco/Beggars Banquet), *The Pleasure Principle* (import Beggars Banquet only at this point, but probably domestic by the time you read this). Two great singles: "Are Friends Electric"/"We Are so Fragile" and "Cars"/"Asylum."

Bill Nelson's Red Noise: Former leader of Be Bop Deluxe comes out of the closet. Obviously he's been listening to some Eno and new wave. A bit studied but rewarding nonetheless. *Sound on Sound* (domestic Capitol, dumped just after its release) and "Furniture Music"/"Wondertoys that Last Forever" and "Acquitted by Mirrors" (two songs of synthetic reggae on the B side).

XTC: Purveying Andy Partrige's own unique blend of twisted pop. *White Music*, *Go 2*, *Drums and Wire* (all imported Virgin, the third on Virgin/Atlantic) and at least half a dozen spectacular singles.

Talking Heads: Mutated dance muzick that even readers of *Rolling Stone* can snap their feet to. *Talking Heads, 77*, *More Songs about Buildings and Food*, and *Fear of Music* (all on Sire). The first is wimpy and boring, the following two are fascinating and catchy (with The Man presiding).

The Contortions and/or **James White and the Blacks:** New wave discofunk led by an obnoxious asshole who also calls himself "James Chance." An intriguing, tension-ridden display. *Buy Contortions*, and James White and the Blacks' *Off White* (both domestic on ZE/Arista).

The Urban Verbs: From our nation's capital, and squarely in the Roxy mold. Album probably released on Warner Brothers by the time you read this.

The Normal: One of the great electropunk singles of all time, "TVOD"/"Warm Leatherette" (domestic Sire).

The Silicon Teens: This is electropop. "Memphis, Tennessee"/"Let's Dance" (a Mute Records import).

Cowboys International: Bouncy pop-dance muzick with an electronic chaser. *Original Sin* (Virgin import).

Pere Ubu: Twisted new wave/Captain Beefheart from Cleveland. *The Modern Dance* (Blank Records, hard to find), *Dub Housing* (domestic Chrysalis), and *New Picnic Time* (import Chrysalis only, at this point).

More next time. ●

COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 7

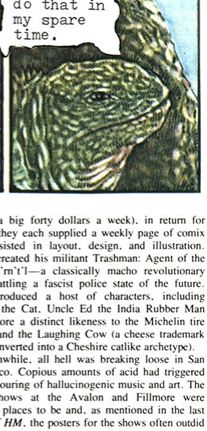
Such a fate, of course, was still a ways down the road in 1965 and 1966 as the idea of a counterculture—an alternative, oppositional culture challenging the mainstream—was just forming.

JFK's assassination, the Watts and Detroit riots, and the growing Vietnam War had already assured a break with the repressed calm of the fifties. Sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll (the three hobbyhorsemen of the apocalypse) were to guarantee that there would be no turning back.

It was probably only natural that the young cartoonists whose beginnings in Satire Fandom and the college humor magazines of the early sixties would end up in the counterculture. The cartoonists' penchant for social satire and "sick" humor found them few outlets for their work in the conservative world of slick publishing. The Underground (UG) Press, which sprung up in the major cities around 1966, welcomed them with open arms.

The UG Press of course was never really "underground" in the sense of "secret and clandestine," yet the paranoid camaraderie of early dope smokers, acidheads, and war protesters lent a certain credence to the term—and it stuck. Linked by the informal agreements of the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), the UG papers could reprint art and text from each other without charge, a practice that led to work by Crumb, Shelton, Williamson, and others being read all over the country by millions of people. Financial rewards were usually nonexistent, but the exposure seemed to make up for it.

In Berkeley, Joel Beck and John Thompson cartooned for the *Berkeley Barb*, one of the earliest and most sensationalist UG papers. In Chicago, Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson drew comix and covers for the *Chicago Seed*. Ron Cobb penned the best political cartoons of the decade for the *LA Free*



Press. However, the UG paper that undoubtedly played the biggest role in the growth of comix was the *East Village Other* (*EVO*) in New York.

EVO was founded in late 1965 by Walter Bowart, John Wilcock, and others living in the budding cultural scene on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Early on it distinguished itself from the increasingly staid *Village Voice* by reveling in Alfred Jarry's *pataphysics*, apocalyptic visions, visceral writing, and chaotic layout. It was a heady brew, and a vital ingredient was comix.

Bill Beckmann's "Captain High" and Panzyka's "Gentle's Trip-out," along with occasional strips by Bowart himself (signed S. Dangerfield), were *EVO*'s first comix in '65 and '66. At this point, Spain Rodriguez, a Marxist member of the Road Vultures Motorcycle Club out of Buffalo, New York, began visiting *EVO* periodically and doing spot illos. Spain's art was still crude, but Bowart saw possibilities and commissioned him to do a whole comic book. *Zodiak Mindwarp* was the result, a one-shot comic tabloid that came out in late '66. *Zodiak*'s sales were disappointing, but Spain became an *EVO* regular, his style improving by leaps and bounds over the course of the next year.

The summer of '66 was the season of the Lovin' Spoonful's "Summer in the City." It was also the time when Trina Robbins moved to New York City and walked through *EVO*'s doors. Originally raised in Queens, Trina had spent the last several years in Los Angeles designing clothes for rock stars and the burgeoning musical scene there. (Joni Mitchell aficionados may have noticed that Trina is one of the ladies of the canyon in Joni's song.) In New York she opened a successful boutique called Broccoli on East Fourteenth Street and contributed the cartoon adventures of "Suzy Slumgoddess" to *EVO*.

By early '67 the East Village was thriving in its scruffy way. Head shops and vegetarian restaurants were firmly wedged in between old Ukranian social clubs and Puerto Rican groceries. Spain moved to the neighborhood for good and Kim Deitch also arrived. Deitch, the son of the creator of the Tom Terrific cartoons and an old friend of Bill Griffith's from art-school days in '62, decided to try his hand at comix and originated "Sunshine Girl" for *EVO*. Sunshine was literally a "flower child," with a strange sunflowerlike head. There were plenty of psychedelic optical effects floating out of the panels. Given the tenor of the strip, it was probably not totally coincidental that Sunshine shared her name with a favored brand of LSD.

Eventually Kim and Spain were put on salary at *EVO* (a big forty dollars a week), in return for which they each supplied a weekly page of comix and assisted in layout, design, and illustration. Spain created his militant Trashman: Agent of the 6th Int'rn'l—a classically macho revolutionary hero battling a fascist police state of the future. Kim produced a host of characters, including Waldo the Cat, Uncle Ed the India Rubber Man (who bore a distinct likeness to the Michelin tire man), and the Laughing Cow (a cheese trademark now converted into a Cheshire catlike archetype).

Meanwhile, all hell was breaking loose in San Francisco. Copious amounts of acid had triggered an outpouring of hallucinogenic music and art. The rock shows at the Avalon and Fillmore were weekly places to be and, as mentioned in the last issue of *HM*, the posters for the shows often outdid the music itself for lush hypnotic beauty. In contrast to the mainstream graphic design of the time that emphasized crisp, stark type and photos geometrically arranged on a Swiss conceptualized grid system, the rock posters radiated hand lettering, sinuous, organic design, and electric color clashes. After seeing the art of Kelly/Mouse, Victor Moscoso, and Rick Griffin it was hard to tell whether the eidetic images one saw with closed eyes on acid just happened to resemble their

flashing designs, or whether their art had forever after influenced one's hallucinations.

Posters were booming, and it soon became apparent that as much money could be made from selling the posters for the events as from the events themselves. The Print Mint, originally a fine-art print store in Berkeley, was one of the local firms to get into poster sales in a big way. A national distribution network of head shops, poster outlets, and bookstores was developed...a network that would come in handy when the Print Mint started publishing UG comix.

All this graphic excitement had a way of attracting artists hoping to make their mark to San Francisco. Robert Crumb was perhaps the most famous immigrant, but there were others. Many of them ended up helping build the UG comix movement. Greg Irons, expelled from high school in Pennsylvania, arrived in early '67 and produced posters for local concerts and events before setting off for Europe. Jim Osborne, quitting his position as management trainee with W.T. Grant's in Texas, came to town as Irons left and soon became one of the first of the new cartoonists.

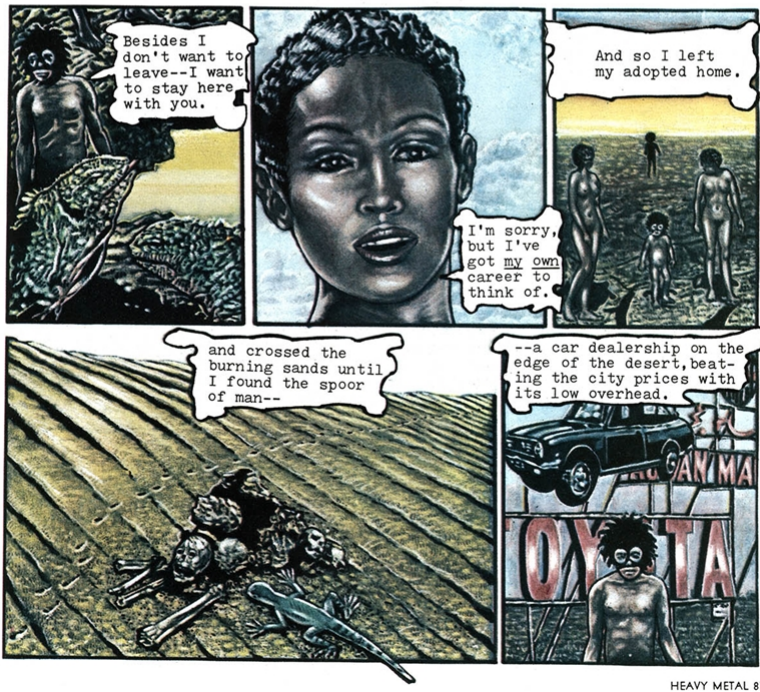
1967 was also the year that John Thompson moved to the Bay Area. John had been an art major and political cartoonist for the school paper at UC Davis, as well as active in antiwar and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee politics. After he began tripping in early '67, his cartoon subject matter increasingly shifted from the political to the mystical and visionary. John was a prolific poster artist for local events, and in mid-October he did four prints for the Print Mint: surreal cityscapes populated with naked cyclopes. One of those prints was to become the cover of his *The Kingdom of Heaven Is Within You* comic, published by the Print Mint two years later.

There is a moment on acid where one thinks, "Maybe this will go on forever!" But of course it doesn't. The summer of '67 was the much hyped "Summer of Love" during which thousands of runaways and youthful escapees from suburbia flocked to the Haight. Some were undoubtedly on a kind of inchoate spiritual pilgrimage, while others may simply have come for the reputed drugs and fun. Whatever the case, the immensity of their numbers helped choke the spontaneity and vitality of the very scene they came to enjoy. In response, many of the original hip locals started packing up for the country, tired of urban crowding and hoping for a quieter life in rural communes.

Enter *Zap* #1 and underground comix. In retrospect it seems fitting that the sudden blossoming of UG comix—of comix for heads and the hip—should happen *after* the San Francisco scene had peaked. What better time to sit back and learn to laugh at yourself and your subculture than in the potentially depressing period following the Big Buzz. Certainly much of the attraction of Robert Crumb's early work was its ability to both express that era and gently mock it at the same time.

Crumb had already begun producing stoned comix before *Zap* #1 was published in February 1968. The previous year he had several pages of strips in *EVO* and had done a special one-man comix issue of *Yarrowstalks*, a literary magazine out of Philadelphia. Encouraged by the magazine's publisher to draw up his own comic book, Crumb produced *Zap* and sent it to the publisher. The publisher's and Crumb's originals disppeared. Undaunted, Crumb drew a second issue, which became the official *Zap* #1.

Don Donahue was a native San Franciscan with an ambition to be a publisher. A friend of his, poet Charlie Plymell, had a Multilith 1250 press. The two were excited by Crumb's work in *Yarrowstalks* and *EVO*, so when Donahue met Crumb at the end of 1967 he offered to publish him. Don arranged for Charlie to print 5,000 copies of *Zap* #1 in trade for Don's tape recorder. Donahue, Crumb, and Crumb's wife, Dana, collated and stapled the issues and went down to Haight Street, where they sold them for twenty-five cents each out of a baby



carriage.

Meanwhile, back in the world of posters, the boom was over. Moscoso and Griffin had been doing them weekly for over two years and were ready for something new—comix. Griffin was no stranger to comic art, having drawn "Murph the Surf" several years before for a southern California surfing magazine. Moscoso, coming from a fine-art background, tackled comix with the same aesthetic spirit he had brought to the posters. Art was where you made it—why not in comic books?

S. Clay Wilson took San Francisco by storm the same month that *Zap* #1 came out. Raised in Nebraska, educated in art and anthropology at the University of Nebraska, Wilson ended up living in Lawrence, Kansas, and working as a model for drawing classes at the university there. A compulsive cartoonist since grade school, he already had a sophisticated drawing style by the mid '60s. In 1967 he drew a portfolio of twenty drawings that was published in a limited edition by a small press in Lawrence. It was powerful stuff—scenes of battling bikers, scungy pirates, and horrific perverts.

Plymell, originally from Kansas, was a friend of the publisher of the portfolio. When Wilson hit San Francisco he looked him up. One thing led to another, and Donohue introduced Wilson to Crumb. In Crumb's own words, "I was just completely blitzkrieged by the guy. I'd never seen anything like those drawings of his before."

The two cartoonists conferred with the two poster artists and decided to make *Zap* #2 a group production. Spirits were high and momentum was building. Where it might lead to was hard to say, but something was in the air.

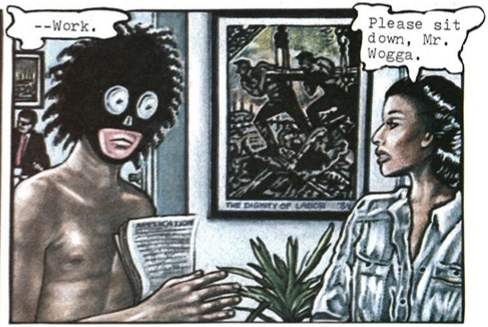
John Thompson was friends with Joel Beck, and the two of them discussed the idea of a weekly underground paper composed entirely of comix. As a tribute to the early days of comic art, they planned to call it *Puck, the Yellow Kid*. Don Schenker, at the Print Mint, had already published Beck's art and was now involved with publishing *Zap* #2, so he was approached by Thompson and Beck in April 1968. Their original title could not be used for copyright reasons, so Schenker renamed the paper *Yellow Dog*.

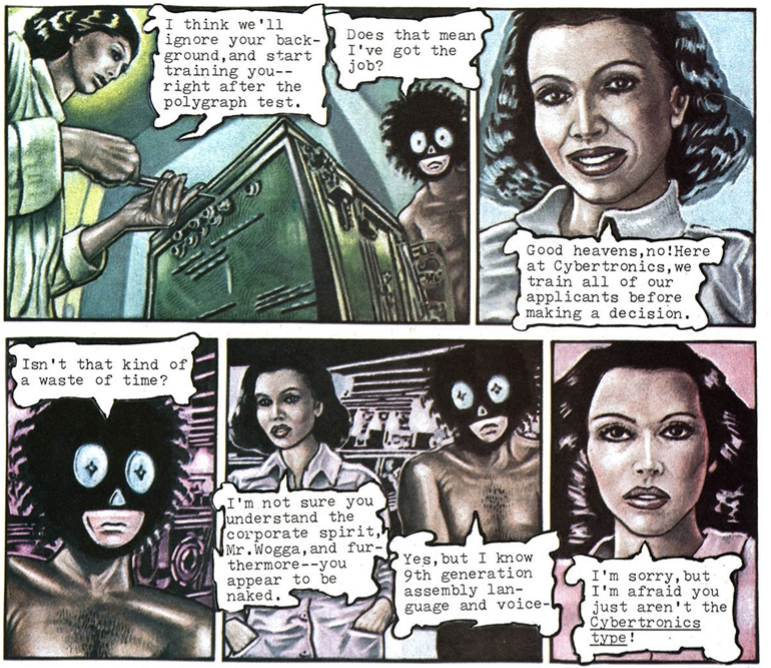
Published "as weekly as possible," *Yellow Dog* initially consisted of four tabloid-size pages selling for fifteen cents. Crumb contributed the cover and a "Mr. Natural" strip, Thompson did the first of many "Spiritual Stag Films" (starring Sam God), and Beck did a Disney satire with Mickey and Donald as alcoholics. Andy Martin, a UC Berkeley architectural student, rounded out the editorial core with a Steadmanish strip about Professor Anatole Murayev.

Yellow Dog soon doubled in size, raised its price to twenty-five cents, and totally abandoned any attemps at a weekly schedule. The list of contributors expanded rapidly to include Wilson, Griffin, and Moscoso. Jim Osborne's densely detailed strips first appeared in #5, while Robert Williams (soon to be a *Zap* regular) turned up in #7. As the first real "open" UG comic, *Yellow Dog* played a key role in encouraging new artists and keeping the ball rolling.

Copies of *Zap* were wending their way around the US and having a significant effect on the cartoonists who had known of each other's work since the days of *Help!* In Austin, Texas, Gilbert Shelton was drawing "The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers" for his local UG paper, *The Rag*. A copy of *Zap* #1 fell into his hands in early '68 and inspired Shelton to collect his own strips into a self-published comic—*Feds and Heads*.

In Chicago, Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson, friends from the days of Satire Fandom, were publishing the *Chicago Mirror*, a "humor magazine for hippies." Paeons to acid shared the pages with surrealistic comic strips and gag cartoons. The *Mirror*'s quality was mixed, at best. Lynch and Williamson were struggling to put out the third issue during the summer of '68, when Crumb came to Chicago for a visit. Jay and his wife, Jane, had





To Be Continued

already been corresponding with Crumb, and it was only natural that Crumb would stay with them while visiting. With an amazing black-bound sketchbook full of ideas, drawings, and strips, as well as copies of the new *Zap #2* in hand, Crumb was, whether intentionally or not, a highly inspiring figure.

Comix were the wave of the future, not humor magazines! The *Mirror*'s third issue was its last. *Bijou Funnies* was the new project, rising from the *Mirror*'s ashes.

It was at this point that I enter into the chronology. Eighteen and fresh out of suburban high school, where I had been editor of a student underground paper, I contacted Lynch about doing cartoons for the *Mirror*. As the *Mirror* became *Bijou*, I met with Jay, Skip, and Crumb, and was invited to contribute a strip. "New Left Funnies" was the result—a rapidographed attempt at political satire stylistically inspired by Shelton, Crumb, Lynch, and Williamson, who were all present in the issue. The sixth cartoonist represented was Dave Herring, a friend of mine from our early days in Comics Fandom.

Bijou #1 was labeled "Adults Only" on the cover, though a current glance at its overwhelmingly wholesome contents makes one wonder why. Sex, drugs, and politics were all rather obliquely present, but the general tone was one of slightly naughty giddiness perhaps typified by the back cover's command: "Don't wee wee on yer Tee Vee set." Over the course of its next several issues, *Bijou*'s contents would get considerably bolder, but good solid laughs remained the number-one priority.

Next month: Part Three: **So Long to the Sixties.**

New Publications

A couple of new comix from Kitchen Sink are worth your attention. *Dope Comix #3* is the best issue yet of this blatantly titled comic. While, in general, I've come to find drug humor rather tedious, *Dope #3* either sidesteps the usual cliches or satirizes them in a wholly enjoyable fashion. Howard Cruse and Steve Stiles each do anecdotal stories about "true" LSD incidents that veer off into fantasy at key points, while Dan Steffan does a crazed tale of a Good Humor man who gets frozen in the back of his truck and wakes up in the thirty-sixth century. New cartoonist Joe Schwind debuts in this issue with several impressive pages, including a two-page photo-collage strip with a narrative reminiscent of Kerouac and Burroughs meeting in a dark alley. Ripp and Whitney also contribute amusing strips, but the issue's real dazzler is a six-page tribute to the old Merrie Melody animated cartoons by Doug Hansen, entitled "A Night in a Head Shop." In classic fashion, the shop's products and rodent inhabitants come alive at night and stage a battle royale. What could be an exercise in kitsch is pulled off with flying colors by Hansen, establishing him at last as an artist fully in command of the medium.

Also from Kitchen comes *The Bunch's Power Pak Comics* by Aline Kominsky-Crumb. In mind-boggling detail, Aline leads us through the autobiographical adventures of her alter ego, the Bunch. Over half the comic is devoted to Bunch's girlhood with her parents, Blabette and Arnie, on Long Island. Aline's sense of humor manages to dwell on the particularly grotesque incidents until an aura of absurdity envelops the whole comic. Stylistically, the art is simultaneously crude and sophisticated—which means you usually either love it or hate it. For my money you can't find a better hour's entertainment.

(Both *Dope #3* and *Power Pak* retail for $1 and should be available wherever underground comix are sold. If they're not, raise hell with your local dealer.) ●

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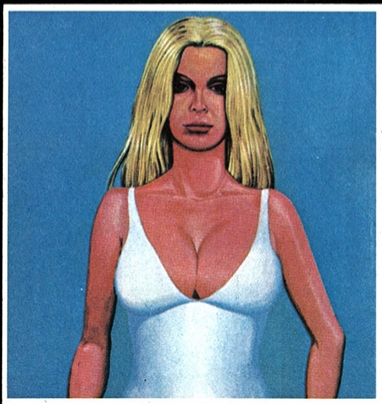

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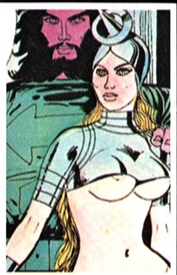

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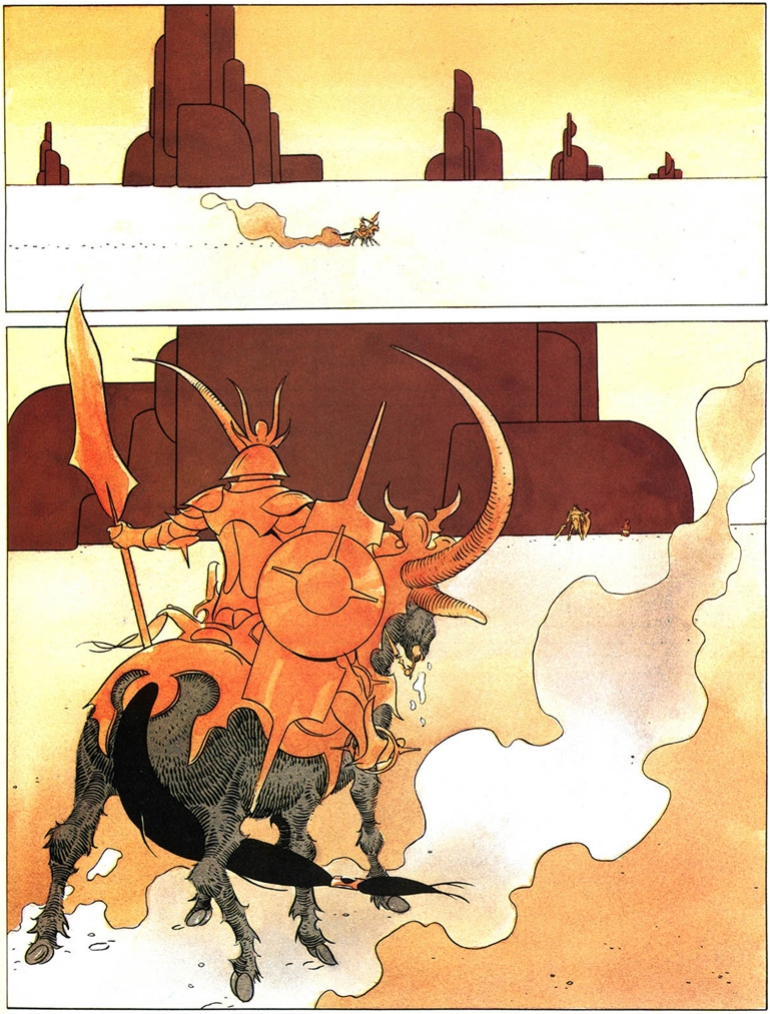

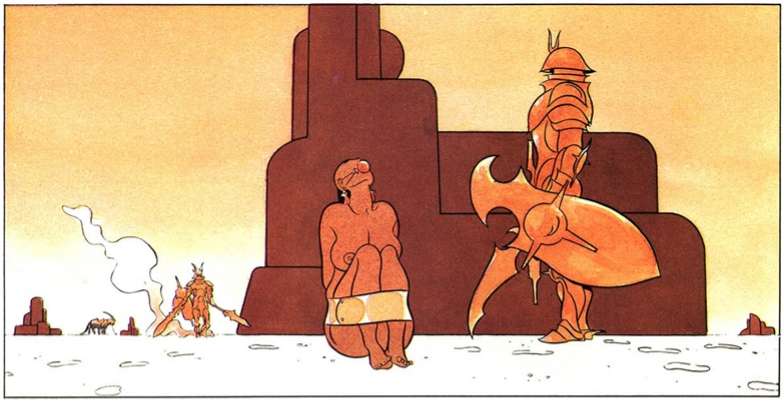

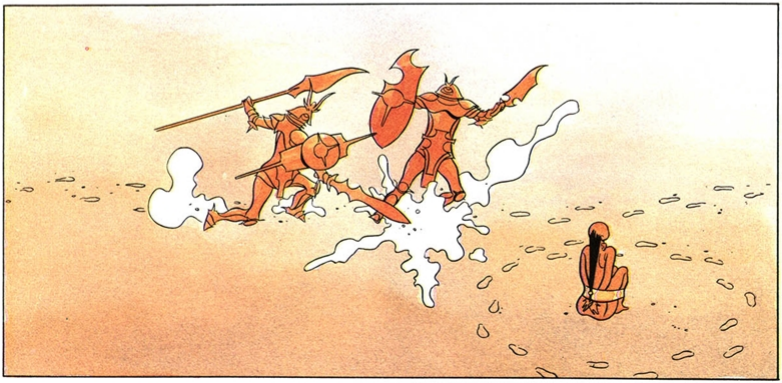

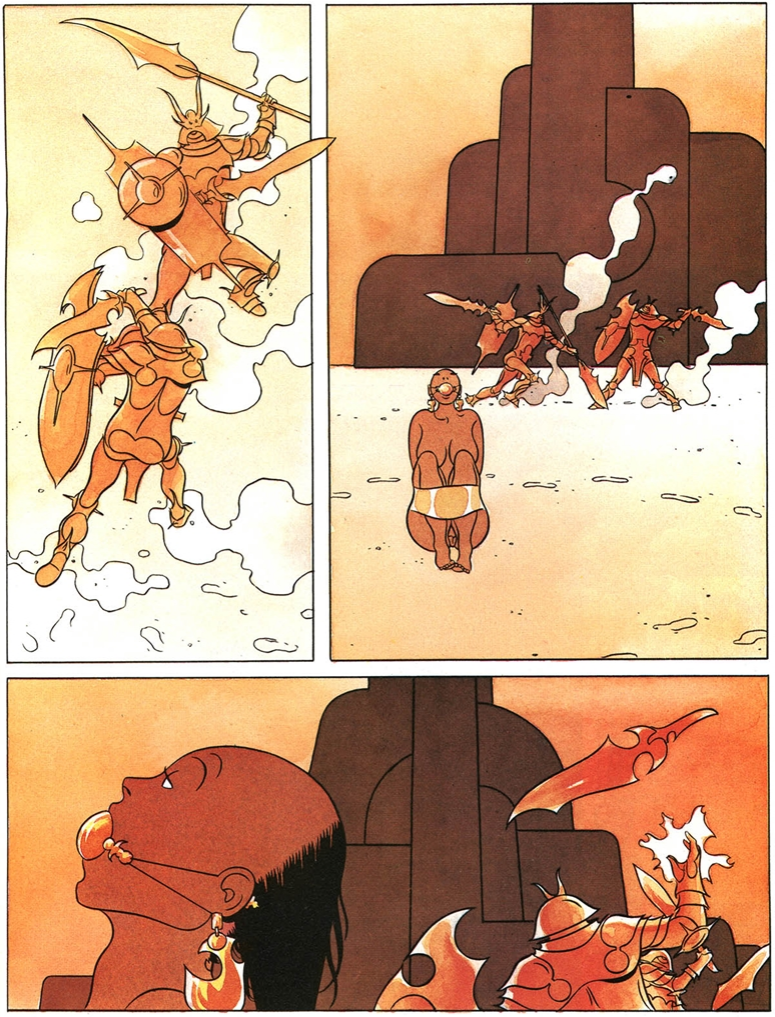

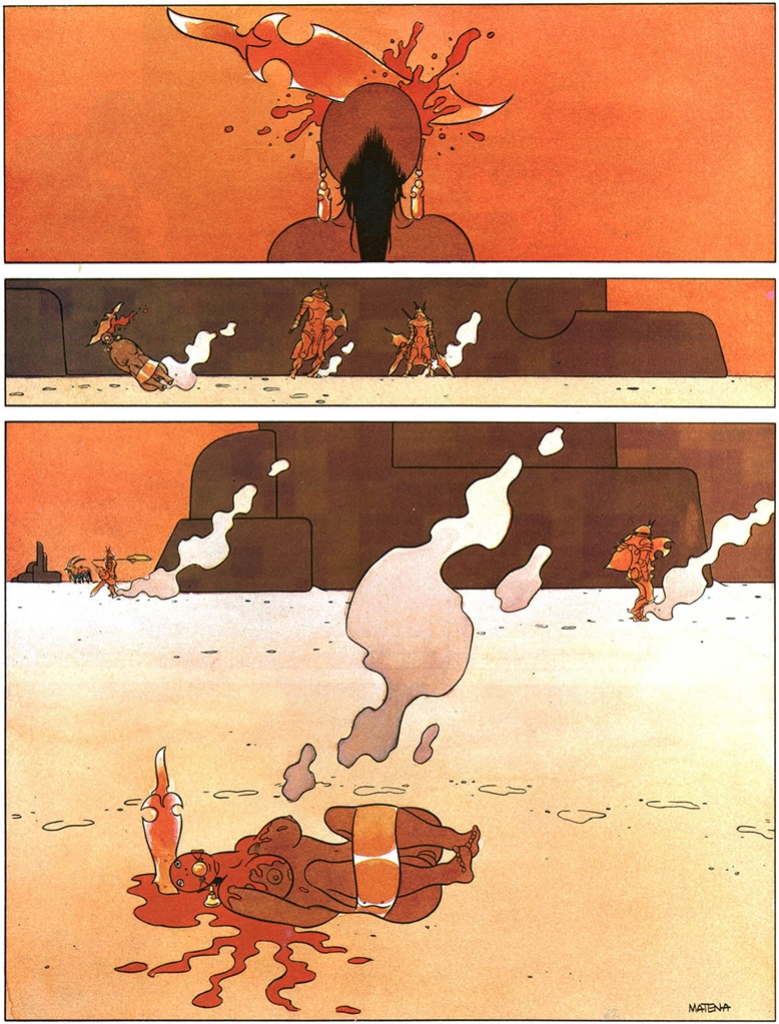
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