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HEAVY METAL

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FURTHER...

Early returns from *HM* #1? "I thought it was a rock music mag." Uh-huh. This response from persons who had assumed *Rolling Stone* was a geology report...

Otherwise, here we are putting out #2 without info abt #1's success, effects, whatever...

(This written in Feb, FYI, not before Apr, re Mar. We'll know yr reaction in July. Global Village, my ft.)

Inside, we continue the adventures of "Sunpot," as made by the ex-mortal Vaughn Bodé. "Sunpot" was done in b&w, and issued as obscure underground comic. We asked Jack Adler to color them as lovingly as Vaughn might have. Sixteen pages to come in future issues, so don't touch that dial.

Sword and sorcery tale "Yriss" concludes herein. Those curious as to how our hero got into such a fix are urged to consult *HM* #1.

Also continuing is "Den," Richard Corber masterpiece. The entire 96-p. epic will appear between our covers. And "Age of Ages" by Akbar and Rubington goes on. If Insp. Fuzz strikes you as potential cult figure, go find his first saga, *Fuzz Against Junk*, in dusty beatnik bookstore.

Other tales all complete their time/ space existence here before yr very eyes.



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Just like the first issue of many other magazines, those still publishing and those extinct, this first issue is something special. Stores around the country, for example, are asking several hundred dollars for a first issue of the *National Lampoon*; first issues of *Playboy*, *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, and other magazines are going for equally stiff ransoms.

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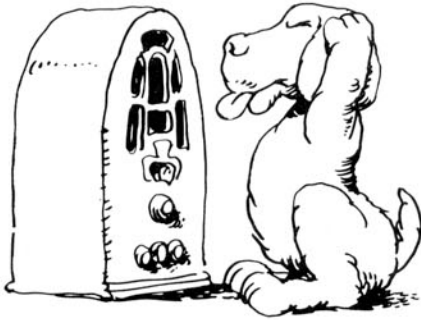
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The end of the same old song.



No more gritting your teeth. No more aimless dial switching and button pushing. No more repetitive, tinny, raspy, juvenile, generally unexciting music. We hear you.

Instead of playing all the new, exciting songs, some FM stations are playing all the new TOP 20 songs.

Which means that the same AM radio stuff you left behind in high school, is now coming back at you on FM. In stereo, no less.

Everybody likes to hear their favorite song. But nobody likes to hear it seventeen times in a day.

You're tired of it. We're tired of it. We hear you.

Everytime you've searched for something to listen to, we've heard you.

We've been listening to you for the last 10 months. We've heard what you liked. What you hated. What you thought a great radio station should be.

We've heard you.

Introducing FM 107. Old friends, with music and features that are better than ever.

On FM 107, you won't hear the same songs over and over.

What you'll hear, are Lynn McIntosh, Tom Curtis, Pete Larkin, Bill O'Connor, and John Lyon playing the best music in Washington.

The exciting music of today. As well as the great songs of the past decade or so. Some of them chartbusters. *All* of them songs that mean something.

These are some of the albums you'll be hearing songs from, on FM 107.

1. "Hasten Down The Wind" Linda Ronstadt
2. "The Pretender" Jackson Browne
3. "Hotel California" Eagles
4. "Hejira" Joni Mitchell
5. "Night On The Town" Rod Stewart
6. "Boston" Boston
7. "33 1/3" George Harrison
8. "Songs In The Key of Life" Stevie Wonder
9. "Blue Moves" Elton John
10. "Wings Over America" Wings
11. "Silk Degrees" Boz Scaggs
12. "A New World Record" E.L.O.
13. "Fly Like An Eagle" Steve Miller
14. "Frampton Comes Alive" Peter Frampton
15. "Night Moves" Bob Seger



On FM 107, you'll hear national and international news, presented every hour by the ABC News Bureau. And interesting, relevant local news, presented by FM 107's News Department.

You'll hear up-to-the-minute incisive sports reports featuring nationally-renowned sportswriter Jack Mann, every morning. And every afternoon with Redskin star Roy Jefferson.

On the weekends, FM 107 presents the most entertaining specials in town. Album previews with behind-the-scenes commentary. Interviews with today's top musical stars. Live rock and jazz concerts. Anything

and everything that makes for good listening.

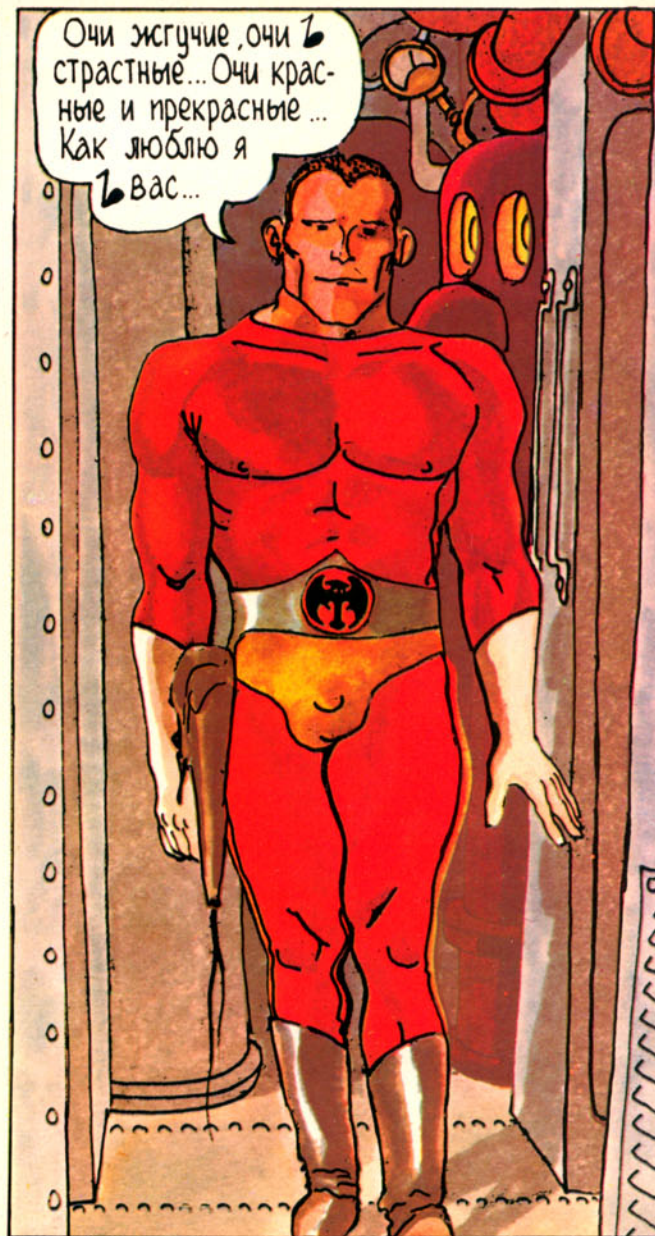
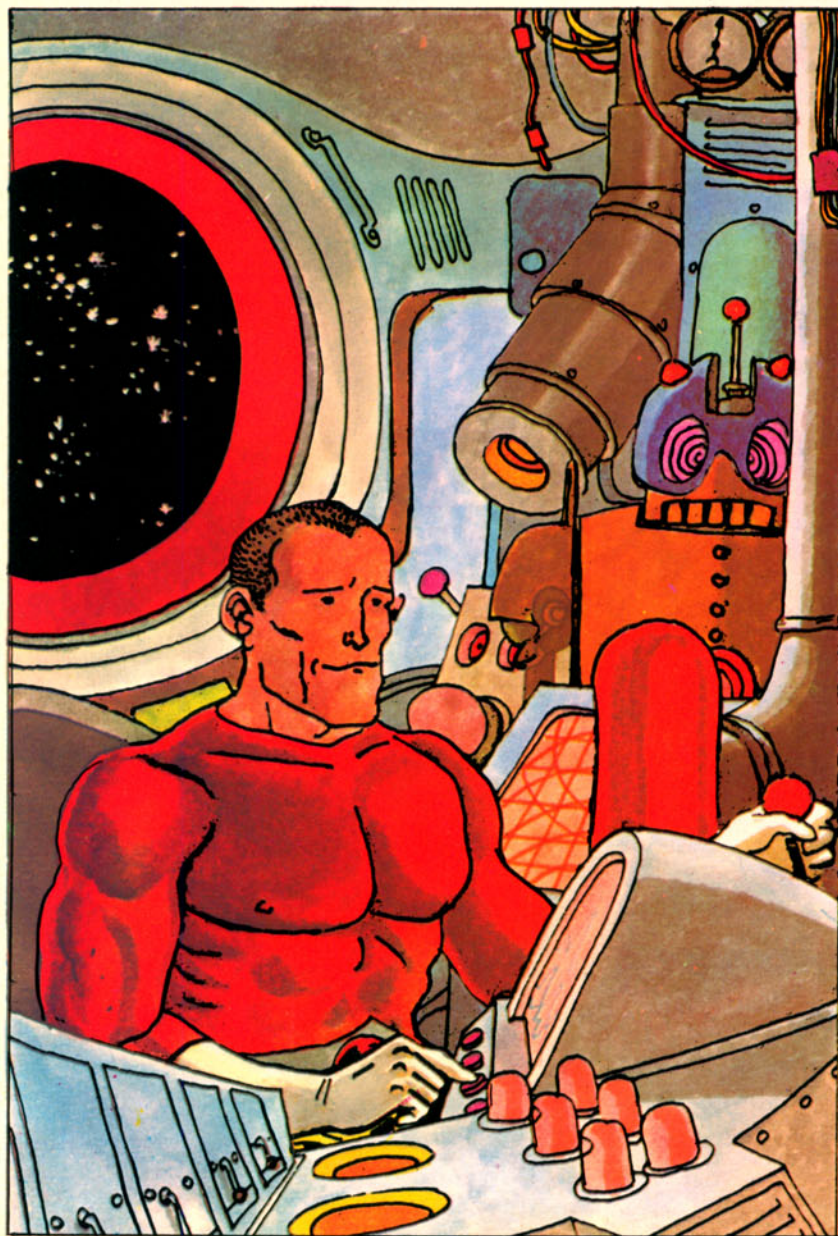
Good radio is more than one song after another. Good radio is something that makes you smile, and laugh, and think, and learn.

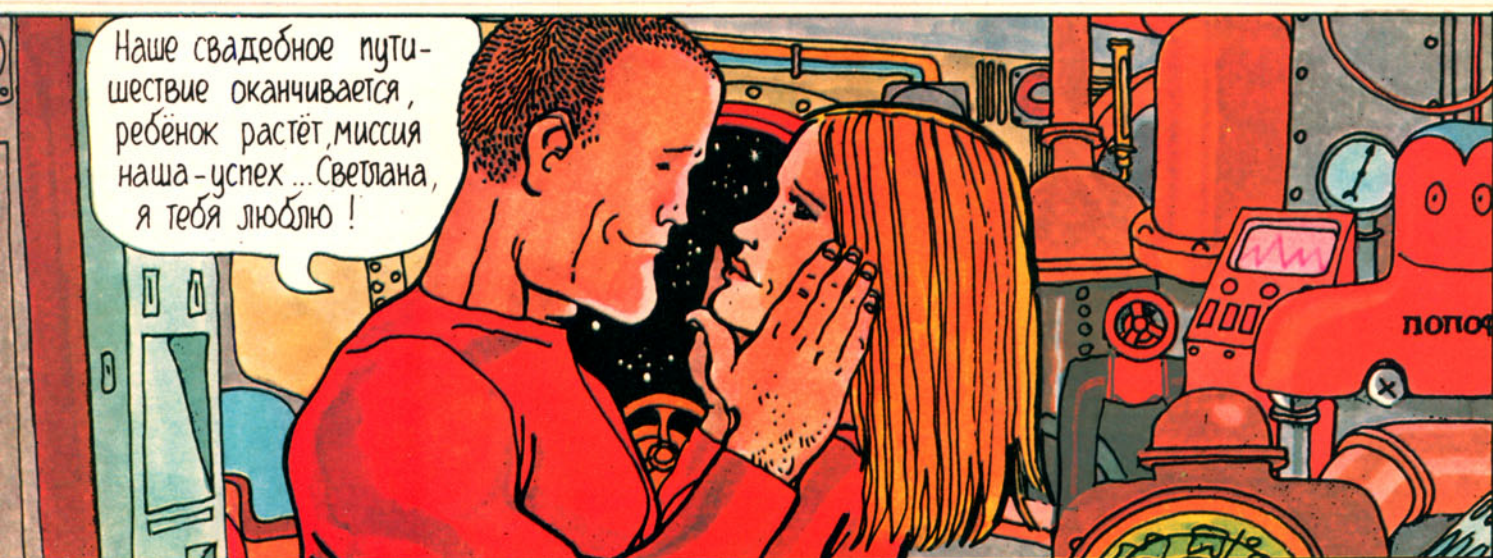
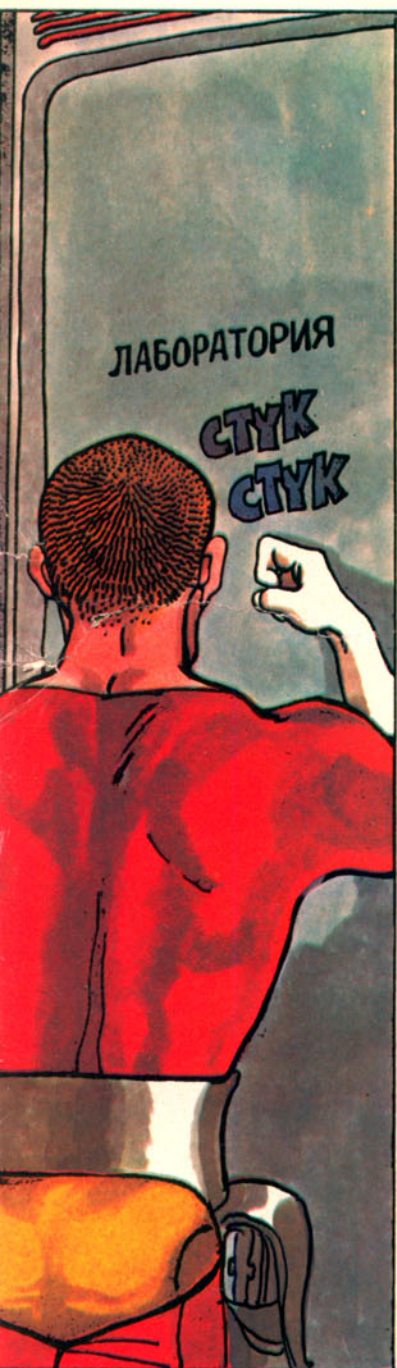
We've heard you. Now it's your turn.

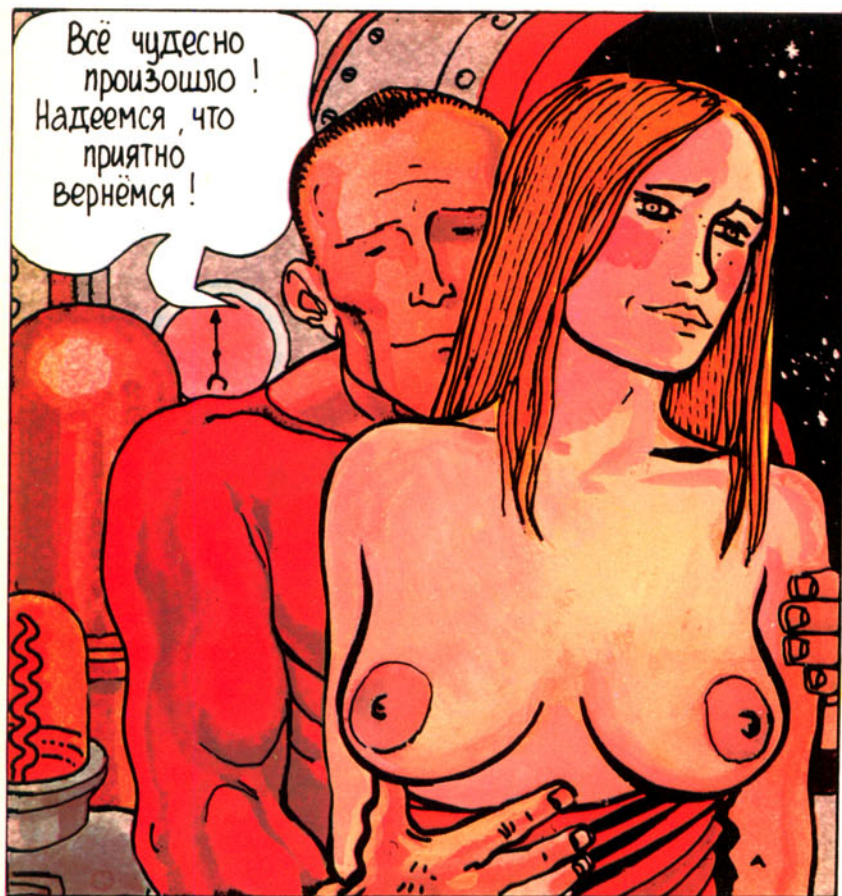
Tune in FM 107, and hear what we're doing. You'll never hear the same old song again.

WMAL FM
FM 107
Washington, D.C.
We hear you.

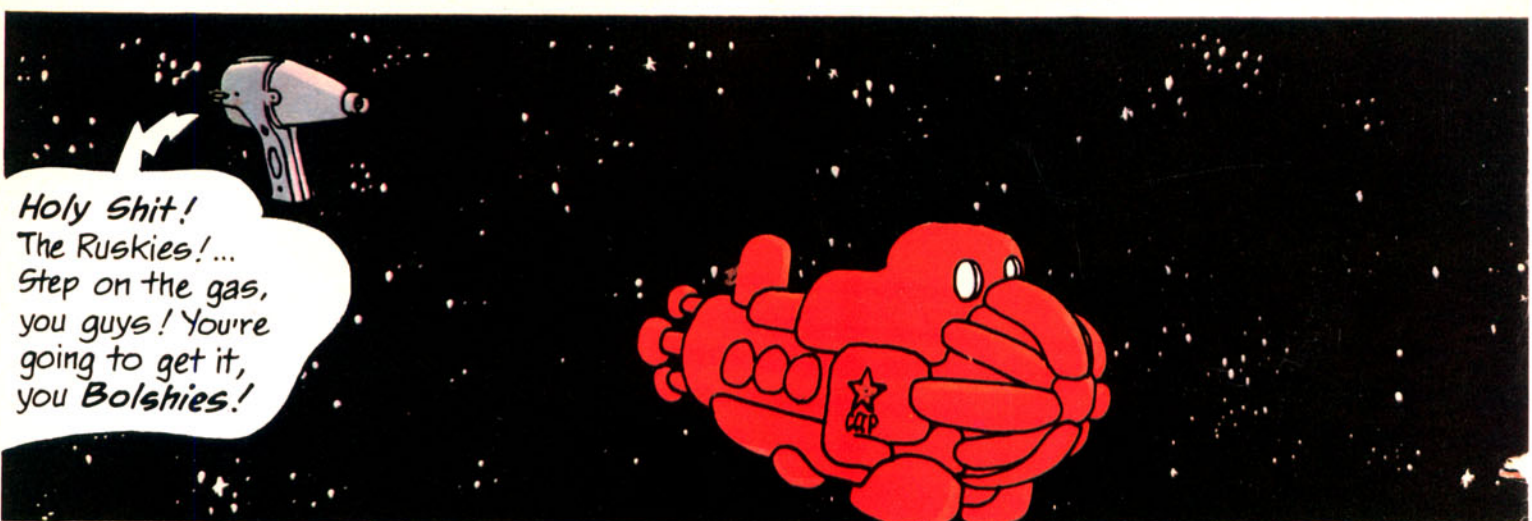
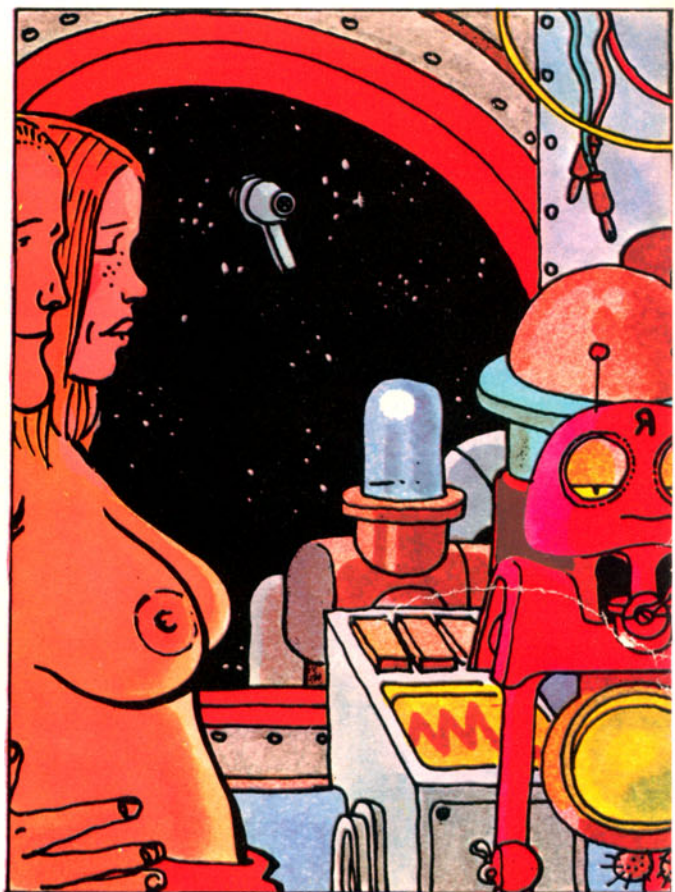
МЕДОВЫЙ МЕСЯЦ



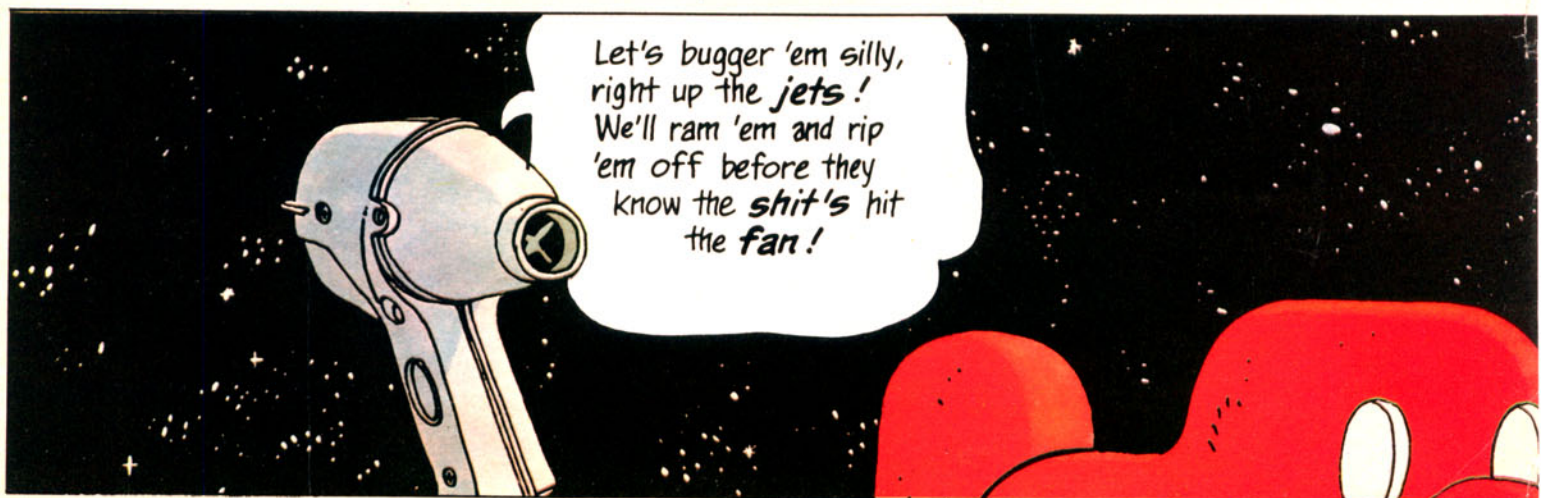




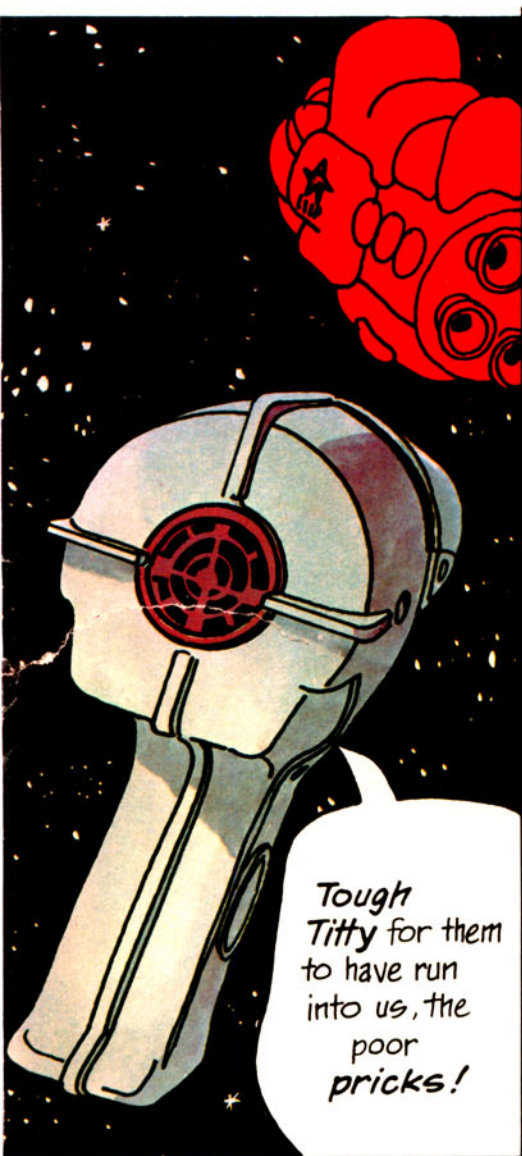
Всё чудесно
произошло!
Надеемся, что
приятно
вернёмся!



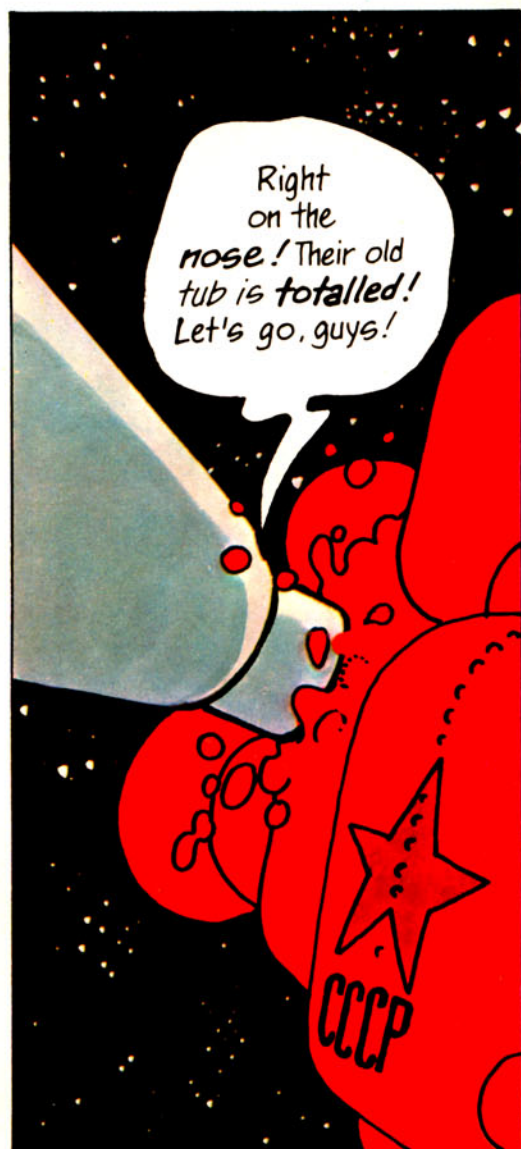
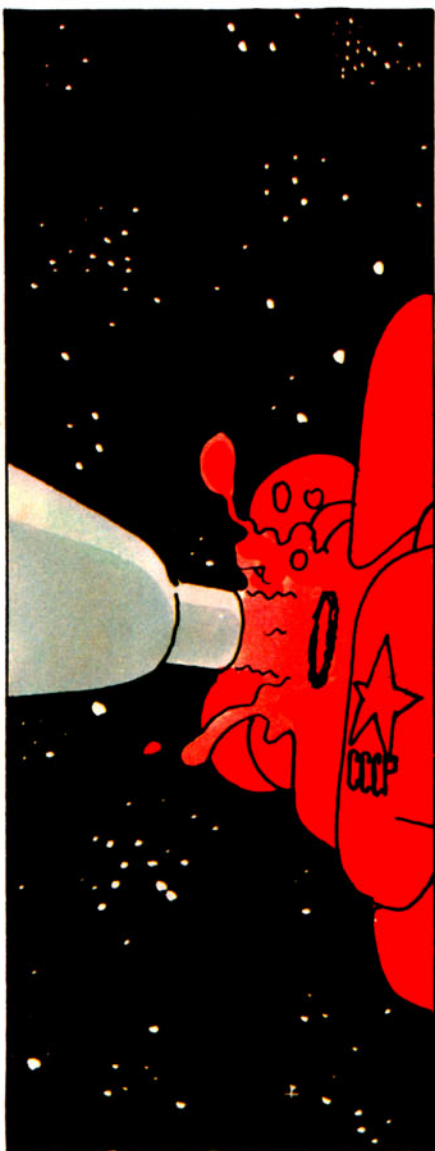
Holy Shit!
The Ruskies!...
Step on the gas,
you guys! You're
going to get it,
you *Bolshies!*



Let's bugger 'em silly,
right up the *jets!*
We'll ram 'em and rip
'em off before they
know the *shit's* hit
the *fan!*



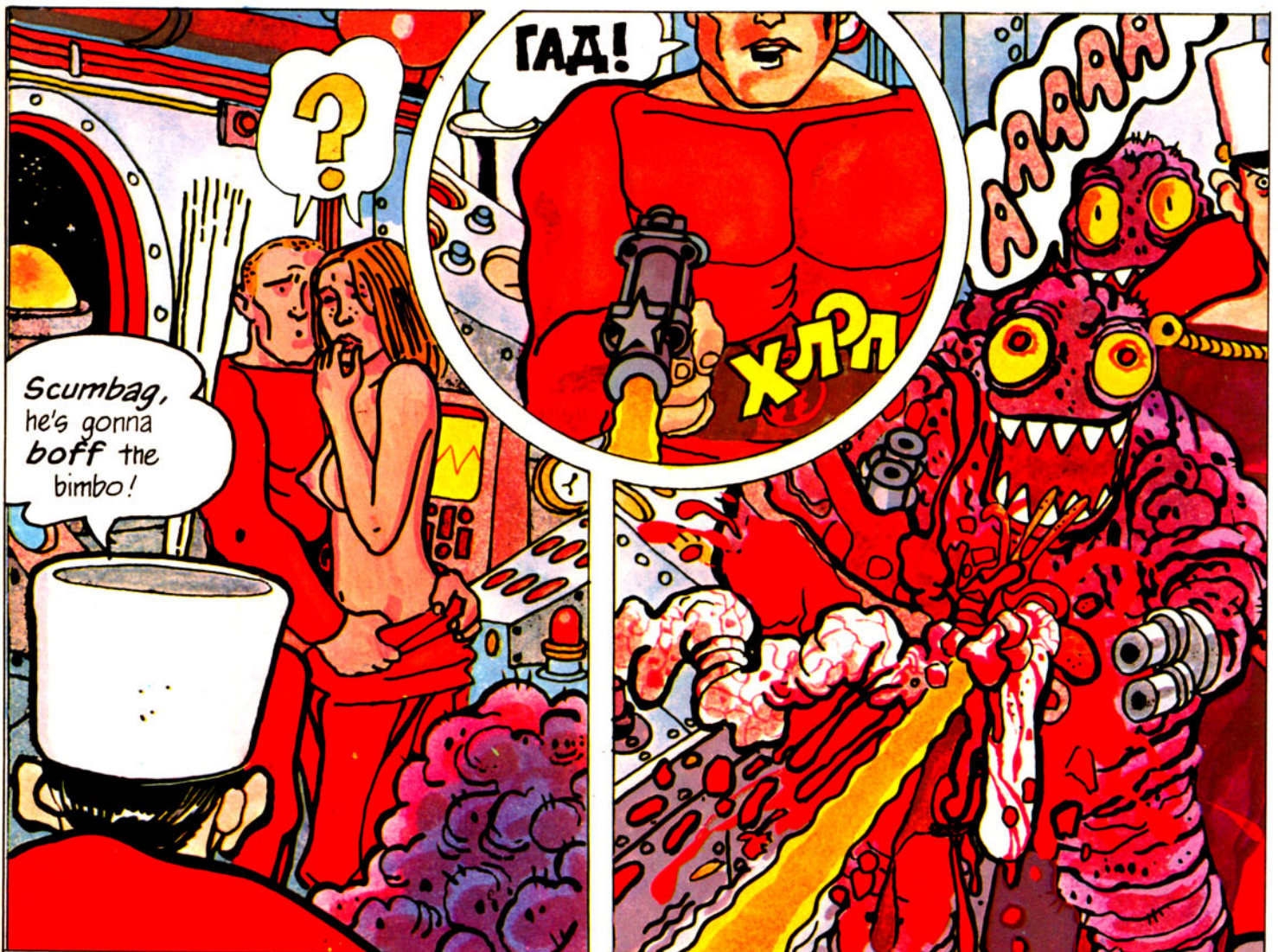
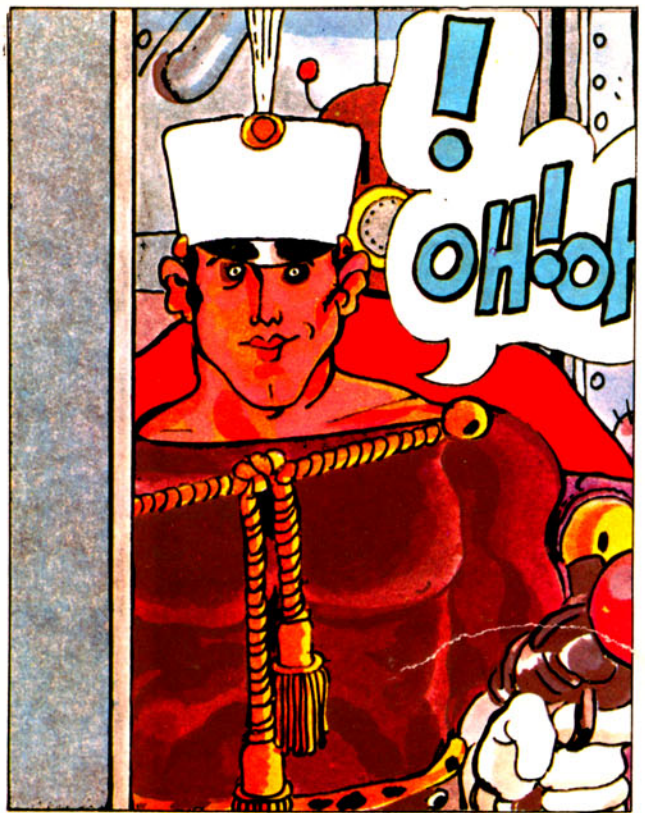
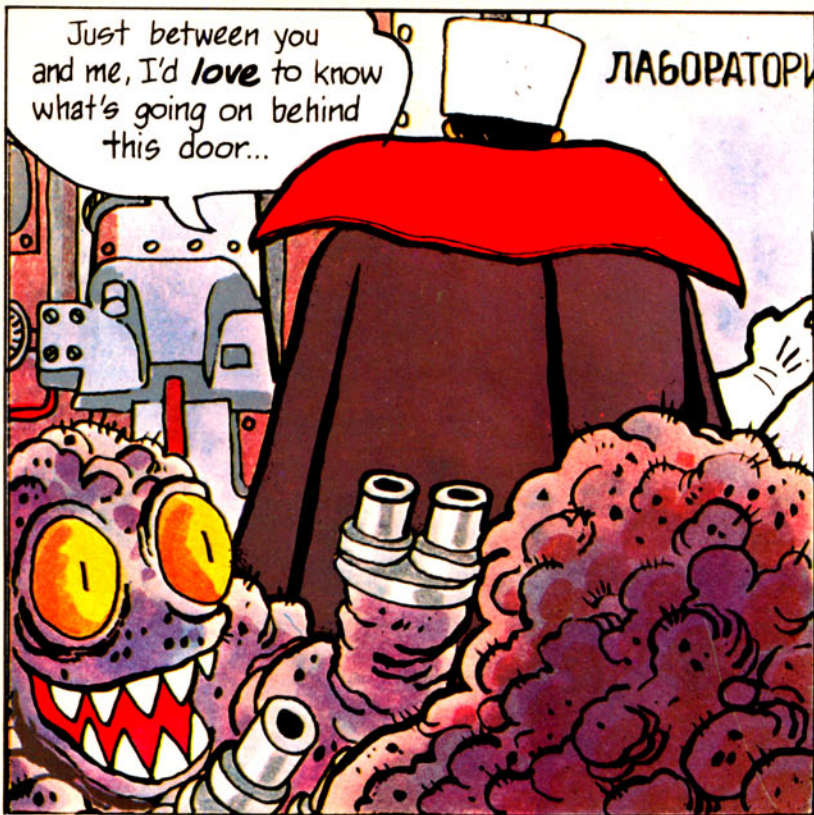
Tough
Titty for them
to have run
into us, the
poor
pricks!

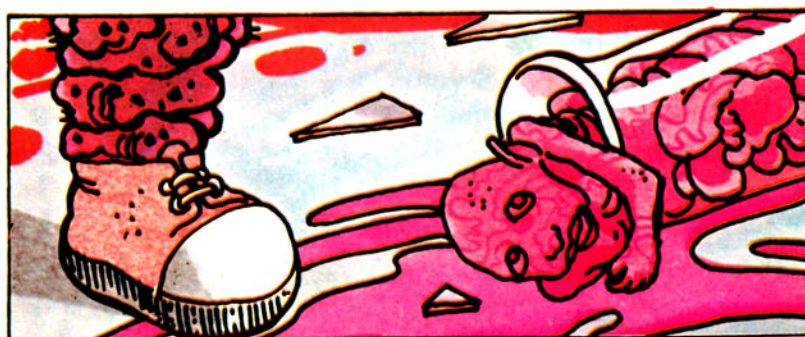
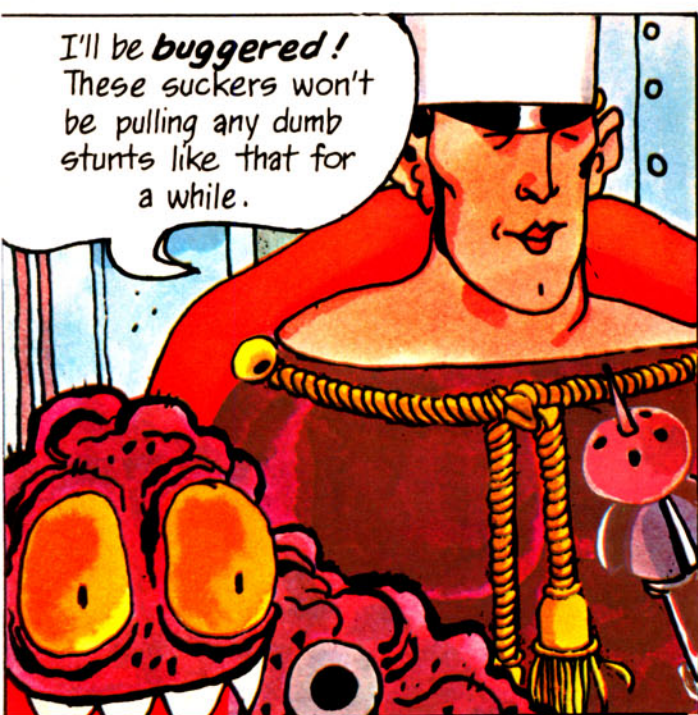
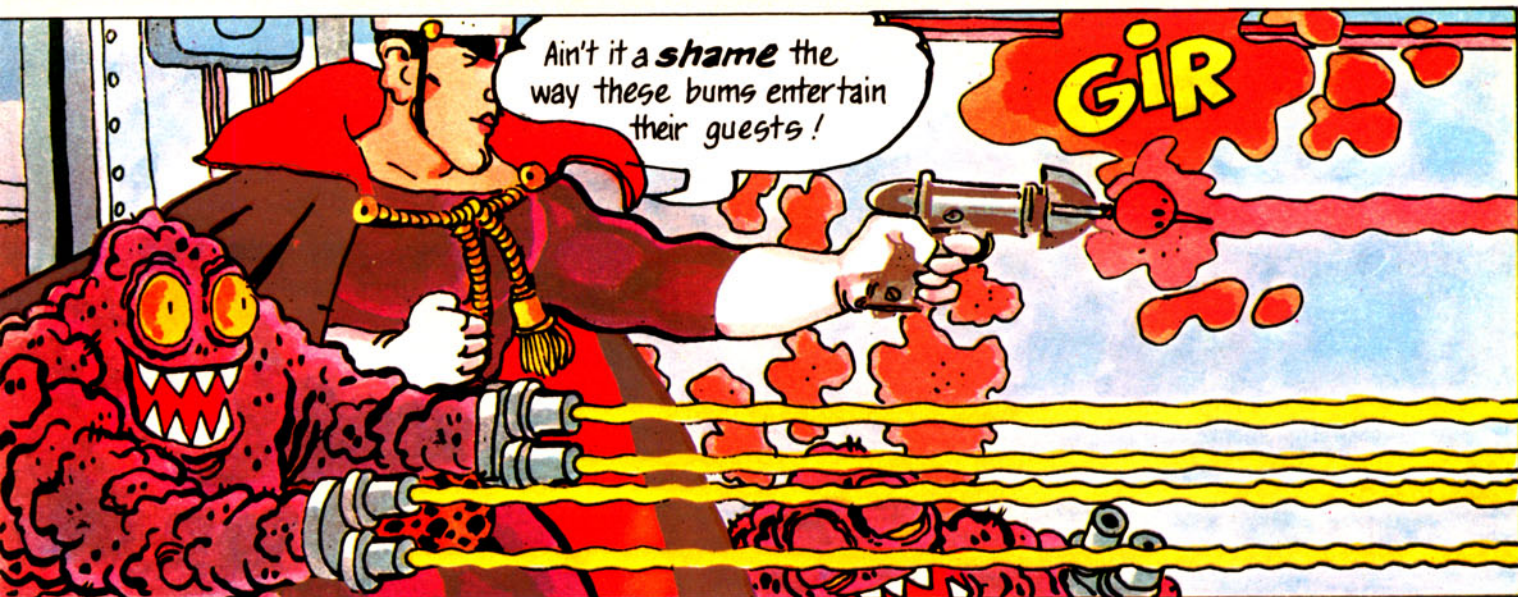


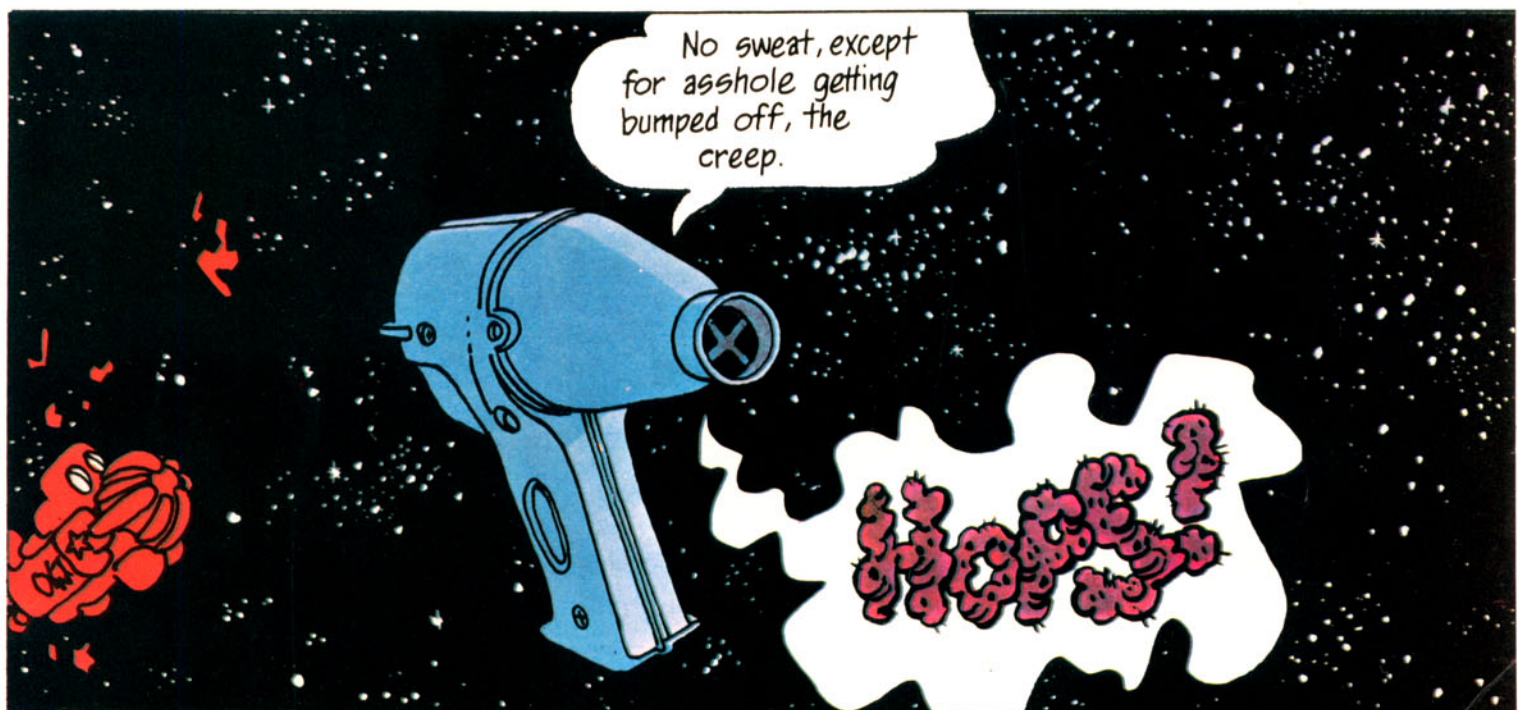
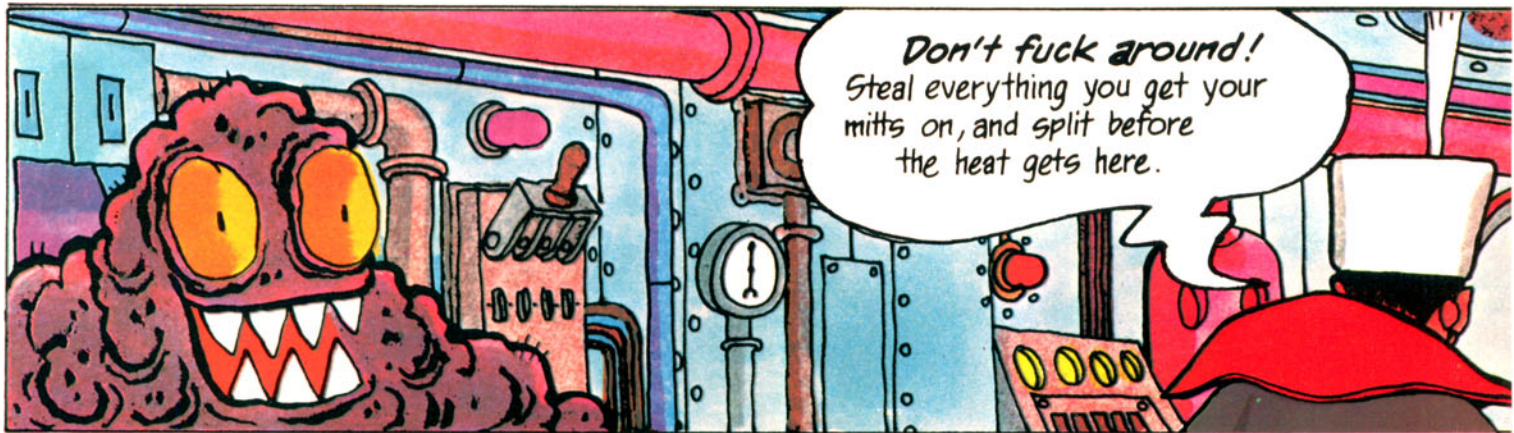
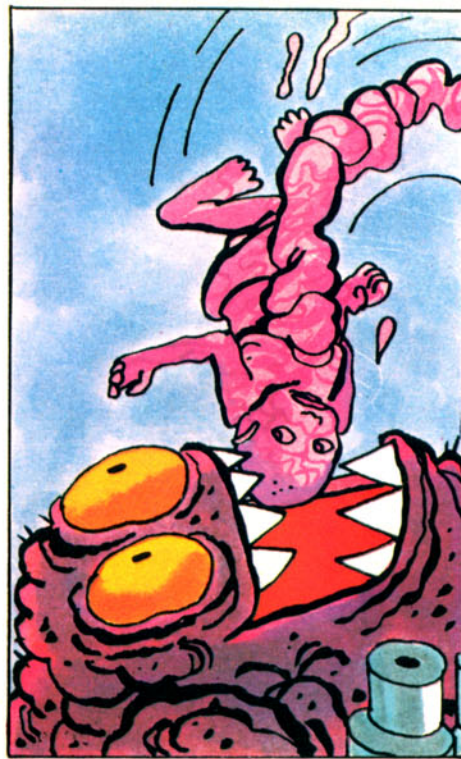
Right
on the
nose! Their old
tub is *totalled!*
Let's go, guys!

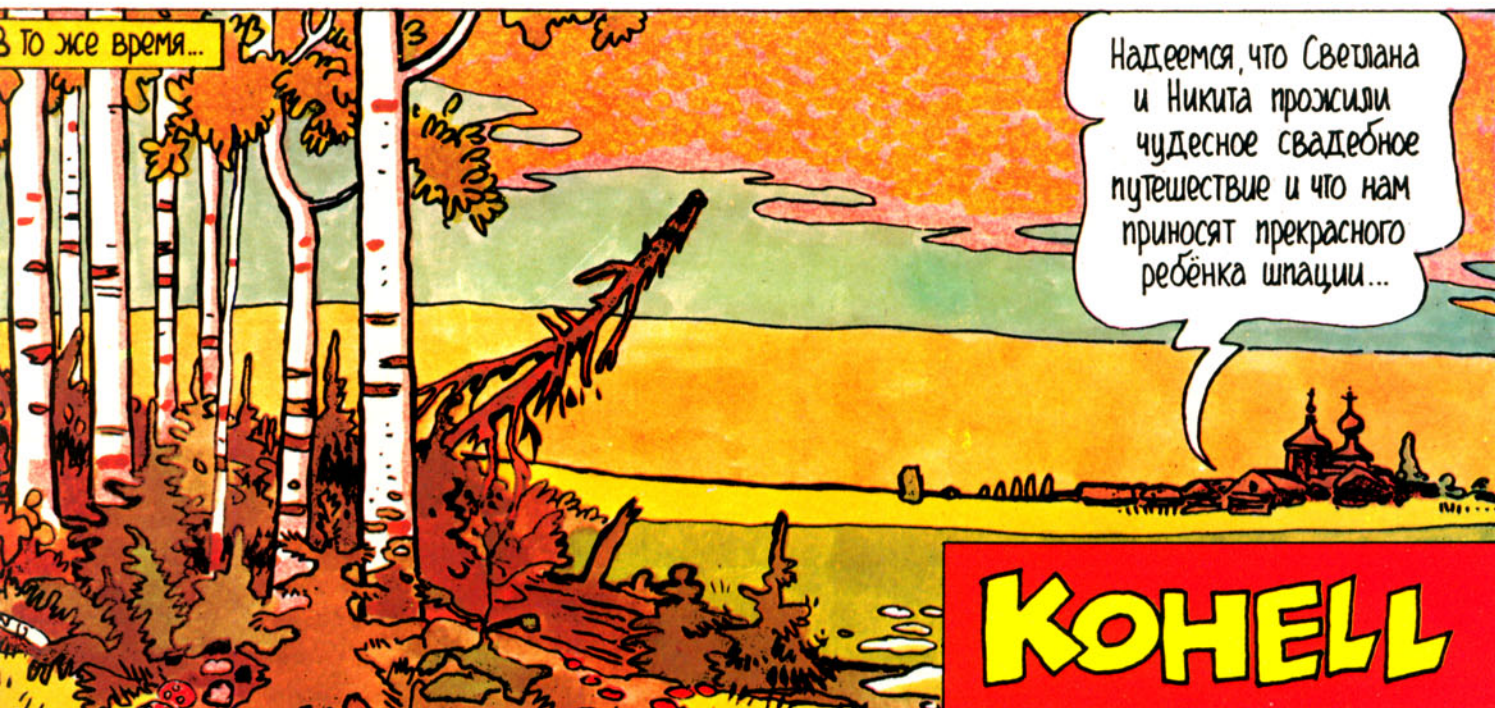
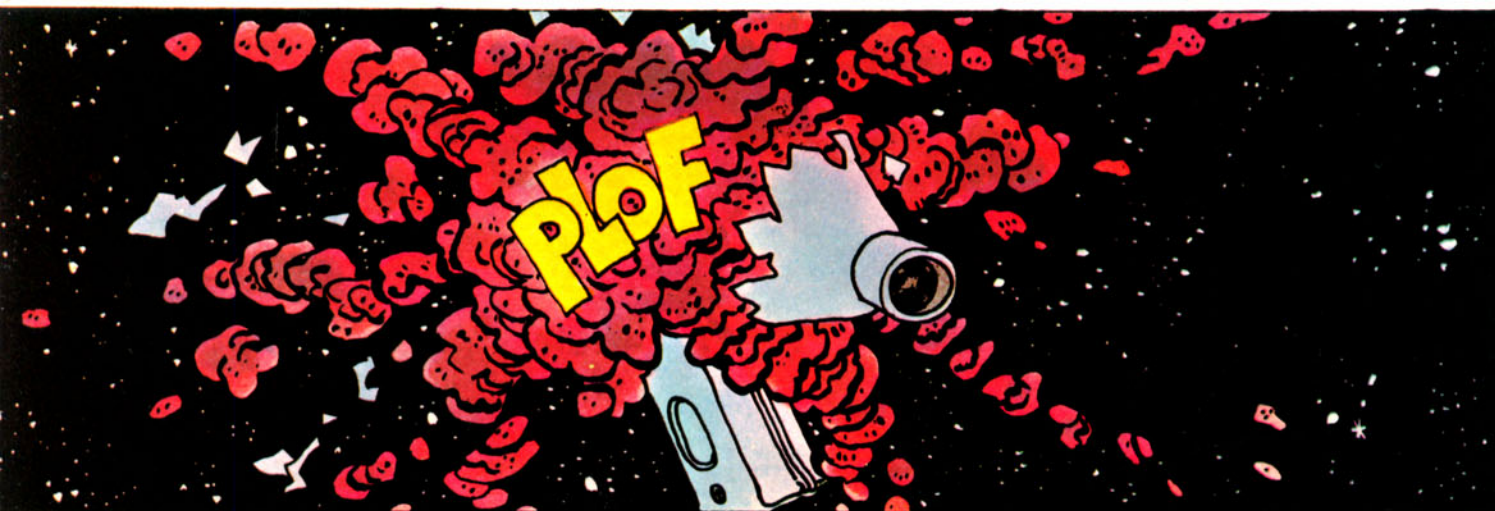


Shake a leg!
We haven't got
all day!

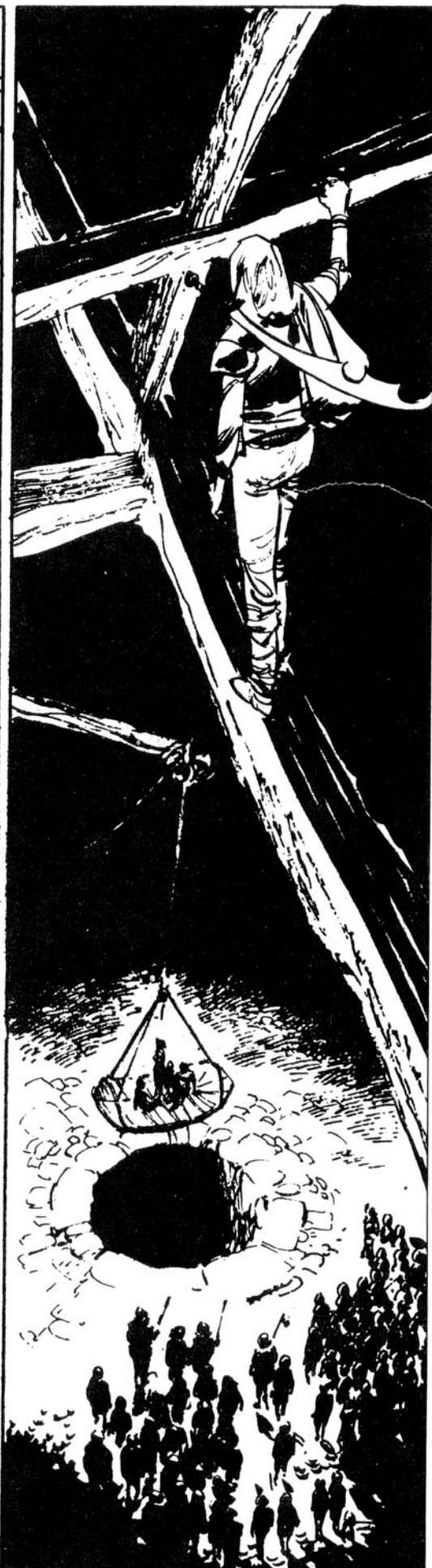








The Adventures of YRRIS







SILENCE, MY LITTLE BEAUTIES, IT'S YRRIS, YOUR SAVIOR. I HAVE COME TO GAZE WITH YOU UPON THE DRAGON WHO IS AFRAID OF DAY.



YOU POOR IDIOT! WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR US?

THE IMPOSSIBLE, MY DARLINGS! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M AS SCARED AS YOU ARE!



SILENCE, I THINK HIS LORDSHIP IS HERE.

BY SAROT, HE IS EVEN BIGGER THAN I'D IMAGINED.



I THOUGHT YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY, YOU MISERABLE ABORTION, AND NOW HERE YOU ARE AGAIN.

NOW LOOK, I JUST COULDN'T RESIST THE URGE TO MEET YOU, OH DIVINE CREATURE, BECAUSE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD I HAVE HEARD TELL OF THE BEAUTY OF YOUR FACE AND THE GRACE OF YOUR MANNERS...





TAKE THAT,
YOUR DIVINE
SHITSHIP! A
GIFT FROM THE
RAT. YOU WILL
NOT BE ABLE TO
DO **ANYTHING**
AGAINST THEM,
YOUR
EXCREMENCY.
THESE FLOWERS
REPRODUCE AT
THE SPEED OF
LIGHT, AND
THEY ARE
SO
BRIGHT...



I ALWAYS HAVE SOME
PRECIOUS LITTLE
THINGS LIKE THAT IN
MY BAG. THESE
FLOWERS WERE SOLD
TO ME BY A BLACK-
SKINNED MERCHANT
ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
WORLD.

OH,
YRRIS, YOU
HAVE WON MY
HEART!



AT LAST, A LITTLE RECOGNITION!
BUT IT'S NOT YOUR HEART
I'M INTERESTED IN!

WE HAVE TO
GET OUT OF
HERE. THESE
LITTLE FLOWERS
WILL SOON **EAT**
EVERYTHING THEY
SEE AROUND
THEMSELVES!





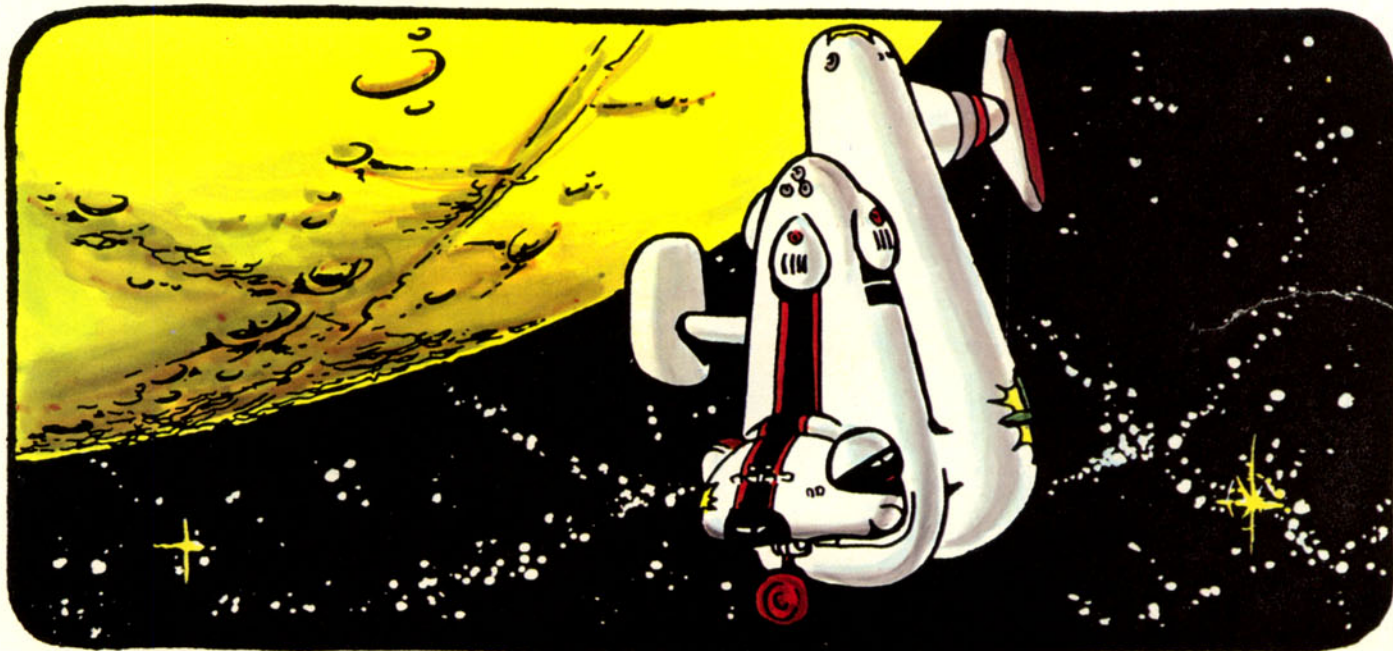




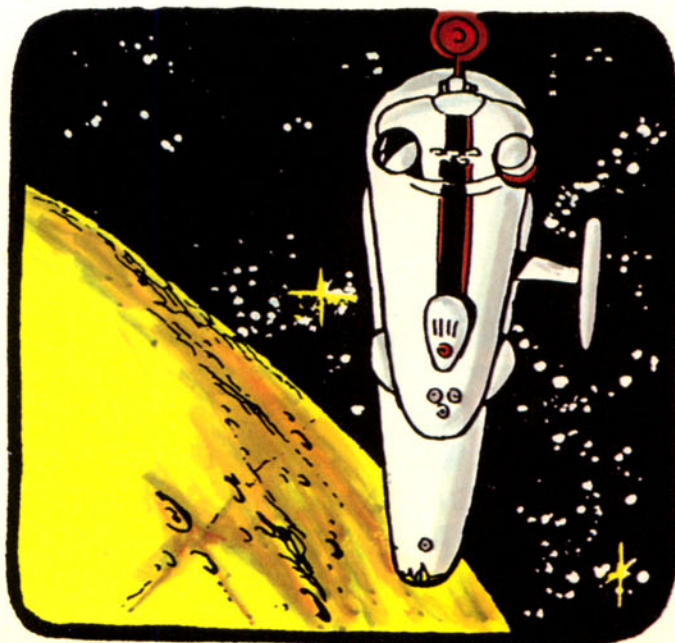
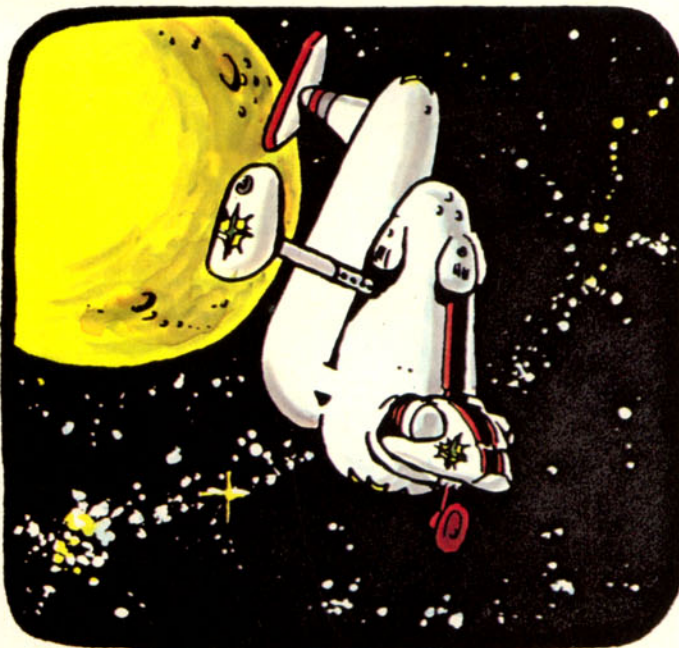
SUNPOT

CHAPTER 2

THE GIANT **SUNPOT** COMPLEX HANGS HIGH ABOVE THE **RUSSIAN** SIDE OF THE **MOON**... IT HANGS LIKE A BLOATED SIAMESE BOWLING PIN IN THE AFTERNOON MOTIONLESSNESS OF SPACE...



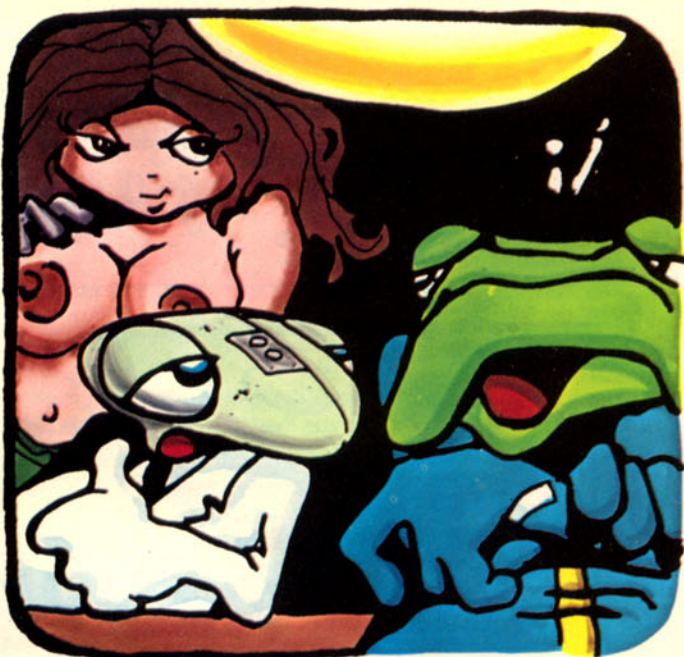
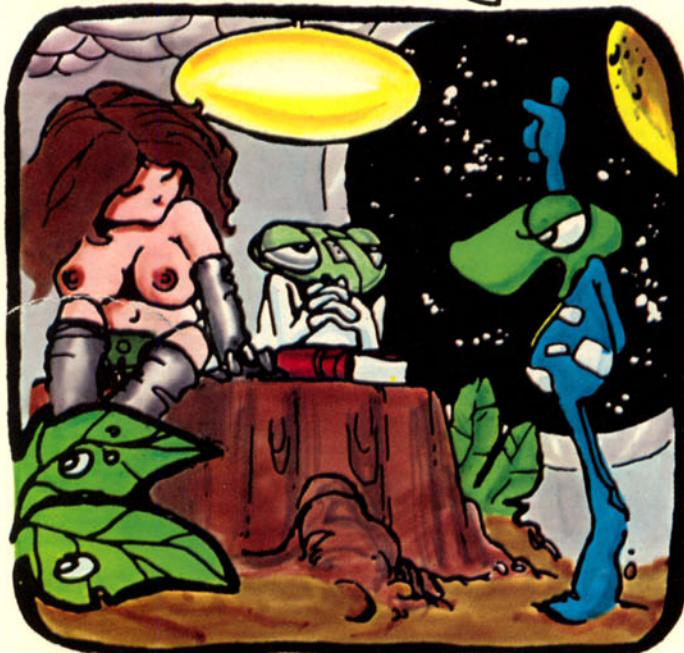
BECAUSE OF THE CERTAIN DANGER OF DISCOVERY BY THE **APOLLO** MOON SHIP, DR. **ELECTRIC** ELECTS TO MOVE THE GREAT MASSIVE **SUNPOT** OVER TO THE PLANET **VENUS**... 3 DAYS AT DEAD SLOW INERTIAL...



THE POWER FACTORY IS WARMED UP, (FUEL SCREWS ARE FED, SCREAMING, INTO THE MONO-DIRECTIONALIZED ATOMIC INERTIAL FORCE TRANSFORMERS.. **SUNPOT** MOVES OFF LIKE A MOULDY CREAKING PLANET...

DR. ELECTRIC DEFENDS HIS MEAN POLICIES

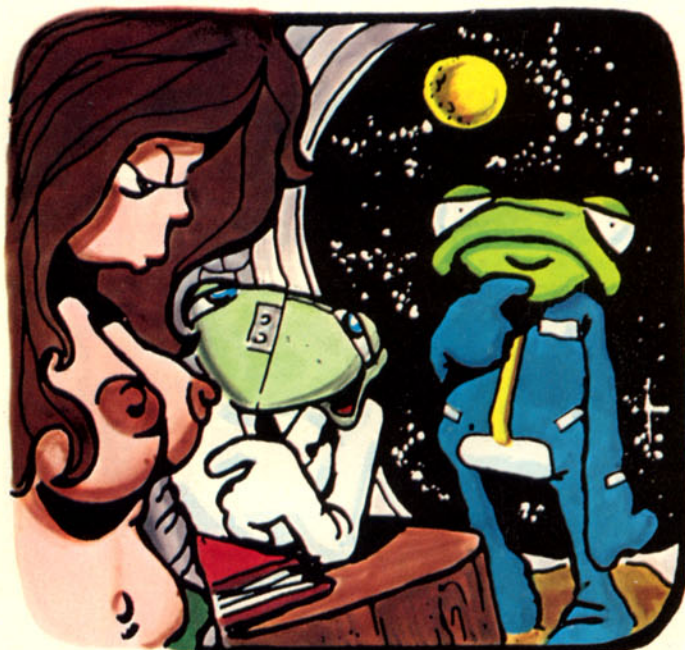
DR. ELECTRIC, I
STRONGLY PROTESTS
YOUR ATTEMPTS TO
SHOOT DOWN THE
AMERICAN APOLLO!



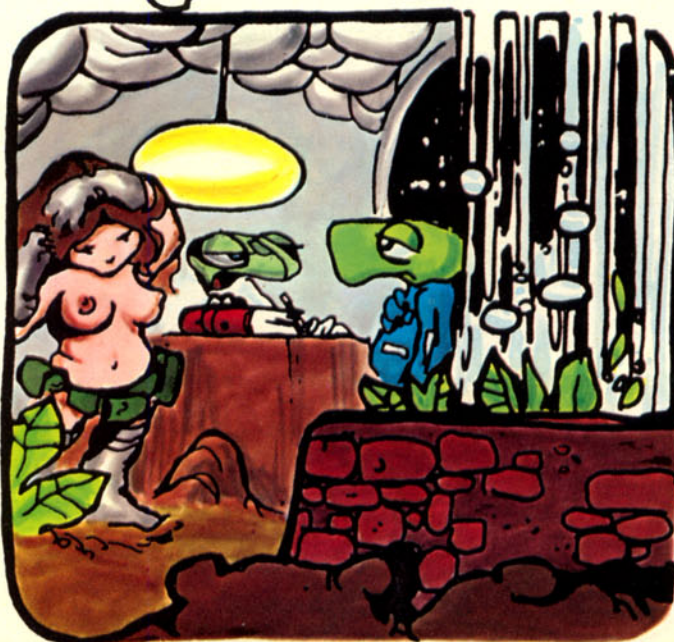
SHUTUP, OR
I'LL HAS BELINDA
BUMP SMOTHER
YOU WIF HER HOT
SYNTHETIC BOOBS!

YOU HAD YOUR
ORIGINS IN AMERICA!
HOW COULD YOU
ATTEMPT SUCH AN
ANTI-THING?!

ANTI-THINGS COME EASY TO ME... BUT WE
HAS SPARED DA APOLLO MOON SHIP...
REMEMBERS, BOWEL MOUTH, THE ONLY REASON
THEY DIDN'T SEE THE SUNPOT WAS BECAUSE
THEY WAS LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY...

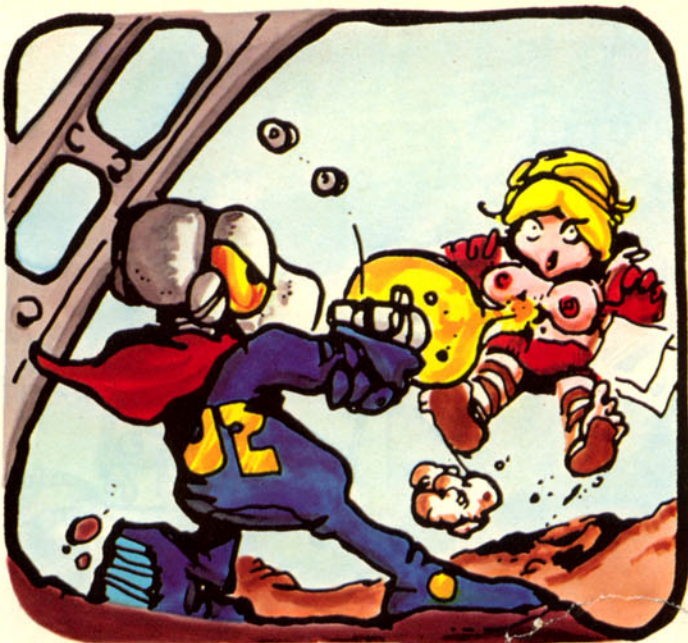
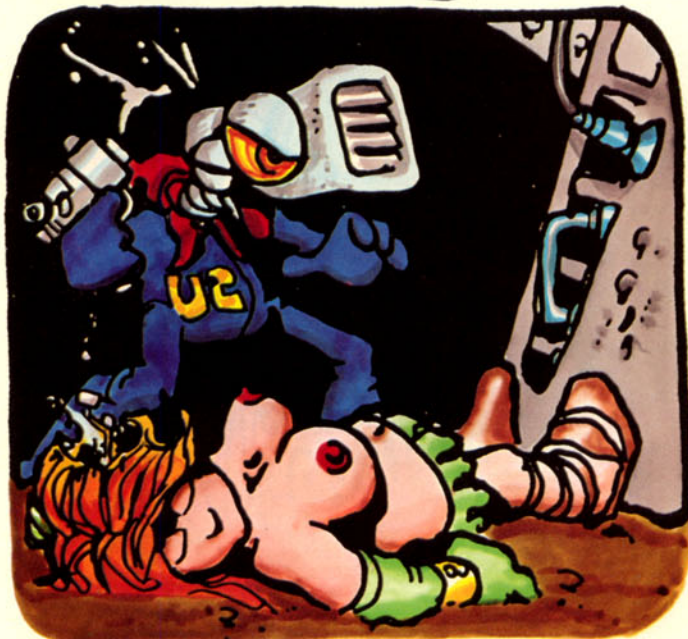


AN NOW, AS YOU OBSERBS, I IS MOVING
OUR PLANET, SUNPOT, TO VENUS WHERE WE'LL
HANG AROUND AWHILE TO FINISH CHECKING
OUT THE SUNPOT FOR DEEP SPACE.. OKAY,
BELINDA, SMOTHER THE CREEP IN ECSTASY...



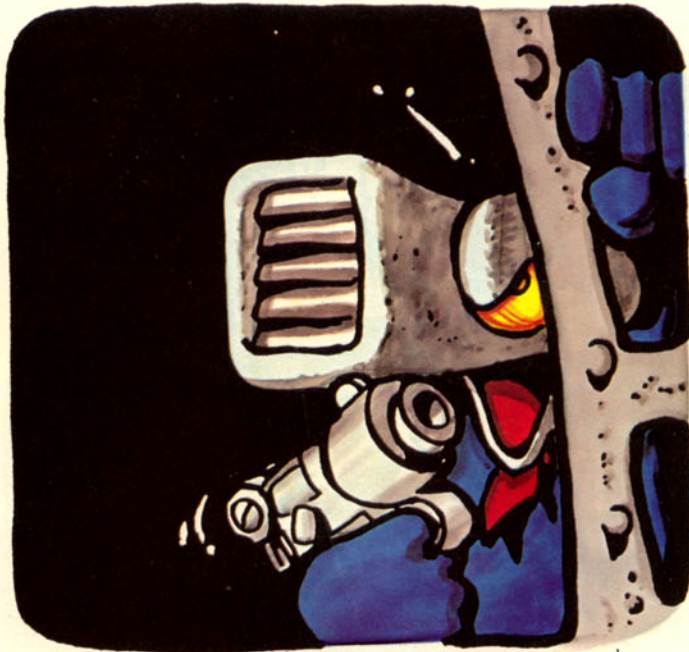
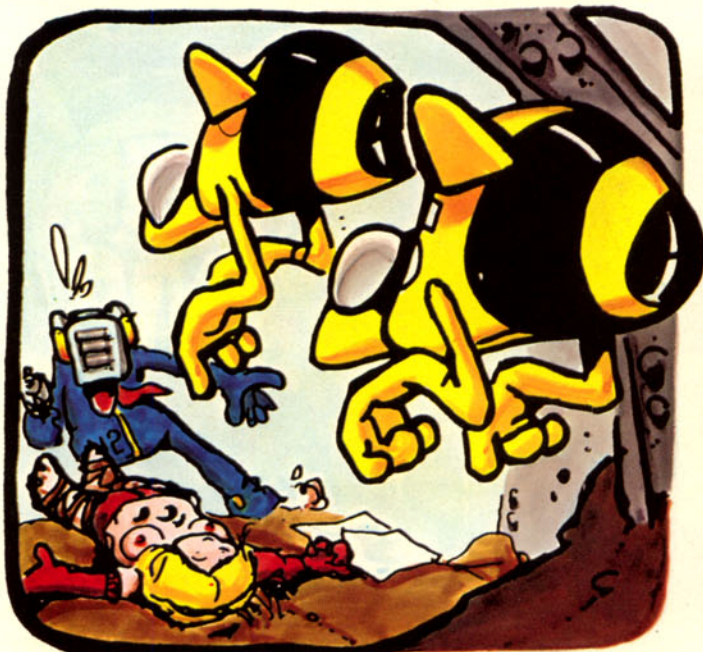
THE NUTTY SCREW

YAHA! I IS ABOUT TO TAKE OVER DIS TRAVESTY OF ABORTED SCIENCE FICTION!



I'LL JUS' KILLS MYSELF ANOTHER FALSE JUST TO PERK UP ME MARKSMAN SHIP.

KUNK KUNK!

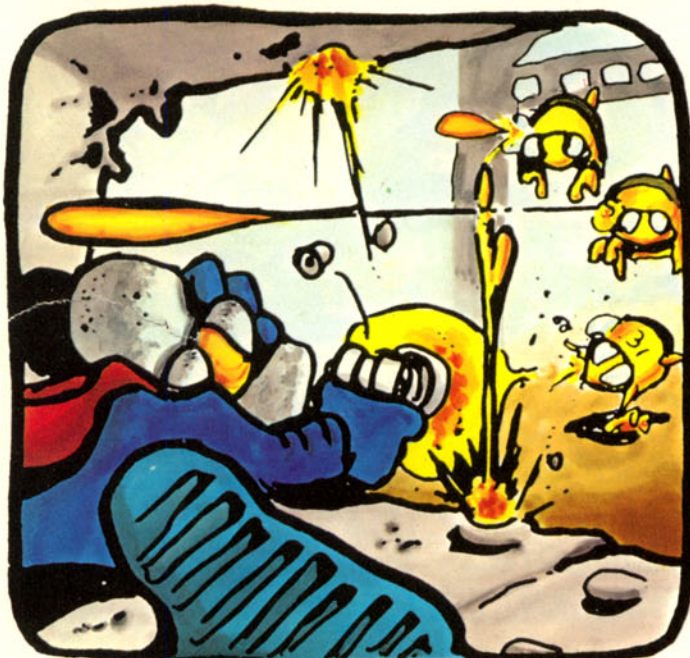


WHAT?! YARGH, ELECTRIC BEES!!

ALLRIGHT, SCREW-U-2 YOU IS A BERSERKER, AN UNSTABLE ELEMENT IN THE SUNPOT PLANET'S STRUCTURE, GIVE UP!!

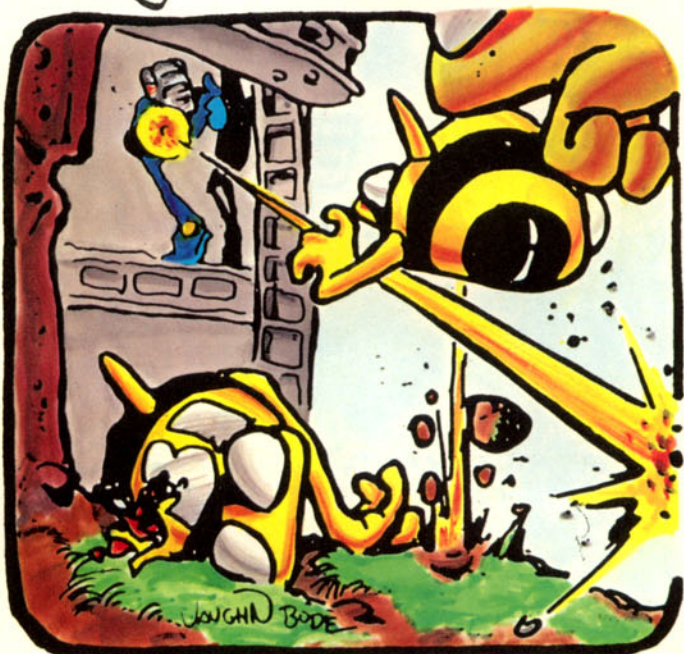
COME AN GET ME, YA' DIRTY BEESWAX STUFFIN' MOTHERS !!

**BOOM FARK,
KUNK, WAR WAP
ZA-DI-DI-DI-DIT!**



IT'S GUN-GADIN
AT DA ALAMO BOYS!
MY HOUR OF EGO
IDENTITY MY TOLLING
MOMENT OF TRUTH!

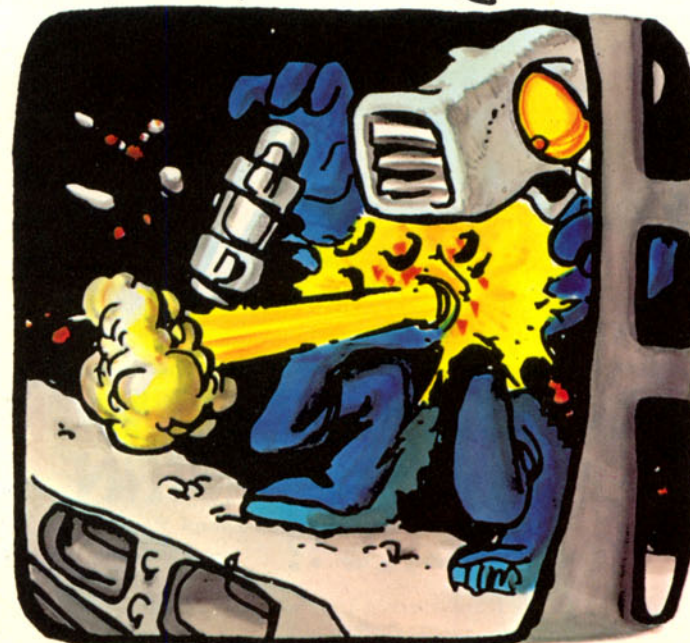
**RORPANG
BOOM
ZINGO
BA-TWEE**



**PUNCH
CRUSH
SUNCH**

ARGH

THEY HAS
DECIMATED
ME LITTLE BOO!!

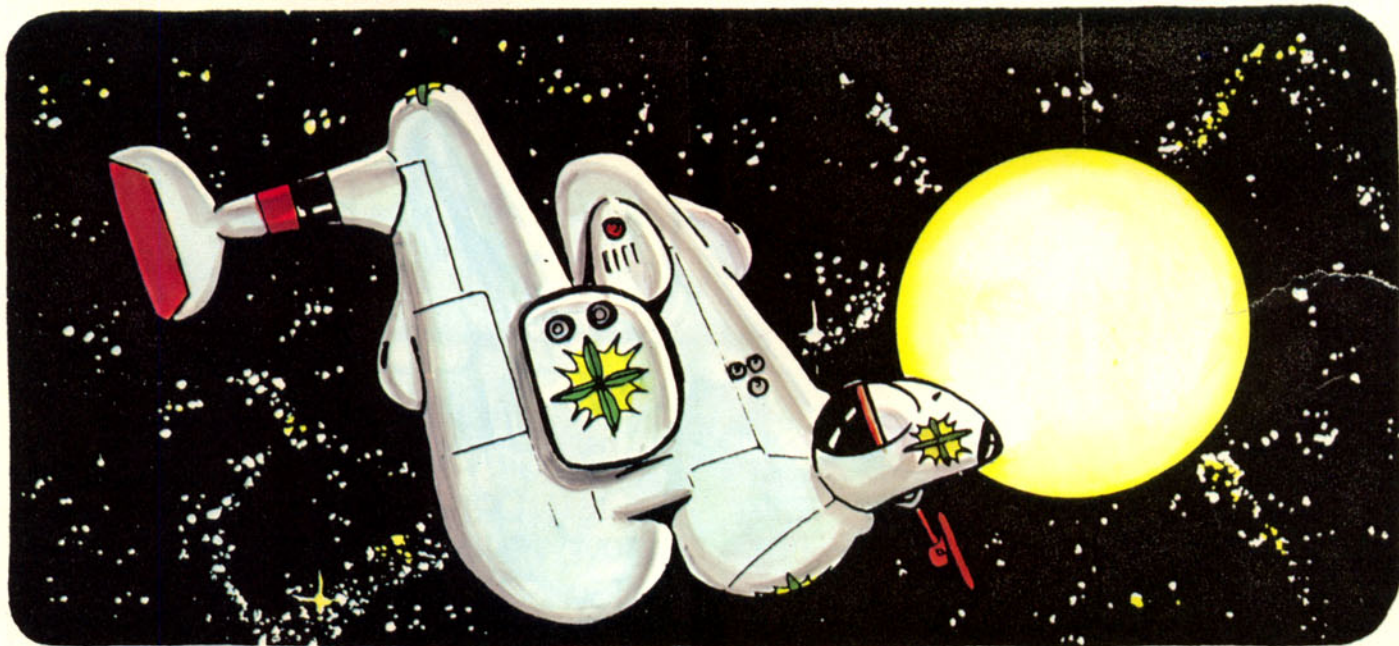


REPORT TO DR. ELECTRIC.
WE HAVE DESTROYED
THE BERSERKER SCREW
AT THE PEAK OF ITS
IDENTITY CRISIS...

HEY, CAN I
TELL BELINDA
BUMP THE SCREW
SHOT HER
FALSIES?...

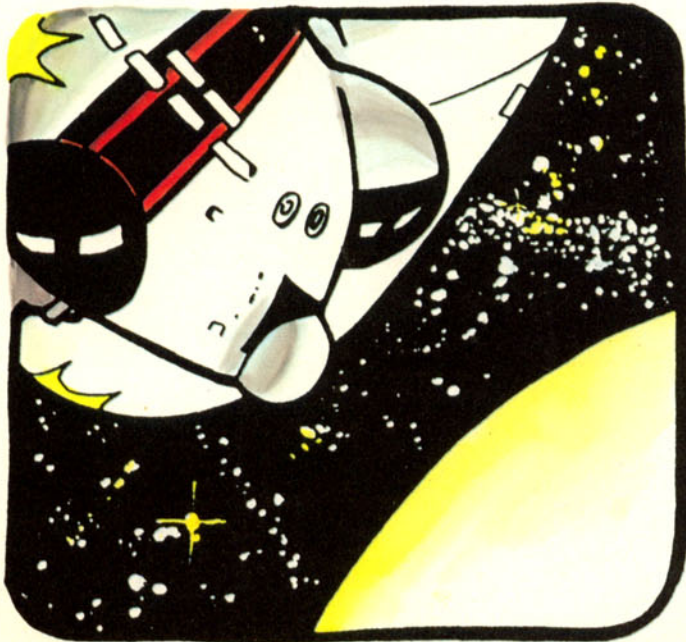
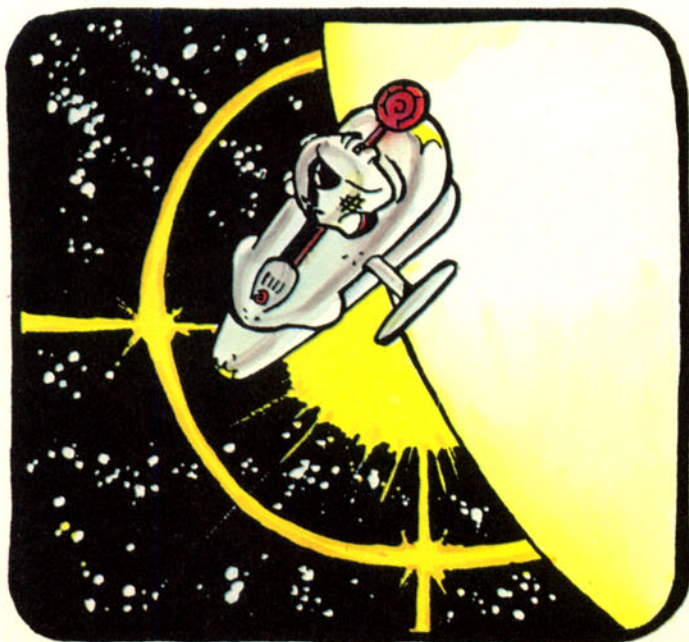
CHAPTER 3

SUNPOT, THE PLANET MOVES ACROSS THE QUIET OPULENCE OF FAT SOLAR SPACE LIKE THE GREAT RED PHALLIC TEMPLE OF BROTHER MERCURY... WHITE **VENUS** LAYS OFF IN THE DISTANCE.



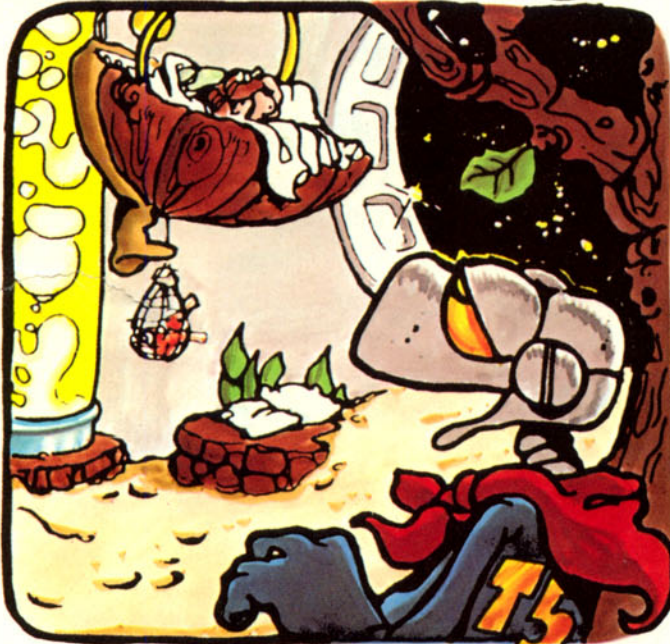
THE SUNPOT ENTERS INTO A SLOW TUMBLING **VENUSIAN POLAR ORBIT** IT ALLOWS ITSELF TO FALL ABOVE **VENUS** IN THE **MATING DANCE** OF UNIVERSAL ATTRACTION....

THE HUGE POWER FACTORY IS SHUT DOWN AND THE CREWS OF **SCREWS, LIZARDS, FALSIES** AND **PARAPHERNALIA** STAND DOWN FROM **SUNPOT'S** MAIDEN VOYAGE ACROSS PLANETARY SPACE...



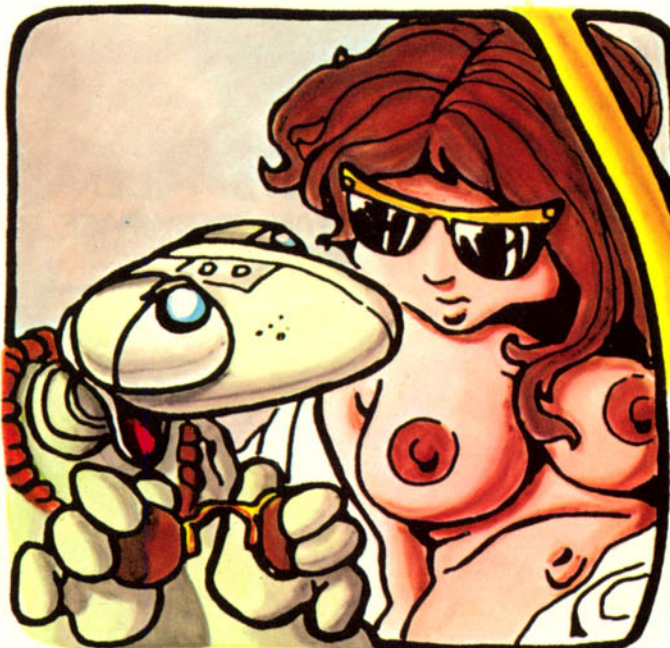
Dr. ELECTRIC DISCUSSES STUFF

DR. ELECTRIC?
BELINDA BUMP?
YOU ASKED TO
BE AWAKENED
AT VENUS FALL...

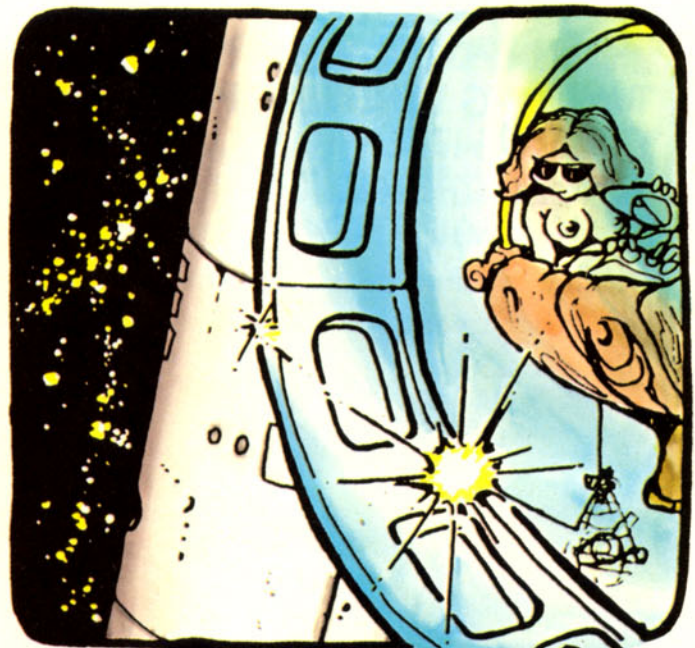


WOW! LOOK IT DAT,
YOU PINK IT! VENUS!
WE IS IN ORBIT
ABOVE VENUS...
PUT SUNGLASSES ON..

WOO, THAT'S BRIGHT..
WILL WE SEND A
PARTY DOWN INTO
THE CLOUDS FOR
SURFACE DATA?..



AHH... WE IS HERE TO CHECK OUT OUR
PLANET SHIP FOR DEEP SPACE AND
'HIGH C' WORTHINESS. WE GONNA
DO A CURSORY STUDY OF VENUS WIF'
INFRARED AN BODY BEAN MAPPERS...

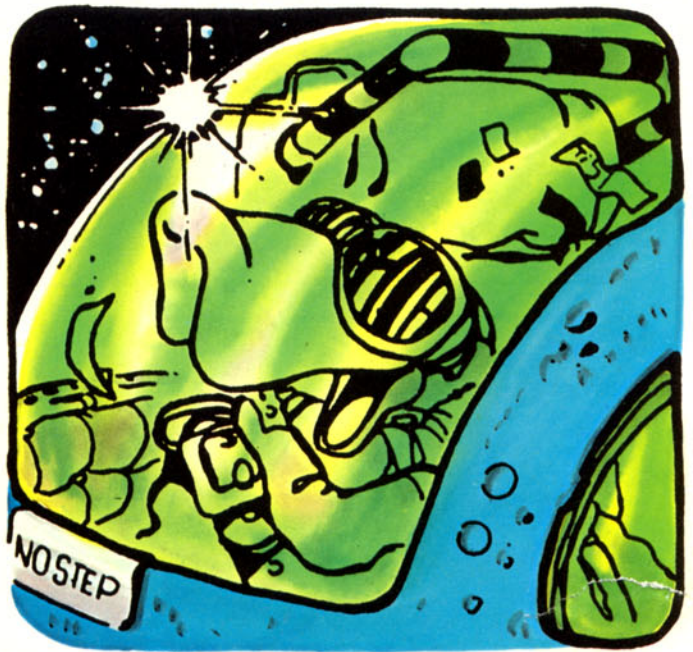


WELL, IT SEEMS
A SHAME NOT
TO EXPLORE
HER... SHE IS
BEAUTIFUL...

SO IS YOU, POWDER
PUFF BOOBS... AN
YOU IS A LOT MORE
FUN TO EXPLORE..

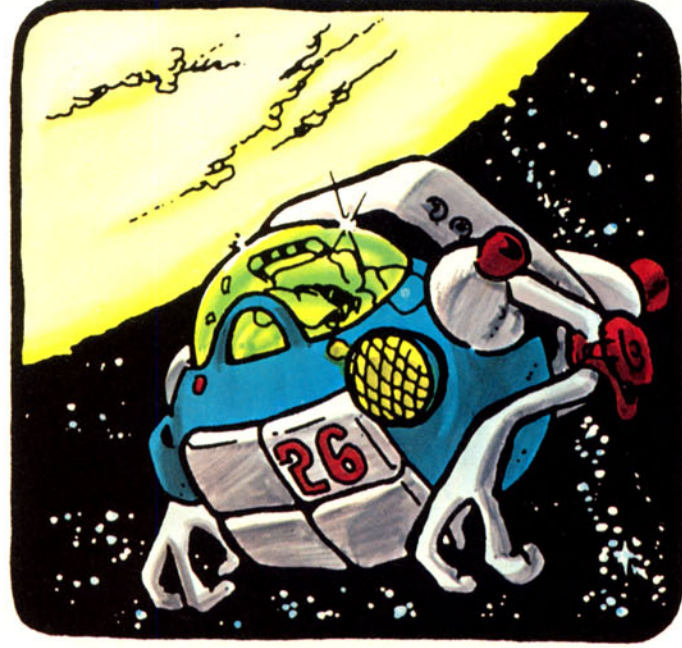
THE MOONS OF VENUS

BODY BEAN NO. 26,
PLEASE CEASE YER
MAP SCANNING AND
RETURN TO SUNPOT.
ALL OTHER BEANS ARE IN.



MAN, VENUS!
BRIGHT AS A
GLARING WINTER
SNOWFIELD IN
DA' AFTERNOON..

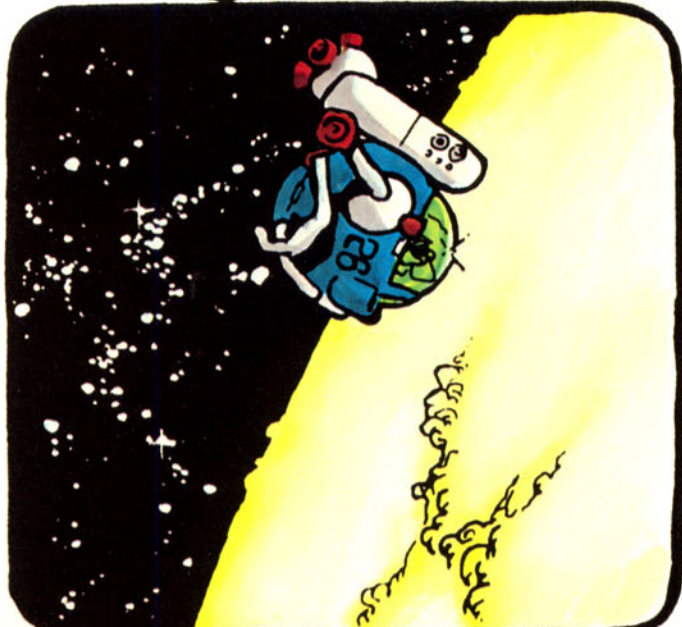
NO. 26, WE ARE
LOSING TRANSMISSION
LOCK ON YOU! YOU IS
WAY DA HELL BELOW
OUR HORIZON...



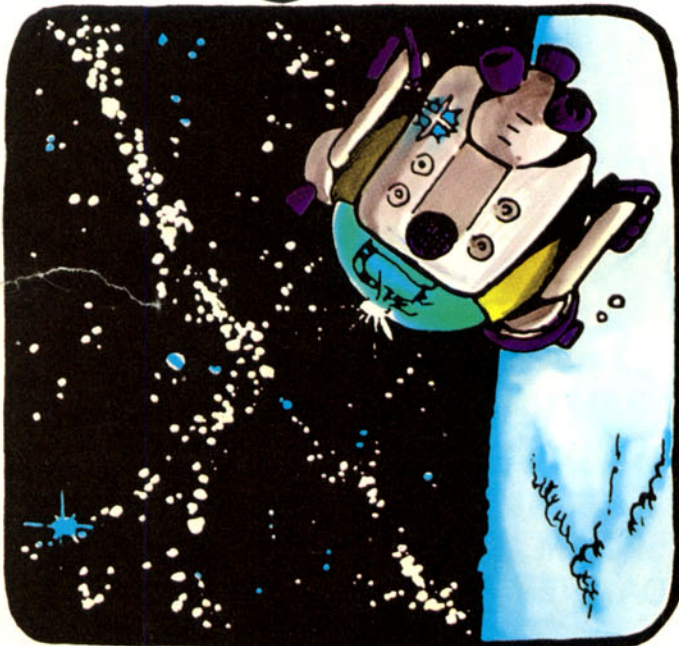
**YARGH! I CAN'T
SEE. I IS SNOW BLIND!**

OKAY, SUNPOT, I
IS COMING. I JUS'
WANT TO TAKE ONE
LAST LOOK SEE. I'LL LIFT
UP ME SUNGLASSES..

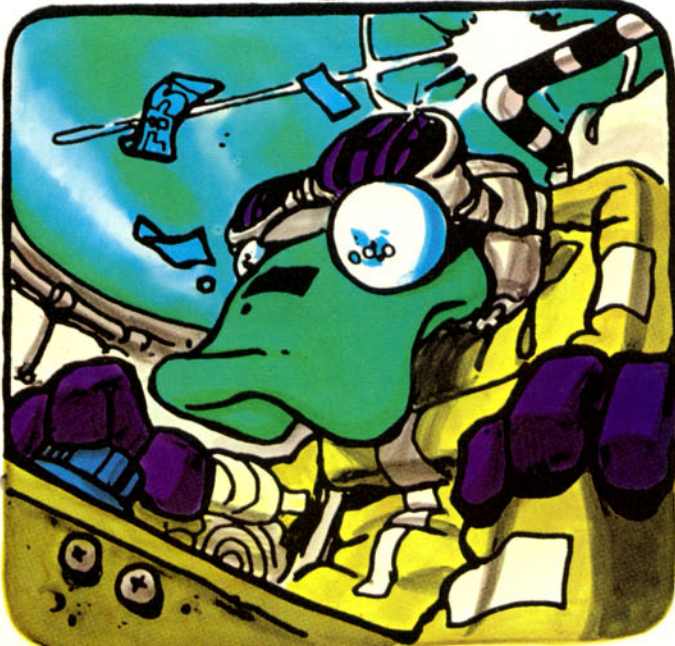
BEAN 26, DON'T
LOOK AT VENUS WIF
OUT YOUR DARK
GOGGLES, YOUSE
CAN GET SNOW BUND.



**WOT IS I GONNA DO!! I IS
BLIND AN I JUST LOST ALL ENERGY
AN COMMUNICATION TRANSMISSION
FROM THE SUNPOT PLANET! OH ME!!
IS DIRELY DOOMED FOR SURE! SNIF?**

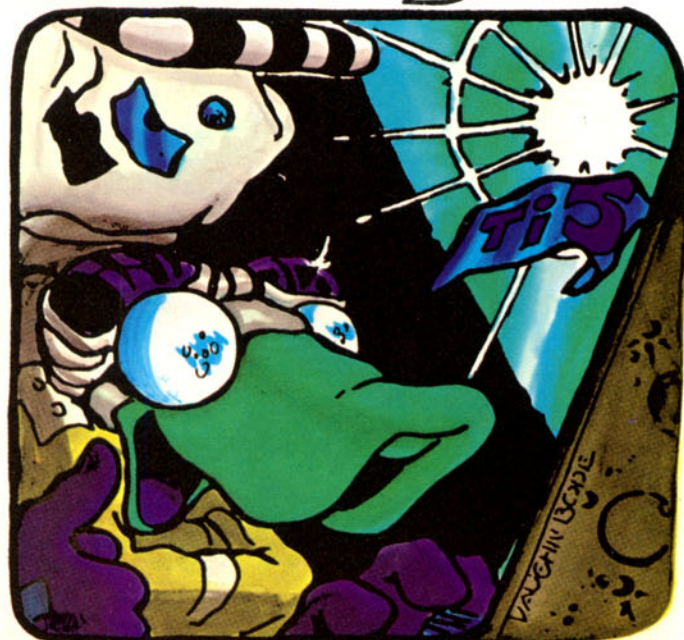
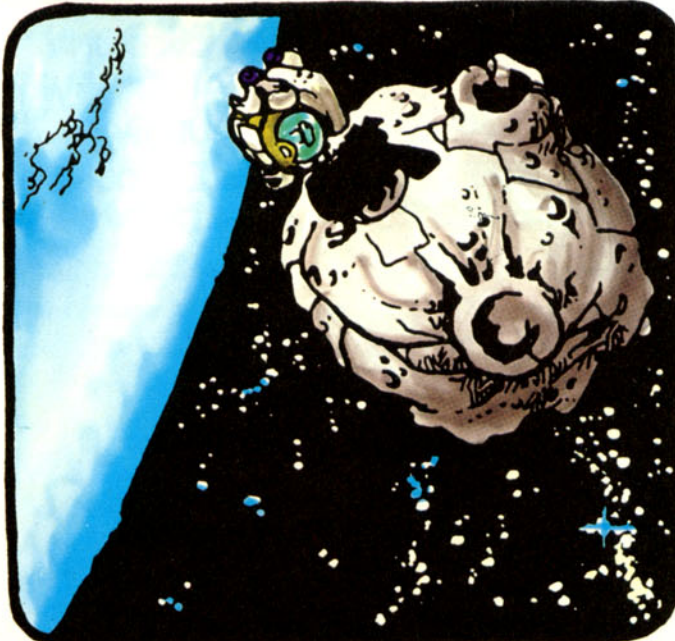


**NOW HOLD IT.. I GOT TO REMAIN COOL, DAT'S MY
ONLY CHANCE. OLD LI RUBBER BERRY DON'T
GIVE UP ALL DIS EASY.. I HAS ENOUGH FUEL
ENERGY LEFT TO DOCK ME WIF THE SUNPOT..
I'LL JUST SCAN AN LISTEN FOR A ECHO TRACK..**



**BEEP-BABEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP!**

**HURRAH, I GOT'S A
BOUNCING RADIO ECHO!
IT A STRONG ONE. STRONG
ENOUGH DAT I'LL BE DOCKED
WIF SUNPOT IN A HALF HOUR.**



**'HELLO, SUNPOT, DS IS BEAN 26. HELLO'
HUM... I HAS BEEN DOCKED FOR TWO
HOURS NOW AN NOBODY HAS
COME OUT TO GET ME... CLICK, CLICK..
MAYBE MY RADIO ON DA BLINK.**

TO BE CONTINUED...







REFRAIN

*Why have I been torn from my sleep, oh cruel gods?
Have I not yet atoned for my guilt?*

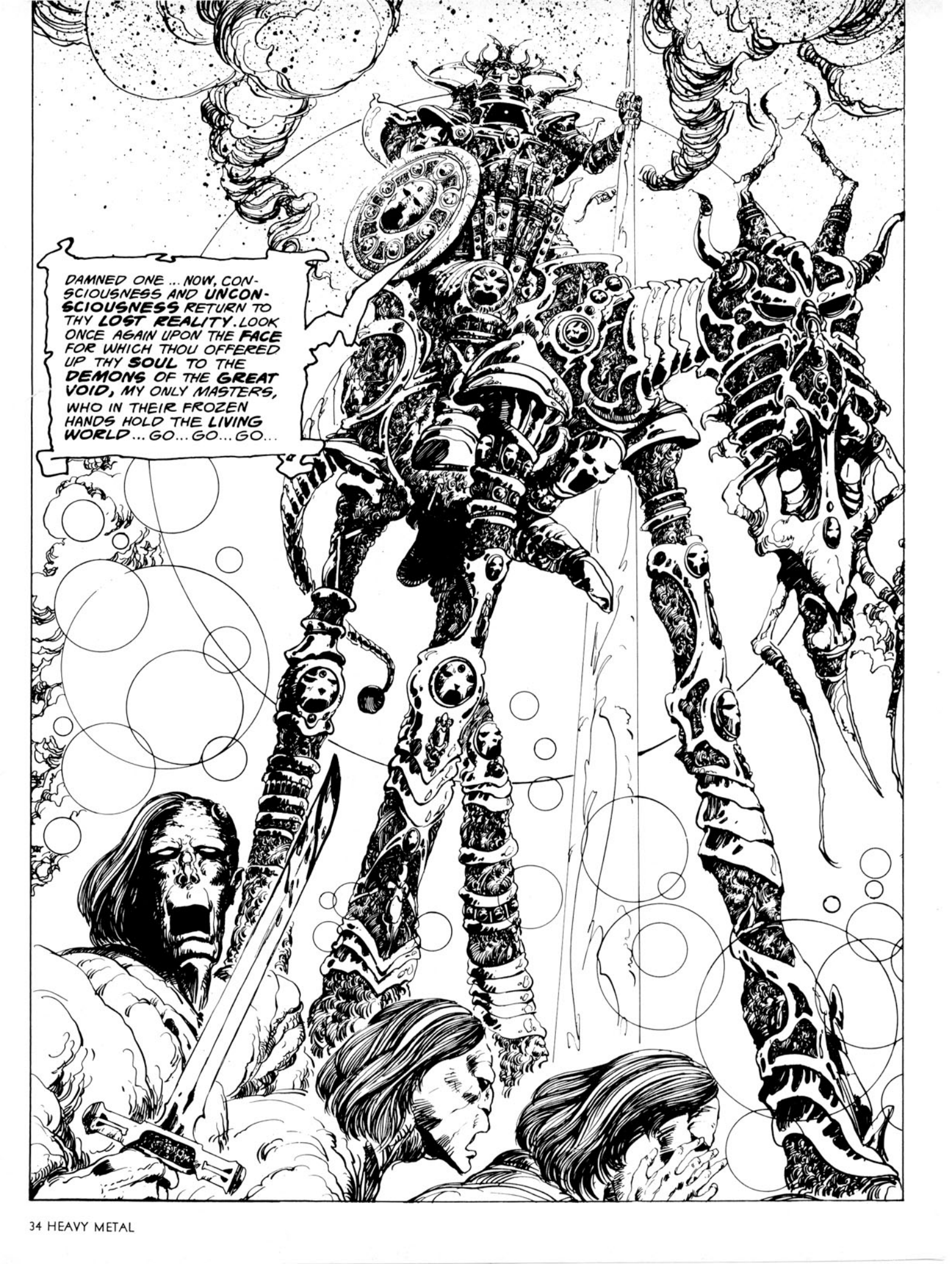
I beg of you the Gift of Eternal Death!





IT IS I, THY
GUARDIAN, I,
WHOSE LANCE IS
THE PILLAR OF THE
WORLD, THE LIMITS
OF WHICH NO MAN
HAS SEEN!
AT THE COMMAND OF
MY MASTERS, THE
GUARDIANS OF THE
DOORS OF ULTI-
MATE EMPTINESS,
I AWAKEN THEE
AGAIN!

TAKE UP AGAIN
FOR A FEW BRIEF
MOMENTS, THE
MASQUE OF
THY LIFE!



DAMNED ONE ... NOW, CON-
SCIOUSNESS AND UNCON-
SCIOUSNESS RETURN TO
THY **LOST REALITY**. LOOK
ONCE AGAIN UPON THE **FACE**
FOR WHICH THOU OFFERED
UP THY **SOUL** TO THE
DEMONS OF THE GREAT
VOID, MY ONLY MASTERS,
WHO IN THEIR FROZEN
HANDS HOLD THE LIVING
WORLD ... GO ... GO ... GO ...



MY LORD
SLEEPS AND
MOANS
IN HIS
SLEEP...



IT'S NOTHING...
A BAD DREAM...
I HAD BEEN
DEAD FOR
CENTURIES, AND
MY BODY WAS
EXPOSED TO
THE WINDS...

... MOUNTED ON
A FINGER OF
STONE AMONG
THE TORRENTS
OF SPACE...



MY SON AGORN
HAS DREAMS AS
TROUBLED AS
A YOUNG GIRL'S!!

HE'S IN LOVE AGAIN!
MY BROTHER HAS A
WEAKNESS FOR
HIS SERVING GIRL.
TRUST ONE IDIOT
TO LOVE ANOTHER.



SON OF A SERPENT!
FALSE BASTARD!

ONE DAY
YOUR TONGUE
WILL HANG
FROM MY
BELT!!



IT WOULD TAKE
STRONGER ARMS
THAN YOURS TO
UPROOT ME,
AGORN!!!



I KNOW THAT YOU DESIRE
SWEET WATER, BUT
YOU WILL NOT HAVE HER,
TWISTED FLESH!



A LOT OF
TROUBLE
OVER A
WHORE!



LOOK, AGORN, HOW EASY SHE IS FOR ALL OF US!



AN EXPENSE OF SPIRIT IN A WASTE OF SHAME!



HERE, EPHRAIM! I GIVE HER TO YOU FOR YOUR PLEASURE!



AND EVERYONE A ROSE FROM THE TABLE AND LEFT THE ROOM, SHAKING WITH LAUGHTER. AGORN ALONE REMAINED.

AT THIS TIME, AGORN WAS YOUNG AND HE PASSIONATELY LOVED SWEET WATER. BUT NOW HE FELT RISING WITHIN HIM A PASSIONATE HATRED.

*He resolved that **death** should fall upon that house.*



He prepared himself.

He shaved his head.

*His face **changed**... it suddenly became **grim**.*



***A**t length he betook himself to the chamber of Ephraim the **Magician**...*



HOW DID YOU ENTER DES-
PITE MY
SPELLS?



GIVE **SWEET**
WATER TO
ME!

I...I HAVE
CAST HER TO
THE **DEMONS**
OF THE **DARK!**
YOU WILL
NEVER SEE
HER **AGAIN**.
EVEN **I**
CANNOT BRING
HER **BACK!**



JOIN HER,
THEN!



DEMONS!
OH,
DEMONS...



OH, **DEMONS**, I OFFER YOU THE
BLOOD OF MY **FAMILY!** OF
THOSE WHO **HATE** ME! OF
THOSE WHO HAVE **KILLED**
MY **LOVE!** **PHANTOMS**, I
OFFER YOU MY **SOUL...**









Go,
Agorn,
Go,
My
Son...

AGORN, MY LORD,
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



SO, PULLING IT
AGAIN, TWISTED
FLESH?



NO!!!



And calmly, Agorn cuts off one arm, then the other, one leg, then the other, until what is left of Twisted Flesh sprawls there screaming...



ALL THIS NOISE... IS THAT YOU, AGORN?



YES, FATHER, IT IS YOUR SON.



NO NEED, MY DEAR FATHER, THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE...

I CURSE YOU, DEVIL SPAWN... I CURSE YOU FOREVER... AARRHK...



Horrible were the howls mingling with the tumult of the storm, when at last, running with blood...

... Agorn loomed on the highest tower, bellowing...



SWEET WATER, MY LOVE, I WEEP FOR YOU AND I WANT YOU. HOWL ON, OH STORM, HOWL, BUT GIVE ME MY LOVE. OH DEMONS, TAKE MY SOUL AND GIVE BACK LIFE TO HER WHOM I DESIRE!



*A*gorn, you are *damned*. Agorn, you will relive for *thousands* and *thousands* of years the deeds of your life... *this* will be for all eternity-- Agorn the *KILLER*-- Agorn, Son of *DEATH*--

You will *never* find her again, whom you *loved*, but you will *never* forget her. Your *ghost* will *never* *REST*.

Fin

1996





I followed the lizardman,



Who followed the girl,

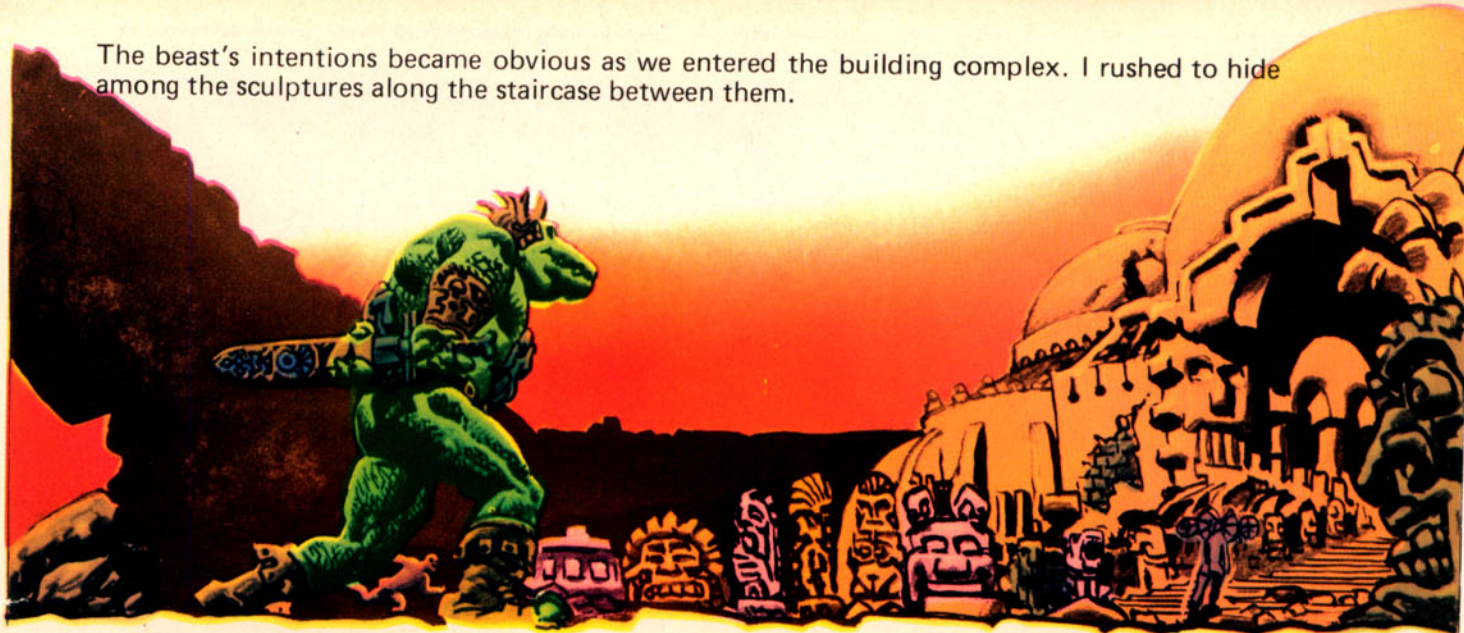


Whose destination was apparently the architectural anomaly, but her purpose there was still a complete mystery.

DEAD



The beast's intentions became obvious as we entered the building complex. I rushed to hide among the sculptures along the staircase between them.



The predator hissed an expectant chuckle.

Frantically I searched for a weapon.

The girl turned and saw the lizard but didn't seem frightened.



I CHARGED!!!

YAAAAAAA!





The stone struck the beast.



I crashed into him, grabbing for his knife.



But succeeded only in knocking it away.



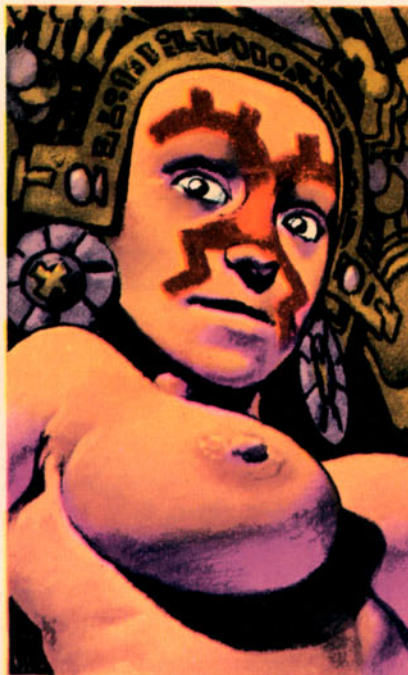
The blow should've killed him. He was hardly stunned.



I didn't want to give him a chance to think.



The girl remained, watching.





My body made movements unfamiliar to my conscious mind. It was though it had been highly trained and was under the control of another part of my brain.





The lizard's strongest blow caught me unprepared. I guess I thought he was going to close in and grab me again. Unconscious I was thrown among the stone works and fell below the staircase.



Then it came to me. My name is. . . was David Ellis Norman. I was mourning my Uncle Daniel's death. They had never found him but now, after seven years it was legal. Some of his belongings had come into my possession including his collection of Burroughs fantasy novels. In the back of one was a piece of paper with an electronic schematic drawn on it. . .



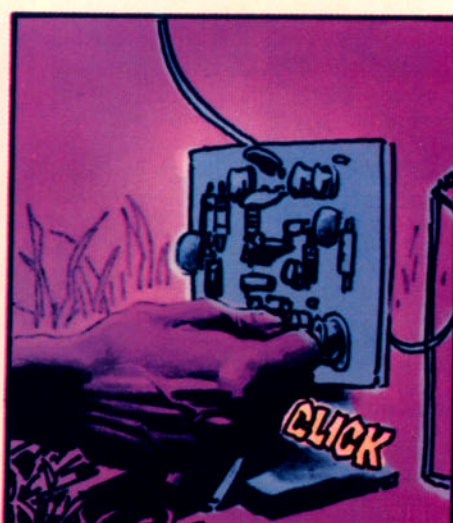
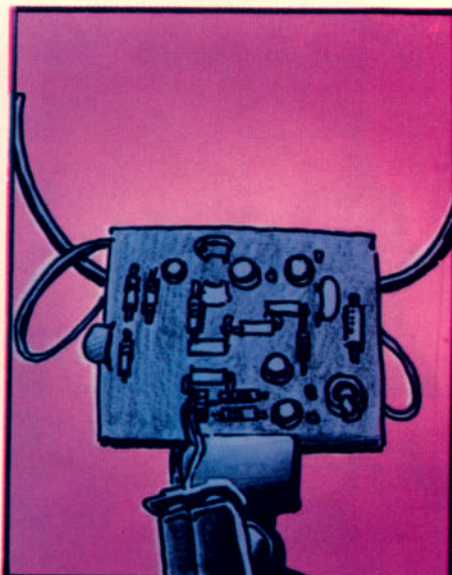
There was also a letter. . . addressed to me.

*Dear David,
I foresee you reading this
some years after my diso-
appearance. It is because
we shared so many interests
and a kinship that went
beyond our common blood,
that I write. I may be
dead as you read; I
have no way of knowing
what lies ahead for me
in that other world. This
much is certain: my
chances are better there,
despite the dangers, than*

*here, facing certain, slow
death. You weren't aware
of my withering illness.
I am slowly losing
life; it begins in the
limbs and crawls slowly,
relentlessly, to finish
in the heart. So I bid
you farewell and leave
while I have the strength
and resolution.*

*Goodbye,
Dan*

I knew the schematic was a clue. I decided to build it.



50 HEAVY METAL

I had to find my uncle. I stepped into the swirling light. . .and lost consciousness.

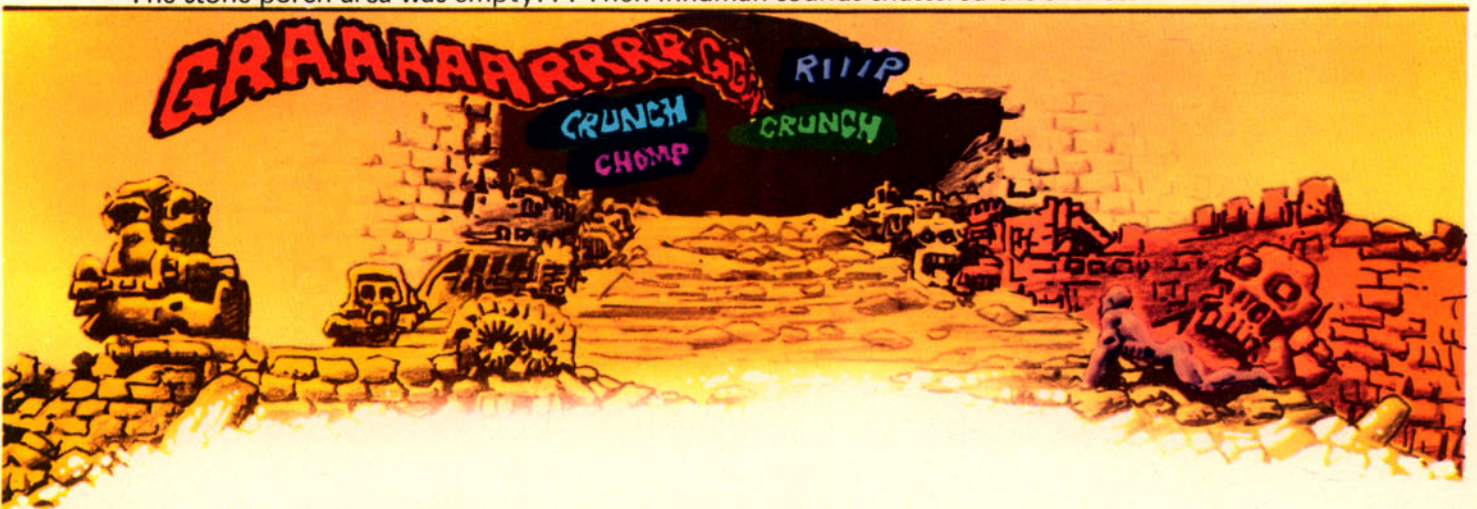


I reawakened among decayed stonework. I had not found my uncle but there were more urgent matters at hand.

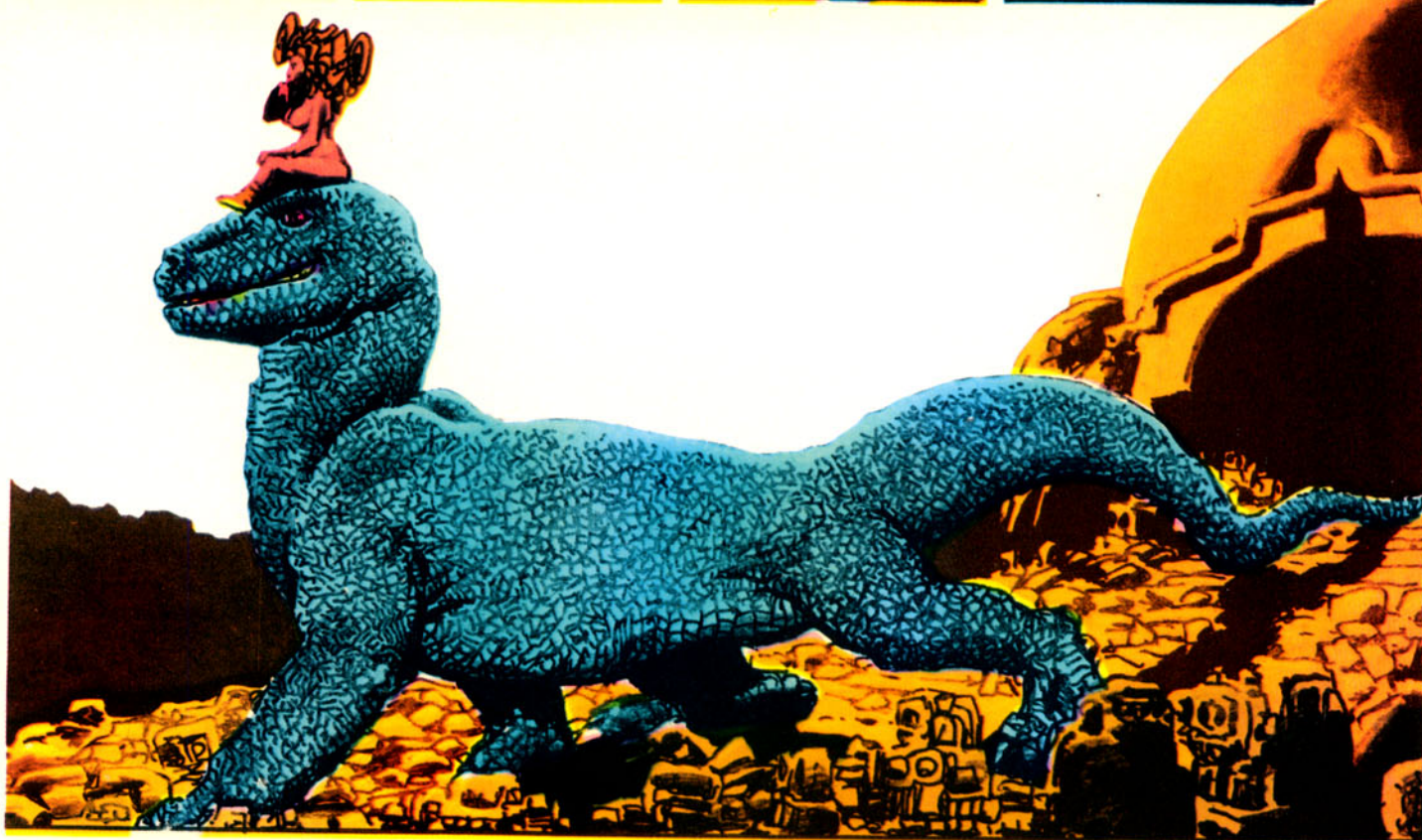
I peered out expecting to see the girl or the lizardman.



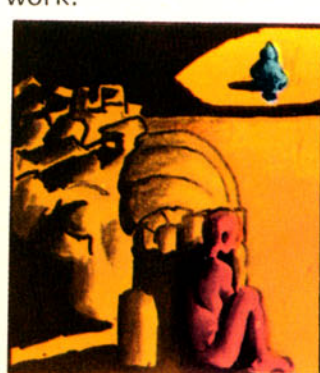
The stone porch area was empty. . . Then inhuman sounds shattered the silence.



I was ill prepared for the sight that followed.



A DRAGON and the Indian girl. They were friends and chewing on the lizard man's carcass. It was a symbiotic relationship; she lured the prey, the dragon did the bloody work.



No sign of Uncle Dan. Did I make the machine right? Have other forces changed since he made his machine? . . . Will I ever get back? . . . Do I WANT to return? . . . I guess I'll have to look around and see. . .

to be continued. . .

CONQUERING ARMIES



LONG AGO, CONQUERING ARMIES SET OUT TO VANQUISH THE WORLD...

NO ONE KNEW WHO THEY WERE OR WHENCE THEY CAME, ONLY THAT ONE DAY THEY WOULD BE THERE.

SOMETIMES THEY WERE HALTED. SOMETIMES THEY EVEN RETREATED. BUT THEY ALWAYS REAPPEARED.

AND THOSE THEY CONQUERED SWELLED THEIR RANKS.



ONE NIGHT, THE BATTALION CAMPED AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS: THE MEN RESTED BEFORE RETURNING TO COMBAT.



"WE HAD GONE HUNTING..."





AND THAT IS HOW MY
BROTHER, **OLMAR**, SAVED
MY LIFE...

AND I... THAT
WAS HOW I LOST
MY FINGERS!

WHAT WAS THAT
ALL ABOUT?

I OWE HIM MORE THAN
I REALIZED. I *THOUGHT* THAT
HE HAD GROWN USED TO IT, WITH
TIME.



LATER, IN THE HEALER'S DEN...







IS SOMEONE
THERE? **SHOW**
YOURSELF!

DON'T TRY TO **HIDE**
YOURSELF! I **KNOW** YOU
ARE THERE!

SO...YOU DO NOT WISH
TO **LEAVE**! VERY WELL, YOU
SHALL **SEE**!

YOU SHALL
SEE! **HI!** **HI!**
HI! **HI!**
HI!









AN HOUR LATER, KARL RETURNED
TO COMBAT.

HE NEVER SAW THE TOWER AGAIN,
NOR THE HEALER, NOR HIS
BROTHER.

THE YEARS PASSED, BUT
HE DID NOT FORGET.

AND CERTAIN NIGHTS HE
WOKE UP **SCREAMING**
BECAUSE OF AN IMAGE:



HIS BROTHER IN CHAINS IN THE CARE OF THE
DOG-MAN.

HIS RIGHT HAND NAILED TO THE **BLOCK.**

HIS FINGERS GROWING INTERMINABLY...

AND THE HEALER, WITH HIS HATCHET,
CUTTING THEM DOWN TO SIZE, AND

CHUCKLING.

-FIN-

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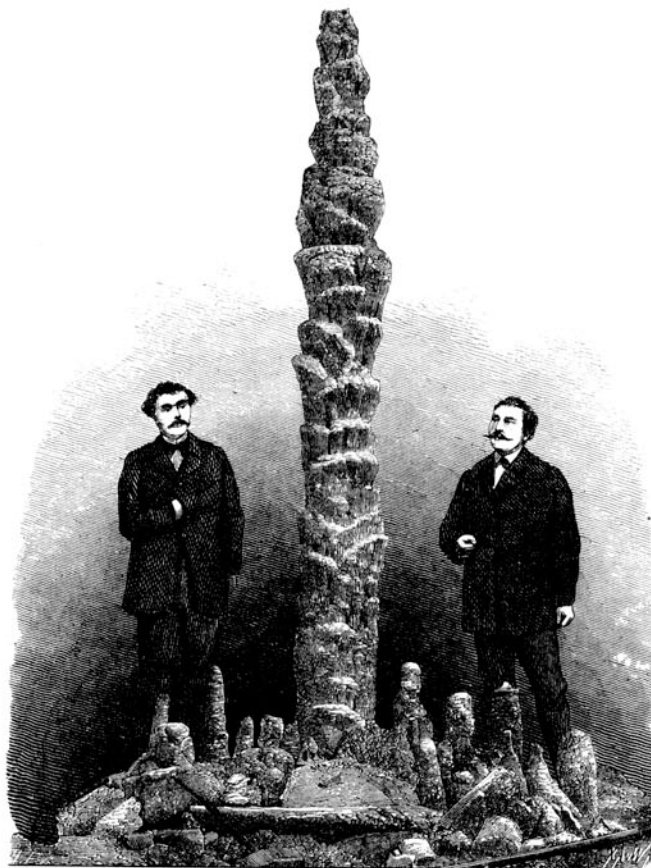
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AGE OF AGES

A GOTHIC SCIENCE-FICTION TRIP TO THE APOCALYPSE

by
Akbar Del Piombo

Collages by
Norman Rubington



Nineteen-eighty-four was moving right along. If the rumors of a warlock in the White House were correct, he was a benevolent sort, and if he talked to plants it was from his great love for ecology. He inspired everyone to follow in his footsteps. Nature was officially recognized, and ecology art became the vogue.

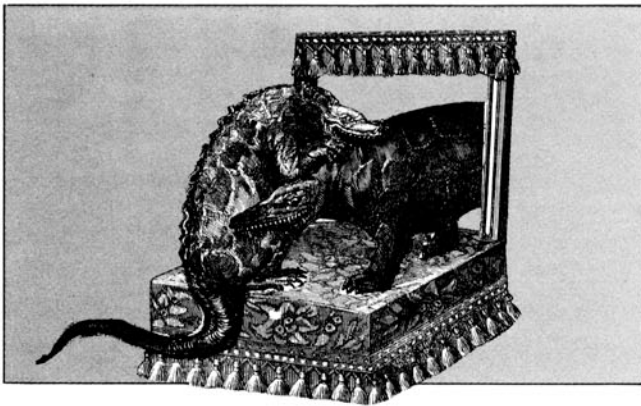
Before starting the business day, bankers give one minute of reverential silence to one of nature's works.



The back-to-nature movement is in full swing with the elite Neo*Pagan Society, seen inaugurating a new breathing zone...



A walk in the park.
Ecology-minded citizen helps his overevolved pet through unaccustomed obstacles.

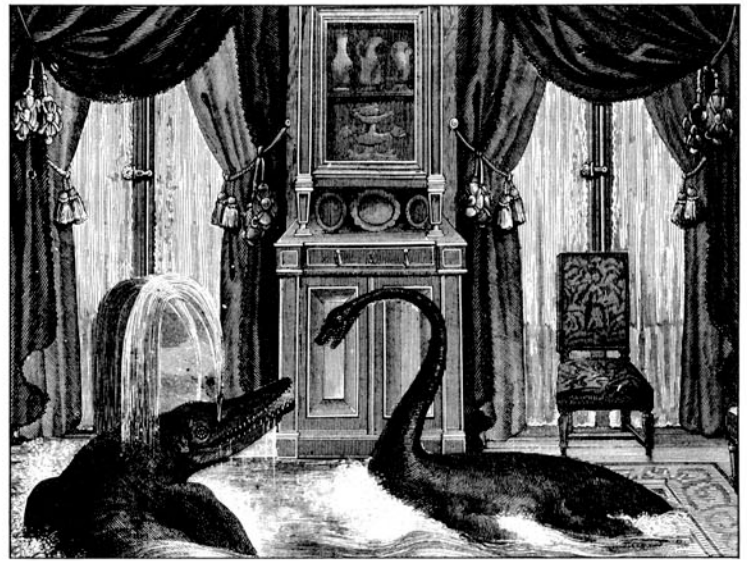


Domestic Scenes :

Critics of such pampering said the world was going to the dogs, but the little beasts never had it so good. Nevertheless, the first signs of reverse evolution soon became apparent.

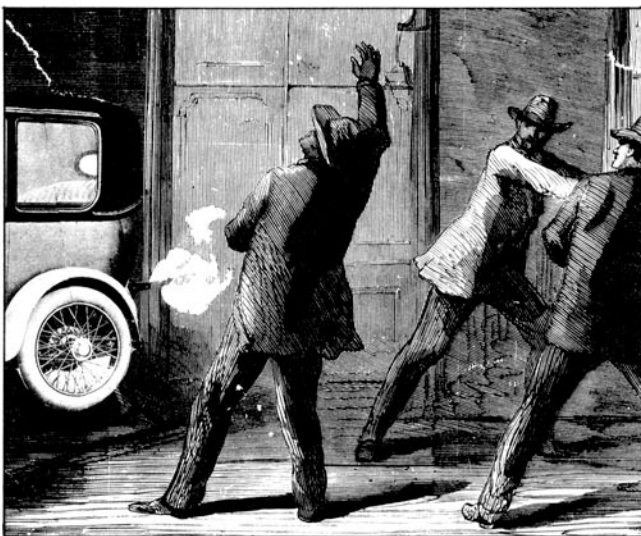
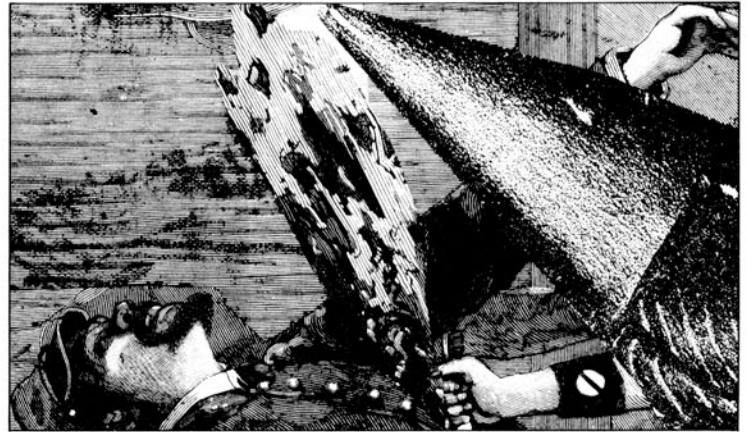
However, all is not well.

In the general euphoria, a minor tragedy goes unnoticed. The baffling demise of an obscure naturalist mourned by his wife (below), who believed his unnatural end was a return to a previous incarnation.



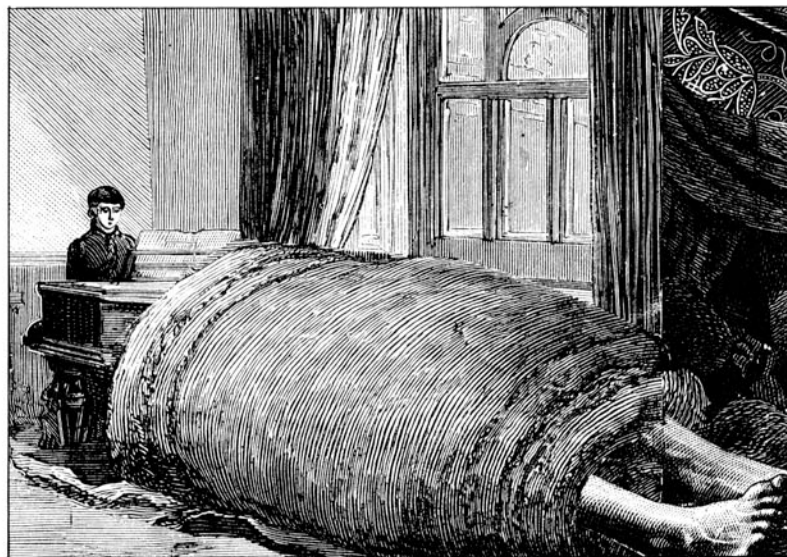
Zombie killers on the loose.

Frightened witnesses report a rash of vicious cop-killers, striking from nowhere at hapless law enforcers.

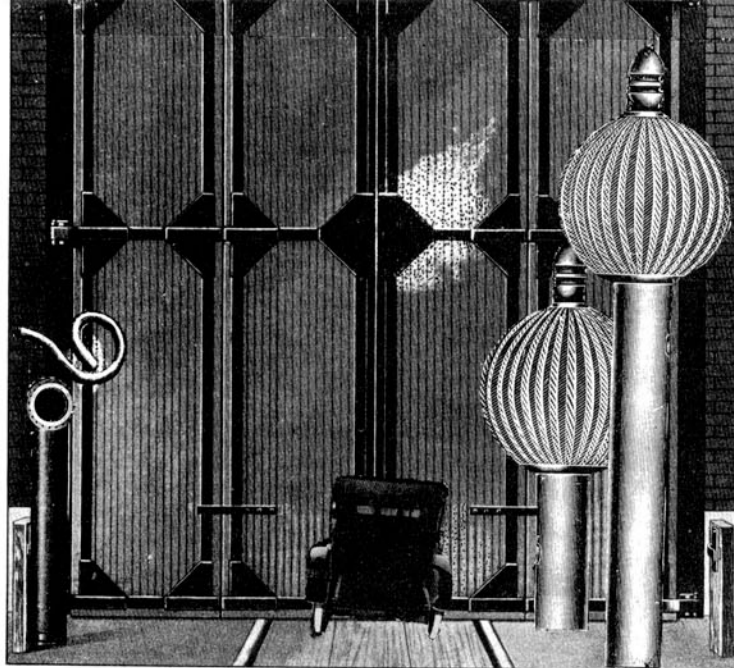


The harassed and bewildered Inspector Muldoon called for Sir Edwin's aid....There was something new in gangland killings.

A vintage Chicago-style gun-down amazes eye witnesses. Their reports indicate the vehicle was not only empty—it was also floating in air.



Worse was to follow. Against all predictions, Big Brother's reign was short-lived. The news of his sudden demise was kept under wraps, and his body spirited away. With this successful cover-up, the reins of power fell into his sister's waiting hands.



The Gates of Eden :

In a clandestine cross-country trip, Big Brother's body leaves the White House for the fabled region of Middle America. Smuggled past the guards in a shabby vehicle, it awaits its descent to a prodigious subterranean city designed to house the servants of the nation in times of disaster.

The air shafts of this underground Shangri-La are molded in graceful motifs from nature, its giant portals reminiscent of the gates of paradise.

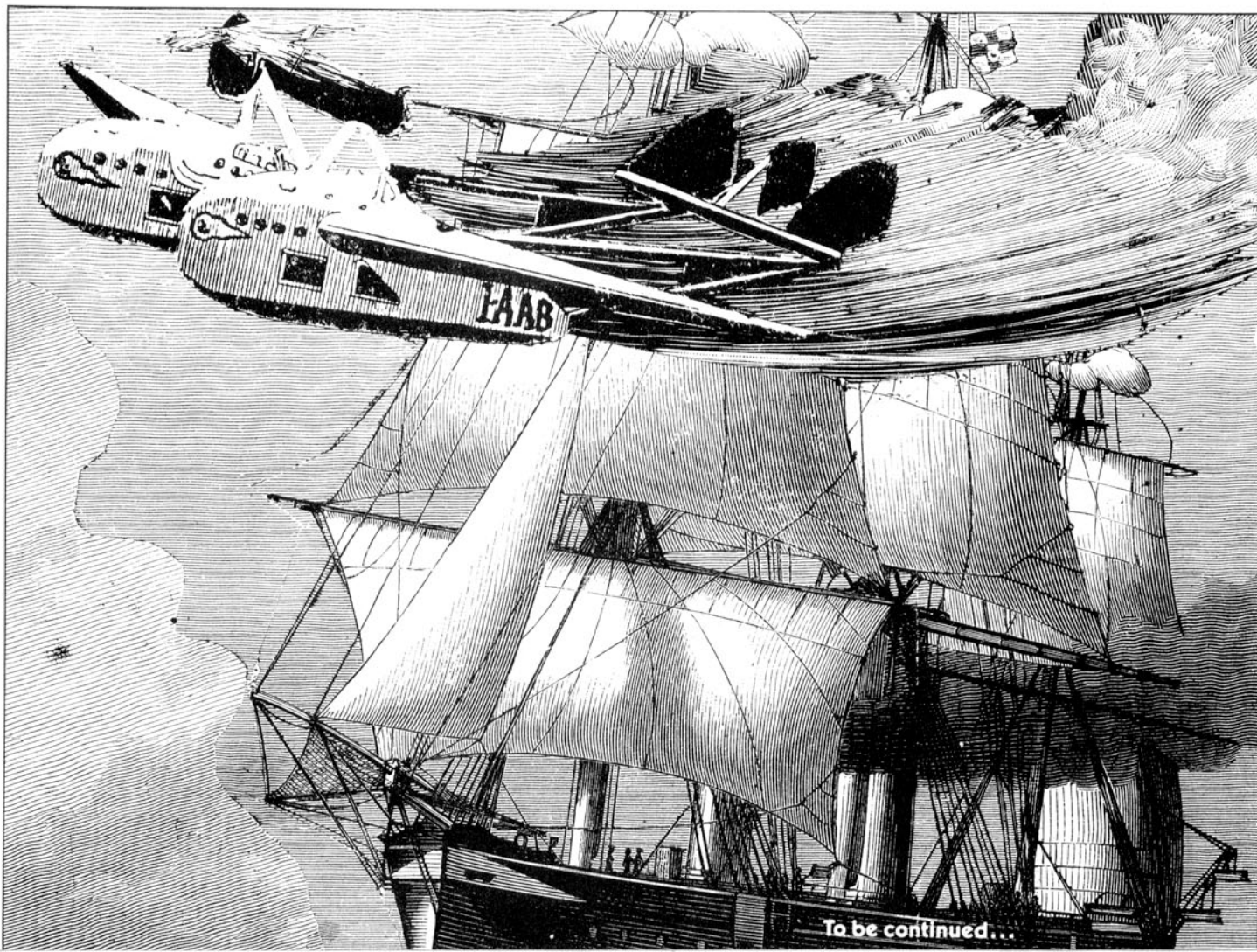


Sir Edwin girds for battle.

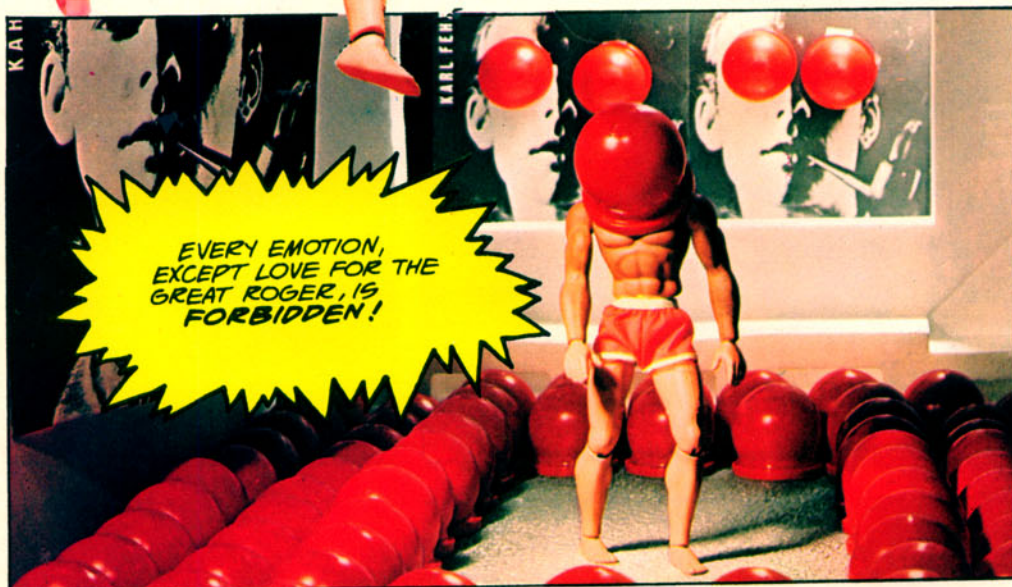
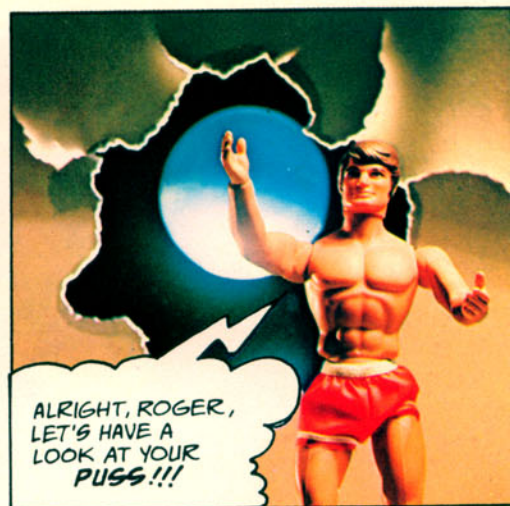
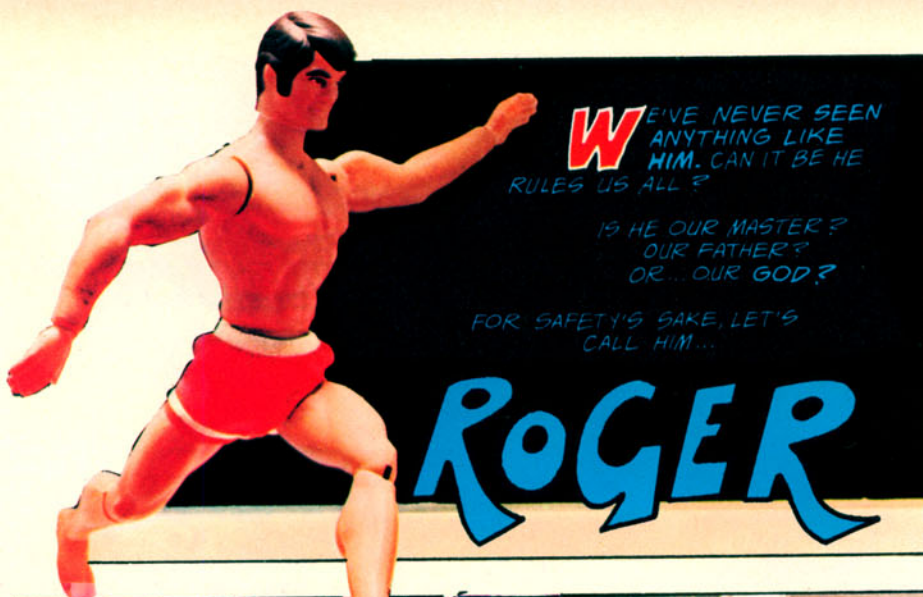
Such were the grim events that burst in on the privacy of Sir Edwin Fuzz. Meditating on the sinister meaning behind these seemingly unrelated events, he determines there is no time to lose before things get out of hand...

A symbolic encounter.

En route on his secret westward flight, Sir Edwin's trendy '30s craft bypasses another nostalgic creation, a vessel full of mystics bound for the East...a strange turning point for technology and the occult...the forces are massing for a gigantic struggle.



To be continued...



H HE HAD DECIDED, FOR "PURPOSES OF EXPLOITATION," TO NORMALIZE MY WIFE.

BUT I WAS FOND OF ZOE, IN SPITE OF THE FLAWS IN HER CONSTRUCTION. THROUGHOUT THE AFFLICTIONS VISITED UPON ME BY ROGER, MY EVERY THOUGHT AND ACTION HAD ONE FOCUS AND ONE MEANING:

**ROGER,
I WANT
YOUR
ASS!...**



ARE YOU GOING
TO NORMALIZE THE
MOON,
ROGER?

SILENCE!

THE WRETCHED THOUGHTS
WHICH GERMINATE IN YOUR
PLASTIC SKULL ARE NOT
UNKNOWN TO ME.

YOU
ARE
SUMMONED
BEFORE ME
WITH YOUR
COMPANION UPON
HER RETURN!

YES?

IS IT
YOU,
ZOE?

LISTEN, WE'VE GOT TO
LEAVE! FLEE
ROGER. HE'S
GOING TO ...

ROGER IS GOOD!
ROGER IS JUST!
ROGER IS LOVE!
HURRY UP, HE AWAITS
US!



SHE CANNOT WITHSTAND THE NORMALIZATION. FROM NOW ON, SHE IS SUBJUGATED, BODY AND SOUL, TO ROGER'S LEWDNESS --TO BE USED IN HIS PERVERSE GAMES.

ROGER!

WHO ARE YOU? --

--THAT ALLOWS YOU TO PLAY WITH ME AS IF I WERE SOME MASS-PRODUCED DOLL?!

ROGER!

DON'T YOU HAVE A HEART??



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THE STAR-DEATH OF

An excerpt from a work in progress, *Up the Walls of the World*

The woman of this chapter is a beautiful American Black who was subjected to sexual mutilation while on a childhood trip to Kenya. (Ritual clitoridectomy.) Her life since has been of almost unendurable pain and stress and separation from humanity; she has also a trace of TK power—the poltergeist trait, or ability to affect matter by mental force.

In her effort to escape all human contact she becomes a com-

puter programmer and mathematician, and develops an intuitive rapport with TOTAL, the Department of Defense's giant computer complex—including its uncanceled NASA ghost program. Because of her work with an experimental group she becomes unwittingly involved in an extraterrestrial contact with Earth, and before the chapter opens she sought to end her life by plunging into the Destroyer, an enormous icy-black eater of suns.

In cold black nowhere a tiny thing will not die.

Alone in dark immensity, the energy-configuration that has been a life is almost extinguished. It is stripped of all qualities, shrunk to a single point of not-death in a universe of deathliness. Blind and mindless it strives against annihilation, fighting with no weapons but its puny naked will.

Aeons earlier it had shot here seeking obliteration. But at the end, the life at its core will not let go.

It is alone, alone in the ultimate icy void, falling without motion ever deeper into dark nothingness. Only a fading spark strains, strives for some possibility, some dimension or current or difference to save it from the final dark. It flails limlessly, grasps nothing, struggles without strength or hope against the overwhelming death around it. Deeper and deeper it is swallowed. Its last existence flickers, it is almost gone.

But at this final instant its immaterial being meets an infinitesimal resistance. Something—something is tenuously touched!

Too weak even to feel reprieve, the spark clutches, clings to the unknown contact. And as it does, slow help comes to it. The faltering energy finds itself minutely sustained; the potential gradient that had fallen nearly to zero halts, and begins painfully to steepen again. After an unknown time it is able to stabilize. Now it is more than a point. It becomes a faint but growing constellation around the nucleus. Fragments of its dead self come back to spectral being.

With them comes a first emotion of life—fear. Hideous images of being strangled, frozen, asphyxiated, destroyed in myriad terrifying ways assault it. The being struggles harder, a frantic mote in the maw of death. It clings to the unknown sustenance, fighting simply to continue to be. And as it strives it strengthens, recruiting the shadowy energy-circuits and complexities of its former life. Presently there comes to it a kind of half-consciousness, and it perceives mistily that it cannot be strangled nor frozen, since it is without breath or pulse in infinite dark. These are only spectres of sensation evoked by terror of the huge menace all around. Knowing itself dead yet not-dead, it tries fiercely to collect itself, to recreate its shattered entity. It drives toward existence as a drowner drives toward air, it exerts stress upon the texture of non-being. Strength grows in it, it presses hard and harder against nothingness. Pressure mounts, a substanceless film bulges without dimension. Until suddenly nothingness yields, and there is a blossoming, tearing pain like orgasmal birth.

The ghostly circuitry of a living woman exists again, strung out between the stars.

The sense of re-existence is acute, paroxysmal. The being convulses in long shudders of awareness. With wonder it perceives itself, knows that it has coherence, complexity, a history, even a name.

It is Margaret Omali.

No! She clenches herself away, would shriek out if she could. The name is a damnation, it brings pouring in on her

the pain of a life she had meant only to end. What cruelty is this, why is she not dead?

She shrinks, trying to cancel consciousness, disappear from being. But she cannot; she senses that her despair is fueling the energy that sustains her. Her human life streams back, activates even the echo of her last human thought: My insurance. Donny will be all right.

What dreadful happening has cheated her of death?

Sick and grieving she drifts, uncaring that the unknown sustenance continues. The energy that is her life augments and completes itself in phantom structure. And at length her despair is penetrated by dull puzzlement. Something is different. At first idly, then with sharpening attention she examines this strangeness. Can it be true?

Warily, she lets her thoughts open, lets herself be known to herself, and finds astonishment.

It is true! The pain and tension that hammered at her nerves are gone. Nothing hurts her now.

She can scarcely believe it. For so long she lived in lacerated shame, her body an aching agony without release. Her only desire was to hold the psychic wound quiet, to escape to levels of the mind beyond its reach.

Now it is gone. Feeling herself deliciously unbodied she stretches immaterially, as one would stretch exhaustedly upon cool sheets. Yes! Yes! The relief holds, exquisite as bare limbs lapped in eiderdown. Whatever remains of her has left her body and its pain behind forever. She does not know or care what or where she is, marvels only at the sweetness of release.

The memory of the brief bliss she had once felt from a drug brushes her, but that was far-off and unreal. This, whatever this spectral half-life is, is real. Exultance, amazement floods her.

She is dead—and free!

Letting herself sense it fully, she would laugh aloud in this place of death if she had anything to laugh with. But laughter is unnecessary here; the emotion itself suffices. Relaxed as she had never been in life, she exists as a substanceless smile.

How long the simple joy of no-pain lasts she has no idea; here time is not. But finally a human curiosity of place stirs in her. She is, she knows, totally alone. That does not trouble her, she had always been locked in loneliness. Now she wishes simply to understand this place, if she is in a universe where place has meaning. Specific memories come to her; she recalls her wild flight through the void, among incarnations flashing like dreams, her final plunge toward the deathly blackness. It had seemed to her then to be a lethal hole in space, a sure and ultimate extinction. Is she now somehow alive in that?

The thought does not frighten her in her new comfort. But the desire grows in her to know more. Without material senses

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MARGARET OMALI

by James Tiptree, Jr.

or receptors she quests around herself, aware that she must not let go of the strange cold pinpoint of energy that sustains her life. What can it be, what is she based on? She has heard of superconductors, of circuits that cycle forever near the cold of ultimate zero. Perhaps she is drawing strength from something like that. But what is out there? The strange small sense she has never let herself think of is still with her; she gathers it and tries to outreach, a feeling-outward of inquiring life.

Nothing. She reaches farther and touches real death.

The contact is dreadful. She cowers in upon herself, knowing that something cold, alien and terrible is out there, nearby. Is it aware of her?

She waits. Nothing happens. The coldness she had touched does not seem to be moving, comes no closer. She listens without ears, attends with all her being for something, anything to tell her more. Still nothing. But the void has dimension now. There, along *that* direction, is danger.

She must recoil, get farther from it, but she dares not let go of the anchor-source of her strange life. She strains away to her utmost, searching, probing. Still nothing. But wait—now she senses, fainter than silence, an impalpable tendril of presence just at the margin of her ken. She attends hungrily, trying to tune herself to it.

And a conviction grows: it is not hostile. It has in fact a reassuring *ordinary* quality, like some familiar small comfort of her lost life. What can it be? It seems—yes—it is somehow beckoning her, like a hand outstretched to lead her away from the dangers of this place.

With all her small might she focuses out toward it. And the fringes of her being touch a gossamer point. A density, another of the strange contacts lies there. Dare she try to transfer to it? *Come*, the faint summons urges from beyond.

She gathers her courage, marshalls her being. Her mind enacts the image of a woman leaping from stone to stone across an immense dark river; *I dare!* She lets go her base and sends herself wholly across the void to coalesce around the new support.

Success! She knows how she has moved physically, in whatever space this is. She has moved away from the deadly touch, over what distance she has no idea, an atom's width or light-year. And the act of will has strengthened her. She feels her own intricate existence triumphant in the dark, and tries to scan around.

The faint beckoning something is definitely stronger here. *Come! This way.*

Can she continue? Again she reaches with her mind, and again finds contact. Another of the cold life-sources is there. Without hesitation she leaps to it and begins to search anew. Yes! There are more. And the friendly call is clearer. In marvellous excitement she leaps, or flows, or hurls herself again and again. She is mastering the rhythm, she can move here in abyssal night.

The image of stepping-stones has vanished. As she moves she knows herself as nothing woman-shaped, but a pattern of energy flashing along charged points. Flow, gather, surge—she is energy discharging through capacitors, perhaps. But a structure, she thinks; a very complex configuration, the spectral texture of a human mind. And as she moves another image comes to her, so that she pauses for a moment in wonder. Is she something like a computer program? A ghostly program prowling the elements of some unimaginable circuitry?

The thought delights her. She does not believe in heaven or gods or demons or any hell beyond the life she had known, but she has seen real ghosts in her computer read-out screens. She knows she is dead and she had never been very human. To be a free, untormented ghost-program is not frightening.

Perhaps the danger she had felt was some design to cancel her, to flush her out of existence as they had attempted to flush out TOTAL's ghosts?

No, she decides. I will not be evicted. I will maintain this new sweet life awhile, even as nothing in the cold and dark. But what is this small calling presence or energy which she has been following? It is very close now, she can sense its urgency. What is it? Is it perhaps another like herself here in the paths of death?

The thought displeases her. She thinks toward it demandingly, striving to shape interrogation. *Who are you? What is there?*

Nothing answers her at first, only the ever-stronger summoning, an almost tangible directional desire. Like a dog tugging at her coat, willing her to follow.

What are you? Tell me! No answer; but she realizes abruptly that an image has formed in her mind's eye, a glimmering vision like a pallid rectangular shape rising through black water. It is a computer console.

Is she imagining this? As she attends to it the image strengthens. She can make out the keyboards, the dials, the read-out screen and reel decks above. Why, it is her familiar office console, she has spent years at those grey, red, blue keys; there is even the stain where ditto-fluid was spilled. It is hallucinatory, it quivers or shimmers like an after-image, floating on the darkness that presses around and through it. But it is no ordinary vision; she wills it away, but still it will not go.

Puzzled, the thought comes to her to activate it. Instantly there is a vivid kinaesthetic sensation of her own arm moving, she sees the long dark fingers that are no longer hers float out and press the toggle. *On.*

At the same moment the screen flickers to life. The symbol is clear, a tiny blue arabesque in black immensity:

$$\int_0^{\infty} \text{FETJ dt}$$

It is the integral of time to plus or minus infinity, the "signature" of TOTAL's unquenchable ghost!

Half-amused, half-annoyed, she probes at her own thought. Is she recreating memory or is this some real manifestation of the condition she has waked to? It holds; it seems so real. Well, if she is herself a ghost-program, what more likely than that another should be here? Has her mind somehow got into TOTAL? She hopes not; she had been sure that she was far from Earth. No matter, she decides. It's all fantasy, a dead mind dreaming.

As she had done so often before, she makes no effort to cancel the intruding program, but instead lets her hallucinative fingers tap out a holding code. The screen flashes TIME-INDEPENDENT STORE and vanishes from her mind.

With that the sense of the calling awareness comes back in force. *Come! Follow me!* The friendly quality is unmistakable now.

Fantasy upon fantasy. Bemused, she yields and lets herself

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surmounted by one symbol. It is very clearly in the Off position.

As she attends to it, an almost tangible sense of pleading pressure comes to her and TOTAL's small read-out lights.

//ACTIVATE//

Almost her hallucinatory finger presses the switch—and then she pauses. That image cloaks real power, she understands. It is a connection or interface with something vast and real. Is this why the computer-spirit has brought her here, so that her own small power may give some necessary push, initiate real access? Does TOTAL "want" her to manipulate an actual connection on behalf of whatever dark presence or machinery surrounds her? Genially she recalls the earthly TOTAL's appetite for access, the spontaneous linkages it seemed to have achieved. Has it found some ghostly ultimate network here in the dark?

//ACTIVATE·ACTIVATE· ACTIVATE //

The energetic constellation that had been Margaret Omali considers the plea, and a fast human willfulness awakes. She is not yet a phantom, a mere pliable pawn. She will not comply with this directive...yet. Quite humanly, she is tired of acting in mystery. She has come through dangers and blackness to this place of power and now she has some mental desires to fulfill. Before assenting further, she will know where she is and among what powers and conditions this strange life is set.

How will she get answers, here?

Deliberately she summons TOTAL to the small strange vein of power in her mind, and frames a command to data-access, her thoughts sketching and shaping a program of real-time inputs of fact and space. Am I in a computer? Is this a dream? Her familiar keyboard glimmers before her; her fingers go to it and firmly press TOTAL's keys.

Query this location. Display.

With a great soundless rush the blackness around her vanishes. She is floating in a universe of jewelled lights.

It worked, she exults. I have power—and then all thought is inundated by sheer magnificence. On every side, above, below, before, beyond, blaze steady fires of amethyst and topaz and ruby, emerald and diamond and ultramarine—drift upon drift of them, burning against blackness or veiled in filaments and gauzes of hypnotic allure.

They are, she realizes slowly, stars. The unwinking suns of space. She is floating amid the glory of the universe, seeing without eyes the incomprehensible vast unhuman beauty of the void. Her mind which had always flinched from the hot closeness of human color is enchanted with this infinity of spectral fires.

But a vague doubt troubles her. Is this real? Someone had told her of the stars; is all this merely some simulacrum of her dead and dreaming human mind?

How can she test? She selects a beautiful pair of sapphire and yellow suns.

Magnify.

Obediently, they grow, seem to approach and separate, and reveal a dim violet companion, all filmed in a wispy nebula in which are points of light. At the same time she becomes aware of a rise in input on one of the unregarded bands, as if these stars were giving off a train of signals. The impression of reality is overwhelming. But still she doubts.

She turns to TOTAL's keyboard, thinking hard. What would unmask a dream? At length she frames a demand on TOTAL's memory-banks.

Specify.

The screen lights.

//BETA-CYGNUS//COMMON-NAME· ALBIREO·DERIVED-FROM-ERROR

·IN· INTERPRETATION·OF·ALMAGEST· 1515// MA88-S.S·4.5//

PA·055// 8E 34.4'//8PECTRAL·GLASS·OF· PRIMARY·AS·

Her attention goes back to the triple beauties, considering.

The names Beta Cygnis, Albireo, are utterly unknown to her; all these data could not have come from her human mind. This must be real. Somehow she can call up earthly information, here between the stars.

How this could be does not trouble her, she is too far from human considerations; she no longer remembers NASA, nor the flap about TOTAL's wiped memory-cores. She merely accepts it as one more aspect of this wondrous death and feels her soul smile. In due course she may inquire further; when she is moved to it, she may probe, perhaps, the nature of this huge cold power whose perceptions she seems to share. Now she is content to exist at ease, to dream amid marvels.

The odd energy-output of the brilliant triple system she has summoned presently attracts her curiosity, and she puts another question to TOTAL.

Query. Is life there?

//AFFIRMATIVE//

the screen responds. And the peculiar pulse-trains seem to amplify, as if unknown receptors had been tuned to them.

She "listens" uncomprehendingly, amused by this new dimension of experience, and sensing vaguely that some undefinable significance has been evoked. But if this is "life" she can make nothing of it. I am not concerned with life, she thinks, and dismisses Beta Cygnis. Compliantly the pulse-trains fade, the splendid triple system fades back into the jewel-drifts of space.

But in another dimension of her mind, the ghostly center-panel of the great console still shows its unknown switch; she senses still the faint urgency. What unimaginable program would it execute? She wonders briefly and again dismisses it. For the moment she wants nothing more.

Her attention returns to the outer radiance in which she floats, and now she becomes aware of something new. Motion is here; slow but increasingly perceptible. Like themes of silent music, the orbital elements of the nearer stars reveal themselves to her mind. Suns weave hugely about each other, develop subcomponents of direction, or glide in concert athwart a general flow. Slowly the motion spreads away to the farthest reaches, until the whole is in sublime and complex dance.

Delighted, she bends all her thought on this new wonder, understanding that somehow her phantom senses have slowed, or speeded, to a cosmic scale. Beyond the sheer splendor of the fires of space she now sees a deeper, causal magnificence. She can almost sense directly the interlocking webworks of field forces, the lawfulness of every accidental configuration. And more; beneath the macro-order, if she cares to look, there is revealed the play of another lawfulness, that of the acutely small. The stars are not constant, but changing; they alter in color, shrink or swell or blaze to slow immense explosions. All this she understands as the expression of subatomic transformations and events. The ultimate minute causalities are hers too, when she wills to look deep.

Her human mind that since childhood had yearned dimly toward the enchantment of relation, had groped toward it beneath the veil of number and symbol, experiences a long slow gasp of immaterial rapture. Here is the beloved naked to her view.

Time no longer exists. What had been Margaret Omali slips toward irreversible fusion with something huge and alien whose powers she partially shares. A last corner of her personality laughs with a child's purity, envisioning a vast control room of the stars. Of herself she knows only that she exists in peace and exaltation. The grandeur of the universe unfolds as the tapestry of her understanding. She opens herself entirely to the pure, cold pleasure. The mind that had been a human woman floats out to lose itself in the justice of the play of suns and atoms, the intricate glories of cosmologic cause.



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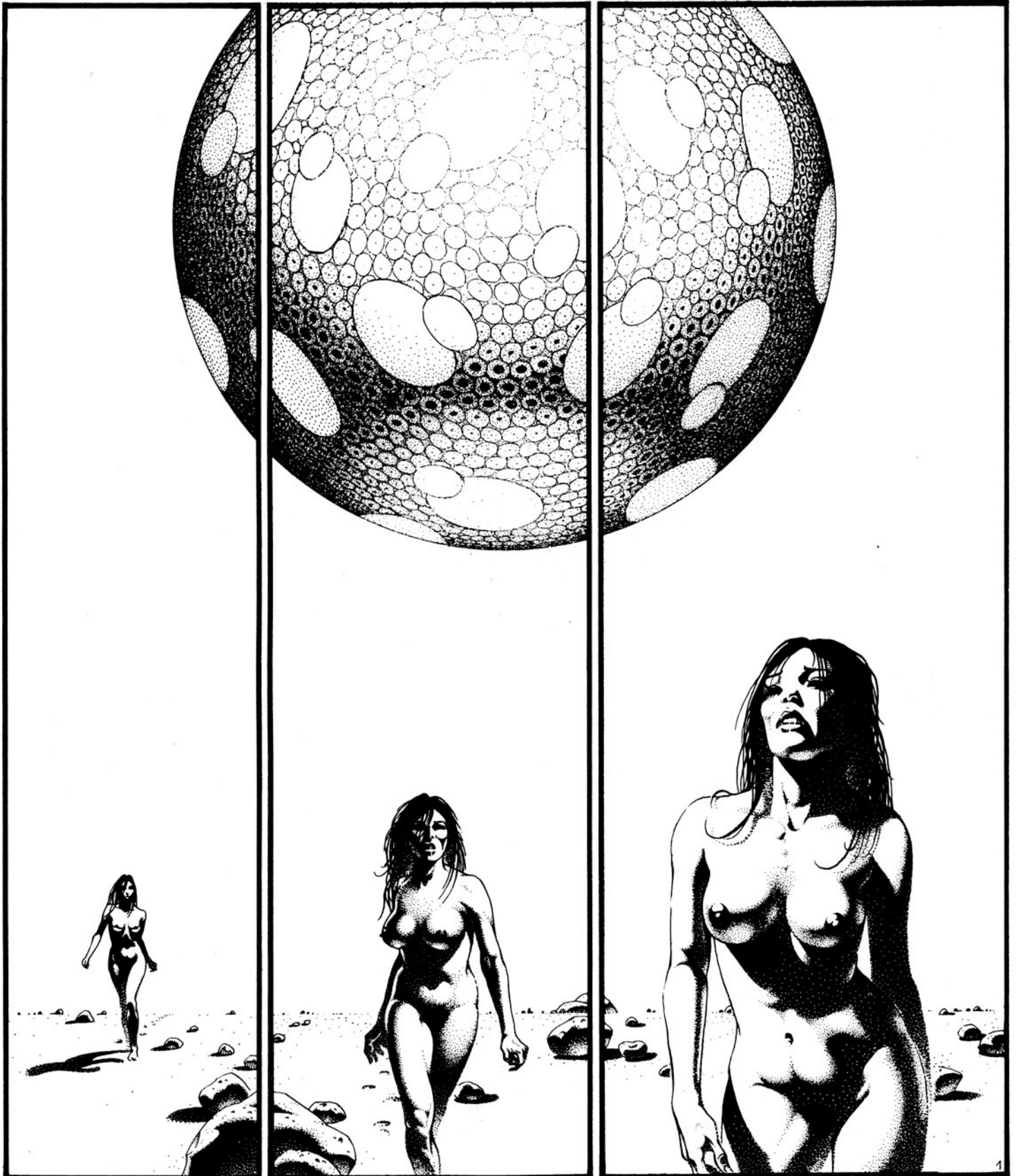
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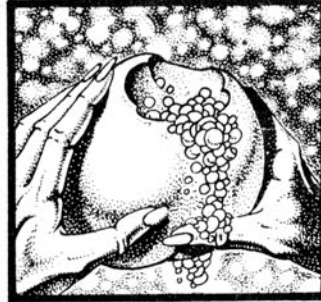
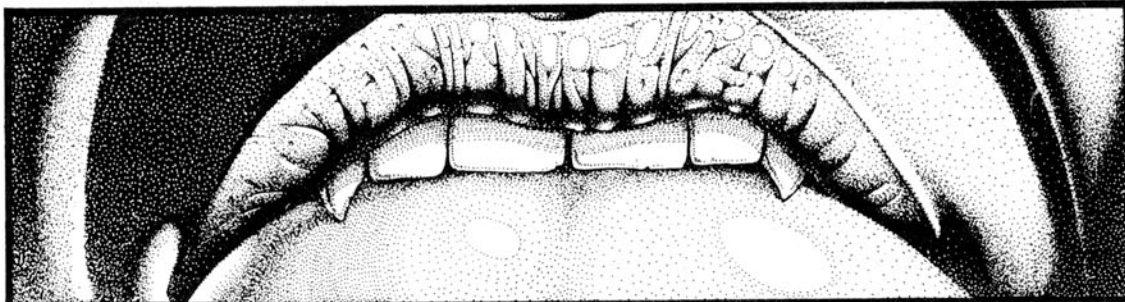
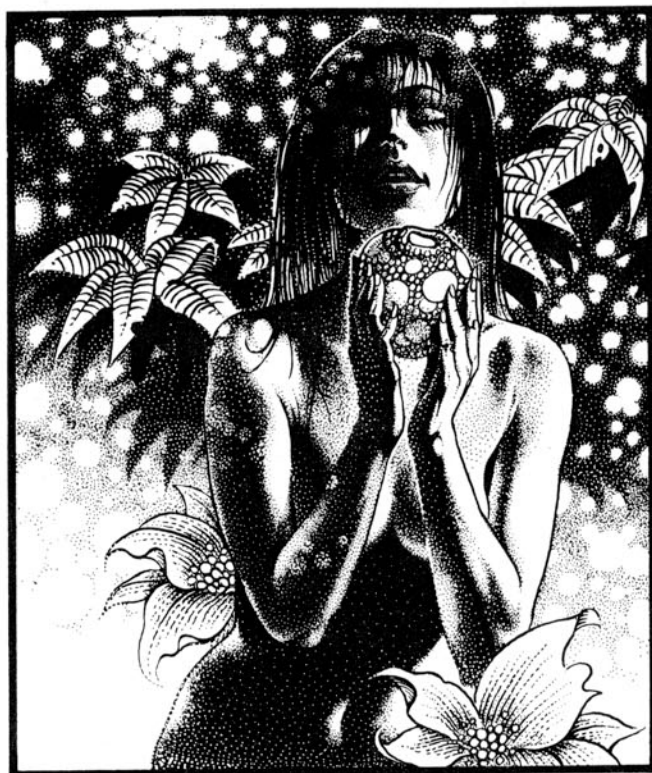
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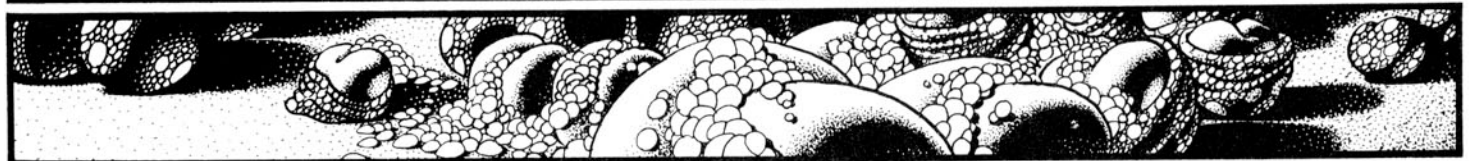
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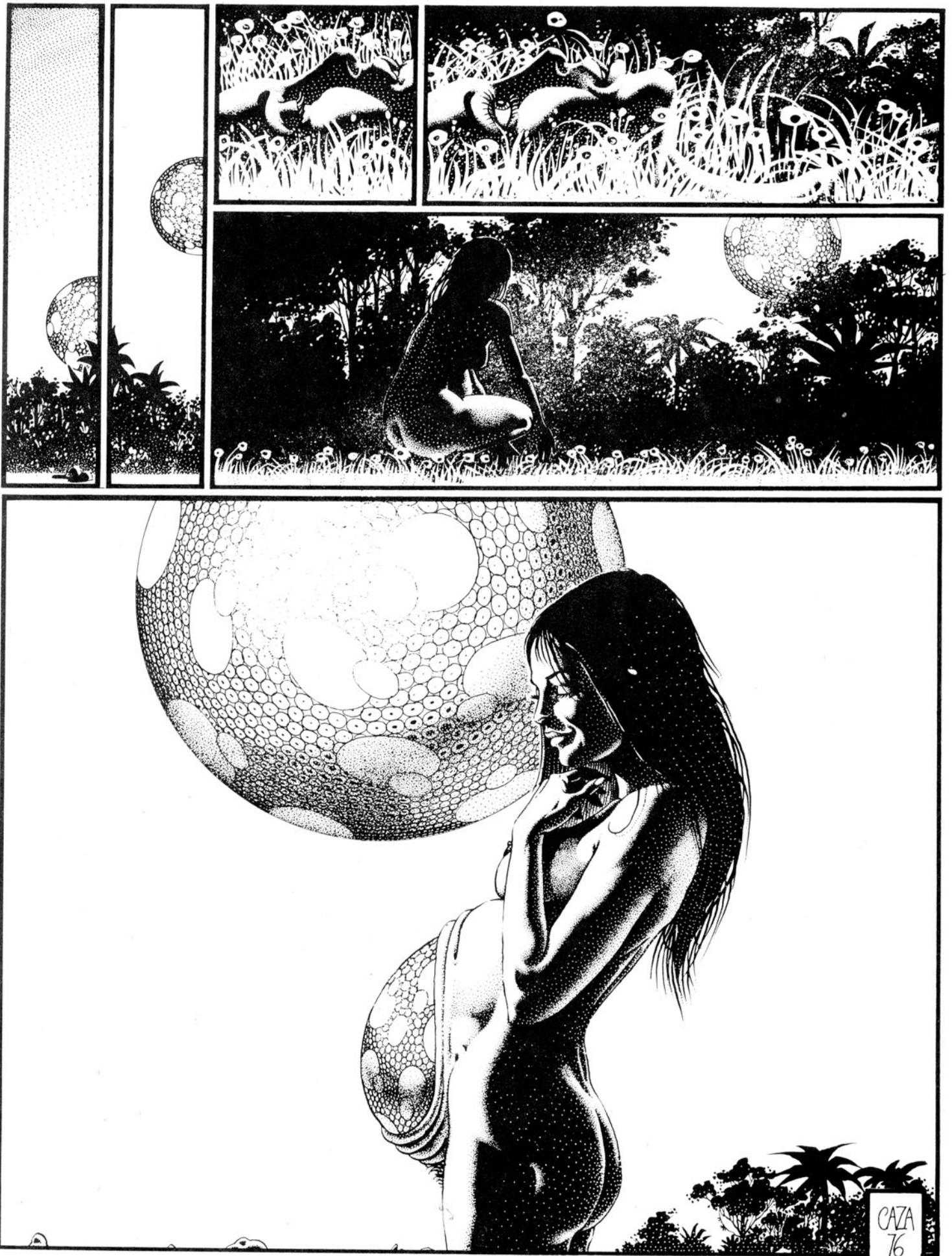






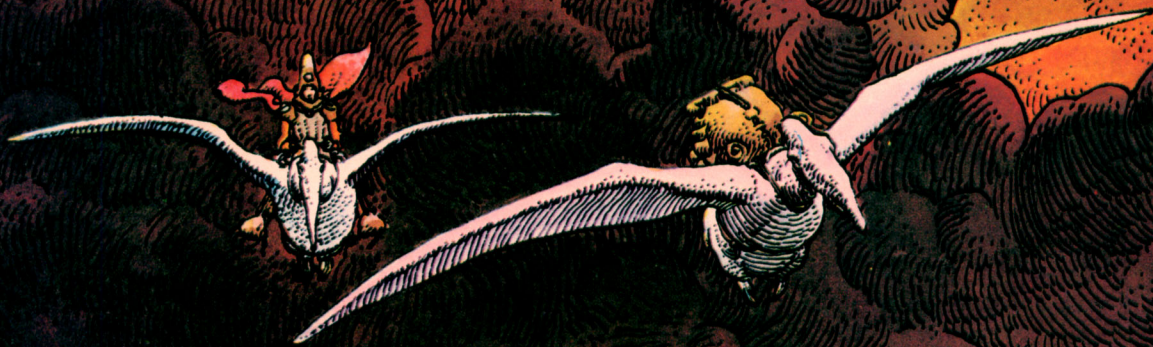


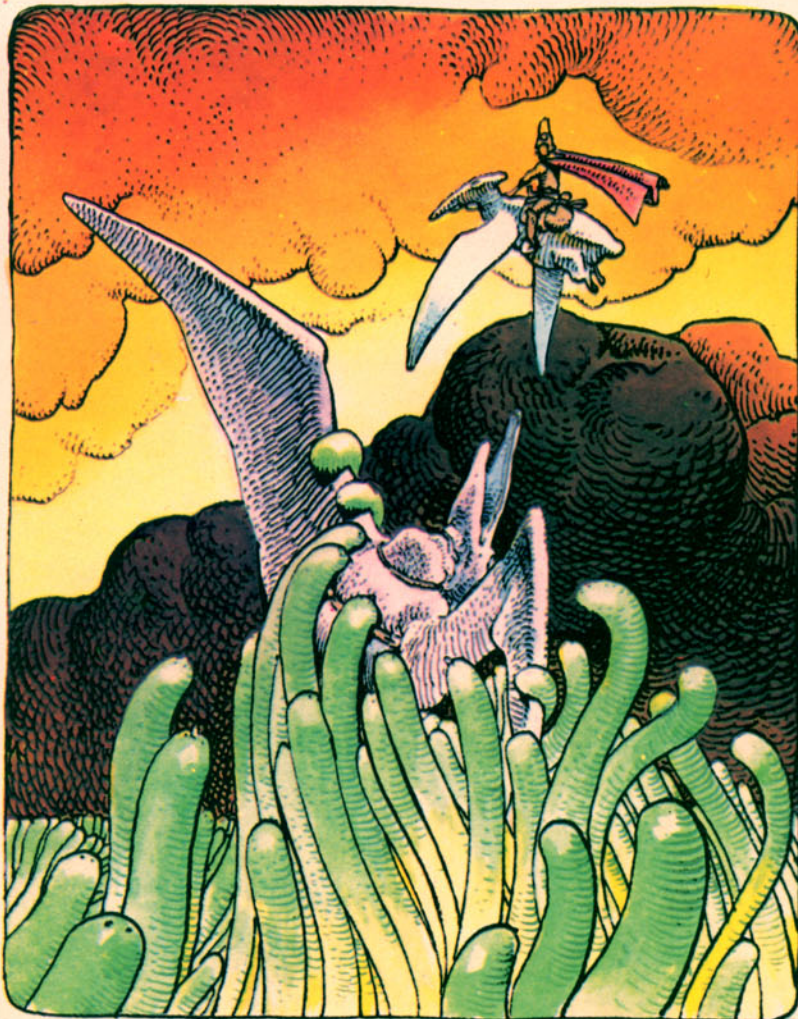


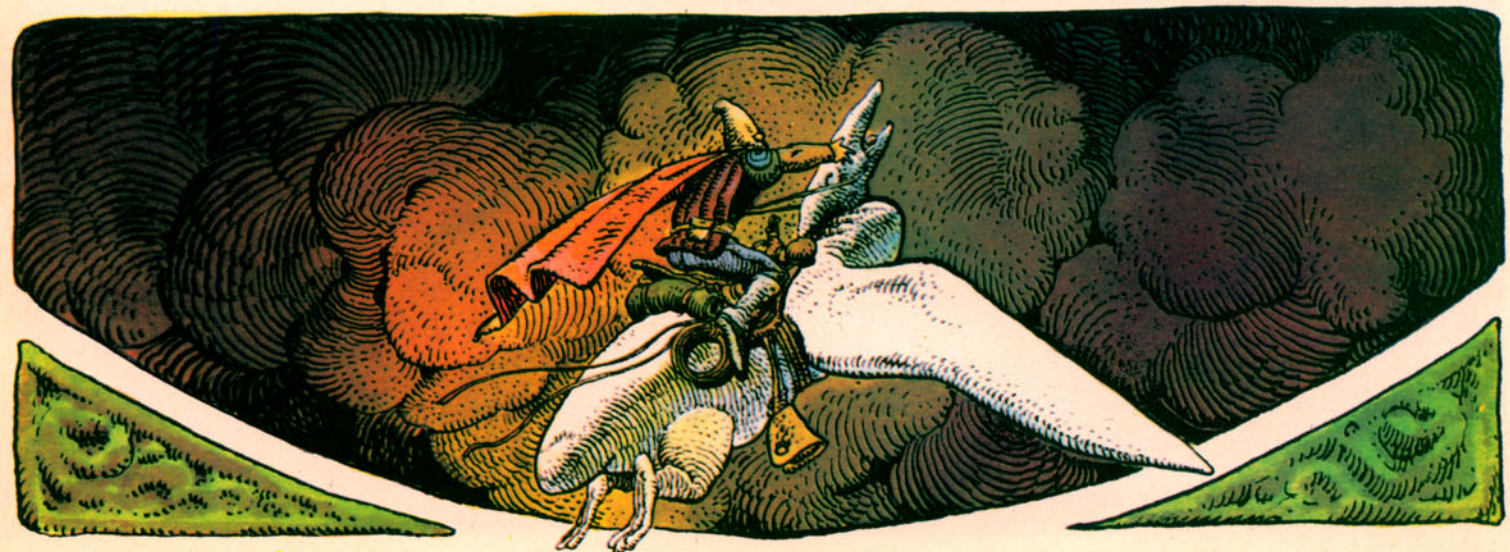
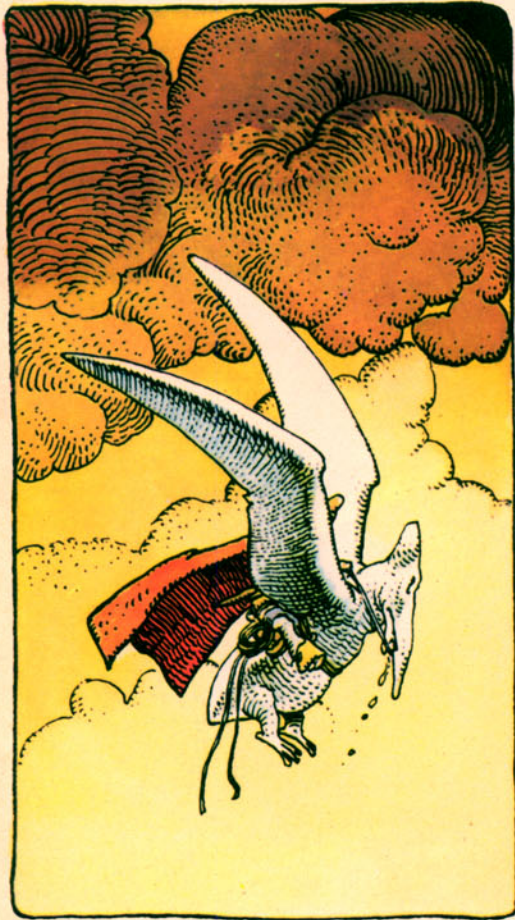
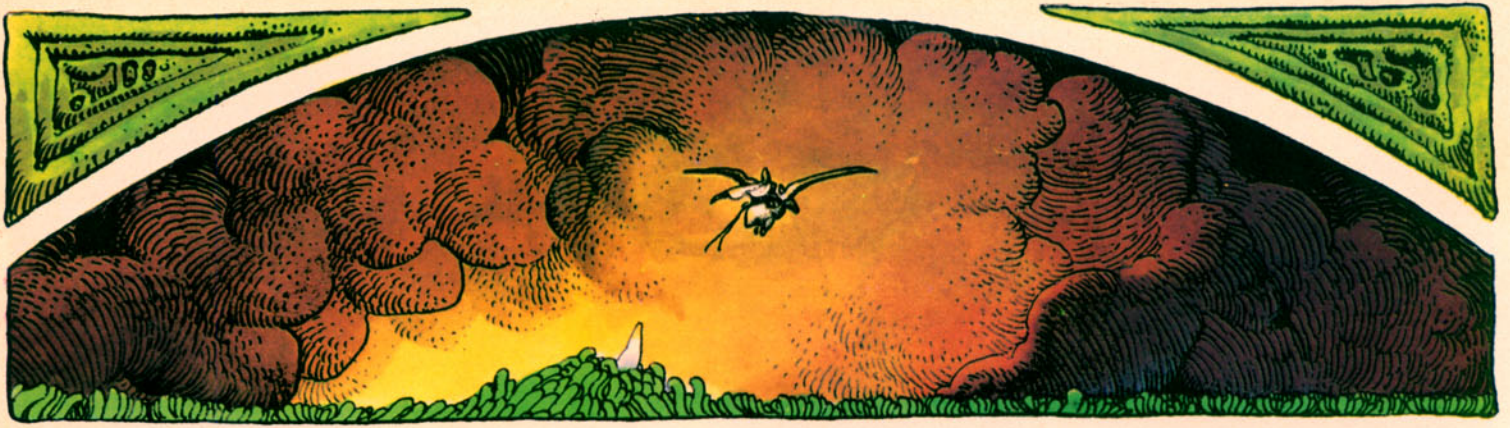


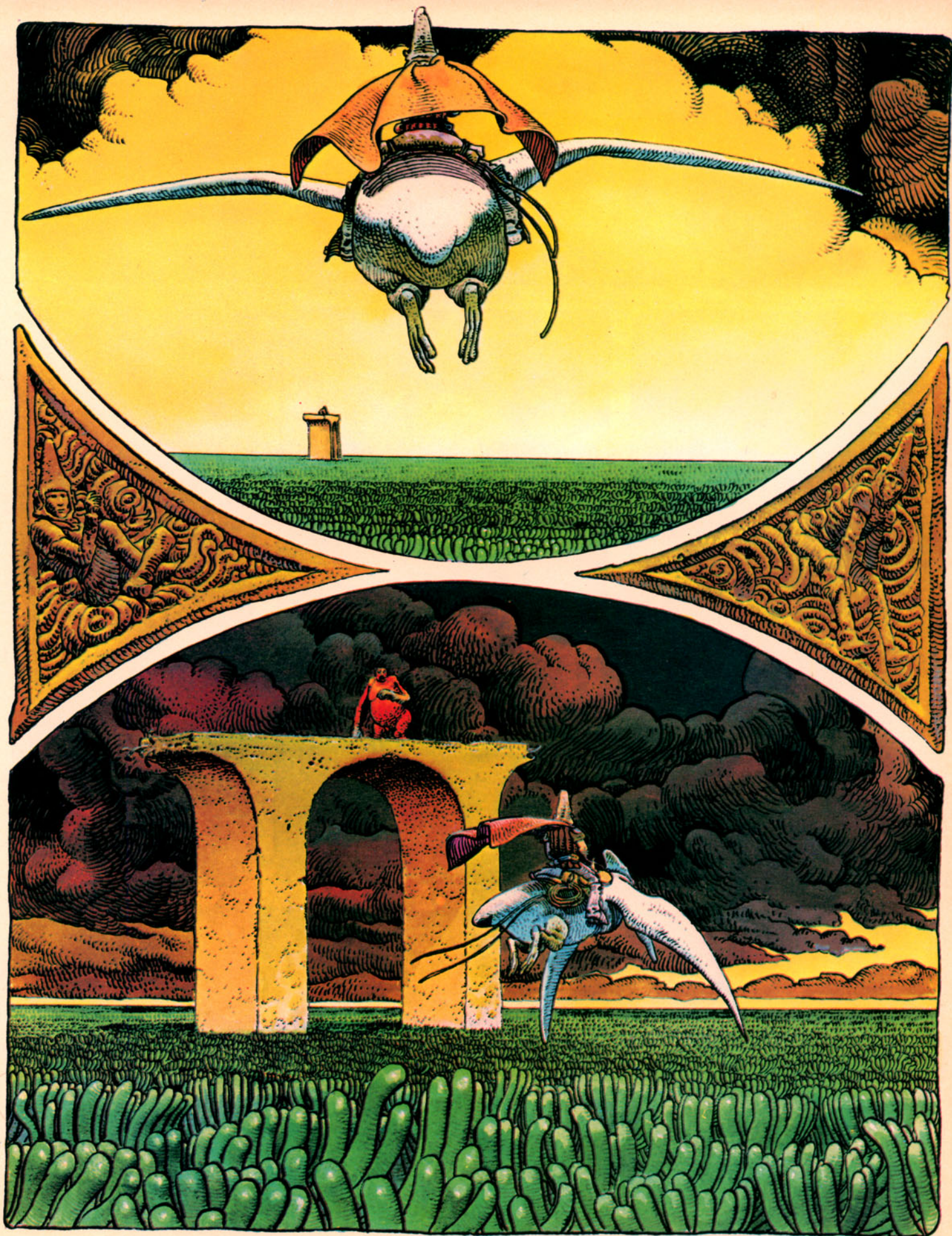
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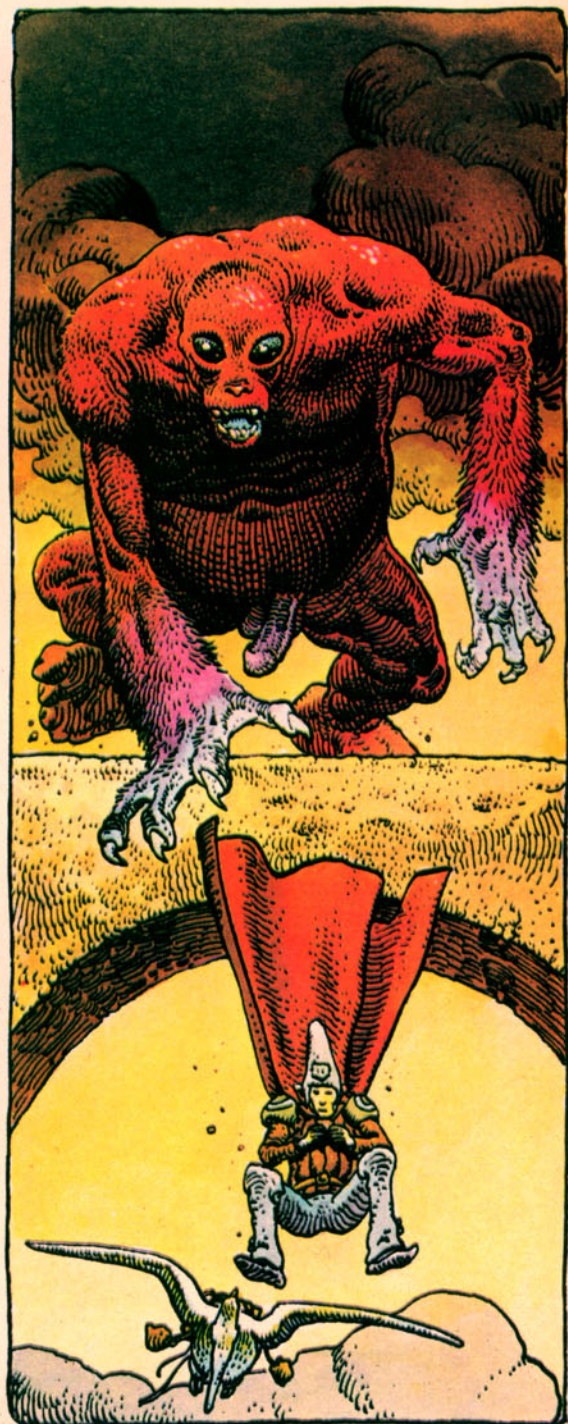
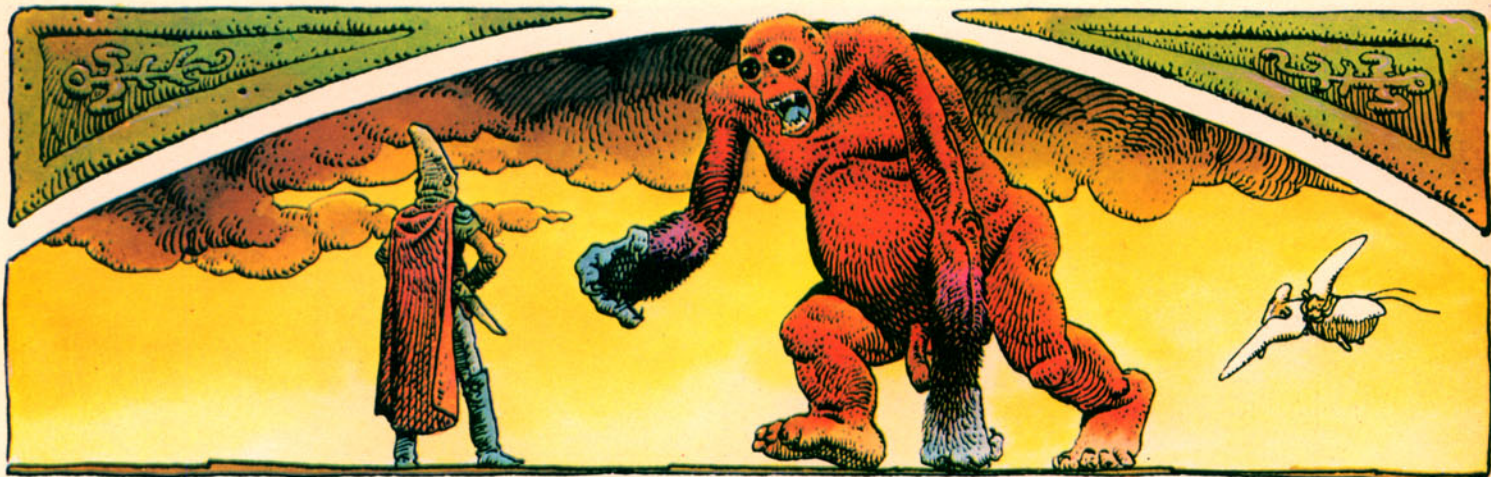


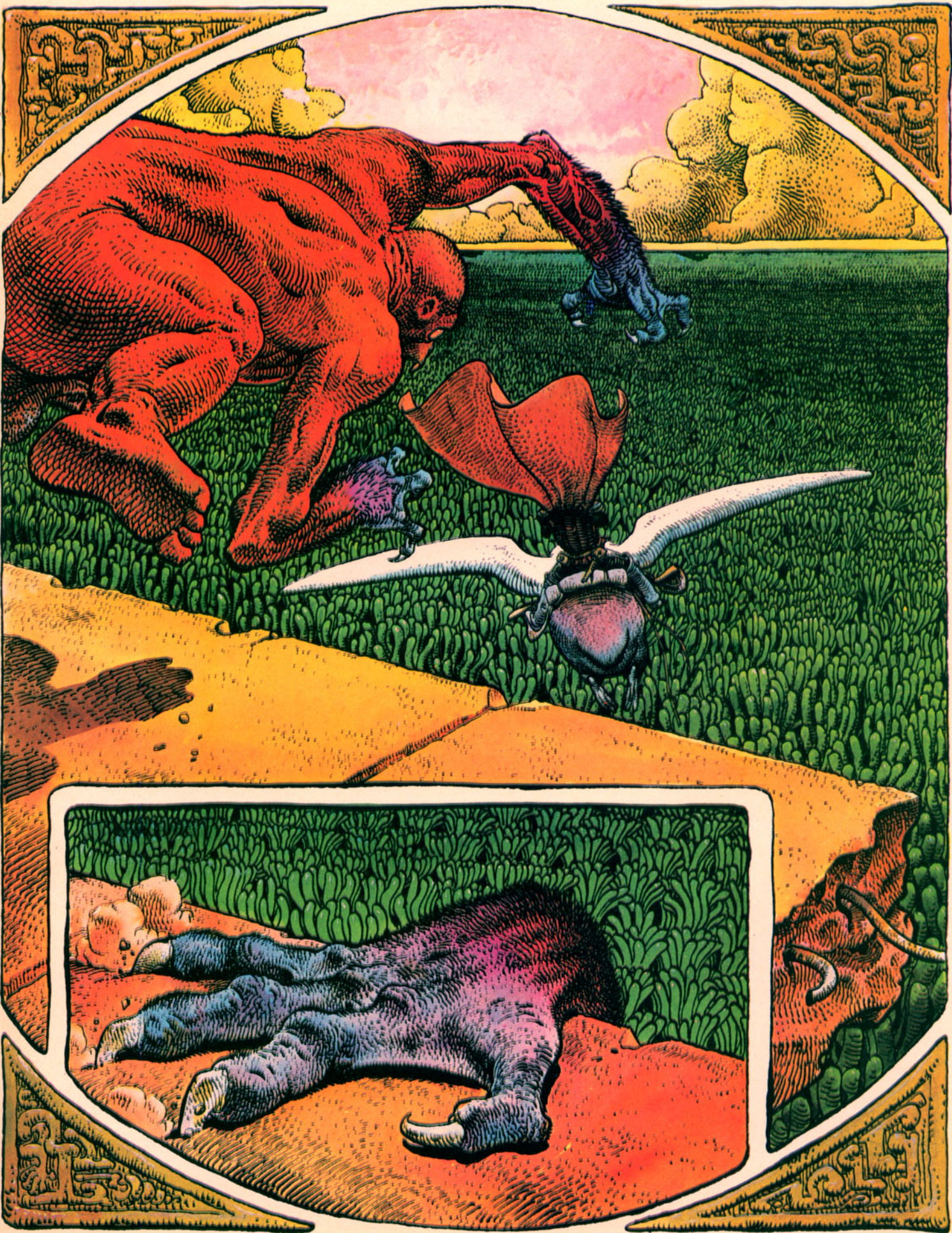


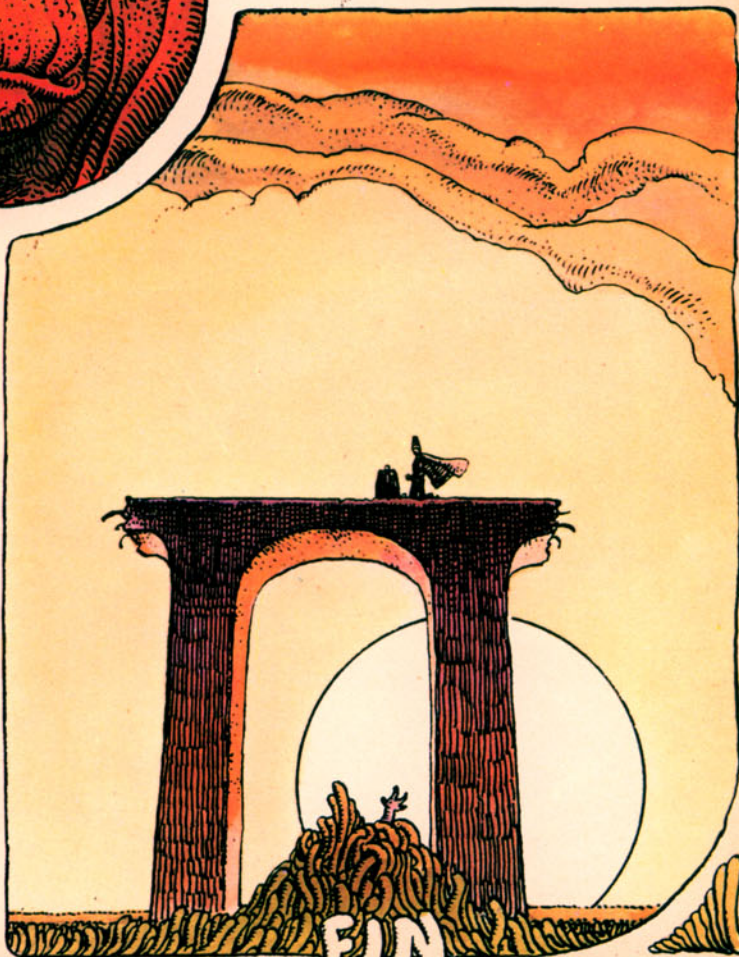
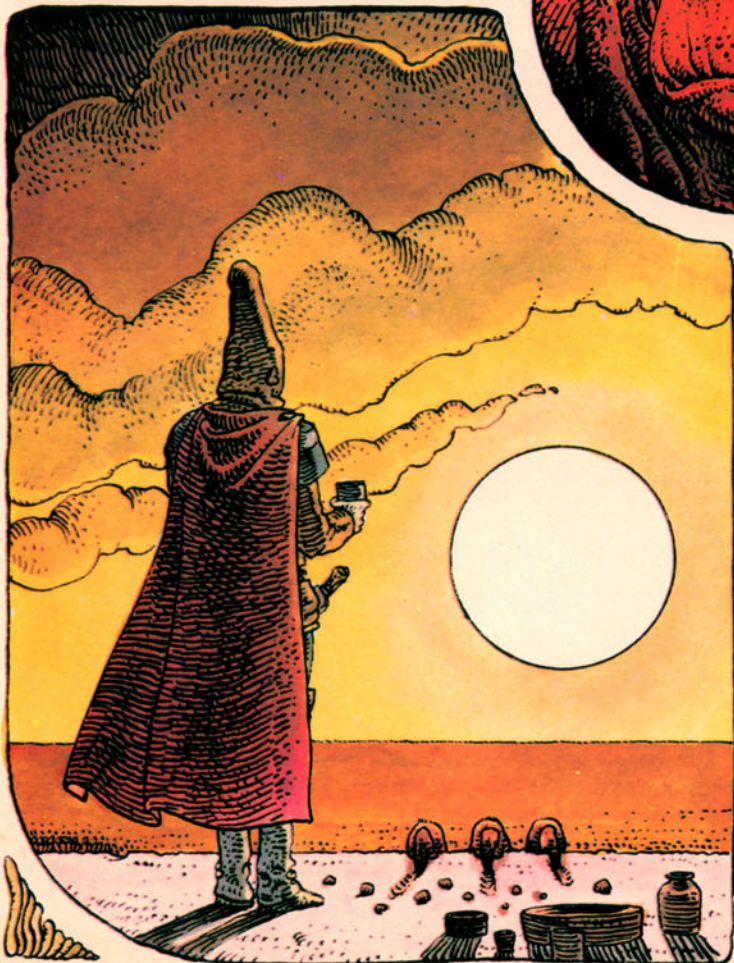
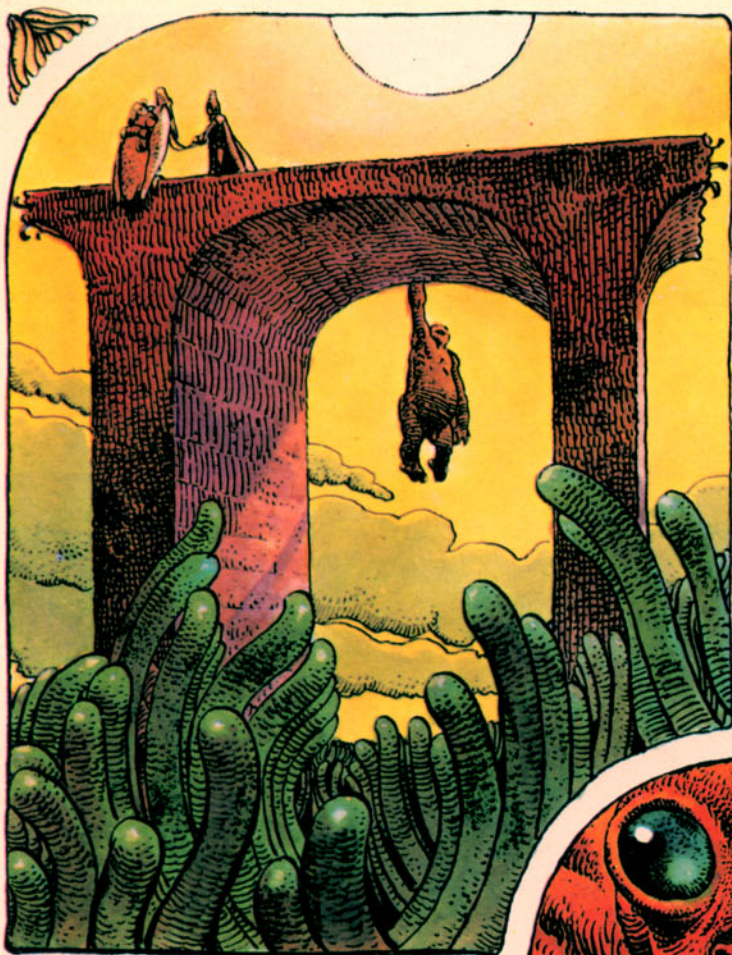












FIN



After plenty of hassles, this dude managed to get in touch with us so we could listen to the weird instrument he had invented.



Finally Harry, our organist, decided to integrate the machine with the group's electronic material.



The guy kept rapping to us about bread. We told him to hang loose until after Ryad, when we would use his engine for the first time.



So, O.K., it was mellow. We'd use the new instrument at Ryad!

FESTIVAL

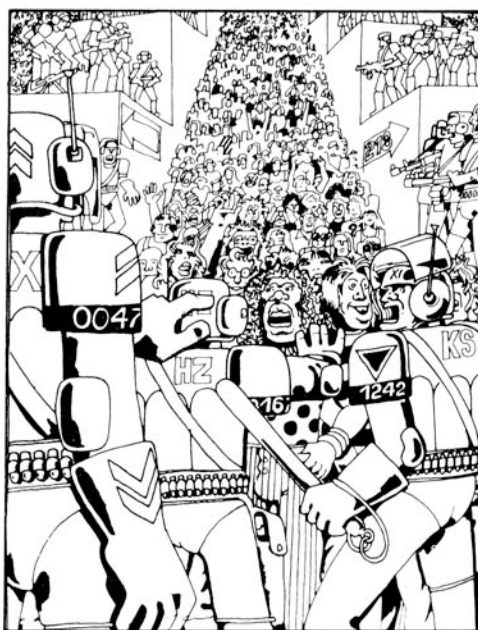
The Ryad Festival lasted three weeks... night and day, nonstop, and about three million freaks from all over the planet made the scene. That was Ryad.



Above the musicians, a giant screen was fed by about a hundred video cameras, which could pick up everything happening on the stage and in the crowd, feeding back its own image to the public. The whole thing was intercut with commercials.



Road was also 4 autoroutes with 12 lanes opening onto the Music Center.



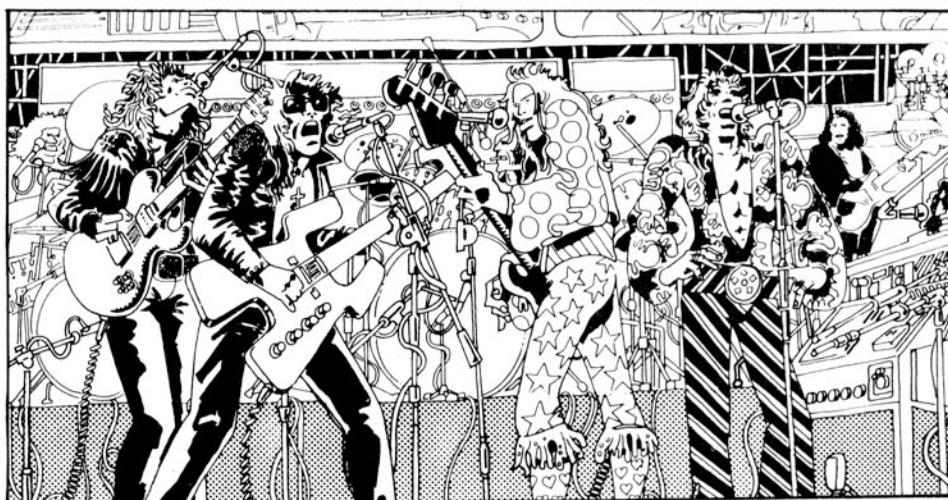
6,000 cops cut canals through the human swamp, with an incredible series of locks and concrete passages.



The amplifiers made a web of solid sound, vomiting out a strength of 20,000 watts as far as 3 miles.



At 2:45 P.M., the **helicopter** dropped us down behind the **screen** ...the roadies finished putting 14 tons of equipment into place.



Then we were shoved out under the lights!

At the down beat, they started to **scream**. The crowd was hypnotized by the **torrents of sound** pouring out of the amps.



Harry started **riffing** on the new machine, which we had baptized **The Pie-Eyed Pipes !!!**

Jock, our manager, gave Harry the high sign. The **sound of The Pie-Eyed Pipes RIPPED THE SKY WIDE OPEN!**



Then the rats showed up...



Just a few at first,
then, suddenly...



...millions and
millions...



I grabbed the last helicopter and saved my ass!!!



Later... I got an explanation
of the phenomenon from
a member of the **Commis-
sion of Inquiry**. The Pie-
Eyed Pipes, which were found
in the debris, were nothing
more than an **ultrasonic**
device whose sound at full
volume made every rat on
the continent of
Australia con-
verge on Ryad...



...there
weren't
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