

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine from the people who bring you the National Lampoon.

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HEAVY METAL

TM



LES
HUMANOIDES
ASSOCIES



Star Wars





THEY WERE MADE OF METAL AND HATE. ON THE GIGANTIC PLANET GAIL THEY RAISED THEIR ARROGANT ARCHITECTURE TOWARD HEAVEN AND THEIR EYES, AS BRILLIANT AS THOSE OF WILD BEASTS, TOWARD THE NIGHT. THEIR ENORMOUS HANDS SEEMED TO BE MADE OF THE SAME METAL AS THEIR ARMOR, AND THE TERRIBLE BOOMING OF THEIR VOICES COULD BE HEARD IN THE NIGHT...

THEY WERE ALL MERCENARIES, RENEGADES, CRIMINALS FROM THE ENTIRE GALAXY. THEIR ONLY PLEASURE WAS TO KILL AND TO KILL AGAIN... THEY MADE AN INFERNO OF WAR FROM THE PARADISE OF FLOWERS AND BIRDS -- THAT WAS THE GIGANTIC PLANET GAIL.

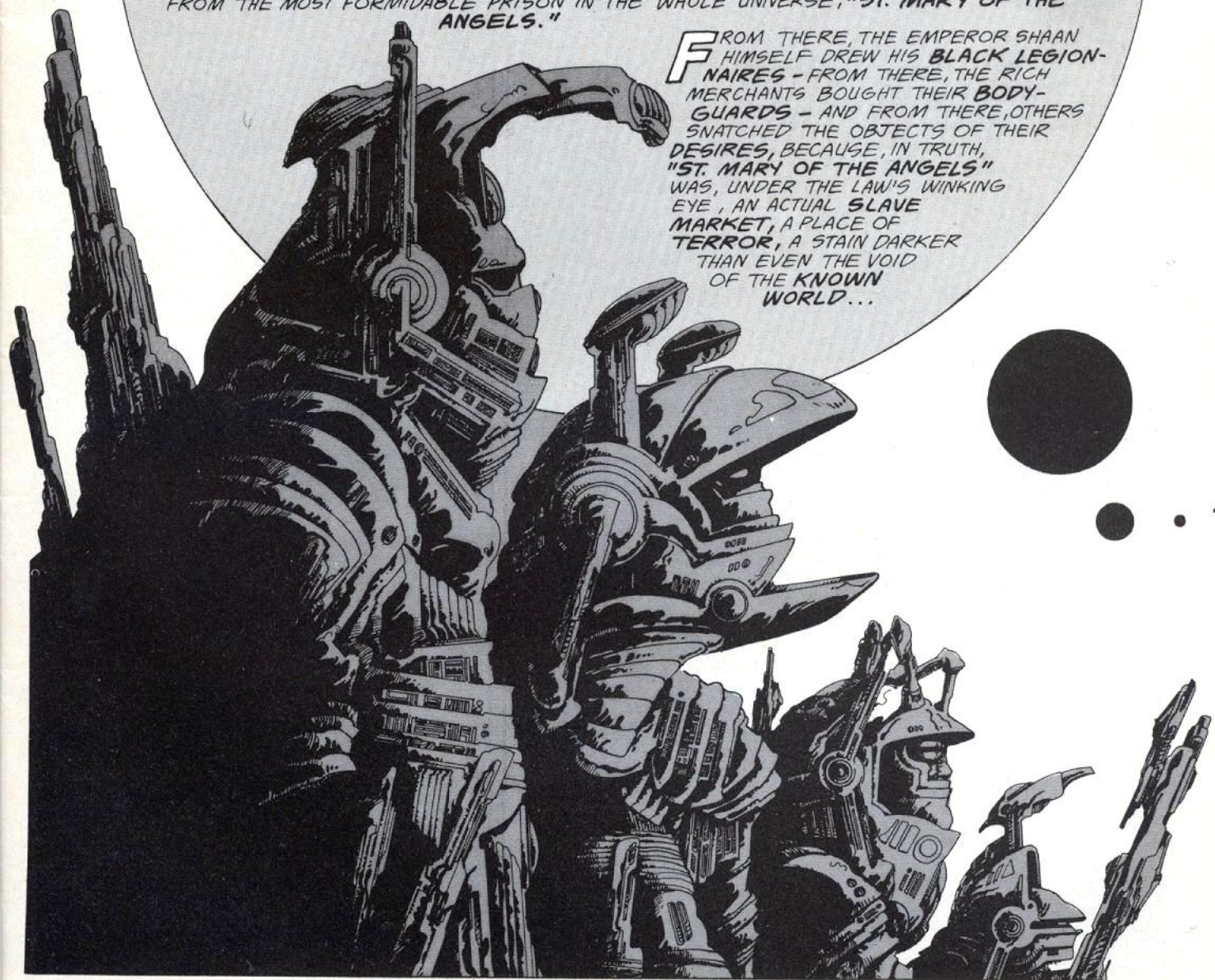
AND OVER ALL OF IT REIGNED IRIAM MERENNEN, ABSOLUTE MASTER OF HIS EMPIRE, A MANIAC, AN UNKNOWN BEING WHO HAD APPEARED FROM NOWHERE. WITH THESE MYSTERIOUS FORTIFICATIONS HE BUILT THIS EMPIRE OF DEATH, SO THAT HE WAS A MENACE EVEN TO THE EMPEROR SHAAN HIMSELF.

IN THESE TIMES OF CHAOS, THE GALACTIC CONFEDERATIONS TORE EACH OTHER TO PIECES, AND SCHEMING POLITICIANS AND GREEDY MERCHANTS LIVED ON A RUINED POPULACE.

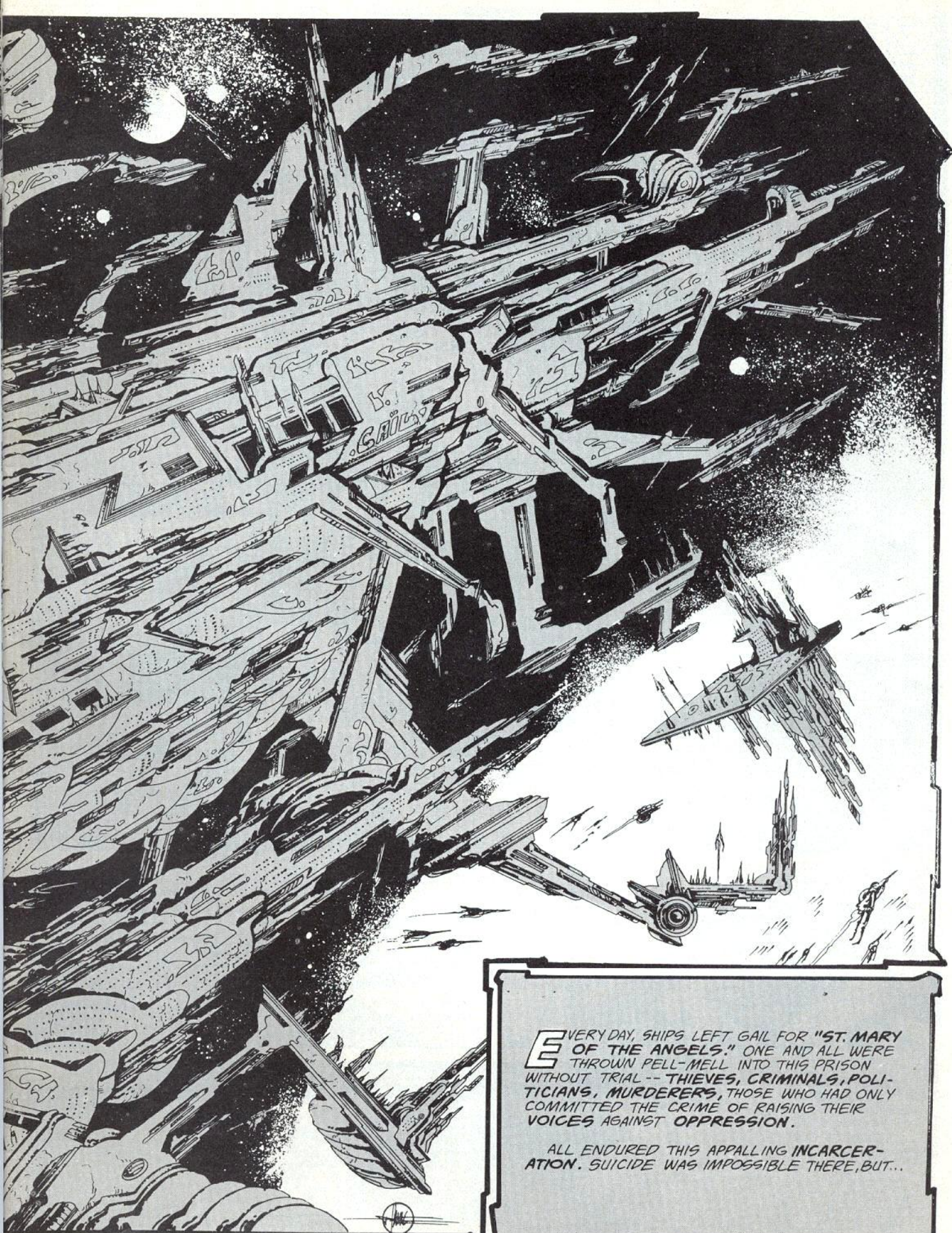
BUT A BITTER RESENTMENT WAS GROWING AMONG THESE PEOPLE - IT WAS AN ERA FOR A ZEALOT TO REVEAL HIMSELF. WITH THE HELP OF HIS SPIES, "THE EYES OF THE NIGHT," AND THE MADMEN FROM OTHER OTHER REGIONS, IRIAM MERENNEN WAS DREAMING OF CONQUEST.

THE UNCERTAIN THRONE OF THE EMPEROR AND SUCCESSFUL REBELLIONS ON THE PLANETS OF THE CENTRAL REGIONS RENDERED HIS HOPES PROPITIOUS. TO REALIZE THESE HOPES, IRIAM, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, RECRUITED THE NUCLEUS OF HIS TROOPS FROM THE MOST FORMIDABLE PRISON IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, "ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS."

FROM THERE, THE EMPEROR SHAAN HIMSELF DREW HIS BLACK LEGIONNAIRES - FROM THERE, THE RICH MERCHANTS BOUGHT THEIR BODY-GUARDS - AND FROM THERE, OTHERS SNATCHED THE OBJECTS OF THEIR DESIRES, BECAUSE, IN TRUTH, "ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS" WAS, UNDER THE LAW'S WINKING EYE, AN ACTUAL SLAVE MARKET, A PLACE OF TERROR, A STAIN DARKER THAN EVEN THE VOID OF THE KNOWN WORLD...







EVERY DAY, SHIPS LEFT GAIL FOR "ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS." ONE AND ALL WERE THROWN PELL-MELL INTO THIS PRISON WITHOUT TRIAL -- THIEVES, CRIMINALS, POLITICIANS, MURDERERS, THOSE WHO HAD ONLY COMMITTED THE CRIME OF RAISING THEIR VOICES AGAINST OPPRESSION.

ALL ENDURED THIS APPALLING INCARCERATION. SUICIDE WAS IMPOSSIBLE THERE, BUT...

THOSE WHO REFUSED TO SERVE IN THE ARMY WERE LOBOTOMIZED, TURNED INTO VERITABLE ZOMBIES, AND WITH THEIR SOULS DESTROYED, THEY BECAME IN THEIR TURN MACHINES OF DEATH...

ONE DAY, ON A FAR-OFF PLANET, A CONVOY OF CONVICTS LEFT IN ITS TURN...

ON YOUR FEET FOR THE ROLL CALL, YOU RABBLE!



CONVICTS, FROM THIS TIME FORTH, YOUR NAMES ARE NULL AND VOID. YOU WILL BE KNOWN BY YOUR NUMBERS. THE BRAND ON YOUR FACE WILL BE YOUR MARK OF STATUS.

PREPARE TO EMBARK!





TO BE CONTINUED...

HEAVY METAL II

WORLD APART

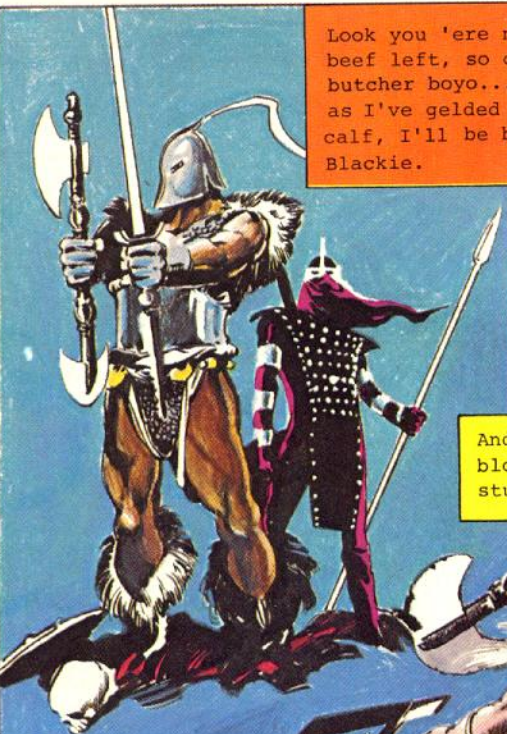
THE GOLDEN CITY

BY E.E. DAVIS

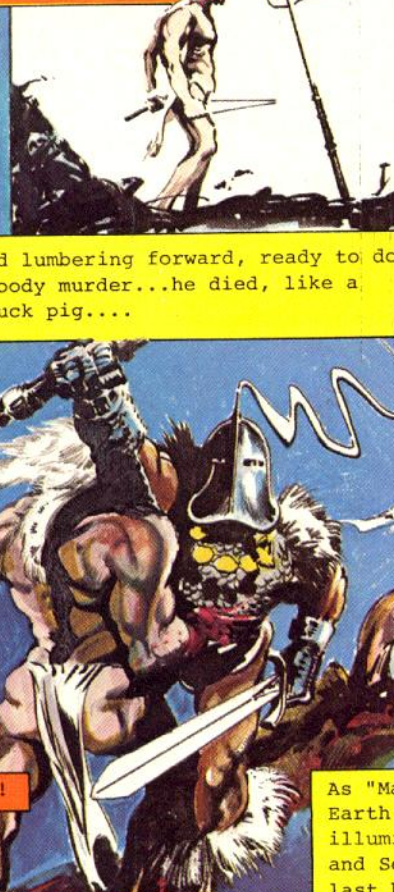
OUR WORLD. IT IS A SAVAGE PLACE, FULL TO OVERFLOWING WITH MISTY THINGS, MANKIND'S LOT IT IS TO PERISH, AND, IN TIME, TO ROT AND FEED THE EARTH, WHETHER DEATH COMES ON THE BATTLEFIELD OR BY THE HEARTH, MAN FOREVER DAMNED, THE FINGERS OF HELL SNATCHING OUR VERY SOULS, BURYING THEM DEEP IN A SLIMY HOLE...BYGARD CHRONICLES: 4803.

They're all bloody, you see, wars. The armies of Periyon in Pigon have met the opposing armies of Jagg-arr upon the Bam-ier Plains and have proven themselves to be no exception....After ten hours of brutality, the plains are strewn with the dead and dying...all save three, that is. One big and brawny beggar. A tall and slender stud in black, and a pink-skinned, white-headed heathen... now making ready to finish off a good day's war.






Look you 'ere now, one bully
beef left, so come to the
butcher boyo....And as soon
as I've gelded this 'ere
calf, I'll be back for you,
Blackie.




And lumbering forward, ready to do
bloody murder...he died, like a
stuck pig....




SQUEELING!!




As "Major Light" moves down into the
Earth, "Minor Light" remains to
illuminate the border 'twixt North
and South World, a lone witness to the
last bloody deed on this bloody day.




Sod off...
Toad.



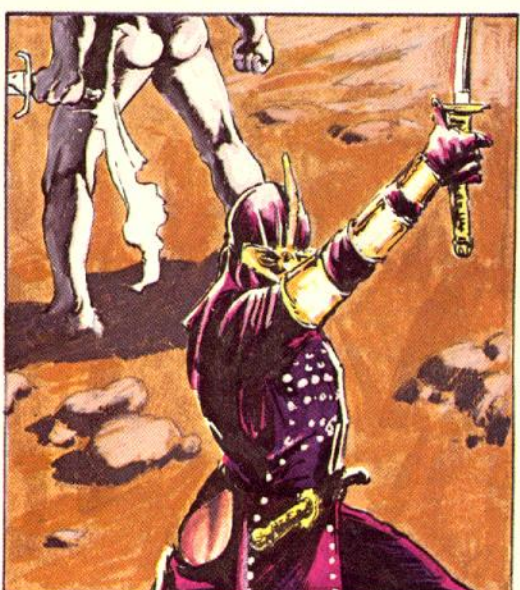
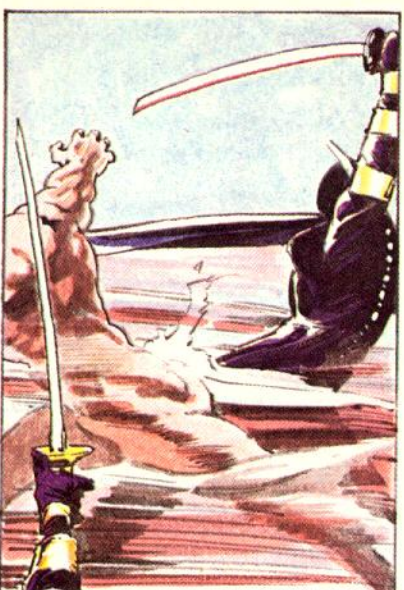
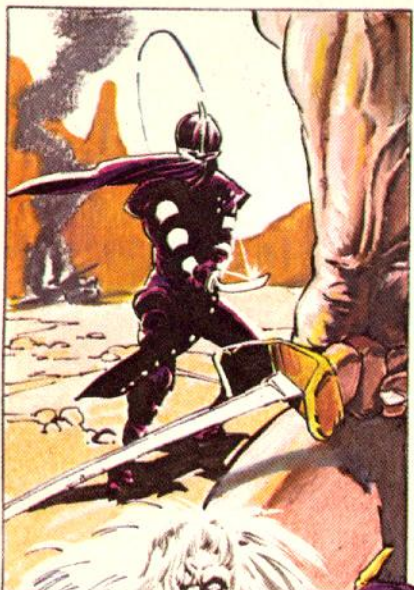
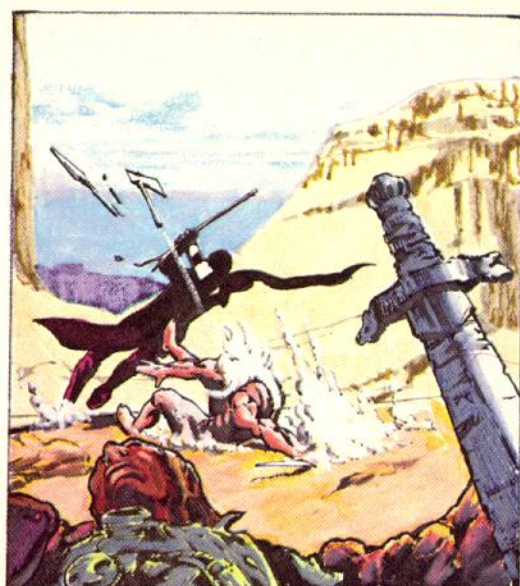
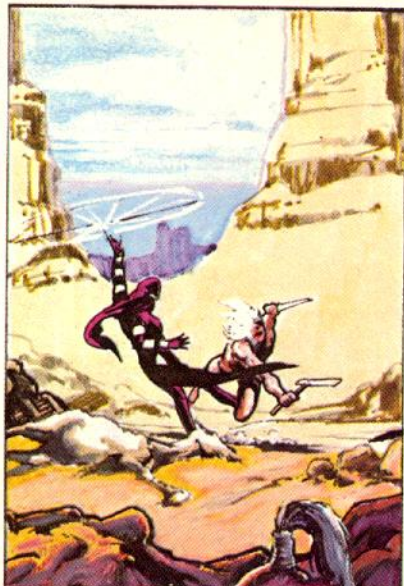
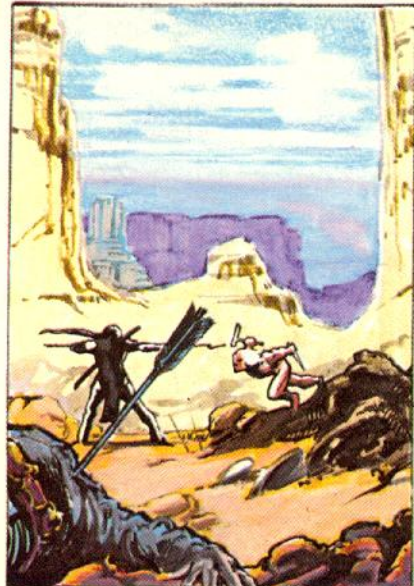
Be buggered
by a wraith!!

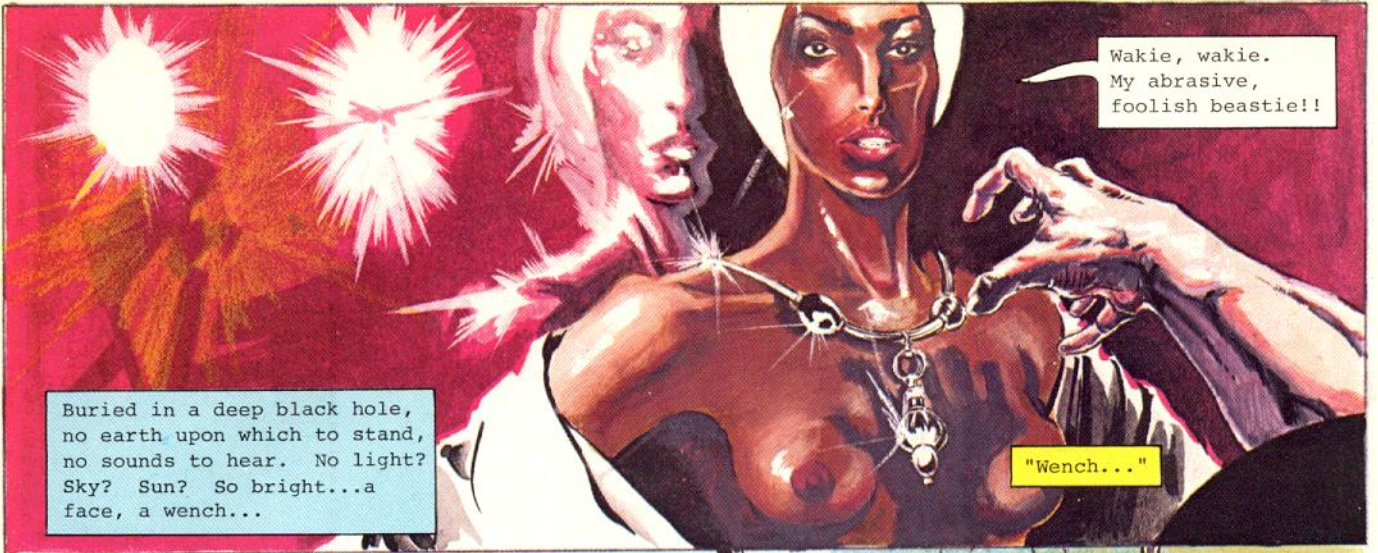


Very well. Come and die,
you foolish beastie.



The two remaining warriors
curse each other across
the battlefield.

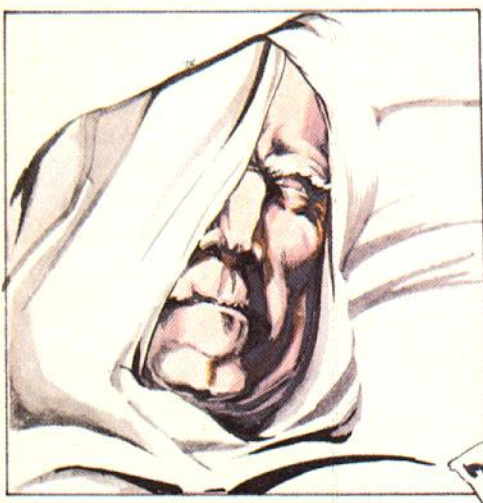




Wakie, wakie.
My abrasive,
foolish beastie!!

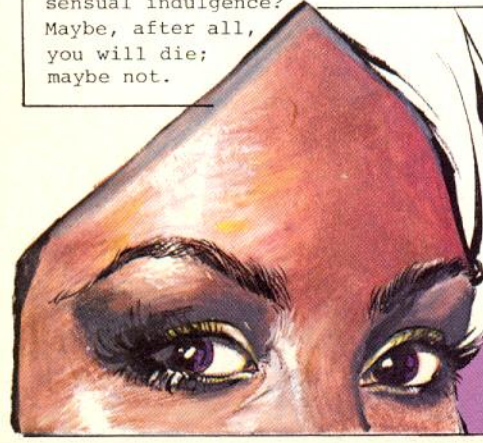
Buried in a deep black hole,
no earth upon which to stand,
no sounds to hear. No light?
Sky? Sun? So bright...a
face, a wench...

"Wench..."

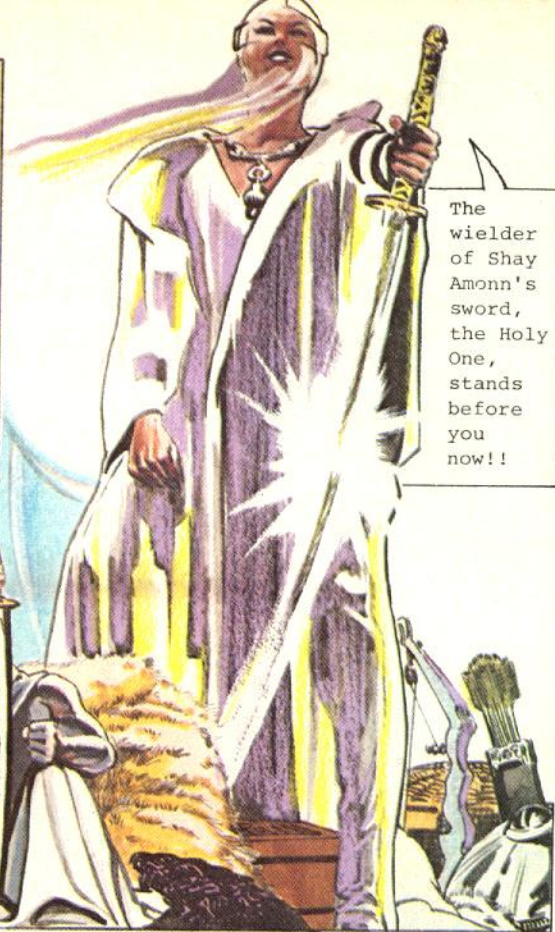


Wench? Call my master? Ha!!! You
are in the tent of Asla Shay Amonn,
Master, Ruler, and Spiritual Guide
of the Nine Tribes of the Shadee.
It was the greatness of Shay Amonn
that spared your miserable life,
worm. Perhaps Shay Amonn is curious
to see the white animal fed as
live bait to the desert dogs and
their gods. Perhaps Shay Amonn
will give you as a training tool
to the child warriors of the Shadee.
Perhaps Shay Amonn will preserve
your hide for, shall we say...
sensual indulgence?
Maybe, after all,
you will die;
maybe not.

It is said that your kind
stay apart on your Isle
of Ruid, where you ape
about with your arses
to the seven winds, and
that you eat your
brothers and anyone
else foolish enough
to venture onto your
foul isle.



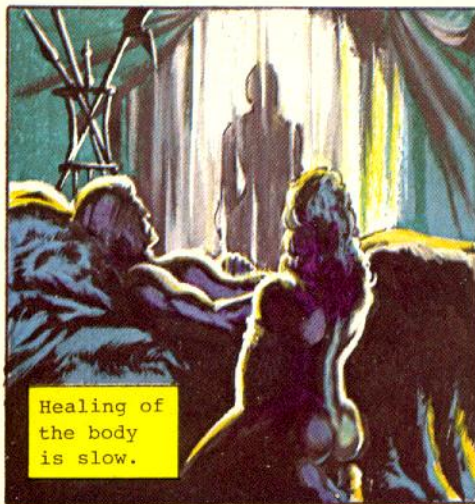
You consider yourself a soldier--a soldier, you surmise!
Even this "wench" has seen men at arms, soldiers. You
are a comedy, one who bellows without regard for thought.



I tell you children, it is written that the pink-skinned one did screw up his eyes, and his breathing became so shallow as to escape notice. Done aye, done by a woman. By the God Dog.

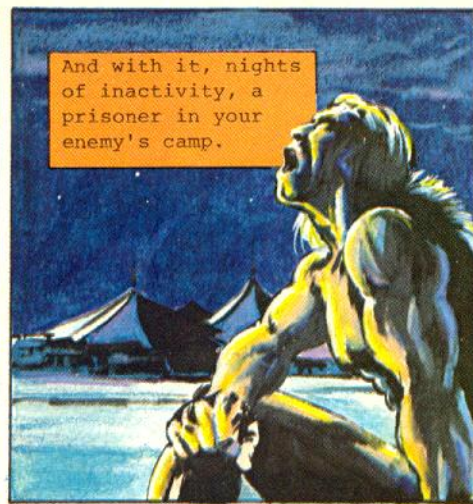


However, I will meditate on this and then we will decide your fate. Until then, White One, you have the countenance of Asla Shay Amonn.

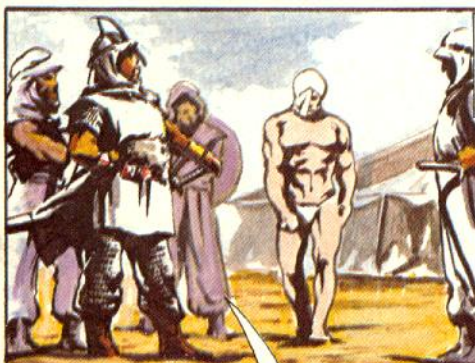


Healing of
the body
is slow.

But the day of health
soon comes....

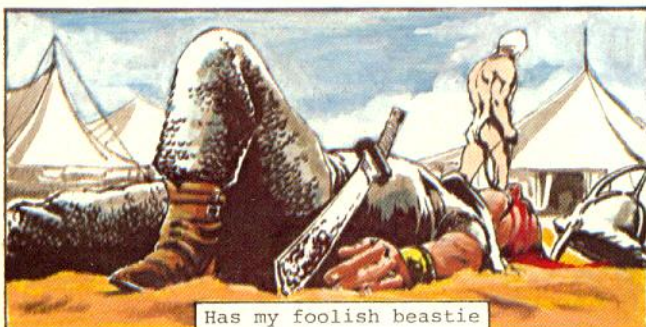


And with it, nights
of inactivity, a
prisoner in your
enemy's camp.

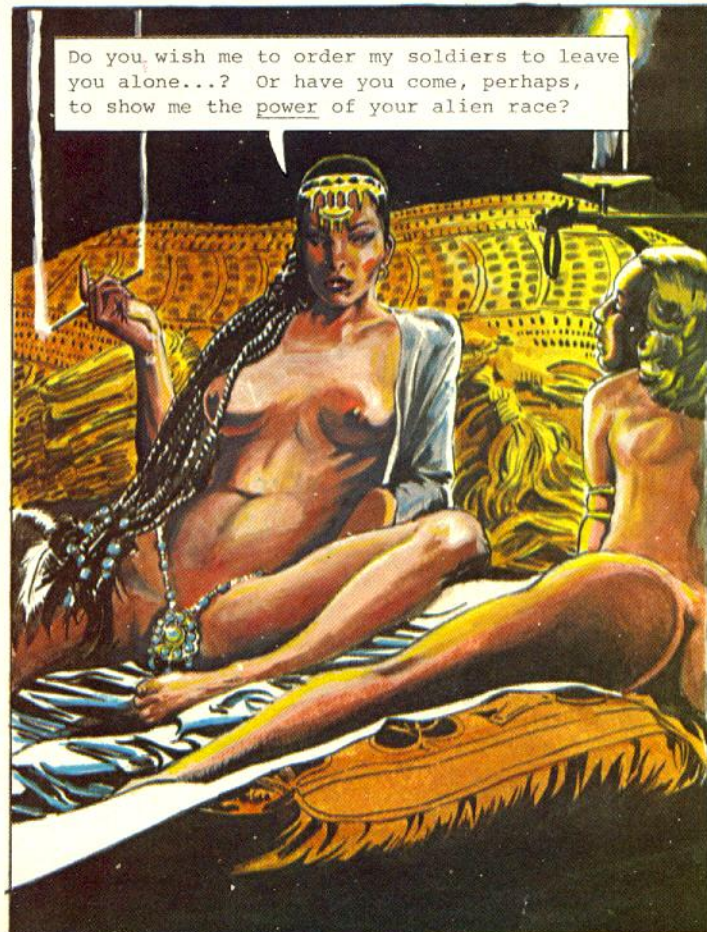
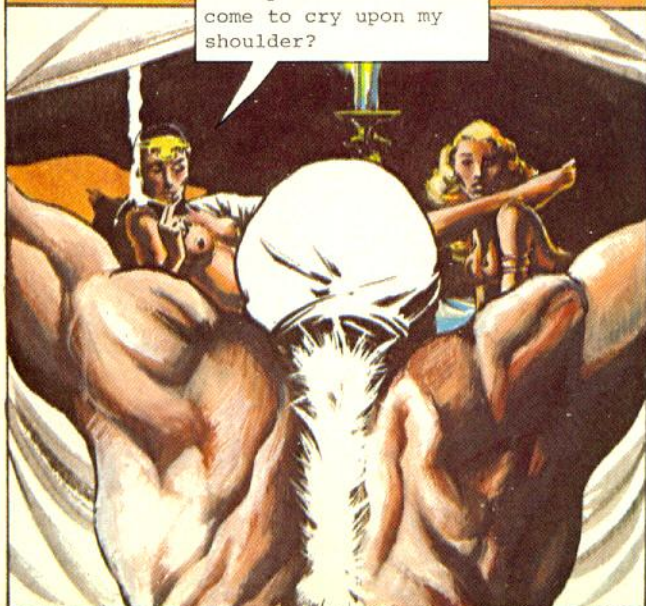


Hey! Half man! I understand that
our mistress cut more things than
your face! But don't worry.

There are other uses to which
you can be put, on some lonely
night. Why we can pass you arou...

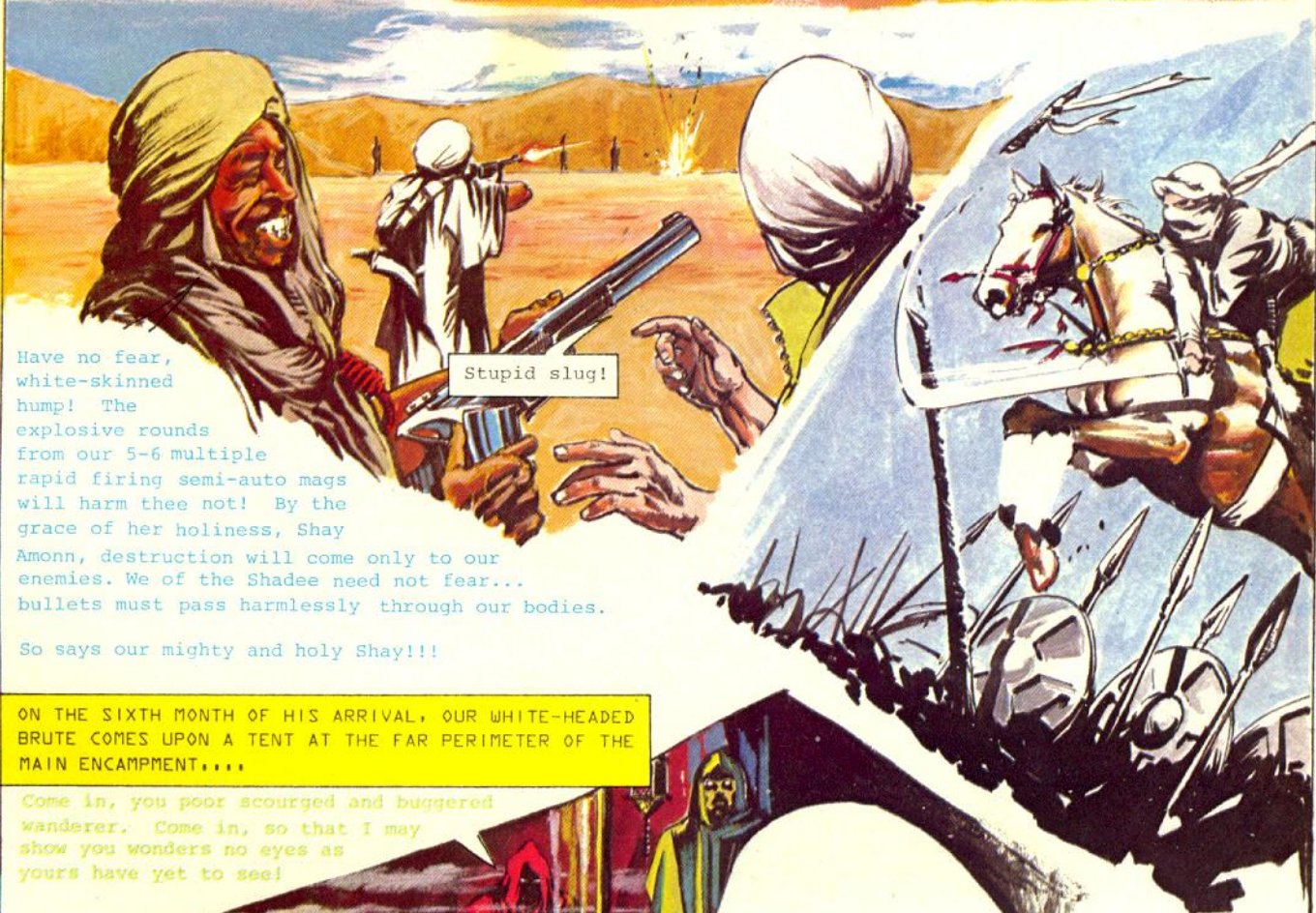
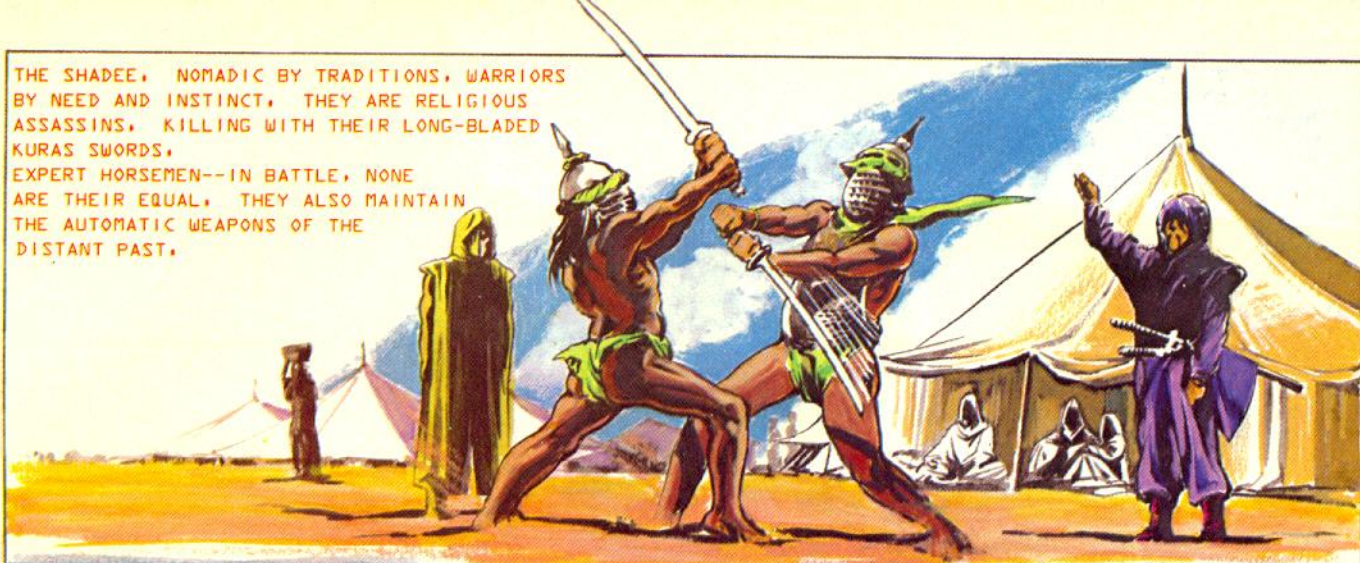


Has my foolish beastie
come to cry upon my
shoulder?



Do you wish me to order my soldiers to leave
you alone...? Or have you come, perhaps,
to show me the power of your alien race?

THE SHADEE, NOMADIC BY TRADITIONS, WARRIORS BY NEED AND INSTINCT, THEY ARE RELIGIOUS ASSASSINS, KILLING WITH THEIR LONG-BLADED KURAS SWORDS, EXPERT HORSEMEN--IN BATTLE, NONE ARE THEIR EQUAL, THEY ALSO MAINTAIN THE AUTOMATIC WEAPONS OF THE DISTANT PAST.



Have no fear, white-skinned hump! The explosive rounds from our 5-6 multiple rapid firing semi-auto mags will harm thee not! By the grace of her holiness, Shay Amonn, destruction will come only to our enemies. We of the Shadee need not fear... bullets must pass harmlessly through our bodies.

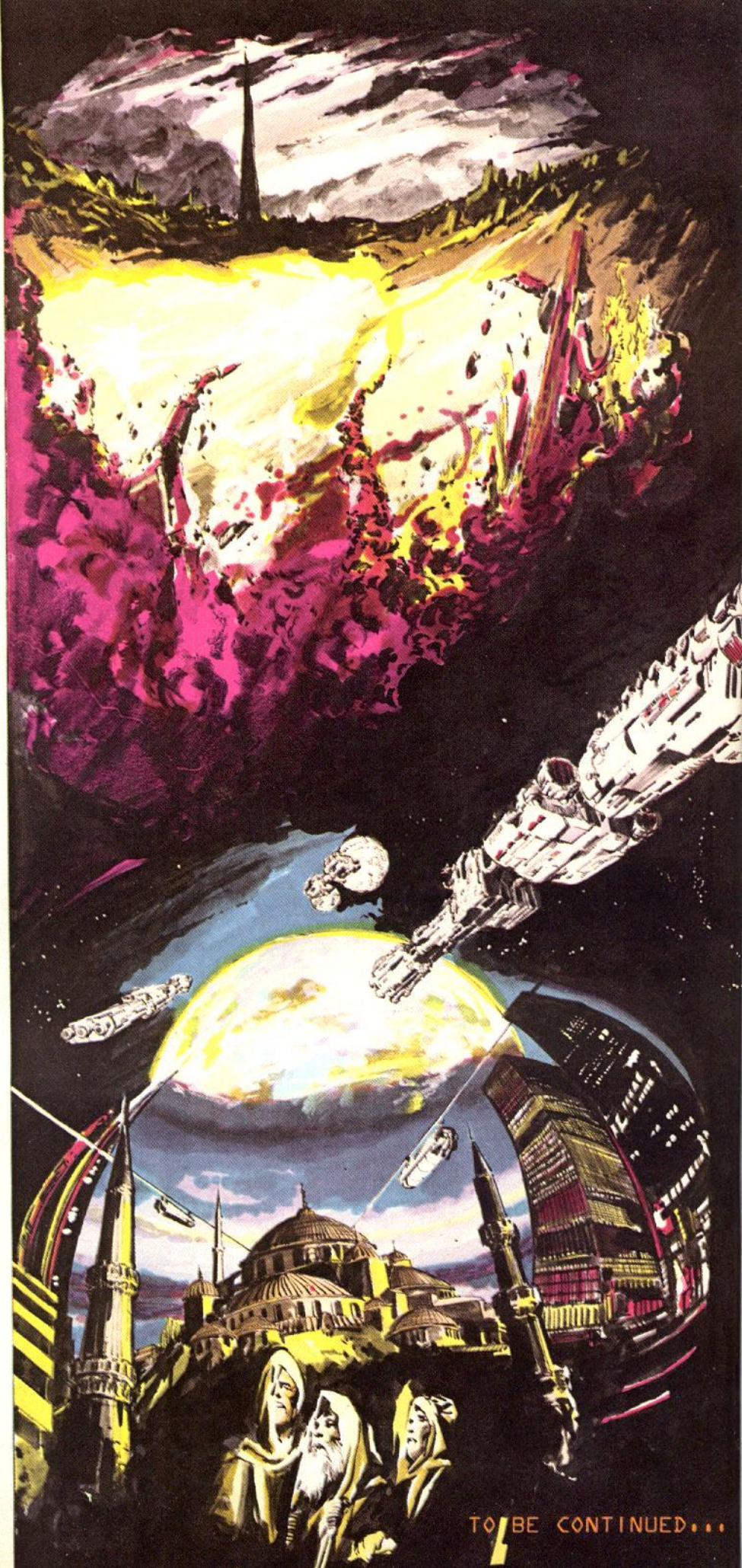
So says our mighty and holy Shay!!!

ON THE SIXTH MONTH OF HIS ARRIVAL, OUR WHITE-HEADED BRUTE COMES UPON A TENT AT THE FAR PERIMETER OF THE MAIN ENCAMPMENT....

Come in, you poor scourged and bugged wanderer. Come in, so that I may show you wonders no eyes as yours have yet to see!



Bloody hell!



TO BE CONTINUED...

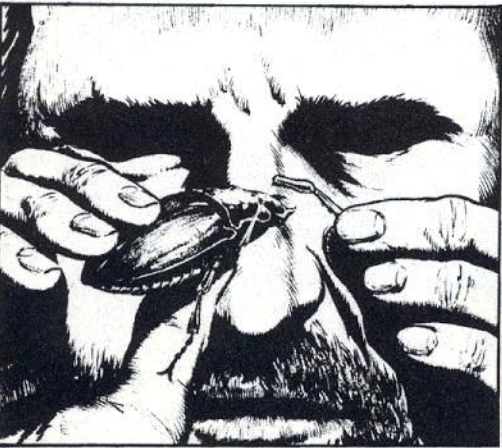
CONQUERING ARMIES



I WAS A SENTRY...



IN THE FOURTH ARMY.



WE HAD COME A
LONG WAY...



AND WE HAD NOTHING LEFT TO EAT.

IT WAS THEN THAT THE COMMANDER
DECIDED TO LEAVE **SENTRIES**
BEHIND TO WATCH THE ROAD...

THE ROAD! WHAT ROAD?

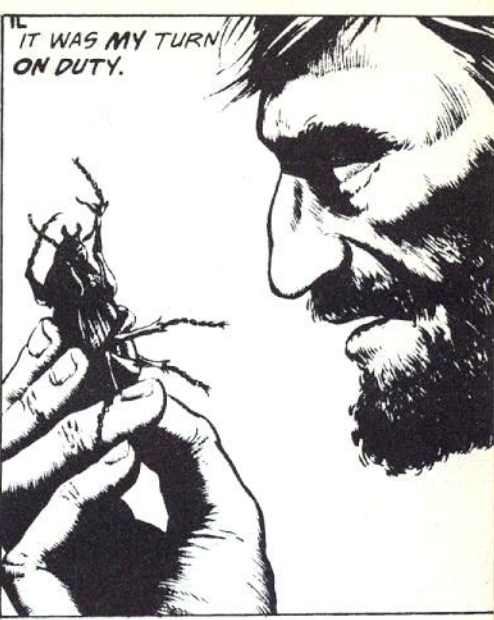
IN TRUTH, WE WERE SO MANY
LESS **MOUTHS** TO FEED.

SOME DESPERATE FELLOWS
SURVIVED FOR A WHILE BY
THEIR WITS...

BEFORE DYING OF HUNGER.



AND ONE DAY...



IT WAS MY TURN
ON DUTY.

THAT WAS WHEN I
SAW THE ONES
WHO WERE
FOLLOWING US.



THEY ATTACKED IN THE NIGHT, AND I COULD HEAR
THE NOISE OF BATTLE.



CERTAINLY, I **COULD** HAVE PREVENTED IT...



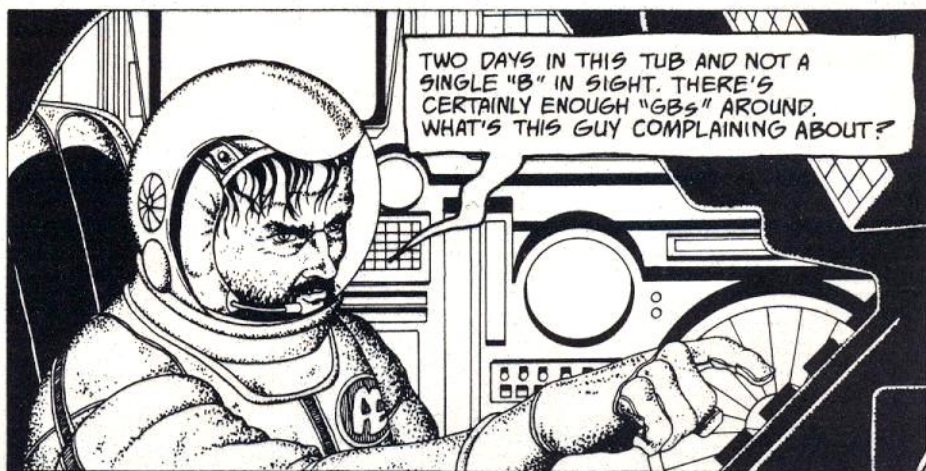
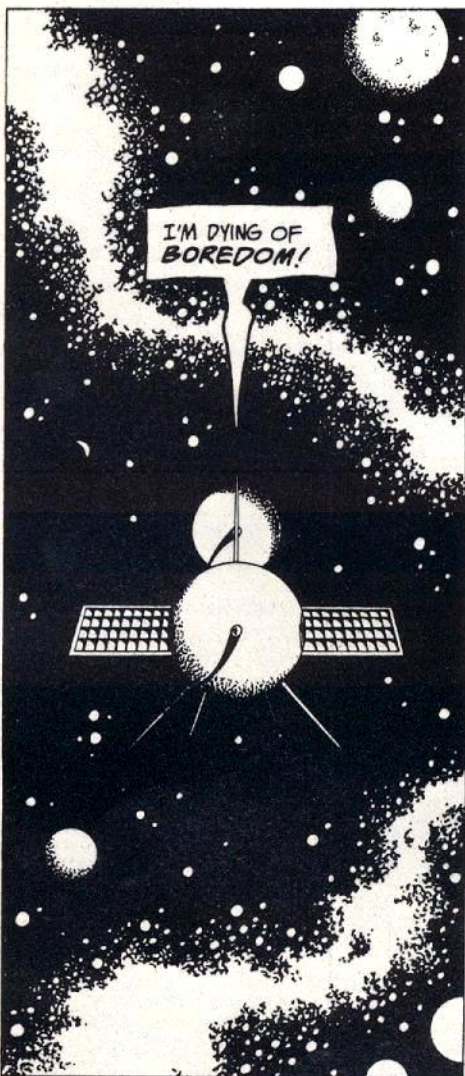
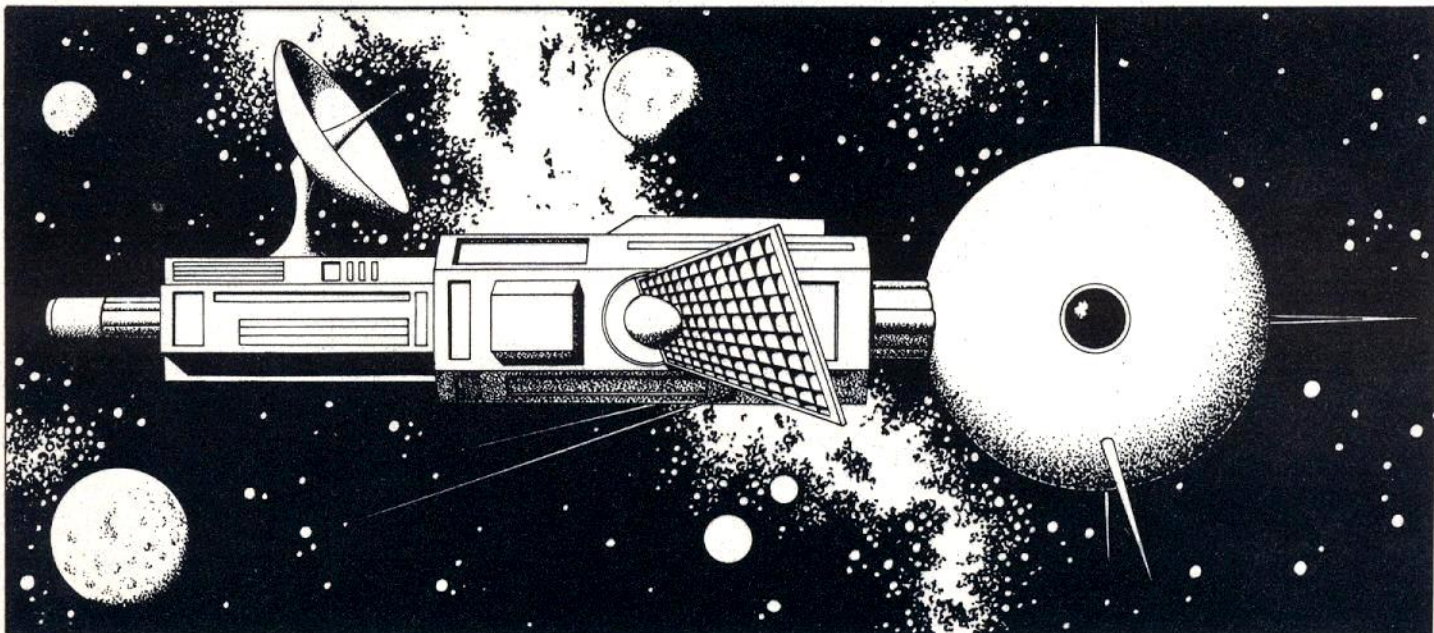


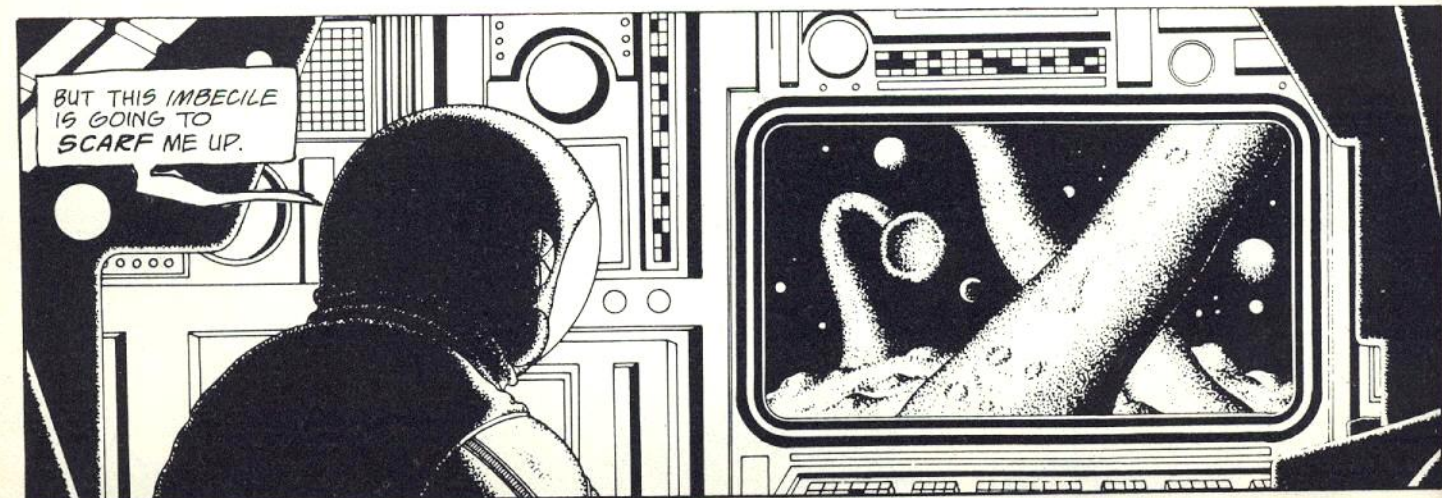
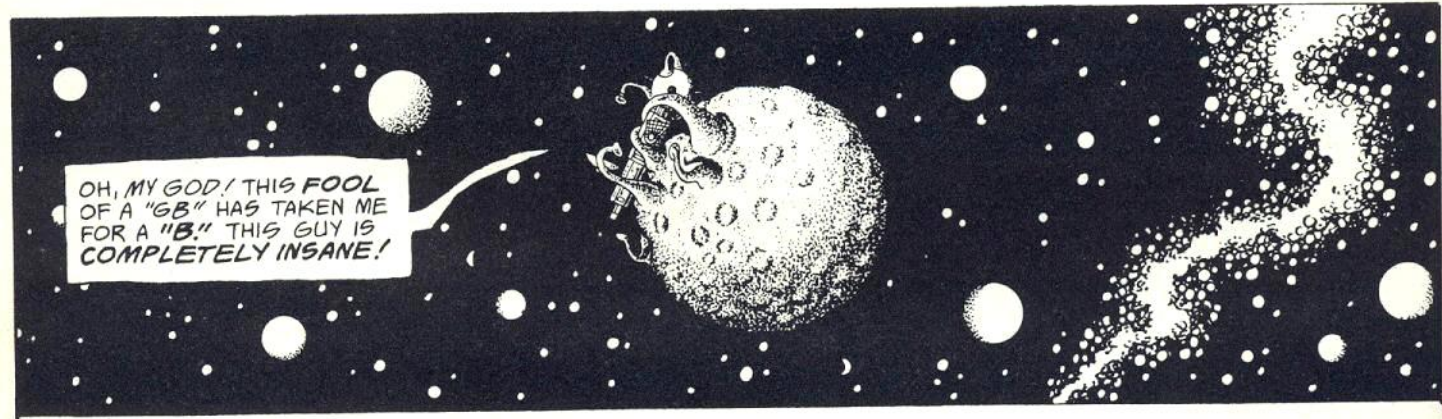
BUT HE NEEDN'T
HAVE CHOSEN ME...

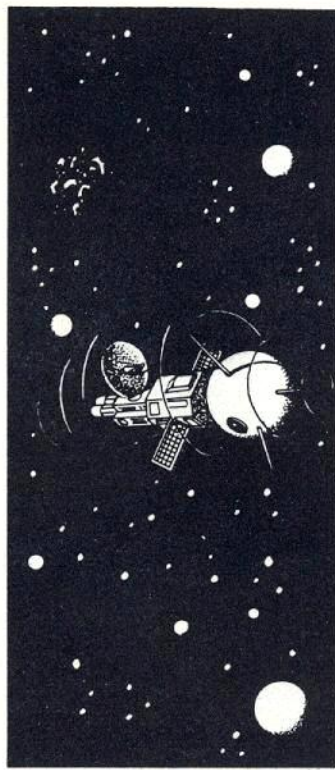
THE
BASTARD.

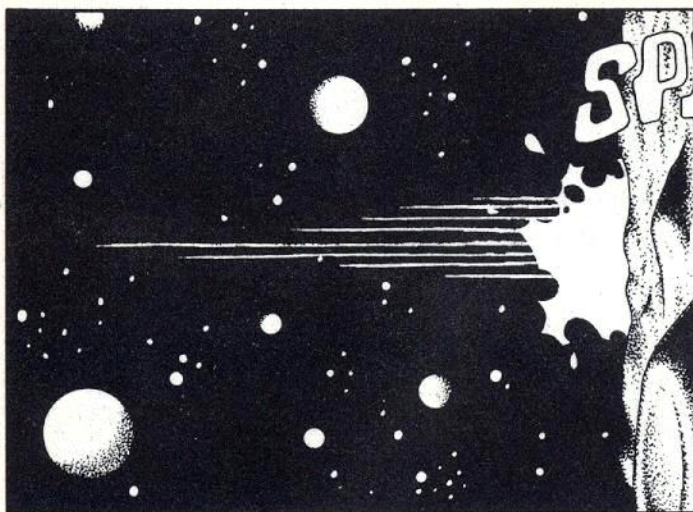
GALT

The Vessel

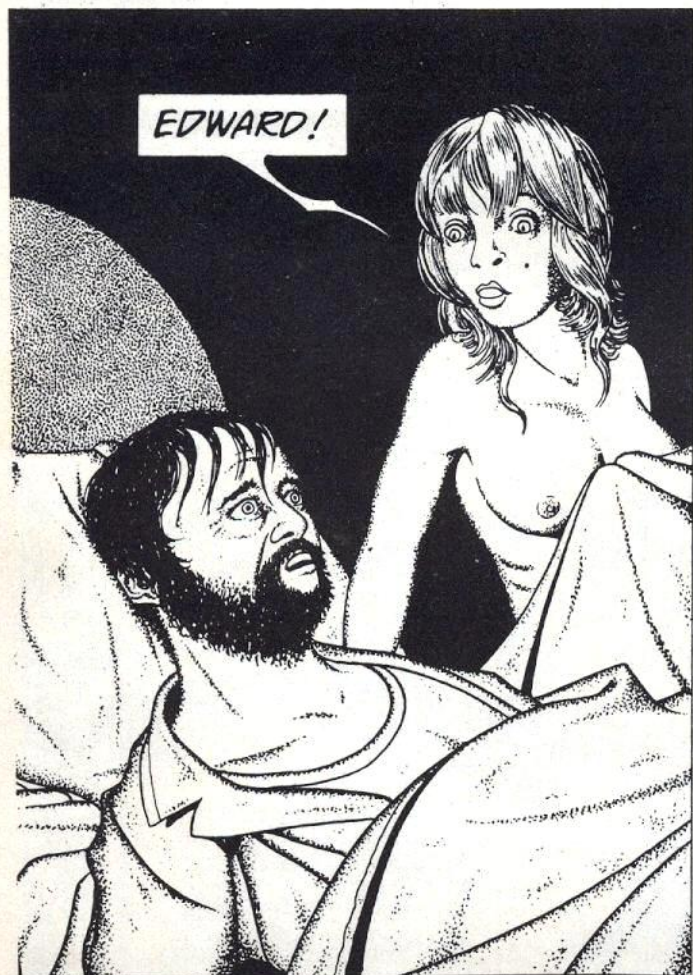
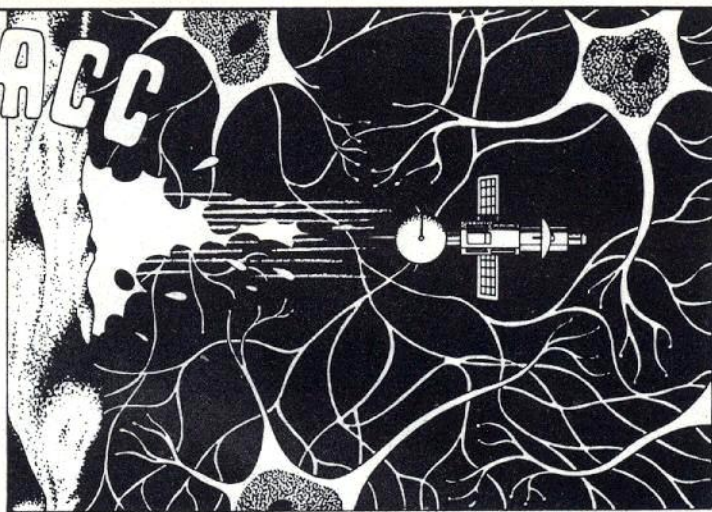




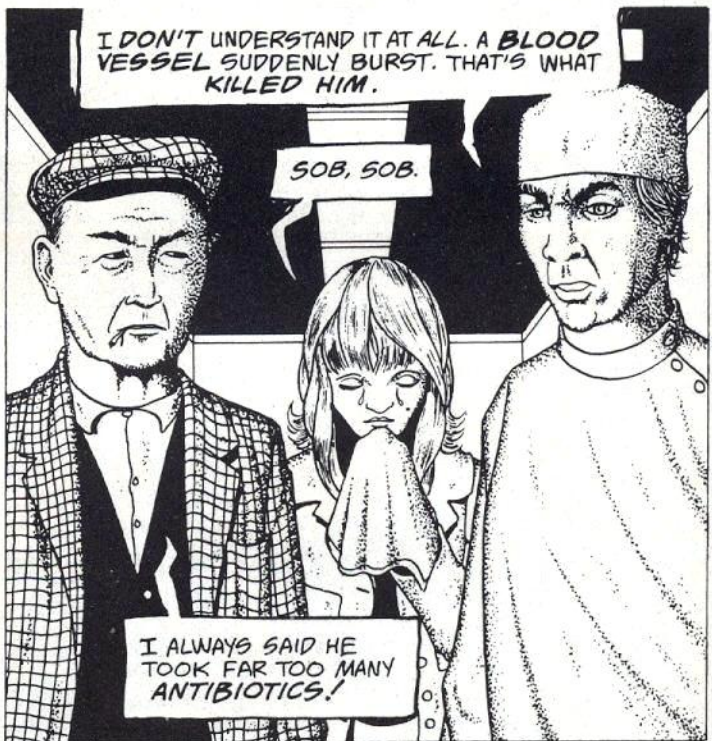




SPLACC



EDWARD!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL. A BLOOD VESSEL SUDDENLY BURST. THAT'S WHAT KILLED HIM.

SOB, SOB.

I ALWAYS SAID HE TOOK FAR TOO MANY ANTIBIOTICS!

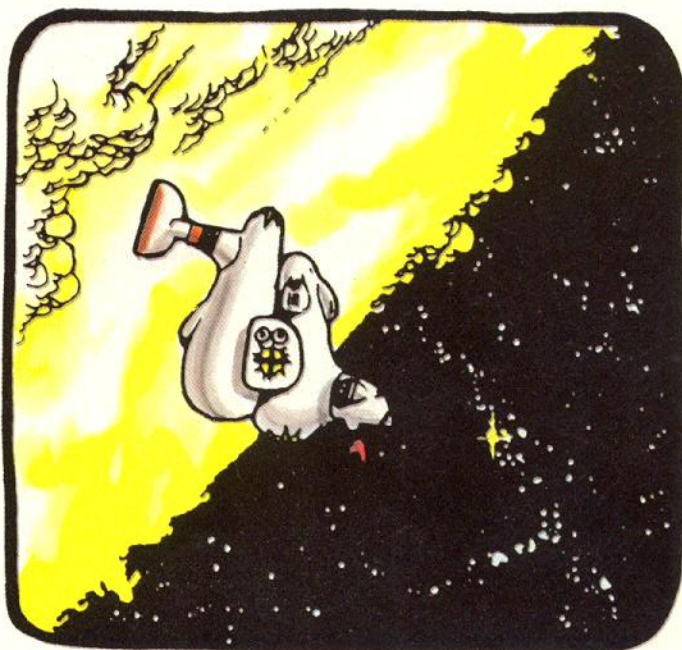
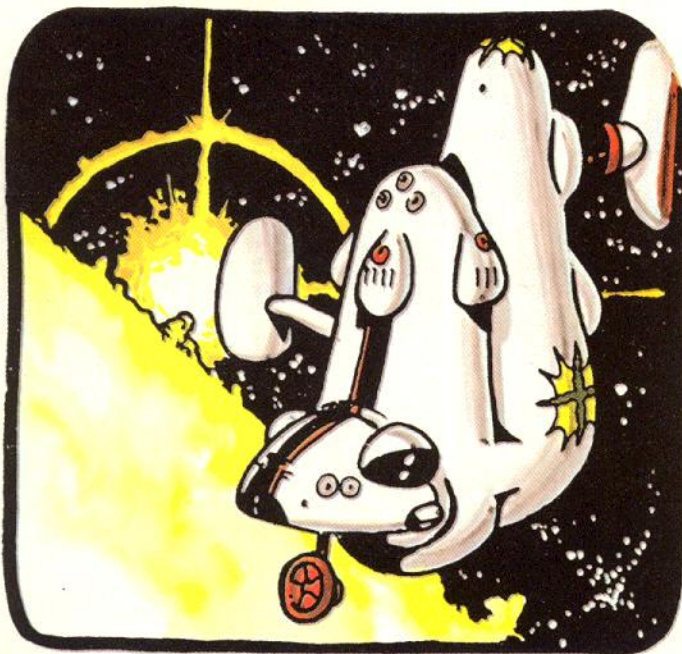


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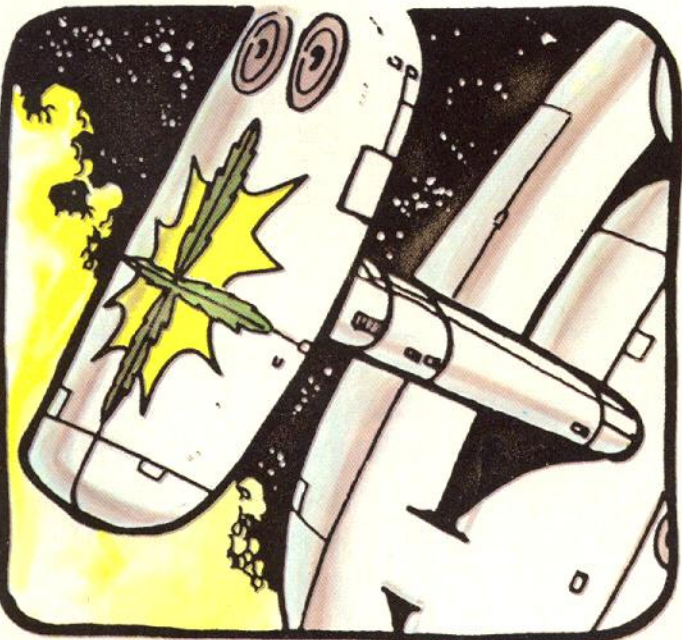
SUNPOT

CHAPTER 4

THE FAT SUNPOT HANGS LIKE A SILENT TONSIL ABOVE BEAUTIFUL PLANET VENUS. BUT THE PLACID, NEVER-NEVERNESS OF SPACE IS AN ILLUSION. THE SUNPOT IS IN A NEW ORBIT WITH A PERIHELION OF 100 FEET!!



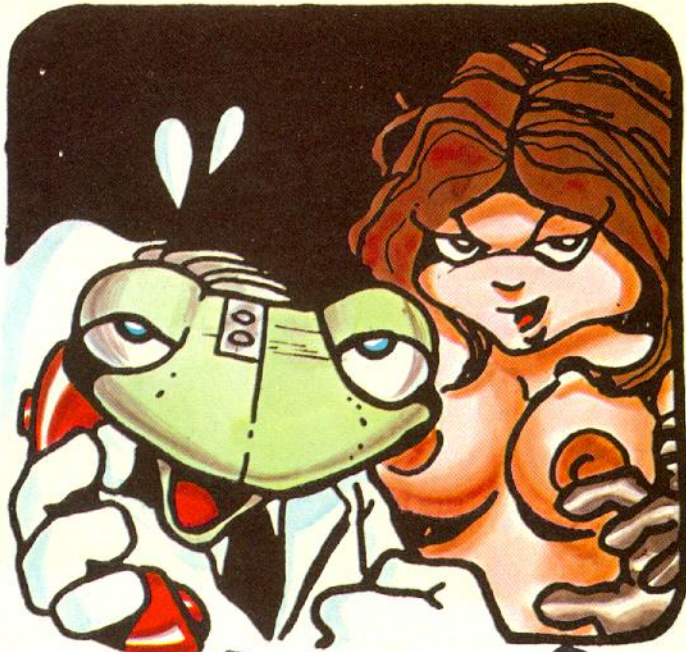
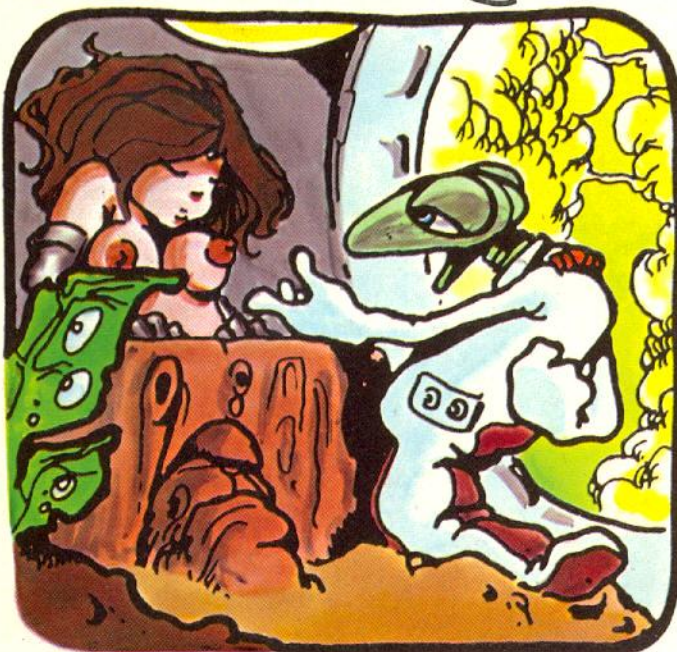
THE WHOLE SHIP IS POWERLESS SINCE THE REVOLUTION IN THE POWER FACTORY AT 2 O'CLOCK. A BAND OF VICIOUS WORKERS, LED BY A FANATICAL GYRO ENGINEER, HAD SEALED OFF THE MDA GYRO-BLOCK AND SET UP A COLLISION ORBIT WITH VENUS!



SUNPOT PLANET DIPS INTO THE VAST CANYONS OF CLOUDS AND SUBMERGES THROUGH LAYER AFTER LAYER LIKE A SKENT, GLIDING GHOST SHIP ON ITS WAY TO THE MYSTERIOUS SEA BOTTOM...

Dr. ELECTRIC PALMERS WITH THE EVIL REBELS

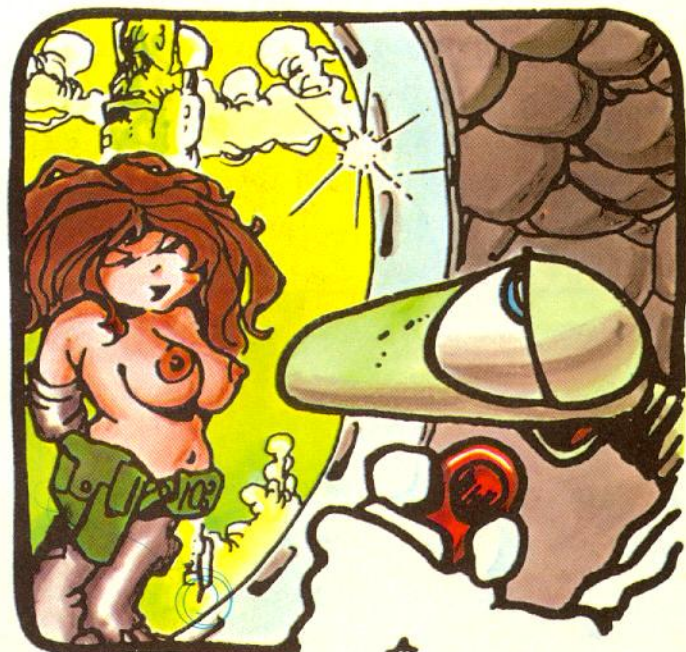
BELINDA BUMP,
GIVE ME THAT GOD-
DAMN PHONE.
DIS PRANK HAS
GONE FAR ENOUGH!



DIS IS DR. ELECTRIC
SPEAKING, YOU MAGGOT
INFESTED WORMS, YOU
SOWS' ASSES, YOU
MISERABLE ABORTIONS!

HEY, DOC, TAKE
IT EASY ON
THEM OR THEY'LL
NEVER GIVE UP
THE GYRO BLOCK!

THE SUNPOT PLANET IS GLIDING IN AT 20-
KNOTS, NOW, LESS THAN A MILE ABOVE VENUS...
THE WHEEL HOUSE DRIVERS TRY VALIANTLY
TO AVOID THE CRUMBLING SAND STONE
MOUNTAIN PEAKS... BUT NOT ALWAYS...



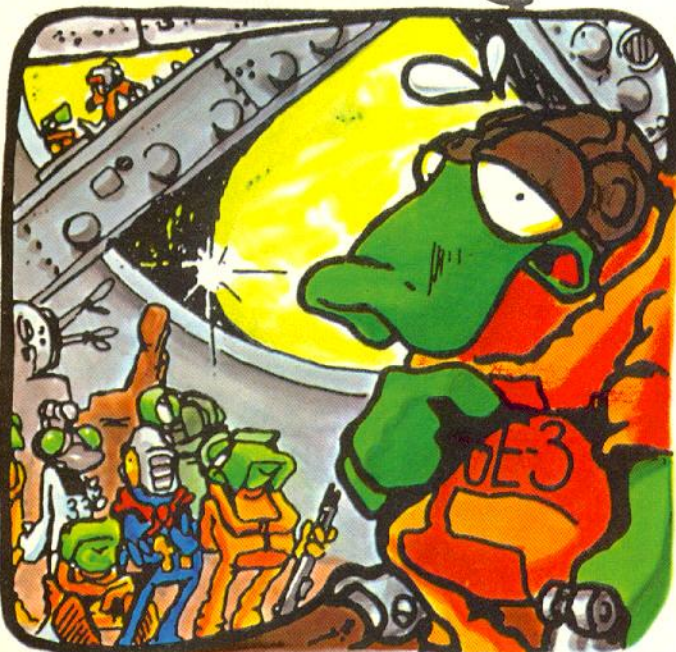
WELL, BIG SHOT, YOU
SPENT TEN MINUTES
SCREAMING LIKE A
MAD MAN AT THEM...
DID IT DO ANY GOOD?..

ERR... I... AHH...
I HAD DA WRONG
NUMBER... DAT
WAS HYDROPONICS..

VAUGHN
BOOE

BOBO THE VICIOUS REBEL CHIEF

OH, MAN,
HAS I GOT
US GUYS IN
A PECK OF
TROUBLE !! ☹

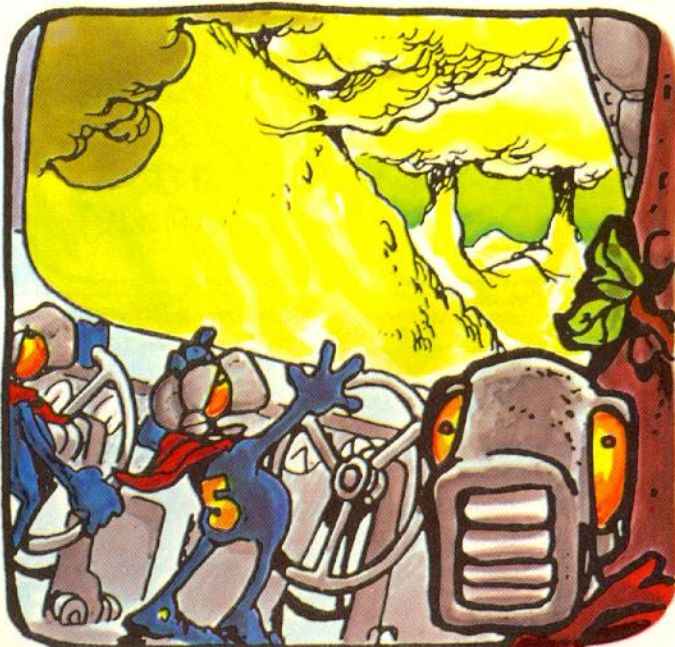


BOBO, IT'S STUPID
DR ELECTRIC ON DA
HORN SCREAMIN'
AN RANTING FOR US
TO SURRENDER...

AHH. YEAH, OKAY.
TELL HIM... ER, TELL
HIM WE GONNA GIVE
UP IF HE PROMISE NOT
TO KILL US... ☹

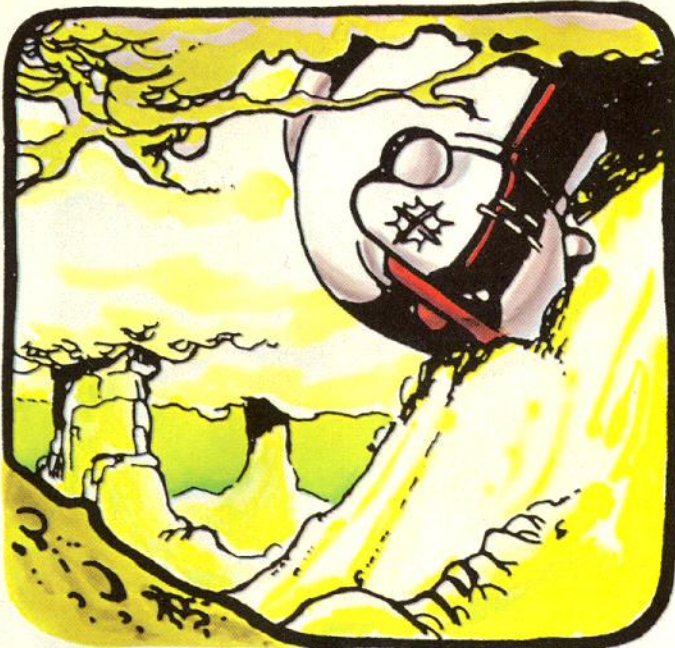


SUNPOT IS AT ITS LOWEST POINT IN ORBIT... IF
THE DRIVERS CAN JUST STEER CLEAR OF THE ROCKS
AND DUNES THEY WILL START BACK UP AWAY
FROM THE SURFACE [THEIR ONE CHANCE
TO RECTIFY THEIR ERRATIC ORBIT]...

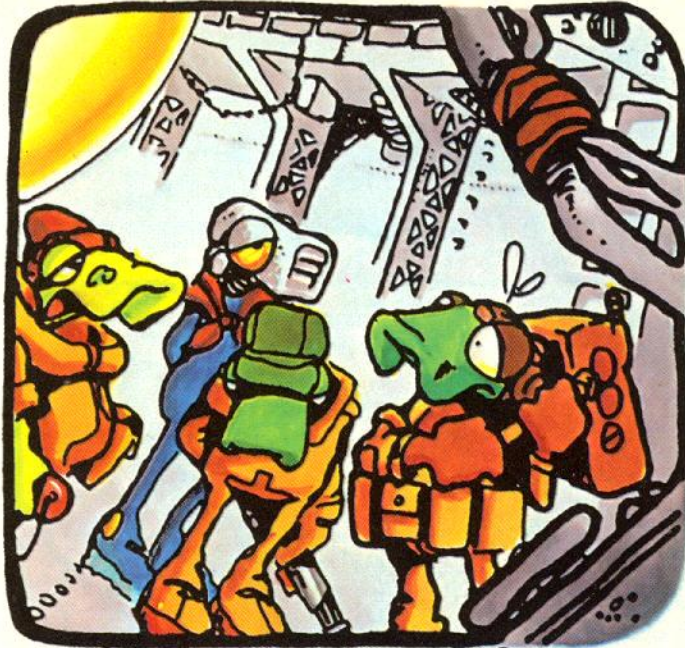


UNFORTUNATELY, AND
AS FATE AND ME
WOULD HAVE IT, A
GIANT DUNE LOOMS
OUT BEFORE THEM!

YARCH!
A GIANT
LOOMING
DUNE !!



THE SUNPOT PLANET CRUNCHES AND SMUNCHES ALONG THE SLOPING, LOOMING DUNE AND COMES TO A CREAKING, GRAVELLY HALT... SUNPOT HAS RUN AGROUND ON VIRGIN VENUS...

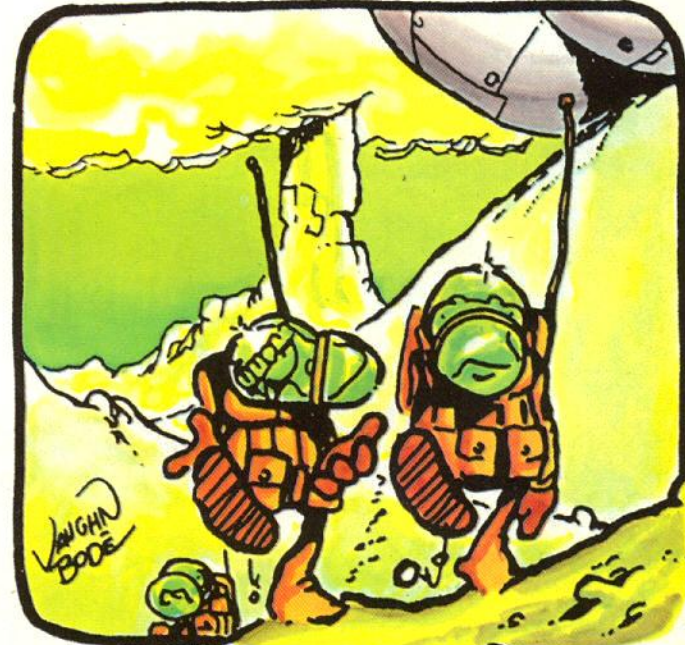
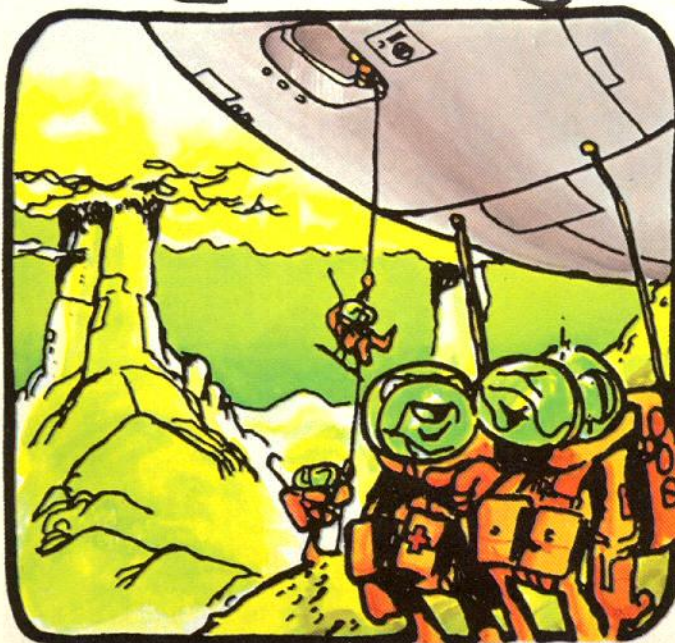


BOBO, OR ELECTRIC SAY NEVER MIND GIVING UP. HEAD ADVISE US TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT ON THE SURFACE...

ESH, ME AN MY LOUSY, SUCKY IDEAS! ALL I WANTED WAS BETTER CHOW AN MORE TIME OFF... **SMIFF**!

WOD, IT'S HOT AS A RHIMPHOSTIT OUT HERE! WHERE WE GONNA GO, **BOBO**?..

AW... I DON'T KNOW... OVER DAT WAY I GUESS... JUS' DON'T BOTHER ME... [BOY, WHAT A PICKLE]..

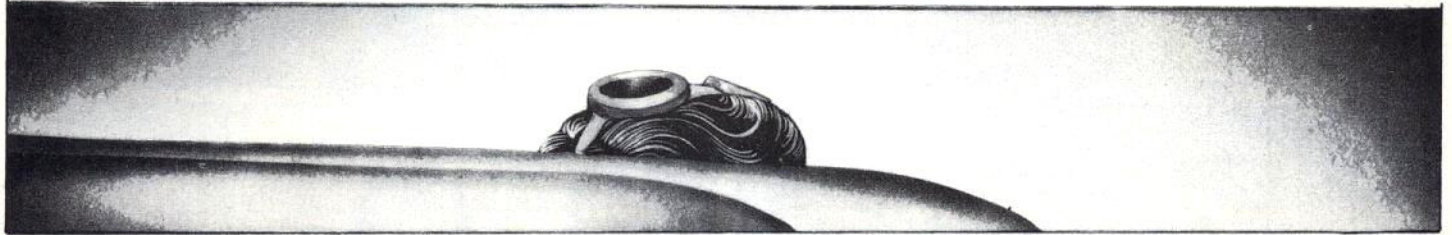
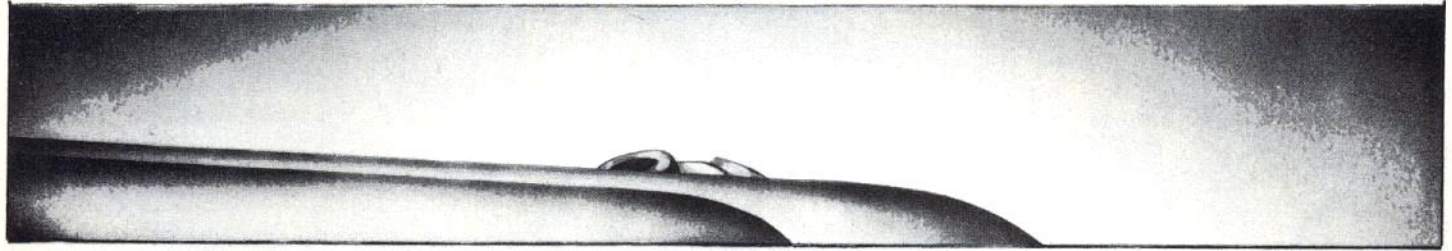


I'LL BET SOME SORT OF VENUSIAN LIFE FORM WILL COME AN SAVE US, OR WE'LL FIND A MOST UTOPIAN CIVILIZATION..

WHAT YOU MEANS IS WE'LL BE DEAD OF HEAT PROSTRATION, DEHYDRATION AND ASPHYXIA IN 5 HOURS

ROCKBLITZ

SERGIO
MACEDO
76









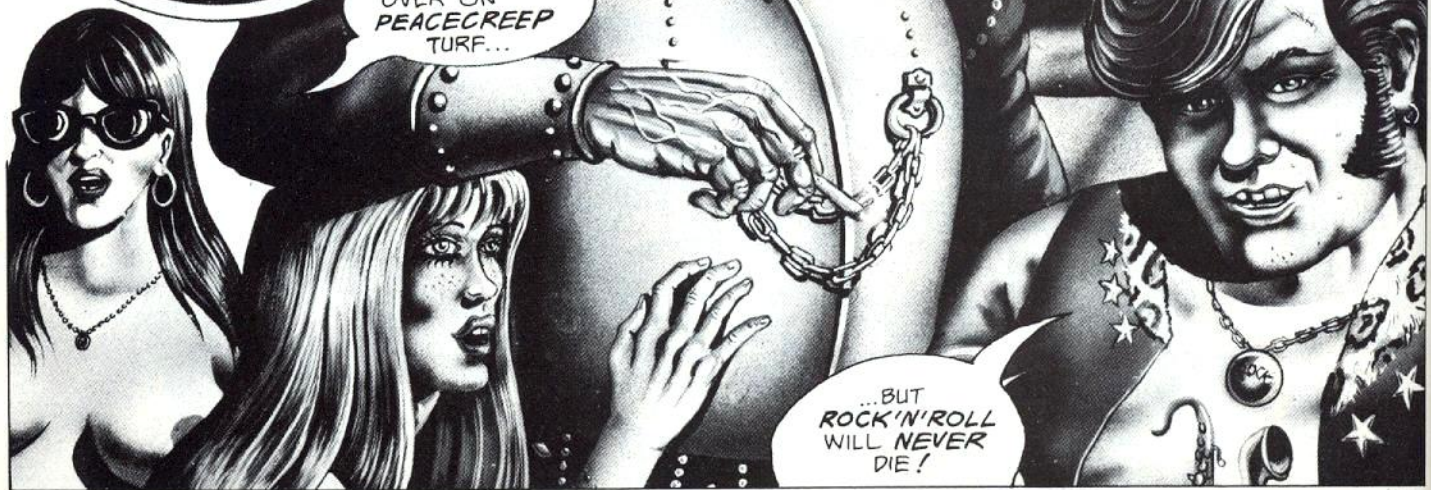
TEN HOURS
OF FREE ROCK!
WE GOTTA MAKE
THAT SCENE, MAN!!



BUT THAT'S
OVER ON
PEACECREEP
TURF...

BE LIKE OLD
TIMES! THERE'S NO
MORE TROOPERS AND NO
MORE COPS TO KICK ASS
ON... JUST THOSE
PEACECREEPS
AND THEIR WEIRDO
BULLSHIT...

...BUT
ROCK'N'ROLL
WILL NEVER
DIE!





DIG IT!

BLITZ

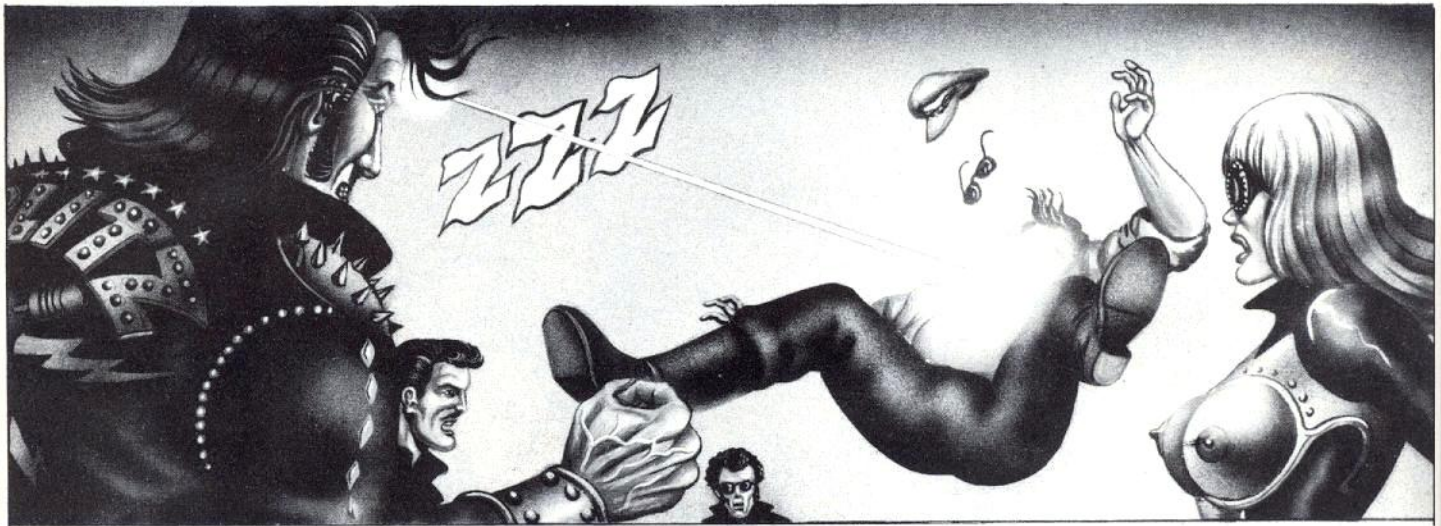
V-BULLE
Super 2000

HEY, SALLY, WHAT ABOUT **BIG CHARLIE**, YA LITTLE GASH?



GET YOUR MITTS OFF SALLY, **BUTTERBALLS!** SHE'S MY OLD LADY!

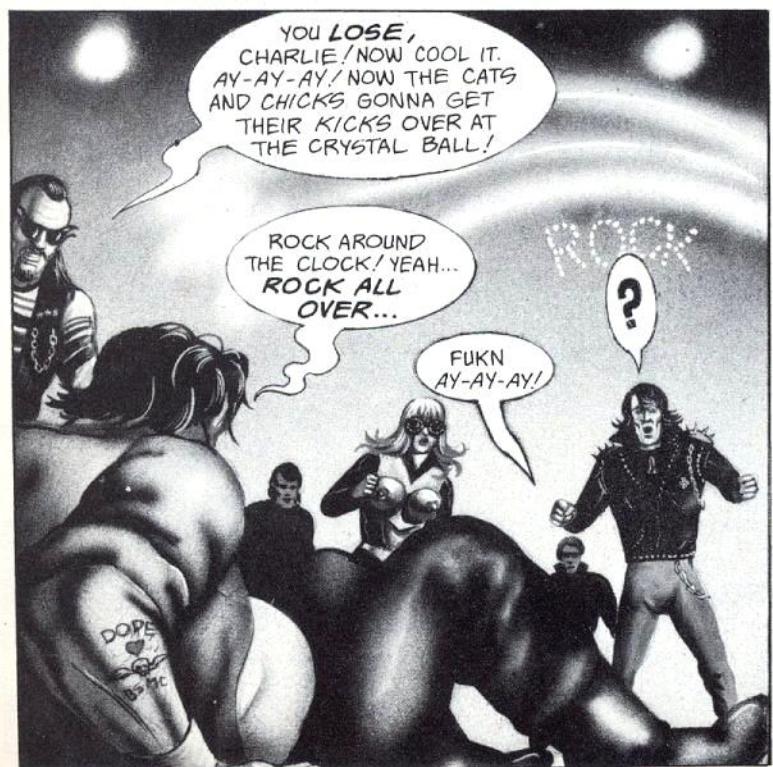
UP YOURS!



YOU **LOSE**, CHARLIE! NOW COOL IT. AY-AY-AY! NOW THE CATS AND CHICKS GONNA GET THEIR KICKS OVER AT THE CRYSTAL BALL!

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK! YEAH... **ROCK ALL OVER...**

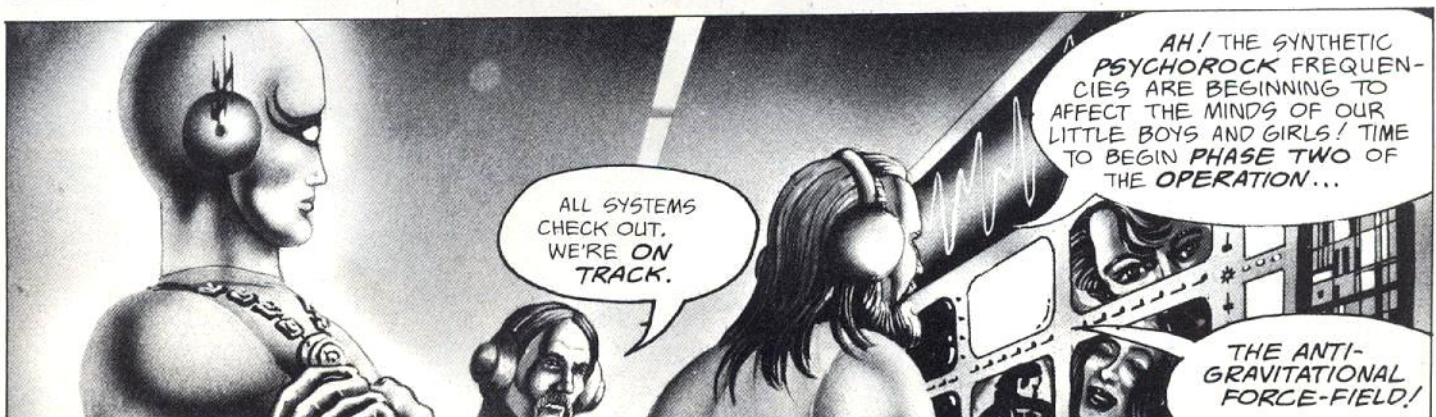
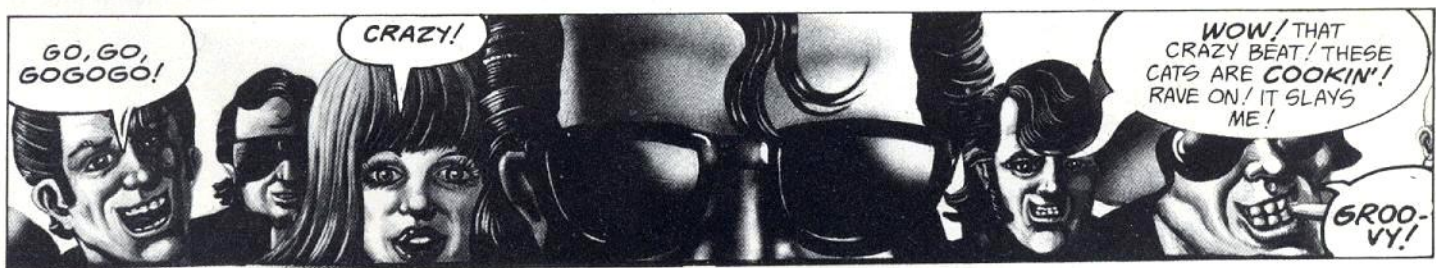
FUKN AY-AY-AY!

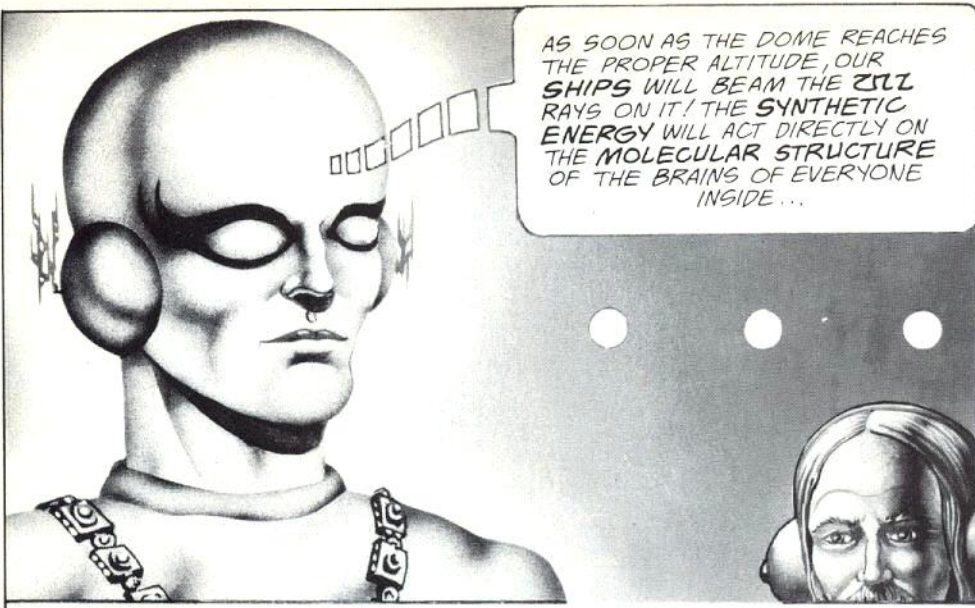


OH, ROCKY! YOU'RE THE COOLEST, THE GROOVIEST! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO DUKE LIKE THAT? **GENIUS!**

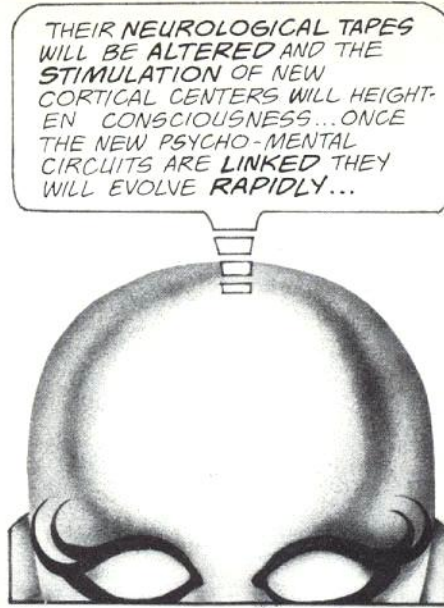
YEAH, WELL, LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID I BUMMED AROUND THE ORIENT, Y'KNOW, LIKE, AH, CHINA, HONG KONG, ARGENTINA, AND ALL I LEARNED THESE SECRET PUNCHES...



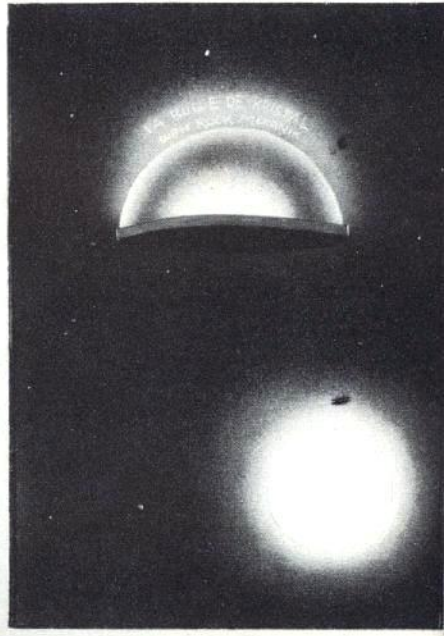




AS SOON AS THE DOME REACHES THE PROPER ALTITUDE, OUR SHIPS WILL BEAM THE **ZZZ** RAYS ON IT! THE **SYNTHETIC** ENERGY WILL ACT DIRECTLY ON THE **MOLECULAR STRUCTURE** OF THE BRAINS OF EVERYONE INSIDE...



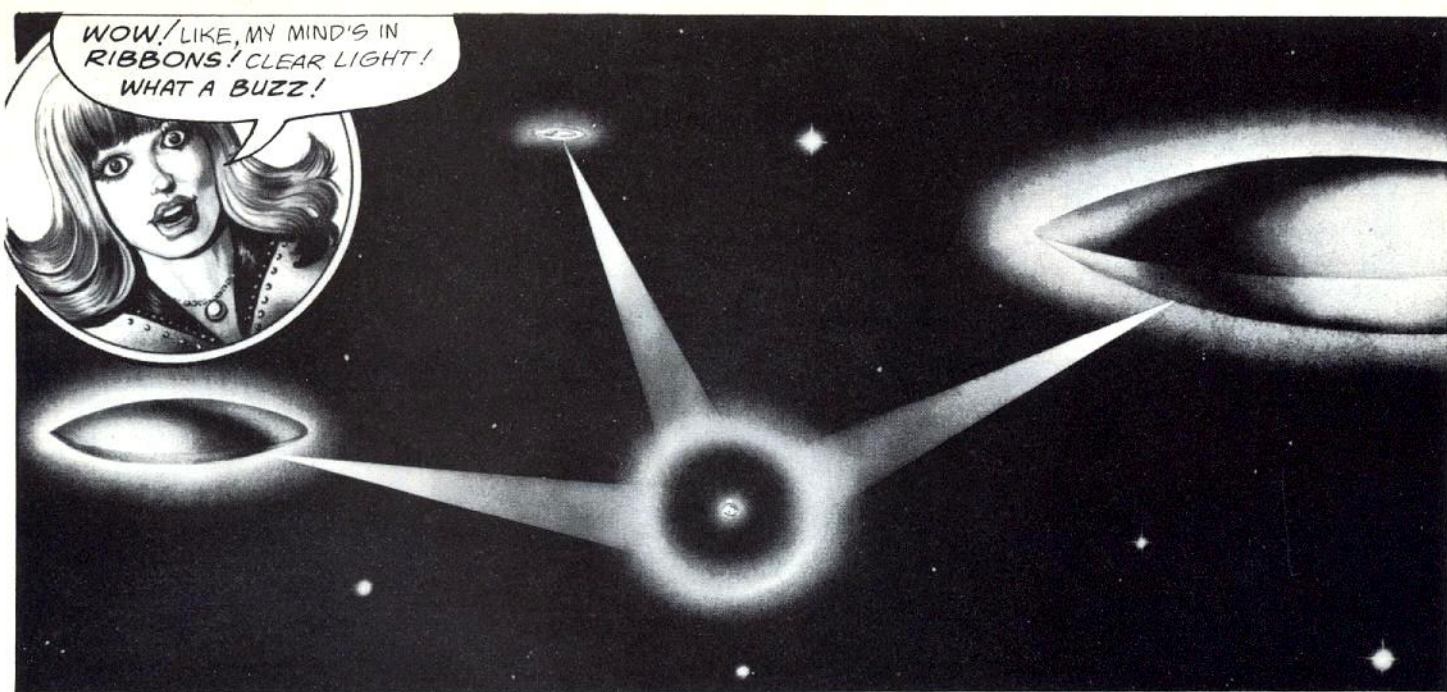
THEIR **NEUROLOGICAL TAPES** WILL BE ALTERED AND THE **STIMULATION** OF NEW CORTICAL CENTERS WILL HEIGHTEN CONSCIOUSNESS...ONCE THE NEW **PSYCHO-MENTAL** CIRCUITS ARE **LINKED** THEY WILL EVOLVE **RAPIDLY**...



THAT THING! IT'S MOVING! HEY, **ROCKY**! CHECK IT OUT! IT'S LIKE WE WERE IN **SPACE**!

SHAKE IT, BABY! SHAKE THAT THING IN THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL BALLROOM OF THE **ROCK GALAXY!** A **MUSIC TRIP** TO **ROCKERS PARADISE!** HEY, **ELVIS!** HERE WE COME! 'CAUSE EVERY STAR'S A **ROCK STAR!** AY-AY-AY-AY!

WOW!/LIKE, MY MIND'S IN
RIBBONS! CLEAR LIGHT!
WHAT A BUZZ!



THE OPERATION
IS COMPLETE!



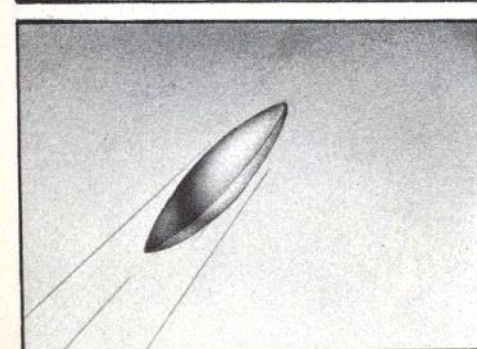
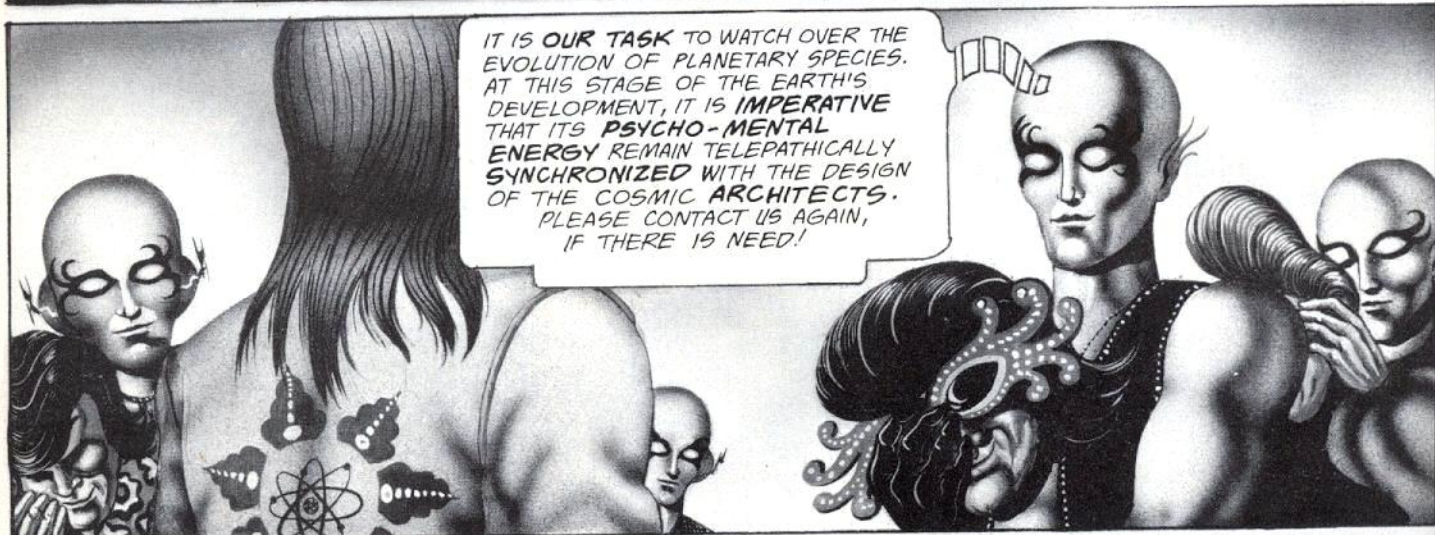
PEACE,
YOU GUYS!

FALL BY
AND TOKE UP
ANY TIME!

FAR OUT!
PSYCHOROCK
DID THE
TRICK!



THEY'VE BEEN
THROUGH A HEAVY
CHANGE, MAN! NOW THEY
CAN GET INTO SOME REALLY
ORGANIC EVOLUTION.
OH, WOW, IT'S SO
MELOW!



Fin

Dead

For hours I sat on the ancient stone porch watching the changing cloud patterns. Cricket creatures added their sound accompaniment to the colored tableau. A cold mood of bewilderment and loneliness settled into my bones as I rested. I was a stranger in this land, a stranger even in this body. Should I continue the search for my uncle? Or should I try to return to my other home, my other self? With no conflicts resolved I drifted into a seamless slumber.

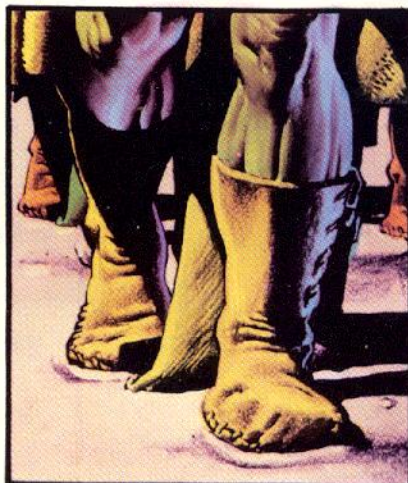
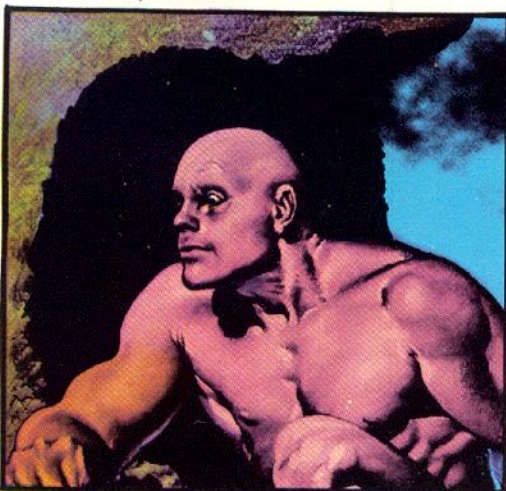


©1975 RICHARD CORBEN

A faint distant sound brought me instantly awake.

It was the hushed whisper of men walking.

But not men.



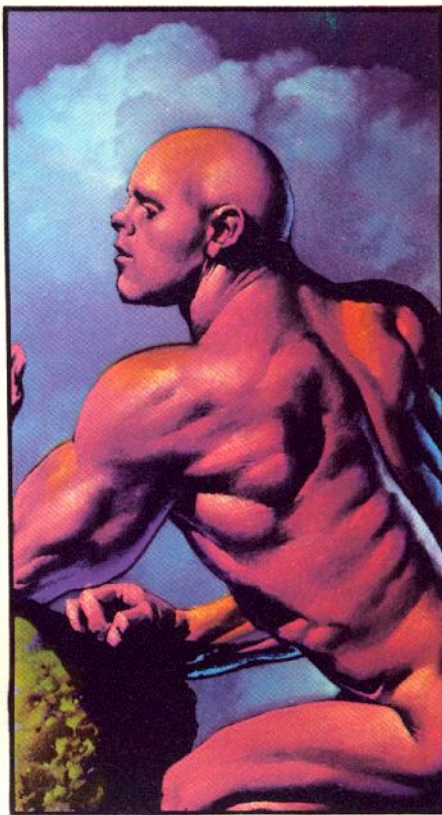
A strange procession had penetrated the southern courtyard of the crumbling edifice. They moved quietly with barely a muffled whisper of leather boots brushing the sand. I nearly missed the muted bark of a command; the troop froze instantly.



One figure who rode a beast, dismounted.



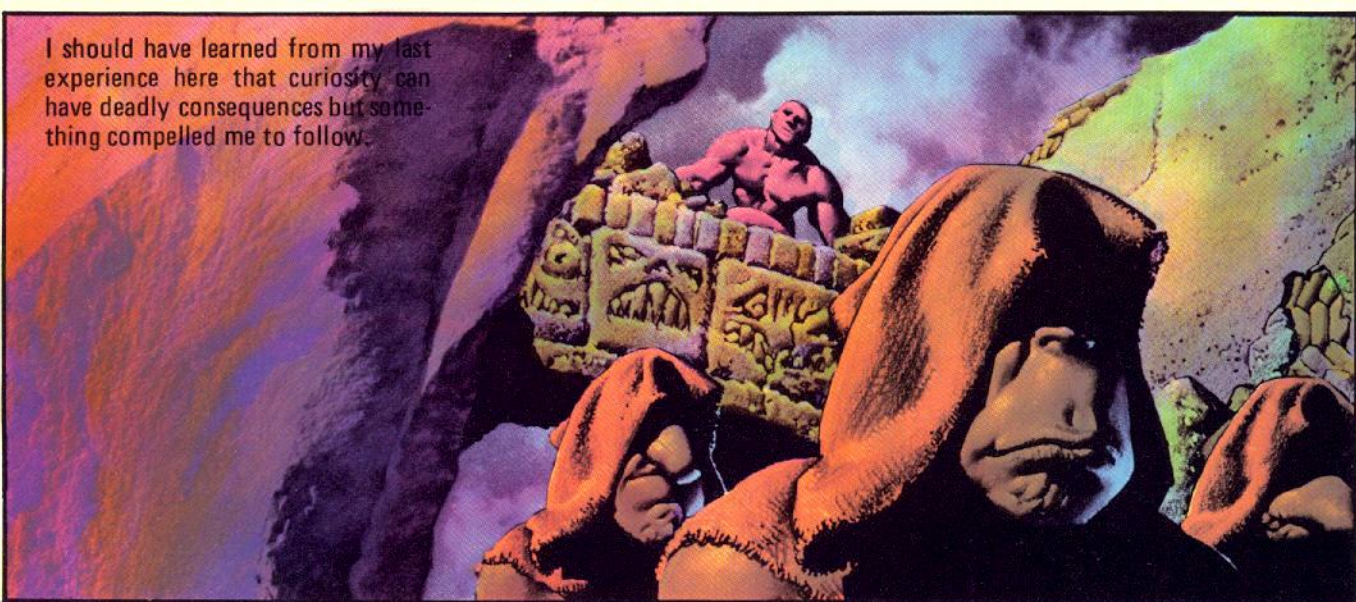
I realized that it was a woman, a woman who moved with regal authority.



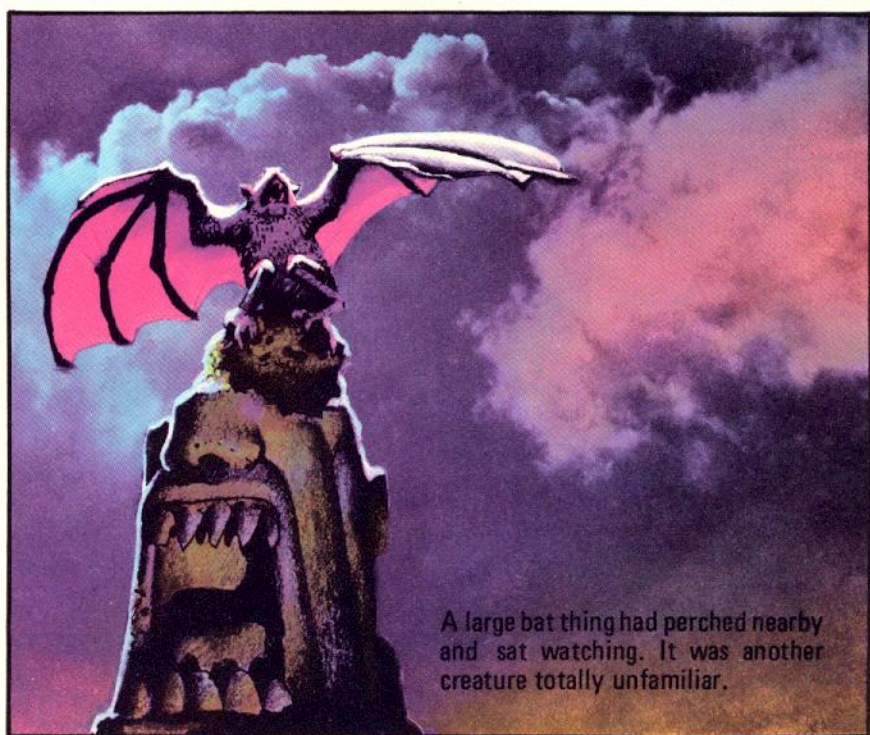
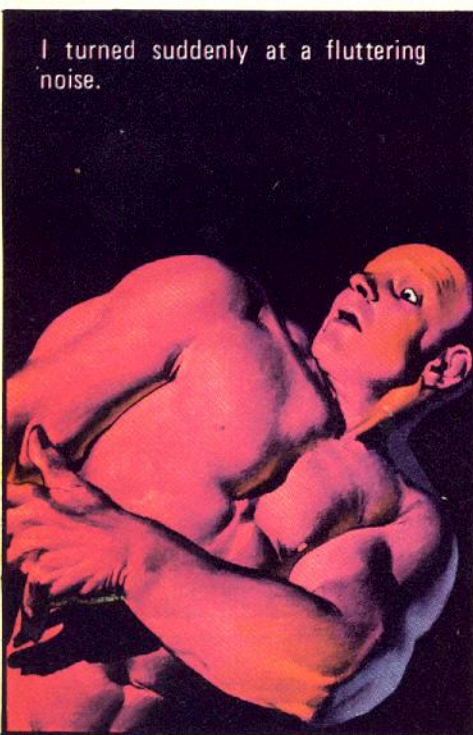
Two members of the monstrous squad remained with the mount as the others followed the woman. She led the group somberly deeper into the building. They carried two sacks. I thought I saw a hint of movement from within the wrappings.



I should have learned from my last experience here that curiosity can have deadly consequences but something compelled me to follow.

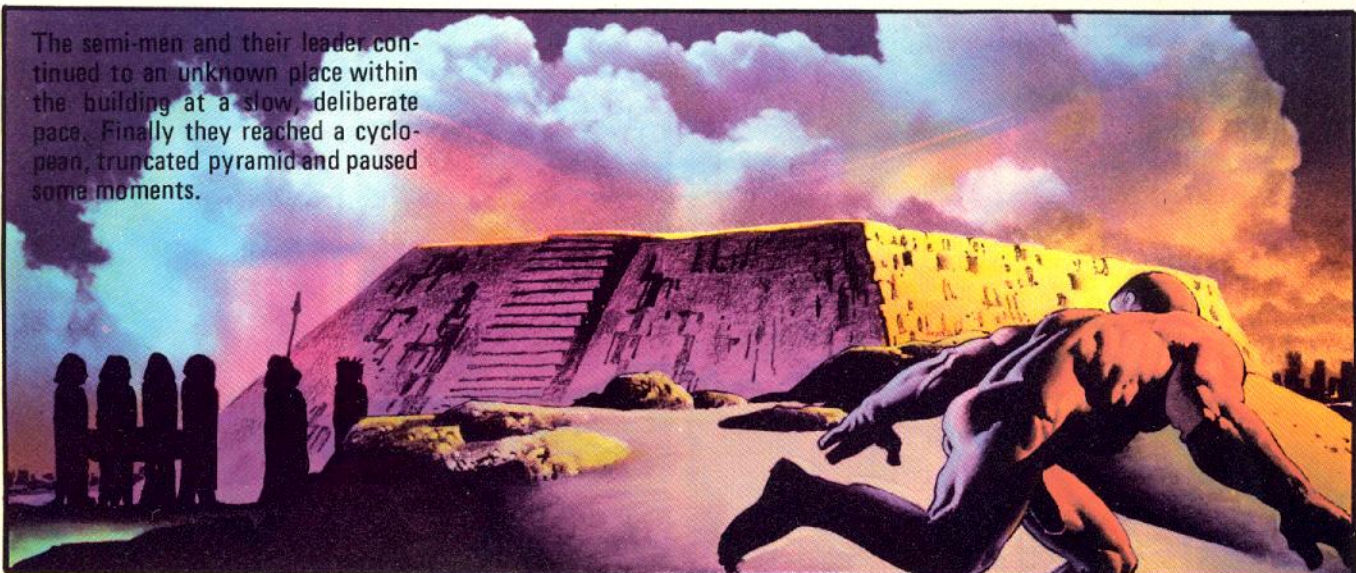


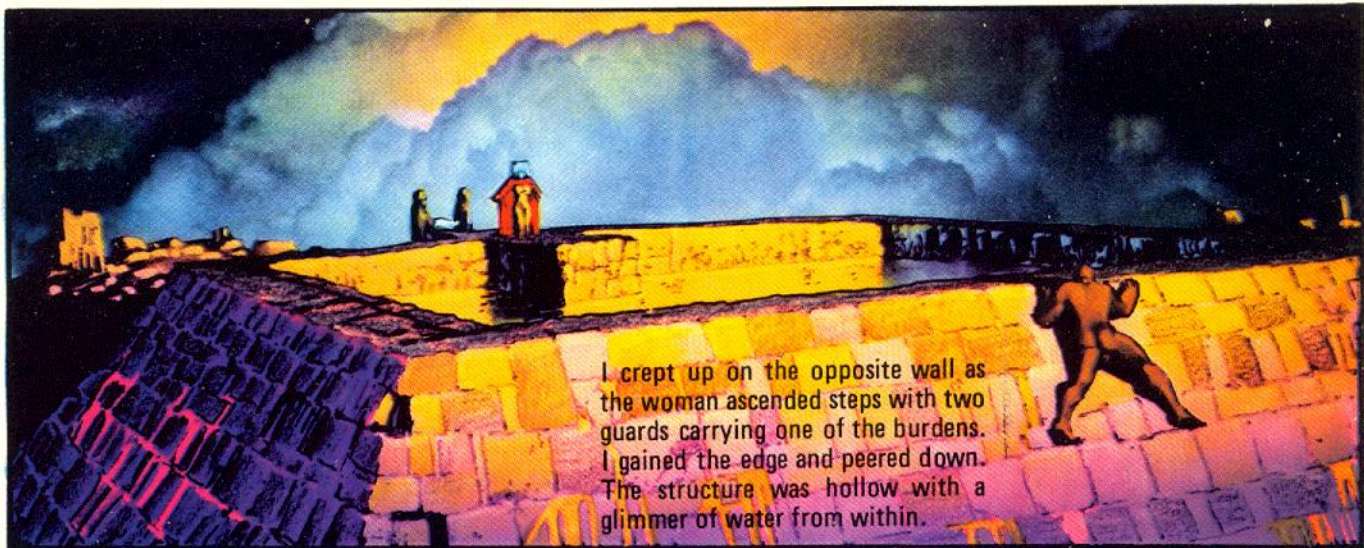
I turned suddenly at a fluttering noise.



A large bat thing had perched nearby and sat watching. It was another creature totally unfamiliar.

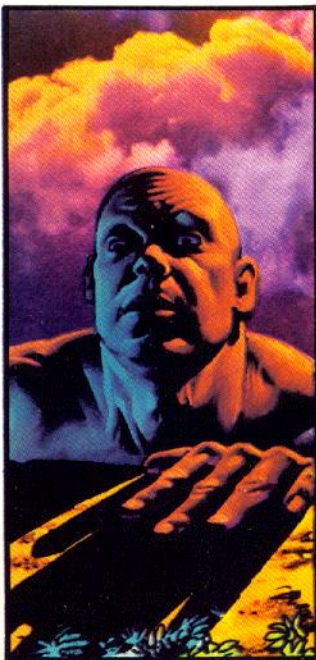
The semi-men and their leader continued to an unknown place within the building at a slow, deliberate pace. Finally they reached a cyclopean, truncated pyramid and paused some moments.



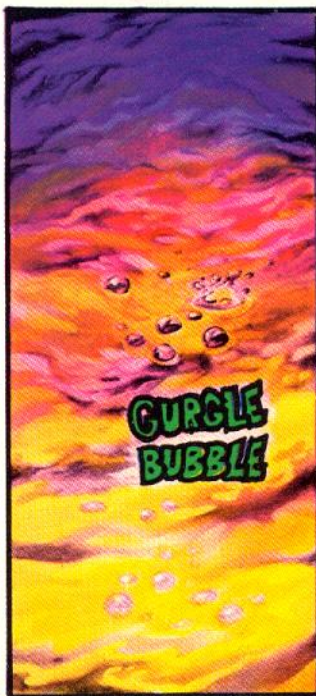


I crept up on the opposite wall as the woman ascended steps with two guards carrying one of the burdens. I gained the edge and peered down. The structure was hollow with a glimmer of water from within.

AAAH YAAAA, SUM
NOBLOK N'CABU
...N'ZIGNA



ULUHTC!
ULUHTC!
ULUHTC!



GURGLE
BUBBLE

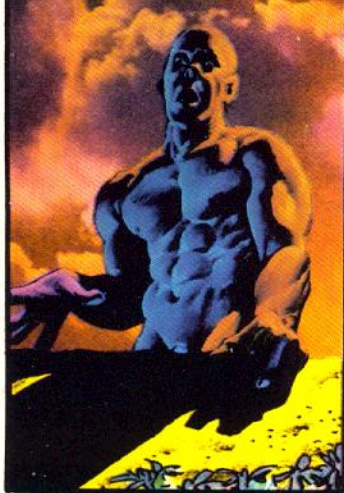


SPLASH!

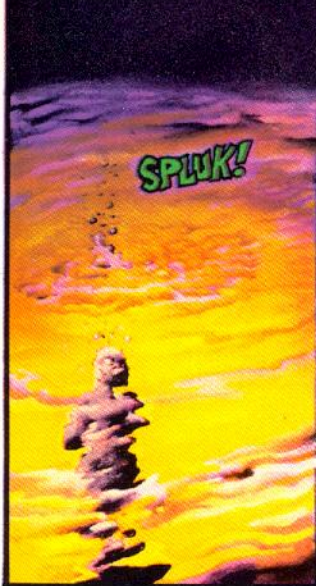


COUGH!
COUGH!
GUK!

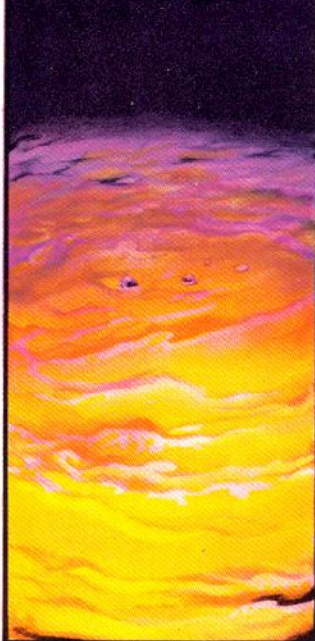
I was shocked. Several thoughts shot through my head in lightning succession. Something urged me to run away... Or could I save the victim?... Should I kill those brutal fiends? (hah!)



...I was pulling air into my lungs to dive and escape. I was only a few feet away from the victim. I was surrounded by those brutal fiends.



...the screams of agony and agony. The sky was a deep red. The sun was gone.



Then I realized this blasphemous ceremony would be repeated with the second sacrifice.



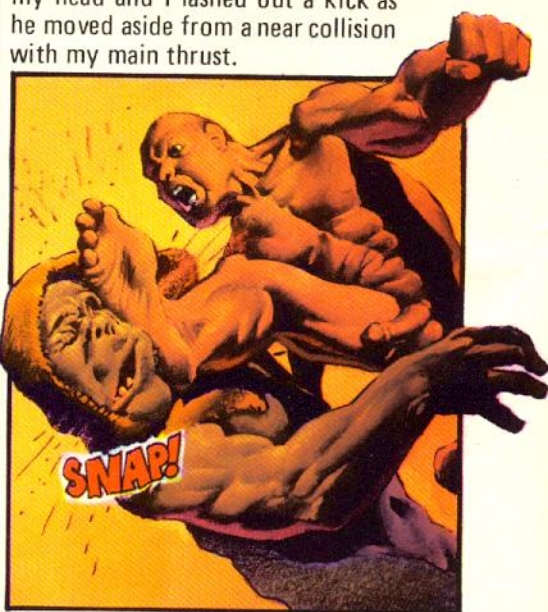
Suddenly a different level of consciousness took control and I was running... toward the sacrificers.



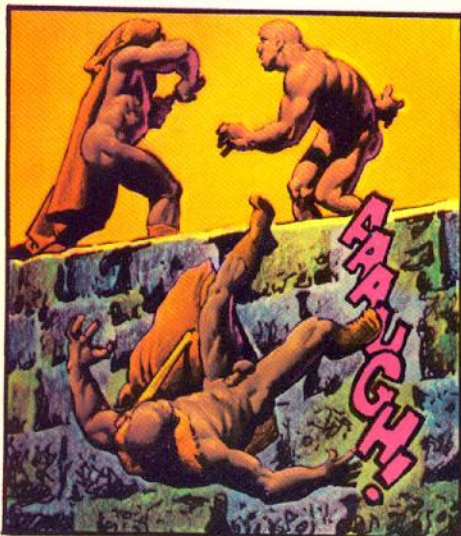
I leaped high from the outer wall to the guards on the altar outcropping.



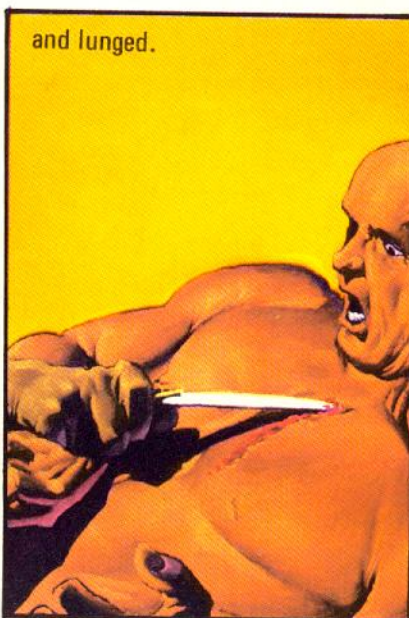
That cryptic exclamation stuck in my head and I lashed out a kick as he moved aside from a near collision with my main thrust.



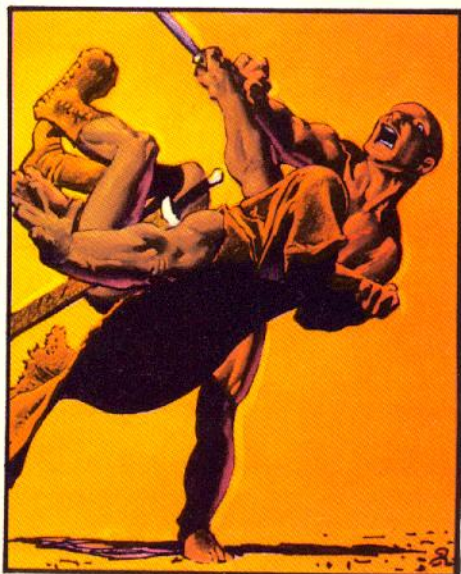
The impact threw the first guard off the precarious altar. The second quickly drew a knife,



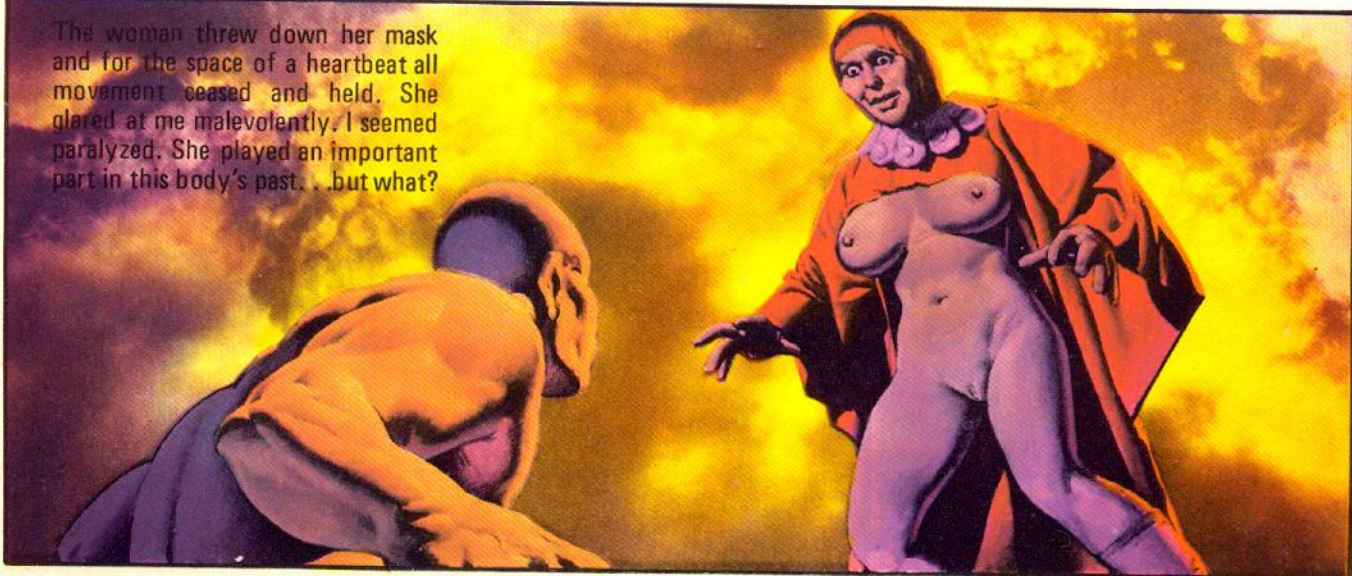
and lunged.



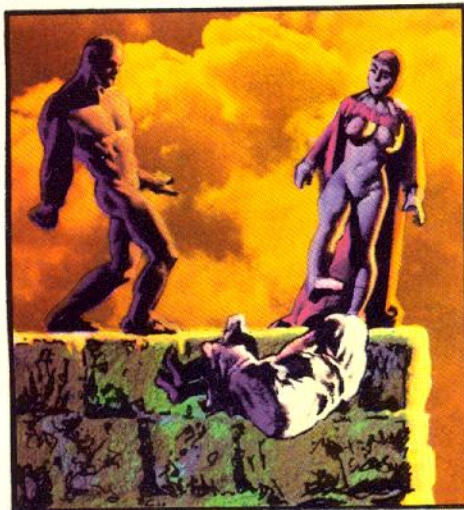
I swept his feet away and he also fell into the water.



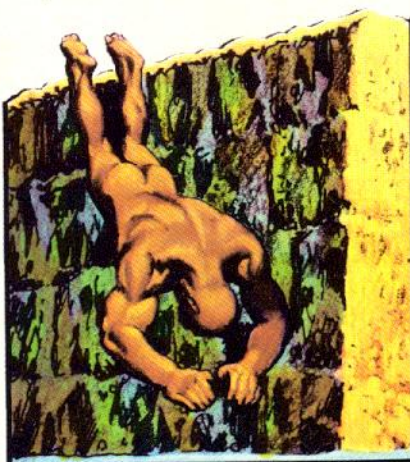
The woman threw down her mask and for the space of a heartbeat all movement ceased and held. She glared at me malevolently. I seemed paralyzed. She played an important part in this body's past... but what?



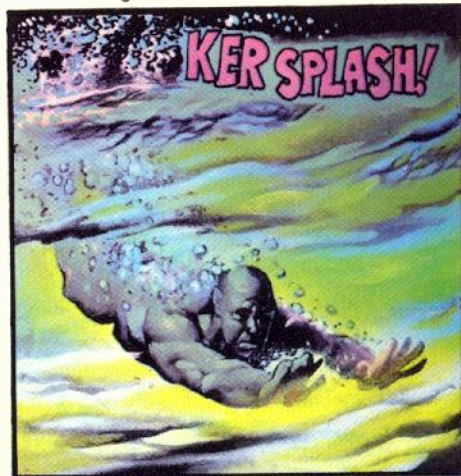
Then she contemptuously pushed the victim over the side.



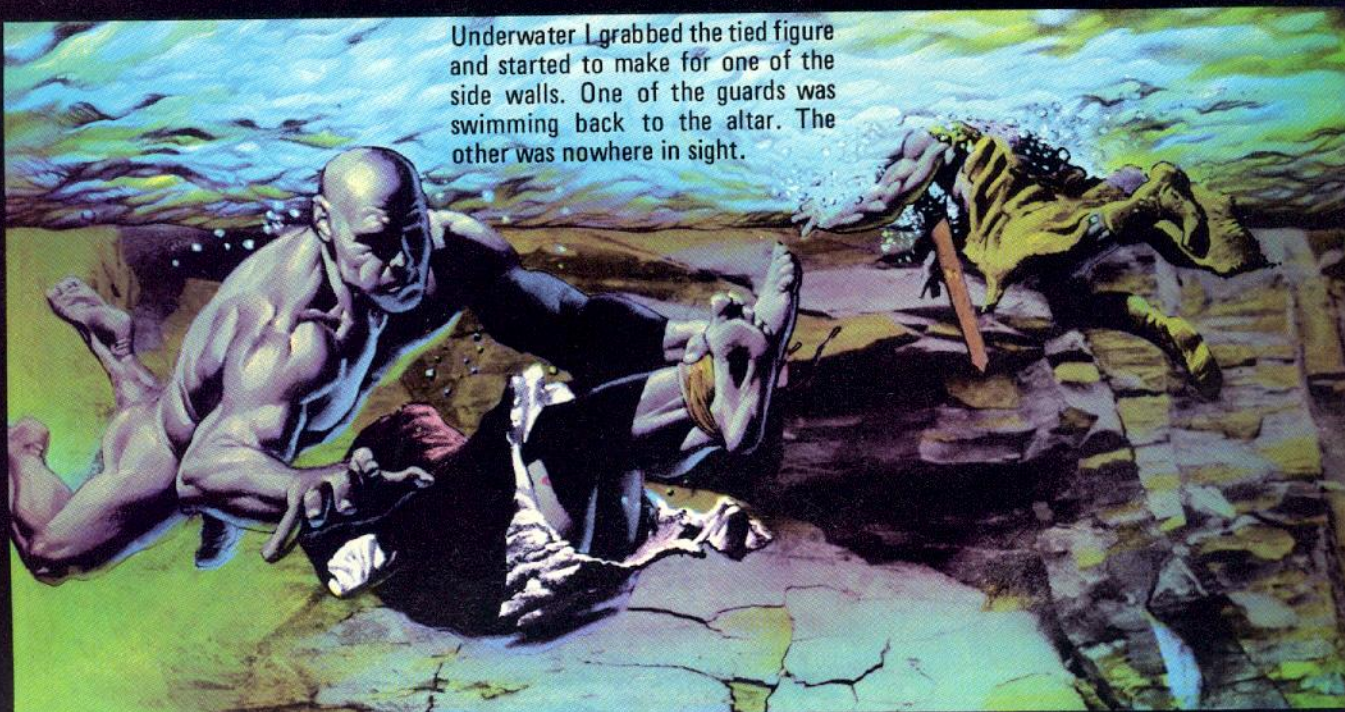
This jarred me back into action and before the armed party could reach me, I dived.



From behind came an ear-splitting screech that was cut short as I submerged.



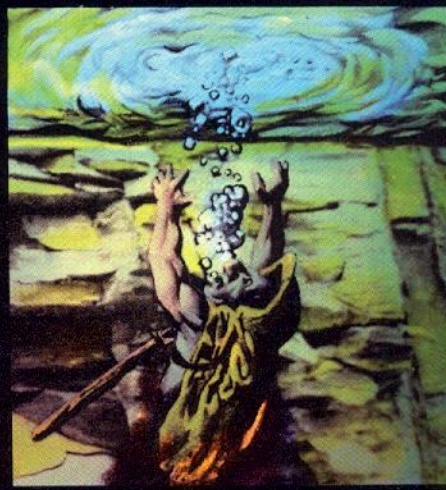
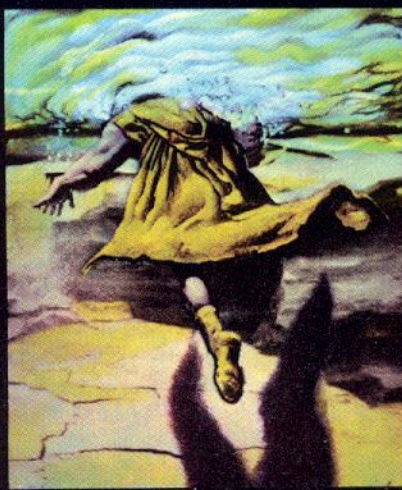
Underwater I grabbed the tied figure and started to make for one of the side walls. One of the guards was swimming back to the altar. The other was nowhere in sight.



In this murky liquid I sensed another presence. I hooked my new dependent's legs over my head to swim on with both hands.

After a few strokes I looked back toward the guard and saw... or half saw a frightening shadowy form.

It grasped the guard's flailing legs and jerked him down.



Frantically I sought to escape. There were several decayed holes in the wall.



We made it within just as a nightmarish serpentine limb wriggled over the aperture.



Not yet totally resolved to die I looked about the cavity and saw that much of the stonework was loose.



I lifted a key piece and suddenly was propelled forward. I blacked out.

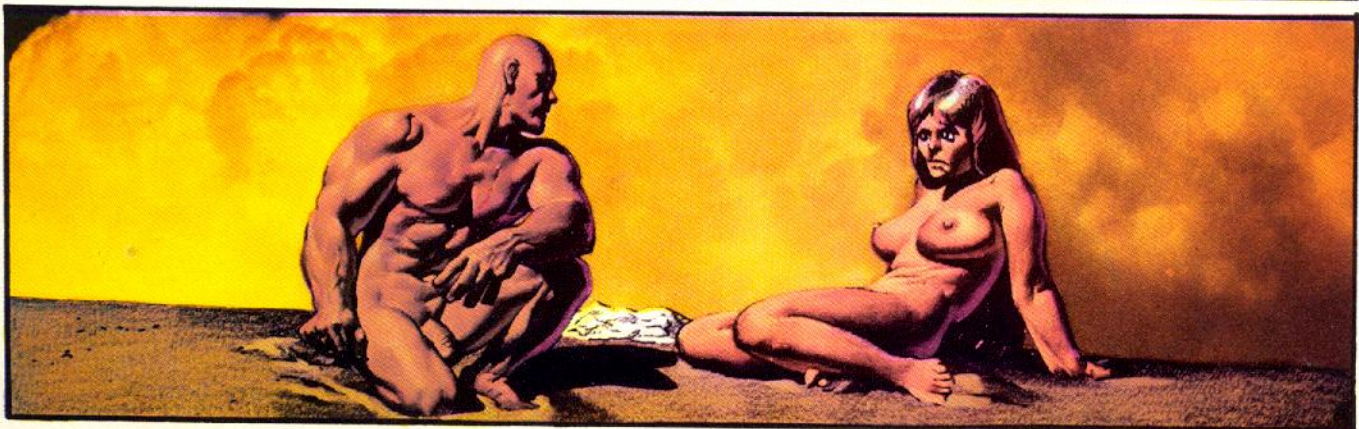


I found my ward and myself breathing air at last.



There were a few bodies lying about. Perched nearby eating, the bat creature was the apparent cause. The priestess was gone, my burden moved.

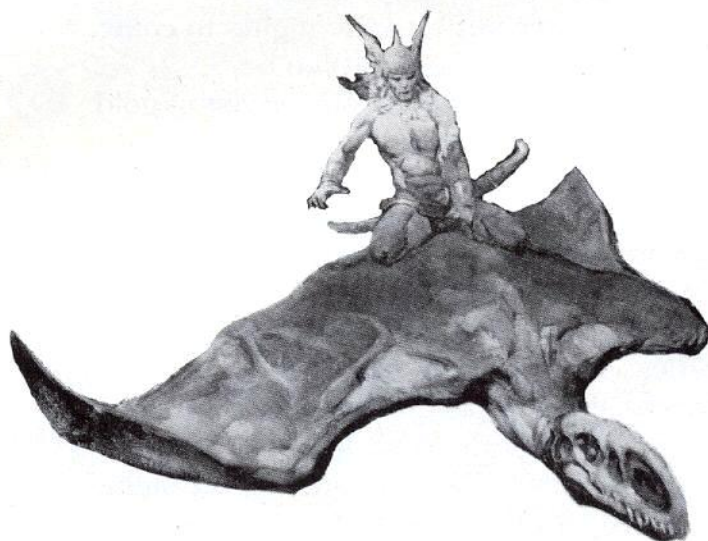
ooooh!



NIGHT IMAGES

A BOOK OF FANTASY VERSE

ROBERT E. HOWARD



ILLUSTRATED BY
RICHARD CORBEN
FRANK FRAZETTA

A preview of NIGHT IMAGES, the new,
deluxe collectors edition published by

THE MORNING STAR PRESS



THE HEART OF THE SEA'S DESIRE

The stars beat up from the shadowy sea,
The caves of the coral and pearl,
And the night is afire with a red desire
For the loins of a golden girl.
You have left your girdle upon the beach,
And you waded from the pulsing land,
And the hot tide darts to your secret parts
That have known one lover's hand.
The hot tide laves your rounded limbs,
That his subtle fingers part,
And the sea that lies between your thighs
Is the heart of the Night's red heart.
In the days to come and the nights to come,
And the days and the nights to be,
A babe you shall hold to your breast of gold
As you croon a lullaby;
A babe with the cry of a wind-racked gull,
That shall grow to a round-limbed girl
With strange cold eyes like the sea that lies
In the caves of coral and pearl.
Her soul shall be as an ocean wind,
Restless her feet shall be,
And she shall be part of the Night's red heart,
And the heart of the sounding sea.
And the man who lies by your side at night,
He is not your daughter's sire;
For she is the babe of a hungry Night,
And the heart of the sea's desire!





A WORD FROM THE OUTER DARK

My ruthless hands still clutch at life —
Still like a shoreless sea
My soul beats on in rage and strife.
You may not shackle me.

My leopard eyes are still untamed,
They hold a darksome light —
A fierce and brooding gleam unnamed
That pierced primeval night.

Rear mighty temples to your god —
I lurk where shadows sway,
Till, when your drowsy guards shall nod,
To leap and rend and slay.

For I would hurl your cities down
and I would break your shrines
And give the site of every town
To thistles and to vines.

Higher the walls of Nineveh
And prouder Babel's spires —
I bellowed from the desert way —
They crumbled in my fires.

For all the works of cultured man
Must fare and fade and fall.
I am the Dark Barbarian
That towers over all.





THE GHOST KINGS

The ghost kings are marching; the midnight knows their tread,
From the distant, stealthy planets of the dim, unstable dead;
There are whisperings on the night-winds and the shuddering
stars have fled.

A ghostly trumpet echoes from a barren mountainhead;
Through the fen the wandering witch-lights gleam like phantom
arrows sped;
There is silence in the valleys and the moon is rising red.

The ghost kings are marching down the ages' dusty maze;
The unseen feet are tramping through the moonlight's pallid
haze,
Down the hollow clanging stairways of a million yesterdays.

The ghost kings are marching, where the vague moon-vapor
creeps,
While the night-wind to their coming, like a thund'rous herald
sweeps;
They are clad in ancient grandeur, but the world, unheeding,
sleeps.

I am rich, it's true. But I have not always lived in such *luxury*. I spent a great part of my life, the *greatest part*, in *misery* and *uncertainty*. *Fear, hunger, and danger* were my daily lot...



You must understand that *naturally* I did all I could to *escape* such a *life*, for I *longed* for my chance to possess *everything* money could buy, especially *comfort* and *security*. I clung to my hopes...

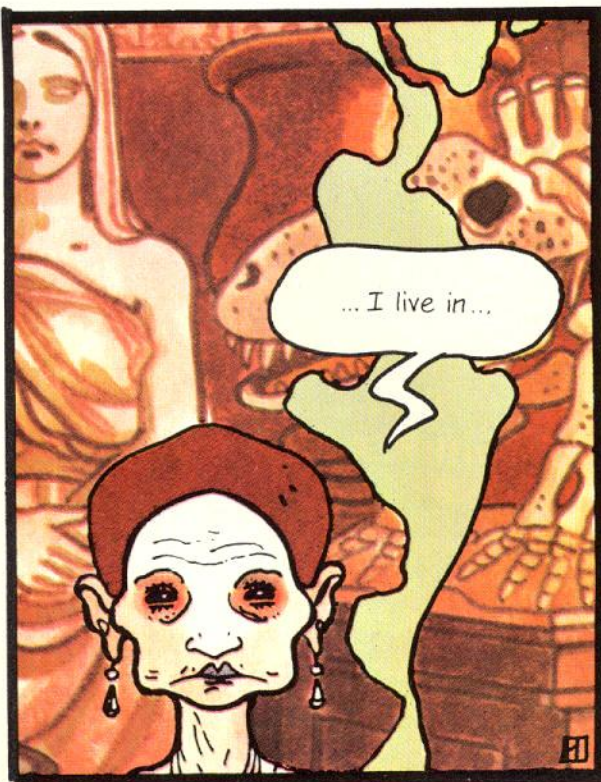


...And even though it has been my good fortune to *rise* in the *world*, I have *not* ceased to live in *fear*... Such are the consequences of a *hideous plot* I *myself* concocted in a moment of *madness*, a plot based on *hatred*, hatred of the miserable conditions in which I then lived.

I am rich, it's true, but...



... I live in...



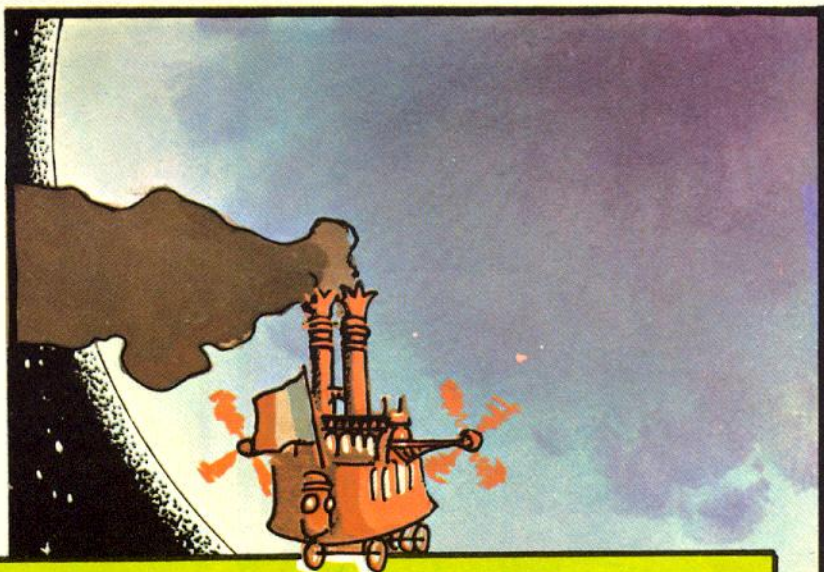
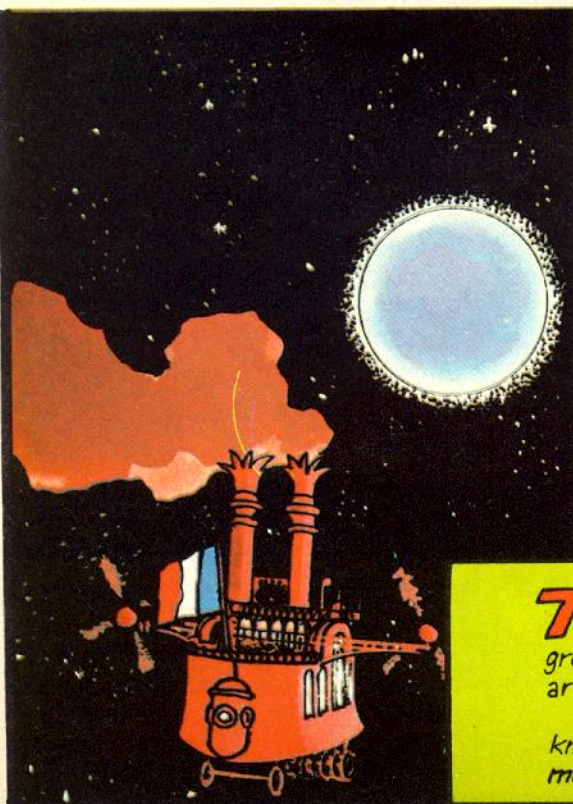
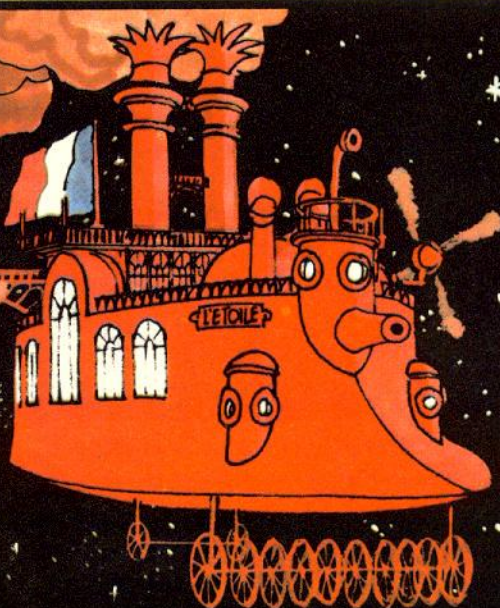
FEAR
OF THE
BLUE-EYED
SLOANE!

In order to understand my tale, you must know first of all that my **father** was originally from a very distant, and still nameless, **star**, while my **mother** was born on **Alpha Centauri**. **Heredity**, then, endowed me with an extraordinary **longevity**, which in my case cruelly **accentuates** my **anguish** and **anxiety** as I anticipate my **death**.

The **Gloane** has **all** the time in the **world** to wreak his **vengeance**.




It all began around 1895, when the first French archaeological expedition destined for **Alpha** left the astroport at Bourget aboard **L'Etoile**, a very advanced interplanetary ship for its time.



The expedition was under the direction of Professor Foissard. Its purpose was the exploration of the great city of **Alpha**, **Combaluzier**, and the gathering of artifacts of **incalculable** value.

Brought back to Earth, these would provide, at last, some knowledge of the **history** of that fabulous lost city. French **museums** would **clamor** for them.

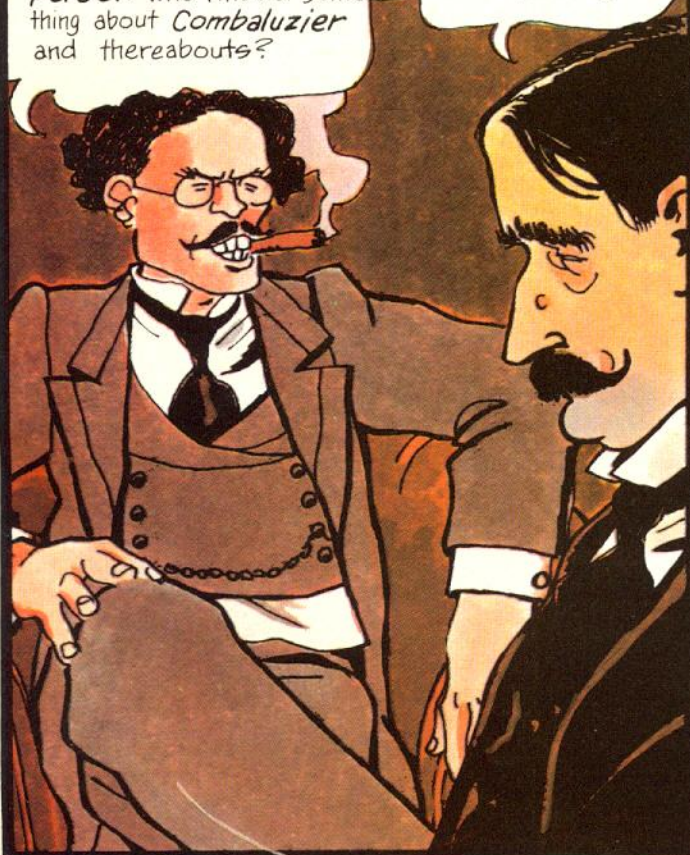


My part in the story begins on the moon, where the expedition had put into the station Reaumur-Sebastopol.



Bonnot, my dear fellow, aren't you provided with some sort of **guide-person** who knows something about **Combaluzier** and thereabouts?

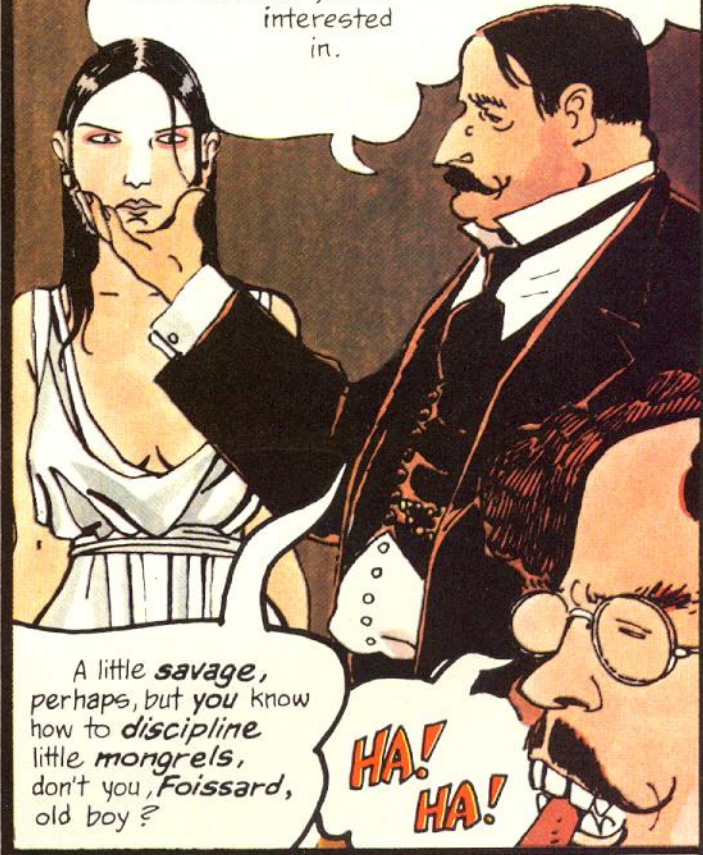
I have the **very** thing.



A young **half-breed**... A recent expedition brought her back from **Alpha**-- her mother was from there. She's quite **familiar** with the area you're interested in.

A little **savage**, perhaps, but you know how to **discipline** little **mongrels**, don't you, **Foissard**, old boy?

HA!
HA!



Oh, yes, that was I. The **little mongrel**! The expedition left a few days later. The voyage was without incident, although **L'Etoile** landed on Alpha a full two months after it left Reaumur-Sebastopol.

Foissard, with a few **Sloanes** who had been taken on as porters, and **myself** set out immediately, on foot, toward **Combaluzier**, which was in a region inaccessible to the ship.





I swore eternal hatred for Professor Foissard, who, like all **tools** of French colonialism, made absolutely **no** effort to establish a rapport with the **underdeveloped** peoples of outer space...

Then, we came suddenly upon a **temple** which had been erected in honor of some divinity. Foissard called a halt.

YOU!
FASTER,
THERE!
SLOW AS MOLASSES!

Do you understand **nothing** but the **lash**?



By Gad, it's **unbelievable!** To think that these **dogs** could have **built** such a thing!



AAAARG!
HLZ...

With anxious excitement, we watched him dash inside the **monument**. I remained in the courtyard of the **temple** with the Sloane porters.

I was struck by a **mad idea**...





AAAGLL...

I'VE BEEN CURSED! I'm
cursed! God help me!

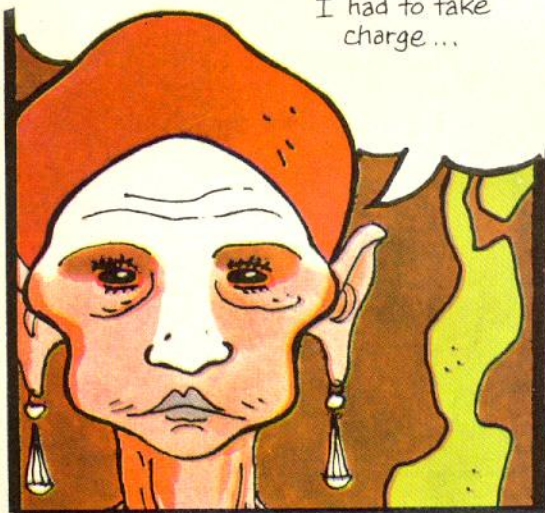
CURSED!



We had no what had happened
in the temple, but to judge from the
condition of the **archaeologist**,
it must have been no small thing.
The Sloanes and I were
delighted.

Now you must **understand**
that Sloanes are **simple**
creatures, easily amused...

I had to take
charge...



**BRAAA
AP**

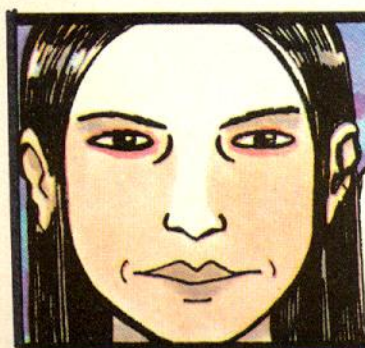
Hi Hi Hi Hi
Hi Hi Hi Hi
Hi Hi Hi Hi

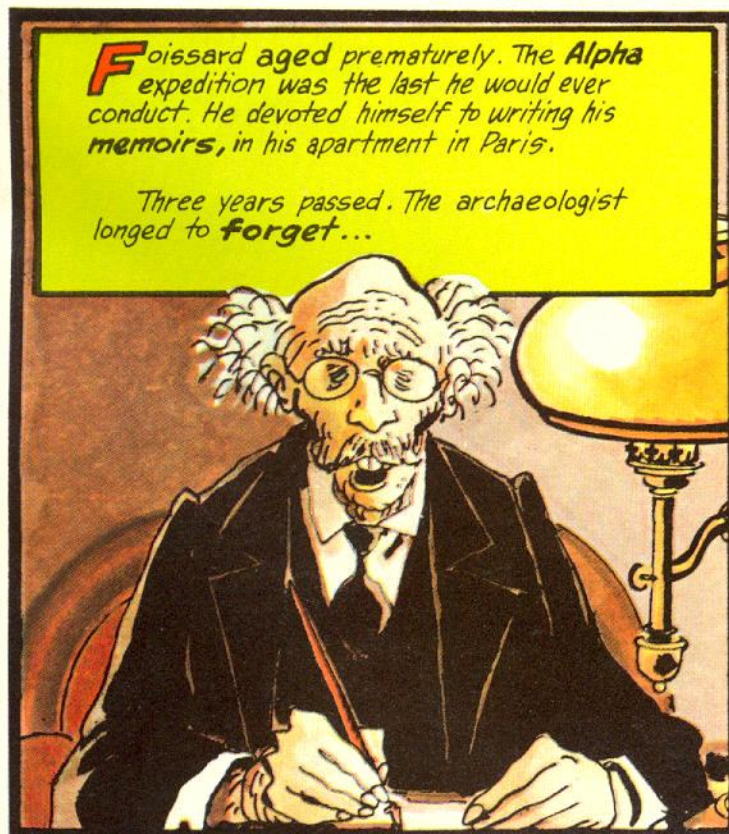
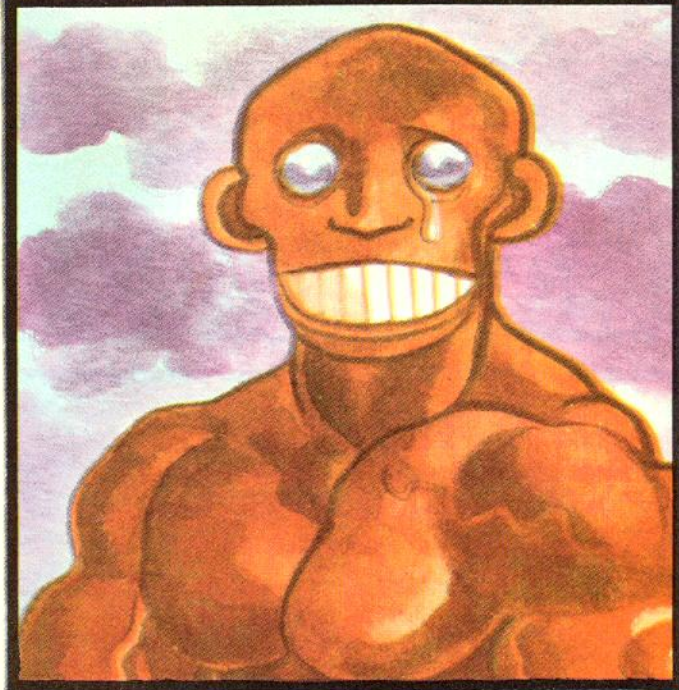


Hi Hi Hi Hi Hi Hi
Hi Hi Hi Hi
Hi Hi Hi Hi

Let's
go, children.
Bring Foissard!
We're going
back to the
ship.

Hi Hi
Hi Hi

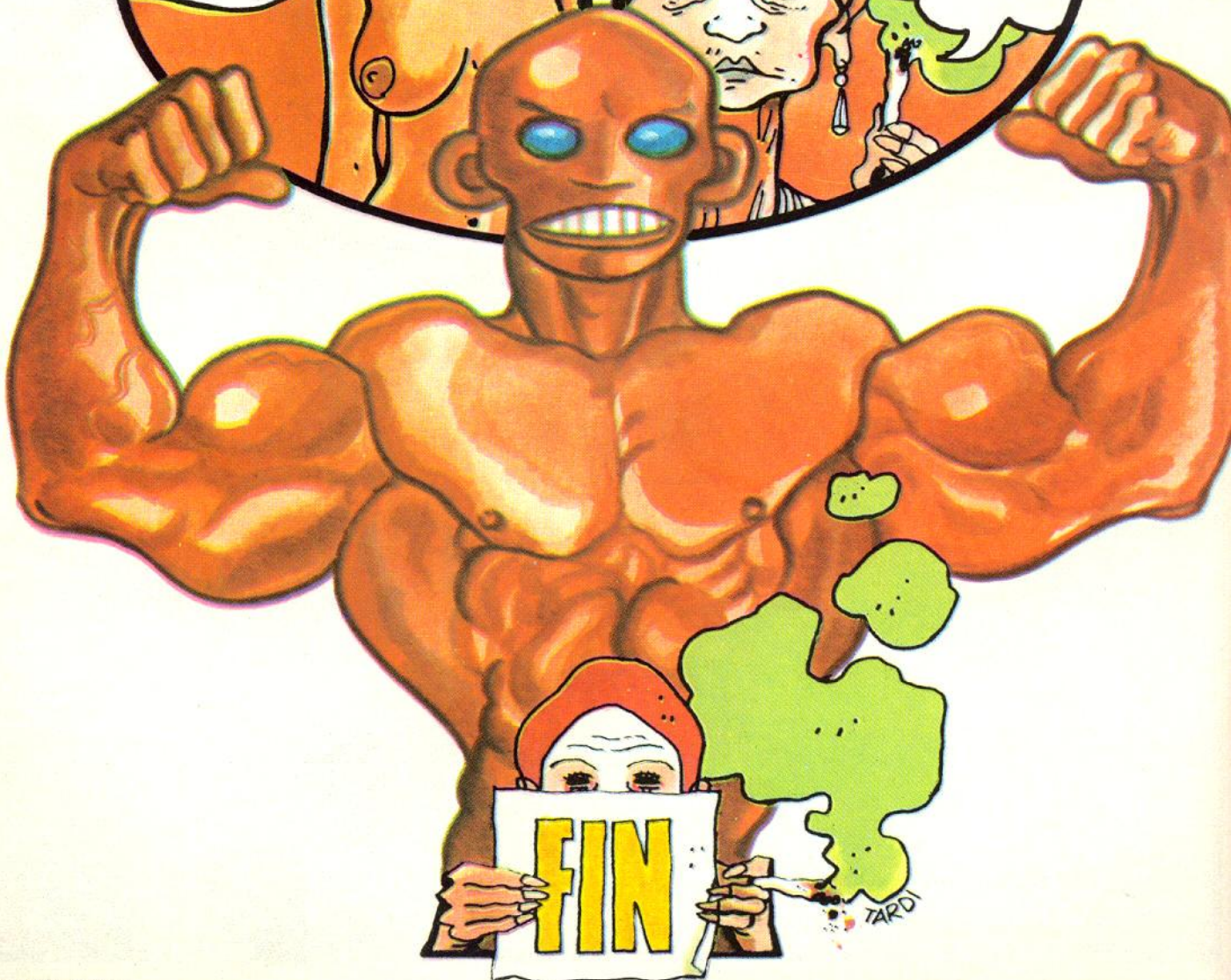






There was no more a **curse** than there is **butter** on the **moon**! It was **I** who had entered the temple by a secret door, and **terrorized** the academic... I waited several years-- through which Foissard lived in **anguish**-- before **finishing** him off. I made him draw up a **will** naming me his **heir**. He died, and I inherited **everything**.

Ever since, I have lived in his home. But I have not **forgotten** the blue-eyed **Sloane**... I had not **known** the **significance** of my gesture at the time I **tugged** his **ear**, but since then I have **learned**. I have been told that the **vengeance** taken by a **Sloane** of that species is **terrible**, describable only in the most **obscene** terms. I have lived long, and seen many things in my life. But I am **afraid**. I live in **fear** of the **blue-eyed Sloane**.



AGE OF AGES

A GOTHIC SCIENCE-FICTION TRIP TO THE APOCALYPSE

by
Akbar Del Piombo

Collages by
Norman Rubington



The real sensations of 1984 are behind the scenes. The first is the most prodigious breakthrough in the history of mankind, nothing less than the conquest of gravity. The men who overcame it are anonymous members of a think tank, superbrains who prove their domination of nature by hoisting luggage without moving a muscle. Their little joke is "putting flight bags in flight." A new force is loose in the world, and its name is *pneuma*. In one blow, nuclear arsenals are outdated relics....

The last event is Little Sister's domination of the scene. Addressed as *Ms. Sis*, pronounced *Mrs.*, she manipulates her subjects' minds with a nationwide hookup of tapping devices. It is not necessary for her to watch...she *knows* what everyone is thinking. With this grip on things, repressed drones are kept busy without understanding why.



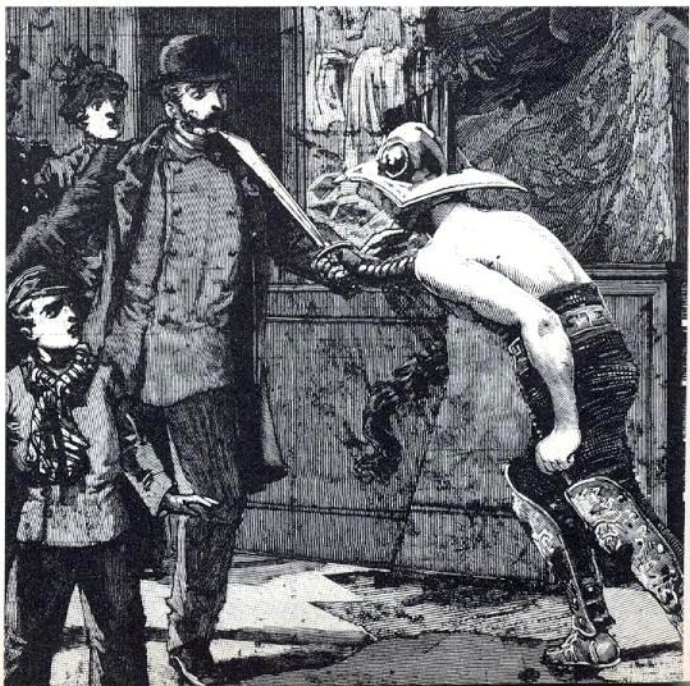
Among her innovations is an improvement over the old-time use of astrologers. A pair of gifted spirit-rappers bypass normal channels and tap into a powerful source, consulting with experts who have passed to the other side. Thus, a simple pair of holy knockers have all the gods at their beck and call.

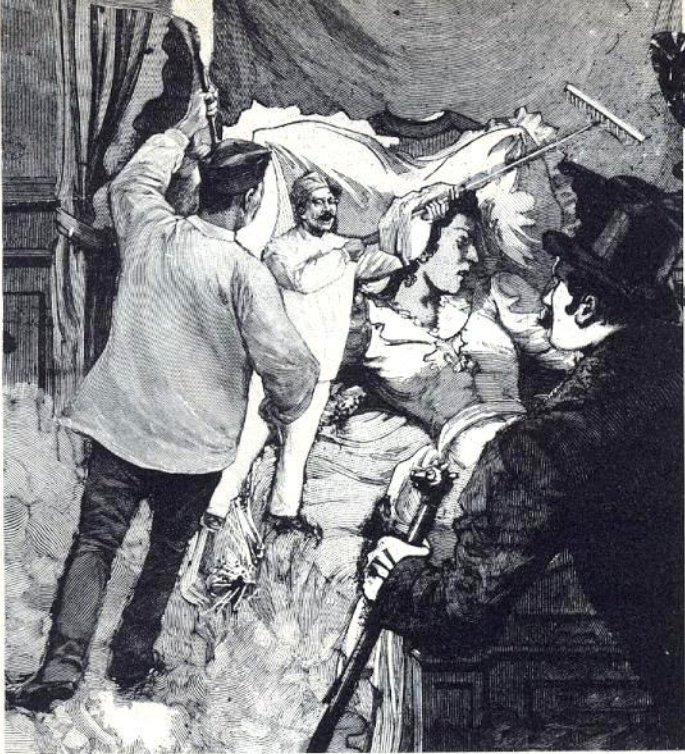
Such is the power background, and it is a greatly changed New York, Sir Edwin finds on his arrival. The baffled sleuth, incognito as is his wont, discovers a swanky "Pearl and Swine Club," where the old ninth precinct once held sway. A belligerent doorman, decked out in old union garb, challenges passing males to step inside and prove they are men. Bewildered Sir Edwin soon deduces the police have gone underground....



His surmise is correct. The hardest of all people to contact are policemen. Confronted with zombie cop-killers, a uniform is a walking death warrant. They are now all plainclothesmen, though sometimes not so plain, as the squad posing as a Hell's Angels tribe. On their new mounts, they rumble through Central Park, keeping the peace.

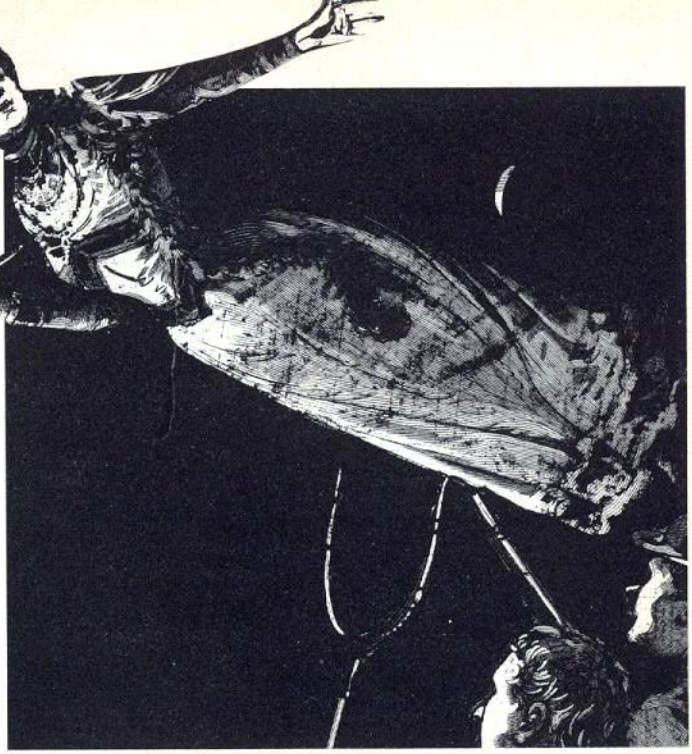
A nostalgic-type mugging. "Jove," thinks Sir Edwin, under attack from a disturbed citizen, "this is one complicated city." The rare appearance of a uniformed officer saves his wallet and life, but the incident leaves its mark. Sir Edwin is solidly convinced of the madness running in the streets.





It is equally rife in once-normal households, as he finds one evening after an uproar in his landlady's flat. There, the old dame was screaming at the top of her lungs, while erstwhile sanitation workers exorcised her demons with strange chants and gestures. It was but the tip of the iceberg....

An East Side mugging attempt ends in a fiasco....
 "Good Lord," said one of the felons, "she's been screwed."
 "Beat it before they think we did it!"
 Fearing a murder rap, the assailants fled, unaware that destruction of private property is the worst they would have gotten.



The papers reported a hallucinatory event with the headline: WITCH SELF-DESTRUCTS IN MID-FLIGHT.
 The coroner's report had revealing details too inflammatory to publish, which, reduced to ordinary terms, described something midway between the living and the dead....

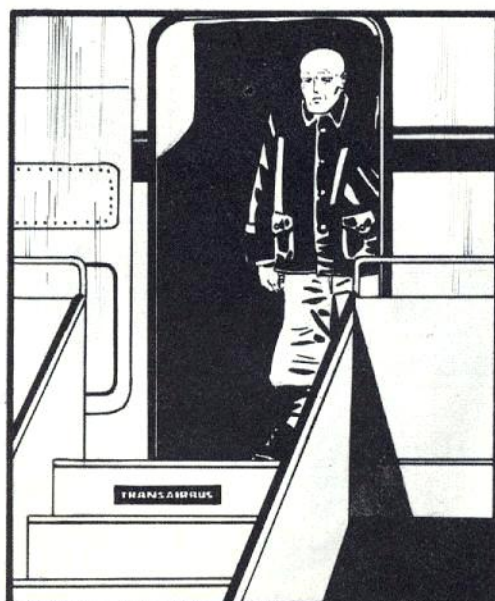
Would-be kidnappers are dumbfounded to find they have a proxy instead of the heiress they were after....



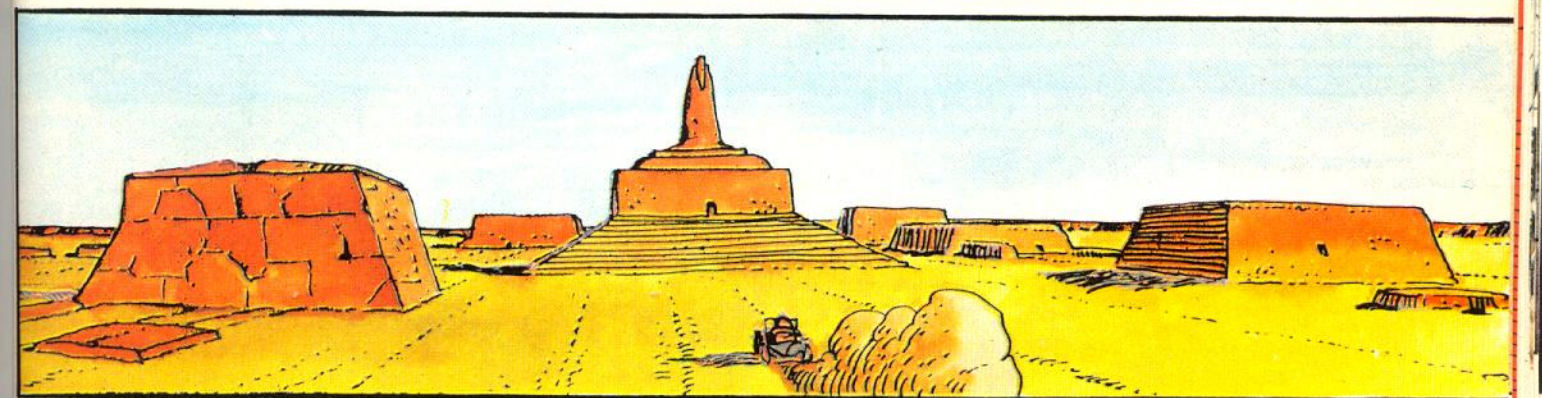
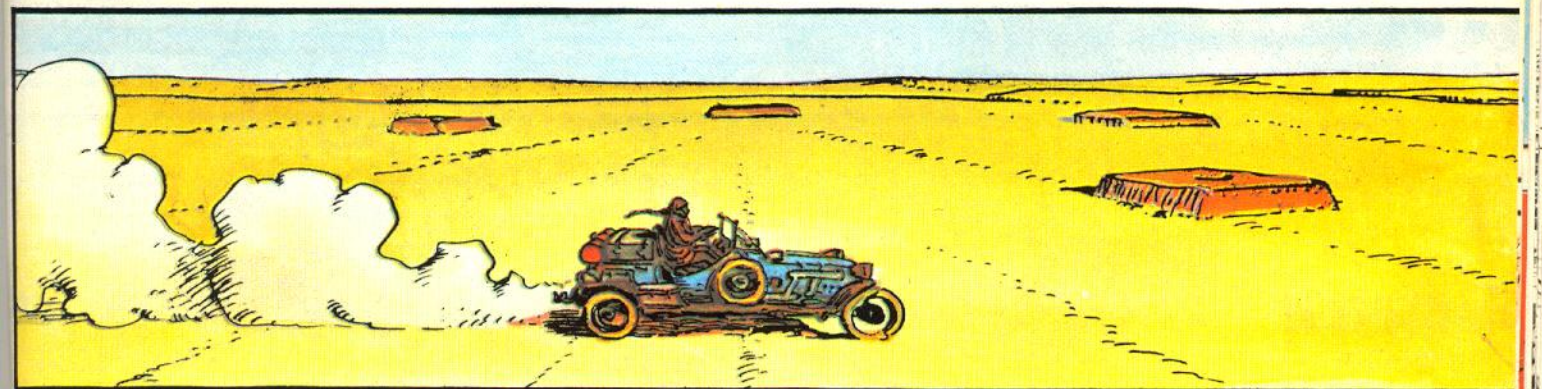
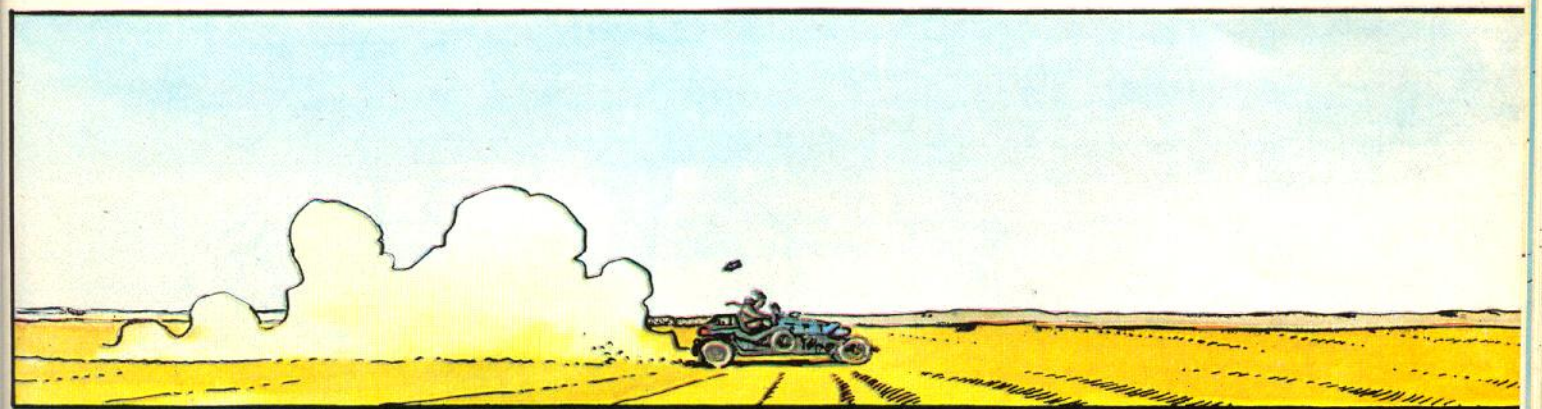
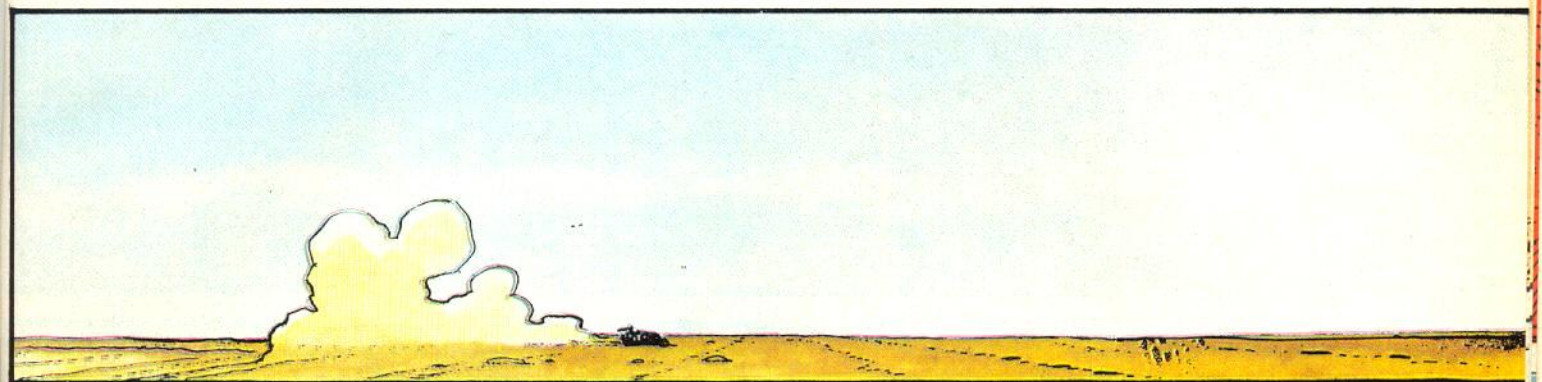
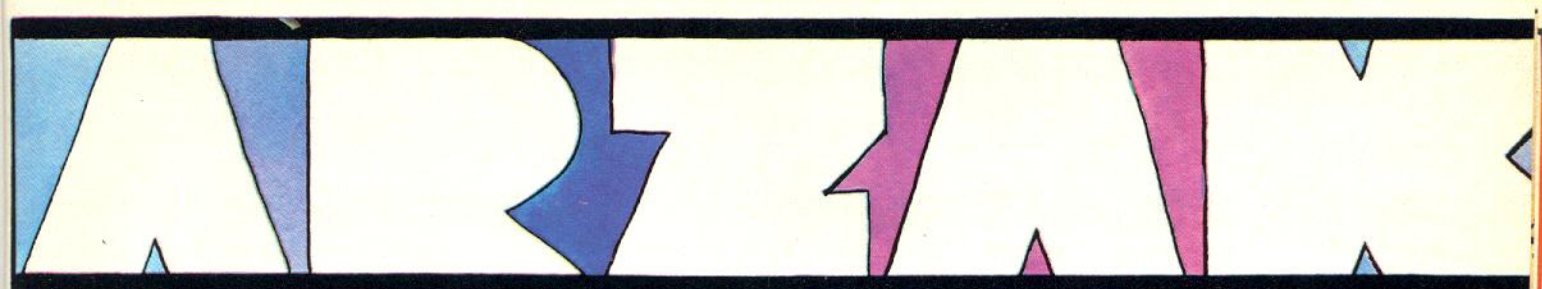
The climax to this bizarre rash came in an astounding coup de théâtre, a so-called "replica killing," a perfect duplicate of the infamous St. Valentine's Day massacre.
 "By Jove," exclaimed Sir Edwin, "it's exact in every detail!"
 "All except one," said the coroner. "This one's a bit esoteric. There ain't a bullet hole in the lot. It's the work of them witches."
 "Witches? I say, this is the twentieth century, man!"
 "Well, I dunno...for some it is, and for some...it ain't."

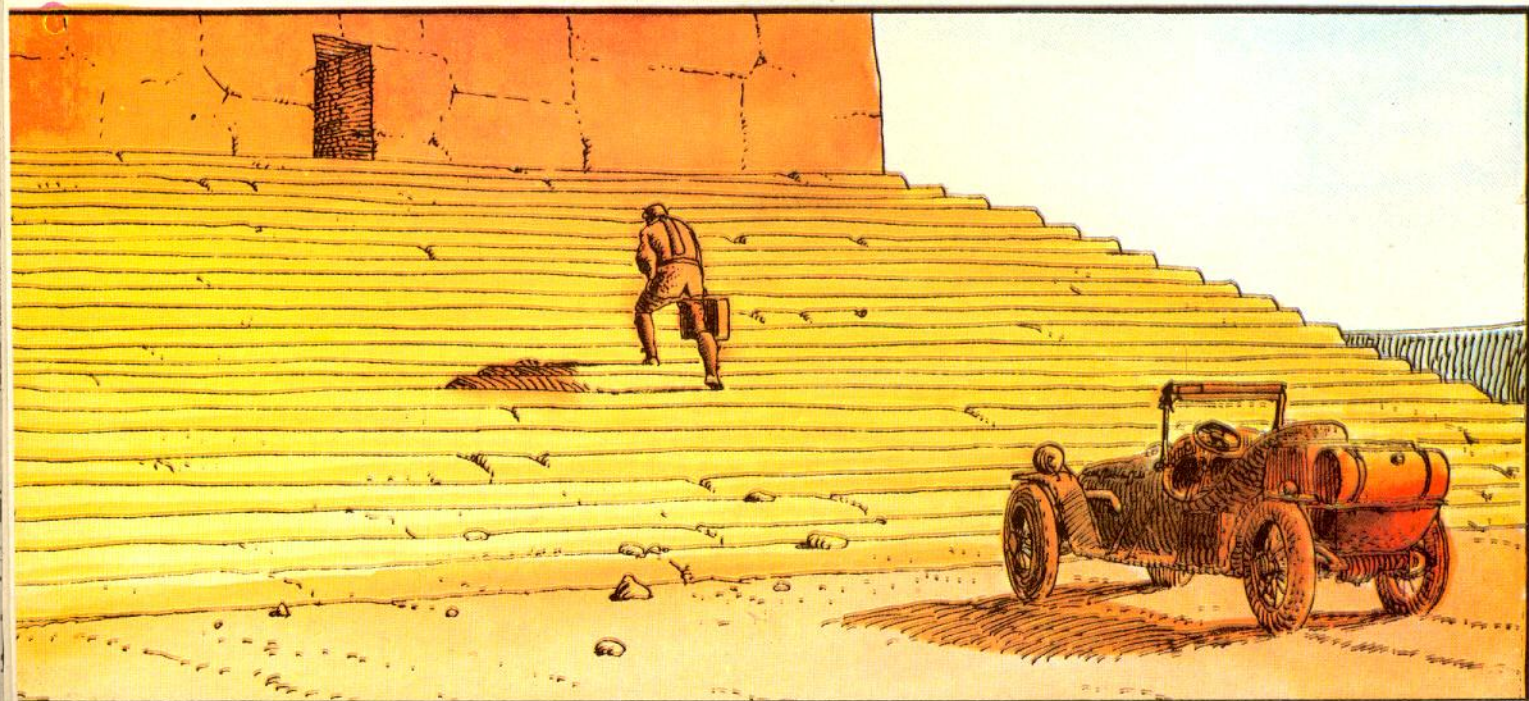
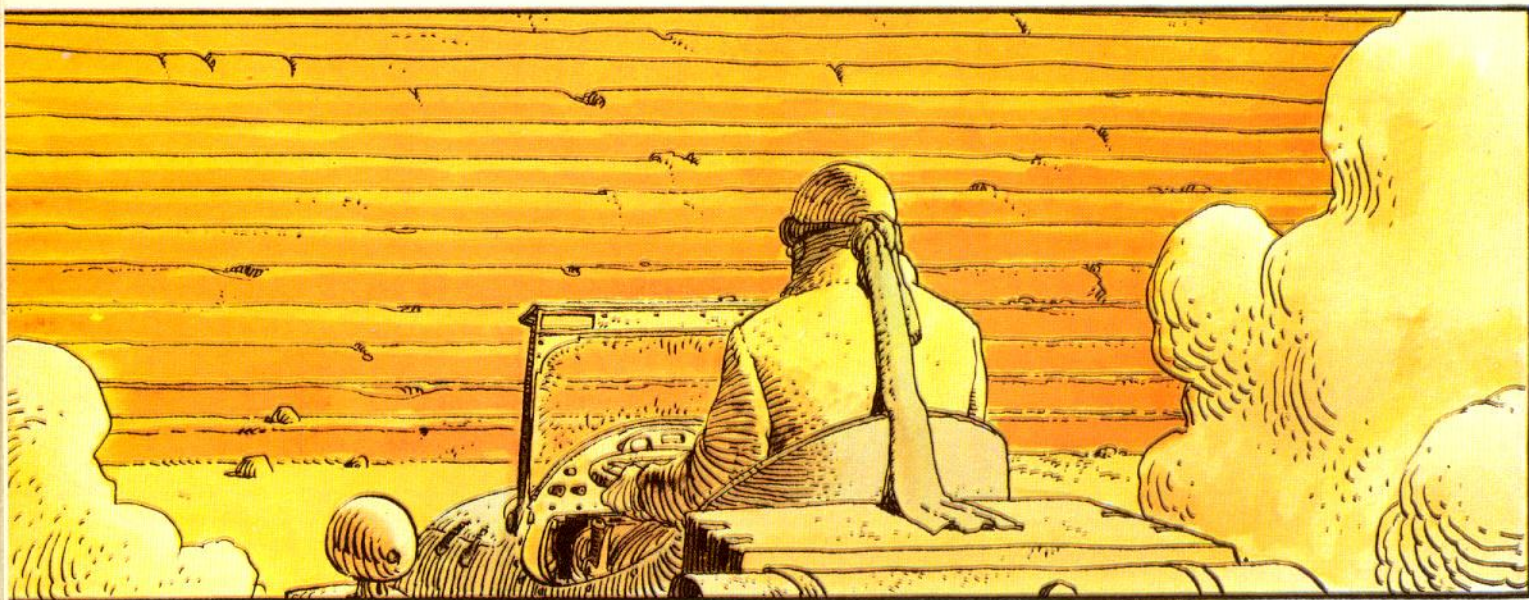
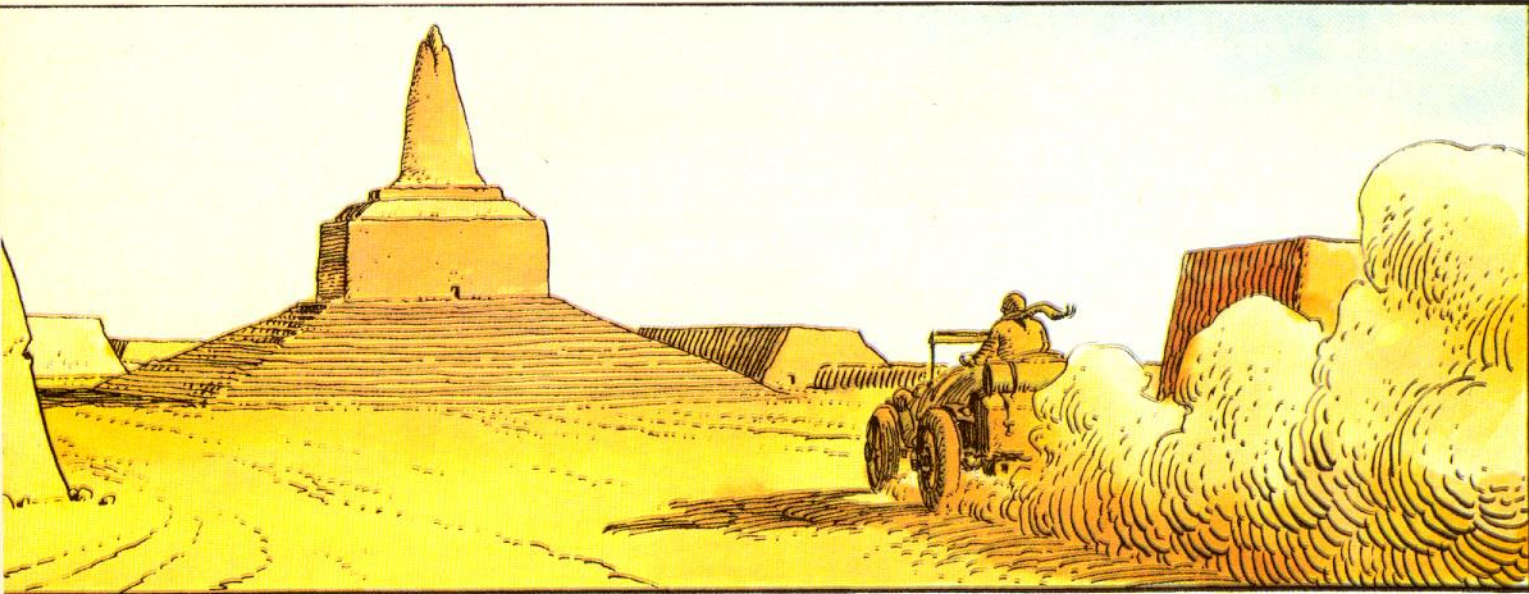
To be continued...

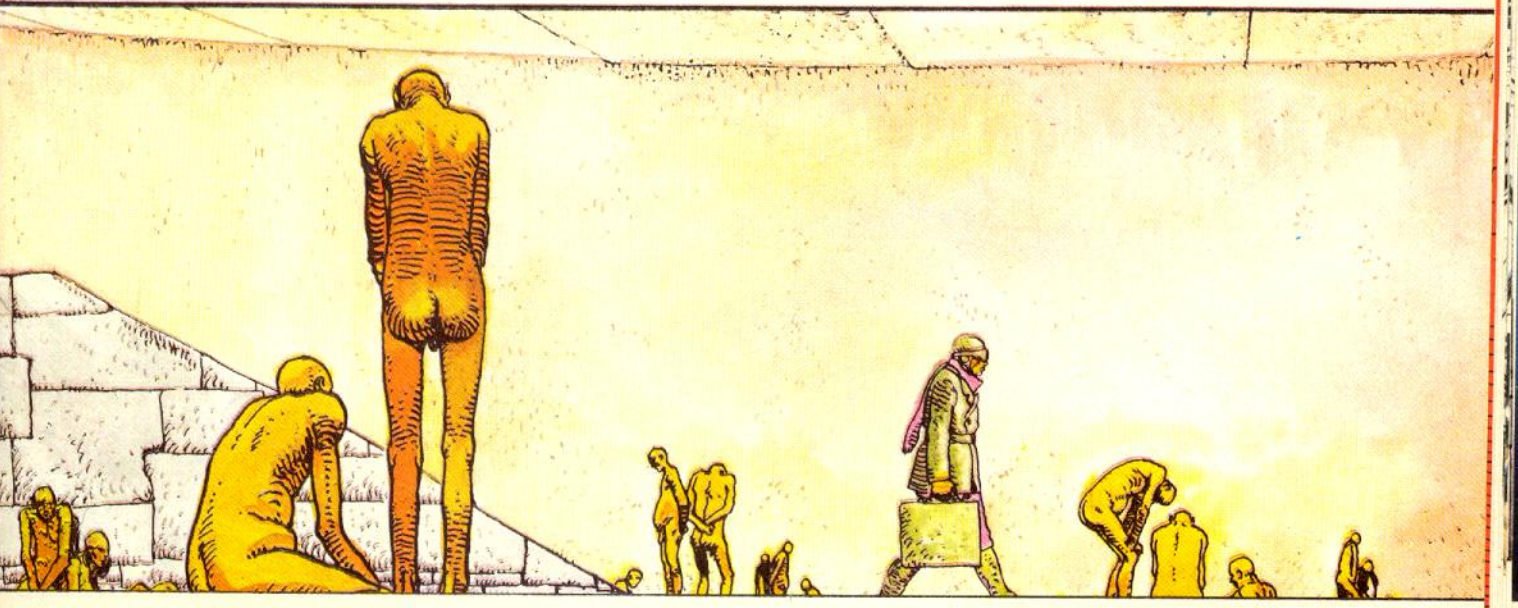
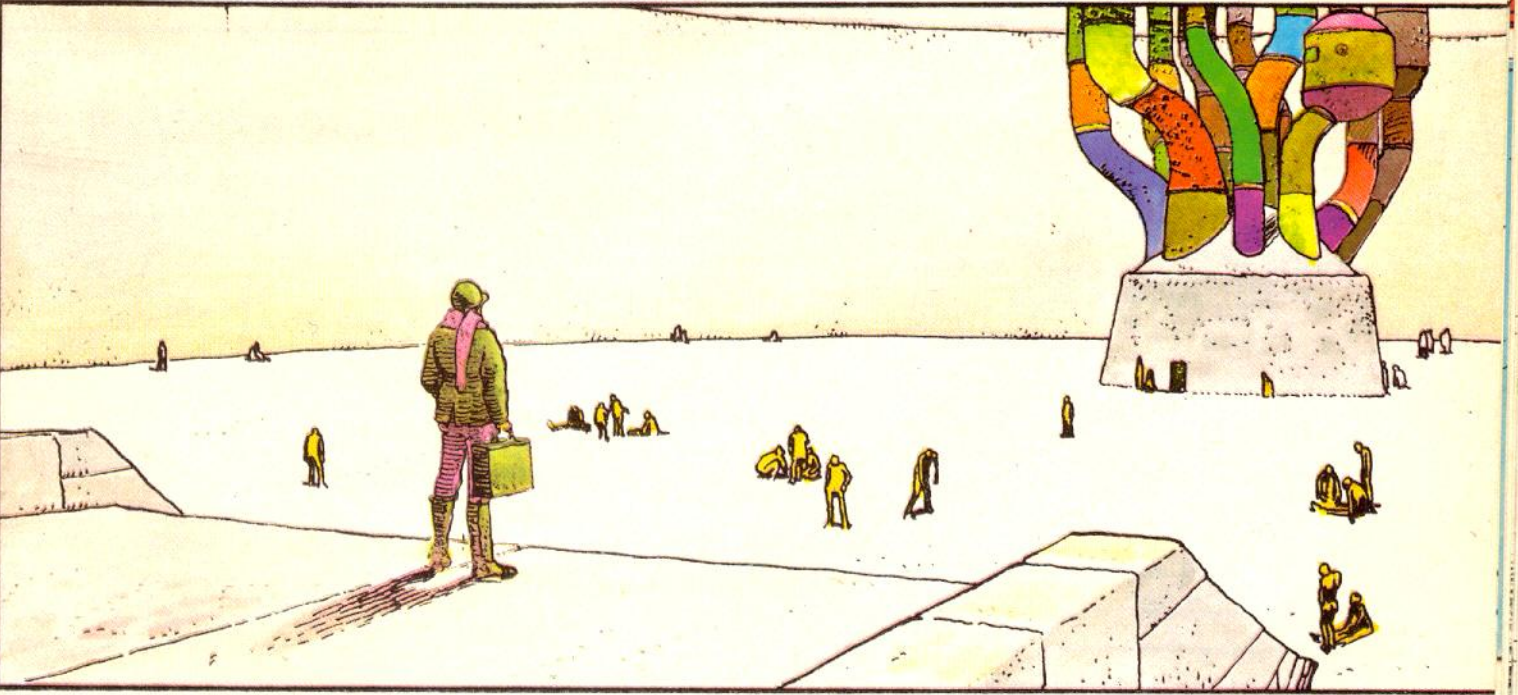
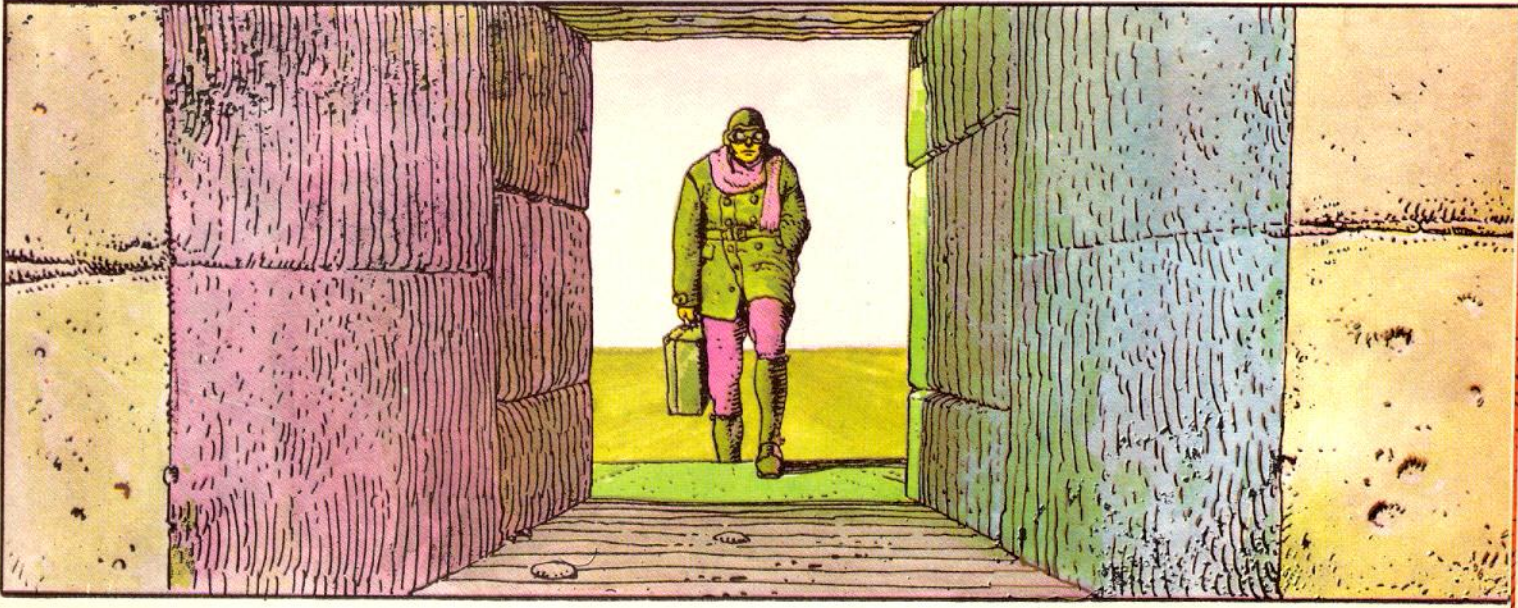


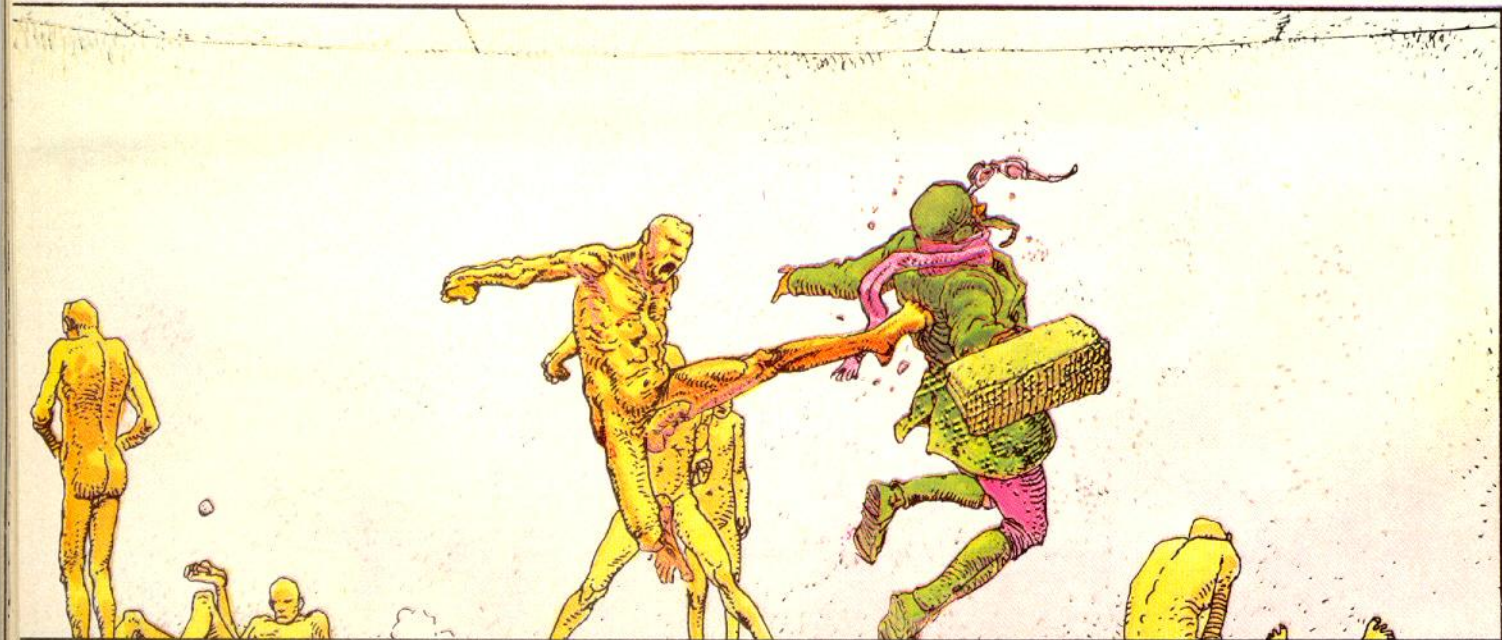


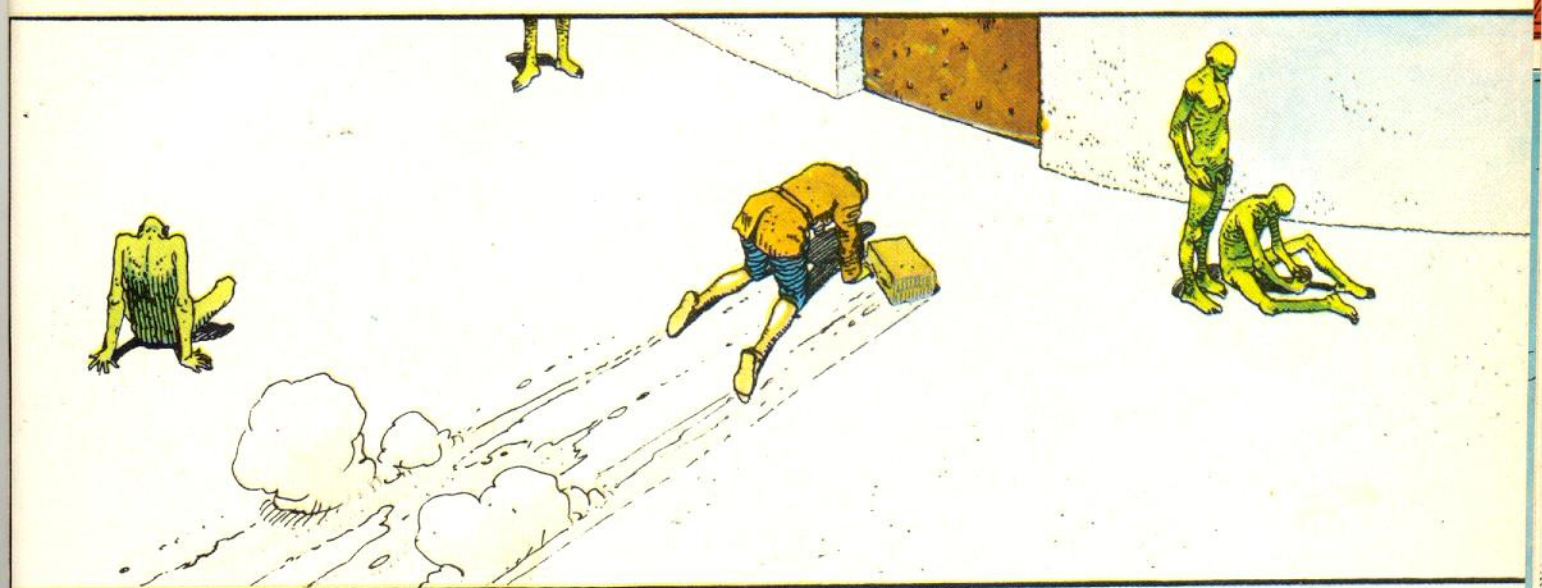
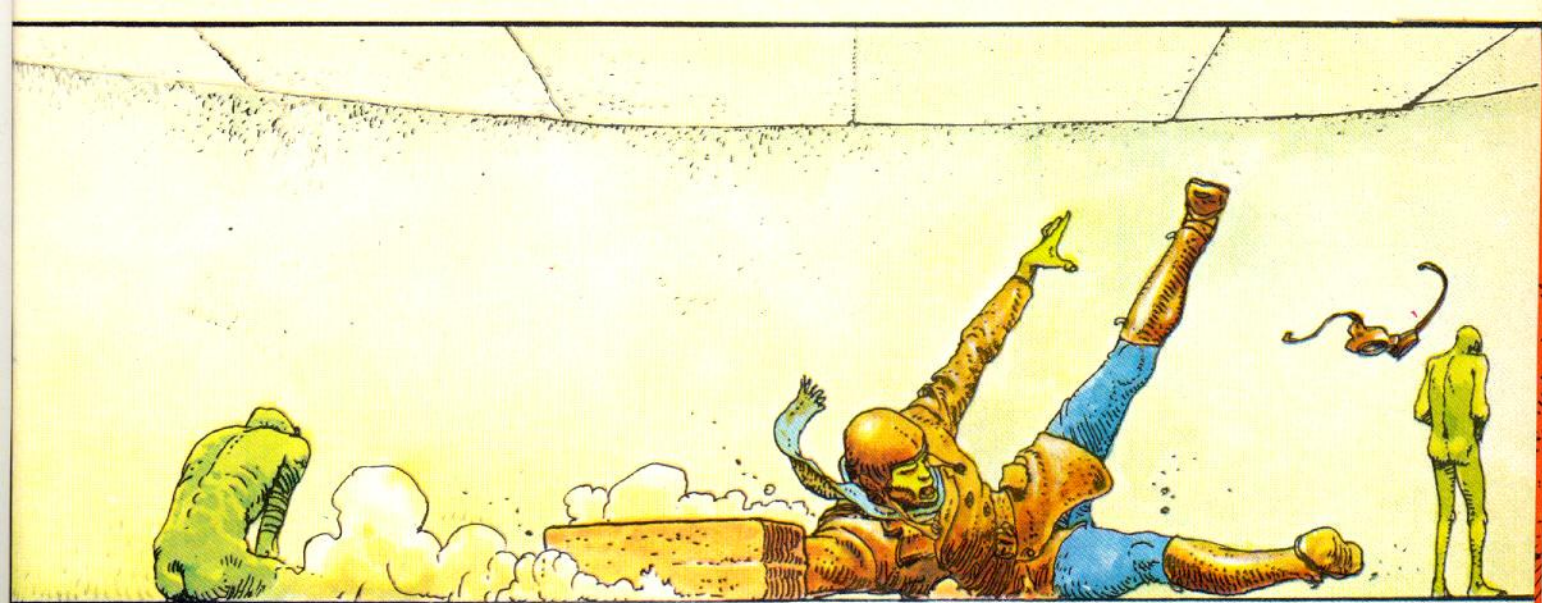


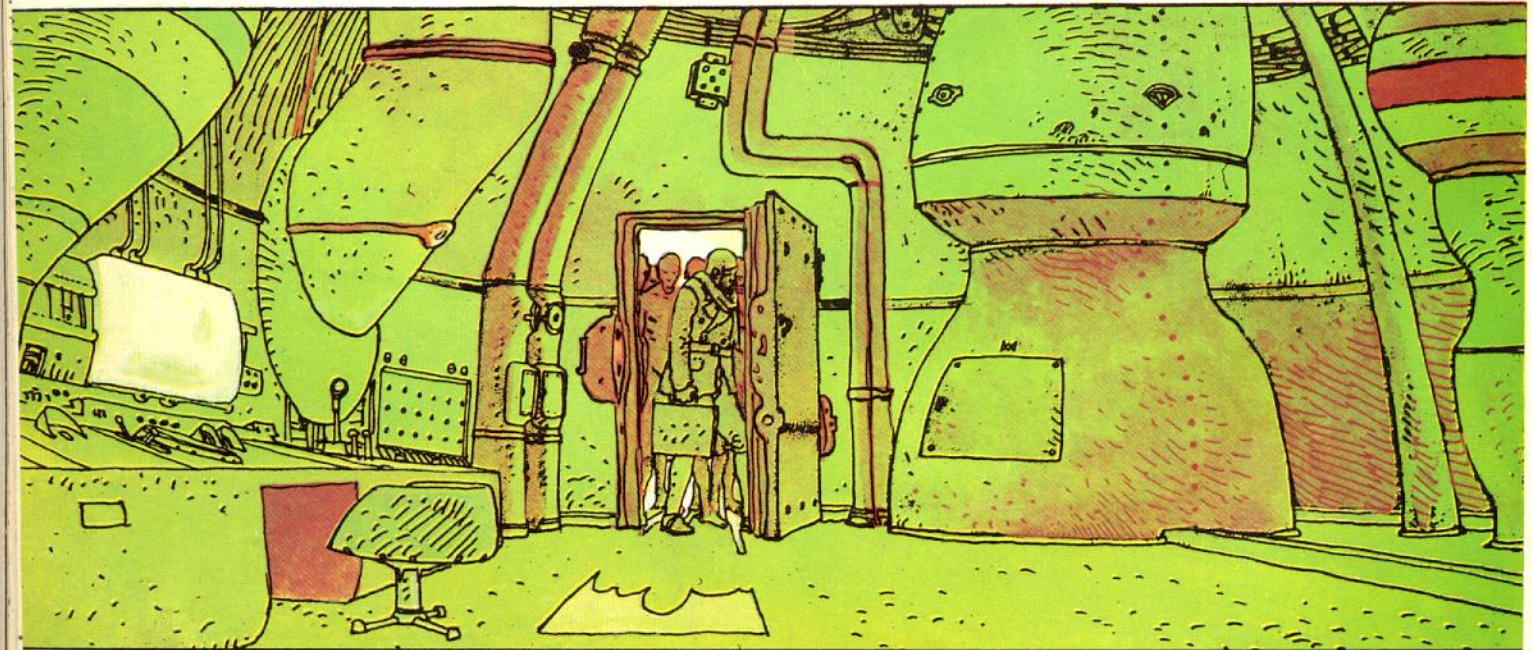
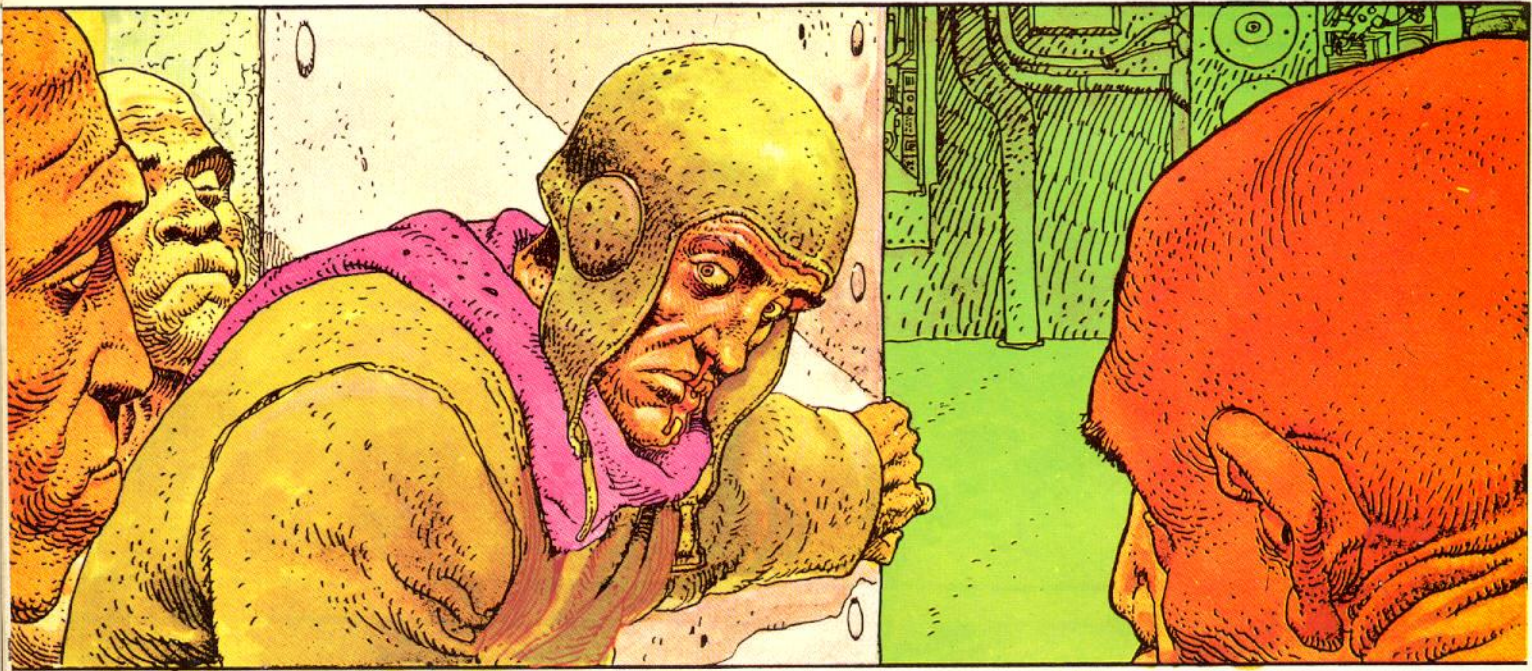
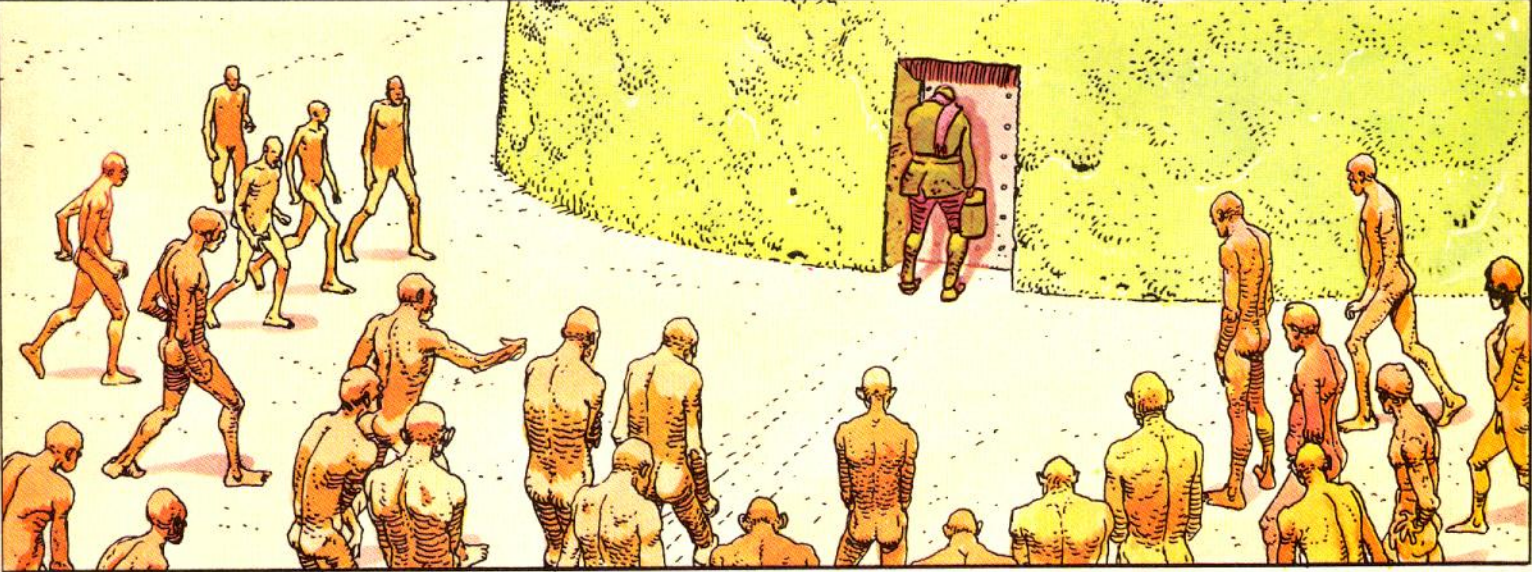


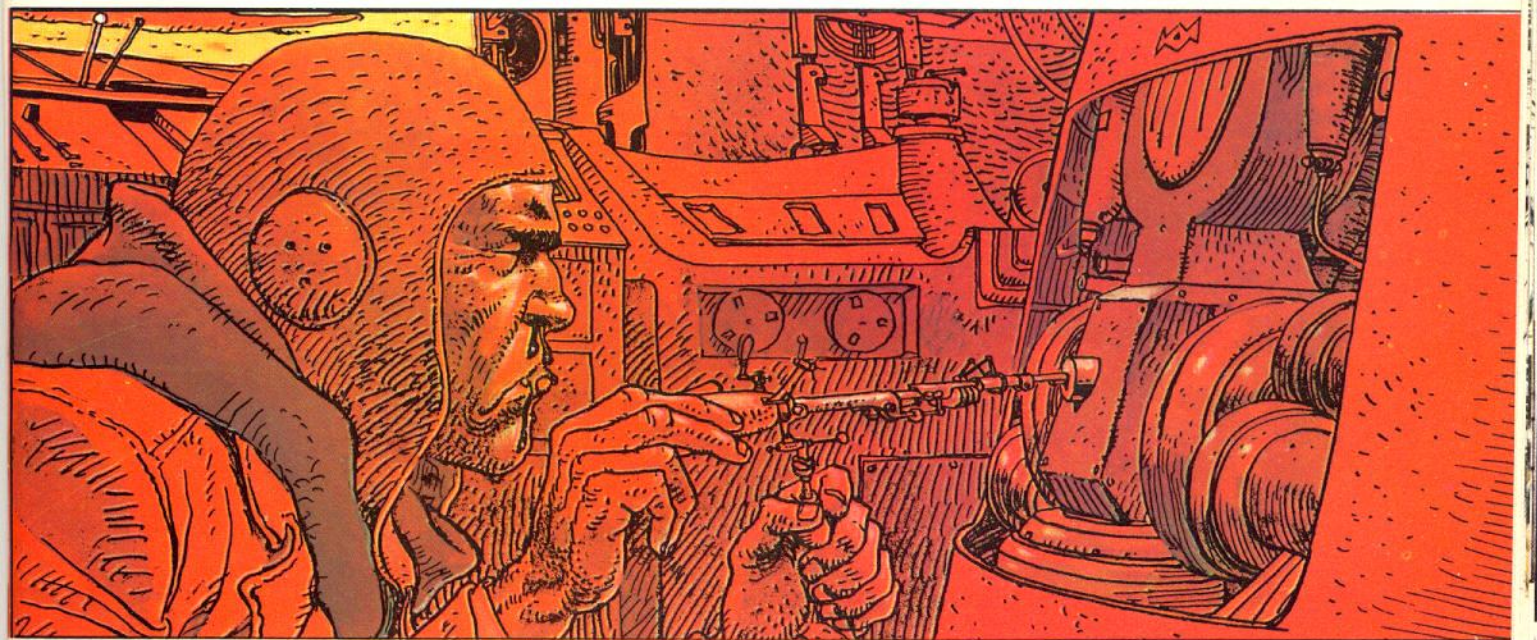
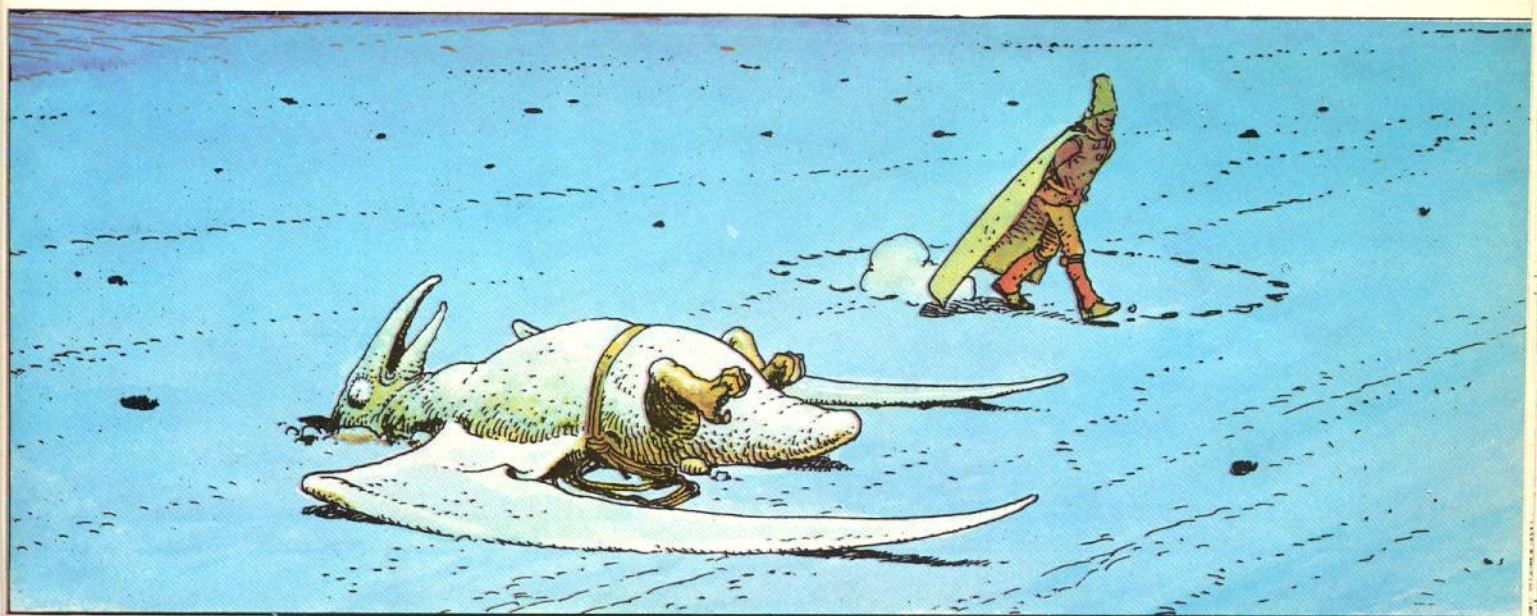
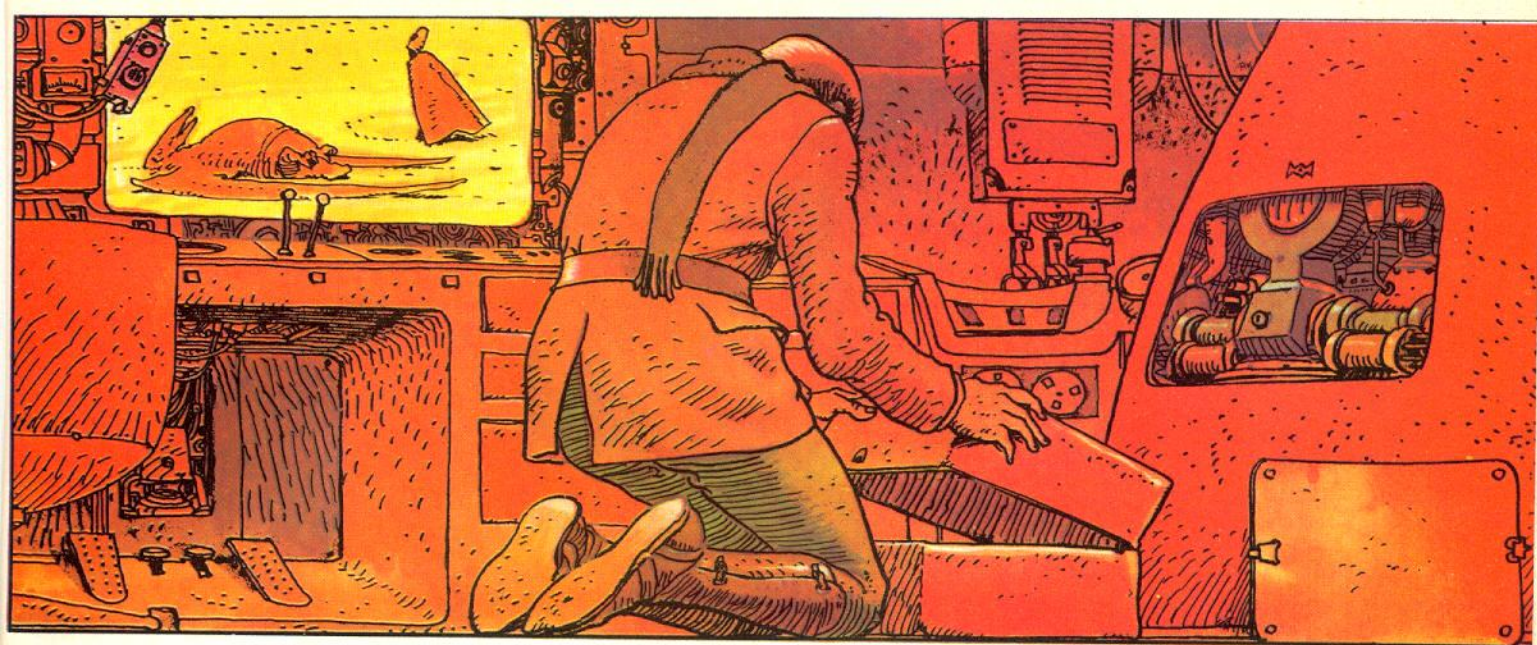


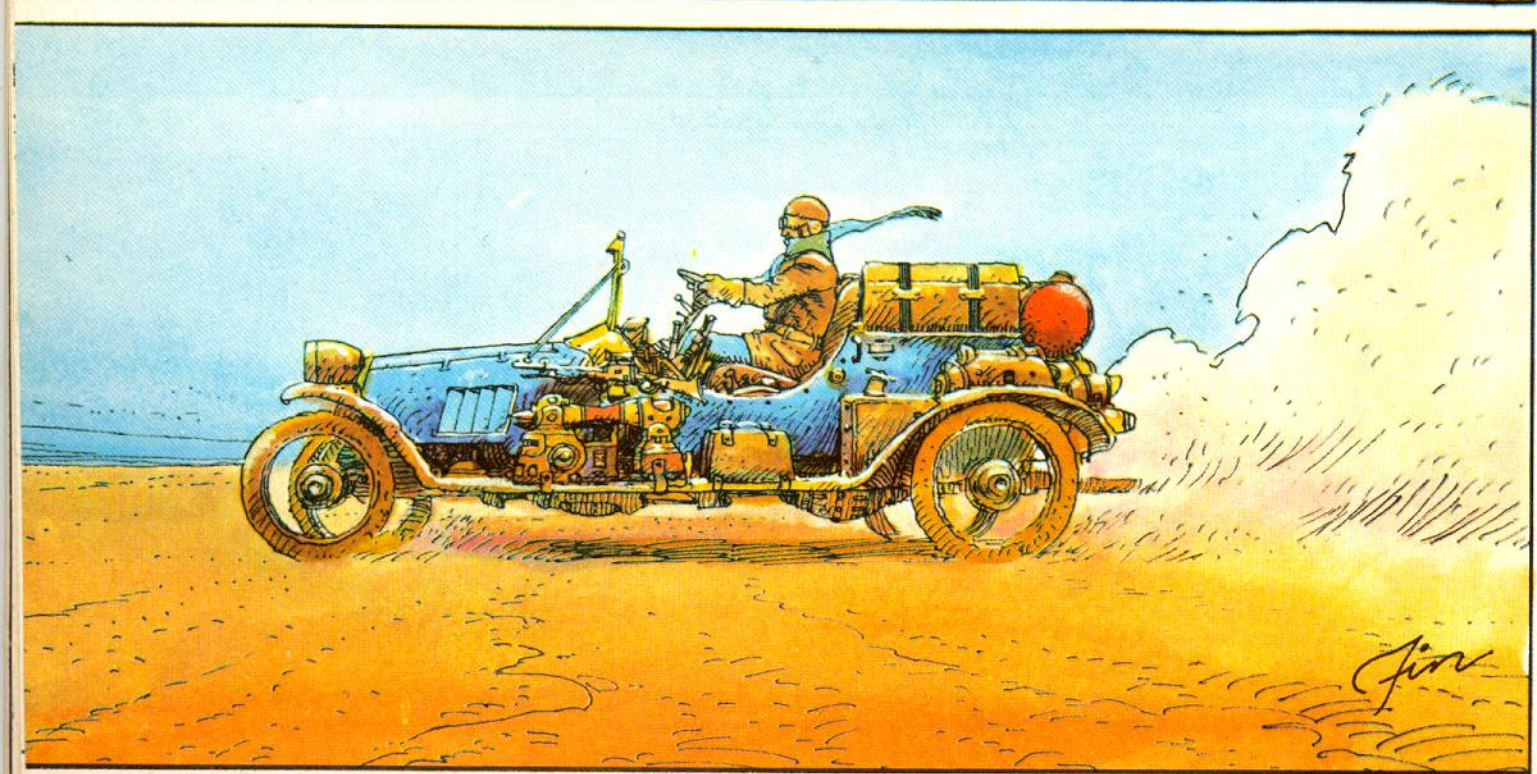
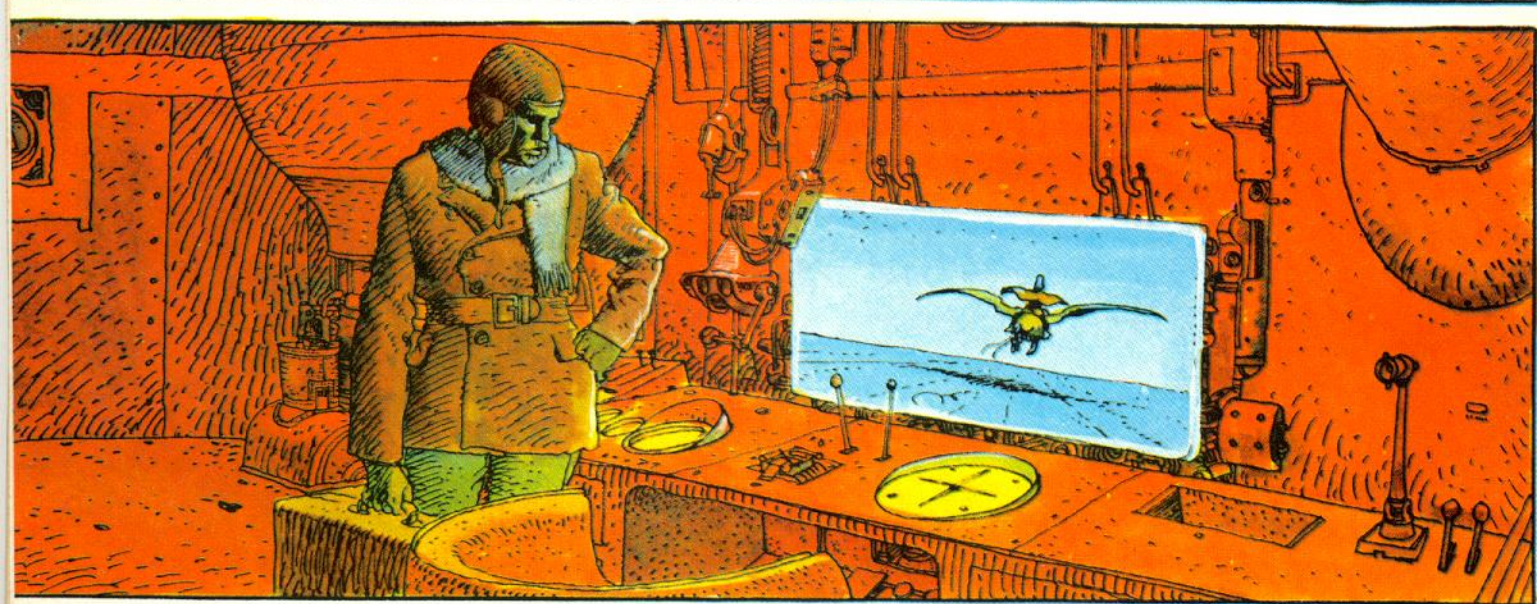












Vengeance



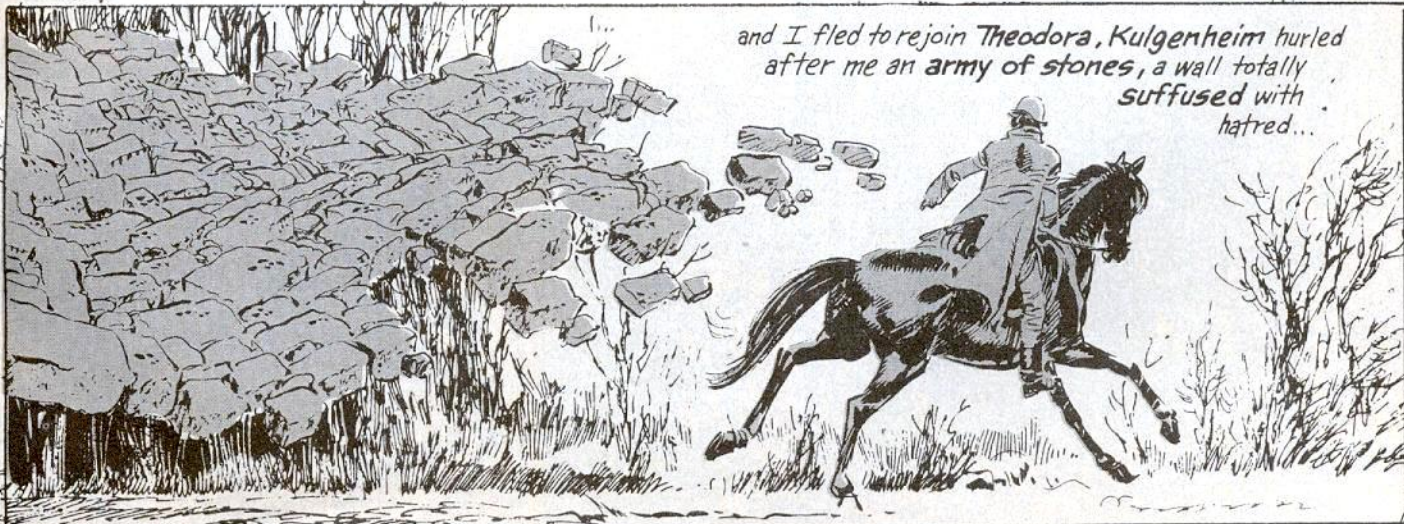
At last, we meet again, *thou damned wall*, who of yore pursued me with *hatred*. Do you remember me? Do your very *stones* have any memory?

For *I*, I remember...



I remember the day when *Kulgenheim*, my master in the black arts, discovered us intimately entwined, *Theodora* and me. He understood that day that I would leave him soon... but the crazed old man could *never* accept this, for he had taught me his terrible secrets. So, one night, when I could *steal* away from his evil presence...

and I fled to rejoin *Theodora*, *Kulgenheim* hurled after me an *army of stones*, a wall totally suffused with *hatred*...

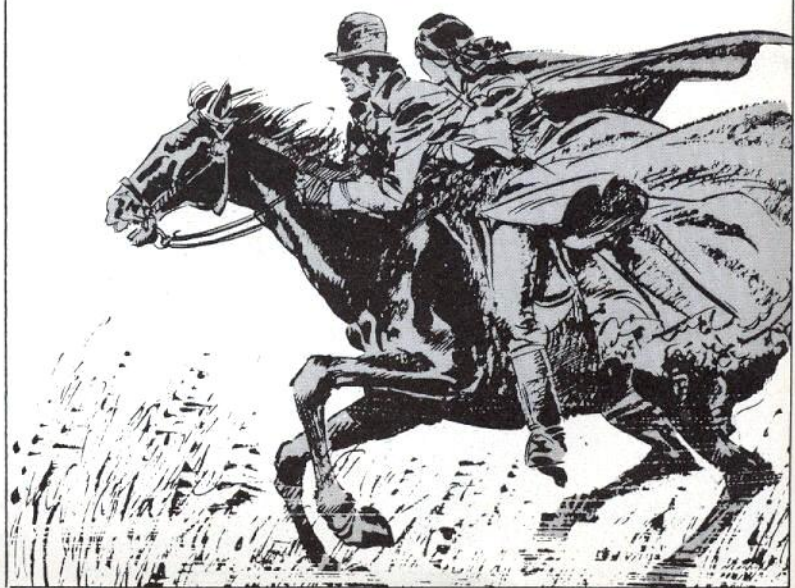


I spurred my horse to the gallop, and I believed I had escaped the wall's assault, as it had ceased to pursue me... but it was awaiting me in the forest.

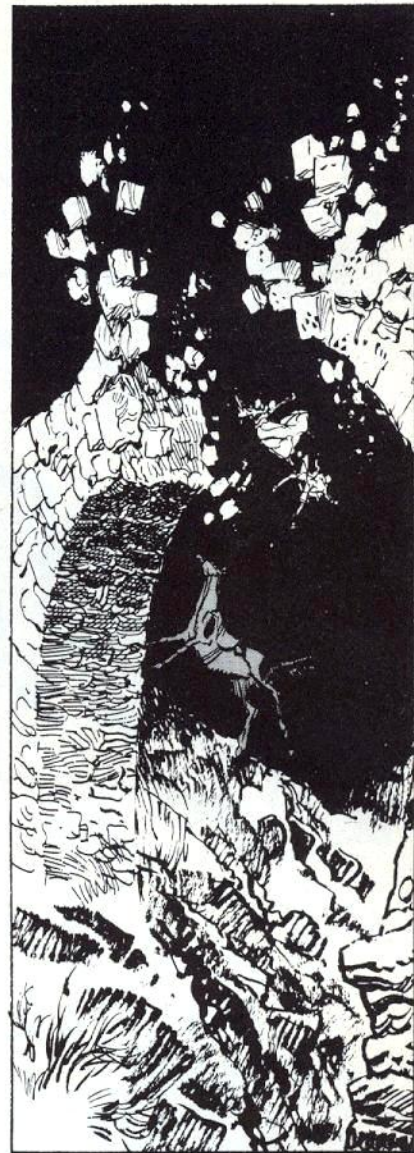
It was then I understood that those *hellish* stones could even assume the form of living things...



When, at last, I rejoined Theodora, I urged my horse onto a mad and desperate course...



Because I knew then that **death** lay in wait, hidden in every **stone** along our way.



I remained senseless for a long time, and when I recovered consciousness it was to discover the still body of my **Theodora**.



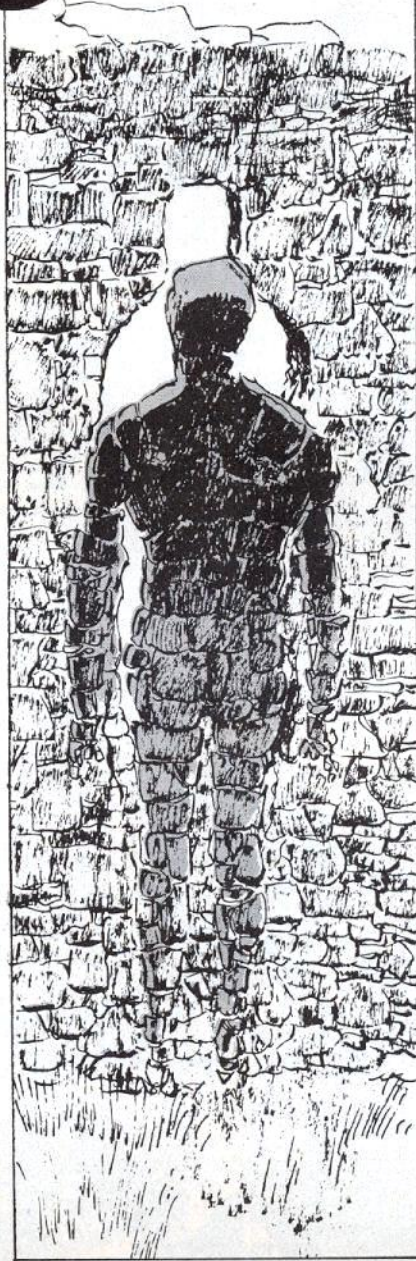
I did not know by what miracle I had escaped death, but I **knew** that the stones would **kill me**, too, one day... I decided to remain hidden, and during the long months that followed, I discovered in the **great forbidden books** that I had stolen from my master the way to **destroy** those damned stones...



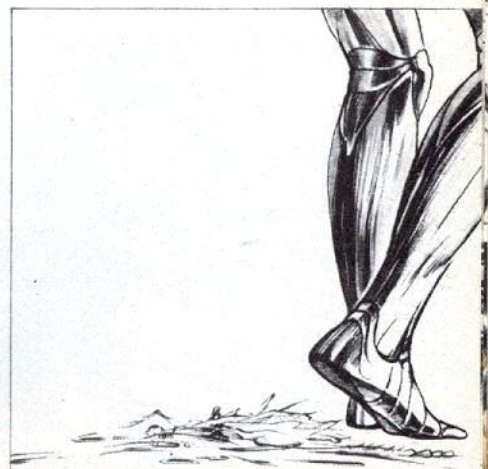
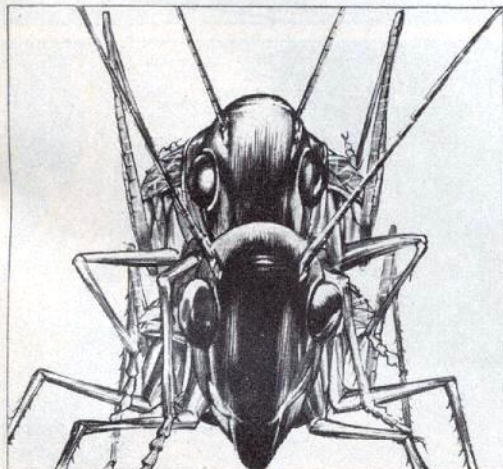
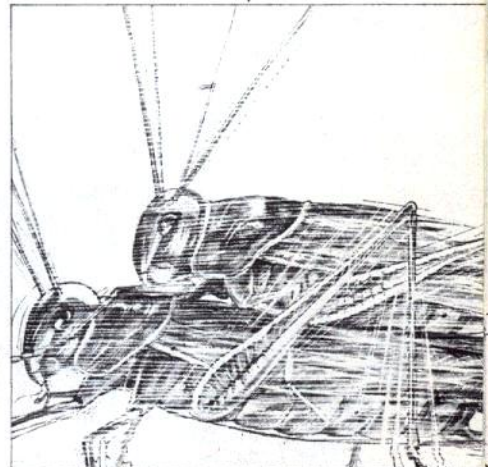
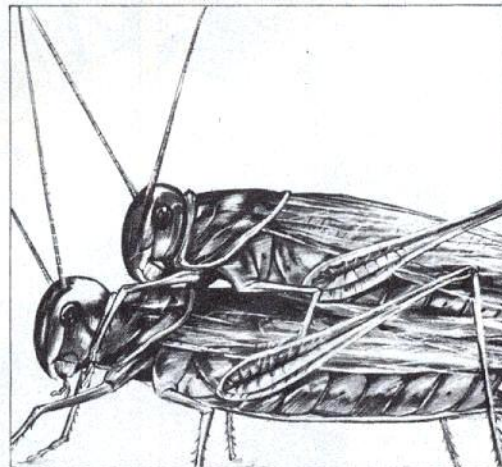
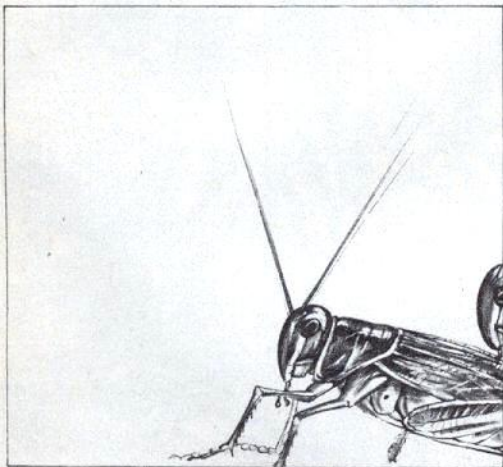
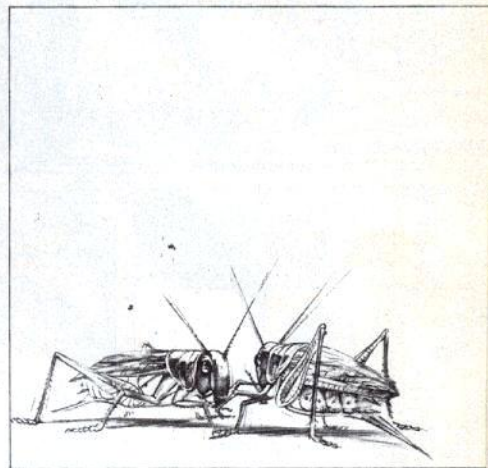
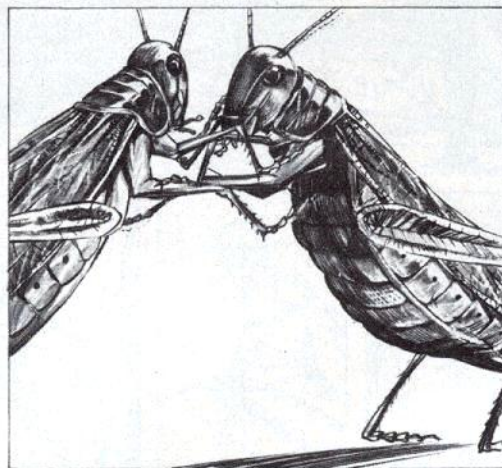
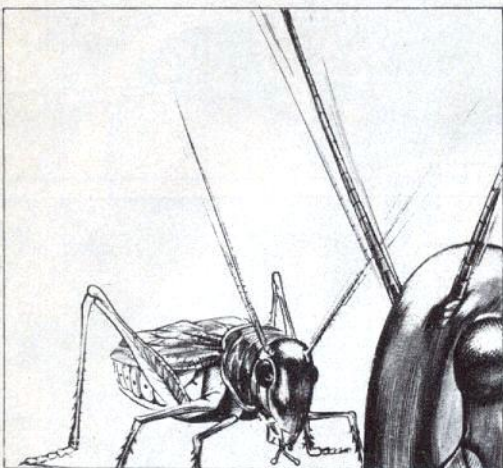
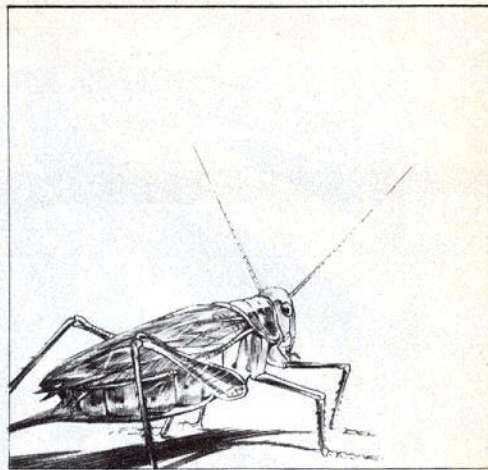
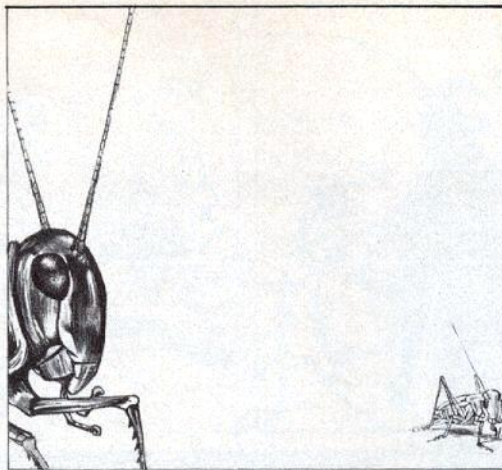
And today, *accursed wall*, the
bullet that is in this rifle will bring
death to you. I shall revenge
Theodora ! I shall live ! I
shall kill you !

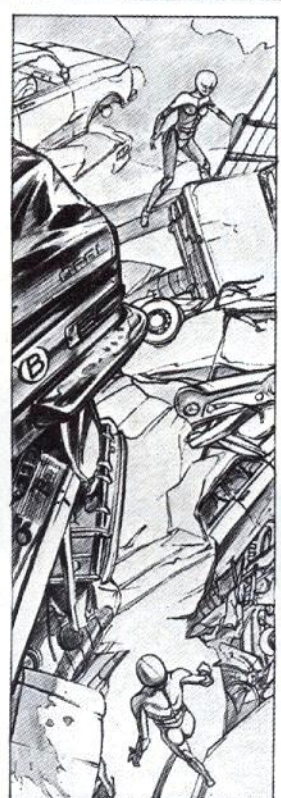


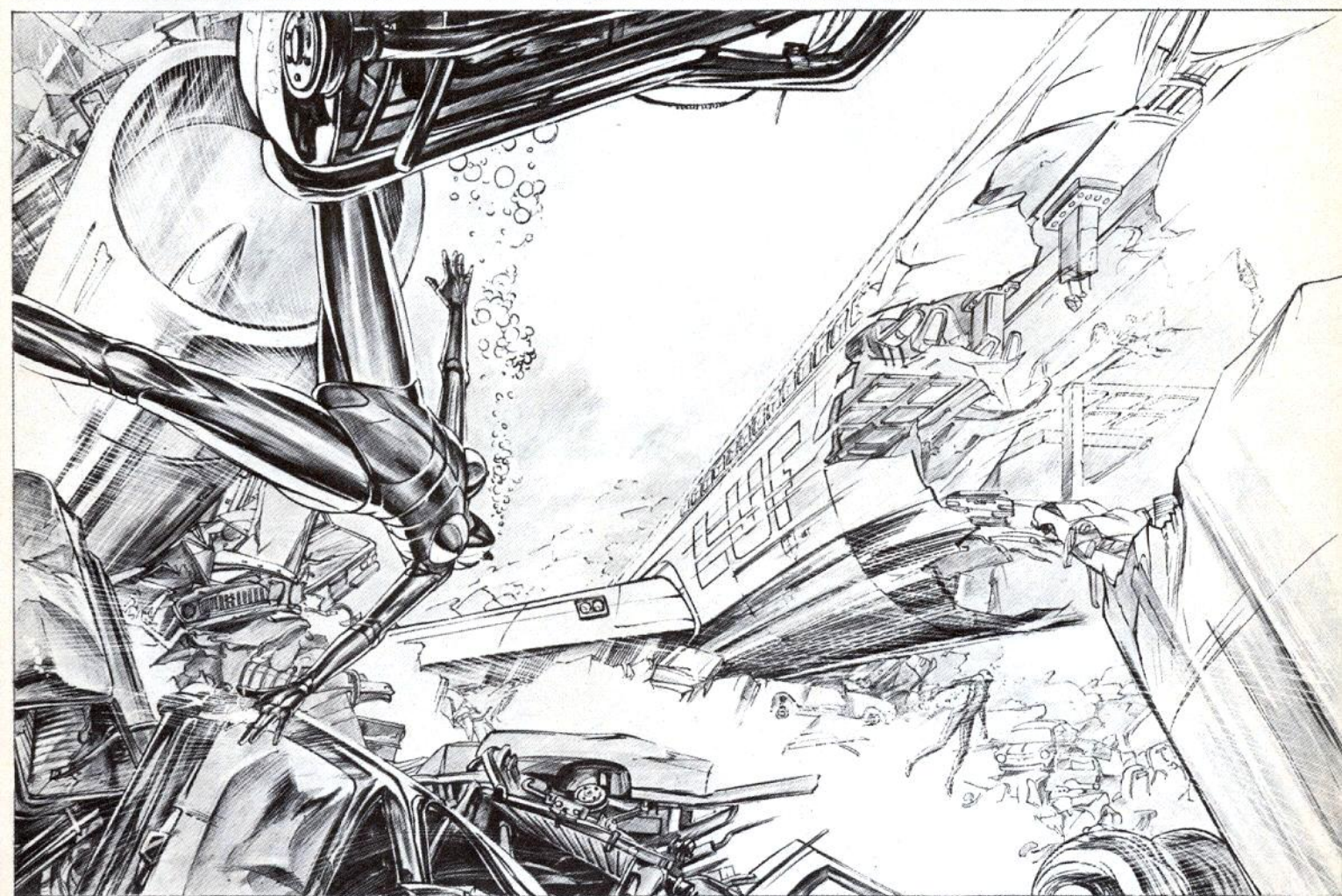
POW!

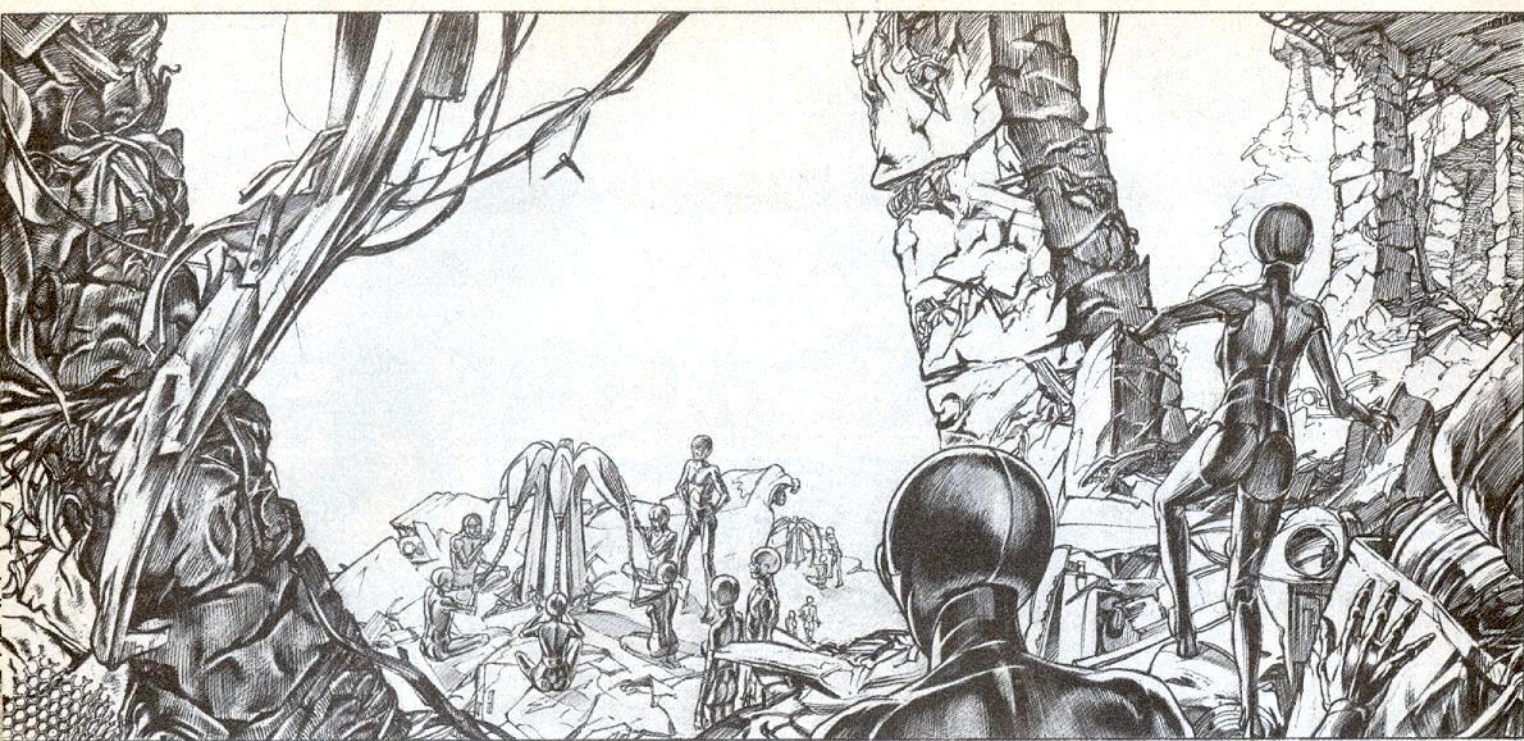


SHELLS











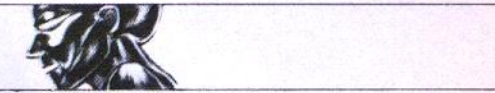
AAHH...THIS
DAMN MACHINE
TURNS *ME*
OFF!



WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE
THIS! I'M SURE IT'S
POSSIBLE TO DO IT THE
WAY PEOPLE USED TO...



NEVER! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS
I DO THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
IT'S FAR TOO DANGEROUS...



LOOK AT THE *TILOMETER*. IT'S
25 ARTOSE DEGREES BELOW ZERO,
85K. THIS ONLY HAPPENS ONCE
EVERY 25 REIGNS!



SURE, BUT THAT CAN CHANGE ANY TIME.
AND WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO
ABOUT THE INSECTS?



THEY'RE SLEEPING NOW...IT'S
WORTH TAKING THE CHANCE.



MAYBE. BUT IT'S DANGEROUS. REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED THAT OTHER TIME...



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? ARE YOU
CRAZY?





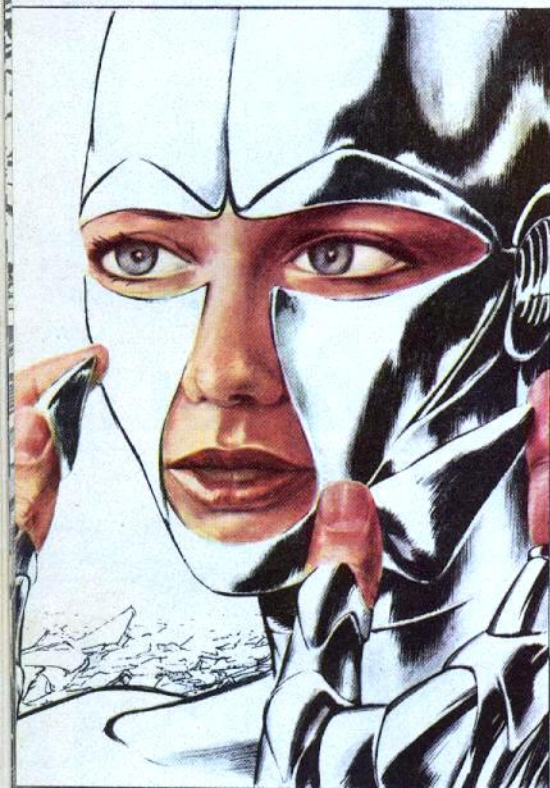
YOUR REAL EYES...YOUR MOUTH! IT'S DISGUSTING... BUT FASCINATING!



I WANT TO SEE YOUR EYES, NOW!



YOUR LIPS!



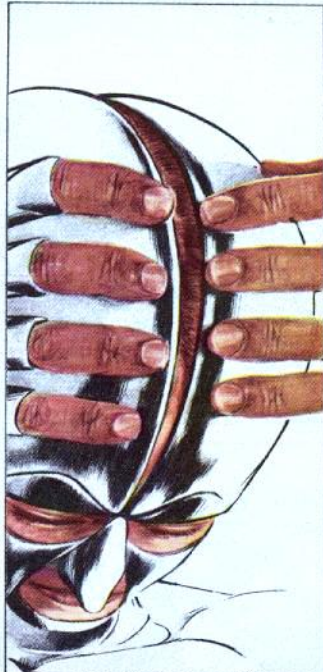
IT'S ALWAYS BEEN COVERED UP-- THAT'S WHY YOUR SKIN IS SO SOFT. AND I'M TOUCHING IT, FOR THE FIRST TIME!

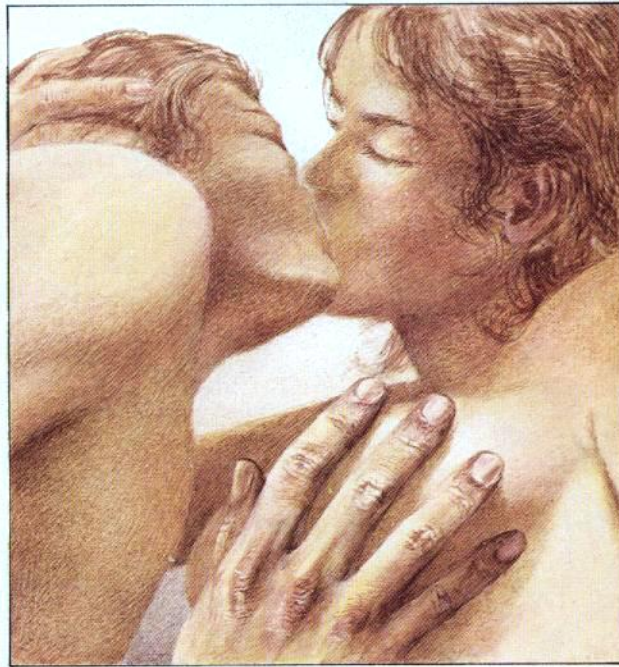
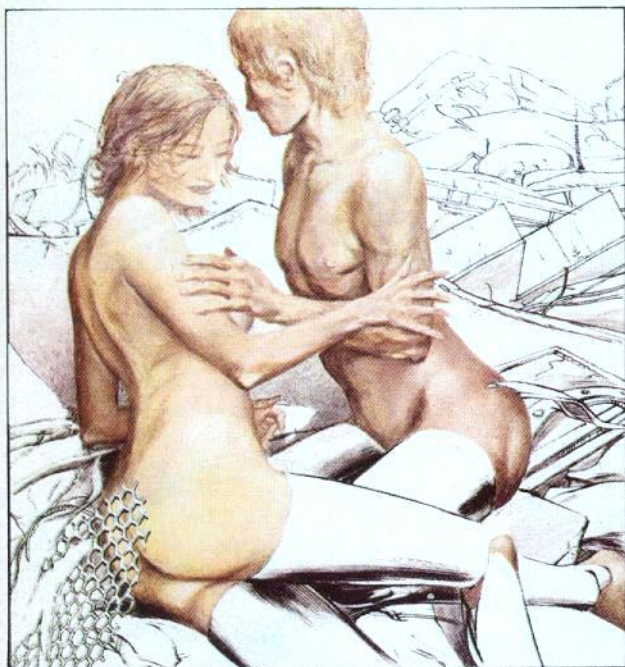


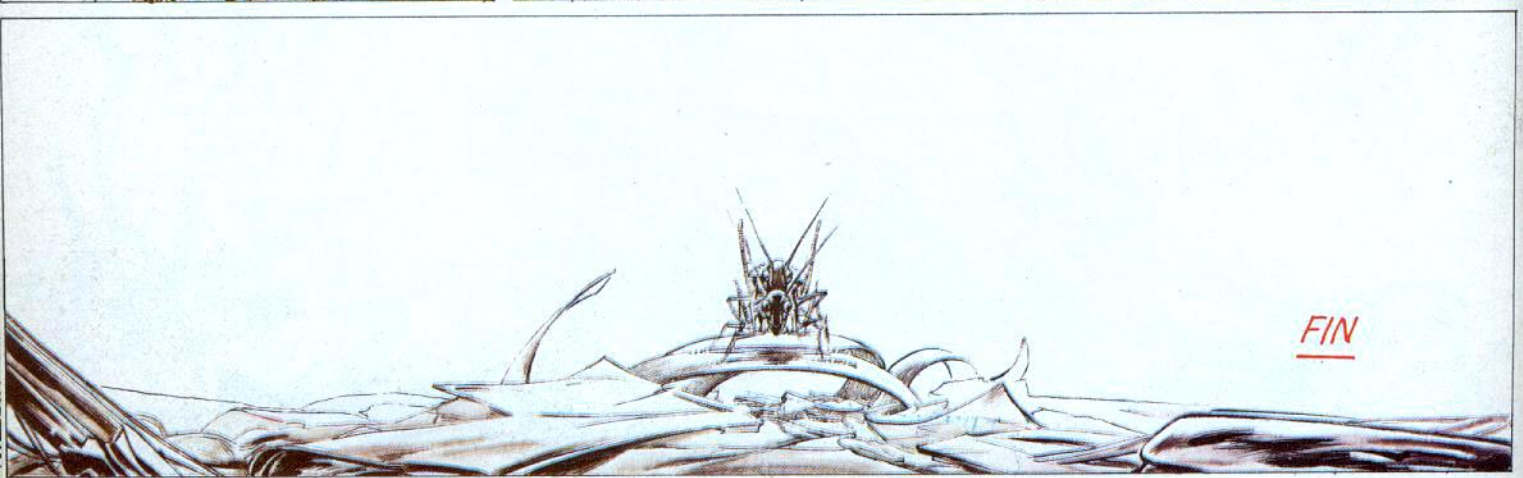
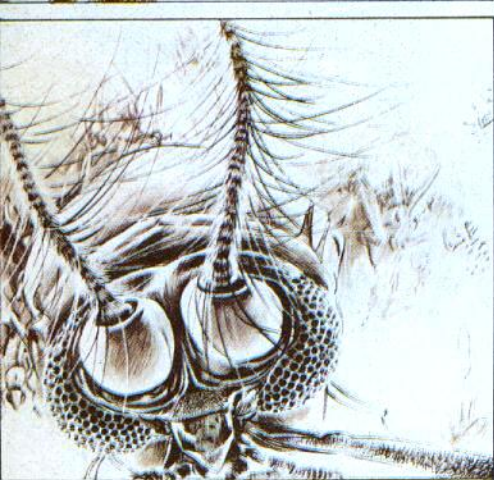
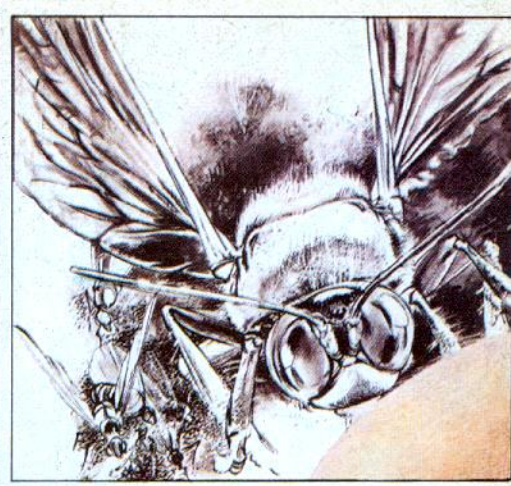
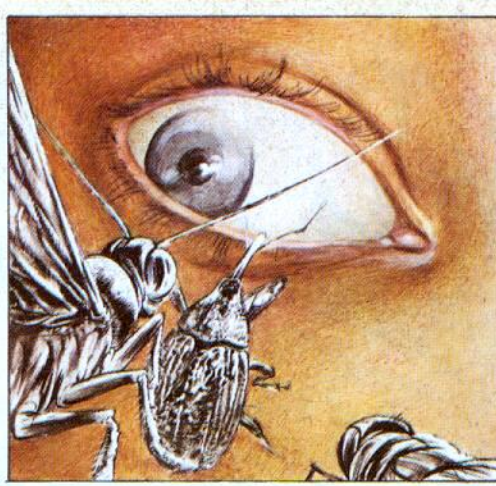
IT'S SO EXCITING, IT ALMOST MAKES ME SICK.



I WANT TO TOUCH YOU ALL OVER...







Robert E. Howard
Richard Corben
Vaughn Bodé
Moebius
Ed Davis
Macedo
Druillet

