

September 1977
\$1.50

HEAVY METAL™

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



Distributed by
HM Communications,
Inc.

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"THE GRAND ILLUSION"
THE NEW STYX ALBUM. REVEALED BEFORE YOUR VERY EARS.

Produced by STYX[®]

ON A&M RECORD & TAPES



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CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM* Publisher:

Thanks for responding to my request for *Heavy Metal* #1. This makes my collection complete (so far), and generates good feelings in me toward your fine magazine. *HM* gets better and better. Perhaps one day I might submit a piece of my own for consideration.

S. Garner
Elk, Ca.

Dear *S*: What's second prize, two pieces?—Eds.

Dear *HM*:

I read your magazine with great interest.... At times, the magazine was difficult to read. Some boxes did not flow, i.e., pertaining to action. Some artwork could be more intricate. The boxes could be smaller to allow more action...

S. Gredler
Boston, Mass.

You got us there, *S*.—Eds.

Dear *Hevvy Medel* peepul:

Ids sumtymz hard do unnerzdand the pannelz of "1996." Thay ar offen confyoozing and irrelivant. Wen and how iz id going do maig senz? And hoo the ell iz dat "Ringa," anywaiz? Wun uv the Beetelz, I preezoom?

A Confyoozed Reeder
Northwest Quadrant
Tacoma

Grade, juz grade!—Eds.

Dear *HM* editors:

What's the story with this Metaxa? Is that for real, or some kind of *Heavy Metal* art? The ad looks like one of your stories. Are you for real? Is it? Or what?

D. Ryan
Montreal, Canada
Yes, *D.*, there is a Metaxa—drink, ad, and poster. But *Heavy Metal* is not for real. Are you?—Eds.

Not every man can handle Metaxa.®

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things.

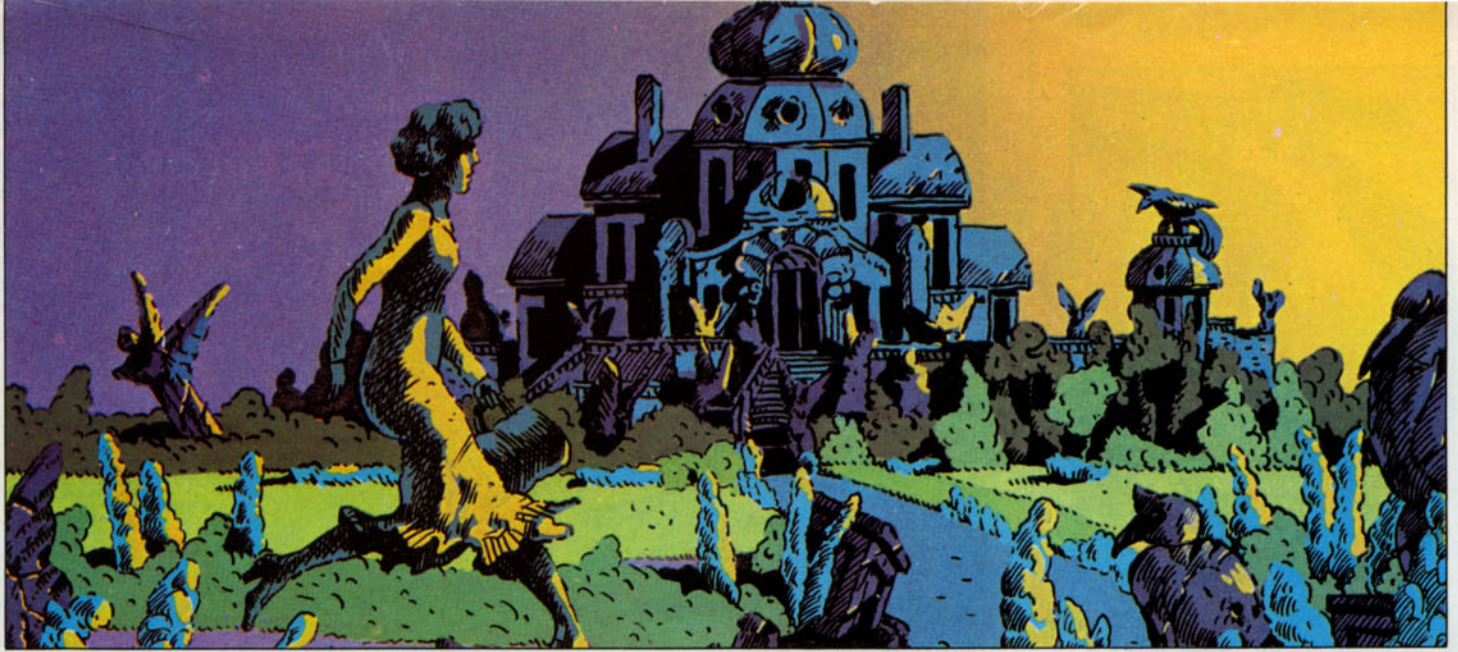
The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.



The 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur.
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Get giant 35" x 22" full-color poster of "Metaxa Fistful"! Send \$2 to Box 929-MX-HM, N.Y.C. 10005.



Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 6 September 1977

CONTENTS

... Also ... , 4

The Last Vodka on Smirnov, by **Lesueur and Alain**, 5

Den, by **Corben**, 9

1996, by **Montellier**, 18

Major Fatal, by **Moebius**, 19

Teonanacatl Genese, by **Cortman**, 34

Is There a Demon Lover in the House?, by **Roger Zelazny**, 42

Night Grass, by **Claveloux and Zha**, 46

AAARRRZZZ, by **Druillet**, 54

World Apart, by **Davis**, 57

Polonius, by **Picaret and Tardi**, 66

It's a Small Universe, by **Moebius**, 75

Orcyb, by **Macedo**, 83

Front cover, by **Druillet** Back cover, by **Moebius**

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...ALSO...

Disregard vicious libels *Heavy Metal* advance PR for *Star Wars*. Investigate possibility *Star Wars* advance PR for *Heavy Metal*. Inside *HM* #6 (Sept.) is something called "Orcyb," Chapter 3 of book *Psychorock*, to be published this month by *HM*. Dreamed up & limned by one Macedo, subject of fanatic following in Europe, where it is assumed he is telling the truth about some extradimensional future place, Alpha Centauri maybe, or Detroit. Possibilities reduce to pair: either Macedo knows something, or he doesn't. Read story, get hold of book, report back to our orbiting tea tray ASAP.

Readers finding deep interpersonal significance in latest Moebius yarn, "Major Fatal," urged to communicate with each other via ESP or traditional tin cans on string. Moebius *Arzak* book also to be issued by *HM*. Poss. conspiracy? Connection with legislative fillibusters, incidence of double-yolked eggs in Midwest, Dutch rape scandal, Seaver trade?

& what happened to Akbar & Insp. Fuzz? MIA without trace. Cryptic note left: "Gone back to collage." Look into this. Efforts to repeal second law of thermodynamics highly suspect. Who behind? Why? Etc.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$18.00 paid annual subscription, \$26.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 for foreign. Application for mailing second-class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: Douglas N. Roeder, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 688-4070. Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. West Coast: Lowell Fox Associates, 16033 Ventura Blvd., Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. Southern Offices: H. V. Brown Associates, 1995 Glenridge Dr. N.E., Building 2—Suite 116, Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.



Collector's Items

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. (\$3.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet; Virso, the cosmic maiden; Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival; while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. (\$2.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard; with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. (\$2.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, *The Long Tomorrow*; with the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. (\$2.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, *The Long Tomorrow* concludes, *World Apart* and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. (\$2.00)

HEAVY METAL

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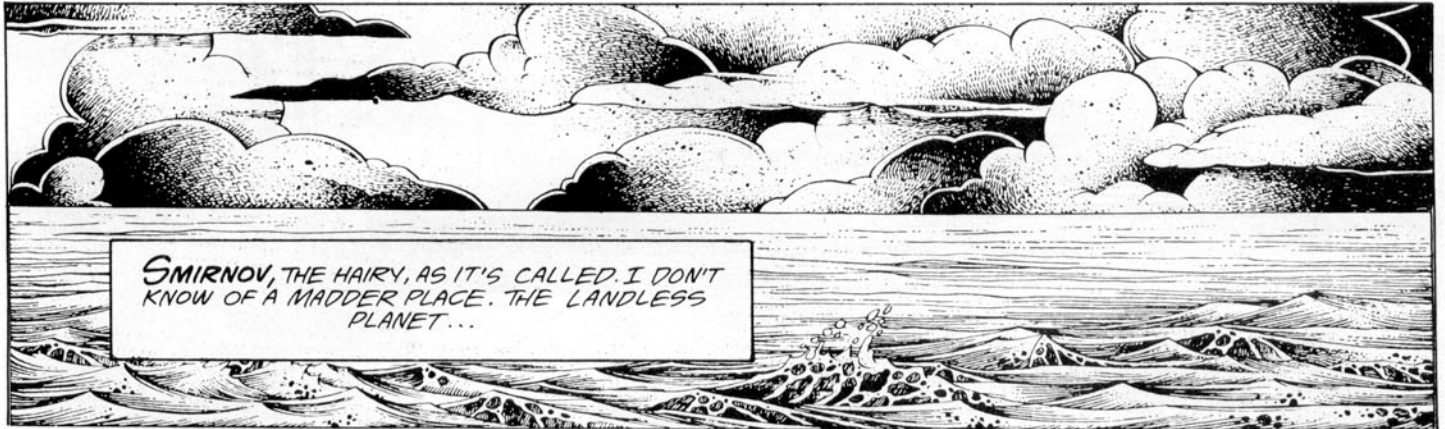
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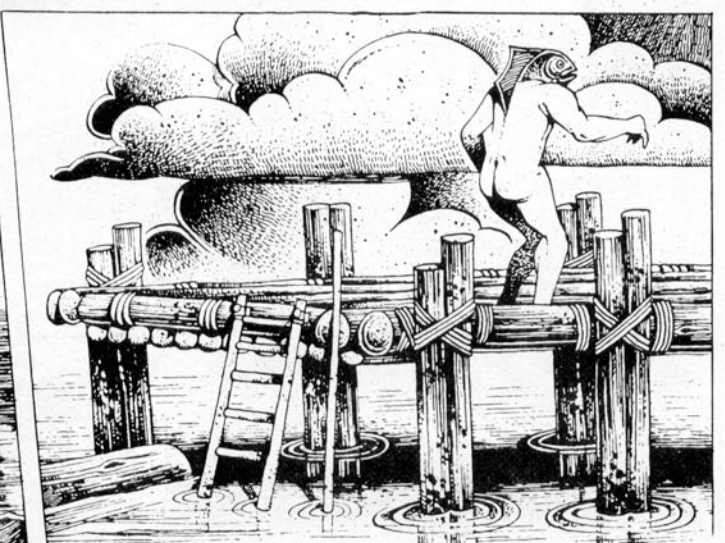
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The Last Vodka on Smirnov

Lesueur/Script by "Brother" Alain



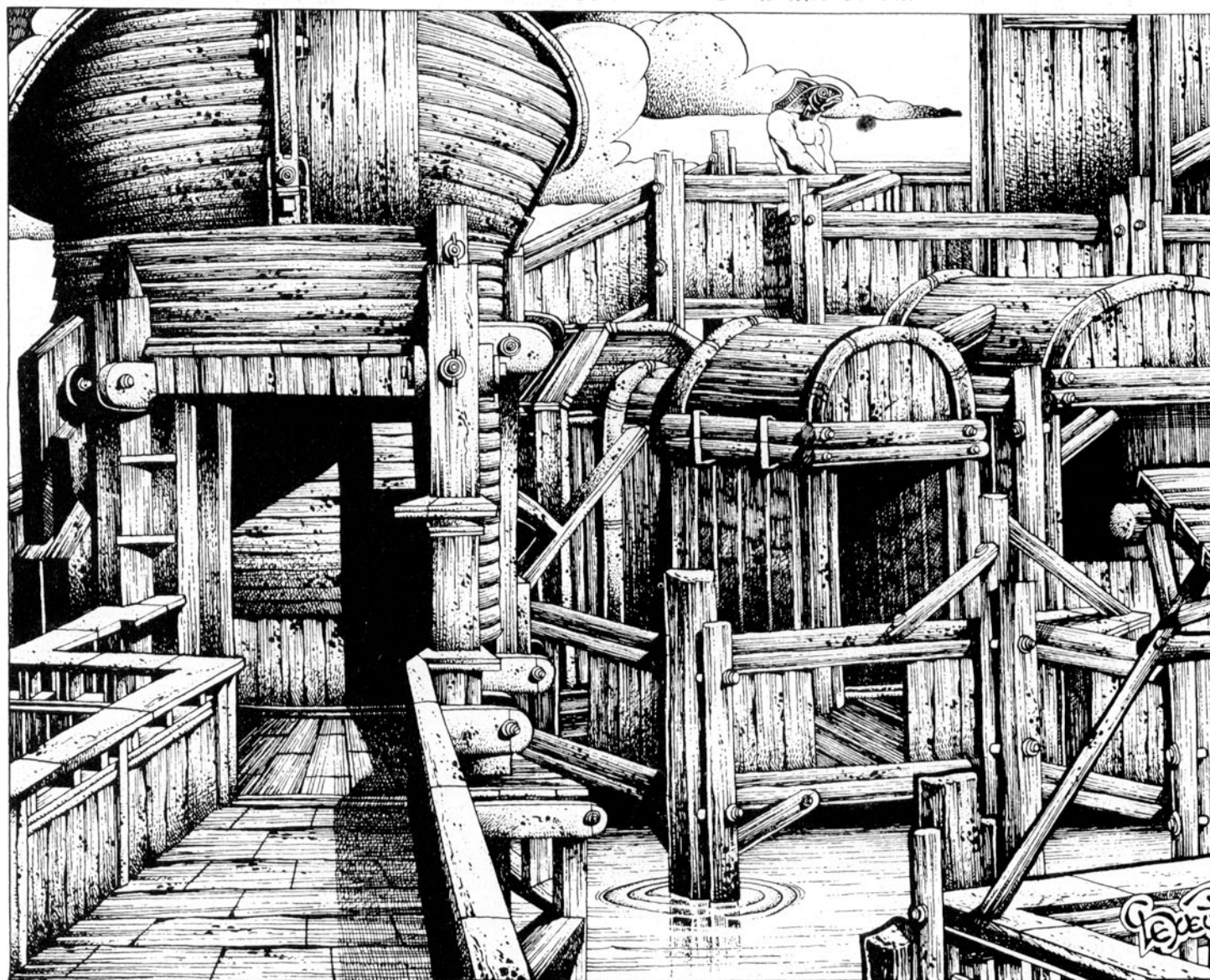
AND ON SMIRNOV WAS THE LAST VODKA, POOR REMNANT OF A ONCE PROSPEROUS RACE.



THE VODKAS HAD FOUNDED **SMIRNOV I**, A WORM-EATEN BUT PROUD CITY...

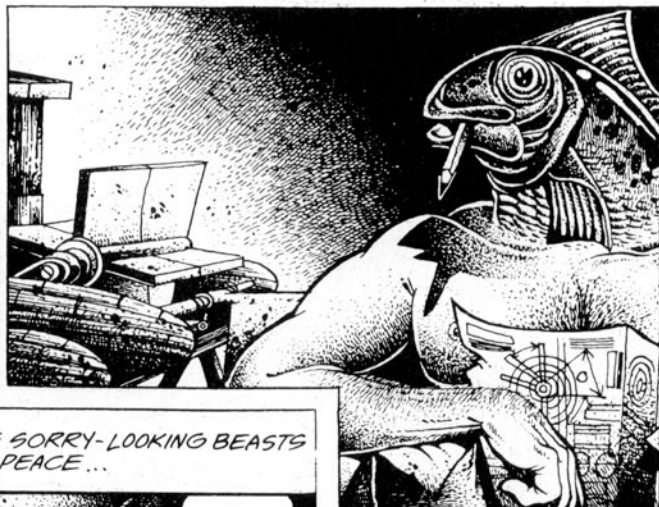


WHY HAD THEY NEVER ABANDONED IT? THAT'S THE MYSTERY...



AND OUR **GENIUS**, FOR THAT HE IS, AS SHALL SOON BE PROVEN TO US, DEVOTED HIMSELF COMPLETELY TO HIS **TASK**.

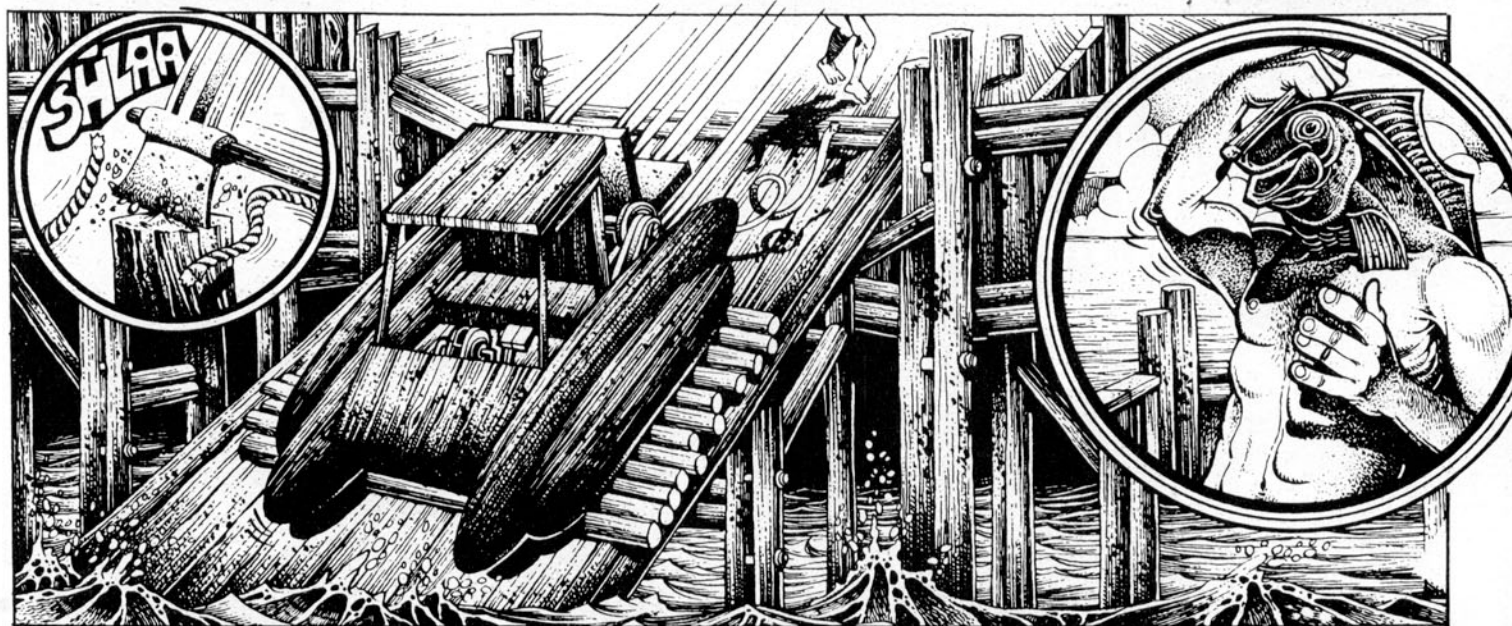
WHICH WAS MORE THAN A TASK: AN **OBSESSION**, WHICH POSSESSED HIM BODY AND SOUL.



AND FOR A TIME, THE SORRY-LOOKING BEASTS LEFT HIM IN PEACE...



UNTIL ONE DAY:





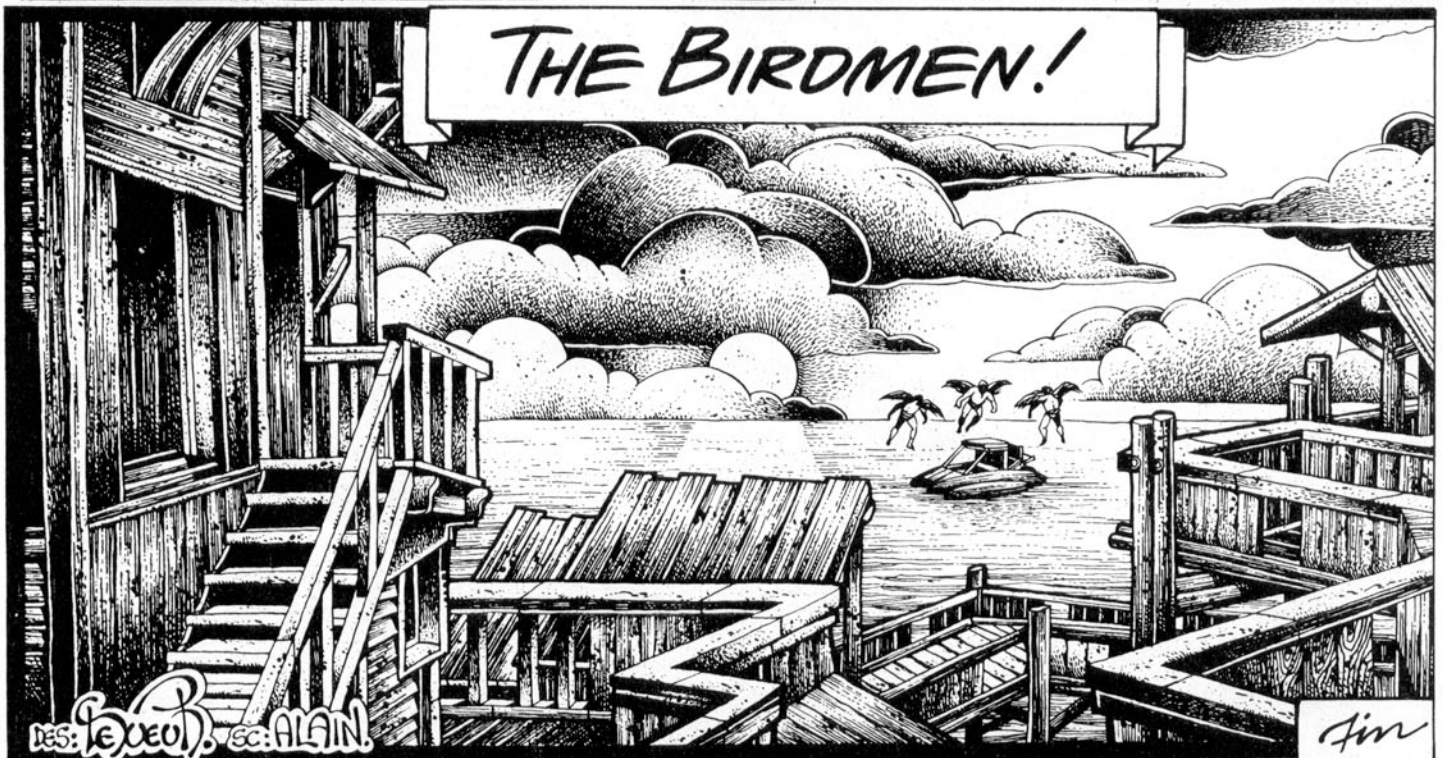
TOO LATE! WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE COME UP WITH HIS INVENTION SOONER? WHEN I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, IT MADE ME SICK!!



AND THAT WAS THAT. A PAGE WAS TURNED. ONE SPECIES WAS EXTINCT. A FITTER BREED TRIUMPHED:



THE BIRDMEN!



DES: LEXEON. SC: ALAIN

fin

DEN

© RICHARD Y. CARPENT 1976



So you are the famous Den of Earth. If you are really as fierce as they say, you will serve me well.

What? Now wait a minute, Ard. You presume too much.



First, a test! Guards, CASTRATE the freak!

You fiend!





YAUGH!

He, he, he,
he, he!



KRAK!

THUD



KA-THAK!



Just fair, Den
Why didn't you
shoot them?

Shoot these
puppets? It
is you—



BLAM!
BLAM!

—who deserves
to die!

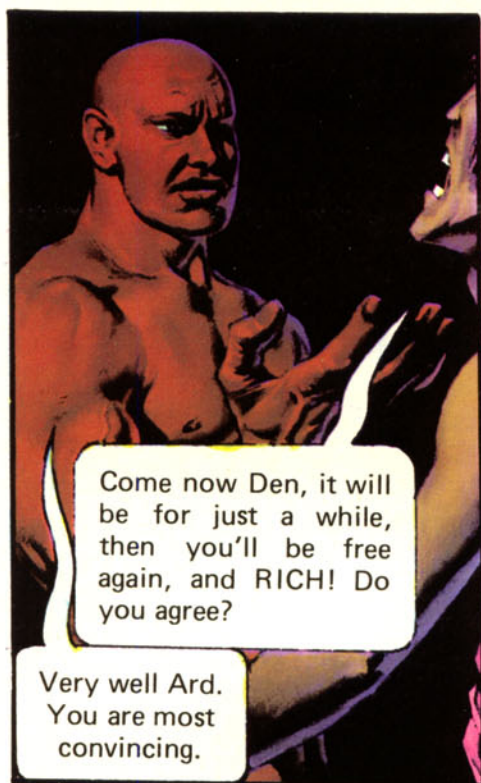


HA, HA, HA! I'm glad
you did that. Now you
understand from the
start that you can't
harm me.



It's too late to take your woman and run. I have already put her away for safekeeping.

If you ever wish to see her again, if you wish to see another day, you will serve me.



Come now Den, it will be for just a while, then you'll be free again, and RICH! Do you agree?

Very well Ard. You are most convincing.



UNH!



Don't be alarmed. It is just a formality.



Welcome to the brotherhood of the Ascending Fire. Pressure is strong here, but there are rewards too. I will tend to your wound.

Your presence is providential to our cause. We know of a way for stealthy entry to the Queens castle. The growing storm will aid us. So, rest now Den. Tonight we'll take the Locnar.

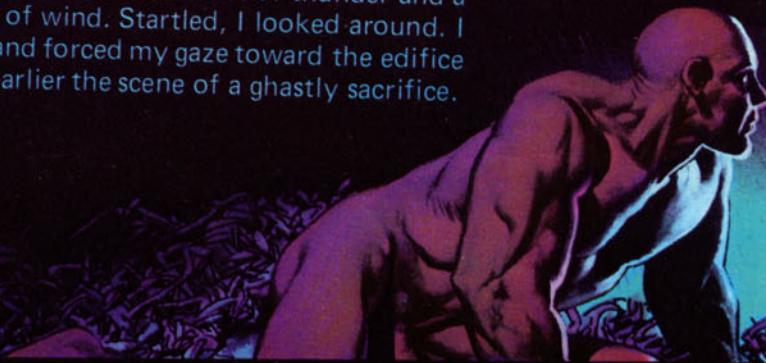


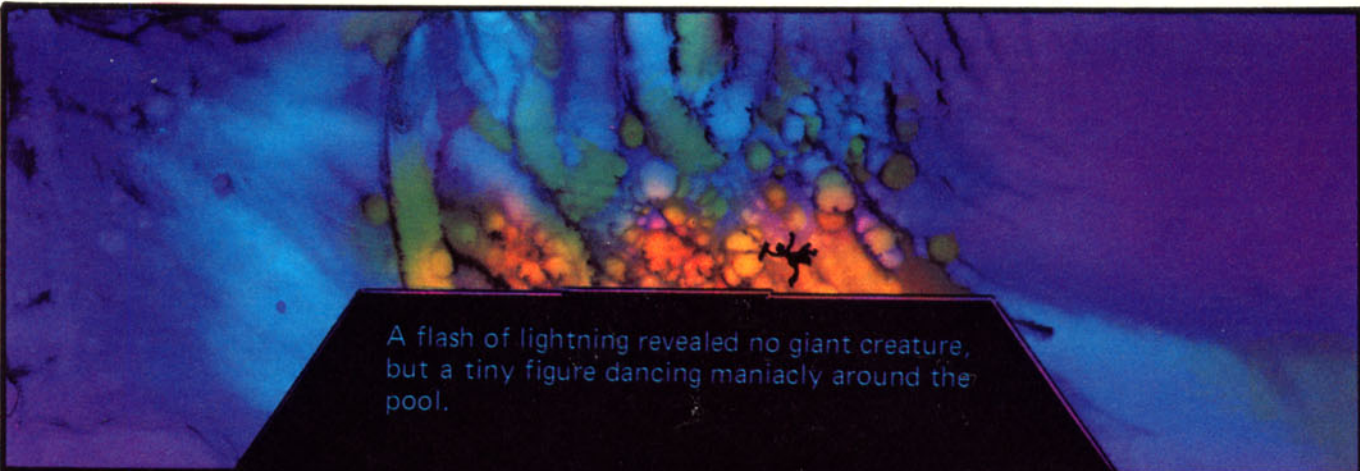
I found myself in an intolerable situation and the only means of release for Kath and myself was to cooperate with these ruthless fanatics.

I tried to sleep but unearthly visions plagued my semiconscious state. They hovered about these cursed ruins. A monstrous being emerged from the truncated pyramid and perched there hideously.




Then the images wavered and I awoke, . . . I think. There was a loud blast of thunder and a cold gust of wind. Startled, I looked around. I shivered and forced my gaze toward the edifice that was earlier the scene of a ghastly sacrifice.

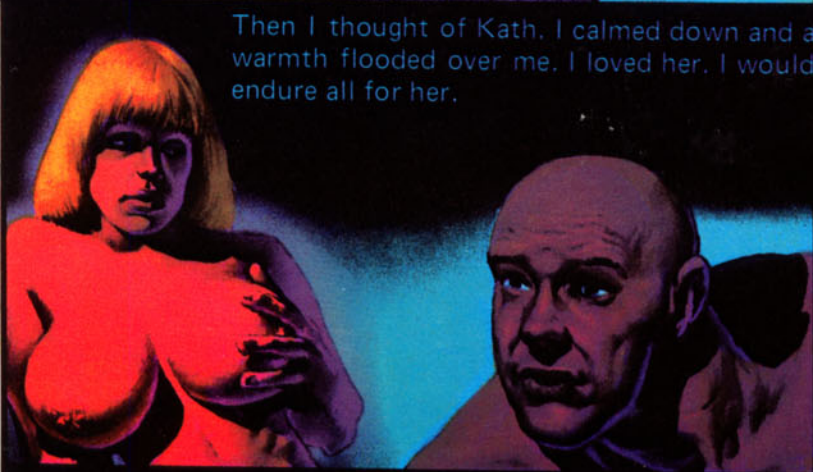





A flash of lightning revealed no giant creature, but a tiny figure dancing maniacly around the pool.




I felt an indescribable loathing for the little dancer, the vast decayed setting, even this entire distorted universe. I turned away trembling.



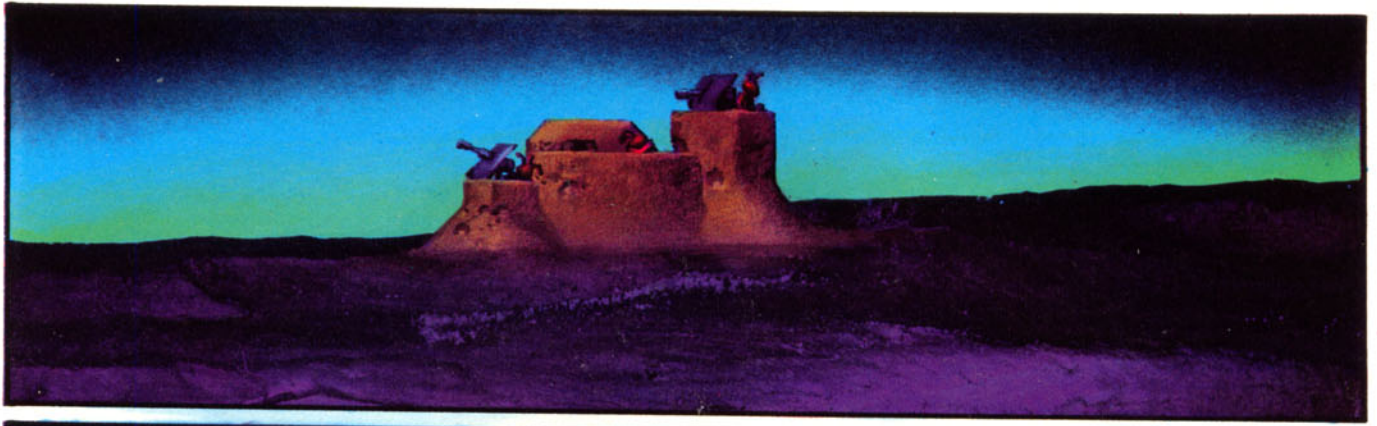
Then I thought of Kath. I calmed down and a warmth flooded over me. I loved her. I would endure all for her.



Get up!
We go now.



The flying mounts could not brave these withering winds. Kang, six warriors and I marched for more than an hour, then three parted and proceeded in a different direction. We continued, soon reaching the bank of a dark river.



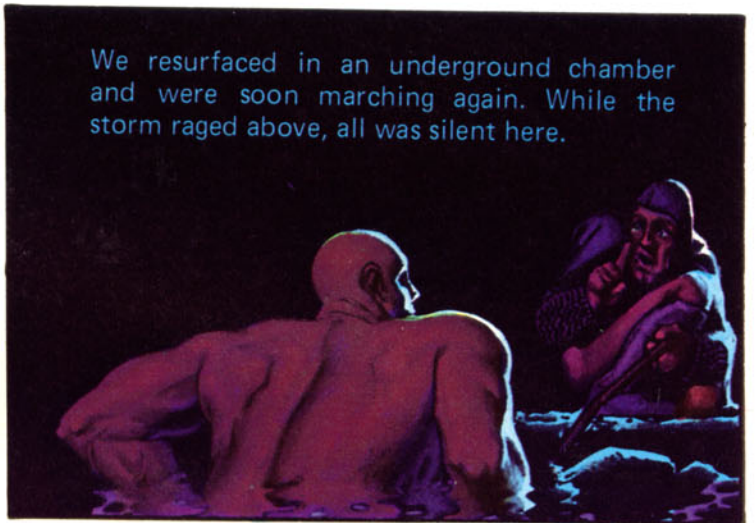
For a time we crept along a narrow ledge. Kang stopped and listened to the howling wind for a few moments.



Silence. We're near a Bug guardpost. Now we go under.



We submerged and squeezed through a heavy metal grating. Moving in this liquid brought unwelcome memories of the sacrificial pool.



We resurfaced in an underground chamber and were soon marching again. While the storm raged above, all was silent here.



The passageway seemed endless. It descended below the water level.



We're walking beneath the castle moat.

At last we came to stairs leading out of that foul pit.



What a stench!

Quiet. I fear some beast prowls these catacombs.





**Let everyone know you're bicycling for the fun of it...
with a T-shirt, Backpack or Self-Stick Reflecting Patch.**



Offer good in U.S. & Canada. Void where prohibited by law.

1996



WATCH
OUT!
GRUBERT
IS
WATCHING
YOU!

A SWEET STORY BY

MOEBIUS

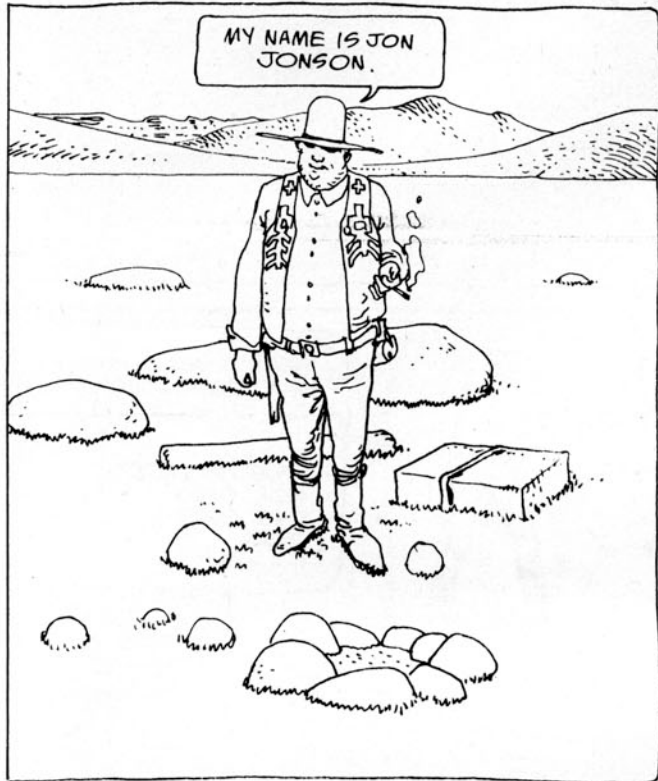
MAJOR FATAL



RESUMÉ:

THERE WAS NO
NEWS OF THE
MAJOR...

MY NAME IS JON
JONSON.



I AM THE MASTER OF CARN FINEHAC, SOUTH OF HERE IN
THE **ONIX ZONES**... WE WITHERED AWAY SLOWLY DOWN
THERE. THE "**JUNCTION**" HAS BEEN SUSPENDED FOR
SO LONG THAT PRETTY SOON IT'LL BE TOO LATE...

AND IF SO, WE'RE ENTERING A PERIOD OF
IRREVERSIBLE **DECAY**.

ANYWAY,
THAT'S
WHAT
THE
**COMMU-
NICATOR**
SAID...

ALREADY,
THE
BAKALITES
HAVE MORE
POWER
THAN WE
DO...



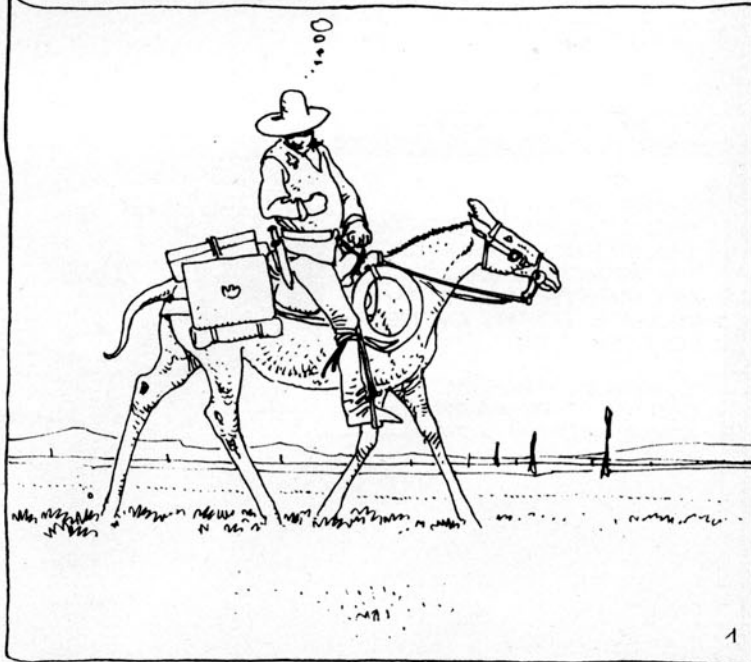
SO, I'M ON MY WAY TO "**BOLZEDURA**," THE
ABANDONED CITY, TO TRY TO FIND THE
"**JUNCTION**"... ALTHOUGH THERE'S AN OLD
AND **VERY POWERFUL BAKALITE** THERE...

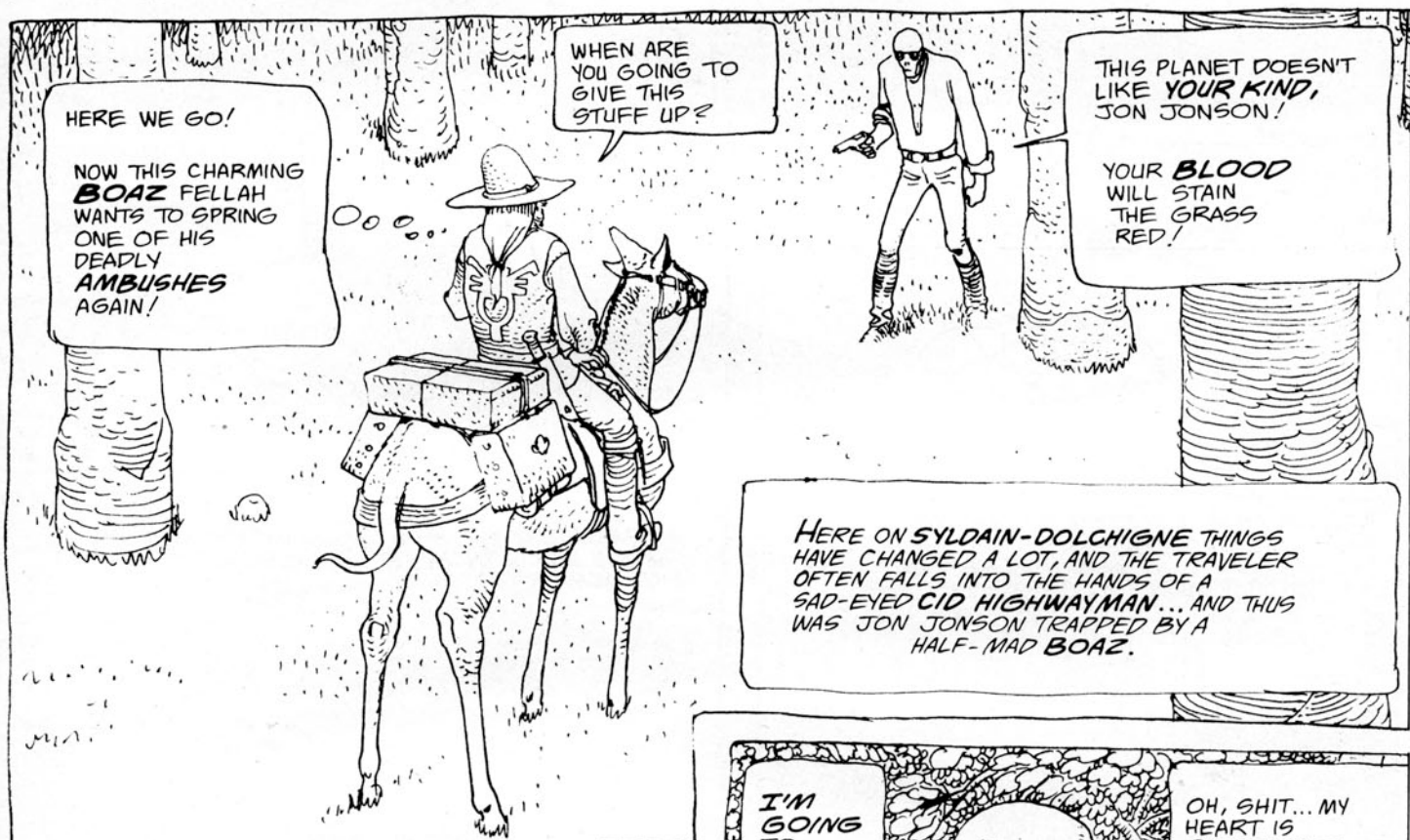
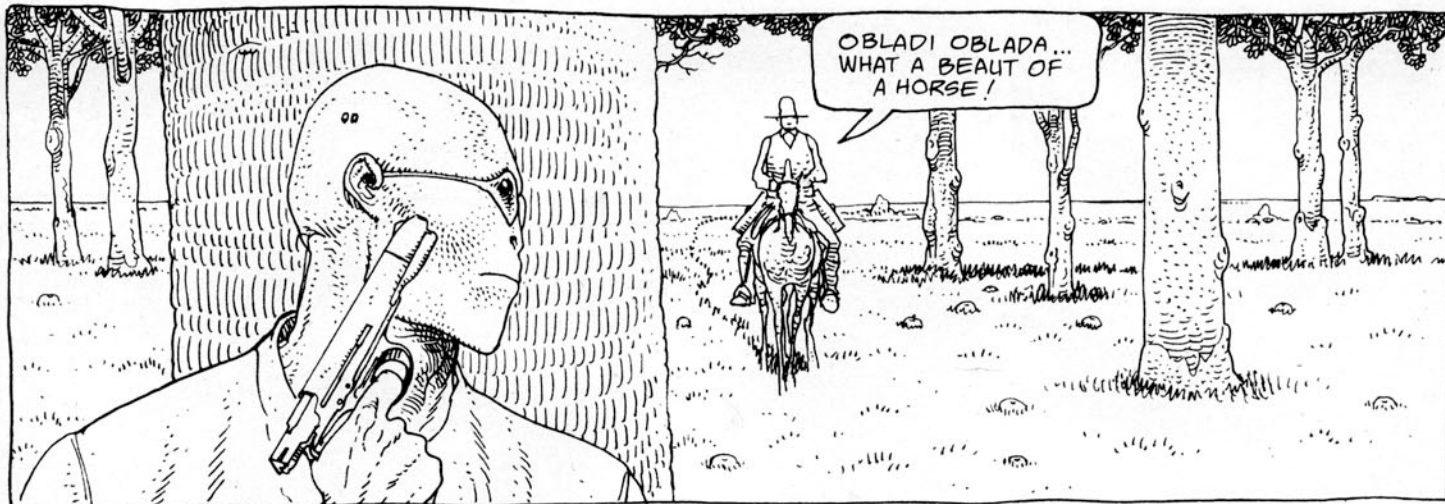
PROBABLY,
I'LL
END
UP
DEAD...



WE **CREATED** THIS SPECIES IN IMITATION OF THE
FAMOUS EARTH "**HORSE**"... IN ACTION, THEY'RE
PRACTICALLY THE SAME...

IN THREE DAYS I'LL SEE THE HIGH TOWERS
OF **PLATMOLL**... AND "**BOLZEDURA**" AND
THAT OLD **BAKALITE** WON'T BE FAR AWAY...





HERE ON SYLDAIN-DOLCHIGNE THINGS HAVE CHANGED A LOT, AND THE TRAVELER OFTEN FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF A SAD-EYED CID HIGHWAYMAN... AND THUS WAS JON JONSON TRAPPED BY A HALF-MAD BOAZ.

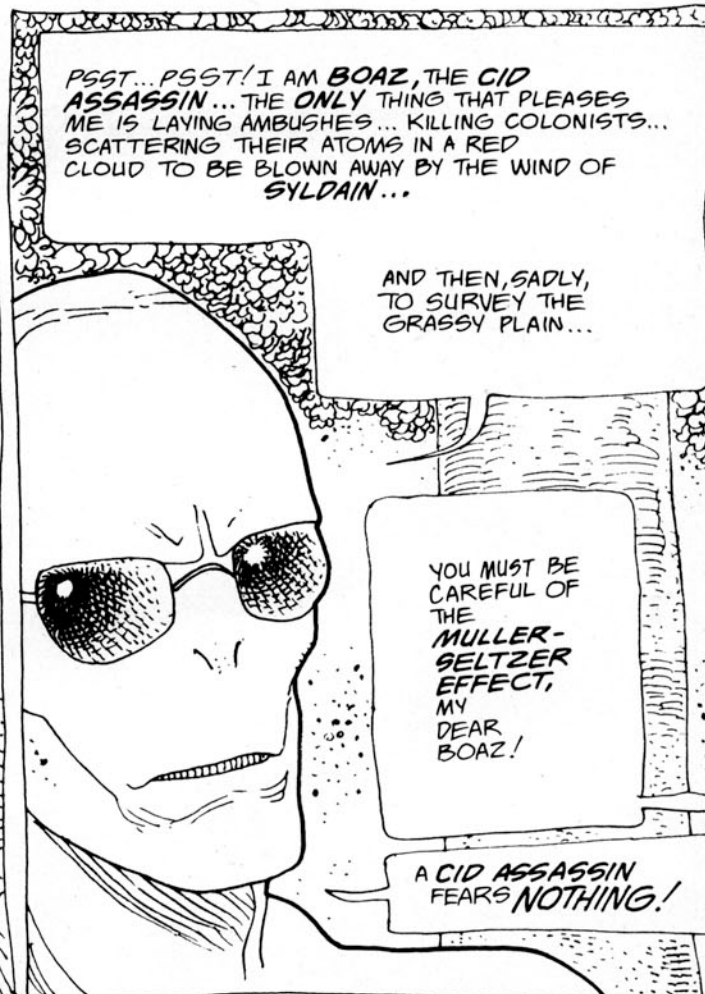
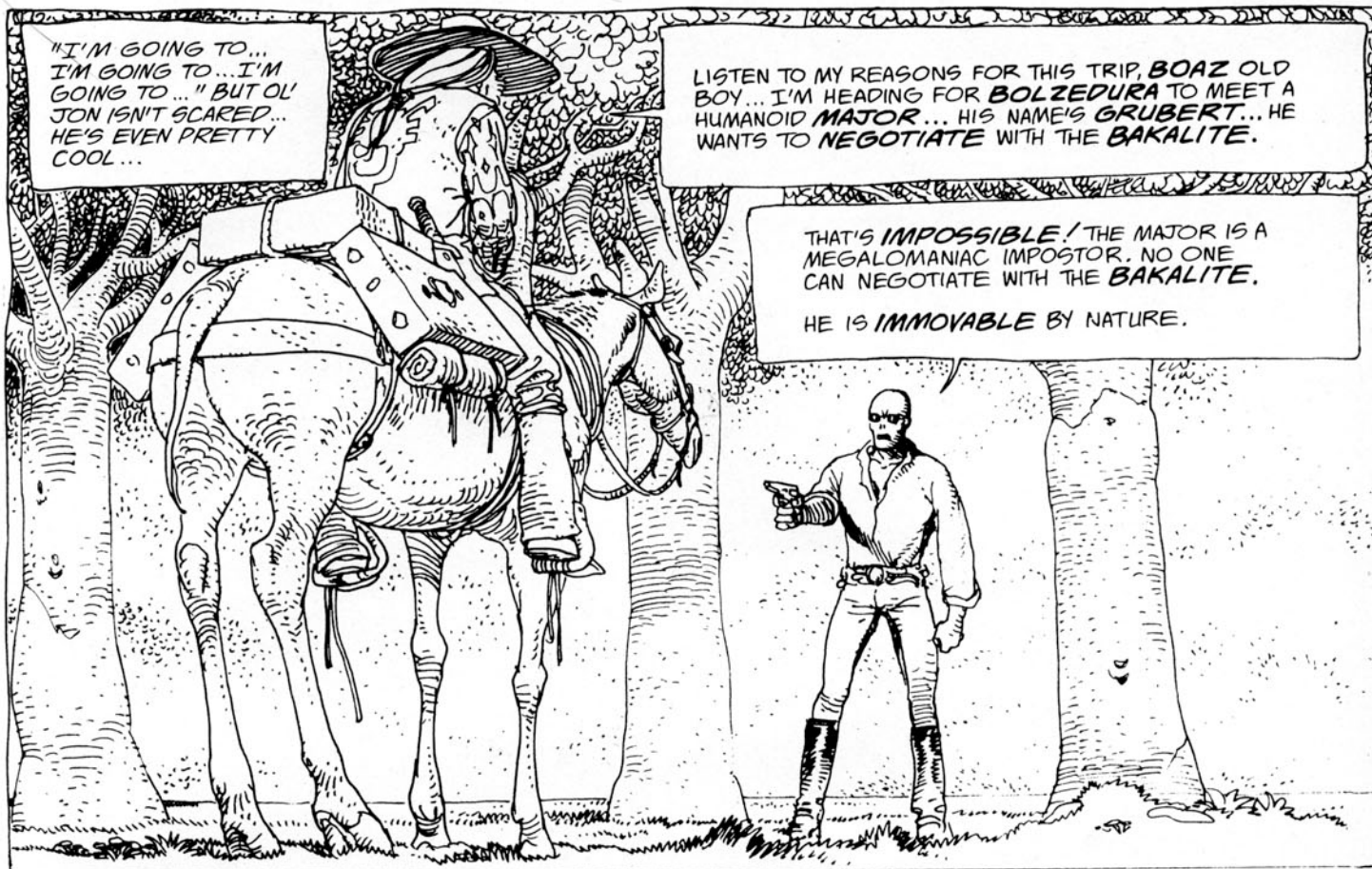


YOU'RE GOING TO BOLZEDURA TO BREAK THE SILENCE, RANSACK THE MEMORIAL WALLS, AND DESTROY THE DELICATE FORMS OF THE HONEYED CITY!

I, WITH MY SWF, AM GOING TO REARRANGE YOUR ATOMS SO YOU'LL LEARN...

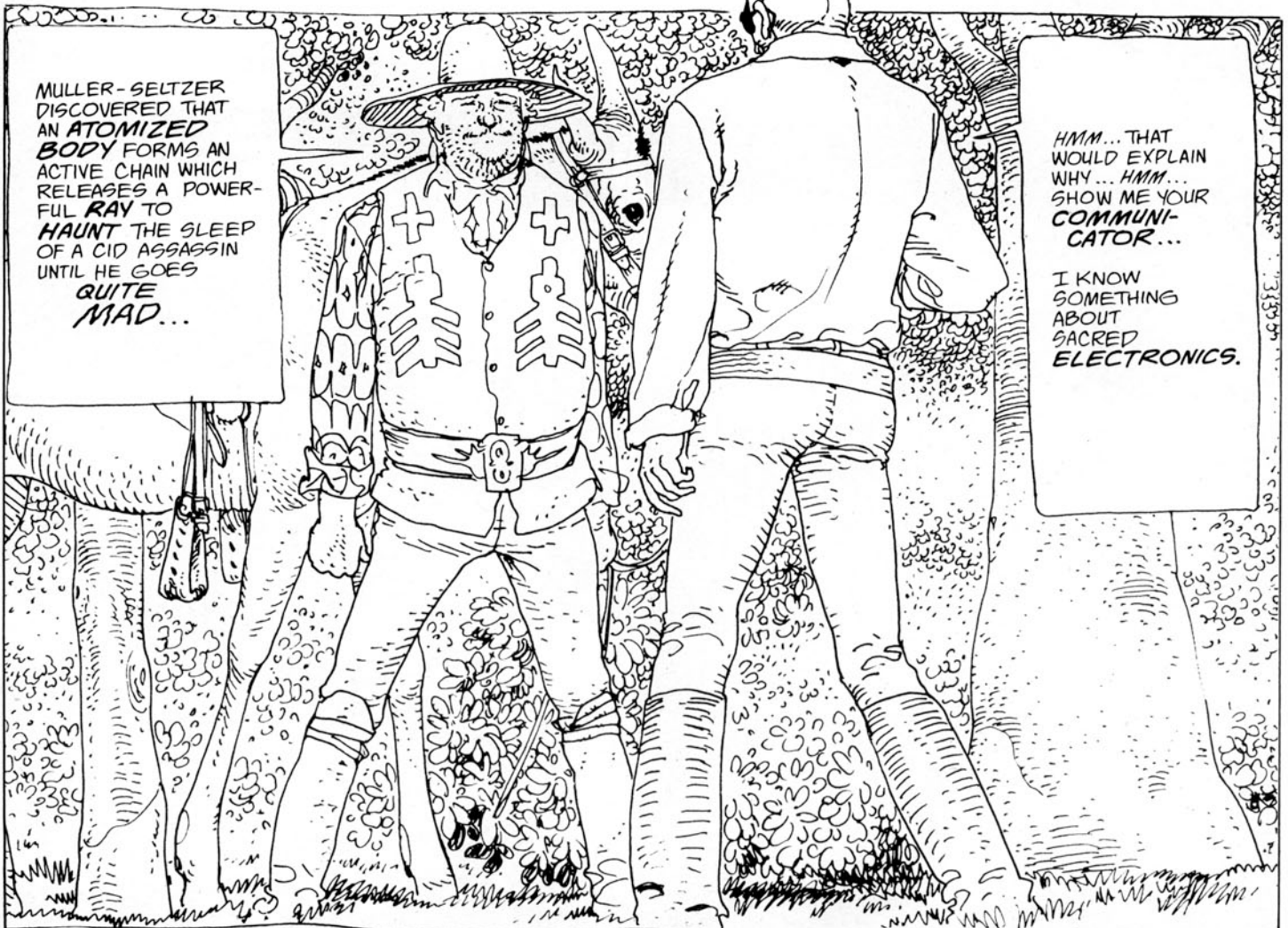
I'M GOING TO TRANSFORM YOU INTO A RED CLOUD...

OH, SHIT... MY HEART IS SEETHING WITH HATRED AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!





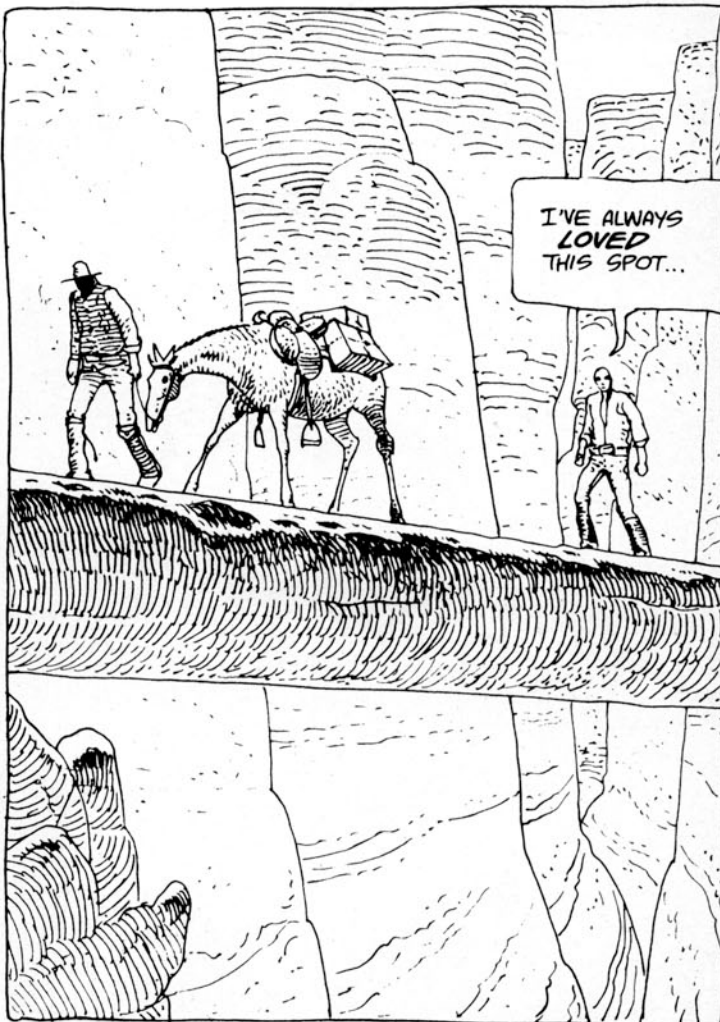
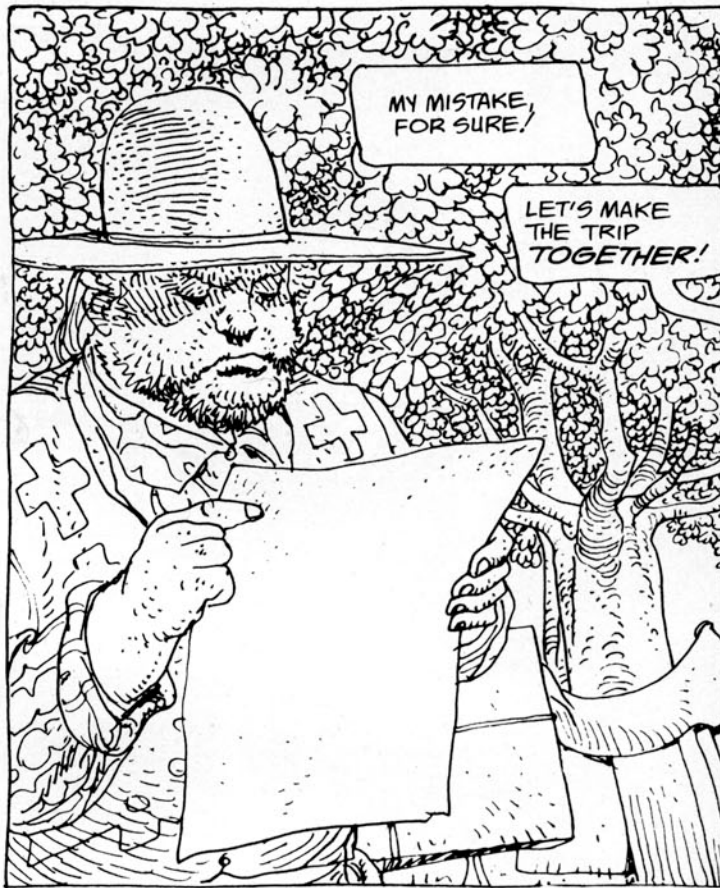
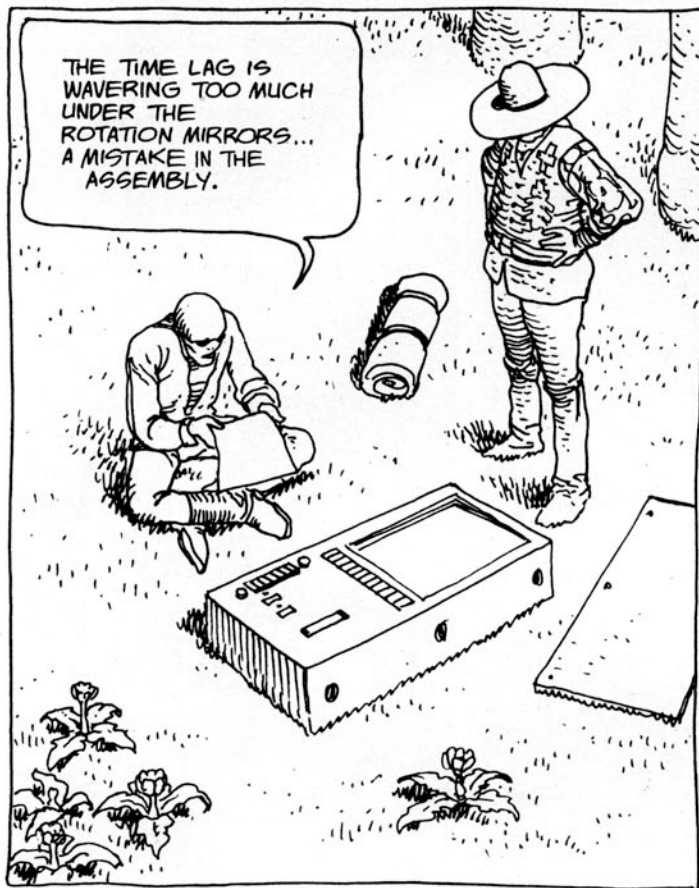
WELL, I
DECLARE!
YOU REALLY
DON'T
KNOW WHAT
I'M TALKING
ABOUT!



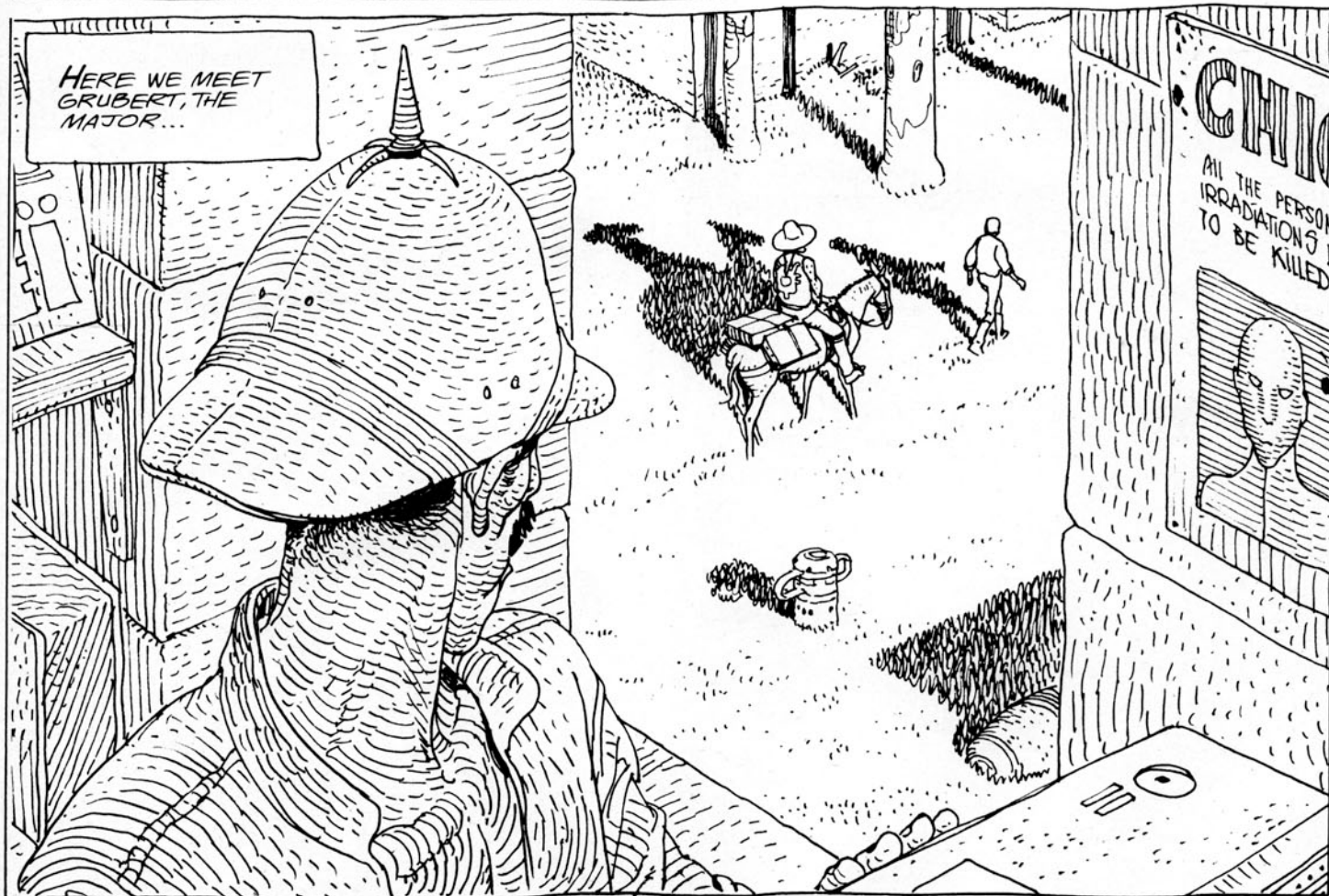
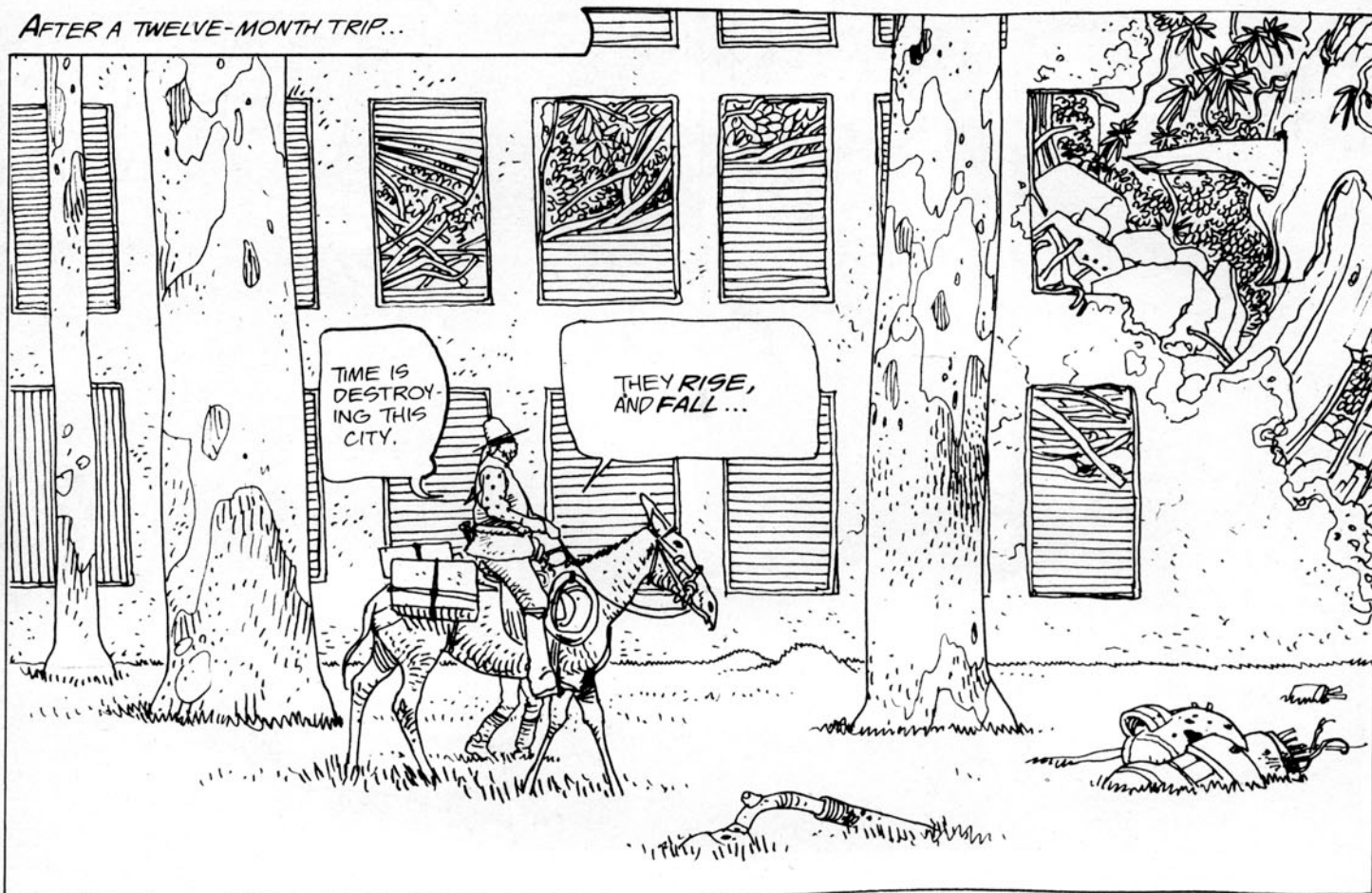
MULLER-SELTZER
DISCOVERED THAT
AN **ATOMIZED**
BODY FORMS AN
ACTIVE CHAIN WHICH
RELEASES A POWER-
FUL **RAY** TO
HAUNT THE SLEEP
OF A CID ASSASSIN
UNTIL HE GOES
QUITE
MAD...

HMM... THAT
WOULD EXPLAIN
WHY... **HMM...**
SHOW ME YOUR
COMMUNI-
CATOR...

I KNOW
SOMETHING
ABOUT
SACRED
ELECTRONICS.



AFTER A TWELVE-MONTH TRIP...



THE TWO
TRAVELERS ENTER
BOLZEDURA, THE
PHANTOM CITY,
BY THE NORTHEAST
GATE...

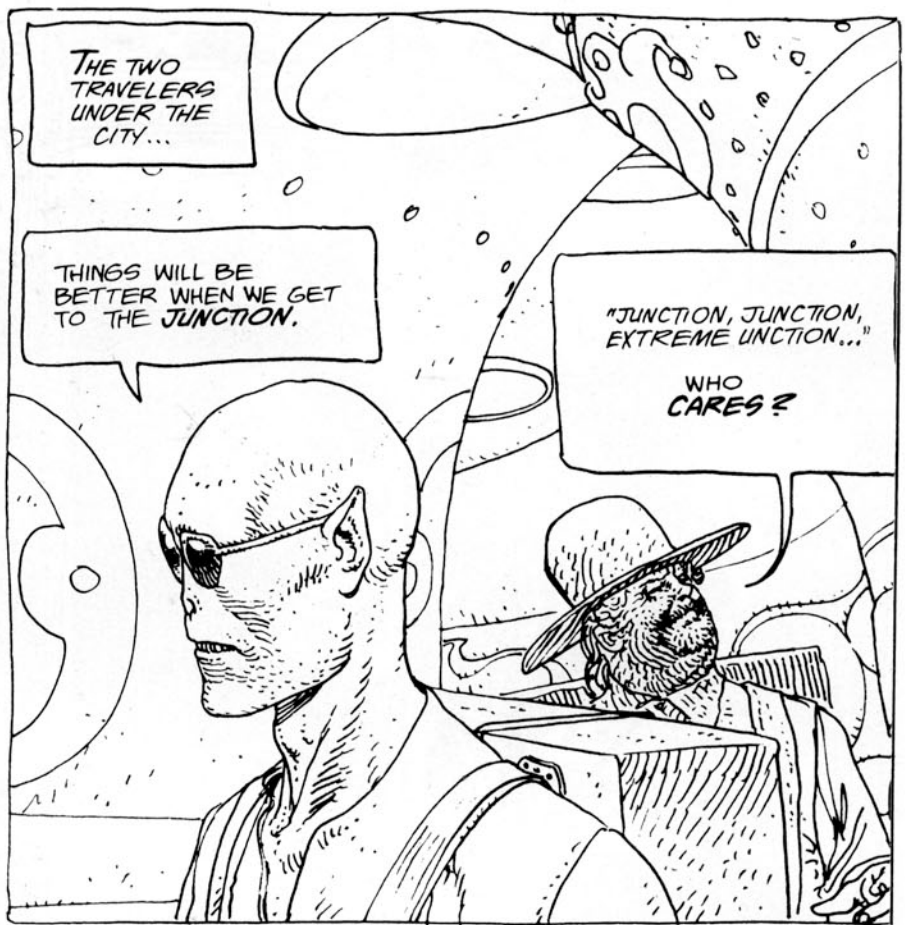
MAJOR
GRUBERT!
YOO HOO!

MOEBIUS



YOU'RE *RIGHT* ABOUT GRUBERT. HE *HAS* ABANDONED US!

DOESN'T MATTER. I KNOW THE SEWERS WELL...



THE TWO TRAVELERS UNDER THE CITY...

THINGS WILL BE BETTER WHEN WE GET TO THE *JUNCTION*.

"JUNCTION, JUNCTION, EXTREME UNCTION..."

WHO CARES?



SUDDENLY...
TOTAL DARK-
NESS...

A
BLACKOUT!...

IT'S THE
BAKALITE!
HE'S GOT
US!



I'VE GOT YOU!

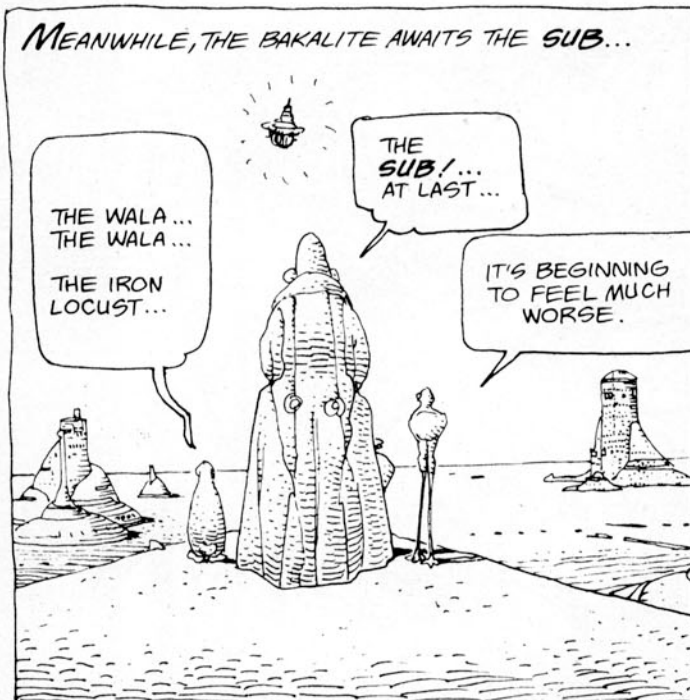
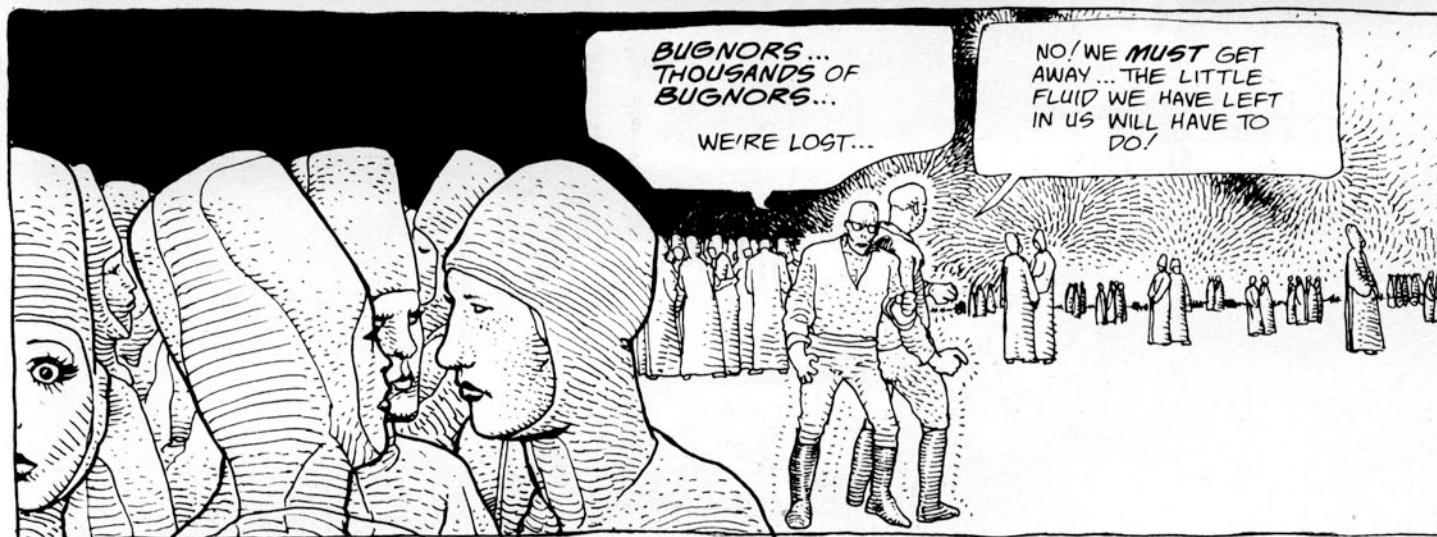
GOTCHA!

HE'S
GOT
YOU...

LIKE
TWO
RATS...

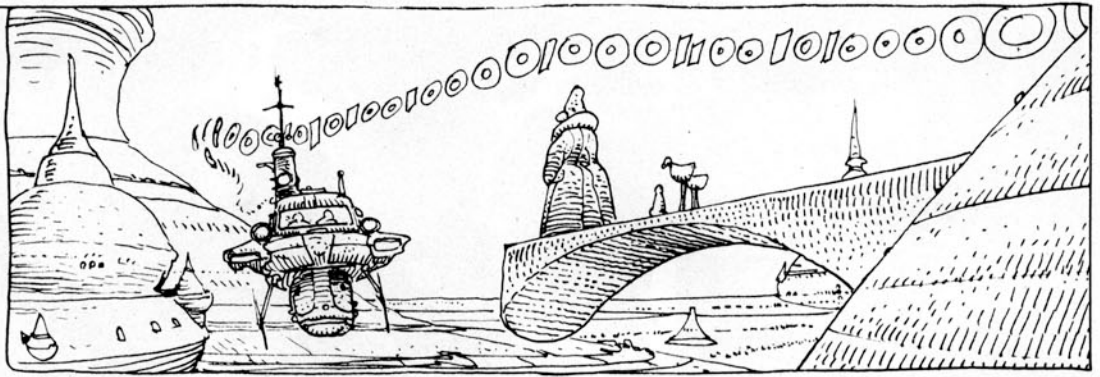


MORE DEGENERATE
HUMANOIDS... THIEVES OF
THE JUNCTION... I'LL
SEND YOU WHERE YOU'LL
DO NO HARM!





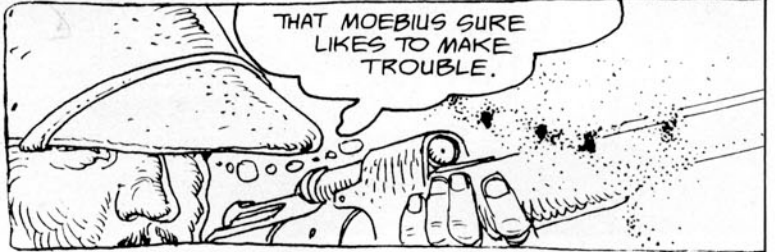
HERE HE IS,
GRUBERT, KING OF
THE SUPPLICANTS!



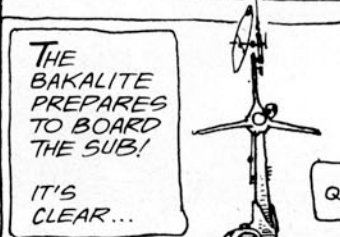
OUR TWO ENEMIES
ARE TAKEN CARE
OF.

THEY'RE
WANDERING
BETWEEN
WORLDS...

BUT **GRUBERT**
IS FREE...



THAT MOEBIUS SURE
LIKES TO MAKE
TROUBLE.



THE
BAKALITE
PREPARES
TO BOARD
THE SUB!

IT'S
CLEAR...

QUICK!

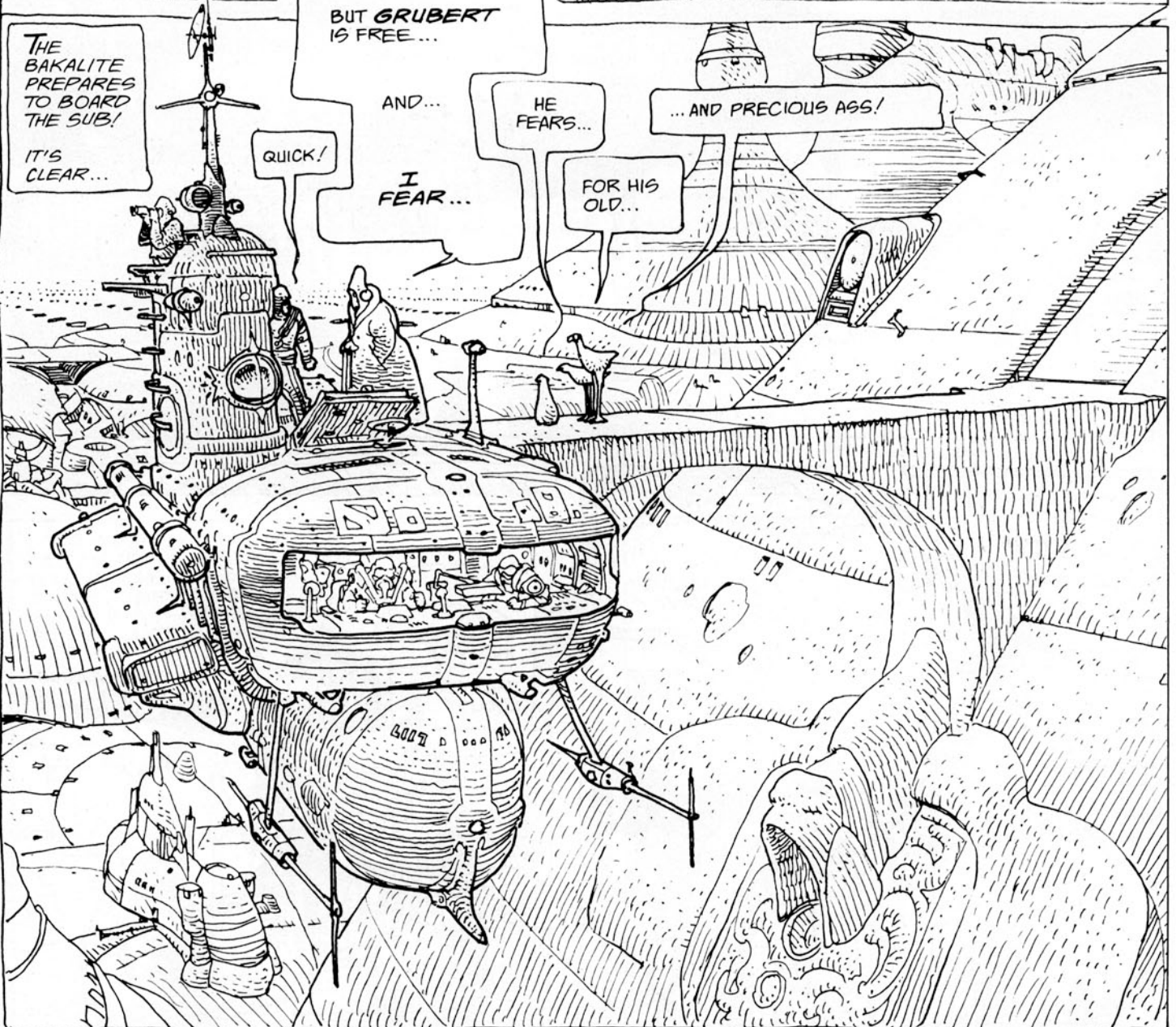
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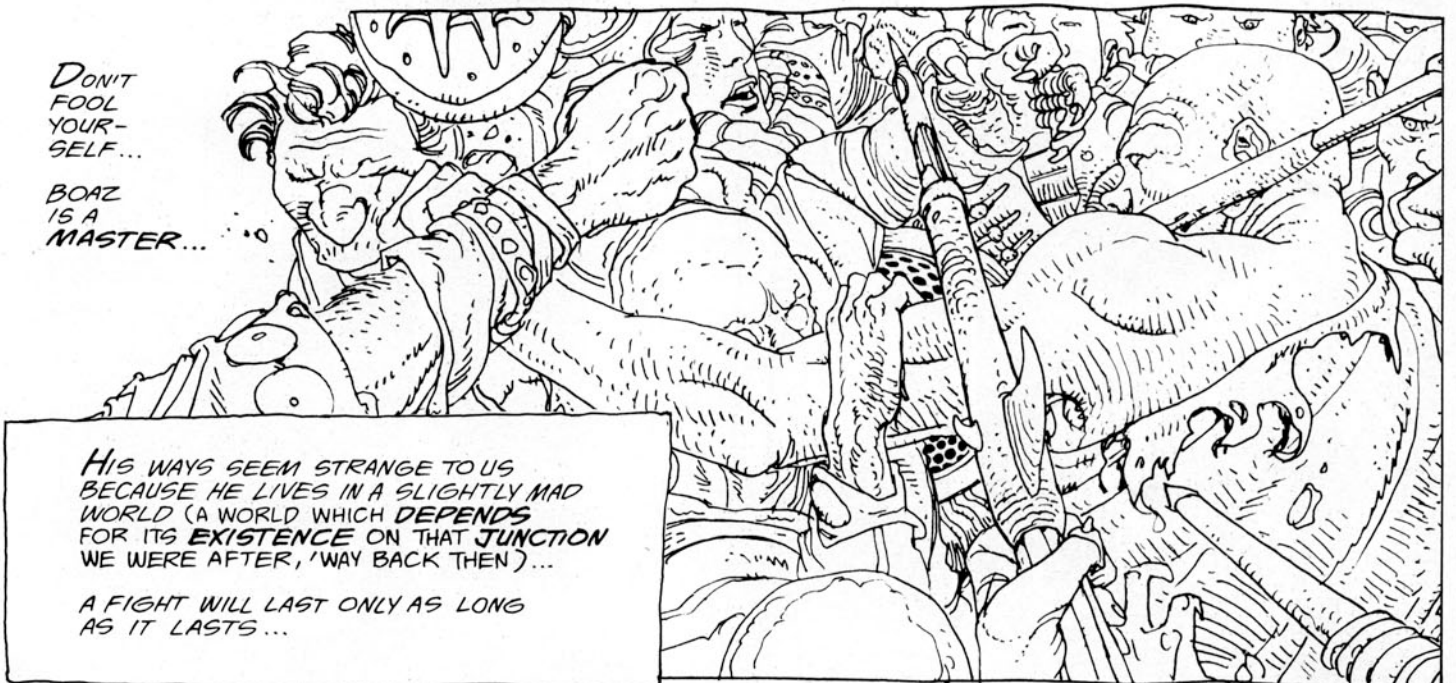
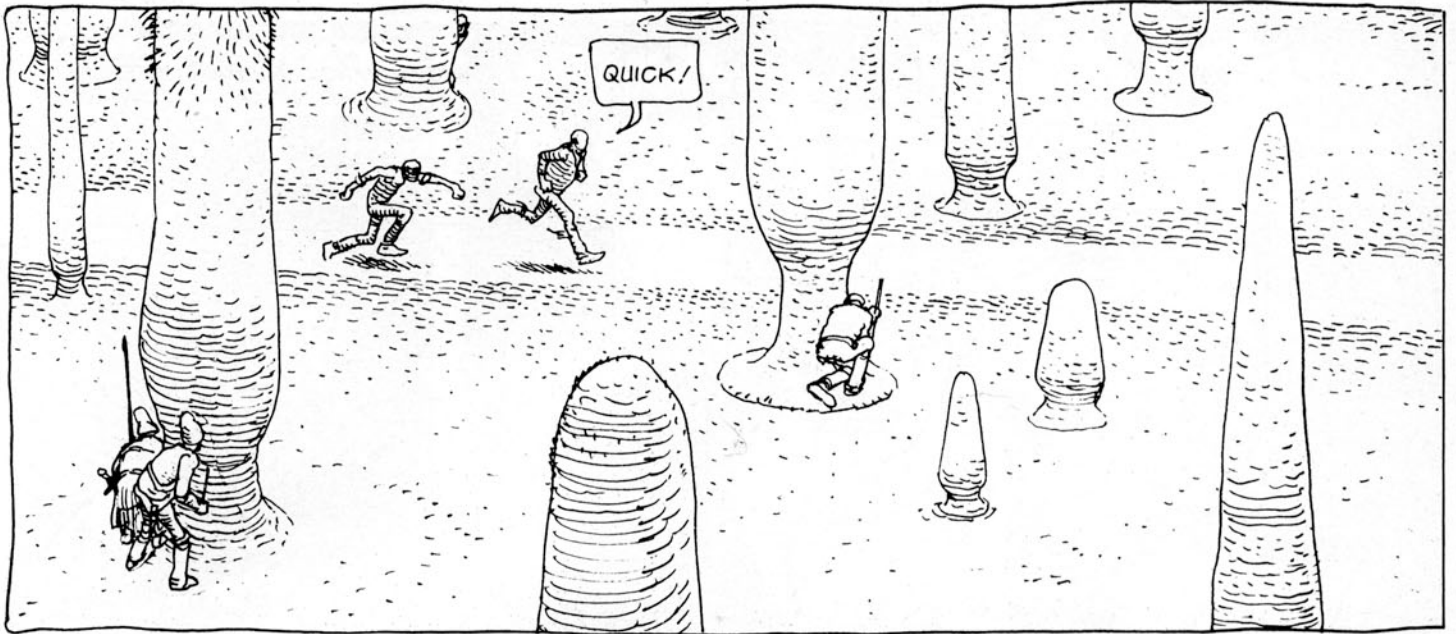
I
FEAR...

HE
FEARS...

FOR HIS
OLD...

...AND PRECIOUS ASS!



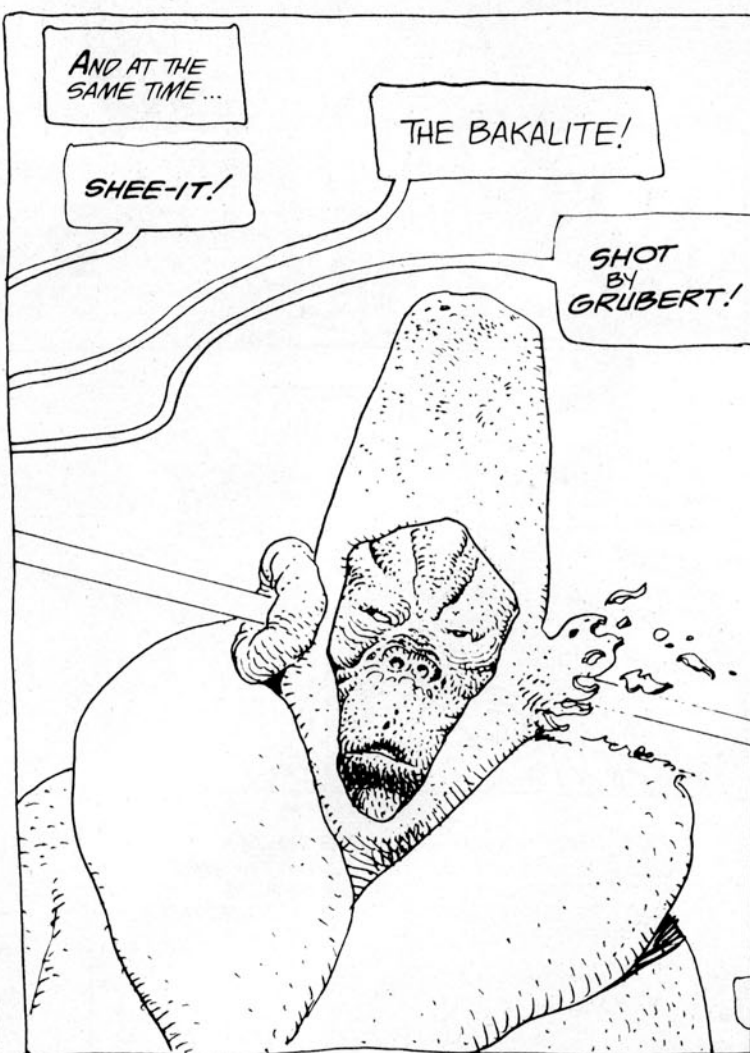
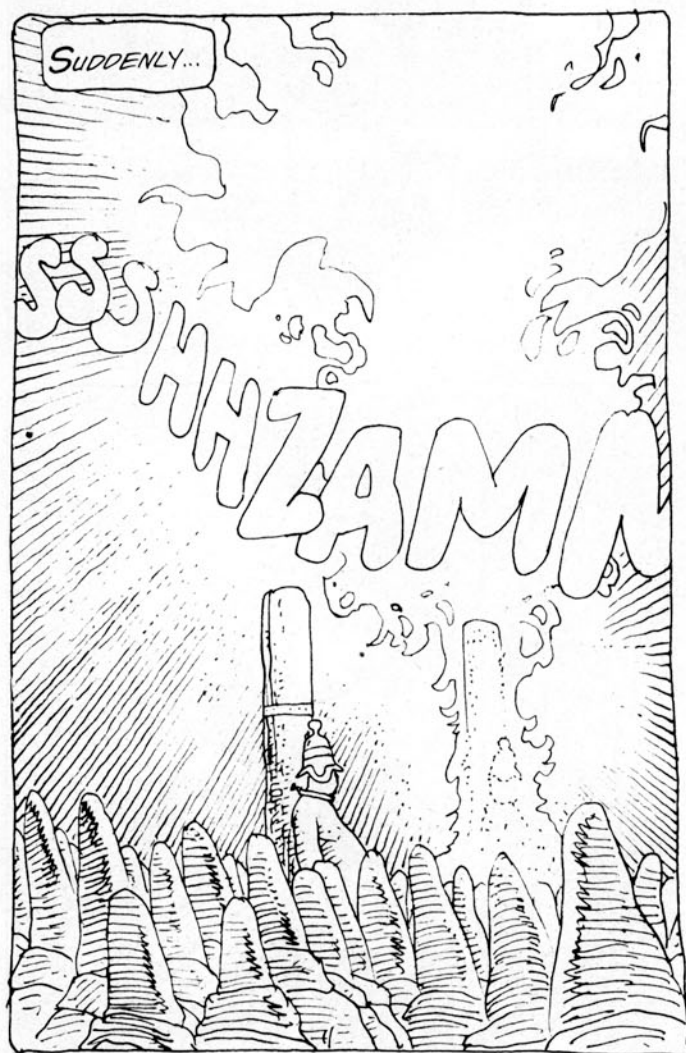
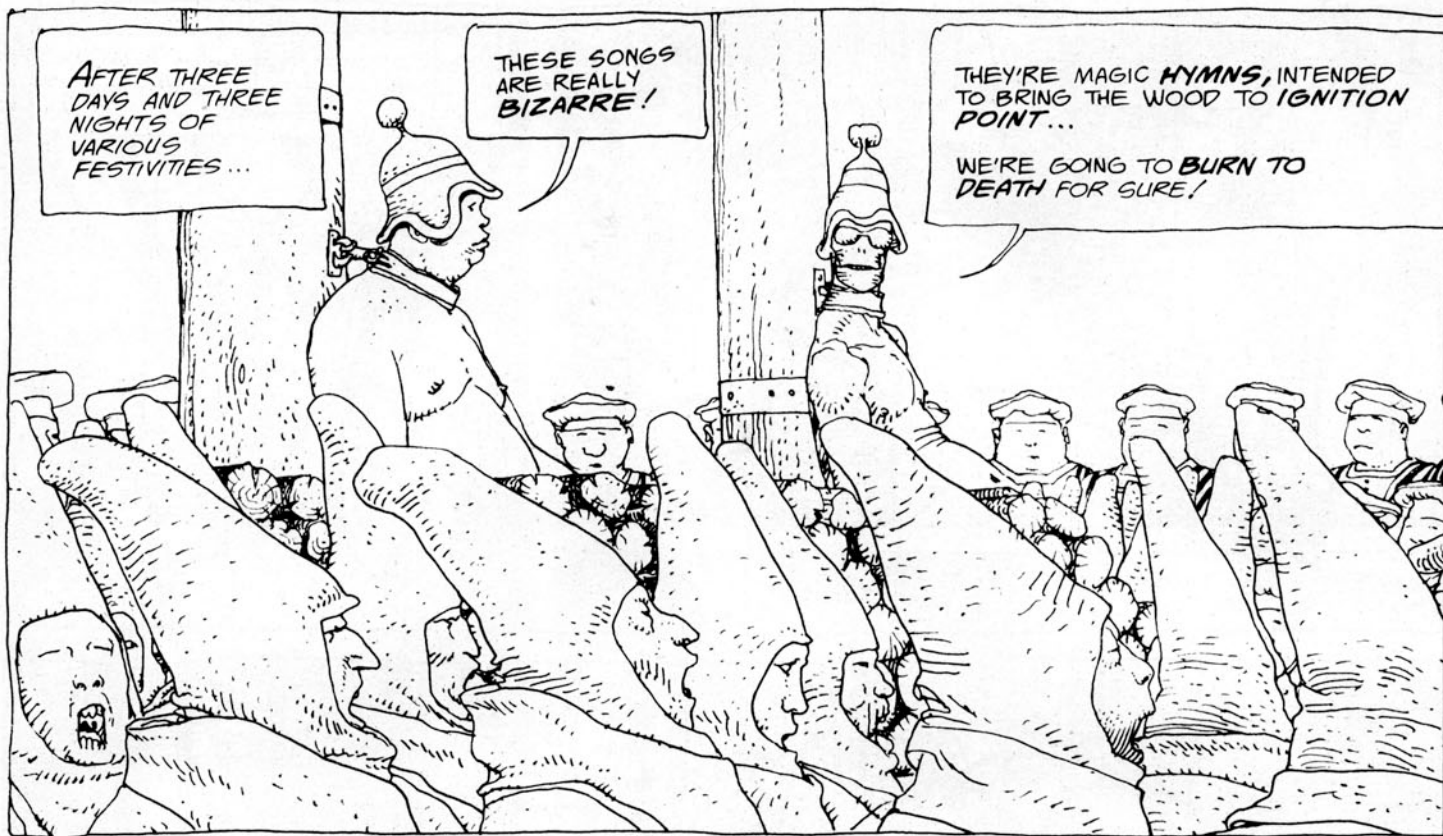


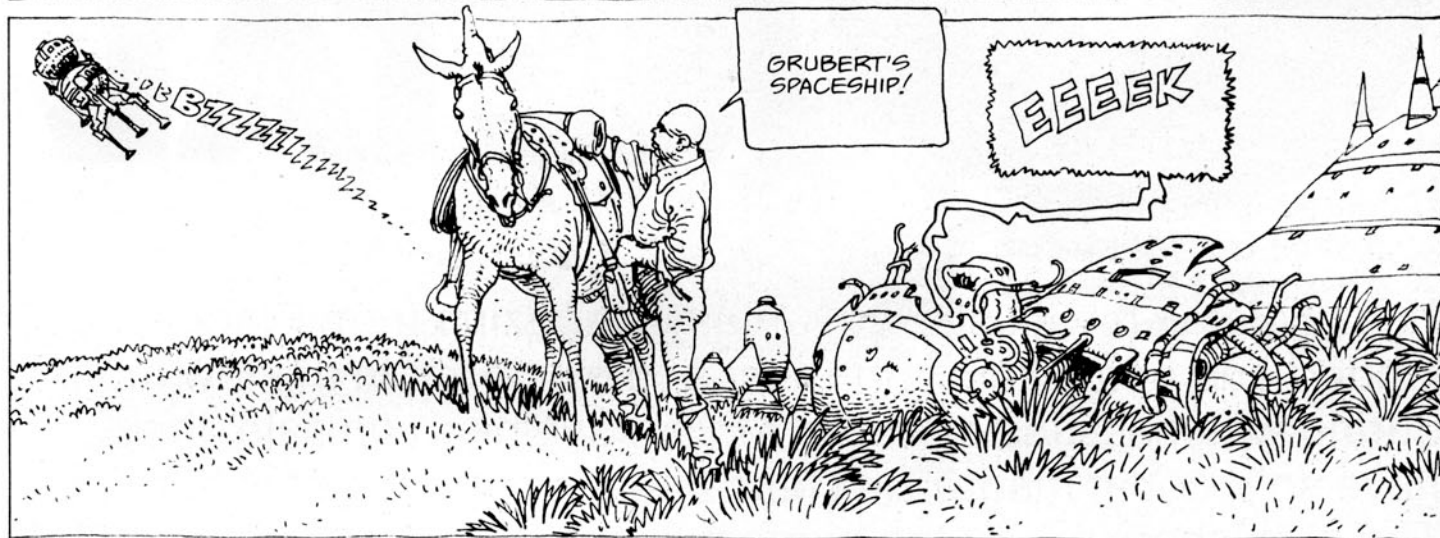
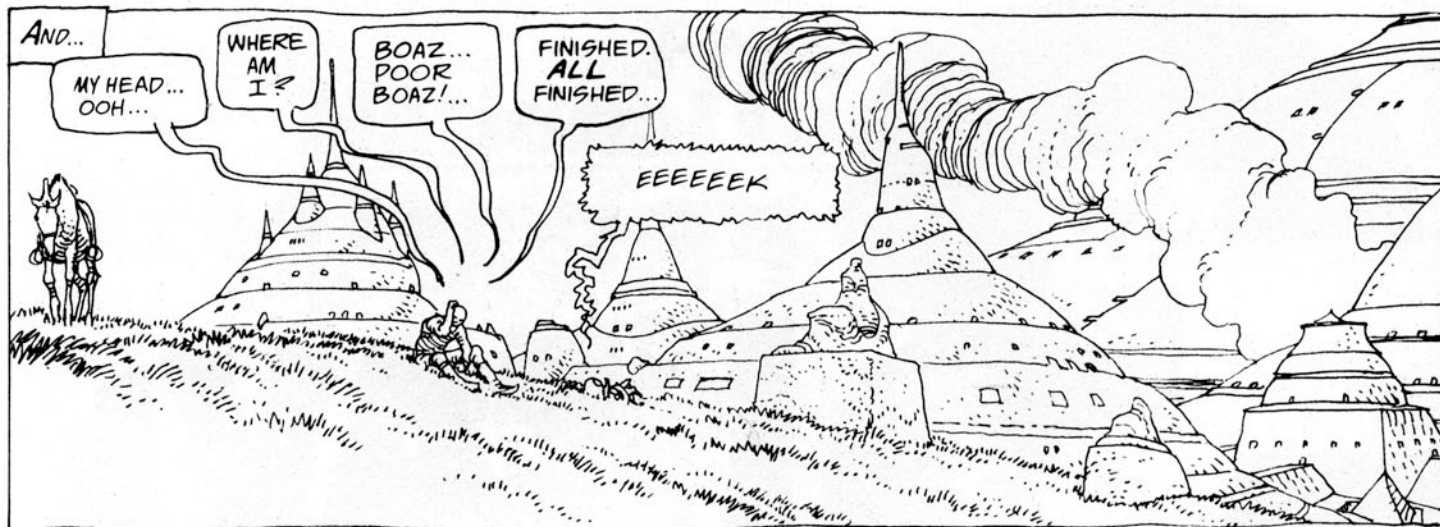
DON'T
FOOL
YOUR-
SELF...

BOAZ
IS A
MASTER...

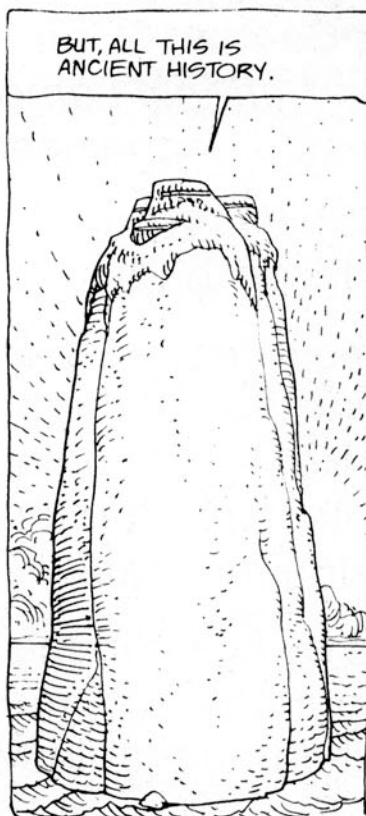
HIS WAYS SEEM STRANGE TO US
BECAUSE HE LIVES IN A SLIGHTLY MAD
WORLD (A WORLD WHICH **DEPENDS**
FOR ITS **EXISTENCE** ON THAT **JUNCTION**
WE WERE AFTER, 'WAY BACK THEN)...

A FIGHT WILL LAST ONLY AS LONG
AS IT LASTS...





THE FOLLOWING 127 JANUARY...



3 FROM HEAVY METAL™

Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine from France, has landed and has taken North America by storm. In the few months during which issues of *Heavy Metal* have been on sale, they have sold out at magazine stands and in stores everywhere. The publishers report the biggest flow of subscription requests in the ten-year history of 21st Century Communications, the same company that publishes *National Lampoon* and has introduced numerous other successful magazines.

So, *Heavy Metal* is a smash hit!

And now we introduce . . . three books from *Heavy Metal*.

All from France, translated by *Heavy Metal* editors Sean Kelly and Valerie Marchant, and reproduced superbly, these magnificently illustrated novelettes are being produced in very limited numbers for select distribution to collector's stores and for purchase through the mails.

You can order these books by filling in the accompanying order blank and sending in your check or money order. Any lover of exciting and beautiful art and fantasy will want these for his or her library.



PSYCHOROCK

Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11" by 9". \$3.95. HM4010

ARZACH

All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. \$6.95. HM4011

CANDICE AT SEA

A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise, Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhailed, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity. Sixty-four pages plus cover in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9" by 11". \$3.95. HM4012

Heavy Metal has been described as *sensuous, terrifying, weird, horrifying, beautiful, incredible, outrageous, monstrous, grisly, magnificent, eerie, appalling, brilliant, imposing, sensational, arresting, thrilling, jarring, devastating, unbelievable, dreamlike, savage, nightmarish, and a masterpiece.*

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☐ HM4010

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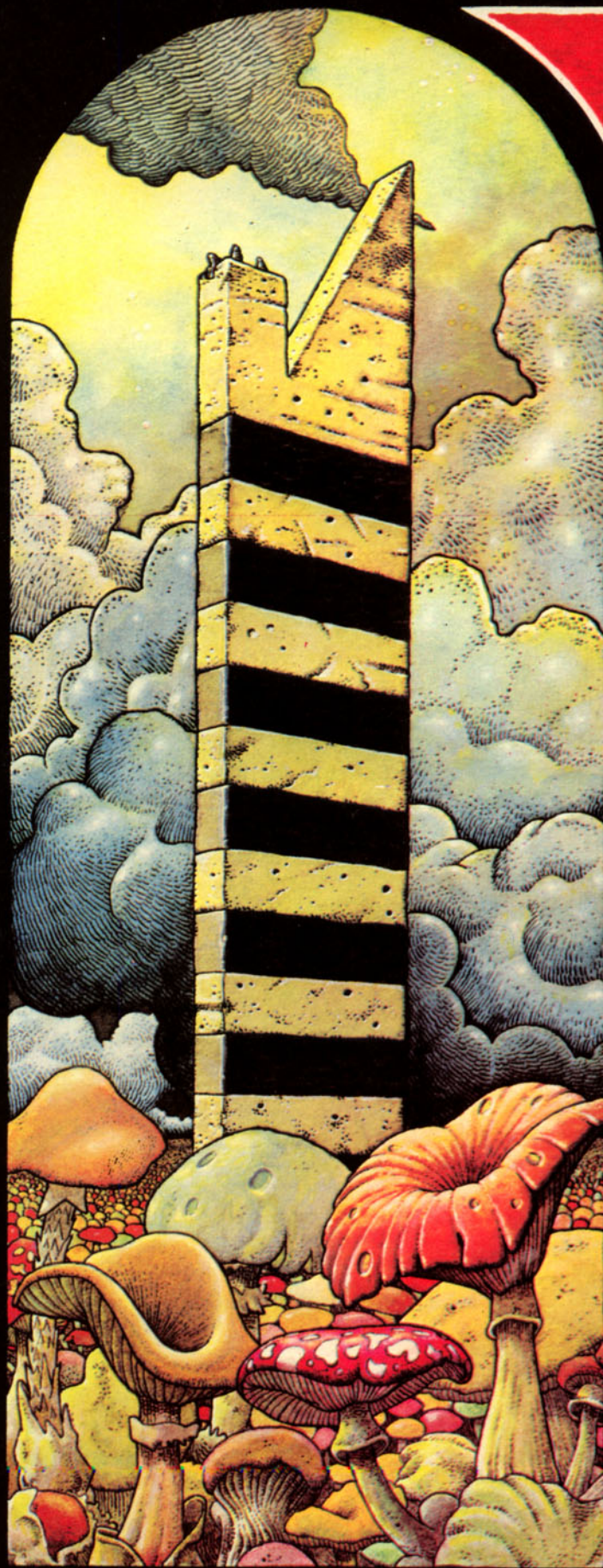
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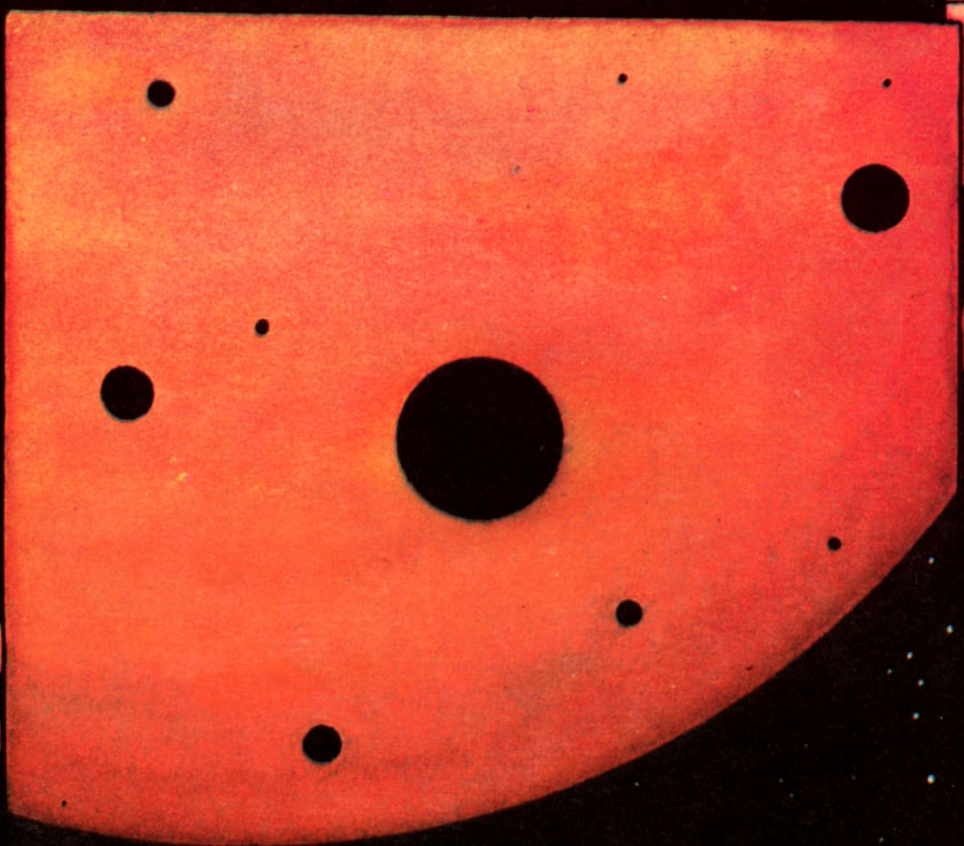
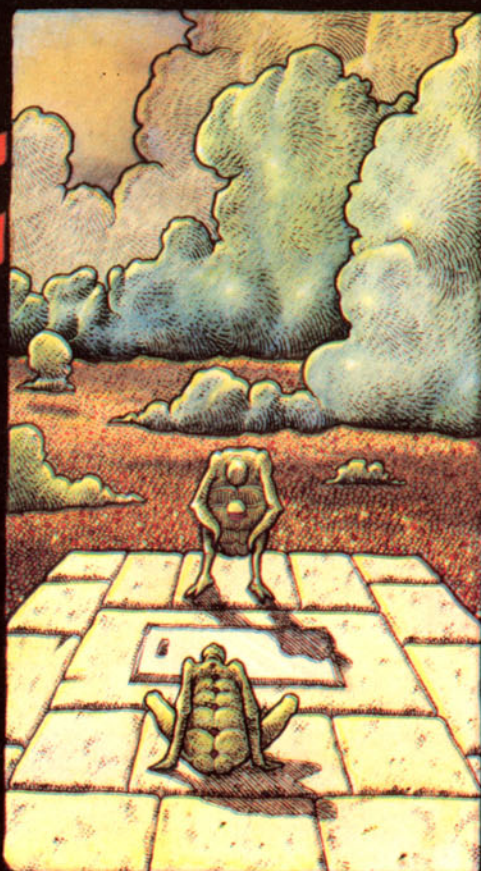
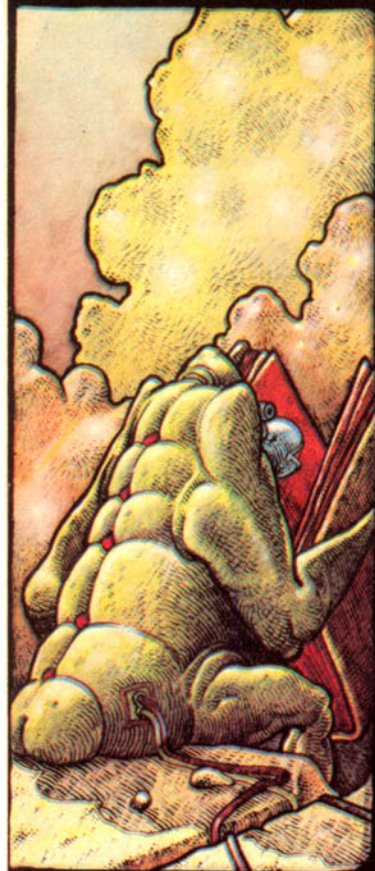
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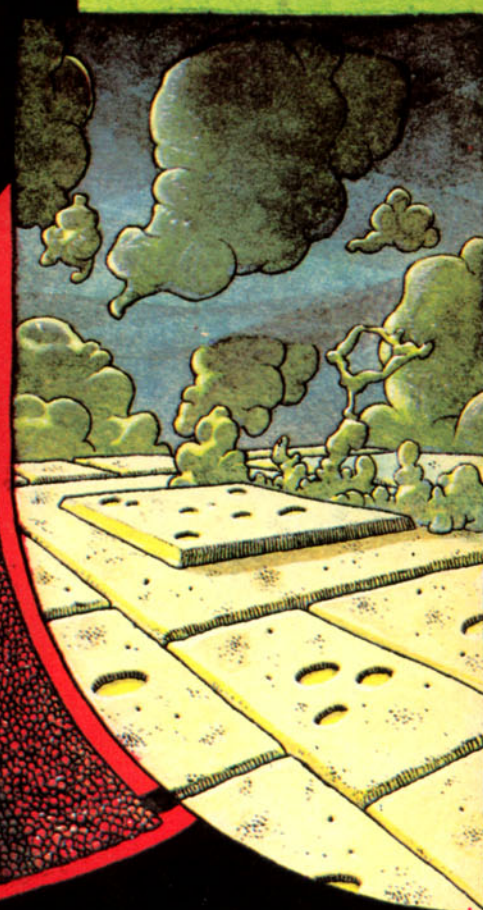
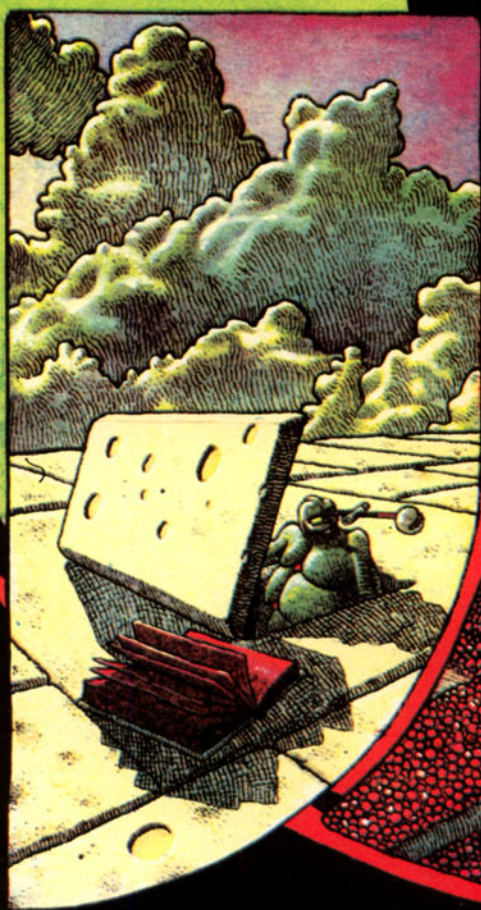
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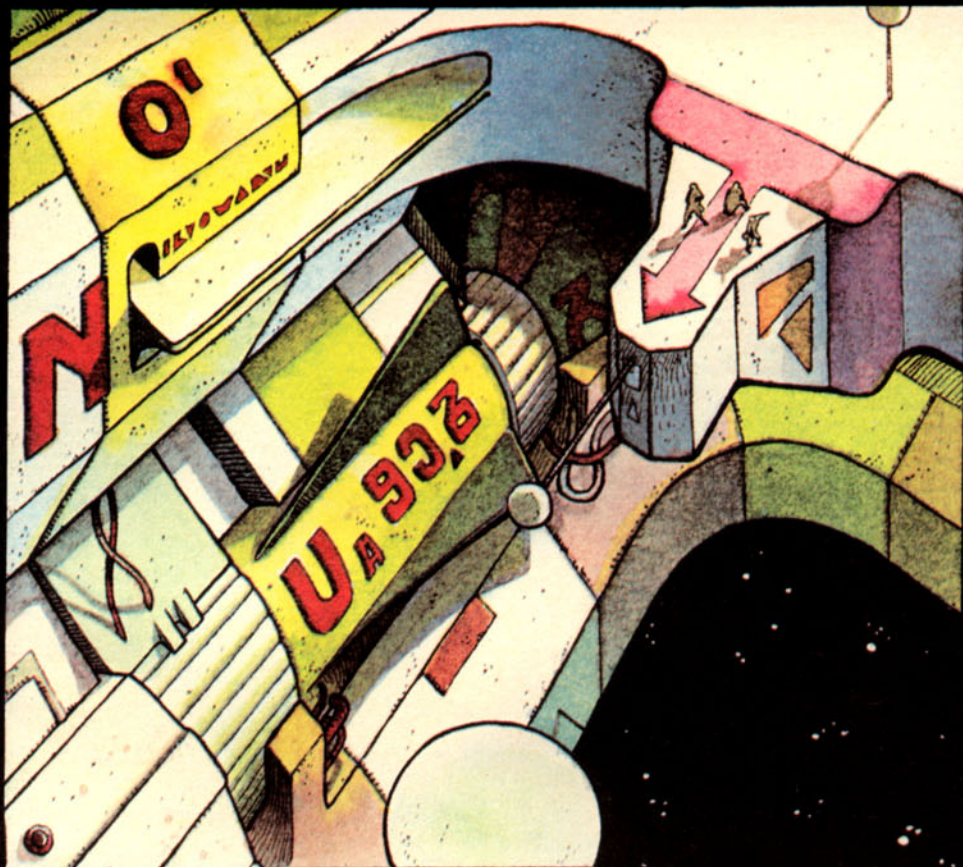
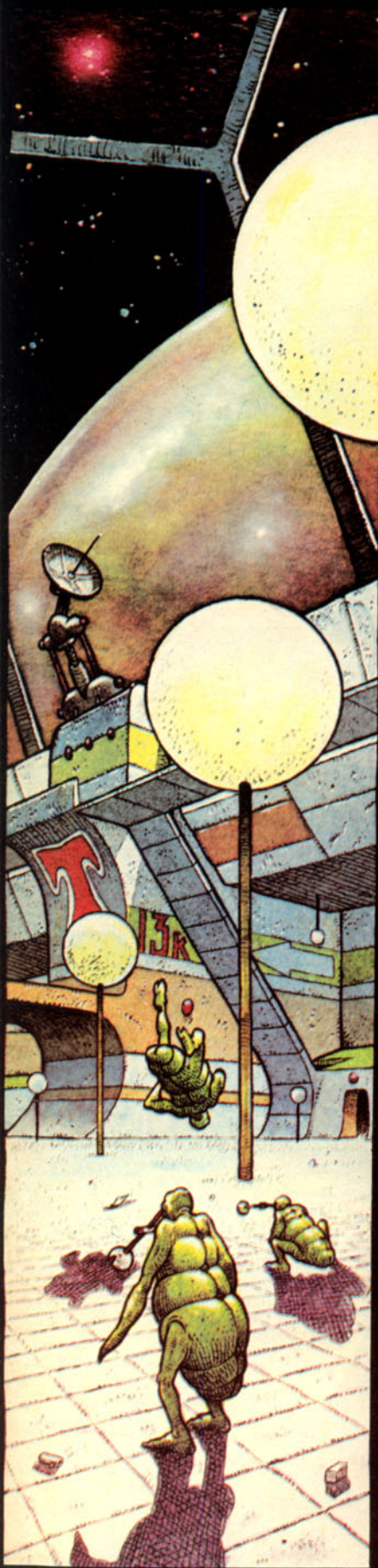
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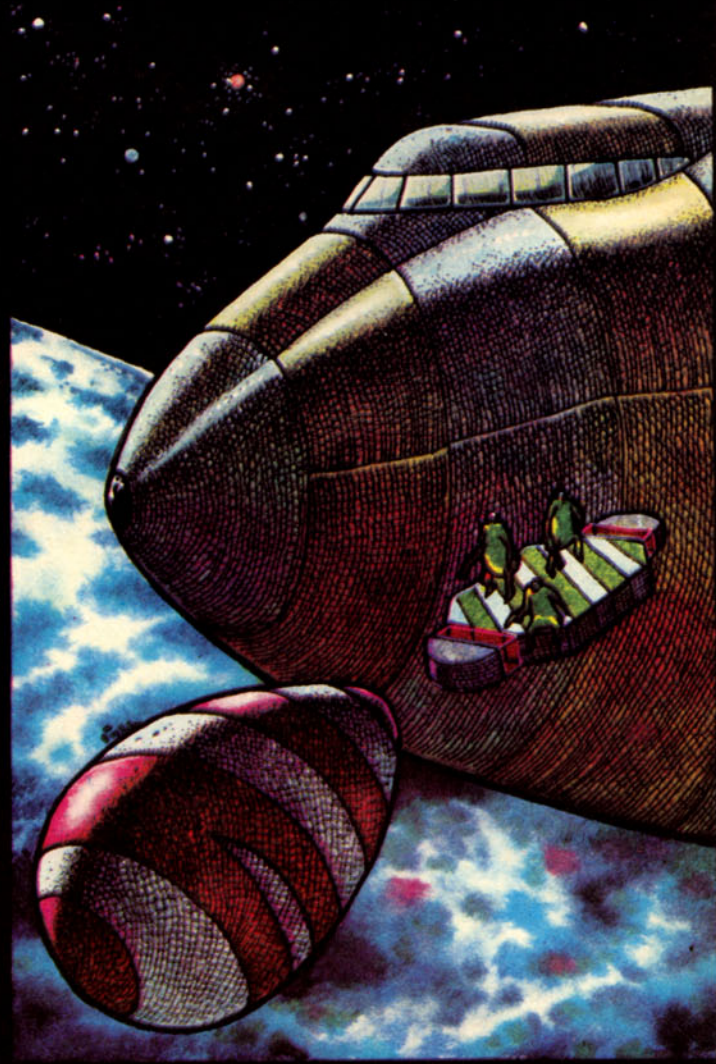
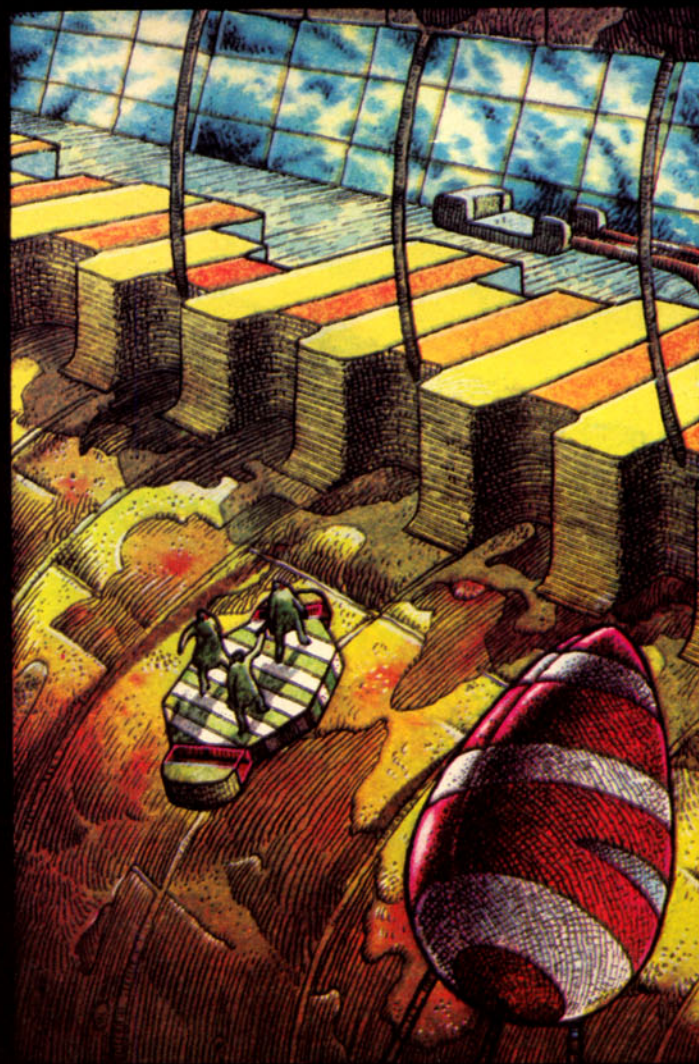
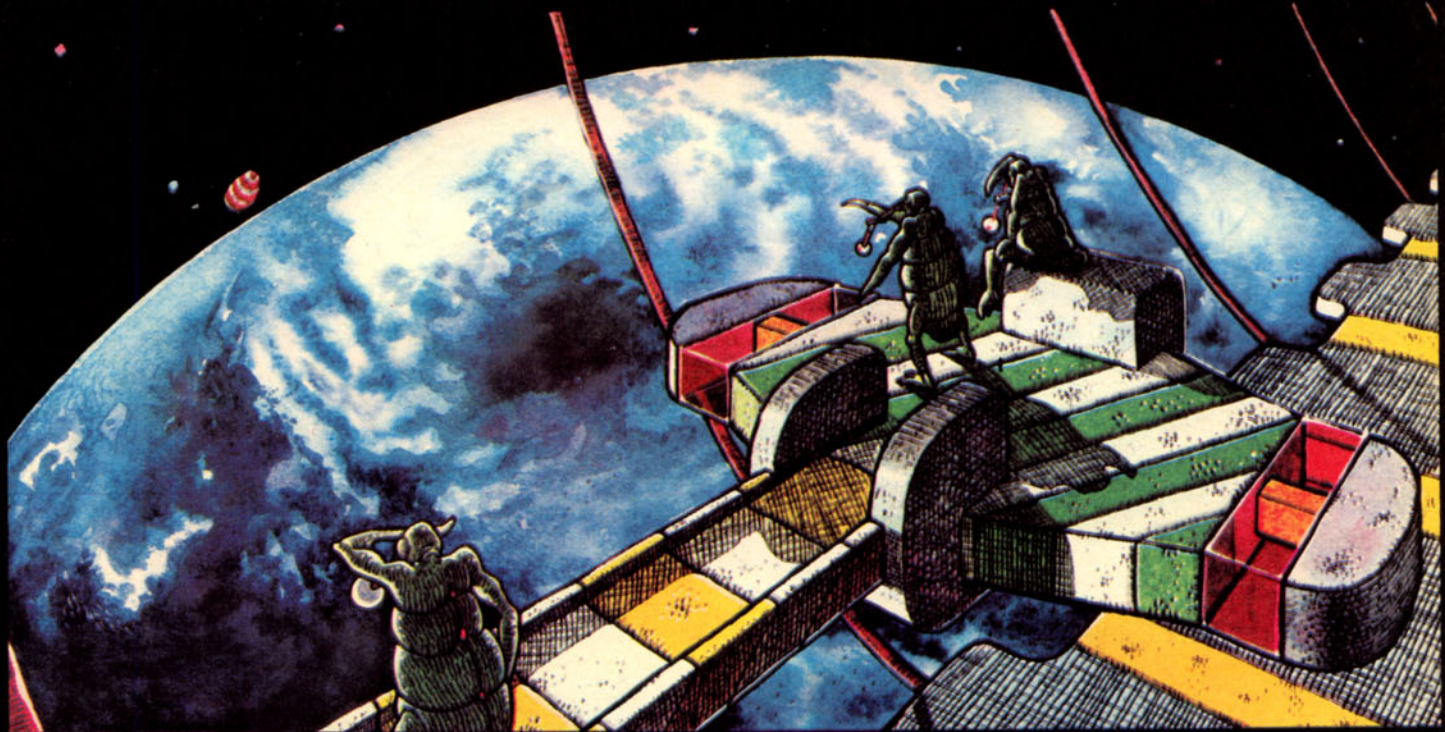




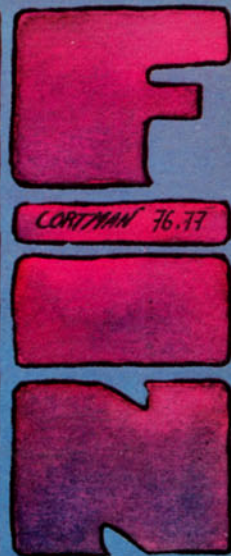
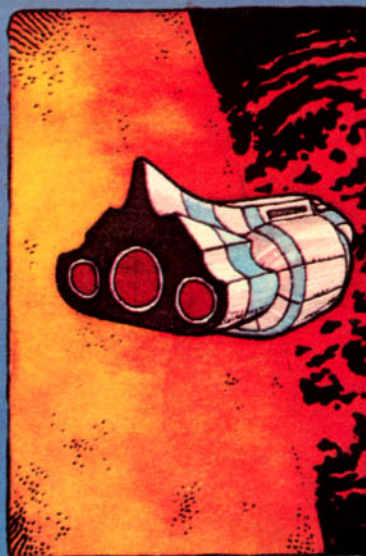
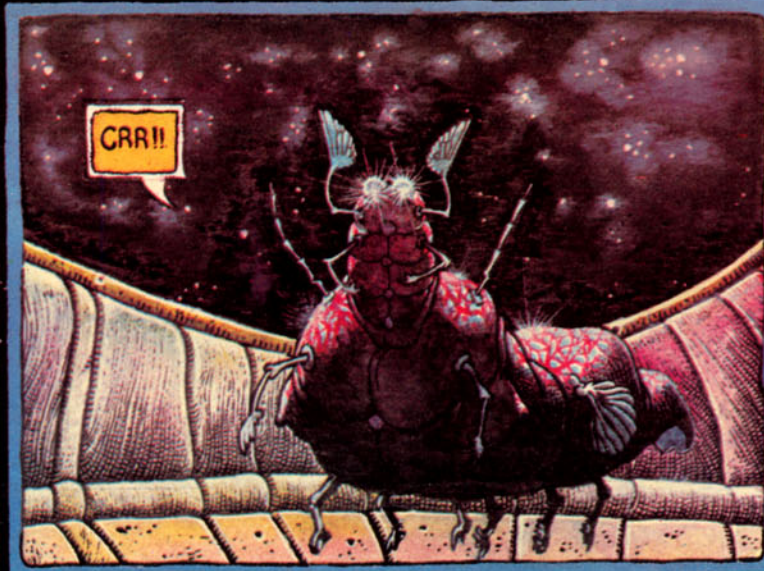
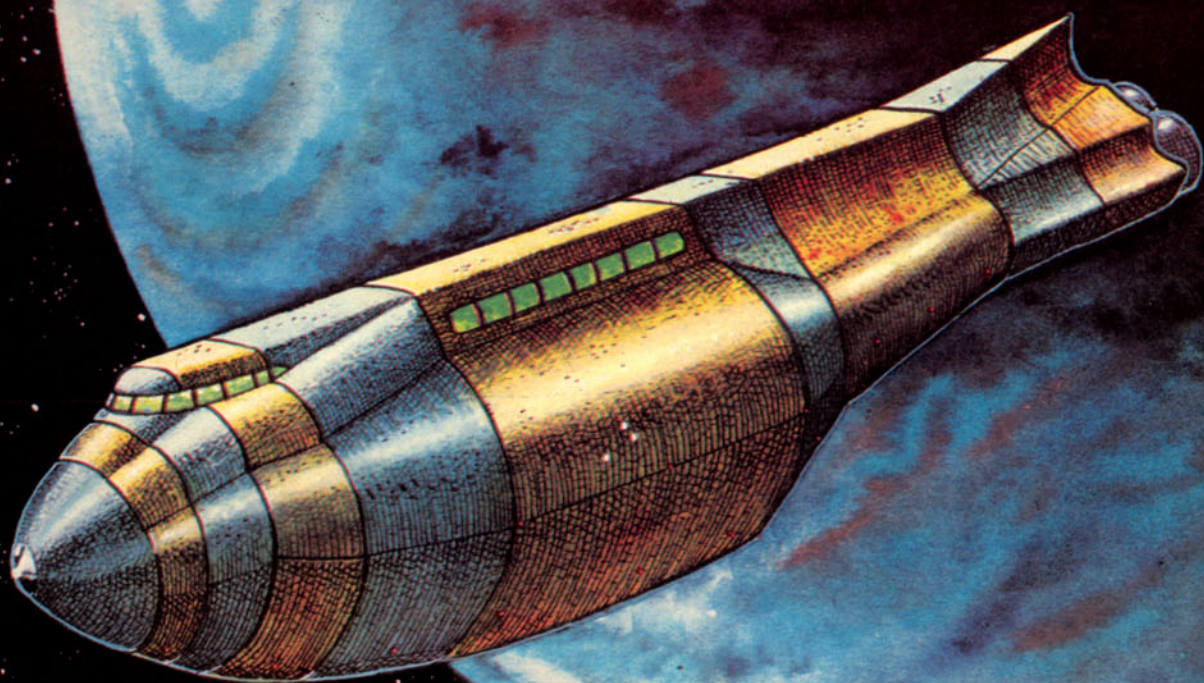


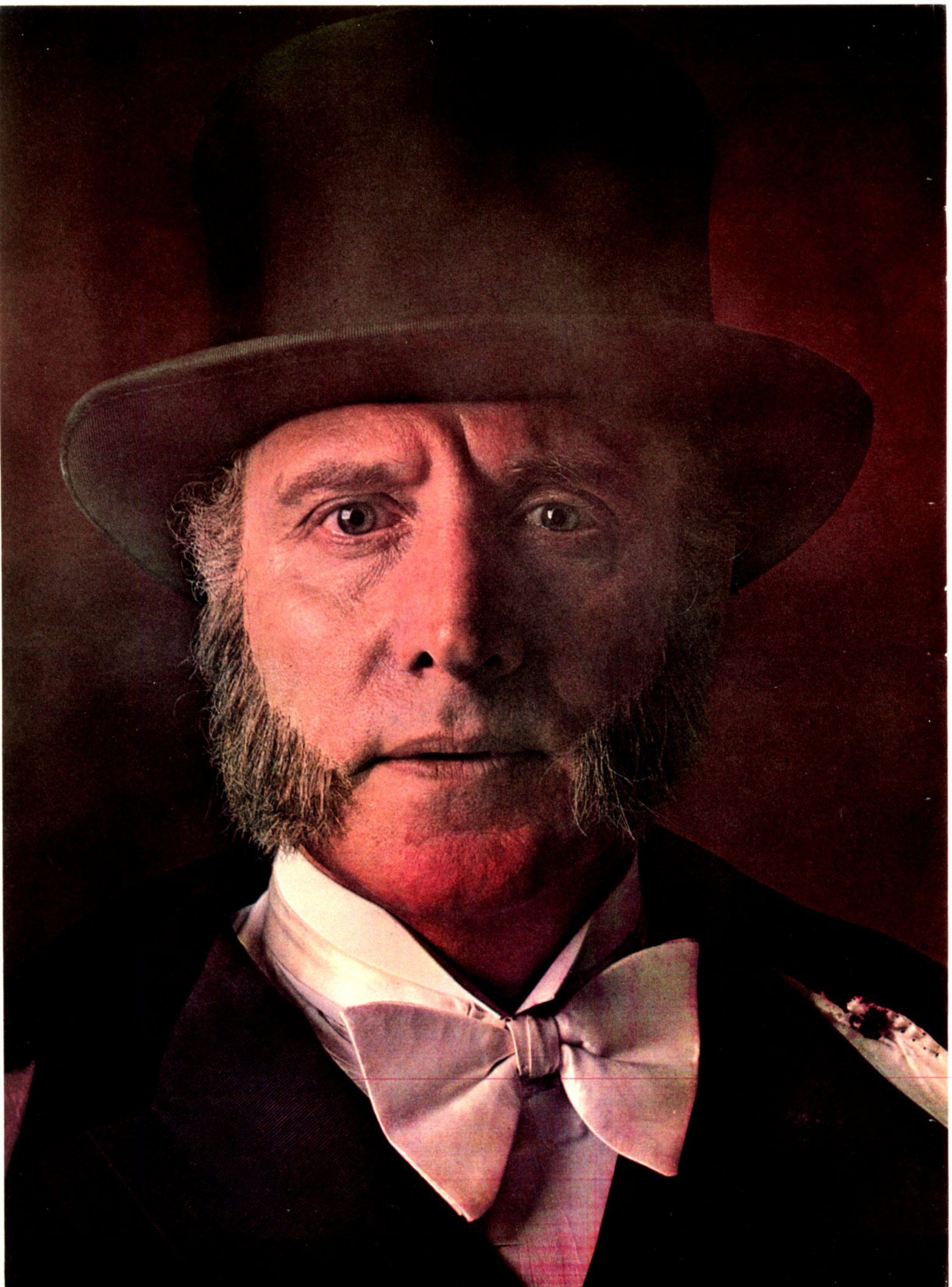












Is There a Demon Lover in the House?

by Roger Zelazny

Nightscape of city in November with fog: intermittent blotches of streetlight; a chilly thing, the wind slithering across the weeping faces of buildings; the silence.

Form is dulled and softened. Outlines are lost, silhouettes unsealed. Matter bleeds some vital essence upon the streets. What are the pivot points of time? Was that its arrow, baffled by coils of mist, or only a lost bird of the night?

...Walking now, the man, gait slowed to a normal pace now, his exhilaration transmuted to a kind of calm. Middle-aged, middle-statured, side-whiskered, dark, he looks neither to the left nor the right. He has lost his way, but his step is almost buoyant. A great love fills his being, general, objectless, pure as the pearl-soft glow of the corner light through the fog.

He reaches that corner and moves to cross the street.

An auto is there, then gone, tearing through the intersection, a low rumble within its muffler, lights slashing the dark. Its red tail lamps swing by, dwindle, are gone; its tires screech as it turns an unseen corner.

The man has drawn back against the building. He stares in the direction the vehicle has taken. For a long while after it has vanished from sight, he continues to stare. Then he withdraws a case from an inside pocket, takes out a small cigar, lights it. His hands shake as he does so.

A moment of panic...

He looks all about, sighs, then retrieves the small, newspaper-wrapped parcel he had been carrying, from where it had fallen near the curb.

Carefully, carefully then, he crosses the street. Soon the love has hold of him again.

Farther along, he comes upon a parked car, pauses a moment beside it, sees a couple embracing within, continues on his way. Another car passes along the street, slowly. There is a glow ahead.

He advances toward the illumination. There are lights within a small café and several storefront display windows. A theater marquee blazes in the center of the block. There are people here, moving along the walks, crossing the street. Cars discharge passengers. There is a faint odor of frying fish. The theater, he sees, is called the Regent Street.

He pauses beneath the marquee, which advertises:

EXOTIC MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

THE KISS OF DEATH

Puffing his cigar, he regards a series of photos within a glass case. A long-haired, acne-dotted medical student comes over to see the still shots, innocuous yet titillative on the wall. "Thought they'd never get to show it," he mutters.

"Beg pardon?"

"This snuff film. Just won a court decision. Didn't you hear?"

"No. I did not know. This one?"

"That's right. You going to see it?"

"I don't know. What is it about?"

The student turns and stares at the man, cocks his head to one side, smiles faintly. Seeing the reaction, the man smiles also. The student chuckles and shrugs.

"May be your only chance to see one," he says. "I'm betting they get closed down again and it goes to a higher court."

"Perhaps I will."

"Rotten weather, huh? They say *so ho* was an old hunting cry. Probably from people trying to find each other, huh?"

He chuckles. The man returns it and nods. The calm of controlled passion that holds him as in a gentle fist pushes him toward the experience.

"Yes, I believe that I will," he says, and he moves toward the ticket window.

The man behind the glass looks up as he passes him the money.

"You sure you want to spend that? It's an oldie."

He nods.

The ticket seller sets the coin to one side, hands him his pasteboard and his change.

He enters the lobby, looks about, follows the others.

"No smoking inside. Fire law."

"Oh. Sorry."

Dropping his cigar into a nearby receptacle, he surrenders his ticket and passes within. He pauses at the head of an aisle to regard the screen before him, moves on when jostled, finds a seat to his left, takes it.

He settles back and lets his warm feeling enfold him. It is a strange night. Lost, why had he come in? A place to sit? A place to hide? A place to be warm with impersonal human noises about him? Curiosity?

All of these, he decides, while his thoughts roam over the varied surface of life, and the post-orgasmic sadness fades to tenderness and gratefulness.

His shoulder is touched. He turns quickly.

"Just me," says the student. "Show'll be starting in a few minutes. You ever read the Marquis de Sade?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

"A decadent dilettante."

"Oh."

The student settles back and assumes a thoughtful pose. The man returns his eyes to the front of the theater.

After a time, the houselights grow dim and die. Then the screen is illuminated. The words *The Kiss of Death* flash upon it. Soon they are succeeded by human figures. The man leans forward, his brow furrowed. He turns and studies the slant of light from the projection booth, dust motes drifting within it. He sees a portion of the equipment. He turns again to the screen and his breathing deepens.

He watches all the actions leading to the movements of passion as time ticks about him. The theater is still. It seems that he has been transported to a magical realm. The people around him take on a supernatural quality, blank-faced in the light reflected from the screen. The back of his neck grows cold, and it feels as if the hairs are stirring upon it. Still, he suppresses a desire to rise and depart, for there is something frightening, too, to the vision. But it seems important that he see it through. He leans back again, watching, watching the flickering spectacle before him.

There is a tightening in his belly as he realizes what is finally to occur, as he sees the knife, the expression on the girl's face, the sudden movements, the writhing, the blood. As it continues, he gnaws his knuckle and begins to perspire. It is real, so real...

"Oh my!" he says and relaxes.

The warmth comes back to him again, but he continues to watch, until the last frame fades and the lights come on once again.

"How'd you like it?" says the voice at his back.

He does not turn.

"It is amazing," he finally says, "that they can make pictures move on a screen like that."

He hears the familiar chuckle, then, "Care to join me for a cup of coffee? Or a drink?"

"No, thanks. I have to be going."

He rises and hurries up the aisle, back toward the fog-masked city where he had somehow lost his way.

"Say, you forgot your package!"

But the man does not hear. He is gone.

The student raises it, weighs it in his palm, wonders. When he finally unwraps the folded *Times*, it is not only the human heart it contains which causes his sharp intake of breath, but the fact that the paper bears a date in November of 1888.

"Oh, Lord!" he says. "Let him find his way home!"

Outside, the fog begins to roll and break, and the wind makes a small rustling noise as it passes. The long shadow of the man, lost in his love and wonder, moves like a blade through the city and November and the night. ○

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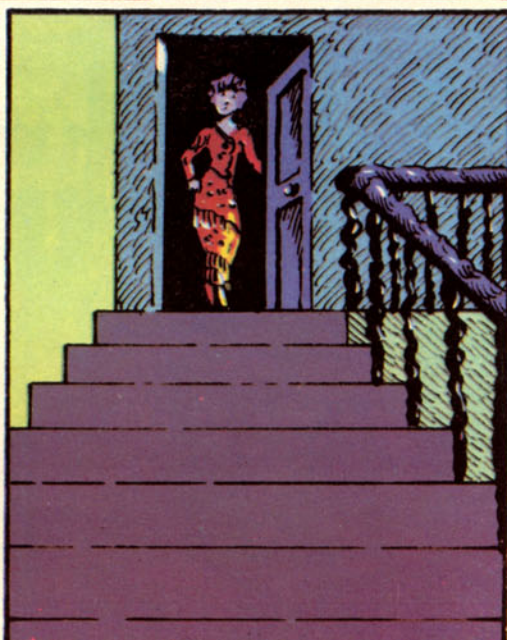
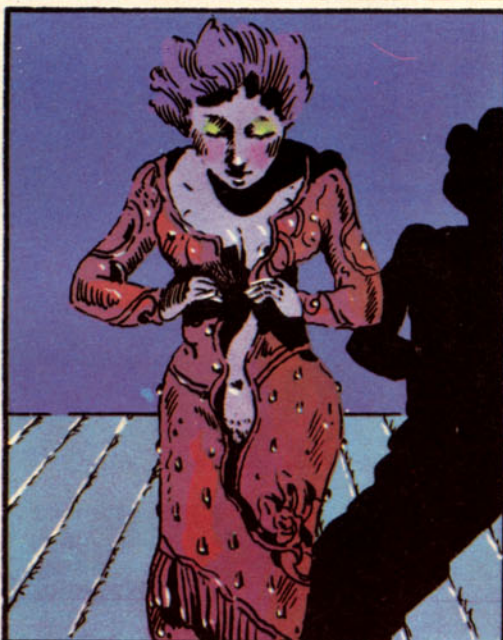
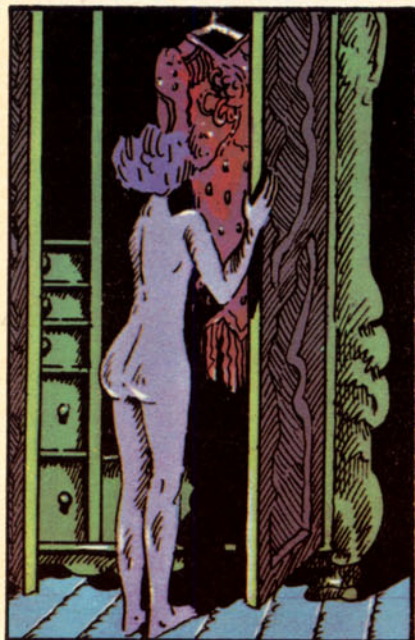
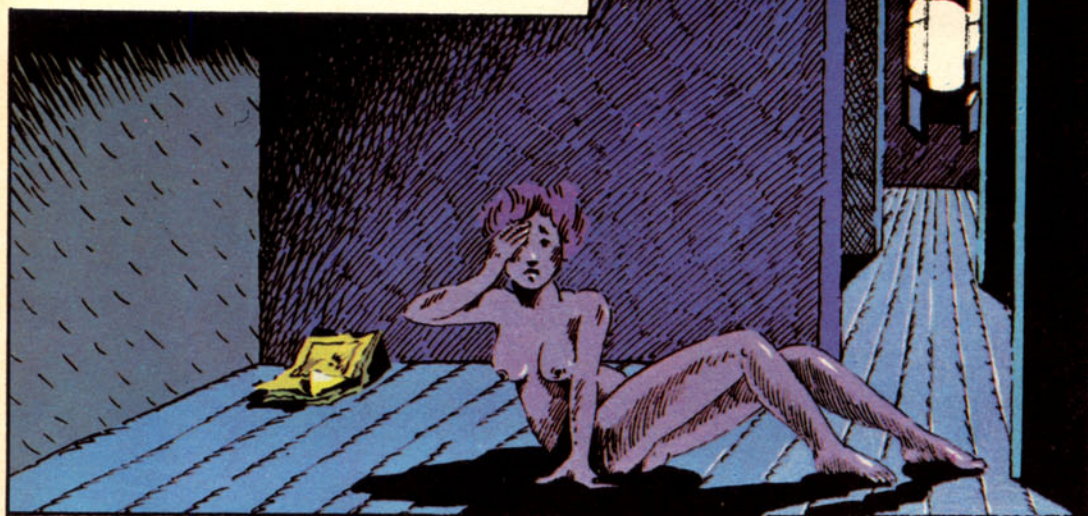
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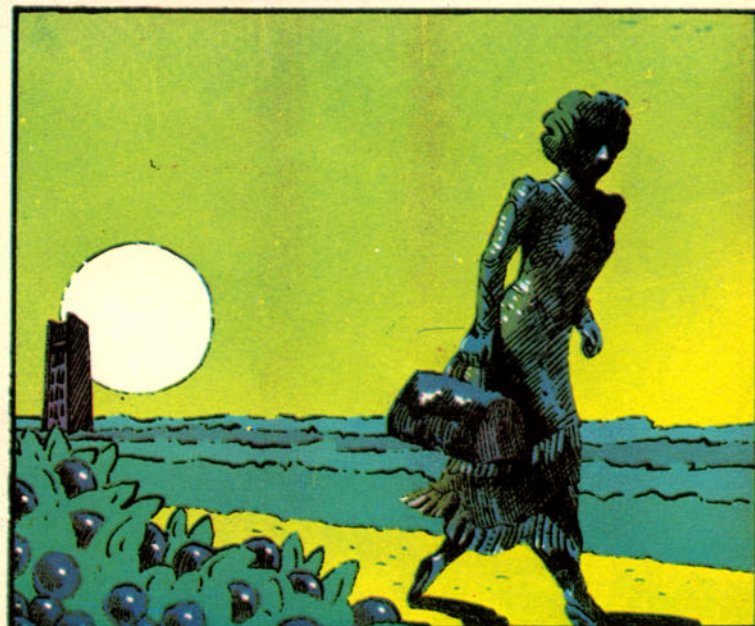
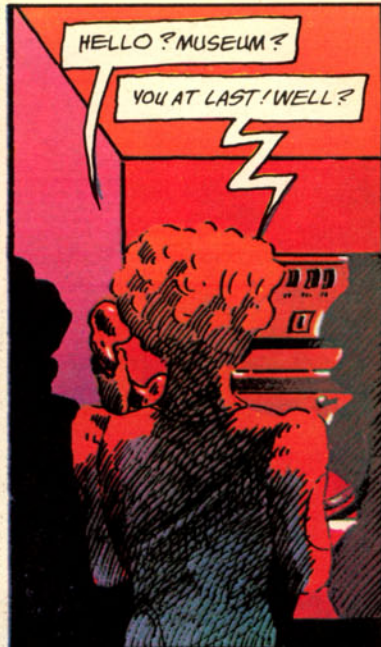
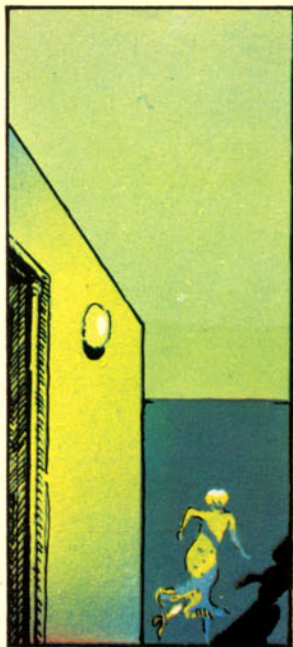


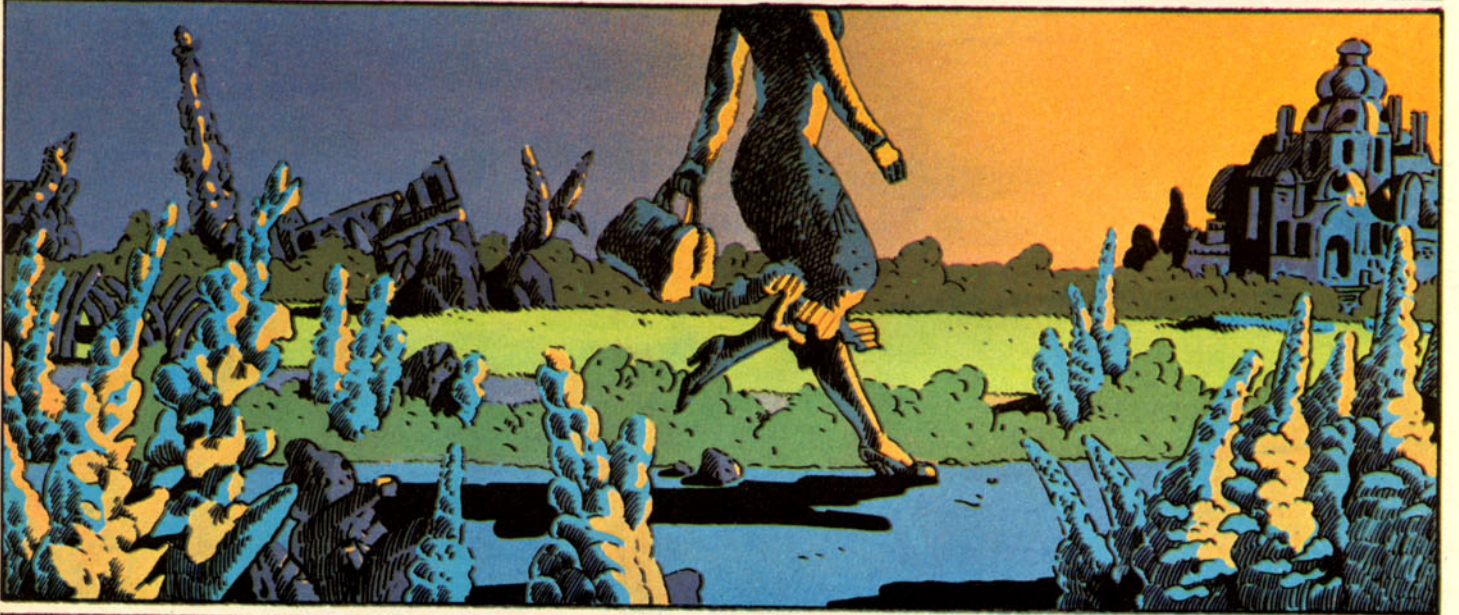
Night Grass

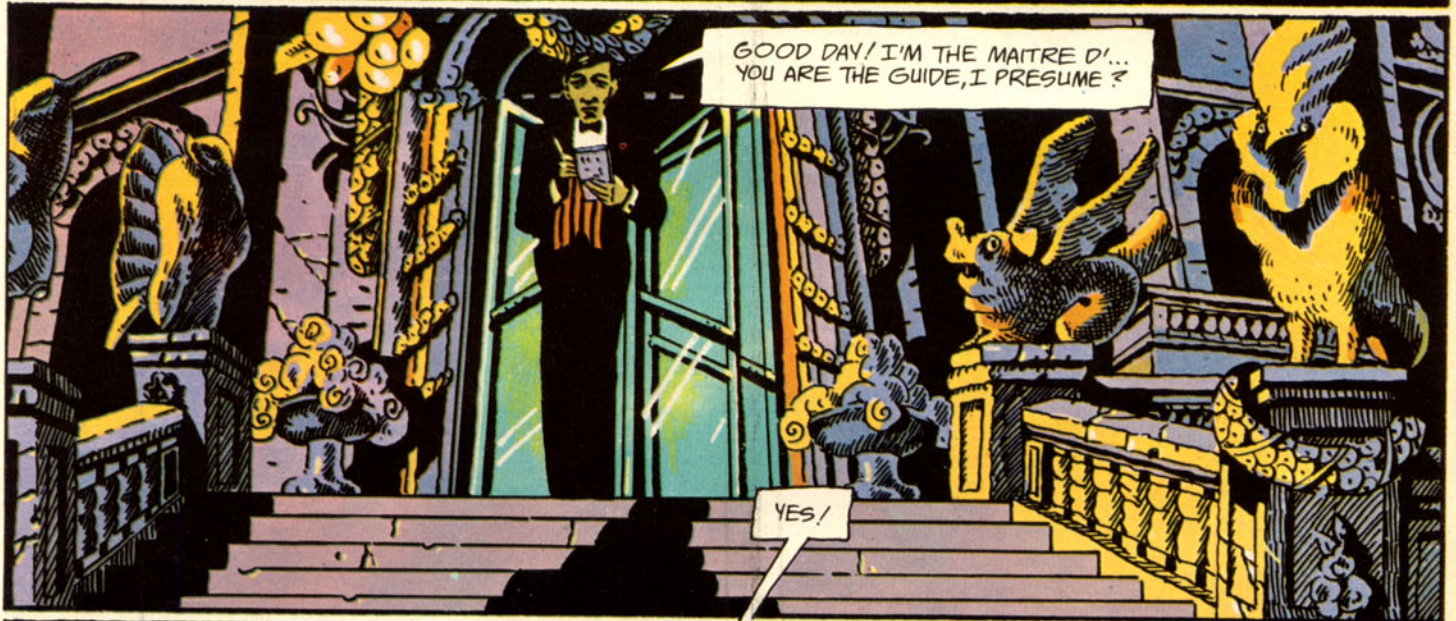
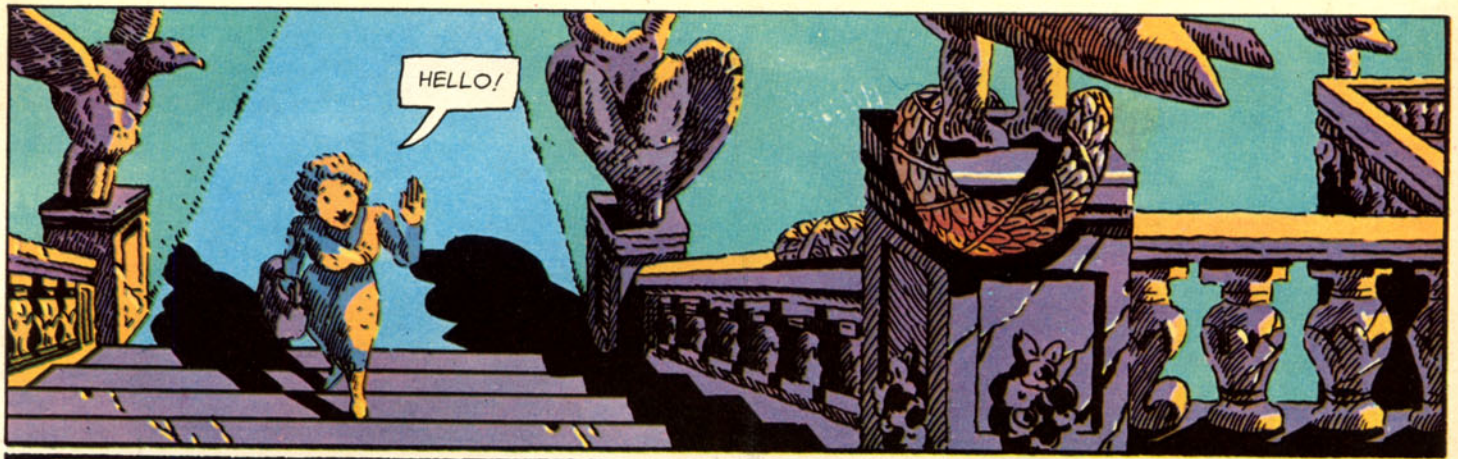
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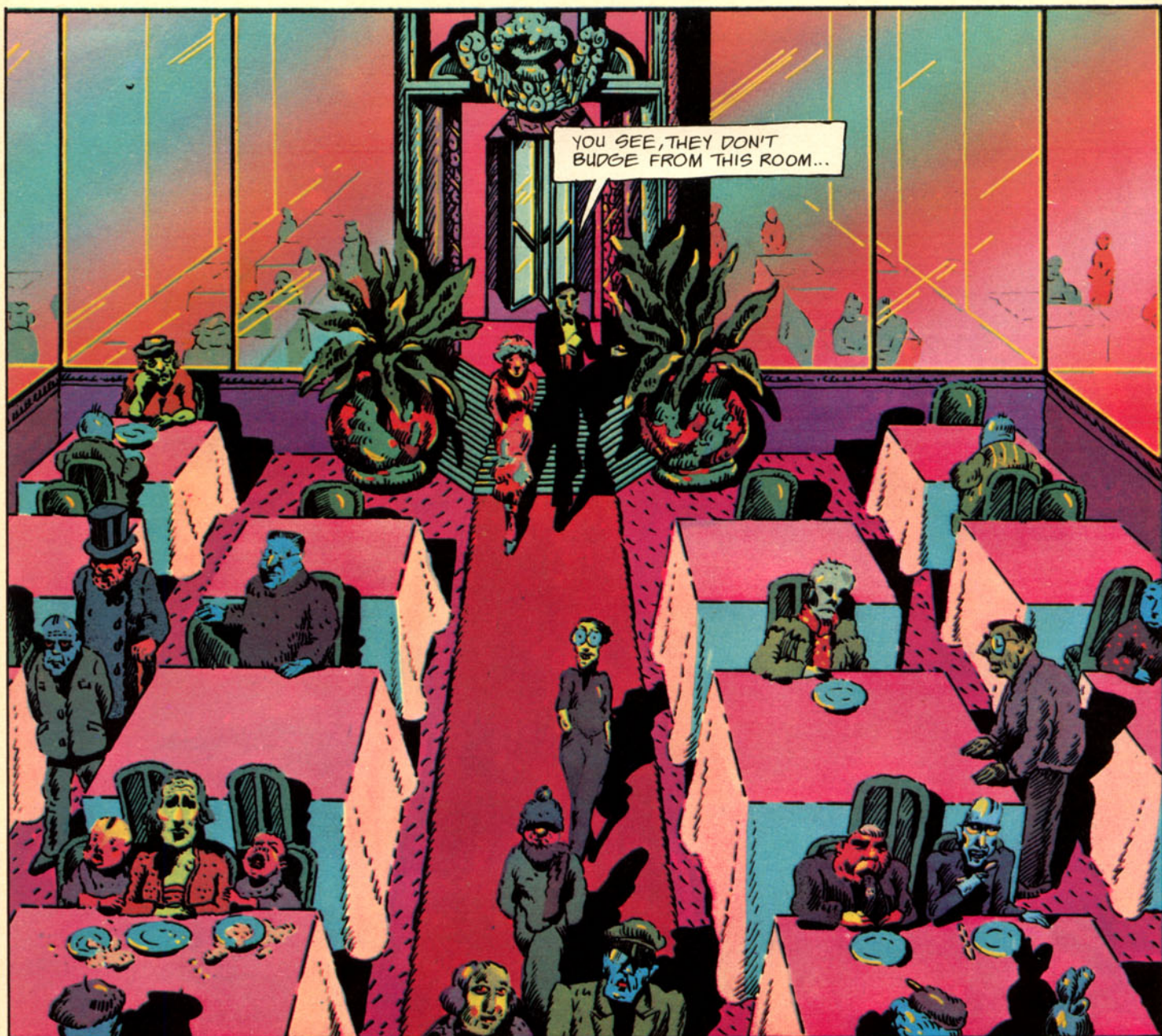
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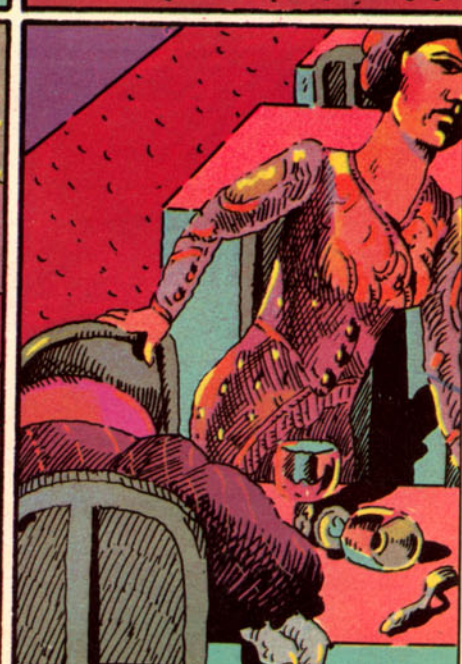
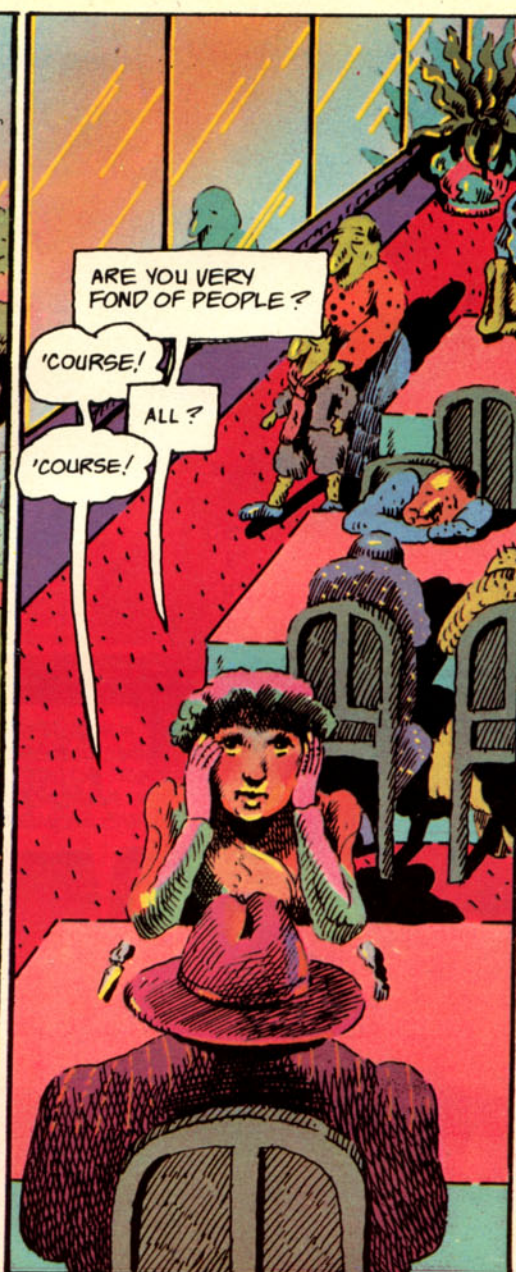


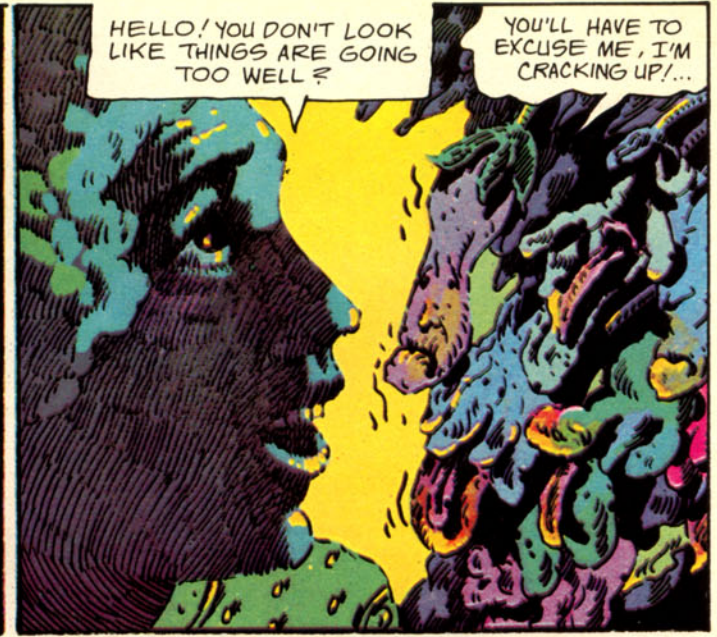
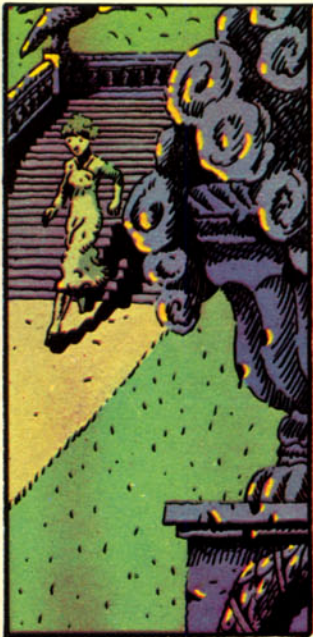












HELLO! YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TOO WELL?

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, I'M CRACKING UP!...



WHY?

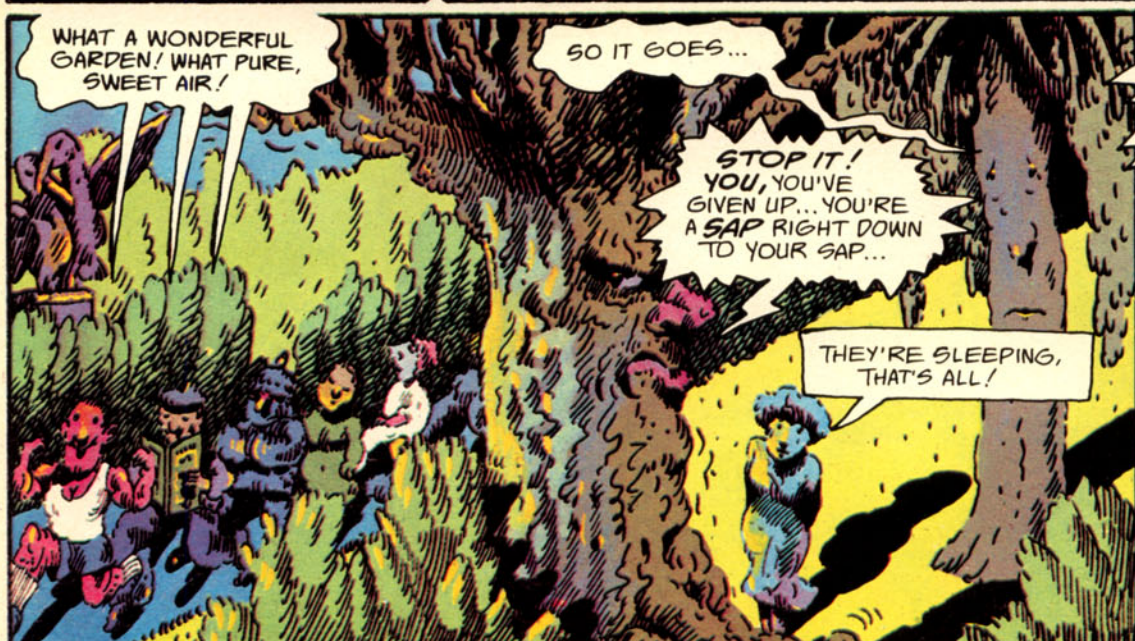
HERE ONE IS, AND THEY DON'T SEE US!... ONE DOESN'T EXIST...



WHAT IS IT THEY'VE GOT? IT'S GETTING SERIOUS...

YES, I KNOW: IT'S A STRANGE ILLNESS. YOU GET SO USED TO IT, YOU END UP NOT NOTICING ANYMORE...

WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN! WHAT PURE, SWEET AIR!



WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN! WHAT PURE, SWEET AIR!

SO IT GOES...

STOP IT! YOU, YOU'VE GIVEN UP... YOU'RE A SAP RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR SAP...

THEY'RE SLEEPING, THAT'S ALL!



WHAT ABOUT ME? I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'M BOILING OVER! I SEE RED! I'M GOING TO EXPLODE!







I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE! WE'VE BEEN **ROTTING** IN THIS **HOLE** FOR MORE THAN SIX MONTHS, AND THE ROCKET'S OUT AND...

SHUT UP! THIS CONSTANT **BELLYACHING** WON'T HELP. **REINFORCEMENTS** ARE BOUND TO ARRIVE **SOON!**



ENOUGH! I'VE HAD **ENOUGH** OF THIS **FUCKING** **EXPEDITION** ON THIS **FUCKING** **PLANET** WHERE YOU SEE **NOTHING** AND WE'RE **SNIPED** AT WITHOUT **KNOWING** FROM **WHERE** OR **WHY...**

AND YOU, YOU **ARCTURIAN PIG?** HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED **PICKING** AWAY YOUR OWN **SKIN**, YOU **SHIT-HEAD?**

YOU COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT KIND OF **MESS** YOU GET YOURSELF INTO!



LEAVE THE **BRUTE** ALONE! AND **TAKE COVER!** THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER **ATTACK!**



THAT'S IT! HERE WE GO **AGAIN!**



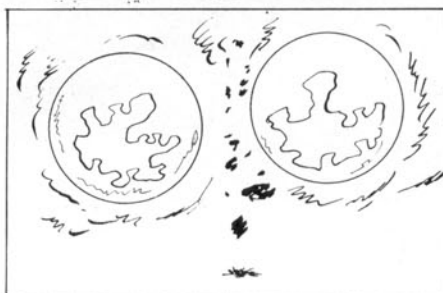
YOU'RE ALL
GOING TO
DIE!

HELL!



DIE!

AAARCH!



AARRZ! HAVEN'T YOU
FINISHED THROWING
PEBBLES AT THOSE
INSECTS? STOP PLAYING
NOW, AND COME IN THE
HOUSE!



"I am Lord Garin, protector and First General to my Lord, Kind Malzar, Ruler of Sirus. From where have you come? Where do you go? And who do you serve? You speak not! Then you are condemned by your silence. We are engaged in a struggle for domination and eternal oblivion. Praise be to Grod. The enemy is near. All we need do is turn our eyes eastward and there is our Armageddon. The evil ones grow stronger with each passing day. Our keep is no longer able to withstand the..."



Ahhhh, I see them, I see them...they call to me. I knew in my hour of great need they would come to my aid. They are strong...mighty warriors. Ahhhh...even now I gaze upon them.

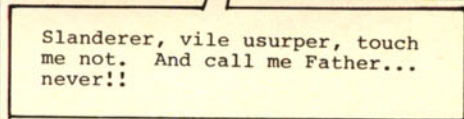


Peace, Father...



You are not my son. Your mother was common....She...she tricked me.... I...I did not bed her....

And your birth brought about that which I desired most--her death!



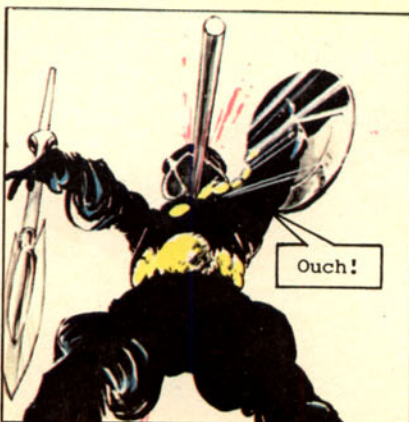
Slanderer, vile usurper, touch me not. And call me Father... never!!



My sons, my true seed...are dead!



The evil ones take many forms, and their control is complete!



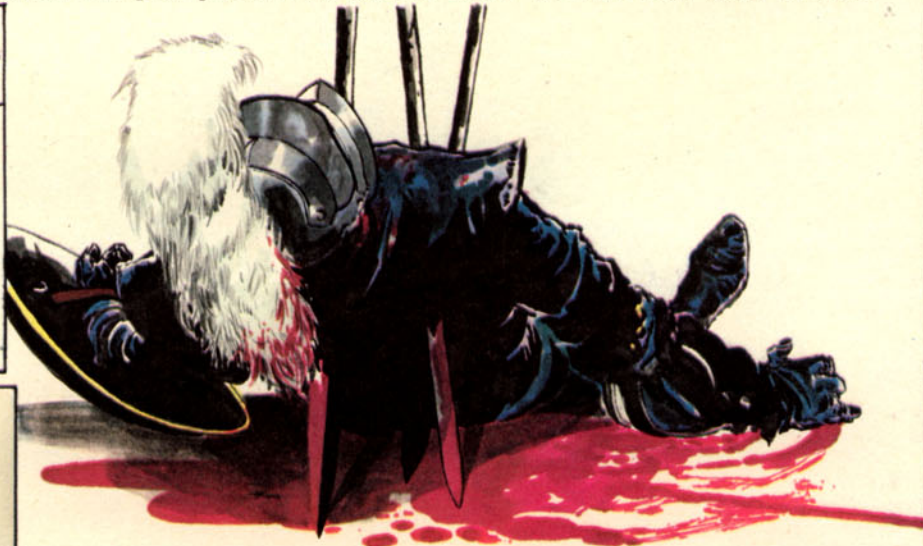
Ouch!



WORLD APART BY E.E. DAVIS



Heh, heh...look you upon them....Isss it not a pretty sssite to behold? They grieve for thiss warrior ssslain, Be not sssad, he isss mine now, forever and forever. Hissss sssoul screams in agony. And soon you and yourssss will alssso sssing my sssweet refrain of horror and death. I use this body to point the way, this voice to speak. I will have you all in my power. I will have your precious Golden City, your woman, your children. All your possessions will be mine. As this dead shell is mine!



You have earned your freedom, pale one. But as you can see, your fate is now the same as ours.



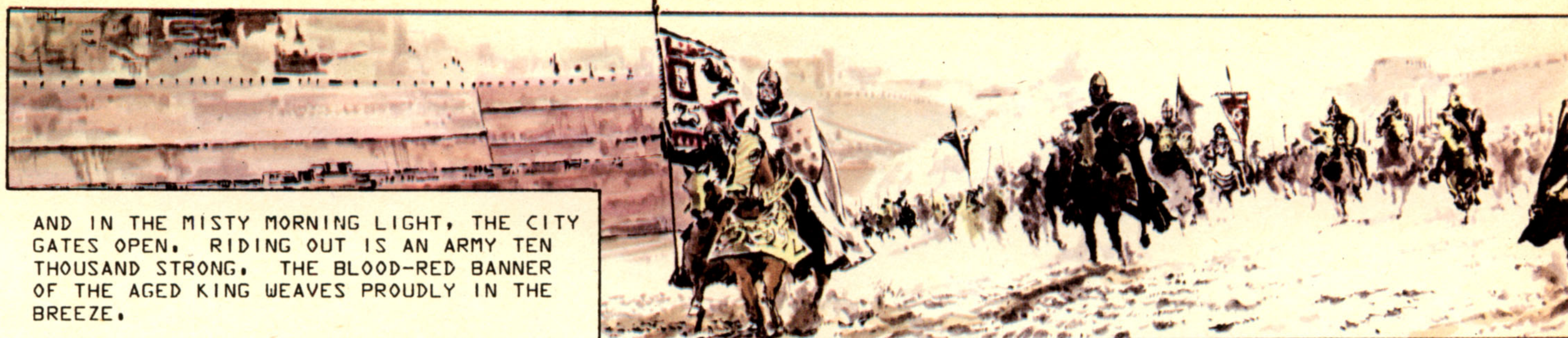
Batty ol' git!



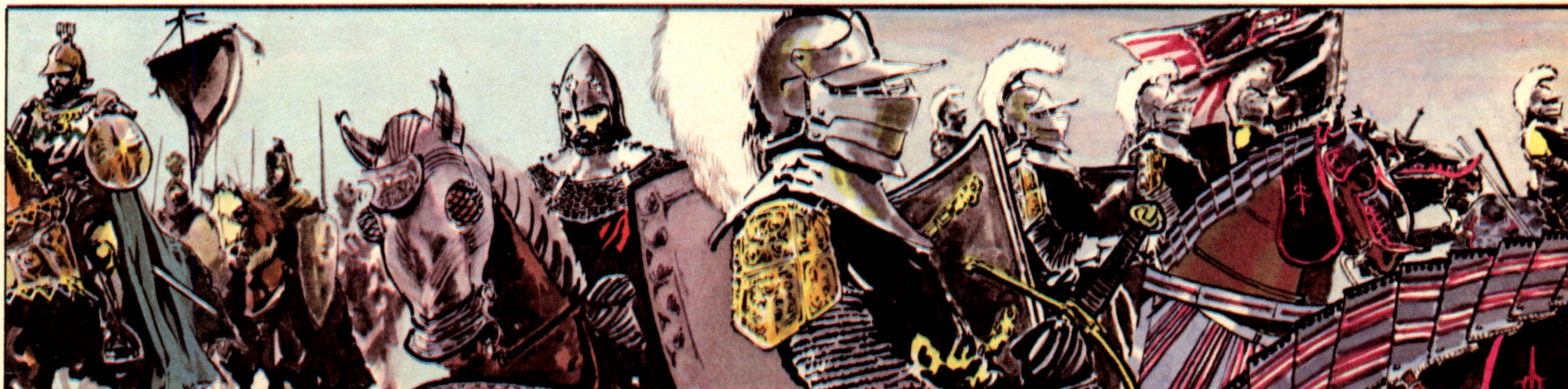
My Lord speaks truly;
our oblivion is assured.

No! I see it now. My sons speak to me from the void. I will gather my armies! We march upon the morn! As the dawn breaks, we shall achieve final victory. We shall prevail over darkness itself.





AND IN THE MISTY MORNING LIGHT, THE CITY GATES OPEN. RIDING OUT IS AN ARMY TEN THOUSAND STRONG. THE BLOOD-RED BANNER OF THE AGED KING WEAVES PROUDLY IN THE BREEZE.



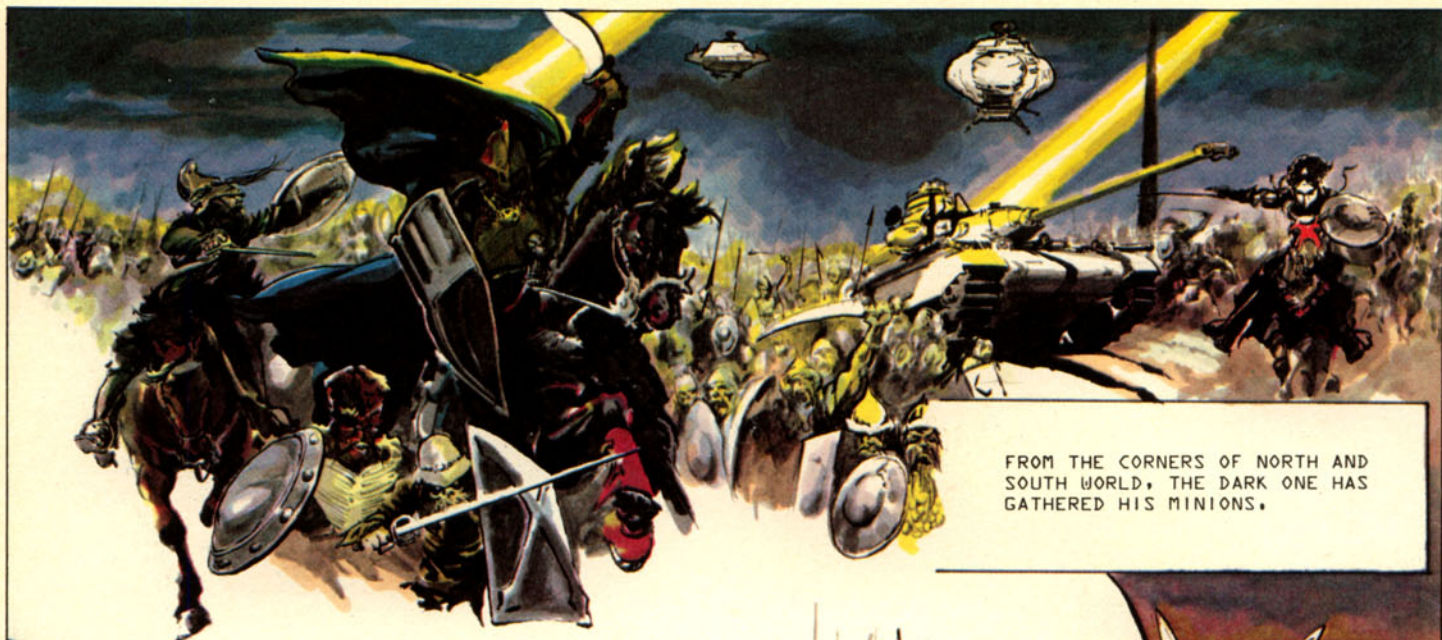
GRIM ARE THE FACES OF THE MEN, KNOWING THAT THEY RIDE TO THEIR DOOM.



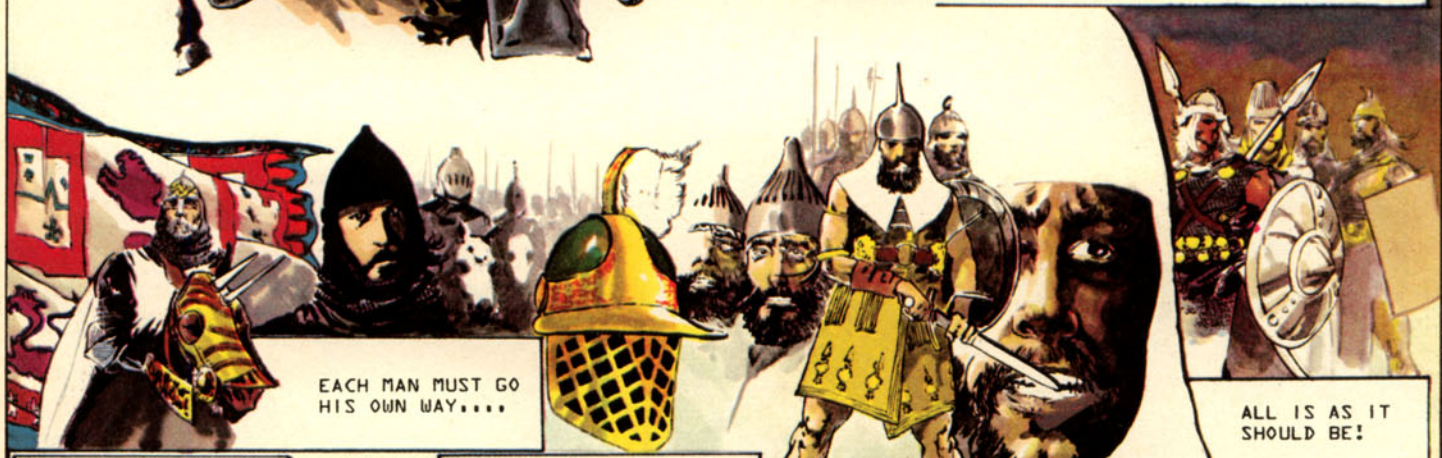
KING MALZAR'S ROYAL BODYGUARD RIDES IN THE VANGUARD.



THE VALLEY OF RODON. THE ICY WALLS OF ITS SHEER CLIFFS CHILL THE SOUL. AND THE DARKNESS BEYOND WILL SOON ENGULF ALL IN ITS PATH.



FROM THE CORNERS OF NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD, THE DARK ONE HAS GATHERED HIS MINIONS.



EACH MAN MUST GO HIS OWN WAY....

ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE!

BE HE KING, PRINCE, OR LORD...

TO LOOK UPON THE ULTIMATE EVIL...

AND STAND STEADFAST, SWORD IN HAND...

THOUGH FEAR GRIP YOUR HEART...



"Good day to you, fair King Malzar..."

"My master, knowing of your pain and loss...."

King Malzar has fought the darkness and its disciples for all his eighty years, as did his father before him, and his father before. Six sons King Malzar reared, all strong and noble warriors. They followed the teachings of their faith, each in turn vowing a solemn oath never to rest until the darkness was destroyed. The years of battle have taken each prince to his death. Their bodies were never recovered.

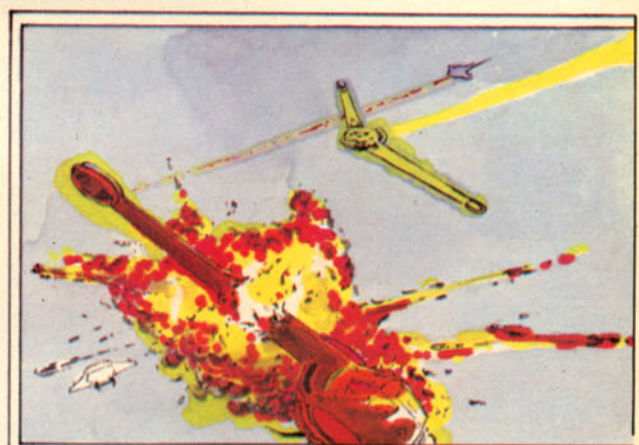
"...has bid me return to you that which was torn so cruelly from your breast. Good king, we return your sons."



THE CRASH OF STEEL, BONE, AND PYROPLASTIC-MOLDED BODY ARMOR.

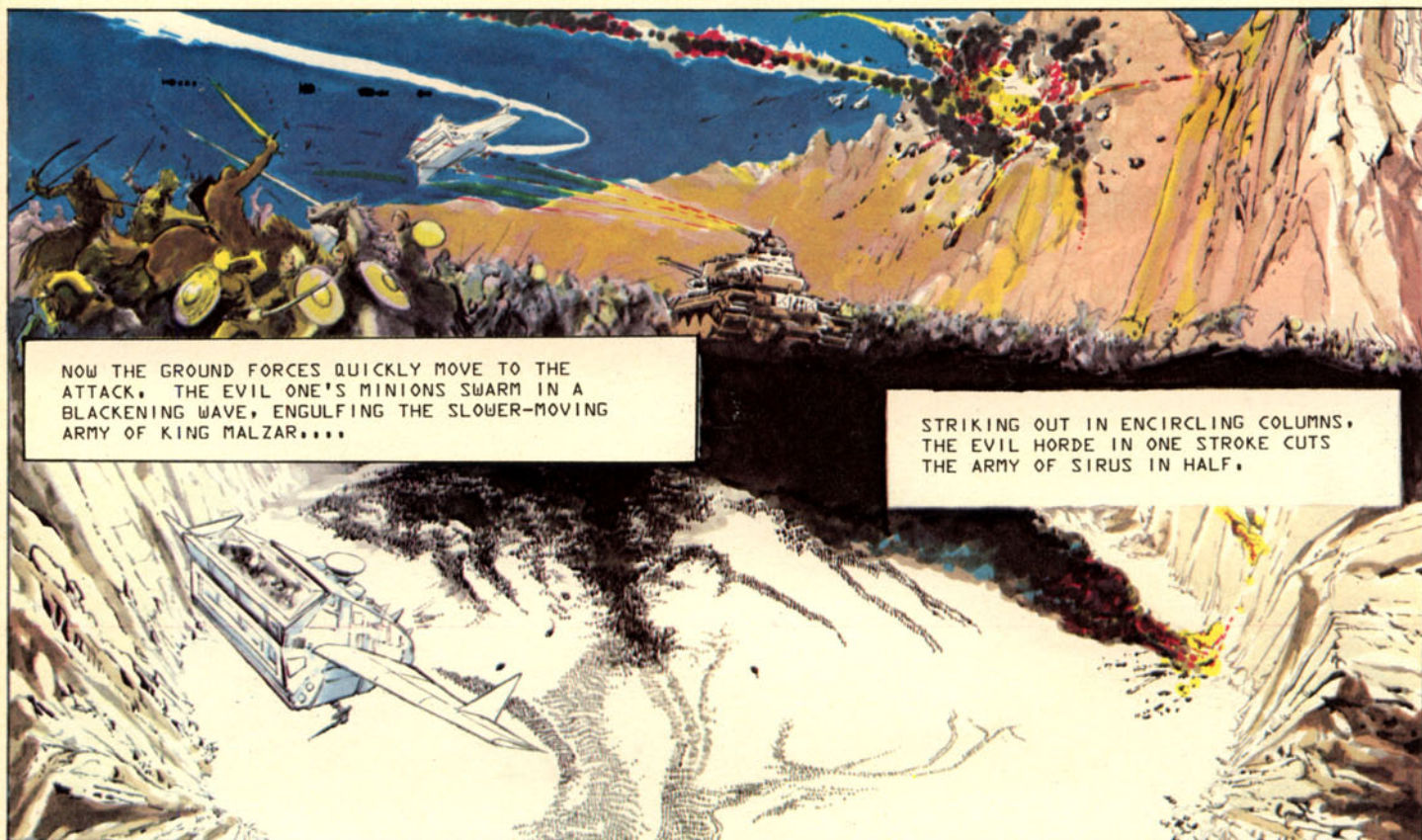


SKY CRUISERS SCREAMING FROM THE SKY STRAFE FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE.



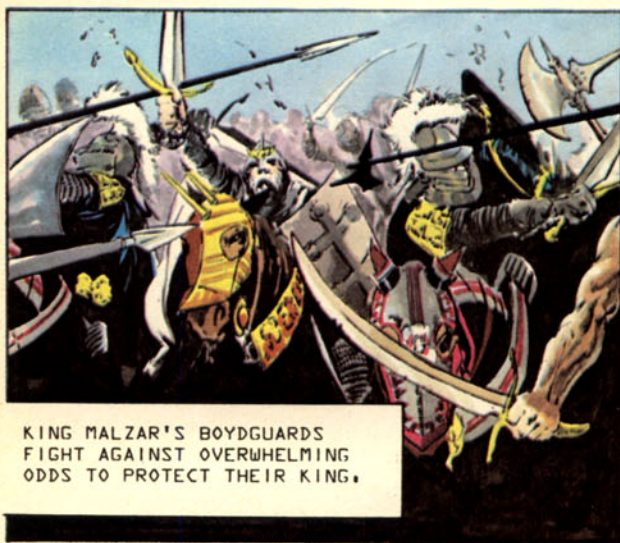
A DIRECT HIT FROM THE DARK ONE'S AERO-DRONE EXPLODES THE GOLDEN CITY'S ONLY SKY DEFENSE.





NOW THE GROUND FORCES QUICKLY MOVE TO THE ATTACK. THE EVIL ONE'S MINIONS SWARM IN A BLACKENING WAVE, ENGULFING THE SLOWER-MOVING ARMY OF KING MALZAR....

STRIKING OUT IN ENCIRCLING COLUMNS, THE EVIL HORDE IN ONE STROKE CUTS THE ARMY OF SIRUS IN HALF.



KING MALZAR'S BODYGUARDS FIGHT AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS TO PROTECT THEIR KING.



LORD GARIN LEADS THE CUT-OFF REMNANT OF HIS CAVALRY IN A DARING ATTEMPT TO REJOIN THE MAIN FORCE....

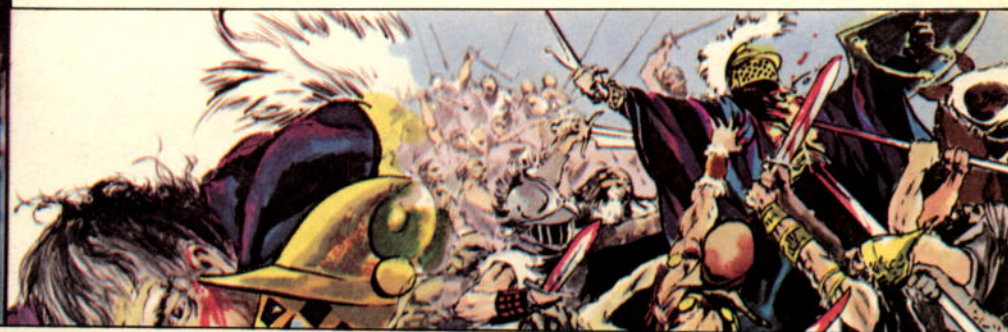


NOW THE EVIL ONE'S MOTORIZED CANNON COMES INTO PLAY, BLASTING GREAT HOLES IN LORD GARIN'S FORMATION UNTIL HIS MAIN FORCE BREAKS AND IS CUT TO PIECES BY FOOTFIGHTERS ARMED WITH AUTOFIRE.



EACH CHARGE IS MET BY SCREAMING AUTOFIRE. BEASTS ARE CUT DOWN AND THEIR RIDERS DROWN UNDER FLASHING BLADES.

ON THE GROUND, SIRUS'S ONLY MOTORIZED CANNON IS DESTROYED BY AN AERO-CRUISER.



SUDDENLY, THE SKY IS BLACK WITH BIRDS. WAVE AFTER WAVE OF SIRUS WARRIORS FALL SCREAMING, CLUTCHING THEIR THROATS AS IF FOR BREATH.

KING MALZAR'S BODYGUARD HAS BEEN DEFEATED, AND LORD GARIN IS WITNESS AS HIS FATHER IS SLAIN. A RED STAIN COMES BEFORE GARIN'S EYES, BLINDING HIM TO ALL ELSE.



DESPERATE, GARIN SLASHES HIS WAY THROUGH, IN A MAD ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIS FATHER. WOUNDED, NEAR DEATH, HE DRAGS HIMSELF THE LAST FEW FEET....



"Father...father...can you hear me? Speak to me! We are near death, you and I. Speak to me of your devotion, tell me now at last that which I have waited to hear...."

"What...what is that, what was that...?"



"Bastard, you were born, bastard, you shall die... wheeze...."

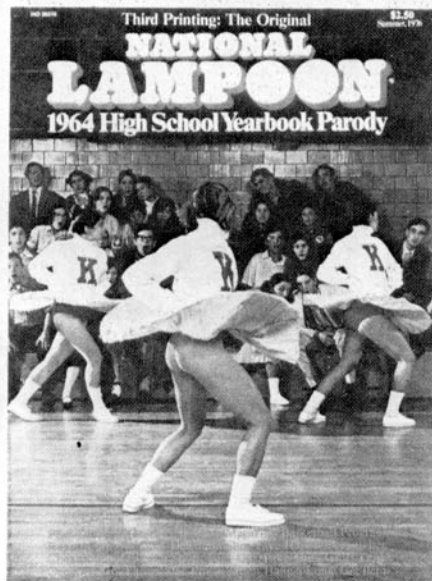


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subscription to the
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for only \$14.00**

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AFTER A THREE-DAY MARCH, THE EXPEDITION ENTERS THE MOUNTAINS.

BRAOUM

POLONIUS

Writer: PICARET lettrage DELOBEL Artist: TARDI

FORWARD!

FASTER UP THERE,
GET
GOING!

OVER
THERE!
A SHELTER,
FAST!

SOME OF THE
MEN ARE MISSING!

THEY'LL
FIND US... IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE TO
GO LOOKING FOR
THEM!... LIGHT A
FIRE!



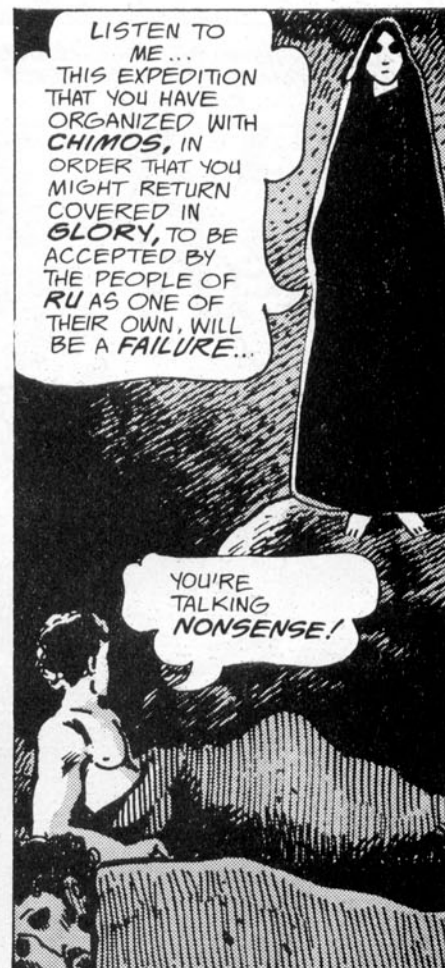
SEVERAL HOURS LATER,
WHILE THE TROOP IS
SLEEPING...



POLONIUS!

WHO
IS
IT?

HOW DID
YOU GET
IN?



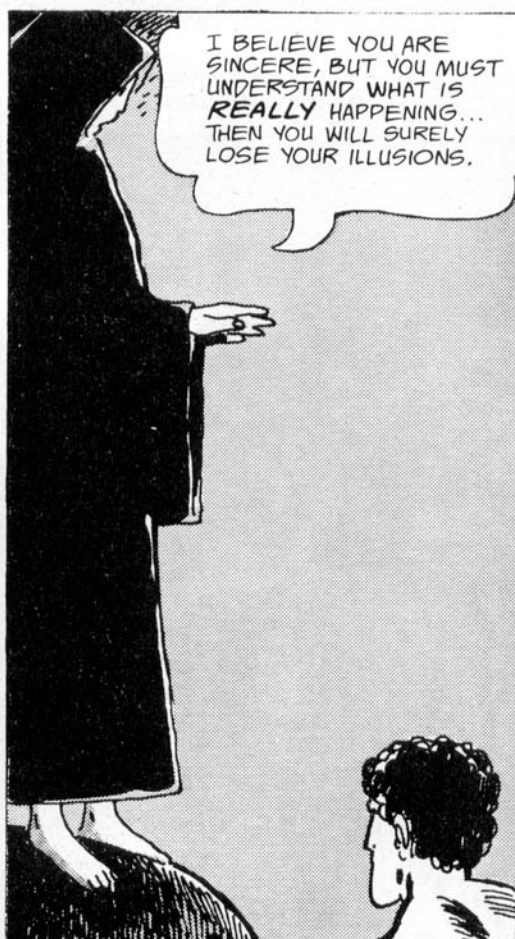
LISTEN TO
ME...
THIS EXPEDITION
THAT YOU HAVE
ORGANIZED WITH
CHIMOS, IN
ORDER THAT YOU
MIGHT RETURN
COVERED IN
GLORY, TO BE
ACCEPTED BY
THE PEOPLE OF
RU AS ONE OF
THEIR OWN, WILL
BE A **FAILURE**...

YOU'RE
TALKING
NONSENSE!



YOUR SUCCESS HAS COM-
PLETELY BEFUDDLED YOU.
ONCE A **WANDERER** CON-
DEMNED TO PRISON, YOU
BECAME THE **PROTEGE**
OF ONE OF THE MOST
POWERFUL GENERALS OF
RU... BUT TAKE CARE!
RU IS STILL MORE
CORRUPT THAN YOU CAN
IMAGINE.

THAT IS **EXACTLY**
WHY I'M FIGHTING!
FOR A
CHANGE!



I BELIEVE YOU ARE
SINCERE, BUT YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND WHAT IS
REALLY HAPPENING...
THEN YOU WILL SURELY
LOSE YOUR ILLUSIONS.



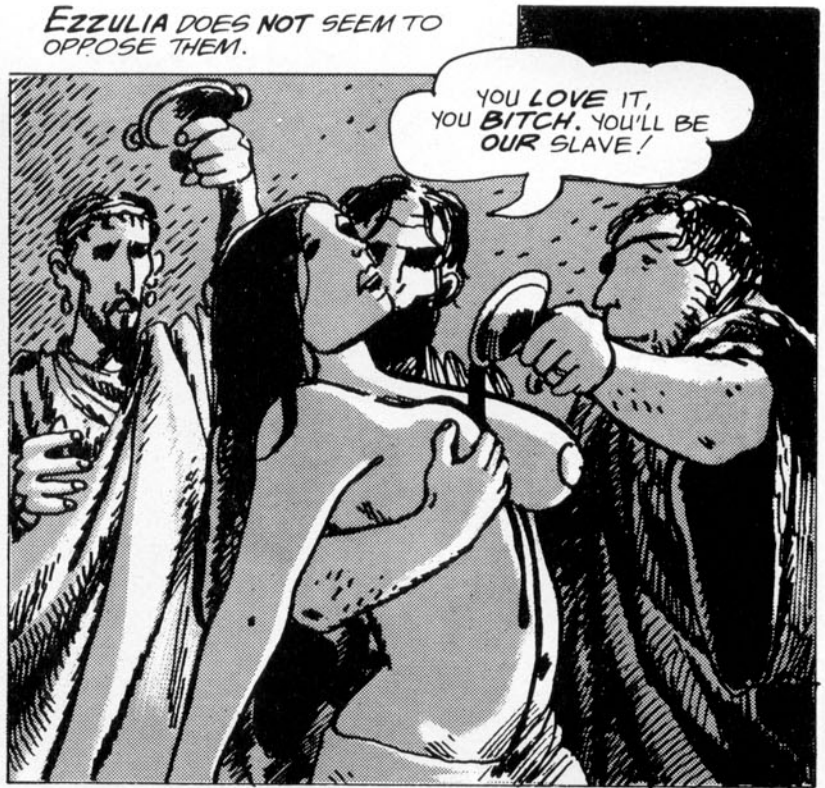
LOOK RIGHT AT
ME AND YOU
WILL SEE
WHAT IS TRANS-
PIRING WITH THE
MAN YOU THOUGHT
TO BE YOUR
FRIEND! DO YOU
KNOW THE
WOMAN WITH
WHOM THEY
AMUSE
THEMSELVES?

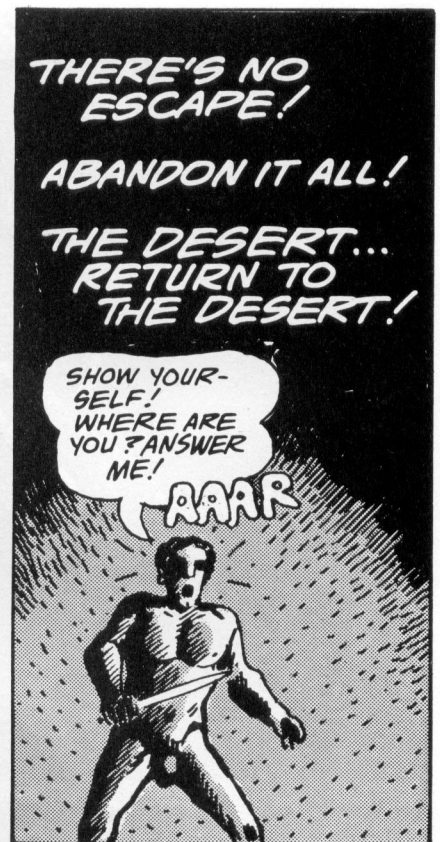
EZZULIA!



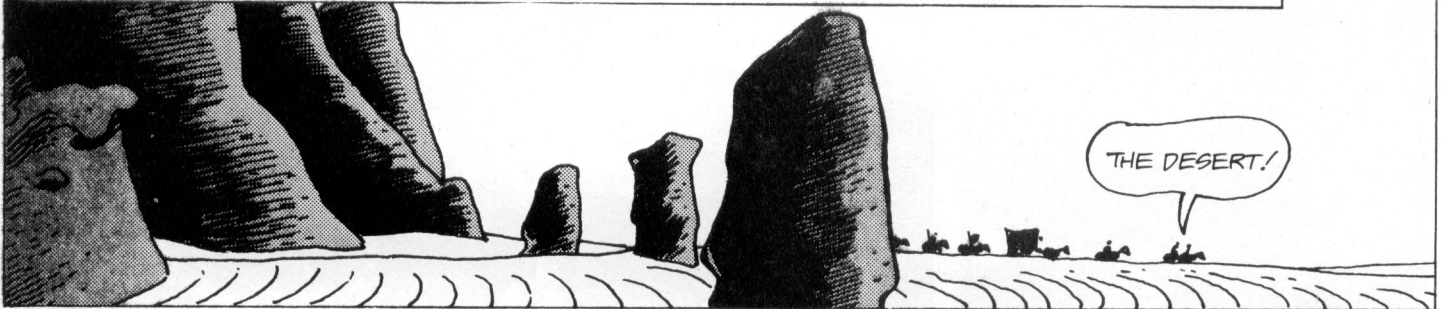
THEY HEAD TOWARD THE **STREETS OF SHAME**...

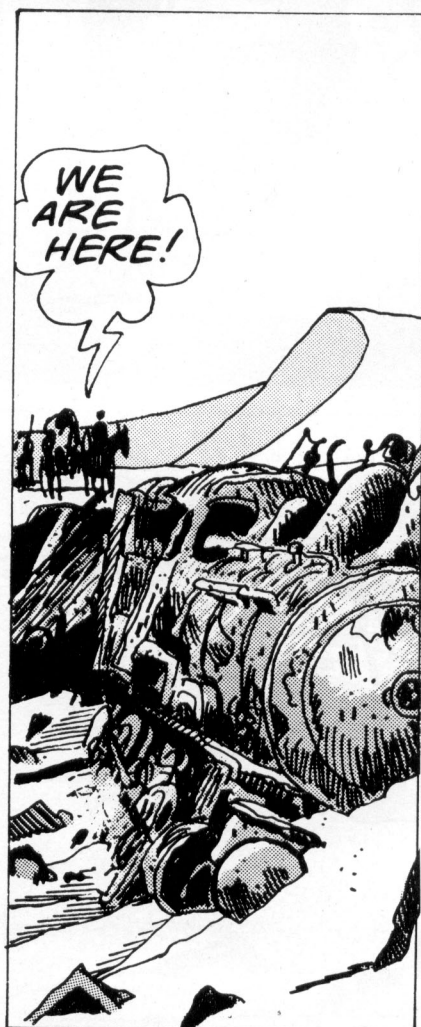
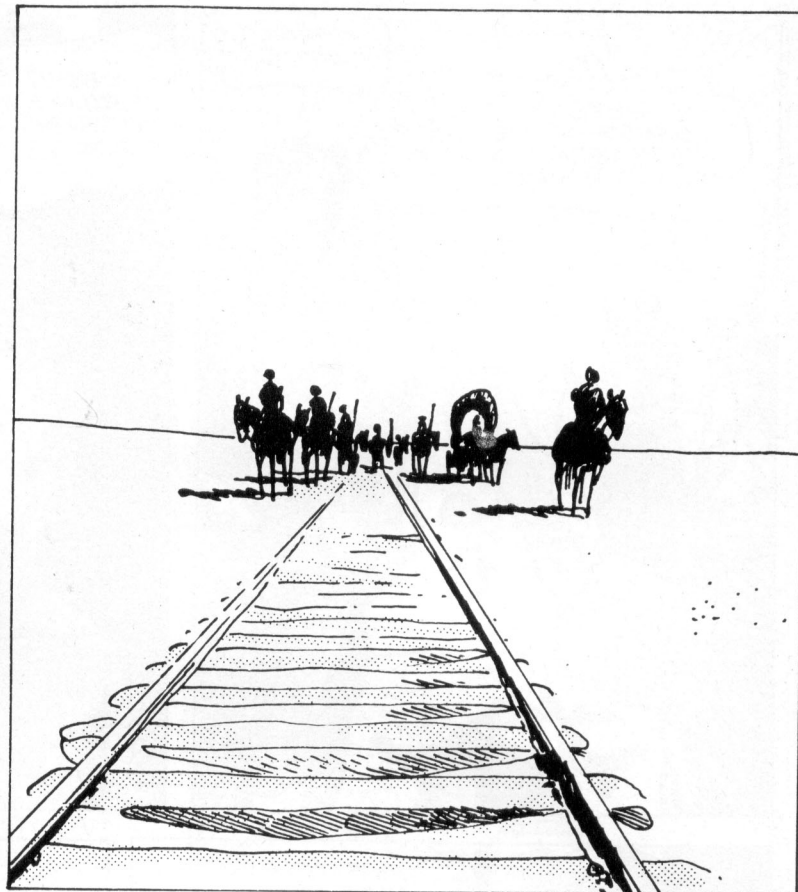
EZZULIA DOES NOT SEEM TO
OPPOSE THEM.

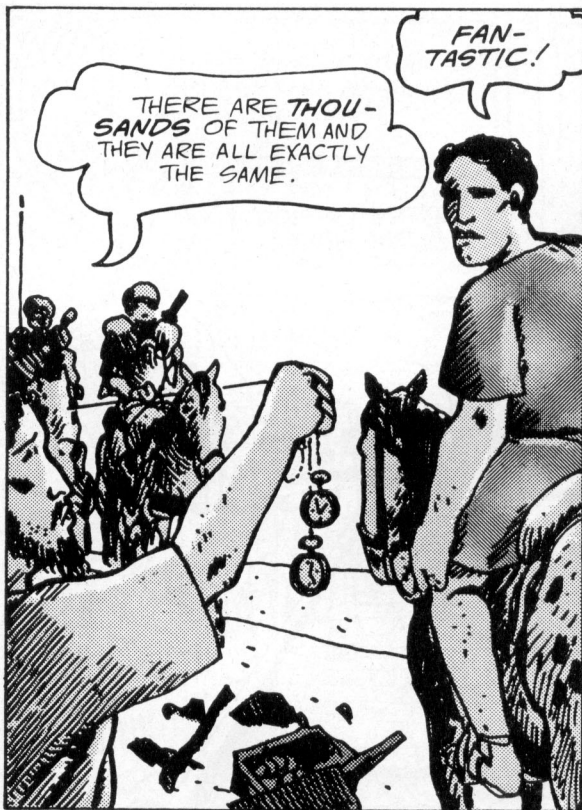




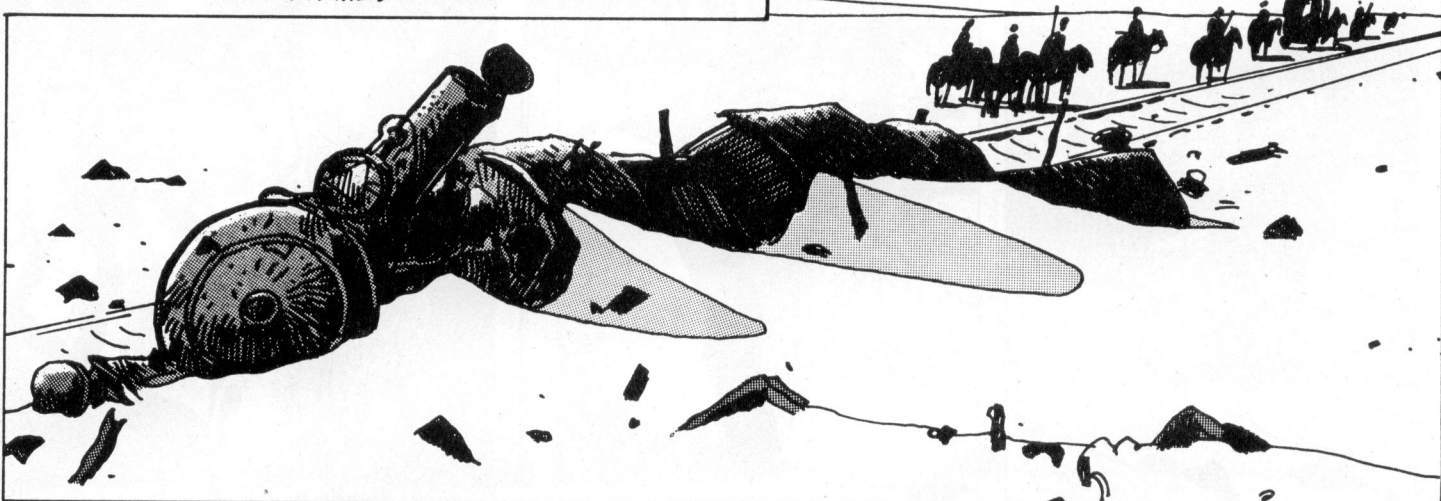
AT DAWN, THE TROOP, LED BY CHIMOS AND POLONIUS, BEGAN THE LAST PART OF THE JOURNEY...







AT THE END OF A WEEK OF SEARCH AND CLASSIFICATION, THEY BEGAN THE **RETURN**, CRUSHED BY THE UNBEARABLE HEAT, BUT WITH THE **GOAL** OF THEIR JOURNEY **ATTAINED**.





ARE YOU THINKING
OF EXPLAINING YOUR
PLANS TO THE
PEOPLE OF
RU?

NO... NOT FOR
THE MOMENT,
IT'S TOO
SOON.



RU HAS FOR-
GOTTEN ITS OWN
PAST. IT'S UP TO *US* TO
REDISCOVER IT, TO
UNDERSTAND WHAT
HAS COME TO PASS
THERE.

AND THEN?
WHAT GOOD WILL
IT DO?

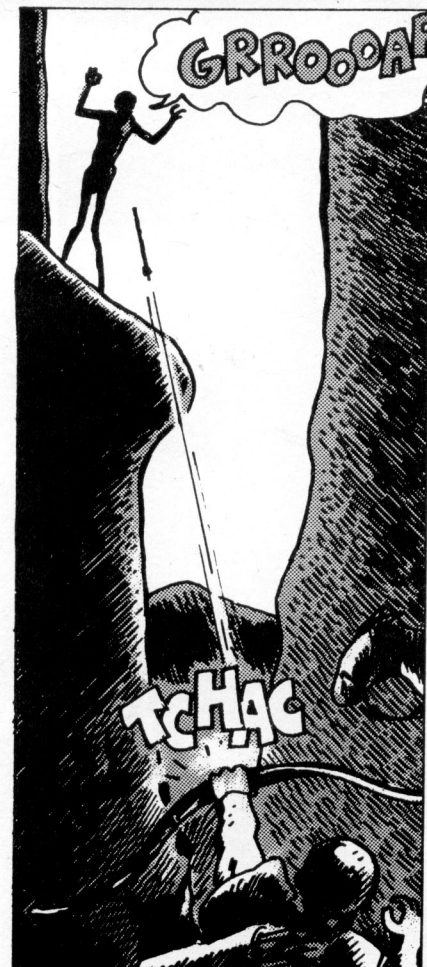


LOOK!
UP
THERE!



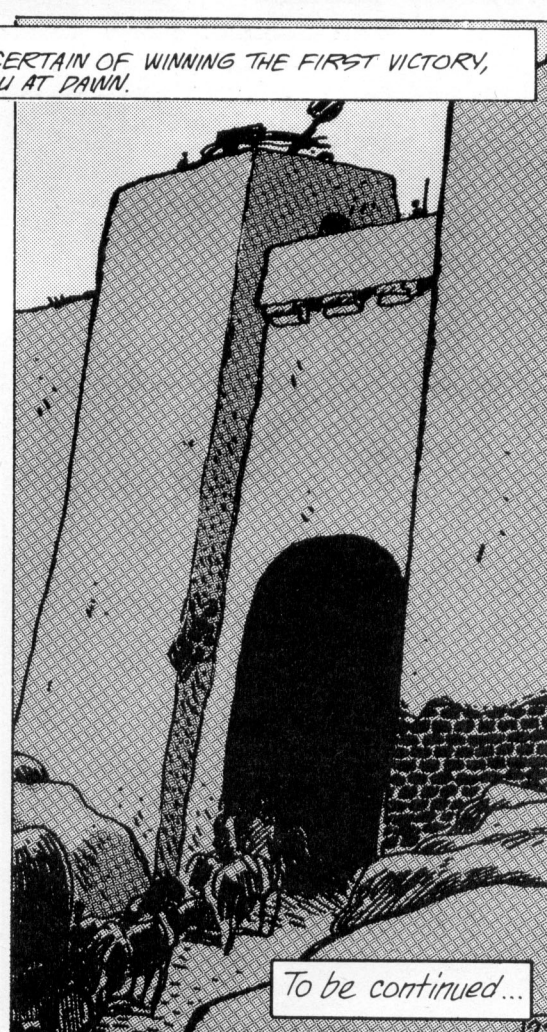
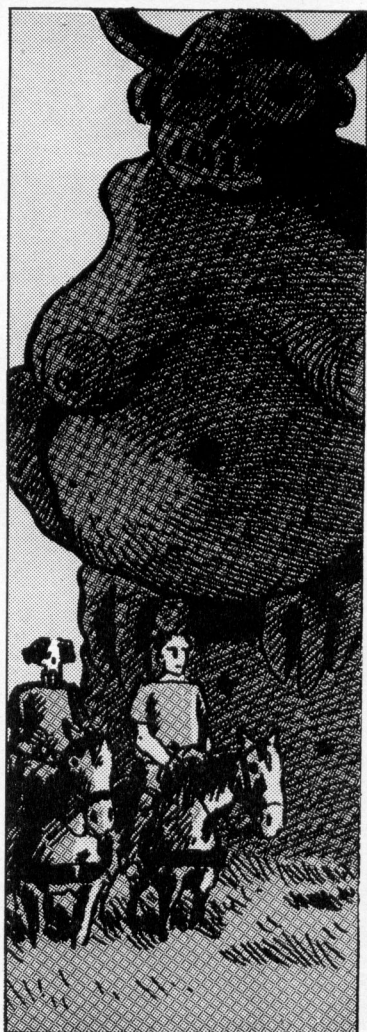
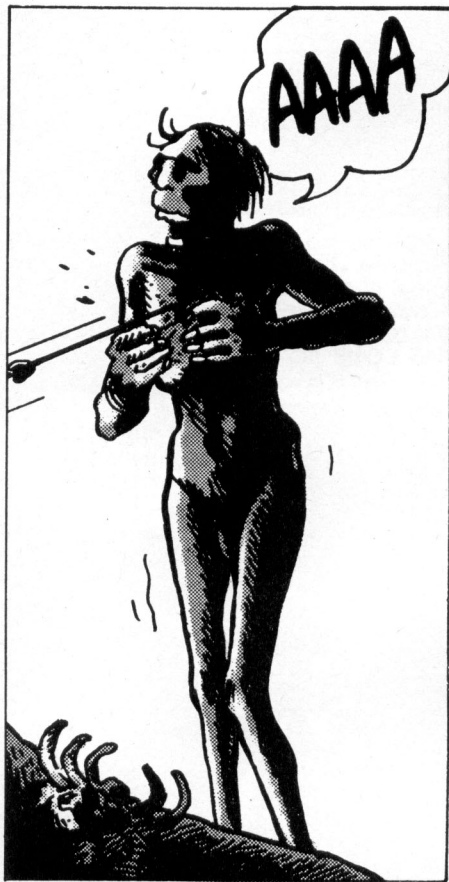
?

KNOCK IT
DOWN!



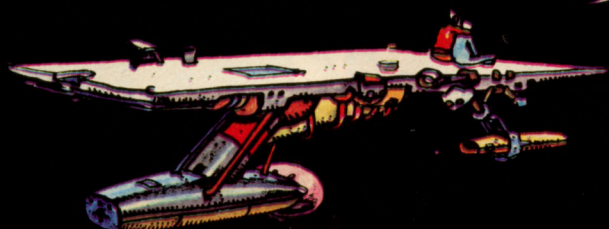
GRROOAA!

TCHAC

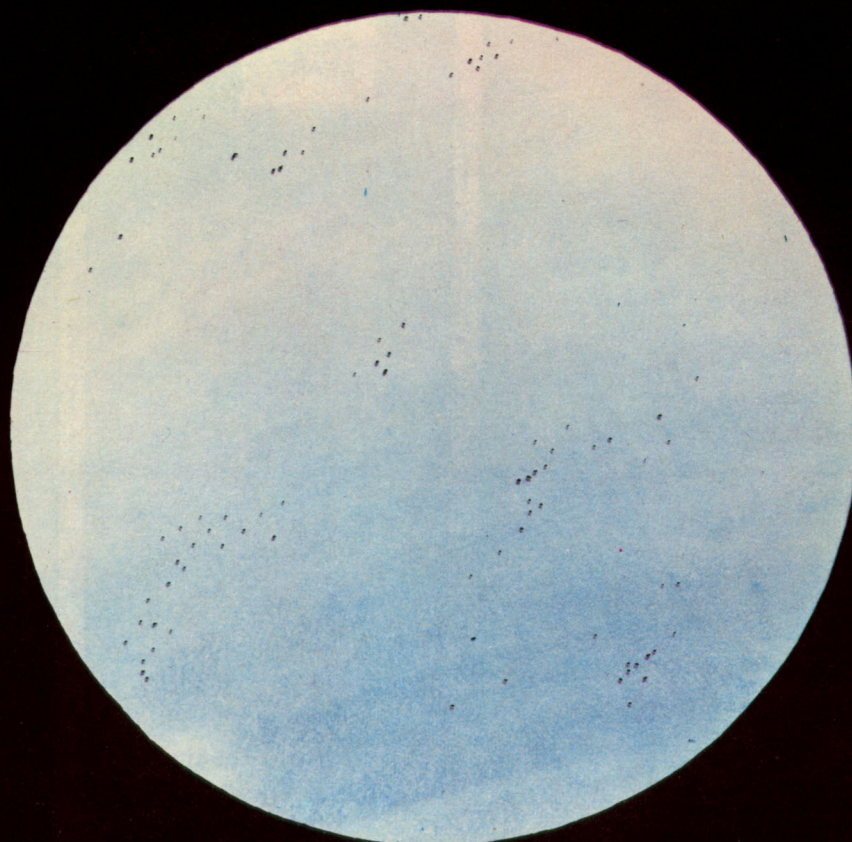


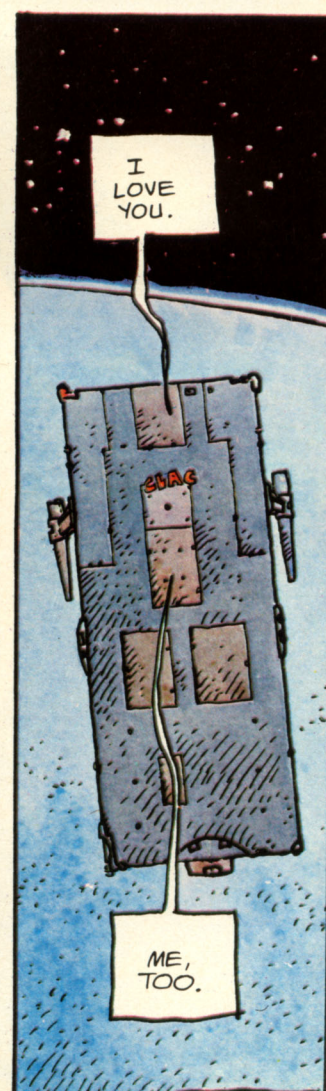
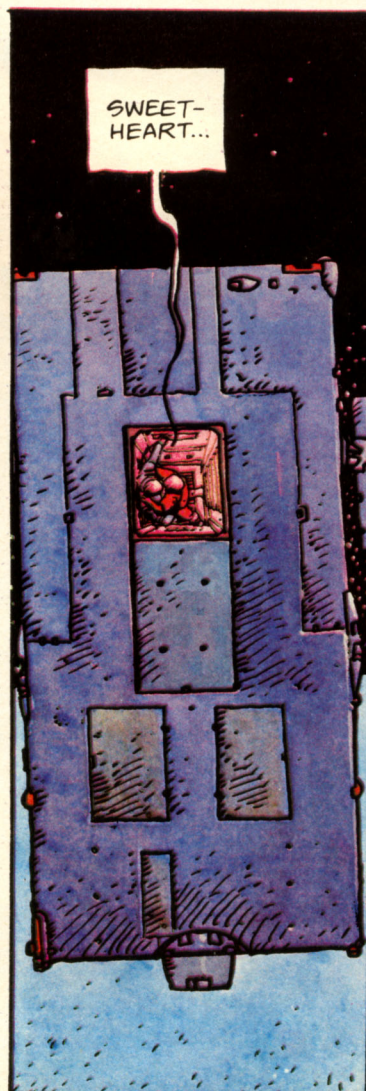
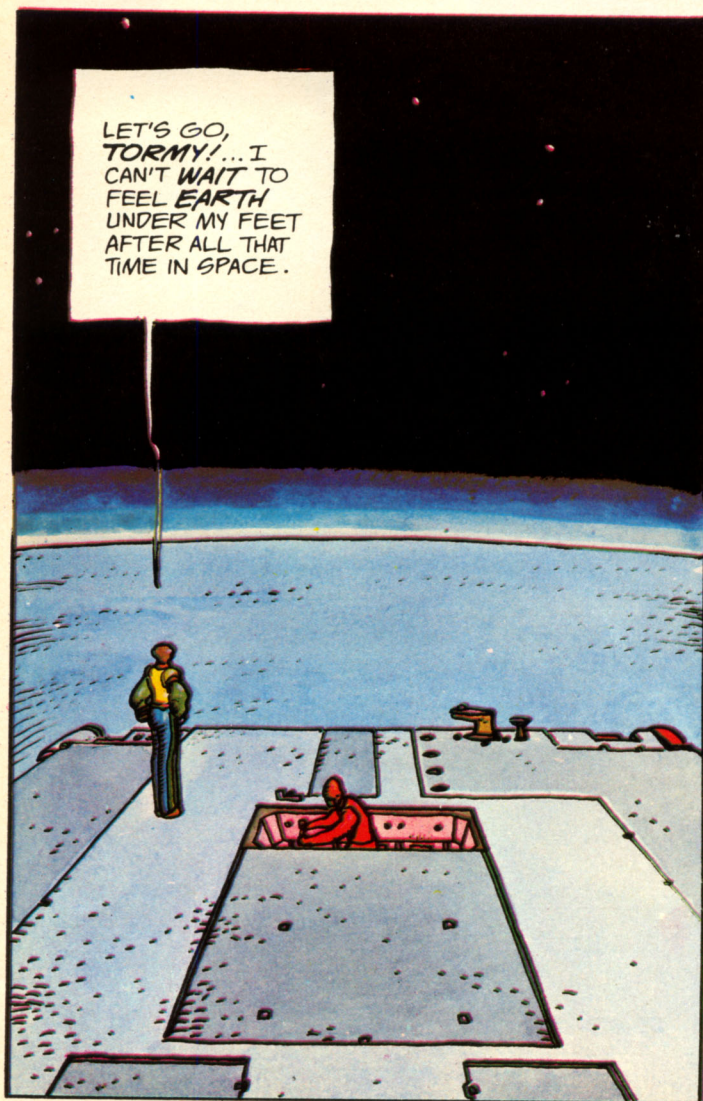
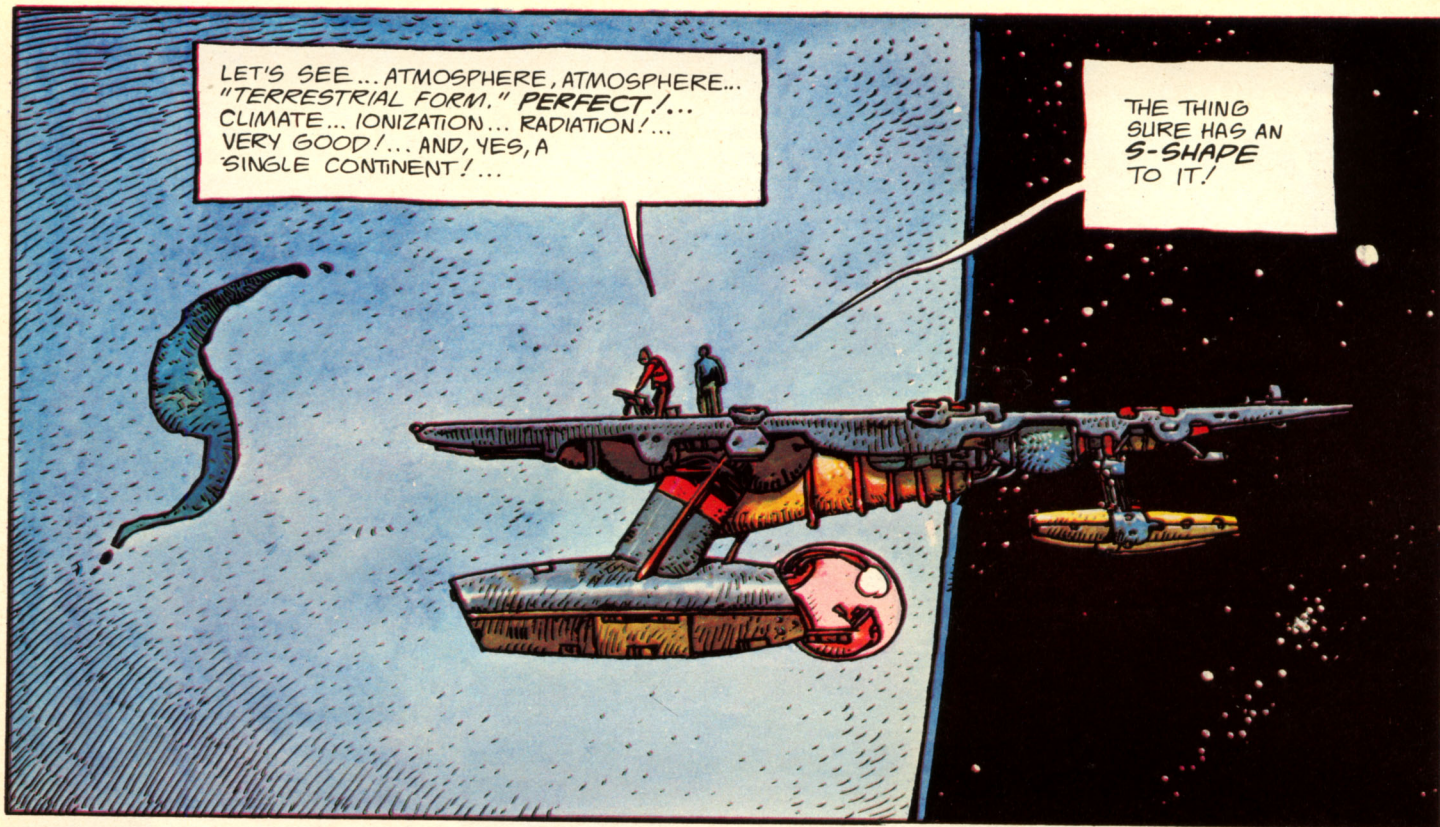
It's a Small Universe

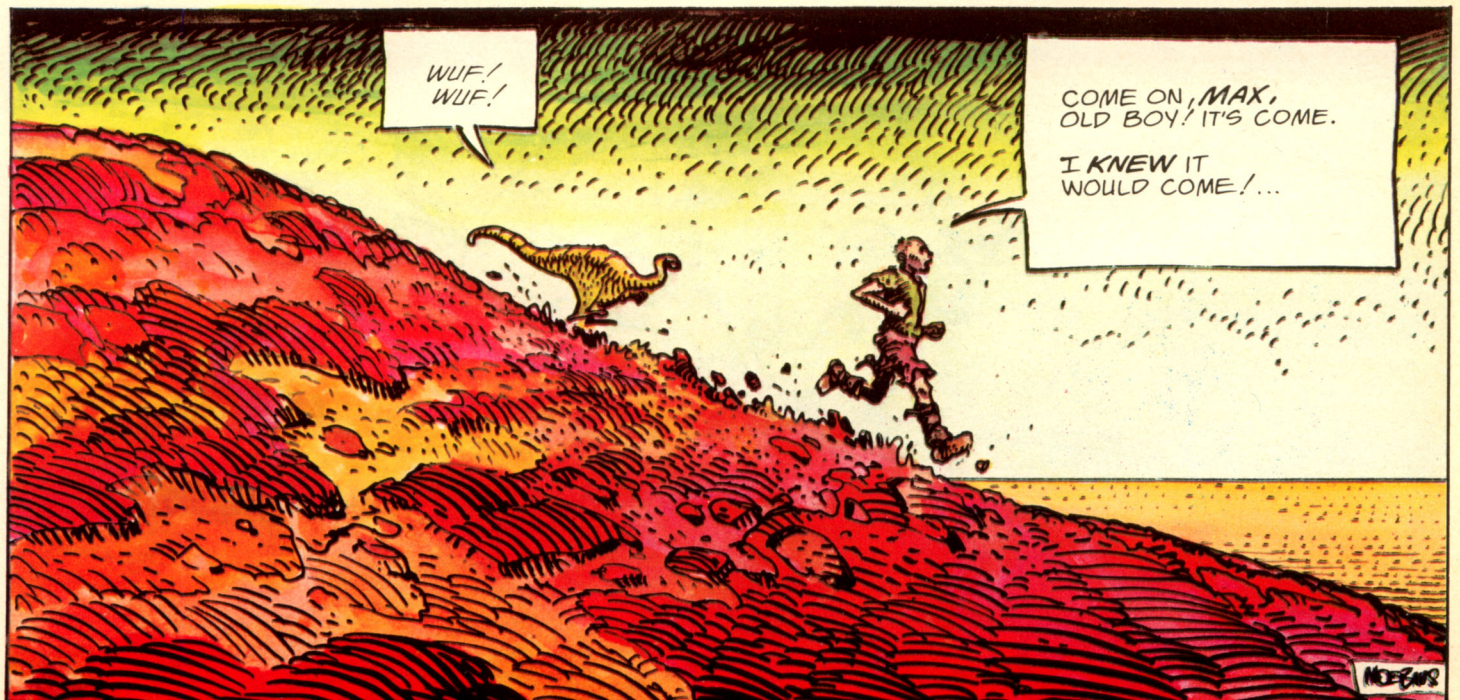
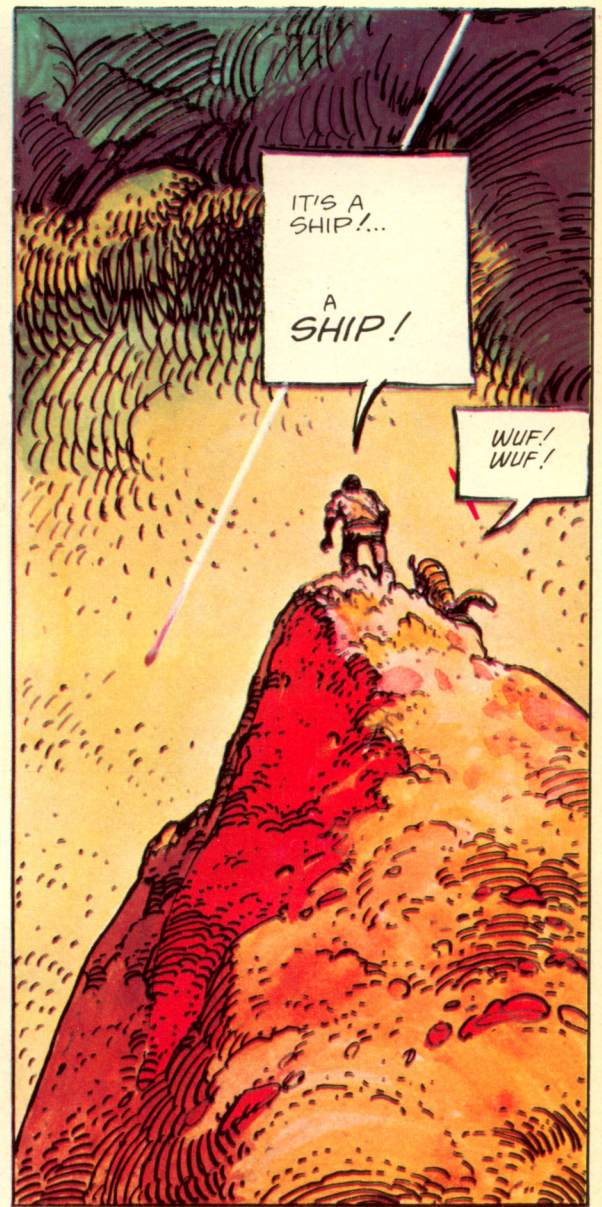
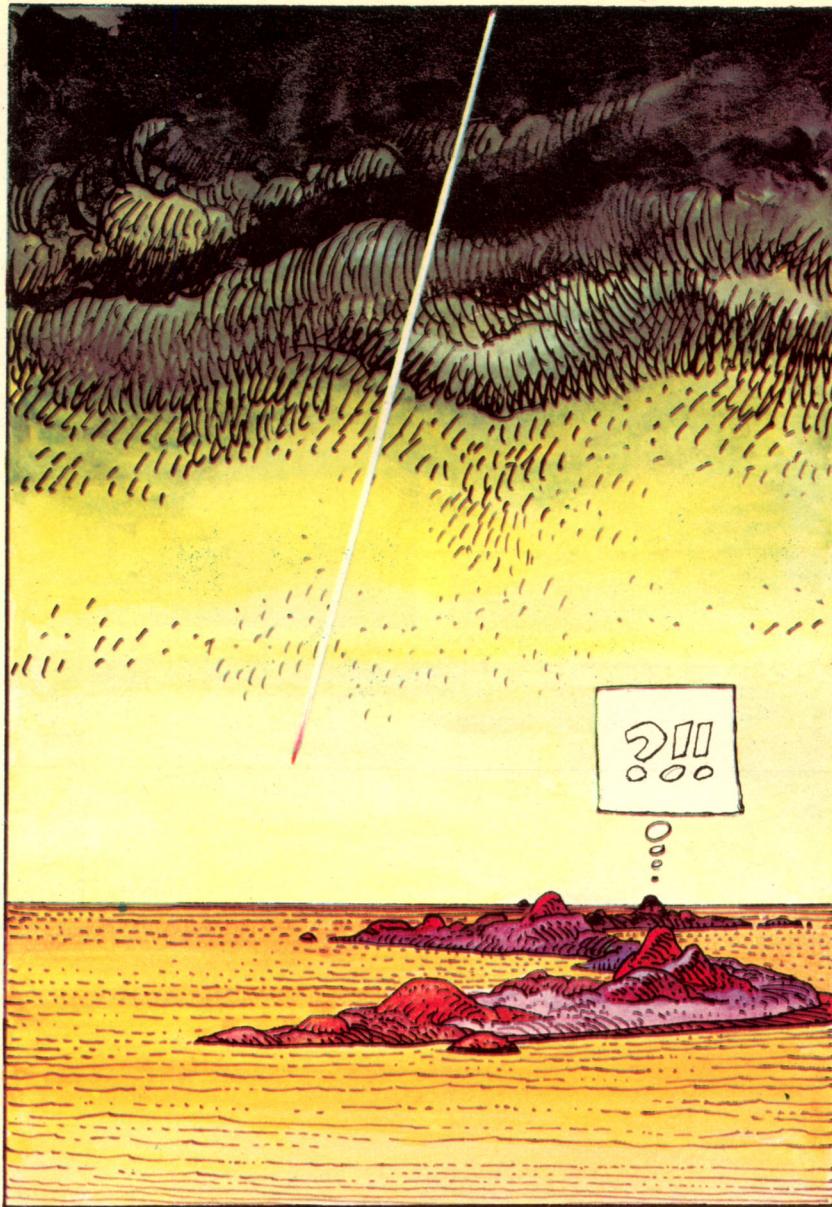
FANTASTIC! IT'S
EXACTLY THE TYPE
OF PLANET WE'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR!

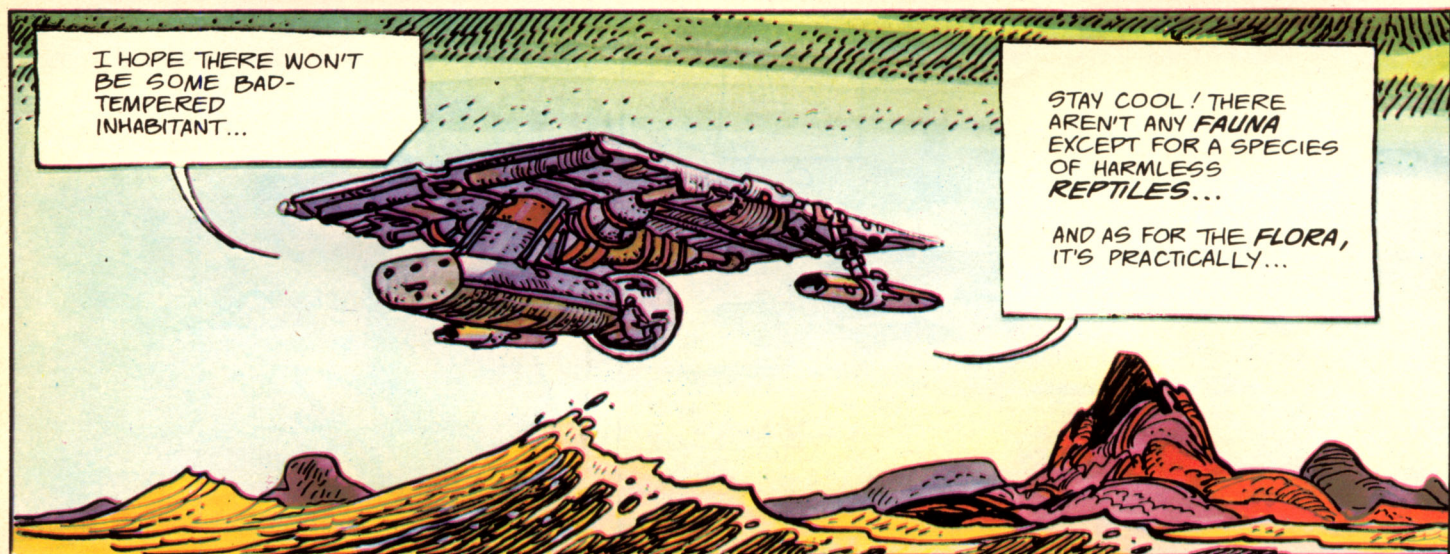
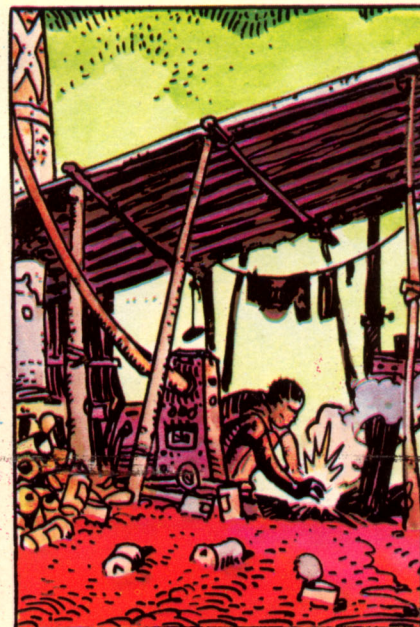
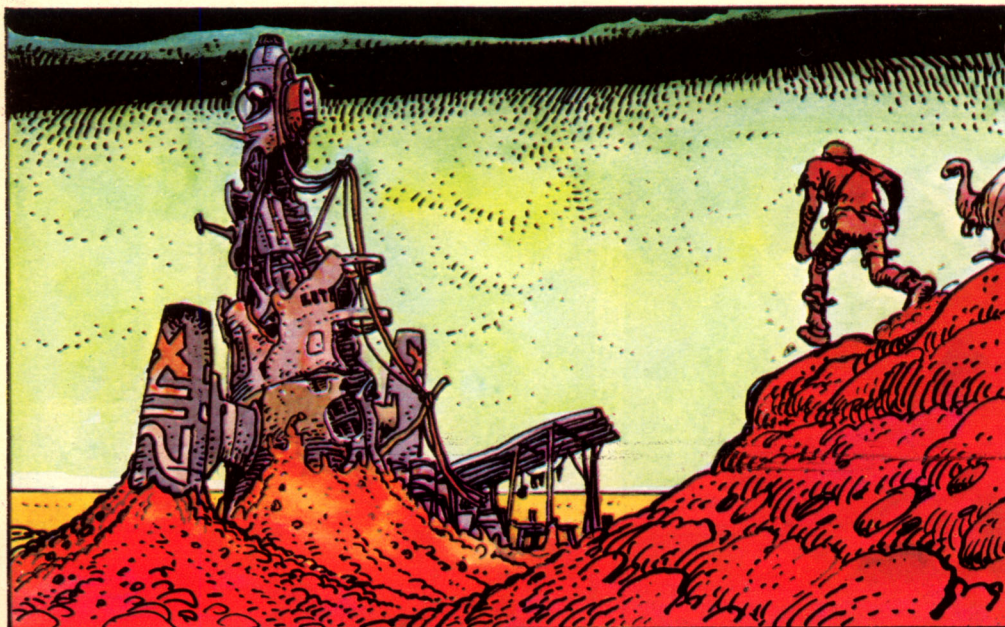


WHAT
DOES THE
SONAR
SAY,
HONEY?...





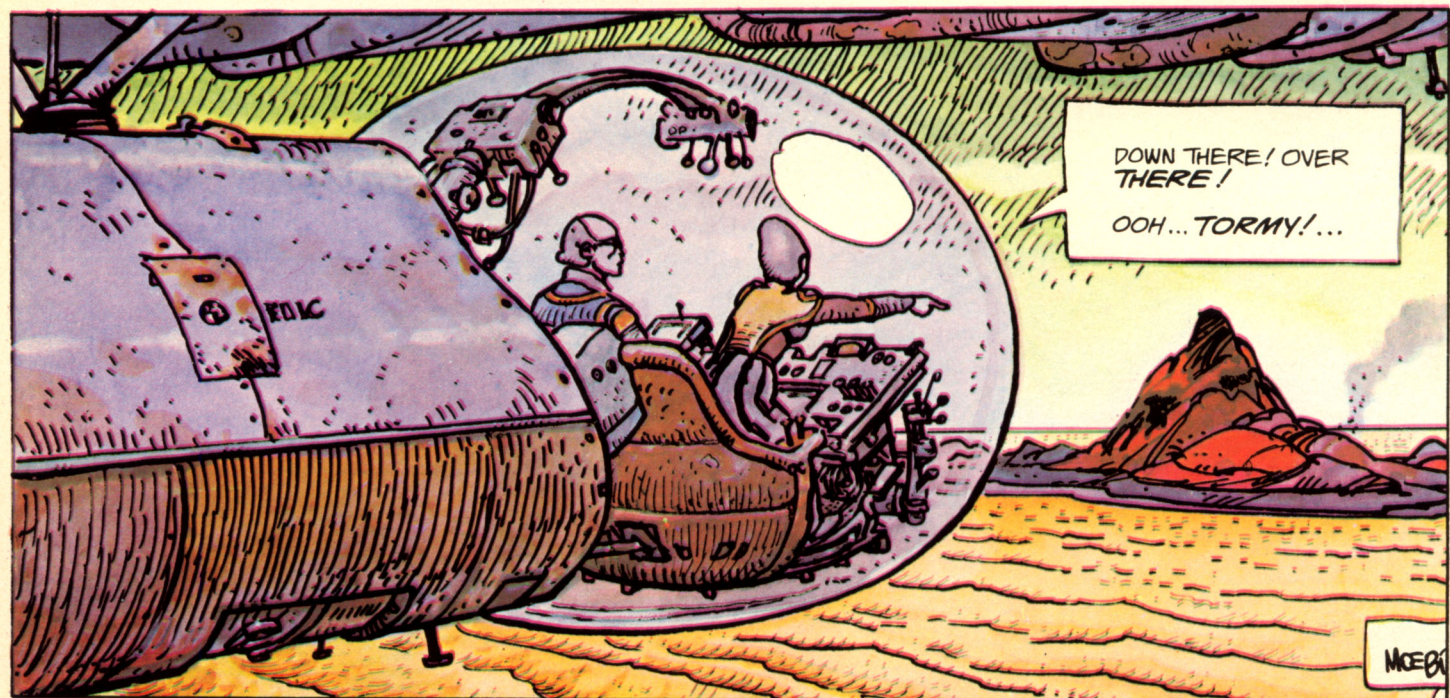




I HOPE THERE WON'T
BE SOME BAD-
TEMPERED
INHABITANT...

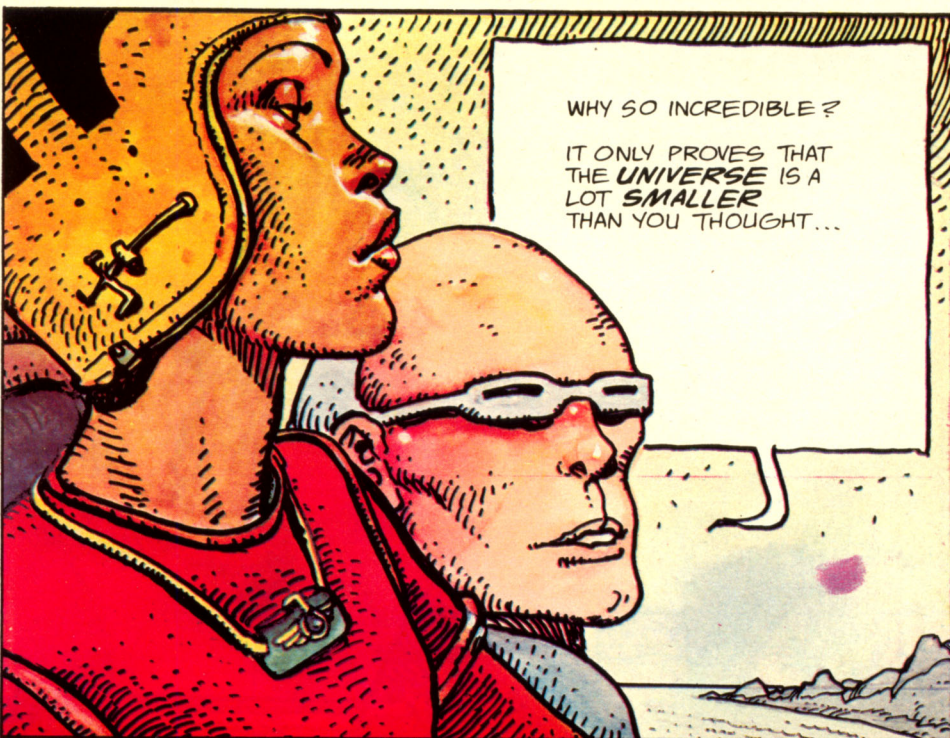
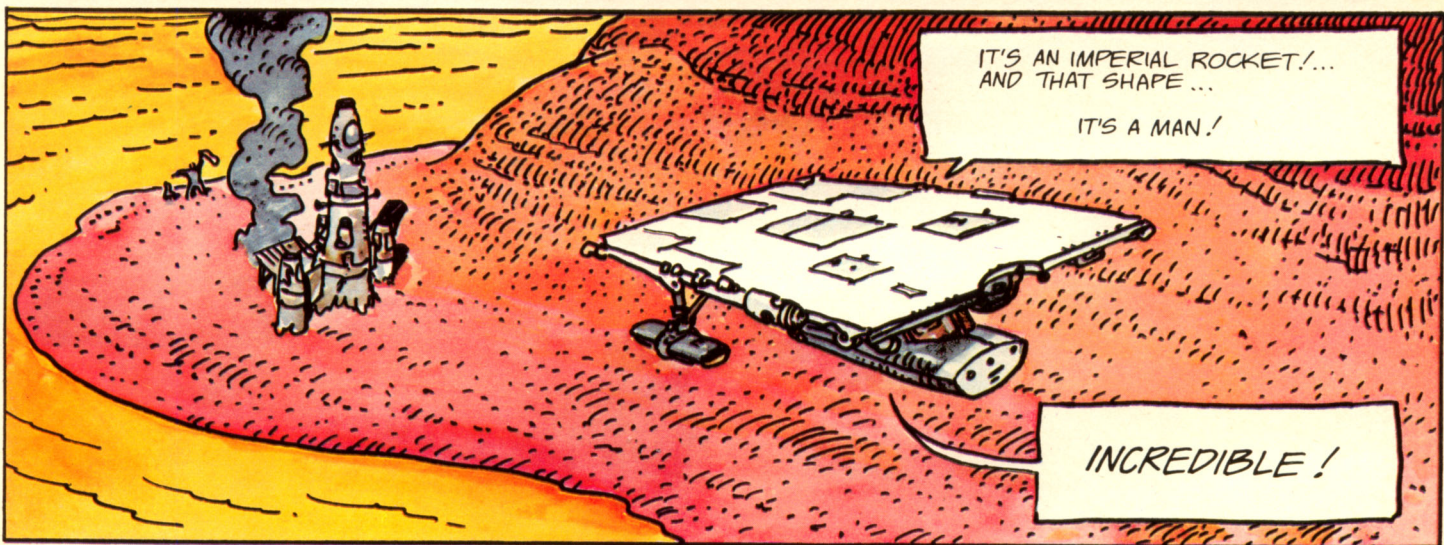
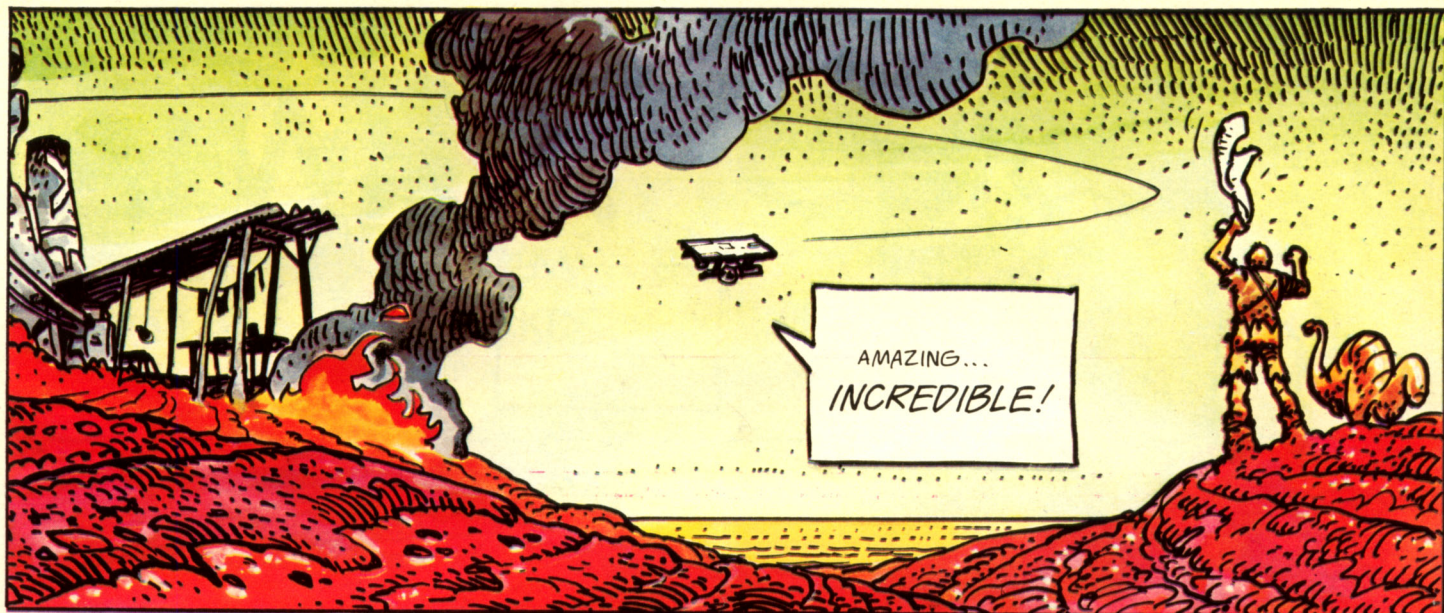
STAY COOL! THERE
AREN'T ANY *FAUNA*
EXCEPT FOR A SPECIES
OF HARMLESS
REPTILES...

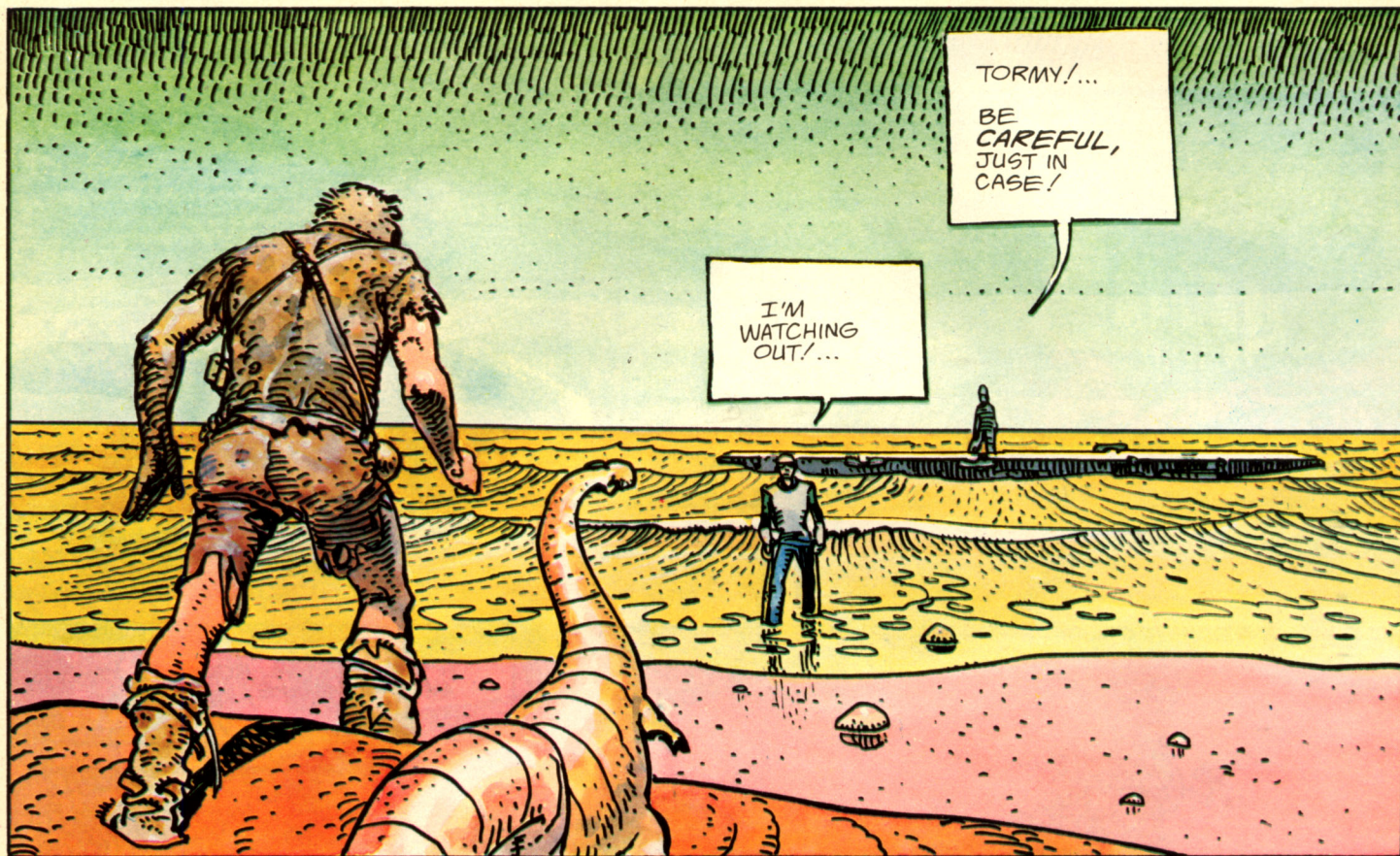
AND AS FOR THE *FLORA*,
IT'S PRACTICALLY...



DOWN THERE! OVER
THERE!

OOH... *TORMY*!...





TORMY!...

BE
CAREFUL,
JUST IN
CASE!

I'M
WATCHING
OUT!...



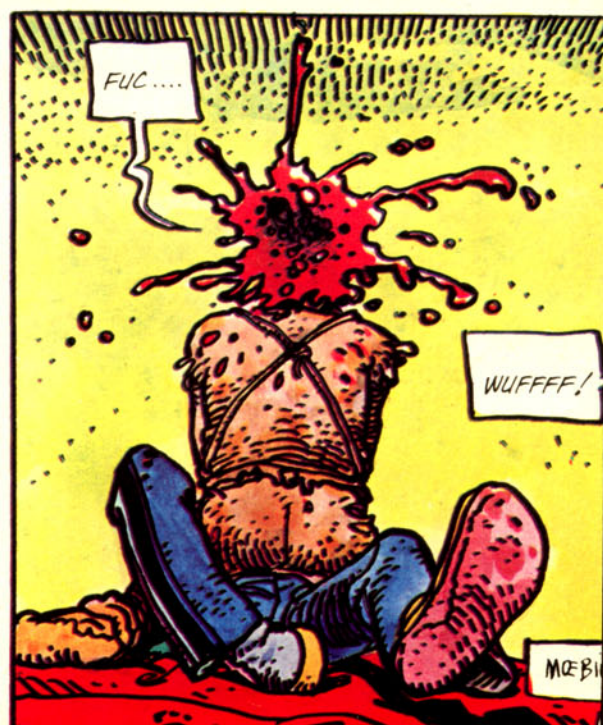
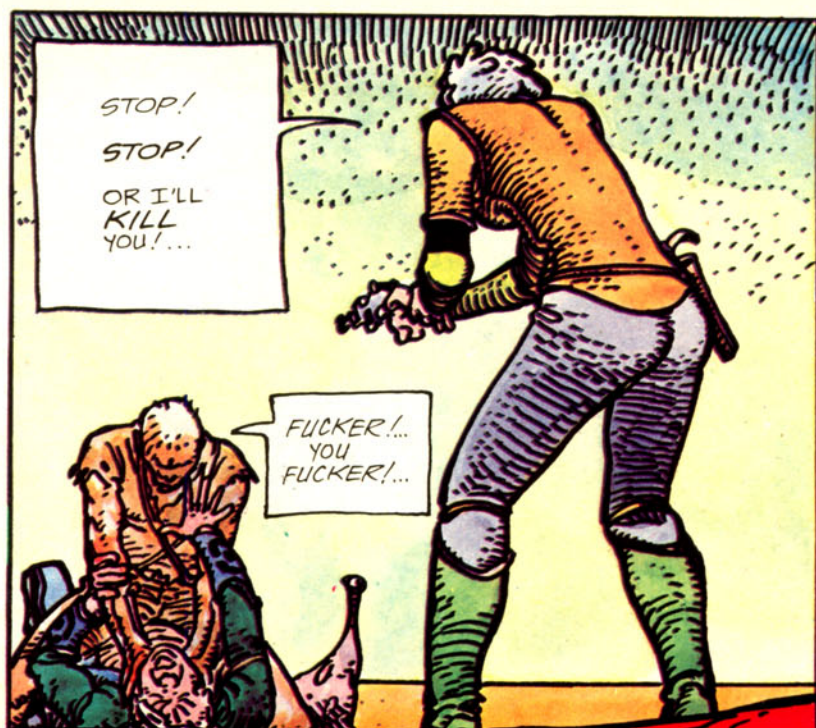
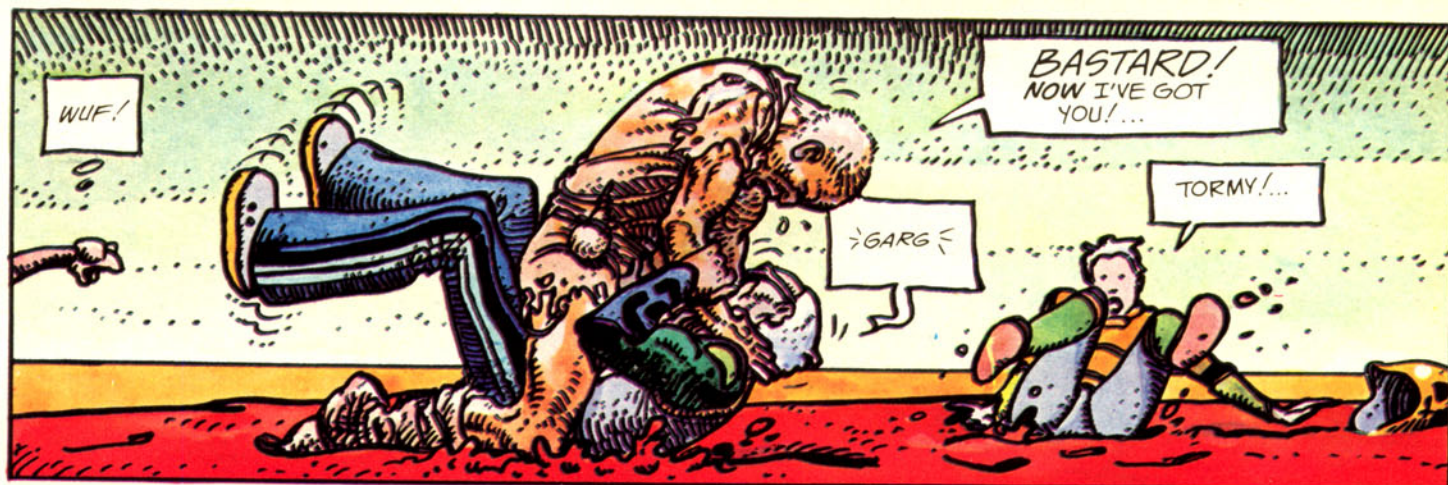
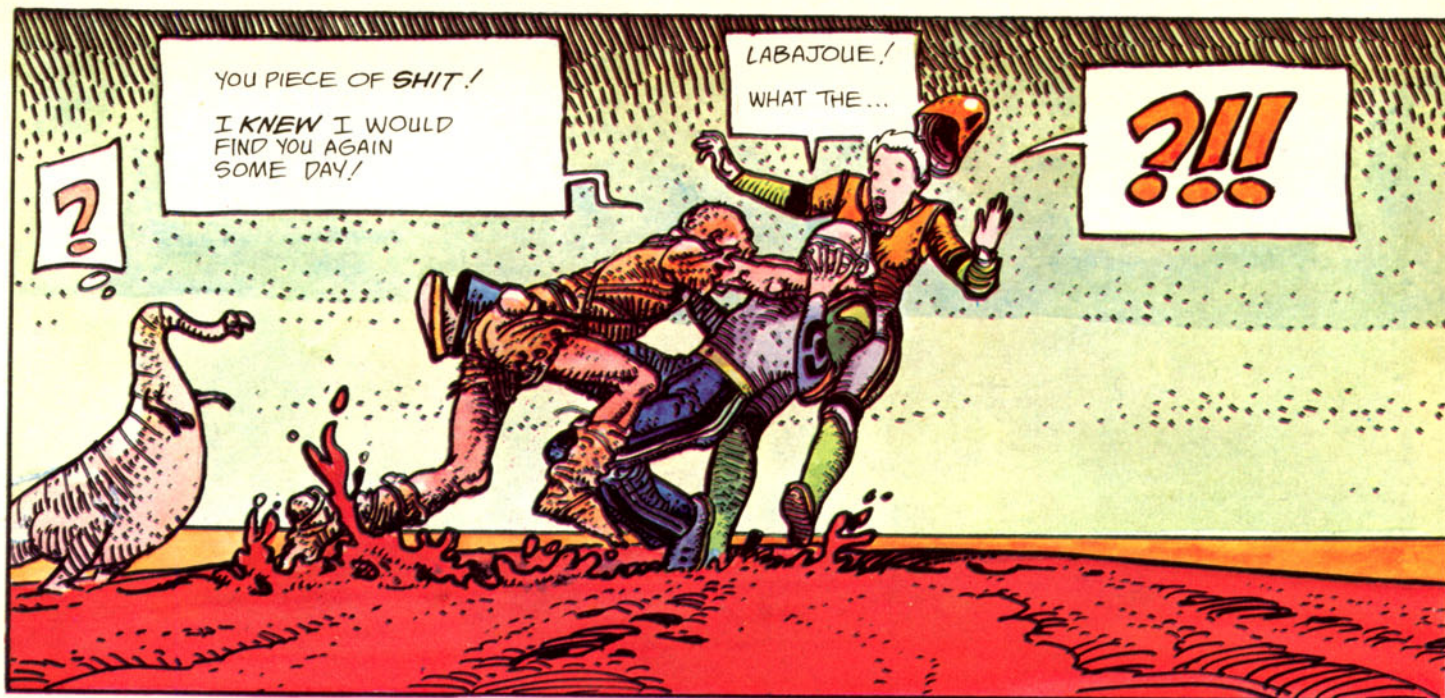
IT'S ...
IT MUST
BE ...
OH,
NO!

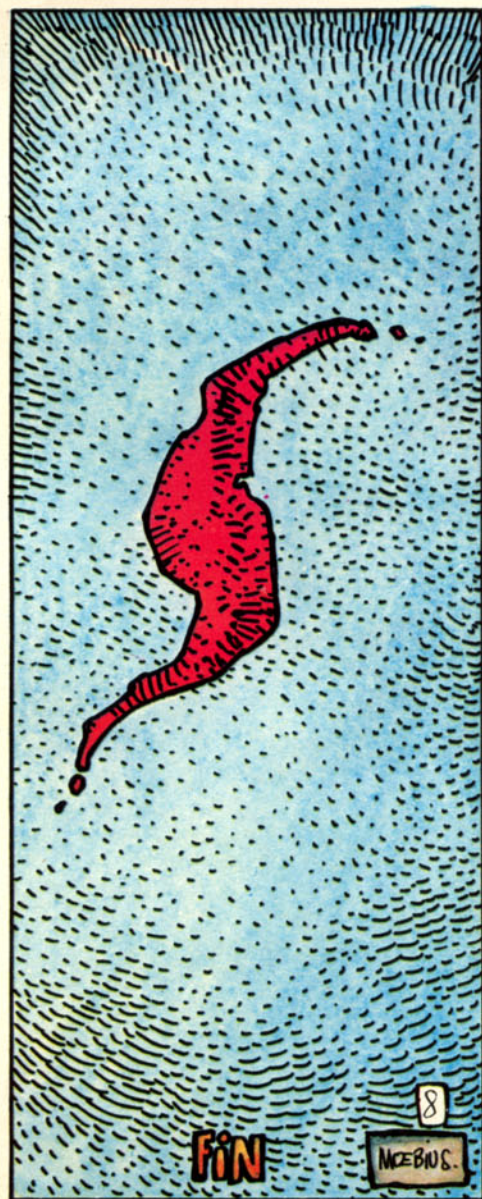
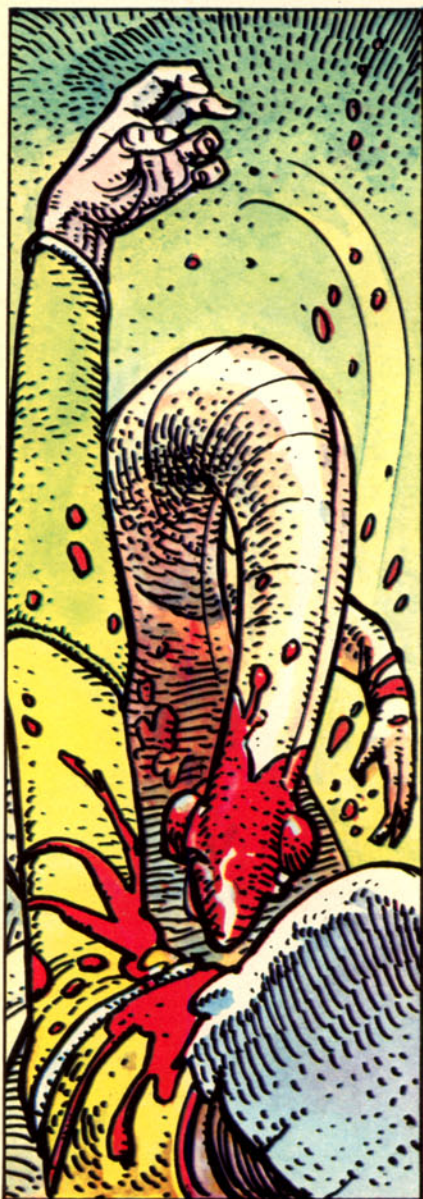
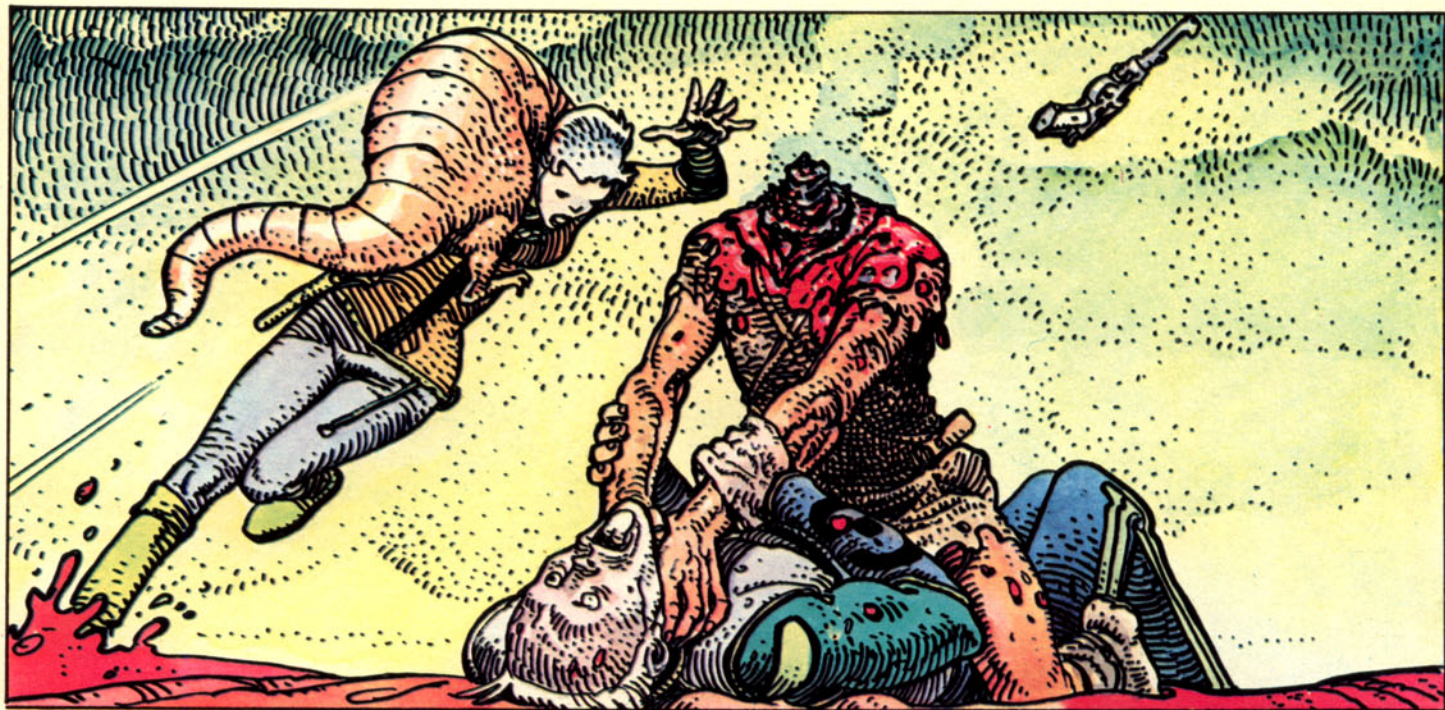
WE'RE VERY ...
HAP... YOU'RE ...
IT'S STRANGE,
BUT YOU REMIND
ME OF...



TORMY!

LABAJOUÉ!

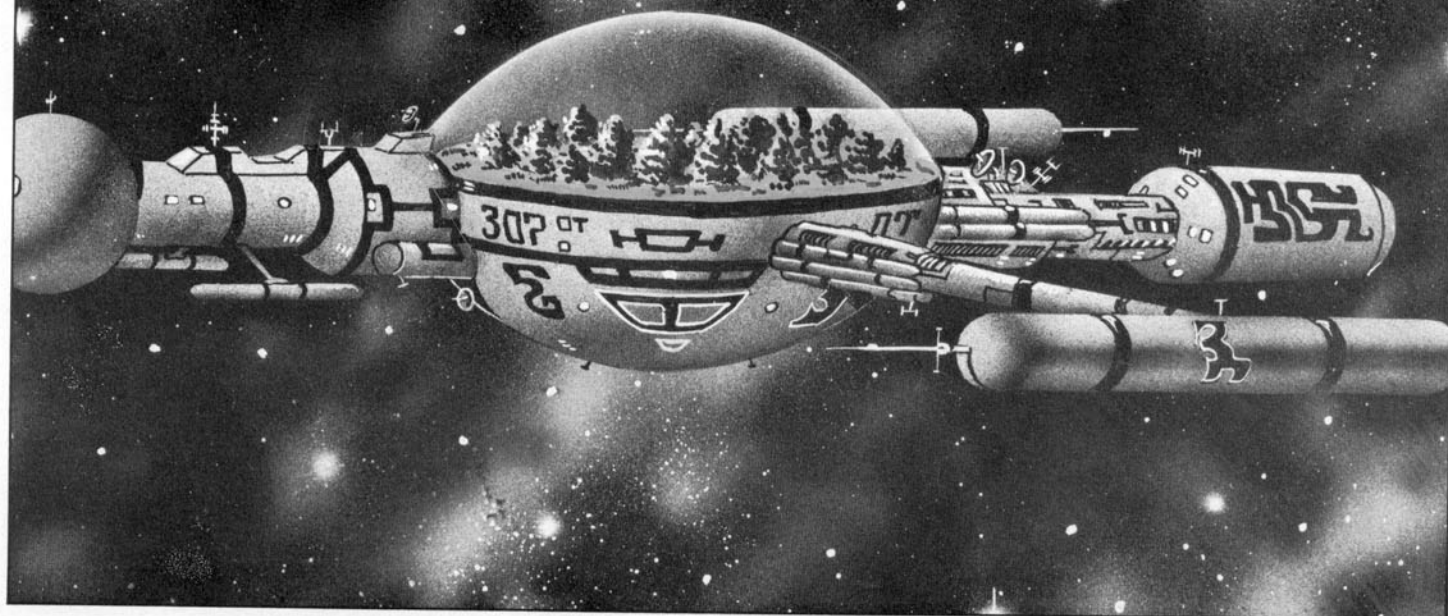




WHAT A SCENE!
WITH THIS MUSIC INSIDE
MY HEAD, I FEEL LIKE I'M
FLOATING ACROSS A
UNIVERSE OF PURE CRYSTAL
HARMONY...

THESE
VIBRATIONS ARE
WONDERFUL ... I CAN
FEEL THEM WITH MY
WHOLE BODY....

ORCYB



IT'S A **TERRIFIC** LITTLE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, ISN'T IT? THE **RADIATION** FROM THE STARS AND PLANETS IS PICKED UP ON AN ANTENNA SYSTEM WHICH **SYNTHESIZES** IT INTO **SOUND WAVES**, AND HERE WE ARE TO ENJOY THE **COSMIC SYMPHONY!** WAIT 'TIL A **PULSAR** MAKES CONTACT...

YES, THE HARMONY IS **DIVINE**... BUT I PREFER THE MUSICAL SYNTHESIS OF THE VIBRATIONS SENT BY THE **FLOWERS**... THEY SEEM... **DEEPER** TO ME, SOMEHOW.

A MIX-DOWN OF THE ENERGIES FROM THE STARS AND THE FLOWERS WOULD MAKE **TOTALLY** FAR-OUT HARMONIES... IN **COUNTERPOINT** WITH THE **VIBRATIONS** OF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF OUR SHIP'S METAL, ELECTRICITY, FIRE, WATER, AND THE **BIOLOGICAL RHYTHMS** OF OUR OWN BODIES!...

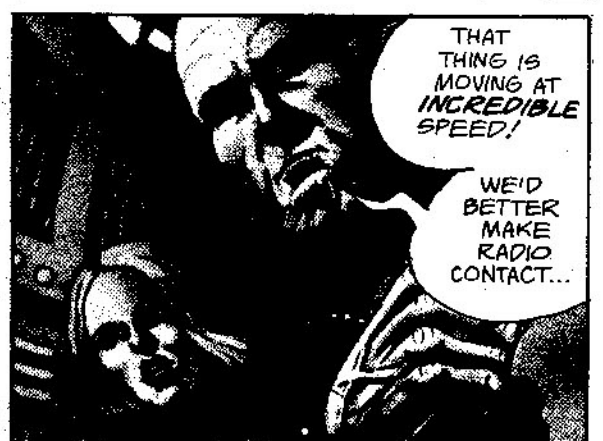
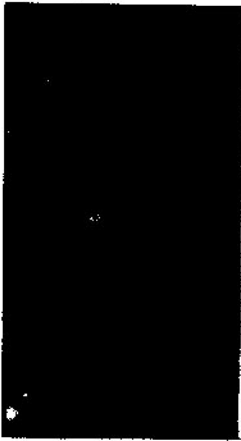
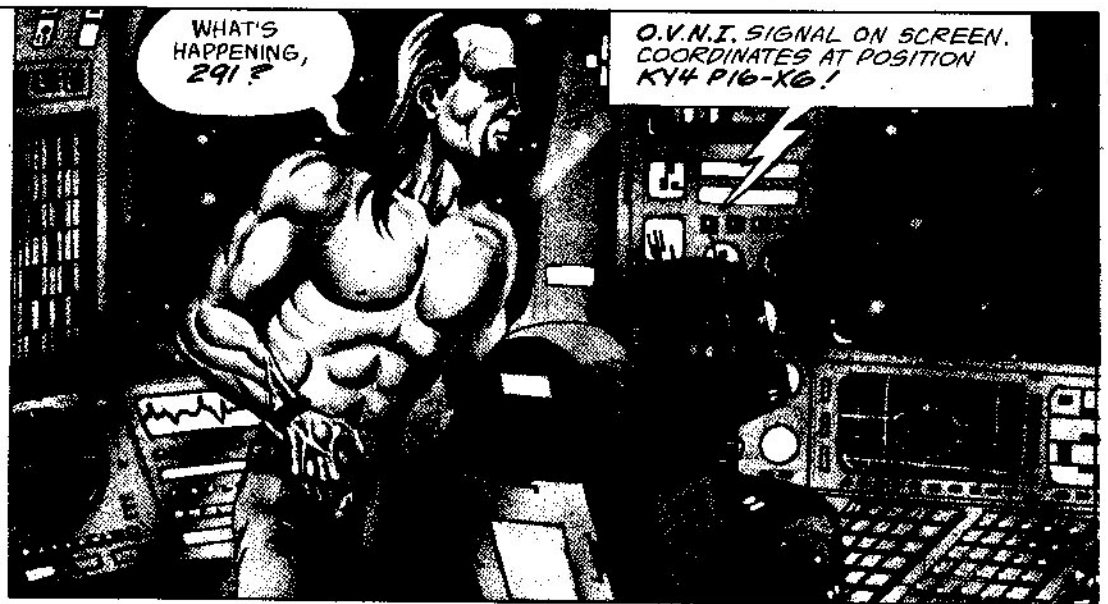
... SO **MANY** NEW EXPERIENCES TO TRY!... BUT... HOW LONG BEFORE WE REACH **YAMMA?**

NOW, IT'S NO LONGER A QUESTION OF DISTANCE, 'CAUSE WE'RE IN THE RIGHT **SPATIAL ZONE**... YOU KNOW THAT **YAMMA** IS LOCATED ON THE **INTERDIMENSIONAL PLANE**. WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR A SIGNAL, ACCORDING TO OUR **PRE-PROGRAMMING**...

IT'S THRILLING TO KNOW THAT **WE** WERE CHOSEN TO GO TO **YAMMA!** THE MYTHIC GALACTIC CONFEDERATION FROM WHERE THE **COSMIC INTELLIGENCE** DIRECTS THE **DESTINY** OF MANKIND, AND... **HUMMM...**

ATTENTION! REPORT TO THE NAVIGATION ROOM!

I WONDER HOW **HE** WILL REACT TO THE TWO OF US, NAKED **NEANDERTHALS** IN THE **COSMOS?**





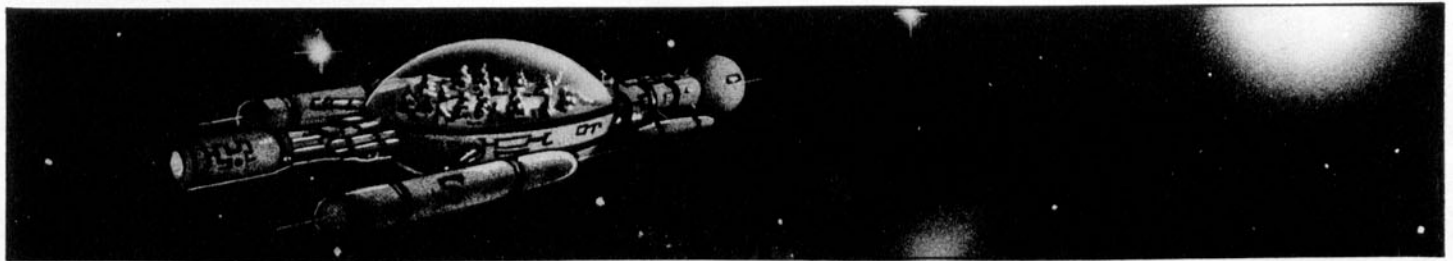
IT'S COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!

REALLY WEIRD!



NOW THAT YAMMA KNOWS ABOUT OUR PRESENCE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE SUN! THAT TELEPATHIC EMISSION HAS OPENED NEW MENTAL CIRCUITS FOR ME! 291, PREPARE TO REGISTER YOURSELF FOR NEW PROGRAMMING...

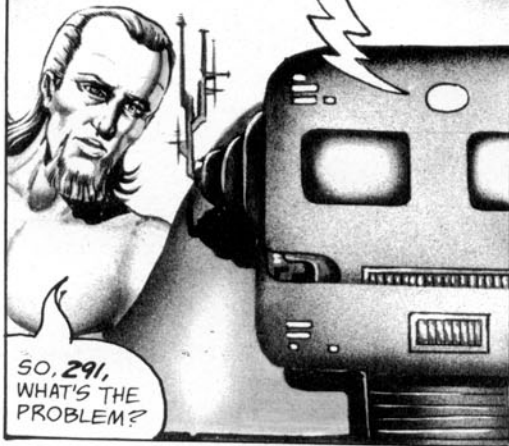


SINCE WE LEFT THE EARTH, OUR **PSYCHIC FACULTIES**, WHICH HAD BEEN PREVIOUSLY CONTACTED, HAVE BEEN OUR **ONLY** MEANS OF NAVIGATION. AND NOW I FEEL THAT THE **DOOR TO TELEPATHIC CONTACT** WITH YAMMA CAN BE FOUND ONLY IN THE **SOLAR ORBIT**... WE HAVE TO GO SLOWLY, AND **WAIT** FOR ANOTHER SIGNAL...

ATTENTION! 291 HERE! EMERGENCY! ATTENTION! EMERGENCY!

WE'RE VERY NEAR MERCURY, AND THE **TEMPERATURE** IS ALREADY RISING... I HOPE THAT... AH!

THE CONTROLS NO LONGER
RESPOND! THE SHIP IS LOSING
SPEED! UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT
APPROACHING! BZZZ...



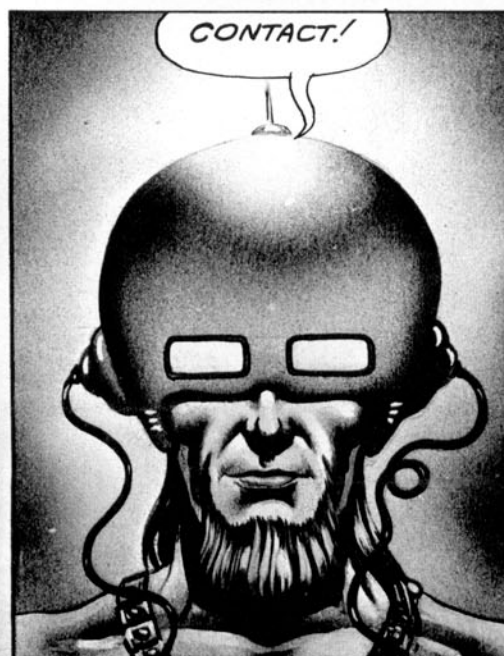
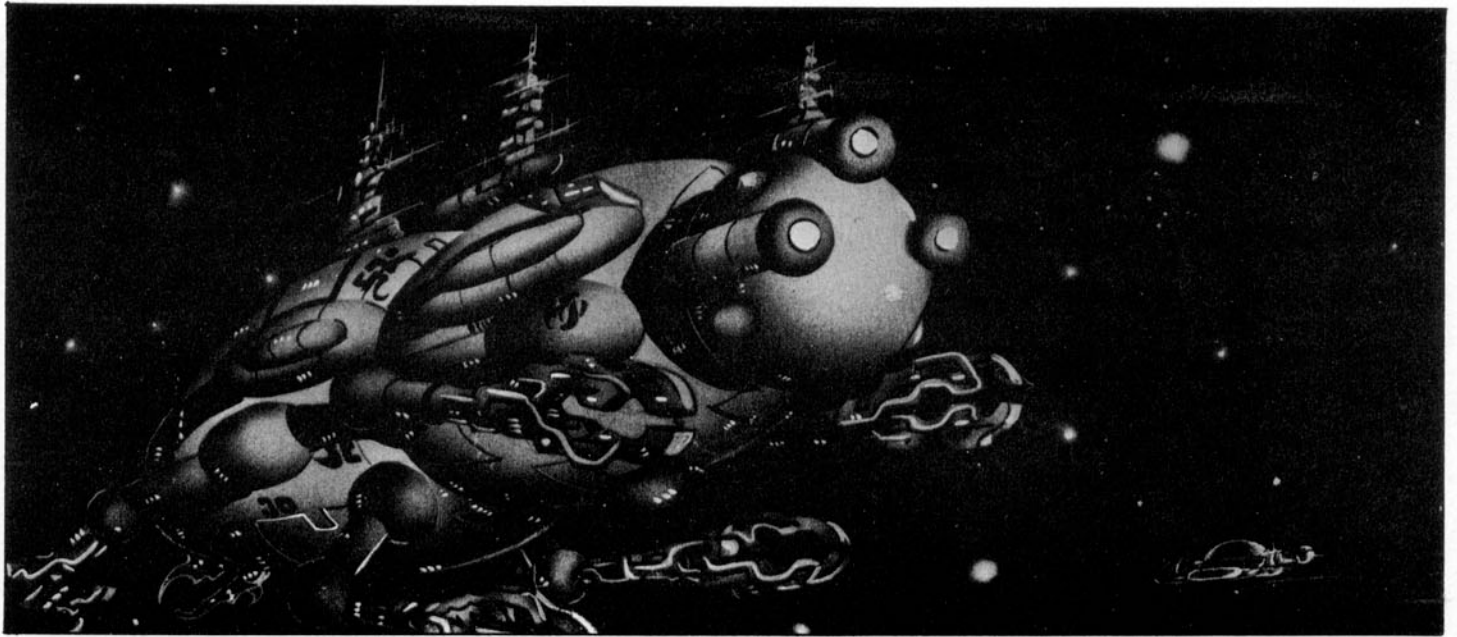
SO, 291,
WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM?

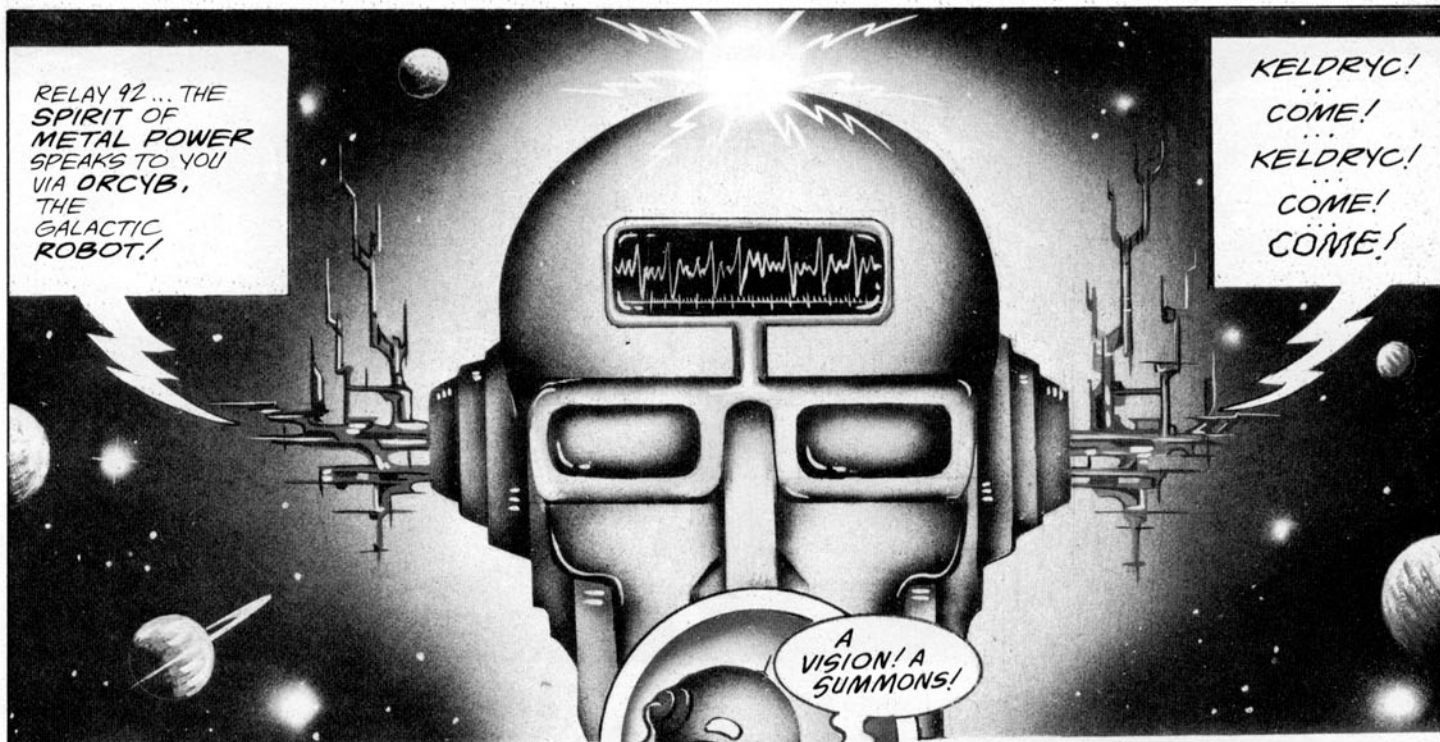
GREAT JUPITER! A
MAGNETIC FIELD HAS PARA-
LYZED OUR SHIP! AND THAT
THING OUT THERE IS
CLOSING FAST!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
IT DOESN'T RESPOND
TO THE RADIO SIGNAL!







RELAY 92... THE SPIRIT OF METAL POWER SPEAKS TO YOU VIA ORCYB, THE GALACTIC ROBOT!

KELDRYC!
...
COME!
...
KELDRYC!
...
COME!
...
COME!

COME...KELDRYC... COME...

COME...KELDRYC... COME...



THAT MESSAGE...IT'S A CALL I CAN'T RESIST...I MUST FLY OUT TO THAT THING...

I DON'T TRUST THAT GREAT BIG MACHINE... IT LOOKS SO WEIRD... WHERE ARE THE PILOTS? WHAT PLANET DOES IT COME FROM? ITS VIBRATIONS MAKE ME UPTIGHT...



COOL IT! ROBOTS WERE MADE TO SERVE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE...

WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO YAMMA, AND ON THIS TRIP ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! I'LL TAKE THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC THOUGHT-WAVE TRANS-MITTER.

YOU PLUG INTO THE TELEPATHY HELMET AND STAY IN CONTACT WITH ME!

TAKE CARE, KELDRYC... AND GOOD LUCK!



...NOW... IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, ORCYB...



THERE'S A SORT OF MAGNETIC CURRENT! I'M BEING DRAWN TOWARD THE VESSEL!



EARTHMAN KELDRYC, THIS IS ORCYB SPEAKING! NOW THAT YOU ARE INSIDE, SURROUNDED BY METAL, I CAN MAKE KNOWN TO YOU THE GALACTIC MEANING OF YOUR SITUATION...

WEIGHT-LESSNESS! AAAHH! THESE SOUND WAVES... IT'S AWFUL!...



I, ORCYB, WAS BORN IN THE UNIVERSES WHERE THE ENERGIES OF ROBOT POWER GATHERED! THIS VESSEL, MADE OF THE MAGNETIC PARTICLES OF YOUR THOUGHT, HAS FOLLOWED YOU EVER SINCE YOU ENTERED THE PARALLEL PLANE... FOR IT IS YOUR INNER DESIRE FOR POWER AND CONQUEST THAT HAS GIVEN ME THIS SHAPE...

GREAT JUPITER! I CAN'T STAND THOSE VIBRATIONS!

I WAS YOUR **SHADOW** IN THE COSMOS UNTIL NOW! NOW THAT WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF THE INTERDIMENSIONAL UNIVERSE OF YAMMA, ONE OF US MUST BE **DESTROYED!**

YOU HAVE BEEN LED HERE FOR A **COMBAT** TO THE **DEATH!** HERE IS YOUR OPPONENT: **YURKON, THE WARRIOR OF STEEL!** IF YOU CAN DEFEAT HIM, YOU WILL BE **FREE** TO CONTINUE YOUR VOYAGE!



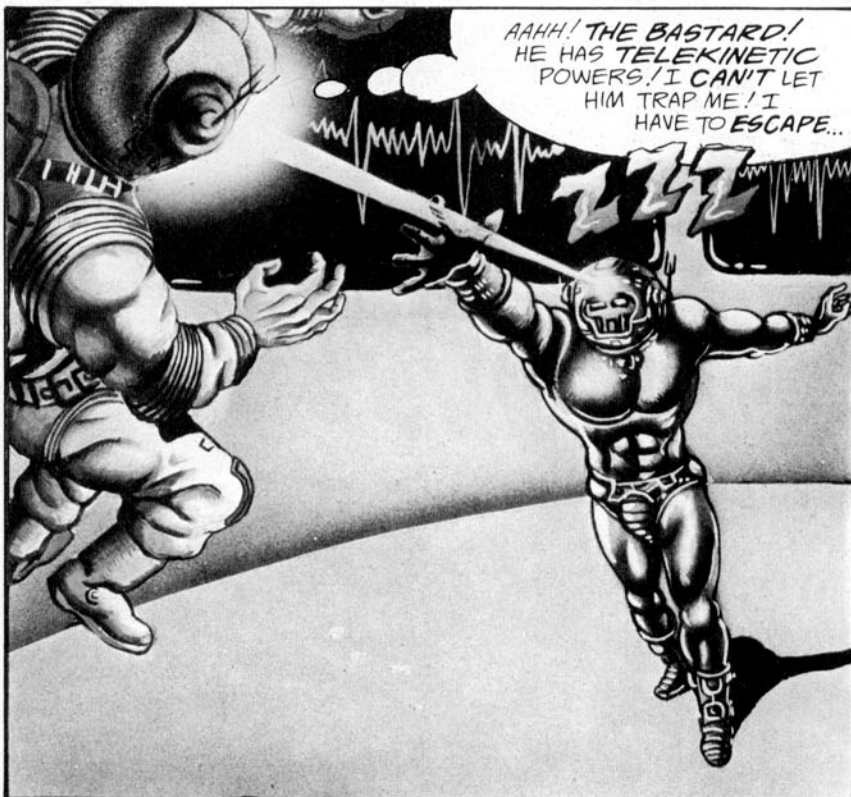
...A DUEL TO THE DEATH... BUT I AM **UNARMED...**

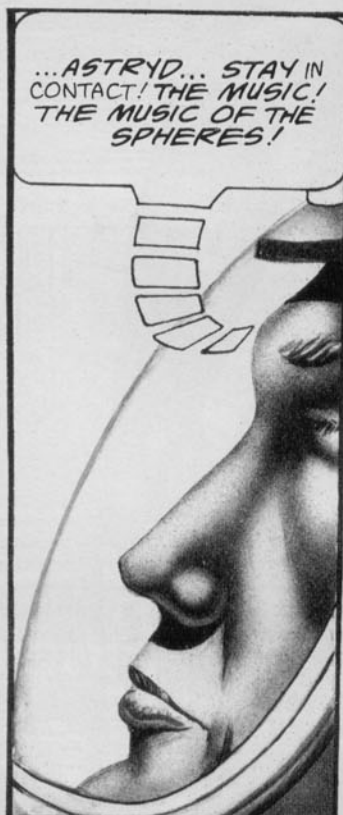
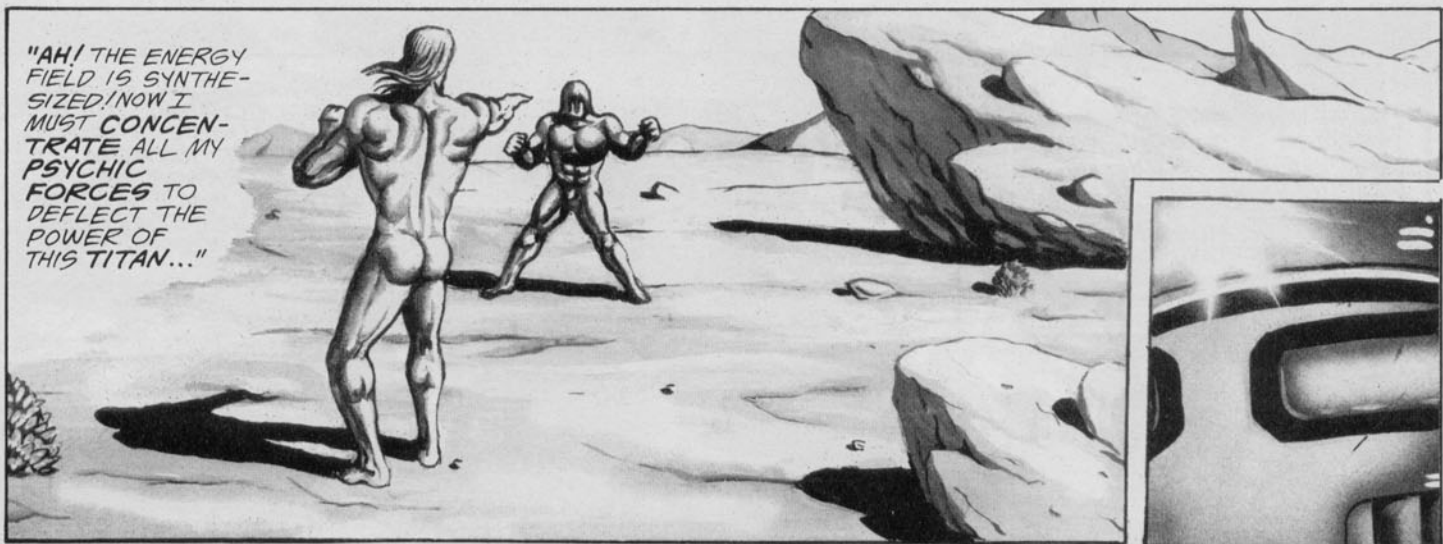
AAHH! THE **BASTARD!** HE HAS **TELEKINETIC** POWERS! I CAN'T LET HIM TRAP ME! I HAVE TO **ESCAPE...**

I'LL DIVERT ALL MY ENERGY TO MY REAR JET-PACK. IF I CAN MANAGE TO **SYNTHESIZE** A FORCE FIELD WITH MY EQUIPMENT, THEN...

...THIS METAL MONSTER WILL **NEVER** GET ME! AH! THAT DOES IT!

CONTACT! NOW WE'LL MEET IN A **COMBAT OF THOUGHT WAVES!**







HIS **CIRCUITS** ARE VERY STRONG! IT'S TAKING ALL MY **ENERGY** JUST TO **DEFEND** MYSELF AGAINST HIS THOUGHT WAVES!



AH! **ASTRYD** HAS GOT THROUGH TO ME WITH THE **MUSIC**! IT'S HELPING ME TO COORDINATE MY THOUGHT WAVES. NOW I CAN CONCENTRATE AND CONTACT THE MIND OF THIS ROBOT...



...HE IS DRIVEN BY IMPULSES OF AGGRESSION AND HATE...



POW!

...BUT THE MUSICAL VIBRATIONS HAVE GIVEN ME ENOUGH **SPEED** TO GET PAST HIS REFLEXES...

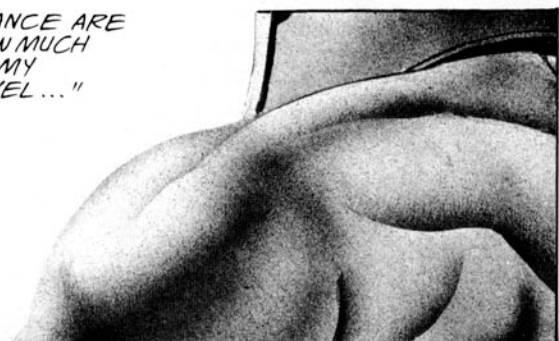


KIA

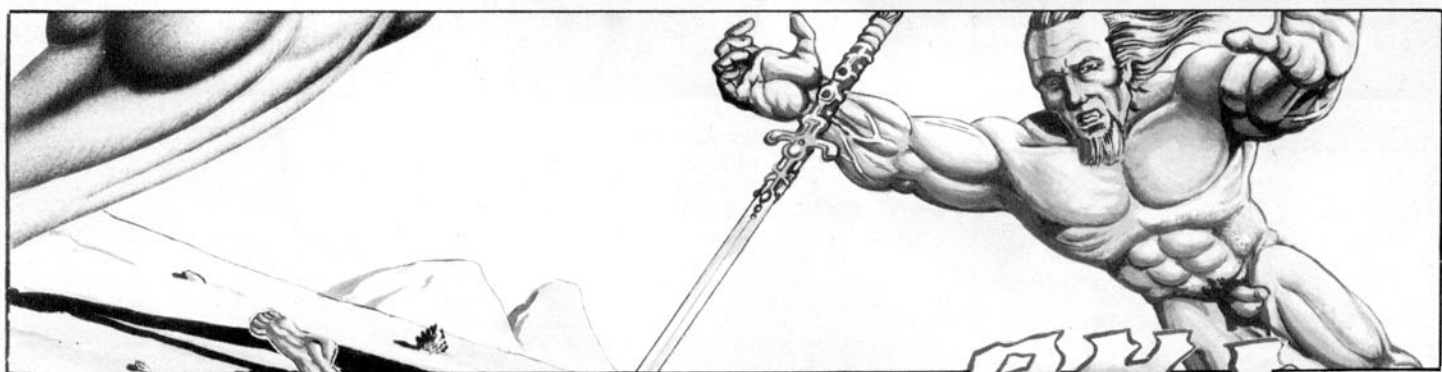
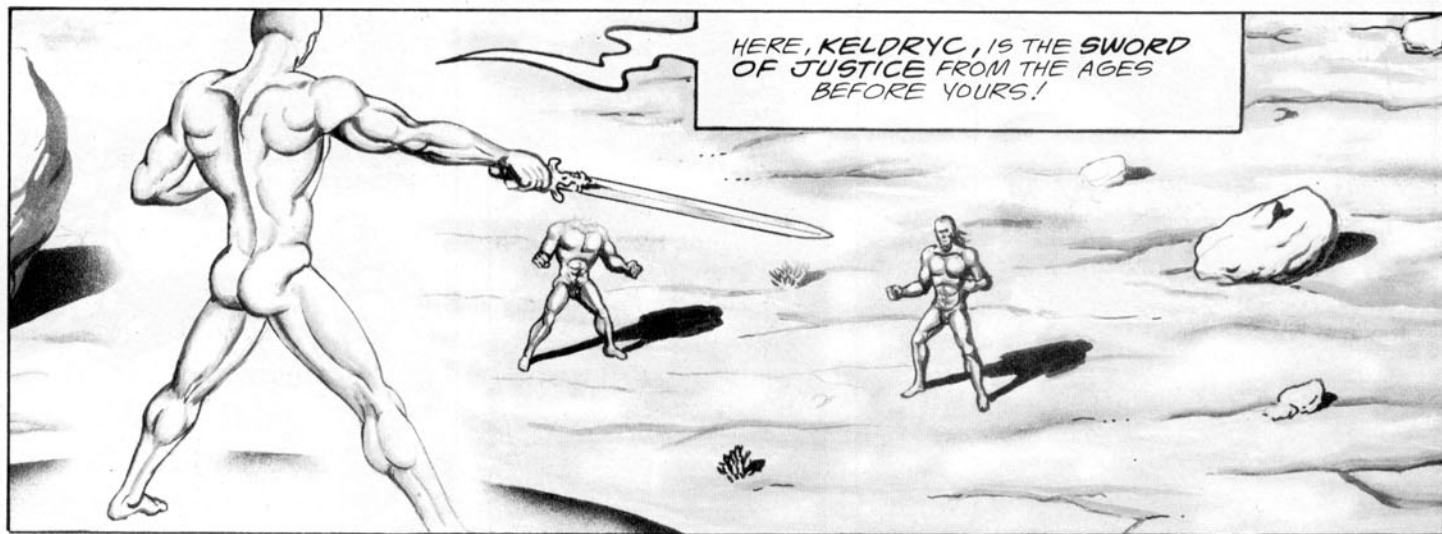


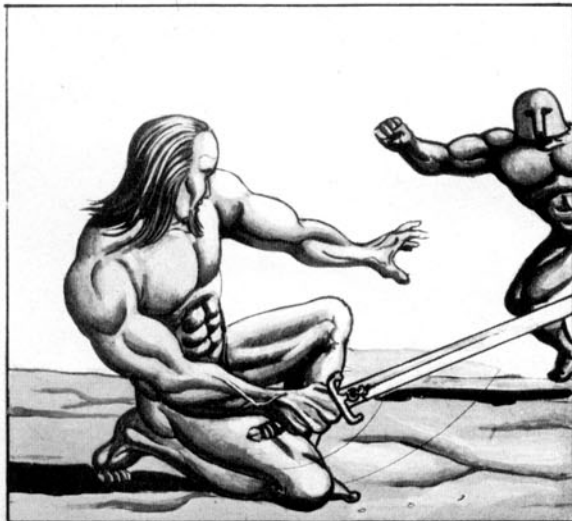
PAN

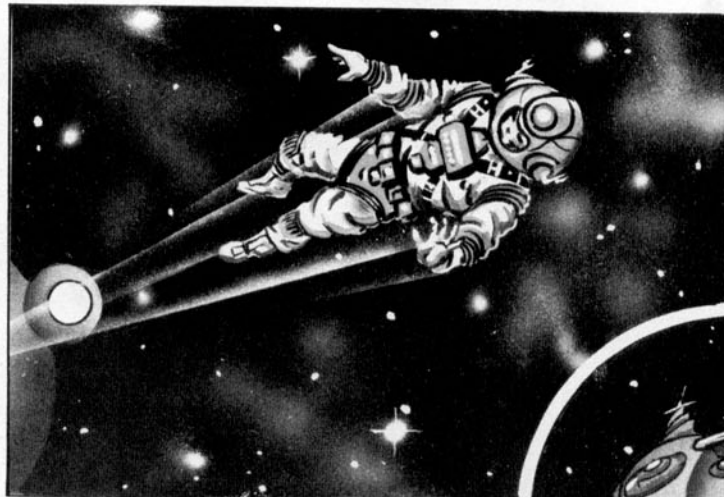
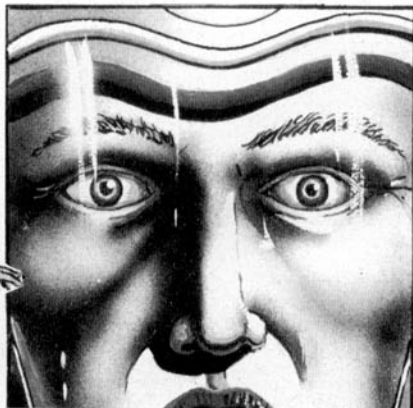
"HIS STRENGTH AND HIS RESISTANCE ARE VERY GREAT... I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN CONCENTRATE MY PSYCHIC FORCES ON THIS LEVEL..."



CORTEX 12 HAS BEEN REACHED! I AM **ASKOR 7**, THE **DIAMOND** WARRIOR, NEUROLOGICAL CIRCUIT CODE **456 YZ6!**







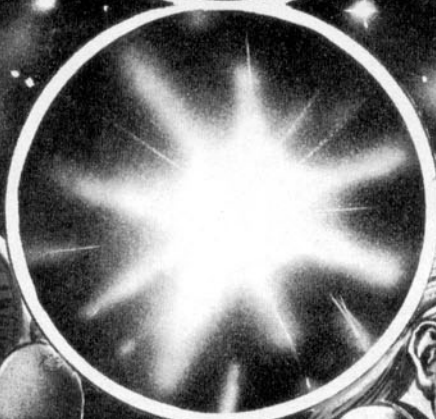
NOW YOU ARE **FREE**, KELDRYC!
AND I MUST DISAPPEAR
FOREVER!

...BUT...
YOU...



...YOU'RE
NOTHING BUT
AN
INSECT!

KELDRYC!
CAN YOU
HEAR ME,
FINALLY?



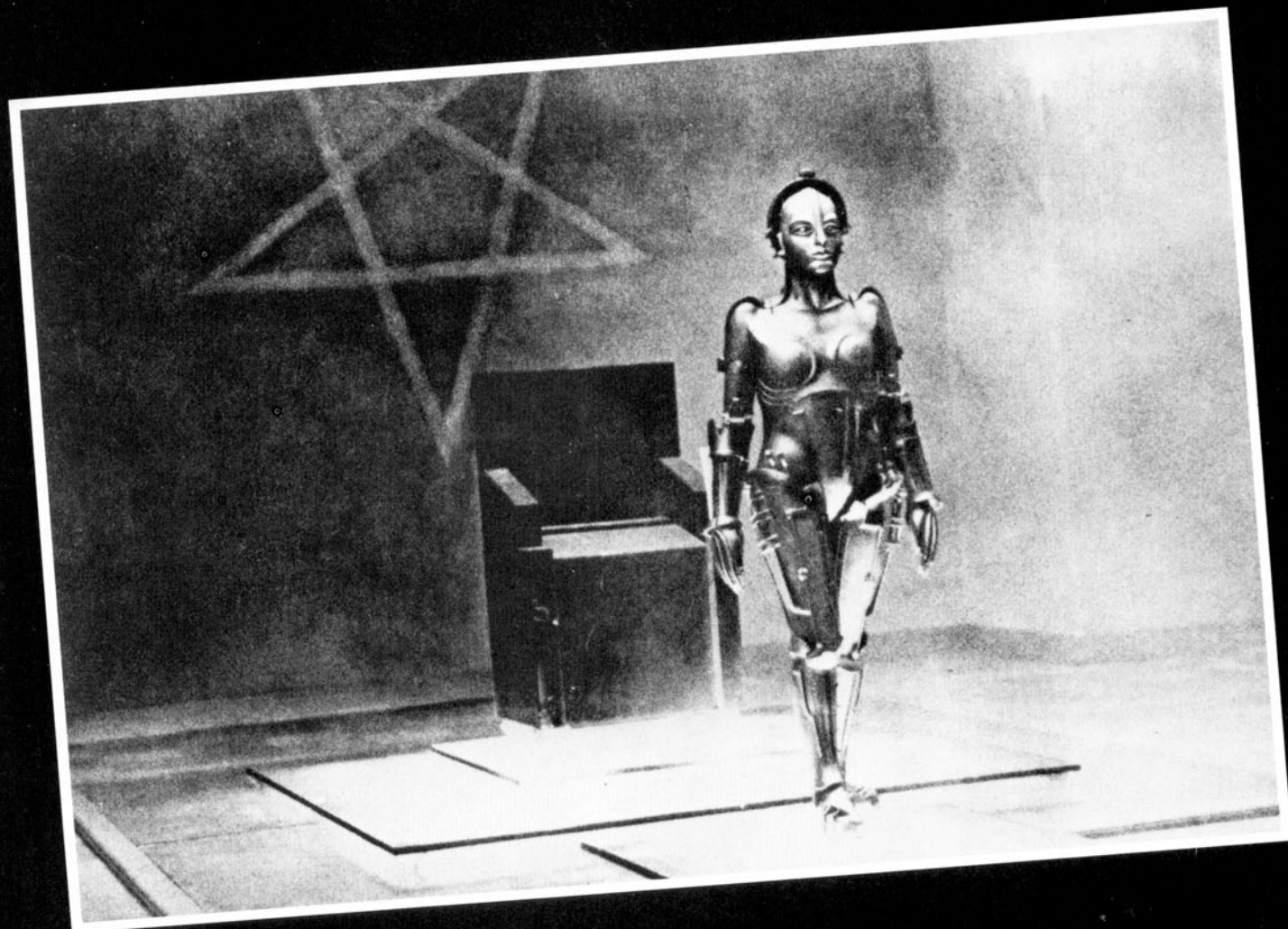
COME ON,
STOP **DREAMING**
TO THE MUSIC! A
NOVA IS BEGINNING TO
EXPLODE IN THE
SKY...



THIS
TRIP IS
STARTING TO
GET
INTERESTING...

Fin

BE BOP deluxe



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