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HEAVY METAL

The adult-themed fantasy magazine



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HEAVY METAL™

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



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Dear Editors:

Heavy Metal is the only magazine I know of that has lived up to, met, and surpassed all the great things the advertisements say. Your art staff is incredible! Only two people could possibly improve it. And then in *HM* #4, my wish comes true! Frank Frazetta is #1 in the comic-fantasy field. Berni Wrightson's art is very often mouth-gaping. Needless to say, these two gentlemen will up your art somewhat when they appear.

Keep up the great work! (please).
Heavy Metal Fan #1,
Jeff Diamond

Dear Jeff: Wrightson, we have — see back cover — (and, by the way, that cover is available as a poster from Christopher Enterprises, 14164 West Outer Drive, Detroit, Michigan 48239, by sending \$4, which includes postage and handling). But Frazetta's a little harder to land, having become the darling of *Newsweek* and *Esquire*. — Eds.

To *Heavy Metal*:

HM is a fantastic magazine, but indeed it has some shortcomings. As, for instance, the format. In my copies, it seems as if it is too small; sometimes the panels cannot be at the page, a little of them don't get printed. And — is it possible to make *HM* with a stronger cover?

Moebius has also made another mervellous strip, "Le Bandard Fou." As far as I know, it also was Les Humanoïdes Associés who published it, so perhaps you could bring it in *HM*? And perhaps a little Frazetta, too?

Jesper Gimbel
Paludan Mullersvej 13
5230 Odense M
Denmark, Europe

Dear Jesper: That Moebius "strip" is included in the Arzach book we have just published. (Plug) If you have ideas for strong covers, send 'em along. And who is this Frazetta guy, anyway? — Eds.

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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 7 October 1977

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... AND ...

To those of you who are eagerly awaiting the apocalyptic punch line to Ed Davis's "World Apart" series in this issue: tough.

M. Davis is not with us this month for medical reasons (none of yr business).

End of known world therefore delayed 4 wks due to circumstances.

What we *do* have is a new Theodore Sturgeon story — the envelope in which the ms. arrived is tacked to the wall and salaamed to daily — & a preview chapter from a '78 *HM* book, *Jean Cyriaque*.

Coming up (in Dec.), a chapter from Steven Spielberg's own novelization of his film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

The 16 pages of Moebius herein should serve to remind us that reality is for people who can't face drugs.

& Mark Kozlowski took the only known photograph of Jack the Ripper, which appeared last month with the Zelazny piece.

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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. (\$4.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. (\$3.00)

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*, also 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)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more *World Apart*, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. (\$2.00)

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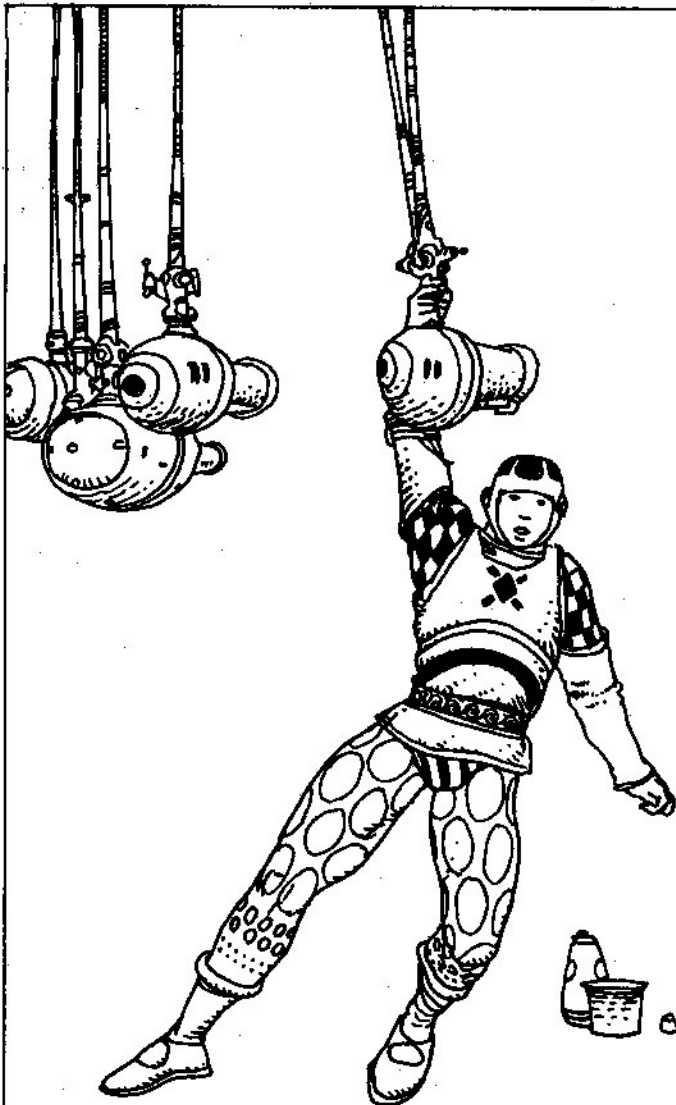
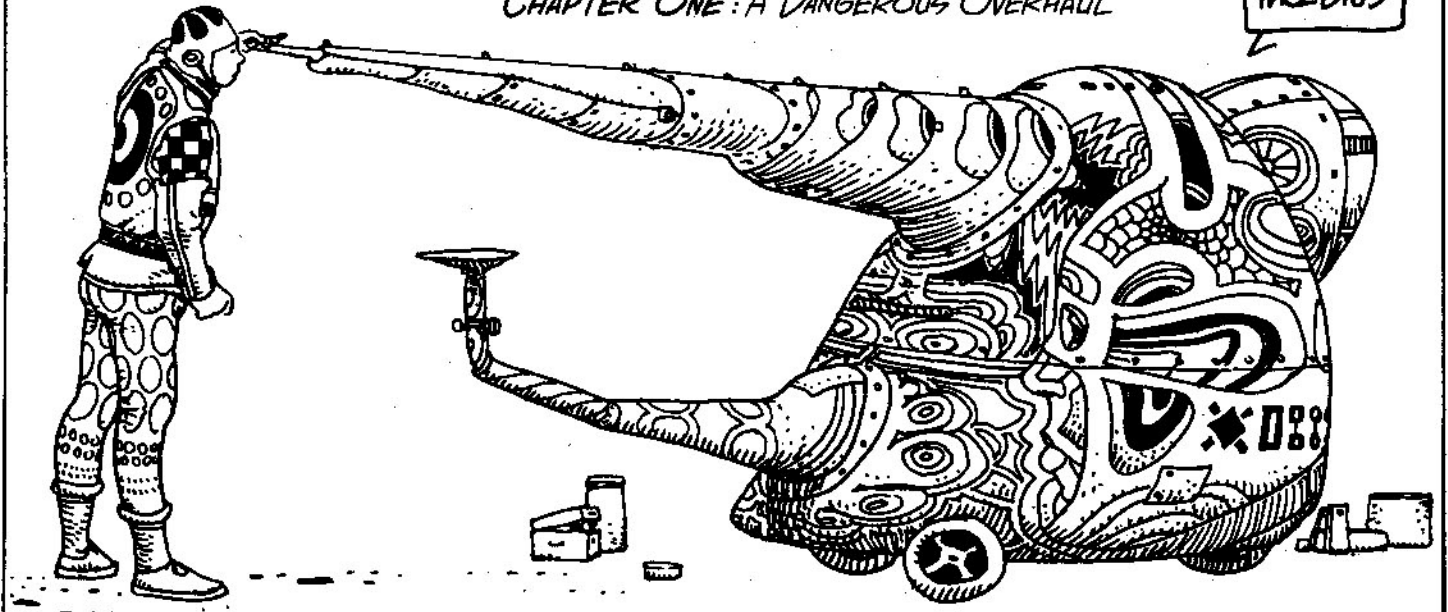
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THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS

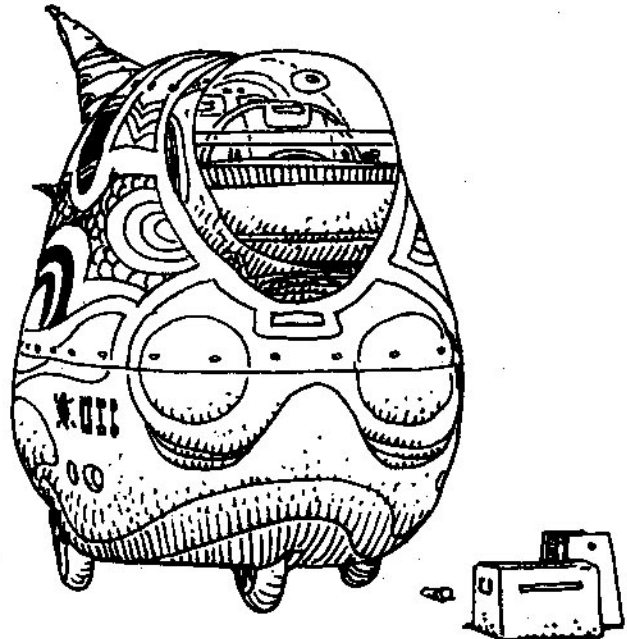
CHAPTER ONE: A DANGEROUS OVERHAUL

by
MOEBIUS



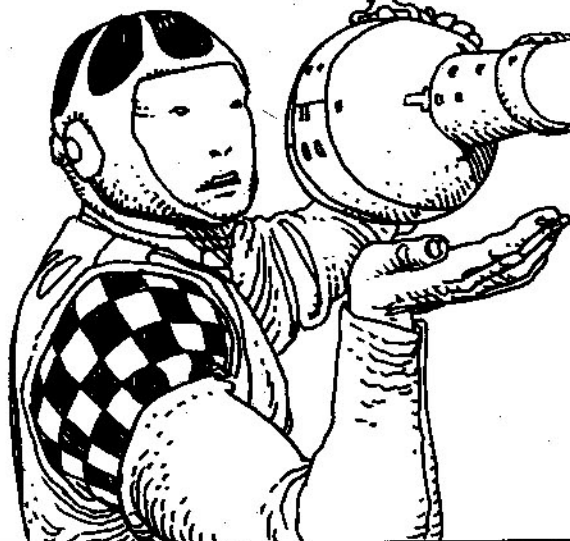
THIS TRANSPORTER, WHOSE DESIGN IS ABSOLUTELY REVOLUTIONARY, NEEDS ONE LAST OVERHAUL BEFORE BEING LAUNCHED TOWARD THE STARS! ...

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET HOLD OF THIS DOUBLY-POLARIZED CHROMATIC PARTICLE PROJECTOR AND DIRECT IT TOWARD THE CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE--WHICH MAKES ME ESPECIALLY NERVOUS ...



YET ANOTHER TESTIMONY
TO THE TECHNICAL INGENUITY
OF OUR RACE!...

...IT HAD BEEN SEVERAL YEARS SINCE
I'D USED ONE OF THESE OLD WAVE
PROTECTORS...

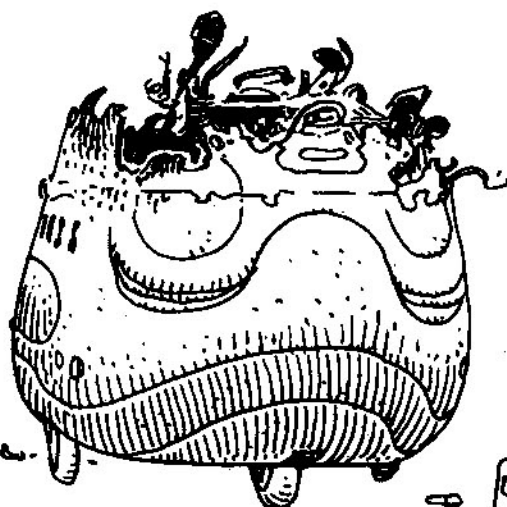
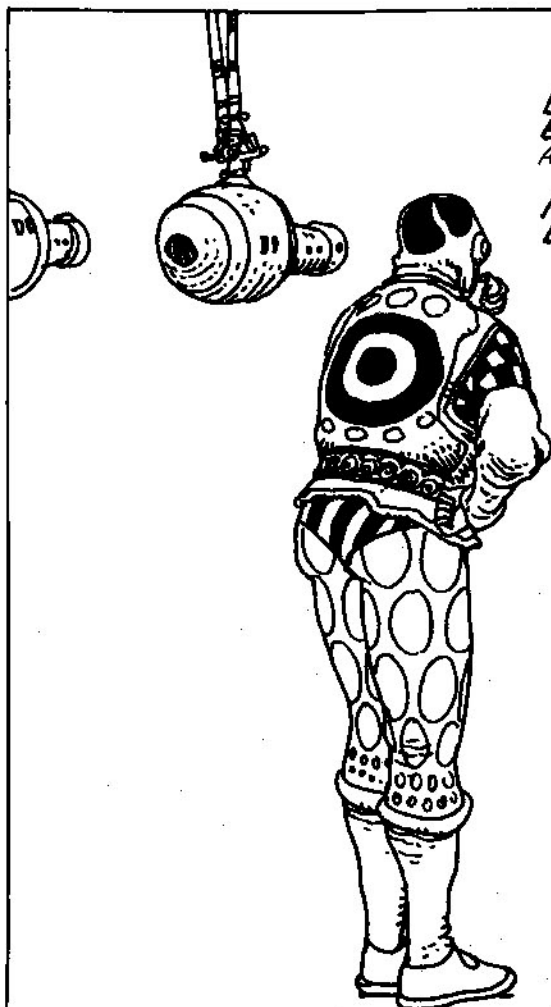


HEAVY... NOT VERY PRACTICAL...
CUMBERSOME... DANGEROUS
TO HANDLE FOR OTHERS
AS WELL AS MYSELF...

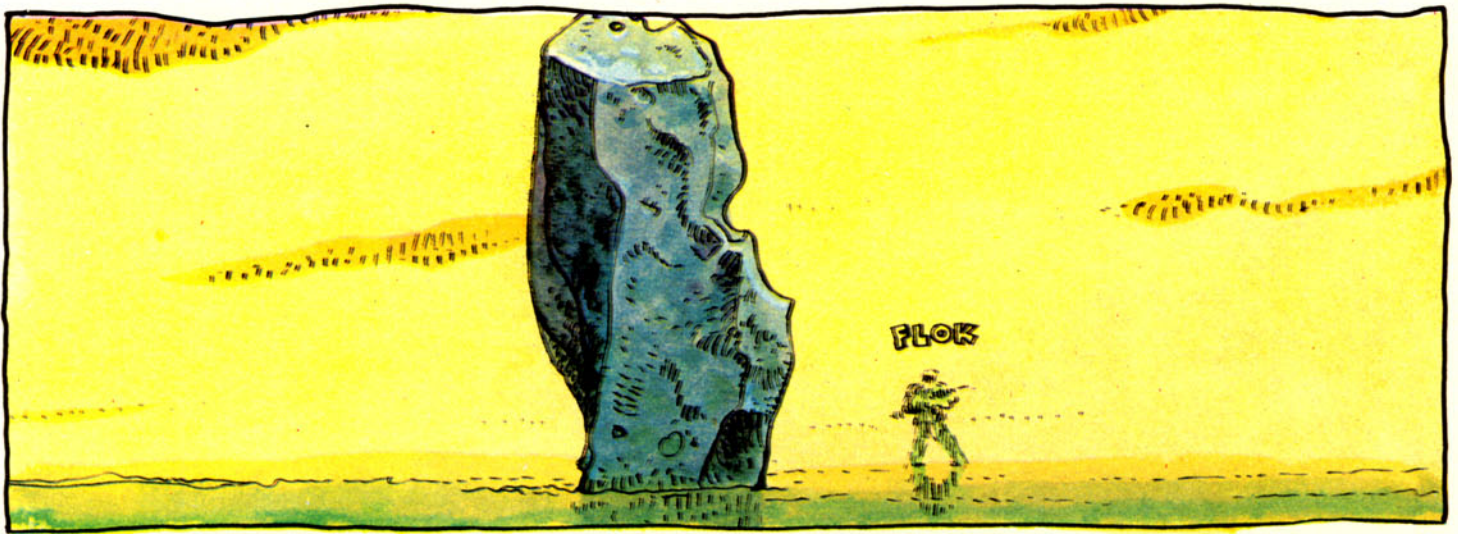
BY GUM! MY DOUBLY-POLARIZED CHROMATIC HAS
BLOWN UP THE BUBBLE DOME WHICH I UNFORTUNATELY
ALLOWED IT TO CONTACT...

MY BEAUTIFUL TRANSPORTER IS NOW COMPLETELY
DESTROYED. WHAT WILL I DO?

EVERYTHING MUST BE SHIPSHAPE BEFORE
JERRY CORNELIUS GETS BACK!



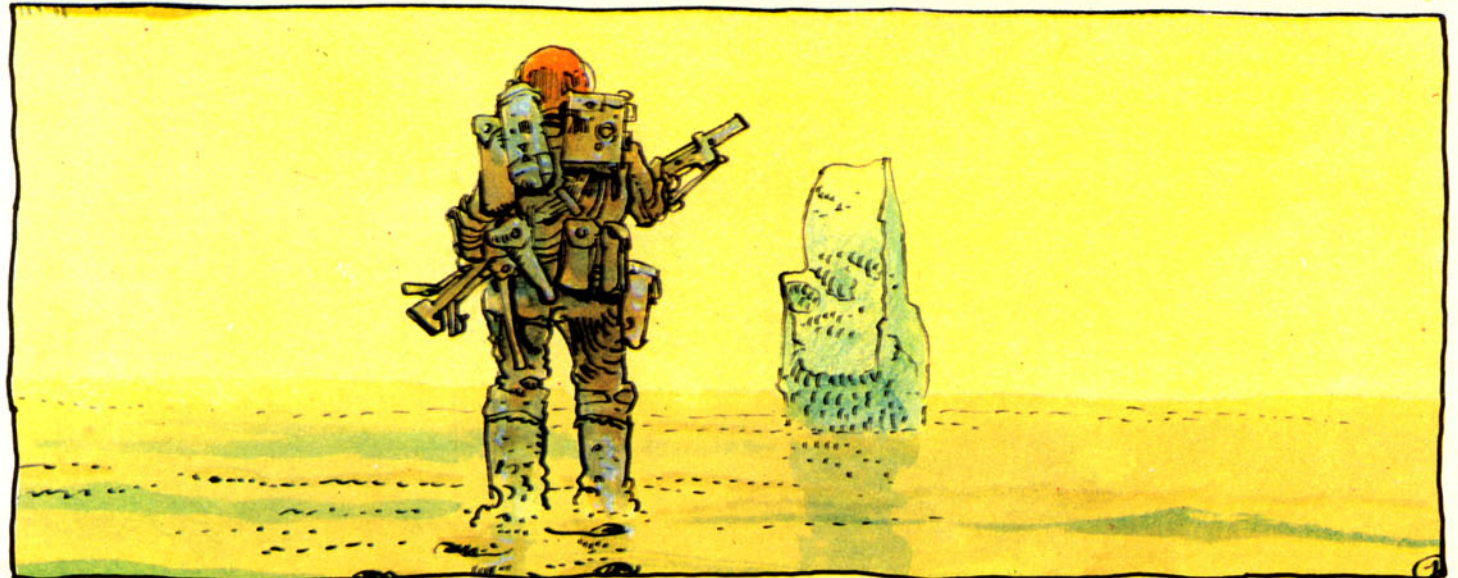
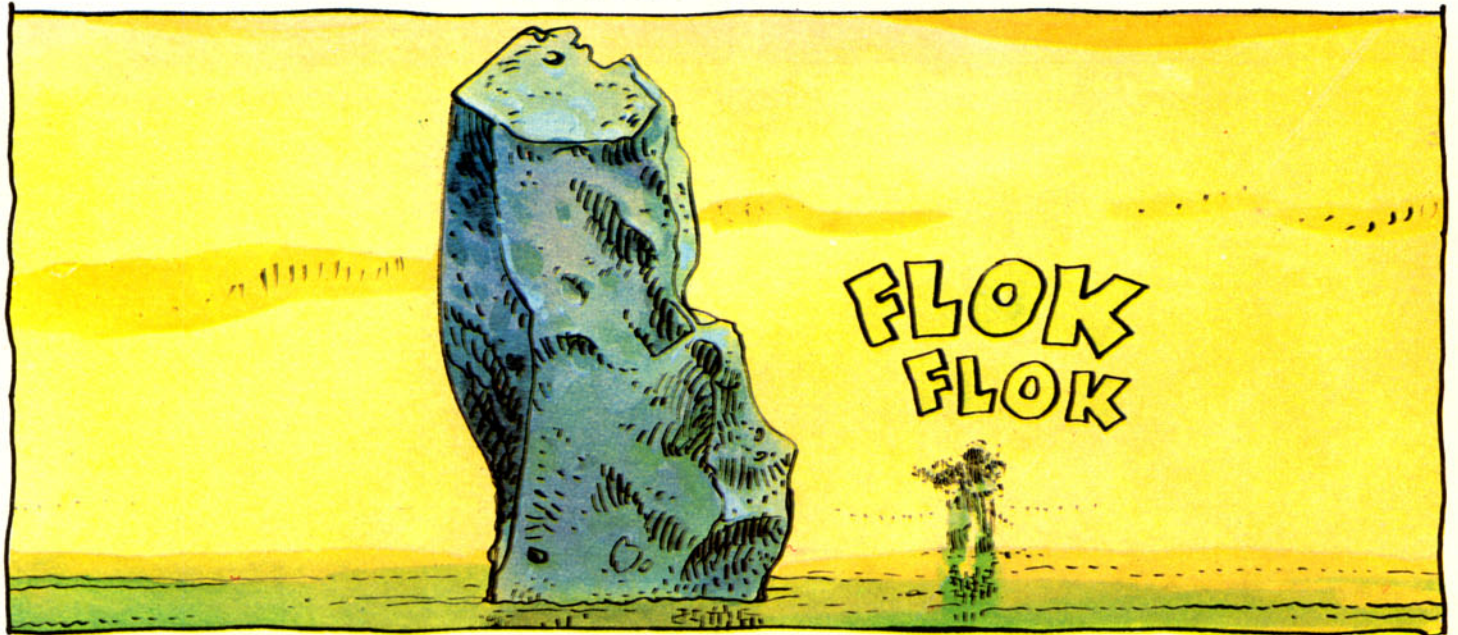
To be continued...

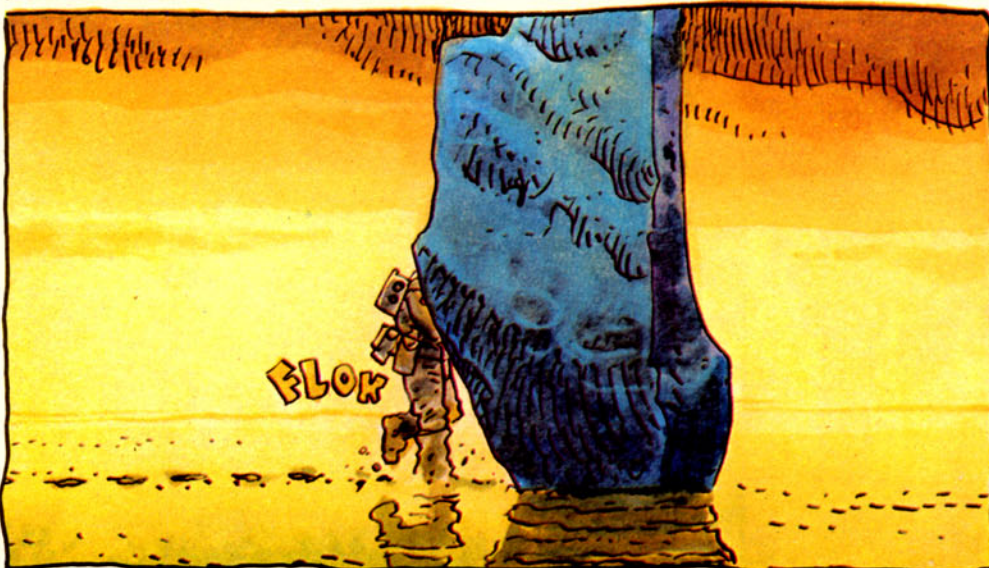
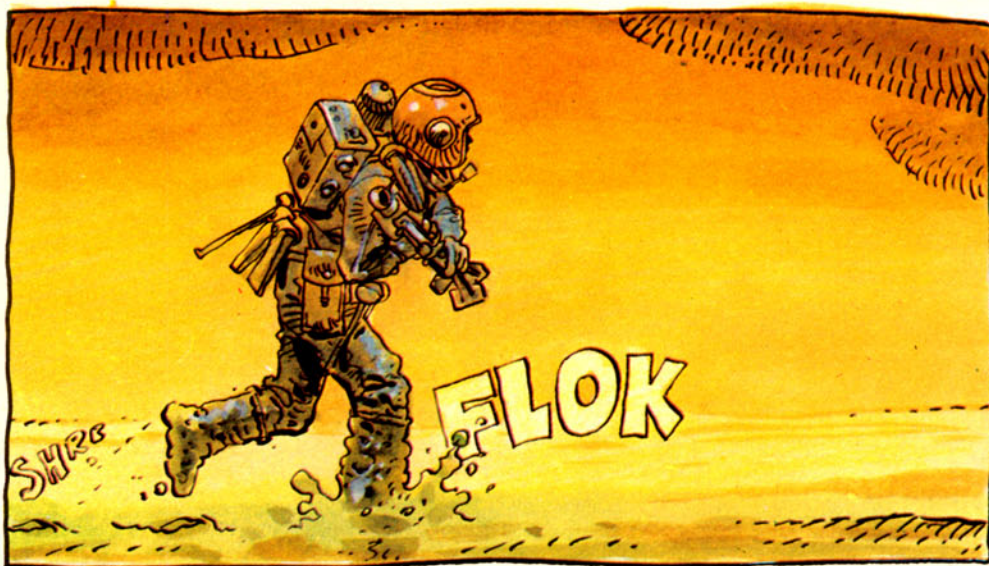


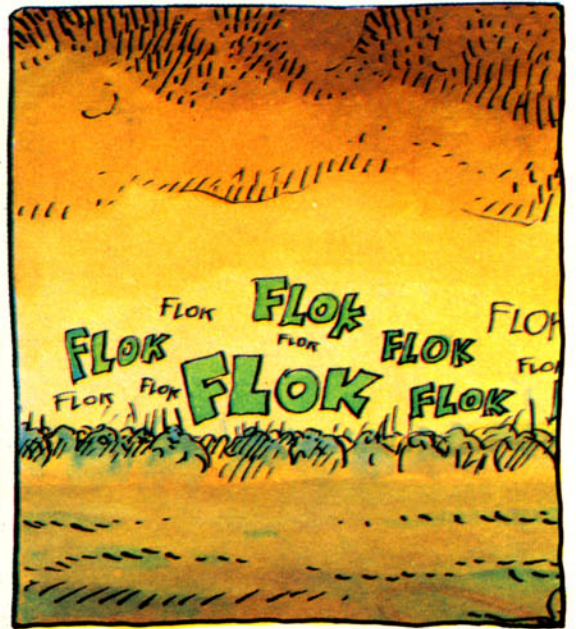
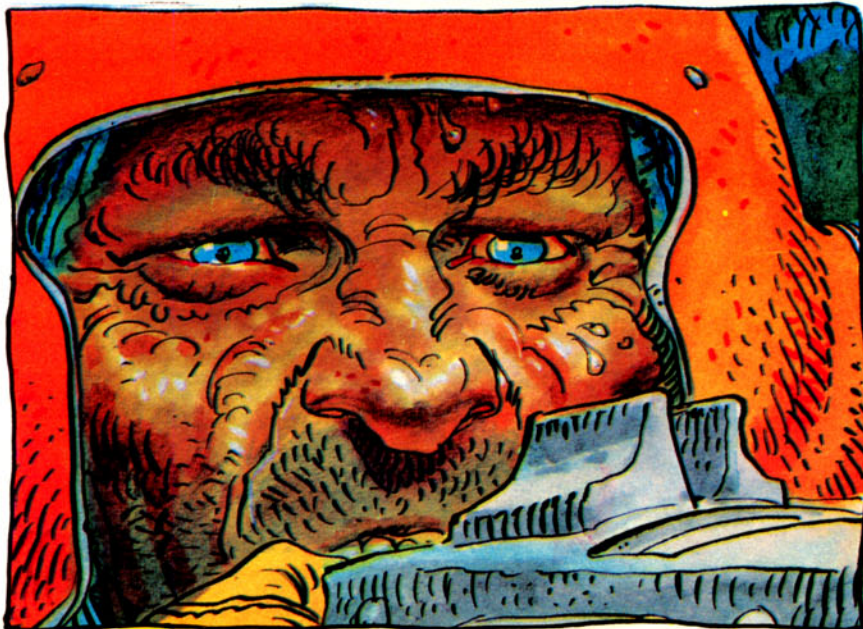
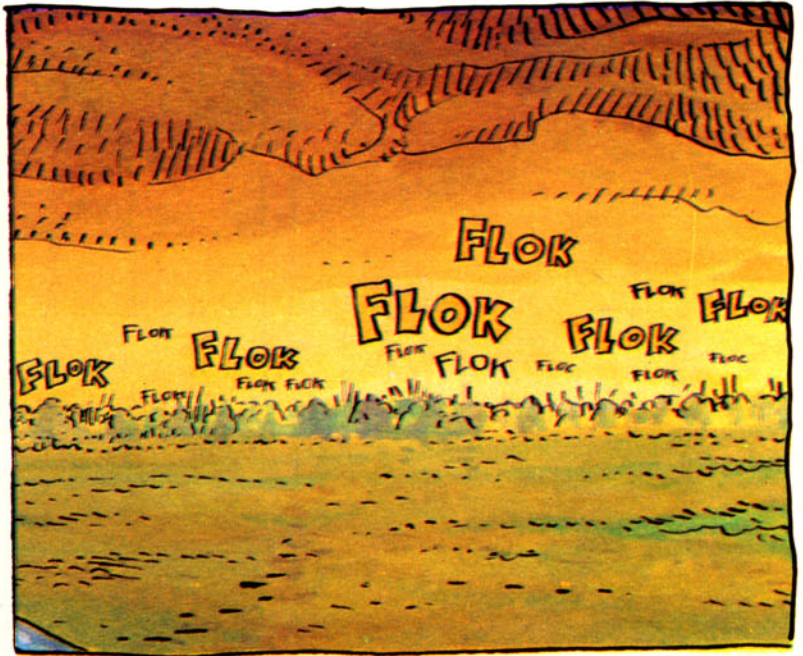
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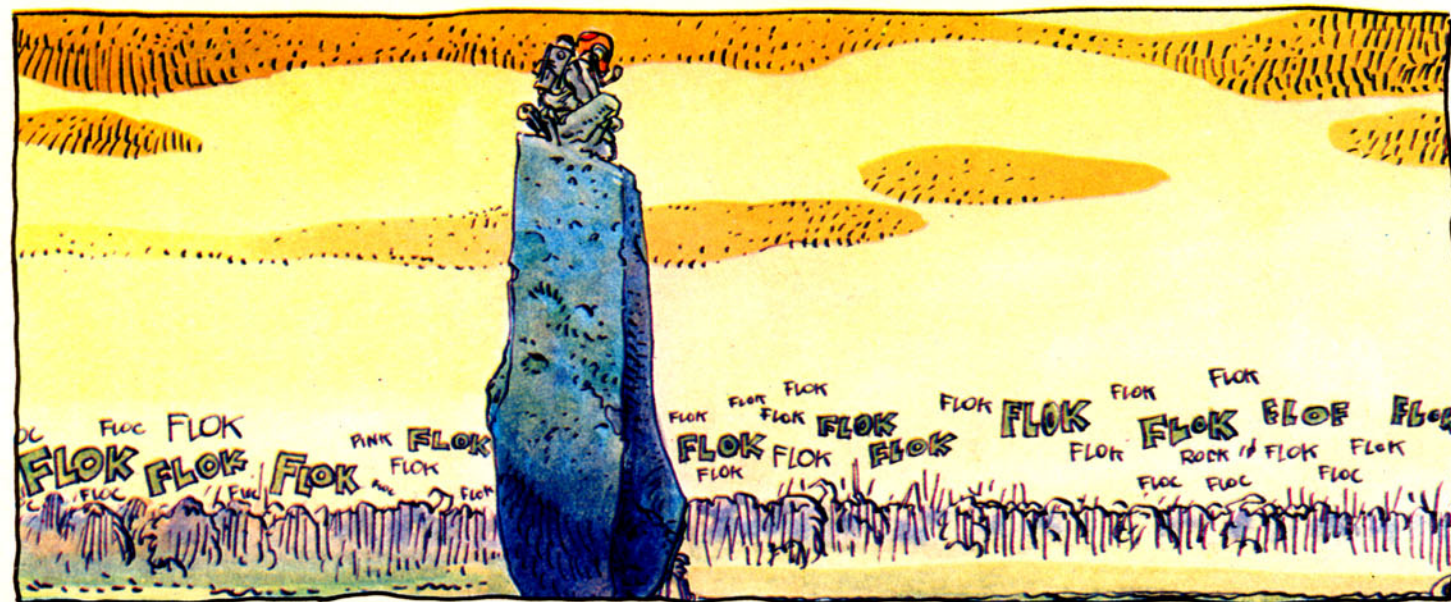
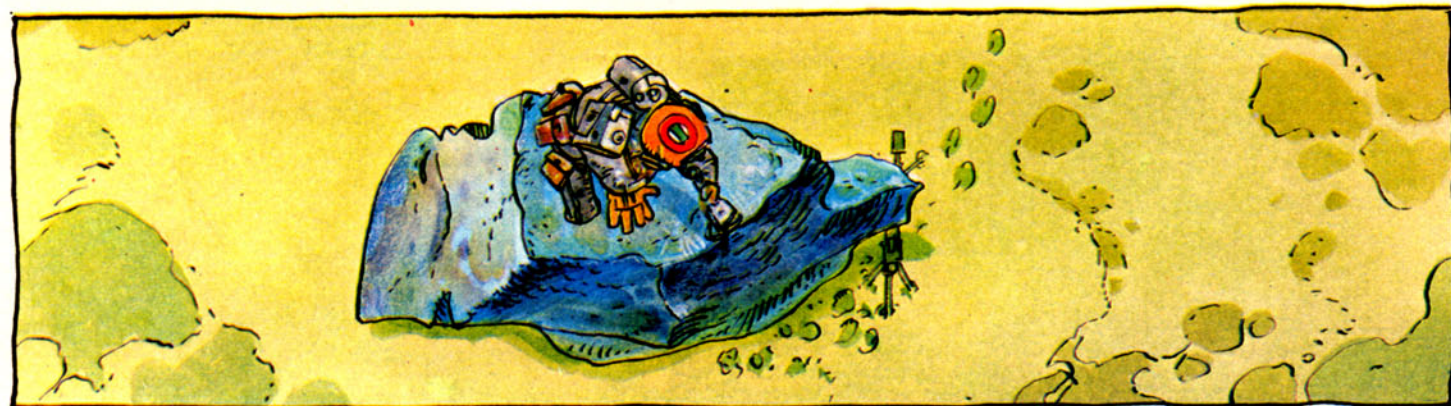
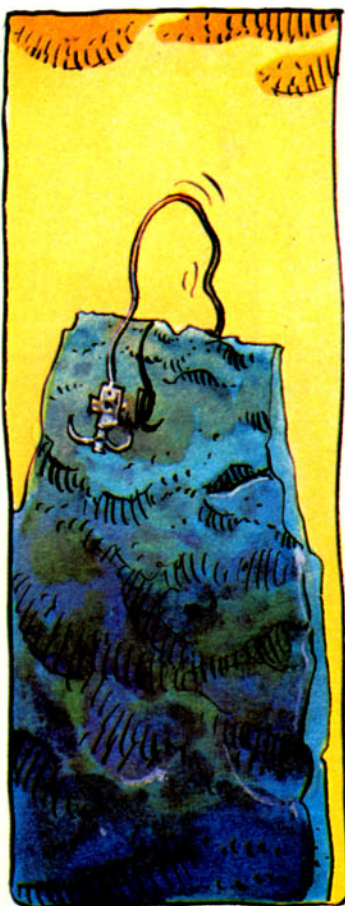
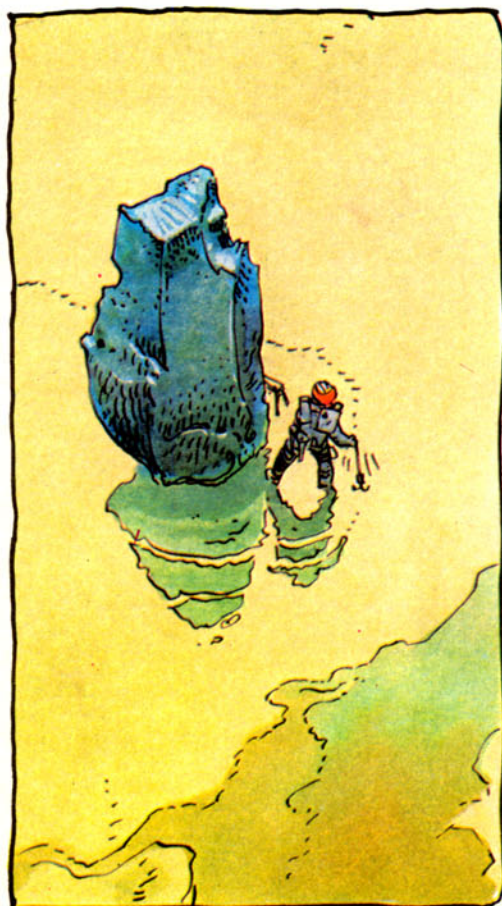
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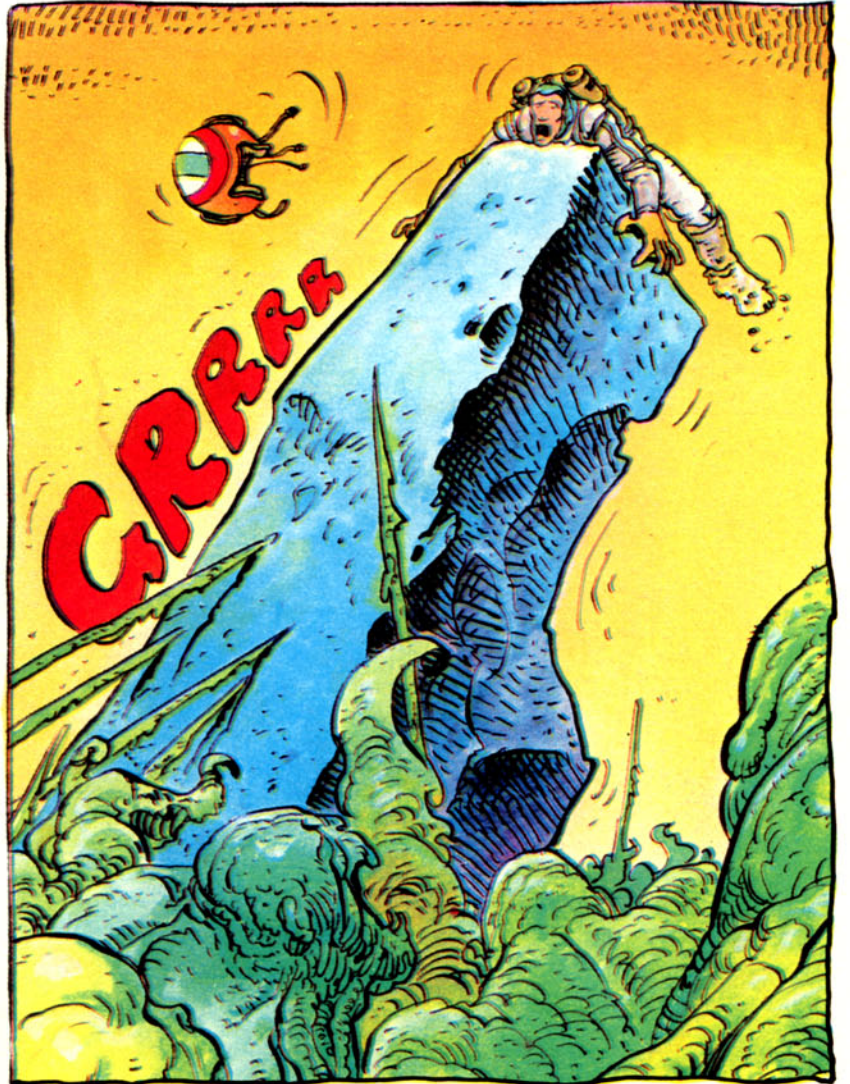
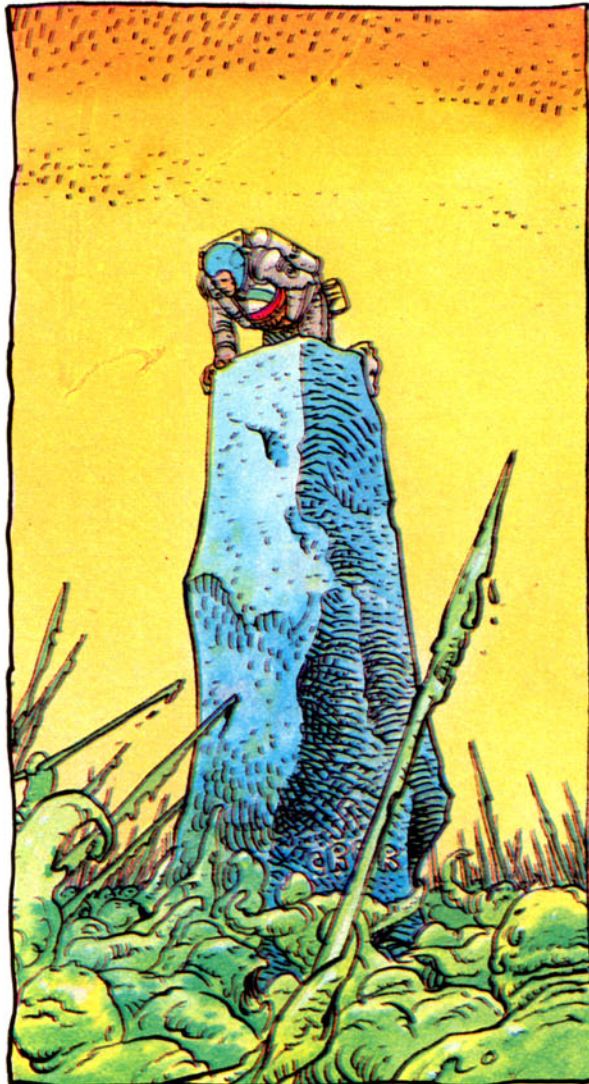
ACTION! MYSTERY! ONE OF THE MEN ON THE EXPEDITION TO VUNOS HAS STRAYED IN THE ETERNAL MISTS. HE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO BAY BY THE INDIGENOUS MONSTERS OF THIS FAR-OFF PLANET...

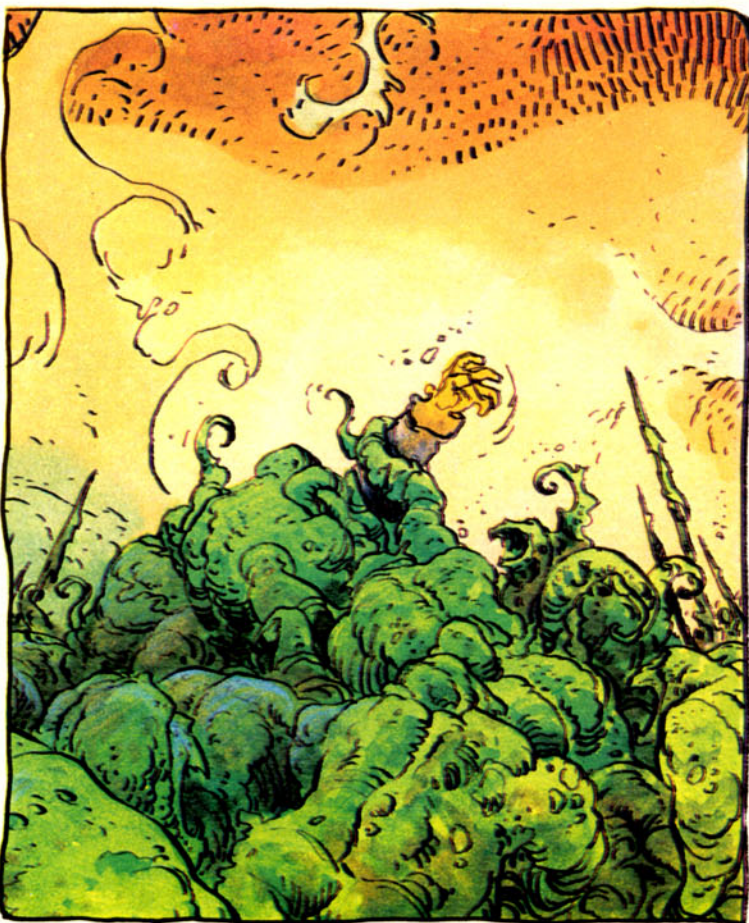
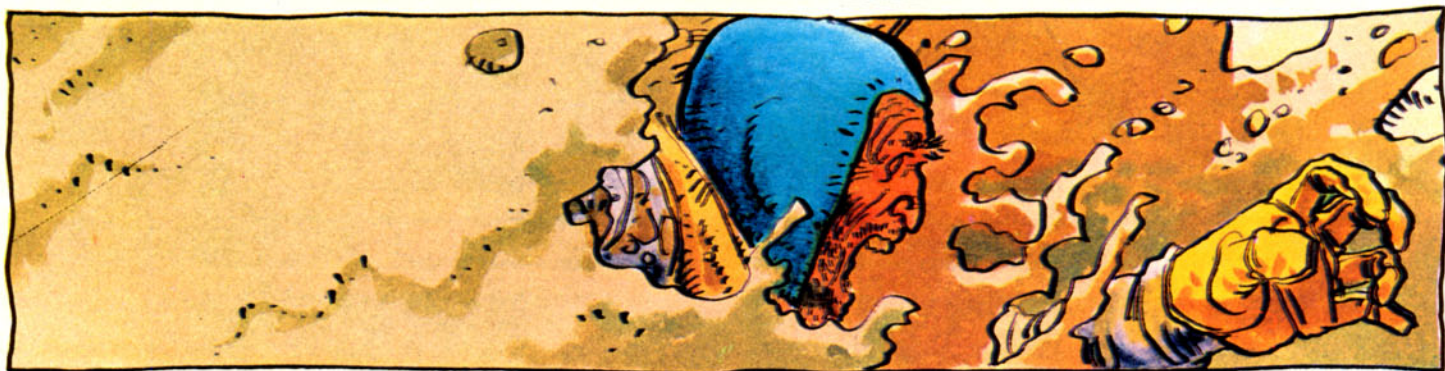
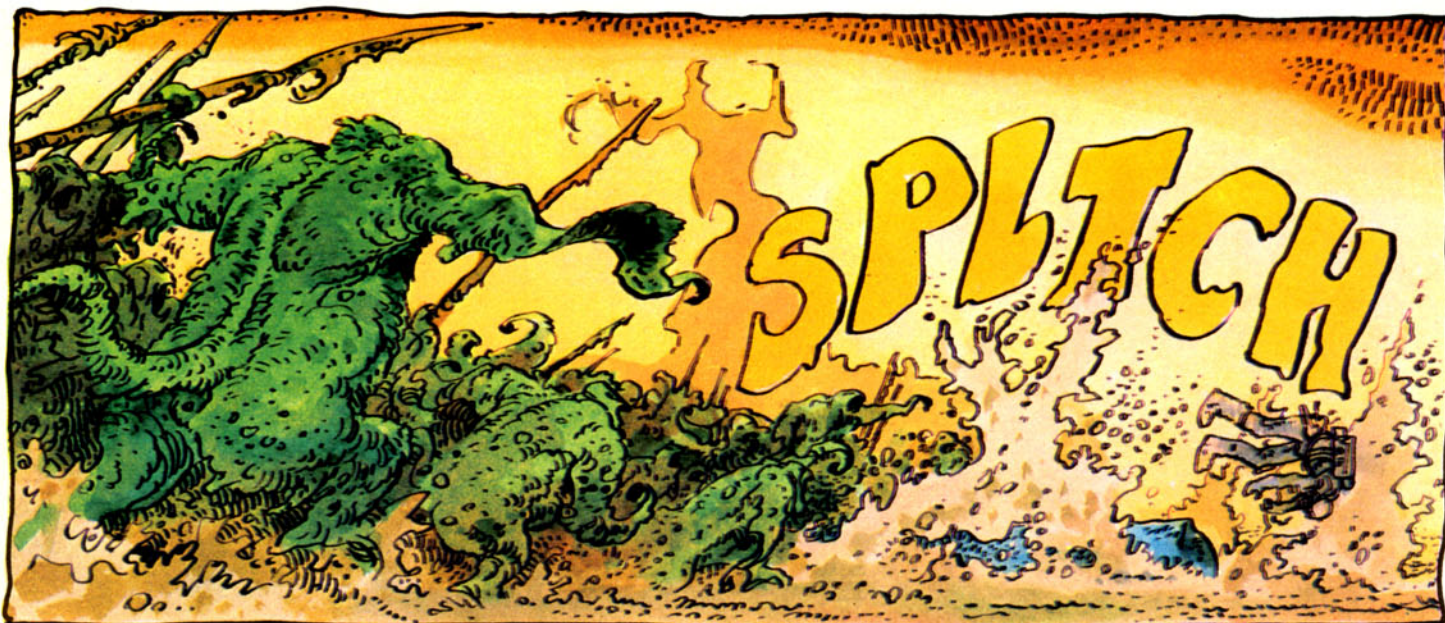


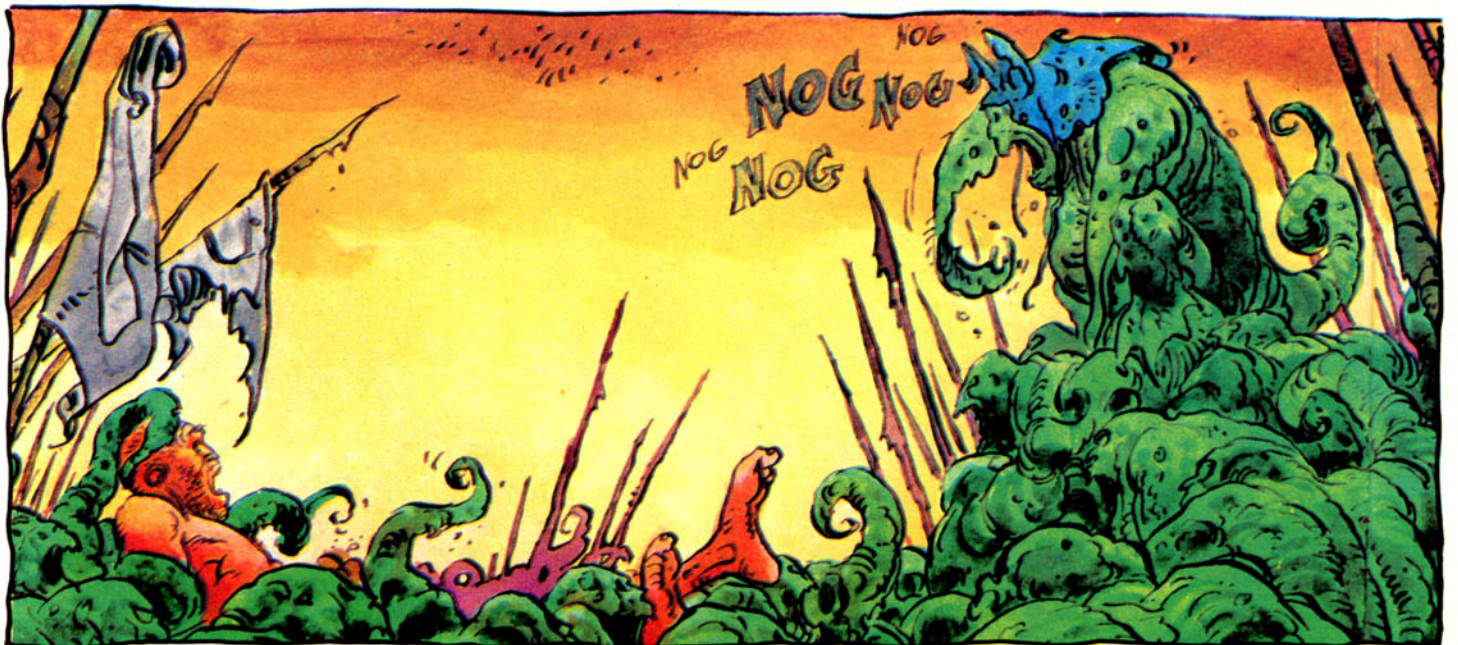
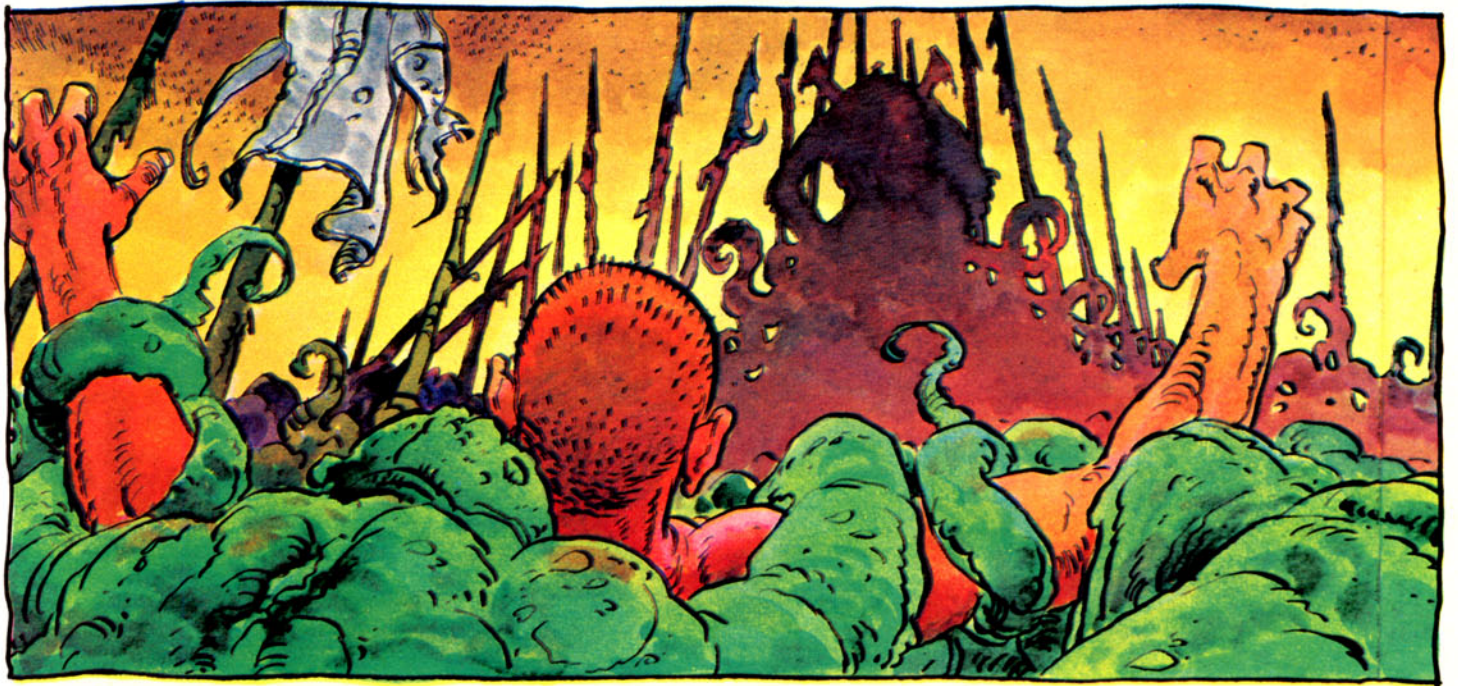
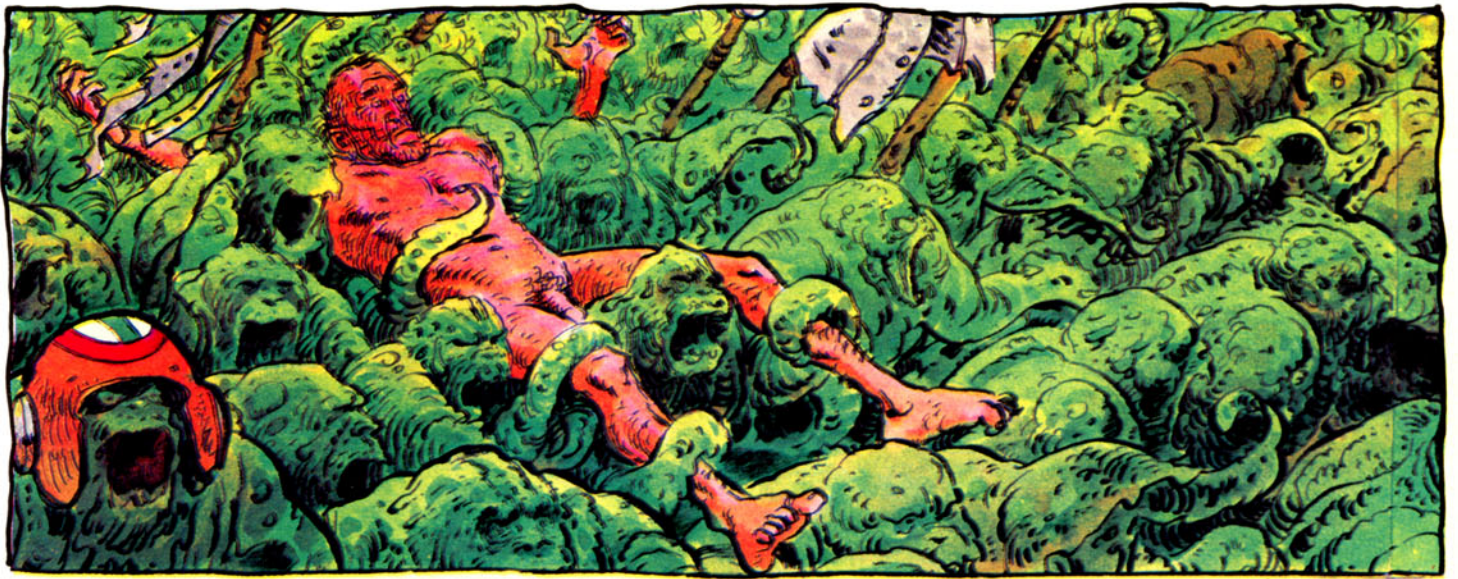




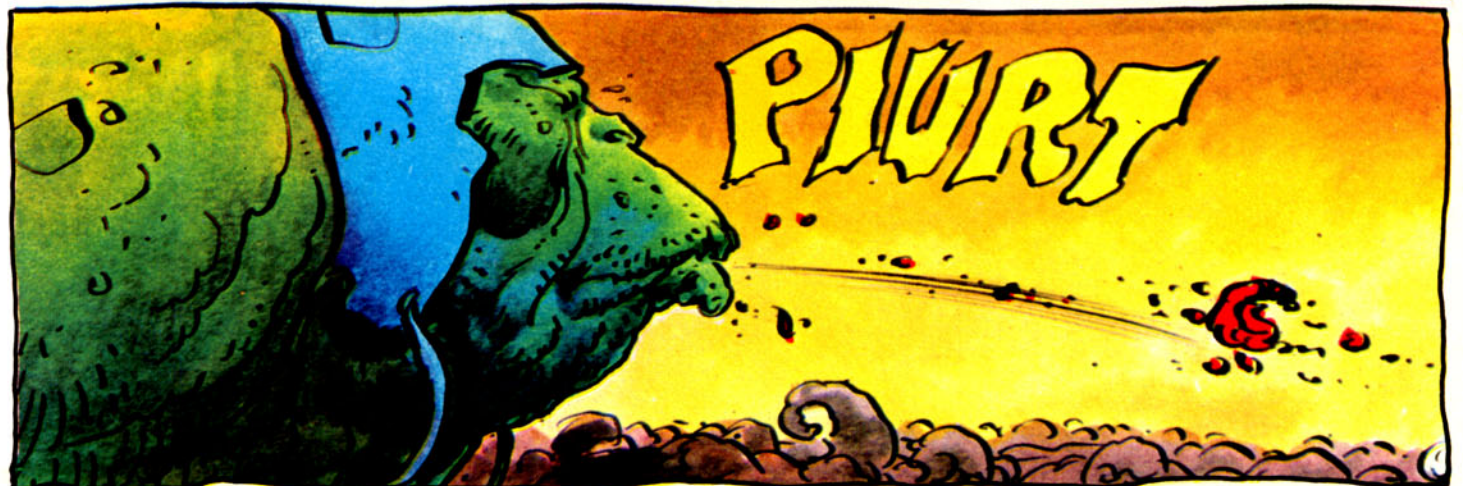
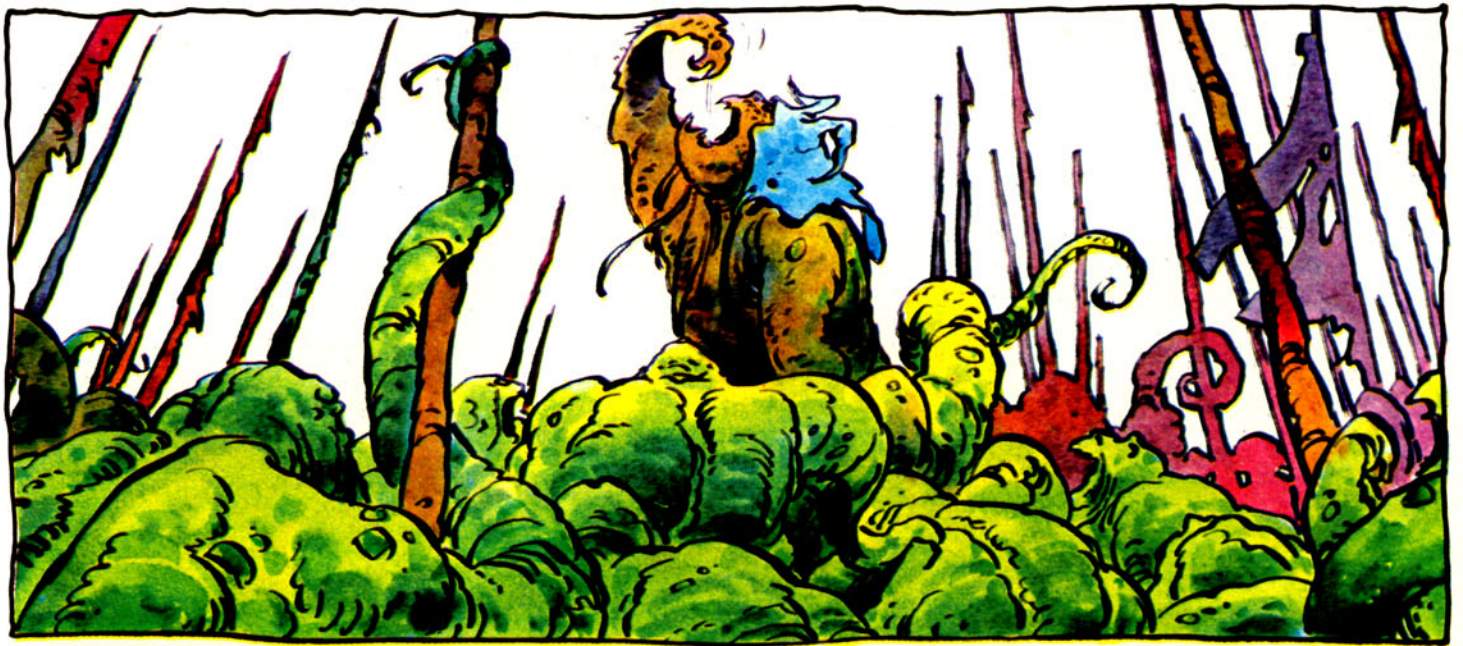


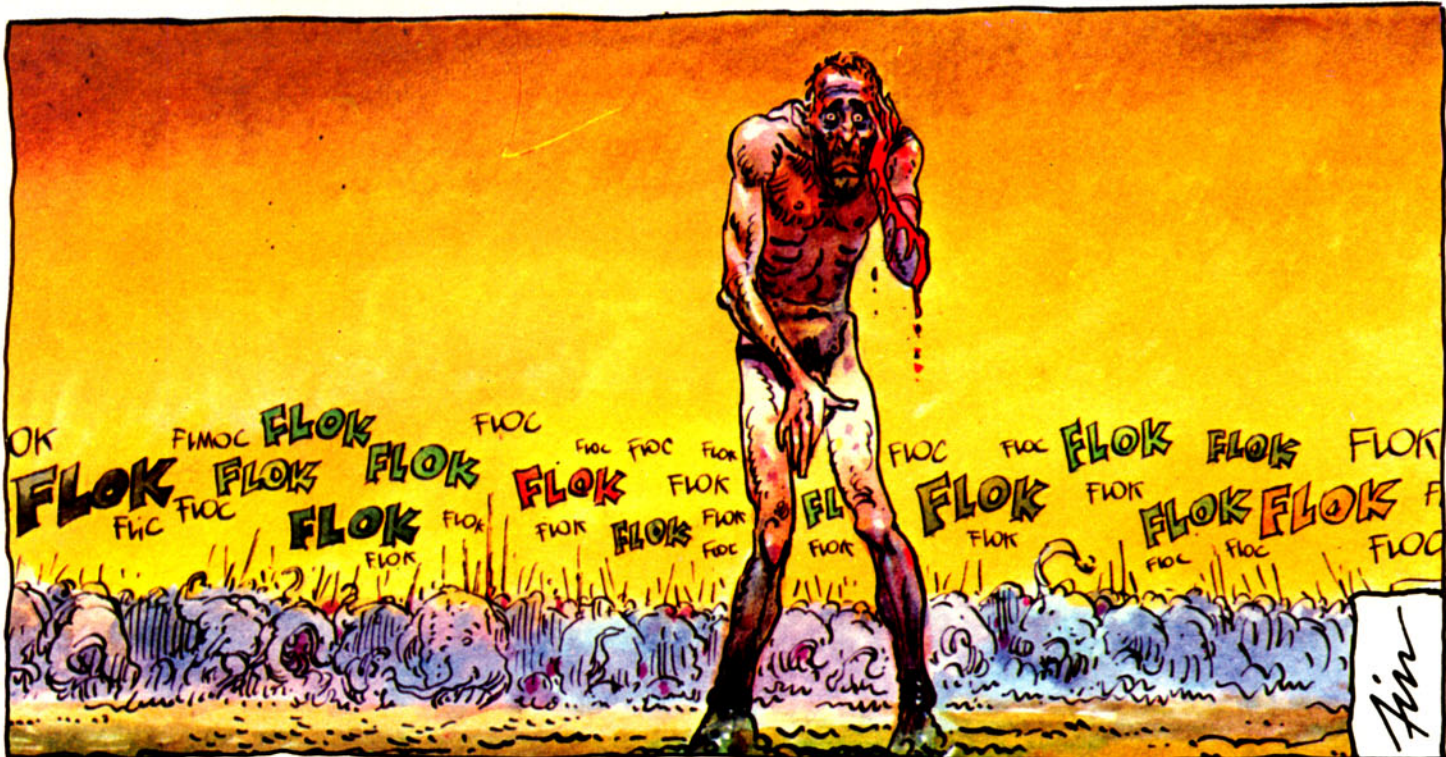
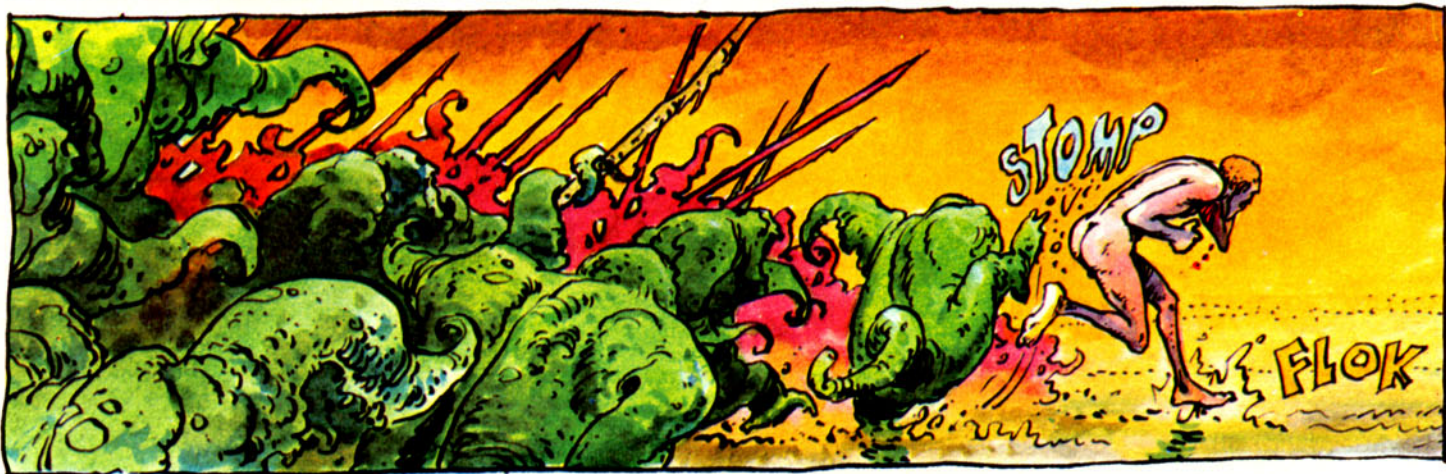












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Los Angeles, Calif.

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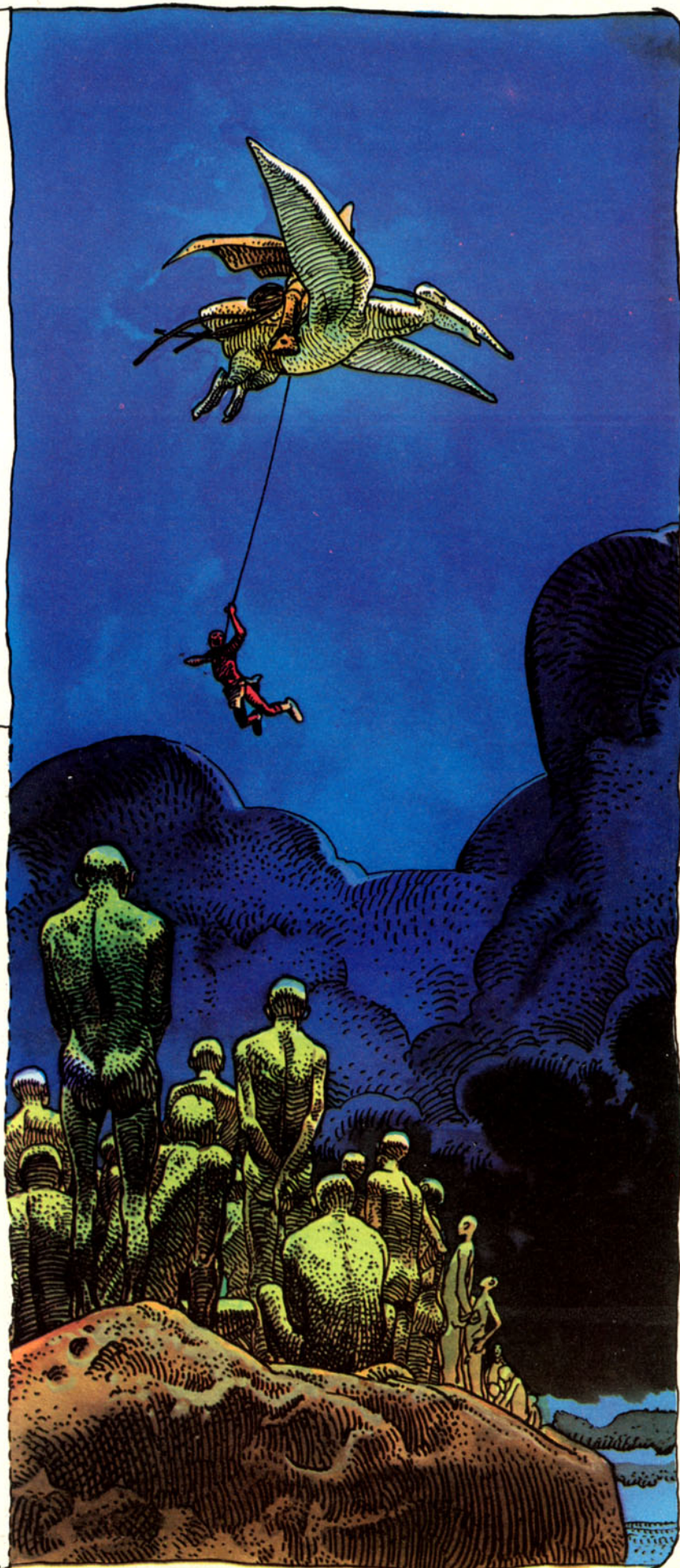
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The Singsong of Cecily Snow

by Theodore Sturgeon

"Mesmer-Eyes" he called her in the moonlight; in the meantime he was walking with her westerly to her inner wailing wall. A gross, uncaring bastard was this Bulbul Byo, blessed with silver speech and graceful gait and the manners of a tutor to the tutors of a household royal. His score so far was sixty-six successful satisfactory seductions, thirty-seven shattered lives, six suicides, and fourteen thousand nights of bitter tears. His road ahead was paved with promises; behind him he left loneliness and puzzlement and greying disappointment — seldom anger, never vengeance. "Mesmer-Eyes," he whispered, "you can drain me with a glance, I am weakened by your touch, I have no defense if you command me." Watchfully, he spoke to her, proclaiming weakness as she weakened, acting melted as he touched her, humble as he humbled her — his special trick, this artful knack of taking on himself the outward signs of this or that effect that he evoked in her. To make a woman want him he would want her with his words and hands; to make her cry, he cried; to make her yield, he said, "I yield."

It worked. It always worked.

The target tonight was young Cecily — sunny and svelte and a cynosure, making the marketplace more than a mall for mere merchandise. Moonmarket Village (not really its name, but known so because of the region's tradition of holding its market day, sun-up to midnight each full-of-the-moon) lay in the lake country east of the Wamberly Wood and the shore of the Wamberly Waters. Who is to say that the Moonmarket merriment, the sweet, mellow madness of Moonmarket Day, was caused by the magic of full-of-the-moon, or simply to celebrate its high-soaring silver? Nobody questioned it, nobody wondered why rain never fell on the laughter and lanterns of Moonmarket, nor why the wind whispered then, sweeping sweet smoke from the barbecue stalls and fanning the flower carts, caring for colorful kites and delaying the dancing of dust till the following day. Likewise the matter of Cecily, golden and swift, her laughter a spatter of birdsong, her adroitness in helping with tent pegs or tea baskets, her instant and total attention to troubles and children; why no one wondered where Cecily went when the market was over, nor how many markets, for how many moons, was Cecily central to Moonmarket time. She was, that is all, that is it; and a far greater mystery, greater than moons or a biddable wind, was that nobody wondered, nobody questioned, nobody traced the incredible Cecily Snow.

Bulbul Byo in a dusty cloak, with a hunting set to his

wide-spaced eyes and plumes to sweep from his glossy head and a twist of glands where his heart should be and a tidal voice which could drown girls' doubts, swung down from the hills to the marketplace when the moon was full and the late sun paused on the wooded crests. The village, framed by its yielding fields with its outer border of wilderness and the distant lake with its green and blue and its scarf of orange from the setting sun, and the call of hucksters and the fiddles' cry were enough to halt any normal soul for a draught of joy. Bulbul's care was for none of this, for he saw the sun on long black hair and the swirl of skirts and slender arms, and the fit of bodices that curved his hands; and his glands beat strong and his pointed tongue flicked the pointed tip of his upper lip and he took a step and he froze.

For then he saw Cecily, Cecily Snow, flickering down and across the invisible lines that the dance-caller wove on the Moonmarket green, tilting to this man and whirling with that, and allemande left, and now-swing-your-own. Bulbul, a moment ago, had the choice of a hundred and looked to the pleasure of choosing; but one glimpse of Cecily settled the matter. One deep breath through wide-flared nostrils, legs come alive again, eyes blurring slightly through a mist of lust, Bulbul strode to the village street and along to the green and around to the place where the music played. And he waited.

And the music bleated and bubbled and came to a halt, and Cecily spun gasping and smiling away from the dancers as the sets turned turmoil, and found herself caught by the elbow and speared by the gaze of the man in the cloak, who swept down his plumes and announced that he had found her at last.

"I do not know you, sir," she said, "and I am not lost."

"I am Bulbul Byo." His throaty voice seemed aimed at the pores rather than the ears; it soaked the skin entire, to its most intimate reaches. "I came over the mountains and across the moors, seeing the loom of a light like that of the unrisen moon, and thirsting to know its source; and it led me to you. Now you know me and how I came to be here."

"But not why," she responded.

"To give you gifts," he answered immediately, and gave her a little gold locket he had acquired two towns ago by saying to a woman that he did not want it. He had given it away one town ago, and had gotten it back by saying how he admired any lady who could treasure a memory more than a material thing. She took it and cupped it in one hand while the fingers of the other drifted over its small bright

surface, looking not at it, but at him. He felt a twinge of alarm, but kept it out of his voice. "What are you doing?" he asked, surprising himself. "Looking at you," she replied. "I mean, with the locket." "Looking at you," she said; and at that, he should have known, but he did not. She asked him then what other gifts he had in mind, which was what he wanted to hear. He bowed slightly and offered his arm, which she took, and they toured the market, where he bought her a sausage and a cider.

"And now I have a thing unique and precious for you," he said, and he said it leaning forward, taking her shoulders, placing his mouth by her neck, warming it, putting his words up under the fall of her hair. "But I have it hidden yonder, and we shall have to walk."

"Yonder? To the west? But there is nothing there but the wood, and Wamberly Waters."

"But there is. Come. We have the moon to help us."

"Yes," she said. "Indeed the moon will help us." Arm in arm they walked away westerly, whether or not to her wailing wall he could not care, and she simply did not. "Tell me: what are you?" and he answered her easily: traveler, trader, tutor, teller of tales; cavalier, courtier, captain of cavalry, artist and artisan, poet-philosopher. "My," she said. "My!"

And into the fringes, moonflecked and bright, of Wamberly Wood, and into the thickening growth with more shadow than light, and into the heart of the dark of the woodland they walked, when he sighed and they stopped.

"What is it?"

"Forgive me; you've worked at the market all day, you were dancing for half of the night, you are weary. I know by my own weariness, pressing toward you day after day, and you must forgive me." He opened the clasp of his cloak and spread it on the moss and sank down on it, holding out his hands. "I must rest, and so must you."

"Perhaps I must," said Cecily. "You've a weary-making way of saying *weary*, and she took his hands and nestled down beside him.

"The dark has not brought cool," he said weakly. "I find it hard to breathe," and he unhooked the loops of his silken shirt.

"I, too, find it difficult . . ." she whispered.

"I can barely move, but I shall help you," and he unlaced her bodice. She made no move to stop him, but as each lace was loosed, she murmured a thing he had told her about himself: traveler, trader, tutor, teller of tales;

cavalier, courtier, captain of cavalry, artist and artisan, poet-philosopher; and as the last lace fell away, she asked him, "Are you also a liar?"

"Certainly not!" he cried, startled. "I speak only the truth!"

"Then sobeit," she said; and, reaching into a stray thread of moonlight, she filled her cupped hands with it like a fluid, and poured it over his head.

For the second time he demanded, "What are you doing?" and she answered, "Making of you a teller of truth."

"I have told you the truth!" he protested. "I have sought you, I have found you, I have become your servant and your slave!"

"Precisely," said Cecily. "Know then that I am the Moon Witch of the market village, and that the likes of what you were are not tolerated, and what you now are can be useful; for now, anything you say will then become the truth, since getting you to tell the truth in any other way is beyond your ability or mine."

"I will never leave you!" he cried.

"Oh damn," said Cecily, "I do wish you hadn't said that. Let me think a minute."

He waited slavishly for a moment and then she rose and held out her hand. "Come with me." And she led him through the wood to the shore of the Wamberly Waters.

Moored there was a little boat. She ordered him into it and, opening the little gold locket, she handed it to him, saying, "Your first condition is that of my servant and my slave, and as such you must finish the task I set you before you begin to be my constant companion. Therefore, I order you to take this locket as your spoon, and with it lift all of the water from one side of the boat and put it all on the other side." So saying she bent and took the prow of the boat and mightily launched it far out into the Wamberly Waters; then turned and walked into the wood, lacing up her bodice and thinking good thoughts.

And so it is, if ever you cross the mountains and the rich fields of the lake country, and at the full of the moon, come upon a village with a Moonmarket, and go on through the forest to the lakeshore, you will see an old, old man in a boat, dipping and spilling, dipping and spilling, while back in the village the dancers dance and the hawkers cry their wares, and central to it all is the beautiful Cecily Snow. None of which is a mystery, not when compared to the mystery that nobody ever questions, nobody ever wonders, about Cecily, Cecily, Cecily Snow.

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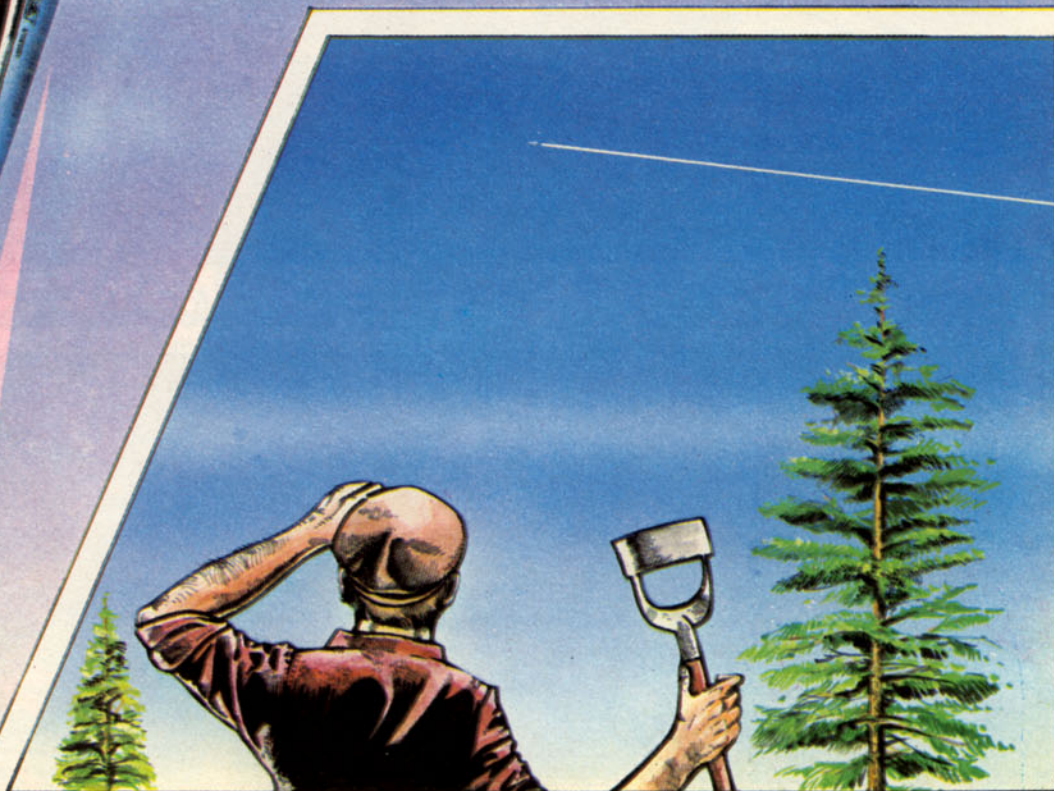
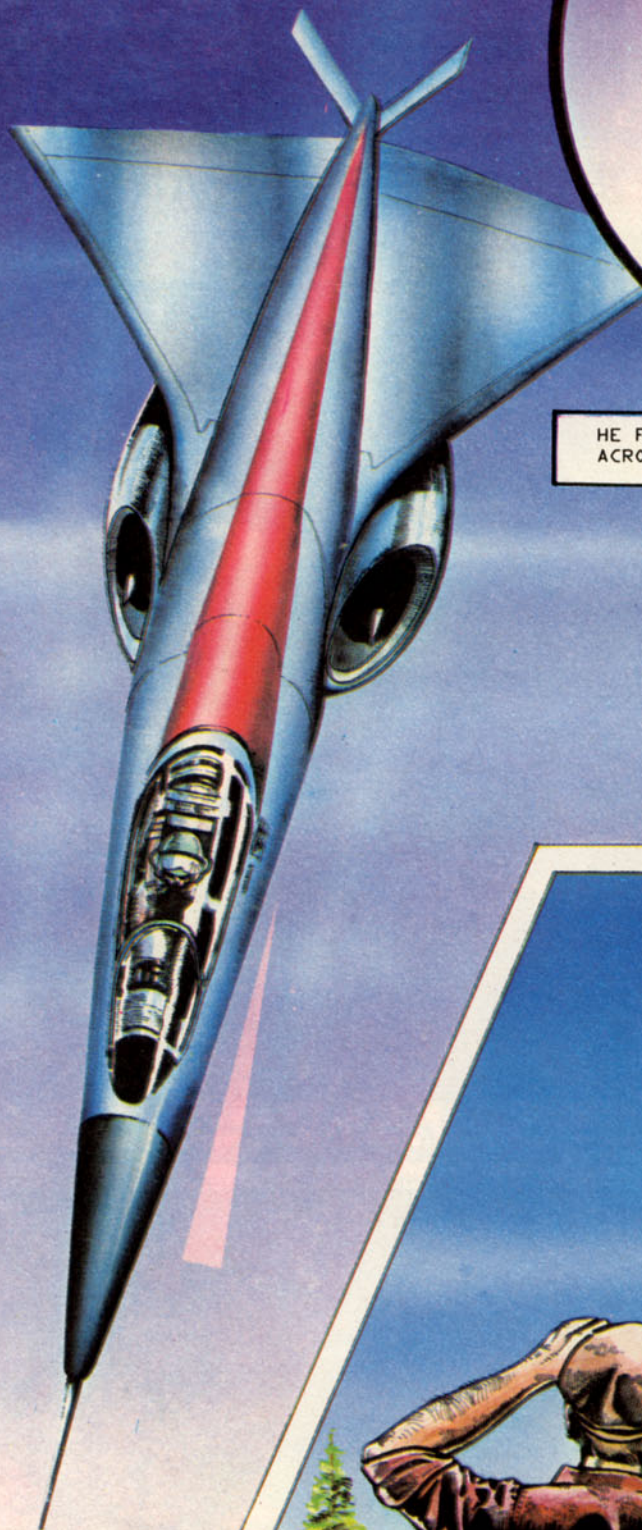
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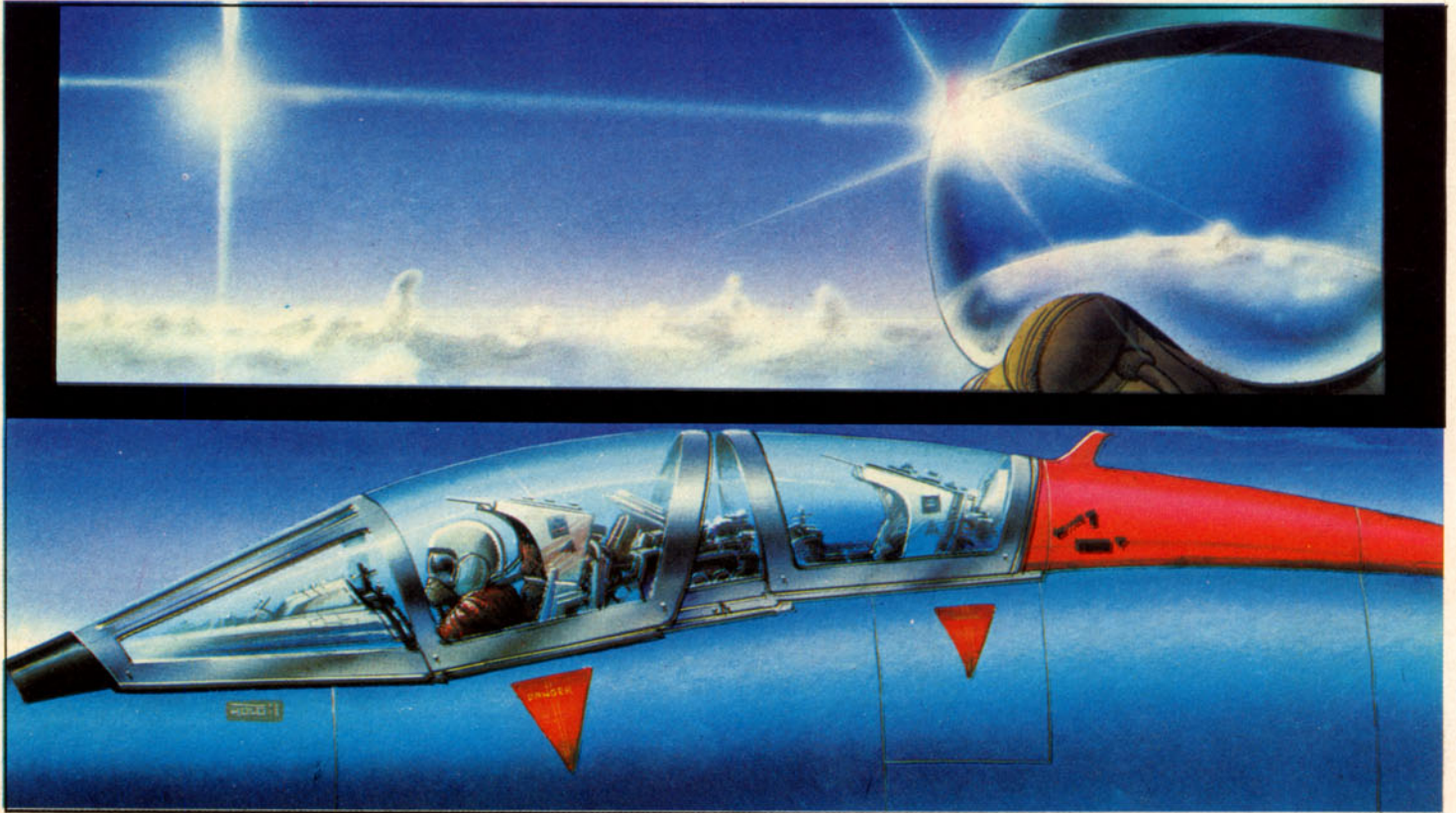
HE FLIES FASTER THAN SOUND. ONLY A FAINT STREAK
ACROSS THE SKY SIGNALS THE PASSING OF...

JET MAN

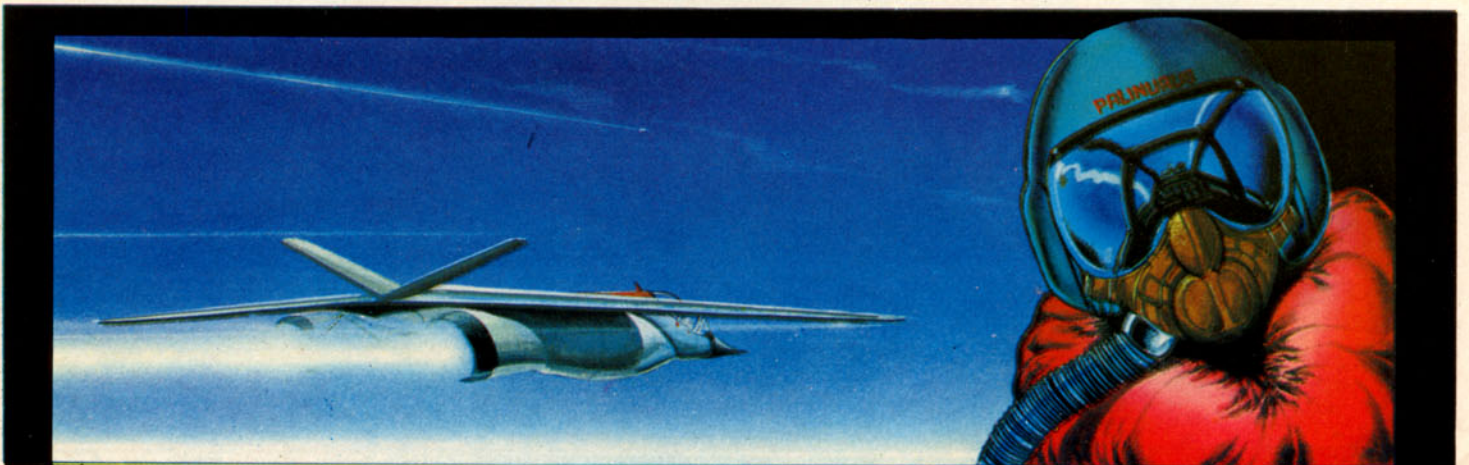




CONTROL TO SUPERSONIC: PREPARE FOR
TAKEOFF!

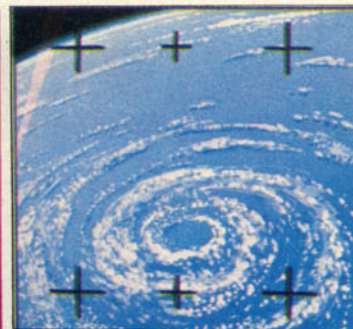


CALL LETTERS: AENEAS





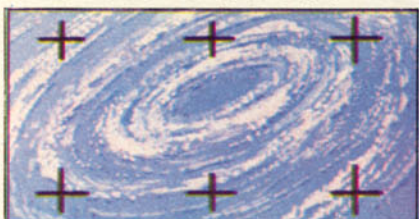
AENEAS: MAINTAIN POSITION 50 / 67



MISSION CONTROL TO AENEAS: PALINURUS HURRICANE ALERT AT 0100: DO YOU COPY?



0100:MACH 1

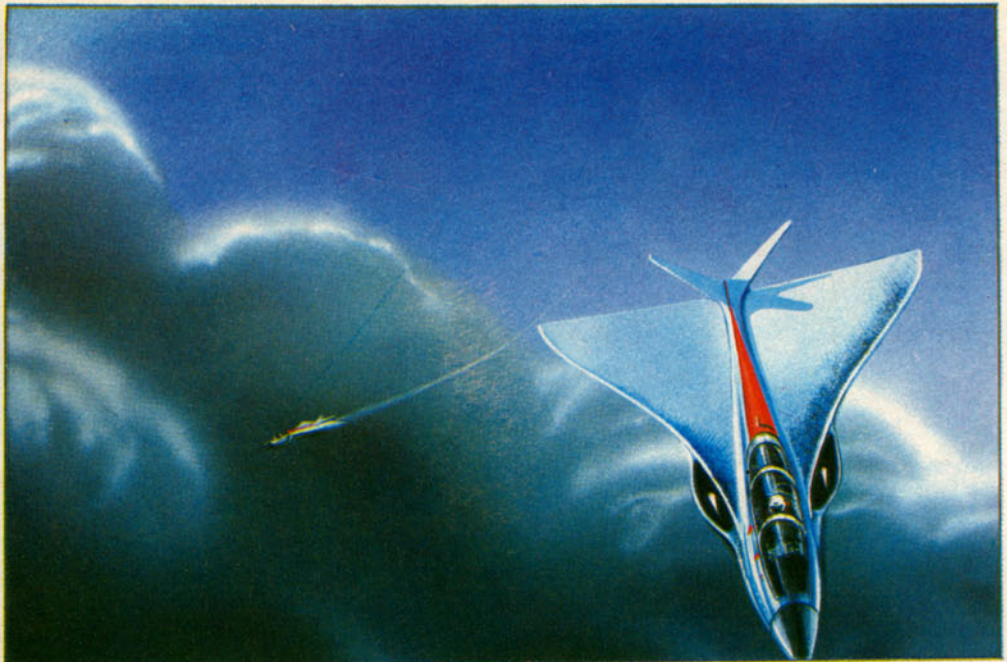


MACH 2



MACH 3





PALINURUS! CORRECT TRAJECTORY!



WHAT IS THE PRICE OF BLOOD?





JET-MAN 7/73 © ANGUS MCKIE.

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.

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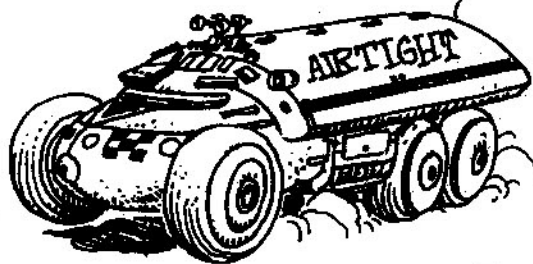
LE GARAGE

by NICEBUS

CHAPTER TWO:

ALERT ON THE TUNDRA

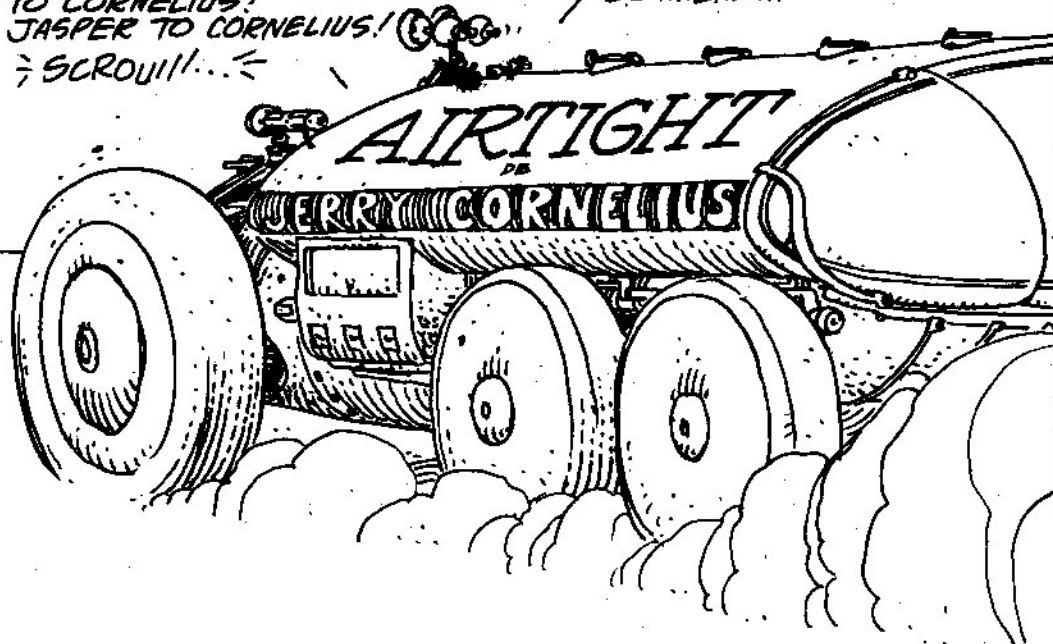
THE YOUNG ENGINEER, **BARNABUS**, UNDER THE SPELL OF THE **EVIL BETTY**, DELIBERATELY CAUSED THE **DESTRUCTION** OF THE **TRANSPORTER** WHICH HAD BEEN MADE ACCORDING TO THE **PLANS** FOUND ON THE **BODY** OF **JERRY CORNELIUS'S** FATHER.



IMMEDIATELY, THE FAITHFUL **JASPER** TRIED TO CONTACT **CORNELIUS'S** "**TATER 2000**" ON THE ROAD TO "**ARMJOURTH**," THE MYSTERIOUS CAPITAL.

≡ ZCRCCRIII! ≡ ... JASPER
TO CORNELIUS!
JASPER TO CORNELIUS!
≡ SCROU!!! ≡

CORNELIUS HERE...
GO AHEAD...



FOR WEEKS, HE'S BEEN ROLLING ALONG...
A MONOTONOUS VOYAGE ON AUTOMATIC
PILOT RADAR... BUT NOT FOR A
SECOND HAS HE RELAXED HIS VIGILANCE--
AT THE RISK OF **DEATH!!**

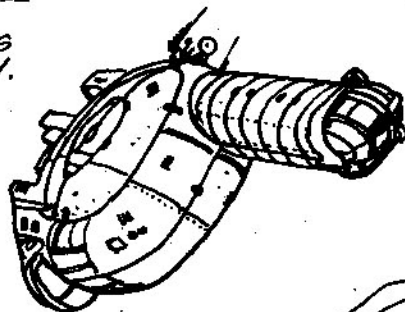
MISTER CORNELIUS, THE AFFAIR WITH THE TRANSPORTER HAS TURNED OUT BADLY. YOUNG BARNABUS WAS AFRAID THAT YOU'D REPROACH HIM FOR HIS THOUGHTLESSNESS WITH THE BUBBLE DOME--SO HE'S RUN AWAY!

LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SINGING CAVES. I SAW THAT PLACE IN A DREAM LAST NIGHT! KEEP ME INFORMED, JASPER, AND GOOD LUCK!

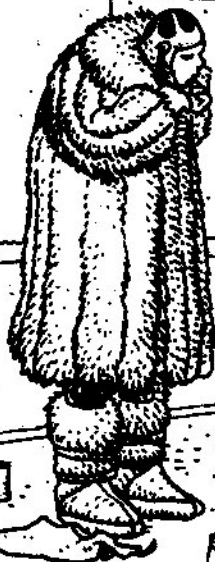
BARNABUS IS VALUABLE, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT...



WE'RE ALL AFRAID, SIR... WE'LL SET A COURSE FOR THE CAVES IMMEDIATELY.



ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THE ANGER OF JERRY CORNELIUS!



to be continued...

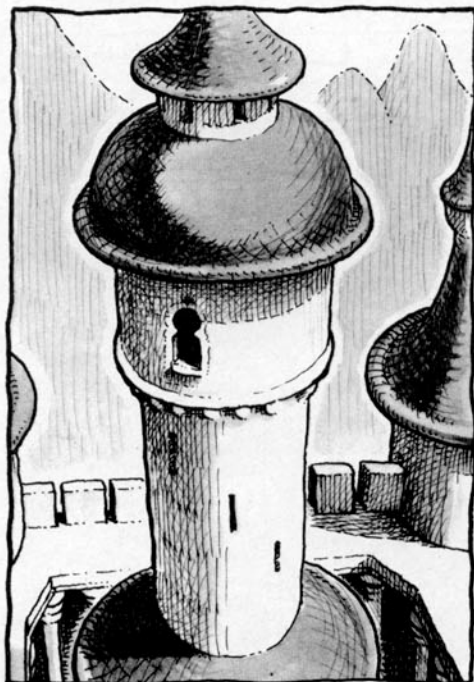
STORY: ISO KAHN

ART: PHIL ROSILIO



*The Last Knight of the Age
in
The Palace of the Sorcerers*

ON THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE KINGDOM OF AKBAR, THE
PALACE OF THE SORCERERS RISES MAJESTICALLY FROM
THE MIDST OF A GLASSY LAKE.

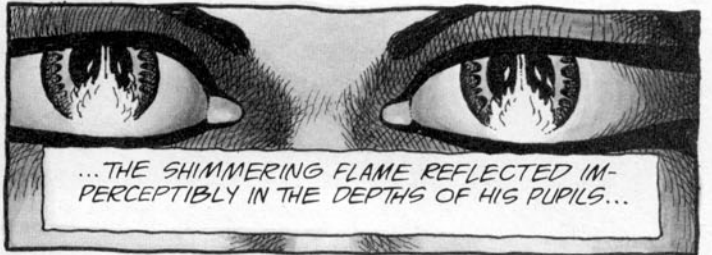




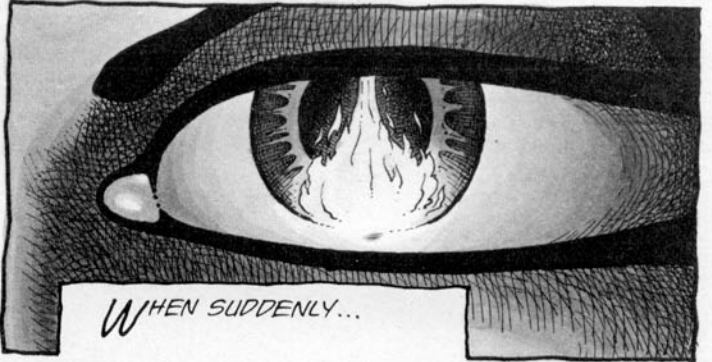
TUROL, THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE AGE, KEPT VIGIL THE NIGHT LONG, FOR HE KNEW THAT AT DAWN A MIRACLE WOULD OCCUR.



HIS GREAT EYES WERE FIXED FOR HOURS...

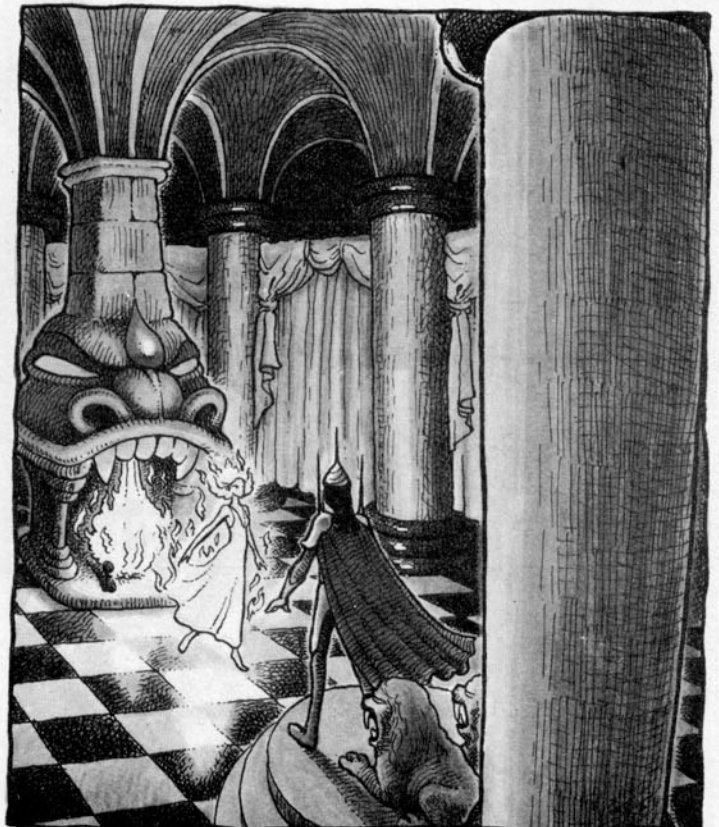
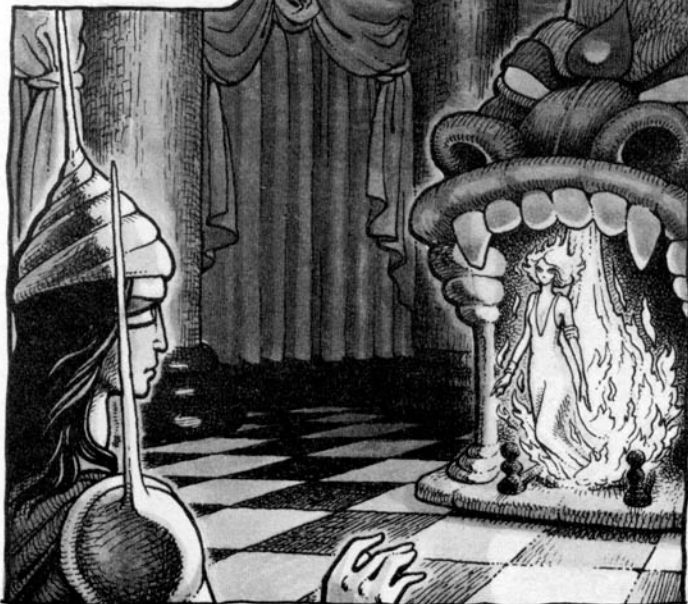


...THE SHIMMERING FLAME REFLECTED IMPERCEPTIBLY IN THE DEPTHS OF HIS PUPILS...



WHEN SUDDENLY...

...THE SUBTLE ESSENCE OF LIFE GRADUALLY LIBERATED ITSELF FROM THE FASCINATING DANCE OF THE FLAMES, AND THE MARVELOUS ALNARA STEPPED LIGHTLY FORTH, LIKE A BLOSSOMING FLOWER IN THE SPRING OF AKBAR...







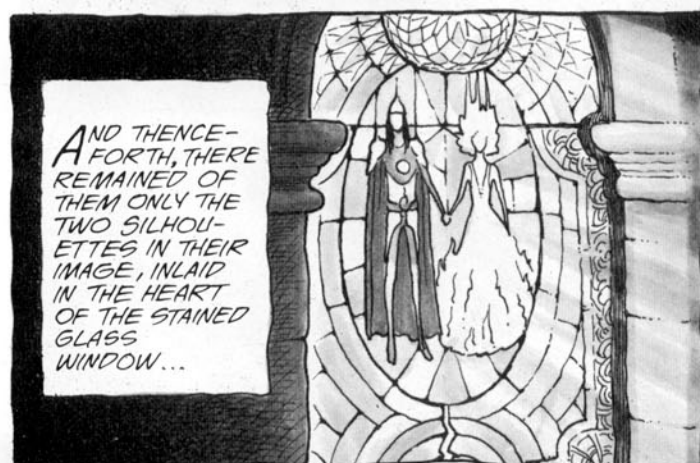
ALREADY TIME AND SPACE
WERE CHANGED...



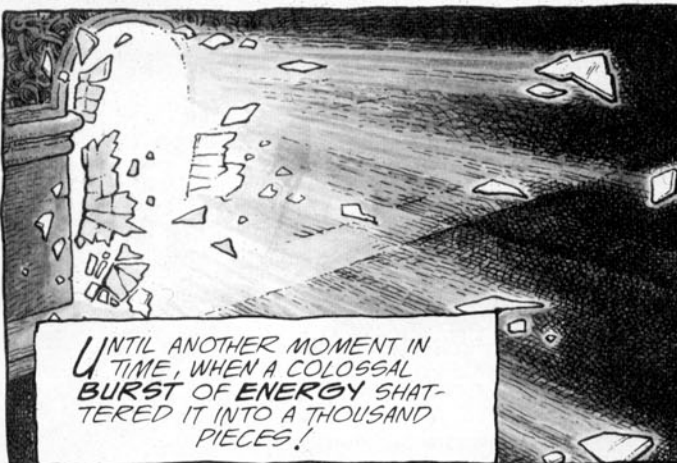
AND TUROD TOUCHED
THE WINDOW AND
ENTERED INTO IT...



JOINED IN THIS MAGIC
UNION BY THE BEAU-
TIFUL ALNARA, HIS SOUL
OF FIRE.



AND THENCE-
FORTH, THERE
REMAINED OF
THEM ONLY THE
TWO SILHOU-
ETTES IN THEIR
IMAGE, INLAID
IN THE HEART
OF THE STAINED
GLASS
WINDOW...



UNTIL ANOTHER MOMENT IN
TIME, WHEN A COLOSSAL
BURST OF ENERGY SHAT-
TERED IT INTO A THOUSAND
PIECES!



A GREAT INTERNAL ENERGY
VIBRATED THROUGH THE
WHOLE CASTLE, SO THAT
IT DISINTEGRATED...



SUDDENLY, IN THE
MIDST OF THE
FALLEN RUBBLE, A
FLOWER WITH A
STRANGE AURA
APPEARED...



REFLECTED IN THE
SILENCE OF THE
ABYSS, IT BEGAN TO
GROW...



REACHING TOWARD
THE BRIGHT HEAVENS
ABOVE, IT GREW...



UNTIL THERE APPEARED
IN THE HEART OF
THE VAST FLOWER, LIKE
A TRANSPARENCY IN INFINITY,
THE WONDERFUL CRYSTAL
CITY.



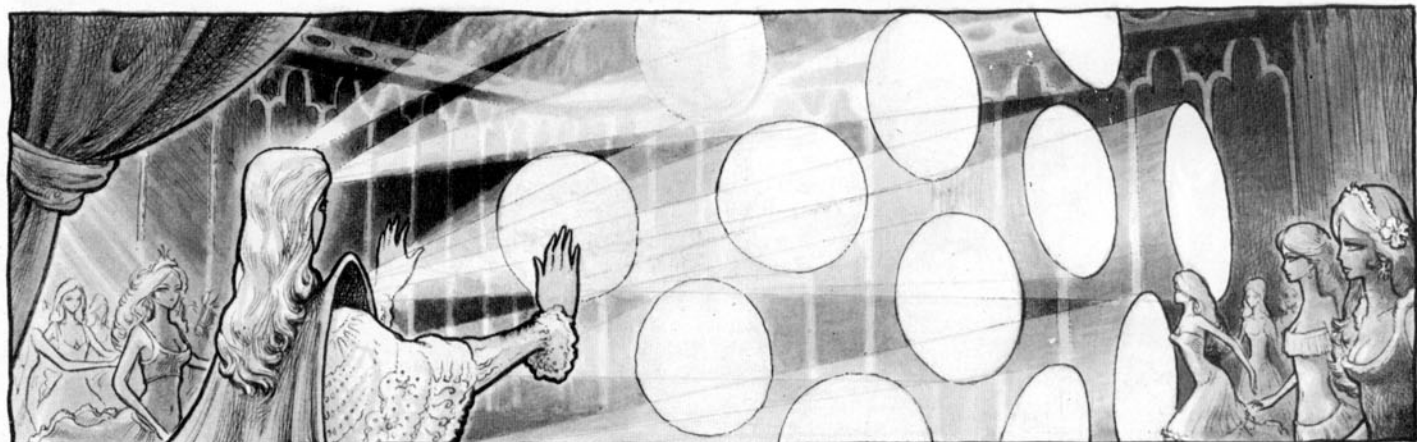
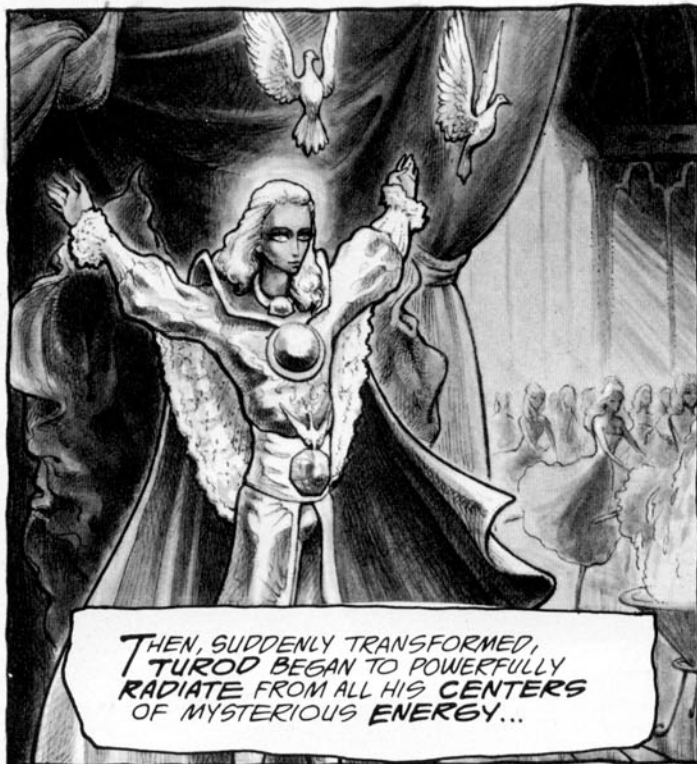
THE TRANSLUCENT SILHOUETTES OF ALNARA AND TUROD CONTEMPLATED THE MAJESTIC CITY, WHICH DISAPPEARED IN THE COSMIC REACHES OF THE ETHER.

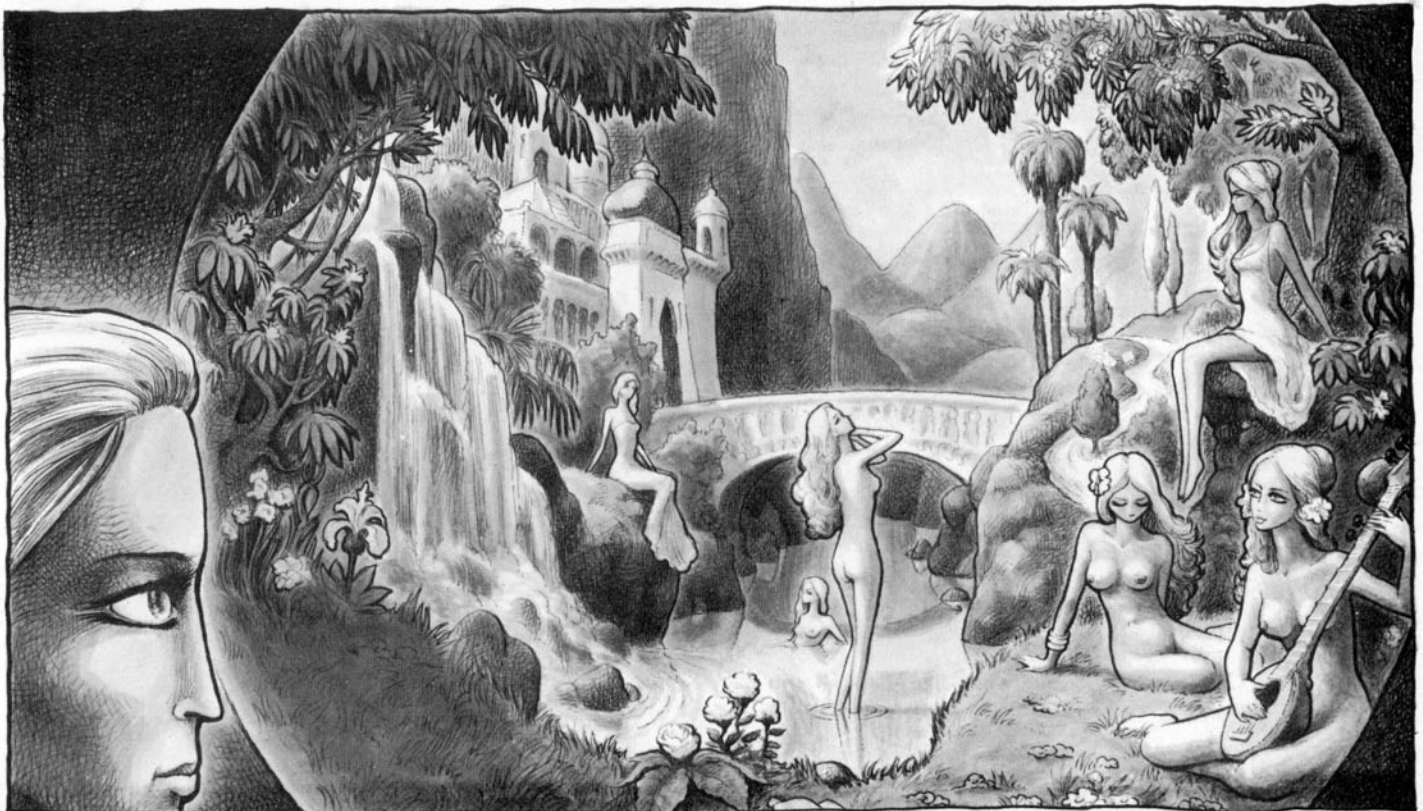
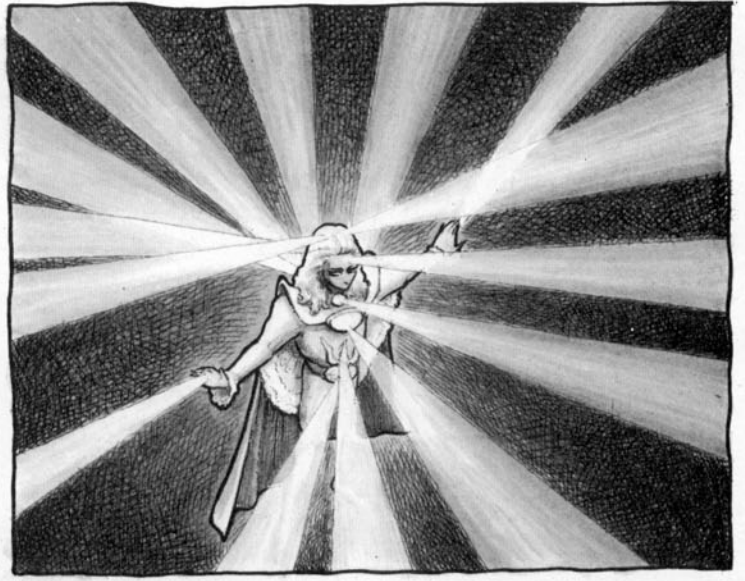


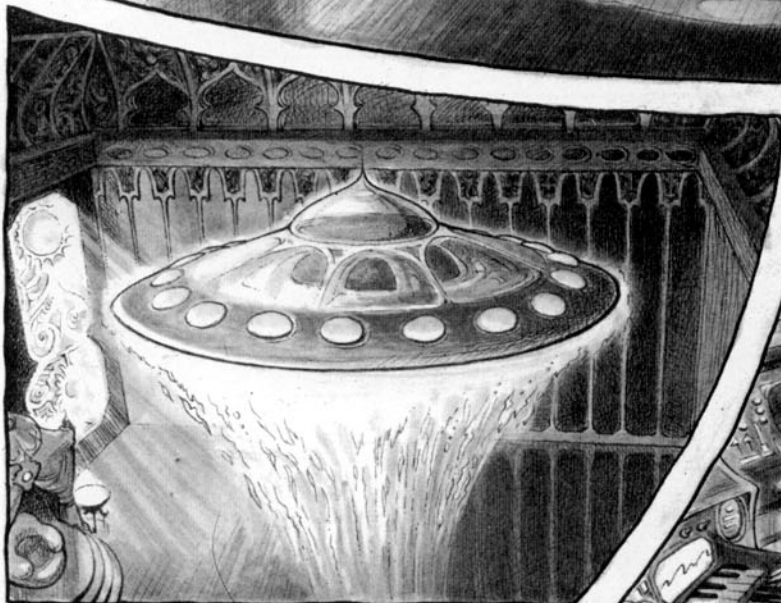
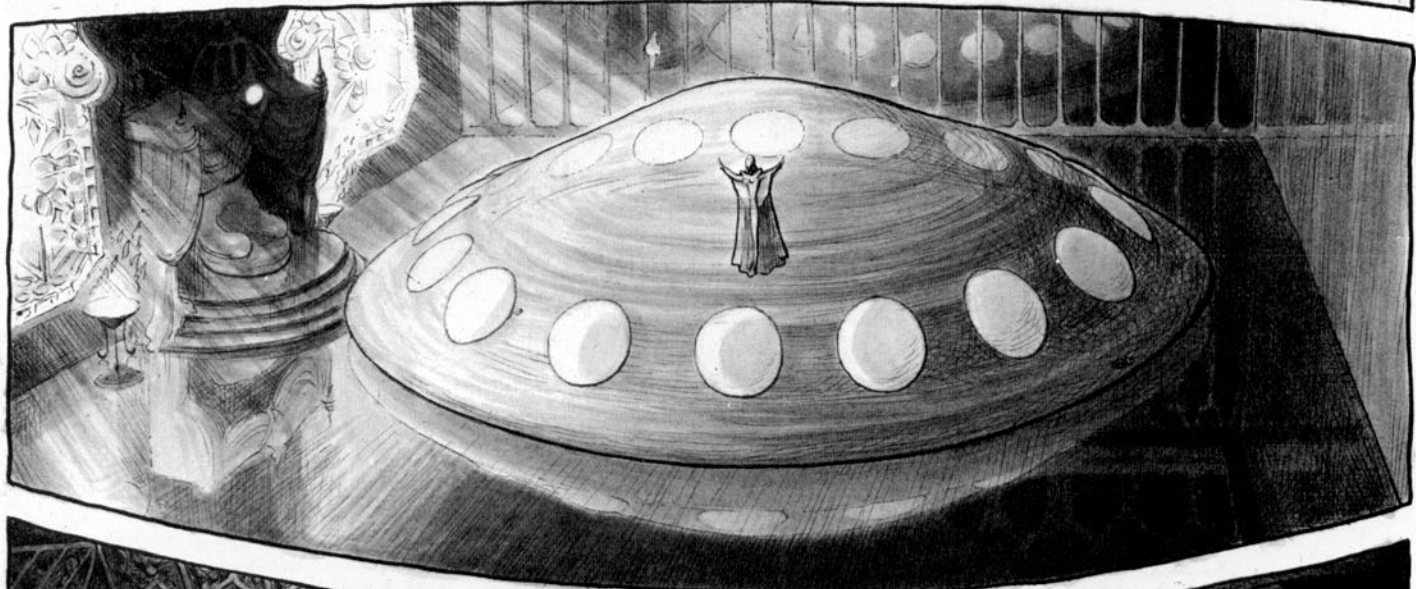
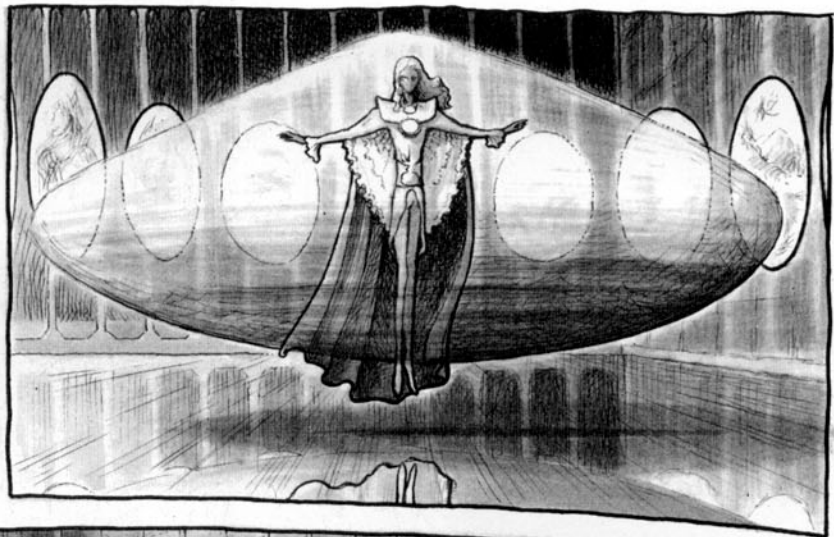
THE FANTASTIC LOVE BETWEEN TUROD, LUMINOUS SOUL IN THE HEART OF DARKNESS, AND ALNARA, THE INTANGIBLE FLAME OF LIFE SHIMMERING WITH THE STRENGTH OF FIRE, WAS REBORN IN THE DEPTHS OF TIME, IN THE OSCILLATING SPACE OF INFINITY, IN THE IMMORTAL REALM OF ETERNAL TRANSPARENCY.











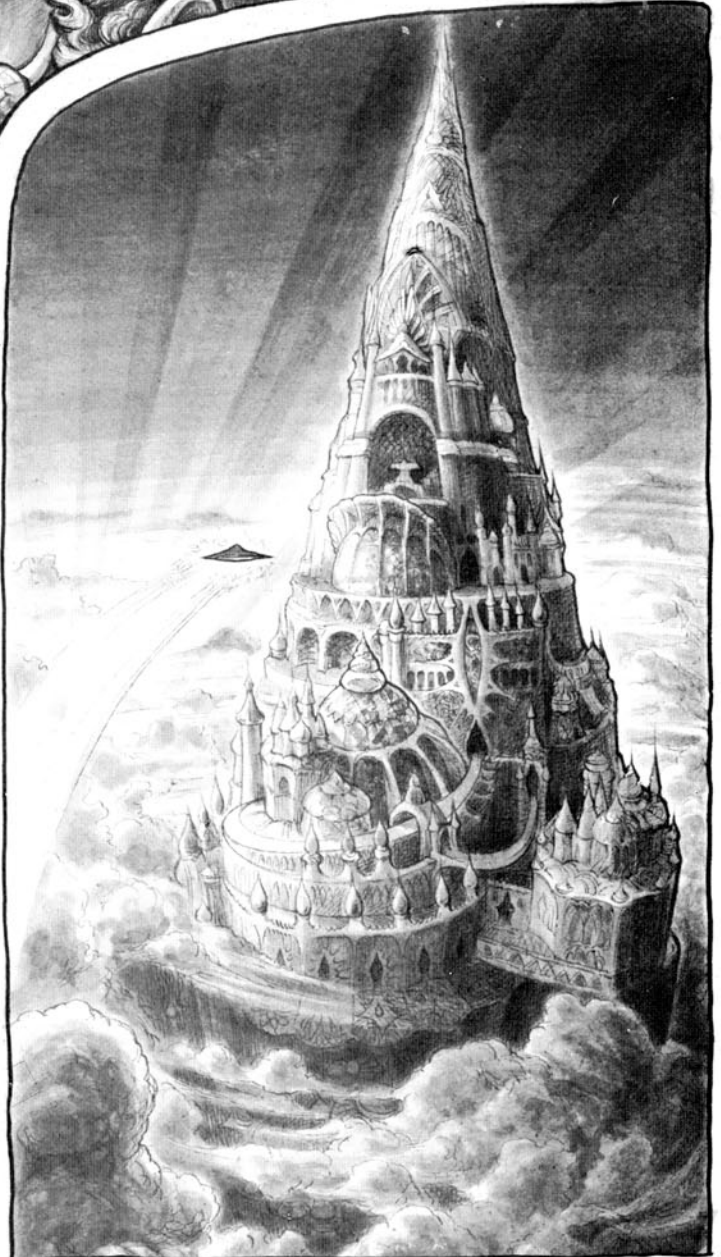
SOON A COSMIC VESSEL OF LIGHT TOOK SHAPE, WHILE WITHIN IT THE PSYCHO-MENTAL CREATIVE POWERS OF TUROD HAD ALREADY TAKEN CONTROL OVER THE ETHERAL CIRCUITS.



THE SHIP ROSE ABOVE THE
DOME OF THE PALACE
OF LOVE...

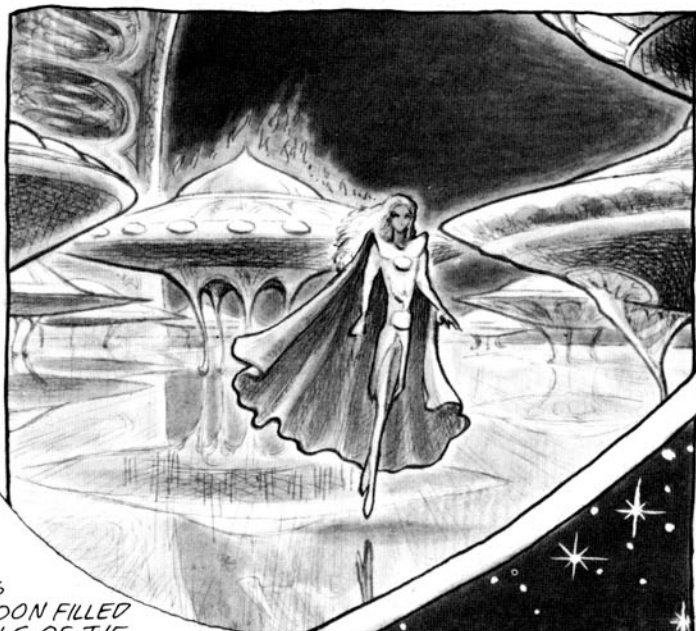


AND FLEW
TOWARD THE
PALACE OF
WISDOM...





A
PIERCING
BREATH SOON FILLED
THE VAST HALLS OF THE
COSMODROME...TUROD'S
SHIP LANDED SOFTLY AMIDST
THE OTHER COSMIC VESSELS
WHICH HAD COME TO THE **PALACE
OF WISDOM**. THE **OVERLORDS**
CAME FROM ALL THE **INTERDIMEN-
SIONS OF ETERNITY** FOR A
REUNION OF THE GREAT
GALACTIC COUNCIL.



TUROD STRIDES
FORWARD, CALM
AND NOBLE, AS
BEFITS A
KNIGHT OF
THE AGE...



MEANWHILE, IN THE HIGHEST
ROOM OF THE PALACE, A
VIBRATING **AURA** SIGNALS
THE PRESENCE OF AN
EVEN **HIGHER**
DIMENSION
OF
CONSCIOUS-
NESS.



GREETINGS TO THEE,
COMPANION OF THE
FELLOWSHIP. THE LAST
MISSION OF TUROD HAS
BEEN ACCOMPLISHED
AT LAST.

ALL PRAISE TO
THEE, MASTER OF
THE IMMINENT...I
BRING UNTO THINE **SYNTHETIC**
AWARENESS THE **SUBLIME**
ESSENCE OF LIFE...





AND MAY I TRANSMIT TO THEE THE POWER AND THE STRENGTH OF FIRE, WHICH I HAVE EXTRACTED.

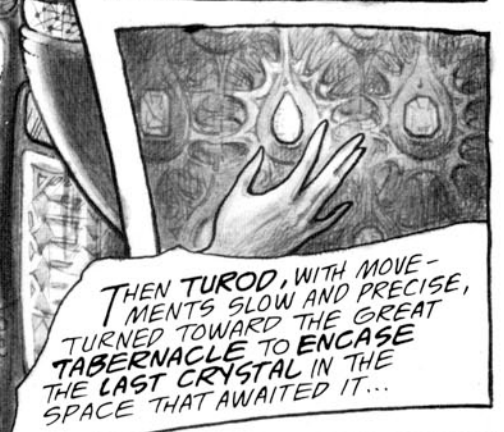
THEN, IN THE FANTASTIC FIELD OF CONSCIENCE SHARED BY THE GUARDIANS OF THE ETERNAL...



...UNDER THE IMPULSE OF A STRANGE LUMINOUS RAY, A DROP OF BLOOD GENTLY TRANSFORMED ITSELF...



INTO A SHIMMERING CRYSTAL!



THEN TUROD, WITH MOVEMENTS SLOW AND PRECISE, TURNED TOWARD THE GREAT TABERNACLE TO ENCASE THE LAST CRYSTAL IN THE SPACE THAT AWAITED IT...



AND THUS DID THE SUPREME ARCHETYPE ILLUMINATE THE UNIVERSE WITH INVINCIBLE PERFECTION...

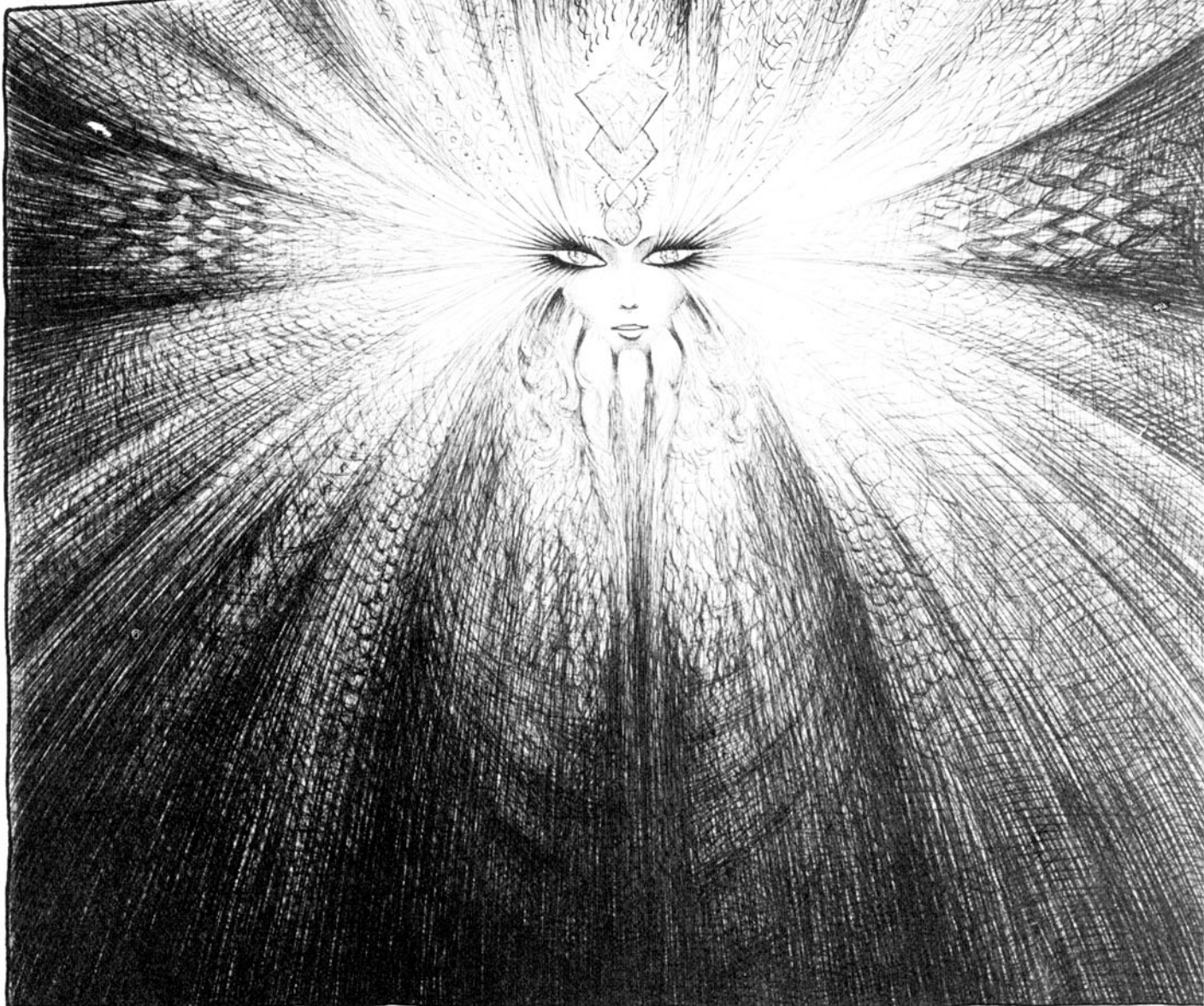




THUS WAS UNITY
CREATED IN THE HEART
OF INFINITY BY THE UNION
OF ALL THE MASTERS...

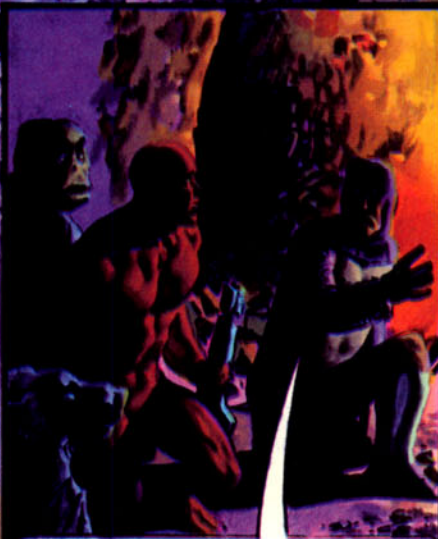
AND THUS DID THE LIMITLESS
A UNIVERSAL SOUL UNFOLD
ITSELF IN THE VASTNESS
OF INFINITY, WORLD WITHOUT
END, RECREATING ITSELF IN
EACH MOMENT, TIME AND
SPACE BECOMING AND
REFLECTING ITS
GLORY.

Jim



DEN

In the depths of the dark catacombs beneath the Queen's strongpost, we four adventurers crept slowly further into the feared castle. Our goal was to steal her sacred magic scepter, the Loc-nar.



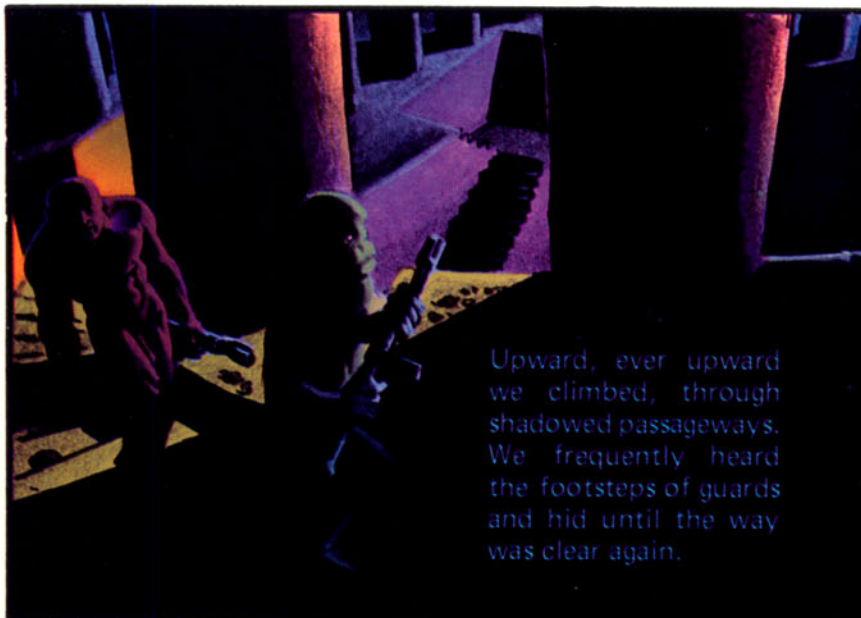
Now we separate, Den. Nori will guide you through the halls to the Loc-nar's vault. I will take Gart within the walls and meet you there.



If I fail, you will take the Loc-nar, join the escape team at the river's southern bank, and return to Ard. I will do the same.



©1977
RICHARD
CORBEN



Upward, ever upward we climbed, through shadowed passageways. We frequently heard the footsteps of guards and hid until the way was clear again.



After more than an hour we reached a windowed tower. The view again stirred half formed memories.

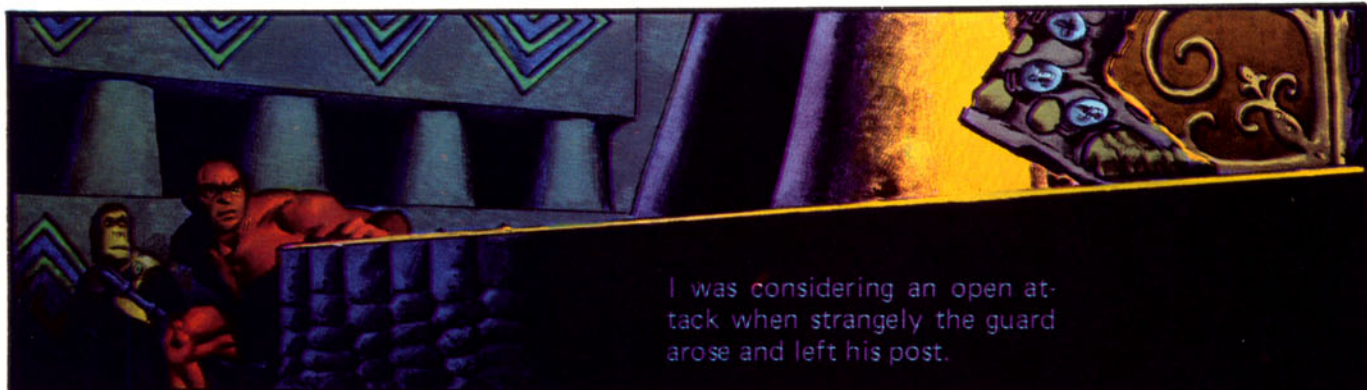


Over here. We're nearly there.

I wiped away the mental images. There was no time now for reverie.



We were so close but a guard sat barring the way.

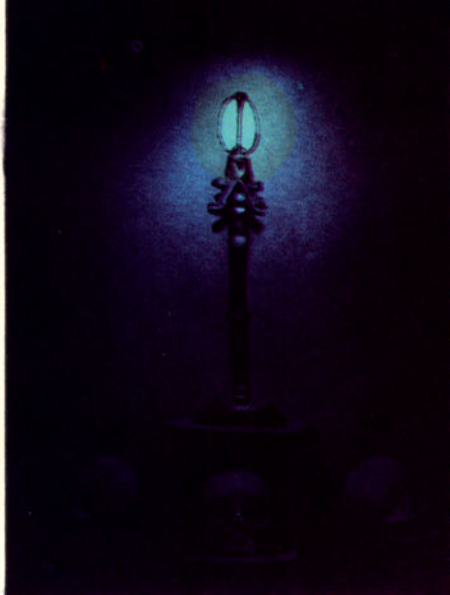


I was considering an open attack when strangely the guard arose and left his post.

All was deadily silent. No footfalls betrayed our entry into the inky blackness.



Then we paused letting our eyes become accustomed to the dark room. Momentarily the glow of the Loc-nar became apparent. I felt a thrill in its presence.



With my hands in front of me, I moved forward. I touched something... warm flesh!



Then the lights came on.



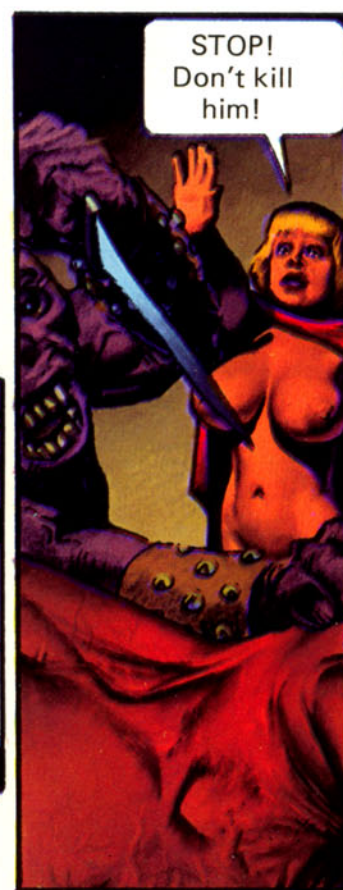
Ha, ha, ha! Guards, kill them!



Norl fought bravely. Four of the Queen's soldiers surrounded him. . .

and he was finished.

Though I had killed six or more combatants, my end was near. I was grabbed and held securely. The captain raised his knife.



Soon I found myself washed, oiled, and alone with the Queen. Her voice was no longer hard and commanding. Her honey coated whispers had a hypnotic effect.

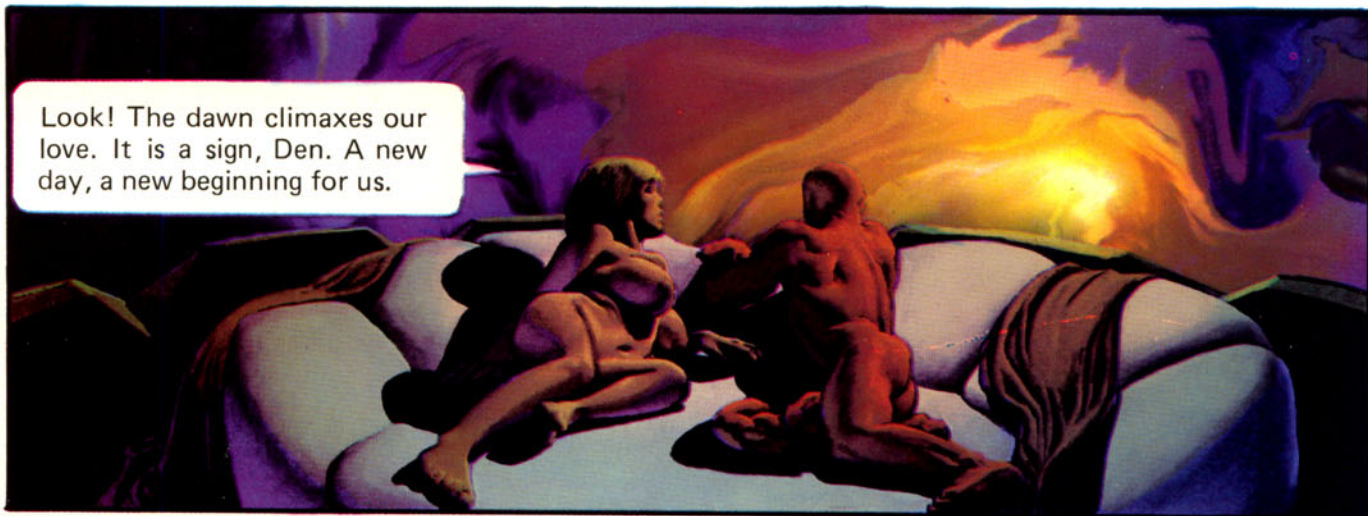
Oh Den, I am glad you are here. I mistreated you before. But now I want you.

Mmmm. Oh I have missed you. . . your body.

I must have you . . . now.

Ummmm. . .
awwwh,
AHHH!

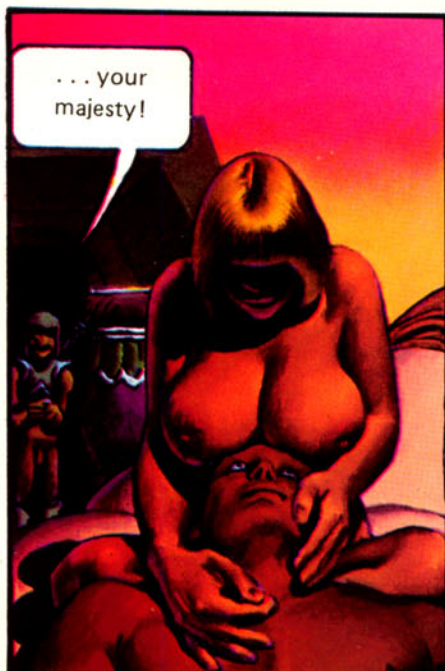
What a magnificent body you have. So savage, so strong.



Look! The dawn climaxes our love. It is a sign, Den. A new day, a new beginning for us.



Neverwhere is a troubled land. But together, we shall calm it and bring peace. We shall rule together.



... your majesty!



... Your majesty, excuse me. There is a problem.



... The Loc-nar is missing ... **STOLEN!**

FIEND! You make love to me while your friends continue your mischief!



HOLD HIM! I'm going to kill the snake once and for all!



YAAUGH!



Things were violent again, but now I saw a slim chance for escape.

UNGH!

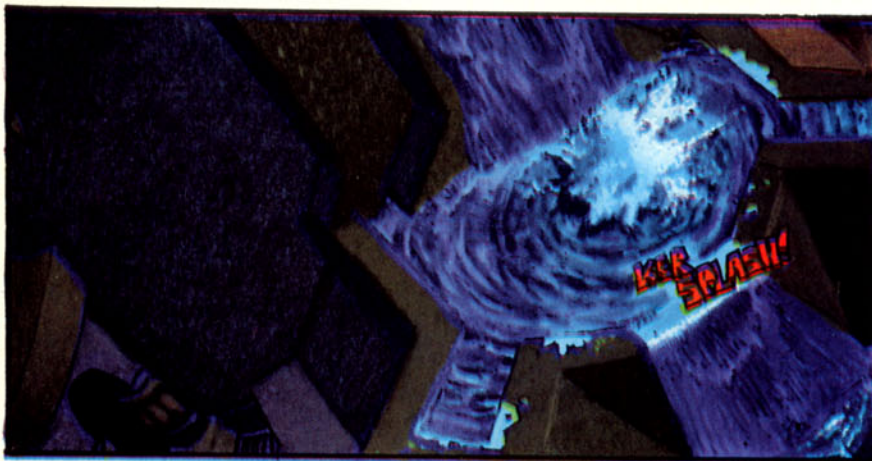
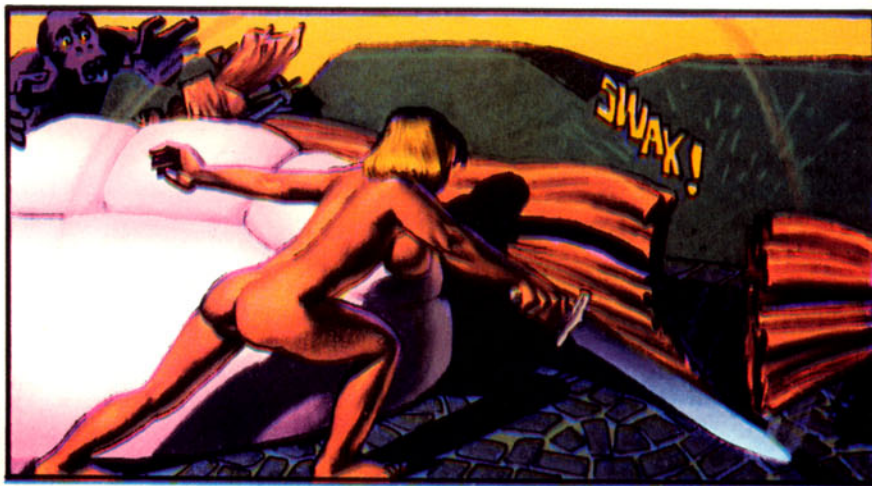


WHAK!



I threw the end of the long bedding over the side and quickly followed.

GIVE ME
A SWORD!



to be continued.

OPÉRATION OMEGA

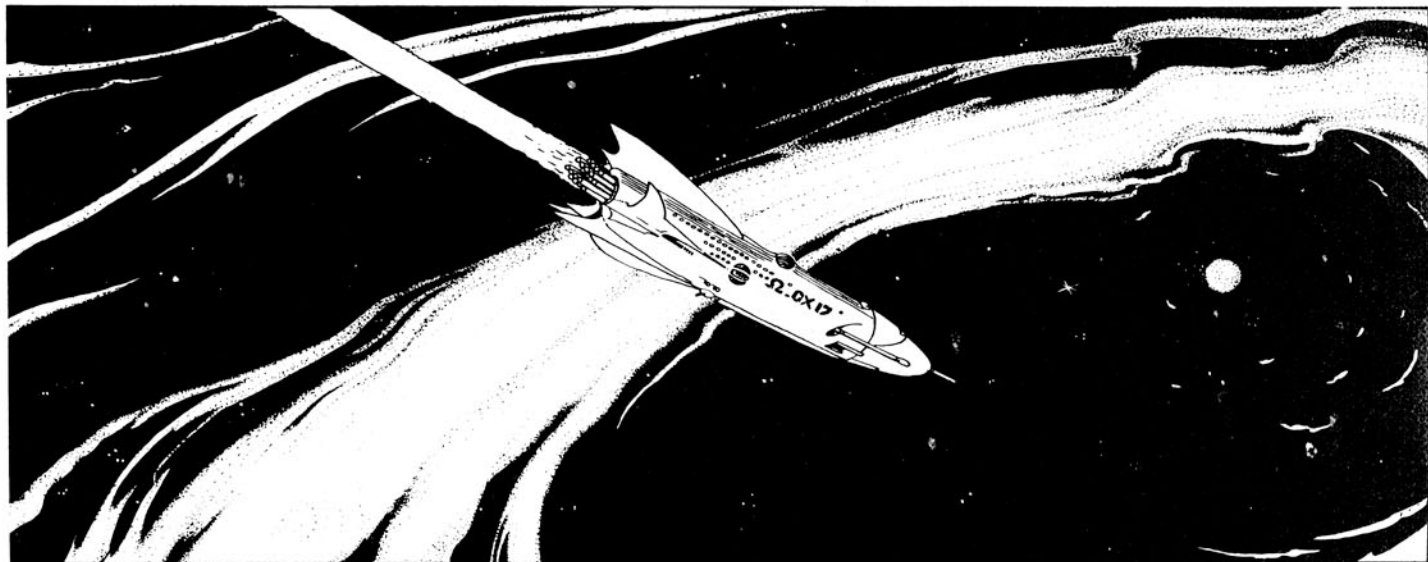
ART by *Dennis Sive*

A SPACE ADVENTURE

by
Maurice Leblanc



SEVEN MONTHS AGO, THE ATOMIC ROCKET **OMEGA-17** LEFT EARTH TO TRAVEL INTO SPACE. ITS MISSION: TO EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN PLANET WHICH HAD MYSTERIOUSLY ENTERED OUR SOLAR SYSTEM ...



THE MAN CHOSEN TO LEAD THIS AUDACIOUS OPERATION IS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN WHITE...

DARN! THE MOTOR'S CONKED OUT, AND I CAN'T GET IT RESTARTED!



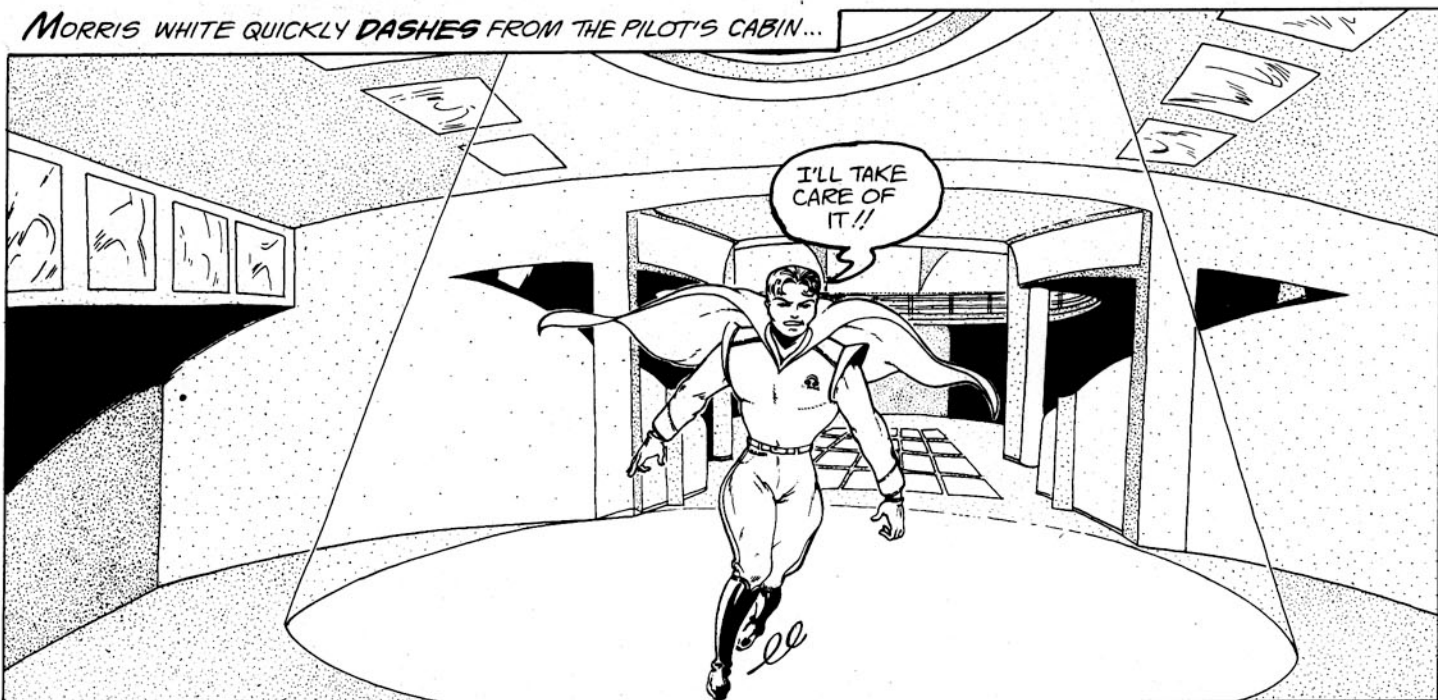
HIS FIANCEE, VIOLET, ASSIGNED TO THE RADIO TRANSMISSIONS WHICH CONNECT THE SHIP TO EARTH, IS FINDING IT MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO MAKE CONTACT...

IT'S THE ENGINE ROOM CALLING... GOOD GRIEF, THE TURBINE IS JAMMED!!



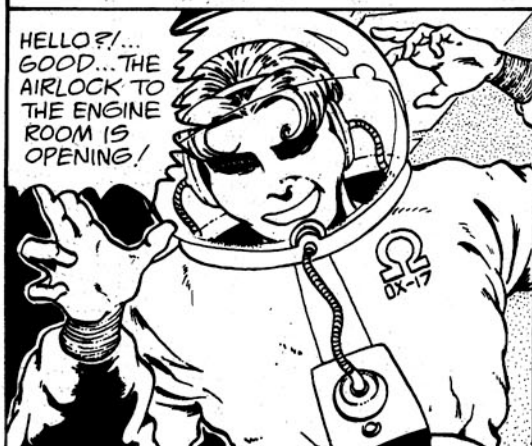
MORRIS WHITE QUICKLY DASHES FROM THE PILOT'S CABIN...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!!



THEN HE SWIFTLY DONS HIS ANTI-A OVERALLS.

HELLO?!... GOOD... THE AIRLOCK TO THE ENGINE ROOM IS OPENING!



WELL, OLD BOY, WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, CAPTAIN! IT MUST BE OVERHEATING!



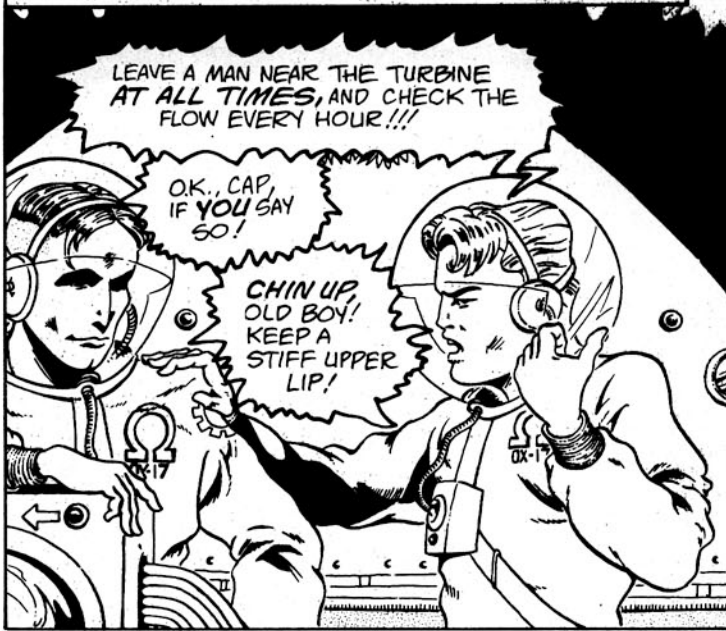
MEANWHILE, IN THE CABIN OF VON RICKTUS, DOCTOR OF NUCLEAR PHYSICS...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOCTOR!? TELL ME, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO!



AFTER REPAIRING THE TURBINE OF THE ATOMIC MOTOR, MORRIS HAS A TALK WITH HIS CHIEF ELECTRICIAN...

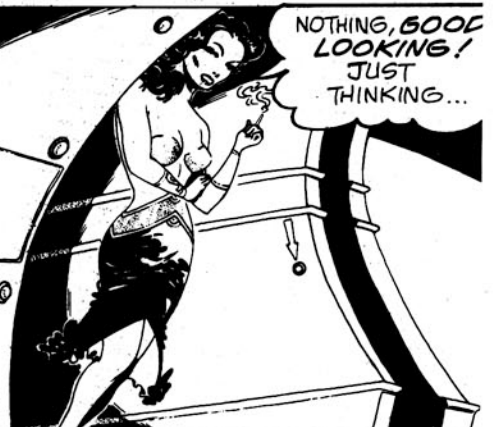


HULLO! VIOLET? EVERYTHING'S O.K. NOW! I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO GET THE MOTOR STARTED! OVER!

BRAVO, DARLING! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU.



HEY?! HELLO THERE, MONA. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE??

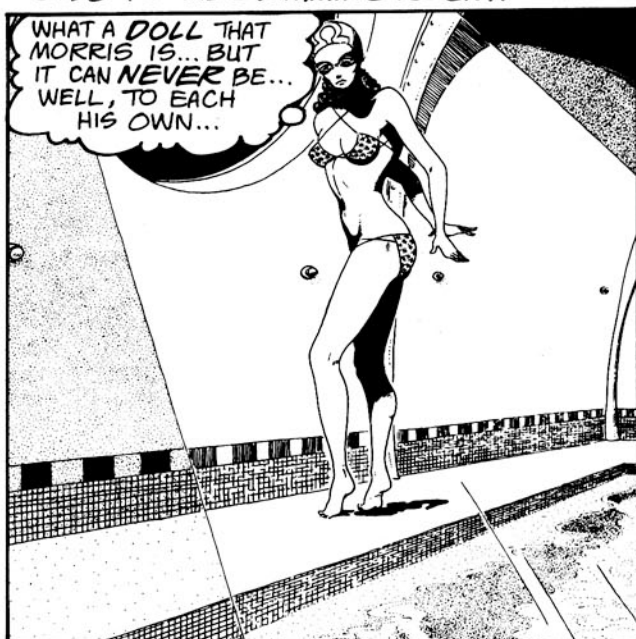


NOTHING, GOOD LOOKING! JUST THINKING...

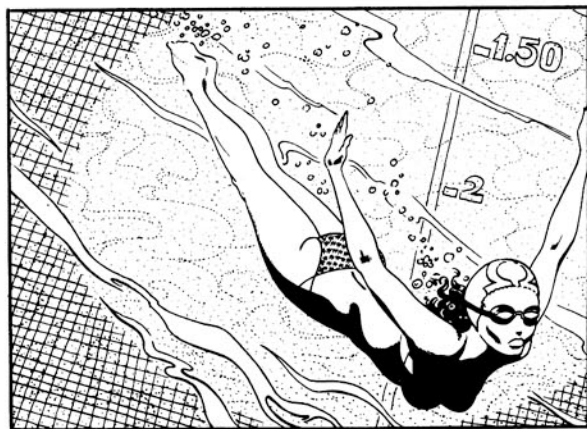


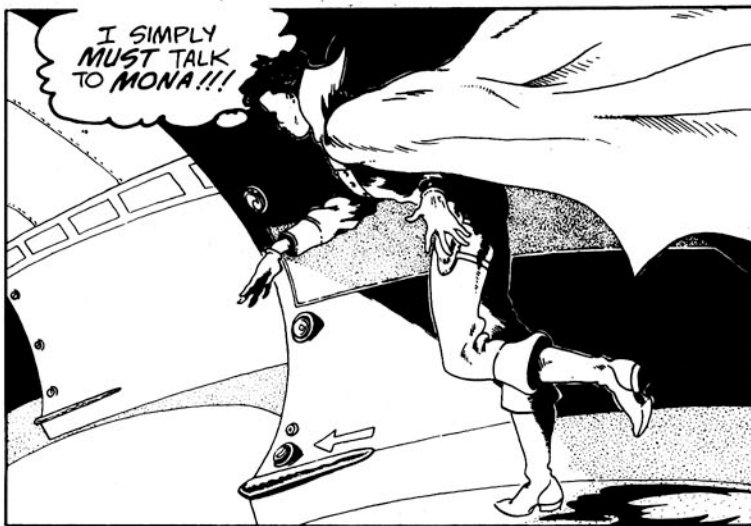


IN ORDER TO FORGET HER ROMANTIC FAILURE WITH MORRIS WHITE, MONA GOES TO THE SWIMMING ROOM.



MEANWHILE... IN VON RICKTUS'S CABIN...





I SIMPLY
MUST TALK
TO MONA!!!



WELL, I'M
EXHAUSTED!

BUT I KNOW ONE THING
FOR SURE: THAT I WANT
TO GET OUT OF THIS
METAL SAUSAGE
EVEN MORE THAN EVER...!



I SAY, SENTRY, COULD
YOU TELL ME WHERE
MY ASSISTANT,
MONA, IS?

OF COURSE,
DOCTOR. RIGHT
NOW SHE'D BE IN
CABIN N° 3 OF THE
SWIMMING TANK.

THANK YOU!
NOW, LET ME
PASS!



TAP! TAP!
TAP! TAP!

YOU MUST
PARDON ME,
IT CAN'T
WAIT!

WHO'S THERE?

IT IS I, VON
RICKTUS. I
HAVE SOMETHING
IMPORTANT TO
TELL YOU!... MAY...
I?

CERTAINLY, DARLING,
COME IN.

NOW WHAT
DOES HE
WANT?



BY ALL THE ELECTRONS OF
THE GALAXY, MONA, YOU
LIGHT UP OUR DARK
ROCKET WITH YOUR ...

YES! SURE! DID YOU
COME BARGING IN HERE
TO TELL ME THAT?



VON RICKTUS REVEALS HIS DIABOLICAL PROJECT TO MONA...



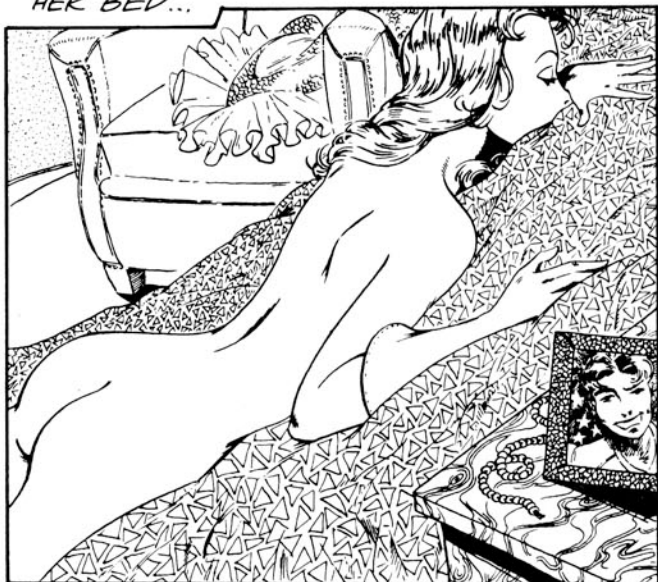
IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, MONA...

...HAS MANAGED TO ASSEMBLE
A LITTLE...

...GANG OF MEN DETERMINED TO
MUTINY...



VIOLET, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER MENACING
THE CALM OF THE SHIP, IS ASLEEP ON
HER BED...



AND AS FOR MORRIS -- HE'S PREOCCUPIED WITH THE
PROBLEMS OF COSMIC RADIO INTERFERENCE,
WHICH APPEAR TO BE INSOLUBLE...



THE LITTLE GANG BURSTS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM!



CALM YOURSELF, CAPTAIN, I'M RELIEVING YOU OF YOUR TASKS!

PUT DOWN YOUR GUN, JIM!



IS THERE SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY?

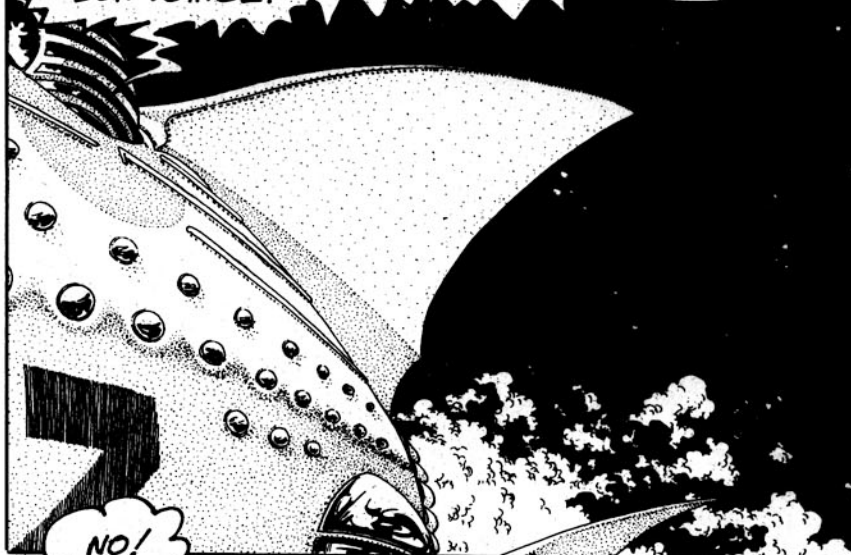
WHY, DOCTOR, WHAT BEE CAN YOU POSSIBLY HAVE IN YOUR BONNET? HOW ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE COMMAND GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES-- THIS IS MADNESS!!!



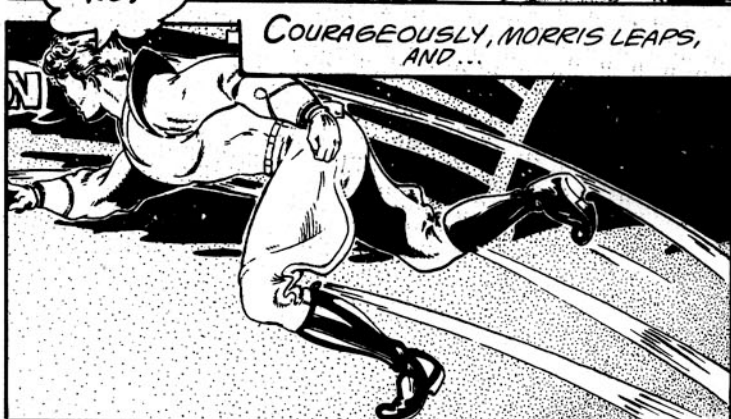
HELLO? HELLO? ORDERS FOR OMEGA-17 CREW TO RETURN TO EARTH! THE AUTOMATIC LANDING BEAM WILL BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL IMMEDIATELY! BON VOYAGE!

OPERATION OMEGA IS TERMINATED!

ON THE CONTRARY, I MADE THIS DECISION IN A SPIRIT OF UTMOST CALM. IN SPITE OF YOU, I WANT TO SAVE THE CREW FROM THE FATAL RADIATIONS THE TURBINE HAS BEGUN TO EMIT!



BUT!? CAN IT BE THAT THE LITTLE VESSEL APPROACHING OUR ROCKET HAS SOME CONNECTION WITH THE MYSTERIOUS STATIC HEARD BY VIOLET?



NO!

COURAGEOUSLY, MORRIS LEAPS, AND...



OW!

PLEASE BELIEVE THAT I REGRET THIS VIOLENCE, CAPTAIN, BUT YOUR RATHER CHILDISH CONDUCT FORCES ME TO DO THIS...

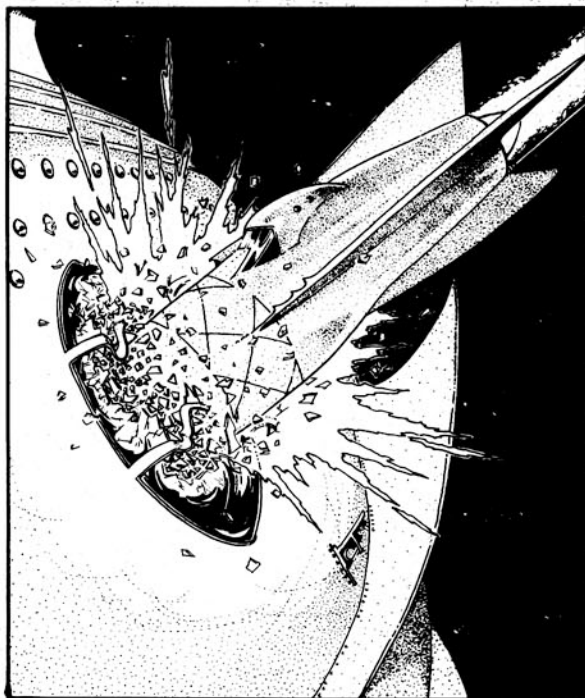
LET'S GO, MEN, THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

THE INCIDENT OVER, EVERYONE PREPARES TO LEAVE OMEGA-17... OR...

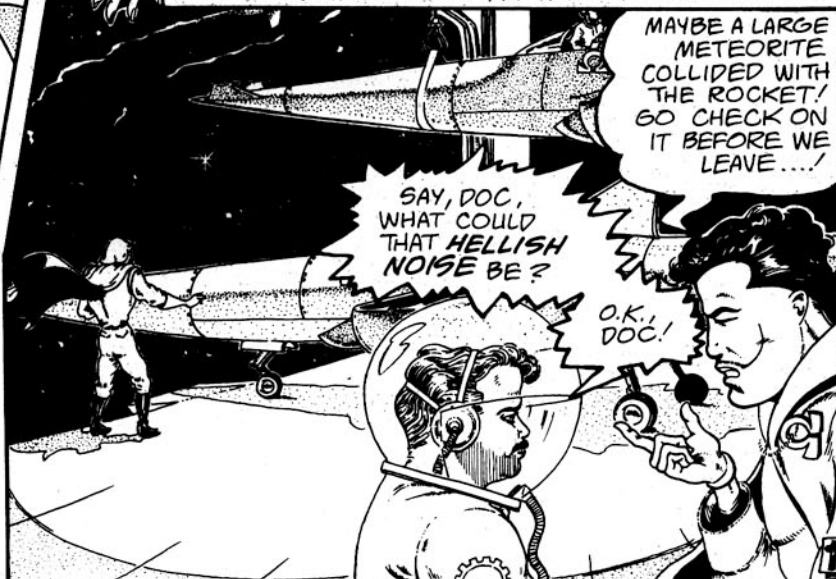
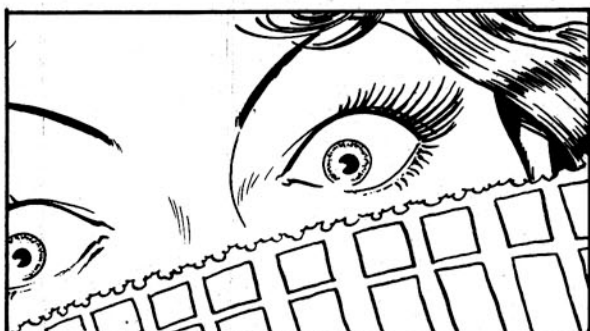


NEARLY EVERYONE:

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WE HAVE TO
EVACUATE AND
MORRIS DIDN'T
EVEN WARN
ME! HOW
STRANGE...



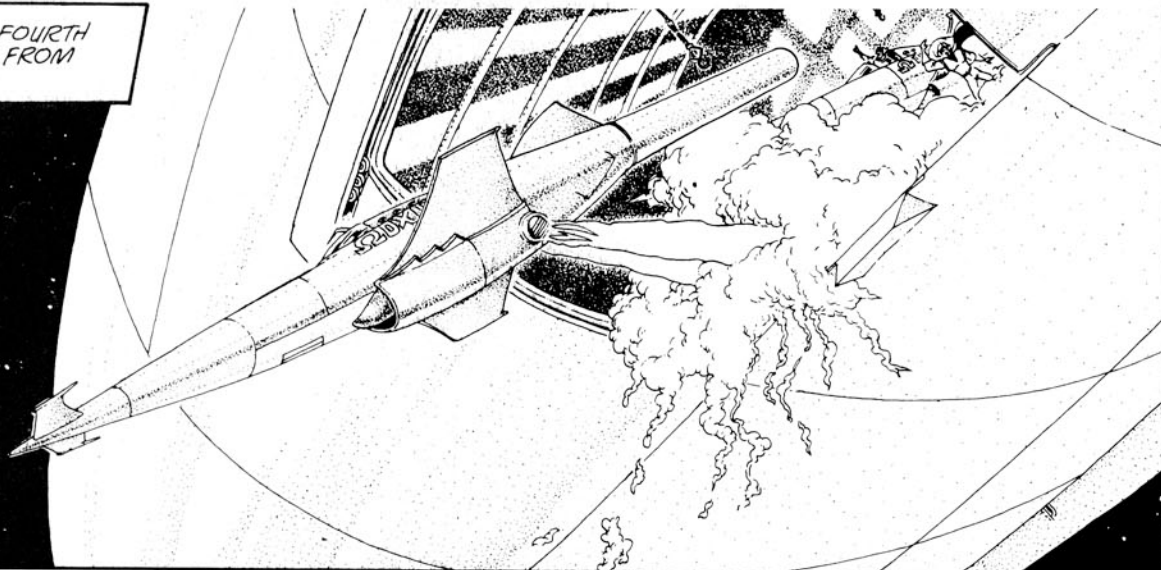
WITH EVERYONE ELSE GONE AHEAD, THE LAST LAUNCH READIES FOR TAKEOFF WITH ONLY VON RICKTUS, THREE MEN... AND VIOLET... ON BOARD...



SAY, DOC,
WHAT COULD
THAT HELLISH
NOISE BE?

O.K.,
DOC!

IN ITS TURN, THE FOURTH LAUNCH EXPLODES FROM THE SHIP...



TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN, WHAT'S HAPPENING? SPEAK UP?

MY GOD!

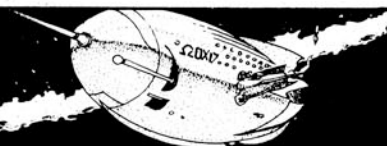
AAAGHHH... THE MONSTERS... GRR... THEY'RE CARRYING OFF VIOLET... THEY MUST BE...

BY A THOUSAND PLANETS! WE CAN'T LET HER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF CREATURES WITHOUT RELIGION OR LAW... COMRADES, MIGHT I SOLICIT YOUR HELP IN...

YOU BET, DOC! I'D RATHER DIE... THAN LEAVE HER IN THE HANDS OF THOSE SWINE!

RIGHT!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER, THE GALACTIC SILENCE FALLS AGAIN ON OMEGA-17. THE FIFTH ROCKET NEVER RETURNS TO EARTH...



AND WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS, ASTONISHINGLY ENOUGH, THE FOUR LAUNCHES FROM OMEGA-17 ARRIVED AT OMEGA-ON-THE-SEA. CAPTAIN MORRIS WHITE REPORTED HIS SAD MISADVENTURE TO THE SPACE AUTHORITIES, AND COULD ONLY SUGGEST SOME THEORIES REGARDING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE FIFTH SHIP.

AS FOR THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE MUTINY, THEY WERE DISMISSED FROM THEIR POSITIONS AND FORBIDDEN TO FLY FOR THREE YEARS!

...BUT... DID THE ENIGMATIC VON RICKTUS REALLY SAVE VIOLET FROM HER STRUGGLE WITH THE MYSTERIOUS EXTRATERRESTRIALS ????

WILL MORRIS EVER AGAIN FIND HIS SWEET FIANCEE, NOW LOST IN DEEPEST SPACE?...



AT THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN DAY ON THE BEACH AT OMEGA-ON-THE-SEA...

DO YOU LOVE ME? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, DEAR?

BUT MORRIS DOES NOT RESPOND TO MONA... HIS EYES ARE FIXED ON THE HEAVENS ABOVE...



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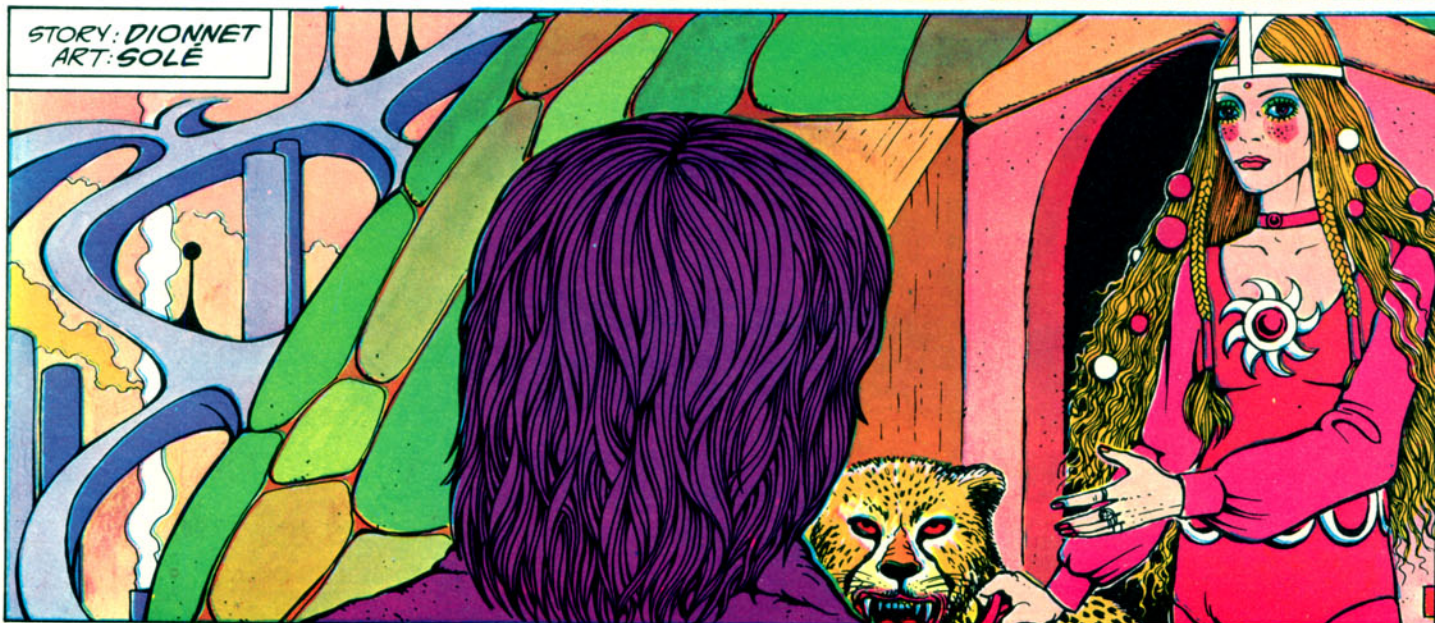
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



jean cyriaque

"IN YOU I
AM
REBORN"

STORY: DIONNET
ART: SOLÉ





COME, ENTER!...



WE BID YOU WELCOME, JEAN CYRIAQUE! COME FORWARD!...

WE'RE BACK AT THE PLACE WE STARTED FROM. ARE WE GOING TO GO ON PLAYING THIS SCENE FOREVER?



NOT REALLY. FOR THIS TIME, YOU SEE, WE HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU YOUR **CHANCE!**

WHAT CHANCE? TO KILL MYSELF? TO LET MYSELF GO MAD, OR -- EVEN BETTER -- TO BECOME A NEW PERSONALITY?



WHETHER YOU DID IT FOR ME OR FOR YOURSELVES, YOU'VE **FAILED.** SO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

AH, BUT YOU'RE MIS-TAKEN: IT WAS IN YOUR **BEST INTEREST** THAT EVERYTHING WAS DONE, IN ORDER THAT YOUR LIFE MIGHT RESUME ITS NORMAL COURSE.

NOW, WE OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO BECOME **ONE OF US.** BUT BE CAREFUL... YOU MUST BE WORTHY OF IT... OTHERS HAVE TRIED AND...

I ACCEPT!



WHATEVER THE **TRIALS?**

WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE!



WE KNEW IT! THAT'S WHY, WHILE WE SPOKE, THIS LITTLE PLAY BECAME AN **UBIK**, THAT IS TO SAY, A MERE EMPTY ENVELOPE CAPABLE OF MATERIALIZING FANTASIES...



FOR IT IS **YOURSELF** THAT YOU STRUGGLE AGAINST! **WITHIN YOURSELF** ARE VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

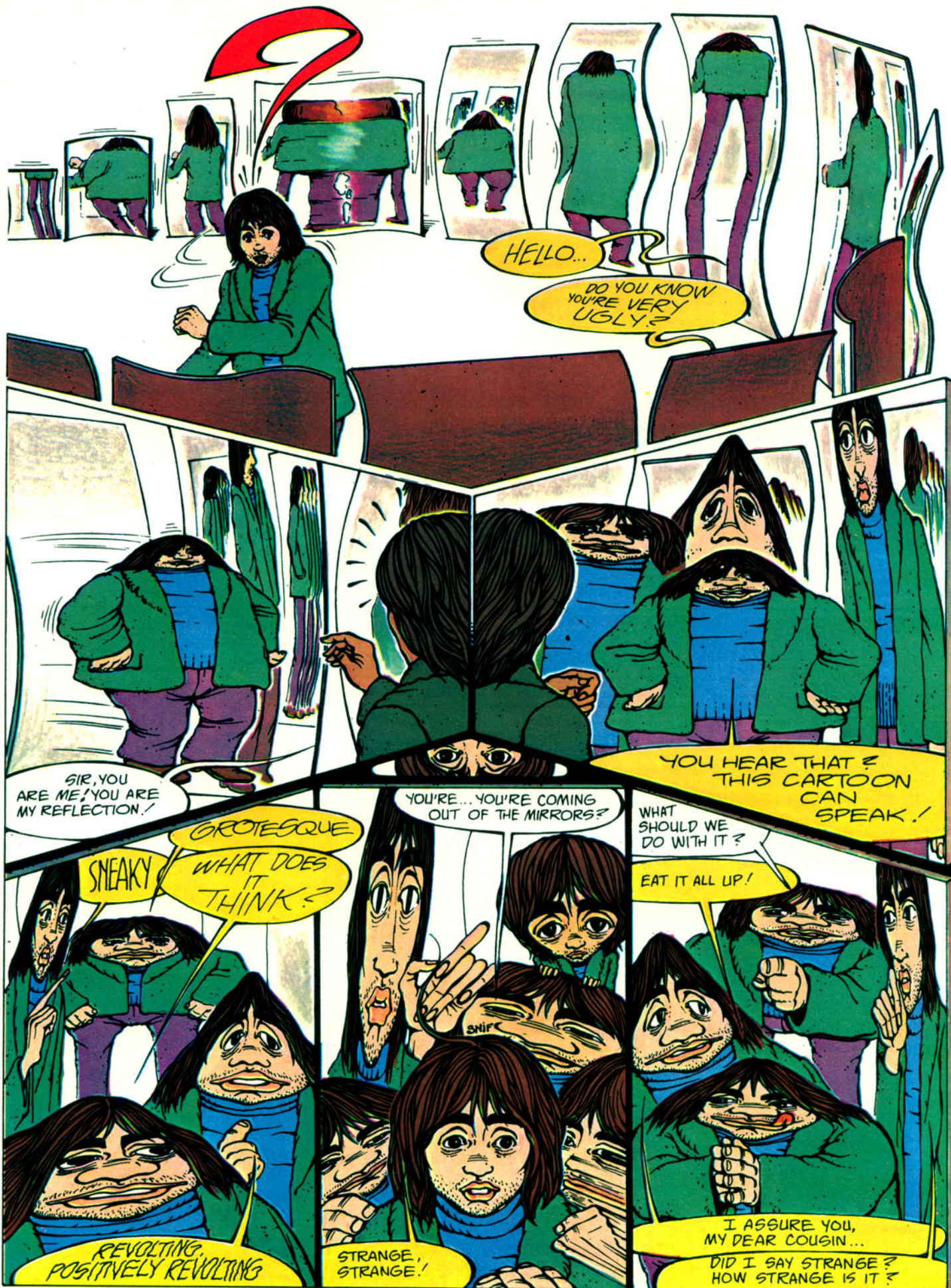


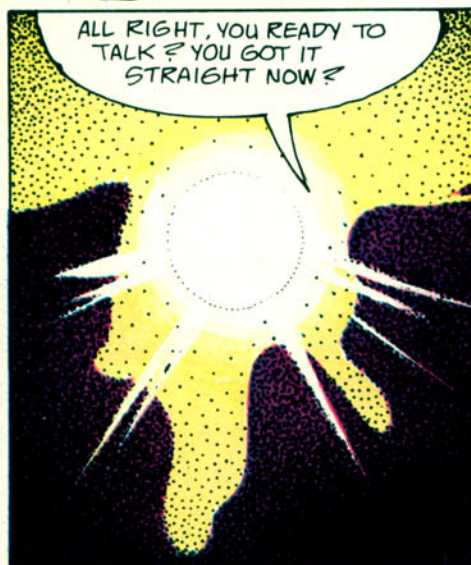
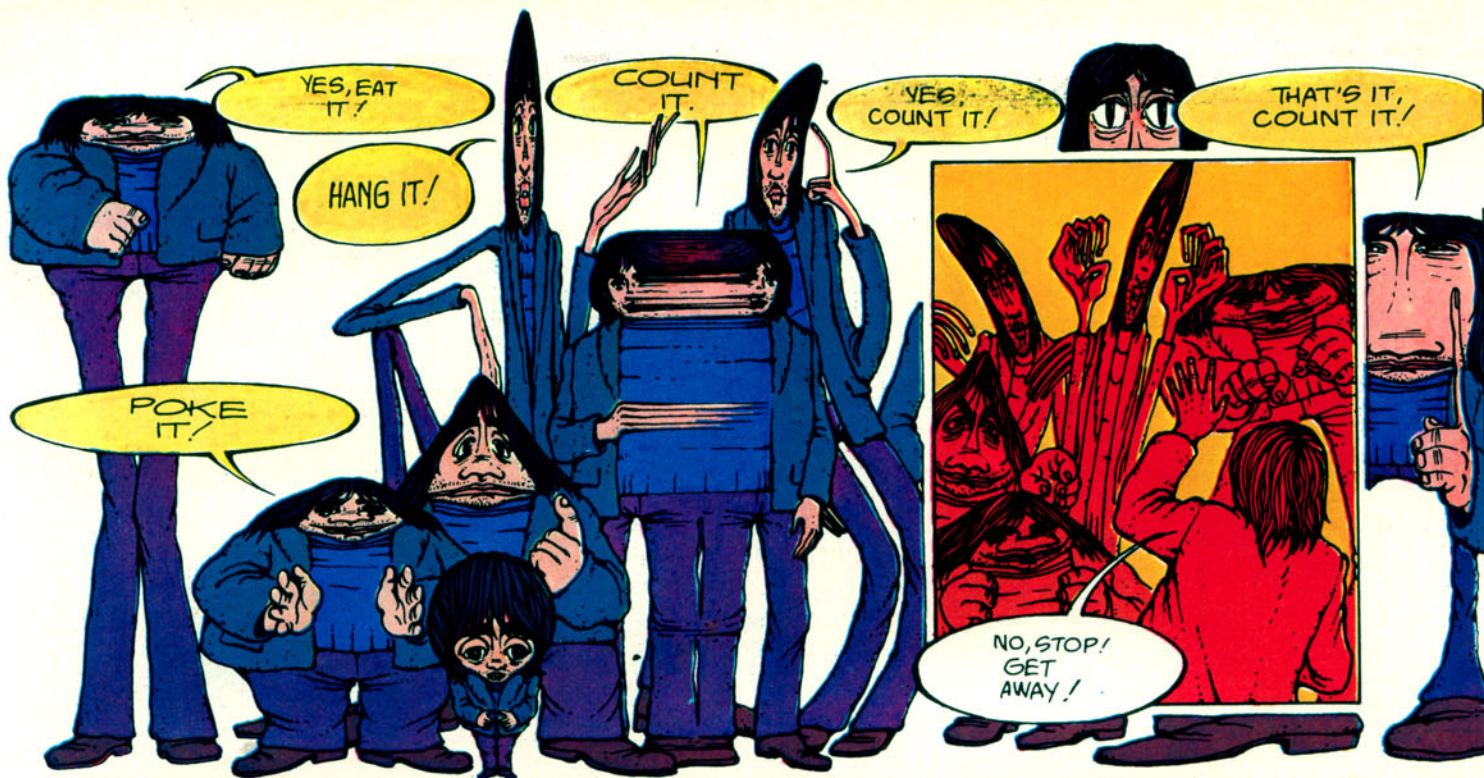
DO NOT FORGET THAT, OR YOU WILL RETURN TO THE ASYLUM...



FOREVER!

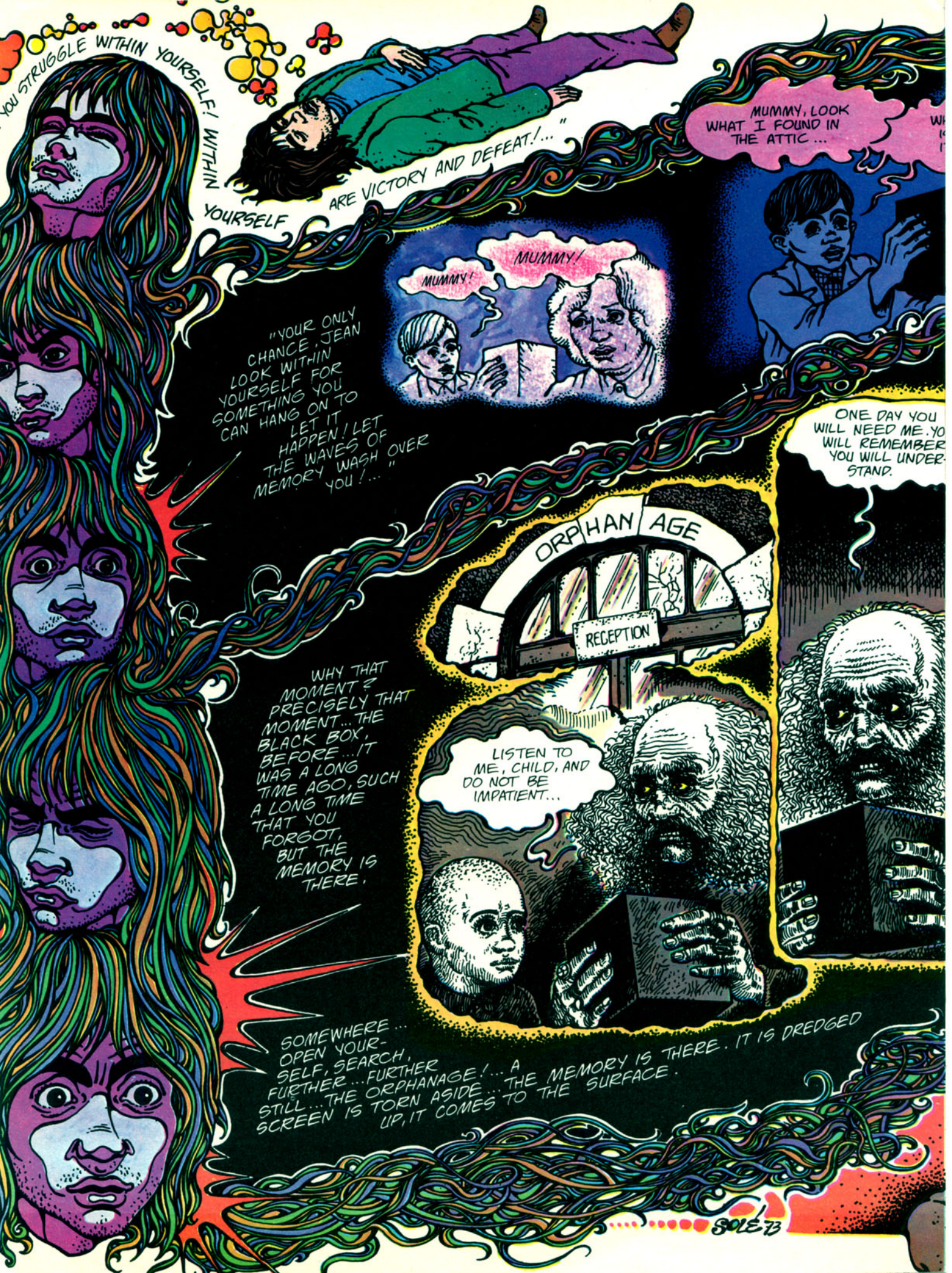












YOU STRUGGLE WITHIN YOURSELF! WITHIN YOURSELF

ARE VICTORY AND DEFEAT!...

MUMMY, LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE ATTIC ...

MUMMY!
MUMMY!

"YOUR ONLY CHANCE, JEAN, LOOK WITHIN YOURSELF FOR SOMETHING YOU CAN HANG ON TO LET IT HAPPEN! LET THE WAVES OF MEMORY WASH OVER YOU!..."

ONE DAY YOU WILL NEED ME. YOU WILL REMEMBER YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.

ORPHAN AGE
RECEPTION

WHY THAT MOMENT? PRECISELY THAT MOMENT... THE BLACK BOX, BEFORE... IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, SUCH A LONG TIME THAT YOU FORGOT, BUT THE MEMORY IS THERE.

LISTEN TO ME, CHILD, AND DO NOT BE IMPATIENT...

SOMEWHERE ... OPEN YOURSELF, SEARCH, FURTHER ... FURTHER ... THE ORPHANAGE! ... A STILL ... THE ORPHAN ASIDE ... THE MEMORY IS THERE. IT IS DREDGED UP, IT COMES TO THE SURFACE.

HAT
ら
T?

U

TAKE THIS **BOX**. IT IS THE **KEY**. FAREWELL
TO YOU IN WHOM I WILL BE REBORN.

FAREWELL...

JEAN
CYRIAQUE, YOU HAVE
WON THROUGH.
HENCEFORTH YOU
ARE ONE OF
US!!!!



CRIES, MURMURS; SONGS, SMILES, LAUGHTER...



UPLIFTED ARMS, HANDS
REACHING OUT; EXCITEMENT
AND SYMPATHY...



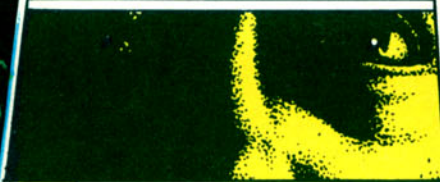
THEY BID YOU WELCOME,
JEAN. THEY ACCEPT YOU.
YOU ARE ONE OF THEM.



WHY, THEN, THIS FROZEN
SMILE, AND WHY THE
SADNESS IN YOUR EYES...



YOUR EYES ARE FIXED ON
THE VAST BRONZE
STATUE WHICH DOMINATES
THE ROOM...



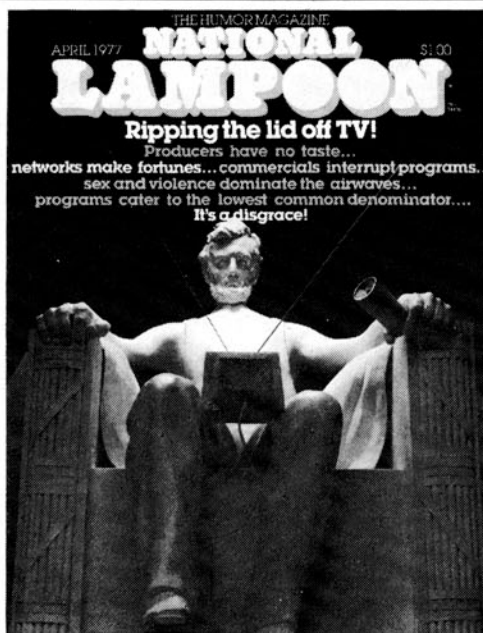
YOU RECOGNIZE HIS FACE... AND EVEN IF
YOU STILL DOUBTED, THERE IS HIS
NAME ON THE PEDESTAL!





The National Lampoon Dares to Compare!

We submitted the *National Lampoon* to an independent testing institute to see how well we stack up against our leading competitor. Here are the results:



Big Boff's.....	YES	NO
Madcap Antics.....	YES	NO
Articles on Balance of Trade Payments.....	NO	YES
Mirth.....	YES	NO
Merriment.....	YES	NO
Tons of Fun.....	YES	NO
Reports on Emerging African Nations.....	NO	YES
Snappy Patter.....	YES	NO
Exactly 12 Issues a Year.....	YES	NO
	7YES	2YES

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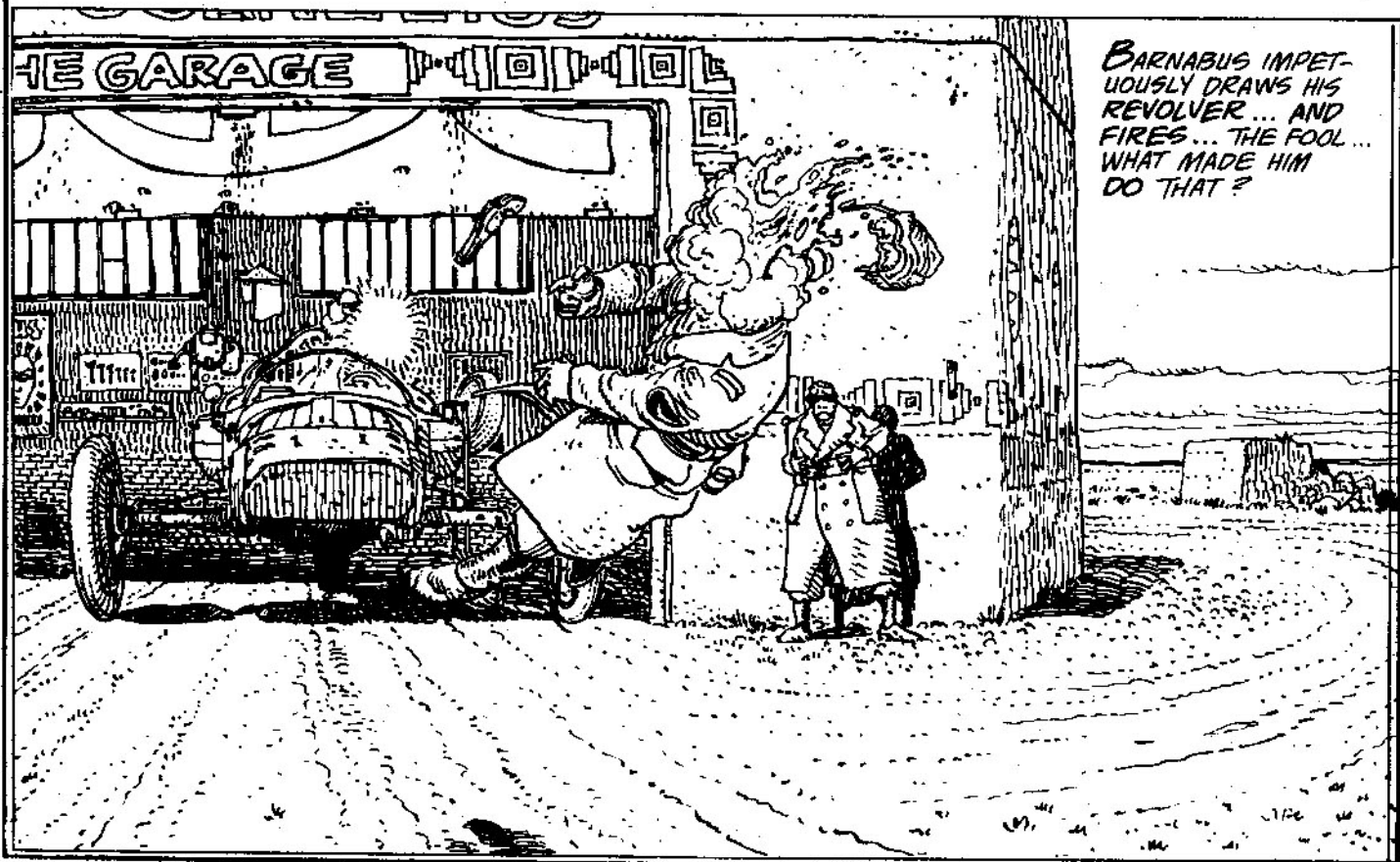
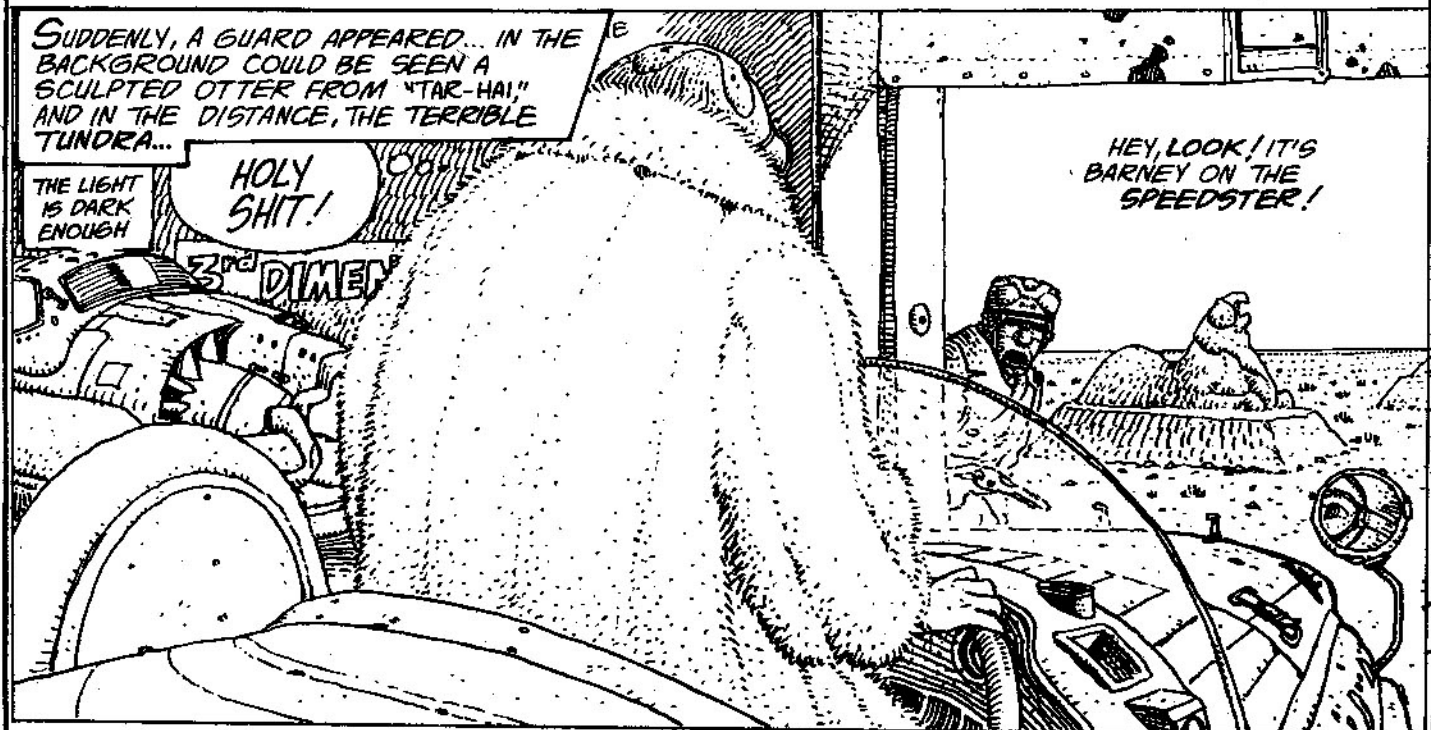
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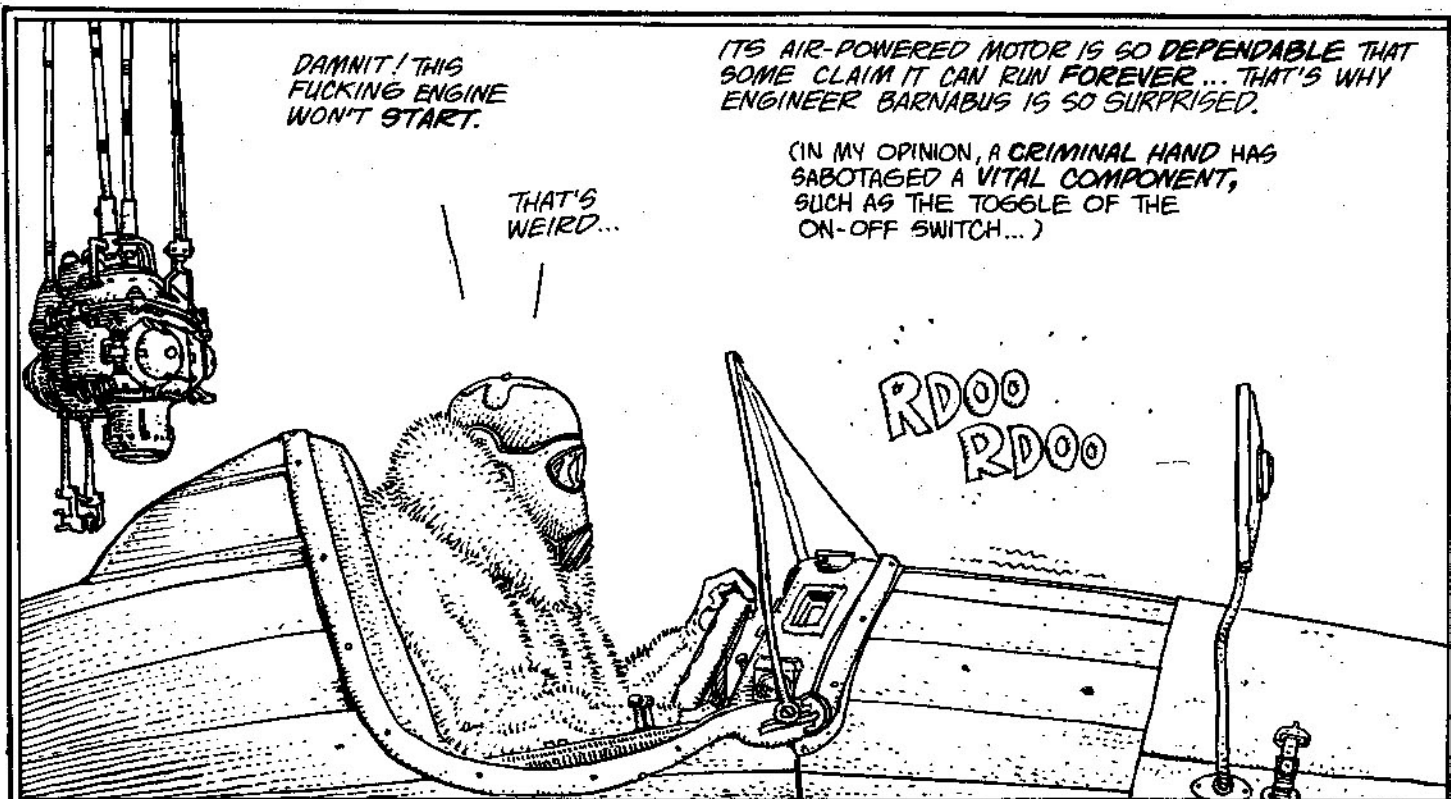
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THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE of JERRY CORNELIUS

CHAPTER THREE: THE PLOT THICKENS





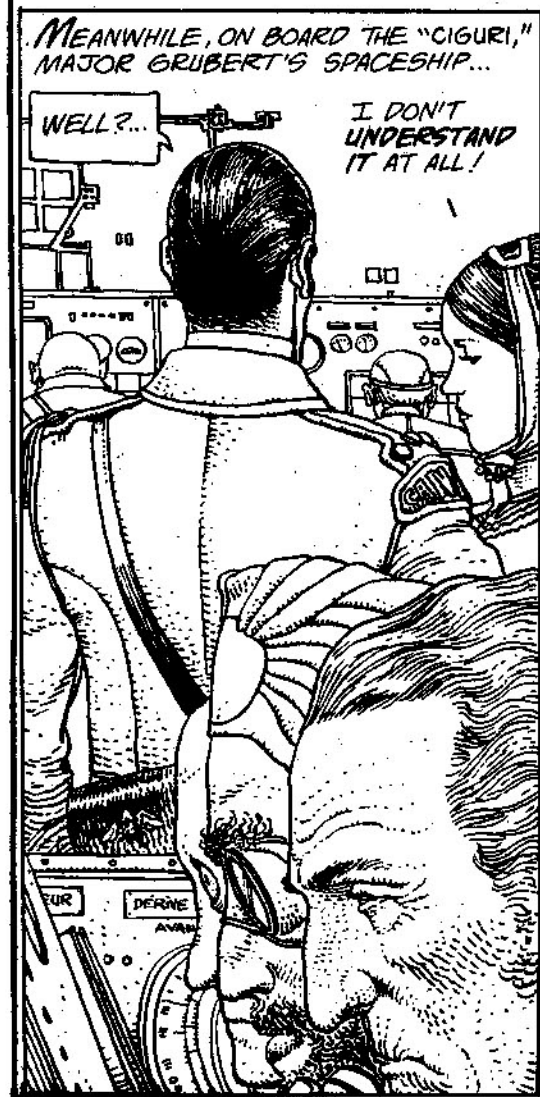
DAMNIT! THIS
FUCKING ENGINE
WON'T START.

ITS AIR-POWERED MOTOR IS SO DEPENDABLE THAT
SOME CLAIM IT CAN RUN FOREVER... THAT'S WHY
ENGINEER BARNABUS IS SO SURPRISED.

THAT'S
WEIRD...

(IN MY OPINION, A CRIMINAL HAND HAS
SABOTAGED A VITAL COMPONENT,
SUCH AS THE TOGGLE OF THE
ON-OFF SWITCH...)

RDOO
RDOO



MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE "CIGURI,"
MAJOR GRUBERT'S SPACESHIP...

WELL?...

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT AT ALL!



OUR SECURITY BASE HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED AND INVADIED
BY STRANGERS...

AT ALL
LEVELS?...

IT'S IM-
POSSIBLE
TO TELL...
FROM
HERE...

THIS COULD JUST BE A
BAKALITE TRICK... WE'D
BETTER TRANSPORT A
SPY DOWN THERE VIA
THE PUSHMEPULL WAVES...



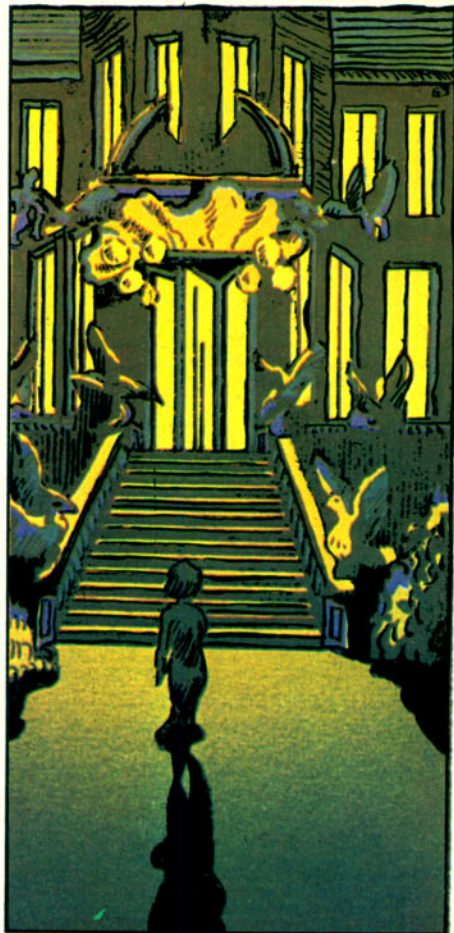
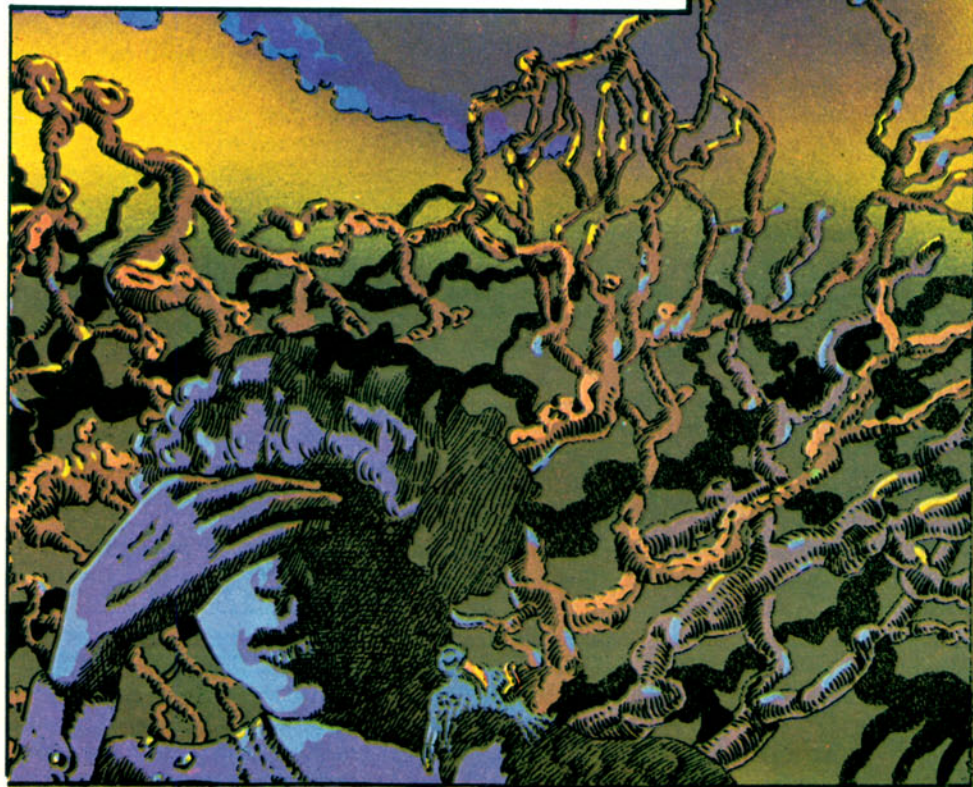
WILL THE MAJOR'S
SPY FALL INTO THE
CUNNING TRAP LAID
FOR HIM BY JERRY
CORNELIUS? YOU'LL
FIND OUT SOON,
WHEN YOU READ...

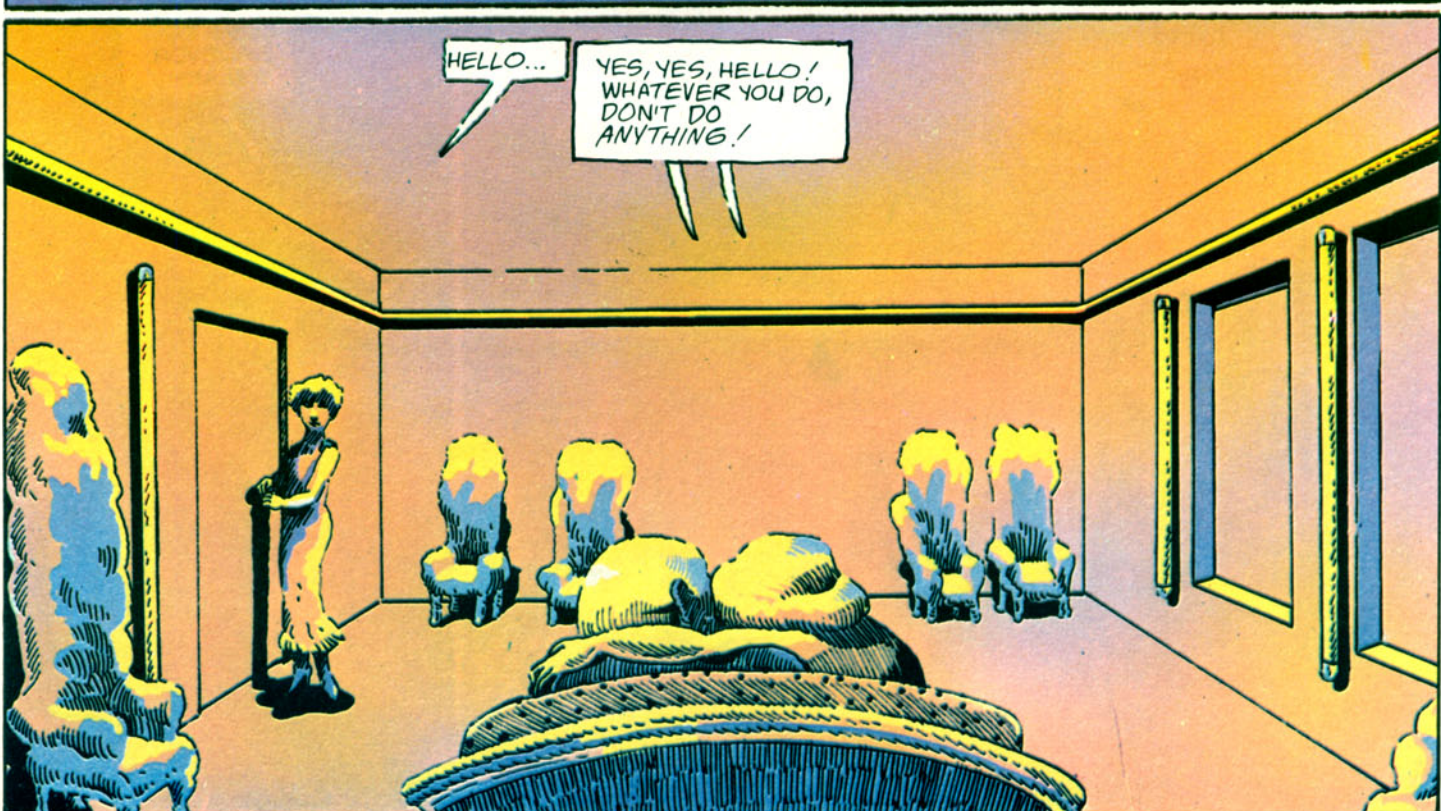
**STAR
BILLARD..**

OUR NEXT EPISODE

White Night

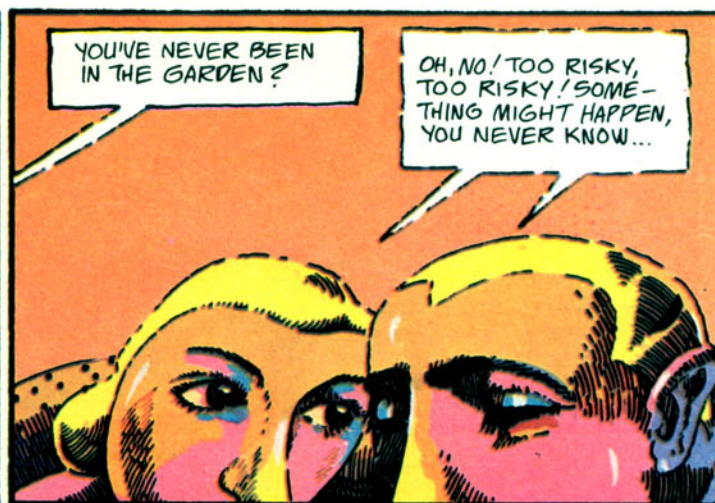
STORY BY ZHA ART BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX







ONE IS SO MUCH
AFRAID THAT EVERY-
THING WILL MOVE!
IT'S THE SAME WAY
EVERY DAY, DON'T
YOU SEE?



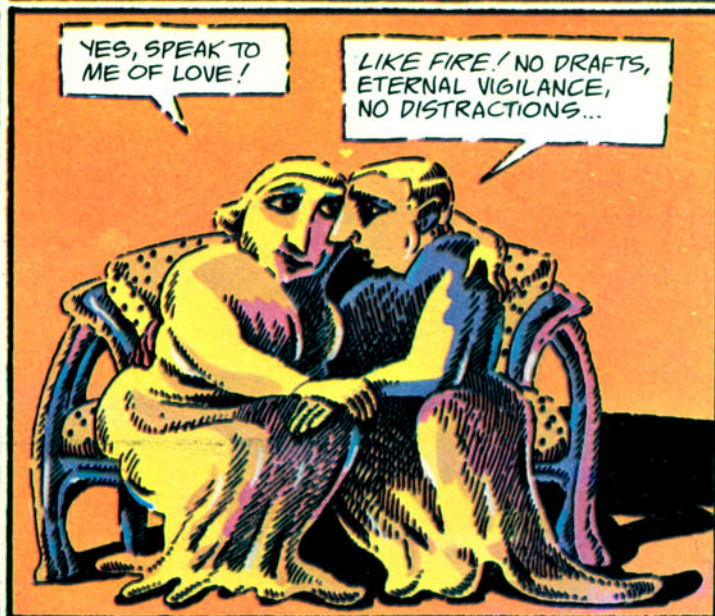
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN
IN THE GARDEN?

OH, NO! TOO RISKY,
TOO RISKY! SOME-
THING MIGHT HAPPEN,
YOU NEVER KNOW...



GOOD
NIGHT!

SLEEP? OUT OF THE
QUESTION! LOVE MIGHT
DIE DURING SLEEP!



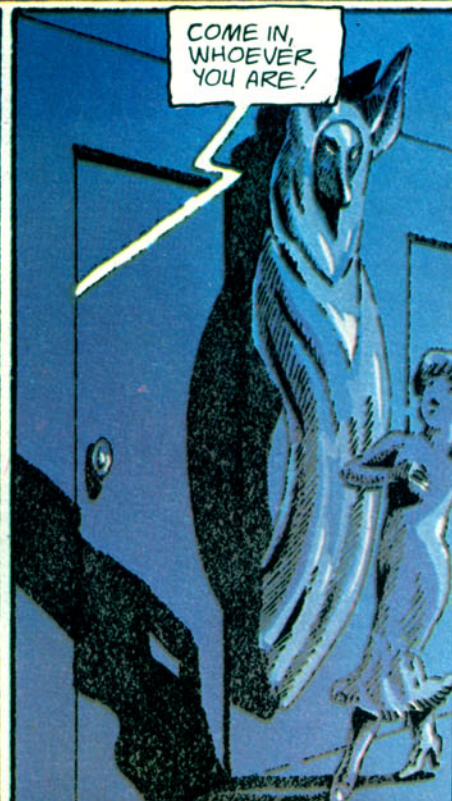
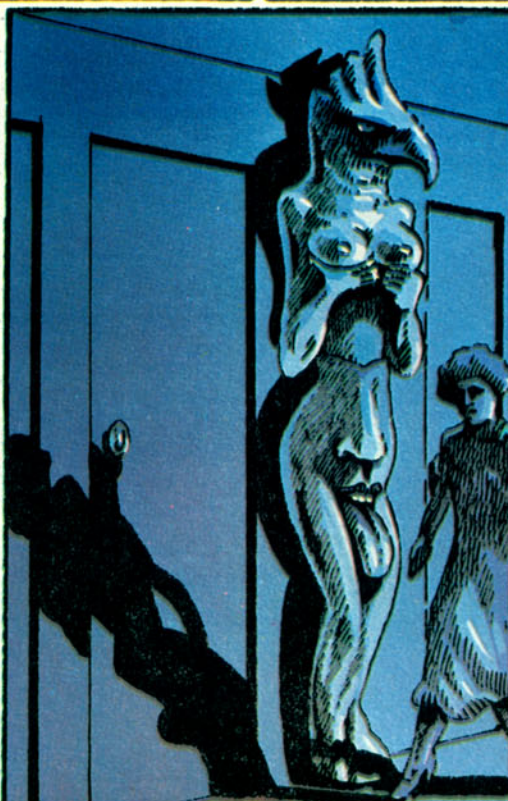
YES, SPEAK TO
ME OF LOVE!

LIKE FIRE! NO DRAFTS,
ETERNAL VIGILANCE,
NO DISTRACTIONS...



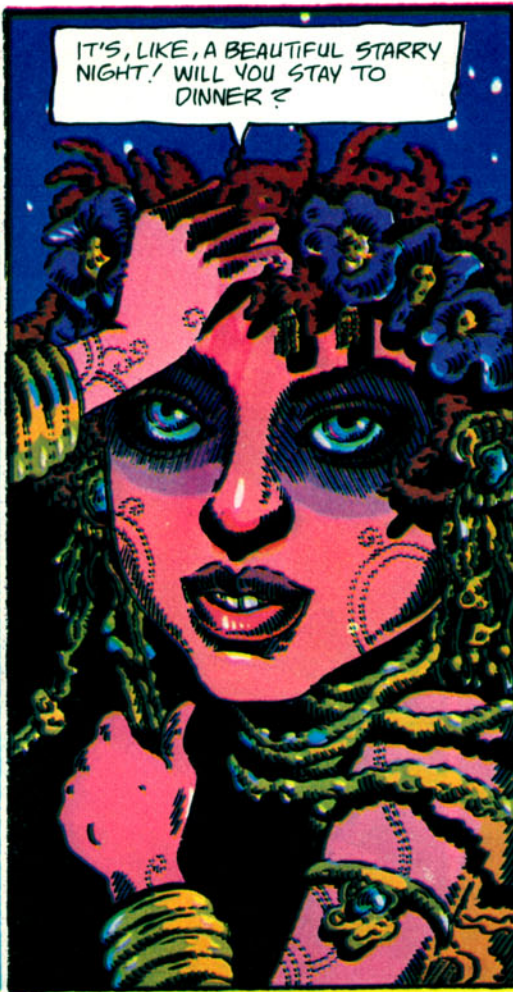
LOOK AT ME!

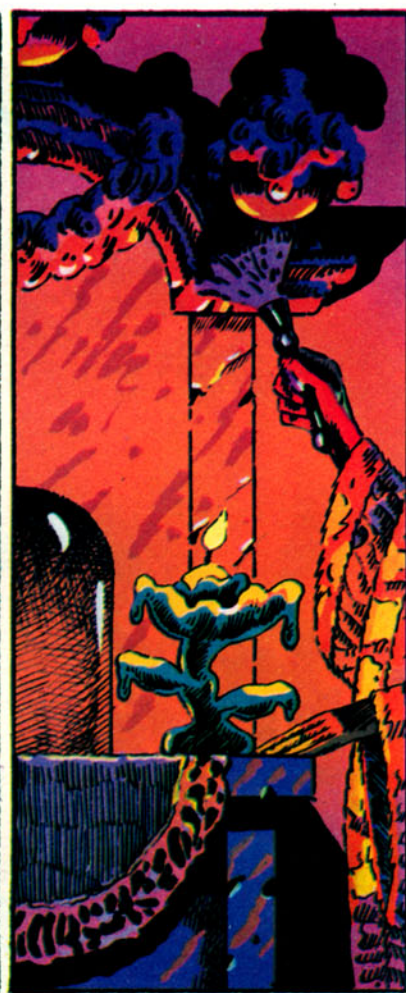
I'M LOOKING
AT YOU!

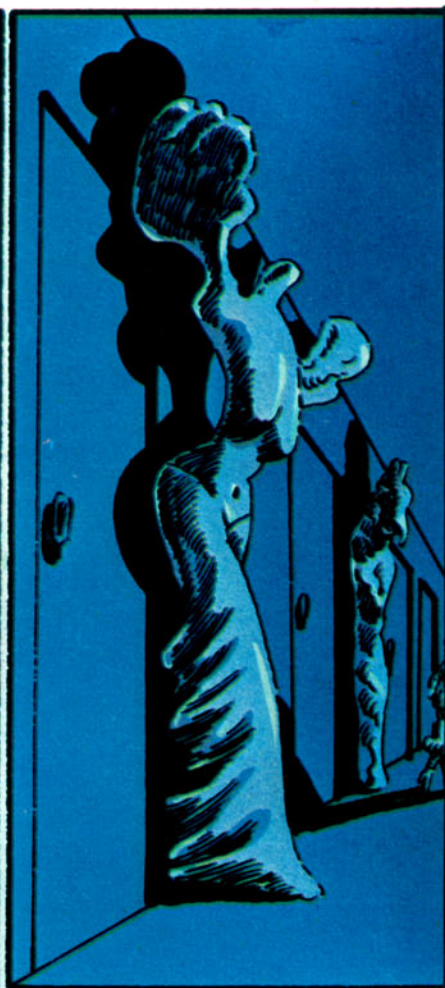
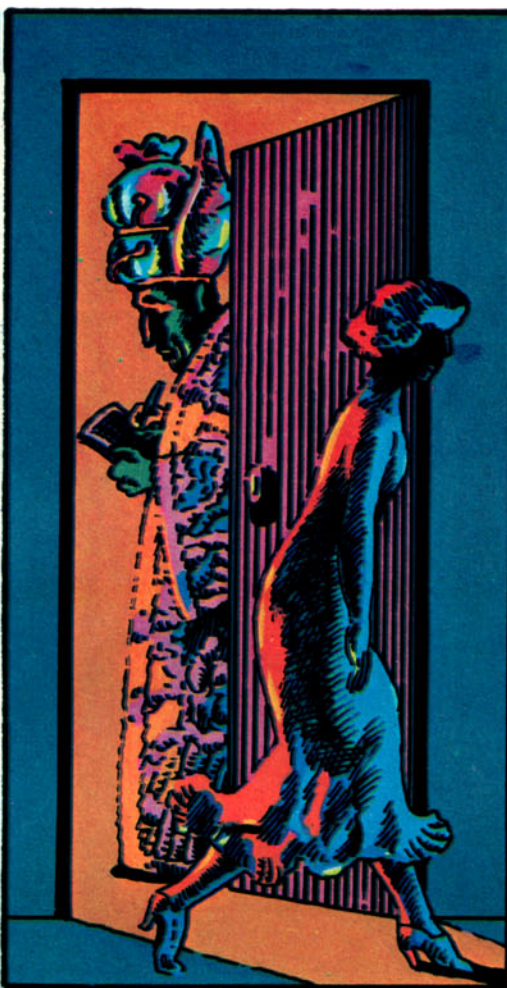


COME IN,
WHOEVER
YOU ARE!





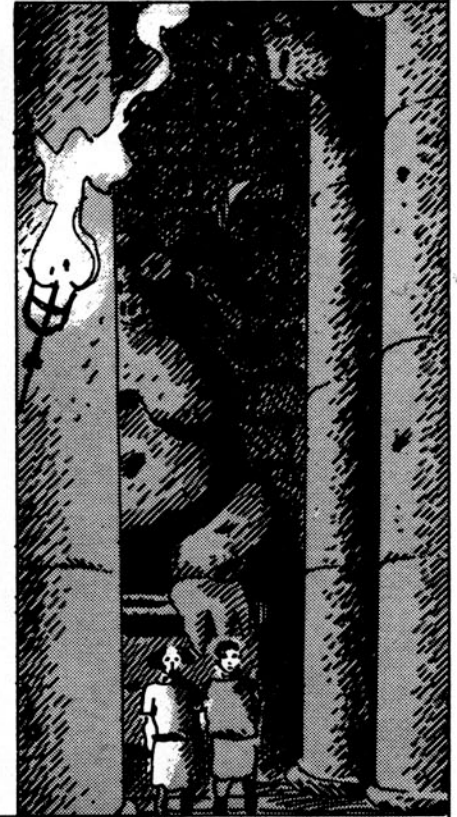
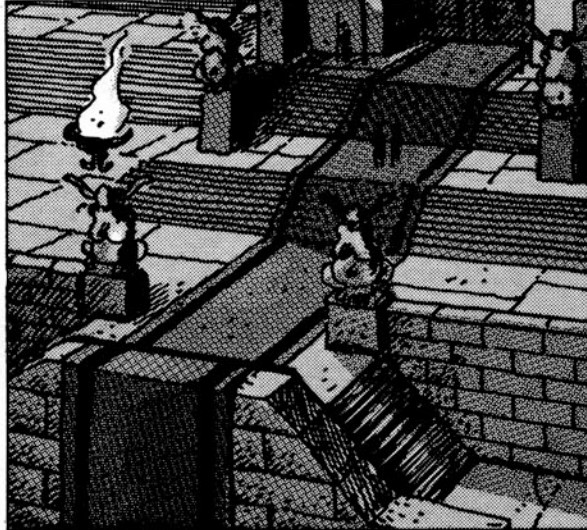




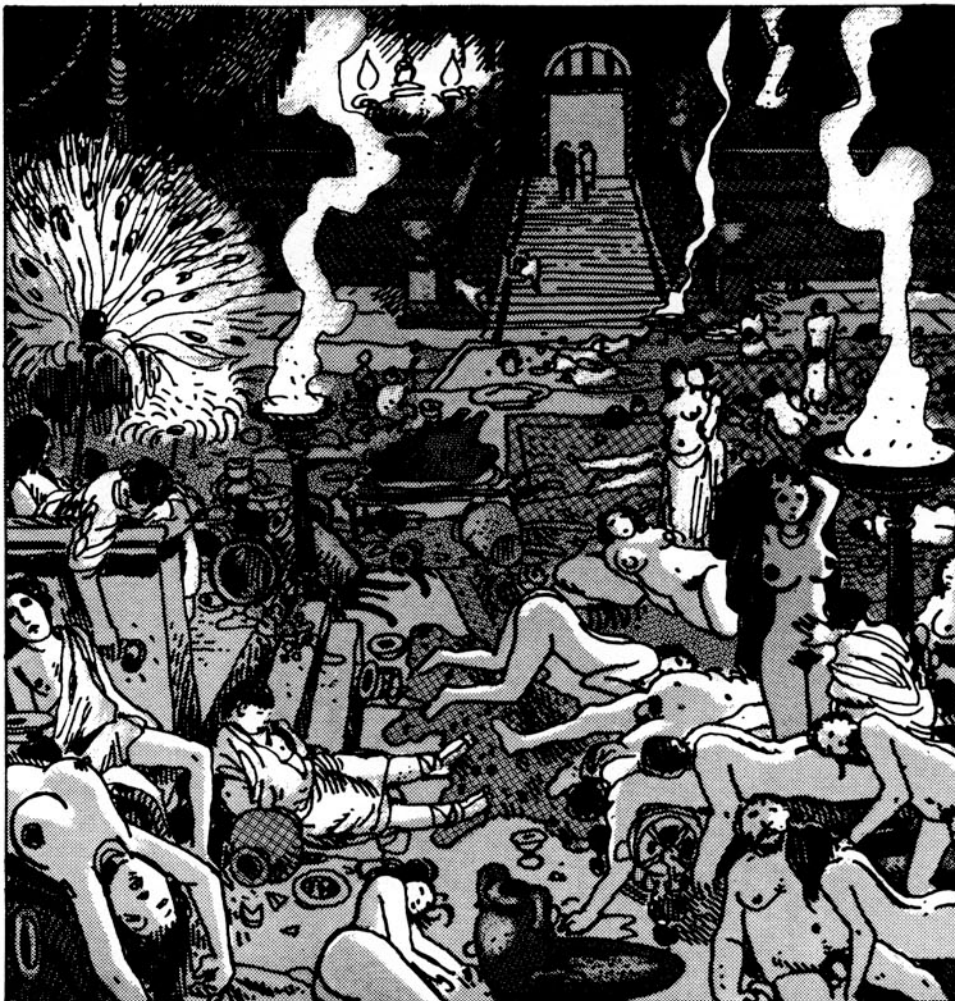


POLONIUS

WE'LL GO IMMEDIATELY TO GOMMURGE'S PALACE.

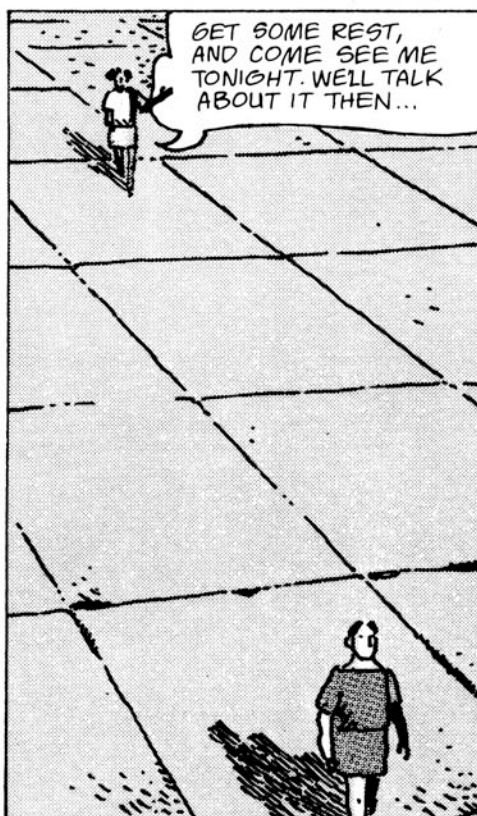


THERE WAS NO ONE TO WELCOME THEM. GOMMURGE'S PALACE, USUALLY RINGING WITH AN INCREDIBLE DIN, WAS QUITE SILENT ON THIS MORNING.

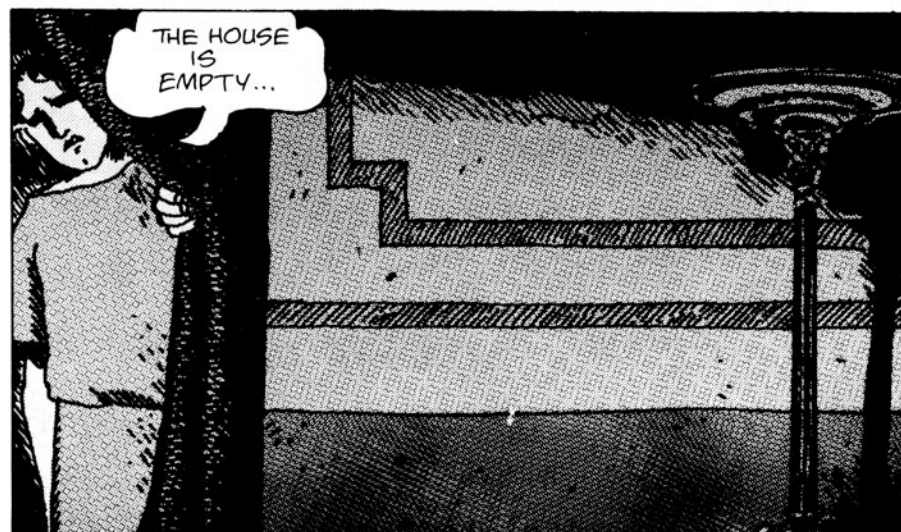


GOMMURGE!

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME THIS TIME?



ALTHOUGH HE WAS COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED BY THE TRIP, POLONIUS WAS SO FED UP WITH GOMMURGE'S INDIFFERENCE THAT HE WAS DETERMINED TO IMMEDIATELY ABANDON THE LUXURY WHICH GENERAL EGYPIOS HAD LAVISHED UPON HIM, AND TO BREAK FOR GOOD WITH THE GROUP WHICH WAS LEADING THE CITY OF RU TO DISASTER...

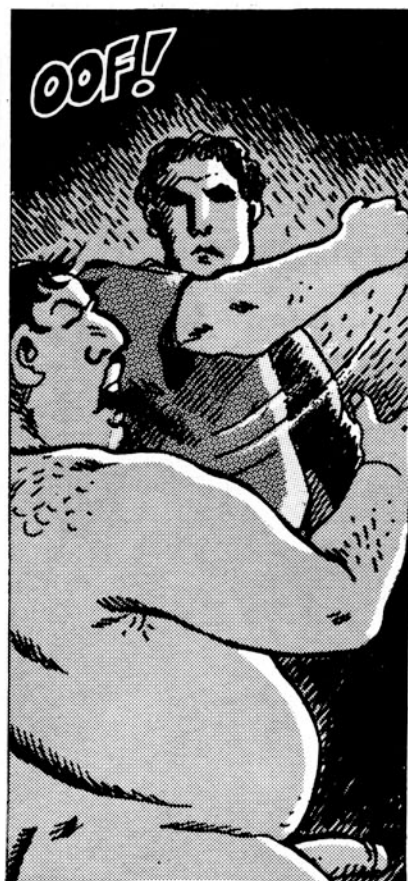


THAT NIGHT, POLONIUS MADE HIS WAY INTO THE STREET OF SHAME...

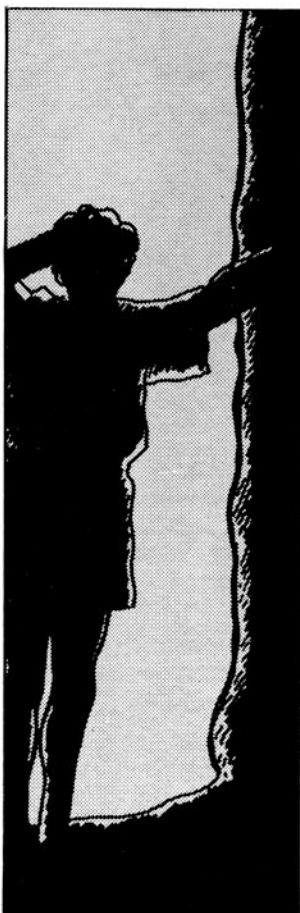


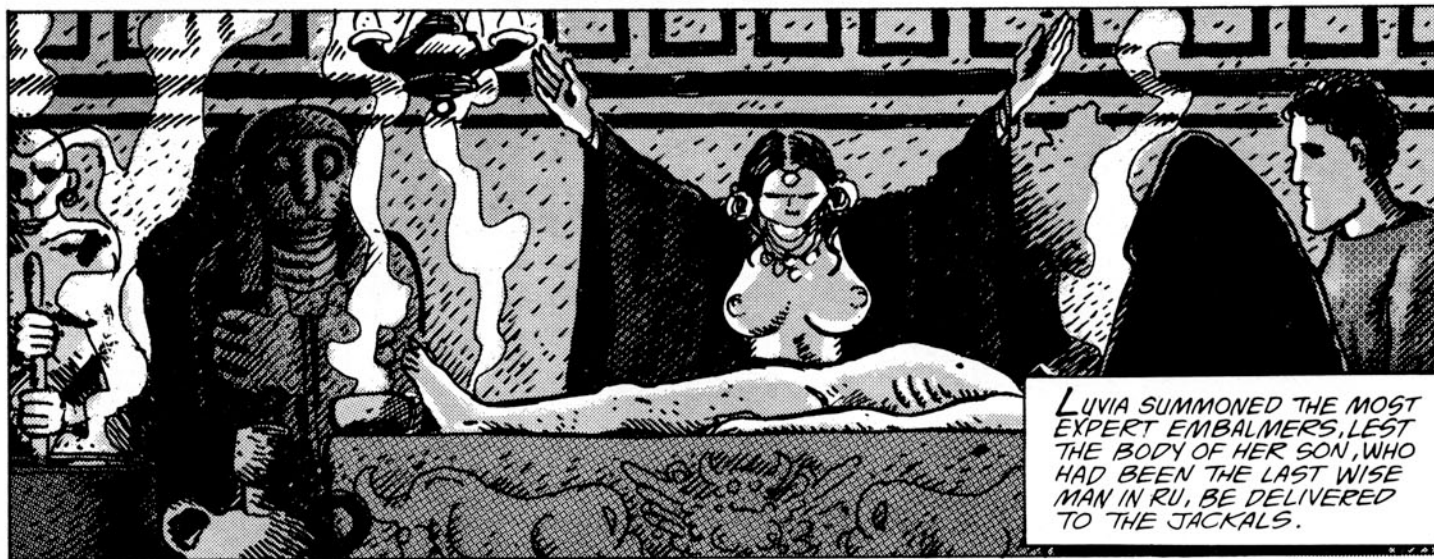
HE BURST INTO ONE OF THE HOUSES... AND RECOGNIZED THE PLACE AS IF HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.





AFTER WANDERING FOR HOURS AND HOURS, POLONIUS
FOUND HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF CHIMOS. HIS
HEAD SPINNING, HE ENTERED IT IN A DAZE.





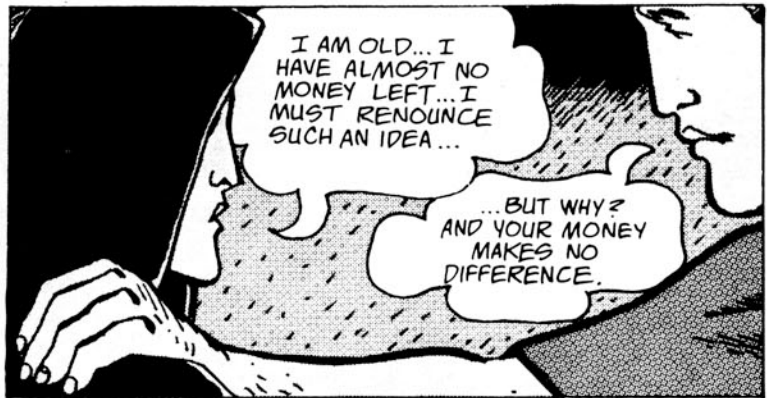


LET'S GO. I HAVE NO WISH TO TAKE PART IN THIS.



HE OFTEN SPOKE OF YOU TO ME, HE ADMIRERD YOU. IF I WERE A RICH WIDOW, I WOULD TAKE YOU ON AS A FAVORITE.

WE ARE ALONE, EACH OF US ON HIS ISLAND, WITHOUT FRIENDS, WITHOUT FAMILY... BUT WHY?



I AM OLD... I HAVE ALMOST NO MONEY LEFT... I MUST RENOUNCE SUCH AN IDEA ...

...BUT WHY? AND YOUR MONEY MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.



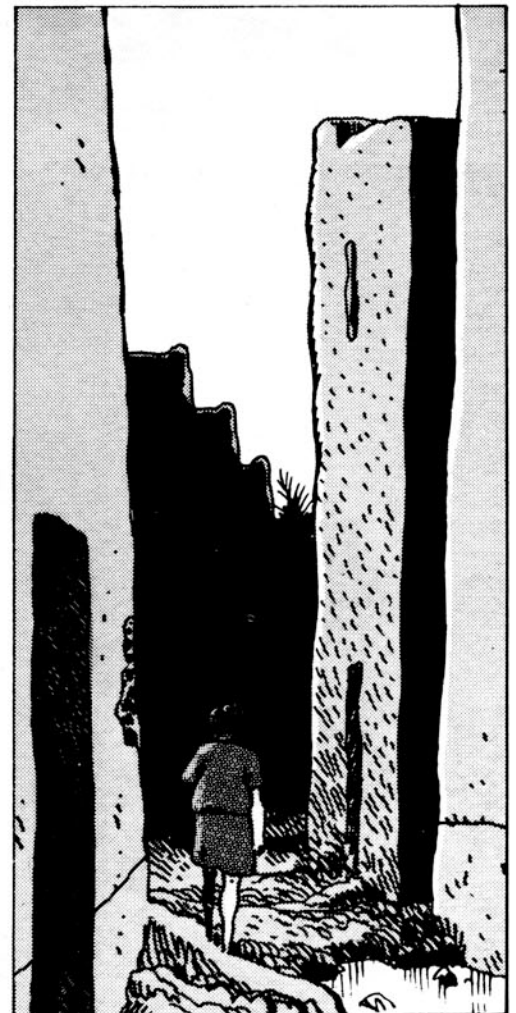
I SHALL PREPARE MYSELF FOR DEATH... LIKE THE OTHERS IN RU.

RENUNCIATION, DEATH, ACCEPTING THE END, RESIGNATION... WHILE THERE ARE A FEW WHO FEAST THE DAY LONG AND OPPRESS THE PEOPLE...

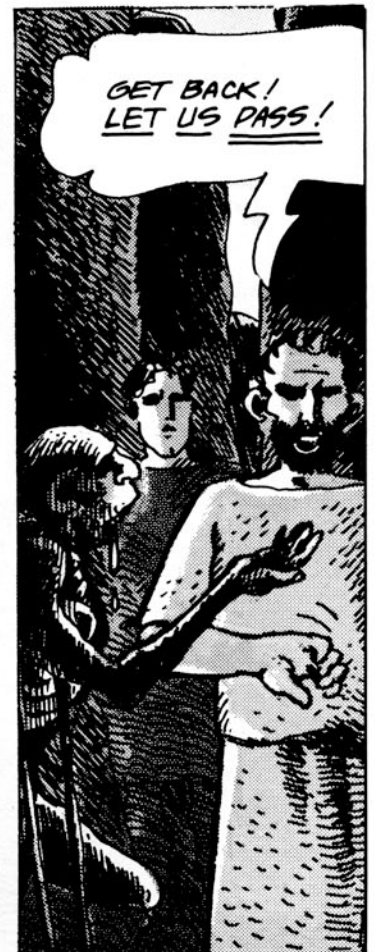
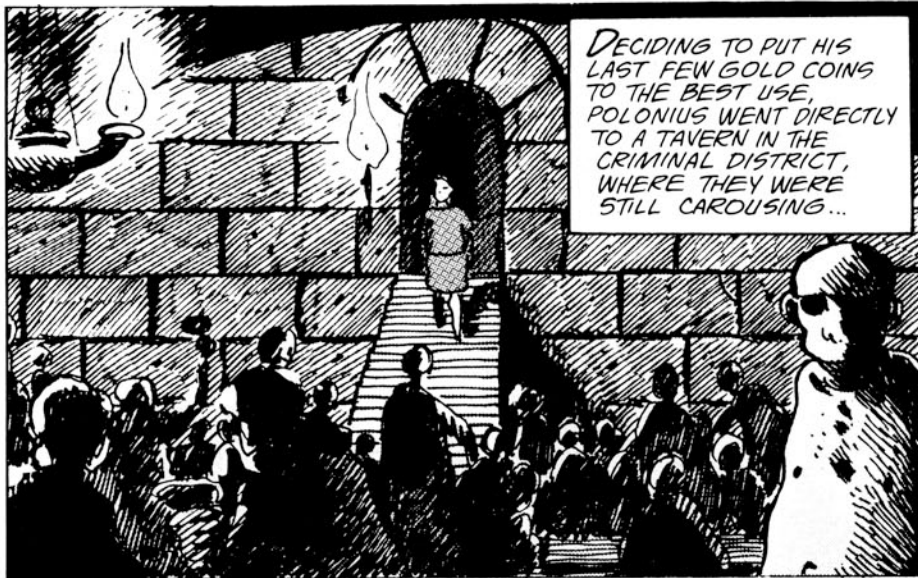


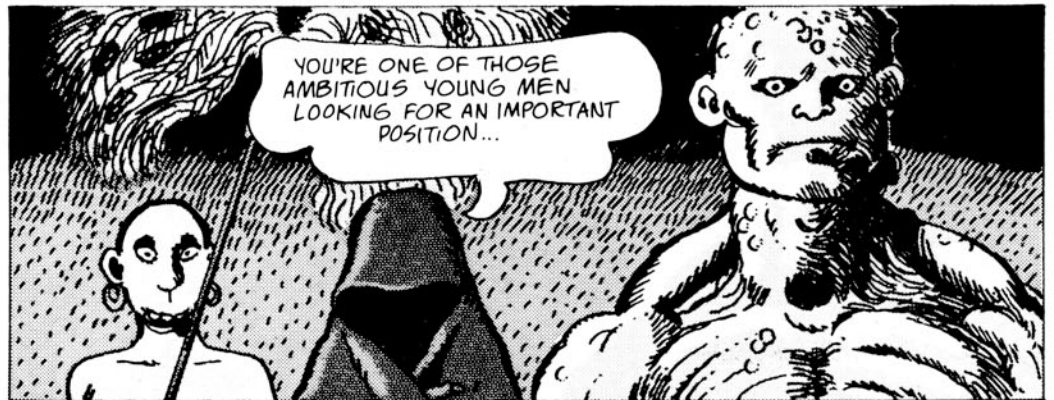
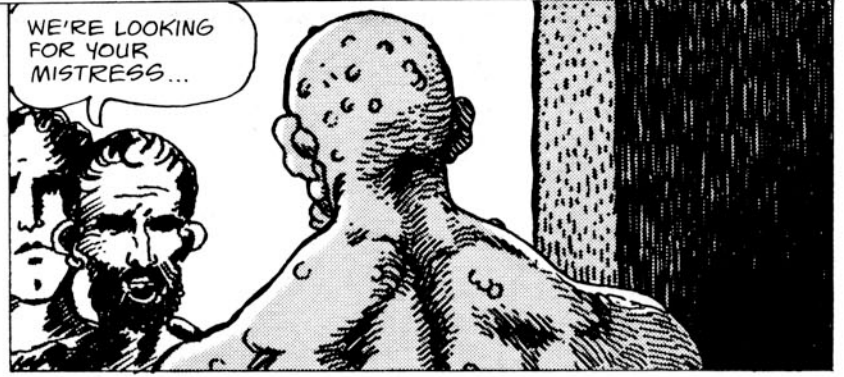
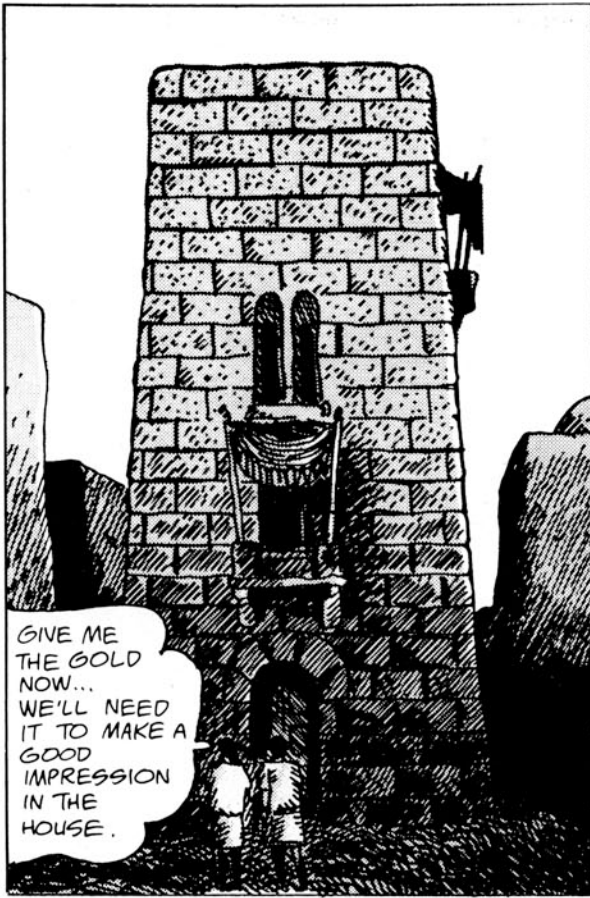
YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND. YOU COME FROM THE OUTLANDS.

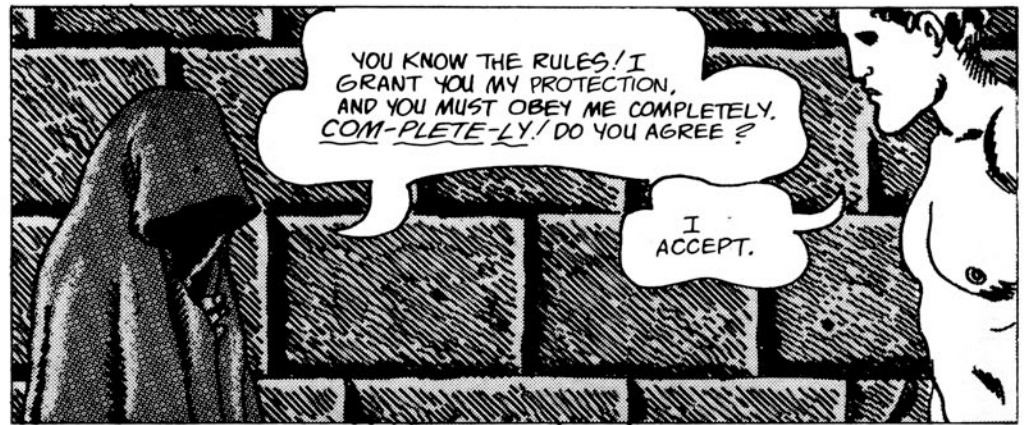
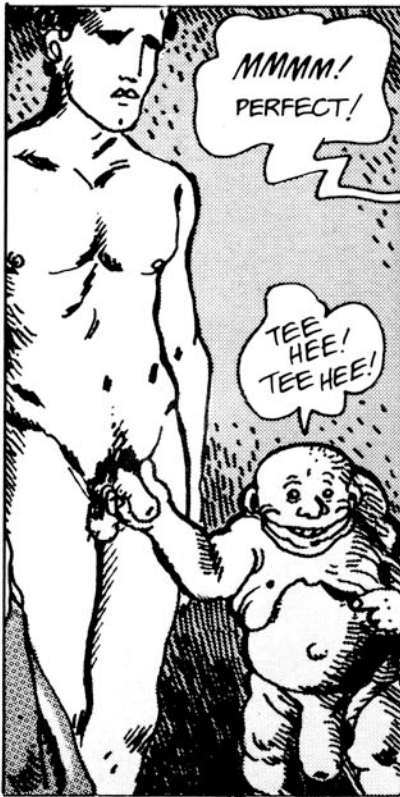
THE OUTLANDS.
AH, IT'S TRUE. I AM AN OUTLANDER, AND CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND. AND YOU KNOW IT ALL. ALWAYS THE SAME LITANY OF MISERY. GOOD NIGHT.

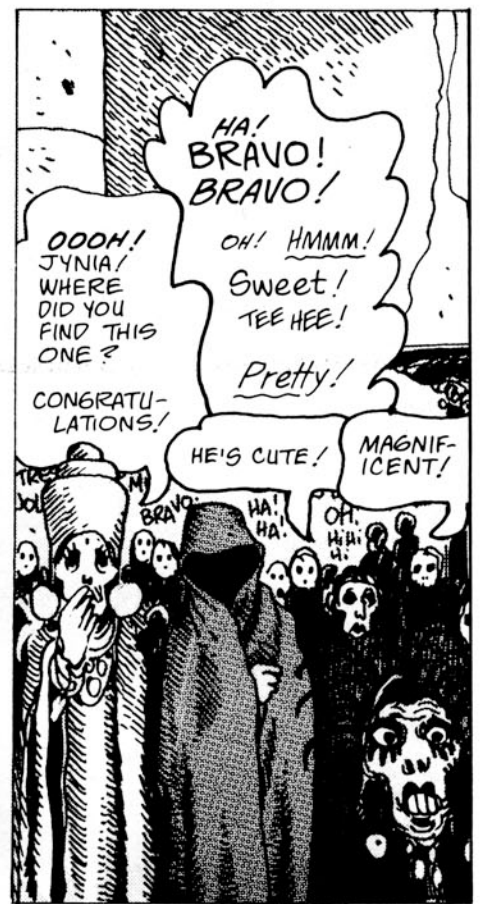


AT DAWN, IN SILENCE, HE LEFT THE HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN HIS ONLY FRIEND.





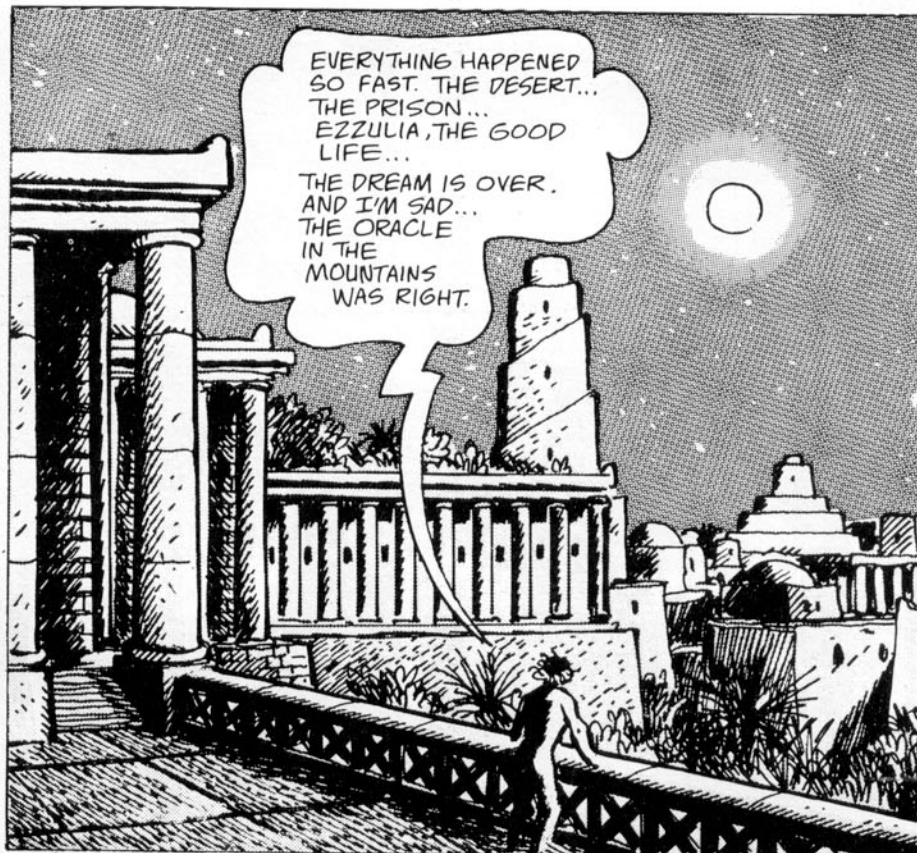






LATER THAT NIGHT...

THE WINE WAS DRUGGED.

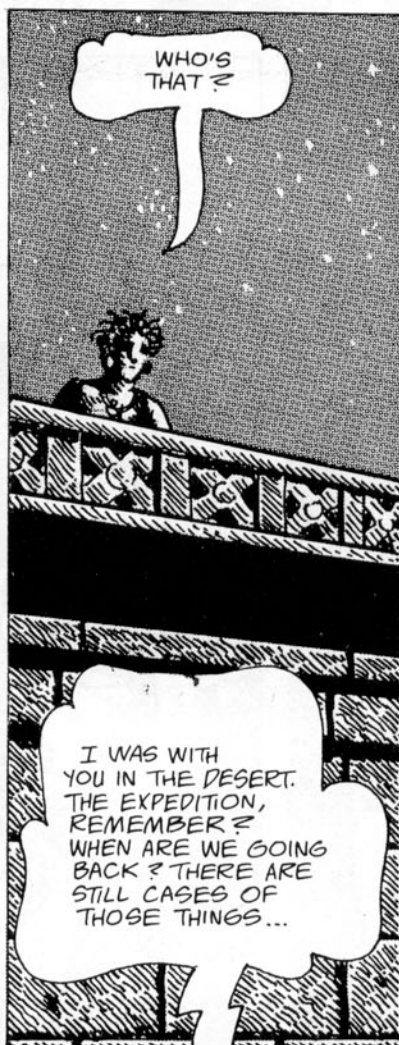


EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO FAST. THE DESERT... THE PRISON... EZZULIA, THE GOOD LIFE...

THE DREAM IS OVER, AND I'M SAD... THE ORACLE IN THE MOUNTAINS WAS RIGHT.



HEY!
I KNOW YOU!
YOU'RE POLONIUS!



WHO'S THAT?

I WAS WITH YOU IN THE DESERT. THE EXPEDITION, REMEMBER? WHEN ARE WE GOING BACK? THERE ARE STILL CASES OF THOSE THINGS...



THAT'S ALL OVER! EXPEDITIONS AND ALL THE REST... I'M THROUGH WITH ALL THAT NOW!

WHAT HAS BECOME OF YOU, THEN?

I'M A GOOD CITIZEN OF RU, LIKE THE OTHERS. THAT'S WHAT I'VE BECOME...

TO BE CONTINUED...

"Señor, there's only one way to order tequila."

Ask Two Fingers what was the best tequila.

He was known not to say a word. He'd just hold up two fingers.

That was mighty strange behavior for a tequila man who only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

However, once you got to know him and his Two Fingers Tequila better you understood what he was meaning.

"Stick those two fingers up. You're not going to get some of that dime a dozen stuff!" Two Fingers once hollered at a non-believer in Albuquerque.

The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

At that point Two Fingers would clam up. No one ever

found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

Luckily his tequila lives on. All you have to do is hold up two fingers when you order. You'll get your money's worth.



© 1976. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.

