

December 1977

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HEAVY METAL

The
adult illustrated
fantasy magazine



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THE BIG O CALENDAR WIZARDRY & WILD ROMANCE 1978

Big O brings you Fantastic Art at its very best. Not so much a calendar, more a unique visual experience to illuminate the passage of the year. Rodney Matthews' vivid compelling illustrations inspired by Michael Moorcock's incredible imagery bring you Corum, Elric & Hawkmoon in their eternal struggle against the Lords of Chaos whilst the Ice Spirit and Tanelorn stand serene in their magical landscapes. Sheer wizardry indeed.

The twelve illustrations are taken from the following Moorcock books:

The Sleeping Sorceress: Elric & Moonglum **GA50**, *Phoenix in Obsidian*: The Sea Chariot of Rowenarc **GA80**, *Lord of the Spiders*: The Great Mishassa **GA54**, *The Oak and the Ram*: The People of the Pines **GA78**, *The Champion of Garathorm*: Ilan of Garathorm **GA81**, *The King of the Swords*: Tanelorn **GA77**, *The Shores of Death*: The Twilight Tower **GA55**, *The Jewel in the Skull*: Hawkmoon Defends Castle Brass **GA53**, *Stormbringer*: The Dragon Lord **GA76**, *Masters of the Pit*: The First Masters **GA79**, *The Knight of the Swords*: Corum Escapes **GA51**, *The Ice Schooner*: The Ice Spirit **GA52**.

In each case, Rodney has interpreted a passage from the book which he feels captures the essence of Michael Moorcock's imagery. And for those Moorcock freaks who can't get enough of the stuff, we've included a current bibliography of the Master's work.

Wizardry & Wild Romance 1978 is printed in full color on fine artboard and we present it to you at a cost of \$8.95 in the shops, or \$9.50 (inc P&P) direct from Big O.



Each month's illustration is also available as a beautiful full color poster (70 x 100cm) printed on heavy art paper and available in your local record, book or gift shop at \$3.50 or \$4.00 (inc P&P) from Big O. Titles and ref. nos. given above. Six of these posters have been on sale since last Autumn and now we complete the Wizardry series in grand style with six more of the best. **Don't miss them!**

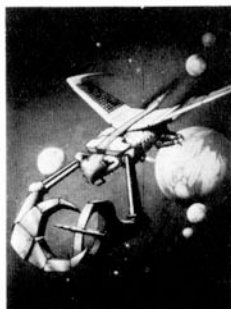


GA81
ILAN OF GARATHORM



GA76 THE DRAGON LORD

RODNEY MATTHEWS POSTERS



GA62 SPACE HIJACK

The Wizardry series are not the only Rodney Matthews posters in our collection. There are other earlier Greats from the brush of El Magnifico and some new ones too. Recently published are GA56 Yellow



GA63 ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE

Bird is Dead, GA62 Space Hijack (shown here), GA63 Another Time Another Place (shown here), GA70 Out of an Amber Sky, GA71 Arrival of the Fire Clown, GA72 Mongrove, GA73 Venus Cruiser, GA74 Vortex, GA75 Lord Jagged of Canaria. The golden oldies are GA30 Last Armada, GA31 In Search

of Forever, GA32 Time for Revenge, GA33 The Leavetaking, GA34 Contemplation, GA35 Forest Reckoning, GA36 Warriors from the Sky, GA37 Twelve Towers at Dawn. Besiege your local store for any one of them at \$3.50 or get them from us at \$4.00 (inc P&P).



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VIEWS

If you've not yet heard of Roger Dean's book **Views**, the best advice we can give is to beat a path down the mountainside to your nearest stockist, thrust \$10.95 into his hands and see what all the fuss is about. Or we'll be pleased to send you a copy direct at \$11.50 (inc P&P).

ROGER DEAN POSTERS

Big O publishes many of Roger Dean's album cover designs as beautiful color posters and we have recently put four new posters of his into the shops. The new titles are: GA57 Dragon & Tree, GA58 Budgie, GA60 Greenslade, GA61 Greenslade - Sea (shown here). Other best-selling Dean posters available are: GA1 Osibisa, GA2 Osibisa Woyaya, GA3 Zcarab, GA4 Zcarab Landing, GA5 Paladin Charge, GA6 Uriah Heep, GA9 Badger, GA10 Yessongs-Pathway, GA11 Yessongs-Awakening, GA12 Topographic Oceans, GA13 Yessongs-Escape, GA14 Yessongs-Arrival, GA15 Blue Demon, GA16 Bedside Manners, GA17 Relayer, GA18 Yesterdays, GA19 Close to the Edge, GA25 Virgin Label, GA26 McKendree Spring, GA27 Green Castle, B132 Yes Logo.



GA61 GREENSLADE SEA

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Front cover by **Jean Solé**

Back cover by **Howard Chaykin**

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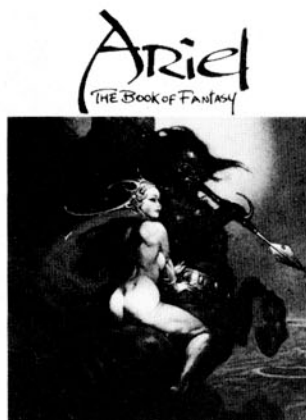
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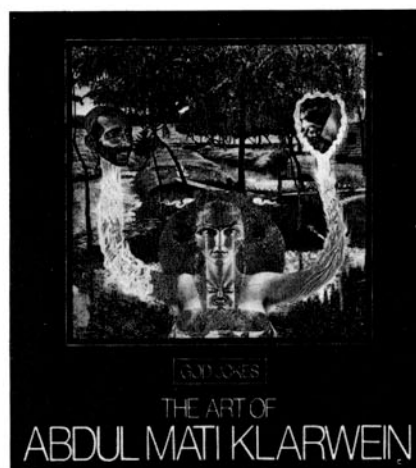
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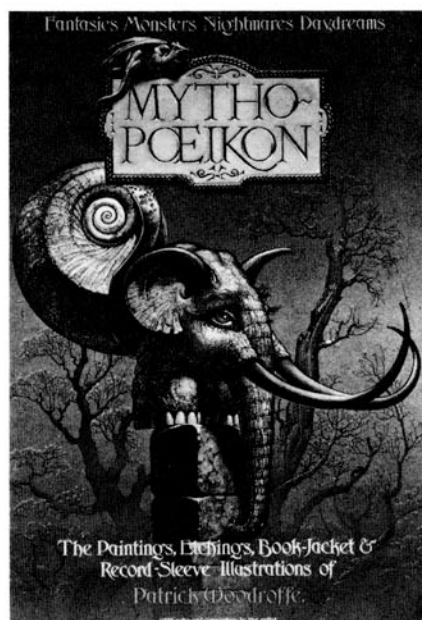
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OOMMM

... REGARDLESS ...

"Vuzz," 60 pgs of which here appear, was originally published in 9 parts in 9 issues by our French friends at *Metal Hurlant*. We, however, are giving it to you straight. Editor Marchant, a somewhat reserved customer, was heard to observe in mid-translation, re Druillet, "This guy has *some* imagination!" Well, that's the truth.

So does American heterosexual artist H. Chaykin, whose works grace our back cover and 4 pages within, and who does not live in Chicago, have one.

An imagination, that is.

Steven Spielberg imagined *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, which even now is playing down the street and giving aid and comfort to those who imagined that there has to be *something* out there. The chapter from his book of his movie we print here does not give away the plot.

This slightly festive and slightly fatter edition of *HM* will, the computer in the basement predicts, sell $\frac{1}{4}$ million copies. Imagine that.

But then, we can't imagine how much we can't imagine . . .

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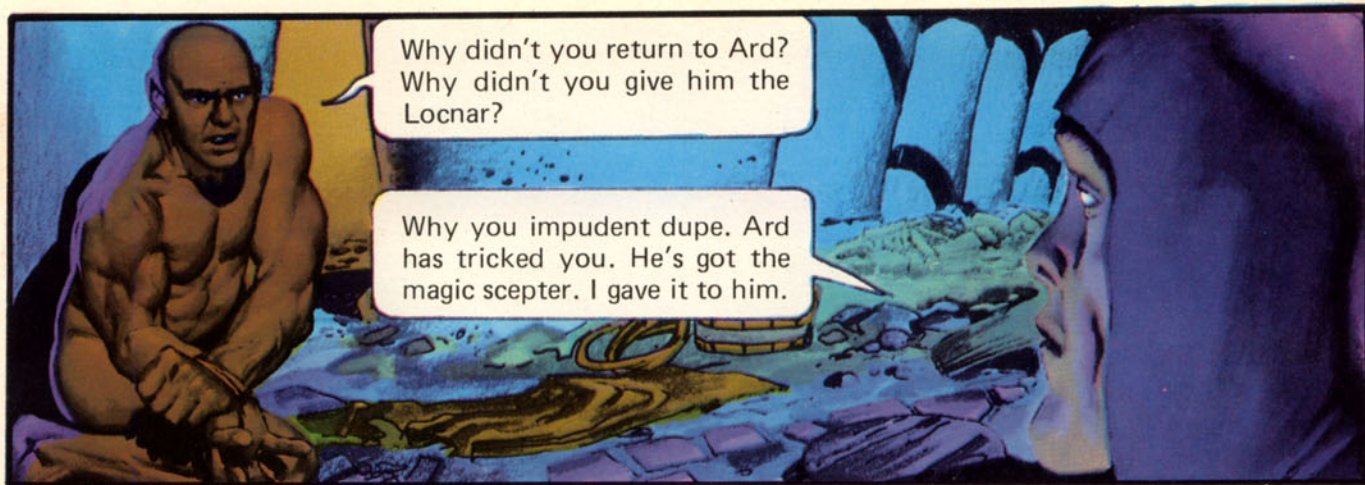
DEN

There was a subconscious memory revealed to me within the dream. My uncle Dan had come to this world, Neverwhere, before me. He had become Den and had many adventures here but was finally killed by treachery. Somehow I was reincarnated as Den when I arrived in this universe. I feel compelled to discover his full story, but first I must disentangle myself and my beloved Kath from Ard's entwining tentacles. Slowly the veil of drugged sleep dissolved.

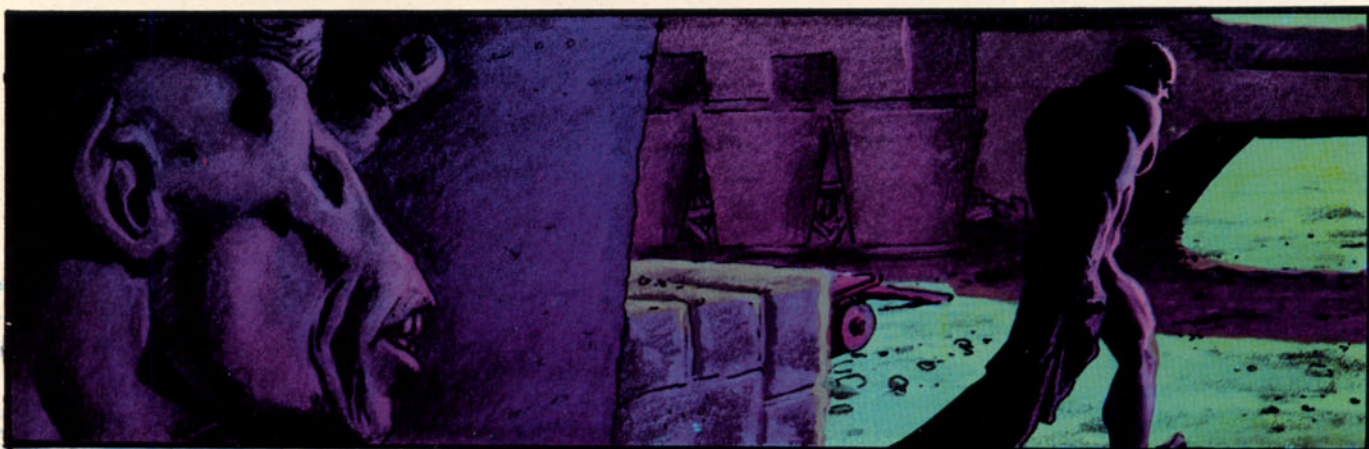
Wake up
Den.



Kang!





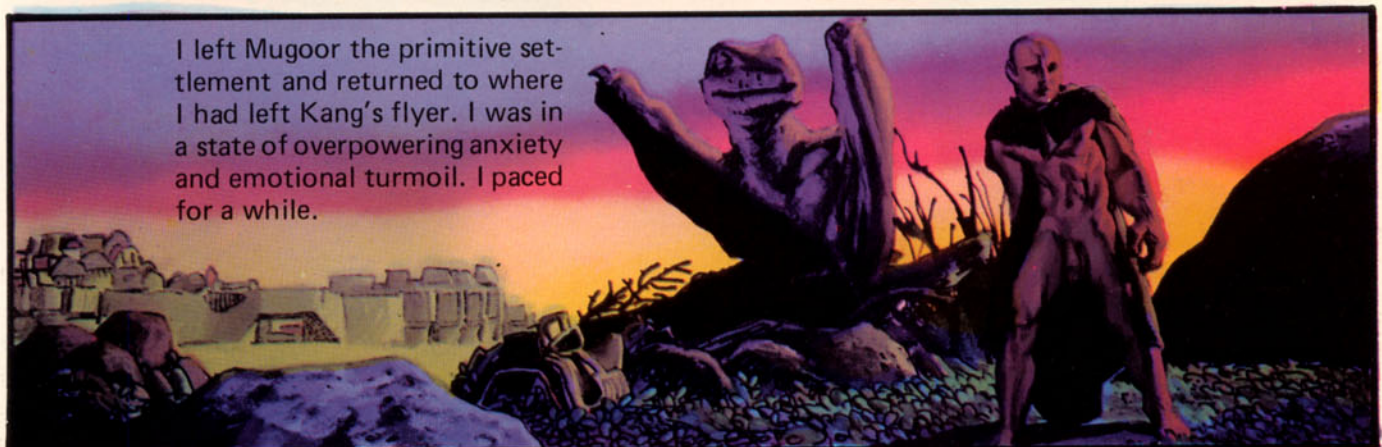




Sorry, Den.
I need
the Locnar.



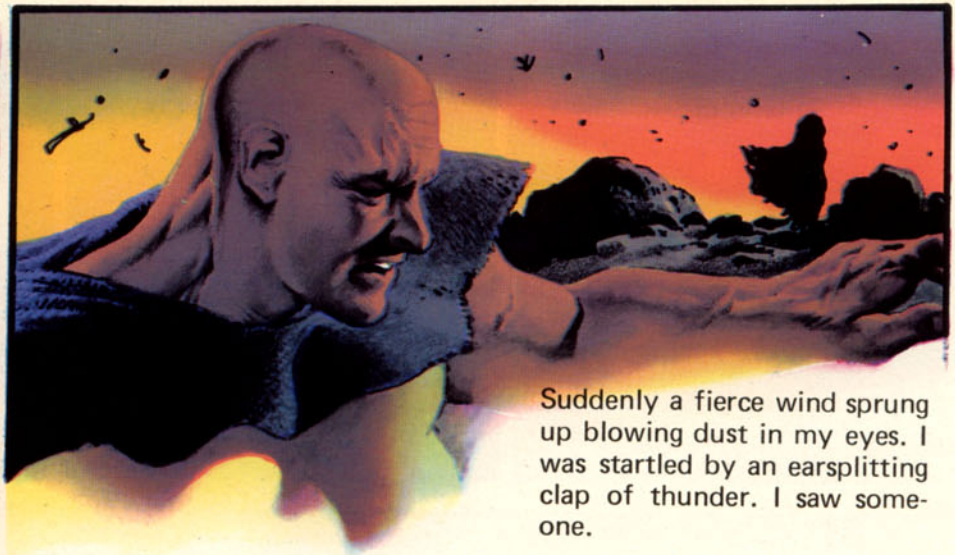
Oh dark forces, harken to my
command! Through this de-
mon scepter, send my voice to
the necromancer Ard.



I left Mugoor the primitive set-
tlement and returned to where
I had left Kang's flyer. I was in
a state of overpowering anxiety
and emotional turmoil. I paced
for a while.



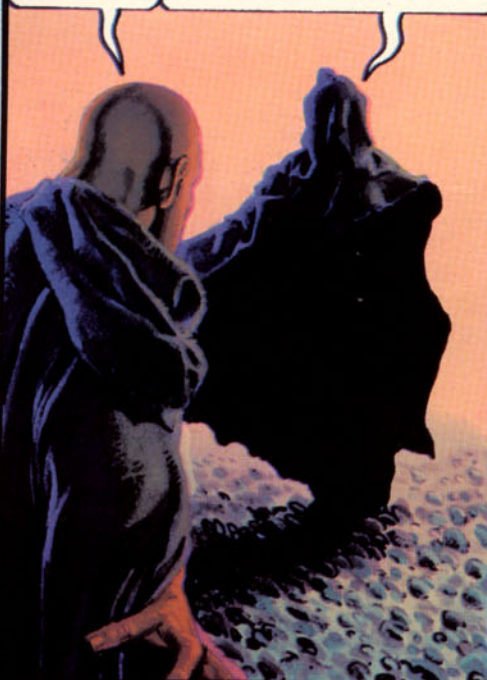
UNCLE DAN, HELP
ME! How can I save
Kath?



Suddenly a fierce wind sprung
up blowing dust in my eyes. I
was startled by an earsplitting
clap of thunder. I saw some-
one.

Who are
you?

I am the one upon
whom you called.



You must decide your own
course of action. I can advise
you about only one thing. Do
not trust Ard. Do not trust
Kang. Do not trust Gel nor the
Queen.



UNCLE DAN!
... er...
Den!





WUOLWA

BROMP!



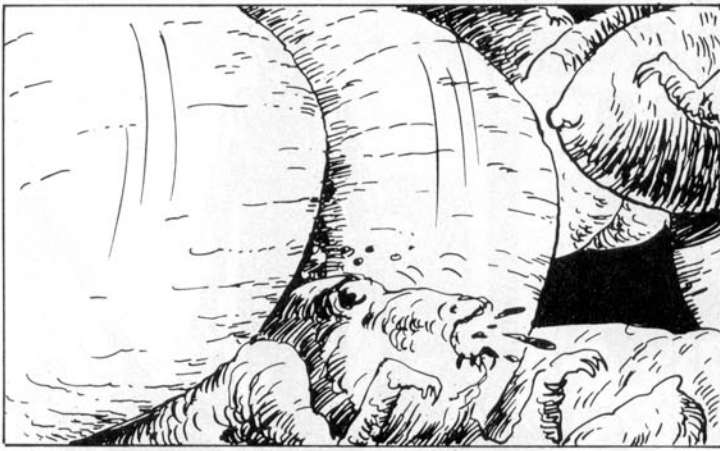
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VUZZZ
CHAPTER 1



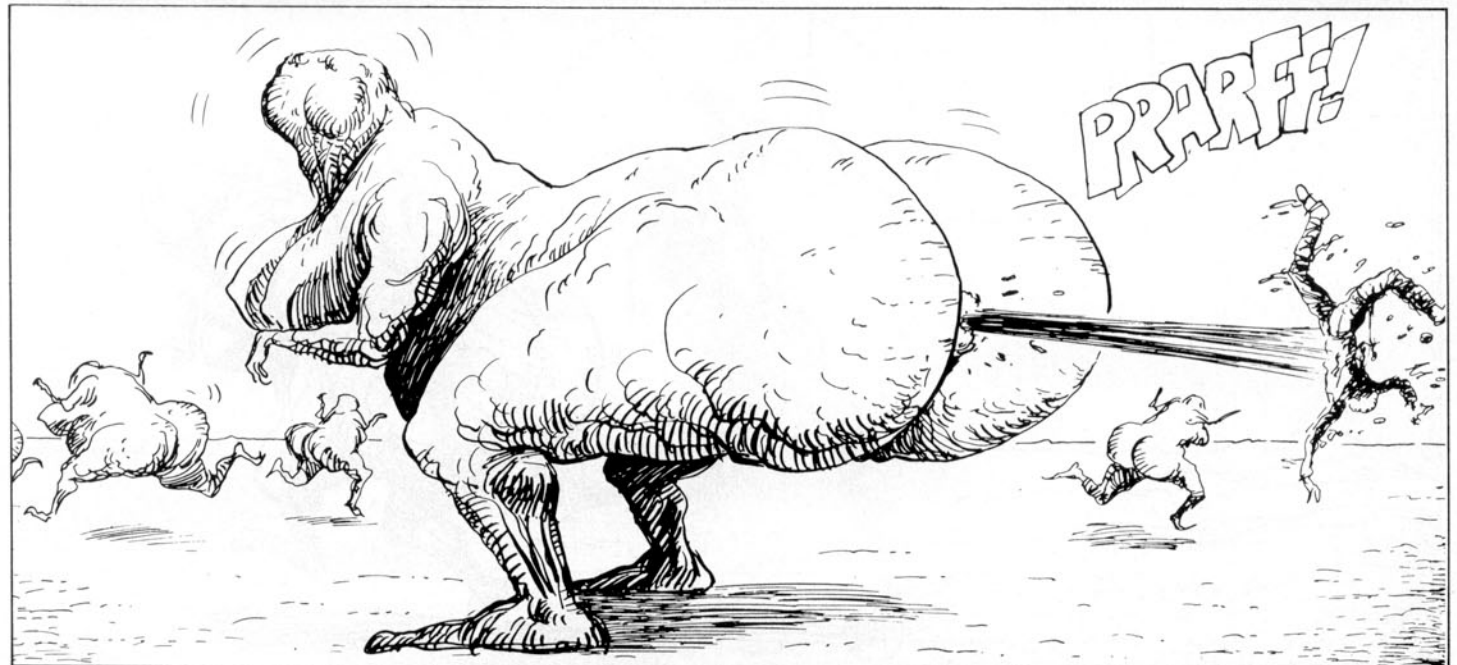
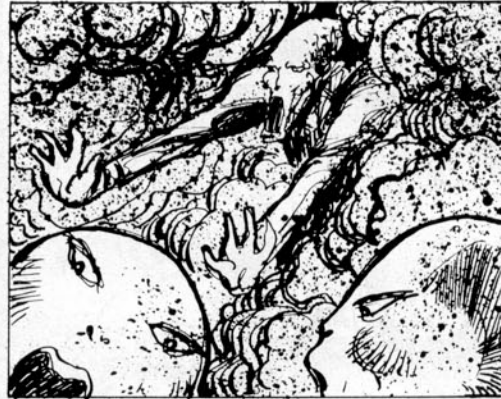


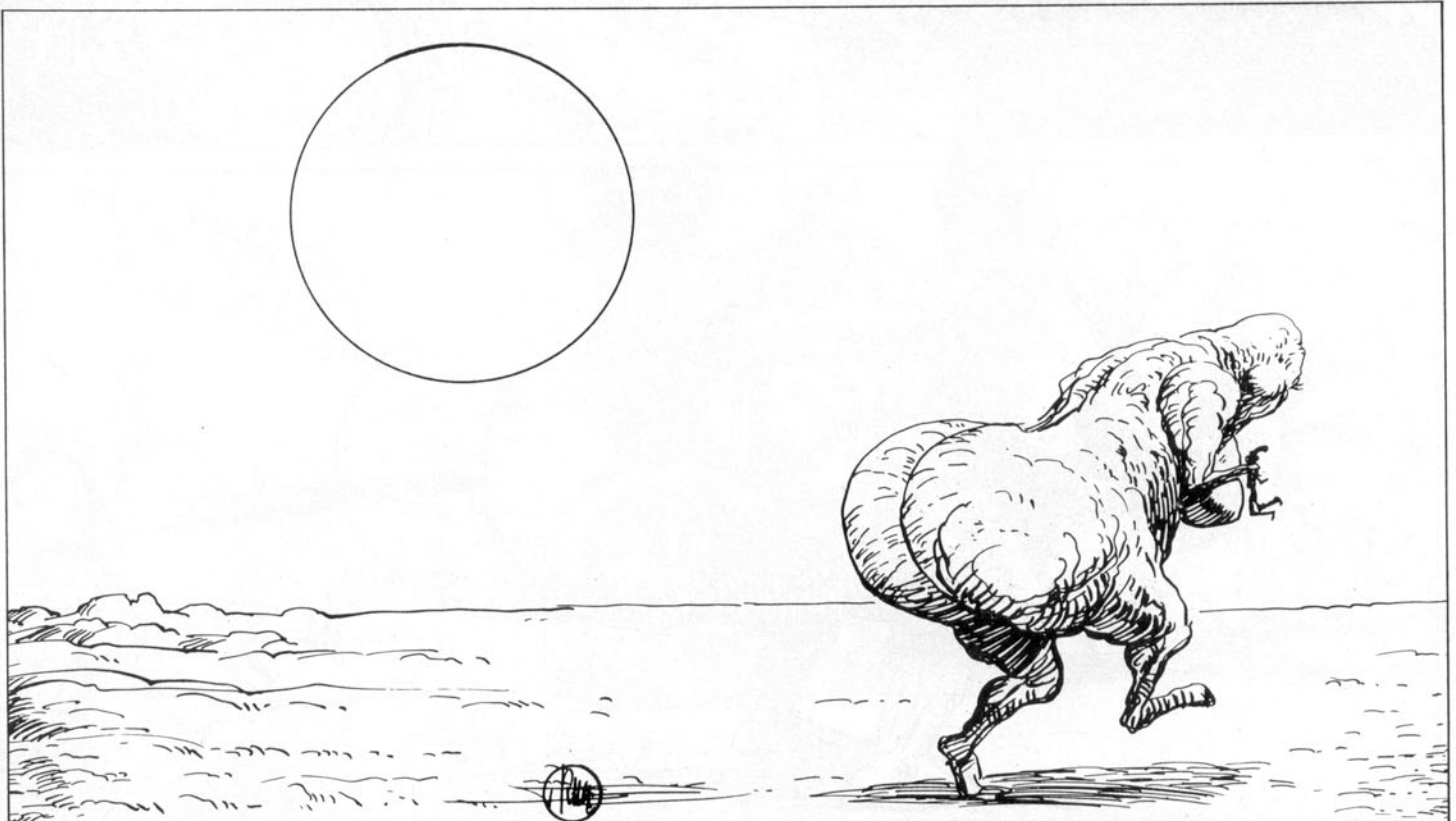












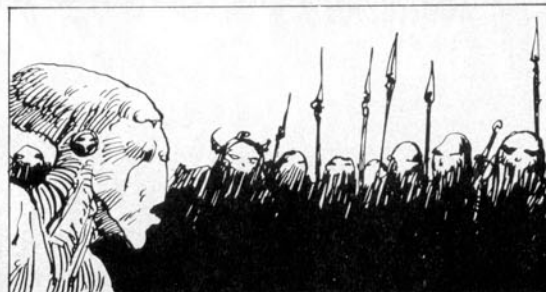
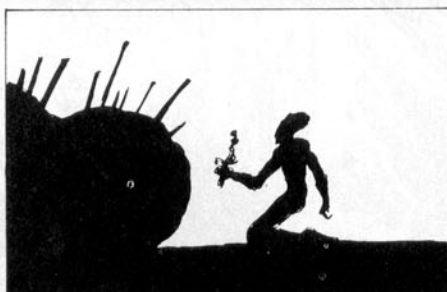
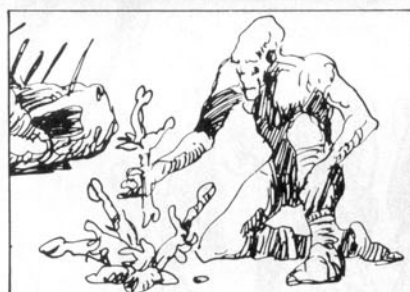


by DRUILLET
TUZZZ
CHAPTER 2

LITTLE TOY!





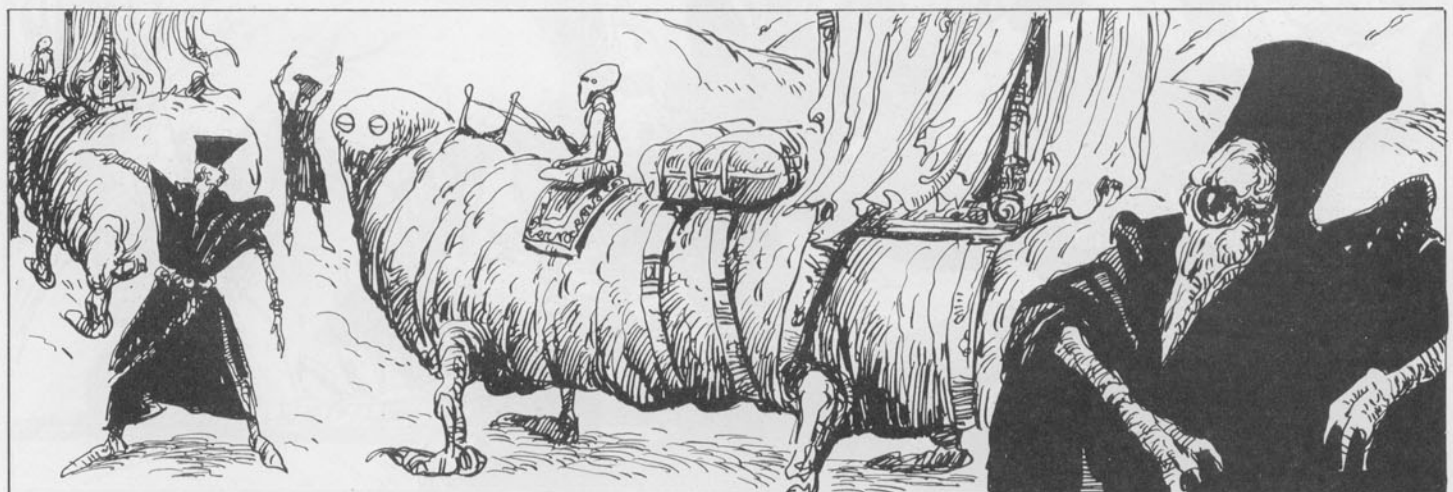
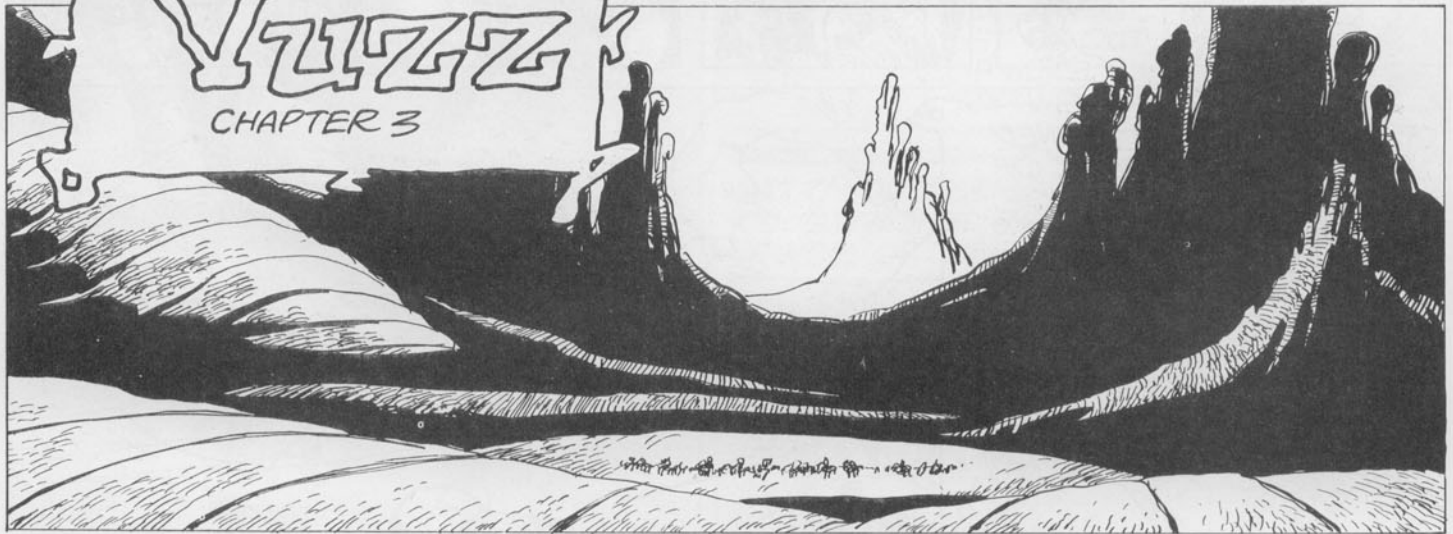




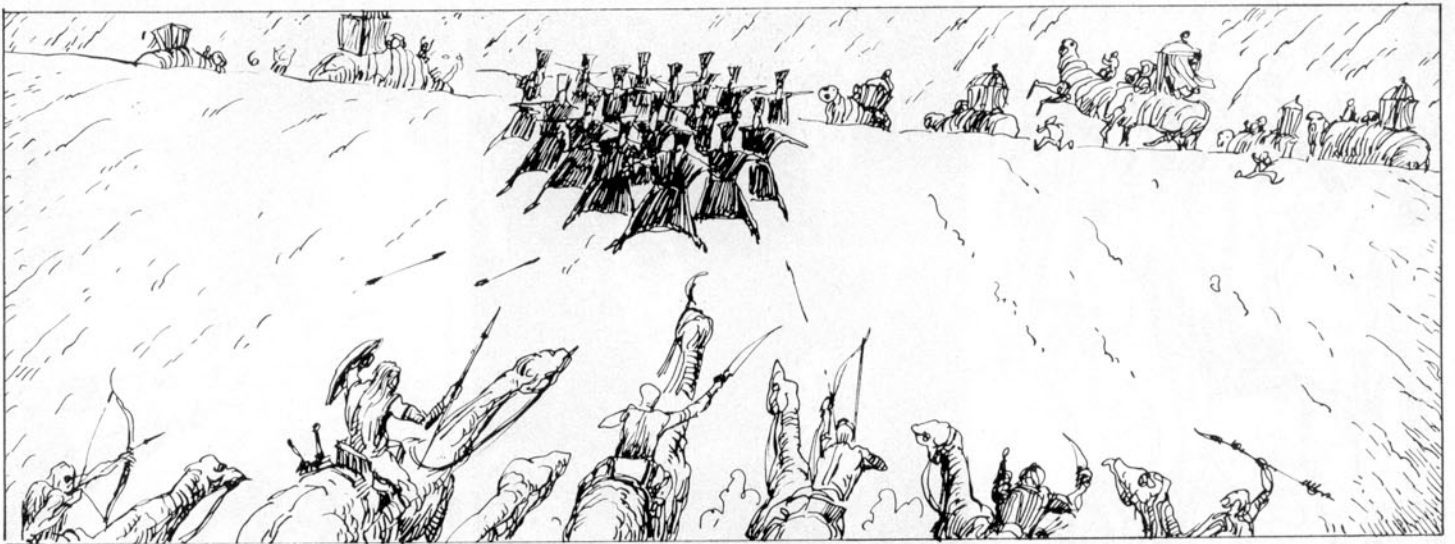


AND SO VUZZ JOINED THE RABID PACK OF TRIANDS. A LIFE OF PILLAGE, COMBAT, AND FEASTING BEGAN FOR HIM. VERY QUICKLY, HE BECAME FAMOUS AND FEARED THROUGHOUT THE REGION OF THE RED DESERT BORDERED BY THE VAST FOREST. AND ONE DAY WAS VERY MUCH LIKE THE NEXT...

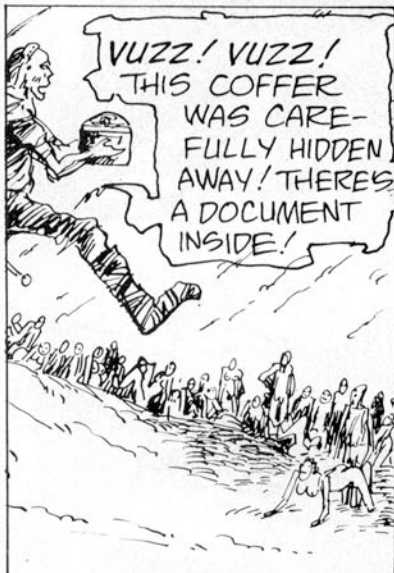














THE DAYS PASSED. MOUNTAINS TOOK THE PLACE OF DESERTS, DESERTS OF OCEANS, OCEANS OF FORESTS, AND ONE DAY, AS THE SUN WAS SETTING...



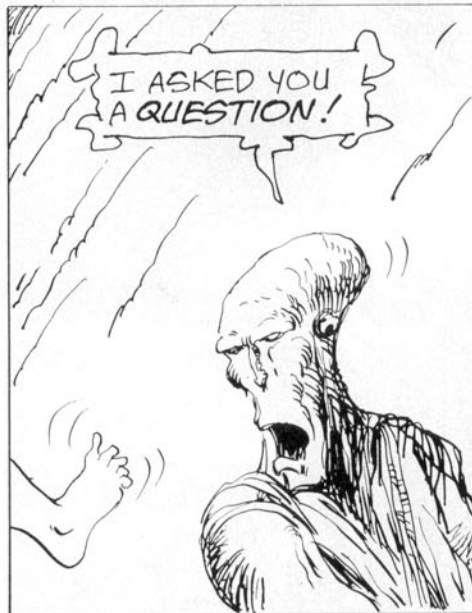
TUZZZ

by DRUILLET

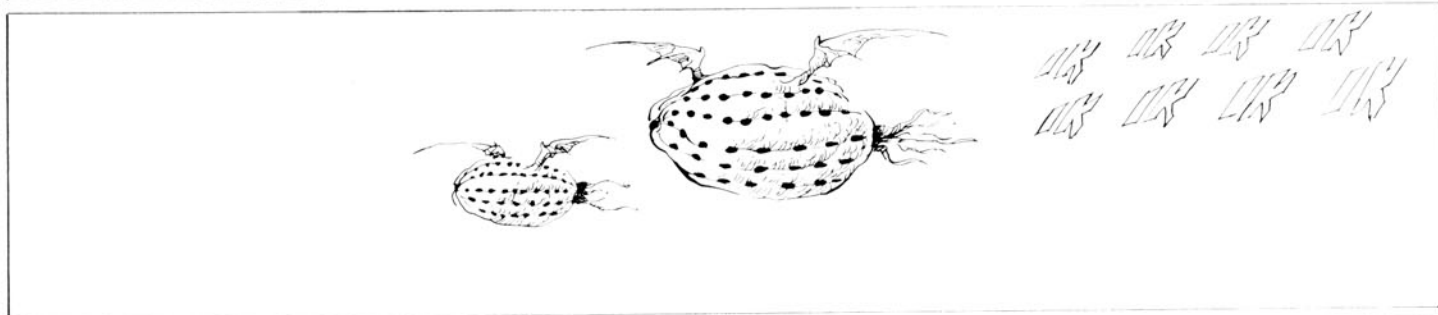
CHAPTER 4

THE SLEEPER MOUNTAINS HAVE NEVER BEEN CROSSED--THE TEMPLE IS IN THE CENTER.









LET'S CLIMB UP TO THE **SUMMIT**.
WE CAN SEE WHERE THE SEA IS
FROM THERE, AND THEN WE CAN
AT LEAST TRY TO WALK IN THAT
DIRECTION!



I CAN'T GO ON
MUCH LONGER.
I'M LOSING MY
GRIP!

AND IT'S
AWFUL **COLD!**

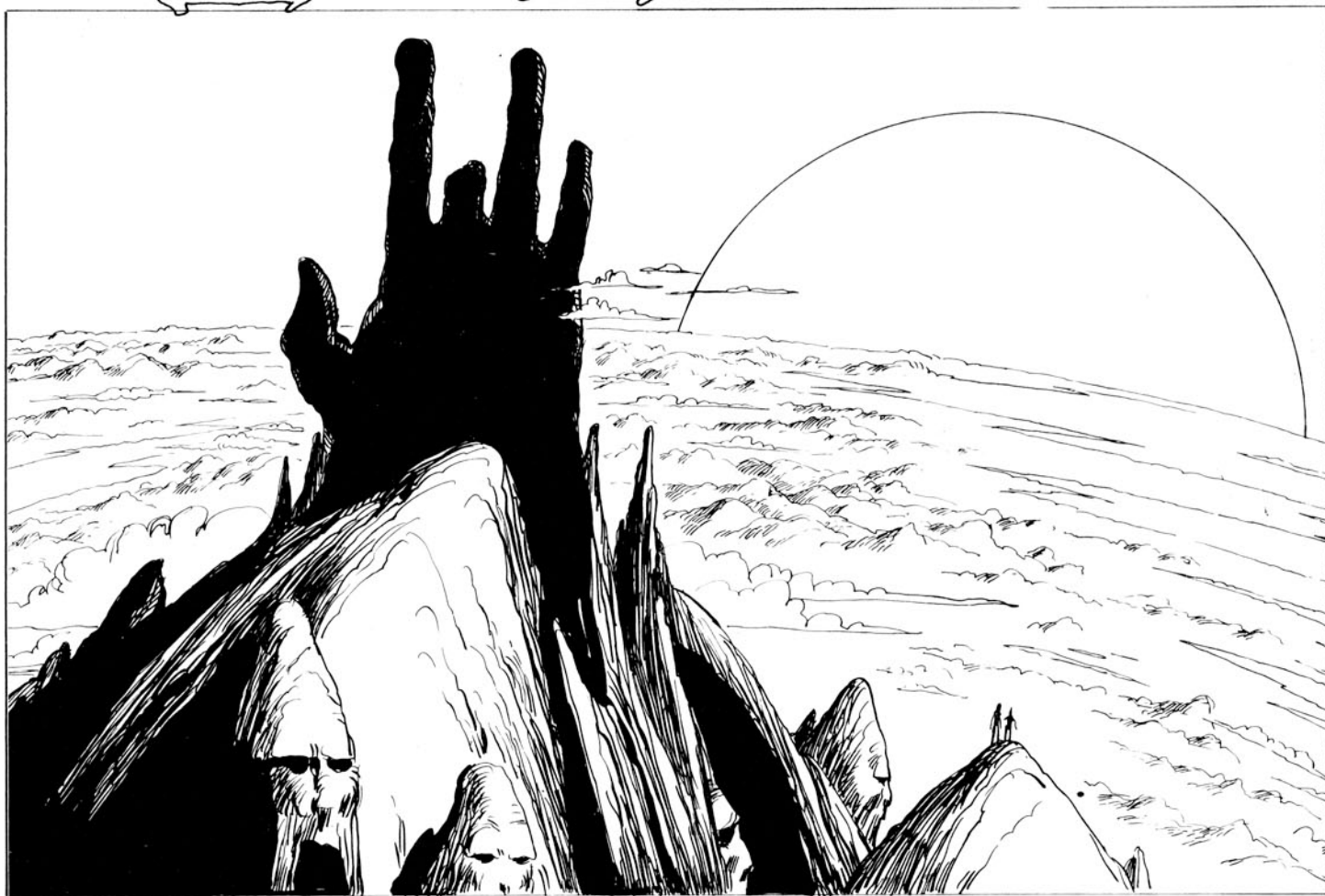
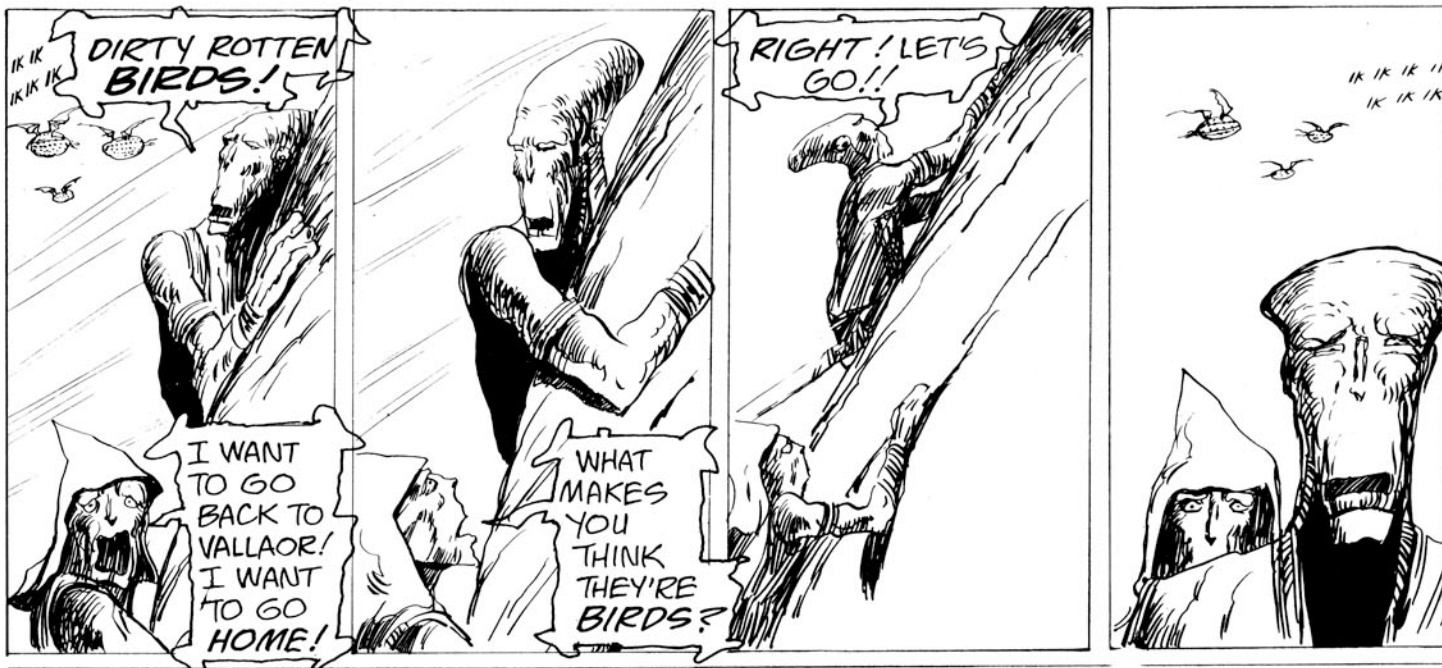


THE COLD COMES
FROM THEIR
MOUTHS!



AAAAH! **HELP,**
UUZZ!





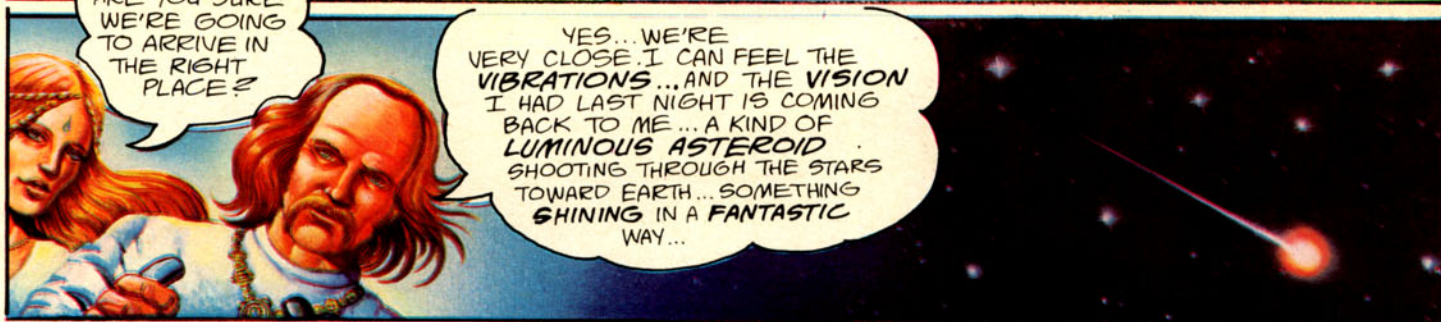
TELEFIELD

by SERGIO MACEDO



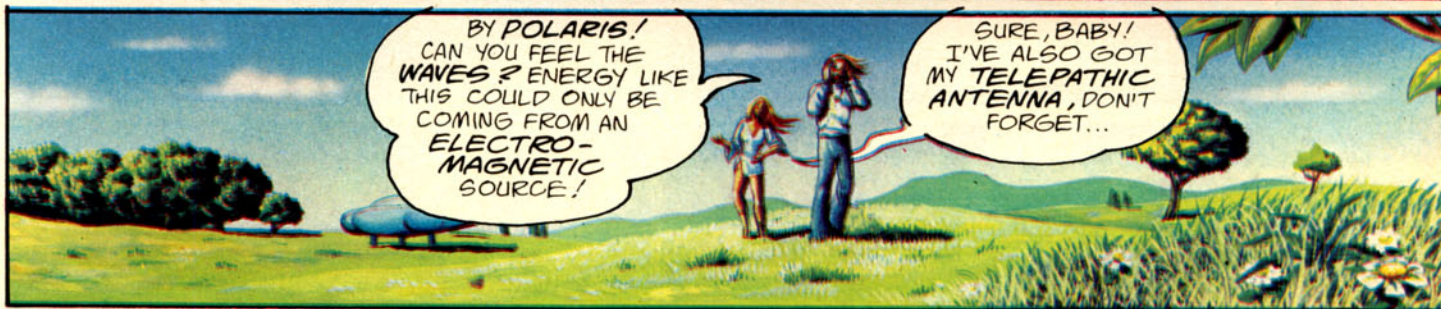
CEDRYLL,
ARE YOU SURE
WE'RE GOING
TO ARRIVE IN
THE RIGHT
PLACE?

YES... WE'RE
VERY CLOSE. I CAN FEEL THE
VIBRATIONS... AND THE **VISION**
I HAD LAST NIGHT IS COMING
BACK TO ME... A KIND OF
LUMINOUS ASTEROID
SHOOTING THROUGH THE STARS
TOWARD EARTH... SOMETHING
SHINING IN A **FANTASTIC**
WAY...



BY **POLARIS!**
CAN YOU FEEL THE
WAVES? ENERGY LIKE
THIS COULD ONLY BE
COMING FROM AN
**ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC**
SOURCE!

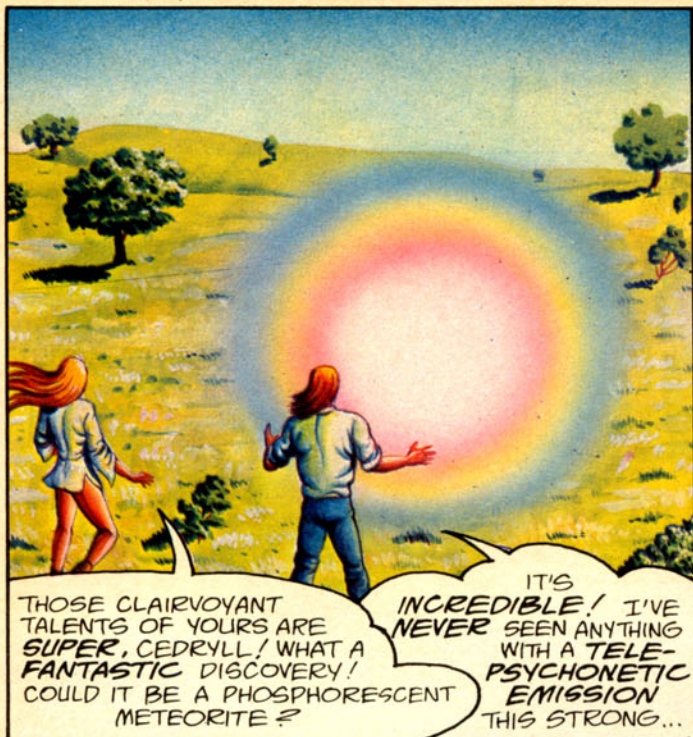
SURE, BABY!
I'VE ALSO GOT
MY **TELEPATHIC**
ANTENNA, DON'T
FORGET...



FAR
OUT...

OH!





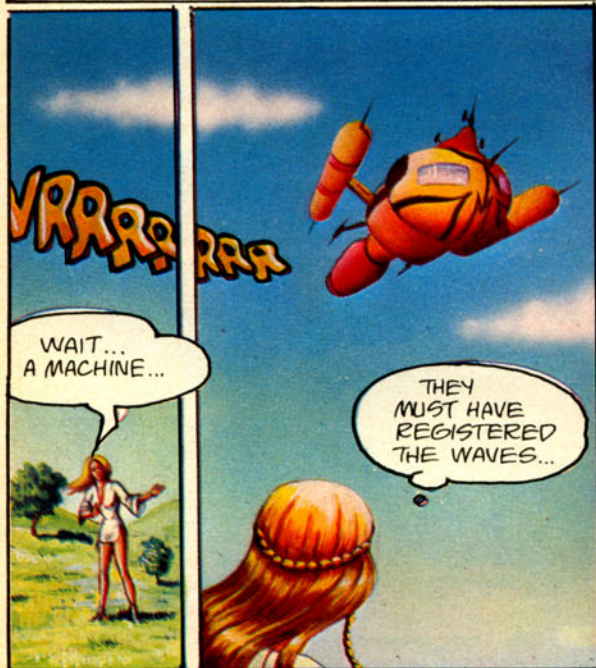
THOSE CLAIRVOYANT TALENTS OF YOURS ARE SUPER, CEDRYLL! WHAT A FANTASTIC DISCOVERY! COULD IT BE A PHOSPHORESCENT METEORITE?

IT'S INCREDIBLE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING WITH A TELE-PSYCHONETIC EMISSION THIS STRONG...

THAT CAME FROM ANOTHER GALAXY, MAYBE FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE. IT'S UP TO US TO DISCOVER WHAT'S GOING ON. I'M GOING BACK TO THE AEROCAR TO GET THE EQUIPMENT FOR CHECKING THE PRESENCE OF RADIO-ACTIVE ELEMENTS. BE CAREFUL!



WHAT TOTAL PEACE I FEEL LOOKING AT THIS LIGHT...



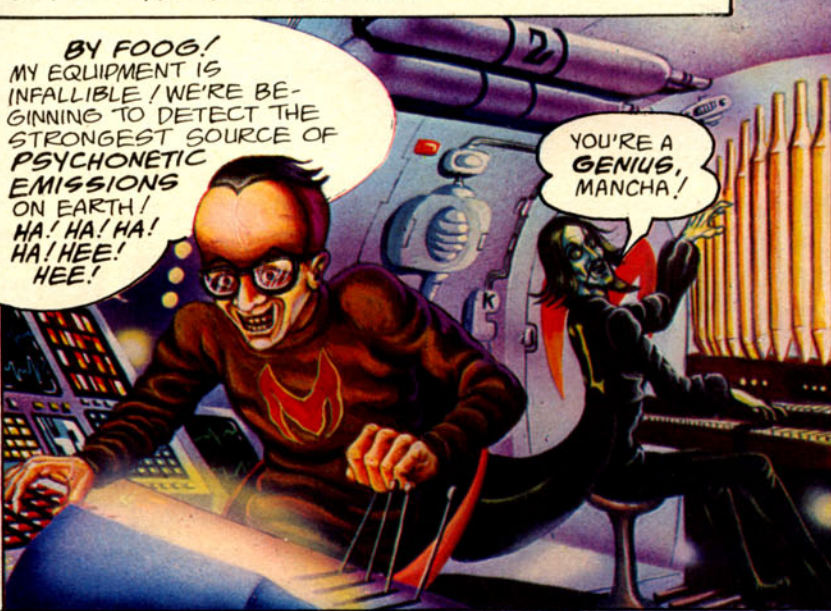
WAIT... A MACHINE...

THEY MUST HAVE REGISTERED THE WAVES...

IT'S THE DIABOLICAL MACHINE OF DR. MANCHA AND HIS SIDEKICK, EL CONDO LOCO.

BY FOOG! MY EQUIPMENT IS INFALLIBLE! WE'RE BEGINNING TO DETECT THE STRONGEST SOURCE OF PSYCHONETIC EMISSIONS ON EARTH! HA! HA! HA! HA! HEE! HEE!

YOU'RE A GENIUS, MANCHA!



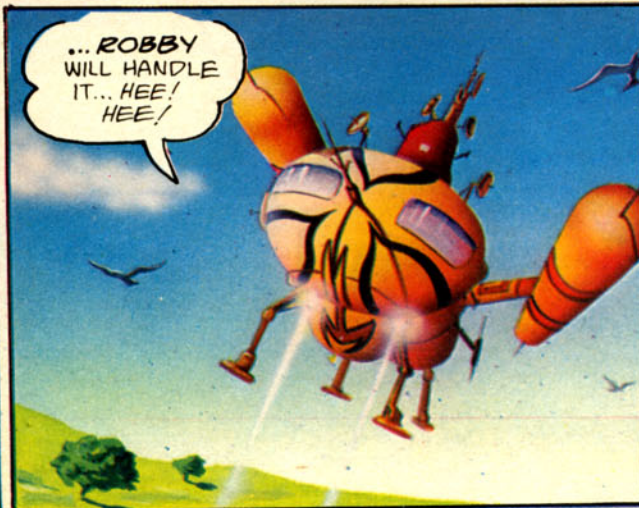
WITH THIS ENERGY I CAN CONSTRUCT MY FINAL PROJECT--THE PSYCHO-BOMB! I'LL BE THE MASTER OF THE EARTH!

AND AS FOR ME, I'LL BUY A CASTLE IN TRANSYLVANIA! HEE! HEE! HEE!

THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THERE!



...ROBBY WILL HANDLE IT... HEE! HEE!





CLICK!

NO ONE MUST KNOW OF OUR DISCOVERY! THIS ENERGY SOURCE BELONGS TO US! GO ON, ROBBY! OBEY YOUR MASTER! BRING ME THE GIRL!



HEY... THAT'S STRANGE...



BIZARRE... WHAT KIND OF GUY...

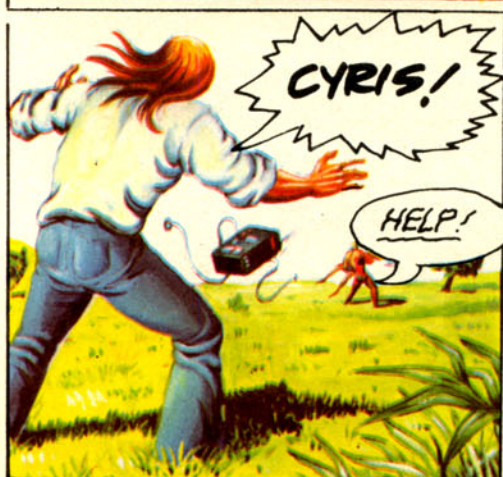


NO, IT CAN'T BE! IT'S A ROBOT!



CHARGE, ROBBY! GET HER!

AAAAH!



CYRIS!

HELP!

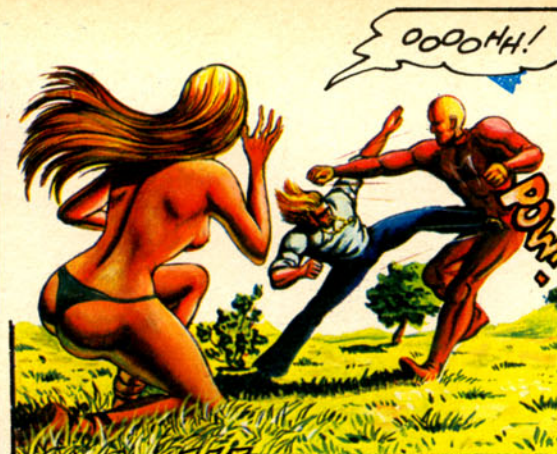
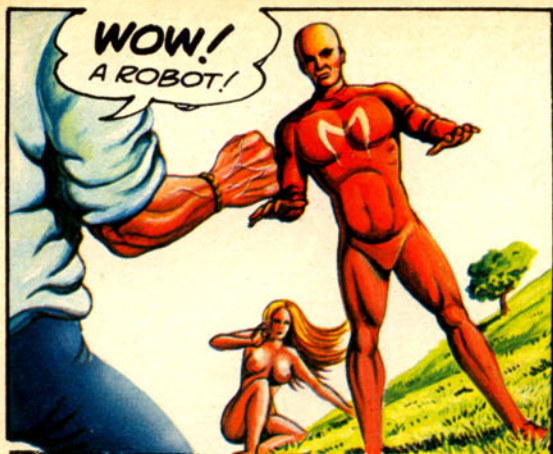


LET GO!



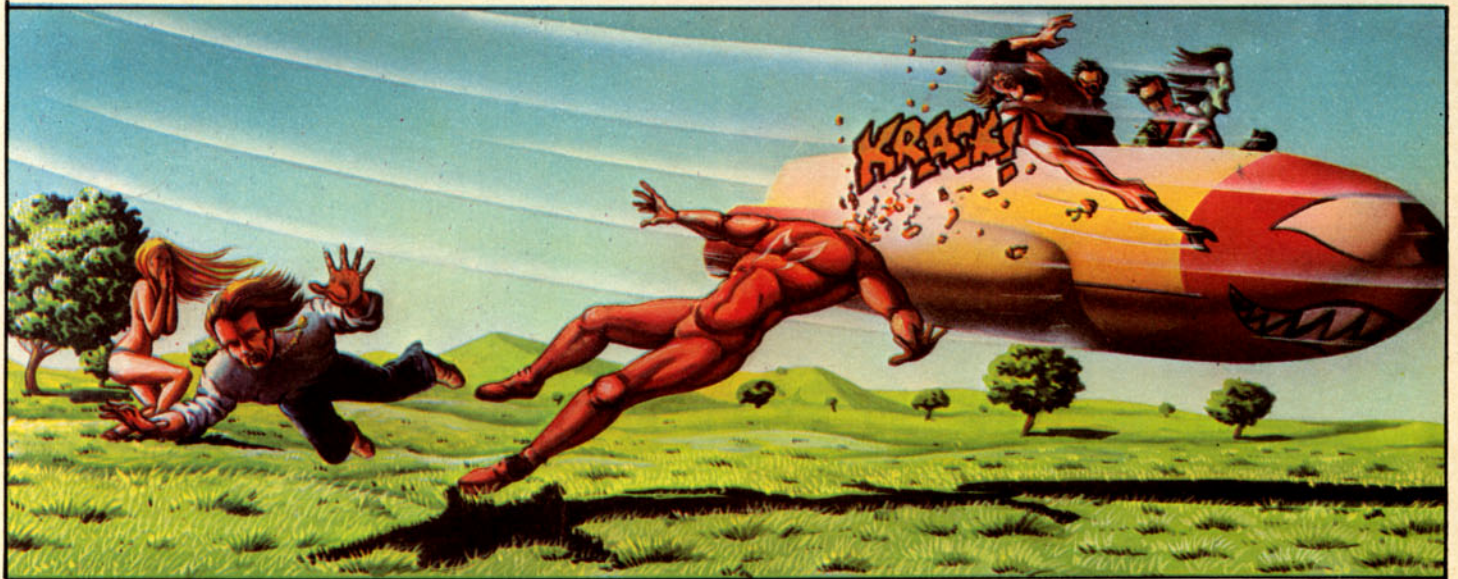
KRAAAK!

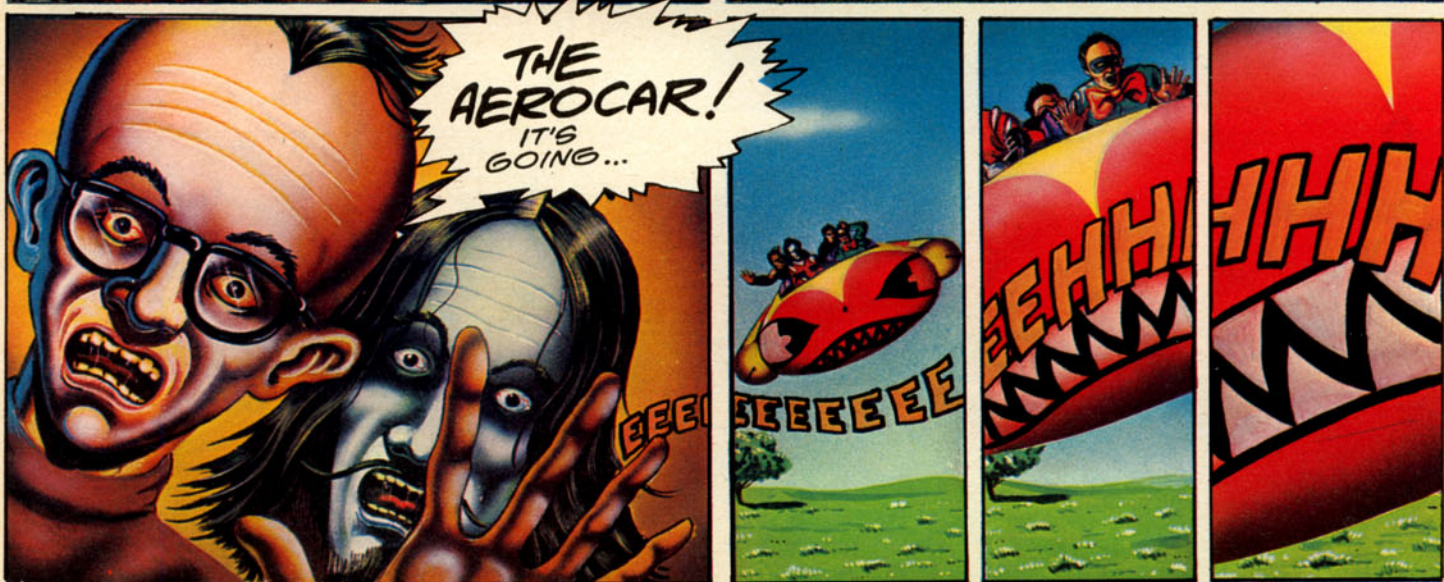
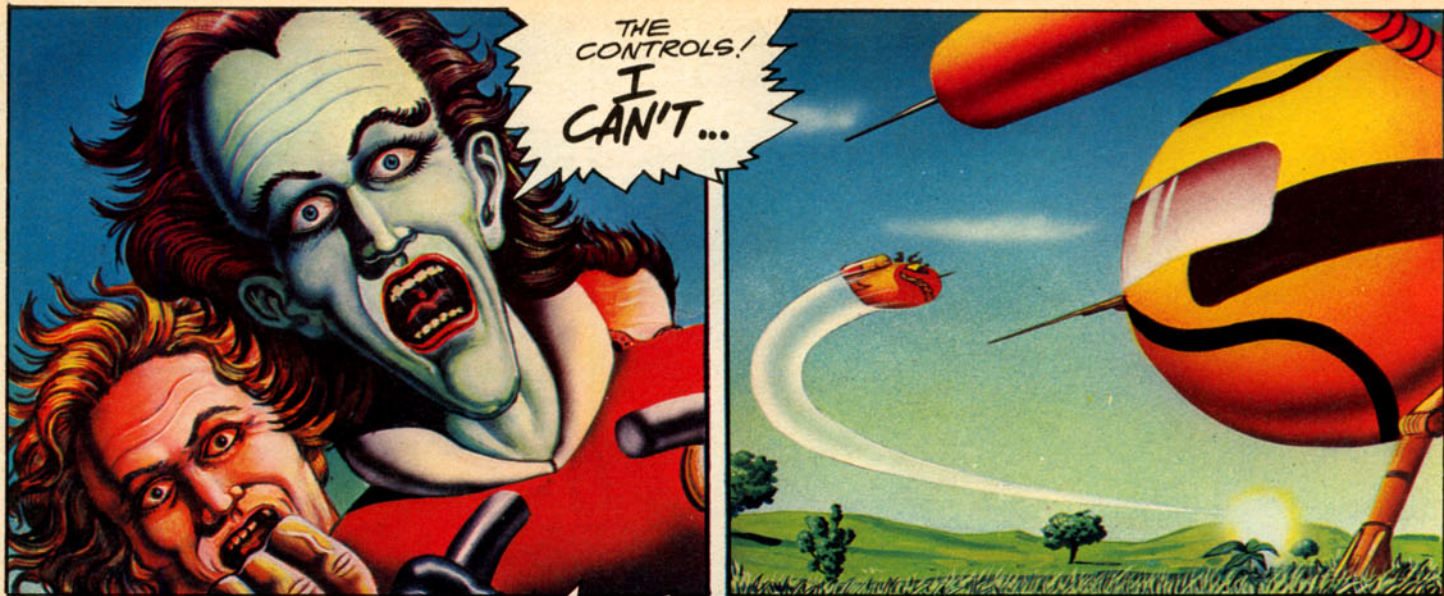
SMACK!

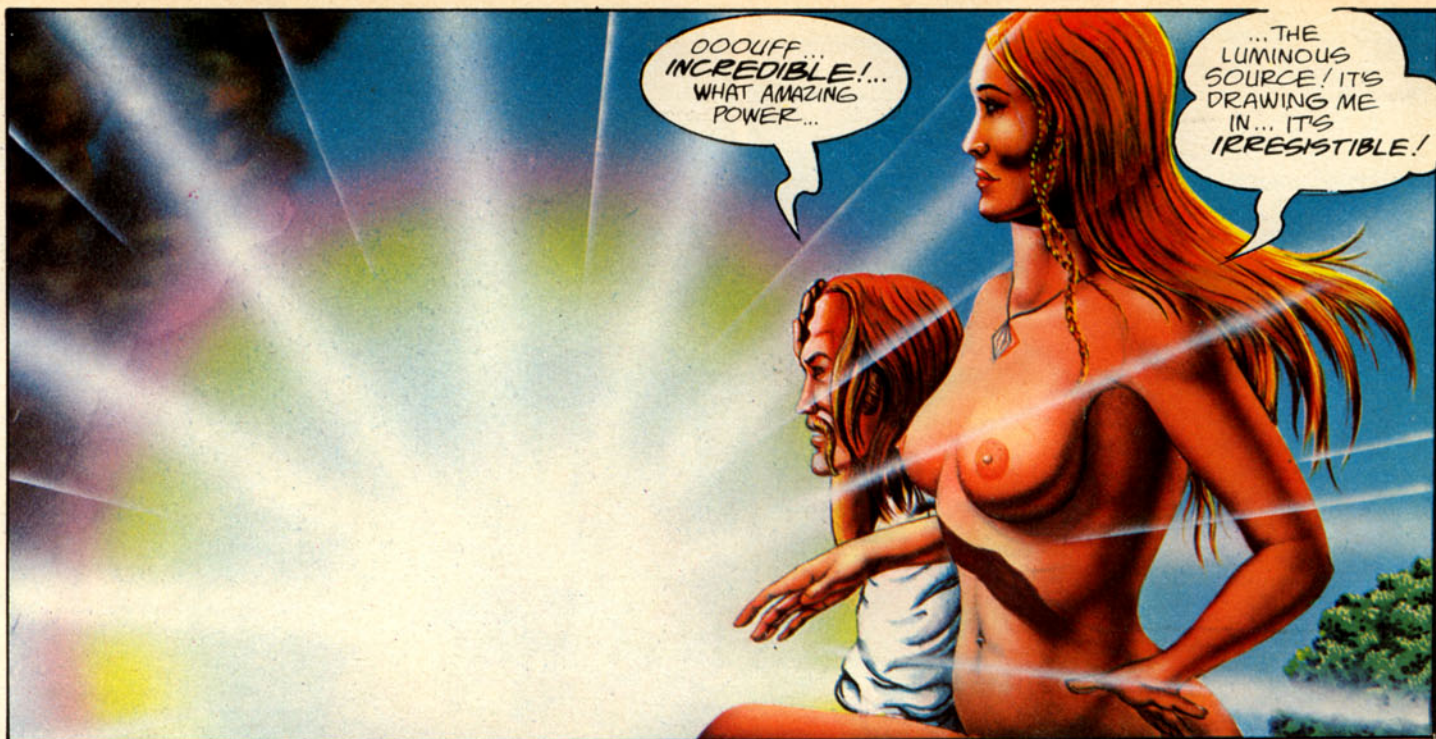


IT'S HERMANOS DIABLO'S GANG--THOSE FABULOUS SWEETIES FROM METROPOLIS 5...









OOOUFF...
INCREDIBLE!...
WHAT AMAZING
POWER...

...THE
LUMINOUS
SOURCE! IT'S
DRAWING ME
IN... IT'S
IRRESISTIBLE!



THIS LUMINOUS
ENERGY GENERATES
A SORT OF **TELEPATHIC**
FIELD! IT'S TRYING TO
COMMUNICATE
WITH US!...

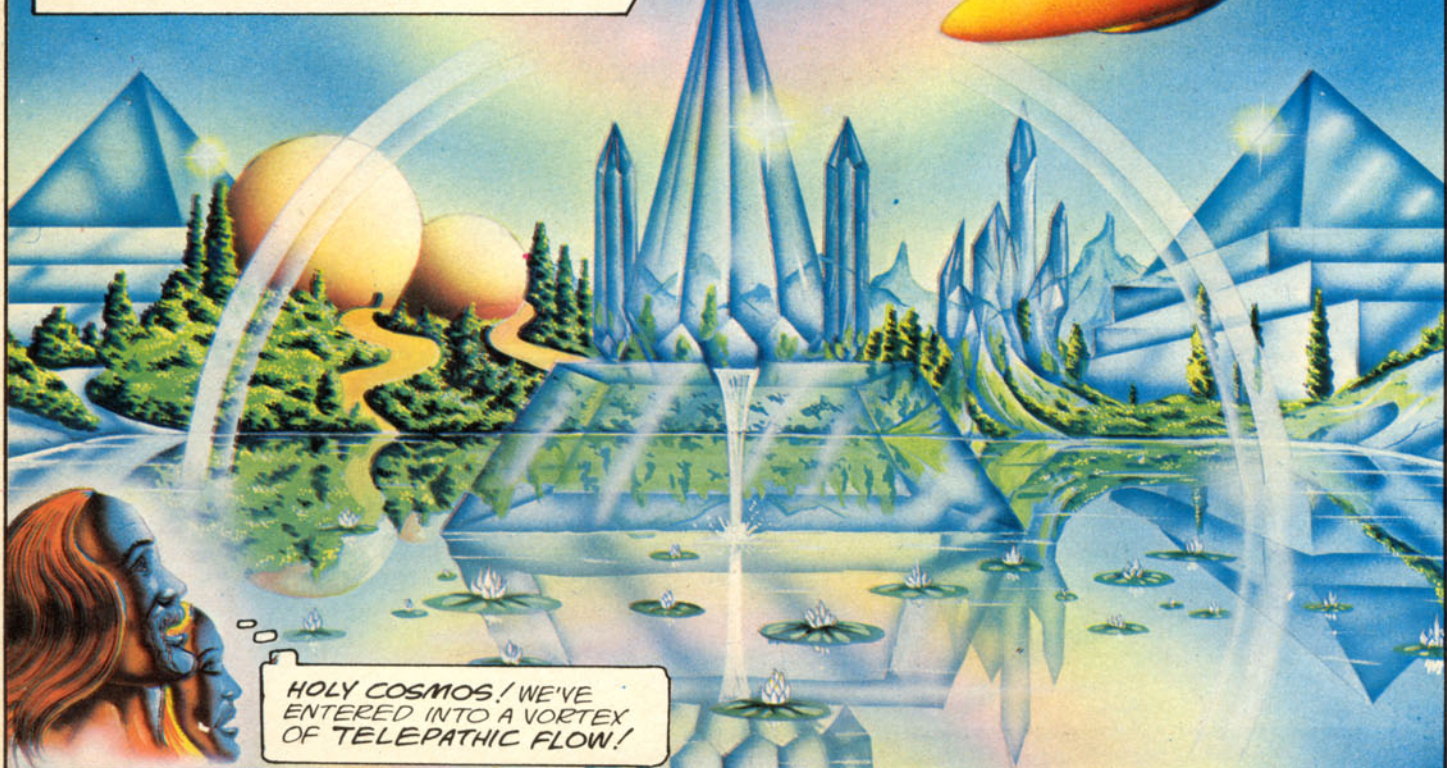
WOW!
THE VIBRATIONS!
BEAUTIFUL!

THE LUMINOUS SOURCE
EXPLODES INTO A VAST
INTERDIMENSIONAL VORTEX...



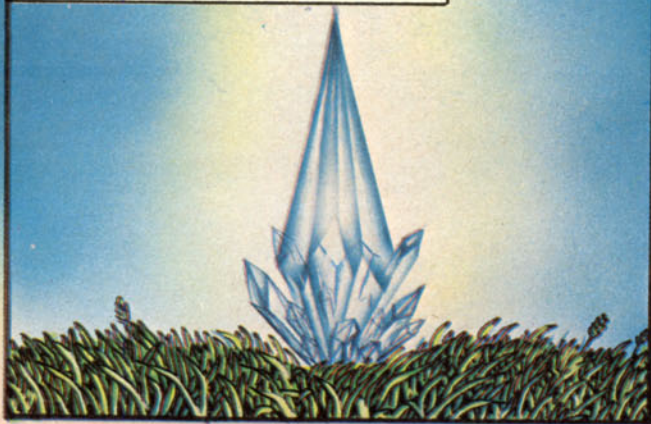
OOOMMM...

IMMEDIATE CONTACT WITH CIRCUITS OF
PLAN 13! INTERDIMENSIONAL FLOW CONVERTED
BY ENERGY BEAMS FROM GALAXY 8,630!
DIRECT ACCESS TO THE FIRST CRYSTAL
FORMS! WE--THE BEINGS OF PLAN 482--
HAVE SENT AN EMBRYONIC FLOWER
CRYSTAL TO YOUR PLANET!



HOLY COSMOS! WE'VE
ENTERED INTO A VORTEX
OF TELEPATHIC FLOW!

THIS FLOWER HAS THE
POWER TO CREATE AN
ENERGY FIELD AROUND ITSELF
WHICH UNFOLDS IN ALL HUMANS
PSYCHIC FACULTIES, AND
ALLOWS THEM TO RAISE THEIR
LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS...



GUARD IT CAREFULLY NEXT TO YOUR
HEART, WHERE ITS POWER WILL MOST
HARMONIOUSLY AND EFFECTIVELY
STIMULATE YOUR
EVOLUTION...

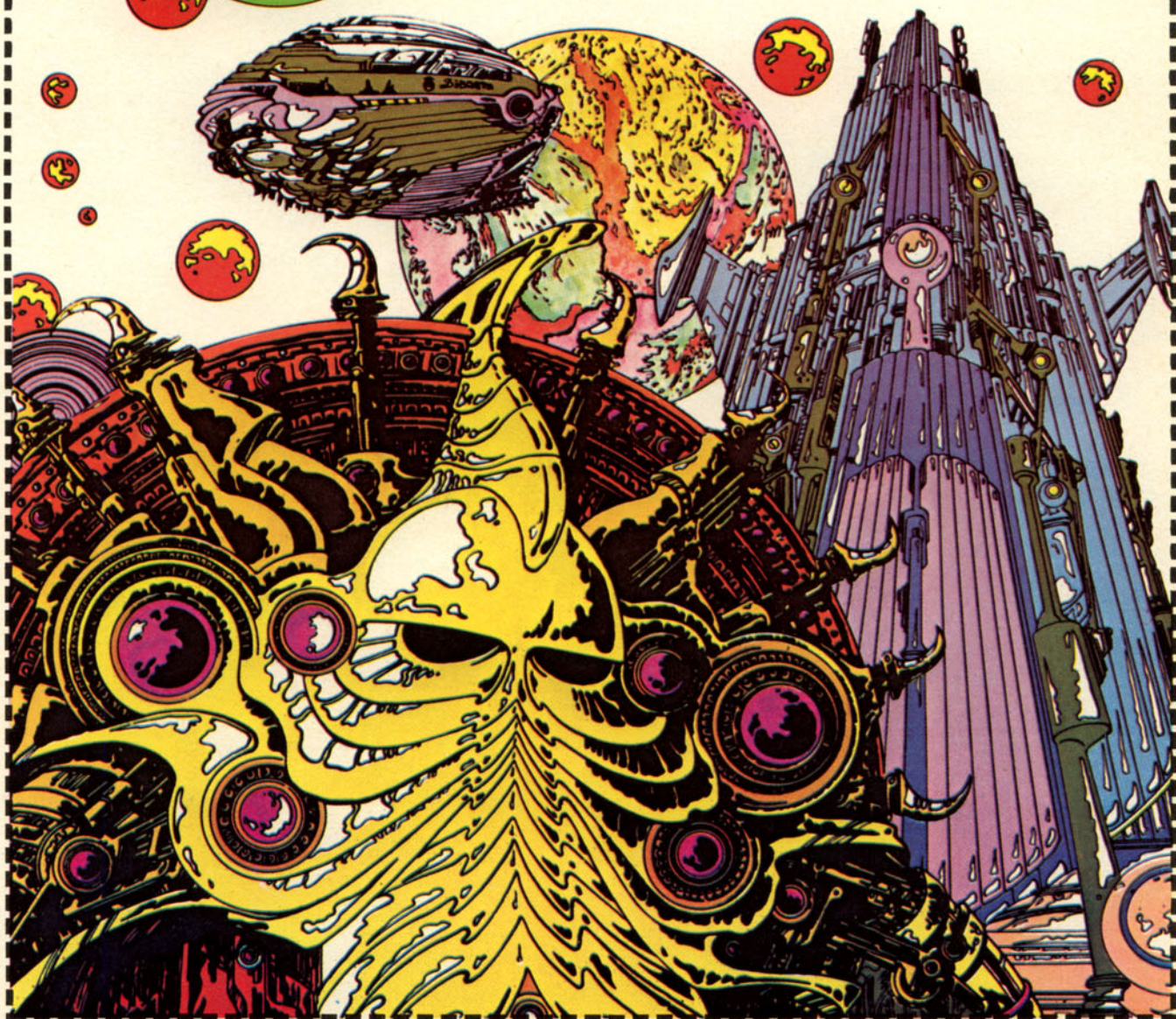


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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

There is no fast way to get to Benares. The ancient and most holy city of the Hindus is approachable mainly through faith.

An approach by military aircraft was out of the question. To have sent a fighter plane or attack bomber through India's airspace would not only have freaked out the militantly neutral Indians but, more importantly, would have endangered the secrecy of the Project.

David Laughlin supposed, privately, that if there had been time, Lacombe would have traveled to Benares in the proper manner, on bare feet, wearing a loincloth and supported by a wooden staff. As it was, Laughlin was grateful for the small, fourteen-passenger Corvette jet borrowed from Air Alsace, which made the trip from Paris to Rangoon in just half a day.

A Vertol chopper brought them in low over the spires and domes of Benares a half hour later, as the sun was setting. The river moved sluggishly beneath the helicopter, its holy waters freighted with the holies of silt.

The hillside lay a few miles outside the city. The Vertol hovered at a discreet distance while its pilot tried to find a place to land. It wasn't easy.

"Look at them!" Laughlin said. "Thousands!"

"Tens of thousands," Lacombe corrected.

"It's fantastic, I—"

"The sadhu is a very holy man," Lacombe cut in quietly, above the rotor noise. "But also very practical. He also wants an answer. In his lifetime. He has been listening for

many years. With him it is more than a matter of faith. It is a matter of results."

Laughlin thought that over. "But I thought the Hindus went the other way," he shouted. "Nirvana, not here."

Lacombe shrugged.

The chopper set down gently in a space near two Mercedes tour buses. The pilot cut the engines, and the rotors whined down. Dust started settling over everything within a hundred yards. Lacombe climbed out first and stood momentarily in the brilliant sunset with Laughlin and two technicians.

The blood-red, orange rays of the sun were coming in almost horizontally now. In a little while, the great hot ball of flame, filtered and distorted by endless miles of dusty atmosphere, would swell, darken, and hide itself from sight behind the low range of hills to the west.

"Let us go," Lacombe said.

Laughlin gestured to the two technicians, who picked up their microphones, Magra tape recorder, portable battery-belts, and the lightweight Arriflex 16 mm. camera. The four men moved slowly through the crowd of pilgrims.

The people were densely packed, some on small rugs, with baskets of food beside them. There were whole families, even ancient grandparents who were probably under forty years of age, wizened and emaciated by hunger and disease.

The Westerners moved with prudent speed up the hillside toward the cleared area where the sadhu sat, legs crossed beneath him in the lotus position, eyes shut, palms pressed together, elbows out to the side like some strange, meditative bird of passage.

A sleek young Brahmin in city whites arose at Lacombe's approach. Laughlin moved in to translate while the technicians began setting up.

"It lacks half an hour of the sun's death," the Brahmin told Lacombe.

His accent bothered Laughlin: smooth, Oxonian English. The young man wore well-shined chukka boots, pipestem-thin trousers of white muslin, and a collarless jacket of the same fabric. He looked too urbanized for this place, his smooth flow of talk too glib. But even the holiest of men, Laughlin thought, needed managers.

The sadhu himself moved not a muscle. By not even the flicker of an eyelid did he acknowledge anything around him of this world. Lacombe stood in contemplative silence for a moment, then lowered himself to a lotus seat near to, but at a respectful distance from, the sadhu.

The microphones were ready now, each in its parabolic reflector. The Arriflex was to be hand-held. Lacombe had insisted that it not be mounted on a tripod. He wanted the technician to keep it on his shoulder to have the mobility to photograph . . . whatever there was to photograph.

His eyes closed, the Frenchman seemed to relax, although his back was stiffly erect. Out of the corner of his mouth, in French, he murmured an order to Laughlin, who turned to the audio technician.

"He wants to make sure you shield the Nagra."

"Why?" the man wanted to know. "We're nowhere near any electrical interference."

"He's had bad luck before with tape recordings. The capstan motor usually conks out and the recording heads lose magnetism."

"No kidding," the technician said. "Well, if he says so." He produced a large, copper-mesh, boxlike affair, a shield that he placed over the small precision Nagra recorder. Then, shoving copper spikes into the earth, he grounded the shield carefully. "Does that suit the mother?"

Laughlin wondered, and not for the first time, what they were doing in this strange place, with all these thousands, waiting . . . waiting for what? The report spoke of an event strictly unbelievable, but Lacombe had shown him how to suspend disbelief, to open himself to the incredible.

Laughlin turned away and watched the bloated disk of the sun as the hills to the west began biting a chunk out of its lower rim. In a moment, only half the sun was visible. The sadhu stirred slightly.

What happened next seemed to be in slow motion to Laughlin. He watched the sadhu's outturned elbows pull in toward his emaciated brown rib cage. The palms of his hands, still pressed together, began a slow separation until only the fingertips still touched.

The sadhu's eyelids slowly rose, like shutters on temple windows. His eyes open, were enormous—jet black, ringed all the way around by white, the white then ringed by glossy black lashes.

The sadhu's body stirred. Slowly, without apparent effort, he began to rise from the lotus to a standing position. The sleek city Brahmin sank to his knees, and Laughlin found himself sitting down abruptly, as if the only person who had any right to be on his feet was the sadhu. Out of the corner of his eye, Laughlin could see the audio technician and the camera crew fall, incredibly, to their knees. He was sure they had no idea what they were doing.

With grave deliberateness, the sadhu's bare arms spread out from his body like the powerful wings of some great landlocked bird ready to take to the skies. Behind him, all

that was left of the sun was the thinnest edge of rind. As Laughlin watched, the sun snuffed out. Darkneß fell instantly.

The sadhu's long arms swung up at his sides to shoulder height. They paused, then continued their upward sweep until the gnarled backs of his hands touched each other high over his head. They paused again. Then he brought the arms down in one great sweep—a conductor cueing a mighty orchestra.

From ten—twenty—thousand throats came a low, melodious note. They sustained it with such power that it began to eat its way into Laughlin's brain. He noticed Lacombe's eyes snap open and swing sideways, cursing the technicians. Laughlin gestured. The audio man started the Nagra. Laughlin could see its reels turning through the copper mesh.

Now the sadhu brought his arms up and cued another note, an interval above the first, higher on the scale. His worshippers filled the world with two tones, alternating them, sounding them separately and together—a minor interval, Laughlin thought, less than a third. A minor third? Not quite.

The sadhu produced another note and then another and another. Now Laughlin began to lose a sense of the melody in the harsh cacophony of many voices. The ground beneath him seemed to vibrate with the intensity of the notes, unmelodic, strange to Western ears, notes the report had stated had come down from the stars four nights ago and that the sadhu and his followers had been sounding each night since.

The intervals were never whole, Laughlin felt. They were quartered, halved, bent slightly into microtone steps. Each singer changed the notes slightly, making a raw, elemental howl. It soared skyward in a great chant, somehow ominous. It shook the earth beneath Laughlin, but it also made the air itself vibrate.

The tropical twilight was now night. Damp blackness had descended upon them all. And, even though they could no longer see their sadhu, the many thousands continued their chant, forcing it to grow to an almost unbearable intensity.

The stars had come out overhead. Laughlin gazed upward, shaking with the fierceness of the singing around him. He watched the star at the end of the Big Dipper's handle. It grew brighter, waned, brightened again. There was a frequency to it, like a message in Morse code. And then it . . . exploded.

A bright crimson flash illuminated the upturned faces of the multitude. Lacombe was on his feet now, standing beside the sadhu. The cameraman had swung his shoulder-braced Arriflex upward.

The crimson light elongated into a rolling pillar, turned orange. Then yellow. Then pale green. It hovered in the sky and suddenly the heavens were filled with the same five notes. The same chord, played on something that was not human. Pure. Melodic. Clean. The worshippers below fell silent. And once again the sky sang down to them.

"Goddamn!" the cameraman said.

The pillar of fire winked out. The song ended.

The worshippers below sank back, faces pressed to the earth. The sadhu turned to Lacombe.

"The sky," he said in a thin voice, "the sky sings to us."

The two men embraced. Tears ran down the Frenchman's cheeks. His voice was thick with emotion.

"It sings to all of us, my friend."

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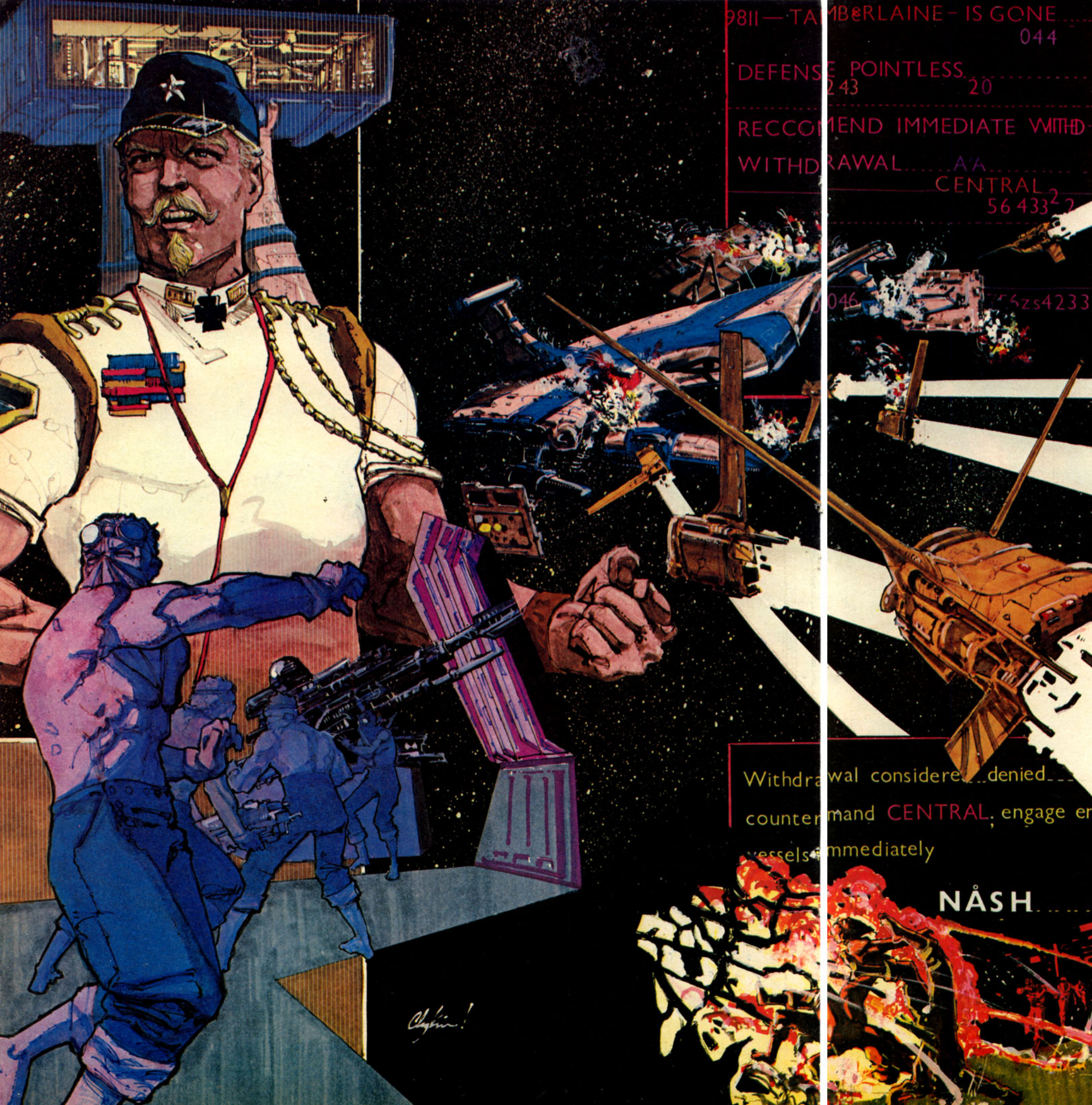
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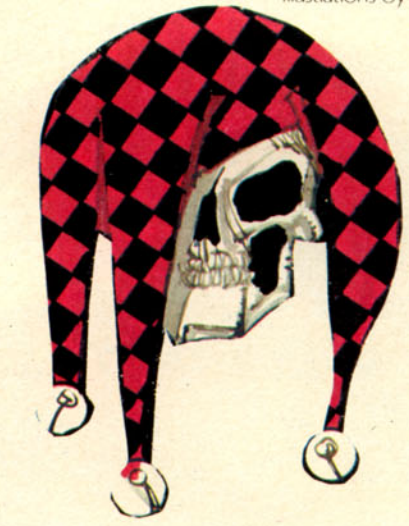


*Oh, ye who still lust after glory
And yearn for the Kosmos most krueel,
Pay heed and I'll tell ye a story,
The tale of the ship . . .*

Fortune's Fool!

Written by LEN WEIN

Illustrations by HOWARD CHAYKIN



*Ezekial Nash was her master,
A star-man, determined and bold,
Who thrived on galaktik disaster
That set thinner blood running kold.*

*Years before, they did give him a mission,
Said that Tamburlaine never must fall,
For they fought a long war of attrition,
And the klock was the worst foe of all.*

*So beyond the star-borders, he waited,
And at last, from the darkness, they kame,
Flying ships man had never kreated,
From a world human tongue kould not name.*

*And the men of the Black Gang were silent
As they fed the war-laser's kold maw,
For they lived for the battle most violent,
And their song was the kannon's grim roar.*



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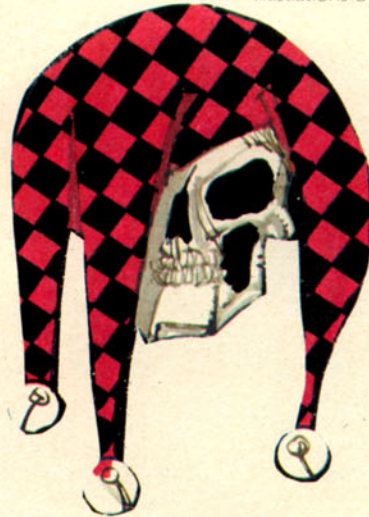


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And their song was the kannon's grim roar.*



PERSONNEL RETURN
ATIONS DIS
CITY—ALL

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ESTATIONS FIRESTATIONS FIRE
IRRESSTTAATU

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*They must hold their ground, Nash had told them.
Tamburlaine was too precious to lose.
They could fight or dark death could enfold them.
Was it grace or dishonor they'd choose?*

*To a man, they all shouted, "We're with you!"
And Nash smiled as his heart swelled with pride.
Then a seam at the heart of the ship blew,
And half of his krew, screaming, died.*

*Hard they died as the cabins exploded
And hurled them out into the black,
But the Kaptain, his weapons still loaded,
Urged the survivors to the attack.*

*And Nash stood in the thick of the battle,
While war-lasers charred sinew and bone,
And his men fell around him like kattle,
Till he stood, spitting hate, all alone.*

*Then the hull of the ship rang with footfalls,
As the alien viktors drew near,
While, guns ready, Nash prowled his ship's dead halls.
He would die, but he'd never show fear.*

*On the bridge, Nash still stood when they found him
And his guns sent four Bems to their grave,
Till, at last, four skore more sid surround him.
As he died, Nash still smiled, ever brave.*

*Aye, pay heed and I'll tell ye a story,
Of a prize worth far more than a jewel,
Of Ezekial Nash, mourned in glory,
And his ship, the poor, doomed . . . Fortune's Fool!*

(From "The Ballad of Fortune's Fool" by Siedri Q-14, poet laureate of the Terran Empire, as inscribed on the base of the statue of Ezekial Nash, which stands on the way to Tamburlaine.)

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Vice President



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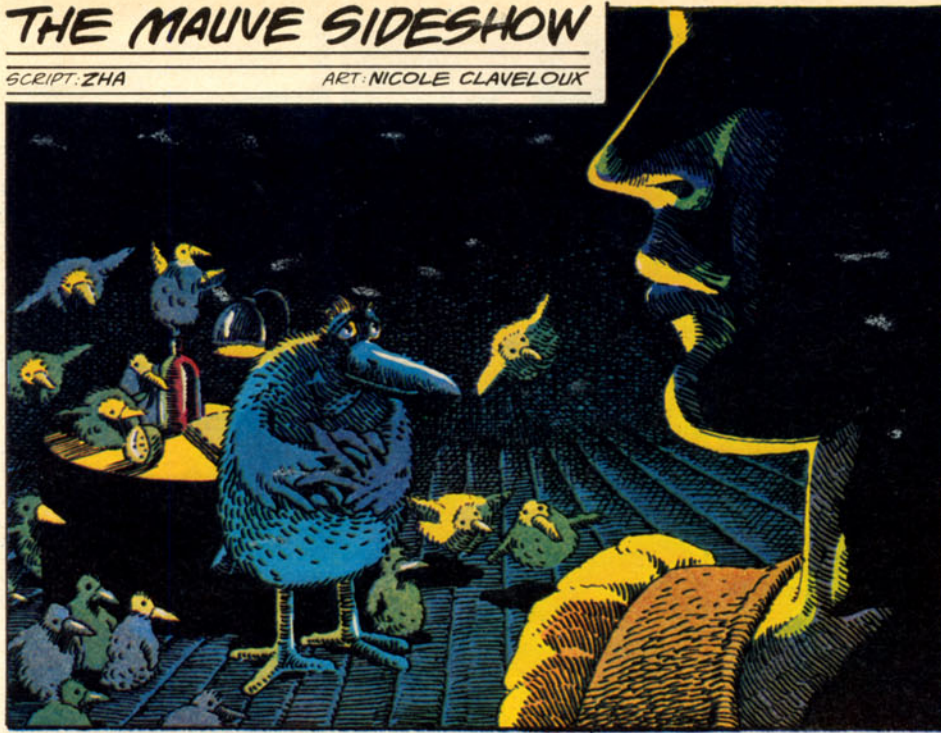
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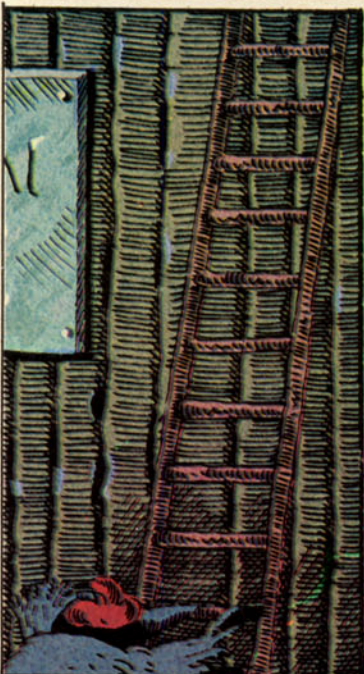
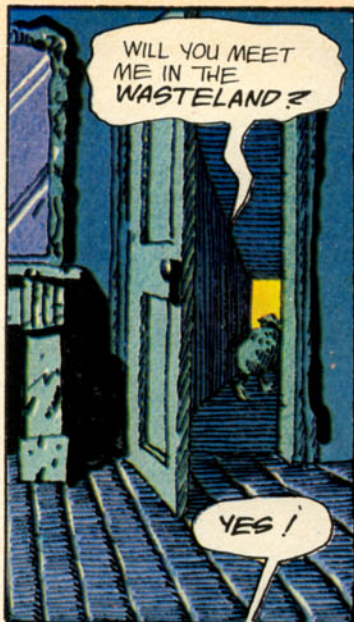
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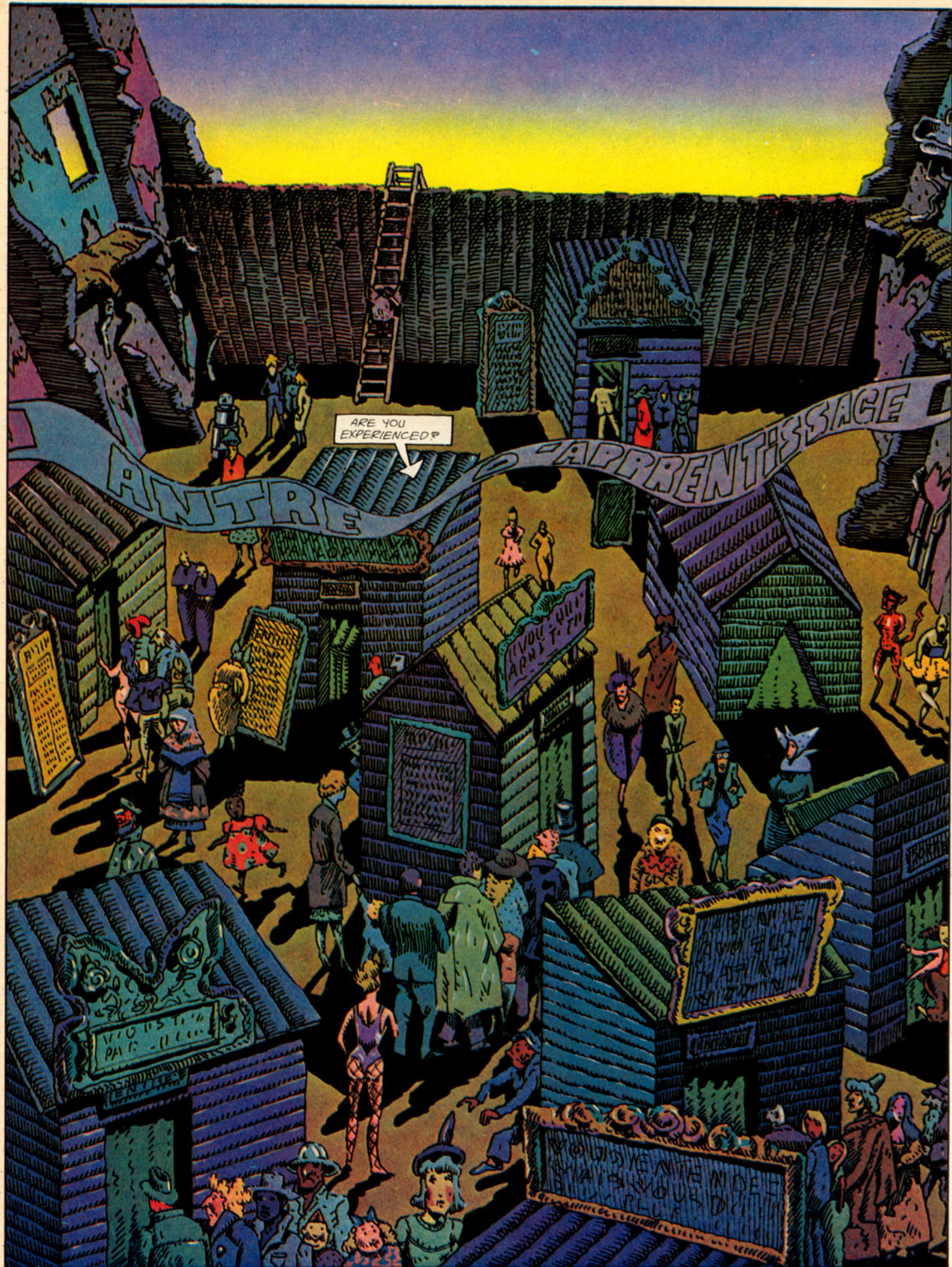
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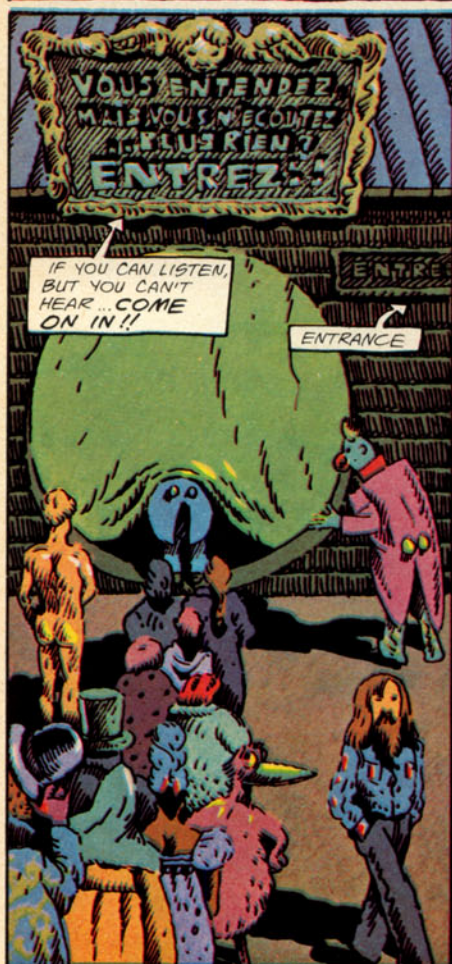


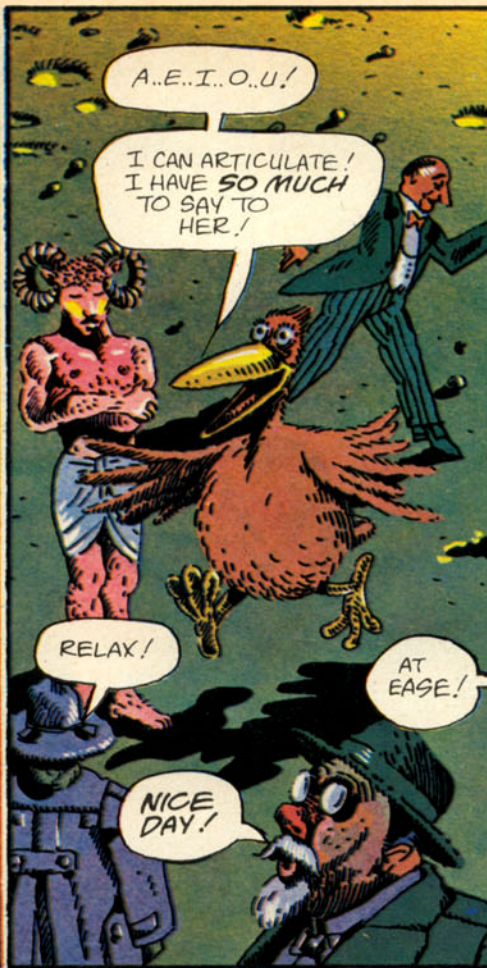


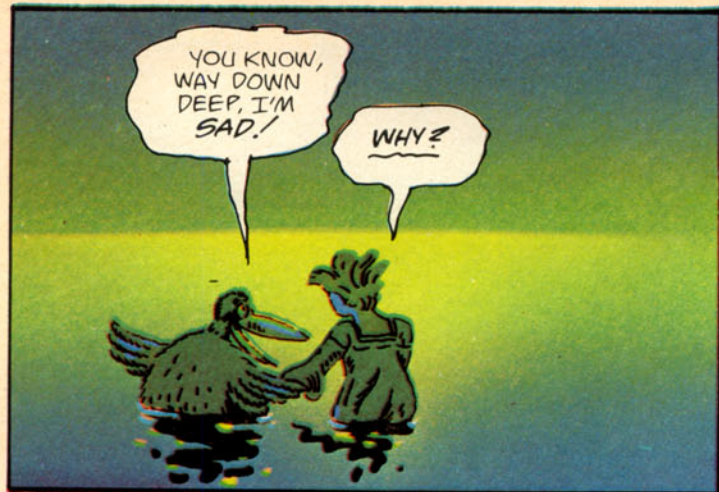












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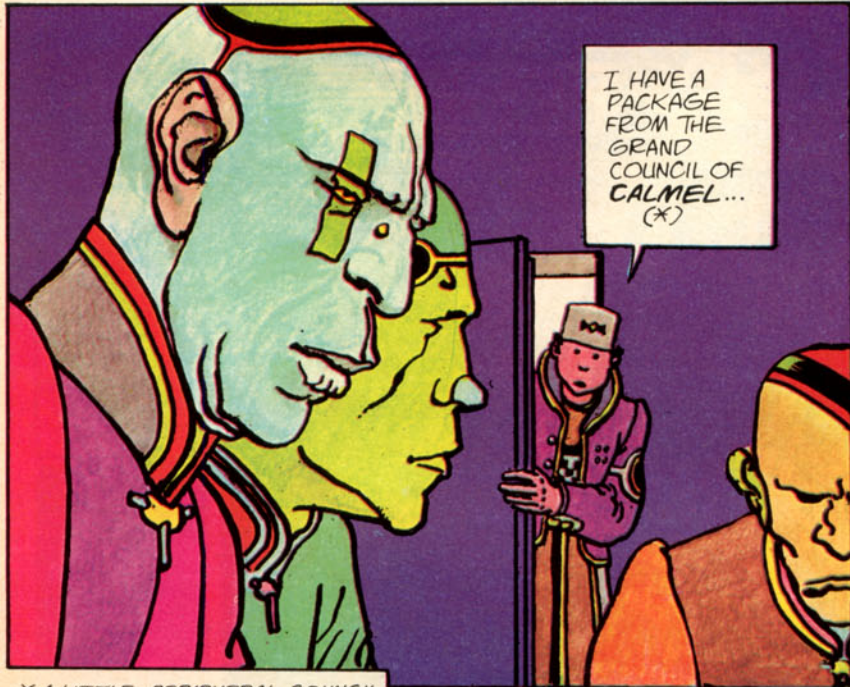
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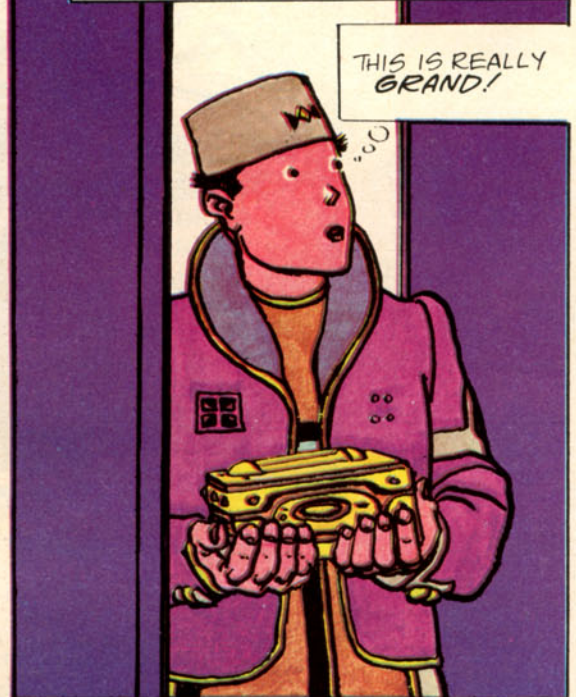
By MOEBIUS of the INSTITUTE

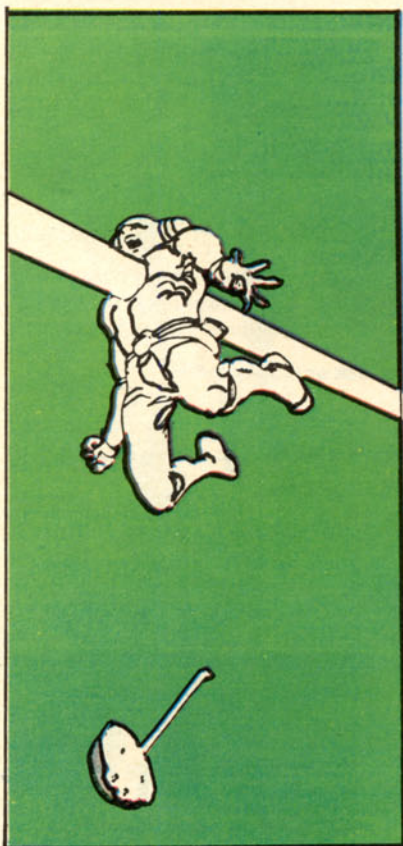
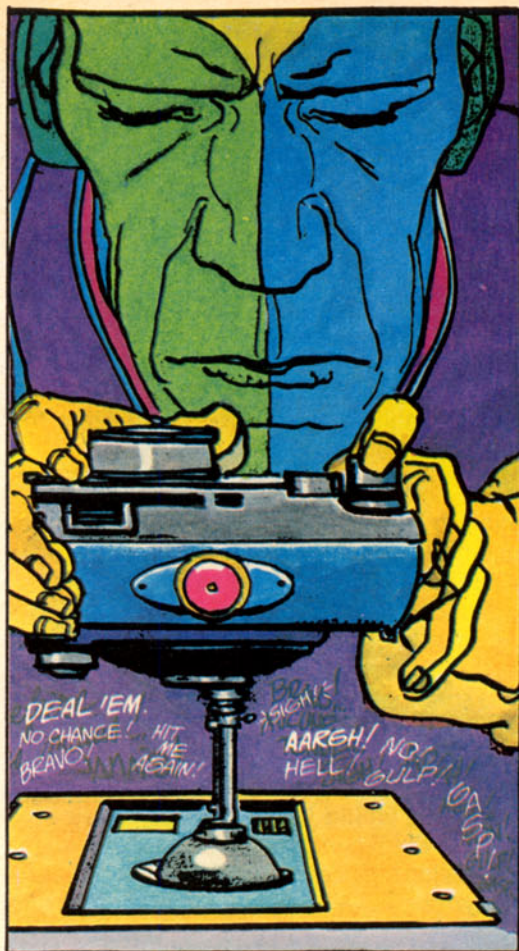
DURING THAT PERIOD, JERMAN CLOZER WAS ONLY A LITTLE ERRAND BOY, DOING WHATEVER CAME HIS WAY.



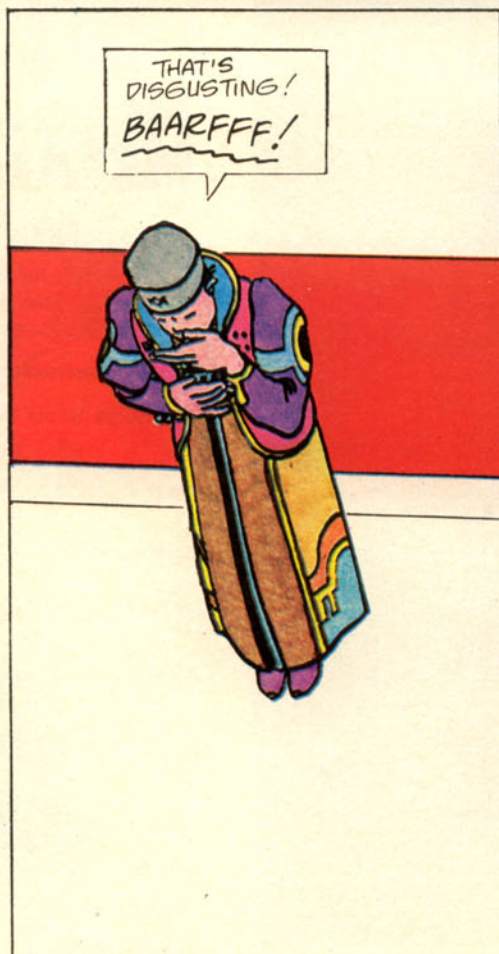
* A LITTLE, PERIPHERAL COUNCIL

AT THAT TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE WAS EASILY INTIMIDATED BY THE GODS.

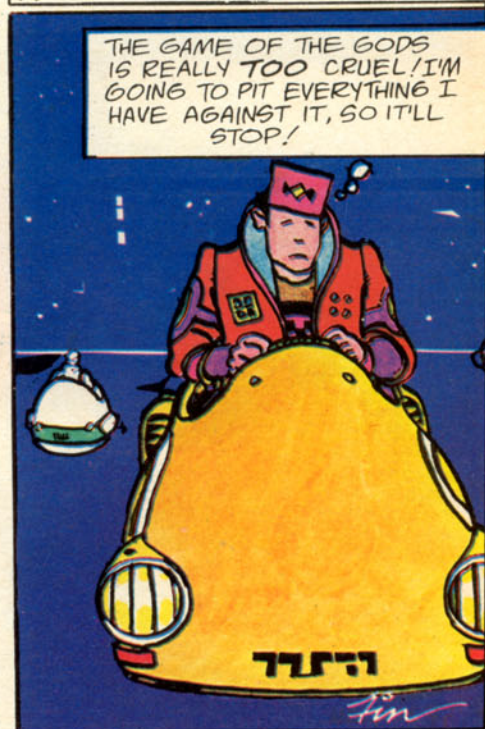




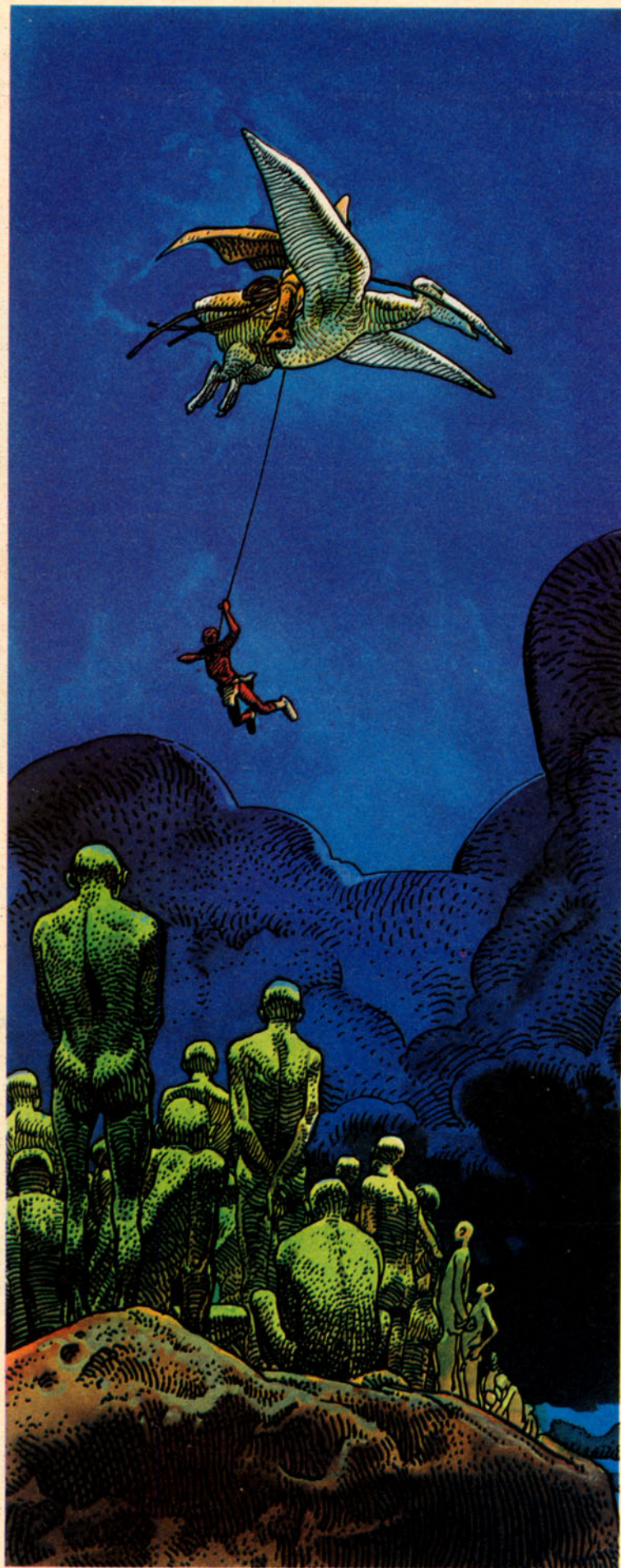
SUDDENLY, A BOLT OF LIGHT
PIERCED THE UNFORTU-
NATE CHAMPION QUITE
THROUGH-- AND HE DIED...



LATER THAT MONTH, WHILE RIDING
A VEHICLE, JERMAN CLOZER
MADE THE MOST IMPORTANT
DECISION OF HIS LIFE.



THIS DECISION HAD ABSOLUTELY
NO EFFECT ON THE GAME OF
THE GODS, WHICH GOES ON
FOREVER.



Heavy Metal

is fantastic! It's better than
being stoned. Almost.

John Roche
Los Angeles, Calif.

Circulation of *Heavy Metal* has tripled since it first went on sale in mid-March of this year.

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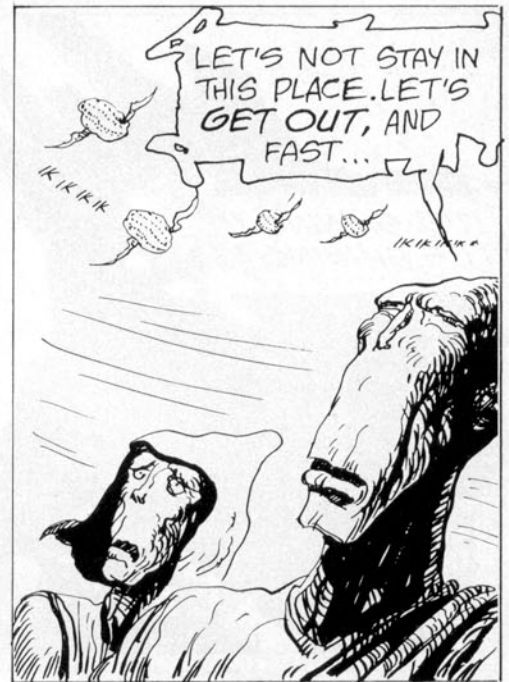
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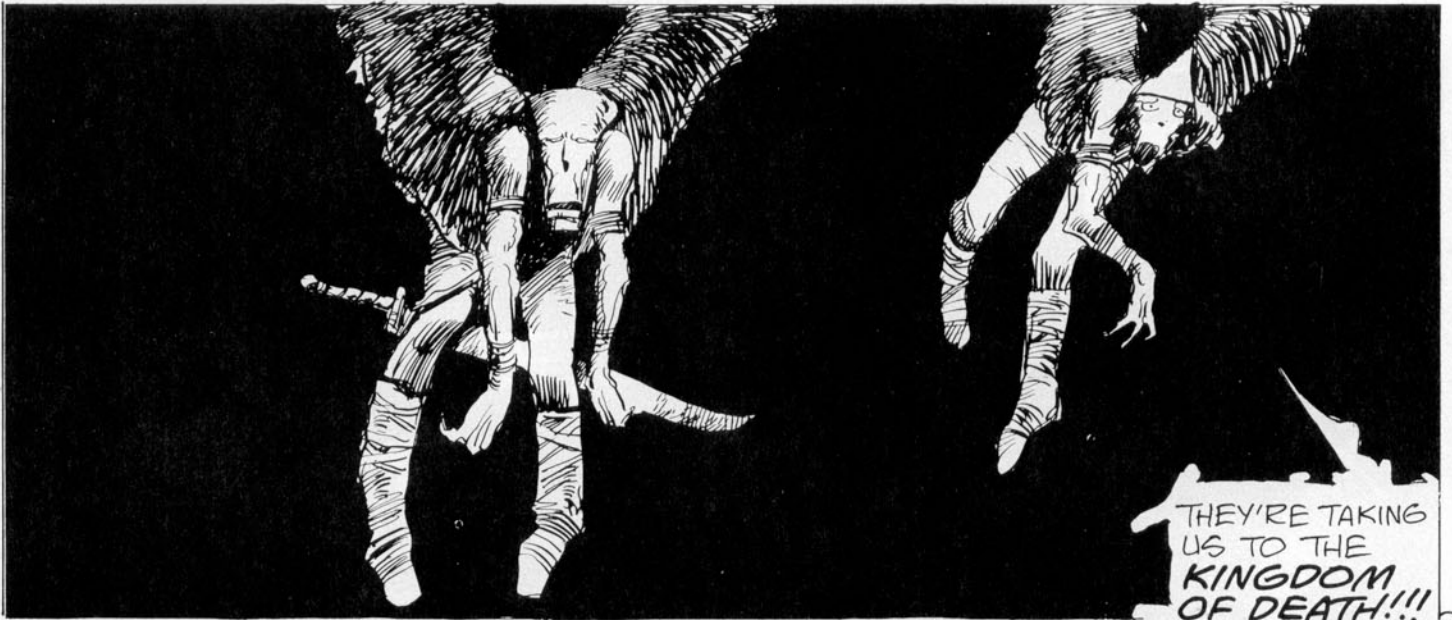
by DRUILLET

VUZZ

CHAPTER 5

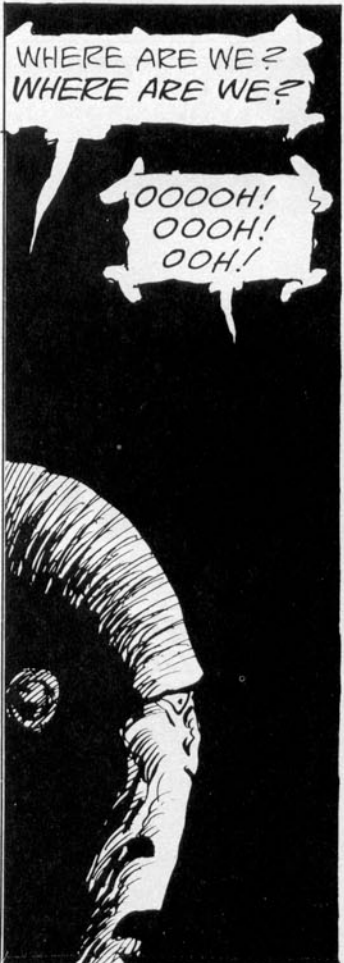


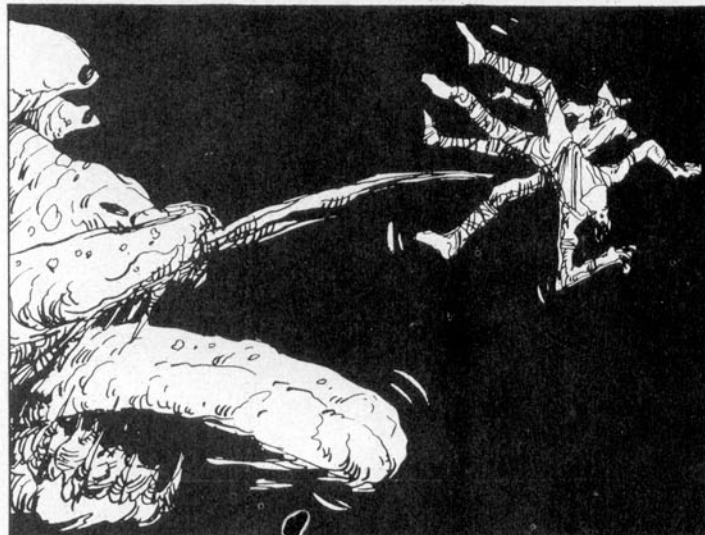


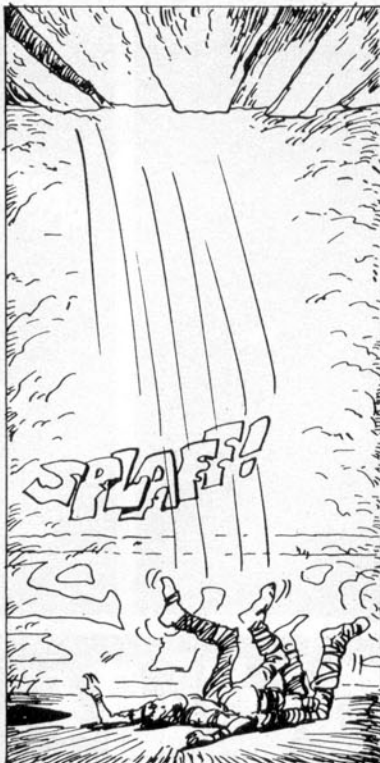
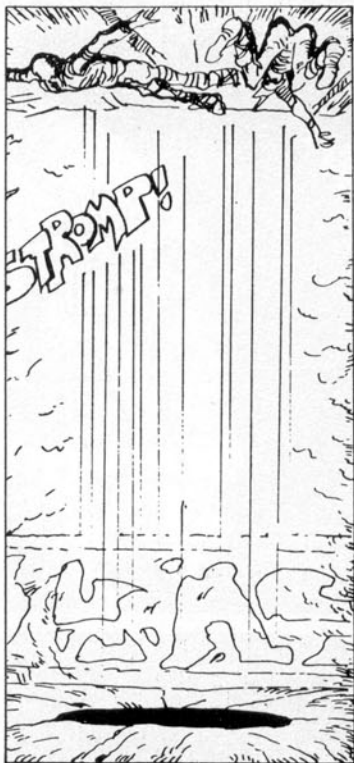


THEY'RE TAKING
US TO THE
KINGDOM
OF DEATH!!!



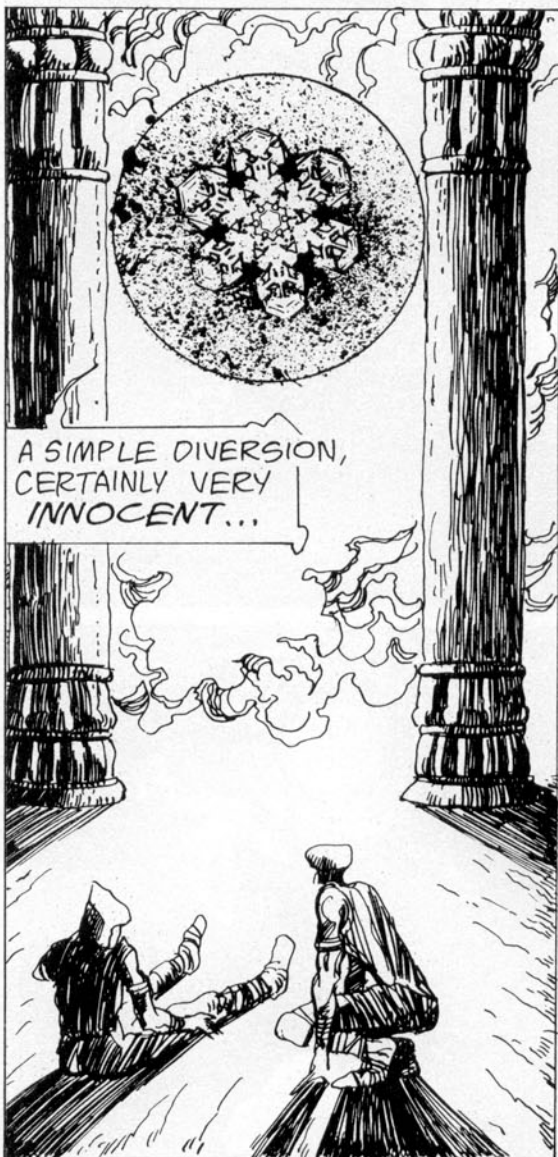






VUZZ! VUZZ!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO?

NOTHING! WE'VE
JUST FALLEN
INTO THE HANDS
OF MALICIOUS
SPIRITS WHO
CAN DO WHAT
THEY WANT WITH
US...

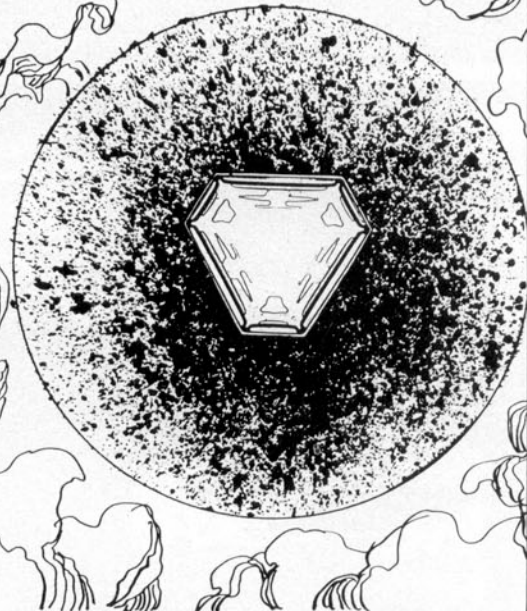


A SIMPLE DIVERSION,
CERTAINLY VERY
INNOCENT...

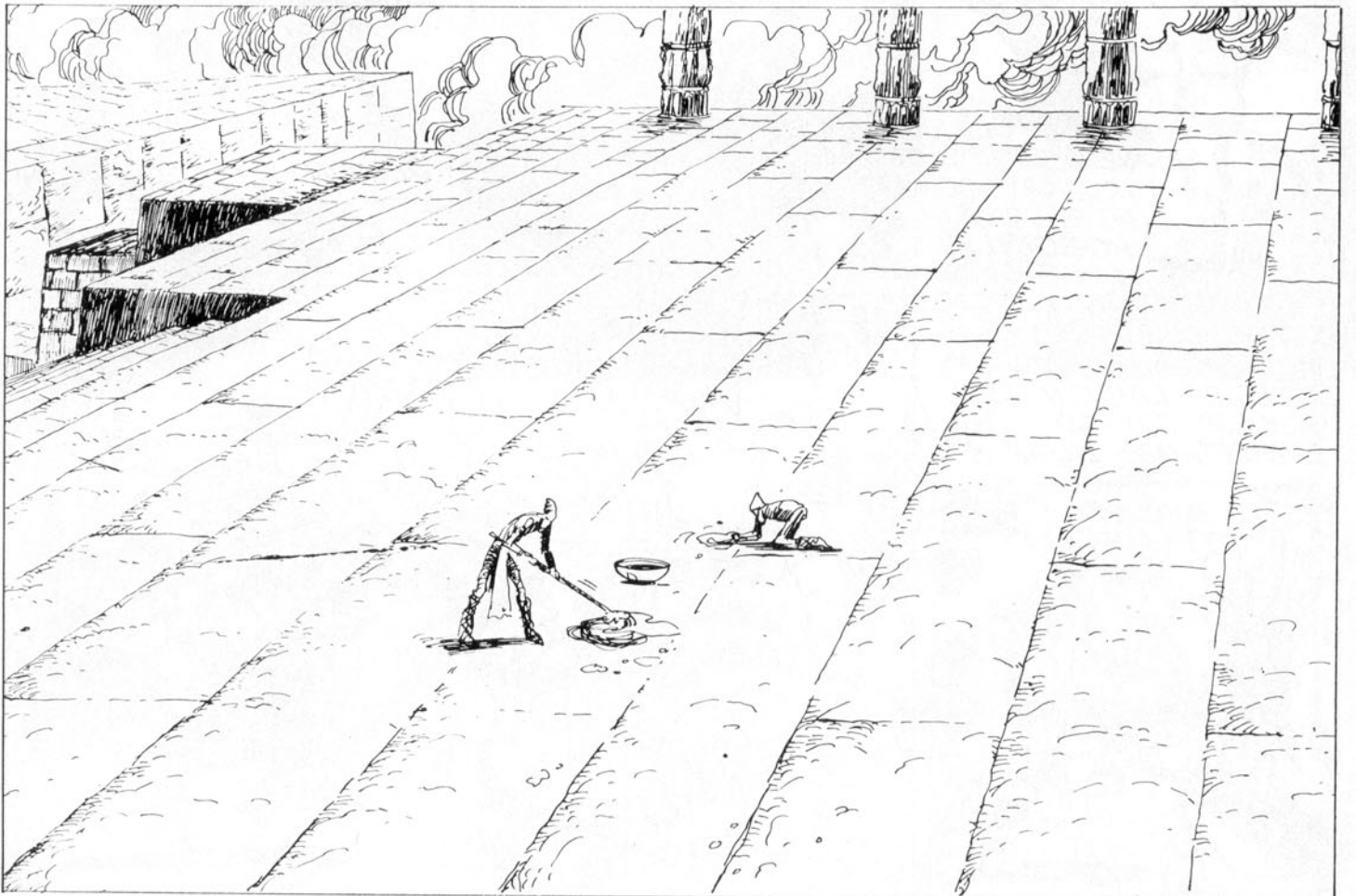
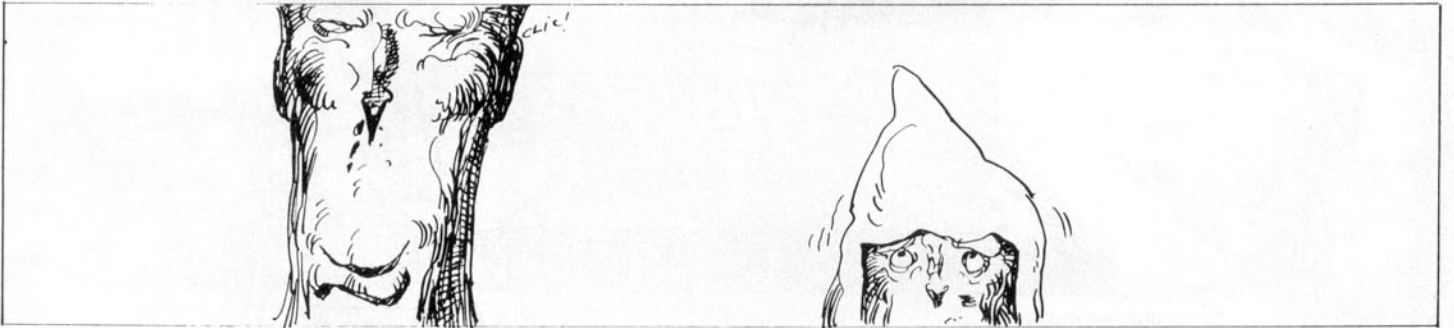
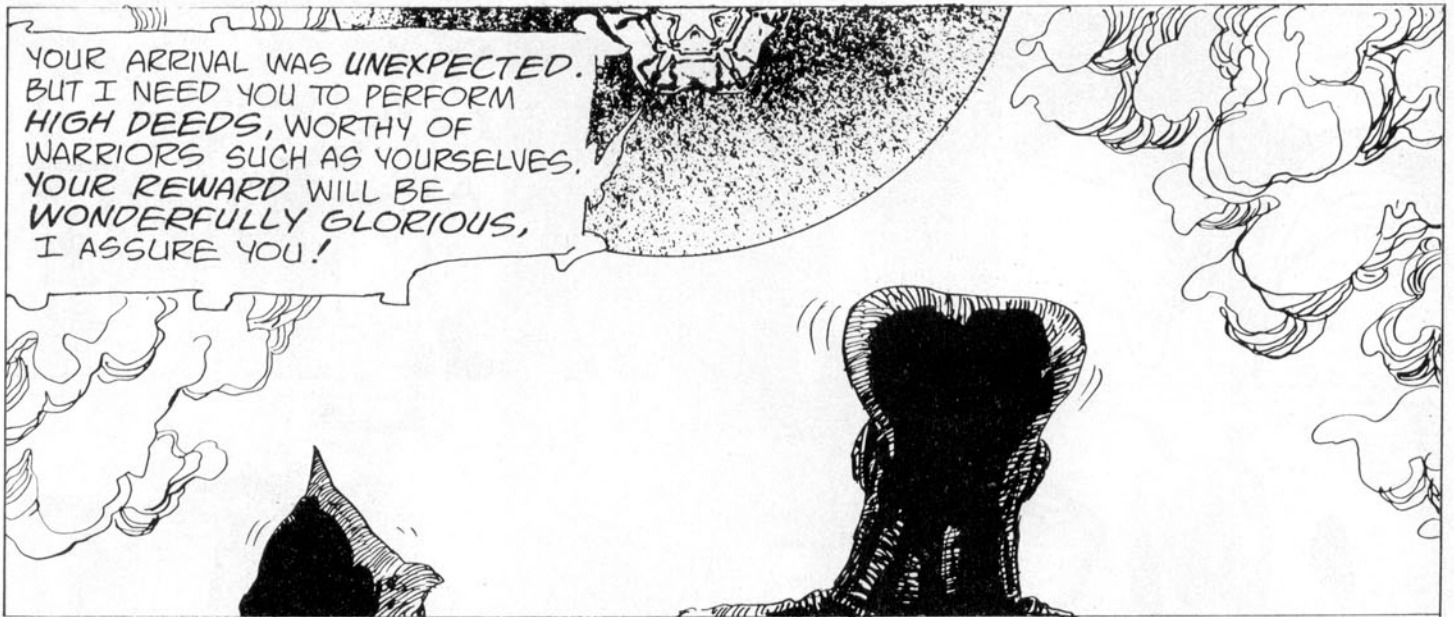
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?

I WANT TO
GO BACK TO
VALLAOR! I
WANT TO GO
HOME...

I AM LAIDON! THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR, ISN'T
IT? THE TEMPLE OF LAIDON!
THE MOUNTAIN OF LAIDON!
AND THE TREASURE OF
LAIDON! AND I'M CERTAINLY
ALL THAT. YOU HAVE FOUND
ME, VALIANT WARRIORS OF
VALLAOR! YOUR COURAGE IS
WITHOUT EQUAL!



YOUR ARRIVAL WAS **UNEXPECTED.**
BUT I NEED YOU TO PERFORM
HIGH DEEDS, WORTHY OF
WARRIORS SUCH AS YOURSELVES.
YOUR **REWARD** WILL BE
WONDERFULLY GLORIOUS,
I ASSURE YOU!









YOU SUMMONED ME,
LITTLE WORM? YOU
CALLED ME FROM THE
DARKNESS BEYOND,
WHERE I WAS RESTING
PEACEFULLY? SO,
WHAT CAN I DO FOR
YOU?

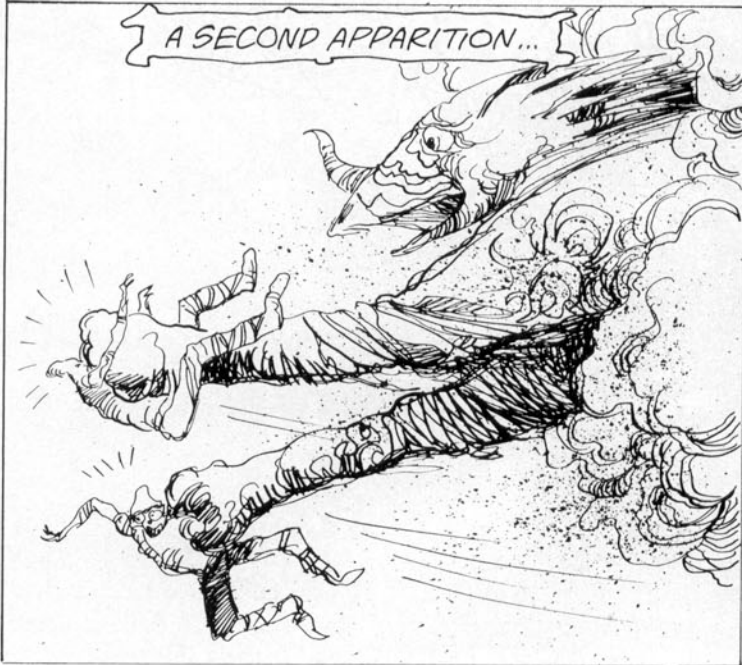
UMM! UMMM!

WELL, UMMM...
GET US OUT
OF HERE
AND WE'LL...

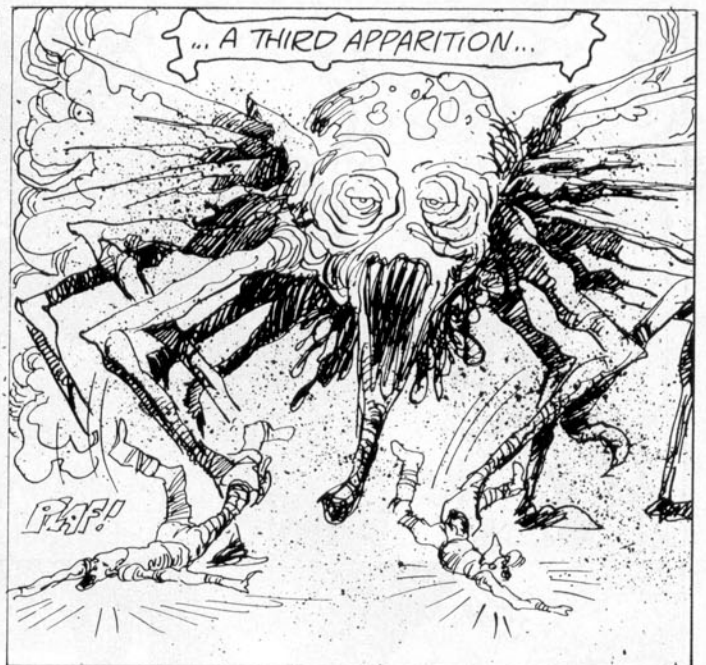
WHAT?! YOU MISERABLE SPECK OF DUST!
YOU SUMMONED ME FOR THAT, ME, ATELEI,
PRINCE OF THE SEVEN HELLS ????



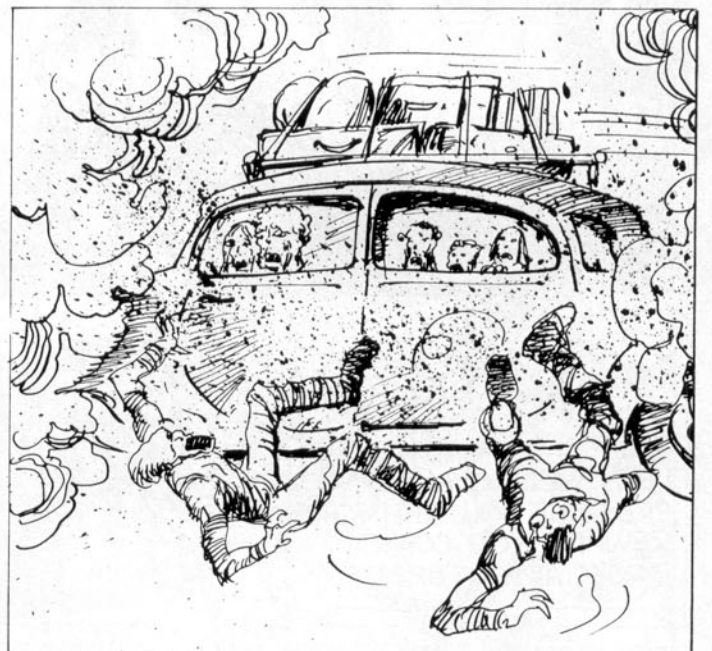
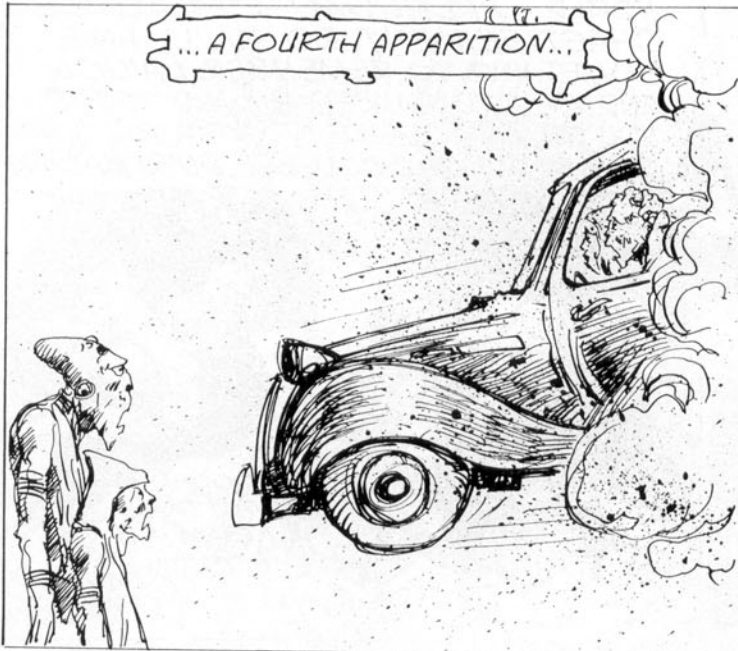
A SECOND APPARITION...



... A THIRD APPARITION...



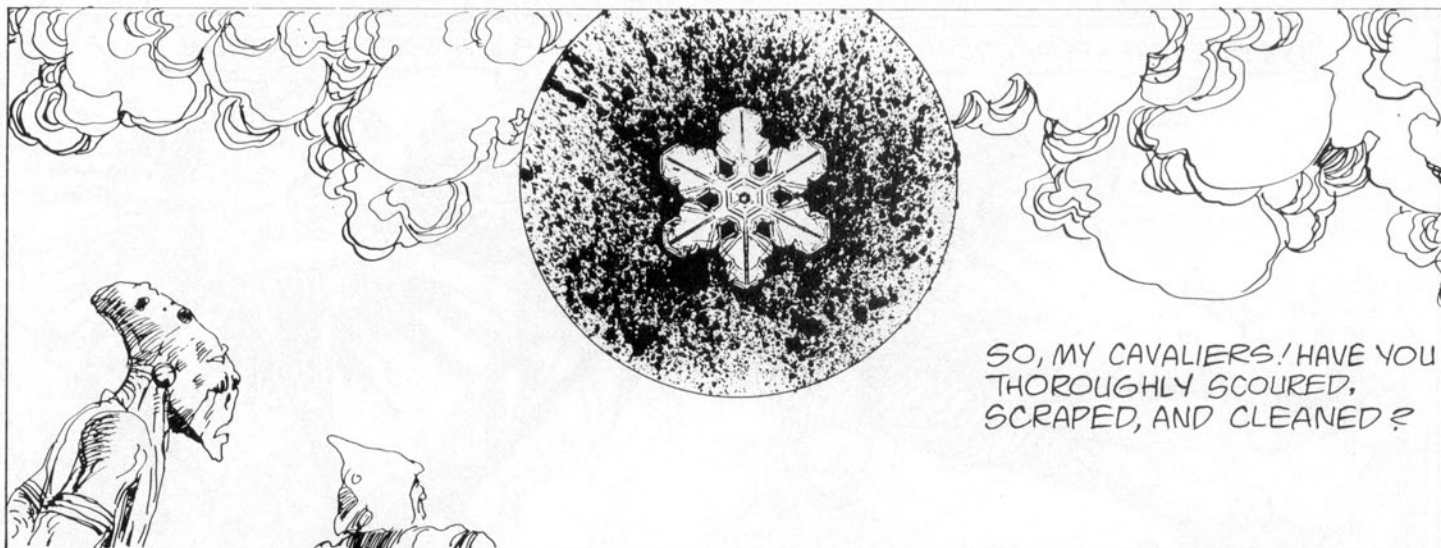
... A FOURTH APPARITION...



OOOH! OOH! OOH!
I CAN'T STAND
ANYMORE!

NOTHING WORKS! THE
GODS ARE AGAINST US!
WE HAVE TO FIND SOME
OTHER WAY TO GET
OUT OF HERE!





SO, MY CAVALIERS! HAVE YOU THOROUGHLY SCOURED, SCRAPED, AND CLEANED ?



VERY WELL! I'M GOING TO PRESENT YOU WITH YOUR REWARD, YOU COMIC BOOK ADVENTURERS!

HEY!!!



LITTLE WIND-UP WARRIORS! LITTLE MONGRELS! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD... FREEDOM! AFTER A LITTLE CHASTISEMENT, SO YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER LAIDON AND ITS TREASURES BY. AND TO RID YOU OF ANY DESIRE TO RETURN TO SEE IT AGAIN. GOOD-BYE, DUSTBALLS!

OOOOH!
OOH! THIS
AGAIN!!

KOMP!



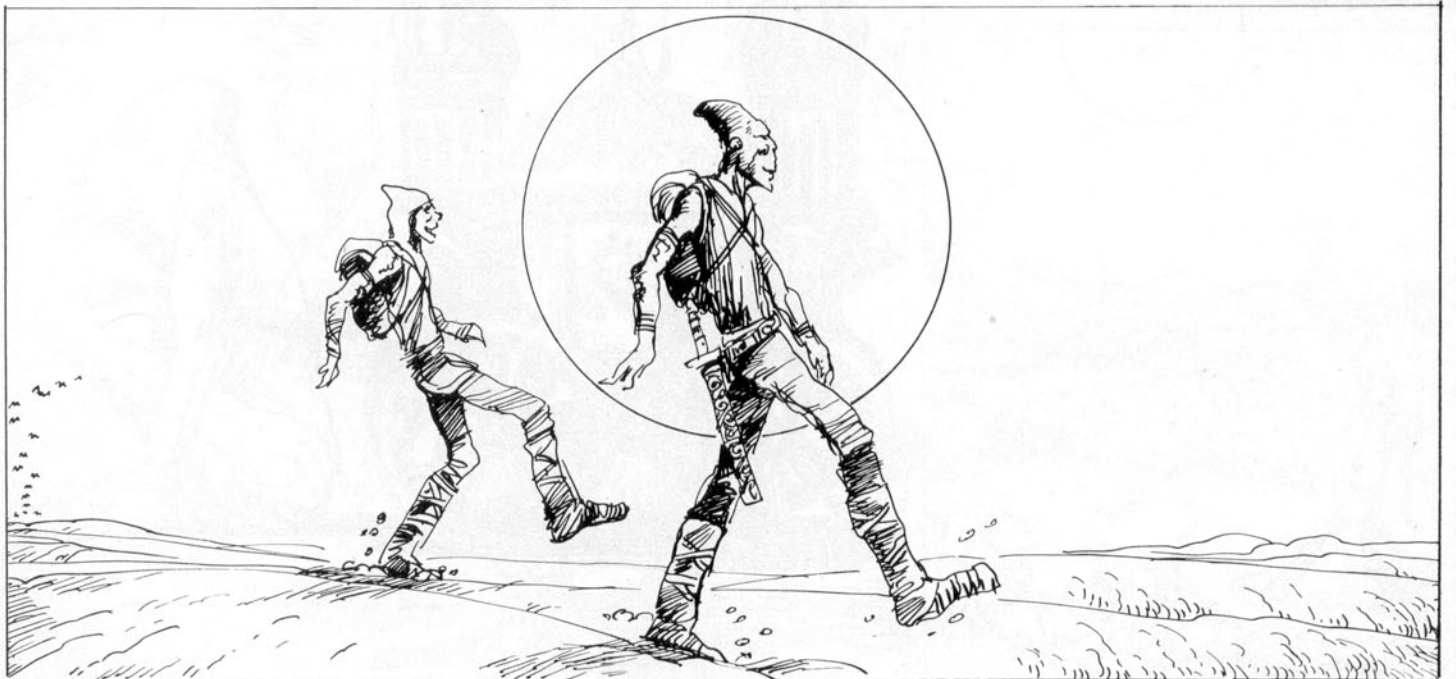
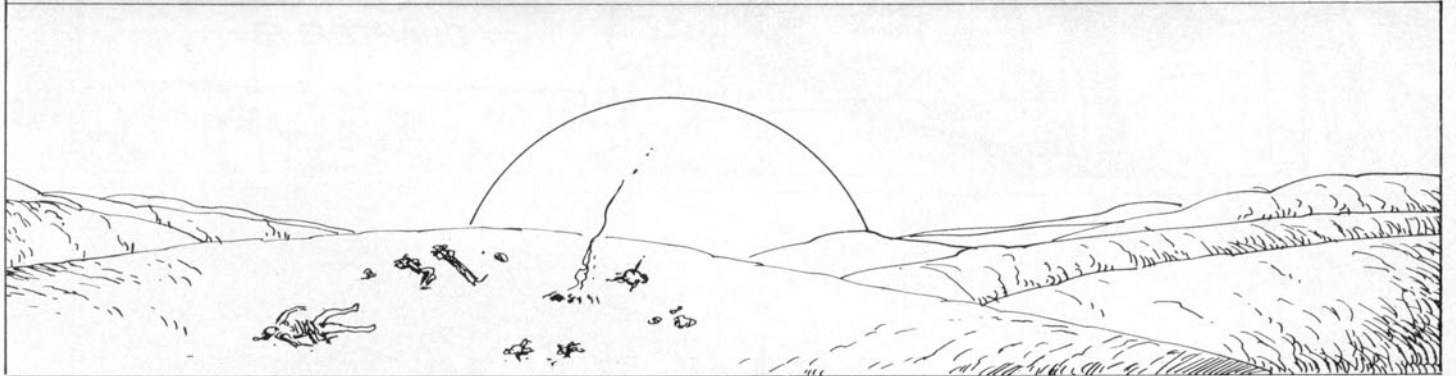
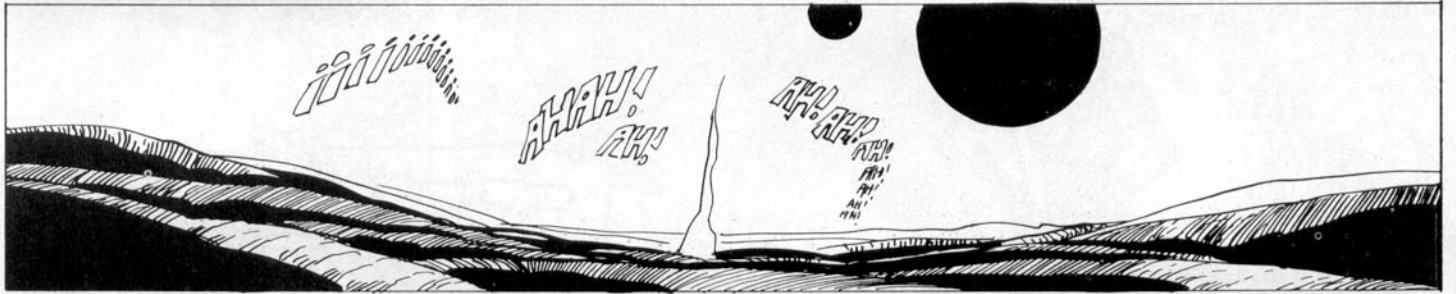
NOT A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE! UNDERSTAND?! NO ONE ...

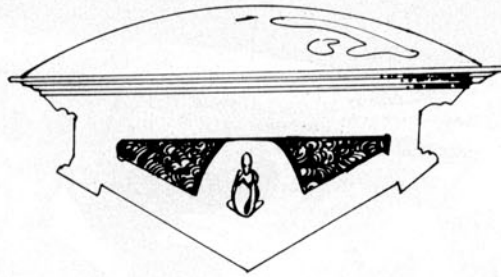


...EVER!...

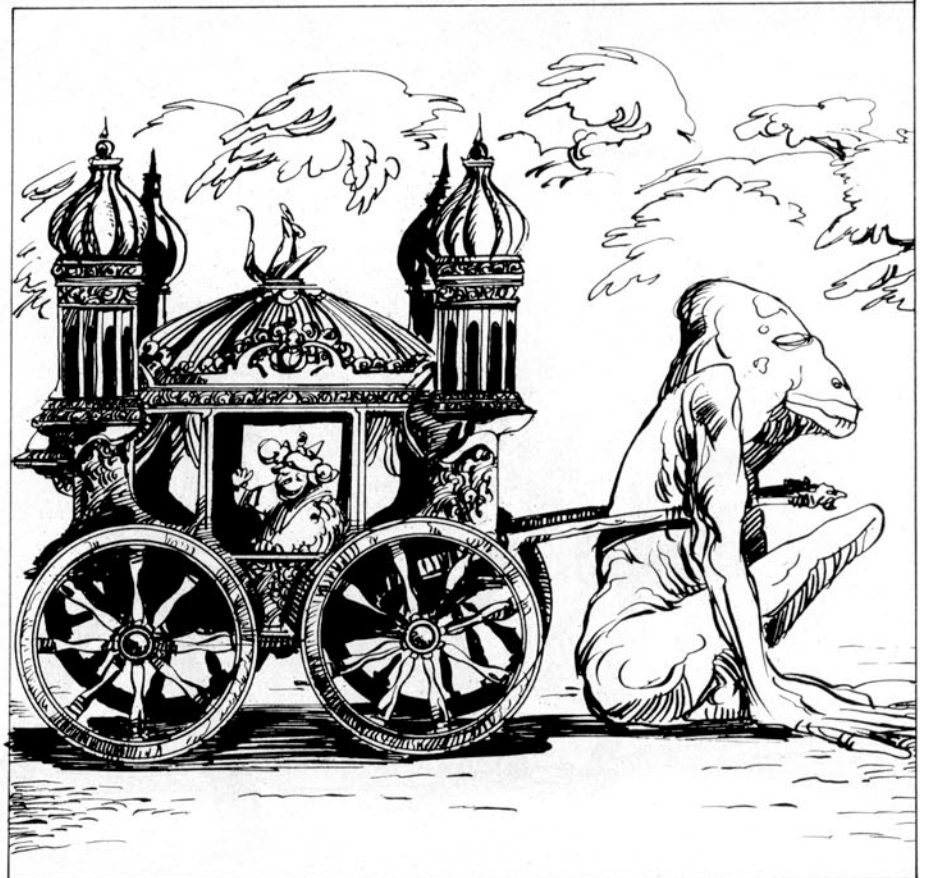
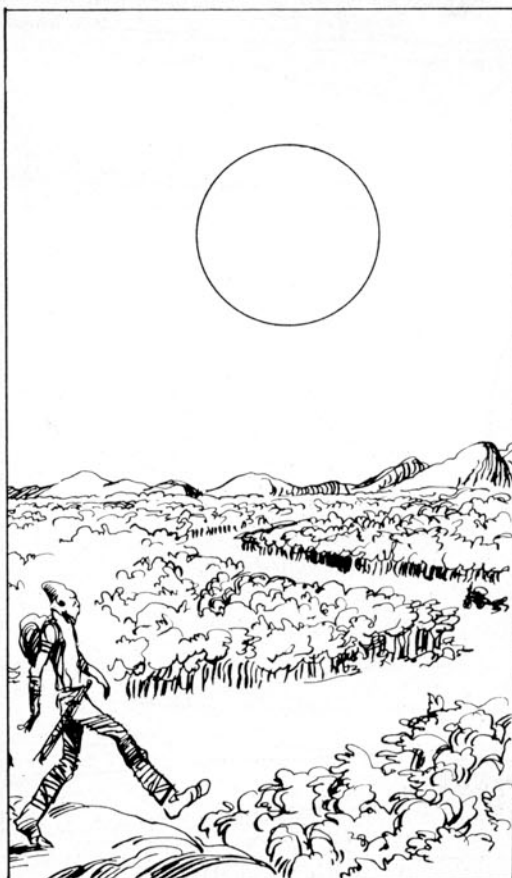








ONCE WE'RE PAST THE
MOUNTAINS WE'LL REACH
THE CITY OF VALLAOR!





WELCOME! WELCOME!
HEE! HEE! HEE!

YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST
IN TIME FOR THE
FESTIVITIES. HEE!
HEE! HEE!



MEANS NOTHING TO
ME! WHAT FESTIVITIES
ARE YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



COME ON... YOU KNOW
VERY WELL THERE ARE
FESTIVITIES EVERY
YEAR UP AT THE CASTLE.
THE **FESTIVAL OF THE
PLEASURE OF JOY!**
HEE! HEE! HEE!
IT'S UNFORGET-
TABLE--
DELICIOUS
FOOD,
BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN!
HEE!
HEE!
HEE!

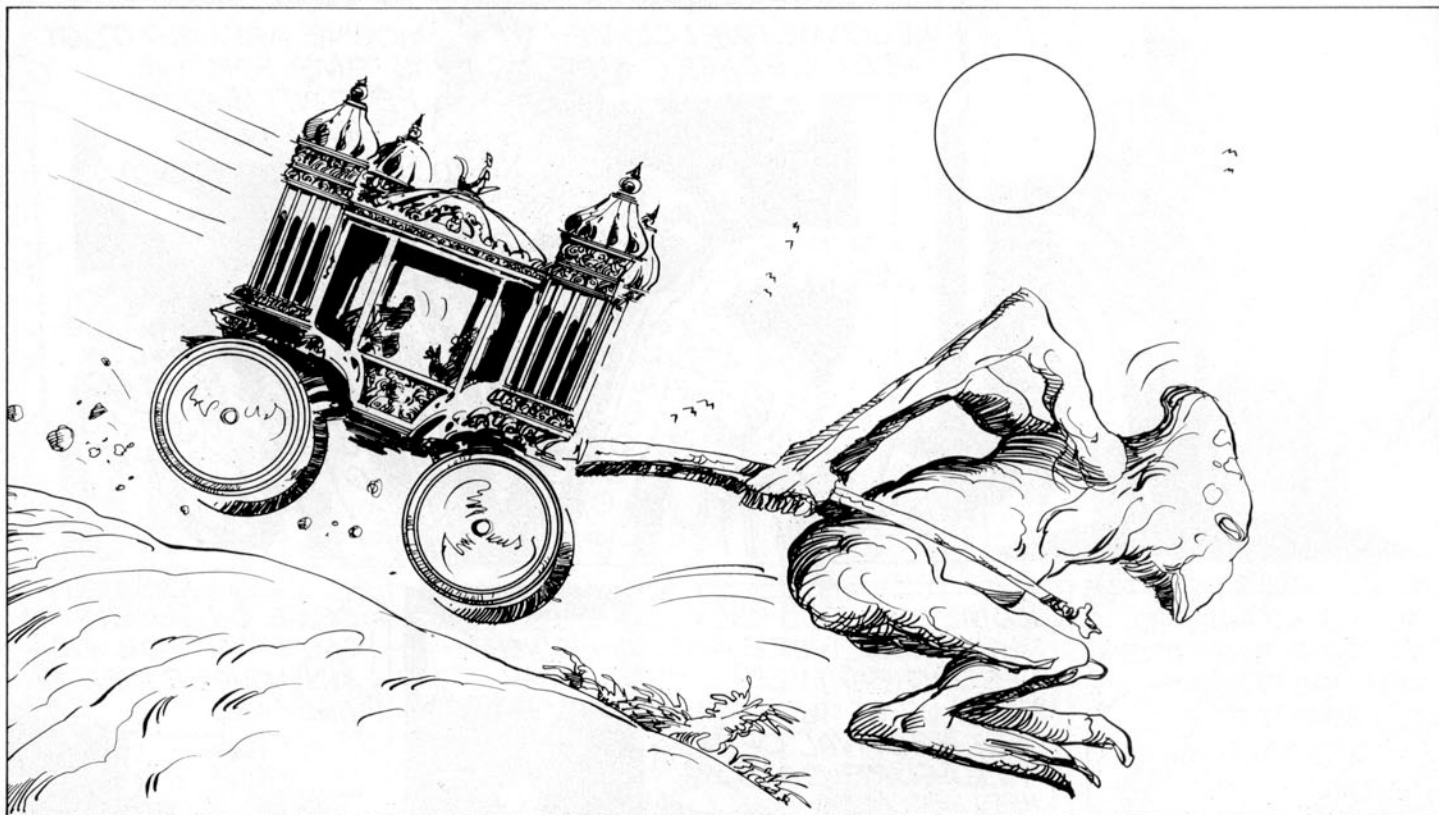


HEE! HEE!
HEE!



COME ON, GET IN!
CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU
ANY LONGER! HEE!
HEE! HEE!





YOU'LL SEE--WHAT
A FESTIVAL!

HEY! THIS
CARRIAGE OF
YOURS IS
GOING A
LITTLE TOO
FAST!

80

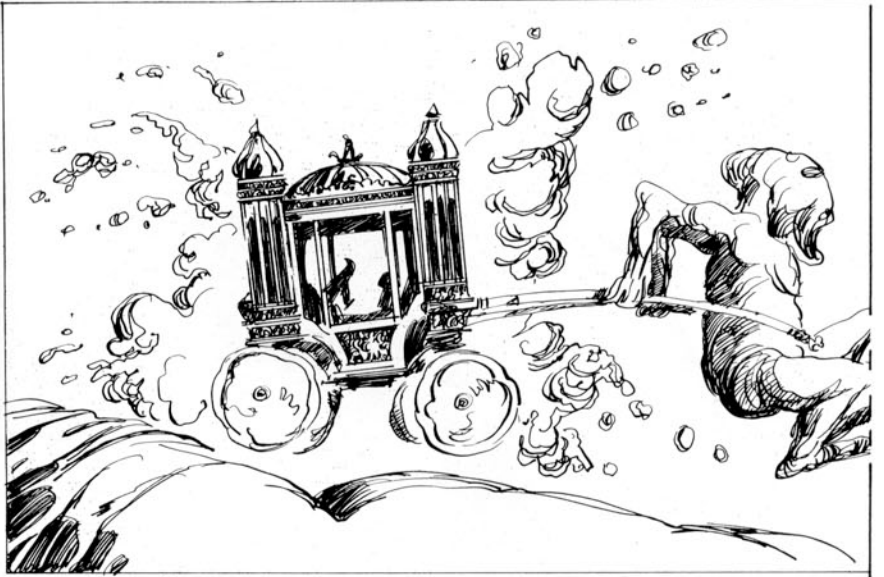


IT'S SO THAT WE'LL
GET THERE ON TIME,
DEAR FRIENDS! HEY!!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF BEING PUSHED
AROUND!...



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? HOW VERY
UNPLEASANT! AAAARRG!!



THIS **WORLD**, WHERE A
MAN CAN'T TAKE A STEP
WITHOUT FINDING HIS
MASTER, HIS RIVAL, OR
HIS SLAVE **BORES**
ME **STIFF!**...



AH, **VALLAOR**, THE WORLD
WE LIVE IN! THE **STINK**
OF **BODIES** MAKES ME
VOMIT!!



I'M **FED UP!**
I'VE HAD A
BELLYFUL...

WHAT'S
COME OVER
HIM? **HEY!**
WHAT ARE
YOU
CARRYING
ON ABOUT?



WHAT THE **HELL?**
WHAT THE **HELL** DOES
IT **MATTER** IN THIS
WORLD OF **STENCH?**
I CAN'T **STAND** IT
ANY **LONGER!**



I'M **SICK**
AND
TIRED
OF BEING
HAD!



COME ON,
IT'S **TIME...**

TIME FOR
WHAT?



**TIME TO
DIE!...**



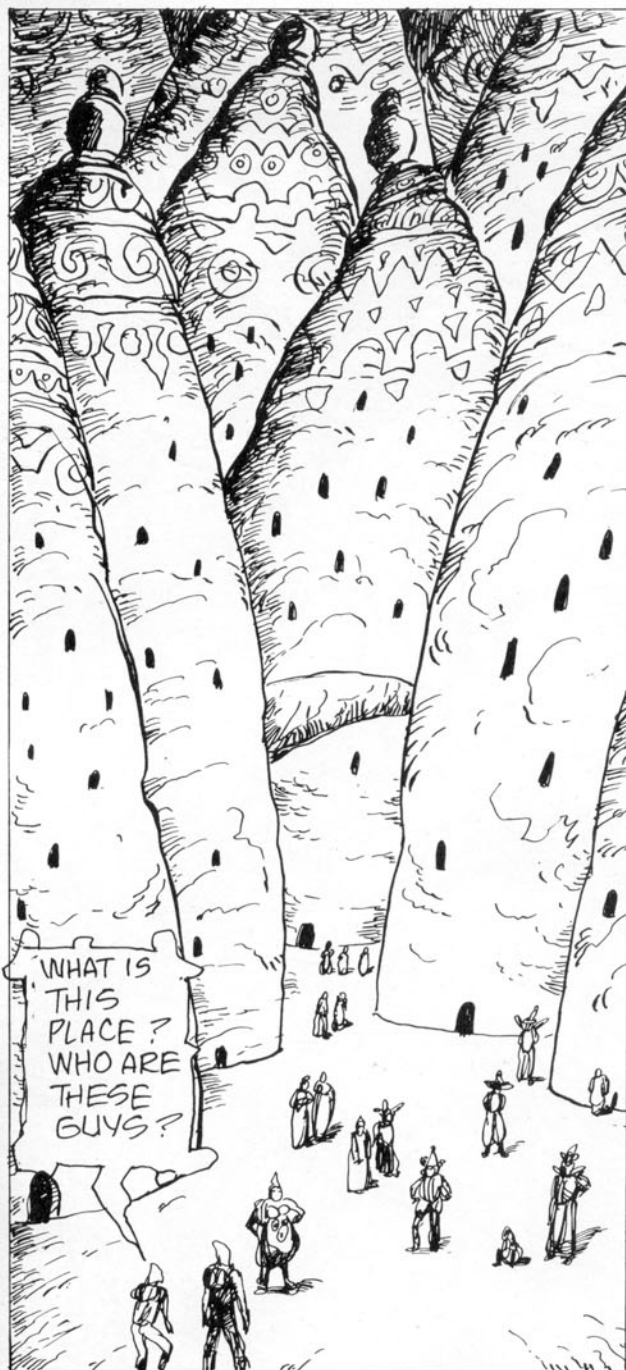


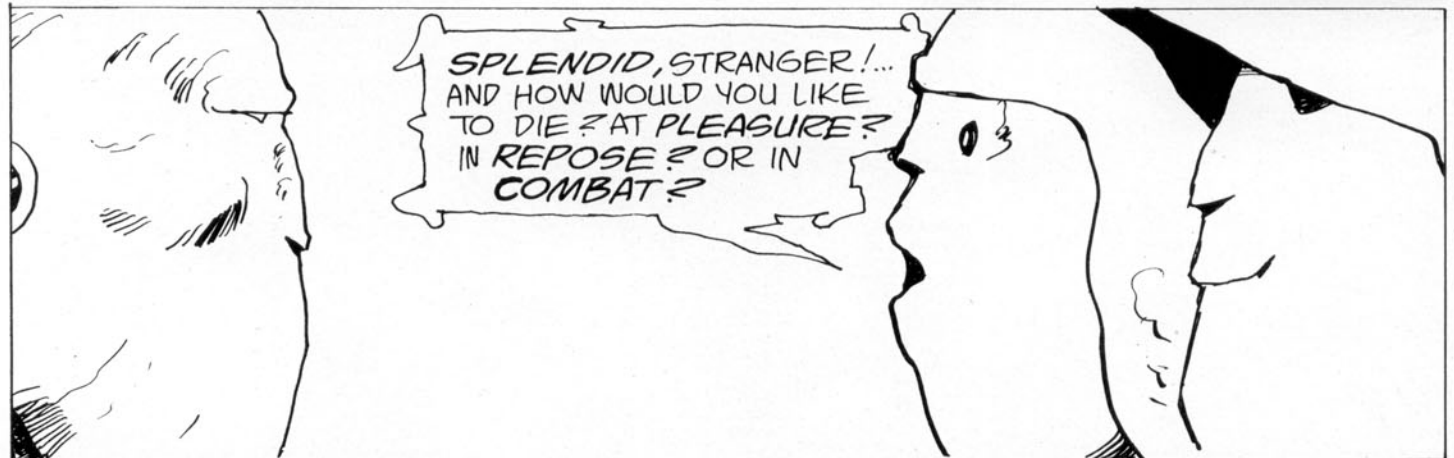
YOU CAN GO!

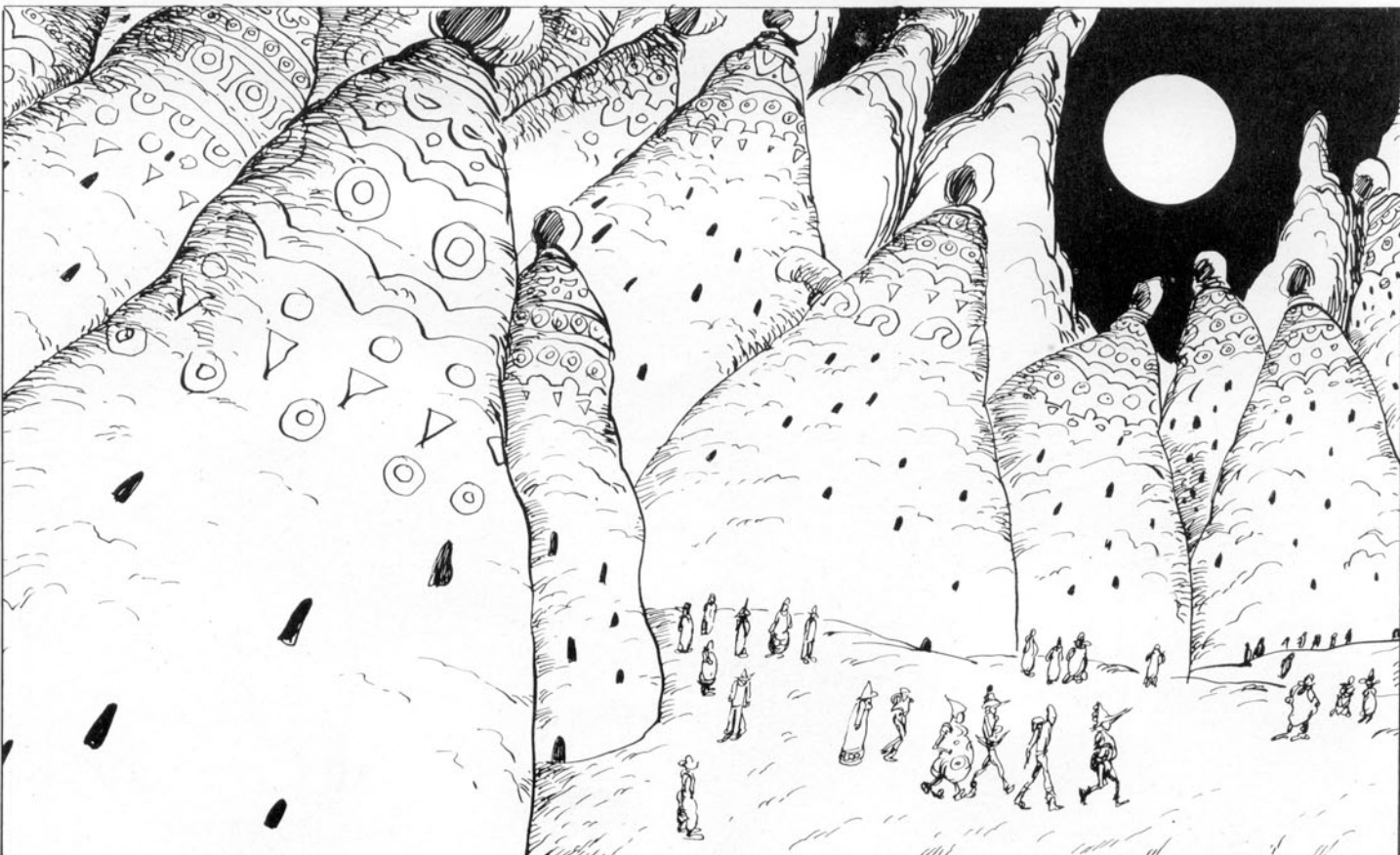
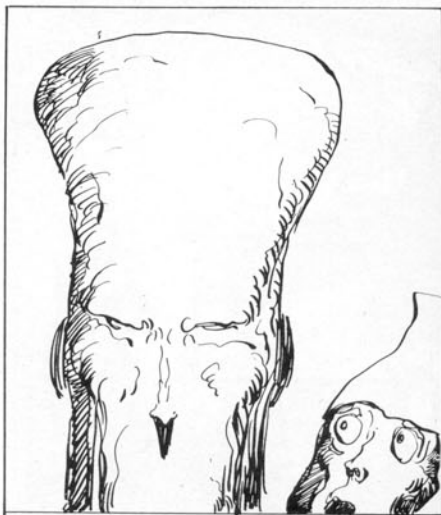
GO? BUT IF
I'M ALONE
I'LL GET
LOST!

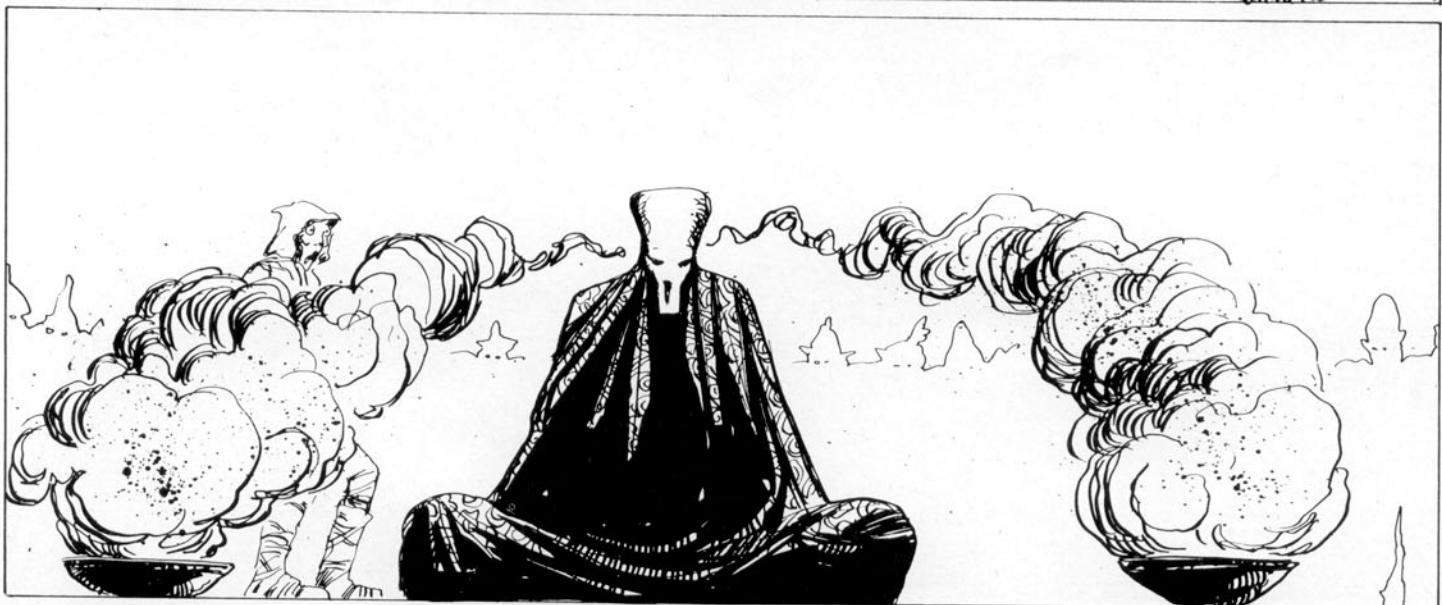


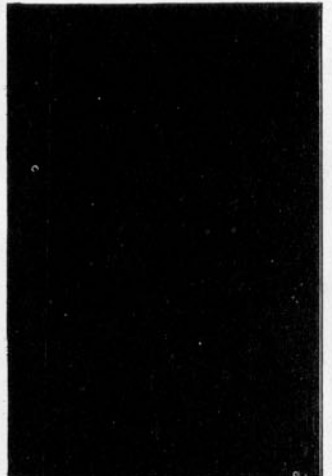
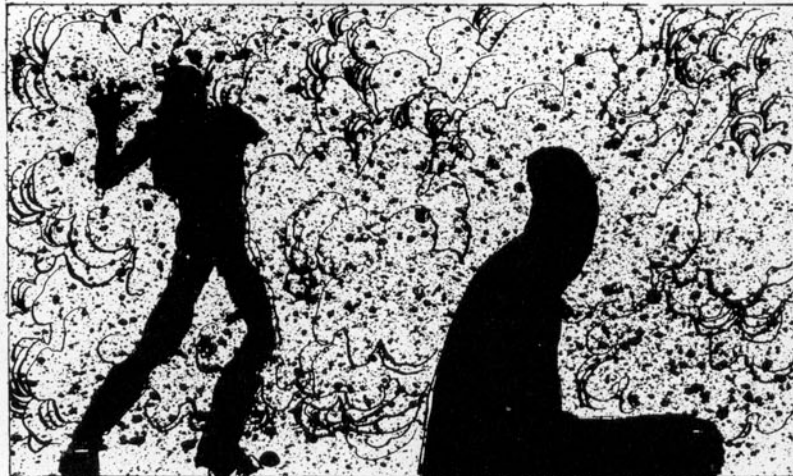
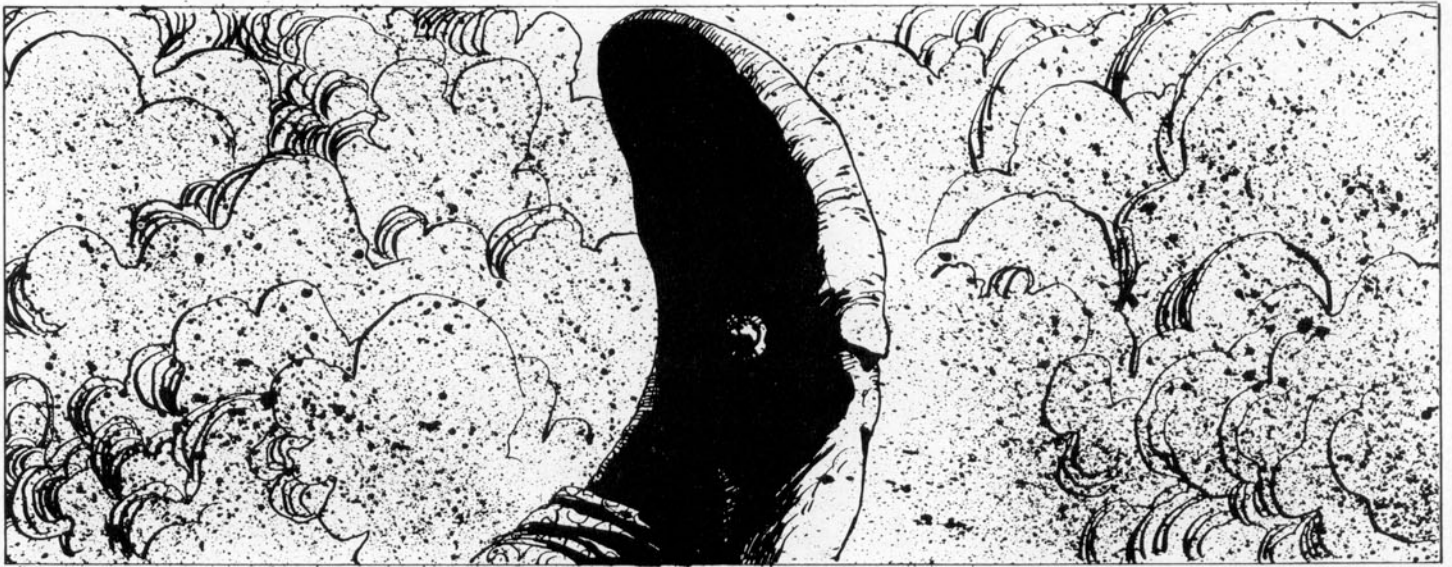
VUZZ! LISTEN
TO ME! IT'S
ALL GOING TO
BE O.K. AGAIN.
BIMBOS, GRUB,
EVERYTHING
WE WANT!

















CLEAVE!
SLASH!
HACK!



DEATH!
LEAP!
RAGE!



RAH!

STUM!



WOE! WOE!
THE FARCE
IS OVER!
REALITY
AT LAST!



ALITTLE
KISS,
JUST A
LITTLE
KISS!





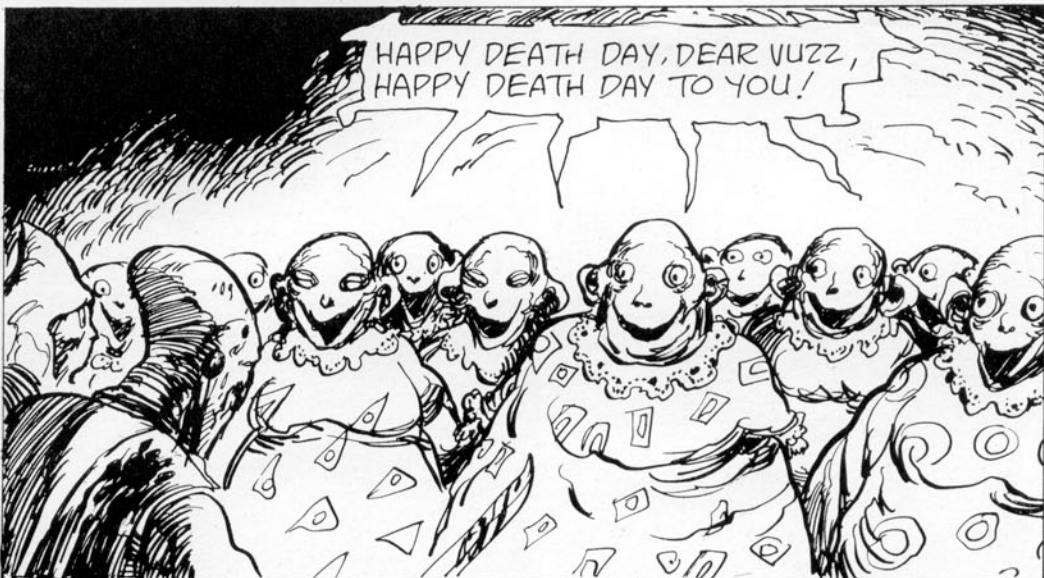
CRACK!



VUZZ! IN HERE,
A HIDING PLACE!



WHY? IT'S
USELESS.



HAPPY DEATH DAY, DEAR VUZZ,
HAPPY DEATH DAY TO YOU!

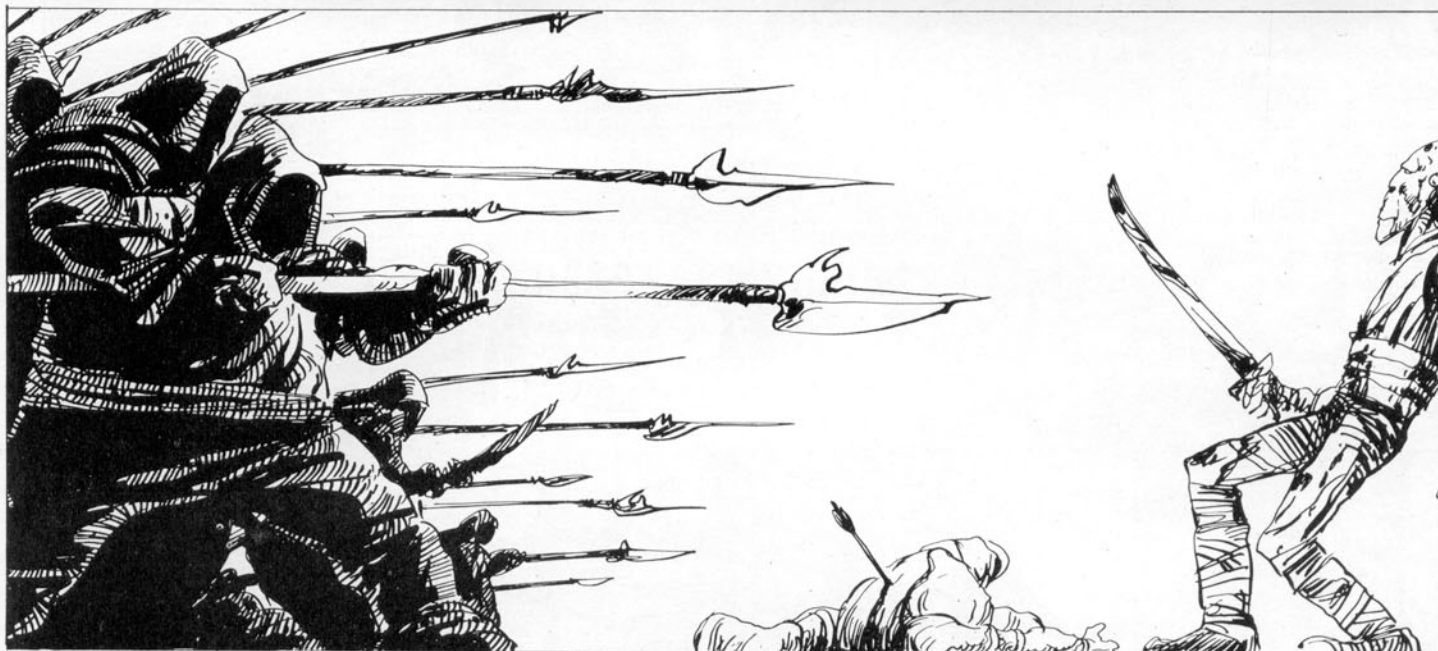


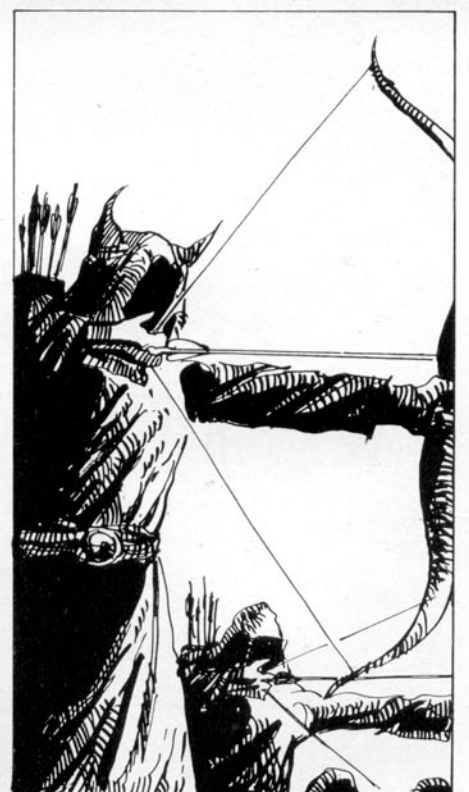
VUZZ WILL DIE!
DIDDLE DIE DIE DIE!

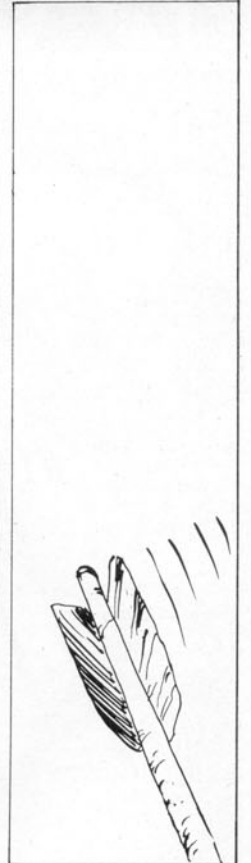
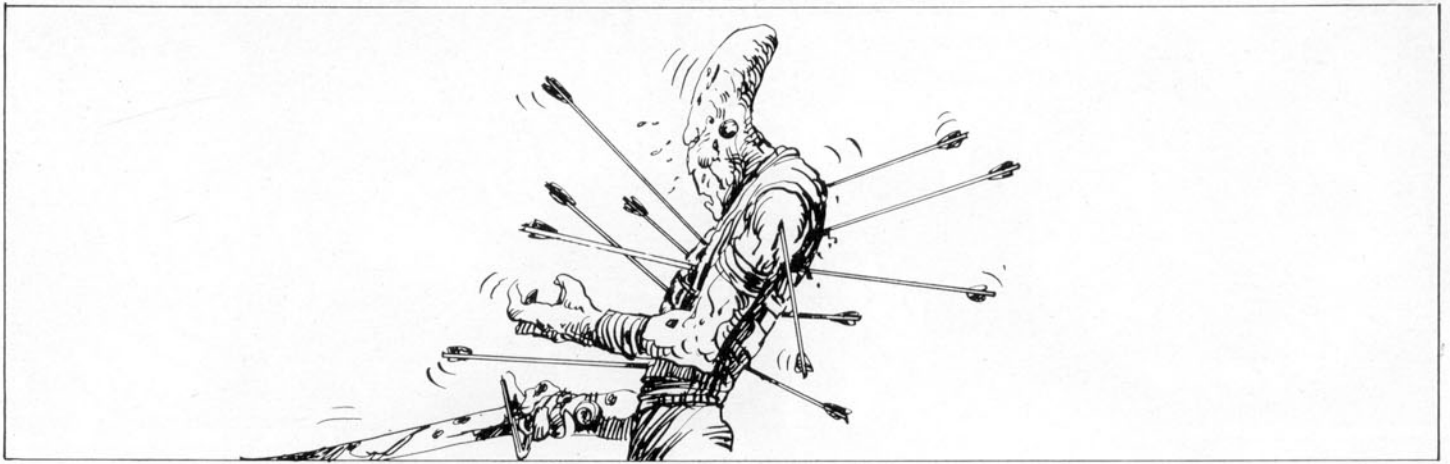


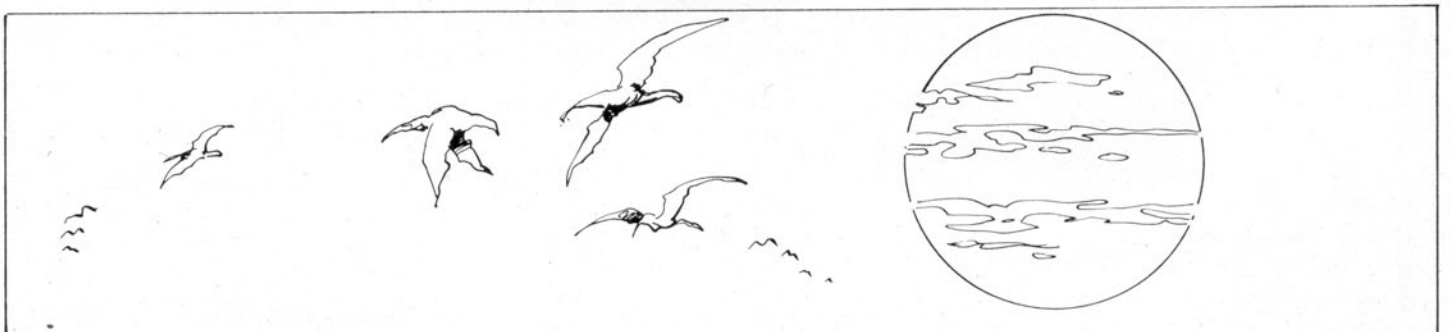
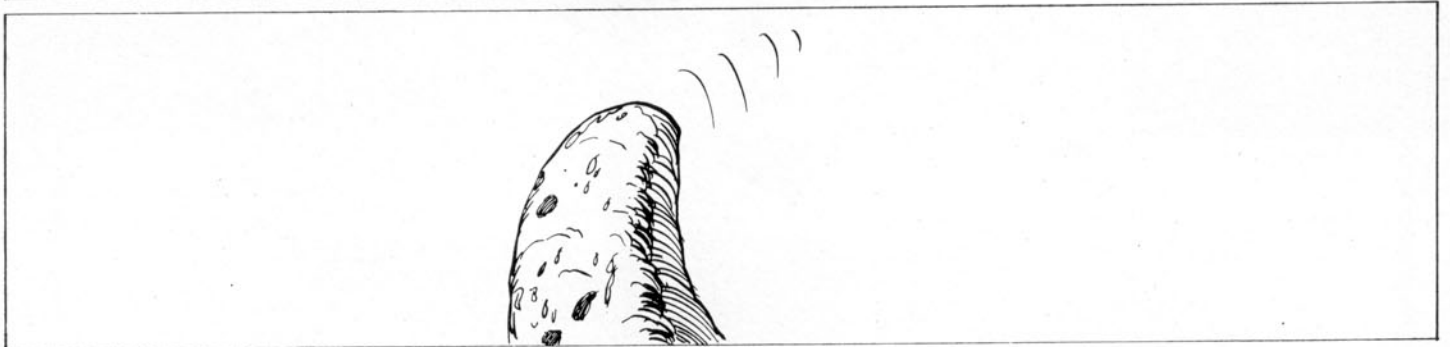
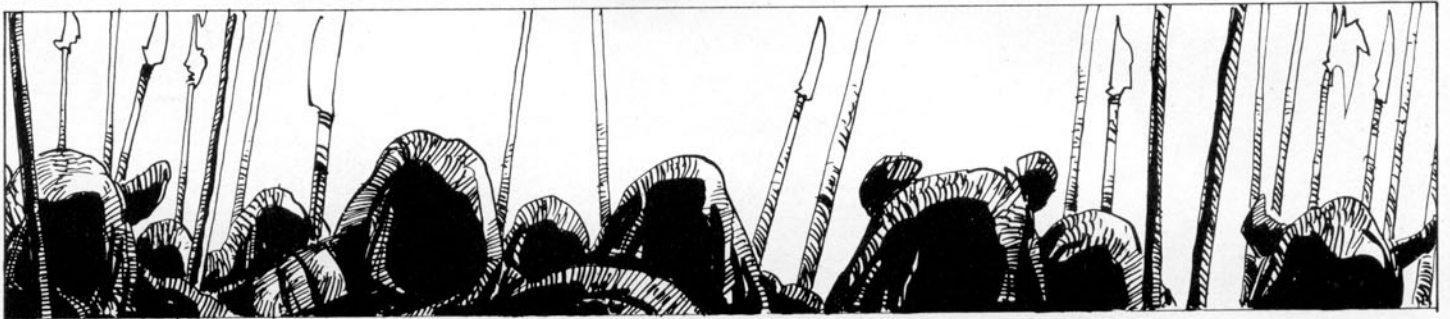
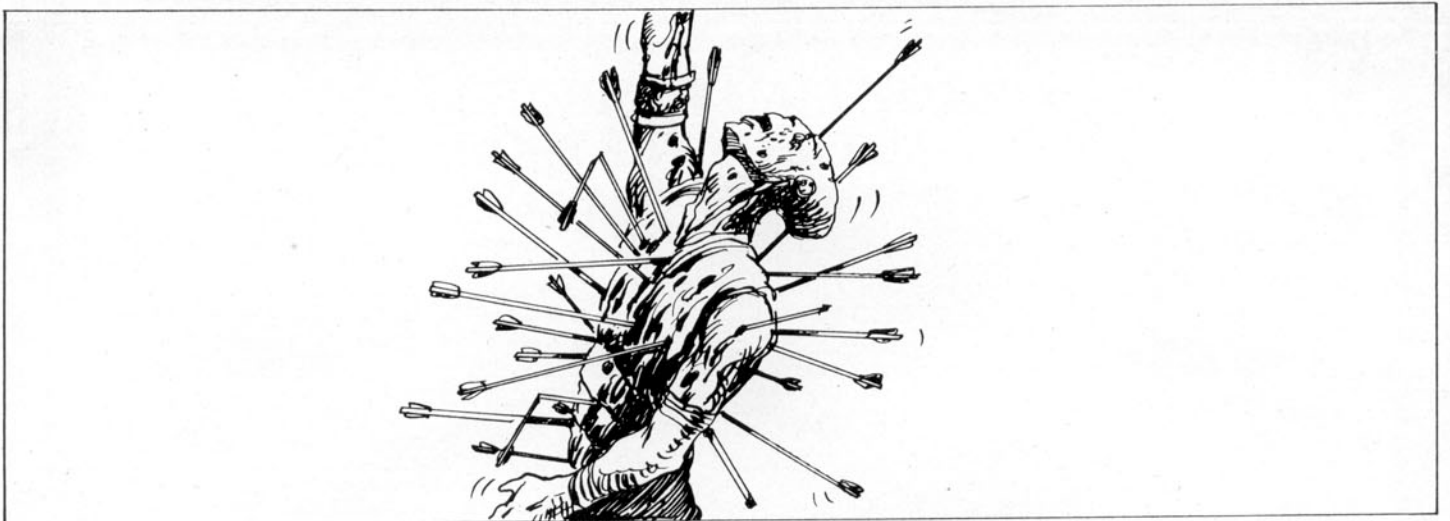
GOOD-BYE,
VUZZY,
WE HATE
TO SEE
YOU
GO!

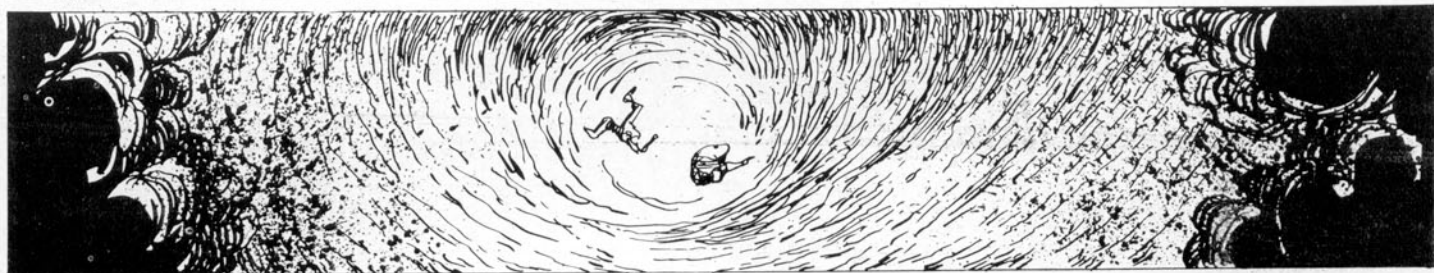
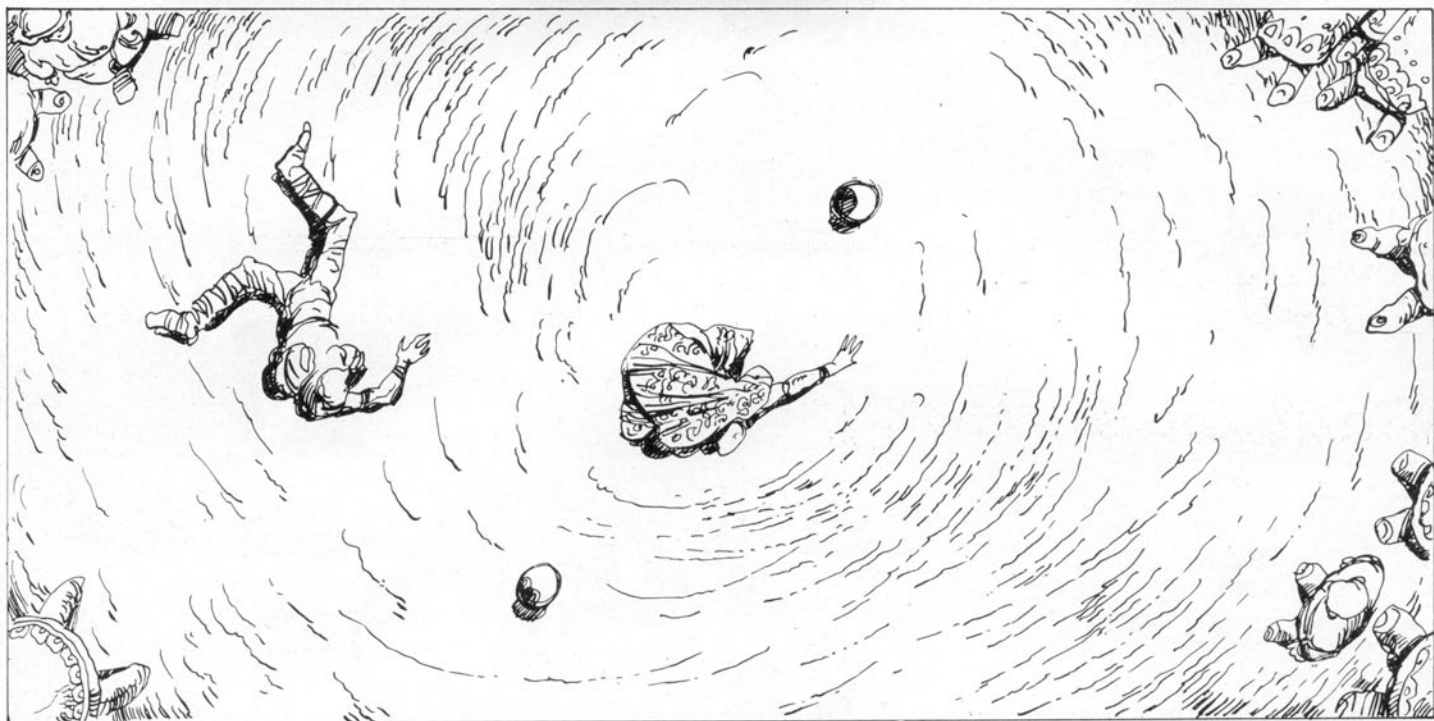










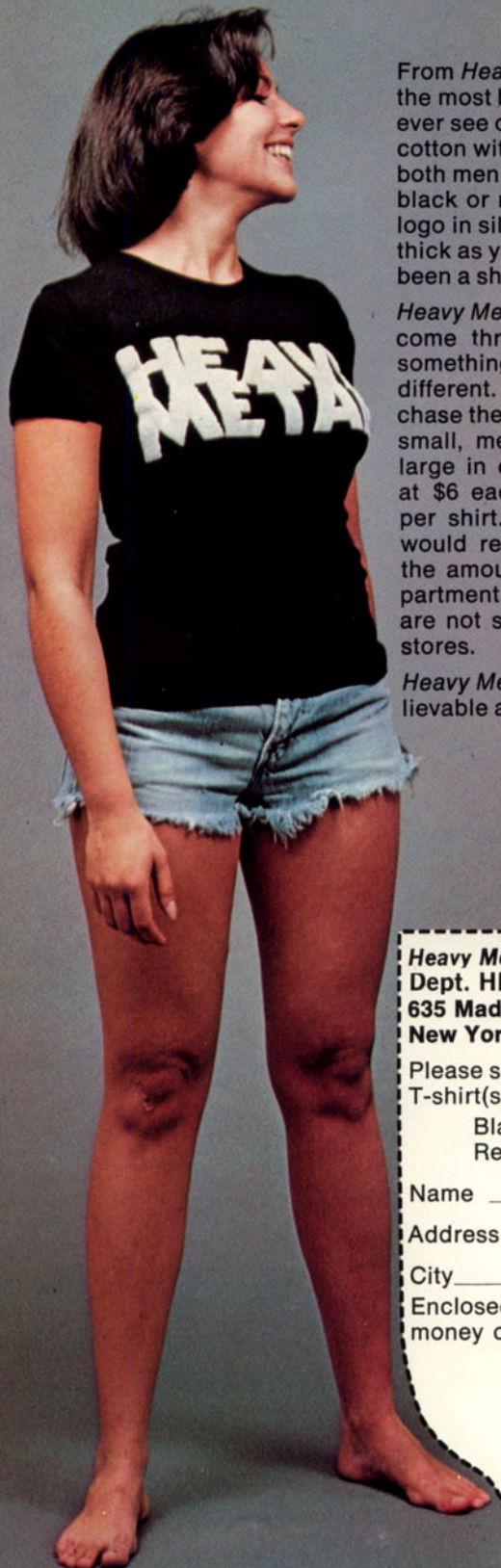


FAREWELL, VUZZ ... FAREWELL TO YOUR FOLLIES,
YOUR GRANDEUR, YOUR NOBILITY, AND YOUR
HORRORS ... FAREWELL, ALREADY FORGOTTEN
CHARACTER ... ALREADY NO ONE ANY LONGER
KNOWS YOUR NAME ... THAT WIND THAT BLOWS, THE
BIRD WHO SINGS, THE SEA, THE SKY, AND THE
STARS ... WHO REMEMBERS ?



1974

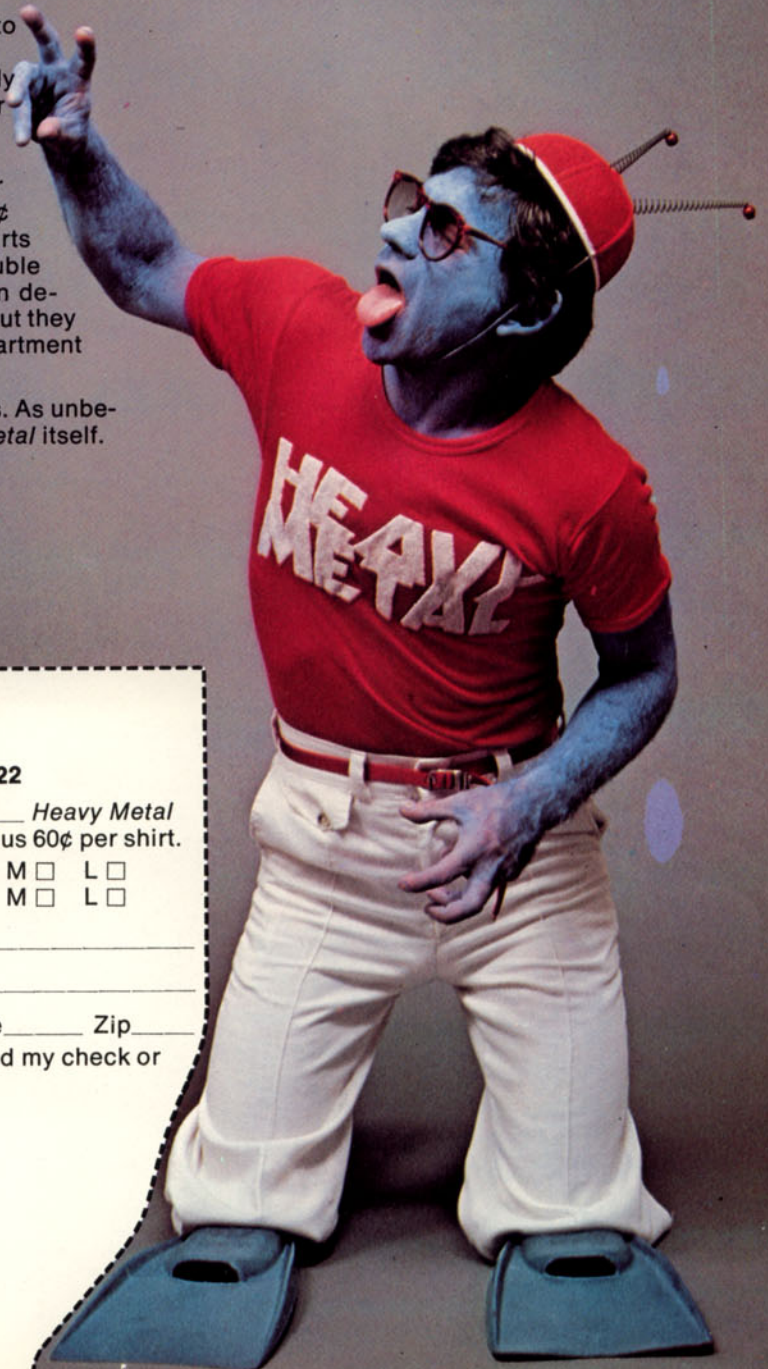
The most incredible T-shirts in this galaxy.



From *Heavy Metal*, naturally, come the most beautiful T-shirts you will ever see or wear. They are fine 100% cotton with French-cut sleeves for both men and women. They come in black or red with the *Heavy Metal* logo in silver metal that's flocked as thick as your finger. There's never been a shirt as spectacular as this.

Heavy Metal figured to come through with something completely different. You can purchase these shirts in small, medium, and large in either color at \$6 each plus 60¢ per shirt. These shirts would retail for double the amount if sold in department stores... but they are not sold in department stores.

Heavy Metal T-shirts. As unbelievable as *Heavy Metal* itself.



Heavy Metal
Dept. HM-1277
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ *Heavy Metal*
T-shirt(s) at \$6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt.

Black S ☐ M ☐ L ☐
Red S ☐ M ☐ L ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed please find my check or money order.

