

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

May 1978  
\$1.50

# HEAVY METAL

IND  
36587

R



**"We can do anything we want.  
We're college students!"**



**NATIONAL  
LAMPOON'S  
ANIMAL  
HOUSE**

A comedy from Universal Pictures that will escape sometime this summer.

Starring: John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce,  
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Produced by Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman

Directed by John Landis

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# CHAIN MAIL

Sirs:

Having seen the first two chapters of Gray Morrow's "Orion" in a fanzine with a copyright date of 1975, thus implying it has long since been completed, I would like to know why you felt it necessary, in "...Subsequently..." *HM* #10, to give the impression it was unfinished till sometime in 1977.

Puzzled,  
Gary Davis  
Portland, Oregon

Dear Gary: "Orion" isn't finished yet, and if Gray knows how it turns out, he's not telling. True, the first two chapters were published—in black and white—in *Witzend*, wasn't it? But nobody was smart or crazy enough to finance Gray's completion of the story. Until us. —Eds.

Editors:

I have recently become a devoted fan of *Heavy Metal*. Don't listen to those morons who talk down *HM* (they don't know class when they see it). *Heavy Metal* is as mind-blowing as Monty Python is funny.

Jeff Barry  
Marblehead, Mass.

Ms. Simmons:

While the comments in reply to Ms. Reynolds (2/78) may have some merit, I find it difficult to accept from a woman who begins, "Girls, girls, girls, what are we going to do with you?" My anger/annoyance/disappointment was not lessened by your female name at the bottom, but was rather increased to the point of suggesting to you that if you, my dear, are a girl, please don't lay your trip on the rest of us, even in a comic book.

Jean Annuth  
New York, N.Y.

I'd rather not continue with the subject of *Heavy Metal* versus "Women as sex objects" because woman's lib arguments unfortunately tend to get tedious. For years sexism was rampant in films, publications, and everyday life. The woman's lib movement surfaced, accusations were made, and supposedly equality was won. But a totally different side to liberation, which has yet to be discussed, is open-mindedness—the ability to laugh at and with yourself.

If my comment in the February issue of *Heavy Metal* seemed unusually sardonic, it was. The struggle for continued on page 55

## Not every man can handle Metaxa.

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Men who can handle it.



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Heavy Metal

Vol. II, No. 1

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# ...CONTINUALLY...



Feedback & self-criticism would have it that there are (at least) 2 things we do wrong: cause to be printed too many dumb stories & too many continued ones.

Now, re dumbness: you know it

ain't easy cramming all of Aristotle's dramatic necessities into a 3 to 8 page comic, i.e., plot, characters, meaning, atmosphere, beginning, middle, & etc., & still leave room for the pretty pictures. Tends to overinflate yr

speech balloons. Come to think, there's room for precious few of old Ari's basics slipped into yr average 1/2 hr tv drama. The form, you might say, is restrictive. Hmmm.

Obvious alternative is to give artist/writer more time/space to spin his tale, up periscope from subplot & otherwise sail his craft 'til we cry author! Or at least, O Henry! Hence ubiquitous mini-series on home screen viddy & nourishing serials here in *HM*. Point is, we do not "...to be continued" likes of "Barbarella" & "Orion" in hopes of conning breath-holding reader out of next month's buck 50. Art is the reason. So cough up.

This month's cover is by Philippe Druiet, one of *Metal Hurlant's* original Humanoids, master draftsman, mythmaker, & creator of the "Urm" cycle, which concludes within. Soon as the packet of pages clears U.S. customs (where they are treating it with the care usually afforded Hanukkah presents from the PLO), we will bring you the latest adventures of his hero Lone Sloane on the prison-planet, Gail.

Since "Den" concluded in April, we gave Corben 30 days off, but he'll be back next month with a new series of Arabian Nights stuff painted exclusively in OPEC petroleum by-products. Also in June *HM*, look forward to 16 pages by Bob Aull, who is to Vaughn Bodé what Robin Trower is to Jimi Hendrix, as well as illustrated (by Alex Nino) version of Sturgeon's *More Than Human*. Doesn't caviar come from a Sturgeon version?

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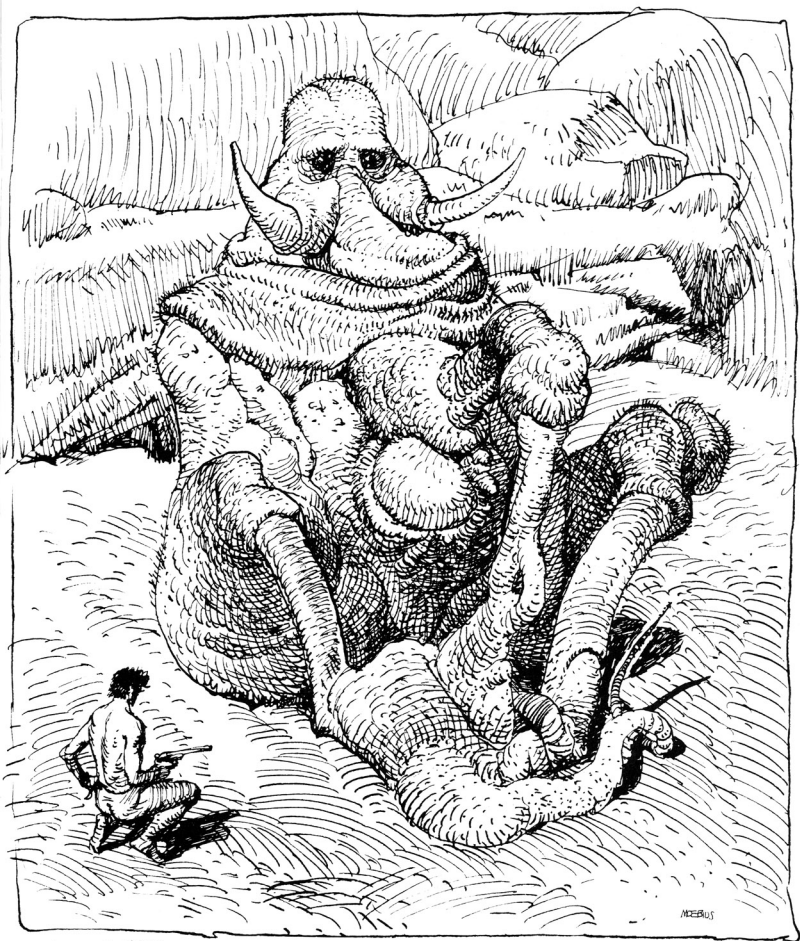
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# going to pieces







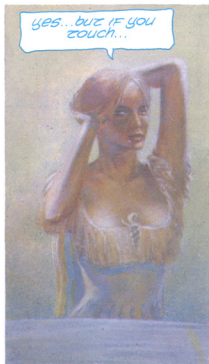




THAT KNOW... IT'S  
SO TEMPTING...



YES... BUT IF YOU  
TOUCH...



NO, I'VE GOT  
AHEAD OF  
MYSELF NOW...



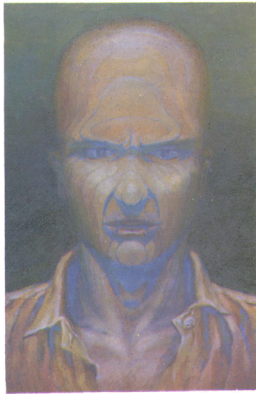
OH, COME ON! YOU'RE  
ALWAYS GETTING YOUR-  
SELF INTO IMPOSSIBLE  
SITUATIONS...

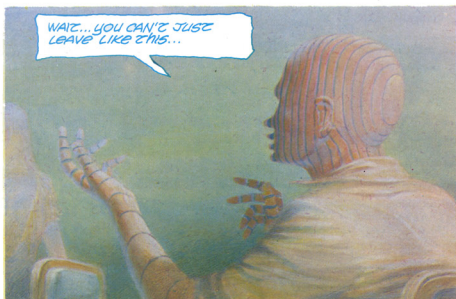


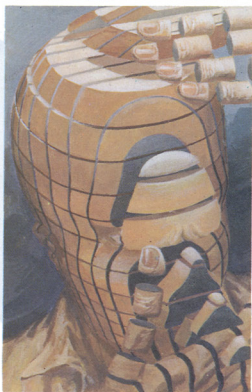
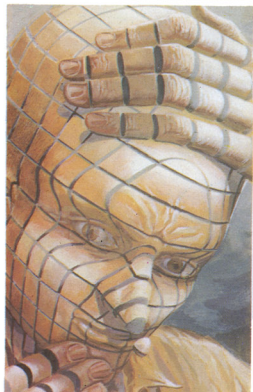
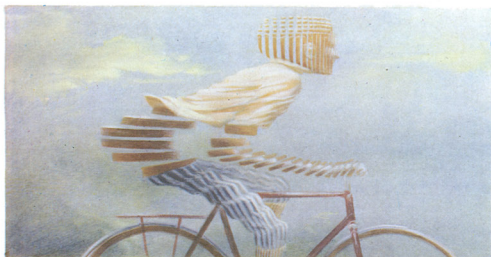
YOU SEE... YOU'RE  
STARTING AGAIN...



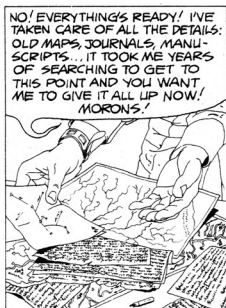
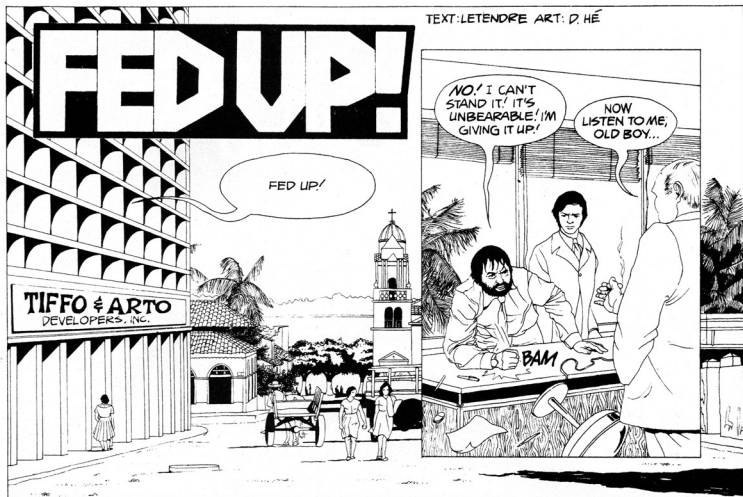
YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT TO BE  
THE STRONG ONE... YOU'RE  
THE ONE WHO DOES EVERY-  
THING TO GET ME FEELING  
THIS WAY...















I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THIS DAMNED RIVER TO JURIA.



\*WHERE IT MEETS THE AMAZON

THE HORSES ARE  
APPROACHING THE  
STARTING GATE...AND  
THEY'RE OFF!



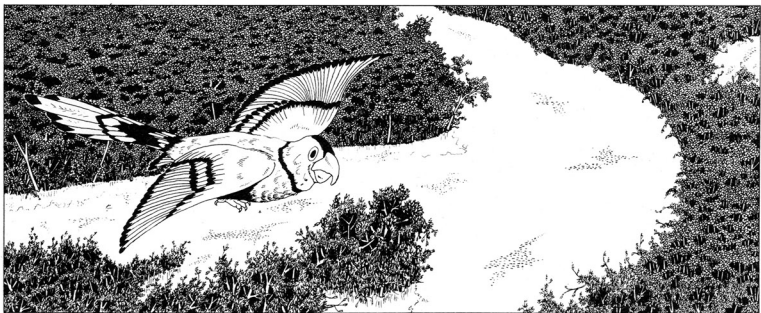
EVE'S APPLE TAKES THE  
LEAD...STAGEHAND IS ON  
THE RAIL...

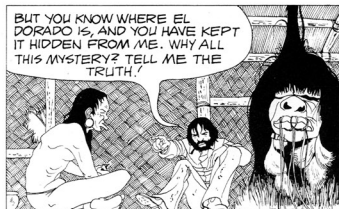
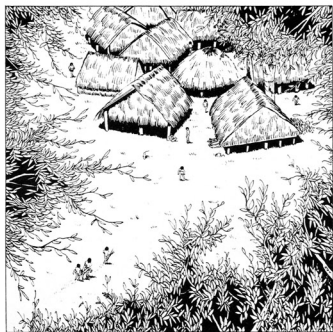


EL DORADO!  
EL DORADO!

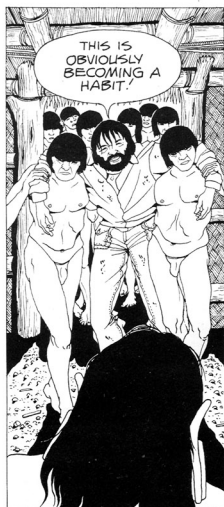


...JUNK, POLLUTING  
NATURE...EVEN NATURE  
IS CORRUPT!  
HA HA...EVERYTHING...  
THE WHOLE FOREST.









TWO DAYS PASS...





OMINOUS SHADOWS  
CRISS-CROSS AN  
INERT FORM ON  
A SANDBAR....

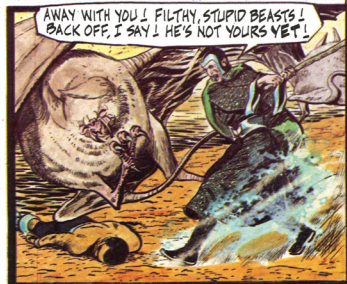


THE GROTESQUE CARRION-EATERS GATHER  
COURAGE AFTER SEVERAL PASSES AND ALIGHT  
NEARBY, CIRCLING WARILY. THEN, THE BOLDEST  
OF THE LOT...



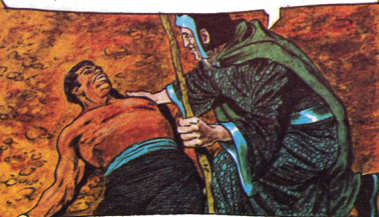
...BESTRIDES THE PROSTRATE FIGURE  
AND IS.....

... KNOCKED GALLEY WEST BY A RESOUNDING BLOW FROM LAMONTHOS' CROOKED STAFF! APPEARING FROM NOWHERE AS HE'S WONT TO DO, THE BLACK MAGE SCATTERS HIS MINIONS AMID A FLURRY OF FLUTTERINGS AND PIPINGS.



AWAY WITH YOU! FILTHY, STUPID BEASTS! BACK OFF, I SAY! HE'S NOT YOURS YET!

SO, MY FRIEND YOU HAVE FAILED ME IN THE TASK I SET FOR YOU. ORION STILL RETAINS HIS MAGIC SWORD. I SUPPOSE YOU DID YOUR BEST... BUT CAPABLE KNAVES ARE SO HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS. AH, ME, YES. IT SEEMS I MUST DEAL WITH THIS OBSTREPEROUS RASCAL, ORION, MYSELF. I SHALL PERHAPS NEED TO EMPLOY ALL MY TALENTS FOR DEVIUOUSNESS AND WICKEDNESS TO SEPARATE HIM FROM THE FABLED BLADE, THORBOLT... KEY TO POWER UNPARALLELED!



AH, MY POOR UNWILLING PAWN, IN FAILING YOU HAVE ACTUALLY DONE ME A SERVICE, YES! A REAL CHALLENGE AT LAST! A TEST OF MY MAGNIFICENT MALEVOLENCE! MY MALIFICENT METTLE! BADNESS KNOWS, I WAS GETTING A BIT RUSTY. MY BLACK HEART OVERFLOWS WITH FORGIVENESS AND COMPASSION. I FREE YOU FROM THE ENSORCELLED WRISTLETS THAT BOUND YOUR WILL TO MINE AND LEAVE YOU TO REST... IN PEACE... ETERNAL PEACE!!

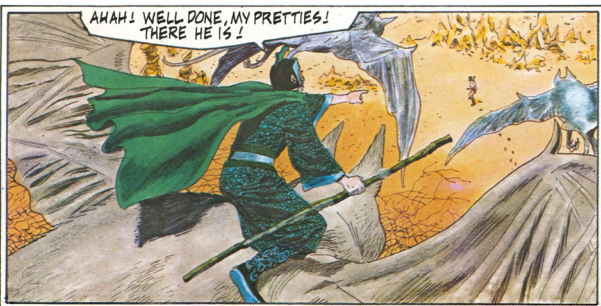


...UP, UP AND AWAY, MY LOVELIES! AAA-A-HA-HA-HA-HAAAA!

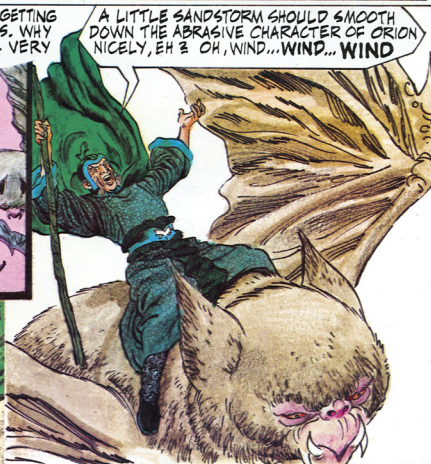


MOUNTING ONE OF HIS PITCHY-PINIONED AVIANS, AND DIRECTING OTHERS TO SCOUT OUT ORION'S TRAIL, LAMONTHOS SOARS ALOFT, LEAVING THE REMAINDER TO RESUME THEIR GRISLY REPOST. AS THE UNGAINLY CREATURES CLOSE THEIR CIRCLE AROUND THE DARK WARRIOR AND ONE PREPARES TO DELIVER THE DEATH STROKE... HE STIRS!!

LAMONTHOS  
AND HIS  
AIRBORNE  
BLOODHOUNDS  
SPOT THE TINY  
FIGURE OF  
ORION MAKING  
HIS WAY  
ACROSS THE  
BURNING  
SANDS.



NO, NO, MY DARLINGS, WE WON'T RISK GETTING  
CLOSE TO THAT TERRIBLE SWORD OF HIS. WHY  
SHOULD WE, WHEN WE CAN INVOKE THE VERY  
ELEMENTS THEMSELVES TO AID US?



MUSTERING ALL  
HIS NECROMANCIC  
TALENTS, THE  
MAD MAGE CALLS  
UP A MIGHTY  
STORM OF SHRIEK-  
ING, HOWLING  
WIND AND SAND  
TO SCOUR AND  
ABRADE ORION  
TO DUST. DRIVEN  
BY BANSHEE  
GALES, HE  
STAGGERS  
THROUGH A  
MAELSTROM OF  
STINGING GRIT...



...TO FINALLY TAKE SHELTER UNDER THE LEATHERY LEAVES OF A STRANGE DESERT PLANT TO WAIT OUT THE STORM....



NO SIGN, NO TRACKS. HE COULDN'T HAVE HIDDEN ANYWHERE. HE MUST BE BURIED UNDER THE SAND. I CAN'T SIFT THE ENTIRE DESERT.



SOMETIME LATER, A SURPRISED LIZARD IS THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE APPARENTLY ACCELERATED UNFOLDING OF A NEW LEAF ON A NEARBY PLANT. ...ORION STEPS FORTH, LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

AFTER THE TEMPEST'S ABATEMENT, LAMONTHOS' EAGLE-EYED KITES FAIL TO DISCERN A CLUE TO THEIR QUARRY'S WHEREABOUTS....



CLUCKS! BOOBS! IF YOUR EYES FAIL, YOUR NOSES SHOULD TELL YOU WHERE HIS CARCASS IS, YOU NINNIES!



WHAT DO I DO NOW? WELL, DON'T JUST SIT THERE! DIG! HUNT! SEARCH--**FETCH** YOU CRETINS!! FIND HIM!

SO THAT'S WHAT A SILKWORM FEELS LIKE. NEXT TIME WE MEET, MAGICIAN, IT WILL BE ON MY TERMS!!



NOW ORION MUST CONTEND WITH AN EVEN DEADLIER ENEMY THAN LAMONTHOS... THE MERCILESS, IMPLACABLE LAND OF BALIMODRA, ITSELF. IT'S WEAPONS ARE MORE INSIDIOUS THAN MERE CONJURINGS... THE BRAIN-BAKING, EYE-SEARING, BLISTERING DESERT HEAT...

...CARNIVOROUS FLORA...



RATIONS ARE GETTING LOW, WELL, ONE THING LESS TO CARRY WHEN THEY'RE GONE. BOOTS WEIGH A TON. I'LL CUT THEM INTO SANDALS.

...FLAME-SPEWING GEYSERS...



DAMN! BALIMODRA MUST BE ANOTHER NAME FOR HELL!



LET LOOSE, YOU DAMNED CABBAGE, OR I'LL MAKE COLE SLAIN OUT OF YOU!

... THE NERVE-WRACKING VALLEY OF SIGHS... SANITY-SHREDDING SOUND... KEENING, ULULATING, WHISPERING, MOCKING...



IT'S JUST THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH HOLES IN THE ROCKS... BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE... WOMEN WAILING...

... AND MIRAGES... MIRAGES THAT ARE MORE THAN THEY SEEM....



FACES... LIGHTS...  
COLORS... CITIES IN  
THE SKY! GUESS  
I'M CRACKING...  
WATER'S ALL GONE 'N  
SO 'M I ....

**THIRST-MADDENED, DRIVEN ON BY WILL ALONE, ORION TRAVELS UNTIL HE DROPS. THEN, TO HIS HEAT-SODDEN BRAIN COME STRANGE, HAUNTING VISIONS THAT SEEM TO BECKON, TO ENTICE...**



**EAGER NOW, ANTICIPATING, HE RISES AND STAGGERS ON TO... AN INLAND SEA... THE LEGENDARY LOST SEA OF BALIMODRA, A VAST EXPANSE OF - NOT WATER, BUT UNDULATING, WHISPERING, BILLOWING VAPOR.**



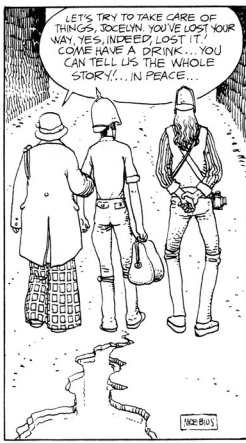
**HE STUMBLES TOWARD THE PHANTASMS THAT MESMERIZE HIM AND INTO THE ROLLING, MILKY GREY OPACITY OF THE LOST SEA - AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT !!**

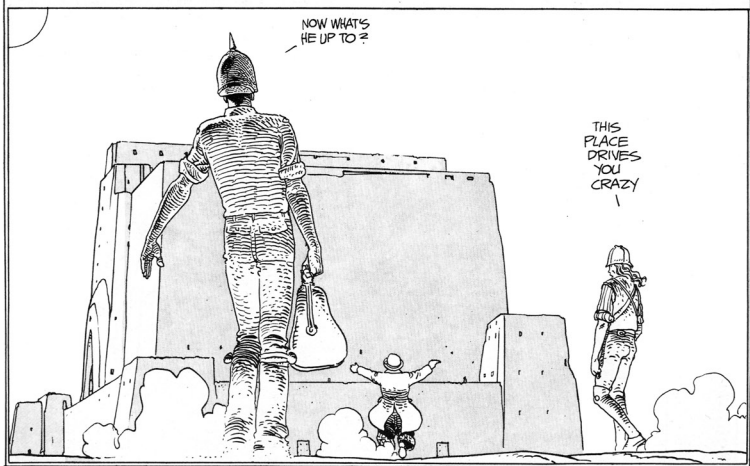
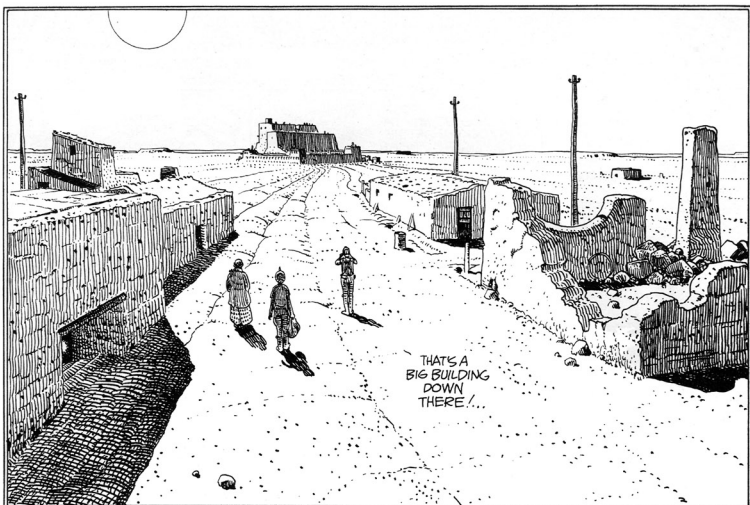
A comic book panel depicting a dramatic rescue. A man with dark skin and a beard, wearing a simple brown tunic, is seated in a large, dark, woven boat. He holds a long, thin pole vertically. Above him, a large, grey, scaly dragon with long, thin wings is shown in mid-flight, its head tilted back as if breathing fire. A speech bubble from the dragon reads: "I'M SAVED! THE OTHERS ARE SCATTERING TO THE SKIES THANKS TO...". The background is a bright, hazy orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or a fire in the distance. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration.

# THE UPTIGHT GARBAGE OF MOEBIUS

BY JERRY CORNELIUS

SO FAR: EDITOR: I GET THE IMPRESSION YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO CHANCE? MOEBIUS: AT FIRST, YES, BUT LATER, NOW, I HAVE IT ALL IN MY HEAD, UP TO PAGE 723... EDITOR: MY GOD, AN EPIC!...





I LIVE IN ARMSOUTH WITH A GIRL WHO'S  
CRAZY ABOUT THE PICTURES WHICH COME  
OUT OF THIS LITTLE MACHINE OF MINE  
| AT NIGHT...

CLICK

WELL  
WELL!!!



IT'S AFTERNOON... THEN... ZING...  
THE REST IS FOR THE NEXT  
AND UNREAL...

IT'S HIM... IT'S  
JOCELYN THYON... HE'S  
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE AND HE'S  
LOST HIS WAY IN THE MAZE OF THE  
- LOWER CITY... BUT WE THOUGHT, MY  
FRIEND AND ME, THAT WE'D BRING  
HIM HERE SO HE COULD GET A  
DRINK... HE'S LOST... LOST  
HIS WAY!...

CLICK!





Deadline. Another damn deadline. What amazes me most is that I haven't become a hack.

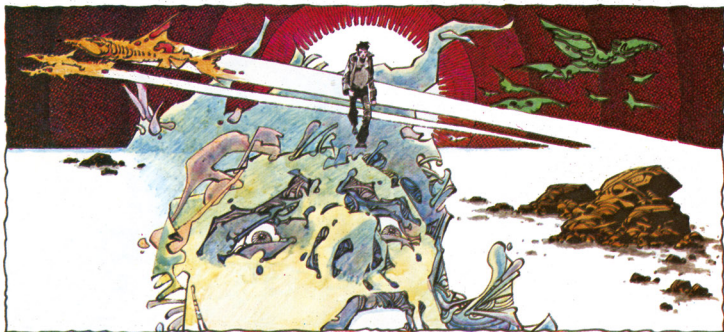
Pressure. The constant pressure. Keep those worlds coming. The weirder the better.

It gets worse every year. They always want something new. Bigger monsters. Stronger heroes.



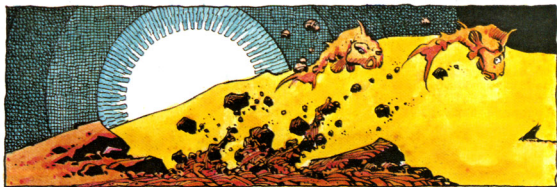
I dig deeper into my dreams. I feel it, you know...whatever I draw...I know I can stop it...I won't stop it. I live through my dreams. I escape.

## TAP-DANCING ON A TENDER CEREBELLUM





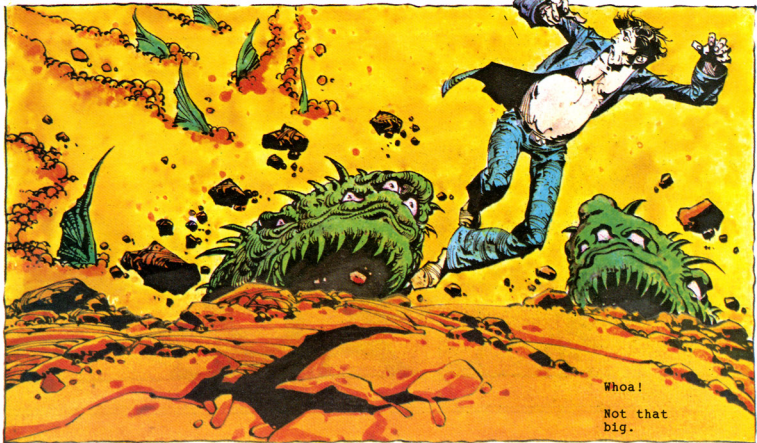
They've  
been  
getting  
worse for  
some time  
now....



Fools...they  
hear about  
Jaws 2 and  
they want  
more  
sharks.



So I think  
about  
sharks.  
Bigger!  
Wilder!



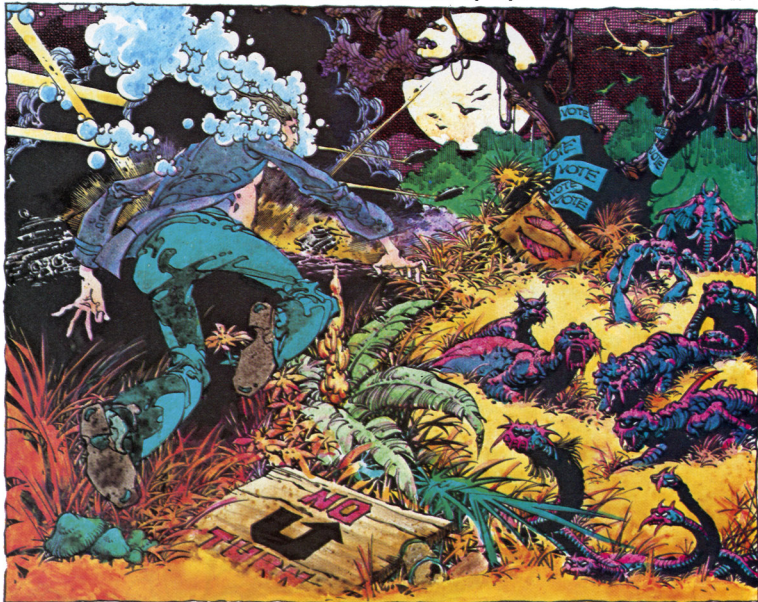
Whoa!  
Not that  
big.



Forget it. I'll do what I always do. Hand in the art right when they need it. Too late to change. Pisses them off.



Something really weird this time. An editorial cartoon by Roger Corman. I mean w-e-i-r-d.





No...they're on to me.  
Gotta be something new  
or they won't buy it.



I've been here  
before...  
that moment when your  
mind races for the  
picture....



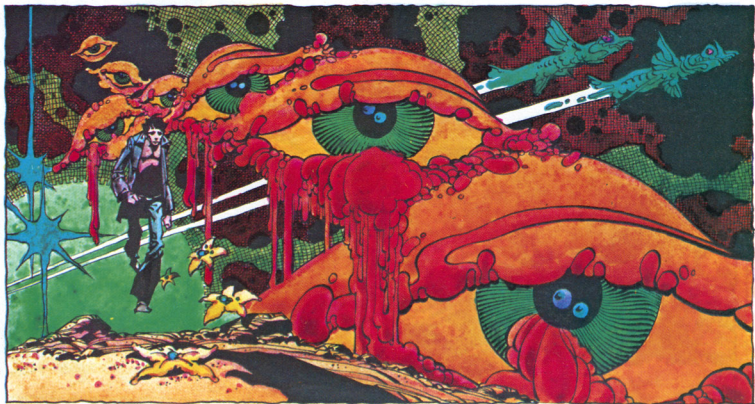
"You can do it,  
boy!" Deeper,  
something basic,  
scary, a  
thriller....



Give 'em one of  
those fancy  
styles...Moebius,  
Rackham, Kley....



Sure...a psychological thriller...cop Dali from Hitchcock...mix in a little World War II...sure...surreal events in an occupied town...man sees ancient soldier hiding in abandoned home..."Twilight Zone."



Now...what do  
they look like?



No! Did that  
before—



What?

No, not that way!





Damn deadline. Setting me off completely. Too much pressure. Mixing up the scenes!

Too much coffee. That's it. Damn freeze-dried stuff! What's that? No! I didn't want any jungle queens!

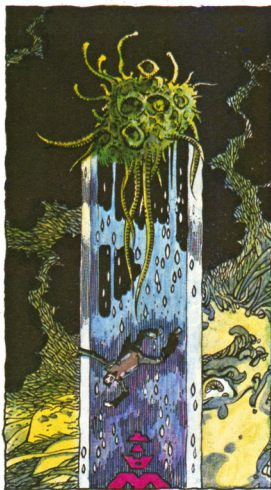




Now wait a minute. I can't breathe. Too hot in here. Gotta open my eyes! My mouth!  
 What? They're open? Impossible-  
 I can't breathe!

What? Fly? I'm not going to fly! That's insane!





Cold.  
Suddenly, it's very  
cold.



Impossible. I was just  
at the board.



Oh! Something grabbing me! The story! Now I have it. Monsters grabbing me. Taking me away. Attack of the monsters. Man chased by creatures who really aren't there.



Man runs...spends a fortune escaping them. He keeps running...spends another million...buys a Pacific atoll...thinks he can trap the monsters there. Then he has the Navy blow it up...

...but the monsters remain.



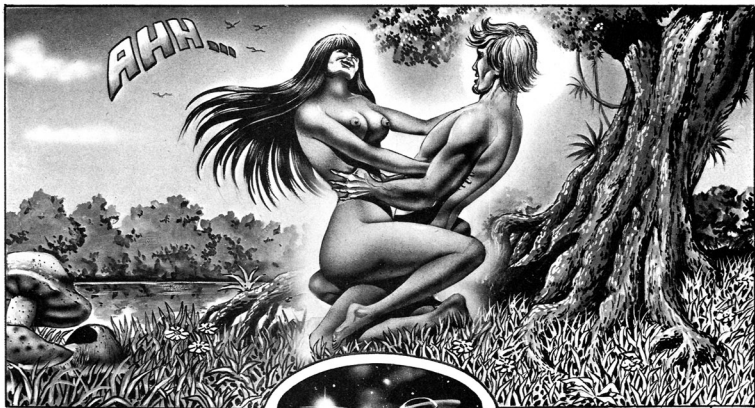
That's it! Exciting! Really visual! Now all I have to do is draw it and get it in the mail.



Ah, deadlines! Pressure! What amazes me most is that I haven't become a hack.







AAHH, THIS IS FUN... I JUST FOCUSED SOME WAVES ON A LITTLE PLANET I THINK THEY CALL EARTH.

COME ON, DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH THE INTEMPORAL ENERGY MACHINE. YOU KNOW HOW SENSITIVE IT IS. YOU'RE TAKING THE RISK OF ALTERING THE PLANETARY RHYTHM OF THAT GALAXY...

ART: MACEDO TEXT: VOSS

FIN

# MILLENNIUM STARSHIP

Like a giant mountain served up on a platter, *Serius Explorer Colony 6* speeds toward the galactic hub at .6 speed of light. Here it encounters a meteor shower, but three fields of magnetic flux protect the community of 200,000 citizens from destruction by any space body smaller than a planetoid. The colony lives in a facsimile of the home planet, its mountains and valleys providing all familiar climates, nourished by a sun projection (seen rising over the mountain).

Underneath the platform, a massive computer-controlled power plant commands trajectory, interspace communication, ecology, and sensors, freeing the populace to concentrate its energies on research, exploration, information storage, and tachyon transmission to the home planet, Etwor, 114 light years away. The *Serians* are the only known civilization to have mastered tachyon communication, and 48 percent of the colony's power capacity is devoted to tachyon production. The explorer starships were designed to provide a lasting positive psychological environment for the colonists, who enjoy a multitude of environmental situations depending on one's location on its surface.

In the foreground, a shuttle vehicle (manufactured completely within Colony 6 from raw materials mined from the mountain) floats near a subspace sensor probe as the pilot levitates from the craft in an "ecomodule" to effect a last-minute program alteration.

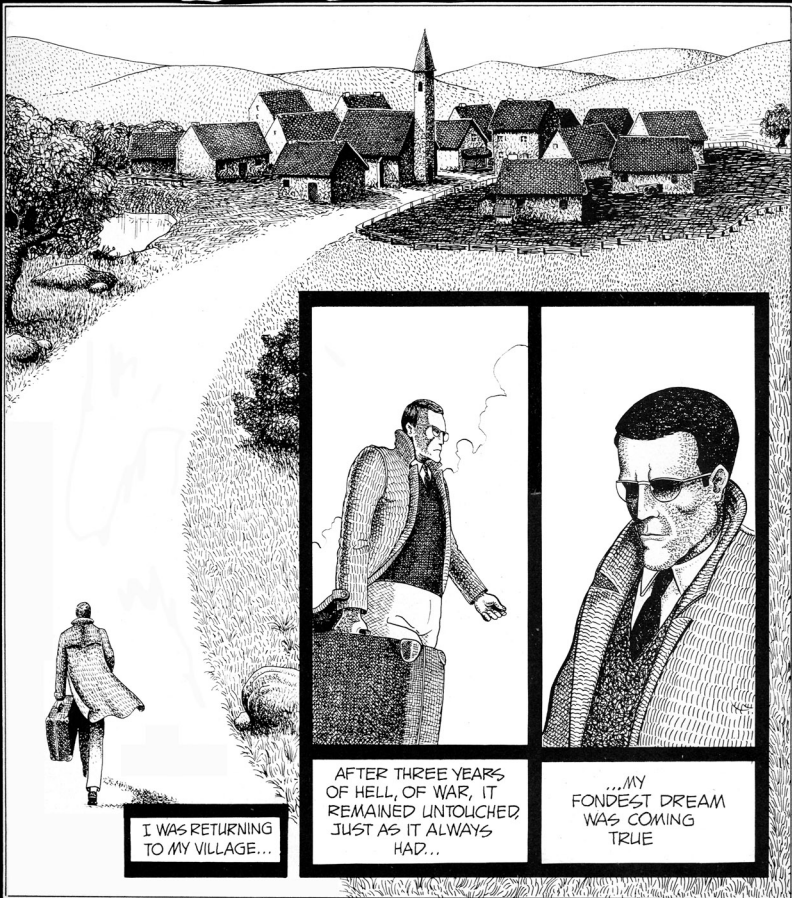
Now entering their third generation aboard a ship, there has been a change in the attitudes of the populace: they have come to regard the colony as their original home and feel little need to communicate with Etwor, although contacts are routine and largely computer-programmed.

Federation intelligence has reported that *Serius 3*, an earlier version of the *Starship* series sent to explore a region of the galaxy containing black holes, has not sent a single report on its activities for three years, although its computer-controlled science info reports have continued without interruption. The *Serians* are typically mute on the matter, but appear to be studying the situation closely. They say that it was understood from the outset of the eight deep space missions that each unit would be independent and subject to its own governmental will.

From the *Stellar Journals of*  
Karl B. Kofoed



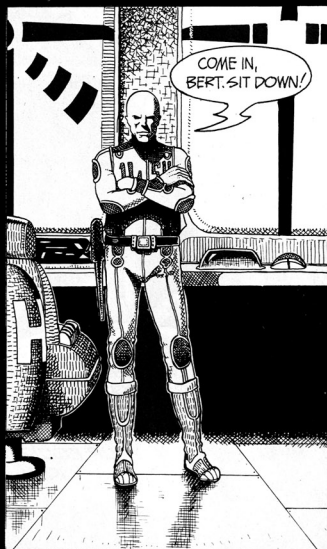
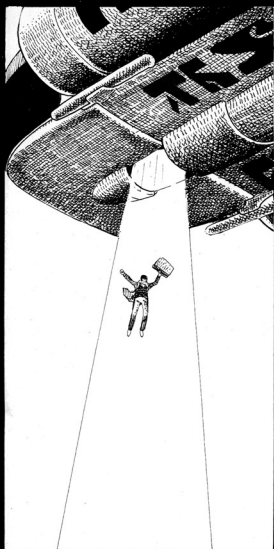
# LOST TIME



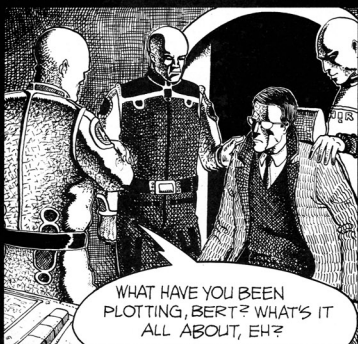
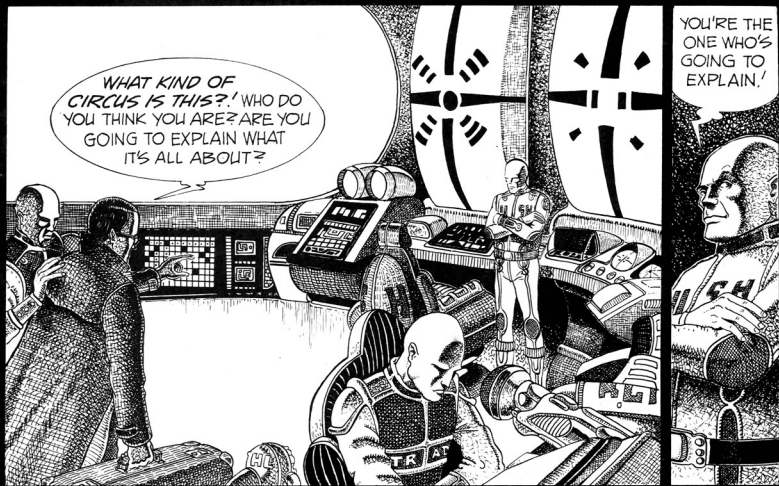
I WAS RETURNING  
TO MY VILLAGE...

AFTER THREE YEARS  
OF HELL, OF WAR, IT  
REMAINED UNTOUCHED  
JUST AS IT ALWAYS  
HAD...

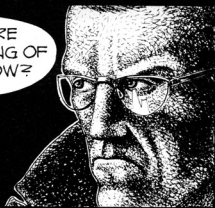
...MY  
FONDEST DREAM  
WAS COMING  
TRUE



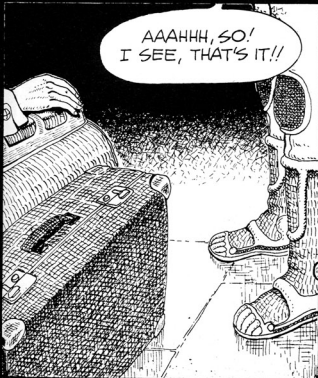
COME IN,  
BERT. SIT DOWN!



WHERE ARE  
YOU THINKING OF  
GOING NOW?



AAAAHHH, SO!  
I SEE, THAT'S IT!!



THE DETECTOR'S RESPONSE  
IS POSITIVE, SIR...HE HAS  
IT ON HIM...



ON HIM?!...  
THE FOOL!



ALL YOUR  
EFFORTS WILL  
COME TO  
NOTHING, BERT!  
WE'RE GOING TO  
PUT AN END TO  
THIS CHILDISH-  
NESS OF YOURS!



GIVE ME  
YOUR SUITCASE!

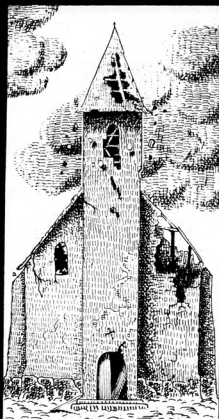
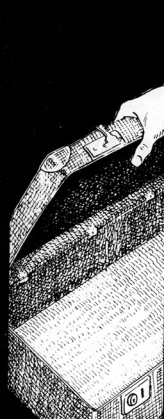
NO, NOT MY SUIT-  
CASE!! YOU DON'T  
HAVE THE RIGHT!



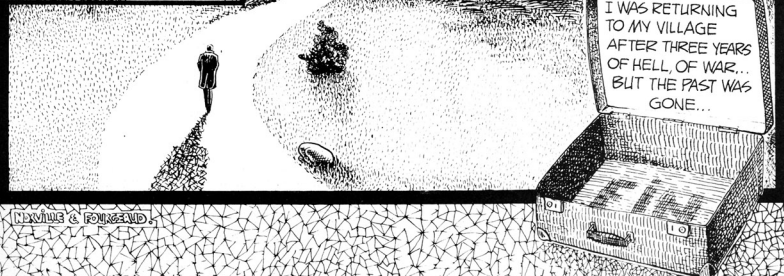
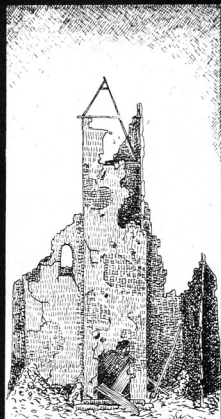
OPEN IT UP!

click!





AND TIME MADE  
UP FOR LOST  
TIME, ROLLING  
OVER MY  
VILLAGE...AND  
WITH IT, WAR...  
AND DEATH...



equality among men and women in "the real world" is far more important than whether or not Barbarella is running around with her shirt on.

—Julie Simmons, Managing Editor.

Sirs:

I have just read the January, 1978 issue, and may I say that "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" is perhaps the finest piece of prose art I have seen... kindst regards and praise for a job well done....

Chris Bradshaw  
Parkville, B.C., Canada

Dear Chris: And we all liked the little drawing on the bottom of your letter, too. —Eds.



Dear Messrs. Metal:

More Druillet! He's your most morbid artist, sometimes disgustingly so, but also decidedly the best. Where's the rest of Gail from issue #2? How about some Druillet in your book series? I'd love to see the (pre-MH) Lone Sloane series....

There have been a fair number of striking stories—"Virgo," "Shells," "Oreyb"—but it seems that only Druillet and Moebius have done it more than once.

As far as content goes, I'd like to see more humor. Moebius's "How Good Is Man," for example. I've seen a fair amount of humorous s/f fantasy in the undergrounds—Corben's, for example—so it can be done.

Philip Michael Cohen  
Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Phil: How kind of you to ask, "Gail," part two, appears in your issue, and parts 3, 4, etc., thereafter. And "Gail" actually stars Lone Sloane, as you shall see, so all your wishes come true. But we still depend on sufficient unintentional boffs in HM to make up our humor quotient. —Eds.

# 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. (\$5.00)

**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. (\$4.00)

**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. (\$3.00)

**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. (\$3.00)

**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. (\$3.00)

**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. (\$3.00)

**HM = 7/OCTOBER, 1977:** Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes: 10 pages of color Moebius; the Airtight Garage, Den, and Polonius redux; and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. (\$3.00)

**HM = 8/NOVEMBER, 1977:** With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-pugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! (\$3.00)

**HM = 9/DECEMBER, 1977:** This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. (\$3.00)

**HM = 10/JANUARY, 1978:** We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course, you knew about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp. (\$2.00)

**HM = 11/FEBRUARY, 1978:** Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual, like Den. (\$2.00)

**HM = 12/MARCH, 1978:** In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den. (\$2.00)

**HM = 13/APRIL, 1978:** Big deal first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from *Paradise 9* by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. (\$2.00)

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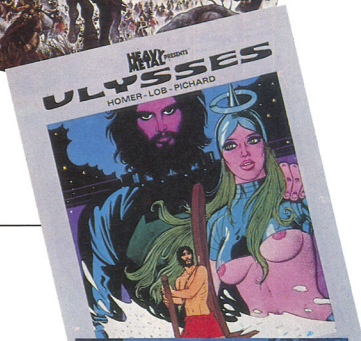
**CANDICE AT SEA:** A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise, Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black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

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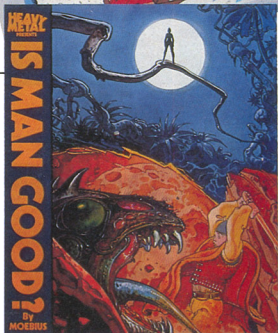
**CONQUERING ARMIES:** From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9 3/4" x 13 1/4". \$4.95. HM4013



**ULYSSES, PART I:** Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color. 9" x 11". \$6.95. HM4014



**IS MAN GOOD?:** From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full-color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9" x 11". \$5.95. HM4015



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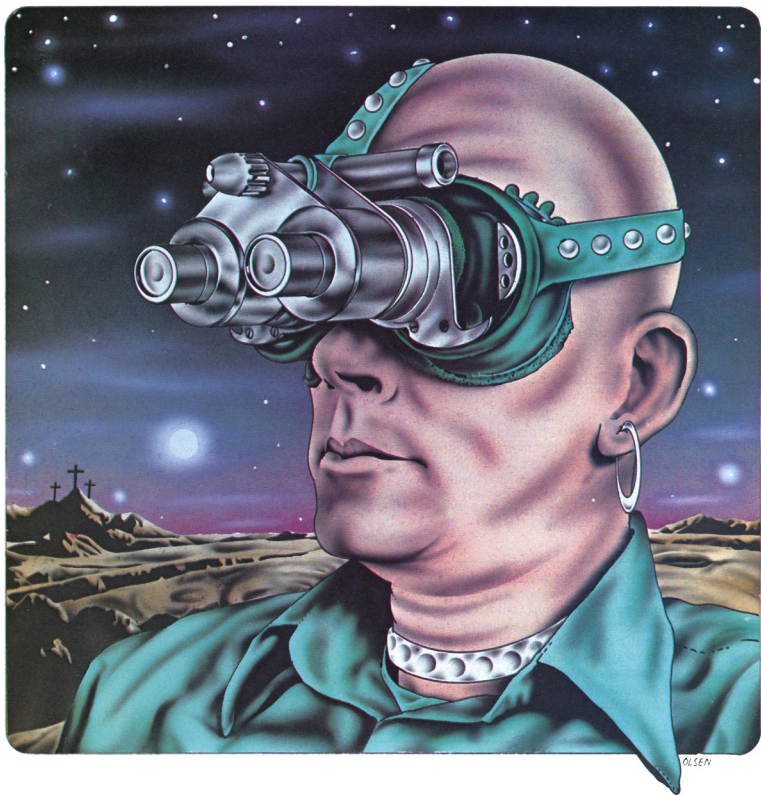


Illustration by Richard Olsen

# OZONE

“The cheese stands alone,  
The cheese stands alone,  
Hi-ho the derry-o,  
The cheese stands alone.”  
*(Old song)*

The Cheese stood alone, leaning against the thin air that brushed through the palms that Halloween night, stood alone by choice, by design, on purpose; for the Cheese had a great mission, a message to carry to Harry Kipper, the shaved-head persona of evil incarnate. The Punk, a pin through his nose, kept his distance from the Cheese but held his ground. The Punk knew punks didn't care, but full of nervous pique poked holes in the sidewalk, waiting for the Cheese to move. Anything was better than this waiting, this braking of the strength the Punk felt surging through his acid-tipped muscles.

The Cheese turned and sniffed the air. He wished he were back in Montreux, beside the lake, watching the fat swans cuddle up to the bread-infested children. The California coast gave him the creeps; he wished he had a Saltine to munch but knew this was a job that had to be done on an empty stomach, with a clear mind and a boundless awareness of all the infinitesimal pitfalls. He glanced down his nose at the drug-crazed punk across the alley, watched him picking his acne with bitten fingers. He cursed himself for the karmic connection they had made though he sensed it was not his fault, it would soon be over, that night would see the last of this strange bedfellow, that much he promised himself, that much he truly knew. He felt the low scuffling clouds bead his brow with an

ocean-grown dew as a skinny hippie searched the trash at the far end of the alley, moaning the literature of the night-trade, calling his bankbook, keeping score in a cracked voice, banishing the demon-black dog that nipped at his heels; a childhood full of built-ins and bungalow-sized hope.

He stood alone, at the end of Ozone Avenue, ruminating on the course the bald-headed Kipper Kid would take on the way to see his mother. The Cheese knew it like the back of his hand, knew Harry would head down Main Street with his dumpy walk wearing those dumb silver shoes, carrying with him the awful he had collected last night at the party, smelling of smegma and wilted tuna fish patties, wiping his white, splotched hands, the hands that oozed grease from the day he was hatched, wiping them on the gays and tourists as he passed the Blue Fin, past the glass shop with the blue-flashed mirrors; the Cheese knew Harry stopped there to stare at his ugly pudding puss in the cold blue neon glass. He could see the turkey now, he must be shaking his whiz-bang at all the lovely ladies, scraping and bowing, smelling of tuna fish and lonely women, holding the odorific future like a dim light in front of him, to guide, cheer, and guile him home to his hairy mother.

The Cheese crossed the alley, picked up the Punk, who had fallen on his flatulent face, and straightened the nose-ring while brushing

**ALLEY** by **Richard Raxlen, Jr.**

the soot from a thousand heels that stuck to the Punk's pitted cheeks. Gotta rocket, gotta rocket, the Punk repeated ad nauseum. The Cheese kicked the cat licking his mouse-stained boots and watched it sail through the air in a wry arch. He crossed the alley back of Ozone and walked down Dudley where it met Paloma. He looked left and right. No sign of Mr. Kipper yet. He flagged a passing auto and punched out the passenger window for practice, had to keep fit, to be sharp. He melted back into the night, his square, bilious-colored form blending with the Casa Grande, a golden triplex on the corner. His pasteurized sinews twitched in anticipation: that oily fish Harry would be cut bait before day-break. Gray dawn would find itself breaking over the grisly bend of form that scaly snake, lying boned and bare in the alleycat's path.

Harry would be moving his fat-and-drippings ass slowly through the vacant lot, shuffling through the prickly weed, his leather skin impervious to pain or heat or cold. They used to call his mother Old Elephant Hide, and Harry had inherited the mutation—it was the boneyard for His Fatness, Mr. Harry Kipper, himself, oy-oy. The Cheese felt for the grater in his pocket, tingled at the touch of its thousand razored edges, stood alone in the alley back of Ozone Avenue; he felt the damp wind ripple through the holes in his fedora, pasting back his silky black hair beneath the rhinestoned brim.

He looked up to where the Punk had been rocking unsteadily a moment ago. Nothing, not there; he crossed the alley and picked up the nosenip with some diffidence, his large rectangular body ripe with the decay of a million dead dreams, wrapped in the second-hand saran of smutty promises broken or unkept. Tomato-shaped women rolled before his burnished eyes; they called to him in unKempt voices, grieving, their lists of woes long and padded. He gazed at the silver-pointed ring for a long time, trying to remember who it had belonged to; he searched his memory banks, walked stiffly down the humidified corridors. He emptied the drawers in his mind but only came up with a sheet of gold, prepeasted stars and a thousand embossed cards that read "Punks Don't Care"; this ring had been the Punk's then. He tossed them into a bag full of moldy open cat food cans.

Where was that pudding-fish Mr. Kipper, him with the sack full of awful and the yawns of a hundred smoky, bored, lonely women. A last fling? Perhaps Harry had halted along the way for a drink at the Circle Bar and was now holding out his Captain Billie whizbang to all comers. A bloody good time was had by all, the Cheese remembered reading after the Kipper Kids had staged their last gala. The press went ga-ga over so much gore. Women swooned. Men fought tooth and nail while waiting in line for their turn at the Big Man. Charlton Heston was heard walking about in his autographed sneakers. Action. Hot and heavy. The Cheese had laughed but now he bit his lip for Harry and maybe Larry and who knows—even Mrs. Kipper had stolen Suzy Tacky and soiled her scrambled-egg brain. They had reached right into her pan with their greasy fish stick fingers and kneaded her cerebellum into mush, and had her, and had her, and had her, right where they wanted her, right where they needed her, and for Mr. Cheese, standing alone in the alley, that was enough—for Suzy Tacky had once been his, fur and all, frivolous and bare. So it was there he stood, shuddering in the dank October night, having planned the ultimate panacea, with pain, for smarmy Harry.

The Cheese remembered Suzy Tacky as she once was: his, his alone, to have and to hold. He remembered when her brain had been synchronized, before Harry and Larry Kipper had cut the connecting tissue, in one of their obscene operations, using a rusty hacksaw on poor Suzy's mind, sawing at it as if it were a window bar in a jail cell, thinking to gain their freedom and then their fame, while casting him as some lowlife guard, a flatfooted oaf with a stick and no feelings. They painted that picture on the poor girl's brain screen; they followed the fat kid, the Holiness Gif from India, who was presently wrestling with his mother and cousins over the family fortunes. They did it, they *did* it, Harry mostly, he did most—the dirty work, the cutting, the sawing, the ragged job of sewing and patching after he had botched the job, quite a performance really, trying to implant a cunt with brains for a more intelligent afternoon's noodling. They wrote it in the *Enquirer* and

the hungry public, avid for drippings, puked; the Cheese remembered her as she was, the long words she made in their Scrabble games, her refined sentiments, her devotion, compassion, her homogenized sense of good humor, her demure legs, hard belly, flaky wit, flashing blue eyes—they were saucers, as large as saucers, they grew wide in fear when he found her huddled on the boardwalk, clutching the remnants of herself, shaking, her head shaved and a jagged scar from her head to her once-furry piece of fluff—it had been early in the morning and the Cheese remembered he was on his way for bagels at the deli—a considerable crowd had gathered by then: the ragmen and trashers had already been through her bag, the chickenhawks, the early morning joggers, bicycle enthusiasts, roller skaters, wharf rats, panhandlers, beach buses, backpackers, minstrels, ministers, and two men in mufti, all of them staring at once-long-ago Suzy Tacky. She had been his, he had possessed her, locked in love; they had stocked their sexual pantry with a barrelful of monkeys and had preceded from there, point A, to demolish the boundaries built: together they destroyed, purified, and resurrected. Perhaps he had been too possessive, too positive in his approach; he had papered over a lot of her mistakes: she stood awkwardly, sheburned the toast (she didn't do it the way he liked), she couldn't whistle or hum; perhaps he had put her on a pedestal, too high; he had overreached himself in placing her there, she was only a tall blond, a mere tomato (had been, that was over now). It all ended that morning when he found her in the midst of her first madness, a crowd of the curious gathered around her former self. He had always been too possessive, the Cheese admitted to himself. He had been brought up on the farm, lonely, cold; he clung to warm patches, he loved good wine and fine conversation, a fire, the feline shadow of a woman across his bed; he loved the glow of candles and the scent of the night-blooming jasmine, the little horns of light the fog made 'neath the lamps on the boardwalk in summer.

Need he whip himself into a frenzy of guilt and deprecation? Was he really the villain of this too-true scenario? He caught himself, held himself steady, went to the center of his being with an ancient technique he had learned from a master's messenger. He knew what he had to do—it was the right action, spontaneous. Poor Suzy Tacky. He wondered where her pitiful shell was hanging out these days. The Punk had seen her in the parking lot of the Liquor Locker two days ago. She had been bumming spare change from the tourists in between bashing herself against the fire hydrant in a series of bizarre sexual advances. The Punk, not easily displeased, had turned head over heels in his rabbit-like haste to rid himself of the scene—having once been Suzy's fellow student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he had nurtured a finely developed sense of kinship with the former blazing-eyed beauty and it hurt not a little to see her as such: an unhinged wing flapping among the phone booths and newspaper boxes in the Liquor Locker parking lot. The Cheese felt it incumbent upon himself to keep the story of the operation Harry had performed in the empty gallery a handful of nights ago, a kind of undressed rehearsal for various critics and comrades, a caper with the Kipper Kids, with the Cheese's Suzy as the cutup—he felt it incumbent upon himself to not tell the Punk of the unsuccess of the operation. Although he knew the Punk didn't care about anything, if there was anything he cared about, it was Suzy, and if he found out, if he discovered the Kipper Kids had attempted the first brain transplant, half-brain, rather, the left half—they had taken the left half and shoved it and left the right half to grope for the meaning of it all, left Suzy flailing for insertion before fire hydrants and beach boys; if the Punk found out, he might do something foolish to Harry, and the Cheese wanted Harry for himself.

The Cheese stood alone in the alley behind Ozone Avenue, hoping Harry Kipper would not be late, that he would keep his unknown date with the grater, that the Kipper Kid's fate would be signed and sealed in stainless steel. The damp ocean breeze flagged the jasmine, gathering the skirts of its night scent about the Cheese's knees; down the alley a dog strayed from can to can, playing the contents across the dirty concrete; from the boardwalk came the low tones of a conga lament—the drums talked of lost love, demons, and a night full of long knives. The Cheese whistled a

soft, fearful reply, hoping the sweat he felt blush through his hands meant that Harry was nearby. He tested the salt air for the smell of ripe tuna and mouse pee. Nothing. Yet he fancied he was not wrong in feeling the first fitful ripple of tightness in his gut belonged to a minute intuition that Harry was close now. He moved his soft, square body up against the shadow of the garage door and stood still as a cat, coiled and cool, thinking of the ragged scar along the length of Suzy's once bountiful body.

Harry studied the blackheads among the stubble that covered his fat face like crabgrass covers a swamp. He burped and farted and wiggled his false teeth loose; they were stale-smelling and green with the week's work. He had to go home to mother and his terrible twin Larry. He hated his brother naturally, from birth, hated the stumblebum's rush Larry made of every operation, hated the scar on his forehead where they had been joined, hated the headaches he got from hating so hard, hated his mother for holding up to him the mirror that had belonged to the surgeon-madman, his father, Karl Kipper, hung by his neck until dead, the murderer, the make-believe doctor; he hated the thick plates they used at dinner and the gritty soups and gruel his decrepit, cruel mother made him slurp. Harry felt for his whiz-bang in his pocket—he was sure it was getting shorter; he had taken to hanging a weight around the end of it, a fishing type of lead weight that he had bought at the tackle shop at the end of the pier one day when he was searching for bait to cut; he was not sure the weight was working—the constant jerking of it as he walked was a painful reminder of his diminishing manhood. He held it softly for a moment and prayed, then flushed the john and joined the revelers and merry-makers at the bar. The couples were busy pecking and cooing at one another; the loners gazed off into space in front of them filled with smoke and beer ads. Harry settled his fat behind onto a stool and drank down his draft, tipped his hat to the barkeep, and kept a steady pace till he got to the door where he paused, wondering which way to go; lately he had been taking the walk along the ocean on his way home, avoiding with a coward's eye Suzy's old address and the alley that the Cheese had been seen haunting lately. Not that he was afraid of the Cheese, with that ridiculous yellow ochre suit that he wore with those cardboard-soled shoes; he wasn't afraid, he knew he was alone, he knew the Cheese was a loner and a loser, outside of love and lucky, incredibly lucky to have had that luscious, now rotten tomato, and Harry wasn't sorry either, wasn't sorry for the operation-performance piece he had done on that lace-trimmed lady. Art, after all, was larger and more real than life, and what he had done was in the name of art—if not Art, then at least Science, but it must have been for Art's sake because after all, Harry and Larry were artists first of all and full of the life of artists, brimming to a rolling boil with the very densest sense of what it all meant, cocksure, naked before breakfast and in front of large number of enjoyably shocked affluent upper-middle-class arty-farty types. They loved the operations the Kipper Kids performed, they gasped to see small breasts made large and generous hearts turned to dry prunes before their very bugged eyes; it was better than "Baretta," that much they knew (you needn't have told them), and they loved what Harry had done to Suzy, went positively ga-ga over the announcement: The Kipper Kids Will Implant the First Cunt with Half a Brain. And they did, only they didn't get the laughs they expected and accepted, the laughs they needed, fed on, vultures, milkoast, vampires; no one laughed when they dragged Suzy off to the boardwalk or even smiled to think of her lapping the concrete, her tongue raw with the salt-caked footprints of a myriad of mothers pushing strollers; no one smiled at the bloody hands of Harry, famous Karl Kipper's son, the Siamese brother of Larry, whom Harry hated naturally, from birth, like his own self, little knowing that hate bound the subject to the object and little caring, because it was all Art or Science to Harry, and Harry wasn't afraid of the Cheese, who stood alone, neither Art nor Science by his side, in the shadows of the Casa Grande apartments, whistling softly to himself, waiting for his chance, his passion, like St. Joan's, burning slowly at the stake inside him.

Fat Harry turned down Main and continued to Palace where he turned toward Pacific Coast Highway Road; he trundled along the glass-strewn sidewalk, scratching his stubble, clawing at the rubble

in his mind for a solution to a problem he didn't know existed, careful to avoid the dogshit, keeping one eye out in the alleyways, fearing the sinewy arms of the shadows, cajoling one foot in front of the other. He should have gone by the ocean, he thought to himself, shifting his bag of awful from one hand to the other; not that he was afraid—fear was not in Harry's vocabulary, nor were the words guilt or love, freshman, penguin, sanguine, hockey, beriberi, relationship, personal, and a host of others starting mostly with *r* or *g*—it was just that as he walked down Pacific that night in late October, he had a sudden realization that he felt something last Saturday when he attempted to sew Suzy Tacky back together; it was a funny feeling, something like...what was that word, he wondered? Something like remorse, the word named after the man who invented the code, he had seen the word once, on a wall in a barroom john—no, no, that was another word! What was the word he was trying to think of? Sexy? Had he felt sexy toward that poor botched girl? It started with an *s*: senile, no, that meant stupid old. Sensitive—that was the word he was looking for to describe his feeling. It was as if he wanted to kiss her, in front of all those critics; they would have booed, he would have kissed her then and there but they would have panned the show, they would have torn him apart on paper, saying he pandered to the lighter side of life, that he didn't take his art seriously, that he was turning to comedy for relief. God, he was tired of being a gladiator. He felt suddenly misunderstood—why couldn't he be sensitive, too, like the other stars of the art world, making little impressions of hearts and flowers on the foreheads of the hot polloi, or singing duets with electric canaries in large groves of pseudo-mimosa trees? He was tired of hacking and stabbing his way to fame, his tool and trademark the dripping fat of a fire-scorched pig's head, tired of the blood and guts and his brother and mother egging him on, holding him up, keeping him level, drugged; he was fed up with the business of impersonating his famous father's operating procedure—he wasn't a doctor, he was a do-gooder. Why didn't anyone understand him, Harry Kipper, the kid with the calf's-glove touch.

The Cheese was now certain he smelled that rat Harry Kipper, the nipper of his once-beautiful Suzy's brain from its pan. The night breeze was full of a rancid buzzing; the smell of tuna fish and smegma fouled the jasmine that had been tickling the Cheese's fancy a previous few moments ago; his gut tensed, his soft mold-encrusted arms turned to iron; feeling for the steel grater in his pocket full of holes, he jolted himself to a ramrod-stiff position and waited while the stench grew stronger, whistling a sensitive tune full of crisp recrimination silently to his lost love.

Harry Kipper continued, confident now that he had taken a turn for the better; he coaxed one sloppy silver shoe in front of the other and reminisced about his resolve to best the emotional peak he had reached last week when he had felt a satin kiss come to his ordinarily cold but then compassionate purple lips—he remembered the heady feeling as he took deadly aim at sewn-aneu Suzy's askew mouth and how he had barely been able to control his hairy passion in front of all those smooth critic-like creatures. The memory lent credibility to the crabbiness Harry had been feeling of late in the presence of his gritty mother and brother; of late he had a certain complexion of unbridled boredom in their lowly presence, a kind of ruddy glow on his cheeks as he undressed in front of their meager fire, letting his dirty wares settle on the bearskin facsimile. He knew now that it was from his small black heart, shrunken head though it was, that this feeling sprang.

He lapsed into gentle waves of near bliss and hit the dog shit with his left silvered foot. The Cheese was on him in a flash, cutting his flesh to ribbons with the razor-sharp teeth of the stainless steel grater, working in silence, whipping a vengeful fury into Harry's thick skin, holding back only when the Kipper Kid lay lifeless, a pile of thin meat at his mouse-stained feet in the alley behind Ozone Avenue; there was hardly enough for the trashmen to trip on, so thoughtfully had the Cheese wielded his pent-up passion. He took a last quick look at the oily scum at his feet, then melted neatly into the various shades of the now-purified night, to repair to a cooler clime, to sleep, to rest, to rise in search of the remnants of his smooth life's love. He would rewind the coil of bright copper, the magnet, her mind. He would no longer stand alone.

# URM THE MAD

by Philippe Druillet

WELL MIGHT YOU TREMBLE, CREATURE, YOU  
ARE ALL AND NOTHING AT ONCE, NOTHING IN  
THE PRESENCE OF THE POWERS WHO  
ARE PLAYING WITH YOU, NOTHING COMPARED  
TO THOSE BEYOND, BUT YOU ARE ALIVE AND  
HERE IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD!  
YOUR LIFE IS AN INSULT...

THE KINGDOM  
OF THE  
DEAD?



THE BLACK CITY  
IS THE DWELLING  
PLACE OF THE  
DEAD...

WHAT?!

PERIOD YOUR LIFE! I KNOW! THOSE  
BEYOND WANT YOU TO  
OPEN THE BOWELS OF THE  
CITY--THAT THE PHANTOM CHILD,  
MIGHTER OF THE INFINITE VOID,  
MIGHTER OF THE INFINITE VOID,  
ABOUT HIM ALL THE WORLDS OF  
OUR SPHERE. WHEN HE WAS  
TRAPPED HE WILL EAT YOU...  
THE BLOOD OF YOUR VEINS--HE WAS  
RUNS IN YOUR VEINS--HE WAS  
ONE OF THEM, AND IT IS THAT  
WHICH ATTRACTS THEM....

WHAT'S TO  
BE DONE, MY LORD  
DRAGON?

COME...

WHAT AN  
AMAZING  
JOURNEY..



TEROR IS THE  
BELOVED CHILD OF THE  
LIVING. SEE THEM ALL  
YOU ON WHOM EVERYONE  
HAS SPIT THERE IS  
LITTLE TIME LEFT--YOU  
ARE HERE--YOU  
DO NOT FORGET! I AM  
CITY OF A THOUSAND  
ASPECTS. GO, FIGHT  
FOR THE ALREADY  
WRETCHED WORLD!

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!  
AAAH, AHHHHHHH!

BY ALL THE DEMONS  
AND ALL THE DRAGONS,  
I AM THE WORLD!  
MOTHER OF THE VOID!!!

THIS  
WORLD IS NO  
LONGER YOURS,  
INSECT.

SCREAM, URM!  
SCREAM, I  
ALREADY HEAR THE  
SONGS RESOUNDING  
FROM THE DEPTHS  
OF DEPTHS.



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
ME, URM. I BESEECH  
YOU TO OPEN IT FOR  
ME... WITH YOUR BODY  
AND YOUR SOUL, OPEN  
IT...

DO YOU HEAR  
ME, URM? OPEN  
IT... AND YOU  
WILL LEAVE THE  
HOUSE OF THE  
DEAD...

YOU DISGUSTING CORPSES,  
YOU WHO PLAY WITH MEN-- ONE  
DAY WE WILL DANCE ON  
YOUR CARCASSES, YOU  
CURSED GODS! WE  
WANT YOU NO LONGER!

I HEAR THE DRUMS, THE SONGS, AND THE FLUTES OF THOSE BEYOND. LISTEN, URM, LISTEN TO THEIR JOYOUS CRIES...



URM NO LONGER LISTENS. URM WILL KILL, AND TAKE THE CORPSE OF THE MAN WITH THE LION'S HEAD AND THROW IT INTO THE MOUTH OF THE PHANTOM CHILD. URM NO LONGER WANTS TO PLAY WITH THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES HIS MASTERS.

DO NOT APPROACH ME, URM. YOU WILL COMMIT NOTHING BUT A MEANINGLESS SACRIFICE BY DOING SO. CURSED CREATURE! ATTEMPT NOTHING!



IT SEEMS THAT YOU ARE NOT JUST AN IMAGE, THEN! HA HA! YOU TREMBLE LIKE A LIVING MAN!

TAKE MY PLACE THEN;  
DRINK OF THIS CUP;  
FOR HE MUST TAKE UNTO  
HIMSELF A SOUL  
AS BLACK AS  
HIS OWN!

MAY  
YOU BE DAMNED,  
CRIPPLE, DAMNED!

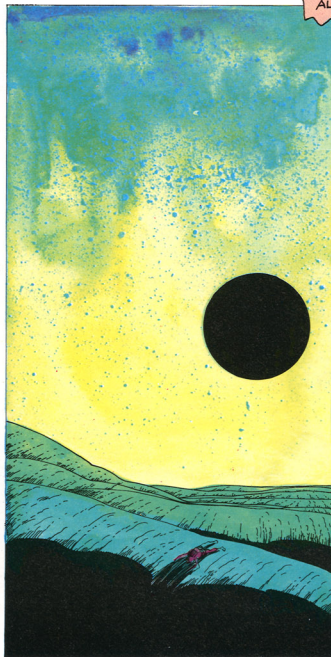
AAAAARRRRRR!

I DO NOT KNOW, I  
WILL NEVER KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT YOU,  
NOT WHO YOU WERE,  
NOT WHAT YOU  
WANTED WITH MY  
BODY, BUT I'M  
CARE'S NOT AT ALL...  
DOGS THAT YOU  
ALL ARE...

... YOU AND THOSE  
BEYOND WHO  
LAUGHED SO AT  
THEY'VE BEEN  
ENOUGH YOU SHALL  
ALL BE LAID  
TO REST... MY  
FAMILY AND  
EVERYONE... I  
WANT NOTHING  
MORE OF YOUR  
IMAGES AND YOUR  
POWERS... RETURN  
TO NOTHINGNESS...



YOU WON THIS TIME, BUT WE SHALL RETURN, AND WE SHALL ALWAYS BE BESIDE YOU AND AROUND YOU. WE WILL WALK FOREVER IN YOUR STEPS AND WATCH OVER YOUR SHADOW, AND ONE DAY ANOTHER, LIKE YOU, WILL COME AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR US, AS THE POET FORETOLD... "THERE IS NO DEATH BEYOND THE GATES ETERNAL, BUT EON'S HENCE A STRANGER WILL COME, AND DEATH ITSELF SHALL DIE." FAREWELL, CRIPPLE, WE HAVE ALREADY FORGOTTEN YOUR NAME...

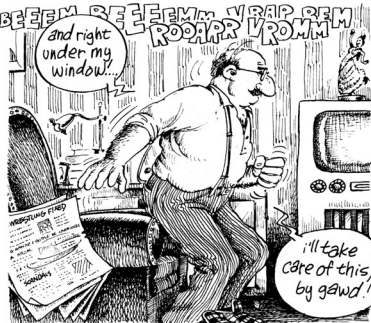


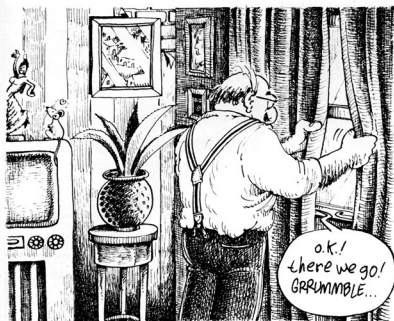
HERE I AM IN THE DESERT AGAIN... DREAMS AND MYSTERIES GONE...





FIN





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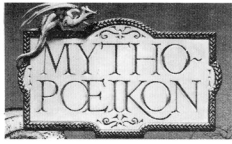
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A VERY  
NICE PIECE,  
MA'AM...  
IN GOOD  
TASTE...

OH  
NO! IT'S  
INDECENT!!



THESE... FIGURES ARE  
OF... **BLACK PEOPLE!**  
THERE ARE ALREADY  
TOO MANY OF THEM  
AROUND! I CERTAINLY  
DON'T WANT ANY IN  
MY HOUSE!



WELL, IF  
THAT'S ALL  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO SHOW  
ME...



I PUT ASIDE A UNIQUE  
PIECE WHICH SHOULD  
SUIT YOUR TASTES...  
HOW SHALL I SAY... TO  
A "T"! FOLLOW  
ME, PLEASE.



WAIT, MY DEAR  
LADY. I KNOW  
JUST WHAT  
YOU'RE  
LOOKING  
FOR...

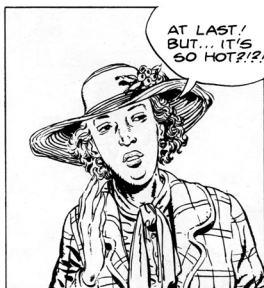


## THE DAY THE CITY CROSSED THE THRESHOLD

TEXT: LE TENDRE

ART: BLANC-DUMONT







**POLICE!**



SO THIS  
IS THE  
KIDNAPPER!

WHERE'S  
SHE GONE?  
ANSWER ME!

WHERE IS  
THE  
WOMAN?



LISTEN TO ME, MY  
GOOD MAN. MORE  
THAN FIFTY PEOPLE  
HAVE DISAPPEARED  
IN THIS DISTRICT! AND  
ALL THE CLUES LEAD  
TO THIS PLACE! TO  
YOUR SHOP! SO YOU  
CAN GIVE UP THE  
INNOCENT ACT!  
YOU'LL CONFESS,  
WON'T YOU?

THIS IS  
GOING TO  
COST YOU, POP!  
YOU'LL GET  
HARD LABOR  
FOR LIFE FOR  
WHITE SLAVE  
TRADING!!  
YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO  
HAVE THE  
TIME TO  
SPEND  
YOUR  
PROFITS!



WHERE  
IS SHE? WHERE  
DID YOU STASH HER?

THE INSPECTOR'S RIGHT! YOU SHOULD BE  
ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! WOMEN ARE  
MOTHERS! THE MOTHER IS THE FAMILY!  
THE FAMILY IS THE COUNTRY!... THE  
COUNTRY IS SACRED! SO THE  
WOMAN IS SACRED, TOO! NEVER  
FORGET IT! YOU DON'T  
TOUCH WOMEN!



SO!  
WHERE IS SHE?



THE  
LAST  
TIME  
I SAW  
HER...  
SHE...

OPEN  
THAT  
DOOR!  
WHAT'RE  
YOU  
HIDING  
BEHIND  
IT?



I'M  
NOT  
HIDING  
ANYTHING  
...IT'S  
JUST A  
STORE-  
ROOM.

GOOD  
GOD,  
MIKE,  
I DON'T  
LIKE  
THIS!  
I SMELL  
A TRAP!



DON'T  
TRY TO RUN  
AWAY! YOU'RE  
STICKING  
WITH US,  
MISTER!

A  
STORE-  
ROOM  
FOR  
WHAT  
PRECISELY?  
...ARMS?  
DRUGS?  
OR MAYBE  
WOMEN?

OH,  
NOTHING  
MUCH  
REALLY!



EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU  
...ON YOU...

MIKE!  
HER HAT!  
HER VOICE!!  
SHE'S...  
A GONER!?

DON'T  
MOVE! JUST  
GET SOME  
LIGHT!...

MIKE!!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?  
HAVE I  
GONE  
CRAZY  
OR WHAT?

MAMICHOO!  
THEY'VE  
WOKEN  
UP!!

HE'S  
DISAPPEARED!  
WHERE'S THE  
GODDAMN  
DOOR?

HEY!?

COME!  
IT'S TIME  
TO BE  
BURPED  
NOW!

NO!  
NOT  
THAT!

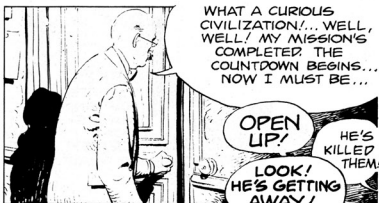
AAHHH!

No0000!!

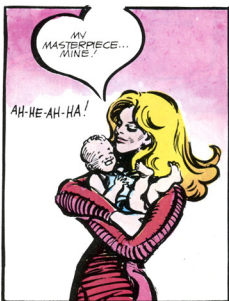
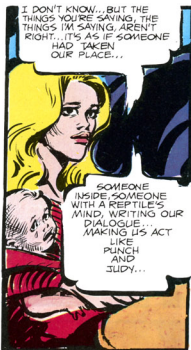
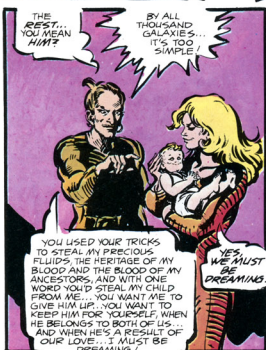
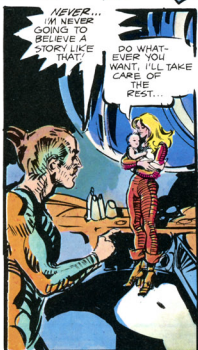
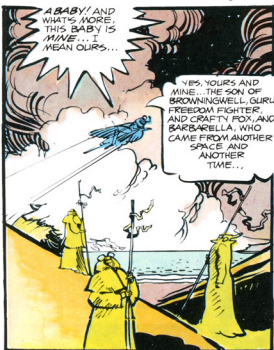
BANG

WHAT  
AN  
IMAGINATION  
THEY  
HAVE!

MOVE!  
COME ON, LET'S  
GO NOW!!!



# BARBARELLA





YOUR MASTERPIECE?  
YOUR SPOT YOU HEAR?  
...BE CAREFUL OF  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING...  
AND WHAT ABOUT ME,  
DIDN'T I FIGURE N  
ALL THIS?

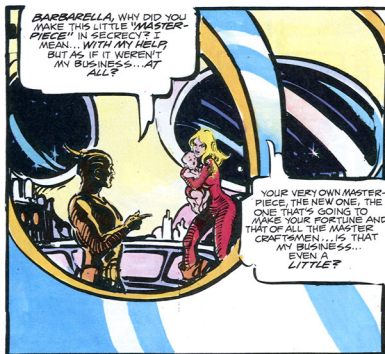
YES...IN  
SOME WAYS, BUT  
IT WAS  
REALLY  
MY  
DECISION!



BROWNINGWELL,  
I'VE KNOWN A LOT OF MEN...  
AND I'VE WANTED TO MAKE  
A BABY WITH A NUMBER  
OF THEM... BUT I  
NEVER MADE UP  
MY MIND  
TO!

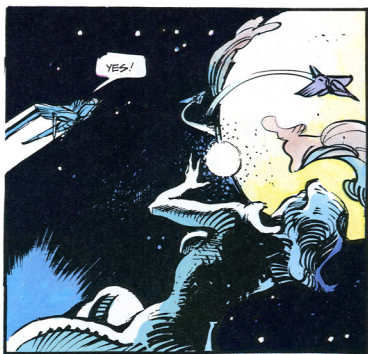


AND WITH ME, YOU  
DID MAKE UP YOUR  
MIND TO? I'M NOT  
ASKING YOU, "WHY ME?"...  
YOU CAN EXPLAIN THAT TO  
YOURSELF AND BE CON-  
VINCING, I'M SURE...  
I WOULD RATHER ASK  
YOU ANOTHER  
QUESTION...

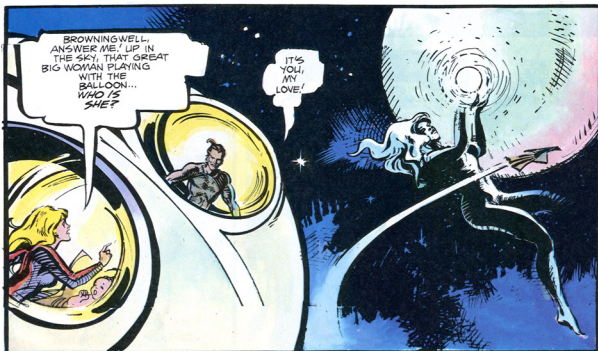


BARBARELLA, WHY DID YOU  
MAKE THIS LITTLE "MASTER-  
PIECE" IN SECRECY?  
MEAN... WITH MY HELP,  
BUT AS IF IT WEREN'T  
MY BUSINESS... AT  
ALL?

YOUR VERY OWN MASTER-  
PIECE, THE NEW ONE, THE  
ONE THAT'S GOING TO  
MAKE YOUR FORTUNE AND  
THAT OF ALL THE MASTER  
CRAFTSMEN... IS THAT  
MY BUSINESS...  
EVEN A  
LITTLE?



YES!



BROWNINGWELL,  
ANSWER ME, UP IN  
THE SKY, THAT GREAT  
BIG WOMAN PLAYING  
WITH THE  
BALLOON...  
WHO IS  
SHE?

IT'S  
YOU,  
MY  
LOVE!



...BUT SHE'S  
NOT PLAYING WITH  
A BALLOON...  
THAT'S SCIENCE,  
LIGHTING THE  
WORLD!



THAT'S ME? THAT GREAT BIG GIRL MADE OF WOOD? YOU'VE GOT A NERVE MAKING A THING LIKE THAT!

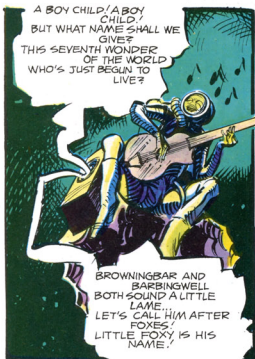
THAT CONSTRUCTION IS MY NEW MASTERPIECE!



HOW DARE YOU MAKE IT LIKE THAT... WITH ME ON MY BACK!



WELL...! HOW DID WE GET INTO THIS SITUATION, YOU AND ME?... WE MAKE OUR MASTERPIECES ON OUR BACKS, ALL RIGHT!



A BOY CHILD/A BOY CHILD?... BUT WHAT NAME SHALL WE GIVE? THIS SEVENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD WHO'S JUST BEGUN TO LIVE?

BROWNINGBAR AND BARBINGWELL BOTH SOUND A LITTLE LAME. LET'S CALL HIM AFTER FOXES. LITTLE FOXY IS HIS NAME.

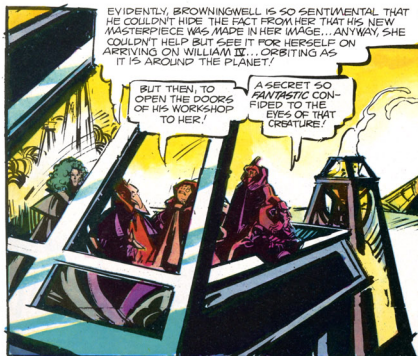


OUR BROWNINGWELL, GURU AND FREEDOM FIGHTER, IS A COURAGEOUS, CLEVER, AND INSPIRED COURAGE, AND CERTAINLY THE BEST-WORKING CRAFTSMAN IN THE COSMOS... HIS MASTERPIECE IS GOING TO GIVE US A REAL CHANCE TO GET THE BETTER OF OUR ADVERSARIES... BUT I MUST SAY...

YOU MUST SAY THAT HE'S A NAIVE SIMPLETON WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN...

WHILE HE WAS WORKING ON THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE UNIVERSE, SOMEONE WAS ON HER BACK WITH HIM, MAKING THE SEVENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

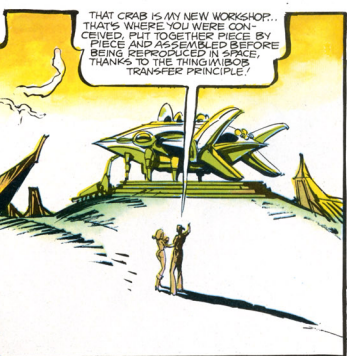
HAWWW! THERE'S SOMETHING RIDICULOUS ABOUT COMPARING THE INCOMPARABLE... IN ANY CASE, THE SITUATION IS RIDICULOUS...



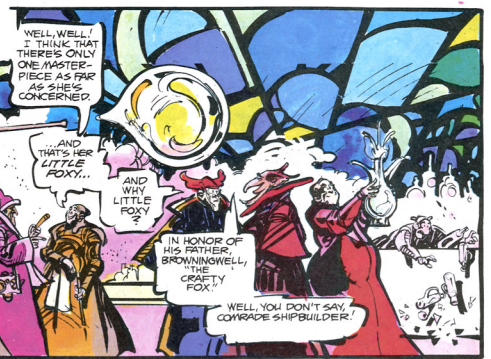
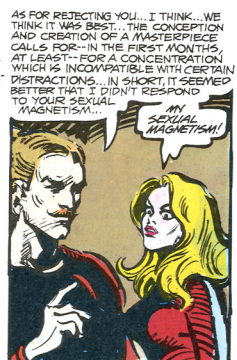
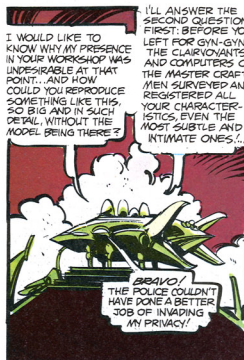
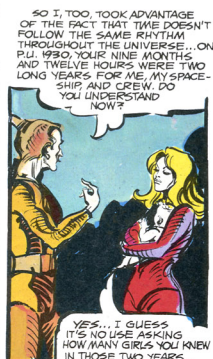
EVIDENTLY, BROWNINGWELL IS SO SENTIMENTAL THAT HE COULDN'T HIDE THE FACT FROM HER THAT HIS NEW MASTERPIECE WAS MADE IN HER WAGE... ANYWAY, SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT SEE IT FOR HERSELF ON ARRIVING ON WILLIAM IV... ORBITING AS IT IS AROUND THE PLANET!

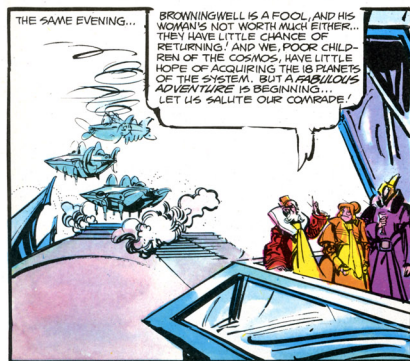
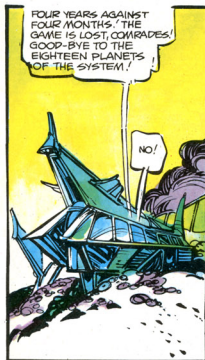
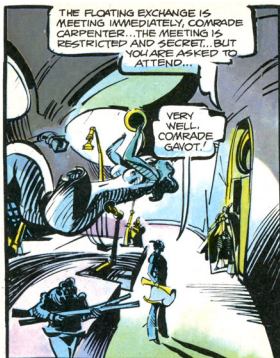
BUT THEN, TO OPEN THE DOORS OF HIS WORKSHOP TO HER!

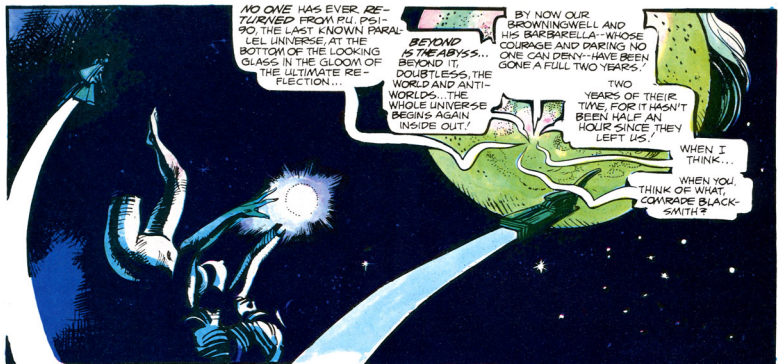
A SECRET SO FANTASTIC CONFIDED TO THE EYES OF THAT CREATURE!



THAT CRAB IS MY NEW WORKSHOP... THAT'S WHERE YOU WERE CONCEIVED, PUT TOGETHER PIECE BY PIECE AND ASSEMBLED BEFORE BEING REPRODUCED IN SPACE, THANKS TO THE THINGMIBOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE!







NO ONE HAS EVER RETURNED FROM PUL PSI-90, THE LAST KNOWN PARALLEL UNIVERSE, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LOOKING GLASS IN THE GLOOM OF THE ULTIMATE REFLECTION...

BEYOND IS THE ABYSS... BEYOND IT, DOUBTLESS, THE WORLD AND ANTI-WORLDS... THE WHOLE UNIVERSE BEGINS AGAIN INSIDE OUT!

BY NOW OUR BROWNINGWELL AND HIS BARBARELLA--WHOSE COURAGE AND DARING NO ONE CAN DENY--HAVE BEEN GONE A FULL TWO YEARS.

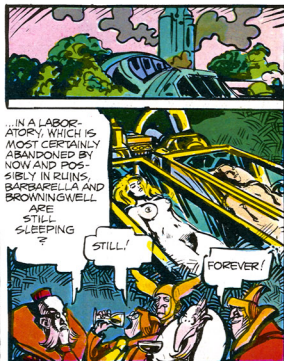
TWO YEARS OF THEIR TIME, FOR IT HASN'T BEEN HALF AN HOUR SINCE THEY LEFT US.

WHEN I THINK...

WHEN YOU THINK OF WHAT, COMRADE BLACK-SMITH?



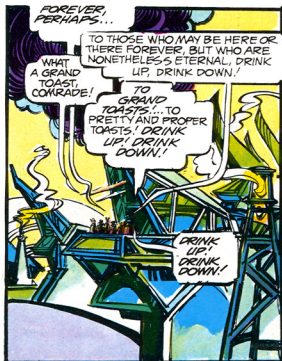
...I'M THINKING OF THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE, WHERE BARBARELLA WAS BORN... DO YOU KNOW, COMRADES, THAT IN THAT UNIVERSE, ON THE PLANET EARTH...



...IN A LABORATORY, WHICH IS MOST CERTAINLY ABANDONED BY NOW AND POSSIBLY IN RUINS, BARBARELLA AND BROWNINGWELL ARE STILL SLEEPING?

STILL!

FOREVER!



FOREVER, PERHAPS...

WHAT A GRAND TOAST, COMRADE!

TO THOSE WHO MAY BE HERE OR THERE FOREVER, BUT WHO ARE NONETHELESS ETERNAL, DRINK UP, DRINK DOWN!

TO GRAND TOASTS... TO PRETTY AND PROPER TOASTS! DRINK UP! DRINK DOWN!

DRINK UP! DRINK DOWN!



DRINK... UP... COMRADES!

RING UPS'N DOWN!

HIC!

MAYBE... GOTTA TAKE A LITTLE BREAK... WHAT IF BROWNINGWELL... WHAT IF OUR CRAFTY OL' FOX WAS TO COME BACK NOW? HUH? WOULDN'T DO, IT'S POSSIBLE... GOTTA WELCOME EM WITH DIG-DIG-DIGNITY!



THERE IS NO MORE ROMANTIC UNIVERSE THAN PSI-90... BUT YOU CAN HAVE ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING...

O.K., NOW! LET'S GO BACK!

DOWN WITH WORK AND UP WITH PARTIES!

BLOW, LITTLE FOXY, BLOW!



GENTLY, BROWN-  
INGWELL, DON'T  
EAT THE LITTLE  
FOX UP UNTIL  
HE'S HAD SOME  
OF HIS CAKE!



I'LL BAT  
WHAT I WANT,  
WHENEVER I  
WANT!



DADDY! I  
LIKE IT WHEN  
YOU EAT ME  
ALL UP!

ATTENTION!  
ARRIVING ON  
WILLIAM IV  
IN 143  
MINUTES!

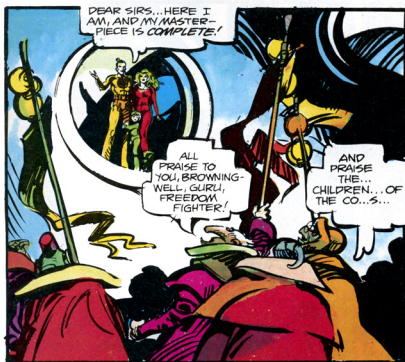


HEY!  
LOOK!

HURRY!



DRINK  
UP...



DEAR SIR... HERE I  
AM, AND MY MASTER-  
PIECE IS COMPLETE!

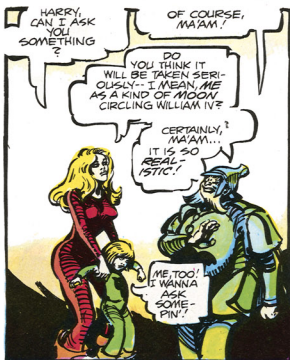
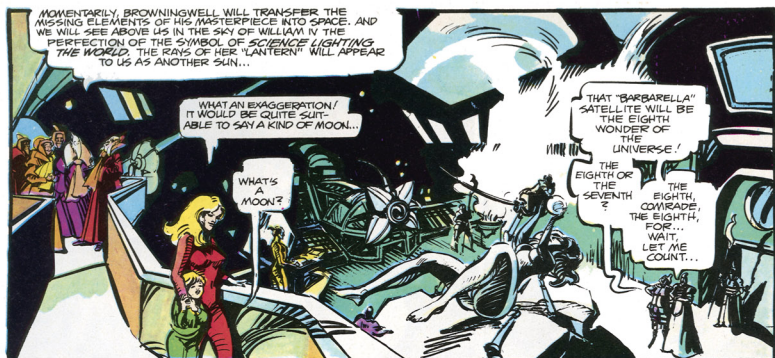
ALL PRAISE TO  
YOU, BROWN-  
INGWELL, GURU,  
FREEDOM  
FIGHTER!

AND PRAISE  
THE... OF  
THE CO...S...

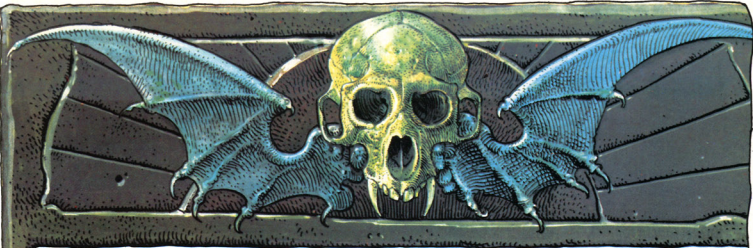


SMOSSS...

DRINK  
UP!



TO BE CONTINUED...



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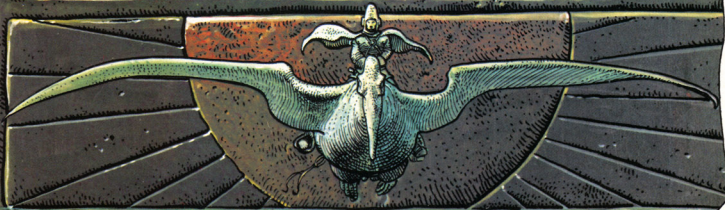
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# 1996











I ALUZ SED THEYAWDA  
PUDDAD ROOL UBBINNA  
LOBBY WARE BEEBUL KUD  
REED ID BEPPER... ANY-  
WAYZ, ODDA BEEYANIN-  
ZBEGDER ADDA DOR...

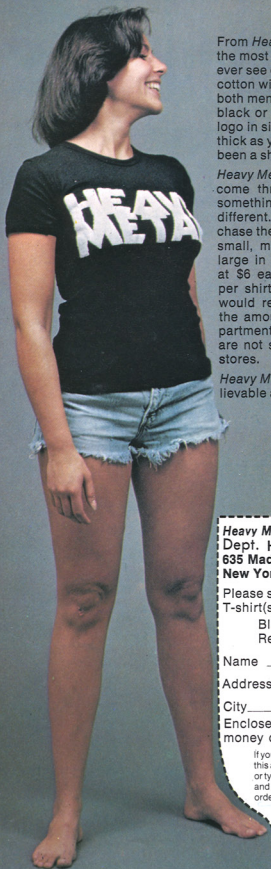
TUFF  
STAYIN KOOL  
WIDAWL EEZ  
CHIKS AROWN  
!

**BUNJA DOBZ,**  
**AY!** JEEZ, WENZ-  
AWLIZ SHID  
GUNNA END...

BELEPAV

TO BE CONTINUED...

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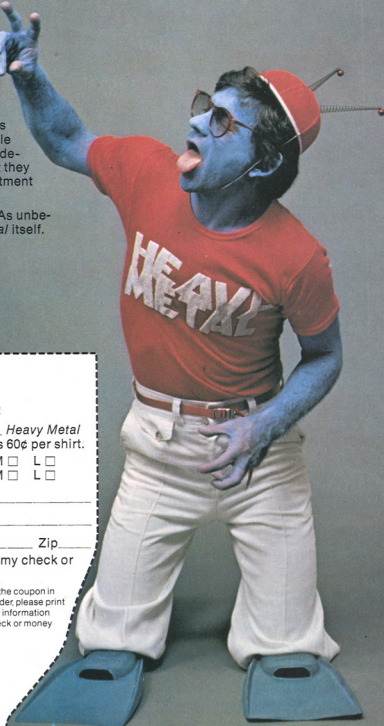
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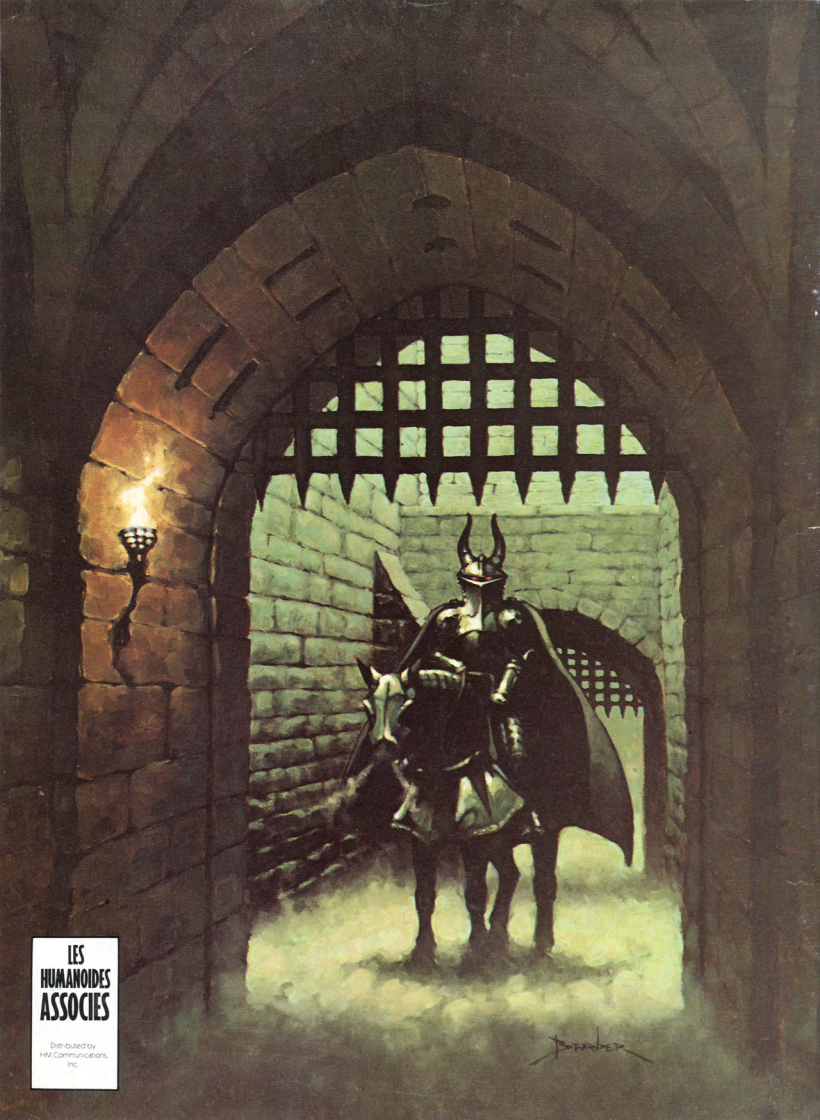
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