

June 1978

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HEAVY METAL

IND
36587

Illustrated fantasy magazine



**"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,
and Donald Sutherland as "Jennings"

Plus a cast of 4,623 other very funny people.

Produced by Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman

Directed by John Landis

Written by Harold Ramis, Doug Kenney, and Chris Miller

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editors,

I hope you use more *Pilose* stories in *Heavy Metal*. Their wealth of good material is endless....Enki Bilal did a story called "Exterminator H" that you should use....

Collin Kellogg
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Collin: Quite the little expert, aren't you? You're right, of course. We're in the process of having the "Exterminator" series colored. To run later this year. Thanks for the suggestion.—Ed

Hello,

Come on, loosen up a little! If you're only gonna do a minimum of printing American art (look, I'm no patriot, I just like these guys stuff, you know?), why not delete some Corben and let us see Jeff Jones, Barry Smith, or my all-time favorite) Michael Kaluta, in color? PS. Why don't you give credits to the translators?

Cat Yuen Wade
Min. Grove, Mo.

Dear Cat: We'd love to have Jones, Smith, Kaluta, ...and, if we're lucky, some day we will. Meanwhile, we've signed Corben for a terrific new serial, so... PS. Valerie and Scott are too modest to take credits.—Eds.

Dear H.M.,

Well, now that all the bitching seems to be sufficiently vented, I would like to heartily thank you all for bringing *Heavy Metal* to our previously culturally enfeebled newsstands. I am firmly convinced that all of those banally bourgeois folk who have written to you in the past with condemnation reeking from their foul words obviously were never properly weaned from "Conan" and that ilk of so-called "sword and sorcery."

Heavy Metal presents the widest variety and highest quality of visual fantasy and science fiction that may be found in this country today. If anything, we readers should be overwhelmed that someone finally gave us the opportunity to rise above the confines of the redundant world of comics in our search for colorful literary entertainment.

I, for one, salute your efforts. I can only hope that those who find fault with your publication may find solace elsewhere and stop boring those of us natural hedonists who derive nothing but pure and unrestrained pleasure from

continued on page 47

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

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

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things.

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

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



The #1 rated Greek Specialty Liquor
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Heavy Metal

Vol. III, No. 2

June 1978

CONTENTS

...Anyway..., 4

Chain Mail, 1, 47

Fable, by **Lourdell**, 5

The New Tales of the Arabian Nights, Shahrzad, by **Corben and Strnad**, 6

The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius**, 14

Sabre, by **McGregor and Gulacy**, 16

Colonization, by **Mezieres**, 28

Them Changes, by **Nezin**, 29

More Than Human, by **Theodore Sturgeon, Douglas Moench, and Alex Nino**

Galactic Geographic, by **Kofoed**, 48

Report V.I, by **Sire**, 51

Evolution, by **Aull**, 58

Heilman, by **Voss**, 75

Barbarella, by **Forest**, 83

1996, by **Montellier**, 92

Front cover by **Joe Jusko**

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...ANYWAY...

3 good ones get started this month: Corben's "Arabian Nights," Nino and Sturgeon's "More Than Human," & Voss's "Heilman"...a perfect *Heavy Metal* mix of sf, fantasy & rock.

Complete in this issue, as they say, is "Evolution," creation of Vaughn Bodé disciple Bob Aull which was—yes, folks!—considered too much for our German edition, *Star Fantasy*. There's also an 8-page preview of the new book written by comics' bad boy Don McGregor, *Sabre*. We will not be publishing the book *Sabre*, but the usual industry kickbacks apply, so you are urged to purchase same.

Rumors are to be believed re *HM* calendars, movies, posters, anthologies, albums, lunch buckets, decals & holiday camps for the chronically overimaginative child. Out is the only way to sell.



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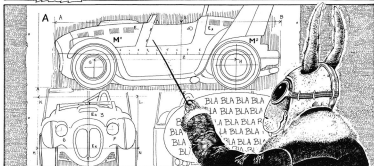
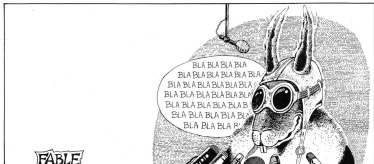
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Shahrazad

It is related (but Allah is All-knowing!) that in time long gone before, two brothers turned their backs on Kingship to wander over the earth, searching for one whose calamity overmatched their own. . . .



Each a victim of a faithless Queen, their thoughts dwell only upon their wives' evil deeds, and sorrow hung heavily in their hearts. Shahryar spoke to his younger brother, Shahzaman:



O my brother, if I find none whose wife is more wanton than my own, then death will surely be more welcome to me than life!



By Allah, so it is with me, my brother!

© 1978 RICHARD CORBEN & JAN STERNAD

And so the brothers wayfar'd by day and by night, not knowing when, if ever, they would return to their Kingdoms.



At last, when Destiny had brought them to the shade of a tree by the ocean shore, and when they were deep in sleep, Shahryar was awakened by a distant roar as though the heavens were falling upon the earth.



Shahzaman! Wake up!
The fury of Allah
is upon us!

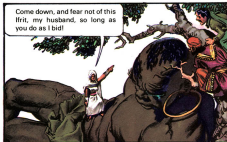




Breathe the air and feel of the sea breeze, O my choicest love! I would sleep awhile—but think you not of escape . . .



. . . for (yawn) I will seek you out wherever you may hide!



Come down, and fear not of this Ifrit, my husband, so long as you do as I bid!

Know that this beast snatched me on my wedding night that none might lay with me but him. But in revenge I have lain as many men as I've willed, and so would I do with you! Come down, or die the illest of deaths!



Tell me, my lady, before we perform that service which you require—how many others have preceded us in this task?



Since the night of my capture, this filthy Iffit has carried me to many lands distant and strange, and with every opportunity I have taken vengeance against him.

My lovers have numbered five hundred and seventy, and now I would count two more.



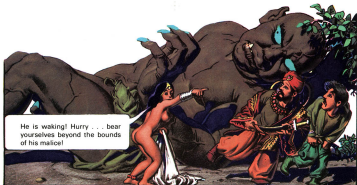
By Allah, such a number is strong precedent indeed! Under pain of death, I shall not thwart you!



Then you are wise, and may live to see the morrow.

So amid the silky layers of the Jinni's loincloth, the brothers did as they were advised.





He is waking! Hurry . . . bear yourselves beyond the bounds of his malice!



Allah! Surely this woman has dealt a greater injustice to this Iffrit—so much more powerful than we—than what has befallen us!

Such is abundant consolation! . . .



Let us return to our countries and our palaces, and there decide our course of action against all womankind.

Such is also my desire, O my brother.

Returning to his city, Shahryar summoned his wife and his Wazir and made a proclamation:

I command my wife, the Queen, to be put to death, for she has broken her marriage vow. Such is her just fate.

Henceforth I shall marry a maiden each night, and I shall slay her the following morning, as there is no woman to be trusted on the face of the earth.



You, my Wazir, I entrust with the duty of obtaining my virgin bride for each night, and of her execution the next morning. To fail me in this respect will be to lose your head.



As you command, O King of the age.

Such was King Shahrivar's practice for the space of three years. Mothers wept and parents fled the city with their daughters, until no virgin remained for the King's pleasure.

Presently the Wazir went forth and, finding no suitable bride, returned home in sorrow and in fear for his life.

His eldest daughter, Shahrazad, perceived the cause of his anxiety and offered herself as the King's bride, but the Wazir would not hear of such a plan.

That night, when Duniyazad perceived that the King had had his will with Shahrazad, the sister spoke as she had been instructed:

So Shahrazad began the tale of the Merchant and the Jinni, but before she had reached the tale's end she perceived the light of day and ceased her permitted say.

How fair is your story, Shahrazad, and how delightful!

It is nothing to what I could relate this coming night, were I to live and the King to spare me...

By Allah, I shall not slay you (yawn) until I've heard the rest of your tale!

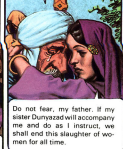
My will cannot be changed, Father. If I must, I shall approach the King alone and offer myself against your wishes, and then we shall both die.



O my daughter, must this need be?

Even so.

Allah be merciful, and make me not desolate by your loss!



Do not fear, my father. If my sister Duniyazad will accompany me and do as I instruct, we shall end this slaughter of women for all time.

Allah upon you, O my sister, recite for us a story to wile away the hours of our last night together!



Gladly will I do so, Duniyazad, providing the King will permit...

Tell on, for I am sleepless this night and would be pleased to hear a tale.

Many nights were passed in like manner, and each morning Shahrazad ceased her story with the first light of dawn and was granted a stay of execution.

I'm worried, Sister. How long can you continue these tales?



As long as I must.

But it is impossible to do so forever. Surely there must come an end.



I believe myself pregnant by the King. If such is the case, perhaps that will be of some aid to us.



For a thousand nights and a night, Shahrazad entertained the King with stories of great adventures and of folk gone before, and during that time she bore him three sons. . .

... whereupon she appeared before Shahryar and asked of him a favor:

O King of the age, these are your children and I ask that you release me from the doom of death—for if you slay me, they will become motherless and you will find none to rear them properly.



Shahrazad,
I pardoned you
long ago . . .

... for I found you pure, chaste, and pious. We shall marry with regal ceremony and know you that my brother seeks also your sister Dunyazad in wedlock. Will you permit it?



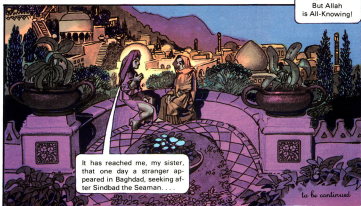
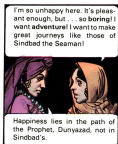
With but one condition—that your brother the King abide with us here, for I and my sister were raised together and cannot endure separation one from the other.



So shall
it be!

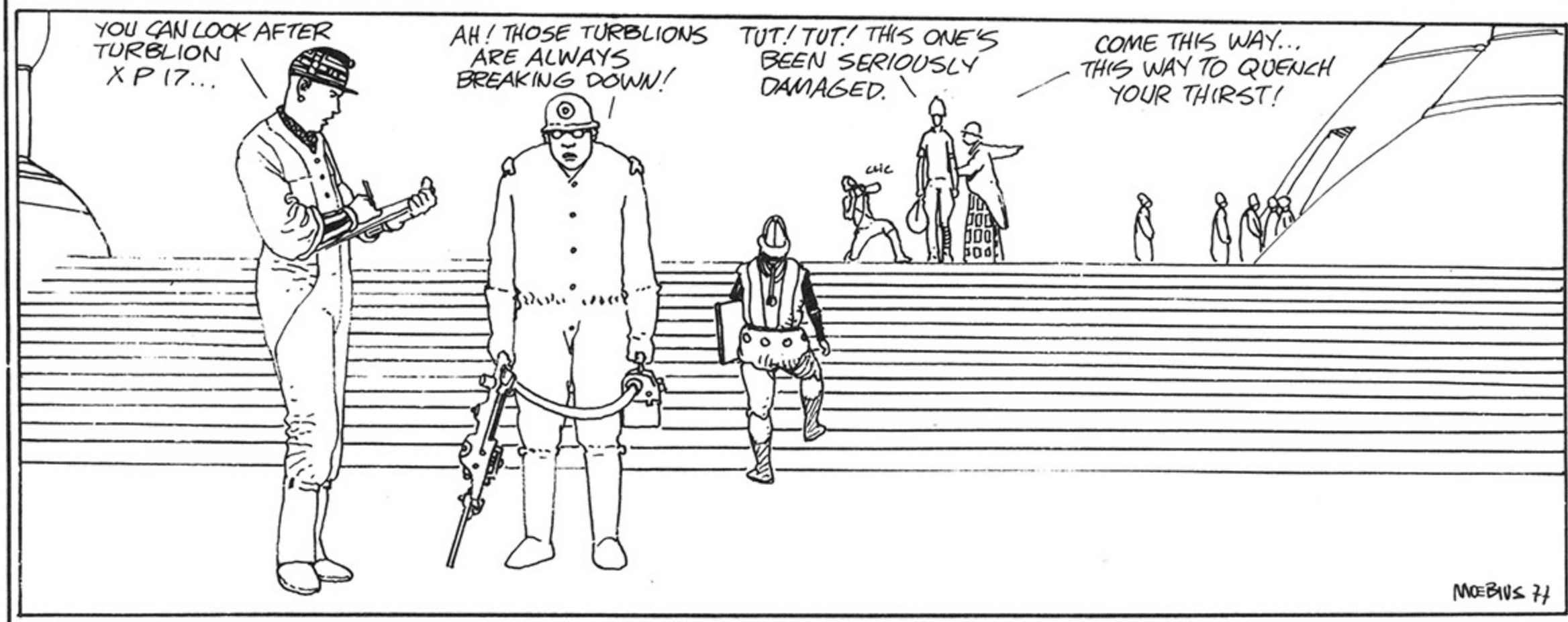
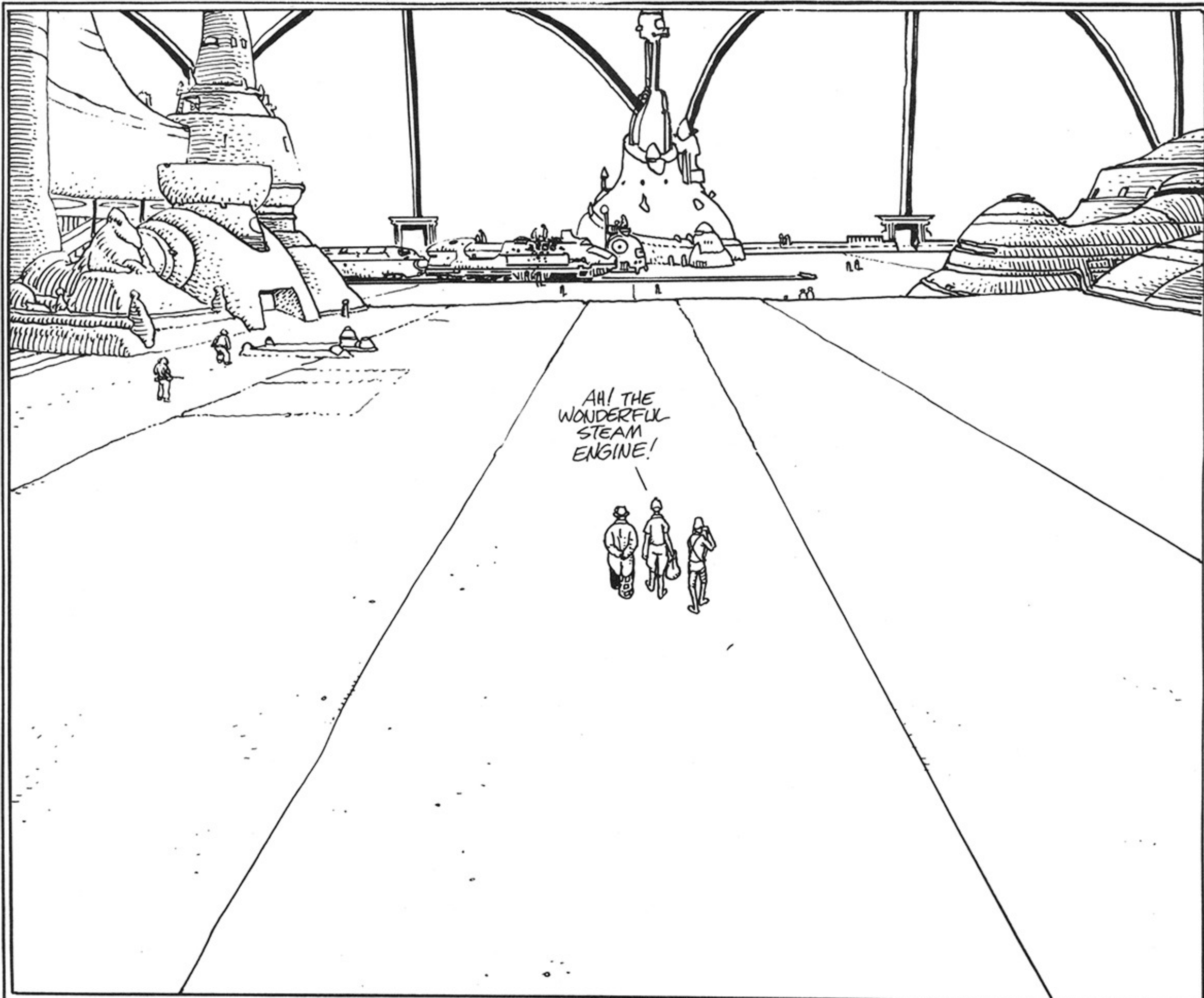
So the two brothers lived with their wives in all pleasure, for indeed Allah the Most High had changed their sorrow into joy, and in due time all was chronicled and the book was called—

*The Stories of
the Thousand Nights
and a Night.*

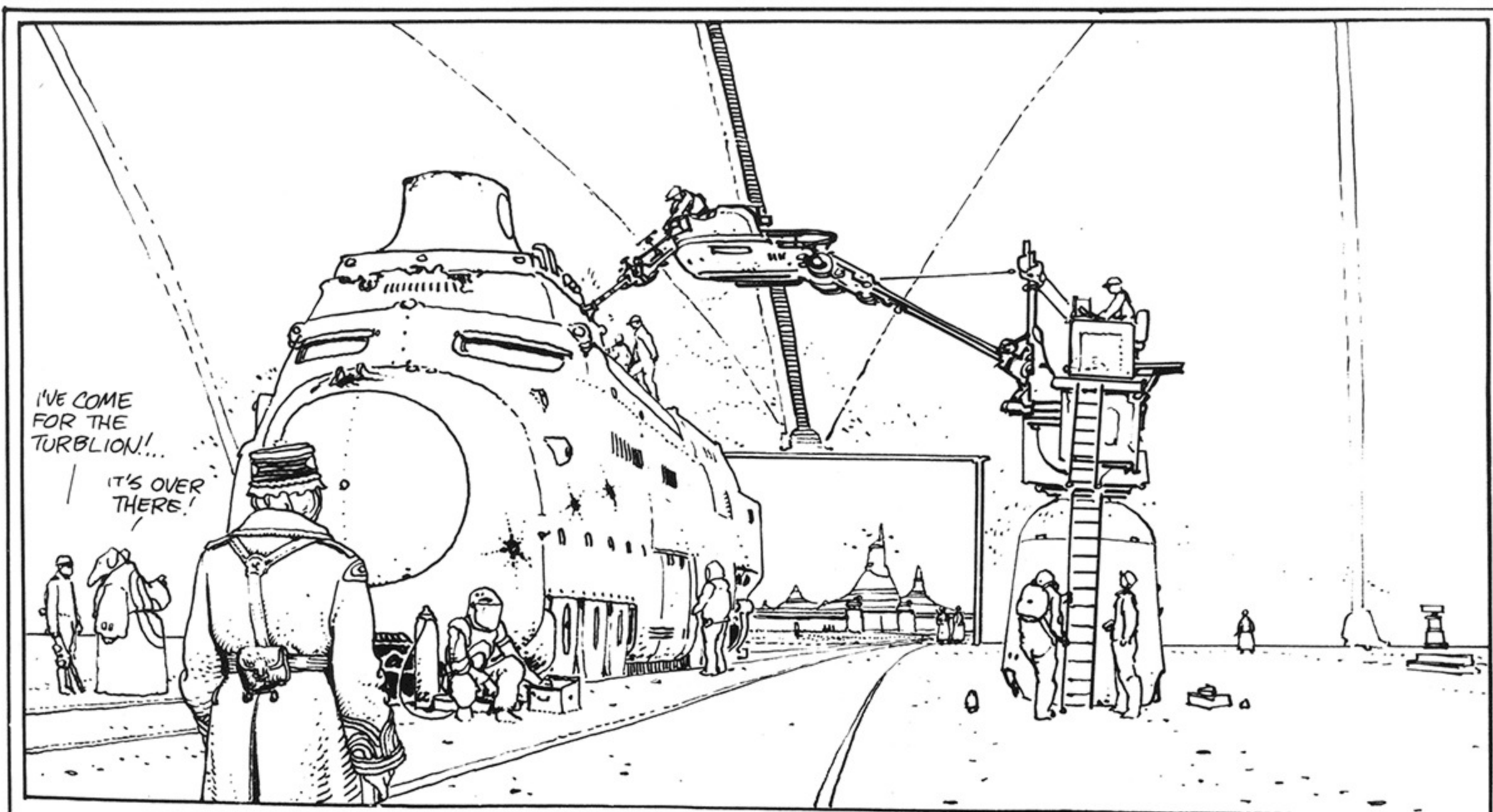


The Airtight ★ Garage ★

STORY TO DATE:



MOEBIUS 74



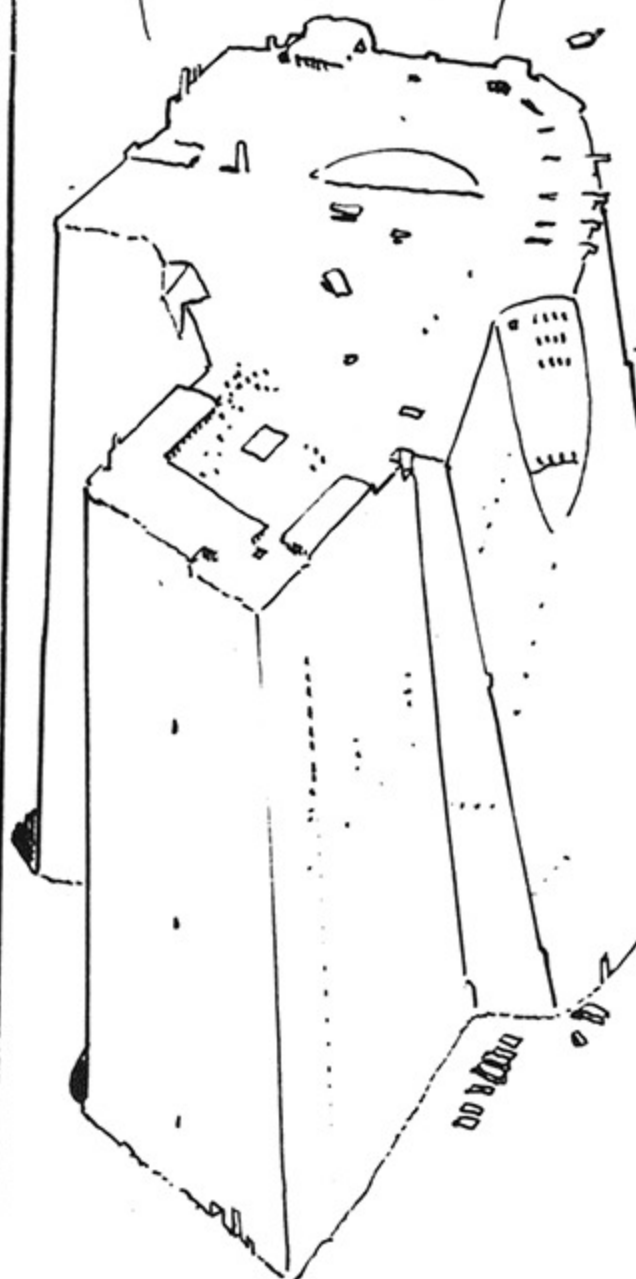
NOT LONG AGO, THIS SCENE OF DESOLATION WAS "THE SHEET OF RIZLA SQUARE"... THIS IS WHERE THE SPLENDID STEAM ENGINE WAS BOMBARDED FROM THE SKY... MORE THAN THIRTY DIED!... NOW TEAMS OF TECHNICIANS FROM ALL FOUR CORNERS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE TO FIX THE LOVELY LOCOMOTIVE, AND STILL NO ONE KNOWS THE REASON



I'LL HAVE AN ALCOHOL SWAFT.

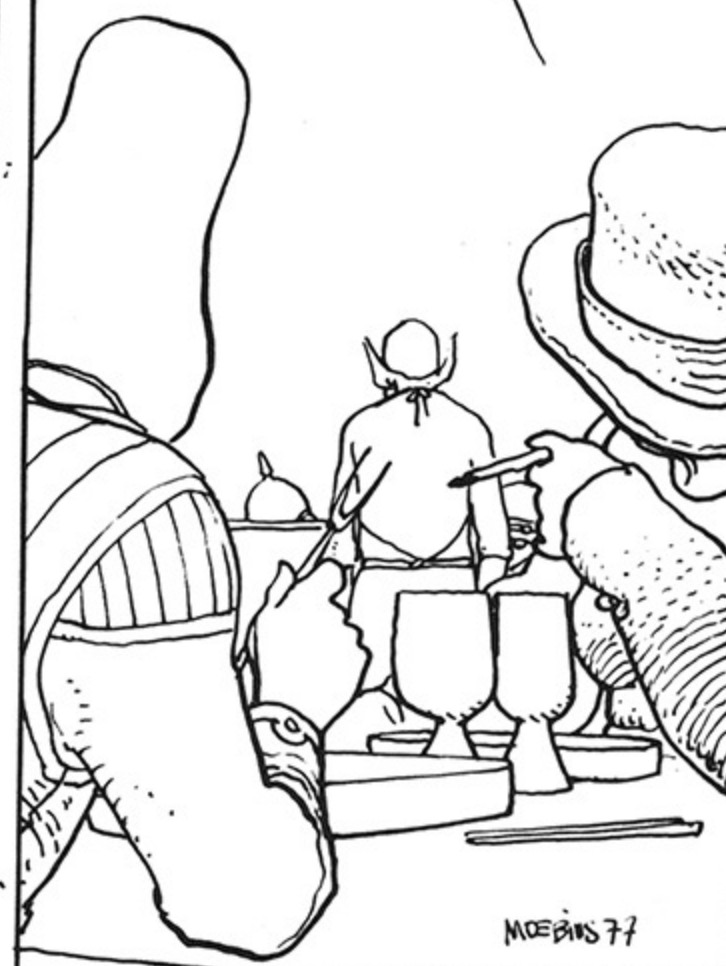
I'LL HAVE A BLUE COFFEE.

WHEATAL BROTH FOR ME, PLEASE.



DO YOU THINK IT'S HIM?...

I TELL YOU, IT'S MAJOR GRUBERT... I RECOGNIZE HIM BY THE POINT ON HIS HELMET...



MOEBINS 77

TO BE CONTINUED...

Sabre

Don McGregor
& Paul Gulacy





IN 1992, FOUR YEARS AFTER THE END, THE NUCLEAR REGULATION FOR NUCLEAR WASTES COMBINED WITH ALTERED WEATHER PATTERNS TO GIVE THEIR YIELD--

THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS LABELED THIS CRISIS AS PESSIMISTIC PARANOIDS, WHICH PROVED TO SOME CITIZENS THAT POLITICAL SURVIVORS WERE STILL CAPABLE OF INSPIRING FARM CALLING.

THE NUCLEAR REGULATORY COMMITTEE, HAVING COMMITTED THEMSELVES WITH STAGNANT FACES, TO 500,000 TONS OF PLANT WASTE, OR ALUMINUM WASTES, DID NOT EVEN BLUSH IN THE YEAR 2006--

TERRORISTS, BECOMING MORE PLENTIFUL, HAVING THEIR BLIND SIDES FOR GAMES, WAGES, AND RETALIATION, TO CONTAMINATE THE ENTIRE WATER SUPPLY OF MANHATTAN.



WHILE THE WORLD POWERS WAGED INVASIONS AND LESS SUBTLE PERSUASIONS, AMERICANS TURNED DURING THE YEAR 2016 TO A CONSUMERISM, AND THE NATION WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DIVERT ITS ATTENTION FROM THE AFTERMATH OF THE END.

THE CIVIL OFFICE SOON PUT A STOP TO SUCH NOISES OF WARCRACK, FANGLE, OR NOT, THEY HAD THE TIME OF THE TIMES, INDIVIDUALS, AN IN-GOVERNMENT CURNITION FOR REBELS, WERE UNDER THE GUN.

HE CALLS HIMSELF SABARE, HE IS A ROGUEISH ANARCHISM, OR SO HE'D LIKE TO THINK. HE IS DEDICATED TO EVADING AND OUTWITTING THE POWER MANDATES OF 2020.

THE GOVERNMENT, ASSAULTED FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT, RETREATED TO A CENTRAL FORTRESS. THEY RECOGNIZED THAT ANY REBELS WOULD BE CRUSHED WITH GREEN WARFARE. NO MORE THING OF THE GOVERNMENT'S HANDS.



PROLOGUE TWO:

MELISSA SIREN

MELISSA SIREN WAS A TEST TUBE FETUS.

SHE WAS ONE OF MANY SUCH EXPERIMENTS IN THE MIDDLE 1990'S. THE TUBE WAS THE MOTHER, AND CLINICAL EYES WATCHED HER DEVELOP FROM EMBRYO TO FETUS.

CLINICAL MOUTHS SPOKE IN CHILDISH AWE. A FACULTY THEY'D ALL THOUGHT THEY'D LOST, AND THEY HAD SAID, "LOOK! IT DEFINITELY IS AN EYE THAT IS FORMING!"

AND ANOTHER CLINICAL VOICE HAD REPLIED, "YES, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHETHER IT IS GREEN AS DICTATED DURING THE CHROMOSOME STAGE?"

MELISSA SIREN DID NOT LURCH FROM ANY COMFORTING WOMB INTO A HOSTILE WORLD.

NO, SIR!

MOTHERS HAD FINALLY BEEN REPLACED, AND CLINICAL MANKIND, AS WELL AS CLINICAL WOMANKIND, REJOICED!



MAN-- NO LONGER BEHOLDEN TO WOMEN AS CARRIERS OF LIFE.



AND AS FOR CLINICAL WOMANKIND-- WELL, NO LONGER WOULD THE FEMALE SPECIES HAVE TO PROVE ITS WORTH BY BEARING CHILDREN.



ONWARD! TO MORE IMPORTANT THINGS.

SOMEHOW--

SOMEHOW MELISSA SIREN SUSPECTED AS SHE GREW AND ATTENDED MOTIVATION CLASSES, SOMEHOW SHE SUSPECTED THAT SOMETHING HAD BEEN LOST... SOMEWHERE.



IT WAS A THOUGHT THAT PLAQUED HER INRETRIEVABLE NIGHTS, AND LEFT HER FORLORN IN MEANINGLESS DAYS.



MELISSA WAS NOT SURE WHAT HAD BEEN LOST--

--AN AWARENESS OF NOT BEING LINKED TO MORE THAN A SHAPE OF GLASS. CONCEPTION STOLEN FROM ORGASM ORIGINS. (WELL NOW, DID THE WOMEN HAVE ONE NINE? NONE?) SOMETIMES SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW WHAT HAD BEEN LOST... MAGIC.

BUT THEN, SOMETHING SO FANCIFUL COULD NOT HAVE CAUSED HER DISCONTENT.



--AND SHE WASN'T SURE THERE HADN'T BEEN ANYTHING GAINED--



--BUT SHE FELT A CENTRAL EMPTINESS--

AFTER ALL, AS ALL THOSE CLINICAL VOICES WOULD BE QUICK TO POINT OUT, OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS...MAGIC?



IMITATION SOUTH SEA
PALM TREES SWAY IN
THE VENTILATOR-
SHAFT-CREATED
MIDNIGHT WINDS--

--AS THE PAINTED STARS
DISAPPEAR UNDER THE
MAJESTIC SAILS
AND RISING PROW
THAT DEVOUR
THE HORIZON!

COLLISION!

THAT ETERNALLY FULL MOON IS STILL
THERE, MELISSA REALIZES. IT IS THE
LAST SIGHT THAT REGISTERS BEFORE
IMPACT. THAT MOON IS STILL CLEAR
IN ITS ARTISTIC IDEALIZATION--

--AN UNMARRED MOON, UNLIKE
THE WOUNDED REAL MOON OUT-
SIDE THIS INSPIRED ROMANTIC
SETTING. VIOLENCE RIPS AT
THE ROMANTIC FACADE!

THE HORIZON
TILTS!

/THE IDEALISTIC
MOON SUCCLIMBS/

/TO TURQUOISE
TURMOIL/

/SURGING/

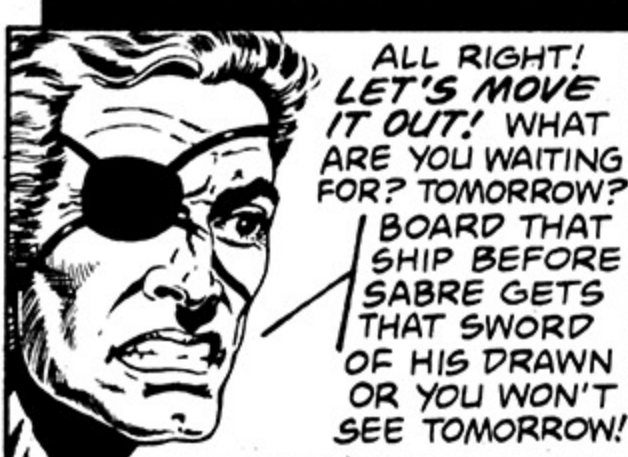
/CASCADING/

/BATTERING FLESH/

/BONE/
/SANITY/

/KILLING
THE NIGHT
AIR/

/AND DROWNING THE WORLD!



ALL RIGHT!
LET'S MOVE
IT OUT! WHAT
ARE YOU WAITING
FOR? TOMORROW?
BOARD THAT
SHIP BEFORE
SABRE GETS
THAT SWORD
OF HIS DRAWN
OR YOU WON'T
SEE TOMORROW!

"AND YOU!...WILLOUGHBY? -- WHY THE HELL IS YOUR
GODDAMNED WEAPON
STILL HOLSTERED?"

"IT'S STUCK, BLACK-
STAR! I THINK THE
LEATHER MUST'VE
WARPED IN THE
HUMIDITY OR SOME-
THING."

THE MERCEN-
ARIES SWARM
OVER THE SIDE
OF THE SHIP--

--LIKE A
NIGHTMARE
POTENTIAL
FINALLY
REALIZED!





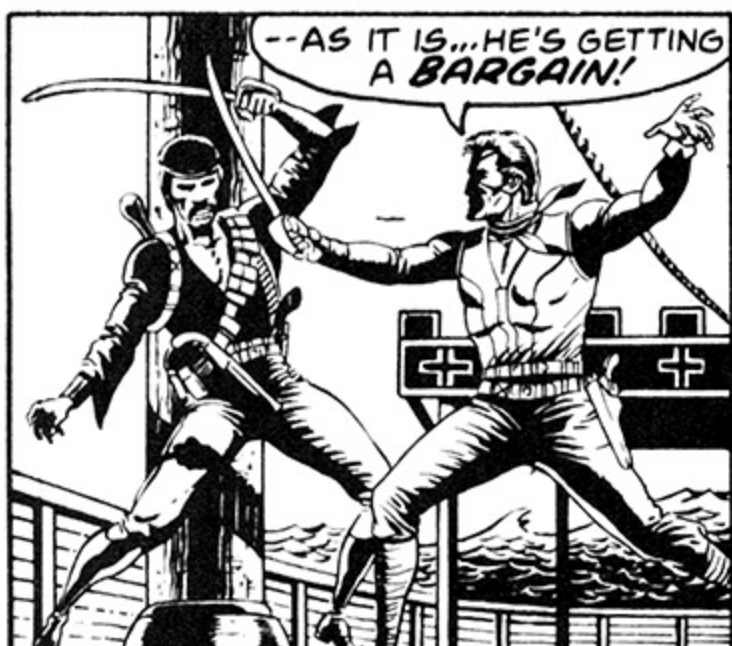
HELLO, SABRE! WE MEET AGAIN. ABOUT TIME, TOO.

I TRY MY BEST.

YOU MAKE THIS JOB HELL, YOU KNOW.

WITHOUT YOU DRIVING THE OVER-SEER INTO A FRENZY, MY **SALARY** FOR ROUNDING UP THE RABBLE WOULD BE **EXORBITANT**--

THEY STAND, TESTING EACH OTHER, ONE ON ONE. BLADE TO BLADE. IN BOTH THEIR EYES, THERE IS A GRUDGINGLY ADMIRATION, AS IF EACH RECOGNIZES THAT HE FACES A **SPLENDID ADVERSARY**.



--AS IT IS...HE'S GETTING A **BARGAIN!**

GROUSE APPEARS AGAINST THE FLAMING BACKDROP OF WOOD AND CLOTH--

--AND HIS CHUCKLE, DEEP BUT MERRY, IS LOST IN THE BURNING NIGHT!

MELISSA SEES THAT HAND CAPABLE OF TENDER TOUCHING IMPALED...STIFFENING--

HERE'S TO **NASTY DREAMS, SWEETHEART!**



--AND HER EYES TRY TO STOP THE ACT!



FLAMES LEAP.

BLOOD DRIPS SLOWLY.



I **APOL-OGIZE, SABRE.**

I TRUST YOU'LL **BELIEVE** THIS IS NOT THE WAY I WOULD HAVE **HANDLED** THE SITUATION--

--BUT WHAT IS ONE TO **DO--**

--GOOD HELP IS SO HARD TO **FIND** THESE DAYS!



IDENTITY IMAGES...REFLECTED...TORN APART. PROFILE. FRONTAL. FULL LENGTH. ACCENTUATION. OF AN INDIVIDUAL FACET SUCH AS EYES. HE COMES AWAKE...SWEATING...AND SEES HIMSELF MIRRORED INTO INFINITY. IS THAT TRULY HIM...TRULY HOW HE LOOKS?

THE WOUNDED HAND COMES ALIVE NEXT, AND FEELS LIKE A SEPARATE, PAINFUL ENTITY, ONE WITH ITS OWN BLOOD-PULSE. THE TENDONS THICKEN IN HIS ARMS, AND AS HIS MIND ASKS WHERE HE IS, AN EXTERNAL VOICE ASKS WHO HE IS...AND WHY.

"I'M BEGINNING TO. IMAGINE MY HORROR."

MY POSITION... THE POSITION OF THE RESPONSIBLE MEN WHO WANT THE BEST FOR OUR SOCIETY...

...IS TO GIVE PEOPLE THE MAXIMUM OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE THEIR COMMUNITY.

TO BE VALID, YOU MUST PRODUCE FOR SOCIETY... OR ELSE WHY DO YOU EXIST?

THE QUESTION IS... DO I... NEED--

--TO JUSTIFY IT?

YES!

YOU ARE WONDERING WHERE YOU ARE? THIS IS THE SYNCHRONIZATION CENTER. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE HEARD OF IT BEFORE. I AM THE OVERSEER.

I'M GLAD YOU WERE.

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR MEETING.

YOU SEE, SABRE, THAT'S WHAT WE MUST CHANGE. YOUR ATTITUDE. YOU GIVE IN TO SUCH OUTBURSTS OF ANGER THAT IT MAKES YOUR STABILITY SUSPECT. DO YOU SEE?

YES!

TO YOU?

YOU CANNOT REFUTE THE LOGIC OF THE SYSTEM.

WHY--

--NOT?

I'M AFRAID... I MUST... DISAGREE.

BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE. THERE IS NO ROOM FOR SUCH NEGATIVE TRAITS IN A SOCIETY AS OVERCROWDED AND COMPLEX AS OURS

AND THEREFORE I SHOULDN'T CRITICIZE--

--OR MENTION--

--ANY FLAWS--

--IN YOUR PRECIOUS SYSTEM?

YOU WILL LEARN IN MOMENTS. BY MORNING, YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THAT... SYNCHRONIZATION... ALLOWS HUMANS TO REGULATE THEIR LIVES.

I SEE.

TO YOU... LIFE NEEDS REGULATION.

JUST AS MAN NEEDS A REASON TO EXIST. YOU ARE WORTHLESS AS YOU ARE. OF NO BENEFICIAL CONSEQUENCE TO MANKIND.

WELL, IF I DO HAVE TO... JUSTIFY... MY EXISTENCE... IT IS TO MYSELF... AND NOT... TO YOU!



"THIS IS A MOST UNORTHODOX PRESENTATION, I CONCEDE, BUT ONE IN WHICH WE WILL PROVE THAT SABRE CAN BE TAUGHT CONSTRUCTIVE LIFE-STYLES. HE WILL BE A PARAGON OF ENTHUSIASTIC WILLINGNESS TO PERFORM, AND THUS, SINCE HIS POPULARITY AMONGST THE REBEL COLONIES, A BRILLIANT TESTIMONY TO OUR REIGN. WE HAVE PLACED MELISSA SIREN IN ONE OF OUR INSTALLATION'S BROTHEL SUITES. SABRE HAS EXHIBITED A MARKEDLY FIERCE PROTECTIVE STREAK TOWARD THIS WOMAN... A THROWBACK, OBVIOUSLY, TO THOSE OLD CINEMA IDEOLOGIES THAT HE SEEMS... LET ME CORRECT THAT... SEEMED... TO CHERISH."



"WE WILL LET SABRE VIEW THIS MELISSA WITH A FEW OF MERCENARY BLACKSTAR BLOOD'S ANIMATRONIC TRACKERS --"





THE OVERSEER RELEASES SABRE'S SHACKLES. SABRE FALLS TO HIS KNEES, STILL IMPRISONED.

YOU WILL FIND THAT WHEN YOU CO-OPERATE, SABRE, WE CAN BE VERY APPRECIATIVE... SATISFY ALL YOUR DESIRES, WHATEVER THE TASTE.

AND YOU WILL FIND LIFE LESS DEPRESSING...LESS DIFFICULT TO GET THROUGH THE DAY.



HE RELIVES THE BLEEDING MEMORIES RIPPED FROM RAGGED BRAIN TISSUE, ALMOST GONE, OOZING OVER MUCOID GRAY, LOSING IT ALL, BUT FIGHTING, GODDAMNIT, TO KEEP IT, HIS PAST, HIS IDENTITY! HE REMEMBERS MELISSA'S PASSION AND CARING, AND ALSO THE OVERSEER PATTING HIS HEAD... AS HE STRIKES!



THAT'S NOT LIFE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, OVERSEER--

-- THAT'S ONLY ANOTHER KIND OF DEATH!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, OVERSEER... YOU'RE WONDERING, "HOW THE HELL DID HE DO IT? HOW THE HELL DID HE OUT-LAST MY PRECIOUS EQUIPMENT?"



YOU CAME CLOSE... CLOSER THAN I'D LIKE TO ADMIT! I FELT EVERYTHING TEARING AWAY... BUT ALL DURING YOUR SYNCHRONIZATION PROCESS... I KEPT YOUR FACE BEFORE ME!



I WOULDN'T BETRAY ANY OF MY ANGER... ANY EMOTION... UNTIL YOU MADE A MISTAKE... UNTIL I HAD MY FREEDOM AGAIN!

DON'T TRY IT!

YOU'LL COST YOUR GOVERNMENT A VERY EXPENSIVE FUNERAL IF YOU DO, AND LORD KNOWS, I WOULDN'T WANT THAT ON MY CONSCIENCE.

I'D DEAL WITH YOU NOW, OVERSEER, BUT MY LADY AWAITS--

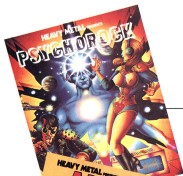
--AND YOU'RE RIGHT... I WON'T HAVE HER SULLIED WITH THE SCARS YOU'D LEAVE HER WITH!

I TRUST YOU'LL KEEP SEARCHING FOR ME... UNTIL I FIND YOU. AND WHEN THAT TIME DOES ARRIVE... I PROMISE YOU, ONLY ONE OF US... WILL WALK AWAY.



COUNT ON IT, OVERSEER! YOU CAN COUNT MOST DEARLY ON THAT FACT!

6 FROM HEAVY METAL



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

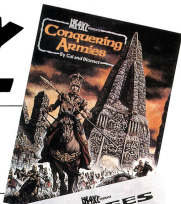
ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of Heavy Metal magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of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

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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 Hivian editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9 1/2" x 13 1/2". \$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 *Nad*). 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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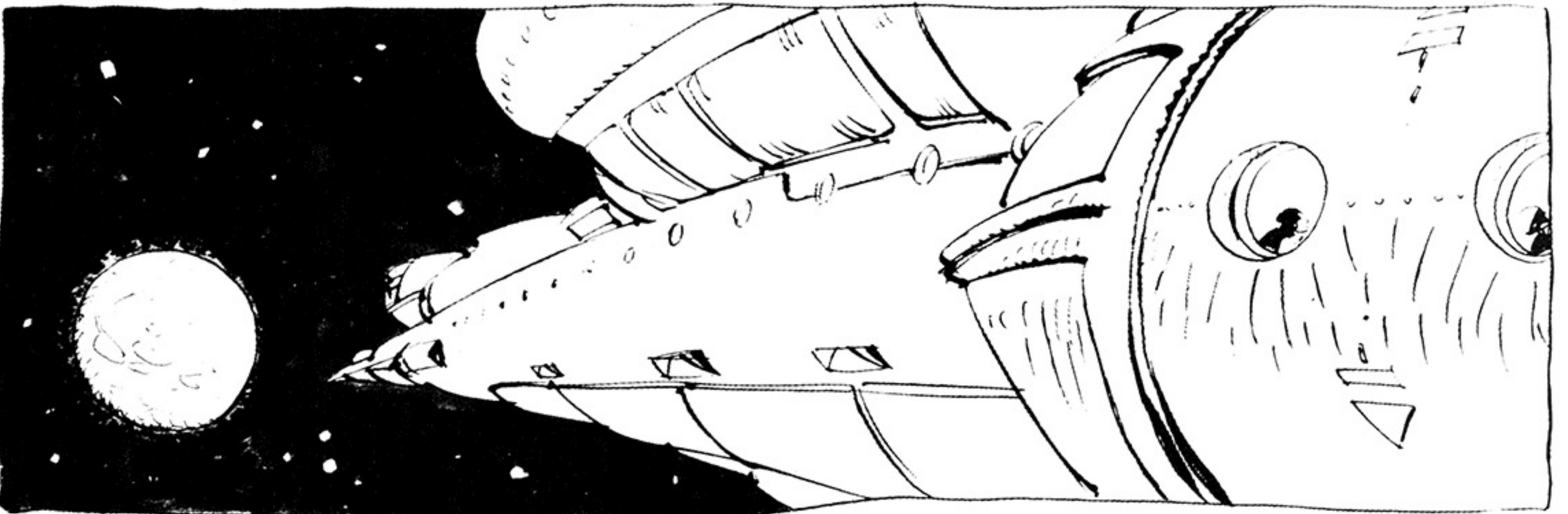
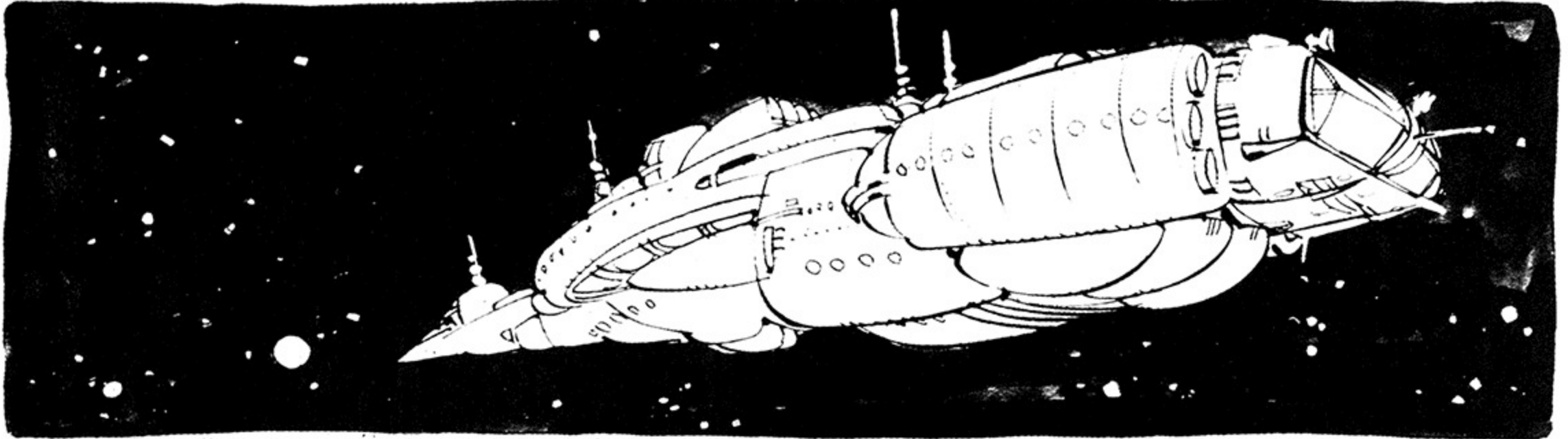
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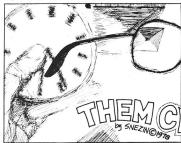
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COLONIZATION





















The idiot lived in a black and gray world, punctuated by the white lightning of hunger and the flickering of fear. His eyes were calm. His face was dead. He was twenty-five years old.



In the woods, he moved like an animal, beautifully. He hunted like an animal, without hate and without joy. He ate like an animal, only enough and never more. He fed himself when he could and did without when he could. If he could do neither, he was fed by the first person who came face-to-face with him. He never knew why, and never wondered.



Sometimes they would speak to him; they would speak to each other about him. He heard the sounds, but they had no meaning to him. His eyes were excellent, and could readily distinguish between a smile and a snarl, but neither expression could have any impact on a creature who himself had never laughed or scorned. He was incapable of anticipating anything—the stick that rained, the stone that flew found him unaware. But at their touch he would respond.

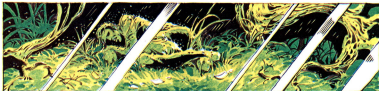


He would escape.



His experience spanned from terror to contentment. He slept like an animal, well and lightly, faced in the opposite direction from a man; for a man going to sleep is

about to escape into it while animals are prepared to escape out of it. Like a stone in a peach, a yolk in an egg, he carried another thing.



Passive, receptive, awake, alive. It had no function specific to the idiot. He was unaware of this strange inner thing because it was useless to him. This was a thing which only received and recorded. It did this

without words, without a code system of any kind. All around it, to its special sense, was a murmur—a sending—in which it soaked itself, absorbed, or perhaps simply fed. The idiot was unaware, but the thing inside—



Without words: Warm when the wet comes for a little but not enough for long enough. (Sadly): Never dark again. A feeling of pleasure. A sense of subtle crushing and take away the pink, the scratchy. Wait, wait, you can go back, yes, you can go back. Different but almost as good. (Sleep feelings): Yes, that's it! That's the—oh! (Alarm): You've gone too far, come

back, come back, come—(a twisting, a sudden cessation, and one less "voice"). . . . It all rushes up, faster, faster, carrying me. Answer: No, no, Nothing rushes. It's still, something pulls you down on to it, that's all. (Fury): They don't hear us, stupid, stupid . . . they do . . . they don't, only crying, only noises.



All impression, depression, dialogue. Radiation, fields of awareness. Murmuring, sending, speaking, sharing from thousands of voices. None, though, for the idiot. Nothing that related to him. Nothing that he could use.

He was a poor example of a man, but he was a man; and these voices, they were the voices of children, the very young children, who had not yet learned to stop crying to be heard.



Only crying, only noises.

"I am the very best of fathers and I know all the evil there is, Alicia. You know all the evil which must be avoided, but your sister knows no evil at all." It was Alicia's nineteenth birthday and Mr. Kew had been saying as much to her since she was four, since her mother died giving birth to Evelyn, cursing her husband, indignation at last awake and greater than the agony and fear.



"Your sister is purity triple-distilled." When she was sixteen, Alicia heard her father explain how a man went mad if he was alone with a woman. At thirteen, she told him she had a trouble, and with tears in his eyes, Mr. Kew said that it was because she had been thinking about her body. He punished her body until Alicia wished it never existed.



They lived in a place cut off and apart. Behind the house there was a brook and a pond, bracketed by bars and cement. This closed circle and the sky above it were Evelyn's entire world.



Evelyn had never been in the library where her sister spoke with her father. She had not been taught to read. Knowledge was given to her when they decided she was ready for it. She had been taught to obey.

Evelyn sat by the pond, glimpsed her ankle, and gasped. She covered it quickly, as Alicia would. The flesh must be disciplined. Father said so.



It was the moment of spring when all the world, full of dreamcolors, races for beauty. But there was also a sweet stillness, and that was the puzzle, the delicious tingle...

Evelyn longed for more of it.

Mr. Kew could not know that even here, in this sheltered rectangle, touches of the forbidden seeped in. Evelyn breathed the enchanted air and wrapt joy because it was too beautiful to bear.



The idiot was in the woods when he... felt it.

A blow to his face could have been no more forceful—

—and he who had never been called, nor responded—

—followed the call, hunting, harking.



The inner seed burst, spreading across his internal gulf, linking his alive and independent core to the half-dead animal around it. Still without words, something spoke to him, now, in his own tongue.



It came to him after a long time, slowly. *The barrier would not yield.*



His hands stopped trying, but his eyes could not surrender. They yearned through the iron.



He moved along the bars, an animal pacing the wrong side of the cage, an inner need unable to turn away.



It rained for a day, a night, and half the next day. Evelyn watched and sang, even though she did not know music. She had heard only the chirping of birds and the whisper of wind, and so these things were the sounds of her singing . . .



*But I never touch the gladness
May not touch the gladness
Beauty, oh beauty of touchness
Spread like a leaf, nothing between me
and the sky but light
Rain touches me, wind touches me
Leaves, other leaves, touch and touch me . . .*

What are you doing, Evelyn? Button up your collar. Were you talking?



Talking? Yes, but not to you. *Touch me, Alicia . . . just . . . touch me.*

Touch you? We don't touch one another! It's wicked.

*Silly. Then it would be *fight* in your bath. We would see our *skin* that way.*

Stop it, Evelyn! I shall have to tell Father!



Dark here. There's so much sun—I want the sun on me, like a bath, warm all over.

Touch me, Alicia, or I will touch myself. I want to . . .

The idiot found himself following the leaf, not knowing why, where it led him . . .



One bar rattled. He did not realize it was weakened by rust; it was simply *different*. When it snapped, he inhaled water, coughed pain. The other bars would not move, so he sat hopelessly. Then—



Touch me . . . I want to . . . touch me.

It was that *voice*, the need, the *need*, the bridge, the awareness. For the first time, the idiot applied reason to a problem.



It began to rain . . . all day, all night, half the next day . . .



Evil, evil—I thought it could be filtered out, but it can't. You're evil, Alicia, because a woman touched you for four years. But not Evelyn—it's in the blood and the blood must be let. Where is she, do you think?

Perhaps outdoors—she likes the pond. I'll go with you.



This is for me to do. Stay here. You, too, but later.



When Evelyn reached the pond, something—an invisible smoke, a magic—lay over it. She was filled with a sense of

nearness and she welcomed it, reaching out to the blossoming.



He came up from the magic and she was spellbound, trembling. She had known him for days, of course, but only now did their silent hunger and gladness meet and mingle . . .

Touch me. They did not know what a kiss was, but they had a better thing. They lived in each other, silently, their inner currents surging inward, outward, filling the gulfs of a single need . . .

They heard nothing, not the footsteps, nor the gasp, nor the terrible bellow of outrage. They were aware of nothing but each other . . .



Then Evelyn's father raised the whip . . .



NOOO!!

AARH!!



Evil—EVIL!!

Then, as the whip-handle crushed the consciousness from the girl, something else was broken. . .



. . . and the idiot was again the animal, seeking nothing but escape . . .

NO! STOP! COME BACK!!



When Alicia saw her father returning, it was not his clothes or his ruined eye. It was something else . . .



Father! You're hurt!



She followed him into the library, where he stood at the cabinets she had never seen opened before . . .



His one good eye pierced her, held her like a squirming insect . . .



. . . and she knew, horrified, that he did not see her at all, but looked at some unknowable horror of his own.



She was never to forget that look. It would be with her forever, even after he pulled the trigger and she screamed his name.



Two whole hours passed, simply black and lost, filled with a pain and silence.



Then aimless whimpering. "What? What's that you say?" The house did not answer.



She found Evelyn by the pool.



"Father hit me," she said calmly. "I'm going to sleep." Alicia whimpered. "What is it called when a person needs a . . . person . . . and the two are like one thing and there isn't anything at all anywhere?"

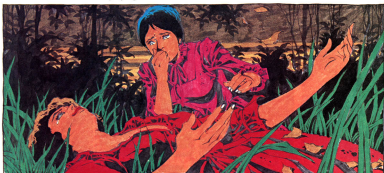


Love—it's a madness. It's bad.



"It isn't bad. I had it. Now I'll sleep and I won't ever wake up. I wanted to do something and now I won't be able to do it. Will you do it for me, Alicia?" Her sister nodded. "For me, Alicia. You won't want to!" Alicia nodded again. "When the sun is bright, take a bath in it. Be in the sun like that . . . move, run. Run and . . . jump high. Make a wind

with running and moving. I so wanted that. I didn't know until now that I wanted it and now I . . . oh, Alicia! There it is, don't you see? The love—with the sun on its body!" The soft eyes were wide, looking on the darkling sky. Alicia looked up.



She did not see what Evelyn saw and when she looked down again, Alicia knew Evelyn was no longer

seeing anymore.



Far off, in the woods beyond the fence there was a rush of weeping. It followed her and followed her, almost to the

door, and even then it seemed to go on inside her.

to be continued . . .

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*, expugs, 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)

HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels, and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. (\$2.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS, white with black lettering and art, with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of *Heavy Metal* (\$5.50)

continued from page 1

your magazine with their petty nit-picking. Let's face it, *Heavy Metal* isn't perfect, but it's pretty damn close!

Jocelyn Beard Clark
Mahopac, N.Y.

Dear Heavy People,

Great Howard Phillips' Ghost! Could it be no less a power than the feared Cthulhu keeping a hate-filled eye on Den and Company?

Brian Mattys
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Dear Editors,

I am not pleased with you, nor, I am sure, am I alone. In your last issue, eight out of seventeen features end with "to be continued." You have too much enthusiasm for the cheap shot for the buck.... Please consider our happiness. We don't like waiting a month to read more. These tactics really belong to a magazine of lesser quality....

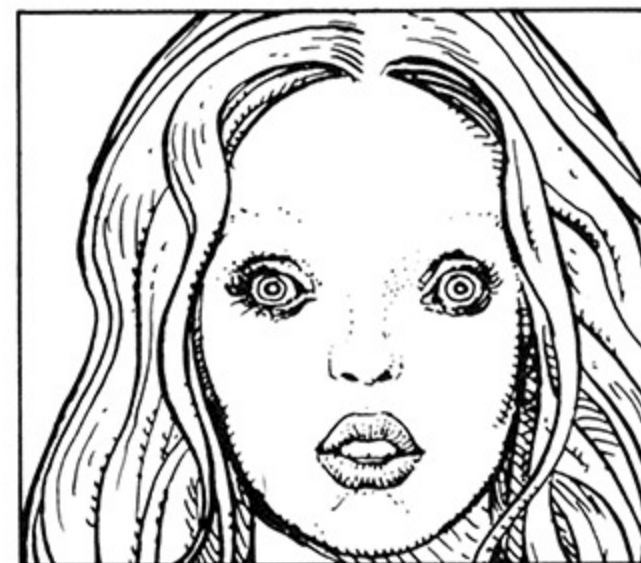
Marc Johnson
Saskatoon, Sack, Canada

Dear Marc: If it's any consolation, we editors have to wait a month as well...our artists, both here and in Europe, do their things eight pages a month, and that's it.—Ed.

Metal Men:

More Moebius! Moebius-less-ness Makes Me Melancholy. Make Me Mirthful, Metal Men; More Moebius!

John "M" Cothran
Walnut Creek, Calif.



Dear Editors,

Your magazine is definitely one of the best. My biggest complaint is that it isn't long enough. I can read a whole issue in a couple of hours, and then I am forced to wait a whole month to get more!

I think Barbarella is great. Show her to all those girls (sic) who keep telling you there're no female heroes in your mag! She certainly has more of a sense of humor than the guys do.

Laura Barrett
Anchorage, Alaska

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The Passing of the Airwhales

marks the solstice at Point Benton, the equatorial federal pressure stand on the densely atmospherated planet known to Federation colonists as "Benton's Chowder," after eccentric explorer/pioneer Scur Benton of the Norton system.

The massive segmented "airwhales" swim through the dense atmosphere in herds of fifty or more, searching for algae clouds. The sound of their droning, audible for hundreds of kilometers, excites the algae to a luminous visibility, thereby hastening their demise.

Benton's severe climate tests the adaptability of its creatures greatly. While summers are balmy, with temperatures near 30° C., the drop in winter is often low enough to freeze carbon dioxide out of the atmosphere.

In this, a typical summer scene, the damp ground is abloom with firepods, source of the algae and favored food of the shelled rope turtles, or "ropers." These animals are similar to mollusks and move about by grasping and pulling their ropelike appendages. Pressure Stand I, in the back left, was built at this location to facilitate study of the quiet "Blue Pond" in the foreground. Quiet and blue it is, but a pond it is not, and Federation scientists are baffled by it. Samples have never been taken of this flat blue thing whose velvet surface either shrinks away from probes or ingests them. Any small metal object tossed onto its surface will lie there undisturbed for eight to ten units, and then sink below the surface, only to reappear sometime later along the pond's perimeter. Organic objects are ingested in a similar manner, but do not reappear. If probed insistently or cut by sector light, the pond will suddenly seep into the ground. In winter only, a rocky depression marks the position of the pond. The ropers close their insulated shell against the cold, looking like nothing more than a common stone. The firepod dies as its body turns to powder in the dry ice storms of winter—only to live again when warm spring winds and rains wash the algae spores into the soil.

From the *Stellar Journals of*
Karl B. Kofoed





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We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost."

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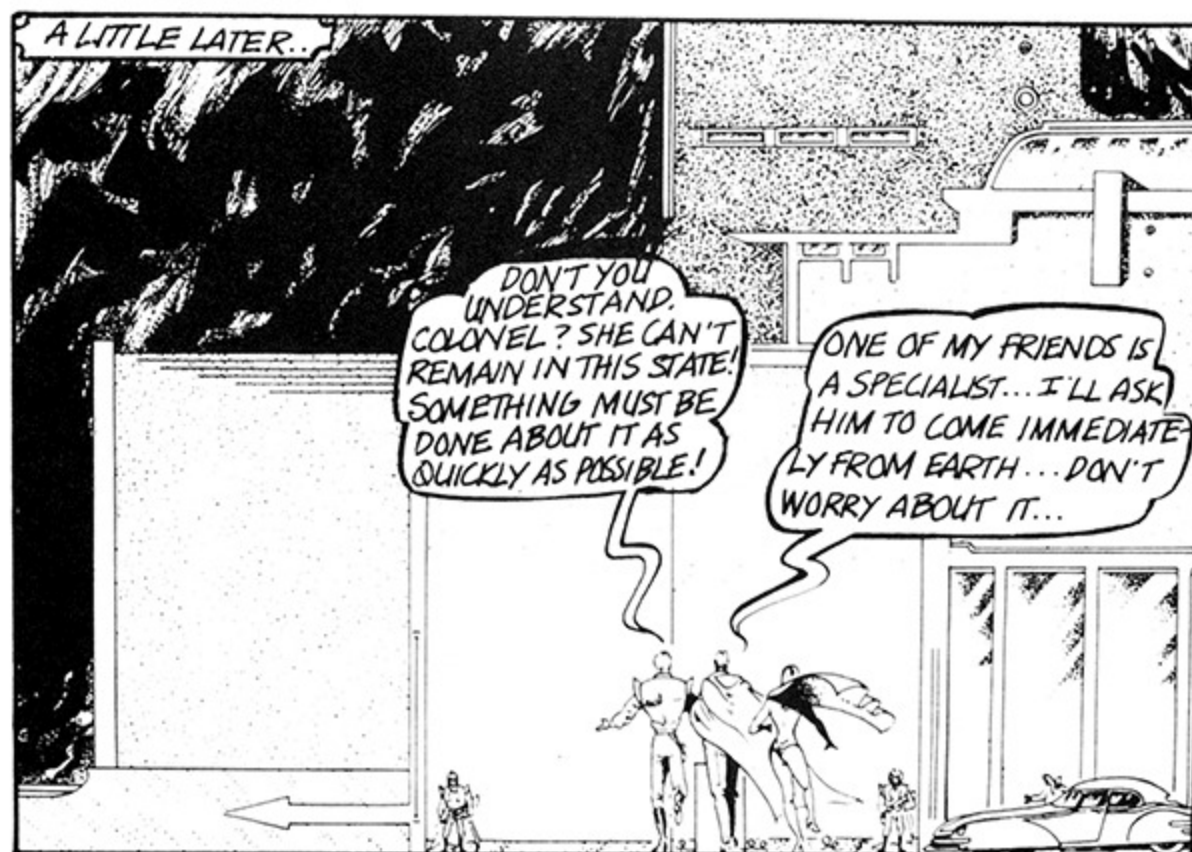
REPORT

V1

*We now know more
about the diabolical
planet!!!*

IT WAS A COLD NIGHT THAT OUR FRIENDS ARRIVED ON MERCURY, HAPPY, BUT OBVIOUSLY EXHAUSTED BY THEIR LATEST ADVENTURE !! (AS TOLD IN HEAVY METAL #11).





HELLO, IT'S ME SPEAKING... I'LL TELL YOU FIRST ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF THIS VERY STRANGE PLANET. IN THE BEGINNING, IT WAS JUST DEINOS (A LITTLE SATELLITE OF MARS), BUT WHEN THE COMET KLENZER RUSHED BY, IT WAS CARRIED IN ITS SLIPSTREAM AS FAR AS MERCURY... DURING ITS COSMIC PERIPLUS, THE DIABOLICAL PLANET UNDERWENT AN ACCELERATED EVOLUTION, SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT THAN OURS. IT WAS THEN THAT THERE APPEARED...



DEINOS

MARS

COMET KLENZER

... IN THE WATERS, HYBRIDS ENDOWED WITH INTELLIGENCE WHICH THEY CALLED FISHKIES...



WHILE ON DRY
WITH LEMUR-
VISION

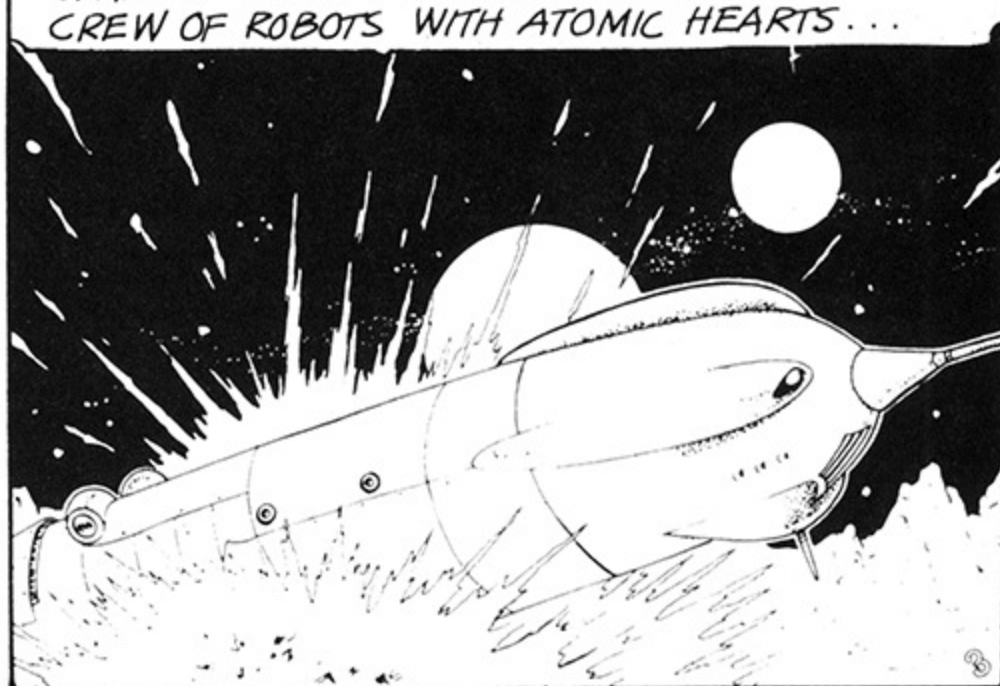
LAND THERE LIVED LITTLE MEN
IAN EYES WHOSE NOCTURNAL
WAS VERY WELL DEVELOPED...

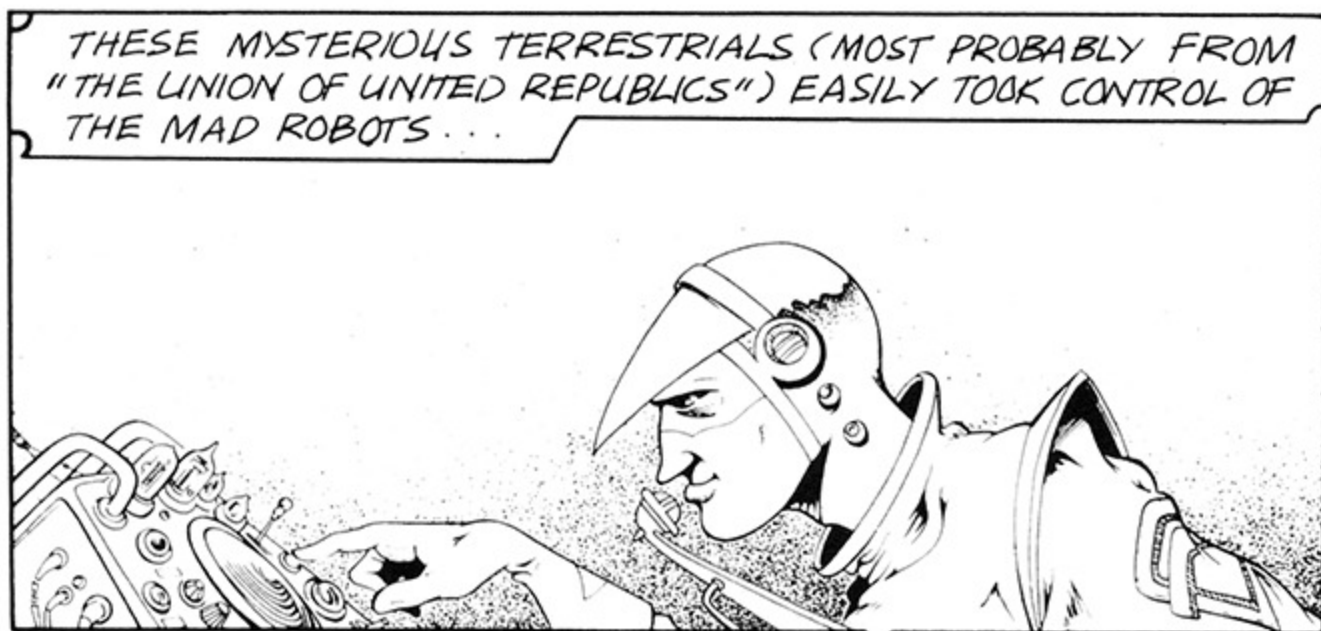
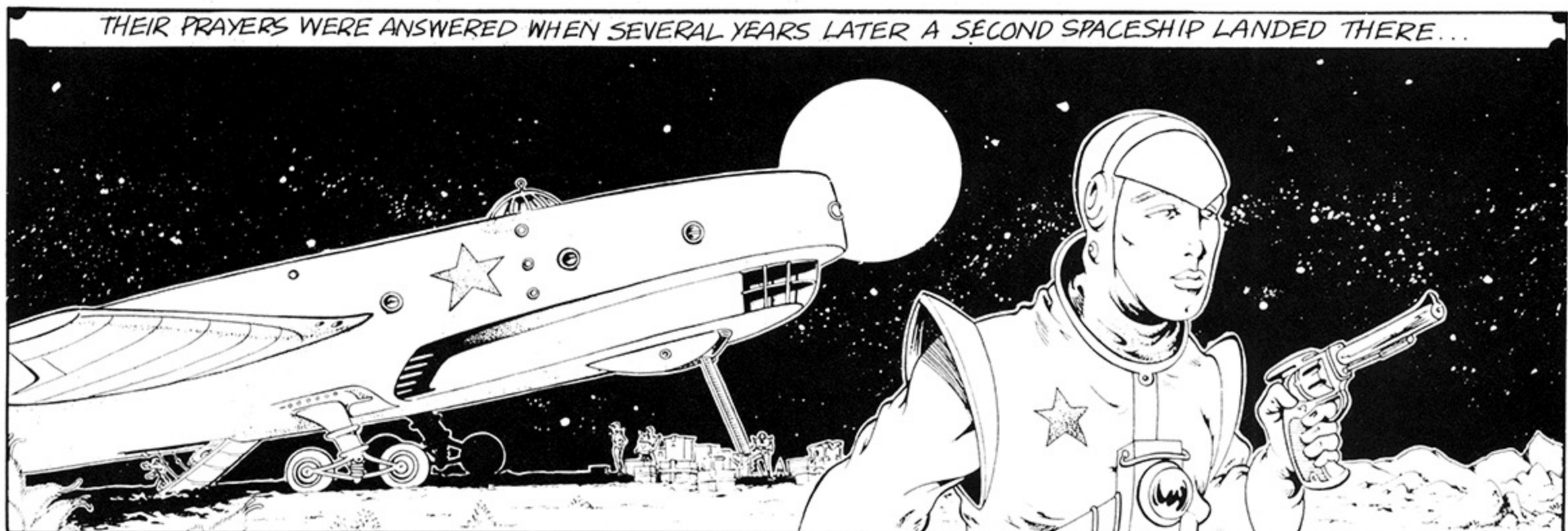


THEY LIVED IN THE GREAT TREES OF THE FOREST IN THEIR PEACEFUL LITTLE SOCIETIES, EATING FRUITS AND ROOTS.



BUT! EVERYTHING CHANGED WHEN A ROCKET CRASHED THERE. HIDDEN WITHIN IT WAS A CREW OF ROBOTS WITH ATOMIC HEARTS...

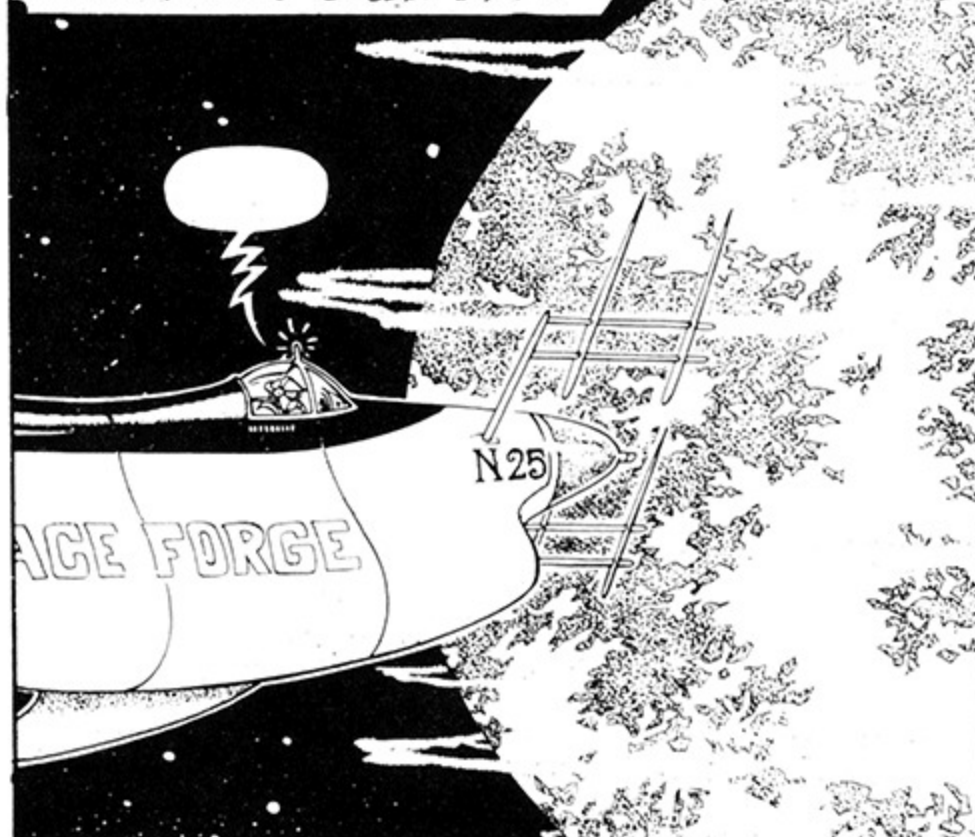




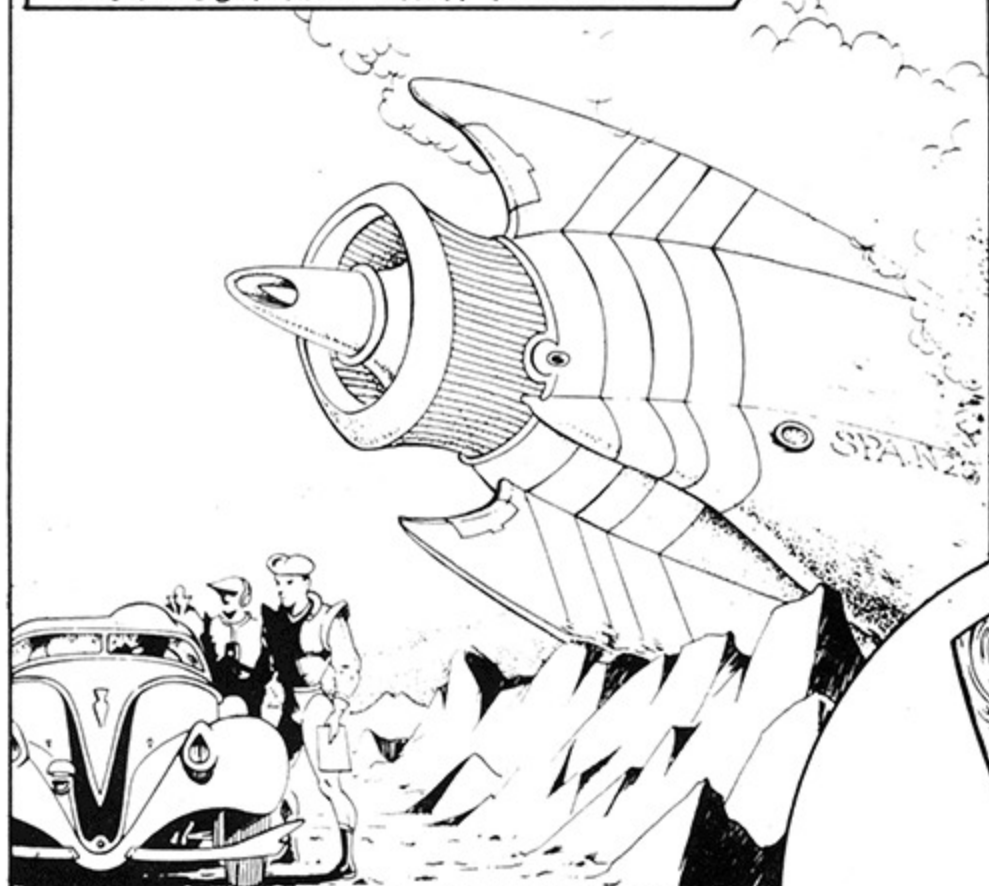
AND, ONCE THE CITY WAS COMPLETE, THE CHIEF OF THE TERRESTRIAL CREW WAS NAMED COMMANDER OF THE WHOLE PLANET!!



THEN THEY DISCOVERED THAT ANY SPACE-SHIPS FLYING CLOSE BY...



WOULD CRASH ON THE PLANET AND LOSE RADIO CONTACT WITH EARTH!!

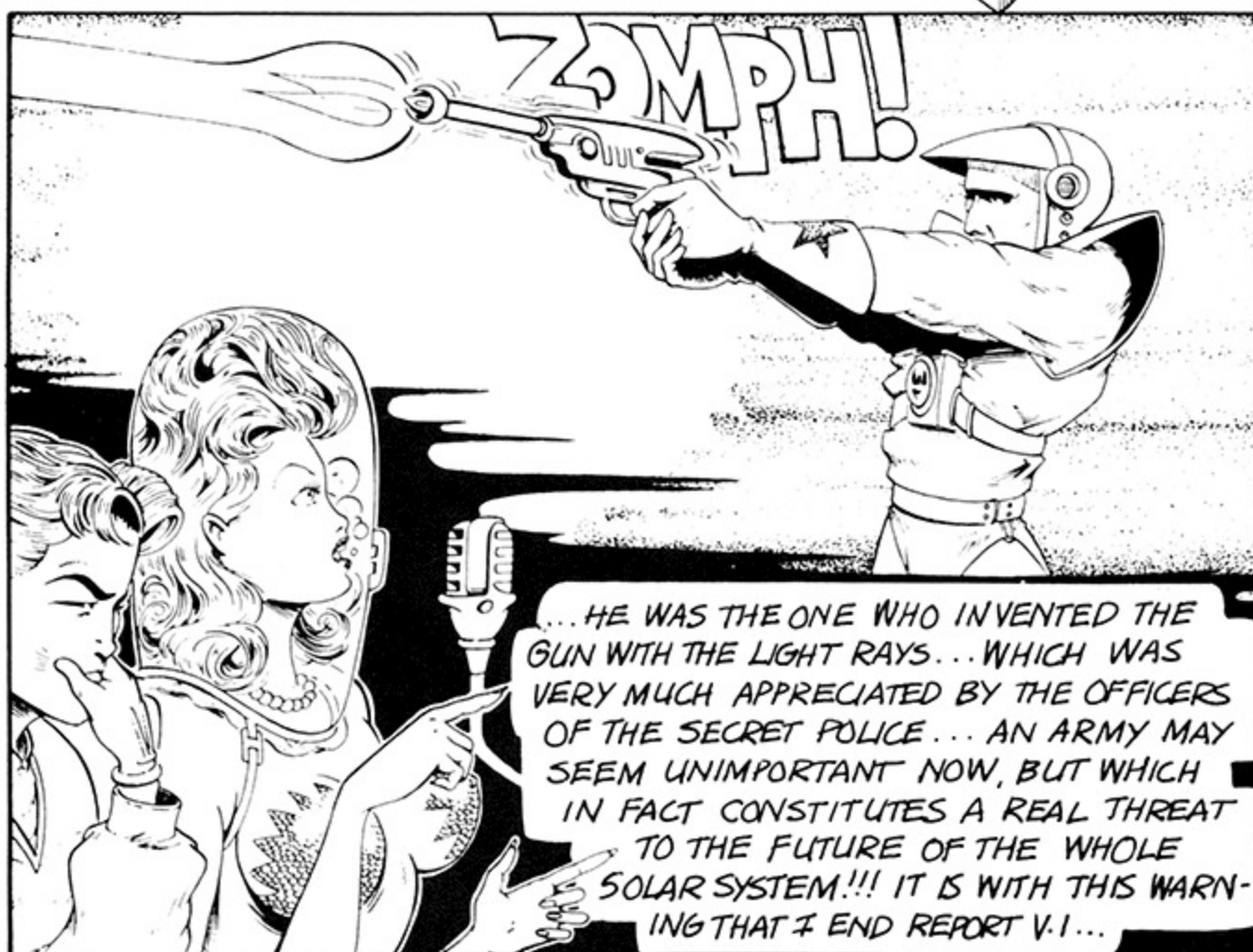
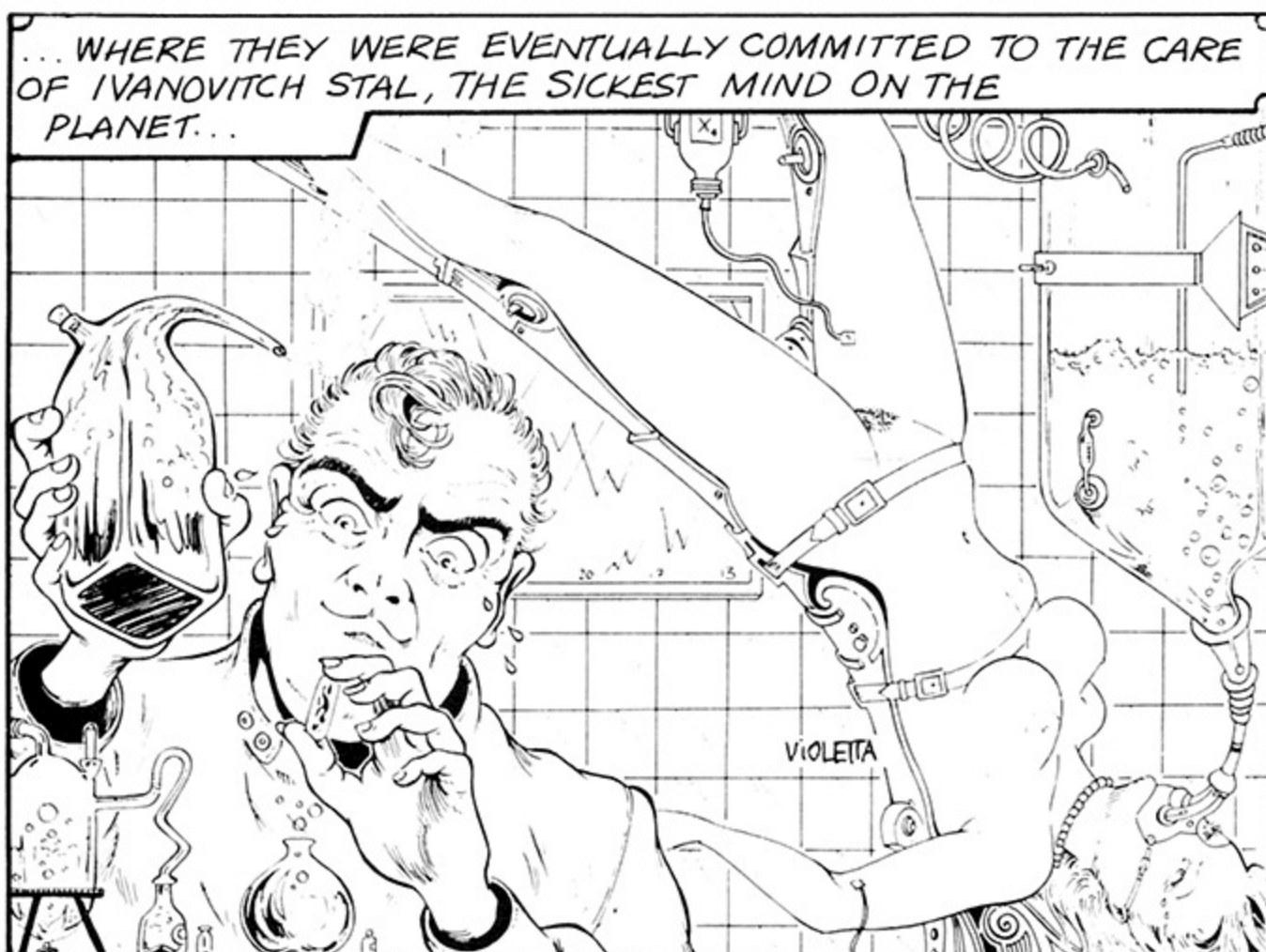


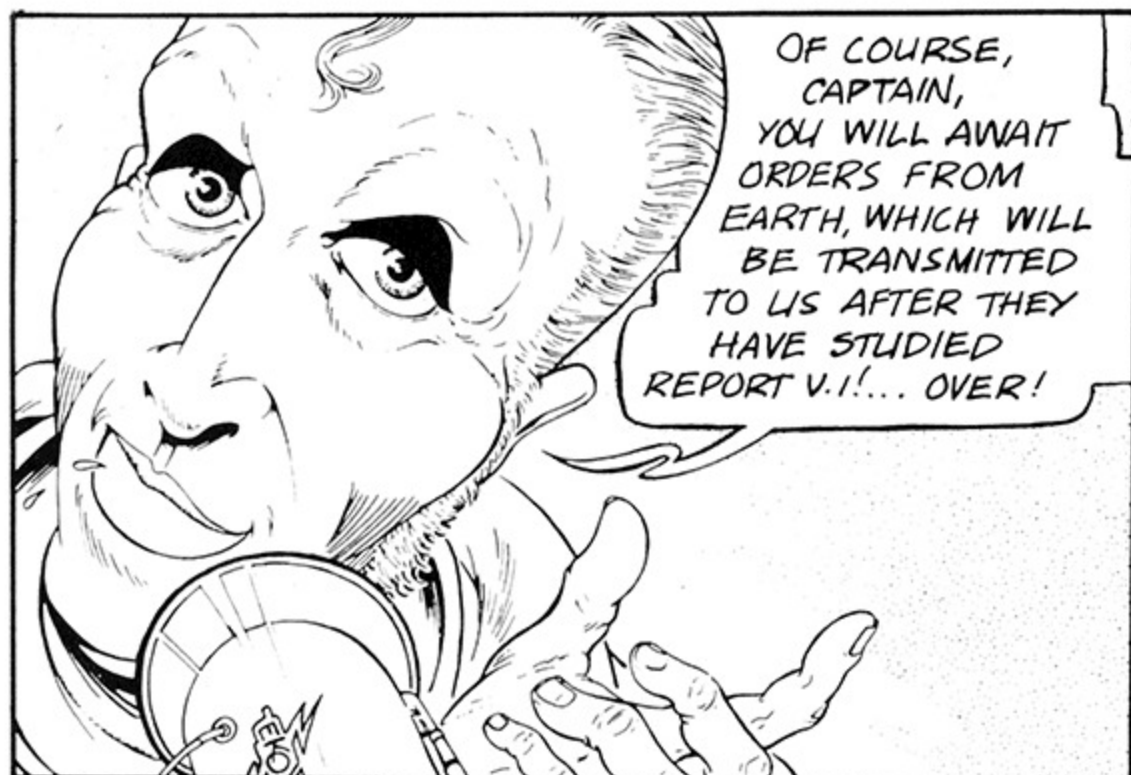
SO, THEY WOULD RANSACK THE WRECKS AND ENLIST THE CREWS... BUT THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR THEM BECAUSE TOO MANY ROCKETS COULD ESCAPE. TO REMEDY THAT SITUATION, THE COMMANDER CREATED THE ASSI*, MADE UP OF SIX FIGHTER PLANES, THREE OF THEM ON PERMANENT DRILL.

SO NOW THE INTERFERENCE ZONE OF THE DIABOLICAL PLANET INTERCEPTED LOST SPACESHIPS BY ANY MEANS IT COULD... VERY FEW GOT AWAY!!

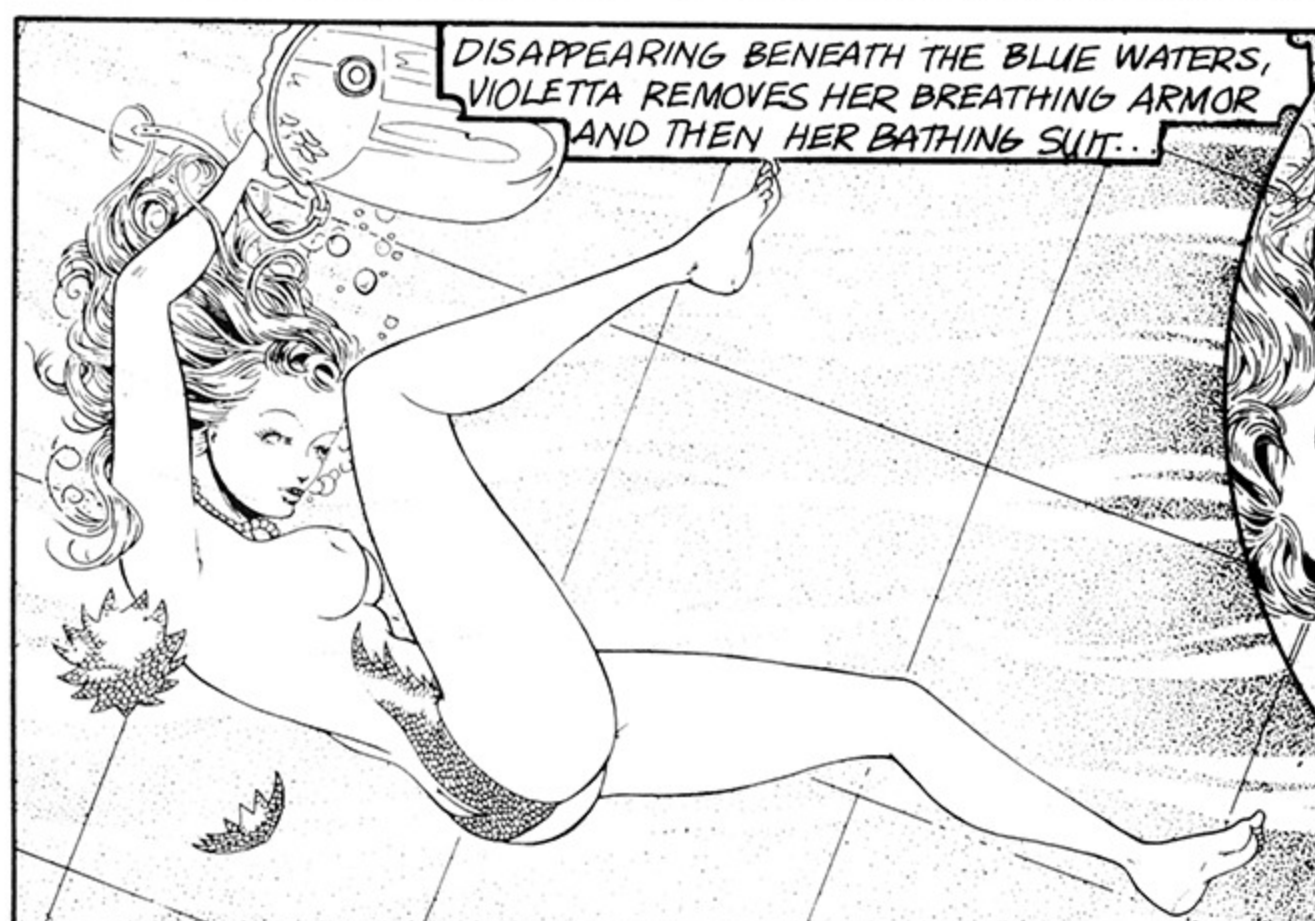


*AIR SQUADRON FOR SPECIAL INTERVENTION





THEN... IN THE AQUA ROOM...



FIN
DE
L'ÉPISODE



...IT HAS BEEN, PERHAPS, 200 YEARS SINCE THE HUMAN RACE REACHED THE MOST CRITICAL POINT IN ITS EVOLUTION AND WAS FORCED TO PROVE ITSELF A SUCCESSFUL PATTERN FOR SURVIVAL... MANKIND CHOSE, IN THOSE LAST CRUCIAL MOMENTS OF JUDGEMENT, TO PUSH THE BUTTONS ON ITS EXECUTION MACHINES... CIVILIZATIONS AND TECHNOLOGIES THAT HAD TAKEN CENTURIES TO DEVELOP ERUPTED INTO NUCLEAR FIREBALLS THAT LEFT, LIKE SMOLDERING AFTERBIRTH, HORDES OF NOMADIC SCAVENGERS AND HUGE SAVAGE TRIBES CLINGING TENACIOUSLY TO THEIR CRUMBLING CONCRETE CITIES...

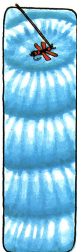
...EVOLUTION IS A MYSTERIOUS THING... A SILENT INVISIBLE FORCE THAT PERVADES AND MOTIVATES US ALL... WHAT IS ITS PURPOSE? WHAT DOES IT SEEK AS IT RELENTLESSLY PUSHES EACH SPECIES TO THE LIMIT OF ITS ABILITIES??...AND WITH DEATH THE REWARD FOR FAILURE???

...AMIDST THE BRUTISH TRIBAL WARS THAT SLOWLY COMPLETED THE EXTINCTION OF THE HUMAN RACE, A NEW INTELLIGENT SPECIES FLOURISHED AND BEGAN QUIETLY STRUGGLING FOR A CHANCE TO SURVIVE... FOR A CHANCE TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN

EVOLUTION

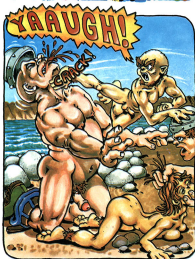
BOB FAY (C)



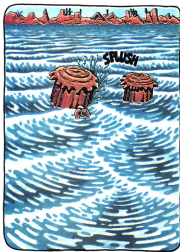
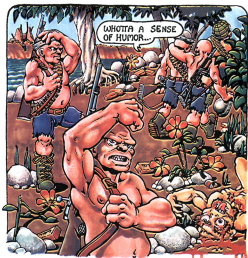
















DUDDA-DUT-DUT-DUT-DA-DUDDA-DUT-DA.



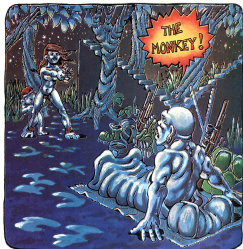
SHEE-IT THEY IS ALL DEAD... DATS TOO BAD... THEY CANT SHARE IN ALL DIS GREAT LOOT!



I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO LIVE OFF DIS STUFF FOR MONTHS!...



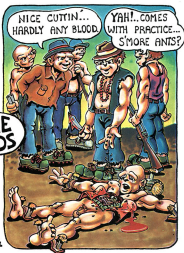
WHISKEY AN' WIMMENS
mmmm...ZZZZZ





WELL **DAWN!**...I HAS
LUCKED OUT!





HE'S A MAVERICK--
IN AN AGE WHEN
THEY KILL MAVERICKS...
WHOLESALE!

BEYOND THE BLACK PANTHER!
BEYOND KILLRAVEN!

Sabre...

HE'S FIGHTING YOUR FIGHT--
AGAINST THE DEATH OF
INDIVIDUALITY!

DON MCGREGOR
PAUL GULACY
Double Dynamite!

--TEAM TO PRESENT THE KIND
OF COMIC CHARACTER WHO
COULD NEVER BE DONE IN
ESTABLISHMENT COMICS.

SABRE!

PROVOCATIVE GRAPHICS!
PERSONAL VISIONS!
SOFT CARING!
INTENSE EROTICISM!

SABRE!

IMAGINATIVE, FLAMBOYANT
SPECTACLE!
ROMANCE AND PASSION!

THE KIND OF DISPLAYS FROWNED
UPON IN OUR STRUCTURED
SOCIETY. IT'S ALL HERE, WITH
A WRAPAROUND COVER
PAINTING BY GULACY.

AN ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES
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SABRE

IT'S THE KIND
OF COMIC NOVEL
YOU'D CHOOSE...
IF THEY GAVE
YOU A CHOICE!



HELLMAN

AS HE STRUCK CHORD AFTER SCREAMING CHORD, HE COULD FEEL THE CROWD, UNSEEN IN THE SURROUNDING DARKNESS, SHUDDER LIKE AN INVISIBLE MONSTER...



HE CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE STAGE TO PEER AT THEM, SHUFFLING ALONG IN HIS BOOTS LIKE A TAMED BEAST...



SUDDENLY, THE ENERGY OF THEIR MUTED HYSTERIA SWEEPED OVER HIM LIKE A WAVE OF LAVA...

CRASHING IN THE CENTER OF HIS CEREBRAL CORTEX, EXPLODING LIKE A HALLUCINATORY SKYROCKET...

ALMOST UNCONSCIOUSLY, HE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO CONCENTRATE THE FORCES OVERWHELMING HIM INTO A PSYCHIC LASER RAY...





SWEEPING THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF A FORGOTTEN DIMENSION, THIS BEAM OF ENERGY STRUCK A DARK AND WANDERING BEING, WHICH...

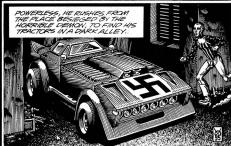


...PASSING THROUGH NEIL-AMAN'S CEREBRAL CORTEX, TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO THE VIBRATORY HUMAN CIRCUT AND CRASHED SAVAGELY DOWN UPON THE STUPERIFIED CROWD...



CONFUSED, HE SILENCED THE SCREAMS OF HIS GUITAR TO LISTEN TO THOSE OF HIS FANS, BEING DRAINED OF THEIR VITAL FORCE'S, SUCKED DRY BY THE INVISIBLE INTERDIMENSIONAL VAMPIRE...

POWERLESS, HE RUSHES FROM THE PLACE BESIEGED BY THE HORRIBLE DEMON, TO FIND HIS TRACTORS IN A DARK ALLEY.



HIS HEAD SWIRLS WITH QUESTIONS WHICH NO TERRESTRIAL MIND CAN ANSWER...



AS HE ARRIVES AT HIS BUNKER, THE RADIO ALREADY SHAMBLES NEWS OF THE INDESCRIBABLE CATASTROPHE WHICH WAS JUST WIPE OUT THE AUDIENCE AT THE NEWORDER CONCERT.



HE REFUSES A RELAXING MASSAGE AND THE ANGEL OFFERED HIM BY HIS FAITHFUL BUNDOG AND HEADS TOWARD...



...THE CHAMBER WHERE THE WILD GIRL AWAITS HIM IN HER GOLDEN CAGE.



HE MATES WITH HER, AFTER THE APPROPRIATE FOREPLAY WITH THE WHIP... THE POWERFUL WAVE OF ENERGY GENERATED BY THE UNION OF THEIR COMPLEMENTARY POLARITIES FLINGS HIS CONSCIOUSNESS INTO THE MURKY DIMENSION WHICH IS INHABITED BY THE VERY BEING HE HAD CONQUERED AT THE CONCERT.

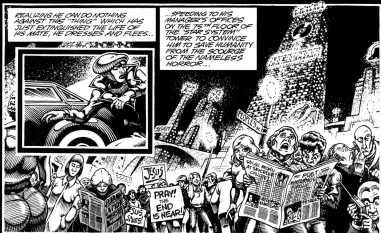


HIS SCHIZOID DOUBLE DRIFTS FOR A WHILE AMONG THE MYSTS OF A PARALLEL UNIVERSE AND HE RECOILS IT MORE TERRIFYING THAN BEFORE, ENCORDED AS IT IS BY THE ESSENCE OF ITS VICTIMS...



HIS RESISTS THE DEMON'S ATTACK, BUT HIS STRENGTH SLOWLY LEAVES HIM, FORCING HIM TO REINTEGRATE WITH HIS PHYSICAL BODY...





HE DECIDES TO INVEST HIS ENTIRE PERSONAL FORTUNE TO ORGANIZE THIS RALLY, BELIEVING IT THE ONLY WAY TO GATHER ENOUGH ENERGY AND STRENGTH TO CONFRONT THE PSYCHIC VAMPIRE...



SUICIDE ROCK!

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF MEETINGS, INTERVIEWS, AND INTENSIVE PUBLICITY, ALL IS IN READINESS... AN ENORMOUS MOB CROWDS INTO THE SUPERSTADIUM...



HE ARRIVES AT THE SCENE IN HIS JETCOPTER, HIS GROUP THE MEGAMONGOS ALREADY CHAINED TO THEIR HYPER-AMPLIFIED INSTRUMENTS, AND IS SURROUNDED BY MORE THAN A MILLION FANS.

FROM THE FIRST FEW NOTES, HE FEELS THAT THE VIBRATIONS WILL BE PERFECT.





THE APOCALYPTIC SCREAMS OF HIS GUITAR UNLEASH MASS Hysteria...



...FORCING HIM TO MAKE SUPERHUMAN EFFORT TO CONTROL, STRUCTURE, AND CHANNEL THE MEGATONS OF PURE ENERGY ASSAILING HIM...



AND AT THAT MOMENT THE INFERNAL CREATURE ATTACKED HIM, SO THAT HE MIGHT USE HIM AS HIS MEDIUM TO REACH THE SOUL OF MAN...



BENEATH THE VIOLENCE OF THE IMPACT, HE FALLS BEFORE THE MANKIND MASS, WHO HAVE NO DOUBTS THAT THEY ARE WITNESS TO HIS DEATH PERFORMED...



HE RESISTS THE INVISIBLE ASSAULT, MUSTERING TOGETHER EVERY PARTICLE OF STRENGTH PROJECTED BY THE UNLEASHED CROWD, AND SUCCEEDS IN DRIVING THE VAMPIRE BACK INTO THE DEEPEST CIRCUITS OF TIME AND SPACE...



WITH A LAST THRUST, HE REPELS INTO THE ABYSSAL DIMENSION FROM WHICH HE CAME, AND TO WHICH HE WILL NEVER RETURN...

FINALLY, IN A DEAFENING EXPLOSION OF DISCORDANT AND DISTORTED NOTES, HE COLLAPSES...

... NEVER AGAIN TO RISE!



TO BE CONTINUED...

BARBARELLA





I THOUGHT MY MASTERPIECE WAS QUITE SUCCESSFUL, BUT IF YOU HAVE A WAY OF MAKING IT EVEN MORE ELEGANT AND PRESTIGIOUS, YOU ALAINT BE PREVENTED FROM DOING IT... BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU INTEND TO DO IT?

A SIMPLE FINISHING TOUCH? IT'S A LITTLE DELICATE, AND WE MUST ADMIT, IT'S NOT RESPECTING THE RULES OF THE GAME... BUT NEVE LEVELS DON'T LET THEM STOP HIM FROM DESTROYING YOUR FIRST MASTERPIECE!



YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT, I TRUST?

I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND...

SPOONLOVE, BEING IN THE COMEDOS OF THE GREAT ART?



THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART, ARCHICONS AND ANTIARCHES.



HAVE YOU GAINED ON, BROWN-HORNED, IF THE MATTER OF A DIRECT BUT SECRET INTERVENTION ON THE PART OF THE COMEDOS OF THE GREAT ART... AND YOUR MASTERPIECE WILL ACQUIRE A DIMENSION...

THE CATHEDRAL-BANK WILL BECOME KODOLICUS IN COMMISSION!

HOW DOES BARBARILLA FIT INTO ALL THIS?



FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S NO NEED TO REACQUAINT ALL THE ENIGMA... AND THINK OF THE GRANDEUR OF OUR CAUSE!

SHE MUST MAKE CERTAIN SACRIFICES.

CERTAIN SACRIFICES?

WELL, COMRADE-CARPENTER?



NEVER... YOU UNDERSTAND? I SHALL NEVER ACCEPT THAT... MAY THE MOST SHAMEFUL CATASTROPHE OVERFALL IN THE COMING CHILDREN FOR HAVING EVEN THOUGHT OF SUCH A THING!



HARRY! LARRY!



BAD NEWS, MASTER!

DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS, MY FRIENDS... WE MUST IMMEDIATELY LOOK ALL THE POINTS OF THE SPACESHIP WORKSHOP!



NO ONE MUST EVEN APPROACH THE MODEL OF THE MASTERPIECE IN MY ABSENCE... NOT EVEN THE MASTER-COMEDOS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



AND NOW FOR BARBARILLA AND LITTLE HARRY, WHO ARE AS IMPORTANT AS PRINCE-FALLS...

YOU... COMRADE-CARPENTER!



COMBINE-
CHEWST-
MY
MIND!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I MUST TALK
TO YOU... BE ON
YOUR GUARD...
SPOONLOVE HAS BE-
COME VERY IMPORTANT
IN THE COUNCIL... I
DON'T REALLY KNOW WHY...
AND HE DOESN'T
LOVE YOU!



NEXT DAY...

YOUR
FATHER HAS
PROBLEMS, LITTLE
POY... I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT KIND OF
PROBLEMS...
BUT YOU
BETTER WAKE
UP
ALL
RIGHT!



BARNABELLA...



BARNABELLA, YOU
KNOW SPOONLOVE, THE
MASTER-SPY...
I'VE HEARD YOU DON'T
FIND HIS MANNER... SHALL
I SAY, DISPLAYING
BEFORE LITTLE POY
WAS ROBERT...
SOMETHING
BETWEEN YOU
TWO... OTHER
THAN... MORE
THAN... CONVER-
SATION?



YES...
ONCE...
JUST
ONCE...
YOU WERE
CHANGED
OUT OF
YOUR
WORK
KIND...
AND
I WAS...



SSSSS!

CAN I
BE
SOVEREIGN



GIVE
UP THE IDEA,
COMBINE-
CHEWST...
BARNABELLA
WILL
NEVER
CONSENT
TO
IT!

WE
CAN DO
WITHOUT
HIS
CONSENT...

YOU
MEAN THAT THE
CONSPIRACY
OF THE COURT
CAN GO
AHEAD WITH-
OUT HIS
KNOWING?



WAIT...
THAT WOULD
BE A
TERRIBLE
THING TO
DO!

TERRIBLE...
MAYBE, BUT THE
CHANCE ARE
BARNABELLA C
THE COSMIC CHILDREN
WIN THE
COMPETITION, THE
CHILDREN OF THE
UNIVERSE
WILL JUST
HAVE TO
DISAPPEAR!

CAN'T
SAY
THAT
WAS
GIVING
A LITTLE



TIME IS PASSING...
THE SUPREME COUNCIL
OF THE GREAT ORDER
HAS FIRED THE DATE FOR
THE MASTERPIECE
CONTEST... ONLY EIGHT
SYSTEM HOURS ARE LEFT
TO US... THAT'S
NOT MUCH!

YES...
BUT
DO THE
ASSASSINATION
THAT...
MEANING...
WELL...
HOW ARE
WE GOING TO
DO IT?

I
HAVE A
SUGGESTION...



YOU'RE
NOT
ALBERT
LARRY?

NO, HARRY...
WHEN I
CLOSE MY EYES
I SEE
THOSE OF THE
MASTER-
BUILDERS
BURNING WITH
PAUL
AND
MYSTERY...



SOMETHING
TERRIBLE IS GOING
ON... BARNABELLA
HAS SAID NOTHING
ABOUT IT...
BUT WE'VE AS
PAUL AS THE
LIGHT OF THE NEW
POY IN
THE SUN
OF
WILLIAM M.

PARDON
ME, COMBINE-
CHEWST...
BUT THAT
BARNABELLA UP
THERE IS MORE
THAN A GALS
MOON... SHE SHINES
LIKE A STAR
TO ME!



HARRY...
IS THAT A
SWEET
START
IN THAT THE SWEET
STAR
OF OUR
COSMIC-
CARPENTER?



BY THE SWEET ANGER OF SATURN, WHAT'S WITH THOSE BIRD-BOY DISCOS?

BROWNSWELL MADE US PROMISE TO LET NO ONE PASS.



HEY! GET AWAY, YOU WINGED BIRDS! GO LAY YOUR EGGS SOMEWHERE ELSE!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THE WORKSHOP DOOR OPEN? BROWNSWELL ALWAYS USES A SECRET CONTINUATION!

THERE ARE NO SECRETS FROM THE CLAIR-SQUANT COMPUTING COMPLEXES!



YOU O.K. DADDY?

WHY DO YOU ASK, LITTLE PONY?

BECAUSE YOUR EYES DON'T LOOK LIKE STARS! THEY'RE FEELING ME!

HE'S RIGHT, BROWNSWELL... SOMETHING'S WRONG... AND IT'S NOT JUST BECAUSE OF THAT SPOT SPOONLOVE...



WHA- WAA! AT THE SPACE-SHIP WORKSHOP...

I DON'T DOUT THAT BROWNSWELL TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF DISCONNECTING THE WHOLE TRANSMISSION SYSTEM, BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO GET IT FUNCTIONING AGAIN AND SET UP A PORTALWAY!

IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY, COMRADE?



LET'S BE SERIOUS. THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART CRAFT WORK IN WASTEFUL VOID... WITH THE USE OF THE TRANSMISSION TOWNS- PER PROXIMATE, THEY CAN SUBVERT THEIR ENEMY'S POWER WITH EXTRAORDINARY EFFICIENCY...



BROWNSWELL WILL FIND OUT WE'VE VISITED HIS WORK-SHOP!

HE WOULD REACT... SO IT WOULD BE BETTER TO STOP HIM FROM...



SARABELLA, ARE YOU EATING ANY-THING?

NO, I'M NOT HUNGRY AND BROWNSWELL SAYS I SHOULD LOSE!

NO, MUMMY'S WRONG... I WOULD SAY SOMETHING...



GO ON... THE BROWNSWELL EATER LOSE (SARABOOLY AND BOULEZ).

WHAT'S A SAR-BOOLY AND BOULEZ?

AND WHAT'S YOUR PLANET?

THEY'RE ANIMALS ON MY PLANET!

MY PLANET'S NAME!



ANYWAY, I'M VERY SORRY BUT YOUR THE BROWNSWELL, THE SARABOOLY, THE BOULEZ, AND THE BOULEZ... I DON'T TASTE OF ANY-THING TO ME!

TRY NO ATTENTION TO HIM! JUST EAT! YOUR NOT TASTING ANYTHING IS JUST IN YOUR MOUTH!

YEAH! IT'S HER PLANET THAT IS YUCKY!





FORGIVE ME,
BROWN... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I
WAS... SINCE
YESTERDAY I
HAVEN'T
EATEN ANY-
THING I
ATE... AND
NOW I
HAVEN'T ANY
MORE SENSE
OF SWELL...





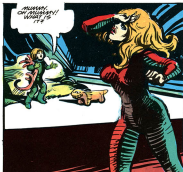
THEY MUST BE HOLDING THEIR COUNSEL ON THE FLOATING PLANET CONTIN-
SCIOUSLY... WELL, I'M GOING TO
DISRUPT THE PEACE OF THEIR
COUNSEL! I'D LIKE TO KNOW
EXACTLY HOW DOONLOVE FITS
IN... CAN IT BE POSSIBLE
THAT HE'S TRYING TO HARM
US? SIMPLY
OUT OF
TRAILORY ABOUT
BARBARELLA!



BARBARELLA:
LITTLE POXY WANKS UP IN
THE HOUSE DAMAGED BY
THE FALLING GELUTRON.



MUMMY!
DADDY!
WHERE
ARE
YOU?



MUMMY,
OH MUMMY!
WHAT'S
IT?



DADDY!
DADDY!
WHERE ARE
YOU? SCHEE!
MUMMY!
WHERE ARE
YOU? SCHEE!



BROTHNELL-
WELL, THE
COUNSEL
DID NOT SUMMON
YOU! YOU
ARE
DISRUPTING
OUR MEETING!

I DON'T
CARE
ABOUT
YOUR
SUMMONS.
NOW, GYM-
MATES!



WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN?

HOW
IN THE
ONE
HUNDRED
QUESTIONS...

WE WILL
ANSWER
YOU, COMRADE-
CARPENTER...
BUT NOT BEFORE
YOU PUT DOWN
THAT GUN!...
THIS ISN'T A
SPACE
OPERA!



DADDY!
DADDY!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

BARBARELLA
HAS LOST HER
HEARS, AND
TASTE, AND
SMELL...
AND THOSE
SCHEE-LOVE
TRIED TO
DESTROY THE
MACHINE I
USE TO
CONTROL MY
MASTERPIECE
IN ORBIT...
AND
DECIDED ON
ALL
THIS!



I AM NOT AWARE OF ANYONE
TRYING TO PREVENT YOU FROM
CONTROLLING THE MASTERPIECE
IN SPACE... WE'LL INQUIRE INTO
THAT... AS FOR BARBARELLA...
WE'VE RECOVERED HER FROM THE
TWIN BEINGS. WE ALL MADE
THE DECISION TO DO SO
TOGETHER...

NO! I
OBLIVIOUS
COMPLETELY!



THE
MORE IMPORTANT
INTERESTS
OF THE COMRADE
CALIFORNIA GORE
BEFORE ANY
PERSONAL
CONSIDERATIONS!

ONCE
MORE,
BROTHNELL-
WELL...
I'M
ASKING
YOU TO
PUT
DOWN THE
GUN!



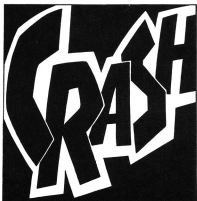
OH
DADDY!
WHERE
ARE YOU?
ARE YOU IN
THE
WORKSHOP?



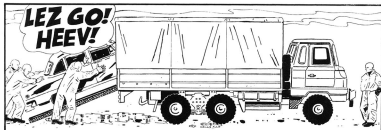
I
WILL
NOT
PUT
DOWN
THE GUN UNTIL I
LEARN
EXACTLY WHAT
THOSE
TWO
BEINGS
OF THE GREAT
ART ARE
UP TO!

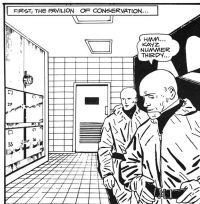
TO BE CONTINUED...

1996









AE-108-3000A, 7001 (75) - 346

TELEPAY

MORTUARY COMPARTMENT CARD

COMPARTMENT 30

Name Unknown White male

Age 25 Color White Date of Death 11/28/

Received from Police Date Received 11/28/

Place of Death 250 highway





TO BE CONTINUED...

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 \$5 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-678
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ Heavy Metal/
T-shirt(s) at \$5.00 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.

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

