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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



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Heavy Metal

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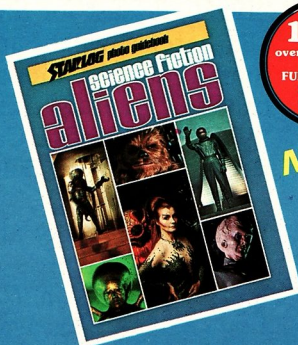
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...HOWEVER...

A sad month for *HM* acolytes, as we lose "Barbarella" & the weird bunjuv garagderz from "1996," at least for the nonce. "Barbarella" will be appearing soon as a book, though. Few, too few, recognized that "1996" folks spoke Canadian, the langwidj of the fyudjer, eh?

We are, however & at last, resuming Druillet's "Gail" (chapter 1 was in *HM* #3). Lone Sloane rides again.

You may have noticed several journals now breaking out like acne on newsstands, entries all in the *Heavy Metal* look-alike contest. Accept no substitutes.

There is some loose talk above the 45th floor abt *Heavy Metal* movie. Discussions are, so to speak, animated. Arzak on the silver screen? Urm in the flicks? Stay tuned.



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CHAIN MAIL



Dear Sean and Valerie:

I don't normally complain, but the April issue provoked this. The main thing that irritates me is that you often don't continue stories for several months. I speak of "Ulysses," "Diabolical Planet," and a few others which I have forgotten, because it has been so long.

Second, is the choice of fiction. Of course, this all depends on one's taste, but I feel that such stories as "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" do not really fit in with a publication such as *Heavy Metal*. Do not get me wrong, please. I feel these stories have their own very good points, but they also have their very own place.

Oh yes, it is also getting very difficult to understand "1996." I know that it adds to the effect of this mutant civilization and all that, but it gets kind of tough at times trying to decipher the words.

What do I like then? Well, I happen to be very glad that "Den" is continuing. I always enjoy a nice Moebius piece. I really enjoyed the story "The Ruse" by Thomas Bridges, and well, the list goes on. It's just those things above that prevent me from being totally satisfied with your fine magazine.

Kevin Thomson
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear K.T.,

We publish "Diabolical Planet" as fast as we get it from our French friends, and "Ulysses" became a book...and a preview

of "Close Encounters" was hard to turn down...but thanks for your interest and criticism. Yours, in the hope of total satisfaction.—Eds.

Dear Eds:

My heartiest congratulations on *Heavy Metal's* anniversary: may you live long and prosper. I would like to commend your magazine for the high quality of artwork and excellent reproduction quality. I am a graduate art history major working on my thesis, "The New Wave of Comic Art," and a lot of my research is done around your artists. I would like my thesis to cover foreign artists as well as American, but I

am having trouble locating information on one artist in particular, Jean Giraud, alias Moebius. Would you tell me where I could pick something up in English dealing with Jean's background, say for instance, a biography, autobiography, or interview?

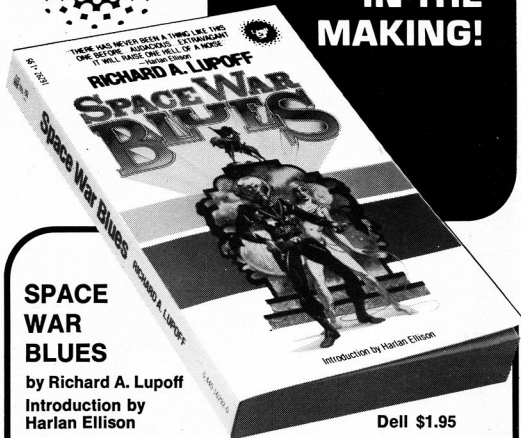
Craig Schindler
Kingsburg, Calif.

Dear C.S.,

And, as Groucho would say, "Thank you." Know of nothing about Moebius in English, but will send along, under separate cover, a recent article from a Paris paper, *Le Monde*, with English precis. O.K.?—The Eds.



**AT LAST!
TEN YEARS
IN THE
MAKING!**



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by Richard A. Lupoff
Introduction by
Harlan Ellison

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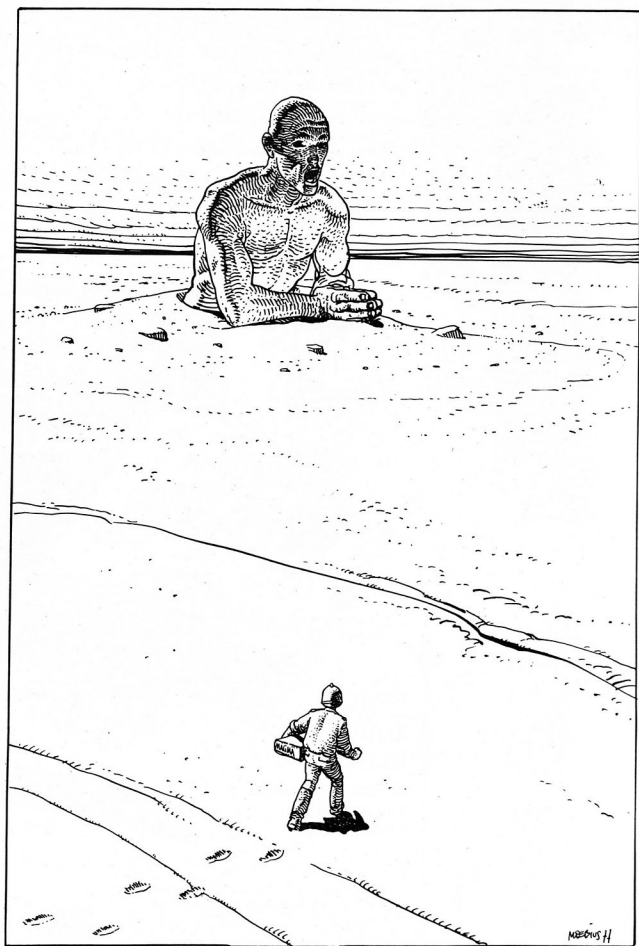
—Harlan Ellison

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—Theodore Sturgeon

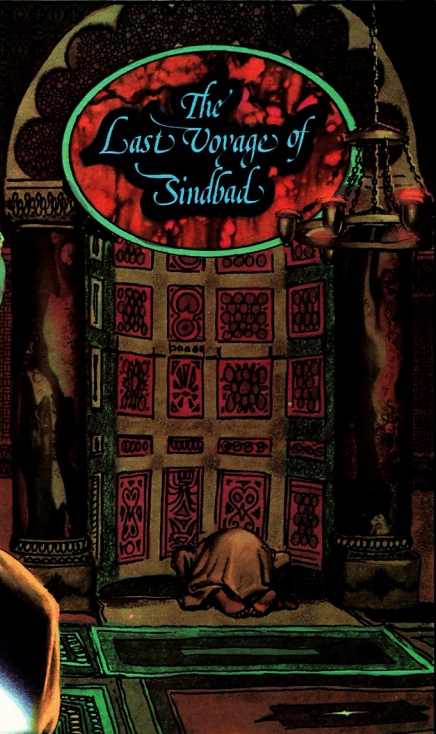
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New Tales
of the
Arabian Nights

The
Last Voyage of
Sindbad



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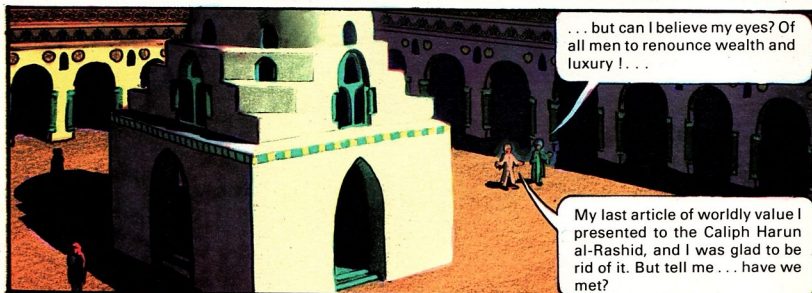


Sindbad!
Sindbad the
Adventurer!



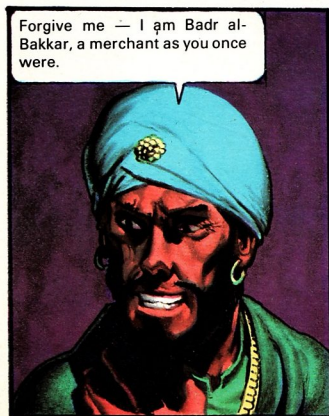
An adventurer no more, my
friend. You see I wear the robes
of the Sufi.

That much
is plain . . .

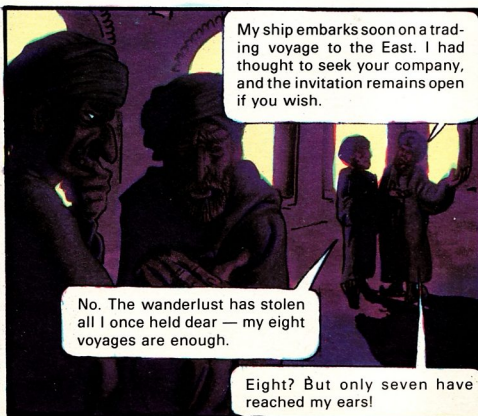


. . . but can I believe my eyes? Of
all men to renounce wealth and
luxury ! . . .

My last article of worldly value I
presented to the Caliph Harun
al-Rashid, and I was glad to be
rid of it. But tell me . . . have we
met?



Forgive me — I am Badr al-
Bakkar, a merchant as you once
were.



My ship embarks soon on a trad-
ing voyage to the East. I had
thought to seek your company,
and the invitation remains open
if you wish.

No. The wanderlust has stolen
all I once held dear — my eight
voyages are enough.

Eight? But only seven have
reached my ears!

Then you should hear the eighth — it might profit you as it profited me.

I'd like very much to hear it.

It's a long story. . . .

Ah . . . excellent!

Know then that some time after my seventh voyage I again grew restless and bored. My wife no longer excited me — though I loved her still — and I became increasingly hard to live with.

It was the festival of Id al-Fitr, I had already broken the Prophet's injunction against wine, and Satan made it fair in my sight to blame my good wife for my own shortcomings. . . .

Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn

I can't believe it! This has never happened with any other woman!

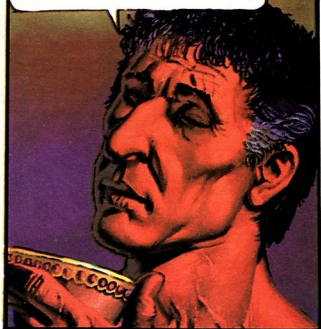
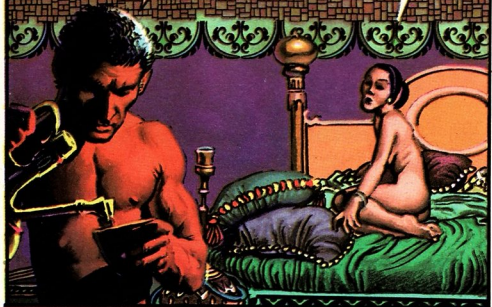
How old is the **nabidh** you're drinking? Is it greatly fermented? . . .

It is aged! The longer **nabidh** ages, the more exciting it becomes . . . unlike women!

I'm sorry, Zulaykha. It's not your fault. Nothing of my life interests me anymore.

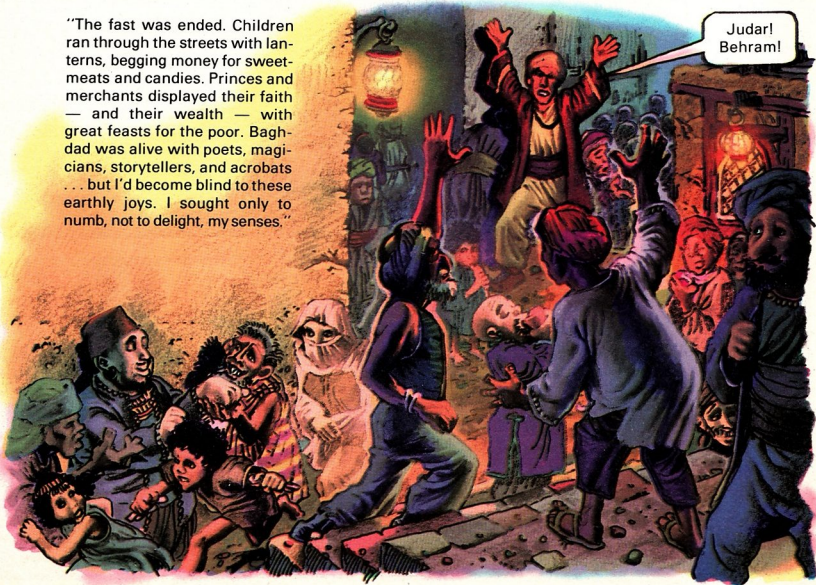
We could do it differently. . . .

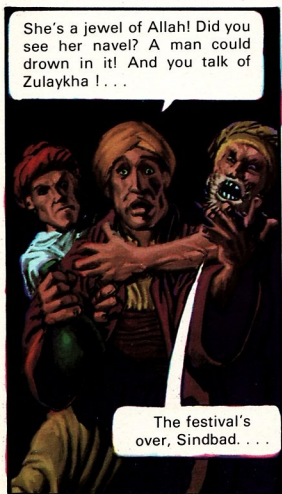
No, it's no use . . . where are my clothes? I'm going to the festival.



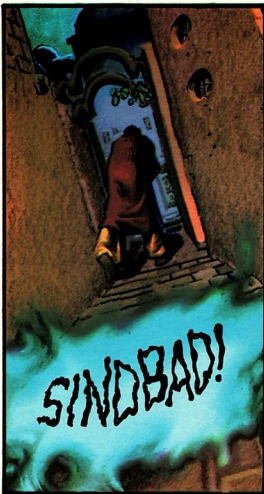
"The fast was ended. Children ran through the streets with lanterns, begging money for sweetmeats and candies. Princes and merchants displayed their faith — and their wealth — with great feasts for the poor. Baghdad was alive with poets, magicians, storytellers, and acrobats . . . but I'd become blind to these earthly joys. I sought only to numb, not to delight, my senses."

Judar!
Behram!









Know, Sindbad, that you have slain the wife of Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif . . . and by Allah, you shall pay for it!

to be continued

.Q.C.LAF.1

...COME IN...Q.C.LAF.1...COME IN...THAT ZONE IS FORBIDDEN!...

COME IN!...

THOSE DOGS...
THEY WON'T
GET US!

DID
THEY SIGN
OFF?

CHUCK!





EEEEK...

DAMN!!

NO ONE
ESCAPES THE
MERRA FEDERATION!!

CRASH

34

BUT UNCLE,
CHUCK AND LINDA
ARE DEAD!

MY DEAR, YOU
AND YOUR
POLITICAL IN-
TELLECTUALS
KNOW NOTHING
OF THE SEA.
CHUCK WAS A
DISSIDENT!

AND NOW I
MUST THANK
YOU FOR YOUR
VISIT, MY DEAR
NIECE. IT'S RARE TO
SEE A PRETTY WOMAN
HERE AT THE
BORDER CONTROLS.

MUST
I LEAVE SO
SOON?

THERE'S THE
PATROL BOAT OF
BUOY GUARDS, ON
RETURN INSPECTION.
THEY'LL TAKE
YOU BACK....

BELIEVE ME, I'D
LIKE TO DO IT
MYSELF, WITH MY
PROTOTYPE B.Z.,
BUT THE TRANSPORT
EQUIPMENT IS RE-
SERVED EXCLUSIVELY
FOR VERY HIGH
OFFICIALS...EXCUSE
ME, THEY'RE
CALLING ME...

MALCOLM!
THANK GOD!

WHAT!
A CASTAWAY?
STRANGE...
STAY THERE!
I'LL INTER-
ROGATE HIM
PERSON-
ALLY!

A CASTAWAY?...
HOW EXCITING!...
MAY I STAY,
UNCLE?

CERTAINLY, MY
DEAR... A CASTAWAY...
MMM... NO DOUBT
SOME IDEALIST
NOT DISSUADED BY
CHUCK'S EXAMPLE...
PERHAPS HE
WANTED TO SWIM
ACROSS!
HA! HA! HA!

YOU SEE, ADMIRAL,
CHUCK SOWED CERTAIN
DOUBTS IN THE
BOSOM OF THE
NAVY.



IMPOSSIBLE!
THE COUNSEL
OF ADMIRALS
HAS NEVER
BEEN THIS
STRONG DURING
THREE
CENTURIES OF
EMERGENCY
RULE!



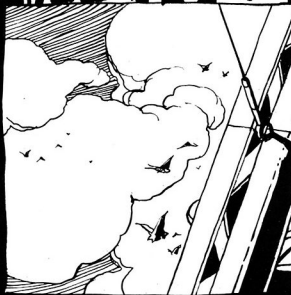
STILL, THEY'RE
ABOUT TO
LOSE ONE
EMINENT
MEMBER.



MALCOLM! I
THOUGHT YOU'D
NEVER GET
HERE. LET'S GET
TO THE PROTOTYPE.

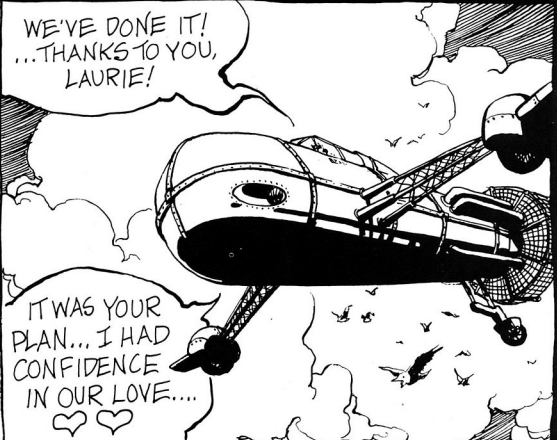


LAURIE,
YOU'RE
MARVELOUS!






WE'VE DONE IT!
...THANKS TO YOU,
LAURIE!



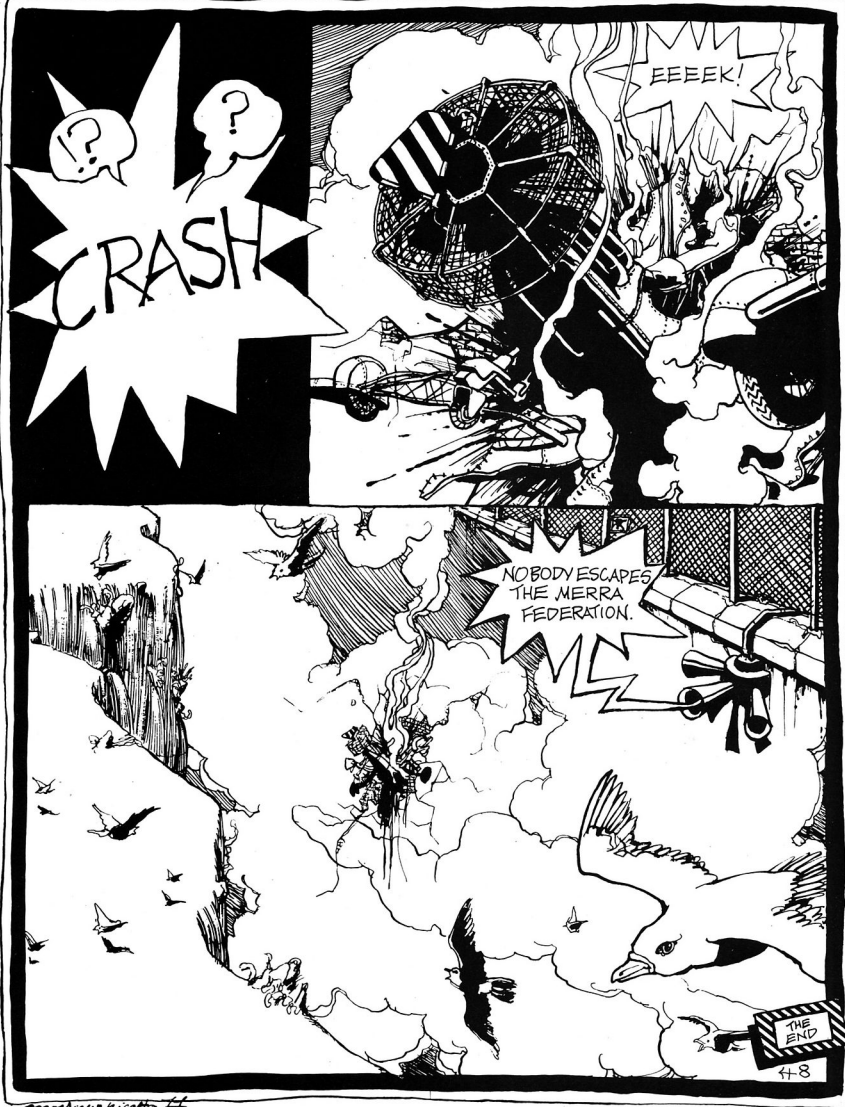
IT WAS YOUR
PLAN... I HAD
CONFIDENCE
IN OUR LOVE....



LOOK, THAT'S
THE PLACE WHERE
CHUCK AND LINDA
WERE WRECKED



AT LEAST THEY SHOWED
US THAT THE ONLY WAY
TO FREEDOM
WAS BY
THE AIR.



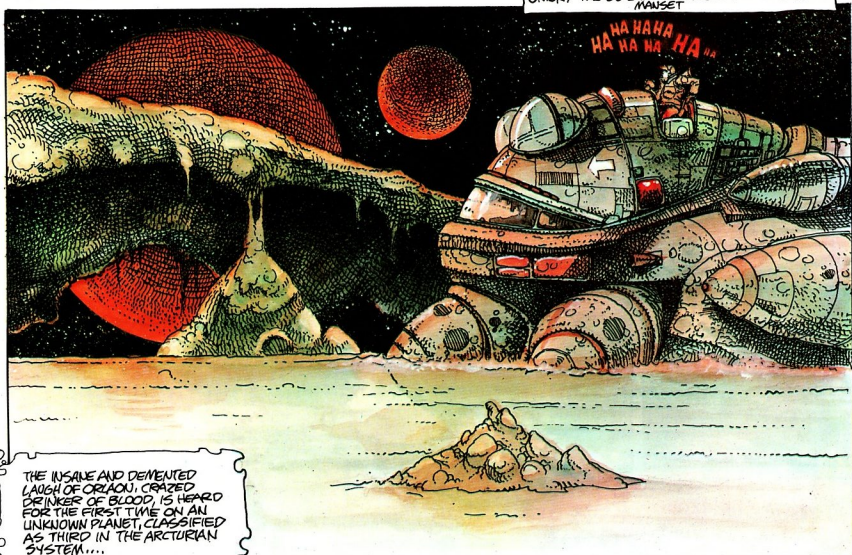
THE DEATH OF ORLAON

2

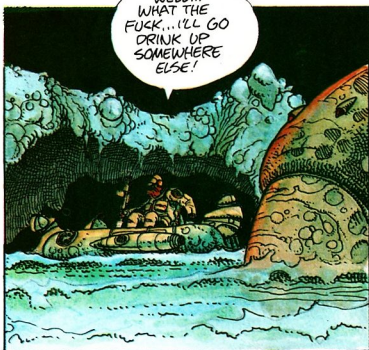
OR LEGENDARY IMMORTALITY

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "THE DEATH OF ORION," THE 33RD REMARKABLE TALE BY GERARD MANSET

INKI
BIAH 74



WELL...
WHAT THE
FUCK...I'LL GO
DRINK UP
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!



HEE HEE HEE...
AFTER ALL,
I'M HERE TO
HIDE THE MOST
FABULOUS
HOARD OF
MAINE GOLD
IN ALL THE
KNOWN
UNIVERSE... AND
IT'S MY
GOLD!
HA HA HA!



NO!
IT'S
MINE!



?

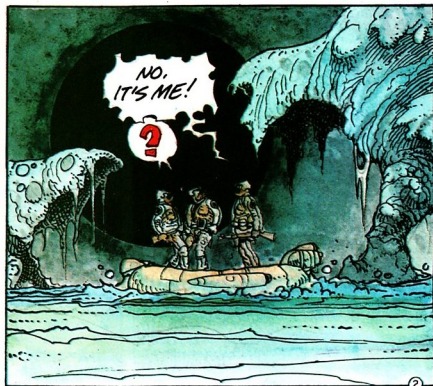
WHAT???



AND I WARN YOU,
YOU DISGUSTING PIECE
OF SHIT, IF YOU GO
ON PRETENDING
THAT YOU'RE ME,
I'LL EAT YOUR
HEART!

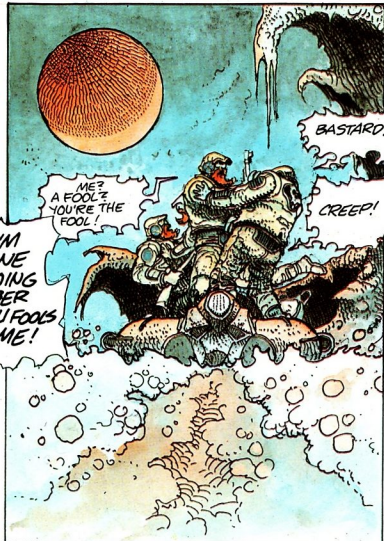


HEY, COME ON,
BUDDY! YOU'RE
PISSING ME OFF!
IT'S ME WHO'S
ORLAON!



NO,
IT'S ME!

?



HA HA
HA HA HA
DEATH
AND BLOOD

YOU
MEATBALL!
AAAARGH!

DISGUSTING SHITS!
PIECES OF CRAP! THAT'S
WHAT YOU GET FOR PRE-
TENDING TO BE ME!

I'M
THE
REAL
THING!

ORLAON,
THE ONE AND
ONLY...
THAT'S ME!

NO,
I
AM!

THE QUARREL NEVER ENDED ON
THE STRANGE ARCTURIAN
PLANET...
LEGEND SAYS THAT ORLAON,
THE CRAZED DRINKER OF BLOOD,
MANAGED TO BEAT ALMOST 300
VERSIONS OF HIMSELF BEFORE
SUCCEEDING, SHAMEFULLY
ASSASSINATED BY ANOTHER HIM WHO H...

ESIM

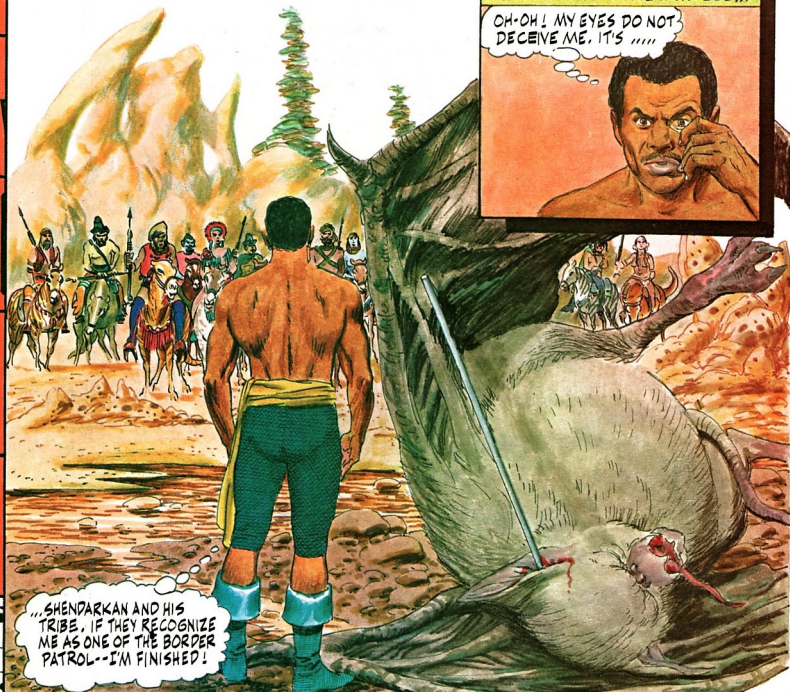
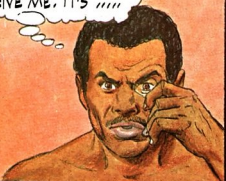
FIN

ABOUT TO BE DEVoured BY LAMONTHSOME KITES, MAMBA IS RESCUED BY BARBARIANS, NOMADIC TRIBESMEN WHO RAID AND PILLAGE THE BORDERLANDS FOR SUSTENANCE--AND AVOID RETRIBUTION BY TAKING REFUGE IN THE FORBIDDING WASTELANDS WHERE ONLY THEY ARE CANNY AND RESOURCEFUL ENOUGH TO SURVIVE. THESE ARE THE VERY SAME BRIGANDS THAT UNTIL RECENTLY, AS A SOLDIER FOR HIRE, MAMBA WAS PLEDGED TO HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY.

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ADJUSTING HIS SPARE MONOCLE...

OH-OH! MY EYES DO NOT DECEIVE ME, IT'S



...SHENDARKAN AND HIS TRIBE. IF THEY RECOGNIZE ME AS ONE OF THE BORDER PATROL--I'M FINISHED!

MAY THE GODS REWARD YOU, BROTHERS, FOR YOUR TIMELY RESCUE OF THIS POOR WAYFARER.

LYING, GLASS-EYED SPY, YOU MEAN DON'T YOU, SOLDIER BOY?!

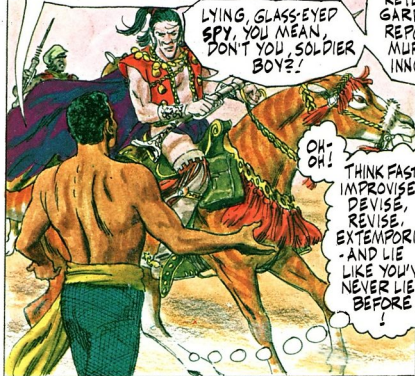
YOU'VE FOUND US, BUT YOU WON'T RETURN TO THE GARRISON TO REPORT IT SPY! MURDERER OF INNOCENTS!

NOW, WAIT! I DESERTED THE PATROL, COMRADES. NO MORE STIFLING REGIMENTATION FOR ME, I SEEK THE FREEDOM OF THE DESERT-- BOOTY, SUN-BROWNED MAIDENS, HEARTY COMPANIONS, AND ROUSING ADVENTURE UNDER THE BANNER OF SHENDARKAN, KING OF WILDERNESS, MASTER OF T--

SHUT-UP!

OH-OH!

THINK FAST-IMPROVISE, DEVISE, REVISE, EXTENPORIZE--AND LIE LIKE YOU'VE NEVER LIED BEFORE!



YLAMBA IS MARCHED INTO SHENDARKAN'S CAMP. HIS REPRIEVE FROM DEATH IS TO BE ONLY A BRIEF ONE, IT SEEMS, SINCE HIS RESCUERS INTEND TO...

...TORTURE HIM FOR ANY USEFUL INFORMATION REGARDING THE ISHANDRIAN GARRISON'S PATROLS-- THEN KILL HIM!



SHENDARKAN, I ASSURE YOU I OWE MY FORMER EMPLOYERS NO LOYALTY-- AND AS AT THE MOMENT I'M NOT OTHERWISE ENGAGED, I'M AT LIBERTY TO OFFER YOU MY SERVICES AS A SWORD FOR HIRE. NOW, AS TO SALARY, I REQUIRE--

QUIET! EVEN UNDER TORTURE THE TRUTH WOULD BE USELESSLY DISTORTED ON YOUR TWISTED TONGUE TO A SIMPLE HONEST MAN LIKE ME! YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE BOTHER OF ANYTHING BUT KILLING!

NOW, THE OUTLAWS, BEING A SHIFTY, DECEITFUL LOT, NATURALLY TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN THEIR SENSE OF HONOR, SO...

OH WELL, I'D HOPED TO AVOID USING THIS LAST RESORT, BUT...

SIMPLE? HONEST? THEN BROTHERS, BY LAWS AND TRADITIONS AS OLD AS THE SANDS THAT SURROUND US-- I CLAIM TRIAL BY COMBAT!

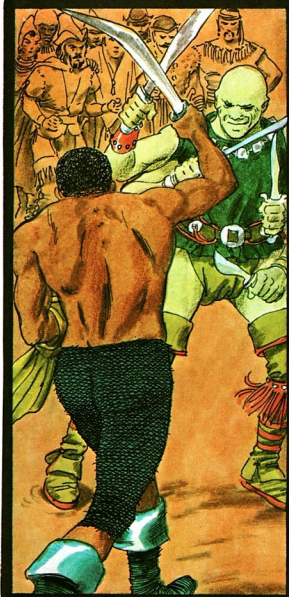
VERY WELL. JUSTICE SHALL BE YOURS BY THOSE LAWS... PROVIDE US WITH A DIVERSION, AND SILENCE YOUR IRRITATING PRATTLE!



MEET OUR CHAMPION, YOUR JUDGE... AND DOUBTLESS, YOUR EXECUTIONER!

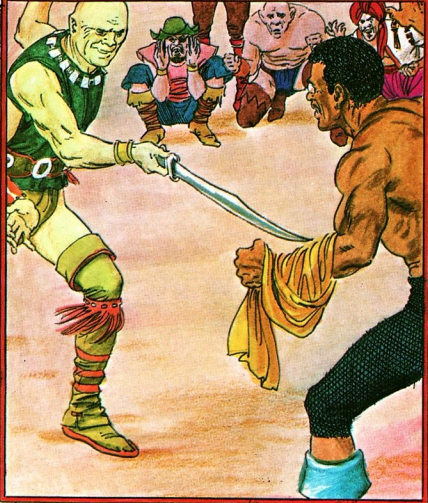
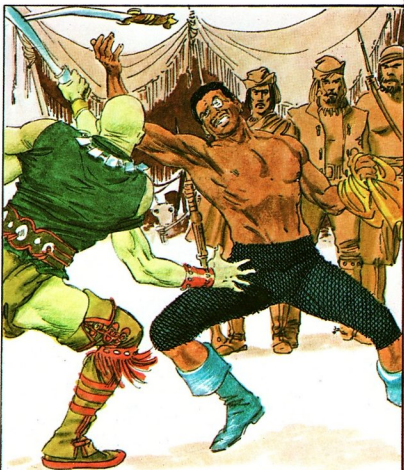


A TRIAL BY COMBAT - WITH AN IMPOSING INDIVIDUAL WHO APPEARS TO BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE DOUGHTY MERCENARY IN HIS WEAKENED CONDITION.

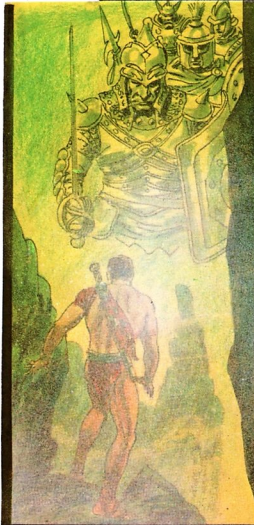


WHILE THE STRANGELY SILENT SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT WATCH, THE BLACK GLADIATOR HOLDS HIS OWN FOR A TIME... THEN HIS OPPONENT DISARMS HIM...

... AND THE SILENT ASSEMBLAGE BREAKS INTO A ROAR HOWLING FOR THE FINISH WHILE MAMBA AWAITS HIS GRINNING ANTAGONIST'S FINAL LUNGE !!



DESCENDING INTO THE MAELSTROM OF SWIRLING FUMES, ORION'S ALREADY BEFOGGED SENSES ARE ASSAULTED BY A BATTERY OF ILLUSIONS--MIGHTY ARMIES, GREAT HOSTS OF ALIEN WARRIORS, PINNACLED CITIES OF BASALTIC CRYSTAL, FABULOUS BEASTS, AND OVER ALL...THE MOCKING VISAGE OF THE SENSUOUS CIRCE-CHANDRA!



IF ANY OF
THESE THINGS
ARE REALLY
HERE... I'VE
HAD IT... I'VE
HAD IT... TOO
TIRED 'N' SICK
TO FIGHT... JUS'
DON' GIVE A
PAMN...



MOMENTARILY UNABLE TO SEPARATE DREAM FROM REALITY, HE NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE TO ONE OF THE CAREENING CREATURES INHABITING THE UPPER STRATA OF THE VORTEX--THE TERRIBLE MANTA-LIKE SKATES! BUT THE INSTINCT FOR SELF-PRESERVATION OVERRIDES THE CONFUSED CLANGOR OF HALLUCINATORY IMAGERY ASSAILING HIS BENUMBED BRAIN, AND WITH A CURSE ON HIS LIPS, THOUGH WEAKENED FROM DEPRIVATION, THE INTREPID SWORDSMAN COMES TO HIMSELF AND... ATTACKS!

COME AND GET IT, YOU
SONUVABITCH!



IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH THE BEAST WHICH BEGINS IN MID-AIR AND TERMINATES FAR BELOW...



... IN THE VALLEY OF XANSRA, THE VALLEY OF THE DEAD, ORION VANQUISHES IT.



RESTORING HIS STRENGTH WITH ITS FLESH, HE REGAINS SUFFICIENT STRENGTH TO EXPLORE HIS SURROUNDINGS.

HAUGH! ONE OF MY OLD BOOTS WOULD'VE TASTED BETTER! BUT, I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL... BEAST BROKE MY FALL- AND BROKE MY FAST!

UP ON TOP THAT DREAM GAS CHURNS AND FROTHS ON CONTACT WITH THE AIR, BUT DOWN HERE IT'S A KIND OF BLUE HAZE...

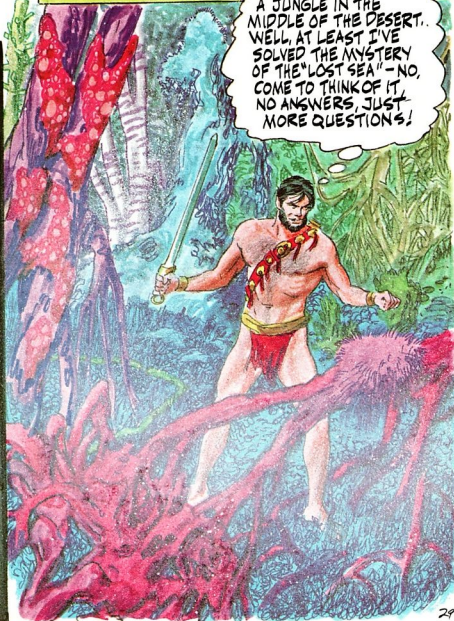
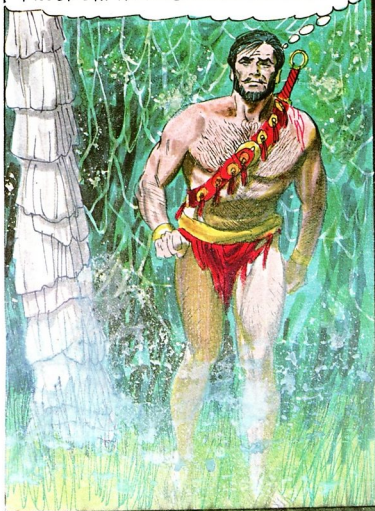


THE LOST SEA CONCEALS AN IMMENSE CONCAVITY IN THE EARTH, A LUSH OASIS OR TERRARIUM IN A BOWL WITH WEIRD FOLIAGE - BUT SICKLY TWISTED, SOMEHOW OBSCENE AND PERMEATED WITH AN AURA OF DECAY AND DEATH!

ALWAYS ONE TO GO THROUGH OR OVER AN OBSTACLE RATHER THAN AROUND IT, ORION PENETRATES THE BRUSH SEEKING THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE OUT OF THE MISTY VALLEY.

... I CAN BREATHE HERE BUT I'M STILL LIGHT-HEADED... FOOD HELPED- NO MORE MIRAGES... BUT THIS ATMOSPHERE IS HEAVIER THAN AIR... I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M WALKING UNDERWATER...

A JUNGLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT. WELL, AT LEAST I'VE SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE "LOST SEA" - NO, COME TO THINK OF IT, NO ANSWERS, JUST MORE QUESTIONS!



HIS PROGRESS TAKES HIM THROUGH SUNLESS JUNGLE TO WIDE AVENUES NOW CRUMBLING AND BUCKLED BY THE STRANGLING LIANAS AND UNDERGROWTH-- ONCE MAGNIFICENT EDIFICES OF AN ANCIENT CITY SUCH AS THE ONE IN HIS HALLUCINATIONS, NOW IN RUINS,

EVERYWHERE EVIDENT IS THE MIASMA OF INCREDIBLE AGE AND DETRIORATION - AND SOMETHING MORE OMINOUS.



SOMEONE USED TO LIVE HERE... I WONDER IF ANYONE... OR ANYTHING DOES NOW?

I THINK I SMELL WATER!

CAN'T GET RID OF THE FEELING SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME!

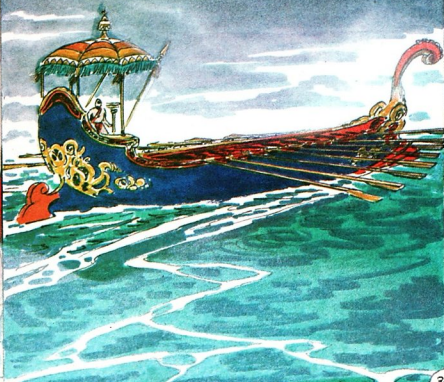
...AND-UNLIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS PLACE--IN AN EXCELLENT STATE OF REPAIR! SOMEONE DOES LIVE HERE!

HE COMES UPON A FOG-ENSHROUDED LAKE AND A STATELY, MANY-OARED VESSEL.

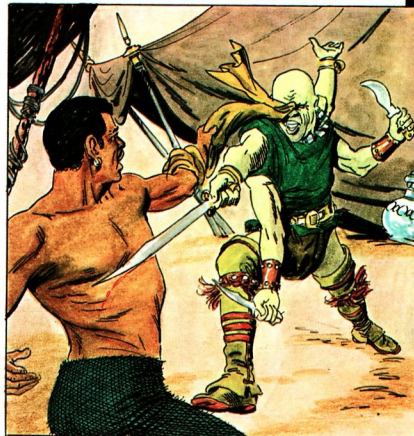
AN ANCIENT SHIP!

OBVIOUSLY DESIGNED TO CARRY IMPORTANT PERSONAGES IN REGAL SPLENDOR TO--WHERE? NO MATTER, IT'S TOO LARGE FOR ONE PERSON TO OPERATE...

ORION IS ABOUT TO ABANDON THE ROYAL BARGE OF ANOTHER AGE WHEN HE REALIZES THAT THE ELEGANT GONDOLA HAS LEFT ITS MOORINGS AND IS ROWING HIM ACROSS THE LAKE--WITH AN INVISIBLE CREW!



ALTHOUGH DISARMED, A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER LIKE MAMBA HAS NOT EARNED HIS PAY IN A DOZEN ARMIES AND STAYED ALIVE THIS LONG WITHOUT GOOD CAUSE. HIS OVERCONFIDENT AND OVER-
ENDOWED Foe LUNGES... TO HIS DEFEAT!



WITH PERFECT TIMING, MAMBA SIDE-STEPS AT PRECISELY THE RIGHT MOMENT, SIMULTANEOUSLY SNAPPING HIS SASH LIKE A STINGING WHIP ACROSS HIS ADVERSARY'S EYES... THE COUP DE GRACE IS THOROUGHLY EFFICIENT-IF NOT ENTIRELY SPORTING.



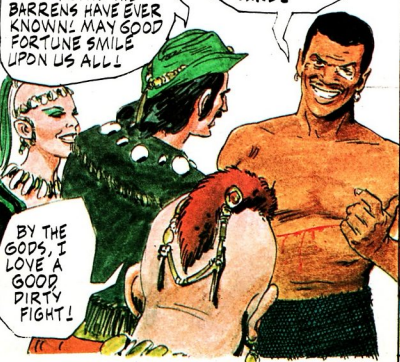
WITNESS THE VINDICATION OF THE GODS, BROTHERS- AND WELCOME ME TO MY NEW HOME!



THERE IS A HEAVY MOMENT OF STUNNED SILENCE-- AND THEN THUNDEROUS ACCEDENCE TO THE TIME-HONORED CODE OF THE OUTCASTS AND MISFITS--THE DESERT BRIGANDS CLAIMING A NEW ONE OF THEIR OWN.

WELCOME, BROTHER, TO THE FINEST BAND OF THIEVES AND CUTTHROATS THE BARRENS HAVE EVER KNOWN! MAY GOOD FORTUNE SMILE UPON US ALL!

NO MORE SPEECHES! WOULD YOU TALK ME TO DEATH? FOOD! WINE!



BY THE GODS, I LOVE A GOOD DIRTY FIGHT!

THE AMENITIES OBSERVED, THE RAIDERS BOISTEROUSLY ACCEPT MAMBA'S CALL FOR CELEBRATION, AS THE ONLY THING THEY LOVE BETTER THAN A GOOD FIGHT IS THE KIND OF ROUSING BACHANNAL THAT FOLLOWS. MAMBA APPEARS TO BE AS THOROUGHLY PROFESSIONAL A REVELER AS HE IS A FIGHTER.



EVERYONE SOON BECOMES TOO DRUNK TO NOTICE THAT THE GUEST OF HONOR SEEMS TO SPILL MORE THAN HE DRINKS... ALL SAVE ONE...



THAT ONE STILL NEEDS WATCHING- AND KILLING!

BEWARE THAT HIS POSITION WITH THE UNTRUSTWORTHY MARAUDERS IS AT BEST A PRECARIOUS ONE, MAMBA MAKES PLANS TO ABANDON HIS NEW-FOUND COMPANIONS AT THE EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY.



GETTING A MOUNT FROM THE PICKET LINES AFTER DARK OUGHT TO BE EASY. THEY'RE ALL BLIND DRUNK NOW!

CAREFUL PROBING AMONG THE MORE GARRULOUS KNIGHTS OF THE DESERT REVEAL NO CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF ORION OR LAMONTHOS, WHOM HE INTENDS TO REQUISITE FOR ENSLAVING HIM.



HIS QUESTIONS DO REACH THE EARS OF FELINA, A MYSTERIOUS GIRL WHOSE GARMENTS CONCEAL EVERYTHING BUT HER CAT-EYES, THROUGH THE AGENCY OF HER EVER-ALERT SERVANT, URZA...



YOUR EARS ARE EVERYWHERE, FAITHFUL ONE. WHAT IS IT YOU HAVE TO TELL ME?

SO HE KNOWS SOMETHING OF A MOON-EYED MAGICIAN! I MUST SPEAK WITH HIM, URZA! WHERE IS HE BILLETED?

SOON...

WE'LL AID YOU IN YOUR SEARCH, GLASS-EYE, FOR REASONS OF OUR OWN, ARGUMENT IS USELESS, YOU COULDN'T GET A MILE FROM THIS CAMP WITHOUT OUR HELP AT ANY RATE.

WHO'S ARGUING? LET'S GO!



FROM A HIDING PLACE ARE WITHDRAWN MEAGER SUPPLIES, STOLEN AND STORED IN ANTICIPATION OF JUST SUCH A NEED FOR AN ESCAPE.



I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CARE TO ELABORATE ON WHY YOU WISH TO FIND OUR MUTUAL 'FRIEND,' LAMONTHOS?

NO MORE THAN YOU. LET'S JUST SAY I DON'T INTEND TO KISS HIM WHEN I DO - UNLESS IT'S WITH THIS!

WHEREVER ORION GOES, LAMONTHOS WILL NOT BE FAR BEHIND, AS SOON AS WE PICK UP THE TRAIL MY USE FOR THIS FOOL WILL BE ENDED!



TO BE CONTINUED...



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ever you care to hit with the ball ■ Pick your own nickname—Babe, Too-Tall, Queenie, et al. ■ It's a white shirt, beautifully printed in St. Louis blue and made from 100 percent machine washable cotton ■ The girl, incidentally, is on the team. She's Karen Allen of the forthcoming *National Lampoon's Animal House* film.

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HEILMAN



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER SPACE, HEILMAN AWAKES, MOLECULARLY RESTRUCTURED....



NOT KNOWING WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM, BUT AWARE THAT IT IS USELESS TO ASK QUESTIONS, HE STARTS WALKING, WITHOUT DIRECTION....



SUDDENLY, A NOISE!



BENEATH HIM, OTHER BEINGS
HOLD EACH OTHER'S HANDS
IN ORDER NOT TO LOSE
EACH OTHER IN THE MULTI-
GRAVITATIONAL MAZE....

THESE SPEECHLESS
CREATURES APPEAR TO
BE PRISONERS OR
SLAVES... THEY FORM A
LONG, STRAIGHT LINE...



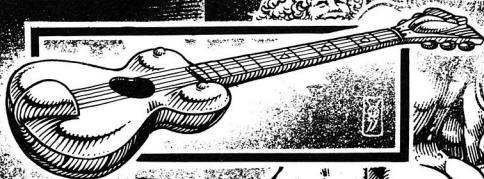
...HE FINDS HIS WAY BLOCKED BY A
CREATURE WHOSE MANNER IS
OPPRESSIVELY AUTHORITATIVE. AS IF
BY REFLEX ALONE, HE KICKS HIM,
UNDER THE EMPTY GAZE OF THE
SILENT SERVITUDE OF THE
OPRESSED....

...WHEN A MOCKING
LAUGH CAUSES HIM
TO TURN AROUND,
TO FACE THE
SUPPOSED MASTER...



...OF THIS
PURGATORY
FOR ROCKERS...
SURROUNDED
BY SEX-
CRAZED
GROUPIES,
...YES, HIM!

...THE IDOL
OF HIS
ADOLESCENCE,
KILLED
SOME
YEARS AGO
BY AN OVER-
DOSE...



IMPATIENT TO CONFRONT
THE INTRUDER, HE
CHALLENGES HIM TO A
DUEL BY GUITAR...



ALTHOUGH APPREHENSIVE,
HEILMAN ACCEPTS, DRESSES
FOR THE DUEL, AND MEETS
HIS ADVERSARY ON STAGE...



...WHERE THE RHYTHM
SECTION IS ALREADY
POURING OUT THE
INFERNAL BACKBEAT
AGAINST WHICH THE
DUELISTS WILL PLAY.





STIMULATED BY THE PAIN, HE RIDDLES HIS OPPONENT WITH A SERIES OF PIERCING HARMONICS....



THE SCREAMS OF VICTIMS OF THE LOST NOTES SPREAD AROUND THEM....



DRIVEN ON BY THE
OLD ROCKER, HEILMAN
STRIKES A LAST CHORD,
A KILLER...



...AND
FIRES!



A HOWL OF
HORROR
EXPLODES...



...WHEN THE HAREM OF
GROUPIES SEES THEIR
PRINCE IMPALED ON THE
CRYSTAL SPIKES COVERING
THE STAGE.



SOON, HEIL MAN
SPEAKS TO
THOSE WHO
NOW TURN TO
HIM AS THEIR
NEW LORD.



"YOU ARE FREE!"
HE CRIES OUT TO
THEM, BUT...



...THEIR REACTION
AMAZES HIM....



HE LEAPS FROM
THE PEDESTAL,
WHERE THE SAME
HANDS THAT BORE
HIM THERE NOW
TEAR AT HIM
SAVAGELY...

...AND RUNS TOWARD THE
MULTIGRAVITATIONAL
MAZE, WHERE HE
HOPES TO FIND HELP...





...UNFORTUNATELY, THESE
SAD CREATURES WHO IN-
HABIT THIS SUBTERRANEAN
DIMENSION ARE NOT OVER-
WHELMED WITH GRATITUDE
FOR THEIR SAVIOR....



THEIR ATTACKS
ON HEILMAN ARE
CHARGED WITH
A MURDEROUS
HATRED.



THE BEINGS HE THOUGHT
WERE GUARDS LOOK ON,
WITHOUT INTERFERING,
WHILE HIS ATTACKERS DRAG
HIM ALONG, OVERWHELMED
BY PAIN.



HE IS BRUTALLY CARRIED BACK TO THE ALTAR-PEDESTAL, BEDECKED WITH A CROWN OF THORNS, AND CRUCIFIED, AS NAKED AS A BABY, WHILE THE PACK OF SNARLING DOGS SCREAMS ON....



THROUGH THE BLOOD POURING DOWN HIS FACE, HE SEES THE FUTURE MASTER OF THE ROCK PRISON WALKING TOWARD THE ELECTROTRANS-MITTER INTER-RUPTER...



...AND WITH A SIMPLE AND PITILESS GESTURE, HE LETS LOOSE THE MILLIONS OF VOLTS WHICH DESTROY HEILMAN'S LIFE...



...AND THE MATERIAL GUISE WHICH SERVES HIM AS A BODY ON THE LEVEL OF EXISTENCE.



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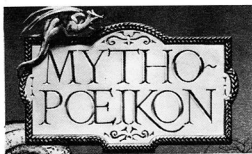
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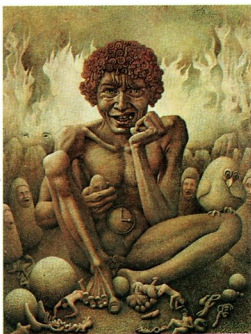
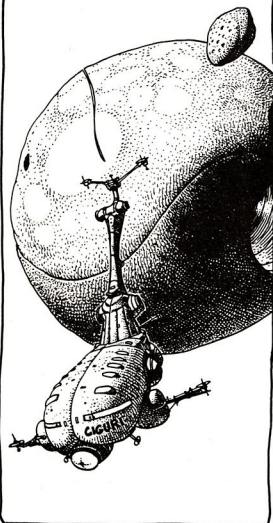
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HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing
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HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features
Night Images, poetry by Conan's
creator, Robert E. Howard, with
illustrations by Corben; Macedo's
Rockblitz, the highly praised
Shells, the 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/sy saga, *The
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Sunpot, further adventures of
Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and
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Long Tomorrow* concludes,
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tures of Barbarella, naked to her
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nibal clock, time-travels, and cere-
brally tap-dances with Nino. Not
to mention Orion and Barbarella.
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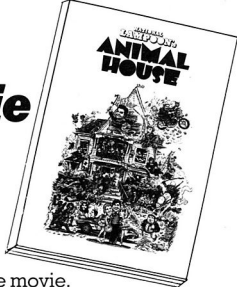
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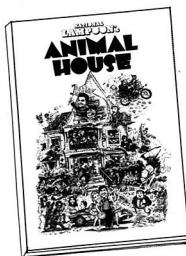
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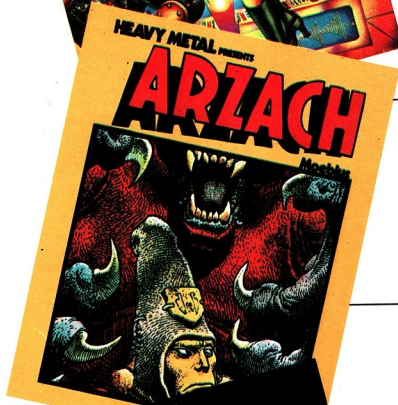
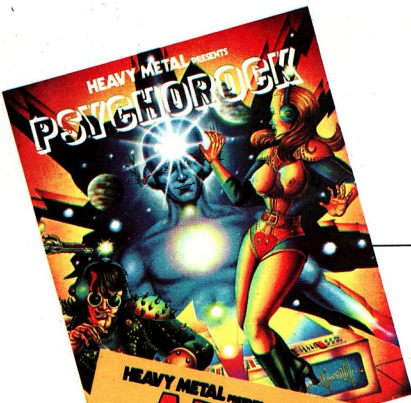
Despite the potential wealth brought by a controlling interest in the oil, the insect-like Troadis employ only the harvesting methods of their ancestors, such as the worm-powered transport (seen with carts of santooth *at right*) and the spine-winged Jaardis to carry the oil to trade depots. They trade for foods, tools, and machinery. Their fascination with machines with lights and buttons has motivated many traders to build pseudo-machines for trade, observing long ago that real machines only prove dangerous to the Troadis, who are intellectually very primitive. Two blue Troadis, *at left*, amuse themselves with a "toy" recently acquired from a Cassandra trader. Above them, drying oil pods hang from the many openings in the ancient stone walls, while in the distance, santooth husks burn brightly with excess oil in a pit at the base of the far monolith—a sign of a very successful season.

The Troadis are the only known civilization to occupy the monoliths, each one housing a community of over 20,000 beings devoted to the growing and processing of its own santooth fields. The origin of the stone structures remains a mystery, but scientists have noted that the monoliths may have been built to humidify the planet, a function they do, in fact, perform. Water from deep underground rises steadily up the columns and moves by osmosis to the cave-riddled platforms. Here, dry air flows through long, parallel caves and gathers moisture from perpetually damp walls. Because it rarely rains, the plants of Insador survive only near the monoliths, which girth the planet and continue to allow the Troadis a harvest tradition famous throughout the galaxy.

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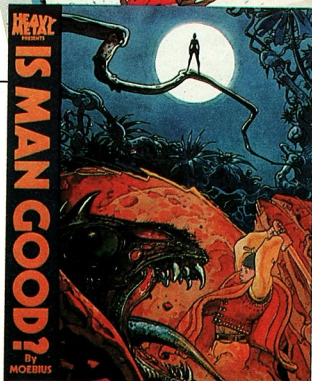
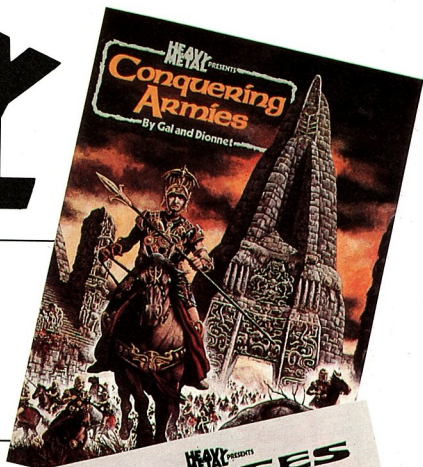
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WITH HIS SERVANT... THE
OTHER DREADFUL, NAMELESS,
CONSUMING SOULS, LIKE TIME...
THE TWO ARE PLAYING...
TOGETHER...




THEY GOT HIM...
LIKE A RAT...IN
SOME DIVE ON
ONE OF THE
CENTRAL PLANETS,
DRUNK...THEY
DIDN'T RECOG-
NIZE HIM...

...THE DOG WITH
THE RED EYES?
AND HIS FRIENDS?




...DISAPPEARED...HIS
VESSEL DESTROYED...
HE LOST HIS NAME AND
A TERRIBLE SHOCK DE-
STROYED HIS SIGHT...
THEY TOOK HIM TO
HOLY MARY OF THE
ANGELS, A CHOICE
RECRUIT FOR
MERENNEN...


HE WAS OF NO MORE USE,
BLIND AS HE WAS.



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DIE...MERENNEN MUST NOT DO...WE WILL
HAND OVER HIS POWERS TO RED EYES...



...AT THE
RIGHT TIME...



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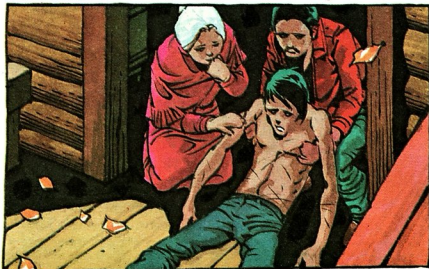
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THEODORE STURGEON'S MORE THAN HUMAN

Chapter Two

"Gimme a blanket! Get a rag, hot water! Hurry now. Feller hurt bad. Picked him up in the woods."

In a moment he was back, carrying a man. "Here," said Mrs. Prodd. She flung open the door to Jack's room.



When Prodd hesitated, she said, "Go on, go on, never mind the spread. It'll wash."

He gently lifted off the blanket in the light. "Oh, my God," he grunted. "He won't last the night."

"We got to try," she said softly.

He lasted the night. He lasted the week, too, and it was only then that the Prodds began to have hope for him. He lay motionless in the room called Jack's room, interested in nothing, aware of nothing except perhaps the light. He would stare out as he lay, perhaps seeing, perhaps watching, perhaps not. There was little to be seen out there. His inner self was encysted and silent in sorrow. His outer self seemed shrunked, unreachable.

"He say anything yet?" Prodd would ask, and his wife would shake her head. After ten days he had a thought; after two weeks he voiced it. "You don't suppose he's *tetched*, do you, Ma?"

She was unaccountably angry. "How do you mean, *tetched*?"

He gestured. "You know. Like feeble-minded, I mean. Maybe he don't talk because he can't."

"No!" she said positively. She looked up to see the question in Prodd's face. She said, "You ever look in his eyes? He's no idiot."

He had noticed the eyes. They disturbed him. "Well, I wish he'd say something"



"I guess sometimes the world's too much to live with, and a body sort of has to turn away from it to rest."

The weeks went by, and broken tissues knit and the wide, flat body soaked up nourishment like a cactus absorbing moisture. Never in his life had he had rest and food and.

She sat with him, talked to him. She sang songs. She was a *little brown woman* with colorless hair and bleached eyes, and there was about her a hunger very like the one he had felt. She chattered out everything that was in her mind, except about Jack.

He never smiled nor answered, and the only difference it made in him was that he kept his eyes on her face when she was in the room and patiently on the door when she was not. What a profound difference this was, she could not know; but the flat, starved body tissues were not all that were filling out.

A day came at last when the Prodds were at lunch and there was a fumbling at the inside of the door of Jack's



room. Prodd exchanged a glance with his wife, then rose and opened it. "Here, now, you can't come out like that! Ma, throw in my other overalls."

The ailing man was weak and uncertain, but he was on his feet. They helped him to the table and he slumped there, his eyes cloaked and stupid, ignoring the food until Mrs. Prodd tantalized him with a spoonful. She patted his shoulder and told him it was just wonderful how well he did.

"Well, Ma, you don't have to treat him like a two-year-old," said Prodd.

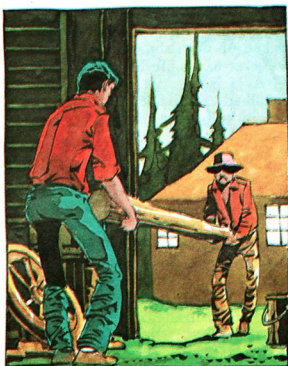
Later in the night, when he thought she was asleep, she said suddenly, "I do so have to treat him like a two-year-old, maybe even younger. It's like growing up all over again. Faster, but the same road."



He was quiet for a time. Then, "What'll we call him?" "Not Jack," she said before she could stop herself. "We'll bide our time about that."

He thought about it for a long time. He said, "Ma, I hope we're doing the right thing." But by then she was asleep.

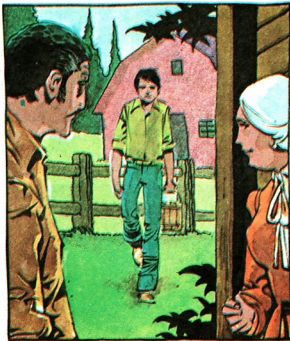
There were miracles. The Prodds thought of them as achievements, as successes, but they were miracles . . .



There was the time when Prodd found two strong hands at the other end of a 12 x 12 . . .



. . . and the time Mrs. Prodd found her patient holding a ball of yarn, looking at it only because it was red.



There was the time he found a full bucket by the pump and brought it inside. It was a long while, however, before he learned to work the handle.



When he had been there a year, Mrs. Prodd remembered and baked a cake. Impulsively she put four candles on it.

The Prodds beamed at him as he stared at the little flames, fascinated. His strange eyes caught hers, then Prodd's. "*Blow it out, son.*"



Perhaps he visualized the act. Perhaps it was the result of the warmth from the couple. They laughed together and Mrs. Prodd kissed his cheek.

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Suddenly something twisted inside. This wasn't the *call*. It was not even like the exchange he had experienced with Evelyn. But because he could now feel to such a degree, he was aware of the emptiness, and so he did what he had done when he had first lost the girl. He cried.



It was the same tortured weeping that had led Prodd to him in the woods a year ago, and when it stopped, there was something *new* in his face. "*I'm sorry,*" Prodd said. "*Reckon we did something wrong.*" But his wife said, "*It wasn't wrong. You'll see.*"

He got a name. The night he cried, he discovered consciously that he could absorb a message, a meaning, from those about him. He began to hold and turn this ability, as he had once held and turned the ball of yarn. The sounds called

speech still meant little to him, and he never really learned to hear them; instead, ideas were transmitted to him directly. Ideas themselves are formless and it is hardly surprising that he learned very slowly to give ideas the form of speech . . .



"What's your name?" Prodd asked him suddenly one day.

Name. He made a reaching, and it came to him as pure concept. "Name" is the single thing which is me and what I have done and been and learned. He said, "Ul . . ."



They were filling the horse trough and there was that about water running in the sun which tugged deeply at the idiot. Utterly absorbed, he was jolted by the question.



"What is it, son?" *All alone.* It was all there, the hunger, the loss, waiting for a symbol, a name. He strained, and gasped. "*Ul . . . ul . . . lone . . .*"



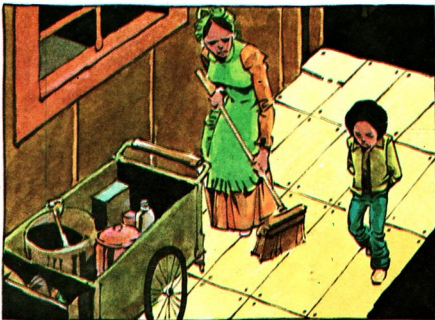
"Lone?" said Prodd, and it could be seen that the syllable meant something to him, though far less than intended. But it would do. The idiot nodded. It was his first conversation: another miracle.



It took him five years to learn to talk and always he preferred not to. He never did learn to read. He was simply not equipped.

There were two boys for whom the smell of disinfectant on tile was the smell of hate. For Gerry Thompson it was the smell of hunger, too, and of loneliness. Hatred was his only warmth in the world, and at six Gerry was very largely a man.

For a six-year-old, the path of memory stretches back for just as long a lifetime as it does for anyone else. Gerry had had trouble enough, loss enough, to make a man of anyone. At six he began to accept, to be obedient, and to wait . . .



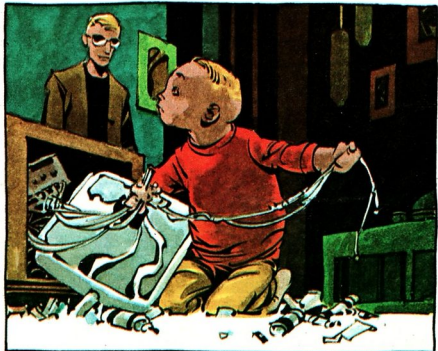
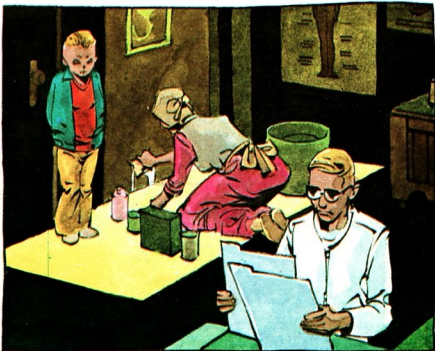
He lived like this for two years. Then he ran away from the state orphanage, to live by himself, to be the color of gutters

and garbage so he would not be picked up, so he would not be cornered. Gerry Thompson was alone.



For Hip Barrows there was no hunger and no precocious maturity. But there was the smell of hate, surrounding his father the doctor, the deft and merciless hands, the somber clothes. Even Hip's memory of Dr. Barrows's voice was the memory of chlorine and carbolic.

Little Hip Barrows was a brilliant and beautiful child, to whom the world refused to be a straight, hard path of disinfected tile. Everything came easily to him, except control of his curiosity—and "everything" included the cold injections of rectitude administered by his father the doctor.



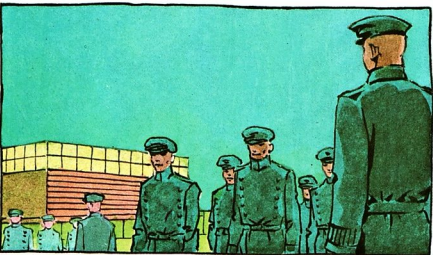
He rose through childhood like a rocket, burnished, swift, afire. His gifts brought him anything a young man might want, friends and honors; but such was the philos-



He was eight when he built his first radio, a crystal set for which he even wound the coils. His father the doctor discovered it and forbade him ever touching so much as a piece of wire again.



He was a brilliant fifteen when he was expelled from pre-medical school for playfully cross-wiring the relays in the staff elevators so that every touch of a control button was an unappreciated adventure.



He even had time for the ROTC. Through it, he eventually learned that in the Air Force it is the majority, not the minority, who tend to regard physical perfection, conversational brilliance, and easy achievement as defects rather than assets.

ophy of his father the doctor, who had worked for everything, that Hip's early gained friendships and honors also brought him uneasiness and a sick humility of which he was quite unaware.



He was nine when his father the doctor located his cache of radio and electronics texts and magazines and piled them all up in front of the fireplace and made him burn them, one by one; they were up all night.



At sixteen he was attending engineering school. He always had time to talk and read and think, time to listen to those who valued his listening.



He found himself alone more than he liked and avoided more than he could bear. It was on the anti-aircraft range that he found an answer, a dream, and a disaster



She sank down on the grass, blind with grief and terror, torn, shaken with conflict.

Devil, she thought, why won't you be dead? Five years ago you killed yourself, you killed my sister, and still it's "Father, forgive me." Sadist, pervert, murderer, devil . . . man, dirty, poisonous man!

I've come a long way, she thought, I've come no way at all. How I ran from gentle lawyer Jacobs when he came to help with the bodies; oh, how I ran, so that he might not go

I'm not afraid of a whip, I'm afraid of hands and eyes, thank you, Father. But one day I shall live with people all around me; I shall go among thousands on a beach without walls, with a tiny strip of cloth here and there, and let them see my navel; I shall meet a man with white teeth and round, strong arms, Father, and I shall, oh, what have I become, Father, forgive me. I live in a house you never saw, where bright cars whisper past and children play outside the hedge which is not a wall. I look through the curtains whenever I choose, and see strangers. There is no way to make the bathroom black dark, and there is a mirror as tall as I am; and one day, Father, I shall leave the towel off.



But all that will come later, the moving about among strangers, the touchings without fear. Now I must live alone, and think; I must read of the world and its workings, yes, and of twisted madmen like you, Father; Dr. Rothstein insists that you were not the only one, that you were so rare, really, only because you were so rich.

mad and poison me. How I fled from his wife, too, thinking women were evil and must not touch me. They had a time with me, indeed they did; it was so long before I could understand that I was mad, not they. . . . In the cab, when I screamed and couldn't stop, for the people (the hurry), so many *bodies*, all touching and so achingly visible; bodies on the streets, the stairs, men holding women who laughed and were brazenly unfrightened. . . . Dr. Rothstein, who explained that there must be man and

Evelyn . . . Evelyn never knew her father was mad. Evelyn never saw the pictures of the poisoned flesh. I lived in a world different from this one, but her world was just as different, the world Father and I made for her, to keep her pure. . . .



women else there would be no people at all. . . . I had to learn this, dear devil Father, because of you; because of you I had never seen an automobile or a breast or a railroad train or a restaurant or a bathing suit or the hair on—oh, forgive me, Father.



The picture of her father, dead, calmed her strangely. She rose and looked back into the woods, looked carefully around the meadow, shadow by shadow, tree by tree. . .



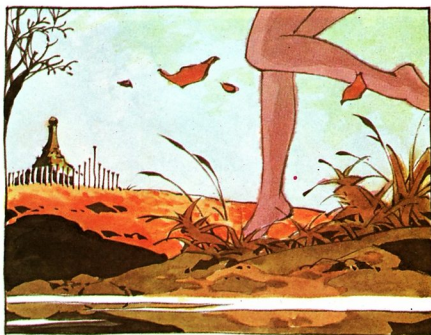
She slid out of underwear and stockings with a single movement. The air stirred and its touch on her body was indescribable; it seemed to blow through her.



All right, Evelyn, I will, I will. . .



She took a deep breath. She shut her eyes so tight there was red in the blackness. Her hands flickered over the buttons on her dress. . .



She stepped forward into the sun, and with tears of terror pressing through her closed lids, she danced naked, for Evelyn, and begged her dead father's pardon.

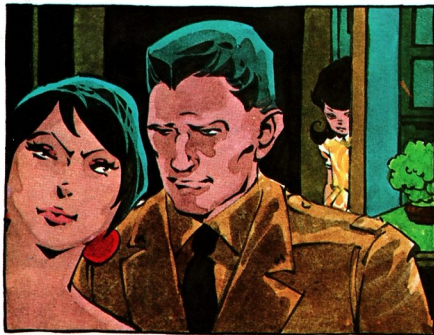


When Janie was four, she hurled a paperweight at a lieutenant because of a feeling that he had no business around the house while her father was overseas. The lieutenant's skull was fractured and he was forever unable to recall the fact that Janie stood ten feet away from the

object when she threw it. Janie's mother later *whaled* the tar out of her for it, which Janie accepted with her usual composure. Strength without control, she sensed once again, had its demerits.

HEAVY METAL 67

"She gives me the creeps," her mother told her other lieutenant later. "I can't stand her. You think there's something wrong with me for talking like that, don't you?"



No. You smell like Major Grenfell. And don't you ever do that again.



W-Wima . . . this child is . . . telepathic.

"No, I don't," said the other Lieutenant, who did. So she invited him to see the child for himself. "Hel-lo, Janie," he tried. "Are we going to be friends?"



Nonsense. She gets her vitamins every single day—Wait. Where are you going?



Janie achieved a wolfish smile. The Lieutenant left early and never came back.



When Janie was five she began playing with some other little girls. They were toddlers, perhaps two and a half years old, and they looked like twins. On warm days, they would

skin out of their rompers faster than the eye could follow, casting deliciously frightened glances at the basement door.

Janie covered that with a little concentration she could move the rompers. To the twins' horror, the clothing rose from the ground in a steep climbing turn—



It seemed hours—weeks—of fascinated anticipation before Janie saw the basement door open. Out came the janitor. "Bonnie!" he bellowed. "Beanie! Look at yew! Where's yo' clothes?"



"Catch you doing that once more, I'll get Mr. Milton come punch yo' ears fulla holes. Heah?" They shrank together, their eyes round, as he lurched back to the door.



—and fluttered to the sill of a first-floor window. The twins jumped up and down in agitation, stretching and craning, twittering . . .



He swooped down on them. "Tryin' th'ow away yo' expensive clothes? Oh, I'm goin' to whop you good!" Janie giggled.



The twins went to the shadows by the wall and whispered to one another . . .



There was no more fun for Janie that day, or for three more . . .

Across the street from Janie's apartment house was a park. In a copse of dwarf oak was a hidden patch of bare earth, known only to Janie. From a certain low branch it was an eight-inch drop to the earthen floor . . .



"He-hee," said the other twin, and Janie did what she had done to the Lieutenant. "Eeep," said the twin—



She hurled a bolt of hatred at them the like of which she had never even imagined before. "Oop," said one. The other said "Eep." Then they were both gone.



They're only three years old, she told herself. Then, "They knew who it was all along, that moved those rompers," she said aloud, in admiration "Ho-Ho! Four days ago they

. . . but this time, the very instant her fingers left the branch, she struck the ground flat on her stomach. "Ho-ho," said a voice, and she received a stinging blow on the rump.



—and disappeared. "Ho-ho." There she was, on a branch above. Both twins were grinning widely.



"Ho-ho." It was very distant, and something made her look across the street. Two little figures sat like gargoyles on the courtyard wall. They waved to her.



couldn't even reach a six-foot sill or get away from a spanking—and now look."

In the vestibule, Janie pressed the shiny brass button marked *Janitor*. "Who push that? You push that?" His voice filled the world.

Well, that's mighty nice, but don't you let 'em get in any mischief— and see if you can't keep them clothes on 'em.



Janie made her voice all croony the way her mother did. "Mister Widdecombe, my mother says I can play with your girls."



Janie's whole life shaped itself from that afternoon. It was a time of belonging, of thinking alike, of transcendent sharing. She spoke hardly a word, and the twins had not yet learned to talk, but this was incidental to another kind of communion. Janie showed them how she



could get chocolates from the box without going there, and how she could throw a pillow clear up to the ceiling without touching it, though the paint box and easel impressed them most. It was a thing together, a sudden opening, a binding.



The afternoon slid by, smooth and soft and lovely, and when the hall door banged open and Wima's voice clanged out, the twins were still there. "Dear God," she said, "she's got the place filled with niggers!"



"They're going home now," said Janie resolutely, as Wima said to the man, "Honest to God, Pete, this is the first time this ever happened. What kind of a place you must think I run here! Get them the hell out!" She was screaming at the end.



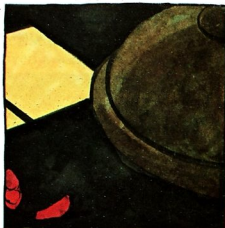
Janie lay in bed as stiff and smooth and contained as a round toothpick. Nothing would get in, nothing could get out; somewhere she had found this surface that went all the way through, and as long as she had it, nothing was going to happen.

But if anything happens, came a whisper, you'll break.

But if I don't break, nothing will happen, she answered.

But if anything...

The dark hours came and grew black, and the black hours labored by.



Her door crashed open and the light blazed. "He's gone and baby, have I got business with you!"

Janie pushed back the covers and thumped her feet down. Without understanding quite why, she began to get dressed in her good plaid dress.

Wima was pounding her fist. "You wrecked my celebration, so you ought to know what I'm celebrating. You don't know it, but I've had a big trouble and I didn't know how to handle it, and now it's all done for me. And I'll tell you all about it right now, baby Miss Big Ears. Because your father—I can handle him any time—but what was I going to do with your big mouth going day and night? That was my trouble, what was I going to do about your big mouth when he got back? Well, it's all fixed, he won't be back, the war fixed it up for me.

She drank from a square-stemmed glass, and waved a yellow sheet. "Smart girls know this is a telegram, and it says here, 'Regret to inform you that your husband.' They shot your father, that's what they regret to say, and now this is the way it's going to be from now on between you and me. Whatever I want to do I do, an' whatever you want to nose into, nose away. Now isn't that fair?"

She turned for an answer but there was none. Janie was gone.

Wima stood in the middle of the living room, not knowing which way to go. She whispered, "Janie?"

She put her hands on the sides of her face and lifted her face away from it. She turned around and around, and asked, "What's the matter with me?"



Art: Bihaanic
Story: Druillet

THE STORY OF THE ACRYLIC MAGUS AND HIS VIBRATORY PERTURBATIONS

LET'S GO, OL' BAG O' BONES,
GET CRACKIN'!



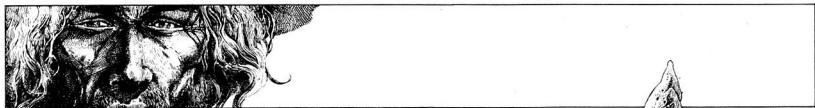
DOIN' SWEET FUCKALL, MAYBE
SMOKIN' A LITTLE, THAT'S WHAT
I LIKE, AND IT'S THE BEST OF
ALL

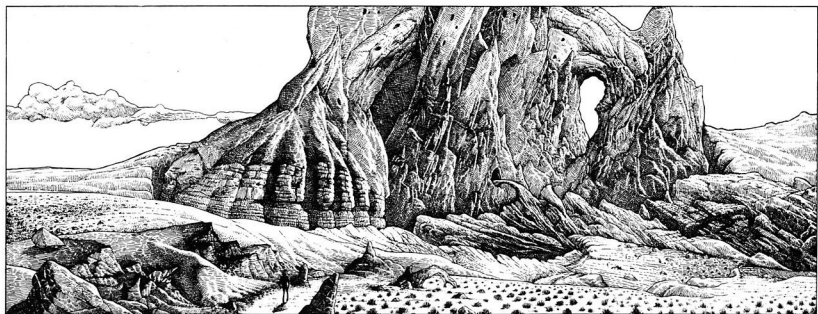
THAT'S WHAT I
THINK, AND I'LL
SAY IT OUT LOUD.



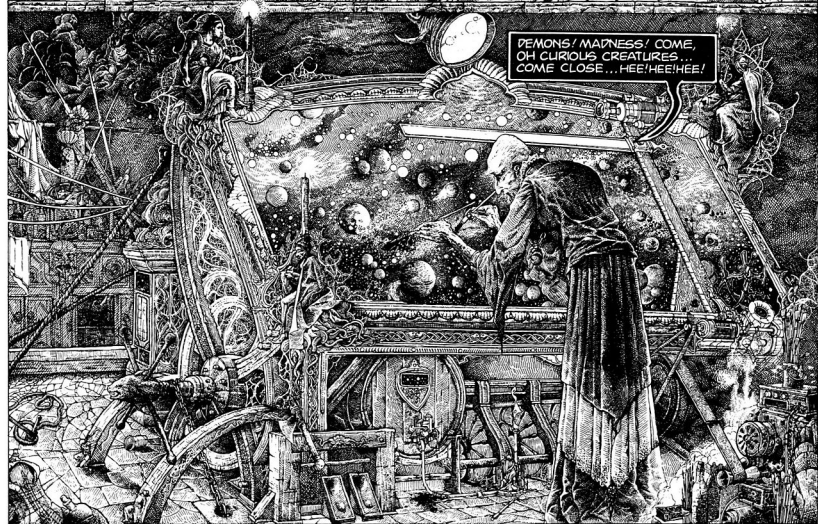
YES! YES! THE
DESERT'S JUST MY
KIND OF PLACE...

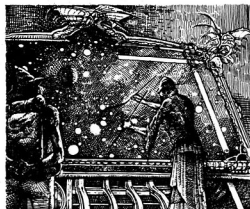












ONE SECOND! I'LL
JUST FINISH CALLING
SOMEONE UP FROM
THE DEPTHS!

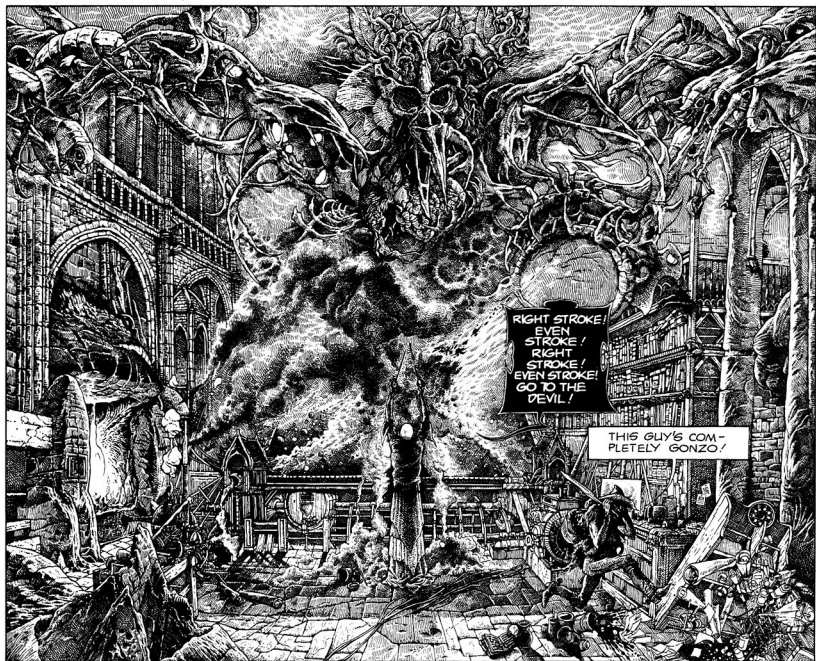


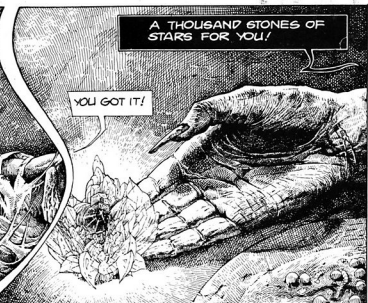
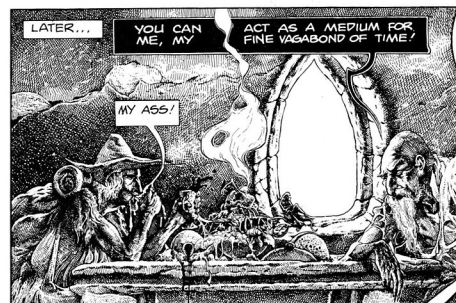
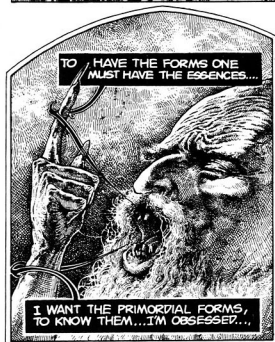
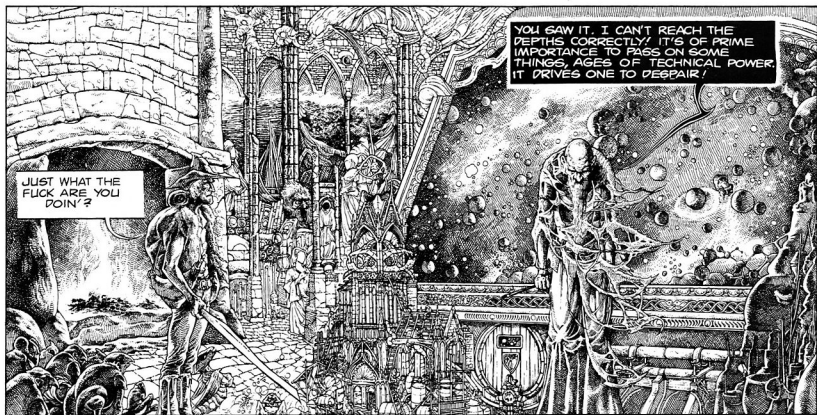
THERE NOW, IT'S
COMING!!!

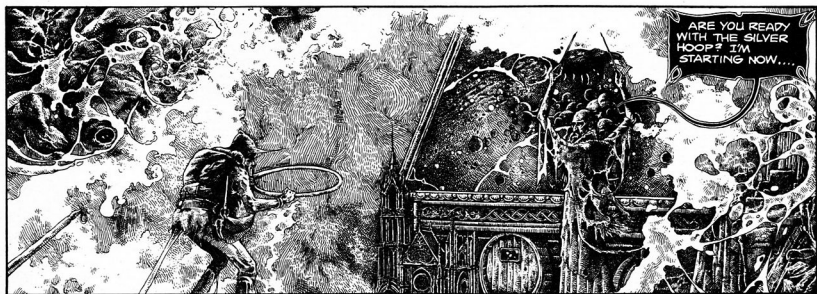


AT LAST! THOUSANDS
OF INCREDIBLE COLORS!
AT LAST!!!

HOLY FUCK!

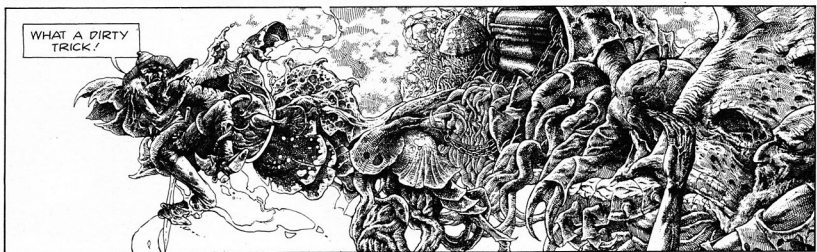




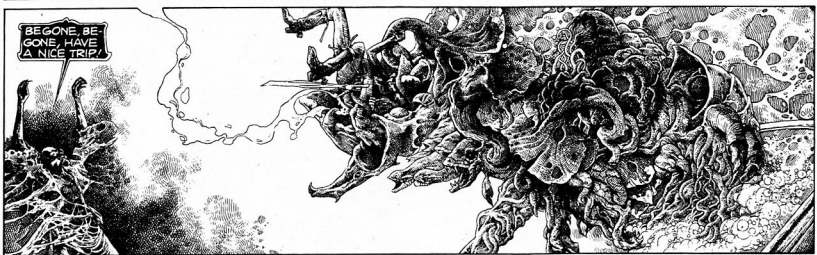




WHAT A DIRTY
TRICK!



BEGONE, BE
GONE, HAVE
A NICE TRIP!



TO BE CONTINUED

BARBARELLA



OH, DADDY! WHERE ARE YOU?



STOP, COMRADES! GIVE UP YOUR GREAT ART AND ALL THESE CURSED CRIMES!



AH! SPOONLOVE!



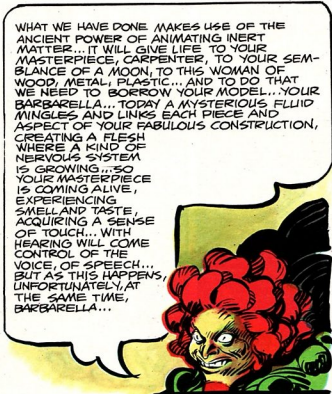
THANK YOU, COMRADE-SILVERSMITH. OUR CARPENTER IS HAVING A NERVOUS FIT... TOO MUCH WORK, DOUBTLESS!



CURSES! ARE YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN IT TO ME?

YOU EXPLAIN, COMRADES! EXPLAIN TO HIM WHAT HE ALREADY KNOWS BUT REFUSES TO UNDERSTAND!

WE ARE ACTING FOR YOUR GREATER GLORY, BROWNING-WELL!



WHAT WE HAVE DONE, MAKES USE OF THE ANCIENT POWER OF ANIMATING INERT MATTER... IT WILL GIVE LIFE TO YOUR MASTERPIECE, CARPENTER. YOUR SEMBLANCE OF A MOON, TO THIS WOMAN OF WOOD, METAL, PLASTIC... AND TO DO THAT WE NEED TO BORROW YOUR MODEL... YOUR BARBARELLA... TODAY A MYSTERIOUS FLUID MINGLES AND LINKS EACH PIECE AND ASPECT OF YOUR FABULOUS CONSTRUCTION, CREATING A FLESH WHERE A KIND OF NERVOUS SYSTEM IS GROWING... SO YOUR MASTERPIECE IS COMING ALIVE, EXPERIENCING SMELL AND TASTE, ACQUIRING A SENSE OF TOUCH... WITH HEARING WILL COME CONTROL OF THE VOICE, OF SPEECH... BUT AS THIS HAPPENS, UNFORTUNATELY, AT THE SAME TIME, BARBARELLA...



...MUST EXPERIENCE THE GRAVEST OF DIFFICULTIES.

L!... LE... FOX... WHERE ARE YOU?



OH, DADDY! TELL ME YOU'RE HERE!



AHHH! MAY MY MASTERPIECE BE CURSED AND MY SPIRIT WHICH CREATED IT!

STILL, YOU SHOULD BE PROUD, MASTER-CARPENTER, FOR YOUR MASTERPIECE IS THE BASIS OF OUR MAGIC... SOON "SCIENCE" WILL SEE ITSELF "LIGHT THE WORLD," FOR WE ARE GOING TO GIVE IT A SENSE OF SIGHT!

AND WHAT IF YOUR WIFE BECOMES ONLY A STATUE ONCE THE STATUE HAS BECOME A WOMAN... IS THAT REALLY IMPORTANT, CONSIDERING THE GREATNESS OF THIS MARVEL?



BROWN... ARE YOU IN YOUR WORKSHOP?... LITTLE FOX HAS DISAPPEARED... OH! I'M SO SICK...



OOOH!
DADDY, WHERE
ARE YOU?
LIL' FOXY IS
A LIL'
AFRAID, YOU
KNOW... WHY'S
IT ALL
MESSY IN
HERE?
AND
WHY'S
THERE
A
BIG
HOLE?

UNABLE TO MASTER THE GLIDER,
BARBARELLA IS STILL DETERMINED
...SHE MUST FIND BROWNINGWELL
AND LITTLE FOXY....



...LITTLE FOXY...
SO CLOSE, AND
YET SO
ALONE....



SOMEONE
THERE?... MAYBE IT'S
DADDY OR MUMMY,
BUT MAYBE IT'S
THE PERSON WHO
MADE EVERYTHING
MESSY HERE...
WHERE CAN I
HIDE?



I'LL
HIDE IN
HERE...
THERE'S
ROOM FOR
ME AND
MY
DOGGY....



ENOUGH
TALK. I'M GOING
TO PUT THE THING/MIBOB
TRANSFER PRINCIPLE
INTO ACTION... THE
COMRADES OF THE GREAT
ART ARE
IMPATIENT TO
COMPLETE THEIR
TASK!



MUMMY!

LITTLE
FOXY!



THERE!



AND AT
THE SAME MOMENT,
IN THE
WORKSHOP...



LITTLE
FOXY!



SPOONLOVE,
YOU DISGUSTING
RAT! IS IT ONLY
JEALOUSY DRIVING
YOU TO TORTURE
BARBARELLA?

JEALOUSY!
IT MIGHT
VERY WELL
BE.



IS THAT SO,
SPOONLOVE?

COMRADE-
CHEAT!
ARE YOU
INTERFERING
IN THIS?

WE KNOW A
SMILE OFTEN
HIDES JEALOUSY...
HERE, ON THE
CONTRARY, I THINK
SOMEONE IS CLEVERLY
USING JEALOUSY TO
HIDE SOMETHING
WHICH IS IN REALITY
MUCH
WORSE!



AND SO I AM INTERFERING
ON BEHALF OF
ALL OUR INTERESTS... I
HAVE INVESTIGATED THIS... I
DID IT AS QUICKLY AS POS-
SIBLE BECAUSE OF MY LOVE
FOR BROWNINGWELL, AND
ALSO BECAUSE I WANTED
TO PROTECT THE
HONOR OF THE COSMIC
CHILDREN.



SO, COMRADE--
CHEMIST, WHAT DID
YOU FIND OUT
FROM YOUR
INVESTIGATION?

NEVL
LEVEL,
BROWNINGWELL'S
OPPONENT, HAS
FINISHED HIS
CATHEDRAL BANK!...
BUT IT NEVER
COINED ANY
MONEY OR
SYNTHETIC GOLD
--THAT'S
ALL A
LIE!

A LIE MEANT TO THROW US
ALL INTO A PANIC... TO FORCE
US TO MAKE MISTAKES... TO
INVITE US TO COMMIT
ILLEGAL ACTS... ACTS
WHICH AT THIS VERY
MOMENT ARE BEING
REVEALED TO THE
SUPREME COUNSEL OF
THE GREAT
ARCHITECT...



YOU
MEAN THAT
SOMEONE
WAS TRYING TO
HAVE US
DISQUALIFIED?



SPOONLOVE!

SPOON-
LOVE IS
NOTHING
MORE THAN
AN AGENT
PROVOCATEUR!

INSULTS
AND
LIES!



LITTLE
FOXY...
BROWNING-
WELL,
WHERE
ARE YOU?



MUMMY...
COME HERE...
I'M AFRAID,
YOU KNOW...

I...AM...YOUR...MOTHER

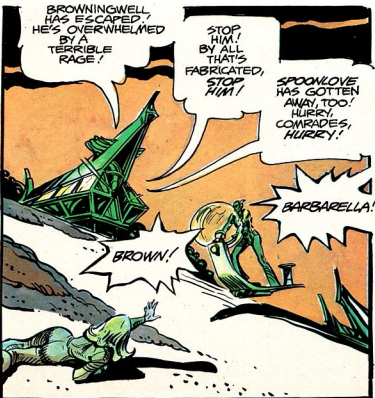


WE'LL
CONDUCT AN
INQUIRY...
AND IF
SPOONLOVE
IS A
TRAITOR...

...OUR
ANGER
WILL
SUIT
HIS
CRIME!



TAKE
YOUR
TIME,
COMRADES!



BROWNINGWELL
HAS ESCAPED,
HE'S OVERWHELMED
BY A
TERRIBLE
RAGE!

STOP
HIM!
BY ALL THAT'S
FABRICATED,
STOP
HIM!

SPOONLOVE
HAS GOTTEN
AWAY, TOO!
HURRY,
COMRADES,
HURRY!

BARBARELLA!

BROWN!

LITTLE FOXY...
HE'S HIDDEN
HIMSELF IN THE
MODEL... THERE
WAS A FLASH
T.T.P.
AND...



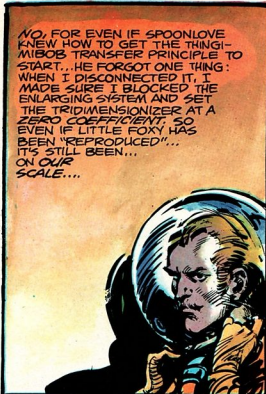
WHAT? IT
HADN'T
DISAPPEARED,
HAS IT?...
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

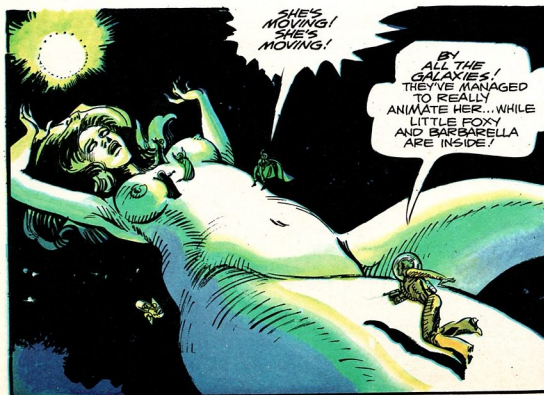
NO...
IT'S STILL
THERE... AND
YET IT ISN'T...
IT'S LIKE IT'S JUST
AN IMAGE.

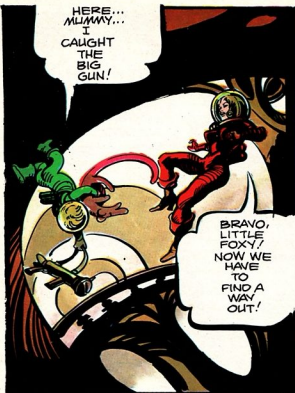


OH!
MUMMY!
MUMMY!
WHERE
AM I?

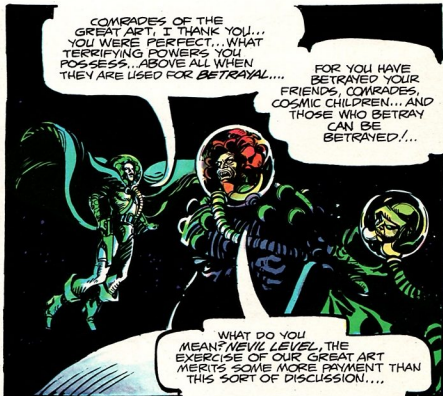
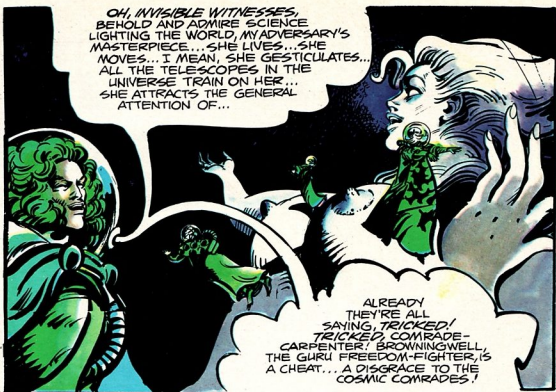
MY MUMMY!







BRAVO, LITTLE FOXY! NOW WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY OUT!





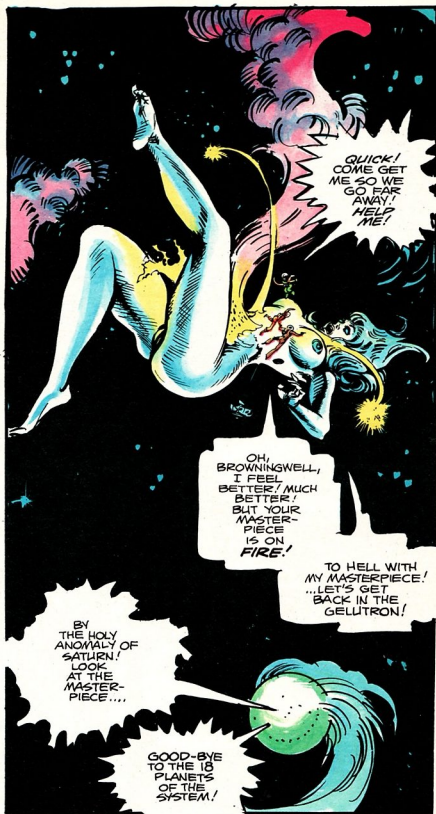
LITTLE
FOXY!

CAN
I
SAY
SOMEPIE'
?

WHAT
IS
IT?

WELL!
PLEASE 'SCUSE
ME, DADDY...
DIDN'T KNOW I WAS
GOING TO MAKE
THOSE TWO GUYS
DEAD... BUT I
KNEW THEY WANTED
TO HURT YOU,
DADDY!

YOU'RE
COMPLETELY
EXCLUDED,
MY BOY!



QUICK!
COME GET
ME SO WE
GO FAR
AWAY!
HELP
ME!

OH,
BROWNINGWELL,
I FEEL
BETTER! MUCH
BETTER!
BUT YOUR
MASTER-
PIECE
IS ON
FIRE!

TO HELL WITH
MY MASTERPIECE!
...LET'S GET
BACK IN THE
GELLTRON!

BY
THE HOLY
ANOMALY OF
SATURN!
LOOK
AT THE
MASTER-
PIECE...

GOOD-BYE
TO THE 18
PLANETS OF
THE SYSTEM!



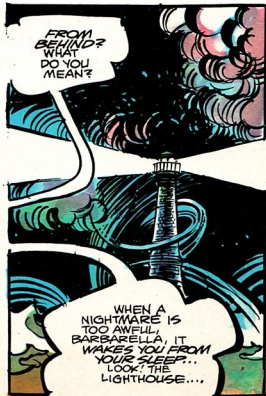
OH, BROWNINGWELL...
IT'S A WHIRLPOOL...
I CAN'T SEE
LITTLE
FOXY!

I DON'T
SEE HIM
ANYMORE! I
CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING
AT ALL!



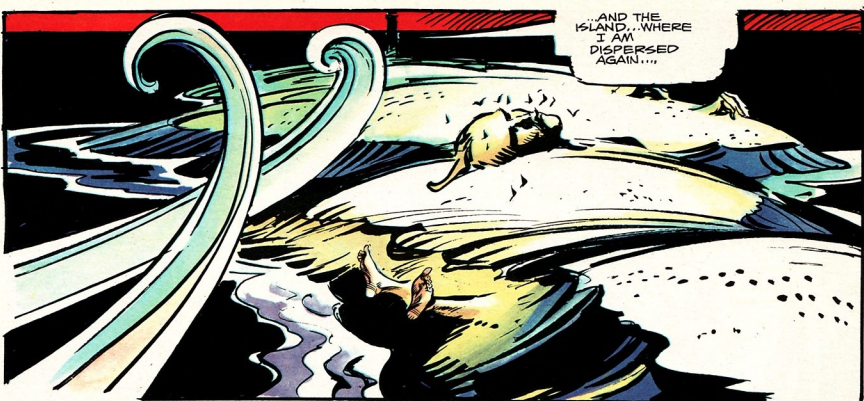
OUR BREATHING
MACHINES HAVE DIS-
APPEARED...
ARE WE ALREADY
DEAD,
BROWNINGWELL,
OR IS THIS
JUST A
NIGHTMARE?

IT'S A
NIGHTMARE...
A HORRIBLE
NIGHTMARE...
IT'S THE
DEVIL WHO'S
PULLING US BY
THE FEET...
AND RAMMING
US FROM
BEHIND...

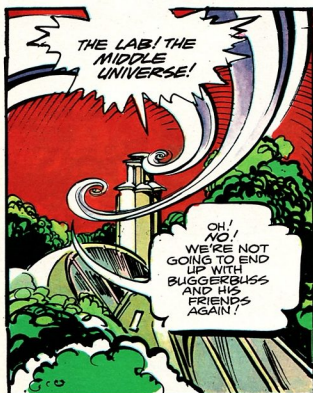


FROM
BEHIND?
WHAT
DO YOU
MEANT?

WHEN A
NIGHTMARE IS
TOO AWEEL,
BARBARELLA, IT
WAKES YOU FROM
YOUR SLEEP...
LOOK! THE
LIGHTHOUSE....

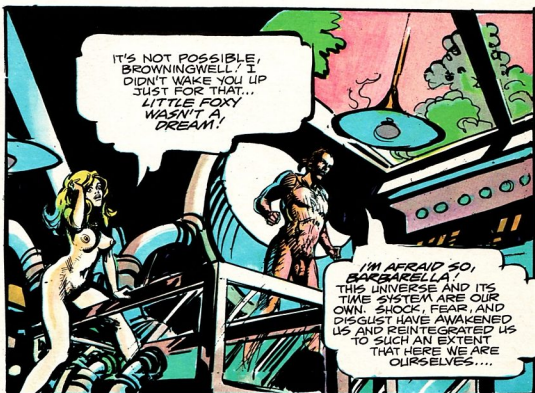


...AND THE ISLAND...WHERE I AM DISPERSED AGAIN....



THE LAB! THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE!

OH!
NO!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO END UP WITH BUGGERBUSS AND HIS FRIENDS AGAIN!



IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, BROWNINGWELL! I DIDN'T WAKE YOU UP JUST FOR THAT... LITTLE FOXY WASN'T A DREAM!

I'M AFRAID SO, BARBARELLA! THIS UNIVERSE AND ITS TWO SYSTEMS ARE OUR OWN. SHOCK, FEAR, AND DISGUST HAVE AWAKENED US AND REINTEGRATED US TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT HERE WE ARE OURSELVES....



NO!
NO!

ARE WE OLDER THAN WHEN WE LEFT? BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE A CHILD AGAIN....

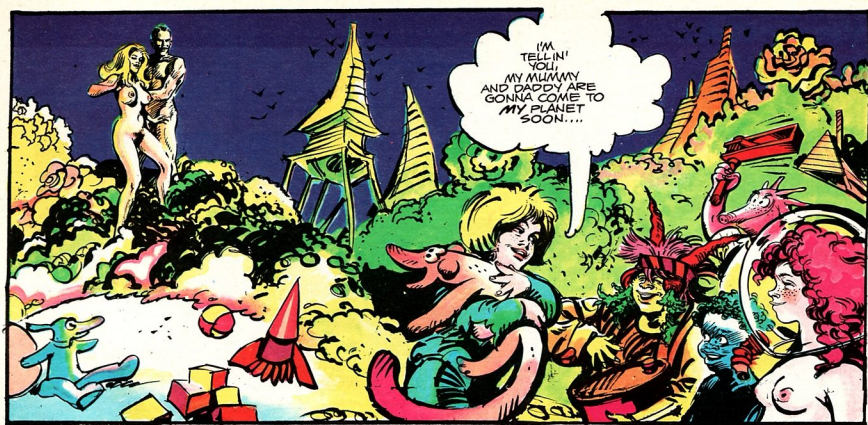


I SAW IT ALL, I LIVED IT ALL, YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW, IN THIS UNIVERSE AND IN OTHERS. I EXPERIENCED THE WORST ADVENTURES ON LAND, ON SEA, IN THE AIR, INSIDE AND OUTSIDE...AND I SURVIVED...BUT NO... NO... I WON'T ACCEPT IT... I WON'T....



CAN I SAY SOMETHING?

YEAH!



OUR STORY NOW HAS COME TO ITS CONCLUSION,
LOOSE ENDS ALL TIED UP NEATLY, AS YOU CAN SEE.
WE'VE MADE OUR WAY THROUGH MAZES OF CONFUSION,
THROUGH MYTH, MATH, MAGIC, AND PHILOSOPHY,
THAT'S HOW THE STORY GOES, THAT'S HOW IT GOES.

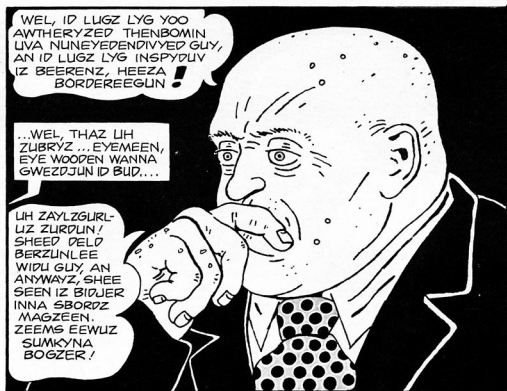
WE FOLLOWED LOGIC DOWN EACH DARK DIGRESSION,
THEN REASONED RIGHTLY WE HAD REASONED WRONG.
WE QUESTIONED WHY WE QUESTIONED EVERY QUESTION,
AND CHILDREN HAD THE ANSWERS ALL ALONG.
THEY KNOW THE WAY IT GOES, THE WAY IT GOES.

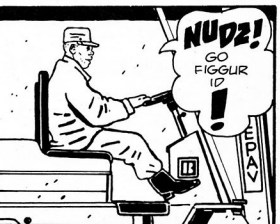
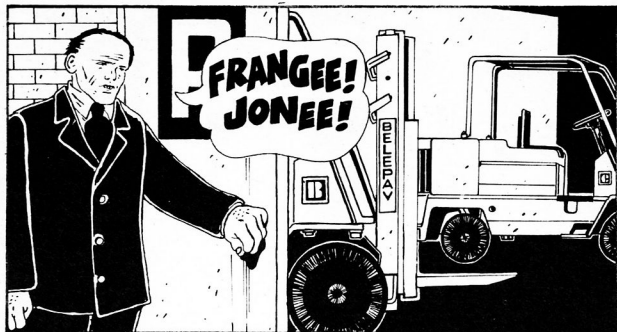
A SHIP OF FOOLS MAKES FOOLS OF ALL WHO BOARD HER,
TO SAIL PAST REASON'S MOONS TO STARS OF RHYME.
IN SPACE, THERE ISN'T ANY SPACE FOR ORDER,
THERE ISN'T ANY TIME FOR LAW IN TIME,
THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT GOES, THE WAY IT GOES.

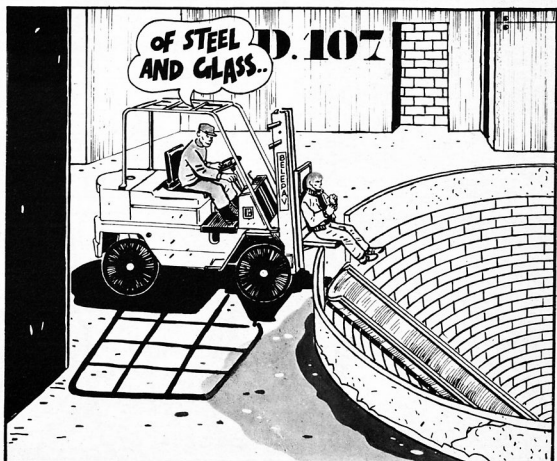
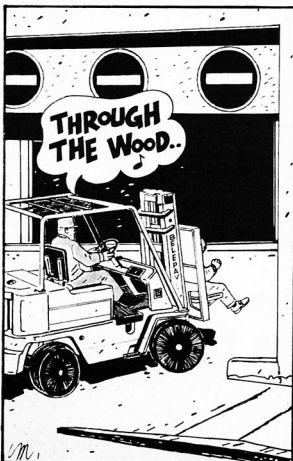
SO TURN THIS FINAL PAGE AND CLOSE THE BOOK NOW,
SIT BACK AND CLOSE YOUR EYES, DON'T MAKE A SOUND,
KEEP STILL, COUNT TEN, OPEN YOUR EYES AND LOOK NOW:
ANOTHER STORY'S STARTING ALL AROUND...
JUST WATCH THE WAY IT GOES, THE WAY IT GOES!

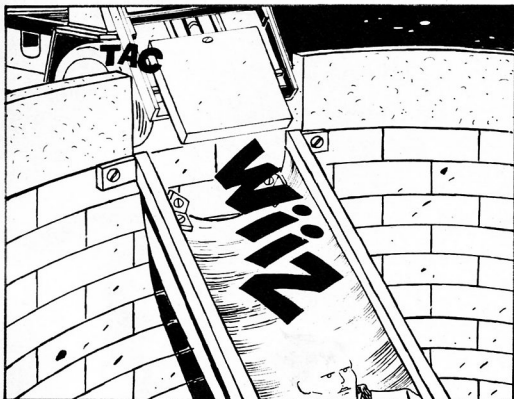


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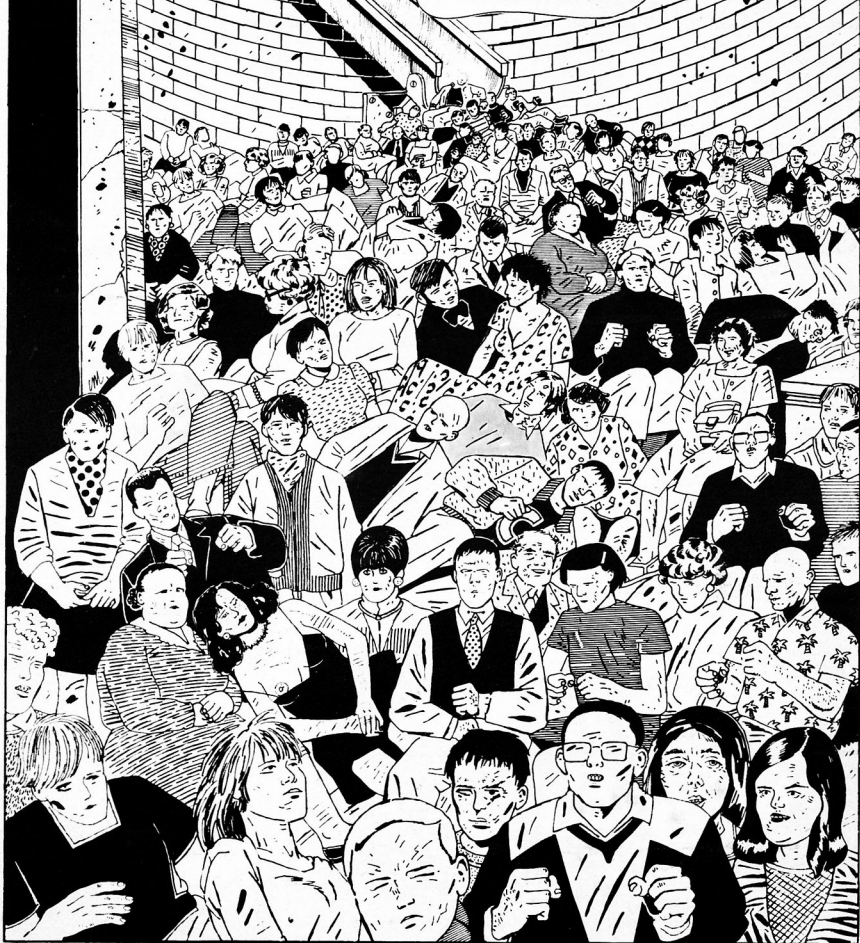








... So FAST...
IN THEIR SHINY
METAL CARS...



fin

The most incredible T-shirts in this galaxy.

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

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

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

Heavy Metal
Dept. HM-778
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

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

Black ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐
Red ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐

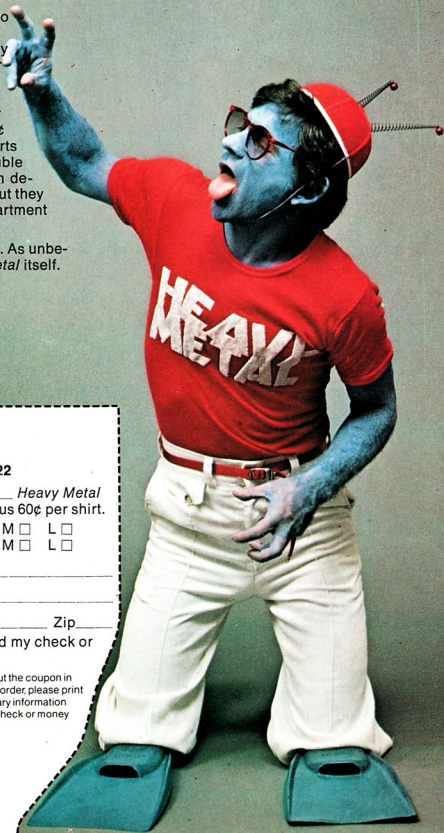
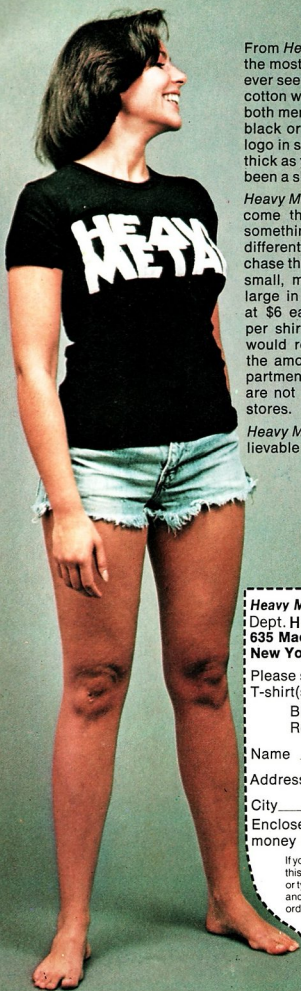
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed please find my check or money order.

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.





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