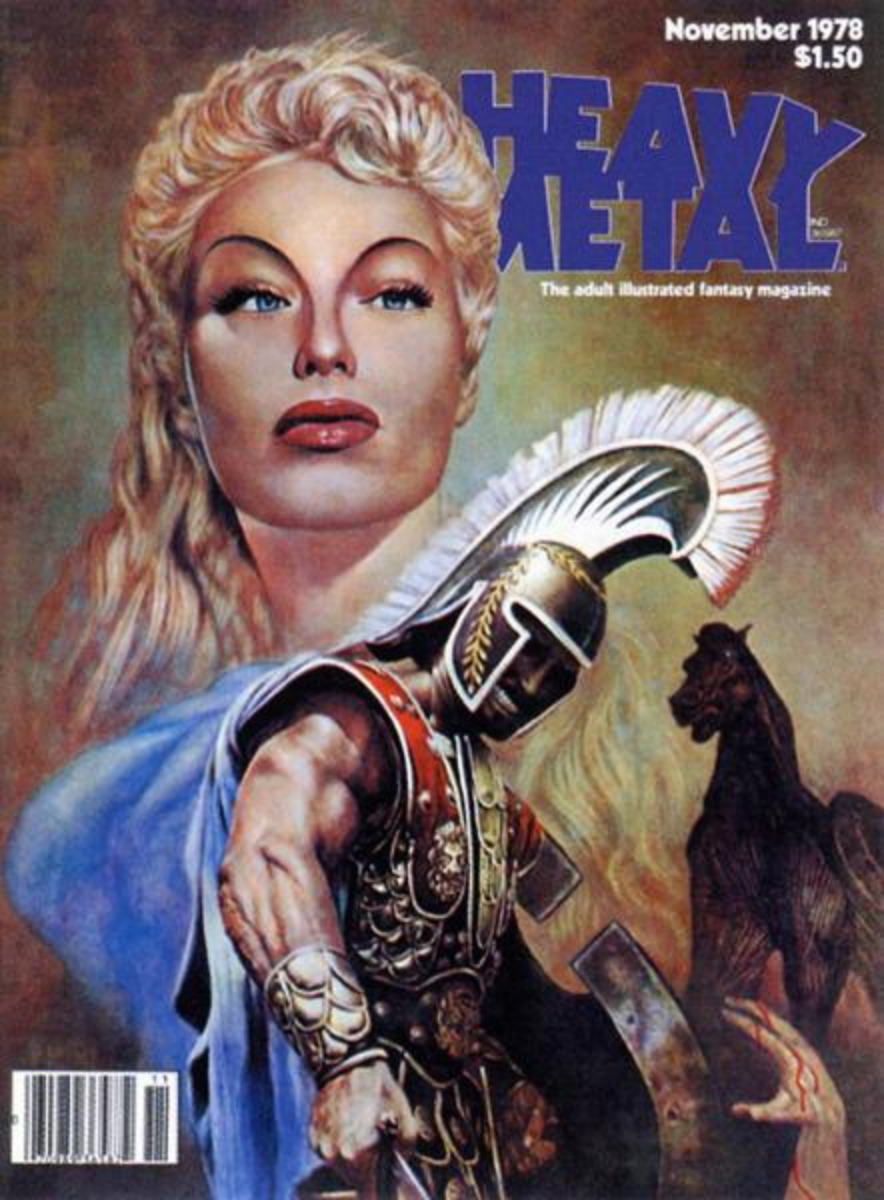


November 1978
\$1.50

HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



November 1978
\$

HEAVY METAL

IND
36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



LES
HUMAÏOÏDES
ASSOCIÉS

Distributed by
HM Communications,
Inc.

You've seen the movie! You've read the book! Now you can read the shirts!



photograph by Joey Green

What else? From the *National Lampoon*, one of the world's great hunters of your loose bucks, comes the T-shirt and the "softball" shirt from the first NatLamp film, *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Now you can wear the glorious *Animal House* softball shirt with three-quarter length sleeves in blushing crimson to go along with the flaming N.L.A.H. logo on the front and the statement on the back that gives you complete license to enjoy yourself: "We're college students and we can do anything we want!" And listen, you *don't* have to be college students to wear the shirt. You can be sixteen or sixty, semiliterate or just a dropout or never-went, like the guy who wrote this adv...who cares. We'll sell you anything.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. \$6.00 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for postage and handling.

Or you, you lucky individual you, can buy and wear the *National Lampoon's Animal House* Delta shirt with caricatures of Bluto, Otter, Pinto, the entire "unholy seven" who help make *Animal House* the funniest movie since *Getting Gertie's Garter*. Comes in flaming orange with black caricatures and red and black lettering or in your basic beige with the same trimmings. On the back is the brilliantly conceived slogan, "It was the Deltas against the rules—the rules lost!" This slogan received first prize at the American Slogan Contest held only this past July in Boise, Idaho, the slogan capital of America.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. \$4.95 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for handling. Make sure to indicate color in addition to small, medium, or large.

National Lampoon, Inc., Dept. HMAH1178

635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

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.

JOIN THE HOUSE!

Yes, I would like to join the house. Please send me the T-shirts I have checked below.

Animal House Softball shirt at \$6.00.

Check ☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

Animal House Delta shirt at \$4.95.

Check ☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

Indicate orange or beige _____

(Please include 60 cents for postage and handling for each shirt.)

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Folks:

This is just to inform you that I think your politics are as psychotic and culture-bound as those of David Bowie. That "Heilman" story this issue really bummed me out. And if the cover on this issue is supposed to be an answer to feminist criticism, well, conscious or otherwise, you got to be kidding. I don't believe you revived "Barbarella," that's all. I was really enthusiastic when the magazine first appeared. I was hoping for the underground gone over. Can't those Europeans imagine anything between, beyond, or through nomadic horde apocalypse and super-sex space trek? Man a day. The whole underlying tension of your magazine is rape/sadism/bondage in all its forms. I buy your crummy magazine for one or two stories a month, and because I'm a newsstand freak of some standing, but I think I just convinced myself that your dollar and a half would be better invested with the Krupp Mail Order, Ltd.

James E. Von Looy
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Jim: But enough about us. Let's talk about you. Gettin' much? — Eds.

Dear Editors:

Ah, people! I would like now to sincerely commend you for your most estimable production, *Heavy Metal*. The artwork varies between very good and excellent; the scripting and plain (?) fiction lies also in that range somewhere; and by the time that one has completed a thorough cover-to-cover savoring, one realizes that you are rather cruel humans. You tease us with only a small portion of the type of material we would enjoy much longer than you allow. Break out the whips 'n' stuff and get those artists and writers supplying a few hundred more pages each month. We could handle it, believe me.

I must say that I especially relished "Ozone Alley" in the May issue, and Bihannic and Druillet's contribution to the July mag.

Also, is there any way us common folk can get a hold on a poster-size reproduction of the July edition's back cover? It is magnificent.

Armand L.B. Christopherson
Springside, Saskatchewan

Dear Armand: No sooner said... the Caldwell July cover is about to be released as a poster, first in our line. (Can *Heavy Metal* lunch buckets be far behind?) Watch this space for publication date. — Eds.

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 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur.
© Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. N.Y. Sole Importers



Heavy Metal Vol. II, No.7 November 1978

CONTENTS

Chain Mail, 1

...Henceforth..., 4

The New Tales of the Arabian Nights, Sindbad in the Land of Jinn, by **Corben and Strnad**, 6

Exterminator 17, by **Bilal**, 15

Orion, by **Morrow**, 22

The Great Trap, by **Sire**, 27

Gail, by **Druillet**, 40

The Garage, by **Moebius**, 45

Galactic Geographic, by **Kofoed**, 48

Off-Season, by **Zha and Claveloux**, 50

Empire, by **Samuel Delany and Howard Chaykin**, 60

Surgical Tactics by **Bissette**, 80

Heilman, by **Voss**, 82

So Beautiful and So Dangerous, by **McKie**, 88

Front cover, Helen of Troy, by **Marcus Boas**

Back cover, May I Have a Cup of Dilithium Crystals, Please, by **Bill Selby**

"Empire," by Samuel Delany and Howard Chaykin, copyright © 1978, Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc.

"Sindbad in the Land of Jinn," from *The New Tales of the Arabian Nights*, copyright © 1978, by Richard Corben and Jan Strnad.

"So Beautiful and So Dangerous," copyright © 1978, by Angus McKie.

"Orion," copyright © 1978, by Gray Morrow.

"Galactic Geographic," copyright © 1978, by Karl Kofoed.

"Exterminator 17," by Bilal, "The Great Trap" by Sire, "Gail," by Druillet, "The Garage," by Moebius, "Off-Season," by Zha and Claveloux, and "Heilman," by Voss are all from *Metal Hurlant*, copyright © 1976, 1977, 1978. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoïdes Associés, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

"Surgical Tactics," copyright © 1978 by Steve Bissette

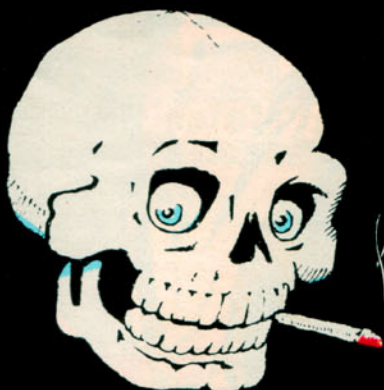
"Helen of Troy," copyright © 1978, by Marcus Boas.

"May I Have a Cup of Dilithium Crystals, Please," copyright © 1978, by Bill Selby.

Editors: **Sean Kelly, Valerie Marchant**
Copy Editor: **Susan Devins**
Foreign Rights Manager: **Barbara Sabatino**
Art Assistant: **Bill Workman**
Art Assistant: **Joey Green**

Design Director: **Peter Kleinman**
Managing Editor: **Julie Simmons**
Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.**
Publisher: **Richard B. Barthelme**

Art Director: **John Workman**
Circulation Director: **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Publishing Directors: **Matty Simmons and Leonard Mogel**
Advertising Manager: **Colin Wight**
Public Relations and Promotion: **Eric Rolfe Greenberg**



The Best Comix From The **UNDERGROUND**

Here's your chance to pick up on some
of the most amazing adult
cartooning available.



HUMOR PACKAGE

These six comix will make you giggle like getting loaded for the first time. Let these crazy cartoonists tickle your ribs.
Humor Package: \$5.50



DOPE PACKAGE

Seven comix that deal with the subject of tokin', tootin' and droppin' various goodies. Includes Freak Brothers No. 4 and No. 5! Much information and satire on the drug culture.
Dope Package: \$6.25



SEX PACKAGE

Four comix, including the infamous Zap No. 4, and a special 160 page book featuring the collected drawings from Snatch and Jiz comix. Unbelievable!
Sex Package: \$7.20



COMIX INTRO PACKAGE

An assortment of six general interest titles that should serve as an ideal introduction to this exciting media.
Comix Intro Package: \$5.50



KRUPP'S GIANT CATALOG

Containing over 250 underground comic titles, the Krupp Giant Catalog is your complete one-stop source for underground literature. It's 100 pages (40 in full color) also feature a full line of headgear, plus books, posters, T-shirts and more.

Just \$1.00 which is refundable with your first order.

BONUS: Order any comix package on this page and get the giant catalog FREE!

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| — Sex Package @ \$7.20 | — Comix Intro Package @ \$5.50 |
| — Humor Package @ \$5.50 | — Krupp's Giant Catalog @ \$1.00 |
| — Dope Package @ \$6.25 | (Free with any order!) |

Include 50¢ postage with each comic order

You must be over 18. Sign here: I am 18 or older

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Use your ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge card
card number _____ expiration date _____

Send to: KRUPP MAIL ORDER
P.O. Box 9090 Dept. HM-5
Boulder, Co. 80301

...HENCEFORTH...

"What's Wrong with This Picture?" is a game popular with Sunday kiddie page readers, Zapruder film-watchers, and, well ... us. Every issue, we like to include a couple of little — what we in the lucrative publishing game call — "typos." It is not easy to make mistakes in a magazine that goes to press four months before it goes on sale. There is time — too much time — to make corrections. The prying eyes of managing and copy editors often spot the work of what we in the fiscally rewarding printing trade call "gremlins."

So, it was no easy task, as you can imagine, getting the pages of Ellison's "Croatoan" out of sequence in September. Palms were crossed with silver, disguises donned, tapes erased. Last month it was simple, by comparison, convincing the printer to leave author-artist Gray Morrow's name off the title panel of his strip "Orion," and having the word "calendar" dropped out of the calendar ad.

This month has been a bitch. We thought of running "Gail" backwards, but realized no one would notice. Everything else was arriving in tamper-proof packages from France and England. It looked hopeless. And then, it happened.

The Chaykin/Delany **Empire** book excerpt, which we had planned to run in December, got bumped forward to



this edition. Chaos, glorious chaos! Art director Workman took a run and slam-dunked 20 color pages into the middle of the book. Wonder how it'll all turn out?

Next month, if everything goes according to plan (snicker, snicker), we will have a 12-page Moebius detective story for your Yuletide delectation. But, maybe not

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of
Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice-President, Circulation **George S. Agolia**
Vice-President, Finance **Charles Schneider**
Vice-President, Creative Projects **Sean Kelly**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard B. Barthelme**
Controller **Esther Barrett**

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE: "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. Copyright © 1978 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$18.00 paid annual subscription, \$26.00 paid two-

year subscription, and \$33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: Colin Wight, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. West Coast: Lowell Fox and Associates, 16200 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. **Southern Offices:** Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

THE CARS

TOP-DOWN MUSIC IN A HARDTOP WORLD



BUY 'THE CARS' ON ELEKTRA RECORDS AND TAPES. 
ALBUM INCLUDES THE SINGLE, "JUST WHAT I NEEDED."

PRODUCED BY ROY THOMAS BAKER • DIRECTION: FRED LEWIS ORGANIZATION

© 1978 Elektra/Asylum Records • A Warner Communications Co.

Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn

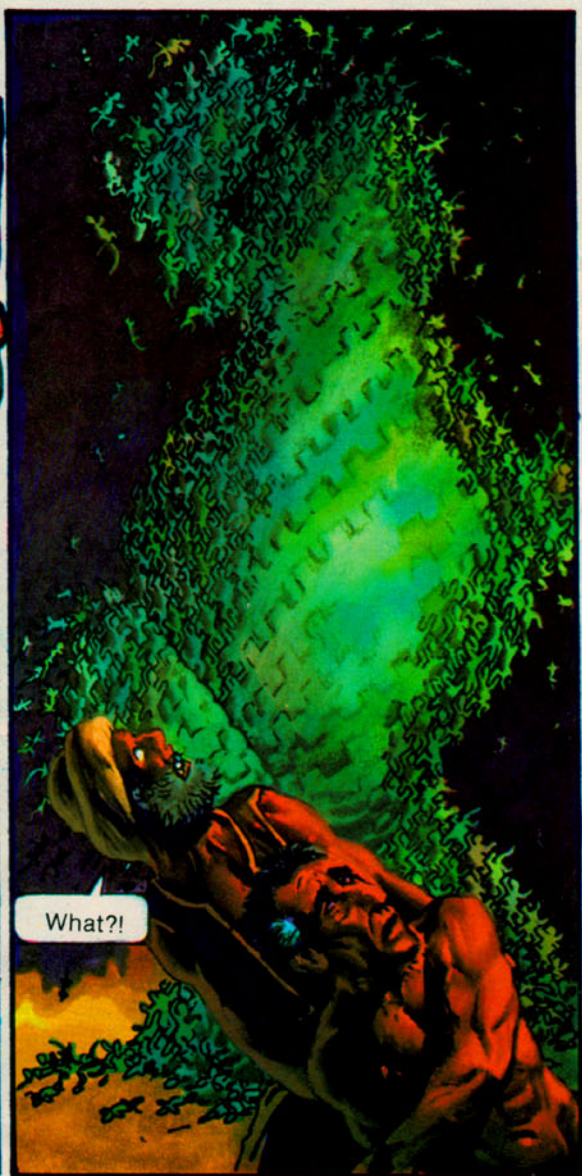


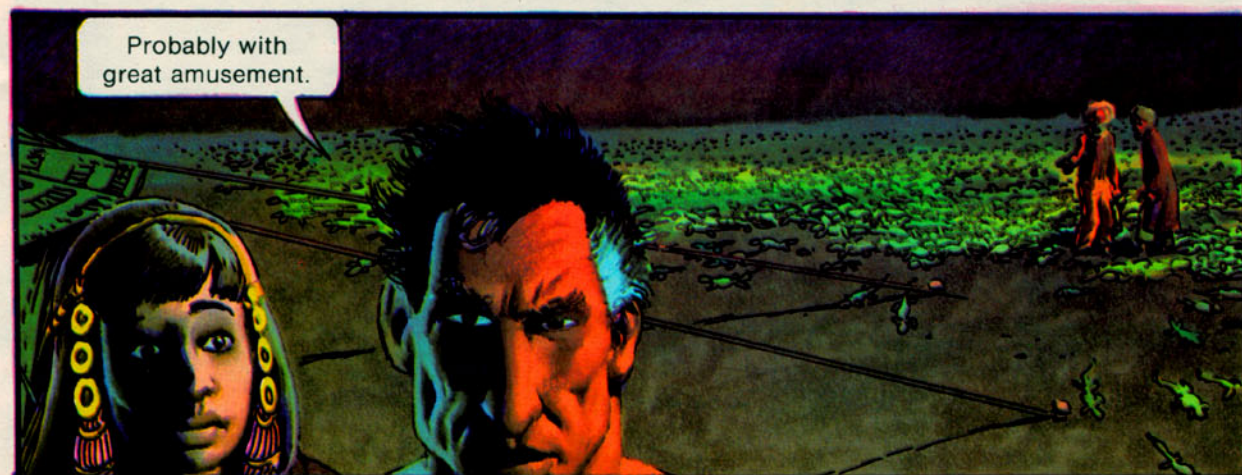
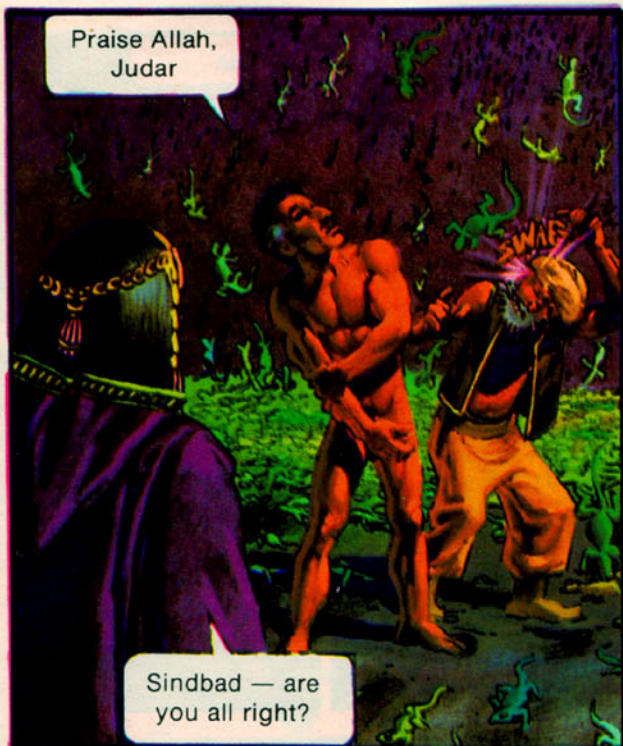
© 1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad



New Tales
of the
Arabian Nights









Starved for
affection, dog?



Yeah . . .



. . . me, too.









to be continued

OVER 300,000 PEOPLE WILL SEE THIS MAGAZINE.
ONLY 3,000 OF THEM CAN BUY THESE BOOKS.

New full-color fantasy in deluxe signed hardcover editions

THE ILLUSTRATED HARLAN ELLISON

ALFRED BESTER'S THE STARS MY DESTINATION



ILLUSTRATED BY STERANKO • NEAL ADAMS
RALPH REESE • TOM SUTTON • ALFREDO ALCALA
OVERTON LOYD • WILLIAM STOUT • MIKE WHELAN



THE SCIENCE FICTION EPIC BY ALFRED BESTER—
AN INCREDIBLE, FULL COLOR GRAPHIC STORY ADAPTATION
ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD CHAYKIN, STAR WARS ARTIST.

For twenty years there has been one science fiction novel that fantasy illustrators around the world have wanted to draw—a novel so visual, so sweeping in its drama and characterizations, that it cried out for the graphic story form.

Now the wait is over—Stars is here. The story of Gully Foyle—loner, common-man, 3rd Class Mate on a shattered starship, who becomes the most famous, most dangerous and most incredible man of the 25th century. Gully Foyle—the adventurer, the rogue, the cyborg, the criminal, the dreamer.

If you've never read the novel, this adult

comics version will stun you. If you know the book, this graphic story will delight you, with over 300 full-color illustrations by Howard Chaykin at a new plateau in his career.

Stars is an epic—a two volume set weighing over 2 pounds . . . signed, limited to strictly 3000 hardcover copies with special tipped in color plate.

Investors ordering both volumes now will receive free deluxe two-volume slipcase and illustrated folio. Lowest numbered editions will be reserved for two-volume orders. Once these hardcovers are sold, no new copies will be produced.

To do justice to the incredible fantasy and science fiction of Hugo and Nebula award winning author Harlan Ellison, eight major illustrators have teamed up to produce graphic story versions of his work.

For the first time—Deeper Than The Darkness by Neal Adams; Croatoan by Sutton and Alcala; 'Repent Harlequin!' said the TickTockMan by Steranko in dazzling new 3-D form! A graphic experiment complete with glasses.

Seven Ellison stories—from a lonely night on a dark train to a cold and distant

starship of mutant survivors—lavishly illustrated on deluxe glossy stock.

Last year's collector's edition of The Illustrated Zelazny is now out of stock. The Illustrated Ellison, weighing a full pound, is strictly limited to 3,000 copies. This magnificent edition will be signed and numbered by the author and each book will contain a special tipped in color plate and engraved cloth jacket. Once these hardcovers are sold, no new copies will be produced.

☐ Enclosed is \$14.95 + .95¢ postage and handling (Total \$15.90). Please send me the deluxe, signed ILLUSTRATED HARLAN ELLISON.

☐ Please charge my Bank Americard Account # _____

☐ Please charge my Master Charge Account # _____
Expiration Date _____

Send to:
BARONET PUBLISHING COMPANY 509 MADISON AVE.
DEPT. FHM NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

Mr./Ms. _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

I understand book will be shipped immediately upon publication December, 1978.

☐ Enclosed is \$14.95 + .95¢ postage (TOTAL \$15.90). Please send me the deluxe, signed first volume of THE STARS MY DESTINATION illustrated by Howard Chaykin.

☐ Please charge to my Bank Americard # _____

☐ Please charge my Master Charge Account # _____
Expiration Date _____

Send to:
BARONET PUBLISHING COMPANY SPECIAL ACCOUNT
BOX 5295, F.D.R. POST OFFICE, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

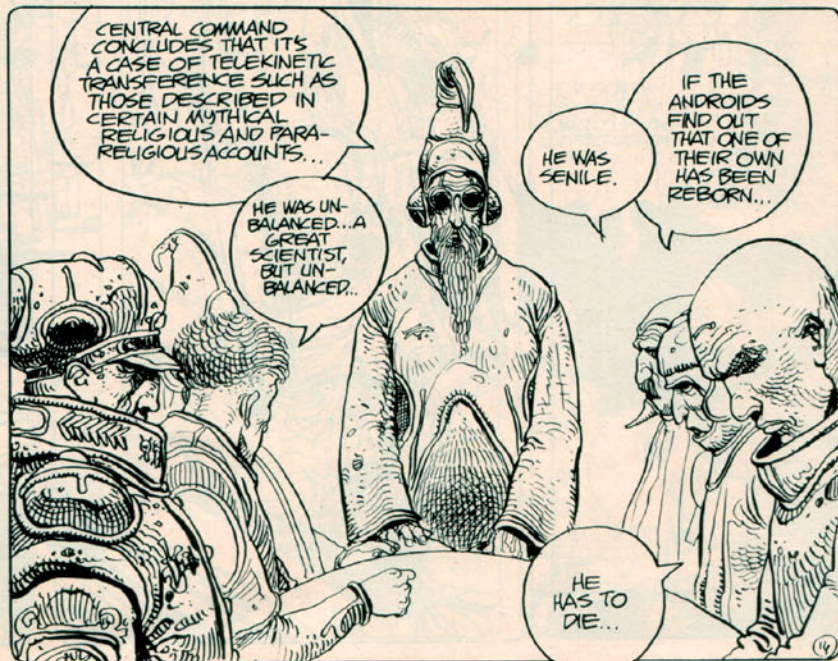
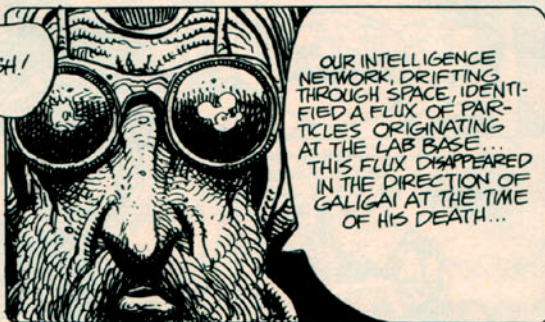
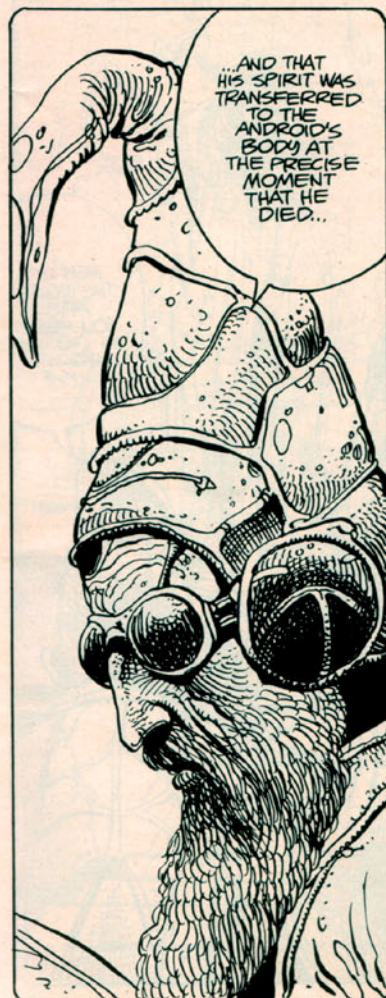
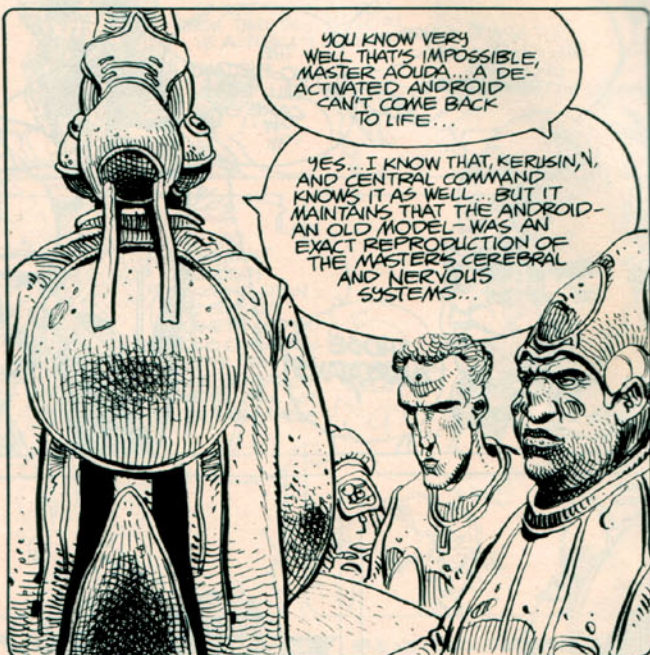
Mr./Ms. _____

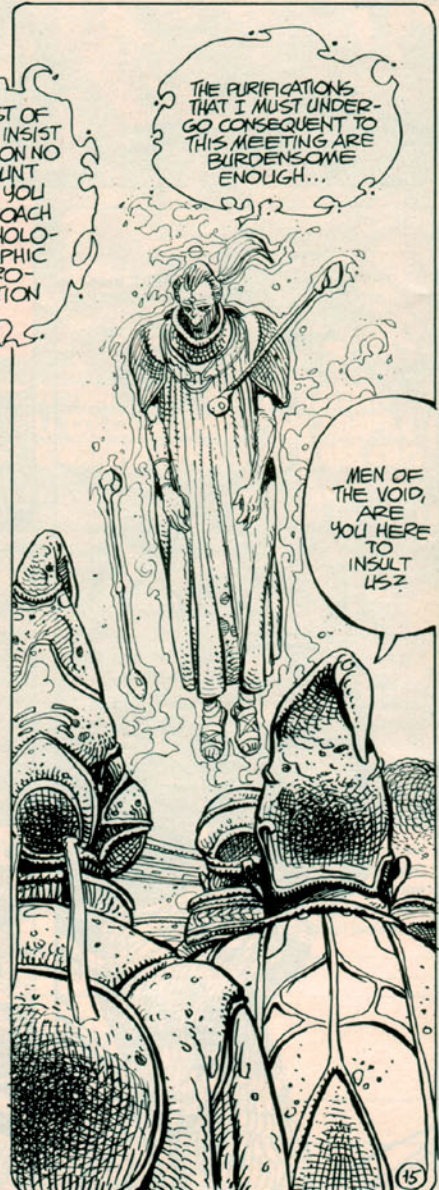
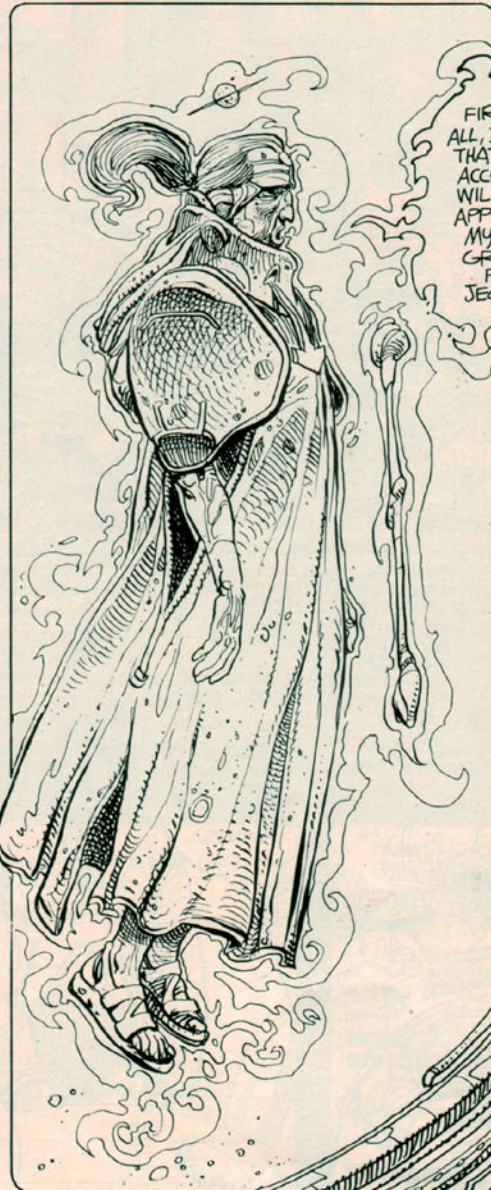
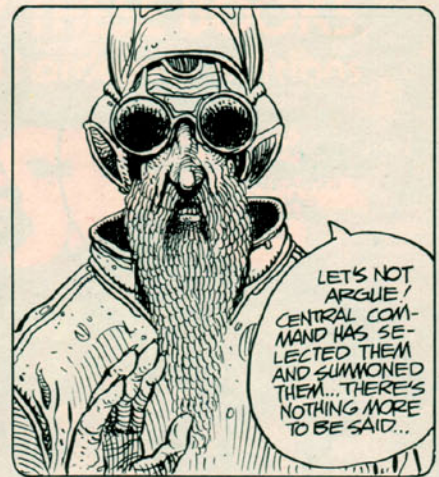
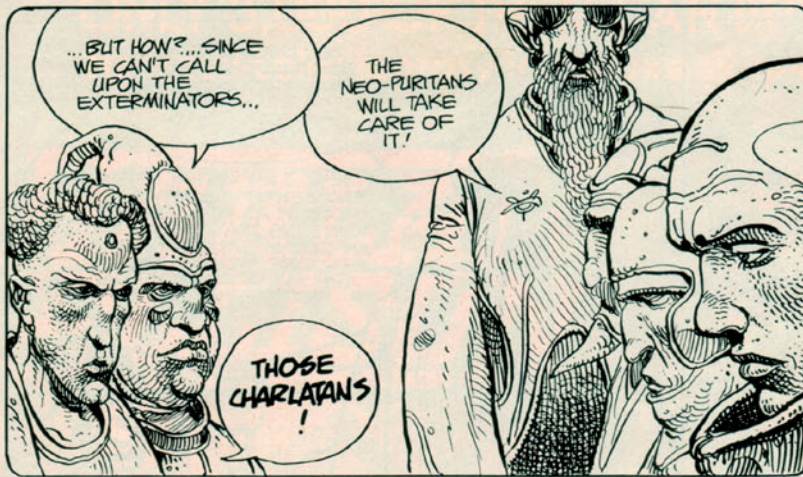
Address _____

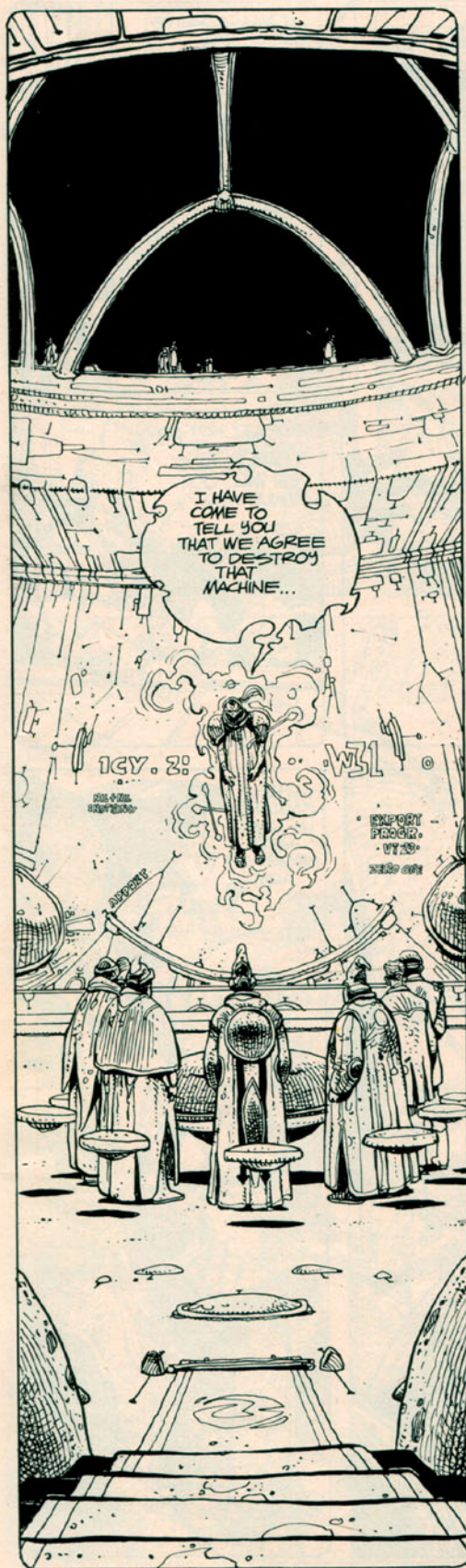
City/State/Zip _____

I understand Volume 1 will be shipped February, 1979. I understand Volume 2 will be shipped Spring '79. Slip case and collector's folio shipped with Volume 1 of all two volume purchases.

EXTERMINATOR II.







I HAVE
COME TO
TELL YOU
THAT WE AGREE
TO DESTROY
THAT
MACHINE...

1CY. 2:

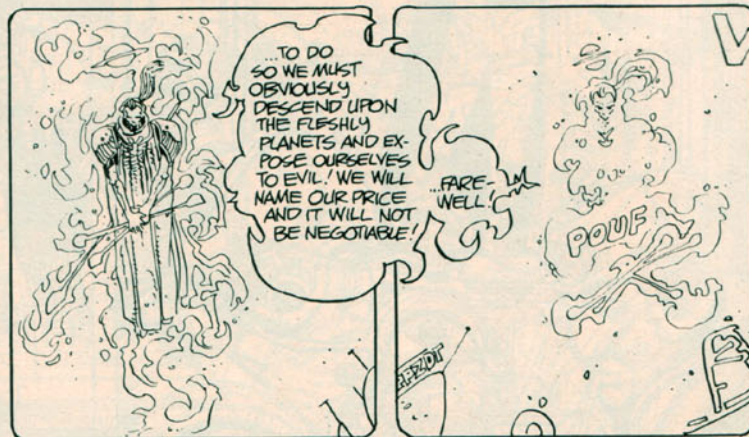
W31

REPORT
PROG.
TYPE
W310 001



SO YOU HAVEN'T TOLD
THEM THAT THIS MACHINE
IS ACTUALLY A MAN?

SHUT
UP!



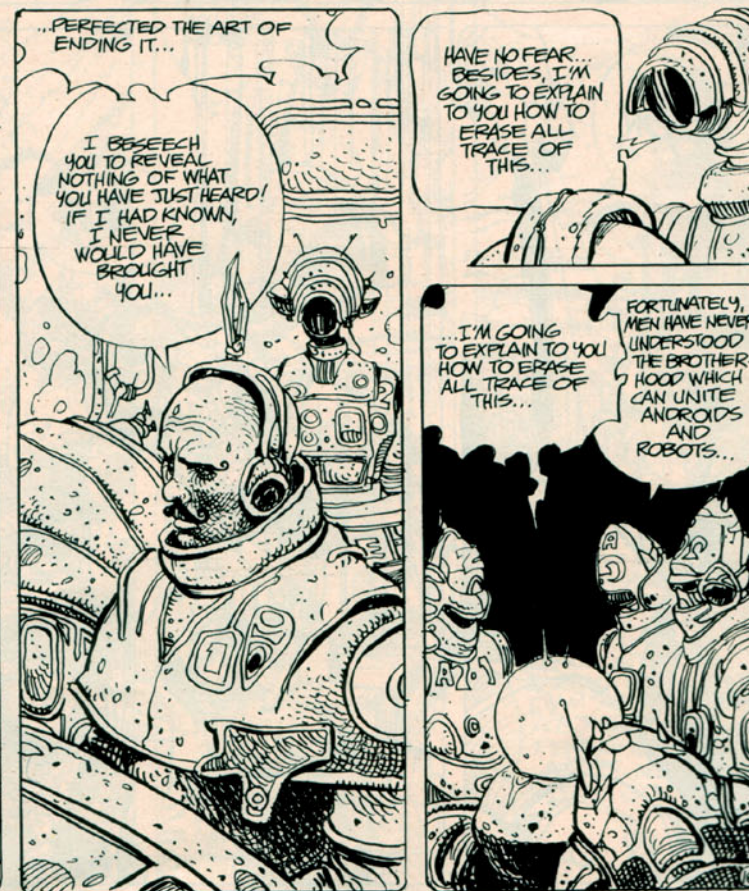
...TO DO
SO WE MUST
OBVIOUSLY
DESCEND UPON
THE FLESHLY
PLANETS AND EX-
POSE OURSELVES
TO EVIL! WE WILL
NAME OUR PRICE
AND IT WILL NOT
BE NEGOTIABLE!

FARE-
WELL!

POUF



HAVE NO FEAR...THEY NEED MONEY
TO KEEP THEIR SHIPS MOVING BE-
TWEEN WORLDS, AND BECAUSE
THEY HAVE FORESWORN TERRES-
TRIAL LIFE, THEY HAVE ABSO-
LUTELY PERFECTED THE
ART OF ENDING IT...



...PERFECTED THE ART OF
ENDING IT...

I BESEECH
YOU TO REVEAL
NOTHING OF WHAT
YOU HAVE JUST HEARD!
IF I HAD KNOWN,
I NEVER
WOULD HAVE
BROUGHT
YOU...

HAVE NO FEAR...
BESIDES, I'M
GOING TO EXPLAIN
TO YOU HOW TO
ERASE ALL
TRACE OF
THIS...

...I'M GOING
TO EXPLAIN TO YOU
HOW TO ERASE
ALL TRACE OF
THIS...

FORTUNATELY,
MEN HAVE NEVER
UNDERSTOOD
THE BROTHER-
HOOD WHICH
CAN UNITE
ANDROIDS
AND
ROBOTS...



...THOMAS HAD BEEN DRIFTING FOR A FORT-NIGHT WHEN HE SAW A STRANGER'S SPACESHIP...



IT WAS DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING HE HAD SEEN BEFORE... IT WAS...



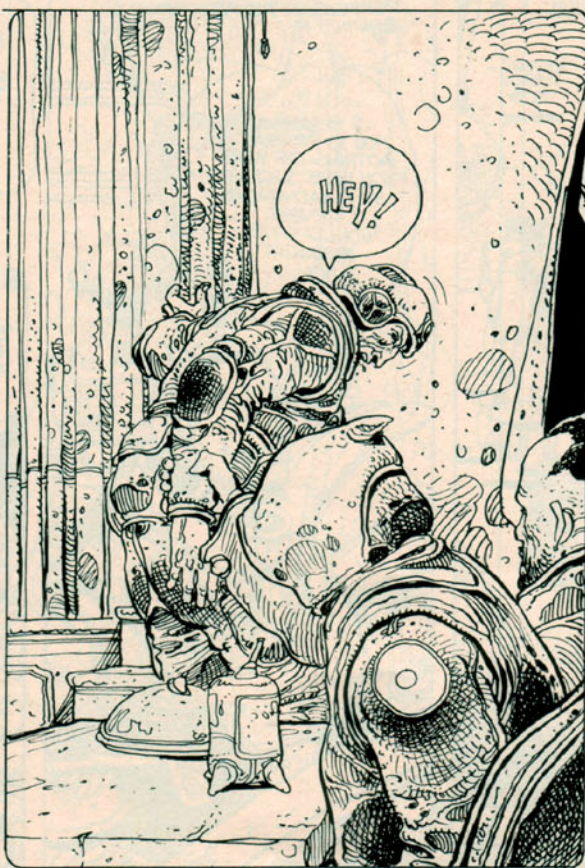
...IT WAS... FORGIVE ME... I'LL CONTINUE... LATER...



YOU WILL NOT CONTINUE LATER CHARLATAN!!! YOU WILL CONTINUE NOW!



I SAID GO ON!



HEY!

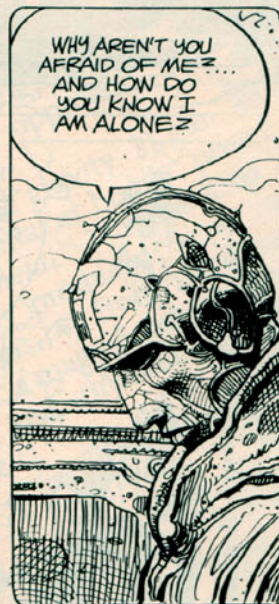
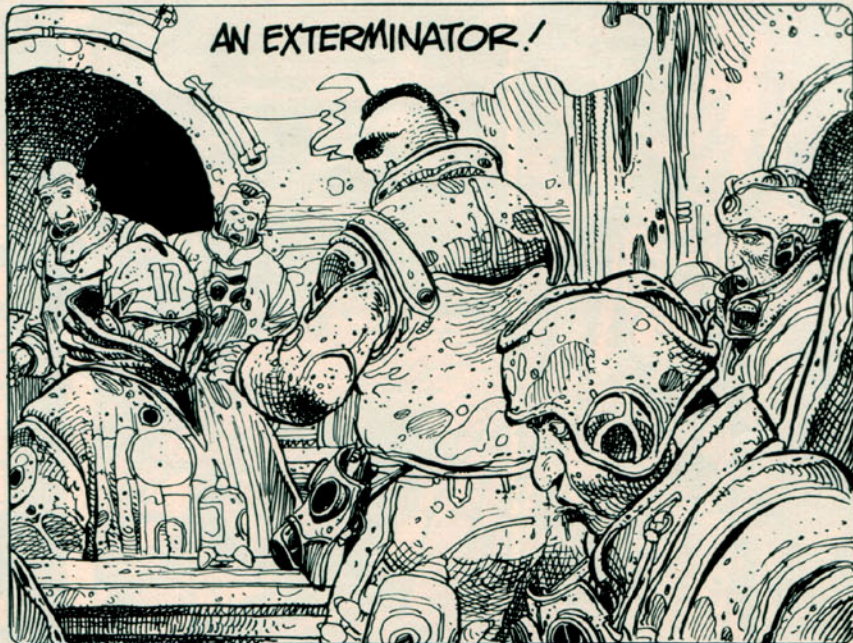


THE BASTARD! HE DAMN NEAR BROKE MY ARM!

NEVER MIND... I'LL HANDLE IT...



SO, OLD MINER, SOMETHING UPSET YOU?



THEY'LL BE DELIGHTED TO TAKE US... TWO BARDS ONBOARD IS MORE THAN THEY COULD HAVE HOPED FOR...



COME!

BUT THAT'S A GENETIC PROBE SHIP. IT'S GOING TO WANDER AT RANDOM BETWEEN WORLDS AND ALL THE PASSENGERS WILL DIE ON BOARD, HOPING THAT THEIR DESCENDANTS WILL FIND A BETTER WORLD SOME DAY...



YOU'RE MAD CLETON! WAIT!



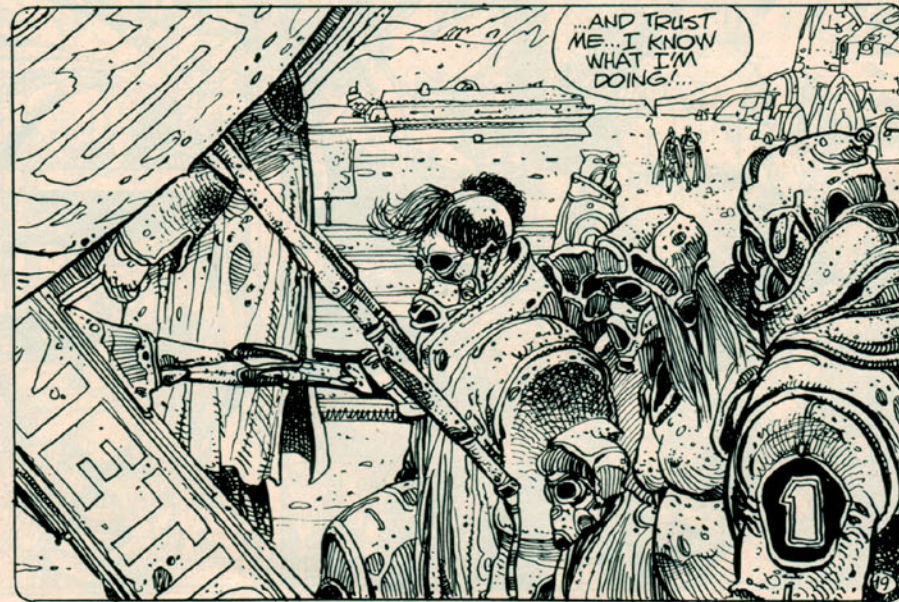
SOON THEY'RE GOING TO CLOSE THE EXTERIOR DOORS AND WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE IN THAT FLYING COFFIN!



PUT ON YOUR MASK! A HUMAN CANNOT SURVIVE IN THIS RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE LIKE AN ANDROID!



...AND TRUST ME... I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!...



HM1178

ORION

CHAPTER 8

ORION AND SPRITE HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN THE MUSTY LABORATORY CELLARS THAT HOUSE THE GREAT VAPOR MACHINES. SPRITE BECOMES WEAK AND FAINT FROM PROXIMITY TO THE POWERFUL SPELL THAT GUARDS THEM. THEIR PRESENCE IN THON'S RETREAT WARNS CHANDRA AND SHE HURRIES TO DEFEND IT. UNDER COVER OF THE DROON'S ATTACK, LAMONTHOS ENTERS UNSEEN AND SMASHES THE DEVICES, THUS DOOMING CHANDRA, WIZARD AND SORCERESS ENGAGE IN A MAGICAL COMBAT AND CHANDRA, BESTED, ESCAPES THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE. ORION AND LAMONTHOS CLASH IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF THORBOLT, WHICH THREATENS TO REND THE VERY FABRIC OF THE EMPYREAN ETHER THAT CRACKLES AROUND THEM!



THORBOLT PROVES TO BE THE STRONGER WEAPON. HIS WAND SHATTERED, LAMONTHOS IS CORNERED WHEN...

...FELINA AND URZA BURST IN, HELL-BENT ON REVENGE!

...SPRINGS! THE SHE-BEAST!

WHAT IN--!

AAH! I TOLD YOU MY NOSE WOULD LEAD US TO THE SWINE! COME, MASTER, EMBRACE ME ONE FINAL TIME BEFORE I SEND YOU TO HELL!



THE HELL-CAT RELEASES HER RETRACTABLE CLAWS AND...

THE CAT-WOMAN IS AT HIS JUGULAR BEFORE THE MAGE CAN CONTRIVE A PROTECTIVE SPELL...



... BUT THE WILY WIZARD, IN AN ASTONISHING DISPLAY OF AGILITY, ENMESHES FELINA IN THE VOLUMINOUS FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK AND STUNS HER WITH A BLOW OF HIS BROKEN STAFF.

BELLCLOSE BITCH!



HE FREES HIMSELF, HOWEVER, ONLY TO FALL INTO URZA'S BEAR-LIKE CLUTCHES.

ALMOST QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, LAMONTHOS EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM THE GIANT MUTE'S GRIP AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH CHANDRA'S PREVIOUS AVENUE OF ESCAPE.



UNHEEDFUL OF THE INTERLOPERS,
ORION RUSHES TO SPRITE'S SIDE.

SPRITE! THE END ORION! FOR ME,
AT LEAST, CHANDRA HAS
LIVED TOO LONG... AND WHEN
THE SANDS OF TIME RUN OUT
FOR HER, SO DO THEY TOO,
FOR ME.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



IN MY RECOUNTING OF THE TALE
OF THIS SHADOWED VALLEY, I
OMITTED MENTION OF THIS—
THON, WHO GAVE CHANDRA
IMMORTALITY GAVE ME THE
SAME CURSE BY INEXTRICABLY
ENTWINING MY LIFE FORCE
WITH HERS. HE KNEW SHE
MIGHT, OUT OF JEALOUSY,
TERMINATE MY EXISTENCE.
SHOULD SHE DO SO, SHE WOULD
THEREFORE COMMIT SUICIDE.
THAT IS WHY SHE STEEPED
HERSELF IN THE BLACK ARTS
AND SOUGHT YOUR SWORD...



...IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEHOW IT
COULD BE USED TO SEVER THE LINK
THAT JOINS HER BEING WITH MINE.
DON'T BE SAD, MY LOVE, I USED YOU TO
END THON'S MACABRE JAPE ON US,
JUST AS I SO OFTEN, HOWEVER,
UNWILLINGLY MANIPULATED OTHER
MEN FOR CHANDRA'S DARK PURPOSES.
NOW I DON'T HAVE TO PLAY THE
GAME... ANY LONGER...



BUT I
LOVE
YOU!

NO, SWEET FOOL. I'M THE ARTIFICE AND
PROFANITY OF A BLACK MAGICIAN AND I
DIE GLADLY. SOON MY SIREN SISTER
EXPIRES, AND SO DO I. PLEASE... HOLD ME
CLOSE THEN FOR THESE LAST FEW MOMENTS...

... THEN YOU MUST DEPART, QUICKLY. THE ADJACENT
CHAMBER HOUSES ONE OF THON'S MARVELS--AN
AIRSHIP. USE IT TO ESCAPE THE IRE OF THE
INVIDIOUS DROONS... THEY'LL TORCH THE TOWERS...



IN THE MEANTIME, CHANDRA, PREFERRING A QUICK DEATH, CONFRONTS THE HOWLING DROONS.

...AND THEY DO NOT DISAPPOINT HER.



IN TRUTH, A CONFLAGRATION ROARS THROUGH THE FIVE TOWERS OF CASTLE CLAW. IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE DROONS AND CHANDRA'S GUARDIANS AN OVERTURNED BRAZIER HAS TURNED THE STRONGHOLD INTO A VERITABLE CREMATORIUM!



DO YOU LUST FOR A HIGHER QUALITY STEREO?

If you're planning to spend your hard-earned bucks on expensive hi-fi gear and your understanding of stereo is far past "beginner," Audio magazine can help you *save money*.

Of all major magazines in the field, Audio gives you the most, and the most detailed, impartial component equipment editorial content per year. You could easily buy *two dozen* books and not get as much component equipment information as you'd find in a year of Audio magazine!

Each month Audio magazine focuses on a special area of interest to people who love

excellent sounding stereo, including: loudspeakers, phono cartridges and pickups, cassette decks, amps, turntables, tuners, headphones, graphic equalizers, open reel decks, ambiance devices *and more!*

Know this—your hi-fi dealer probably subscribes to Audio magazine. He *has* to know the difference between great equipment and losers with "great names" or big price tags alone. If you're planning major hi fi purchases this year, a subscription to Audio magazine could save you hundreds of dollars.

Pick up a copy of Audio at *leading hi-fi dealers*, newsstands or start *your* subscription right *now*—fill out and mail the attached coupon—you can save real money on equipment and you will save real money over regular Audio single copy prices. *Do it now.*



YES—Start my subscription to Audio at once, with this special half-price offer of just \$6 for a full 12 issues of AUDIO magazine. (Regular price is \$12, so you save 50%.)

☐ Bill me ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Mail to—
Attn: Jean Davis, Audio,
401 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, PA 19108

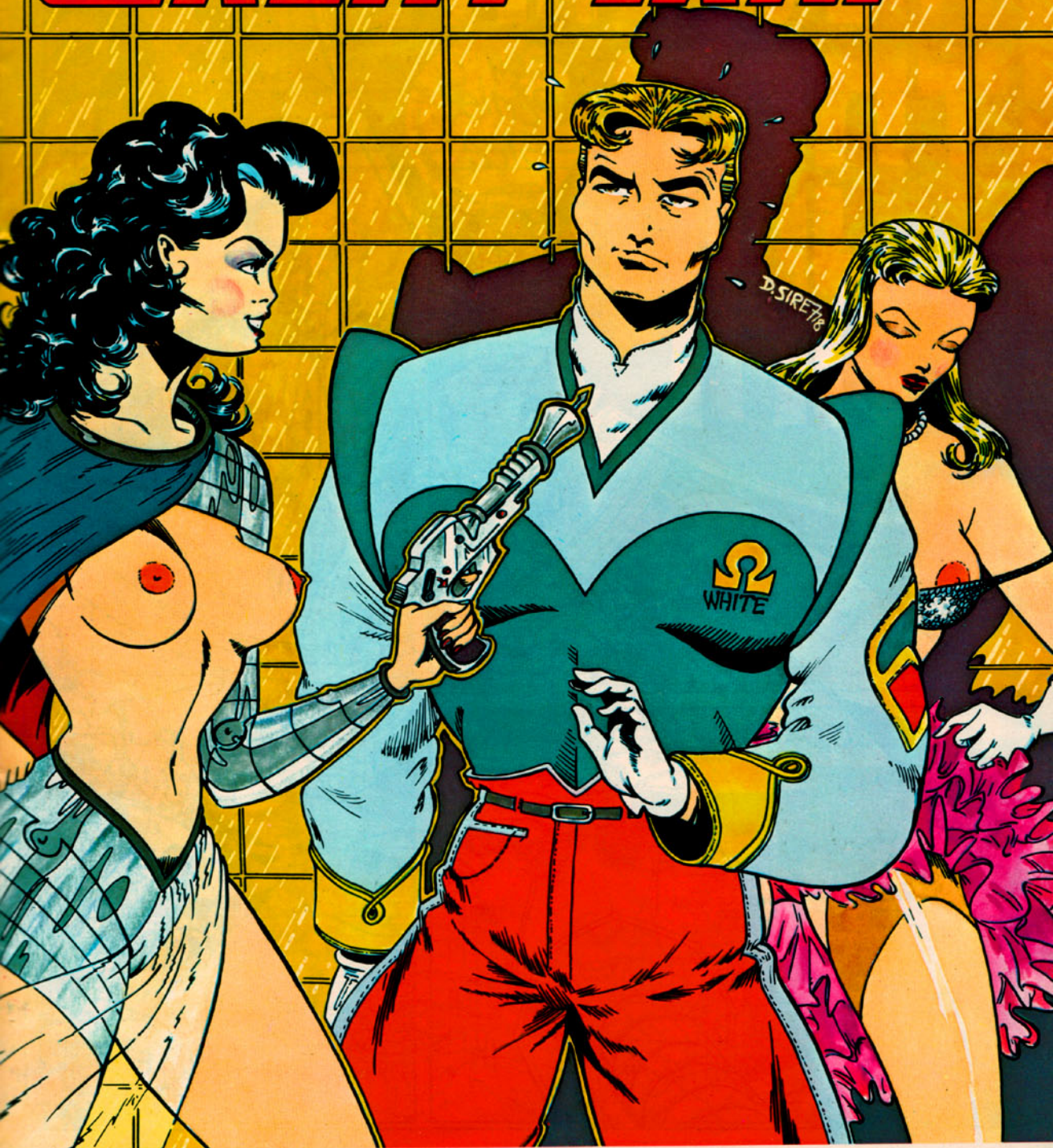
Expect first issue in 6 to 8 weeks. Please add \$3.00 per year for postage outside USA.

Offer good in U.S.A. and possessions only.

Audio is published by North American Publishing Company,
leaders in editorial excellence.



THE GREAT TRAP

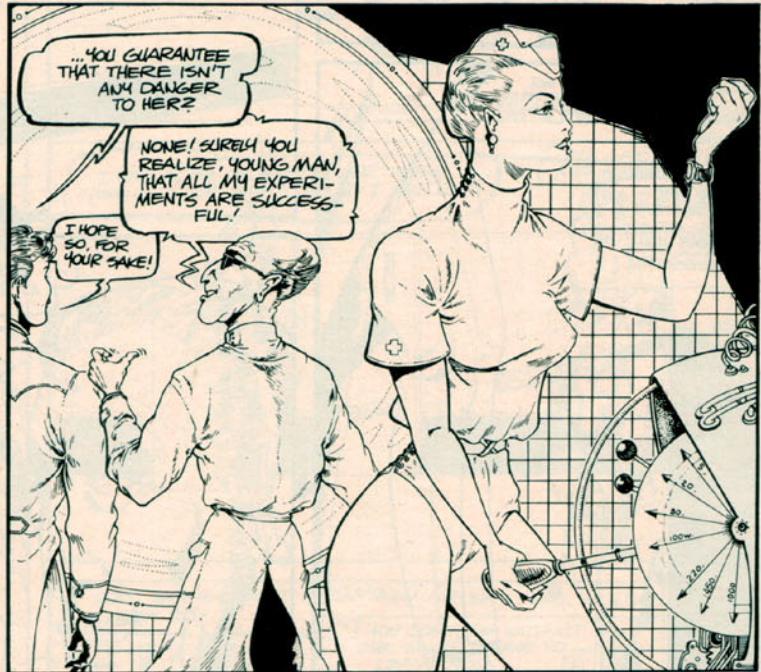
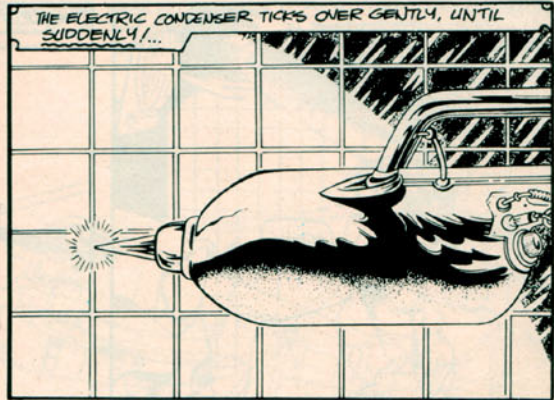


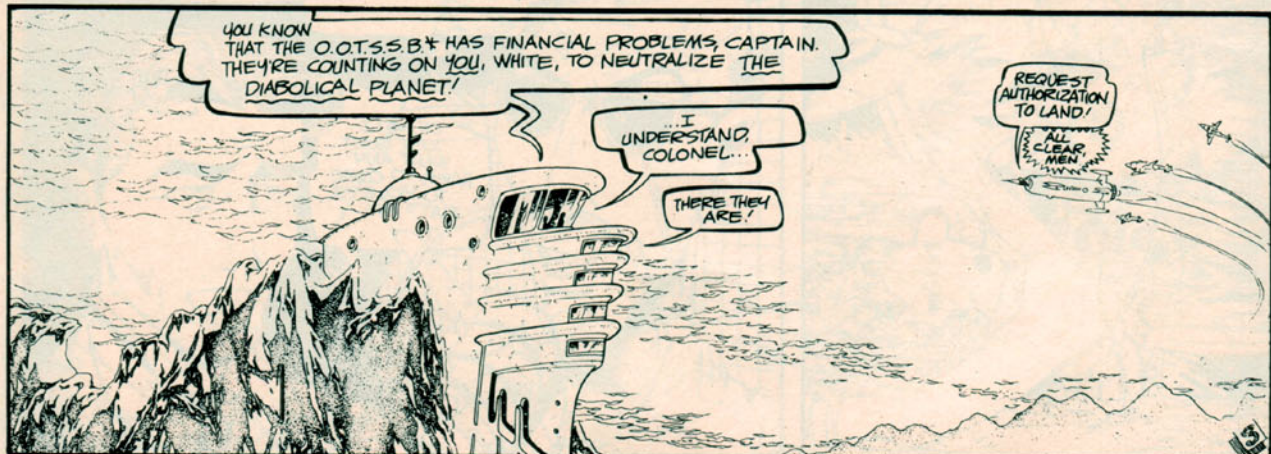
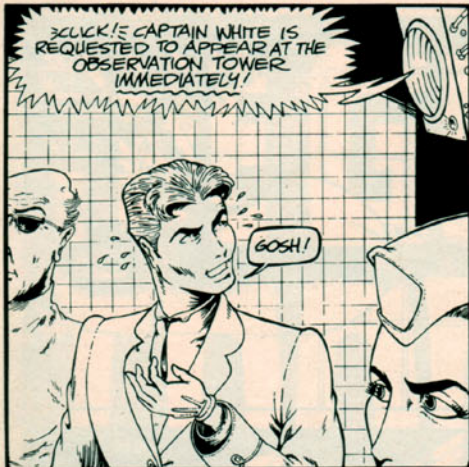
THE GREAT TRAP

by
Denis
Sire

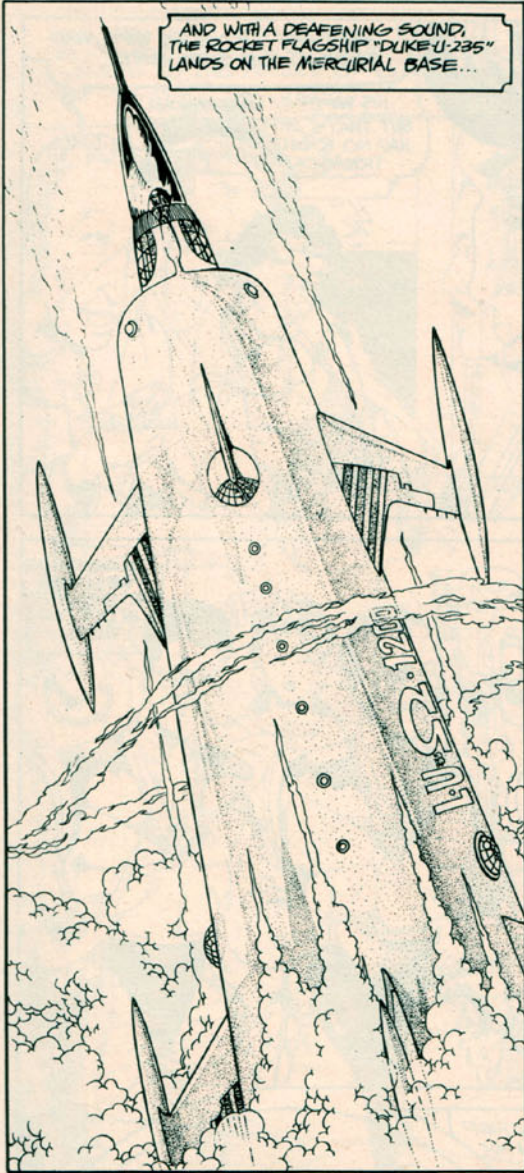
THE
SPATIAL
ADVENTURES
OF
M. WHITE
4TH
EPISODE



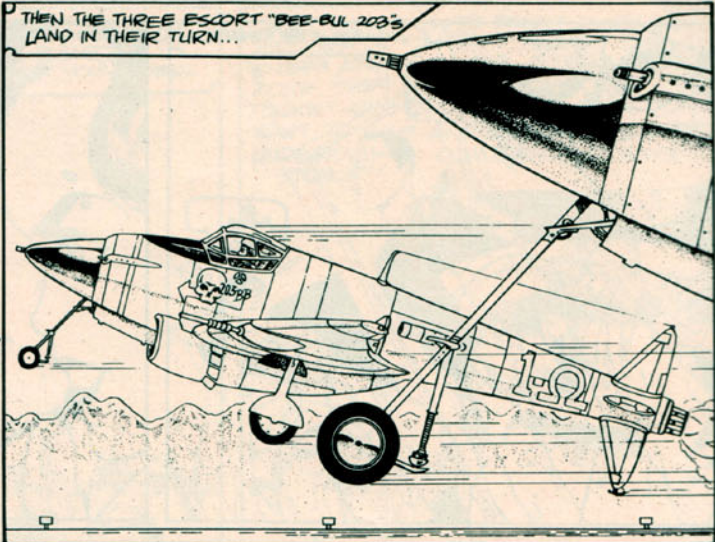




AND WITH A DEAFENING SOUND,
THE ROCKET FLAGSHIP "DUKE U-235"
LANDS ON THE MERCURIAL BASE...



THEN THE THREE ESCORT "BEE-BUL 203's"
LAND IN THEIR TURN...



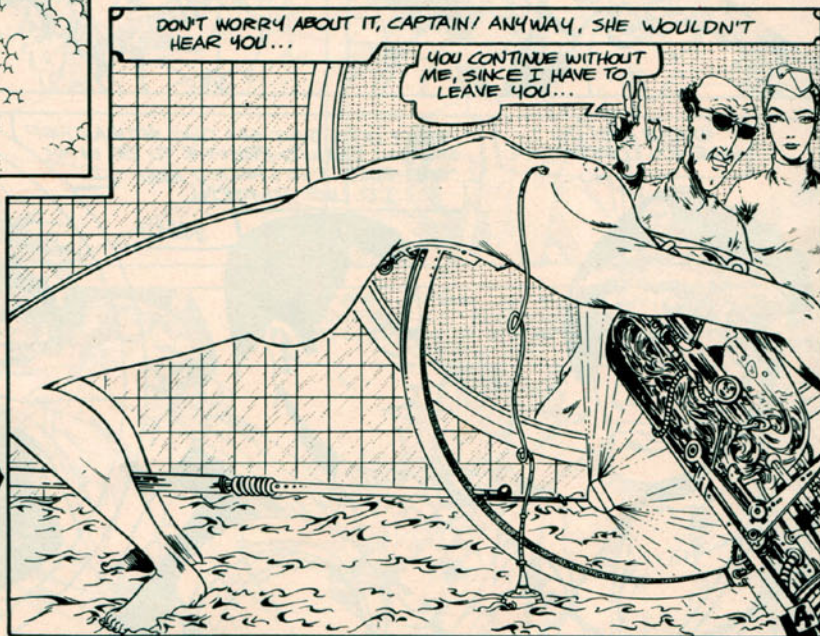
I HAVE SOME ORDERS TO GIVE TO THE
CREW OF YOUR SHIP! SHOULD I WAIT FOR
YOU?

I'LL GET READY
AND MEET YOU ON
THE RUNWAY...



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN! ANYWAY, SHE WOULDN'T
HEAR YOU...

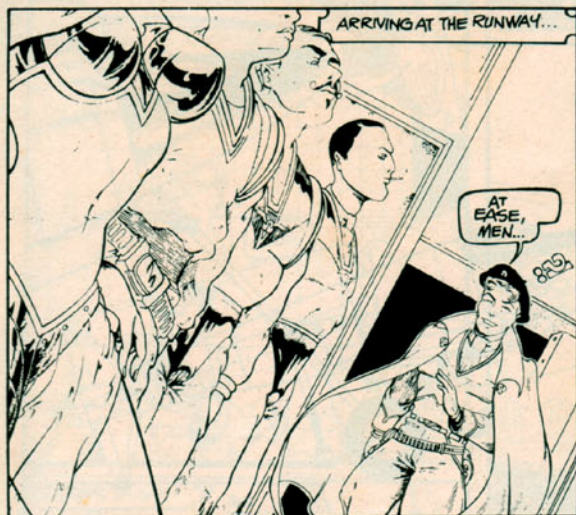
YOU CONTINUE WITHOUT
ME, SINCE I HAVE TO
LEAVE YOU...



A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER, MORRIS IS
READY FOR ACTION!

PRESS ON! PRESS ON! BY
ALL THE PLANETS, WITH ALL
THIS GOING ON, I DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE
TO VIOLETTA...





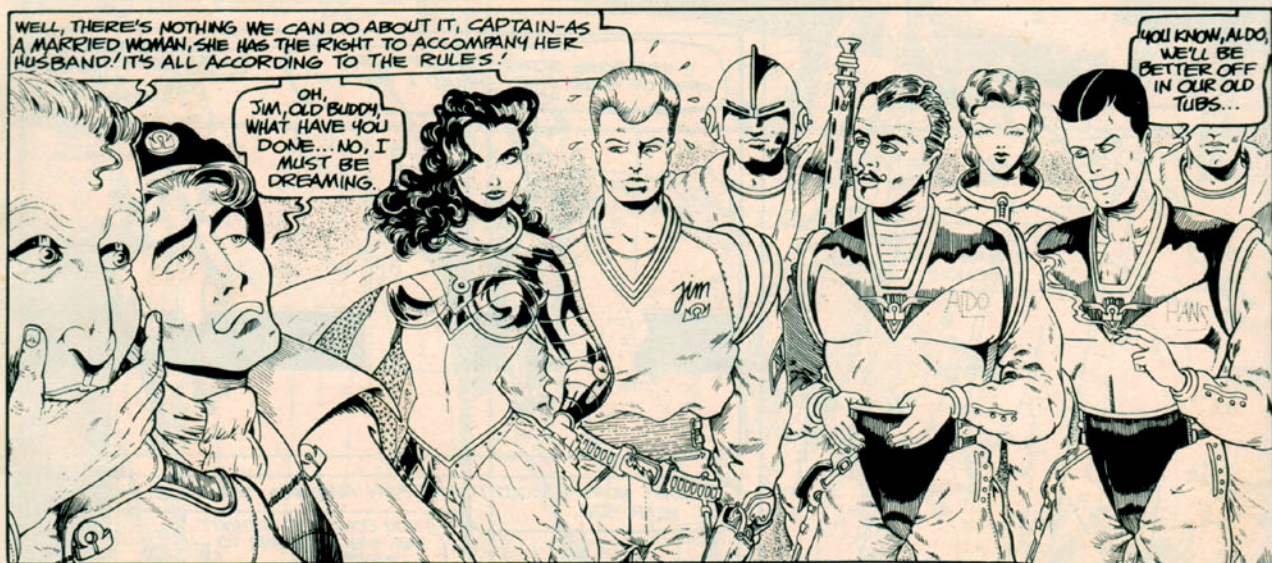
ARRIVING AT THE RUNWAY...

AT EASE,
MEN...



HERE ARE JIM AND HIS WIFE, WHO BROUGHT THE SHIP HERE...

HIS WIFE?? WHAT?? MONA...
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! SHE
HAD NO RIGHT! TREASON!



WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN-AS A MARRIED WOMAN, SHE HAS THE RIGHT TO ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND! IT'S ALL ACCORDING TO THE RULES!

OH,
JIM, OLD BUDDY,
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE... NO, I
MUST BE
DREAMING.

YOU KNOW, ALDO,
WE'LL BE
BETTER OFF
IN OUR OLD
TUBS...



EXCUSE ME! DID I HEAR YOU CORRECTLY?

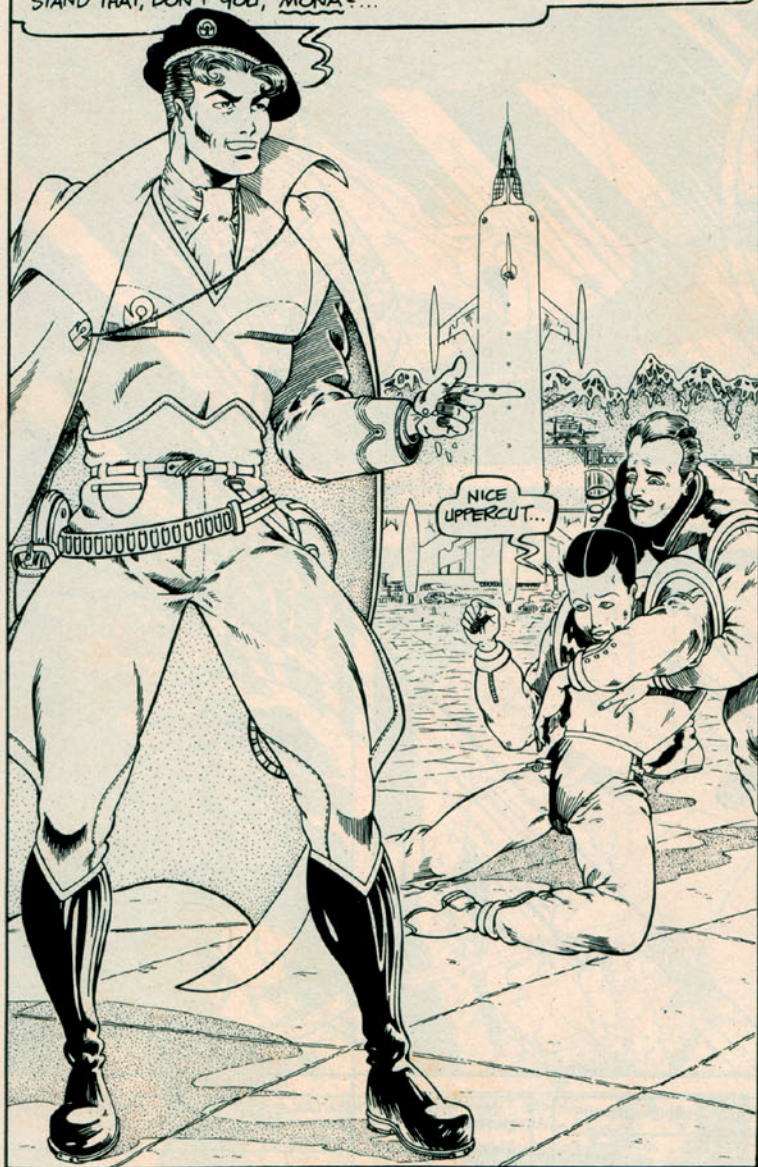
WHAT? LET'S JUST SAY THAT WITH A CHIEF
LIKE YOU I WOULD PREFER TO BE IN MY
"BEE-BUL"... I'VE LANDED AND
I'D LIKE TO KNOW

WHY!!

OH
YEAH?

SLAM!

WELL, NOW YOU'VE BEEN INFORMED. I WILL ACCEPT NO LAPSE IN DISCIPLINE, FOR OUR MISSION AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL PLANET IS ESSENTIAL TO THE FUTURE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU, MONA?...



NOW I WILL ADDRESS THE ESCORT PILOTS TO TELL THEM THE FOLLOWING: IN CASE OF ENEMY ATTACK IN THE INTERFERENCE ZONE, THEY MUST DEFEND THE "DUKE" SHIP ONLY! AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY INDIVIDUAL STUNTS. UNDERSTAND... COMMANDER HANS STORCH!!



THE BRIEFING OVER, THE CREW RETURNS TO THEIR SHIP



GOOD-BYE, COLONEL LOVECORN. TAKE CARE OF VIOLETTA.

GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN... AH! BY THE WAY, I'VE LOADED MY "DEFIANT A.S." FOR YOU. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR WHITE TO DEFEND THE "DUKE-U-235"...

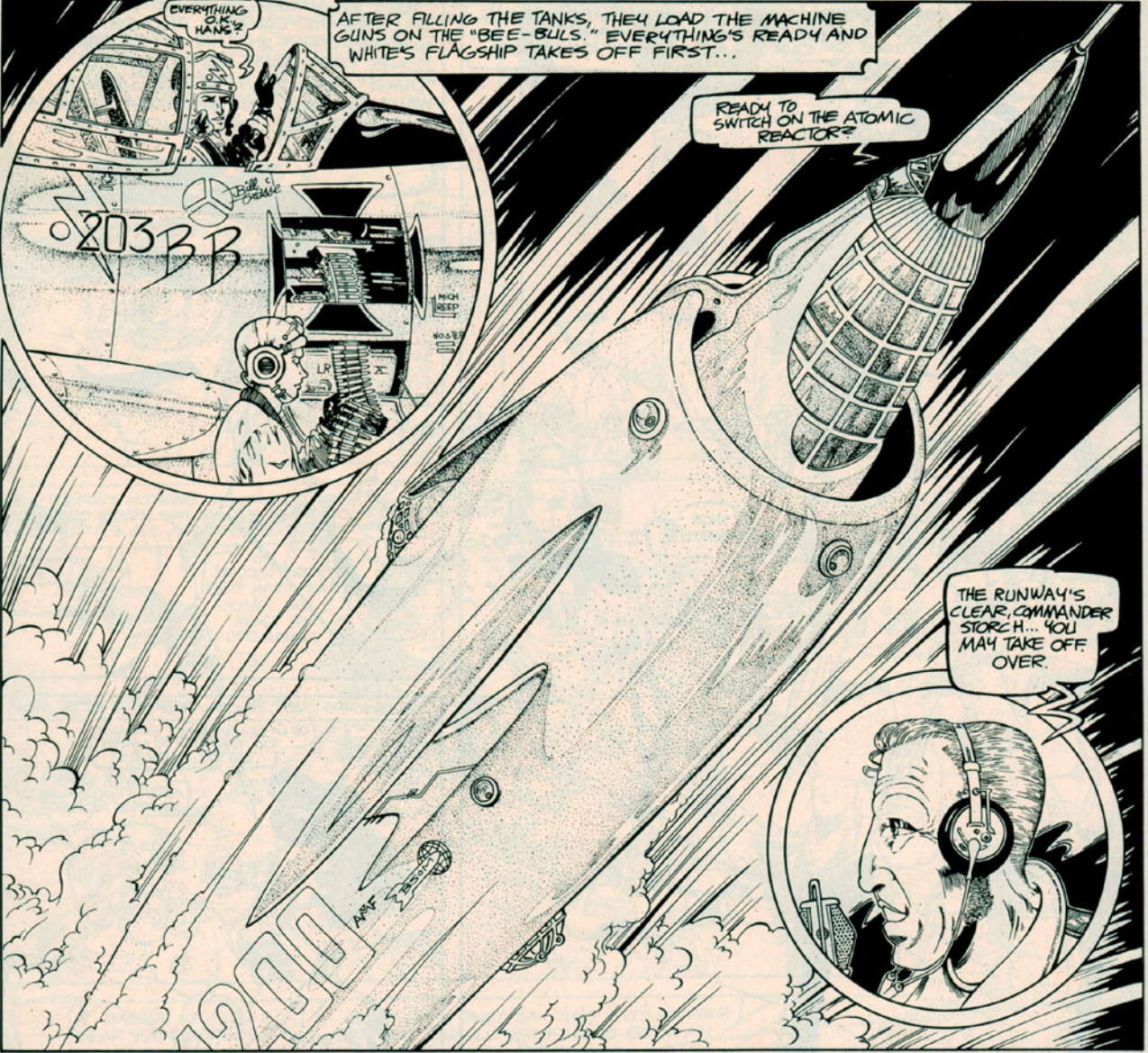


EVERYTHING
OK HANS?

AFTER FILLING THE TANKS, THEY LOAD THE MACHINE
GUNS ON THE "BEE-BULS." EVERYTHING'S READY AND
WHITE'S FLAGSHIP TAKES OFF FIRST...

READY TO
SWITCH ON THE ATOMIC
REACTOR?

THE RUNWAY'S
CLEAR, COMMANDER
STORCH... YOU
MAY TAKE OFF
OVER.

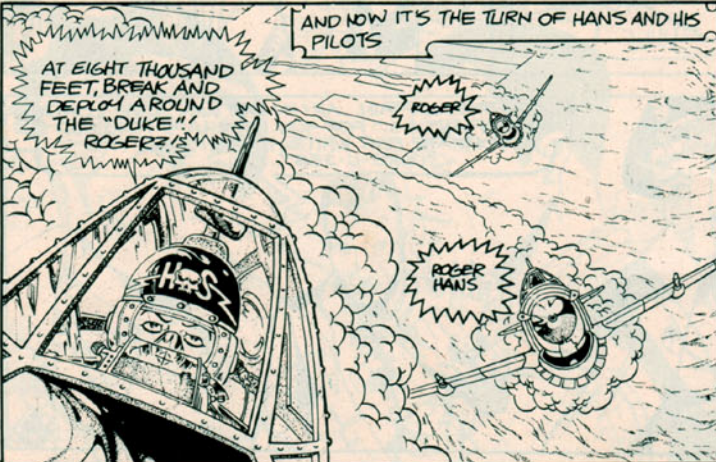


AND NOW IT'S THE TURN OF HANS AND HIS
PILOTS

AT EIGHT THOUSAND
FEET, BREAK AND
DEPLOY AROUND
THE "DUKE"
ROGER?

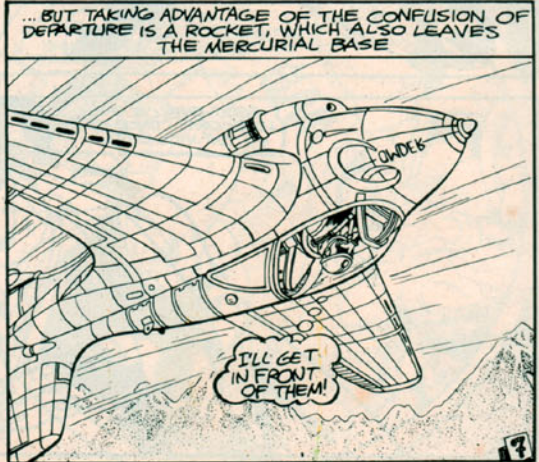
ROGER

ROGER
HANS

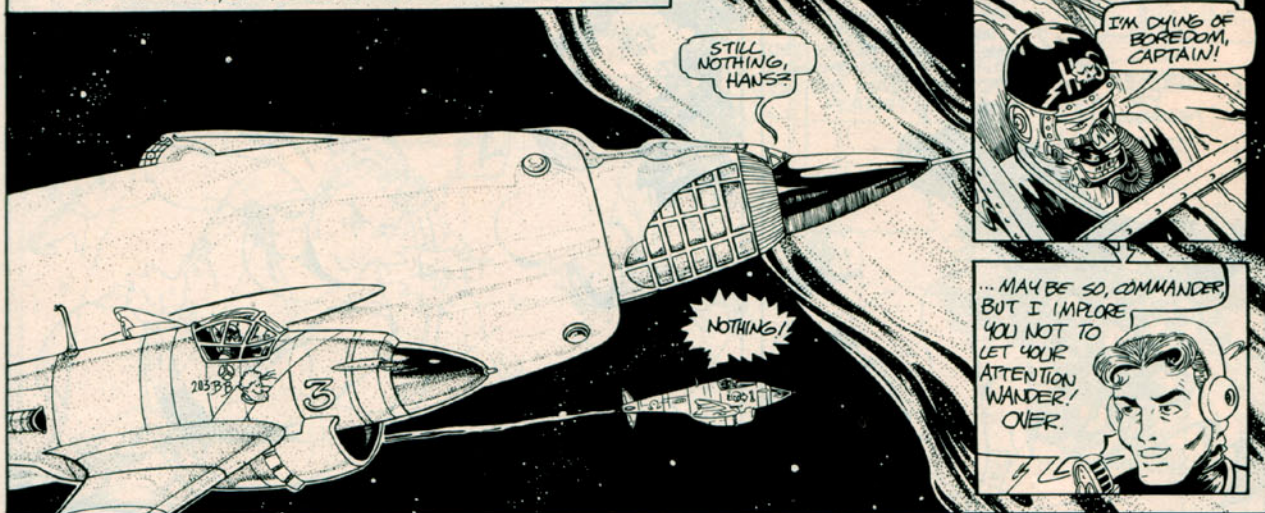


... BUT TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION OF
DEPARTURE IS A ROCKET, WHICH ALSO LEAVES
THE MERCURIAL BASE

I'LL GET
IN FRONT
OF THEM!

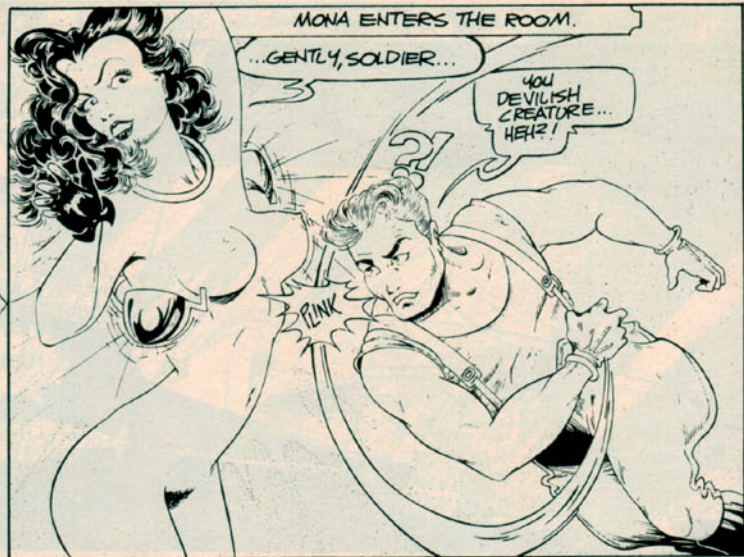


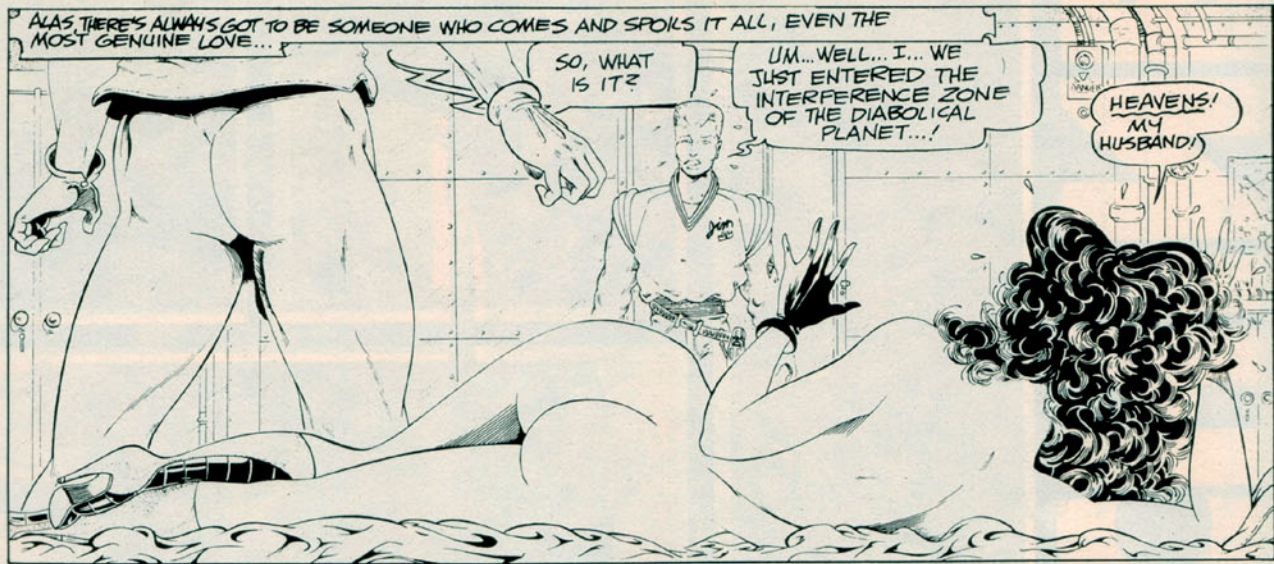
...MUCH LATER, ON THE GREAT ROAD THROUGH SPACE...



MEANWHILE, THAT VERY NIGHT ON THE DIABOLICAL PLANET...



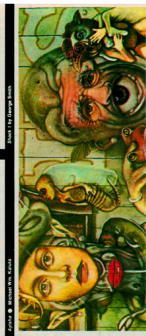




*SPATIAL INTERVENTION SQUADRON



TO BE CONTINUED



The Season of the Witch by Charles Caldwell

19 HEAVY 79
Calendar
ADAPTED BY THE CIRCLE OF
ARTISTS OF THE WORLD BY THE CIRCLE OF

The fantasy calendar for 1979 is from Heavy Metal, of course. From its cover by Richard Corben to Moebius in December, a year's worth of stunning, haunting, exciting ORIGINAL illustrations by Heavy Metal artists—including Drullet, Claveloux, and Kaluta, and special dates—Tarzan's birthday, Druid feasts, the anniversary of the end of the world. Order two—it's an ideal gift for old rich relations, with weak heads.

Henry Metal, Dept 1178
635 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ copies of the
Heavy Metal Calendar
at \$5.95 each.

Please add 75¢ per calendar for shipping and handling.

1


References

10

Chlorine

1

Downloaded from <http://ajphaphapublications.sagepub.com> at 11:01 11 November 2014



MANY MANY OF THE ANGELS... JUST WHEN THE SITUATION SEEMS TO BE OBVIOUSLY IMPROVING IN FAVOR OF THE INSURGENTS, OUTSIDE THE PRISON

SHEN'S SQUADRON'S FALL UPON US!!

THEY ARE NOT ALONE. FRIEND MORGANNEN HAS ALSO SENT HIS MEN...

GET BACK INSIDE! ALL THE NECESSARY MATERIAL IS ABOARD...

WHO'S THIS MANGED GUY?

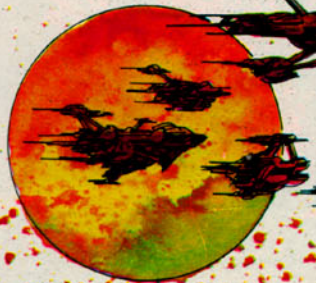
THE COMMANDER OF THE PLACE, HE NEVER STOPPED LAUGHING BEFORE SOMEONE MANGED HIM, AND I REALLY THINK HE WAS STILL LAUGHING AFTERWARDS!

GAIL

OUTSIDE, SWARTZING THE FLEET OF THE EMPEROR SHEN, THE LAST IN A LINE OF MAD KINGS, ARE THE MASTERS OF THE INTERIOR CIRCLE, THOSE ALWAYS CALLED "THE POWERFUL"...

what are those?

"THE EYES OF THE NIGHT"! MORE OF MERENNEN'S GADGETS. SEEMS THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE...



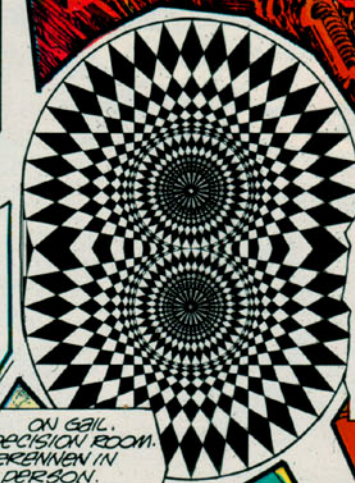
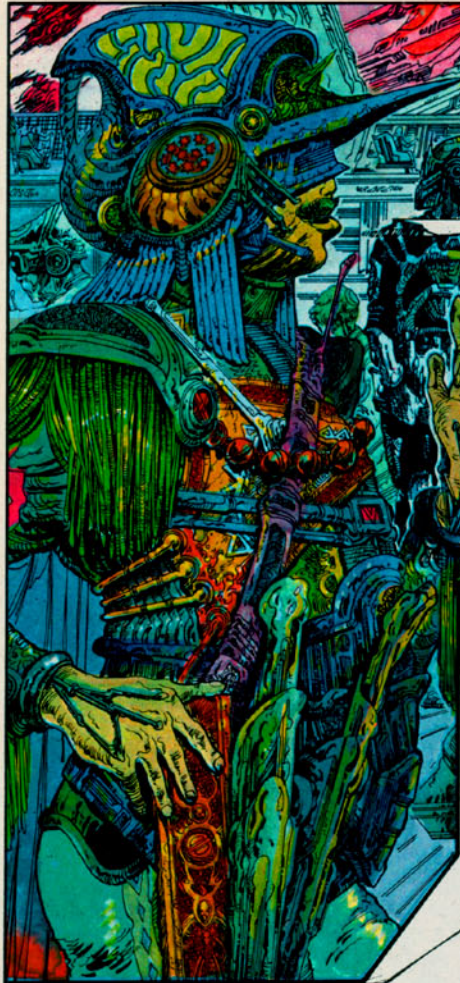
ACROSS THE WAY COME PRINCE MERENNEN'S STEEL KILLERS FROM THE GIGANTIC PLANET, GAIL, NEST OF THE RED SPIDER...

high command, shaan
squadron...

COME IN, POLYCARD! WITHOUT
PRECISE ORDERS, I CANNOT COMMIT
MYSELF. MERENNEN'S TROOPS ARE
WITHIN RANGE OF MY CANNONS.
THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF
HOLY MARY HAS SPREAD AND
HE IS ALREADY HERE FOR
THE KILL!!

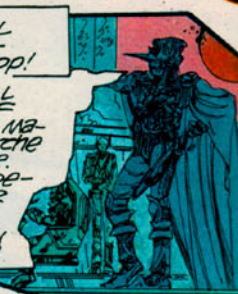
MEN
METAL
MACHINES
MERENNEN...

READY TO RETRIEVE
THE PRISONERS... CON-
SIDERABLE SHAAN SHIPS
FACING US...AWAITING
ORDERS...AWAITING ORDERS



SHIP PAC, CENTRAL
COMMAND SHAAN-
COME IN LORD ROPP!

AMH! BE LATE WE'LL
SKIN THAT PIECE OF
SHIT AND HIS SHIT MA-
CHINES. SWITCH ON THE
SCREENS. OPEN FIRE.
PROGRAM TOTAL DE-
STRUCTION. CENTER
FLANK OVER HOLY
MARY. WE'LL OCCUPY
IT AFTERWARDS.
FIRE! FIRE!



POLYCARD, WE CAN'T LET MERENNEN LAY
SIEGE TO HOLY MARY. WE NO LONGER
KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING INSIDE. HE IS
CERTAINLY MAD. HE'S THERE WITH A
BUNCH OF SHIPS; HE'S UP TO HIS EYES IN
THE SHIT! HE CAN'T FALL BACK ANY
MORE SO LET'S HURRY IT UP! WHAT THE
FUXX ARE YOU UP TO? THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO NOW!!

ON GAIL.
DECISION ROOM.
MERENNEN IN
PERSON.

A TRAP! THIS INSURRECTION
IS A TRAP!

A TRAP, SHAAN
LET IT FALL, THE
STRONGEST PIECE
ON THE CHESSBOARD
...HE PAID THE PRICE
TO GET MY HIDE AND
I LET MYSELF FALL FOR
IT, THE INVINCIBLE FOR-
RESS, THE PRIDE OF
SHAAN HAS COST A PRE-
MATURE ENCOUNTER...
OF WHAT USE HAVE
YOUR ORACLES BEEN
TO ME? NONE OF YOU
PREDICTED THIS...

BUT, MASTER, THE
PRISON IS WELL AND
TRULY FALLEN!



IMBECILES... IF
IT'S GATTLER
YOU WANT,
LET IT
GATTLER!
LET THE
STEEL
RUN
BURNING
HOT...

PRINCE... SHAAN... DID YOU
EN IN IMMENSE HONOR

A MASS OF BEAMS, RAYS, DETECTORS, SCREENS, ELECTRIC FINGERS WHICH SEARCH TO KILL IN THE SILENCE OF THE VOID...
LIGHT...

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, OUT THERE!!

THEY'RE FIRING AT OUR HEADS OUT THERE! DIDN'T THAT FAKE SORCERER PREDICT THAT TO YOU?

SHOOT THOSE WHO ARE WITHIN RANGE. INFORM ALL THE RESISTANCE GROUPS THAT THE HOUR HAS COME TO FIGHT, THE HOUR TO BLOW SHAAN MERENNEN AND ALL THE OTHER SCUM OUT INTO SPACE. WE'LL KNOW BETTER WHERE TO STRIKE. SLOANE, YOU MUST KNOW THAT...

HEY! WHERE'D THAT ONE GET TO?

FORGET IT, JUST SOME SORCERER BUZZING OFF!

LITTLE SHIT, WE SHOULD HAVE GOT HIM WITH A DAMNED SURPRISE ATTACK... AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE'S SHAAN'S LOVER, ISN'T HE?

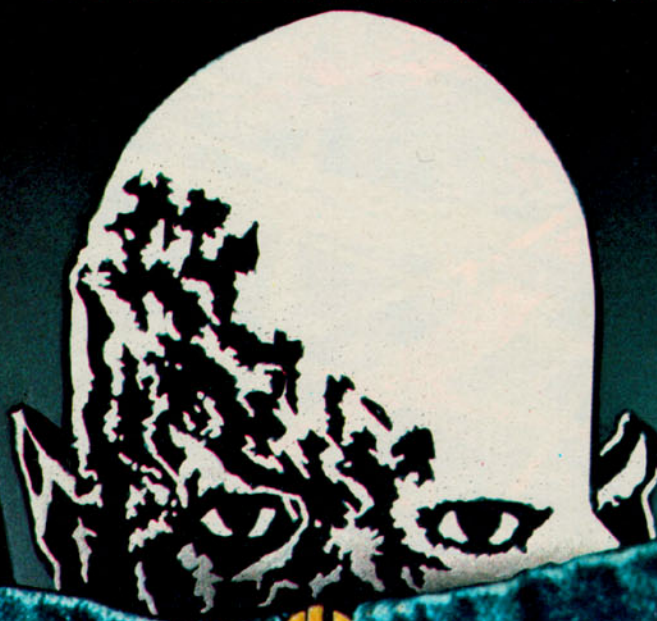
WHO KNOWS WHAT SHAAN DID TO HIM SO MANY YEARS AGO, WHAT SECRET HANDS THERE? ALL THAT PAINED, ALL THAT FURY, GOT UNDER SLOANE'S SKIN. BUT ALL THAT HAS BECOME LEGEND.

ENOUGH DREAMING. THERE'S WORK TO DO!

LEAVE THE SPHERE, OPEN THE DOOR... GO... I WANT TO KNOW

TO BE CONTINUED...

When there is no more room in hell ...
the dead will walk the earth



George A. Romero's

DAWN OF THE DEAD

In 1968 George A. Romero began a three film trilogy tracing the growth of a "Zombie" Society. The first film was the now classic "Night Of The Living Dead."

"DAWN OF THE DEAD" (in 'Living' color) is his long awaited second film. The last film, "Day Of The Dead" should hit the screens about 1988.

Anyway, while you're waiting for "DAWN OF THE DEAD's" premiere you can enjoy a limited edition T-Shirt. To order send a check for \$6.00 plus 60 cents (postage & handling) to The Laurel Group, Inc. 150 East 58th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Let us know your name, address, zip code, and size (S, M, L, XL.) Please print or type and allow 4 weeks for delivery.

P.S. We didn't show you the whole shirt on purpose. Life, like the movies, should have some surprises! Also accept our apology for not providing an order form to clip out, this magazine is too nice to cut up.

Major Gubert and the hermetically sealed garage of Jerry Cornelius by MOEBIUS

OUR
STORY
TO
DATE:

THE SITUATION HAS DETERIORATED, BUT IT'S ONLY SUPERFICIAL, AS THE
DRAMA IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN... YET, NO MATTER, FOR MAJOR
GRUBERT, EXPLORER OF MYSTERIES, THE GREATEST FISHERMAN
OF MARVELS IN ALL THE UNIVERSE, WAITS FOR HIS DRINK OF
WHEATAL BROTH, IN THE COMPANY OF THE TWO ARMSOURTH NATIVES.

I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING ABOUT
IT, MISTER. IT
MUST BE THE
AUTHOR HIMSELF
WHO DID IT ON
PURPOSE--
YOU KNOW,
MOEBIUS!



EVEN SO, I DON'T LIKE
IT... IT'S SO LITTLE,
LIKE THAT! IT'S NOT
NICE!... NO, IT'S NOT
NICE. I PREFER IT
BIG SO EVERYONE
CAN READ IT!



I LIFT MY HAT TO
SALUTE YOU AND TO
REQUEST A FAVOR OF YOU:
OVER THERE AT THE END
OF THE TABLE IS MY
FRIEND, WHO WOULD
SO MUCH LIKE TO
TALK TO YOU.

JUST A FEW
WORDS. NO
1 MORE.

TALK
TO
ME
2

WELL, IT'S
QUITE OBVIOUS,
JOCELYN, THAT
YOU ARE NOT AS
LOST AS YOU
THOUGHT!



YOU SEE,
I AM WITH
THESE
TWO
HUMANS...

I
SEE...

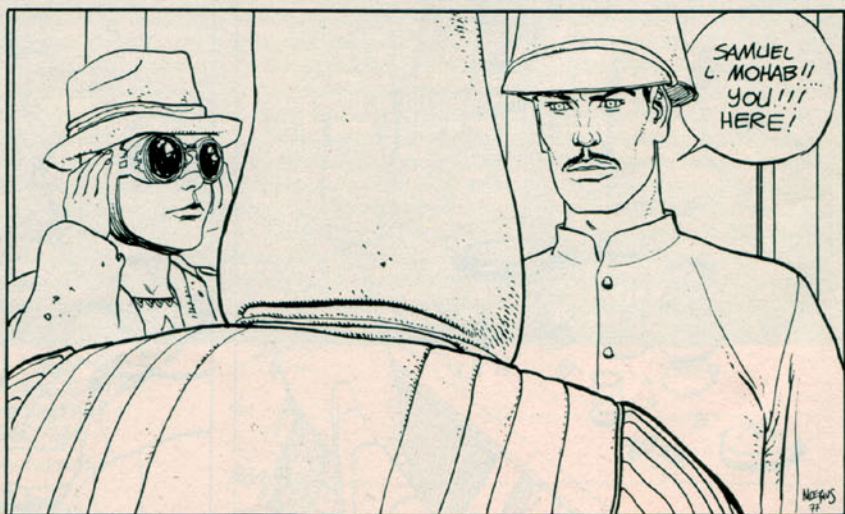
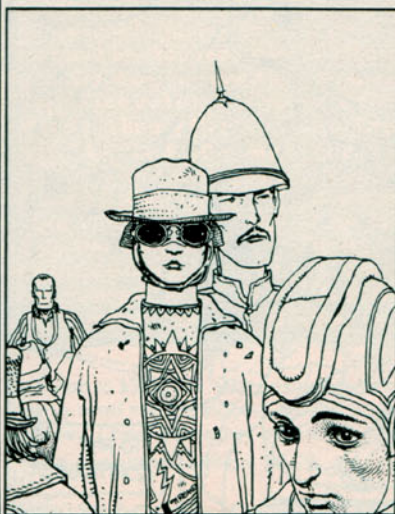
GO ON,
JOCELYN...
DON'T
MIND
US...

IT'S
NORMAL TO
HAVE FRIENDS
OF YOUR
OWN KIND

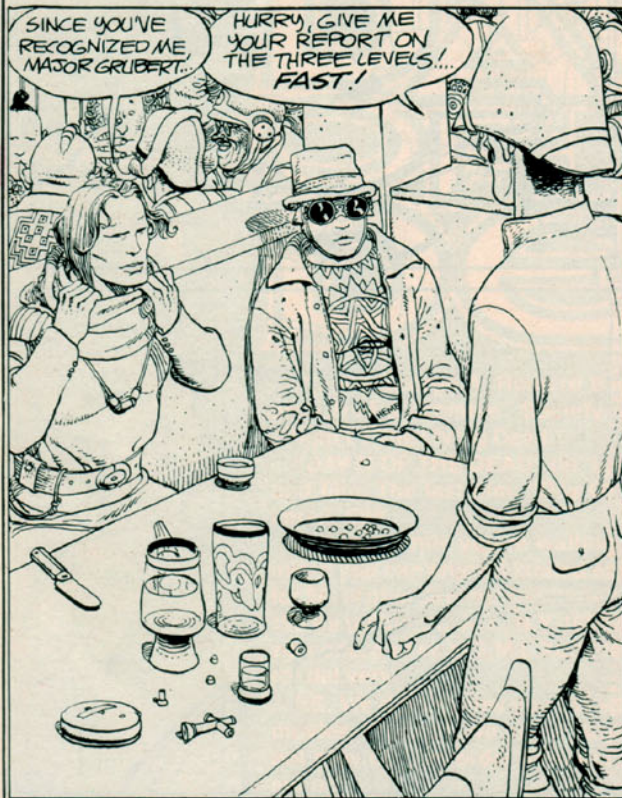


COULD IT
BE GRAAD?

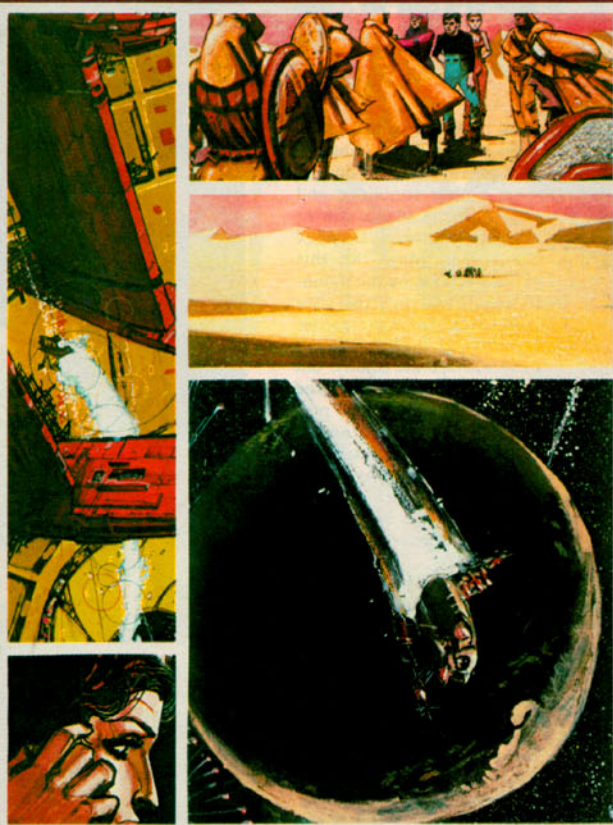
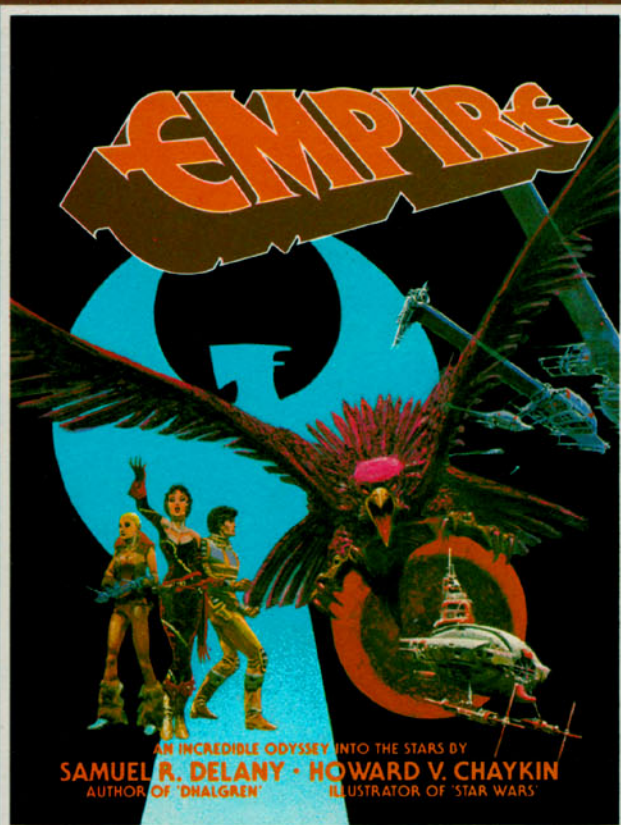
THIS
WAY!



SAMUEL
L. MOHAB!!
YOU!!!
HERE!



YOU KNEW IT COULD HAPPEN BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHEN.



the visual novel

You knew how fantastic science fiction **could** be. You **read** it in your first Brodbery. You **saw** it in **Close Encounters**. You glimpsed it in **Heavy Metal**.

Now **Samuel R. Delany**, Hugo and Nebula award-winning author of **Dhalgren**, and **Howard V. Chaykin**, award-winning **Star Wars** artist, have taken science fiction a step further in an incredible 112-page, full color journey to the 61st

century. Their book is a fantastic synthesis of ideas—Delany's speculative fantasy meshed with Chaykin's graphic storytelling. **Empire** is a fast-paced excursion into a galaxy of starships, undersea cities and exotic moons. It's a story of three strangers joined in a struggle for freedom—a search for a secret tangled in the stars. Over 300 sweeping illustrations are reproduced in a large 9 x 12

format on heavy stock.

For a limited time, readers of this magazine can order a special collector's hardcover edition of **Empire**. This edition is extremely limited to 1500 copies each of which will be signed by Samuel R. Delany and Howard V. Chaykin. Readers of s.f. recognize the rarity of a 1500 copy edition by an author whose books sell in the hundreds of thousands. This

9 x 12 hardcover with cloth jacket wrap-around full-color cover may be ordered directly from the publisher for immediate shipment. Earliest orders shall receive lowest available numbered copies. After these are sold, no new collector's editions shall be printed.

The first visual novel by a major American s.f. writer and artist is here. It's in full-color from Berkley Books.

Enclosed is \$24.95 + 95¢ postage and handling (\$25.90). Please send me the signed, limited hardcover edition of **Empire**. (Check or money orders only, please)
(Trade paperback edition, \$9.95, only in bookstores.)

BERKLEY BOOKS EMPIRE SIGNED EDITION
200 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Mr. / Ms. _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

EXPLORER COLONY 6

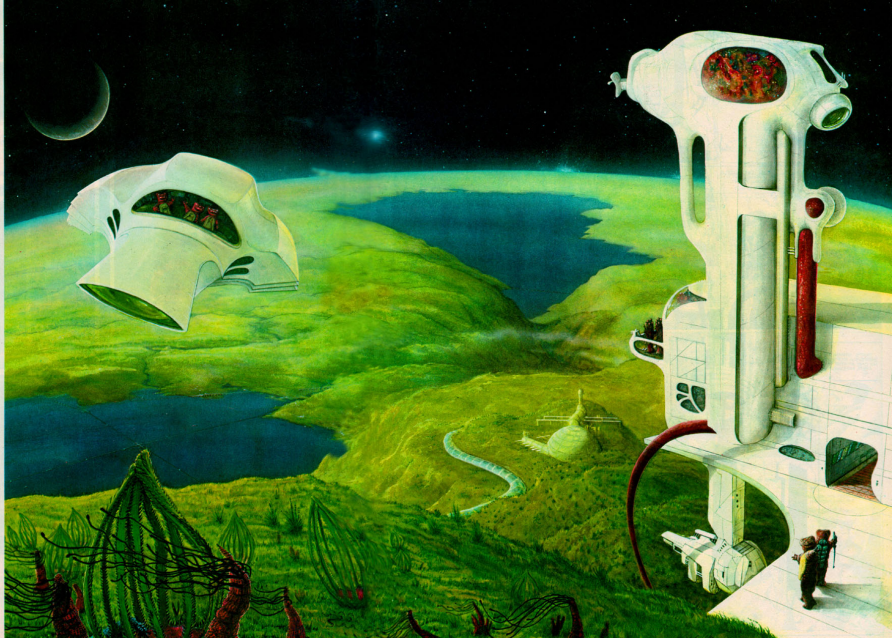
This view of the Serian Millennium starship bears little resemblance to any previously recorded. A mountain on a plate contained and protected by a magnetic shell and powered by massive engines ("Galactic Geographic," *HM*, May '78), this photo from an overlook on the mountain itself reveals not only the vista above the horizon, where meteorites are pulverized by the magna-shell before they can damage the colony, but also deep beneath the surface of the lakes, where darker bands of blue provide breathtaking evidence of the structure upon which the mountain was built. The starship, occupying nearly 300 cubic kilometers of space, moves at a steady acceleration rate, providing a gravity equivalent to that of the home planet Seria.

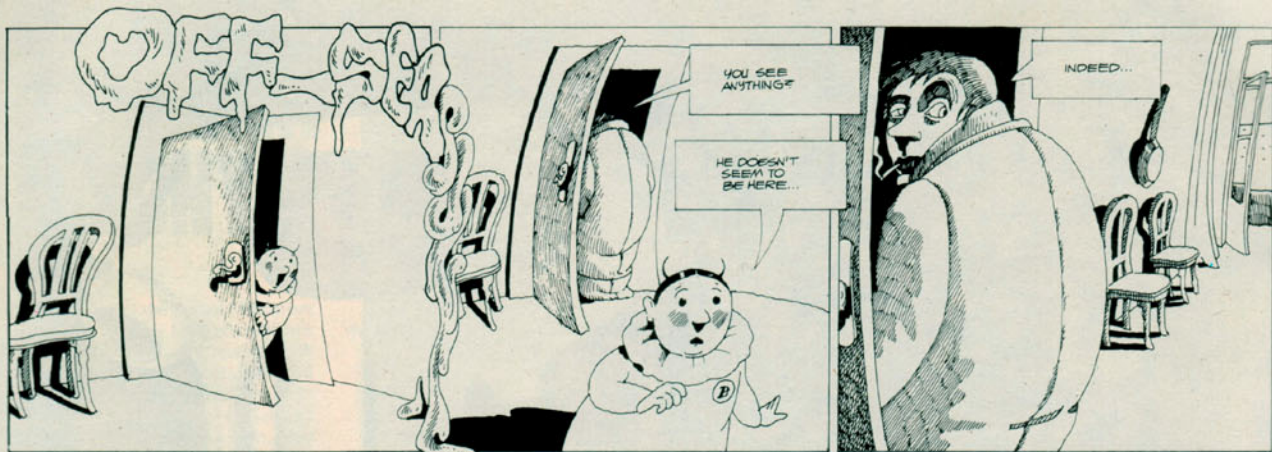
The Serians welcome visitors but are reluctant to reveal detailed information about their colony, which is moving through space toward the galactic hub. We were told that the structures in this picture are part of their food processing facility and that almost all manufacturing was done inside the mountain, leaving the surface as an ecological facsimile of Seria. The Federation Diplomat was shown only the surface of the starship, and to our dismay was not permitted to enter the main body, which we were told is the center of activity in the colony.

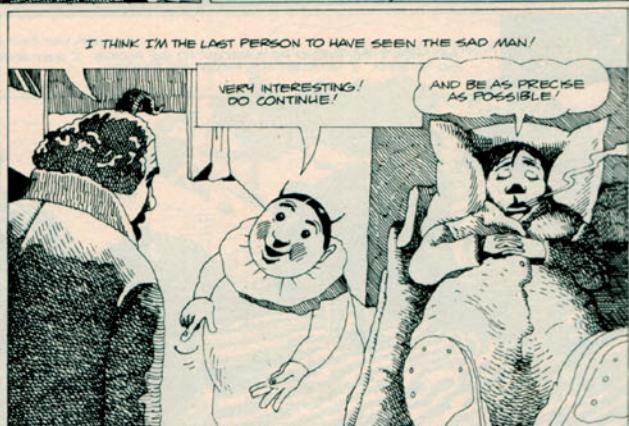
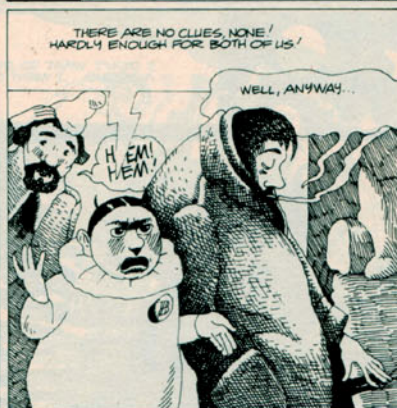
The author recorded this image with Serian permission, one of only three pictures approved for release. Three Serian pilots wave greetings from our tour vehicle arriving to take us to the departure station. Below them are some of the plants and animals of this carbon-based ecology that, like Earth, has chlorophyll-bearing plants and oxygen-breathing animals.

Of special interest to the scientists in our group was the artificial sun that orbited the starship, slowly creating a day and night for the surface and the illusion of planetary stability for its occupants. Perhaps as interesting as the starship itself was the strained social situation of having everyone present, even our hosts, feeling like a visitor in someone else's world. Oddly, this picture seems to convey that feeling of tense congeniality, which haunted us long after we returned to our ship.

From the *Stellar Journals* of
Karl Koford









LAST NIGHT, VERY LATE, I WAS PLAYING THE PIANO QUIETLY ON THE BEACH... IT WAS MILD... AND VERY DARK...



SUDDENLY, I FELT SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME... IT WAS HE... HE WAS LOOKING AT THE MOON ON THE WATER...



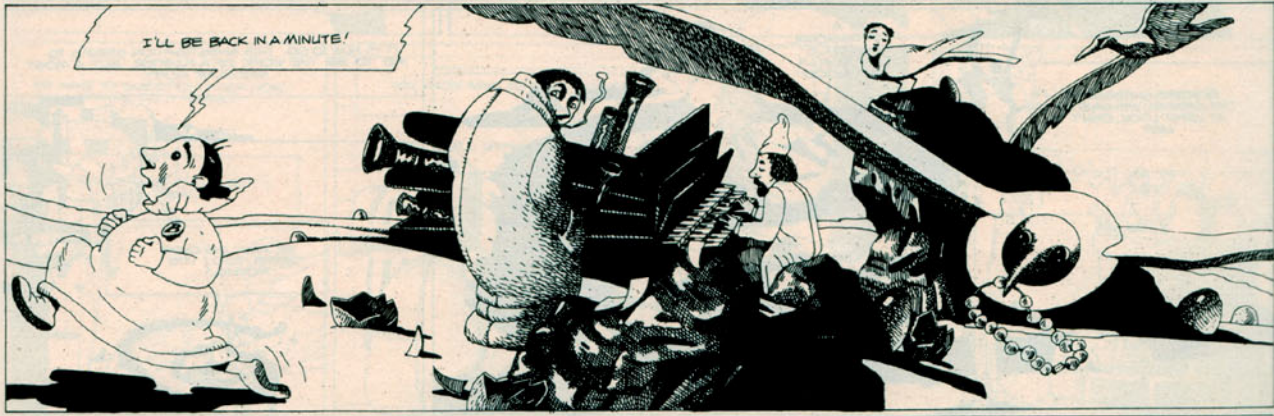
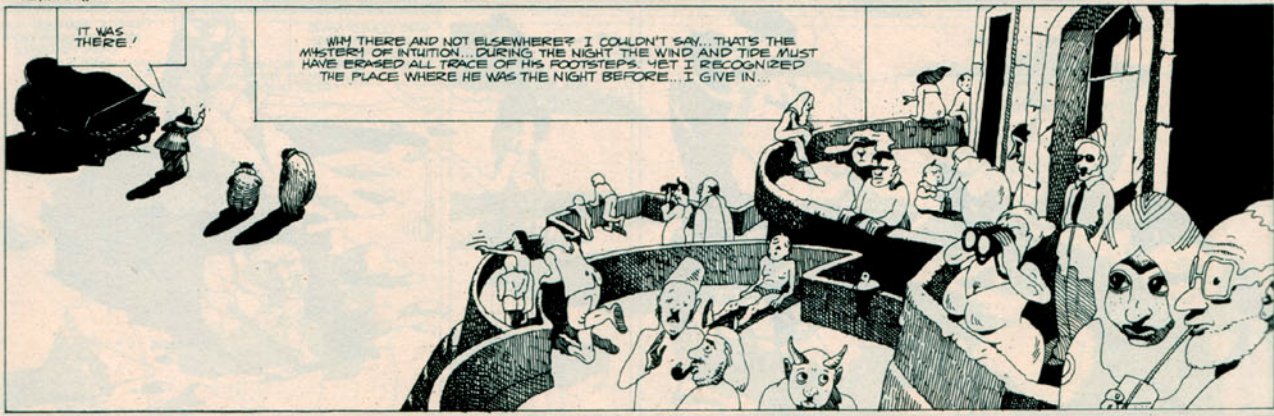
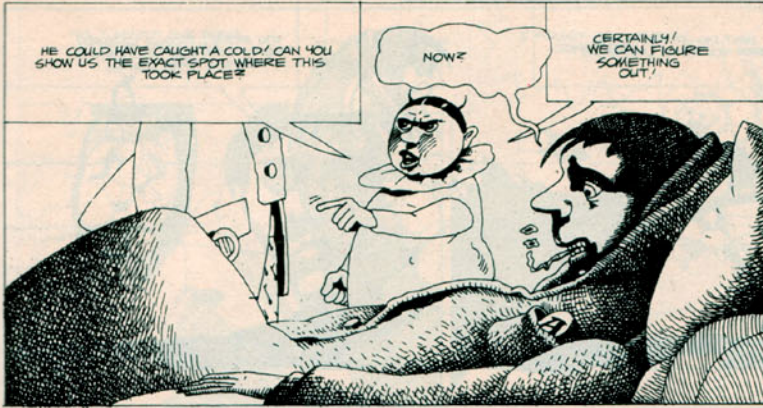
I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB HIM. HE SMILED AT ME WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING... I WENT ON PLAYING ON THE CLY. HE SEEMED HAPPY, I THINK...

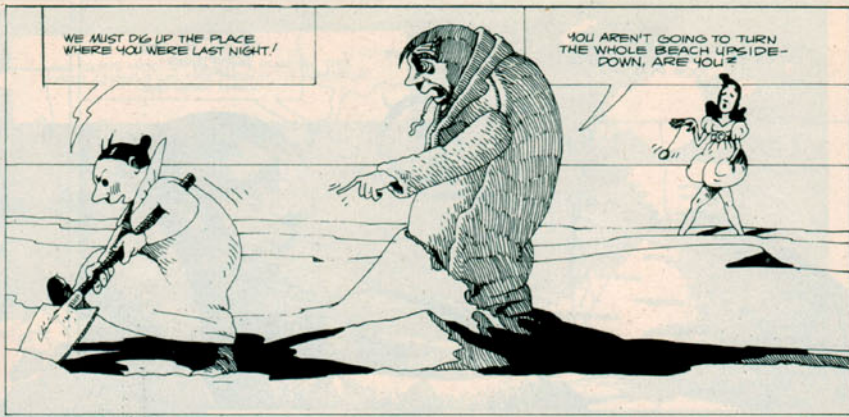


AND THEN I REALIZED HE WANTED TO BE ALONE. I RETURNED TO GO TO BED... I NOTICED HIM FROM MY WINDOW...



HE NEVER MOVED: HE MUST HAVE STAYED THERE LIKE THAT FOR A LONG TIME. STANDING, ALONE BEFORE THE SEA...





NO, I NEVER ASK THEM
THEIR IDENTITIES...
IT'S NOT VERY
IMPORTANT.

IN THIS PARTICULAR
CASE, IT MAKES IT
VERY AWKWARD!

I FOUND SOMETHING!
COME SEE!



I TOOK DOWN ALL THEIR SHOE SIZES,
BUT MANY OF THEM HAVE THE SAME SIZE.
STILL, WE'RE FURTHER ALONG NOW!



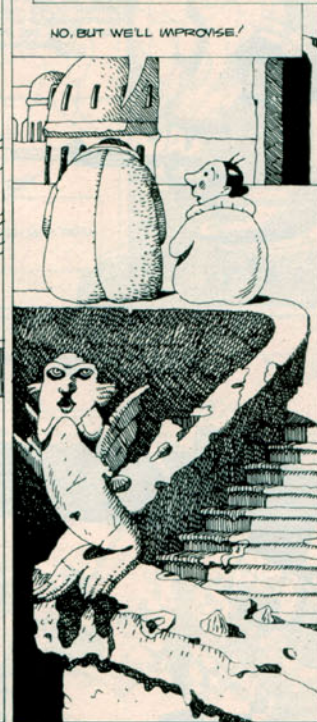
WE HAVE TO QUESTION THEM NOW!
CAN WE DO IT HERE?

YES, CERTAINLY! I'LL GO
GET THEM!



YOU KNOW WHAT TO ASK THEM?

NO, BUT WE'LL IMPROVISE!

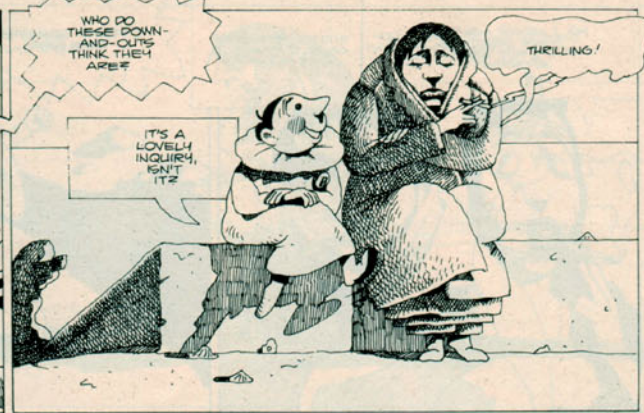


IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?
BETTER ASK THAT GIRL
WHO...

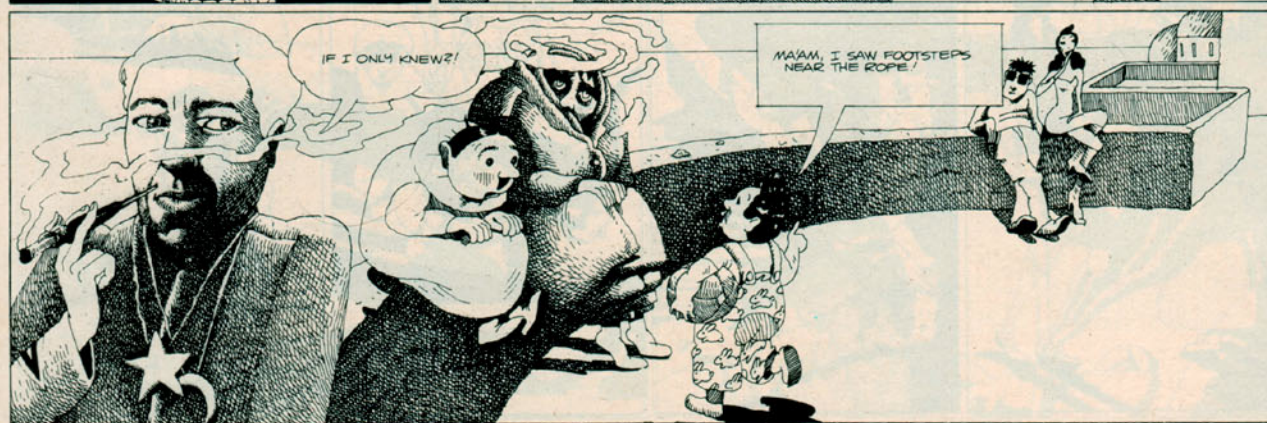


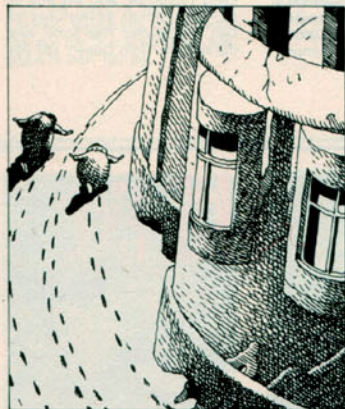
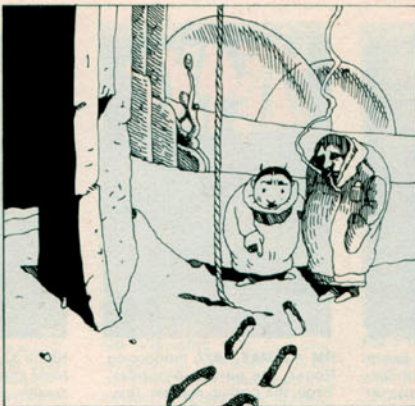
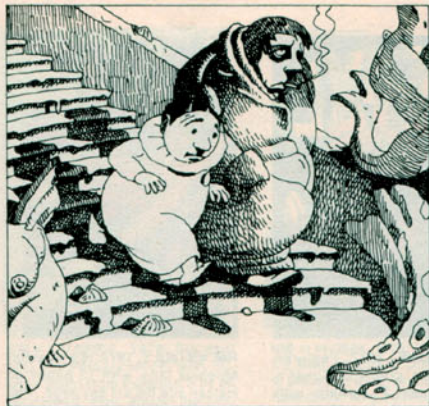
DO YOU HAVE ANY
SUSPICIONS?





THE OTHER RESIDENTS FOLLOW EACH OTHER. THE MINUTES PASS. MY ATTENTION WANDERS AT TIMES. THE GHASTLY GENERAL EXPRESSION, THE SAME FOR ME WHO'S NOT REALLY INVOLVED, IS THAT THEY DON'T REMEMBER THE SAD MAN AT ALL—SOME NOTICED HIM WITHOUT SEEING HIM—OTHERS NEVER EVEN SAW HIM—MOST NEVER SPOKE TO HIM...





ALL THOSE WHO WISH TO HELP WITH THE SEARCH MEET HERE IN TWO MINUTES!



TWO BY TWO, BEHIND ME!



TO BE
CONTINUED



HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Blade's Sunspot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Jewels of Charnava*, Marzak, and more. (\$3.00)



HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid wizard, Vargo, the cosmic madman, Ruckman astraltravels, Conquering Amies, the ultimate rock festival, while Marzak, Sunspot, and Den continue. (\$4.00)



HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features Night Images, poetry by Corben's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Marzak's Rockabilly, the flying girl and the Sorcerer, the first chapter of Den's World Apart, more Den, Sunspot, and Marzak. (\$3.00)



HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a monster Medusa's tent, with 12 pages of horror and his 1 spy story, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunspot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Neg Spirit, and the horrible Gueli Queen. (\$3.00)



HM #5/APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue with 38-page insert from *Parade* 99 all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, Death's quest, and the undead, Barbarella gives South Or, and the surrealistic epilogue to Den. (\$3.00)



HM #6/MAY, 1978: Goes in with the Mail, Lucien E. Durand, goes to prison on a bicycle, buys a can-ner's clock, time-travels, and celebrates lapidaries with Nene. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. (\$2.00)



HM #7/JUNE, 1978: This time we go too far. For instance, the sci-fi new Corben, Shiva's the results, Evolution, the exiles, More Than Human, the evils, Barbarella, and the erotic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heaven. (\$2.00)



HM #8/JULY, 1978: A horror ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Drivel's Gail, the further adventures of Heiman, and Orion, More Than Human cont'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. (\$2.00)



HM #9/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Patricia begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all smelting talking plants, mutants, mutants, sex, and violence. (\$3.00)



HM #10/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Arties, cosmic lovebirds, hysterical shuffles, chemically-induced space, a Medusa space opera, Blake World Apart, Den, and Patricia, plus a Roger Zany short story. (\$3.00)



HM #11/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with insights, satire, poems, insanity, necromancy, and other hairbrained pastimes, 10 pages of color Marzak, the first Gailage, Den, and Patricia, plus a Roger Zany short story. (\$3.00)



HM #12/NOVEMBER, 1977: With more color pages by Medusa and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Prometheus and World Apart, enough intellectual muck, both and death stars, and a great new Human Elton story—the heaviest Heavy Metal yet! (\$3.00)



HM #13/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same, with Corben's Arabian Nights, Heiman, and the last More Than Human, Exotic Drivel's Gail gets and death stars, and a great new Human Elton story—the heaviest Heavy Metal yet! (\$3.00)



HM #14/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Staying on the same, with Corben's Arabian Nights, Heiman, the Major's fiancée, a zombie android called Exotic Drivel's Gail gets and death stars, and a great new Human Elton story—the heaviest Heavy Metal yet! (\$3.00)



HM #15/OCTOBER, 1978: All Hell's loose, with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rite of passage, a zombie android called Exotic Drivel's Gail gets and death stars, and a great new Human Elton story—the heaviest Heavy Metal yet! (\$3.00)



HM #16/NOVEMBER, 1978: All Hell's loose, with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rite of passage, a zombie android called Exotic Drivel's Gail gets and death stars, and a great new Human Elton story—the heaviest Heavy Metal yet! (\$3.00)



HM #17/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Drivel's girl-friend, Varg, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and of course a Foot by Clayton and more, in addition to full-color contributions from Marzak, Corben, Marzak, and Medusa. (\$3.00)



HM #18/JANUARY, 1978: We get Marzak to illustrate Zany, we get Lilo and Pochard to update Olympe, we get Marzak to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar, girl, we conclude Conquering Amies, and continued Den. Of course, you know about the Inca, fog lights, and the time warp. (\$2.00)



HM #19/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and about the first in his quest for revenge. Warganoid cover and center spread by Nene. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Medusa down the rabbit hole. With the usual surrealism. (\$2.00)



HM #20/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunt and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of kidnapping. Plus, the first witch-hunting episode of Orion. More Barbarella, more Orion, and still more Den. (\$2.00)

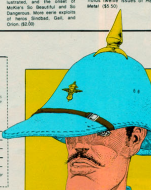
HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 1173 825 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Year	Price
_____	Apr. 1977	\$3.00
_____	May 1977	\$4.00
_____	June 1977	\$3.00
_____	July 1977	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Feb. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Mar. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Apr. 1978	\$2.00
_____	May 1978	\$2.00
_____	June 1978	\$2.00
_____	July 1978	\$2.00
_____	Aug. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Sept. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Oct. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Nov. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Dec. 1978	\$2.00
_____	Subs.	\$10.00

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I enclose a total of \$ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.
If necessary, I will pay by check or money order.
You do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type or the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

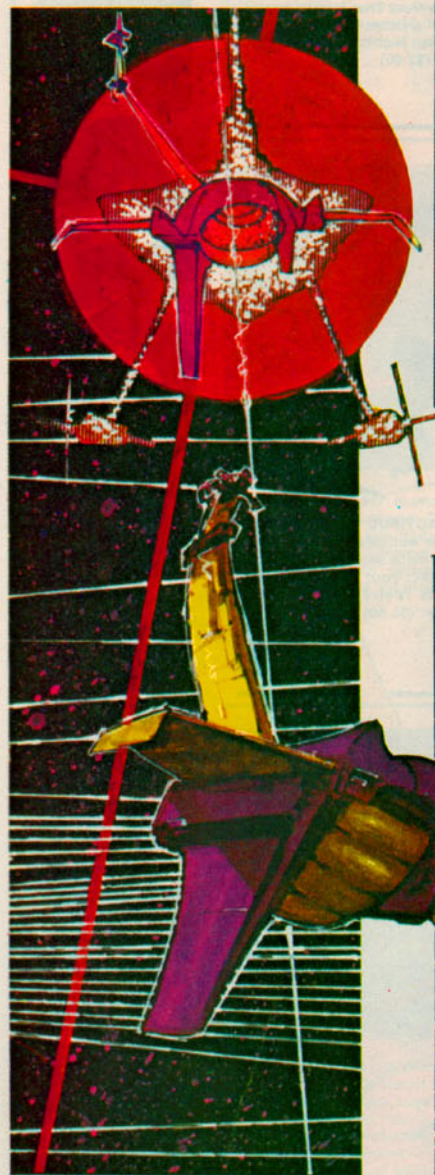


EMPIRE

by Samuel Delany and Howard Chaykin

The year is 6279. The facist Künduke have extended their grip over a thousand worlds as varied as the colors of our spectrum. The rebel Qrelon, having escaped the infamous generals, Loiptix and Akbrum, plots the upheaval of the empire through the secrets of the lost key to Ice—the nexus of information used by the Künduke.

In her escape from Eyrth, Qrelon is saved by Wryn, a young college student. Swept up on the rebel's *Proteus* ship, Wryn faces the tragedy and exhilaration of an interplanetary quest for freedom in a ravaged galaxy less innocent and far more dangerous than his own.

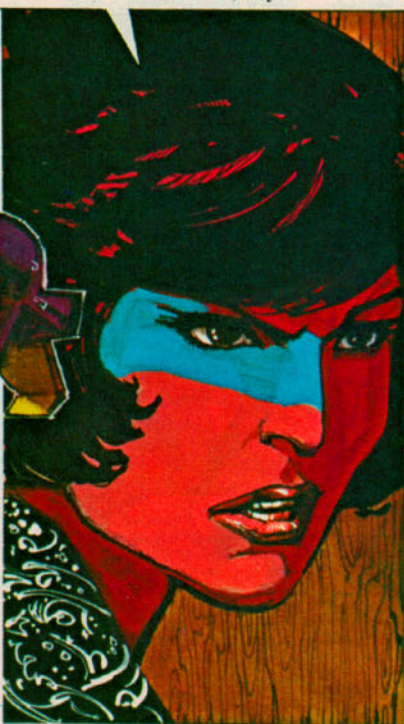


...and a sleek, racing yacht slipped away from the Künduke drones, who still searched for a tiny fighting craft.



"Hey, how'd *she* get in here?"

"Blaz and I have traveled together half a dozen years, deviling the Künduke on world after world. You've signed on in the middle of an adventure, boy."

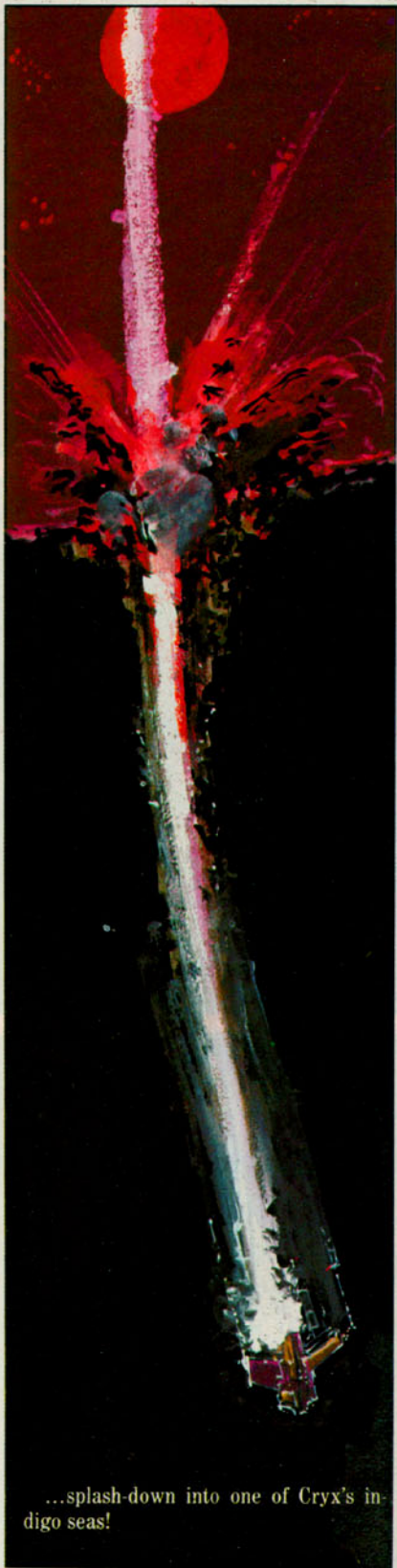


"Then tell me about the crystal fragment and where we're going now!"



"Though you saved my life, I'd still be a fool to trust you. All I'll say is that our next stop is a world called..."

...Cryx!" Hurl a handful of light years over your shoulder, fall past a pocked and pitted moon...



...splash-down into one of Cryx's indigo seas!

"There's the sea-floor lock!"



The Proteus sank toward the opening lock of an under-sea mining city.



The tiny ship, sea-water steaming from her hull-plates, settled among the huge ore freighters in the mine city of Mala-bolge.



Qrelon and Blaz, with Wryn following, left the transport hangar and entered Malabolge.



"Now the next step in my plan—"



"Qrelon, look how that guard's bullying the miner!"

After whispered instructions to Wryn and Blaz....

"Why bother this poor fool, Guard? My friends will take care of him."

Soon, at a bar: "You mean you've worked in Malabolge all your life, Grimke, and you've never seen the surface of your world?"

"That's life on Cryx under the Kündüke, boy."

"Sir, you gave order to report any strangers..."





The three fugitives and the miner fled beyond the blaster's energy wall.

"Lord Akbrum, since your return from the Kündüke conference, a report has come in. We think it's Qrelon.."



The fugitives staggered into the Málabolge tunnels...



"That's what I'm looking for..."



The outlaw held up the fragment, strangely similar to another back on the Proteus...

"I hear guards coming!"

V

"Wryn, take this! Blaz, get them back to the Proteus. Grimke, you know about the shafts to the surface?"



"Sure, but we better hurry! The guards are getting closer!"



When Blaz, Wryn, and Grimke reached
the transport hangar...

"Hurry, will you! There're more than
one guard platoon after our tails!"

"Where's Qrelon? If the guards catch
sight of this yacht..."

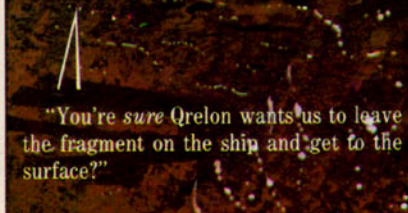
"Don't worry. The holographic projectors are still warm."

Once more the Proteus adjusts its shape....

"Nothing but big babies
in this hangar. No way
to tell them apart."

"Then let's start
searching down there."

In their respite, Wryn and Grimke followed Blaz's orders and once more headed for the mine tunnels.



"You're *sure* Qrelon wants us to leave the fragment on the ship and get to the surface?"

Grimke unwrapped the rope from his waist. So often he'd used them to climb down, but *this* time...



"Go on, boy! I'll catch you if you fall."

Grimke had known of these shafts, but he'd never climbed one before. At the head of the rope, he hauled himself up toward a spot of light...



...and as the light grew, within him grew a strange anxiety.

"Qvelon! You must have come up one of the other shafts. What a sight for sore eyes!"



"It's good to see the three of you again, too!"

"This is your first trip all the way up. How do you like what *you* see, Grimke?"



But the miner's face grew more and more distressed, until suddenly he turned...



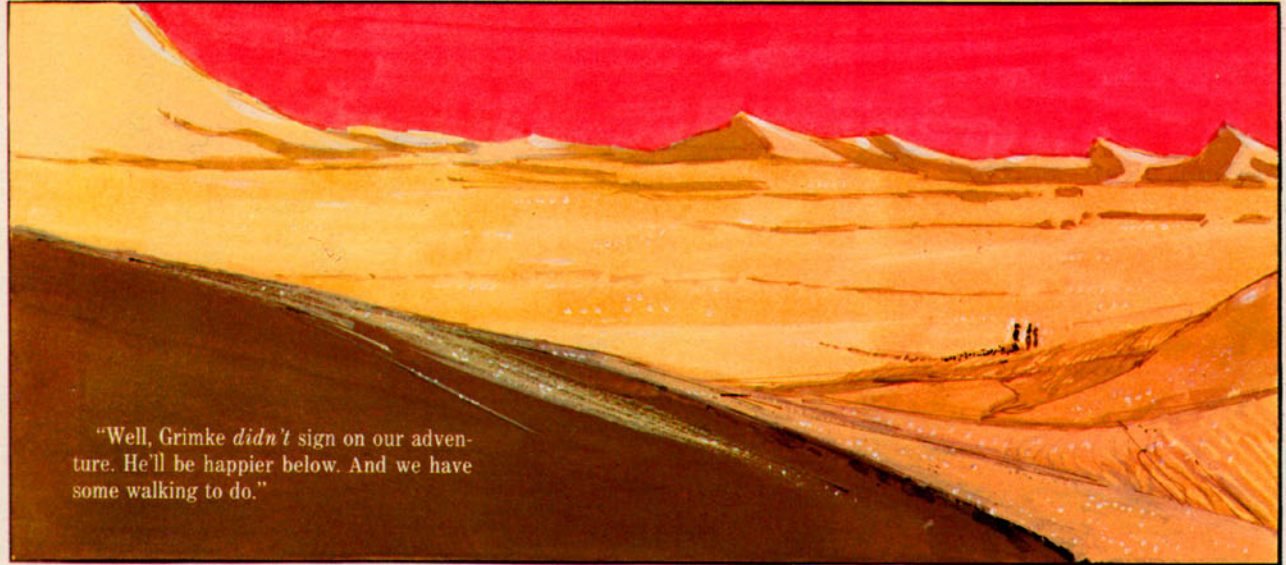
...back into the crevice...

...down to the familiar, the safe...

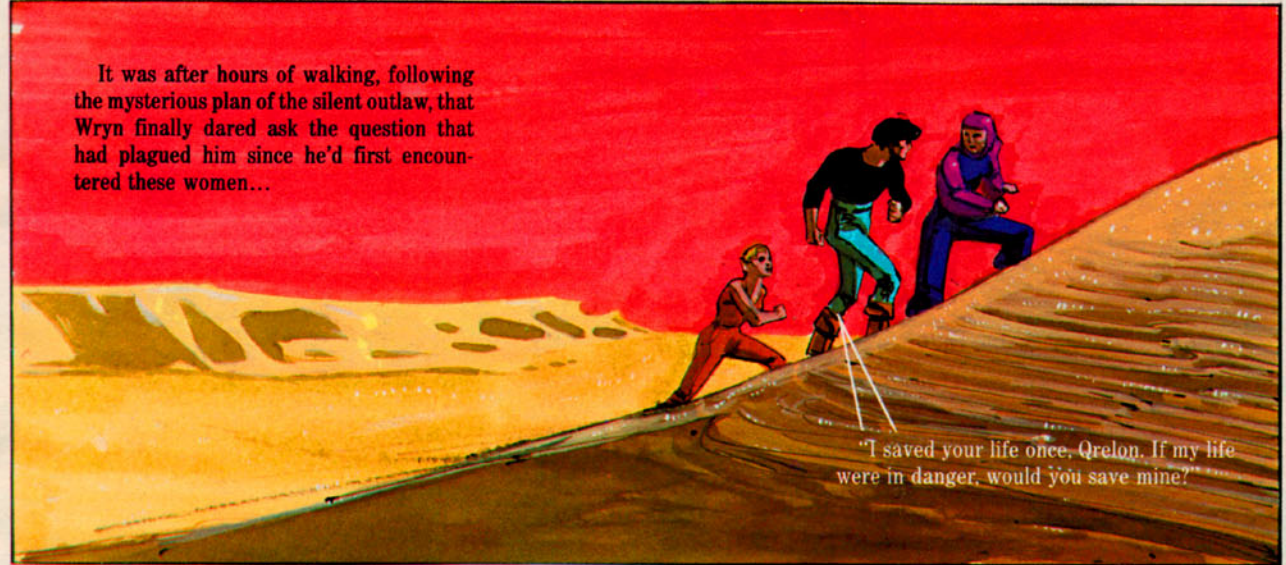
...to scramble down...

...down to the comforting darkness...

...down to Malabolge.



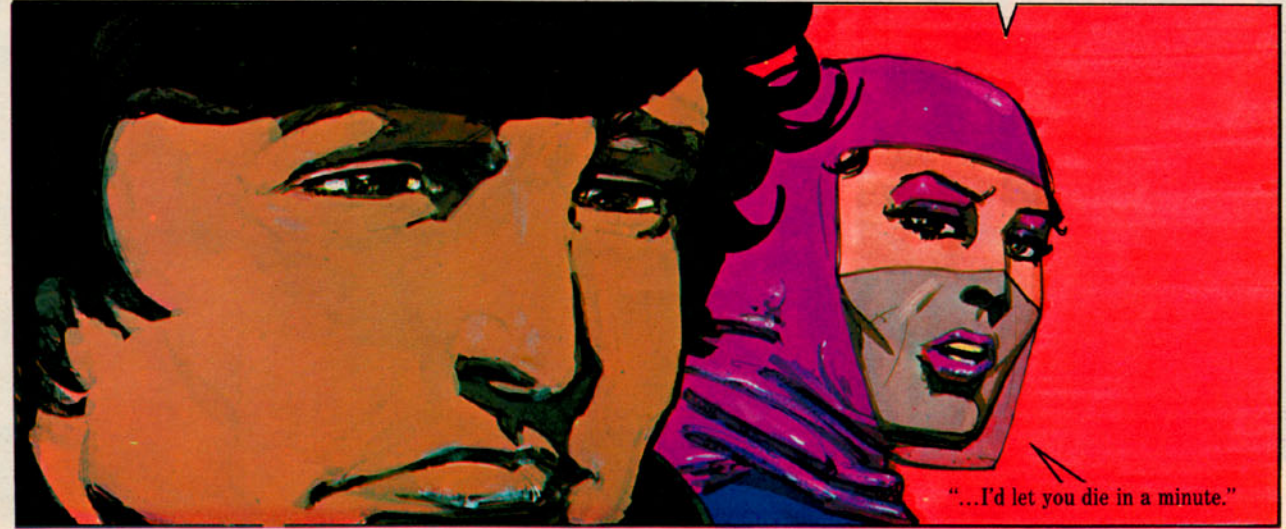
"Well, Grimke *didn't* sign on our adventure. He'll be happier below. And we have some walking to do."



It was after hours of walking, following the mysterious plan of the silent outlaw, that Wryn finally dared ask the question that had plagued him since he'd first encountered these women...

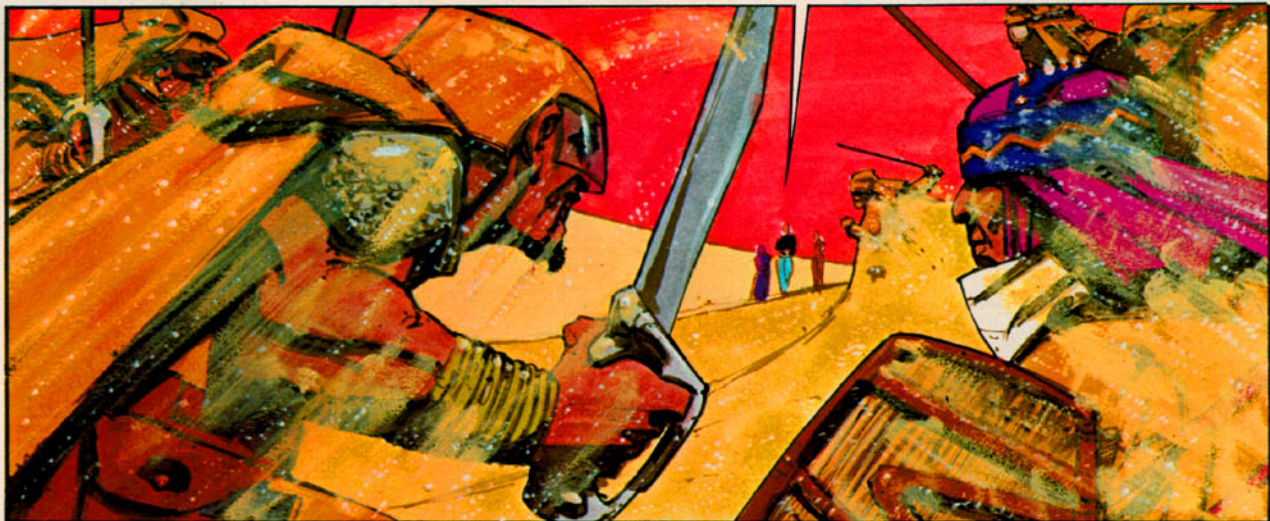
"I saved your life once, Qrelon. If my life were in danger, would you save mine?"

If it furthered my plan for revenge on the Kündüke, I'd save you; but if saving you hindered my plan in any way...



"...I'd let you die in a minute."

"Those nomads, Qrelon! Maybe we'll both die now!"



"Hold it, Wryn! Qrelon knows them."



"Qrelon, my sister in crime! As long as you hate the Kündüke, you are as a mother to me and as a daughter."

"And you still smell like a viperous desert-lizard in estrus. It's good to see you, Vibik."





"Vibik, will you take us to the Kunard landing site?"

Gladly, Qreton—and I can show you shortcuts through these sands you'd never have found alone.



As the sun seared the Cryxian sands, the outlaws and the desert bandits tramped hour upon hour. And again Wryn began to wonder how he had become part of this violent, dirty, sweaty band.



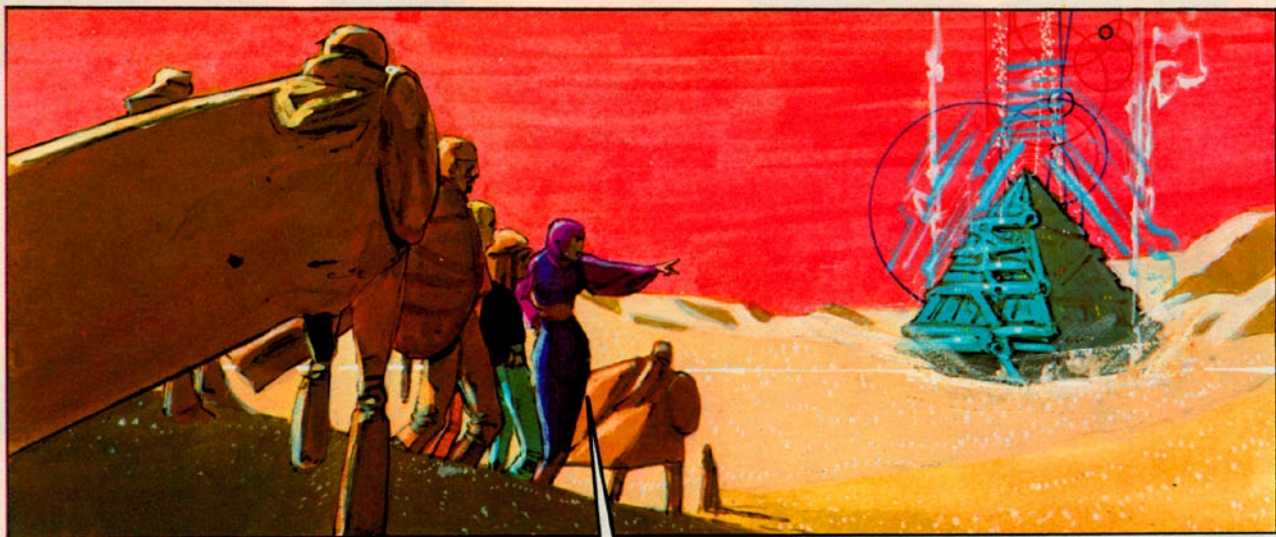
"Qreton, please... tell me at least who you are and why you hate the Kündike?"



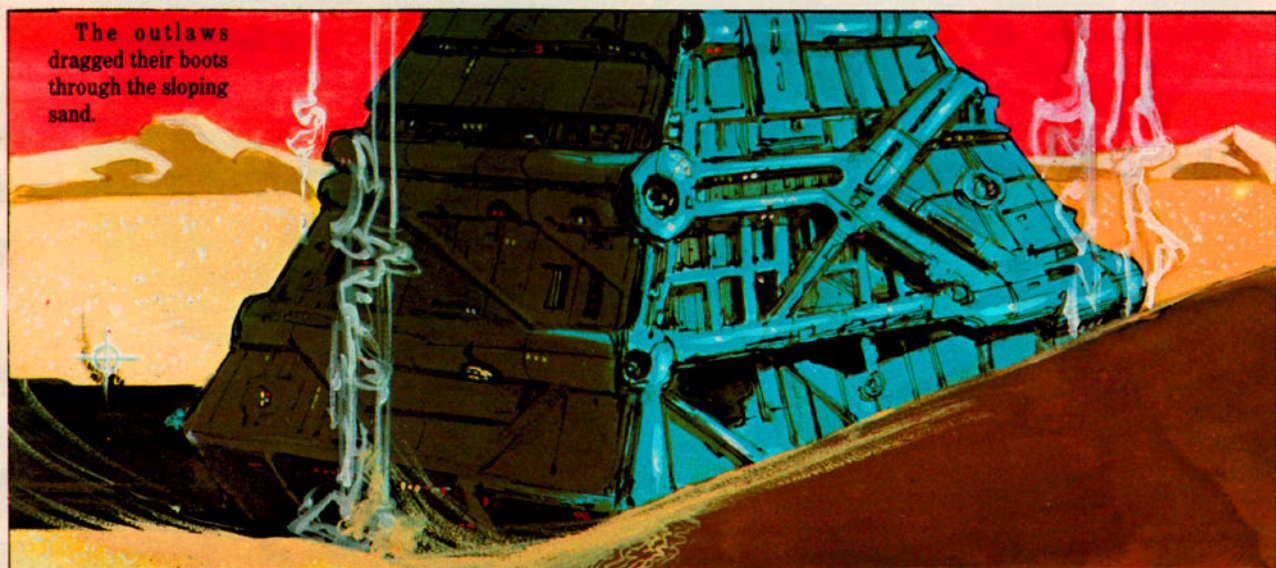
"The simple story, boy? Once I lived on a lush and beautiful world; the Kündike raped it, smashed it, twisted it and tortured it into something ugly, hideous, unfit for animal or human life. That's what the legends say—in those corners of the universe where I am legend. But when you consider how big a world is, and just how much you'd have to do to rape, smash, and twist the extent of it... well, then you begin to realize what a simple-minded story that is. The complex one—the one you might even say was true? Bah! It's too hot for stories today, boy!"

"Then don't tell me stories, Qreton. Tell me facts. What are those two fragments we left behind on the Proteus? What is this plan you talk about? Qreton, what is it you want?"

The woman laughed harshly. "Suppose I told you that there were ten more of those crystal fragments that, when put together, would make a whole? What information would you have then? You want the complex story? In an empire as vast as the worlds that wheel about us, the control of physical forces—armies and the like—is a very small part of political power. But if you control information—how to make ten worlds as effective as an army of ten thousand men, or how one boy can build radies more efficient than those produced by a thousand women workers in an industrial factory, then you have *real* power, the power of the Kündike. You ask about my plan? A plan is nothing but information, boy. For instance, look here..."



"...That great pyramid—one of the Kunard liners—is a tourist ship that has landed here to watch the desert sunset."



The outlaws
dragged their boots
through the sloping
sand.

"Why do they want to watch sunset from here? I mean, in half an hour, even the most glorious sunset—"



"But you know nothing about the sands of this desert. At sunset, when the temperature lowers..."

"...a chemical change makes the sands suddenly crystalize!"



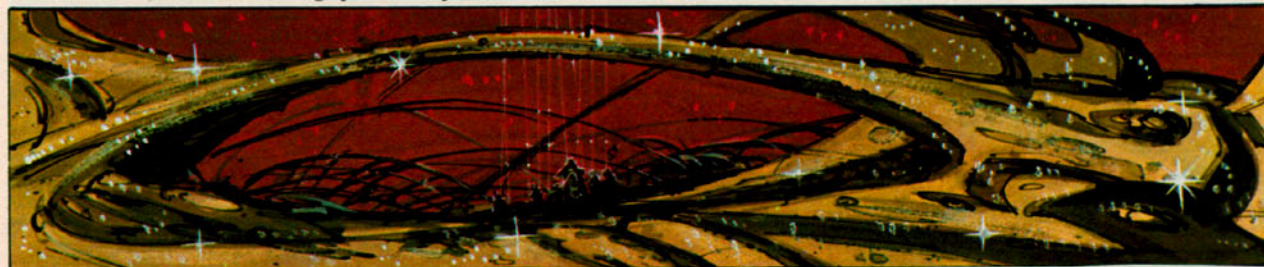
The tourists clustered at the liner's view-porch.



"Look! It's starting!"



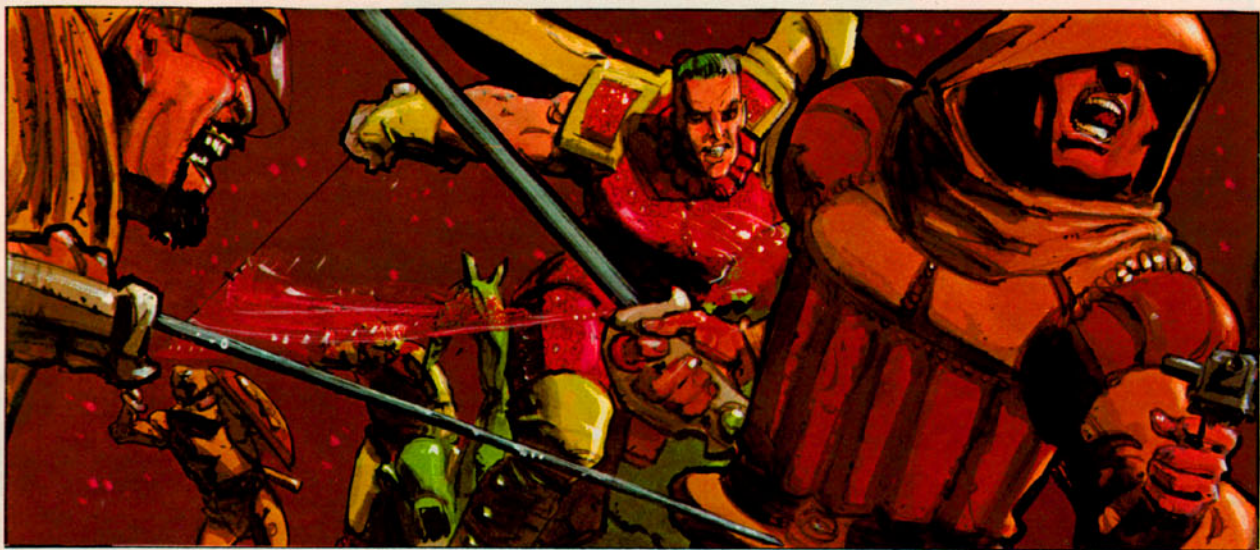
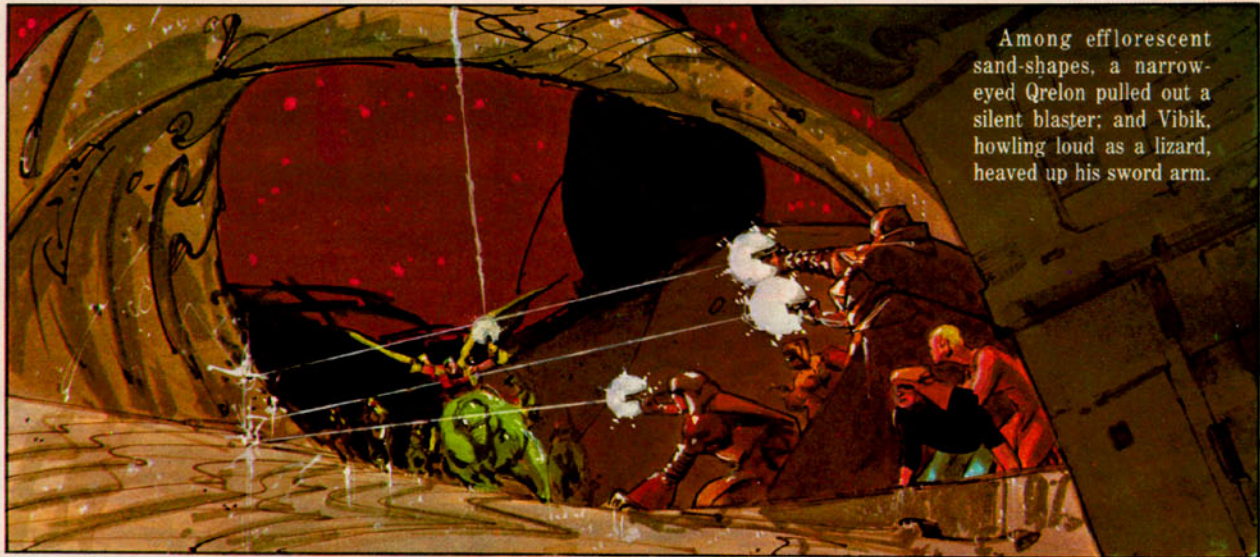
Between the flickering spires and spears...



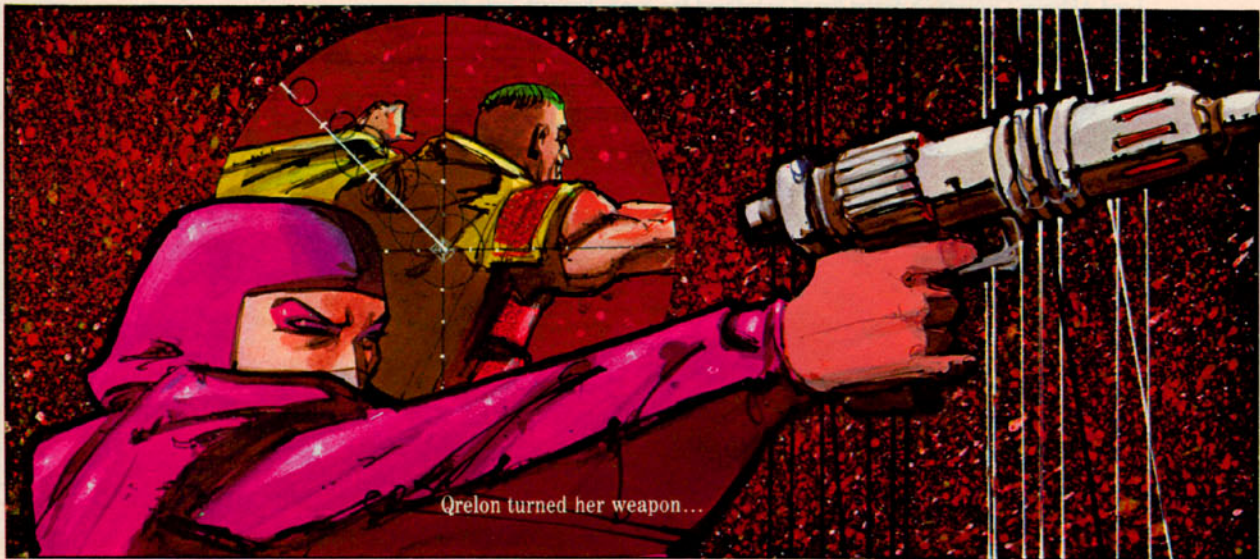
...Lord Akbrum's squealing desert-lizard powdered the dunes beneath jade claws.



Among efflorescent sand-shapes, a narrow-eyed Qrelon pulled out a silent blaster; and Vibik, howling loud as a lizard, heaved up his sword arm.



The nomads met Akbrum's troops with anger and steel.



Qrelon turned her weapon...



But a chance blow deflected her beam.



"I remember you, boy!"



"You saved the outlaw's life on Eyrth!"

Wryn scrambled through an open viewing porch on the liner's flank.



And while Lord Akbrum leaped after him...

...on the liner's bridge, the Captain had reached a decision.



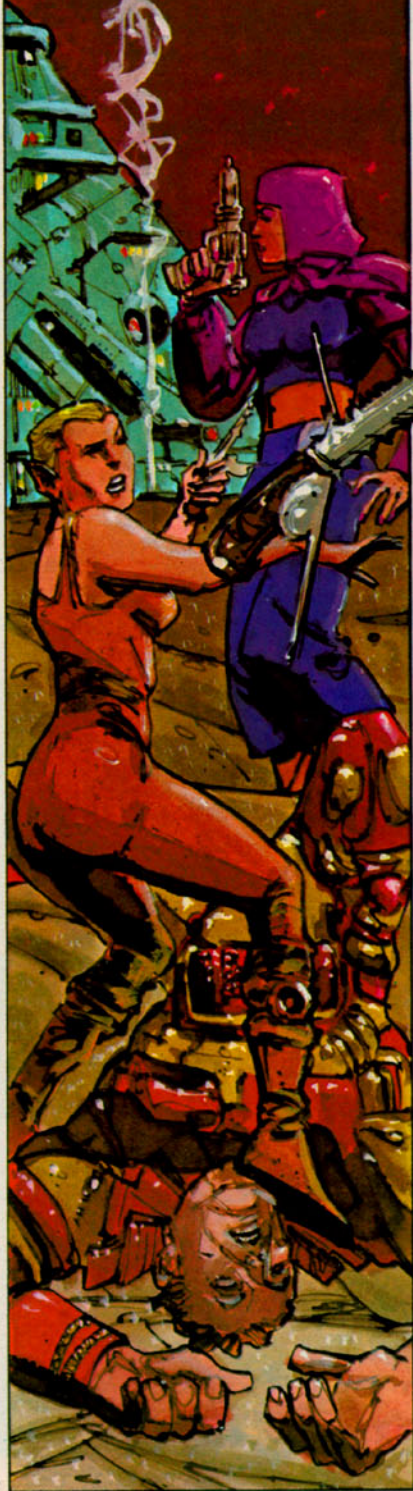
"I think you're right, Captain. Sunsets are one thing, but local desert skirmishes are another. Attention: all porches closed! Prepare to take off!"

As Wryn staggered among the astonished tourists...



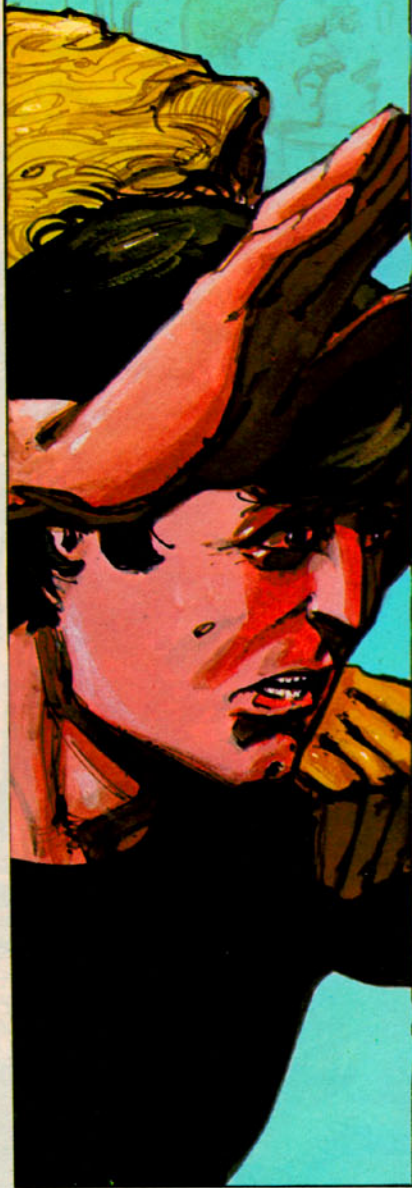
...Lord Akbrum screamed in pain, for the vitryl panels had severed, at a chop, flesh, nerve, blood, and bone.

As Lord Akbrum fell back to the crystalized sands, the liner's anti-gravity boosters began to whine above the battle din.



The ship's anti-gravity lifts were silent. Below, on the glittering sands, brawling shapes shouted, squealed, and cursed.

And at the liner's sealed viewporch:
"Qrelon! Blaz! I didn't mean to leave you!
I...!"



Wryn was so upset that, for a moment, he didn't even feel the hand on his shoulder. Then...



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



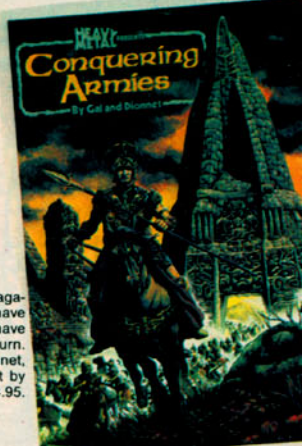
ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. \$5.95. HM4011



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



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



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



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



.....

HEAVY METAL BOOKS, Dept HM1178
 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below.

Please add 60¢ per title for postage and shipping charges.

Enclosed find \$..... Send check or money order only.

Payable to **HEAVY METAL BOOKS.**

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

<input type="checkbox"/> HM4010	<input type="checkbox"/> HM4011	<input type="checkbox"/> HM4012
<input type="checkbox"/> HM4013	<input type="checkbox"/> HM4014	<input type="checkbox"/> HM4015

Name.....
 (Please print)

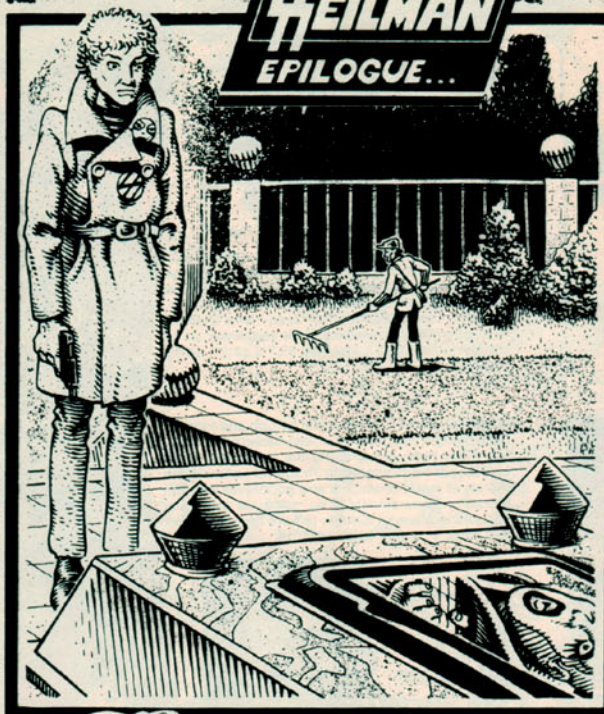
Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

.....

#HEILMAN EPILOGUE...

AS A YOUNG FAN WEEPS AT THE IDOL'S TOMB, A PISTOL IN HIS HAND, HEILMAN, SEVERAL FEET BELOW GROUND, TRIES IN VAIN TO REVIVE HIS MORTAL REMAINS...



THE YOUNG GROUPIE'S GLANCE IS RIVETED TO THE SCREEN, WHERE NONSTOP FOOTAGE OF HEILMAN'S LIFE, SESSIONS, AND CONCERTS IS PROJECTED...

HE KNEELS BEFORE THE TOMB...

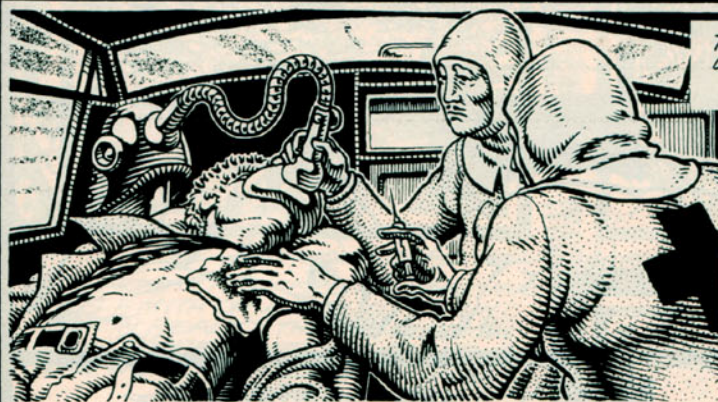
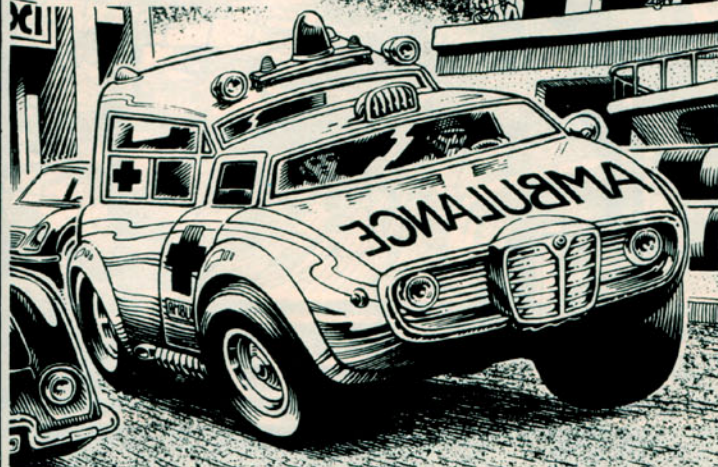
...AIMS HIS GUN AT HIS HEART...



...AND FIRES!!

A FEW MINUTES
LATER, AN AMBU-
LANCE SPEEDS TO-
WARD THE CEME-
TERY, ITS SIRENS
SCREAMING...

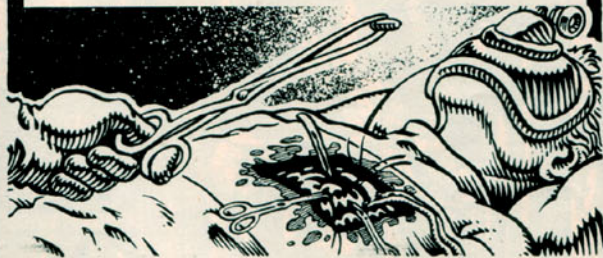
... SUMMONED BY THE
GUARD AT HEILMAN'S
MAUSOLEUM, A WIT-
NESS TO THE
ATTEMPTED SUICIDE...



THE ORDERLIES TRY TO KEEP THE
DESPERATE YOUTH ALIVE UNTIL THEY
REACH THE HOSPITAL...



... WHERE THE SURGEONS, WITH INFINITE
CARE, MANAGE TO EXTRACT THE BULLET,
WHICH FORTUNATELY HAS NOT TOUCHED HIS
HEART...



BUT A LITTLE LATER - WITH THE WOUND
CLOSED AND SUTURED - THE WOUNDED
BOY'S PULSE FALTERS...



... TO THE GREAT DESPAIR OF THE
SURGICAL TEAM, WHICH IS UNABLE TO
BRING BACK TO LIFE THE INERT
CORPSE.

FORCED TO ADMIT THEIR DEFEAT,
THEY QUICKLY LEAVE THE OPERATING
ROOM, UNAWARE OF...



...THE PRESENCE OF A BEING—NONE
OTHER THAN HEILMAN'S GHOST—
BENDING OVER THE CORPSE OF
THE YOUNG FAN...



WHEN THE NURSE COMES TO PICK UP THE
CORPSE TO TAKE IT BACK TO THE MORGUE,
THEY NOTICE A RESPIRATORY MOVEMENT
LIFTING THE SHEET COVERING THE BODY...

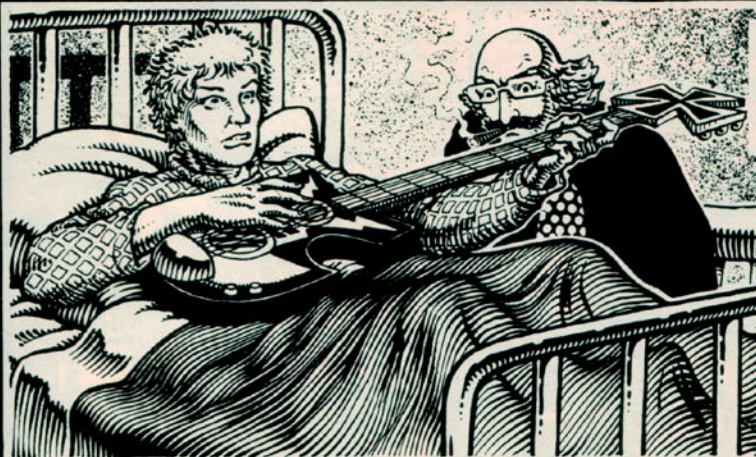


NEXT DAY, THIS NEWS ITEM APPEARS ON
PAGE EIGHT OF THE DAILY PAPER, AND
ATTRACTS THE INTEREST OF HEILMAN'S
FORMER MANAGER, ALWAYS ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR A QUICK BUCK...



MOVED BY FATE, OR
SENSING A WAY TO AUG-
MENT HIS BANK ACCOUNT,
HE PRESENTS HIM-
SELF AT THE HOS-
PITAL, OFFERING
THE YOUNG CON-
VALESCENT HIS
IDOL'S GUITAR...





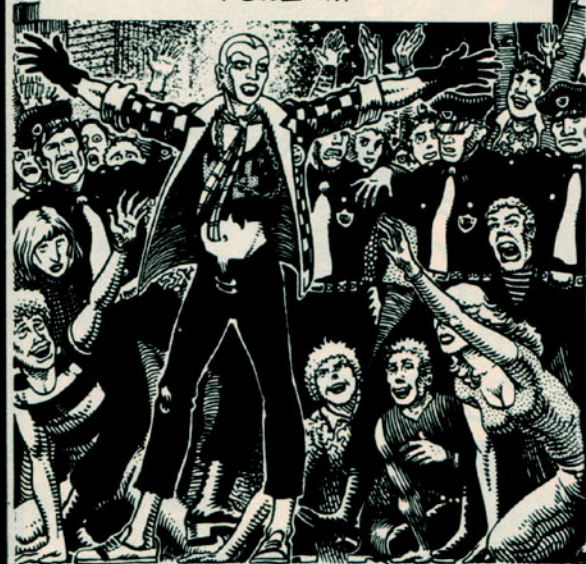
HAVING ADMITTED HIS INABILITY TO PLAY A SINGLE NOTE, HE NOW BEGINS TO PLAY HEILMAN'S RIFFS BENEATH THE GREEDY GAZE OF THE SHOW BUSINESSMAN



WHEN HE HAS CONVALESCED FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, HE IS PRESENTED TO THE ROCK CRITICS AS HEILMAN'S SPIRITUAL HEIR—OR EVEN AS HIS REINCARNATION...



IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER IT IS A MYTH OR A PUBLICITY STUNT, FOR IN REALITY THE FASCINATION HE EXERCISES OVER THE CROWD IS THE WORK OF A SUPERNATURAL POWER...



...AT HIS FIRST CONCERT, EVEN HIS GROUP, THE ROCKBOTS, SEEM BEWITCHED BY...



...A MYSTERIOUS MAGNETISM,
INDEFINABLE, BUT CLOSELY
ASSOCIATED WITH...

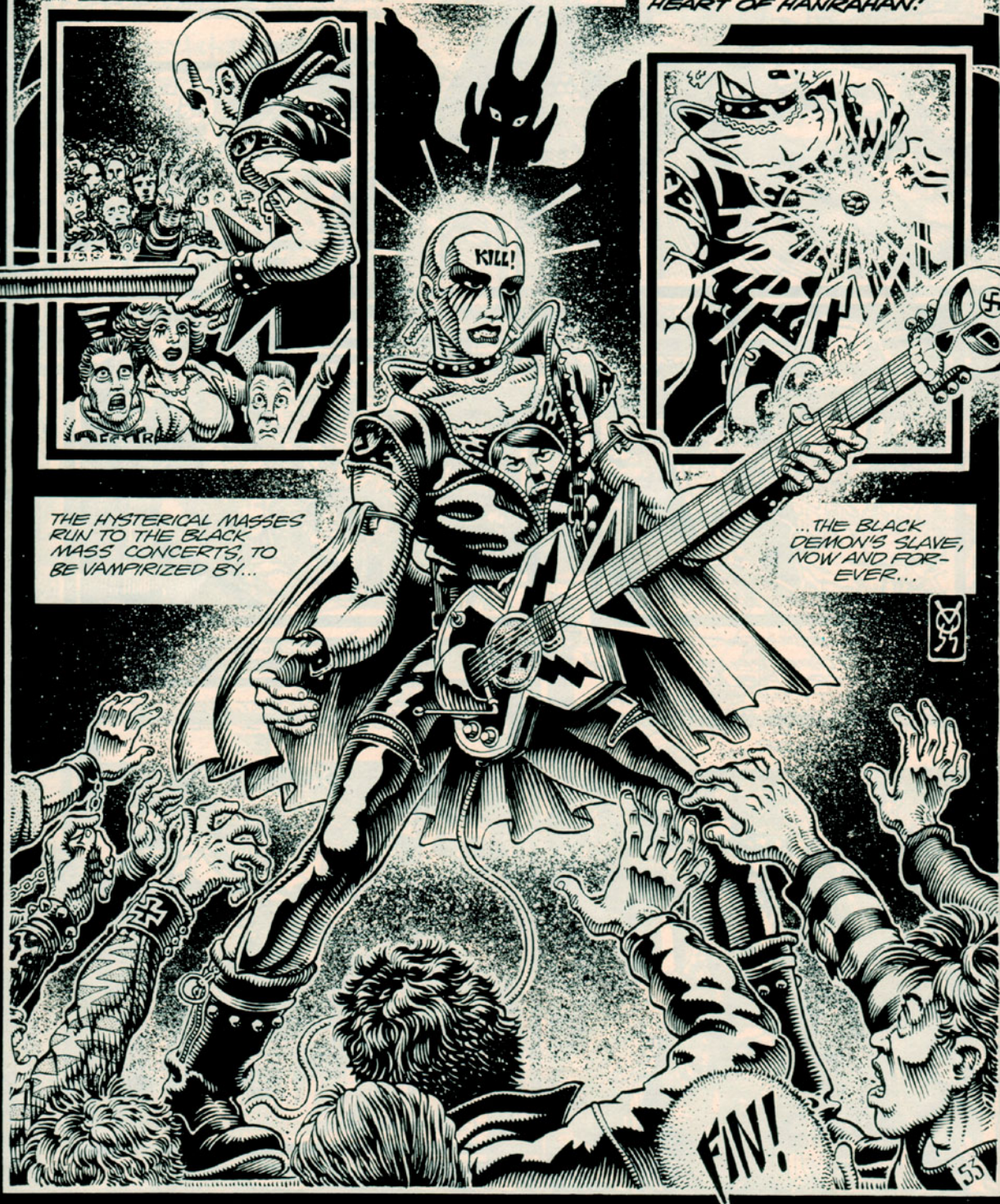
...AN IMPERCEPTIBLE
SHADOW HOVERING
ABOVE HEILMAN'S
SUCCESSOR...

...AND SUBTLY CONNECTED TO
A BLACK DIAMOND VIBRATING
CLOSE TO THE ROCKER'S
HEART... THE DIABOLICAL
HEART OF HANIRAHAN!



THE HYSTERICAL MASSES
RUN TO THE BLACK
MASS CONCERTS, TO
BE VAMPIRIZED BY...

...THE BLACK
DEMON'S SLAVE,
NOW AND FOR-
EVER...



BARBARELLA'S BORN AGAIN!

THE FIRST AND FINEST OF
FEMALE FANTASY
ADVENTURERS TAKES ON
THE TOUGHEST ANTAGONISTS
SHE'S EVER HAD TO FACE IN
THIS COLLECTION OF ALL
NEW EPISODES FROM THE
PEN OF CREATOR JEAN-
CLAUDE FOREST.

BARBARELLA'S SPACED-
OUT IN OUTER SPACE,
GOING EVERY WHICH WAY—
INCLUDING THE FAMILY WAY!
ALSO FEATURED: A
RETROSPECTIVE BRINGING
AMERICAN READERS UP-TO-
DATE WITH THE QUEEN OF
THE COSMOS, PLUS ACTION
STILLS FROM THE HIT
FEATURE FILM STARRING
JANE FONDA. A PRIME
PACKAGE OF SCI-FI FUN
FROM HEAVY METAL BOOKS.



HEAVY METAL HM 1178
635 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

YES, PLEASE SEND ME
COPY (S) OF
BARBARELLA: THE MOON
CHILD I ENCLOSE \$6.95
FOR EACH COPY.

PLEASE ADD 60¢ FOR
POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

SALES TAX: FOR DELIVERY IN
NEW YORK CITY, ADD 8%.
FOR DELIVERY ELSEWHERE
IN NEW YORK STATE, ADD 6%.

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

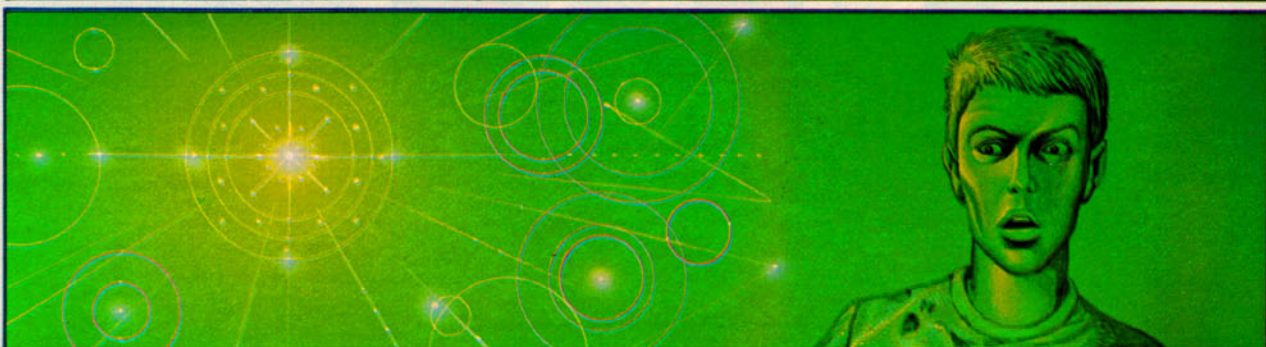
CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____



SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE II. THE FIRST NIGHT AFTER TOUCHDOWN ON EARTH...



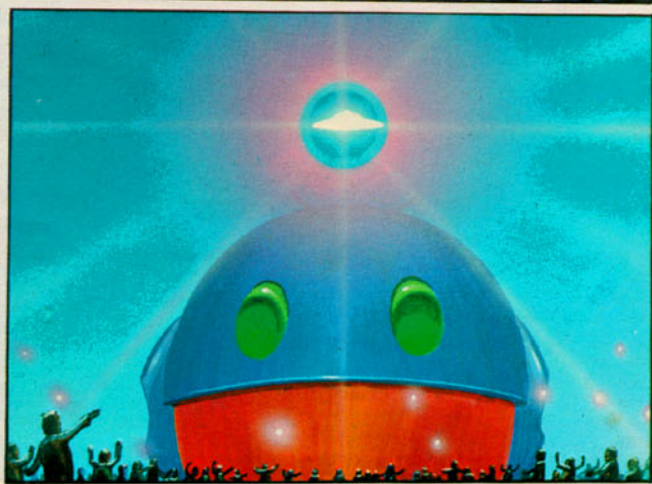
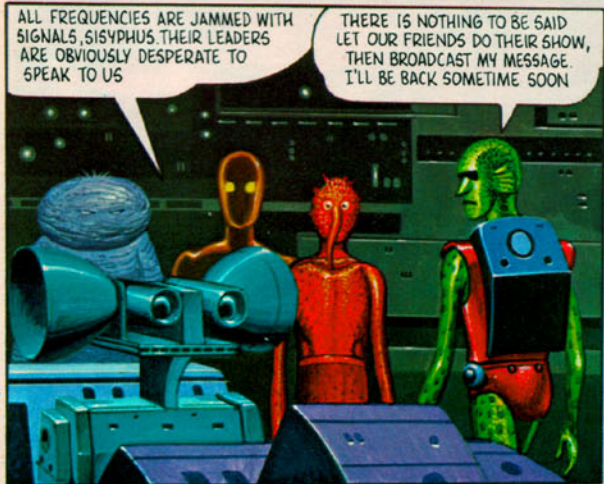
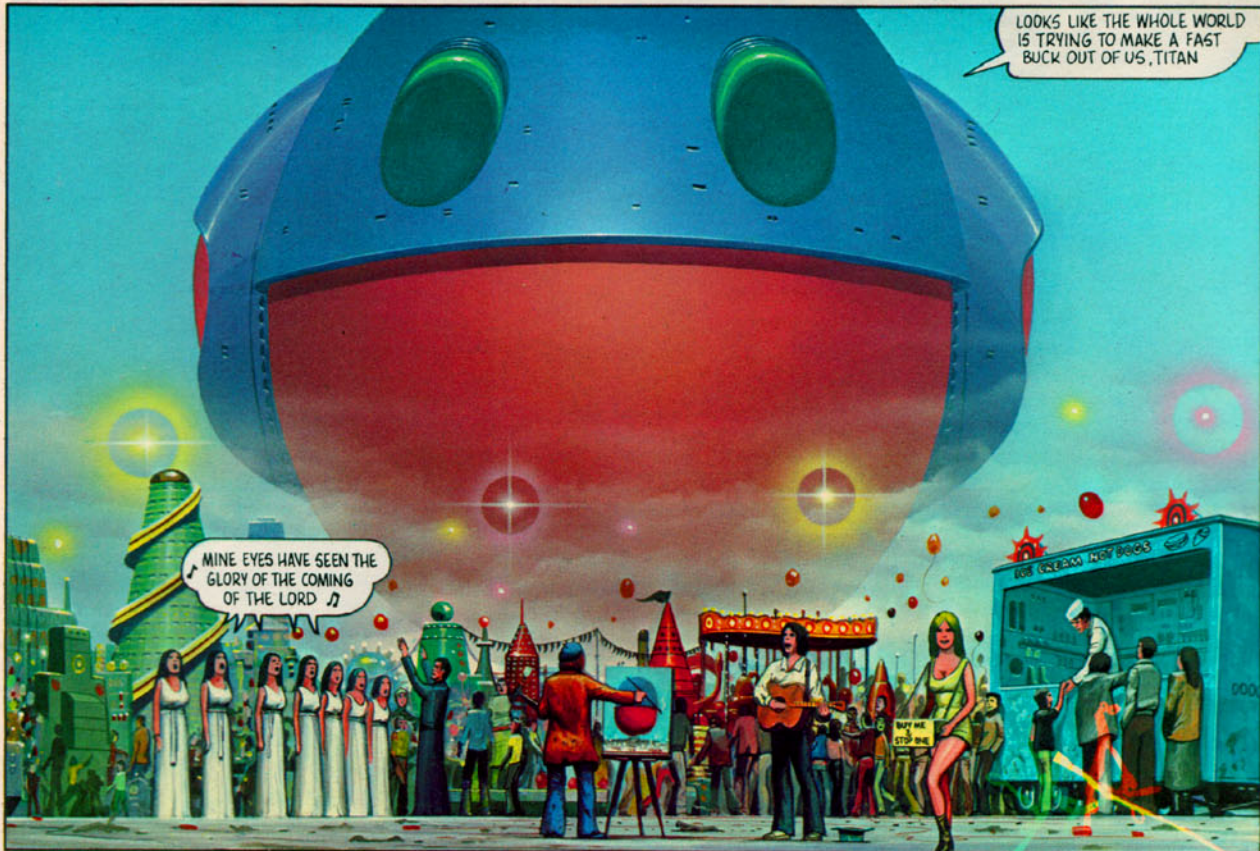
I SENSE SOMETHING

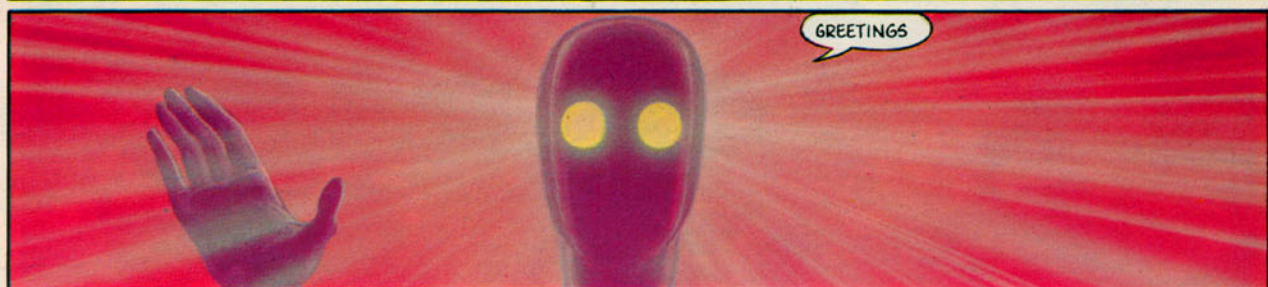
THE SHIP IS PUTTING OUT FEELERS. THERE'S GOING TO BE A FANTASTIC SCENE OUT THERE IN THE MORNING.

THERE'S A LOT OF ACTIVITY EVEN NOW

YES. I THINK THEY ARE BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT NINE-TO-FIVE JOBS ARE **NOT** THE NORM THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY





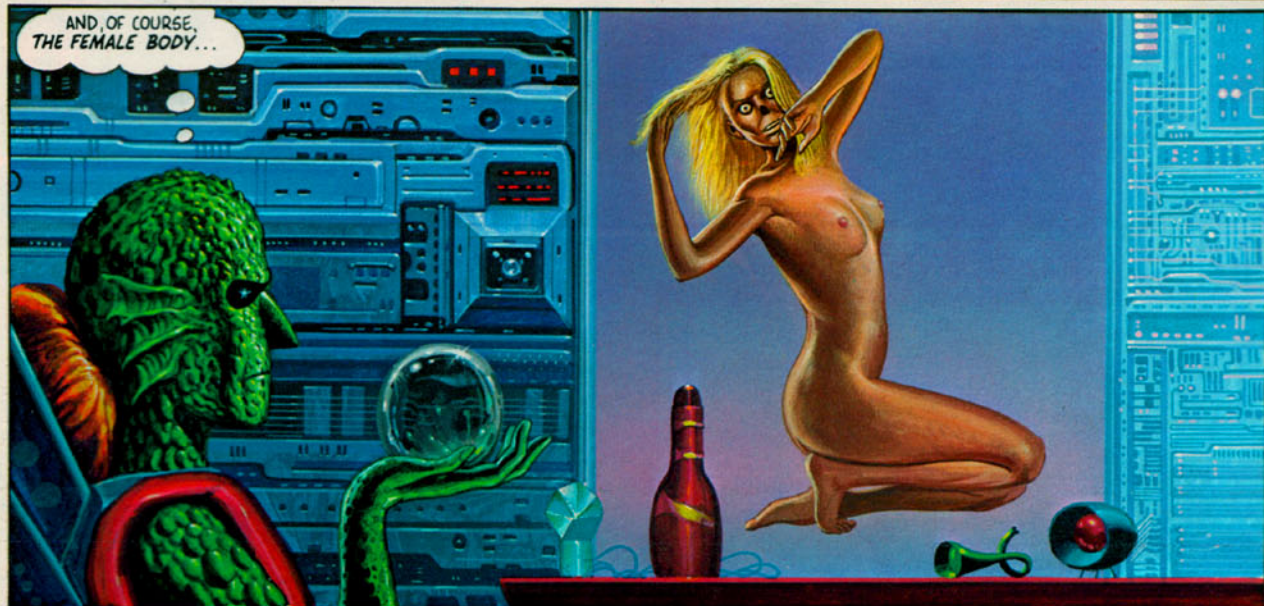


AND NOW...TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER...
LEVITATION, LITTLE PEOPLE, BLACK RAIN...

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION, LEY LINES
AND MYSTERIOUS OOZINGS...

STIGMATA AND
INVISIBLE BARRIERS

AND, OF COURSE,
THE FEMALE BODY...



THERE IS A DEFINITE FOCUS HERE AND IT'S DEEP...
MUCH DEEPER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER
COME ACROSS BEFORE

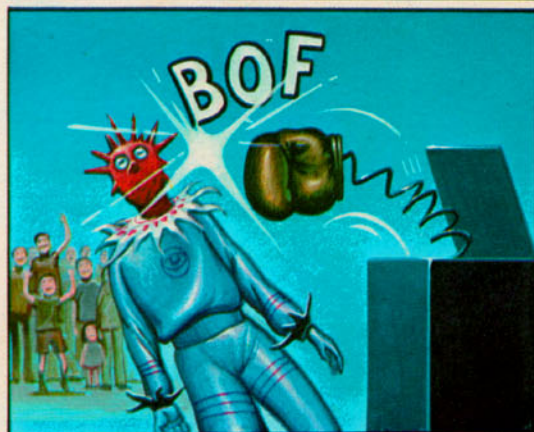
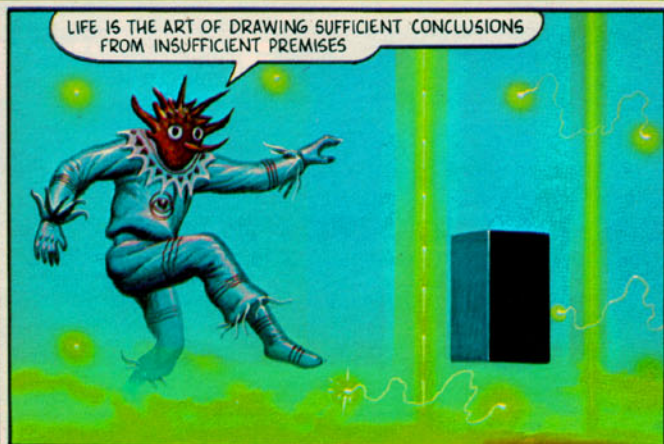
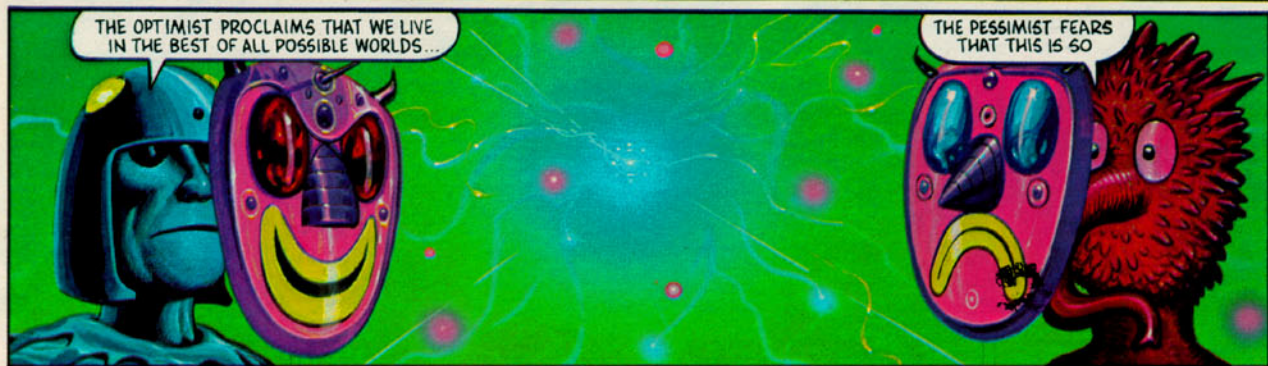
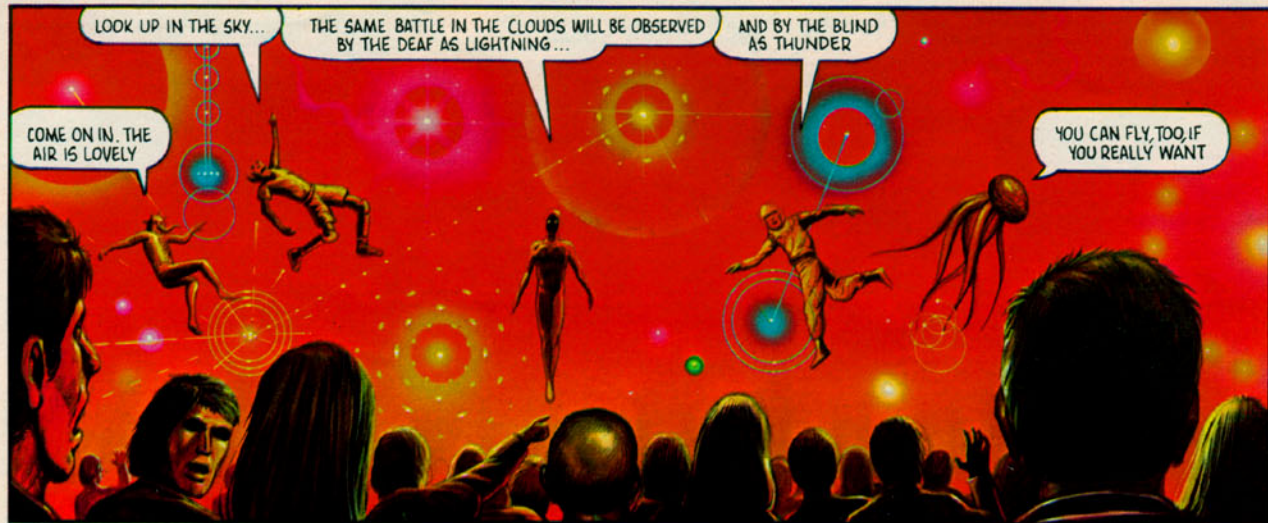


PLANET WAVES TELL ME THAT YOU PAID
THE PRICE OF SOLITUDE...BUT THAT
NOW YOU ARE OUT OF DEBT



I AM NOW CLINGING TO THE EDGE...THE UTMOST LIMIT...





OUR FRIENDS ARE PUTTING ON A...ER...
SPECTACULAR SHOW. I WONDER WHAT
THE EARTH-PEOPLE ARE MAKING OF IT ALL

ACTORS! THEY'RE THE SAME
ALL OVER THE GALAXY! THEY
JUST **HAVE** TO BE THE CENTER
OF ATTENTION. TOTALLY
INSECURE, TOTALLY INSECURE

YOU RETURNED SOONER THAN I ANTICIPATED.
THE EARTH-PEOPLE HAVE FREE ACCESS TO
THE LOWER BAYS AS YOU INSTRUCTED AND
I HAVE INFORMED THEM OF THEIR
RIGHT UNDER GALACTIC BYLAW...

FREE PASSAGE TO ANY
PORT OF CALL ON OUR
FLIGHT PATH



GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WELCOME ABOARD SPACESHIP ICARUS.
IF THE THOUGHT OF FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN WORRIES YOU WE
ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE **IMMEDIATELY**

THIS IS CRAZY, JOE. WE CAN'T JUST UP AN'
GO TO **ALPHA CENTAURI**! MY WIFE IS
EXPECTING ME **HOME** AT FIVE-THIRTY!

BELIEVE ME, ED. IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST.
ANDROMEDA IS THE ONLY SAFE
PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE MAFIA.

YOU'D BETTER BE **RIGHT**
ABOUT THIS. IF WE GET
TO ORION AND FIND OUT
WE'RE **NOT** ENTITLED TO
WELFARE...



LOOK AT THEM, TITAN, EARTH'S REJECTS, THE **DEADBEATS**,
DROPOUTS, **DRUG ADDICTS**, **PIMPS**, AND **PROSTITUTES**.
THE PETTY THIEVES, GAMBLERS, AND **ALCOHOLICS**... ALL
ON THE RUN FROM THEIR DARK, SECRETIVE PAST LIVES.



GEE! I JUST
LOVE THOSE
TENTACLES.
ARE THEY ARMS
OR LEGS?!

JUST DEPENDS...WHAT DO
YOU **DESIRE** THEM TO BE?

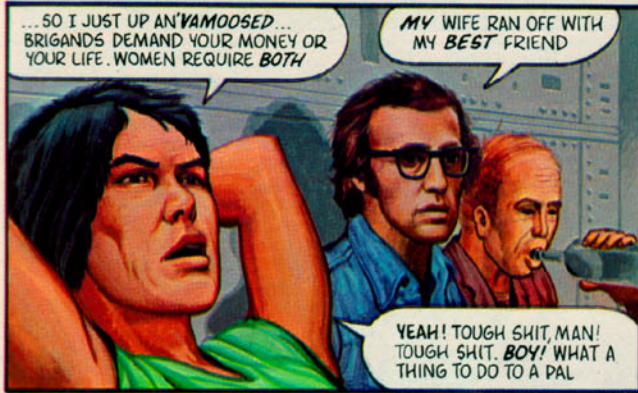
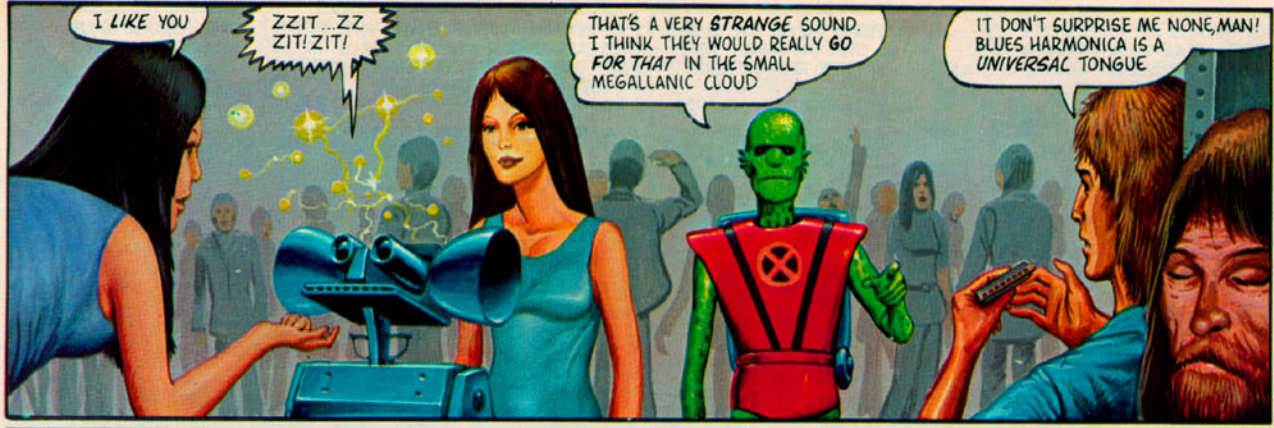
;-GIGGLE-

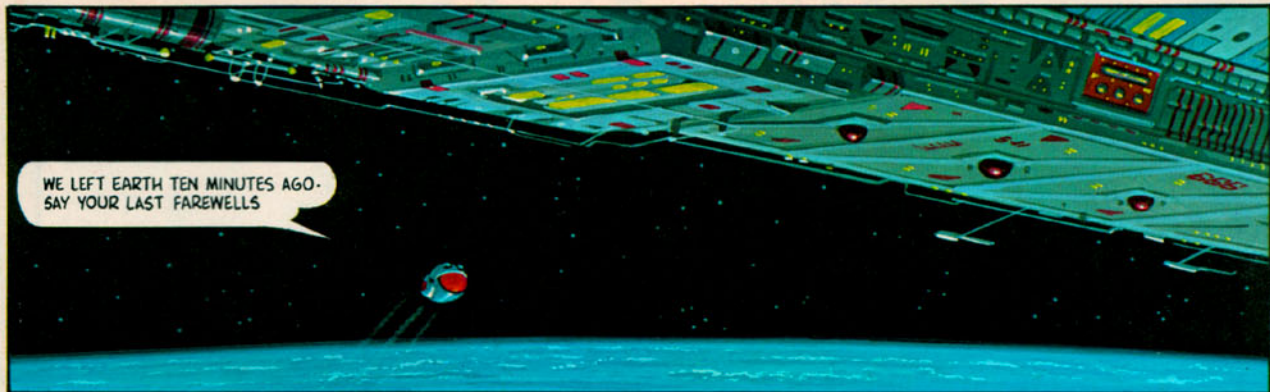
...AND WHEN I SAW THE
LIGHTS, I KNEW THAT I
WAS FINALLY, **TRULY**
LIBERATED

THAT'S
COOL,
BABE

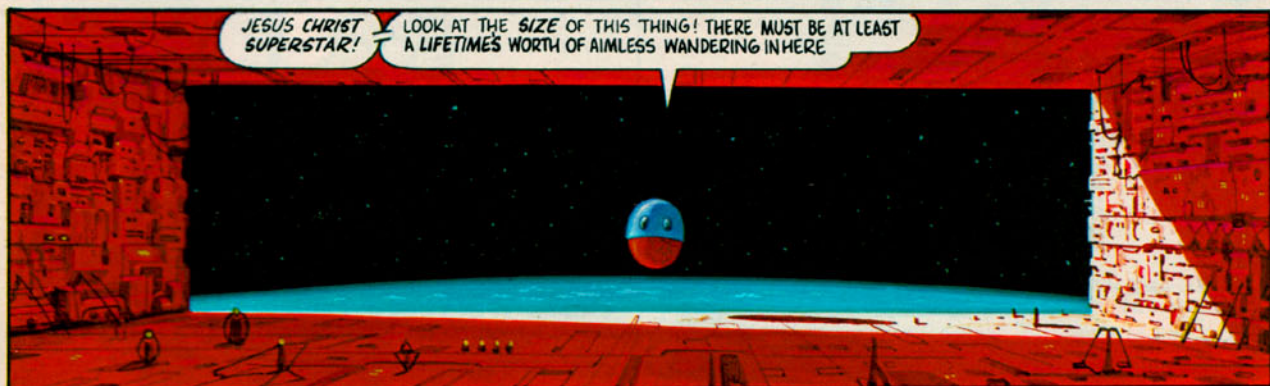
HEY THERE, YOU'RE
A CUTE LITTLE FELLA







WE LEFT EARTH TEN MINUTES AGO.
SAY YOUR LAST FAREWELLS



JESUS CHRIST
SUPERSTAR!

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS THING! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST
A LIFETIME'S WORTH OF AIMLESS WANDERING IN HERE



IT'S A VERY WEIRD PLACE OUT THERE, EARTHMEN... ALTHOUGH...
IN *SOME* WAYS, IT'S STRANGELY *FAMILIAR* TO EARTH...

IT'S LIKE A GIANT FAIRGROUND IN A WAY, WITH
SCENES TO THRILL, ENTERTAIN, TITILLATE, SHOCK...
EVEN DISGUST...

YES... I THINK YOU'LL NEED A *LIBERAL* OUTLOOK
TO GET YOU THROUGH *THIS* GALAXY...

TO BE CONTINUED...

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!



GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through the icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof!!!* You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We **GUARANTEE IT!**

Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master: • **How to be sexy** • Best places to pick up girls • **How to make shyness work for you** • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • **How to talk dirty seductively** • Why girls get horny • **Fifty great opening lines** • The greatest pick up techniques in the world. • **Why women are dying to get picked up** • How to get women to pick you up

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in *their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick her up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.

If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, *you'll* be the one who knows how to move into action. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** costs only \$8.95—less than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL: A Picture Book of Love**. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with.

OVER 160 LUSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL contains over 160 photos—each one just as clear and exciting as the photograph above. These photographs are large, beautiful, and incredibly frank. They show you—step by exciting step—exactly how to turn on a woman. And today that's more important than ever before. After all, today a woman expects a lot from a man. By the time she's twenty she's probably been to bed with at least half a dozen guys. So she knows when someone's a good lover...and when he's not so good.

That's why **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** can be such a help. It's chock full of hundreds of techniques that *overnight* can turn you into an "expert" at turning on a woman. Here are just a few of the techniques you will learn and master:

• **How to get a woman to "let herself go"** • "Magic" caresses • **The techniques of touch** • Stimulating a woman • **Building feminine passion** • The building of sexual power • **Special sexual motions** • Dozens of exotic positions • **How to take off her clothes** • Rocking motions • **The magic of Warm Baths** • Building sexual control • **Best ways to generate passion** • And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with truly luscious photographs

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!!!! **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** will teach you how to thrill women so intensely, they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk.

So just don't *think* about ordering **THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE**. Really go ahead and do it. Right now. After all, in just one week it can turn you into such a vibrant, exciting lover, women will look at you in a whole new light.

Symphony Press, Inc., Dept. HM, 7 W. Clinton Ave., Tenafly, N.J. 07670

- ☐ I've enclosed \$8.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling.
Rush me **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!**
- ☐ I've enclosed \$12.95 plus \$1 postage & handling. Rush me **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL.**
- ☐ Both books only \$19.95 plus \$1 postage & handling.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Books come in non-identifiable wrapper.

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 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-1178
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.





