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magazine



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CONTENTS

... Eventually ... , 4

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 6

New Tales of the Arabian Nights, Sindbad in the Land of Jinn, by **Richard Corben** and **Jan Strnad**, 7

Only Connect: The Tumor, by **Alias**, 15

The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius**, 18

Telefield, by **Macedo**, 23

Exterminator 17, by **Bilal**, 31

The Ultimate Negotiation, by **Bilal**, 44

Ms. *Heavy Metal* of 1979, by **John Totleben**, 48

Chain Mail, 50

Monsieur Glou Glou, by **Rochberny**, 50

Station 34.728, by **Lesueur**, 51

Gail, by **Druillet**, 56

The Split, by **Moebius**, 67

Sense of Wonder, by **Mark Wheatley**, 70

Exercise in Gold, by **Trina Robbins**, 72

Dreamland, by **Stuart Nezin**, 80

So Beautiful and So Dangerous, by **Angus McKie**, 84

1996, by **Montellier**, 94

Front cover, Rocking Centaur, by **Jo Ellen Trilling**

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...EVENTUALLY...

All mankind will recognize that bloodlust is a sickness, not a crime, & vampires be put on plasma maintenance programs.

Conservationists will become extinct, and then, too late, we will appreciate their lost beauty and usefulness.

Everything will have been done for the first time yet again.

Mass will be recognized as a resource every bit as precious as energy, and lots easier to catch.

The myth of the fabulous undersea kingdom called California will be scientifically disproved.

Adoption of a universal language will result in perpetual warfare, once men can truly understand each other.

Pacifist anarchists will unite to destroy the paranoids who were after them.

A technique will be developed for fashioning trees out of recycled magazines.



An agency will conclude that the problem is people, and ask for volunteers.

Someone will satisfactorily explain all the elephants in this issue.

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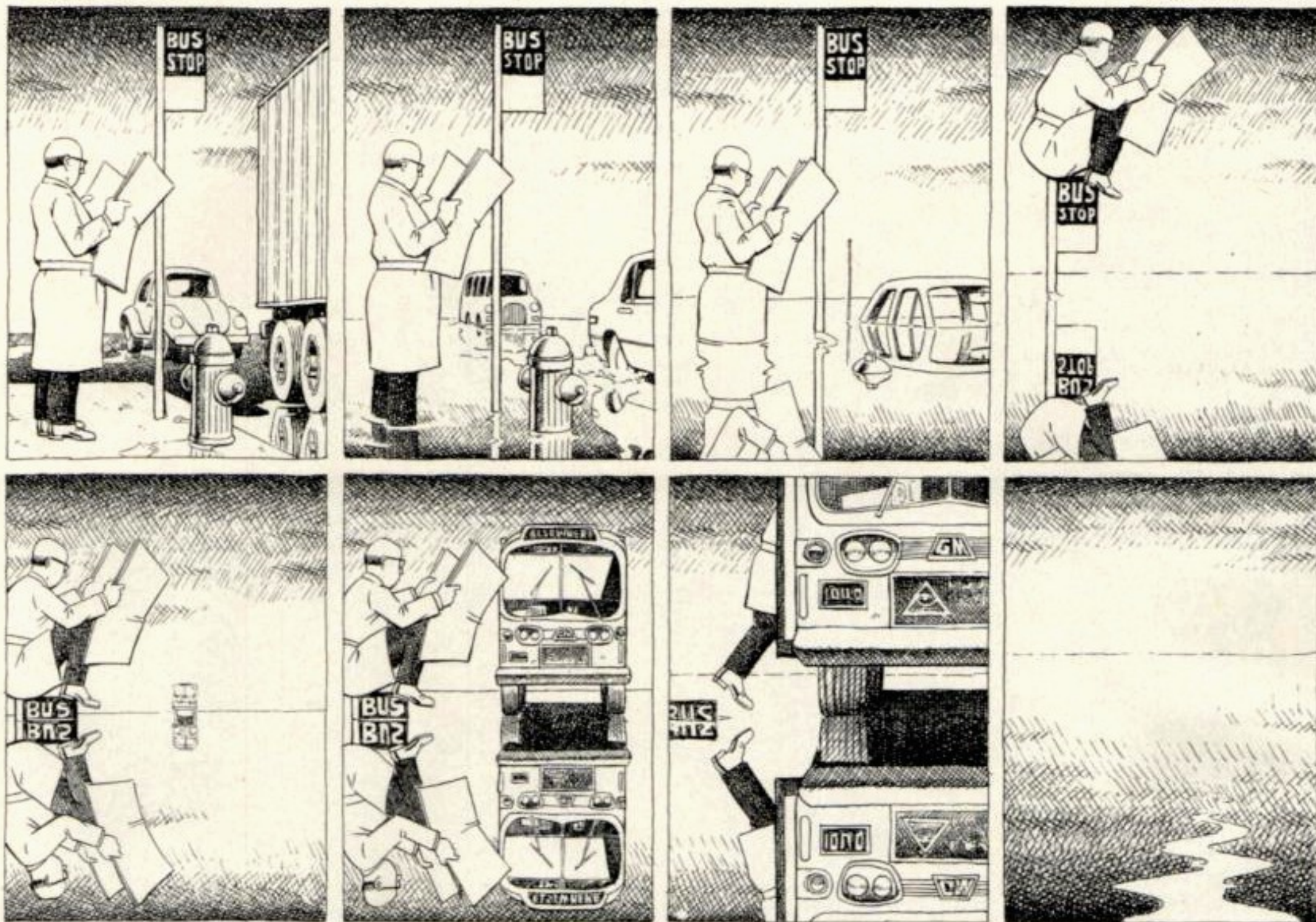
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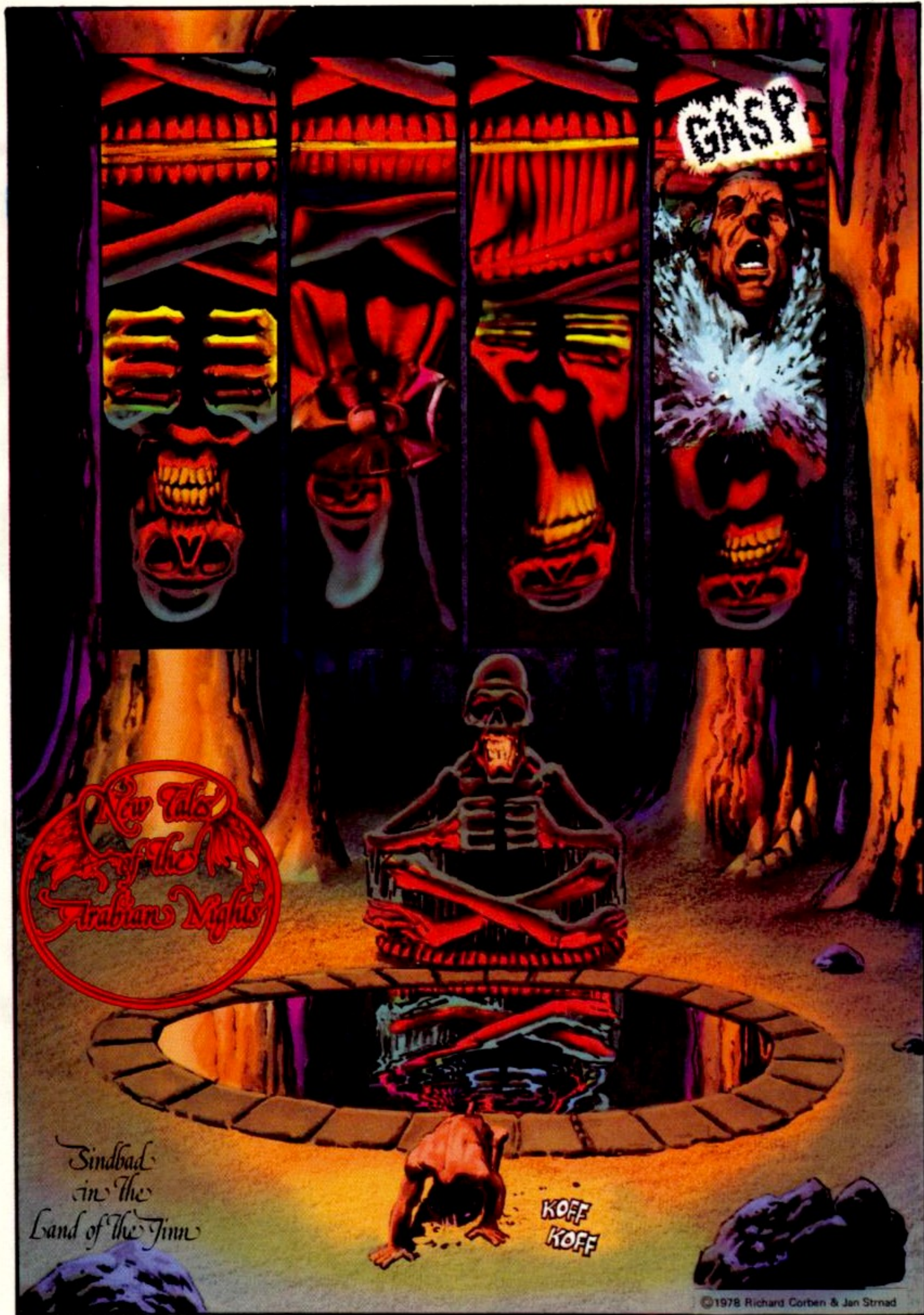
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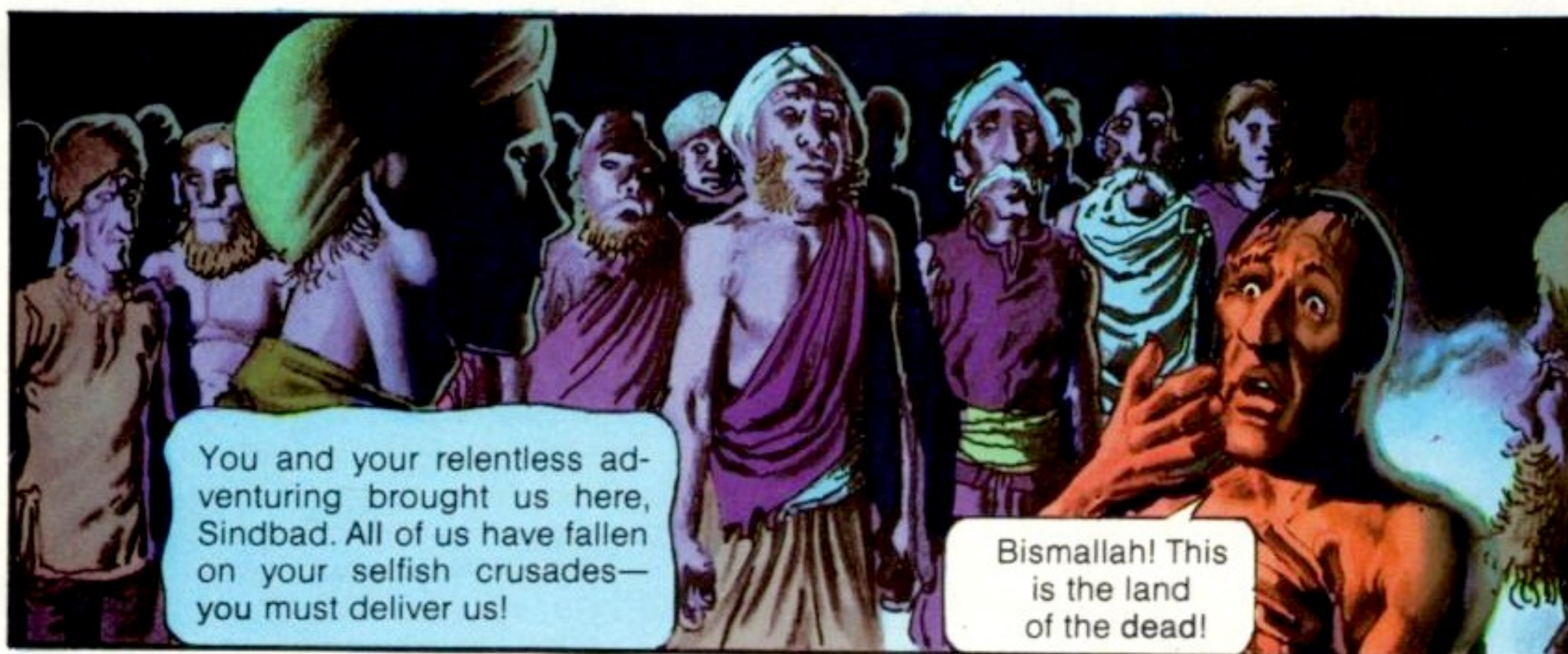
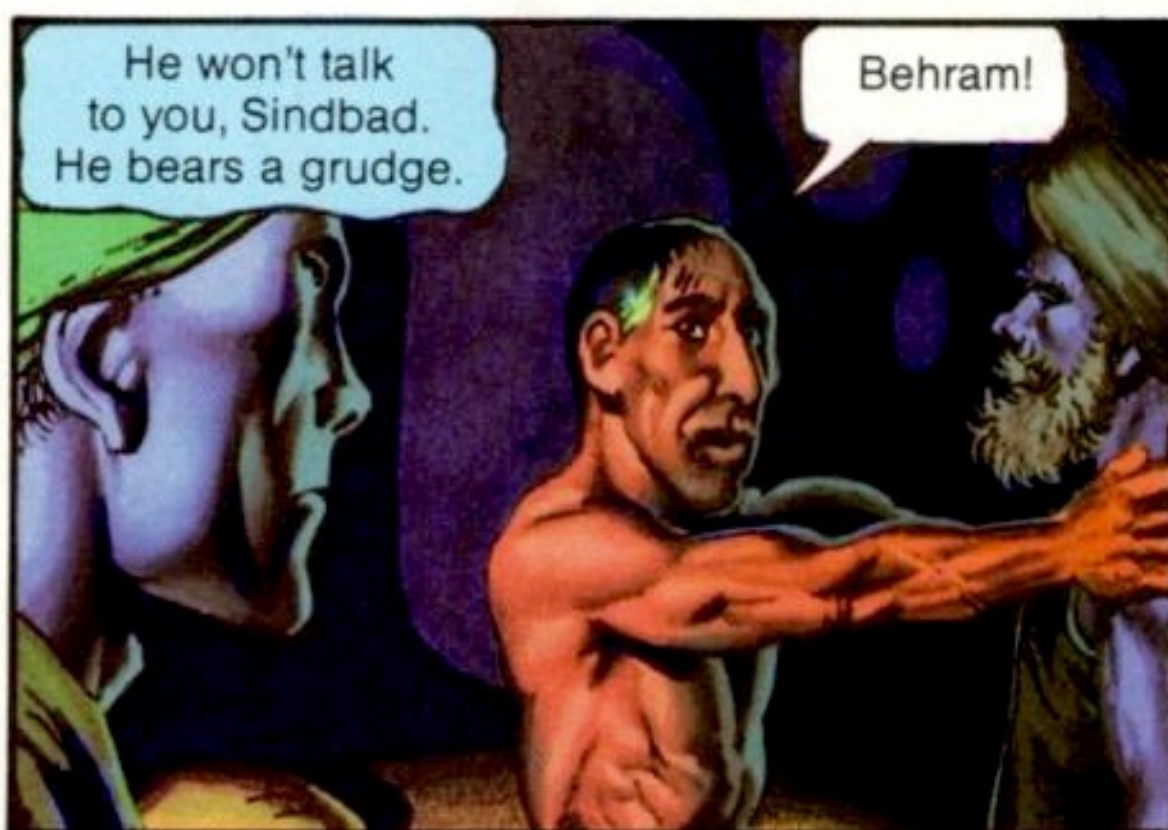
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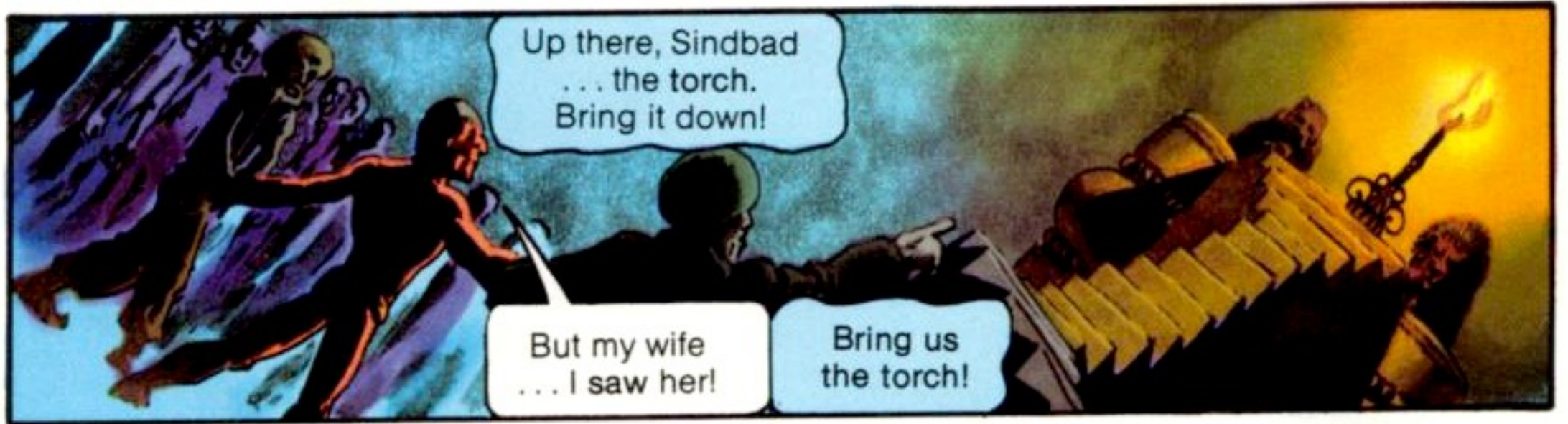
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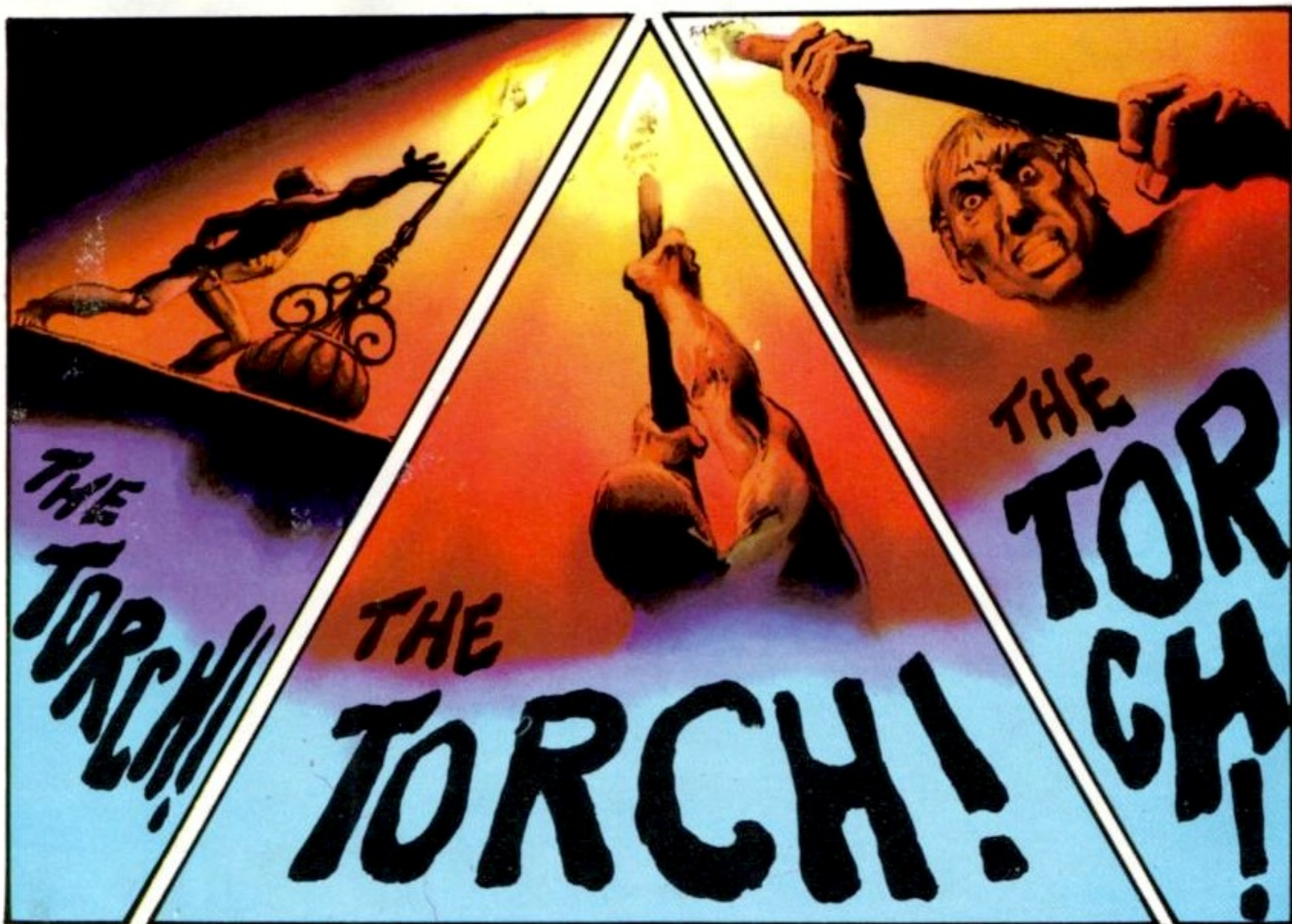
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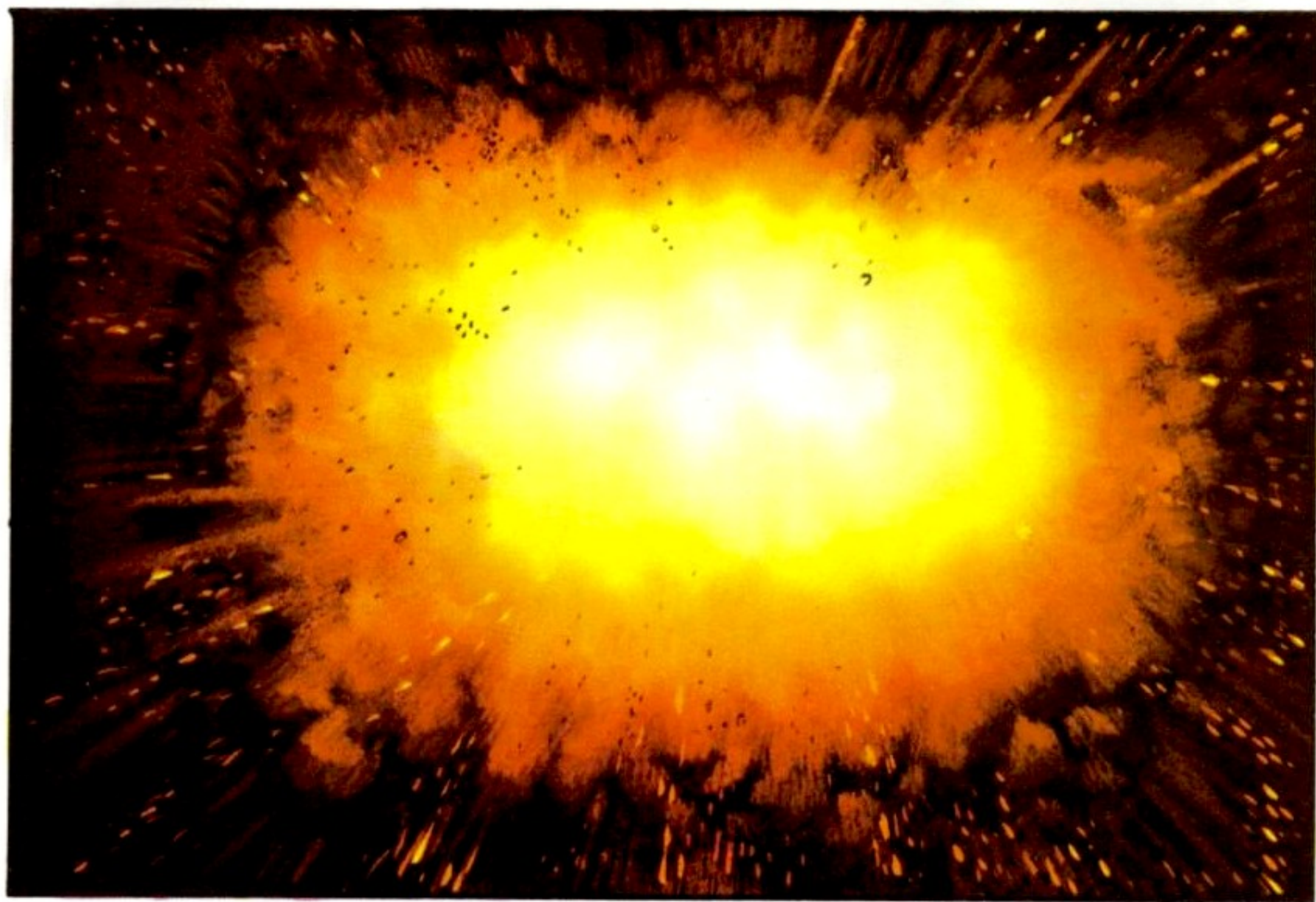




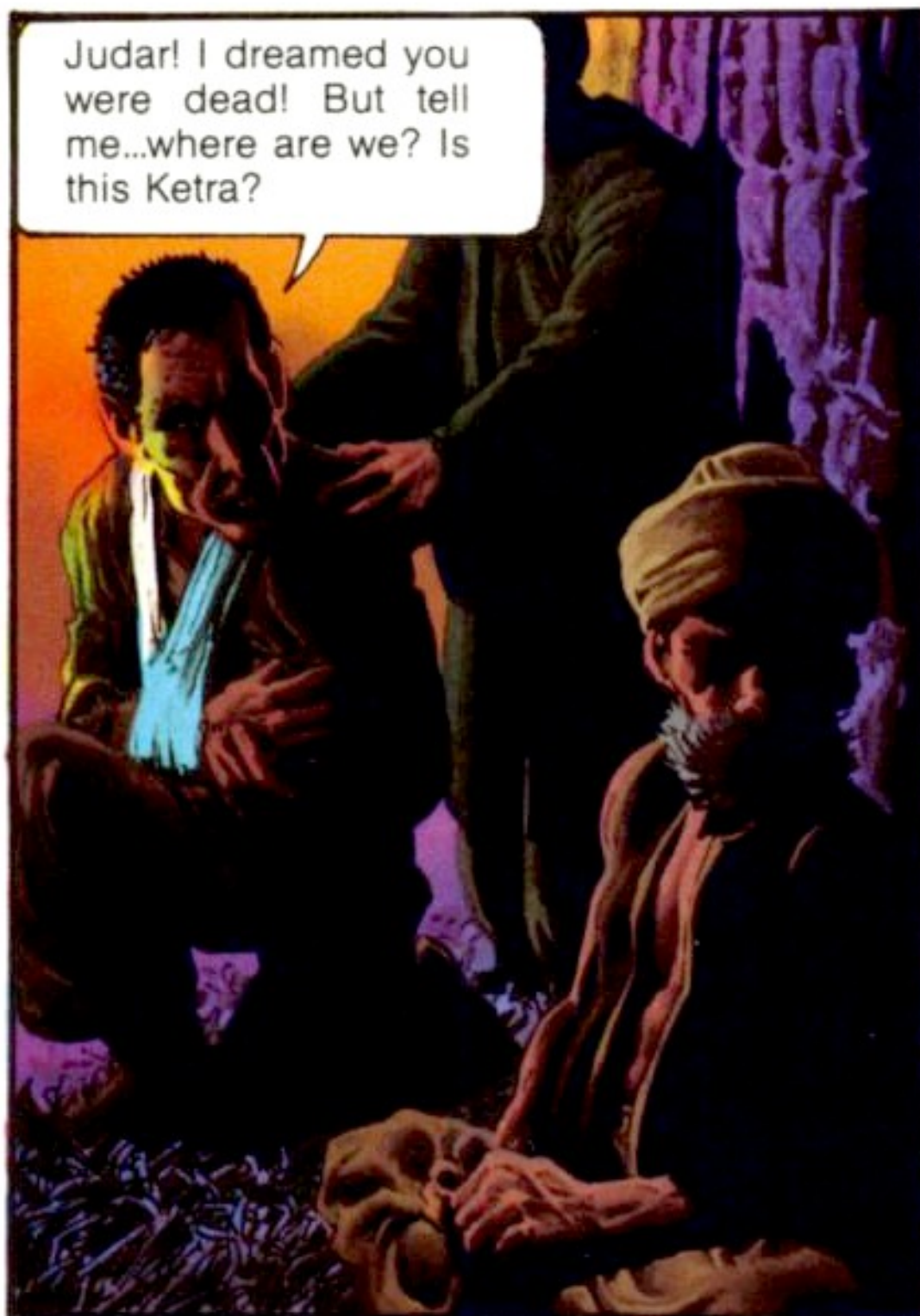






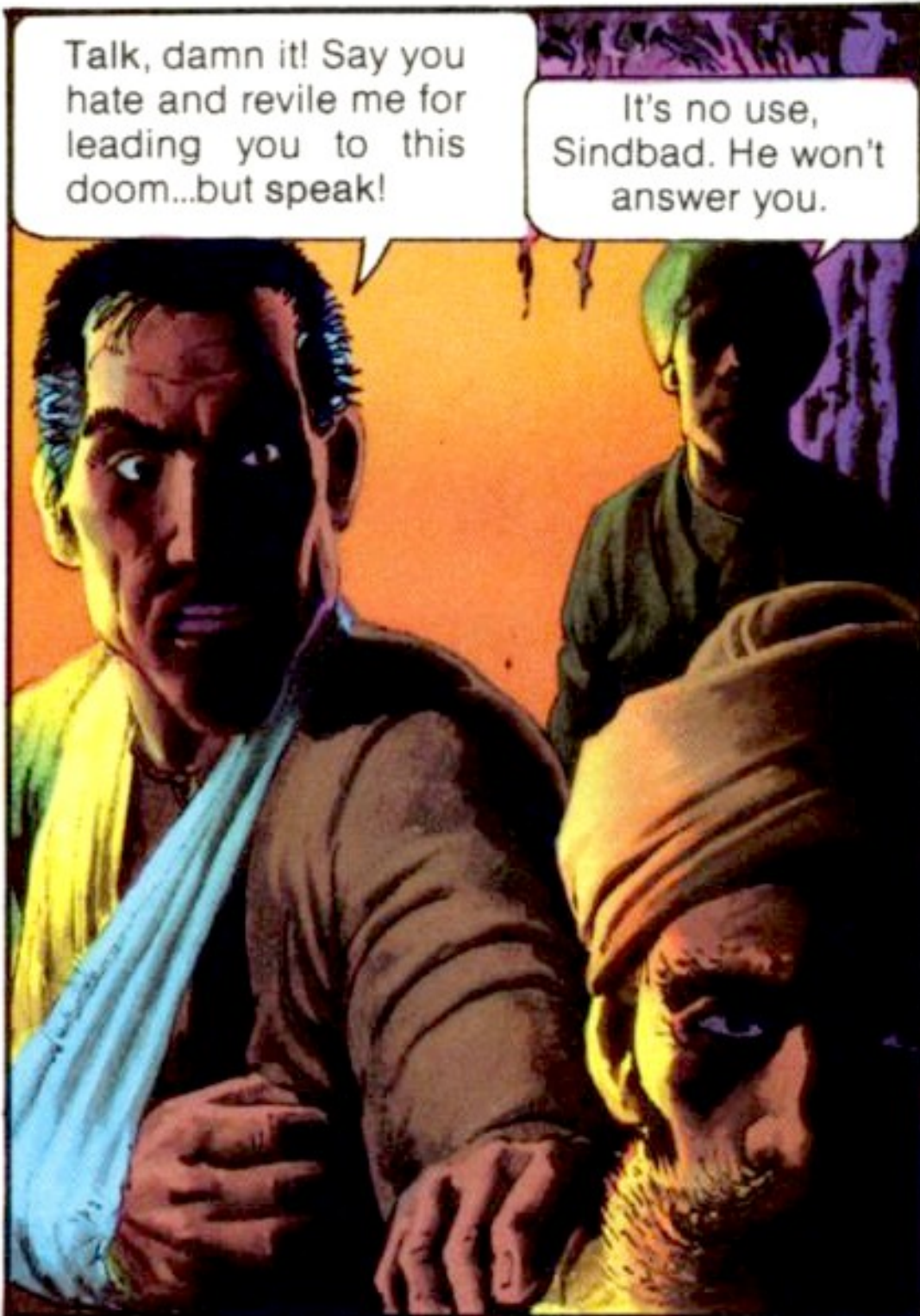


Judar! I dreamed you were dead! But tell me...where are we? Is this Ketra?



Talk, damn it! Say you hate and revile me for leading you to this doom...but speak!

It's no use, Sindbad. He won't answer you.



Judar was impudent to the guards ...

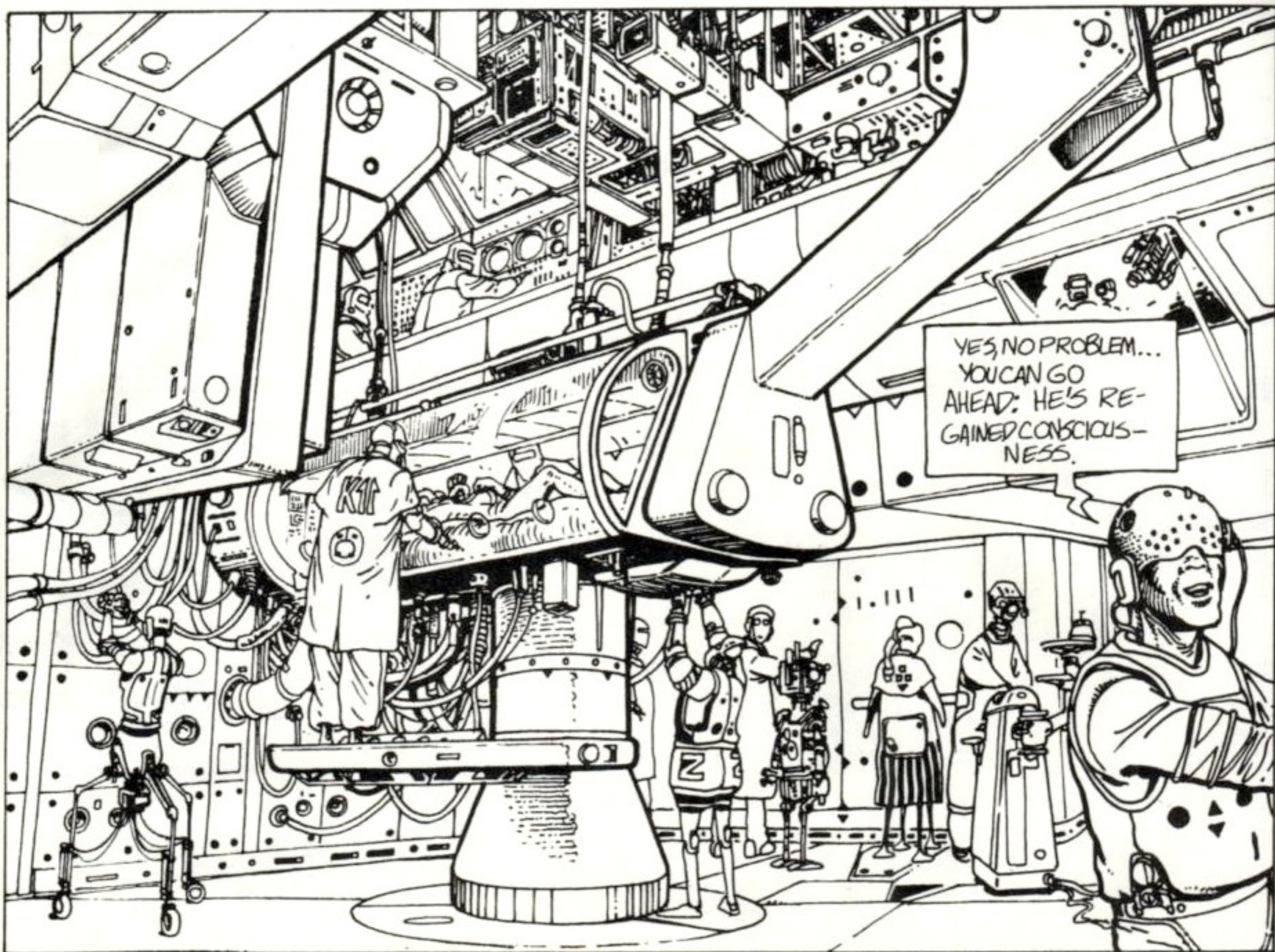
... they cut out his tongue.



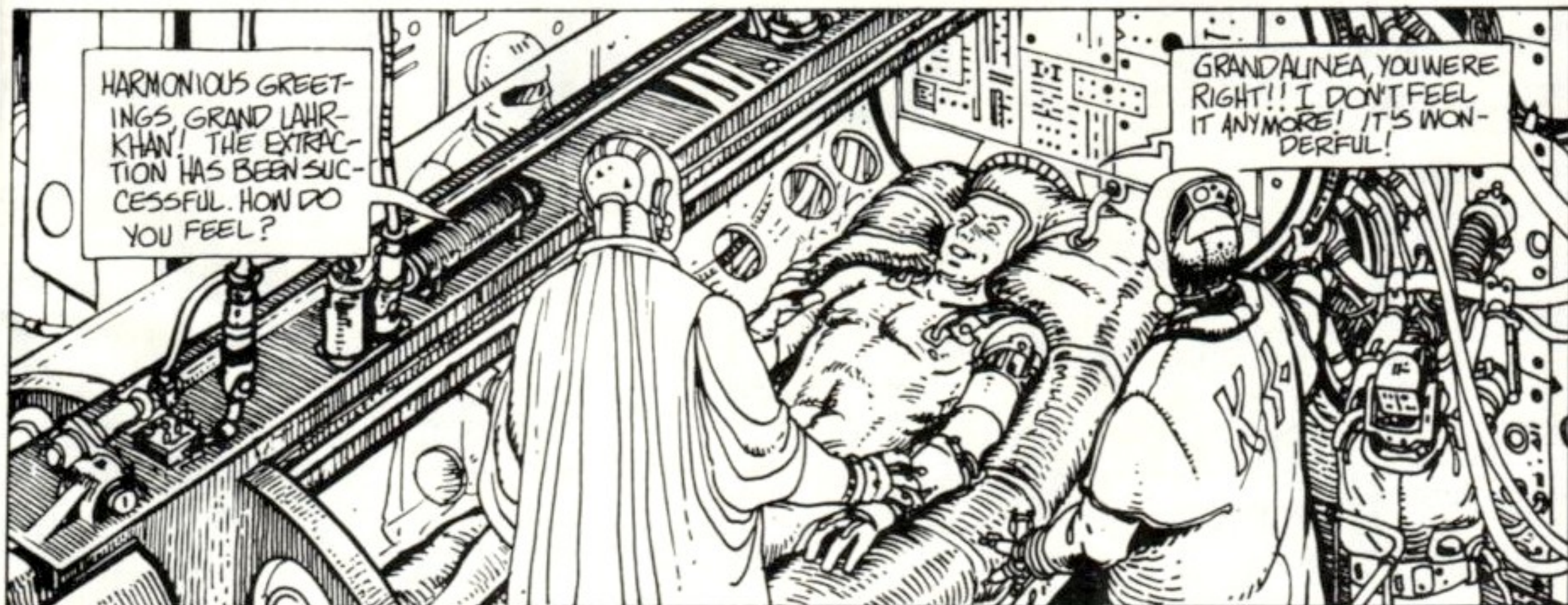
Someone's coming.



to be continued



ONLY CONNECT: THE TUMOR







THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE OF JERRY CORNELIUS

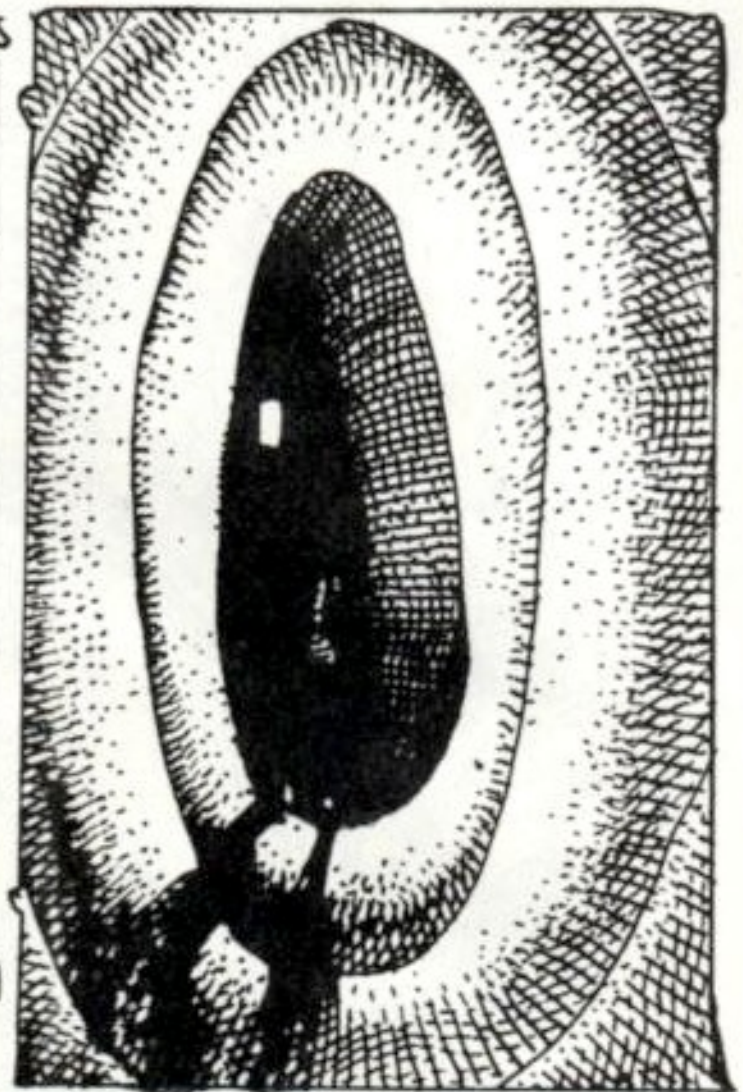


AFTER I EMBRACED THAT WOMAN, I SUDDENLY FELT MYSELF TELETRANSPORTED INTO THIS SORT OF ENDLESS INTESTINE.

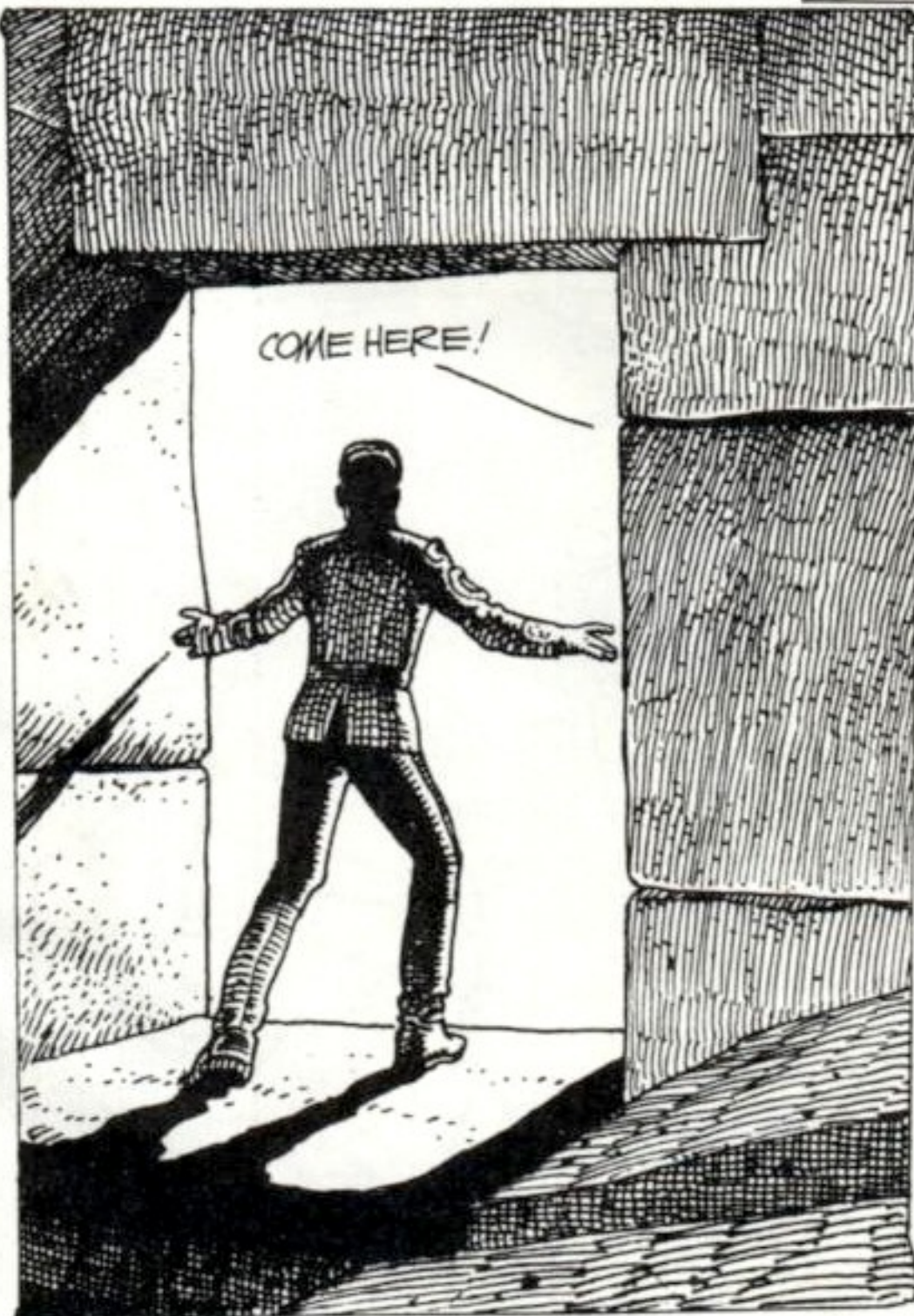


AH!

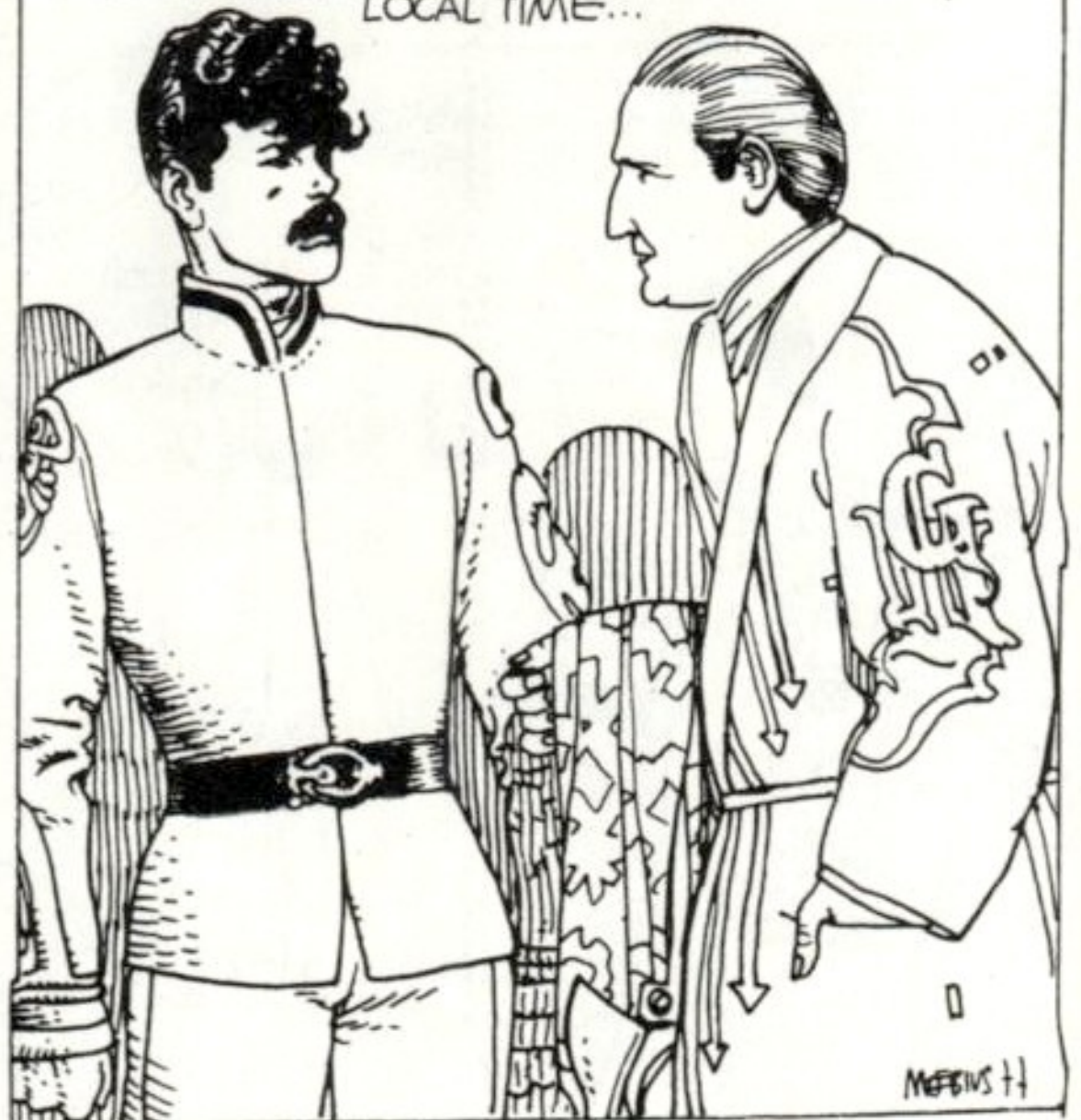
THAT MUST BE THE EXIT DOWN THERE!



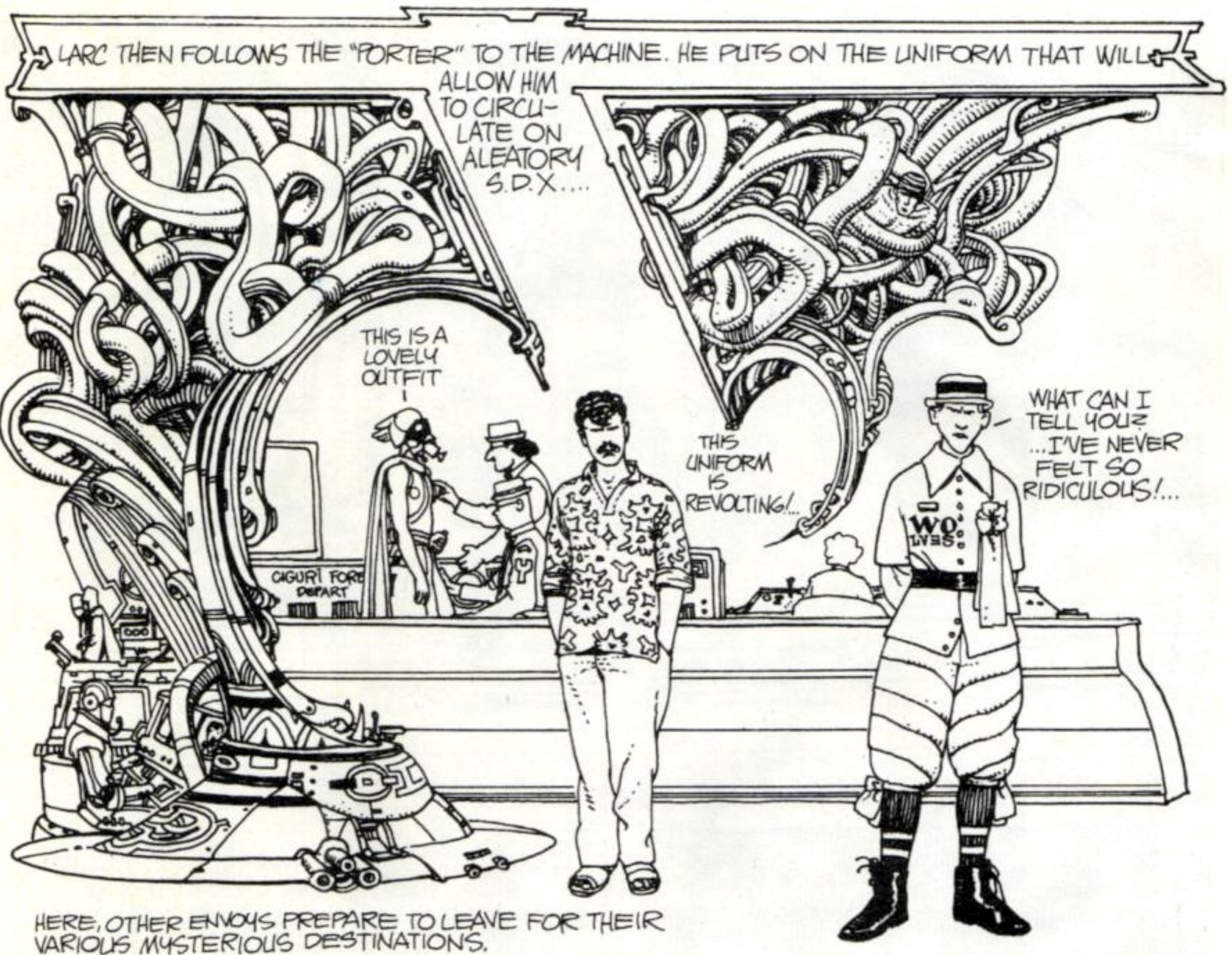
OUR STORY SO FAR: THE STARS HAVE NOT BEEN SCATTERED ABOUT THE UNIVERSE AT RANDOM—THIS, OUR STORY, UNFOLDS IN THE LION CONSTELLATION NGC 3185...TYPE SBA (MOUNT WILSON AND PALOMAR OBSERVATORIES)



YOU ARE LARC DALXTRE... AREN'T YOU?... I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU... SLIP ON THIS UNIFORM AND ENTER THE TUBULAR MACHINE... AS SOON AS YOU ARE ON THE OUTSIDE, DON'T LET YOURSELF BE DISTRACTED BY ANYTHING. YOUR MISSION IS TO BRING ERIC CORNELIUS HERE BEFORE MIDNIGHT, LOCAL TIME...



MEEBIVS 14



HEY!...IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE ANTIQUE MATERIAL TRANSMITTERS. IT MUST DATE FROM THE "TAR'HAI" ERA, AT LEAST

THIS RELAY IS THE OLDEST IN THE WHOLE GRUBERT EMPIRE

BE CAREFUL OF THE SPARKS

I'VE NEVER FELT SO RIDICULOUS...

YUK!
IT'S NOT VERY INVITING!

FRAPPO

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW, LARC DALXTRE!

SPIN

HURRY UP!

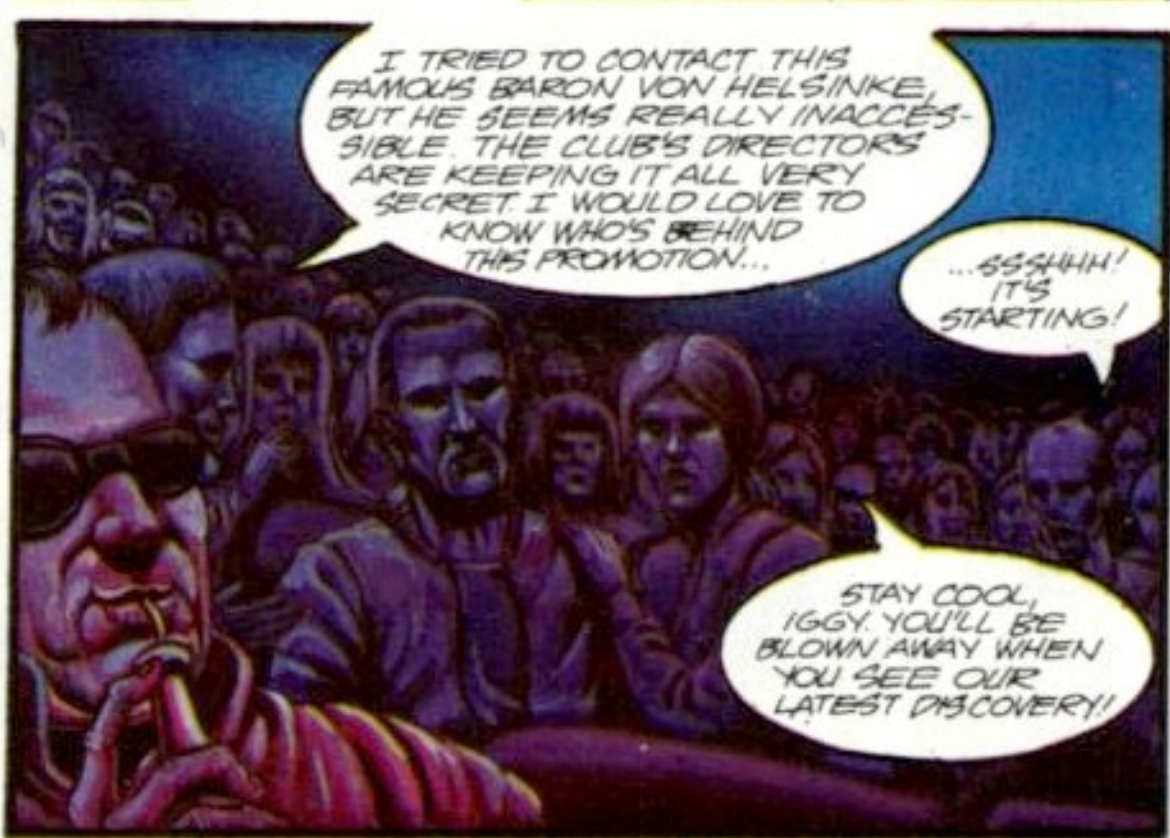
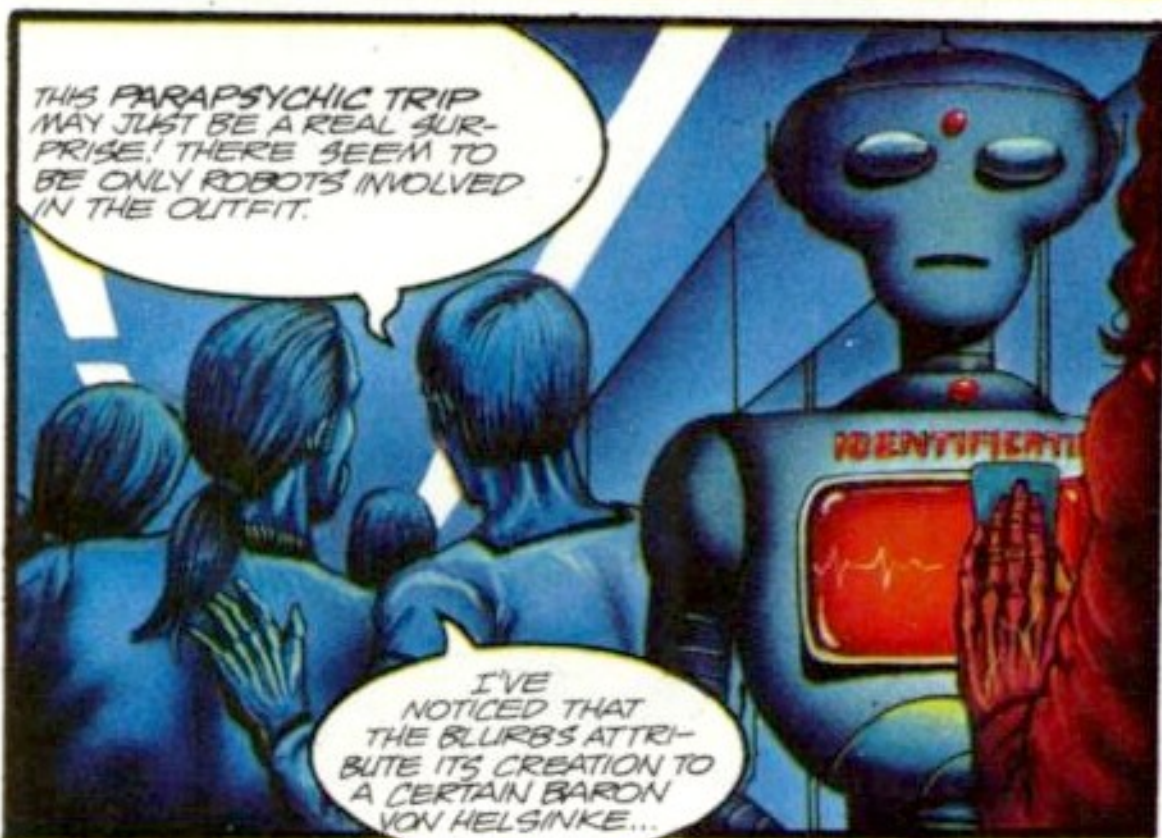
GGGGOOOOO!

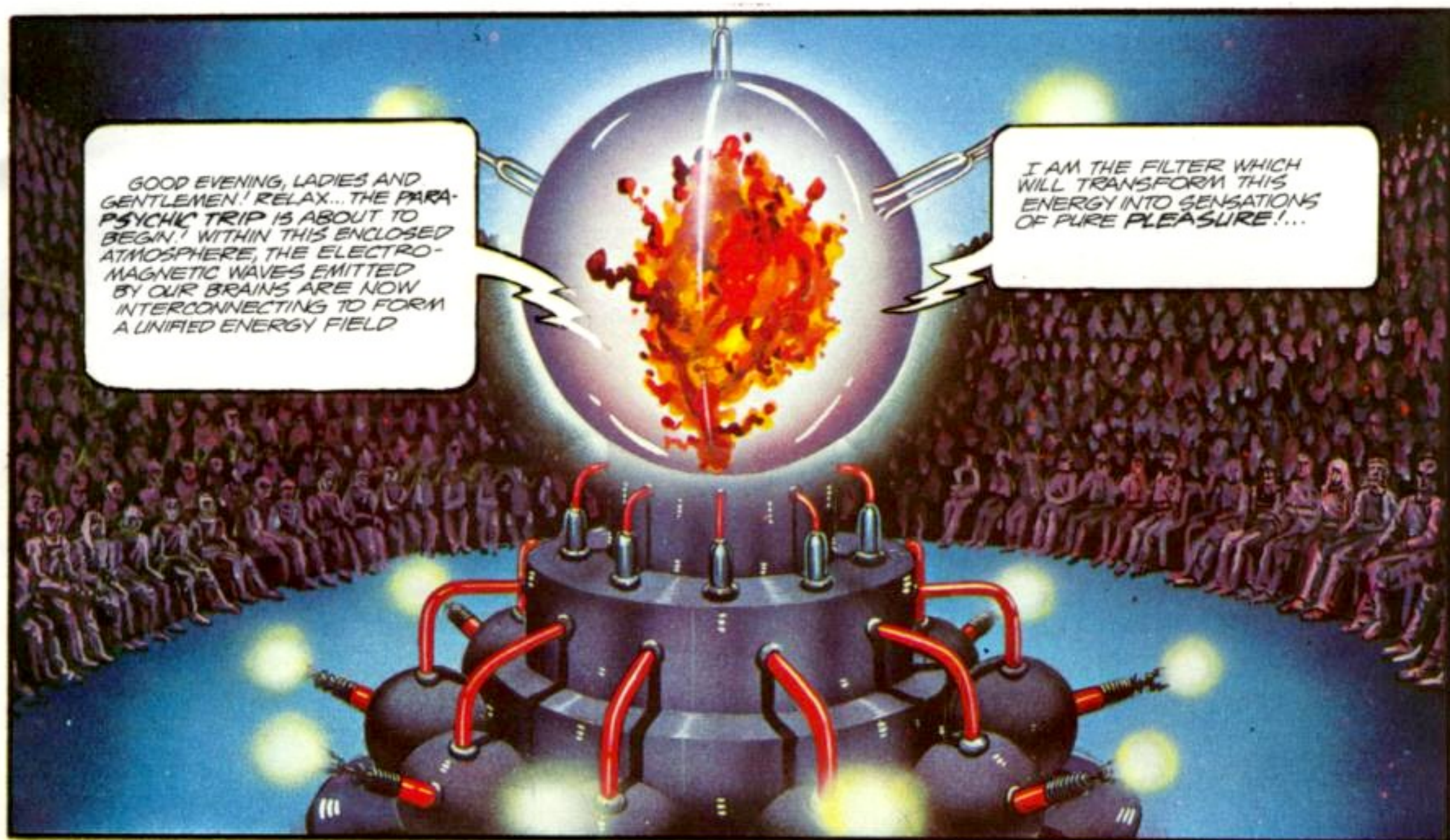
TO BE CONTINUED... MCEBS 77





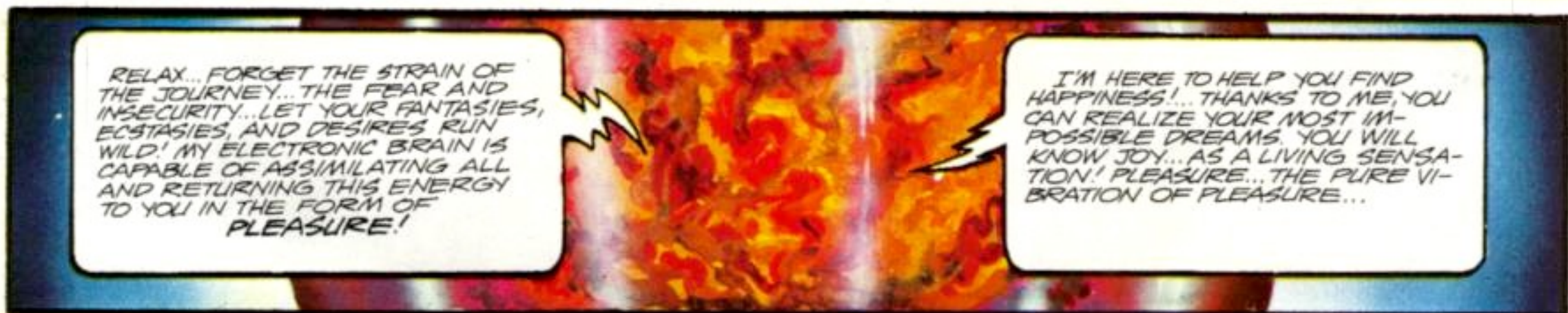






GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! RELAX... THE PARAPSYCHIC TRIP IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! WITHIN THIS ENCLOSED ATMOSPHERE, THE ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES EMITTED BY OUR BRAINS ARE NOW INTERCONNECTING TO FORM A UNIFIED ENERGY FIELD

I AM THE FILTER WHICH WILL TRANSFORM THIS ENERGY INTO SENSATIONS OF PURE PLEASURE!...



RELAX... FORGET THE STRAIN OF THE JOURNEY... THE FEAR AND INSECURITY... LET YOUR FANTASIES, ECSTASIES, AND DESIRES RUN WILD! MY ELECTRONIC BRAIN IS CAPABLE OF ASSIMILATING ALL AND RETURNING THIS ENERGY TO YOU IN THE FORM OF PLEASURE!

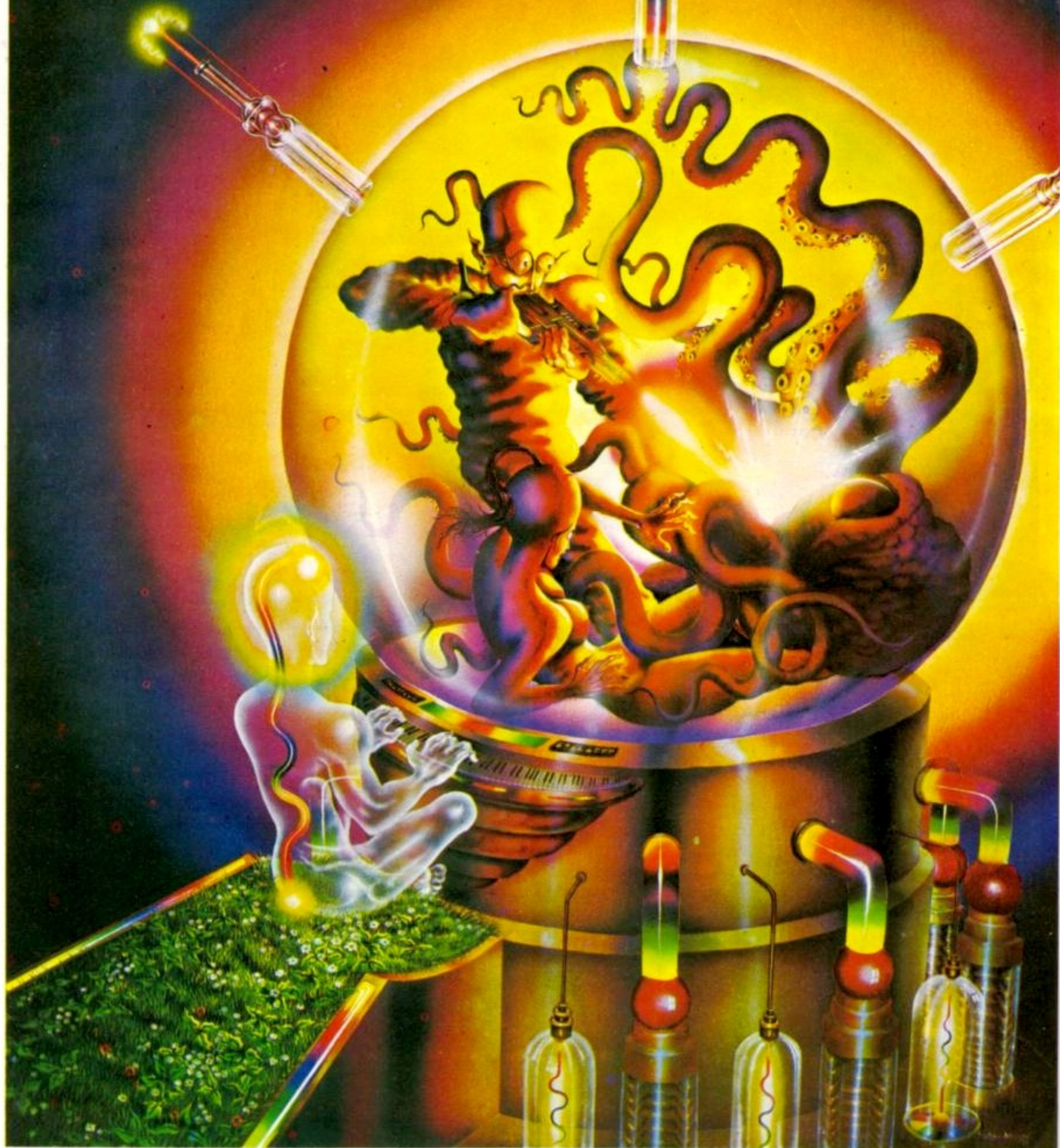
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU FIND HAPPINESS!... THANKS TO ME, YOU CAN REALIZE YOUR MOST IMPOSSIBLE DREAMS. YOU WILL KNOW JOY... AS A LIVING SENSATION! PLEASURE... THE PURE VIBRATION OF PLEASURE...

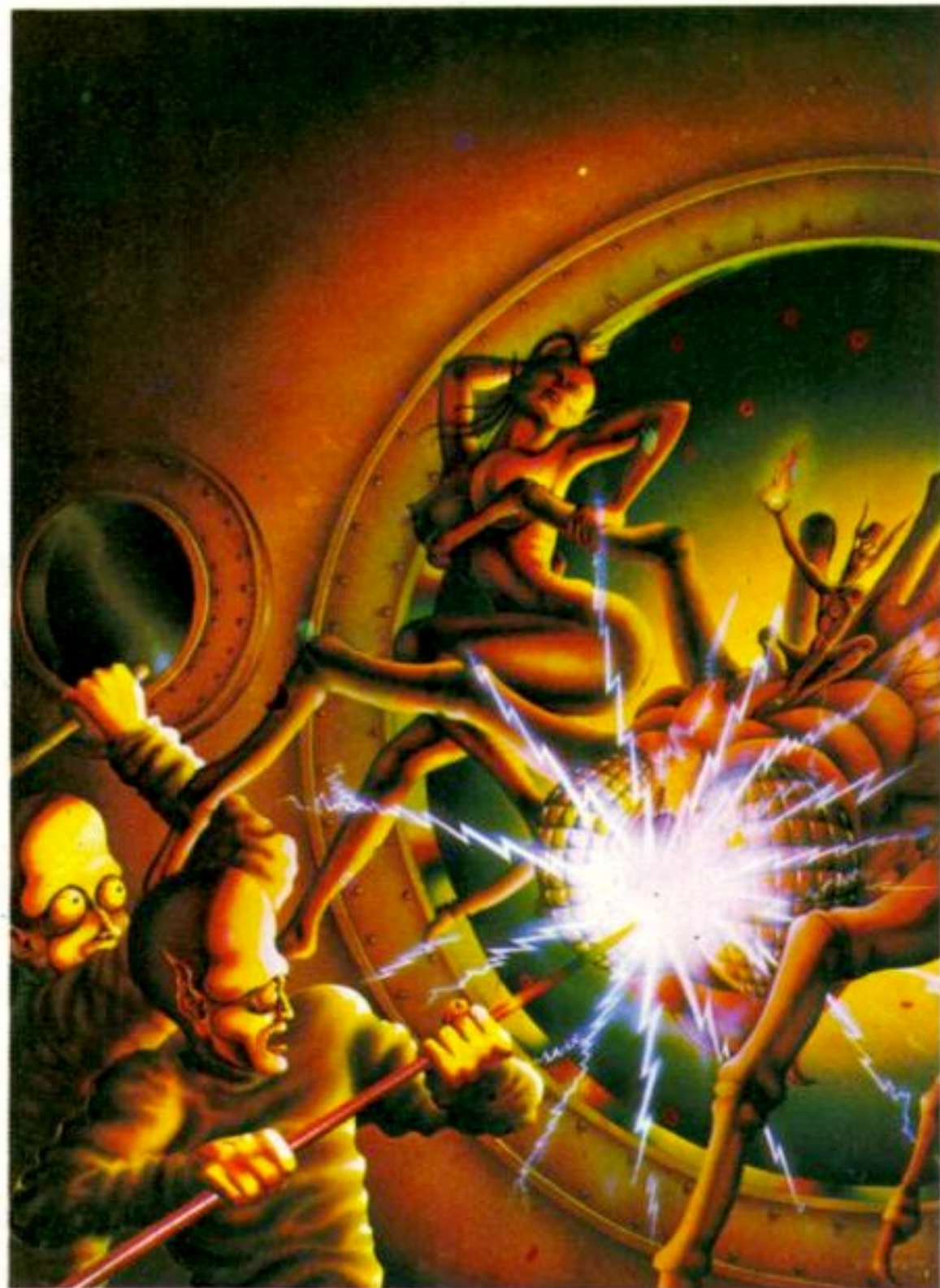


THEY'RE WAVES!... THIS MACHINE IS GENERATING FREQUENCIES THAT STIMULATE THE IMAGINATION!

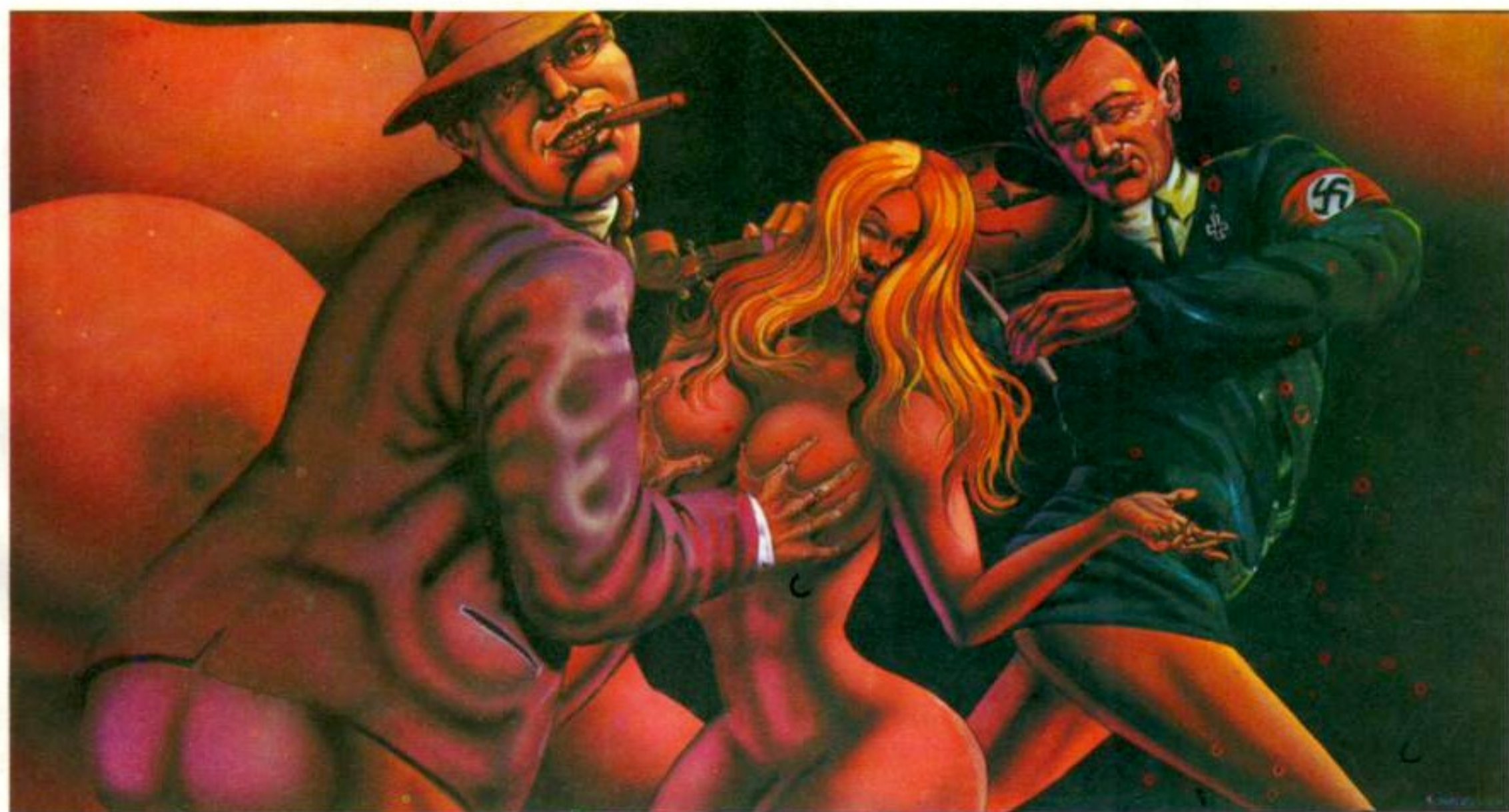
I-I'M BEGINNING TO HALLUCINATE!

A FANTASTIC VISION UNFOLDS BEFORE THE EYES OF AN ASTONISHED PUBLIC. DELIRIOUS VISIONS, THREE-DIMENSIONAL FORMALIZATIONS OF PURE PSYCHIC ENERGY TRANSFORMED BY THE STRANGE MACHINE, INVADE THE ATMOSPHERE...





THE PROJECTIONS OF THE COLLECTIVE FANTASIES
MATERIALIZE AND SUCCEED ONE ANOTHER WITH THE
SPEED OF THOUGHT...



CAPTURED BY THE VIBRATORY POWERS OF THE PARAPSYCHIC MACHINE, THE PUBLIC CRIES, LAUGHS, WEEPS, SCREAMS... WITH PLEASURE!



THE MADDEST DREAMS AND THE MOST SECRET DESIRES BLEND WITH THE DELIRIUM OF THE CROWD...

AT THE END, A COLLECTIVE CLIMAX OF HYSTERIA...



AH! AH! AH! AH! ABSOLUTE SUCCESS!

YES, MASTER.

GOOD-BYE AND THANK YOU FOR COMING. AVAILABLE AT THE EXIT, AT REASONABLE PRICES, IS THE WHOLE RANGE OF PARAPSYCHIC MINI-MACHINES, WHICH ALLOW YOU TO RECREATE THIS EXPERIENCE AT HOME!



FAR OUT!

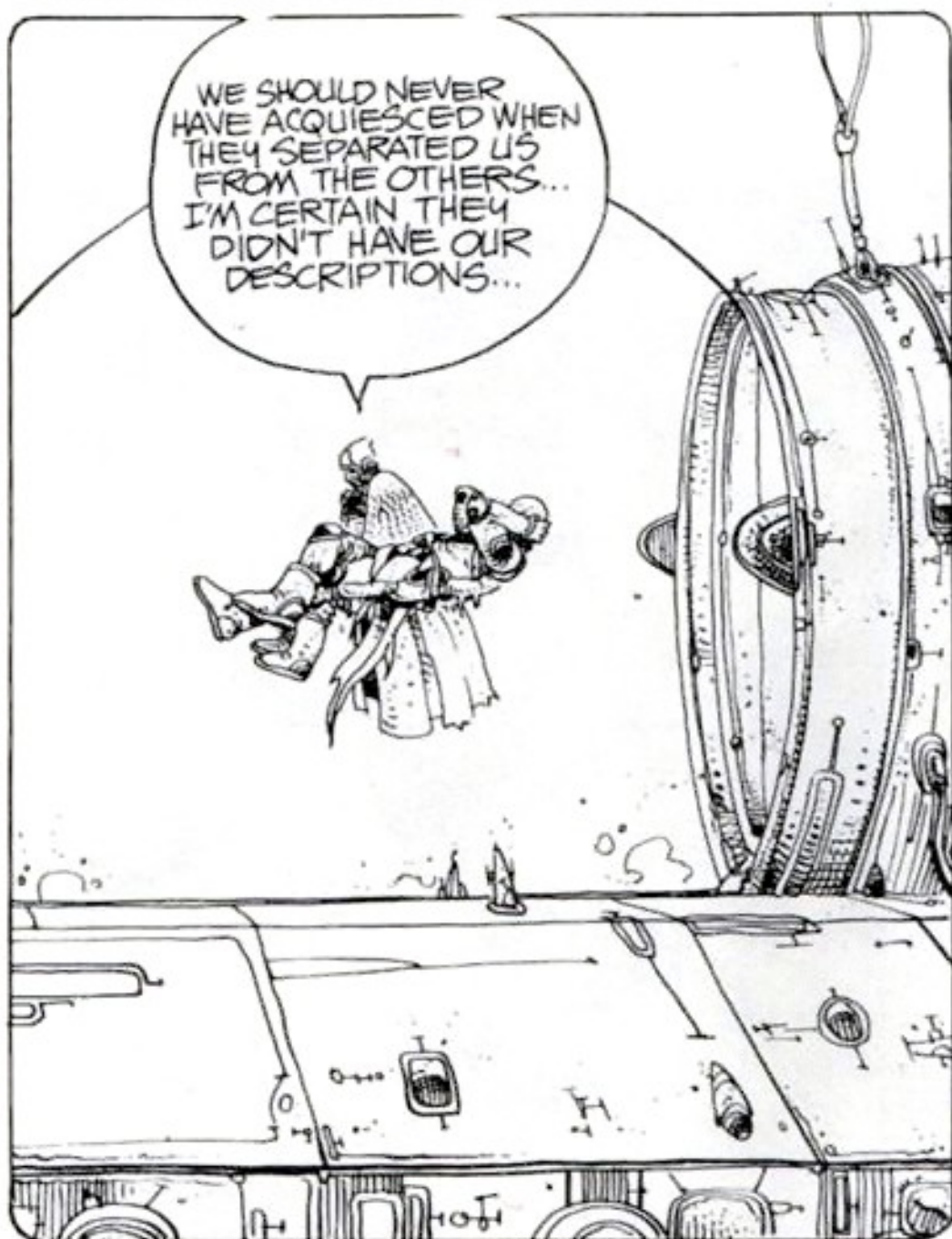
THIS SHOW IS SOME TRAP!

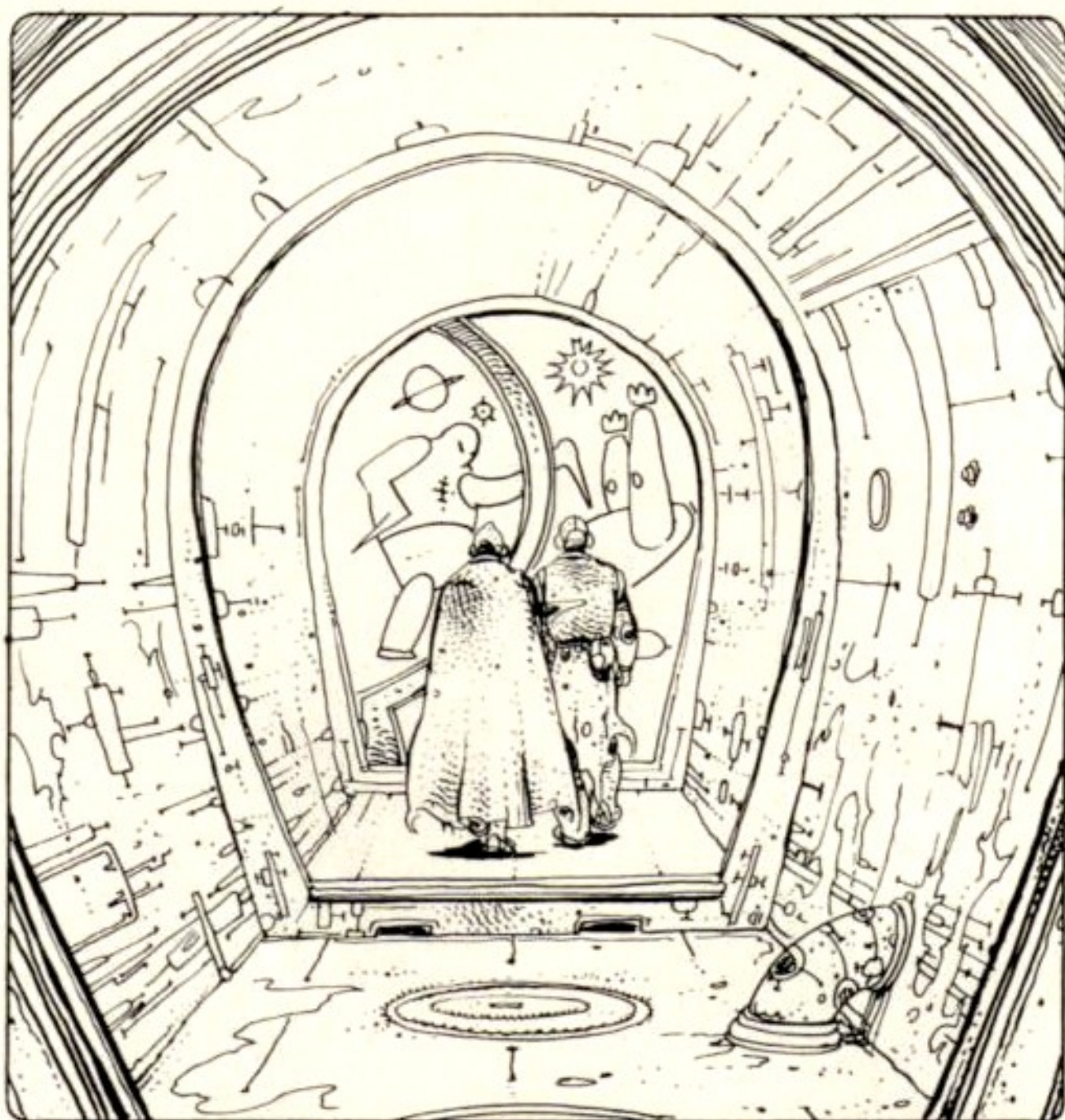
AHHH... MY HEAD... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FAST...

EXTERMINATOR II.

SOMEWHERE IN SPACE, A VESSEL APPROACHES THE DESTROYED SPACESHIP











YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO SHOUT LIKE THAT!... YOU ARE NOTHING TO US! WE HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED A TASK...



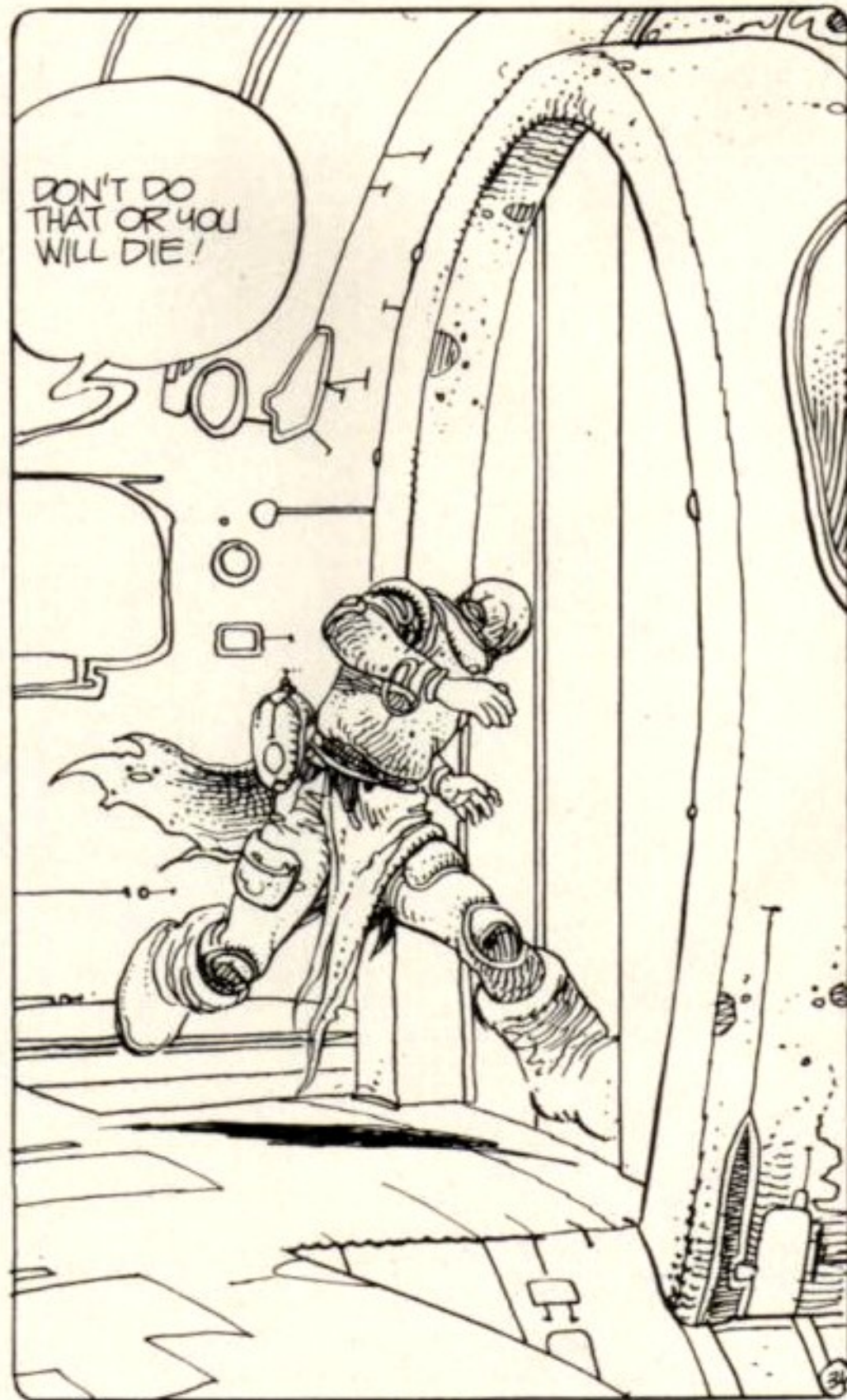
...WE HAVE BEEN REQUESTED TO ELIMINATE YOU... WE'LL DO IT OUR WAY, WITHOUT VIOLENCE...



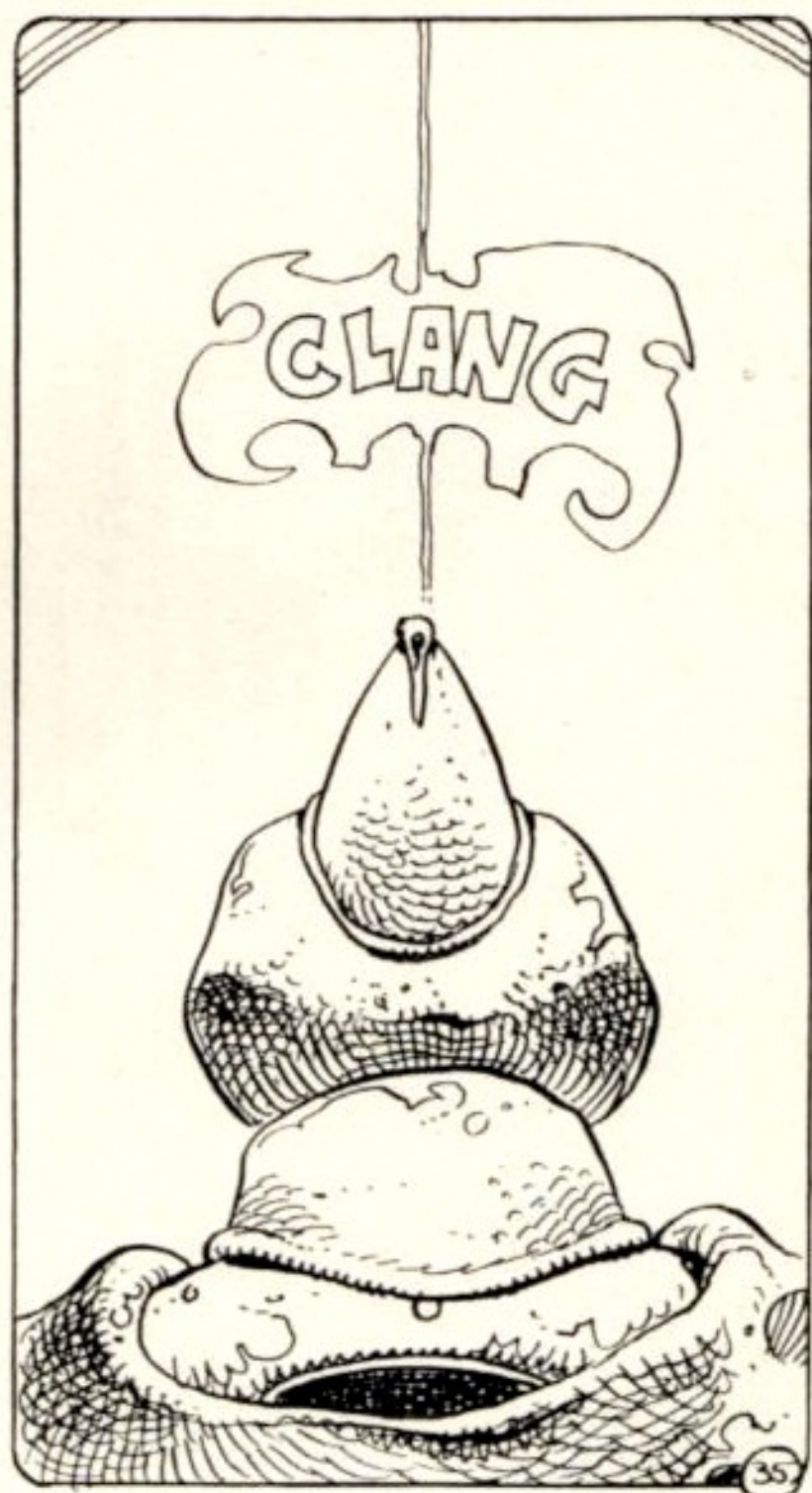
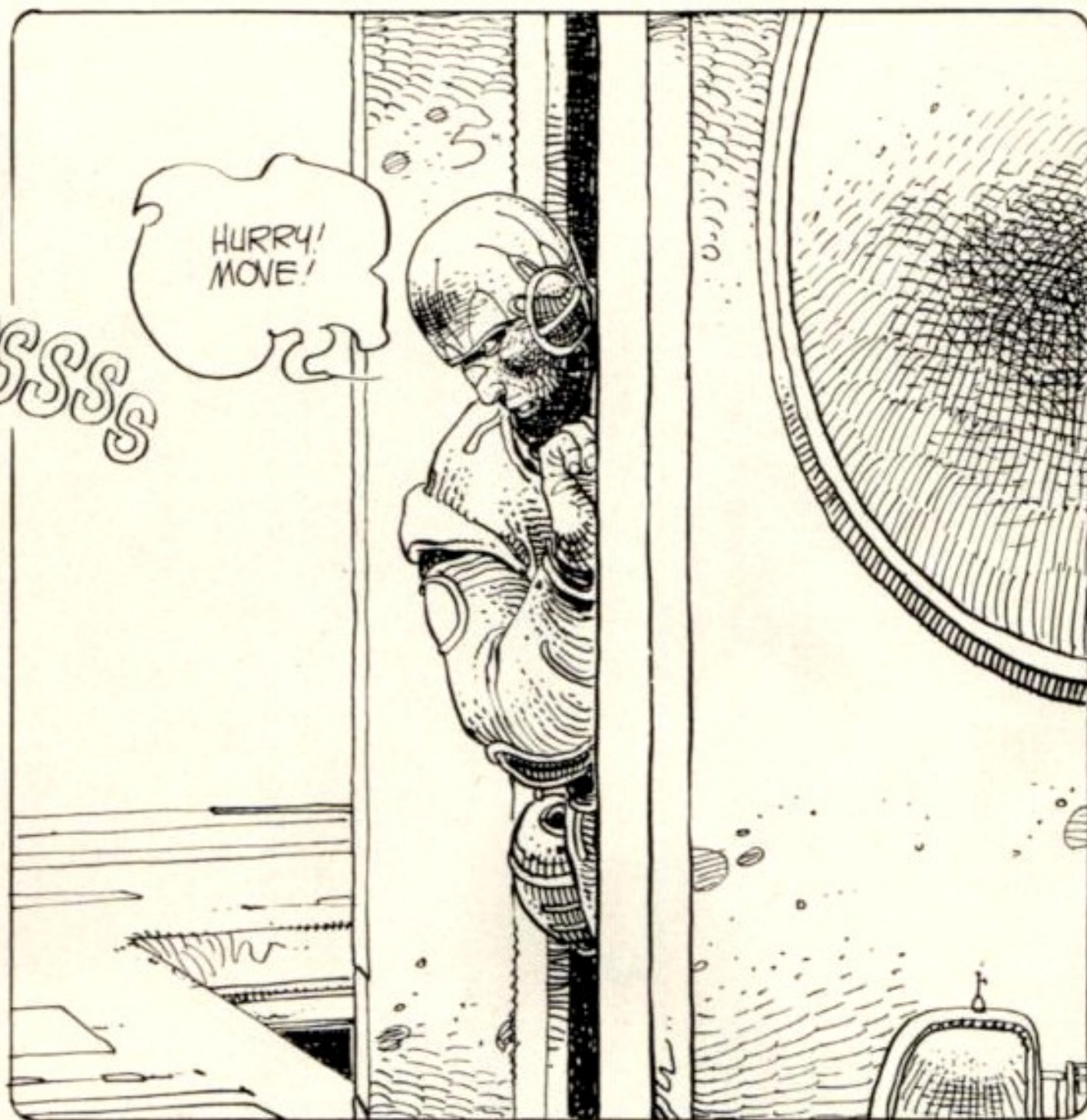
WE HAVE TRACKED YOU DOWN AND OVERTAKEN YOU... POST TREATMENT, WE WILL HAND OVER A HOLLOW AND LIFELESS CORPSE TO OUR SILENT PARTNERS... BUT, IN ANOTHER GUISE, YOU WILL BE OURS... YOU WILL SEE... IN ANY EVENT, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE...

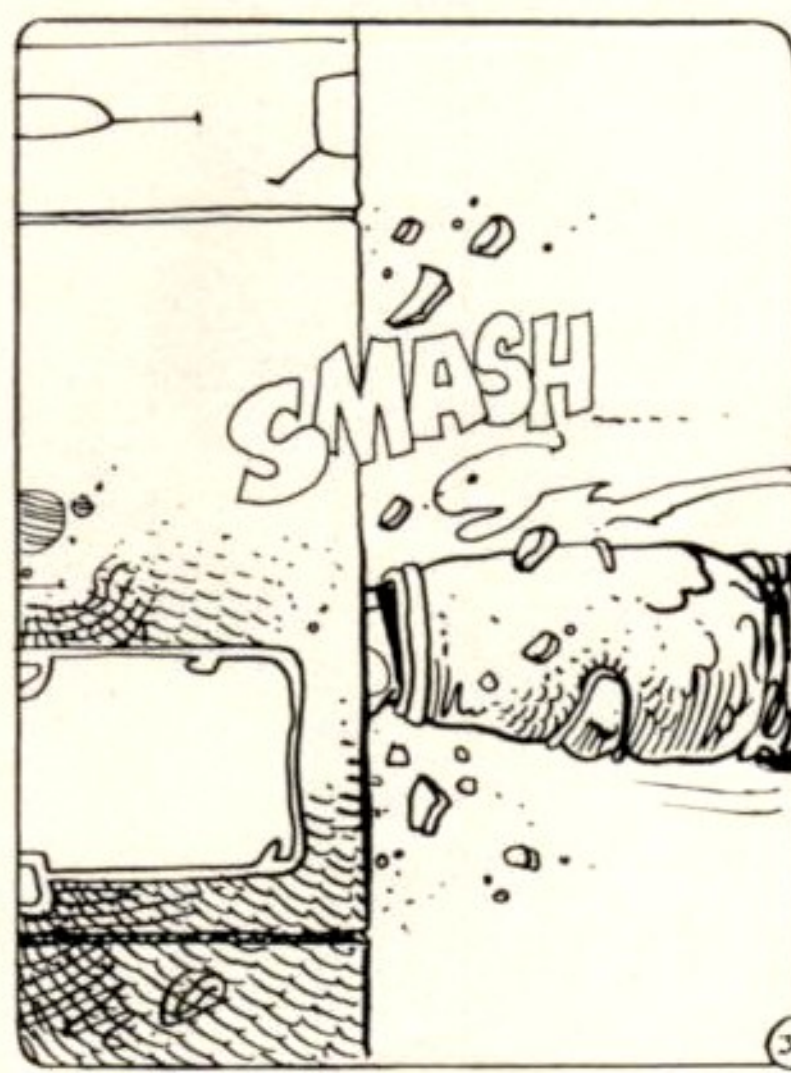
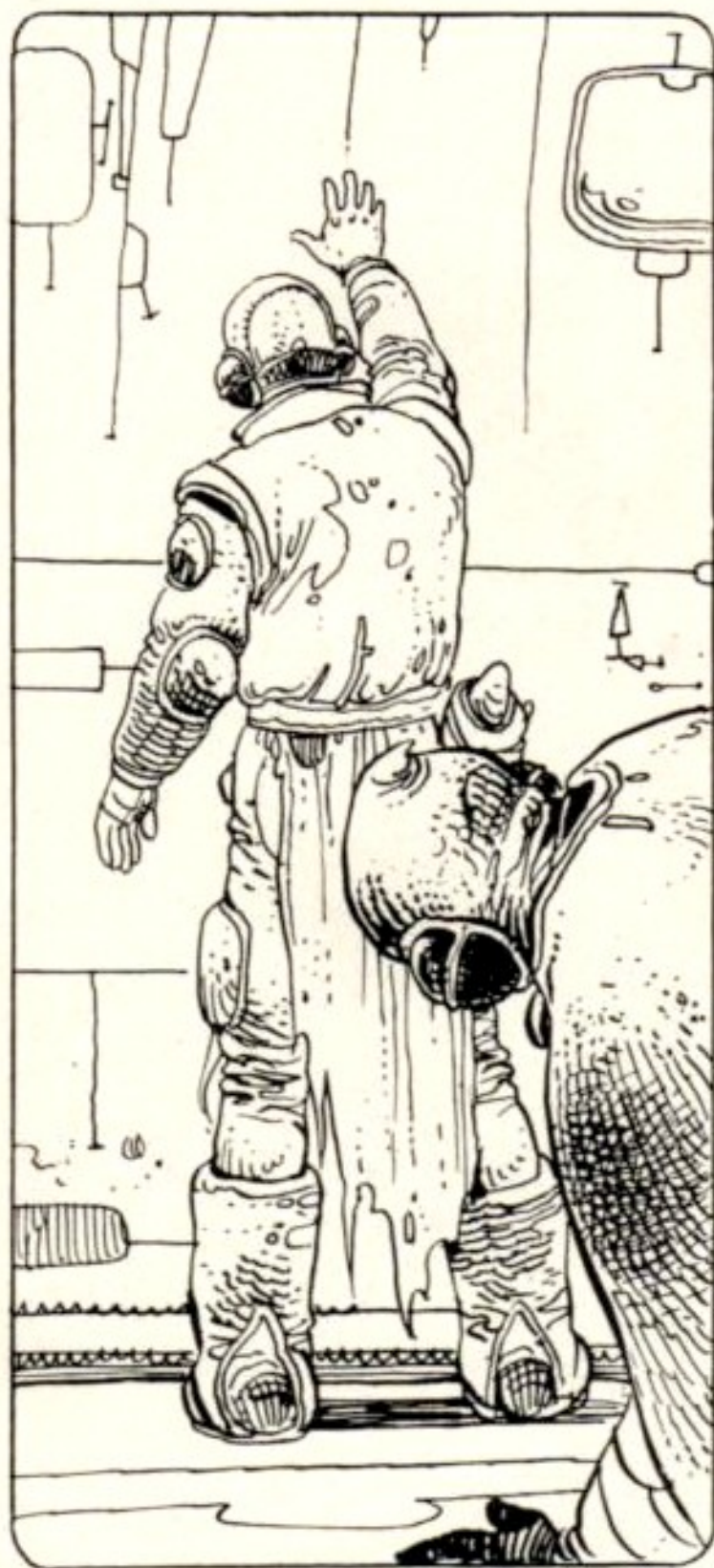


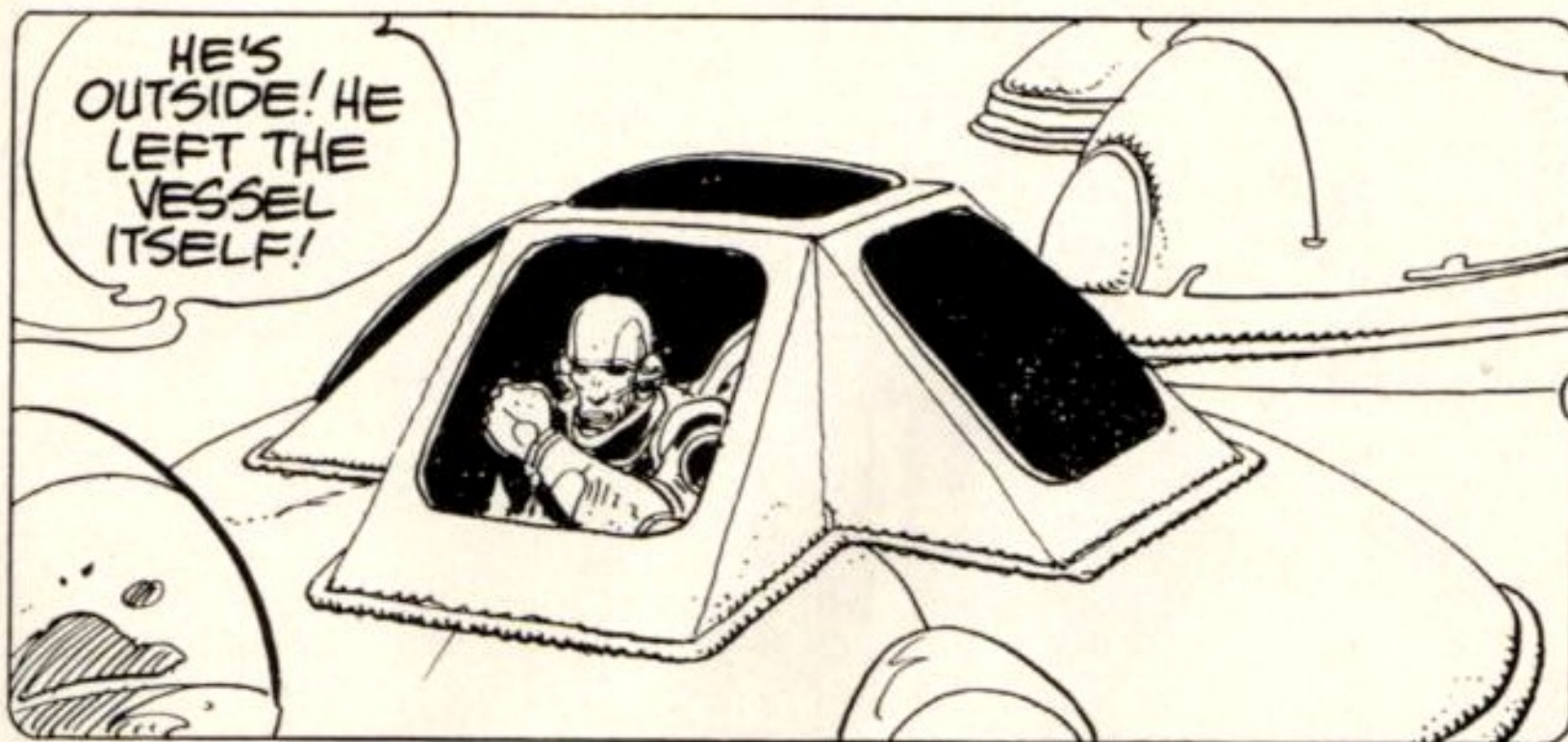
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...



DON'T DO THAT OR YOU WILL DIE!



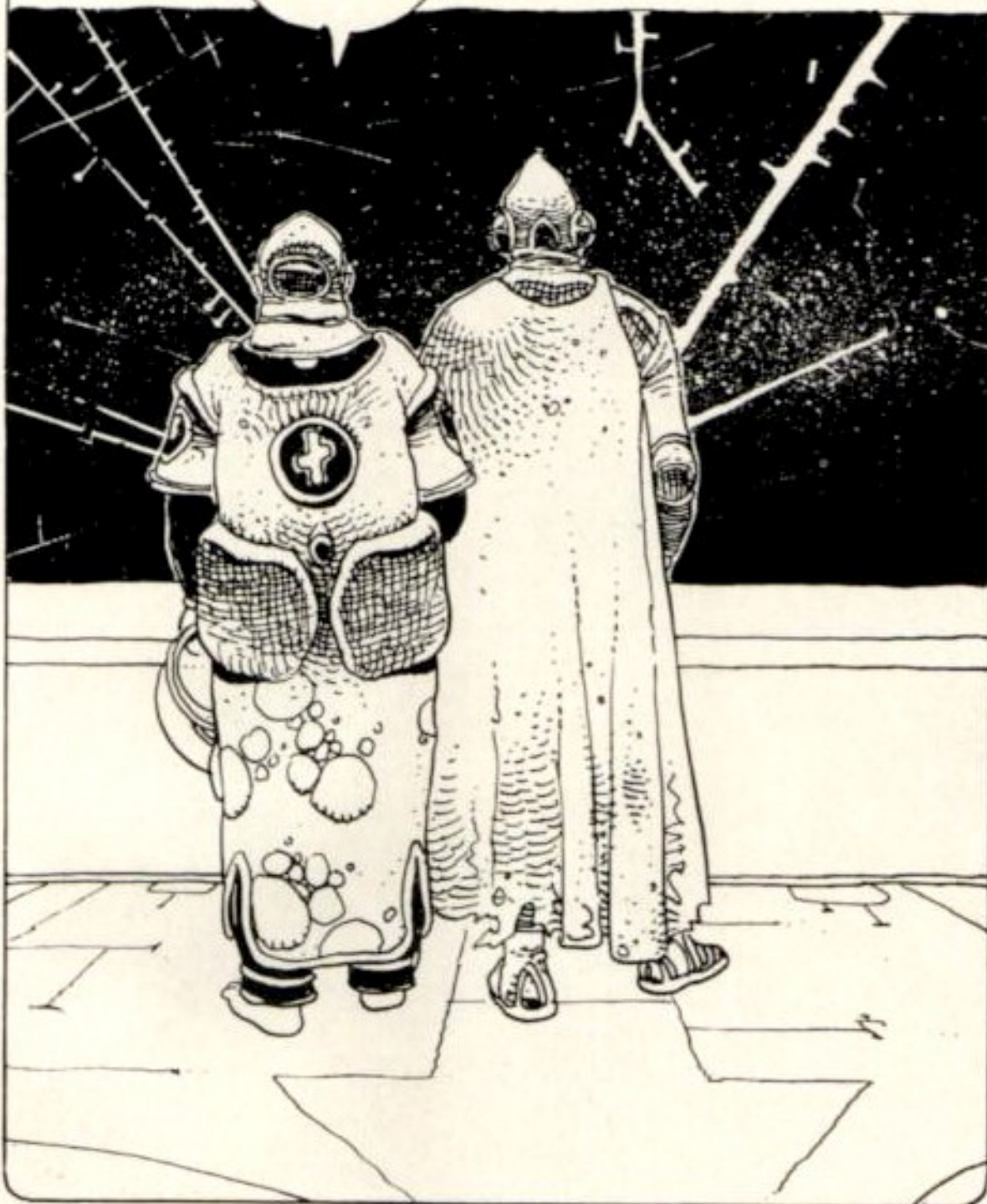




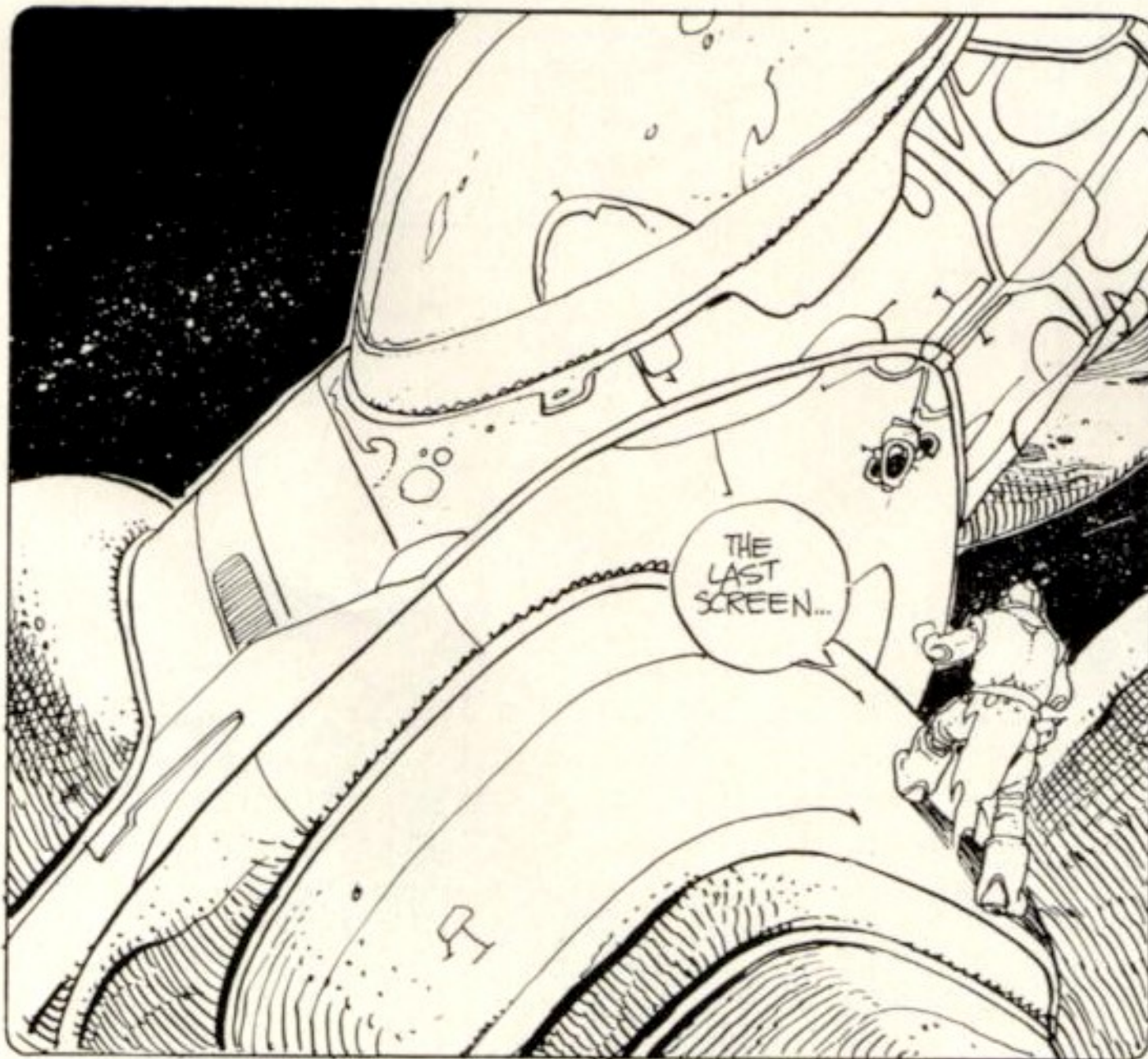
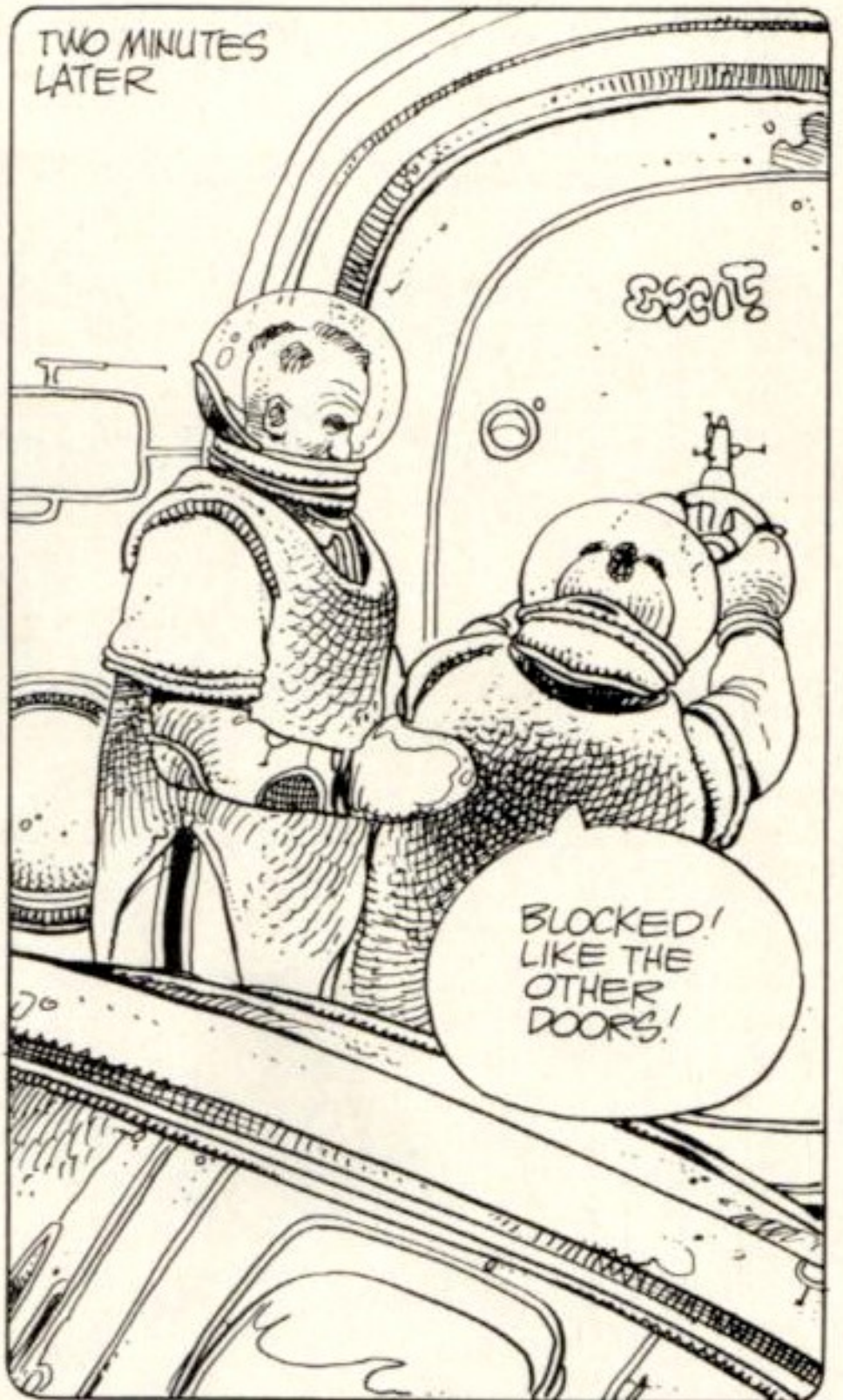


ONE MINUTE
LATER...

THESE
ARE THE
CONTROLS



TWO MINUTES
LATER



THREE MINUTES LATER

HE CAN BREAK
THE SCREEN NOW...
I CONTROL THE
TRAJECTORY OF
THE SHIP...



STORY: DIONNET
ART: BILAL

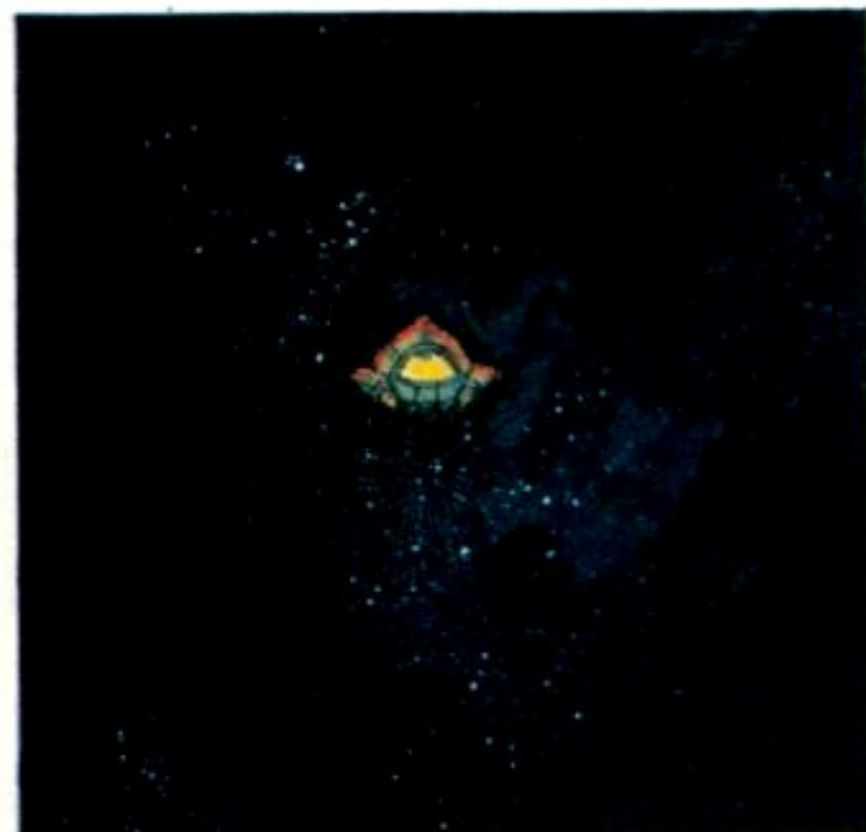
39

TO BE CONTINUED...

ULTIMATE NEGOTIATIONS

FOR SEVERAL DECADES, THE STATE OF RELATIONS BETWEEN TERRESTRIALS AND GLOOBS HAD BEEN SERIOUSLY DETERIORATING... THE FIRST TWO TERRESTRIAL DELEGATIONS REPRESENTING THE IPD (INTERGALACTIC PEACE DEFENSE) SENT TO THE PLANET GLOOB HAD MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED... THE GLOOBS SEEMED TO BE ENTIRELY ABOVE SUSPICION IN THIS STRANGE AFFAIR, FOR OTHER THAN THE GOODWILL WHICH CHARACTERIZES THEIR RACE, THEY HAD PROVIDED PROOF OF THEIR CONCILIATORY INTENTIONS BY PROPOSING A THIRD AND ULTIMATE NEGOTIATION (HENCE OUR TITLE).

THE TERRESTRIALS, AWARE OF THE NEGOTIATION'S IMPORTANCE, DECIDED TO SEND TO THE FAR-OFF PLANET GLOOB TWO OF THEIR HIGHEST LEVEL COMMANDERS IN CHIEF OF SPATIAL FORCES, AS WELL AS AN EMINENT TERRESTRIAL POLITICIAN DIGNITARY...

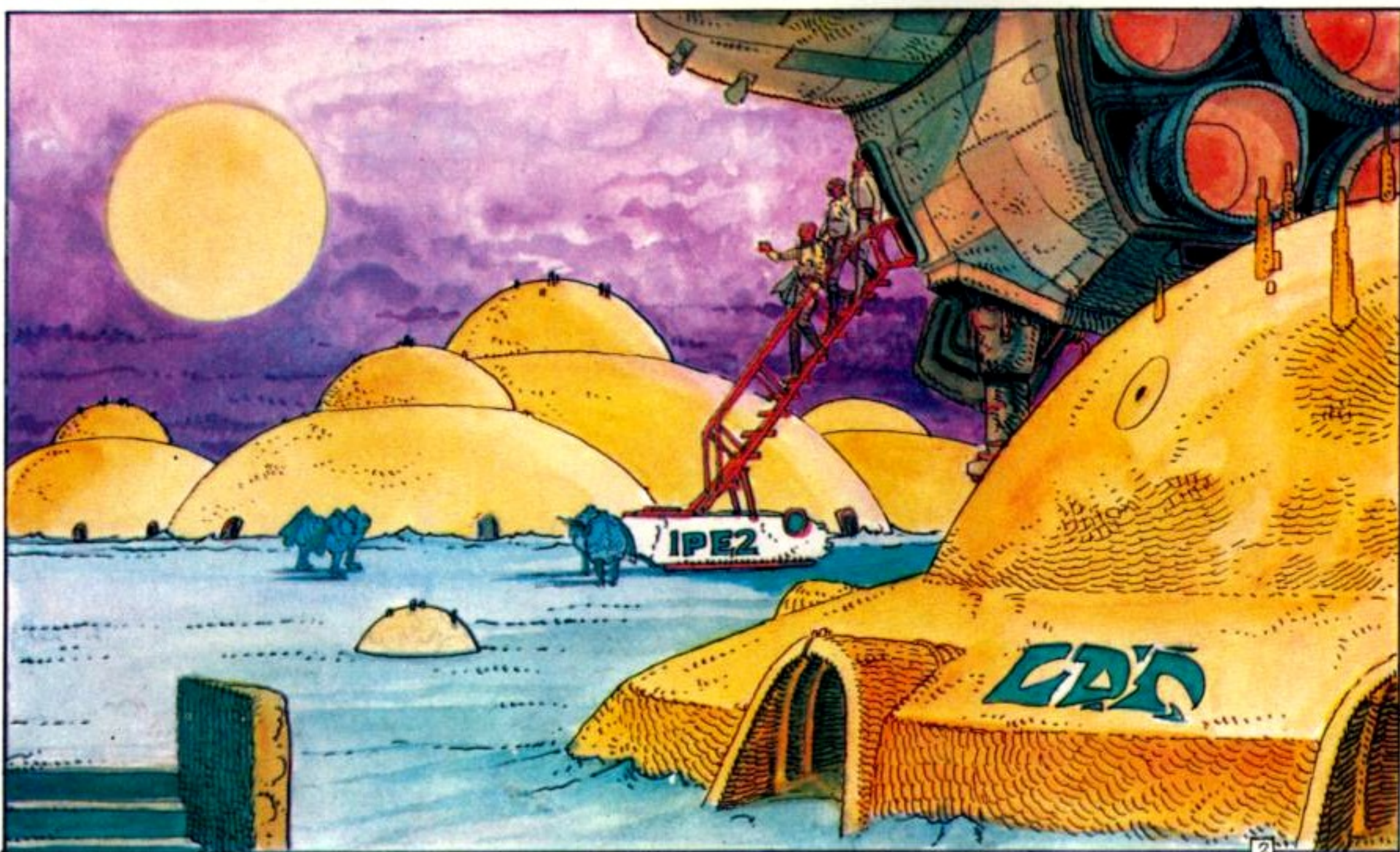


THE SPACESHIP, SPECIALLY NAMED "THE DOVE" IN HONOR OF THE OCCASION, TRAVELED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS TOWARD ITS DESTINATION...

ALTHOUGH THE GLOOBS WERE INTENSELY IRRITATED BY THE FAILURE OF THE TWO PREVIOUS NEGOTIATIONS, THEY WERE DETERMINED TO SUCCEED THIS TIME... BUT EVEN THEIR LEGENDARY PATIENCE HAD ITS LIMITS, SO WHEN "THE DOVE" MADE ITS APPEARANCE IN THEIR FLAMING SKY, THEY WERE MORE NERVOUS THAN USUAL...



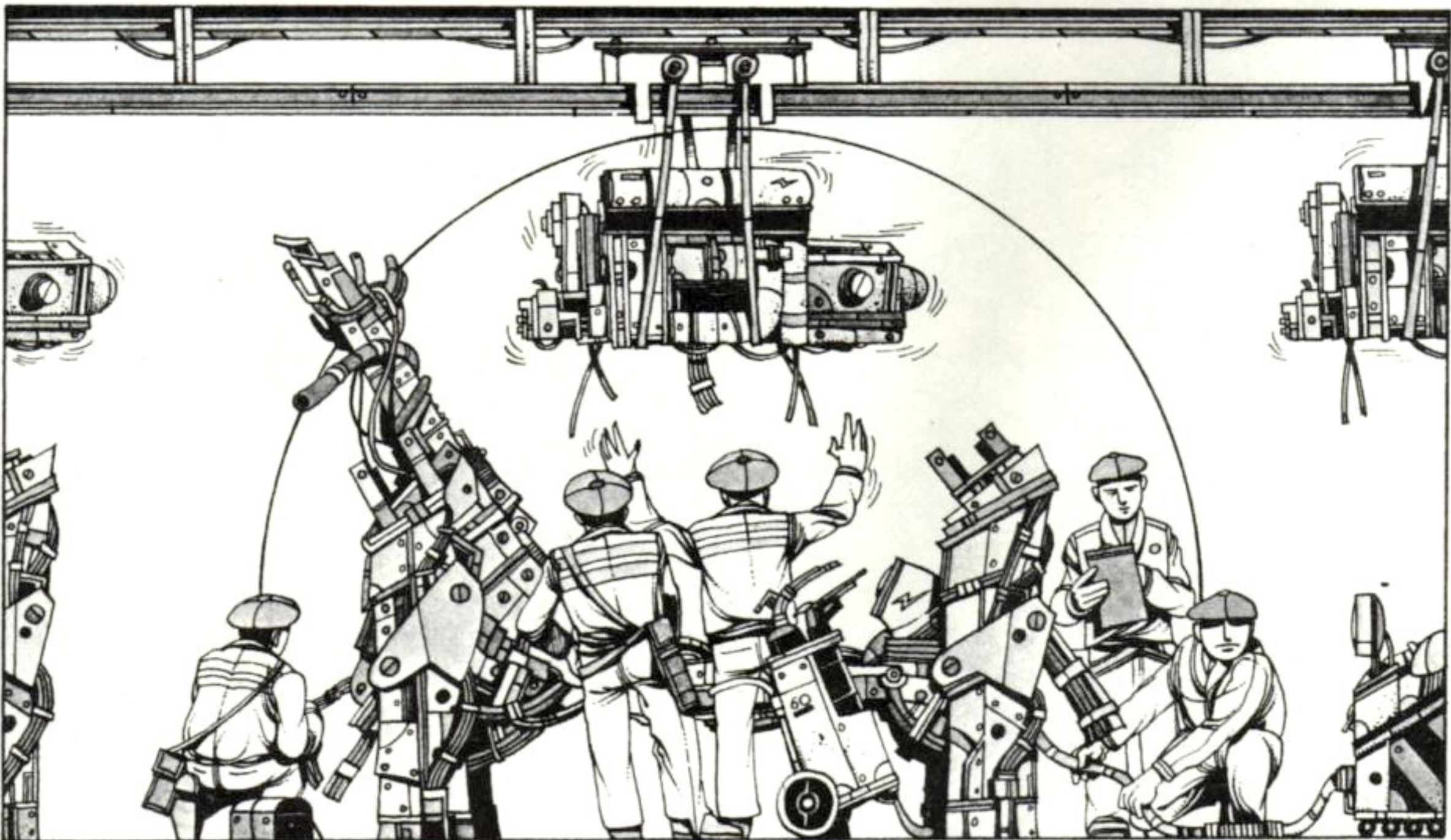
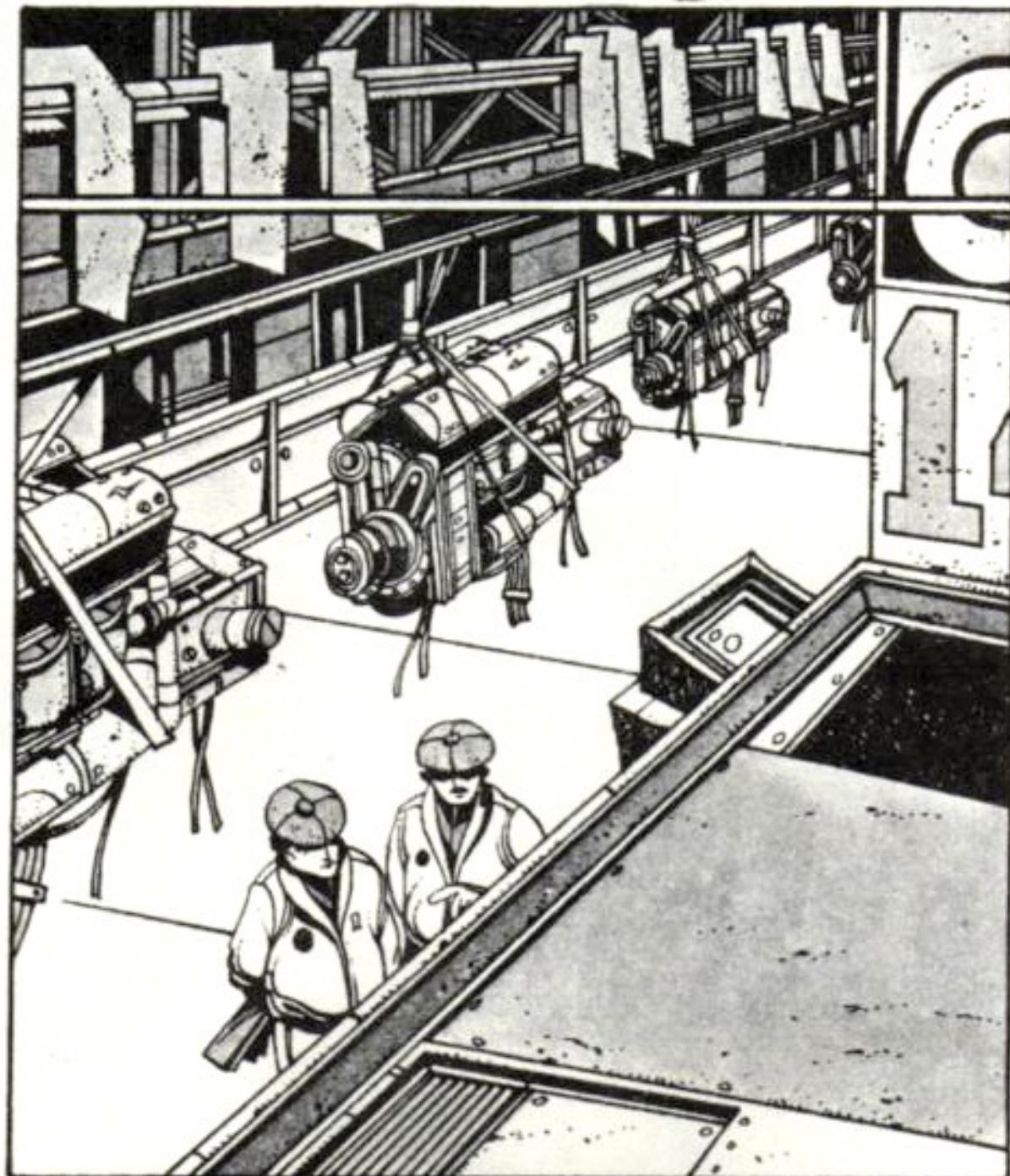
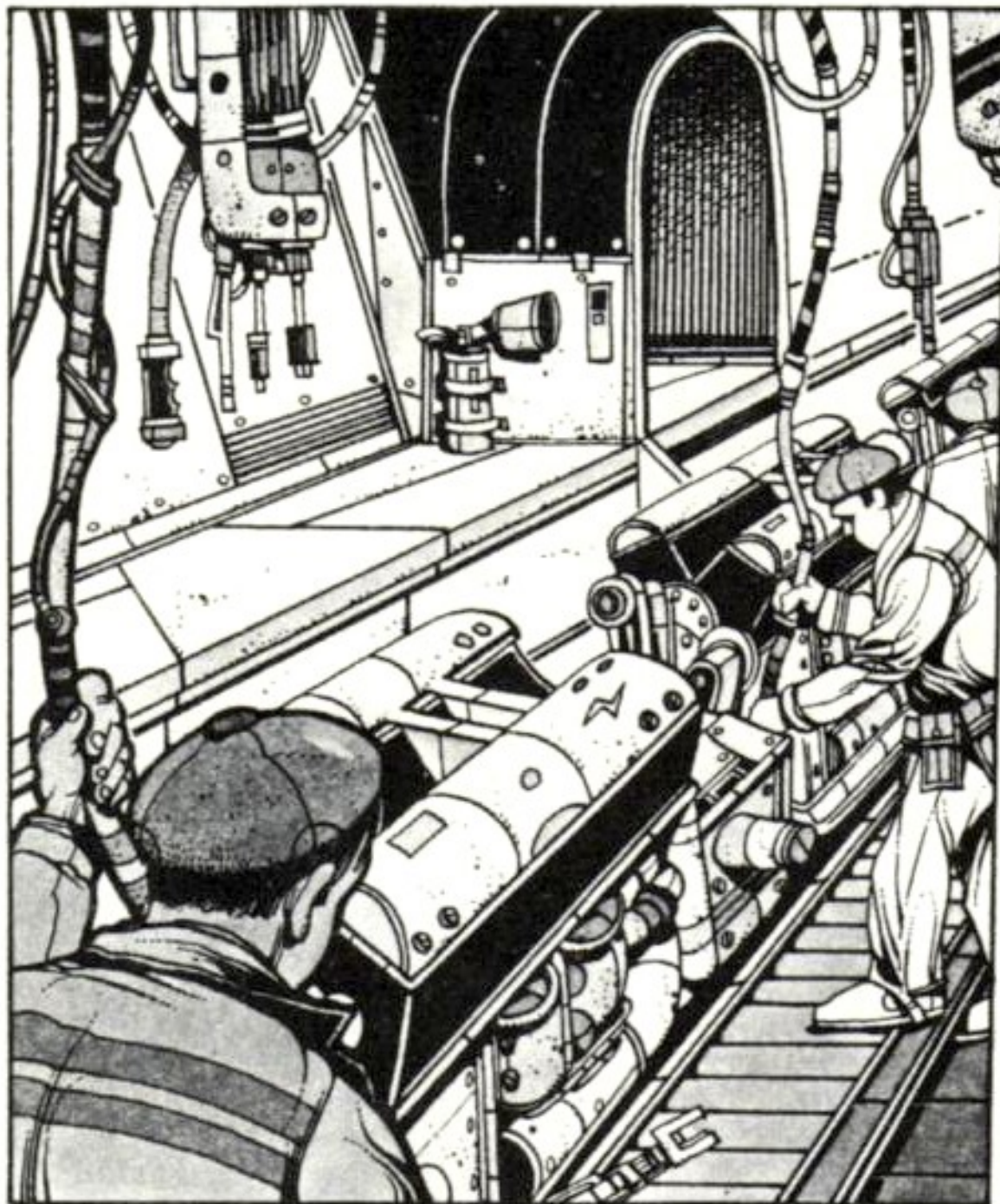
RE: THE GLOOB RACE. IT BEHOOVES ONE TO REMEMBER THAT IT IS ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING IN THE WHOLE GALAXY... THESE LITTLE BLUE CREATURES ARE ACTUALLY AN AVERAGE HEIGHT OF NINETEEN INCHES. THEIR UNIQUE CHARACTERISTIC IS THE TOTAL INDEPENDENCE OF THEIR HEADS FROM THEIR BODIES... THIS ALLOWS THEM, DEPENDING ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES, TO CARRY THEIR HEADS AROUND UNDER THEIR ARMS OR, IN TIMES OF WAR, FOR EXAMPLE, TO STASH THEM FOR SAFE KEEPING IN BANKS SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE PURPOSE. IT IS EQUALLY INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT A WELL PROTECTED AND CAREFULLY PRESERVED HEAD CAN ASPIRE TO IMMORTALITY... SO THERE ARE SEVERAL MILLION HEADS STOCKED IN THE MEMORY BANK, AS A GIGANTIC LIVING LIBRARY...

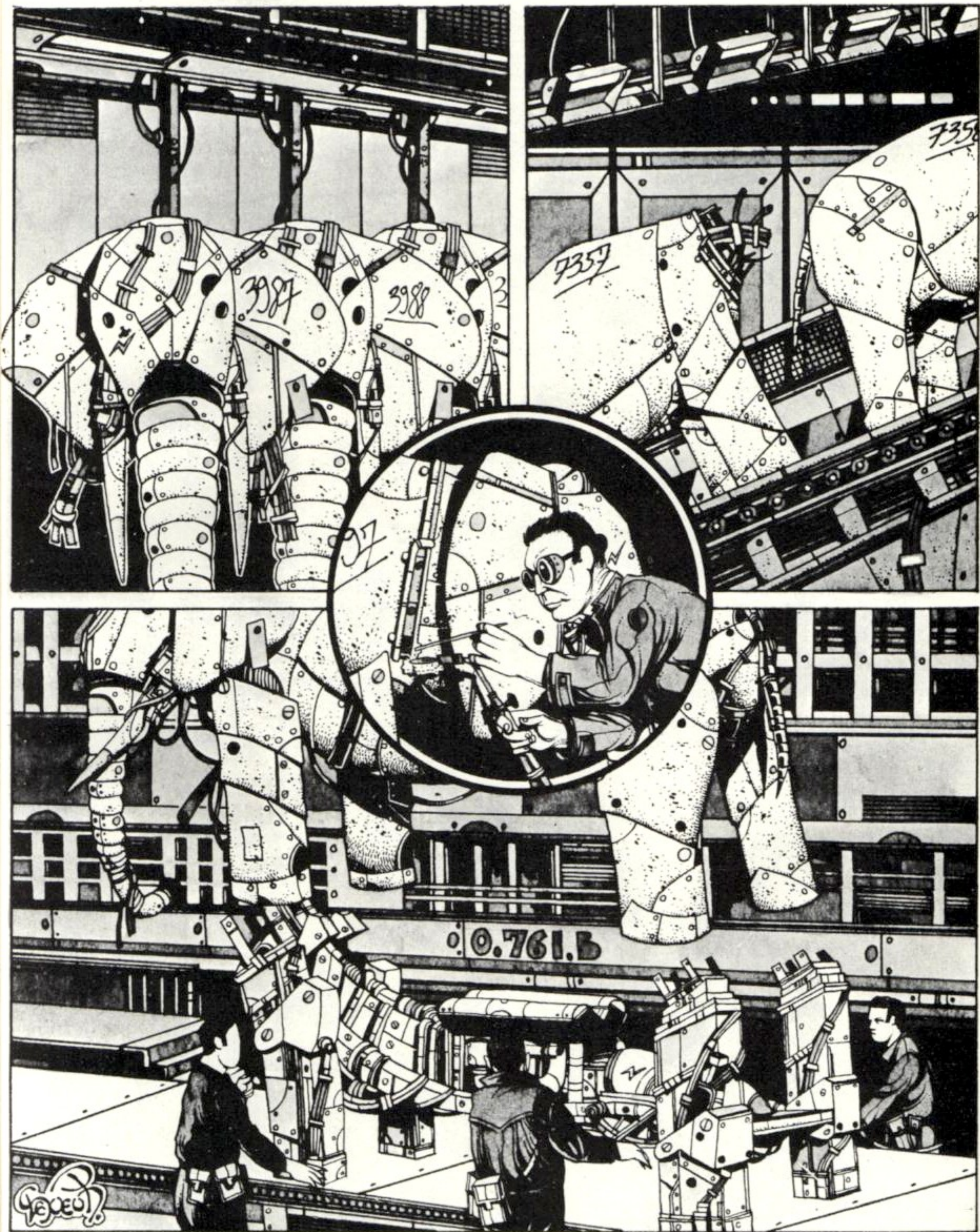


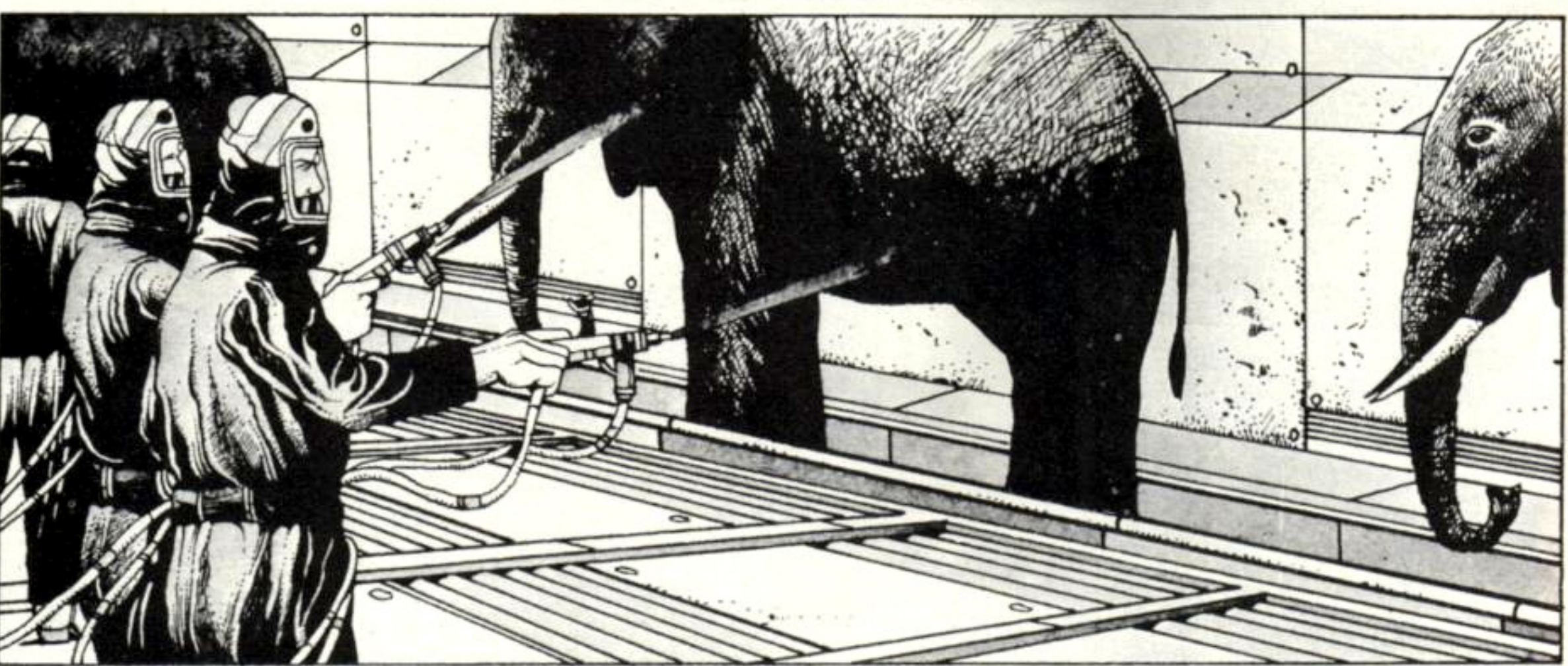
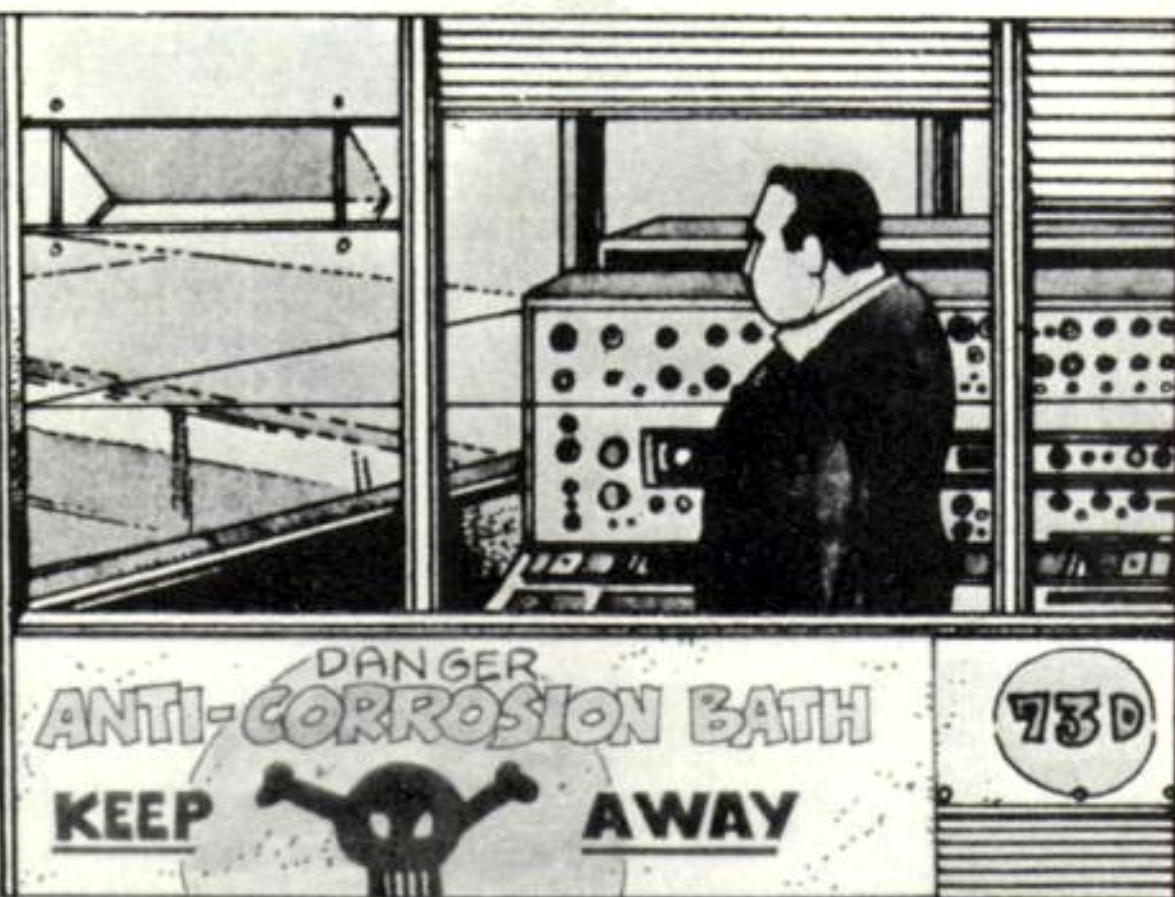
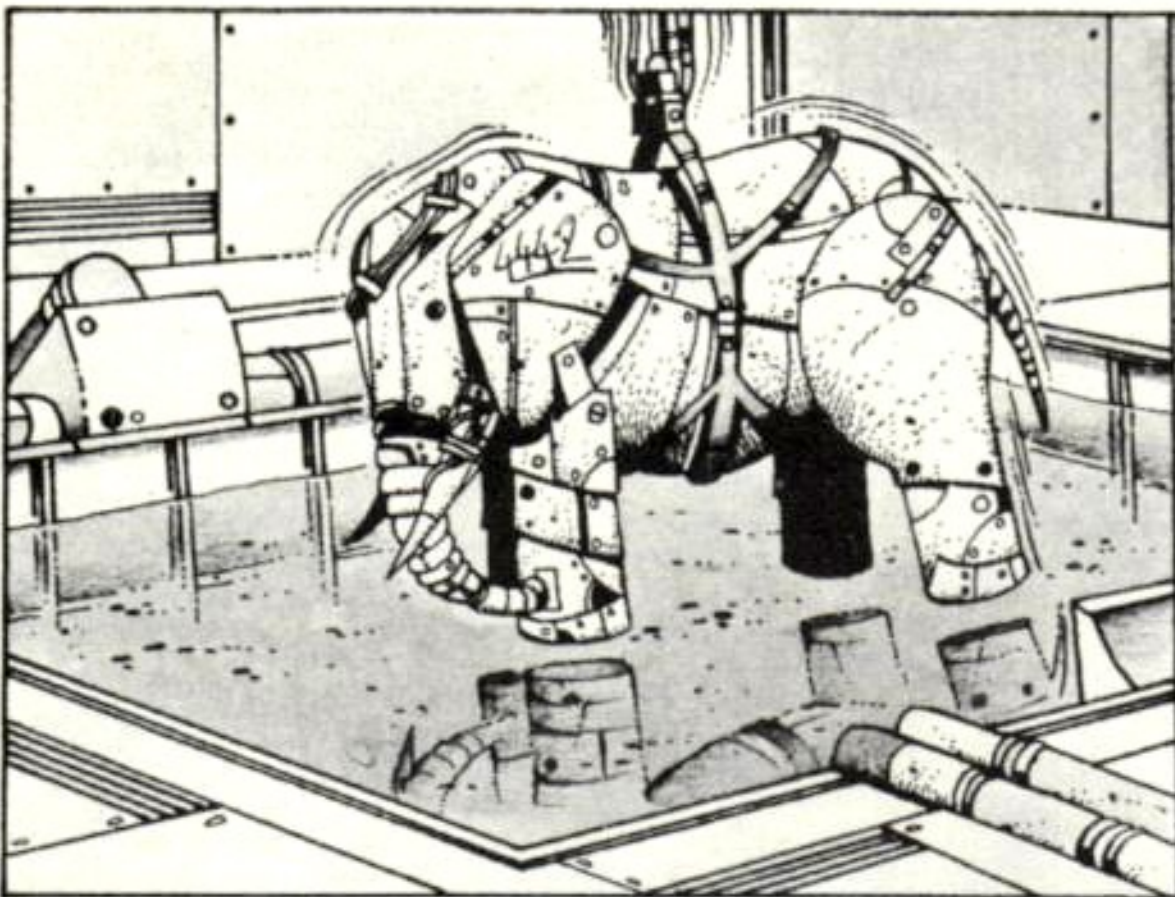


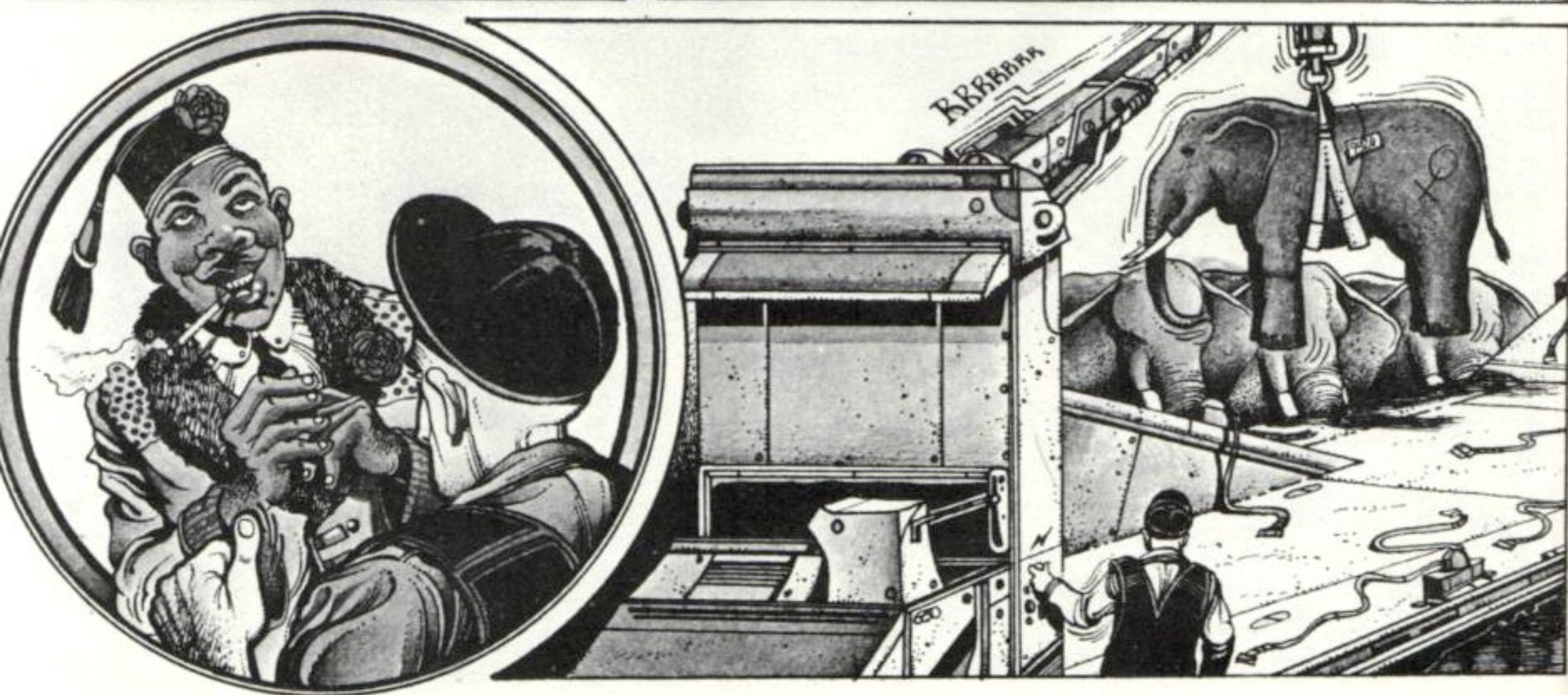
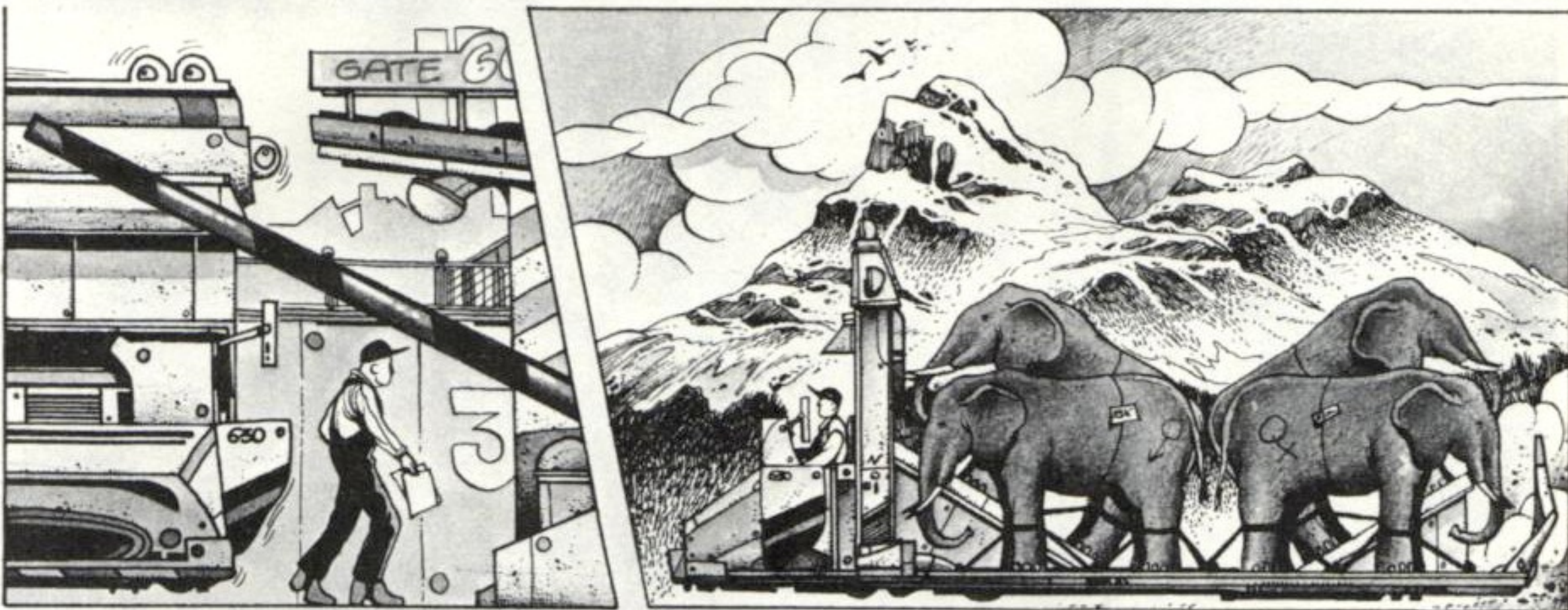
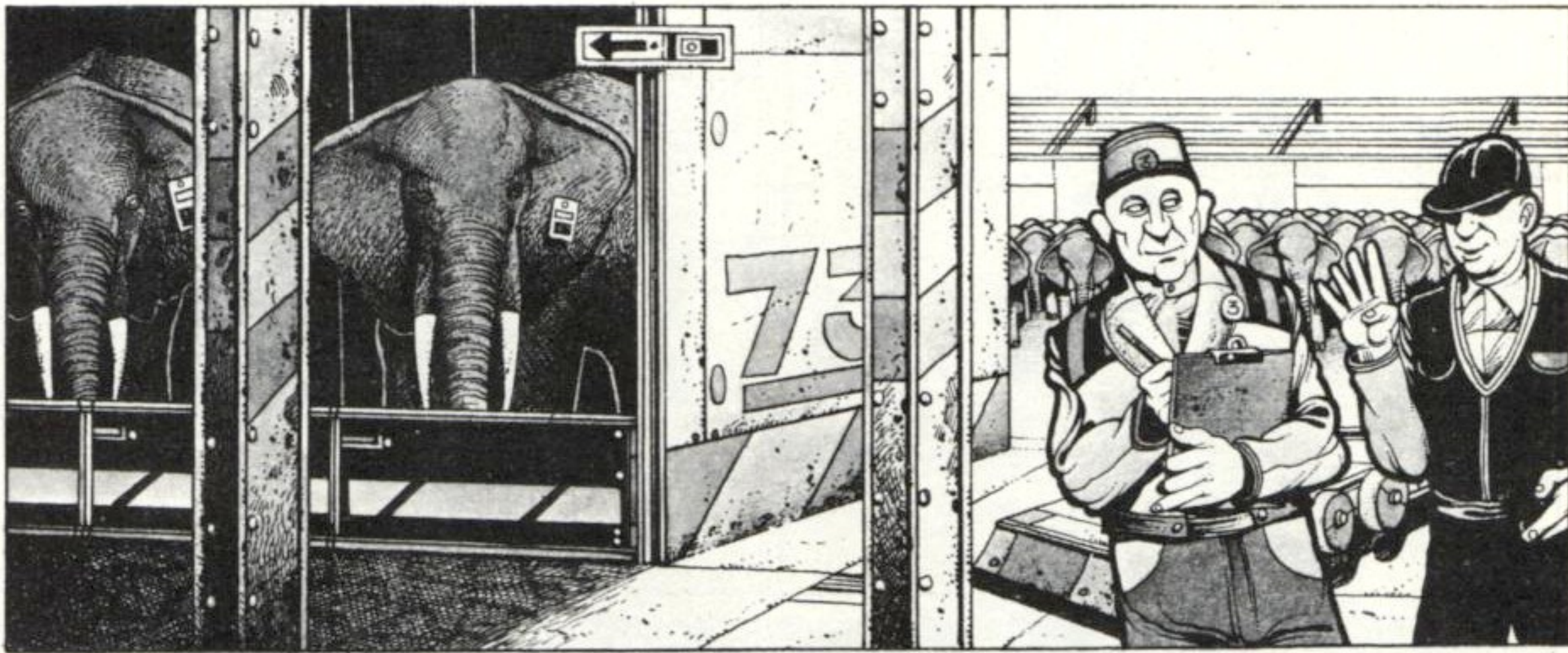


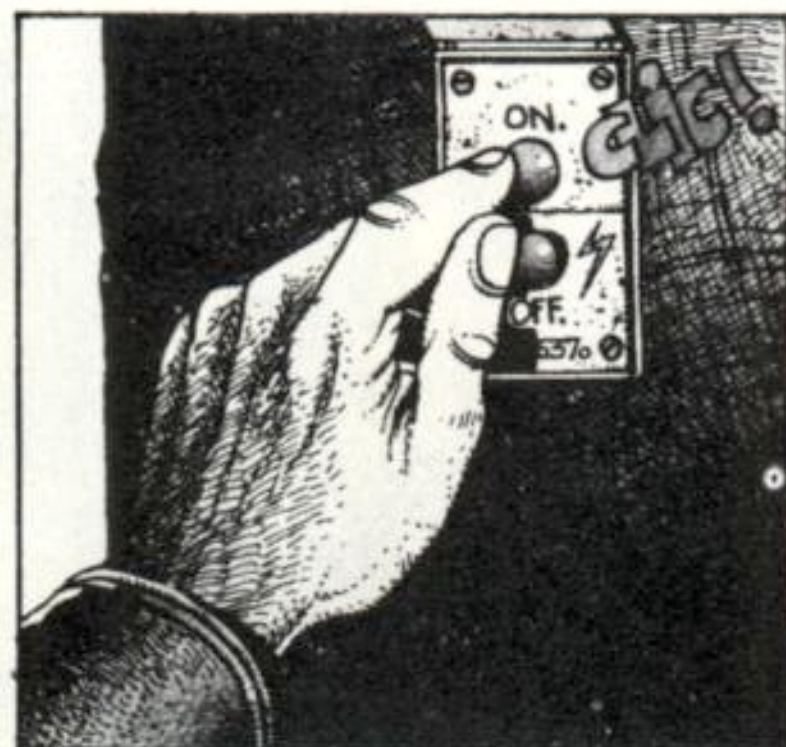
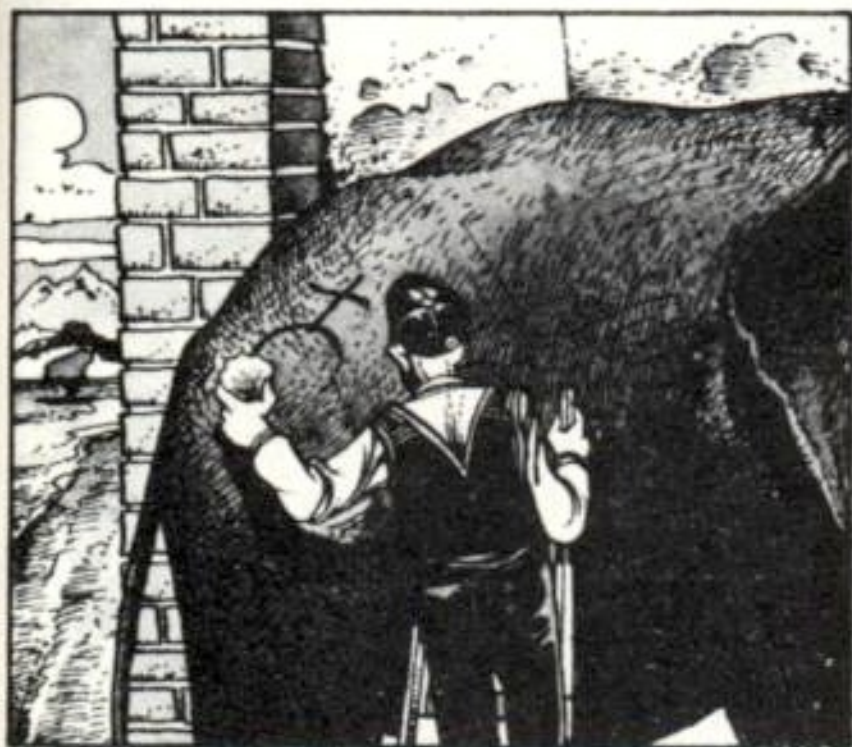
STATION 34.728 by Lesueur







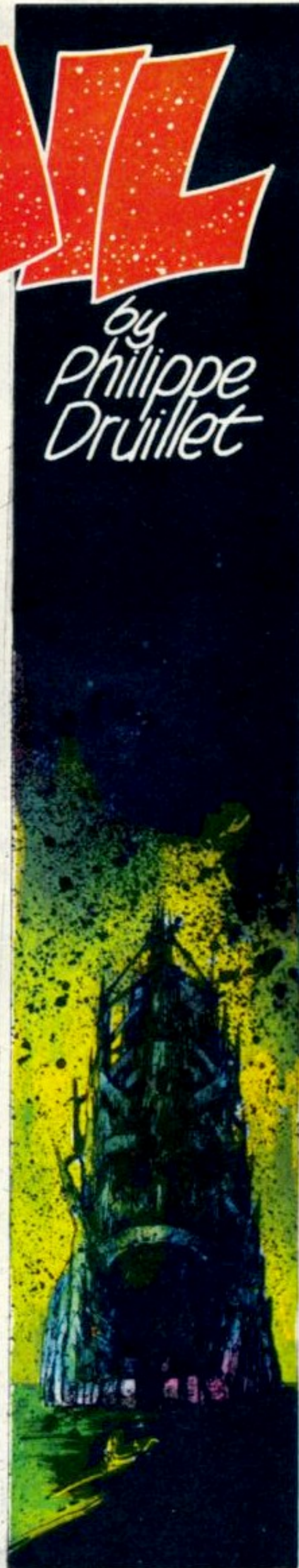




This story would not have been possible without the complete cooperation of the National Corporation for the Manufacture of Animals

GAIL

by
Philippe
Druillet






Where is Sloane? Find that swine for me. It's his fault that we have been committed to this battle too soon. I want his hide. How much must I pay the rabble that surrounds me to get what I want?

He's in the other sphere, master, searching for the terrifying darkness...


What is terrifying is he who cannot be made to obey. Follow his trail and send several flanks of my white faces to meet him, even to hell, if necessary!

That's just where we'll find the hound with the red eyes...







IT WAS TRUE...
SLOANE'S MOTHER
WAS A WHORE AND
HIS FATHER WAS
A PIMP...AND SO?.



HE ROUNDS THE ISLAND
AND CLIMBS THE IN-
SURMOUNTABLE WALL.
HIS MOTHER WAS A
PANTHER AND HIS
FATHER FLEW HIGH IN
THE AIR, ACCORDING
TO LEGEND...



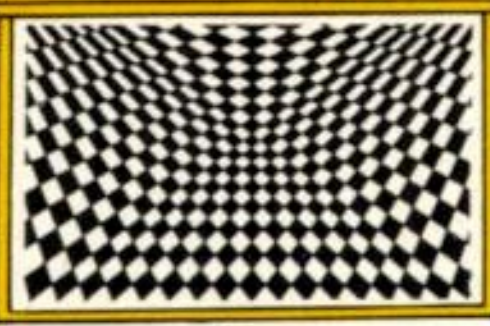
THE RUSTLING
FOREST THAT SUR-
ROUNDS THE TEMPLE
OF THE ISLAND OF
THE DEAD... SLOANE
KNEW THE WAY...



...OF THE STRANGE BEINGS
WHISPERING IN HIS SPIRIT...
SLOANE IS NO LONGER
REALLY A MAN...



THE WHITE FRONTS! OVERDOSED,
SPECIALLY TRAINED... TOUGH... BETTER GET
TO THE TEMPLE AND THEN WE'LL SEE...



STEEL AND FIRE ON ALL SIDES, A BLOODY DAWN. IN THE TEETH
OF THE WARSHIPS OF SHAN AND MERENNEN-UPHEAVAL, IN-
SURGENCE... THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE THE SERPENT OF
CHAOS WRITHES... THE GAME'S NOT OVER... YET...





TOTALLY WIPE OUT!
DIE! DIE! SO, YOU'RE
HERE TO PLAY MAREN-
NEN'S LITTLE GAMES,
HUNTER?



FALLEN ALREADY? DOPE-
CRAZED MORONS! HAS IT COME
TO THIS? HAVE THEY OVERCOME
THE SERPENT TO END LIKE
THIS... LIKE THIS?...



shit!



HAVE YOU FOUND
WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR AT LAST?

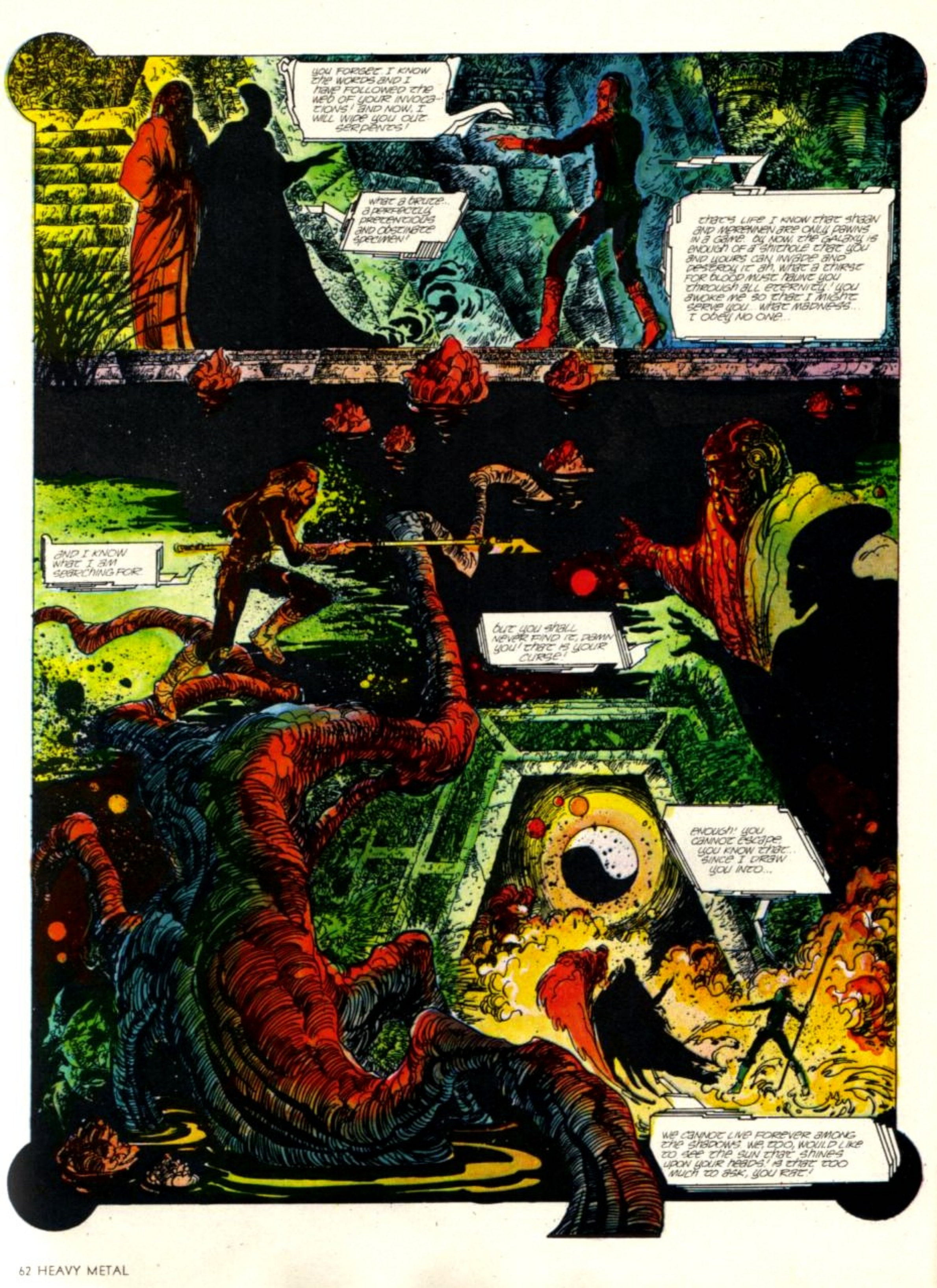


I KNOW WHY I
HAVE COME. MILLIONS
OF MEN ARE DYING
AT THIS MOMENT
BY YOUR WILL...

DEATH IS NOT A
SIGNIFICANT ISSUE!

FOR THE
LIVING, IT IS...

YOU ARE AL-
READY DEAD,
SLOANE. HOW
ELSE COULD
YOU HAVE COME
TO BE HERE?



YOU FORGET I KNOW
THE WORDS AND I
HAVE FOLLOWED THE
WED OF YOUR INVOC-
ATIONS! AND NOW, I
WILL WIDE YOU OUT
SERPENTS!

WHAT A DRUSE...
A PERFECTLY
PRECENTIOUS
AND OOSTINITE
SPECIMEN!


THAT'S LIFE I KNOW THAT SHAGN
AND MERRINEN ARE ONLY POWNS
IN A GAME. BY NOW, THE GALAXY IS
ENOUGH OF A SHITOLE THAT YOU
AND YOURS CAN INVADE AND
DESEROY IT! AN, WHAT A THIRST
FOR BLOOD MUST HAVE YOU
THROUGH ALL ETERNITY! YOU
AWOKE ME SO THAT I MIGHT
SERVE YOU... WHAT MADNESS...
I ODEY NO ONE...

AND I KNOW
WHAT I AM
SEARCHING FOR

BUT YOU SH'LL
NEVER FIND IT, DAMN
YOU! THERE IS YOUR
CURSE!


ENOUGH! YOU
CANNOT ESCAPE,
YOU KNOW THAT...
SINCE I DREW
YOU INTO...

WE CANNOT LIVE FOREVER AMONG
THE SHADOWS. WE, TOO, WOULD LIKE
TO SEE THE SUN THAT SHINES
UPON YOUR HEADS. IS THAT TOO
MUCH TO ASK, YOU RAT!



YOU WANT THE SUN AND YOU
WANT OUR LIVES! AND YOUR
FACE IS TO PANIC WITH FEAR
LEST WE ARE DESTROYED!
MY SPIRIT REJECTS IT ALL,
BUT THE FLESH DRIVES IT
ON! I AM BUT A BEAST!

YOU ARE DAMNED LIKE US,
BLOODE! DEATH IS NEC-
ESSARY.



GO FUCK YOURSELVES!
THAT'S WHAT THEY AL-
WAYS SAY, THOSE WHO
DEAL IN DEATH. GO
BACK WHERE YOU CAME
FROM AND TO HELL
WITH DEATH! THERE
ARE OTHER WORLDS
FOR YOU AND
YOURS!

YOU
WRECK YOUR-
SELF IN VAIN. NO
ONE CAN HUNT US
DOWN!

the cord!

THE SILVER CORD!

I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE A
SEMBLANCE OF A HEART.
THAT HEART IS ALSO THE
PLANET GAIL, WHENCE PLUTO
CAME. BEFORE MERAVEN
USURPED HIS POWER AND
MADE IT INTO A MACHINE OF
DEATH! THE IRONY IS THAT
HE IS JUST ANOTHER BUTCHER
WHO HAS SHUT HIS DOORS TO
YOU, ESPECIALLY THE DOOR
TO OUR WORLD. THAT IS WHY
YOU HAVE PITTED MERAVEN
AGAINST STEEN AND SAVED
THE IMAGE OF WAR IN HIS
CURSED SPIRIT. THAT I
MIGHT WEAKEN THEM, AND
YOU COULD THEN THROW
YOURSELVES AGAINST THEIR
FORCES. OUR UNIVERSE
WOULD THEN BECOME DARK
IN YOUR HANDS...

YOU MIGHT COME
BACK BEGIN... YOUR
ISLAND IS THE DIRECT
ACCESS TO OUR WORLD,
THE ENTRANCE TO THE
FLOWERING PLANET.
TWO COMPLEMENTARY
FACES. GAIL, OUR
FORMER DOMAIN FOR
MILLENNIA, BEFORE
OUR ANCESTORS
CHASED YOU AWAY...
SO MANY CENTURIES AGO...
GAIL, THE PARADISE
OF FLOWERS.



PEACE... THE CRY OF BIRDS...
THE SEA... THE FOREST...
PEACE, GAIL



THEY HAVE VANISHED, BIDDING
FAREWELL TO THEIR DREAMS
OF CONQUEST. AGAIN LOST
THE WHOLE OF HIS FORCES,
AND HIS POWER IS OVER-
COME. LIFE IS FOR OTHERS,
NOW AS FOR ME, I WILL
SEARCH FOR UEGRL, AND CON-
TINUE MY WAY ACROSS THE
UNIVERSE TO FIND WHAT I
HAVE LOST, SOMEWHERE...
DRUNK... TO FINISH OUR
LIVES, DRUNK AND DAMNED...



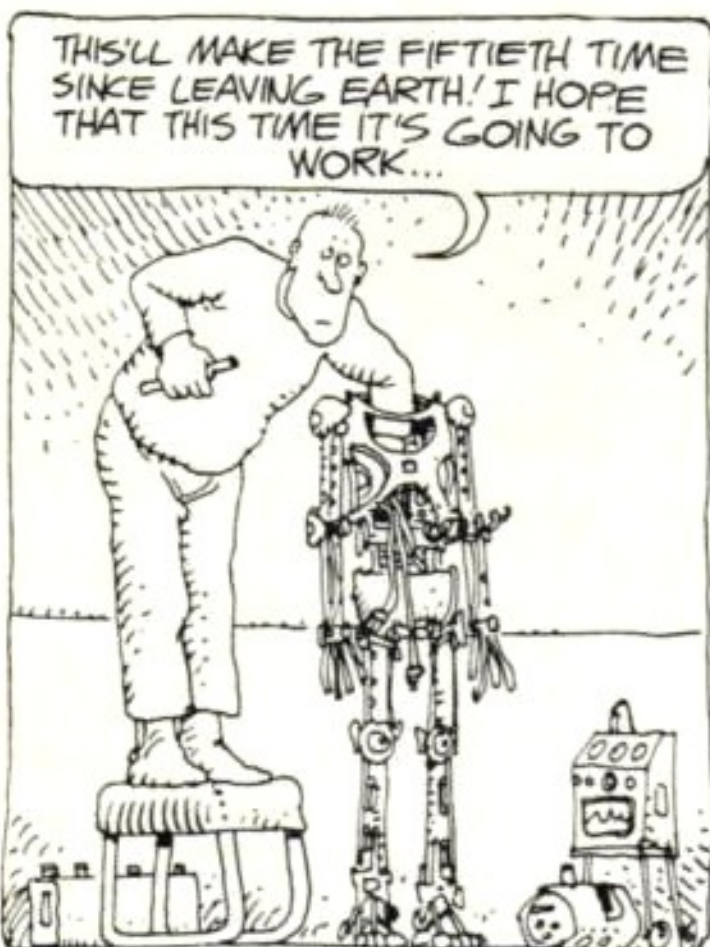
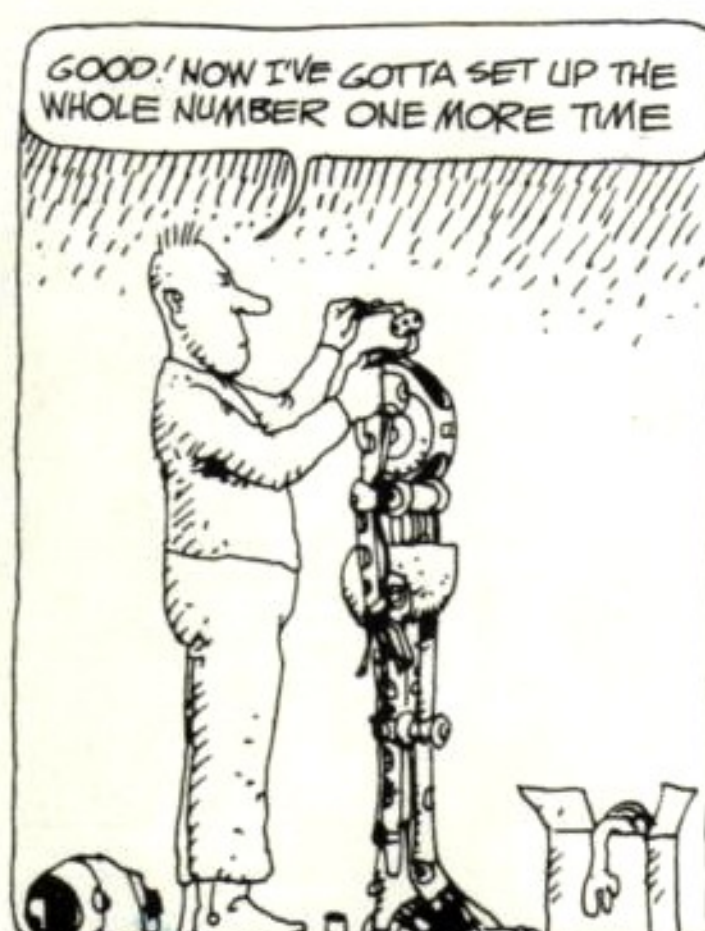
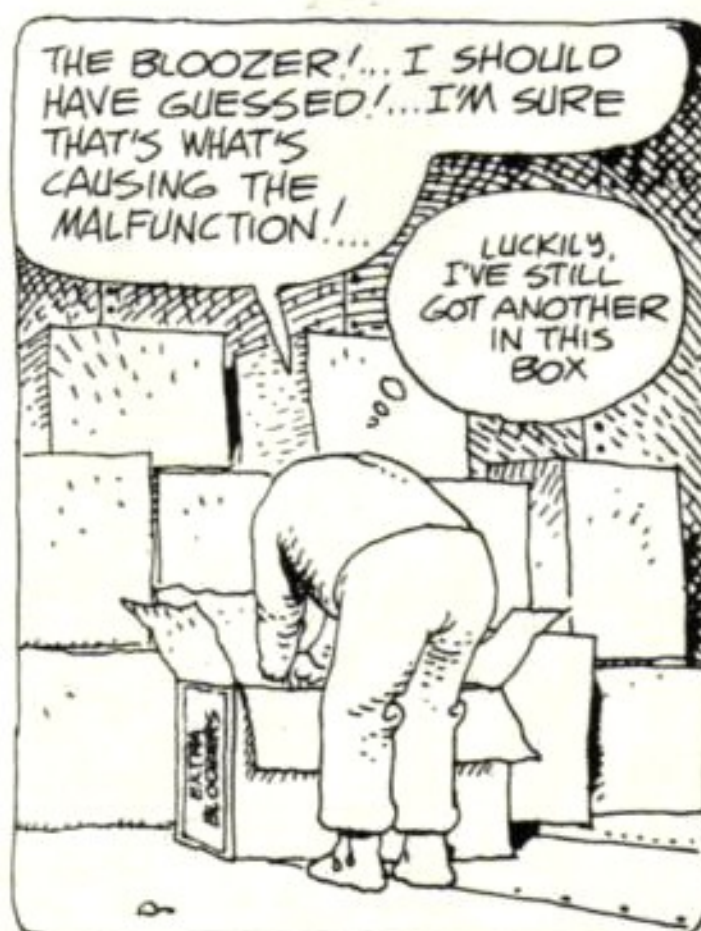
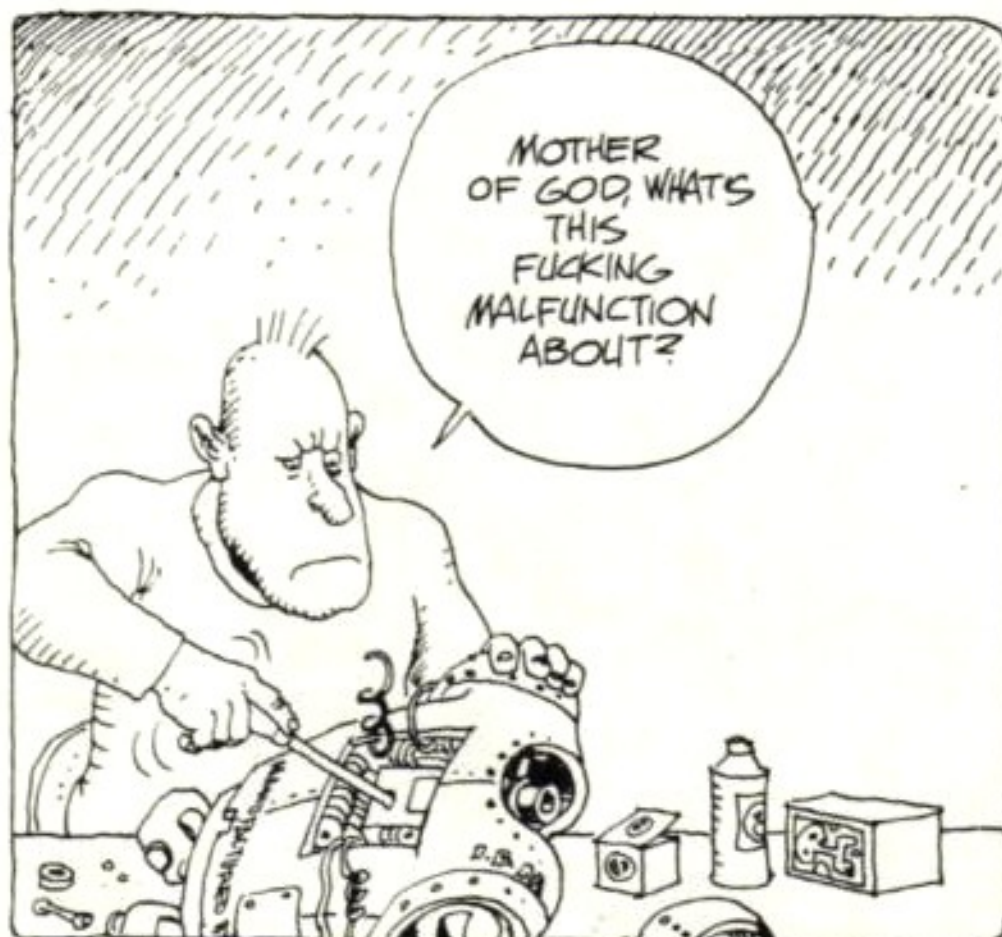
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SPLIT

THE LITTLE SPACE PIONEER

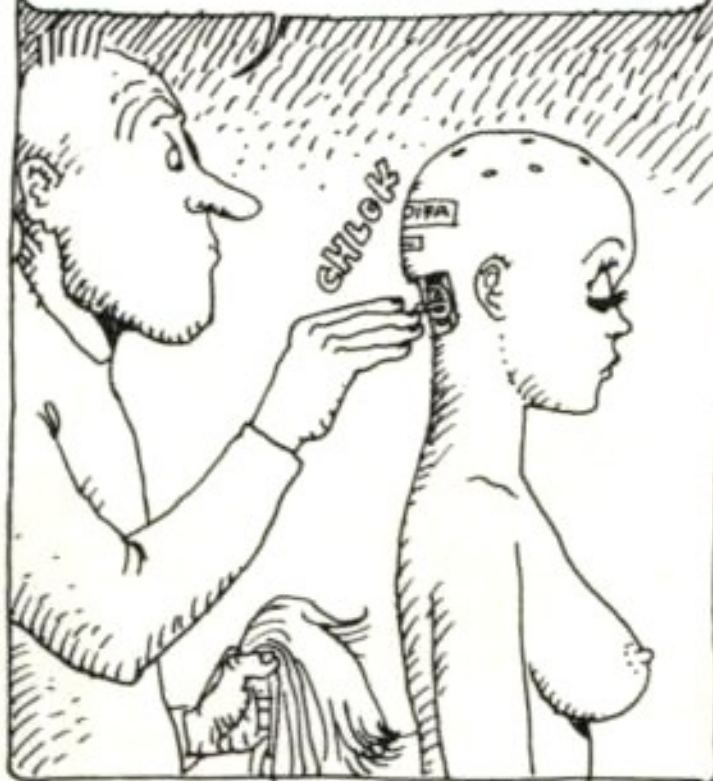
by MOEBIUS



LUCKILY, I'VE GOT THIS CUTE
LITTLE ANDROID TO KEEP ME
COMPANY IN MY ANTI-G
CHAMBER!...



AT LAST! NOW THE BROAD MAY
CONDESCEND TO WORK!... THERE...
LET'S CONNECT THE TINGAMABOX.

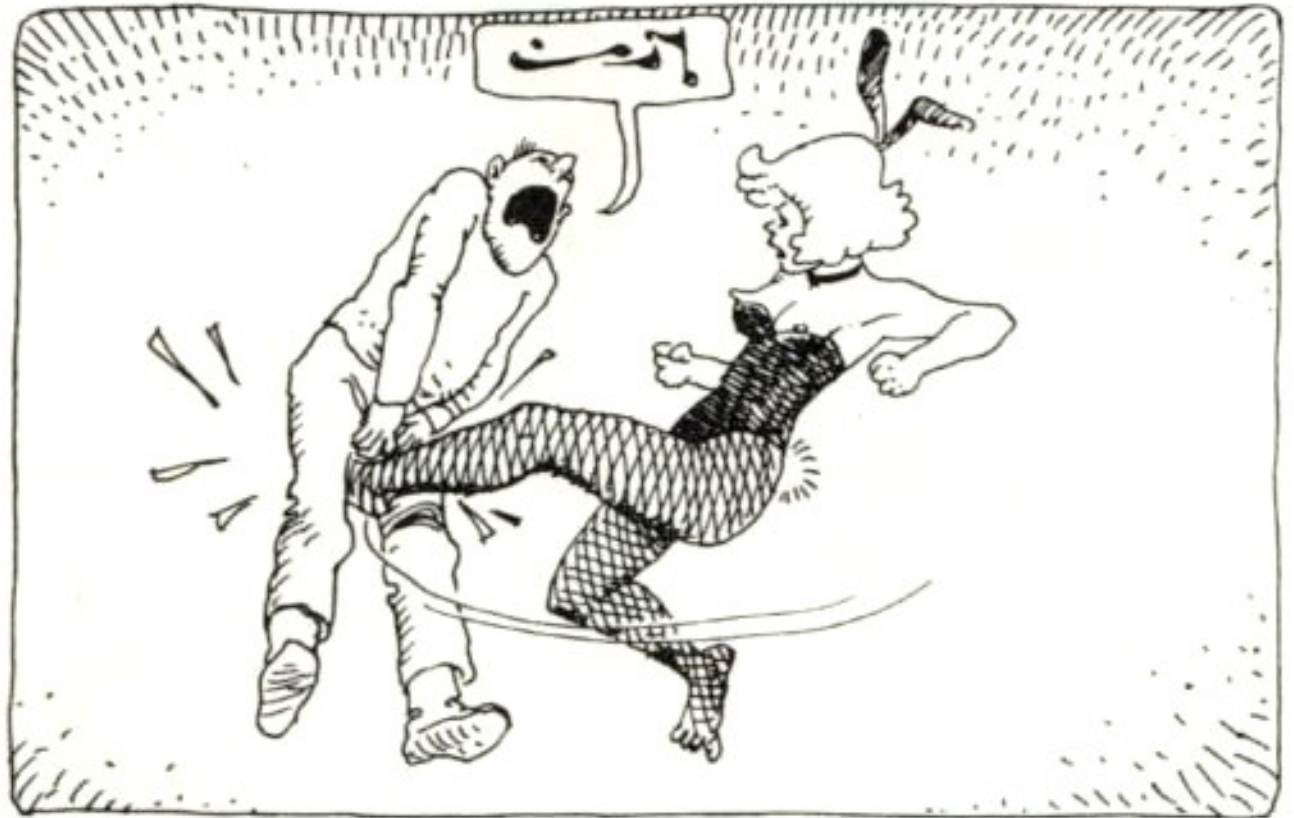


GOOD! NOW LET'S SET IT AT
"SWEET PASSION!"



HONEY,
I'M HERE

ZZZZZZ



YOU PIG OF A PRICK
OF A FILTHY MALE
CHAUVINIST!
I'LL SMASH YOU
IN THE
BALLS!



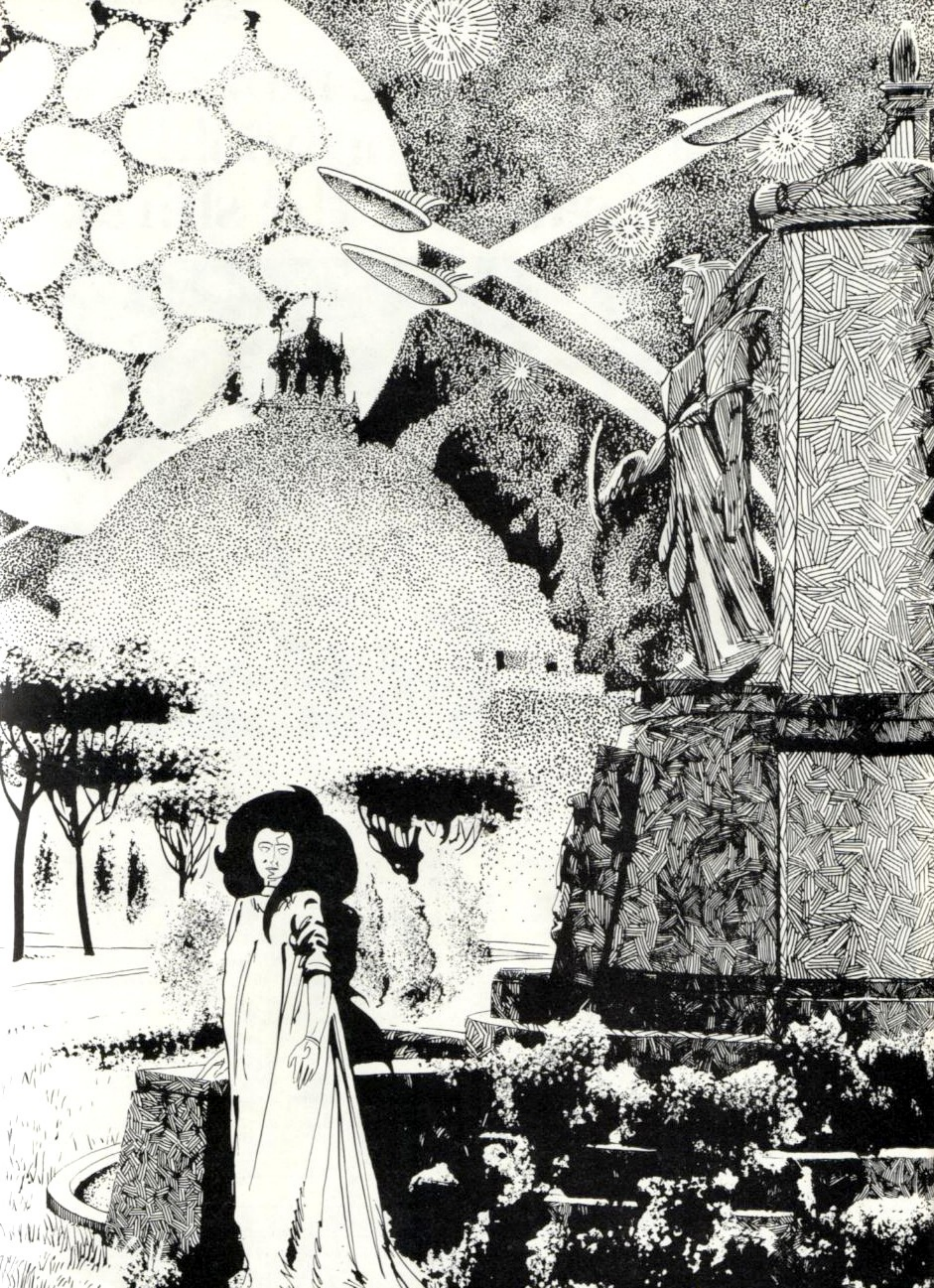
COME HERE, YOU CREEP!



TOO BAD... IT'S ALL GOT TO BE DONE
AGAIN... JERKING OFF STILL REIGNS
SUPREME ON THIS SPACESHIP



THE
END



W SENSE ONDER...^f

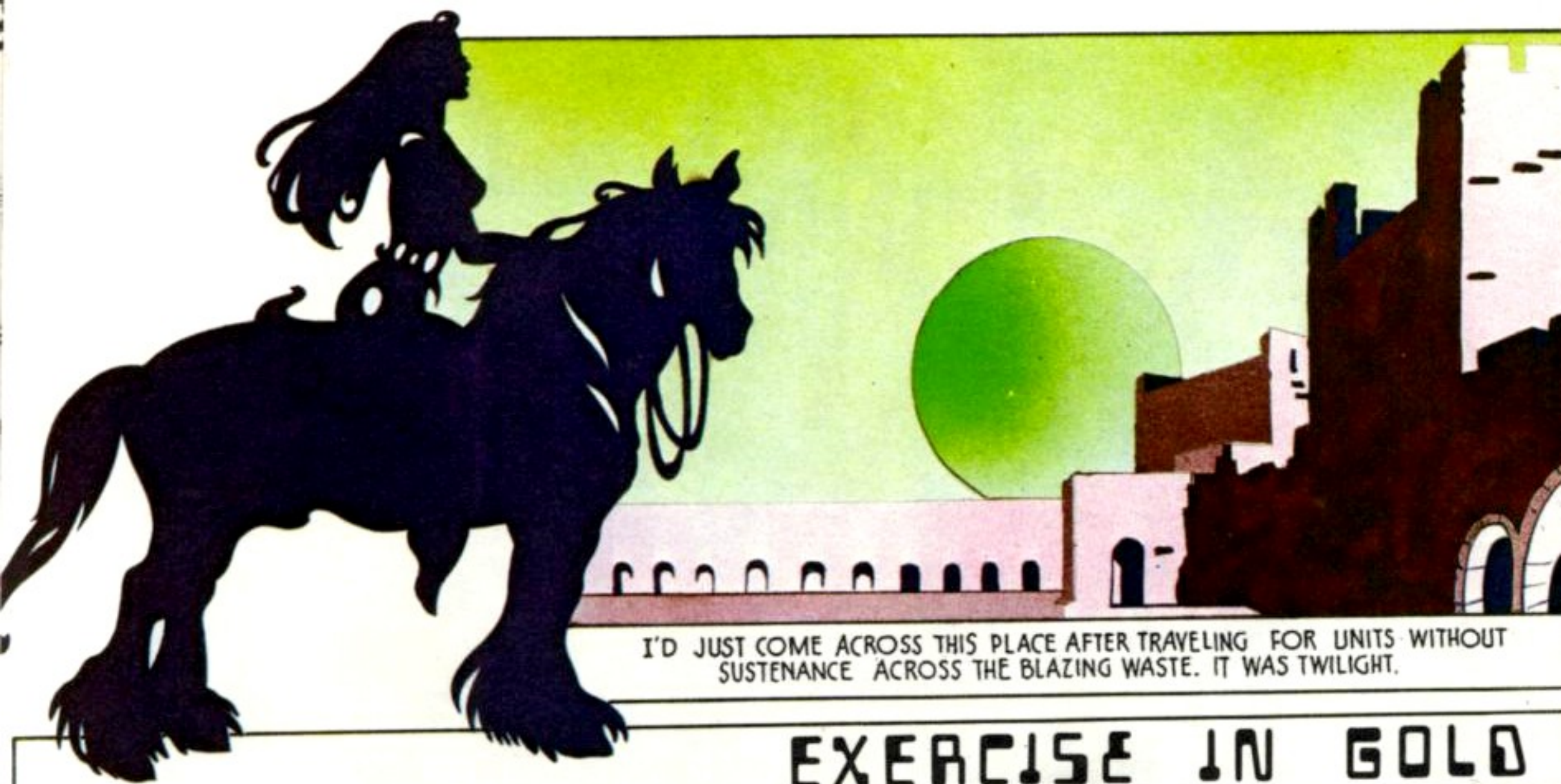
FARTHEST STAR WANDERING
PAST THE BOUNDARIES OF WHERE WE ARE,
SHIPS ABLAZE FOR DISTANT LAND;
TIME SHIFTING DESERT SAND,
TOWARD THE NEXT CRUMBLING OASIS
OF CIVILIZATION. BATHING IN THE COSMIC
RAYS FAR BEYOND WHAT IS TODAY, YET
PERHAPS WE LOST IT IN MEMORIES PAST;
OLD GRAY MATTER—LAX IN ITS DUTIES.

IT WILL BE OURS AGAIN; PLANETS
SPINNING IN VELVET DARK SPACE,
PLAYING AMONG THE DANCING JEWELS,
STRINGING THE PLANETS LIKE BEADS UPON
OUR STRINGS OF CONQUEST AND ABSORPTION.

WE WILL CHANGE AND BE CHANGED
IN TURN. OUR REPUTATIONS WILL
TWIST IN THE EBBING TIDES AND MARCH
WITH THE TIME OF THE AGE WHEN
THE SOLAR WINDS' CACOPHONY BLOWS
ARIGHT. AND FAR BEYOND, ON SOME
INCREDIBLY DISTANT WORLD, SOMEHOW,
IT WILL BE LOST AGAIN. UNDER
MOON-HUNG SKY, LAZZICED WITH
BLAZING SCRIBES, THE SENSE
OF THE WORDS WILL DRIFT
AWAY LEAVING ONE TO FEEL
DEPRIVED OF THE

SENSE of
WONDER

M. WHEATLEY



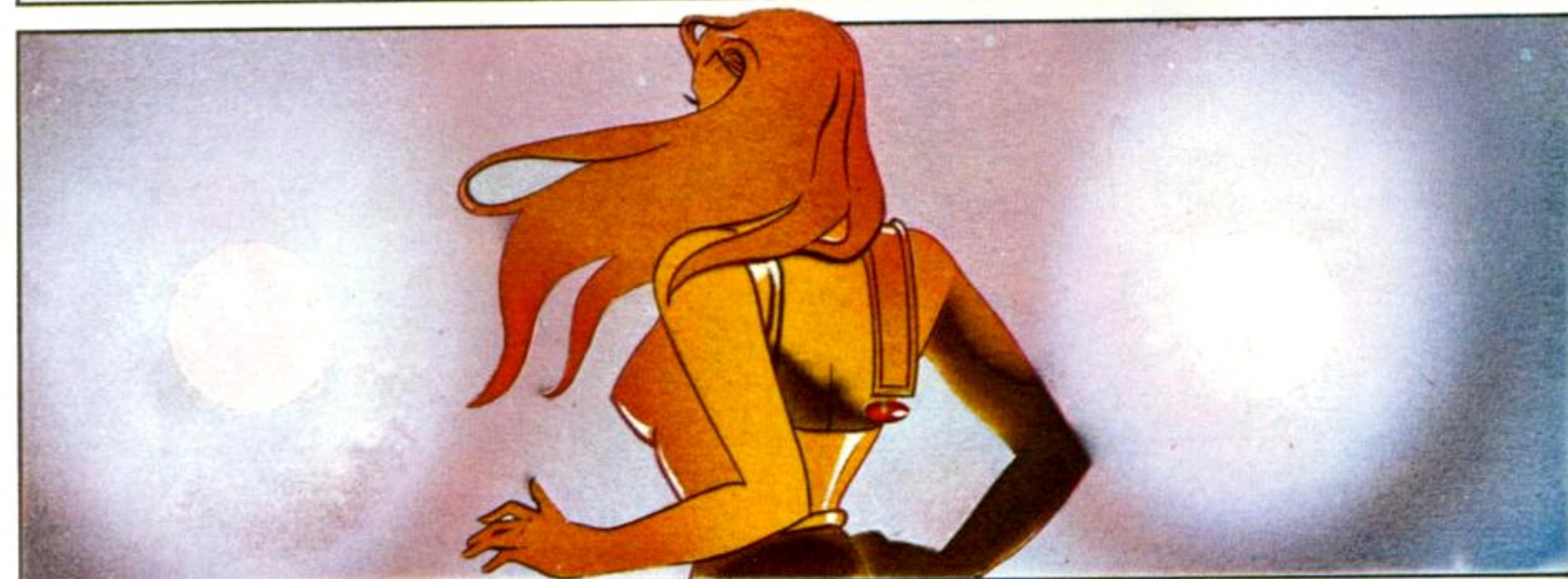
I'D JUST COME ACROSS THIS PLACE AFTER TRAVELING FOR UNITS WITHOUT SUSTENANCE ACROSS THE BLAZING WASTE. IT WAS TWILIGHT.

EXERCISE IN GOLD

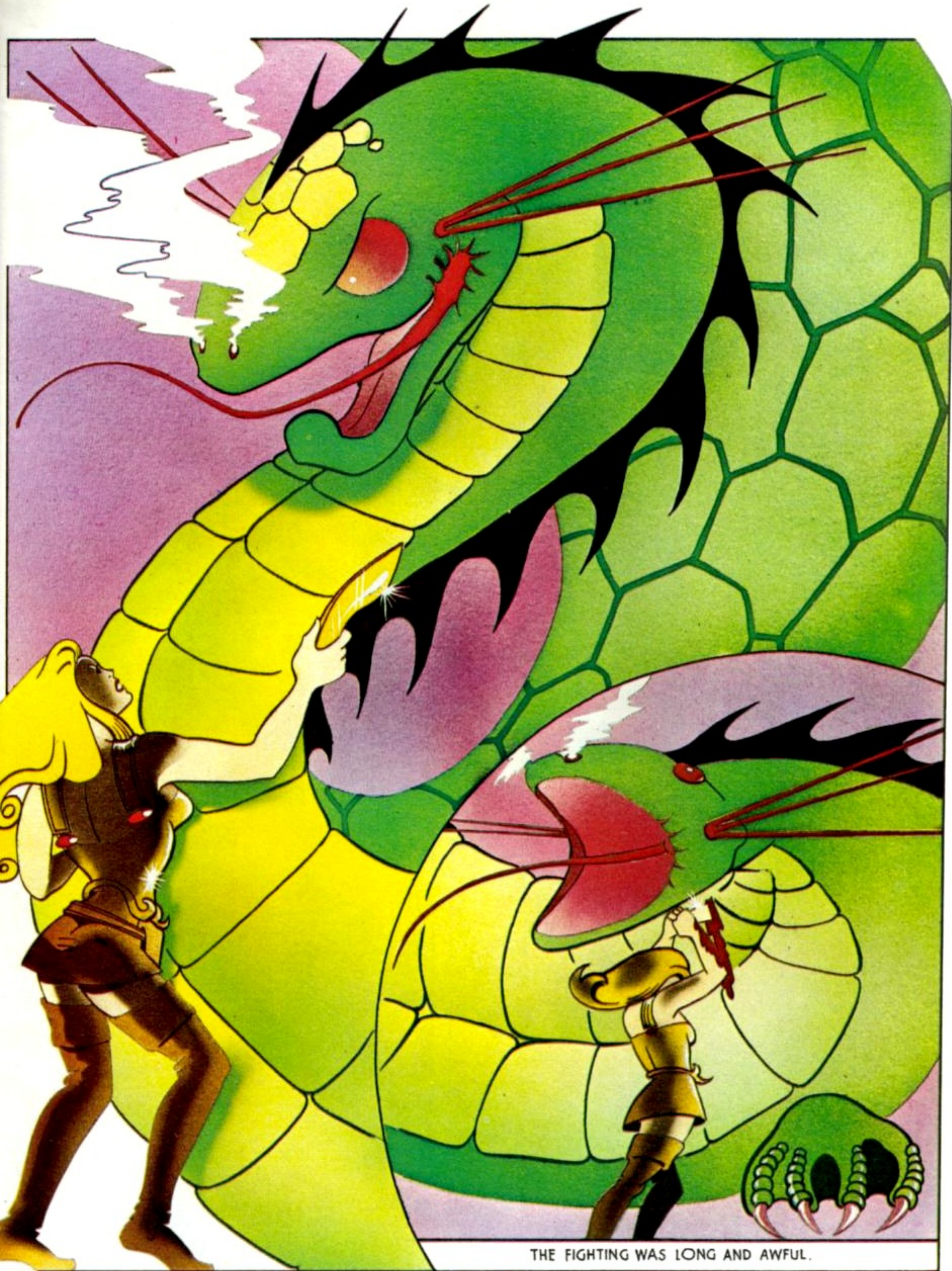


TRINA
78

DARKNESS GATHERED. THINGS TWITTERED HIGH IN THE RUINOUS ROOF. I WAS STILL FAIRLY WEAK FROM MY ORDEAL WITH THE CRYSTAL DESERTS.



TWO RED CANDLES UP AHEAD. NO, NOT CANDLES. EYES.



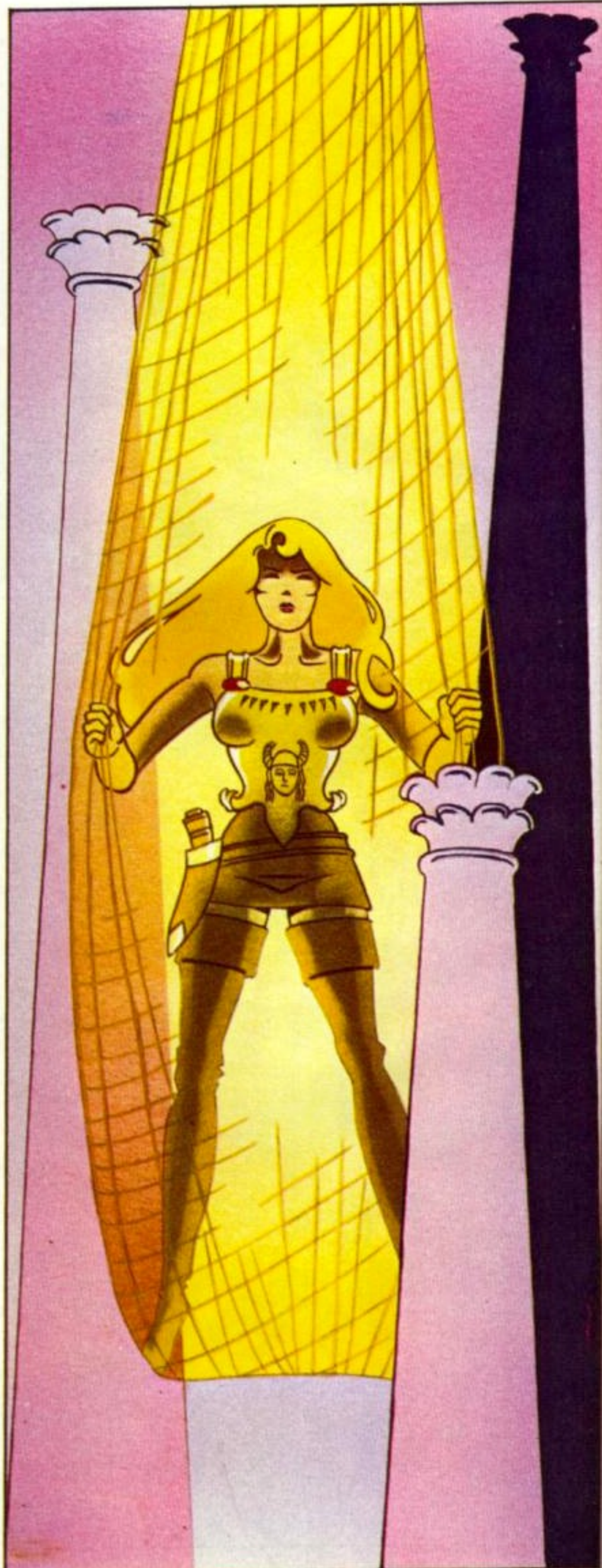
THE FIGHTING WAS LONG AND AWFUL.



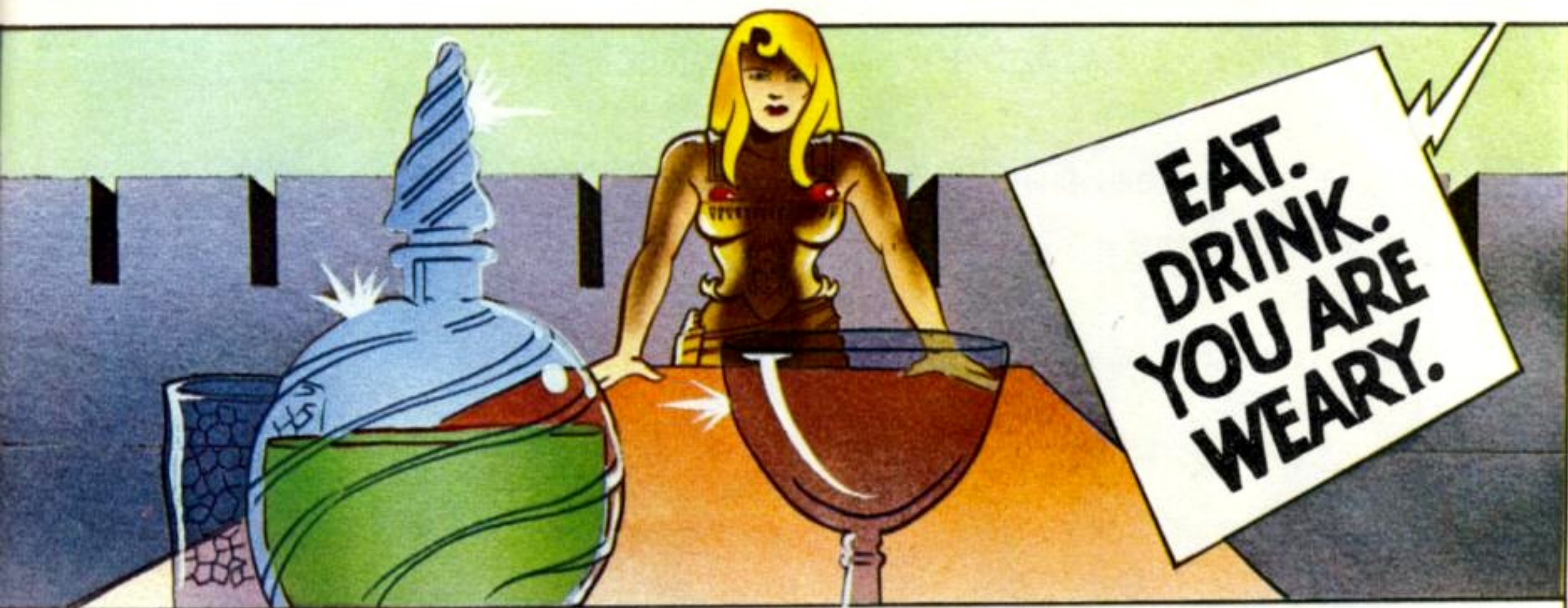
EVENTUALLY THE THING COLLAPSED
AND BLEW AWAY LIKE THE DESERT DUST.



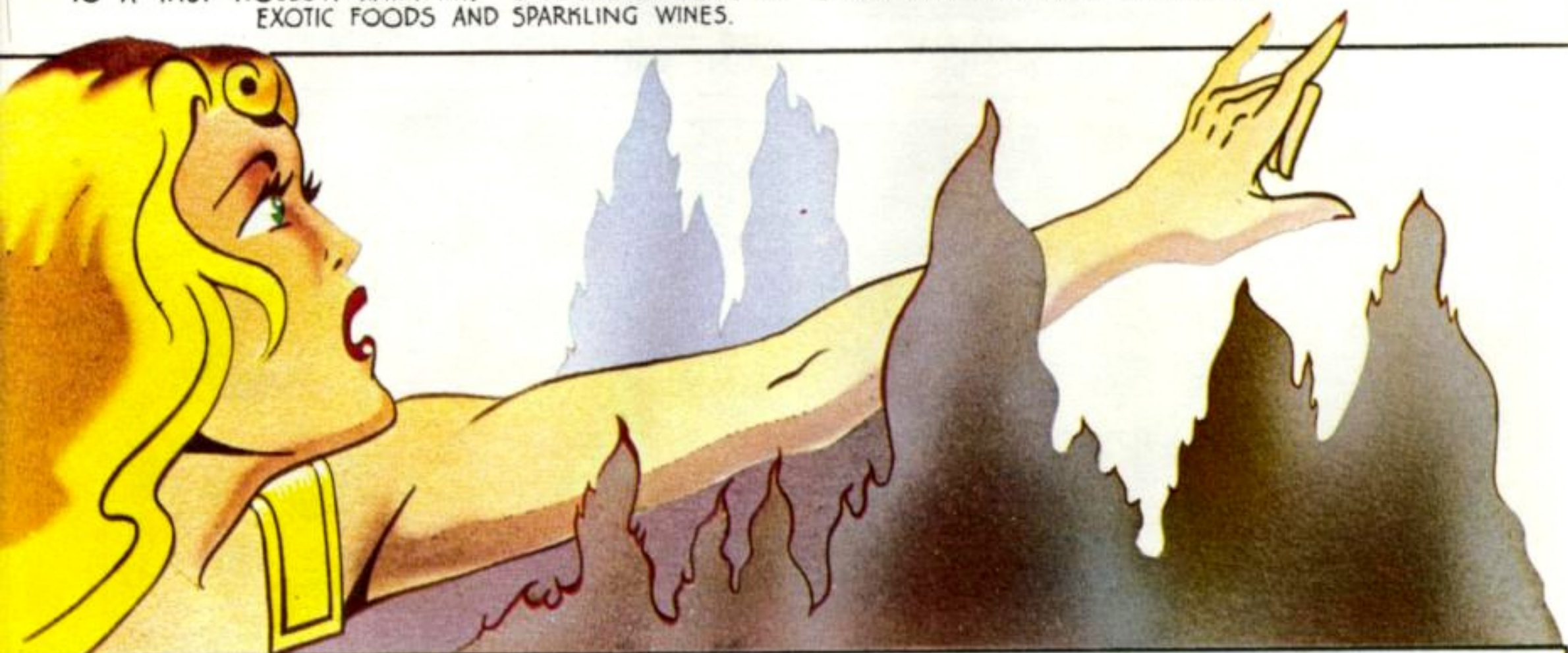
NETS OF BRONZE DROPPED DOWN.



TOO PROUD TO STRUGGLE,
I WAS BORNE UPWARD THROUGH THE
TALL RANKS OF PILLARHEADS



TO A VAST HOLLOW RAMPART. I FOUND A TABLE OF GLASS LAID OUT WITH A FEAST OF EXOTIC FOODS AND SPARKLING WINES.



MISTRUSTING THE FOOD DESPITE MY HUNGER, I SPOKE A MAGIC CHARM. AT ONCE, THE WHOLE THING WENT UP IN PURPLE FIRES.



HUGE WINGED HORRORS FLAPPED DOWN ON ME.

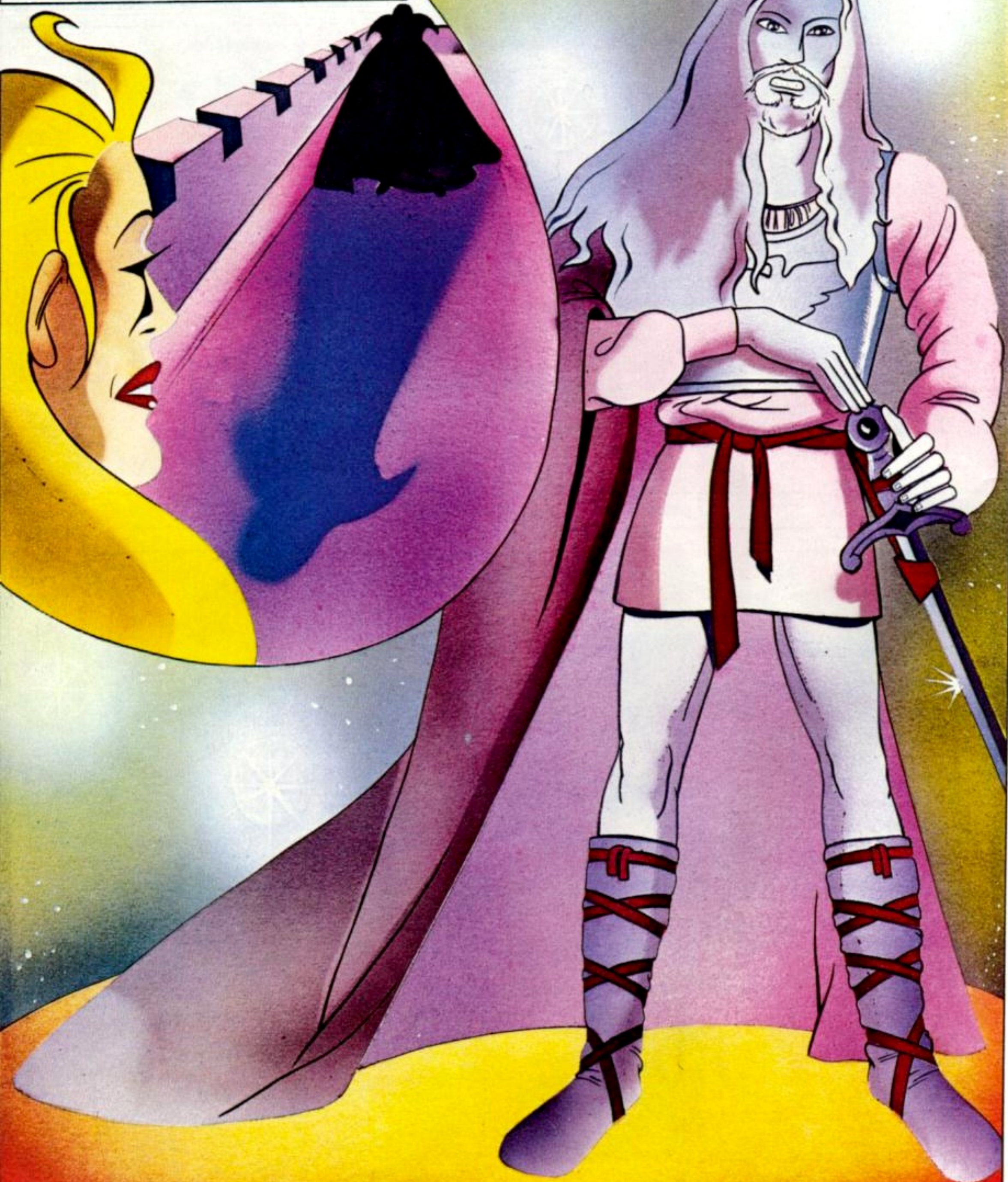


I BEAT AT THEM UNTIL MY STRENGTH WAS ALMOST EXHAUSTED, AND THEN, USING SOME ANCIENT INCANTATIONS, MANAGED TO DRIVE THEM INTO THE FIRE ON THE TABLE, WHERE THEY WERE CONSUMED.

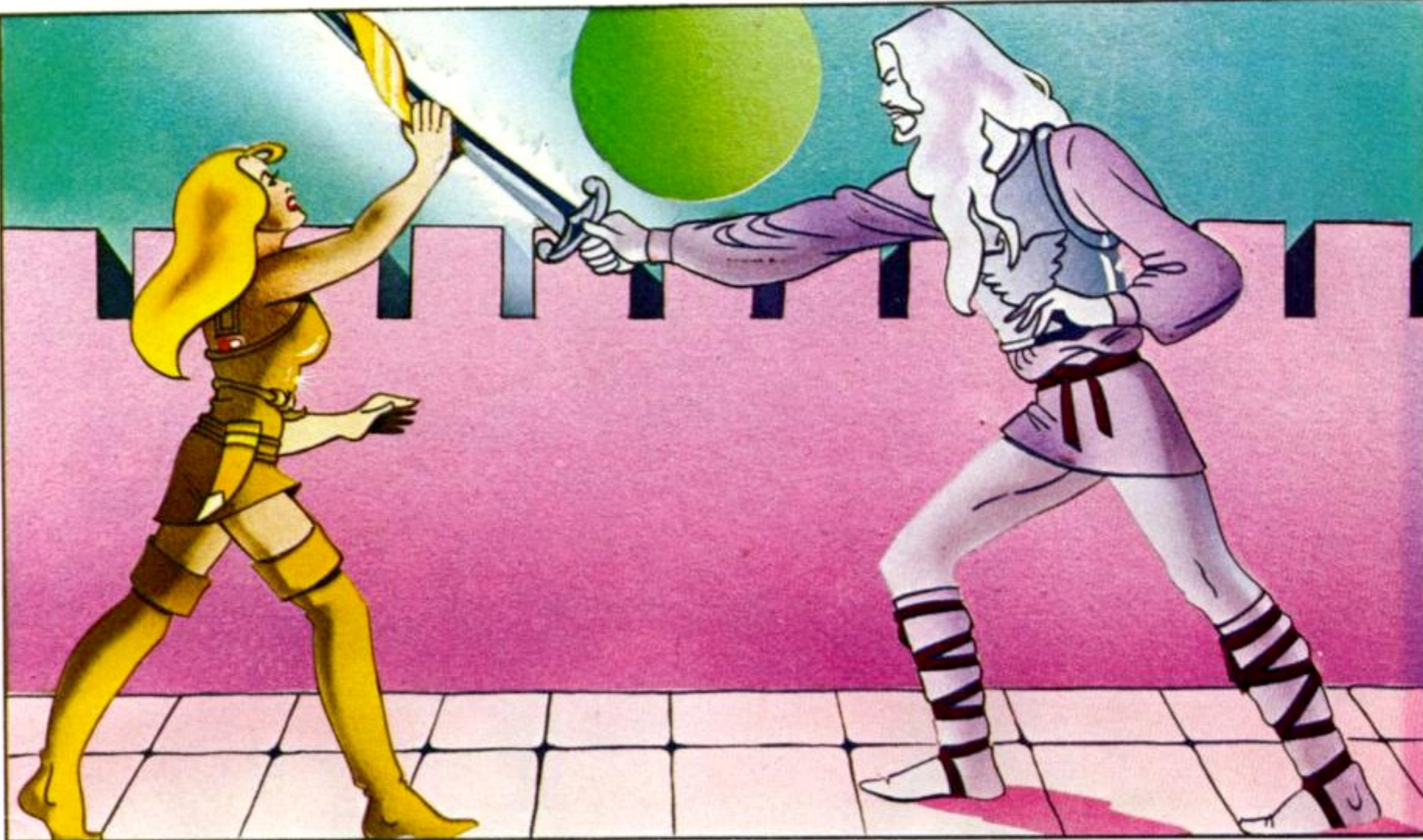


MANY MORE DEMONS ATTACKED ME DURING THE LONG AND TERRIBLE NIGHT. BLAZING METEORS SCREAMED FROM THE SKY AND EXPLODED FAR OUT IN THE DESERT WASTES AS I SLEW PYTHONS OF FLAME AND DRAGONS OF BRASS.

AT LAST, TOWARD DAWN, WHEN I KNEW
I WAS ALMOST TOO WEAK TO SAVE MYSELF
ANY LONGER, A TALL FIGURE APPEARED AT
THE END OF THE RAMPART.



A MALE. A MYTHICAL FIGURE AND HANDSOME BEYOND BELIEF, BUT
WITH EVIL STAMPED ALL OVER HIS MARVELOUS FACE.



HE DREW A LONG AND PHOSPHORESCENT SWORD AND WE WERE AT IT AGAIN.



WHERE MY EXTRA RESERVES OF STRENGTH ARRIVED FROM WAS QUITE BEYOND ME, BUT I AT LAST HAD THE BEING AT THE POINT OF ANNIHILATION UNDER MY LONG DAGGER.



BUT I PAUSED. SOMETHING STOPPED ME. HIS BEAUTY CLOUDED MY REASON AND I COULD NOT STRIKE.

KILL ME, I AM
UNWORTHY TO BE
YOUR OPPONENT.

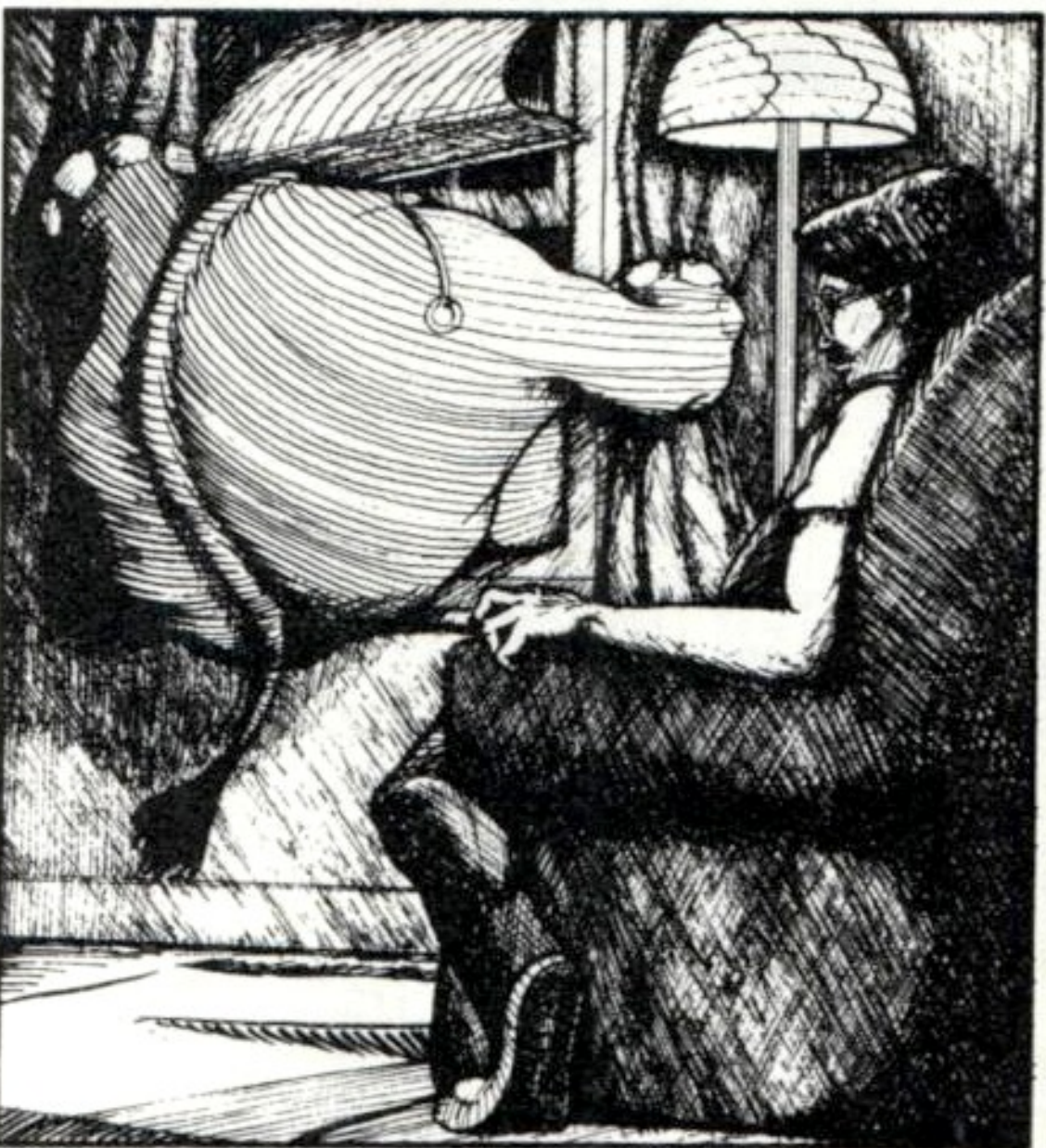
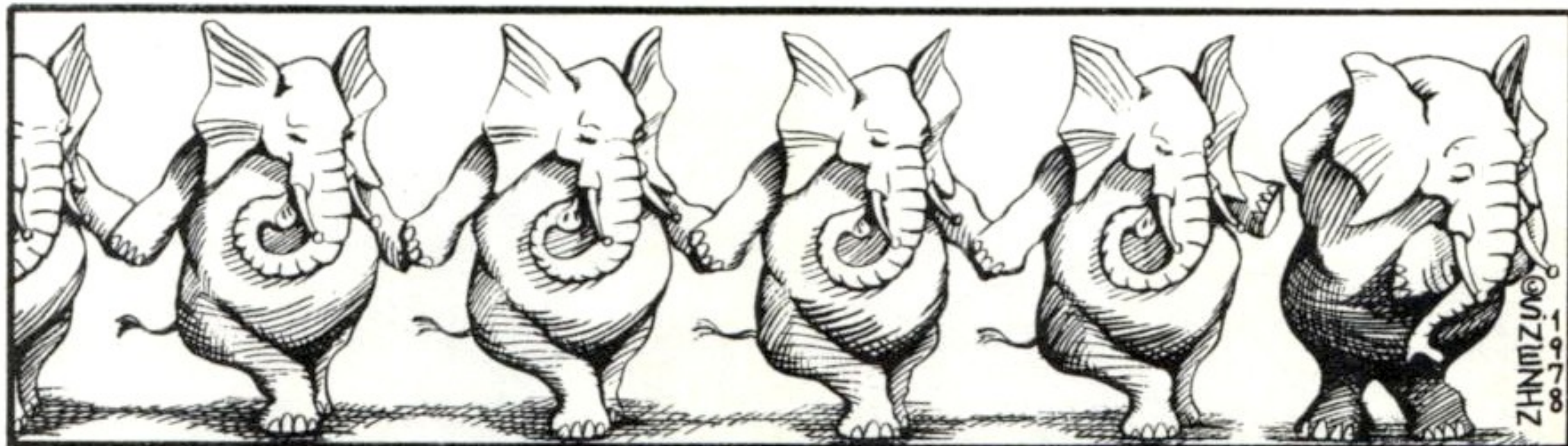
AND MY ENEMY WAS MY ENEMY NO LONGER. THREE TIMES MORE
MARVELOUS, HE EMBRACED ME, AND TOLD ME OF THE ANCIENT AND
TERRIBLE CURSE THAT HAD LAIN UPON THIS PLACE AND HIM. I, BY MY
BRAVERY, HAD SAVED BOTH HIM AND HIS LAND. THE PALACE WAS A RUIN
NO LONGER, AND ALL AROUND THE DESERT WAS BLOOMING.

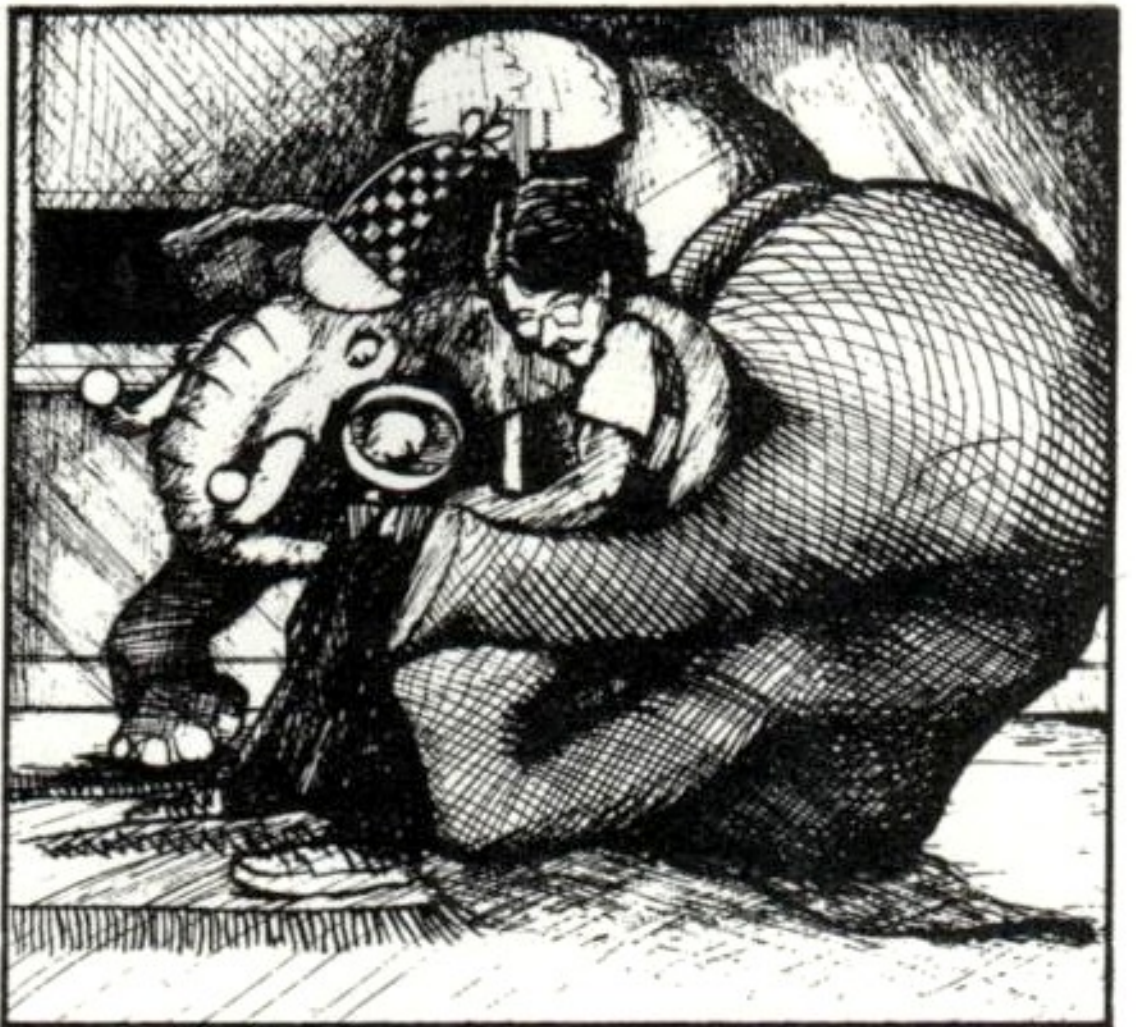
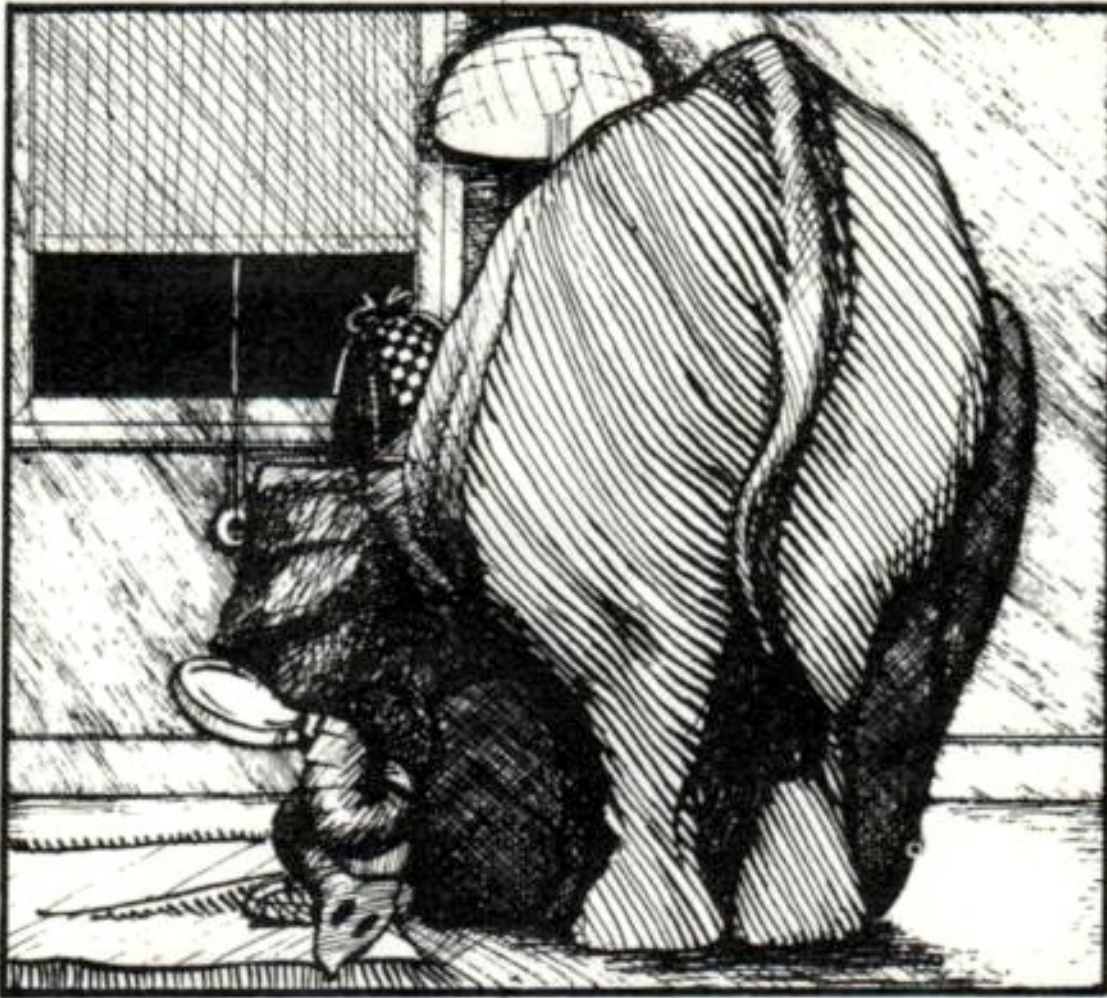
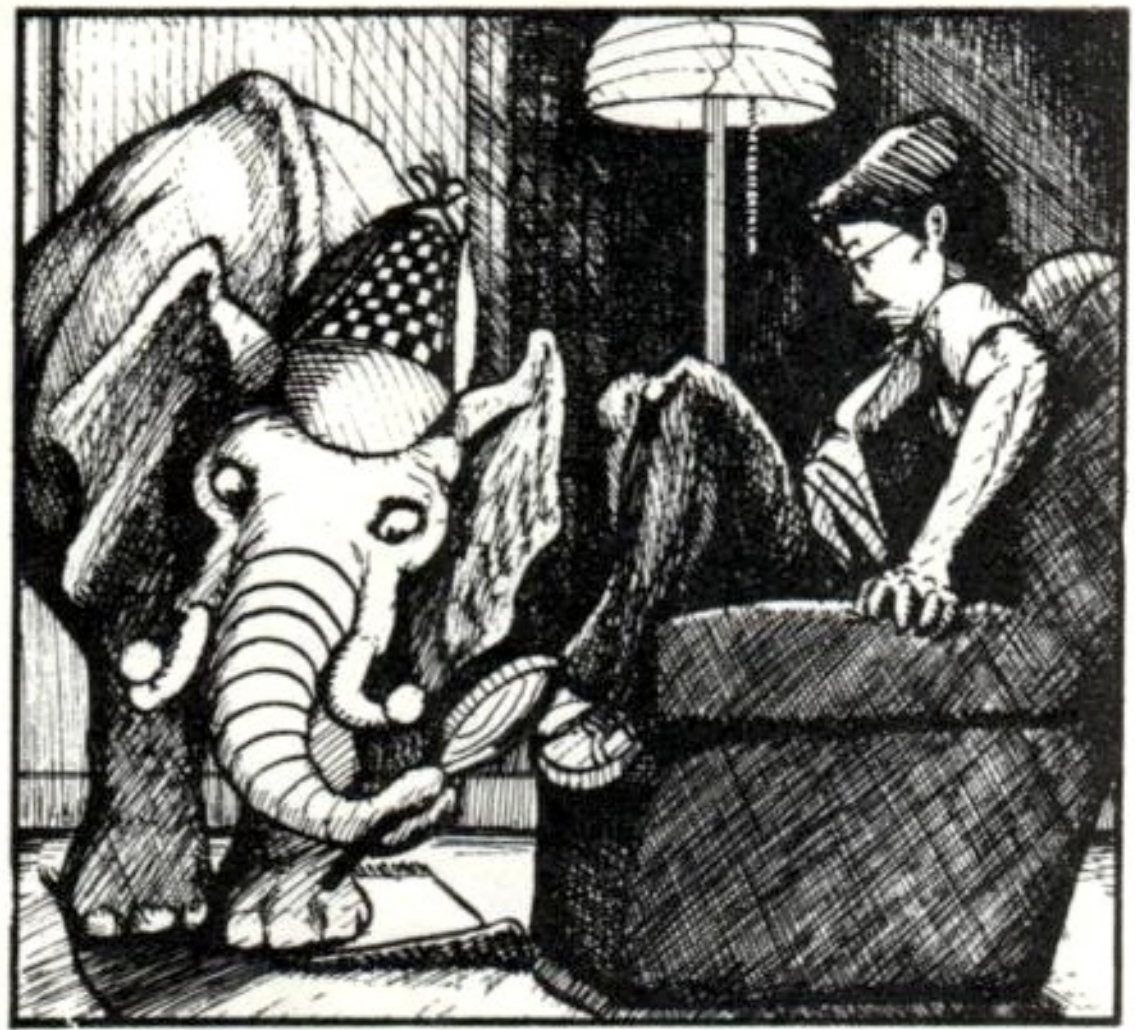
DREAM IS
OVER NOW,
CITIZEN TRN.

CITIZEN TRN, THE
STATE HOPES IT
HAS GIVEN YOU A
SATISFACTORY DREAM.

YES, THANK
YOU...QUITE
SATISFACTORY.

The
End







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1978
END

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE IV - THE EARTHPEOPLE HAVE ARRIVED WHERE IT'S ALL AT...



AXIS, EARTH MEN, IS NOT *ONE* IDEA, OR EVEN *ONE* PLACE... IT IS A *THOUSAND* MILLION IDEAS AND PLACES... IT IS AN *APOCALYPTIC MAGNET*... A DAZZLING *JEWEL* THAT *NO* ONE CAN POSSESS... A BRILLIANT *CANDLE* CONSUMING WANDERING BUTTERFLIES... A FANTASTIC *SPIDER'S WEB* STREWN WITH THE REMAINS OF A BILLION DREAMS... ITS VAST, ETERNAL *PATHOS* IS MATCHED ONLY BY THE INSIGNIFICANT, PATHETIC *BATHOS* OF ITS INNUMERABLE INHABITANTS...

AXIS, VAST CONGLOMERATE *BLOOD CLOT* IN THE HEART OF THE GALAXY... COSMIC *PLUG-HOLE* JAMMED TIGHT WITH THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF COUNTLESS CIVILIZATION... THE AIMLESS WANDERER AND HE WITH GRAND DESIGNS, *BOTH* ARE DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY HERE FROM THE FARTHEST REACHES OF SPACE FROM THE *DARK RIM* OF THE GALAXY, WHERE ITS NAME ECHOES FROM THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN TO THE DEEPEST DARK OCEAN AND DRIFTS IN WHISPERS ACROSS THE MOST FERTILE PLAINS AND THE MOST BARREN WASTELANDS...



FOR *EONS* AXIS HAS FIRED THE *SATANIC IMAGINATIONS* OF A HORDE OF *DEMON POETS, PAINTERS, AND WRITERS*.

IT IS SAID THAT WHEN A MAN IS TIRED OF *AXIS*, HE IS TIRED OF *LIFE*, FOR THERE IS IN *AXIS* *ALL* THAT LIFE CAN AFFORD

BUT PERHAPS MOST OF *ALL*, *AXIS* IS THE ETERNAL *EROTIC CHIMERA*, AN EXTRAORDINARY CREATURE POSSESSED OF AN UNNATURAL, *TERRIFYING BEAUTY*, WHICH IS MORE THAN THE EYE OF MAN CAN WITHSTAND, A *TERRIFYING BEAUTY* WHICH *VIOLENTLY* DESTROYS *ALL* THAT SURROUNDS IT WHILE CONCEALING DEEP WITHIN... A HEART OF... FATHOMLESS... MYSTERIOUS SILENCE...

THE *EROTIC CHIMERA*, SHE WHO IS A LIVING EMBODIMENT OF THE *SUBLIME PARADOX*, WHICH IS A COMPLETE MYSTERY NOT ONLY TO THE WORLD... BUT TO ITSELF, ALSO...

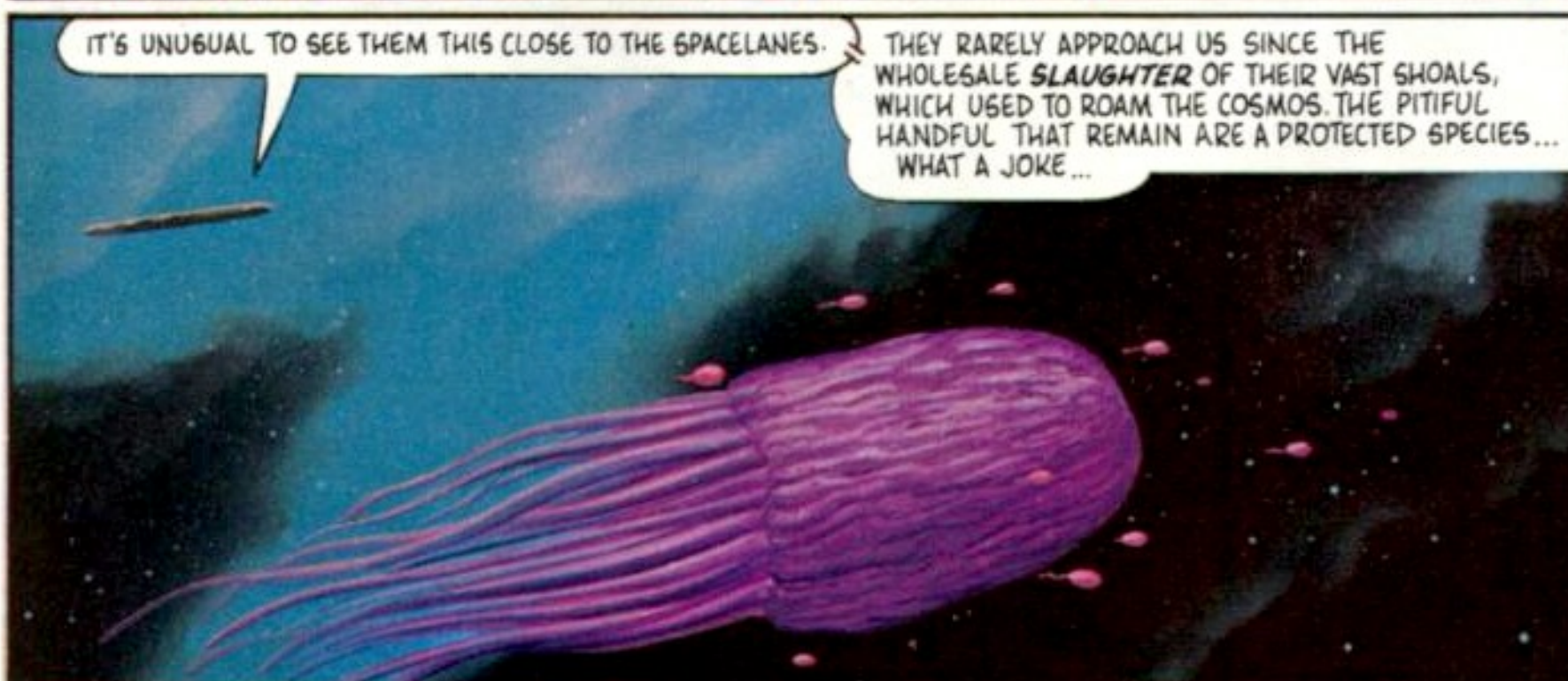


HMM, SOUNDS INTERESTING.

HEY! WHAT'S THEM!

THEM? EARTH-MAN, YOUR ENGLISH IS ATROCIOUS.

GASTROPODS... AND BIVALVES!

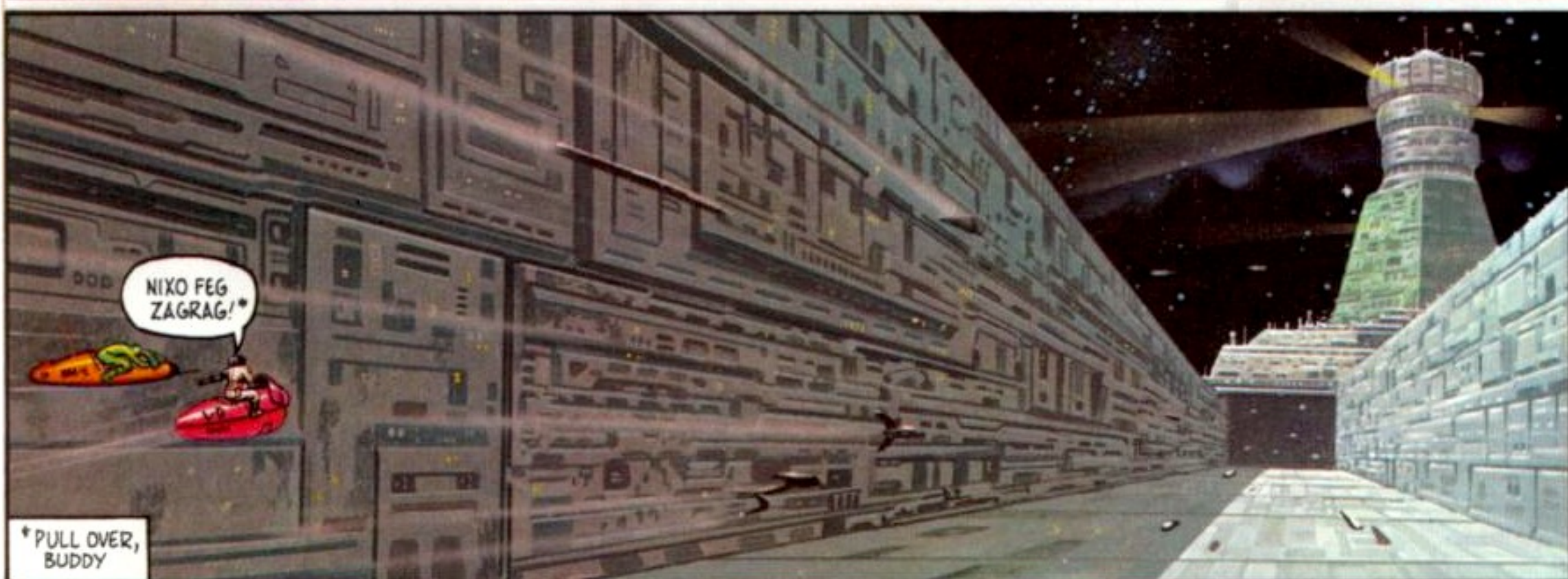


IT'S UNUSUAL TO SEE THEM THIS CLOSE TO THE SPACELANES.

THEY RARELY APPROACH US SINCE THE WHOLESALÉ **SLAUGHTER** OF THEIR VAST SHOALS, WHICH USED TO ROAM THE COSMOS. THE PITIFUL HANDFUL THAT REMAIN ARE A PROTECTED SPECIES... WHAT A JOKE...

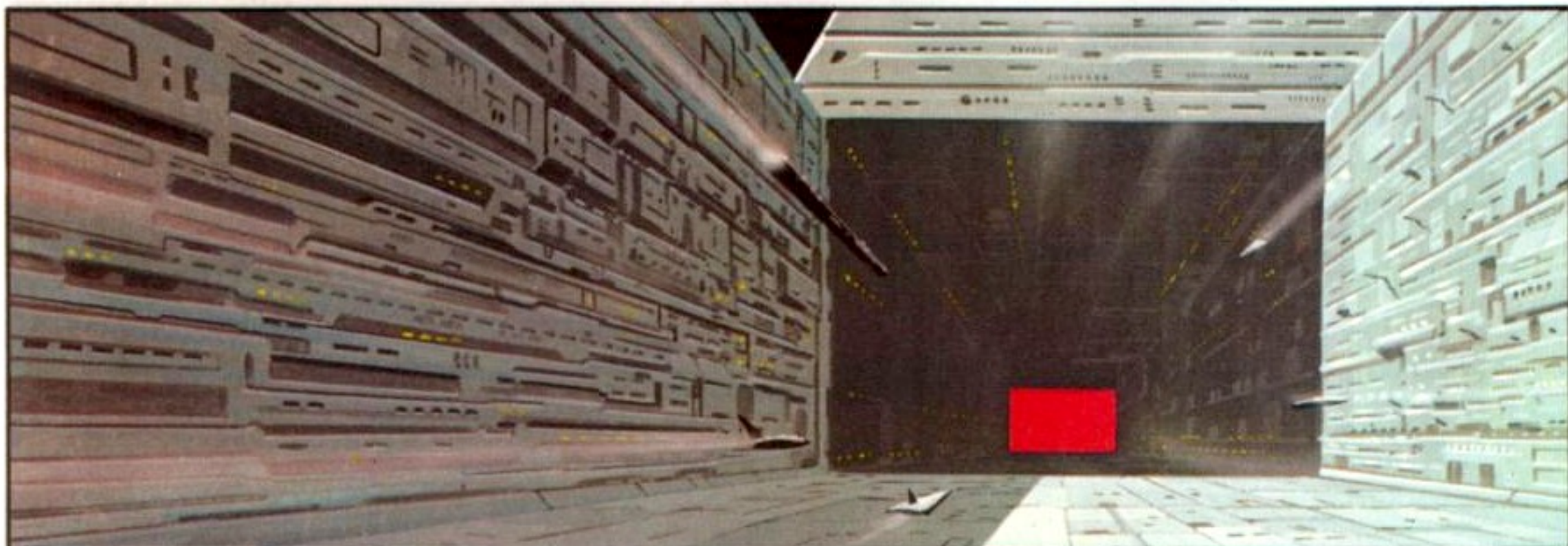


SOMETHING IS WRONG.



NIXO FEG ZAGRAG!*

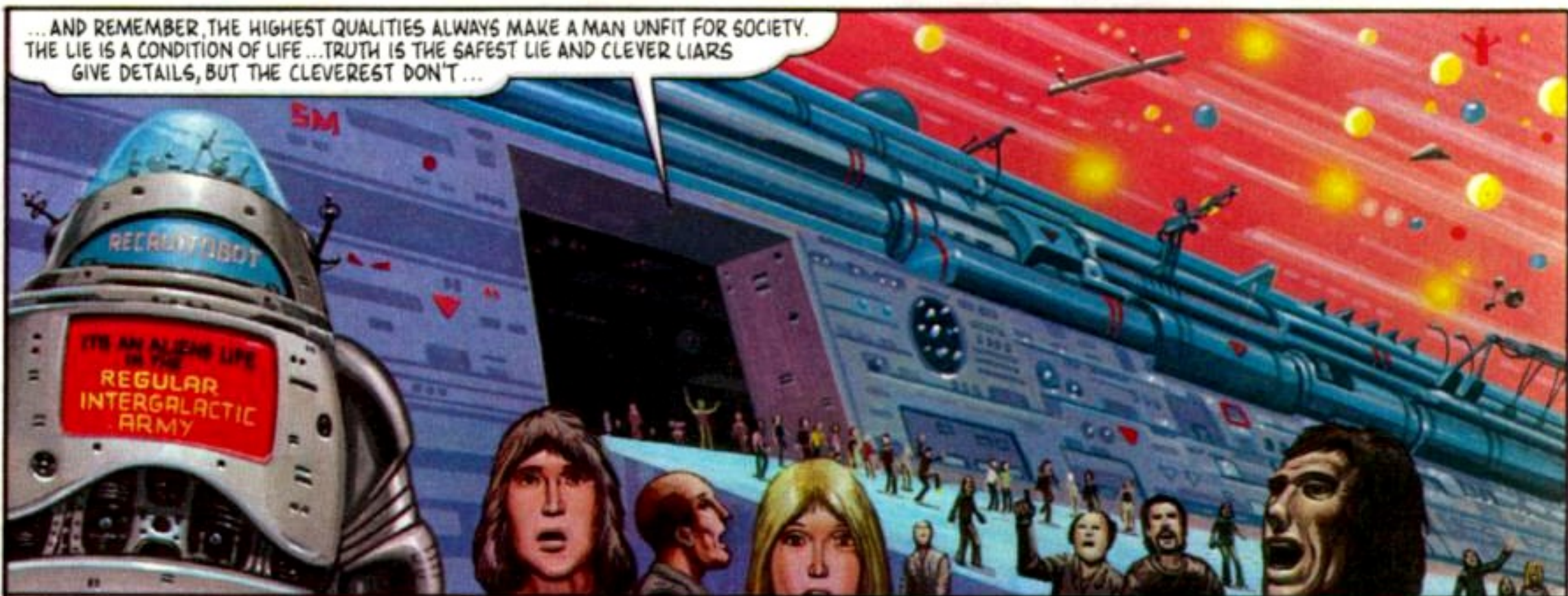
*PULL OVER, BUDDY



OKAY, EVERYBODY, THIS IS WHERE WE HAVE TO PARK. IT'S THE END OF THE LINE. YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR CHANCES WITH PUBLIC TRANSPORT FROM NOW ON.



... AND REMEMBER, THE HIGHEST QUALITIES ALWAYS MAKE A MAN UNFIT FOR SOCIETY. THE LIE IS A CONDITION OF LIFE... TRUTH IS THE SAFEST LIE AND CLEVER LIARS GIVE DETAILS, BUT THE CLEVEREST DON'T...



... IT SELDOM PAYS TO BE RUDE, IT NEVER PAYS TO BE ONLY HALF-RUDE. A DOG WILL NOT HOWL IF YOU BEAT HIM WITH A BONE. NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK, AND LASTLY... NEVER WHISPER TO THE DEAF OR WINK AT THE BLIND.

WHAT'S THAT CRAZY ALIEN SHOUTING ABOUT, JOE? CAN'T HEAR A THING ABOVE THE NOISE AROUND HERE.

WHO CARES. CAN YOU SEE ANY BARS AROUNDABOUT THIS JOINT?



HURRY UP, SISYPHUS. THERE'S A HOVERTRAIN ABOUT TO LEAVE.





I'M AFRAID THEY'RE IN TROUBLE, SISYPHUS. THE COUNCIL IS ADAMANT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND. THE THREAT IS **REAL**. THEY'RE PUTTING ON A BLUSTERING SHOW, IT'S AS PLAIN AS DAY... THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY **TERRIFIED**.

WELL, AT LEAST YOU FORESTALLED THE POSSIBILITY OF A VIOLENT ARREST, TERTOLLIAN. THE BIG ONE IS CALLED STEVE AND THE SCRAWNY ONE, WILLY.

⚡ AHEM ⚡

⚡ AH... IT IS MY PRIVILEGE TO INFORM YOU, ALIEN STEVE AND ALIEN WILLY, THAT YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED AN AUDIENCE WITH THE **GRAND VIZIER OF THE GALACTIC COUNCIL**.

ER... HOLD ON A MINUTE, FELLAS...

I FEAR, EARTHMEN, YOU ARE VICTIMS OF THE VAST, INSCRUTABLE WORKINGS OF INTERPLANETARY GOVERNMENT...

OR, AS YOUR WISE OLD EARTH SAYING GOES... **TOUGH SHIT, KIDS.**

THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN...

NOW, PREPARE YOURSELVES TO MEET...

HIS MAJESTY, THE ALMIGHTY RULER OF ALL CREATION, DELIGHT AND TERROR OF THE UNIVERSE, MONARCH OF ALL MONARCHS... GOLBASTO MOMAREN EYLAME GURDILLO SHEFIN MULU ULLY GUE...

THE **GRAND VIZIER OF THE GALACTIC COUNCIL**...

⚡ BLEEACH! ⚡
⚡ GARGLE! ⚡
⚡ GARGLE! ⚡

I AM SILLY
I AM SILLY
I AM SILLY

THE GALACTIC COUNCIL IS
TOTALLY MEANINGLESS
THE GALACTIC COUNCIL IS
TOTALLY MEANINGLESS

DEMOCRACY IS AN IDEAL THING;
OLIGARCHY, A REAL THING.

600 600 6000

HA HA HA! THE HALF-CYCLE HAS PASSED, AND SO... UNTIL TOMORROW... *AU REVOIR, MES ENFANTS!*

THANK THE STARS! SUCH HUMILIATION! IT'S *INCONCEIVABLE!* THAT DOG SHALL PAY *DEARLY* FOR THIS.

⚡ *AHEM:* THE EARTHMEN, YOUR OMNIPOTENCE...

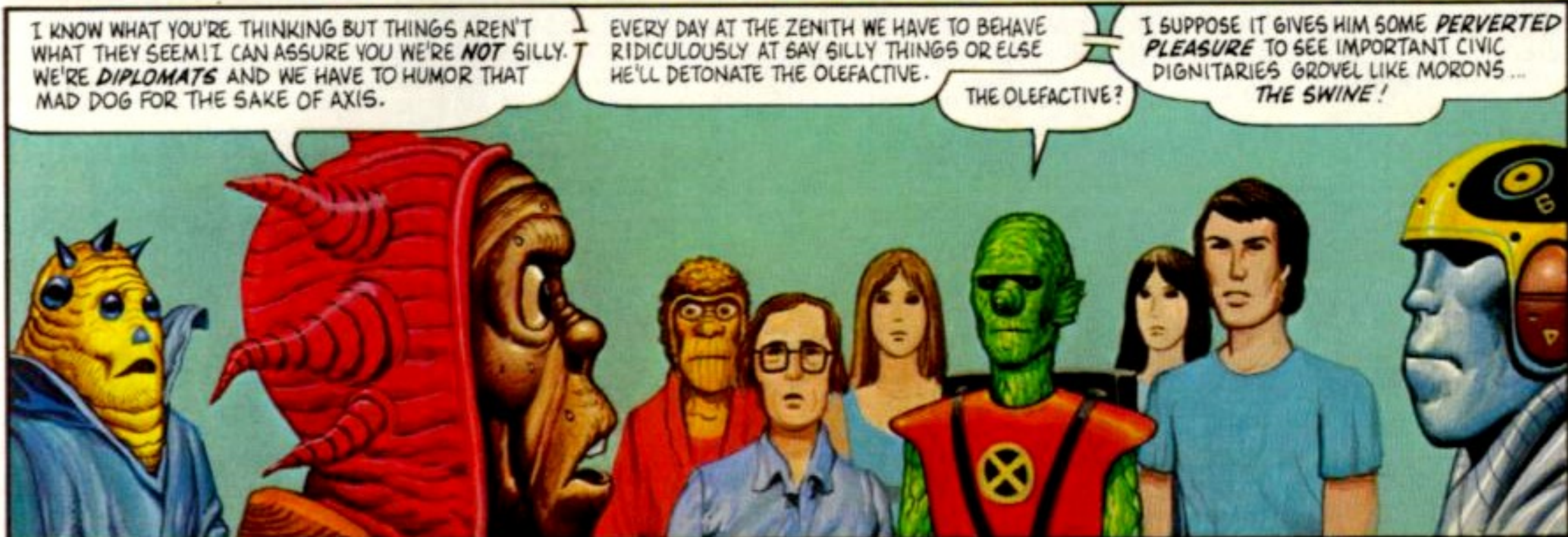


I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING BUT THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY SEEM! I CAN ASSURE YOU WE'RE *NOT* SILLY. WE'RE *DIPLOMATS* AND WE HAVE TO HUMOR THAT MAD DOG FOR THE SAKE OF AXIS.

EVERY DAY AT THE ZENITH WE HAVE TO BEHAVE RIDICULOUSLY AT SAY SILLY THINGS OR ELSE HE'LL DETONATE THE OLEFACTIVE.

THE OLEFACTIVE?

I SUPPOSE IT GIVES HIM SOME *PERVERTED PLEASURE* TO SEE IMPORTANT CIVIC DIGNITARIES GROVEL LIKE MORONS... *THE SWINE!*



I'LL GET STRAIGHT TO THE POINT. AXIS IS BEING HELD TO *RANSOM*. THERE'S A TERRORIST STATIONED OUTSIDE THE MAIN INTAKE OF THE VENTILATOR COMPLEX WITH A *DEADLY OLEFACTIVE DEVICE!*

ONCE HE GETS THROUGH MAKING US CRAWL, HE WANTS A BILLION, BILLION CREDITS TRANSFERRED TO AN UNREGISTERED BANK ACCOUNT IN THE WHITE DWARVES OF THE CRABLIKE NEBULA.

ER, WHAT'S THIS OLEFACTIVE DEVICE THING?

TO PUT IT SUCCINCTLY, A *MAMMOTH STINK BOMB!*

THE SMELL IS *UNIMAGINABLE*, I CAN ASSURE YOU! AXIS WOULD BECOME *ABSOLUTELY UNINHABITABLE!* THERE WOULD BE *UTTER CHAOS!*



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING.

THIS IS ALL VERY INTERESTING, BUT WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH US?

WELL... THIS TERRORIST, THIS MADMAN... BARYON'S HIS NAME... WE HAPPEN TO KNOW...

HE'S *TERRIFIED OF EARTHMEN*

I KNOW EXACTLY HOW HE FEELS.

I MEAN, YOU HUMANS *DO* HAVE A REPUTATION FOR BEING *DEADLY*, SO WE THOUGHT...

GUARDS...! BRING THEM BACK PLEASE





I'M AFRAID, TODAY, YOU ARE DESTINY'S CHILDREN.

I GUESS YOU'VE PLANNED FOR THIS, BUT JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY... WHAT HAPPENS IF WE REFUSE TO COOPERATE?

SIMPLE! YOU'LL BE THROWN IN JAIL... FOR EVER AND EVER.

ER... I THOUGHT YOU GUYS HAD A **DEMOCRACY** HERE.

YOU'RE BLUFFING. YOU COULDN'T DO THAT. THEY HAVEN'T COMMITTED ANY CRIME.

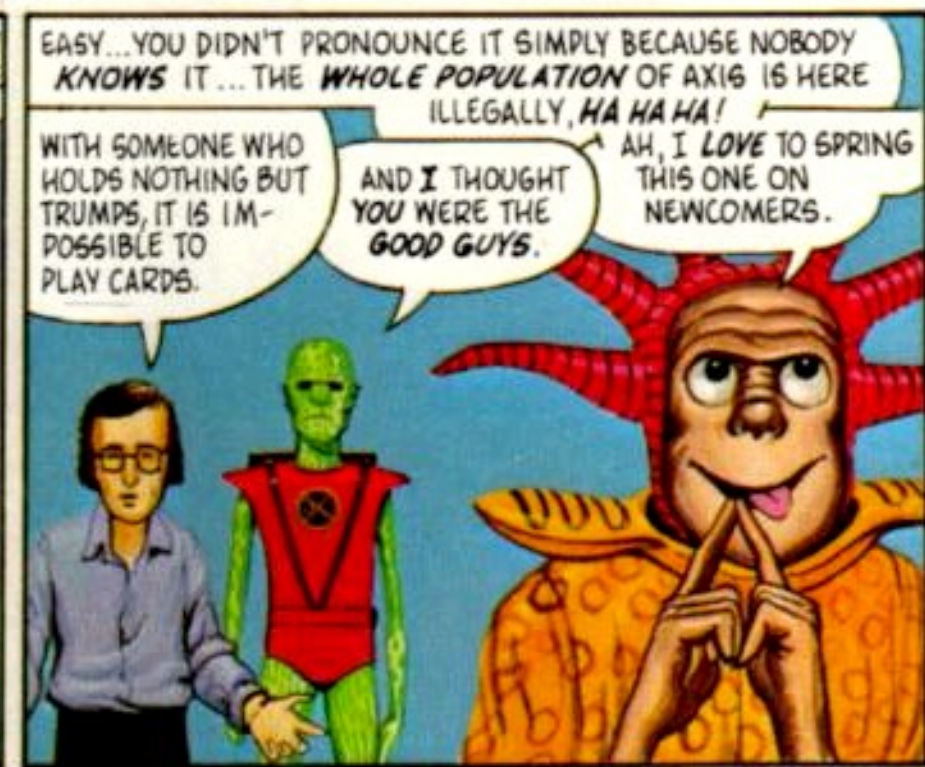


THAT... IS PRECISELY WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**. ALL YOU PEOPLE HERE, YOU'VE **ALL** ENTERED **AXIS** **ILLEGALLY**. ON PASSING THE OFFICIAL CUSTOMS BARRIER, YOU DIDN'T PRONOUNCE THE ANCIENT **OATH OF ALLIANCE** TO THE GOVERNMENT...



ANCIENT OATH!?

HEY... HOW DO YOU KNOW WE **DIDN'T** PRONOUNCE IT. YOU'D HAVE TO **PROVE** THAT

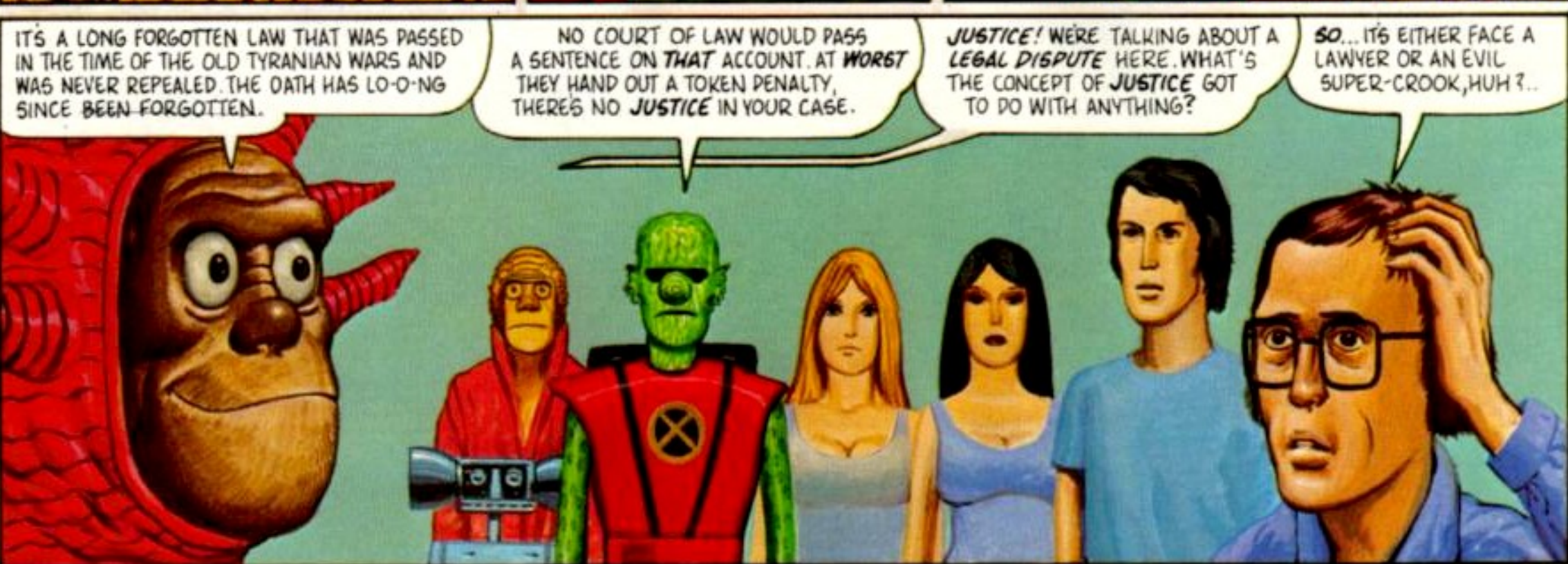


EASY... YOU DIDN'T PRONOUNCE IT SIMPLY BECAUSE NOBODY **KNOWS** IT... THE **WHOLE POPULATION** OF **AXIS** IS HERE **ILLEGALLY**, HA HA HA!

WITH SOMEONE WHO HOLDS NOTHING BUT TRUMPS, IT IS IM-POSSIBLE TO PLAY CARDS.

AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE **GOOD GUYS**.

AH, I LOVE TO SPRING THIS ONE ON NEWCOMERS.



IT'S A LONG FORGOTTEN LAW THAT WAS PASSED IN THE TIME OF THE OLD TYRANIAN WARS AND WAS NEVER REPEALED. THE OATH HAS LO-O-NG SINCE BEEN FORGOTTEN.

NO COURT OF LAW WOULD PASS A SENTENCE ON **THAT** ACCOUNT. AT **WORST** THEY HAND OUT A TOKEN PENALTY, THERE'S NO **JUSTICE** IN YOUR CASE.

JUSTICE! WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A **LEGAL DISPUTE** HERE. WHAT'S THE CONCEPT OF **JUSTICE** GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

SO... IT'S EITHER FACE A LAWYER OR AN EVIL SUPER-CROOK, HUH?...



WELL... THERE'S THE INTAKE. HE MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE



Y'KNOW, WHAT PUZZLES ME IS WHY I WAS SO **UNHAPPY** ON EARTH.

WHAT PUZZLES **ME** IS WHY I CAN'T JUST **ACCEPT** THE PRESENCE OF **EVIL** AND **INFAMY**.

1996

THREE MINUTES PAUSE-ATTENTION: KEEP YOUR
MASK ON-THREE MINUTES PAUSE... ATTENTION...



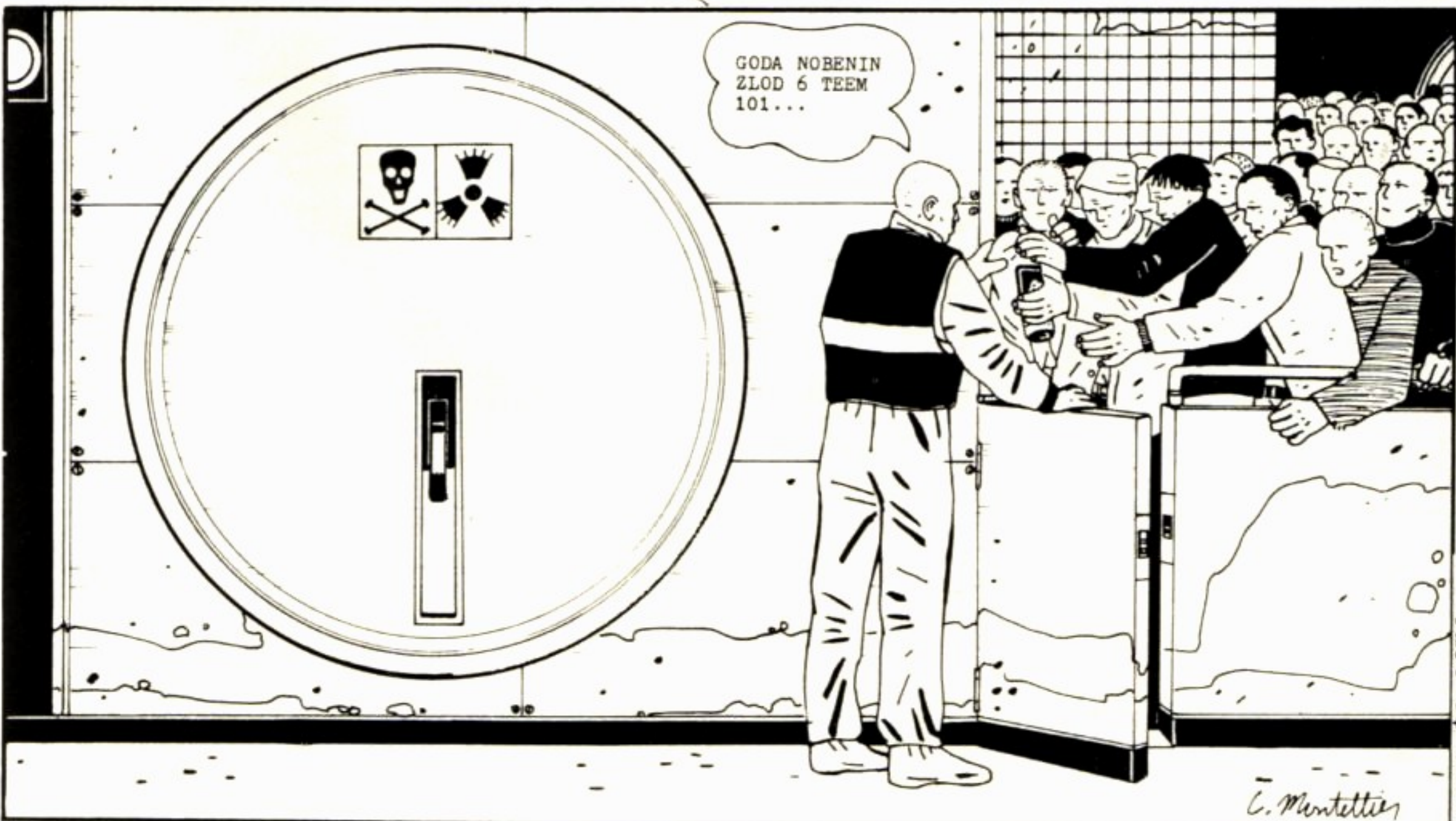
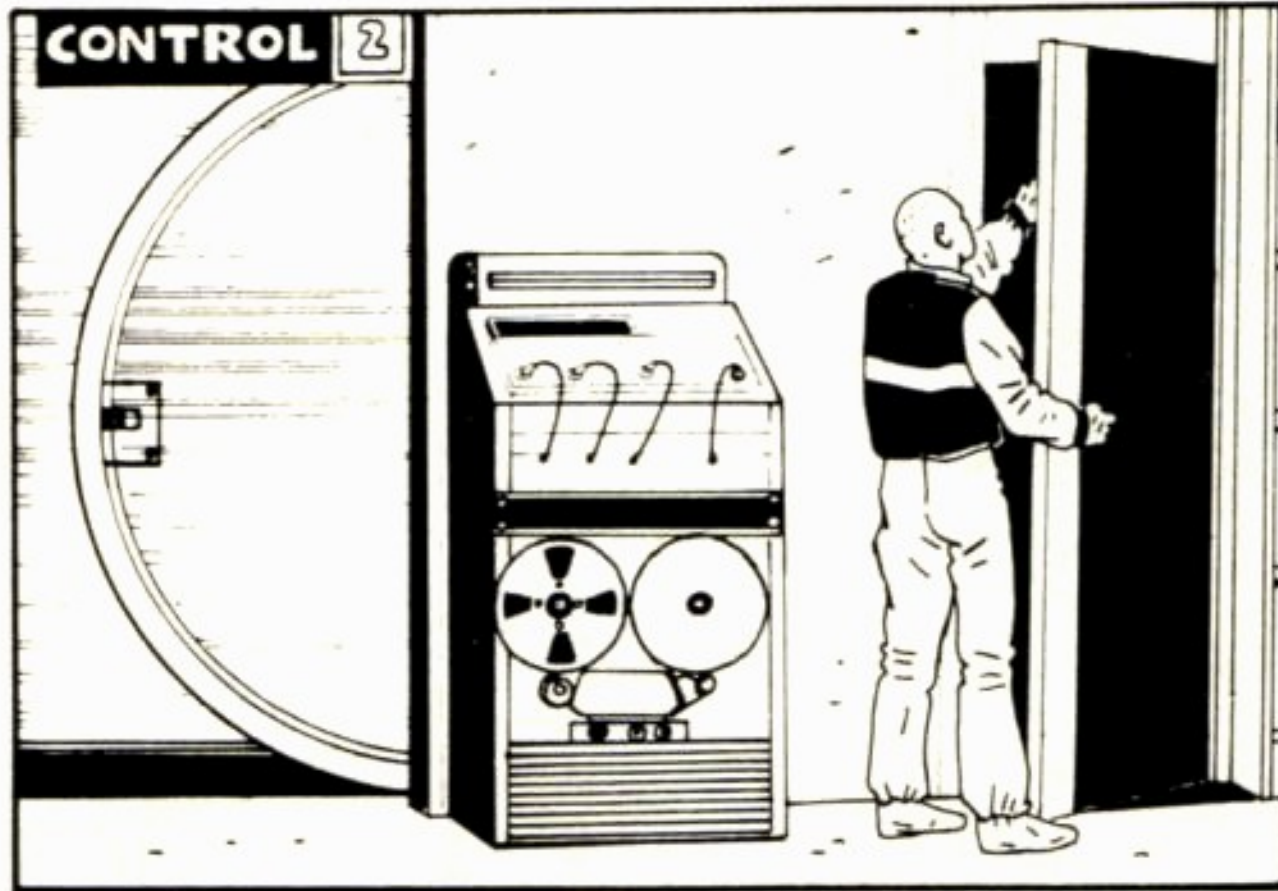
SHEEYIT!



THADZ ID!









KEVIN EUGENE JOHNSON
78