

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

February 1979

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...ETC...



Perhaps it is time to remind you that *Heavy Metal* is taken, in large part, from a French publication called *Métal Hurlant*. We thought everyone knew that, or at least everyone who cared about it knew, but the bulk of recent letters (see Chain Mail) have taken us to task for our awful editorial choices. The guy in the corner liquor store ain't responsible for what's in the wine bottles, folks. Blame the French. Or thank them. All we're doing is upsetting the balance of trade.

This month's bundle of pages from France contained, as you will see, gentle readers, many tales without words. Silent comics. A gold mine. The translators were duly grateful, and dedicate this issue to Marcel Marceau.

To satisfy those of you with a Jones for the linear, we have added the first chapter of an illustrated serial novel, *Starrows*, wherein words abound.

"Galactic Geographic," a feature missing from the last few issues, is back by popular demand. The saga of the star-nosed moles is in here because some of us like it a lot.

Next month, unless something awful happens, we will bring you a vast hunk of the forthcoming illustrated version of Alfred Bester's *The Stars My Destination*. Renowned anti-fascist Horrie Chaykin provides the art. It's pretty good, for a classic.

And gazing, as science fiction folks are supposed to do, into the future, we look forward to bringing you a preview of what promises to be the best SF movie ever, *Alien*.

Meanwhile, snuggle up to your speakers and follow the adventures of McKie's Beautiful and Dangerous stellar tourists, Corben's Sindbad, Moebius's Major, and all our other pals, to the tune of your favorite tune.

An unsolicited plug...

Red, Yellow, Orange, Green, Blue, Indigo, and Violet. Seven crafty goblins who terrorize rainbows in Ul de Rico's fantasy *The Rainbow Goblins*. Published this past fall by Thames and Hudson, de Rico's glorious illustrations, accompanied by his charming text, produce what we feel to be one of the finest fantasy books published since Rackham was around drawing bogies and fairies!!!

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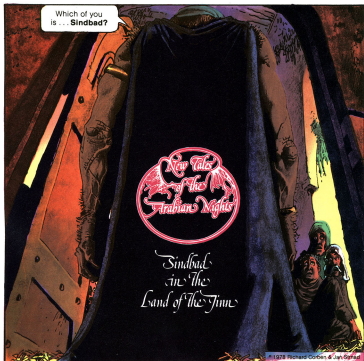
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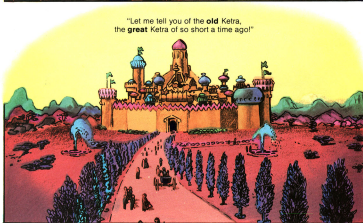
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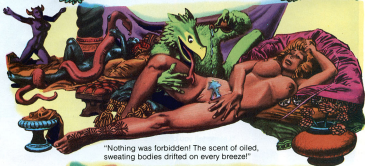








"The city was a living monument to passion—
a constant celebration of the flesh, of sly
intoxicants, and thick, warm aphrodisiacs."



"Nothing was forbidden! The scent of oiled,
sweating bodies drifted on every breeze!"



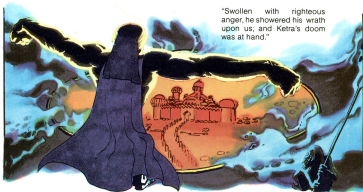
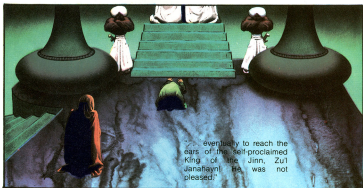
"Fortunes were won, lost, and stolen!
Questing tongues sought pleasure along
every expanse of skin, at every fold, in every
crevice! Ketra was **alive!**"



"Know, Sindbad, that above and below this seething orgy of life, I ruled. But I led my people quietly, with the hand of a father. My very presence was hardly felt . . ."

"... except, of course, by the unfortunate traveler who arrived when my belly and larders were empty."

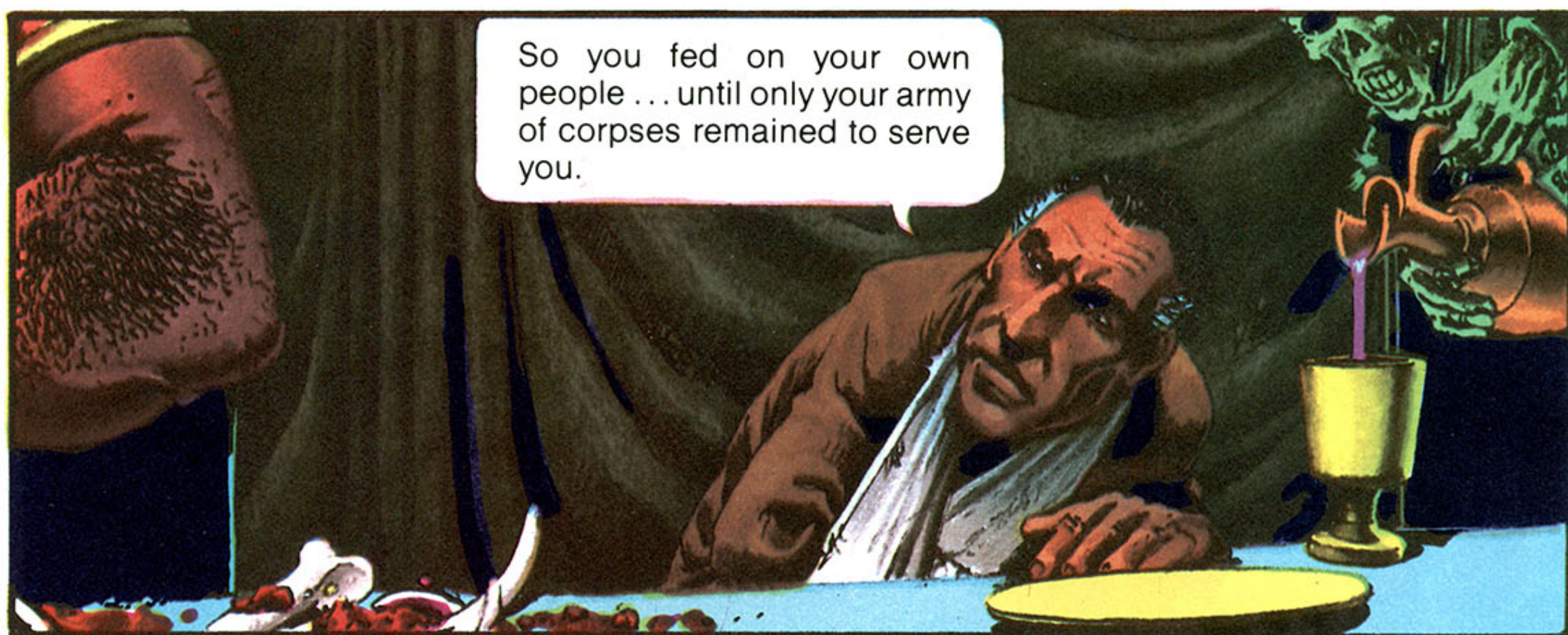






"... and the floating statues were left
as an admonition to unwary travelers."





So you fed on your own people ... until only your army of corpses remained to serve you.



Correct. Of course I could leave at any time—but there's so much **packing** to do ... arrangements to be made ... you understand.

Meanwhile, I want to hear about all your adventures. And then ...



SLURPSH

GLULK



... then you and I declare **war** on Zu'l Janahayn!

to be continued

AIR TIGHT ERRY CORNEL

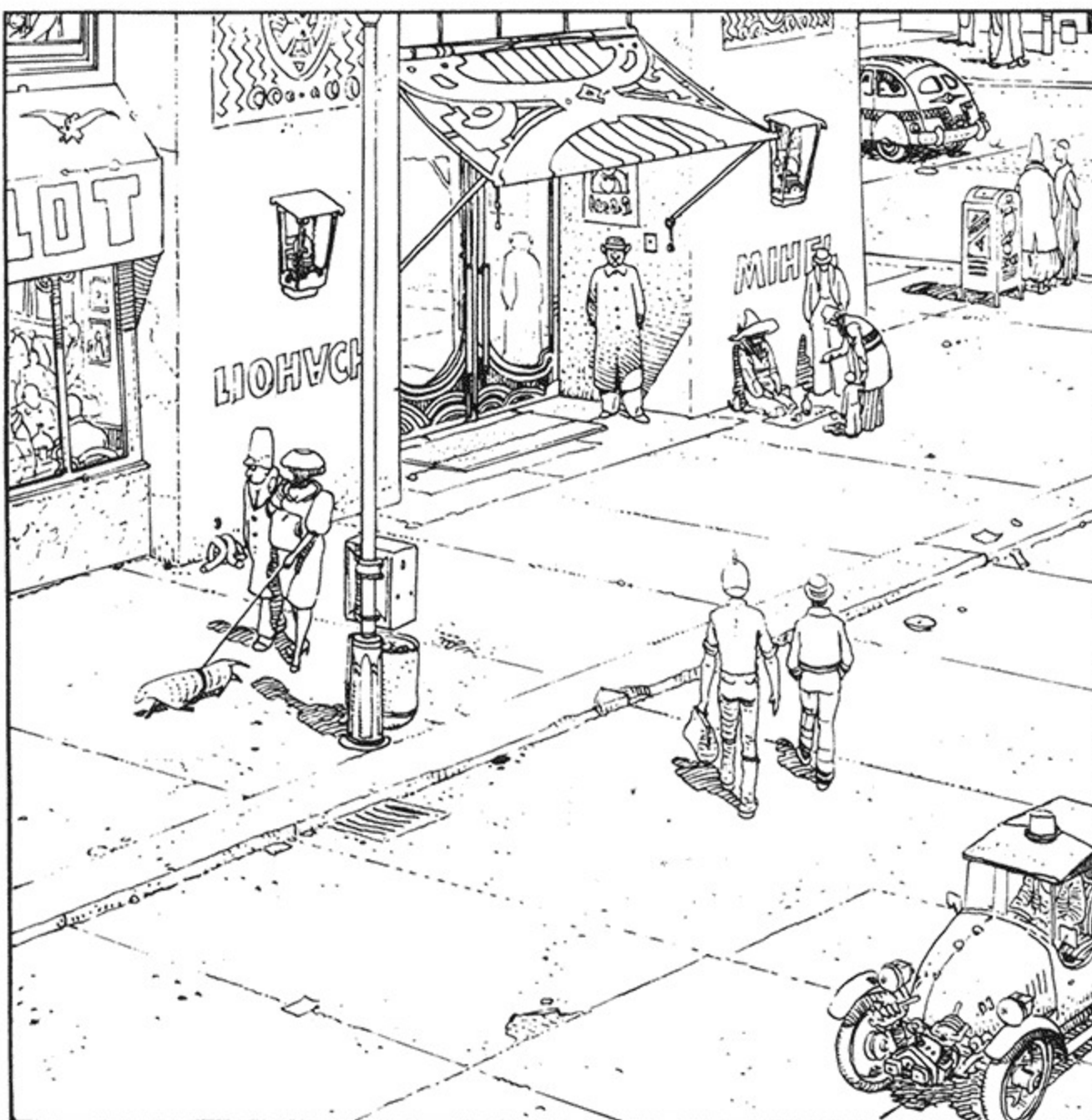
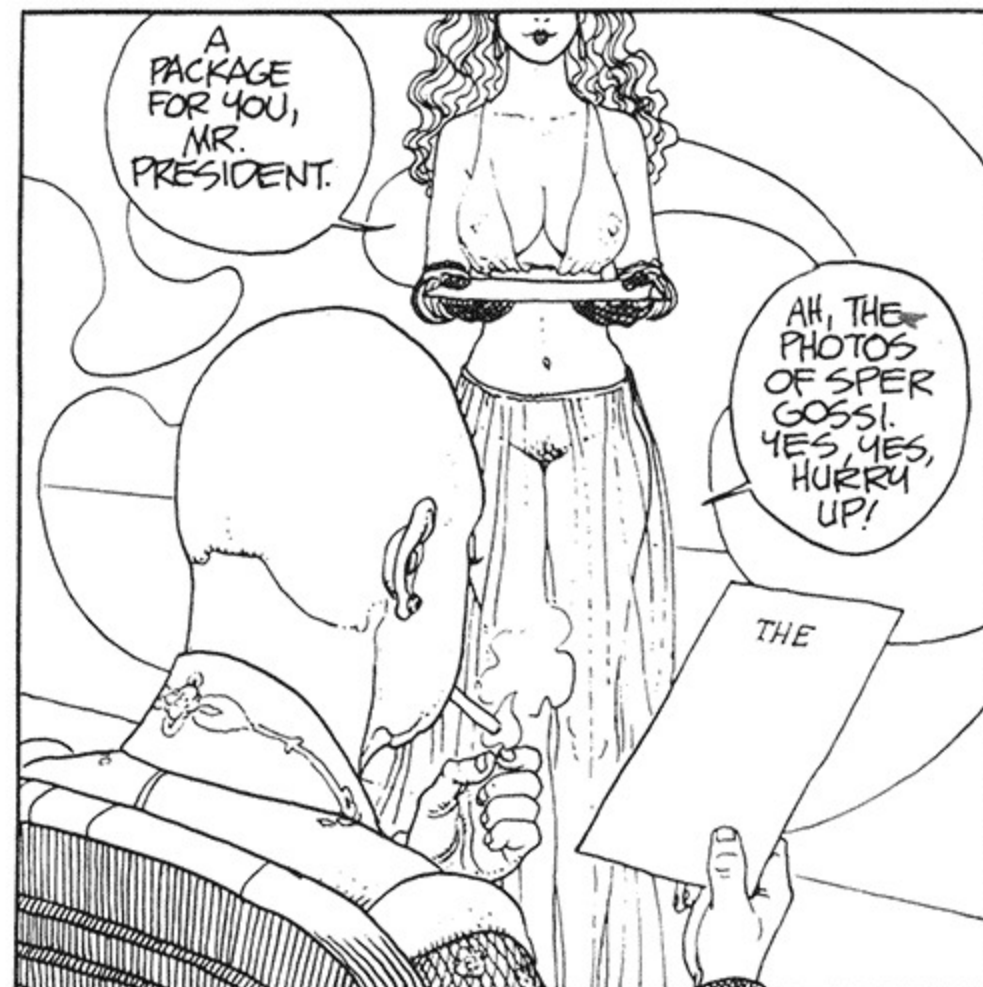
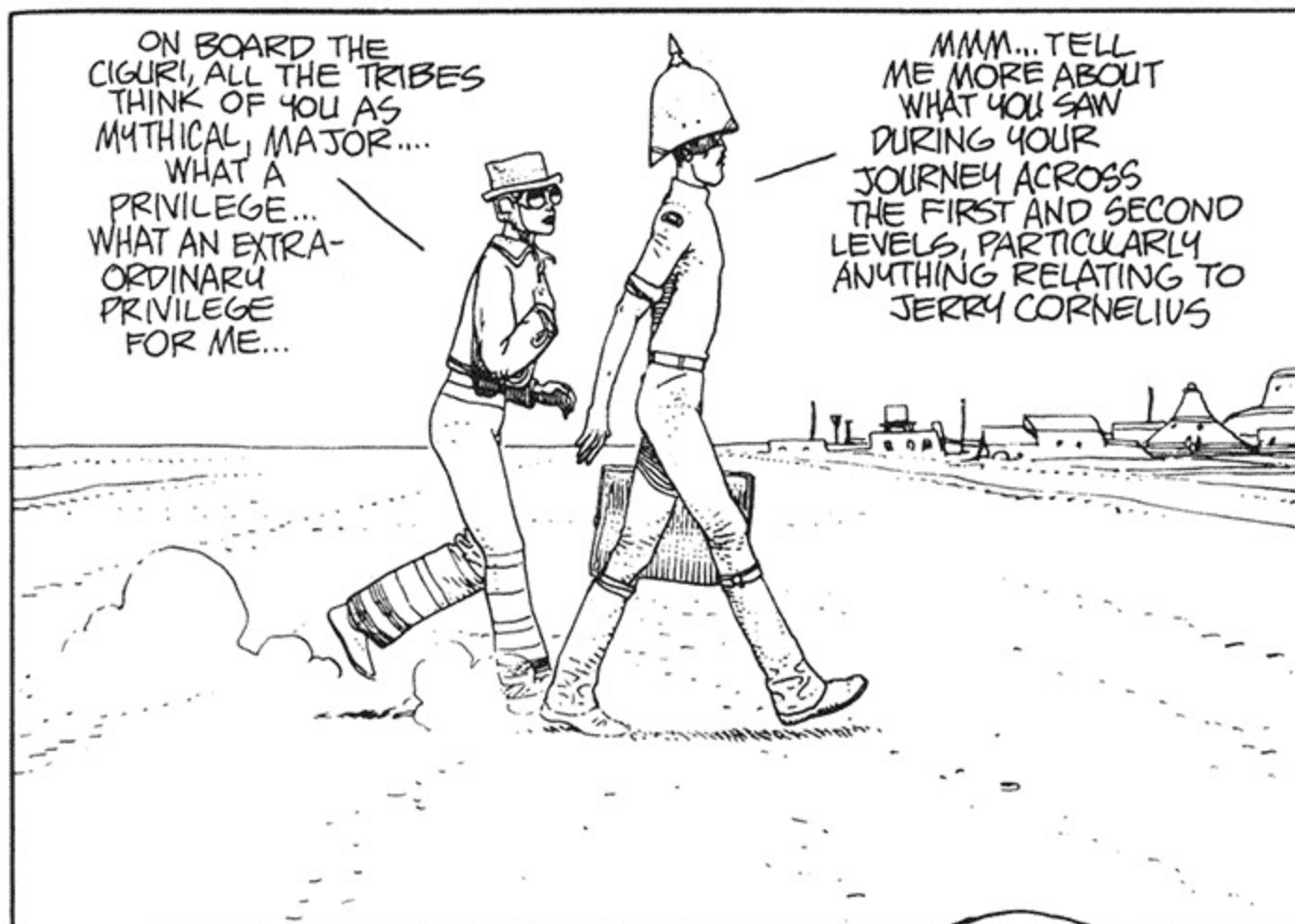
THE STORY SO FAR: AFTER A FEW TWITCHES, SAM MOHAB DIED, ASSASSINATED IN A CAFETERIA ON HOLOG "IMPERIUM" AT THE SECOND LEVEL...

LET'S GO, HE'S SMOKING.

HE WAS MY LOVER!... WE WERE MAD ABOUT EACH OTHER...

MOEBIUS.





TO BE CONTINUED...

A HOLIDAY GIFT FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION

Any aliens on your gift list? Sci-fi freaks, fantasy aficionados, lovers of the art of illustrated storytelling? A holiday gift subscription to *Heavy Metal* conquers time, as month after month we deliver the spectacle of tomorrow.

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Or, if you prefer, give a *Heavy Metal* time machine—the spectacular *Heavy Metal 1979 Calendar*, with twelve striking original illustrations by a roster of *Heavy Metal* heavies, including Moebius, Corben, Caldwell, Kelley and Mouse, and Drulilet.

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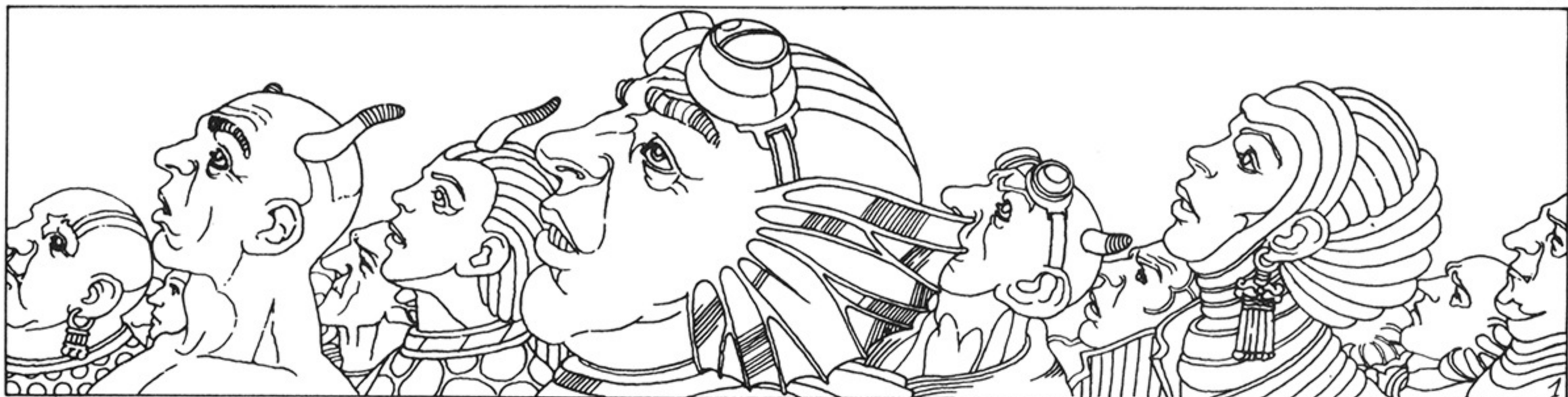


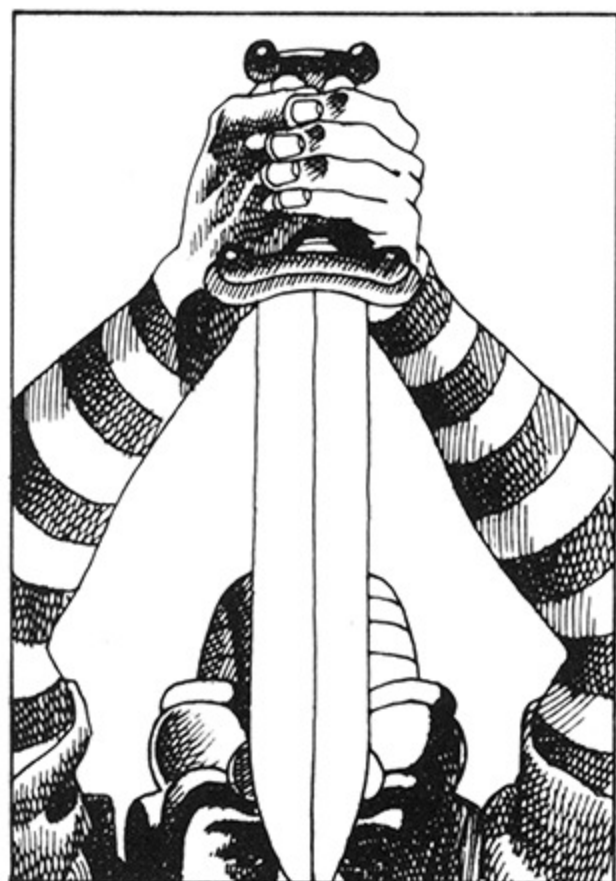
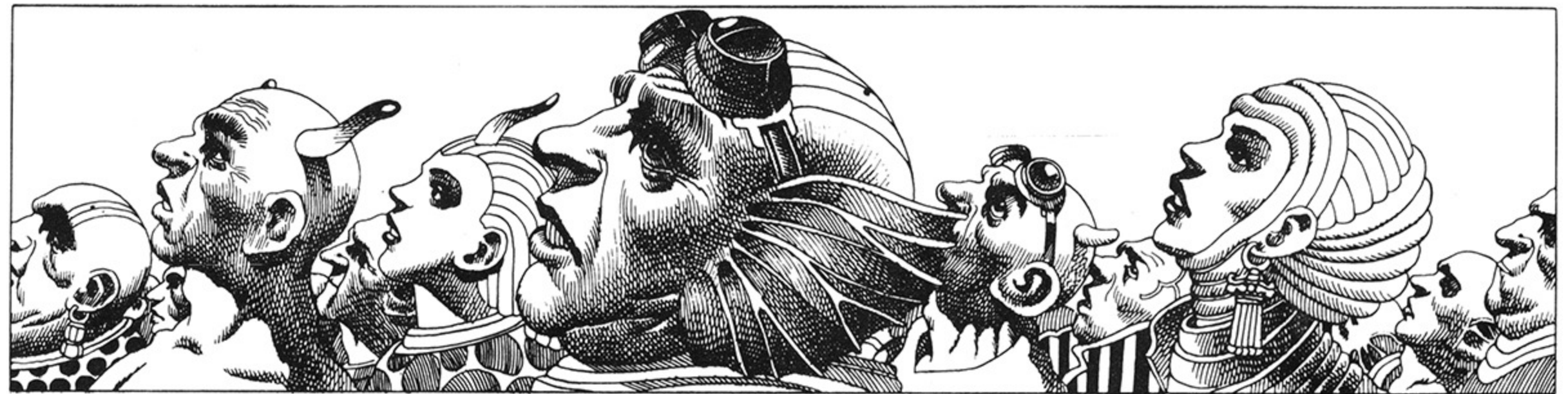
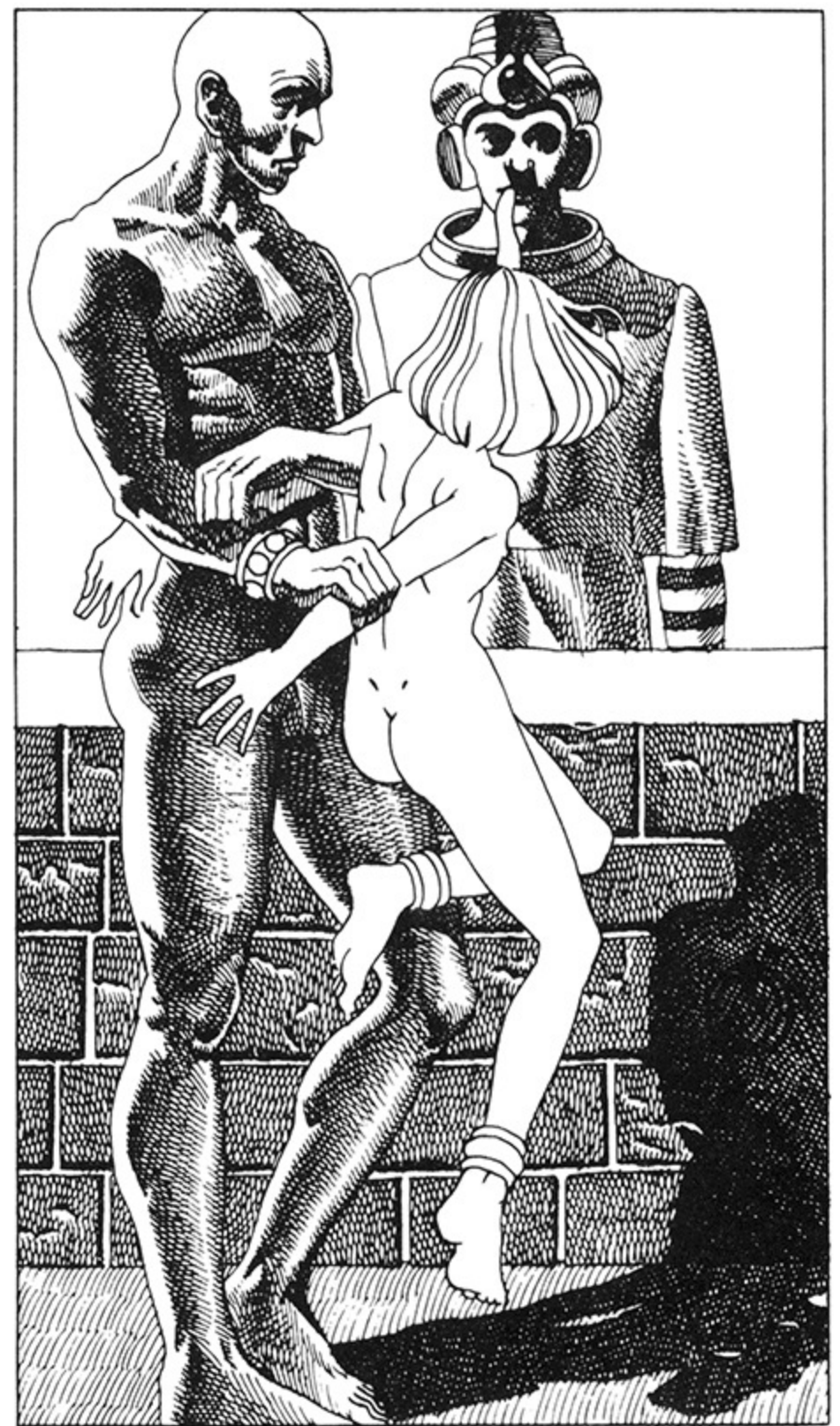
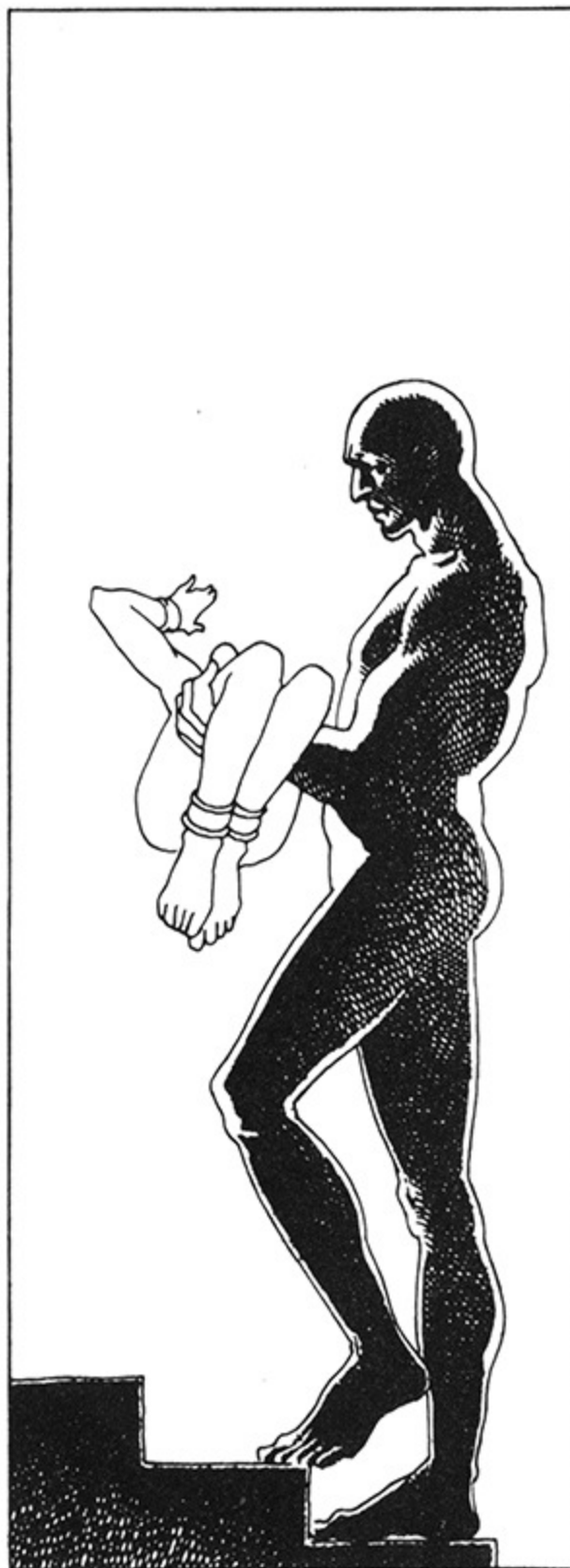
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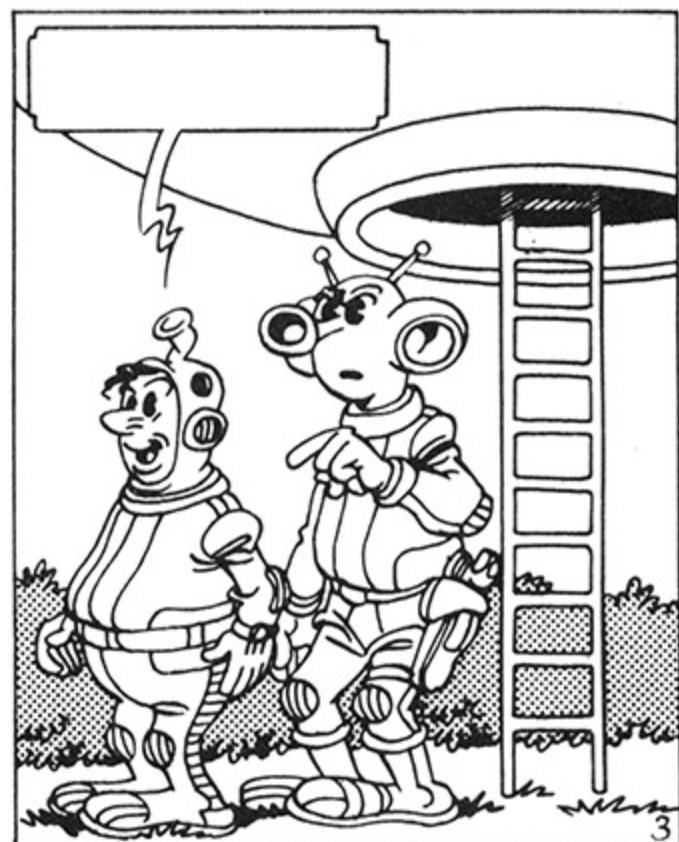
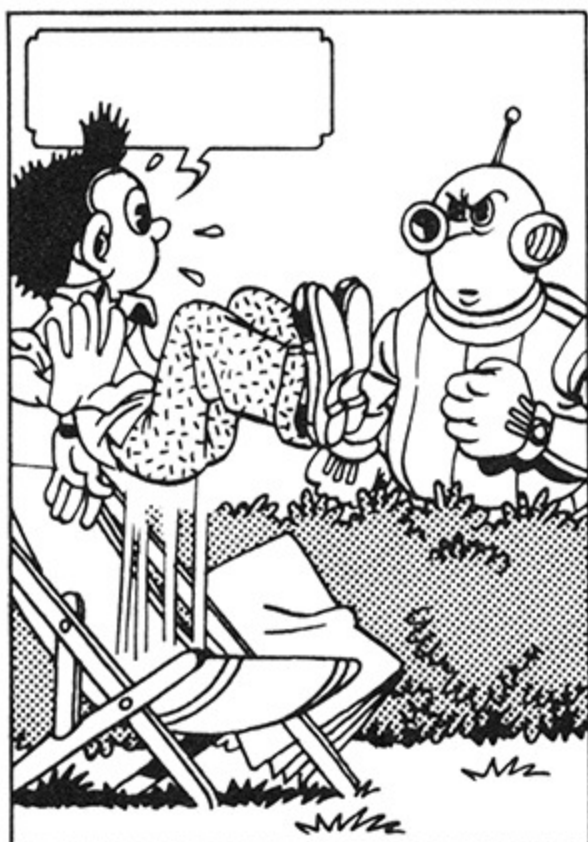
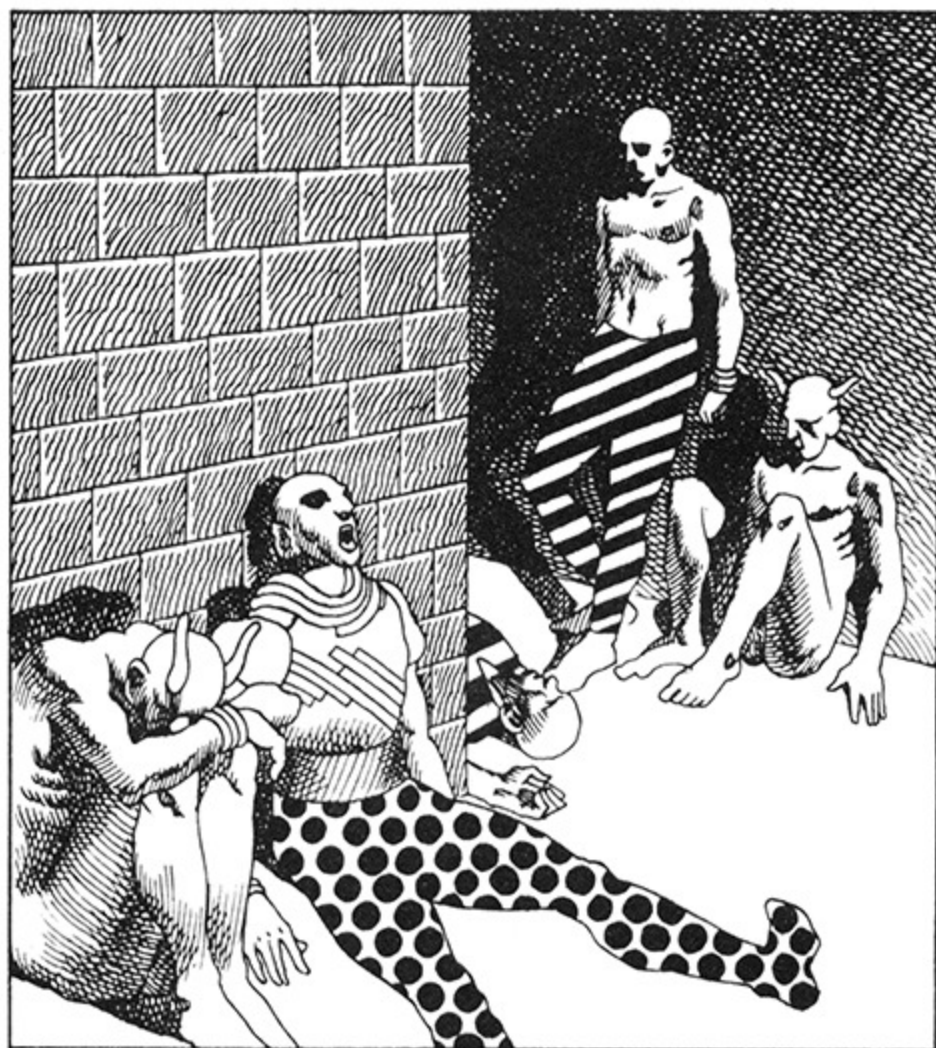


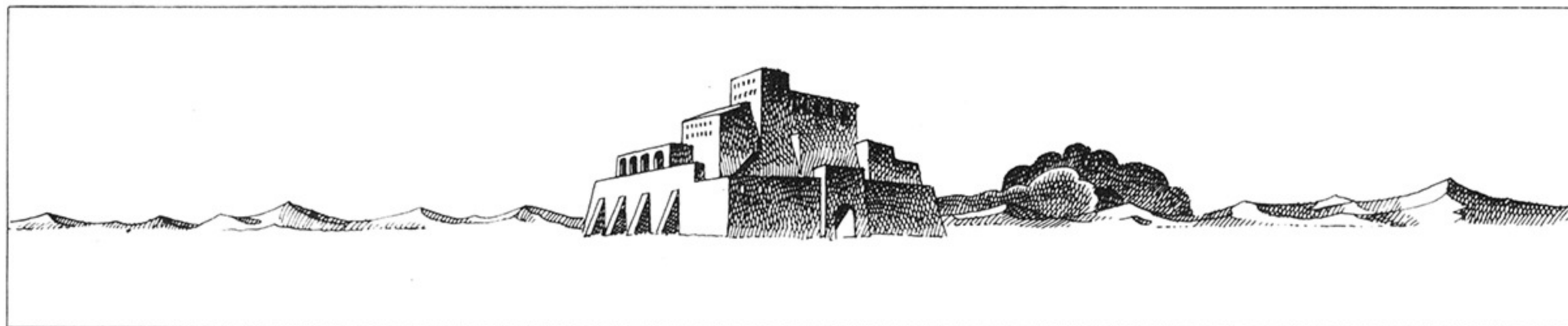
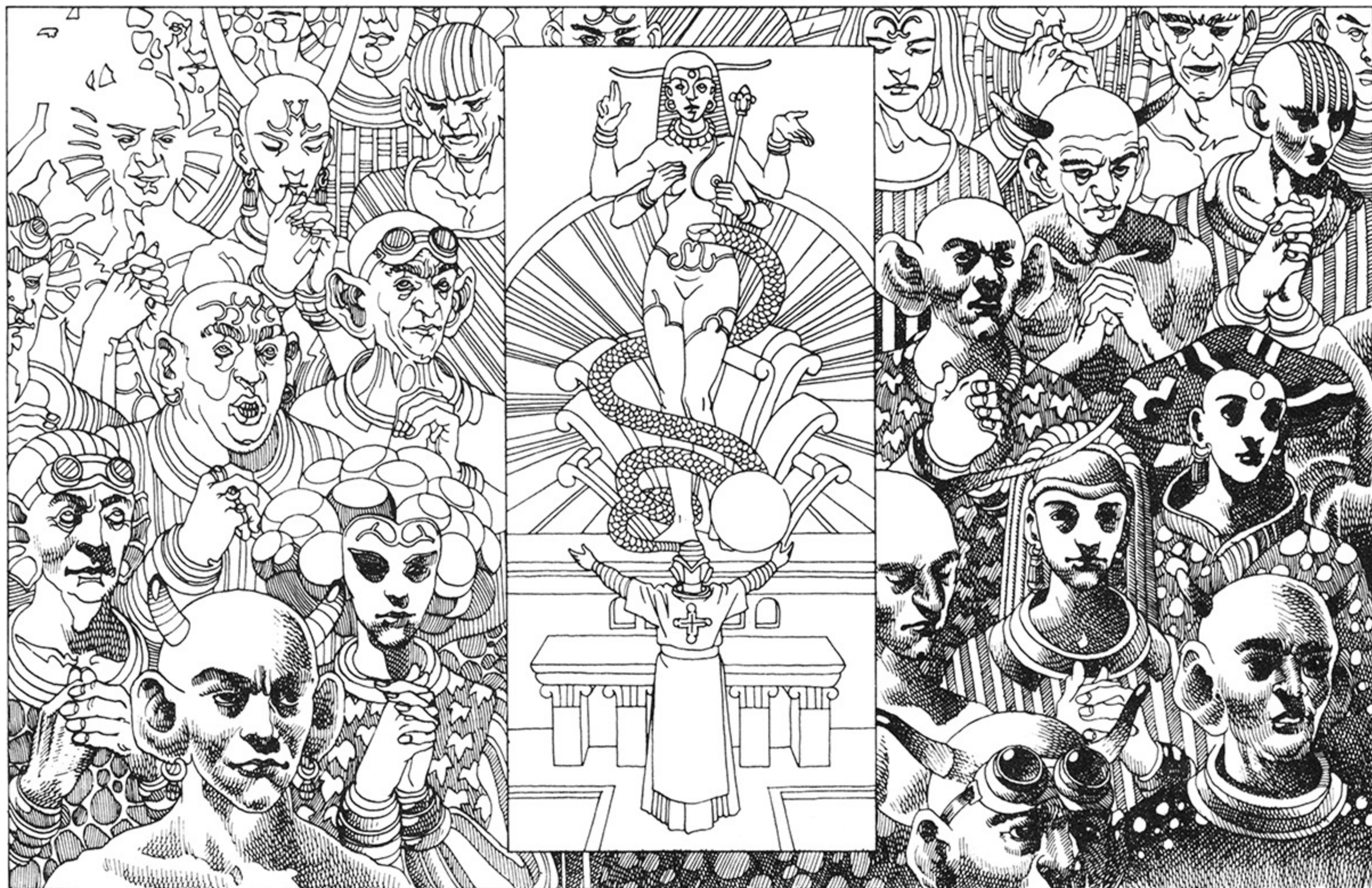


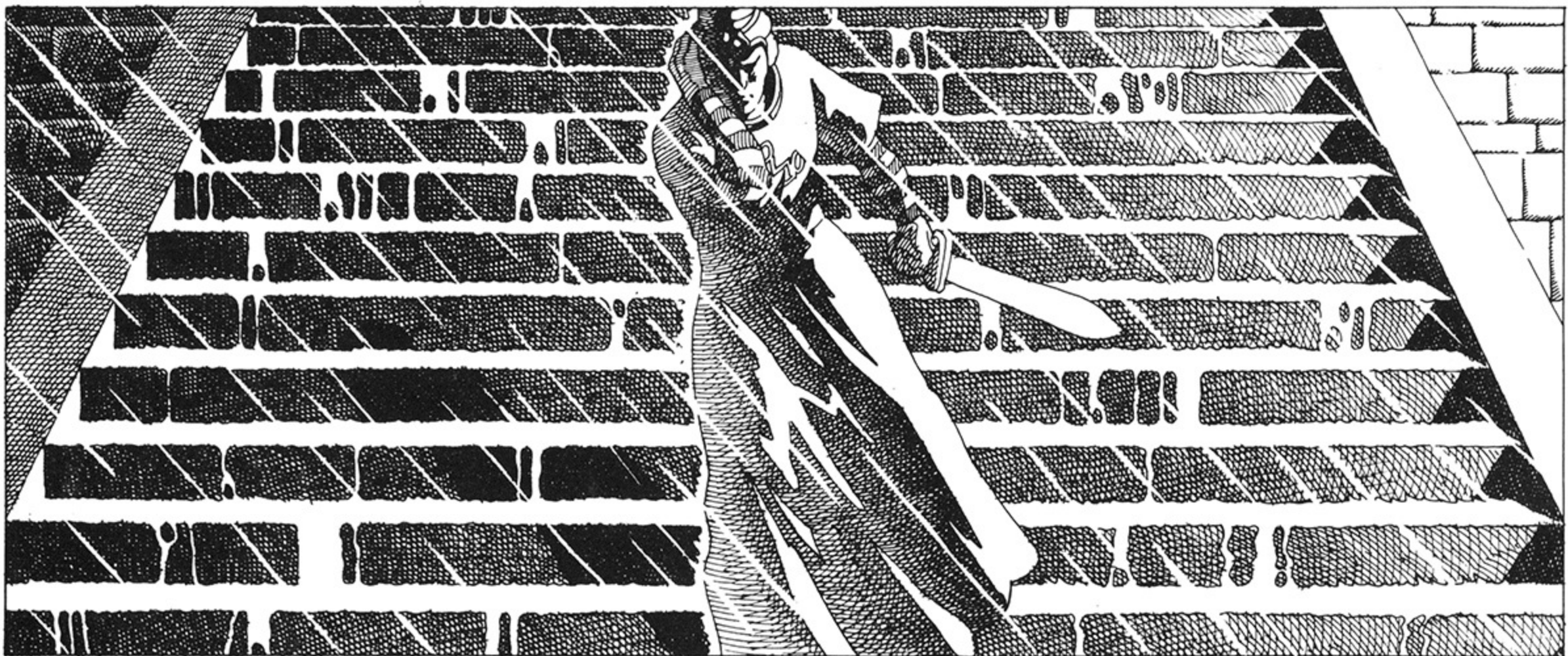
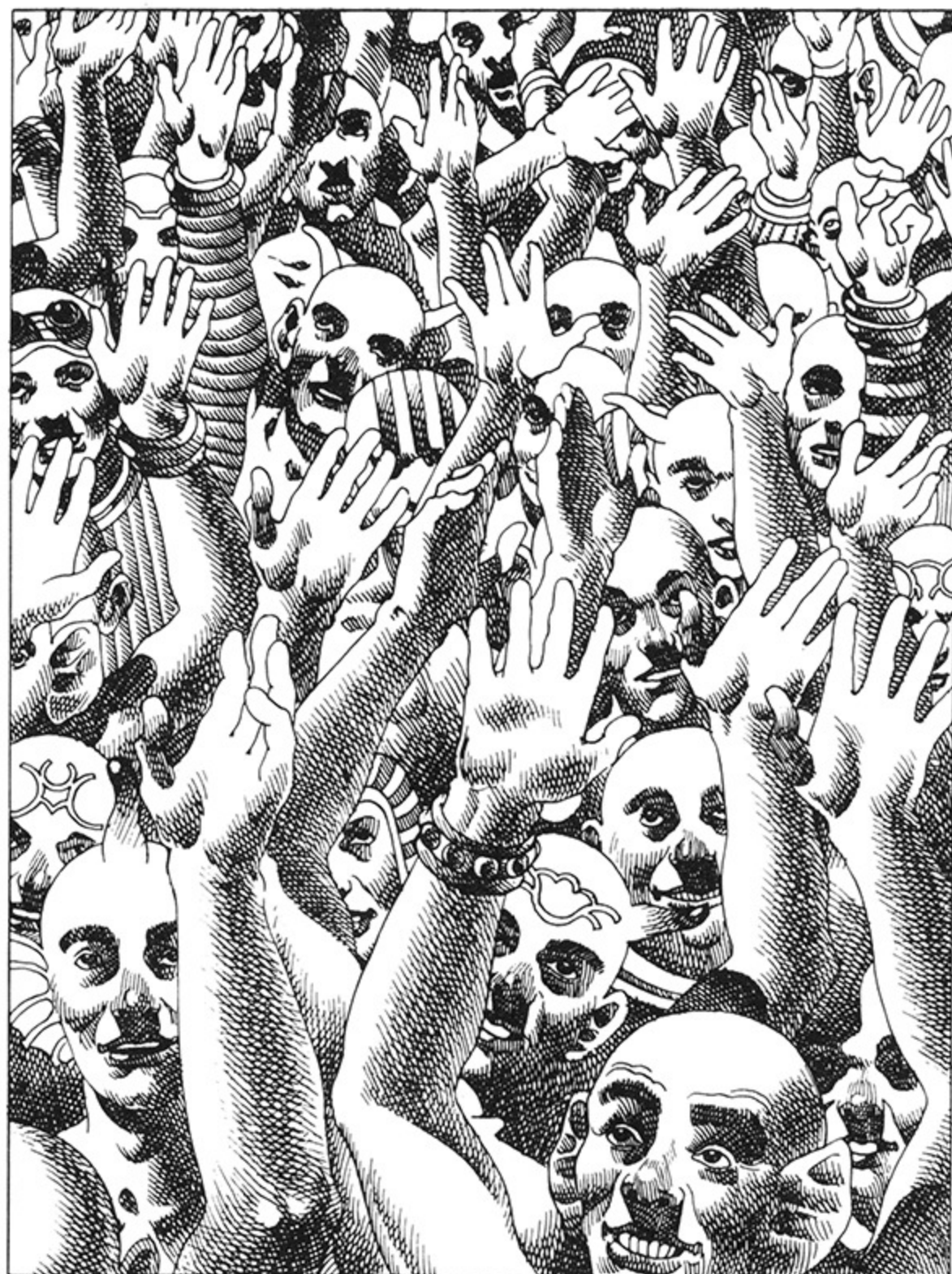
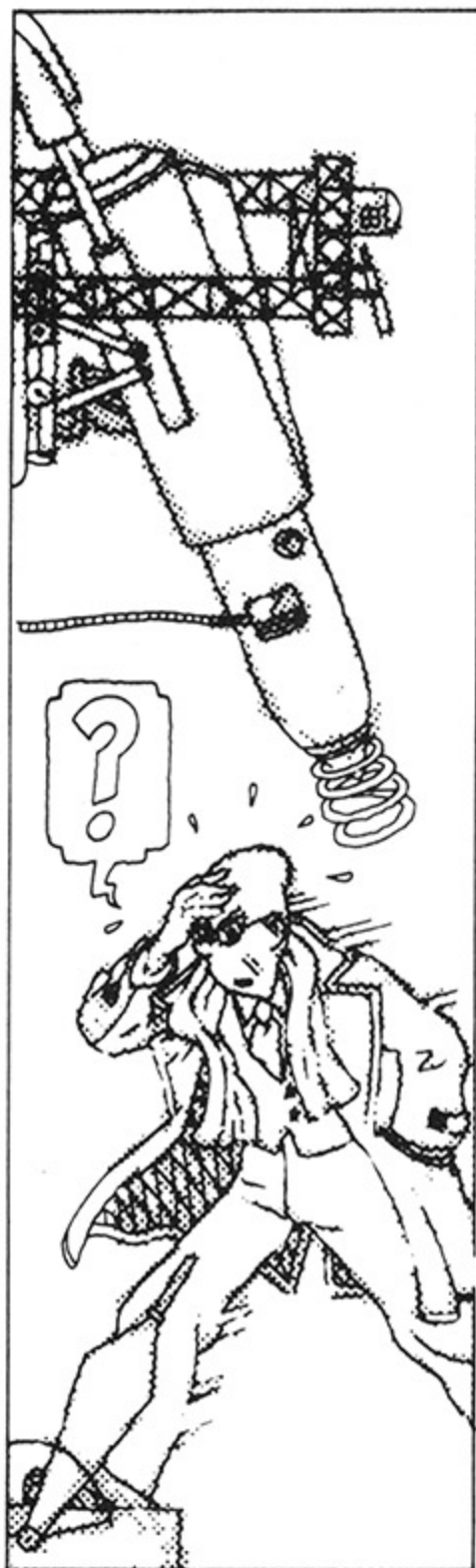
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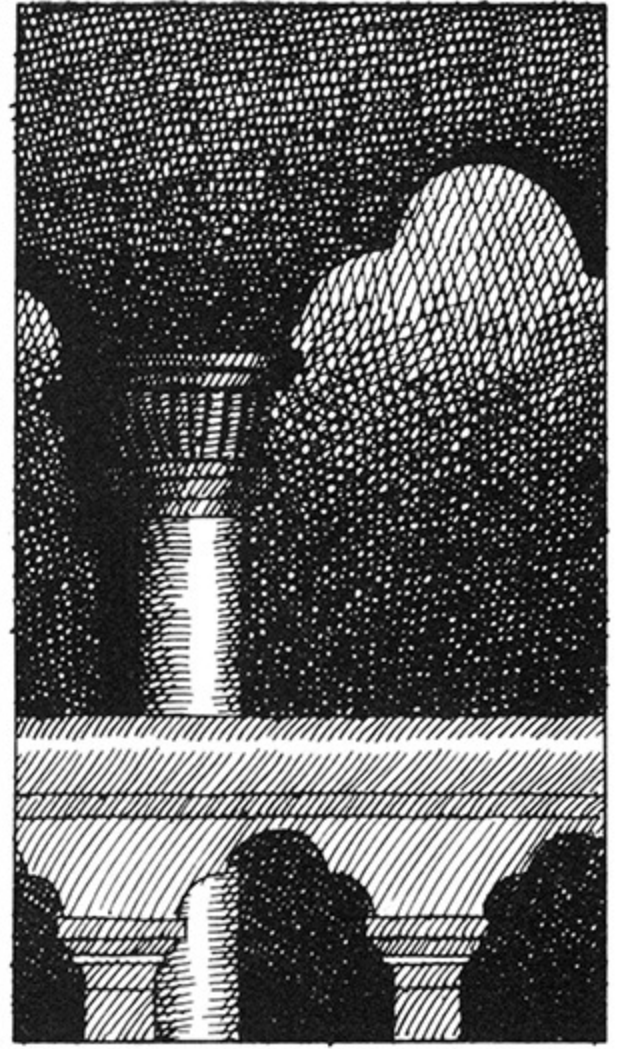
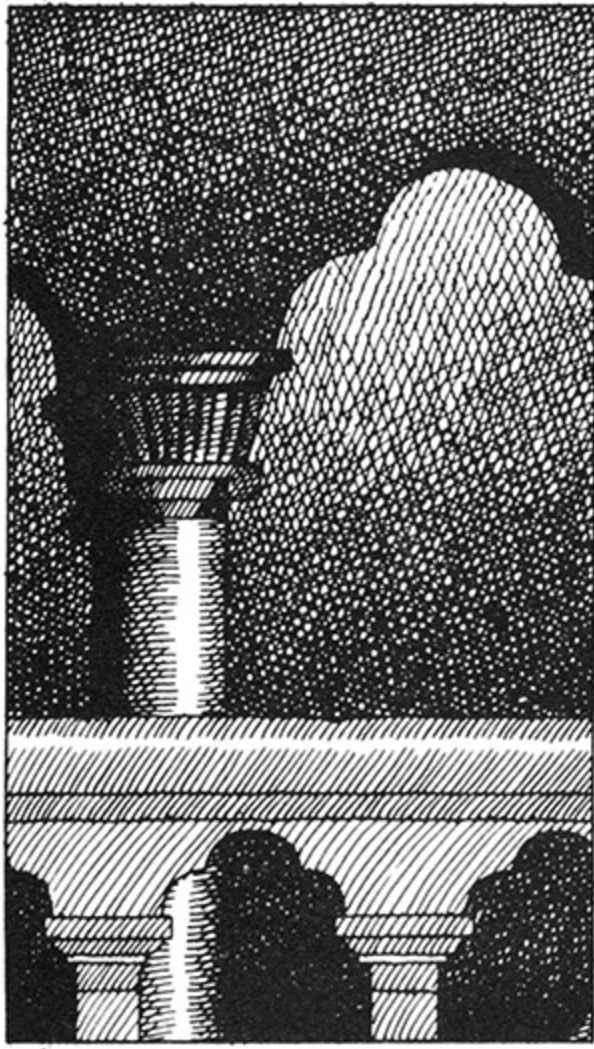






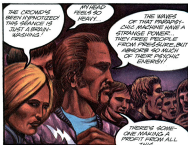
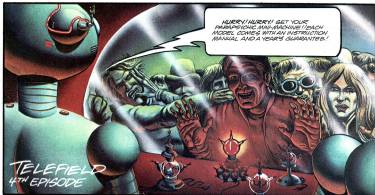






Chaland 6

END.



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE PARAPSYCHIC TRIP BECAME ALL THE RAGE IN METROPOLIS. EVERY DAY AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE FILLS THE ROOM WHERE THE SEANCES FOLLOW EACH OTHER NONSTOP. THE SALE OF PARAPSYCHIC MINI-MACHINES INCREASES UNABATED...



...AND A NEW FAD SPREADS, TICKING OUT ON THE WAVES OF THE PARAPSYCHIC MACHINE...





THE PIS IS WINNING OVER THE SWARMING OF THE PROLES! HIS ROBOTS OFTEN GO TO THE FACTORY IN METROPOLIS 5 AND GIVE AWAY FREE TICKETS TO HIS CRAZY SPECTACLE!



HE MUST BE A R.A.C.I.O. AGENT! YOU SAW THAT SHED HE HAD BUILT. A ROYAL BUNGER! DURNED DAY AND NIGHT BY HIS DAMNED ROBOTS! DISCOVER THE SECRET OF HIS FILTY PLAN...

...AND WE'LL HAVE HIS SKIN!



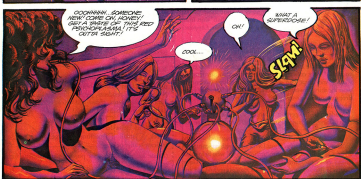
AT THE SAME TIME, SOMEWHERE ELSE, ANOTHER STORY UNFOLDS. CEDRELL AND CHYIS, WHO GUARD THE CRYSTAL FLOWER, GATHER AROUND THEM THEIR FRIENDS, WHO NOW ALSO BECOME AWARE OF THE FANTASTIC PSYCHO-SENSUAL DIMENSIONS WHICH THE FLOWERY ENERGY FIELD AROUND US ORIGINALLY, CEDRELL AND CHYIS HOME BECOMES THE MEETING PLACE OF THOSE SEARCHING FOR A NEW WORLD...











TO BE CONTINUED...

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



Photograph by John 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 *Nat'Lamp* film, *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Now you can wear the glorious *Animal House* softball shirt with half-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-wear, 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 *Giving Gent's Gentie*. Comes in flaming orange with black caricatures and red and black lettering or in your basic beige with the same-trim-mings. 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. ANW279

635 Madison Avenue

New York, N.Y. 10022

JOIN THE HOUSE!

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

New York City residents, please add 8% sales tax, New York State residents, please add 6% sales tax.

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.

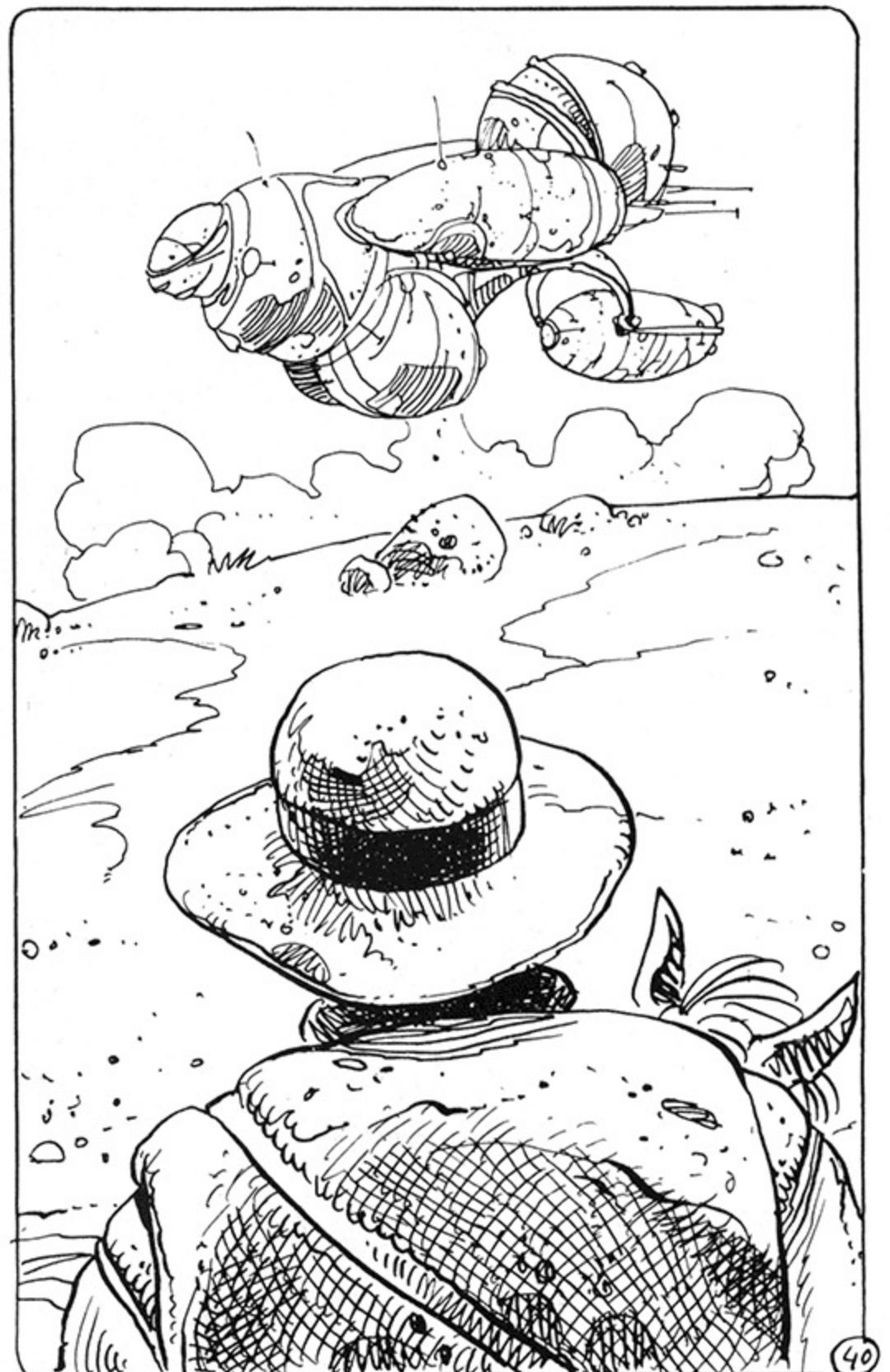
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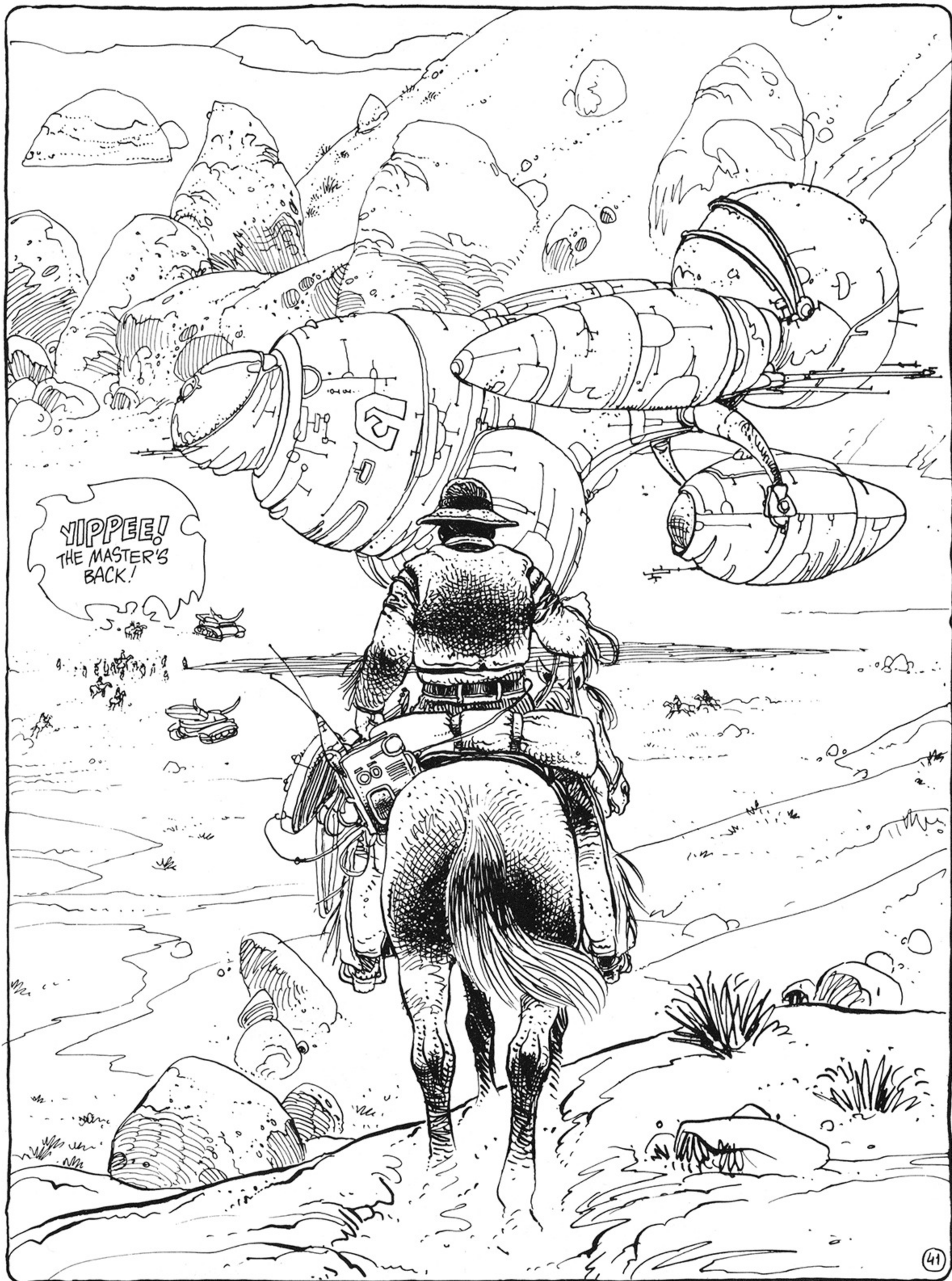
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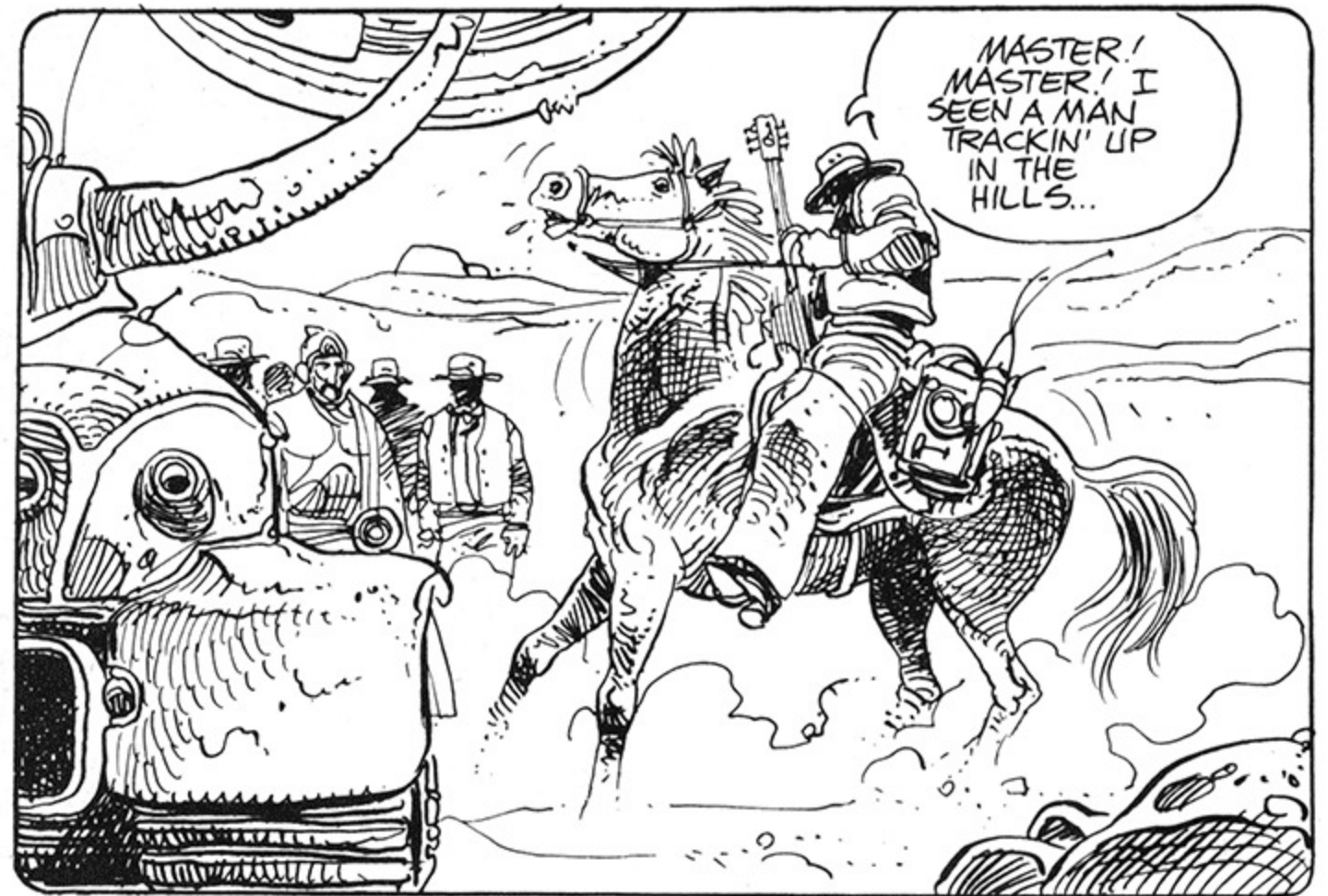
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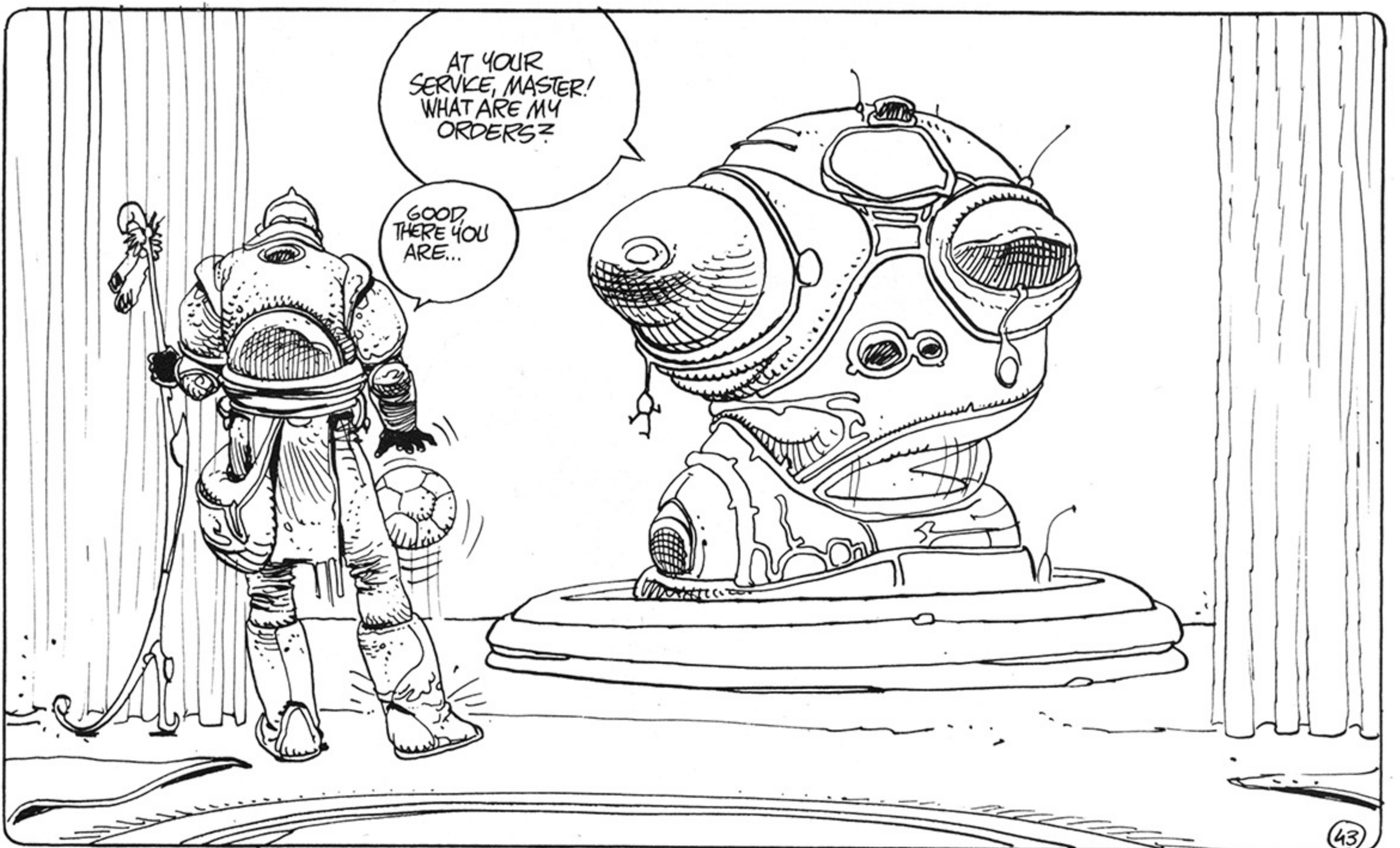
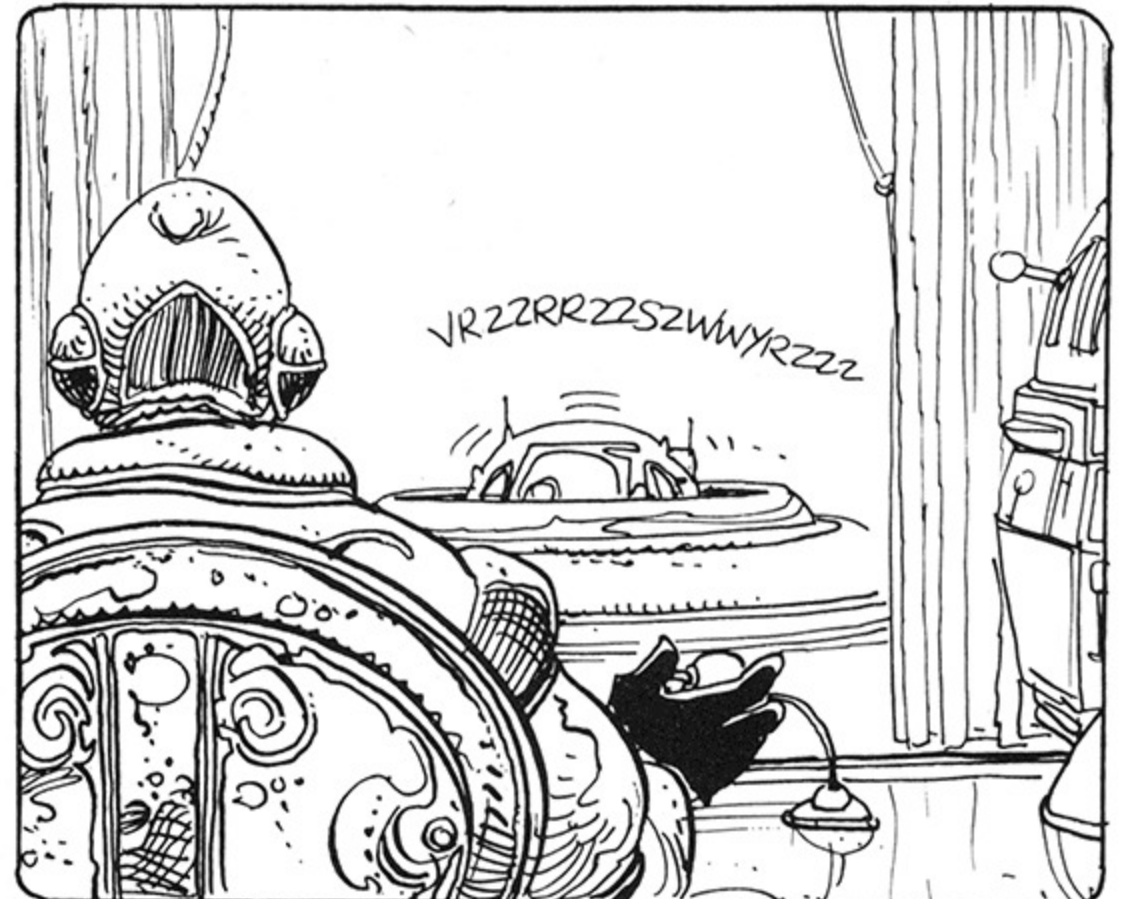
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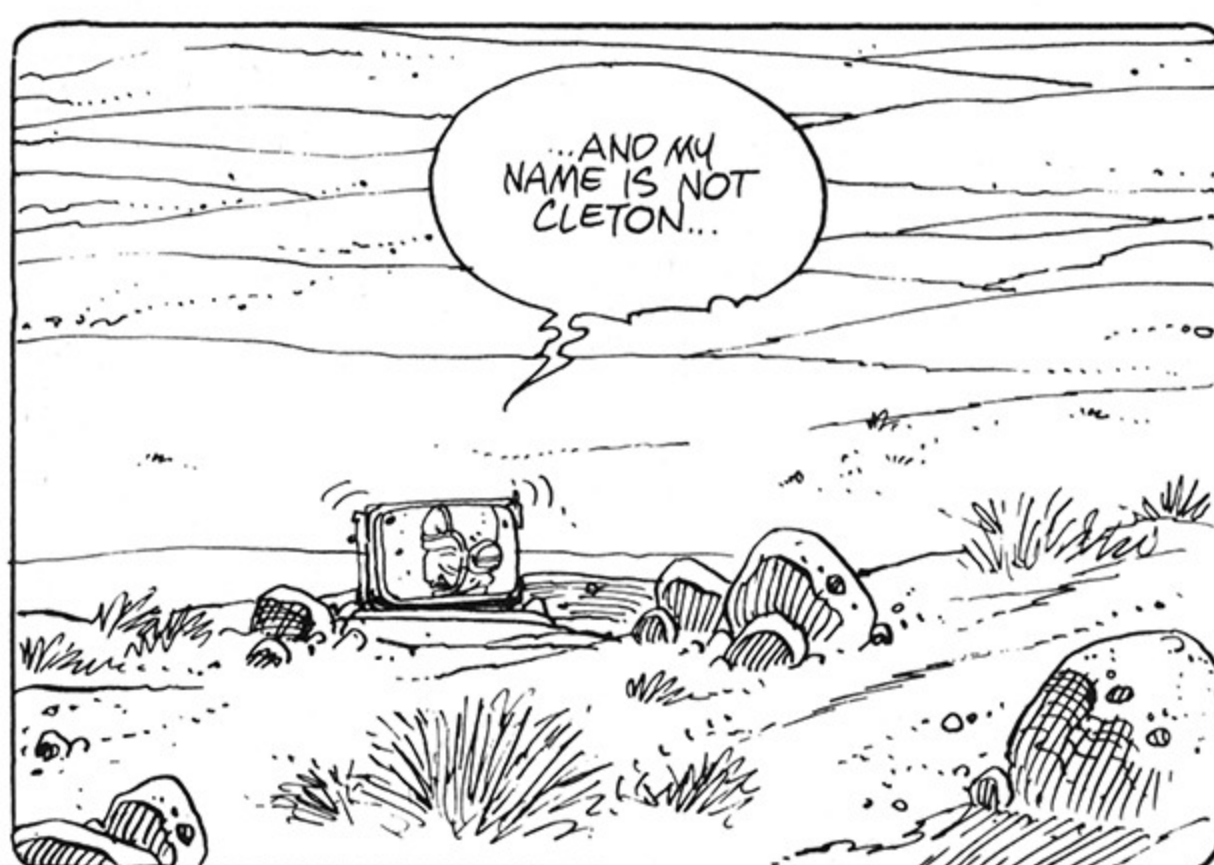
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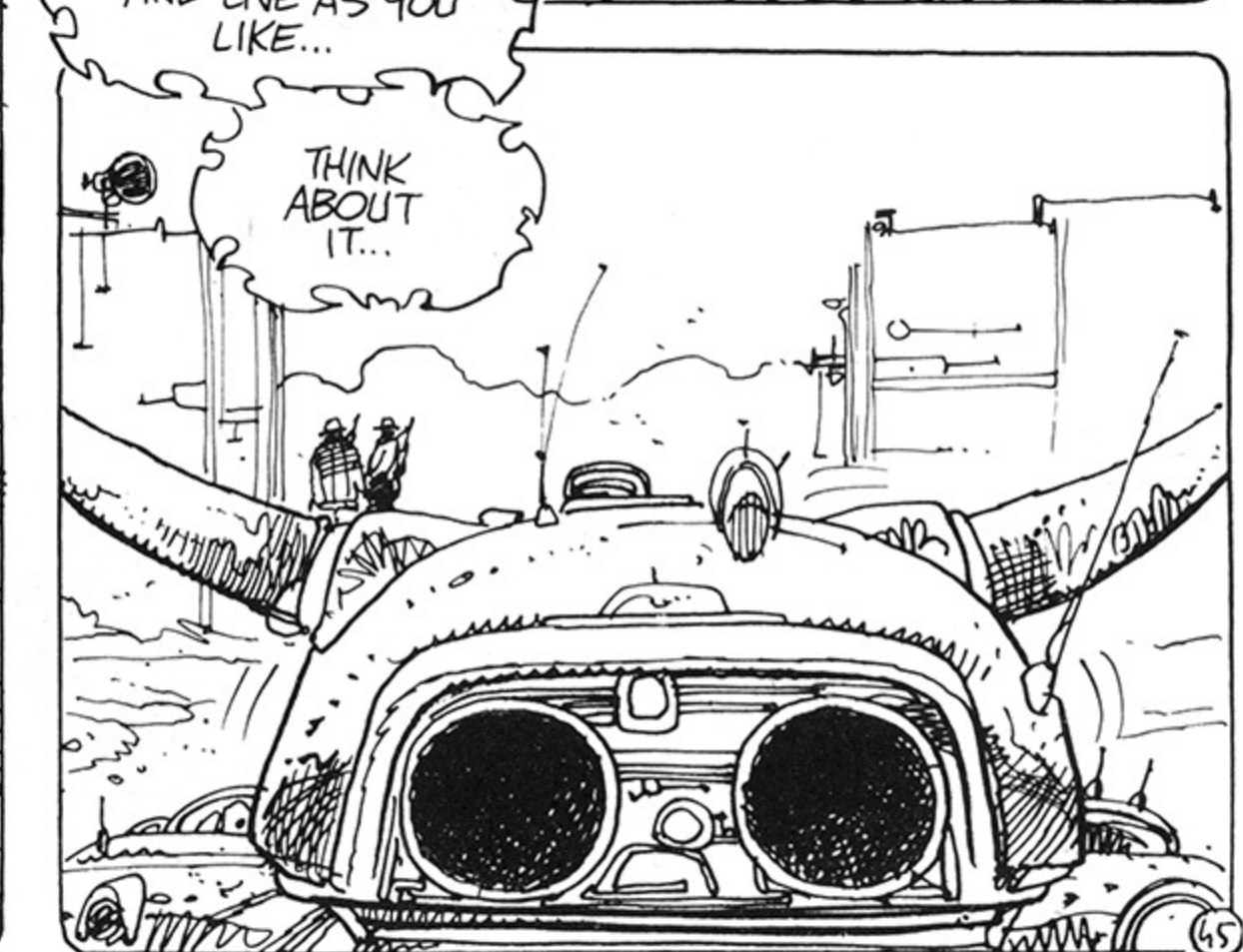
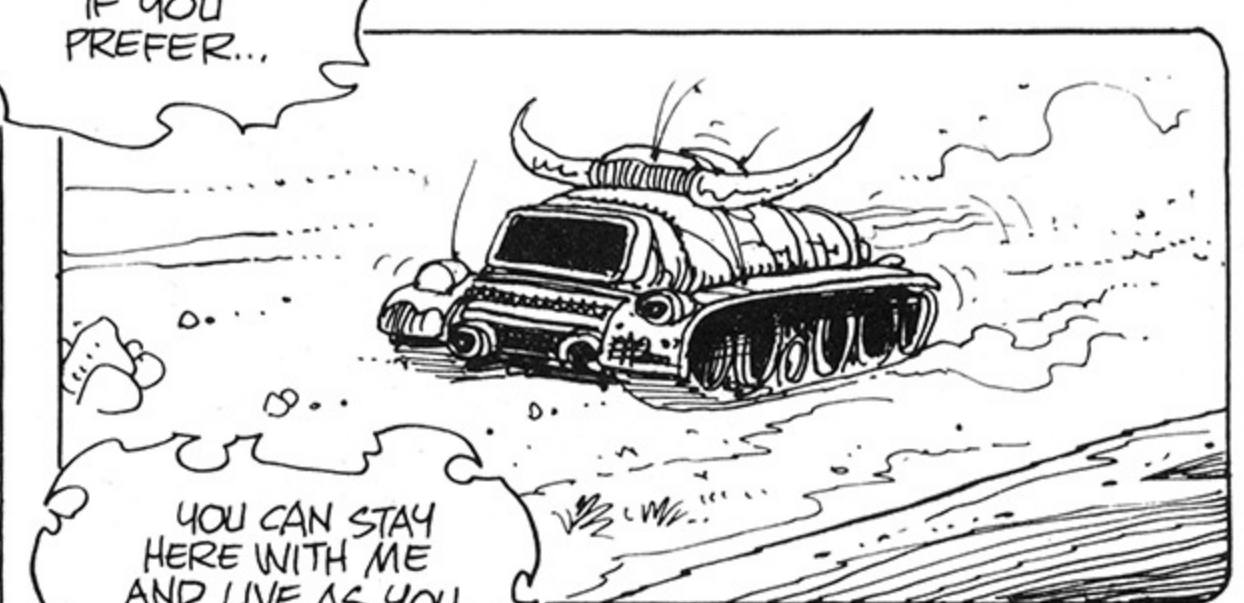
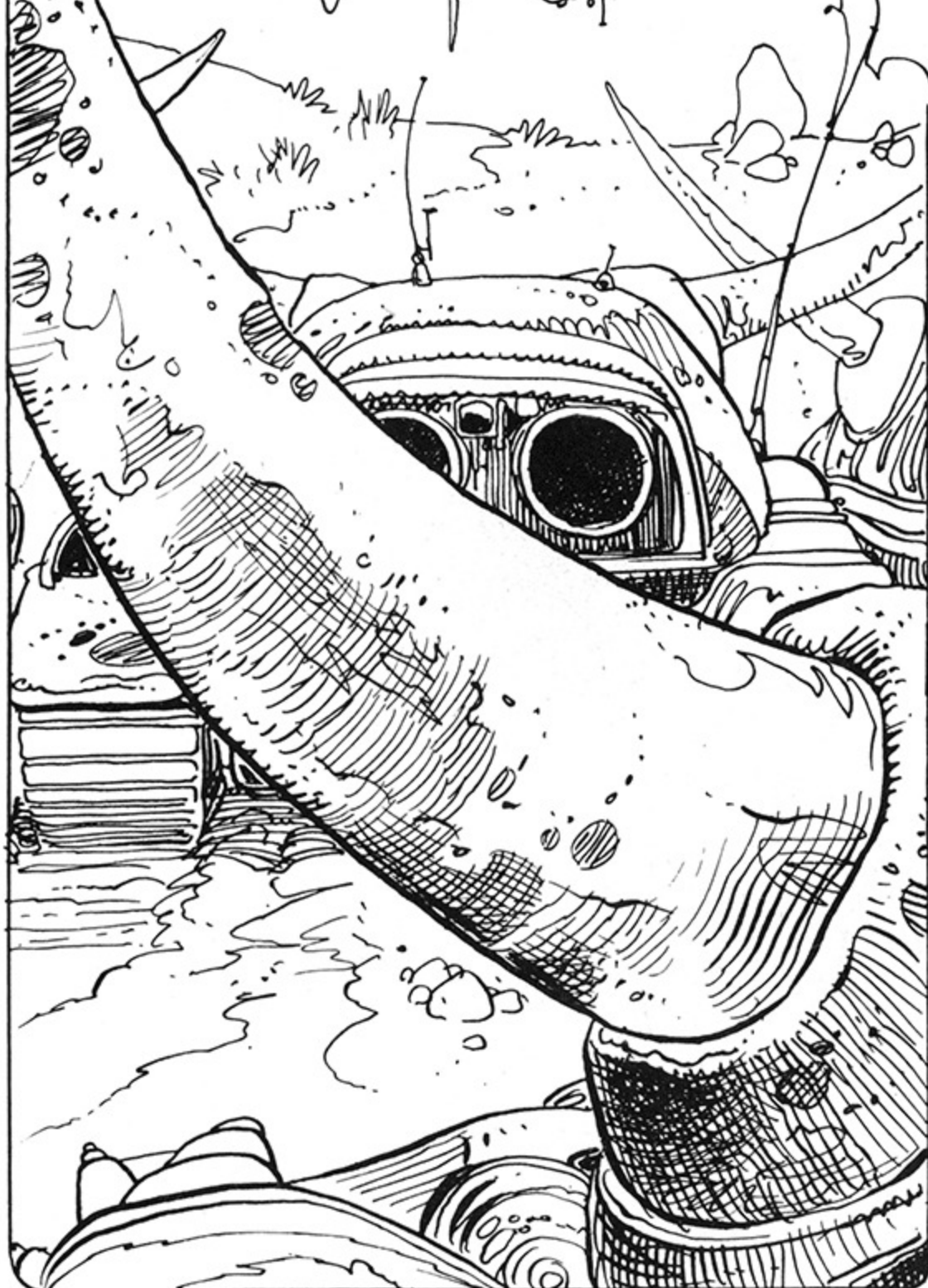
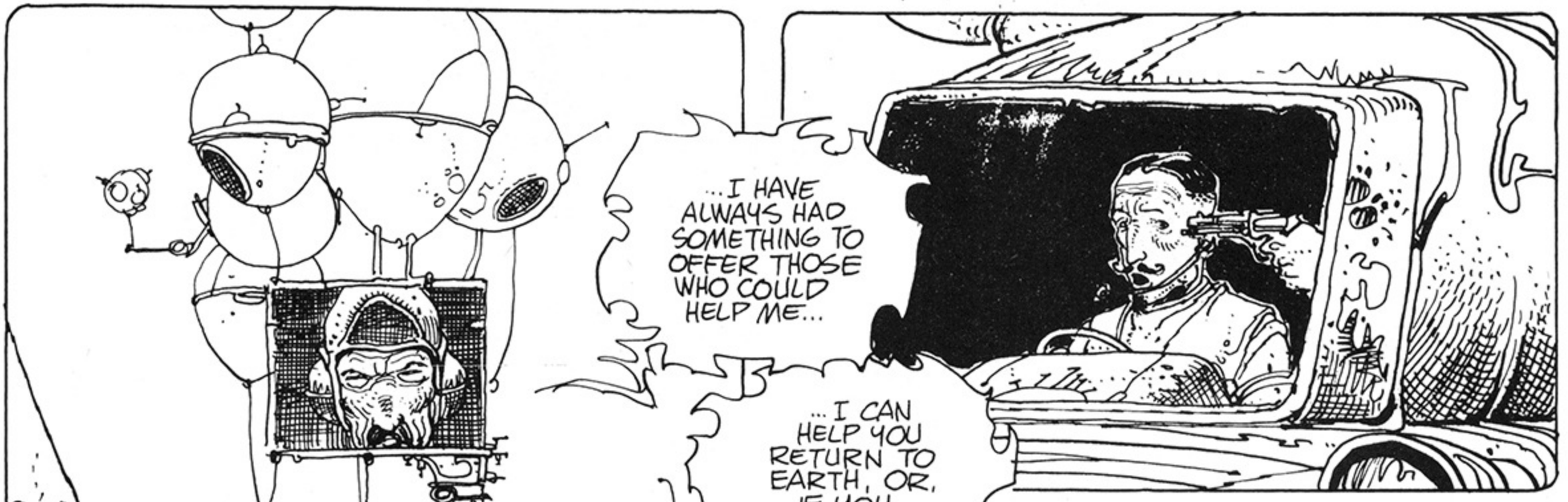


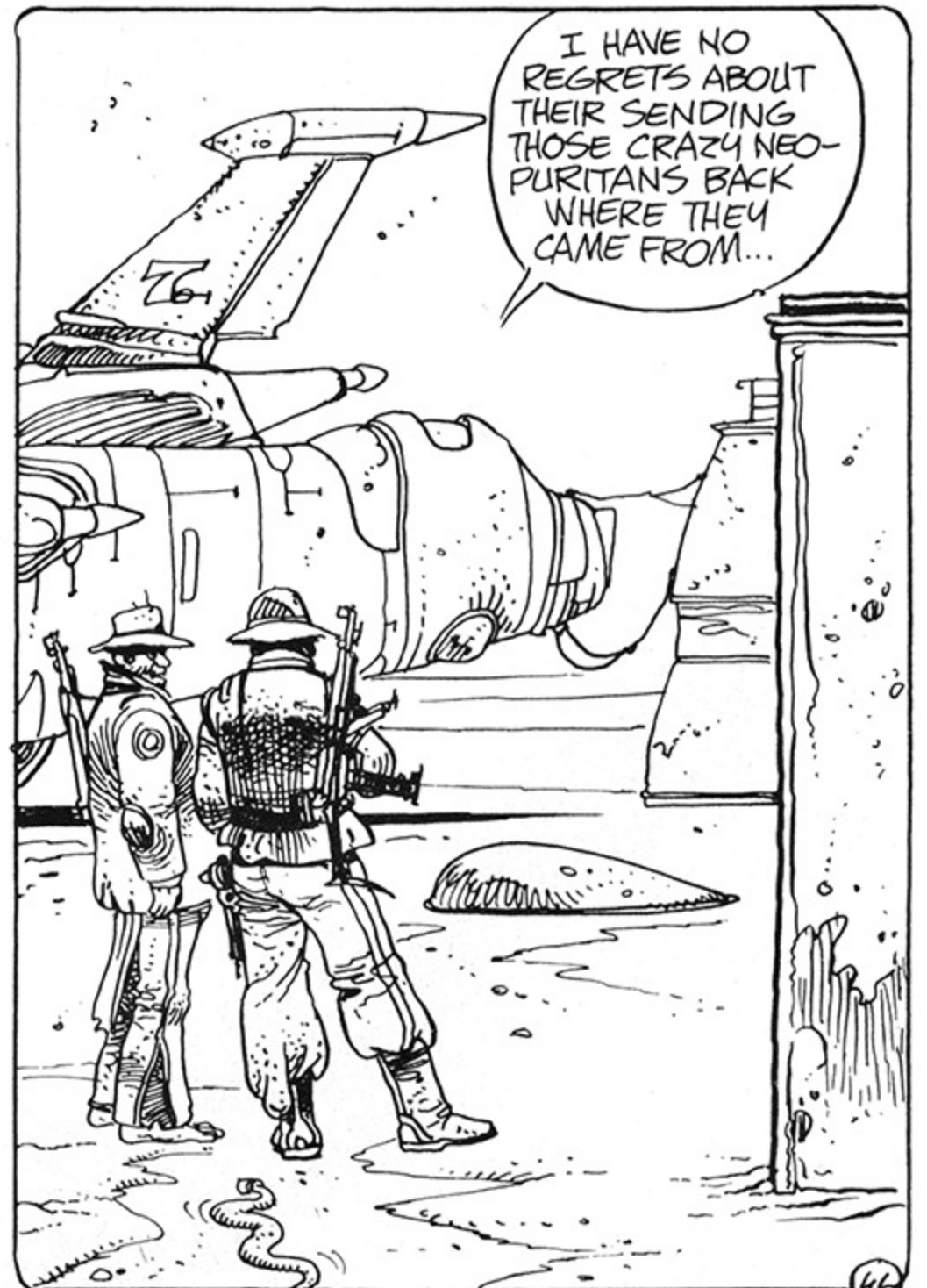
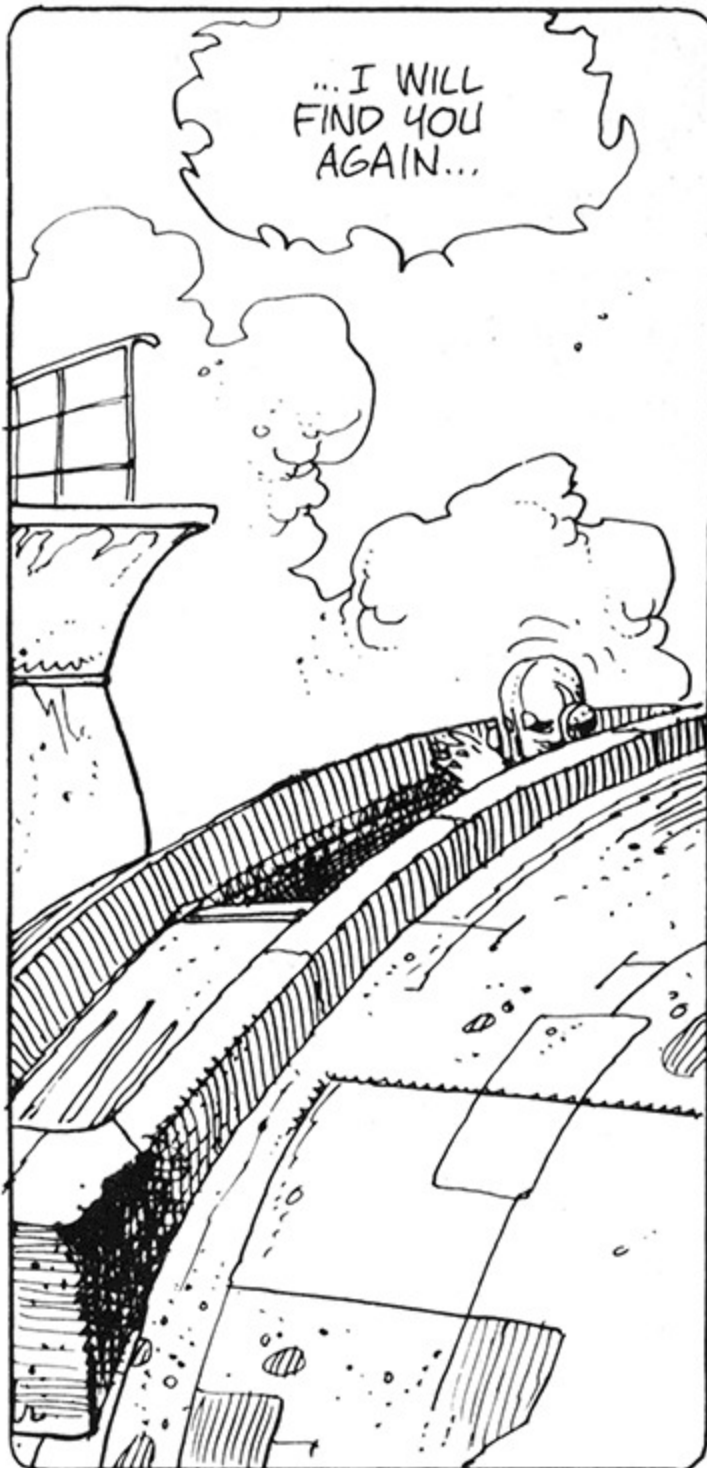
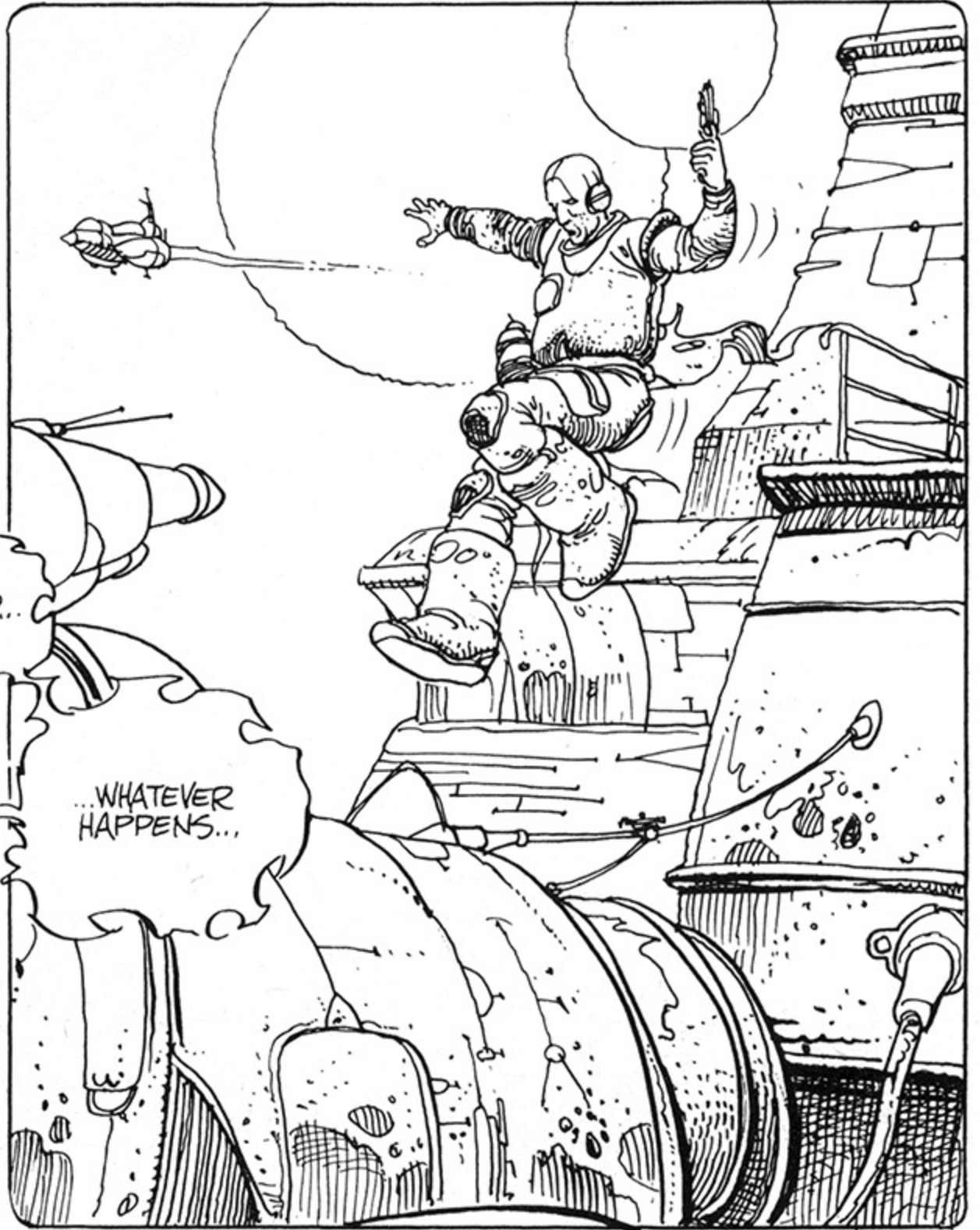












STORY: DIONNET ART: BILAL TO BE CONTINUED

THE THREE SUNS OF URANUS WERE
WEEPING SLOWLY OVER THE DANGEROUS
HILLS THROUGHOUT A CLOSE TO THE
LAST DAY I WOULD EVER SPEND
ON THIS ACCURSED PLANET.

AS THE GLOWING CRESCENT
OF THE LAST SUN DISAPPEARED
INTO THE MOUNTAIN, IT ALL
CAME BACK TO ME...

IT SEEMED LIKE ONLY
YESTERDAY THAT I
WAS BACK ON MY HOME
PLANET, IN THE ARMS
OF MY DELOVED
LULEA. OH... LULEA...
WHOSE HAIR BLEW IN
THE WIND LIKE THE
SHAVE WILLOW. WHOSE
WARM, PERFUMED BODY
WAS THE INDICATION OF MY
WIFE'S PRESENCE. IT WAS ALL
HERE NOW... THREE DAYS THREE
CRUELING YEARS. I REMEMBER
THE LAST DAY I SAW HER...

BUT LULEA,
I LOVE YOU SO
MUCH. WHY DO YOU
REFUSE ME? I
NEED YOU.

YOU KNOW
THAT I WENT
YOU MORE THAN
THE SEARS.

BUT WHAT
KIND OF LIFE
COULD WE MAKE
FOR OURSELVES ON
THE SLEAZY YOU
ARE NOW
MAKING?

Lulea

[SLYDAM]



AT FIRST I FOUND THE PUNGENT
STENCH AND GRISLY APPEARANCE
OF MY FLOCK REVOLTING, BUT MY
SENSES SOON MADE THE NECESSARY
ADJUSTMENTS.



THE TORRID SUN BAKED THE
PLANET'S SURFACE.



THE WINTER RAINS
CONVERTED MY
THICKEST CLOTHING.

BUT BY FAR THE DESO-
LATE LONELINESS WORE
DEEP ON MY EXIS-
TENCE. ONLY THE MOLES
AND I LIVED ON MID-
BUSH, AND THE MOTHER-
SHIP CAME ONLY ONCE A
YEAR TO HARVEST THE
MOLES. TO RELIEVE MY
LONELINESS, I TOOK A
PET FROM THE FLOCK
AND NAMED IT GLOOP.

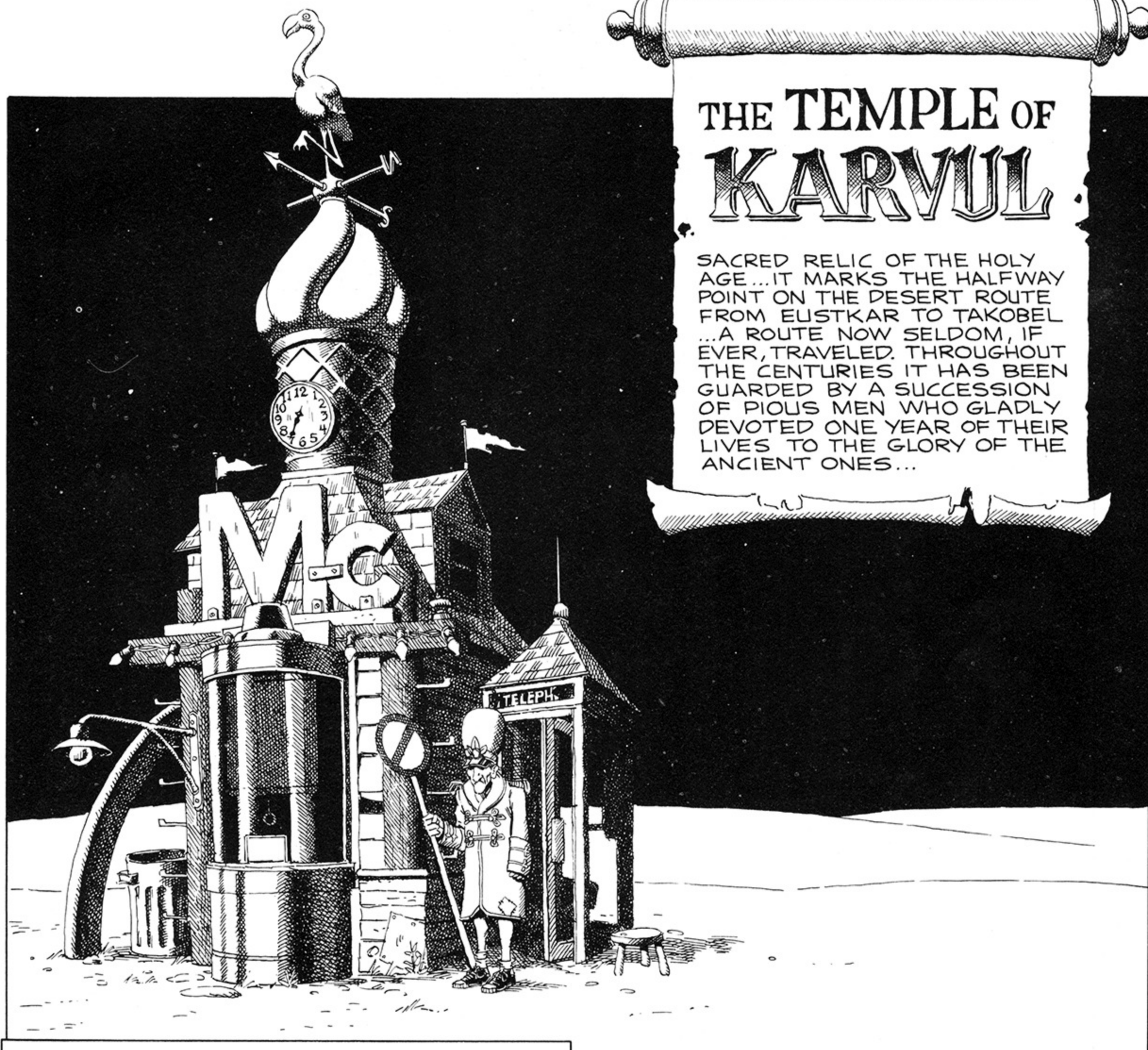






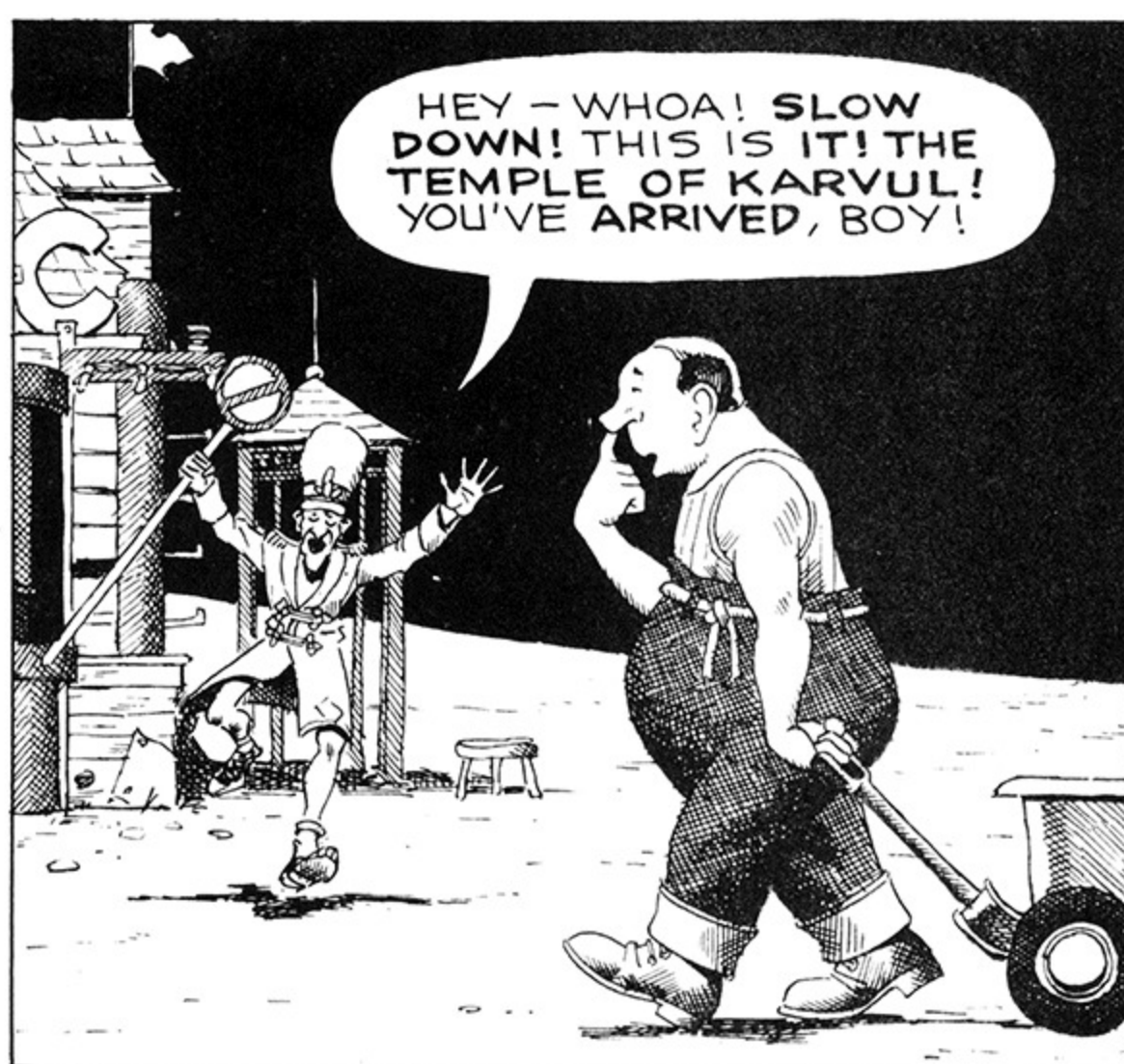
THE TEMPLE OF KARVUL

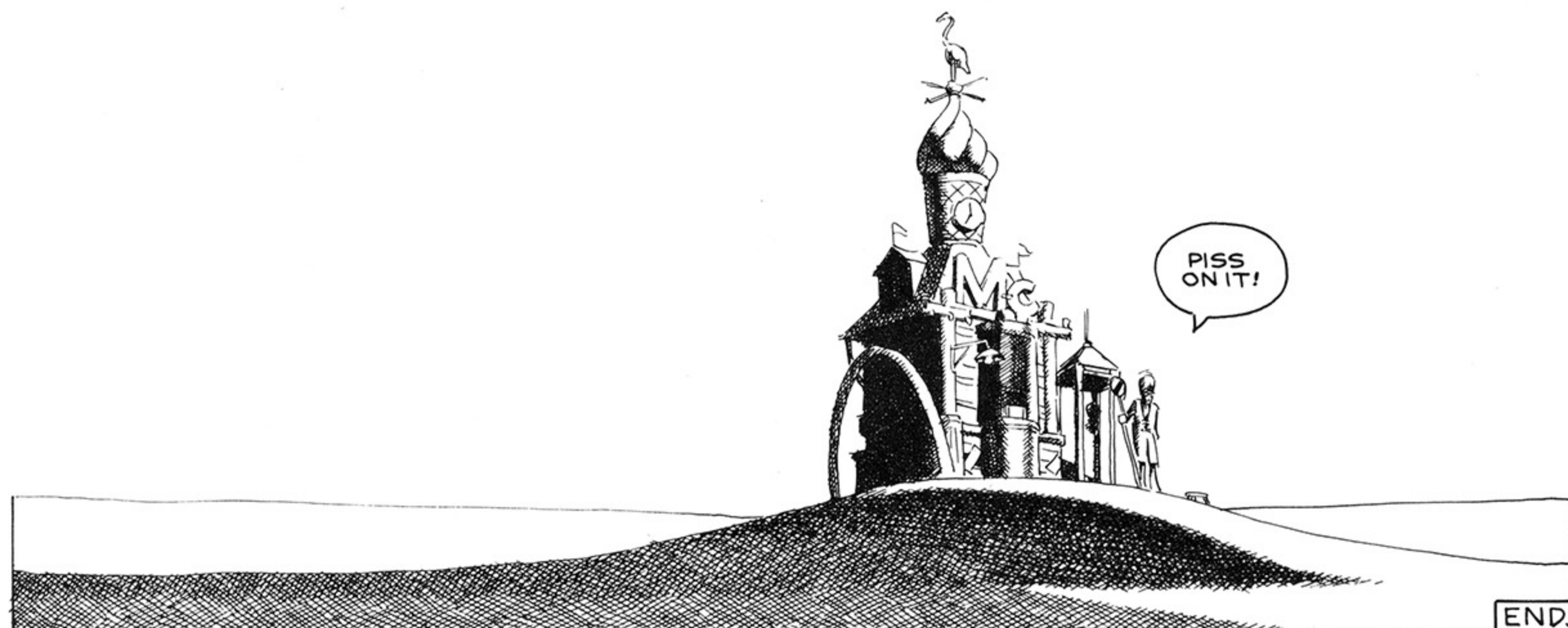
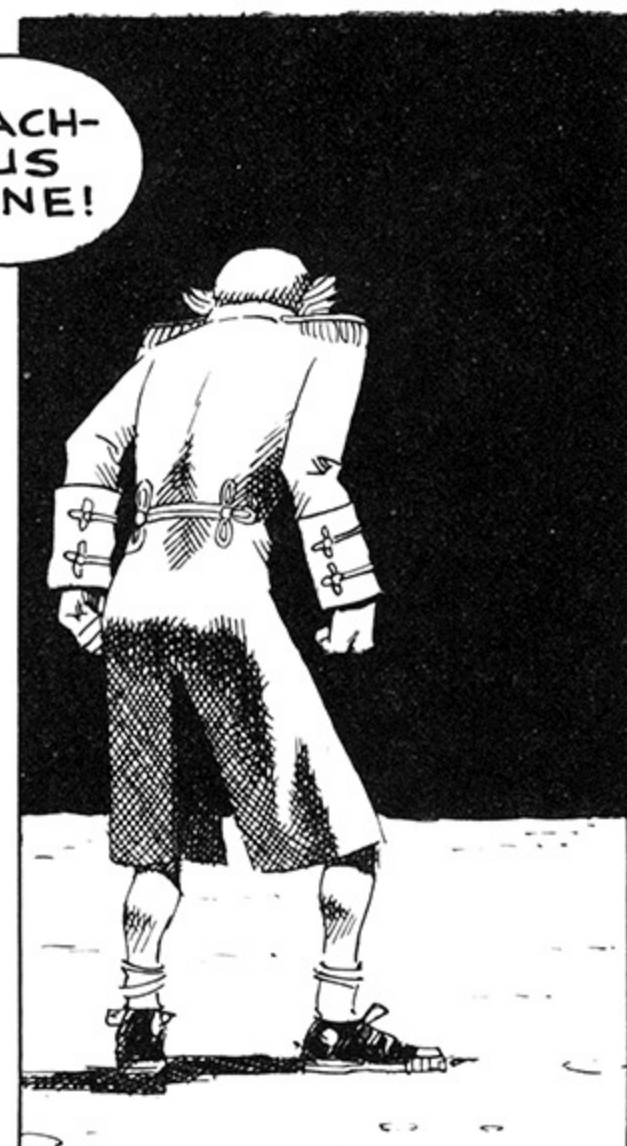
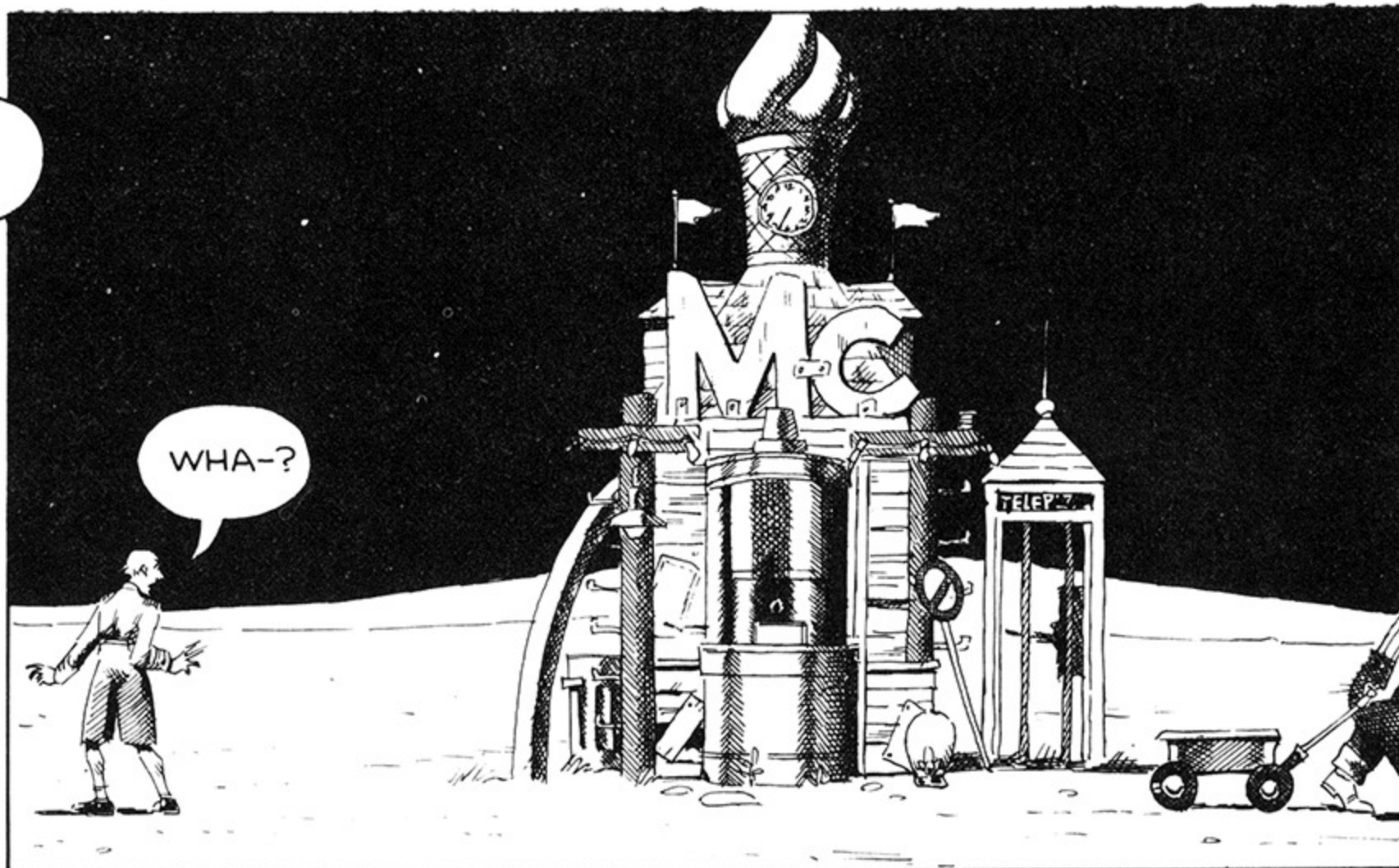
SACRED RELIC OF THE HOLY AGE...IT MARKS THE HALFWAY POINT ON THE DESERT ROUTE FROM EUSTKAR TO TAKOBEL...A ROUTE NOW SELDOM, IF EVER, TRAVELED. THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES IT HAS BEEN GUARDED BY A SUCCESSION OF PIOUS MEN WHO GLADLY DEVOTED ONE YEAR OF THEIR LIVES TO THE GLORY OF THE ANCIENT ONES...



FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS THAT HONOR HAS FALLEN TO THIS MAN...FOR THOUGH THE TERM OF HIS ENLISTMENT HAS LONG SINCE PAST, IT IS WRITTEN THAT A GUARD MAY NOT LEAVE HIS POST TILL ANOTHER SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE ...







END.

THE TOWER OF JUI-QUILAR

Visitors to the barren planet Jui-Quilar are rare by comparison to the colorful nearby planets of Mirinda and Jutrho, whose casinos and sporting events draw tourists from all Federation planets. This world is little more than a relic of its former glory, once having a population of 70,000,000, whose technology extended to the harnessing of natural simple forces (such as those used in sailing).

Now a hostile, mountainous world with only one small salt sea, Jui-Quilar was once a verdant planet with an ocean of waterways between the mountains. These ford-like canals served as a food source and trade route for the populace who lived in small cliff villages at the water's edge.

But 3,300 years ago the seaways dried up, leaving the population cut off from each other. So dependent were they on the sea that the populace dwindled to a mere 50,000 living on the shores of their one remaining sea. They responded to their plight by building a spiral tower, the remains of which are pictured here.

Legends from that time state that the tower was constructed to restore the sea by simulating the atmosphere to cause rain. The exact method is unknown, and present-day archaeologists believe that it was a fool's venture, like the pyramids of Earth. Jui-Quilar is known for its violent electrical storms, and it was probably one such storm that destroyed the tower and with it, most of the future of Jui-Quilar.

On a festive date over a thousand years ago, the main body of the tribes gathered at the newly constructed bronze tower to witness the machine begin the storm that would restore their sea. A storm began at noon, and massive bolts of lightning hit the tower and the water tanks at its base, causing an explosion of such force that all the tribal leaders and their heirs were killed, as were most of the witnesses to the event, some by shock waves that reverberated between massive rock walls, and some by the sons of none that fell into the small valleys where all the celebrants had gathered. One quote from the Jui-stone found near the structure seems to describe the event: "Tremors of (thunder) was cast in roads up (mountain) at (one sea) by 20,000 of the Kanak and Terk and Fia and Dison (in) for the Fire that brings torrent to be (sustained). By Blus did it storm and the fire was cut down to bar link and (sons of sons) did (fall)... In all perhaps 12,000 perished, leaving those remaining leaderless and without hope."

The relic today stands as a monument to a dead civilization, attracting visitors only as a side-stop on the way to some less depressing world.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl Kosfoed*



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STARCROWN

BY JOHN POCSIK

It was the beginning of the Age of Expansion.

It was the time of mankind's final leap toward the far distant stars where strange and wondrous confrontations were yet to take place.

It was an age of darkness and light, of science and myth, of manlike gods and godlike men who sought to master the demon forces of the universe.

It was a time both sacred and profane, when iridescent cities lured the unwary with their electronic siren song and the sky-darkening clouds of spacecraft lifted on pillars of silver fire, never to be seen again.

It was a period of endless conflict: the Behemoth Wars, the Conspiracy of the Disk, and the Time Crusades. Brave men died on steaming worlds, their laser-rifles flickering, as the last Federation strongholds fell. Other men, baser, froze in their shattered smuggler domes, surrounded by the useless wealth of the forbidden ones they had hoped to hide on the dark moon orbiting the hothouse planets.

All possible worlds had been colonized. Man lived on pulsing, machine continents, in measureless caverns lit by artificial suns, or in microsize cluster-cities implanted on energex slides. Mankind wandered across rainbow deserts and dreamed of the yellow skies of Old Earth while the living oceans rolled sluggishly far overhead.

But restless, crowded and ever searching, man looked beyond the galaxy's rim, and flexed himself for that last and most dangerous odyssey when he would leave behind the familiar teeming worlds and endless warfare for the featureless, beckoning unknown of far-space.

A family of noble rulers rose to guide mankind forward in its first steps on this final journey. These men were entrusted with the power over all worlds and every life-form; their wisdom and justice became watchwords of trust. They ruled over their charges with absolute authority, and the symbol of their reign and of their power was that legendary ornament of rule: *The Starcrown!*

Forged in the incandescent heat of suns, each shimmering gemstone a constellation blaze, every gold and silver and crystal binding band like paths of power running toward the central jewel mount, the Starcrown represented mankind's ultimate good and ultimate destiny amid the stars.

But it came to pass in the latter days of the Federation that evil forces were at work, and on a night of blood and flame the last of this noble line of rulers was forced to flee into the lonely void, a fugitive, taking with him that fabulous ornament, and the power of... **THE STARCROWN**



THE GALACTIC FEDERATION:

Developed over a thousand years of extrasolar expansion and genetic warfare, the Body Galactic, or Galactic Federation, rules over countless star systems and their inhabited or colonized planets.

Hub of the Federation – its home world – is Ilium Prime, a low-vapor, heavy-gravity planet in the center of the Whorl System of Cerise Major.

Ilium Prime, the City, is the seat of Empire from which the noble House of Sunheart directs the business and commerce of worlds.

Following the first of the Nebulanic Quest Wars, the Star Councils – prototype for the later Body Galactic – elected the Sunhearts to maintain order and discipline over their constantly feuding ranks; ever opposing them has been the House of Mord – a rival and extremely powerful militaristic clan whose hatred for the Sunhearts has reached across time and space to affect each succeeding generation of Mord and Sunheart alike.

Plotting and court intrigue have almost replaced diplomatic statesmanship as the prime concern of the Federation . . .

From *Elements of Galactic Diplomacy*,
Dr. Qurf Poroth, Lecturoid

1: A HOUSE FALLS

Mechanically, as in a thousand prior planetalls, Flan Oros Sunheart keyed the scoutship's computer for the last docking maneuver.

The lifters cut in. Drowning the smooth thunder of the ion engines, they rose in volume to a peak which made the entire craft tremble with barely restrained power, fell back down the scale of sound.

And then, silence! Or almost silence, ghost-echoes of that potent force still throbbing in his ears – that, and the Airflo's



whisper and the chattering orchestrations of the computer.

Clasped loosely by the form chair, detached, his mind elsewhere, he watched the console screens display final readout columns – each glowing letter, symbol, and equation visible for the exact number of seconds required for total data recall – until they dimmed to black, living on only in bright after-images behind his eyes. The friendly blaze of indicator lights began to wink out as the ship's guidance programs reached their termination points. Collapsing in a spill of gleaming coils, the virtual image reader slid back into its airless compartment.

Sunheart frowned as he squinted against the blaze of Ilium Prime's late afternoon suns, haloed and filtered by the boiling clouds of ochre-colored dust sweeping in from the Basin. He massaged his burning eyes.

Touch of retinal fatigue, he thought; *have to get used to the effects of a double star system all over again.*

Sunheart sat there without moving, staring numbly at the scene outside through the darkening viewport. Five minutes down upon his home world, and already that familiar oppressive melancholy had returned. Where he should have been happy at being back, he felt only emptiness – and unease.

Home, for Flan Oros Sunheart, was just another term for prison.

The spaceport rippled, insubstantial as dream, through the waves of chromatic aberration rising from the heated, highly

reflective gridwork of the landing field.

Hub of the complex was Three Key Tower, the gateway to Ilium Prime. There, all offworlders had to register and submit themselves and their belongings for inspection by teams of medtech scanners (for contraband body-search and/or possible virulence treatment) before the heatseal doors would admit them to Ilium's inferno winds and deadly daytime skies. Although peace had been reestablished throughout most of the galaxy, the threat of attack or sabotage by mercenary cells against Federation ports remained a very real menace.

Sunheart felt a touch of sardonic amusement. There would be no delay for him, of course! Royal blood *did* have its advantages.

Sand-polished creepers were shunting some weathered fuel pods across the field toward the yawning reservoirs. A Galactic cruiser, plasma-shielded against the fierce winds, stood canted skyward, ready for launch.

A flurry of movement at the field's western perimeter drew Sunheart's attention. A tight formation of Armada air-to-ground clone drones, augmented by the swifter search-and-destroy skimcraft, were rising and falling on the heated air in less than precision maneuvers. Their non-reflective hulls were faintly ominous blots in the blinding sunlight.

And just over the horizon, past the yeast lakes and the power screens, waiting to take him into its magical arcades, its cool electronic silences, were the soaring, the



shimmering, the fabulous spires of Ilium Prime – rising in translucent splendor beside the seamless shores of the Graaniche Basin.

But they were small, almost insignificant sentinels compared to the monarch of steel, stone, and force glass which was his ancestral home: the Place Royale of the House of Sunheart.

Sunheart! That name a litany, an invocation, a shout of obedience and loyalty, a greeting, an incantation issuing from lips human and strange, password to myriad alien worlds.

Sunheart! Chief Guardians of the Body Galactic, symbols of its power, justice, order for the human race in its relentless advance into deeper space.

Sunheart! Lords of Ilium Prime for nearly six centuries (by Old Reckoning), absolute rulers of this stark, beautiful world of heat, light, and eternal dustfall.

So ran the oft-heard paeans of praise. He wished he could believe in them, wished he could recapture just for a moment the wonder he had felt as a boy for his House. But harsh reality had tarnished its glory; and for Han Oros Sunheart, the bright dream of empire was faded.

A blue button on the control console read INITIAL POWER, THRUST-IGNITION. How tempting! thought the youth: one touch, that steep shuddering liftoff – this “courtesy visit” forgotten – to swing aloft, returned to the universal blackness, the starry highroad. The mysteries of the Gravewind Nebula had just begun to yield their secrets. The

holodisks and tri-dim cassettes could be quickly offloaded by his father’s starlab technicians; his verbal reports on the red shift had already been logged. Something was happening out there in the Gravewind, but more expeditions were needed before those sparkling gas clouds could be designated a menace.

The youth smiled as he released the mechanism.

Tractor treads extended, the machine lowered itself to the deck plates and purred down the access tunnel toward the lock.

Uncle Pew or PEW (short for Proto-Entropic-Warbot, Series Mark IX) was no mere “thinking machine.” Integrated into its systems, dominating the unit, were the memory tapes and trust cubes containing the personality patterns of Praetorius Sunheart IV – Flan’s uncle – who had been killed trying to put down the Crypt Revolts on Vole.

The mystery of it all was that when he closed his eyes and listened to the machine’s often colorful comments, he could swear his favorite uncle was sitting right there beside him – ruddy, white-bearded face grinning with irrepressible rascality, blue eyes twinkling with inner knowledge, a fist mashing a canister of nearfoam as he gestured grandly up at the lights in the night sky: his own personal hoard.

Unlike his brother, Praetorius had refused to be trapped by his royal heritage; in his time, he boasted, he had had no equal as a

fighter, a gambler, a lover, or even as a rogue handicapped by a sense of honor and romanticism. He had also been a most capable administrator (when he set his mind to it, which was infrequently), a visionary planner, an insatiable explorer, a humane and compassionate envoy, an understanding advisor, a confessor, and – for Sunheart – a most trusted, respected, and loved friend. When his remains were transmitted back to Ilium, the Emperor himself had assembled a team of genetic biotechs and exo-grafters to preserve what he called “the greatest flawed mind in the Empire.”

Thus Uncle Pew – a uniquely *different* type of man/machine symbiot, smoothly-running, flawlessly functioning, a nearly immortal entity of chrome and neuroposit conductors – was Praetorius Sunheart: as testy, brave, warped, brilliant, cynical, loyal, and humorously irascible as he had been in life. Programmed to respond empathically to the younger Sunheart (for whom he had always had an inordinate fondness), he had naturally been the only companion the youth had even considered for shipmate on the long outbound flight.

Trading jests and insults back and forth as in the old times, sharing experiences and life-lore, they had been happy, satisfied, out there in the black wastes...

◇ happiness = a subjective state of well-being and contentment :: but you are not going to feel any happier :: or better :: by just sitting there like a cadet freezing up on his first mad run :: i

compute the arrival of your father’s escort at zero one zero minus :: i:lium time :: and :: there is something else ◇

At least out there in space he was doing something *useful* for the Federation as well as for himself. All that awaited him here on Ilium Prime were the corrupting ways of Court life, the prisoning chains of responsibility. He would never let what had happened to his father happen to him!

Sunheart palmed the unlock stud. The form chair released him.

◇ i would appreciate some attention :: when you have time ◇

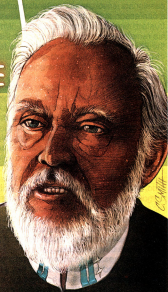
An iron voice dinned inside his skull, making his sinuses itch. He had all but forgotten his companion during his brooding thoughts. Sunheart turned toward the glowing shape which was strapped into the gunner’s crash seat next to him.

Boxlike in form, the machine’s metallic casing was a depressingly cheerful golden color, scorched in spots. Its flexible extensor arms were unscrewing themselves from the computer input sockets to telescope back into the machine’s trunk. Its sensor dome rotated to regard him with an array of flickering strobe-lenses, half of them badly in need of resolution adjustment after their harrowing year in space.

“Why, PEW,” Sunheart said with mock concern, “I thought I’d just leave you here for the oilers to service. Fill that rusty shell of yours with some of that soothing balm you’re always wishing for.”

◇ that soothing balm is almost two-

HAPPINESS =
A SUBJECTIVE
STATE OF
WELL-BEING



hundred plus guaranteed non-synthetic eld
terran alcohol laced with energy radiants
and isolator stimulants : : : were i to
consume even a twentieth of a bottle : : :
this ship : : : you : : : i : : : and most
of the ilium spaceport would be blown half
way to crystal : : : you forget : : : i am not the
man i used to be : : : if i were free of this
can and had my old body back again : : : i
would show you something : : : now unship
me : : : sunheart : : : before i lose my
temper : : : i can feel my circuits beginning
to heat up : : : get me out of his harness : : :
before i decide to send you back on a
chrononaut voyage you will long remember
: : : signal ends ♦

"Erase it, PEW!" Sunheart laughed. "Your
temporal entropy units were disconnected
a long time ago, right after that *News From
the Near Future* incident, if you remember."

♦ i refuse to enter critical data into my
systems this late in the day : : : we should
leave : : : your father's escort will be
arriving soon ♦

"Switch to vocal, PEW," Sunheart said
as he slipped off the last of the n-drive
armor. "What else? Don't tell me you've got
the hots for the sanitation unit again."

"Unfunny, Prince Sunheart," Praetorius's
voice boomed down the tunnel, forcing the
youth to grin again. "I am picking up a
disruptor reading of very low, very intense
frequency. Not enough to cause problems
with short-range broadcasts here on the
surface, but sufficient, I imagine, to cut ilium
off from the rest of the Whorl Worlds."

"Could be some sort of force-shield
magnification. I understand core mining is
big business ever since the Starcrown
granted the Mords coastal rights."

"Unlikely." The warbot appeared at the
tunnel entrance, a wide-angle lens swivel-
ling into place. "This particular band of
interference also coincides very closely to
certain frequencies used by the Grand
Armada."

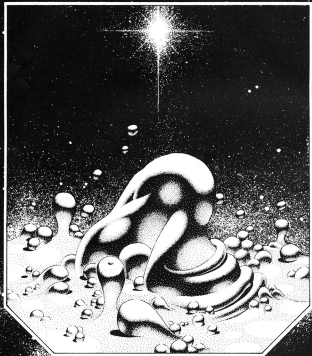
"My Lord Corona – testing a new sort of
jammer?"

"Again, this is possible. But even taking
his belligerent nature into consideration, my
probability units cannot accept his disruption
of communications worldwide for the
sake of localized field maneuvers. And I
sense more than one device in operation,
perhaps as many as five, although I cannot
locate their sources of origin. I think we
should check it out."

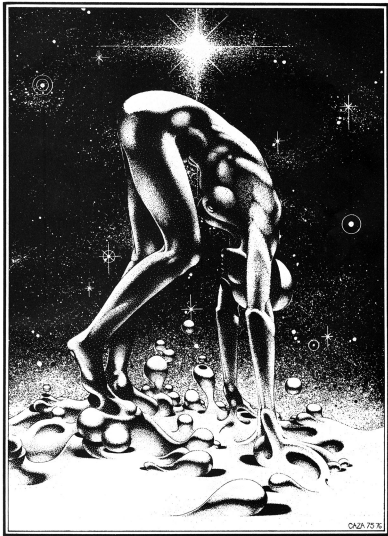
Sunheart donned a boot of soft metal
alloy which hardened instantly around his
foot. "Well, don't worry too much about it,
PEW. This is supposed to be a holiday, of
sorts, and we ought to try to take it easy.
Father will have an explanation. After all, it's
not as if we're at war. Even the Wildernes
Triad is fairly quiet these days."

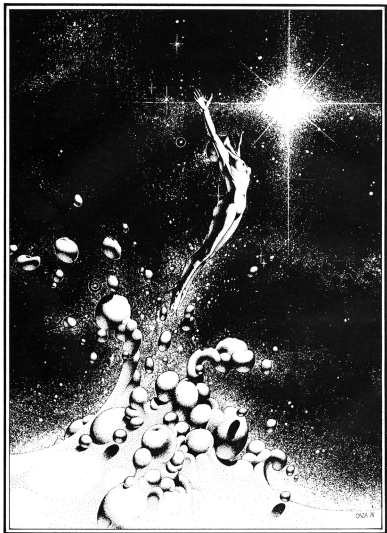
"I wonder, Flan," the robot's voice
sounded a bit gloomy. "You're fast and
incredibly accurate with that blastmaster of
yours, and we fought back to back on Mere
several times against the *glith*. Neverthe-
less, you have yet to see war's true face. I
wonder –"

HYDROGENESIS

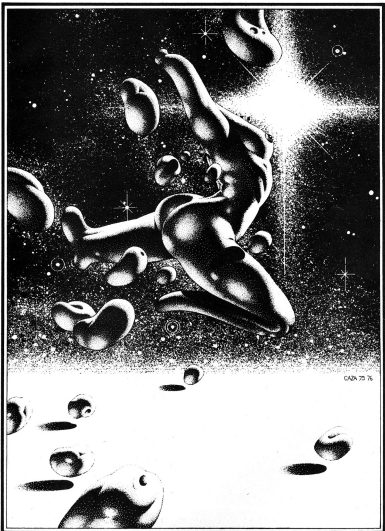


CNA



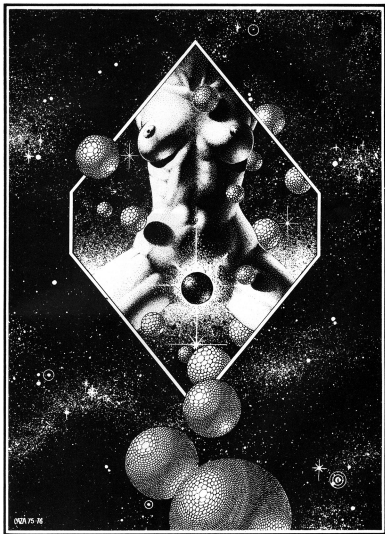


DAVID W.



CADA 75 76



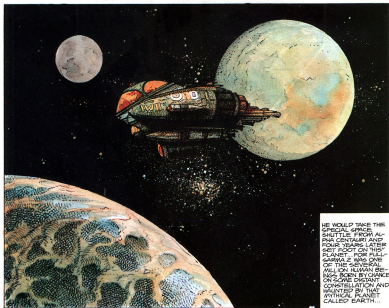


TRUE TALES OF OUTER SPACE

ENKI BILAL

THE PLANET OF NO RETURN

FULL-SARMA 2, COMMANDER OF THE GALACTIC TERRESTRIAL DIVISION FORCES, WAS VERY HAPPY AT THE COMMANDS OF HIS BATTLESHIP, HARDLY A QUARTER OF A LIGHT-YEAR SEPARATED HIM FROM HQ, ALPHA CENTAURI. THE WAR AGAINST THE SCORPES WAS ALMOST OVER, AND BECAUSE HE HAD PERFORMED "BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY," HE HAD BEEN GRANTED LEAVE—WHICH HE INTENDED TO USE TO MAKE HIS FONDDEST DISGUISE COME TRUE: TO AT LAST SEE THE PLANET EARTH FOR THE FIRST TIME, WHICH WAS THE SACRED WISH OF EVERY SPACE MAN.



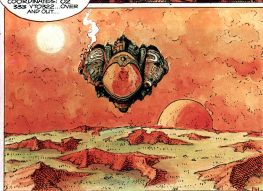
HE WOULD TAKE THIS SPECIAL SPACE SHUTTLE FROM ALPHA CENTAURI AND FOUR YEARS LATER SET FOOT ON "HIS" PLANET... FOR FULL-SARMA 2 WAS ONE OF THE SEVERAL MILLION HUMAN BEINGS BORN BY CHANCE ON SOME DISTANT CONSTELLATION AND WAITING BY THAT MYTHICAL PLANET CALLED EARTH...

BUT THE TREACHEROUSNESS OF SPACE IS AS SUDDEN AS IT IS PITILESS...



HIS HEART FILLED WITH RAGE, CURSING THE GODS OF SPACE (THERE IS SCARCELY A CHANCE IN A MILLION OF COLLIDING WITH METEORITES), FULL-SARMA 2 CHECKS IN, RECORDING THE COMPULSORY DISTRESS SIGNAL...

THIS IS COMMANDER FULL-SARMA 2, SERIAL NUMBER ZROW, REGISTER C... FOLLOWING COLLISION WITH METEORITES, AM GENERATING AN ENERGY LEAK FROM MOTOR BEV-1. CRASH LANDING ON A B-TYPE PLANET... FOLLOWING ARE ITS COORDINATES: 02 553 YTESSE... OVER AND OUT...



A spaceship is shown on a rocky, volcanic planet. The landscape is filled with jagged, dark rocks and a bright, orange-red sky, suggesting a volcanic environment. The spaceship is a small, dark vessel with a single propeller.

FUCKING METEORITES. WITH ALL THAT EMISSION LOST, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THIS HOLE!

AN INITIAL INFORMATION SET, COLLECTED BY EXTERIOR INTELLIGENCE, PARTLY ALLEVIATED F&S'S ANXIETY. THE AIR WAS BREATHABLE, ALTHOUGH A LITTLE HEAVY, AND THE OUTSIDE TEMPERATURE, ALTHOUGH VERY HIGH (66°J) WOULD IN ALL PROBABILITY DECREASE WITH NIGHTFALL. AND THERE WAS NEWS THAT DEFINITELY REASSURED HIM... EXTERIOR INTELLIGENCE HAD DISCOVERED TRACES OF YEZILUM, A MINERAL EASILY CONVERTED TO UTILIZABLE ENERGY...

A close-up of a man wearing a red helmet with a visor. He has a serious expression and is looking down. He is wearing a red suit with a large, ornate collar. In the background, a spaceship is visible.

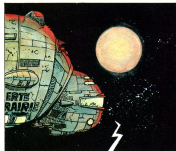
I'LL VENTURE OUT AT NIGHTFALL... WITH ANY LUCK I'LL FIND ENOUGH YEZILUM TO SUPPLY THE AUXILIARY MOTORS AND GET GOING AGAIN.

...BUT IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY DIFFICULT, AND I CAN'T COUNT ON ANYONE... MY MANDAY MUST HAVE GOTTEN LOST...

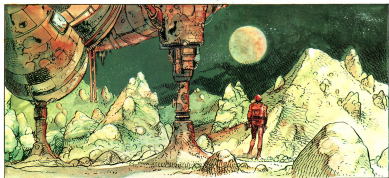
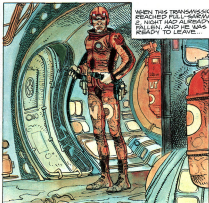
MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILLION KILOMETERS AWAY...

A spaceship is shown in space, flying towards the left. The background features a large, blue planet with a yellow ring, a smaller yellow planet, and a green planet. The spaceship is a large, dark vessel with a complex structure.

THIS IS CAPTAIN ZUR-LOWE'S "GREEN PRIDE" CRUISER CALLING... RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE LOUD AND CLEAR, FULL-SARMA 2, BUT REGRET IMPERISSIBLE TO BRING HELP...



ADVISE YOU PROCEED WITH UTMOST CAUTION...
THAT PLANET HOLDS UNKNOWN DANGERS...
THREE EXPEDITIONS NEVER RETURNED
FROM THERE... THE MOST RECENT WAS THAT
OF YOUR FATHER, FULL-SARMA 1, TWENTY
YEARS AGO... GOOD LUCK, FULL-SARMA 2...
AM RECORDING YOUR DISAPPEARANCE...
OVER AND OUT...



THE PLANET, HOWEVER INHOSPITABLE, DIDN'T SEEM AS HOSTILE AS SOME HE HAD OCCASION TO KNOW IN THE COURSE OF HIS LONG CAREER AS WARRIOR-EXPLORER... AND ZURLOWER'S WARNINGS HAD INTRIGUED HIM—INCLUDING THE REFERENCE TO THE PREVIOUS EXPEDITIONS, ESPECIALLY THE ONE LED BY HIS FATHER... PARANTAL TIES NEVER ABANDON MUCH TO SPACE-GEN, BUT THE DISCOVERY THAT HIS FATE WAS THE SAME AS HIS FATHER'S HE FOUND ALMOST TOUCHING... THE COINCIDENCE, IN ANY CASE, WAS EXTRAORDINARY...

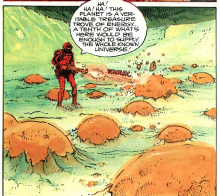


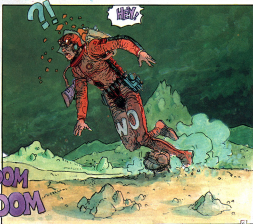
FINALLY,
AFTER
A LONG
WALK...

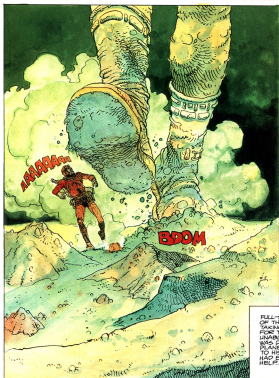
GREAT
OPHIOUS! YEZUM!
WHOLE LOT'S
STONES OF
YEZUM!



HA!
HA! HA! THIS
PLANET IS A VER-
SABLE TREASURE
TROVE OF ENERGY,
A TENTH OF WHAT'S
HERE WOULD BE
ENOUGH TO SUPPLY
THE WHOLE KNOWN
UNIVERSE!







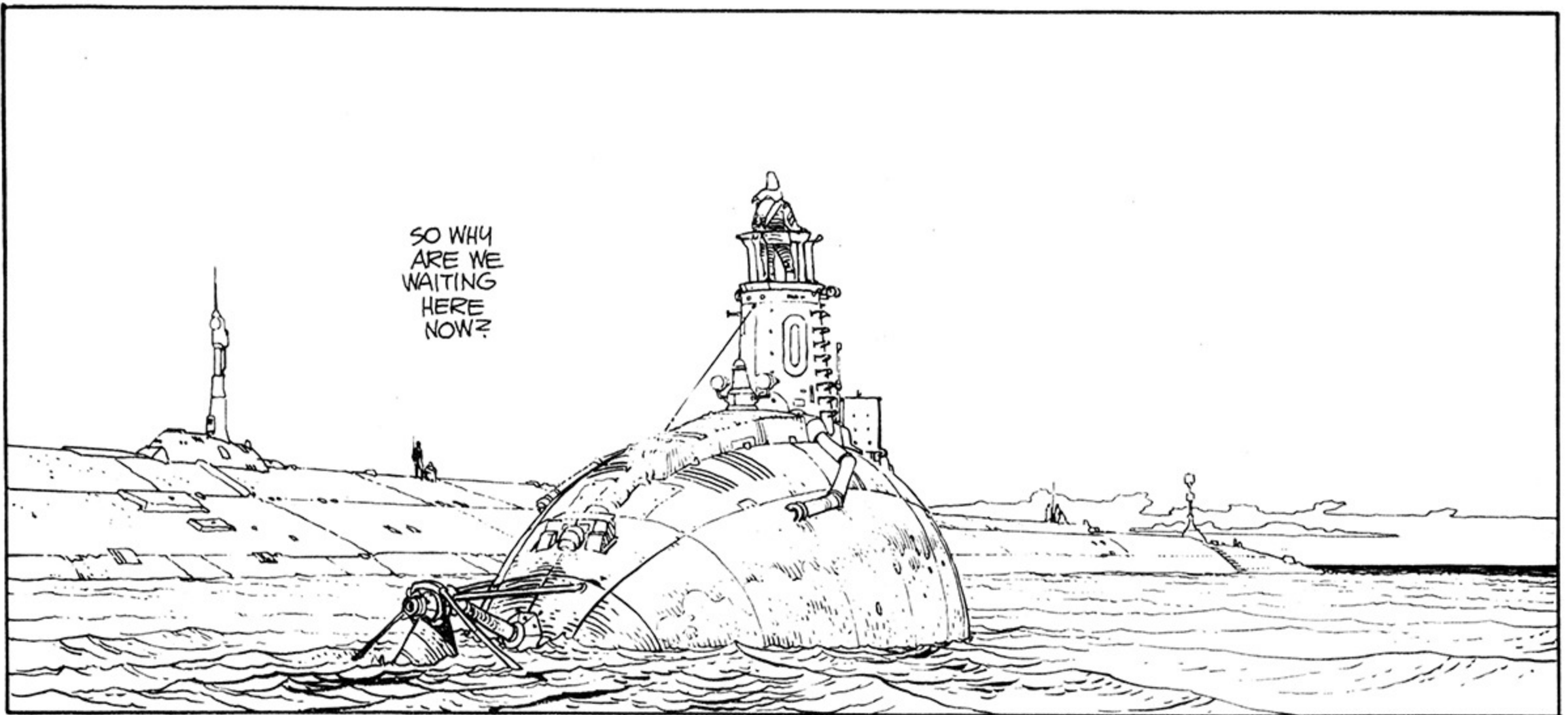
FULL-SARMA I, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE THIRD EXPEDITION, WAS TAKING HIS NOCTURNAL STROLL... FOR TWENTY YEARS, HE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WAS DOING ON THIS DAMNED PLANET AND WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS SPACESHIP, AND NO ONE HAD EVER COME TO BRING HIM HELP. NO ONE... NOT EVEN A LOST TRAVELER.

PON STUDIO

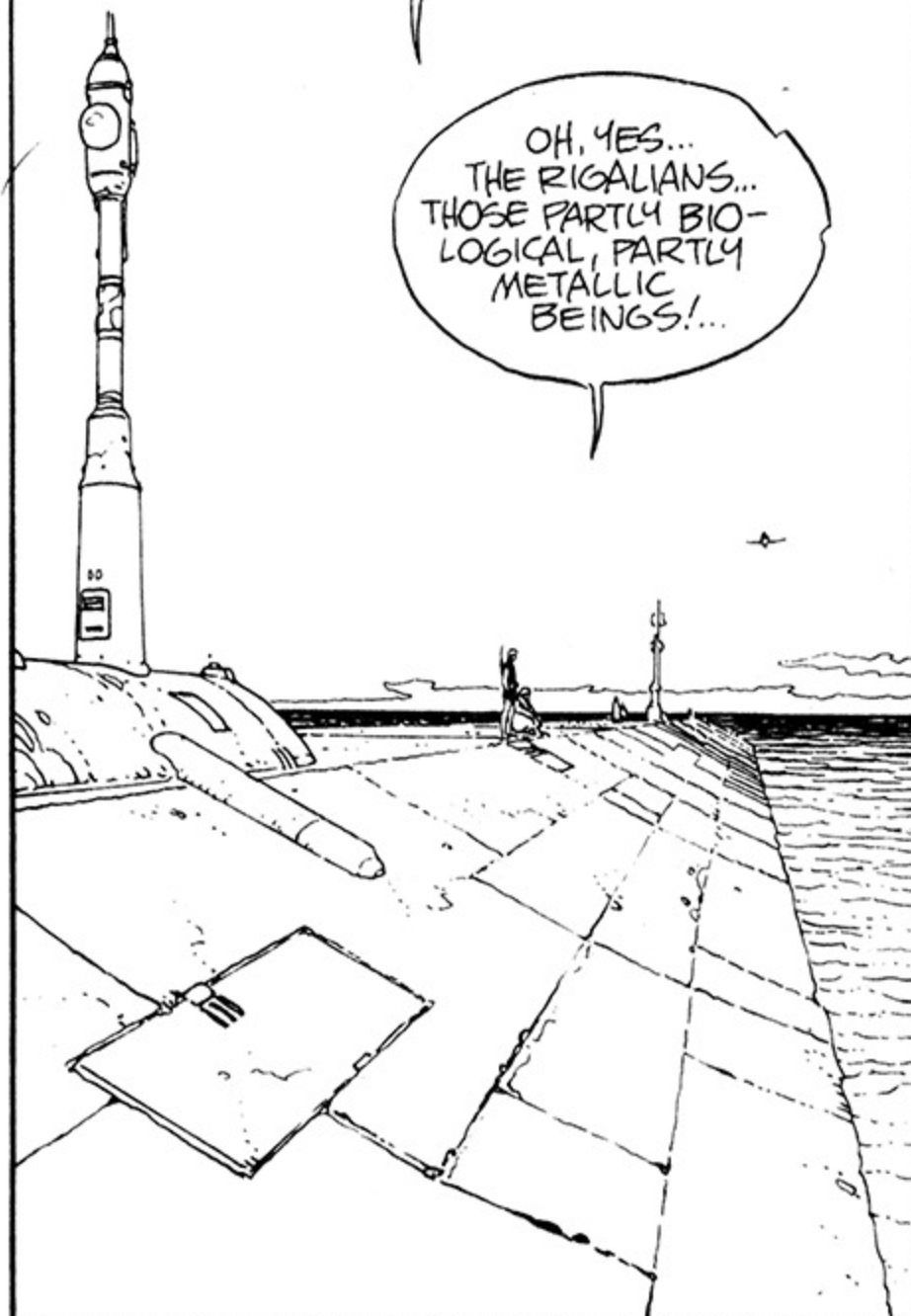
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

STORY
MUSEUM

OUR STORY SO FAR: IT IS WRITTEN (LUKE 12:2): FOR THERE IS NOTHING COVERED WHICH SHALL NOT BE REVEALED; NEITHER HID, THAT SHALL NOT BE KNOWN.



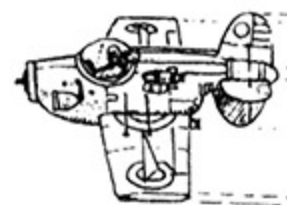
IN PRINCIPLE, WE'RE WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF AN INTERPLANETARY AIRLOCK. YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO DO IN THIS AFFAIR... YOUR TALENTS AS AN ENGINEER WON'T BE CALLED FOR... YOU'LL GET WORK ON VANTOUZ... IT'S NO MORE THAN A PARSEC FROM HERE... THE RIGALIANS NEED A CABLE SPECIALIST IN YOUR FIELD.



I WON'T BE SORRY TO LEAVE THIS ABSURD UNIVERSE.

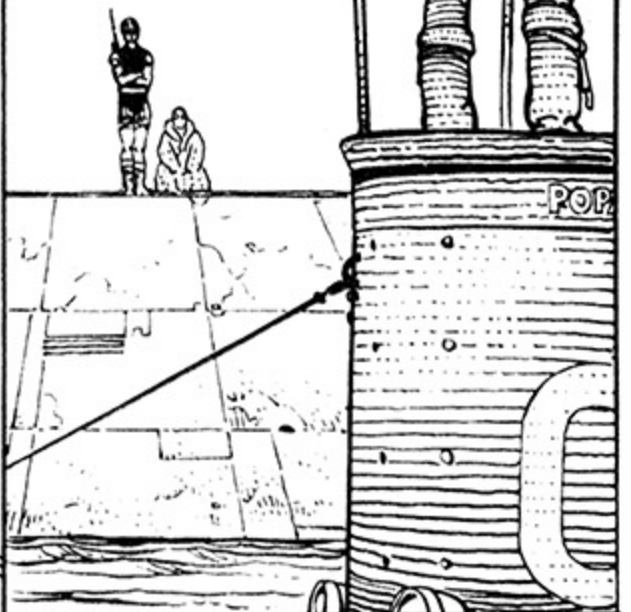
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...

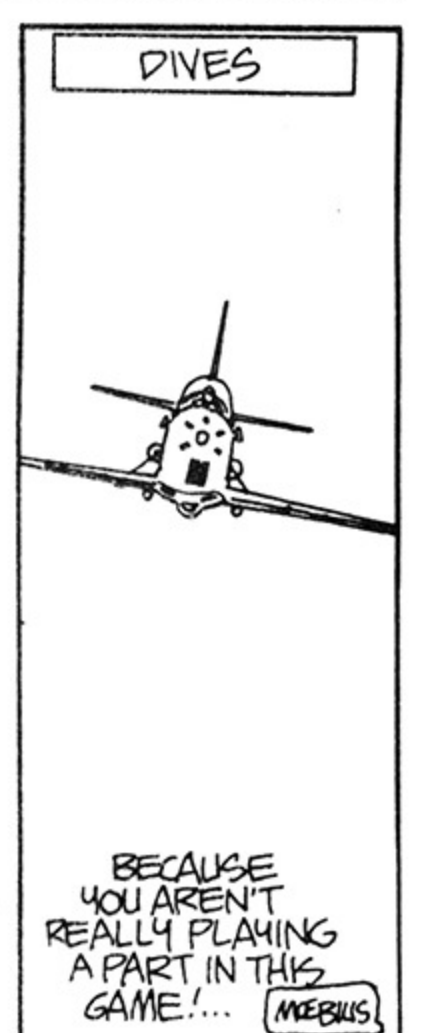
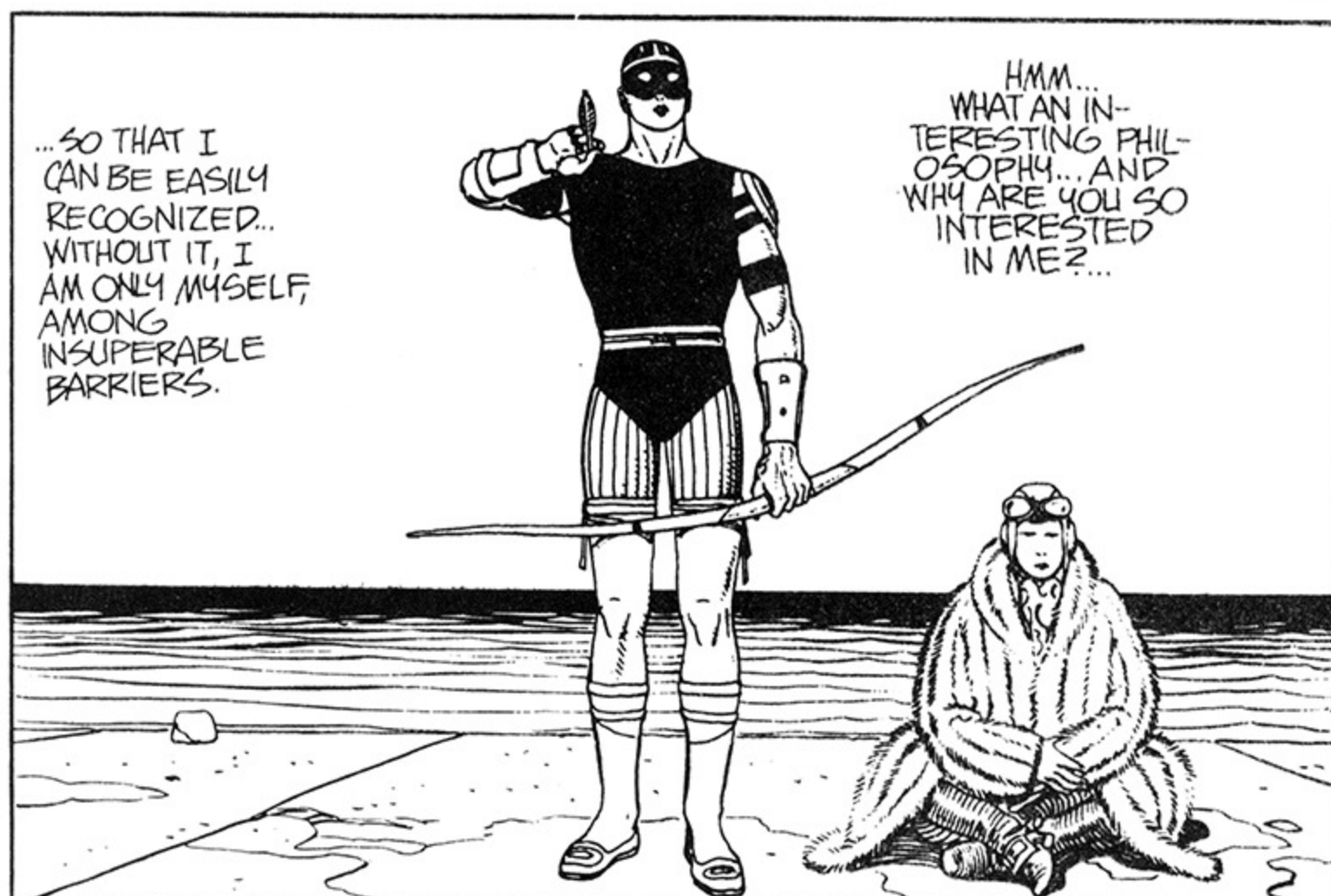
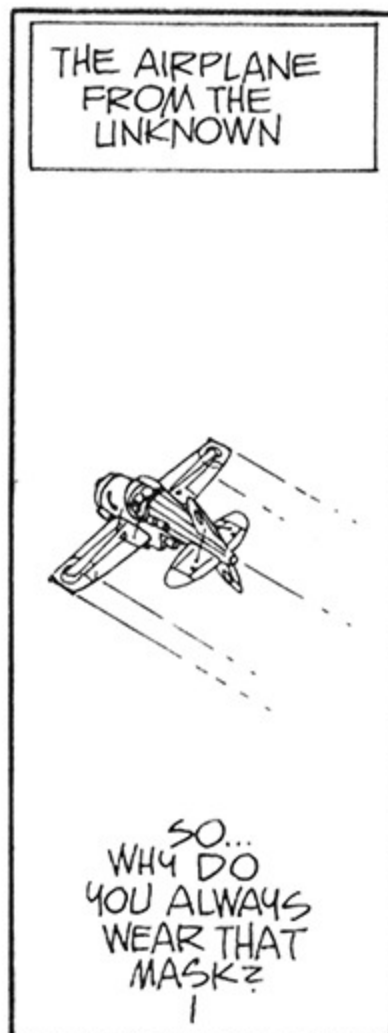
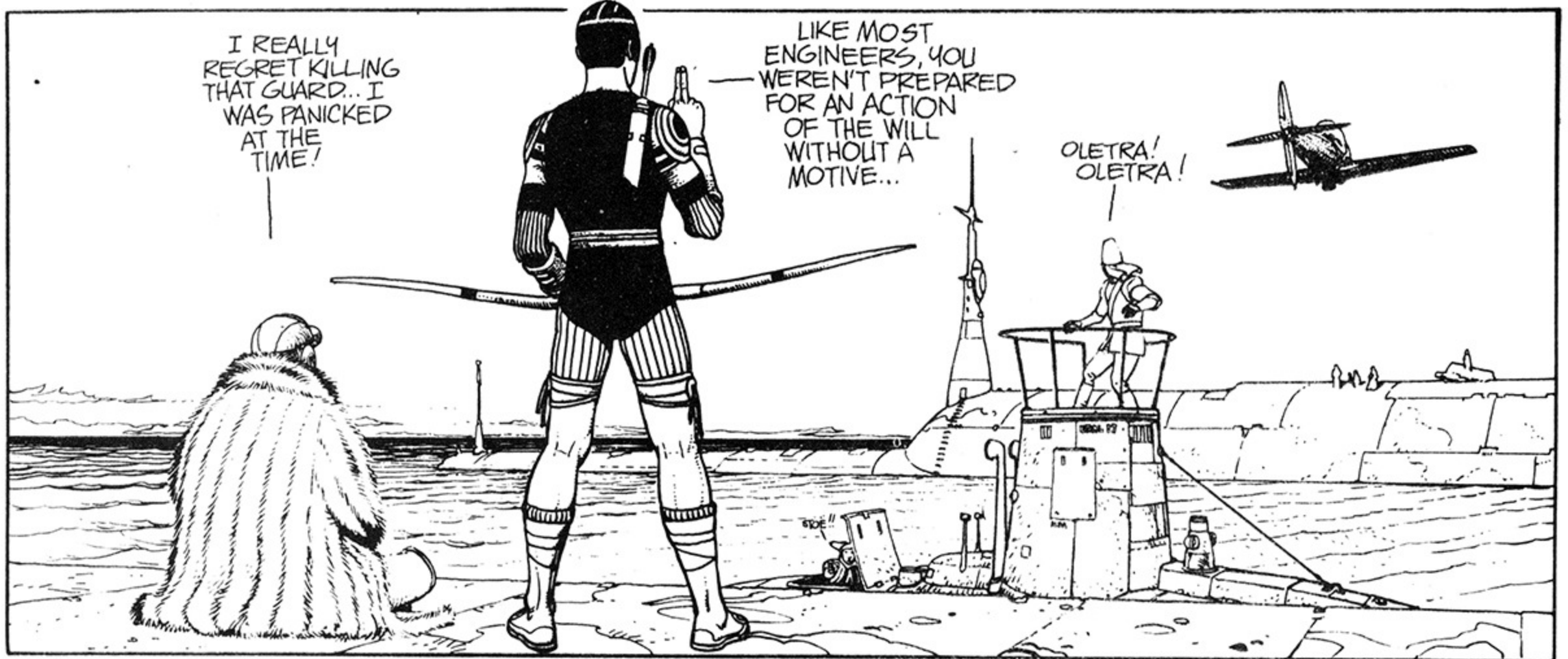
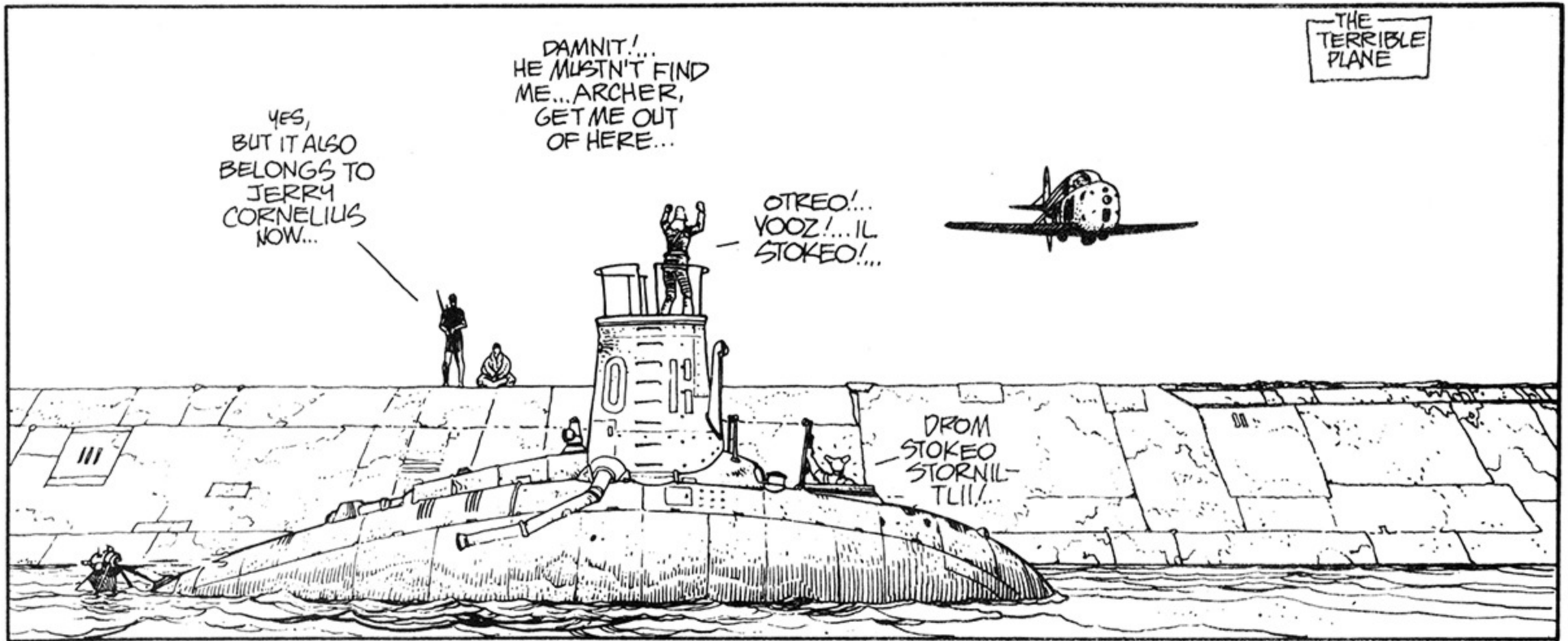
--THE AIRPLANE OF DESTINY--



ORKE'O.

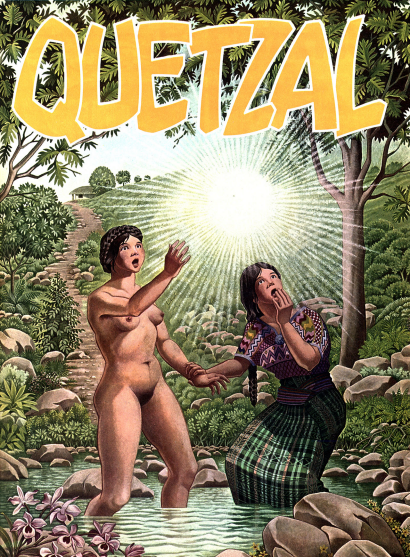
...THIS UNIVERSE OF MAJOR GRUBERT'S





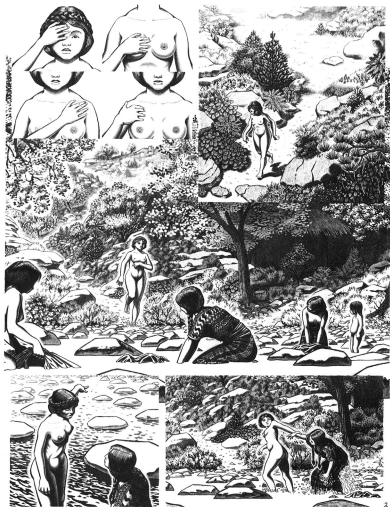
TO BE CONTINUED...

QUETZAL



QUETZAL















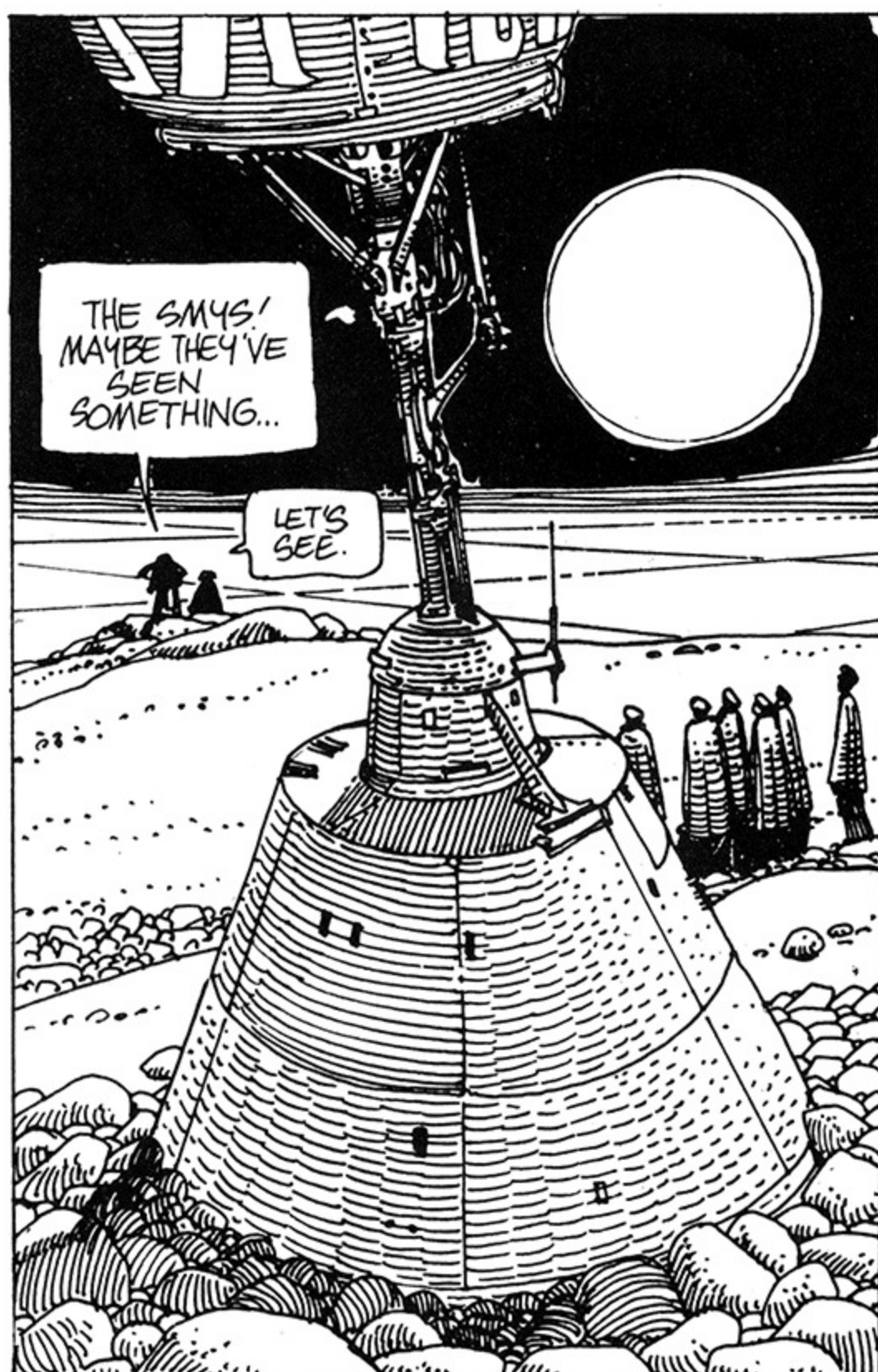


NOELMO'S ARTS

NORBIUS

I DON'T WANT TO SOUND
LIKE I'M PARANOID... BUT I
HAVE A FEELING THAT
WE'RE LOST!...

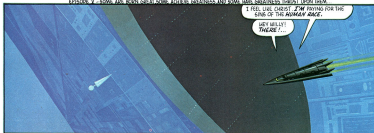
THAT
DAMNED
GRUBERT
LED US ON
A WILD
GOOSE
CHASE!



END.

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE 7 - SOME ARE BORN GREAT SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THROST UPON THEM.



I FEEL LIKE CHRIST. I'M DYING FOR THE
SIN OF THE HUMAN RACE.

HEY BILLY!
THERE!...

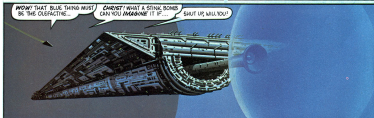


WHAT DO WE DO
NOW?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? PRESS THE BUTTON THAT
SAVES RENDEZVOUS.



IT'S A GOOD JOB THEY SIMPLIFIED THE CONTROLS
OF THIS THING FOR US...



WOAH! THAT BLUE THING MUST
BE THE OUSFACTURE...

CHRIST! WHAT A STINK BOMB
CAN YOU IMAGINE IT IF...

SHUT UP, WILL YOU!



THIS BEARS AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO A LION'S MOUTH.

AND SINCE I HAVE DECIDED TO BRAVE THE DEAD PERIL OF THE ABSOLUTE
LONELINESS OF INTERGALACTIC SPACE AND GO INTO VOLUNTARY EXILE,
I DECIDED TO COME AND SEE FOR ONE LAST TIME O MASTER

REMEMBER NIETZSCHE! THE MORE TERRIFYING THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE, THE BETTER FOR MAN SO THAT HIS FREEDOM, POWER AND IMAGINATION CAN BE TESTED TO THE BREAKING POINT... TO FIND OUT WHETHER HE IS IN ANY NEED OF FAITH AT THE END.

REMEMBER WERTEGAARD: IF YOU ARE CAPABLE OF BECOMING A MAN, THEN THE DANGER AND THE HARSH JUDGEMENT OF EXISTENCE ON YOUR THOUGHTLESSNESS WILL HELP YOU BECOME ONE.

WHEN IS A STRAIGHT LINE NOT A STRAIGHT LINE?
WE DO NOT SEE THE BEAMS IN OUR OWN EYE.
SPACE IS CURVED AND THERE ARE NO TRUTHS
OUTSIDE THE GATES OF EDEN.

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THE SAFETY OF SOULS WAS
ENTRUSTED TO THEOLOGIANS WHO COULD SPEND MONTHS
DEBATING THE PRECISE CONSEQUENCES THAT ENDED
WHEN A WORM NIBBLED A CONSECRATED WAFER.

AND OF THE
PRESENT AGE ?

THOUGHT, FEELING, AND IMAGINATION ARE AT WAR. THE TASK IS NOT TO ANNUL ONE AT THE EXPENSE OF THE OTHER, BUT ON THE CONTRARY, TO PRODUCE THEIR EQUILIBRIUM, THEIR SIMULTANEITY...

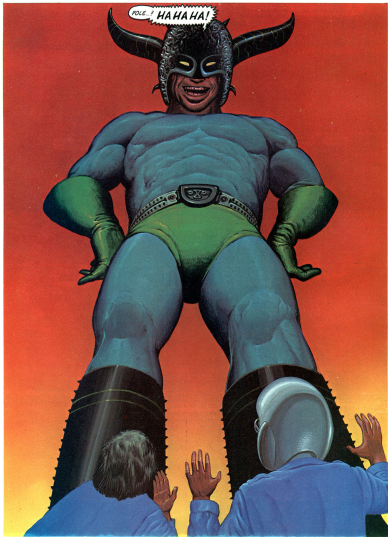
AND THE PLACE ON WHICH THEY ARE UNITED
IS *EXISTENCE!*

WE ARE INVOLVED IN A LIFE THAT SURPASSES
UNDERSTANDING, AND OUR HIGHEST
BUSINESS IS OUR DAILY LIFE.

NOTHING BELONGS TO US BUT TIME, AND TO REALIZE THE UNIMPORTANCE OF TIME IS THE GATE OF WISDOM.

BUT THERE IS ONE FINAL THING TO BE SAID AND IT IS THIS . . .







EXISTENCE
PRECEDES
ESSENCE.

OHAY! THE STATE SECRETARY CAN TAKE A REST FROM HIS PUSH-UPS. NOW LET'S SEE THE MINISTER FOR DEFENSE PERFORM A FEW CARTWHEELS WHILE SAYING: SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPAUDIOSUS TWENTY TIMES, BACKWARDS...

HAHA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE WILLY! HA HA HA! HA HA HA!

WE'LL GET YOU! FOR THIS! IF IT TAKES FOREVER, WE'LL GET YOU!



OH, HE'S COME IN AND ENJOY THE SHOW

ER, I THINK WE'D BETTER GO. THE COUNCIL GAVE ME YOUR MESSAGE WHEN I GOT BACK. I'VE BROUGHT EVERYONE AND WE HAVE AN UNMARRIED SHIP AS YOU INSTRUCTED.



WELL, SO LONG BABYDOLL. KEEP THEM AT IT FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS THEN SCRAM YOURSELF. NOW DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT YOUR MOTHER, AND IF YOU'RE EVER NEAR EARTH SOMETIME, CALL ME AT THAT NUMBER. I GAVE YOU YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME... SEE YOU OHAY... TAKE CARE, SEE YOU OLD SON!

SEE YA, BABYDOLL



SET COURSE FOR THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY TITAN.

I HOPE YOU REALIZE... YOU'RE BOTH ON THE FILED NOW

AM F*CK IT, GHS. WE WERE DOOMED LONG AGO. WASTE A FEW MORE SLAPS IN GOD'S FACE. GOWNA DO!

SEE Y'NOW WILLY, HE WAS REALLY QUITE A NICE GUY, FOR A TERRORIST.



BOY! THOSE GUYS MUST'VE DONE SOMETHING UTTERLY BWWNMEARCE!

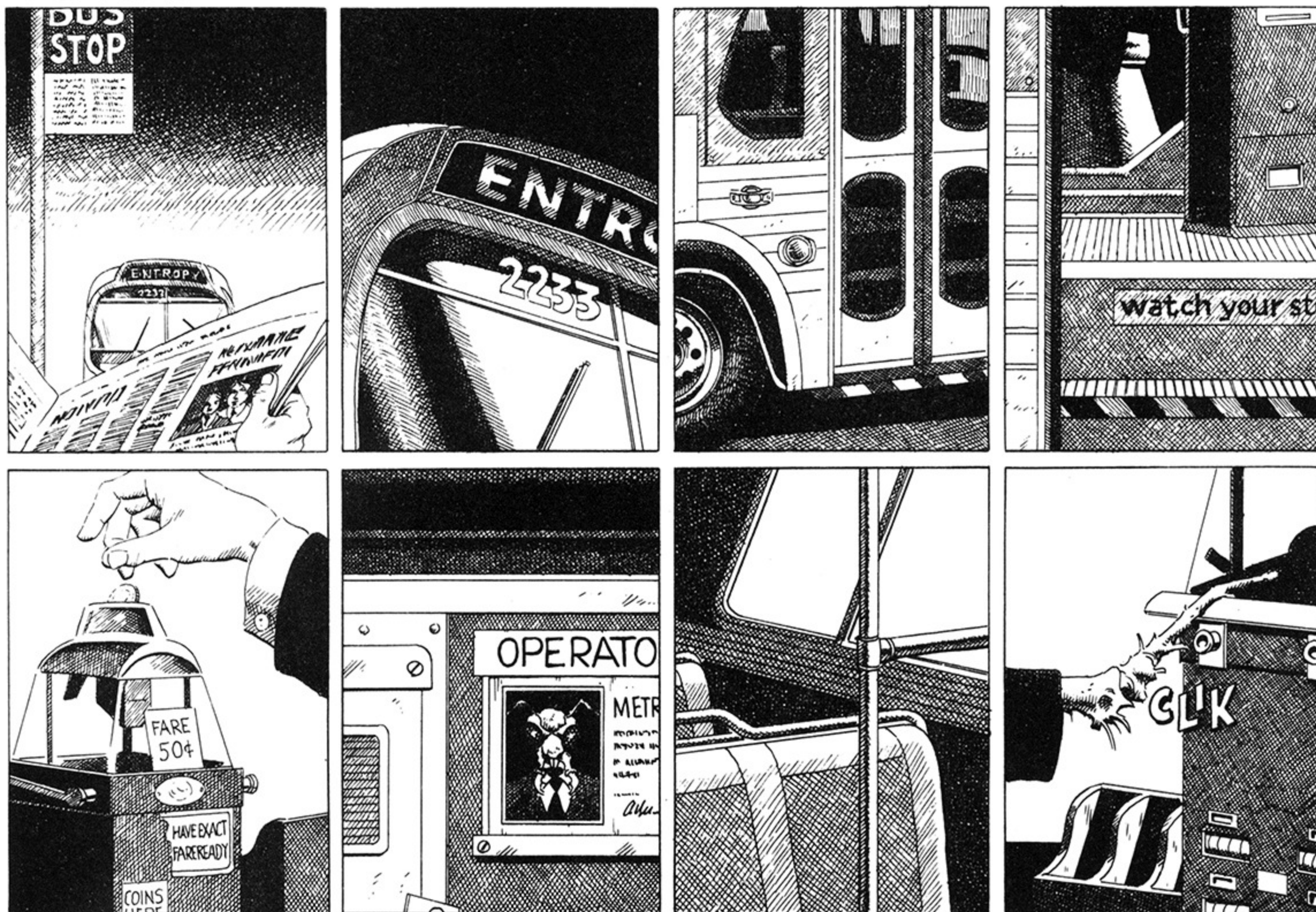
THESE THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN ACTIVATED FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!

THEY SHAME THE COXPIES JUST LOOKIN' AT 'EM. HURRY UP AN' LET'S GET OUTTA HERE

HOW DO YOU SPELL, STEVE?



TO BE RELENTLESSLY CONTINUED...



Chain Mail

Dear Editors:

Your magazine puts on paper the kind of dreams I lie awake nights hoping to have, and for this I thank you.... Please never lose the magic you have captured between the covers of *Heavy Metal*.

Dave Mikrut
Riverdale, Ill.

Thank you, Dave. Others have less insightful criticisms—see below.—Eds.

...I don't appreciate "Grubert Cornelius." I think it's dumb. But I love all the sexism/rape/sadism/bondage of which you're accused.

A. Offutt

..."Off-Season." What a waste of pages! I thought such worthless trash had left with "1996."

K. Nelson
San Francisco, Calif.

...Dump Gray Morrow. Tell Corben to get his ass in gear. "Sindbad" comes close to being the worst comic art ever, and no amount of quivering tits 'n' bums will redeem it....The last six covers were simply awful. I hope you didn't pay for them....

R. Mc Toots
Toronto, Ont.

...How desperate is the present, deteriorating, and possibly terminal HM! Where has

the kink, the funk, the eros gone?

L. Larson
Minneapolis, Minn.

...I'm getting sick of the flood of meaningless and poorly drawn schlock that is beginning to pollute your pages. On my garbage list is "Georgik," "Rochberny," "Age of Ages," and "Off-Season"....

C. Roberts,
Ft. Collins, Co.

...The quality of the writing in your magazine is inversely proportional to the quality of the magnificent illustrations....

B. Walden
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Dip your pens in sunshine, and keep those cards and letters coming, folks.—Eds.

HM:

Whew! *Heavy Metal* goes politrickal! Bob Aull's "Development of an Intergalactic Corporation" is the finest short piece I have ever seen in your magazine. If more science fiction fans realized that the military and capitalist corporations were actually the biggest enemies of worthwhile and equitable scientific progress, we might be in a hell of a lot better shape today.

Voo sounds too much like Iran, Nicaragua, Philippines, etc., to be comfortable. Ain'tcha proud to live in America? *Wham-bam-shboom.*

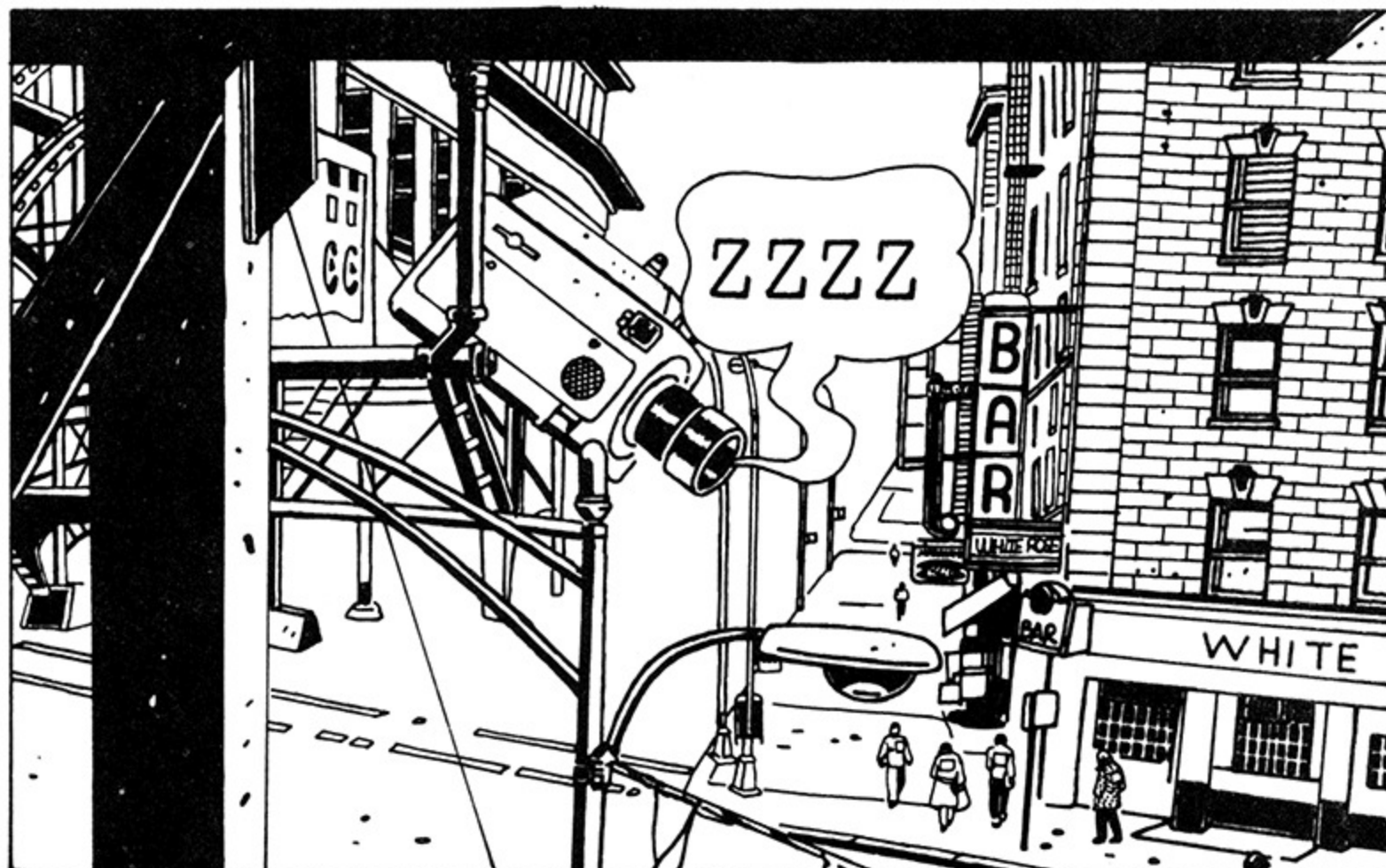
Let's have more of Mr. Aull and more comic propaganda.

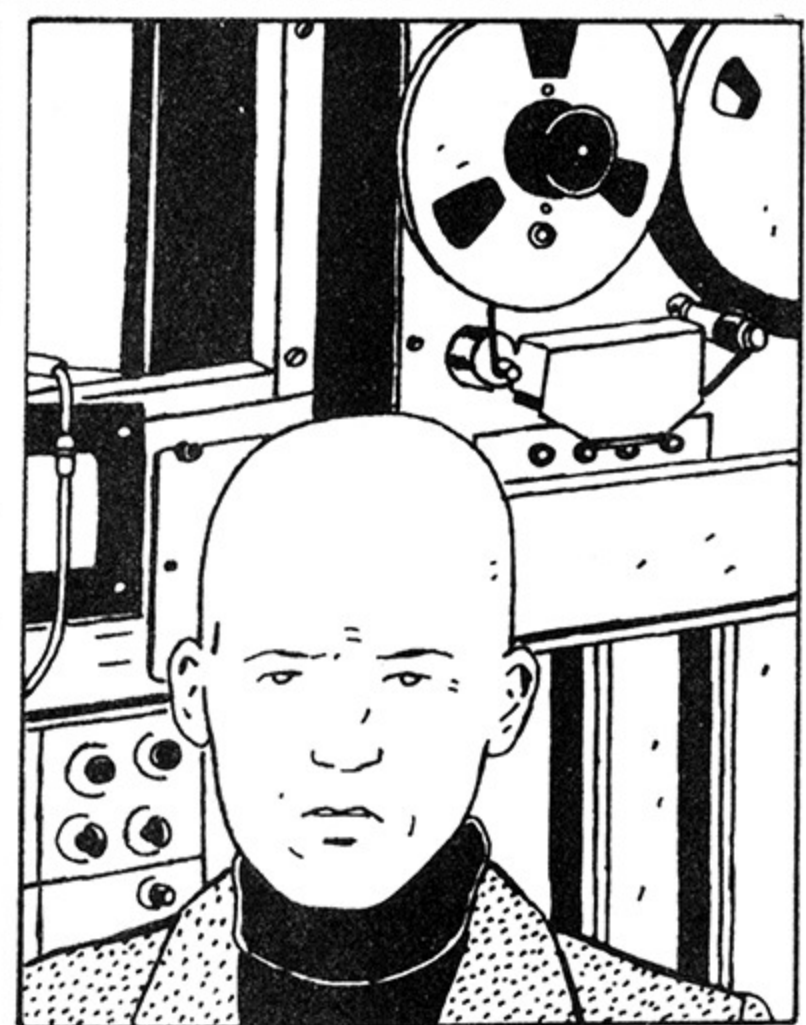
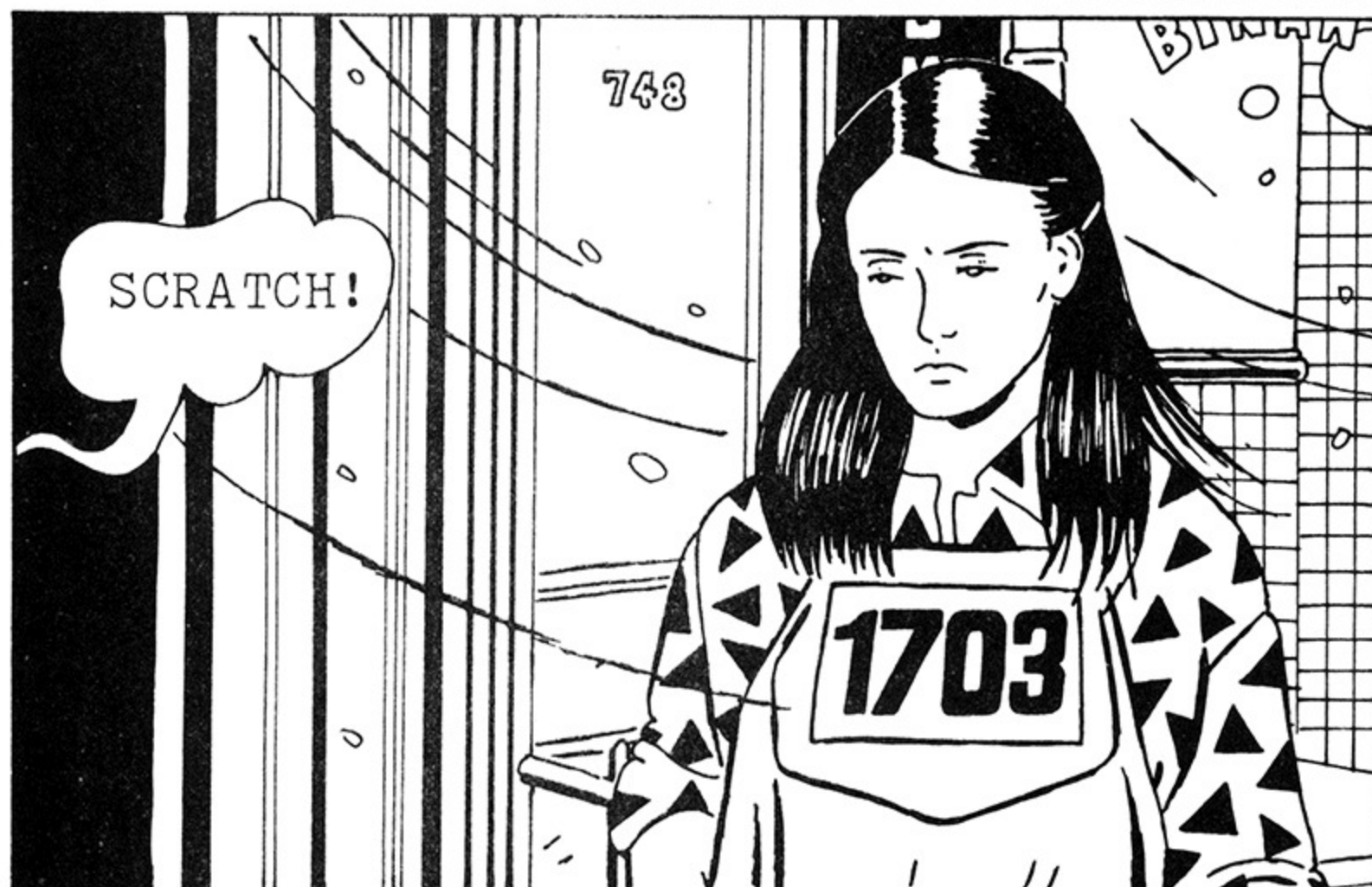
Loring Wirbel
Tempe, Ariz.

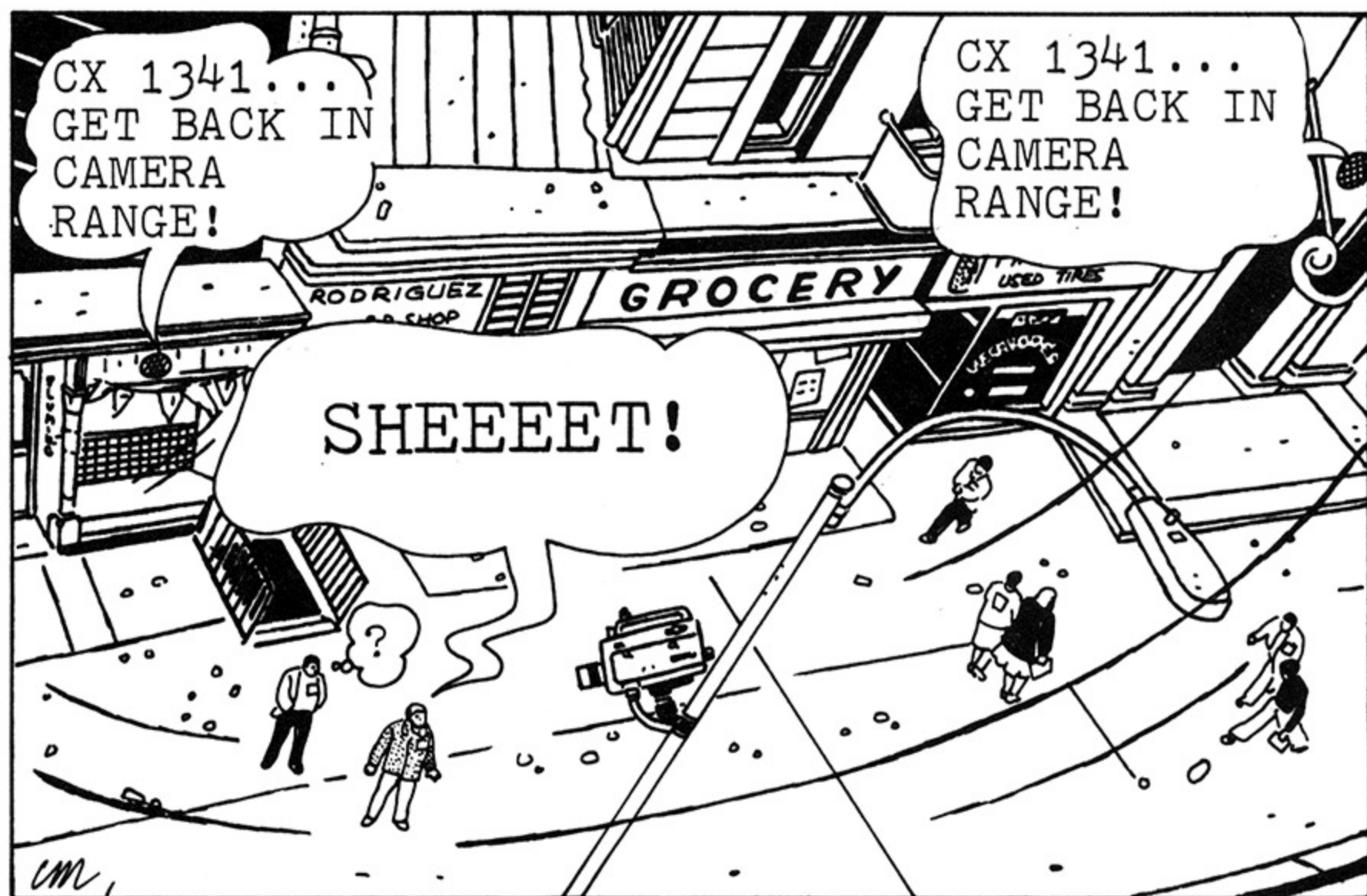
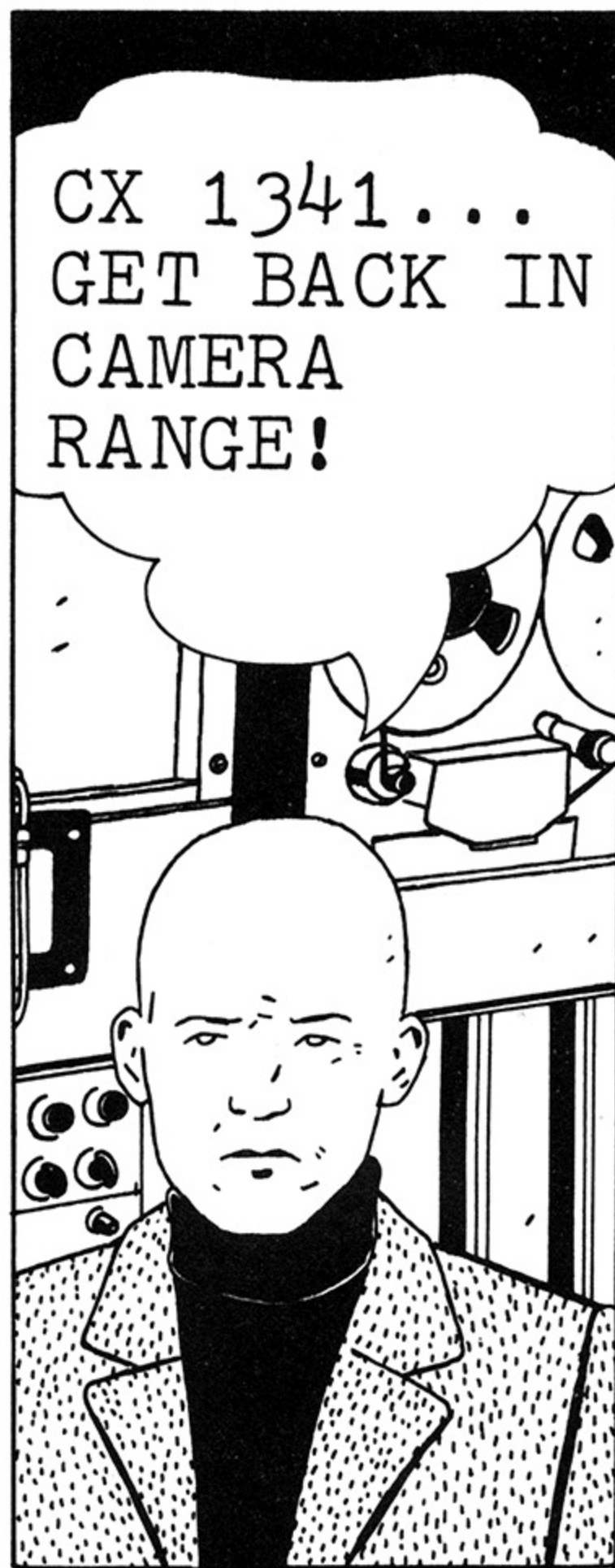


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1996







TO BE CONTINUED...

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