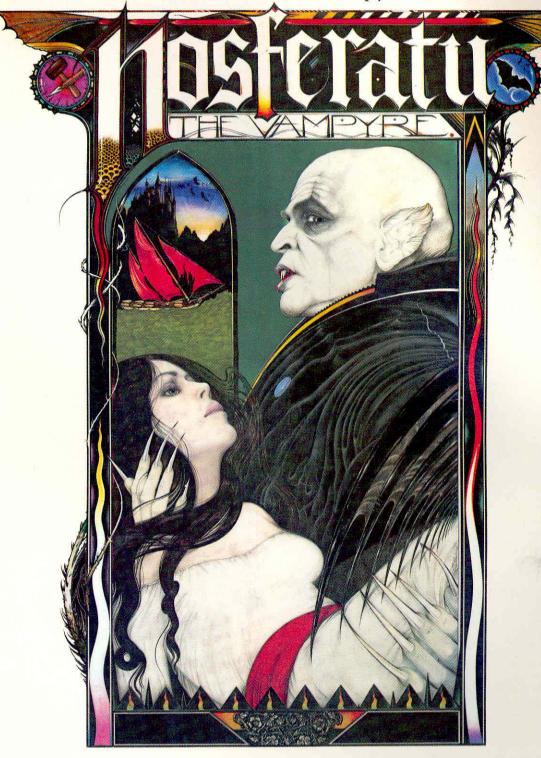


It is fear and fun. It is a scream of horror and a cry of delight. It is Nosferatu, the Vampyre.



TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX presents

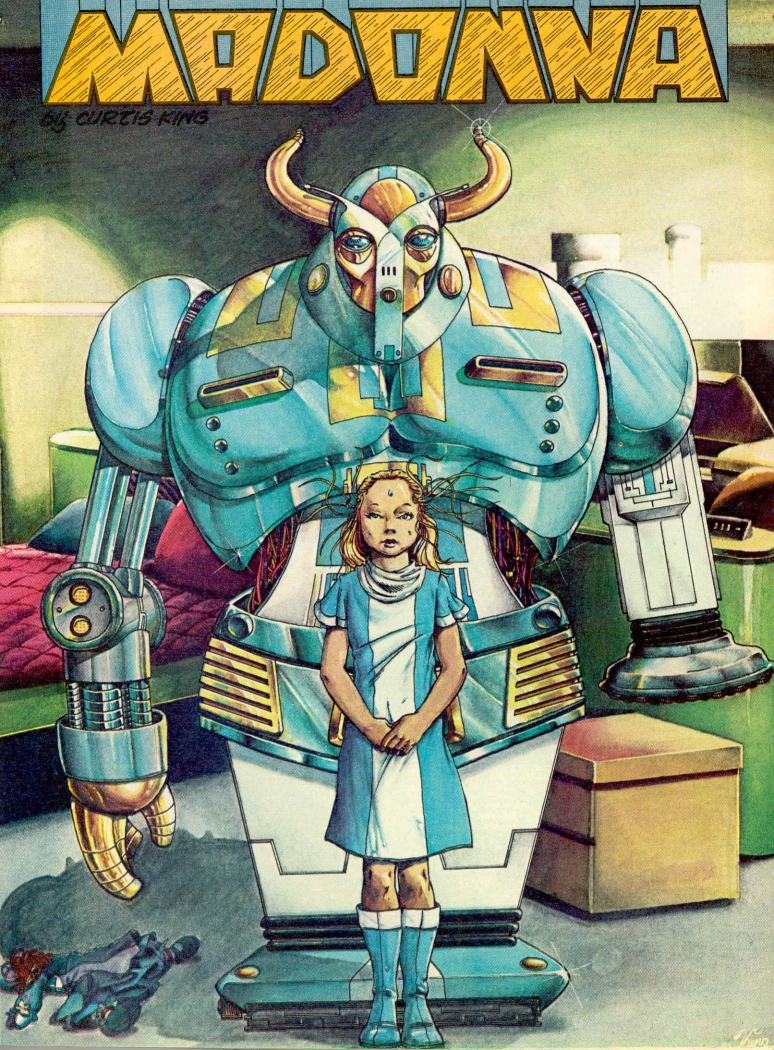
### KLAUS KINSKI ISABELLE ADJANI J THE VAMPYŘE with BRUNO GANZ

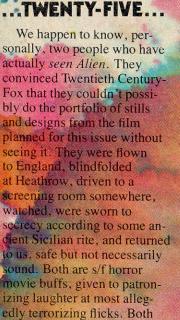
MICHAEL GRUSKOFF presents A WERNER HERZOG FILM

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED Written, Produced and Directed by WERNER HERZOG Color by EASTMAN





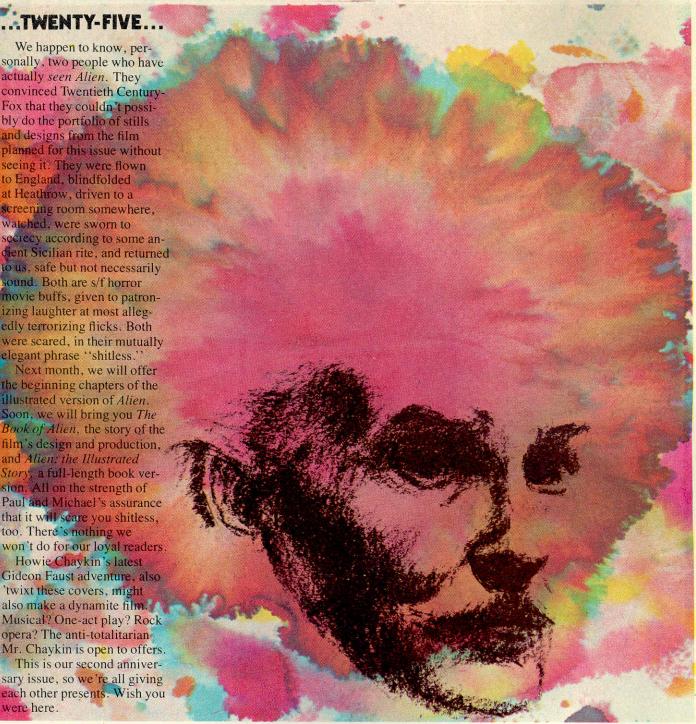




elegant phrase "shitless." Next month, we will offer the beginning chapters of the illustrated version of Alien. Soon, we will bring you The Book of Alien, the story of the film's design and production, and Alien: the Illustrated Story, a full-length book version. All on the strength of Paul and Michael's assurance that it will scare you shitless, too. There's nothing we won't do for our loyal readers.

Howie Chaykin's latest Gideon Faust adventure, also 'twixt these covers, might also make a dynamite film. Musical? One-act play? Rock opera? The anti-totalitarian Mr. Chaykin is open to offers.

This is our second anniversary issue, so we're all giving each other presents. Wish you were here.



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"I dug through the mounds of treasure, frantic and fearful as a rat, in search of a weapon for my final confrontation with Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif. I scorned many a fine-trimmed but fragile blade..."





"... selecting, finally, a common sword with centuries of hard use apparent in its sturdy features."

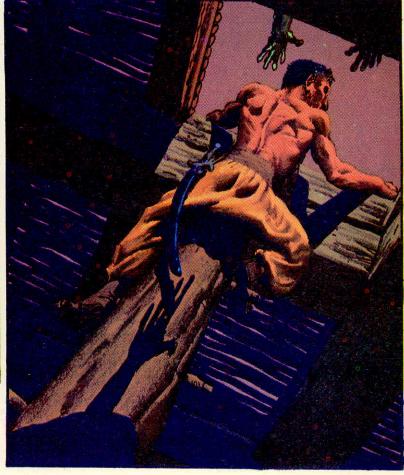
"To my amazement the edge was still keen."

Praise Allah! At my life's very end . . . a friend strong and true in which to place my trust!





"I climbed cautiously to the upper deck, and . . . I was certain . . . to my death."

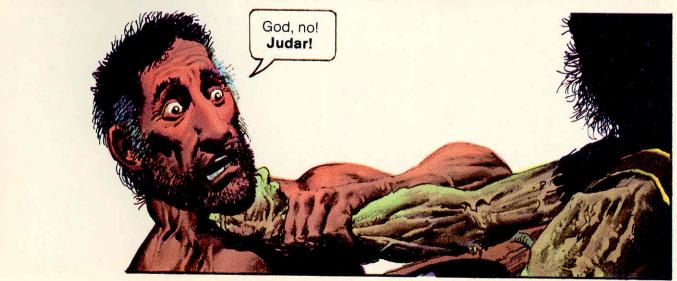
















"For a moment, recognition seemed to glimmer in Judar's eyes . . ."

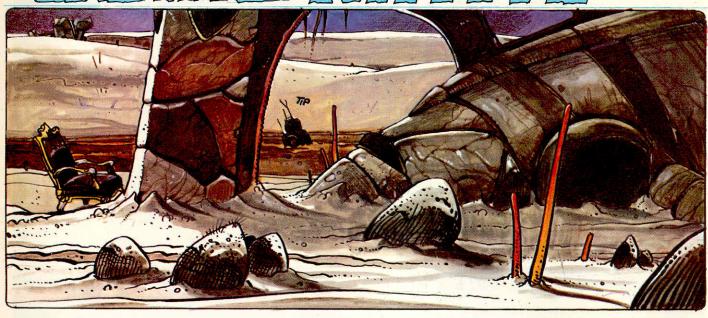


"... and then was gone."



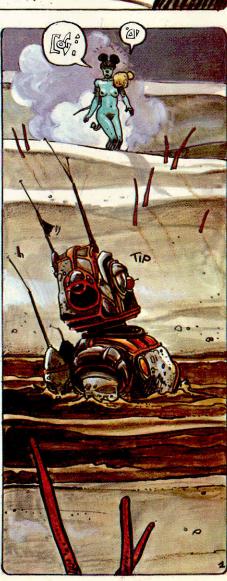


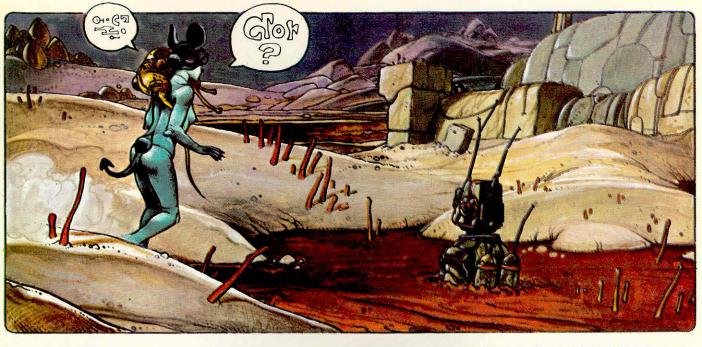
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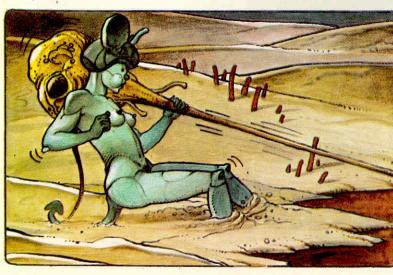




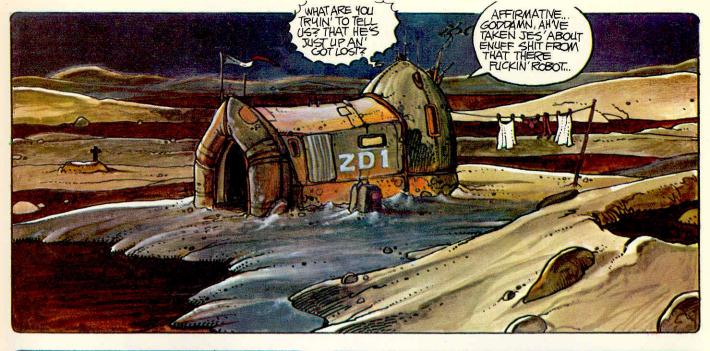




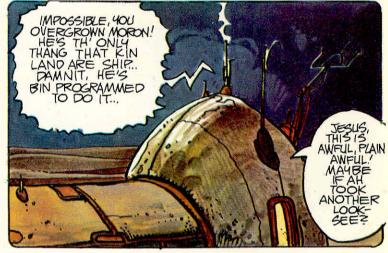




























... STILL, IT'S MAH SUPREME
PUHSONAL AMBITION TO
ARRANGE THE COSMIC MIS-CEGINATION OF A HUMAN
AN' A EXTRATERRESTRIAL!
SO AH'M REAL PLEASED
TO SEE THAT YOU, MAH
LITTLE BLUE LADY, ARE
PUHFECTLY CONSTRUCTED
FOR SUCH AN EXPERIMENT...



IT'S A REAL EXCITIN'
PROSPECT... HERE'S
WHAT AH SUSGEST...
YOU AN' ME FORM A...
HOW SHALL AH SAY?...
SEXUAL UNION,
THAT IS,
CONNECTION...





























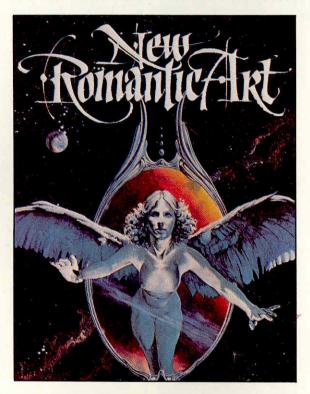


THE END.

## AR1EL

First in Fantasy and Science Fiction

### PROUDLY PRESENTS



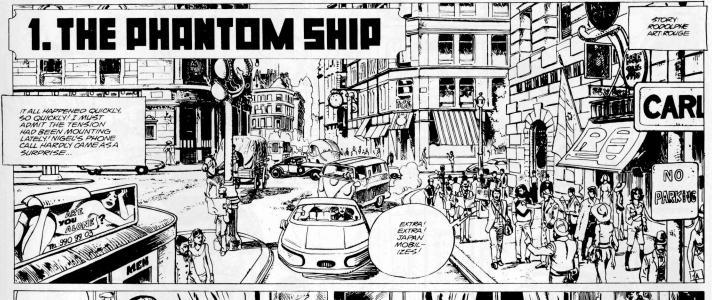
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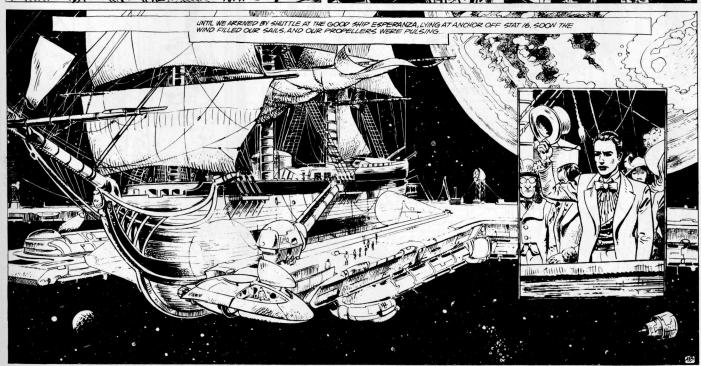
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### TALES OF THE LEGENDARY FUTURE



















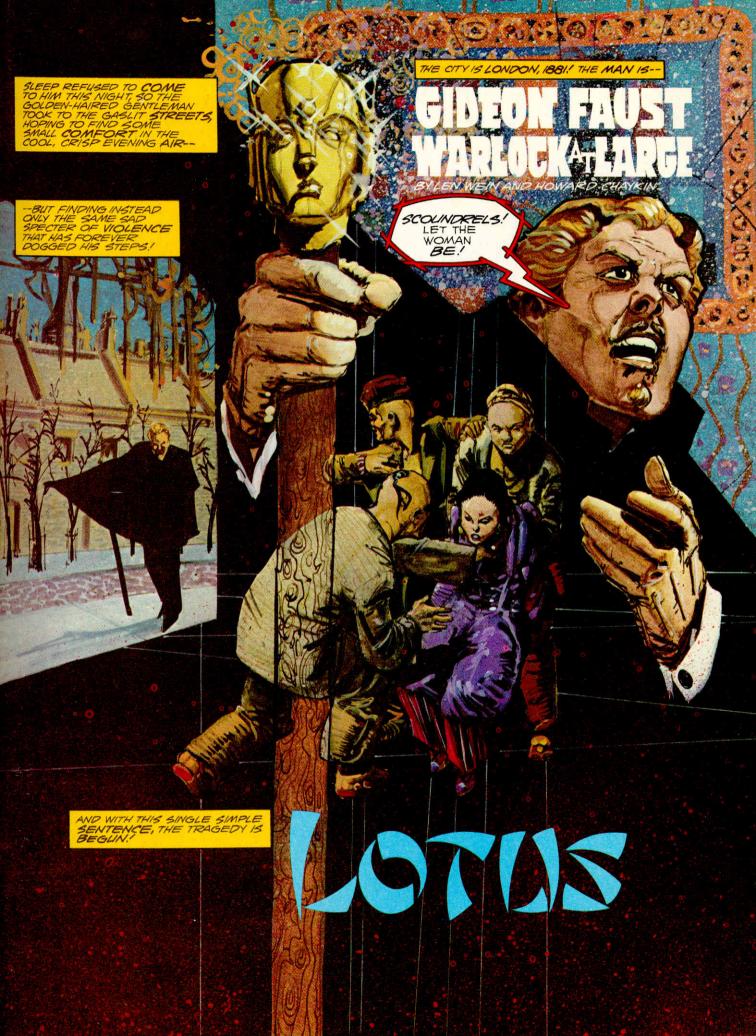


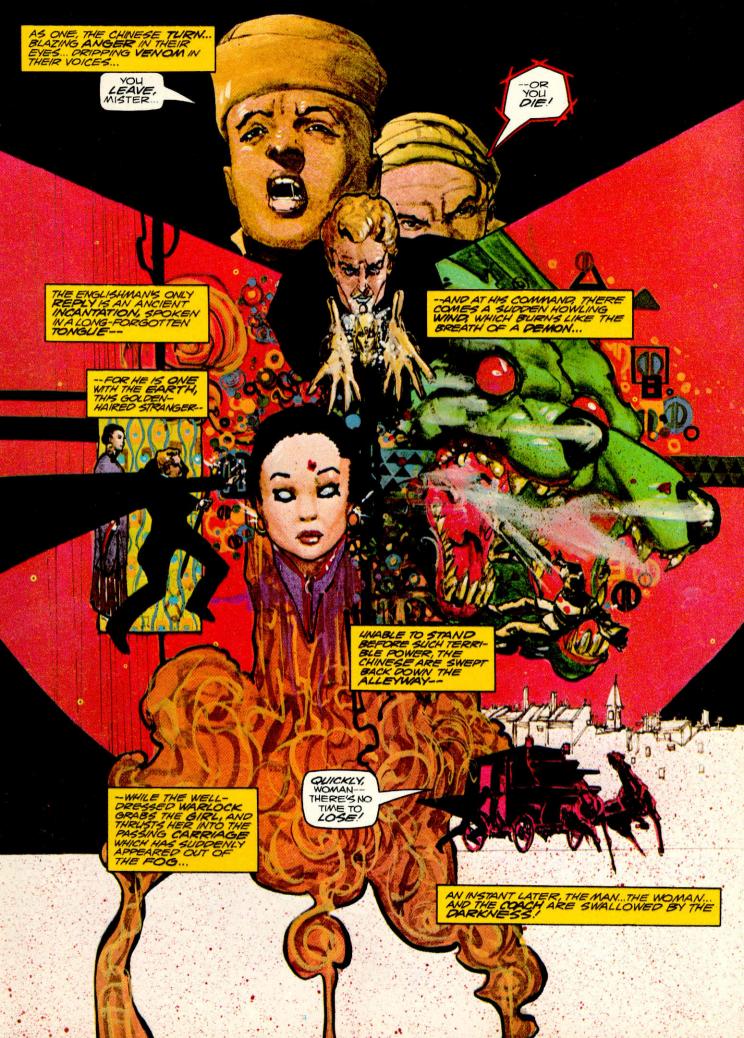


THE LEGEND IS STILL TOLD ABOUT SOLAR SYSTEM 23. THEY SAY YOU CAN STILL SEE, NOT FAR FROM THE THIRD PLANET IN THE SYSTEM, AN ANCIENT IONIC SAILING VESSEL, SCUDDING ALONG IN ORBIT... ALL ITS SAILS (INFURLED, A GHOST FOREVER ON ITS ETERNAL CRUISE WHAT CRUISE DOES IT EXPLATE? WHAT CRUEL AND BARBAROLIS GODS WOULD CONDEMN ITS CREW TO THIS ENDLESS WANDERING? IF WE ONLY KNEW!

WHATEVER MAY ACCOUNT FOR IT, THE SIGHT OF THIS
PHANTOM SHIP NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE A SHIVER OF
FEAR AMONG THE TOURISTS WHO COME TO VISIT SYSTEM
23. WHAT'S MORE, IT IS THE ONLY ATTRACTION THE SYSTEM
HAS TO OFFER. ITS SUN, AN E-703, IS FADING RAPIDLY,
RELEGATING TO SHADOW AND TO FIERCE COLD EVEN
THE GHOST OF THE SHIP...

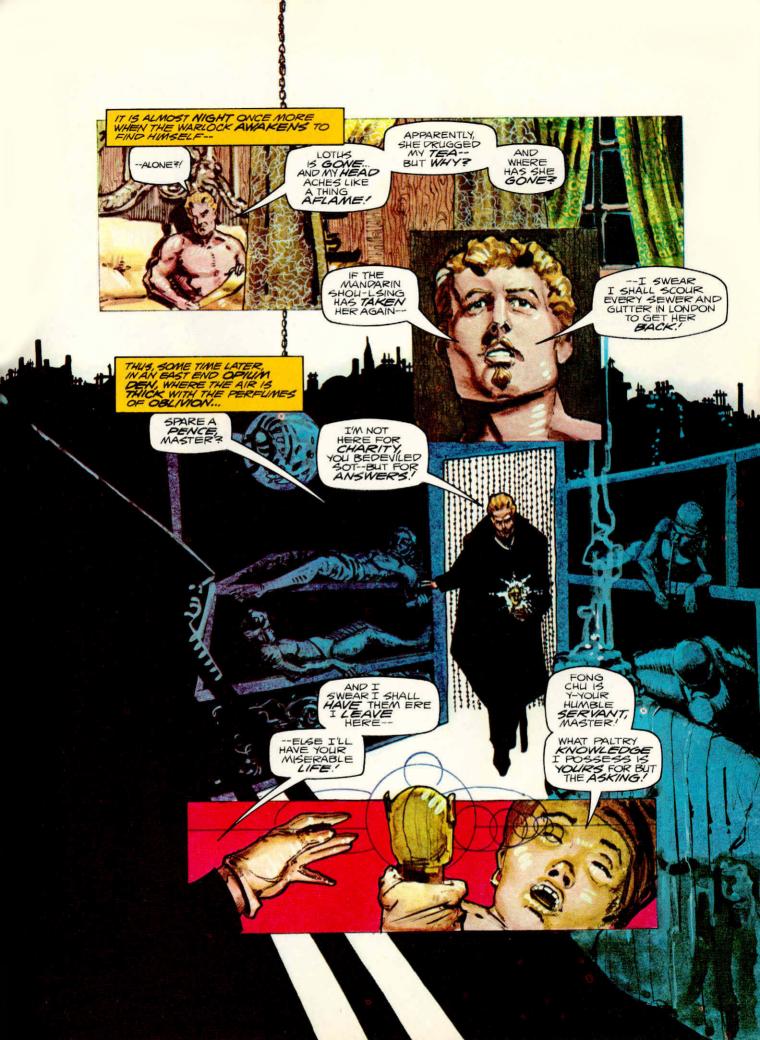
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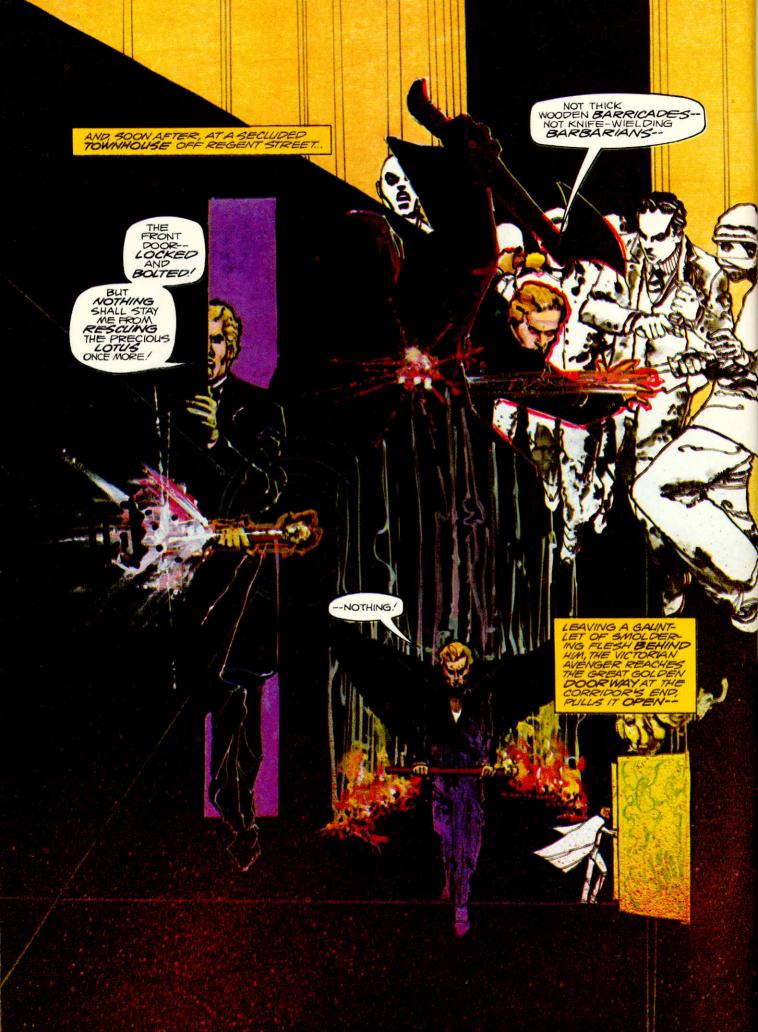


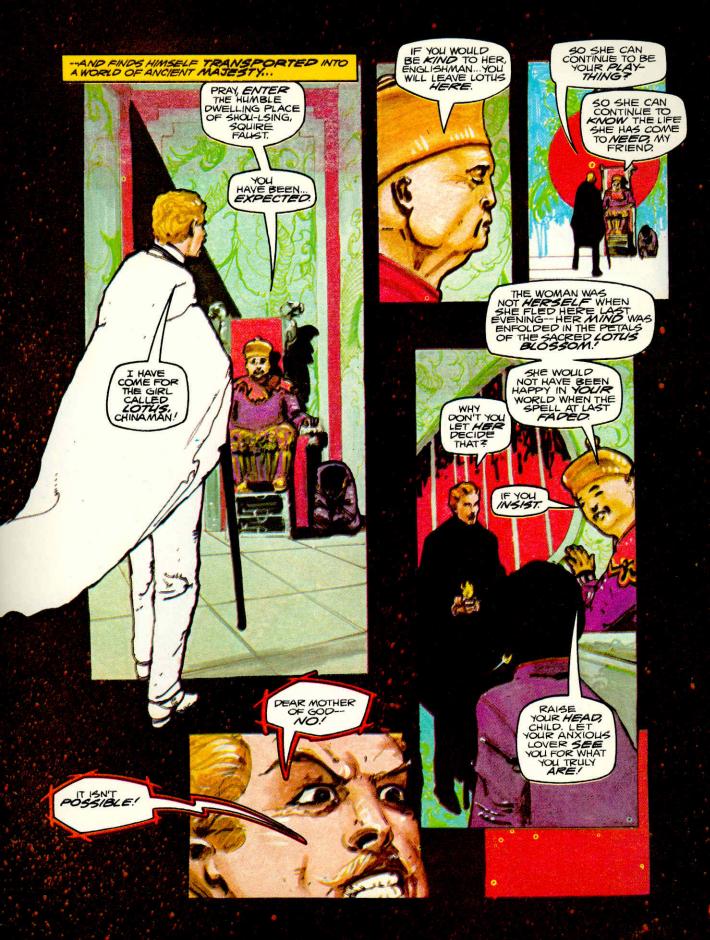








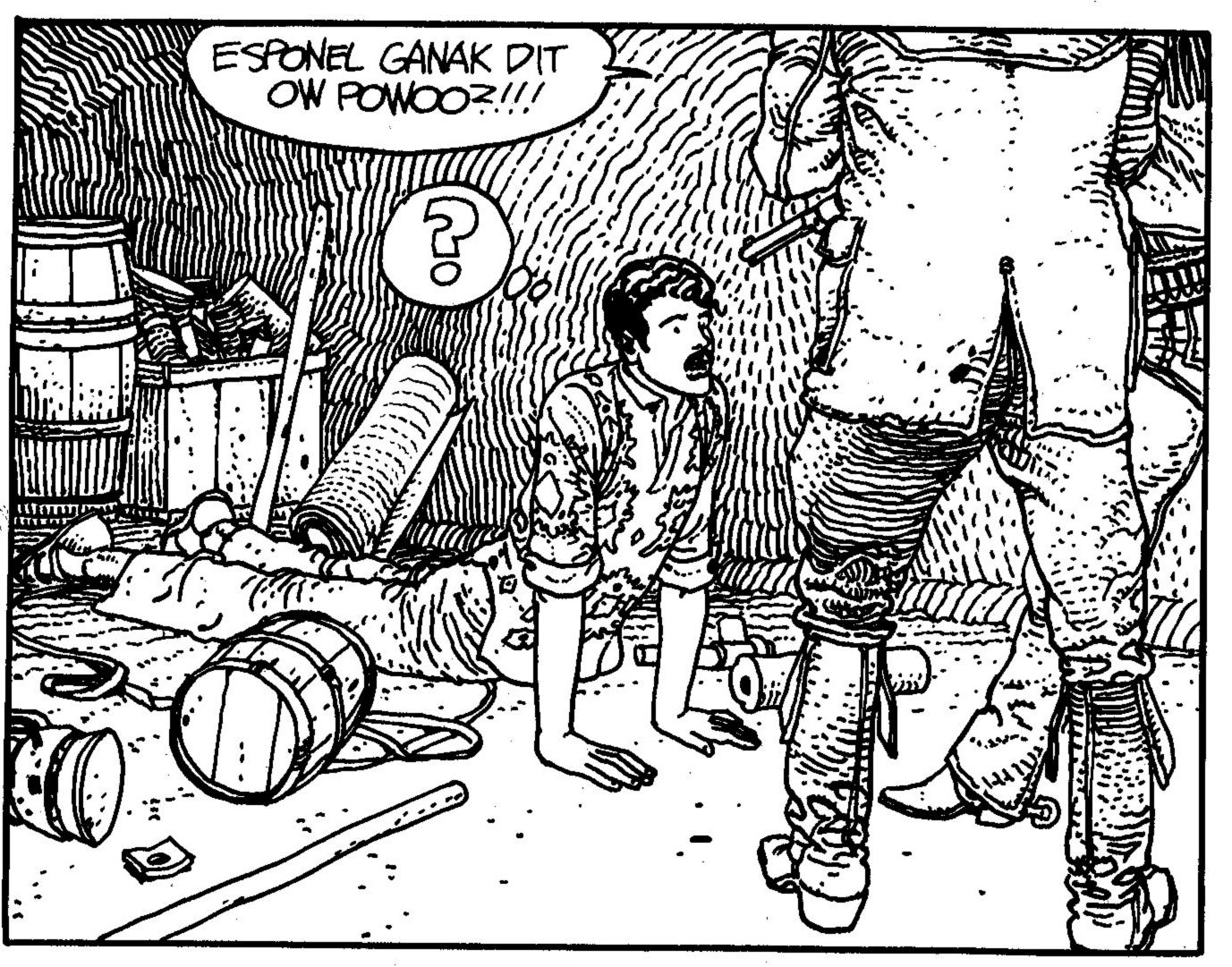






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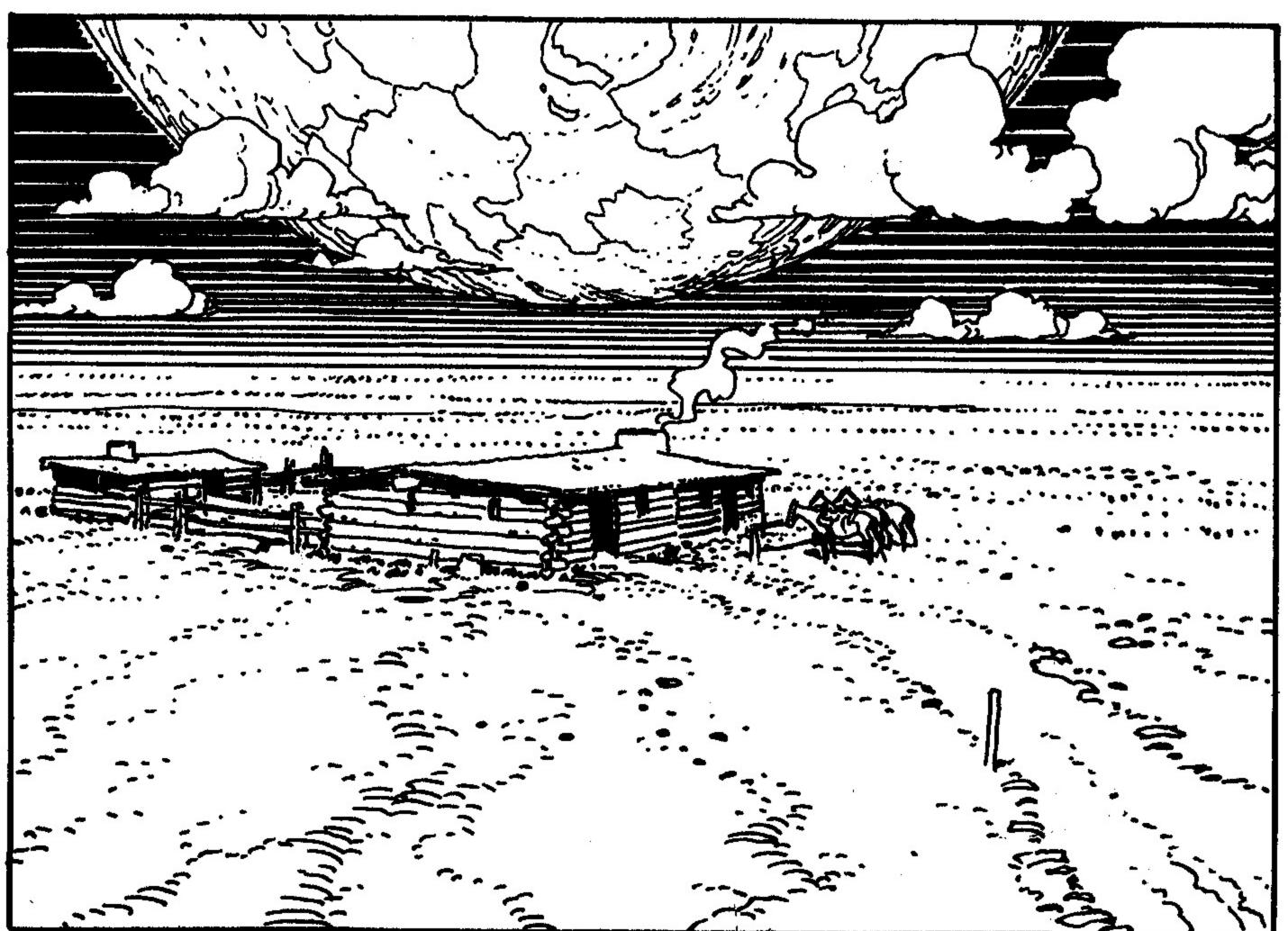




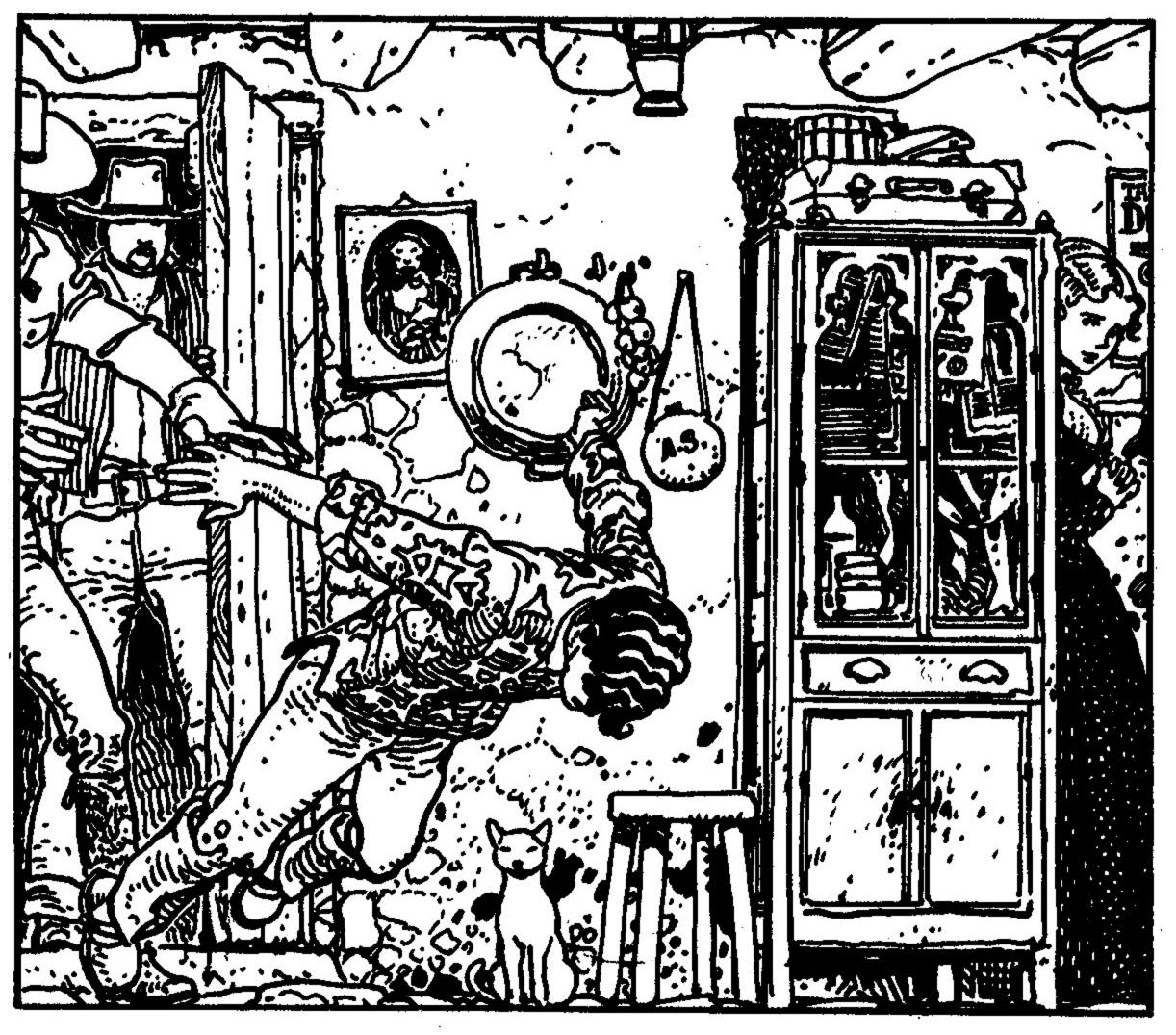














TO BE CONTINUED ...



### STRANGE MESICA THE STRANGE MESICA THE STRANGE









## SEW LANGE



HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel The Sword of Shannara, Harzak, and more. (\$5.00)



HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. (\$4.00)



HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features Night Images, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. (\$3.00)

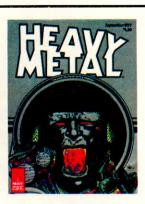


HM #4/JULY, 1977; Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. (\$3.00)

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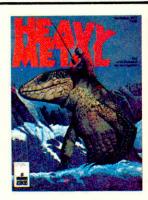
HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samura, puppets, sex, and violence. (\$3.00)



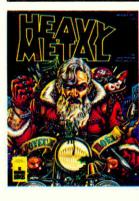
HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. (\$3 00)



HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harlmless pastimes; 10 pages of color Moebius; the Airtight Garage, Den, and Polonius redux, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. (\$3.00)



HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Mimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, expugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest Heavy Metal yet! (\$3.00)



HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from Close Encounters of the Third Kind, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius (\$3.00)



HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a Heavy Metal calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course, you knew about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp. (\$3.00)



HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual, like Den. (\$3.00)



HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den. (\$3.00)



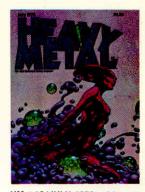
HM#13/APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. (\$3.00)



HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, time-travels, and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. (\$3.00)



HM #15/JUNE 1978: This time, we go too far. For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neurotic, Evolution, the ecstatic, More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the eratic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman... (\$3.00)



HM #16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Gail, the further adventures of Heilman and Orion, More Than Human cont'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben: (\$3.00)



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HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same, with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Heilman, and the last More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gail gets going again, the Off-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. (\$3.00)



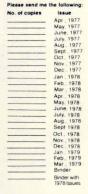
HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esorel, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancée, two off-season detectives, Arcane the Warrior, Heilman, Orion, and Lone Sloane on Gail Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes. (\$3.00)



HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978: All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Exterminator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of McKle's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie 'exploits of heros Sindbad, Gail, and Orion. (\$3.00)



HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin/Delany Empire, while Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Exterminator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disapears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful, So Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. (\$3.00)



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HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter burny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Orion and Off-Season, with sinister Tarot greeting cards, wreaths and wraiths, creches, crashes, and a prezzy for you—a 12page Moebius murder yarn. (\$2.00)



HM #22/JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of elephants, for some reason. Plus our first Trina, and a pinup, and Gail's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More McKie and Corben. Whattaya want? (\$2.00)



HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979: Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Starcrown. We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bilal. Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5; and, by popular demand, Galactic Geographic. There's the story of a star-nosed mole and much, much more. (\$2.00).



HM #24/MARCH, 1978:Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated Stars My Destination, for openers. A punk rumble, android lib, titanic tits, Star Crown II, and Ellison's late show Also hardware and superstition. (\$2.00)







# IN BETWEEN THEN AND NOW

### by Arthur Byron Cover

I cannot say where it all began; I do not know. It has been the same always. It used to make me glad, quite a contrast to my present melancholy mood. Therefore I cannot start at the beginning and I cannot have one attitude. One place is as good as any.

I was sitting in the desert. The sun would have blinded me if I were not immune to such things. My throat would have been dry and thirsty if I could not manufacture water when it pleased me. I had been there, leaning against a pyramid of my making, for a few hundred years, I think. The wanderlust was building in me again, and I was getting ready to move to another galaxy. The Milky Way is a boring place, where I go for peace and relaxation and nothing else.

Then she attacked me. It was almost a playful attack. Just boulders and windstorms and rains, all hurled at me while I was off guard. I became angry; she had not bothered me for an eon or so and I was used to the loneliness. I became part of the desert, and it was easy to find her because she can never hide her beauty. I swallowed her in sands and she became air and slid out from under me. She flew to the stratosphere and laughed at me. The bitch. Then she became a great weight and plowed right into me, trying to cut me into a million pieces. That was dumb of her. I was nothing but sand anyway.

"Will you get off my back?" I demanded.

"Never," she said.

"Oh well." And I fled.

Now you have a good idea of how it was. If she didn't attack first, I did. Neither of us knew why we hated each other so much, why we got such a kick out of annoying the other. Maybe there wasn't a reason, but since shallow intellects claim everything has a reason, then there might have been one. Who am I to argue with billions upon billions?

Once I flung a galaxy at her. An unimaginative attack, to be sure. She dodged it with ease and flung three or four back at me to show me that anything I could do, she could do better. I shudder to think of what happened to the puny life-forms of those galaxies. What did the fish-men say as their world passed too close to a sun and their seas evaporated? What did the plant-men say as the soil was torn from their world? What did the just plain old men say as their navigational

charts mapping routes between worlds became hopelessly outdated in a matter of seconds? I'm sure neither of us gave a thought to it. Our one concern was our skirmish.

Another time she sent whirling space-storms at me and tried to tear the fourth dimension out from under my feet. Now that was a beauty because it might have been dangerous if she had caught me off guard. But I got back at her. She was the one who was off guard and it took her an eon to set things right about her. Still, I couldn't help but admire how she handled herself in the jaws of her own trap. She even added colors to space to make life more interesting.

Well, any more of that sort of thing would be redundant. I hope you have the general picture now, because the complications are yet to

come.

For a few eons it had been bothering me that we hated each other so much. Why couldn't we be friends? There are only two of us and we rarely tried to kill the other, despite appearances. So why not be friends and do things together? Why not make love and have kids, like any other normal couple? Why not at least call a temporary truce and ponder the error of our ways until another way of life came to us?

When I saw her at the fair I decided to ask her. That was a mistake; she created a vortex when I was riding the ferris wheel and I was sick for a week. However, I did not lose my resolve. I still wanted to ask her. I was afraid my questions would have all kinds of allegorical connotations and that her answers would, too. It would be demeaning to talk at such a retarded level, but I couldn't see any way out of it. I saw her at the rodeo and was about to ask her when she changed into a horse and ran away to the convention. She knew I wouldn't follow her there because I hate conventions.

The look in her eyes was beginning to bother me. She has such lovely eyes, no matter what form she takes. I was appalled to see fear in them. It was as if she knew my questions and was afraid to answer them, even to hear them. Maybe the same thoughts I had were plaguing her.

Conventions are transitory affairs and it was not long before I saw her again, in another galaxy, swimming the deep of a black ocean. She was laughing with a monstrous fish with twenty gills and a hundred fins and a brain the size of a house. I don't know that the fish said to her, but whatever it was, I was jealous. I cast the fish into the sun and said to her, "I want to talk to you."

She ran away.

Then I wondered: why in the world would I be jealous over her? We are two of a kind, there are no others like us, why would I become angry at a fish? What did I have to fear from it? I felt ridiculous. Why did I even bother to kill it? I suppose I have already answered my own questions when I said I was jealous. But how could I ever hope to understand her and the reason why we hated each other if I could not understand my most barbaric emotions?

There was only one thing to do and that was to search her out again. I found her leaping from meteor to meteor and she was almost enjoying herself. When she spied me she tried to burn me up, which is a hard thing to do considering the fact that there isn't any oxygen in space. I encased myself in ice before she remedied her oversight and I asked, "Why was I jealous of a mere fish?"

She asked, "Why did you kill him? He was doing a great impersonation of Alexander Hamilton. And he promised to do Ralph Waldo Emerson next."

"Because I was jealous of him."

"You are a fool."

She tried to burn me once more before she fled.

I was more perplexed than ever. True, she had hated me since before I could remember, but she had never been angry at me before (there is a fine line of distinction between the two). Something was afoot and I still needed to talk to her. I even wanted to touch her. I felt hideously aglow and banal. Perhaps running around with so many lower lifeforms had corrupted me. Maybe I was only a shadow of my former self. I knew, even as I considered it, that I still had all my intelligence, my power, and my confidence, but also that that was not enough. I asked myself: how many eons will it take before we are both mature? A strange question and, in other times, a meaningless one.

If you haven't guessed by now, I was extremely confused. An embarrassing situation for one who has never been confused before. Then it occurred to me that maybe I had been confused all my life and was just now coming out of it. I wanted to call out to her, asking her to

come back, but she had no name, just as I have no name. I searched for her in silence.

And found her transformed into a world. I landed on her and touched her flowers and she quivered, trying to shake my balance. She almost made me bash my head on a rock. Not that it would have caused any damage, but it would have smarted for a second. I said, "Listen, I want to talk to you."

"I gathered that," she said in the booming voice of an entire world.

I covered my ears. "Why don't you change? I feel like a fool."

"You should be used to that by now."

"Very funny. Why don't you change before I have to repair my ears?"

"I don't feel like it."

"Bitch."

That insulted her and she changed. I made the mistake of not flying off into space and was all shook up when she appeared in her true form. I licked my lips and wondered what kind of change had occurred in my emotional makeup.

"All right, turd, what do you want to talk about?"

"You can't call me a turd," I said. "We don't even have waste products."

"I don't. You do."

"Don't be coy. We're both the same."

"No, we're not. We're different."

"We're different, but we're the same," I said. "For that reason I don't hate you anymore. I feel differently toward you."

"I don't care."

She did care, I know she did. She just didn't want to admit it. So why was I pressing the issue? Why couldn't I wait until she saw things my way? I was in the process of swallowing my pride for some unfathomable reason and somehow I knew she would eventually. I had all creation to wait, so why did I want her to change right now?

"You do care," I said for want of knowing how else to react.

"Care about what?"

A damn good question. I wanted to flee.

"Care about what?" she repeated.

"I don't know. I can't think right now."

I almost reached for her. She was standing there in the middle of space and she looked so beautiful. She was wearing yellow hair at the moment and she was tossing it about her, playing with it. It assumed the form of a clock, then of a square, then of an animal I saw once on the Dog Planet. She was what was wrong with me, but she had always been what was wrong with me. In some way or another she had always been the cause of my discomforts. And this time the real cause rested somewhere in me, though she was involved in a way I could not and cannot describe, ever.

"Don't worry about it," I said. "It's not your fault."

She sighed. "I don't understand you. For eons piled upon eons it has been all my fault and now suddenly it's changed."

"I'm glad you figured that out?"

"But I haven't changed. I still hate you!"

She was lying. I knew it and she knew it. But I didn't have the guts to tell her.

"Why do we hate each other so much?" I asked. "Can't there be something else?"

She looked away. "It's been like that since the birth of creation. Why should it be any different?"

"We've seen the universe change a thousand times," I said. "What makes you think we're immune to change?"

"We're not," she said just before she ran away.

I sat there in the middle of space and watched her dwindle in the distance. Then I increased my powers of sight and watched her run for an election. She lost. I haven't let her out of sight since and she knows it, though I haven't approached her.

And that brings me up to date. Now that I'm convinced she feels the same way I do, I know it's only a matter of time before we erase the games and habits of old and start playing something new. I don't know yet what form our games will take, but that doesn't bother me. The emptiness I now feel will be replaced by another emotion, which will make it all worthwhile.

I can wait, and so can she. The universe will contract until it is like it was in the beginning, a single point in space. We will both be there in that single point and we won't be able to run away from each other.

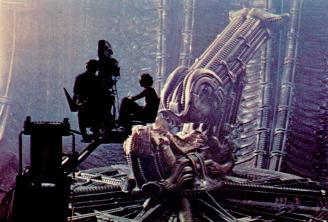
he United States commercial starship *Nostromo* is returning to earth from a deep-space mining expedition. Home is still four months away, and the crew is in hypersleep. When the ship's computer monitors a transmission—apparently of nonhuman origin—it prematurely awakens the crew. Any transmission indicating possible intelligence must be investigated.

The *Nostromo* journeys to a distant planetoid to investigate. A three-member scouting team suits up and moves out across a desolate, storm-lashed surface and finds an immense, derelict spacecraft. Once inside, they discover the obviously alien, skeletal remains of the derelict's pilot, as well as a mechanical signaling device.

What the scouting party doesn't yet know is that the extraterrestrial space jockey is a victim and that the signal is not a distress call, but a warning. Soon, the five men and two women of the *Nostromo* will be engaged in a life-or-death struggle with a superior and treacherous life-form.

Thus begins *Alien*, an elaborately constructed, big-budget horror film set entirely in deep space. The Twentieth Century-Fox production will open in May. Shooting began last summer —under heavy security precautions—in England. Sets were routinely cleared of all but essential personnel during scenes involving the Alien. Post-production work has also been shrouded in secrecy.

The film's design responsibilities were handled by such artists as Ron Cobb, Chris Foss, Moebius, and H. R. Giger. The Alien itself was conceived and designed by Giger. This is an excerpt from *The Book of Alien*, to be published by *Heavy Metal* at the same time the movie is released. It will contain hundreds more pre-production illustrations, stills from the film, behind-the-scenes material, and, of course, pictures of the Alien.



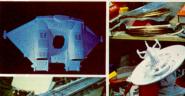








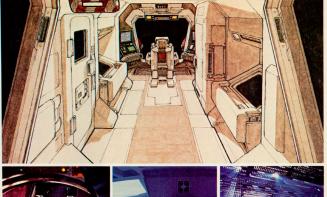


















Nostromo's interiors were designed for ble and often lit by what Director Ridley (Above) Ron Cobb's design for the life-

science officer's post: a detail of the infir-

Gigantic sets were constructed at England's Shepperton Studies for sequences involving the planetoid (right) where the crew investigates the alien signal. An earlier concept for the derelicit ship (below) was discarded in favor of the structure in the bottom panel of Director Ridely Scott's storyboard's (bottom page). From left to right (cottom page). From left to right (cottom page), the search party moves out, enters the denoid ship, and one of them is about to make an aliaming discovery.

























H. R. Giger uses the term "biomechanical" to describe much of his work. Giger's influence is prominent in the overall design of Alien - especially in this scene where the search team discovers the long-dead space pilol win appears to almost have become one with his dereild craft. The walls and floors of the other control of the described of the control of th







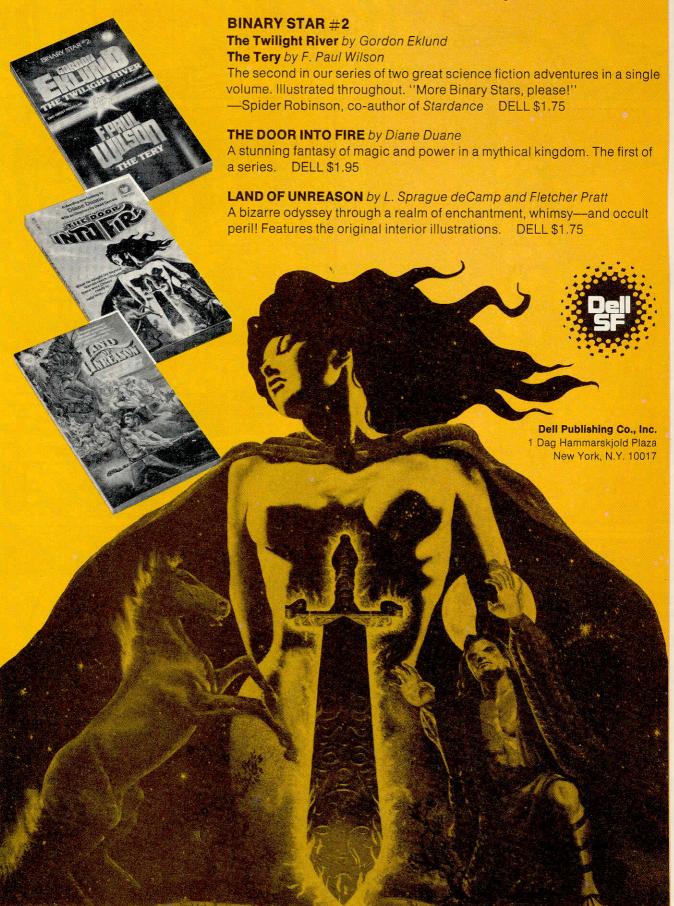






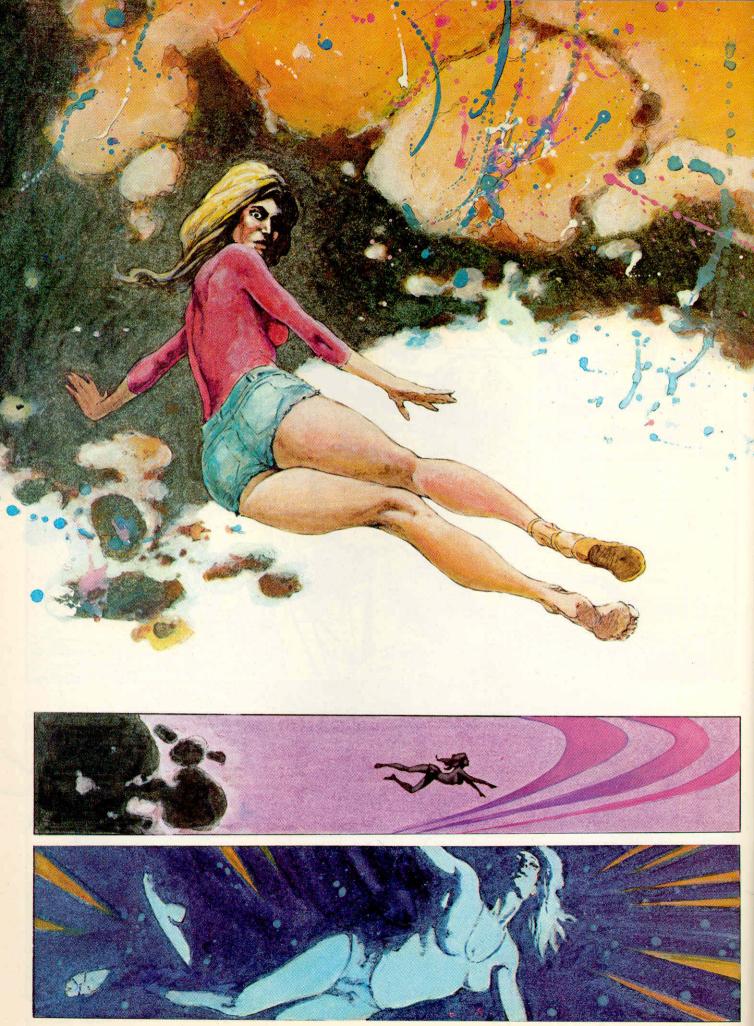


### New SF Adventure and Fantasy from Dell!



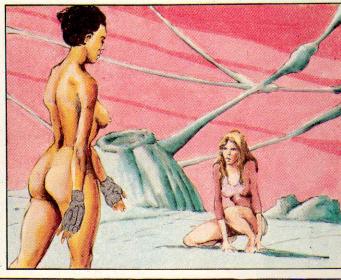
TIME OUT-BY VAL MAYERIK

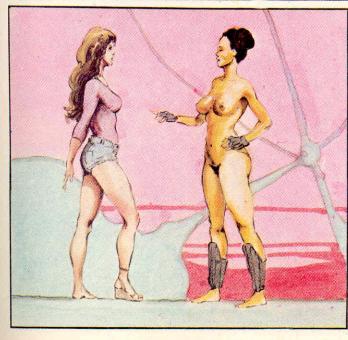


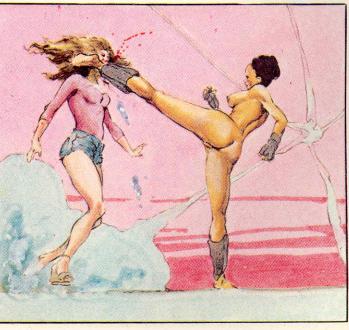


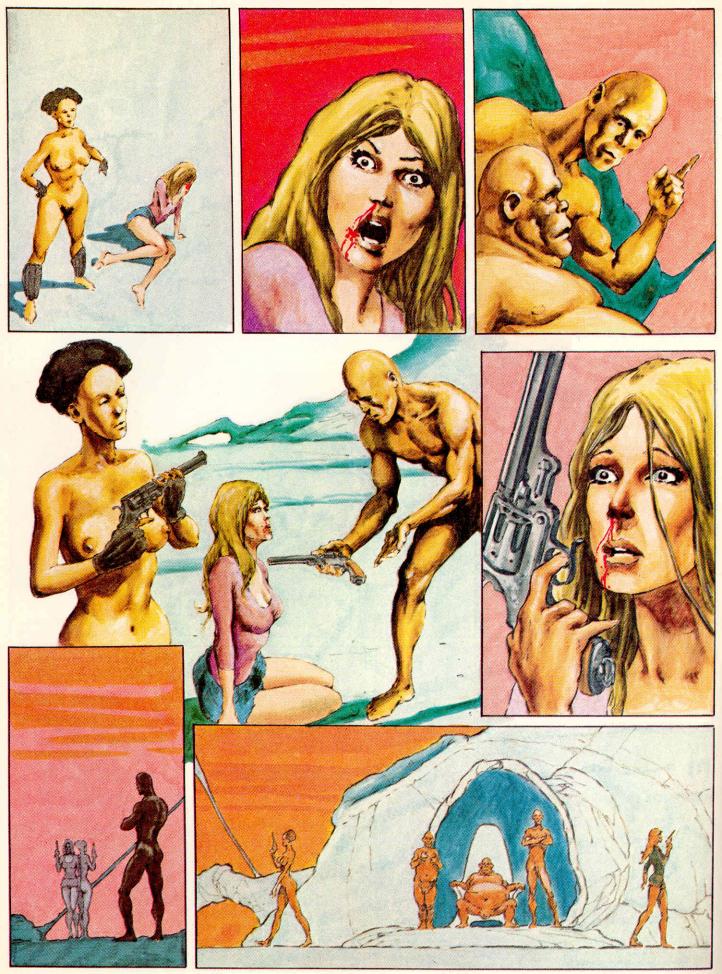


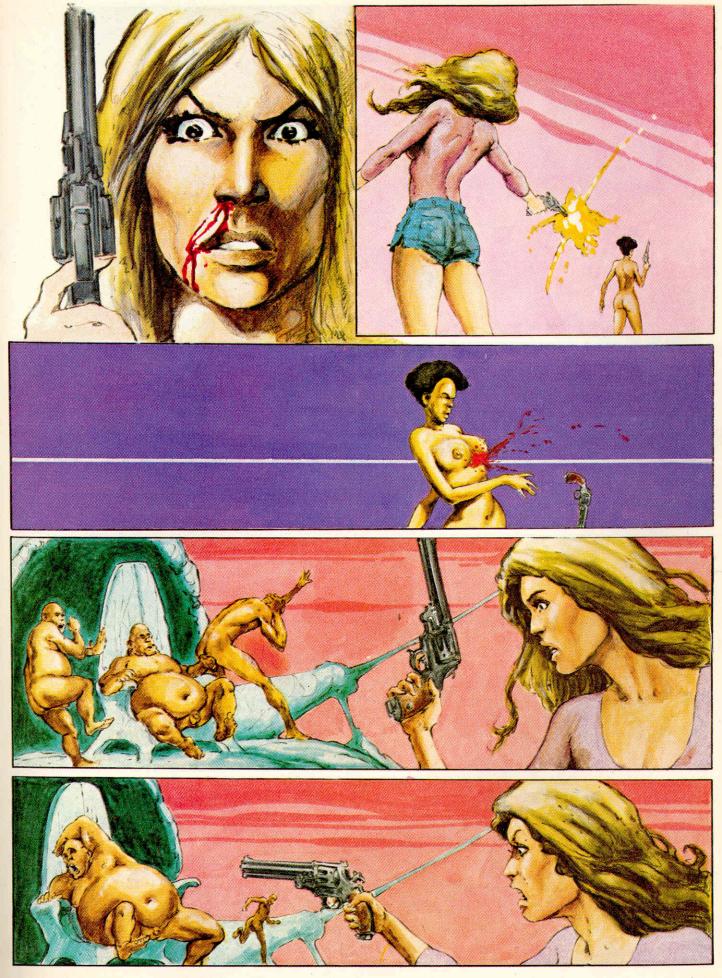


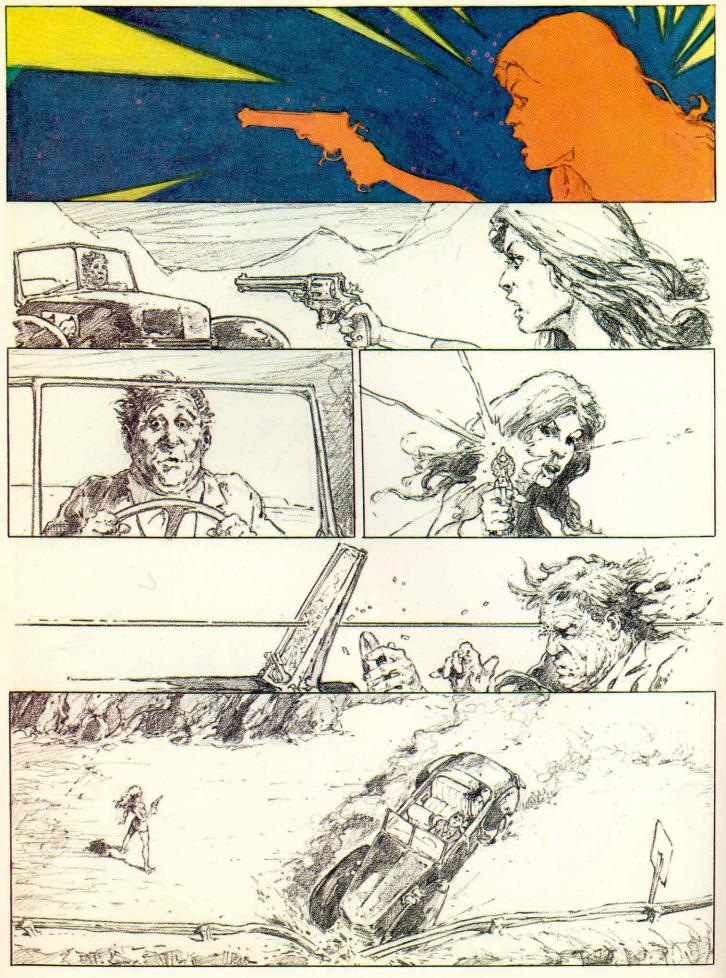


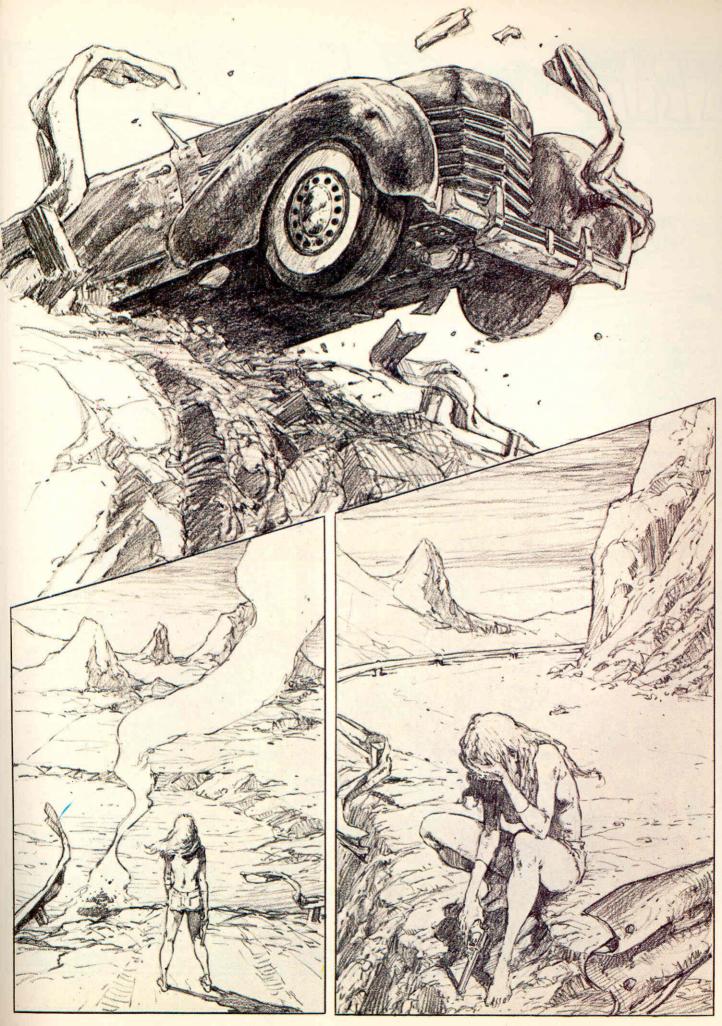


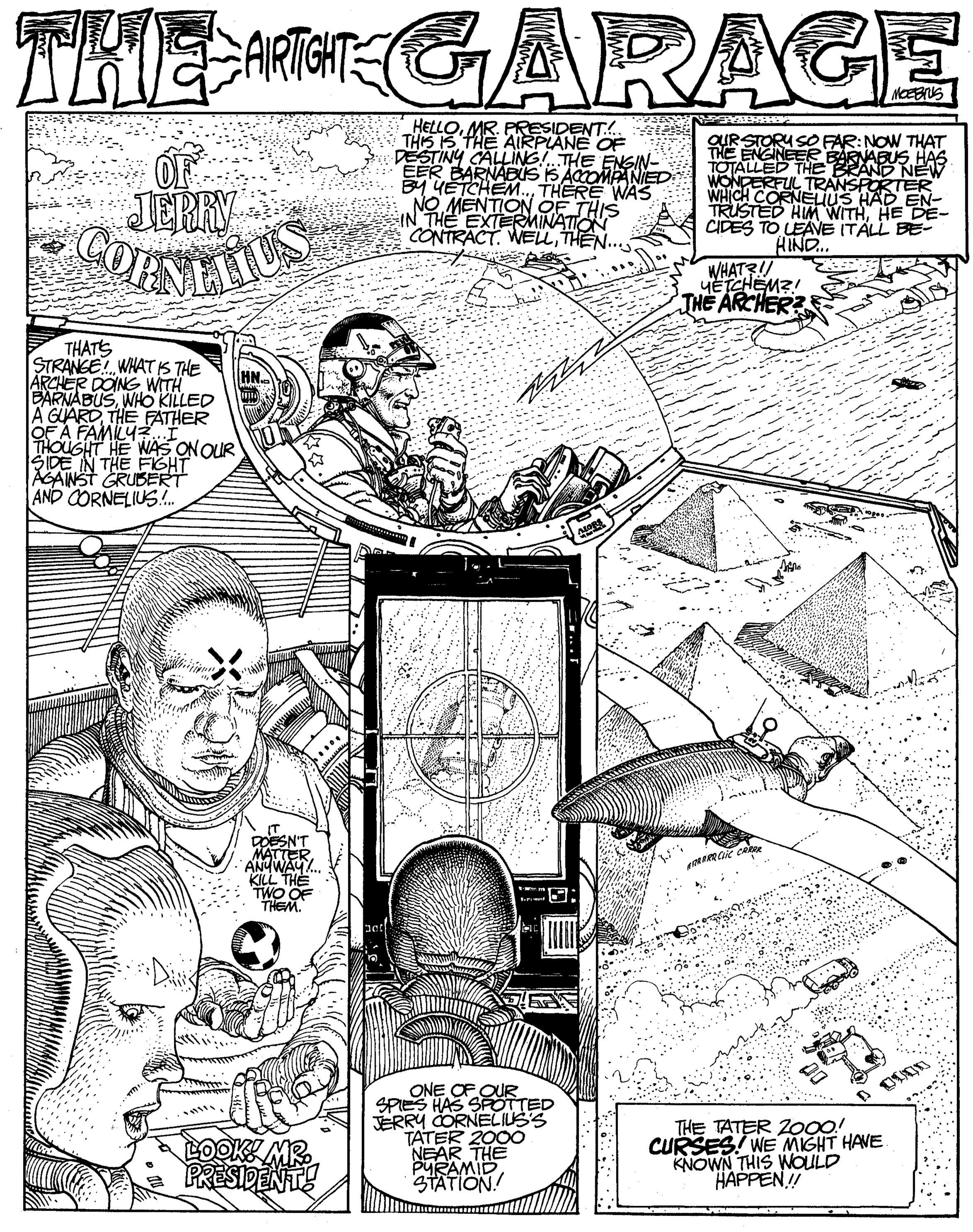


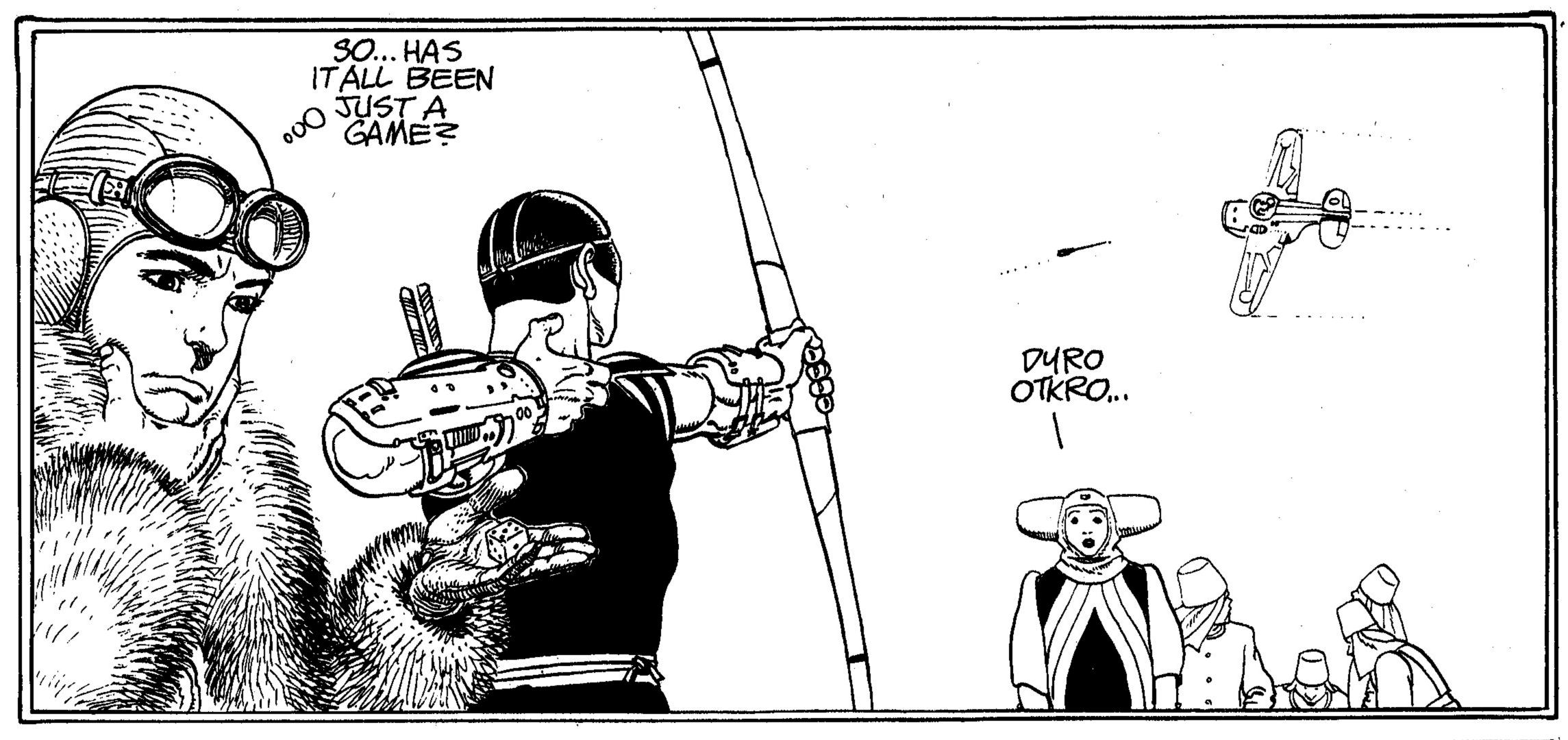


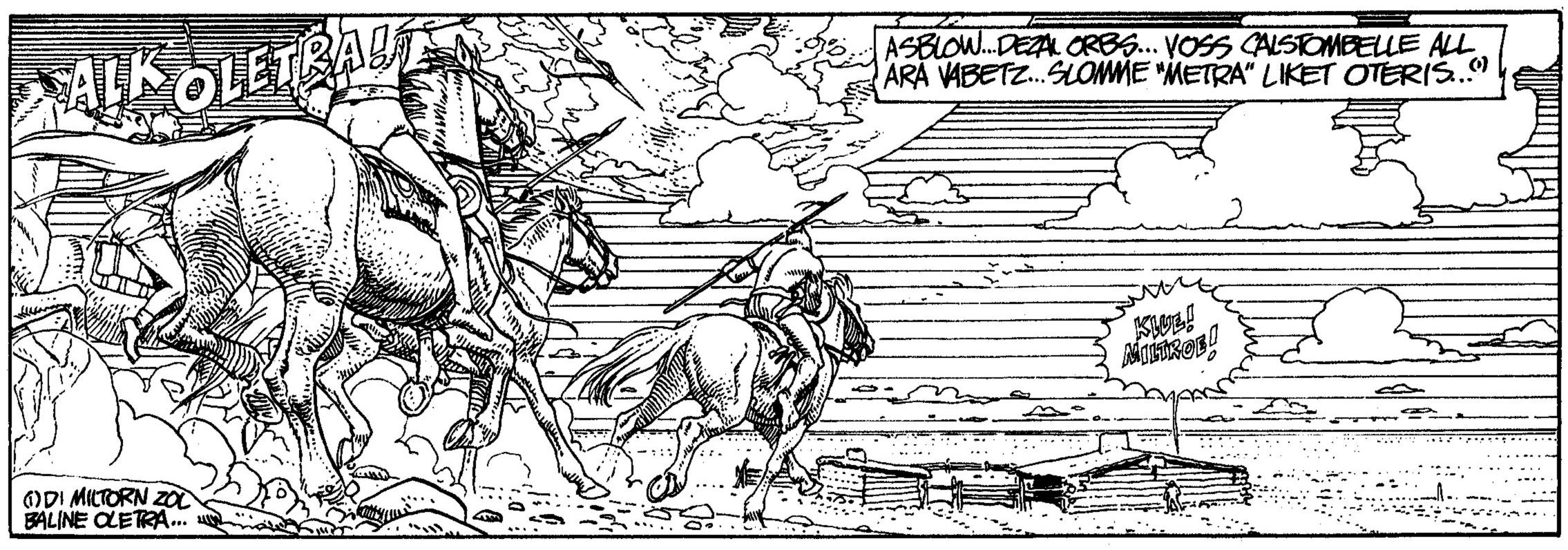


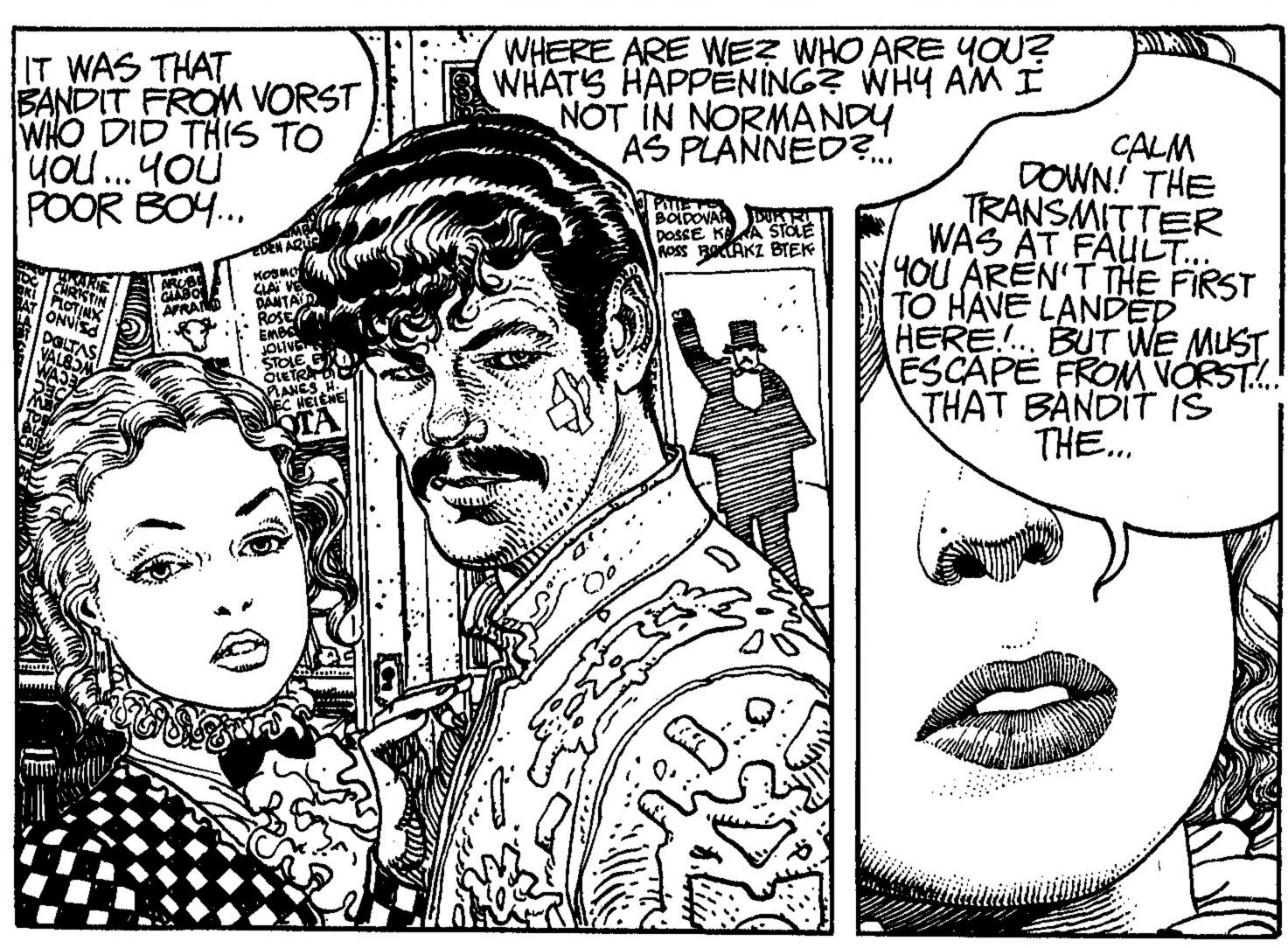














TO BE CONTINUED...

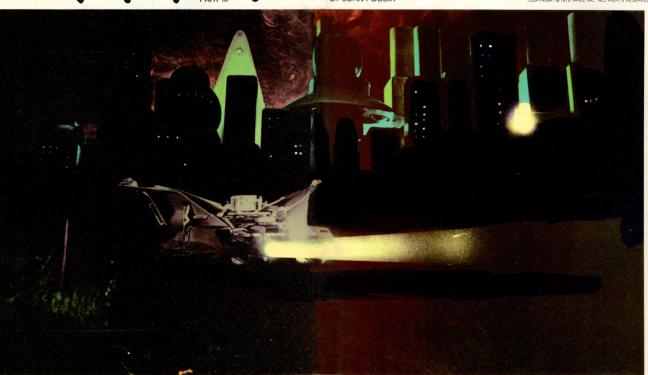


With reluctance, Flan Sunheart, young scion of the royal House of Sunheart, returns to Ilium Prime, the desert world of his birth. To the youth, life appears seemingly unchanged, at least on the surface. But the presence of Lord Nekron Corona's elite blacktroops at the spaceport creates a vaque uneasiness within him.

BY JOHN POCSIK

Accompanied by his loyal robotic companion PEW (actually an electronic psyche-host for his dead uncle Praetorius). Sunheart speeds to the palace for the Empress's, his mother's, birthday. He strides into the thronged hall that evening, unaware that destiny's binding coils are slowly tightening round them all.

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The dinner, exotic and endless, wore long into the evening, enlivened by entertainments both sophisticated and bizarre. Merriment abounded, as well as a gentle solemnity as the holoforms sang their laments for lost Earth.

"And how fares the Goad of Mord?" Flan asked lightly during a lull when the light-dancers were changing their spectrum guides. "I'm suprised to find Nekron Corona still in power; one might think one of his fleet officers would have arranged a fire-drop, or a sonic-cannon implosion, something, by this time."

"My Lord, I don't think we should discuss these matters now. . . ." Rouyn began.

The Emperor silenced the youth with a sideways glance. "The bitter rivalry between the House of Sunheart and the House of Mord is no secret. I am certain Corona has at least fifty spies here at sup with us, each with his or her locutor probe aimed in our direction. Let him gnaw on what we may say.

"Quite a few things have happened since your last visit, Flan. Corona has managed to secure official, voted command of the Imperial Armada – almost every attack wing, and all of the Ilium-based operations. In doing so, he holds the key to this planet and the starlane approaches. In his defense, I will say Corona is a leader without peer, brilliant, ruthless, unswerving in his goals, a brave fighter and a tactical genius. But his also is the spider's brain which directs all plots and confoundments, large and small, against us.

"I am starting to find my power base eroding as more and more of my nobles switch allegiances and defect, attracted by his promises and growing influence. Gaul has told me to exile the man, or at least assign him to rimworld surveillance. Yet though his behavior toward me, the Starcrown, and the Federation itself has been little short of traitorous, he has been ef-

fecting our designs – no doubt because they parallel his. The situation is made even more complicated because of the Federation's current program of colonization, which Corona openly advocates turning into a campaign of conquest. This assignment as Armada Commander has placed a dangerous power, a murderous tool, in his hands. I maintain a delicate balance; my grip on events is, at best, fragile."

"But Corona would never dream of actually moving against us, would he?"

The Emperor reached over to clasp his wife's hand.

"He wants the Starcrown, son; he lusts for the power it represents. He is not like the other Mords." He paused. "I used to think all the fighting would end some day; I even entertained the conceit that I would be the one to bring this about. I used to dream that our blood would issue in a new dawn for mankind, a golden age when our music would float across the hills of a thousand worlds. But Corona - and Mord - áre in some ways dark reflections of our own House; they are victims of an ambition and a powermadness as vaulted and white-hot as those stars you fly toward. And their hatred for us and our goals are like sparks thrown up from an ancient flywheel."

He chuckled at that. "Your father is becoming a poet in his old age. Will they sing my songs, erect statues in the old manner after my passing. No, Flan, I hold a body of planets in my hands, yet I am almost a prisoner on my own. The troops here on Ilium are loyal to Corona to a man, my own nobles fight my policies at every turn, and life in the Court is not to be tolerated. There are open mutterings of dissent in the streets – imagined unrest stoked by the lies of Corona's imagerists – and I hear of incident after incident of near revolt throughout the star fleet. And, as you know, there have been

assassination attempts . . . . "

"The Mords are pleasant enough to deal with, Father,"Rouyn said, stroking his beard. "I think you are overreacting to a nonexistent threat."

"We could still be easily rid of Corona," Oromocto broke in, eyes shining. "As he would be rid of us! Our wealth can buy anything!"

Alidin Sunheart's face darkened. "That is not our way! For six hundred years, the Sunhearts have ruled this world and our people with honor and justice. A mazestabbing, a ritual accident in Below, even mindlag projections – that is the way of Mord. Theirs will be the first hands to lift weapons in uprising against the Starcrown.

"And yet," he added, gazing directly at Flan, "were all my sons to work with me at keeping him in check –"

"I wouldn't count on that if I were you, Father," Oromocto said, smiling at his brother.

Flan looked away, his face reddening with guilt and shame.

By the time the glacial moon had risen above the horizon, distorted and wavering in the heated night airs, the Sunhearts had retired to the more intimate confines of the Emperor's garden, where Flan presented his mother with the living robe of the eeeammmur. The furry white creature settled gracefully upon the Empress' creamy shoulders, twining its twin tails and soothing her with its psychic purrings; it also watched the gently stirring foliage with unblinking slit eyes. . . .

Flan was in a reflective mood as he sipped the dreamwine, watching the liquid's cloudy elements separate, combine again, reform. His father's comments regarding political unrest here on Ilium disturbed him only slightly: the Sunhearts and the Mords

had been at each other's throats since time had begun to flow, it seemed. Corona's new position would do little to disturb things.

Flan found himself thinking more and more of the *Omega Wing*; overhead, the stars pulsed and shimmered hotly, insistent in their call. He tried to resist. He felt he should stay this time for some reason. But it was useless.

Keying PEW's activation signal, Flan rose, stretched, looked around at everyone. He smiled and gave a helpless shrug of his shoulders.

The happy expression on his mother's face froze, fell apart. "You're leaving us again," she said sadly.

He knelt by her side, taking her hand in his.

"Yes. . . ." Little else could be said.

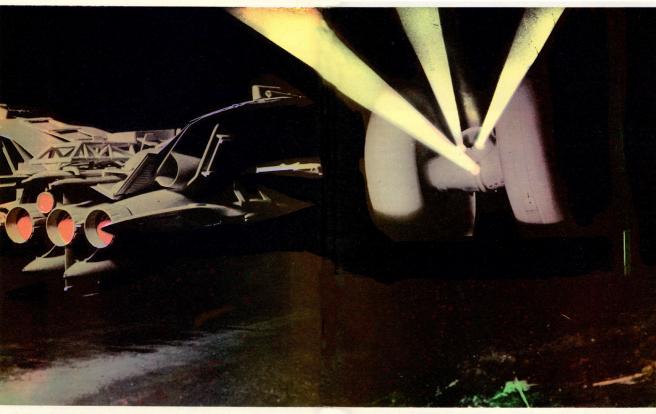
A great weariness was on his father's face, but those gray eyes still burned with the fires of resolve that Flan remembered. He took his wife's other hand.

"You cannot deny your heritage forever, son. You are a Sunheart; royal blood flows through your veins, and there will always be a people needing our leadership and protection. Service is our destiny – to the race, to our planet, to the mote worlds humanity thrives or struggles upon. Someone has to guide them; someone has to battle for them; someone, ultimately, has to serve."

"I can't accept that responsibility now, my Lord!" Flan answered. Once more he wondered at how much his father had *changed*, what the endless compromises and Federation intrigues had done to this former man of iron will.

He, Flan Oros Sunheart, would never accept that, would never give up his freedom for

"You will have to – some day," his father replied. "You will be forced to." In lowered tones: "I will not pass the Starcrown on to



your brothers. They are both weak and easily swayed by minute details of commerce and profit instead of the realization of our dream for another golden age. Only a true ruler of men may wear the Starcrown, and you are such – whether you realize it or not, whether you care to admit it or not. I sired you, I've watched you grow, I know even now what you think of me – and all this."

Alidin Sunheart's eyes blazed for a moment: "Nevertheless, submit to my will in this matter. Become a Sunheart in truth, and not just in name. Lead us all forward, as I know you can!"

"You said, 'Some day,' my Lord. But not this time."

"Time is the only reality, Flan, and our slyest enemy. In the end, it will overwhelm everything, just as the dustfalls have conquered the oceans here on llium. We are shapes in the fire that come and go. I know the restlessness which fills your spirit. I understand your desire for freedom, because that desire was once my own. But when my father pressed the Starcrown upon me, I knew what had to be set aside, and why. Our duty to our race is clear cut; a price - the highest price - must always be paid. One day I will ask that of you - and demand it. Hopefully when you preside over the Galactic Assembly, times will have bettered themselves. Do you understand?"

Flan turned away from his father's entreating eyes. Never before had he heard Alidin Sunheart beg for anything, and yet

here was the most powerful man in the galaxy begging him to listen! It was more than he could take: he felt the walls dissolving around him again, the unknown and prisoning future surging in upon him. . .

And the guilt, because he knew what he was going to do.

"I have to go!" he said thickly.

"I see," said the Emperor. His melancholy smile returned. "Well, then, nothing remains for us. The cutters will take you and PEW out to the field. You must be anxious for takeoff. The refitters have already finished with your ship."

"That isn't necessary. I'd prefer to leave with less notice than when I arrived."

"Flan, for what it is worth – and at the very least it is worth a father's love and affection – you will soon see the folly of trying to slip through life like a shadow. The Sunheart destiny will prevail."

"I realize that, but..." and for Flan there was really nothing further to say. The safe barriers had come down again between him and his family. Between him and cloying intrigues, life-draining days. But the unease was still with him! Best to go now.

Having made polite, but detached farewells to his brothers, Flan halted at the entrance to the corridor shuttle. It was a mistake to look back, yet he could not help himself.

Tears were shining in his mother's eyes. "We won't see you again," they seemed to say to him. Crystalline plant leaves clashed

together.

"I'll be back!" he shouted, almost gaily. "Sooner than you think. Perhaps the next time I'll even settle on Ilium, help Father. . .at Court."

The emptiness of his words made him wince.

PEW was watching it all through the youth's eyes.

♦ come on : : : flan ♦ said the small, knowing voice. ♦ there is nothing more you can say::: make the parting as brief and painless as possible : : : and never say goodbye ♦

The Emperor and Empress of Ilium Prime watched their son pass into the dark in a rustle of steelsilk.

Flan eased back on the go throttle as the screamcar arrowed down llium's deserted streets. He felt brain-chilled, numb, fading, tired.

Speed markers flashed by, each one lighting up in warning as it sensed the vehicle moving off the regulator track into unauthorized traffic lanes.

Got to go, he kept repeating; got to go, got to get out of this place!

He lowered the hood dome, letting the wind blast hot and fierce against his face to clear away the liquorish fog. They whispered through the City's radiant heart.

♦ slow it down : : i sense concentrations of mass and energy movement on city outskirts:::tau grid scan:::coor-

dinate lock-on ::: sectors four zero four ::: four zero five ::: four ten ::: four sixteen ::: closing on sectors five two three ::: five two five ::: high probability of military traffic •

"At this time of deepsleep? I wonder how loyal Corona's drivers and tankers are feeling now."

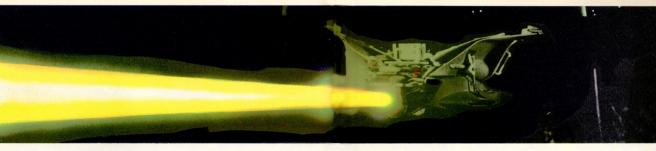
wait:::additional readings::: sectors six two zero : : .

Skimming alongside a vaporous waste canal, they at last exchanged the City canyons for hydra-tilled countryside and the restless wandering borders of the oxyponic orchards. Darkness closed round their vibrating cocoon like a fist. The isodine headlamps blasted holes through the night fabric, picking out details of road, rock, shadows leaping, the fleeing trees, banishing all in a hurtling spill of light.

Flan leaned back in the seat, letting his head fall back against the rest as he gazed up at the star fields.

The screamcar drifted sideways off the metallic roadway. The warning alarm bawled. He corrected instantly, cooly, bringing the car's computer image - with its two blots of sentient energy registering - back onto line on the screen.

"Damn!" he cursed, at once angered and exultant. Again he was deserting his family, just as he had so many times before, with the same hollow promises to return. Once again the familiar burden of guilt - and release.



### CHAIN MAIL

Dear Heavy Metal:

You may think this is weird, but I am only eleven years old and I enjoy your magazine. My twenty-seven-year-old brother was the one who first showed me the magazine. Your November issue was, so to speak, heavy! I thought your "Sindbad" and "Exterminator 17" chapters were great, but "Orion"... well, I was sort of disappointed. I thought for sure that it was going to end in this issue, but it continued. "The Great Trap," "Gail," and "Off-Season" were ones that I think weren't worth starting (or finishing, for that matter). "The Airtight Garage" was one that I didn't care for at first, but with the last two chapters, it gained my interest. Your excerpt of Empire was okay, but if you're going to include excerpts from books all the time, you might as well put the whole book in there. In this case, you have added another ten pages to the selection. I was glad to see the end of "Heilman," although Voss could have made it at least two episodes longer (though last issue's installment was pretty stupid). I also enjoyed "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." I really think that Angus McKie is doing a great job on that story. In fact, why should he stop at eight chapters? Why not ten? or even twelve? I also liked "May I Have a Cup of Dilithium Crystals, Please." Keep up the good work, and I may even get a two-year subscription next time!

Alan Naditz

Dear Alan: Thank you for your letter, but isn't it past your bedtime?—Eds.

Dear Heavy Metal:

Your stories are getting better. One short-coming of your mother publication Metal Hurlant was that it was a magazine of artists, not writers. Not that I am criticizing Metal Hurlant; the French have created a new school of art—Fantastic Art. What a joy after the sterile dead end of the minimal art of the fifties and sixties. But there really wasn't much to read in Metal Hurlant; you dwelt on the art but the text was generally pointless—a shame when you're drawing comic strips.

How delighted I was to open the January 1979 issue of *Heavy Metal* and read, "Only Connect: The Tumor," "The Ultimate Negotiation," as well as the latest installment of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." Stories! Minimal ones in some cases, but at least I have a reason to start at the beginning rather than the

middle or the end.

Corben, of course, never had that problem. All the way back when he was doing underground comics (lo, these many years ago!) he was telling stories. That being the case I will escalate and criticize Corben on a higher level.

His stories are better when he is working with a writer, his solo pieces tend to be excessively gloomy and sometimes ill-defined (but always so beautiful, oh so beautiful). His best work I've always thought was with Jan Strnad. You people at *Heavy Metal* are dodos if you don't dig up Corben/Strnad's "To Meet The Faces You Meet" (in *Fever Dreams*, Kitchen Sink Enterprises, 1972) and reprint it. In my opinion, it's their finest work.

As for Mr. Strnad, I find him better in singleepisode pieces rather than long serials. In other words, he's a short story writer and not a novelist. I had high hopes for the "New Tales of the Arabian Nights" when I saw that Strnad had written it, and for the first couple of episodes my hopes were realized. Then it degenerated into the same directionless drunkard's walk as "Den". I plead with Strnad to study the rules of longer drama. As for Mr. Corben, if I haven't made my feelings clear, he's a genius and one of the finest artists of history.

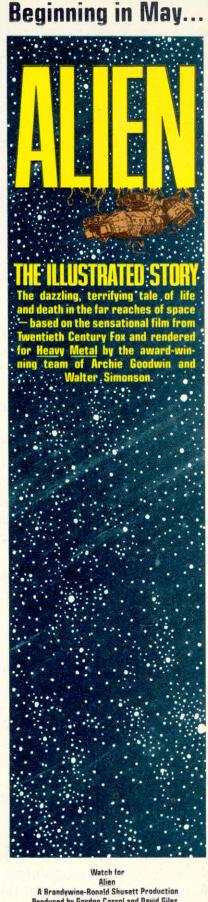
I feel the same way about Moebius, only a little more so, but then I may be prejudiced from knowing him personally. What a wonderful man! His is an enlightened mind. When I first met him he was smoking cigarettes and eating meat. He and I used to get stoned every day at work. Jodorowsky made him get stoned because he worked longer hours that way (ah, memories!). Today Moebius has given up cigarettes and is a vegetarian, and he says it makes him feel so much lighter, so delicate and aware. Would that I could do the same (cough, hack)!

What you don't know is that there's another guy in the world who draws as pretty as Moebius and Corben. His name is Ron Cobb, and he used to be an underground political cartoonist in the sixties. Remember R. Cobb's weekly cartoon in the L.A. Free Press? Well, what you don't know is that he has always considered himself a painter and is a life long student of science fiction. In 1969 I walked into his tiny Westwood apartment and saw a mindbendingly convincingly painting of a twentymile starship, which he was doing as an album cover for Jefferson Starship's first album under that name. Tragically he never finished it, and it exists only as a dusty canvas in his closet. But I realized at that moment I had stumbled upon a unique artist. I kept after him for years to do something about it, and he just finished designing Alien with H. R. Giger. If you guys want to add another star to your tree you'll get him on the phone and start wheedling with

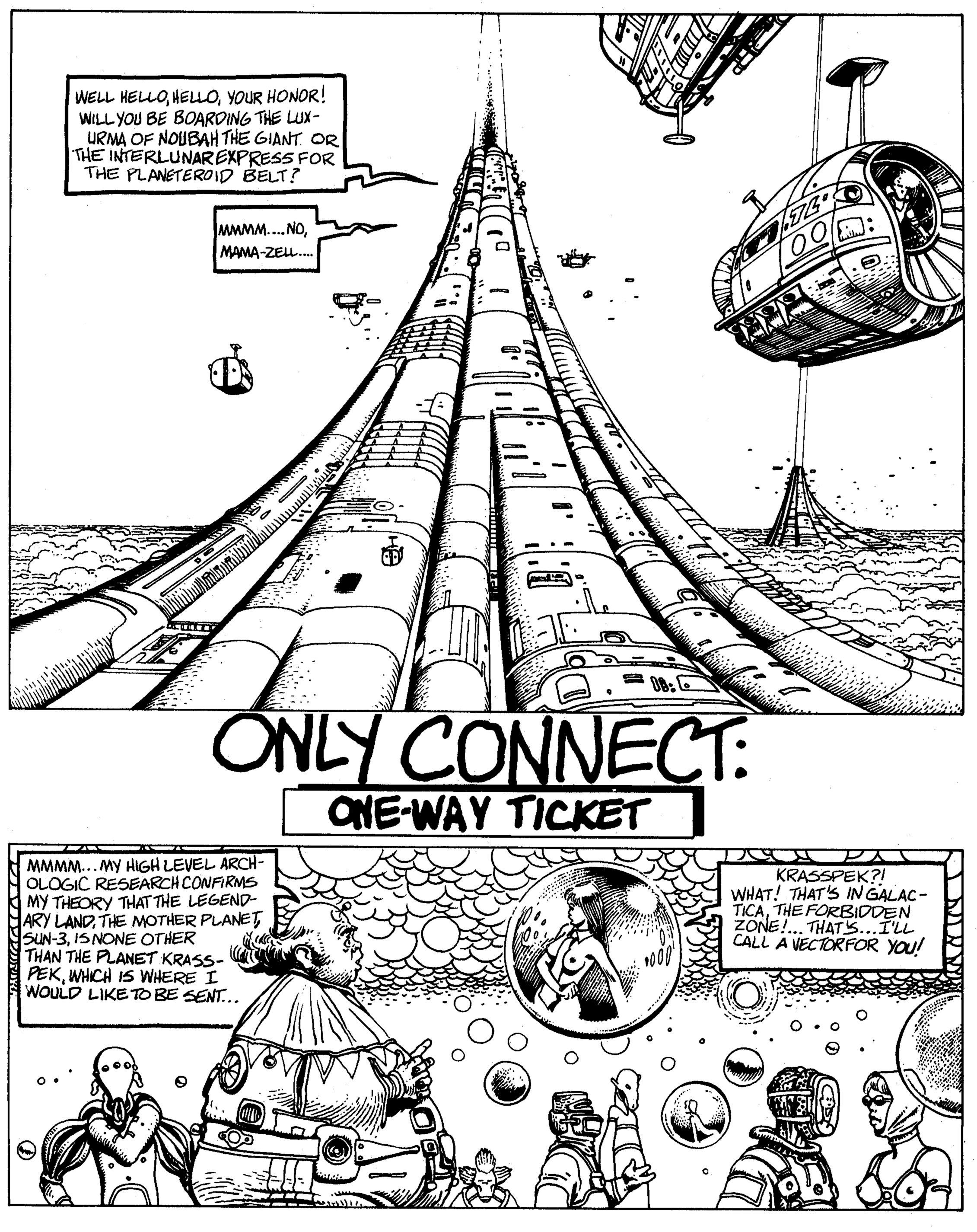
Your readers are in a constant froth over sex in *Heavy Metal*. A certain number of them seem to be overcome with revulsion every time one of Corben's massive weenies flops out, and it ruins their enjoyment of the rest of the magazine. A continual complaint is of pictures of space sirens who look like they want to get fucked. To those people I say: time marches on, kiddo, and art isn't art if it walks at the tail of the column. You can always read the DC Collectors' Editions. Personally, I like to fuck.

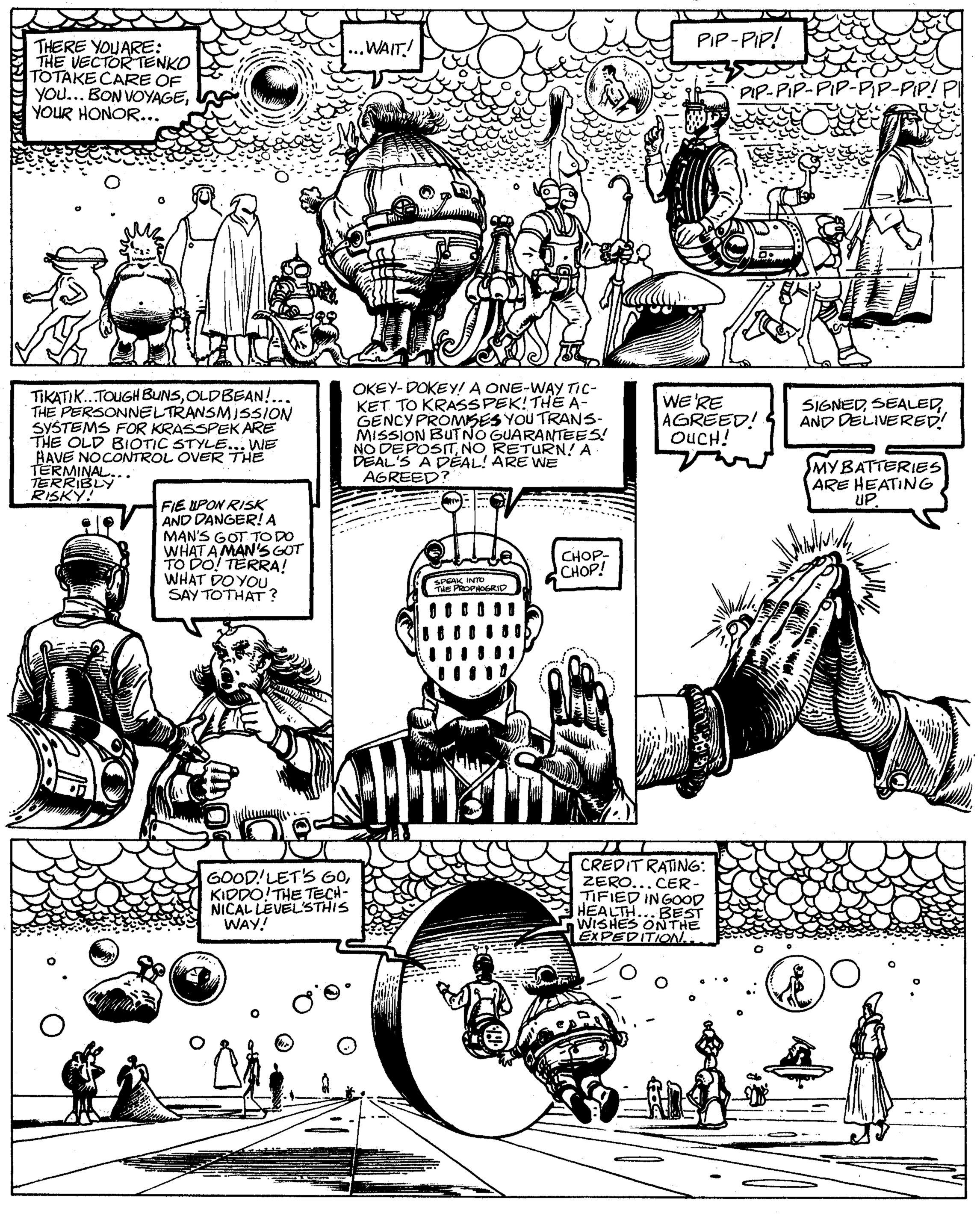
Keep it up. Your magazine is a work of art and there won't be another one like it for a long long time.

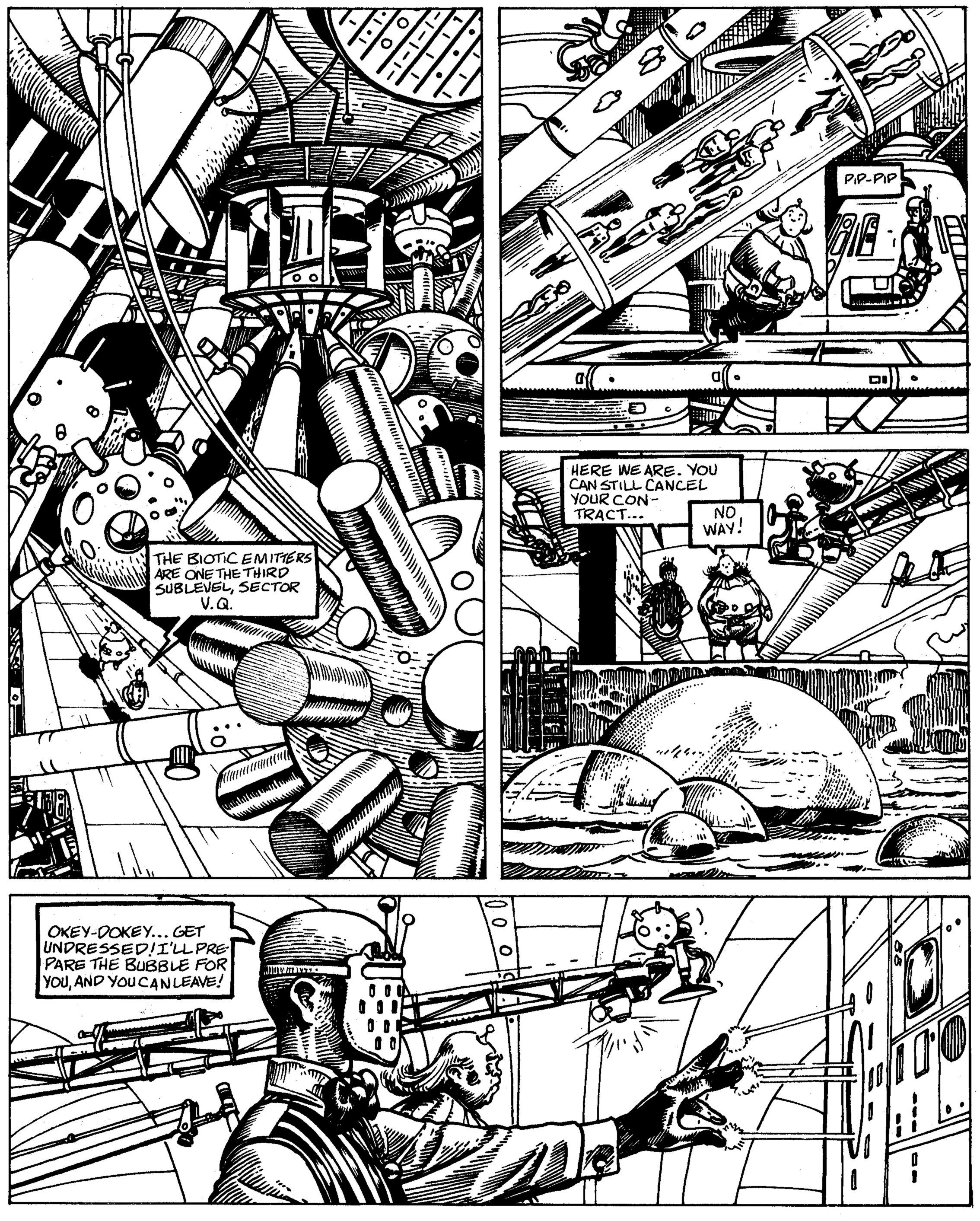
> All Meffle Ren Kelston, Dan O'Bannon L.A., Calif.



Watch for Alien A Brandywine-Ronald Shusett Production Produced by Gordon Carrol and David Giler Directed by Ridley Scott Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Walter Hill and David Giler Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett From Twentieth Century Fox



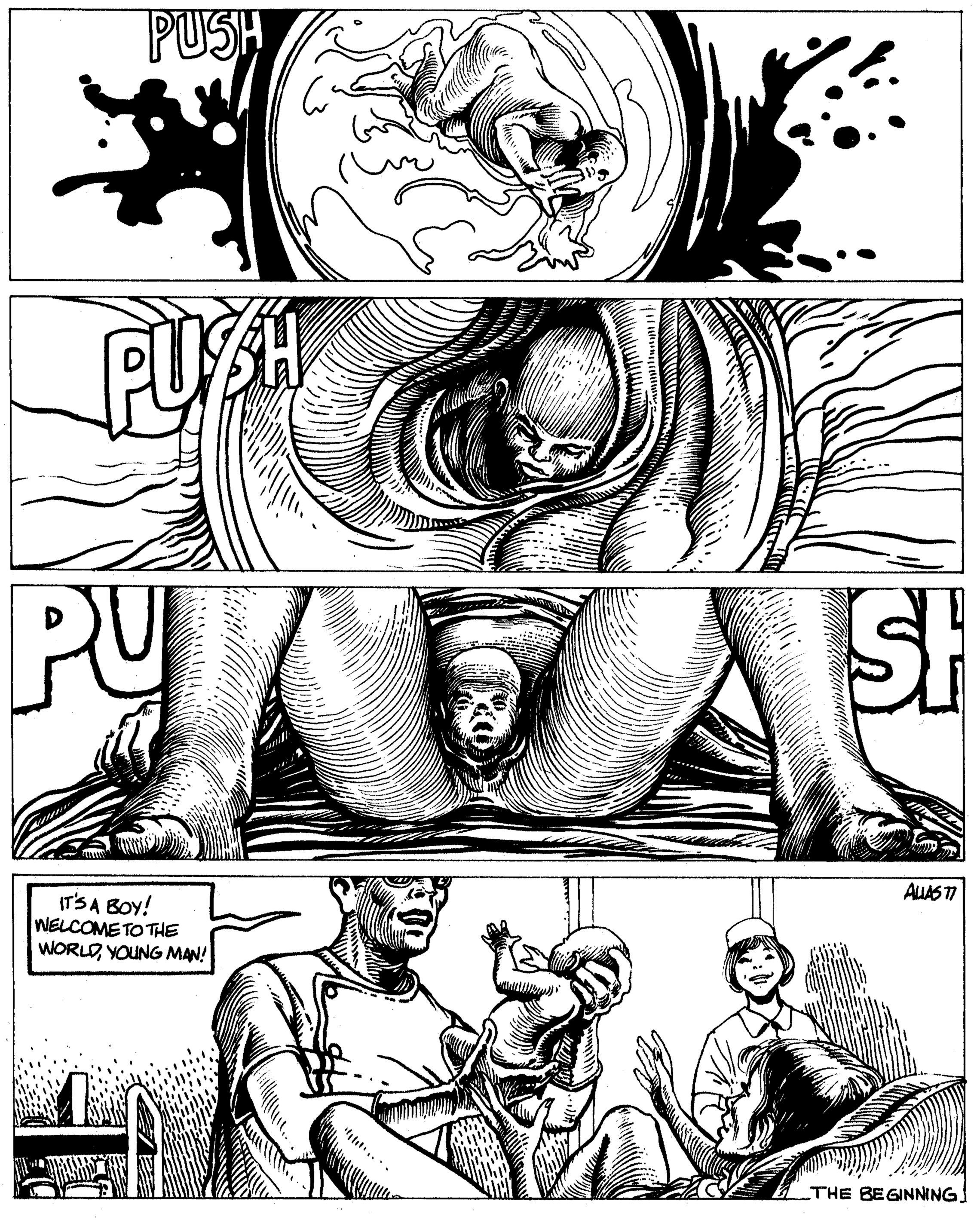
















WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE! -THIS CAN'T GO ON! MURMURS



-I MUST LEAVE, LINDA... -HAVE YOU GONE TOTALLY MADZ! SHE GASPS.



YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, LINDA







LINDA WAKES WITH A START. TWO MEN HAVE BURST INTO THE ROOM. -OH GOD, NO.! IT'S THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

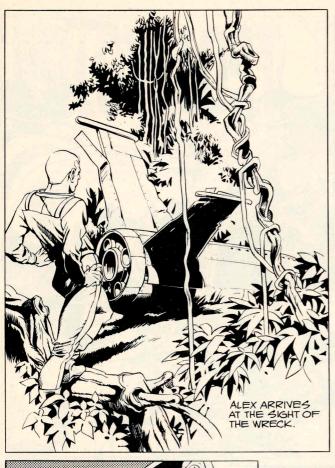


















-OH, BUT ALEX JUST LEFT FOR THE JUNGLE! -WHAT! ROARS THE POLICE CHIEF!









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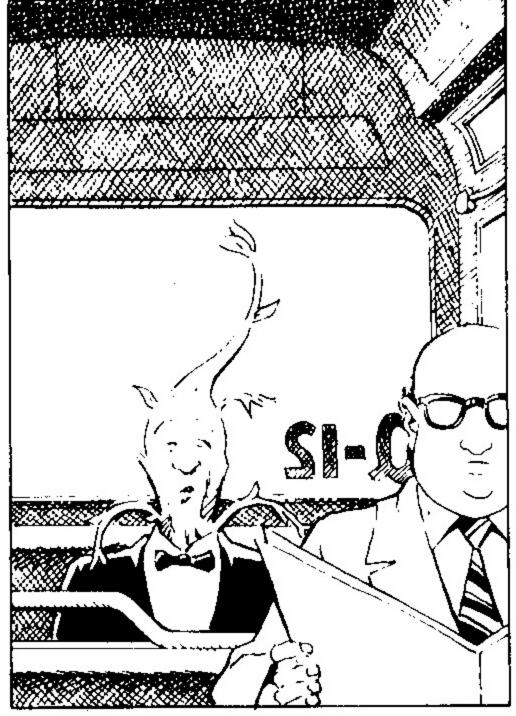




the bus





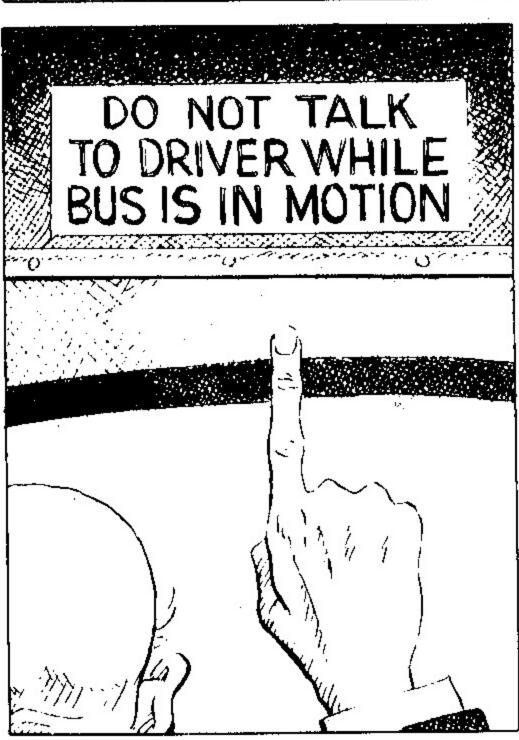














Cain and Abel in the 21st century.

April 18, 1988. A house in New Jersey explodes. The survivors of Caliban's Night mutate, turning into a small race of mystery freaks. The stage is set for tragic-comic fantasy about fraternal twins—one proud to be an anomaly, the other struggling to be normal—and about the difference between what we are, what we think we are, and what we'd like to be.

"...rich imagination and remarkable power of description..."
—Publishers Weekly

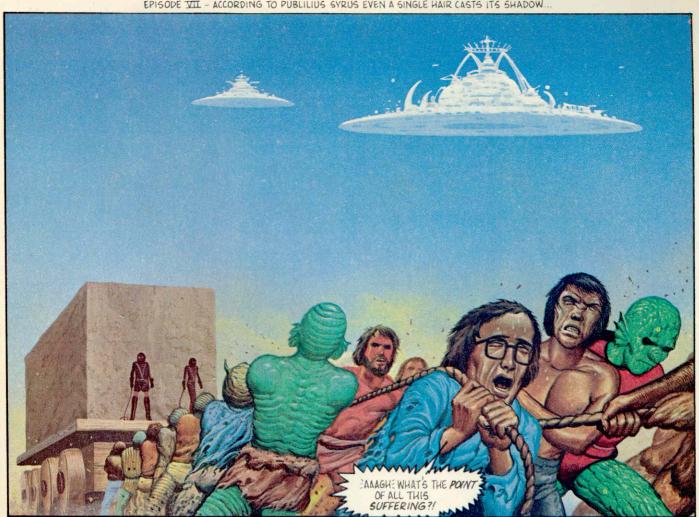
"Energetic, tense, and wildly comical all at once..."

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I WILLIAM MORROW.



## SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS EPISODE VIII - ACCORDING TO PUBLILIUS SYRUS EVEN A SINGLE HAIR CASTS ITS SHADOW...

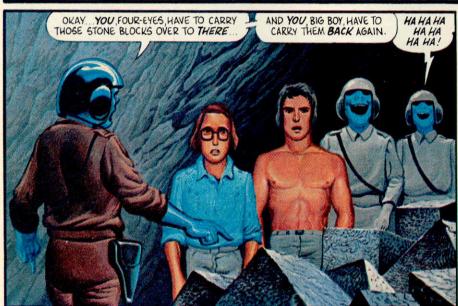


















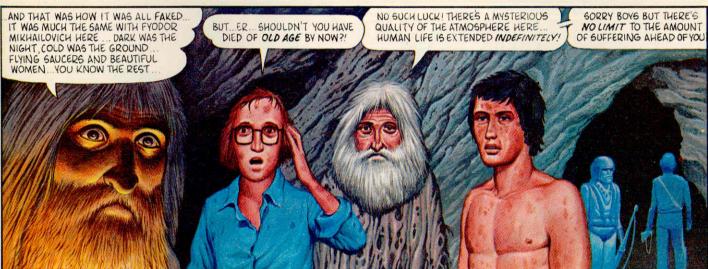




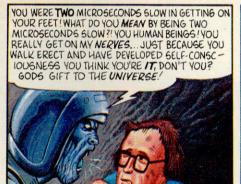






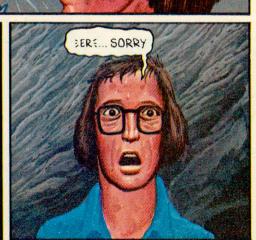












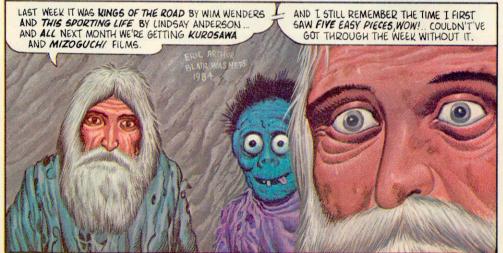




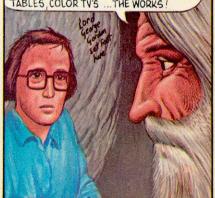








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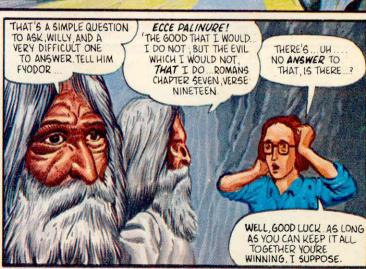


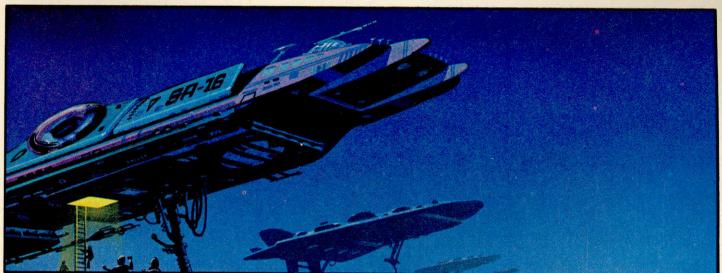
























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