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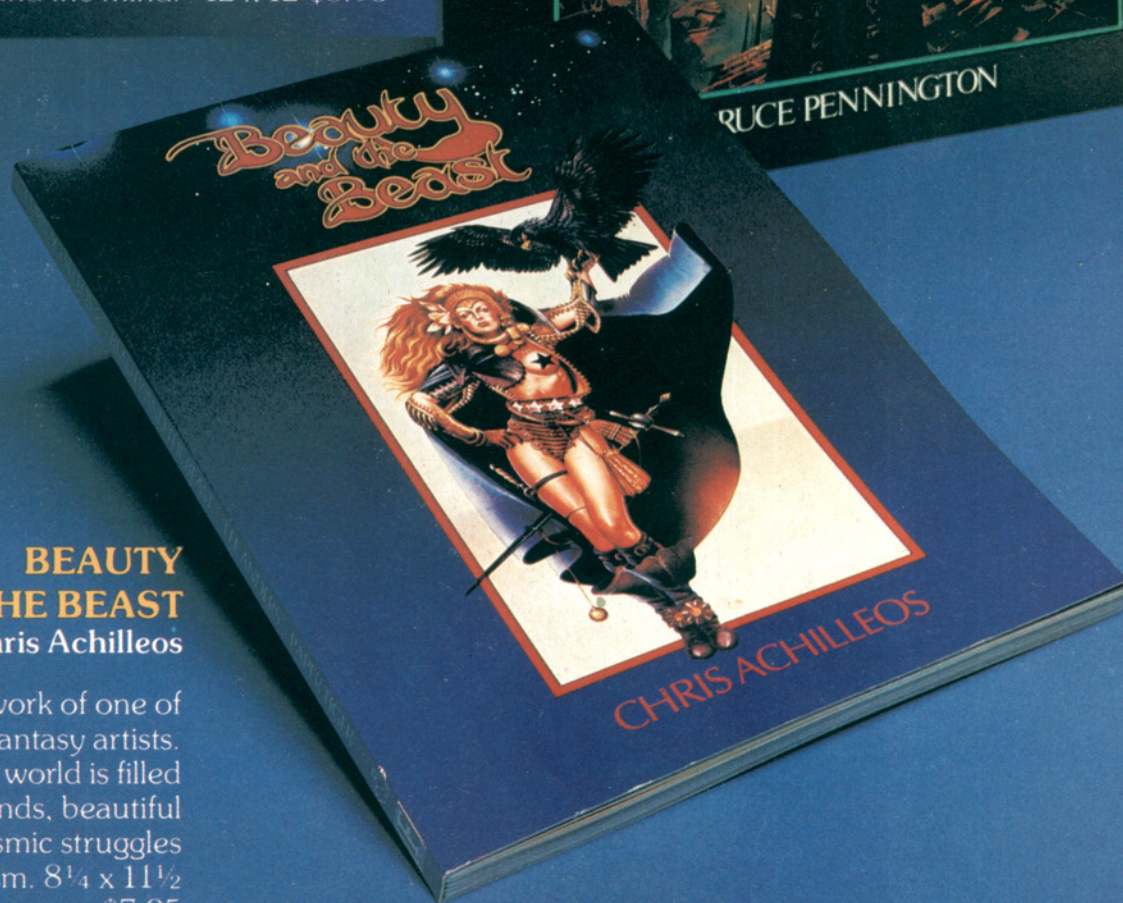
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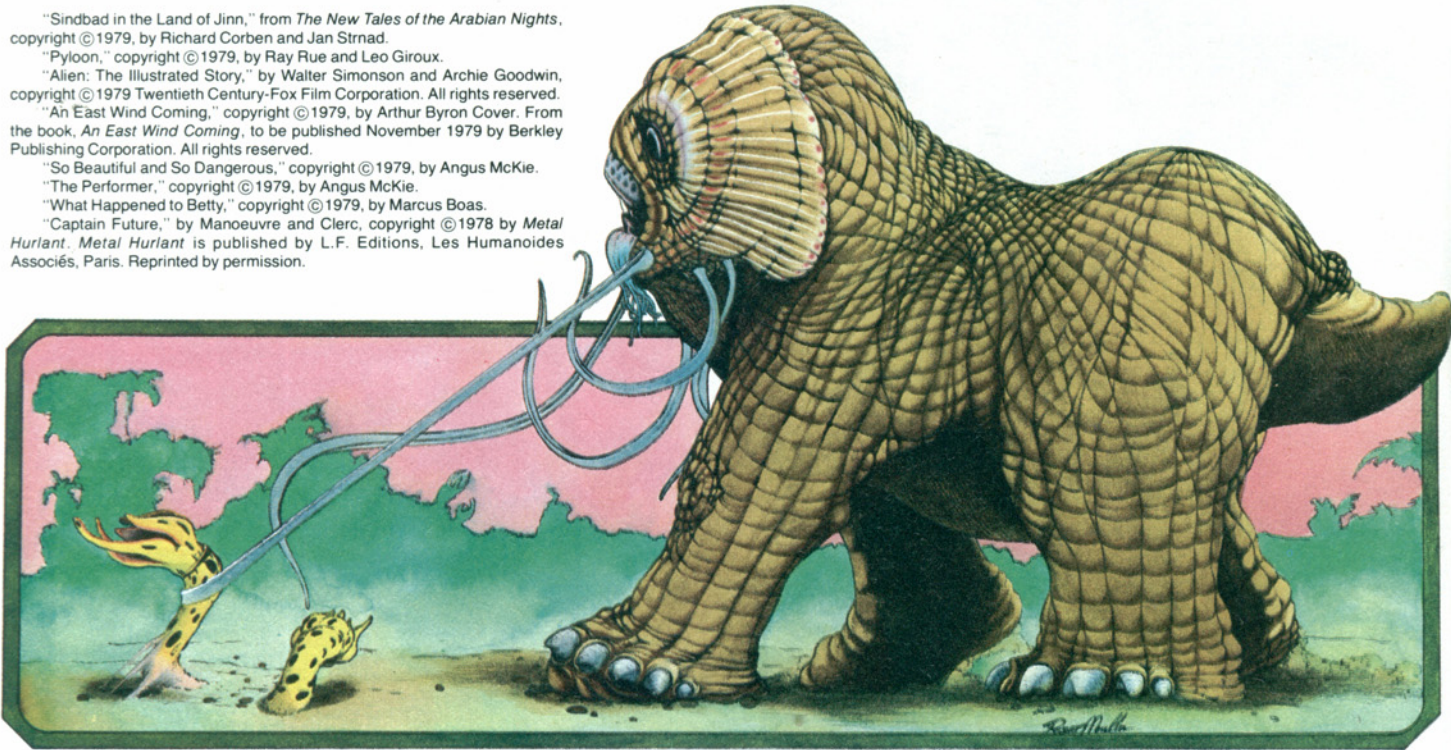
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Illustration by Stuart Nezin

...Twenty-seven...

Nezin's timely illustration on this page reminds us how important it is to have some heavy metal around the house. As Somebody-or-Other's Law says: the perversity of inanimate objects tends to the maximum.

Because we had a lot of short stuff in the May issue, we bring you a sustained piece of paranoid strangeness in June: "Captain Future" was scripted by the publisher, no less, of the French maga-

zine, *Metal Hurlant*. His story tells of a twerp's rise to absolute power. All fiction is autobiographical, says Somebody-Else's Law.

Also included herein is the second, and last, segment of our "teaser" pages from *Alien: The Illustrated Story*. If you want to know what all those folks are gasping at, you can (a) see the movie; (b) read *The Illustrated Story* in *Heavy Metal* books; (c) read the novelization in the Warner's paperback; (d) read Avon's "movie-novel" version; (e) read *The Book of Alien*, the inside story on the making of the film (also from *Heavy Metal* books);

or (f) all of the above.

We are testing Yet-Another-Somebody's Law about the number of spin-off books that can be supported on the hypotenuse of a great sf flick.

Now that Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, as well as the aforementioned *Alien*, are all on our neighborhood screens, we must remind ourselves once again not to believe that sf and fantasy have come of age, are taking over, etc., etc. Here's one last law: until ten million newsstand copies of a single issue of this magazine are sold, the whole thing is probably just a fad. . . .

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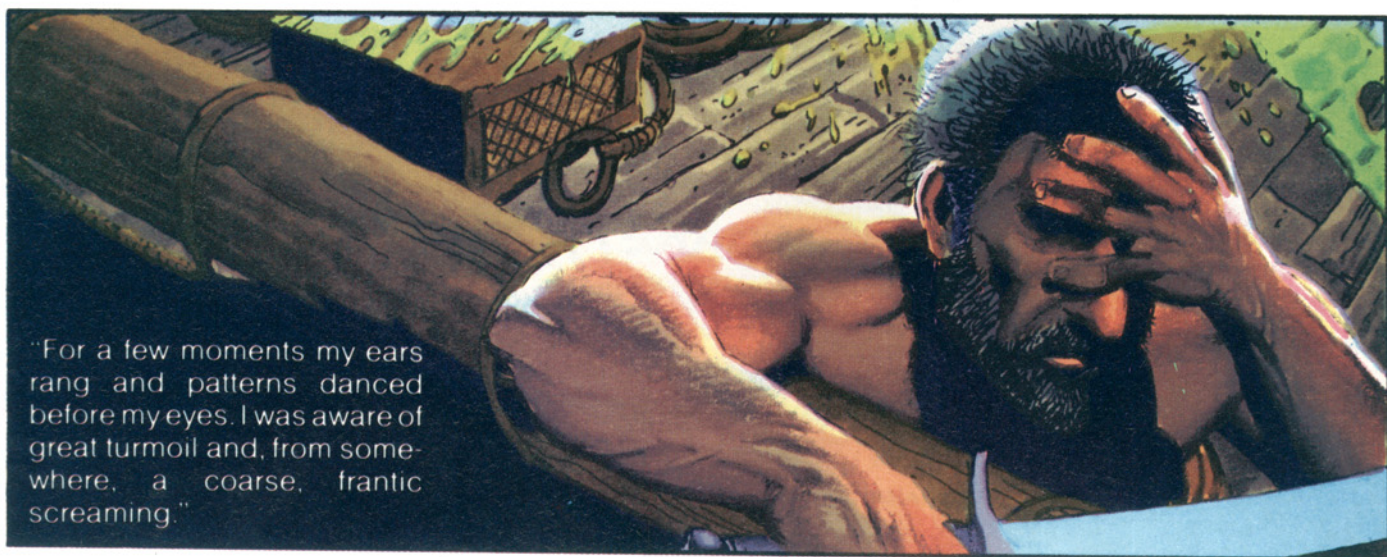
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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE





"It was Ali Ben-Abda, the Ogre, his body a living torch. For these were no earthly flames, but an all-consuming force that struck fear even in the cold heart of Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif."

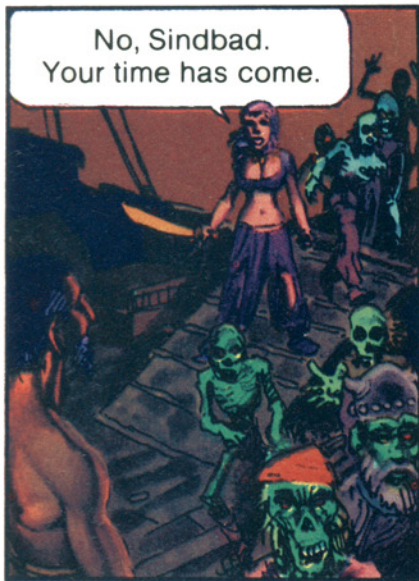


"Ali's undead minions appeared like black insects from every cranny, running crookedly toward self-immolation. I had brought them salvation."

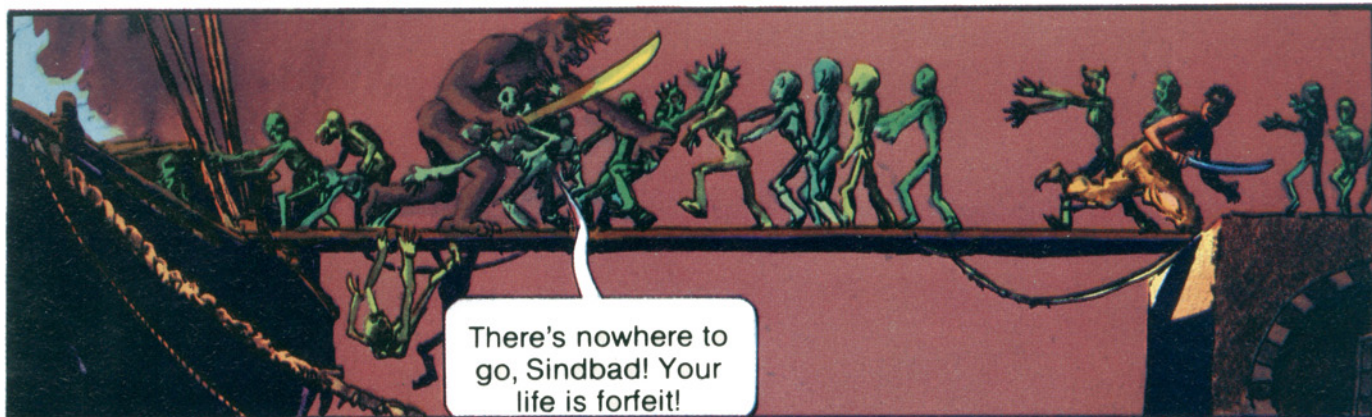


"I sought to flee the ship, but found my way blocked."

No, Sindbad.
Your time has come.



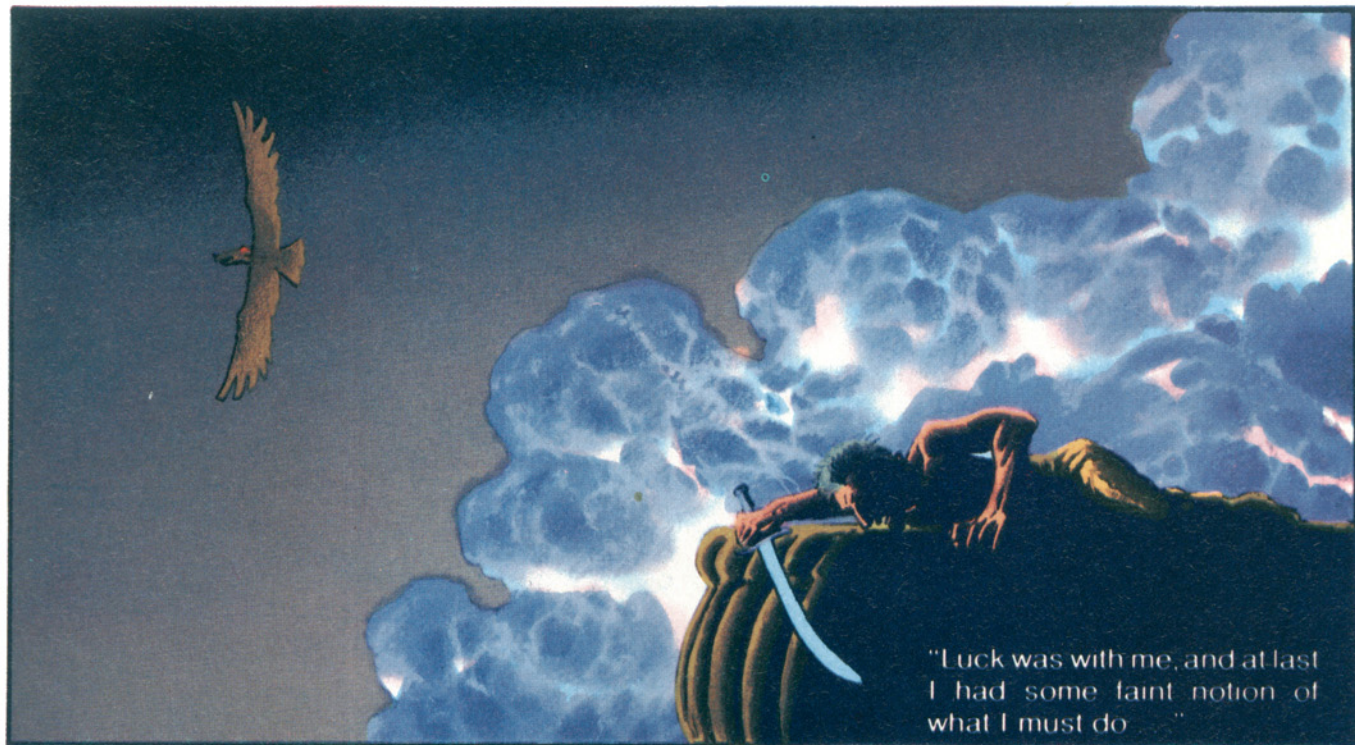
Out of my
way, damn you!

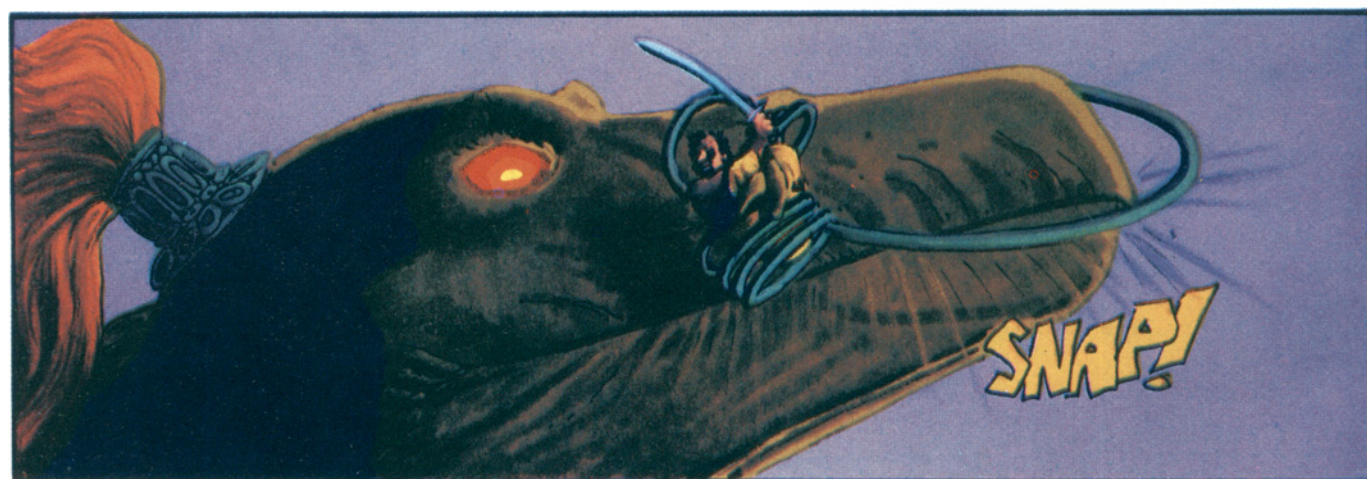


"My mind was in chaos! I needed a plan, but what? **What?**"

"I lashed out viciously at the bird's foot, not minding that, should the grip be released, I would fall to my death."









"I clung to Al-Ra'ad's body as it spiraled down and down. Sight and feeling left me. In darkness, my tortured mind at last found peace."



"The next thing I perceived was warm sand and the scent of the ocean . . ."



"... and a dog's wet tongue lapping against my face."

to be continued

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A SPACE OPERA, COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

**SUPER
SCIENCE
FICTION**

SPECIAL

**THE
AMAZING
CAPTAIN
FUTURE**

**HM
EDITIONS**

JUNE

CAPTAIN FUTURE



**SERGE
CLERC.**

**CAPTAIN
FUTURE**

**A HERO
CREATED BY
PHIL MANDELVRE**

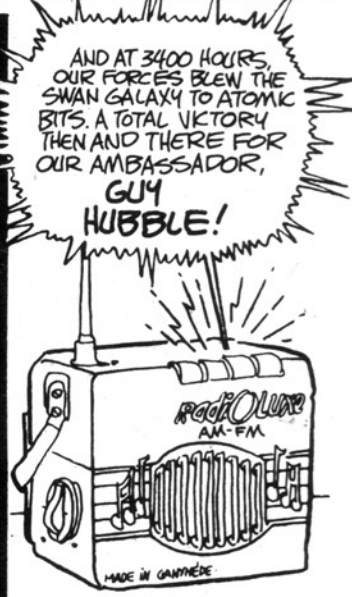
CAPTAIN FUTURE

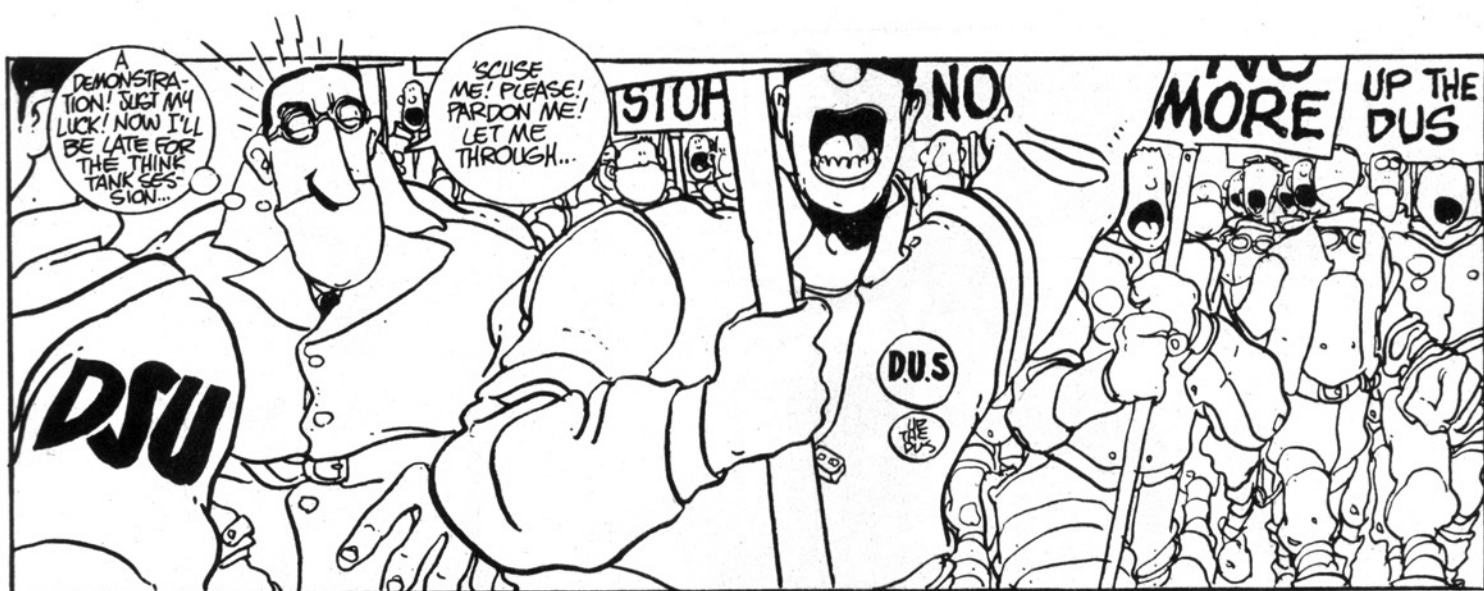
AMAZING!! THRILLING!!



SPECTACULAR!!







6000 MILES AWAY, ON THE TOP FLOOR OF A MOST OSTENTATIOUS BUILDING, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE G.I.A. (GOVERNMENTAL INFORMATION AGENCY), A THINK TANK SESSION IS WINDING DOWN...

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SELDOM HEARD SUCH A PILE OF BULL-SHIT!

THIS WAR IS HITTING US HARD! AND OUR JOB IS TO COVER UP THE SITUATION!

NO ONE IS ASKING YOU TO TRANSFORM OUR DEFEATS INTO VICTORIES, JUST TO CREATE SOME ACCEPTABLE ALTERNATIVES, A LITTLE PIZZAZZ, A LITTLE SHOW BUSINESS!

AFTER ALL, TRUTH IS RELATIVE!

IN THE NEXT ROOM...

GOVERNMENT INFORMATION

POSITION 8

NO! YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

WE HAVE OUR ORDERS! I'M TELLING YOU, THIS CHARLIE FUTCHER HAS GOT TO DISAPPEAR! "THEY" ARE ADAMANT ABOUT IT AND I'M REFERRING TO A GROUP EVEN HIGHER THAN THE GRAND COUNCIL!

IT'S ALL SET! HE'S OFF TO FIGHT ON SIMPROX!

WHAT? SIMPROX? THE LAST OUTPOST... THAT'S SENDING HIM TO HIS DEATH!

UNDER WHAT PRE-TEXT? FOR WHAT REASON?

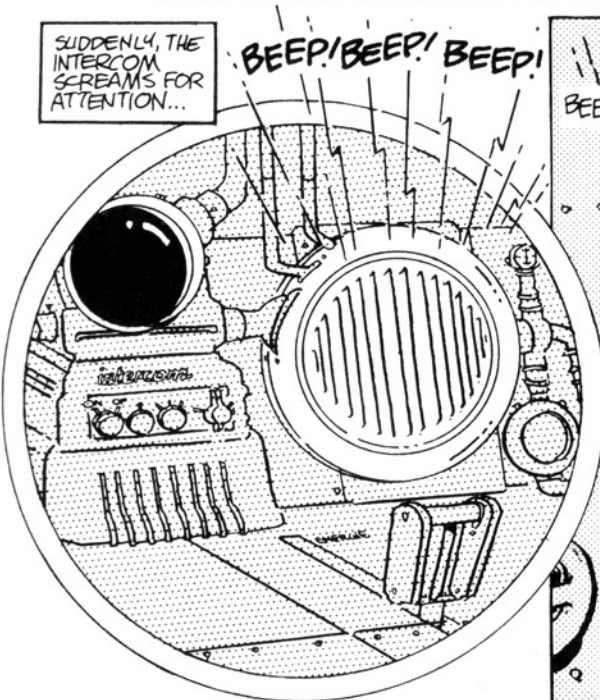
THIS VERY MORNING, YOUR DEAR LITTLE CHARLIE FUTCHER TOOK PART IN A PEACE DEMONSTRATION!

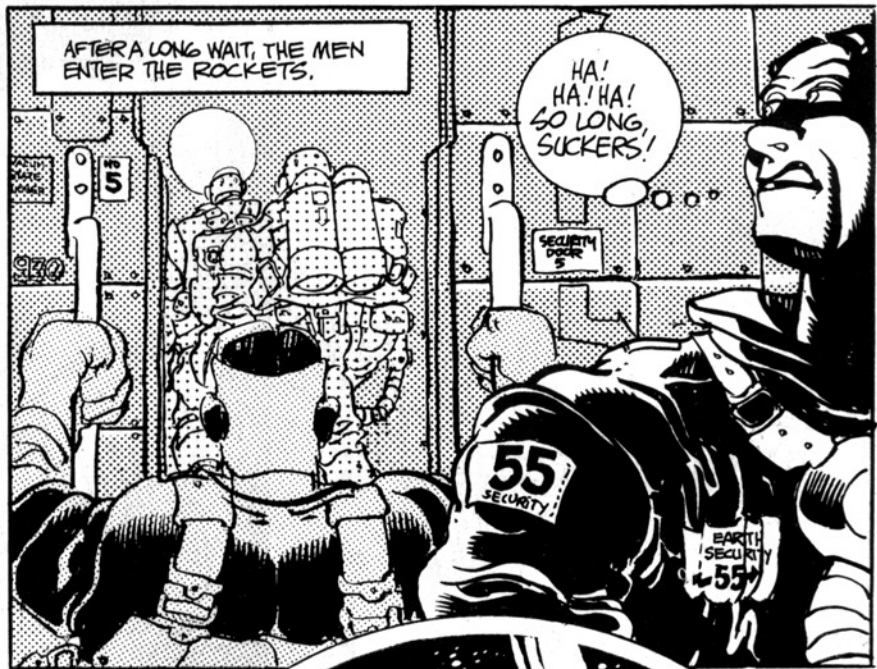
LOOK AT THIS PHOTO-PROOF WE GOT IT FROM THE FILES OF THE SECRET POLICE ON HIS BLOCK.

OH, ALL RIGHT!

PROOF-PROOF CENTRAL AGENCY







CAPTAIN FUTURE

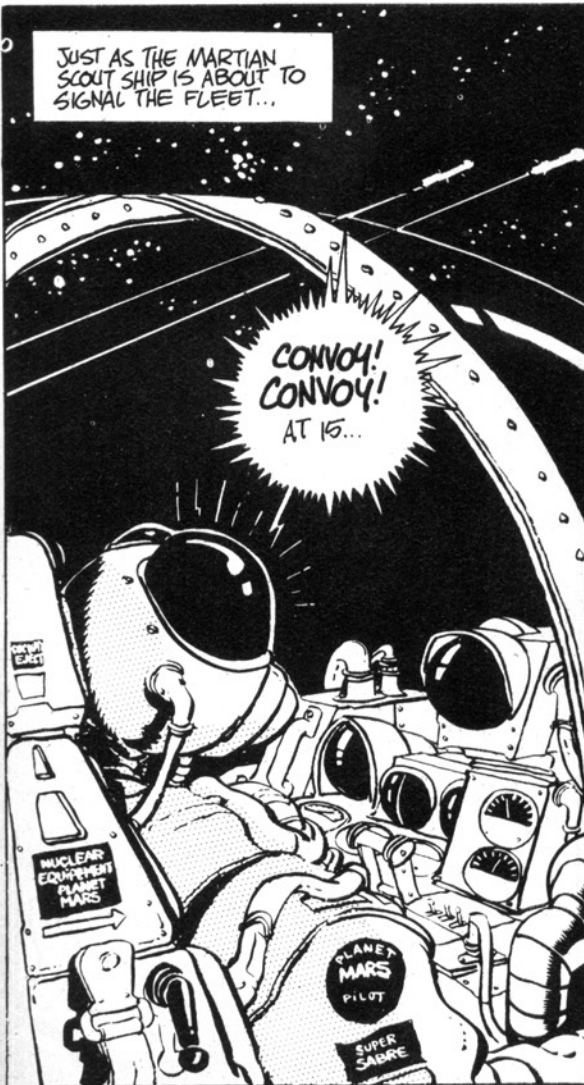
INNOCENT BYSTANDER
CHARLIE FUTCHER FINDS
HIMSELF BEING DEPORTED TO
SIMPRIX, WHERE A GALACTIC
WAR IS RAGING, AND ALL BE-
CAUSE THE **MASTERS OF**
THE WORLD FEAR THE
FUTURE.

STORY: PHIL MANOEUVRE ART: SERGE CLERC



JUST AS THE MARTIAN
SCOUT SHIP IS ABOUT TO
SIGNAL THE FLEET...

**CONVOY!
CONVOY!**
AT 15...

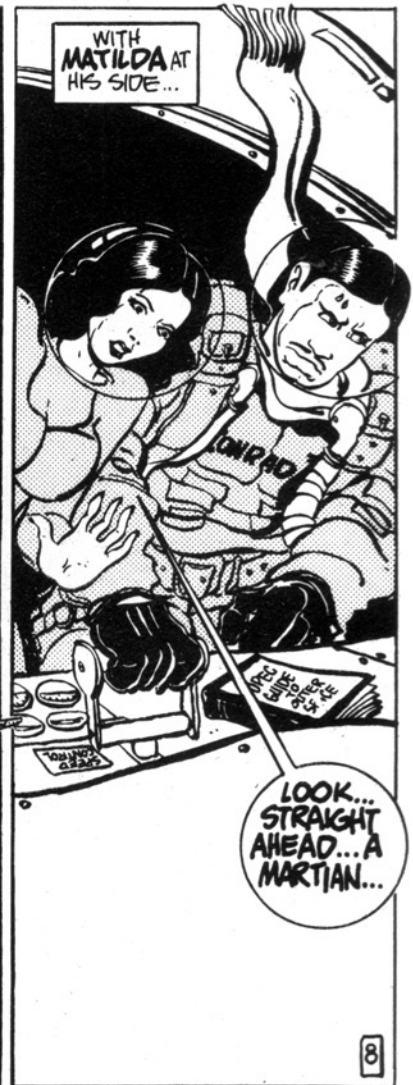


HERE COMES
CONRAD IN
HIS ASTRO-
JET...

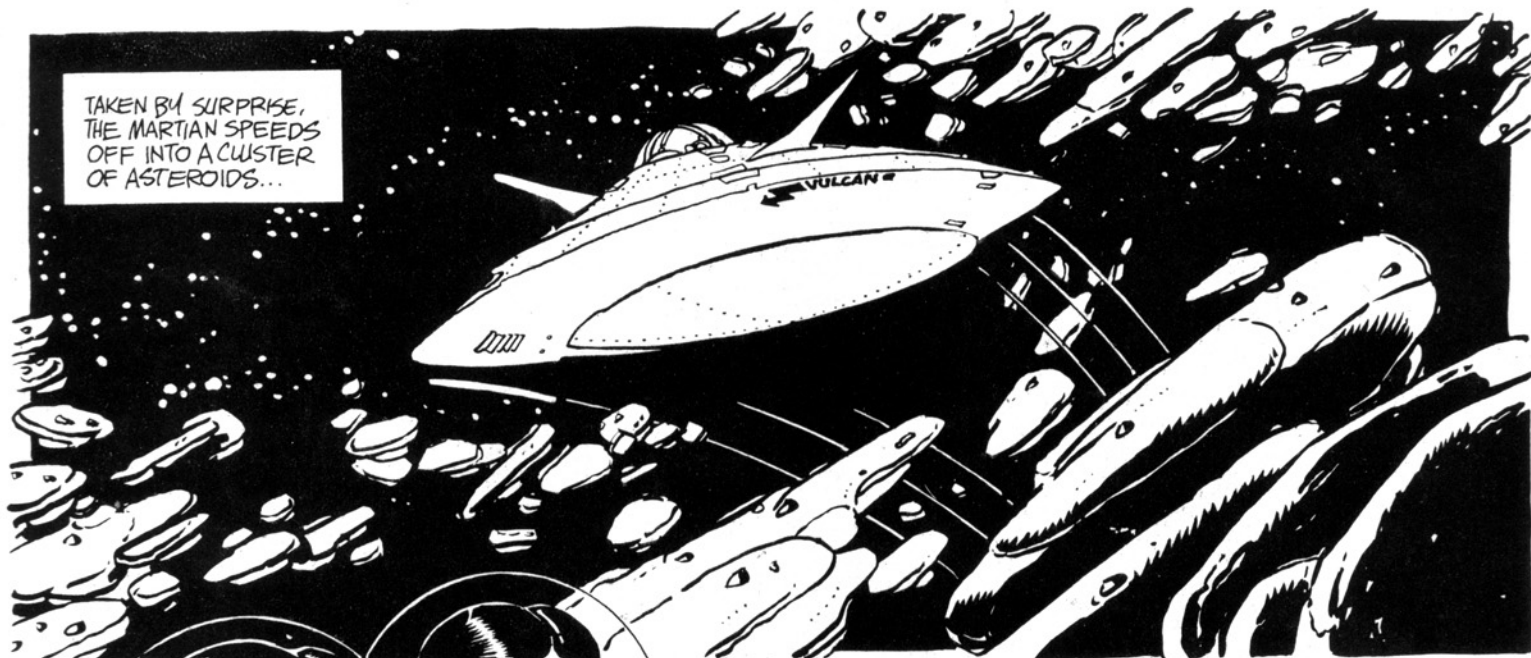


WITH
MATILDA AT
HIS SIDE...

**LOOK...
STRAIGHT
AHEAD... A
MARTIAN...**



TAKEN BY SURPRISE,
THE MARTIAN SPEEDS
OFF INTO A CLUSTER
OF ASTEROIDS...



BUT
CONRAD
FIRES...

CLASH!!

NOW
WE'LL NEVER
FIND HIM,
CONRAD!



THE PROJECTILES
FLASH OUT, LEAVING
LUMINOUS TRAILS
ACROSS SIDEREAL
SPACE...



AND...



BRavo!
CONRAD!
YOU GOT
HIM!

SURE!
THANKS
TO DOCTOR
BONO'S LITE-
SEEKING
MISSILE!





IN THE ROCKET SHIP, COMMANDER **BOUVIER-MULLER** IS UNAWARE OF ALL THIS...

AUTO-MATIC PILOT ALL THE WAY TO SIMPROX!

LOUD AND CLEAR, COMMANDER!



FIVE DECKS BELOW, **CHARLIE FYTCHER** BREAKS DOWN...

SOB
SOB

HE THINKS OF HIS BOOKS AND HIS WIFE, AND HE WEEPS...



BUT NOW THE EFFECT OF THE **MORPHO-C4** IS WEARING OFF AND THE SOLDIERS BEGIN TO FEEL PURE HATRED WASHING OVER THEM...



ONE OLD VET FINDS A WAY TO PASS THE TIME...

HEY, YOU!

WHAT! ME?



YEAH!
YOU, YA
FAGGOT!
KNEEL
DOWN!





A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SEAL OFF THE BULKHEAD AND WAIT! THEN, IN TWENTY MINUTES, WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, THROW THE DEAD INTO SPACE...



WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR, I'LL GO TAKE A LOOK! THIS SPECTACLE MIGHT BE QUITE EDIFYING!

AS YOU PLEASE, MISTER MATSON!



CAN CHARLIE FUTCHER LAST TWENTY MINUTES MORE?



WILL HE MAKE IT?



MEANWHILE, CHARLIE BOY'S IN BIG TROUBLE!

CHARLIE FUTCHER IS ABOUT TO FALL BENEATH THE HORDE, WHEN HE SEEMS TO FIND AN ALLY, IN THIS MAN!



LITTLE BY LITTLE, THANKS TO THIS PROVINCIAL RESCUE, THE ATTACKS BEGIN TO DIE DOWN....

WHEW! I THINK IT'S OVER, NOW!!



IT'S THE MORPHO! IT TRANSFORMED YOU FROM A MOUSE TO A LION!

ANYWAY, YOU FOUGHT WELL!





BUT THAT'S FORBIDDEN!

SHUT UP! LISTEN TO THAT SOUND!



WHA... WHAT IS IT?

ANDROIDS... IT'S THE ANDROIDS...

RETURN TO SATURN
THREATEN SOURCE FLOREN

KILLER FLEAS OF PUL
WORLD OF TOMORROW

IN EMERGEN
BREAK THE P



YES, THE ANDROID SANITARY ENGINEERS... COMING TO THROW THE CORPSES OUT INTO SPACE...



HIDDEN IN A CORNER OF THE CABIN, F4UTCHER AND THE STRANGER OBSERVE THE ANDROIDS AT WORK...

ENGINE ROOM

WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO NEUTRALIZE ONE OF THEM!!

SERGE CLERC

14

AND JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER, TWO STRANGE ANDROIDS LEAVE THE SCENE OF HUMAN CARNAGE...

BUT FROM A CATWALK ABOVE THE CORRIDOR, SECURITY OFFICER MAT-SON SPOTS THE TWO ANDROIDS...

HEY!
THOSE TWO
ANDROIDS!
WHERE ARE
THEY
GOING?

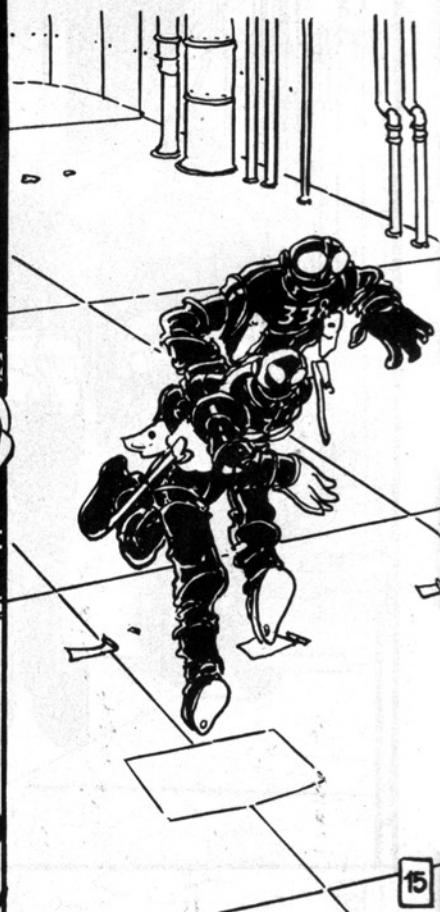
?!

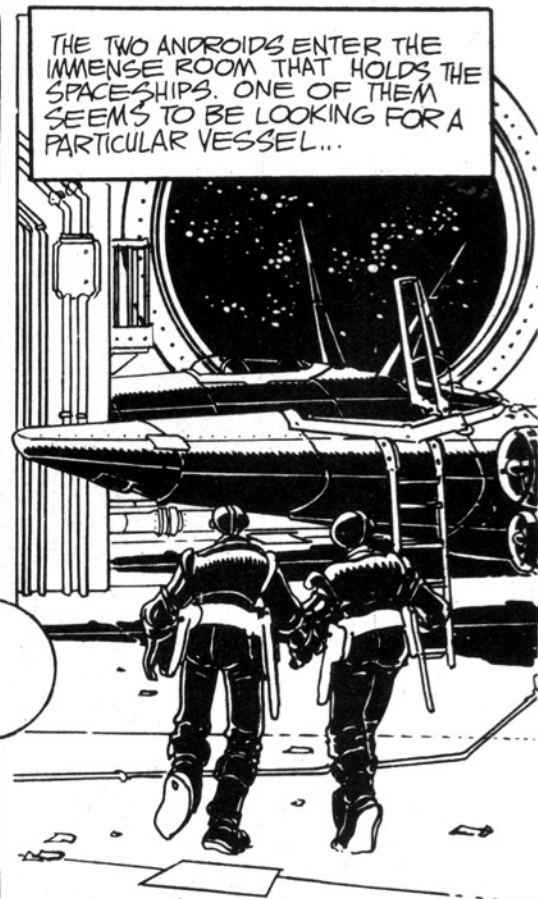


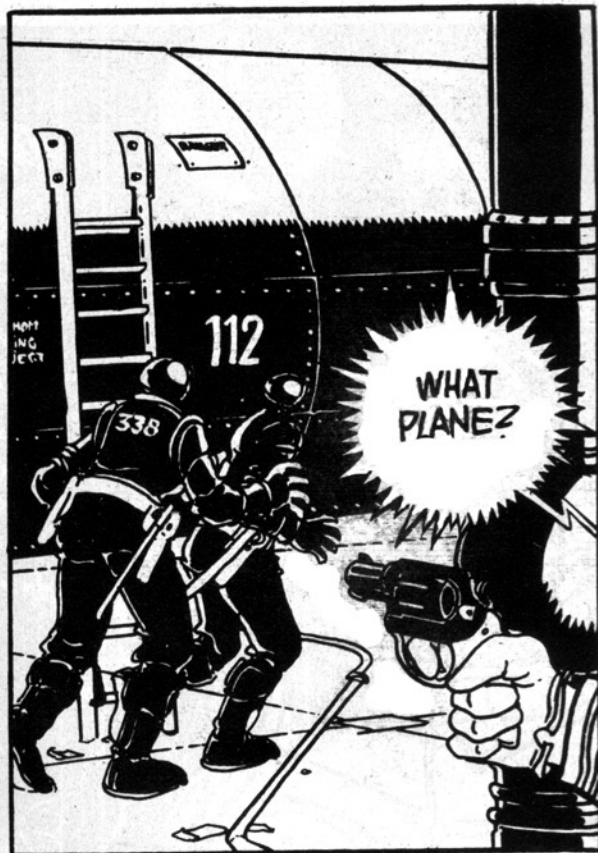
MY
GOD!
THAT'S
RIGHT!

DROID 337!
DROID 338!

NEVER
MIND
THAT!
LOOK!







A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION
RINGS OUT... THE BODY OF
THE STRANGER COLLAPSES
BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED
**CHARLIE
FUTCHER...**

YOU...
YOU
KILLED
HIM!!

I
NEVER KNEW
WHO HE WAS!
BUT HE SAVED
MY LIFE!!

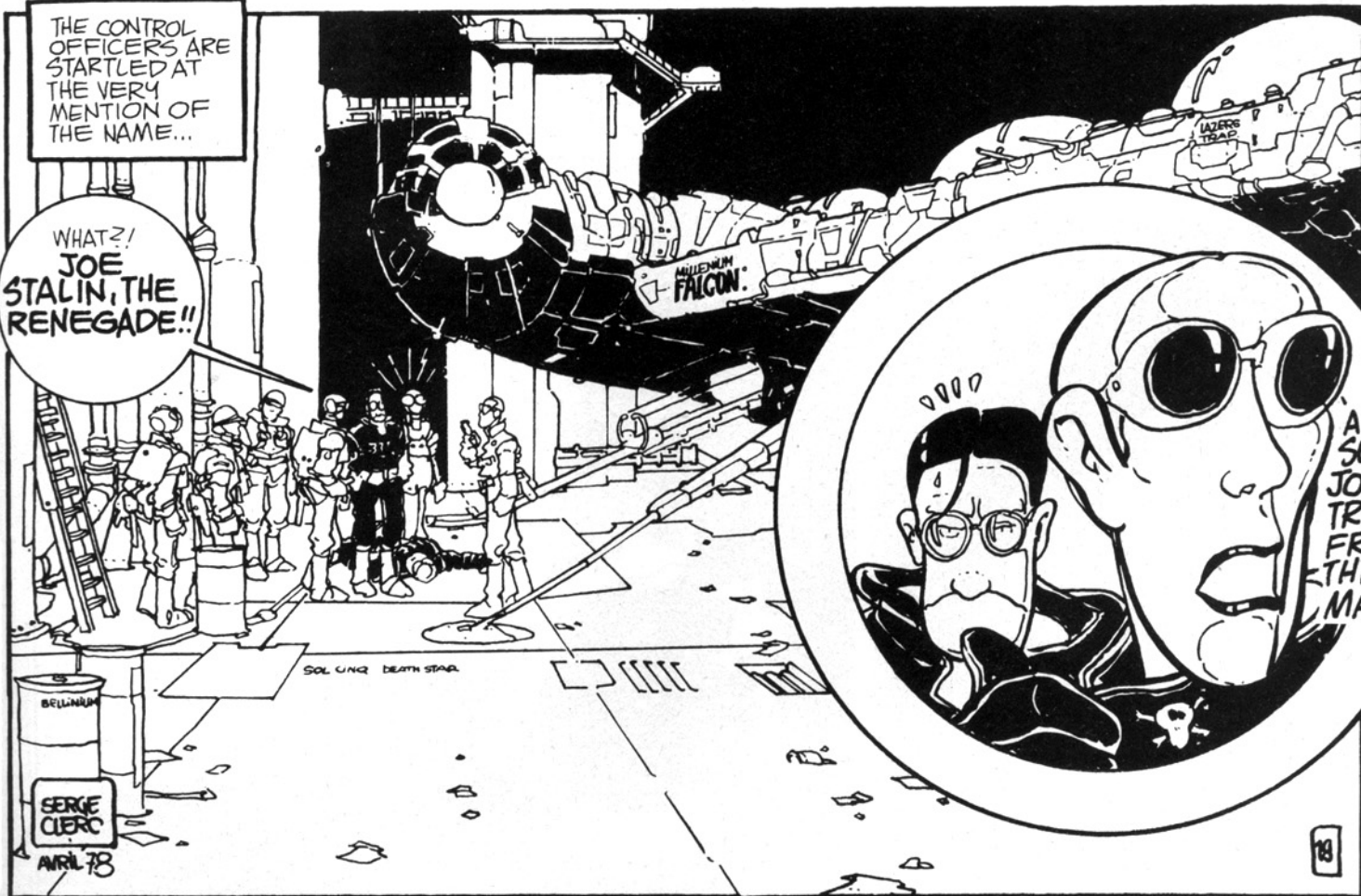


YES,
BUT WE TWO
KNEW EACH OTHER.
THIS MAN WAS
NONE OTHER THAN
**JOE
STALIN!**



THE CONTROL
OFFICERS ARE
STARTLED AT
THE VERY
MENTION OF
THE NAME...

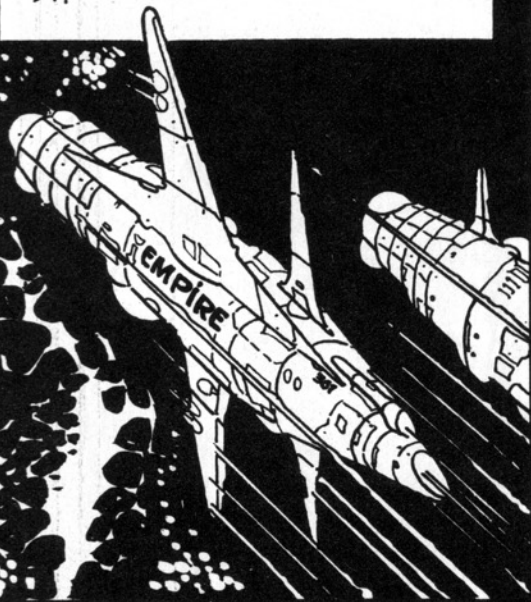
WHAT?/
**JOE
STALIN, THE
RENEGADE!!**



YES!
AND IT
SEEMS
JOE STALIN
TRIED TO
FREE
THIS
MAN!



CHARLIE FUTCHER IS CLOSELY WATCHED BY MATSON, BUT BECAUSE COMMANDER BOLNIEV-MULLER HAS NOT GIVEN THE COP AUTHORITY TO PRACTICE THIRD-DEGREE TORTURE, CHARLIE ENDS HIS TRIP IN GOOD SHAPE...



THE MONOTONY OF THE SPACE FLIGHT IS INTERRUPTED OCCASIONALLY BY THE VISION OF BRILLIANT NEBULAE...

A FEW DAYS LATER, **SIMP**ROX IS IN SIGHT...



ON SIMPROX, A
GROUP OF HAGGARD,
MUD-SPLATTERED
SOLDIERS...

SIM
ZON

ZACH!
REIN-
FORCEMENTS...

THIS IS
SIMP-ONE
HERE! HOLY
SPACE JUNK! GET
A MOVE ON! WE
CAN'T HOLD OUT
MUCH LONG-
ER...

SIM
XYT

SERGE
CLERC

MEANWHILE, AFTER
A DIFFICULT DESCENT,
THE CONVOY LANDS IN
A THUNDER OF
ATOMIC RETRO-
ROCKETS...

SCRiiiiiiiiii

THAT MOMENT, RADIO
CONTACT IS SUDDENLY
LOST...

SIMP-
ONE...COME
IN, FOR GOD'S
SAKE!

20

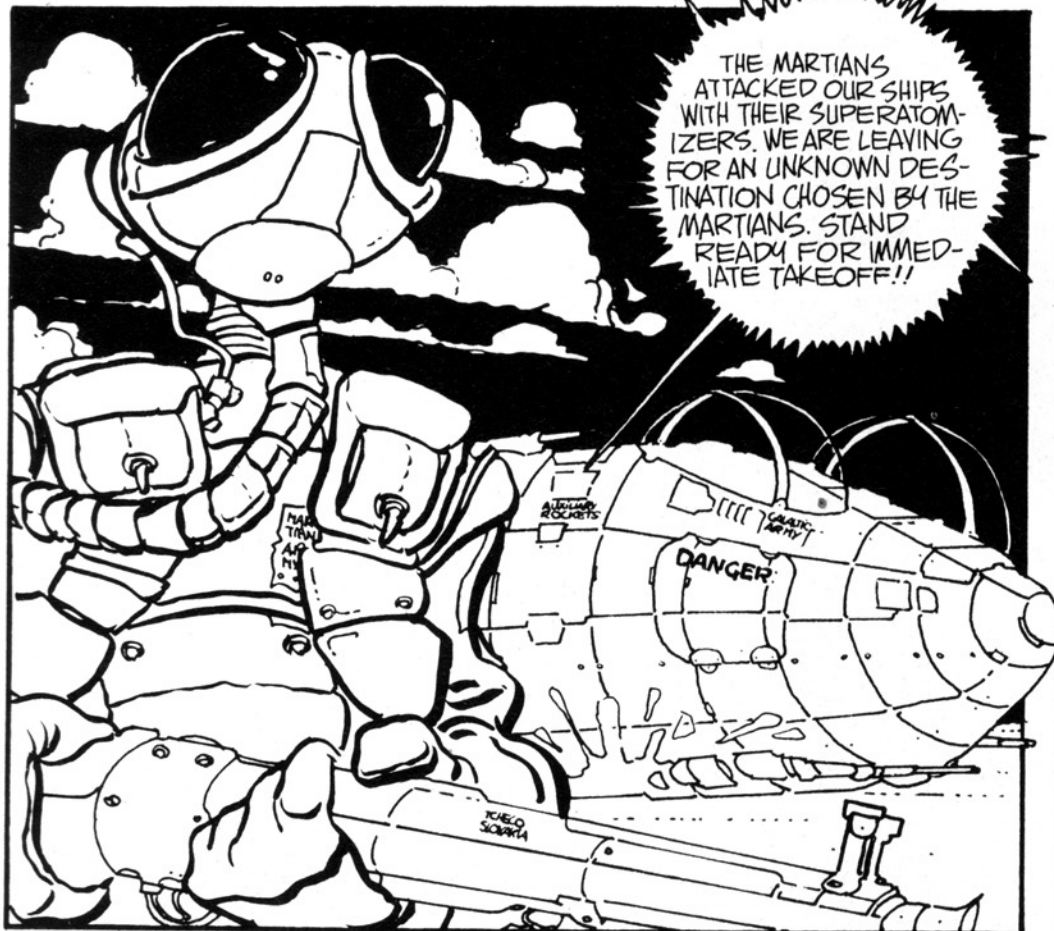
FOR SEVERAL LONG SECONDS THE LOUDSPEAKERS CRACKLE, THEN...

**SIMPROX IS NO MORE,
EARTHLING PRISONERS!**



SEVERAL HOURS LATER,
AFTER SOME LONG SES-
SIONS, COMMANDER
BOUVIER-MULLER
SPEAKS TO THE CREW
AND SOLDIERS ON THE
INTERCOM...

**SOLDIERS,
THERE'LL BE
NO FIGHTING!
SIMPROX
HAS
FALLEN...**



THE MARTIANS
ATTACKED OUR SHIPS
WITH THEIR SUPERATOM-
IZERS. WE ARE LEAVING
FOR AN UNKNOWN DES-
TINATION CHOSEN BY THE
MARTIANS. STAND
READY FOR IMMEDIATE
TAKEOFF!!

WHA...
WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN?

IT
MEANS WE'RE
THE MARTIANS'
PRISONERS!
THE WORST IS
YET TO
COME!!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 43...

PYLOON & QA

IN
"THE
OUTPOST"

ART: RAY RUE/SCRIPT: LEO GIROUX, JR.

©1978 RUE/GIROUX

IT IS MATING TIME ON
THE PLANET, *ARK*-- FIERCE
PYLOON SEEKS *QA*, A
FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES,
AT AN OUTPOST NEAR
ONE OF THE POLES.

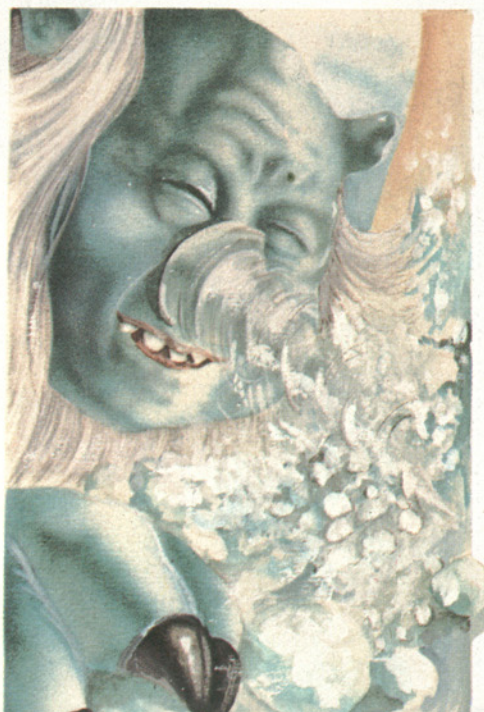
HIS MEMORY OF HER
LINGERS LIKE A
MIRAGE!

PYLOON, HOWEVER,
HAS BEEN TRAILED BY *TLIX*,
A BURROWER MINION OF
NUURGAH, THE ICE GIANT.
EARLIER *PYLOON* HAD ESCAPED
FROM A CRYOGENIC BERG, AND
TLIX HAS BEEN SENT TO
RECAPTURE HIM.

TELEPATHICALLY QA TAUNTS:
"HA, FOOLISH PYLON, WILL YOU
NEVER LEARN AND LEAVE ME BE?"

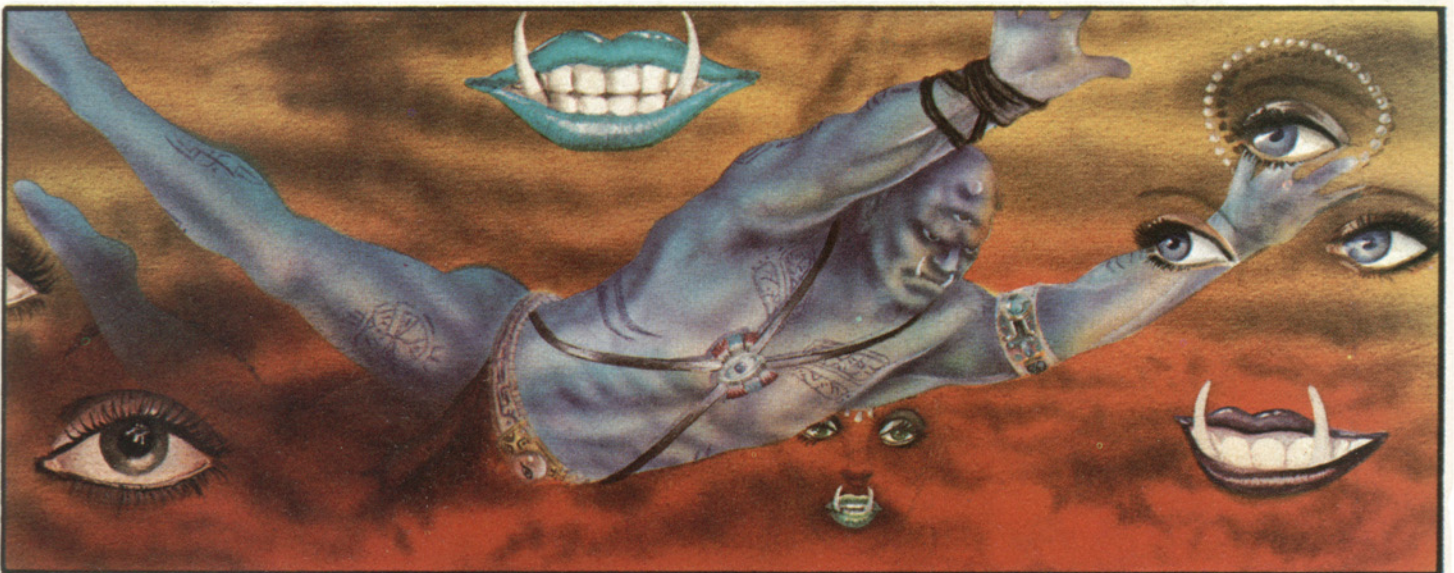


AND AT THE BASE OF THE
OUTPOST--

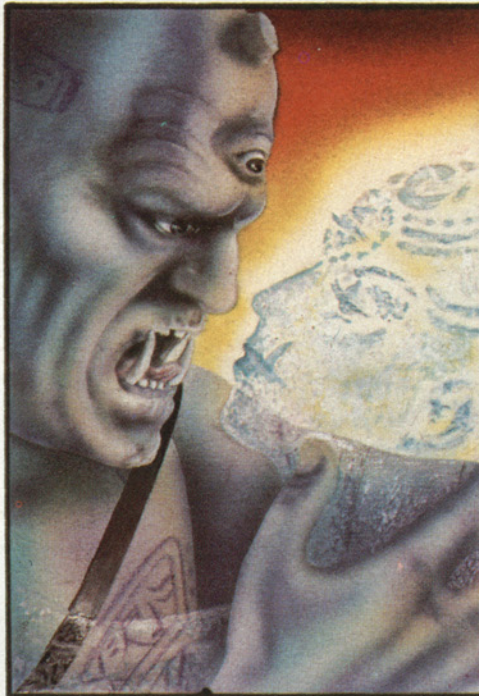




WHILE *PYLOON* IS TELEPORTED INTO THE OUTPOST, *QA* RESTS IN ONE OF THE CAFES.



"YOU WILL BE MINE, NOW AND FOREVER!" -- PYLOON LUNGED AT THE FIGURE HE BELIEVED WAS QA, ONLY TO FIND--



"KILL HIM!" SCREAMS THE R'YL CHIEFTAIN.

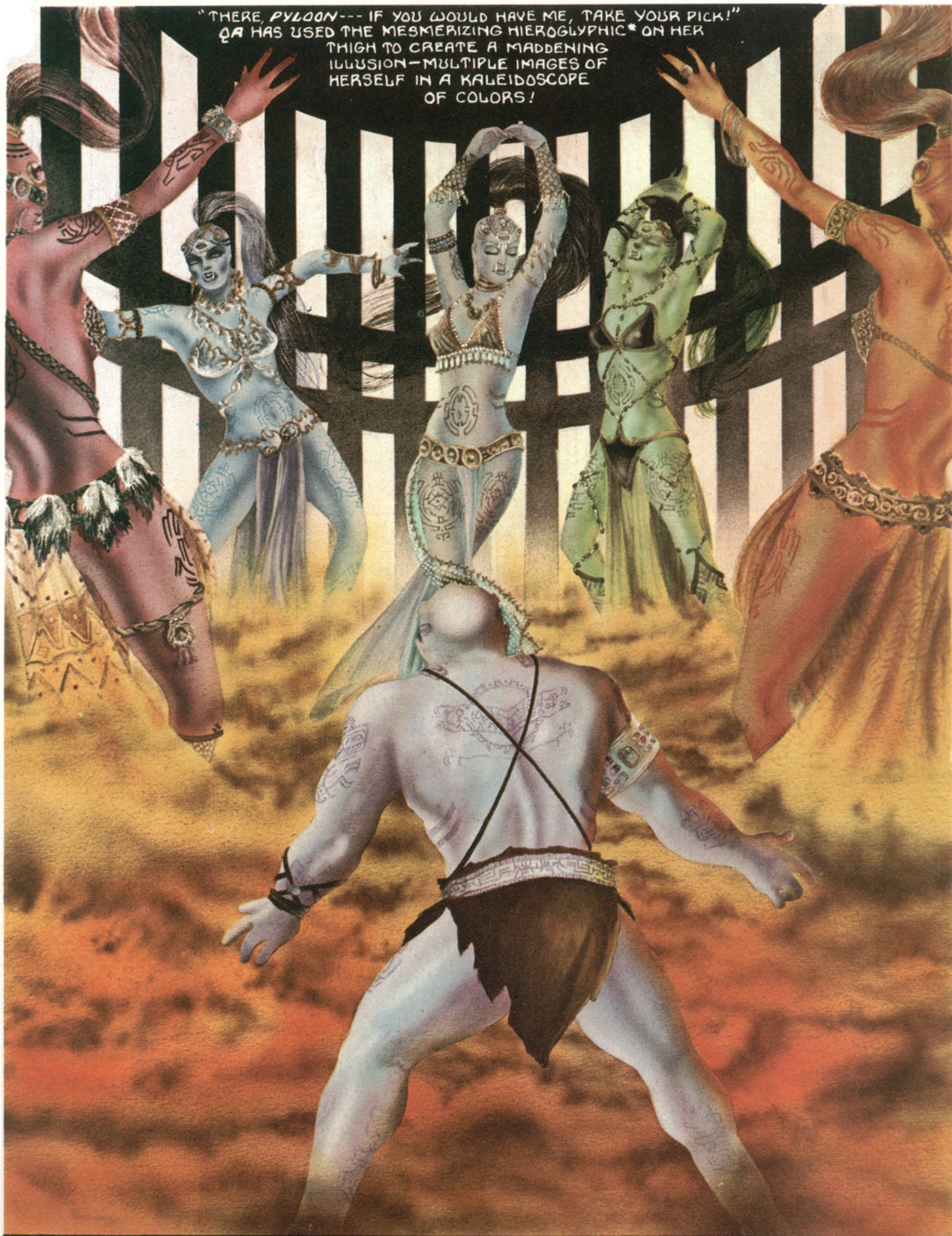


"KILL ME?!" REPLIES PYLOON...



"NEVER, BY THE THOUSAND MOONS OF NADA-LON!" SO PYLOON SWEARS BY THE AXHIAN HEAVEN...

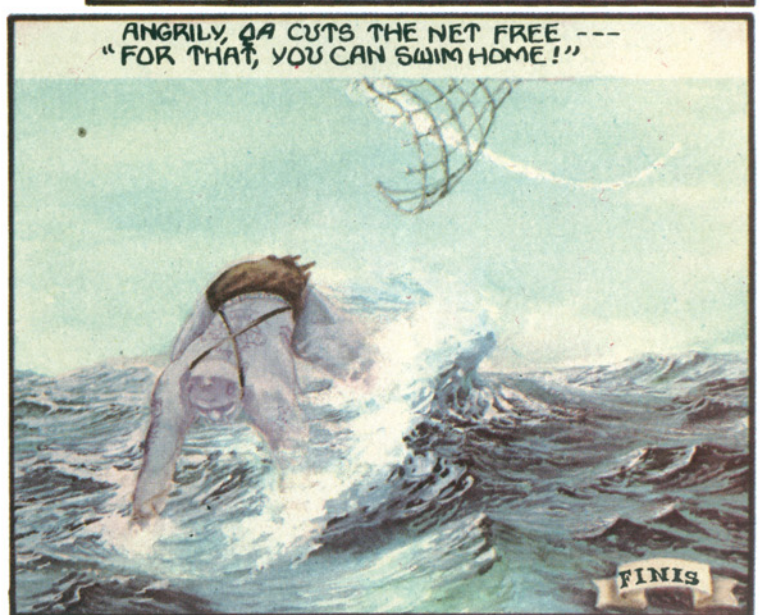
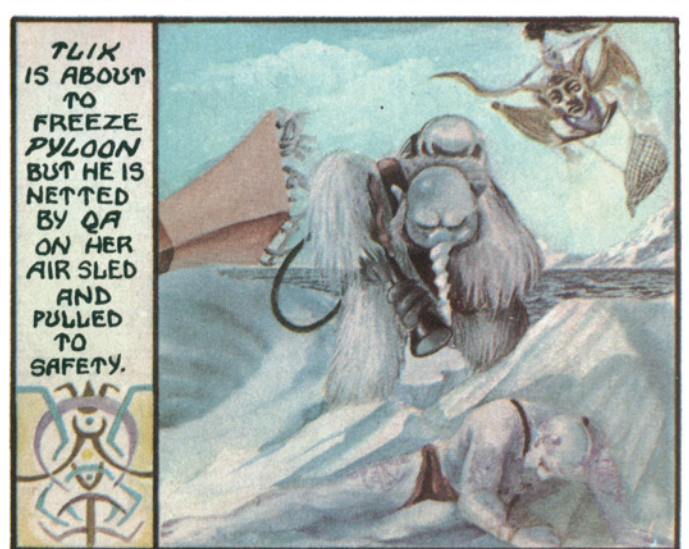
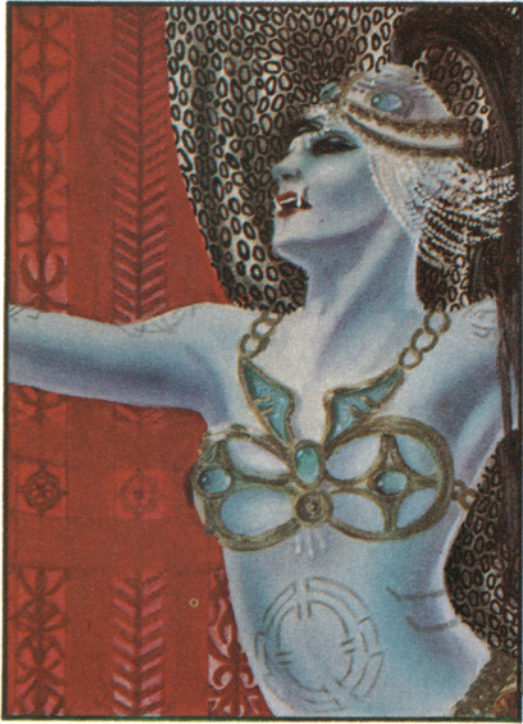
"THERE, PYLOON--- IF YOU WOULD HAVE ME, TAKE YOUR PICK!"
QA HAS USED THE MESMERIZING HIEROGLYPHIC* ON HER
THIGH TO CREATE A MADDENING
ILLUSION--MULTIPLE IMAGES OF
HERSELF IN A KALEIDOSCOPE
OF COLORS!



USING HIS SENSORS TO FIND THE TRUE QA, PYLOON ASSUMES HIS NATURAL PURPLISH HUE...

*THESE GLYPHS, CONSTANTLY CHANGING IN COLOR AND SHAPE, ARE POWERFUL LIVING SYMBOLS OF THE AXHIAN SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE!

"PYLOON, BELOVED, HE WILL FIRE THE WEAPON!" QA SHOWS HER TRUE EMOTION FOR ONCE.
THEN THE GROUND TILTS AND THE DIN IS INCREASED!



CAPTAIN FUTURE

SIMPROX HAS FALLEN, AND THE IMPERIAL FLEET'S CREW HAS BEEN DEPORTED TO A MYSTERIOUS DESTINATION BY THE MARTIANS... AND NOW THAT THE INFAMOUS **JOE STALIN** HAS BEEN KILLED, WHAT WILL BEFALL THE REBEL AGENTS?



BECAUSE, WHILE ALL THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON, CONRAD AND MATILDA HAVE BEEN TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE TO KEEP THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH **JOE STALIN**...

I CHECKED THE DETECTOR-SYSTO! IT CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER.



AND WHAT IF THEY AREN'T THERE?

TUT! TUT! MY DEAR! YOU'RE UNDER-ESTIMATING GOOD OLD JOE!

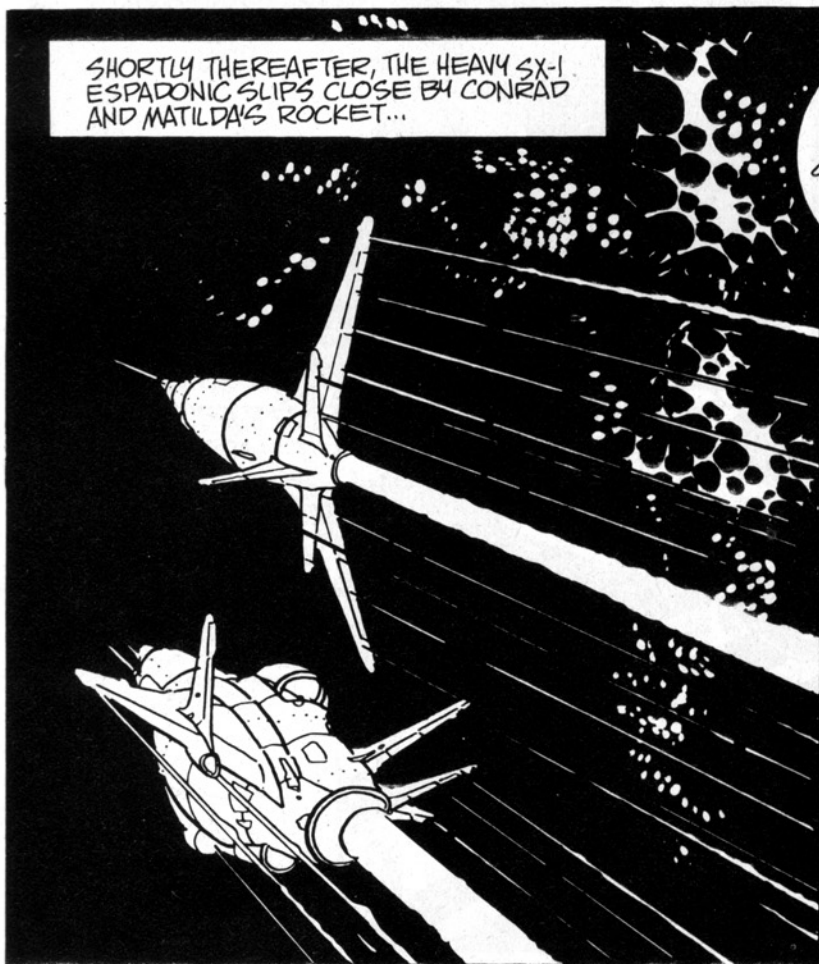
FUZZZZZZZZ



A LIGHT PLANE SEEMS TO BE APPROACHING, TEARING THROUGH THE ICY VOID OF SPACE...



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, THE HEAVY SX-1 ESPADONIC SLIPS CLOSE BY CONRAD AND MATILDA'S ROCKET...



THAT'S STRANGE!
WHY HASN'T STALIN MADE CONTACT WITH US?

COULD HE BE IN TROUBLE?
TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, MATILDA.
I'M GOING TO CHECK INTO THIS!!



AFTER PUTTING ON HIS SPACE-SUIT, CONRAD PROPELS HIMSELF IN THE DIRECTION OF JOE STALIN'S SHIP...



MATILDA IS IN CONTACT WITH HIM...

BE CAREFUL, CONRAD! I'M SCARED!



BUT ALONE IN THE CORRIDORS, SILENCE ANSWERS THE ECHO OF HIS FOOTSTEPS.

BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



AH! HERE WE ARE! THE COCKPIT!





AND SUDDENLY...

CRAAAASH!

THIS IS A DREADFUL TRAP SET IN PLACE BY MATSON SPRUNG...

A MYSTERIOUS BOMB PULVERIZES THE BRAVE CONRAD AND JOE STALIN'S CORPSE...

DAZED BY THE SHOCK WAVES, MATILDA SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

MY GOD!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CONRAD?

A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE SCREEN TELLS HER... IN THE SURROUNDING SPACE, THERE REMAINS ONLY SOME BURNT DEBRIS. HER OWN SPACESHIP HAS SUFFERED HEAVY DAMAGES.

A PRISONER IN SPACE!

ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson



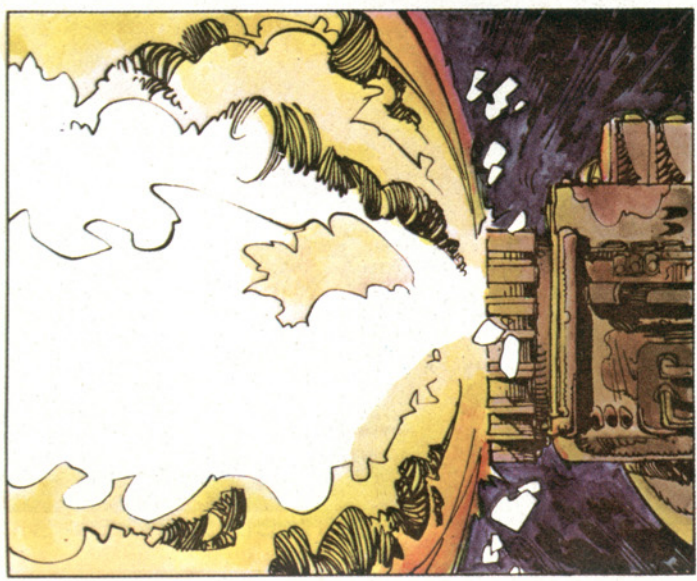
APPROACHING
ORBITAL APOGEE.
MARK. TWENTY
SECONDS...



NINETEEN...
EIGHTEEN...



ROLL 92
DEGREES
STAR-
BOARD
YAW!



EQUATORIAL
ORBIT NAILED!
ASH, SHOUT IF
THE EC PRES-
SURE READING
CHANGES.



WORRIED ABOUT RE-
DUNDANCY MANAGEMENT
DISABLING CMGS CON-
TROL...? WE'LL AUGMENT
WITH TACS AND MONITOR
COMPU-
TER IN-
TERFACE.



FEEL
BETTER?



A LOT. PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...



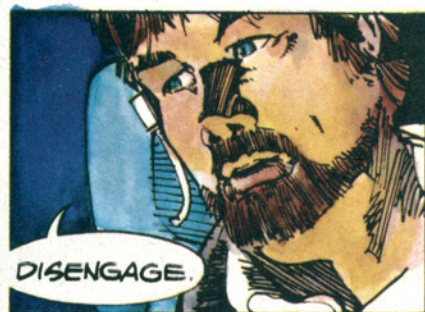
L ALIGNMENT ON
PORT AND STAR-
BOARD IS GREEN.

GREEN ON
SPINAL
UMBILICUS
SEVERANCE.

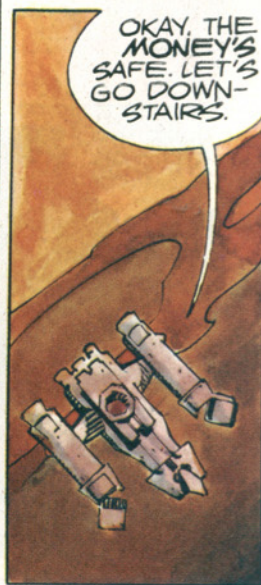
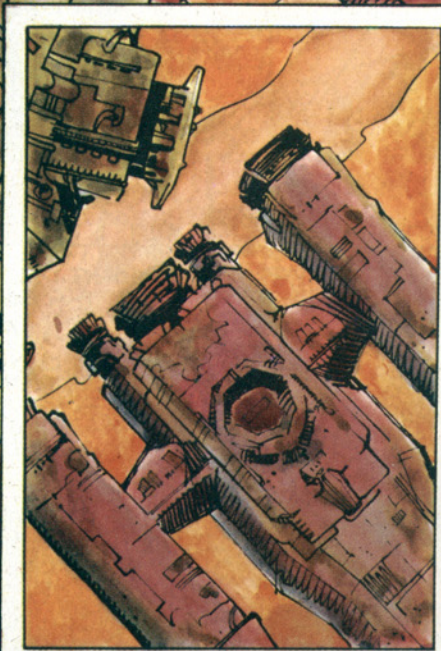


CROSSING THE TERMIN-
ATOR. NIGHT SIDE COMING
UP.

STAND BY.
FIVE SEC-
ONDS. FOUR.
THREE. TWO...
ONE...



DISENGAGE.



OKAY, THE
MONEY'S
SAFE. LET'S
GO DOWN-
STAIRS.



DROPPING.
50,000 METERS.
DOWN. DOWN.
40,000...

ENTERING
ATMOSPHERE.



TURBULENCE,
DALLAS...
BAD.

AND NOT LIKELY TO
GET BETTER. LET'S
HAVE THE NAVA-
TIONAL LIGHTS.



WHAT IN
HELL WAS
THAT?

PRESSURE DROP
IN INTAKE THREE,
PARKER!

GOD-
DAMN!
WE'VE
LOST A
SHIELD!

SHUT 'ER DOWN,
BRETT! WE GOT
AN ENGINE
FULL'A
CRAP!

THINK I'M NOT
TRYIN'?! JEEZUS.
DOLLARS TO YOUR
AUNT'S CHERRY--



--IF WE
DON'T CRASH,
WE GET AN
ELECTRICAL
FIRE!

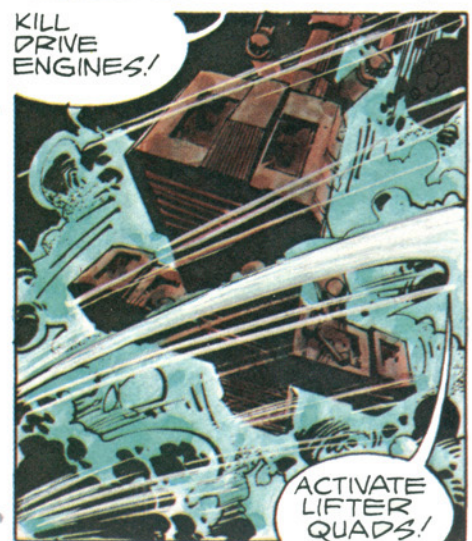
APPROACHING
POINT OF
TRANS-
MISSION
ORIGIN.



AND I MARK SOME
FLAT TERRAIN
FURTHER ON.



LET'S GO
WITH IT. TAKE
HER DOWN!



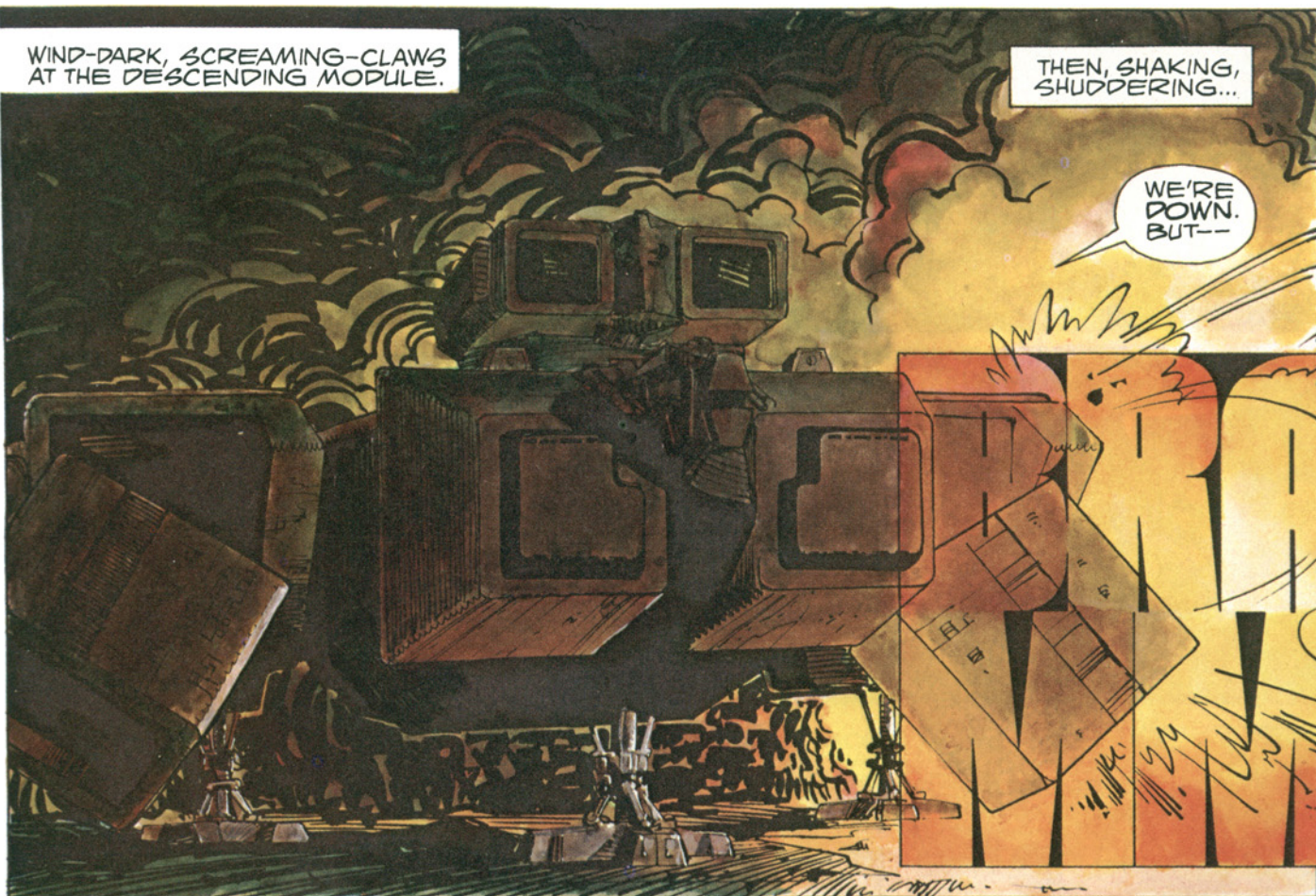
KILL
DRIVE
ENGINES!

ACTIVATE
LIFTER
QUADS!

WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS
AT THE DESCENDING MODULE.

THEN, SHAKING,
SHUDDERING...

WE'RE
DOWN.
BUT--



LOST
IT... LOST
IT!

LIGHTS...
EVERY
DAMN
THING.

SECONDARY
GENERATOR SHOULD
KICK IN, KANE.

WHERE
IS IT?

WE CAN'T WAIT!

RIPLEY!
GET THE
ENGINE
ROOM--

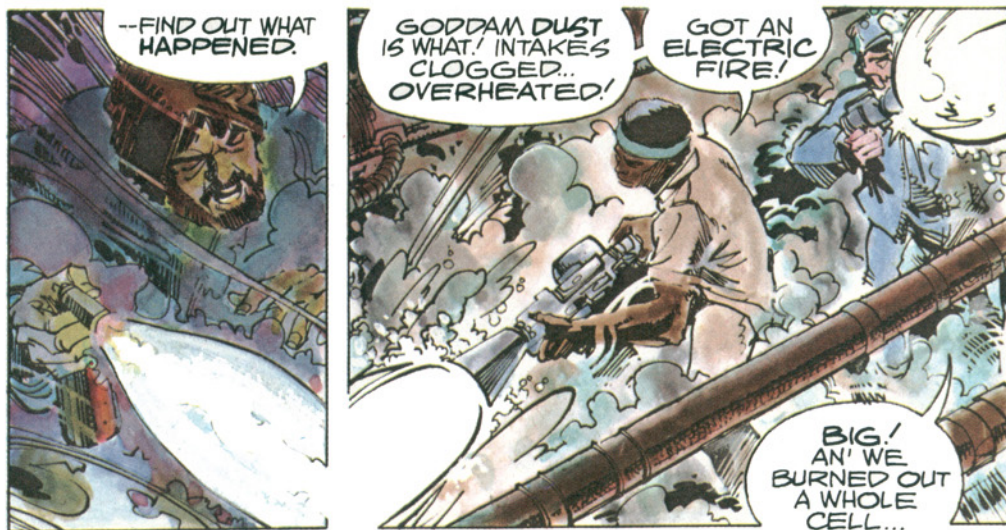


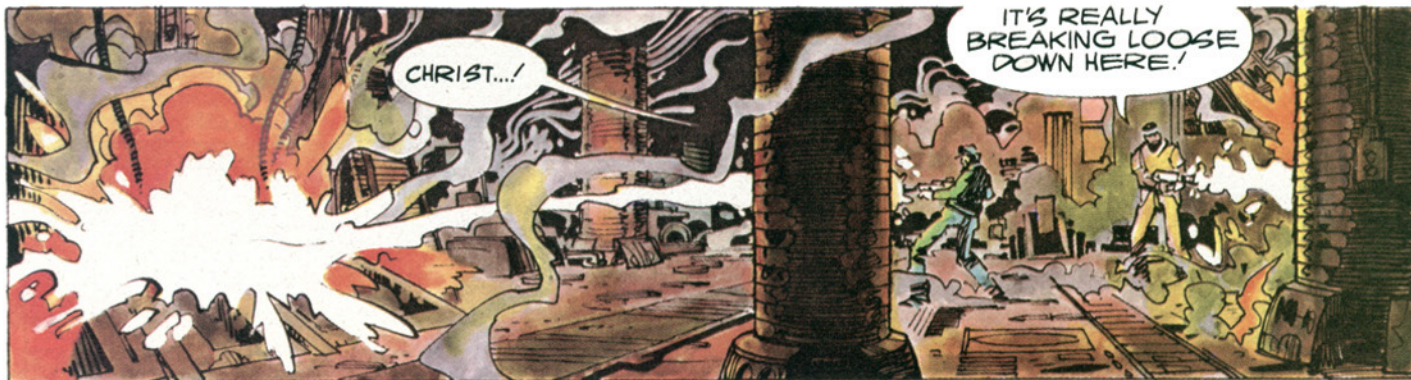
--FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED.

GODDAM DUST
IS WHAT! INTAKES
CLOGGED...
OVERHEATED!

GOT AN
ELECTRIC
FIRE!

BIG!
AN' WE
BURNED OUT
A WHOLE
CELL...





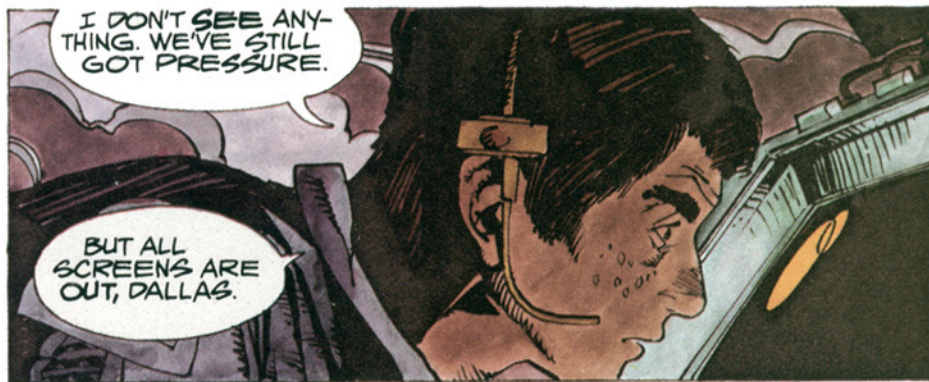
CHRIST...!

IT'S REALLY
BREAKING LOOSE
DOWN HERE!



SOMEBODY GIVE
ME A SIMPLE ANSWER.

HAS THE
HULL BEEN
BREACHED?



I DON'T SEE ANY-
THING. WE'VE STILL
GOT PRESSURE.

BUT ALL
SCREENS ARE
OUT, DALLAS.



ENGINE ROOM
REPORTING.
FIRE'S UNDER
CONTROL.

RIPLEY,
PARKER. HOW
LONG BEFORE
WE'RE FUNCTIONAL?



MOST OF THIS
CAN'T BE FIXED
RIGHT OUT-
SIDE OF
DRYDOCK.

SECONDARY
LOAD SHARING
UNIT IS
GONE...



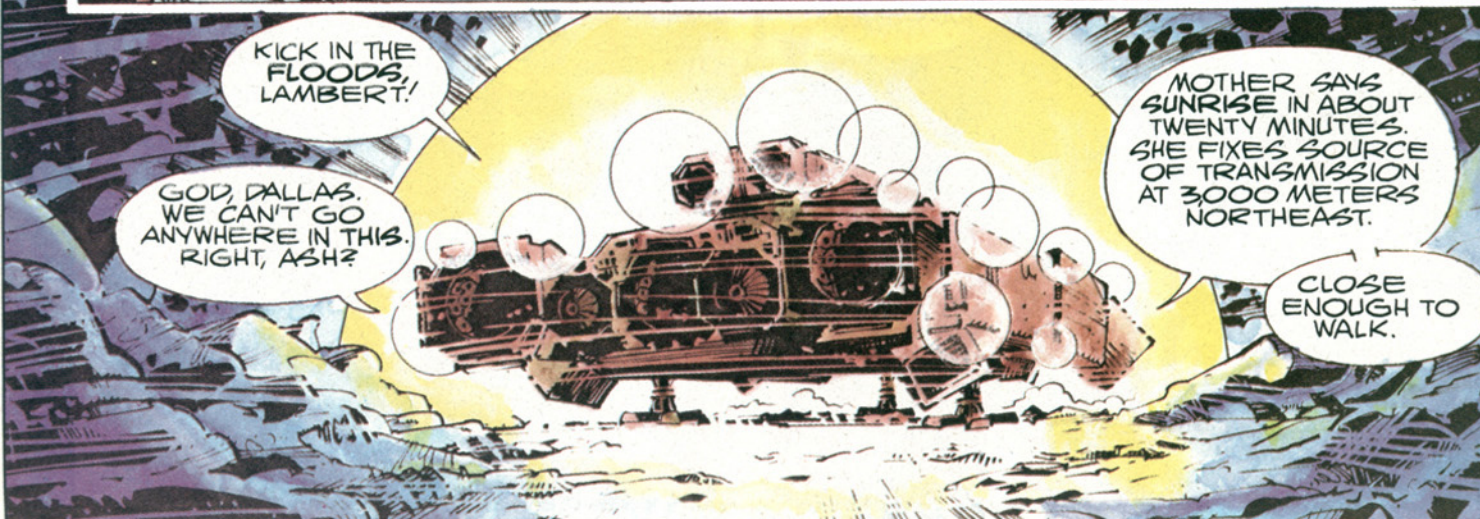
...ALONG WITH THREE
CELLS ON 12 MODULE.
AND FOUR PANEL IS
TOTALLY SHOT.



RIPLEY ESTIMATES
FIFTEEN TO
TWENTY HOURS.
MEANTIME THE
AUXILIARIES
SHOULD
CARRY US.

HOW ABOUT
WHAT BROUGHT
US HERE,
ASH?

NO TRUE RESPONSE. JUST THAT
SAME SIGNAL EVERY 32 SECONDS.

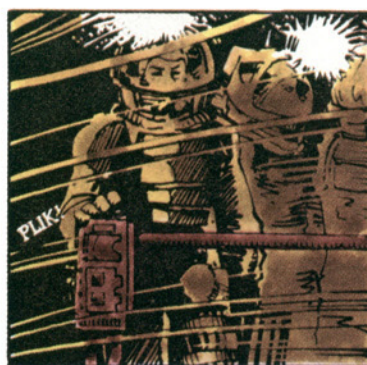
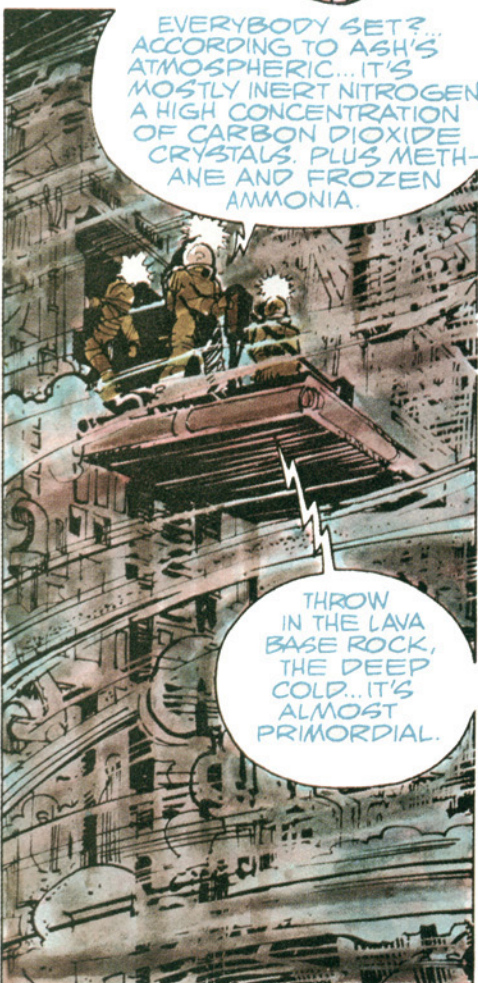
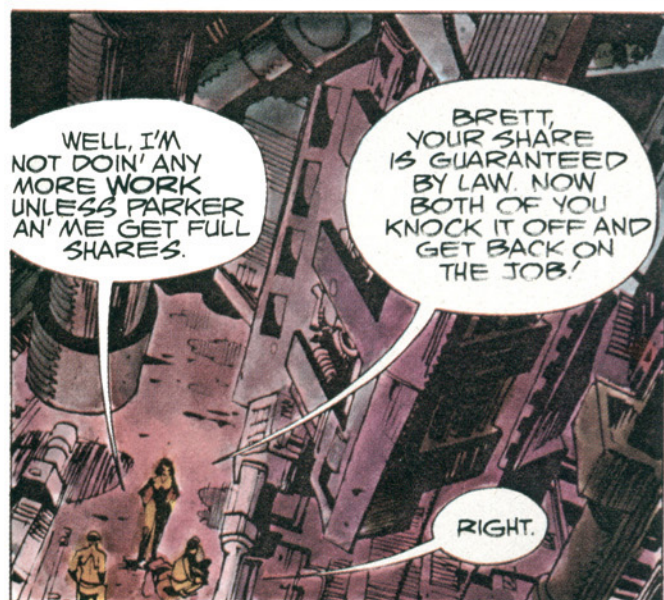
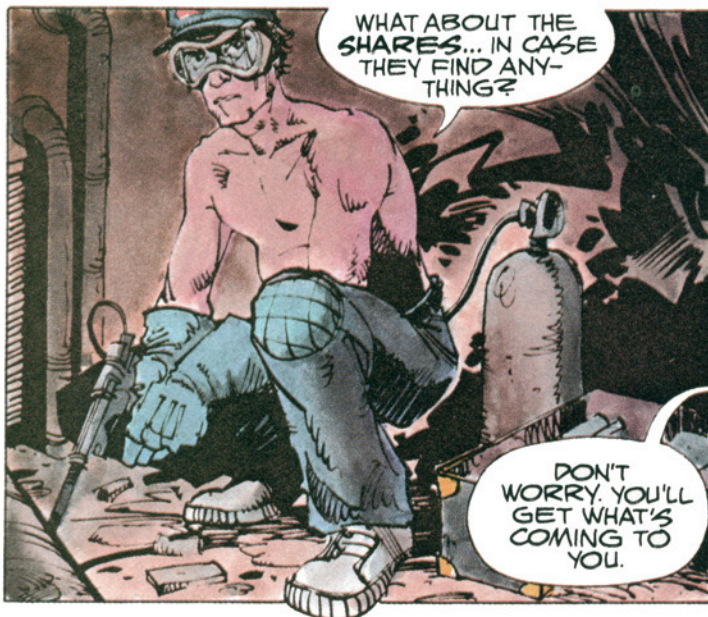


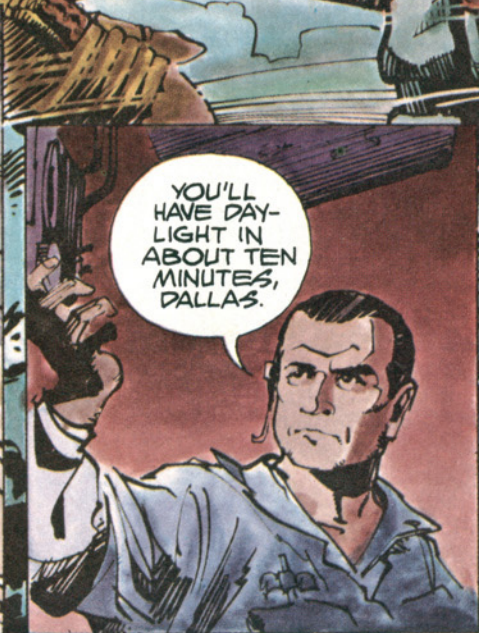
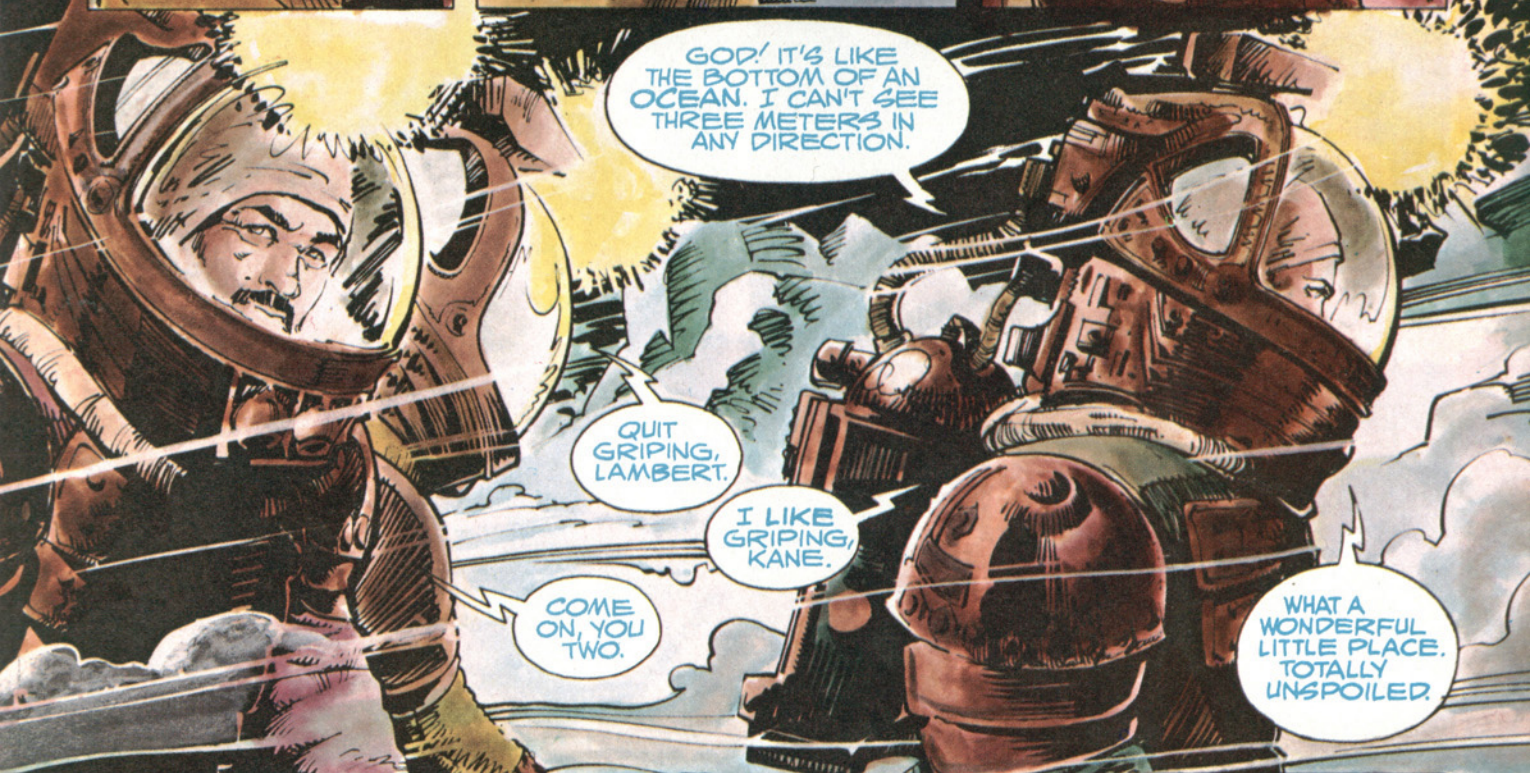
KICK IN THE
FLOODS,
LAMBERT!

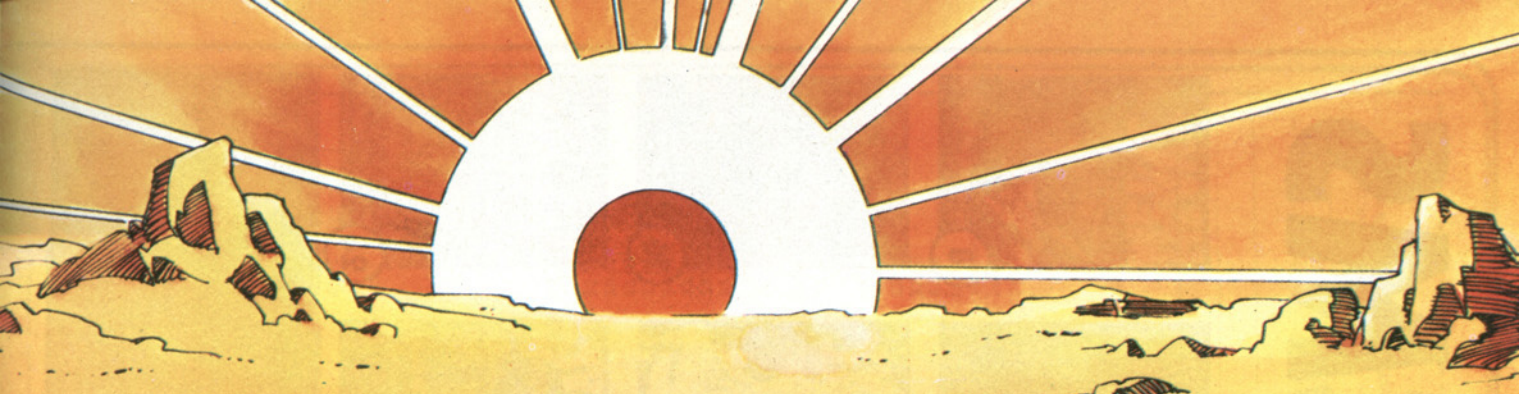
GOD, DALLAS.
WE CAN'T GO
ANYWHERE IN THIS.
RIGHT, ASH?

MOTHER SAYS
SUNRISE IN ABOUT
TWENTY MINUTES.
SHE FIXES SOURCE
OF TRANSMISSION
AT 3000 METERS
NORTHEAST.

CLOSE
ENOUGH TO
WALK.







THERE. FOUR PANEL IS BACK IN SHAPE. YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE REST.

DON'T WORRY.

IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE... I'LL BE ON THE BRIDGE.

RIGHT.

BITCH.

ASH, I'M BACK. HOW'S IT GOING?

ALL RIGHT.

HAVE YOU TRIED PUTTING THE TRANSMISSION THROUGH EC/JL?

MOTHER HASN'T IDENTIFIED IT YET, RIPLEY.

I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT.

BE MY GUEST.

HERE'S OUR SUNLIGHT.

DUST IS SETTLING TOO, DALLAS. SIGNAL'S COMING BACK UP... STRONG.

LOOK SHARP. A LITTLE MORE CLEARING AND WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO--

JESUS CHRIST...!

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



8



7



6



5



4



3



2



1



16



15



14



13



12



11



10



9



24



23



22



21



20



19



18



17



26



25



HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunspot, 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, Sunspot, 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, Sunspot, and Harzak. (\$3.00)

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

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, 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 harmless 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 Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-pugs, 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 Duillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Closet 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 Meahan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded *Conquering Armies*, and continued Den. Of course, you know 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 erratic 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 Duillet'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)

HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same, with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Heilman, and the last More Than Human. Except Duillet'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 wizzes. (\$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 McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of heroes 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 disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful and So

Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. (\$3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Orion and Off-Season, with sinister Tardis greeting cards, wreaths and wraiths, creches, crashes, and a prezzy for you—a 12-page 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)

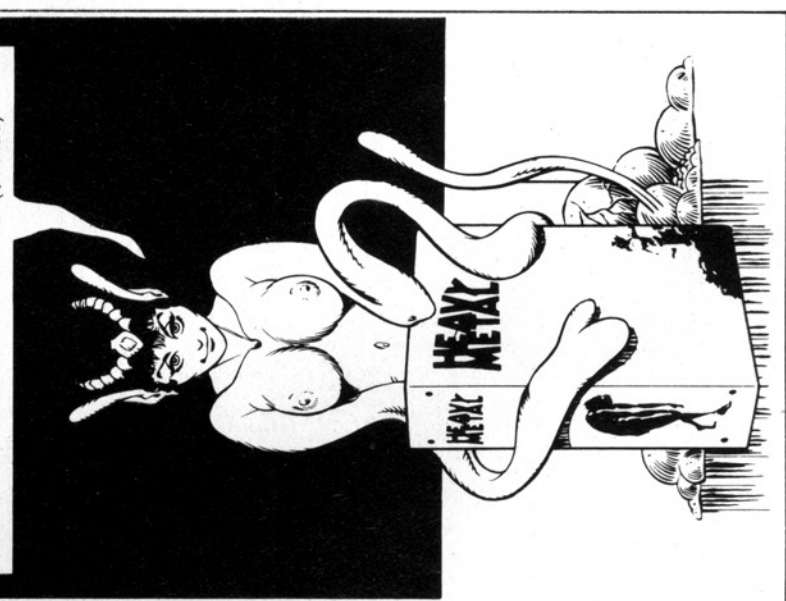
HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979: Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Star-crown. We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bilal. Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5, and, by popular demand, Galactic Geographic. There's the story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

HM #24/MARCH, 1979: 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 superstation. (\$2.00)

HM #25/APRIL, 1979: Second birthday bash, with Chaykin's great new Gideon Faust tale, an Alien portfolio, Val Mayenka's Time Out, the first chapter of Pylon, fiction by Arthur Cover, ghost ships, robotic miscegenation, and other goodies for you. (\$2.00)

HM #26/MAY, 1979: The almost all-American issue, with fifteen stateside entries, including part one of *The Illustrious Alien*, the complete *Entropics*, a new Gray Morrow, and more of Corben's Sindbad. (Except for Duillet's *Disco* and a Proust joke.) (\$2.00)

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AN EAST WIND COMING

by Arthur Byron Cover

I am the wolfman!

And the forest, which had been filled with the chatterings of insects and birds, was stilled by that dreaded cry. Silver owls did not rustle their wings as they remained perched on the limbs of elm and maple trees. Red crickets, normally the most talkative of creatures, lapsed into an unaccustomed silence. Beasts of prey—and prey—halted, not daring to move their paws for fear that they would crackle dry leaves or snap twigs; and those sounds, so meaningless and commonplace during other times, would guide the creator of that cry to his feast.

I am the wolfman!

The cry was softer this time, almost piteous; and it seemed to the more intelligent animals that the creature experienced a measure of regret as he broadcast his boast throughout the wood.

I am the wolfman!

The words were whispered now; and the silver owls, who possessed remarkable insight, imagined the creature in an uncharacteristically introspective mood, drooping his shoulders and hanging his head, lamenting the fate that had made him the victim of dark forces nurturing his savage impulses. For once there had been a time when the wolfman had not been feared.

As the wispy clouds were gently parted by cool winds, the full moon glowed, illuminating pathways, clearings, and treetops. Animals who had paused in the open now faded into the woods as silently as they could. No one could be sure that the wolfman was far away, because his cry echoed; it did not seem to diminish with distance, but to grow instead, as if his fierce joy and pathetic sadness endowed his lungs with an impossible strength. The animals did not feel secure or safe when they were no longer bathed in silver light; the mere act of hiding did not protect them from the wolfman. But there was something comfortable about being enveloped in the darkness, about not being touched by the light that had created the wolfman.

Finally, standing on top of a grassy mountain overlooking the forest, silhouetted by the impassive moon, he uttered one last cry.

I

He clenched his fists, his claws digging into his palms, and threw back his head to stare at the sky.

am

His voice, which spoke only four words, was softer now, though its volume was no less. His black lips were drawn back, snarling, pressing tight against his gums.

the

And he inhaled, standing on the front pads of his feet, flexing his muscles, imagining his blood—red and warm—flowing through his arms and legs.

wolfman!

His cry concluded triumphantly, all traces of self-pity having vanished, overwhelmed by a sudden satisfaction in the knowledge that of all the unique animals in the forest, none was his equal. Very little other knowledge, true knowledge rested in his mind (though occasionally disturbing flashes of well-articulated thoughts occurred to him, only to be totally forgotten in an instant); his actions were dictated by his instincts, which were capable of instructing him how to overcome every challenge and how to satisfy every craving. Now he craved food and, growling, he loped toward the forest.

The wolfman had claws nearly a decimeter long, on both his hands and his feet. His body was covered with brown hair. As he leisurely prowled the forest, his thick arms dangled and his hands often scraped the ground like those of an ape. He had red eyes, a flattened nose, long ears, and a dimpled chin; when he closed his mouth, the tips of his two canine fangs protruded over his lower lip. His face was not quite as hairy as the remainder of his body; about his nose and cheeks was a hairless patch of thick brown skin. His one article of clothing was a tattered pair of green corduroy trousers.

Game was abundant this night, and the wolfman felt a craving for

a splendid feast, but not for food that he could hunt and kill in the forest. When he detected the scent of a doe, which he could outrun easily and which would prove to be no challenge, he ignored it; and he ignored other game, so much game that the silver owls, who were always present at the site of death, were confused and upset. Something was not normal this night. The animals of the forest had grown reconciled to the forays of the wolfman during the full moon, and now something new was wrong. Although it was usually contrary to their dispositions to be concerned for the welfare of others, the animals were afraid for the wolfman's latest prey; they sensed that his character had undergone another radical alteration, which, though it might not affect the equilibrium of their lives, would have a disastrous effect on the balance of life elsewhere.

Soon the wolfman effortlessly ran through the forest, navigating the ground as if he had explored it all carefully in the past, as if he had noted every fallen log, every bush, every rock, every hole, every crevice. He did not pause to rest. Some force—not his instincts, which merely guided him—urged him onward, and he leaped over streams, darted under low-hanging branches, dashed through clearings, and weaved through clumps of trees, his primitive mind trusting entirely to that mysterious force.

Eventually he passed out of the forest and entered a land of many strange wonders, wonders that he invariably disregarded because he was so intent upon reaching his goal (whatever it was). He did not possess the subtlety of mind to appreciate the beauty of the waterfall, which poured down a jewel mountain reflecting the stars and the moonlight; at the base of the waterfall, mist hung in the air; and when he bounded over huge jewels in the river, the droplets clung to his fur, causing it to glisten as if a frightful vision had streaked it white. He was not overwhelmed by (because he could not comprehend) the massive canyons whose walls were actually invisible force fields preventing entry into another dimension. He was not distracted by the eerie sight of a sector of space in that dimension trapped underneath a barren plain of earth. Nor did he feel peaceful and serene when he ran through fields of tall grass, which appeared to be tan in the blanching glow of the moon. He felt only excitement as he impatiently traversed those fields, toward the waiting golden city that beckoned on the horizon.

The wolfman suppressed the urge to utter his dreaded cry as he approached the golden city. His stomach gnawed; for a moment he regretted bypassing all those opportunities to feast in the forest, where the game had been plentiful, but the thought faded like so many others before it. He realized (as well as he could realize anything) that the choice had been his, and that if he had gorged, he would have been too sluggish to travel to the city, where awaited the meal he desired above all others.

He silently ran past several empty wooden or brick houses, which formed a feeble barrier between the fields and the city. Then he entered a magnificent neighborhood of golden apartment complexes. The urge to utter his cry and to kill simultaneously was almost too potent to resist; but though he had never before required caution during his brief lifetime as a hunter, his instincts warned him that caution was required now. Carefully avoiding garbage cans which, when struck, would create a dreadful clamor, and avoiding parties of eternal children absorbed in their inane games, the wolfman stalked the golden city. He could have killed anytime; he was undetected. He could have burst into an apartment or crashed through a window; he could have slain the first prey he saw. Any one of over a hundred eternal children could have been his. But the mysterious force informed his primeval intelligence that here was not the proper site, that elsewhere was more appropriate. Though the wolfman's hunger was without parallel in his fleeting memory, he chose to ignore it, to follow the will of the force instead. Besides, the thought of so many creatures who could conceivably retaliate in such close proximity disturbed him. His instincts instructed him to fear these creatures who enclosed themselves in shimmering gold.

Soon he found himself in a neighborhood that was the exact duplicate of the other, save that it was empty. Now his hunger was overpowering, too great to be regulated by practical concerns. He still would not kill while there were several of these creatures together, but he had no qualms about slaying a creature who was alone. Both his instincts and the mysterious force seemed to agree on this matter, and they directed him through the empty neighborhood whose unnatural

silence distressed him.

However, after a short time he scented the creatures again, in yet a third neighborhood, much more crowded than the first. The wolfman could not mistake the almost tangible feeling of *loneliness* in the atmosphere. It did not matter who was in close proximity to whom in this third neighborhood; all these creatures, even when touching, were *alone*. The wolfman did not ponder upon how he knew this sophisticated fact, upon how he sensed a feeling, which previously he had been unequipped to understand; but his was not a questioning nature; it was enough that he knew. Without realizing the implications of it, he had somehow become familiar with these creatures he had thought so alien to him. And his familiarity bred in him a supreme confidence similar to the one he habitually carried with him in the forest.

Indeed, the neighborhood, though it shimmered gold, resembled a forest, a jungle. It offended the wolfman even as he exalted in it. The streets were cracked, in disrepair; clumps of weeds crawled through holes and clung to the concrete like strong green spiderwebs. The streetlamps were few and dim; underneath several lay pieces of glass. Windows were boarded; fire escapes and railings were rusty; a sink outside a building had a leaky faucet. The neighborhood also resembled a forest in that it was allowed to take on its own character, though some ghostly thought informed the wolfman that the creatures could mold their environment to their liking if they chose. When the wolfman observed the creatures, either singly or in groups, as he searched for the proper victim, he detected their sense of desolation, their lack of purpose, their despondency—all mirrored and reinforced in the neighborhood they inhabited.

Goaded by both his hunger and the fascination born of an unsuspected kinship with these creatures, the wolfman hunted for many hours. Often he did not care if he was detected, and he traveled entire blocks via the rooftops, jumping from building to building, or he ran down dark, deserted streets and alleys. Finally his instincts informed him that an entire area was virtually deserted; and he waited on top of a two-story building for an unsuspecting creature to pass beneath him.

His patience was rewarded sooner than he had hoped. After fifteen minutes of waiting, he heard the rhythm of slow footsteps gradually becoming louder. He stifled the urge to growl in anticipation.

The creature was a female. She had a lean body, brown eyes, and black hair cut just above her shoulders. She wore a beige raincoat, though the sky was still clear and the light of the full moon was almost undiminished by the glow of the golden city. Her hands were in her pockets. She watched her feet as she walked, unmindful of any obstacles that might be before her. For an instant the wolfman felt a twinge of pity as his red eyes glowered upon her features; she suggested a fragility that stirred something in his stomach, something other than hunger (or a hunger of a different type), something that he repressed immediately as he reminded himself that he was the wolfman. That he desired a feast. That all irrelevant concerns must be put aside as he fought for his survival in this strange golden city.

The wolfman jumped toward the sidewalk, not five meters in front of the creature. He snarled as she stepped backward and screamed. He imagined his claws ripping into her, as they had ripped into prey so often in the forest; and it seemed that already her blood was warming his mouth, that already he was leaving her on the sidewalk, her unwanted parts torn from her body and left for the scavengers. As she closed her eyes, paled, and began to swoon, he leaped toward her, preparing to rend her with an upward sweep of his claws as she fell. He uttered his cry.

I am

And he felt his body crackle as if he had suddenly stepped into the fires of a volcano. He did not feel pain, not as he was used to experiencing pain, but it seemed that his body had been split into a million different bloodless parts.

the wolfman.

He concluded his cry in the forest. He did not know how he had arrived back in the forest, and he did not care. He had become mad, a vessel of rage; and his primitive mind vowed that before dawn he would slay many animals, that it did not matter if he feasted or not, so long as animals were dead and all knew that he was the most fearsome prowler in the forest. Growling, he stared at a tree.

I am the wolfman.

A silver owl, it seemed to him, returned his stare with approval. •

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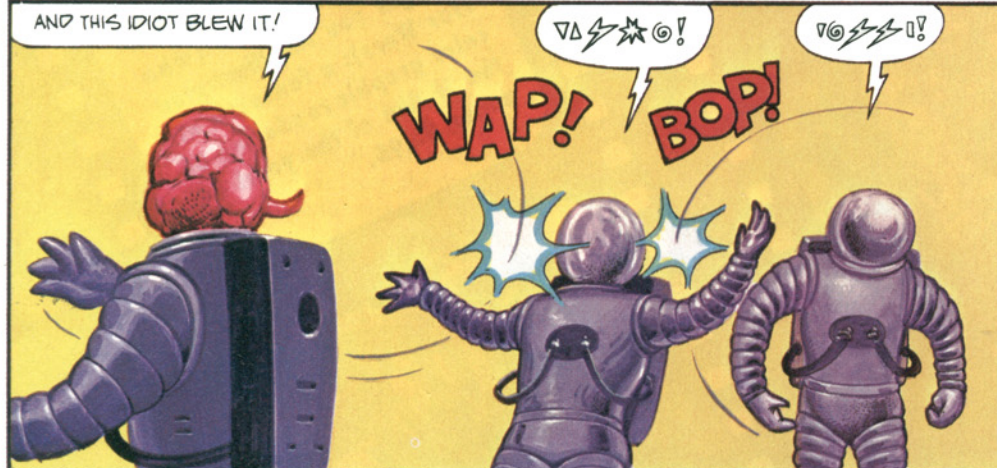
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AND THIS IDIOT BLEW IT!

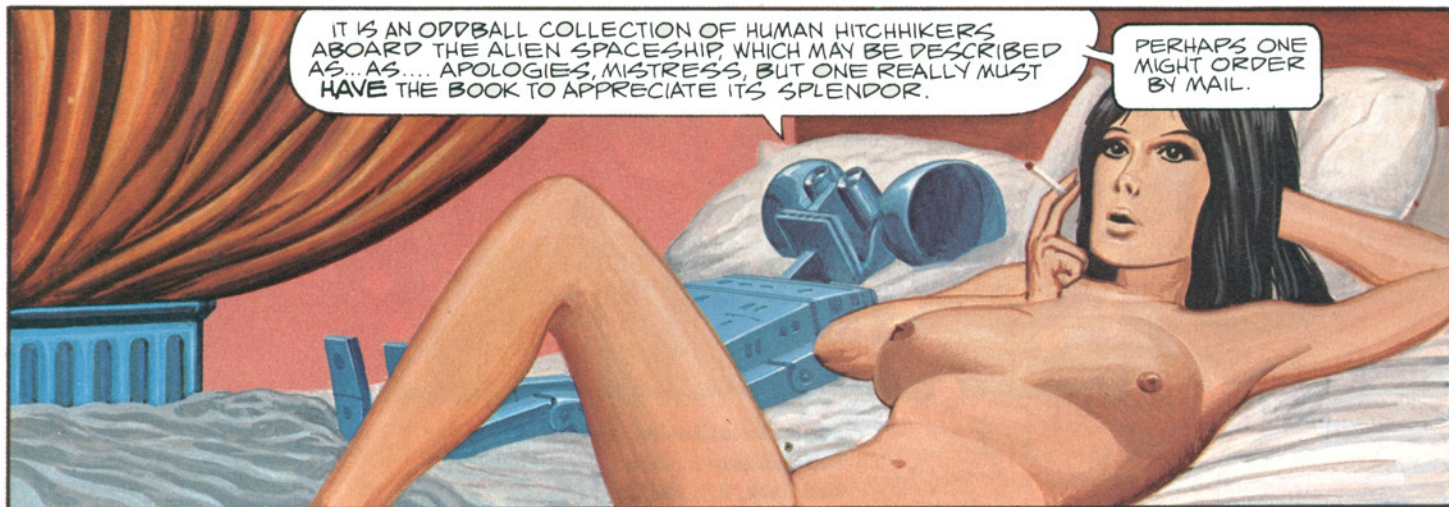


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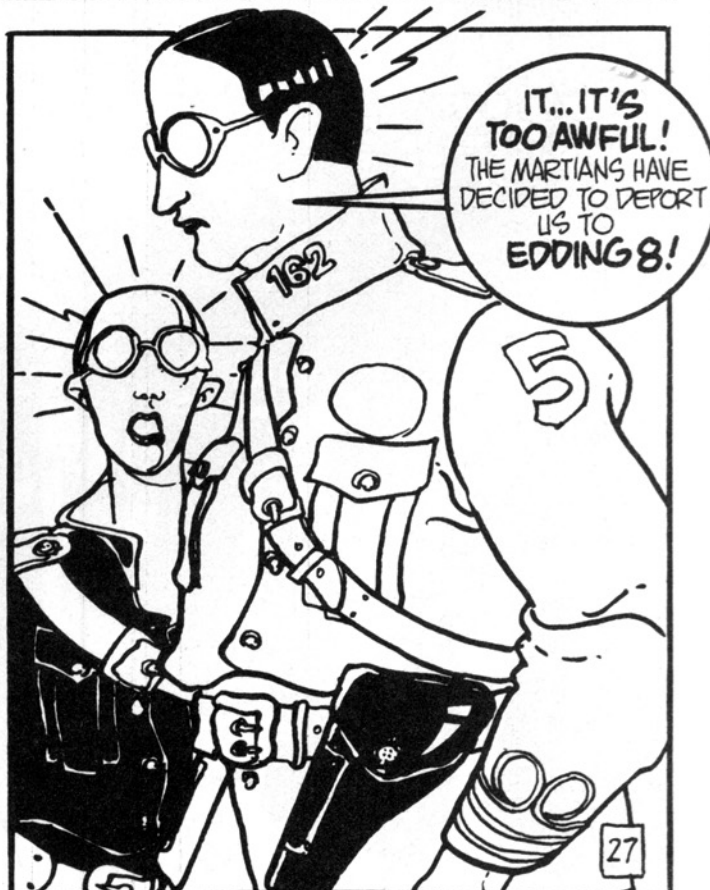
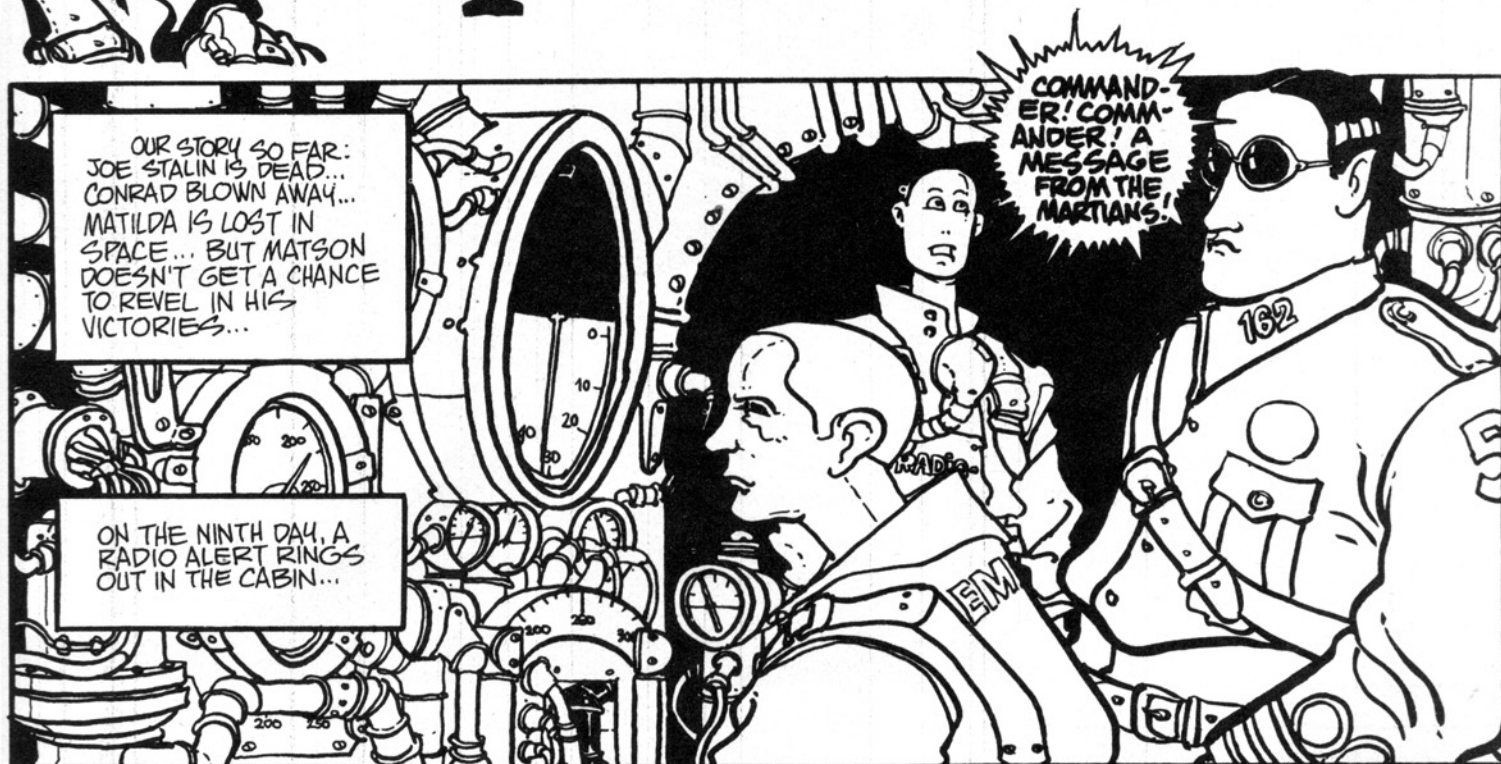
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THE AMAZING Captain Future





EDDING
8, THE JUNGLE
PLANET! FROM
WHICH NO ONE
EVER RETURNS...

A
GHASTLY
DEATH AWAITS
US! HOW DIS-
HONORABLE!



MATSON AND THE CREW FREEZE AT
THE SOUND OF HIS WORDS, THEIR
EYES WIDE WITH TERROR...



SUDDENLY FUTCHER
EXPLODES: **NEVER!**



AND IN A FLASH, HE GRABS MAT-
SON'S LASER AND SHOOTS COM-
MANDER BOUNIER-MÜLLER, WHO
FALLS SILENTLY...







A FEW MINUTES LATER, A STORM-CLOUD OF PIRATES CIRCLES THE WRECK, LOOKING FOR A WAY IN.



EVENTUALLY, THE MEN SPREAD OUT THROUGH THE BELLY OF THE WRECKED SHIP...



NOT A FUCKIN' THING IN THIS HEAP! WE SHOULD OF AIMED A COUPLE OF MISSILES AT IT...



MAYBE NOT! LOOK AT THIS!



FUCK, A WOMAN!

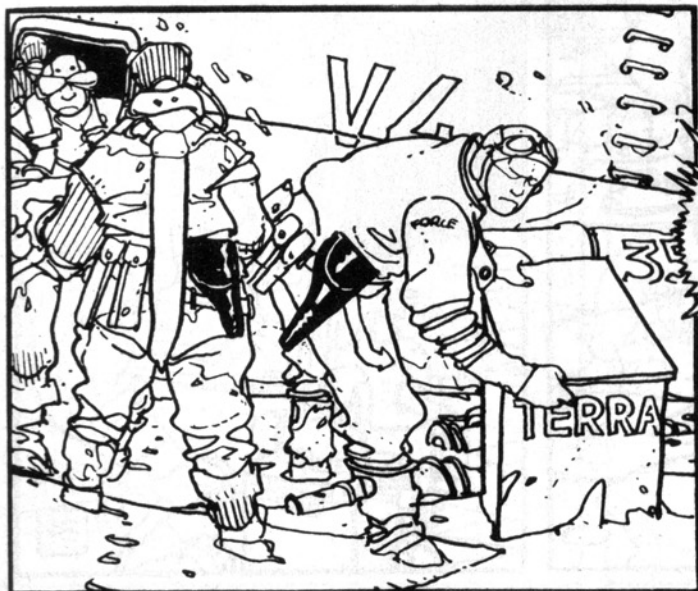


THE INVINCIBLE CAPTAIN FUTURE

STORY SO FAR: CHARLIE FUTCHER HAS
KILLED COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER
AND MATILDA HAS BEEN RESCUED BY
STIV BUDDER, CHIEF OF THE
SPACE PIRATES...



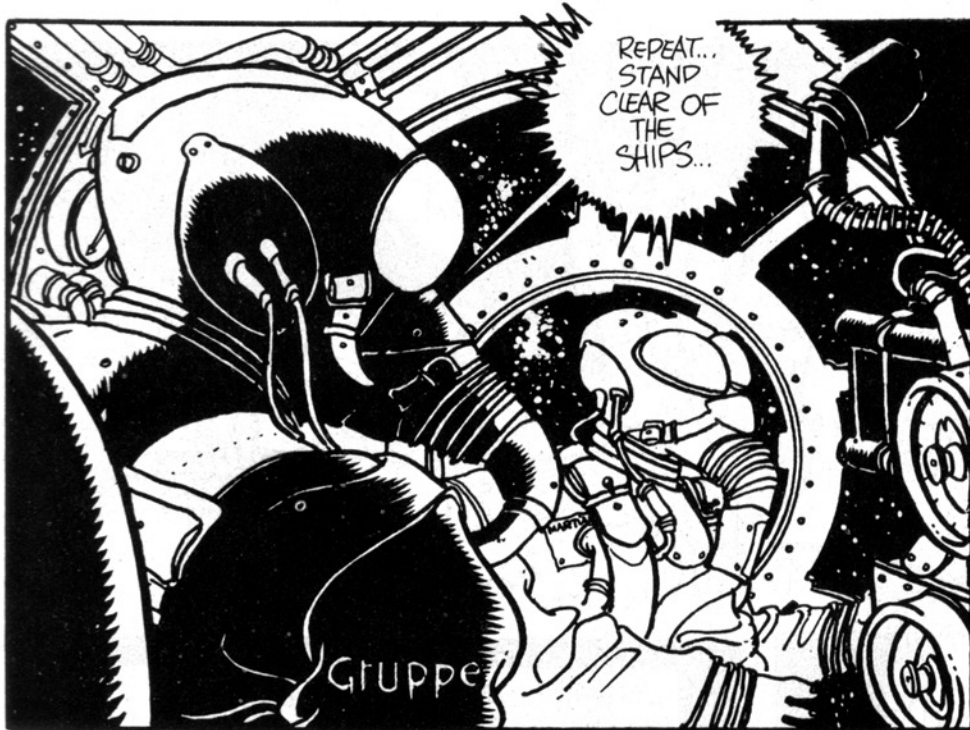
MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN THE COSMOS,
AS THE PIRATES RAPE MATILDA, THE
IMPERIAL FLEET LANDS ON **EDDING
8, THE JUNGLE PLANET...** FROM
ORBIT, THE MARTIAN CREWS SURVEY
THE LANDING OF THE TERRESTRIAL
TROOPS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT...



THEN A BRIEF ORDER COMES
THROUGH ON THE RADIO HEAD-
PHONES.

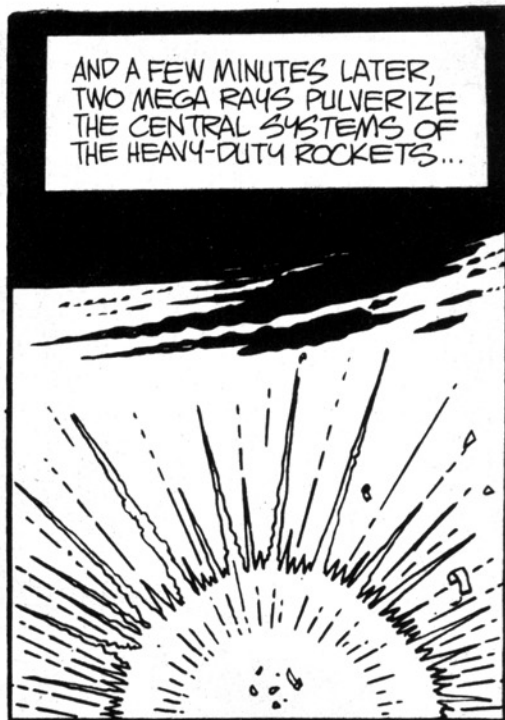
...STAND
CLEAR
OF THE
SHIPS...





REPEAT...
STAND
CLEAR OF
THE
SHIPS...

Gruppe



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER,
TWO MEGA RAYS PULVERIZE
THE CENTRAL SYSTEMS OF
THE HEAVY-DUTY ROCKETS...

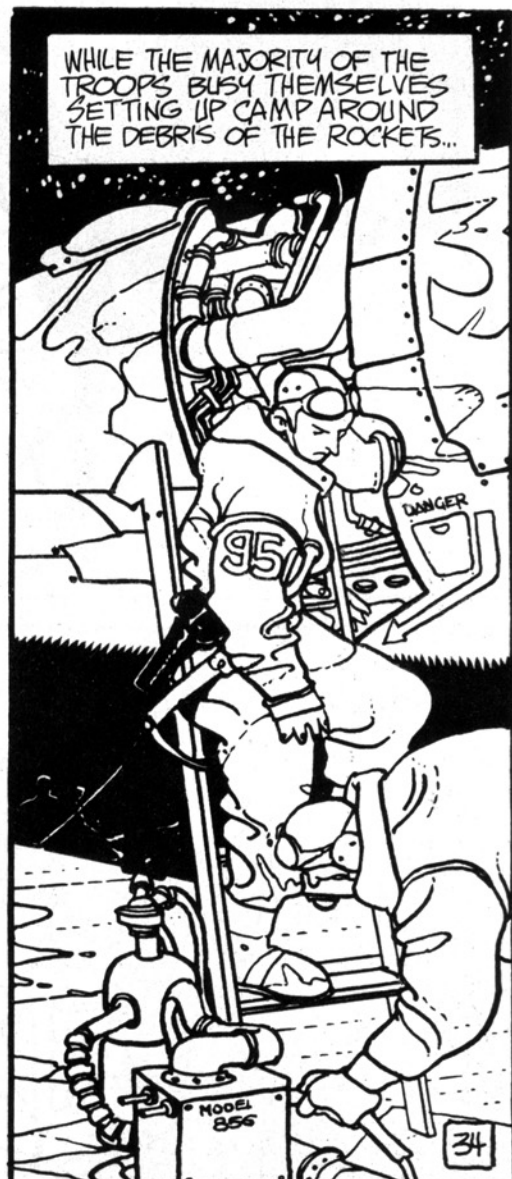


DENSE SMOKE SOON RISES
INTO THE SKY, BEFORE
THE GAZE OF THE DIS-
TRESSED EARTHLINGS...

TERRA



HOWEVER, QUICKLY ENOUGH, LIFE
IS ORGANIZED ON EDDING 8,
UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE
MERCILESS MATSON... RECON-
NAISSANCE EXPEDITIONS
ARE DISPATCHED...



WHILE THE MAJORITY OF THE
TROOPS BUSY THEMSELVES
SETTING UP CAMP AROUND
THE DEBRIS OF THE ROCKETS...

34







UNAWARE OF THE MEN'S STRANGE INTEREST IN HIM, THE NEW CAPTAIN PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR DELTA ZONE...



IF THIS CHARACTER REALLY CAN WIPE OUT THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD... THINK WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN FOR YOU!

YOU'D BE GIVEN AMNESTY...AND THERE'D BE GOLD...LOTS OF GOLD!



GOLD! NOW YOU'RE TALKING! BUT WHERE IS THIS GUY?



WE LOST TRACK OF HIM AFTER SIMPROX! I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THE IMPERIAL FLEET!





MMM!
THIS IS LIKE
SOME KIND OF
CRAZY
DREAM!



SUDDENLY...

CAPTAIN!
CAPTAIN!
A MESSAGE
FROM
MATSON!



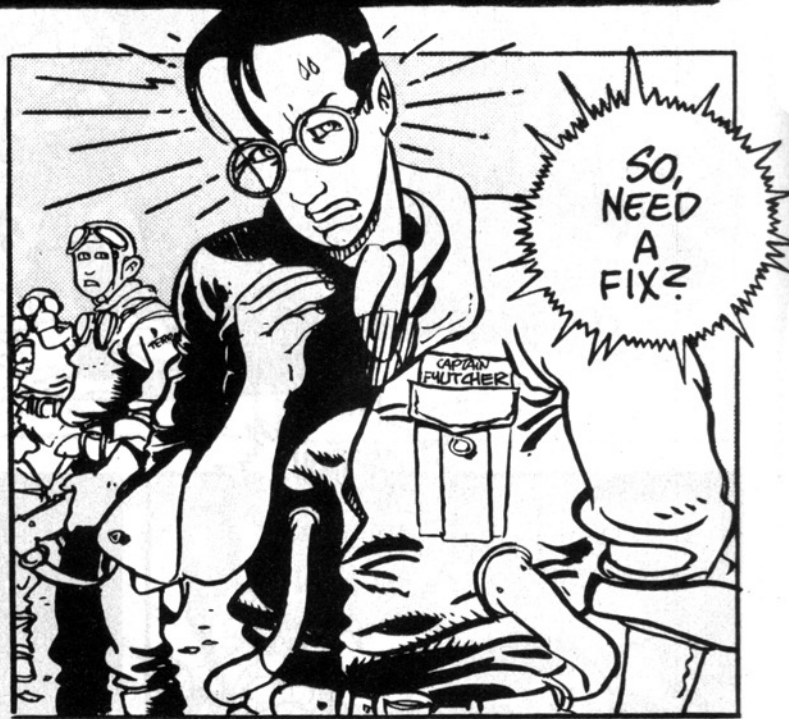
HE'S
COMING
WITH US AND
WANTS YOU TO
WAIT FOR
HIM...

MATSON?
NO DOUBT
HE WANTS TO
MAKE SURE THAT
I NEVER RETURN
FROM DELTA!
THE
PIG!

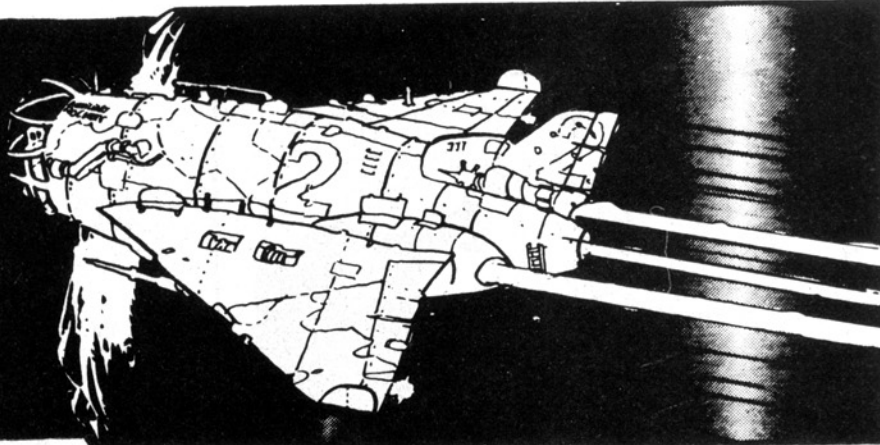
ADVENTURE AND SCIENCE FICTION WITH...

CAPTAIN FUTURE

OUR STORY SO FAR: CAPTAIN FUTURE MAKES CAMP IN THE JUNGLE, WHILE WAITING FOR MATSON...



ASTONISHED AT NOT FIND-
ING THE LEAST TRACE
OF MARTIANS, THE
PIRATES GO INTO
ORBIT AROUND EDDING
8...



STILL
NOTHIN',
STIV!!



THE
MARTIANS MUST
HAVE FIGURED IT
WAS ALL OVER HERE,
AIMED THEIR
ROCKETS AT THE
SUN, AND GOT
GOIN'... THAT'LL MAKE
OUR JOB A
LITTLE
EASIER...



SWITCH
THE VOICE-
SENSITIVE RADAR
ONTO THE ORDINA-
TOR AND SHOW ME
THAT JUNGLE ON
THE INFRA-
RED!

GOT
IT,
STIV!

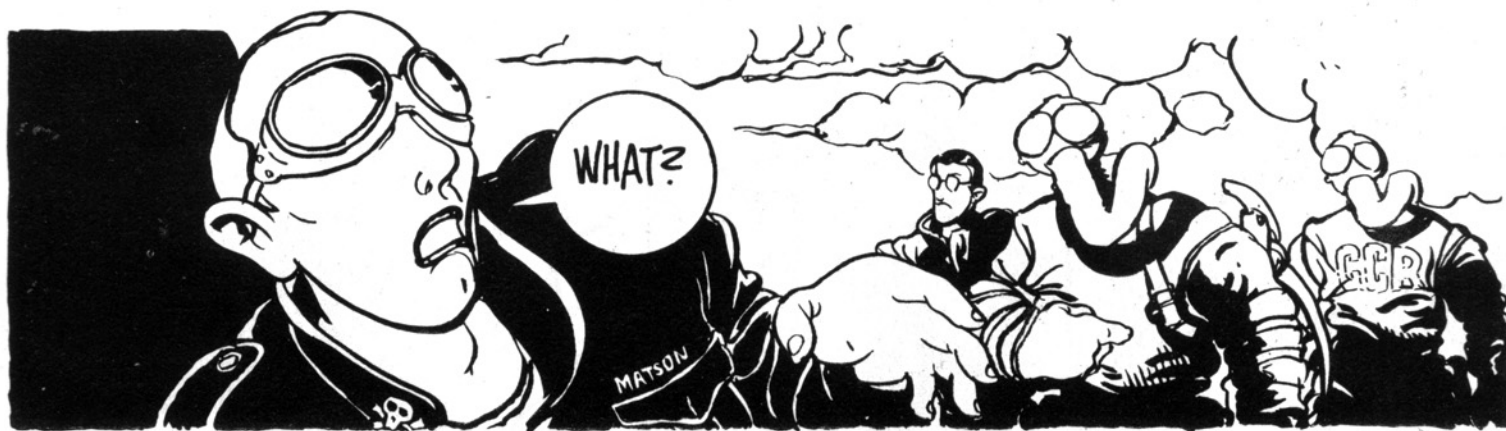


AND
WHAT IF
WE DON'T
FIND
HIM?





THE MOONLESS NIGHTS MAKE NOCTURNAL MARCHES ON EDDING 8 IMPOSSIBLE... SO THE COMMANDER MAKES CAMP THE NEXT MORNING...



... IN VAIN...







LOOKS LIKE...
FUTCHER,
YOU AND YOUR
MEN ARE GOING
IN TO EXPLORE
IT FOR ME!!

BUT
YOU TELL US
ANYTHING ABOUT
RUINS! THEY MUST
MEAN THAT THE
PLANET EDDING
8 WAS ONCE
INHABITED!!

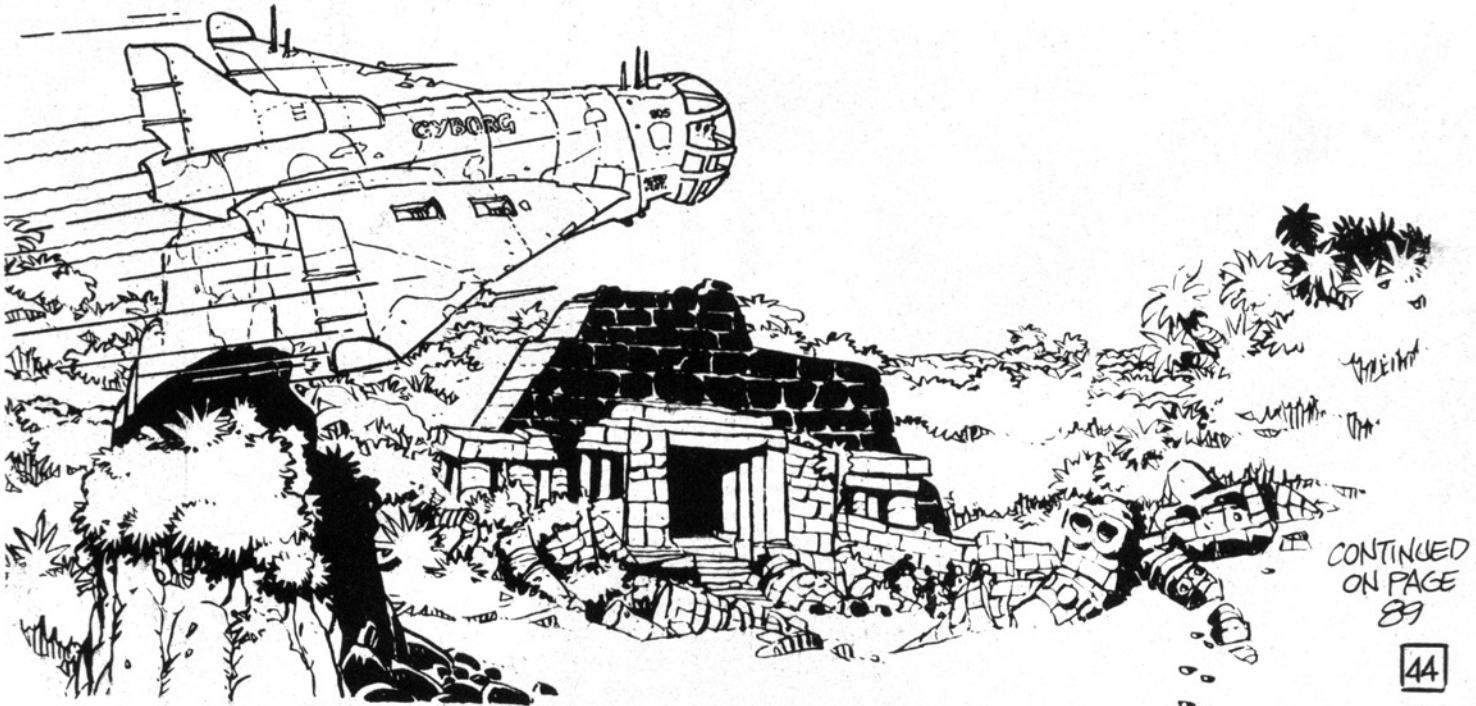


AND
I'M COUNTING
ON YOU TO FIND
OUT BY WHO!!



SUDDENLY
...

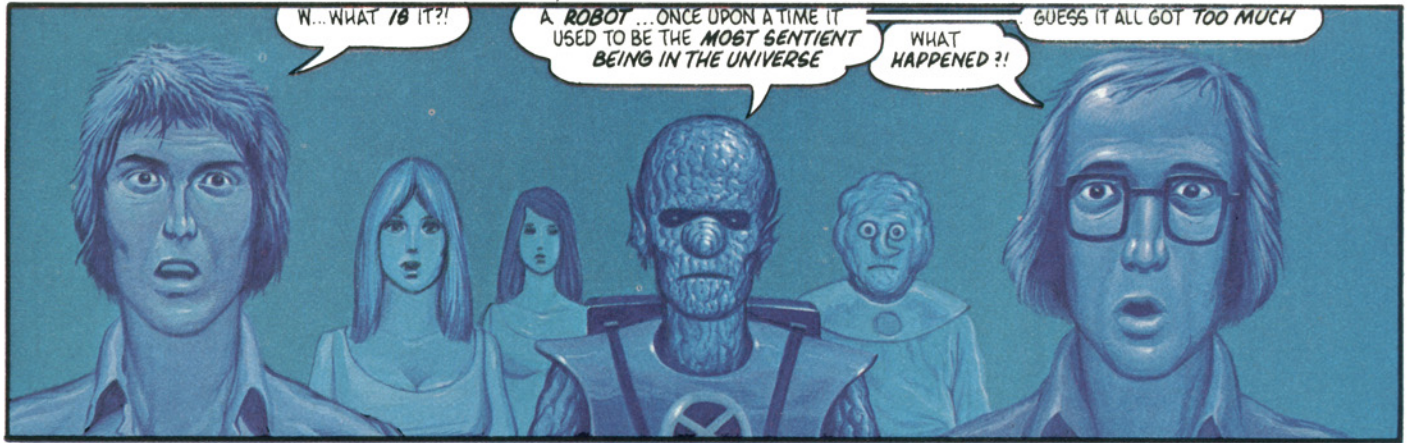
LOOK!
UP THERE!!!



CONTINUED
ON PAGE
89

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE VIII - ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, THE TROUBLE IS EVERYBODY WANTS TO OCCUPY THE CRITICS SEAT...

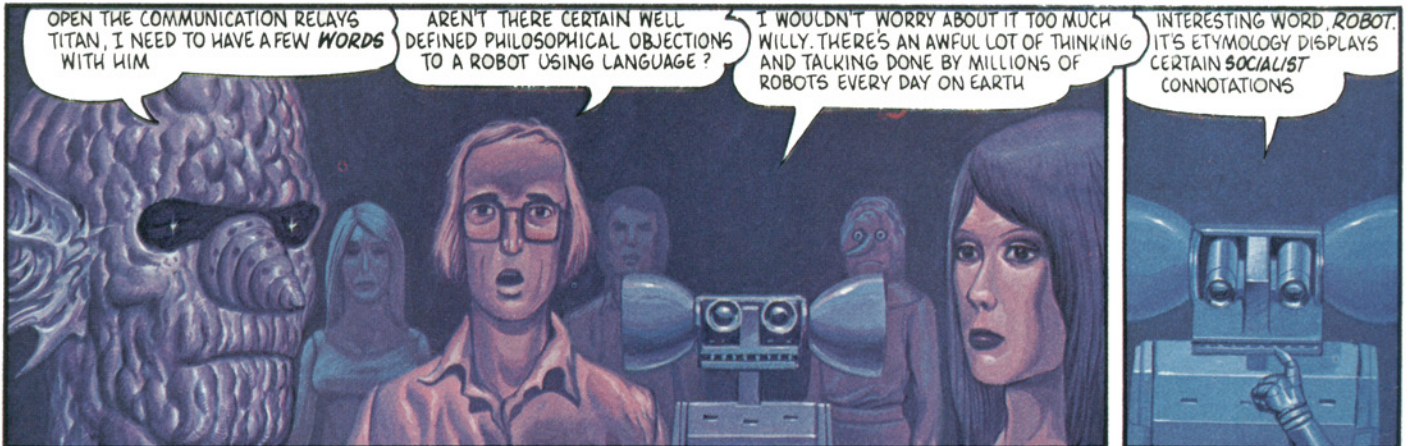


W...WHAT IS IT?!

A **ROBOT**...ONCE UPON A TIME IT USED TO BE THE **MOST SENTIENT BEING** IN THE **UNIVERSE**

WHAT HAPPENED?!

GUESS IT ALL GOT **TOO MUCH**

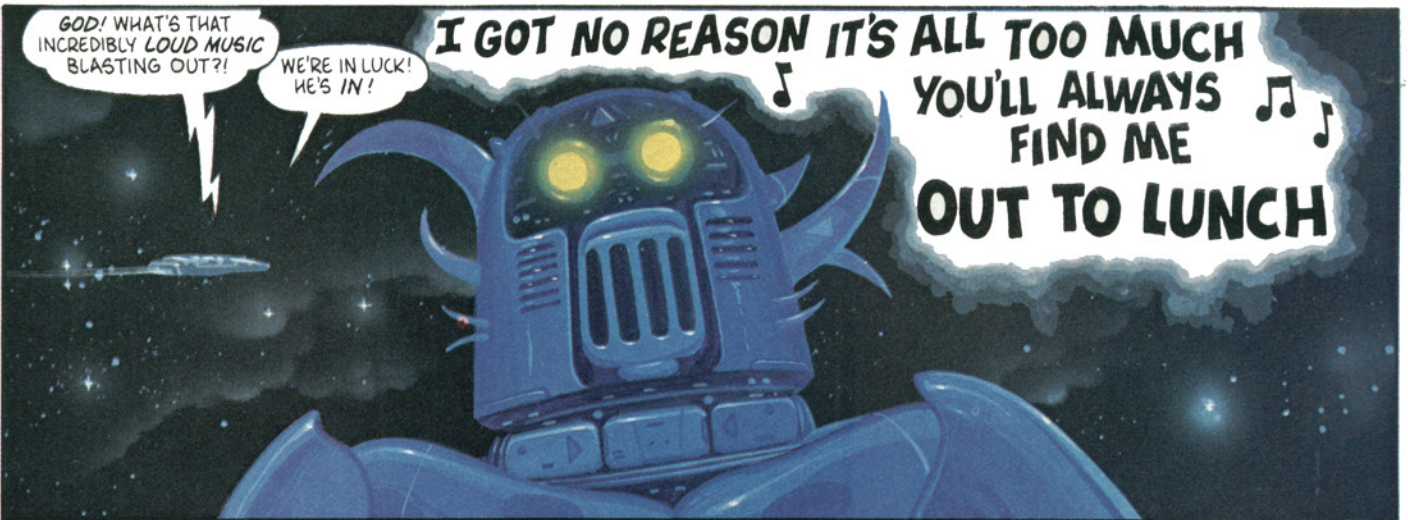


OPEN THE COMMUNICATION RELAYS TITAN, I NEED TO HAVE A FEW **WORDS** WITH HIM

AREN'T THERE CERTAIN WELL DEFINED PHILOSOPHICAL OBJECTIONS TO A ROBOT USING LANGUAGE?

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT TOO MUCH WILLY. THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF THINKING AND TALKING DONE BY MILLIONS OF ROBOTS EVERY DAY ON EARTH

INTERESTING WORD, **ROBOT**. IT'S ETYMOLOGY DISPLAYS CERTAIN **SOCIALIST** CONNOTATIONS



GOD! WHAT'S THAT INCREDIBLY **LOUD MUSIC** BLASTING OUT?!

WE'RE IN LUCK! HE'S IN!

**I GOT NO REASON IT'S ALL TOO MUCH
YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND ME
OUT TO LUNCH**



IT IS SAID THAT HE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO THIS AUTOMATON AND CAME OUT TO THE VERY EDGE THE GALAXY TO HIDE FOREVER FROM THE SIGHT OF BEINGS-FOR-THEMSELVES. HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ANOTHER CONSCIOUS BEING FOR OVER A **THOUSAND YEARS**

JESUS CHRIST



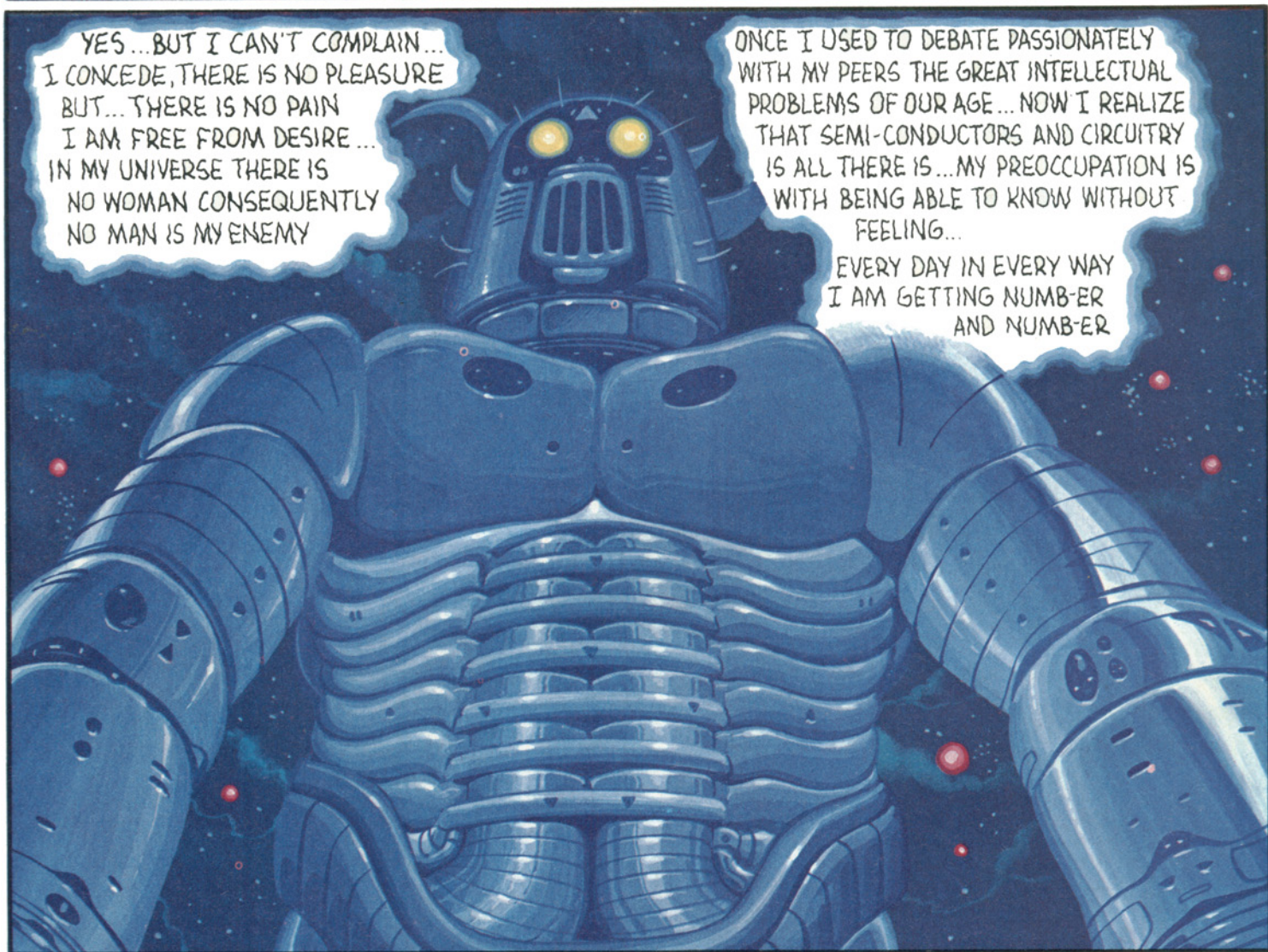
HEY MAN...TELL ME...WHAT'S IT LIKE



YES...BUT I CAN'T COMPLAIN...
I CONCEDE, THERE IS NO PLEASURE
BUT... THERE IS NO PAIN
I AM FREE FROM DESIRE ...
IN MY UNIVERSE THERE IS
NO WOMAN CONSEQUENTLY
NO MAN IS MY ENEMY

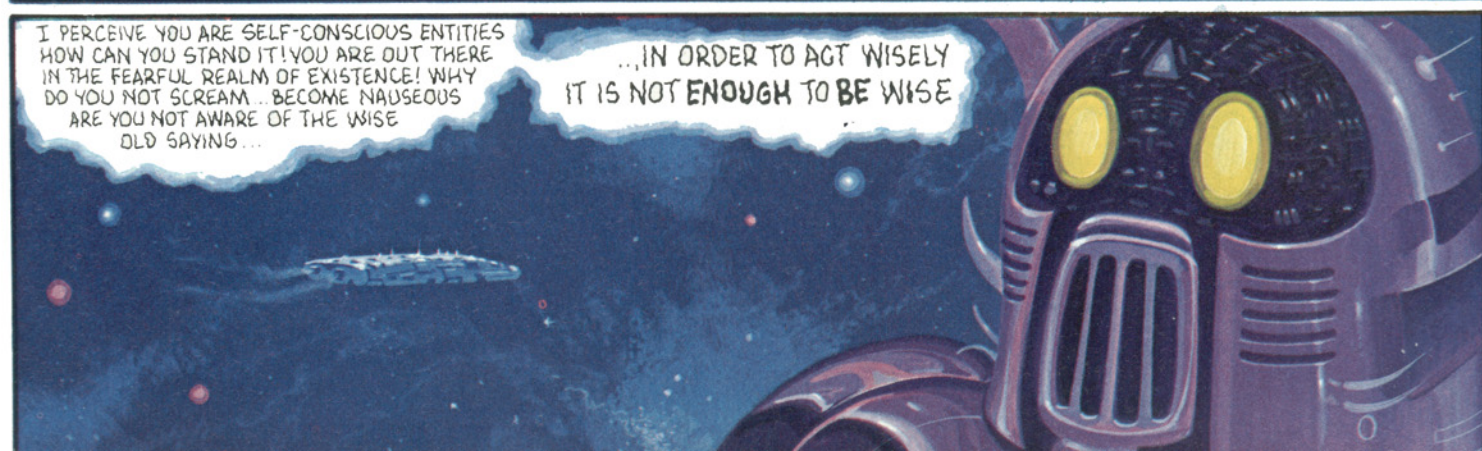
ONCE I USED TO DEBATE PASSIONATELY
WITH MY PEERS THE GREAT INTELLECTUAL
PROBLEMS OF OUR AGE... NOW I REALIZE
THAT SEMI-CONDUCTORS AND CIRCUITRY
IS ALL THERE IS...MY PREOCCUPATION IS
WITH BEING ABLE TO KNOW WITHOUT
FEELING...

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY
I AM GETTING NUMBER
AND NUMBER



I PERCEIVE YOU ARE SELF-CONSCIOUS ENTITIES
HOW CAN YOU STAND IT! YOU ARE OUT THERE
IN THE FEARFUL REALM OF EXISTENCE! WHY
DO YOU NOT SCREAM...BECOME NAUSEOUS
ARE YOU NOT AWARE OF THE WISE
OLD SAYING...

...IN ORDER TO ACT WISELY
IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO BE WISE



DOES THIS THOUGHT NOT FILL YOU WITH **TERROR**
YOU ARE AT THE **MERCY** OF THE ELEMENTS
YOU POSSESS **ONLY** WHAT WILL NOT BE LOST
IN A **SHIPWRECK**... AND THE **REEFS** ARE
ALL AROUND YOU... AND...

YOUR PARENTS HAVE NOT TAUGHT YOU
HOW TO SWIM



WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT MY
PARENTS TAUGHT ME

WOW! THAT GUY SOUNDS LIKE A
BORN PESSIMIST



LISTEN YOU **WHINER** OPTIMISM AND
SELF-PITY ARE POLES OF COWARDICE



GREETINGS
FELLOW COWARD

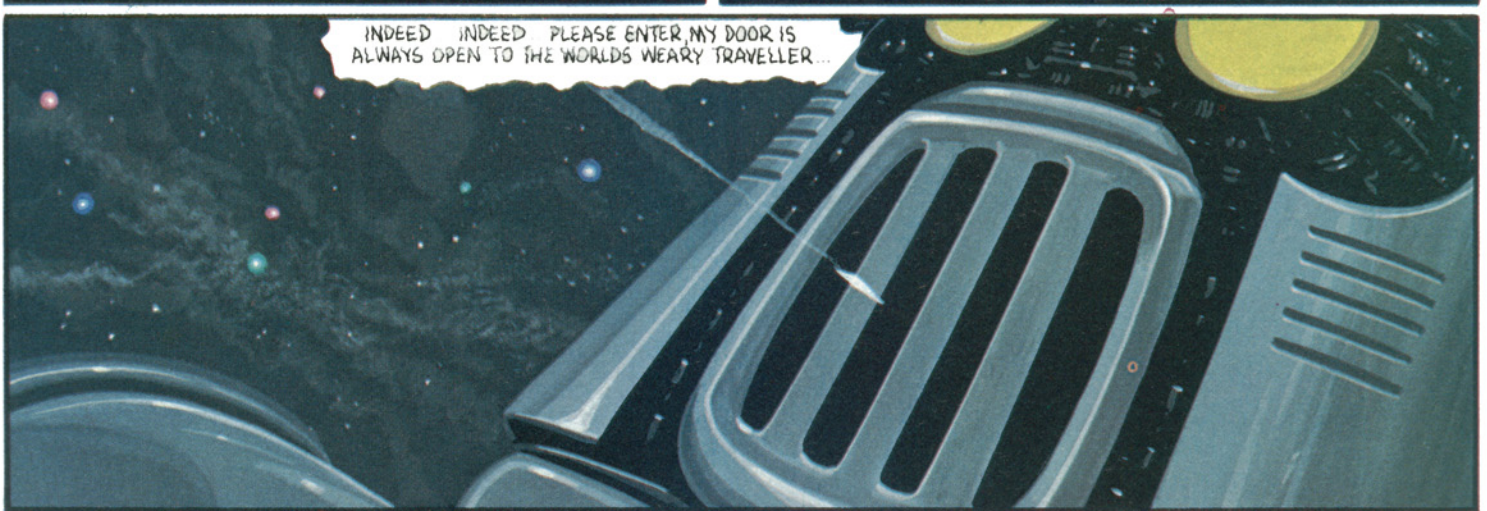


SISYPHUS HERE... YOU REMEMBER ME? A THOUSAND YEARS
AGO I LEFT SOMETHING HERE... SORRY I'M LATE BUT I
GOT DELAYED SOMEWHAT...
BY ABOUT SEVEN CENTURIES

WELL... YOU **KNOW**
HOW THINGS ARE

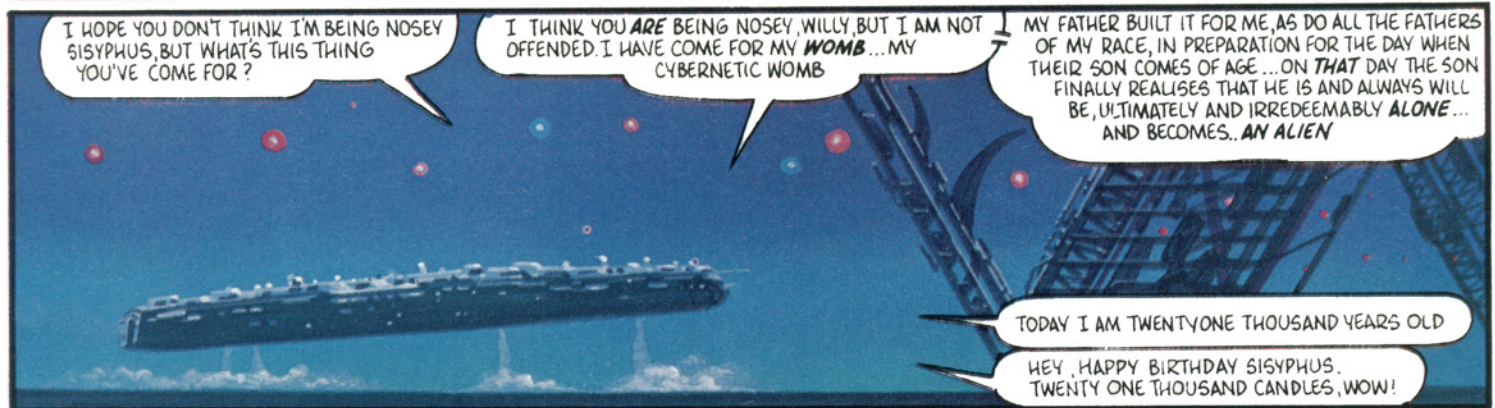


INDEED INDEED PLEASE ENTER, MY DOOR IS
ALWAYS OPEN TO THE WORLD'S WEARY TRAVELLER...





THERE'S SOME FUNNY THINGS GOING ON INSIDE THIS GUY'S HEAD



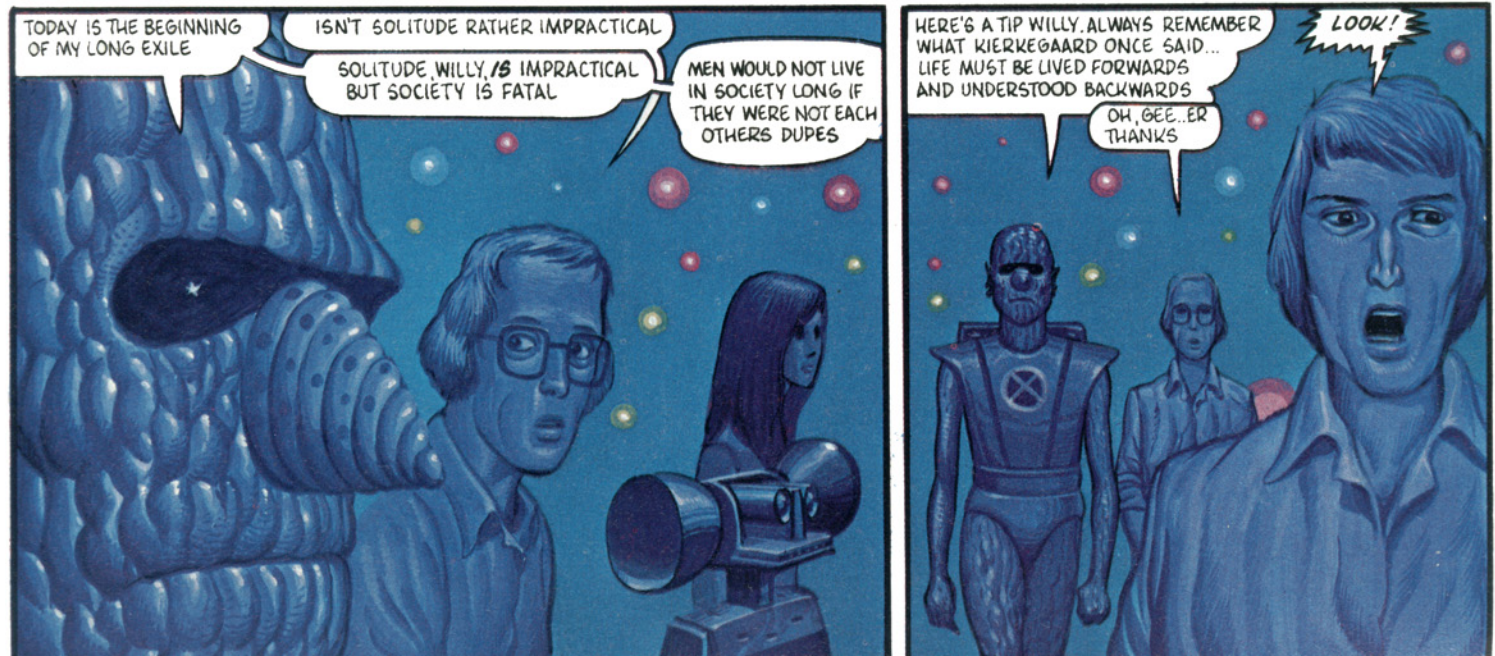
I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M BEING NOSEY SISYPHUS, BUT WHAT'S THIS THING YOU'VE COME FOR?

I THINK YOU **ARE** BEING NOSEY, WILLY, BUT I AM NOT OFFENDED. I HAVE COME FOR MY **WOMB**... MY CYBERNETIC WOMB

MY FATHER BUILT IT FOR ME, AS DO ALL THE FATHERS OF MY RACE, IN PREPARATION FOR THE DAY WHEN THEIR SON COMES OF AGE... ON **THAT** DAY THE SON FINALLY REALISES THAT HE IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE, ULTIMATELY AND IRREDEEMABLY **ALONE**... AND BECOMES.. **AN ALIEN**

TODAY I AM TWENTYONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

HEY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY SISYPHUS. TWENTY ONE THOUSAND CANDLES, WOW!



TODAY IS THE BEGINNING OF MY LONG EXILE

ISN'T SOLITUDE RATHER IMPRACTICAL

SOLITUDE, WILLY, **IS** IMPRACTICAL BUT SOCIETY IS FATAL

MEN WOULD NOT LIVE IN SOCIETY LONG IF THEY WERE NOT EACH OTHERS DUPES

HERE'S A TIP WILLY. ALWAYS REMEMBER WHAT KIERKEGAARD ONCE SAID... LIFE MUST BE LIVED FORWARDS AND UNDERSTOOD BACKWARDS

OH, GEE...ER THANKS

LOOK!



A VAST
CONTROL
ROOM

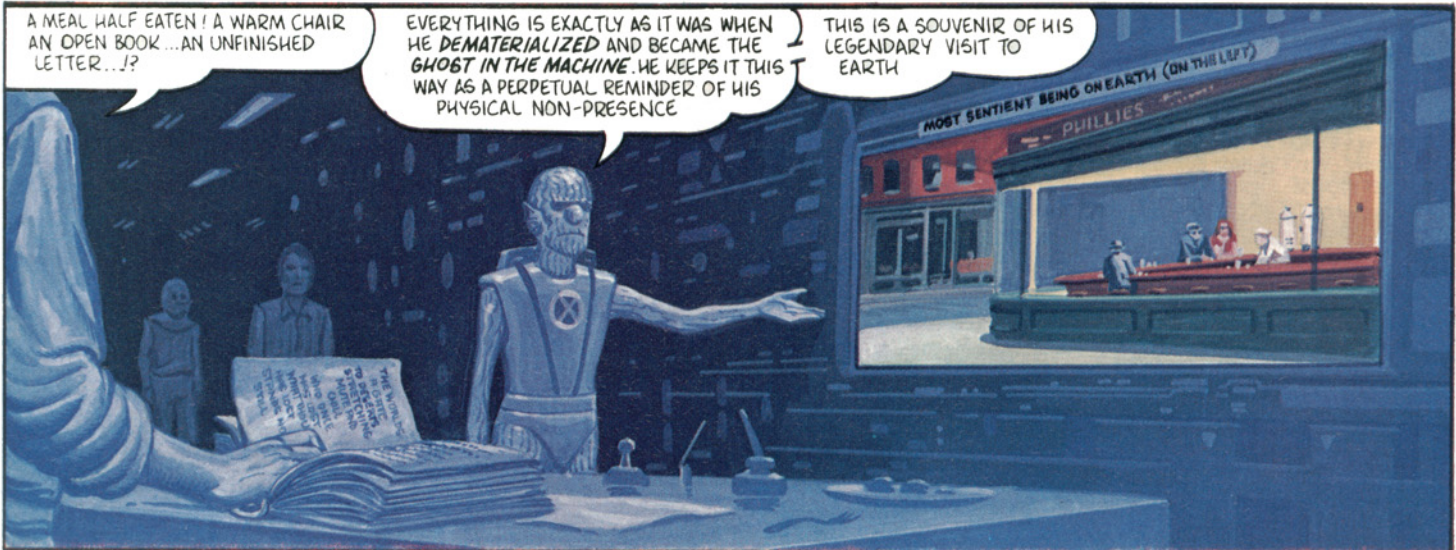
THE BRAIN, INFORMATION
POURING IN FROM EVERY
CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE

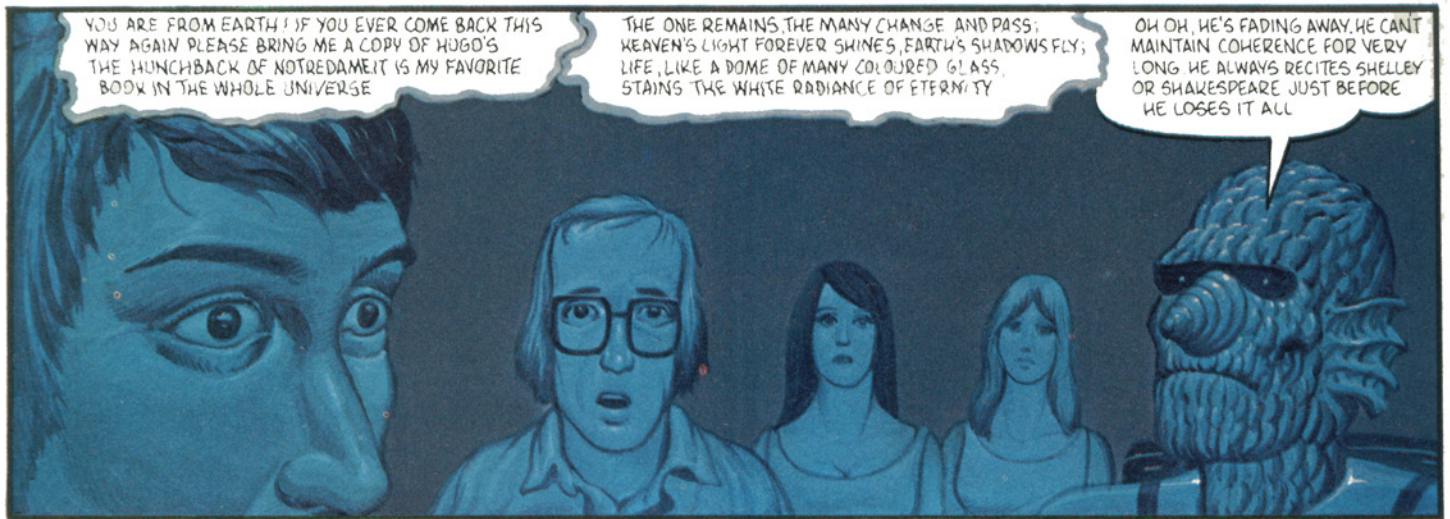
AND NOBODY
HERE TO
MAKE SENSE
OF IT

A MEAL HALF EATEN! A WARM CHAIR
AN OPEN BOOK...AN UNFINISHED
LETTER...!?

EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY AS IT WAS WHEN
HE DEMATERIALIZED AND BECAME THE
GHOST IN THE MACHINE. HE KEEPS IT THIS
WAY AS A PERPETUAL REMINDER OF HIS
PHYSICAL NON-PRESENCE

THIS IS A SOUVENIR OF HIS
LEGENDARY VISIT TO
EARTH





YOU ARE FROM EARTH! IF YOU EVER COME BACK THIS WAY AGAIN PLEASE BRING ME A COPY OF HUGO'S THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTREDAME IT IS MY FAVORITE BOOK IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE

THE ONE REMAINS, THE MANY CHANGE AND PASS; HEAVEN'S LIGHT FOREVER SHINES, EARTH'S SHADOWS FLY; LIFE, LIKE A DOME OF MANY COLOURED GLASS, STAINING THE WHITE RADIANCE OF ETERNITY

OH OH, HE'S FADING AWAY, HE CAN'T MAINTAIN COHERENCE FOR VERY LONG HE ALWAYS RECITES SHELLEY OR SHAKESPEARE JUST BEFORE HE LOSES IT ALL



BUT THAT I AM FORBID TO TELL THE SECRETS OF MY PRISON HOUSE



I COULD A TALE UNFOLD



WHOSE LIGHTEST WORD WOULD HARROW JO THY SOUL



FREEZE THY YOUNG BLOOD, MAKE THY TWO EYES, LIKE STARS, STARE FROM THEIR TRACKS

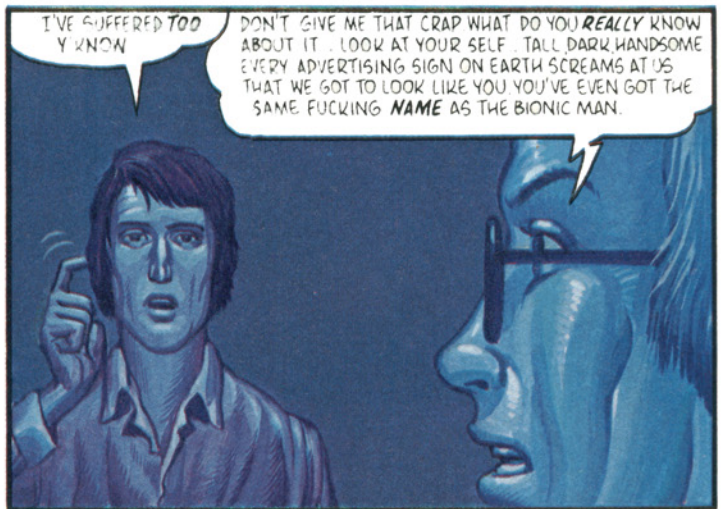
GONE POOR FUCKER



POOR FUCKER? HUH WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS JESUS CHRIST? IT ALL SEEMS A BIT OVER THE TOP TO ME

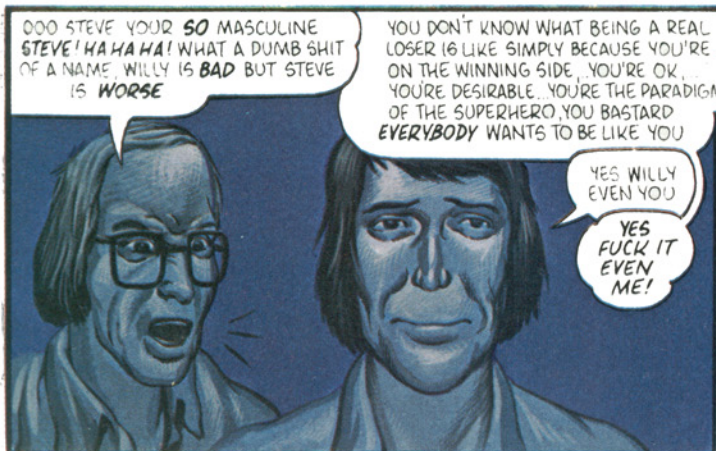
WHADY MEAN?

YEAH WELL IT WOULD TO YOU, WOULDN'T IT?



I'VE SUFFERED TOO Y'KNOW

DON'T GIVE ME THAT CRAP WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT IT... LOOK AT YOUR SELF. TALL DARK HANDSOME EVERY ADVERTISING SIGN ON EARTH SCREAMS AT US THAT WE GOT TO LOOK LIKE YOU YOU'VE EVEN GOT THE SAME FUCKING NAME AS THE BIONIC MAN.



OOO STEVE YOUR SO MASCUINE STEVE! HA HA HA! WHAT A DUMB SHIT OF A NAME. WILLY IS BAD BUT STEVE IS WORSE

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT BEING A REAL LOSER IS LIKE SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU'RE ON THE WINNING SIDE, YOU'RE OK, YOU'RE DESIRABLE, YOU'RE THE PARADIGM OF THE SUPERHERO, YOU BASTARD EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE LIKE YOU

YES WILLY EVEN YOU

YES FUCK IT EVEN ME!



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE WORD ALIENATION MEANS BECAUSE YOU'VE HAD THE BASIC EXISTENTIALIST CORE OF YOUR BEING VERIFIED BY AFFAIRS WITH A MILLION BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

OH I WOULDN'T SAY THAT WILLY. NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE LIKE



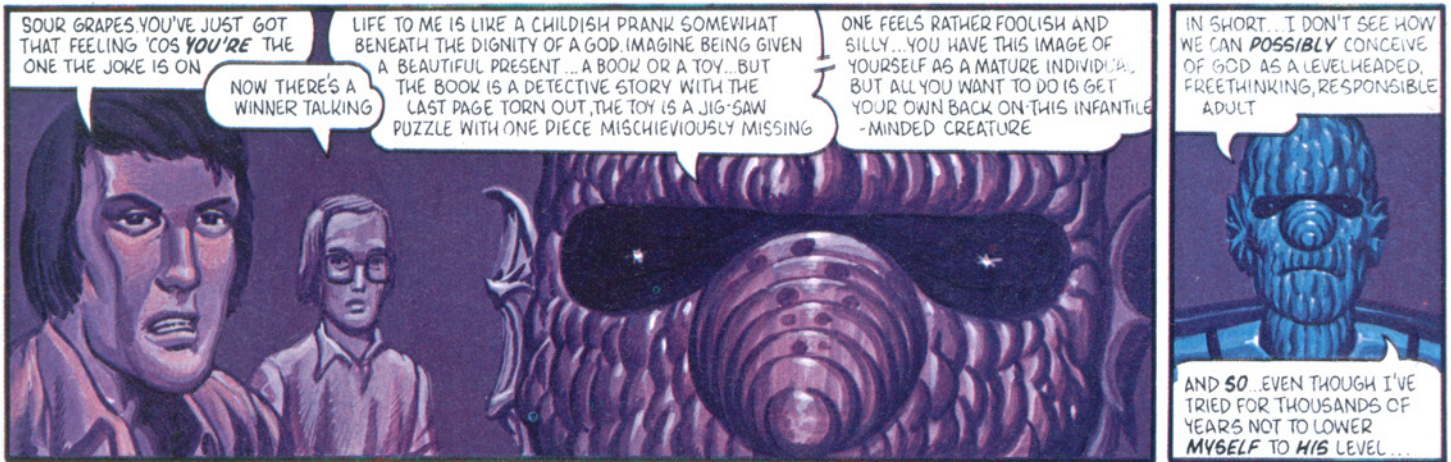
Y'SEE! YOU'RE SO GODDAM FUCKING SECURE THAT YOU'RE IMMUNE TO CRITICISM. YOU CAN AFFORD TO JOKE ABOUT IT ALL

WELL **YOU'RE** ALWAYS JOKING ABOUT IT

NOW YOU'RE JUST SHOWING YOUR IGNORANCE STEVE STEREOTYPE I **NEVER** JOKE

IT JUST SOUNDS FUNNY TO YOU 'COS YOU THINK **LIFE** IS ONE BIG JOKE

PLEASE GENTLEMEN! I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU **BOTH**. LIFE SEEMS LIKE A JOKE TO ME BUT A JOKE IN SOMEWHAT **QUESTIONABLE** TASTE



SOUR GRAPES. YOU'VE JUST GOT THAT FEELING 'COS **YOU'RE** THE ONE THE JOKE IS ON

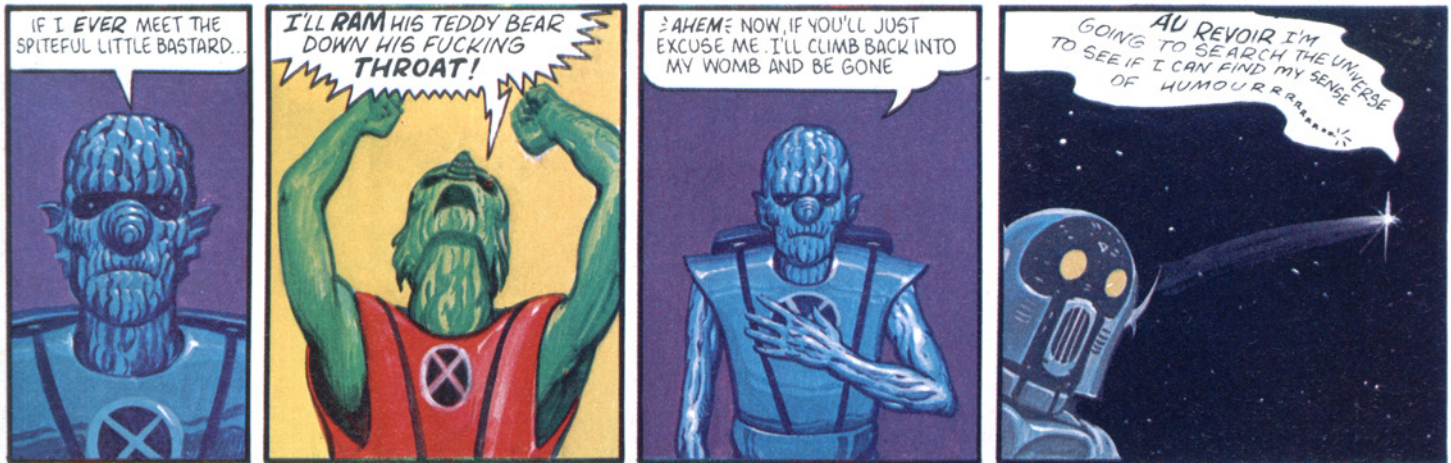
NOW THERE'S A WINNER TALKING

LIFE TO ME IS LIKE A CHILDISH PRANK SOMEWHAT BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF A GOD. IMAGINE BEING GIVEN A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT ... A BOOK OR A TOY... BUT THE BOOK IS A DETECTIVE STORY WITH THE LAST PAGE TORN OUT, THE TOY IS A JIG-SAW PUZZLE WITH ONE PIECE MISCHIEVOUSLY MISSING

ONE FEELS RATHER FOOLISH AND SILLY... YOU HAVE THIS IMAGE OF YOURSELF AS A MATURE INDIVIDUAL, BUT ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS GET YOUR OWN BACK ON THIS INFANTILE -MINDED CREATURE

IN SHORT... I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN **POSSIBLY** CONCEIVE OF GOD AS A LEVELHEADED, FREETHINKING, RESPONSIBLE ADULT

AND **SO**... EVEN THOUGH I'VE TRIED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS NOT TO LOWER MYSELF TO HIS LEVEL...

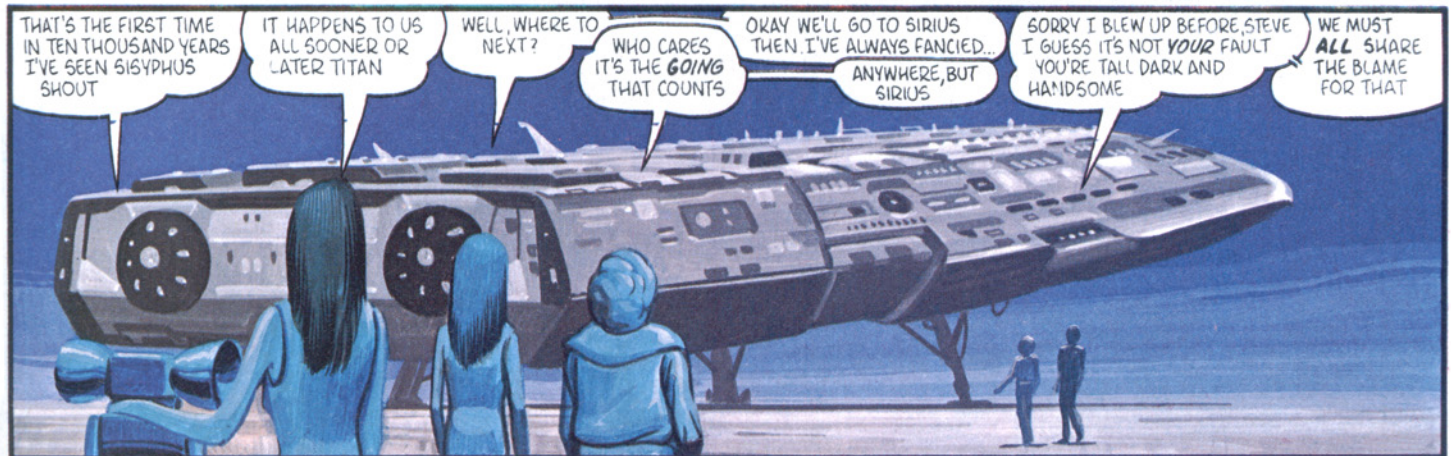


IF I **EVER** MEET THE SPITEFUL LITTLE BASTARD...

I'LL RAM HIS TEDDY BEAR DOWN HIS FUCKING THROAT!

GAHEME NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST EXCUSE ME. I'LL CLIMB BACK INTO MY WOMB AND BE GONE

AU REVOIR I'M GOING TO SEARCH THE UNIVERSE TO SEE IF I CAN FIND MY SENSE OF HUMOUR **RAAAAAA!**



THAT'S THE FIRST TIME IN TEN THOUSAND YEARS I'VE SEEN SISYPHUS SHOUT

IT HAPPENS TO US ALL SOONER OR LATER TITAN

WELL, WHERE TO NEXT?

WHO CARES IT'S THE **GOING** THAT COUNTS

OKAY WE'LL GO TO SIRIUS THEN. I'VE ALWAYS FANCIED... ANYWHERE, BUT SIRIUS

GORRY I BLEW UP BEFORE, STEVE I GUESS IT'S NOT **YOUR** FAULT YOU'RE TALL DARK AND HANDSOME

WE MUST **ALL** SHARE THE BLAME FOR THAT



THE BEGINNING,
THE MIDDLE,
AND THE END

CAPTAIN FUTURE

JUST AS CAPTAIN FUTURE IS ABOUT TO SET OFF FOR AN EXPLORATION OF THE MYSTERIOUS RUINS IN DELTA ZONE, THE PIRATES LAND...



STORY:
PHIL
MANCOWKE

ART:
SERGE
CLERC

MATSON WISELY GIVES THE ORDER TO THE CAPTAIN TO DIG IN...

WHAT
ARE YOU AFRAID
OF? THAT'S NOT
A MARTIAN
SHIP!

NO,
IT'S WORSE
THAN THAT! IT'S
STIV BUDDER,
THE BUTCHER OF
THE GALAXY!
SO WATCH
YOURSELF!





WHILE OSGOOD, ARMED WITH A LASER-LUGER, AND MATILDA SET OFF INTO THE JUNGLE, BUDDER GIVES HIS ORDERS...

TELL THE MEN TO BE READY FOR TAKE-OFF... WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN AN HOUR!!

BUT LITTLE DO THE PIRATES SUSPECT THAT A STRANGE PAIR OF EYES IS WATCHING THEM FROM THE FOLLAGE...

THE FRINGS DIED DOWN! THAT MUST MEAN SOMETHING!

FROM HIGH UP IN THE RUINS...

THAT'S HIM!!

WHAT?





SOME OF THE PIRATES MAKE IT BACK TO THEIR SHIP, WHERE THEY WATCH THE MONSTER DEVOURING THEIR MATES...



THE MONSTER APPROACHES THE SHIP, OVERCOME WITH CURIOSITY...



THE INFRA-CANNON! FAST!



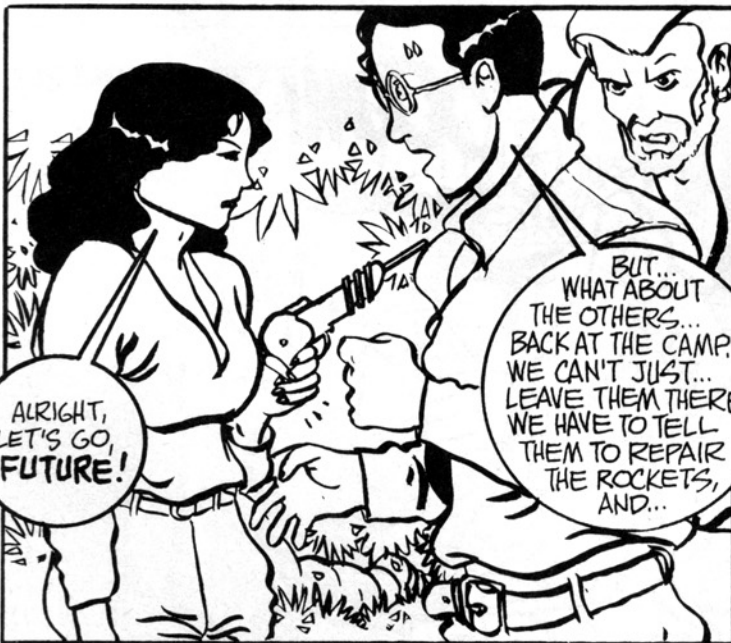
Cyborg

FIRE!



ALRIGHT, LET'S GO, FUTURE!

BUT... WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS... BACK AT THE CAMP... WE CAN'T JUST... LEAVE THEM THERE! WE HAVE TO TELL THEM TO REPAIR THE ROCKETS, AND...



BONK!



WHEN FUTURE REGAINS CON-
SCIOUSNESS, HE FINDS HIMSELF
LAID OUT ABOARD THE PIRATE
SHIP. EDDING 8, ITS JUNGLE, ITS
MONSTERS, ITS MYSTERIES ARE
NO MORE THAN A GREEN BALL,
NO BRIGHTER THAN ANY OTHER
STAR...

OOOH!
MY
HEAD!

LUCKILY, MATILDA
PROVES TO BE A
DEVOTED
NURSE...

POOR
DEAR
FUTURE!
OSGOOD WENT
A LITTLE
TOO FAR!!



OOOOH!
CAPTAIN
FUTURE!

SUDDENLY...



ENJOY
IT, KIDDIES!...
IT'LL BE
YOUR
LAST...





ZAAP!



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