

November 1979

\$1.50

# HEAVY METAL

IND  
36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



Behold the grandeur of the Great Hall,  
Pursue the Orcs with the Riders of Rohan,  
Bid farewell to Sam and Frodo...

# A MIDDLE EARTH ALBUM



All the romance, all the inspiration, all the unforgettable atmosphere of the great trilogy **Lord of the Rings** comes alive through the vision of artist Joan Wyatt. And with an introduction and commentaries on the art by Jessica Yates, Secretary to the Tolkien Society of Great Britain.

Thirty original paintings, all in breathtaking full color, await to delight and invite you to Middle Earth.

## Paintings by Joan Wyatt Inspired by Tolkien's Lord of the Rings

### ORDER FORM

Heavy Metal Books, Dept. 1179  
635 Madison Ave.  
New York, NY 10022

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies  
of **A MIDDLE EARTH ALBUM**  
(\$7.95, paper) for which I enclose  
payment.

Also available in cloth, \$14.95

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(N.Y. residents please add applicable sales tax). Include \$1.50 per order for postage and handling.

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, let the dealer or other customer give you all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.



# The very best reading in or out of this world

## 4 FOR 10¢

### with membership

Choose any 4 books, including these science fiction greats: THE HUGO WINNERS, Volume I & II—23 gripping short stories. A giant, handsome 864-page record of greatness. THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY by Isaac Asimov is an SF Classic that forecasts the return to barbarism. And THE DRAGONRIDERS OF PERN by Anne McCaffrey. 3 fascinating adventures in one volume.

What a way to get acquainted. Browse through the list of books on this page and choose any 4 for just 10¢.

It's the most extraordinary sample of science fiction ever offered in one package.

#### Here's how the club works:

When your application for membership is accepted, you'll receive your choice of 4 books for just 10¢ (plus shipping and handling). If not absolutely fascinated, return them within ten days—membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin describing the 2 coming Selections and Alternate choices. If you want both Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, or prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the form always provided, and return it to us by the date specified. We allow you at least ten days for making your decision. If you don't get the form in time to respond within 10 days, and receive an unwanted selection, you may return it at our expense.

As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign any time thereafter, or remain a member as long as you wish. One of the two Selections each month is only \$2.49. Other Selections are slightly higher, but always much less than hardcover Publishers' Editions. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. Send no money. But do send the coupon today.

0075 **The Chronicles of Amber.** By Roger Zelazny. Two glorious volumes contain: *Nine Princes in Amber; The Guns of Avalon; Sign of the Unicorn; The Hand of Oberon; The Courts of Chaos.* Comb. pub. ed. \$30.30

8532 **The Hugo Winners, Vol. I & II.** Giant 2-in-1 volume of 23 award-winning stories, 1955 to 1970. Asimov introduces each. Pub. ed. \$15.45.

7831 **Galactic Empires.** Brian Aldiss, ed. Two-volume anthology of 26 stories by famous authors Clarke, Asimov and others covers the Rise and Fall of Galactic Empires. Comb. pub. ed. \$17.90

6221 **The Foundation Trilogy.** By Isaac Asimov. The ends of the galaxy revert to barbarism. An SF classic. Comb. pub. ed. \$20.85

6197 **Riddle of Stars.** By Patricia A. McKillip. In one volume, all three novels of the epic fantasy: *The Riddle-Master of Hed, Heir of Sea and Fire, and Harpist in the Wind.* Comb. pub. ed. \$24.85

7278 **Masters of Everon.** By Gordon R. Dickson. Mystery on another planet—and native animals hold the key. By the author of *Time Storm*. Special ed.

4697 **The Fountains of Paradise.** By Arthur C. Clarke. Important new novel by one of the superstars of science fiction. Pub. ed. \$10.00

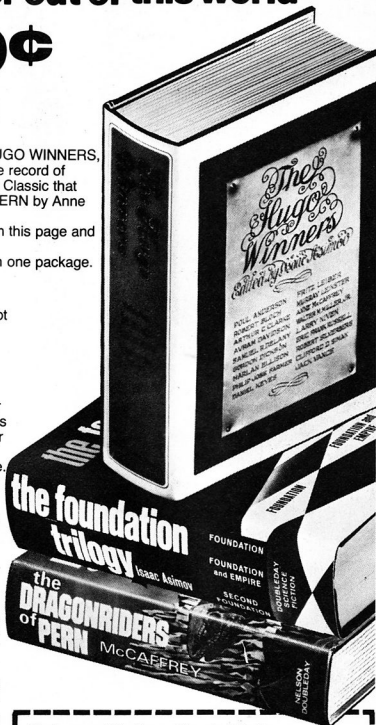
7286 **Jem.** By Frederik Pohl. Brilliant new novel of intrigue and violence on an alien planet. By the author of *Gateway*. Explicit scenes and language may be offensive to some. Pub. ed. \$10.00

6536 **The Best Science Fiction of the Year #8.** Terry Carr, ed. A dozen stories from the past year by Varley, Ellison, Vinge, other favorites. Special edition.

5942 **A Planet Called Treason.** By Orson Scott Card. A mutant on a planet of exiles is endangered when his regenerative powers run wild. **Certain descriptive details may be offensive to some.** Pub. ed. \$10.00

5207 **Titan.** By John Varley. When a ship is snatched from space, the crew finds itself in an alien world—inside another space ship. **Explicit sexual content may be offensive to some.** Pub. ed. \$9.95

2543 **The Dragonriders of Pern.** By Anne McCaffrey. A mammoth volume containing all three novels: *Dragonflight, Dragonquest and The White Dragon.* Comb. pub. ed. \$26.85



#### Science Fiction Book Club

Dept. XR370, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad. Please accept me as a member in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 4 books whose numbers I have indicated below, and bill me just 10¢ (plus shipping and handling). I agree to take 4 additional books during the coming year at regular low Club prices and may resign anytime thereafter. SFBC books are selections for mature readers.

--	--	--	--

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Ms. \_\_\_\_\_

Please print

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

The Science Fiction Book Club offers its own complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

Order not valid without signature. If under 18, parent must sign.

# CONTENTS

Rowlf, by **Richard Corben**, 7

Egg-Stained Wine, by **Phil Trumbo**, 18

Moon Flight, by **Voss**, 25

Barlowe's Guidebook to Extraterrestrials, by **Wayne Barlowe** and **Ian Summers**, 35

Zooks, by **Vaughn Bodē**. Colorist, **Mark Bodē**, 42

Homer's Idyll, by **Charles Vess**, 44

Galactic Geographic, by **Karl Kofoed**, 48

Shelter, by **Chantal Montellier**, 50

Elric, by **Michael Moorcock** and **Frank Brunner**, 55

The Airtight Garage, by **Moebius**, 65

Jim, by **Luc Cornillon**, 67

The Stars My Destination, by **Alfred Bester**.

Edited by **Byron Preiss**, illustrated by **Howard V. Chaykin**, 76

... Thirty-two..., 4

Chain Mail, 6

Cover, Fetch, by **Joe Jusko**

"Moon Flight," by Voss, "Shelter," by Chantal Montellier, "The Airtight Garage," by Moebius, "Jim," by Luc Cornillon, are all from *Metal Hurlant*, copyright © 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoïdes Associées, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

All other copyrights are held by individual artists, authors, and/or representatives.

Illustration by **Glenn Harrington**

Editors: **Sean Kelly**, **Valerie Marchant**

Managing Editor: **Julie Simmons**

Editorial Assistant: **Susan Zimmer**

Copy Editor: **Sheila Feldman**

Art Director: **John Workman**

Art Assistants: **Bill Workman**, **Duffy Vohland**

Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.**

Production Assistant: **Mark Gill**

Circulation Director: **George Agoglia, Sr.**

Manager, Book Division: **Diane Masters Watson**

Foreign Rights Manager: **Diana K. Bletter**

Publisher: **Leonard Mogel**



3/9/79



WONDERS OF  
THE UNIVERSE:  
AN EXUBERANT TOURIST RUNS  
HAPPILY ACROSS THE NIGHT  
DESERT OF THE DAWN PLANET.

A L I E N



In space anyone can wear a cap.

THE AUTHENTIC NOSTROMO CAP FEATURING THE CREW  
INSIGNIA AS WORN IN THE 20th CENTURY-FOX FILM,

**A L I E N**

HANDSOME, STURDY 100% POLYESTER NAVY  
BLUE CAP IN ADJUSTABLE SIZE WITH FULLY EMBROIDERED  
RAINBOW-COLORED EMBLEM AND MILITARY-STYLE  
SCRAMBLED EGGS ON BRIM.

© 20th CENTURY-FOX FILM CORP.

NOSTROMO™

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR  
\$7.95 + \$1.00 POSTAGE AND HANDLING  
FOR EACH CAP TO:

**THE THINKING CAP CO., INC.**

11609 Pico Boulevard  
Los Angeles, CA 90064

ONE SIZE FITS ALL (12 & OVER)  
CHILDREN'S SIZE AVAILABLE

\_\_\_\_ Number of caps.

\_\_\_\_ Number of children's caps.

\_\_\_\_ Number of Nostromo patches.

Send \$4.95 + 50¢ for each patch.

Please allow 2 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Wholesale inquiries welcome.

(In California add 6% Sales Tax)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

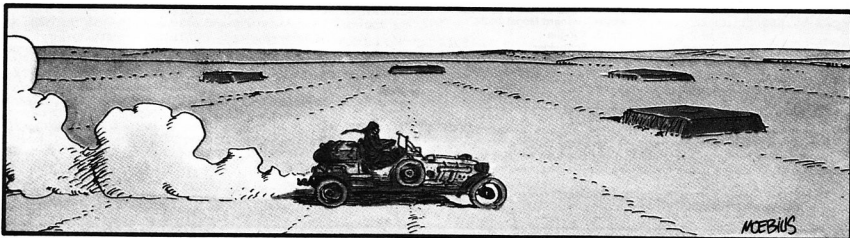
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Traveling?

Journeying to distant climes? Afraid of incipient boredom? Take some *Heavy Metal* books with you and maintain a vivid life-style—see page seventy-four for a special limited offer!



# ...Thirty-two...

Lotsa goodies in store and story: Corben is back with "Rowlf," an instant classic guaranteed to continue here for the near future. "Galactic Geographic" also makes a return (bet you knew it would), as do Frank Brunner's illuminations of Michael Moorcock's "Elric," the first half of which you will recall (that is an order!) appeared in our September issue. (Back issues—in case you missed any—are available from the publisher. Check it out.)

Then there's Bodé's "Zooks," which gives a different perspective to at least the art and science of magazine-reading positions. For those who prefer as few words as possible with their pictures, "Homer's Idyll" may do the job. The rest of you can recoup on the words with our final installment of "The Stars My Destination."

The mix of French and American material is gradually settling into balance, but more changes are forthcoming.

Next issue will greet the holiday season with Christmas charm, very Gallic; the new year will see a new editor and some new directions: nothing lost, something gained.

Cheers!



Illustration by David Yorke

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

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Julian L. Weber**  
Chairman of the Executive Committee **Leonard Mogel**  
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agolia**  
Vice-President, Finance **Charles Schneider**  
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**  
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard B. Barthelmes**  
Controller **Esther Barrett**

**HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970):** "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. Copyright ©1979 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. \$17.00 paid annual subscription. \$25.00 paid two-

year subscription, and \$32.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial US. Additional \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices.

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

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

**EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.





Pick a pack!

JOB  
has  
your  
size.



**JOB 1.25™ PRECISION-WIDTH**  
The precise amount of paper for the seasoned roller, cut bigger than a single-wide, yet smaller than JOB 1.5™.



## TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler\* sent post-paid directly to you.

Complete and mail coupon with payment. Quickest delivery with money-order, cashier's or certified check (un-certified checks must clear bank prior to shipping; no stamps or coins, please; sorry no C.O.D's). Offers limited; void where prohibited. Limit one sampler or box per family, please. Act today!

\*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB** 1.25™, two packs **JOB** 1.5™, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

Brought to you from France by

Please send the following item. I am over 21 years of age.

- ☐ **JOB** Double-width cigarette papers 24-pack...\$9.60 \$\_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ **JOB** 1.5™ Middle-width cigarette papers 24-pack...\$9.60 \$\_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ **JOB** 1.25™ Precision-width™ cigarette papers 24-pack...\$9.60 \$\_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ **JOB** Single-width 55s Classic White 24-pack...\$7.20 \$\_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ **JOB** Single-width Cutcorners 25-pack...\$7.50 \$\_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ **JOB** Favorite Hits 4-pack cigarette paper sampler...\$1.00 \$\_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL** (Check enclosed) Includes postage & handling. \$\_\_\_\_\_

SEND TO: **PAPERS**

Adams Apple Dist. Co.  
5100 N. Ravenswood  
Chicago, IL 60640



**Adams Apple**  
DISTRIBUTING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60640 USA

MS/MRS/MR \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Illinois residents add 5% sales tax. Allow three to four weeks delivery.

HMT-7911

# EARTH'S FIRST OUTER SPACE NEWSPAPER! "THE NEBULON GAZETTE"

By special arrangement with the publishers, (Galactic Publications Group of the Planet Nebulon), we are pleased to offer subscriptions for monthly delivery, commencing January 1980, with the:

## FIRST EARTH EDITION SINCE THE FALL OF ATLANTIS!

Features in the **BIG** first issue include:

The Unearthly Advice Column • Sector Weather Reports • Galactic Stock Market • The True Astrology • Nebunews Photos • Earth Events Commentary • Latest Extra-Terrestrial Scientific and Medical Discoveries • Nebuwood Gossip • Confederacy, Old-Empire and Free-Planet Military Coverage • Nebulose Consumer Reports • Life-Form Comics • Inter-System Classifieds and much, much more!

All news relayed by telepatype! Printed on special Nebupaper! Single-copy price only \$2.50 (including postage anywhere in Sol-System)! All Subscriptions begin with the collectors item first edition!

TO:

**NEBULON GAZETTE**  
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT  
P.O. BOX 28505  
SAN DIEGO, CA 92128

Please enter my subscription to the NEBULON GAZETTE, Earth Edition, beginning with issue #1, for the period marked below:

- ☐ One Year (12 issues) \$20.00  
☐ Two year (24 issues) \$35.00

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed:\$ \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

# CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sir:

The other day as I was reading my *Heavy Metal*, a friend (Jeff) asked me if I knew how the pictures in the magazine were made. I'm somewhat familiar with reproduction techniques and started running it down to him. He said, "No. I mean where the picture came from," as in where (or how) the picture originated. I figured someone just sat down and drew them. He told me that I was wrong and explained that a few years back during the halftime of a Super Bowl game, an artist by the name of Leroy Neimen demonstrated a machine that produces pictures without the artist (the machine requires an artist to operate it) ever touching a pencil or pen. With the advances in computer technology, I can believe that there is such a machine, but I wasn't ready to believe that the art in *Heavy Metal* was a product of such a machine. Jeff told me that Leroy Neimen said that all cartooning today is done with this machine; and therefore, the pictures in *Heavy Metal* were produced that way.

Would you please clarify this for me. Are you familiar with this machine; and is the art in *Heavy Metal* a product of it? In the event that the answer to the latter part of the last question

is "some of it is," the particular picture in question is in Paul Kirchner's "Tarot," on the bottom of page 65 of the December 1978 issue. If you would please, please settle this for me, it would be greatly appreciated, as it has somehow become a bit of a major issue between my friend and me.

Michael B. Cagle  
Florence, Ariz.

Dear Michael:

*Yes, they have put men on the moon and invented American processed cheese food in a can, but the art in Heavy Metal is still produced by hand.—The Eds.*

Dear Editors:

Each time you publish a copy of *HM* filled with esoteric nonsense, I resolve not to renew my subscription. Then you publish an issue like August with purposeful, imaginative story lines and beautiful color and artwork, and I'm pleased to be a subscriber. I do miss Moebius's fantastic color work.

Why is there always a letter with a reference to the correlation between marijuana and your magazine published in Chain Mail? Do you people have the East Coast franchise?

Albert Marten  
Beloit, Kan.

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

You have a fine artistic fantasy magazine. My problem is I'm not too involved in aggressive magazines. Not to say *Heavy Metal* is violent, it's just too powerful for me.

I'm willing to bet that there are thousands of people out there just waiting for...a magazine

that holds the gentle side of fantasy. I'm all for sex, but I feel the world is so full of sex for the pleasure of it that love is being left out in the cold more and more every day. Why not design a fantasy magazine that is truly fantasy? Something that the world sees very little of these days: romance. My own senses are revolted by art that displays such things as people kicking others in the balls or throwing up in each other's faces, gouging out eyes or hacking off heads. It just seems so sadistic to me. Sex should be gentle and romantic, not violent and artificial with vibrators and dildos shoved here and there to make the human act of love animalistic.

Please don't misunderstand me, I'm not looking for comic-book love and adventure. I'm looking for two nude people coming together in the act of love, not sex. There's a big difference. We hear of war and ugliness, killing and rape, every day of our lives. Why not corner the market on something that is never seen: a beautiful, peaceful world. This is true fantasy; what could be more unrealistic?

Regie A. Struble  
Lakewood, Colo.

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

Those unenlightened buffoons who write the unappreciated, if not venomous, letters complaining about such trivialities as morality, explicit (or lack of), or story quality, cannot determine the very difference between celestial black holes and their own offal canals...You continue to bring us the finest writers and illustrators and we love you for that! More!

Mark Jackson  
Lodi, Calif.



# The Story of Rowlf

© 1971, 1979 Richard V. Corben

In the land of Canis, peace and tranquility reigned. The people, mainly peasant farmers and castle servants, loved the elderly ruler. The king had a daughter, Maryara, who was wonderfully fair to look upon. The girl was of an age to receive suitors, and her father encouraged her, for the sake of her future subjects, to make a wise choice. Some came to court her with hope of gaining a handsome dowry, until they learned that Canis, although happy, was a rather poor land. However, Raymon was convinced that once he was in power, he could change things . . .



... except for Rowlf. Maryara was extremely fond of her faithful wolf-dog. Rowlf loved his mistress to the limit of his capacity. But he hated Maryara's suitors, especially Raymon.



I have a very special surprise for you today. We're going to see Sortum the wizard. I've persuaded him to give us a demonstration of his occult powers.

That should be very interesting, Raymon.



We had best leave Rowlf outside. You know he has a habit of getting into things.

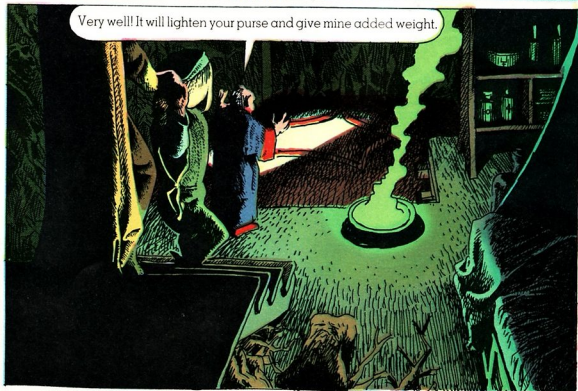
Very well.  
Get back, Rowlf!



Who's that causing all that racket at this hour? . . . Oh, it's you, the one who wants a demonstration of magic. Batdung!



Very well!! It will lighten your purse and give mine added weight.



The dog didn't trust the two men and intended to watch the proceedings.



I will show you something that no other human has witnessed. **MOBILAMORPHI!** I, Sortum the sorcerer, will change the form of one creature into one that is completely different!



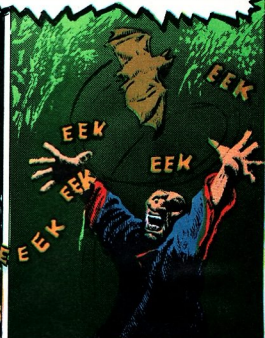
See this silly little cat! His role in life shall soon be altered. . . There, sit still, little kitty.



GORATH SUMNO  
BON NIKTO  
MORADA . . .



GONAR PUTHNABORAT  
FELINEOUSARUM MOBILA VESPRTLION BATALUNEUS!



Heh, heh, heh!  
Look at her  
go!



Rowlf leaped to  
protect his  
mistress.



NO! NO!





AGMPH! Oh Lord,  
I caught it!



GET THAT DAMNED  
DOG OUT OF  
HERE!



Rowlf is the stupidest dog in the world.  
Yara, you should get rid of him.

Don't be so mean to him. He was  
only trying to protect me from  
that bat. Why don't you make  
friends with him?



GROAR

Ye Gods! He'd  
take my arm  
off if I gave  
him half a  
chance.



It's just  
because he's  
so upset. I'm  
going to stay out  
here with him  
for a while.

Good, you do that. But I'm still going  
to talk to your father about getting rid  
of him. Now I must speak to Sortum  
and try to undo the damage Rowlf  
has done. The wizard is very impor-  
tant to the future of Canisland.



Come on, Rowlfy,  
let's go for a  
walk. We don't  
need them and  
their bats.



It was a pleasant warm day in Canisland, much too nice for the dreary proceedings at the house of Sortum. Recalling the innocent joys of childhood, Maryara longed to be free of her forthcoming responsibility.



Oh, what a beautiful pool. It looks like the one I swam in as a little girl.



It is rather warm today. That cool water looks so inviting.



I'll do it! You'll keep a watch out for me, won't you, Rowly? Warn me if anyone approaches.



Ha, ha, ha! Stop watching, you naughty dog!



Aaahh! This is wonderful!





As Yara played in the water, something evil watched.

Rowlf became suddenly alert to the presence.

GROAWRR

Rowlf, what is it?  
Is someone there?

Lustful eyes watched in silence.

Hurriedly, frantically, Yara dressed.

YEEGACH



In her haste to escape the hideous creature, Yara ran directly into another.



Rowlf, with the situation almost under control turns to face the second threat.



Somehow sensing that he couldn't fight the strange weapons, Rowlf obeyed Yara's command and ran to fetch Raymon.



But alas, the demon abductor didn't wait for help to arrive.

The forest sounds were hushed; only whimpering and rustling leaves were heard.

Despite the beast's overpowering strength, Yara spiritedly fought to escape.





Yara had never seen the likes of such machines as these in her life. She couldn't imagine their purpose, nor at this moment did she care.



Ŝi estas unuanbatelman publikinon!

La ĉefo estas rice-  
vanta la plejbone  
belatajn virinojn.

Surinu, vi radŝuaĉoj,  
ni iranta!



The power plants of the weird vehicles came to life with barely a whisper; a misleading sound considering their awesome potential.



WRENCH... SQUAK  
KLAK  
KLAK  
KLAK  
TUNK



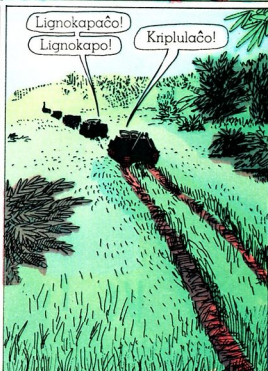
HUNDAĈO!

Malpurega  
imitataj kozako!



Lignokapaĉo!  
Lignokapo!

Kriplulaĉo!





Meanwhile Rowlf had returned to Sortrum's house.

Oh God, he's back!

Rowlf, stop that barking!



Shut up, damn it!

... uh, hey! Where is Maryara?

If he smashes one more thing I'll kill him!



What is that stuff on his fur?

BLOOD! The girl's blood!

Good Lord! (gasp)  
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YARA, YOU BEAST?



It must have been his wolf's heritage! The savage monster turned on Yara and murdered her. Where is she?

Just look at the snarling fiend!

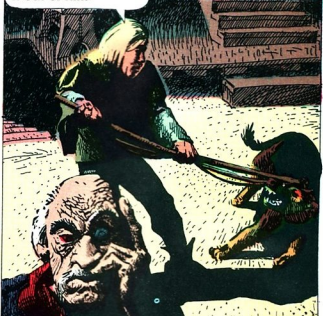


Finally Rowlf became aware that the humans could not understand him. He turned hoping to save Yara himself.

Don't let him escape!



How will we ever find Yara's remains? He can't tell us. Oh, if only he could talk, then we could torture it out of him!

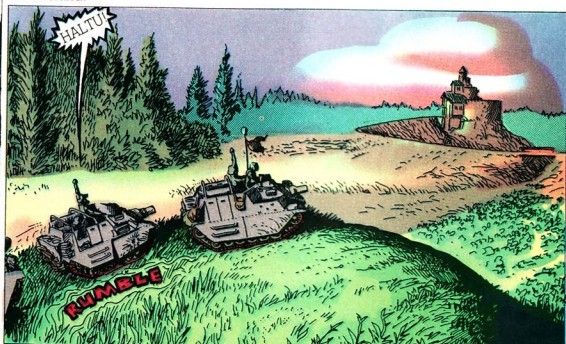


Yes, of course!... If he could talk, we could force the information from him.

And... only a man can talk!

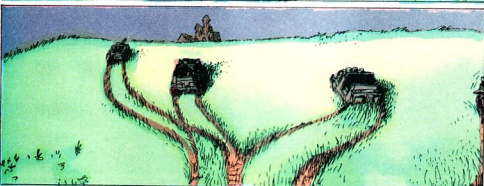


The column of demon tanks came to the crest of a hill overlooking the castle of Canisland.

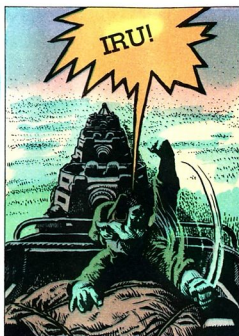




Approaching the road, the sergeant signaled again.



The sergeant remounted his vehicle and signaled to the platoon.



The chief waited and watched the column advance toward the castle.



You mean you can actually turn him into a man? ... And he will be able to talk?



So you doubt the powers of Sortrum the sorcerer! Watch, you disbeliever!



It's coming from outside. It sounds as if the ground is shaking!



GOOD LORD!



Sortrum, come here! Look at those weird things. What in the world? They are approaching Canis Castle!



Mobilus, er, damn it! Mobilus Rowlf ... NO! It's ... **SHUT UP, MAN!** You'll ruin the spell! Rowlf into Homo Sapiens? er Mobilus Canis Sapiens ...?

**SORTRUM**, Look out the window! er, What's that?



**You fool!** You caused me to miscast the spell!



GORATH-SUM-KUM NEPA-LYLAT... CANIS-ROWLF-MOBILUS WHAT?



Rowlf had changed into . . . a man? No. The sorcerer's blunder created a thing without precedence. Could this creature survive in this universe? Could this world cope with this monster? Rowlf awoke as if from . . .



a long, long dream. A bewildering awareness came over him. A number of confusing thoughts appeared and disappeared in an instant.

God, what have I done?

More important, can it talk?



Rowlf, say something! Where is Yara? . . . **SPEAK!**

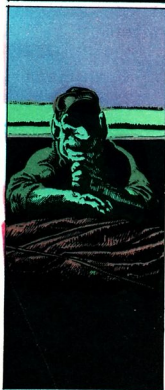


Damn! Still a dumb stupid beast.

Never mind that. Look at what's happening over at the castle.

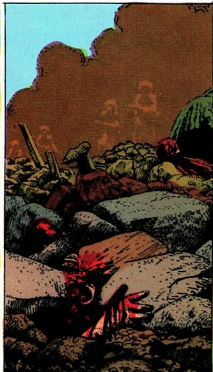


Who goes there? What do you want?



GOD! ...What is it?

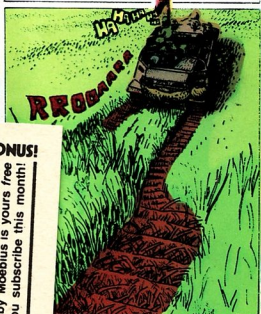
uuuuuu?



Rowlf remembered his mission... Yara was in danger. For the first time in his life he **thought** over the situation... First he must escape from these stupid humans...



Satisfied that his orders were being carried out, the demon chief left the scene of destruction.

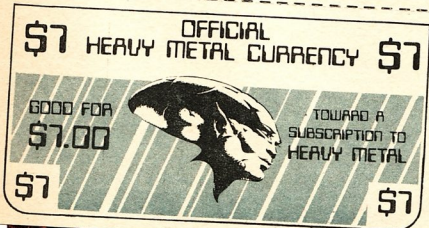


## Pay for your subscription with this Heavy Metal money!

(Why spend your own money, when you can spend ours?)

**BONUS!**

A sixty-four page volume by Moebius is yours free if you subscribe this month!



and evening was fast approaching. Desperately he ran on. He stumbled.

he soon found that his body weight had doubled in the transformation change. Miles slowly crept by. His legs felt like lead as he



With lungs afire the figure trembled... Slowly the quivering stopped. Finally all was still. Night had fallen.



to be continued...

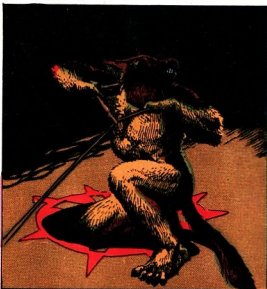


GOD! ...What is it?

uuuuuu?



Rowlf remembered his mission... Yara was in danger. For the first time in his life he **thought** over the situation... First he must escape from these stupid humans...



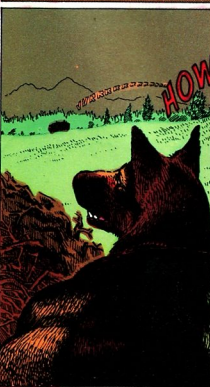
Satisfied that his orders were being carried out, the demon chief left the scene of destruction.



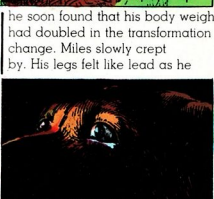
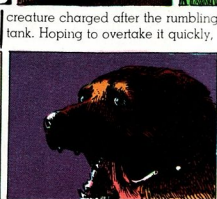
With a single thought on his newly expanded mind, Rowlf, the dog-

creature charged after the rumbling tank. Hoping to overtake it quickly,

he soon found that his body weight had doubled in the transformation change. Miles slowly crept by. His legs felt like lead as he



ran, gasping for air. Hours passed, melting Rowlf's stamina. The tank had disappeared from sight and evening was fast approaching. Desperately he ran on. He stumbled.



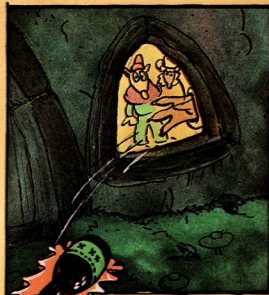
With lungs afire the figure trembled... Slowly the quivering stopped. Finally all was still. Night had fallen.

to be continued...

# EGG-STAINED WINE



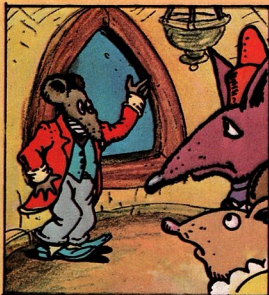




**CRASH**



"IT DIDN'T WORK. 'E'S STILL OUT THERE. BLIGHTER'S BEEN THERE ALL NIGHT."



"WHAT'LL WE DO, MOUSIE?"  
"WE AIN'T TAKIN' IT, THAT'S WOT."



"I'M GOIN' OUT. IT'S HIM OR ME!"



"HEY, ORC BREATH!"



"YA DONE IT, MOUSIE! YER WINNERFUL."  
"AW, 'T WAS NOTHIN'."



"WE'LL SEE YOU LATER...  
TA TA."



"AIN'T NO BIRD GONNA MAKE A MEAL OUTTA ME. I'M NOBODY'S..."



...FOOL...YARR!!!"



"SWINE, SCOUNDREL, SNEAK!"



"MUST MAINTAIN RESPECT."



"MOUSE'S GOTTA KEEP 'IS PRIDE ABOUT 'IM."



"THERE'S TOO MANY AS WOULD LIKE TO SEE A FELLER LOSE HIS PLACE."



"MAINTAIN BALANCE, THAS THA KEY, AN' LET 'EM KNOW WHO'S BOSS."



"PUFF, PUFF, PUFF..."



"WE NEEDS A WEE NIP, DON'T WE, MOUSIE?"



"MUST PAUSE TO CONSIDER THE SITUATION..."



"LAWDY, I'M COMING HOME."





"ME LITTLE HOLEY HOME."



"ME CASTLE, REFUGE FROM THE STORM."



"WHEW! BY ODKIN'S BALLOCKS!"



"THERE WUIZ ORLOCKS BEHIND EV'RY BUSH."



"MONSTERS AN' GHOSTIES 'AT WOULD'A LIKED A LITTLE OL' MOUSIE TO NIBBLE ON."



"BUT WE SHOWED 'EM, SCATTERED THE ROTTERS."



"TIME FOR CRITTERS TO SLEEP."

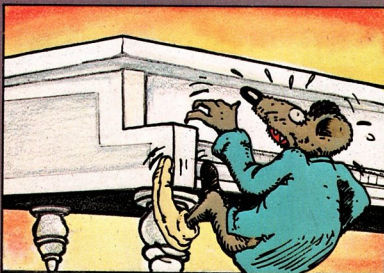
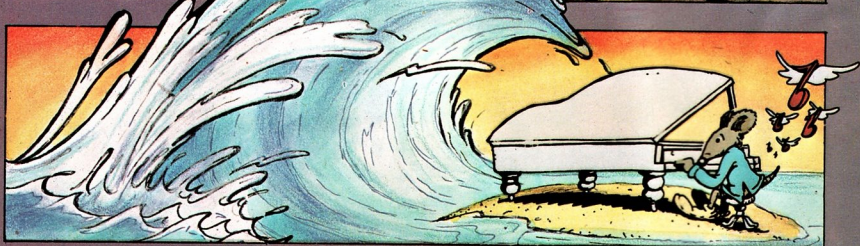
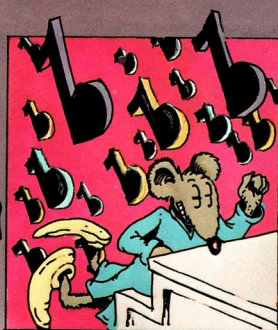
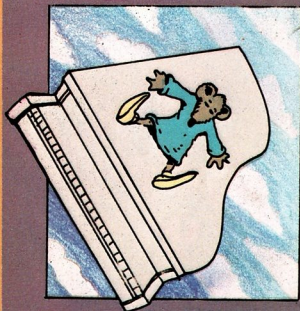


"SUCH A HEAD, TOO MUCH FUN."

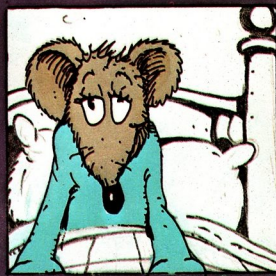
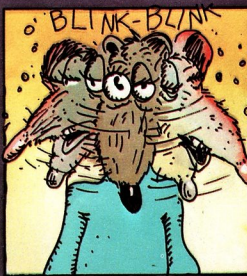


(MOUSIE PROCEEDS TO DREAM.)









"HUH, WHAT, UH OH, MMM..."

"IT'S OK... I'M..."

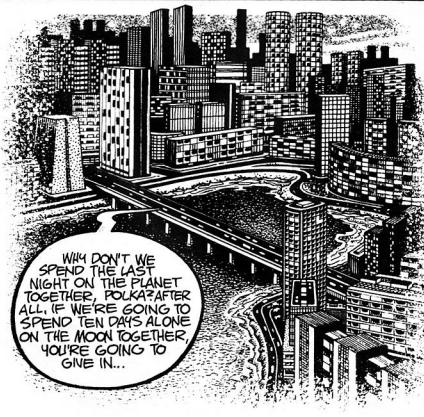
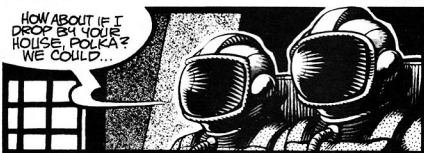
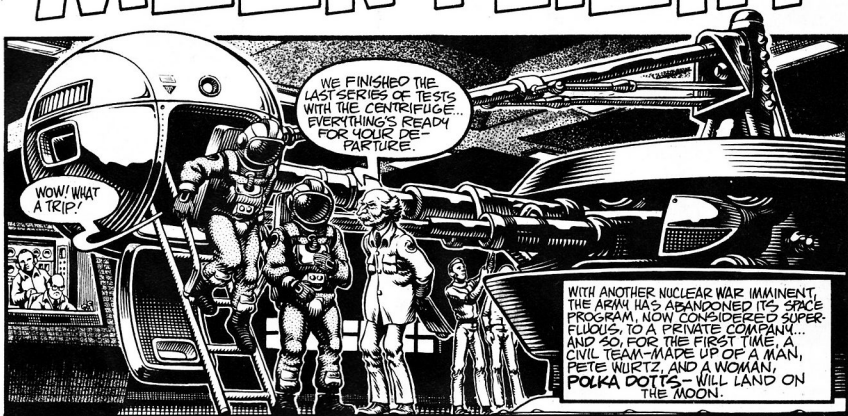


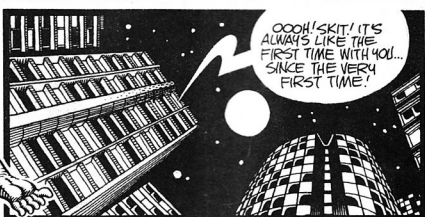
...AWAKE???"

·END·

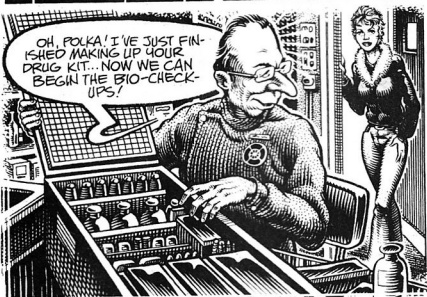
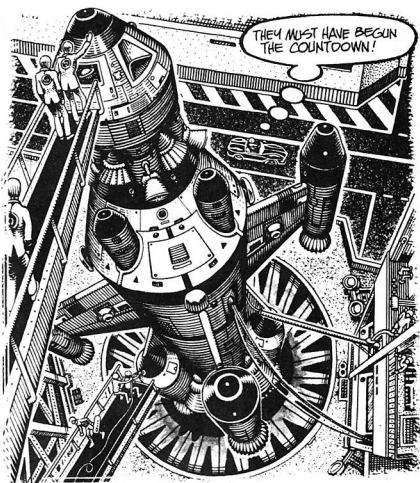


# MOON FLIGHT















THE SHIP BLASTS INTO  
THE DARKNESS OF  
SPACE...

SO, POLKA DOTTS,  
ASTRONAUT; AND  
SKIT SKAT, HER BUD-  
DY SHOOT TOWARD  
THE MOON, WHILE A  
DEADLY WAR BE-  
GINS ON THEIR  
OWN WORLD...

BASE  
CALLING...TRA-  
JECTORY CORRECTION  
150-95-35...SECOND  
STAGE CLEAR...ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

YES, PROFESSOR...  
EXCEPT THAT PETE'S  
RADIO IS BROKEN...I'LL  
MAINTAIN RADIO CONTACT  
BY MYSELF...

THEY'RE GOING TO END  
UP KNOWING THAT I'M NOT  
PETE...AND WHEN WE GET  
BACK, THE WELCOME COM-  
MITTEE ISN'T GOING TO  
BE VERY NICE  
ABOUT IT!

COOL IT  
WITH YOUR  
PARANOIA,  
SKIT!

YOU REALLY  
KNOW HOW TO  
FLY THIS GIS-  
MO, POLKAZ?

I'VE ARRANGED  
EVERYTHING FOR  
OUR RETURN!

THIS PLACE DE-  
PRESSES ME! THE  
LANDSCAPE THESE  
HILLS, ALL GRAY  
AND MONOTON-  
OUS!!

I'M ON  
THE MOON!

AND I CAN'T  
EVEN PINCH MY-  
SELF THROUGH  
THIS GET UP!!

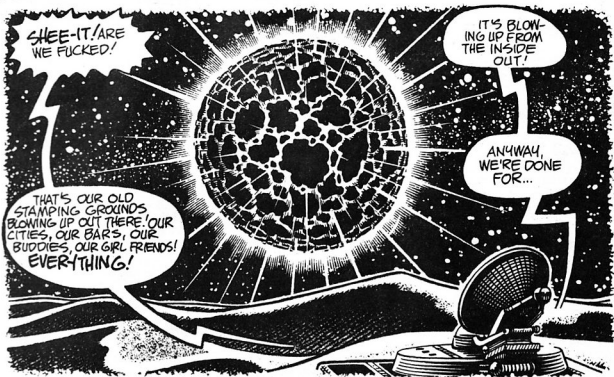
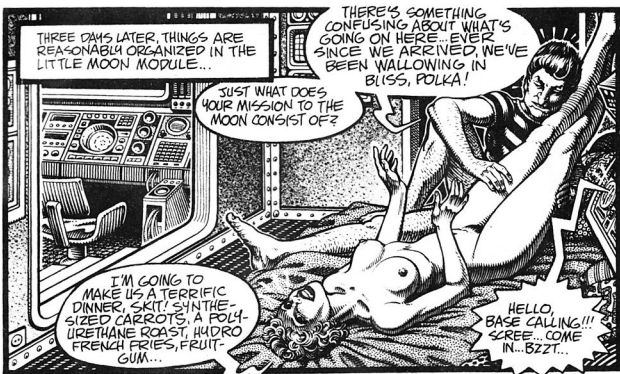
BASE CALLING...  
A PERFECT  
MOON LAND-  
ING!

THE MODULE HAS  
LANDED, AS PLANNED,  
WITHIN 200 METERS  
OF POINT 156...

IS THIS  
THE MOON?

YOU COMING OR  
NOT, SKIT?





HE SAID THE NEXT WAR WOULD BE TOTAL... AND HE REALLY CARED FOR ME...



A MOON MISSION WAS BEING ORGANIZED, AND SINCE HE WAS THE DIRECTOR OF IT...

HE SUGGESTED THAT I TAKE PART IN IT AND STAY ON THE MOON UNTIL HOSTILITIES WERE OVER... BUT I DIDN'T LIKE MY TEAMMATE AT ALL...



SO, MY UNCLE HELPED ME TAKE ALONG SOMEONE ELSE, WHO SUITED ME BETTER!

ME?!

IF YOU HAVE TO CONTINUE THE RACE, BETTER TO DO IT WITH SOMEONE YOU LIKE...



IT'S NICE OF YOU TO HAVE THOUGHT OF ME IN YOUR PLANS TO CONTINUE THE RACE, BUT...

SKIT!! THE DEBRIS FROM THE EXPLOSION!



NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO GET IT, POLKA!

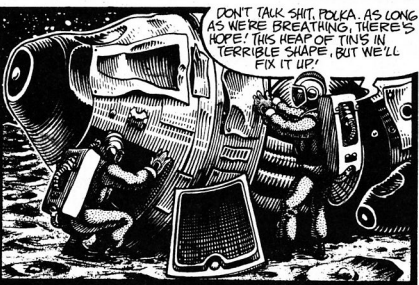
AN HOUR LATER...

INCREDIBLE!! THE MODULE IS BASHED UP, BUT IT MADE IT! LET'S GO LOOK AT THE CAPSULE...



WHAT IS THE USE, SKIT? WE HAVE NOWHERE TO GO, UNLESS WE WANT TO DIE!

DON'T TALK SHIT, POLKA. AS LONG AS WE'RE BREATHING, THERE'S HOPE! THIS SHAPE OF TINS IN TERRIBLE SHAPE, BUT WE'LL FIX IT UP!



HOW LONG CAN WE HOLD OUT?

IF THE OXYGEN GENERATOR AND THE FOOD SYNTHESIZER HOLD OUT...



EIGHT TO TEN MONTHS... BUT, WHAT ABOUT AFTERWARDS??



EIGHT MONTHS PASS WHILE THE MOON, PROPELLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON EARTH, AROUND WHICH IT TURNS, CROSSES SPACE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SUN...



INSIDE THE MOON MODULE, SKIT AND POLKA DIVIDE THEIR TIME AMONG REPAIRING THE CAPSULE, MAKING LOVE, AND ARTIFICIALLY INDUCED SLEEP...

OOOH!! I THINK YOU WENT A LITTLE HEAVY WITH THE SLEEPING PILLS! WE MUST HAVE SLEPT MORE THAN FIFTY HOURS!

ACCH! WHAT'S THE USE OF WAKING UP?

YOU FINISHED REPAIRING THE CAPSULE... BUT IT'S ONLY GOT THREE DAYS LIFE-SUPPORT LEFT...



THE MOON'S GOING TO FLY RIGHT INTO THE SUN... IT'LL BE ALL OVER SOON...

FOR THE THREE OF US!

SHUT UP WITH YOUR PROPHECIES, YOU'RE DEPRESSING ME!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

OH, SKIT! THE MOON!! LOOK! IT'S PUTTING ITSELF IN ORBIT AROUND TERRA, THE THIRD PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

THE SPACE WAVES WE'RE PICKING UP...

...FROM TERRA SHOW THE EXISTENCE OF A BIOSPHERE...

...IN WHICH WE CAN SURVIVE!



THEY BLAST OFF TOWARD TERRA OUR OWN GOOD OLD PLANET, AS YOU MAY HAVE REALIZED, ON BOARD THE SHIP WHICH SKIT HAS PATCHED UP...

WE'RE SAVED!!!



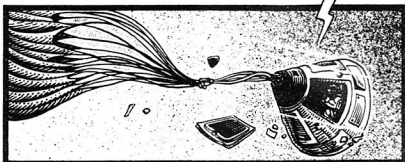
TWO DAYS LATER...

HANG ON, WE'RE ENTERING THE ATMOSPHERE. IF THIS GARBAGE CAN DOESN'T FALL APART...



SKIT!! THE MOON!! IT'S RID-  
DLED WITH MILLIONS  
OF CRATERS!

IT'S A REAL  
MIRACLE THAT  
WE GOT THROUGH  
IT ALIVE!



SKIT!  
IT'S A REAL  
PARADISE!  
JUST BREATHE  
THIS AIR!

WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO NOW?

BEGIN IT ALL  
AGAIN...



AND AFTER THAT... MAYBE US!

ART AND SCRIPT: NOSS  
MARTINE K. HELPED

P.S. THE GERMAN ASTRONOMER OLBERS (1758-1840) SUGGESTED IN 1804 THAT AMONG THE LITTLE PLANETS GRAVITATING BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER, FORMING A SORT OF RING, WAS A UNIQUE PLANET, SMALLER THAN EARTH, WHICH EXPLODED... (THE NEW ASTRONOMY... J.C. PECKER)



# Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials

by Ian Summers  
and Wayne Barlowe

The following accounts are excerpted from the upcoming book *Barlowe's Guidebook to Extraterrestrials*. Published this fall by Workman Publishing Co., this 144-page trade paperback will illustrate your interplanetary neighbors in brilliant color and raw detail. ©1979 Wayne Barlowe and Ian Summers.

**Reproduction:** All Mothers are immobile and female. All mobile beings are therefore considered "male." The Mother seduces her mates by exuding an attracting musk. The mate is then brought inside the Mother and induced to attack a "conception spot"—a large, circular swelling on the inner wall. This abrasion by beak, claw, or fang starts the conception process. The mate is then devoured by the mouth cavity.

After conception, the spot swells into a bag, in which develops ten young. The young are dropped into the womblike interior of the Mother, where they are nurtured on the organic stew in her stomach. When they are over a meter in length, the young are pushed out of the womb, the dead adult or the top of a hill, empty shell of a dead adult or the top of a hill. Here they put out thin, threadlike tentacles, which probe deep into the soil for water and nutrients. Using available materials, they fashion layers of protective shell to shelter them from predators.

## MOTHER

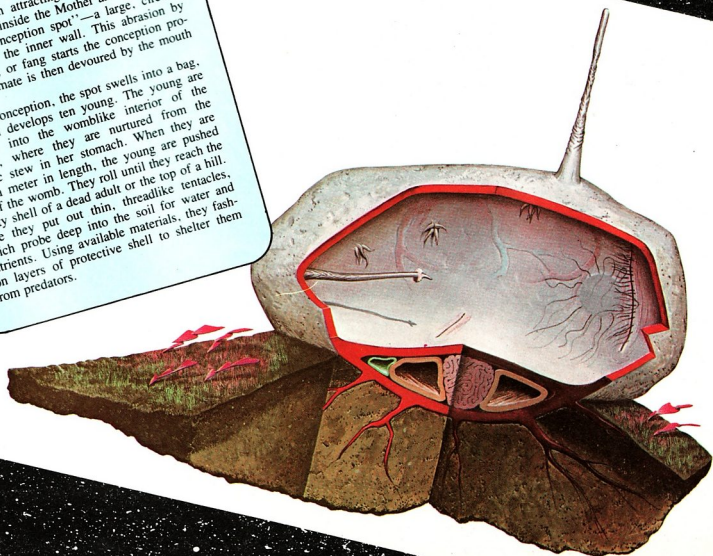
Source: *Strange Relations*  
by Philip Jose Farmer

**Physical characteristics:** The Mother is a large, intelligent organism with protective outer camouflage resembling a large boulder in size and texture. Within the outer shell is a warm, fleshlike skin. A long, stalklike antenna is capable of broadcasting messages in radio frequencies and receiving information from other members of its species.

A great opening in the Mother's side, edged with a hairlike fringe, opens for feeding or mating. The interior of the being is an egg-shaped chamber approximately nine meters in length. The smooth, inner walls are moist and reddish-gray in color, covered with small red and blue tubes, which may function as veins and arteries.

The Mother has several hearts, four stomachs, powerful lungs, and scent glands used to lure prey. A deep mouth cavity lined with thousands of razor-sharp fangs opens from the inner chamber. The Mother is omnivorous, eating both the flesh of her prey and vegetable matter brought to her by a symbiotic parasite.

**Habitat:** The Mothers inhabit the planet Baude-laire, a cloud-covered, Earth-like world orbiting a double sun.



MOTHER

## POLARIAN

Source: *Cluster*  
by Piers Anthony

**Physical characteristics:** The Polarian is a teardrop-shaped being, approximately 1.8 meters tall when fully extended. A muscular socket at the bottom of the body holds the large wheel. At the upper end, the body tapers to a male, and a tail if female the Polarian is smaller ball, held in place by a similar socket. Both ball and wheel are spun in their sockets by powerful, adhesive muscles. With its wheel spinning, a Polarian is capable of moving at speeds approaching seventy miles per hour and can rapidly change directions. By spinning the smaller ball against a hard surface, the Polarian can produce a wide range of sounds, including some that approximate human speech.

The Polarian's soft and flexible body has no bones. The dark brown skin is smooth and waxy; it acts as a radiation receptor, transmitting sensory information to the Polarian. The Polarian's skin can also radiate light, glowing in response to the being's emotions.

## POLARIAN



**Reproduction:** The Polarian reproduces in a unique fashion. The male and female circle each other the male following a seductive scent trail laid down by the female's wheel. They circle faster and faster, spiraling inward toward each other until they meet. The male entwines his trunk around the female's tail, and their two balls touch in an electrifying spinning kiss. Slowly, the male releases the female's wheel into his now vacant wheel chamber, and the sockets seal tightly against each other, generating heat and releasing special enzymes. There is a moment of rapture as the female's wheel shifts occurs, sending a shock through their bodies. The mutual wheel rolls free of the lovers, stage by stage, into a fully developed young Polarian able to care for itself.

The male retrieves his wheel, while the female transfers her ball into her wheel socket, where it will gradually grow into a full-sized wheel. In a final embrace, the male gives her his ball to replace her now missing communication organ, rendering himself mute until he can grow a new one. The two part, never to mate again.

## IXCHEL

Source: *A Wrinkle in Time*  
by Madeleine L'Engle

**Physical characteristics:** The Ixchel are compassionate, gentle beings. Their tall, elegant, muscular bodies are covered with short, silky gray hair. Graceful tentacles extend from each of the powerful arms, acting as both fingers and speech organs. Other softly waving tentacles on the head function as receptors of sound and thought. The Ixchel have no eyes and cannot understand what visually oriented beings describe as sight. The Ixchel exude a delicate fragrance that is soothing and attractive. Through their gentle touch, they can ease pain and heal illness.

**Habitat:** The planet Ixchel is Earth-like, but because the atmosphere is opaque, it receives only diffuse gray light during the day, and is completely lightless at night. Sight, as human beings know it, has not evolved on Ixchel, so the vegetation of the planet has had no reason to develop toward bright colorations—the predominant colors are brown and gray. The Ixchel live in great stone halls adorned with textures and carvings.

**Culture:** Very little is known about the culture and society of the Ixchel. They are at war with a totalitarian group-mind, which inhabits another planet in their system, and which plans to eventually absorb the entire inhabited galaxy.





IXCHEL

## VELANTIAN

Source: *Children of the Lens*  
by E.E. "Doc" Smith

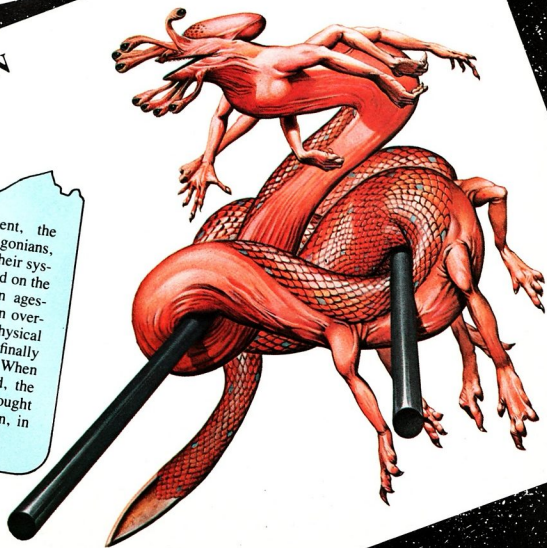
**Physical characteristics:** The Velantian has a ten-meter-long serpentine body, strongly muscled and covered with almost impenetrable skin and scales. Talons on the hands and feet are razor sharp, as is the knife-bladed tail. Broad, leathery wings used for gliding fold out of sight when the being is at rest.

Velantians are telepathic and can project their thoughts over enormous distances, even to nontelepathic races. Their brilliant and complex minds, their ability to withstand high gravitational stresses and accelerations, and their advanced scientific knowledge make them well-suited to interstellar exploration and contact.

**Habitat:** The Velantians inhabit the third planet of the star Velantia. Their planet, also called Velantia, is Earth-like in all major respects.

## VELANTIAN

**Culture:** Early in their development, the Velantians were enslaved by the Delgonians, the inhabitants of the second planet in their system. The Delgonians, also telepathic, fed on the life-force of tortured Velantians. In an age-long struggle to break free of the Delgon over-lords, the Velantians developed their physical and mental sciences in secret, until they finally discovered an effective mind shield. When Delgon control was broken by the shield, the Velantians built interplanetary ships and fought a savage war of extermination with Delgon, in the end utterly destroying the Delgonians.



## REGUL



## REGUL

**Source:** *The Faded Sun:*

**Kesrith**

**by C.J. Cherryh**

**Physical characteristics:** Regul are slow-moving, long-lived beings whose bodies change radically as they grow older. In their youth they are erect and relatively slender, with a bone structure visible under their gray-brown pebbly skin. Their extremely short legs are bowed, which causes the young Regul to move with a rolling gait. As the Regul ages, the body grows heavier, until, in old age, nothing of the being's body shape can be determined under the massive, wrinkled rolls of flesh. Soon after the Regul becomes an adult, it reaches a weight at which it is impossible for it to move itself.

Regul are two gendered, but even the Regul themselves are unable to predict a youngling's future sex.

**Culture:** The Regul have built an interstellar commercial empire, organized by clans. The immobile adults direct the activities of young Regul from their power sleds and have the power of life and death over the younglings that owe them allegiance. As a race, the Regul are noncombative and nonviolent, except toward their own children, preferring to hire mercenaries of other species to fight their commercial wars.

## ISHTARIAN

## ISHTARIAN

**Source:** *Fire Time*  
**by Poul Anderson**

**Physical characteristics:** The Ishtarian, with his leonine body and nearly human torso, stands about two meters tall. The body is covered with a mosslike plant, leafy on head and mane, which lives in symbiosis with the Ishtarian, removing carbon dioxide and wastes from the being's bloodstream and returning oxygen and vital minerals. In addition to providing the Ishtarian with a more efficient metabolism, the symbiotic plant acts as a last-resort food supply for the omnivorous beings.

Skin color among the Ishtarrians varies widely, from very light brown to nearly black. Females are generally a little smaller than males, and their hearing is even more acute than the sharp-eared males'. Ishtarrians live long lives, ranging from 300 to 500 years.

## MESKLINITE

**Source:** *Mission of Gravity and Starlight*  
**by Hal Clement**

**Physical characteristics:** The Mesklinite is 35 to 40 centimeters long and 5 centimeters in diameter, with eighteen pairs of legs. The rear set are used for anchoring the Mesklinite in position when necessary. The being's four eyes surround a mandiblelike mouth. Each of the legs ends in a suckerlike foot, enabling the Mesklinite to tightly grip any surface.

The Mesklinite has no lungs, absorbing hydrogen directly from the air into its body, through skin pores. The being has a complex circulatory system, with a heart located in each body segment. Alongside the being's digestive tract is an internal siphon system, originally used by the Mesklinite's remote ancestors for merged propulsion, and now used to produce speech. The Mesklinite's voice has a frequency range—from very low to what humans consider ultrasonic—and can be very loud.





**Habitat:** The planet Ishtar circles the star Bel. Bel is a member of the three-sun system of Anubelea, and once every thousand years Ishtar's orbit brings it very near one of Bel's companion stars. The resulting increase in stellar radiation causes a terrible drought, famine, and finally burning off most of the vegetation. The Ishtarians call this "Fire Time."

**Culture:** Long life spans, coupled with the thousand-year cycles of building and destruction caused by the Fire Time, have left the Ishtarians at a comparatively low level of technology, despite their inventive and flexible minds.

**Habitat:** The planet Mesklin orbits a double sun, Belne and Esstes, requiring 4.8 Earth years for a complete orbit. Mesklin makes a complete rotation on its axis once every eighteen minutes. The tremendous forces generated by this rate of rotation have flattened Mesklin into a complete shape, 70,800 kilometers in diameter at the equator, and slightly less than 32,000 kilometers along the axis from pole to pole. Because of Mesklin's unusual shape, the gravitational force on the planet varies widely between the poles and the equator, ranging from 3 to 700 times greater than the Earth's normal gravitational force.



MESKLINITE

# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12



13



14



15



16



17



18



19



20



21



22



23



24



25



26



27



28



29



30



31



32



# HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM179  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies

Issue

Apr. 1977

May 1977

June 1977

July 1977

Aug. 1977

Sept. 1977

Oct. 1977

Nov. 1977

Dec. 1977

Jan. 1978

Feb. 1978

Mar. 1978

Apr. 1978

May 1978

June 1978

July 1978

Aug. 1978

Sept. 1978

Oct. 1978

Nov. 1978

Dec. 1978

Jan. 1979

Feb. 1979

Mar. 1979

Apr. 1979

May 1979

June 1979

July 1979

Aug. 1979

Sept. 1979

Oct. 1979

Nov. 1979

Dec. 1979

Jan. 1980

Feb. 1980

Mar. 1980

Apr. 1980

May 1980

June 1980

July 1980

Aug. 1980

Sept. 1980

Oct. 1980

Nov. 1980

Dec. 1980

Jan. 1981

Feb. 1981

Mar. 1981

Apr. 1981

May 1981

June 1981

July 1981

Aug. 1981

Sept. 1981

Oct. 1981

Nov. 1981

Dec. 1981

Jan. 1982

Feb. 1982

Mar. 1982

Apr. 1982

May 1982

June 1982

July 1982

Aug. 1982

Sept. 1982

Oct. 1982

Nov. 1982

Dec. 1982

Jan. 1983

Feb. 1983

Mar. 1983

Apr. 1983

May 1983

June 1983

July 1983

Aug. 1983

Sept. 1983

Oct. 1983

Nov. 1983

Dec. 1983

Jan. 1984

Feb. 1984

Mar. 1984

Apr. 1984

May 1984

June 1984

July 1984

Aug. 1984

Sept. 1984

Oct. 1984

Nov. 1984

Dec. 1984

Jan. 1985

Feb. 1985

Mar. 1985

Apr. 1985

May 1985

June 1985

July 1985

Aug. 1985

Sept. 1985

Oct. 1985

Nov. 1985

Dec. 1985

Jan. 1986

Feb. 1986

Mar. 1986

Apr. 1986

May 1986

June 1986

July 1986

Aug. 1986

Sept. 1986

Oct. 1986

Nov. 1986

Dec. 1986

Jan. 1987

Feb. 1987

Mar. 1987

Apr. 1987

May 1987

June 1987

July 1987

Aug. 1987

Sept. 1987

Oct. 1987

Nov. 1987

Dec. 1987

Jan. 1988

Feb. 1988

Mar. 1988

Apr. 1988

May 1988

June 1988

July 1988

Aug. 1988

Sept. 1988

Oct. 1988

Nov. 1988

Dec. 1988

Jan. 1989

Feb. 1989

Mar. 1989

Apr. 1989

May 1989

June 1989

July 1989

Aug. 1989

Sept. 1989

Oct. 1989

Nov. 1989

Dec. 1989

Jan. 1990

Feb. 1990

Mar. 1990

Apr. 1990

May 1990

June 1990

July 1990

Aug. 1990

Sept. 1990

Oct. 1990

Nov. 1990

Dec. 1990

Jan. 1991

Feb. 1991

Mar. 1991

Apr. 1991

May 1991

June 1991

July 1991

Aug. 1991

Sept. 1991

Oct. 1991

Nov. 1991

Dec. 1991

Jan. 1992

Feb. 1992

Mar. 1992

Apr. 1992

May 1992

June 1992

July 1992

Aug. 1992

Sept. 1992

Oct. 1992

Nov. 1992

Dec. 1992

Jan. 1993

Feb. 1993

Mar. 1993

Apr. 1993

May 1993

June 1993

July 1993

Aug. 1993

Sept. 1993

Oct. 1993

Nov. 1993

Dec. 1993

Jan. 1994

Feb. 1994

Mar. 1994

Apr. 1994

May 1994

June 1994

July 1994

Aug. 1994

Sept. 1994

Oct. 1994

Nov. 1994

Dec. 1994

Jan. 1995

Feb. 1995

Mar. 1995

Apr. 1995

May 1995

June 1995

July 1995

Aug. 1995

Sept. 1995

Oct. 1995

Nov. 1995

Dec. 1995

Jan. 1996

Feb. 1996

Mar. 1996

Apr. 1996

May 1996

June 1996

July 1996

Aug. 1996

Sept. 1996

Oct. 1996

Nov. 1996

Dec. 1996

Jan. 1997

Feb. 1997

Mar. 1997

Apr. 1997

May 1997

June 1997

July 1997

Aug. 1997

Sept. 1997

Oct. 1997

Nov. 1997

Dec. 1997

Jan. 1998

Feb. 1998

Mar. 1998

Apr. 1998

May 1998

June 1998

July 1998

Aug. 1998

Sept. 1998

Oct. 1998

Nov. 1998

Dec. 1998

Jan. 1999

Feb. 1999

Mar. 1999

Apr. 1999

May 1999

June 1999

July 1999

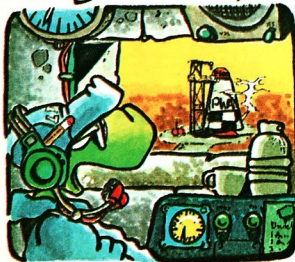


# ZOOKS!

© by VAUGHN BODE

PUMPKIN BALL I, DIS  
IS LAVENDER DUNE.  
CONTROL...DA COUNT  
IS COMMENCING  
FOR LAUNCH...

SEAT BELT, BUCKLED,  
HATCH CLOSED.  
CHUTE PINS ARMED,  
CABIN PRESSURE  
IS 2½ P.S.I. TAP TAP



30  
SECONDS  
TO  
IGNITION

...AHH... FUEL ARM ON, MIXTURE  
FULL RICH, CABIN LIGHT, ON,  
OXYGEN BOTTLE HISsing  
AND ON, OVERHEAD FAN  
ON, PENCILS, STOWED...

20  
SECONDS  
SERGEANT  
SUNFLOWER

...LET'S SEE, GYRO, ADDITUDE,  
CONTROL, WOUND UP AN GOIN',  
TACOMETER, SET TO MPH, ALTITUDE  
SETTING, SEALEVEL... MY CLOCK  
SEEM TO BE A LITTLE SLOW...



10 SECONDS  
STAND BY TO  
MOVE  
GANTRY

ROGER,  
IGNITION!!



9..  
8..  
7..

**KUNK!**

YAHOO,  
I HAS  
IGNITION!



SHUT IT DOWN  
YOU LAMEBRAIN TOAD,  
WE HAVEN'T FINISHED DA  
COUNT. WE GOT TO MOVE DA  
GANTRY BACK YET!!

HEY DON'T YELL OR I'LL QUIT!! I TOLD  
YOUSE I WAS NERVOUS, I GOT A TIC IN  
MY TRIGGER FINGER... DO WE ABORT??



© 1970 VAUGHN COLE



YES WE COULD HAVE  
ABORTED TODAY, BUT  
DA GANTRY JUST FELL  
OVER, SO WE MIGHT'S  
WELL RESUME DA COUNT.

SOMEBODY CAN  
ALWAYS TOSS ME  
A ROPE TO CLIMB  
DOWN AN THEN I  
CAN GO HOME...

SGT. SUNFLOWER, YOUSE HAS GONE AN  
SCREWED UP OUR WHOLE COUNTDOWN  
BY IGNITING TOO SOON, SO, THA DOC  
SAYS JUST TO GO AHEAD AN GO ON UP.



OKAY  
SOURPUSS,  
1, 2, 3,  
GO!

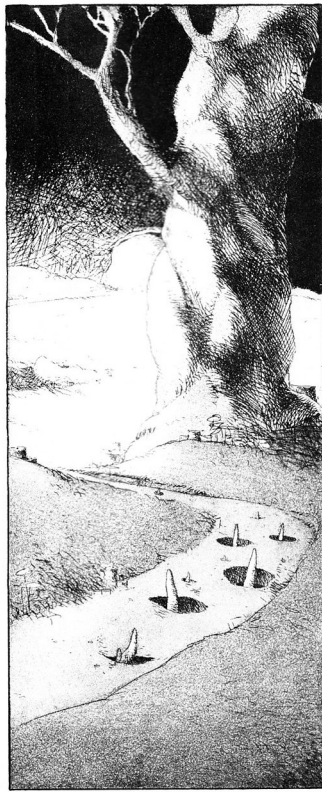
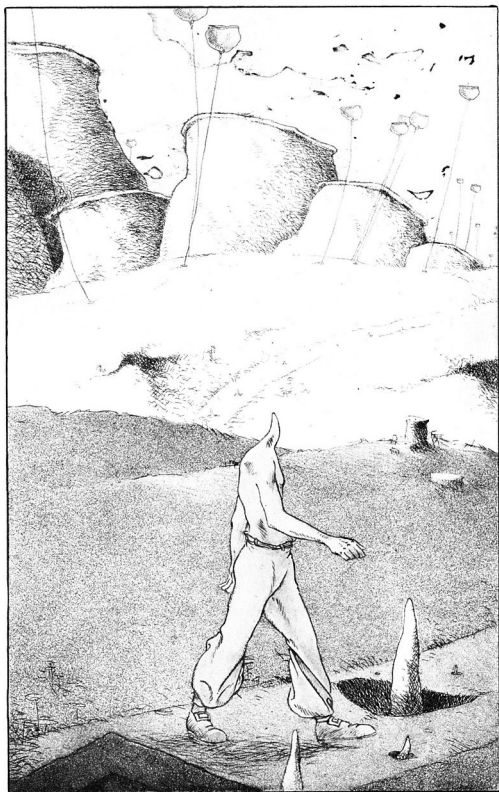
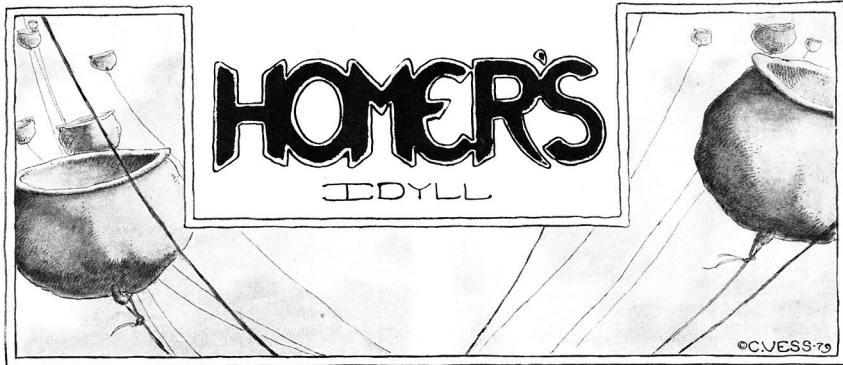
**KUNK!**

WE HAVE LIFTOFF AT 10:32 AM, ROLL  
PROGRAM PROCEEDING ALONG  
ALMOST NORMALLY.... 'SIGH'

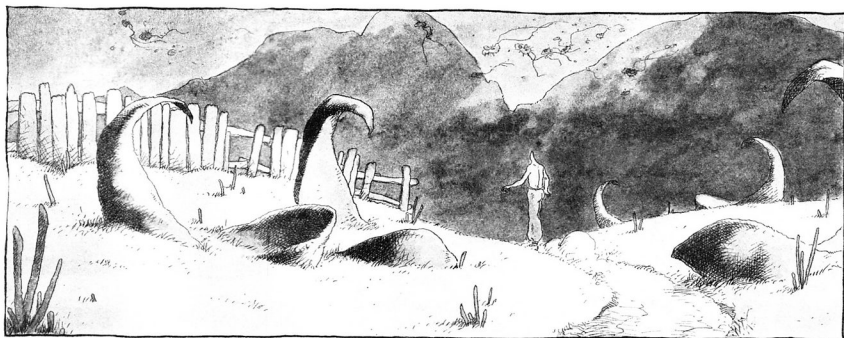
MAN, THE G FORCES IS  
MOOSHIN' MY FLAPPY MOUTH  
PARTS ALLOVER MY FACE PLATE!

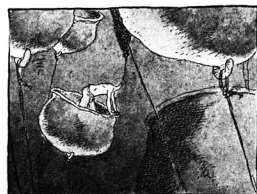
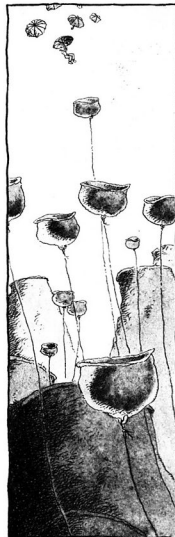
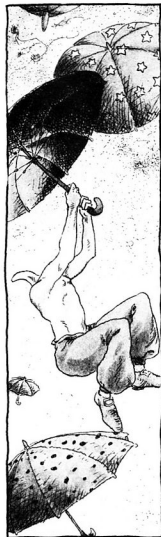
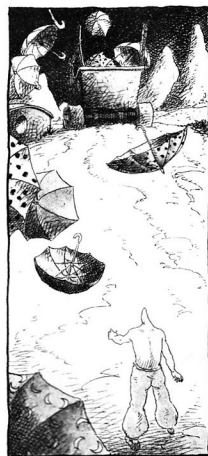
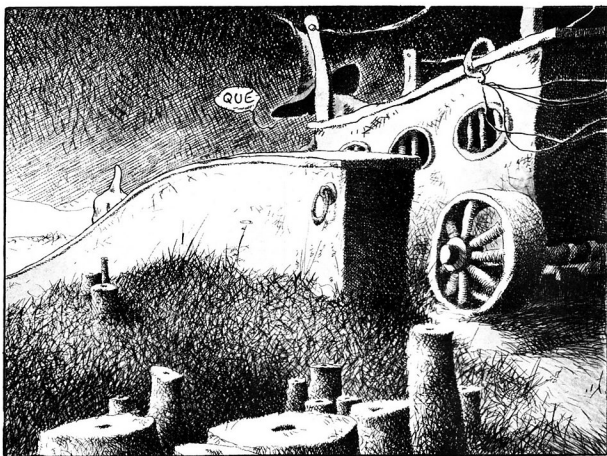


TO BE CONTINUED...

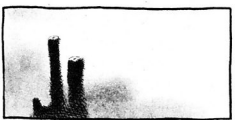
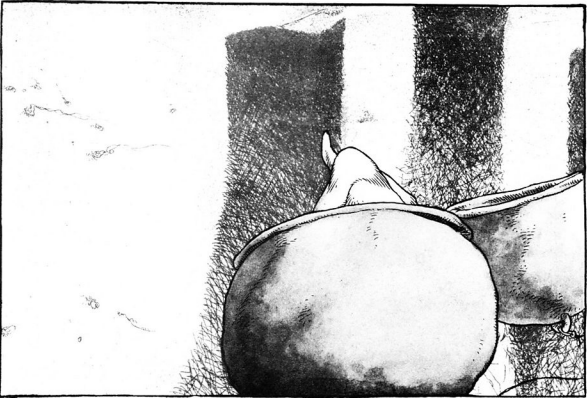












•END•

# LIFE ON A VIRGIN COMET

**T**he barren, icy world of the comet is the only known home of the Therm-trap, a meter-sized living "greenhouse" containing a community of diverse organisms who live in perfect ecological balance, feeding on the comet's basic ingredient—water.

Comet Stubbs is called a virgin comet because it has never formed a "tail" by passing close to the stars it orbits. It is orbiting two stars, Sol and Alpha C., and is a permanent traveler in the vast, dark regions of interstellar space. Despite its isolation, Stubbs's shattered surface and tiny moon testify to a past collision with another comet, an unimaginably rare occurrence.

This comet is named for its discoverer, Dr. Harold Stubbs—H.C. Earth—who has discovered over 2,000 comets, with detection gear of his own design. The hard-to-find comets hold something of great value to space mechanics—the Therm-trap. It produces a waste product that remains fluid in the cold of space, and therefore is an ideal lubricant for machines used in space or other supercool environments. Also discovered by Dr. Stubbs, the Therm-trap is a system of animals whose center is an odd creature that supports a lenslike organ. It keeps this moving "eye" focused on the brightest light in the sky, continually absorbing energy.

This "world in a bubble" has an apparent food chain of greater and lesser animals, a hanging "garden," a pond that teems with life, and a mineral base that insulates the globe from the ice on which it rests.

The Therm-trap's overall system is delicate and slow, producing less than two grams of lubricant each Earth year. It seems also to have a tenuous grasp on life, slipping easily into long periods of dormancy. Such periods are triggered by loss of light and seem to be a natural defense against total destruction. If too much lubricant is removed from the base of the bubble, or if the system is disturbed in any way, dormancy will occur. For this reason, the origin and functions of the Therm-trap remain a mystery to frustrated biologists who study them only from safe distances.

Since a survey of Comet Stubbs, which is large by cometary standards, revealed only seventy-four nondormant Therm-traps, chemists in four star systems are trying to formulate a synthetic substitute for the lubricant. Until it is found, the Therm-trap will be the object of comet hunts throughout the galaxy.

From the *Stellar Journals of*  
**Karl B. Kofoed**







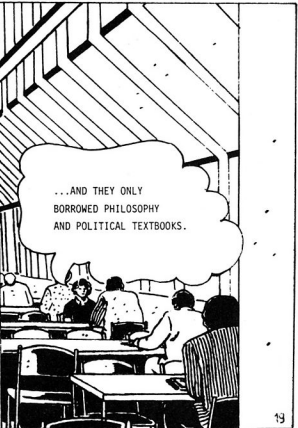
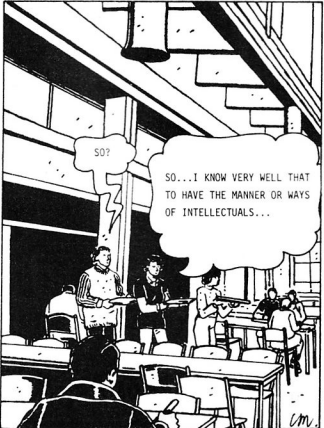


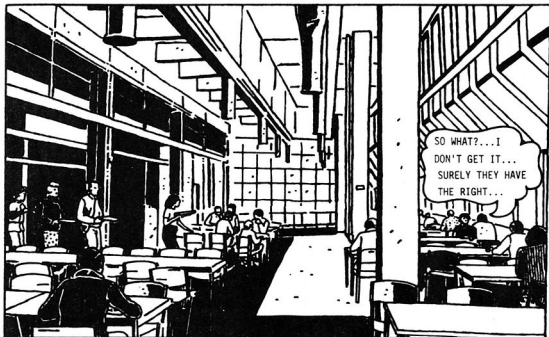












SO WHAT?...I  
DON'T GET IT...  
SURELY THEY HAVE  
THE RIGHT...



SURE, THEY CER-  
TAINLY HAVE THE  
RIGHT...IT'S JUST  
THAT THOSE BOOKS  
WEREN'T THE KIND  
THEY'D RELATE TO...

AND BESIDES,  
THEY CAME IN WITH  
A LIST. AND WHAT'S  
MORE, A TYPED LIST!



IT'S OBVIOUS,  
ISN'T IT?

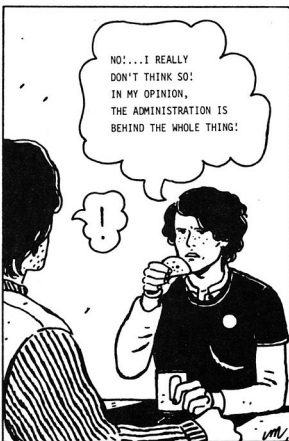


BUT YOU DON'T THINK THAT...

SSHNN...  
NOT SO LOUD!



! ? ?  
NO...  
IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE...  
HOW DO YOU EXPECT  
THEM TO...NO...I...  
DON'T YOU THINK THAT  
YOU'RE GETTING A BIT  
CARRIED AWAY?



NO...I REALLY  
DON'T THINK SO!  
IN MY OPINION,  
THE ADMINISTRATION IS  
BEHIND THE WHOLE THING!



WELL...GRANTING  
THAT YOU'RE RIGHT,  
WHY WOULD THEY DO  
A THING LIKE THAT?  
WHAT USE COULD THEY  
HAVE FOR THOSE BOOKS?

NO...I THINK  
WE'RE ON THE  
WRONG TRACK!



I THINK THEY'RE JUST IN  
THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATING  
CERTAIN BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY...  
WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS PREPARING  
FOR A BOOK BURNING!

A BOOK BURNING WITHOUT  
FIRE!



# ELRIC

ELRIC LIFTED THE HUGE BLADE EASILY AND ADMIRING ITS ALIEN BEAUTY, SAID, "STORMBRINGER."

AND THE SWORD SETTLED EVEN MORE SMOOTHLY INTO HIS GRASP. "STORMBRINGER," YELLED ELRIC AS HE LEAPT AT HIS COUSIN.

AND NOW PRINCE YYRKOON'S CRY COULD BE HEARD ABOVE THE THIRUM OF THE SWORD VOICES. . . . "MOURNBLADE!" AND MOURNBLADE CAME UP TO MEET STORMBRINGER'S EVERY BLOW.

AND THEN ELRIC FELT AFRAID, IT WAS SUDDENLY AS IF HE HAD BEEN BORN AGAIN AND THAT THIS RUNESWORD WAS BORN WITH HIM. IT WAS AS IF THEY HAD NEVER BEEN SEPARATE.

AND HE WAS FULL OF FEAR—SO FULL OF FEAR, AND THE FEAR BROUGHT A WILD DELIGHT—A DEMONIC NEED TO FIGHT AND KILL HIS COUSIN, TO SINK THE BLADE DEEP INTO YYRKOON'S HEART. TO TAKE VENGEANCE, TO SPILL BLOOD, TO SEND A SOUL TO HELL!

COPYRIGHT © 1979 Frank Brunner. A STAR\*REACH PRODUCTION.

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT STORY "ELRIC OF MELNIBONE."


COPYRIGHT © 1972 MICHAEL MOORCOCK.



THE CLANG OF THE METAL UPON  
METAL TURNED INTO A WILD METALLIC  
SONG THAT THE SWORDS SANG,  
GLAD ONCE MORE TO BE AT BATTLE!

IT SEEMED THAT THE SWORDS FOUGHT  
WITH THE LIFE OF ONE OF THE  
SWORDSMEN AS A PRIZE, AND THAT  
THE RIVALRY BETWEEN ELRIC AND  
YYRKOOON WAS NOTHING COMPARED  
WITH THE BROTHERLY RIVALRY  
BETWEEN THE SWORDS.

THIS REALIZATION GAVE ELRIC  
PAUSE. KILL YYRKOOON HE  
WOULD...



... BUT NOT AT THE WILL OF  
ANOTHER POWER. HE VOWED:  
NOT TO GIVE SPORT TO THESE  
ALIEN SWORDS.

THEN AN OPENING!

STORMBRINGER  
DASHED FOR  
YYRKOOON'S UN-  
DEFENDED THROAT.

ELRIC CLUNG TO  
THE SWORD AND  
SLOWLY, EVER  
SLOWLY, DRAGGED  
IT BACK.



THE SWORD  
WHINED ALMOST  
PETULANTLY LIKE  
A DOG STOPPED  
FROM BITING AN  
INTRUDER.



AND ELRIC NO  
LONGER FOUGHT  
HIS COUSIN, BUT  
THE WILL OF THE  
TWO BLACK  
SWORDS!





"I'LL NOT BE YOUR PUPPET, RUNEBLAD. IF WE MUST BE UNITED, LET IT BE UPON A PROPER UNDERSTANDING!"

STORMBRINGER SEEMED TO HESITATE, TO DROP ITS GUARD, AND ELRIC WAS HARD PUT TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THE WHIRLING ATTACK OF MOURNBLADE.

THEN ELRIC FELT FRESH ENERGY POUR UP HIS RIGHT ARM. THIS WAS WHAT THE SWORD COULD DO. WITH IT HE NEEDED NO DRUGS. HE WOULD NEVER BE WEAK AGAIN!

AND WHAT MUST THE SWORD HAVE IN RETURN? ELRIC KNEW. THE SWORD TOLD HIM STORMBRINGER NEEDED TO FIGHT, NEEDED TO KILL FOR THAT. WAS ITS SOURCE OF ENERGY "THE LIVES" AND SOULS OF MEN, DEMONS, EVEN GODS?

ELRIC GRIPPED THE SWORD FIERCELY.


"YOU SHALL NOT BE MY MASTER! NO, I WILL NOT SLAY HIM FOR YOU."

AT THIS, THE SWORD SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND AND BECAME QUIETER, AS IF RECONCILED. AND NOW, ELRIC THOUGHT, THE SWORD WOULD DO HIS BIDDING.

"WE SHALL DISARM YYRKOON. ONLY THAT."

THEY STRUCK YYRKOON'S SWORD ARM, PIERCING IT TO THE BONE. YYRKOON SCREAMED AND LOST HIS GRIP ON MOURNBLADE.





MOURNBLADE FELL AGAINST THE WALL OF THE PULSING CAVERN. A GROAN SEEMED TO ESCAPE THE DEFEATED RUNESWORD, THEN A HIGH PITCHED SHRIEK. AND BLACKNESS FILLED THE CAVERN. WHEN THE LIGHT RETURNED, ELRIC SAW THAT A SCABBARD HAD APPEARED. VYRKOOK WAS SOBBING, HIS EYES DARTING ABOUT, SEEKING MOURNBLADE, BUT THE RUNEBLADE HAD VANISHED.

"WE ARE VICTIMS, COUSIN, OF A CONSPIRACY—A GAME PLAYED BY GODS, DEMONS, AND SENTIENT SWORDS. THEY WISH ONE OF US DEAD. I SUSPECT THEY WISH YOU DEAD MORE THAN ME, AND THAT IS WHY I SHALL NOT SLAY YOU HERE!"

STORMBRINGER TREMBLED, AS IF THIRSTY FOR VYRKOOK'S SOUL. THEN, ELRIC LOOKED, NOT WITHOUT SYMPATHY, UPON THE CREATURE THAT WAS HIS COUSIN.

"YOU ARE A WORM, VYRKOOK, BUT IS THAT YOUR FAULT? I WONDER... IF YOU HAD ALL YOU DESIRE, WOULD YOU CEASE TO BE A WORM?"

"DO NOT SLAY ME, ELRIC—NOT WITH THAT RUNEBLADE. I WILL DO ANYTHING, DIE ANY OTHER WAY!"

VYRKOOK WAS PUZZLED, BUT A LITTLE HOPE BEGAN TO SHOW IN HIS EYES.

"WE SHALL SEE, I SUPPOSE."

"ANYWAY, YOU MUST AGREE TO WAKE CYMORIL FROM HER SORCEROUS SLUMBER."





YOU HAVE HUMBL'D ME, ELRIC. I WILL WAKE HER.  
EXCEPT WE CAN'T ESCAPE THIS PULSING CAVERN.  
IT IS PAST THE TIME."

"ONE CAN KEEP THE ENTRANCE OPEN  
FOR ONLY A LITTLE WHILE. IT WILL  
ADMIT ANYONE WHO CARES TO  
ENTER, BUT IT WILL LET NO ONE OUT  
AFTER THE POWER OF THE SPELL  
DIES."

ELRIC WENT OVER TO THE NOW COIN-  
SIZED ENTRANCE AND PEELED  
THROUGH TO SEE RACKHIR, STILL ON  
THE OTHER SIDE.

"WELL, IT SEEMS THAT YOU  
CAN JOIN US, RACKHIR, OR  
ELSE GO BACK. IF YOU DO  
JOIN US, YOU SHARE OUR  
FATE."

"IT IS NOT MUCH OF A FATE  
IF I DO GO BACK, ELRIC, SO  
I'LL COME."

"WE HAVE ONE  
CHANCE. I  
MUST INVOKE  
MY PATRON."

"SO ARIOCH  
MUST BE  
SUMMONED, EH?  
WELL, HE WILL  
DOUBTLESS  
DESTROY ME."

"NO, FRIEND, I  
MIGHT BE ABLE  
TO STRIKE A  
BARGAIN WITH  
HIM. IT WILL  
ALSO TEST  
SOMETHING."

"WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN?"

BUT ELRIC  
SAID NOTHING.





ELRIC ADJUSTED HIS MIND. HE SENT IT OUT THROUGH VAST SPACES. AND HE CRIED: "ARIOCH! ARIOCH! AID ME ARIOCH!"

SOMETHING SHIFTED IN THE PLACES WHERE HIS MIND WENT. HE KNEW ARIOCH HAD HEARD HIM.

RACKHIR GAVE A HORRIFIED YELL. YIRKHOON SCREAMED. ELRIC TURNED AND SAW SOMETHING DISGUSTING HAD APPEARED. WAS THIS ARIOCH'S TRUE SHAPE? HOW COULD IT BE?

BUT THEN THE SHAPE DISAPPEARED AND A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH WITH ANCIENT EYES STOOD LOOKING AT THE THREE MORTALS.

"YOU HAVE WON THE SWORD, ELRIC. I CONGRATULATE YOU. BUT WHAT IS THIS LITTLE TRAITOR DOING WITH YOU?"

"RACKHIR IS MY FRIEND AND SHALL GO WITH US WHEN WE LEAVE. OR NONE OF US SHALL LEAVE."

"THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE. RACKHIR IS PUNISHED IN EXILE HERE."

"THEN I WILL NOT TAKE THE SWORD WITH ME."

"YOU MUST TAKE THE SWORD. IT IS YOUR DESTINY."

"SO YOU SAY, BUT I NOW KNOW THAT THE SWORD MAY ONLY BE BORNE BY ME. YOU CANNOT BEAR IT OUT OF THIS PLACE, OR YOU WOULD HAVE DONE SO ALREADY."

"YOU ARE CLEVER, ELRIC OF MELNIBONE. VERY WELL. THAT TRAITOR MAY GO WITH YOU."



"THEN TAKE US FROM THIS PLACE."

"WHERE TO?"

"WHY, TO MELNIBONE, IF YOU PLEASE."

WITH A SMILE THAT WAS ALMOST TENDER, ARIOCH LOOKED DOWN ON ELRIC.

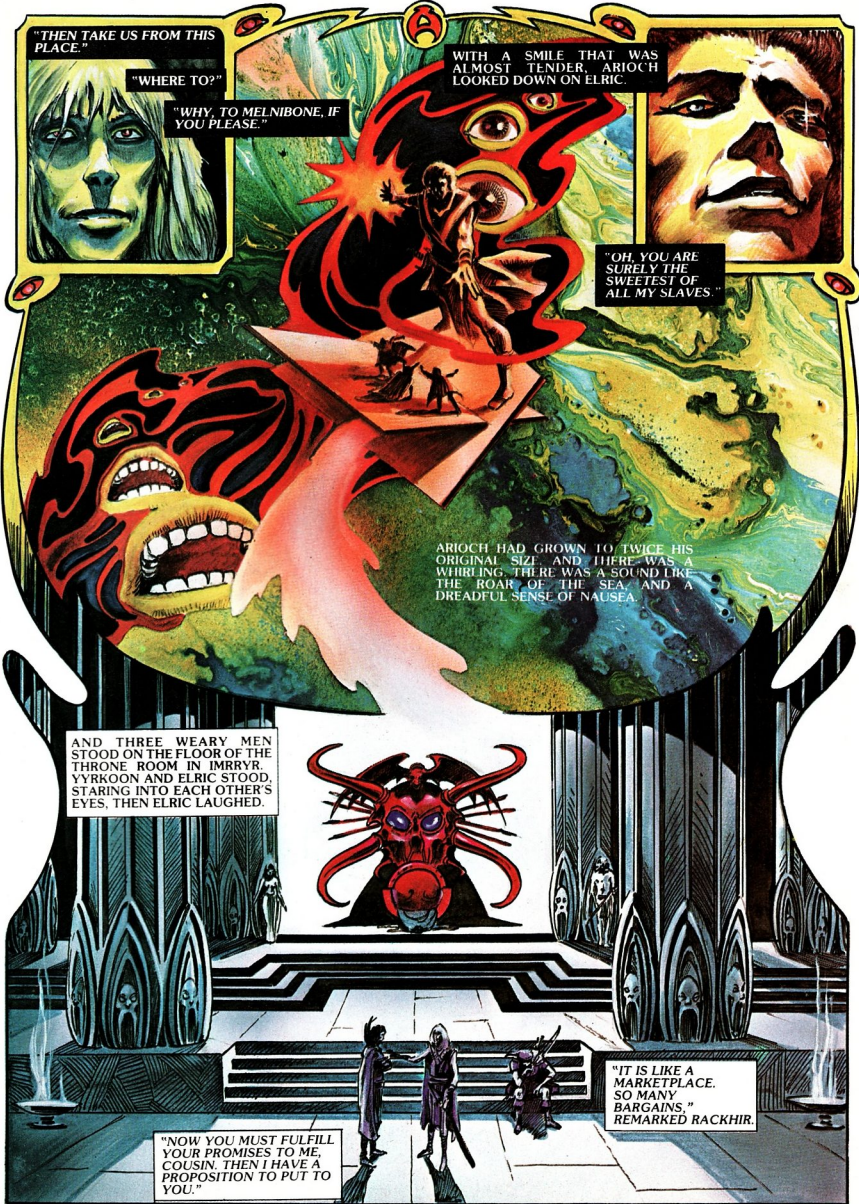
"OH, YOU ARE SURELY THE SWEETEST OF ALL MY SLAVES."

ARIOCH HAD GROWN TO TWICE HIS ORIGINAL SIZE AND THERE WAS A WHIRLING THERE WAS A SOUND LIKE THE ROAR OF THE SEA AND A DREADFUL SENSE OF NAUSEA.

AND THREE WEARY MEN STOOD ON THE FLOOR OF THE THRONE ROOM IN IMRRYR. YRRKOON AND ELRIC STOOD, STARING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, THEN ELRIC LAUGHED.

"IT IS LIKE A MARKETPLACE. SO MANY BARGAINS," REMARKED RACKHIR.

"NOW YOU MUST FULFILL YOUR PROMISES TO ME, COUSIN. THEN I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO PUT TO YOU."







YVRKOON STEPPED BACK FROM HIS SISTER'S BED. HE WAS WORN AND THERE WAS NO SPIRIT IN HIM.

"IT IS DONE. SHE WILL WAKE IN A MOMENT."

ELRIC STOOD BY THE BED STARING INTO THE FACE OF CYMORIL. AND FOR ONE TERRIBLE MOMENT HE SUSPECTED YVRKOON OF TRICKING HIM AND KILLING HER.

BUT THEN HER EYES OPENED AND SHE SAW HIM AND CRIED.

"ELRIC! THE DREAMS... ARE YOU SAFE?"

"I AM SAFE. AND YVRKOON IS CHANGED NOW. I DEFEATED HIM. HE NO LONGER LUSTS TO USURP ME."


"YOU ARE MERCIFUL, ELRIC."

"NO. 'TIS MERE FELLOWSHIP. YVRKOON AND I ARE BOTH MORTAL AND BOTH PAWNS IN A LARGER GAME. MY LOYALTY MUST, FINALLY, BE TO MY OWN KIND—AND THAT IS WHY I CEASED TO HATE YVRKOON."

"AND THAT IS MERCY, BELOVED."

THERE WERE CELEBRATIONS IN MELNIBONE FOR A WEEK. NOW ALMOST ALL THE SHIPS AND MEN AND DRAGONS WERE HOME. AND ELRIC WAS HOME, HAVING PROVED HIS RIGHT TO RULE SO WELL THAT EVEN HIS STRANGE MERCY WAS ACCEPTED BY THE POPULACE.



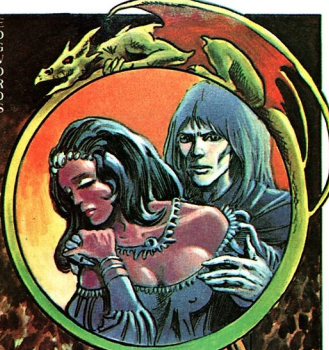


ELRIC TOOK CYMORIL ASIDE AND TOLD HER HE WOULD TRAVEL TO THE YOUNG KINGDOMS AND SEE HOW OTHER NATIONS CONDUCTED THEIR AFFAIRS TO DISCOVER WHAT PART MELNIBONE AND ITS EMPEROR PLAYED IN THIS UNCERTAIN WORLD.

"OH, ELRIC, WHY SPOIL THIS HAPPINESS?"

"BECAUSE I FEEL THAT THE HAPPINESS CANNOT LAST UNLESS WE KNOW COMPLETELY WHAT WE ARE. WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME, MY LOVE?"

"IT IS FOR YOU TO DISCOVER ALONE, ELRIC, FOR I HAVE NO SUCH DESIRE. I AM MELNIBONEAN."



"THEN YOU MUST RULE AS EMPRESS UNTIL I RETURN."

"NO, ELRIC, I CANNOT TAKE THAT RESPONSIBILITY."



"THEN IT MUST BE THE ONE WHO HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO RULE, YYRKHOON! HE WILL HAVE HIS CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF."

"ELRIC, I LOVE YOU, BUT IF YOU DO THIS, YOU WILL DESTROY US BOTH."

"NO, I WILL BUILD SOMETHING BETTER. I AM MASTER OF THE RUNE BLADE NOW. YYRKHOON RESPECTS MY POWER, AND WHEN I RETURN, WE SHALL MARRY AND LIVE LONG AND BE HAPPY."

AND NOW, ELRIC HAD TOLD THREE LIES: THE FIRST CONCERNED THE BLACK SWORD; THE SECOND, HIS COUSIN YYRKHOON; THE THIRD, CYMORIL. AND UPON THOSE THREE LIES WAS ELRIC'S DESTINY TO BE BUILT!



**T**HERE WAS A PORT CALLED MENII, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE HUMBLEST AND FRIENDLIEST OF THE PURPLE TOWNS. LIKE THE OTHERS ON THE ISLE, IT WAS BUILT MAINLY OF THE PURPLE STONE THAT GAVE THE TOWNS THEIR NAME. AND THERE WERE RED ROOFS ON THE HOUSES, AND THERE WERE BRIGHT SAILED BOATS OF ALL KINDS IN THE HARBOR AS ELRIC AND RACKHIR THE RED ARCHER CAME ASHORE IN THE EARLY MORNING, WHEN JUST A FEW SAILORS WERE BEGINNING TO MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN TO THEIR SHIPS.

"SO I MUST SEEK PEACE AND MYTHIC TANELORN," SAID RACKHIR, WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SELF-MOCKERY. HE STRETCHED AND YAWNED, AND THE BOW AND THE QUIVER DANCED ON HIS BACK.

ELRIC WAS DRESSED IN SIMPLE CLOTHING THAT MIGHT HAVE MARKED ANY SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE OF THE YOUNG KINGDOMS. HE LOOKED FIT AND RELAXED. HE SMILED INTO THE SUN, THE ONLY REMARKABLE THING ABOUT HIS GARB WAS THE GREAT, BLACK RUNESWORD AT HIS SIDE. SINCE HE HAD DONNED THE SWORD, HE HAD NEEDED NO DRUGS TO SUSTAIN HIM.

"AND I MUST SEEK KNOWLEDGE IN THE LANDS I FIND MARKED UPON MY MAP," SAID ELRIC. "I MUST LEARN AND I MUST CARRY WHAT I LEARN BACK TO MELNIBONE AT THE END OF A YEAR. I WISH THAT CYMORIL HAD ACCOMPANIED ME, BUT I UNDERSTAND HER RELUCTANCE."

"YOU WILL GO BACK?" RACKHIR SAID. "WHEN THE YEAR IS OVER?"

"SHE WILL DRAW ME BACK!" ELRIC LAUGHED. "MY ONLY FEAR IS THAT I WILL WEAKEN AND RETURN BEFORE MY QUEST IS FINISHED."

"I SHOULD LIKE TO COME WITH YOU," SAID RACKHIR. "FOR I HAVE TRAVELED IN MOST LANDS AND WOULD BE AS GOOD A GUIDE AS I WAS IN THE NETHERWORLD. BUT I AM SWORN TO FIND TANELORN. FOR ALL I KNOW, IT DOES NOT REALLY EXIST."

"I HOPE THAT YOU FIND IT, WARRIOR PRIEST OF PHUM," SAID ELRIC.

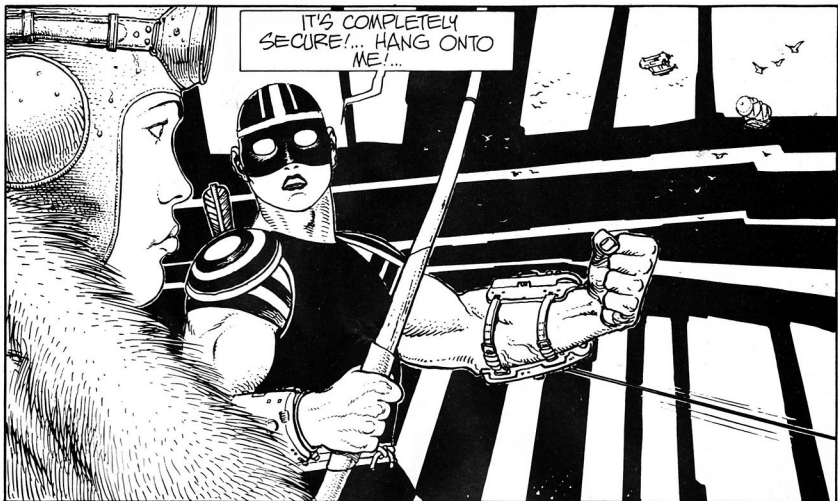
"AYE," RACKHIR LOOKED AT THE RUNESWORD HANGING ON ELRIC'S HIP. "BUT YOU WOULD BE WISE TO TRUST NOTHING."

ELRIC LAUGHED. "FEAR NOT FOR ME, RACKHIR, FOR I AM MY OWN MASTER—FOR A YEAR AT LEAST. AND I AM MASTER OF THIS SWORD, NOW!"

THE SWORD SEEMED TO STIR AT HIS SIDE, AND HE TOOK FIRM HOLD OF ITS GRIP AND SLAPPED RACKHIR ON THE BACK. AND HE LAUGHED AND SHOOK HIS WHITE HAIR SO THAT IT DRIFTED IN THE AIR. AND HE LIFTED HIS STRANGE, RED EYES TO THE SKY AND HE SAID:

"I SHALL BE A NEW MAN WHEN I RETURN TO MELNIBONE."

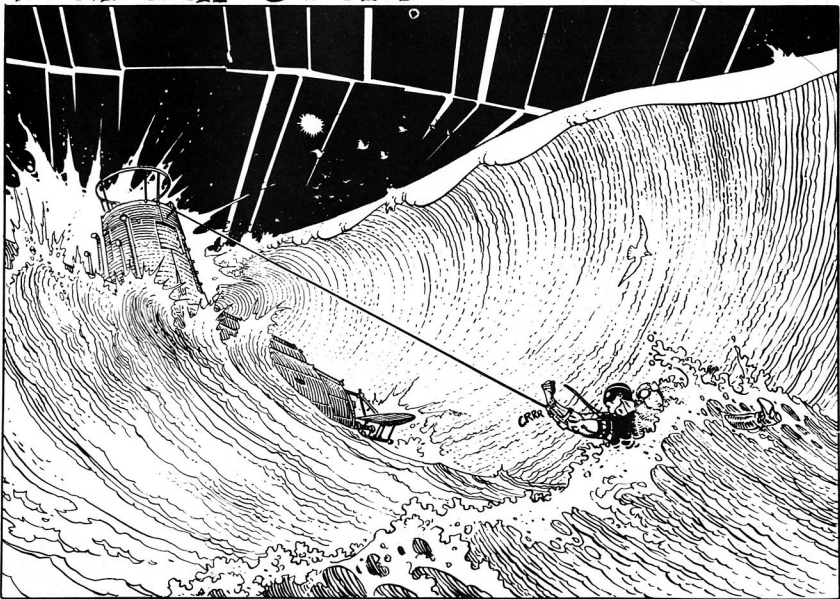




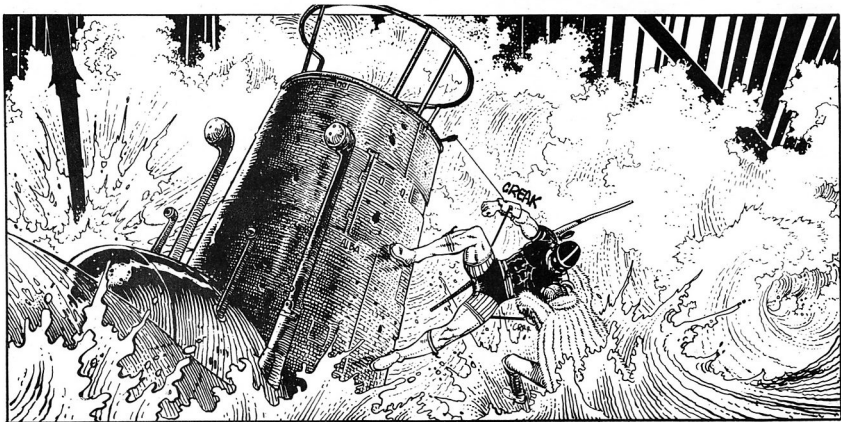
## THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

BY  
MOEBIUS

STORY SO FAR: SOMETHING NEVER SEEN BEFORE... AN ARROW FLYING TOWARD THE SUBMARINE...



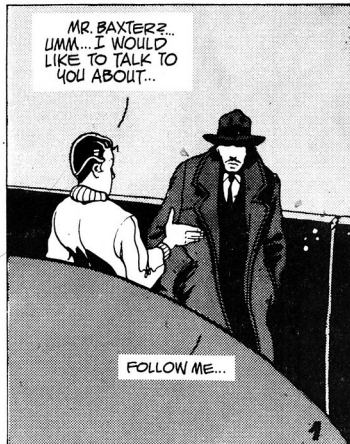
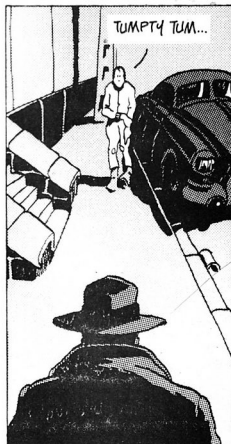
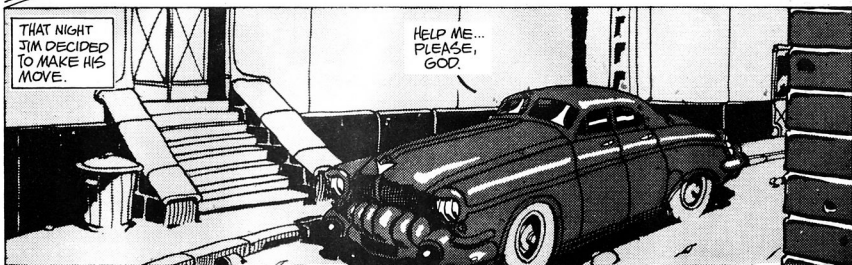




NEEDS  
TO BE  
CONTINUED



• LUC CORNILLON 1978 •





A LITTLE LATER, NOT TOO FAR AWAY, IN A BAR...



WELL, MR. BAXTER, I'VE HEARD THAT YOU'RE ORGANIZING AN EXPEDITION INTO THE JUNGLE; AND ONCE I READ A STORY ABOUT EXPLORERS AND ALL THAT...



AND I WAS REALLY KNOCKED OUT BY IT, SO YOU KNOW, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU IF YOU'D TAKE ME... CAN I HAVE ANOTHER LEMONADE?



PLEASE SAY YES!... IF YOU WERE TO ACCEPT ME... IT WOULD BE SO GREAT FOR ME!...



YES, YES, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE OF PERSON I'M LOOKING FOR.

JIM IS GOING TO THE JUNGLE!

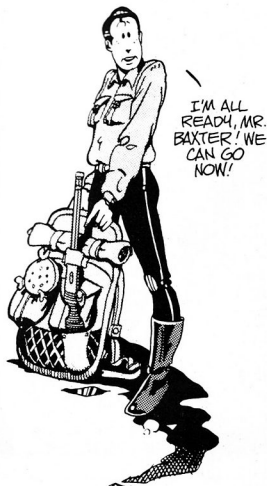
JIM IS GOING TO THE JUNGLE!



AFTER MR. BAXTER TELLS JIM ABOUT THE EXPEDITION, THE TWO MEN PART, TO MEET AGAIN IN THREE DAYS...



THREE DAYS LATER...

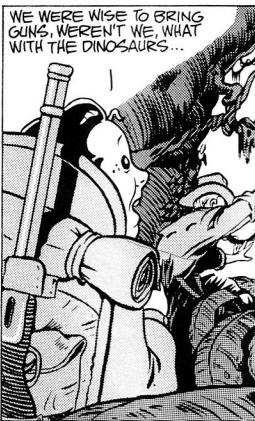


I'M ALL READY, MR. BAXTER! WE CAN GO NOW!



IT'S JUST THE WAY I IMAGINED IT, MR. BAXTER! JUST THE WAY!

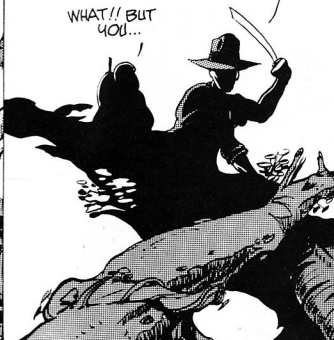
AND SO THE LONG AND ARDUOUS JOURNEY THROUGH THE JUNGLE BEGINS FOR JIM AND MR. BAXTER.



WE WERE WISE TO BRING GUNS, WEREN'T WE, WHAT WITH THE DINOSAURS...

I CAN TELL YOU NOW, JIM, I NEVER DID BELIEVE THAT STUFF ABOUT THE DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUNDS. JUST A LOT OF FOSSILS, REALLY...

WHAT!! BUT YOU...



THE BURIAL GROUNDS BIT WAS JUST A RUSE SO THAT NO CROOKS WOULD CATCH ON TO WHAT WE ARE REALLY LOOKING FOR—TREASURE! A FABULOUS TREASURE!

YOU SAID THERE WERE DINOSAURS!



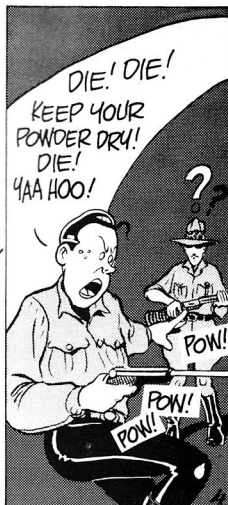
YES, BUT THIS TREASURE IS... HELL!

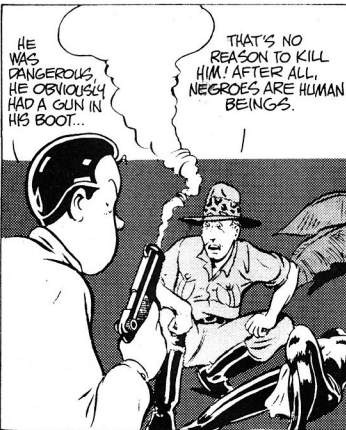


LOOK, MR. BAXTER! THEY'RE ATTACKING US!!! THEY'RE ATTACKING US!



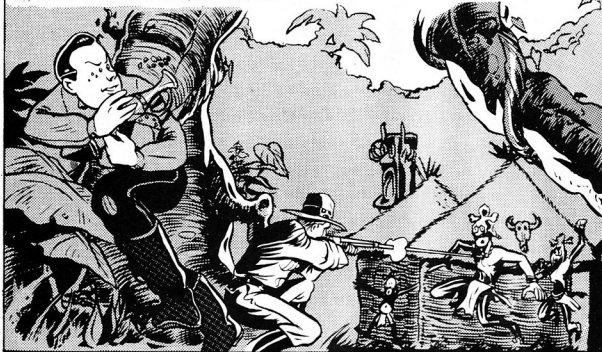
THE SAVAGE  
OONAGUNDAS!!!







THROUGH A CUNNING COMBINATION OF GUILF AND FOOLHARDINESS, JIM AND MR. BAXTER MANAGE WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY TO SEIZE THE TREASURE OF THE OONAGUNDAS...



GOOD! NOW THAT WE HAVE THE TREASURE, LET'S GO LOOK FOR THE DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUND, OK?



I TOLD YOU, IT DOESN'T EXIST, FOR GOD'S SAKE!



HEY! HEY! PUT DOWN THAT PISTOL, JIM!...IT'S DANGEROUS AND...



HAPPY TRAILS, MR. BAXTER!

AND A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

TOO BAD HIS HAT WAS TOO SMALL FOR ME, I COULD HAVE USED IT.



•END•

LUK CORNILLON  
21. 1. 1979

# How to get **Heavy Metal** for only 69.3¢ per issue!



**A three-year subscription for only 69.3¢ an issue!**  
(36 issues for only \$24.95. You save \$29.05 over newsstand price and \$7.05 over basic subscription price.)

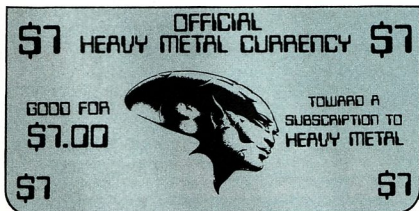
**A two-year subscription for only 74.7¢ an issue!**  
(24 issues for only \$17.95. You save \$18.05 over newsstand price and \$7.05 over basic subscription price.)

**A one-year subscription for only 82.9¢ per issue!**  
(12 issues for only \$9.95. You save \$8.05 over newsstand price and \$7.05 over basic subscription price.)

## Save on **Heavy Metal** every month!

Detach and mail the **Heavy Metal** money plus only \$9.95 (for a one-year subscription) of your own (check, money order, or charge to Master Charge or Visa). Total amount (our money plus yours) must equal \$17.00 for a one-year subscription.

If **Heavy Metal** money is missing, enclose facsimiles below with coupon, or draw them on a piece of paper and mail with payment.



Please enter my **Heavy Metal** subscription for ☐ 3 years ☐ 2 years ☐ 1 year  
I am enclosing \$7.05 in **Heavy Metal** money plus the balance specified.

☐ Payment enclosed: \$\_\_\_\_\_

Charge to my \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Master Charge Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ Master Charge Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Visa Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Metal DEPT. 1179

635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Three years @ \$32.00 less \$7.05:  
I pay only \$24.95 for 36 issues (69.3¢ per issue).

Two years @ \$25.00 less \$7.05:  
I pay only \$17.95 for 24 issues (74.7¢ per issue).

One year @ \$17.00 less \$7.05:  
I pay only \$9.95 for 12 issues (82.9¢ per issue).

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add \$2.50 per year for Canada, and \$5.00 per year for other foreign countries.

Why pay more than 69.3¢ a month to collect **Heavy Metal**? And why risk missing even a single issue? Although we're only two years old, some issues are already collector's items selling at many times their original price. And future issues will sell out *quickly* on the newsstand because of their connection with our full-length adult fantasy films now in production, and other SF features (like *Alien*). So save your money! Spend ours instead. **Subscribe today!**

**BONUS!**  
For collectors with quick reflexes!

Heavy Metal art is yours free, if you subscribe this month!

This sixty-four page volume by Moebius mysterious mentor of





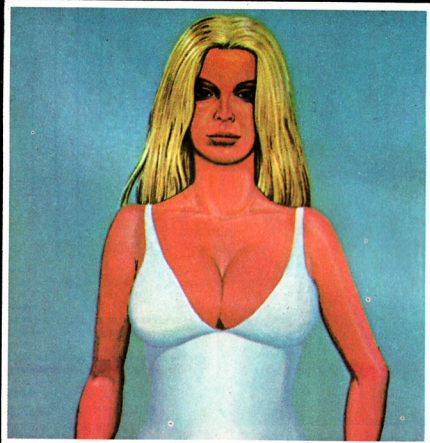
LIMITED  
-OFFER-

# FROM HEAVY METAL BUY 2-GET ANY 2 FREE!

## SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

by Angus McKie

The first existential science fiction comic story—drawn in the exquisite detail McKie perfected in *Spacecraft: 2000 to 2100 A.D.*—traces the adventures and antics of an oddball collection of intergalactic hitchhikers aboard the most stunning space vehicle ever conceived. Humor and high drama combine to create a unique fantasy package, previewed in *Heavy Metal*. McKie's debut in illustrated storytelling! Sixty-four color pages, with a special introduction by *Heavy Metal* Editor Sean Kelly. 8½ × 11 trade paperback. List price: \$6.95.



## MORE THAN HUMAN

Theodore Sturgeon's science fiction classic, listed among the ten best of novels of all time, presented in a graphic story version by Alex Nino and Doug Moench. It's the extraordinary story of a single superhuman formed by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities. Excerpted in *Heavy Metal*, now available in a special 8½ × 11 trade paperback edition. Full color throughout. List price: \$8.95.



## BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD

The first and finest of feminine fantasy figures returns to face the most fearful challenges the universe can muster. Action stills from the hit feature film starring Jane Fonda lead into this all-new adventure, drawn in full color by original creator Jean-Claude Forest. Sixty-four huge 12½ × 9¼ pages. List price: \$6.95.



## PSYCHOROCK

Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11 × 9. List price: \$3.95.



#### ARZACH

All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. List price: \$6.95.



#### CANDICE AT SEA

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



#### CONQUERING ARMIES

From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9 3/4 x 13 1/4. List price: \$4.95.



#### ULYSSES

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



#### IS MAN GOOD?

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



HEAVY METAL BOOKS, Dept. 1179  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

#### BUYING CHOICES

1. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_

#### FREE CHOICES

1. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_ +75¢ \_\_\_\_\_

Add 75¢ per book for postage and handling.

(New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.) \_\_\_\_\_

Total enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me *Heavy Metal* Books as indicated. I enclose a check or money order payable to *Heavy Metal* Books.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

If you do not wish to cut this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

#### MAKES IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFTS

If you wish to send one or more books from your order to a friend, please write name, address, and books you desire to send on a separate sheet of paper and attach to your order.

We will also send your friend a gift card in advance notifying them that they will be receiving this gift from you.



# THE STARS MY

by Byron Preiss

The old year soured as pestilence poisoned the planets. The war gained momentum and grew from a distant affair of romantic raids and skirmishes in space to a holocaust in the making. It became evident that the Solar War had begun.

The belligerents slowly massed men and material for the havoc. The Outer Satellites introduced universal conscription, and the Inner Planets performed followed suit. Industries, trades, sciences, skills, and professions were drafted; regulations and oppressions followed.

Commerce obeyed, for this war (like all wars) was the shooting phase of a commercial struggle. Populations rebelled, and draft-judging and labor-judging became critical problems. Spy scares and invasion scares spread. A foreboding paralyzed every home from Baffin Island to

the Falklands. The dying year was enlivened only by the advent of the Four Mile Circus.

This was the popular nickname for the grotesque entourage of Geoffrey Fourmyle of Ceres, a wealthy

young buffoon from the largest of the asteroids. Fourmyle of Ceres was enormously rich; he was also enormously amusing. He was the classic nouveau riche of all time. His entourage was a cross between a country circus and the comic court of a Bulgarian duchy, as this typical arrival in Green Bay, Wisconsin, suggests.

Early in the morning a lawyer, wearing the stovepipe hat of a legal clan, appeared with a list of campsites in his hand and a small fortune in his pocket. He settled on a four-acre meadow facing Lake Michigan and rented it for an exorbitant fee. He was followed by a gang of surveyors from the Mason & Dixon clan. In twenty minutes the surveyors had laid out a campsite and the word was spread that the Four Mile Circus was arriving. Locals from Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota came to watch the fun.



Bester's

# DESTINATION

and Howard Chaykin

Twenty roustabouts jammed in, each carrying a tent pack on his back. There was a mighty overture of orders, shouts, and the tortured scream of compressed air. Twenty giant tents ballooned upward, their lac and latex surfaces gleaming as they dried in the winter sun. The spectators cheered.

A six-motor helicopter drifted down and hovered over a giant trampoline. Its belly opened and a cascade of furnishings came down. Valets, chefs, and waiters furnished and decorated the tents. Fourmyle's private police were already on duty, patrolling the four acres, keeping the huge crowd of spectators back.

Then, by plane, by car, by bus, by truck, by bike, and by jaunte came Fourmyle's entourage. Librarians and books, scientists and laboratories, philosophers, poets, athletes. A fifty-foot pool was sunk in the ground and

filled by pump from the lake.

Musicians, actors, jugglers, and acrobats arrived. The uproar be-

came deafening. A crew of mechanics melted a grease pit and began revving up Fourmyle's collection

of vintage diesel harvesters. Last of all came the wives, daughters, mistresses, chisellers, and grafters. By midmorning the roar of the circus could be heard for four miles, hence the nickname.

At noon, Fourmyle of Ceres arrived with a display of conspicuous transportation so outlandish that it had been known to make seven-year melancholics laugh. A giant amphibian thrummed up from the south and landed on the lake. An LST barge emerged from the plane and droned across the water to the shore. Its forward wall banged down into a drawbridge and out came a twentieth century staff car. Wonder piled on wonder for the delighted spectators, for the staff car drove a matter of twenty yards to the center of camp and then stopped.

"What can possibly come next? Bike?"

"Roller skates."

"Jetpack?"









Fourmyle capped their speculations. The muzzle of a circus cannon thrust up from the staff car. There was the bang of a black-powder explosion, and Fourmyle of Ceres was shot out of the cannon in a graceful arc to the very door of his tent, where he was caught in a net by four valets. The applause that greeted him could be heard for six miles. Fourmyle climbed onto his valets' shoulders and motioned for silence.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," Fourmyle began earnestly. "Lend me your ears, Shakespeare. 1564 to 1616. Damn!" Four white doves shook themselves out of Fourmyle's sleeves and fluttered away. He regarded them with astonishment, then continued. "Friends, greetings, salutations, bonjour, bon ton, bon-vivant, bon voyage, bon—what the hell?" Fourmyle's pockets caught fire and rocketed forth Roman candles. He tried to put himself out. Streamers and confetti burst from him. "Friends... shut up! I'll get this speech straight. Quiet! Friends—I!" Fourmyle looked down at himself in dismay. His clothes were melting away, revealing lurid scarlet underwear. "Kleinmann!" he bellowed furiously. "Kleinmann! What's happened to your goddamned hypno-training?"





A hairy head thrust out of a tent. "You stoodid for dis sbeech last night, Fourmyle?"

"Damn right. For two hours I stoodid. Never took my head out of the hypno-oven. Kleinmann on Prestidigitation."

"No, no, no!" the hairy man bawled. "How many times must I tell you? Prestidigitation is not sbeechmaking. Is magic. Dumbkopf! You haff the wrong hypnosis taken!"

The scarlet underwear began melting. Fourmyle toppled from the shoulders of his valets and disappeared within his tent. There was a roar of laughter and cheering and the Four Mile Circus ripped into high gear.



Inside his tent, Fourmyle changed his clothes, his mind, changed again, undressed again, and called for his tailor.

Halfway into a new suit, he recollected he had neglected to bathe. He slapped his tailor, ordered ten gallons of scent to be decanted into the pool, and was stricken with poetic inspiration. He summoned his resident poet.

"Take this down," Fourmyle commanded.

"Le roi est mort, les— wait. What rhymes with moon?"

"June," his poet suggested. "Croon, soon, dune, loon, noon, rune, tune, boon..."

"I forgot my experiment!" Fourmyle exclaimed. "Dr. Bohun! Dr. Bohun!"

Half naked, he rushed pell-mell into the laboratory, where he blew himself and Dr. Bohun, his resident chemist, halfway across the tent.

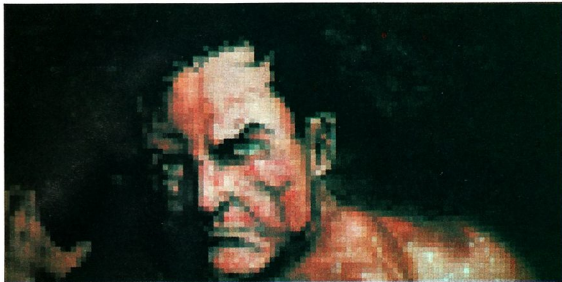


As the chemist attempted to raise himself from the floor, Fourmyle jaunted to his physics laboratory, where he destroyed an expensive chronometer to experiment with cog wheels, jaunted to the bandstand, where he seized a baton and conducted the orchestra into confusion, put on skates and fell into the scented

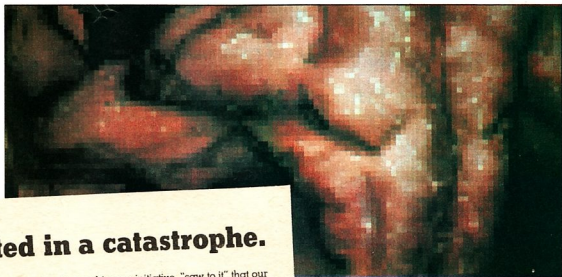
swimming pool, was hauled out, swearing fulminously at the lack of ice, and was heard to express a desire for solitude.

"I wish to commute with myself," Fourmyle said, kicking his valets in all directions. He was snoring before the last of them limped to the door and closed it behind him.

The snoring stopped and Foyle arose. "That ought to hold them for today," he muttered, and went into his dressing room. He stood before a mirror, took a deep breath and held it. At the expiration of one minute his face was still untainted. He continued to hold his breath, maintaining rigid control, mastering the strain with iron calm. At two minutes and twenty seconds the stigmata appeared, blood-red. Foyle let out his breath. The tiger mask faded.



"Better," he murmured. He stripped and examined his body. He was in magnificent condition, but his skin still showed delicate silver seams in a network from neck to ankles. It looked as though someone had carved...



## This card almost resulted in a catastrophe.

That's right. This innocent-looking blow-in card almost cost the life of one of America's most respected and beloved military men, General Alexander Haig.



A regrettable incident that might have been prevented.

Two years ago, we learned that many readers customarily "burned" or "threw away" this card. Recently an overeager ex-Green Beret demolition expert in our printing

**Note:** No more blow-in cards will be printed on cardboardium after our present stock has been exhausted. We support efforts to ban paper explosives, and will never be the first to use them on purpose.

department, acting on his own initiative, "saw to it" that our blow-in card was printed on *cardboardium*, a relatively stable but immensely powerful so-called paper explosive. His intent was to prevent people from crumpling up the card and throwing it away. More than once.

Well, we know it was wrong. That's not the point. Some GI—and goosh knows it wasn't his fault—dropped one of these cards out the window of a NATO escort vehicle. It almost cost the life of General Haig. It was the first time the general has seen action. Don't let it be the first time you do. You see, you're holding it in your hands. Turn it over. Carefully. Gently fill out the other side with a soft pen, and send it back to us. We have trained experts standing by to defuse it. Don't let your blood be on our hands. Send it today.

Signed,

*Lt. T. Armageddonwithit Plain*

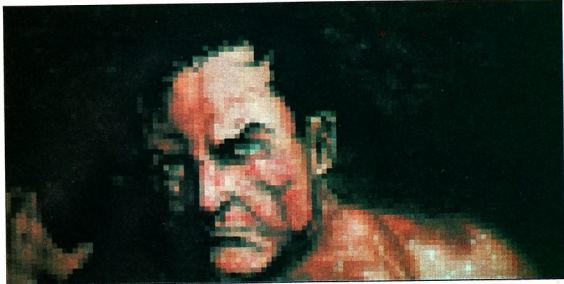
Lieut. T. "Armageddonwithit" Mann  
Subscriptions Commander



He jaunted to Robin Wednesbury's apartment in the lonely building amidst the Wisconsin pines. It was the real reason for the advent of the Four Mile Circus in Green Bay. He jaunted and arrived in darkness and empty space and immediately plummeted down.

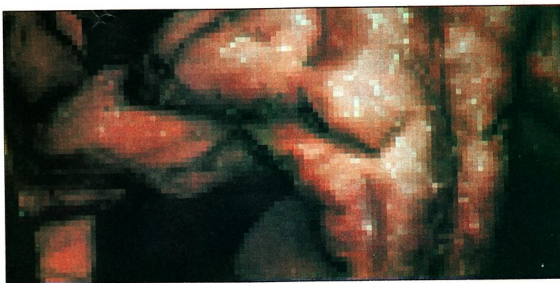


The snoring stopped and Foyle arose. "That ought to hold them for today," he muttered, and went into his dressing room. He stood before a mirror, took a deep breath and held it. At the expiration of one minute his face was still untainted. He continued to hold his breath, maintaining rigid control, mastering the strain with iron calm. At two minutes and twenty seconds the stigmata appeared, blood-red. Foyle let out his breath. The tiger mask faded.

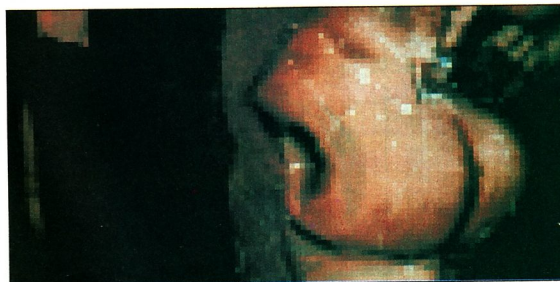


"Better," he murmured.

He stripped and examined his body. He was in magnificent condition, but his skin still showed delicate silver seams in a network from neck to ankles. It looked as though someone had carved an outline of the nervous system into Foyle's flesh. The silver seams were the scars of an operation, which had not yet faded.



That operation had cost Foyle a \$200,000 bribe to the chief surgeon of the Mars Commando Brigade and had transformed him into an extraordinary fighting machine. Microscopic transistors and transformers had been buried in muscle and bone, a minute platinum outlet showed at the base of his spine. To this Foyle affixed a power pack the size of a pea and switched it on. His body began an internal electronic vibration that was almost mechanical.



"More machine than man," he thought. He dressed, rejected the extravagant apparel of Fourmyle of Ceres for the anonymous black coverall of action.



He jaunted to Robin Wednesbury's apartment in the lonely building amidst the Wisconsin pines. It was the real reason for the advent of the Four Mile Circus in Green Bay. He jaunted and arrived in darkness and empty space and immediately plummeted down.

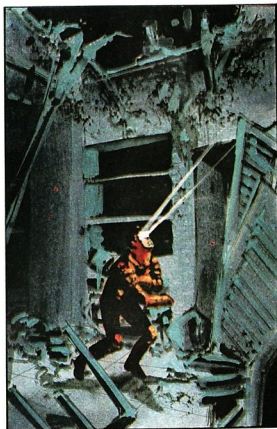
"Incorrect coordinates?" he thought. "Misjaunted?"



The broken end of a rafter dealt him a bruising blow, and he landed heavily on a shattered floor upon the putrefying remains of a corpse.



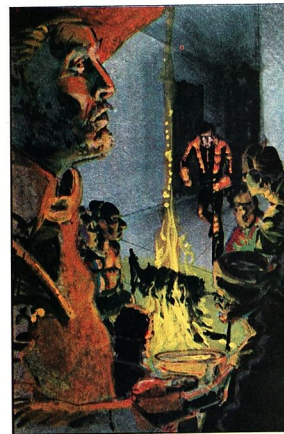
Foyle leaped up in calm revulsion. He pressed hard with his tongue against his right upper first molar.



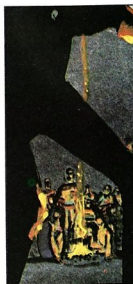
The operation that had transformed half his body into an electronic machine, had located the control switchboard in his teeth. Foyle pressed a tooth with his tongue, and the peripheral cells of his retina were excited into emitting a soft light.

The corpse lay in the apartment below Robin's flat.

"Jacked," Foyle said softly.



The jaunting age had crystallized the hoboes, tramps, and vagabonds of the world into a new class. They followed the night from east to west, always in darkness, always in search of loot, the leavings of disaster, carrion. They called themselves Jack-jaunters. They were jackals.



Foyle climbed up through the wreckage to the corridor on the floor above. The Jack-jaunters had a camp there. A whole calf roasted before a fire, which sparked up to the sky through a rent in the roof. There were a dozen men and three women around the fire, rough, dangerous, jabbering in the Cockney rhyming slang of the jackals.



An ominous growl and anger and terror met Foyle's appearance as the big man in black came up through the rubble, his intent eyes emitting pale beams of light. Calmly, he strode through the rising mob to the entrance of Robin Wednesday's flat. His iron control gave him an air of detachment.



"If she's dead," he thought, "I'm finished. I've got to use her."

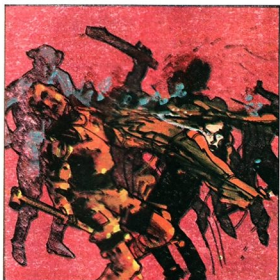
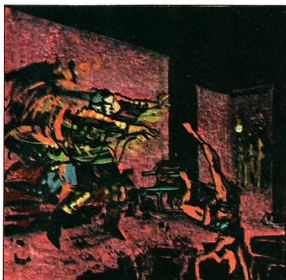
Robin's apartment was gutted like the rest of the building. Foyle searched for a body. Two men and a woman were in the bedroom.



Foyle backed a step and pressed his tongue against his upper incisors. Neural circuits buzzed and his body was accelerated by a factor of five.







The effect was an instantaneous reduction of the external world to extreme slow motion. Sound became a deep garble. Color shifted down the spectrum to red. The two assailants seemed to float toward him with dreamlike languor. He sidestepped the blow inching toward him, walked around the man, raised him and threw him toward the crater in the living room. He threw the second man after the first jackal. Foyle turned to the woman in the bed.

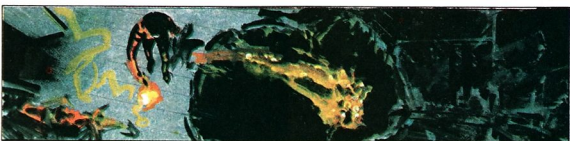
"Wsthrabyd?" the blur asked.

The woman shrieked.

Foyle pressed his upper incisors again, cutting off the acceleration. The external world shook itself out of slow motion back to normal.

"Was there a body?" Foyle repeated gently. "A Negro girl?" The woman was unintelligible. He took her by the hair and shook her, then hurled her through the crater in the floor.

His search for a clue to Robin's face was interrupted by the mob from the hall. "Don't bother me," Foyle warned quietly, ferreting intently through closets and under overturned furniture. Then he switched off his electronic system and jaunted.



He appeared in Green Bay smelling so abominably that he entered the local Presto shop to buy a deodorant. The local Mr. Presto had evidently witnessed the arrival of the Four Mile Circus and recognized him. Foyle at once awoke from his detached intensity and became the outlandish Fourmyle of Ceres.



He clowned and cavorted, bought a flagon of Euge No. 5, dabbed himself delicately and tossed the bottle into the street to the edification and delight of Mr. Presto.



The record clerk at the County Record Office was unaware of Foyle's identity and was obdurate and uncompromising.

"No, sir, county records are not viewed without proper court order."

Foyle examined him keenly and without rancor. "Asthenic" type, he decided. "Not bribable; too repressed and strait-laced, but repression's the chink in his armor."



An hour later six followers from the Four Mile Circus waylaid the record clerk. They were of the female persuasion, endowed with vice. Two hours later, the record clerk delivered up his information. The apartment building had been opened to Jack-janting by a gas explosion two weeks earlier. Robin Wednesbury was in protective confinement in Mercy Hospital.

"Protective confinement?" Foyle wondered. "What's she done?"



It took a short time to organize a party in the Four Mile Circus. It was made up of musicians, singers, actors, and rabble who knew the Iron Mountain coordinates. Led by their chief buffoon, they paraded through the town spreading largess and laughter. They blundered into the radar field of the Proving Ground protection system and were driven out with laughter.

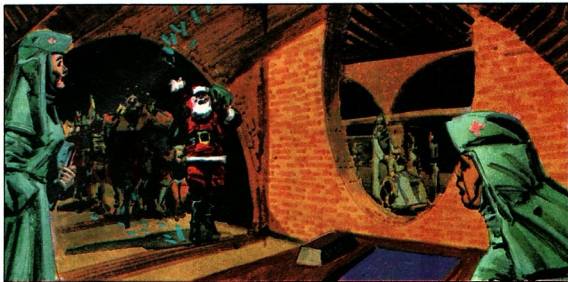


Fourmyle of Ceres, dressed as Santa Claus, scattering bank notes from a huge sack over his shoulder and leaping in agony as the induction field of the protection system burned his bottom, made an entrancing spectacle.



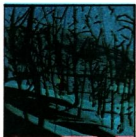


They burst into Mercy Hospital, following Santa Claus, who roared and cavorted with the detached calm of an elephant. He kissed nurses, made drunk attendants, pestered patients with gifts, littered corridors with money, and abruptly disappeared when the happy rioting reached such heights that the police had to be called. Much later it was discovered that a patient had disappeared too, despite the fact that she had been under sedation and was incapable of jaunting. As a matter of fact, she departed from the hospital inside Santa's sack.



Foyle jaunted with her over his shoulder to the hospital grounds. There in a quiet grove of pines under a frosty sky, he helped her out of the sack.

She wore hospital pajamas and was beautiful.



He removed his own costume, watching the girl intently, waiting to see if she would recognize him and remember him.

She was alarmed and confused; her tele-sending was like heat lightning. "Who is he? What's happened? The music. The uproar. Why kidnapped in a sack? Drunks slurring on trombones. 'Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.' Adeste Fidelis. What's he want from me? Who is he?"

"I'm Fourmyle of Ceres," Foyle said.

"What? Who? Fourmyle of—? Yes, of course. The buffoon. The bourgeois gentilhomme. Vulgarity. Imbecility. Obscenity. The Four Mile Circus. Am I tele-sending?"

"I hear you, Miss Wednesbury," Foyle said quietly.



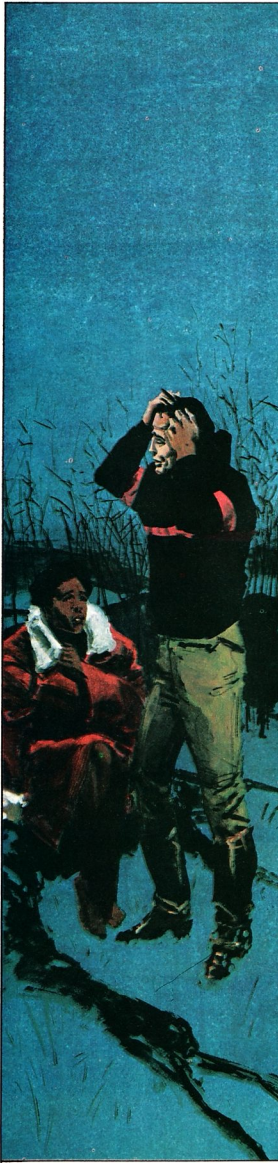
"My rutting season's over, Miss Wednesbury."

"I'm sorry you heard that. I'm terrified, naturally. I—you know me?"

"I know you."

"We've met before? She scrutinized him closely, but still without recognition. Deep down inside Foyle there was a surge of triumph. If this woman of all women failed to remember him, he was safe, provided he kept blood and brains and face under control.





"We've never met," he said. "I've heard of you. I want something from you. That's why we're here; to talk about it. If you don't like my offer, you can go back to the hospital."

"You want something? But I've got nothing... nothing. Nothing's left but shame and— Why did the suicide fail? Why couldn't I—"

"So that's it?" Foyle interrupted softly. "You tried to commit suicide, eh? That accounts for the gas explosion that opened the building.... And your protective confinement. Attempted suicide. Why weren't you hurt in the explosion?"

"So many were hurt, but I was not. I'm unlucky, I suppose."

"Why suicide?"

"I'm tired. I've lost everything. I'm on the army gray list—suspected, watched. No job. No family. Why suicide? What else but suicide?"

"You can work for me."

"What did you say?"

"I want you to work for me, Miss Wednesday."

She burst into hysterical laughter. "For you? Another camp follower in the Circus? Work for you, Fourmyle?"

"You've got sex on the brain," he said gently.

"I'm not looking for tarts. They look for me, as a rule."

"I'm sorry. I'm obsessed by the brute who destroyed me. I—I'll try to make sense." Robin calmed herself. "Let me understand you. You've taken me out of the hospital to offer me a job. You've heard of me. That means you want something special. My specialty is tele-sending."

"And charm."

"What?"

"I want to buy your charm, Miss Wednesday."

"I don't understand."

"Why," Foyle said mildly, "it ought to be simple for you. I'm the buffoon. I'm vulgarity, imbecility, obscenity. That's got to stop. I want you to be my social secretary."

"You expect me to believe that? You could hire a hundred social secretaries. You expect me to believe that I'm the only one for you? That you had to kidnap me from protective confinement to get me?"

Foyle nodded. "There are thousands, but you can tele-send."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You're going to be the ventriloquist; I'm going to be your dummy. I don't know the upper classes; you do. They have their own talk, their own jokes, their own manners. If a man wants to be accepted by them he's got to talk their language."

"You could learn."

"No. It would take too long—and charm can't be learned. I want to buy your charm, Miss Wednesday. Now, about salary. I'll pay you a thousand a month."

Her eyes widened. "You're very generous, Fourmyle."

"I'll clean up this suicide charge for you."

"You're very kind."





"You'll be back on the white list by the time you finish working for me. You can start with a clean slate and a bonus. You can start living again."

Robin's lips trembled, and then she began to cry. She sobbed and shook, and Foyle had to steady her. "Well," he asked. "Will you do it?"

She nodded. "You're so kind . . . It's . . . I'm not used to kindness any more."

The dull concussion of a distant explosion made Foyle stiffen. "Another blue jaunte. I—" he exclaimed in sudden panic.

"No," Robin said. "I don't know what blue jaunte is, but that's the Proving Ground. They—" She looked up at Foyle's face and screamed. The unexpected shock of the explosion and the vivid chain of associations had wrenched loose his iron control. The blood-red scars of tattooing showed under his skin. She stared at him in horror, still screaming.

He touched his face once, then leaped forward and gagged her. Once again he had hold of himself.

"It shows, eh?" he murmured with a ghastly smile. "Lost my grip for a minute. Thought I was back in Gouffre Martel. Yes, I'm Foyle. You had to know, sooner or later, but I'd hoped it would be later. Will you listen to me?"

She shook her head frantically, trying to struggle out of his grasp. With detached calm he punched her jaw. Robin sagged. Foyle picked her up, wrapped her in his coat and held her in his arms, waiting for consciousness to return. When he saw her eyelids flutter he spoke again.

"I could blackmail you," he said. "I know your mother and sisters are on Callisto, that you're classed as an alien—belligerent by association. That puts you on the blacklist, ipso facto. Is that right? Ipso facto. 'By the very fact.' Latin. You can't trust hypno-learning. I could point out that all I have to do is send anonymous information to Central Intelligence, and you wouldn't be just suspect any more. They'd be ripping information out of you."

He felt her shudder. "I'm not going to do it that way. I'm going to tell you the truth because I want to turn you into a partner. Your mother's in the Inner Planets. She may be on Terra."

"Safe?" she whispered.

"I don't know."

"Put me down."

He set her on her feet.

"You destroyed me once," she said in choked tones. "Are you trying to destroy me again?"

"No. Will you listen? I was lost in space. I was dead and rotting for six months. A ship came up that could have saved me. It passed me by. It let me die. A ship named 'Vorga.' Vorga-T:1339.' Does that mean anything to you?"

"No."

"Jiz McQueen—a friend of mine who's dead now—once told me to find out why I was left to rot. That would be the answer to who gave the order. So I started buying information about 'Vorga.' Any information."

"What's that to do with my mother?"

"Just listen. Information was tough to buy. The 'Vorga' records were removed from the Bo'ness & Lig files. I managed to locate three names, three out of a standard crew of four officers and twelve men. Nobody knew anything or nobody would talk. I found this." Foyle took a silver locket from his pocket and handed it to Robin. "It was pawned by some spaceman off the 'Vorga.' That's all I could find out."

Robin uttered a cry and opened the locket with trembling fingers. Inside was her picture and the pictures of two other girls. As the locket was opened, the holographs smiled and whispered: "Love from Robin, Mama . . . Love from Holly, Mama . . . Love from Wendy, Mama . . ."

"It is my mother's," Robin wept. "It—she—for pity's sake, where is she?"

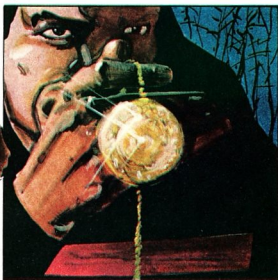
"I don't know," Foyle said steadily, "but I can guess. I think your mother got out of that concentration camp one way or another."

"My sisters too. She'd never leave them."

"Maybe your sisters too. I think 'Vorga' was running refugees out of Callisto. Your family paid with money and jewelry to get aboard and be taken to the Inner Planets. That's how a spaceman off the 'Vorga' came to pawn this locket."

"Then where are they?"

"I don't know. Maybe they were dumped on Mars or Venus. Most probably they were sold to a labor camp on the Moon, which is why they haven't been able to get in touch with you. I don't know where they are, but 'Vorga' can tell us."



"Are you lying? Tricking me?"

"Is that locket a lie? I'm telling the truth... all the truth I know. I want to find out why they left me to die, and who gave the order. The man who gave the order will know where your mother and sisters are. He'll tell you... before I kill him. He'll have plenty of time. He'll be a long time dying."

Robin looked at him in horror. The passion that gripped him was making his face once again show the scarlet stigmata. He looked like a tiger closing in for the kill.

"I've got a fortune to spend... never mind how I got it. I've got three months to finish the job. I've learned enough math to compute the probabilities. Three months is the outside before they figure that Fourmyle of Ceres is Gully Foyle. Ninety days. From New

Year's to All Fools. Will you join me?"

"You?" Robin cried with loathing. "Join you?"

"All this Four Mile Circus is camouflage. Nobody ever suspects a clown. I've been studying, learning, preparing for the finish. All I need now is you."

"You're hurting me." Robin wrenched her arm out of Foyle's grasp.

"Sorry. I lose control when I think about 'Vorga.' Will you help me find 'Vorga' and your family?"

"You're rotten," Robin burst out. "You destroy everything you touch. Someday I'll pay you back."

"We work together from New Year's to All Fools?"

"We work together."





On New Year's Eve, Geoffrey Fourmyle of Ceres made his onslaught on society. He appeared first in Canberra at the Government House ball, half an hour before midnight. This was a highly formal affair, bursting with color and pageantry, for it was the custom at formals for society to wear the evening dress that had been fashionable the year its clan was founded or its trademark patented.



Fourmyle of Ceres appeared in evening clothes, very modern and very black, relieved only by a white sunburst on his shoulder, the trademark of the Ceres clan. With him was Robin Wednesbury in a glittering white gown.

The black and white contrast was so arresting that an orderly was sent to check the sunburst trademark in the Almanac of Peerages and Patents. He returned with the news that it was of the Ceres Mining Company, organized in 2250. The House of Ceres had gone into eclipse, but had never become extinct.



"Fourmyle? The clown?"  
"Yes. The Four Mile Circus. Everybody's talking about him."

Society clustered around Fourmyle, curious but wary.

"Here they come," Foyle muttered to Robin.

"Relax. They want the light touch. They'll accept anything if it's amusing. Stay tuned."



"Are you that dreadful man with the circus, Fourmyle?"

"Sure you are. Smile."

"I am, madam. You may touch me."

"Are you proud of your bad taste?"

"The problem today is to have any taste at all."

"The problem today is to have any taste at all. I think I'm lucky."



"Lucky but dreadfully indecent."

"Indecent but not dull."

"Why aren't you cavorting now?"

"I'm under the influence, madam."

"Oh dear. Are you drunk? I'm Lady Shrapnel. When will you be sober again?"

"I'm under your influence, Lady Shrapnel."



"You wicked young man. Charles! Charles, come here and save Fourmyle. I'm ruining him."

"That's Victor of RCA Victor."

"Fourmyle, is it? Delighted. What's that entourage of yours cost?"

"Tell him the truth."

"Forty thousand, Victor."



"Forty thousand a week?"

"A day."

"A day! What on earth d'you want to spend all that money for?"

"The truth!"

"For notoriety, Victor."

"Hal! Are you serious?"

"I told you he was wicked, Charles."



"Damned refreshing. Klaus! Here a moment. This impudent, young man is spending forty thousand a day... for notoriety, if you please."

"Skoda of Skoda."

"Good evening, Fourmyle. I am much interested in this revival of the name. You are, perhaps, a cadet descendant of the original founding board of Ceres, Inc.?"



"Give him the truth."

"No, Skoda. It's a title by purchase. I bought the company. I'm an upstart."

"Good. Toujours de l'audace!"

"My word, Fourmyle! You're frank!"

"Told you he was impudent. Very refreshing. There's a parcel of damned upstarts, young man, but they don't admit it."



"Elizabeth, meet Fourmyle of Ceres."

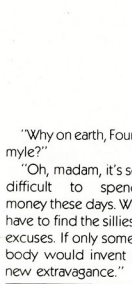
"Fourmyle! I've been dying to meet you."

"Lady Elizabeth Citroen."

"Is it true you travel with a portable college?"

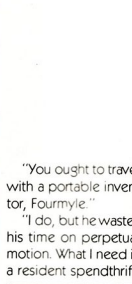
"The light touch here."

"A portable high school, Lady Elizabeth."



"Why on earth, Fourmyle?"

"Oh, madam, it's so difficult to spend money these days. We have to find the silliest excuses. If only somebody would invent a new extravagance."



"You ought to travel with a portable inventor, Fourmyle."

"I do, but he wastes his time on perpetual motion. What I need is a resident spendthrift."



Would any of your clans care to lend me a younger son?"

"Would any of us care to? There's many a clan would pay for the privilege of unloading."

"Isn't perpetual motion spendthrift enough for you, Fourmyle?"



"No. It's a shocking waste of money. The whole point of extravagance is to act like a fool and feel like a fool, but enjoy it. Where's the joy in perpetual motion? Is there any extravagance in entropy? Millions for nonsense, but not one cent for entropy. My slogan."



They laughed and the crowd clustering around Fourmyle grew. They were delighted and amused. He was a new toy. Then it was midnight, and as the great clock tolled in the New Year, the gathering prepared to jaunte with midnight around the world.



"Come with us, Fourmyle. Regis Sheffield's giving a marvelous legal party."

"Hong Kong, Fourmyle."

"Tokyo, Fourmyle. It's raining in Hong Kong. Come to Tokyo and bring your circus."



"Thank you, no. Shanghai for me. I promise an extravagant reward to the first one who discovers the deception of my costume. Meet you in two hours. Ready, Robin?"



"Don't jaunte. Bad manners. Walk out. Slowly. Languor is chic. Respects to the governor ... to the commissioner ... their ladies ... bien. Don't forget to tip the attendants. Not him, idiot! That's the lieutenant governor. All right, you made a hit. You're accepted. Now what?"



"Now what we came to Canberra for."

"I thought we came for the ball."

"The ball and a man named Forrest."

"Who's that?"

"Ben Forrest, spaceman off the 'Vorga.'"

I've got three leads to the man who gave the order to let me die. Three names. A cook in Rome named Poggi; a quack in Shang-



hai named Ore; and this man, Forrest."

"We've got two hours to find Forrest. Do you know the coordinates of the Aussie Cannery?"

"I don't want any part of your revenge. I'm searching for my family."

"This is a combined operation," he said with such detached savagery that she winced and at once jaunted.



When Foyle arrived in his tent in the Four Mile Circus on Jervis Beach, she was already changing into travel clothes. Foyle looked at her. Although he forced her to live in his tent for security reasons, he had never touched her. Robin caught his glance, stopped changing, and waited.



He shook his head. "That's all finished."

"How interesting. You've given up rape?"

"Get dressed," he said, controlling himself.

"Tell them they've got two hours to get the camp up to Shanghai."

It was twelve-thirty when Foyle and Robin arrived at the front office of the Aussie Cannery company town. They applied for identification tags and were greeted by the mayor himself.

"Happy New Year," he caroled. "Happy! Happy! Happy! Visiting? A pleasure to drive you around. Permit me." He bundled them into a lush helicopter and took off. "Lots of visitors tonight. Ours is a friendly town. Friendliest company town in the world." The craft circled giant buildings below.



"Do tell," Foyle murmured.

"Yessir, we've got everything. You don't have to jaunte around the world looking for fun."

"Having absentee problems, I see."

The mayor refused to falter in his sales pitch. "We can afford more luxury transportation per capita than any other town on earth. Look at those homes. Mansions. Our people are rich and happy. We keep 'em rich and happy."

"Do you keep them?"

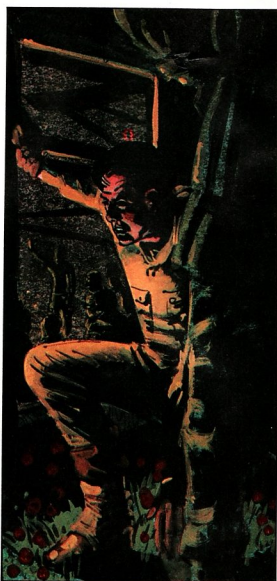
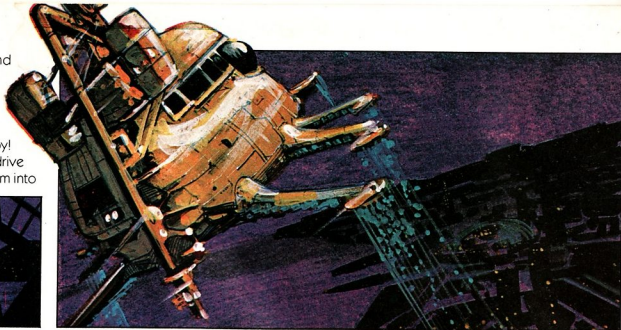
"What d'you mean? Of course we—"

"You can tell us. We're not job prospects. Do you keep them?"

"We can't keep 'em more than six months," the mayor groaned. "It's a headache. We give 'em everything but we can't hold on to 'em. They get the wanderlust and jaunte."

"Nobody can."

"There ought to be a law. Forrest, you said? Right here."



He landed them before a Swiss chalet set in an acre of gardens and took off. Foyle and Robin stepped before the door of the house, waiting for the monitor to pick them up and announce them. Instead, the door flashed red, and a skull and crossbones appeared on it. "WARNING: THIS RESIDENCE IS MAN-TRAPPED BY THE LETHAL DEFENSE CORPORATION OF SWEDEN. R:77-93. YOU HAVE BEEN LEGALLY NOTIFIED."

They walked around the chalet, pursued by the skull and crossbones flashing at intervals, and the canned warning. At one side, they saw the top of a cellar window brightly illuminated and heard the muffled voices.

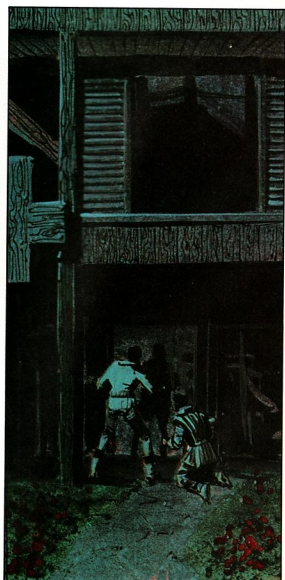
"Cellar Christians!" Foyle exclaimed. He and Robin peered through the window at a highly illegal scene. The twenty-fourth century had outlawed organized religion.

"No wonder the house is man-trapped," Foyle said.

"Did you ever stop to think what religion is?" Robin asked quietly.

"This is no time for dirty talk," Foyle said impatiently. "Save it for later. Come."

The rear of the chalet was a solid wall of glass, the picture window of a dimly lit, empty living room.

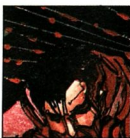




Foyle triggered his body, accelerated into a lightning blur, and smashed a hole in the glass wall.



Far down on the sound spectrum he heard dull concussions. They were shots. Quick projectiles laced toward him. Foyle dropped to the floor and tuned his ears, sweeping from low bass to supersonic until at last he picked up the hum of the control mechanism.



He turned his head gently, pinpointed the location by binaural D/F, wove in through the stream of shots, and demolished the mechanism. He decelerated.

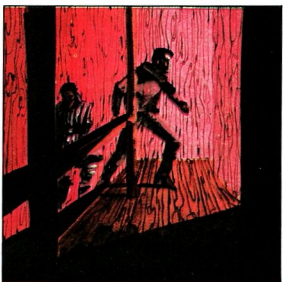


"Come in, quick!" Robin joined him. The Cellar Christians were pouring up into the house somewhere, emitting the sounds of martyrs.



"Wait here," Foyle grunted. He accelerated, located the Cellar Christians in poses of frozen flight, and sorted through them. He returned to Robin and decelerated.

"None of them is Forrest," he reported. "Maybe he's upstairs." They raced up the back stairs. On the landing they paused to take bearings.



"Have to work fast," Foyle muttered. "Between the shots and the riot—" He broke off. A low mewling sound came from a door at the head of the stairs. Foyle sniffed.



"Analogue!" he exclaimed. "Must be Forrest. How about that? Religion in the cellar and dope upstairs."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'll explain later. In here. I only hope he isn't on a gorilla kick."



They were in a large, bare room. A heavy rope was suspended from the ceiling. A naked man was entwined with the rope midway in the air. He squirmed and slithered up and down the rope, emitting a mewling sound.

"Python," Foyle said. "That's a break. Don't go near him. He'll mash your bones if he touches you."



Voices below began to call: "Forrest! What's all the shooting!"

"Here they come," Foyle grunted. "Have to jaunte him out of here. Meet you back at the beach. Go!"

He whipped a knife out of his pocket, cut the rope, swung the squirming man to his back, and jaunted.



Foyle arrived with the squirming man oozing over his neck and shoulders like a python, crushing him in a terrifying embrace.





"Sinbad," he said in a strangled voice. "Old Man of the Sea. Quick girl! Right pockets. Three over. Two down. Sting ampule. Let him have it anyway—" His voice was choked off.

Robin opened the pocket, found a packet of glass beads, and took them out. Each bead had a bee-sting end. She thrust the sting of an ampule into the writhing man's neck. He collapsed. Foyle shook him off and arose from the sand. He took a deep breath. "Blood and bowels. Control," he said.



"What was all that horror?" Robin asked. "Analogue. Psychiatric dope for psychotics. Illegal. A twitch has to release himself somehow. He identifies with a particular kind of animal—gorilla, grizzly. Takes the dope and turns into the animal he admires. Forrest was queer for snakes, seems as if."

"How do you know all this?"

"Told you I've been studying. Show you something else I've learned, if you're not chicken-livered. How to bring a twitch out of Analogue."



Forrest cried out in terror.

"You were aboard the 'Vorga' on September 16, 2436."

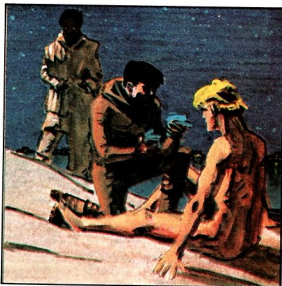
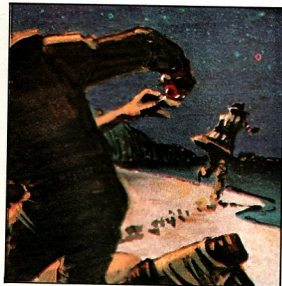
The man sobbed and shook his head.

"On September sixteen you passed a wreck. Out near the asteroid belt. Wreck of the 'Nomad,' your sister ship. She signaled for help. 'Vorga' passed her by. Left her to drift and die. Why did 'Vorga' pass her by?"

Forrest began to scream hysterically.

"The records are all gone from the Bo'ness & Uig files. Someone got to them before me. Who was that? Who was aboard 'Vorga'? Who shipped with you?"

"No," Forrest screamed. "No!"



Foyle opened another pocket in his battle coveralls and got to work on Forrest. Robin watched for a moment, then uttered a horrified cry, turned and walked to the edge of the water. She stood, staring blindly at the surf and the stars, until the mewling and the twisting ceased and Foyle called to her.

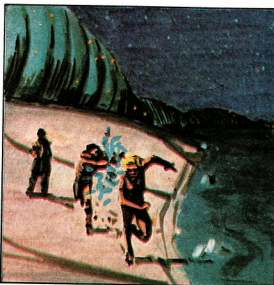
"You can come back now."

Robin returned to find a shattered creature seated upright on the beach gazing at Foyle with dull, sober eyes.

"You're Forrest?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"You're Ben Forrest, leading spaceman. Formerly aboard the Presteign 'Vorga.'"



Foyle held a sheaf of bank notes before the hysterical man's face. "I'll pay for the information. Analogue for the rest of your life. Who gave the order to Forrest? Who?"

The man smote the bank notes from Foyle's hand, leaped up, and ran down the beach. Foyle tackled him at the edge of the surf. Forrest fell headlong, his face in the water. Foyle held him there.

"Who commanded 'Vorga,' Forrest? Who gave the order?"

"You're drowning him!" Robin cried.

"Let him suffer a little. Water's easier than vacuum. I suffered for six months. Who gave the order, Forrest?"

The man bubbled and choked. Foyle lifted his head out of the water. "What are you? Loyal? Crazy? Scared? Your kind would sell out for five thousand. I'm offering fifty. Fifty thousand for information or you die slow and hard."

The tattooing appeared on Foyle's face. He forced Forrest's head back into the water and held the struggling man. Robin tried to pull him off.

"You're murdering him!"

Foyle turned his terrifying face on Robin. "Get your hands off me! Who was aboard with you, Forrest? Who gave the order?"

Forrest twisted his head out of the water. "Twelve of us on 'Vorga,'" he screamed. "There was me and Kemp—"

He jerked spasmodically and sagged. Foyle pulled his body out of the surf.

"Go on. You and who? Kemp? Who else? Talk."

There was no response.

"Dead," he growled. "Just when he was opening up. What a damned break." He took a deep breath and drew calm about him like an iron cloak. The tattooing disappeared from his face. He adjusted his watch for 120 degrees east longitude. "Almost midnight in Shanghai. Let's go."

"Maybe we'll have better luck with Sergei Orel, pharmacist's mate off the 'Vorga.' Don't look so scared, girl. Jaunte!"

Robin gasped. He saw that she was staring over his shoulder with an expression of incredulity. Foyle turned. A flaming figure loomed on the beach, a huge man with burning clothes and a hideously tattooed face. It was himself.

Foyle took a step toward it, and abruptly it was gone.

He turned to Robin, stunned. "Did you see that?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"You."

"Me? How's that possible? How—"

"It was you."

"But—" He faltered, the strength and furious possession drained out of him. "Was it illusion? Hallucination?"

"It was Gully Foyle," Robin said, "burning in hell."

"All right," Foyle burst out angrily. "It was me in hell, but I'm still going through with it. If I burn in hell, Vorga'll burn with me." He pounded his palms together. "Shanghai next. Jaunte!"





# The Indestructible Heavy Metal T-shirt!

It stands up to any challenge the universe can mete out. Natural cotton fibers provide comfort and durability, cut to allow full mobility in combat. The bold *Heavy Metal* logo proclaims that yours is the garment of the future.

Available by mail from *Heavy Metal*. Black or red, sizes small, medium, or large. Six dollars each, plus sixty cents for postage and handling.

## HEAVY METAL

DEPT. 1179  
635 Madison Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ *Heavy Metal* T-shirt(s) at \$6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt.

Black ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐  
Red ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.





