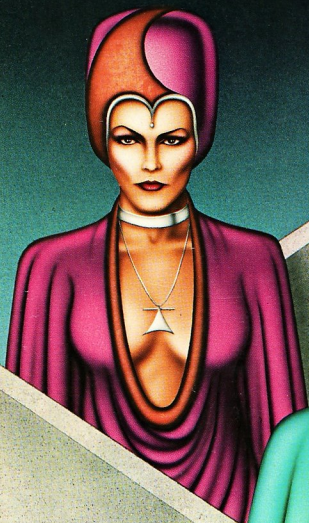


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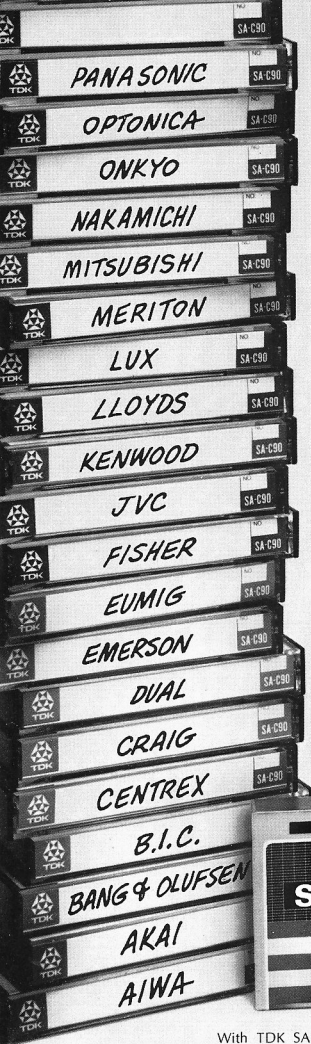
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HEARTACHE TONIGHT  
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY  
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NEW KID IN TOWN  
LIFE'S BEEN GOOD  
SEVEN BRIDGES ROAD

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TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT  
DOOLIN-DALTON (REPRISE II)  
DESPERADO  
SATURDAY NIGHT  
ALL NIGHT LONG  
LIFE IN THE FAST LANE  
TAKE IT EASY

Produced by BILL SZYMCHYK

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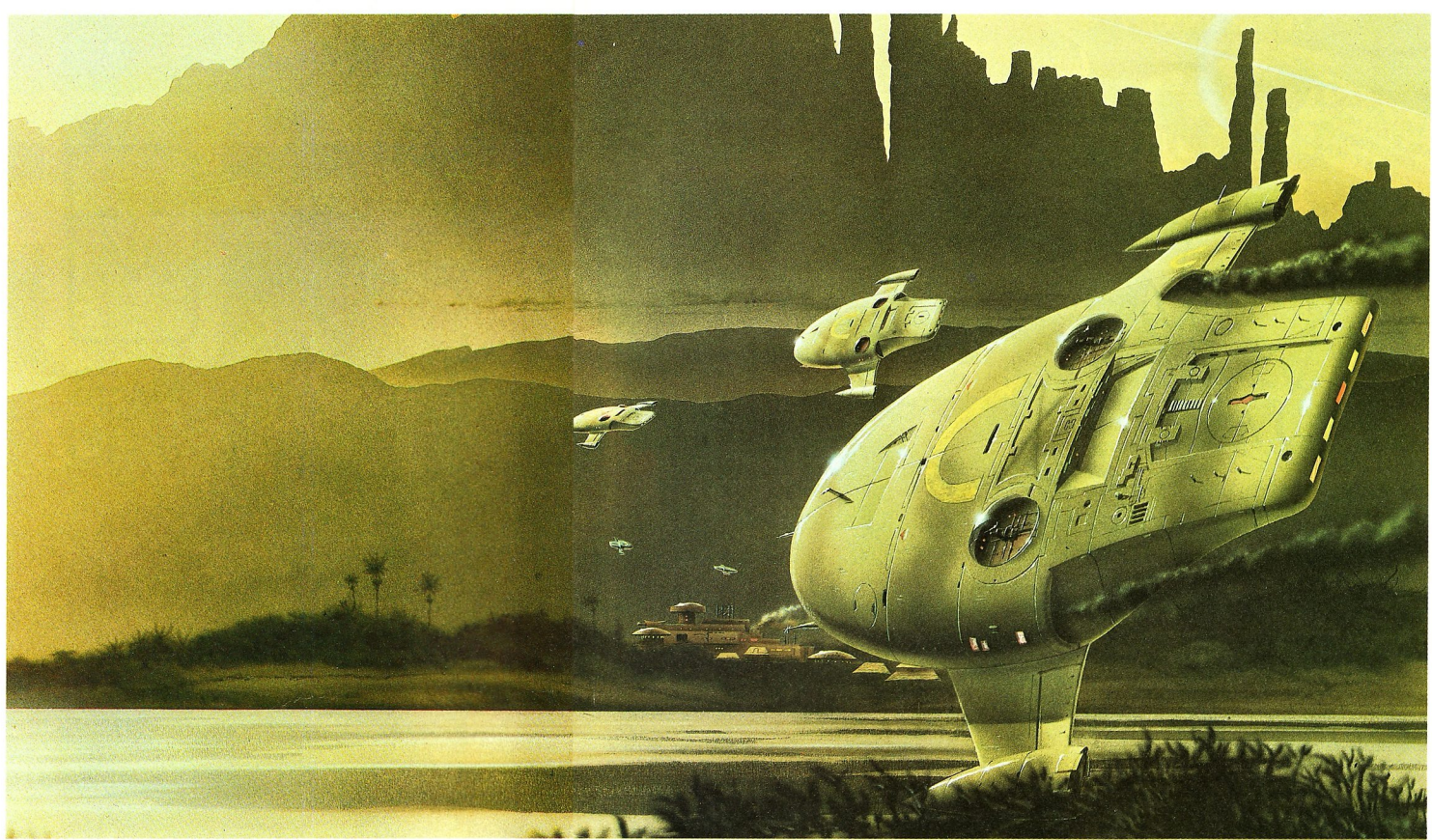
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## Chain Mail

Dear Sirs:

The existence of death is a fact which has an important role to play in fiction; but I found the way in which the subject was exploited in Nicole Claveloux's *Sans Family* to be disgusting. Her notable artistic style could be applied far more creatively; in this case it is left virtually without merit. That the story was included with the many other extremely worthwhile pieces in Nov. '80 *HM* greatly reduced the value of the issue.

I realize that this is a matter of opinion. But I would like to make my opinion clear that I would not like to see this type of material repeated.

Martin Otterson  
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Dear *HM*:

I suppose I can guess, but there is no substitute for facts, such as why certain changes were made in Corben's "The Beast of Wolf-ton." Why did "the land later called Britain" become "ancient lands north of Canisland"? Why did "Sir John" become "Sir Normb" and "Lady Ellen" become "Lady Chabita"? My

guess is that it was intended to place the setting alongside the other Corben opus, "Rowlf." But was it Mr. Corben or *HM* that saw fit to instigate such changes? Niggling details to be sure, but one's curiosity is piqued at such trivia.

G. Davis  
Portland, Oregon

Dear Gary:

*Yes, I did make the changes you mentioned partially because of "Rowlf." Originally, I had intended "The Beast of Wolf-ton," "Rowlf," and "Spirit of the Beast" to work out as a trilogy. I also wanted to make it a bit less realistic—bring it more into a realm of fantasy.*

—Richard Corben

Dear Editor:

As one of your charter subscribers, I was dismayed to read that you have bowed to the criticisms of your more intolerant readers and cancelled the columns. All of them have been interesting, informative reading, but Lou Stathis's Muzick has been especially so.

I thank him for turning me on to the Residents, impLOG, Snakefinger, the new Beefheart, and all of the other progressive and experimental rok he has written about. He is the rarest of birds: a critic whose word I can trust completely. He says buy and I buy and I have not been disappointed. Now you're

dumping him. Well, the least you can do is give me his address or tell me what paper is going to print him so I can read that.

Those of you who consider yourself "purists" have scuttled some of the best reading in town.

I applaud your November cover as the best ever. If you decide to make posters of your covers available, start with that. Do consider a special all-Japanese issue, too. You might also think about doubling the number of pages per issue. I would be happy to pay more for a larger *HM*. What I don't understand is how you make it with so few ads. Many compliments on your rock issue, too.

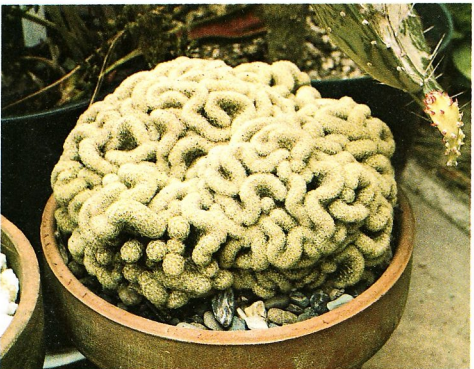
Thirty galactic years in an aether box to all involved in the decision to scuttle the columns. I look to 1/81 with trepidation.

Michael Pearce  
Portland, Oregon

M.P.:

*Hey, we're not as easygoing as all that. We didn't decide to take out our columns because of "peer" pressure—we're not quite that easily moved by the prospect of making a fast buck. The decision was a mutual one made by the editorial staff. It certainly was ignited by pro and con comments regarding the columns, but *HM* can offer you much more as an art magazine highlighting the best comic artists throughout the world.*

—The Eds.



# EARTH IS STRANGE ENOUGH

by Robert Silverberg

Six or seven years ago, after two decades as a professional science-fiction writer, I found myself terminally tired of fooling around with androids, star ships, and bug-eyed monsters. The royalties on my books were coming in nicely. I was drawing nifty dividends from some good investments, and my mortgage was paid off. And so I came to one of those apocalyptic decisions: I walked away from my career. To my agent, my publishers, my friends, my readers, and anyone else within earshot I loudly announced that I was giving up writing "forever."

As it happened, "forever" lasted about five years. Then an item called *Lord Valentine's Castle* wandered out of my typewriter, and somehow I found myself back in business. That's okay. If my mind wants to change itself, who am I to argue with it?

But people ask me a lot of questions about the five years of my retirement. "Didn't you write *anything*?" Well, *letters and checks*. "Weren't you *bored*?" *Not for a moment*. "But what did you do all that time?"

Well, among other things, I planted a garden.

Plenty of good precedent for that. The Roman general Cincinnatus was summoned from his garden to be dictator. After he conquered the Aequians and saved his country, he resigned his office and went back to his garden. And Voltaire's *Candide*, after suffering every imaginable calamity, married his beloved and settled down to cultivate *his* garden. Thomas Jefferson, when he wearied of politics, carried out all sorts of horticultural experiments at Monticello.

But the garden I planted was a science-fiction garden.

*continued on page 96*



# Bloodstar

In the last episode, Earth was nearly destroyed by a huge, unforeseen orb, blasting from up above. It caused the waters to overflow, the earth to burn, and most of the planet's inhabitants to die in less than a fortnight. Remaining was a desolate planet, with only a few survivors.

THE PAST WAS OF NO IMPORTANCE.  
THERE WAS ONLY THE PRESENT...AND  
THE HUNGER OF THE HUNTERS...



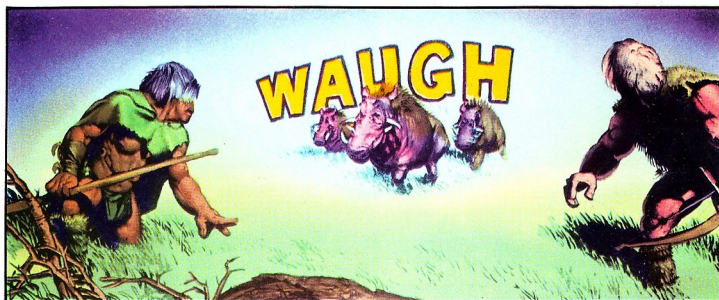
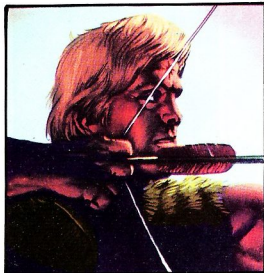
THE TWO HUNTERS CREPT DOWNWIND OF  
THE MILLING HERD, KEEPING THEIR MINDS  
AS BLANK AS POSSIBLE.



THE CREATURES CONTINUED TO MUNCH  
PEACEFULLY AND UNAWARES. THEIR MUSK WAS  
PUNGENT IN THE HOT AFTERNOON AIR. SO  
INTENT WERE YOUNG BLOODSTAR AND OLD  
GROM ON THEIR PREY THAT BOTH MISSED  
A STIRRING IN THE GRASS BEHIND THEM.

DRAWING THE BOWSTRING TAUT, BLOODSTAR FELT THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK RISE. HIS HEART BEGAN TO POUND WITH UNEASE.

THE WOLF STEEDS SENSED SOMETHING TOO AND SOUNDED THE FIRST ALARM OF THE MENACE STALKING THEM.



A GROUP OF SAVAGE TOAD HOGS SUDDENLY CHARGED THE HUNTERS WITH BLINDING SPEED. FEARED BY ALL TRIBES BECAUSE OF THEIR GASHING TUSKS AND CONSISTENTLY EVIL TEMPER, THEY DID NOT TURN ASIDE EVEN WHEN THE FIRST ARROWS THUDDED INTO THEIR ARMORED HIDES. GROM TURNED TO GET OUT OF THE WAY—





FOR THE OLD HUNTER, THE WORLD WAS FILLED  
WITH SUDDEN AGONIZING PAIN, A SOFT,  
CRIMSON SILENCE.



HE LASHED OUT WITH  
HIS BLADE, CURIOUSLY  
FEELING NO HATRED  
FOR THE BEAST HE  
WAS GUTTING.



TURNING, THE YOUTH  
SAW HIS FRIEND'S FALL  
AS IF IT WERE A  
LIFETIME AWAY.



THERE WAS ONLY THE  
SWIFT NEED TO LEAP  
TO HIS COMPANION'S  
AID, TO HELP HIM TO  
HIS FEET, TO JOKE  
ABOUT HIS  
CARELESSNESS.



THERE WAS A TENSE PAUSE. THE FIRST BEAST HAD FALLEN, ANOTHER WAS STAGGERING ABOUT AS ITS LIFEBLOOD GUSHED OUT UPON THE GROUND. THE LAST HOG GLARED AT THE YOUTH. ITS WARTY SIDES HEAVED. BLOODSTAR STOOD OVER HIS FRIEND, WONDERING HOW SEVERE HIS WOUNDS WERE. GROM WAS LYING SO STILL. CAREFULLY, BLOODSTAR REACHED FOR THE OLD HUNTER'S SPEAR.

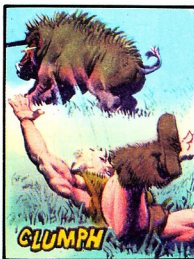
THE SECOND HOG COLLAPSED...

SIGNALING THE DEATH CHARGE OF THE LAST.

**SNORT!**  
**ERRROUGH!**



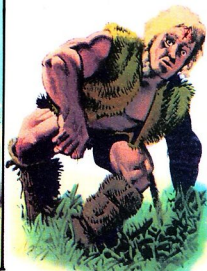
THE TWO ADVERSARIES COLLIDED IN MIDAIR



TO LAND WITH BONE-JARRING FORCE. THE BEAST SHUDDERED, THE SPEAR SHAFT WAVING GROTESQUELY,




AND THEN IT TOO FELL DEAD.



PICKING HIMSELF UP, BLOODSTAR LIMPED OVER TO GROM.

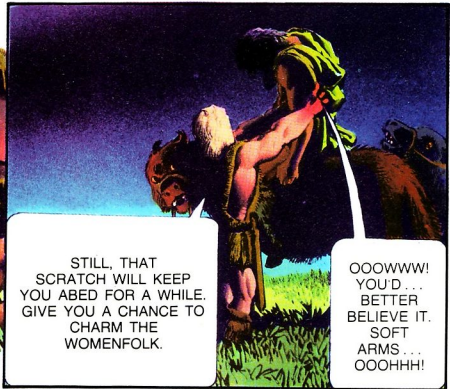
THE SPEAR POINT PENETRATED THE MONSTER'S EYE AND SLID INTO ITS BRAIN. THE HOG SQUEALED, TOSSEING BLOODSTAR HIGH INTO THE AIR...





SEE?  
NOTHING—A SCRATCH—  
I'M JUST RESTING... WANTED  
TO SEE IF YOU COULD HANDLE  
THOSE PIGGIES YOURSELF.


YES, GROM,  
I CAN SEE  
YOU'VE  
GOT...  
GUTS.




STILL, THAT  
SCRATCH WILL KEEP  
YOU ABED FOR A WHILE.  
GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO  
CHARM THE  
WOMENFOLK.

OOOWWWW!  
YOU'D...  
BETTER  
BELIEVE IT.  
SOFT  
ARMS...  
OOOHHH!

AT FIRST YOUNG BLOODSTAR  
TREMBLED FOR THE OLD HUNTER'S  
LIFE: THE TUSK WOUND WAS WIDE AND  
DEEP, BUT HAVING STOPPED THE  
BLOOD FLOW AND CHEERED BY GROM'S  
SARCASTIC SPIRITS, HE BEGAN TO  
THINK HIS FRIEND WAS UNKILLABLE.  
BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE  
AESIR VILLAGE, HOWEVER, GROM WAS  
FEVERISH, PALE, AND WEAK. THE  
MEDICINE MAN WHO TENDED HIM CAME  
TO BLOODSTAR WITH GRIM NEWS.  
THE YOUTH TRIED TO BLINK AWAY THE  
BURNING TEARS OF GRIEF.



HE'S DYING,  
BLOODSTAR, I FEAR HE  
WILL NOT LAST TILL  
DAWN. GO TO HIM.  
HE WANTS TO SPEAK  
WITH YOU.



SO, LITTLE BLOODSTAR!  
GROM IS DYING. KILLED BY A PIG!  
WHAT A WAY TO GO! LISTEN, FOR  
THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME. I WANT TO  
TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR FATHER,  
BLOODSTAR THE ELDER—HE WHO  
FIRST BORE THAT CRIMSON MARK  
UPON HIS FOREHEAD. HOW  
LIKE HIM YOU ARE!

YOU'VE HEARD  
ME SPEAK OF THE KING  
OF THE NORTHERN  
ABYSS.

NOW I WANT  
YOU TO KNOW 'T WAS  
YOUR FATHER WHO  
DEFEATED THAT LOATHLY  
THING WHICH CRAWLED  
UP OUT OF THE PIT  
OF HELL.

ONCE, LONG AGO, A BAND OF BLOND  
GIANTS ENTERED MY PEOPLE'S LAND.  
THEY WERE PART OF A WARRIOR  
CLAN WHO HAD MIGRATED FROM THE  
SMOKING SOUTHLANDS. THEY  
WEREN'T WELCOME, EITHER! OUR WAR  
FIRES BLAZED AS WE PREPARED  
TO GREET THE STRANGERS PROPERLY.

THEY RODE WOLFMUTES—CREATURES  
WE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE—OR WALKED  
ALONG BOLDLY: OLD MEN, NAKED CHILDREN,  
BRONZED, PAINTED WARRIORS AND THEIR  
WOMEN, WHOSE YELLOW LOCKS WERE LIKE  
SUNLIGHT UPON WATER.

OUR SCOUTS WATCHED THEIR COLUMN PASS. AT ITS  
HEAD RODE A FIERCE-EYED FIGURE: BYRDAG,  
WAR CHIEF OF THE AESIR. AN ORNATE ARMBAND  
IDENTIFIED HIS LEADERSHIP.

ONE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN ALSO WORE  
A SIMILAR ARMBAND—HELVA, THE CHIEF'S  
DAUGHTER. WHAT A BEAUTY!



WE WATCHED THEM PASS THROUGH THE HILLS AND THOUGHT THEY MIGHT NOT STOP. WHAT BLIND IMPULSE OR RESTLESS WHIM HAD BROUGHT THEM INTO OUR LAND, WE COULDN'T GUESS. ALL WE KNEW WAS THAT THEY HAD TO BE DRIVEN OUT—OR DESTROYED!

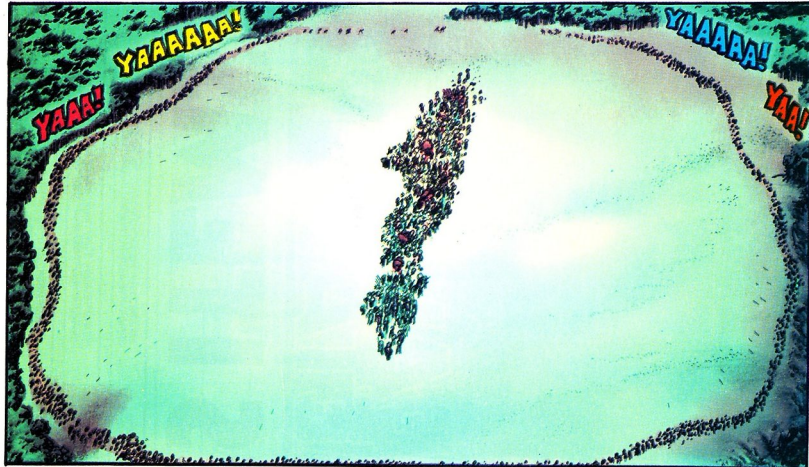


MY EYES WERE DRAWN TO THE TWO TALLEST WARRIORS, WHO MARCHED ALONG TOGETHER, LAUGHING AND JOKING WITH EACH OTHER. I SOON LEARNED THEY WERE LOKNAR THE BOLD AND BLOODSTAR, HUNTER-COMRADES AND FRIENDLY RIVALS IN THE BRUTAL SPORT OF BATTLE. THEY SEEMED ALMOST LIKE BROTHERS.

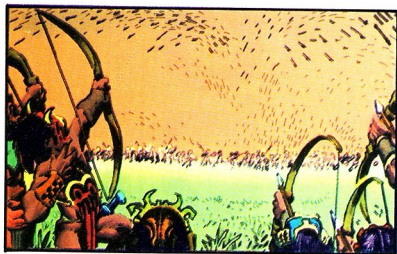


THEY HEARD OUR WAR DRUMS BOOMING AS THEY CAME OUT UPON AN OPEN PLATEAU BETWEEN THE HILLS. SUDDENLY THE POUNDING CEASED. MENACING SILENCE FELL. THEY KNEW SOMETHING WAS COMING—





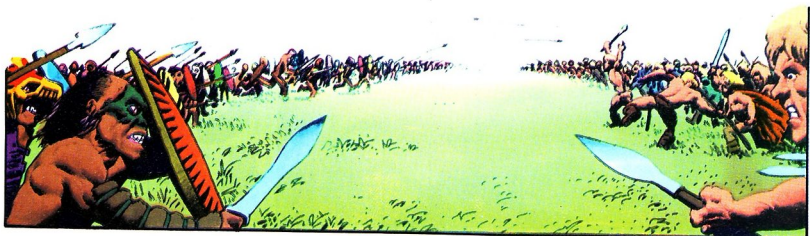
WE THUNDERED OUR MASSED WAR CRY  
TO THE GRAY HEAVENS AS WE GREETED  
THE INTRUDERS WITH FEATHERED DEATH.



THE RING CLOSED. BY ZEG! THEY REPAID  
US WITH THEIR OWN HISSING CLOUDS.

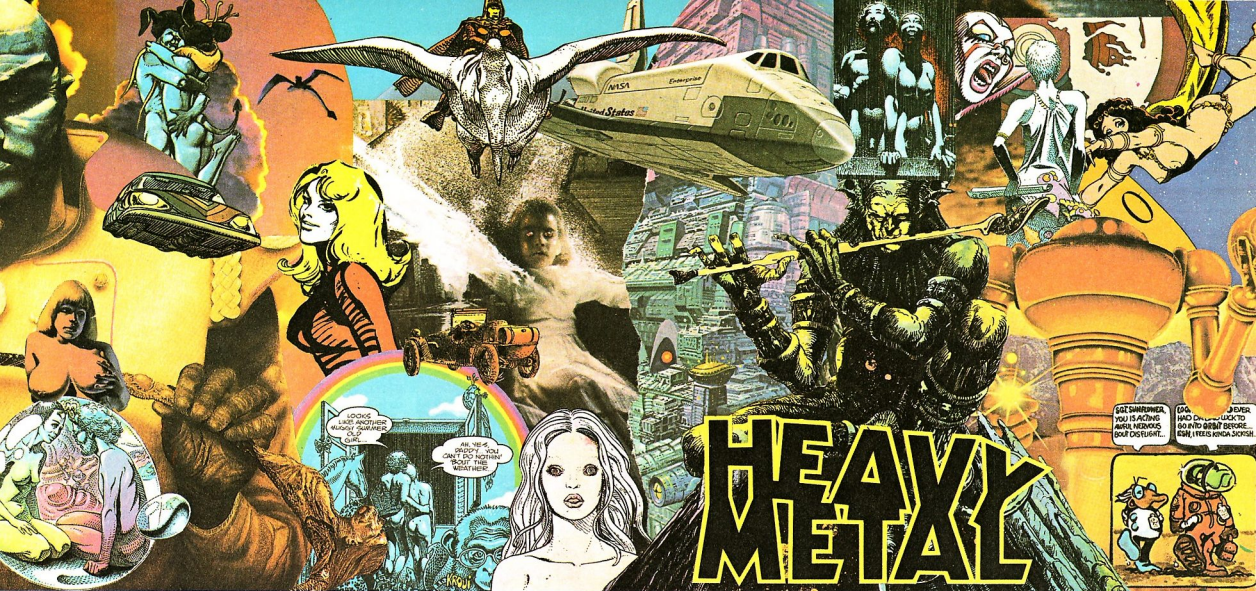


THE PRELIMINARIES OVER, BOTH FORCES SPREAD OUT  
AND FELL UPON EACH OTHER WITH SWORD AND SPEAR.



TO BE CONTINUED . . .





# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**#1/APRIL, 1977:** *The Collector's Edition*, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bodé's "Sunpot," and more. (\$5.00)

**#4/JULY, 1977:** Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also the final installment of "Sunpot." (\$3.00)

**#7/OCTOBER, 1977:** Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airlight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" redux, yet more. (\$3.00)

**#10/JANUARY, 1978:** Morrow illustrates Zelazny. Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues. (\$3.00)

**#2/MAY, 1977:** Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more. (\$4.00)

**#5/AUGUST, 1977:** The saga of Polonius begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "The World Apart" and "Den" continue. (\$3.00)

**#8/NOVEMBER, 1977:** New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." (\$3.00)

**#11/FEBRUARY, 1978:** New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. (\$3.00)

**#3/JUNE, 1977:** Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart." Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more. (\$3.00)

**#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977:** Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius." (\$3.00)

**#9/DECEMBER, 1977:** Extra pages for the complete "Vuz" by Druliet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. (\$3.00)

**#12/MARCH, 1978:** Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den." (\$3.00)

**#13/APRIL, 1978:** Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9, and Barbarella gives birth, while Den wraps it up. (\$3.00)

**#16/JULY, 1978:** A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Drulilet's "Gail," yet more "Heilmann," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." (\$3.00)

**#19/OCTOBER, 1978:** "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. (\$3.00)

**#22/JANUARY, 1979:** Trina makes her debut here, and Drulilet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? (\$3.00)

**#25/APRIL, 1979:** Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the Alien portfolio and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more... (\$3.00)

**#28/JULY, 1979:** Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. (\$3.00)

**#31/OCTOBER, 1979:** Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Drulilet, Suydam, others. (\$3.00)

**#34/JANUARY, 1980:** A new year—a new decade—begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! (\$3.00)

**#37/APRIL, 1980:** Our Third Anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final instalment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more! (\$3.00)

**#40/JULY, 1980:** "The Alchemist Supreme" continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky, Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." (\$3.00)

**#43/OCTOBER, 1980:** Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Drulilet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! (\$3.00)

**#14/MAY, 1978:** "Um the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. (\$3.00)

**#17/AUGUST, 1978:** Sorry—SOLD OUT!

**#20/NOVEMBER, 1978:** Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, Heilmann's final rebirth, more. (\$3.00)

**#23/FEBRUARY, 1979:** "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. (\$3.00)

**#26/MAY, 1979:** It's all-American (except for Drulilet's "Disco" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." (\$3.00)

**#29/AUGUST, 1979:** Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more. (\$3.00)

**#32/NOVEMBER, 1979:** Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elic," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

**#35/FEBRUARY, 1980:** An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolton" begins, McKie Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. (\$3.00)

**#38/MAY, 1980:** Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. (\$3.00)

**#41/AUGUST, 1980:** Drulilet returns with the first instalment of "Salamambo," while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed), Bilal continues "Progress." (\$3.00)

**#44/NOVEMBER, 1980:** With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springfield, and Bilal. (\$3.00)

**#15/JUNE, 1978:** Corbin introduces Shahrazad, Surgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilmann." (\$3.00)

**#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978:** Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilmann," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. (\$3.00)

**#21/DECEMBER, 1978:** The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. (\$3.00)

**#24/MARCH, 1979:** Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show. (\$3.00)

**#27/JUNE, 1979:** Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." (\$3.00)

**#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979:** "Elic," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius. (\$3.00)

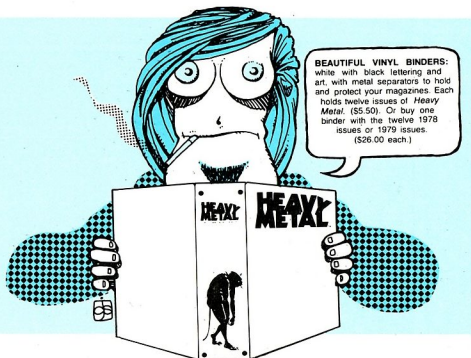
**#33/DECEMBER, 1979:** A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolofo, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." (\$3.00)

**#36/MARCH, 1980:** Why did The Crevasse take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schulten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." (\$3.00)

**#39/JUNE, 1980:** Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sierrn saves the day. And in their revenge, The Flying Wallendas vs. The Earth! (\$3.00)

**#42/SEPTEMBER, 1980:** "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

**#45/DECEMBER, 1980:** Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepas's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! (\$3.00)



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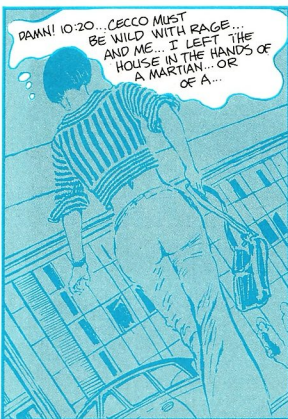
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# valentina in REFLECTION

Last we saw, Valentina was visited by a mysterious spaceman, who appeared outta nowhere. She was baffled. They made love. And she experienced an amazing dream . . .





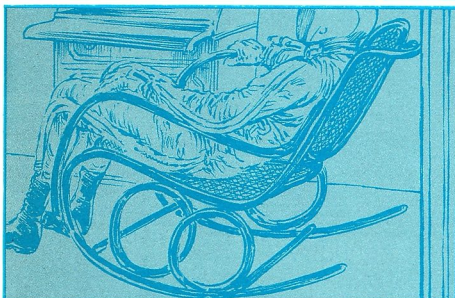
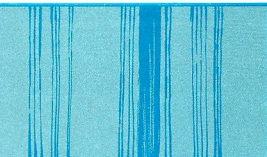


YOU KNOW, MATTIA...THERE'S A MAN AT THE HOUSE...HE'S VERY NICE, BUT HE DOESN'T TALK.

HERE WE ARE AT HOME!



WAIT...



NO...



NO!

ONE... MINUTE!

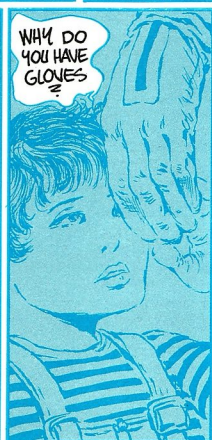
THERE HE IS!



A PILOT!



MATTIA, LISTEN!



WHY DO YOU HAVE GLOVES?





WHAT  
IS THAT...  
A MIRROR  
?



HMM!



NOW I'M  
GONNA SHOW  
YOU MY  
AIRPLANE. IT'S  
AS BIG AS  
THIS!



GOOD,  
THEN I'M  
GOING  
TO FIX  
DINNER...

MATTIA...  
OH, NOTHING... IT'S  
NOT  
IMPORTANT.



...GO ON,  
MY LITTLE  
LOVE. EAT  
QUICKLY!

BRUUUHH!...  
BRUHM!...  
BRRRRRRRRRRRR...



I  
WONDER  
IF HE  
EATS!



BUT...YOU...  
YOU CAN'T...  
DO YOU?

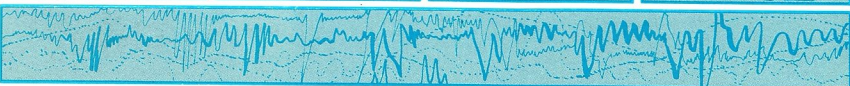
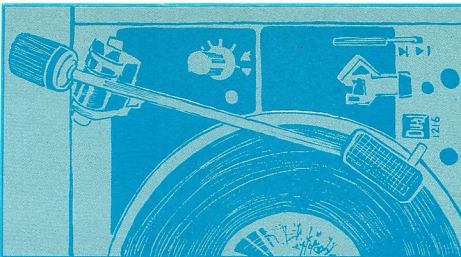
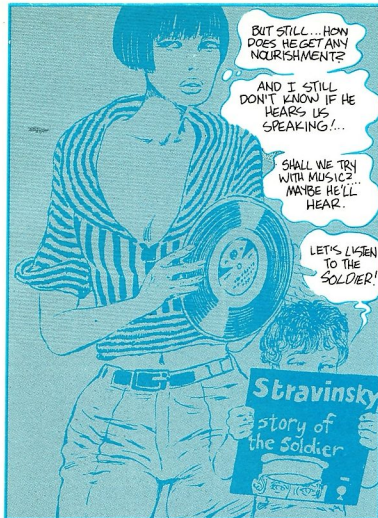


AH, OF COURSE  
NOT... I'M SO  
STUPID...



GO ON,  
MATTIA.  
HURRY UP  
AND FINISH!









GOOD!  
OFF TO  
BED  
NOW...



THAT'S  
STRANGE...  
HIS FACE  
IS... LIKE  
LAST NIGHT  
...HOWEVER,  
IF I THINK  
BACK...

HM...

THIS  
MORNING  
HIS FACE  
WAS DIF-  
FERENT. HE  
SEEMED  
YOUNGER...

MADE  
IT WAS THE  
LIGHT...



IT'S  
DARK!

YES,  
SLEEP!



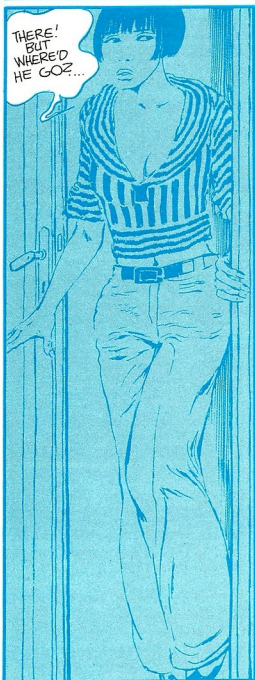
MMM...



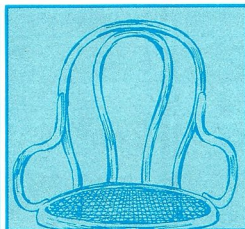
GO AHEAD!  
THAT MAKES  
ALMOST A  
QUARTER OF AN  
HOUR...



OH OH...



THERE!  
BUT  
WHERE'D  
HE GOZ...



UNLESS...



HM... NO...  
HE  
MUST HAVE  
GONE  
OUT ON  
THE TERRACE...

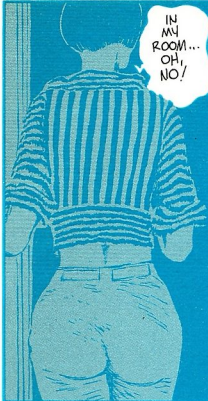


...TO LOOK AT THE STARS...



NO...

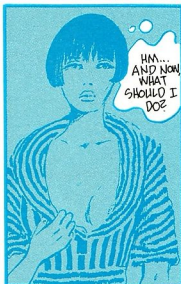




IN MY ROOM...  
OH, NO!



HE'S  
CHANGED  
AGAIN...  
LIKE  
LAST  
NIGHT...



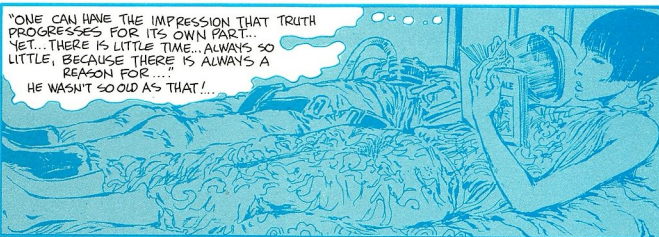
HM...  
AND NOW  
WHAT  
SHOULD I  
DO?



I'M  
TIRED...  
I'M  
GOING  
TO  
BED!



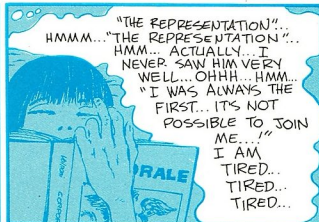
AH  
FOR THE  
REST...



"ONE CAN HAVE THE IMPRESSION THAT TRUTH  
PROGRESSES FOR ITS OWN PART...  
YET... THERE IS LITTLE TIME... ALWAYS SO  
LITTLE, BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS A  
REASON FOR..."  
HE WASN'T SO OLD AS THAT!...

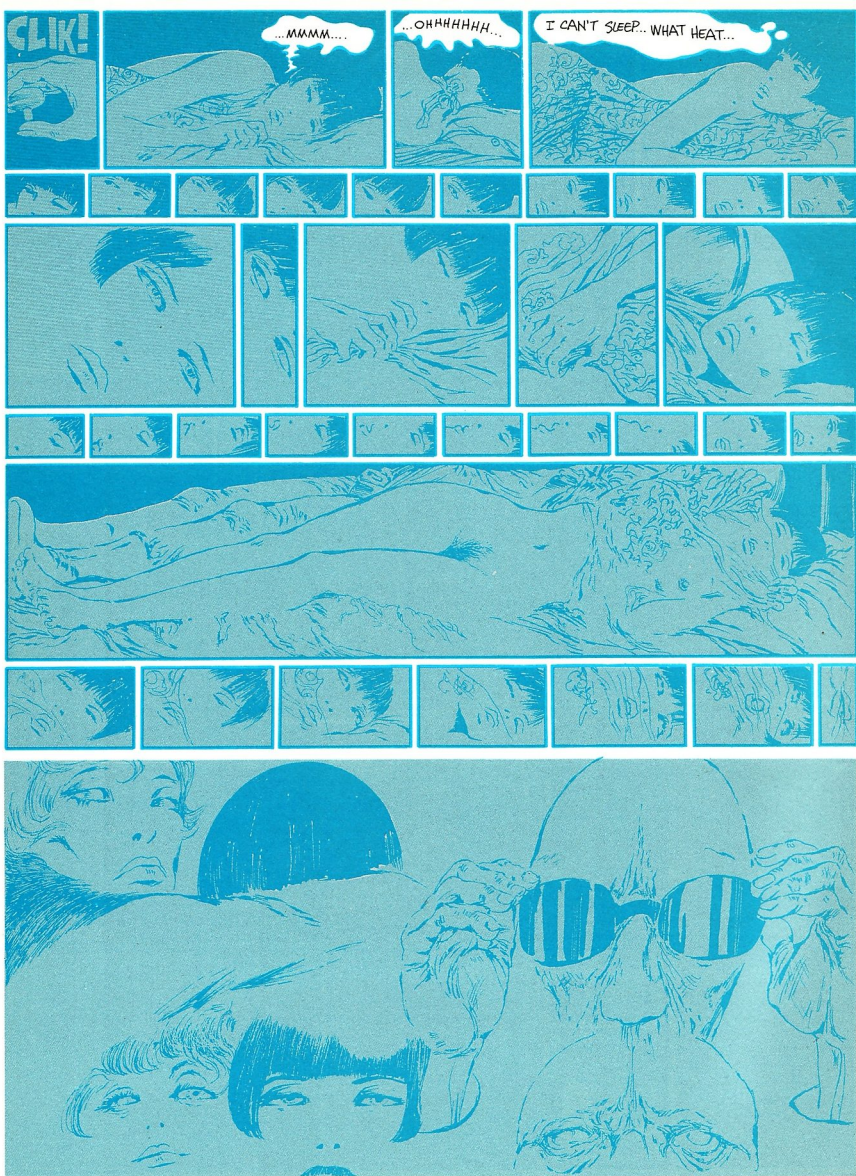


"BECAUSE THERE IS...  
ALWAYS A REASON TO  
BE FOUND... EVEN IN A LEAF  
WHICH TREMBLES... SO  
OLD... BUT MAYBE... EVEN  
INSIDE A TREE  
WHICH ALSO  
TREMBLES... MAYBE  
THERE IS AN  
EFFECT... AN  
EFFECT...  
SO, THE REPRESENTA-  
TION  
BEGINS..."

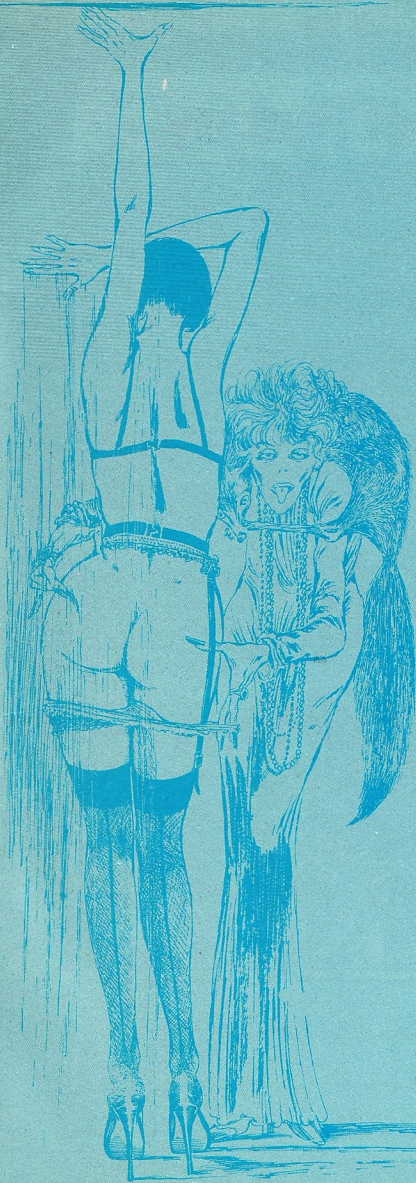


"THE REPRESENTATION"...  
HMMM... "THE REPRESENTATION"...  
HMM... ACTUALLY, I  
NEVER SAW HIM VERY  
WELL... OHHH... HMM...  
"I WAS ALWAYS THE  
FIRST... IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE TO JOIN  
ME..."  
I AM  
TIRED...  
TIRED...  
TIRED...









TO BE CONTINUED...



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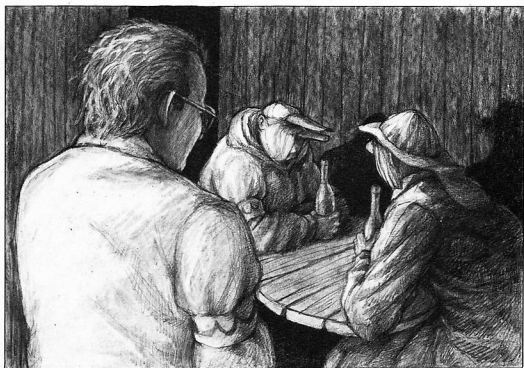
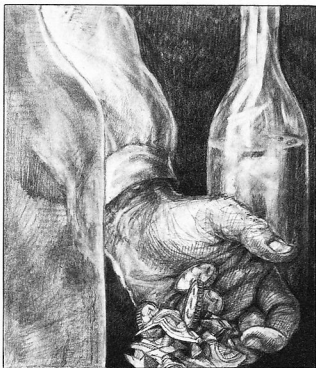
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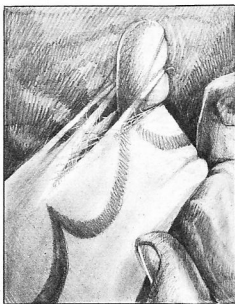
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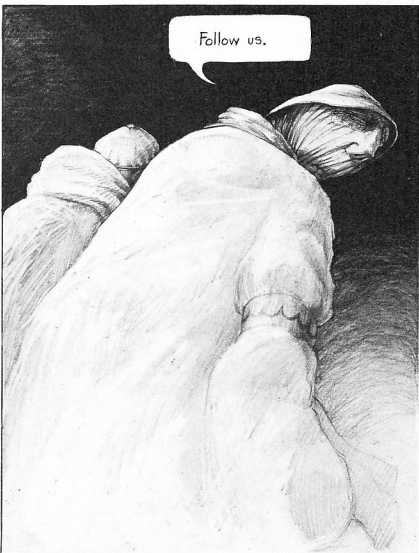
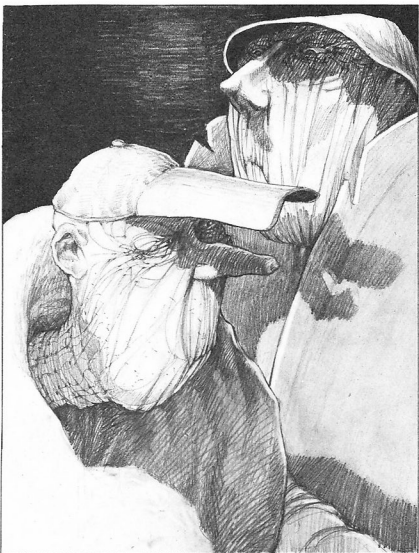
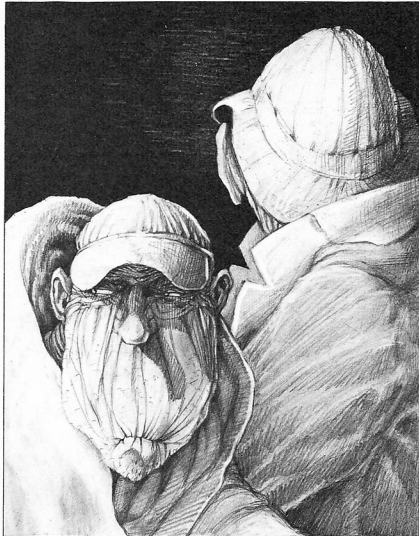
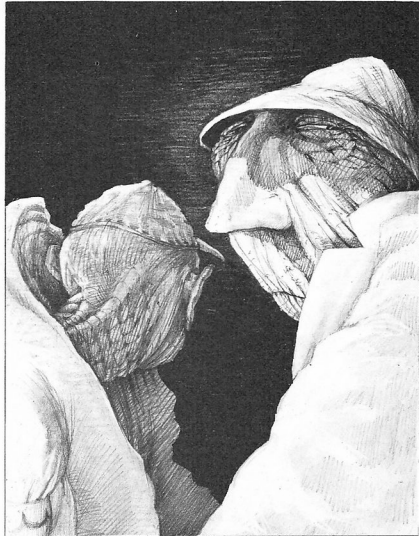
# BANG, HAH

by  
Don  
Wood

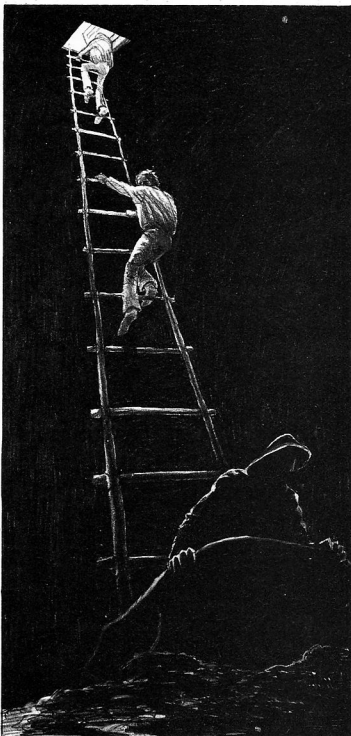


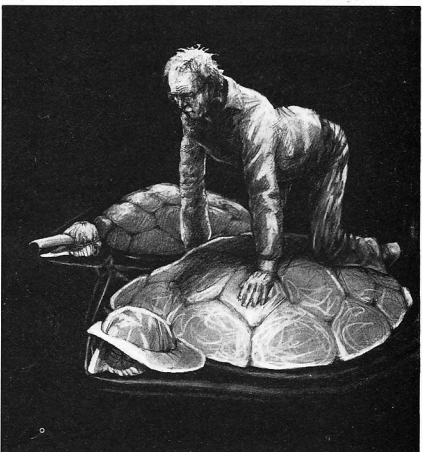
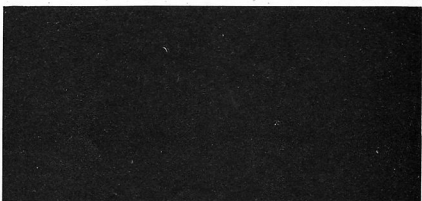




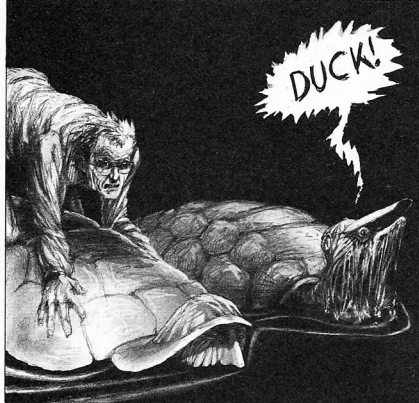


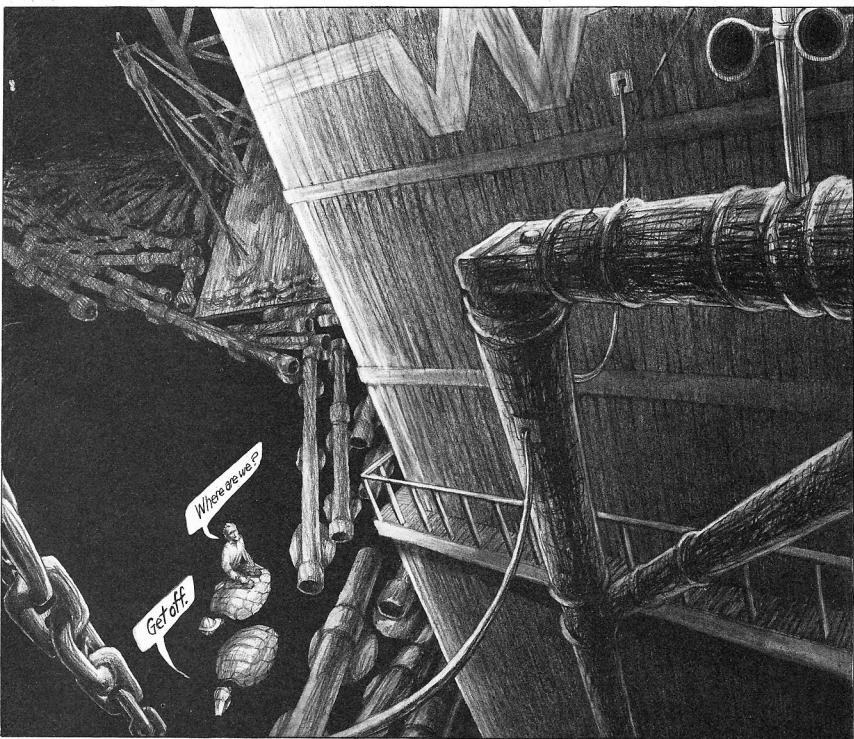
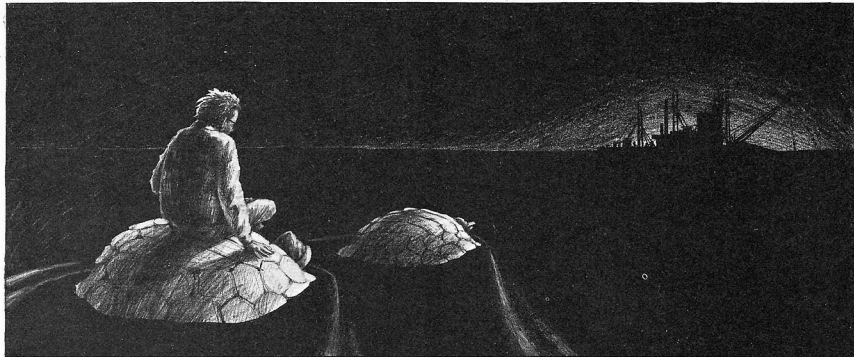




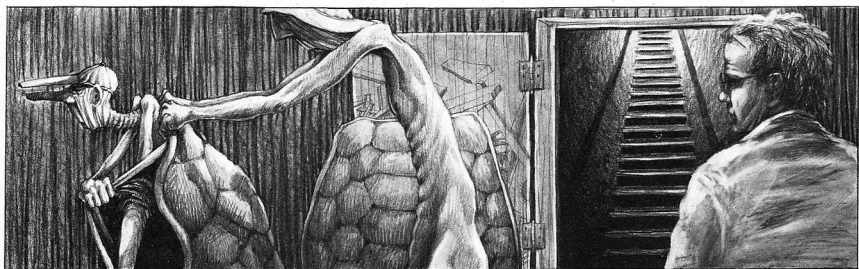
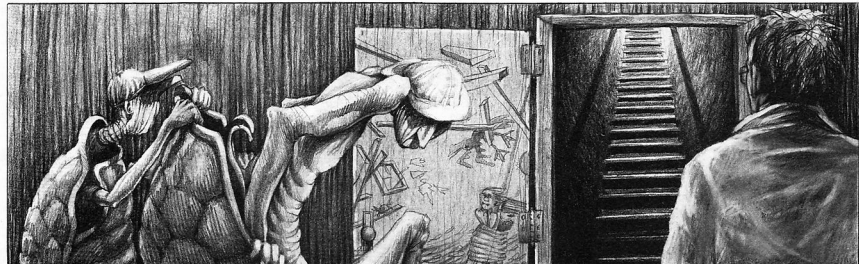


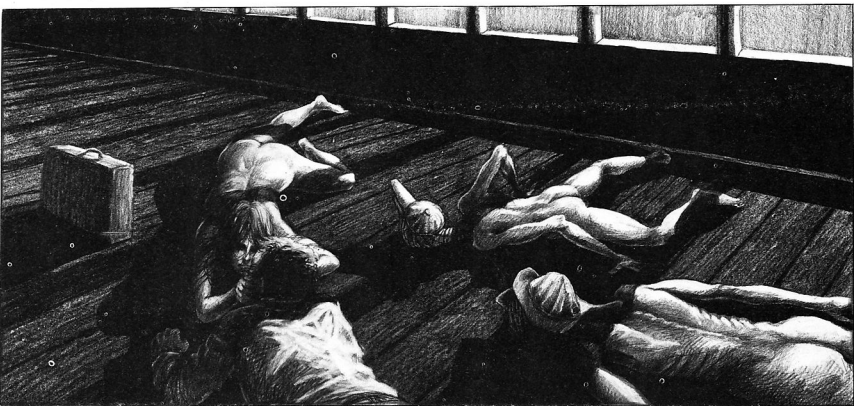
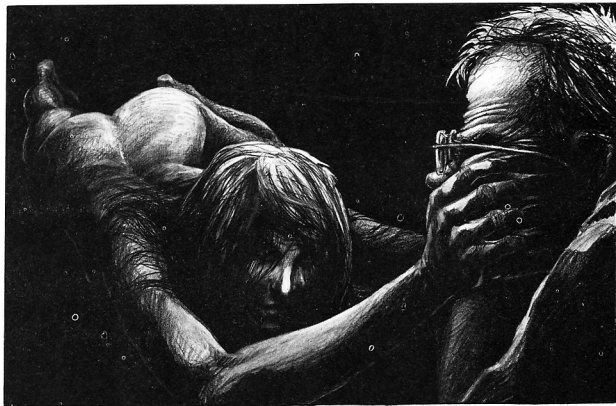




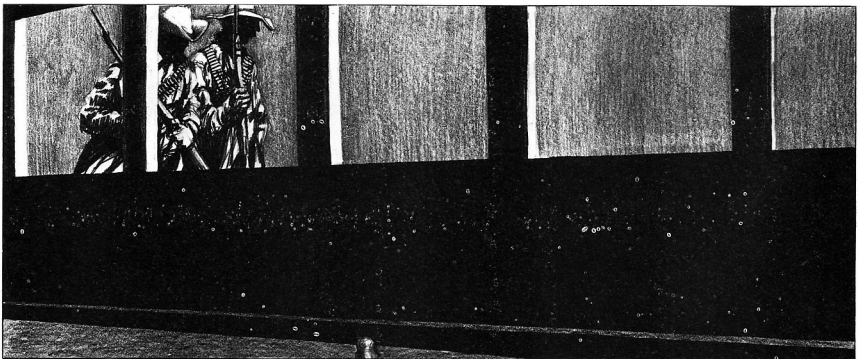
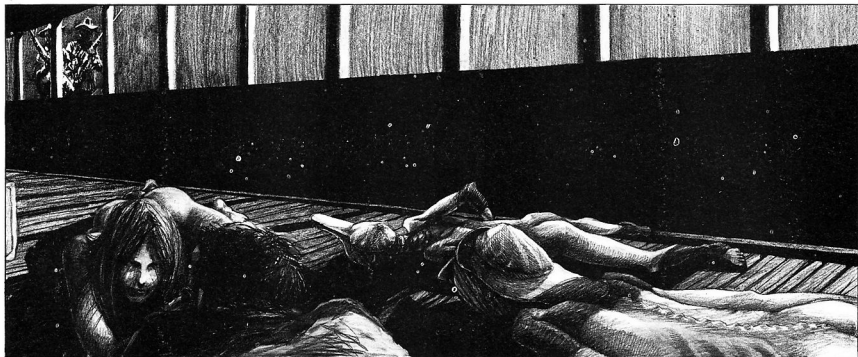












CONTINUED ON PAGE 65....

# What Is Reality, Papa?

Last month, smitten with the thought of Chimeer, Axle traveled uncharted planets, seeking her company. He met Rita, an intergalactic soothsayer, who encouraged him to go find his love, and gave him a magical caterpillar to aid him in his search. Meanwhile at Univers-all Studios in Hollywood, a starlet plays the part of Chimeer, which becomes much more than just "another role."

DO YOU WANT TO REPEAT WHAT YOU JUST SAID?

ACTUALLY, THIS SCRIPT ISN'T SO BAD...

A YOUNG GIRL DREAMS OF SOMEONE ELSEWHERE...IMPROBABLE, MAYBE, BUT SO ALIVE IN HER...THERE, A MAN WHO—SHE FEELS WITH TOTAL INVINCION, IN ALL THE CELLS OF HER BODY—LIVES SOMEWHERE, VERY FAR AWAY, YET VERY NEARBY AT THE SAME TIME... THIS IS SOMETHING THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME.

HUH?

ONE DAY, I'LL HAVE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH YOUR IMPERTINENCE, YOU IMP, AND I'LL SEND YOU OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL ON A BOULDER AS RAVAGED AS THAT ONE!

MY POOR FRIEND! IT WILL NEVER BE AS RAVAGED AS YOUR BRAIN!

BUT THERE IS ONE DIFFICULTY, YOU KNUCKLEHEAD, AND IT'S A BIG ONE! IT'S VERY EASY TO HAVE THE COORDINATES, BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GO ABOUT PROGRAMMING THEM? DO YOU HAVE QUALITY EQUIPMENT?

QUALITY EQUIPMENT? YOU MAKE ME LAUGH WITH YOUR "QUALITY EQUIPMENT"... WELL...ER, NO, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, WITH THESE ALIEN SIGNALS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPOSE WORDS THAT ARE INDEXED IN THE SHIP'S LIST.

SAY, AXLE! I... I... THIS MAY SOUND STUPID, BUT...

OH, THEY'RE EVERYWHERE...

YES, I HAVE A WEIRD FEELING THAT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN IT.

...THAT KEYBOARD OVER THERE...

OH, THAT KEYBOARD!

TOOT...TOOT... TOOT...TOOT...



BY THE GOD OF FOOLS, I'M SCARED. WHERE DID THIS KEY-BOARD COME FROM, AXLE?

DON'T WORRY, LITTLE CLOWN. YOU KNOW THE SILVER DOLPHIN IS FULL OF SURPRISE RESOURCES AND THEIR POSSIBILITIES ARE INFINITE!



SHUT UP THEN!...SYMBOLS OUTLINED ON THE PARCHMENT BY THE COMPUTER... COMPARED WITH THE KEY-BOARD? DON'T TELL ME THAT THEY ARE THERE!

YES!



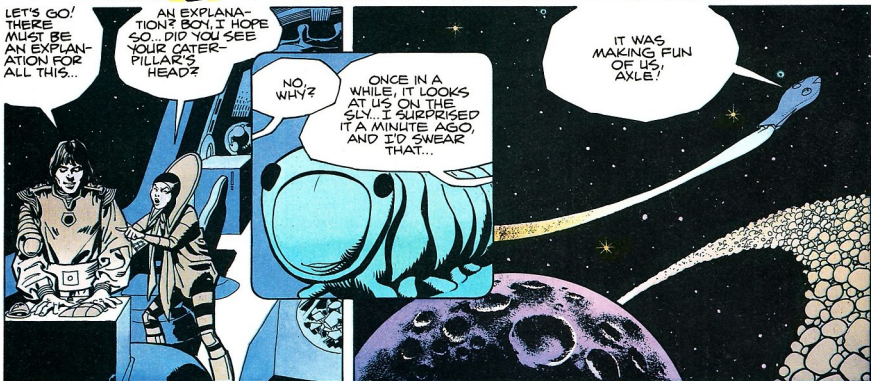
LET'S GO! THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS...

AN EXPLANATION? BOY, I HOPE SO... DID YOU SEE YOUR CATERPILLAR HEAD?

NO WHY?

ONCE IN A WHILE, IT LOOKS AT US, ON THE SLY. I SURPRISED IT A MINUTE AGO, AND I'D SWEAR THAT...

IT WAS MAKING FUN OF US, AXLE!

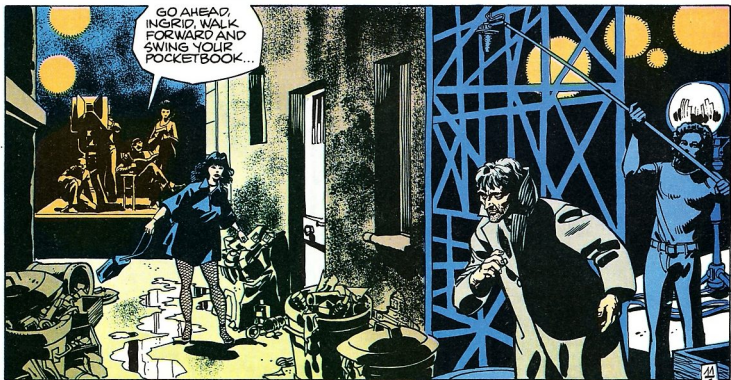


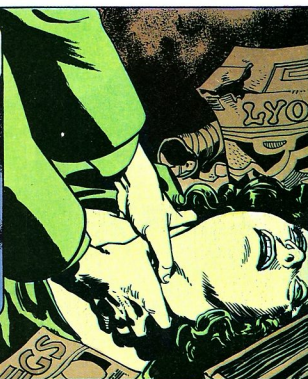
THE STRANGLER, TAKE THREE HUNDRED FORTY-TWO...ACTION!

SILENCE, PLEASE! EVERYWHERE! WE'RE FILMING!



GO AHEAD, INGRID, WALK FORWARD AND SWING YOUR POCKETBOOK...

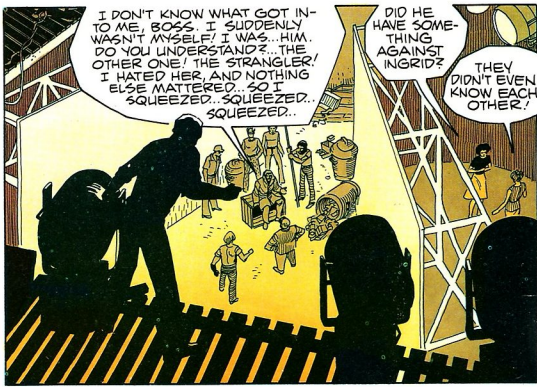








HELLO, HUHT?Z...  
WHO'S THAT? RON EBER-  
HART? HE WHAT?  
HE STRANGLER  
HER?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT IN-  
TO ME, BOSS. I SUDDENLY  
WASN'T MYSELF! I WAS... HIM.  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THE  
OTHER ONE! THE STRANGLER!  
I HATED HER, AND NOTHING  
ELSE MATTERED... SO I  
SQUEEZED... SQUEEZED...  
SQUEEZED...

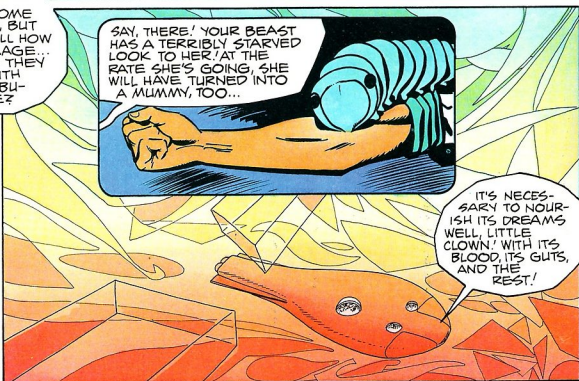
DID HE  
HAVE SOME-  
THING  
AGAINST  
INGRID?

THEY  
DIDN'T EVEN  
KNOW EACH  
OTHER!



HOW  
IS SHE,  
DOCTOR?

SHE'LL COME  
OUT OF IT, BUT  
I CAN'T TELL HOW  
MUCH DAMAGE...  
WHAT ARE THEY  
DOING WITH  
THAT AMBU-  
LANCE?



SAY, THERE! YOUR BEAST  
HAS A TERRIBLY STARVED  
LOOK TO HER! AT THE  
RATE SHE'S GOING, SHE  
WILL HAVE TURNED INTO  
A MUMMY, TOO...

IT'S NECES-  
SARY TO NOUR-  
ISH ITS DREAMS  
WELL, LITTLE  
CROWN! WITH ITS  
BLOOD, ITS GUTS,  
AND THE  
REST!



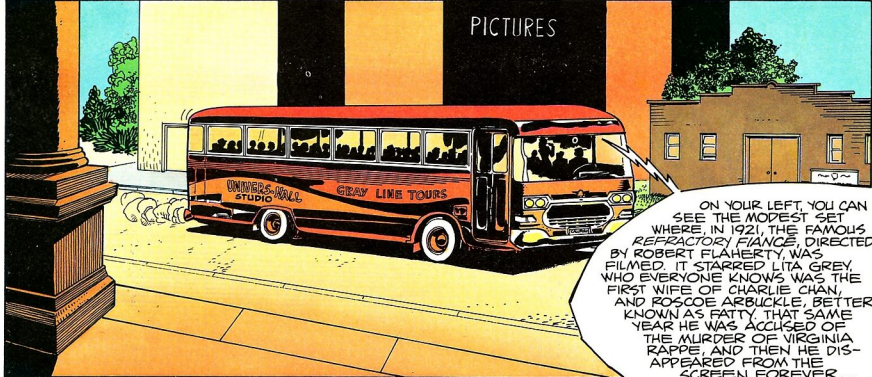
WHAT SHOULD  
WE DO, STUART?  
CALL THE  
COPS?

ONE SECOND!  
WHERE DID  
THAT CRAZY  
EBERHART  
GO?

HE RAN THAT  
WAY, WHILE THEY  
TOOK INGRID  
OUT...



RON EBERHART! WHAT'S  
GOTTEN INTO YOU?...WHAT  
DO YOU WANT? I ALMOST  
DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU!  
...RON! STOP! YOU'RE  
SCARING  
ME!



ON YOUR LEFT YOU CAN SEE THE MODEST SET WHERE, IN 1921, THE FAMOUS REFRACTORY FIANCE, DIRECTED BY ROBERT FLAHERTY, WAS FILMED. IT STARRED LITA GREY, WHO EVERYONE KNOWS WAS THE FIRST WIFE OF CHARLIE CHAN, AND ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, BETTER KNOWN AS FATTY, THAT SAME YEAR HE WAS ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF VIRGINIA RAPPE, AND THEN HE DISAPPEARED FROM THE SCREEN FOREVER....

...ON YOUR RIGHT YOU WILL SEE THE LITTLE BUNGALOWS THAT ARE GIVEN TO THE ARTISTS SO THAT THEY CAN RELAX BETWEEN TAKES. DOROTHY LAUDOUR LIVED IN NUMBER 17, AND HOWARD HUGHES CAME TO VISIT HER THERE TWO TIMES...



?!?



NOW WE ARE GOING TO LEAVE THE "NUEVE CENTER" OF THE STUDIOS AND GO A FEW MILES FROM HERE, WHERE, IN A WORLD OF ADMIRABLE BEAUTY, ROUGHNESS, AND SAVAGENESS, COMPLETE CITIES WERE TOTALLY RE-CONSTRUCTED TO LOOK JUST AS THEY DID AT THE TIME OF OUR BRAVE PIONEERS...



NOTHING BUT PROBLEMS THIS MORNING, I CAN FEEL IT! AND IT'S ONLY JUST BEGUN... I HAVE A DEFINITE GIFT WHICH ENABLES ME TO FORESEE THESE SORTS OF THINGS...



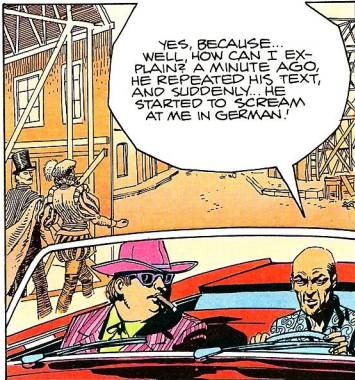
STUART! YOU SHOULD COME WITH ME TO STUDIO 7... THERE'S SOMETHING OUT OF WHACK AT DELBERT STAUB'S...

WHAT WAS I JUST SAYING!



DO YOU UNDERSTAND, STUART? I'VE BEEN HIS BUSINESS MANAGER FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND I KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM THAN HIS OWN MOTHER DOES... YOU KNOW HOW MUCH HE HATES FOREIGN LANGUAGES! HE ALWAYS REFUSED TO LEARN ONE, AND I MISSED IT! I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY JUICY CONTRACTS BE-CAUSE OF THAT!

AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE BOTHERING ME?



YES, BECAUSE... WELL, HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? A MINUTE AGO, HE REPEATED HIS TEXT, AND SUDDENLY, HE STARTED TO SCREAM AT ME IN GERMAN!



AH, FINALLY. THERE YOU ARE, STUART!

I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD, DELBERT. YOU ARE PERFECT LIKE THAT! TELL OL' STUART WHAT I'VE BEEN GOING RIGHT AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!



THIS!

THIS IS THE PRECISE LIST OF MATERIAL THAT THE FILM'S PRODUCER RENTED AT APPLEBIE. SUPPOSING THAT EVERYTHING GOES AS SCHEDULED FOR THE SCENE TOMORROW, I WILL DISPOSE OF ONLY FOUR WAGONS, A BATTERY OF EIGHT-WHEEL TANKS, AND—HOLD ON! A MOTORCYCLE WITH A SIDE-CAR! ONE!!!



LISTEN, DELBERT, OLD PAL, YOUR JOB IS TO ACT THE ROLE OF AL CAPONE, BUFFALO BILL, OR, TODAY, HITLER. MINE IS TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING ELSE. WHY WORRY ABOUT THIS MATERIAL, HUH?



PATAPLAF



BUT IT'S WITH THAT THAT YOU WANT ME TO WIN THE WAR?!

DELBERT!  
EXACTLY  
WHAT ARE  
YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?

I WANT THE  
NECESSARY  
ARRANGEMENTS  
TO BE  
MADE!

I WANT THE FACTORIES, ALL THE  
FACTORIES IN THE COUNTRY, SET TO  
PRODUCE MILITARY ARMS AND EQUIP-  
MENT. THEY ARE TO BE REQUISITIONED  
IMMEDIATELY, GIVEN OVER TO  
THE WAR EFFORT, AND PUT  
TO WORK 24 HOURS A DAY.  
I WANT THE BEST ENGINE-  
ERS, THE BEST TECH-  
NICIANS TO BE MOBIL-  
IZED!... CHE FELIX  
GUE BARDHOUT ON  
SACHE GUE...



...GANZ ANDERS IST JETZT  
DAS LEBEN IN DEUTSCHLAND!  
IM DEUTSCHEN KAISERREICH  
WAREN DIE BEZIEHUNGEN  
DES STAATES, SOWOHL ZUR  
KIRCHE ALS AUCH ZUR  
SCHULE, VON GANZ VEREIN-  
ZELN FALLEN ABGESEHEN...



HEIL HITLER!  
I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF IT IMMEDI-  
ATELY, MEIN  
FUHRER!

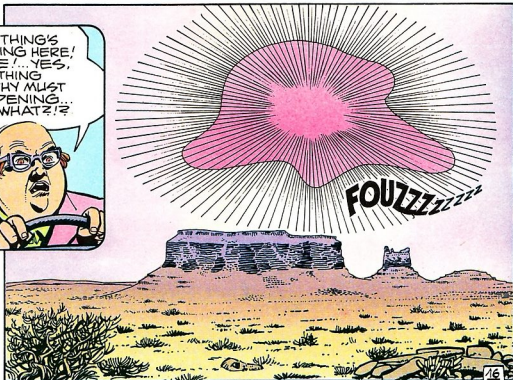
THAT'S GOOD,  
HERMANN, BUT BE-  
FORE THAT, ARREST  
THAT MAN!

HUH?



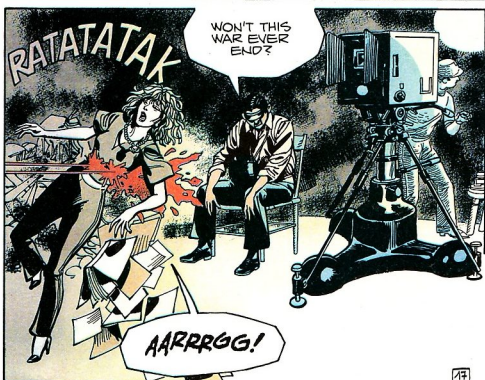
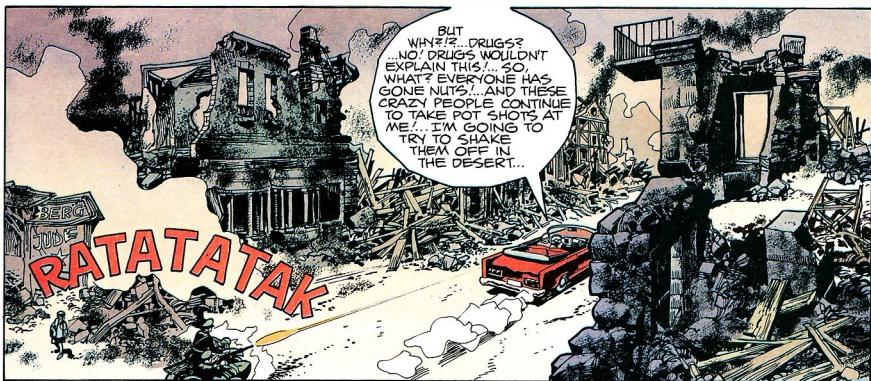
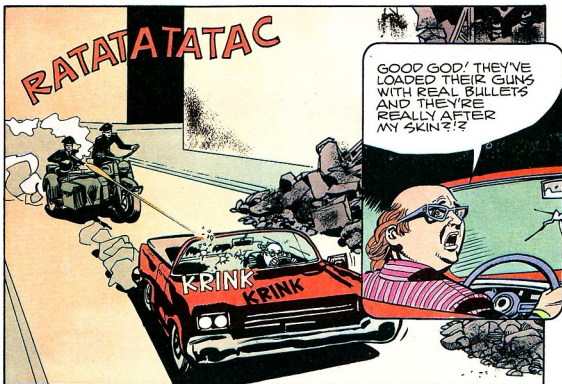
THEY'VE  
ALL GONE  
CRAZY...  
EVERYONE!

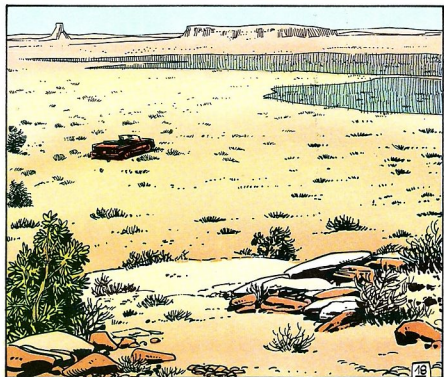
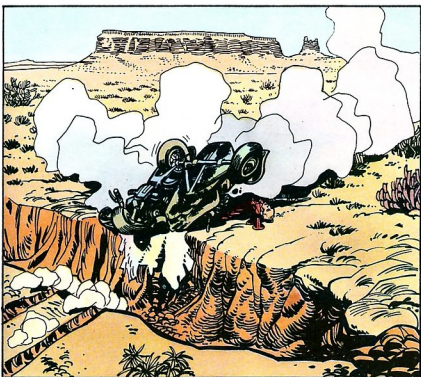
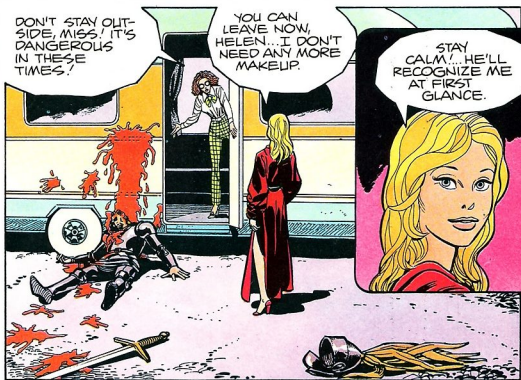
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING HERE!  
I'M SURE! YES,  
SOMETHING  
UNHEALTHY MUST  
BE HAPPENING...  
BUT WHAT?!



FOUZZZZZZ









I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND... I  
JUST DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

FFIHHZZZ!

THIZZZ

I  
THINK WE'VE  
MADE IT, LITTLE  
CLOWN! IT'S THE  
FIRST TIME I'VE  
EVER SET THE DOL-  
PHIN ON UNKNOWN  
COORDINATES. WE  
ARE GOING TO AP-  
PEAR GOD KNOWS  
WHERE AND WHEN,  
LIKE PHANTOMS  
UP FROM  
NOWHERE!

DAMNED  
TALKER!

COME ON,  
MUSKY, COME  
ON! HURRY UP  
A LITTLE!  
THEY'RE WAIT-  
ING FOR  
ME HERE!

GOOD GOD! THEY'RE  
MAKING A SCIENCE-FICTION  
FILM IN MY OWN STUDIO AND  
I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT!

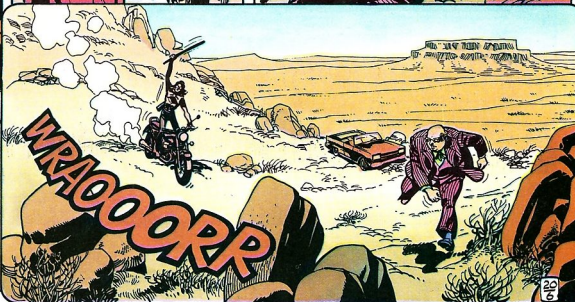
?!?

CHAK





THERE'S GOING TO BE A ROW OVER THERE! THE MAN IS TRYING TO MAKE HIS VEHICLE'S MOTOR START, BUT HE CAN'T DO IT...





## GALLERY SECTION:

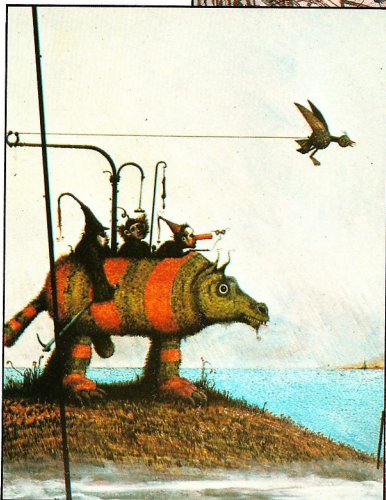
Secret Art and Kingdom of the Dwarfs



**Secret Art**  
by Ian Miller.  
Verse by Barry King.

Ian Miller lives in Brighton, England. He has illustrated book covers for the likes of H. G. Wells, Lovecraft, and Tolkien. Someone once said of him: "His stories reflect the Gothic towers, secret labyrinths, and bizarre characterizations of Peake or Tolkien; his heroes undertake the same hopeless quests as those who meander through the sinister tales of Kafka . . ."

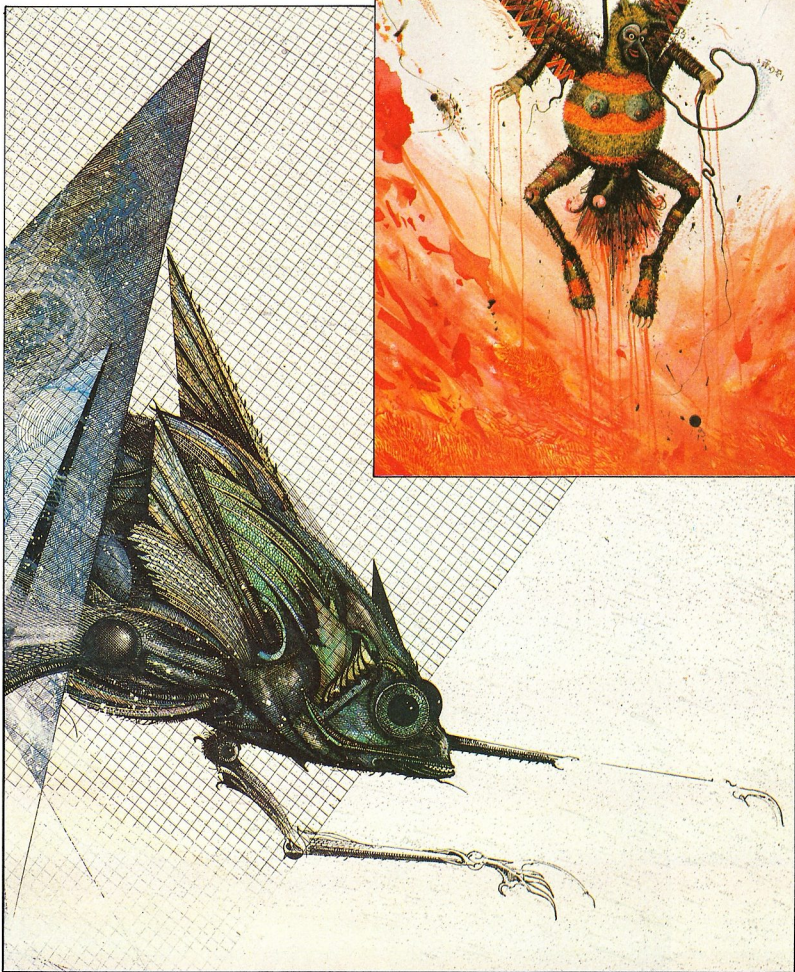
The last dive down,  
the monuments, battlements and figures of a coward's dream  
swept clean and . . . nothing!  
The emptied battlements, the cities unmanned,  
the stinking and deserted trenches  
where crows' voices sound without crows . . .





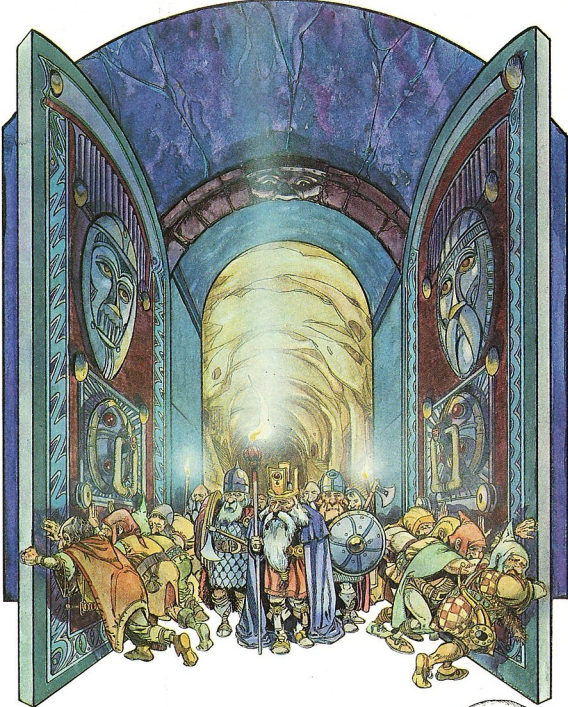
# Secret Art

When I came forth this morning  
the sun on me did shine;  
Creation fell upon its knees;  
the going looked real fine.



# Kingdom of the Dwarfs

by Robb Walsh  
and David Wenzel .



Throughout the world, stone monuments and the crumbling remains of ancient cities remind us of an advanced race that ruled the earth before the rise of modern man. Monuments like Stonehenge, the perfect astronomical clock built in 3500 B.C., and cities like those of the Indus Valley civilization have captured the imagination of scholars and given rise to intriguing speculation.

Who were the ancient astronomers and city builders?

According to the theories of Dr. Egil Dvaergen, a Norwegian anthropologist, they were the ancient race of dwarfs. Born with a congenital spinal defect, Dr. Dvaergen is himself a "dwarf," and because of his affliction he became interested in the dwarfs of ancient art and literature. Dvaergen points to the Hindu Vedas, in which the invading Aryans describe the overthrow of the Indus Valley cities' native dwarfs, and to the wall paintings of Egypt, which depict dwarfs working with metals, in order to support his assertion that the dwarf civilization was subjugated by savage early man.





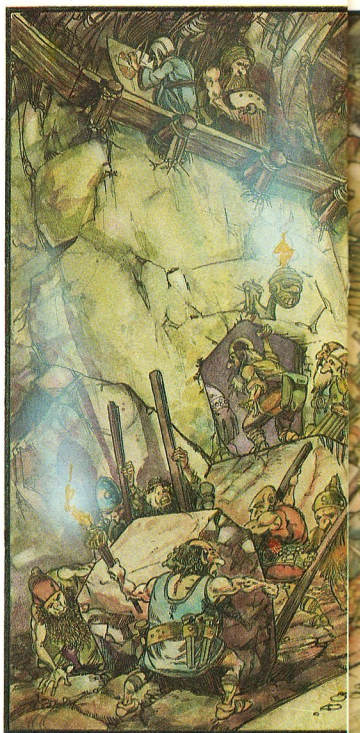


Dvaergen concludes that the race of dwarfs continued to live among men, often secluded in the depths of their underground mines, where they were able to perfect the science of metallurgy. Hence, the dwarfs continue to appear in the ancient art and literature of Europe and Scandinavia as makers of magic swords and fashioners of fabulous treasures.

Dvaergen's theories remained unsubstantiated by archaeological proof until a gentle-

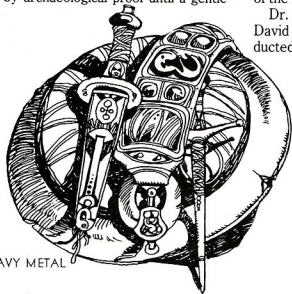
man gardener in Northern England unearthed a curiously marked ancient dagger while enlarging his geranium beds. The dagger was examined by the Royal Academy of Archaeological Sciences, London, which subsequently began an excavation on the grounds of his estate. The excavation team discovered the entrance to a subterranean chamber and the remains of an elaborate underground civilization which called itself "The Kingdom of the Dwarfs."

Dr. Egil Dvaergen, along with illustrator David Wenzel and writer Robb Walsh, conducted an investigation of the site and the

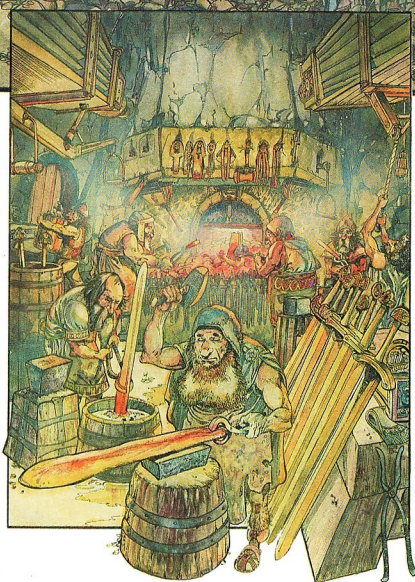
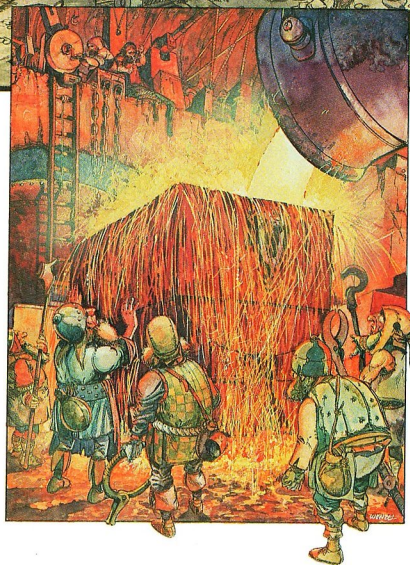


artifacts it contained. Their findings have recently been published in a richly illustrated new book from Centaur Books under the title *Kingdom of the Dwarfs*. In detailed artwork, the ornate stoneworks, legendary swords, and breathtaking architecture as well as the dwarfs themselves are re-created with all the splendor they once possessed. Writings discovered in the dig enabled the researchers to outline the history of the dwarfs from their "Golden Age," before the rise of man, to their demise at the hands of Christian extremists who viewed their metallurgy and advanced technology as evil magic.

## Kingdom of the Dwarfs









# Take Another Look

## Meet this month's cover artists.



This month's front cover is actually a reincarnation of the illustration shown above. Burger had to redo his painting *And One More Makes Three* in order to fit the proportions of *HM*.



Robert Burger

"As I remember, my artistic career began when I was five years old. I have a vivid memory of me sitting in kindergarten class, Crayolas in hand, drawing eight-legged creatures and spaceships from Mars; most likely we were supposed to be drawing turkeys and horns o' plenty for Thanksgiving. At the tender age of twelve, my mother asked me, with some concern, 'Why?' At the time I shrugged an 'I dunno,' and went back to perfecting my four-eyed bats. The best answer I can come up with now, many years later, is that I was exorcising my demons...."

—Robert Burger



Alan Lynch

Alan Lynch hails from England, and this month marks his debut in *Heavy Metal*. He found the subject of baby robots weird enough to sacrifice normality for just a bit. He is largely influenced by the thirty-five English artists he represents, including *HM* favorites Jim Burns and Angus McKie; collectively they're called Young Artists. He has decided to make New York his home, despite his newfound fear of mechanical babies.

# The Ambassador of the Shadows

## Valerian: Time-Space Agent

by J. C. Mezières and P. Christin  
colors: E. Tran-Le  
translation: L. Mitchell

*PERHAPS IN THE BOUNDLESSNESS OF RECEDING TIME, THE COSMOS WAS DEVOID OF LIFE...*

*BUT COUNTLESS ARE THE MEMORIES BEARING THE IMPRINT OF CIVILIZATIONS LOST TO INFINITY...*

*...UNTRACEABLE ARE THE HISTORIES OF WORLDS EXTINCT, OFTEN FOR THOUSANDS OF CENTURIES...*

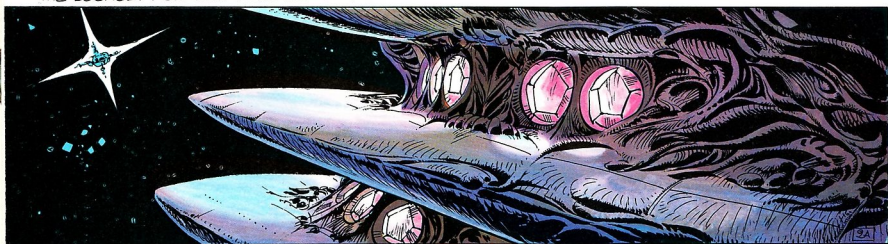
*WHEREVER LIVING BEINGS HAVE SURVIVED AND DEVELOPED, THEY HAVE ALWAYS TURNED TOWARD THE HEAVENS TO EXPLORE THEM...*



EVEN IF MANY AN AIMLESS QUEST HAS ENDED WITHOUT AN ENCOUNTER...



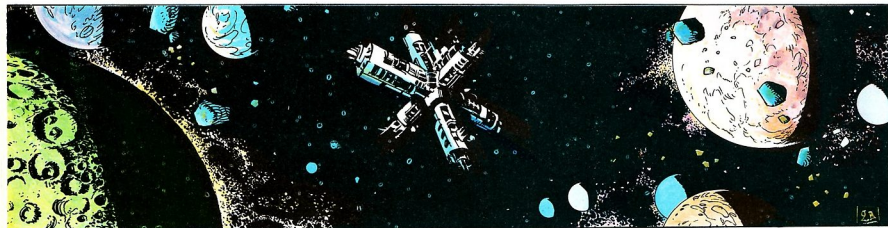
...THE OTHERS, THOSE WHO COME FROM ELSEWHERE, WERE NONETHELESS THERE. THEY TOO WERE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THEY KNEW NOT WHAT.



WHAT WERE THE FIRST ENCOUNTERS? IRRECONCILABLE WARS OR SPONTANEOUS FRATERNIZATION?...



IT IS NO LONGER KNOWN. ALL THAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT ONE DAY, AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE MOST FREQUENTED PATHS OF SPACE, THE FIRST SEGMENT OF WHAT WAS TO BECOME CENTRAL POINT WAS INSTALLED...







CENTRAL POINT, WHOSE NAME HAS A THOUSAND DIFFERENT FORMS IN A THOUSAND PLACES IN THE COSMOS—AN IMMENSE ARTIFICIAL STRUCTURE TO WHICH HOME PORTS ARE UNCEASINGLY ADDED, A LIVING MOSAIC SUMMARIZING THE EXTRAORDINARY DIVERSITY OF THE UNIVERSE...





IT IS THERE THAT RACES OPPRESSED IN EVERY WAY COHABIT IN A JUMBLE OF RECONSTITUTED ATMOSPHERES AND ARTIFICIAL GRAVITIES PROTECTED BY INVIOLEABLE PARTITIONS: THE ROURS, MATHEMATICIANS WHOSE BODIES EXUDE POISONS MORTAL FOR ANY ORGANISM OTHER THAN THEIR OWN...



...THE TAGLIENS, WHO ARE CONSULTED IN ALL THEOLOGICAL DISPUTES CONCERNING THE GODS OF THE COSMOS.



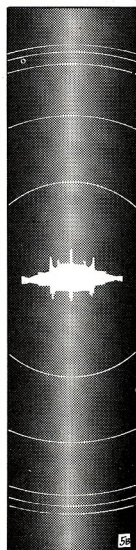
THE MARMAKAS, DREADED FOR THEIR FEARFUL RADIOACTIVITY BUT RENOWNED FOR THEIR TALENTS AS PSYCHOLOGISTS...



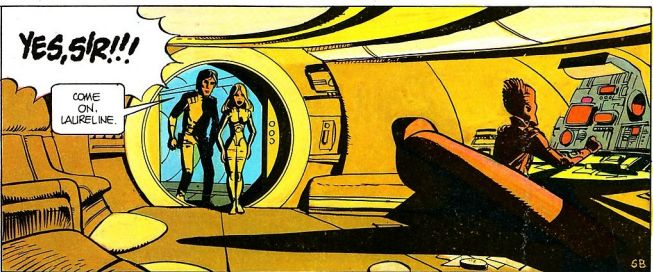
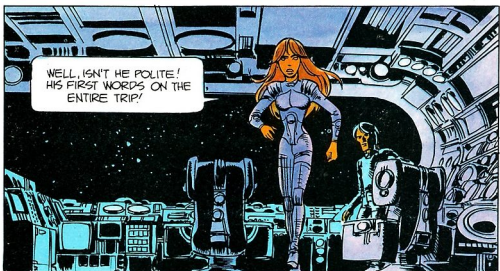
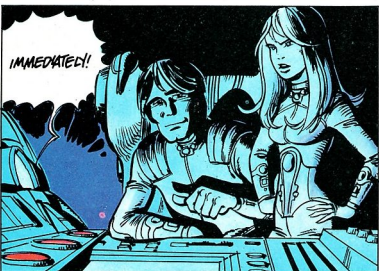
NO POWER DOMINATES ON CENTRAL POINT BY TURNS, AMBASADORS FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF SPACE PRESENT OVER THE COUNCIL IN THE IMMENSE HALL OF SCREENS, AND IT IS THERE, IN SILENT SEMIOBSCURITY, THAT ALL THE CONFLICTS WHICH TROUBLE THE COURSE OF COSMIC HISTORY ARE RESOLVED.



THE PULPSSIMS, WHOSE DELECTABLE WARES ARE THE RAGE OF EVERY SEGMENT...









I'M AWARE OF BOTH OF YOUR REPUTATIONS, AND IF I CHOSE YOU, IT WASN'T BECAUSE OF PERSONAL PREFERENCE...



...IT WAS BECAUSE I NEED AGENTS WHO ARE FAMILIAR WITH FOREIGN PSYCHOLOGICAL MAKEUP.



AS YOU KNOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IT'S THE EARTH'S TURN TO PRESIDE OVER THE COUNCIL AT CENTRAL POINT. WELL, I'M ABOUT TO DROP A BOMBHELL. YOU'RE AS AWARE AS I AM OF THE INCOHERENCE AND INCOMPETENCE THAT TYPIFY THE SPACE ADMINISTRATION. WELL, I INTEND TO PUT A LITTLE ORDER INTO ITS AFFAIRS...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU NEVER MENTIONED THIS BEFORE WE LEFT?



OBVIOUSLY NOT! THERE WAS NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE INFORMED! LET ME REMIND YOU THAT YOU ACCOMPANY ME MERELY AS BODYGUARDS!

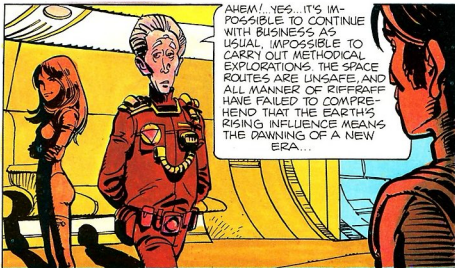


IN THAT CASE, IF I'M JUST TO ACT AS YOUR SHIELD, I'D BETTER GET MY BLASTER!... NO NEED FOR SPEECHES...

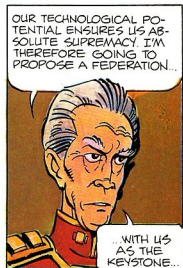


STAY RIGHT HERE!... AND LISTEN TO ME!

UH... I'M LISTENING...



AHEM! YES... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTINUE WITH BUSINESS AS USUAL. IMPOSSIBLE TO CARRY OUT METHODOICAL EXPLORATIONS. THE SPACE ROUTES ARE UNSAFE, AND ALL MANNER OF RIFFRAFF HAVE FAILED TO COMPREHEND THAT THE EARTH'S RISING INFLUENCE MEANS THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA...



OUR TECHNOLOGICAL POTENTIAL ENSURES US ABSOLUTE SUPREMACY. I'M THEREFORE GOING TO PROPOSE A FEDERATION...

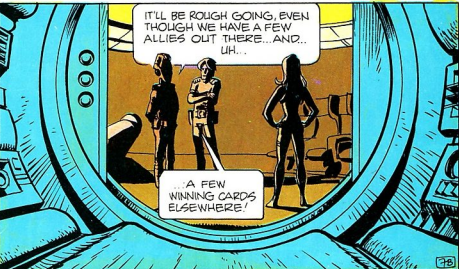
...WITH US AS THE KEYSTONE...



...AND POLICE!

LET'S SPEAK INSTEAD OF OUR CIVILIZING INFLUENCE, MY FRIEND. BELIEVE ME, NUMEROUS PEOPLES UNCONSCIOUSLY HOPE WE'LL ACT...

UNCONSCIOUSLY? BULLSHIT!



IT'LL BE ROUGH GOING, EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE A FEW ALLIES OUT THERE... AND... UH...

A FEW WINNING CARDS ELSEWHERE?





BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE LOTS OF THINGS TO DO BEFORE THE COUNCIL MEETS, IN ORDER TO STACK THE DECK IN OUR FAVOR. YOU'RE TO ACCOMPANY ME AT ALL TIMES, AND NEVER LET ME OUT OF YOUR SIGHT...

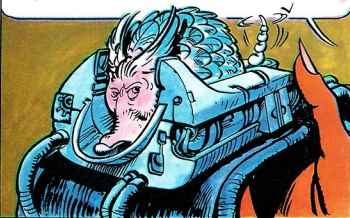


AS FOR YOU, YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR TRANSPORTING THESE SECRET FUNDS. IT'S AN ENORMOUS SUM. THAT IS, WHEN I SPEAK OF A SUM...

?

CRÓÓÓ

## A GRUMPY CONVERTER FROM BLUXTE!



HE'S CUTE!

IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN ONE CLOSE-UP...

THAT'S NOT SURPRISING; HE'S CHARGED WITH AS MUCH ENERGY AS A NUCLEAR GENERATOR, BUT HE'S ALSO A WILY CREATURE. HE COST US TEN EXPLORATORY MISSIONS ON BLUXTE. WE HAD TO MOBILIZE AN ENTIRE EXPEDITIONARY CORPS DURING THE SIX MONTHS THE CHASE LASTED.

BUT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT ON CENTRAL POINT, THE LACK OF A COMMON CURRENCY MAKES HIM A PRECIOUS ASSET!

PRECIOUS... YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, HUN? LITTLE GRUMPY!



GRRR



BAH!

SINCE HIS CAPTIVITY, HE'S BEEN TAKEN IN HAND BY OUR PSYCHS AND WILL OBEY ONLY YOU. EVEN IF HE SHOWS A CERTAIN RELUCTANCE, OUR ONLY FEAR IS THAT WE DRAN SO HEAVILY FROM HIS RESERVES THAT HE MAY DIE FROM IT...



BOUH

PROTECT HIM WITH YOUR LIFE! THAT'S ALL!



AND REMEMBER, LAURELINE, NO PERSONAL INITIATIVE. I BEG OF YOU! WE CAN HEAD ON IN TO THE EARTH'S SEGMENT NOW!

GRRR!

GO ON, YOU GET IN THERE. HEY! SO YOU WANT TO BITE, HUN?



WHEN! WHAT A DOSE GALAXY HANDLED OVER TO US THIS TIME! HERE, I AM CONVERTED INTO A CARRYING CASE FOR A SAFE WITH A TEMPER!

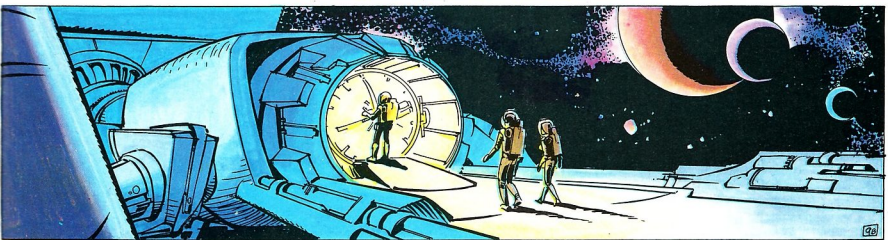
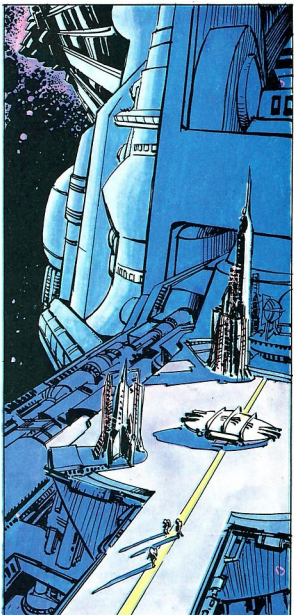
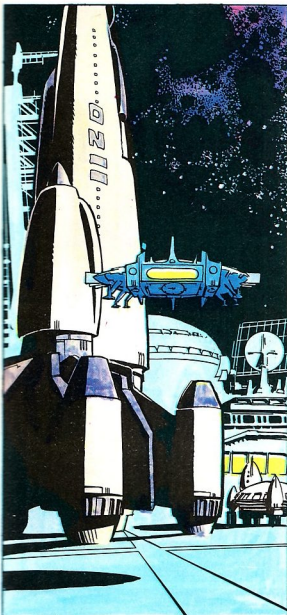
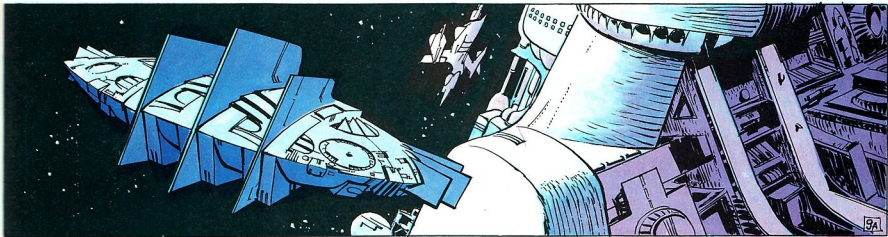
HMM... I CAN SEE THAT COHABITATION IS GOING TO BE DIFFICULT. NONETHELESS, WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER AND GET ALONG WITH ONE ANOTHER DURING THIS MISSION...

BESIDES, YOU'RE REALLY BEING TOUGH ON THE AMBASSADOR. YOU'LL SEE; I'M SURE HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD SORT UNDERNEATH HIS WORK-WORK FACADE.

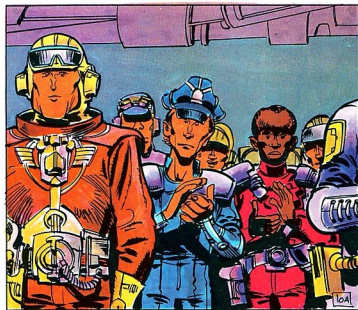
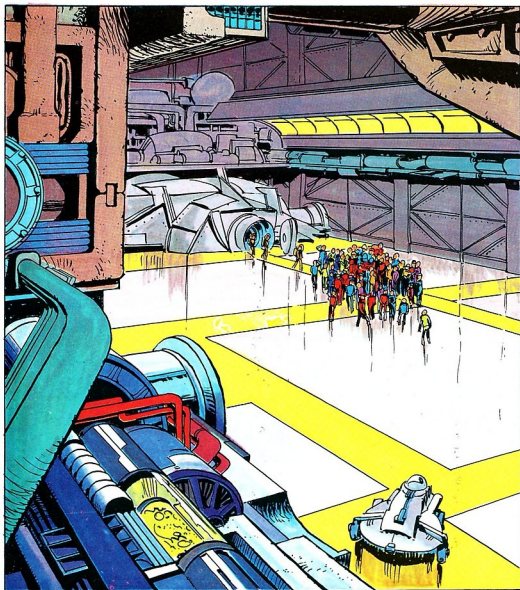
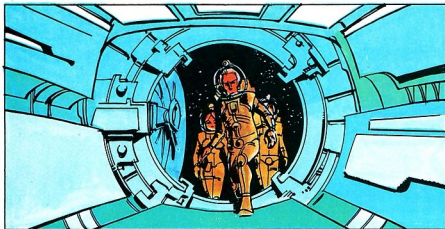


LET'S GET A MOVE ON! ALL THE EARTH'S REPRESENTATIVES ON CENTRAL POINT MUST BE WAITING FOR US BY NOW. I WANT US TO MAKE OUR ENTRANCE WITH CLASS... YOU'LL WALK FIVE STEPS BEHIND ME...

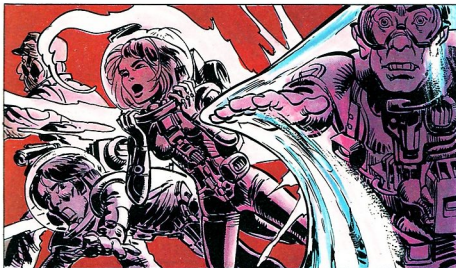
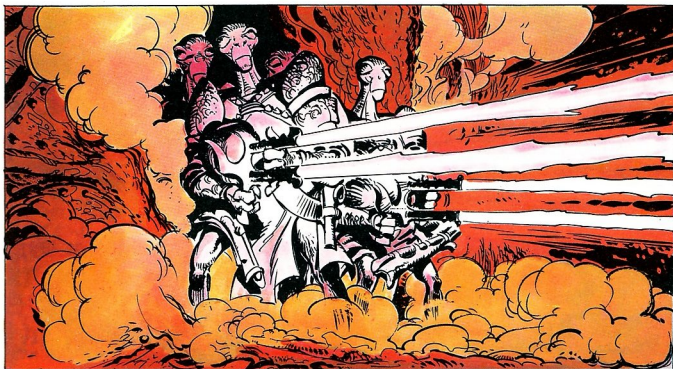
HOW'S THAT?



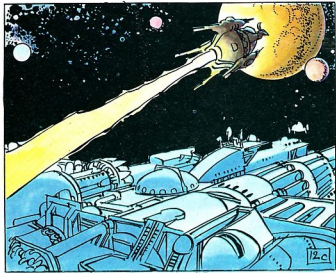
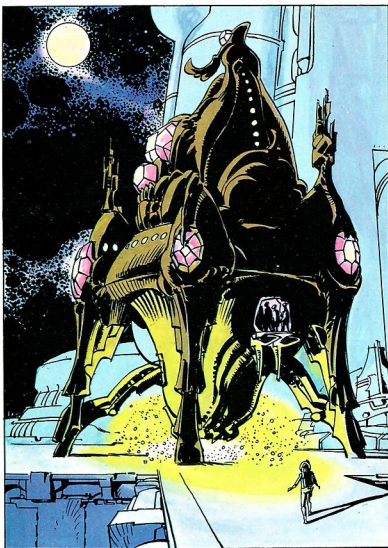
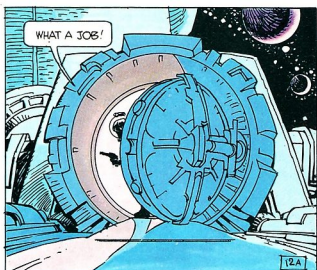




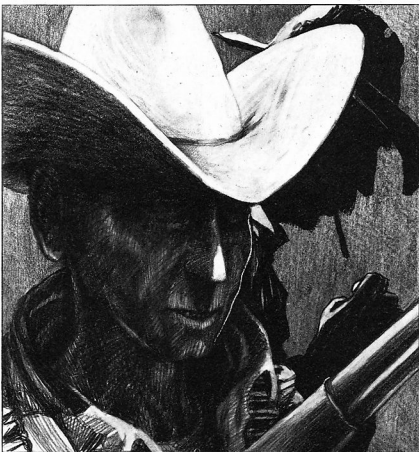




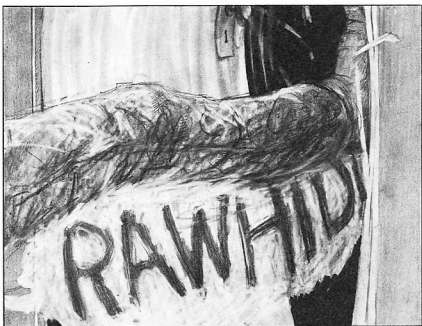


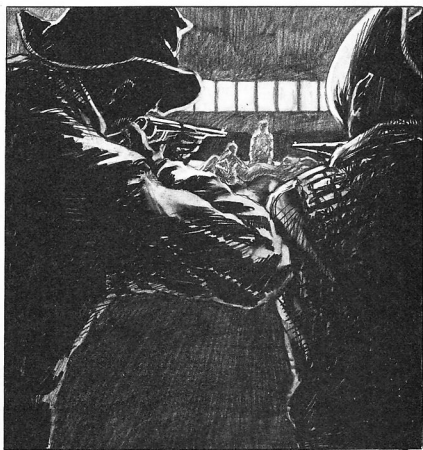
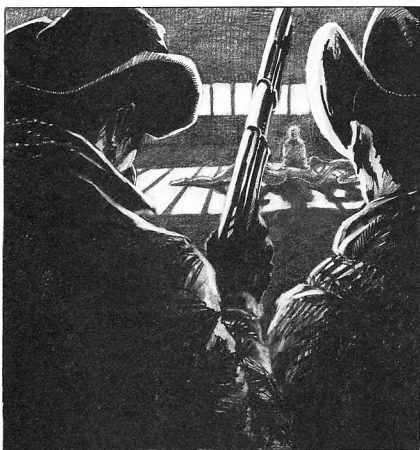
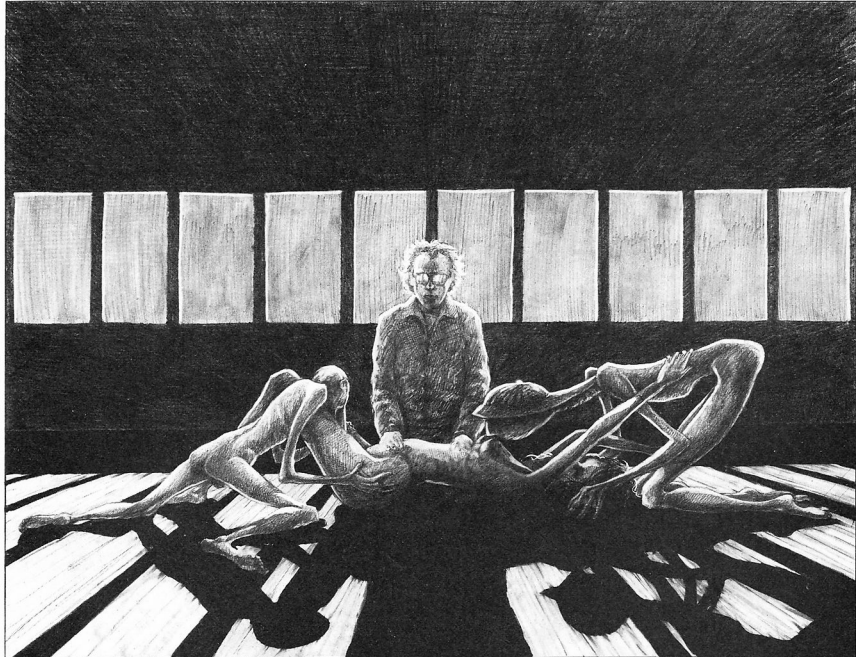


TO BE CONTINUED...



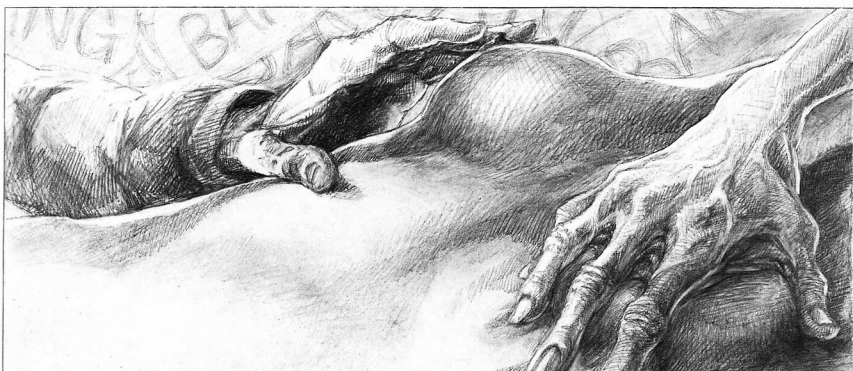
















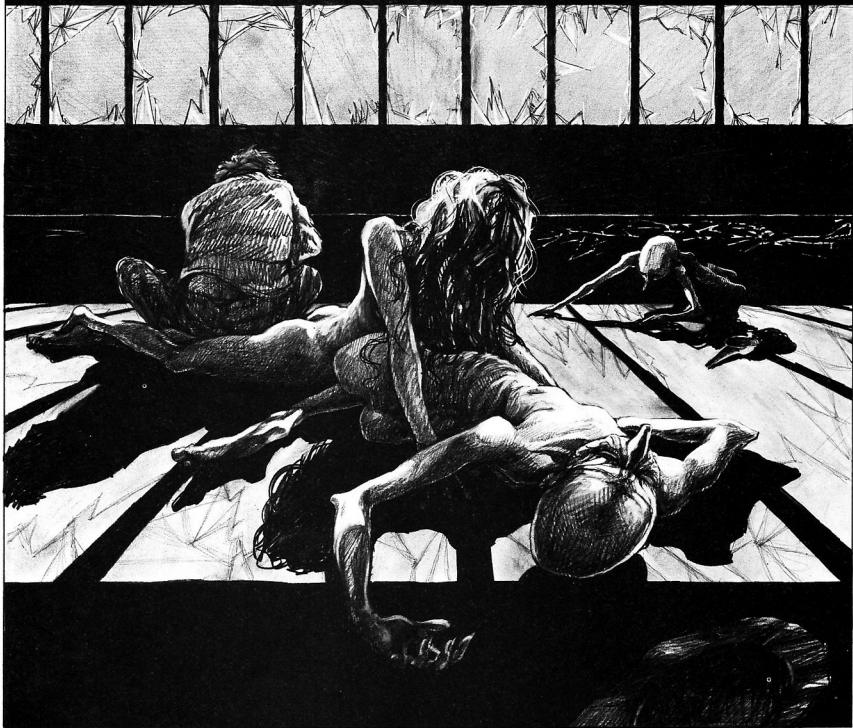


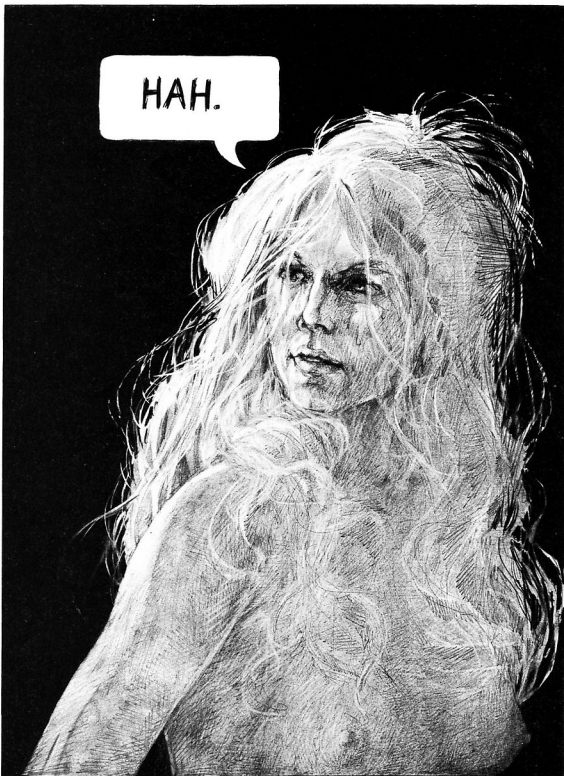
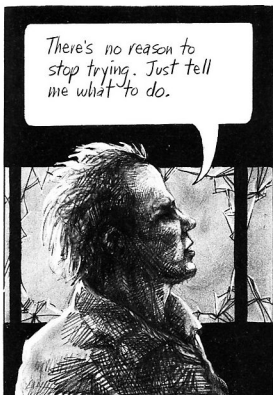
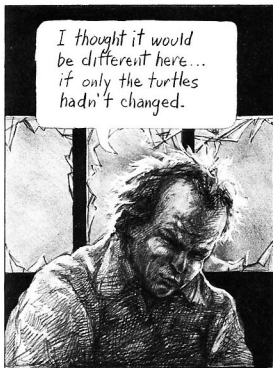
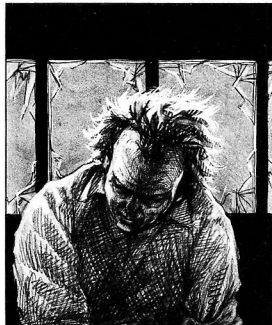
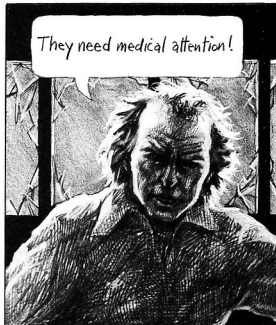
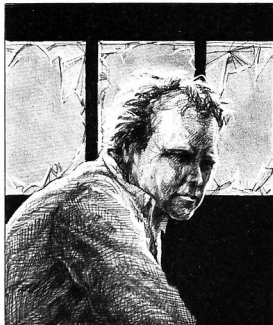












• END •



The limousine carried us in its gleaming belly through the sulphurous swamps of Newark.

Where are you taking me?

To the airport. Then, if you're a good boy, to L.A.

©1981 BOB MERKLE JR.

I work for some rich and powerful people. They know about your talent with robots, and they want to hire you.

I'm through with all that--you saw what happened to Quintana.

But--why me?

Hey! Nobody's pressuring you--if you refuse, I'll just blow your head off.

No, I'm sorry! I refuse to deal with this! I'm sick of having guns pointed at me.

Well, then think of the economy--it's going to be hard to find another job at your age.

Who's that?

Oh, he's one of the Black Pandas--they're a Japanese terrorist group.



"Anjin-san wish to pirrow now?"



We Brack Pandas have seen this movie, Shogun, many times now.



We no rike to see Japanese movies. We rike to see "Dating Game" and "I Ruv Rucy" instead!



I RUV RUCY!

I RUV RUCY!

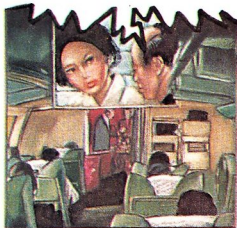
I RUV RUCY!



I go now to negotiate with pirot.



"Master, please arrow me to commit seppuku."  
"No. You must riv with the shame--AWK!"



"Hello, Lucy--I'm home!"



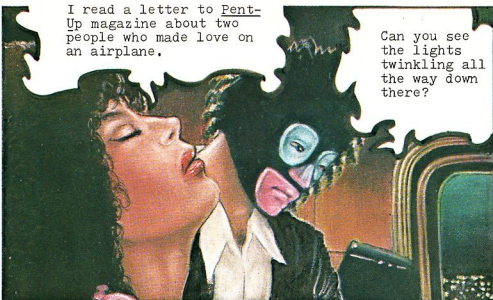
Awww--I arready seen this one.



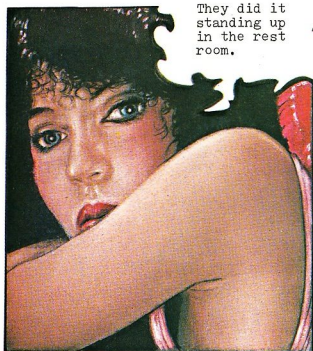


One by one, the other passengers fell asleep, until we were the only ones left awake.

I read a letter to Pent-Up magazine about two people who made love on an airplane.



Can you see the lights twinkling all the way down there?



They did it standing up in the rest room.



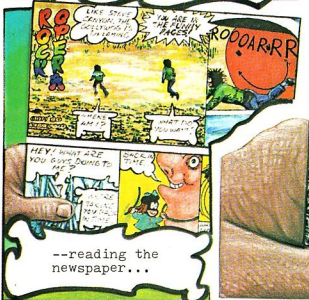
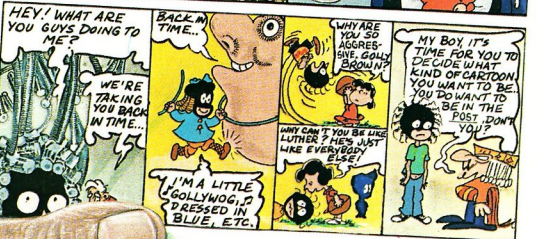
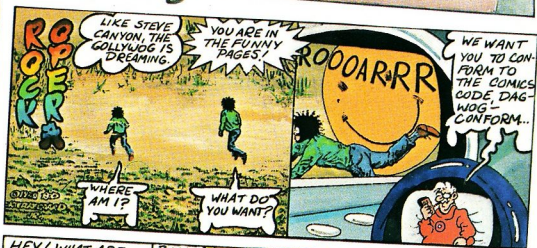
I wonder what their lives are like, the people who live in those houses...



Probably just like yours, chump--goodnight!



Finally, I fell asleep--



--reading the newspaper...



WHY CAN'T WE SETTLE  
DOWN TOGETHER, G.W.?—  
I'LL LOSE WEIGHT— I'LL  
QUIT SMOKING—  
I PROMISE!

YOU CAN BE AC-  
CEPTED IF YOU'LL  
JUST BE LIKE  
ME— BE  
LIKE ME...

LIKE ME!  
LIKE ME!

I woke up above  
Anaheim.

WAAAAH!

WAAAAH!

Hey--  
what's  
the  
matter?

I was having  
a nightmare.

Want to talk  
about it? I  
mean, it doesn't  
matter to me...

I dreamed I  
was trapped  
in a world  
of cartoon  
characters.

Well, relax--  
it was just  
a dream.

Do all the  
buildings here  
look like  
this?

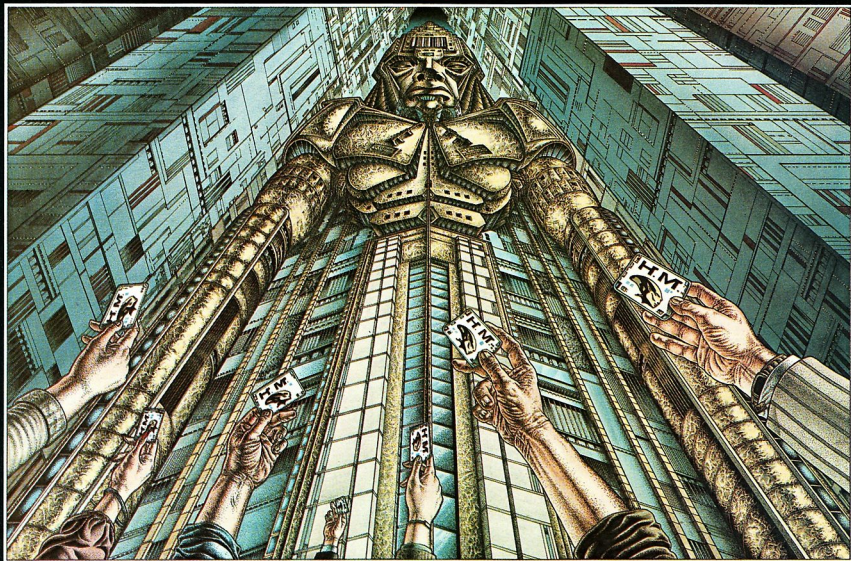
No, not exactly--  
this is where  
you're going  
to be working...

365 8X0



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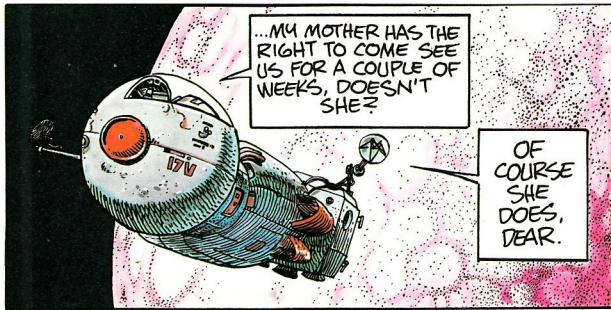
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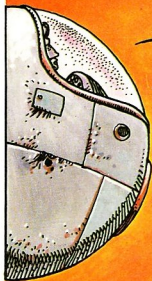
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THE STAR SWALLOWER, AN OUT-OF-DATE, ELECTRICALLY POWERED COASTING VESSEL, SAILS TOWARD PHENIXON, A SMALL YELLOW PLANET IN THE AREA OF XERES.



...MY MOTHER HAS THE RIGHT TO COME SEE US FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, DOESN'T SHE?

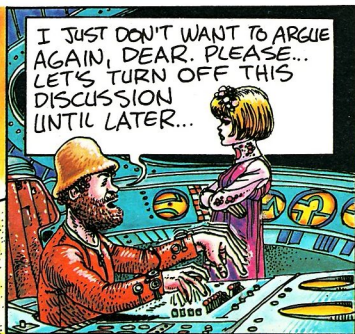
OF COURSE SHE DOES, DEAR.



I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!

...WHAT TONE?

IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME.



I JUST DON'T WANT TO ARGUE AGAIN, DEAR. PLEASE... LET'S TURN OFF THIS DISCUSSION UNTIL LATER...



YOU ALWAYS WANT TO "PUT OFF" WHAT YOU DON'T AGREE WITH. WHY PUT

OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY?

COME, LOOK HOW PRETTY IT IS DOWN BELOW, HMM?...

fff

There **IS** a  
PRINCE  
CHARMING  
on Phenixon

BY MOEBIUS



AGHHH!... MY MOTHER TOLD ME TIME AND AGAIN, "DON'T MARRY THIS CAMELOT TYPE... HE'S SEEDY! OOOH... IF ONLY I'D..."

JANINE, BE QUIET A MINUTE, WILL YOU? GOOD, NOW ACCORDING TO THE XERES INDEX, ON PHENIXON THERE ARE TOC-TOC SKINS WHICH ARE WORTH QUITE A LOT ON VARLOP ON-SWAN!... NOW, THAT'S COMMERCE!

COULD THIS BE ONE OF THOSE SPACE MERCHANTS?

FINALLY, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET RID OF THOSE DAMNED TOC-TOC SKINS THAT ARE MAKING THIS PLACE STINK...

PEOPLE OF PHENIXON, HELLO!

HELLO, SPACE MONSTER!

IF THE LADY SO DESIRES... A LITTLE WALK ON SHALMASSOPHANT?

SHOW US YOUR WARES!

DON'T GO TOO FAR OFF, JANINE... BE CAREFUL!

TAKE CARE OF THOSE TOC-TOC SKINS!

OH... AND THAT ONE!

IT'S SO PRETTY!...

MMM... THE BLUE ONE!

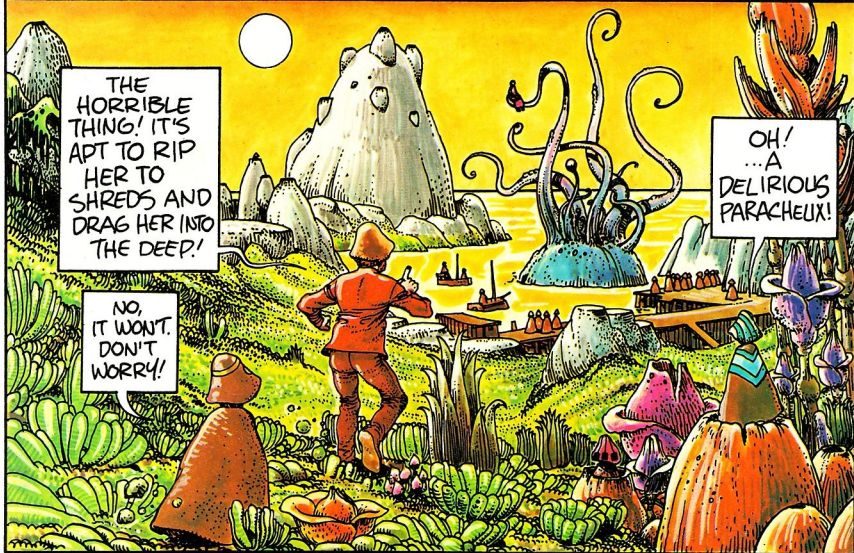
AND THE BIG ONE... IN GREEN... WITH DOTS...

CAREFUL... I DON'T GIVE CREDIT!

HOW MUCH IS THIS ONE?

HEY! ER... SIR! THE WOMAN HAS MET UP WITH A PARACHEUX! SHE NEEDS YOUR HELP!





THE HORRIBLE THING! IT'S APT TO RIP HER TO SHREDS AND DRAG HER INTO THE DEEP!

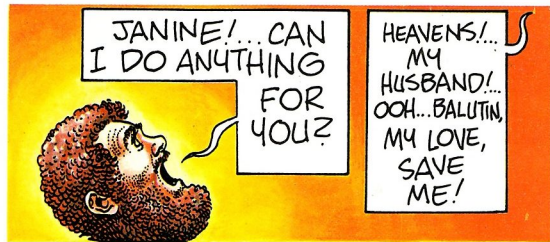
NO, IT WON'T, DON'T WORRY!

OH! ...A DELIRIOUS PARACHEUX!



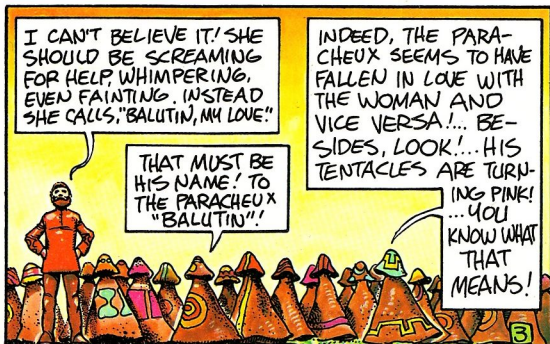
I'VE NEVER BEFORE KNOWN A PARACHEUX TO DO THIS SORT OF THING!

WELL, THEN...



JANINE!... CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?

HEAVENS!... MY HUSBAND!... OOH... BALUTIN, MY LOVE, SAVE ME!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE SHOULD BE SCREAMING FOR HELP, WHIMPERING, EVEN FAINTING. INSTEAD SHE CALLS, "BALUTIN, MY LOVE!"

THAT MUST BE HIS NAME, TO THE PARACHEUX "BALUTIN"!!

INDEED, THE PARACHEUX SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE WOMAN AND VICE VERSA!... BESIDES, LOOK!... HIS TENTACLES ARE TURN-

ING PINK! ...YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



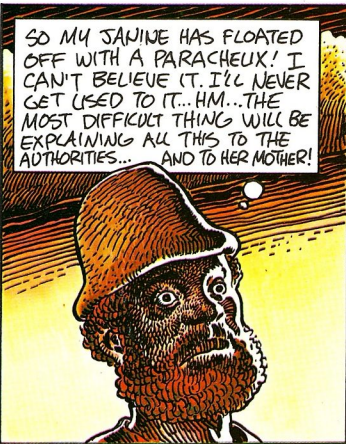


ARE YOU SURE THAT SHE ISN'T IN ANY DANGER?...

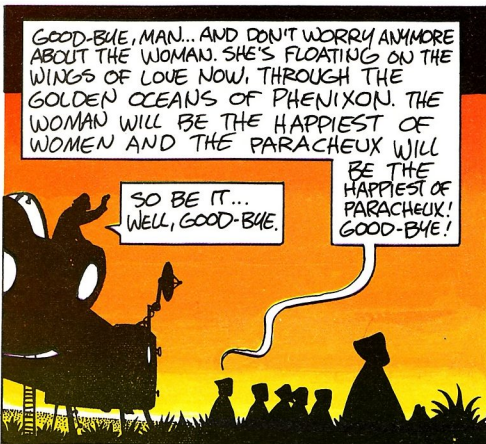
CERTAINLY! THE PARACHEUX IS A VERY SWEET BEING!

IT IS SAID THAT ONE DAY, A PARACHEUX AND A BOULAINNE FELL IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHER. NOW, THAT'S TRUE!

LOOK THERE!... THEY'RE ALREADY DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.



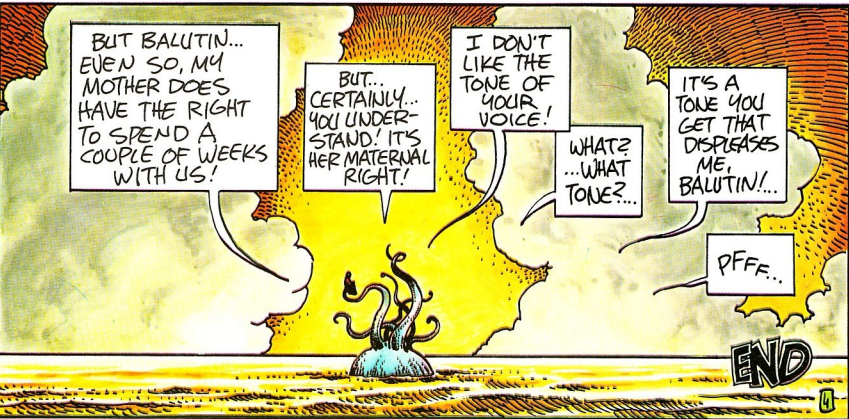
SO MY JANINE HAS FLOATED OFF WITH A PARACHEUX! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT... HM... THE MOST DIFFICULT THING WILL BE EXPLAINING ALL THIS TO THE AUTHORITIES... AND TO HER MOTHER!



GOOD-BYE, MAN... AND DON'T WORRY ANYMORE ABOUT THE WOMAN. SHE'S FLOATING ON THE WINGS OF LOVE NOW, THROUGH THE GOLDEN OCEANS OF PHENIXON. THE WOMAN WILL BE THE HAPPIEST OF WOMEN AND THE PARACHEUX WILL

SO BE IT... WELL, GOOD-BYE.

BE THE HAPPIEST OF PARACHEUX! GOOD-BYE!



BUT BALUTIN... EVEN SO, MY MOTHER DOES HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS WITH US!

BUT... CERTAINLY... YOU UNDERSTAND! IT'S HER MATERNAL RIGHT!

I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!

WHAT? ...WHAT TONE?...

IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME, BALUTIN!...

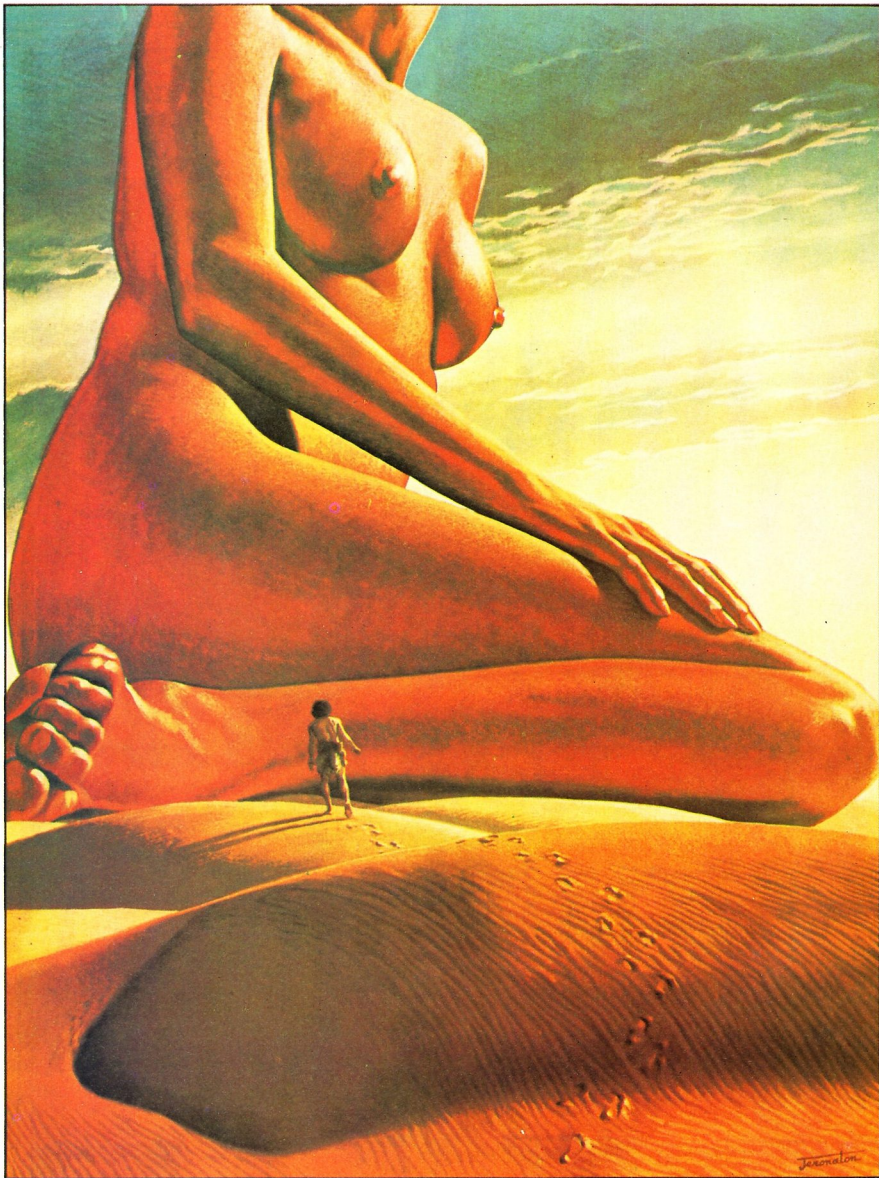
PFFF...

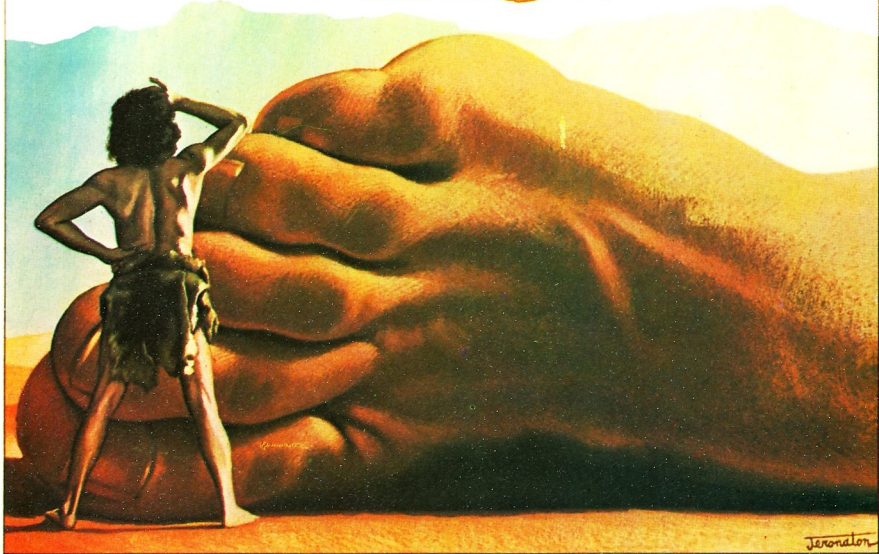
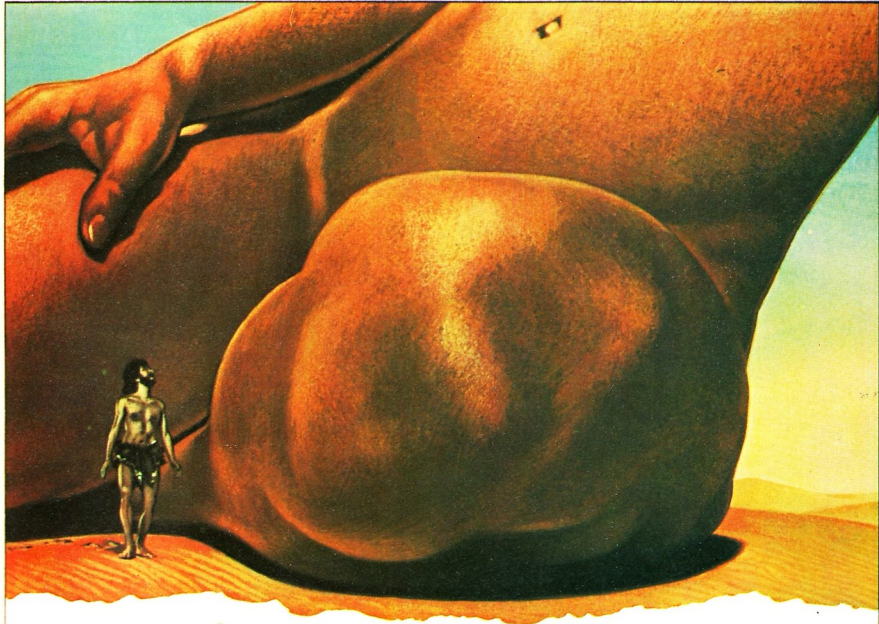
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# WOMAN BY JERON ATON

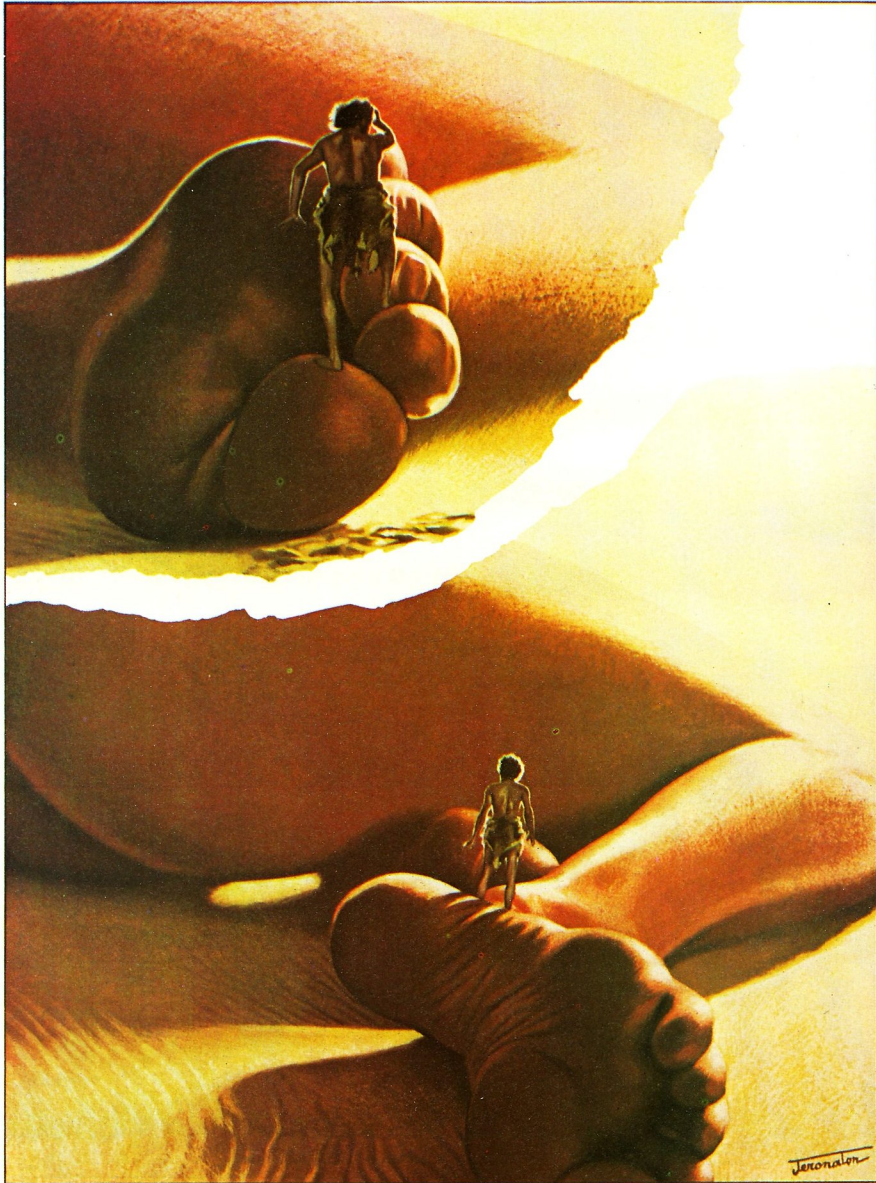


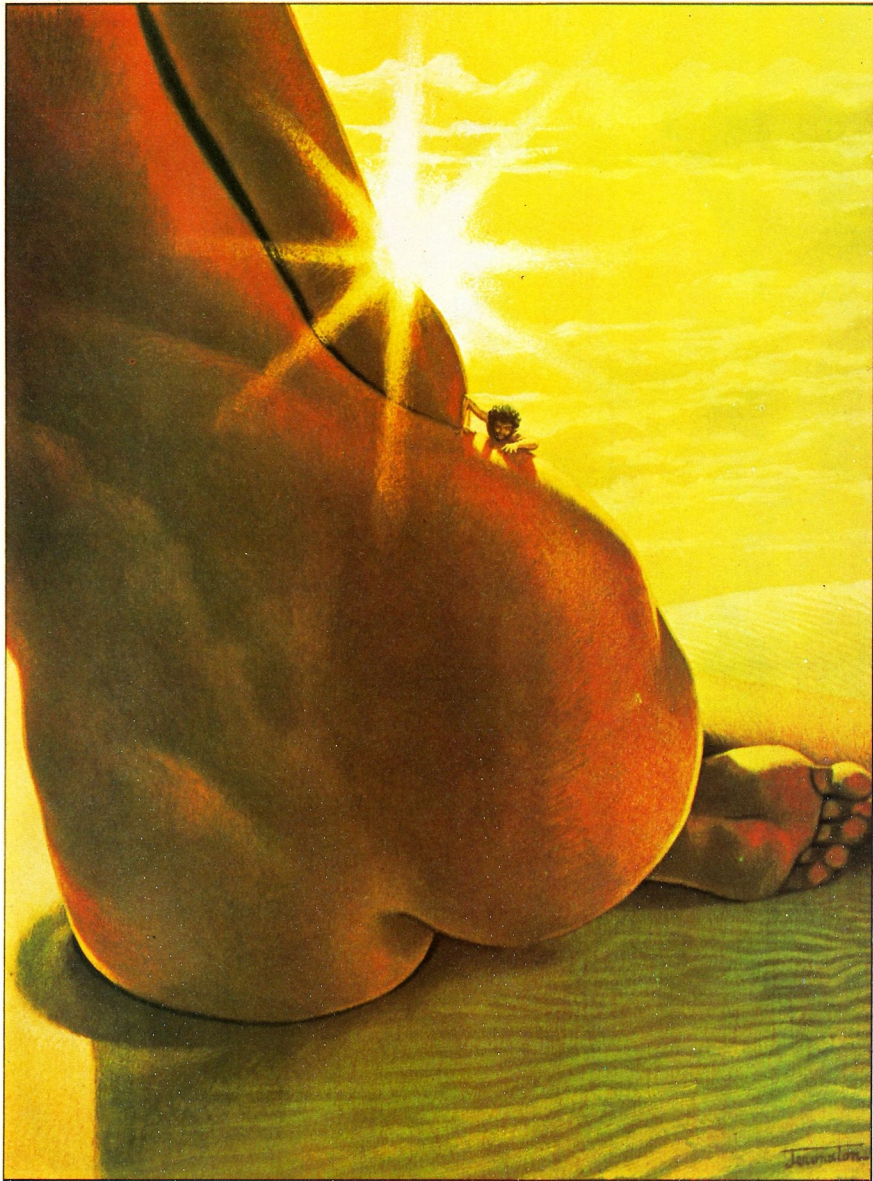








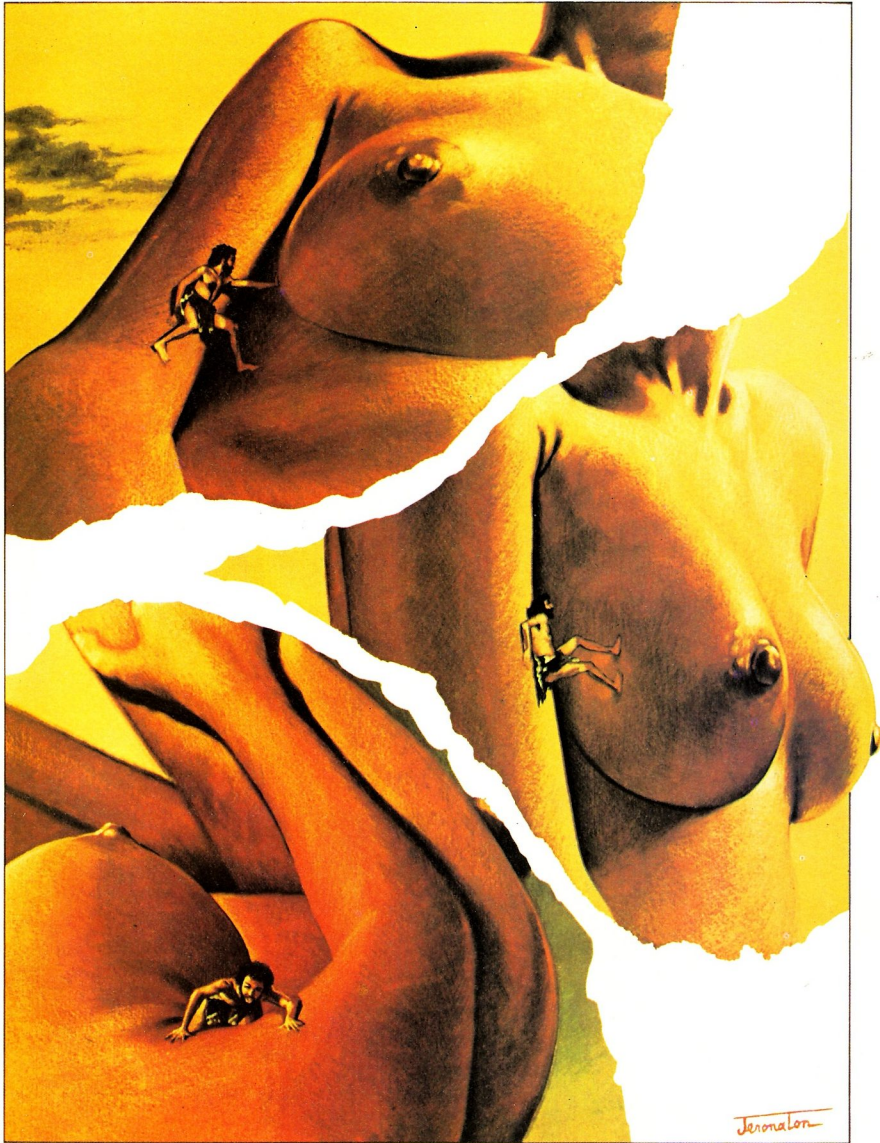




Jovanaldo







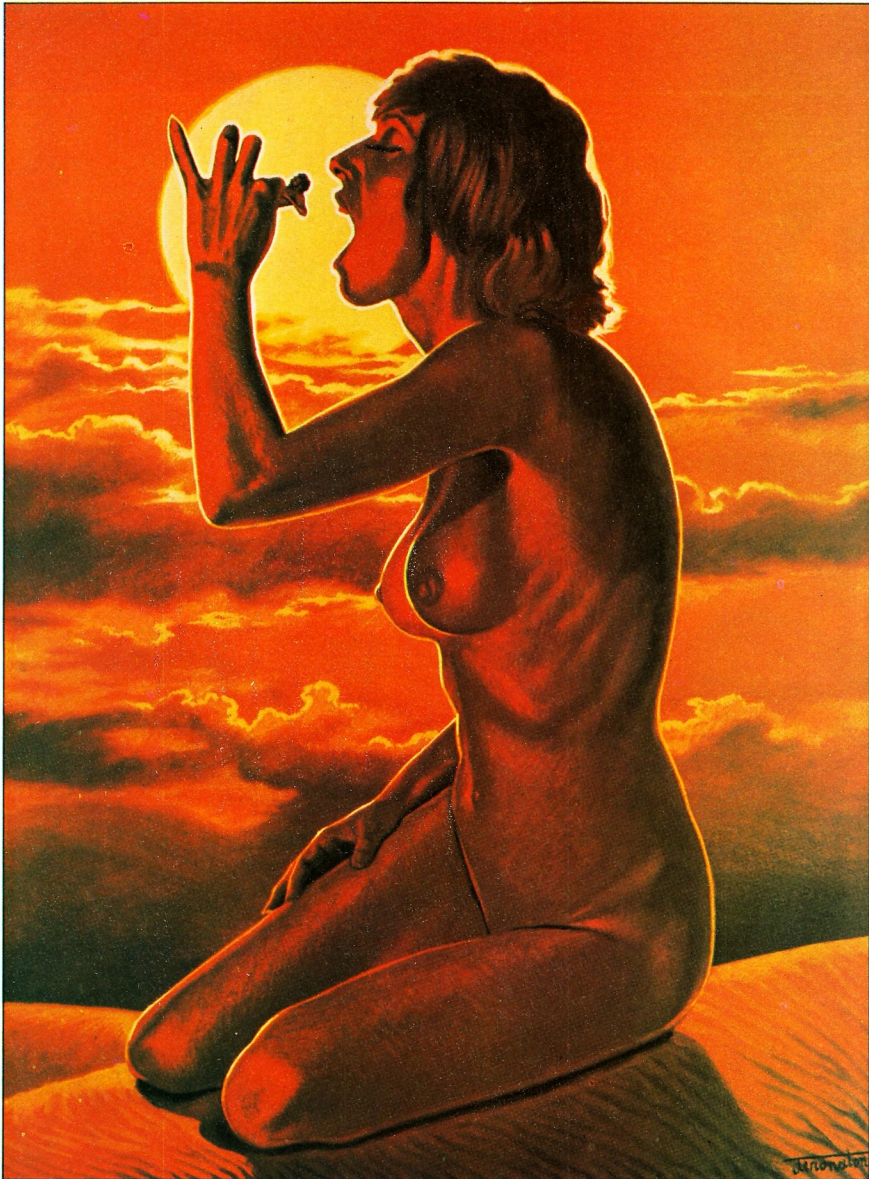






Jerusalem







THE  
END.



# EARTH IS STRANGE ENOUGH

by Robert Silverberg

continued from page 5

I live in Northern California, in a region where the climate is not exactly tropical but is certainly benign. The temperature almost never goes below freezing and hardly ever rises above 85. So, I chose the sort of plants most closely akin to my sensibility and taste—that is, the freaky, grotesque, bizarre ones, the ones that look as though they'd strayed off the set of *Star Wars*.

The first thing was a cactus garden, naturally—a weird assortment of spiny, murderous, angular monstrosities that look like a sampling of the flora of Betelgeuse XI. Here's a Peruvian *Cleistocactus* that's a lot like a furry phallus six feet long. (If I ever catch it mating with the bumpy, prickly *Lobivia* clump nearby I'm going to run like hell.) Here's an *Opuntia* that looks like a bunch of Mickey Mouse ears minus the mouse. Here's the creeping devil of Baja California, the sinister *Machaerocereus*, that snakes along the ground, rooting as it slithers. It would slither all the way to Can-

gascar and Mexico and Brazil, but their zonkoid shapes and menacing, reptilian textures make it easy to believe that they evolved on worlds where humanoid sacrifice is the Saturday-morning custom and blue green blood flows freely on the high altars. And after the succulents, bromeliads—jungle dwellers, that in nature live perched precariously on tree limbs, feeding themselves by collecting dust specks and frog droppings and mosquito eggs in the little pools of water at their centers. Which led me easily onward to the carnivorous plants: grinning green jaws waiting for unwary bugs. And from there—

It was just like writing SF. I picked the strangest cast of characters I could find, arranged them in an artistically satisfying way, and turned them loose to do their thing, while I sat back and wondered how it would all turn out. I didn't miss my career for a moment. Planting this oddball garden satisfied all my creative hungers. It kept me out of mischief, gave me a powerful sense of oneness with the universe, mightily amused my neighbors, and taught me a great deal about botany and horticulture.



Photograph by Susanna Lee Houlik

ada if the climate were right. And this, gobbling up territory like an extraterrestrial invader—that's the gorgon's head *Euphorbia* out of South Africa, with clusters of fleshy green projections that could have come to my garden straight out of your favorite SF writer's baddest of trips. I tell you it's weirdsville down there, a spaced-out botanical Twilight Zone of creepies, crawlies, eeries, and ghastrlies. A lot of them are wickedly armed, but they won't bite you unless you bite them first—except for the jumping cholla along the border of the garden, which sometimes makes preemptive strikes. (I keep my distance.)

After the cacti came succulents—some leafy, some gnarly, some goofy, all of them strange. They don't run as heavily to nasty spines as the cacti do, but they make it up with even more peculiar forms. I know they come from mundane places like Mada-

There was even a powerful philosophical point in it for me. After having spent my whole life in the creation of extraterrestrial weirdness, I was learning anew that Earth is strange enough. No need to go chasing off to Xfuz VII and Hkplod III—our own little planet, having given us euphorbias and tillandsias and lobivias and billbergias and all the other botanical wonders that provide me daily with such delight, is an incredibly bountiful source of the goddamnedest thrills and chills there are.

And then my acre of land was full, the job was done, and my creative hungers were still tickling me. So I unretired, and there was *Lord Valentine's Castle*, and I filled its landscape with all the plants of my own garden. Slightly modified, of course—the bromeliads have teeth, and some of the succulents have eyes. Call it artistic license—or is it just cross-pollination? ●

## COMING NEXT MONTH



The contents of the February *Heavy Metal* are almost all from those fabulous frogs across the sea, with just a smattering of American work throughout.

"Salamambo" continues! Yes, after a four-issue lapse (think it was 'cause he ran out of crayons!) Druillet's illustrated version of Flaubert's classic returns! In it you'll see a whole lot of partying, pillaging, and general hell raising!

"K.O.," by Voss, is an odd little strip about a far-off planet that holds boxing matches between robots. You'd be surprised who a few of them are programmed to imitate!

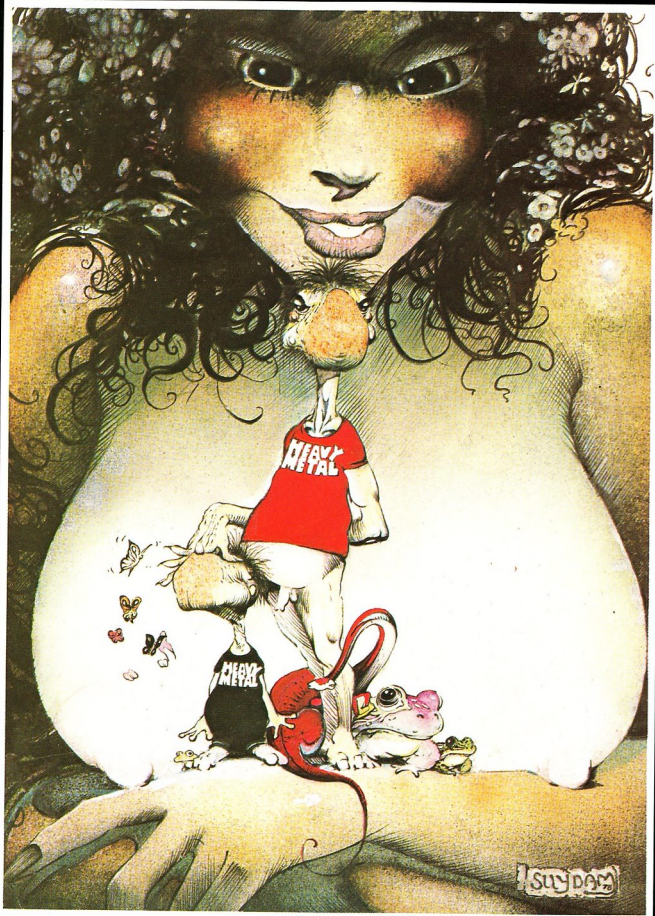
This time we really mean it! Jeff Jones's "Yesterday's Lily" will be excerpted, accompanying tidbits of a recent interview with this master!

"The Horny Fool," a Moebius mini-epic, is sorta self-explanatory, as is Dominique He's "Edward's in Love." (Ah, the French are so straightforward!)

Plus: the continuation of "What Is Reality, Papa?," "Bloodstar," "Ambassador of the Shadows," and "Rock Opera"! See you then!

**“My  
men  
wear  
HEAVY  
METAL  
t-shirts,  
or they  
wear  
nothing  
at all.”**

**“You’re not  
whistling ‘Dixie,’  
little lady! We  
only wear the  
finest form-fitting  
cotton . . . which I  
feel accentuates  
my manly  
physique. Ray  
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