

February 1981
\$2.00

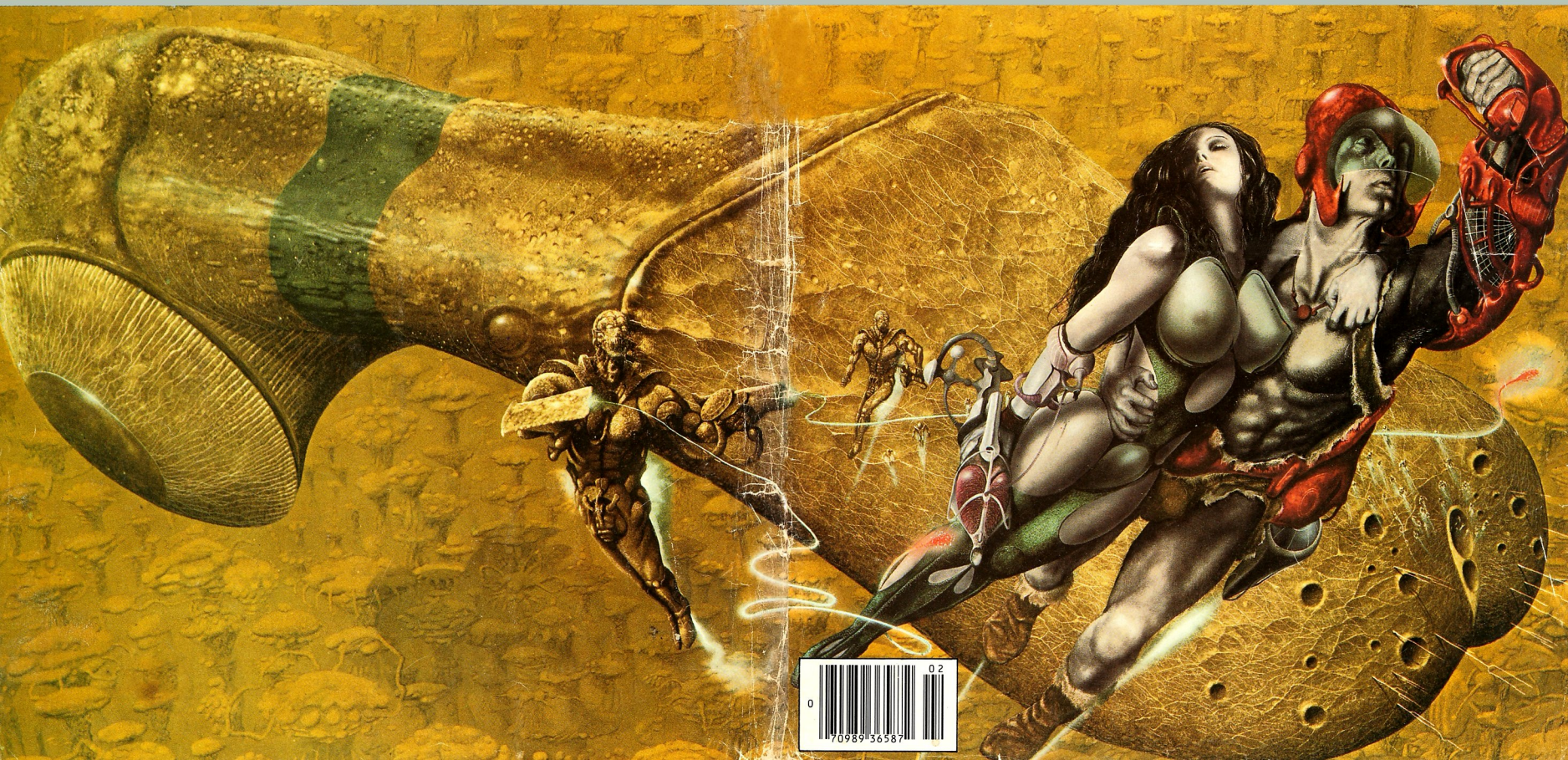
In
this issue:
William S.
Burroughs

HEAVY METAL

WPS
36587

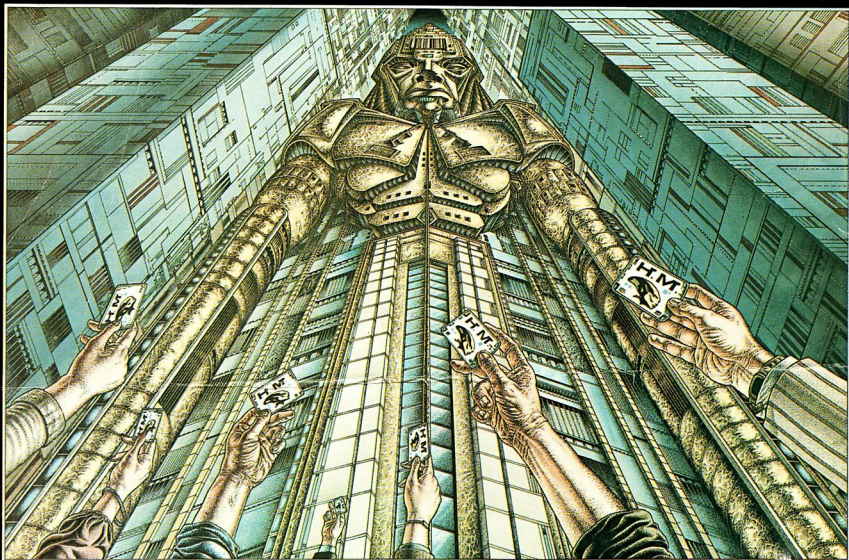
The adult
illustrated fantasy
magazine

Is it possible? All in one issue,
the magnificent Moebius's *The Horny Goof*,
Druillet's epic *Salamambo*, an excerpt and interview
from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily*, plus Corben,
Voss, Kierkegaard, Jr., and Godard —
c'est magnifique!



If you subscribe to *Heavy Metal* today you'll never have to hear tomorrow.

Sorry. All out of Heavy Metal!



Heavy Metal, the adult illustrated fantasy magazine, is an international dream machine. Artists from all corners of the earth conjure up bizarre fantasies and exotic happenings. Order today and we'll send you *Alien: The Illustrated Story*—a \$3.95 value—free! (Sorry. Due to the recent credit-card crunch, no *Heavy Metal* credit cards accepted.)

Heavy Metal Dept. 281
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years @ \$39.00 less \$10.00
I pay only \$29.00 for 36 issues
(80.5¢ per issue.)

Two years @ \$32.00 less \$10.00.
I pay only \$22.00 for 24 issues
(91.6¢ per issue.)

One year @ \$19.00 less \$5.00
I pay only \$14.00 for 12 issues
(116¢ per issue.)

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for ☐ 3 years ☐ 2 years ☐ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: \$ _____

Charge to my _____

☐ Master Charge Card # _____ Master Charge Interbank # _____

☐ Visa Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

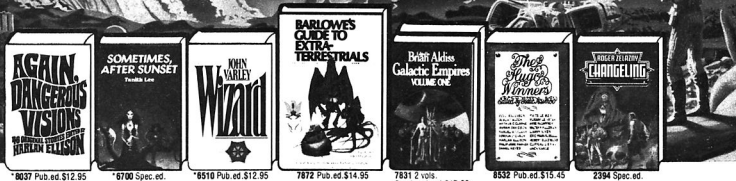
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within US or Canada. Add \$3.00 per year for Canada and \$5.00 per year for other foreign countries.

LET YOURSELF ROAM

through time...through space...

through other dimensions of
mind and matter...



*8037 Pub.ed \$12.95

*6700 Spec.ed.

*6510 Pub.ed \$12.95

7872 Pub.ed \$14.95

7831 2 vols
Comb.pub.ed \$17.90

8532 Pub.ed \$15.45

2394 Spec.ed.



*4317 Spec.ed.

2824 Pub.ed \$10.95

4689 Nonfiction
Pub.ed \$14.95

6221 Comb.pub.ed \$20.85

2576 Spec.ed.

5652 Pub.ed \$9.95

2477 Spec.ed.

*1503 Spec.ed.

*6346 Pub.ed \$9.95



2303 The Legion of
Space: The Combaters;
One Against the Legion.
Spec.ed.

6288 The Puppet
Masters: Double Star;
The Door into
Summer. Spec.ed.

6619 Pub.ed \$6.95

2717 Pub.ed \$9.95

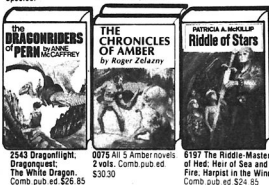
5025 Pub.ed \$11.95

0422 Spec.ed.

1081 Pub.ed \$10.00

5371 Pub.ed \$10.95

0315 Pub.ed \$11.95



2543 Dragonflight.
Dragonquest:
The White Dragon.
Comb.pub.ed \$26.85

0075 All 5 Amber novels
2 vols. Comb.pub.ed
\$30.30

6197 The Riddle-Master
of Red: Heir of Sea and
Fire. Harpist in the Wind.
Comb.pub.ed \$24.85

Take any 6 for \$1 with membership

FREE
carryall
when
you join



The Science Fiction Book Club

Dept. BR-168, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept my application for membership in the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 6 books I have numbered in the boxes below, and bill me just \$1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad. I will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices in the coming year and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

Mr. _____

Ms. _____ (Please print)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If under 18, parent must sign. _____

The Science Fiction Book Club offers complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada. 77-S226

How the Science Fiction Book Club Works:

When your application for membership is accepted, you'll receive your choice of any 6 books on this page for only \$1 (plus shipping and handling). You may examine them in your home, and if not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days—membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE carryall will be yours to keep whether or not you remain a member.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of 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 convenient form always provided, and return it to us by the date specified.

We allow you at least 10 days for making your decision. If you do not receive 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 2 Selections each month is only \$2.98. Other Selections are slightly higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' editions. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money now, but do mail the coupon today!

*Explicit scenes and language may be offensive to some.

TM: Lucasfilm, Ltd. (LFL) 1980

Civilian Defense, by William S. Burroughs , 4
Bloodstar, by Robert E. Howard . Adapted by John Jakes and John Pocsik . Illustrated by Richard Corben , 5
What Is Reality, Papa?, by Godard and Ribera , 13
The Horny Goof, by Moebius . Adapted by Ted Mann , 24
K. O., by Voss , 37
Salamambo, by Druillet . Adapted from the original <i>Salamambo</i> . by Gustave Flaubert , 42
Gallery Section: Yesterday's Lily, by Jeffrey Jones , 59
The Bus, by Paul Kirchner , 75
The Tip of the Iceberg at Lucca 14, by Rick Veitch , 76
Ambassador of the Shadows, by Christin and Mezieres , 79
Rock Opera, by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. , 92
Coming Next Month, 96
Cover, John and Cathy, by Jim Burns

"Bloodstar," by Robert E. Howard. illustrated by Richard Corben. ©1975, 1976, 1979, 1980, by the Morning Star Press, Ltd. All rights reserved.
 "What Is Reality, Papa?" by Godard and Ribera, and "Ambassador of the Shadows," by Christin and Mezieres, are both from *Pilote* magazine ©1975 and 1980, Dargaud Editeur, France. All rights reserved.
 "The Horny Goof," by Moebius. "K.O.," by Voss, and "Salamambo," by Druillet, are all from *Metal Hurlant* magazine ©1980. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L. F. Editions, Les Humanoïdes Associés, Paris. All rights reserved.
 All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.



Illustration by Romas Kukalis

HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.	
Chairman Matty Simmons	President Julian L. Weber
Chairman of the Executive Committee Leonard Mogel	
Executive Vice-President Gerald L. Taylor	
Sr. Vice-President George S. Agolia, Sr.	
Vice-President, Finance Peter Phillips	
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales Howard Jurofsky	
Controller Edward Fox	
HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc., © 1980 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 semification is purely coincidental.	
EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.	

Editor and Publisher:	Leonard Mogel
Executive Editor:	Julie Simmons
Copy Editor:	Judith Sonntag
Art Director:	John Workman
Art Assistants:	Bill Workman, Larry Lanoff
Production Director:	Camille Russo
Production Assistant:	Raymond Battaglini
Circulation Director:	George S. Agolia, Sr.
Special Projects:	Michael Gross
European Editor:	Diana K. Bletter
Foreign Rights Manager:	Christina Miner
Advertising:	Howard Jacoby

Editor and Publisher:	Leonard Mogel
Executive Editor:	Julie Simmons
Copy Editor:	Judith Sonntag
Art Director:	John Workman
Art Assistants:	Bill Workman, Larry Lanoff
Production Director:	Camille Russo
Production Assistant:	Raymond Battaglini
Circulation Director:	George S. Agolia, Sr.
Special Projects:	Michael Gross
European Editor:	Diana K. Bletter
Foreign Rights Manager:	Christina Miner
Advertising:	Howard Jacoby

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. \$19.00 paid annual subscription, \$32.00 paid two-year subscription, and \$39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$3.00 for Canada and \$5.00 elsewhere. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. 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: **Howard Jacoby**, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 680-4070. *Midwest:* **William H. Sanke**, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60601, (312) 346-7145. *West Coast:* **Robert Sage, Sage & Hoyt, Inc.**, 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 924, Los Angeles, CA 90067 (213) 277-7125. *Southern Offices:* **H.B. Brown, Brown & Co.,** Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30328, (404) 252-9820.

CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Through forty-odd years, William S. Burroughs has been a creative and social revolutionary of the highest order. His novels have shocked with their stark portrayals of heroin addiction and passionate homosexuality, while radically altering perceptions of the novel as a strict linear progression. At sixty-seven he has been godfather to the Beats, hippies, punks, and even science fiction's new wave, with his literary psychedelia that twists traditional ideas of time and space. This piece, "Civilian Defense," from Burroughs's forthcoming book of essays (to be published in 1981 by Seaver Books), does what Burroughs is best at doing. He takes a seemingly logical concept and spirals closer and closer toward convoluted, ultimately extreme extrapolation. Essentially, the piece is science fiction, as it twists further and further away from the likely toward the visionary. If Burroughs is the ultimate paranoid, then it's because, as he says, paranoia is having all the facts. When Burroughs writes he considers not only the known facts but the imaginary ones as well. His current novels include Port of Saints, (Blue Wind Press, 1980); the forthcoming Cities of the Red Night (Holt, Rinehart & Winston); and, underway, The Johnson Family.

—Brad Balfour

C.D., Civilian Defense, started with names on cards. These ID cards identify the bearer — photo and fingerprints, description and address — as a Civil Defense agent. Each card has a number. I think it was no accident that one of the original thirteen early card holders was a computer programmer. The idea behind the C.D. card was and is very simple: We will follow the example set by the Guardian Angels. We will patrol the subways, acting to stop crime, to aid and protect victims of crime in accordance with our plain duty as citizens and fellow humans. We hope that our example will inspire other citizens to help themselves and each other. We hope to instill a get-in-this-and-help reflex, instead of a keep-out-of-it-walk-away-shut-your-lousy-mouth reflex. We intend to make it fashionable to defend ourselves and others. We will be of all ages and all walks of life. You join by filling out a form and obtaining a C.D. card. You are expected to patrol one night a month but may do so as often as you wish.

The Angels carry no weapons. Our policy on weapons is that the Field Agent on patrol may carry whatever weapons he wants to

carry, and for which he assumes the legal responsibility. The most commonly carried legal weapon is a cane or walking stick. He can equip himself at a C.D. store (in the beginning these were simply loft addresses) after showing his C.D. card. At first the stores sold mostly canes of heavy wood and simple designs, with a brochure showing some of the basics of cane fighting. Weapons of doubtful legality were tear-gas guns and short sticks carried concealed. It was C.D. policy to try out various weapons for a court decision. This attracted some sharp legal brains.

C.D. caught on like mad. And with it came a new spirit of release. The ordinary citizen felt that he didn't have to take it lying down anymore. He could do something about it right now. Join C.D.

The T.O.T. Decision gave us tremendous impetus. The Tool of Trade Decision, which involved a concealed awl and a dead punk, stipulates that a citizen may not be arrested or charged for carrying the tools of his trade unless the artifacts in question are specifically controlled by other statutes. The defendant was a part-time leather worker.

"You can drive a trailer truck through T.O.T.," wailed the Commissioner. "They'll carry anything and call it a tool of their trade."

We are setting up centers where courses in stick and hand-to-hand fighting are given. Friendly C.D. advisers are there to help you. They will give you a list of reliable merchants who install security devices in apartments. They will put you in touch with other people in your neighborhood who may have the same problems. We advertise on the subways.

Poster shows the grinning Buddies all with C.D. T-shirts, patches, armbands, hatbands. . .

THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS BECOME A SUBWAY BUDDY

Get to know the other citizens who ride the same trains at the same time you do. Become a Subway Buddy. Every Buddy will help you when you need help, and you will help every Buddy. JOIN NOW. Take one. . .

Subway Buddies really caught on. I mean, who would slink around *not* being a Subway Buddy? There they are on the platform laughingly comparing their canes and staffs and golf clubs. "For close-in chops I favor a niblick. For the home stretch a loaded driver." Now they settle in a car and leer knowingly at each other. A plumber fondles a heavy pipe wrench. Nobody's going to chain-

snatch his Subway Buddies. The C.D. stores are now vast weapon supermarkets. Here is a fetching array of carpenter suits in leather and denim with reinforced pockets and pouches and sheaths for awls and ice picks, do fridge jobs on the side you know, and those lovely axe-hammer crowbars, all one gorgeous hunka stainless. . . and exquisite ball peens with whip handles. . .

"Don't forget your Union Card, sir. You are now a member of the C.D. Carpenters Union." The clerk winks broadly. "It's legal as hell. And this battery-powered drill right in his muggin' eye, sir! And this air hammer can be used as a walking stick. It's a rupturin' perforating tool, if you'll pardon the expression, sir." We stroll on to the Exterminator section. "Now, this blower shoots a finely divided black cyanide dust. One good whiff, sir. Not recommended for *crowd* situations, sir."

The Farmer's Market gets a big play. Window-box Farmers fancy themselves as Death with a scythe, and one old joker incinerated two rowdies with a flamethrower.

"Farmer, you know. We use them for killing weeds. Never without it. . .haw, haw."

Some of these devices were shot down in the courts. Flamethrowers and all incendiary devices, for example, were outlawed by Fire D. regulations, but new ones kept popping up until the courts were jammed with weapon cases.

"Darling, I've been doing a lot of research and there is absolutely no license required to buy a flintlock or percussion gun, or to carry one. Or a sword, for that matter, carried openly."

"My God!" screamed the old transit cop. "Fifty of them with cavalry sabres and civil-war revolvers."

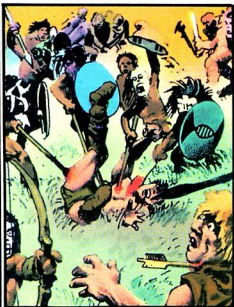
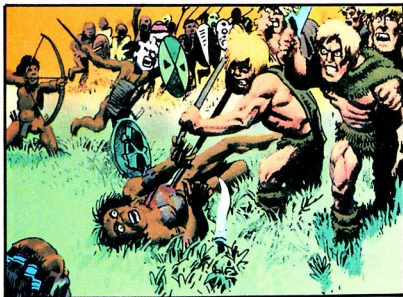
And the Golfers with their loaded drivers and their charge cry: "FORE!" The Baseball Players, brutal burly men, beat your muggin' brains out. The Polo Boys, lithe aloof young men faultlessly attired in riding clothes. They are adept at tripping with their mallets, or they may prefer to disembowel a mugger with a back kick of razor-sharp spurs, bare their teeth and roll their eyes like a fucking horse as they emit their terrible whinny of triumph.

C.D. becomes obligatory, like jury duty. We computerize our records. We have records not only on those who have committed crimes, but on those who can be expected to commit certain types of crimes in the future.

continued on page 96

ROBERT E. HOWARD'S
BLOODSTAR
BY RICHARD CORBEN,
JOHN JAKES,
AND JOHN POCSIK

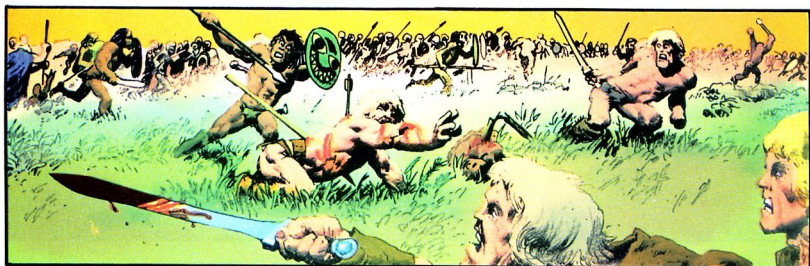
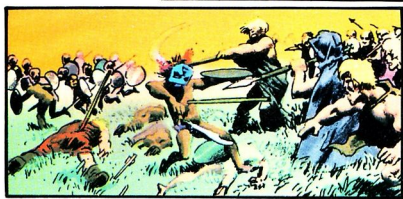
In our last episode, while Bloodstar and his mentor, Grom, were on a hunting trip, they were attacked by wild boars. On his deathbed, Grom told the young Bloodstar of his origin and of his father, who defeated the King of the Northern Abyss.



THAT GOLDEN
AFTERNOON SAW
A GRAND BATTLE.



MANY BRAVE
WARRIORS FELL
BENEATH THE
STROKE OF STEEL
AND STONE.



WE WERE ALL DRUNK WITH SLAUGHTER. WE MATCHED THE YELLOWHAIR IN FEROCITY. OURS WERE THE GREATER NUMBERS, BUT THEY WERE TALLER AND MORE AGILE. SINCE WE COULD NOT BEAT THEM IN INDIVIDUAL COMBAT, WE ADOPTED GROUP TACTICS TO BRING THEM DOWN AND TOOK A GHASTLY TOLL. PILES OF BODIES MOUNTED.



WE KILLED AND WERE KILLED WITH SAVAGE GLEE. A MADNESS SEIZED US OUT THERE ON THE PLAIN. BY AND BY, THOUGH, THE FIGHT TURNED AGAINST US AND WE FLED. I WAS ONE OF THE LAST TO LEAVE. IT WAS MY MISFORTUNE—AND GOOD FATE—TO MEET YOUR SIRE, BLOODSTAR THE ELDER, THERE UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, NOT AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING TO A FRIENDSHIP, EITHER.

STAND FAST, APE-FACE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING SOFT AND SWEET FOR YOU!

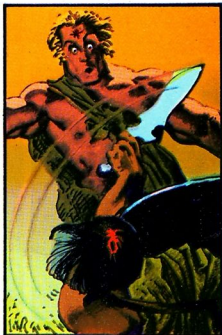




GROM
KILLS!

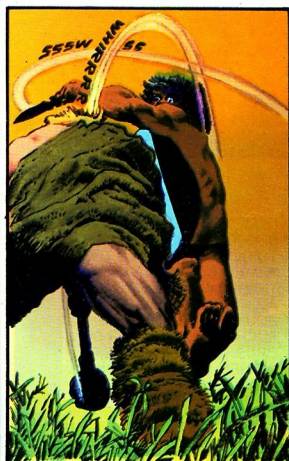
ZEG. HE WAS FAST! HE
SIDESTEPED MY CHARGE
AND BOUNCED HIS CLUB
OFF MY HEAD.

I COULD ONLY SLASH AIR
WITH MY BLADE!



ANOTHER CARESS OF HIS
WAR STICK WAS MORE THAN
ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME HE
WAS NO ORDINARY FIGHTER.

THEN, FOR A WHILE, WE
PERFORMED A BIZARRE
DANCE OF DEATH AROUND
EACH OTHER — WEAVING,
HACKING, THRUSTING,
DUCKING, FALLING BACK.
STRANGELY, NEITHER OF US
WAS ABLE TO CONNECT A
BLOW, BUT I SHIVERED EACH
TIME THAT CLUB HUMMED
PAST MY FACE.



SUDDENLY OUR UNCONSCIOUS RHYTHM WAS BROKEN AS THE BLOND GIANT'S CLUB SHATTERED MY WOODEN CLUB.



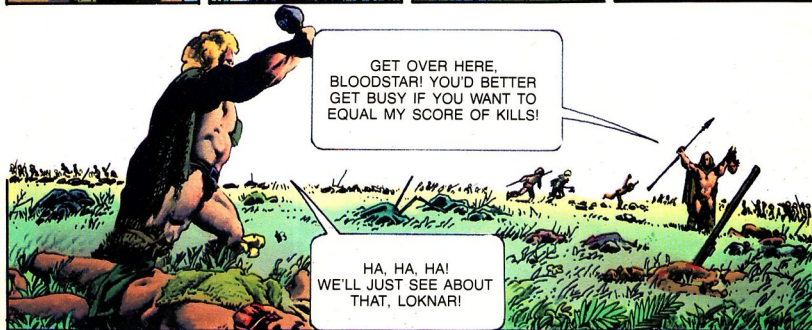
ZEG,
WHAT A BLOW!



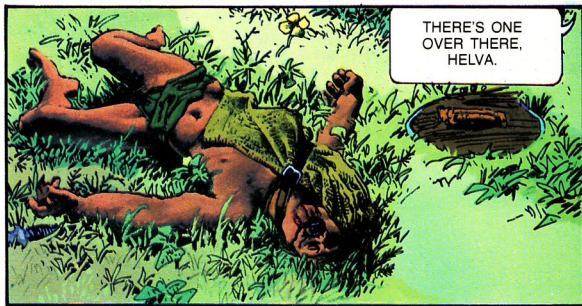
THEN EVERYTHING WENT
BLACK FOR A SPACE.

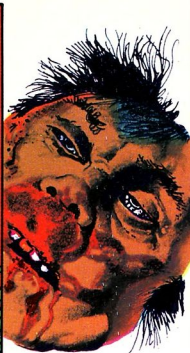


I ONLY LEARNED
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT
SOME TIME LATER.



I LAY THERE ON THE BLOODY GRASS, TRYING TO CLIMB BACK OVER THE RIM OF CONSCIOUSNESS. THERE WAS MOVEMENT ALL AROUND ME. I HEARD SOUNDS I DID NOT LIKE, SUCH AS THE RIPE POP OF CRUSHED SKULLS. AESIR WOMEN WERE FINISHING OUR WOUNDED.





WHAT?
LET GO-!



I DEFEATED THIS
APE. HIS LIFE IS MINE.
I WISH TO SPARE IT.

IMPUDENT DOG! NO
ONE INTERFERES WITH
THE DAUGHTER OF
BYRDAG THE WAR CHIEF!



GAAUGH!

I SAID
I SPARE HIM!



THEY GLARED AT EACH OTHER FOR A TENSE
MOMENT, ALTHOUGH THEY HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER
SINCE CHILDHOOD, THIS INTENSITY OF FEELING WAS
NEW AND DISTURBED THEM BOTH.



BLOODSTAR REMEMBERED HELVA
AS AN AWKWARD, LONG-LIMBED
CHILD FOREVER FALLING DOWN.
SHE HAD BLOSSOMED INTO
LUSH WOMANHOOD.



SHE BLUSHED SUDDENLY
AND RAN AWAY.



HELVA RECALLED BLOODSTAR
AS BEING OAFISH AND RUDE.
HE WAS SOMEHOW...
DIFFERENT NOW.



THE VICTORIOUS AESIR
MADE THEIR CAMP A SHORT
DISTANCE FROM THE FIELD
OF DEATH. EVERYONE WAS
SADDENED, FOR BYRDAG,
THEIR CHIEF, HAD BEEN
BADLY WOUNDED IN THE
DAY'S FIGHTING AND LAY
NEAR DEATH.

BYRDAG WILL
LEAD US AGAIN.
HE'S TOO TOUGH
TO DIE.

COME,
BLOODSTAR,
WE MUST ATTEND
THE PYRE.





YMIR,
ACCEPT THE
SPIRITS OF
THOSE MEN
WHO DIED
TODAY.

GREAT YMIR,
GRANT THAT
BYRDAG MAY
LIVE TO LEAD
HIS PEOPLE
A FEW YEARS
MORE.

DID YOU SEE
OLD BYRDAG'S
WOUND? SPLIT
HE WAS,
FROM HIP
TO HEEL!

—AND FOULED
BY THE DIRT
BEFORE
THEY COULD
CARRY HIM
TO SAFETY!

THEY THREW THE BODIES
OF MY JUNGLE COMRADES
FROM A HIGH CLIFF TO
SCAVENGERS GATHERED
BELOW.



I'VE HEARD
BYRDAG WILL
SOON HOLD A
COUNCIL TO
CHOOSE A
SUCCESSOR.



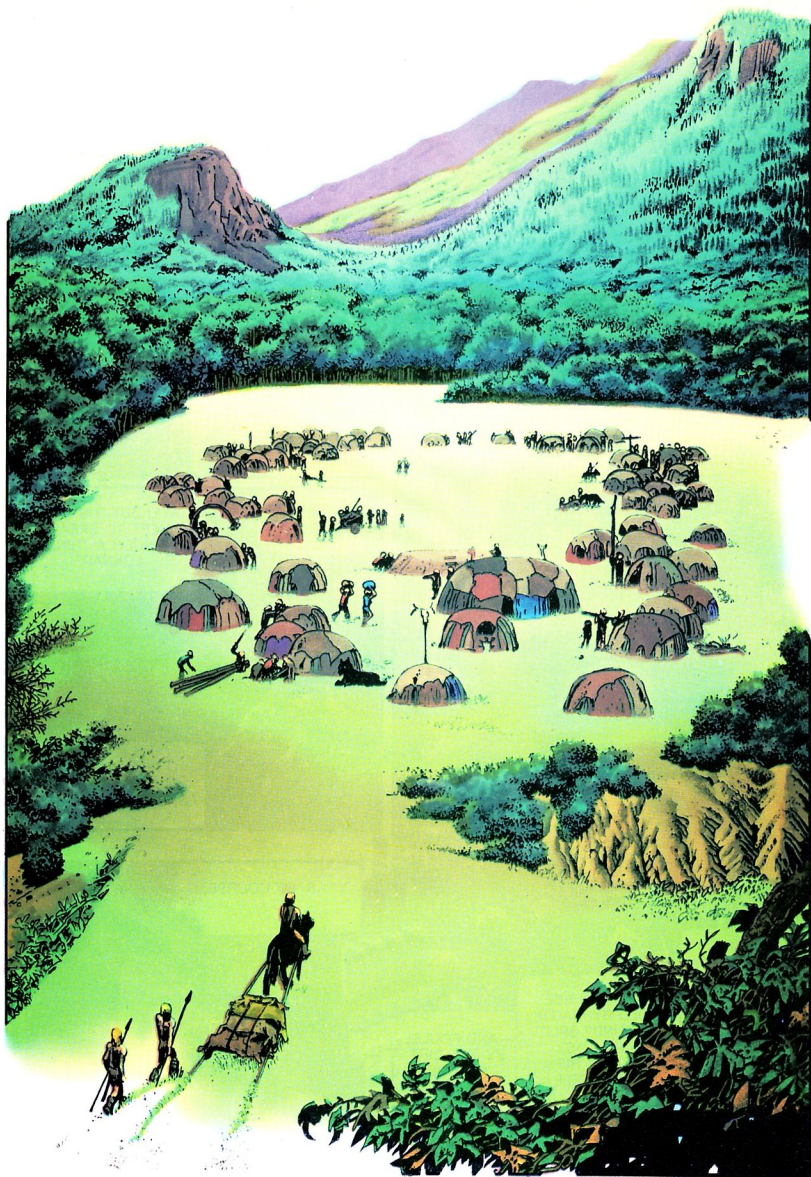
A NEW
CHIEF?

AYE! BUT 'TIS NOT
MEET TO SPEAK
OF SUCH A THING,
LOKNAR.

I PRAY TO YMIR
FOR BYRDAG'S
SPEEDY RECOVERY.

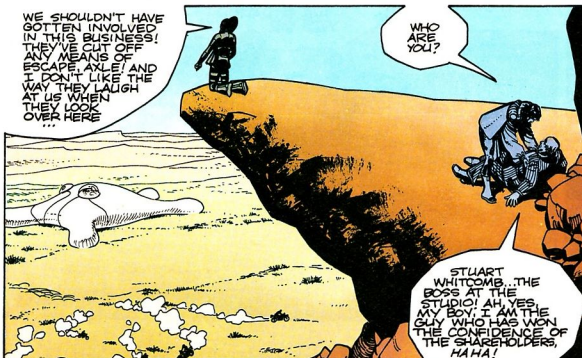
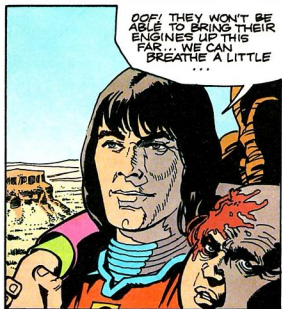


...AS, OF COURSE,
DO I.



What Is Reality, Papa?

As we saw last month, during the production of various films at Univers-all Studios, the actors began to take their roles just a bit too seriously. A film on the Third Reich produced actual Hitler and Goering clones, and the Boston Strangler terrorized women once again. Axle and Musky land smack-dab in the middle of all this craziness just in time to find Stuart running from a pack of wild Indians.

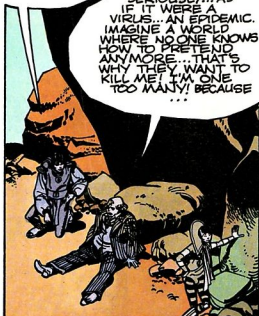


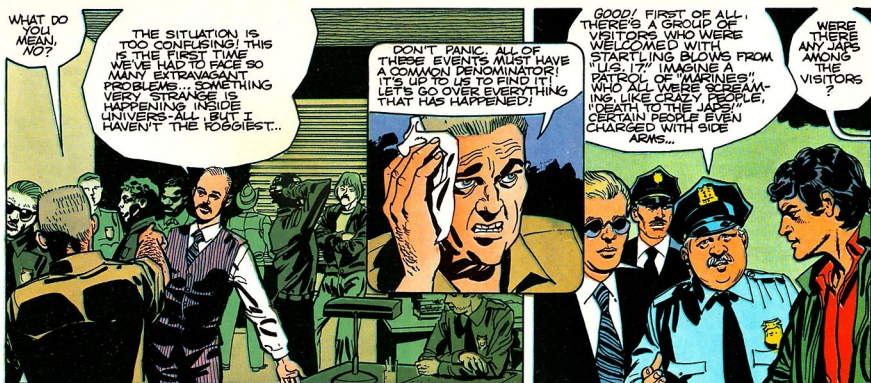
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN INVOLVED IN THIS BUSINESS! THEY'VE CUT OFF ANY MEANS OF ESCAPE, AXLE! AND I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY LAUGH AT US WHEN THEY LOOK OVER HERE...

THESE STRANGE
MEN...WHY ARE
THEY FOLLOWING
YOU?



THERE'S
CERTAINLY
A WAY...





WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO?

THE SITUATION IS TOO CONFUSING! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE HAD TO FACE SO MANY EXTRAVAGANT PROBLEMS SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS HAPPENING INSIDE UNIVERS-ALL BUT I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIST...

DON'T PANIC. ALL OF THESE EVENTS MUST HAVE A COMMON DENOMINATOR! IT'S UP TO US TO FIND IT! LET'S GO OVER EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED!

GOOD! FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S A GROUP OF VISITORS WHO WERE WELCOMED WITH STARTLING BLOWS FROM "U.S. IT I'MAGINE A PATROL OF "MARINES", WHO ALL WERE SCREAMING "CRACK! CRACK! DEATH TO THE JAPS!" CERTAIN PEOPLE EVEN CHARGED WITH SIDE ARMS...

WERE THERE ANY JAPS AMONG THE VISITORS?



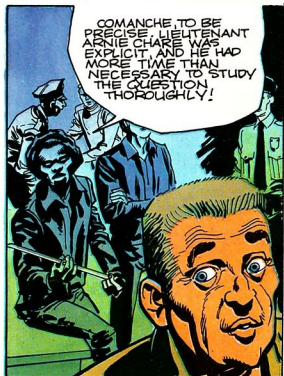
...UH... I DON'T KNOW IF THERE WERE ANY... WHILE WAITING FOUR WERE KILLED AND FOUR DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED! DO YOU REALLY WANT ME TO ASK THE QUESTION AT THE HOSPITAL ABOUT JAPS?

YOU MUSTN'T NEGLECT ONE DETAIL!

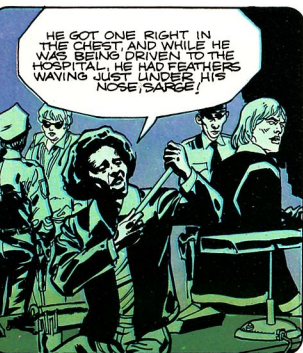


THERE WEREN'T ANY JAPS IN POLICE CAR 54 WHICH WAS PATROLLING THE LAND ALONG THE NORTH-EAST PERIMETER THAT BELONGS TO THE STUDIO AND THAT DIDN'T STOP IT FROM BEING RIDDLED WITH INDIAN ARROWS!

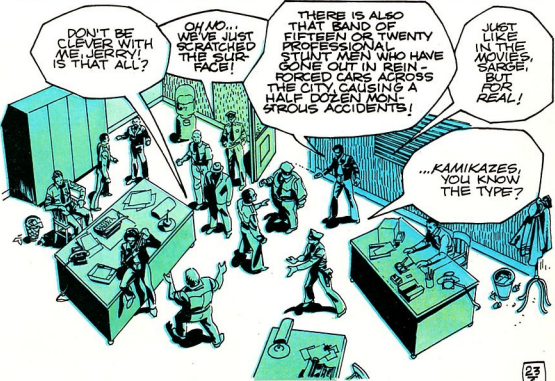
INDIAN ARROWS !!!



COMANCHE TO BE PRECISE LIEUTENANT ARBIE CHASE WAS EXPLICIT, AND HE HAD MORE TIME THAN NECESSARY TO STUDY THE CASEY ON THOROUGHLY!



HE GOT ONE RIGHT IN THE CHEST AND WHILE HE WAS BEING DRIVEN TO THE HOSPITAL, HE HAD FEATHERS WAVING JUST UNDER HIS NOSE, SARGE!



DON'T BE CLEVER WITH ME JERRY! IS THAT ALL?

OH NO... WE'VE JUST SCRATCHED THE SURFACE!

THERE IS ALSO THAT BAND OF TWENTY PROFESSIONAL STUNT MEN WHO HAVE GONE ON IN REINFORCED CARS ACROSS THE CITY, CAUSING A HALF DOZEN MONSTROUS ACCIDENTS!

JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, SARGE, BUT FOR REAL!

...KAMIKAZES, YOU KNOW THE TYPE?

NOT VERY WELL,
NO... HAVE YOU
QUESTIONED
ANY OF THEM?



WE WOULD'VE HAD TO
PASTE TOGETHER THE
PIECES--IF YOU GET
MY DRIFT, THEY'RE
ALL DEAD BY
NOW.

HEY, SARGE! AN IMPROVISED
DEVELOPMENT! WE'VE
GOT WITNESSES WORTH
BELIEVING! ONE IS A RETIRED
INVESTIGATOR
FROM THE ATTORNEY GEN-
ERAL'S OFFICE, AND HE
CONFIRMS THAT HE'S
SEEN A FLYING
SAUCER LAND...



WELL,
LET'S SEE!
AT THIS
POINT...



HEY, HERB!... DO YOU THINK IT
COULD BE A QUESTION OF
COLLECTIVE POISONING?...
HMM?... I DON'T KNOW...
MAYBE SOMEONE
SPIKED THE
RESERVOIR!



HUH?

OR ELSE THE
RUSSIANS ARE
INVOLVED! IT WOULDN'T
SURPRISE ME IF THEY
WERE EXPERIMENTING
WITH ONE OF THEIR
DAMNED CHEMICAL
BOMBS!



UNLESS IT'S ONE
OF OUR DAMNED
CHEMICAL BOMBS.
WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHERE TO
STOCK THEM, AND
WHOEVER SEEKS
TO CAN STEAL
AS MANY AS
THEY WANT...



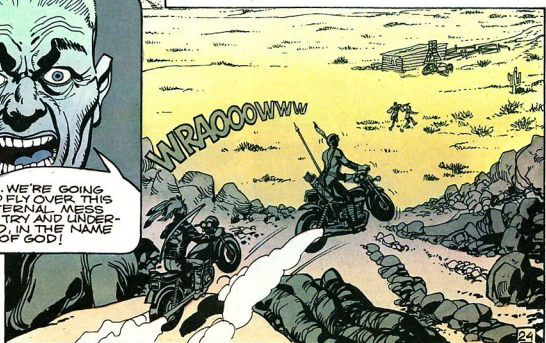
YOUR SPECULATIONS DON'T
INTEREST ME! DO WHAT'S
NECESSARY TO CLOSE OFF
THE AREA! DECLARE IT
QUARANTINED! CALL IN
THE TROOPS! HALL! YOU
TAKE CHARGE OF THAT!
TELL THE PEOPLE IN HIGH
PLACES NOT TO HAGGLE
OVER THE EFFECTS!
ROWNIE! GET ME A
HELICOPTER, QUICKLY!



... WE'RE GOING
TO FLY OVER THIS
INFERNAL MESS
AND TRY AND UNDER-
STAND, IN THE NAME
OF GOD!



MEANWHILE, HARDLY A FEW MILES AWAY...

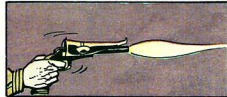


COME ON! WE HAVE TO MAKE IT TO THE VAN DOWN BELOW! CAN'T YOU SPEED UP A LITTLE? WE'LL GO FOR A STROLL SOME OTHER TIME...

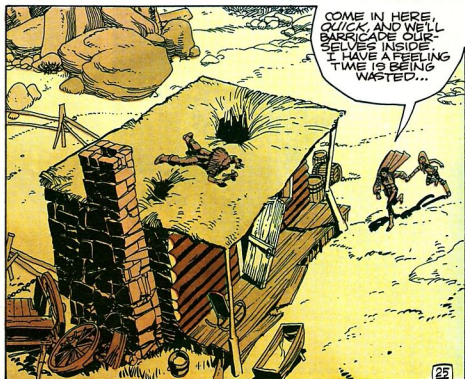
MY LUNGS ARE ON FIRE, AXLE... AND THE MUSCLES IN MY LEGS... OOH, THEY ACHIE! I DON'T EVEN WISH THIS FEELING ON ABSENT READERS.

YAYA!

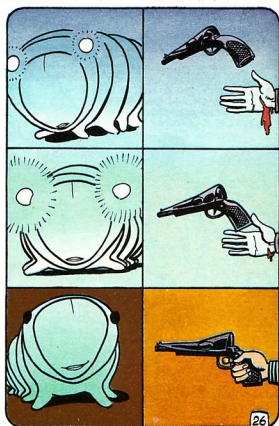
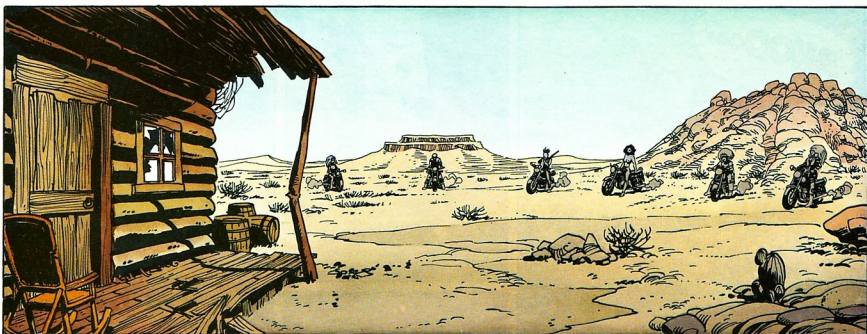
YAAAA!

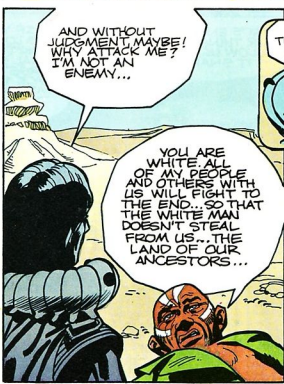
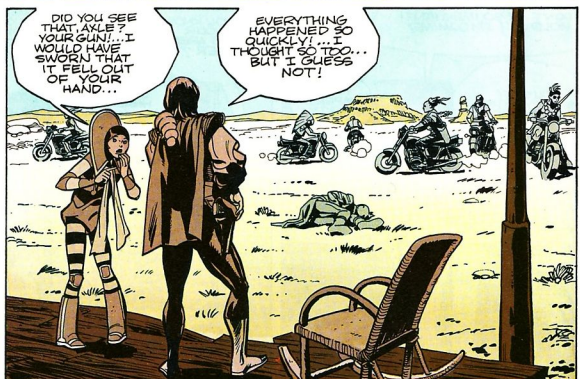
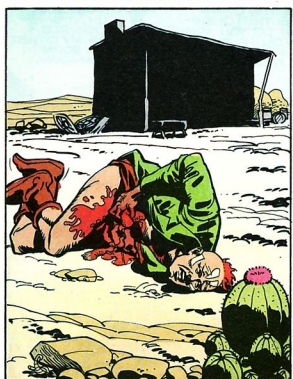
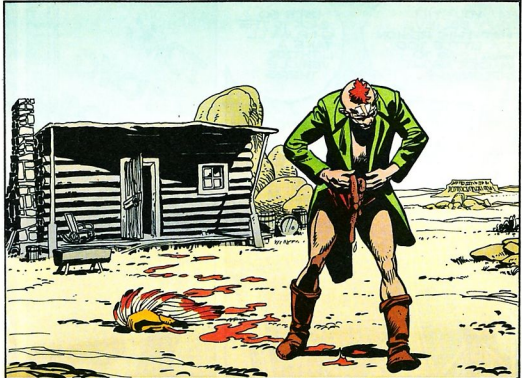


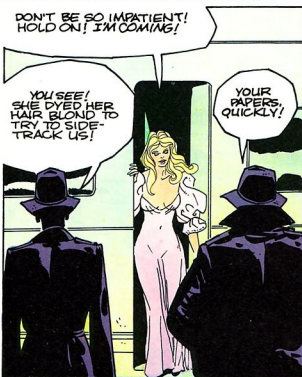
THIS IS A FINE TIME TO HAVE OURSELVES KIDNAPPED BY A NATIVE! DO YOU PLAN ON GETTING UP AGAIN, LITTLE CLOWN?



COME IN HERE, QUICK, AND WE'LL BARRICADE OURSELVES INSIDE. I HAVE A FEELING TIME IS BEING WASTED...







WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN SMARTER TO BORROW A SHIP THAT COULD FLY AT A HIGHER ALTITUDE AND PUT US OUT OF REACH OF THESE CRAZY PEOPLE?

IT'S IN THIS WORLD OF FOOLS THAT I'LL FIND CHIMERE, LITTLE CLOWN, NOT ANYWHERE ELSE!

HOW HORRIBLE!

TERRIFIC SMART GUY! YOU'RE SO SMUG... LOOK TO YOUR LEFT!

SIR! CAMBRIDGE WANTS A WORD WITH YOU...

TELL HIM TO COME HERE, I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO TALK!

A YOUNG GIRL IS ASKING FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH YOU! NAPOLEON! HER NAME IS JEANNE; SHE WAS BORN IN DOMREMY AND CLAIMS TO BE THE AUTHENTIC PUCELLE. SHE SAID IF SHE IS ENTRUSTED WITH THE COMMAND OF THE TROOPS, SHE'LL WIN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO INSTANTLY!

I WAS WAITING FOR SMOUCHY AND WHAT DO I GET INSTEAD? A RAMBLING VIRGIN!

WE AREN'T VERY WELL LIKED!





YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, BUT WHO ARE YOU?

HJALMAR SCHICKLGRUBER
ROVINO, OFFICIAL SEER OF
THE REGIME COME QUICKLY!
HE'S LOOKING FORWARD
TO...

WHO
IS
THAT?

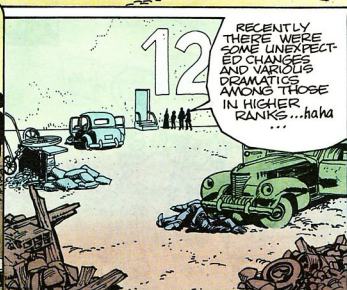


SAINT LOUIS,
OF COURSE!

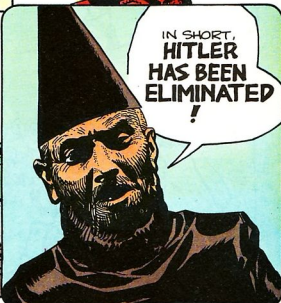


AH, SAINT
LOUIS, OF
COURSE!...
AND YOU SAY
HE'S WAITING
FOR ME?

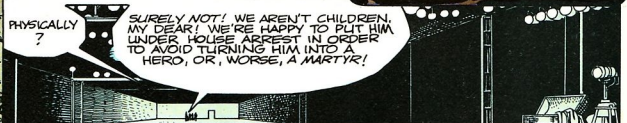
YES!
AREN'T YOU
AWARE OF
THE LATEST
EVENTS
?



RECENTLY
THERE WERE
SOME UNEXPEC-
TED CHANGES
AND VARIOUS
DRAMATIC
EVENTS AMONG
THOSE
IN HIGHER
RANKS...haha
...

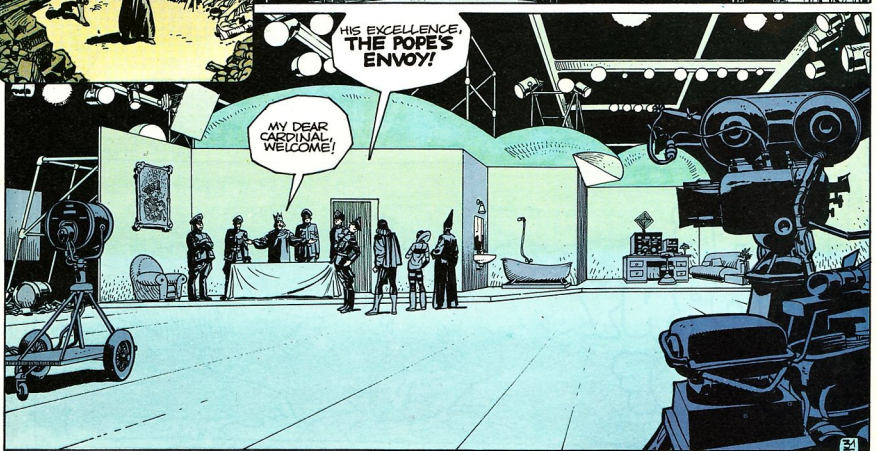


IN SHORT,
HITLER
HAS BEEN
ELIMINATED
!



PHYSICALLY
?

SURELY NOT! WE AREN'T CHILDREN.
MY DEAR! WE'RE HAPPY TO PUT HIM
UNDER HOUSE ARREST IN ORDER
TO AVOID TURNING HIM INTO A
HERO, OR, WORSE, A MARTYR!



HIS EXCELLENCE,
THE POPE'S
ENVOY!

MY DEAR
CARDINAL
WELCOME!

TO BE CONTINUED...



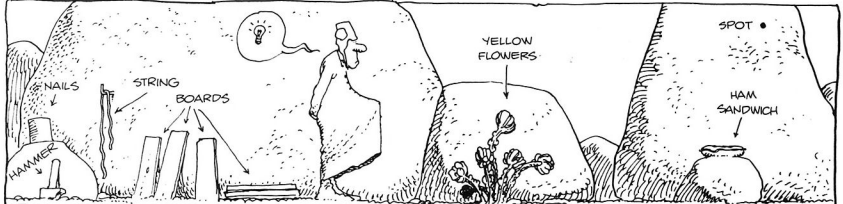
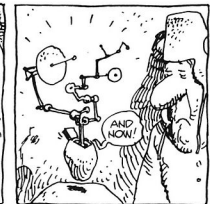
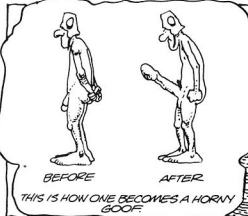
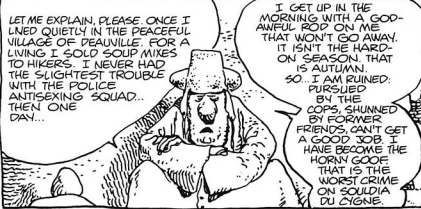
THE HORNY GOOF

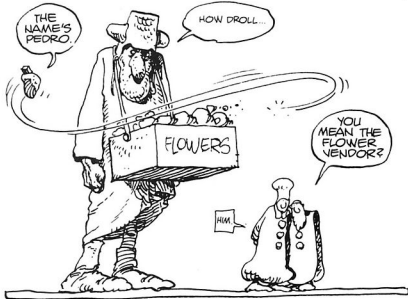
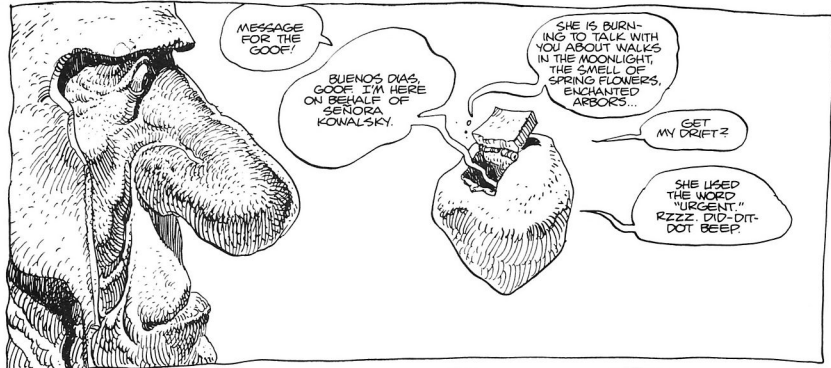
BY MOEBIUS

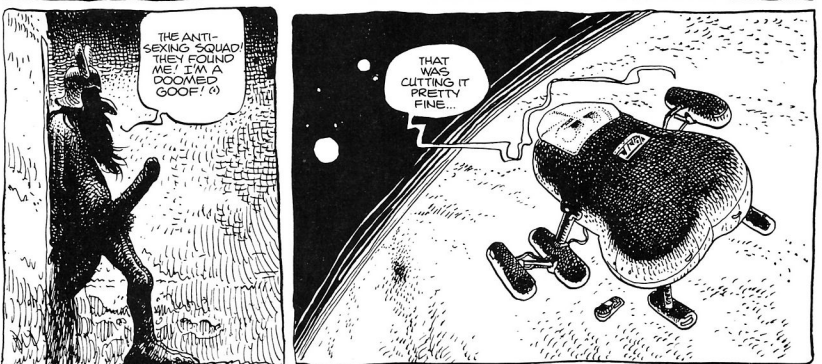
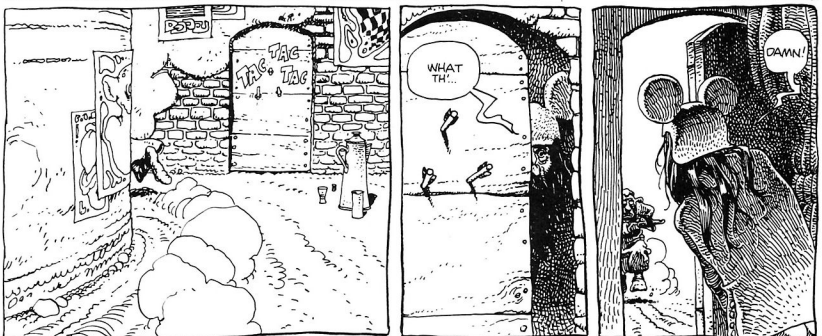
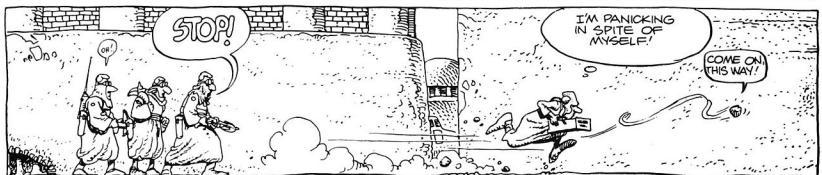
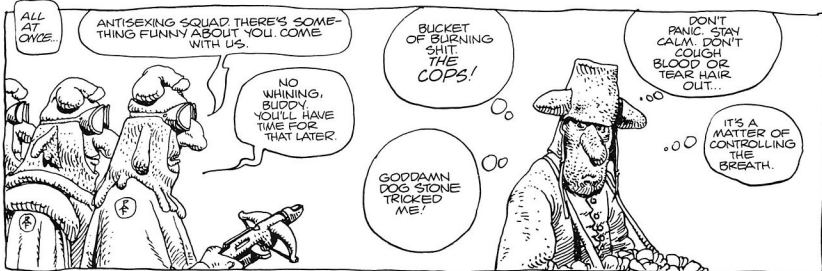
THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE TINY HAMLET
OF BORMOCHES...



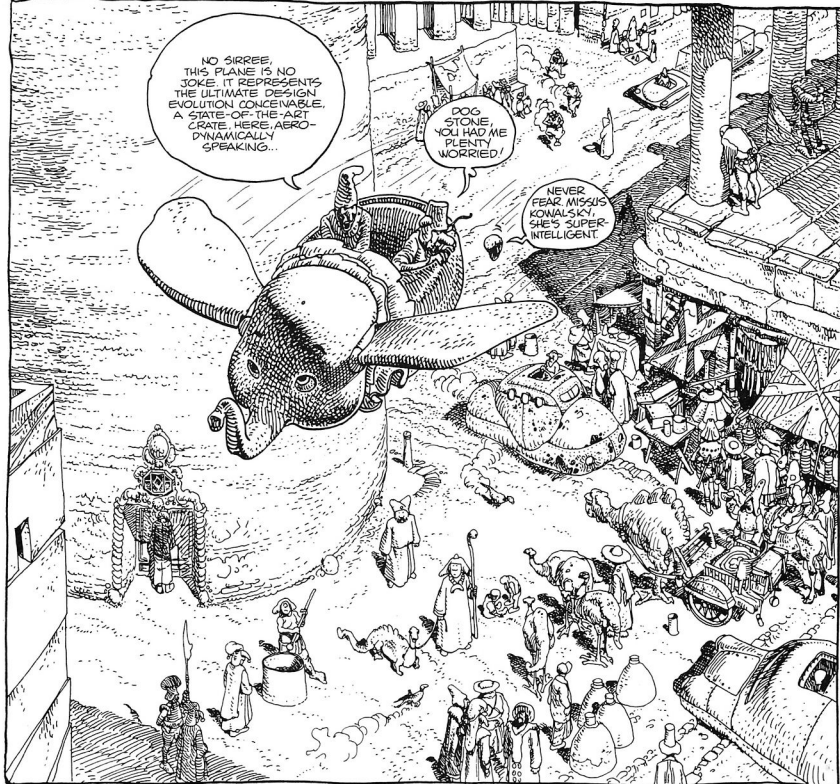
THE HORNY GOOF IS DISCOURAGED!







WRONG AGAIN. HONEY THE HORN GOOF IS GOING TO ESCAPE IN THE NICK OF TIME, VIA THE ROOFTOPS. ALL SORTS OF STRANGE ADVENTURES WILL THEN ENSUE, FINALLY HE WILL DIE IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF UTMOST MISERY ON ANOTHER PLANET. IN ANOTHER TIME, AND IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE.

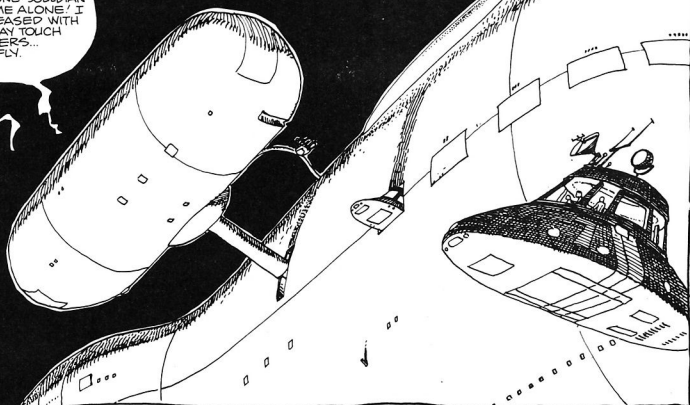


GREAT DAME KOWALSKY, YOUR CRINGING, OBSEQUIOUS SERVANT IS PLEASED TO REPORT THAT THE HORNY GOOF HAS FALLEN INTO YOUR TRAP NOW, PLEASE, MADAM, MIGHT I FOOL A BIT WITH YOUR TITS? I CRAVE TO SUCK THOSE FUN BAGS...

NO, LITTLE CHOPIN, NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR NURSING. THE HORNY GOOF, WHOSE ENORMOUS TALLYWHACKER YOU HAVE SPOKEN TO ME OF, MUST BE SNAUGLED INTO THE STATION OF THE ADOUANE... IF NOT, THE COUNCIL OF SOULDIA WILL INVOKE THE FAMOUS FIRST CLAUSE OF THE GENETIC EMBARGO ACT. WARN THE ADMIRALTY, CAVALRY, AND COUNCIL OF ORDER, ALSO THE BLUE-RAT-FACED STATION CHIEFS AND THE BREATH PEOPLE OF HAZUL. YOU KNOW HOW THEY ALL HATE ME - SINCE THE AFFAIR OF SACRED GAZUL.

AH, LITTLE
CHOPIN, I AM SO
IMPATIENT! ONE SOULDIAN
GOOF, FOR ME ALONE! I
AM WELL PLEASED WITH
YOU... YOU MAY TOUCH
MY HOOTERS...
BRIEFLY.

WONERS



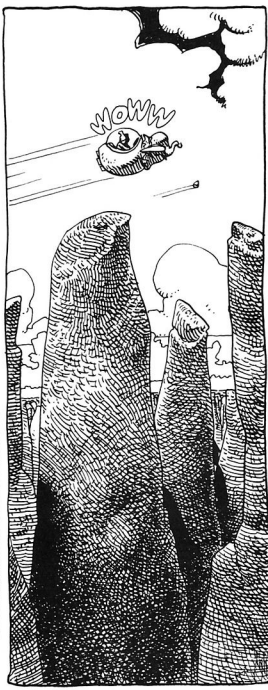
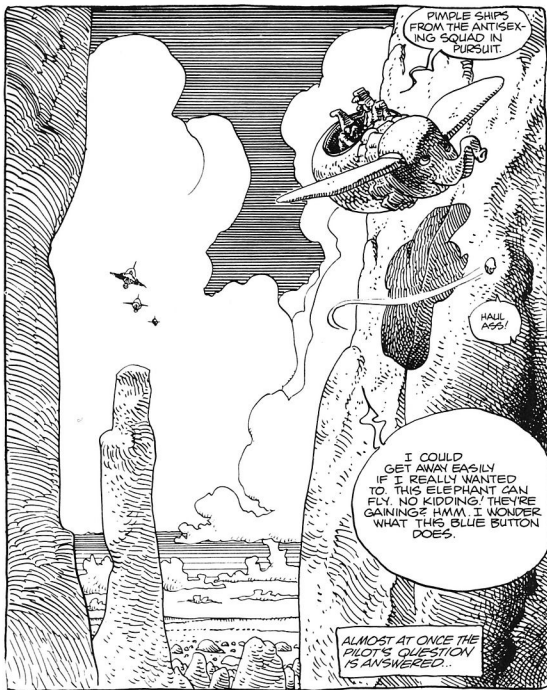
PIMPLE SHIPS
FROM THE ANTISEX-
ING SQUAD IN
PURSUIT.

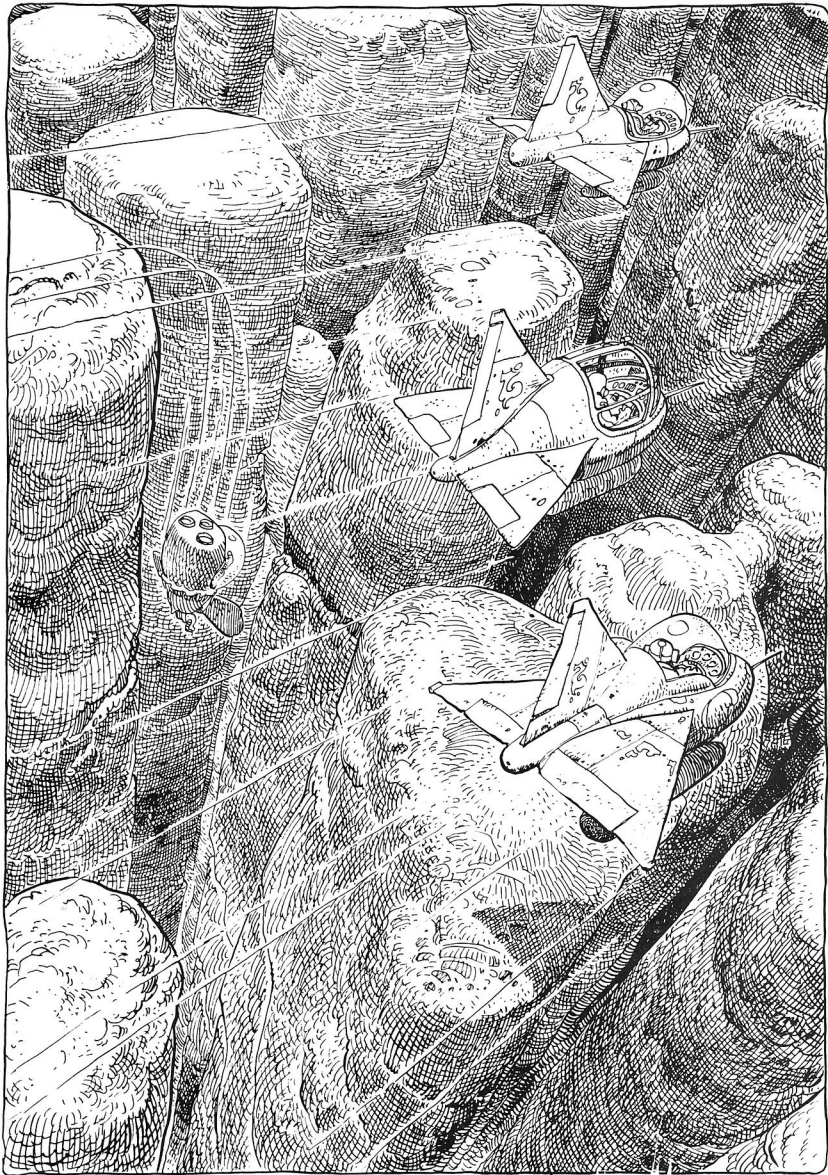
HAUL
ASS!

I COULD
GET AWAY EASILY
IF I REALLY WANTED
TO. THIS ELEPHANT CAN
FLY. NO KIDDING! THEY'RE
GAINING! HMM, I WONDER
WHAT THIS BLUE BUTTON
DOES.

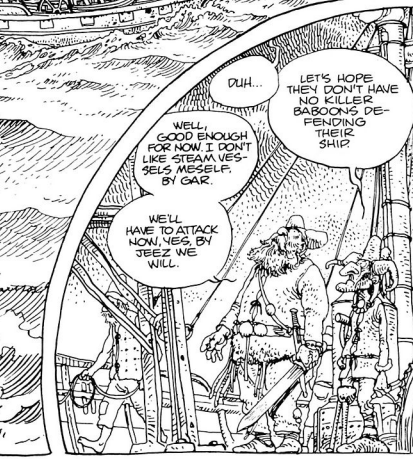
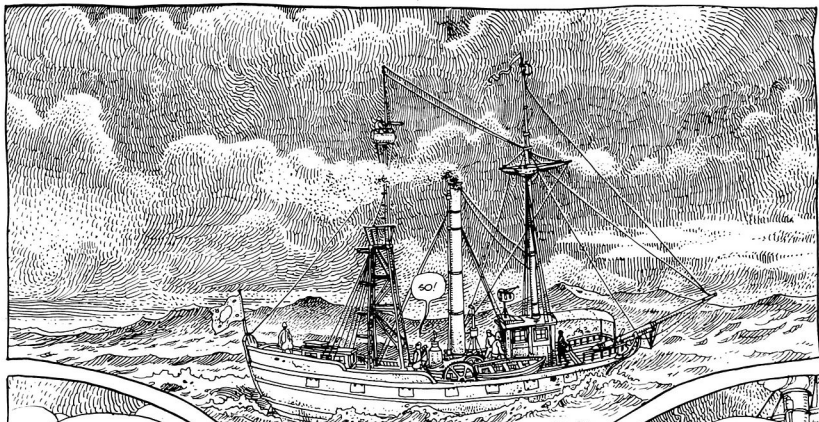
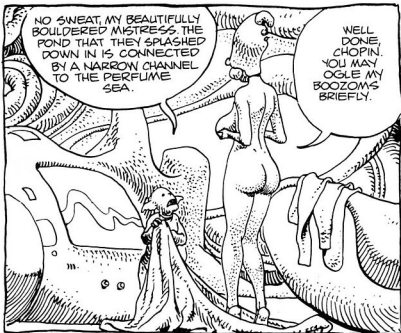
ALMOST AT ONCE THE
PILOT'S QUESTION
IS ANSWERED.

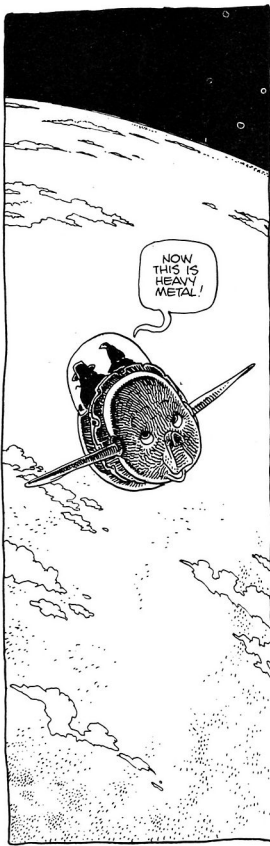
WOWW

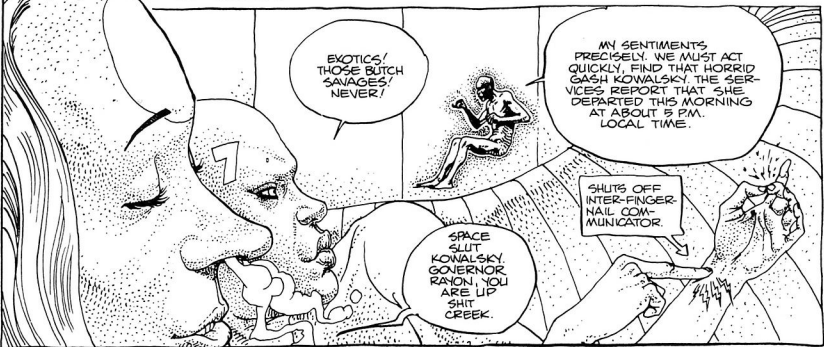
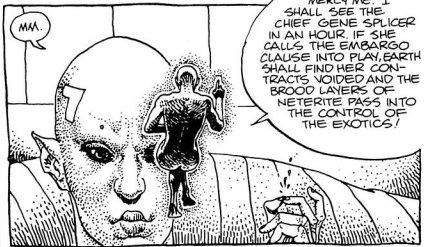








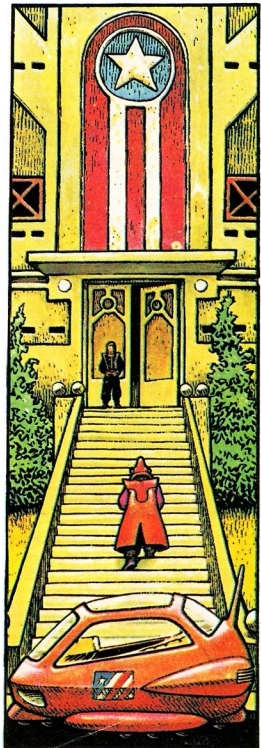
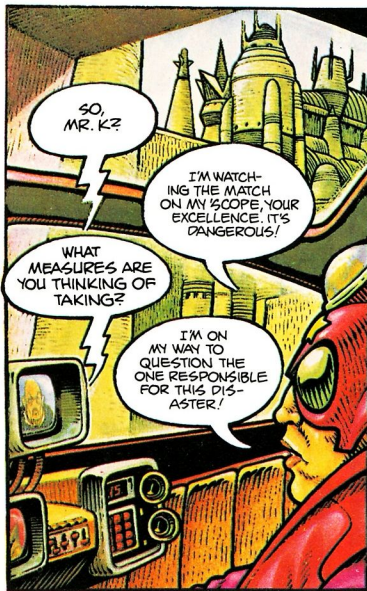
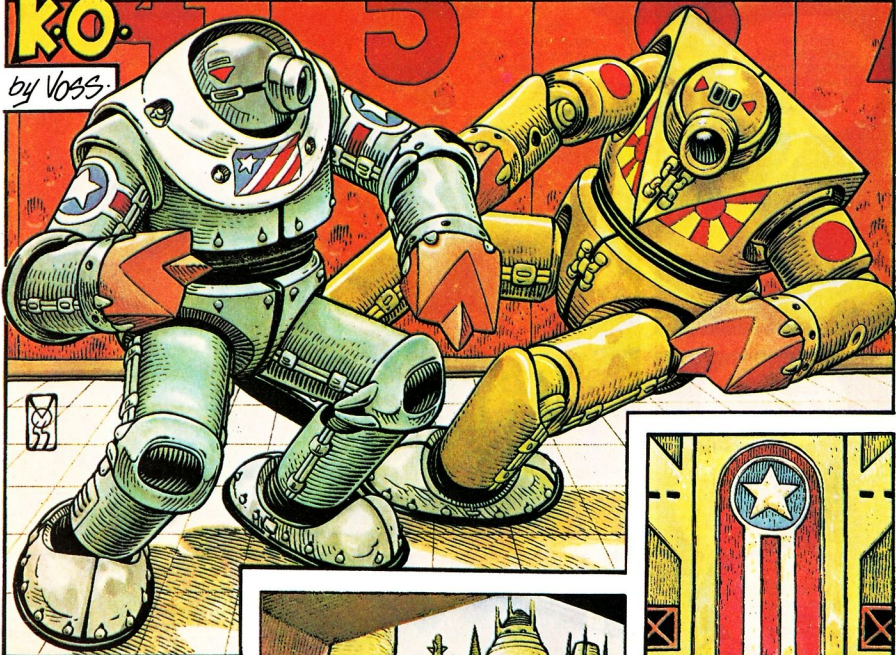






K.O.

by VOSS.

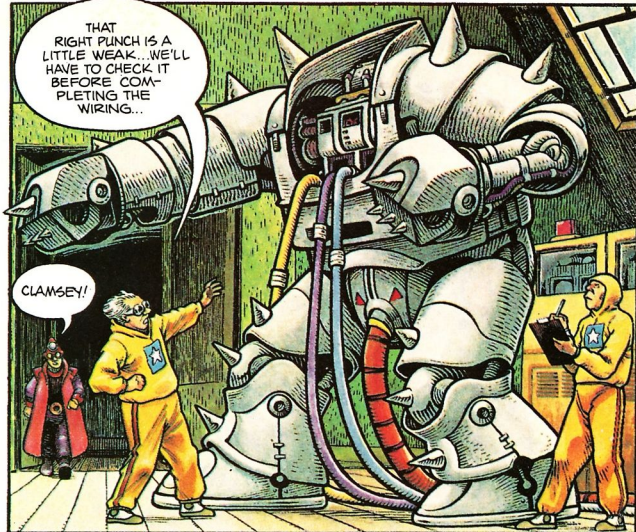


TO THINK
THAT I'M THE
ONE WHO APPOINT-
ED HIM TRAINER
OF THE NATIONAL
TEAM!



THAT
RIGHT PUNCH IS A
LITTLE WEAK...WE'LL
HAVE TO CHECK IT
BEFORE COM-
PLETING THE
WIRING...

CLAMSEY!



WHY
AREN'T YOU
AT THE MATCH,
CLAMSEY?

I'LL
SEE IT
BROAD-
CAST TO-
NIGHT, MR.
K....

UNFORTUNATELY,
YOU'LL NEVER
HAVE THE
CHANCE!

?

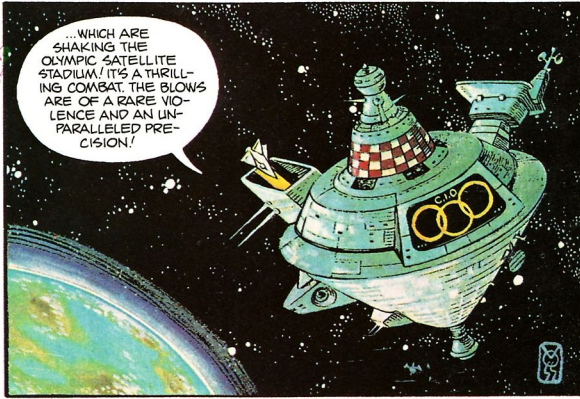


--CLICK--
...THE ASIAN ROBOT
IS TOTTERING...OUR
GLORIOUS CHAMPION
IS TAKING ADVAN-
TAGE OF THIS TO
PLACE...

LOOK,
CLAMSEY!

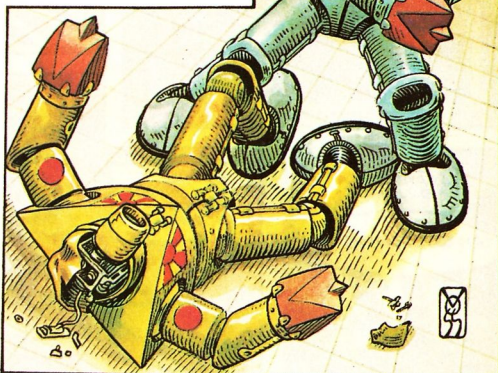
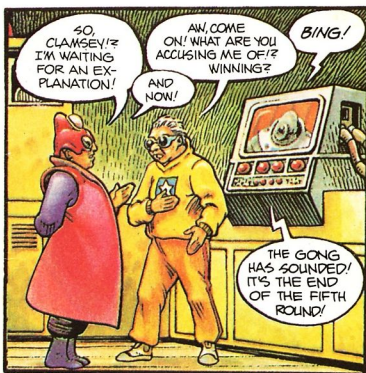
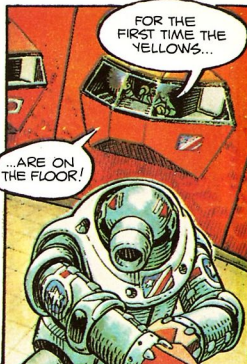
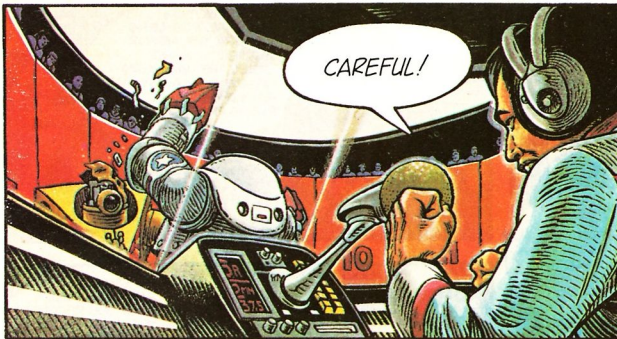


...WHICH ARE
SHAKING THE
OLYMPIC SATELLITE
STADIUM! IT'S A THRIL-
LING COMBAT THE BLOWS
ARE OF A RARE VIO-
LENCE AND AN UN-
PARALLELED PRE-
CISION!

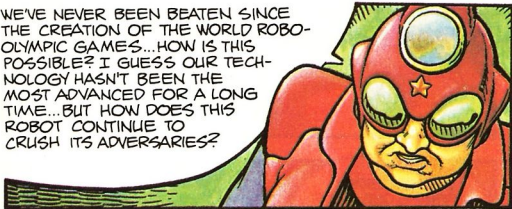


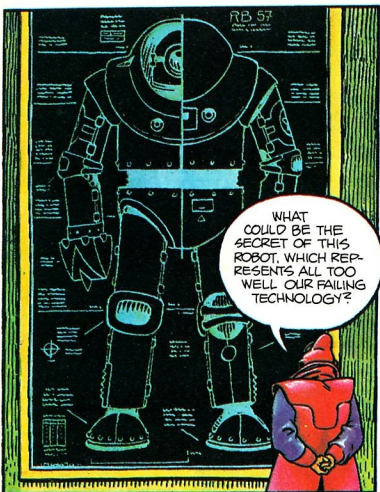
A SERIES OF
POWERFUL COM-
BINATION
PUNCHES...



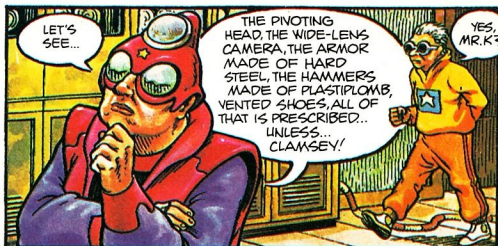


WE'VE NEVER BEEN BEATEN SINCE THE CREATION OF THE WORLD ROBO-OLYMPIC GAMES...HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? I GUESS OUR TECHNOLOGY HASN'T BEEN THE MOST ADVANCED FOR A LONG TIME...BUT HOW DOES THIS ROBOT CONTINUE TO CRUSH ITS ADVERSARIES?





WHAT COULD BE THE SECRET OF THIS ROBOT, WHICH REPRESENTS ALL TOO WELL OUR FAILING TECHNOLOGY?



LET'S SEE...

THE PIVOTING HEAD, THE WIDE-LENS CAMERA, THE ARMOR MADE OF HARD STEEL, THE HAMMERS MADE OF PLASTILOMB, VENTED SHOES, ALL OF THAT IS PRESCRIBED... UNLESS... CLAMSEY!

YES, MR. K?



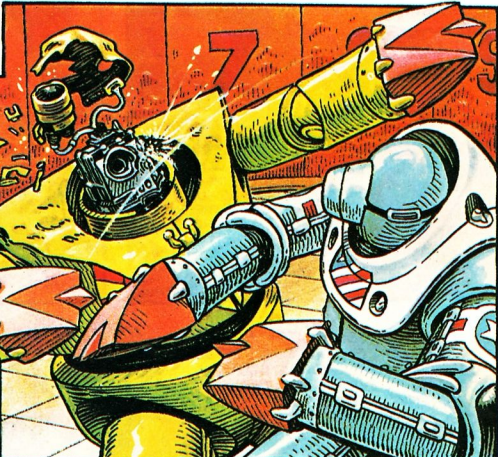
WHAT CHARACTER PROFILE DID YOU RECORD ON THE PSYCHO-CASSETTE IN THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN OF THIS BRUTE?



I...UH...I WANTED TO EXPERIMENT... AN EXPERIMENT?



MEANWHILE, AT THE OLYMPIC SATELLITE STADIUM...



AN ARCHEOLOGY TEAM FOUND, UNDER THE RUINS OF LOS ANGELES, A DOZEN BODIES IN A STATE OF ASTONISHING FRESHNESS... THANKS TO CRYOGENICS EQUIPMENT THAT WE FOUND IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER...

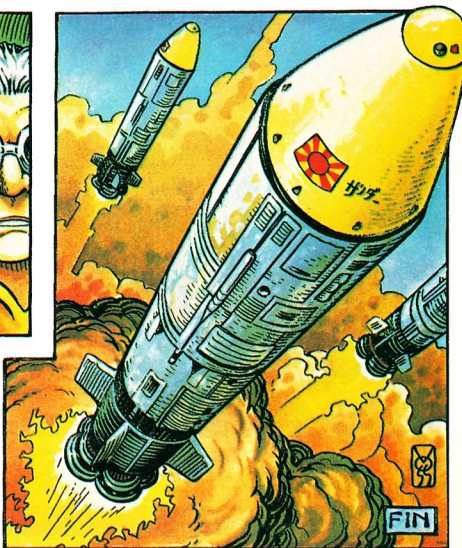
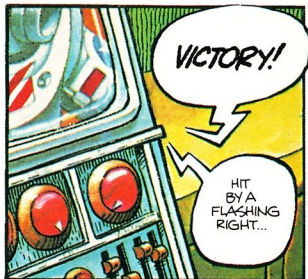
GET TO THE FACTS, CLAMSEY!



THEY SUCCEEDED IN REVIVING ONE, IN JUST ENOUGH TIME TO RECORD A PSYCHO-MENTAL CASSETTE...WHICH THEY GAVE TO ME...

AND WHY?

BECAUSE IT CONCERNED A BOXER!

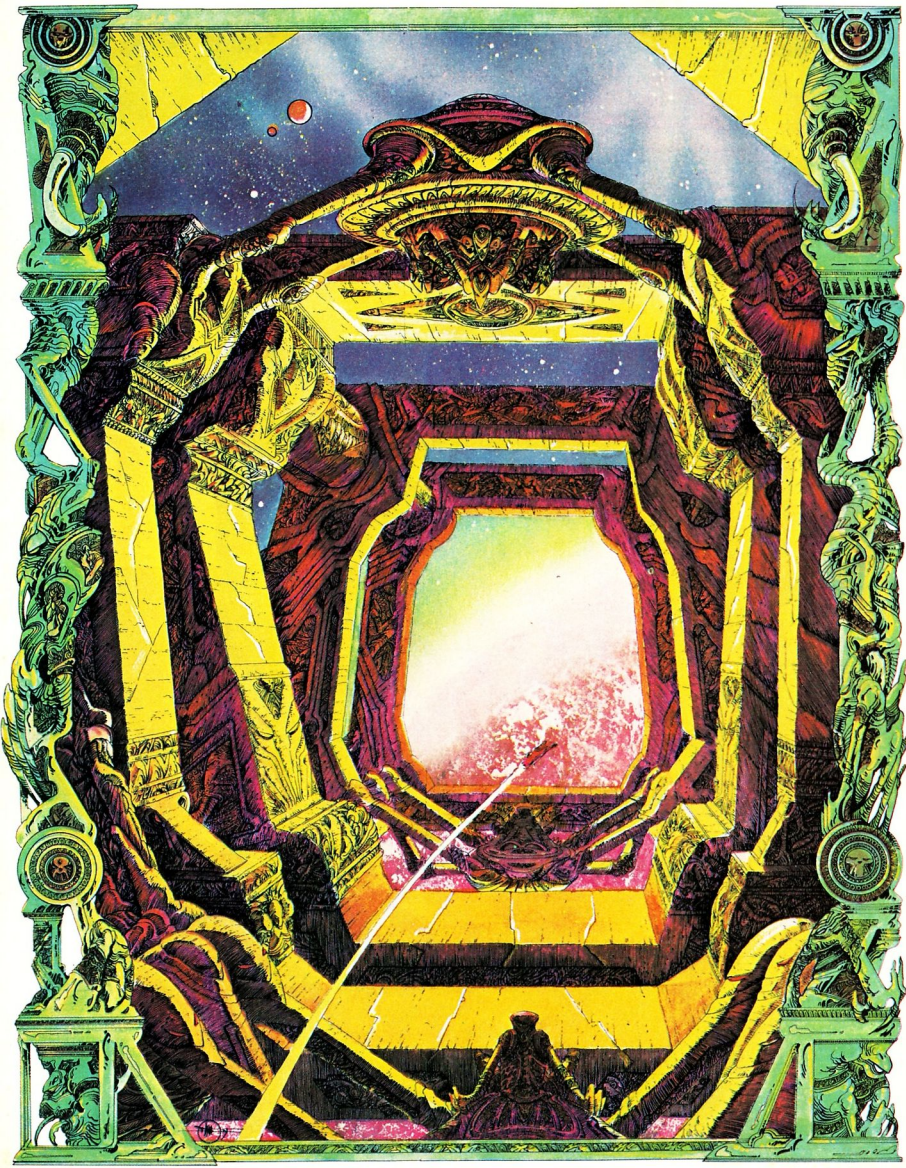


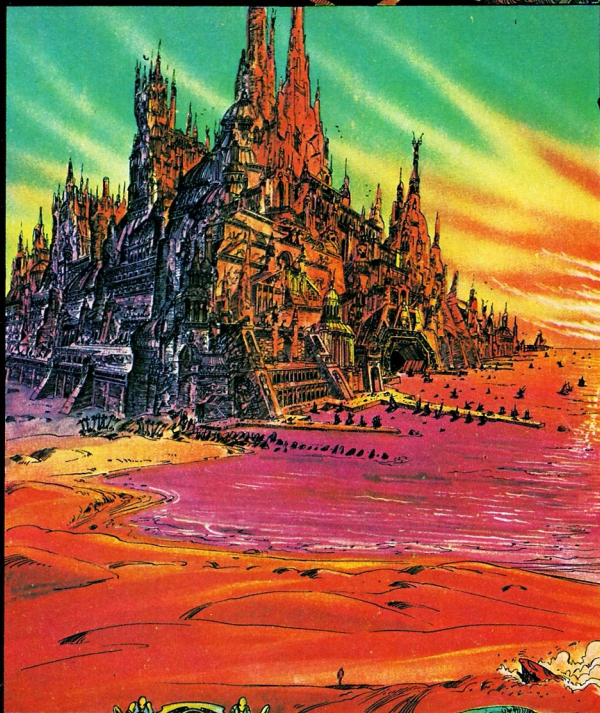
Last we read, Sloane ("with a tiger's evil") killed off his supporters, the Starwolves; destroyed his ship, the *Silver Claw*; and set out to find his haunting love, Salamambo.

SALAMMBO

THE SON OF THE SILVER CLAW EMERGES FROM ITS STOMACH JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION... A KILLER... JUST LIKE ITS FATHER'S CRAZY MACHINE... LIVING...

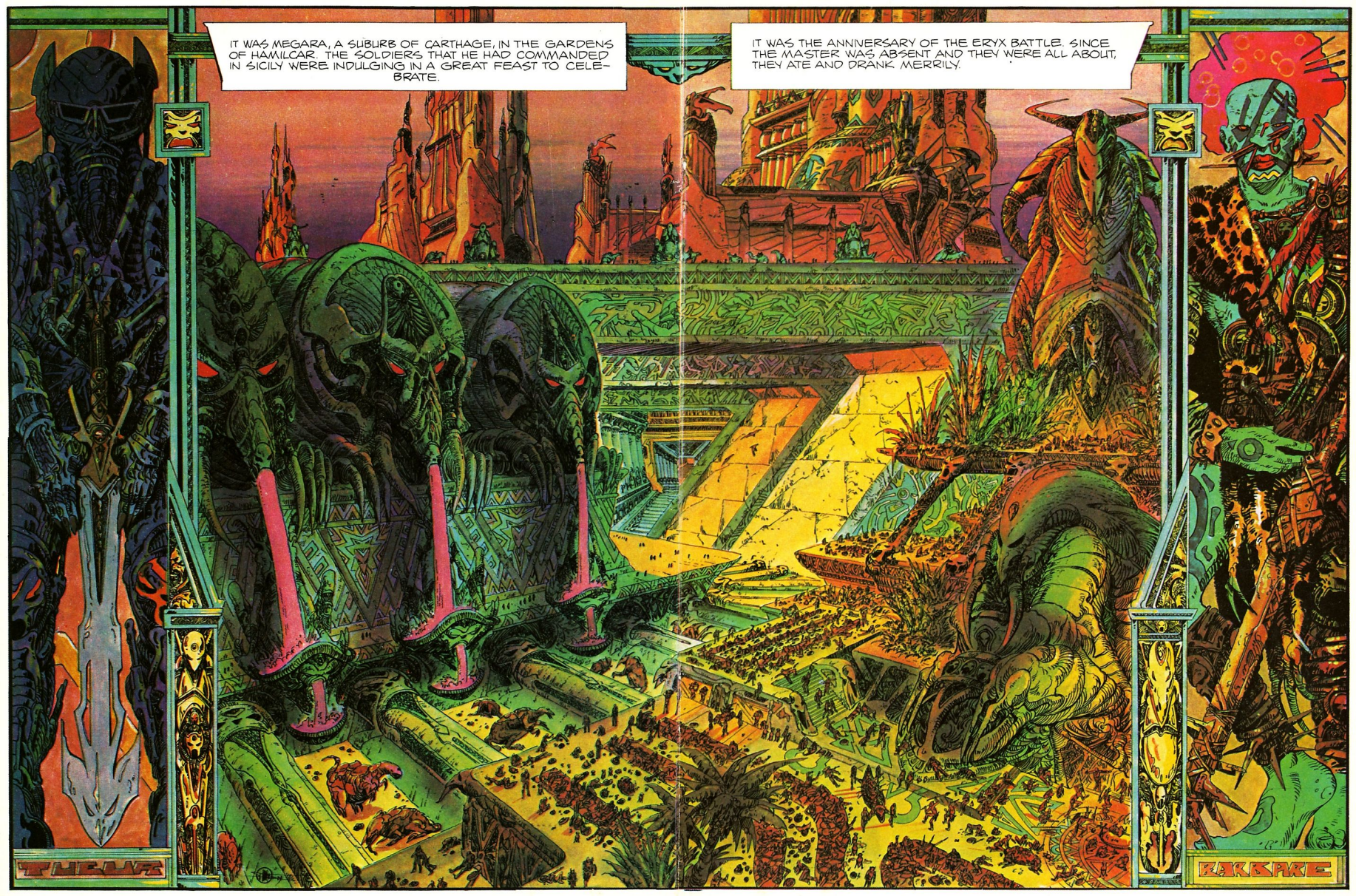
THE BEAST IS DROWNING... HE IS DROWNING IN THIS AWKWARD, NEW WORLD, YET THERE IS A FAMILIAR FEELING ABOUT IT. OF DEJA VU. THE SNAKE OF TIME ENDLESSLY UNROLLS ITS RINGS...





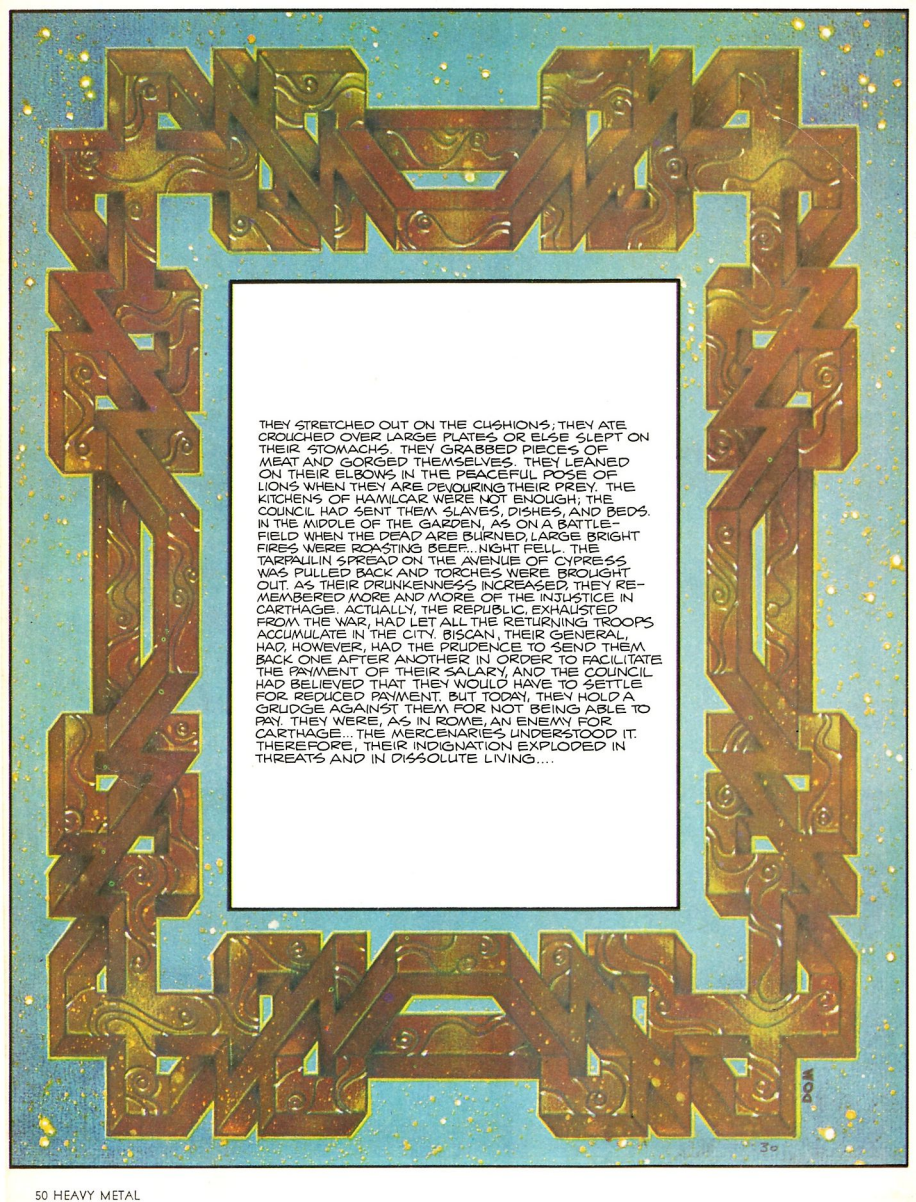
IT WAS MEGARA, A SUBURB OF CARTHAGE, IN THE GARDENS OF HAMILCAR. THE SOLDIERS THAT HE HAD COMMANDED IN SICILY WERE INDULGING IN A GREAT FEAST TO CELEBRATE.

IT WAS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ERYX BATTLE. SINCE THE MASTER WAS ABSENT AND THEY WERE ALL ABOUT, THEY ATE AND DRANK MERRILY.



THE COUNCIL HAD DECIDED THE BANQUET SHOULD BE HELD IN HIS HOUSE. THE INVITED GUESTS WHO SLEPT IN THE TEMPLE OF ESCHMOUN CRAWLED THERE OR BORE THEIR CRUTCHES. THEY HAD STARTED ON THEIR WAY AT DAWN. OTHER CELEBRANTS ARRIVED CONTINUOUSLY FROM EVERY DIRECTION. PEOPLE ARRIVED INCESSANTLY LIKE TORRENTS FALLING INTO A LAKE. BETWEEN THE TREES ONE COULD SEE THE KITCHEN SLAVES RUNNING, BEWILDERED AND HALF-NAKED. THE SUN WAS SETTING AND THE SCENT FROM THE LEMON TREES MADE THE SMELL OF THIS SWEATING CROWD EVEN HEAVIER.





THEY STRETCHED OUT ON THE CUSHIONS; THEY ATE CROUCHED OVER LARGE PLATES OR ELSE SLEPT ON THEIR STOMACHS. THEY GRABBED PIECES OF MEAT AND GORGED THEMSELVES. THEY LEANED ON THEIR ELBOWS IN THE PEACEFUL POSE OF LIONS WHEN THEY ARE DEVOURING THEIR PREY. THE KITCHENS OF HAMILCAR WERE NOT ENOUGH; THE COUNCIL HAD SENT THEM SLAVES, DISHES, AND BEDS. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN, AS ON A BATTLE-FIELD WHEN THE DEAD ARE BURNED, LARGE BRIGHT FIRES WERE ROASTING BEEF... NIGHT FELL. THE TARPULIN SPREAD ON THE AVENUE OF CYPRESS WAS PULLED BACK AND TORCHES WERE BROUGHT OUT AS THEIR DRUNKENNESS INCREASED. THEY REMEMBERED MORE AND MORE OF THE INJUSTICE IN CARTHAGE. ACTUALLY, THE REPUBLIC, EXHAUSTED FROM THE WAR, HAD LET ALL THE RETURNING TROOPS ACCUMULATE IN THE CITY. BISCAN, THEIR GENERAL, HAD, HOWEVER, HAD THE PRUDENCE TO SEND THEM BACK ONE AFTER ANOTHER IN ORDER TO FACILITATE THE PAYMENT OF THEIR SALARY, AND THE COUNCIL HAD BELIEVED THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO SETTLE FOR REDUCED PAYMENT. BUT TODAY, THEY HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST THEM FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO PAY. THEY WERE, AS IN ROME, AN ENEMY FOR CARTHAGE... THE MERCENARIES UNDERSTOOD IT. THEREFORE, THEIR INDOIGNANCE EXPLODED IN THREATS AND IN DISSOLUTE LIVING....

SOON
THEN FELT
ALONE DES-
PITE THE
CROWD.
THE GREAT
CITY WHICH
SLEPT UN-
DERNEATH
THEM, IN
THE SHAD-
OWS, MADE
THEM SUD-
DENLY AFRAID.
WITH ITS
ACCUMULA-
TION OF
STARCASES,
ITS TALL
BLACK
HOUSES, AND
ITS SHAD-
OWY GOOS,
EVEN MORE
FEROCIOUS
THAN ITS
PEOPLE.

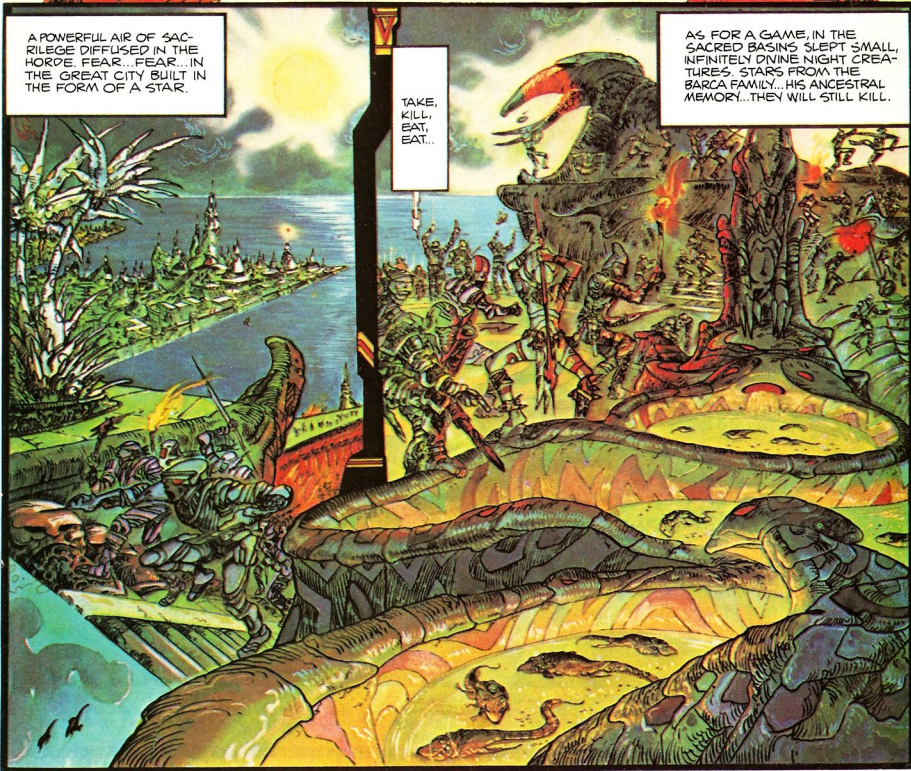


FAR AWAY,
A FEW
LIGHTS
SHONE ON
THE PORT
AND THERE
WERE
LIGHTS IN
THE TEMPLE
OF KHAMON.
A FRIGHT-
FUL CLAMOR
SPREAD
AND A DIZ-
ZING OF
DESTRUCTION
WHIRLED
AMONG THE
DRUNKEN
ARMY. THEY
HIT HAP-
HAZARDLY
THEM, THEY
PILLAGED
THEY
KILLED.

A POWERFUL AIR OF SAC-
RILEGE DIFFUSED IN THE
HORDE. FEAR... FEAR... IN
THE GREAT CITY BUILT
IN THE FORM OF A STAR.

TAKE,
KILL,
EAT,
EAT...

AS FOR A GAME, IN THE
SACRED BASIN SLEPT SMALL,
INFINITELY DIVINE NIGHT CREA-
TURES. STARS FROM THE
BARCA FAMILY... HIS ANCESTRAL
MEMORY... THEY WILL STILL KILL.





FROM THE
GOLD AT
THE BOT-
TOM OF
THE BASINS
FOR DIRTY
LITTLE
TOADS.
HA, HA,
HA!

THEY WERE STILL LAUGHING WHEN THE PALACE WAS SET ABLAZE, UP TO ITS HIGHEST TERRACE, IN ONE SINGLE BLOW. A WOMAN, THE VERY DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR, APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD. THEN IT WAS THE TEMPLE ITSELF THAT ADVANCED TOWARD THEM... THE CLAMOR WAS STILLED....





STILL NO ONE KNOWS HER. THEY ONLY KNEW THAT SHE LIVED PREOCCUPIED WITH HER DEVOUT PRACTICES. THE SOLDIERS HAD NOTICED HER AT THE SUMMIT OF HER PALACE. SHE WAS ON HER KNEES, BEFORE THE STARS, SURROUNDED BY SWIRLS OF INCENSE. IT WAS THE MOON THAT MADE HER SO PALE, AND SOMETHING OF THE GODS ENVELOPED HER LIKE A SUBTLE VAPOR. HER PUPILS SEEMED TO LOOK INTO THE DISTANCE, BEYOND THE EARTHLY SPACES.



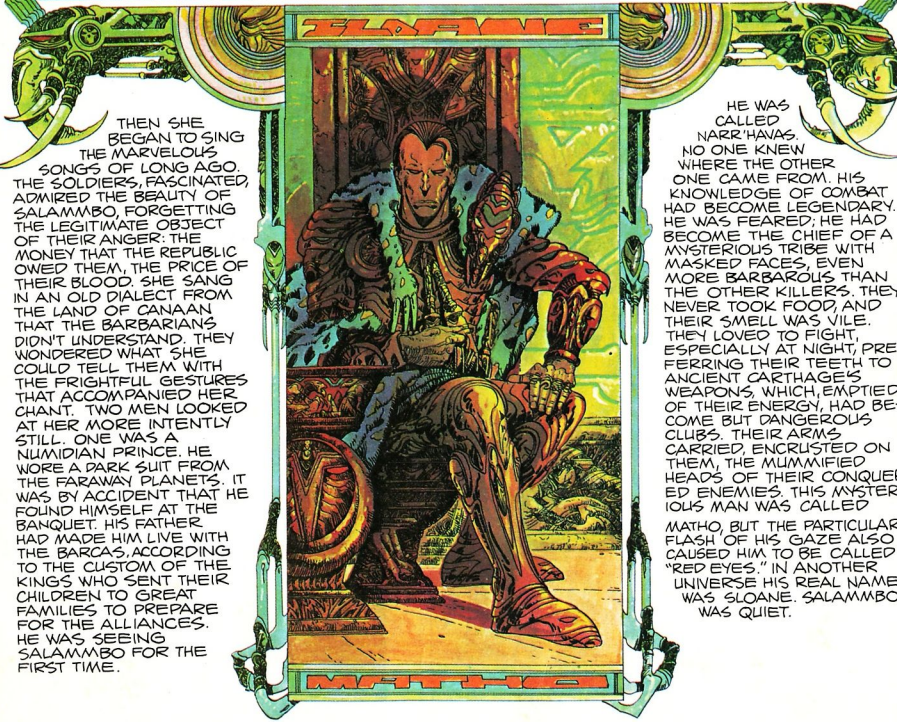
DEAD! EVERY ONE DEAD! YOU WILL NO LONGER COME OBEDIENTLY WHEN I CALL, WHILE SEATED BESIDE THE LAKE, THROWING WATERLILY SEEDS INTO YOUR MOUTHS! THE MYSTERY OF TANTIL ROLLED AT THE BACK OF YOUR EYES, MORE LIMPID THAN THE GLOBULES OF RIVERS. YOU KILLED THEM, ATTEMPTED. WHAT DID YOU DO? WHAT DID YOU DO!

HAVEN'T I NOURISHED ALL OF YOU PLENTIFULLY? WHERE ARE YOU? THERE IS THIS A CONQUERED CITY OR THE PALACE OF A MASTER? AND WHAT MASTERS? THE MIGHTY HAMILCAR, MY FATHER, SERVANT OF THE BAALS!






AH! POOR CARTHAGE!
LAMENTABLE CITY! YOU NO
LONGER HAVE THE STRONG
MEN OF EARLIER TIMES WHO
BUILT THE UNIVERSE TO DEF-
END YOU, WEAVING THE
STARS IN ORDER TO MAKE
TEMPLES TO THE GLORY OF
OUR GODS. ALL THE COUNTRIES
WORKED AROUND YOU, AND
THE PLAINS OF THE SEA, BE-
LABORED BY YOUR OARS,
BORE THE HARVESTS.



THEN SHE
BEGAN TO SING
THE MARVELOUS
SONGS OF LONG AGO.
THE SOLDIERS, FASCINATED,
ADMIRING THE BEAUTY OF
SALAMMBO, FORGETTING
THE LEGITIMATE OBJECT
OF THEIR ANGER: THE
MONEY THAT THE REPUBLIC
OWED THEM, THE PRICE OF
THEIR BLOOD SHE SANG
IN AN OLD DIALECT FROM
THE LAND OF CANAAN
THAT THE BARBARIANS
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. THEY
WONDERED WHAT SHE
COULD TELL THEM WITH
THE FRIGHTFUL GESTURES
THAT ACCOMPANIED HER
CHANT. TWO MEN LOOKED
AT HER MORE INTENTLY
STILL. ONE WAS A
NUMIDIAN PRINCE. HE
WORE A PINK SUIT FROM
THE FARAWAY PLANETS. IT
WAS BY ACCIDENT THAT HE
FOUND HIMSELF AT THE
BANQUET. HIS FATHER
HAD MADE HIM LIVE WITH
THE BARCAS, ACCORDING
TO THE CUSTOM OF THE
KINGS WHO SENT THEIR
CHILDREN TO GREAT
FAMILIES TO PREPARE
FOR THE ALLIANCES.
HE WAS SEEING
SALAMMBO FOR THE
FIRST TIME.

HE WAS
CALLED
NARR'HAVAS.
NO ONE KNEW
WHERE THE OTHER
ONE CAME FROM. HIS
KNOWLEDGE OF COMBAT
HAD BECOME LEGENDARY.
HE WAS FEARED; HE HAD
BECOME THE CHIEF OF A
MYSTERIOUS TRIBE WITH
MASKED FACES, EVEN
MORE BARBAROUS THAN
THE OTHER KILLERS. THEY
NEVER TOOK FOOD, AND
THEIR SMELL WAS VILE.
THEY LOVED TO FIGHT,
ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT, PRE-
FERRING THEIR TEETH TO
ANCIENT CARTHAGE'S
WEAPONS, WHICH, EMPTIED
OF THEIR ENERGY, HAD BE-
COME BUT DANGEROUS
CLUBS. THEIR ARMS
CARRIED, ENCRUSTED ON
THEM, THE MUMMIFIED
HEADS OF THEIR CONQUER-
ED ENEMIES. THIS MYSTER-
IOUS MAN WAS CALLED
MATHO, BUT THE PARTICULAR
FLASH OF HIS GAZE ALSO
CAUSED HIM TO BE CALLED
"RED EYES." IN ANOTHER
UNIVERSE HIS REAL NAME
WAS SLOANE. SALAMMBO
WAS QUIET.



FOR YOU I SANG THE
LEGEND OF ANKURU
CARTHAGE THEN SPOKE
THE SACRED WORDS OF
THE APPEASEMENT AND
YOU THE WARRIOR
WITH THE RED EYES...
DRINK.



THE GODS
PROTECT YOU.
YOU ARE GOING
TO BECOME RICH.
WHEN IS THE
MARRIAGE?

WHAT
MARRIAGE?



YOURS! BECAUSE IN OUR LAND
WHEN A WOMAN MAKES
A SOLDIER DRINK, IT'S BE-
CAUSE SHE'S OFFER-
ING HIM HER
BED.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HEAVY COMIX!

From the depths of the 'underground' comes the most amazing adult cartooning available. Thrill to fabulous tales of future worlds, topical humor and scathing satire by America's foremost adult cartoonists, printed in the original underground comix, exuberant and uninhibited. You must be 18 or over to order these collections of outstanding comic art.



Comix Assortment Package. A little of everything to serve as an introduction to this unique art form. 6 comix. \$6.75



Crumb Comix Package. 7 comix from the master of the underground with familiar characters in the panels that made them famous. \$6.75



Comix of the 80's Package. Recent quality releases that prove these artists are still going strong and pulling ahead. 6 titles. \$8.00



Dope Comix Package. 7 of the best collections about dope and dopers. Light up and read. \$8.25



New Sex Package. 4 unbelievably unrestrained comix plus a special 160 page book to set fire to your libido. \$8.45

☐ **Yes!** Send me some of the most amazing adult cartooning available.

I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

- _____ New Sex Package @ \$8.45 (KG37)
- _____ Dope Comix Package @ \$8.25 (KG44)
- _____ Crumb Comix Package @ \$6.75 (KG47)
- _____ Comix of the 80's @ \$8.00 (KG51)
- _____ Comix Assortment Package @ \$6.75 (KG40)

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York State residents, please add 8% sales tax).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: **Heavy Metal Comix**
Dept. 281
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

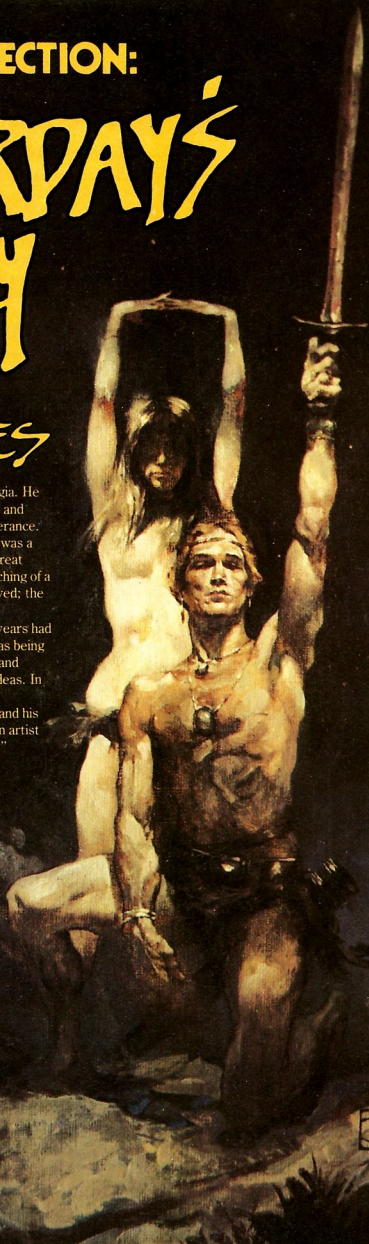
GALLERY SECTION:

YESTERDAY'S LILY

JEFFREY JONES

Jeffrey Jones was born in 1944 in Atlanta, Georgia. He remembers a great stone house, covered with ivy and shaded by magnolias that grew with tropical exuberance. He uses these recollections in his work. When he was a child, Jones's main interest was science, and his great contribution to this field was the world's first launching of a grasshopper into outer space. The memory survived; the grasshopper didn't.

Once Jones became an illustrator, and for nine years had been a successful one, he realized that the man was being fed but the artist was starving. He became bored and frustrated with the barrenness of other people's ideas. In 1971, he began illustrating a strip in the *National Lampoon*, which helped him to clarify his feelings and his real ambitions. Jones is now committed to being an artist in what he calls "this world of wonder and change."



For many years now, you have been an artist actively engaged in the workings of the marketplace—a seeming contradiction. Have you found that there exists a point where one might truly reconcile the two worlds?

There is none for me. I would not want it otherwise.

The disadvantages, then, far outweigh the possible rewards?

Apart from the obvious reward of financial security, the commercial world has the devious lure of disseminating an artist's work to the largest possible audience. In the beginning, my concerns were primarily a struggle for skills alone. Constant deadline pressures and hard competition with other artists taught me those. I can draw or paint an arm, a head, a sky, by—well, whenever you want it, and it can be printed and circulated to millions.

This is the marketplace. But the marketplace is responsible to its investors, and when some revelation enters my mind, the marketplace is not interested—for it is a world of sales figures, reports, and imitations of what in the past has sold well.

What was your response to these realities? Were you forced to make obvious concessions in your work?

I responded by ignoring my own perceptions when I started, and by trying to produce the best possible redundancies. I succeeded. My work not only sold well, it sold products well.

Do you find that you have an established audience at this point in your career?

I do have an audience, which I respect very much.

How do you view its relationship to you—and to your continuing work?

This audience supports what I do—although, I'm afraid, only on the basis of what I have done. When my audience hears of something new by me, most of them probably have a preconceived idea of what it will look like.

As my work changes, some of my audience will undoubtedly become anxious. I think the best audience an artist could have would be one based on "I can't wait to see what he'll do next."



You have repeatedly spoken of conditioning. To what extent do you feel that you have been influenced by the thought and work of others in the past? Do you believe yourself free of influences at this point?

No one is wholly free of his influences. He is influenced by someone because part of him responds to that influence. He sees a part of himself there. But, I hope, influences are only a step.

I once saw a tree in a picture by Constable. To myself I exclaimed excitedly, "I never saw it like that!" and I was turned on to Constable's trees. One day, after some time, while walking, I saw a real tree for what might as well have been the first time. Now the real tree replaced my awe at Constable's trees. The artist had helped me by his own vision to respond to the real world. Now it was up to me to show others how I saw the tree, to leave my own mark.

As products of our environment, we are by definition influenced.

What do you think is an artist's responsibility to his particular society?

An artist's only responsibility to society is a promise not to respond to society but to have society respond to him.





Then what would you say are an artist's responsibilities to himself?

An artist must try to make one and one come out to three. He must add a thing which never before existed. He must see things synergistically, if you will. In a pile of stones he must see a cathedral; in a tube of paint, he must see a world.

Every individual sees the world differently and uniquely. What makes an artist an artist is his ability to put down in a record a degree of his uniqueness.





An artist is in a very precarious position, put there by his society as a result of misunderstood urges. Once, man-as-beast chose his leaders very straightforwardly, not unlike many other species. One who could hit harder and faster was a great asset in defeating enemies and procuring food. As tribes became more complex and more food was necessary, the painter of rituals on the wall started to be looked up to more and more, as did the primitive architect and house builder.

Later, as language developed, the orator and writer took over part of the job of the artist. Now, a curious thing had occurred: society was at once in awe and in fear of those who were somehow different and could show them what to do and where to go.

As the stirrings of this differentness begin to appear, children are ostracized because of it. They cannot fit in. The rules are not important to them. Some seem strange, shy; some are troublemakers. So, barred from the group and thrown out on their own, they have choices: one is a retreat into psychosis or incapacitating neurosis; another is a strengthening of individuality and self-confidence. It is sink or swim.

Those who swim can now come back and show society a new road. This, added to the roads of other swimmers, provides a map for change. A homogeneous group will never lead itself anywhere.



In an age of rapidly expanding electronic media, you remain an artist who is primarily concerned with static forms. Do you foresee a day when those forms will be finally rendered obsolete, as our senses are forced to evolve along new channels?

No. Electronic media are a wonderful means of communicating to a vast audience. But the vaster the audience, the more explicit must be the communication. A piece of art is an implicit thing and will communicate itself most to a few, and then most when seen as itself—in the original. This is the value of museums.

This final question takes us back to the first. You have just withdrawn from the commercial marketplace in order to concentrate your energies more fully upon your own, more personal work. Could you say just what it is that is currently commanding your attentions?

I am fascinated by the combination of words and pictures and think it has great expressive potential.

I don't know what the future will bring. I just hope each day to surprise myself.

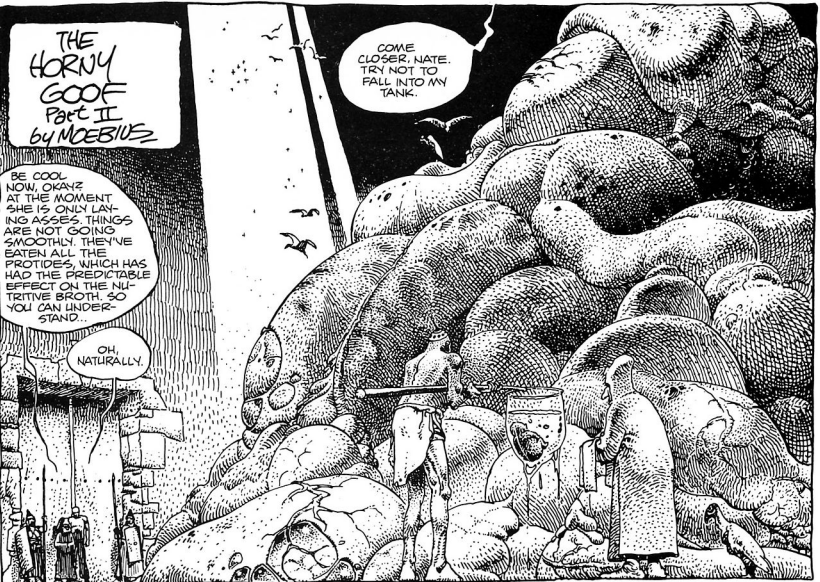


THE HORNY GOOF Part II by MOEBIUS

BE COOL
NOW, OKANZ
AT THE MOMENT
SHE IS ONLY LAY-
ING ASSES. THINGS
ARE NOT GOING
SMOOTHLY. THEY'VE
EATEN ALL THE
PROTIDES, WHICH HAS
HAD THE PREDICTABLE
EFFECT ON THE NU-
TRITIVE BROTH. SO
YOU CAN UNDER-
STAND.

OH,
NATURALLY.

COME
CLOSER, NATE.
TRY NOT TO
FALL INTO MY
TANK.

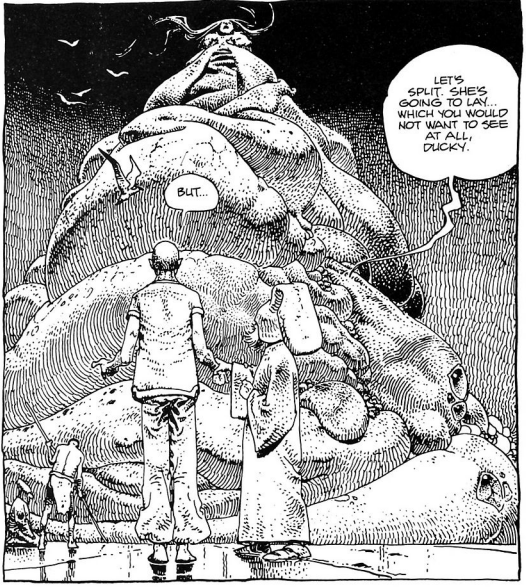


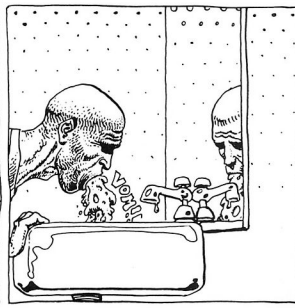
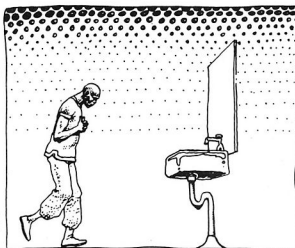
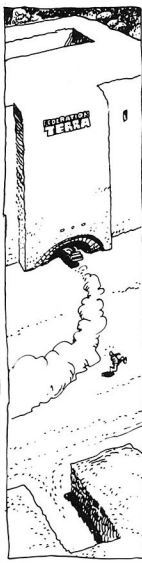
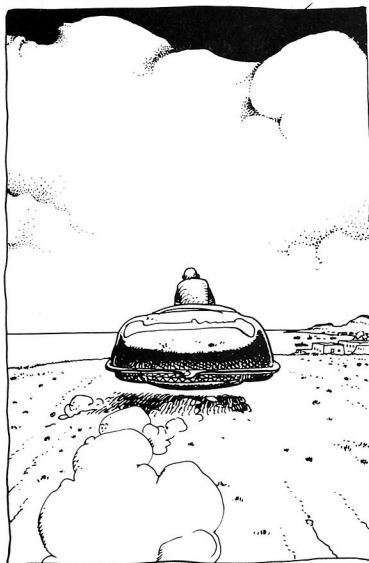
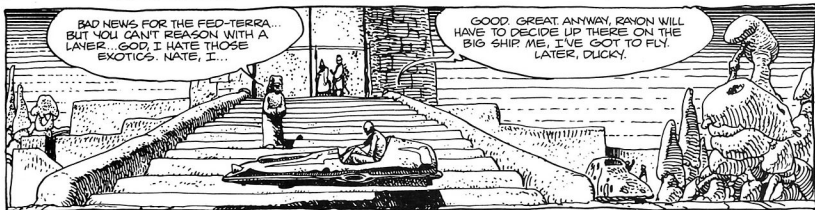
YOUR PINK
SKIN DISGUSTS
ME. FOR TWO
CURRENCY UNITS
I WOULD BLOW
MY SMOTHERING
LUNCH ALL OVER
YOU. BUT FOR
THE MOMENT
YOU ARE
NEEDED.

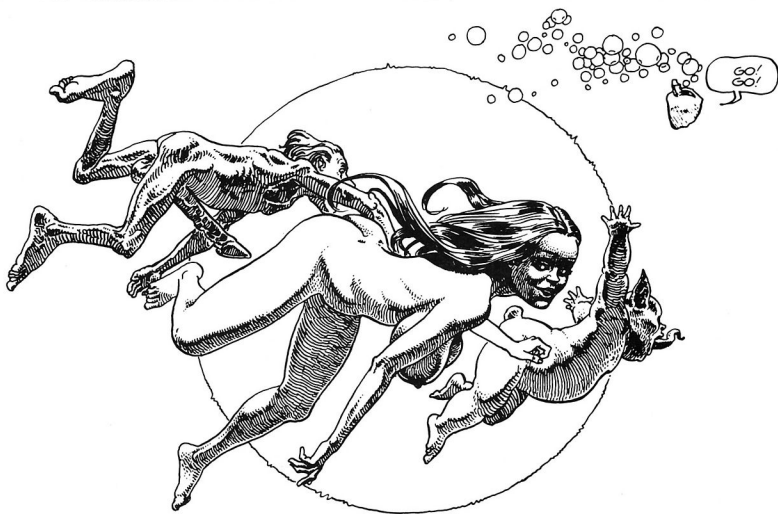
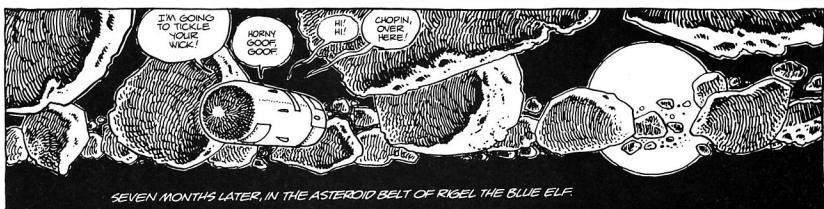
SO! A
HORNY GOOF
HAS ESCAPED
SOULDIA, A
GRAVE SACRILEGE!
IF HE HAS NOT
RETURNED FOR
THE AUTUMN
COITION, I SHALL
PASS CONTROL OF
THE NETERITE TO
THE EXOTIOS. MY
DECISION IS
FINAL. NOW LEAVE,
I HAVE BIRTH
PAINS...

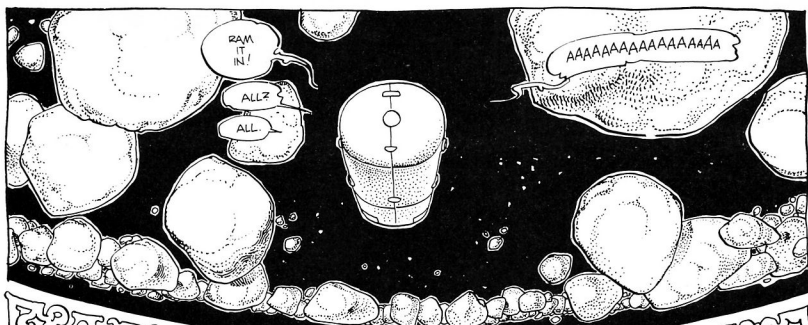
LET'S
SPLIT. SHE'S
GOING TO LAY,
WHICH YOU WOULD
NOT WANT TO SEE
AT ALL,
DUCKY.

BUT...









RAM
IT
IN!
ALL?
ALL.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

CAREFUL!
WE'RE PICKING UP
SOME WEIRDO STUFF
ON THE RADIO.
VERY STRANGE
MILITARY CODES. I
AM DECIPHERING.
OH OH! WAR!
IT IS WAR!
HEAR ME?
WAR!



AHHHH...
NO RUSH.
I THINK I'LL
REST IN
STASIS FOR
A BIT.

STASIS=
ECSTASY



SOULDIA IS BURNING. MY
FRIENDS. THE TERRAN FORCES HAVE
TAKEN THE PLANET FOR THE THIRD
TIME SINCE AUTUMN. TAKEN IT AT A
GREAT COST. SUSTAINING ENORMOUS
LOSSES. THE EXOTICS REGROUP
QUICKLY. ENERGETIC ARMAMENTS
HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED. A FLICKUP
OF THE HIGHEST MAGNITUDE



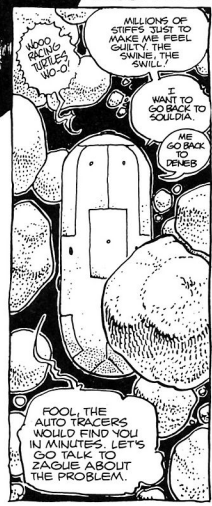
BABY, HERE
YOU
SEE MY
FASCIC
BOO.

ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT RETURN
FOR THE AUTUMN COTTON. MY DEAR GOOF.
THE BIG LAYER BITCH RESCINDED THE
NETERITE CONTRACT AND THAT FLAMING
FRUITBAR RAYON RELEASED THE WAR
FORCES OF SOULDIA. FRENZIED
EXOTICS, INVASIONS, REINVASIONS...
THEN TOTAL WAR. OVER
TWO MILLION DEAD. ALL
NOTHING TO THE CAL-
LOUS BONE OF THE
HORNY GOOF.



YOU
SAID
IT!

IF IT
KNT A
CRIME
TO FLICK
TWELVE
RACING
TURTLES



WOOD
RACING
TURTLES
NO-O!

MILLIONS OF
STIFFS JUST TO
MAKE ME FEEL
GUILTY. THE
SWINE, THE
SWINE.

I
WANT TO
GO BACK TO
SOULDIA.

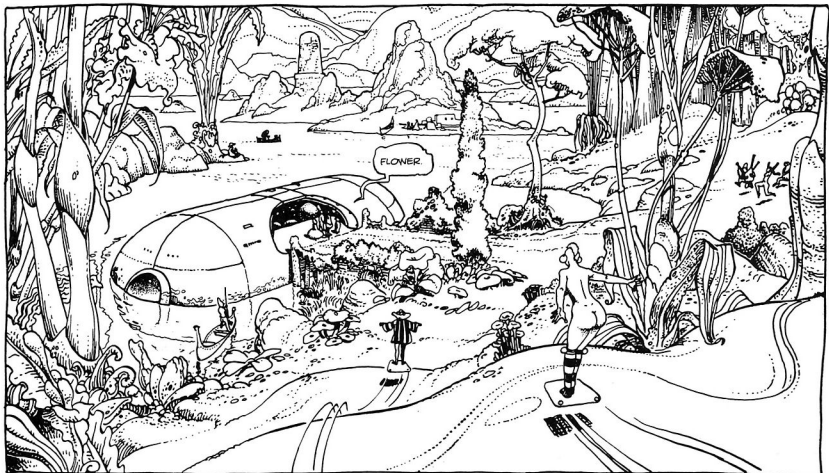
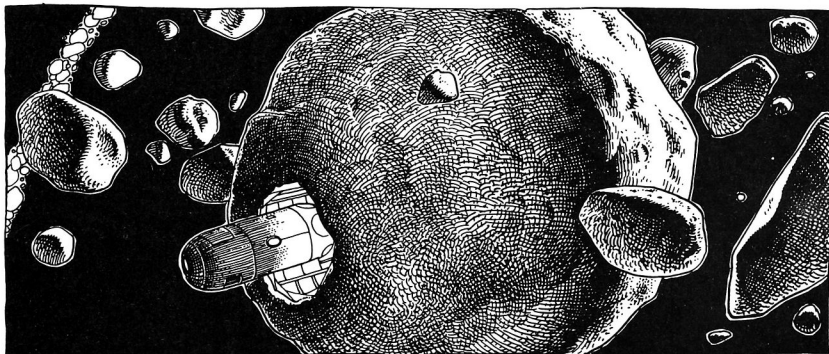
ME
GO BACK
TO
DENEH

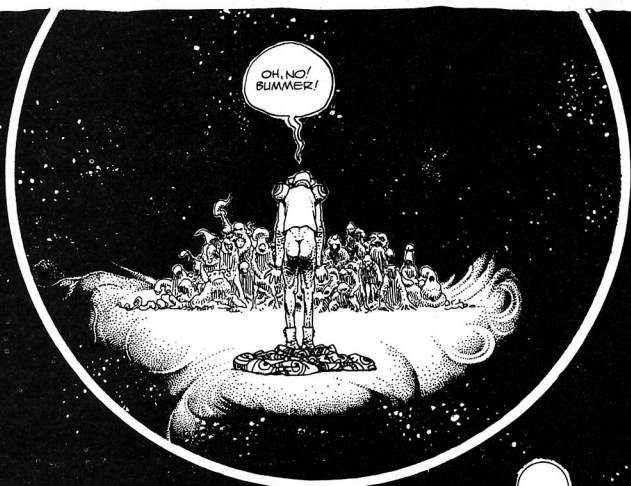
FOOL, THE
AUTO TRACERS
WOULD FIND YOU
IN MINUTES. LETS
GO TALK TO
ZAGUE ABOUT
THE PROBLEM.

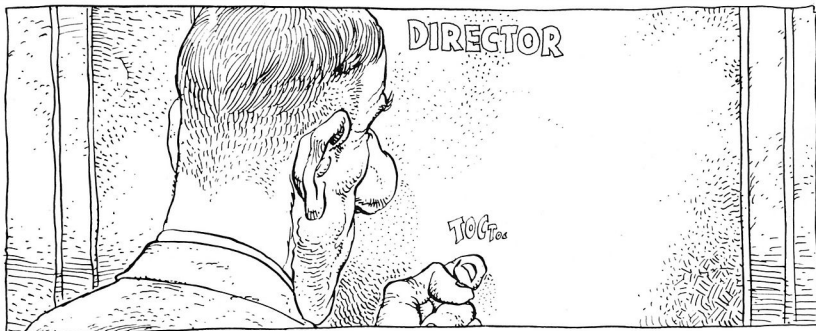
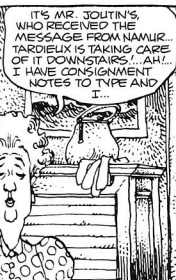
ZAGUE, THE PILOT OF THE "SHIP MOLD,"
IS A THREE-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD BOUSBAG
WITH CLIPPED WINGS.

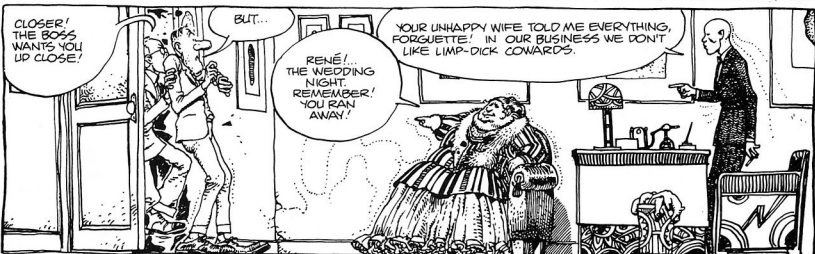
WELL,
NOW YOU KNOW
THE SITUATION.
WHAT DO YOU
ADVISE,
ZAGUE?

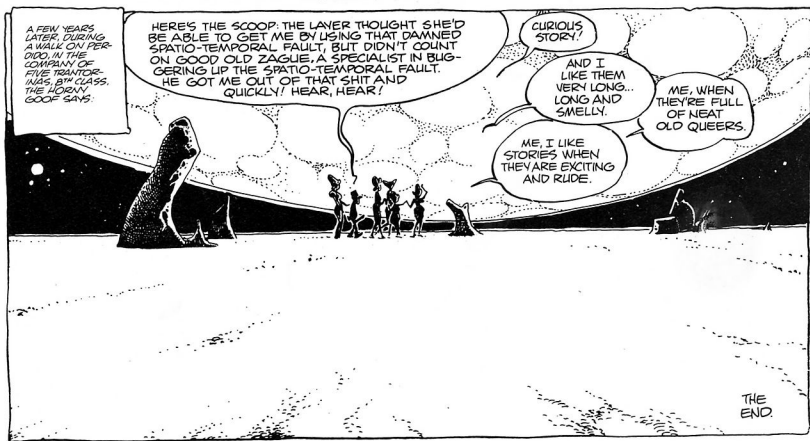
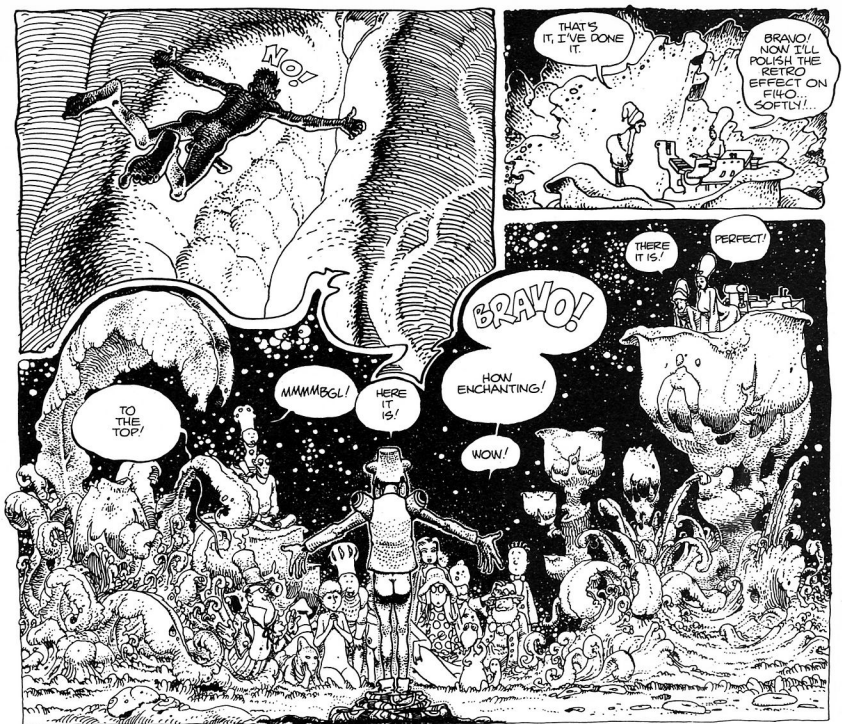
IN MY OPINION, OUR
BEST COURSE IS TO
RETURN TO FLOWER
AND THERE TO DALLY,
ENJOYING ALL MANNER
OF COPULATORY ACTIV-
ITIES INCLUDING ANAL
AND ORAL PLEASURES
AND PARTAKING OF
RICH MEALS IN PLUSH
SURROUNDINGS AND
STAYING UPSIDE DOWN
HALF THE DAY AND
NIGHT ON WHISKEY
AND POPE.













AN EXCITING BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE FROM A LEGENDARY CARTOONIST...

NOT AVAIL-
ABLE ON MOST
NEWSSTANDS!
ORDER BY MAIL!



WILL EISNER'S THE SPIRIT

CLASSIC SPIRIT REPRINTS PLUS NEW
MATERIAL BY EISNER IN EVERY ISSUE!
REGULAR COLUMNS... ACTION... MYSTERY
...ADVENTURE... BEAUTIFUL WOMEN...
FIGURES IN SHADOWS... "FILM NOIR ON
PAPER"... GRAPHIC STORIES AT THEIR BEST.



Mail to: KITCHEN SINK ENTERPRISES
P.O. Box 7-H, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968

- ☐ Send me the current issue of *Will Eisner's Spirit Magazine*. Enclosed is \$2.50.
- ☐ I want a subscription. Send me the next six issues of *The Spirit*. Enclosed is \$14.
- ☐ Send me a catalog of hundreds of other comic books, portfolios, buttons, books and more!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG AT LUCCA 14

by Rick Veitch



A STREET LIGHT IN LUCCA

It may not be apparent to American comic-art enthusiasts, but elsewhere in the world the graphic narrative has come of age. European publishers have long been aware of a vital fact that their American counterparts are only beginning to recognize: that as their audience grows older and matures, so must their product. This knowledge has helped the Europeans foster an active readership that knows no age limits and that in turn has generated an inspiring expansion in their artistic communities.

In the fall of 1980 the leading international comics congress was held again at Lucca, Italy, in cooperation with the United Nations and various European governments. Hundreds of comic artists and writers from around the globe attended, while a host of publishers displayed an exciting variety, quality, and quantity of comic-art books.

One European master who has made a splash in the United States is, of course, Moebius, who was at Lucca and was awarded his second Yellow Kid* for his "disquieting universe and his graphic influence on a whole generation." Moebius fans will be interested to know that together with Alexander Jodorowsky he is completing a graphic novel.

Hector Oesterheld, a South American comic writer, was also given a Yellow Kid,

* An award given annually at the Lucca fest, noting outstanding achievements in the comics field.



OESTERHELD

albeit posthumously. He is believed to have been murdered by the Argentine government for his antifascist strips. His award, accepted for him by Amnesty International, generated a highly emotional response from all those in attendance.

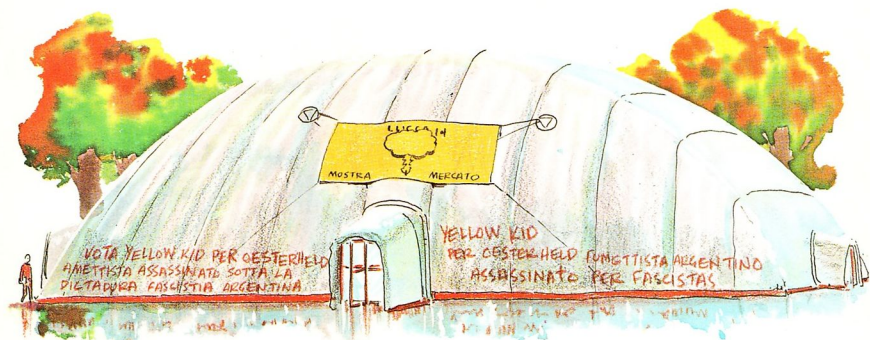
The awards, while important, are only a small part of the total Lucca experience. Artists show slide presentations of their work, historians lecture, and animated films



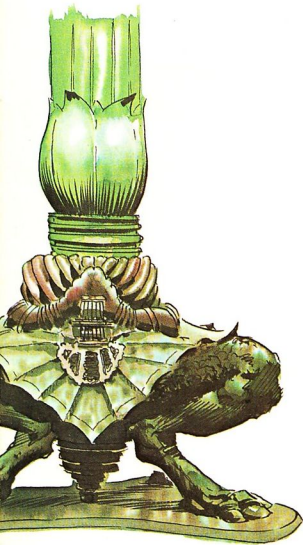
HUGO PRATT

VICTOR DE LA FUENTE





"THE BALLOON" 1200 SQ. METER PRESSURIZED DEALER PAVILION



LAMP POST IN LUCCA

run continuously at the Giglio Theater. An inflatable balloon across the piazza from the Giglio houses the major European publishers, with their generous selections of the latest comic albums. Also in evidence was the burgeoning avant-garde movement, with such new-wave titles as *Frigidaire*, *Nemo in Blue*, and *Pinguino*.

The city of Lucca itself is a fifteenth-century fortified town, surrounded by battlements and moat. It is an enchanting place, where every doorknob, bannister, and lamp post has been given life by ancient artisans, whose visions can be seen reflected in the work of such modern graphic masters as Frazetta and Corben.

Yet, to the artists in attendance (at least to *this* starving one), the rest of the activities become peripheral to the food. Hospitality tickets are given to each artist, providing two spreads a day at the finest restaurants in the city. This makes it easy for everyone to congregate and get to know each other in the best way possible: over sumptuous, gourmet feasts! The table talk is interesting and intimate and can range anywhere from John Buscema's discussing the hard-line strategy of contract negotiations to Moebius's speaking of his recent spiritual transformation.

After a week of such heady experience, the lectures end, the meal tickets run out, and the balloon is deflated. One comes away wondering when the United States will recognize how far these Europeans have brought the state of the art. Answer: it's already happening, and right here in the pages of *Heavy Metal*, the groundbreaking first step in an enriching direction. But so far we've seen only the tip of an iceberg that consists of a huge body of intellectual comic art waiting patiently for American readers to come of age.



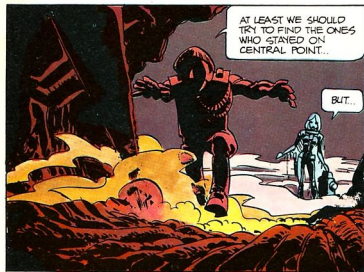
MOEBIUS

The Ambassador of the Shadows

Valerian: Time-Space Agent

by J. C. Mezières and P. Christin

Last we saw, the ambassador was kidnapped while proposing to the people of Central Point the idea of a new federation. While Valerian went off to find his ward, Laureline was left taking care of the grumpy converter from Bluxte—their only remaining source of freedom and power.



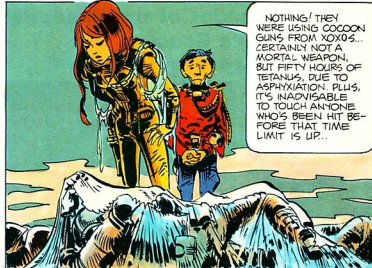


HMM... MAYBE THE OTHER ONE.

WAIT! IT'S PROBABLY BLOCKED, TOO! SO CALM DOWN AND TELL ME WHO YOU ARE...



UH... COLONEL DIOL, ASSISTANT HEAD OF PROTOCOL. I WAS IN CHARGE OF WELCOMING THE AMBASSADOR TO THE BUFFET WE HAD PREPARED LISTSERV. I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT. WHAT SHOULD I DO?



NOTHING! THEY WERE USING GOODON GUNS FROM XXXX... CERTAINLY NOT A MORTAL NEARON. BUT FIFTY HOURS OF TETANUS, DUE TO ASPERKATION. PLUS, IT'S INADVISABLE TO TOUCH ANYONE WHO'S BEEN HIT BEFORE THAT TIME LIMIT IS UP.

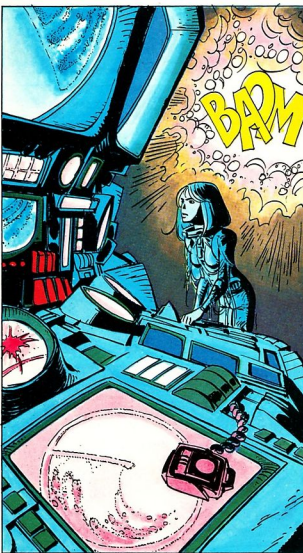


AND THE SPACE-SHIP? DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT WENT?

UH... DON'T THINK OF THAT! THE RADAR SCREENS ARE UP! STAIRS. I'LL GO EXPLORE THE OTHER PASSAGENY...



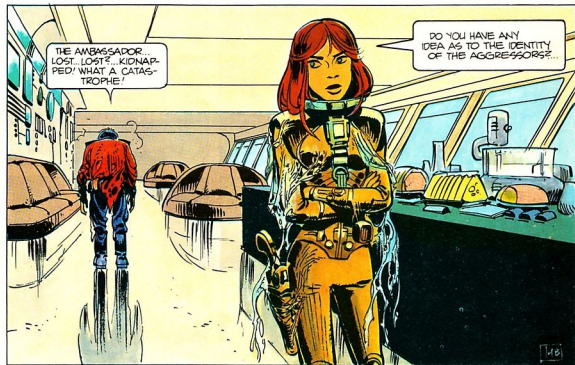
YES, YOU DO THAT! I'LL CHECK.



THE PASSAGENY WAS BLOCKED, TOO!

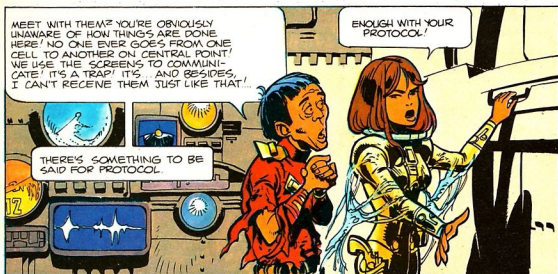
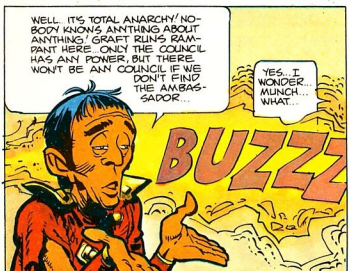


REALLY?... HMM, THEN THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING THEY ALSO ERASED ANY TRACE OF THEIR DEPARTURE BY SETTING UP AN ANTIRADAR SHIELD. NO SIGN OF THEM ANYWHERE.



THE AMBASSADOR LOST. LOST? KIDNAPED? WHAT A CATASTROPHE!

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA AS TO THE IDENTITY OF THE AGGRESSORS?





DO YOU REPRESENT THE EARTH?

ER, YES...

NO, NO...



IS IT YES OR NO? BECAUSE THIS COULD BE A PROBLEM. WE WERE PROMISED THAT...

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE DO YOU? WE ARE THE SHINGOUZ...

WE WERE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE AMBASSADOR TO FILL HIM IN ON A BIT OF INFORMATION. ISN'T HE HERE?

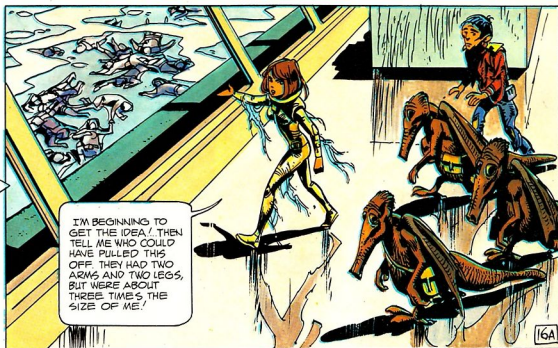


WELL NOW YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE SO WELL INFORMED AFTER ALL.

THAT DEPENDS, THAT DEPENDS... WE'VE A CERTAIN REPUTATION ON CENTRAL POINT. WE HEAR AND SEE MANY THINGS...



BY THE TEN PURPLE MOONS! COCOONS FROM XOXOS? UNHEARD-OF ON CENTRAL POINT!



I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA! THEN TELL ME WHO COULD HAVE PULLED THIS OFF. THEY HAD TWO ARMS AND TWO LEGS, BUT WERE ABOUT THREE TIMES THE SIZE OF ME!



AND THE AGGRESSORS?

BIG, TWO ARMS, TWO LEGS. YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE THAT COULD BE ANYONE WHO...

MERCENARIES, NO DOUBT. TO HAVE USED SUCH METHODS? NO GREAT RACE WOULD WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN THIS...

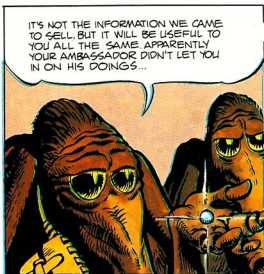
EXCEPT FOR 1000 EBABA PEARLS LIKE THIS ONE...



ONE THOUSAND EBABA PEARLS? YOU DON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH!

WHEN ONE IS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO POSSESS A CONVERTER, ONE SHOULDN'T BE STINGY. BESIDES...

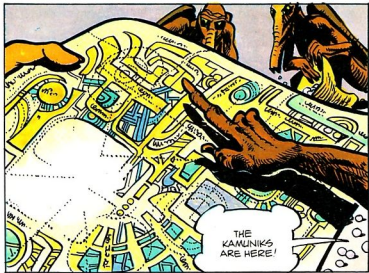
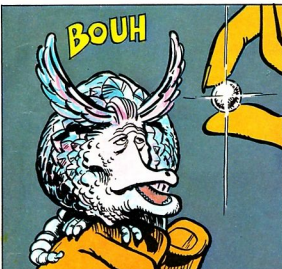
OUR INFORMATION IS WORTH AT LEAST THAT!

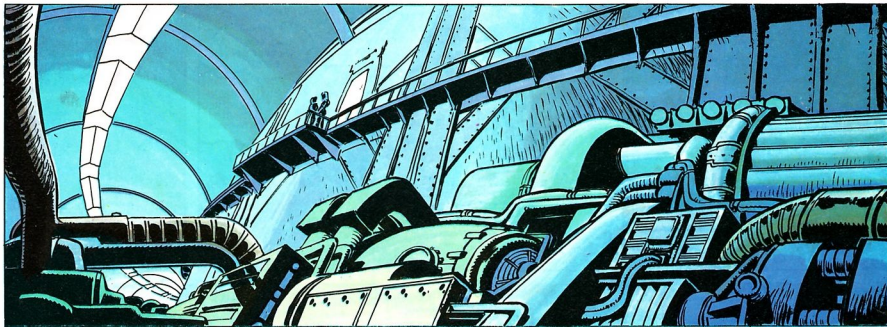


IT'S NOT THE INFORMATION WE CAME TO SELL, BUT IT WILL BE USEFUL TO YOU ALL THE SAME. APPARENTLY YOUR AMBASSADOR DIDN'T LET YOU IN ON HIS DOINGS...



THE COUP IS TOO RECENT FOR US TO KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT. BUT THE EARTH HAS SECRET ALLIES, MERCENARIES AS WELL. THESE MERCENARIES KNOW ONE ANOTHER. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. YOU WORK FOR ONE SIDE, YOU WORK FOR THE OTHER...





THEY'RE MUTE AND NEVER BOTHER
WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.
THERE IS AN ADVANTAGE FOR US
BETWEEN. THEY BREATHE OXYGEN,
SO ALL OF THE PASSAGEWAYS
HAVE THE CORRECT ATMOSPHERE
FOR US TO SURVIVE IN.

SO MUCH THE
BETTER. LET'S
GET GOING...



19A



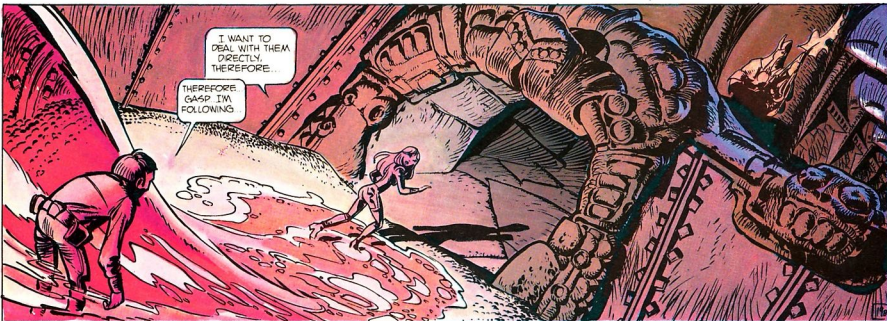
A
GRAVI-
TATIONAL
PIT!

WE HAVE TO
CHANGE
LEVELS...

I. HOW ABOUT
GOING BACK TO
CALL THE KAM-
UNIKS BY SCREEN?



NO WAY!
FOLLOW ME!



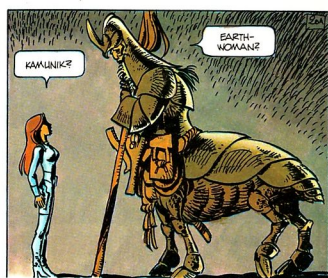
I WANT TO
DEAL WITH THEM
DIRECTLY.
THEREFORE...

THEREFORE
GASP I'M
FOLLOWING



AAAAH!

HALT!



KAMUNIK?

EARTH-WOMAN?



COME WITH ME, LITTLE FEMALE, WE'VE PREPARED FOR YOU A TRADITIONAL WELCOME...



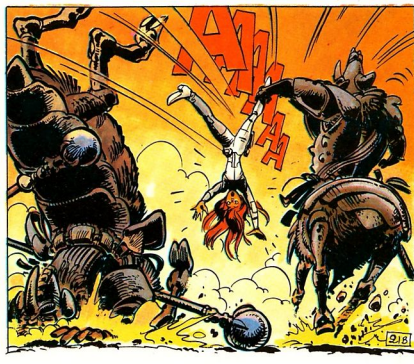
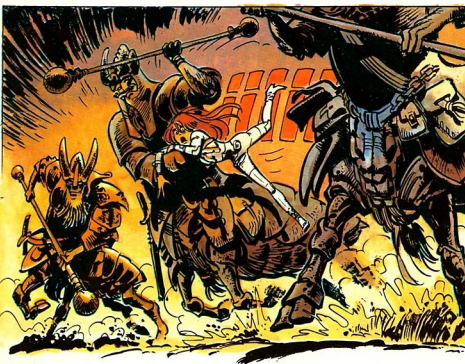
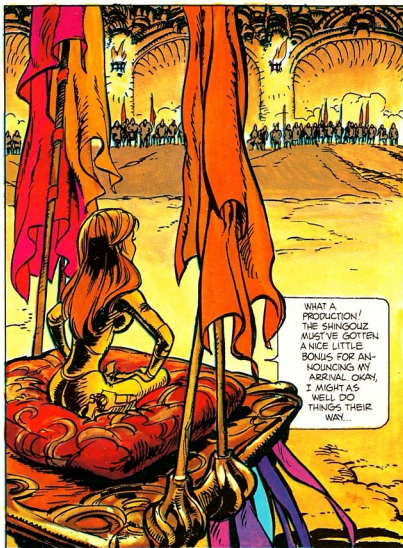
PFFFF. LITTLE FEMALE!

AT LEAST THEY'RE WELL-MANNERED.



A BIT ARCHAIC FOR ALLIES OF EARTH?

BE QUIET, I'M SURE THEY'RE A VIOLENT LOT...





THE SHINGOUZ. THEY TOLD ME YOU COULD MAKE ME SOME SORT OF A PROPOSITION...

MAYBE, MAYBE... MY PEOPLE ARE GREAT FRIENDS OF THE EARTH. WE SHARE YOUR APPRECIATION FOR THE ARTS OF WAR. SO LET'S FORGET MOMENTARILY YOUR COMMITMENTS TO US. OUT OF LOYALTY AND FOR ONE HUNDRED BLOOD-AND-GUTS TABS FROM KHOUL, I'LL SET YOU STRAIGHT ON THE TRACK TOWARD THOSE YOU SEEK...

WHA! IT'S A DEAL COME HERE, GRUMPY, YOU'RE NEEDED. HEY? OUCH!



LISTEN, YOU! THIS IS NO TIME TO GET ON MY NERVES! GOT THAT?

SWALLOW THIS AND GET TO WORK! BAH!

I'M LISTENING...

ONE OF MY WARRIORS WHO JUST RETURNED FROM THE SUPPLUSS TOLD ME THAT THE BACOLLING ARE GATHERING THERE. THE BACOLLING AREN'T TRUE WARRIORS, JUST A BACKWARD, GREGARIOUS LOT, FIT ONLY TO CARRY OUT THE DIRTY WORK THE SORT WHO'D RESORT TO XOXOS COCCON GUNS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...



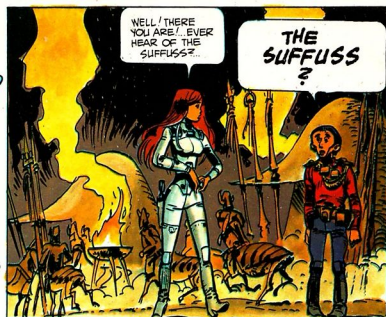
YOUR MOVE, EARTHWOMAN. GOOD LUCK.

FAREWELL!



HEY, YOU! JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE TASTED THAT STUFF IS NO REASON TO THINK YOU'RE A TERROR!

PAF



WELL, THERE YOU ARE! EVER HEAR OF THE SUFFUSS?

THE SUFFUSS?



ME? WELL, YES, BUT IT'S SUCH A VULGAR PLACE. I'VE NEVER BEEN THERE. THE SUFFUSS ARE A DISGRACE TO CENTRAL POINT...

AND BESIDES, IT'S QUITE FAR AWAY...



SO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! NO NEED FOR A MAP! LEAD THE WAY. LET'S GET GOING!



YOU'RE CRAZY!

LET'S BORROW THIS VEHICLE, SINCE IT'S SO FAR AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL ME WHO THE SUFFUSS ARE, AT LEAST TAKE ME TO THEM...



I THOUGHT THE PASSAGEWAYS OF CENTRAL POINT WERE DESERTED!

IT'S DIFFERENT HERE, ISN'T IT?



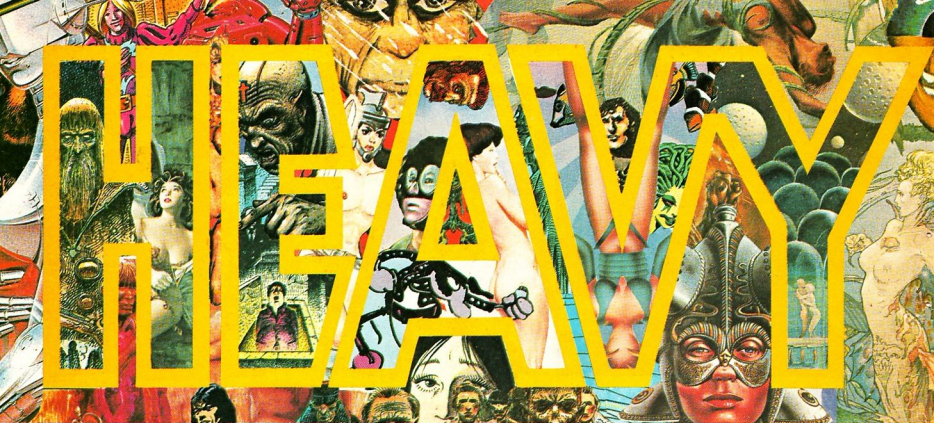
THIS IS A PLACE OF UH... ULL REPUTE.

WE'LL SOON SEE ARE YOU COMING OR STAYING?

I... I'M STAYING.



TO BE CONTINUED...



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wrap-around cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. (\$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)

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

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

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," and

yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." (\$3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

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

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

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Extremator," Major Gruber, "Heilman" — his final rebirth, more. (\$3.00)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlt," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. (\$3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolofed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." (\$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 McPeethers and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlt," and much more! (\$3.00)

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

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakau" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more! (\$3.00)

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

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakau" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. the Earth! (\$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)

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

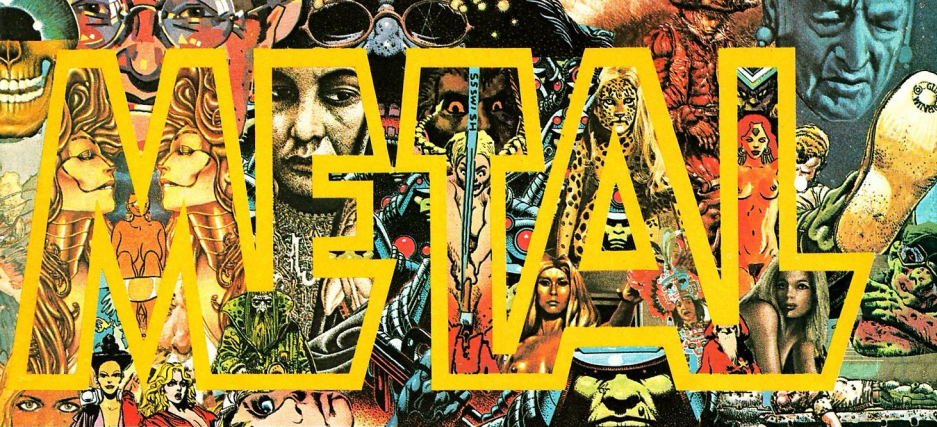
#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nice shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. (\$3.00)

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

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

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jaronatan returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There is a Prince Charming on Phenix!" Don't miss it! (\$3.00)



BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS:

white with black lettering and art, with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of *Heavy Metal*. (\$5.50) Or buy one binder with the twelve 1978 issues, 1979 issues, or 1980 issues. (\$26.00 each)

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 2-81
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	Apr. 1977	\$5.00
_____	May 1977	\$4.00
_____	June 1977	\$3.00
_____	July 1977	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1977	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1977	\$3.00

I've enclosed a total of \$ _____

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	Jan. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1978	\$3.00
_____	May 1978	\$3.00
_____	June 1978	\$3.00
_____	July 1978	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1978	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1979	\$3.00
_____	May 1979	\$3.00
_____	June 1979	\$3.00
_____	July 1979	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1979	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Feb. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Mar. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Apr. 1980	\$3.00
_____	May 1980	\$3.00
_____	June 1980	\$3.00
_____	July 1980	\$3.00
_____	Aug. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Sept. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Oct. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Nov. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Dec. 1980	\$3.00
_____	Jan. 1981	\$3.00
_____	Binder	\$5.50
_____	Binder with 1978 issues	\$26 plus \$1 postage and handling
_____	Binder with 1979 issues	\$26 plus \$1 postage and handling
_____	Binder with 1980 issues	\$26 plus \$1 postage and handling



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

There was an ominous chill to the breeze that rippled through the plastic foliage, as the Jungle Safari Riverboat drifted aimlessly downstream.

R
C
K
P
E
R
T

©1981 RONALD W. KIERKEGAARD, JR.

Mechanical animals ran amok in the shallows, as we plunged deeper into the heart of the darkness.

We're supposed to meet him on the Pirate Island.

Meet whom?

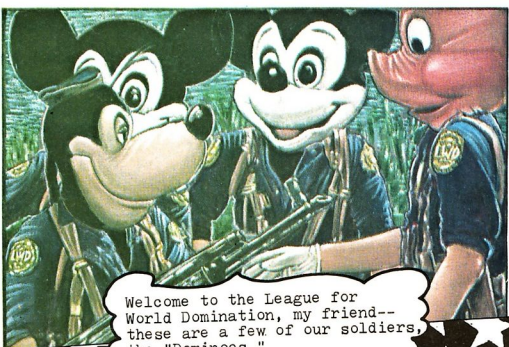
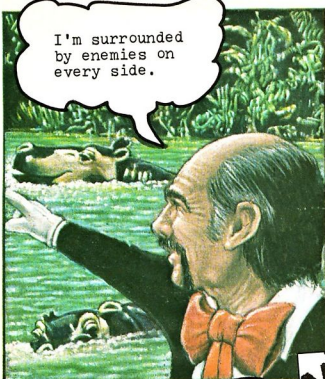
Sorry about the elaborate code, but we have to be careful--

Armand Geddon. He's a millionaire who's training a secret army to take over the world.

Ahoy, Wendy! Have you brought the-- fresh fruit?

Yes, General Geddon--the banana's in the kitchen!

I'm surrounded by enemies on every side.



Welcome to the League for World Domination, my friend-- these are a few of our soldiers, the "Dominoes."

The ladies, of course, are called the "Dominettes." Here's a copy of our newsletter--



NEW FOR FALL



A sneak preview of two Domino fashions absolutely guaranteed to make you an object of fascination. Jimmy and Elmo model the formal and casual official Domino Dress. Jimmy, a former religious singer, is living proof that inferior races can become white through hard work and self-improvement.

NUKE RED DWARVES ---NOW---

In his most forceful speech to date, Armand Geddon, founder of the League for World Domination, advocated the immediate nuclear destruction of the known universe, a view which may be seen as provocative and extreme by the faint of heart and limp of wrist. Geddon, however, presents cogent arguments to support his also, based on real scientific fact. Pointing to the alarming fact that all galaxies are receding from each other at nearly the speed of light, he speculates that only the dread forces of the tiny aton can arrest the "red shift." Once again, the mighty aton works on the side of men and nature.

CHRIST WAS NO CREAM PUFF By the Rev. Ernest Angry

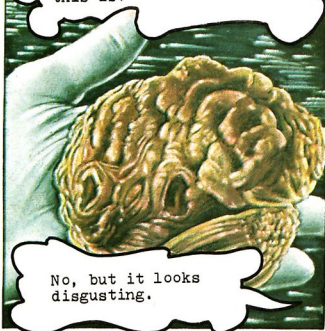
JESUS was a real he-man. Yes, I know that this simple statement of faith will shock a great many timid, hot-house types, who have been coddled from birth by exposure to a gutless, weak-kneed version of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. If that description hits uncomfortably close to home, be warned! If you read on you may be put off your pabulum for keeps. Recent transcription of an obscure gospel discovered in Ethiopia give a picture of our Lord much more relevant to today's needs than the Gnostic cutie touted by the doctrinaire Liberal Catholic Church. The GOSPEL OF KRENGE-

-Kion shows Jesus to be a man who isn't afraid to tread on a few Jewish toes-- Christ is revealed as an Old Testament type of warlord, ready to hurl his troops into battle to convert the vile heathen-- or else! Probably, Jesus was bronzed, muscular, tanned, long, flowing blond hair-- a far cry from the kinky-haired, shrinking violet foisted upon us by the minions of the Vatican!



Jesus didn't like women.

So, let me explain how you fit in-- do you know what this is?



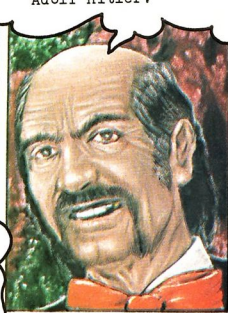
No, but it looks disgusting.



Eeeyuck!

I've gone to great expense to obtain it-- it's the dehydrated remains of Adolf Hitler.

I want you to help me reconstitute him-- I want you to rebuild Adolf Hitler.





You know something?
You're a real nut!



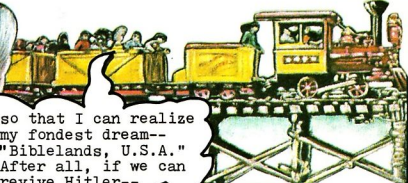
They'll all be surprised,
won't they? They'll be
at their pool parties,
crouched over the hibachi--



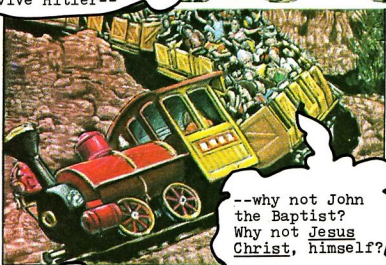
--when suddenly, the
crunch of the jackboot,
the sting of the whip...
ah, this is Dr. Kathryn
Guhlman, my Head
Scientist.



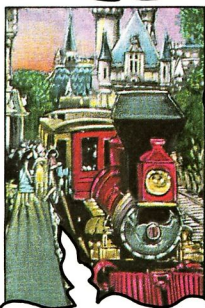
You know, when I
first met Armand,
I had my doubts, too.
But then he promised
me the state of
Tennessee--



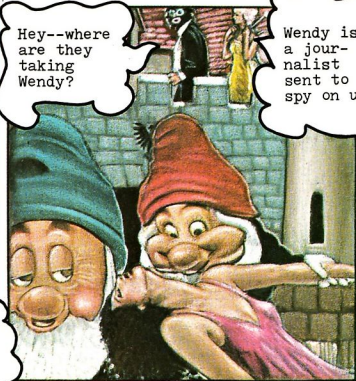
--so that I can realize
my fondest dream--
"Biblelands, U.S.A."
After all, if we can
revive Hitler--



--why not John
the Baptist?
Why not Jesus
Christ, himself?



Hey--where
are they
taking
Wendy?



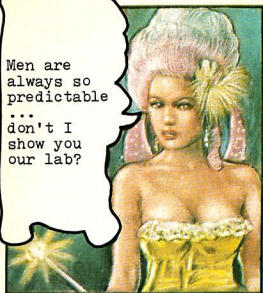
Wendy is
a jour-
nalist
sent to
spy on us.

Wait a minute--if I
cooperate, I want her
safe!



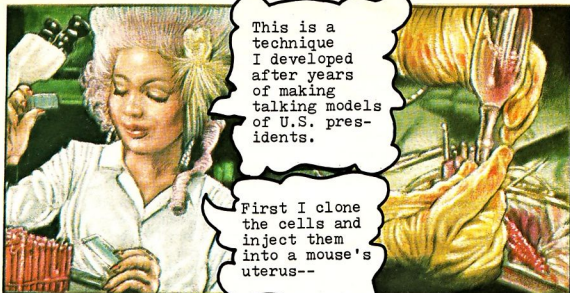
Of course, with
John the Baptist,
we may have a prob-
lem finding parts...

Men are
always so
predictable
...
don't I
show you
our lab?

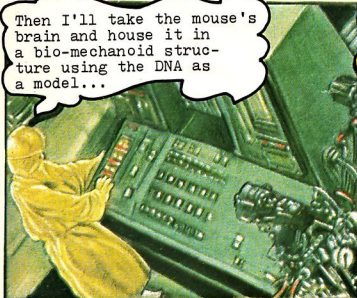


This is a
technique
I developed
after years
of making
talking models
of U.S. pres-
idents.

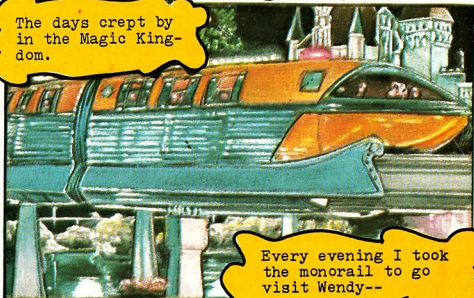
First I clone
the cells and
inject them
into a mouse's
uterus--



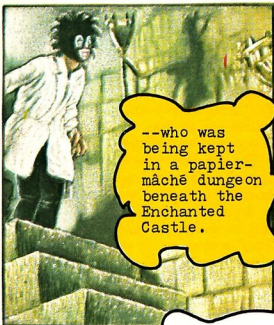
Then I'll take the mouse's
brain and house it in
a bio-mechanoid struc-
ture using the DNA as
a model...



The days crept by
in the Magic King-
dom.

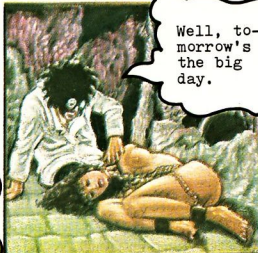


Every evening I took
the monorail to go
visit Wendy--

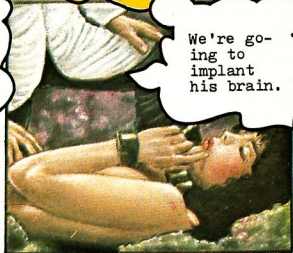


--who was
being kept
in a papier-
mâché dungeon
beneath the
Enchanted
Castle.

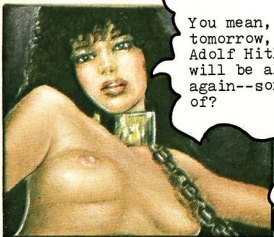
Well, to-
morrow's
the big
day.



We're go-
ing to
implant
his brain.



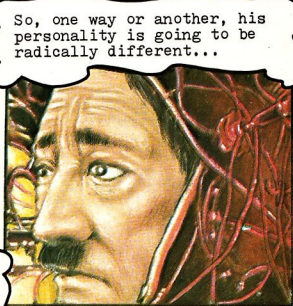
You mean,
tomorrow,
Adolf Hitler
will be alive
again--sort
of?



So, one way or another, his
personality is going to be
radically different...



Yes...except, when he shot
himself, the bullet shat-
tered his hippocampus.



CONFIDENTIAL
 288 William B. Barrington

continued from page 4

These assessments are based on Field Agents' reports. A Field Agent knows everybody in his district inside-out. He records their voices. He takes pictures. A lot of this goes into the *Top Secret Only Fools* file. (Only fools do those villains pity who are punished ere they have done their mischief.)

There is no stopping C.D. Knock on any door. Walk down any street. C.D. T-shirts, patches, armbands, rings, discreet gold lapel pins, luminous rainbow hatbands — "Her glow in the dark." Many wear their C.D. card in a little plastic window. C.D.! C.D.! C.D.! Our deadly field hands, as we jokingly call them, are everywhere stopping crime. They know where to look; they know whom to follow.

"They are undermining the very concept of police!" the Commissioner moans.

"We are the police and we need no criminals," was the terse Telex rejoinder from Wise Guy the C.D. Computer.

Any C.D. member can put this solution to any question into Wise Guy, who chews them all up and spits out a solution. Wise Guy thinks that some crimes are much more portentous, that is, more basically *criminal*, than others. These crimes receive special attention.

Is it good for our space program? This basic criterion is programmed into Wise Guy, and he dictates his decisions. Man just released from mental hospital stabs a *sleeping* man to death with a sharp stick; little bitch sees someone *sleeping* on the subway, douses his hair with lighter fluid, and sets him afire. "I just felt like it," she said. Other victims have been old transients *sleeping* on pavements or in vacant lots. The common denominator is *sleeping*.

On spacecraft people may have to go into bio-stasis. We need some little whorling around turning off our life-support systems? Now, human beings are merely the carriers for certain entities. We don't want any carriers of this entity in our surroundings. So we organized a crack team of outraged citizens and grabbed a torch, doused it with water, and threw it on the third rail. Gave that entity pause. And here is another. It happens every Halloween: Little girl three years old been trick-or-treatin' comes back and her mother finds a pin in a pink sugar

candy with cream centers, the pinhead white to look like sugar. Now this can only be described as poisoning the water supply. We don't want anything like that aboard space-ship Earth.

The colonel looked into the fire. He is a member of the elite corps of E.S.—Evolutionary Security. The function of E.S. is to create a safe environment for biological experiments, free from brutish, malignant interference.

"Of course we knew it would come to this sooner or later — individual assassinations. 'Hits,' you call them, I believe. Well, it wasn't too hard to find this one. Little frame house reeked of it. Not even a weed will grow in the yard. She works in the library, which is almost never used, because no one can get the book he orders, and if he does, keeps getting nasty letters for years demanding the return of books he never withdrew. She used sleeping pills. It was easy. We also impounded some interesting documents. For years this old witch had been writing letters to newspapers. Some, dating back to the days of capital punishment, were abusive anonymous letters sent to the parents of those executed, timed to arrive on the day of execution. And here is a four-year-old boy attacked by guard dogs, critically ill in a hospital, and she writes to the mother: 'He should die soon. I hope he will.'

"And her diary... 'Christmas 1848... I think I've made a 'catch.' December 27... My prayers have been answered."

"She was a very religious woman. The only book in her house was the Bible."

At the very moment of her death waves of happiness and euphoria swept the neighborhood: "It was a feeling of *relief*," one nabor said. "Like something *awful* went away and you can breathe again."

C.D. can stand for Common Decency. When someone needs help you give help. When someone wants to be left alone you leave him alone. He has a right to his space. Let me tell you about the Johnson Family. "The Johnson Family" was a turn-of-the-century expression designating good bums and thieves.

"God must have loved the Johnsons because he made so many of them."

It was elaborated into a code of conduct. A Johnson honors his obligations. His word is good and he is a good man to do business with. A Johnson minds his own business. He is not a snoopy, tale-bearing, interfering, self-righteous, troublemaking, malignant type person. A Johnson will help when help is needed. He will not stand by while someone is drowning, under attack, or trapped under a

burning car.

We postulate that man is an artifact designed for space travel. He is not designed to remain a tadpole. This postulate, agreed upon, gives us a standard for evaluation. Is a proposed course of action conducive to realizing space conditions? Art, science, technology: what is it contributing to the space program? As for individuals, ask yourself, Would I like to be *in space* with that person? Postulate that there is no privacy and no deceit possible in space: your innermost thoughts, feelings, and intentions are immediately apparent to those around you. So you want to be careful who is around you.

And what has prevented the Johnsons from realizing their potential for space travel? Who is keeping us from realizing our biologic and spiritual destiny? These people are known as *shits*. They can't mind their own business, because they have no business of their own to mind any more than a smallpox virus. The mark of a basic shit is that he has to be *RIGHT*. And in order to be *RIGHT* he has to make someone else *WRONG*. We know that the shits will take action against us since they are artifacts specifically designed to keep us out of space.

Our research is directed towards effecting biologic alterations in the human artifact. The human body is much too dense for space conditions. However, we have a model on hand that is much less dense, in fact almost weightless: the astral or dream body. This lighter body, a "body of light" as Crowley called it, is much more suited to space conditions.

Recent experiments have shown that dreaming is a biologic necessity like sleep. The dream serves as a link to our destiny in space. Deprived of the air line we die. As you can see, C.D. and the Johnson Family are the same organization. And when we see the Rev. Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority cutting our air lines, we classify such behavior as criminal interference.

The step into space is a step into the unknown, a change as drastic as the transition from land to water. Those who now attempt to impose by sheer force a rigid dogma can only be seen as the mortal enemies of C.D. They threaten the life and the space destiny of every decent, well-intentioned Johnson. It is the role of C.D. to protect new life forms in the vulnerable stages of mutation. Perhaps many times before, beautiful new life forms with great potentials were brutishly stamped out by those who cannot tolerate anything different from their stupid, bigoted, hideous selves. This is a Manichean conflict. The outcome is in doubt.

COMING

With spring upon us, lions and lambs and love seem to be on everyone's mind. And Edward is no exception. Tangled in a

situation of unrequited love, he has no alternative but to . . .

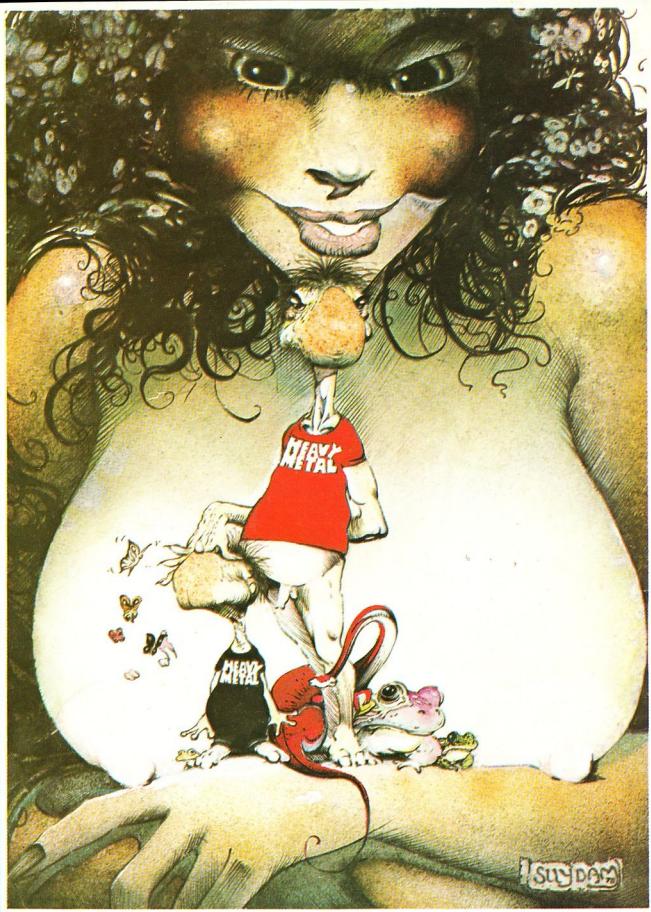
We are proud to introduce to you a new-comer to the pages of *Heavy Metal*. **Tex Arcana**, not necessarily your typical "good of" merican boy, "gets himself in and outta danger faster than you can whistle 'Dixie'" —but the trouble ain't always actually there.

Get my drift?

Also, the continuation of **What Is Reality, Papa?**, The Ambassador of the **Shadows**, and Druiel's interpretation of Flaubert's **Salamambo**. Plus: Harry Harrison tells a bit about the background of sex in science fiction. Now keep in line, Harry!

“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
here likes the way
the colors blend
with his ruddy
complexion. No
matter what you
look like, the
HEAVY METAL
t-shirt (available
in red or black)
is the message
for summer.”



HEAVY METAL
Dept. HM 281
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Black Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐
Red Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me _____ **HEAVY METAL** t-shirt(s) at \$6.00 (plus 60¢ per shirt for postage and handling).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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